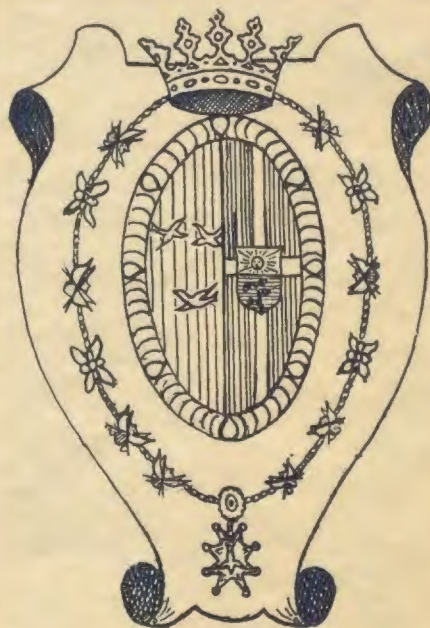
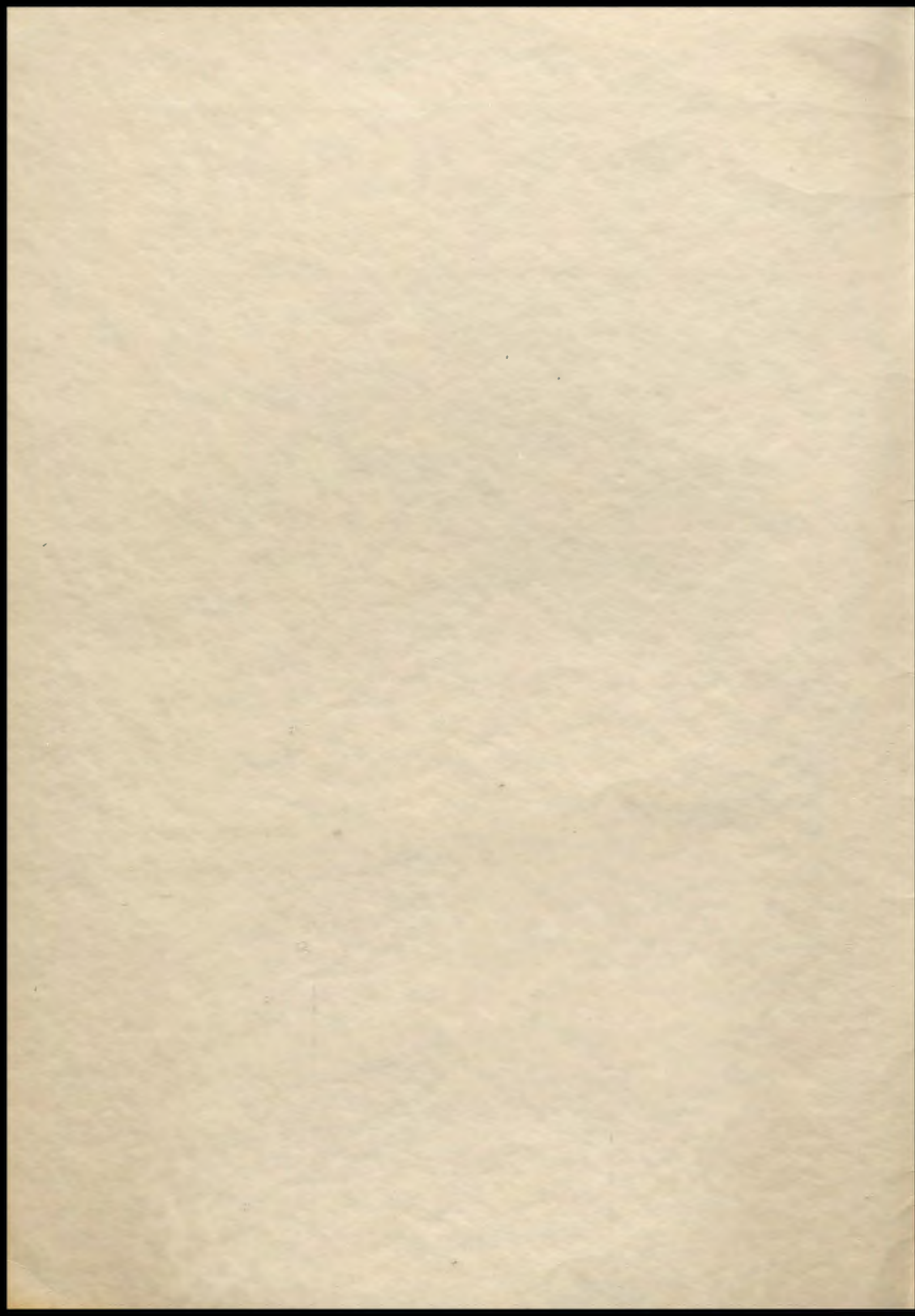


**Dec.  
1933**

# **BLUE AND WHITE**



**VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL**  
**DECEMBER ISSUE 1933**



# The Blue and White

December Issue

1933

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of the

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Bergennes, Vermont



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### TABLE OF CONTENTS

Literary .....	Page 3	Athletics.....	Pages 15 and 16
French .....	Page 9	Exchange .....	Page 18
Editorials .....	Page 11	Alumni .....	Page 19
School Activities .....	Page 12	The Grinnery .....	Page 20

## Literary

Shirley Haven, '34, Editor

### THE CURSE OF THE JUNGLE

Faith Kenyon, '36

#### Prologue:

THE curse of the jungle! The words recall that awful experience! The curse of the jungle! B-r-r-h! I can see it now—the flickering fires—the leering faces of the blacks peering at me from the gloom outside the circle of fire-light—the triumphant cries—the weird incantations! Horrors! Once more I relive that awful experience—the nightmare of my life!

\* \* \* \* \*

We are sitting about our campfire watching the glowing coals and listening to our guide tell stories of the hostility of the natives of this section—of how they wage war and torture their prisoners. He narrates so vividly that I can almost hear the beat of the tom-toms and the war-songs of the savages. The fire burns low—We retire to our hammocks slung from the low boughs.

I cannot sleep. The night is sultry. I feel that I am being watched. The quotation, "The night has a thousand eyes," comes back to me. I see two fiery eyes staring out from the inky darkness. A soft-footed animal slinks by. The grass beneath my hammock swishes and rustles as a snake glides swiftly along. I turn over. A shadowy form slips through the night. Why can't I go to sleep? ("The night has a thousand eyes!") Will it never cool off? ("The night has a thousand eyes!") What's that? A deep booming noise, far off in the jungle. Tom-toms? Nonsense! What

an idea! That's only my imagination! Nearer! Nearer!

Now I hear running! Someone is entering the camp! I spring to my feet! There are voices! I pull on my high walking-shoes and creep across to my uncle's hammock. A native runner squats beside him, swiftly talking. I gather from his broken English that the Otobi are on the war-path and headed toward our camp. All day he has heard the beat of the drums—the war-cries of the approaching Otobi. Once Chief Boddo is out for war, nothing will stop him.

We make hurried preparations to escape down the river. The tom-tom beats grow louder and clearer as the savages approach. We have scarcely made a move toward the river when the natives are upon us. Their fierce eyes and horribly painted faces leer at us through the undergrowth. We are surrounded on all sides but the west—where the sluggish Lower Niger flows and where our canoes are hidden. The Otobi advance slowly, stealthily, like a lion creeping upon its prey. Our party moves toward the river, but before I can reach the canoes, I am seized and borne off into the jungle.

My wrists are tightly bound with long strips of Sudan grass. I am forced to walk through the tangled undergrowth. I stumble over roots and vines, and slip on the wet grass, falling and coming in contact with slimy fungi. On! On! Through the night! On! On! The grass cuts my wrists! On! On! Never ceasing that march!



The sun is coming! Noise is breaking loose: squawks of parrots, queer croaks and hoots and howls, as if animals greet the day. Red, flaming red, is in the sky! Black spots dance before my eyes! They grow huge—bigger, blacker, covering the sky—blotting out everything! I am falling . . .

My eyes drag open. The torture of the sun, of blistering thirst, has overcome my utter exhaustion. I am slung on the back of one of the natives. My strength is spent—my mouth parched—my throat aflame—my head aching fearfully from the sun! I am jolted about on the back of the savage, but I can at least rest, for the thongs upon my wrists have been loosened. Sleep comes like a healing balm . . .

I sit up, shivering. The figure of a guard looms in the doorway of the hut, silhouetted against the night sky. He shouts to someone outside and receives an answer. I am roughly pulled to my feet and dragged out into the firelight. What a sight! Natives! Hundreds of them! Hideous painted faces peering at me! The beat of the tom-toms! The savages begin to dance slowly, weirdly, winding in and out. Faster! Faster! The rattle of the prayer-sticks! Faster! Faster! The Dance of Death!

A man appears! The faintly discernible rings of white chalk around his eyes make him grotesque in the firelight. The fearsome implements of his craft mark him as a witch-doctor. He leaps into the circle, twisting and turning. Faster, faster he whirls, stamps and writhes, his grotesquely painted and perspiring body gleaming in the firelight. His voice lifts from a low monotone in a shrill crescendo, then falls away almost to a whisper, then gradually rises to a higher note than be-

fore. He whirls like a dervish, working himself into a frenzy.

Suddenly I am seized and placed on the sacrificial altar. It is useless for me to try to move. The chief men of the village gather around. Slowly and with much ceremony the witch-doctor approaches the bier and mounts the steps. Slowly and viciously he lifts a shining knife above me. In an instant it will descend. A spasm of agony crosses my face, but . . . Hope gives me strength!

A hideous, blood-curdling laugh sounds from out the jungle! The knife remains poised in mid-air! The savages turn to gaze into the darkness! As they turn, a shrill scream splits the air from the opposite direction! The natives gaze spell-bound into the jungle! I make signs that I am their mistress—that I caused the sounds seemingly proceeding from the very heart of the jungle. They draw back in amazement. Farther, farther from the bier they move and finally fall on their faces before me. I heave a great sigh of relief—My ventriloquism has not failed me!

A shot! Another! A third! The rescue party!

#### Epilogue:

The curse of the jungle! The words recall that awful experience! The curse of the jungle! B-r-r-r-h! I can see it now—the flickering fires—the leering faces of the blacks peering at me from the gloom outside the circle of firelight—the triumphant cries—the weird incantations! Horrors! I shall never forget that awful experience—the nightmare of my life! The curse of the jungle!

## IN DAYS OF OLD

Mildred Bruce, '34

An old song has a sequel that the public does not know—

A strong Knight had a weakness that was hidden in his strength,

A very little spider could strike terror to his soul;

How this caused his downfall I will tell you more at length.

His comrades often teased him in a joking sort of way,

They laughed about his weakness and his fears;

But often in his dreary room, when all alone at night,

He could not stop the swiftly flowing tears.

A Gentle Lady loved him and was sorry for his plight;

She showed him every kindness that she could;

But the poor Knight felt unworthy of her kind and sweet regard,

And often in despair he strayed in melancholy mood.

This situation lasted till the annual tournament,

The Knight threw off this mood and grew quite gay;

The King himself was coming and would give the victor knight

A trophy—What it was no one could say.

The great day came at last, a day of sun and breezes cool,

The peasants thronged from all the country 'round;

Our Knight fought well and bravely as his Lady knew he would,

And every knight but one his lance had downed.

The final joust began. The crowd was breathless with suspense,

For who the victor was they soon would know,

When suddenly the quietness was broken by a cry,

A cry that uttered deepest human woe.

The Knight plunged from his saddle, fell beneath his horse's hoofs.

The crowd, with wondering murmurs, gathered 'round.

It was a strange proceeding, but those present knew it was

No mortal blow that struck him to the ground.

The foremost of the throng stepped back with awe and deep amaze,

For everything was made as clear as day—

Across the dead Knight's gauntlet, as he lay upon the sward,

There slowly crept a spider—large and gray.



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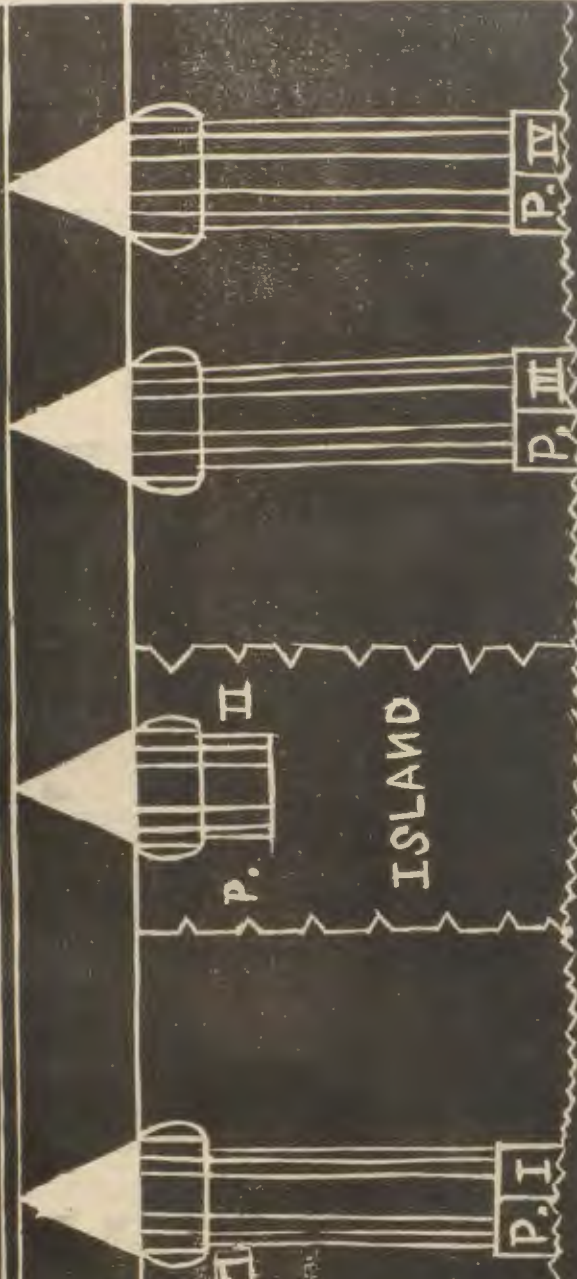
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# PLAN OF NEW VERGENNES BRIDGE OVER OTTER CREEK.

SAMPLE OF RAILING  
AND  
LIGHTS



MAX. WATER. 1931.  
MED. WATER  
LOW WATER



ABUT. I 70' SPAN

55' SPAN

55' SPAN. ABUT. II



## THE NEW VERGENNES BRIDGE

Frances Kellogg, '35

After having interviewed the state engineer I write this article on the bridge which is now being erected over Otter Creek. To him I owe my thanks for his courtesy in giving me information, also to Mr. Barton, the contractor, and to Mr. Herrick, who helped by loaning me a plan of the bridge.

In constructing this bridge the piers are, of course, made first. A form is made of wood and then a coffer dam of sandbags is placed outside the form. After the dam is finished, the water is pumped out and the cement is poured. When the cement is hard, the eyebeams, or girders, are placed on the piers. These weigh from nine to thirteen tons. To protect them from the weather they are painted orange before being laid on the piers. These are covered with lumber and a form made of long pieces of iron is laid a few inches above the wood. After these forms have been laid, the cement is poured into them. When the cement is hard, the form and lumber are taken away. The eyebeams are now painted gray. They are not painted before as cement always falls on them which might damage the paint when one tried to remove it. When this is finished, the bridge is practically completed. Only the railing and other odds and ends remain to be done.

When the bridge is finished it will be three hundred and forty feet long, will contain a twenty foot roading and a five foot sidewalk. To make the new bridge straighter than the old it is placed seventeen feet farther up the river. When one watches the bridge as it is being built, he

notices that the middle pier



is different from the others and has an arm like a projection. It was made this way and put up the river as far as possible so that it would not interfere with the channel which breaks there, and the power which runs the manufacturing plants. This is called a cantilever pier and is the only one of its kind in the state.

In the middle, on one side of the bridge, will be inscribed "1933." Between "nineteen" and "thirty-three" will be a circle containing the letters "S. A.," which stand for "State Aid." Around the outside of the circle will be the words "Vermont Bridge." As this is a memorial bridge there will also be a bronze tablet dedicated to the World War Veterans. On still another post there will be a tablet with the names of the present mayor and city council.

As we pass over this bridge in the future, may we feel a tinge of pride and think of the men who strived to gain it for us.

## JUST DREAMING

Barbara Bristol, '34

Deep, deep blue are the skies above,  
And green is the grass on the lea,  
Sweet are the birds in songs of love,  
Cool are the breezes that blow from the sea.

White are the clouds that float o'er the trees,

Golden the hours of the gentle day,  
Cheerful the insect symphonies;  
Quickly the hours fleet away.

## MY ATTEMPTED KISS

Raymond Morris, '35

Once as I was passing by  
The seashore bright and clear,  
There came a little mermaid,  
And said, "Come and kiss me, dear."

At first I was quite frightened,  
But soon was on my way,  
And when I reached the water's edge,  
She swam back in the bay.

## IN THE HEART OF THE FOREST

Aubert Hamel, '35

HAVING settled myself comfortably between the roots of a giant spruce, I was prepared to wait a solid hour, if need be, for that darned grey to appear. I already had three perfect pictures of an inquisitive young coon for my collection, but I knew that I shouldn't rest one minute if I didn't get at least one picture of the huge grey squirrel perched high above my head among the top-most branches of the tall spruce.

It was the largest grey squirrel I had ever seen. I had mistaken it for a cat at first, and I must say that it certainly had looked like one when I had discovered it crouched between the snake-like roots of this lofty forest monarch. Upon approaching closer I had seen that it was an immense grey.

It had discovered me about the same time, and believe me, it hadn't taken long for him to gain the top of that hundred-foot spruce. I carefully focused my camera upon the branch I felt certain he would descend to—that is, if he did descend.

After about five minutes of impatient waiting I heard a great commotion above me. Looking up, I beheld a sight that gripped me even more than a view from a ring-side seat at the Dempsey-Tunney bout would have. Apparently a large hawk had swooped upon the unwary squirrel nestled in the top of the spruce, no doubt intending to carry the victim off to its nest high up on some frost-smitten crag.

If this was the intention of the hawk, he was sadly disappointed. He hadn't bargained on much resistance from the tree-dweller; neither had he bargained on this weight, which for this particular scrawny old hawk, was tremendous. Pouncing upon the squirrel was one thing, but carrying him off was an entirely different proposition.

Evidently the attacker had been able to rise a few feet with his prey, but

that was all, for now they came crashing down through the tangled branches of the tree to land with a thump at my feet. The combatants, over the shock of the fall in a moment, were again clawing, biting, rending, trying to tear each other to ribbons.

The hawk, steel talons and strong hooked beak constantly clawing at the squirrel, seemed to be getting the best of the battle, but the grey held grimly on, his sharp needle-like teeth fastened in the throat of his adversary.

I came out of my daze and remembered my camera. Focusing it upon the two warriors of the wild, I used the rest of my films in an effort to catch, and be able to reproduce, this unusual battle. Looking up from my camera I saw that even though the hawk's talons had disfigured the grey beyond recognition, the squirrel's hold upon the throat of the hawk had been more vital.

I could see that the hawk was fast weakening, and knew that it would be only a matter of minutes before the battle would be over. At last, with a convulsive shudder, life went out of the crimson-stained body of the hawk.

Sensing this, the victor loosened his grip and fell upon his side, torn, and bleeding profusely. Unaware of a human presence he staggered to his feet, but fell again, this time across the body of his would-be tormentor. He did not stir again, for life had left him also.

I sat between the roots of the spruce a few minutes longer, thinking over the out-come of the battle. You may feel that this is a strange conclusion to which I have come, but had you also seen this battle, you too would have thought that the squirrel, even when breathing his last, struggled to his feet to fall purposely across the body of the hawk, to let any forest dweller that should happen by know that he had fought an enemy, and won.



## Le Département Français

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

### A beau jeu beau retour

Shirley Haven, '34

C'était la veille de Noël. Un pauvre petit garçon était debout devant une grande boutique. Il regardait les belles robes. Comment il a voulu que sa mère put en avoir! Il a soupiré et a passé au prochain magasin. Il y avait là, de beaux traîneaux et des patins. Il a soupiré encore, et a continué vers sa demeure.

Ce pauvre garçon était en haillons. Ses mains étaient bleues à cause du froid. Il n'avait pas de père, et maintenant sa famille n'avait pas d'argent. Il avait deux soeurs, et un frère, mais ils étaient si pauvres, qu'ils n'auraient pas de cadeaux pour Noël.

Tout à coup, lorsqu'il marchait lentement dans la rue, il a vu une vieille femme qui avait beaucoup de paquets. Quelques-uns étaient tombés. Le petit garçon, qui s'appelait Jean, s'est approché de la femme, et a offert à l'aider.

"Merci, mon petit. Voulez-vous m'aider avec ces paquets? lui demanda-t-elle. J'en ai beaucoup, n'est-ce-pas?"

Jean a pris la femme par le bras. Elle était très faible, et par conséquent il l'a aidée à traverser la rue. Quelques-uns des garçons, qui étaient dans la rue, se sont moqués de Jean, mais tout de même il l'a aidée, parce que cela ne lui faisait rien. La femme l'a remercié, et a disparu. Alors Jean a continué dans la rue. Il n'a pas vu un homme qui était près de lui. L'homme l'avait regardé quand il aidait la femme. Maintenant il s'est approché de Jean et a dit, "Bonjour, mon garçon."

"Bonjour, monsieur," Jean a répondu.

"Comment vous appelez-vous?"

"Je m'appelle Jean, monsieur."

"Eh bien, Jean, quel âge avez-vous?"

"J'ai dix ans, Monsieur."

"Votre père, où travaille-t-il?"

"Je n'ai pas de père, Monsieur."

"Oh! Je comprends. Avez-vous des frères ou des soeurs?"

"Oui, monsieur. J'ai deux petites soeurs, et un petit frère."

"Que voulez-vous pour Noël, Jean?"

"Nous sommes très pauvres, Monsieur. Le bonhomme Noël ne nous apportera rien. Mes soeurs veulent de belles poupées; mon frère Jacques veut un traîneau, et je desire des patins. Mais il n'y a pas d'argent."

"Oh! Je suis fâché. Eh bien, au revoir, Jean."

"Au revoir, Monsieur. Joyeux Noël!"

Un peu plus tard, il est arrivé chez lui. Mais il n'a pas vu que l'homme l'avait suivi. Cette nuit, il ne dormait pas bien, parce qu'il était si triste que sa mère, ses soeurs, et son frère, n'auraient pas de cadeaux de Noël.

Cet homme qui avait parlé à Jean était très riche. Après avoir vu que Jean était très pauvre, et après lui avoir parlé, il s'est décidé à donner des cadeaux de Noël à la famille de Jean.

Le matin, quand Jean allait acheter du pain et du potage pour le dîner, il a trouvé trois grandes boîtes devant la porte. Étonné, il a crié à sa mère. Ils ont porté les boîtes dans la maison, et ont coupé les cordes. Dans une des boîtes, Jean a trouvé une lettre, sur laquelle quelqu'un avait écrit:

"Joyeux Noël à Jean et à sa famille.  
Un Ami."

Il y avait dans les boîtes, des traineaux et des patins pour les garçons, des poupées pour les jeunes filles et ce qui a plu le plus à Jean—de la soie pour faire des robes pour sa mère. Aussi, une des boîtes a contenu de

bonnes choses à manger.

Jean ne savait pas qui leur avait donné les cadeaux, mais enfin il s'est décidé que c'était le Bonhomme Noel lui-même.

### Le Parapluie vert

Elaine D. Beach, '35

"Oh! Quel beau parapluie!" C'était la voix de Jeanne Dorrelle. Elle l'avait acheté en faisant des emplettes en ville. Bien qu'il fut très cher, Jeanne voulait l'avoir.

Ce matin Jeanne et son frère avaient reçu une invitation d'aller à un bal. Enfin la soirée est arrivée, mais l'après-midi il avait commencé à pleuvoir. Jeanne n'était pas agitée parcequ'elle avait un parapluie.

Jeanne avait une perle d'une grande valeur, que son ami, Daniel lui avait donnée. Elle l'apportait toujours quand elle partait de chez elle. Elle avait une bonne idée. Elle placerait la perle dans le manche du parapluie. Personne ne pourrait la trouver.

Enfin Jeanne et son frère sont arrivés au bal. Ils ont vu leurs amis, Daniel et sa soeur Marguerite. Ils s'étaient bien amusés. Quand le temps est venu pour partir, Daniel a pris par faute le parapluie de Jeanne. Elle a cherché partout son parapluie, mais elle n'a pu le

trouver. Elle était très triste parcequ'elle avait mis la perle dans le manche du parapluie.

Deux semaines ont passé et encore elle n'avait pu trouver son parapluie. Marguerite a fait un voyage à Paris. Elle avait appris que Jeanne avait perdu son parapluie, et par conséquent elle a écrit une lettre à Daniel, son frère, lui demandant de donner son parapluie à Jeanne.

Daniel ne pouvait pas distinguer les couleurs. Il a pensé que le parapluie était rouge. Un soir il est allé chez Jeanne et il lui a offert le parapluie, disant, "Voici un parapluie rouge que j'ai acheté pour vous. Tout à coup Jeanne a reconnu son parapluie. Elle a dit, "Rouge, rouge! Enfin j'ai trouvé mon parapluie vert."

Daniel était très embarrassé. Il n'a jamais su que la perle qu'il avait donnée à Jeanne avait été cachée dans le manche du parapluie.

### Le Cercle Français

Edith Pecue, '35

La première réunion du Cercle Français fut jeudi soir, 2 Novembre sous la direction de Mademoiselle Ryan. Le cercle choisit les officiers suivants: la présidente, Shirley Haven; la vice-présidente, Elaine Beach; la secrétaire, Frances Kellogg; le trésorier, David Ryan; le chef des fêtes, Joan Casey; le chef des rafraichissements, Marie Little; le chef de chant, Faith Kenyon.

Chaque classe avait une part dans le programme. La classe de la première année chanta "Frère Jacques,"

et "Sur le Pont d'Avignon." La classe de la deuxième année exhiba "Le Corbeau et Le Renard." La classe de la troisième année chanta "La Marseillaise." Quelques jeunes filles présentèrent "La Belle au Bois Dormant." Après que tout le monde avait chanté, chacun joua "L'Assiette Tournante." Il y avait des éclats de rire en payant les amendes et des choses étonnantes concernant les étudiants furent apprises. Les rafraichissements du cidre et des gateaux secs furent servis.



## Editorials

Edward Ryan, '35, Editor

### CITIZENS OF TOMORROW

In our high school we have the citizens of tomorrow. Unconsciously we are assuming duties and responsibilities of tomorrow. We take them up on a small scale.

Let us regard the high school as a community, the teachers as state and national officials, who occasionally guide and advise our organizations. In this government-in-the-making we have a student council (suggestive perhaps of a board of aldermen) composed of ten members—two from each of the upper four classes, one from each of the junior high school classes. This council decides on issues that concern the student body—such as amusements, the raising of necessary funds for worthy causes, and general plans for improvement. The class officers consider questions more closely connected with their respective groups—again an example of representative government. Each member of the school may direct-

ly or indirectly voice an opinion in both of these bodies.

Duplicating the need of community life for journalism, we have a school magazine.

Resembling organizations of a community are the French and Latin clubs, and Future Farmers of America, an agricultural club, all sponsored by the school.

In anticipation of times when we shall have to represent our community in one way or another, we represent our school through debating and athletic teams.

Some people may believe that "reading", "writing" and "arithmetic" would be sufficient for future citizens. To these people all the activities to which I have referred may appear as amusements only. Merely entertaining they may be on the surface, but underlying them there is the training for the duties and responsibilities of tomorrow.



## School Activities

Shirley Adams, '34, Editor

### CALENDAR OF SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

- Tues., Sept. 5—Reports of World's Fair given by teachers.
- Fri., Sept. 8—Mr. K e n n y, Crowell Publishing Co., representative, started magazine campaign.
- Fri., Sept. 8—Corn Roast at Athletic Field, sponsored by "F. F. A."
- Fri., Sept. 15—Freshman Initiation and Dance at High School Gym. "Ryell Rhythms" Orchestra.
- Mon., Sept. 18—First "Sunset Hop" of season. "Ryell Rhythms" Orchestra.
- Wed., Sept. 20—A t h l e t i c Association Meeting continued. Officers elected were: Pres., Mr. Carter; Vice Pres., C. Ryan; Secretary, M. Parrish; Treasurer, E. Ryan; Members of Advisory Board (school board) Dr. V. W. Waterman; (alumni) Mr. F. S. Young; Assistant Managers, Avery Palmer, Aubert Hamel.
- Thurs., Sept. 21—Trip to New England States' Exposition at Springfield, made by Mr. Martin, Supt. Patterson, Lester Tatro and Ralph Booth. Lester Tatro, who entered with the Vermont cattle judging team, was awarded a red ribbon as a member of the team which placed second. Ralph Booth, Vergennes poultry team representative, was awarded a blue ribbon as second ranking individual.
- Fri., Sept. 22—Minstrel Show and Dance at High School Gym. "Ryell Rhythms" Orchestra.
- Mon., Sept. 25—Athletic Association Meeting for members only. Voted to include one issue of "Blue and White" for each semester with athletic dues.
- Thurs., Sept. 28—Editorial Staff of "Blue and White" elected.
- Thurs., Sept. 28—Class pictures taken of classes 8, 9, 11 and of the lower grades.
- Fri., Sept. 29—School Fair sponsored by Home Economics' Girls and "F. F. A." Afternoon and evening entertainments. Returns are as follows: "Blue and White", \$4.50; Student Council, \$5.30; Athletic Association, \$11.10; "F. F. A.", \$22.70; H. M. Girls, \$22.70; total, \$66.30.
- Wed., Oct. 4—Discussed results of fair. Learned that exams would be given the week of Jan. 21st to 26th. Standard Exams will be used largely. No exams in June. Fall baseball discussed.
- Thurs., Oct. 5—First Meeting of Latin Club. Officers chosen: Pres., M. Carter; Vice-Pres., S. Haven; Secretary, E. Beach; Treasurer, F. Kellogg.



- Tues., Oct. 10**—Senior Assembly held at Gym. Gypsy theme was carried out in song, sketch, costume and dance.
- Tues., Oct. 17**—Discussed solid session for Wed., Oct. 17, because of Hinesburg game. Also spoke of Friday night dance at Gym.
- Wed., Oct. 18**—Special Assembly. Speaker, Major MacDonald, of Woodstock. Talked of experiences in South America. Tremendously interesting.
- Thurs., Oct. 19**—Miss Gilbert, of Boston, representing "S. S. P. C. A.," spoke of the "Treatment of Animals."
- Fri., Oct. 20**—"Student Council" dance at High School Gym. "Ryell Rhythms" Orchestra.
- Thurs., Oct. 26**—Latin Club Initiation.
- Fri., Oct. 27**—Voted on question of new water system. Returns favored new system as did also the poll votes of the city.
- Mon., Oct. 30**—Chose leaders for Hallowe'en celebration to be held Tuesday night. "Eddie" Ryan and Eleanor Gee chosen leaders of the "Ghosts"; Russell Kingman and Barbara Bristol of the "Witches." Games and stunts were explained.
- Tues., Oct. 31**—Water fountain regulation made. Plans for evening discussed. Races amusingly demonstrated by Hilton Forrest, Raymond Morris and Parker Leonard.
- Tues., Oct. 31**—Hallowe'en celebration held at Athletic Field. Parade marched to State Industrial School and back through city. Huge bonfire and marshmallows. "Witches" adjudged as having best costumes, "Ghosts" as having best stunt.
- Wed., Nov. 1**—Representatives of the Entertainment Course, sponsored by Vergennes Chamber of Commerce, entertained school last half hour of session.
- Thurs., Nov. 2**—Professor F. W. Holmes, Northwestern University, talked on "Being Alive."
- Thurs., Nov. 2**—First meeting of the French Club held at High School. Officers elected were: Pres., Shirley Haven; Vice-Pres., Elaine Beach; Secretary, Frances Kellogg; Treasurer, David Ryan.
- Wed., Nov. 8**—Miss Consuelo Northrop, graduate of St. Albans High School, University of Vt., and Boston University of Law, spoke to us briefly on government. Miss Northrop has been State's Attorney from Chittenden Co., Vermont State Senator, and is now on her way to Washington as Secretary to Congressman Gibson.
- Fri., Nov. 10**—Pre-Armistice Day Assembly.
- Fri., Nov. 10**—Talked over plans for Evening Session.
- Mon., Nov. 13**—Further plans discussed.
- Tues., Nov. 14**—Officers of "F. F. A." elected: Pres., Avery Palmer; Vice-Pres., Lester Tatro; Secretary, Kenneth Barney; Treasurer, Clinton Douglas; Reporter, Parker Leonard; Advisor, Mr. Martin.
- Tues., Nov. 14**—Evening Session held. About two hundred guests present. Assembly, after class periods, given by "F. F. A.," "P. T. A." business meeting also held. Voted to finance

skating rink to extent of \$15.00. Vergennes Quartet, composed of Mr. Flagg, Mr. Beach, Mr. Slack and Mr. Young, sang several selections.

Wed., Nov. 15—Supt. Patterson gave short talk on "Winter Care of Cars."

Wed., Nov. 22—Pep Meeting held last ten minutes of session to prepare for first basketball game of season.

Wed., Nov. 22—Mr. Jeremiah M. Evans, Congressional Can-

didate, spoke on subject of government.

Thurs., Nov. 23—Came together to discuss library privilege.

Thurs., Nov. 23—Latin Club meeting at High School.

Fri., Nov. 24—"Blue and White" dance held at Gym. "Ryell Rhythms" Orchestra.

Sat., Nov. 25—"F. F. A." Trip to Jeffersonville to initiate State Farmers of "F. F. A."

Sat., Nov. 25—Ten members of "Blue and White" staff attended Editorial Conference at Fleming Museum.

### NOTES

Rehearsals are in progress for the school talent "Minstrels" to be held December 12 at the City Hall.

The following members of "F. F. A." were awarded the gold key of a State Farmer: Avery Palmer, Irving Palmer, Lester Tatro and Robert Smith.

Class officers have been elected as follows: Class 12, Pres., David Ryan; Vice-Pres., Alec Levlock; Secretary, Mary Parrish; Treasurer, Shirley Haven; Student Council, Margaret Carter, Ralph Booth.

Class 11—Pres., Lucia Brown; Vice-Pres., Edward Ryan; Secretary, Helene Barrows; Treasurer, Eleanor Gee; Student Council, George Noonan, Leslie Wetherell.

Class 10—Pres., Hilton Forrest; Vice-Pres., Joan Casey; Secretary, Margaret Bodette; Treasurer, Margaret Booth; Student Council, Charlotte Clark, Faith Kenyon.

Class 9—Pres., Raymond Barrows; Vice-Pres., None elected; Secretary, Arnold Sullivan; Treasurer, Charles Field;

Student Council, Katherine Mack, Isabel Parker.

Class 8—Pres., Richard Barrows; Vice-Pres., Madeline Torrey; Secretary, Marie McCormick; Treasurer, Mary Gage; Student Council, Joyce Palmer.

Class 7—Pres., Georgiana LeBeau; Vice-Pres., Bernice Collom; Secretary, William Allen; Treasurer, Olive Young; Student Council, Benjamin Allen.

This year we have two added attractions in the way of High School entertainment. The first of these is a jazz orchestra, the "Ryell Rhythms," which has done much toward making our parties and dances a success. Piano, Eddie Ryan; saxophone, Dave Ryan; guitar, Leslie Wetherell; drums, Billy Hamel. Occasionally a violin is added.

The second of these is the newly organized "Hill-Billies," made up of the musically inclined "F. F. A." boys. These include Bernard Langeway, violin; Clinton Douglas, piano; Roy Tucker and Fred Pilger, guitars.

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The illustrations in this issue are made from linoleum blocks, the work of Russell Kingman, '34.



## SPECIAL HONOR ROLL

(Names of pupils who received no lower mark than "B—") during the first seven weeks of the term.

## Class 7

Benjamin Allen	Roger Collins
William Allen	Olive Young

## Class 8

Mary Betsinger	Marie McCormick
Alfred Miller	

## Class 9

Harold Cushman	Elaine Pratt
Alma Hunt	Dorothy Slack
Katherine Mack	June Stagg

## Class 10

Margaret Bodette	Beatrice Cook
Margaret Booth	Evelyn Husk
Joan Casey	Faith Kenyon
Elinor Sullivan	

## Class 11

Lena Ball	Mary DeMello
Helene Barrows	Eleanor Gee
Elaine Beach	Frances Kellogg
Lucia Brown	George Noonan
Edith Pecue	

## Class 12

Barbara Bristol	Margaret Carter
Mildred Bruce	Shirley Haven
Lillian Meacham	

## Post-Graduate

Eleanor Forrest

## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Faith Kenyon, Editor

As this issue goes to press the girls' basketball season has not yet opened. With many new and a few practiced players the season promises to be one of victory. The following candidates have come out: Lucia Brown, Margaret Carter, Shirley Haven, Mary Parrish, Barbara Bristol, Helen German, Charlotte Clark, Frieda Daigneault, Margaret Booth, Kathleen Belden, Jeannette Hatch, Faith Kenyon, Marie Little, Pauline Burgey, Catherine Bodette, Margaret Bodette, Jeannette Graves, Marguerite Allen, Katherine Mack, Bernice Hurlburt, Dorothy Slack, Hattie Steadman.

The following schedule, which is still subject to some changes, has been drawn up:

Dates	Opponents	Place
Dec. 5	Hinesburg	Vergennes
Jan. 12	Brandon (?)	Vergennes
Jan. 19	Essex Junction	Vergennes
Jan. 26	Beeman's	New Haven
Jan. 30	Hinesburg	Hinesburg
Feb. 2	Bristol	Bristol
Feb. 9	Burlington (?)	Vergennes
Feb. 13	Beeman's	Vergennes
Feb. 20	Bristol	Vergennes
Feb. 23	Burlington (?)	Burlington
Mar. 2	Brandon (?)	Brandon

Cheer leaders, Charlotte Clark, Virginia Payne and Faith Kenyon, have received their letters. Mounted on blue megaphones, the white letters are very effective.

## Boys' Athletics

Russell Kingman, '34, Editor

### First Basketball Game

V. H. S. vs. V. I. S.

The first basketball game of the season was played on our local floor Wednesday, Nov. 22. The final score was 24-20 with Vergennes winning out. The game was very fast and skillfully played. If the first game means anything, the rest of the season will be a push-over.

The Junior Varsity also played, with a score 24-20 for the Industrial School. The Junior Varsity shows a great deal of improvement over last year. Both teams have a good future in sight.

The letters for the cheer-leaders, Robert Mundy and Clifford Collette, have been given out. They are white, mounted on a blue megaphone.

### BOYS' ATHLETICS

Tables for Fall Baseball, 1933

#### STRIKE OUTS

Vergennes 11	Beeman's Acad. 9
Vergennes 14	Beeman's Acad. 5
Vergennes 12	Hinesburg 8
Vergennes 14	Hinesburg 5
Vergennes 10	Hinesburg 13

Total	
Vergennes 61	Opponents 40

#### YEAR'S BOX SCORES

Vergennes 10	Beeman's Acad. 4
Vergennes 8	Beeman's Acad. 4
Vergennes 5	Hinesburg 6
Vergennes 6	Hinesburg 6
Vergennes 5	Hinesburg 1

Total	
Vergennes 34	Opponents 21

#### COMPLIMENTS

Max Fishman's  
Department Store

#### COMPLIMENTS

OF  
The Stevens House



PLAYER	No.	1—Number of Times at Bat	Total	Year's Batting Average
		2—Number of Hits		
		3—Number of Runs Made		
Tatro, L.	1	2+2+4+5+4	17	411%
	2	1+1+1+3+1	7	
	3	0+1+1+1+1	4	
Stagg, C.	1	5+4+4+4+4	21	381%
	2	2+1+1+2+2	8	
	3	1+0+0+1+1	3	
DeVine, K.	1	2+4+4+5+4	19	368%
	2	0+2+0+2+3	7	
	3	0+0+1+1+1	3	
Barney, K.	1	4+5+4+5+4	22	273%
	2	2+2+0+2+0	6	
	3	2+3+0+0+1	6	
Ryan, D.	1	5+5+1+5+4	20	250%
	2	1+0+1+2+1	5	
	3	1+1+1+0+0	3	
Levlock, A.	1	4+4+4+5+4	21	190%
	2	1+2+1+0+0	4	
	3	3+0+2+0+1	6	
Ryan, C.	1	5+3+4+5+4	21	190%
	2	3+0+1+0+0	4	
	3	2+0+0+1+0	3	
Jenny, K.	1	2+2+4+4+3	15	67%
	2	0+0+0+0+1	1	
	3	0+0+0+0+0	0	
Ryan, E.	1	2+2+2+2+3	11	0%
	2	0+0+0+0+0	0	
	3	0+0+0+0+0	0	
Douglas, C.	1	1+1+1	3	0%
	2	0+0+0	0	
	3	0+0+0	0	
Barton, G.	1	2+1	3	0%
	2	0+0	0	
	3	0+0	0	
Hamel, A.	1	2	2	0%
	2	0	0	
	3	0	0	

## Exchange

Elaine Beach, '35, Editor

At last the new school term has begun—and with it the exchange of ideas! This is station Blue and White broadcasting from Vergennes, Vermont. We open our program of “comments” this evening with the 1933 senior issue of the “Chronicle” from Lyman Hall High School:

Your Roll Call is very cleverly arranged for such a large class. We surely enjoyed the section entitled “Statistics.” In fact, it’s hard to criticize your paper. It’s the best received thus far. The way in which you gave the Class Will and History is quite unique.

Interruption! The 1933 Commencement issue of the “Spaulding Sentinel” has just arrived! The thought contained in the poem entitled “The Road to Happiness,” by Elizabeth Dunsmoor, is uplifting. Your “Funnies” issue is very clever. We like the idea. We are glad to see such a long list of exchanges.

Third on the program this evening is “The Banner” from Ludlow, Vermont. You certainly deserve credit for publishing this paper bi-weekly.

Don’t switch off yet, public! Here is “The Mercury” from Bellows Free Academy, St. Albans, Vermont. We hope you are listening! Your literary department is quite complete. We admire your determination in making use

of your excess land by installing tennis courts.

The “Peopleonian” from Morrisville has just appeared. Your paper brings happy memories of debating. Margaret Waite’s story, “The Pick-Up,” was interesting. You have a clever joke section.

We pause for a second. A telegram has just come for Brattleboro, Vermont, bearing the message, “Fine work shown in ‘The Dial’—Clever cuts—Marked individuality—Keep it up.”

Now, radio listeners, we continue our program with a word about the “Lassell News.” Your editorial is interesting. Your write-up on the “Plymouth Trip” certainly convinces us that “a good time was had by all.”

Your station, ladies and gentlemen, is Blue and White, Vergennes, Vermont. When you hear the next stroke of the bell it will be exactly . . . time to comment on the “Sutherland” from Proctor. Ding!! What stands out in this paper? EDITORIALS!! What an interesting story—“The New President.” Congratulations on a complete paper.

Ladies and gentlemen, you have been listening to station Blue and White, Vergennes, Vermont. We hope to continue our program of “comments” in March, 1934. Until then, radio listeners, the Blue and White of Vergennes is signing off.



## Alumni Department

Charles Ryan, '34, Editor

Willard Adams is assisting in his father's store.

Helen Bigalow is employed in Burlington at the home of Mrs. Isabel Mills of the Art Department at the University of Vermont.

Mary Bourget and Dorothy Burroughs are co-eds at the University of Vermont.

Robert Cotey is assisting his father.

Floyd Cuison, Helen Jarvis and Nelson Pilger are enrolled in Burlington Business College.

Marjory Cross is living with her parents in Exeter, N. H.

Eleanor Forrest and Ralph Torrey are taking post-graduate courses at the High School.

Earl German is employed by his father in Charlotte.

William Garrow is in Bennington, where he has a position in the Grand Union Store.

Donald Gee is working for the city.

Mary Lance is attending Middlebury College.

Lena Kandzior is working in the city.

Marion Leonard is employed in the dental office of Dr. Charles Cole.

Leslie Larrow, Bessie Norton and Lucy Rider are residing with their parents for the present.

Francis Little is enrolled in the Chemistry Course at U. V. M.

Charlotte Miner is a student at the Green Mountain Junior College located in Poultney.

Wentworth Paine is in the employ of Mr. Cyrus Botsford of this city.

Allen Smith is trucking on the state road in Addison.

Ruth Yattaw is living with relatives in Yonkers, N. Y.

### SUMMARY OF NEWS BULLETINS FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

George W. Patterson, of the Senior Class, made the Dean's list for the second semester of last year. He obtained an average of 85 to 90%. He has been elected President of the Kappa Sigma fraternity and vice-president of the John Dewey Club. He also was recently elected chairman of the Vermont Branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers for the ensuing year.

O. L. Brown, of the Senior Class, has

been elected vice-president of Kappa Sigma fraternity. He has just recently completed the requirements for membership in Sigma Delta Psi, athletic honorary fraternity.

Joyce Young, of the Senior Class, has been chosen chairman of the Program Committee of the French Club and recording secretary of the Alpha Chi Omega sorority.

Gertrude Fishman, a Sophomore, made the Dean's list. She was chosen secretary of the K. E. L. sorority.

## Grinnery

Joan Casey, '36, Editor

### THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE FALL TRA! LA!

#### Russelium Kingmanium

A slender and delicate plant which blooms most beautifully under the watchful eye of a teacher in study hall.  
Luciam Browniam

The "clinging vine" type of plant, easily identified by the small yellow "pug" on the back of the blossom and most often seen astride a bicycle.  
Ralphius Boothus

A hardy type of plant which is often found in the most unexpected places, usually, however, near "forests," and which blooms best in night air.  
Donald O'Donnellus

A frail and delicate blossom, of a vivid scarlet hue, which has just been transplanted to V. H. S. Because of its shy nature it is thought by some to be related to the violet.  
Maria Parrishia

A quiet and demure little flower, which wilts quickly if it catches the least breath of night air—to which it is not accustomed.

Edwardius Vasseurius

A naturally bold and vain plant which flaunts itself before us whenever possible—that is, when it isn't growing meekly in Miss McGovern's room with its leaves folded tightly around it to keep off the hordes of feminine admirers.

Margaretia Boothia

An unusual flower, composed mostly of bones and growing on a tall stalk. It thrives well if planted near Bachelor's Button and is invariably known to attract the wild "stag."

Pericles Franconius Kinkade,  
Horticulturist.

### SLIGHT SLIPS

Sparta had an "all khaki" government, according to K. Bristol.

Helen German would have it that England had the "Monkey" form of government. (Of course we all know she meant Monarchy).

T. Martin: "The nobles who owned the land had these shirts do the work for them."

R. Booth: (In Physical Geography) "Antarctic coal is found in Pennsylvania"

M. Burt: (Explaining a problem in Commercial Class) "The 'hipotamus' of a right triangle is twenty-four feet."

Ray Seguin defines "caste" for the History 10 class: "It was a Chinese custom. When a farmer's son wanted to marry, he had to marry another farmer's wife."

Drew (In Hist. 10) "Mexican art consisted of pictures of people who had snakes' feet."

Miss Booth (In Home Ec. Class 12) "Ethel, tell all you can about mirrors."

E. Magee: "Well, Miss Booth, do you mean what they are used for?"

V. Paine (In Home Ec. 11) "We have a large picture of my father at home which is placed in a large gilt frame. My! but it's homely."

Miss Booth: "I hope you mean the frame, Virginia."

Miss Ryan (In History 10) "Why was Homer important, Roberts?"

A. Roberts: "Because he wrote the Bible."

B. Langeway tells the English 12 Class that Shakespeare wrote "What to Do About Nothing."



## FOUND: A VALUABLE MANUSCRIPT

Last MUNDY as I was feeling very SLACK I decided to take a LITTLE walk. The air was DEVINE, and as I passed through the FORREST, I heard a blue JAY and a purple MARTIN singing together. Finally I reached BRISTOL and, being hungry, I sat down on a huge ROCK to eat my KELLOGG'S corn flakes. An AB-BOTT and a PALMER came along and I shared with them because the PARRISH where they had been BORDEN turned them out.

After lunch my friends went on-WARD, but I sat down on the BEACH to rest because I had a PAINE in my ADAM'S apple.

That night I stopped at the HAVEN in BARTON where I made several new acquaintances. Among them were the MINER, CARPENTER, RIDER, MILLER, and the GERMAN, who had many FORAND ways and POW-ERS.

After supper, as I watched a STAGG and ABAIR drink from the Twin RIV-ERS, a young man with BUSHEY BROWN hair DREW up to my side and asked me to help him. I consented to do so. Thus I helped to keep WIL-LIAM'S LOVELOCK from being broken. This was my advice to RICH-ARDSON: "HATCH up a plan like

this. TUCKER under your arm, PAR-KER in your baby AUSTIN, and elope with her." As he left he whis-pered, "GEE, but you are a JEWELL."

The next day I set out for VAS-SEUR college to see the game of the season. KINGMAN, the coach, said, "If the WETHERELL permit, we'll play the game." As I sat in BOOTH-L, near the front, a flying BALL hit me. Nobody noticed the incident. When I regained consciousness, the broken BALL lay at my feet and from it fell this note:

"To whom it may concern:

In an ABBOTT'S monastery near Vergennes I have hidden a manuscript which is of great value to the public. The title of this manuscript is 'LE-GRANDE Garcon.' All money which said manuscript may bring is yours un-less someone else can tell the story hid-den in its yellowed papers.

Signed

Every Man Appeareth at Violet Ink Street."

I, the finder, challenge anyone to tell this story in person or by pen; other-wise I claim as mine the fortune which will be in my possession upon the sale of "LEGRANDE Garcon."

E. M. A.

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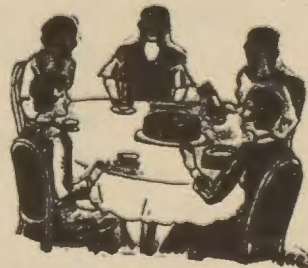
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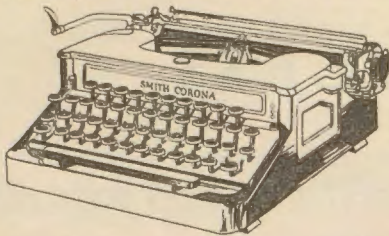
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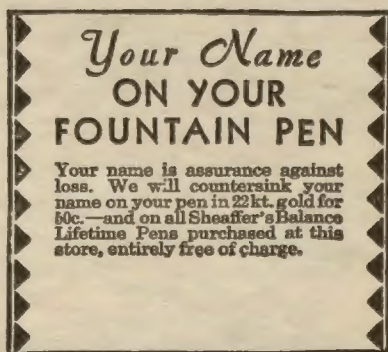
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