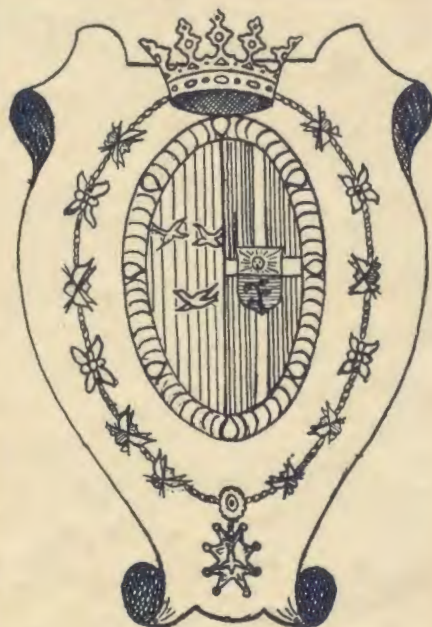
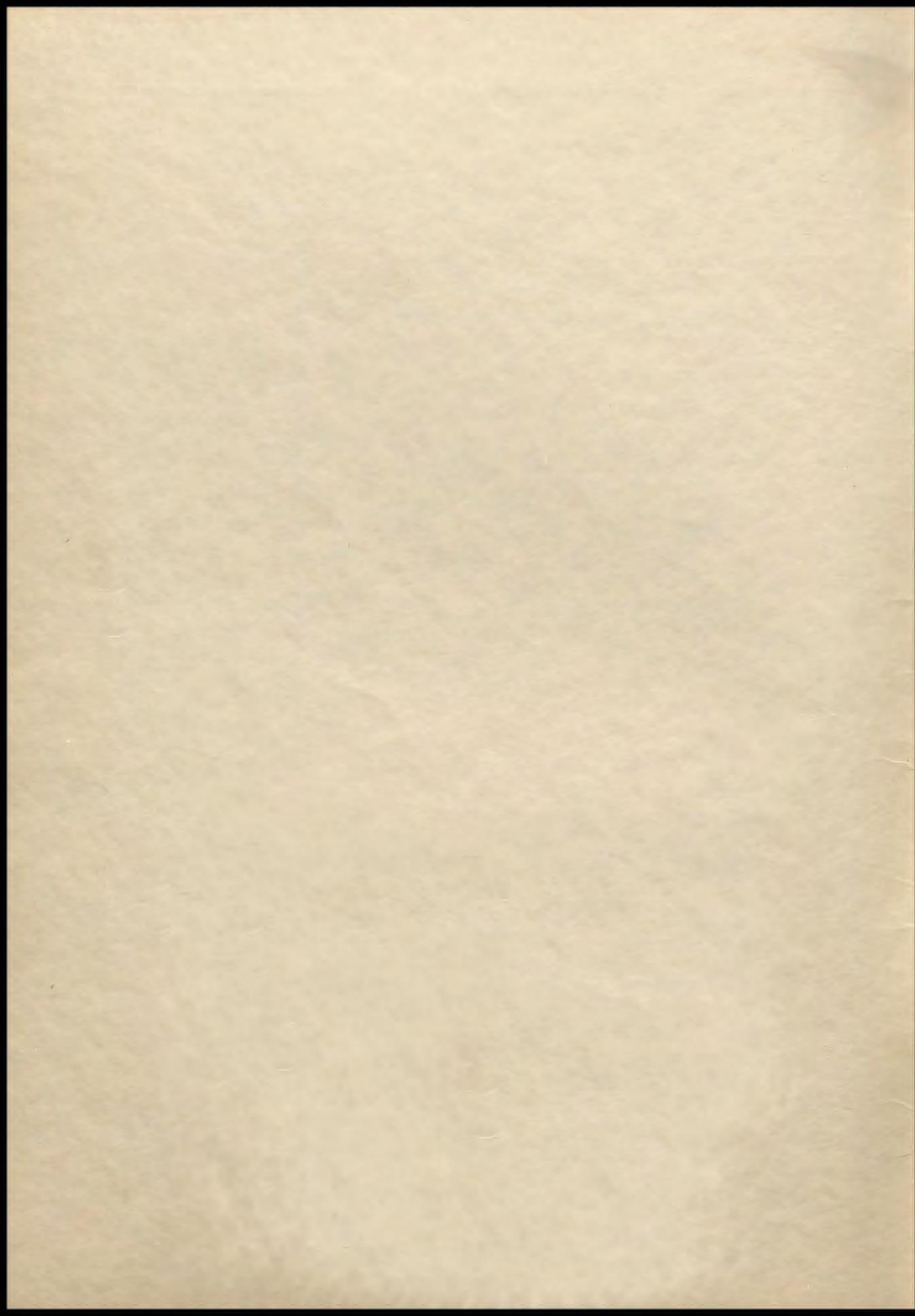


**Mar.
1933**

BLUE AND WHITE



VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL
MARCH ISSUE 1933



The Blue and White

March Issue

1933

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UNCLOSE MINE EYES

Mary Lance, '33

They're grand to day,
Those age-old hills,
Sublime with locks of white;
They lift their craggy heads on high
To kiss the snow clouds drifting by.

They're wise to day
Those calm, strong hills,
They're hushed and stilled with awe;
God rests his scepter on their peaks
And gives that peace the whole earth
seeks.

The tired world
Looks up at them
And wonders at their strength;
Mine eyes are blinded by Life's race
They cannot see His pitying face.

THE SUN-BRINGER

Melba Williams, '34

Into the little town of Happiness, separated from the rest of the world and, as they supposed, known only to its inhabitants, a Stranger had come. This brought a new problem to the people of the village which they had never met before. At first they were anxious to send him away for they were afraid of trouble, but only a few hours after his arrival, when he had seated himself at Mrs. Crale's dining table and begun his interesting story, the people who had at first been doubtful grew interested.

"When I came into this town," the Stranger said, "people ignored me and then decided to send me back, but after your decision to allow me a chance, I was given food, shelter and entertainment without giving on my own part a reward of any kind. What kind of town is this where one works for another without pay? What you need is this—and reaching into his pocket, he drew forth a handful of gold coins and laid them on the table. This action brought many cries and exclamations from the group as they marveled at the shining discs.

Within a month everyone in Happiness carried the little "discs of sunlight," as they were called, and whenever a friend helped another, he was never pleased until he had been given a disc of sunlight as a reward.

Only one person of the little community kept his gift of sensibility about him and refused to exchange his invisible sunlight for the discs. He was Ladon, the town's Sun-Bringer, whose duty it was to chase away the clouds which darkened the road to Happiness. On the first day of the Stranger's arrival Ladon had determined to send him back to his own country, but the people were anxious to give the man a chance, so Ladon could do nothing.

When a year had passed, a strange feeling came over the inhabitants, one they had never felt before. The old man Ladon, whom they had always spoken

to as a friend, was treated as a stranger now. He and his ideas of happiness were absurd. The Young Man, who had been the happiest and was always willing to help others gain the same level, was now the richest man in the town and cared for no one but himself, he who was superior to all others.

Ladon now felt that something must be done. Although he was old, he was still Sun-Bringer of the village, and he must do his duty. Certainly the people would respect his office although they cared naught for him.

The day was dark and gloomy. The people were gathered around the public square as the result of a strange summons from Ladon. What could he want, and why had he called them after a year of silence? These thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of Ladon, his plan resolved. The crowd at once became hushed and Ladon stated his purpose. "I am still Sun-Bringer of this village," he said, "and until my death I shall try to keep the name of this town standing for all that it did a year ago. As I came down the road today I noticed the old gate of our village, which holds the wooden letters of the town's name—"Happiness." Never before have they been allowed to look as old and battered as they are today. I, therefore, command every person of this group to bring to the gate all the gold discs that he has—and after the Stranger has gone through the gate, a new one will be made of all those discs, which will represent true happiness by their glittering sunlight."

The old man feared this plan had little chance of being received, but he prayed with all his heart that something would bring about the realization of his hope.

As if in answer to his prayer, the clouds suddenly darkened. The people noticed this with fear, for perhaps this old man really had the power to make them unhappy or happy as he desired. They could not refuse now, for if he had such power he surely would use it

in the future. There was nothing left to do. As they heaped their golden discs at Ladon's feet, the sun, seeming truly to be under his command, burst forth in a stream of light upon the crowd of villagers. They gazed in awe at Ladon and he, as if inspired, pointed to the glittering mass of golden discs and said, "You have exchanged true happiness for these discs of sunlight; you have lost your inner sunlight. Never has the Gate to Happiness been

so ragged. You must build it with these discs—then, and only then, will your happiness be secure. Keep it untarnished; it is priceless." As he spoke these words he glanced at the faces of the hushed villagers and to his amazement the Young Man, who had laid the most discs at his feet, seemed enveloped in pure golden sunlight and Ladon, who saw deep into the Young Man's eyes, knew that he too had seen the vision of happiness and would carry on.

A WINTER DREAM

Looking from my window,
One cold and wintry night,
I saw the snow fall gently
And mask the earth in white.

Then, sliding down a moonbeam,
Came the queerest little elf.
He wasn't even big enough
To climb upon a shelf.

He scampered to the branches
Of every stately tree,
And covered them with crystals
For everyone to see.

When tripping to the brookside,
He waved his magic hand,
And turned it all to silver
To form a mirror grand.

Now, bouncing to the window,
In front of me he stood,
And started painting pictures
Of fairy land and wood.

Then, jumping on a moonbeam,
He vanished from my sight.
My only hope—that he'll return
Again some future night.

Barbara Bristol, '34.

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Earl German, '33

It is that grey, gloomy hour just before darkness comes in the evening. In ten minutes the street lights will snap on. The narrow, dirty East Side street looks sinister and foreboding. There is no sign of life anywhere except the shrill twitter of sparrows, quarreling in the gutters.

Suddenly a man steps out of a doorway, looks nervously up and down the street, hesitates a moment, then starts rapidly down the sidewalk. He has not gone fifty feet when around a corner two blocks behind him a long, open car swings into the street at a dangerous speed. The hurrying man hears it, glances quickly over his shoulder at the approaching car, then starts running down the sidewalk, glancing here and there as though looking for a place to hide, to crawl into, to escape.

The car lurches toward him; he

gives a hoarse scream. There comes a staccato of shots. The man crumples, falls forward on his face, and lies still in a grotesque heap. With a roar the car picks up speed and disappears down the street.

Five minutes later. There is a noisy crowd in the street now. The police have just arrived. An ambulance, for which there is no need, rounds a corner and draws up to the curb, siren screaming. Joe Conzelli, killer and right-hand man of Spike Moran, East Side beer baron, has gone to join his ancestors.

Fifteen minutes later. The street is quiet again. Once more the sparrows, fighting over a bit of refuse, are the only sign of life. Only another gang killing, an every day occurrence here in New York. One man killed; a little news for the papers; nothing more.

MY TIN SOLDIER

I found a wee tin soldier
A-sitting on a shelf;
Amid my books and papers
He stood there by himself.

His uniform was scarlet,
His musket straight and true;
His eyes were understanding,
Tho' he was far from new.

I took my wee tin soldier
Along to school with me;
Upon my desk I set him,
Where I could plainly see.

And when there came a lesson
I knew I could not do,
I'd look at my tin soldier,
Standing straight and true.

He'd give me inspiration
For work and for my play—
I've kept my wee tin soldier
From then until this day.

Faith Kenyon, '36.

CY'S COW BESS*

Edward Ryan, '35

I had the pleasure of paying "Uncle Cy" a visit last summer. Cy was the typical New England farmer. Bright eyes peered over ancient spectacles, while a little white beard wagged with his every word. He showed me the farm with great pride accompanied by explanatory words and shrill cackles. Finally he showed me his cow Bess.

The cow had sad eyes somewhat resembling those of a hound. One could ponder for hours gazing into those eyes. One had inspirations. One made resolutions. Another feature was the movement of Bess's ponderous jaw. One moment it was closed. Then suddenly it would drop, veering slightly to the left, gradually rising. With one motion its course was altered and the jaw would return to the former position only to repeat the exercise. It was amazing that it didn't tire. However Bess was a super-animal. I stepped nearer to watch the process better when a foot shot out with great speed and power, narrowly missing me.

"Right spirited critter, hey boy?" queried Cy with a cackle.

I had to admit that she was, while retreating to a safer distance. Then Cy narrated a bit of history about his cow Bess.

"Wal, it's like this. When she was a young 'un she was uncommon spry. She 'ud allays go chasing off a jumping over fences and the like. We sure had a hard time to hold 'er down, boy—we sure did. We usta put a lot of weights and things on her, but it didn't do no good. No sir-eee. It didn't do no good. She was right handy at slippin' 'em off. Once she was gone fer tew whole weeks. We found her ten miles off on an island in the middle of a lake. She had swam out and was chewin' grass just as contented as could be. Wal, a vet came and looked her over when he heard how remarkable she was. He made a bet of \$500 that she would live to be twenty years old. I tuk him up, but I wanted that \$500 pretty bad, so fer the last few months I've been kinda slippin' up on her care. She's eighteen now and I think she's jest as spry as ever. Heh, heh, I guess I'm gonna lose my bet. Wal look there, will ya!"

I looked—and saw Bess gasping her last breath. A few minutes later a beautiful life was gone forever. The ill treatment had finally taken effect. Bess was no more. All Cy said was—

"Heh, heh! Gosh durn it all—the critter jest earned \$500 in one minute!"

*Our assistant editor in his own characteristic way, tries his skill at stories

of animal lore. You have the result.
—Editor's note.

OUR NEW PUP

Edward Ryan, '35

I was enjoying my favorite pastime reading the latest "Sport Story Magazine" and gnawing on some candy with quiet and peace throughout the house. A bark, probably meant to make me jump to the ceiling, interrupted me. Being rather irritated, I looked for the cause of my interruption. After some minutes of searching I espied an object greatly resembling the bottom of a dry

mop, the only difference being that the dog—for upon closer examination I discovered that it was a dog—had white fur. After a few more ferocious growls he decided I would pass in the dark and began biting my hands and tearing the magazine—the precious magazine that had set me back exactly fifteen cents. Needless to say we became enemies. To make matters worse I was elected to take care of him.

I have mentioned before that he was a white dog with fluffy hair. This hair became less white very rapidly. In a few days I had to give him a bath. Being delicate and high-pedigreed he would have to receive the proper kind of a bath. I was to seek information on the care of dogs in order to give said bath properly. It was some time before I ascertained the breed and determined the proper method.

The bath was a night-mare. I believe he hated to take it almost as much as I hated to give it. From the first he was a job to handle. I had him well cleaned except for his ears and two feet when he managed to slip under my arm and away. Then and there I got my own idea of a merry-go-round. We

circled the kitchen table until I was so dizzy I could have sworn I was chasing at least five or six dogs. One time I got the milk pitcher on my head and another a dish of chocolate pudding. Finally I baffled him by staying under the table until I saw a chance to get him. I took the chance and got one leg and a bump the size of an egg. When I finished his bath he looked like a wet rag instead of a dry mop.

It went on like this for days. I was becoming a nervous wreck. Finally I decided either he would leave or I would. He left. This was one of my life's few horrible experiences. I only hope that if God has created things worse than a high-toned pup he will keep them out of my life.

TREES

It was a late October afternoon as — and I sat in a rustic chair formed by a crooked limb of a tree by the lake shore. The sun was about to set and the whole mountain on the opposite shore seemed aflame as the colors of the frost-tinted trees were thrown back across the still, blue-green waters of old Champlain.

"Aren't those beautiful colors just a picture unpaintable?" — exclaimed. "It seems I've never seen the foliage as beautiful as it is this fall, the golden-yellow of the birch, the red of the hard maples, and every now and then a

sprinkling of green; the faithful old evergreens surely make themselves stand out with their perpetual green coats."

That was the last time — and I enjoyed the trees' splendor that fall, as school life took up so much time. Nevertheless, many a day as I sat dreamily in school on cold winter afternoons, I often gazed at the lacy outlines of the trees, now without any vestige of cover, except here and there an occasional thin blanket of snow on their lacy fingery branches.

Robert Cotey, '33.

DOWN AMONG THE BEECH TREES

Down among the beech trees,
North of a rocky hill,
A shaded path I follow
When all the world is still.

The home of little chipmunks
Is at the journey's end;
The woodland gives me welcome;
My footsteps onward trend.

Down under tussocks mossy
A little hole I see—
A vestibule so tiny,
With neither lock nor key.

Beneath an arch of lichens
A little porch stands out,
With Nature's magic touches
And tufts of ferns about.

Now when I'm feeling lonely,
My heart is sad until
The shaded path I follow,
When all the world is still.

Barbara Bristol, '34

Le Département Français

Une Rue dans Paris

Je vois dans ce tableau un bâtiment dans la rue de la Seine. Ce bâtiment est fait en bois et en plâtre brun. Il est divisé en deux parties, dans l'une il y a une épicerie et dans l'autre un magasin de nouveautés. On y voit sept fenêtres, chaque fenêtre a un balcon avec une boîte de fleurs. Dans l'épicerie il y a deux grandes fenêtres et une petite porte d'entrée et au milieu du bâtiment il y a un grand portail. A droit je vois aussi deux grandes fenêtres et une petite porte d'entrée. Dans l'étalage du magasin de nouveautés il y a des vêtements pour toute la famille. Par le portail on peut entrer dans une cour intérieure. Cette cour est très jolie, une fontaine se trouve au milieu entourée de belles fleurs. Dans la rue une blanchisseuse porte un panier plein de linge propre. Un homme, qui a l'air faible, passe devant le magasin de nouveautés. Le ciel bleu est plein de nuages blancs. Cette rue de la Seine est très jolie.

Eleanor Gee, '35.

Petit-Père

Raoul Mercier était un jeune artiste, très talenté, très attrayant mais très pauvre. Depuis trois jours il n'avait ni mangé ni dormi, et sa misère semblait être insupportable quand il remarqua par accident une annonce dans un vieux journal. Cette annonce, di-

sait que le comte de Villemaire désirait acheter une peinture et qu'on donnerait plus de renseignements à ceux qui se présenteraient au château Mével. Raoul s'y rendit mais presque sans espérance. On lui dit que monsieur le comte allait donner une peinture à son fils et qu'il aimerait une scène qui suggère l'amour d'un fils pour son père. Par conséquent il donnerait une somme énorme à celui qui offrirait la meilleure composition. Raoul, un peu ému par cette demande extraordinaire, prit la résolution de faire un vrai chef-d'oeuvre.

Au bout de trois semaines, après avoir peint sans cesse, il compléta son ouvrage. A sa grande joie il fut choisi par le comte et Raoul fut récompensé généreusement. C'était un portrait exquis, peint en couleurs riches et douces avec des lignes délicates qui dépeignait un jeune garçon qui regarde le portrait de son père avec admiration. Le titre du tableau était "Petit-Père."

Mary Bourget, '33.

Les Feuilles d'Automne

Quelle belle saison que l'automne! Le ciel est d'un bleu intense, les dernières fleurs d'automne commencent à faner et l'herbe à se sécher. Regardez les feuilles. Oh! les belles feuilles de couleurs si gaies. Elles tombent, tourmentant et dansant dans l'air. Elles ressemblent à de belles dames en toilette de soirée, à de belles dames qui dansent si légèrement.

Aujourd'hui ces feuilles sont belles, demain elles seront brunies, vieilles et mortes. Bientôt elles seront ensevelies dans une couverture de neige. Elles ont quitté leur arbre le laissant dénué et gris, mais au printemps d'autres feuilles, des nouvelles, prendront leur place. Elles seront petites, jeunes et vertes. Elles seront comme des bannières flottant dans l'air qui annoncent l'arrivée de la saison nouvelle.

Eleanor Forrest, '33.

Un Mystère

Un jour Jacques Larband, inspecteur de police, est assis à son bureau, quand le téléphone sonne. Une voix lui dit : Monsieur, voulez-vous venir chez moi tout de suite? Il y a des choses bizarres qui se passent ici. Je suis Jean Renaud et je demeure

Jacques court chez M. Renaud. Quand il sonne à la grande et noble maison une jolie bonne ouvre la porte. Elle l'introduit dans un cabinet d'étude. M. Renaud, un homme de noble port, se lève et le salue.

—Voyez-vous, Monsieur, dit-il, je ne suis pas un homme qui est facile à épouvanter. Mais j'ai entendu des voix nuit après nuit, je ne me trompe pas. Les voix disent toujours : "Ce soir, ce soir, nous le tuons, nous le tuons." Ici, dans cette pièce, je les ai entendues. Et puis, quelqu'un frappe, frappe, frappe, partout, et j'entends le petit bruit de pas dans le vestibule.

—Oui; dit Jacques, euh . . . très intéressent, Monsieur. Vous n'avez vu personne?

—Non.

—Je comprends. Maintenant il faut

que j'examine cette pièce. Voulez-vous m'aider? Merci! Tout d'abord . . .

* * * * *

Mais quand ils avaient fini de fouiller et quand ils avaient parlé à la bonne, ils n'en savaient pas davantage. Après le diner Jacques sort. Quand il retourne il est très agité. Il dit :

—Avez-vous un fusil? Bien! Venez avec moi!

Ils sortent et approchent silencieusement à un petit kiosque d'été pas loin de la maison. Une lumière faible paraît à la fenêtre et M. Renaud entend les paroles menaçants qu'il connaît si bien.

—Les criminels! dit-il. Quelle audace de se réunir ici, sur mes terres!

Ils s'approchent du kiosque en cachette. Ils forcent la porte et—

—Quoi!

—Hein!

Une table occupe le centre de la pièce, et autour de cette table sont assis dix garçons, Paul, le neveu de M. Renaud, et neuf de ses amis.

Ils étaient en train de chanter leur formule fatale : "Ce soir, ce soir, nous, les meurtriers, nous le tuons, nous le—" Puis Paul crie :

—Mais, mon oncle, c'est notre club, c'est "Le Masque noir." J'en suis le président. Je ne pensais pas que ça vous fasse quelque chose si nous tenions ici nos séances."

Mais M. Renaud et Jacques n'étaient plus là!

Faith Kenyon, '36.

We regret our inability to insert proper accents over the letters "a" and "i". They are not at our disposal.

Editorials

TRUE BALANCE

With the banking crisis uppermost in discussions, articles, and conversation we wonder if an apt comparison cannot be drawn between financial and mental reserves. We hear now of people who are unearthing "buried treasure," long-hidden, hoarded gold. Are we not perhaps hoarding our gold—our best? Do we give the best that is in us? Do we hold back our impulses of generosity, our powers of leadership? Just as a financial situation becomes strained and uncertain when gold is kept from circulating, so the situation becomes uncertain when our capacities for sympathy and understanding are restrained. Use may take the brightness from gold, but the quality and value remain untouched. Gold is material. Use cannot lessen the value of joy, kindness and gentleness. They are things of the spirit. In business, in sports, in work and in play there is a constant demand for the superfine—tangibles and intangibles. Can we and do we supply it? It is true that we must save as well as spend that we may have reserves to draw upon, but let us keep the saving and spending columns balanced.

Illustrations Contributed by an
Alumnus, R. O. Griffin, '31.

The Literary and Alumni cuts in this issue are the contribution of Raymond Owen Griffin, '31. The Editorial Staff feels pleasure in the knowledge that graduates do not lose interest in the school paper and are willing to give to it of their time and talent. The school wishes to thank Griffin for his generous help and assistance in procuring other cuts, for it is to him we owe the illustrations in this issue.

School Activities

It was a request of the Student Council that each Monday morning the student body come together for a short assembly. The special feature of the

first assembly on Nov. 28th was music—two selections played by the high school orchestra under the direction of "Miss Waterman."

Margaret Carter

SENIOR ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

Calling our imaginations into play the Seniors in their own novel style put on the play entitled "Christmas Flight," which portrayed the aerial voyage of a group of girls on Christmas Eve.

Their plane, as we were informed in due time, was equipped with marvelous devices by means of which the travelers could see and hear everything in the lands over which they were flying.

The pilot of that most extraordinary craft was none other than Amelia Earhart herself, who is well known to us as Ruth Yattaw. Charlotte Miner, Marion Leonard, Helen Jarvis, Mary Bourget, and Eleanor Forrest played the parts

of typical ultra-modern girls.

En route they passed over the greater part of Eurasia, enlivening their conversation with merry jests and interesting comments and bits of information both poetical and prosaic. Meanwhile they looked down upon groups from the various countries over which they passed who represented their native Yule-tide customs in tableaux.

As they turned home-ward the boys and girls of "America the Beautiful" sang this song, visualizing to the girls the universal spirit at Christmas-tide.

Helen Jarvis, '33

ASSEMBLY PROGRAM, DECEMBER 27, 1932

"When the ice breaks—what next?" This pertinent question was the subject of an assembly talk given by Mr. Carter in December. It is a question which any one of us might be called upon to answer at any time, and it is wise for us to have definite solutions at hand. Mr. Carter first dealt with the dangers in breaking through the ice:—loss of one's wits, clinging together (in case of a group of skaters) and shock as a result of the cold. Upon these three dangers were built the methods of

rescue and precautions to be taken afterward. One point of great importance is restoring the circulation by exercise after the rescue. This should never be overlooked, as the numbness from the sudden plunge may have serious results. Three things are necessary on the part of both the unfortunate ones and the rescuers. These are calmness, courage and persistence, qualities which apply to any emergency, but especially to one of this sort.

Mary Lance, '33

AUTHOR OF "TRUE NORTH" SPEAKS IN ASSEMBLY

On January fifth Mr. Merrick gave a very interesting talk to the student body about Labrador. He had been at the Grenfell Mission and had spent two and a half years as a teacher in Labrador.

Mr. Merrick said that the mission is located near the Northwest River, and the inhabitants are both Scotch and Eskimo. They hunt ducks and geese, and fish for seal during the winter, while in the summer they fish for salmon and cod, the latter being the finest in the world. In the fall they go up big rivers where they trap until January. Mr. Merrick stated that the dog teams in Labrador could travel

ninety miles a day on hard crusted snow. In school the children have very simple readers and they study out loud. He also said that the people in Labrador cannot understand our language, and as an example, they call cows "deer" and horses "big dogs." The New York Times for March 5 contains a review of Mr. Merrick's new book which will be especially interesting to all the V. H. S. students who heard this talk. "True North" is spoken of as "a vivid narrative of life in Labrador" and a "book of exceptional quality."

Barbara McNeil, '34

FIFTH GRADE PROGRAM

At the request of the Student Council Miss Pullman's fifth grade pupils put on for a Monday morning assembly a delightful little sketch called "The

Discontented Brownie." This assembly was one of those arranged by the Student Council for the purpose of providing high school assemblies each Monday morning.

ASSEMBLY ON CALVIN COOLIDGE

Never again, perhaps, will V. H. S. have such an assembly as the one in which Mr. George Stone spoke to the school on Jan. 13 about Ex-President Calvin Coolidge, whose death has just occurred. The talk was made more realistic because of the fact that Mr. Stone had several times been to Plymouth, Vt., and had also heard Mr. Coolidge speak.

We were told of Coolidge's boyhood, school and college life, of his popularity and great success throughout his life. His old home was described and

Coolidge's love for Vermont and his desire always to return here was emphasized.

Mr. Stone chose several selections from books and papers, which seemed to him to apply perfectly to Mr. Coolidge's character.

The informal talk ended in a very impressive moment when the school stood with bowed heads in a fitting tribute to the memory of Calvin Coolidge, our famous Vermonter.

Marion Leonard, '33

ASSEMBLY JANUARY 30

We gathered Monday morning to listen to three violin selections played by "Miss Waterman" accompanied by Mrs. V. W. Waterman. The numbers were "Scherzino," by Rehfield; Massenet's "Meditation from Thais," and Kreis-

ler's arrangement of "Schön Rosmarin," all of which were greatly enjoyed. Miss Waterman's readiness is a fine example for others to follow if called upon by the Student Council.

Barbara Bristol, '34

PHYSICS CLASS VISITS MILK PLANT

The Physics class under the direction of Mr. Fogg inspected the cooling system of the Sheffield Milk Plant, Wednesday, Feb. 8. Due to the courtesy of Mr. Brown the group was shown the operation of the entire plant. Mr. Raymond Buckey and Mr. Cook accompan-

ied the class throughout the tour and made it very interesting with their explanations of the work going on and demonstrations of the use of some of the machinery.

Mary Parrish, '34

TABLE TENNIS

A club has been formed by the tuition pupils who carry lunches. With the dues of five cents each they have pur-

chased a table tennis set. Mrs. Patterson has kindly loaned a large table which is set up at noon. The hour is greatly enjoyed.

ASSEMBLY TALK ON PREVENTION OF COLDS

Monday, February thirteenth, Dr. V. W. Waterman gave a health talk to the members of Vergennes High School.

Dr. Waterman offered much good advice as to the prevention of colds and nose and throat diseases, impressing upon the student body the importance of keeping in touch with the family physician during such times as these, when there is much illness. He showed the instruments used in clearing the

nose for better breathing and for removing adenoids and tonsils, giving reasons why the tonsils and adenoids should be done away with. In conclusion he gave several directions about the care of the body, emphasizing the fact that fresh air, and plenty of it, is needed for a person to be really healthy.

Elinor Kimball, '34

NATIONAL HUMOR

Mr. Ford, officer at the State Industrial School, spoke to us on February 15, 1933.

Addressing us as fellow-students he made it clear that he did not come to speak to the faculty, so they could go on with their knitting or correcting papers.

His subject was national humor. In his perfect dialect Mr. Ford impersonated different foreigners from the

Swedes to the Italians, and from the French-Canadians to the English.

The Negro's humor, Mr. Ford explained, was the most unconscious and spontaneous.

The hearty applause which followed the close of assembly proved that it was the wish of all to have this jolly entertainer come again.

Charlotte Miner, '33

FOOD SALE

On Saturday, February 18, a food sale was held at Patten's Market for the

benefit of the "Blue and White." Seventeen dollars was the net profit.

ACTIVITIES OF STUDENT COUNCIL

Under the guidance of Mrs. Jay the Student Council has accomplished much this year. Its first undertaking—that of regulating the traffic in the halls, although not entirely successful, has brought about some improvement. Other ventures, including the lunch for the Brandon basketball team, the dance for the Bristol team, and the Monday morning assemblies, have turned out remarkably well.

In behalf of the Council I wish to thank all who have helped to carry out

these plans. Also I wish to mention the especially fine work shown in the weekly school notes written or assigned by Mary Parrish and published in the "Enterprise and Vermonter." It is a credit to the school to have its activities continually before the public. It may be interesting to note that all of these clippings have been kept for reference and are available to anyone.

Mary Lance, '33
Chairman Student Council

THE MONTPELIER TRIP

On Thursday, February twenty-third, a party organized by Miss Booth for the American History class, Social Science class, and others took a trip to Montpelier to visit the State Legislature. Superintendent Patterson accompanied them as assistant and guide. The transportation was furnished by a large bus from the Vermont Transit Company. There were fifty-five in the party, forty-three going in the bus. The rest went with Mr. Arthur Forrest of Vergennes and Mr. Fred Harrington of Ferrisburg.

The party left before eight and arrived at the Capitol before ten. They then were ready to visit the House and Senate. The House was first visited and the debates over the bills listened to. The Senate was next visited. After the Senate adjourned the party met Governor Wilson and were introduced by Miss Booth.

When the party arrived at the Capitol it was found that Mrs. Walter Bristol had kindly arranged many of the details, thus saving trouble and time for the party.

After the visit to the Capitol the group went to the National Life Insurance building. This is one of the finest office buildings in the state.

The city fire station was visited and the building inspected. The students were shown the apparatus and the working of the Gameswell signal system. In the upper rooms one of the

men showed the rubber boots, pants and galluses in connected form so that they could be quickly donned. Mr. Patterson showed how the firemen slid down the pole, and after he had proved it could be done, Forrest and Kingman followed, but the remainder of the party preferred the stairs.

The party then went to Miller's Inn where they found Mrs. Bristol supervising the dinner arrangements, the students being dinner guests of Senator Bristol and Representatives Ryan and Noonan. Dinner was served at one o'clock. Some of the boys wandered off to the Cross Cracker factory before dinner, but they showed no evidence at the dinner table of having eaten any of the crackers. Fortunately Mr. Patterson did not accompany the boys on this expedition for he was favored at dinner with two large pieces of pie along with his ice cream and dessert. Messrs Bristol, Ryan and Noonan were present during the noon hour and were greeted with cheers several times.

Supt. Patterson spent the afternoon in a conference with the Commissioner of Education, and Miss Booth took the party to the county jail, the county court, the art gallery, the historical museum and other places.

A number of the boys were excused in the afternoon with the understanding that they were to appear by four o'clock, which they did. The remainder of the party soon appeared and they all left

at about four o'clock and returned to Vergennes at about supper time.

It was voted a "glorious trip" and thanks were expressed to Miss Booth for her time and trouble in arranging for the trip, to the legislators who entertained the party, and to Mrs. Bristol,

who so kindly arranged so many of the details.

Supt. Patterson stated that he had conducted quite a number of similar parties to the Capitol and he had never seen a better behaved group and that he had as much fun as anyone.

Dorothy Burroughs, '33

REVEREND MR. HAGER ADDRESSES THE ASSEMBLY

The assembly of February twenty-first opened with a selection played by the high school orchestra. Mr. Carter then introduced Mr. Hager, who took for his main theme "Character," which he said, was the most important thing.

Character was the thing that made Washington and Lincoln great. It is good to build air castles if, later, founda-

tions are laid under them. Many problems will face President-Elect Roosevelt which will involve the possession of character. The teachers have their ideas about pupils' characters. In this respect, at least, pupils may try to be in the Washington and Lincoln class—they may strive toward the perfect character.

LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club met Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 21st, after school. Rev. Mr. Adams gave a very interesting talk on

the practical value of Latin to a person in later life. Following this the club enjoyed a half hour of games.

SPECIAL HONOR ROLL FOR FIRST SEMESTER

In order to be on the Honor Roll the pupils of Vergennes High School have to attain an average of A or B in all subjects.

The members of the High School who are on the Honor Roll are as follows:

Class 12: Mary Bourget
Helen Bigalow
Dorothy Burroughs
Eleanor Forrest
Helen Jarvis
Mary Lance
Bessie Norton

On February 24, through an invitation of the Parent-Teachers' Association, the school enjoyed a delightful dance at the gym.

On March 6 Mr. Carter called the school together for an assembly. Mr. Patterson explained the bank situation and urged us to have confidence in our

Class 11: Shirley Adams

Class 10: Elaine Beach
Frances Kellogg
George Noonan
Edith Pecue

Class 9: Margaret Bodette
Joan Casey
Faith Kenyon
Isabel Rogers
Wilbur Pratt

Class 7: Richard Barrows
Marie McCormick

(Signed) Dorothy Slack, '37

own bank, and to avoid feelings of fear and panic.

Classes Seven, Eight and Nine made the most of the first real snow storm and celebrated with sleigh rides. The Sevens were entertained by Dean Leonard, '38; the Eights by Marion Harrington, '37; the Nines by Bernice Hurlburt, '36.

A JOLLY GOOD SLEIGH RIDE FOR AGGIES AND HOME ECONOMICS GIRLS

The Agriculture Boys invited the Home Economics Girls to go on a sleigh ride to Frank Birkett's. All were to meet at the school house for the start.

With a good "Ali-ki-i" thirty-eight of us left school at six forty-five, Mr. Langeway as teamster and Miss Booth, Mr. Martin and Mr. Fogg as chaperons.

While at the Birketts' we played

games—"The Farmer in the Dell," "Clap 'Em In and Clap 'Em Out," "Wink 'em," and "Tea, Lead." Refreshments followed, served by the Aggies or "Future Farmers of America," as they regard themselves.

At 11:15 we departed with a cheer for the Birketts and we reached V. H. S. again at 12:30.

Lucy Rider, '33

RECORD OF DEBATING TEAM

The Vergennes High School debating team, consisting of Shirley Adams, Elaine Beach, Frances Kellogg, and Marguerite Allen, alternate, had as its question for debate this season: "Resolved—that at least one half of all revenues for state and local purposes should be derived from sources other than tangible property."

The local team started the season upholding the affirmative side of the question at Essex Junction on January twelfth. Although the decision was 3-0 in Essex's favor, it was the Vergennes team's first experience in debating, and, by the way, a thrilling one.

Spurred to greater activity, the team set out with renewed vigor in preparation for the next debate and this time upholding the negative side of the question, met Richmond on January nineteenth in a very close debate, the decision being 2-1 in favor of Vergennes.

The fight was surely on when the local team entered into one of its most exciting debates with Burlington. Having labored for a week, Vergennes won the "cake." The 3-0 decision in its favor enabled the local team, upholding

the negative, to enter the preliminary round contesting with Bakersfield. The decision cast in this debate determined which team would enter the quarter finals. Again Vergennes was especially pleased with the victory, having won with a decision of 2-1.

Therefore, on March 10, the Vergennes High School Debating Team, ventured to Morrisville to contest with People's Academy, the state champion in debating last year. The crisp weather and the excitement filled the team with "pep, vim, and vigor" by the time Morrisville was reached. What a battle it was! Although Morrisville won with a decision of 2-1, it was the closest and most keenly contested debate of the season.

This ended the debating season for V. H. S. the team having had three victories and two defeats.

The team wishes to thank the librarians for furnishing helpful material and a pleasant room in which to "labor." They also wish to express their gratitude to Mr. Carter, who has so willingly and untiringly labored with them.

Boys' Athletics

COACH FOGG'S SUMMARY OF SEASON

The Junior Varsity had a successful season, winning six games and losing six. Five of the games won were against other high school teams, while only three were lost to similar teams. V.I.S. seemed to have the KO sign on the team this year again, winning three and losing one to V.H.S. juniors. It is to this team mainly that the Varsity looks for replacements each year, and it looks as though there would be some next year.

VARSITY

V.H.S. 40	V. I. S.	30	here
V.H.S. 19	Middlebury	17	here
V.H.S. 18	St. Mary's	13	there
V.H.S. 16	Burlington	50	there
V.H.S. 27	Alumni	34	here
V.H.S. 30	Industrial School	33	here
V.H.S. 26	Essex Junction	35	there
V.H.S. 26	Middlebury	35	there
V.H.S. 20	Milton	13	here
V.H.S. 16	Bristol	17	there
V.H.S. 51	Beeman's Ac'y.	11	here
V.H.S. 14	Brandon	36	here
V.H.S. 13	Essex Junction	28	here
V.H.S. 36	Hinesburg	35	there
V.H.S. 42	St. Mary's	22	here
V.H.S. 42	Bristol	21	here
V.H.S. 23	Brandon	46	there
V.H.S. 23	Milton	18	there
V.H.S. 30	Hinesburg	17	here
Games won, 10		Games lost, 9	
Total—V.H.S., 512		Opponents 511	

The players on the team have scored points as follows: C. Ryan, 198; Booth 115; Cuison 65; Levlock 57; German 25; D. Ryan 15; Garrow 11; Martin 9; Cotey 6; Bristol 5; Hamel 5; and E. Ryan 1.

C. Ryan has made a good captain on the floor in the games he played. He was lost to the team in three games because of illness, and but for this he would have easily scored more than 200 points for the season. He has been the player about whom the whole team functioned, especially the first half of the season.

All of the other four players on the starting five at the end of the season are new to the team this season. Booth was with the Varsity squad the first part of last year but finished with the Junior Varsity. The team has been fortunate in having several capable substitutes ready to play when needed. All have turned in good performances at one time or another, during the season. The whole squad has been aggressive and worked hard throughout the season. Some of the guards do not show up with large totals in the scoring column, but have been of as great or greater value than players that do. "Trusty" Martin has lived up to his name, working unselfishly at all times for the good of the team. He has been one of the outstanding players of the season, having started every game but one, which is the best record of the squad. Booth, German and Levlock have shown much improvement as the season progressed and toward the end of the season it was no longer a case of watch Ryan, alone, for three others could make baskets when needed. Others made satisfactory progress during the season. All in all the season has been successful.

The high school and teams wish to express their sincere appreciation of the support given the teams in attendance and other ways such as transportation to games and assistance rendered so freely when needed.

On Monday, March 6th, Mr. Carter opened the assembly with numerous basketball letters in his hands. It was understood the Friday before that the letters were to be given out. Before the awarding, however, Mr. Carter, president of the A. A., stated that some business was to be brought up before the association, an amendment to the constitution which was to enable the cheerleaders to have V's mounted on blue megaphones. Not more than five and not less than three were to be awarded. Miss Bourget stated this business.

The team of cheer leaders who have done outstanding work this season consists of Virginia Paine, Charlotte Clark, Faith Kenyon, Robert Mundy and Clifford Collette.

The boys' letters were awarded first. Captain Charles Ryan received his letter with much applause on the part of the student body. Others to get letters were F. Cuisson, A. Levlock, R. Booth, A. Hamel, T. Martin and E. German. Mgr. R. Torrey also received a letter.

Numerals were awarded to K. Devine, R. Booth, E. German, T. Martin, A. Hamel, I. Palmer, H. Forrest, C. Douglas, R. Kingman, K. Barney, A. Palmer, E. Ryan and L. Wetherell.

The captain for next year was elected, C. Ryan, who accepted the position for another year. The 1934 manager who was elected is Loren Avery.



FRESHMAN SLEIGH RIDE

Bundled in at six P. M.
Snug and warm and tight,
Ready for a sleigh ride
Through the frosty night.

Songs and cheers a-ringing
Through the frosty air
Set the old folk saying—
"There's some spirit there!"

Some girls say to others—
"Oh, my dear, 'tis sad
Not to have our boy friends"—
("That sweet Aggie lad!")

Six miles out to Hurlburt's
Stopped to warm our toes;
Rush for caps and mittens;
How the cold wind blows!

Home again at midnight—
All goodnights are said;
Soon all lights extinguished—
The Nines have gone to bed!

Faith Kenyon, '36



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Another season of almost entire victory added to our record! And what a season! Excitement! Brilliant playing! Close scores!

We started the season on Jan. 6 by winning from Essex Junction, 32-33. A game with Bristol, 34-20. Then, on Jan. 20, the much looked-for-forward-to game with Burlington. A fast game and—Mr. Fogg insists—the hardest and fastest ever played on our floor. But our girls were not quite up to the fast Burlington girls who clicked every play, and we lost, 17-26. The same night the Junior Varsity played Beeman Academy Varsity, losing 19-26.

But then our losses were over! We won several games and then the time came for our return game with Burlington, there. The date was Feb. 3. The girls were sent off with a resounding Ali-ki-i still ringing in their ears. They were determined to win and wreak vengeance upon the Burlington team for our former loss.

Burlington! From the first toss-up the girls play with snap and vigor. During the first half we lead, but in the next quarter the Burlington team rallies so that they are leading by one point. The guards watch their forwards exceptionally well and let them steal very few points. Another basket by Lucia, the star of the game, shot from a very difficult position, puts us one point in the lead! One more minute of play! Both coaches are tense! Both teams are on the qui vive! Our girls keep the ball under our basket. Then—the whistle blows! The game is won!

All of the following games of the season were played with the same determination and spirit. The results of the season are:

		V.H.S.	Opp.
Jan. 6	Essex Junction	there	32 23
Jan. 17	Bristol	here	34 20
Jan. 20	Burlington	here	17 26
Jan. 24	Brandon	here	49 19
Jan. 27	Essex Junction	here	46 18
Jan. 31	Hinesburg	there	37 0
Feb. 3	Burlington	there	18 17
Feb. 10	Bristol	here	41 7
Feb. 14	Brandon	there	29 14
Feb. 17	Beeman Ac'y	there	33 9
Feb. 21	Hinesburg	here	46 13
			382 166
Junior Varsity (V.I.S.—Beeman Academy)			64 31
			446 197

High scorer—Lucia Brown—190 out of 382 total.

Least number of fouls made per game—Margaret Carter.

Out of the total free shots taken Lucia Brown made over 50 per cent.

On March sixth the girls' letters were awarded. Captain Bourget received much applause for her splendid work during the year. Other girls to receive letters were Mary Parrish, Marion Leonard, Eleanor Forrest, Margaret Carter, Lucia Brown, Shirley Haven and Barbara Bristol. Mgr. Haven won a letter for her excellent work for the team.

Among the girls to receive numerals for last year were Marion Leonard, Barbara Bristol, Helen Jarvis and Shirley Haven. Charlotte Miner was given her '33 numerals.

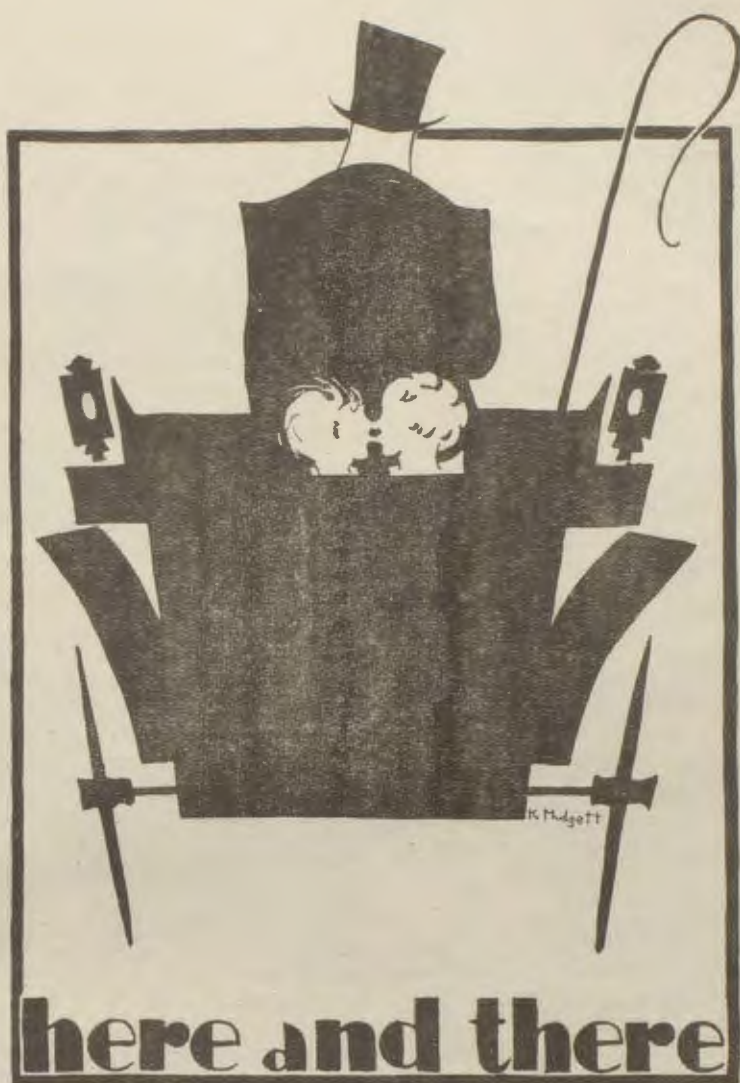
We're certainly sorry to lose Captain Fuzzy, Mickey, Elly, and Totty this year.

Thus basket ball winds up for another year.

"You fought for old Vergennes,
Vergennes did win,
You fought to the finish,
Never gave in, Rah, Rah, Rah,

You did your best, girls,
We did the rest, girls,
You fought for V. H. S."
Rah! Rah! Rah!

On to victory in the seasons to come!



here and there

EXCHANGE

The new year, 1933, is well begun now, and ought to discover new ideas, originality, and a general improvement in all our high school papers. Let us look over several of these periodicals and pick out some of their best features for comment.

Among the stack of magazines lying on my desk the gold of "The Mercury" from St. Albans catches my eye. The stories in your literary department are very well written, especially "A Duck—Blind Mystery" and "The Spider." The latter certainly had a surprise ending. Your literary department would be much improved by a few more poems.

"Do you know, do you know, that away to the north
Is a land of most beautiful things?"

These are the opening lines of a poem by Anton Boyle which is found in the last issue of "The Slate" from Fair Haven. It's a delightful bit of verse, and was evidently written by a true Vermonter as the closing lines are, "Let her snows beat away, and her winter gales blow.
And still, hail to Vermont we will sing!"

Your poems are an excellent feature of the "Slate." You are very fortunate in having so many.

Groans! Shrieks of horror! Screams! What do these suggest? Of course, the cover of the fantastic issue of "The Dial" from Brattleboro. Your idea is a novel one, and so far you seem to be the only ones to have tried it. We are interested in the original scheme.

"A Wish," by Lulu Watts, is a fanciful bit of verse, and we liked it.

The editorial, "Dreamers," by the same author is the best one we have discovered in any of the papers.

Now for some more originality. The last issue of the "Spaulding Sentinel" that we have received is the anniversary number. How cleverly you have arranged it! Your Exchange and Ac-

tivity Departments are especially good. It has seemed to me, as editor of the Exchange department, that the thing to be enjoyed most in your paper was the poem, "Vergil," that begins, "O Master Vergil, give us of thy fire,"—and ends, "And now we of today but ask to be

The followers of the light seen in thine eyes."

This is about one who no doubt is not appreciated by many students, and upon whom very few would care to write. It has seemed to us that the poem is all the finer for this fact.

Now, let us see how states other than Vermont are represented.

Far down south to Virginia—from whence comes "The Missile"—

You have not stressed your theme unduly. It seems to us to have been carefully worked out. Why don't you try an Exchange Department?

Still farther south to North Carolina, and "Homespun," probably the best student publication we have received.

As soon as we are well between the pages of the last issue, we seem to be among churches, seeing people with bowed heads, hearing softly tolling bells, and murmured prayers, for Worship was the theme of the last issue.

As always, your stories and poems are of the best and in perfect harmony with your theme. We liked "My Gift" especially—

"I'll pray for love to fill my heart,
A love for all mankind,
A love that will forever make
My dreams of life come true."

We acknowledge the receipt of
"The Chronicle,"—Lyman H. S.
"The Spirit of D. A."—Derby, Vt.
"Hi-Spirit"—Enosburg Falls.
"The Hardwickian"—Hardwick, Vt.
"Searchlight"—Richford, Vt.
"Catamount"—Bermington, Vt.
"The L.G.S. Messenger"—Townshend Vt.
"Lasell Leaves"—Auburndale, Mass.



ALUMNI

ALUMNI

AN EXCELLENT RECORD

The publication of the Deans' lists of Holy Cross College, Middlebury College, and the University of Vermont shows that the Vergennes High School graduates who entered these institutions last September have made a splendid record thus far. At Holy Cross, Robert Larrow made the Dean's List, and he was one of seven in a class of three hundred twenty-five to obtain a rank of 90 or over for the first quarter. At the University of Vermont, Gertrude Fishman made the Dean's List and she was among the first six in a large class with an average of 90. At Middlebury College William Carter made the Dean's List and ranked fifth in his class with an average of 88.

In the more advanced classes several students have records of which the school may well be proud. Joyce Young,

University of Vermont, class of 1934, received seven A marks for the first semester. She is one of two in her class to obtain an A average, which is 95 or above, and her name is, of course, on the Dean's List. George Patterson, in the same class, a member of the College of Engineering, made the Dean's List and stood fifth in his class for the first semester. Katherine Ryan, U.V.M., 1934, also made the Dean's List. At Middlebury College three other students have attained standings above the general average for the college.

These records have been made in three different institutions in competition with large numbers of students from many different schools and from many different states. They reflect credit both upon the individual students and the school.

NO INSPIRATION

No inspiration in this dull gray town;
 No inspiration since I left the hills;
 No birds nor flowers to bid me welcome
 here;
 No meadows diamond white nor snow-
 capped mountain tops;
 Only dirt and noise.

No trees to spread their branches out
 to greet me;
 No sunsets over jagged mountain
 peaks;
 No children singing nearby as they're
 playing;
 No friendly dogs to greet me as I hurry
 homeward;
 Only buildings tall.

Lois Bristol, '32

Grinnery

NUMEROLOGY

The following questions may be answered by either Yes or No. Having answered them, refer on the next page to the number which corresponds to your total number of affirmative answers. If, for instance, you answered "yes" to three questions your number would be three, and the number three of the character sketches on the next page would apply to you. Numerology will reveal your true character only when the questions are answered truthfully.

GIRLS—

1. Upon the advent of a teacher can you successfully dispose of your gum?
2. Were you ever guilty of planting tacks for unsuspecting victims?
3. Can you often tell by your teacher's face who will get the next question?
4. Can you control your desire to draw pictures in study hall?
5. Upon receiving your report card or test papers have you a feeling that the teacher has under-estimated your mental ability?

BOYS—

1. Would you feel called upon to return the compliment in kind if someone pricked you with a compass?
2. Can you say truthfully that you obey the traffic rules?
3. Do you sit through an assembly program without whispering?
4. Do you recite loudly enough to be heard in English class?
5. Have you ever been sent out of class?



CHARACTER SKETCHES

GIRLS—

No. 1. You are rather too modest and unassuming, yet capable of maintaining your rights. You have a fine sense of right and wrong which will aid you always. You are sensitive and easily hurt, but you will overcome this gradually.

No. 2. You can take care of yourself. You are very optimistic, yet you can be very serious when occasion requires. You have the faculty of leading others and are mathematically inclined.

No. 3. You have an overworked sense of humor but you are inclined to resent jokes upon yourself. You enjoy reading, but you dislike studying.

No. 4. You are very enthusiastic and fond of out-door sports. You are easily influenced by others and will use any means to gain your desire.

No. 5. You are a genius! You have a delicious sense of the ridiculous, but sadly enough you are apt to stretch the truth.

BOYS—

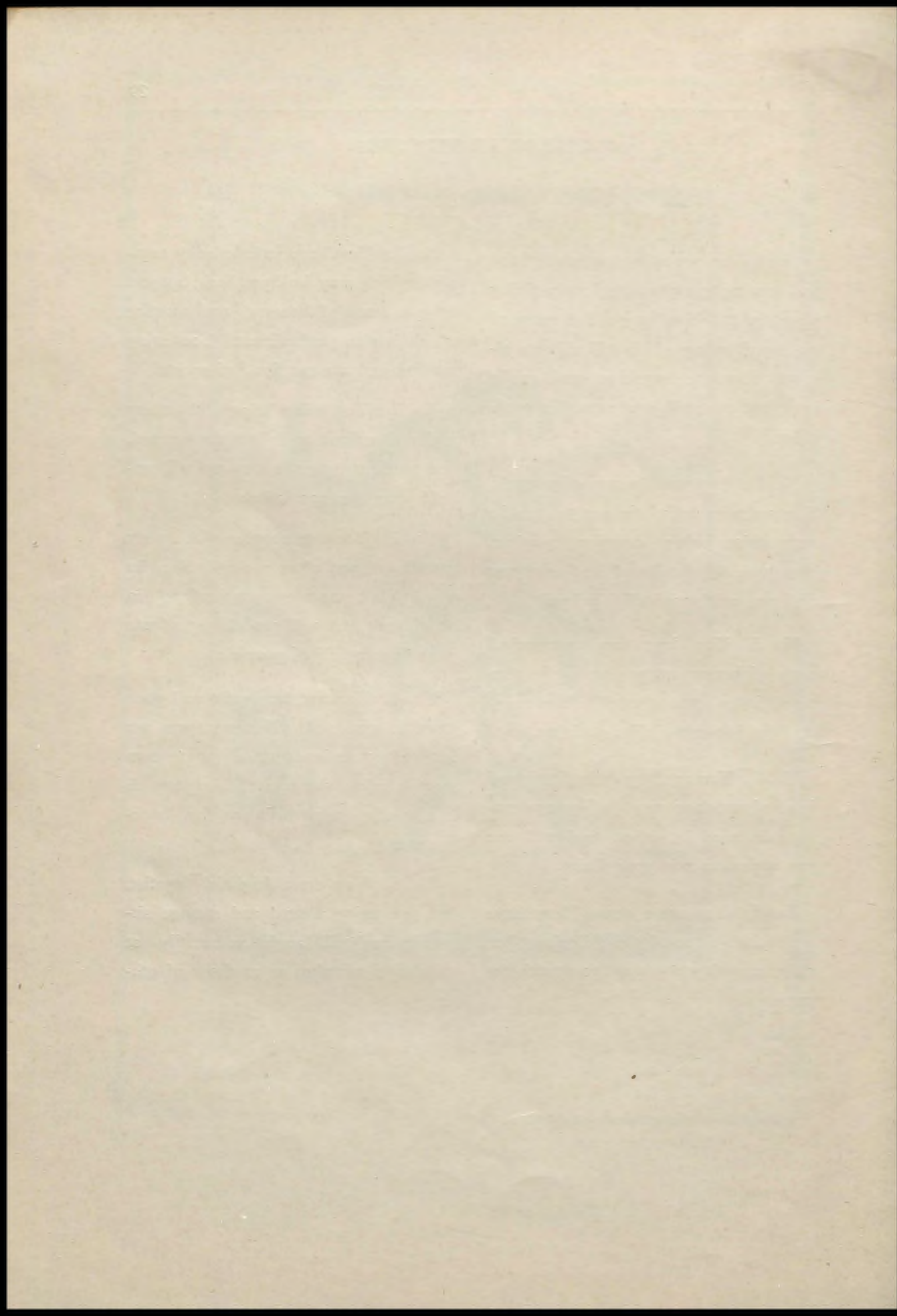
No. 1. You have an inferiority complex which may hold you back, but you have a sense of honesty and justice which is also predominant. You enjoy reading and are not fond of sports.

No. 2. You enjoy being with others and are inclined to follow the crowd, but you know when to stop and will uphold your own convictions.

No. 3. You are popular with your crowd and are often a ring-leader in pranks, but you are conscientious in your work and will probably graduate in the upper half of your class.

No. 4. You are very quiet and your word is respected. However, you are inclined to under-estimate your own worth. Unless you correct this, you will continually be pushed to the background.

No. 5. You are a frightful egotist, but you enjoy absurd and strange situations and will laugh as heartily at your own mistakes as at those of others.



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