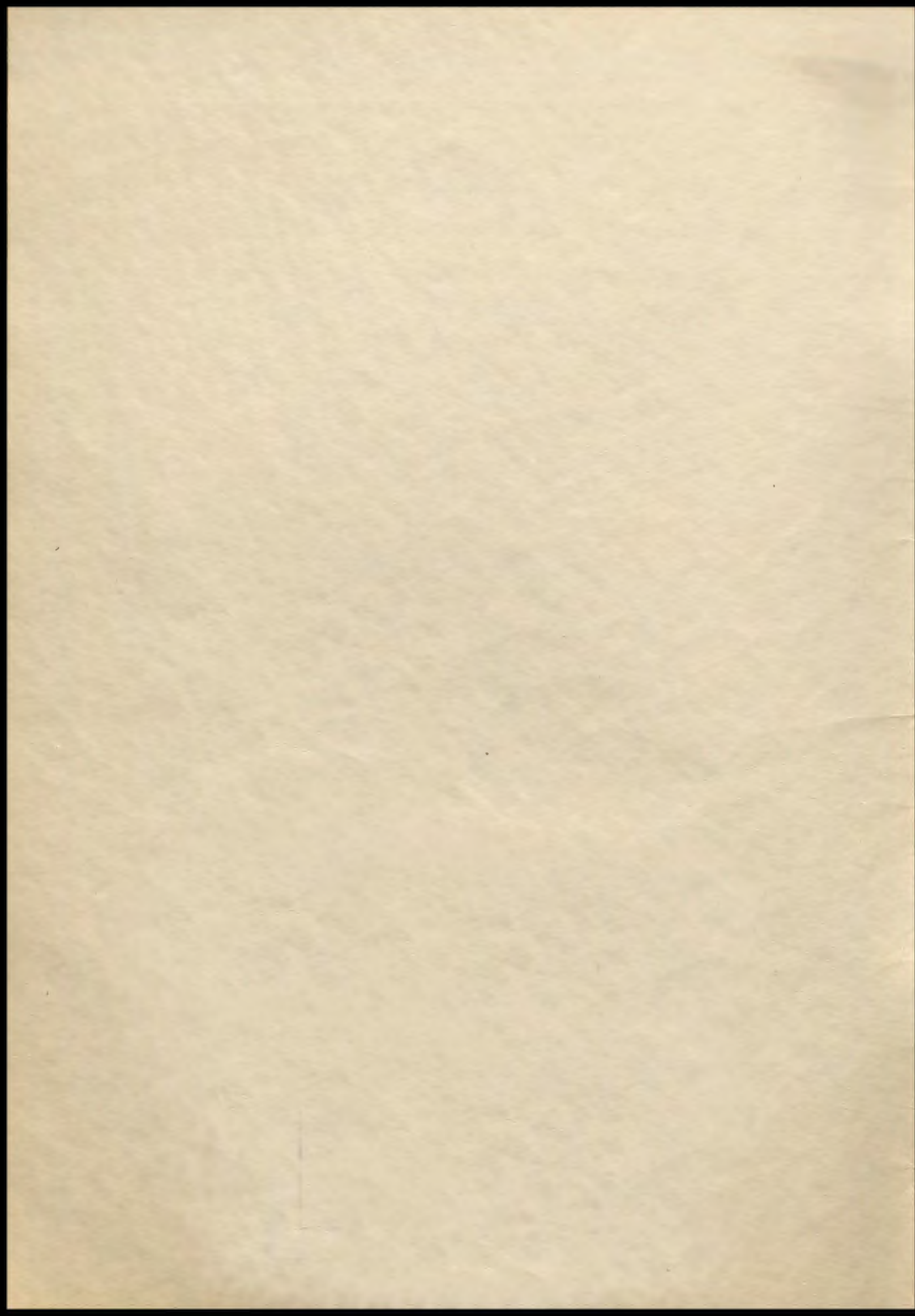


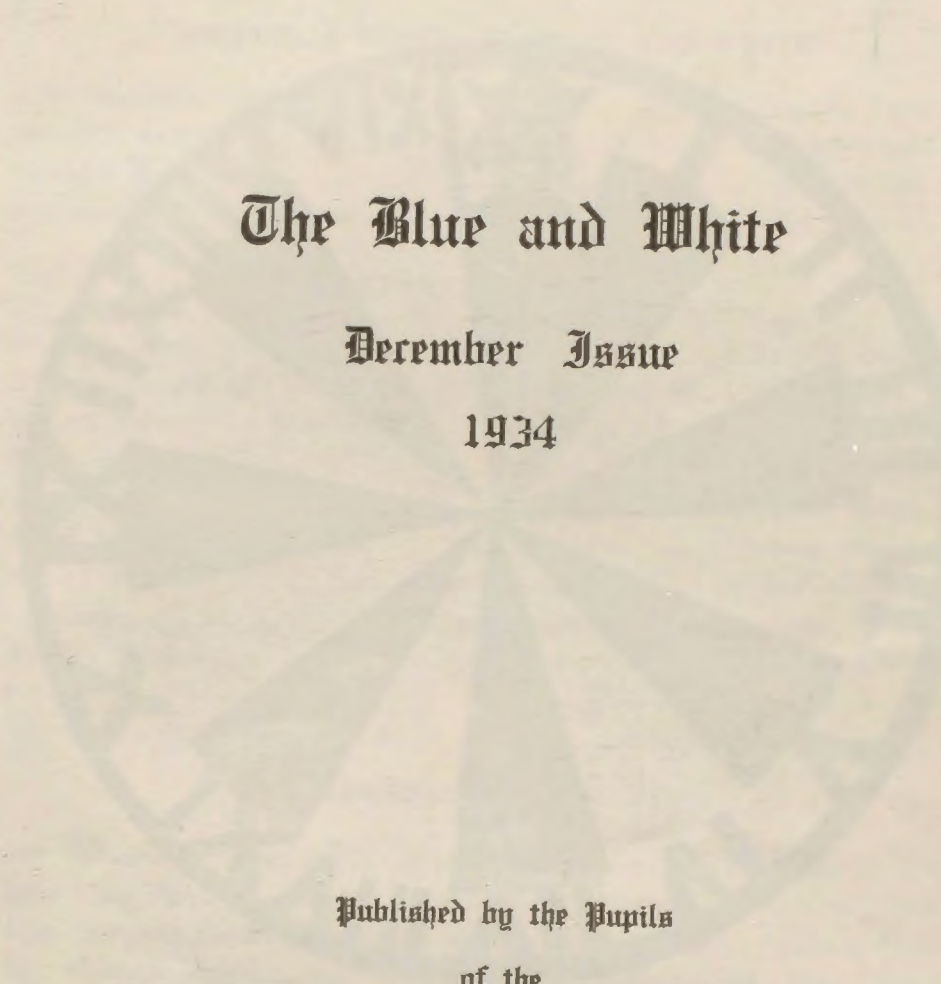
**Dec.
1934**

BLUE AND WHITE



VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL
DECEMBER ISSUE 1934





The Blue and White

December Issue

1934

Published by the Pupils

of the

Vergennes High School

Vergennes, Vermont



The Round Table is generally thought to be legendary; however, there is at least one real Round Table! The original (as believed) is now in Windsor Castle, England. The drawing above shows the general plan. The numbers represent the knights' names, which were placed upon the backs of their chairs.

EDITORIAL STAFF OF "BLUE AND WHITE"

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| Editor-in-Chief..... | Edward Ryan, '35 |
| Assistant Editor..... | Dorothy Slack, '37 |
| Business Manager..... | Eleanor Gee, '35 |
| Assistant Business Manager..... | George Noonan, '35 |

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| Literary Editor..... | Faith Kenyon, '36 |
| French Department..... | Edith Pecue, '35, Frances Kellogg, '35 |
| Alumni Editor..... | Margaret Bodette, '36 |
| Exchange Editor..... | Elaine Beach, '35 |
| Girls' Athletics..... | Margaret Booth, '36 |
| Boys' Athletics..... | Aubert Hamel, '35 |
| School Activities..... | Barbara Ball, '37 |
| Grinnery..... | Joan Casey, '36 |
| Faculty Adviser..... | Miss McGovern |

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Mr. George W. Patterson..... | Superintendent of Schools |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|

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| | |
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| Miss Lucy Booth..... | Home Economics and History |
| Miss Margaret Delaney..... | English, History, Girls' Athletics, Business Practice |
| Mr. Howard Martin..... | Agriculture, Boys' Athletics |
| Miss Joyce Young..... | Latin, History |
| Miss Edith McGovern..... | English |
| Miss Margaret Ryan..... | French and English |
| Mr. Glenn Aiken..... | History, Physics, English and Algebra |
| Miss Rachael Booth..... | Music, Social Science and Commercial Arithmetic |

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SWORD OF ENGLAND

Lottie Gates, '36

By the large and gloomy castle,
 By the dark mysterious building
 Stands an anvil, and within it
 Is a sword; 'tis long and narrow.
 By the shadows of the anvil,
 By the long mysterious shadows
 Stand the Knights, while e'er within
 them
 Something calls and something beckons
 To the sword, which means the king-
 dom
 Of old England. Deep within it
 Lie the hearts of all the people.
 Tried have all the knights to pull it,
 Tried to pull from out the anvil
 Shining saber, while within it
 Something baffles that they cannot
 Pull it from the anvil's clutches,
 Pull this sword to win the praises
 Of the damsels, whose hearts beating
 With emotion, hope their knight will
 gain the kingdom.
 Arthur is the last to try it,
 Try his skill as had the others;
 Grasps the hilt, and with no effort
 Draws the sword from out the anvil.
 Arthur! Arthur! Long live Arthur!
 He is King, the King of England.

Literary

Faith Kenyon, '36, Editor

THE QUEST

Faith Kenyon, '36

The afternoon was warm and calm. It was late October—a colorful season. Sir Francis rode alone through the wood, inclining his grey head slightly to escape the drooping branches of the trees. It was on afternoons such as these that Sir Francis sought solitude—away from his squires—away from his friends—away from even his beloved daughter Althea. He liked to ride alone, in reminiscence.

But suddenly he was surrounded by a score of men, followers of Sir Valdon, arch-enemy of Sir Francis. With one blow of the sword Sir Francis was felled—his life blotted out.

Royal and solemn funeral rites had been performed. Long, wailing cadences had broken the silence of the dead. Lady Althea, pale and lovely in her mourning robes, had looked for the last time upon her father's face.

Now she was standing in the wide courtyard of the castle. The great white charger, which was to bear Sir Edward away to avenge her father's death, stood ready, its silver and scarlet trappings gleaming in the sunlight. Nearby stood four squires, bearing Sir Edward's burnished silver armor and shield, emblazoned with the three scarlet feathers of the house of Carlisle.

"My love," spoke Althea, very low, "do not leave me, I beseech thee. My father is dead—now thou leavest me in this hour of need. Do not go!"

Spoke Sir Edward, her betrothed—"My lady, would that I might remain, but my vows of knighthood bind me to my duty to avenge wrong. I must go. But ere I depart, I would that thou shouldst know this, my lady—I shall

return when the quest is done. Until then, know that there is in my heart greatest love for thee. And until I return, keep this rosary—my mother's—and tell the beads each day that we may be united again."

At evening, under the silver stars, knelt Lady Althea—the pearl beads slipping through her fingers, her lips barely moving in prayer—the moon shining down upon her fair head.

Meanwhile, Sir Edward spurred his horse onward toward the realm where dwelt the murderous Sir Valdon. His journey took him through a fertile country, prosperous and beautiful, but Sir Edward paused not. At length he reached a wide river, on the opposite side of which was the still far-distant Castle Greyhardt. As Sir Edward approached the stone bridge, a thunderous voice challenged—"Bold Knight, what would'st thou?"

Sir Edward made answer, "I am come to avenge the death of Sir Francis of Lyonesse. Art ready?"

"Aye," answered Sir Valdon. "Say thy prayers, fool, for thine end is near!"

And Edward replied not, but straightway rode onto the bridge, where he awaited the other. From behind a great rock rode the warrior, clothed in black armor and mounted on a great black steed. From his helmet waved a crest of blood red, and his sword, to the hilt, was dyed crimson with blood.

Almost at once were their spears shattered, and, dismounting, the two drew their swords. Sir Valdon lunged forward, but Edward, skillfully stepping aside, escaped the full force of the blow. Again, Sir Valdon thrust—

this time plunging his sword beneath Sir Edward's helmet, and the red blood spurted out. Whereupon, Edward reeled forward, and gathering together his remaining strength, drove a mighty stroke which pierced Sir Valdon's heart, and the enemy was hurled into the river. Edward sank to the ground and lay inert.

And, later, it so happened that a wandering squire, hastening on a mission which would brook no delay, passed by, and recognized the prostrate knight as Sir Edward of Carlisle. Upon seeing his deathly pallor he concluded the knight was dead—conquered. Only a moment was his to pause. He would bear the news to Lyonesse.

Months passed—dreary months—months of grief and anguish for Lady Althea—months of pain and distress for Sir Edward. Then came the spring. The heather bloomed white, and Sir Edward left the hut of the hermit who had rescued him and nursed him through the long months.

He turned his horse's head toward Lyonesse.

At nightfall he paused near an old stone abbey, covered with ivy, hoping to find some holy man who would accompany him to Lyonesse to sanction his marriage to Althea.

"Althea!" he whispered, smiling. He reined in his horse, and hearing prayers murmured low, he looked upward. There he beheld through a grilled window a fair young nun. A pearl rosary was slipping slowly through her fingers, and her lips were barely moving in prayer. He started—Could it be she? Could it be that she had believed him dead—that this was her tribute of love?

"Althea!" he breathed in anguish. He gazed again, but the eyes of the girl rested on the rosary. He rode away into the night, with bowed head.

But suddenly he was exalted—Fame—Revenge—these were only passing phantoms, but Love—Love was eternal.

A MODERN PARSIFAL

Joan Casey, '36

"Percival!" ejaculated Armand as he stretched out in his chair at the "gangs" hangout, "Did you ever hear of such a name for a boy?"

"The gang is sure to call him 'Percy' or 'Pehcy,' if he isn't a real guy," returned his brother Peter.

"Maybe he'll turn out all right, even with that name," put in Armand.

"Well, it can't be too bad if Dad likes it. He usually guesses right. He's the regular fellow for you."

Tempus fugit. The Percival in question was suddenly seven years old, a slender handsome boy with the face of a dreamer. His brothers approved of "Per" as they called him, and he was his father's favorite companion.

"Tell me a King Arthur story, Dad," he pleaded one evening.

"I've told them all to you a thousand times, already, son," laughed Mr.

Fayre. "You'd better employ a new story-teller. I'm getting stale."

"But I like to hear you tell a King Arthur story. And, besides, Mother doesn't have time. Mr. Whitney is here so often in the evening, when you are busy, you know."

"Yes, I know," returned his father drily.

"Say, Daddy, do you think that I'd have made a good knight, if I had lived at the time that King Arthur did?" questioned the boy, eagerly.

"You would have made a real honest-to-goodness knight, like Parsifal of old, for whom you were named, son," was the affectionate assurance.

"I would have been one of those knights who went out and helped all the poor people and made all the bad people be good."

His father sighed.

Three years later, at the age of ten, Percival was still of the same mind about knights and their valor. He burst into the living room, looking for his mother, early one evening.

"Oh, I'm glad that Mr. Whitney isn't here, Mother," he cried. "Then we are going, aren't we?" He threw himself gleefully upon her.

"Yes, in just a moment,"—and Mrs. Fayre hastily put down a long jeweler's box which she had been holding.

"What is that, Mother? May I see? Ooh, boy! It's a dandy ruby pendant, isn't it? Did Dad give it to you?" He threw the questions at her, interestedly.

"Er—n-n-no, not exactly," came the muffled answer from his mother.

"It makes me think of the ruby that Lancelot gave to Queen Guinevere. But she shouldn't have taken it; it wasn't

the way to treat King Arthur; No, sir!" Percival was indignant.

"You think that she shouldn't have accepted the rubies, Percival?" asked his mother in a strained voice, the box arrested in her hand.

"Course that's what I think. Lady Guinevere didn't appreciate King Arthur, she didn't. She shouldn't ought to have taken that ruby from Lancelot; he should have given it to that poor Elaine, that's what!—But, Mother, it's almost time to go." He broke off suddenly, striding to the door with a comical imitation of his elder brothers' swagger. "Are you coming my way?"

"Yes," Mrs. Fayre gave a vicious last twist to the cord with which she had tied the re-wrapped parcel, "Yes, I am going your way, Parsifal," she spoke clear and loud.

IN OLDEN DAYS

Marguerite Allen, '36

We read that knights were brave and true.

So does each tale describe them,
While maids were fair and frail and sweet,

No traitor e'er could bribe them;
That right was might, and might was right,

And cowardice was sin;
In times when vandals battled hard
All knew the right would win.

From far and near, their armor bright,
Their chargers madly prancing,
King Arthur hailed a noble band
Skilled in the bout and lancing;
He bade them swear a solemn oath—
To do brave deeds for duty,
To shun all evil, seek the good,
And fight for truth and beauty.

In all he set the pattern true,
Himself both good and wise,
He taught them to be loyal,
All treachery to despise;
Before his court clear justice reigned
Alike for lord and serf,
His knights would champion the oppressed,
Regardless of their birth.

We read of mighty Lancelot,
Of the Lily Maid, Elaine,
Who, for her deep devotion,
Gained naught but grief and pain,
Queen Guinevere, whose human faults
And human pride betrayed her,
When, as she trod her queenly way,
Unhappy love waylaid her

Full many a hard fought joust was won,
And many a mile traversed,
And many a minstrel sang his lay,
Brave deeds and foul rehearsed;
Till at the end King Arthur passed,
While all the realm bemoaned him;
Yet in our hearts, by poet's skill,
We find we have enthroned him.



TWO BOLD KNIGHTS

Jennie Dickson, '35

Two bold knights
Standing so,
Soon is heard
The signal—"Go!"

The *melée*
Now is o'er,
One is wounded—
Wounded sore.

T'other, oh,
What a sight!
Lying there,
Dead from fright!

Two bold knights
Both so true,
Marionettes—
One and two!

THE CHALLENGE

Marie Little, '35

The king's son was dead! King Albert's only son was gone, leaving his aged father and beautiful, young sister unguarded. Eldon was dead—killed by a revengeful cousin, a man of few morals and many misdeeds.

The Princess Dolores comforted the white-haired old king. She was pushed to action by the spirited blood of courage which coursed through her veins. After days of indecision her mind was made up. She donned a suit of armor, and fared forth in battle array, bearing herself like a proud knight. Indeed the Princess Dolores was well versed in the affairs of war—taught by her famous brother and Bleys, whose power surpassed even that of Merlin. Leaving her father in the magician's care, she set out to avenge her brother's death, lamenting meanwhile to herself that the knights of her father's realm had sallied forth in the futile search for the Grail.

The sun was high when she reached a small stream. In a tree there hung a great shield bearing a bloody sword—the insignia of her faithless cousin, the Red Knight. With the hilt of her sword Dolores struck the shield in challenge

to the false knight. From the distance he came riding, an arrogant knight, glowering sullenly at his young challenger.

Lances at rest for a moment; then they spurred their horses fiercely at each other. The Red Knight's lance shattered the maiden's shield as her horse slipped on the damp turf and fell.

Quickly she leaped from her horse and drew her sword. As the Red Knight dismounted, she prayed desperately, "Now may the strength and will of Christ be in my arm."

The Red Knight's mighty arm drove his weapon cruelly into her side. With a gasp she struck at him, putting all her ebbing strength into the last blow. Her sword clove into his helmet. As he fell she gasped for breath and pulled the helmet from her beautiful golden tresses. The Red Knight gazed upon her in profound astonishment and breathed his last. "Fair Cousin Dolores!" he murmured.

The Princess dropped to the ground, holding life lightly in her hand, struggling to grasp it more firmly, but steadily failing, and in its place—came death.

THE HOLY GRAIL

Lena Ball, '35

In the days of old
When the knights were bold,
They searched for the Holy Grail.

They followed the gleam,
In the night—unseen—
In search of the Holy Grail.

They rode in vain
O'er hill and plain
In search of the Holy Grail

Save sinless lad,
Sir Galahad,
Who found the Holy Grail.

A KNIGHT OF TODAY

Madeline LaJoie, '38

Jim, lying on a cot on the second floor of Fire Station No. 23, was reading a story about the Knights of Old. Suddenly he began mumbling to himself, "Knights, Swords and Helmets." Like lightning came the whistle of the siren, shattering his dreams of Chivalry.

Jim sprang from his bed still muttering to himself, "Knights, Swords, and Helmets." Then he slid down the pole, receiving instructions as he shot to the level.

In another moment he was speeding down to the scene of disaster. There it was—a roaring wall of flame. Some one shouted at him, "Two children on the second floor!" Not thinking about himself or the danger, Jim, with the aid of two stout comrades, caught up a ladder and swung it to the side of the blazing building. How the flames did snap! How thick the smoke, blinding and choking him!

But he had climbed the ladder. He was in the room. Then, as if paralyzed, he seemed to grow stiff in every muscle. A noise above him. The snapping of a beam overhead. Could he reach the next room before the roof crashed? Something struck his head. Engulfing darkness swept over him. He fell. Gaining consciousness once more he slowly and painfully rose. In agonized tones he said, "I must get there, I must, I must."

These words seemed somehow to give him strength for he started to walk, half dragging himself, until he stumbled against something that nearly knocked him down again. Regaining

his balance he stooped and with great effort picked up a small child, who even now seemed a heavy burden. Then like a lance piercing his senses came realization of the fact that there was still another child. Stumbling—groping blindly, creeping—A tiny cry! He grasped the other child and inch by inch he made his way back to the window.

The fire meantime was greedily creeping to the ladder. A vast cloud of smoke poured around the window. Though his mind was hazy, Jim still sensed the danger, but he had to make it. The roof would not hold up much longer. To his great joy a pair of anxious waiting hands were outstretched to him. He eagerly released his burden to those hands. Then with as much self-control as he could muster he waited, leaning against the edge of the window sill until the other man was down. More weight on the ladder would prove fatal, he knew. An encouraging shout roused him to action. He stepped over the sill reaching for the ladder but, reeling, overcome by smoke and exertion, he missed it. He was falling—falling—

When Jim became conscious he was lying on a cot in a hospital, crushed and battered.

His first thought was of the children. To satisfy him they were brought to his bedside.

But alas! Jim was never to fight another fire, for in falling he had injured his spine and would be a cripple for life. He was indeed a Knight of Today.

Editorials

Edward Ryan, '35, Editor

EDITORIAL THEME OF DECEMBER ISSUE

This issue of the "Blue and White" is centered about the Arthurian Legends. We chose this theme primarily because in our Senior English classes we have been doing research work in this field. We traced this subject from oral legend to Geoffrey's Latin history, to French translations, to Layamon, who gives us its first English form, to Malory, and to countless writers down through the centuries.

This recurrent theme we have found in music and in art. It has appeared in the Wagnerian operas, "Parsifal" and "Tristan and Isolde," as well as in songs that we all sing today, like "Follow the Gleam." Edwin A. Abbey painted a famous frieze based on Galahad's search for the Holy Grail. Some of us have seen his work in the Boston Public Library.

It is surprising how often in our every day conversation we use the terminology which these legends suggest—Sir Galahad, Round Table, Excalibur, Merlin the Magician, the Holy Grail.

Upon the boards in our Senior English room Jennie Dickson, '35, has drawn in color many pictures sugges-

tive of the King Arthur stories. These have attracted the attention of so many of the other classes, who have discussed the theme with us, that again we were influenced to base our school paper upon this inspirational subject.

The cuts in this issue were planned by Miss Dickson and the linoleum blocks made by Hilton Forrest, '36. In the Literary Department we have tried some Arthurian legends of our own and attempted verse in the Arthurian manner.

Surely we could not set a standard for ourselves higher than that set by the knights of old. Always there is the challenge embodied in Sir Galahad's words:

"My strength is as the strength of ten

Because my heart is pure,"

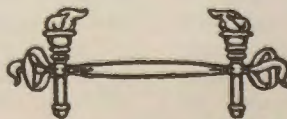
and Gareth's:

"Follow the Christ, the King.

Live pure; speak true, right wrong.

Else wherefore born?"

Edward Ryan, '35, Editor



Le Département Français

Edith Pecue, '35, Frances Kellogg, '35, Editors



La Chevalerie et le Succès

Elaine Beach, '35

Le Roi Arthur était assis à la cour sur le trône. Ses cavaliers étaient assis autour de la Table Ronde. C'était l'heure pour le grand banquet de l'année. Tous les cavaliers, après leurs grandes aventures, étaient retournés au château.

Soudainement le Roi Arthur s'est levé et les adressés.

"Mes amis," il a dit, "Vous êtes maintenant les cavaliers. Ce témoignage de distinction exige de vous le courage, la bravoure et la chevalerie. Votre tâche n'est pas facile, mais elle est très importante. Je sais que vous désirez avoir le succès. Mais, mes amis, le succès n'est pas mesuré en termes d'argent. Ni cupidité, ni égoïsme ne peuvent produire cette possession bien désirée. C'est au moyen des choses bienfaisantes que nous faisons pour le monde, et par le désir d'aider

les autres que nous pouvons accomplir ce grand but d'intérêt pour lequel nous espérons tous. Personne ne réalise la valeur véritable d'un poème, un livre, les fleurs, les arbres, ou une acte bienfaisante. Les meilleures choses de la vie ne peuvent pas être mises en chiffres. Même quand nous ne pouvons pas devenir les exécutives ou gagner quelque position importante à la vie, nous pouvons tous être heureux, parce que la joie de la camaraderie est toujours disponible. Le succès n'est pas tant ce que nous faisons mais ce que nous sommes. Quand nous commençons à être frustrés et désappointés, nous avons une grande consolation en sachant que la main du Jéhovah nous dirige.

Mon dernier mot pour vous dans votre espérance pour le succès, Cavaliers de la Table Ronde c'est, 'Mettez votre confiance en Jéhovah!'"

Le Chevalier D'Aujourd'hui

Au moyen age le Roi Arthur a regné en Angleterre. Les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde ont dépensé leurs vies en combattant pour redresser les dommages des gens opprimés. Le chevalier idéal était chevaleresque, élevé pour se battre et prêt à mourir pour son roi.

Dans la guerre du monde beaucoup de nations se sont combattus. La guerre était plus mortelle qu'en temps anciens; et les jeunes hommes du monde ont avancé pour défendre le bonheur de leur patrie. Ceux qui ont survécu à

cette guerre ont vu seulement l'horreur et la mort en combattant.

En conséquence la gloire de se battre a disparu. Un chevalier d'aujourd'hui n'est pas un chevalier sur le champ de bataille.

Cependant les chevaliers d'aujourd'hui vivent chevaleresquement. Avec courage ils avancent pour rencontrer les cartels de la vie et constamment ils font de leurs mieux pour suivre la lueur que les chevaliers de la Table Ronde ont recherchée. Parce que le cartel de jadis tient encore aujourd'hui.

Sa Dernière Chance

Edith Pecue, '35

Une fois il y avait un chevalier qui s'est appelé Sir Elmer. Il est devenu amoureux d'une veuve qui avait six enfants.

Un jour le chevalier s'est mis en route de la cour du Roi Arthur pour faire une visite à la veuve. Après un voyage de huit jours il est arrivé au chateau de la veuve.

La veuve lui a fait bon accueil faisant semblant d'être impartiale. Là-dessus le brave Elmer a commencé sa cour brulante.

Enfin il a pensé que le temps était arrivé pour demander sa main en mariage. La veuve a répondu que, s'il se

battait avec le plus fort chevalier dans la patrie, elle l'épouserait.

Le chevalier un peu découragé mais de bon coeur s'est mis en route sur sa mission. Après être monté à cheval pour quinze jours il a rencontré Sir Clarence, le plus fort chevalier dans la patrie. Tout de suite ils ont commencé à se battre. Sir Clarence a cassé quatre épées et Sir Elmer a cassé six épées. Enfin Sir Clarence avec un mouvement adroit a blessé son adversaire avec un coup fatal et le pauvre Elmer était mort.

Quand la veuve a entendu de la mort de Sir Elmer, elle a pleuré amèrement. Qu'elle avait été simple! Elle avait perdu sa dernière chance.

L'Ecolier Matin

Jean n'aime pas beaucoup la classe, et sa petite tête est toujours à la recherche d'occasions pour ne pas y aller. Un matin il a une idée de génie. Il décroche le téléphone dans le bureau de son père et demande son maître.

D'une grosse voix il a dit: "Jean est malade; il ne pourra pas aller à l'école ce matin."

"Qui est à l'appareil?" demande le professeur.

"C'est mon pere!" répond Jean.

(Adapté du "Petit Journal")

Excuse Valable

Le professeur, (à un élève qui arrive en retard).

Pourquoi êtes-vous en retard?

Maman avait besoin de moi.

Pourquoi faire?

Pour me donner une fessée (spanking).

(Adapté du "Petit Journal")

Les Bons Mots

Mademoiselle Ryan: Que veut dire "noisettes"?

C. Ryan: Bird.

J. Audit—Nuts.

School Activities

Barbara Ball, '37, Editor

CALENDAR OF SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Wed., Sept. 5—Election of class officers. List at end of calendar.

Fri., Sept. 7—Mr. Kenney, representative from Crowell Publishing Co., arrived with plans for a contest between V. H. S. boys and girls. Another magazine campaign started.

Fri., Sept. 14—Freshman initiation.

Week of
Sept. 17— Trip to Springfield Exposition made by Vance Miller, Avery Palmer, Irving Palmer, Clinton Douglas, Kenneth Barney, Wilbur Pratt and Wilbur Norton with Alonzo Roberts and Willard Bristol as seconds in judging teams. The group was under the supervision of Mr. Young.

Tues., Sept. 25—Assembly given by boys who went to Springfield. Interesting topics were discussed by the boys in their reports of the Exposition

Wed., Sept. 26—Election of F. F. A. officers. President, Wilbur Pratt; Vice President, Kenneth Barney; Secretary, Vance Miller; Treasurer, Clinton Douglas; Reporter, Jack Ball, Watchdog, Donald O'Donnell.

Mon., Oct. 1—A very interesting description of recreation and study at Ecole Champlain, given by Miss Rachael Booth, who

has been a counselor at that school this summer.

Tues., Oct. 2—"Blue and White" staff slate made up.

Thurs. and Fri.

Oct. 4-5— School Fair held at City Hall under the auspices of the F. F. A. Returns were as follows: \$64.04, taken in. \$41.33 net proceeds. The F. F. A. made \$23.88, the Home Economics girls made \$10.00, and \$7.45 went into the Athletic Association treasury.

Mon., Oct. 15—"Blue and White" staff approved and elected by V. H. S. pupils. Announcement made of appointment of Avery Palmer to go to Kansas City as a delegate from Vermont. The trip will be made by automobile. Mr. Howard Martin chosen to accompany Palmer and Claire Holbrook from Barton, Vt. A meeting was planned for those who would be interested in the skating rink project this winter.

Wed., Oct. 17—Student Council meeting held, and officers elected: President, Aubret Hamel; Vice President, Elaine Beach; Secretary, Dorothy Slack; Treasurer, Joan Casey; and Faculty Advisor, Mr. Carter.

Fri., Oct. 19—"Blue and White" dance at City Hall.

Fri., Oct. 26—Frances Kellogg, Elaine Beach, Margaret Boddette, Dorothy Slack, Eleanor Gee, Faith Kenyon, Edith Pecue and Marie Little of V. H. S. Latin club, attended the presentation of the play, "Under the Stars," given by the Burlington High School Latin Club. Transportation was furnished by George Noonan and Melvin Hamel. Miss Joyce Young acted as chaperon.

Wed., Oct. 31—Hallowe'en parade and frolic at Athletic Field. The "Ghosts" were adjudged first place as having the best stunt.

Mon., Nov. 5—Avery Palmer gave an interesting account of his trip to Kansas City, where he received the title of American Farmer, an honor shared by only one other Vermont boy.

Tues., Nov. 6—Mock election held.

Tues., Nov. 13—Evening session held, taking in two periods of regular study in order that parents might see how classes are carried on. Assembly followed. Enlarged report at end of calendar.

Thurs., Nov. 15—Boys belonging to Safety Patrol made trip to Proctor to observe the patrol there.

Fri., Nov. 16—Tryouts for school chorus started.

Thurs., Nov. 22—F. F. A. banquet.

Fri., Nov. 23—A clown, a pony and a dog made their appearance in our study hall today. Part of the proceeds of the "circus" to go to the gymnasium fund.

Sat., Nov. 24—Members of the "Blue and White" staff attended Editorial Conference at the Fleming Museum. Mr. Carter accompanied the group.

ALL SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

Those pupils are listed who received no lower mark than "B—" during the first marking period.

Class 8

Benjamin Allen, William Allen, Verlie White and Olive Young.

Class 9

Doris Evarts, Alfred Miller, Marolyn Powers, Forrest Rivers and Howard Washburn.

Class 10

Harold Cushman, Beulah Davis, Okley Davis, June Stagg and Mildred Williams.

Class 11

Beatrice Cook, Kathleen LeBoeuf and Elinor Sullivan.

Class 12

Lena Ball, Helene Barrows, Elaine Beach, Lucia Brown, Eleanor Gee, Frances Kellogg, Marie Little, Robert Mundy, George Noonan, Edith Pecue and Edward Ryan.

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OFFICERS

Class Twelve

President, George Noonan; Vice President, Avery Palmer; Secretary, Jennie Dickson; Treasurer, Frances Kellogg.

Class Eleven

President, Wilbur Pratt; Vice President, Beatrice Cook; Secretary, Margaret Booth; Treasurer, Marguerite Allen.

Class Ten

President, Arnold Sullivan; Vice President, Kenneth Sullivan; Secretary, Katherine Mack; Treasurer, Barbara Ball.

Class Nine

President, Dean Leonard; Vice President, Marguerite Senesac; Secretary, Richard Barrows; Treasurer, Albert DeVine.

Class Eight

President, Verlie White; Vice President, Alma Barrows; Secretary, Olive Young; Treasurer, Roger Collins.

Class Seven

President, Robert Morris; Vice President, Richard Adams; Secretary, Alice Ryan; Treasurer, Merritt Raymond.

Student Council

Class Twelve—Aubert Hamel, Elaine Beach.

Class Eleven—Joan Casey, Elinor Sullivan.

Class Ten—June Stagg, Dorothy Slack.

Class Nine—Doris Evarts, Howard Washburn.

Class Eight—Benjamin Allen.

Class Seven—Gerald Hatch.

V. H. S. HALLOWE'EN CELEBRATION

The boys and girls of Vergennes High and Graded School assembled on the school grounds at about seven o'clock on the night of October 31.

There was a great variety of costumes on display. There were witches with tall peaked hats and ghosts in sheets of ghostly white.

The school was divided into two groups, the Witches and the Ghosts. A little after seven came the line-up for the parade. To the thunderous music of an oil drum, pounded by a couple of muscular boys, the procession got under way.

A stop was made at the site of the old gym, where both sides gave their yells. There, Carl DeVine, alias the "Headless Horseman," joined the ranks and headed the parade which continued up Main street. At the hotel the yells were again given.

The parade circled the park and went down to the Athletic field. There a huge pile of pine stumps was ready

for lighting a magnificent bonfire, for which we may thank the City and Mayor LeBeau. The Mayor lighted the fire.

The stunts of the Witches and the Ghosts were then in order. With much shrieking three Witches ran out upon the field and started to dance about a cauldron. After they had muttered some secret charms, various things pertaining to school life were put into the seething pot. The Witches then stirred the mixture, muttered more charms, and ran off.

The Ghosts impersonated famous characters from history and story, as well as members of the faculty and school. This group won the prize for the best stunt, which was a ten-pound bag of peanuts. Both winners and losers feasted upon these and toasted marshmallows. The prize for the best costume was won by Catherine Norton, who was dressed as a Russian Cossack. The Judges were Mrs. Haven, Mrs. Carter and Supt. Patterson.

ASSEMBLY PROGRAM OF EVENING SESSION, NOV. 13

The assembly program of the evening session opened with a musical number, "The Water Fall," by Wilson, sung by four High School girls, Elaine Beach, Joan Casey, Frances Kellogg and Evelyn Langeway.

The part of the program to follow was by the Freshman class. Doris Evarts, '38, gave an explanatory introduction which follows: "Tonight a group

of Freshmen are going to give you a demonstration of a very new venture in education known as the verse speaking choir. It appears to be something new although it is actually as old as drama itself.

"When many of you went to school you probably recited in unison. Lately this old way has been losing its popularity, because people have said that it

did not give a chance for individual expression. There is so much joy in poetry that it seemed too bad to let it become merely silent reading or only an individual performance. Tonight we will show you your old friend, School Recitation in Unison, in 1934 fashion and under a new name—The Verse Speaking Choir.

"The poems we will recite for you have been selected for this particular work. They are amusing and interesting to all ages, tiny children and dignified grown ups. It is a pleasure to us to give them and we hope it will be a pleasure to you to hear them."

Division 1 then recited "Jonathan Bing," by B. Curtis Brown and "Pirate Don Durk by Dowdee," by Mildred Merryman.

The girls in Division 2 then gave "Moon Song" by Mildred Merryman, followed by A. A. Milne's "The King's Breakfast," recited by the entire group.

The last part of the program, staged by the Latin classes, was a tableau en-

titled "Living Statues." There were eight poses taken from Greek and Roman paintings, sculpture, or pictures. They were enacted against a dark background, in a dark room, the only light coming from a spotlight in front of them. The figures were clothed in white, with white hair, and had their faces, necks and arms covered with white grease paint. They held the pose for about thirty seconds while the light was turned upon them.

There were four pupils taking part: Faith Kenyon, Helene Barrows, Esther Adams and Norma Bristol. The eight tableaux were as follows: Welcome to the Sun, A Greek Tombstone, The Javelin and the Discus, Apollo and Daphne, The Revel, Orpheus and Euridyce, The Wrath of the Gods and The Fallen Amazon.

The program closed with a medley of three favorite songs, the first two, Stephen Foster's well known "Old Black Joe" and "Old Folks at Home" followed by "Massa Dear" from the "New World Symphony."



V. G. S. SAFETY PATROL

The V. G. S. Safety Patrol for the school year has been organized with twelve regular patrol men, three from the lower grades and nine from the upper. Terrance Gage has charge of the younger boys and Robert Mundy is the captain of the entire patrol.

In spite of the ice and snow on Nov-14, our unit visited the Proctor Safety Patrol, which is considered the best in

the state. The boys were shown around the spacious rooms of the school building, after which each Vergennes Patrolman went on duty with a Proctor Patrolman.

In spite of cold weather the V. G. S. Safety Patrol members have carried on their duty and we congratulate them for a good start in a splendid project which was much needed in our city.

Members of Student Patrol:

Captain—Robert Mundy

Lieutenants:

Truman Martin
Clinton Douglas
Howard Washburn
Roger Collins
William Allen
Arden Slack

Sergeants:

Terrance Gage
Richard Adams
Leonard Sears
Harland Bodette
Robert Graves

F. F. A. BANQUET

The parents of the students of the Vocational Agricultural and Home Economics classes were delightfully entertained at a banquet which was served in the Grange hall, on Thursday evening, November 22. This is the one time of the year when parents and children from the entire district gather together. One hundred sixty-six people took advantage of this opportunity.

The tables were attractively decorated with the colors of the F. F. A. organization. Bittersweet and golden pumpkins holding blue candles represented the national colors. The Home Economics girls served the banquet, which consisted of the following:

| | | |
|----------------------------|-----------|----------|
| | Fruit Cup | |
| | Crackers | |
| Jelly | | Pickles |
| Roast Turkey | | Dressing |
| Mashed Potato with Parsley | | |
| Buttered Peas | | |
| Rolls | | |
| V. H. S. Salad | | |
| Ice Cream | | Cake |
| | Coffee | |

Many of the items were produced by the Future Farmer boys, and the larger share was donated by them. The F. F. A. boys also made the ice cream. The food was prepared by the Home Economics girls under the direction of Miss Lucy Booth.

Following the banquet a program of speeches was enjoyed. Mr. Howard Martin acted as toastmaster. Wilbur Pratt extended, in a fine way, a welcome to the parents. He spoke of what the organization was doing in the local school and of the significance of its national strength. Mr. H. A. B. Palmer responded for the parents. Miss Virginia Paine spoke in appreciation of the F. F. A.

Prof. R. W. Smith, of the University of Vermont and Mr. Arthur W. Packard were the chief speakers of the evening. Their topics were, "Leadership," and "Co-operation," respectively. Supt. G. W. Patterson delighted the audience with a humorous account of "Cows That I Have Met."

Athletics

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Billy Hamel, '35, Editor

Due to the loss of our gymnasium, our boys turned their minds with greater anticipation toward baseball. At the start of our fall season, doubts arose concerning material for the team. These however were soon dispelled as a large number of boys turned out, and from the first practice session showed continuous improvement.

ACCOUNT OF FALL ENGAGEMENTS

On September 21st the Knights of V. H. S. sallied forth to do battle with the champions of the Bristol cause. In spite of their gallant fighting throughout the battle, those of V. H. S. were retired on the short end of a 15-4 score.

On the fourth day after the battle of the Bristol knights, there came to Vergennes a company arrayed for conflict who were called "The Beemen." Sir Kenneth Q. Barney, with his trusty followers, trampled the Beemen underfoot to the tune of a 15-11 victory.

September 28th saw our warriors battle in vain against the strong Brandon nine. The outcome of the fray was 14-5.

Assured by their previous victory, the squad gave Knight Barrows able support to overcome the Beemen 9-4, on October 2nd.

Soon after the second victory over the Beemen, there came from the Moorland to the south, the Bristol team, who returned home that evening bruised and battered from the battle which they lost by the score of 9-8.

Putting up a gallant attempt to stem the onslaught of the Brandonites, on October 16th the Knights of V. H. S. closed their fall season by a defeat at the hands of their slight superiors.

With a little more experience for the pitchers and a stronger batting punch, the knights of the V. H. S. squad should hang many victories on their belts next spring.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Margaret Booth, '36, Editor

THIS SEASON'S JOUSTS

On the Premises of Sir Gym Nasium

In the Field of Athletics we, the Ladies of King Arthur's Court, have been deserted, left to wander, without shelter and unprotected.

Our favorite sister, Ambition for Victory, has fought, and her life has been severely threatened, but even she can not rescue us in our great distress.

We at last appeal to King Arthur and ask him to send us his favorite knight. He thinks and decides upon the Knight of Courage but, we shout, "We all have courage."

"Could it be Sir Gym Nasium?" he then asks.

"Ah, at last you have it—Sir Gym Nasium!" we all cry.

"But," speaks King Arthur, "it is not easy to secure his services. This knight is held by a powerful giant—Depression. He can never be released to come to your aid without the help of Public Opinion. Fair Maidens, I would that ye continue your sport, and that ye be rescued from your sad plight. Your deeds of fame and victory have brought honor to our court in days gone by when from jousts and tournaments ye have brought back trophies. Enlist Public Opinion upon your side, and then, only, will the chains of Sir Gym Nasium be broken.

Sadly, we, the Ladies of King Arthur's Court, turned and left the kingly presence, mounted our chargers, and rode toward our Field of Athletics. But, as we turned to the east, we seemed to see in the distance the royal knight, Hope, who pointed toward the broken links in the chains that held Sir Gym Nasium.

Exchange

Elaine D. Beach, '35, Editor

King Arthur and his knights are seated about the Round Table. It is the first Round Table conference of the season. The faces of many knights can be distinguished. Their bright armor is undented with the exception of a few knights who have dared to be first in their search for good school papers.

(Calmly and sedately King Arthur rises and looking at the many shining shields of the maiden knights, he speaks.)

King Arthur: "My knights, we have entered upon a new season in our realm of 'comments.' As you realize, our mission is one of adventure. We seek outstanding school papers. There are many fields to be discovered. Some of these have been explored by a few daring knights, but many more remain for your eager minds to open. I am well aware of the fact that it is very early as yet to gain total success in your search, and therefore I wish to compliment those who have so daringly and nobly attempted this task."

(King Arthur seats himself. Slowly yet enthusiastically, Sir Gawain rises).

Sir Gawain: "Your Majesty, the King, in behalf of my fellow knights I would extend gratitude to you for your compliment so gracious. And now, Your Highness, I have a request to proffer. We would hear reports of all available periodicals in this our kingdom."

King Arthur: "Sir Gawain, your request shall be granted. I now am prepared for the tales of might and daring."

(Bowling toward Sir Percival, he announces) "Sir Percival!"—

Sir Percival: "Your Highness and Fellow Knights, I bring to you news from the 'Peopleonian.' The cover of

this magazine, although quite plain, is outstanding in its clear cut simplicity. Often in our lives as knights the least elaborate thing we do, whether it be a kind word that is uttered or a kind deed acted, is more outstanding than an elaborate display of honors. And then, 'Significance of Commencement,' an editorial, contains a noble thought. We knights think of commencement time not as the end of our adventure, but as the beginning. May we, then, Knights of the Round Table, in the beginning of our quests bear in our minds the message of this editorial—'May our aims in life be the very highest.'"

King Arthur: "Splendid, Sir Percival! May we hear the noble story of another daring knight?"

Sir Kay: "Your Highness, I would record for you my encounter with 'The Lassell News.'"

King Arthur: "Proceed. What was the outcome of the encounter?"

Sir Kay: "'Tis a record of merit, Your Highness, shown, for example, in this magazine's good editorials."

King Arthur: "Bravo! 'Lassell News!'"

Knights of Round Table: "Bravo!"

Sir Galahad: "Your Majesty! Fellow Knights! My task has been not simple. I have been allured by many outstanding features in 'The Dial.' The literary section is remarkable. Skill has been shown in the cuts. Our jester would enjoy the section entitled 'Humoresque.'"

King Arthur: "My Knights of the Round Table, honors are your due for having struggled toward our aim—the selection of outstanding school papers. May you enjoy further success in future quests which, as the year advances, shall call upon your zeal and valor."

Alumni Department

Margaret E. Bodette, '36, Editor

We devote this department, of course, to the deeds of prowess of those knights who at one time were in our halls but who are now battling with the world. Many a trophy has been won, many a shield emblazoned, many a banner unfurled in honor to these knights of old. Space does not permit us to list the deeds of all brave knights who have been of our number. We, therefore, turn the pages of time back ten years and select a representative member from each knightly order of the past.

V. H. S. 1924—Norbert Rivers entered the University of Vermont from which he graduated in 1928. He now has a position in New York with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

V. H. S. 1925—Helen Benton Ayer, after her graduation from High School, entered Wellesley College. While at college she played an active part in the Shakespearian Club and was on the Dean's honor lists. After her graduation in 1929 she entered the Bryant and Stratton school in Boston. Upon completing her course there, she obtained a position with the Curtis Publishing Company and later with the Houghton Mifflin Publishing Company. The latter position she held until her marriage to Mr. Robert W. Ayer. She now resides in Wayne, Michigan.

V. H. S. 1926—Julia Waterman Jay, graduated from the University of Vermont in 1930, where she was a member of the Delta Delta Delta sorority. She later became an instructor in West Pawlet for one year and in Vergennes High School for two years. In 1932 she married Mr. Orson Jay and now resides in Morrisville, Vermont.

V. H. S. 1927—Ellen Kellogg graduated from Middlebury College in 1931, where she was a member of the Phi Beta Phi sorority. Because of her high

standing she was extended an opportunity for the study of French for one year in Paris. She is now an instructor of Latin and French in the Littleton, New Hampshire High School.

V. H. S. 1928—George Patterson, III, after graduating from Vergennes High School, entered Antioch College, where he studied for two years. In 1930 he transferred to the University of Vermont, where he was a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity. He graduated from college in 1934, with Phi Beta Kappa honors. He is now at Columbia University, where he is studying to obtain his Master's Degree in Physics.

V. H. S. 1929—Evan Noonan graduated from Middlebury College in 1933, where he was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity. He is now studying for his Master's Degree at the University of New Hampshire, where he also assists in the Junior laboratory of Organic Chemistry.

V. H. S. 1930—Joyce Young graduated from the University of Vermont in the class of 1934 with Phi Beta Kappa honors. She is a member of the Alpha Chi Omega sorority and now is an instructor of Latin in Vergennes High School.

V. H. S. 1931—William Carter, Jr., entered Middlebury College in 1932, where he is now a member of the Junior class. He is also a member of the Kappa Delta Kho fraternity and his name appears on the Dean's lists.

V. H. S. 1932—Robert W. Larrow entered Holy Cross College in Worcester, Mass., where he is now a Junior. He is serving on the staff of the school paper and also participates in debating. His name consistently appears on the honor rolls.

V. H. S. 1933—Helen Jarvis graduated this year from Burlington Business College. She now has a position in Winooski.

CLASS OF 1934

Elizabeth Abbott has a position in Albany, New York.

Loren Avery is attending the Casey-Jones School of Aeronautics in New Jersey.

Ralph Booth is employed in the local Atlantic and Pacific store.

Barbara Bristol is attending Albany Business College.

Mildred Bruce has a position in Worcester, Vermont.

Bernard Cadorette has entered a Citizens' Conservation Corps camp in Reading, Mass.

Madeline Cappoli is at present in Vergennes.

Margaret Carter and Charles Ryan are taking Post Graduate courses.

Winifred Gaunya has been attending Green Mountain Junior College in Poultney, but due to illness, she has been forced to return to her home here. She is just recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Shirley Haven is a co-ed at Middlebury College.

Elinor Kimball is a co-ed at the University of Vermont.

Alec Levlock is assisting at the local bakery.

Ethel Magee has employment in Newport, New Hampshire.

Barbara McNeil is attending the Northfield Seminary at East Northfield, Mass.

David L. Ryan, who is attending the University of Vermont, has recently been pledged into the Sigma Nu fraternity.

Gwendolyn Tracy is employed in Long Island, New York.

Robert Woodruff is in Vergennes, while plans are being made for him to enter the army.

Russell Kingman has made plans to join the navy.

Mary Parrish, judging from our latest report, is in Warren, Vermont.

Marion Wadleigh is employed in Burlington, Vermont.

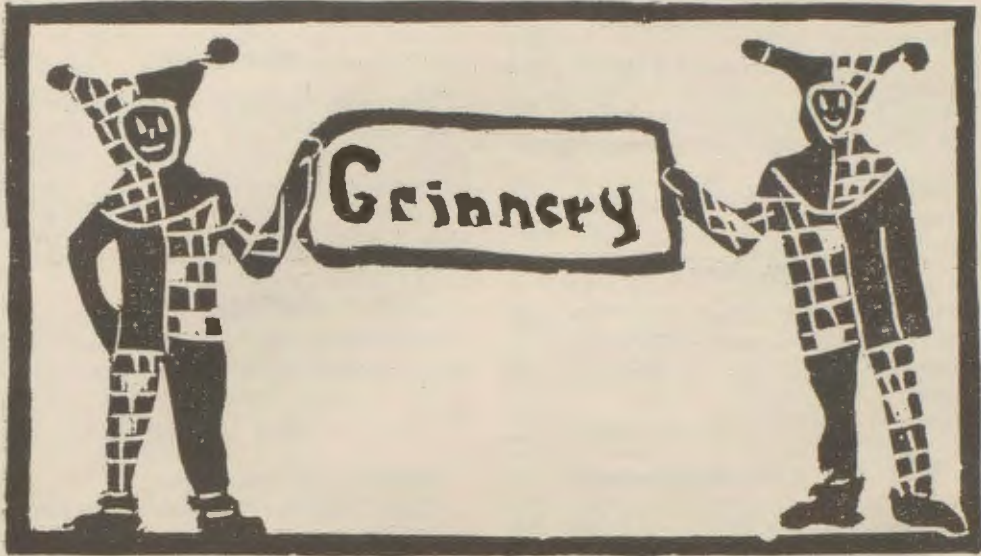
The following are at their respective homes: Claudette Forand, Elizabeth German, Joseph LeGrand, Cecil Sorrell, Marjorie Sorrell, Roger Bristol, George Blakely, Shirley Adams, Lillian Meacham, Laurette Beliveau, Rachel Smith, Melba Williams, Clarice Briggs, Ramona Smith, Fred Pilger, Lester Tatro and George Barton.

SPECIAL NEWS BULLETINS FROM UNIVERSITY OF VER- MONT

Earl German, a graduate of Vergennes High School in the class of 1933, has recently been pledged to the Lambda Iota fraternity.

Gertrude Fishman, a graduate of Vergennes High School in the class of 1932 and now a Junior at U. V. M., was one of the only four Sophomores last year whose scholastic record had no grade below "A" for the second semester. She is enrolled in the Secretarial course.

Arza Dean, '31, who is now attending U. V. M., is playing an active part in the group plays which are being presented.



Joan Casey, '36, Editor

A jester from the court of King Arthur now tells us some stories of our own friends. How does he know? His secret—but don't think for even one moment that we told him.

THE MINSTREL'S MESSAGE

The minstrel sang while in the wood,
He sang before the palace door,
He sang before the ladies fair—
He sang before a dozen more.

He wished to sing before the King—
His purpose you should know:
A message from the Queen to bring
'Ere fell another snow.

He sang before the courtiers too—
He sang before them all—
He sang before the alderney—
Fell silence like a pall!

For sat the King in royal state
The message to receive—
He wiped a tear from out his eye,
But had no cause to grieve

As yet. The minstrel sang his lay,
He sang it well and true—
He gestured wildly with his arms
As most great singers do.

"'Ere Yuletide next comes round, my
King,
(I tell the truth, you know!)
The Queen must have some overshoes
To guard her from the snow!"

P. F. K., '36

2034?

Miss Young (Translating in Cicero)
 "I wish he might have taken with him
 those whom we see floating about."

Congratulations !!!

Kenneth Sullivan (Translating in
 Latin 10): "To prove our engagement"

Miss Young: "Whose engagement?"
 Kenneth: "Ours!"

Sleepy, Meg?

Miss McGovern (Eng. 11): "If you
 could be but one, which would you be—
 a doer of deeds or a dreamer of
 dreams?"

Margaret Bodette: "A dreamer!"

Why Not a Straight-Jacket?

Elaine Beach (Latin 12 Trying to
 make a construction clearer): "Put 'the
 fellow' in parenthesis."

Great Stuff! !

Jennie Dickson (Translating in Latin
 10): "When he was washing his hands
 in the water"

Miss Young: "What kind of water?"
 Jennie: "Liquid."

Why Not?

Ray Morris (Eng. 12): (After pon-
 dering over the tradition concerning
 Hengist and Horsa) "You say Horsa
 brought the first horse to England?
 Then did Hengist bring the first hen?"

Tut! Tut! My Dear

Eleanor Gee (Latin 12): "If we had
 shorter lessons we would have more
 time to learn the destructions."

Even 30 Below? ? ?

Mr. Aiken (Explaining the difference
 between heat and cold to the physics
 class): "Heat is what is there and cold
 is what is there because heat isn't
 there."

Surprising!

"Marco Polo was the son of two Ve-
 netian merchants."

New Model

The news spread that one of the boys
 had been taken out of the basket ball
 game. "Who was it?" asked a group
 of girls. The reply was "An Austin."

1st Girl: "Must be a 1935 model,
 then."

Another K. O.

A book on the required reading list
 was reported as being a "friction."

Too Explicit

"What is a demagogue?"

Elaine Beach: "Isn't it some kind of
 a Jewish temple?"

Genius

Marolyn Powers has discovered a
 new kind of clause—"the insubordi-
 nate."

The Real Agriculture

"Did our early Colonists find it easy
 to cultivate simultaneously the soil and
 the Muses?" "First explain the mean-
 ing of the question."

Harry Perkins: "Wasn't it a sort of
 rotation of crops?"

About a round table were seated the
 Knights,

They spoke in low tones about their
 last fights;

One rose from his place, the greatest
 of all,

And went prancing about the large
 study hall,

"Till somebody said, in tones not so
 sweet,

"Say, Brother, why don't you sit down
 in your seat?"

E:W.

A:McD.

Merlin vs. Modern World

The scene was in Warwickshire, England. A grave-yard was in the background doing no harm whatsoever. Six feet under the turf in one corner of the resting place lay Merlin Ambrosius, the magician, late of the court of Arthur. Fifteen hundred years had the grasshoppers pruned themselves over his last resting place. Two ground keepers, while straightening the slanting marker over his withered brow, had mentioned the fact that a mere barber was the power behind the government over in the States. He was a magician, no less. He was a short chunky individual, but men over six feet were mere putty in his hands.

Hearing of this superhuman, Merlin's remains turned over in their grave. Was a new magician greater than he now controlling the fates of man? It could not be! Merlin pulled his bones together and heaved a quavering sigh. "Ah me! Long have I rested peacefully. Now a mere upstart threatens my peace. Never again shall I sleep 'till he grovels in the dust at my feet!"

That night among the slanting tombstones stealthily stole a stalwart figure with moth-eaten cloak and a bag of Bewitching Powder.

A month later a tall commanding figure entered Germain's Shoe Repair Shop in Vergennes. Fighting through the dense smoke, he made his way to the group at the checker board. One of the married men in the group stated as follows: "My wife bought one o' them newfangled labor-saving devices this morning. All she has to do is press a button an' presto! the dishes are washed, the clothes washed and ironed, rugs cleaned, meals cooked and

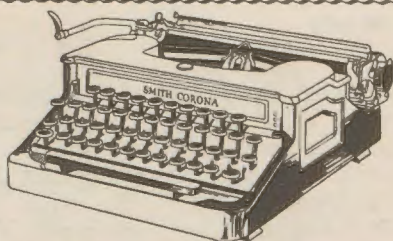
out of a slot drops a five dollar bill and a cigar! The machine costs a paltry five century note."

Another man mentioned the fact that the President of the U. S. with his board of inspectors was coming to Vergennes to examine the machine that very night. A demonstration was to be given at the City Auditorium by the inventor. If the President found the invention a sure 'nuff thing, he would purchase the sole rights for the government, realizing that the profits would pull the country out of the depression.

That evening found Merlin Ambrosius inspecting the machine with a large number of people. When the President entered the Auditorium, every one turned to greet him. Merlin saw his chance and sprinkled a bit of Bewitching Powder on the machine. When the inventor, our own Ray V. Morris, pressed the starting button, the President stepped forth to receive the five dollar bill and the cigar. A mere four dollars and ninety-eight cents and a "two-fer" cigar plunked hollowly in his palm. Astounded, the President raised his eye-brows and pointed his fore-finger at the shrinking form of Ray Morris. "Seize him!" he roared, "A life sentence shall be yours for this unscrupulous plotting, you rascal!" With these words the President pocketed the \$4.98 and stalked angrily from the hall.

Chuckling to himself, Merlin remarked, "These modern folks just ain't got the magic in 'em. Once more shall I relax these weary bones in peaceful slumber." With these words he vanished from the sight of man.

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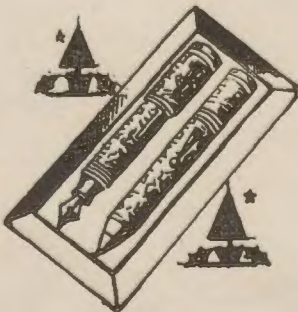
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