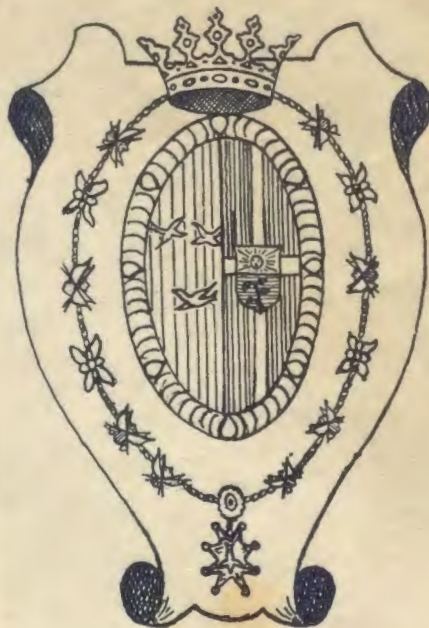
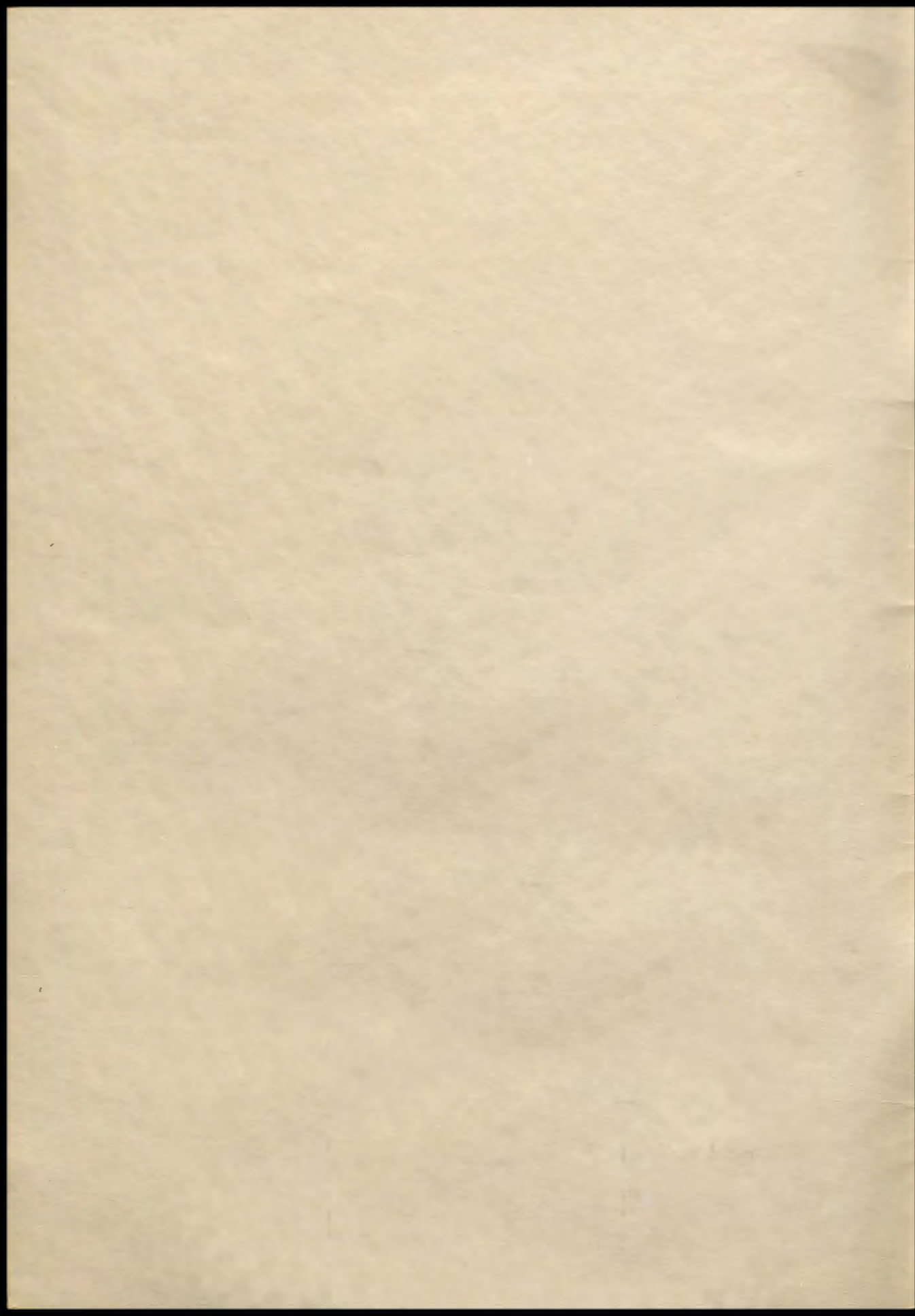


**Spring  
1934**

# **BLUE AND WHITE**



**VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL**  
**SPRING ISSUE 1934**



# The Blue and White

Spring Issue

1934

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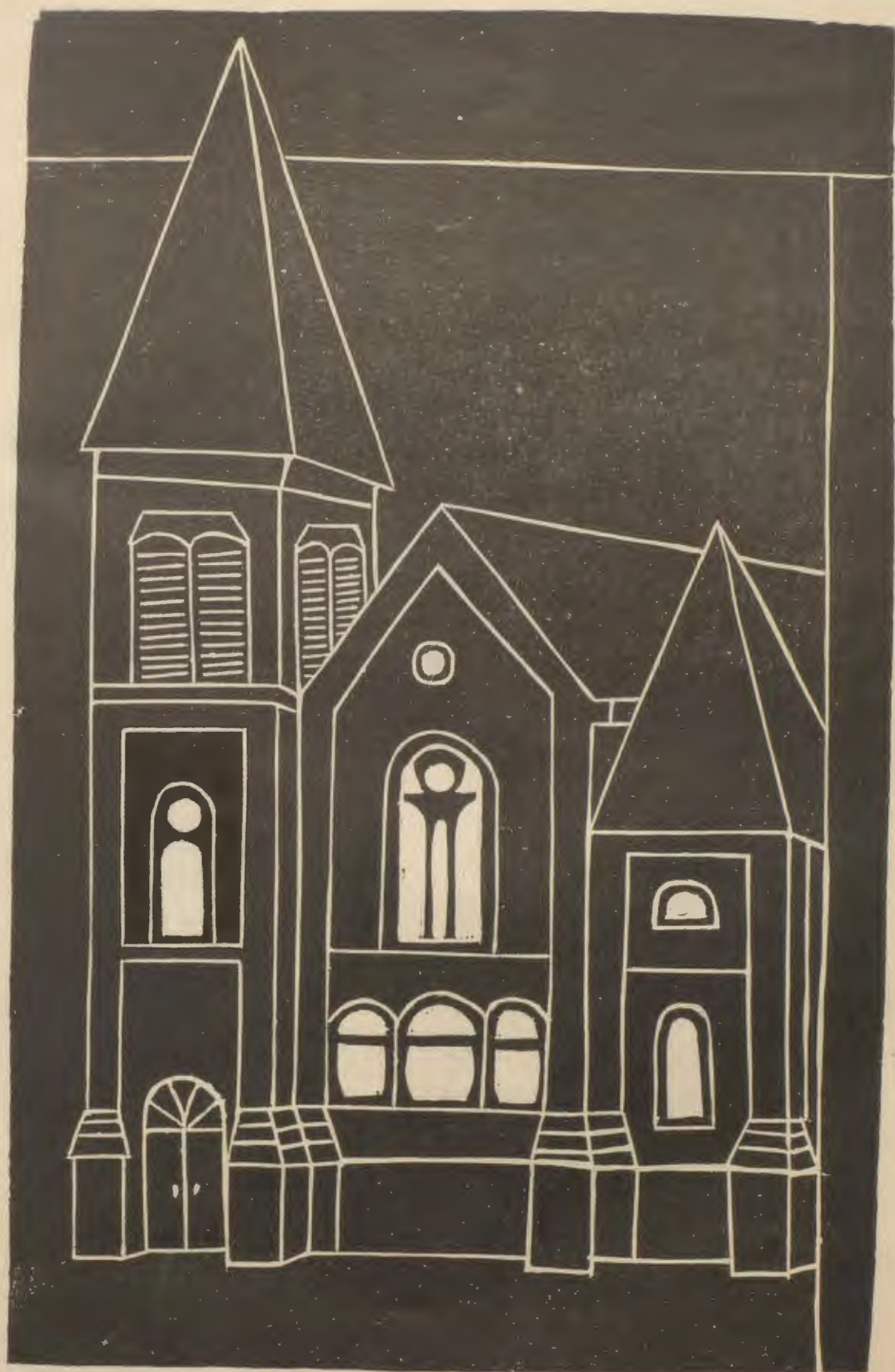
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## Literary

Shirley Haven, '34, Editor

### HERLOCK SHOLMES

Faith Kenyon, '36  
and

, '34

W-e-e-e-h-H! The police car is heading toward the scene of the murder. I, Herlock Sholmes, accompany it as usual. There is the house! Our ring is answered by a servant, who shows us into the library where the body lies. The Chief of Police goes over and examines the victim.

"Suicide," he says.

I have known the chief to be wrong, so I amble over and inspect the corpus delicti. As the Chief said, it looks like suicide, but I still won't admit that he is right.

The victim is lying on his face. He is clutching a revolver in his left hand. In his right, he is holding a note, which tells his reasons for suicide. The note doesn't mean anything to the Chief except to confirm his belief in the suicide theory.

The bullet entered the body about three inches to the right of the heart. Blood has soaked the otherwise spotlessly clean white shirt. It has now turned to a brownish red color.

I don't like the suicide theory. If the dead man held his revolver in his left hand, why did he reach 'way around to the right to shoot? And why no powder stains? It looks suspicious to me.

I decide to get at it from a different angle—murder. To begin with, there are three possible suspects—the gardener, Ryan, the one servant, Booth, and Morris Sorrell, the murdered man's brother. Charles Sorrell was somewhat of a recluse, and these were, almost without exception, the only people with whom he was connected.

I question Booth, the servant, first.

"Booth," I begin, "where were you

last night between eleven and twelve?"

"Why, I couldn't tell you the exact place, sir. You see, I went to the movies and then for a walk. I didn't get through work here until nearly nine, so I went to the last show, which is out at eleven. After that I walked down toward the river to see if I couldn't get rid of a headache, which came upon me while I was in the theatre."

"And then?"

"I came home, sir, and went to bed. It was after twelve, for I heard the clock strike twelve when I was passing the library door on my way upstairs."

"You heard nothing more?"

"No. My head still ached so I took some aspirin and went right to bed. I fell asleep almost immediately."

"You discovered the body?"

"Yes, sir. This morning when I went in to tidy up a bit."

"Booth, do you shoot?"

"Why, yes, sir, a little."

"When did you shoot a gun last?"

"Last night."

"Tell me about it."

"Before I left here, I took my .45 Colt's revolver, and went out and tried to kill a skunk which Mr. Sorrell had seen the evening before."

"Did you see it?"

"Yes."

"Did you shoot?"

"Yes, sir, but I missed. It was very dark, and I'm not an expert, anyway."

"Why didn't the gardener attend to that?"

"He was in the war and was shell shocked. He can't stand being near a gun."

"You're positive of that?"

"I can answer for that," speaks up the medical examiner. "I have been his physician for years, and have treated him for nervousness and shell-shock."

"All right. That will be all for now, Booth. But stick around. I may need you."

"O'Hagan, I'll talk to Mr. Morris Sorrell next."

"You're the brother of Mr. Charles Sorrell?" I begin, when he has seated himself.

"Yes."

"You don't live here?"

"No. On 7th Avenue, No. 89."

"Where were you between eleven and twelve last night?"

"At home; in bed."

"Anyone you can prove it by?"

"Not that I know of. The house-keeper sleeps at her own house, and she was gone when I returned home."

"What time did you get in?"

"About eleven."

"Where were you before that?"

"At the Indoor Rifle Club."

"Member?"

"Yes."

"Were you there as a spectator last night, or did you shoot?"

"I shot."

"What kind of gun did you use?"

"A .22 calibre Remington rifle."

"Do you own a revolver?"

"No. I'm no good with one."

"Is that .22 rifle the only gun you've fired recently?"

"Yes."

"You're positive?"

"Yes."

"That will be all for now, but don't leave the house! O'Hagan, bring in Ryan now."

"Describe your actions last night, Ryan," I begin.

"It was my night off. I had supper with my mother. Then I took her to a show in town and spent the night with her."

"What time did you return from the show?"

"About ten."

"You went directly to bed?"

"Yes."

"You could have come out again without awakening your mother?"

"Yes, but I didn't."

"O'Hagan, bring in Sorrell and Booth."

When they are both there I announce, "I wish to make a simple test on your hands to determine whether or not you have fired a gun recently. Chemicals will prove or disprove the fact."

I paint on the hand of each, from the second joint on the trigger finger to the tip of the thumb, covering part of the palm and part of the back of the hand with a warm solution of wax, sulphuric acid and diphenylamine crystals. If a revolver has been fired recently, when the wax is removed traces of the burned powder may be seen.

Having allowed the wax to harden, I remove it carefully from the hand. Ryan's—nothing! Sorrell's—blue specks! Booth's—more blue specks!

"O. K., Chief," I exclaim, "You can lock up—"

Who is the murderer?

What is the solution?

#### Editor's Note

Some time ago the Senior English classes were visited by a member of the Alumni Association (1933) who told, in her own amusing fashion, of her English course at the University. At that time the mystery story was being studied.

The outcome of this visit was an attempt on the part of the V. H. S. Seniors to write their own mystery stories.

A result is the preceding story.

What is the solution? The authors hope that you have by now reached your own conclusion as to the identity of the murderer. By turning to page ten you may discover whether your solution is theirs.

Possibly you may find another element of mystery in the fact that the name of one of the authors is withheld.



## POWERLESS

Shirley Haven, '34

Johnny Morgan frenziedly paced back and forth, back and forth, across the floor. At length he sat down nervously. He was listening, listening intently.

"All right, kid, now come across. Just sign on the dotted line and everything will be okey."

A long tremulous sigh followed this command. A low, husky voice broke the silence. (Johnny's seventeen-year-old brow broke out with sweat).

"Haven't I told you I won't sign that? You've kidnapped me, sent my father threatening notes, and now you try to force me to harrow him further." (Here Johnny's hands closed convulsively).

The man's rough voice began again.

"Listen, babe, you sign this letter now, or you won't get the chance again. You'll be taken for a nice little ride, and you won't come back, either."

Johnny gasped with horror. There she was, defenseless, and here he was, unable to help her.

Again the low, tremulous sigh reached his ears.

"Listen, you, now get this straight. I don't sign any letter to my father asking for more money." Here Johnny silently cheered her). "If you think that I'm going to do anything

that will give you a living, or make life easier for other kidnappers, you're wrong. I am perfectly in accord with my father's plan of not paying ransom. If you're going to kill me, hurry up and get it over with, but I don't sign the letter."

Johnny's throat felt full, and a whispered "Gosh!" escaped him at the girl's brave words.

Instantly things began to happen. As the girl stopped speaking, a loud knocking was heard. (Johnny jumped from his chair and began to pace the floor again). A shot, a girl's scream, a groan, silence. Again the tremulous sigh. Again the low, husky, voice: "Oh, Dick, darling, you've saved my life! How could you know where to find me?" Again there was a moment of silence—just long enough for Johnny to sit down, relax, and whisper, "Lucky guy!"

Then, a cool, business like voice began to speak:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, next week at this time 'Claim-All Cold Cream' will again bring you the adventures of Polly Perkins and Dick Tracy.

"Now if you would like a picture of Polly Perkins, send one——"

—Click. Johnny turned off the radio. He had three pictures already. And what a peach!

## OLD MAN WINTER

Marjorie Sorrell, '34

Oh! Old Man Winter is creeping stealthily into my house. I can see his frosty hands reaching at my door, clutching, in an effort to get in. Outside he rages, howls and shrieks curses upon my head. With his glistening, grasping and greedy hands he tears boughs from trees, then shakes snow and icicles from his long white beard. He is a treacherous old man. He is never still; constantly he wanders from place to place seeking new prey. Sometimes he is everywhere at once. Sud-

denly he sees a lonely old man, vainly struggling along. Regardless of the unfairness of the duel, he snaps with his wicked jaws at his ears, nose and fingers. He nearly freezes him as he wraps him in his snowy embrace. He is cruel. A little dog yelps pitifully, somewhere in that endless gloom. Again Old Man Winter is off on a chase. He is ever restless. I can still see those glistening, white, talon-like hands clutching—grasping—creeping—coming closer— — —



## THE JOYS OF ANTICIPATION

Mildred Bruce, '34

In the morning mail Cap Stubbs received an unusual epistle. The stationery was pale green, delicately scented, and delicately addressed. He sniffed its perfume before he opened it. This was inclosed:

Dear Cap Stubbs:

I am having a birthday party next Monday afternoon and I want you to come. Little Orphan Annie and Skippy will be here, too. Do say you will come.

Love,  
Mary Margaret.

Cap consulted his calendar and, after due deliberation, arrived at the conclusion that next Monday night would be March fourth. He proceeded to act without delay. "Oh Ma! Don't you think I need a new suit? Lookit this one. You've patched the back an' at the knees an' here's another place here that's worn. Some of the buttons are off, too. An' this buttonhole is busted. Can I go down to Moore's an' pick out a suit with long pants? Huh, Ma?"

"Why Cap Stubbs, what is the matter with you? I've never known you to complain about holes in your clothes before. In fact, rather the opposite. No, I don't think you need a new suit. You couldn't have one now anyway. We can't afford it. Go and fill the woodbox."

Cap reluctantly started for the woodshed. Returning in a few minutes with an armful of wood, he renewed the attack from a different angle. "Ma, don't you think I need a hair-cut? Can I go down to Dickson's and have it cut? Huh, Ma?"

"Cap Stubbs," said his astonished mother, "you know verry well you just

had your hair cut. Don't ask any more foolish questions, and tend to that woodbox." Cap again started obediently toward the woodshed. Here his grandmother found him a few minutes later, sitting on the saw-horse eying the toe of his shoe reflectively.

"Grandma, don't you think I need a new pair of shoes? These are almost worn out. An' just lookit those toes! The heels are run down, too. Will you ask ma if I can have some shoes? Will you, huh, Grandma?"

Grandma had been an unobserved witness to the scenes in the kitchen so she replied, "My lan'! You just got a new pair of shoes about two weeks ago. I think you better fill that woodbox as your mother told you to do."

But Cap Stubbs unobtrusively disappeared.

During the week he made several more attempts to gain his ends, way-laying his father, mother, and grandmother in turn until finally his father bribed him to keep still by giving him a dime. Cap promptly visited Woolworth's where he bought a beautiful new tie with brilliant blue and orange stripes.

The great day arrived. Cap donned his Sunday suit, put on his new tie, and sallied forth. He ascended the steps of Mary Margaret's home and confidently rang the door-bell. No one answered. He rang again. No response from within. Apprehensively he rang a third time. Then he spied a pale green envelope tacked to the door, addressd to Cap Stubbs. Anxiously he drew forth the contents and unfolded the single sheet. With consternation he read these words—"April Fool." Had he forgotten to tear a leaf off his calendar?

## THE NEW YEAR'S PARTY

Joan Casey, '36

It was eleven-fifty on New Year's Eve. The party was well under way. The orchestra was playing. Paper hats were bobbing on the heads of the dancers. Dim, rosy lights twinkled overhead, and on the tables tall candles flickered palely. Everywhere paper streamers; everywhere gaudy balloons floating like a swarm of butterflies over the heads of the dancers resting upon the shoulders of those seated at the tables. Everyone was merry, it seemed. Only one lone guest, at a corner table, smoking silently, took no part in the merriment. Dark and handsome, in correct evening dress, he drew many admiring looks, but he sat frowning and indifferent, alone. He was evidently the unwilling escort of some fair dancer.

Suddenly, at the height of the din and the stir and the gaiety, a crimson balloon, tangled with a mass of paper streamers, fell across the flames of one of the flickering candles on a table not far from the lone man. The table was surrounded by a gay group. Swish—came the dread whisper of licking fire! In a breath there followed a growing shaft of glaring flame, shooting upward, and the shrieks of frightened women and the scraping of chairs and

the rushing of feet. Panic! In a moment there would have been trampled, helpless forms to check the stampede toward the exit. But, over the wild confusion, rang a commanding: "Stop," in a voice that held all as if in a spell. The lonely watcher had sprung up, shouted his order, and, in one leap, was beating out the rising flame with his overcoat, hastily torn off, tearing down the streamers, stamping upon and smothering the smoldering mass of fire that had fallen to the floor. It was over as soon as it had begun. Laughter rang out again and the music burst forth with new volume. Some of the guests gathered about the hero of the occasion, but he paid no heed to anyone save a tall, lovely woman in a scarlet velvet gown. He spoke to her, frowning. "Aren't you ready to go home?" he asked.

"Oh, I must have one more dance," she answered gaily, and floated off in the arms of a tall partner, her blond head shining against his dark shoulder.

"Ha, Ha!" jested one of the men, "Your girl turned you down, eh?"

"Girl nothing!" growled the hero, sulkily, as he slouched back to his table. "Girl, nothing! She's my mother!"

## APRIL TWELFTH

Mildred Bruce, '34

April skies don't always smile  
And today is dreary;  
Skies above are overcast  
Making all hearts weary.

Now the heavens pour down rain  
And the wind is blowing.  
What! I can't believe my eyes!  
Yes, indeed! It's snowing.

April showers bring May-flowers  
In the early spring;  
But I ask you, Mother Nature,  
What do April snows bring?

Do they bring the snow-drop?  
Bowing to the breeze?  
No, they only bring more sap  
To the maple trees.



EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF  
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

February 27, 1860

Today, at Cooper Institute, I presided at a meeting of the Young Men's Central Republican Union. The speaker of the day was a man from the West, Abraham Lincoln, known to the East only through word of his successful debates with Douglas.

As best I could, before he spoke, I studied the man. He was obviously nervous, and no wonder—with his ill-fitting clothes and awkward country manner. He might impress the Western farmers, of whom he himself was one, but I had my doubts about this sophisticated Eastern group. I introduced him. Awkwardly he approached the center of the stage. Every eye was upon him.

"Mr. President, and Fellow-Citizens of New York," began his high pitched drawl. A stir swept over the audience. With all my heart I pitied the man. But little did I know him!

He started his subject. At once he went directly to the point, presenting Douglas's recent statement that "our fathers, when they framed the government under which we live, understood this question as well, and even better than we do now." He stated the question. He made clear who "the

fathers of our government" were. He proved that they had already acted upon this question in the favor of the Republicans. He addressed the Southerners themselves. He proved THEM to be unjust, sectional, and non-conservative, not the Northerners. With scathing irony he presented their case, and their arguments. He had by now warmed to his subject. He did not need my pity; he demanded my respect, and that of every man in the audience. His was not the grand eloquence of Webster; it was the simplicity of the man that was compelling. With his clear logic he shattered every argument of Stephen Douglas and the entire South. At last he addressed the Republicans themselves. Pleading with them to do their duty as they saw it, he ended.

The crowd that had at first regarded him critically, now rose to its feet with one accord. The hall rang with applause. He was undoubtedly a success.

Somehow I know this man is destined to be great. Soon the North and the South must clash over this question. Already I hear thunder in the distance. Is this man fated to pilot us through the coming storm? I wonder.

Shirley Haven, '34.

WHY?

Barbara Bristol, '34

While walking in the garden  
This early sunny morn,  
I saw a lacy evening dress  
A fairy once had worn.

I found a shady silent place  
Where I could think things out,  
For I was greatly puzzled  
As to how this came about.

Last night the moon shone brightly,  
Of that I was quite sure,  
There also was the music  
Of an insect overture.

With these considerations  
I still do not know why  
The little gown was left there.  
What does it signify?

## TREATISE ON THE PRESENT FASHIONS IN HATS

"The Tatler," Thurs., Feb. 22, 1934

No. XXI

It is with some fear and trembling that I take my pen in hand in humble defense of the present fashion in hats. This afore-mentioned feeling is caused by the fact that, as a member of the male species, I should have comparatively little to say on this matter. Certain of my feminine admirers will, no doubt, belittle my feeble attempts at discussing so important (in their minds) a subject, of which I have so little knowledge. However, it seems certain that, we men should voice our heartfelt appreciation of our fairer companions' choice in present hat fashions.

Several of the Club frequenters have advanced opinions in this matter, and I now take it upon myself to acquaint my readers with their expressions of appreciation.

The best of these was voiced by Forest Brooks, the well known naturalist, who said that the new and superb creations in hat fashions would give us a fuller appreciation of nature. By this, he explained, he meant that the off-the-face, trough-shaped models reminded him of a turtle's back. He suggested, in all good faith, that a profitable industry in turtle-shells might be established whereby turtles, having been caught and scalded, should be relieved

of their shells. These would subsequently be made into stylish new hat creations.

His companions readily agreed to his proposal and Wealthy Want-More, the Wall Street Banker, suggested that the turtle's flesh be utilized for turtle soup, thus eliminating the poor lamb who has, formerly, fulfilled his duty as "mock" turtle.

Personally, I find the new hat fashions most pleasing. They are such a protection as to render a coat collar most unnecessary. This, of course, enables coat manufacturers to manufacture collarless coats, consequently lowering the cost of production and the cost of the coat to its buyer. Thus, it is easily seen that the tiny, unassuming creation called Milady's bonnet has caused a most pleasing and economical reduction in coat prices.

I invite any of my readers, of either sex, to mail to me by Saturday's Post, their carefully conceived opinions of this treatise. These letters will be carefully read, judged, and a few selected to be published in a continuation of this treatise next Thursday. Please address communications to "The Twentieth Century Spectator," No. 2263 Woolworth Building, New York City.

Shirley Adams, '34.

## THE SOLUTION of the HERLOCK SHOLMES MYSTERY

Morris Sorrell is the murderer. He declared positively that the only gun he had fired recently was a .22 calibre Remington rifle, which would **not** leave specks of burned powder. Therefore Sorrell was lying, while Booth acknowledged shooting a revolver the night before.

And so another case goes down in history solved by the great Herlock Sholmes.



## Editorials

Edward Ryan, '35, Editor

### OUR GYM

On May 14, 1925, a notice was inserted in the "Enterprise and Vermonter" by the prudential committee stating that the Baptist church had been offered by the Vermont State Baptist Convention to the high school for use as a gymnasium. The next week the "Enterprise" was managed by school students. W. Rogers made a plea for the gym and gave opinions of prominent men in our town upon the project. Some thought seven to eight thousand dollars could be saved. On May 28, 1925, a meeting was held in the City Hall to vote on the question and the building was accepted.

On June 12, 1925, an Alumni Banquet was held in the gym with one hundred twenty-five present. Talks were given on the benefits of athletics. This was the first formal gathering in the new gym.

Church properties were removed; the side walls covered; windows screened; baskets put in place, and everything made ready for basketball by Dec. 10, 1925. That fall it was decided to have a girls' basketball team and our team was to enter in the Marble Valley League.

The first party was on Oct. 22, 1925, when Grade 6 gave a Hallowe'en party. This was closely followed by another staged by the seniors.

On Dec. 11 the V. H. S. lassies opened basketball warfare against the Bristol feminites. Miss Lyon had charge of the team then.

On Jan. 6 the Junior Hikers won over the V. I. S. scrappers. These were probably the two first games played on our floor.

Some of the girls on the team then were K. Edwards, F. Fishman, M. Gardner, R. Field, D. Collins, T. Jarvis, M. Ryan and C. Tracy. They met Brandon on Jan. 15, 1926.

The boys on the team at that time were Swenson, Norton, Palmer, Blakeley, Ryan, Parent, Milo, Brown and Warner, who clashed with Black River Academy on Jan. 16, 1926.

To show that these ancient students also had spirit we uncover the fact that a food sale was held on Jan. 30, 1926, for equipment for the team.

Another interesting fact is that the first Junior Prom in the gym was held on May 28, 1926, by the good old class of '27.

In the fall of 1931 the platform at the south end of the gym was removed and a new floor laid. Many a happy night was passed on hands and knees by the students and teachers both. Our morale was kept up at this time by the rendering of "Old Black Joe" and other selections by those who dared attempt imitations of Lawrence Tibbett. By this time a girls' dressing room was added where formerly was a balcony.

It wasn't until the winter of '33 and '34 that the boys really "got the feel of the floor" and started hanging scalps to their belts. This last season was probably the best in the history of the school, although the team was handicapped by the loss of the gym and equipment. That was a fateful night (Jan. 29) when our good old gym vanished into smoke, leaving only ruins where once a loved building had stood—the old building where good times were had, victories won and defeats sustained, mistakes made and lessons learned. It was a part of the student body—a part taken away. Will a new gym take its place in our hearts?

Edward Ryan, '35.

The linoleum cut of our old gym, which forms the frontispiece of this issue, was drawn by Jeannette Graves, '37, and cut by R. Kingman, '34.

## Le Département Français

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

### Vendredi, le Treize

Jennie Dickson, '35

Jo était une garconnière. Un vendredi, Jo et huit amies sont allées à sa mansarde.

Dans sa mansarde il y avait un tronc qui autrefois avait appartenu à sa grand'mère. Le tronc avait été noir mais à présent il était barbouillé. Là dans la mansarde il apparait sombre. Jo est allée au tronc qu'on avait épousseté récemment. Elle a travaillé avec la serrure cérémonieusement. Comme elle l'a ouvert, un cri d'horreur s'est échappé de ses lèvres.

En regardant l'intérieur du tronc les filles ont vu la forme d'une vieille femme. Son corps s'était ratatiné. Pour compléter cette scène terrible le corps était couvert d'un drap. Un poignard restait à ses pieds—taché de sang.

Jo a fermé le couvert avec bruit et les filles sont descendues comme la maison s'illuminait.

Elles ont vu une domestique negre

qui a grondé les filles parce qu'elles faisaient un tel bruit.

"Mais, Marthe-er-er cherches Jean. Vas à la mansarde! Oh, C'est terrible!"

Jean, le chauffeur était un nègre aussi—et après que dix minutes s'étaient écoulées il est descendu de la mansarde.

"Appelles le maitre! Un meurtre!"

"J'appellerai mon père."

M. Hamilton et Jo sont allés à la mansarde. Quelques minutes plus tard ils sont descendus. Le poignard était dans les mains de Jo et le corps dans les bras de M. Hamilton et tous les deux riaient.

"Mesdames et Messieurs, M. Sherlock Holmes annoncera le plus déjouant et le plus sérieux dénouement des temps modernes. On a trouvé le poignard de "John Silver" et le corps de "Sybil." Ils seront employés durant la prochaine assemblée du "Guild Littéraire."

### Le Cercle Français

Frances Kellogg, '35

Le cercle français est réuni en janvier. Les rapports de la secrétaire et du trésorier étaient donnés. Puis le programme était présenté. Le cercle a chanté "Frère Jacques" et "L'Alouette." Une pièce intitulée "Quatre Soupes" était donnée par la première classe. Puis, David Ryan a discuté "La Vie de la Fontaine." Les Fables intitulées "La Laitière et le Pot au lait" et "La Poule aux Oeufs d'ors" étaient lus par Lee Fiske et Edith Pecue. Charles et Edward Ryan ont présenté "Quel Bonheur." Margaret Carter a parlé des mots français employés en parlant anglais. Puis le cercle a joué des jeux.

Après les jeux les rafraichissements de ponche et des gateaux secs étaient servis.

Le cercle est réuni encore le dix-neuf avril. Dans la discussion des affaires Edward Ryan était choisi le chef de la danse pour le bénéfice du cercle. Puis on a présenté le suivant: Margaret Carter a discuté "Les Contes des Fées." On a présenté un drame amusant, "Barbe Bleue." Puis tout le monde a chanté "Compère et Commère," "Il était une Bergère," et "La Marseillaise." Nous avons joué un jeu d'observation. Après un petit gouter, tout le monde est parti. Tout le monde s'est bien amusé.



**Mais Oui, le Printemps!**

Shirley Haven, '34

Oh! Comme je l'aime! Quoi? Mais oui, le printemps. Quand les oiseaux chantent, et le soleil brille, et—et;

"Mademoiselle, quand est-ce que Louis XIV est devenu roi de France?" Et les fleurs fleurissent, et—

"Mademoiselle!"

Qui était celui à qui Mademoiselle la maitresse d'histoire posait cette question? Pas moi, je pense.

Et on peut aller à l'école sans man-

teaux et—

"Mademoiselle Shirley! Voulez-vous répondre à cette question?"

"Oui, mais qu'est-ce qui était la question?"

"Quand est-ce que Louis XIV est devenu roi de France?"

"Oh, madame en 1643."

Ma'ntenant, où étais-je?

Mais oui, en printemps. Et les abeilles bourdonnent—et—

**GIRLS' ATHLETICS**

Faith Kenyon, '36

The girls' basketball season started off with a bang, with the Alumnae close on the heels of the V. H. S. team in the first game, the score being 13-9.

Then followed a game at Middlebury, which ended 15-23, in favor of the opposing team. With Captain Brown back in playing trim, we soon wreaked vengeance on them, however, and polished off a return game with a score of 59 to the 14 scored by M. H. S.

Beeman's Academy was played next, the first game ending 34-15, and the second 30-5, with both games won by V. H. S.

Two Bristol games ended favorably for the local team. The score of the first was 38-25, and of the second, 33-23.

After the loss of our gym, it took

courage to travel all the way to Hinesburg for a return game, but the Junior Varsity girls did it, and took the game, 13-11. The home game had been played some weeks previously with a score of 12-6 in favor of our Junior Varsity.

An impromptu Alumnae vs. Junior Varsity game was played also, which ended with a score of 10-22 in favor of the Alumnae.

Captain Brown was high scorer in all games save the return Bristol game, in which Margaret Carter scored 18 pts.

The school feels that during the past three seasons the team has built up something of a record. Thirty-four scheduled games were played, with only two defeats, one by Burlington in the '32-'33 season, and one by Middlebury in '33-'34.

**NEWS BULLETINS FROM THE  
UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT**

Joyce Young, a senior at U. V. M., made the Dean's Honor List during the past semester. She has a record of  $\frac{1}{2}$ A- $\frac{1}{2}$ B, or an average of 90 per cent. She was recently elected to the Class Walk Committee for Commencement Week.

George W. Patterson, III, a senior at U. V. M., has been elected to deliver the "Address to Ira Allen" during Senior week. He is a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity, manager of

track, and president of the A. T. E. E. He has served on the "Ariel" and "Cynic" and participated in debating. He was recently elected Chairman of the Boatride Committee for Commencement Week. He attained a place on the Scholastic Honor List for the last semester with a mark of A or B in all subjects.

Katherine Ryan, a senior at U. V. M., attained a place on the Scholastic Honor List for last semester with an average mark of B in all subjects.

# School Activities

Shirley Adams, '34, Editor

## CALENDAR SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Shirley Adams, '34, Editor

- Thurs., Dec. 7—Came together to subscribe to the "Blue and White." Short talk.
- Tues., Dec. 12—Received "Blue and Whites."
- Tues., Dec. 12—Minstrel Show at Opera House. Excellent support from town's people.
- Wed., Dec. 13—Assembly for awarding letters to the track men and cheer-leaders. Report of financial returns from Minstrel Show. Profit, \$89.00.
- Thurs., Dec. 14—Joint meeting of the Latin and French clubs at V. H. S. Games played. Christmas tree.
- Thurs., Dec. 14—"F. F. A." business meeting. Played games. Refreshments served. Music by "F. F. A." boys. Outstanding feature of the evening was tap dance by Raymond Barrows, executed on the top of the table.
- Tues., Jan. 18—Latin club meeting. Voted to send for pins. The program consisted of various papers read by members.
- Fri., Jan. 19—Assembly at library for girls. Mr. Harry Nissen of Posse Nissen school, Boston, talked on "Physical Education." Three reels of movies were shown depicting the school and camp life.
- Fri., Jan. 26—Assembly to celebrate victory over Waterbury.
- Sang school song. Mr. Carter discussed results. Coach Martin gave a short speech. Closed by giving the "Al-i-ki-i."
- Mon., Jan. 29—Gym destroyed by fire.
- Wed., Jan. 31—Discussed loss of hopes and plans for future through the destruction of gym by fire.
- Fri., Feb. 9—Carnival given at the Opera House to defray expenses of baseball suits. Dancing.
- Thurs., Feb. 15—Business assembly. Talked of game with Bristol and the use of the V. I. S. gym. Report of Carnival given. Profit, \$26.93.
- Fri., Feb. 16—"F. F. A." Boys' sleigh ride to Addison. Returned to V. H. S. for oyster supper.
- Wed. Feb. 21—Grades 2 and 5 presented a delightful assembly program honoring birthdays of both Lincoln and Washington
- Mon., Feb. 26—Juniors' class assembly program presented by eleven Junior girls. One act play, "The General Goes Home." Minuet danced by eight girls.
- Mon., Mar. 5—Met to discuss Basketball Tournament. (See season's report in Athletic Dept). Short talks were given by Captain Charles Ryan, David Ryan and Loren Avery. Coach Martin



talked on "Choices for Junior Tournament Team" and "Future Prospects." Mr Carter conducted the meeting and various other school members contributed.

- Thurs., Mar. 8—Special Assembly. Safety Patrol organized. Consisted of the following members: R. Kingman, C. Collette, R. Mundy, A. Sullivan, H. Washburn, W. Allen, L. Fisk, R. Barrows and R. Collins. Charles Franklyn Ryan was made Captain. Slogan—"Alertness Avoids Accidents."
- Tues., Mar. 20—Two representatives of Bailey's Music Rooms in Burlington entertained with music on the piano accordion and violin
- Fri., Mar. 23—Stunt Night held at the Opera House. (Account at the close of this calendar).
- Tues., Apr. 3—Results of the Stunt Night discussed. Profit, \$126.00.
- Wed., Apr. 4—Discussion of baseball season and prospects.
- Fri., Apr. 6—Assembly speaker, Mr. H. C. Herrick. Instructive and entertaining sketches from the history of Vergennes.
- Mon., Apr. 9—Senior honors announced in order of standing: Valedictorian, Shirley Haven; Salutatorian, Margaret Carter; Pro Merito members: Shirley Haven, Margaret Carter, Shirley Adams, Elizabeth Abbott, Clarice Briggs, (tied with E.

Abbott for 4th place), Melba Williams, Elinor Kimball, Barbara Bristol, David Ryan, Mildred Bruce, Mary Parrish, Lillian Meacham, George Barton, Robert Woodruff (tied with G. Barton), Charles Ryan.

- Mon., Apr. 9—Safety patrol substitutes necessitated by the opening of baseball season: Captain Charles Ryan replaced by George Barton; Russell Kingman by Newell Adams. Russell Kingman was made Captain.
- Mon., Apr. 9—Numbers by three boys repeated from Mrs. Casey's program for P. T. A. of previous evening. 1st number—"Easter Bills," Raymond Morris. 2nd number—"Ham and Eggs," Martin Casey and Kenneth Sullivan.
- Wed., Apr. 11—Assembly program by Aladdin greatly enjoyed.
- Fri., Apr. 13—Aladdin entertainment at Opera House. Senior Class benefit.
- Thurs., Apr. 19—French Club meeting held at V. H. S. Three act play, "Barbe-Bleue," presented.
- Fri., Apr. 20—Trip to Castleton made by the following four Senior girls: Betty German, Elinor Kimball, Shirley Adams and Rachel Smith, accompanied by Miss McGovern.

In a regional prize-speaking contest of the "F. F. A." held in the auditorium of the Middlebury High School on Thurs., April 26, Walter Giard placed second out of four contestants.

Annual Junior Prom  
at  
Opera House  
Friday, May 4  
Japanese Theme  
Whittemore's Orchestra

**VERGENNES HIGH STUNT NIGHT WELL ATTENDED**  
**STUNT OF JUNIOR CLASS**  
**AWARDED FIRST PLACE**

After a four-year interval Stunt Night was revived by the high school pupils on March 23. Whispered plans, closely guarded rehearsals, and mysterious bundles of all sizes, characterized the weeks of preparation. At last came the final Friday night and at last the curtain rose.

Inton an immense mixing bowl Class Nine poured salad ingredients without number, each with a strong school flavor. Suddenly, as a result of most vigorous stirring, "School Spirit" rose from the bowl's depths, to bring to a climax a stunt well done.

"So This Is Paris," was Class Eleven's mysterious title. Flowing robes, gorgeous coloring, blue mountains, the Golden Apple and Helen of Troy, all these and more were cleverly presented in song and story. The thread of beautiful legend writhing now and then from a comic—sheepish—twist, gave unity, effectiveness, and first place to "So This Is Paris."

Ice and snow, Eskimaid and Eskimo, Eskimurderer and Eskimice gave the members of Class Ten abundant op-

portunity for action of all kinds. Yellow moonlight, cosy igloo and beautiful love scene soon gave place to fatal duel and most icy graves as "Eskimo Tragedy" went down to fame in second place.

A vivid song-picture of the burning gymnasium, next plunged the surprised audience into the deepest gloom. Poured-on water could not save either the gym or the "nine little gym suits." Out of despair hope finally shone forth in "We'll build a gym" and a model of the new gymnasium was unveiled at the back of the stage. Stunt Night was over.

The specialties, "Puddin' Head Jones," Tap Dances and "Let's Make Hay" furnished entertainment between the stunts and the orchestra did its part well.

Supt. H. N. Hanson, Miss Ruth Davies and Mr. Paul Collins acted as judges.

The school extends thanks to all those who helped in organizing the stunts, in constructing scenery, in loaning property and in various other ways.

The Senior Play, "Seventeen" is coming soon. Here is what the director says about it.

**"SEVENTEEN"**

The Senior play will soon be seen:  
 The sparkling drama, SEVENTEEN,  
 Youth and romance, the spring of life  
 And laughter too, and pain and strife,  
 You'll like it all, just through and  
 through,

And you'll like Ralph as Willie, too;  
 And impish Jane, that awful child,  
 Who drives poor Willie nearly wild;  
 And Mary, playing Lola's part,  
 And breaking every poor boy's heart.  
 And Dave and Shirley, happy pair,  
 Who, still, at forty, find life fair,  
 Then gentle May, George, Johnnie,  
 Joe,

Young folks just like the ones you  
 know.

And May's stern Dad, who sits above  
 And throws things when they talk of  
 love!

And Russell says you'll be remiss  
 If you miss him as Genesis!

If you are young, you'll think we're  
 fine;

You'll like us if you're ninety-nine;  
 We'll whisk you back to youth's bright  
 scene:

Once more you'll just be SEVEN-  
 TEEN.



## Boys' Athletics

Russell Kingman, '34, Editor

1st game Industrial School 24 20

Of course we didn't have Vasseur or Levlock but our boys forged ahead just the same to win by a slight four-point margin.

2nd game Hinesburg 29 18

The new defense seemed to work perfectly. The Hinesburg quintet spent most of their time trying to get through, but the V. H. S. boys were too much for them.

3rd game Middlebury 36 4

The first Middlebury game was our first big game with all of the odds favoring Middlebury. The game was probably the outstanding guard game of the year as Middlebury only scored four points. All of the four points were scored by foul shots. Booth and Martin covered their men perfectly, preventing any short shots, while the other three men held their men to a few hurried shots from way out in the court.

4th game Alumni 32 24

The Alumni game nearly went down in history as a defeat. Early in the last quarter a substitution was made which nearly cost the game, but Ralph Booth began to see red and sank two in a row to send the game into overtime periods. The Alumni team made a shot which was tied by Levlock. This meant another overtime period. Chas. Ryan pulled his usual stunt and scored four points to win the game for V. H. S.

5th game St. Mary's 20 22

The St. Mary's team seemed to be a jinx to our boys. They won both games by long shots. The game at Vergennes was very close, being tied at the end of the last quarter. This swung the battle into an overtime period. St. Mary's scored two points, which put the game on ice for them.

6th game Proctor 18 23

Everyone was surprised to see how close our boys held the strong Proctor team. Proctor was the winner of the Southern tournament and was in the finals of the State Senior Tournament.

7th game Middlebury 31 26

The second Middlebury game was a different story from the first. Vergennes was behind 5 pts. at the half but Lady Luck was right at our side. With approximately one minute and 26 seconds of time left our boys came through with ten points. Booth made one of his famous back court heaves, and Alec made one of his equally famous long shots. Chas. Ryan came through as usual and made three long shots in a row. At the end our boys came off the floor with a lead of 5 points.

8th game Essex Junction 13 31

Our star center, Vasseur, was unable to go to Essex and we had to play on a small floor. Due to these two reasons our boys were easily taken over by the strong Essex Junction five.

9th game St. Mary's 15 24

For the second time of the year our boys met their jinx and were taken over by St. Mary's. St. Mary's was the only school to beat our boys two games.

10th game Waterbury 20 16

Waterbury insisted on a game and finally our coach consented to play. They came with high hopes but our boys proceeded to crash these hopes and came out on the long end of the score with four points to spare.

11th game Beeman's Academy 53 13

Beeman's were taken over by a 40 point lead. This game helped a great deal to improve our boys' style.

12th game      Hinesburg      41   30

This game came the night after our Gym burned and our boys had been up practically all night. After three hours in snow drifts our boys finally arrived, cold and in borrowed uniforms—but they beat Hinesburg on a small floor by eleven points.

13th game      Beeman's Academy      50   25

Our boys went to Beeman's and returned with a 25 point lead.

14th game      Bristol      42   16

The boys were all keyed up for this game. Bristol has always been our rival and our boys were set on beating them. After a short argument about rules our team went on the floor and piled up a lead of 26 points.

15th game      Essex Junction      32   22

Essex Junction was very proud of its record. They had amassed a long string of consecutive victories (including V. H. S.) and were still winning, until Vergennes stepped in and spoiled their record. Our boys had to beat Essex Junction in order to get into the Tournament and they certainly won the right.

16th game      Essex Junction      28   24

Our team had to beat Essex Junction again in order to play Bradford. For the second time in four days our boys beat the invincible Essex Quintet.

17th game      Bradford      31   13

Now all our team had to do was to beat Bradford to make the Tournament. Bradford proved to be an easy victory, and our boys were in the Tournament.

### The Tournament

18th game      St. Michael's      23   20

The first game that we had to play was with St. Michael's of Montpelier. Although St. Michael's proved a very hard game, our boys came through and won the first game of the Tournament.

19th game      Orleans      13   28

Vergennes lost in the Semi-Finals of the Annual Junior Tournament to Orleans by a score of 28-13. The Orleans team was later winner of the Tournament by virtue of their 26-16 victory over Bethel. The Vergennes boys, fatigued by playing five games within eight days, could not hold the pace set by the Red Raiders of Orleans except in the first and third quarters when the scoring was:

Vergennes 4, Orleans 5; 3rd period, Vergennes 7, Orleans 2.

After the Tournament our boys finished off the season by beating Bristol (27-13) and the Vermont Industrial School (29-27).

Ralph Booth was selected as All Tournament Guard for the second team.

After the season was over the Merchants of Vergennes joined and gave the boys a banquet. At the banquet each member of the team was presented with a miniature gold basketball.

The team has been admirably well supported both when losing or when winning. At each Tournament game many people went many miles over ice and snow to support the team.

### BASEBALL SEASON

1st Beeman's	April 28
10 to 9, favor of Beeman's	
2nd Middlebury	May 1
18 to 17, favor of V. H. S.	
3rd Bristol	May 4
10 to 8, favor of Bristol	



## Exchange

Elaine Beach, '35, Editor

"What sort of paper are you interested in—the 'Burlington Free Press,' 'Rutland Herald,' or—?"

"Oh no," said the lad who had just entered a certain bookstore, "I would like something full of stories, poems, sports and jokes."

"Ah," replied the clerk, "I have exactly what you want. You will probably be interested in some magazines I have to show you because they are published by different schools. No doubt you are still in school?"

"Oh yes," replied the lad, "I'm in the graduating class."

Withdrawing to a nearby shelf the salesman picked up a trim-looking periodical upon whose cover was the title, "Lasell Leaves." "This," he said is a booklet published by the Junior College of Auburndale. You will notice, as you look through the book, that the literary department is very complete. The poem entitled 'Faith,' by Elizabeth Snow, is strikingly impressive. I'm sure you would enjoy reading about 'Lasell in the Old World.'"

"And then," the clerk continued, "we have something different from the book type. That is—a newspaper." He showed the lad a copy of the "Sign-board" from Bay Path Institute. "In this paper you see the news is well organized. There is an especially good editorial, 'Getting Along With Other People.' I know you will find many laughs in the section entitled 'Bits O' Humor.' The 'Alumni News' seems quite complete. You see, this must be an ideal type of newspaper for there is such a long list of exchanges."

"We have another newspaper, 'The Banner' from Ludlow. However, I think this is perhaps a little too 'newsy.' You probably prefer more poems and

stories with a few jokes to stimulate the interest."

The lad suddenly remarked, "I'm very interested in French also. Have you anything in that line?" He picked up a copy of "The Hi-Spirit" from Enosburg Falls.

"Well," said the clerk, "'The Hi-Spirit' is quite a clever paper in that there is a 'Who's Who' section, but I'm sorry to say they have no 'Parlez-Vous' department."

"Here is a copy of the 'Benham Hi' from Benham, Kentucky. I imagine you would like more short stories in it, wouldn't you?"

The boy nodded "Yes." "And," he added, "a French Department."

"The Spaulding Sentinel" from Barre next caught the lad's eye. "I see," he said, "there is quite a bit of poetical talent in this booklet. There is also a good exchange department which speaks well for any school paper."

"What do you think stands out in this paper?" the clerk asked, holding out a copy of "The Sutherland" from Proctor. The lad replied, "Editorials! My! There are so many!"

"Yes," the clerk replied, "and it would help anyone to read 'The Best Policy' in the Literary Department. It is indeed clever!"

"Here is a copy of 'The Lakonian' from Laconia, New Hampshire. 'I admire their courage in publishing this paper bi-weekly."

"Probably you are in a hurry to look at 'The Peopleonian' from Morrisville. There is an especially good joke section. You ought to read 'Life's Yardstick.' The idea expressed in it is quite delightful."

"I know I am showing you quite a few to pick from," the clerk continued, "but as there are so many types of papers and magazines, I feel that you will be benefited in the end."

"Here is 'The Red and White' from Rutland. You should read 'Dear Elmira.'"

"'The Register Monthly' from Burlington and 'The Maryst' from St. Albans just came in. These, too, are excellent types of school papers."

"'The Chronicle' from Lyman Hall High School in Wallingford, Connecticut, is always enjoyed by school pupils."

"I believe the last school magazine which I have to show you today is 'The Dial,' published in Brattleboro. I think you will agree with me that they surpassed many schools in their fine cuts."

"Hurrah!" shouted the lad. "At last I've found a good French Department. I will take a copy of this one."

## Grinnery

Joan Casey, '36, Editor

### OUR STUDIES

"Well, what are you going to do after supper?"

"Study," answers Peanut, and the question goes around to each of the four musketeers known as Peanut, Freckles, Dick—and myself.

That's what I'm going to do."

Next Scene—Germain's Shoe Shop.

When I enter I find Dick quietly sitting in a corner biting his finger nails. I join in the conversation and pretty soon a shriek of laughter pierces the quiet night air. Dick jumps up and says, "I bet that's Ray." So out we go in search of our dimpled darling.

We find him at Parry's, sopping up charged water, and Peanut is with him, drinking plain water because the charged is too much for him.

"I thought you were going to study tonight," everybody says.

And that's the last you hear of the study part of it.

We, the four musketeers, start on our quest of a dancing lesson.

"What's that blowing down the street?" says someone.

"Why that's a funny paper," shouts Ray, and starts on a run toward it. Well, that's the way we get rid of him—for a while at least.

"Here comes Marion," says Dick,

and Peanut is off for a brief outing on the sands of Otter Creek.

Now there are only Dick and me left, until Dick says, "I have got to go home," and he goes—supposedly—and I wander to a corner where two fellows of the Sleepy Head Lodge are arguing about technocracy.

We all come face to face, we of the four musketeers, the following school day. The first question popped is "Have you got your French done, Peanut?"

"No," drawls out Peanut. "I didn't stay in and study last night."

"Who has got the English done?" asks Dick in an excited tone of voice.

"Not me," we all moan together (Wrong pronoun as usual).

Then the bell rings. "Oh, I haven't got my history done," says Freckles, and we all go to our home rooms.

Dinner time. "Classes dismissed," says the teacher in a cheerful tone, but we, the four musketeers, do not notice the unusual tone, for a while before that this same teacher had spoken the words we hear so often—"Stay after school."

Five P. M. "What are you going to do tonight?"

Answer the four musketeers as one man—"I tank I stay home and study."

Hilton Forrest, '36.



Miss Booth in Home Ec. 12

"Whenever you are measuring molasses, milk, flour, etc., girls, use your heads."

H. Perkins, reading a sentence which he had changed for the better—(supposedly)

"Jerry wore a muffler which reached to his knees around his neck."

Miss Ryan—"For how many years are the men in the Chamber of Deputies chosen?"

E. Beach—"Three hundred."

Miss McGovern—"Frank, will you give your quotation?"

Frank Birkett—(after deep thought) "Have I got to get up?"

In Commercial class:

Kingman works desperately to show the class that the answer book is one cent out of the way.

The class is still. A penny drops—Martin—"Tails! Kingman is right!"

Helen McEvila (Translating Latin 10)

"Meanwhile, from Lake Geneva which divides the land of the Sequanians from the Helvetian to the Jura Mountains which flow into the Rhone River——"

French I.

Miss Ryan—"When does school begin in France?"

T. Ringer—"The 15th of spring."

Kay LeBoeuf in English 10.

(Relating the story of the classic)

"He asked her to marry him."

Mrs. Jay—"Well, what did she say to that?"

Kay—"I've forgotten about that part."

H. Forrest, reading in History 10.

"Each man had his own knife with which he cut meat from his lady partner."

S. Carpenter (In Geometry).

"An angle is measured by its interrupted arc."

Ken Barney tells us that Rome is on the Nile.(History 10).

(Ken's always up to something).

In English 11 Marie Little says that "steers stood in his eyes."

Mildred Desjadon in History 10.

"The invention of the grindstone marked the beginning of civilization."

### MARK ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

"Hello, Mary Antony. This is Cleopatra speaking. I want to see you right away. OK, I'll be waiting."

Cleopatra hung up the receiver. She crossed the room and pressed the button to summon the maid. As the maid entered, Cleopatra shot out a few orders, saying, "Roberta, Mark Antony will be up within an hour; put the apartment in order; tell the elevator boy if he doesn't act courteously to Mr. Antony, I'll have him taken for a ride."

"It shall be done at once, O royal queen," said the maid as she started the electric cleaner.

An hour passes. A knock is heard.

Cleopatra doesn't wait for the usual procedure of announcement, but rushes to the door herself.

Mark Antony enters. He is very thin, so thin that after he returned from the war a friend greeted him by saying, "I see your back from the front." Mary Antony was heard to remark, "My Goodness! Am I as thin as that?"

"I sure am glad to see you, Mark old boy," exclaimed Cleopatra. "How you doing? What's the last motion picture you've seen?"

"Cleo, my girl, I'm doing fine. The last motion picture I saw was 'King Kong.' Some ape, that Kong!"

Cleopatra said. "That was a good movie, but I saw one better—Eddie Cantor in 'Roman Scandals.' But to change the subject—my necklace is lost. Will you help me to find it?"

At this Antony grows angry.

"I'll bet that's the only reason you sent for me," he said. "Why bother with one old necklace when you can buy a dozen or so at Sears Roebuck's?"

"Now Mark, don't get all excited. You know it's bad for your health," soothed Cleopatra.

"You're right, Cleo," said Mark "and that reminds me—I've found a new way to cure baldness. Julius Caesar told me about it. He told me to go West for some hair raising adventures."

The clock on the mantel strikes twelve.

Mark Antony rises, bids Cleopatra good night, and goes out of the door whistling his favorite tune, "Throw Another Log on the Fire."

Frank Birkett, '35.



International Harvester Company Motor Trucks; Full Line of McCormick-Deering Farm Machinery and Repairs.

Empire Milking Machine Company. Full line of repairs.

The new Empire Milk Cooler on demonstration; the new E. D. type double action Milk Cooler which has been under test for six weeks at Cornell University. Report was made that six cans of milk placed in cooler at 95 degrees were cooled to below 50 degrees in 55 minutes. These tests are all made under the most rigid inspection.

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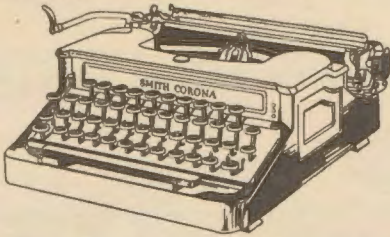
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