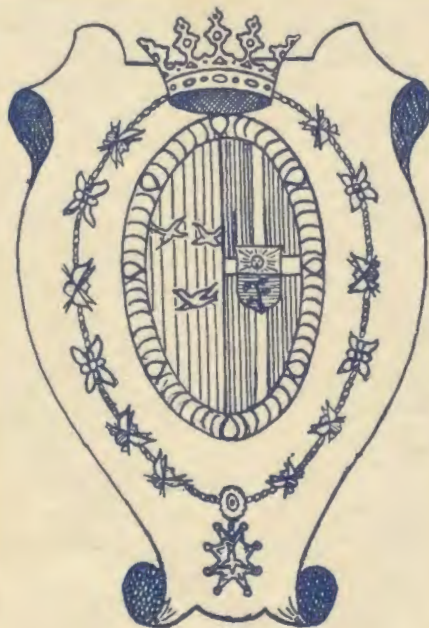


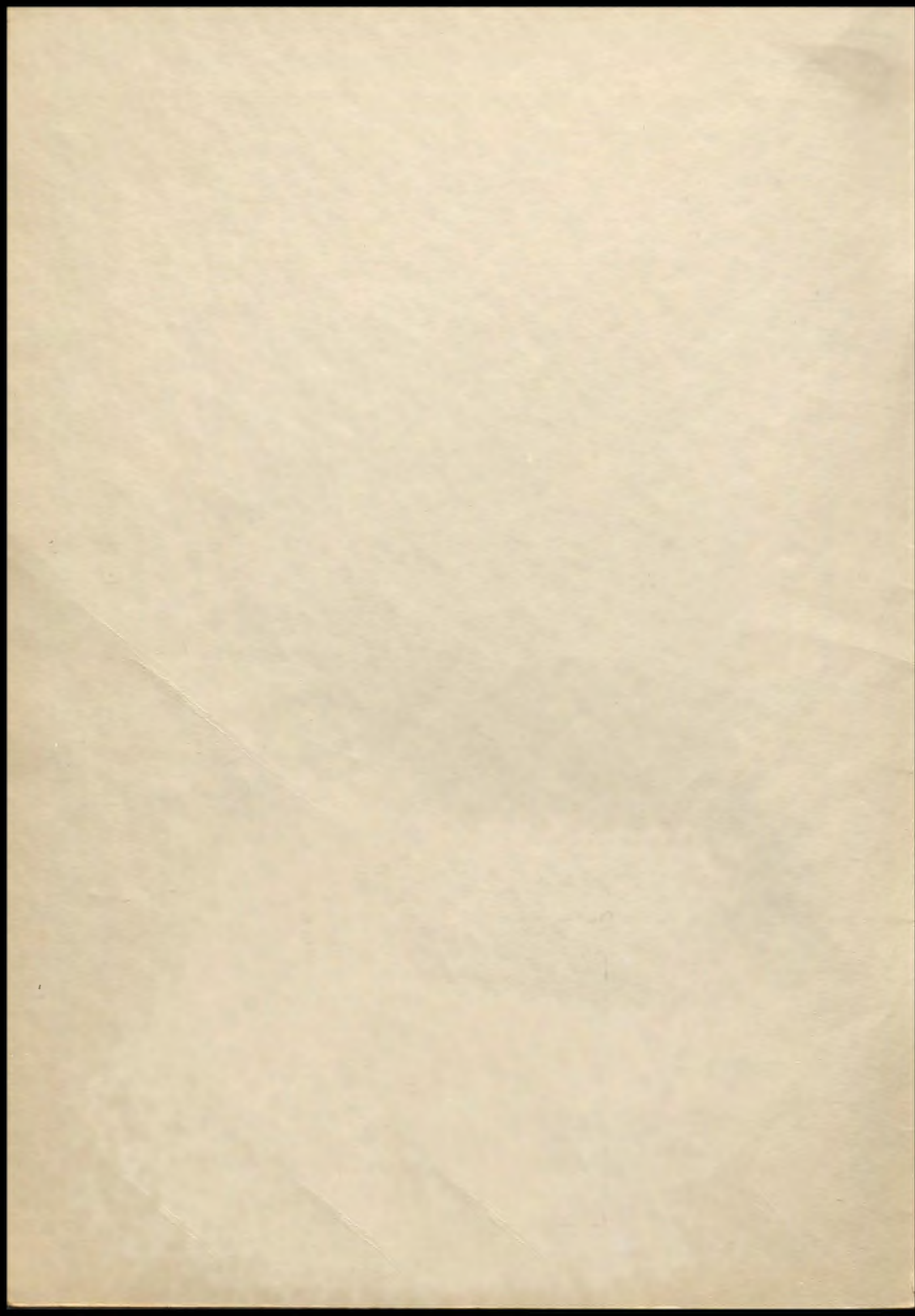
BLUE AND WHITE

Mid-semester
1935
Essay Issue



VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

MID-SEMESTER 1935
ESSAY ISSUE



The Blue and White

Mid-Semester

Essay Issue

1935

Published by the Pupils

of the

Vergennes High School

Vergennes, Vermont

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

DEPARTMENT HEADS

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
Art Editors	Jennie Dickson, '35, Hilton Forrest, '36

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

MEMBERS OF FACULTY

Mr. William H. Carter.....	Principal and Instructor in Science
Miss Lucy Booth.....	Home Economics and History
Miss Margaret Delaney.....	English, History, Girls' Athletics, Business Practice
Mr. Howard Martin.....	Agriculture, Science, 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

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Literary	Page 3	Athletics	Page 18
Editorial	Page 11	Exchange	Page 19
French	Page 13	Alumni	Page 20
School Activities	Page 15	The Grinnery	Page 22



Literary

Faith Kenyon, '36, Editor

ESSAYS

They deal with places, fun, beliefs and books,
Or people, fancies, and the best of cooks.

A light and brief outline is all they need,
Informal to the nth degree. Now heed

What I have said, and you can soon compete,
With maybe Stephen Leacock at your feet.

Euphrosyne Ward, '35

THAT'S THE MAN

Marie Little, '35

He is not a hero in the eyes of the world. He has never performed any marvelous deed; nor was he ever crowned with laurels. But day by day, unheralded, he takes his place in the world's great enterprise, like part of the silent mechanism of an intricate machine, making no complaint and seeking no applause from a changeable audience of the thrill-seeking hordes.

All he asks is recognition in the trade of his choice in order that the compensation which he receives for labor well done will make others happy.

Who but a man strong in mind and will can day after day, week after week, year after year, countenance defeat in his struggle upward and still plod on with a smile and a cheery greeting for other wayfarers?

Perhaps some think him unlearned in the halls of the sciences; but who can judge how many noble thoughts and glorious aspirations have been crushed

by the commonplace? Who can tell to how high a star he had hitched his wagon, only to have the bond severed by some lowlier necessity?

He has never braved the rigors of an Arctic winter. However, weather never keeps him from "the job." "That is the man," the one who, steady and fearless, is slowly but surely conquering the depression which has crushed many people, destroyed air castles (Who knows how many?) and even ruined those little hopes and desires for the future.

He overcomes obstacles to reach his goal, not for honors to be conferred upon him, but to answer the call of duty, having for his battle-cry, "Onward; I must not fail."

Human nature is frail, yet this man's heart is pure gold and he commands the love which is due him.

That is the man, uncrowned by Public Glory, the man who helps to form the bulwark of our nation. Who is he? Why, that's your dad and mine!

And that's the Man who, daily strong and fine,
Unsung, unpraised, toils on—your dad and mine.

THE WESTERN MOVIE

Richard Bennett, '35

If you go frequently to the Saturday night moving pictures, you will notice that in most country towns you most often see a cheap Western movie. What about the influence these movies exert on children of today? In my own town I remember on a Sunday night listening to a broadcast from the South Pole. At the end of the broadcast a boy of about fourteen who was sitting near remarked that he didn't believe they could broadcast from the South Pole and that the people in the Studio probably made it up. Yet that same boy believed what he had seen in these same cheap Western movies.

In every Western Movie the plot is exactly the same, even though it may be expressed a little differently. On the screen there flashes a picture of a West-

ern cowboy on a horse—a wild, love-making, fast-shooting, brave hero. Now where is the girl? Where can she be? Oh! here she is—a sweet, young, bashful thing. As likely as not she and the hero were childhood sweethearts. The hero has just returned home and finds the villain (as likely as not to be a sheriff) holding a mortgage on his sweetheart's or his father's land. Everyone takes the hero wrong, of course, and thinks he's bad—everyone except his sweetheart. The hero fights the villain and his men single handed; he is captured, but of course gets away. (The hero could not get killed). He wins back the mortgage and also makes the villain admit many hold-ups, etc. In the last reel we see the hero and heroine in each other's arms murmuring—"Darling."

A horse, a gun, a girl, a risky spill,
And many fans will get an honest thrill.

TREATISE ON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Edward Ryan, '35

Nearly everyone thinks he is a musician at one time or another. Some really are but most of us just think we are. In the following lines I will try to describe some popular instruments and methods used by aspiring musicians.

Probably more guitars are bought and sold in this country today than any other instruments. You can travel through city, village or countryside and hear attempts at vocalizing "The Dying Cowboy" accompanied by the twanging of guitar strings (usually out of tune). One could swear that the Dying Cowboy himself was singing. The student employs a well thumbed "5-Minit" course to perfect himself in chords. As he plays chords, he must also sing (cowboy songs preferred.) The proper cowboy tone is acquired by applying a

clothespin to the nose to give the nasal effect. If the would-be musician doesn't sing, he teams up with a fiddler.

The violin, or fiddle, is one of the best sounding or one of the most nerve-racking instruments. A good violin player produces about the most beautiful music there is. As these cases are few and far between, we will discuss the fiddler. When learning to play, you're a fiddler; when you are capable of beautiful music, you're a violinist. The main fault with the fiddler is the whining tone he produces. This is because of the finger's sliding along the string in a frenzied search for the correct note. A mute helps sometimes, but if the student would store his bow in moth balls until the desired note is se-

cured, everybody would be satisfied.

The butcher's son takes his cornet lessons over the barber's shop from an old band master who sports side whisks. The barber below, being a nervous man, takes nicks from ears and noses of those who may be in his chair whenever piercing blasts reach his ears. His business has been dropping off lately.

Another popular instrument is the saxophone. These instruments range in size from a vest pocket edition to bulky monstrosities which need to be transported in wheelbarrows. The student picks out a fairly small model called the E flat alto. If the neighbors pursue him

with axes and the like, the instrument is light enough for a quick get away and still heavy enough for a suitable defensive weapon when he is in a corner.

One often sees advertisements in the magazines explaining how to become the life of any and every party by learning to play a musical instrument in spare time. It doesn't work—I tried it. When I sat down at the piano, they laughed; when I finished they showered me with flowers, but they neglected to take said flowers out of pots.

According to Hoyle: "If you have music in you, leave it there."

Upon our Editor's achievement rare
I cannot comment. Really, I don't dare.

THOUGHTS ON THE DARK

Kathleen Belden, '36



Thoughts! Thoughts! Of course people who have fear of the dark probably never could find any pleasantness or soothing effects from thoughts in the dark. I can imagine! They think that a dark, sinister man is following them, stealing stealthily, slowly along, ready

at any moment to jump out at them. Again, they think that some huge unheard-of monster is crawling up behind them. At every little noise, seemingly large (to them), they turn sharply, expecting to see a dinosaur ready to swallow them. But, that is what imagination does to some of us.

On the other hand, a person who is not afraid of the dark, like myself, may gain from the hours of night thoughts to cherish always. How I love to sit in the dark, listening to the music on the radio. I can never recall my exact thoughts during that time, but I know I feel dreamy and comfortable—as though I had never had nor ever would be called, I roamed into my home-room. The door into the hall was closed and because only the middle row of lights



was on in the Main Room, almost no light came from there. Quite naturally I slipped into my seat and gazed about me. The usually busy street was dimly lighted. My eyes wandered to my teacher's unoccupied desk, and yet she seemed there. My classmates seemed to be sitting in their places as they waited for the first period to begin. Another picture flashed before my mind and there they were, ready for English have a care in the world.

I recall a certain Scout meeting. We were at the schoolhouse having inspection. As I waited for my patrol to class. The whistle! My Scout-Leader's summons for inspection—and the picture is gone.

Not only do I listen to music or sit in my home-room in the dark to have

such thoughts. I can go for a walk at night and, as some people call it, stargaze. I never think of those huge monsters or dangerous men following me, but just enjoy myself. In my thoughts I can travel to the farthest and most remote places of the earth.

Darkness and solitude pave the way to dreams, dreams of the future. One whose mind is in a state of fear in the dark is not to my idea a strong-minded person. He should dream the dream and this leads on to the deed. He should

accomplish the long-cherished dreams which are spurred on by darkness.

Forget your fears! Go for a walk when the world is in darkness. Imagine night as a jewel-strewn cloak thrown over nature. Pleasing thoughts come only to those who really want and try to have them. They cannot be bought or sold, but darkness often inspires them. Soon you'll have no fears from which to attempt to free yourself. "Happy is the man that getteth understanding."

Begone ye fears—Why should I feel alarm
When night steals on, with all its dusky charm?

HAIR ON THE HEAD

(In a Nutshell)

Bertram Arthur Perry, '35

Is your hair wiry or silky? Is it red? Brown? Black? Are you a platinum blond?

If you can not answer one of these questions in the affirmative, come up and see me sometime, unless you happen to be old Bluebeard himself!

To begin with, who likes curly hair? Echo answers, "A woman," if she doesn't answer first. (She usually does). In my opinion any boy who has naturally curly hair is very unfortunate. However, by this I do not mean to say that the fellow who has his hair all sleeked down is any better than that little curly headed youngster. Remember the "Villain" of the drama of twenty five years ago?—Sleek hair, manners, and—mustachios!!!

You have probably read "ads" containing the appalling statement that any man who uses water on his hair will be "Bald by forty." Well, I use water on my hair every time I comb it, and as yet, I am far from bald headed, although I am nearly—eighteen years of age!!!

Where I came from, there is a cur-

rent story that goes something like this: At the age of six, when asked by the barber how I desired my hair cut, I immediately replied, "Just like Grandpa's, and please don't forget the hole in back where his head sticks through." Whether or not I can claim that as the reason, to this day I still hate to enter a barber's shop.

Hair, of any size, color, or description is all right in its place. Who is there, however, who has not at some time or other,—along with the usual supply of wood, nails, string, and debris—found in his favorite dish, a hair?!!! "If such there be, go, mark him well!" Of course this intrusion may be the result of the cook's ire being aroused at the lack of pepper, ginger, or some such mild seasoning to stir in with your dessert before serving it up on your gold platter, whereupon he instantly seizes upon a handful of his beloved thatch and deftly, but surely, (sometimes painfully) extracts it from its secure resting place.

After all, just what good is hair?

For looks, you say? I hardly think so. Maybe on a cat, but hardly on a human head. (At least not on some I've seen.) Warmth? I still wear a hat in winter though I still have plenty of hair. I'm

from Missouri and—they showed me!! We men (I don't know about women) have hair on our heads to make us pay out forty cents every two weeks for a haircut!!!

You find no good in hair? I am appalled;
A jinx upon you—May you soon grow bald.

IMPRESSIONS OF A CADDY

Raymond Morris, '35

Oh, for the life of a caddy! All play and no work! That's what you think. I go thirty-six holes with a man who walks fast enough to give a race horse a good race, and I try to keep up with him with a bag containing fifteen clubs over my shoulder; that's the life.

Then of course, there is another way of looking at the job, if I may call it such; there are the tips. Some people are good tippers and some are better. Then, too, there are some that are worse, those, of course, being the ones who do not tip at all, tipping being one of the many principles of life in which they do not believe. Of course you will find an individual once in a while who is very pleasant and nice to caddy for, and I don't mind working for such without a tip, but when one of those persons who curses and swears when he dubs or misses a shot comes around, we either feel like, or do, scamper to the many corners and crevices of the clubhouse nearby—that's another story. Then the caddy master, the dear old soul, comes out and says, "Freckles, take Mr. G——'s bag, and I with a pleasant smile, which, by the way, I forced upon myself, say "Yes, Sir,"—there my troubles begin.

For about two hours and a half I

find myself one of the most forlorn people on the course, but when we reach the eighteenth hole, it seems about the happiest moment of my life. The other fellows are all out back of the caddy house eating dinner, and the minute I appear they all start at once to ask me how much of a tip I got—if he was ugly—and all in all I get pretty well cross examined before finishing dinner.

Then there is the job of shagging balls, as it is called, which in reality means chasing balls. This is a job which everybody loves from the bottom of his heart. (I mean that it is there that love begins and ends). This is another time when the call to work finds everyone scampering to the unknown seclusion of the clubhouse—unknown to everybody except the caddy master—and he comes there and finds me or one of the others. This means another half or whole hour of good downright exercise. Then finally 4.30 rolls around and those that are not working either go in swimming or go out and play golf themselves. About six o'clock everybody is in from work and play, when we board our fresh air taxi and wend our weary way home, and on arrival in the Ancient City we usually accord it a rousing welcome.

A caddy's life is fine, some fellows say.
Now you have read, do you agree with Ray?



A SUNRISE IN SPENSERIAN RHYME

Euphrosyne Ward, '35

The sun appeared from o'er the eastern
hill,
With colors forming on the whitened
world.
It drove the dark and cold night's
frightful chill,
And from its golden ball of fire there
swirled
Enchanted banners of the dawn un-
furled.
The snow, a glistening blanket of the
night,
Gathered these colors on its whiteness
pearled,
As down the hill, defeated in the fight,
It left; receding from the sun's advanc-
ing light.

The world awoke; straightway it left
its dreams
Of dark and unseen mysteries that
form
Within the wooded dales and silver
streams.
The forests gave their shadows to the
storm
Of sun rays; conquered by their lances
warm.
From far within the distance comes a
trill,
The song of the first robin on a thorn;
Then once again the earth sends out a
thrill,
Responding to the sunrise o'er the
eastern hill.

A SWEET SUBJECT

Joan Casey, '36



I am sure that nearly every one has some liking for candy. We may vary as to our favorites, but a person who has no sweet tooth is slightly deformed.

We may begin with a very common type—the chocolate. Let us not worry about surplus avoirdupois. Some girls

heroically turn away from the tempting bits for reasons of **weight**, but I shall never sacrifice my sweet-tooth to my waist-line.

Chocolates suggest the candy bar. Here we expand and take a deep breath. Out of the hundreds of kinds of bars we can choose only a few. A generous bite of an almond bar is not displeasing to most palates. A cocoanut bar often makes the precious tooth sing.

Ribbon candy is reserved for the Christmas season, for some reason which I cannot guess. I should enjoy it at any time, for its colorful appearance and intriguing swirls add greatly to its delicious flavor.

I shudder at the thought of a world without caramels. The melting sweetness that we can taste over and over is nectar fit for the gods, and who will deny that our trusty molars benefit by the caramel gymnastics.

A quiet evening at home is well spent with the making of fudge. Other types of home-made candy, also, may appeal to us: fondant, for example, or



crisp peanut brittle. An experience not to be missed in any home is taffy pulling, fascinating for the uncertainty of its results.

Novel and attractive shapes and appetizing colors, nowadays, feature mints on the candy counters. The homely herb that grew in our great-grandmothers' gardens would never recognize itself in this modern dress.

And gum drops! Who could resist the glistening tempters? I always choose the black ones, the licorice drops, and always wish there were more dusky ones in the bag.

To ease the strain on groaning budgets, hard candies are recommended for their lasting quality.

I have thought about all these kinds of candy without arriving at any conclusion as to which is my favorite. Some folks can decide without pondering, but I decline to show any partiality. For me, any good candy has its place and its time: that place is—anywhere, that time is—any time. Here is a lolly pop! Ah! I shall eat a toast to my sweet subject.

From childhood on, we girls on candy dote,
Especially chocolates. Boys, please kindly note.

ON MAGAZINES

George Noonan, '35

The other day I strolled into the village drugstore and looked for something a little out of the ordinary with which to amuse myself. It is very unusual for me to sit down with a magazine and read, but as I happened to

feel in the mood, I purchased a popular periodical. That evening I eased myself into a Morris chair by the cozy wood-fire and admired the snappy picture which adorned the cover of my purchase. Opening the magazine, I saw

on page one a flame of red which I later discovered was a bottle of ketchup. Immediately my mouth began to water, and I was forced to leave the fire and enter the cold pantry where I devoured sundry pastries and various other articles, each daubed with ketchup. Then, as though someone hit me, I felt a queer pain in my stomach. I told myself it was of little consequence, as it did nothing more than double me up in agony.

I returned to my chair, again eased myself into it, again opened the magazine—to page two, where I discovered a beautiful girl, all teeth, sweetly smiling at me. Just one glance reminded me to brush my own teeth, so I performed the task.

Returning, I glanced at page three, where I saw a telephone which reminded me to call up Maude at the Hewses'. She asked me how I felt, and I said, "Never better in my life." This reply led her to invite me to come over and play bridge. I declined, however, and returned to my magazine.

On page four I found a queer looking object which was said to be a stream-lined car, which, after having been tipped over on jagged rocks, showed not a dent. My car should be able to stand such a test. If it couldn't, I would have to buy a new stream-lined one. So, with my stomach-ache still a stomach-ache, I piled rocks until midnight, and finally succeeded in tipping my car over on them. Result—car demolished, and damages done to my ribs, cheeks, collar-bone, and arms.

I was taken to a hospital, where Maude brought me another magazine.

I began a mystery story, but before long I was directed to turn to page 130, where, along with a part of the story, was the picture of a girl with a marvelous complexion which was gained by using one, and only one, kind of soap. I suddenly craved a bath with that brand of soap, so I rang for the nurse, who said she was busy. When the tears welled up in my eyes, she comforted me by telling me she could comply with my request in two hours.

On the other side of the mystery story was an ad for gum—Spearmint. I'd forgotten how it tasted! I sent an errand boy to the store to buy me some. He brought it, and I began to chew. Only a few minutes had passed when I began to feel hungry, and, upon re-reading the ad I found that gum stimulated the appetite. After that I went through the sweet mental and physical agony which results from hunger, and knowing that you can't eat. I tried to forget it by continuing the mystery tale. Soon I reached a dramatic point in the story, but I couldn't resist the interruption offered by a column of instructions for solving a puzzle. The puzzle was easy. Anyone could win a Sparrow car (the kind that defies jagged rocks). I scratched my head, and racked my brain, but to no avail. The next step was nervousness. It was so easy! Why couldn't I get it? I was driven to insanity, and put under the care of a specialist. He took my magazine away, but for six weeks I was haunted with nightmares about the simple solution. When I finally regained my health, it was an absolute rule for me, "No more magazines!"

May fate deliver me from ads like those
And all the subsequent protracted woes.

Editorial

PRO AND CON

Edward Ryan, '35

Recently we established an investigation on our own account asking the Seniors of V. H. S. to give their opin-

ions as to whether we should or should not have five minutes recess during the morning and afternoon session. Of the

thirty-eight pupils questioned nine were against the return of the recess schedule, twenty-seven for its return, while two gave arguments both pro and con. Following are the arguments against the reestablishment of recess.

If we should have a five-minute recess in the morning and another in the afternoon, the total time taken up during a school year would be thirty hours or one school week. Would it be worth while?

Another point discussed was the noise and confusion that comes with recess. Teachers are tortured by the aforesaid noise and confusion.

One Senior claimed that it was childish to clamor for a recess. Furthermore, he said that in the bigger schools recess periods were not allowed.

Recess breaks in on the studious attitude which one acquires towards the end of a study period. If a pupil stops studying to talk and laugh noisily, he has a hard time trying to concentrate during the next study period.

A question raised in the minds of some of the Seniors is—will recess eliminate a certain amount of whispering? A goodly number think it would encourage whispering instead. The average student, after talking steadily for five minutes, continues during the following study period.

The above are the arguments against the return of recess as stated by members of the Senior class. Now follow arguments favoring the return of that lost privilege—recess.

Nearly all the pupils get nervous and jumpy after two periods of intense study. To have a quiet, efficient study hall these students have to work off their pent-up energy. Recess furnishes the necessary outlet in which they can relax, stretch, and prepare for the coming periods.

One worthy member of our class went so far as to say that the Seniors

should give up their speaking privilege, if necessary, to insure the return of recess. If he gained his way, everybody in school would have a chance to talk instead of just the Seniors.

Stopping to drink at the fountains is discouraged by the faculty. With this situation the thirsty have to drink before and after school or during study periods, which is an inconvenience.

Recess gives one a chance to relax, to visit friends and teachers, and to discuss topics of pressing interest. One might say that recess is the means to prepare for quiet, efficient study periods and to keep a happy, contented student body.

It is said that in huge modern business plants recreation rooms are furnished, rest periods are allowed, and the contentment of the workers closely guarded. Why shouldn't a school be as modern as a manufacturing plant in this way? As one Senior said—"Recess is like a dessert after a disliked dinner."

The opinion of the class as a whole is in favor of the return of recess. Although the Seniors are supposed to be the oldest and wisest in school, their opinions may not coincide with those of the underclassmen. Why don't you of the lower classes do or say something on the subject? Do you want recess to return? Let the Faculty and the student body know how you feel about the question. The Faculty might take an interest in the affair.

As I write, my eyes wander to the bust of Shakespeare which adorns the main room. By a proper display of feeling on our part the deaf ears of Shakespeare might be moved to listen. Understanding human nature, as we always believed he did, he might even quote a passage in our behalf which would influence the Faculty's decision at the last moment. My advice is to win Shakespeare to your side as soon as possible.

Faith Kenyon and Elaine Beach have made their comments in the Literary and Exchange departments in rhymed couplets which seem to be the closest approach in verse to the essay.

Le Departement Francais

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

La Solution A La Depression

Depuis 1929 le monde a subi une periode d'abaissement. Les hommes ont perdu les millions de dollars. Beaucoup d'hommes sont sans travail. Beaucoup ont faim. Les hommes les plus intelligents ont etudié ce problème, mais personne n'a trouvé une bonne solution. Même le président Roosevelt a manqué. A cause de mon intérêt dans l'état de l'ouvrier, la colonne vertebrale de la nation; j'ai étudié ce problème constamment pendant cinq années. J'ai voyagé, j'ai eu les entrevues avec les hommes d'état les plus intelligents. J'ai resté bien éveillé beaucoup de nuits esperant trouver la réponse. Mes efforts n'étaient pas en vain. J'ai trouvé une solution!

Beaucoup de millions ont été dépensés annuellement pour l'éducation. Pour cette raison je crois que toutes les écoles devraient etre fermées. On emploierait l'argent maintenant dépensé sur l'éducation pour encourager l'industrie. Bienque ce plan soit nouveau, il est pratique. Je soumetts maintenant ce plan au président Roosevelt. J'irai a Washington s'il le veut et je le lui expliquerai en detail.

Comme une récompense pour mon travail je ne demande que je voie l'homme américain encore ayant du pain et du lait le souper de dimanche.

Une amie de l'homme pauvre.

Tenpus Fugit

Elainé Beach, '35

Pendant que je médite dans les dernières heures de dimanche, mes pensées retournent à la phrase familière du latin, "Tempus Fugit." Ce qu'on achève dans le temps assigné à son être compte en entier sur sa capacité de comprendre la valeur du temps. On passe la troisième de sa vie en dormant—une bonne pensée! ! Beaucoup de temps s'emploie en mangeant. Combien de choses on pourrait achever pendant qu'on reste

couché comme sur un oreiller! ! Combien d'argent on pourrait réserver s'il n'était pas nécessaire de manger.

Le temps est comme un mot. Une fois qu'un mot est parlé on ne peut jamais le retenir. Une fois que le temps est perdu, on ne peut jamais le recouvrer. Prenez un morceau du conseil appris de l'expérience. Quand on vous appelle à sept heure pour écrire un essai, ne levez-vous pas à huit heures!

Le Loisir

Kathleen Belden, '36

Les personnes demandent toujours les plus courtes heures de travail, mais après qu'ils les gagnent, que font-ils avec le loisir? La plus grande partie des gens ne font rien profitable et voilà la difficulté.

Je pense qu'il est très sage d'avoir une marotte de quelque sorte. Naturellement, si l'on appartient à un club on peut y aller et passer le temps très agréablement, mais supposons qu'on n'est pas un membre d'un club. Lire est

très intéressant et les livres peuvent influencer la vie. Ramasser des timbres, des coins, ou des cailloux bizarres est très intéressant aussi.

Les autres marottes sont le jardinage (d'élever les végétaux, les fleurs etc.),

les sports, la peinture et l'écriture.

Combien d'heures sont ruinées tous les jours par l'excuse. "Je n'ai rien à faire!" Réveillez! Regardez partout! Il y a beaucoup de choses à faire, si une personne veut vraiment tirer tout ce qu'on peut du jour.

La Joie de Rester au Lit

"Oh, que je déteste me lever le matin! Oh, que j'aime rester dans mon lit!" Ainsi va une chanson ancienne. Les mots plus vrais n'étaient jamais parlés. On entend souvent les personnes raffoler de comment il est superbe de se lever le matin clair et de bonne heure, d'entendre chanter les oiseaux, de voir l'aurore. Je me demande souvent si ces personnes éprouveraient jamais la joie de rester dans leur lit et de prendre un autre somme. Ah! mes chers lecteurs quelle joie ils ont manquée! Et d'ailleurs, à quoi bon se lever de bonne heure pour entendre chanter les oiseaux? Si

je veux faire cela, je mis simplement le réveille-matin pour cinq heures et je peux entendre chanter les chères créatures pendant que je suis dans mon lit, un siège réservé, pour ainsi dire.

Je suis sûre que tout le monde s'accordera avec moi qu'il est beaucoup plus agréable, en hiver, de rester au lit jusqu'à ce que la maison soit chaud.

Oui, vous pouvez vous lever de bon matin et vous pouvez quitter vos lits à demi-jour, mais donnez-moi mes sommes du matin et l'obscurité intime de la nuit.

Quelques Robes à Bon Marché

Joan Casey, '36

Quand le jour de Pâques arrive dans la grande ville de New York, la belle et grande rue de Broadway se remplit de promeneurs. Les hommes avec leurs redingotes noirs, les fleurs dans leurs boutonnieres, leurs grands chapeaux de soie, accompagnent les dames en parures élégantes. Je n'ai jamais vu cette scène, si gaie, si charmante, mais j'espère un jour y participer. Le long de la grande rue, les gens moins fortunés regardent avec envie les riches qui passent. Quels soupis, sans doute, se lèvent dans les cœurs des jeunes filles qui aiment tant les beaux vêtements.

Il est vrai que les femmes pensent beaucoup à leurs parures, les hommes prétendent se moquer de cette faiblesse. Néanmoins, il faut que ces gens confessent qu'ils demandent toujours justement la propre cravate pour chaque habillement, justement le chapeau qui leur va le mieux.

Les dames riches achètent leurs robes

à Paris, dans les ateliers de Lelong ou de Patou, leurs chapeaux chez Lilly Daché. Chaque petit détail de l'ensemble est créé pour augmenter les charmes de la dame Américaine. Le prix—eh! bien! il faut payer la beauté, n'est-ce pas? Mais il y a des fois nous pensons: quelle folie de dépenser tant d'argent pour les habits! Sans doute, il vaut mieux être satisfait de quelque chose de simple et à bon marché. Ah! Oui! sans doute! Mais, encore, le printemps est ici, le jour de Pâques arrive. Il me faut absolument un habillement neuf. Sera-t-il bleu, comme le ciel, ou peut-être, vert comme les arbres qui bourgeonnent? Bleu il sera, et les gants seront bleus aussi, et les petits souliers seront bleus. Pas une seule chose ne gâtera l'ensemble parce qu'il faut paraître justement de notre mieux le jour de Pâques.

Après tout, quelque chose de simple et à bon marché peut suffire, mais les créations de Patou sont si irrésistibles et les chapeaux de Lilly Daché sont le dernier cri.

School Activities

Barbara Ball, '37, Editor

CALENDAR OF SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

- Thurs., Dec. 20—A. M. Grade Six gave a pleasing little skit on "Christmas in Other Lands." Carols were sung by the French and Latin clubs, and by the entire assembly.
P. M. After a series of introductions, David Ryan presented the high school with a striking blue and white banner, a gift from the class of 1934. The words "Vergennes High School" appear in white on a dark blue field of five by three feet. In the center is a reproduction of the coat of arms used by the Count de Vergennes.
- Fri., Jan. 11—Mr. Carter reviewed a part of Lewis Adamic's book, "The Native's Return."
- Mon., Jan. 14—Review of "The Native's Return" completed.
- Mon., Jan. 21—Mr. Paul Willis presented a two-reel movie and gave an interesting talk on the industries of Alaska, in which country he has lived for several years.
- Wed., Feb. 6—The F. F. A. sponsored a travel movie taking us on an interesting European tour.
- Tues., Feb. 12—The Boy Scouts entertained the assembly with a skit on "Worst Aid" and an action story of the first Boy Scout movement in America.
- Wed., Feb. 13—Mr. Jenson presented three reels of moving pictures concerned with the fighting of tuberculosis germs. One of these was a reel showing a play acted by Tony Sarg's famous marionettes.
- Thurs., Feb. 21—A rather unique program was carried out in honor of Washington's birthday. Five short assemblies were held, one at the end of each class period. The first dealt with Washington's spiritual life, the second with his love of country, the third with his social nature, the fourth with his stirring personality. The last call brought the pupils together for the singing of America and the school yell.
- Fri., Mar. 1—Called together in the forenoon to discuss plans for Stunt Night, which was held March 20.
- Thurs., Mar. 7—Elaine Beach, Frances Kellogg, Joan Casey, Margaret Bodette, Clarence Stagg and Miss McGovern attended the debate between Middlebury College and the University of Puerto Rico held at Middlebury.
- Fri., Mar. 8—Sixty-five pupils visited the legislature at Montpelier. The group was transported by means of busses and private cars.

Fri., Mar. 22—Assembly Speaker, the Reverend C. S. Hager, who talked on a phase of geology as his hobby, closing with an amusing

parable on "The Worms Convention" —a parable which carried a fine bit of inspiration along with the fun.

PROGRAM
VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL
STUNT NIGHT
March 20, 1935

NUMBER I

By Class 9

"Knave of Hearts"

Director: Miss Margaret Delaney

CAST

Manager,	Richard Barrows
Blue Hose,	Lionel Franklin
Yellow Hose,	Kenneth Hamel
1st Herald,	Dean Leonard
2nd Herald,	Sidney Danyow
King of Hearts,	Alfred Miller
Knave of Hearts,	Forrest Rivers
Lady Violetta,	Marolyn Powers
Chancellor,	Maurice Belliveau
Ursula,	Joyce Palmer

PAGES

Madeline Torrey	Edith Bushey
Marie McCormick	Marguerite Senesac
Elaine Hamel	Elizabeth DeMello
Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court	

* * *

"Gipsy John"

Hilton Forrest

Charles Franklin	Desmond Casey
Roger Collins	Terrence Gage
Kittredge Haven	Ralph Jackman
Kenneth Little	Clifton O'Bryan
Roland Rheume	William Allen
Benjamin Allen	

NUMBER II

By Class 10

"All in a Day's Work"

Director: Miss Joyce Young

CAST

Miss Frye,	Esther Adams
Mr. Wiggins,	George Adams

Pupils

Lawrence Austin	Violet Manchester
Harold Cushman	Morris Myers

Charles Field	Isabel Parker
Robert Floyd	Elaine Pratt
Walter Giard	Dorothy Slack
Marion Harrington	Arnold Sullivan
Katherine Mack	Kenneth Sullivan

* * *

"When I Was Young"

Marie Slack and Lorna Boothby

* * *

"Tickets, Please"

Lucia Brown	Margaret Booth
Joan Casey	Helene Barrows

NUMBER III

By Class 11

"Melodrama to End Melodrama"

Director: Mr. Glenn Aiken

CAST

Pa,	Harry Perkins
Belinda,	Faith Kenyon
Harry,	Ken. Barney
Roscoe Pennypincher,	Wilbur Pratt
Announcer,	Melvin Hamel

* * *

"Hats, Hats, Hats!"

Catherine Barrows	Anna Burgey
Betty Floyd	Eileen Gee
Marie Granger	Eleanor Hawley
Eleanor Langeway	Marie Slack
Lucile Mundy	Georgianna LeBeau
Verlie White	Olive Young
Thomas Mundy	Richard Adams

NUMBER IV

By Class 12

"An Antique Auction"

Director: Miss Rachael Booth

CAST

Joe, Auctioneer,	Raymond Morris
Blink and Blank, Assistants,	
R. Bennett and B. Perry	

Percival Dwillingham, Ed. Ryan
 Mrs. Peabody, Eunice Smith
 Miss Minerva Willip, Gertrude Borden
 Clarence Doddingworth, W. Bristol
 Joe Murphy, Cop, Karl Devine
 Danny Whippletree, Robert Mundy
 Mysterious Personages
 Helene Barrows Elaine Beach
 Frank Birkett Aubert Hamel
 Vance Miller George Noonan

Avery Palmer Irving Palmer

* * *

"The House by the Side of the Road"
 Senior Class

* * *

"All in a Day's Work," by Class
 Ten, won first place. "An Antique Auc-
 tion," by Class Twelve, won second
 place.

Special Items

Jennie Dickson, Jeannette Graves and Barbara Ball have joined the V.E.R.A. art class under the direction of Miss Hosmer of Burlington, and several pupils have become members of the local dramatic club.

We wish to put on record our thanks to the Student Council for the two dances they have sponsored this winter. Each time piano music was furnished by various members of the school.

Pro Merito rank for the Vergennes High School this year has been accorded to the following pupils listed in order of their standing: Elaine Beach, Eleanor Gee, Frances Kellogg, George Noonan, Edith Pecue, Euphrosyne Ward, Marie Little, Mary DeMello, Edward Ryan, Lena Ball, Lucia Brown, Robert Mundy, Helene Barrows and Evelyn Langeway.

An honor roll follows which includes the names of pupils in other classes who have received nothing lower than a B-average in any subject during the first semester:

Class Eleven: Joan Casey, Beatrice Cook, Faith Kenyon, Kathleen Le-Boeuf.

Class Ten: Harold Cushman, Okley Davis, Katherine Mack, Edward Nuttall, Elaine Pratt, June Stagg, Mildred Williams.

Class Nine: Richard Barrows, Doris Evarts, Marie McCormick, Alfred Miller, Eleanor Miller, Marolyn Powers, Forrest Rivers, Alice Ward, Howard Washburn.

Class Eight: William Allen, Verlie White, Olive Young.

Class Seven: Richard Adams, Thomas Mundy, Alice Ryan.

This year the V. H. S. debaters are Faith Kenyon (first speaker), Elaine Beach (second speaker), Frances Kellogg (third speaker), and Eleanor Gee (altermate).

The question debated was—"Should the federal government adopt the policy of equalizing educational opportunities by means of annual grants to the several states for elementary and secondary education?" Our team ardently upheld the affirmative in all three debates.

The result of the first debate with Middlebury as opponent was 2-1 in our favor. The judges' decision at Fair Haven was 2-1 in Fair Haven's favor. Proctor was victor at Vergennes with a 2-1 score.

Although Vergennes entered the State League after other teams were well started, we are glad we've had the experience and are justly proud of our team.

Much credit and many thanks are to be given to Miss Delaney for her untiring work as coach of the team.

Athletics

OUR NEW GYMNASIUM

For some time now the students of V. H. S. have watched with growing interest the progress of the workmen on our new gymnasium. Seniors, especially, have realized the nearness of its completion, because of the fact that soon graduation will separate most of them from the activities which it will afford. I believe that every senior, boy or girl, who felt the loss of our old gymnasium, realizes fully just what this new building will mean to our school.

The building itself is to be 84 feet in length and 53 feet in width. The playing court will be 72 feet long and 36 feet wide. Four up-to-date locker rooms will provide ample space for both home and visiting teams. Being lined with insulating board and having its own heating plant, the structure will be sure to have well regulated temperature.

Plans are well under way for the dedication of the building which is to take place on April 15th. On this date the gymnasium will be complete in every detail, even to the school shop which is to be located in the basement.

Each year, as graduation draws near, every Senior feels a certain pang of regret in leaving the school and the friends who for four short years gave something that a lifetime cannot efface. Knowing that graduation will, to some extent, set us apart from this beautiful new gymnasium, we find it doubly hard to leave such a building behind.

Underclassmen also realize the value of such a building to our school, and if there is such a thing as "inspiration," we feel sure that soon Vergennes High School will again be represented in the inter-scholastic tournament, by an "inspired" team.

SPRING IS COMING!

AND-SO-IS

"Paddy, The Next Best Thing!"

THE SENIOR PLAY!

It's a bit of old Erin,
With a laugh and a tear;
You'll surely say
It's the jolliest play
That you've seen in many a year.

WATCH FOR THE DATE

Exchange

Elaine D. Beach, '35, Editor

"The Mercury" B. F. A., St. Albans, Vt.

Behold! Great news we find within the leaves!
And full kernels of grain in all its sheaves.

The Book Corner holds many a thoughtful grain,
For fun see how Doc. Mercury works his brain.

Delightedly we go from page to page;
A style like this should be—say!—"All the rage."

"The Lakonian" Laconia, N. H.

Greetings from the Vergennes High
You will find us sticking by,
Waiting eagerly to scan
Next month's new "Lakonian."

"The Dial" Brattleboro, Vt.

Many times in days gone by
Has the "Dial" pleased our eye,
Fearsome now its spooky guise,
But we like it—otherwise.

"The Scribe" Hinesburg, Vt.

You've stories, essays, jokes and better rhymes
Than we can make. Guess we're "behind the times."

"The Chronicle"

Lyman Hall High School

Your "Chronicle" is quite complete
Your literary section neat.
Why not a Frenchy section, too,
As something foreign—"Parlez-vous?"

"Skool Nooze"

Randolph, Vt.

This paper surely takes our eye;
Beneath our math in Vergennes High
We slyly glimpse it through and through
And hope next time we'll hear from you.

"Lassell News" Auburndale, Mass.

An interesting leaf for folks to read,
Although a joke or two might serve the need
To give the jolly side of your "swell" school—
A bit of humor lightens every rule—
With that large honor roll and splendid club
The Lassell School no one would wish to "snub."

"Red and White" Rutland, Vt.

For news we turn to you in glee,
But other things we like, you see,
So print a story, two or more,
And you can take an A plus score.

"The Signboard" Bay Bath Institute

We like the "Signboard" very much,
Your big black titles being such
Important issues reach the eye
Before a chance to pass them by.

"The Peopleonian" Morrisville, Vt.

Exchange! Some information you could kindly add
We'd like to know if WE are very bad.

"The Spaulding Sentinel" Barre, Vt.

Your language section ought to win you praise—
Your clubs of Spanish, French, and Roman days.

Alumni Department

Margaret E. Bodette, '36, Editor

News Bulletin From U. V. M.

"Miss Gertrude Fishman, '32, of Vergennes, a Junior at the University of Vermont, received an average of 95% for the first semester college year."

Excerpt Concerning Robert Larrow, '32

"Word received from Worcester tells of the appointment of Robert W. Larrow to the position of news editor for 'The Tomahawk,' a weekly newspaper published by the students of Holy Cross College. In commenting on the appointment, the 'Tomahawk' says: 'Larrow, a graduate of Vergennes High School, of Vergennes, Vt., has been a high ranking student during his three years at Holy Cross, and in addition is a member of the Philomath, a lecture debater, and a member of the Vermont and 'Cross and Scroll' Clubs. His work on the 'Tomahawk' news board during the past year has been outstanding. Both his ability and his knowledge of editing qualify him for the position of news editor.'"

Class 1933

We have heard rumors of a pleasant surprise awaiting us in the future. The Class of 1933 are advertising a food sale for vacation week, the proceeds to be spent for an additional need in the new Gym. More will be made known in the near future.

Gift of Class 1934

Since our last issue of the Blue and White went to press, we have come into possession of the gift banner presented by the Class of 1934. It is hung in a conspicuous place in the Study Hall. Although it has been referred to in the School Activities of this paper, it is worthy of a second mention.

William H. Carter, Jr., '31

William H. Carter, Jr., '31, a Junior in Middlebury College, is Editor of the College Hand Book. This winter he was Assistant Manager of the Winter Sports at the College.

Lucile Wood, '29

It is with a very definite sense of loss to the Alumni Association, our High School and the community that we record the death, on the 29th of January, 1935, of Lucile Wood, '29.



THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS

Mildred Bruce, '34

Cold weather is too cold. I don't like it. I prefer a heated interior. Those who enjoy the out-of-doors in zero weather are wont to say, "You don't know what you're missing!" But I do, all too well, and count it a good miss. I have no room for regrets. It is much more enjoyable to be an interested observer on the inside.

What could be easier than a good book and a comfortable seat before an open fireplace? The only trouble is—in these modern days of steam heat it is more likely to be a seat before a radiator. But what's the difference?

Oh, I agree, cold weather has its good points, even if I seem to fail in appre-

ciation of them. Once in a while I like to get out and have a good snow-ball fight or go for a long tramp across the fields on snowshoes. When I am in an exalted mood, it is exhilarating to battle with the elements, but this is only occasionally.

When the wind howls like a lone wolf, and the storm rages, pelting the earth with geometrical figures in its fury, that's the time when I long for a Utopia with a perennial temperature of about ninety degrees in the shade.

My only consolation is the fact that I know the storm cannot enter my snug dwelling, and that summer will come again with its warming sunshine and lazy breezes.

Grinnery

Joan Casey, '36, Editor

Really Sad

Karl DeVine: "His stepfather died before Ben Jonson was born."

Tasteless, We Hope

We learn from Elmer Masters that "The Spy" deals with "internal" fiction.

Not Really?

Evelyn Lozo tells us that "Irving's father was a Scotchman and his mother an Englishman."

So We Noticed

Eunice: "I like to hear Lady Esther talk over the radio. She speaks so slowly and smoothly."

Jennie: "It always sounds to me as if it was put on."

Eunice: "I feel that she should talk that way—advertising cosmetics."

Jennie: "Well, those are put on too."

Radio Towers Too?

E. Beach: "Johnson strolled along touching the telephone poles."

You're Mistaken. It Was the Day Before!

Ray Morris: Benjamin Franklin died yesterday.

ZZ-ZZ-ZZ-ZZ-ZZ

Avery Palmer's quotation from Cavalier poetry:

"If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that SNORE above,
Enjoy such liberty."

In the Barn?

Question: "To dance the heels with nimble feet)—What is the meaning?"

Karl DeVine: Does it mean to dance on the hay?"

Birds of a Feather—

Vance Miller (Hastily glancing at the passage from "Macbeth"—"He's fathered and yet he's fatherless")—"He's feathered and yet he's featherless."

Exposed? ? ?

Catherine Thorpe: "She'd be exposed to the gaze of the pass-by-ers."

I'm Sorry—

Question: "What is scrofula?"

Wilbur Norton (hunting through paper on which definitions were written) "I had that yesterday."

Discovered—A New Number

Helen Van Ornum: "Richard became king in eleventeen eighty-nine and ruled until eleventeen ninety-nine."

Zim—Zigor—Zitality

Eleanor Gee (referring to a speaker who had addressed the assembly) "His speech lacked zigor."

Really Too Modest—Wasn't It? ?

Question: "What was Swift's 'Modest Proposal'?"

Answer (from an English 12 paper): "A young woman who admired Swift proposed to him. He wrote a book about this."

Was It Very Sharp?

Forrest Rivers: "His hair stood on edge."

Rock-a-bye—

Dorothy Clafin: Johnson's mother married a bricklayer when he was two years old.

Sad Bereavement

Parker Leonard: "The Indians took some relation to her scalp."

FOR THE NEW GENERATION

The banking service that satisfied your father and grandfather won't satisfy you.

Each generation makes new demands. We have made it our business to anticipate these demands and to be ready to fulfill any new banking need that arises.

If you are a progressive business man, this is the bank for you.

THE
National Bank of Vergennes
Member Federal Reserve System

C. L. HAIGHT
C. T. S. PIERCE INS. AGENCY
Established 1873
VERGENNES, VT.

COMPLIMENTS OF
DR. L. R. GOODRICH

Tel. 160

CALL
Slack's Market
FOR
ALL FOOD SUPPLIES



Tel. 134
Vergennes, Vt.

Young people on their way up
in the world who learn to be on
time usually make good.

Let our WATCHES, and ser-
vice assist you.

"Watch us for Watches"

W. H. & W. S. Bristol
JEWELERS

E. G. & A. W. Norton

ESTABLISHED 1868

COMPLIMENTS OF

Charbonneau & Baldwin

J. A. Harrington & Co.
INC.

Dealers In

HARDWARE

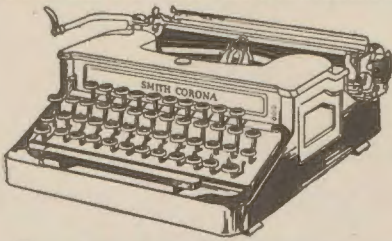
SPORTING GOODS

ROOFING, PAINT

And

LEONARD

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS



For school work, home or business use, Smith-Corona is the finest portable ever built. It is modernly designed, completely enclosed, solidly constructed, quiet in operation, and is the **ONLY** portable with the natural "piano key" action and the famous Smith Shift.

Finished in black, maroon or green—price complete with neat black carrying case, Corona, \$45; Smith-Corona, \$60, with tabulator \$65. On display and For Sale at

WARNER'S REXALL DRUG STORE

COMPLIMENTS OF

**MAX FISHMAN'S
DEPT. STORE**

LIGHT

HEAT

POWER

TIME

Green Mt. Power Corp.

Telephone
19

Vergennes
Main St.

Dr. Frank C. Phelps

Office Hours:

8 to 9 A. M.

1 to 2 P. M.

7 to 9 P. M.



Vergennes Bakery Bread

Customers go out of their way
To get food from Vergennes
Bakery

For low prices and quality.

We can also supply you with
sliced bread now.

COMPLIMENTS OF

W. J. STRONG

INSURANCE

COMPLIMENTS OF

DR. WATERMAN

S. L. Wendell

SHERWIN WILLIAMS
PRODUCTS
WALL PAPER
GLASS and HARDWARE
HANDY HOUSEHOLD
SUPPLIES
THE FAMOUS
ABC OIL BURNERS

We glaze your windows with
PURE WHITELEAD PUTTY

Robeson "ShurEdge"

CUTLERY IS FULLY GUARANTEED

WE HAVE A LARGE ASSORTMENT

TO CHOOSE FROM

J. W. & D. E. RYAN

SHELL PRODUCTS

ACCESSORIES

T. A. JONES

TEL. 48

GOODYEAR TIRES

EXIDE BATTERIES

FAME AND FORTUNE



Less than 5% of our population is college trained.

But collegians furnish more than 85% of the country's successful men.

Prepare to become one of the group that fame and fortune favor.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

BURLINGTON

DO NOT FORGET MOTHER

OUR ASSORTMENT OF DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES FOR MOTHER'S DAY, WILL SOON BE ON DISPLAY IN BOTH OUR NORTH AND SOUTH WINDOWS.



TIME TO BEGIN TO LOOK AROUND. A GIFT FOR THE GRADUATE THIS YEAR WILL NOT MEAN SO MUCH IN CASH, BUT, OH BOY! THE VALUE WILL BE THERE. WE INVITE YOU TO COME IN AND JOIN THE "PARADE." MAKE THE GIFT A LASTING ONE.

PARRY'S PHARMACY

