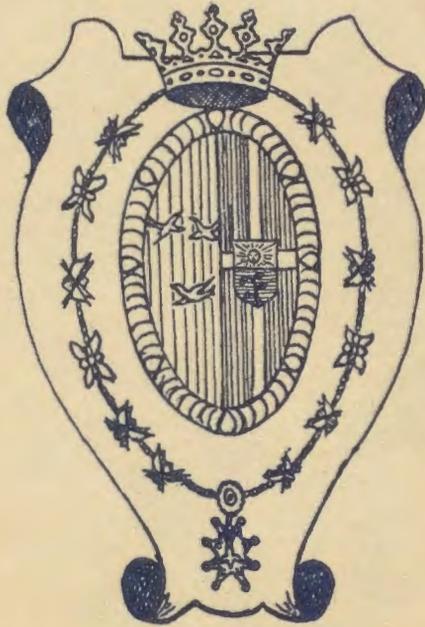
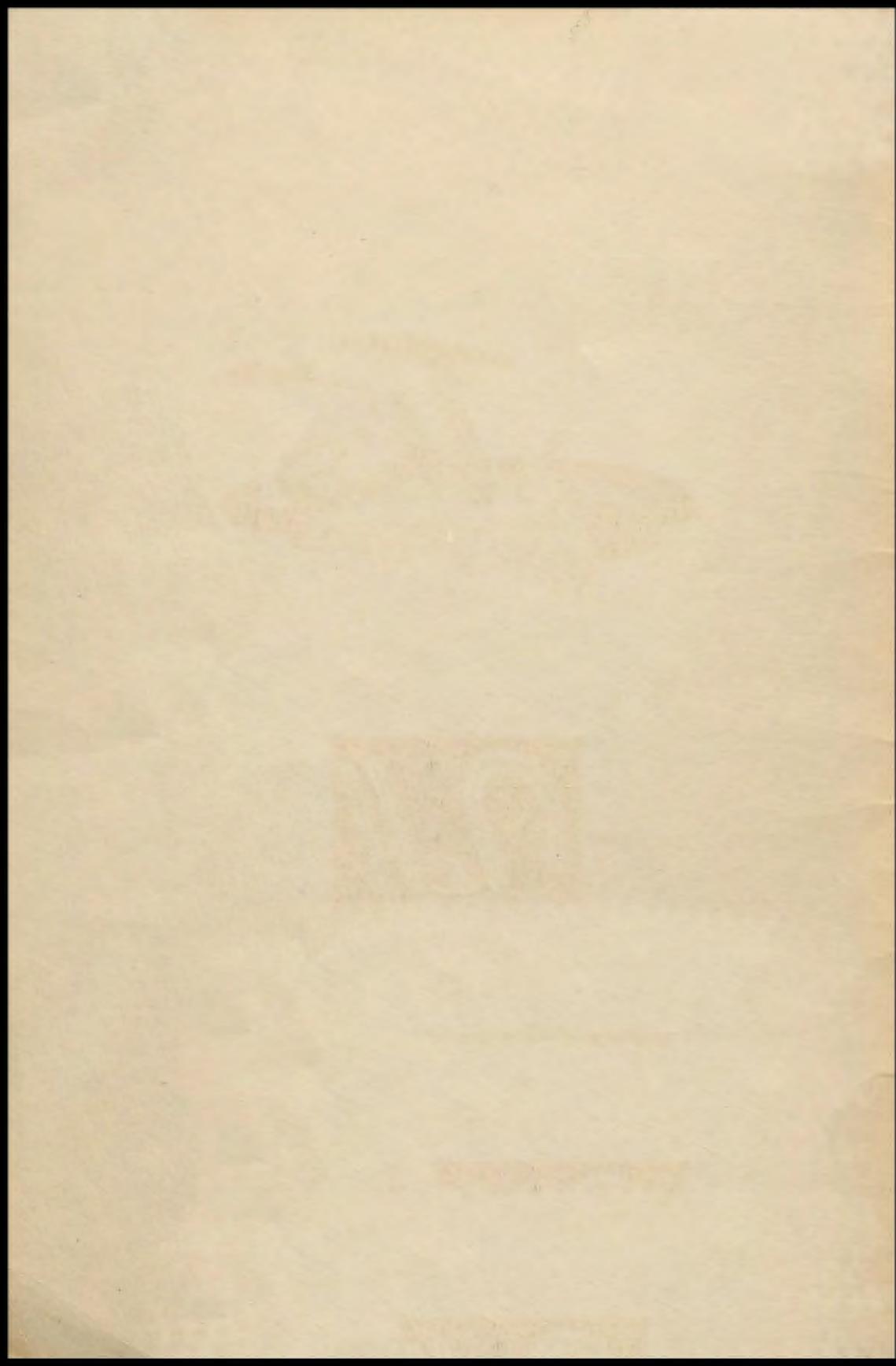


BLUE AND WHITE



VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL





BLUE AND WHITE

DECEMBER, 1940

VOL. 2, NO. 6

fall Issue

Published by the students of
Vergennes High School, Vergennes, Vt.

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VIEW AND REVIEW

—Your Editors

in this issue . . .

Press time for the Blue and White rolls around again and with it we offer another issue filled with the regular features and the added attraction of a short story contest. Also in this issue we have the regular Sports Departments, a new Grinnery handled by Cliff Austin, the Language Departments and a fine Literary section. We have also added a Junior High section. Hope you like it.

spotlight . . .

The "Spotlight" has started again and is using a different type of staff this year. There are only about eight on the staff as compared with a dozen or so last year. The editors think that this will eliminate last year's trouble of "too many fingers in the soup."

drill team . . .

The new drill team has been practicing twice a week now and will be in shape to do a few rounds of exhibition marching at the first game.

new uniforms . . .

The Girls' Basketball team will be outfitted in their new blue and white uniforms on the 26th when they meet the always dangerous Alumni. Both Varsities have new uniforms now and will be out there displaying them this Tuesday. Why not drop in and see what our V. H. S. Teams look like this year.

national anthem .

The Student Board plans to present recorded music before the games and before the Boys' game will offer the "Star Spangled Banner." Sounds like a good idea with 'things' the way they are now.



EDITORIALS

PAST AND FUTURE

Looking back over some old issues of the Blue and White I was surprised to see the changes that have come over our school since those times. They used to play baseball in the fall followed by basketball in the winter and then baseball again in the spring. It was back in these times that we used to turn out the championship teams. Needless to say you all have heard about the quintet that went into the state tournament not many years ago. In those days the faculty used to challenge the High School and battle it out on the local court. Speaking of basketball there was one game in which they flipped a nickle to see if the winning basket should be counted. (It did). In those days Vergennes High sported a debating team and from what old copies of the Blue and White said, they had a successful season beating the year before's state champions. The F. F. A. Fair was attended by six or seven hundred people.

But this is 1940: soon to be 1941, a new year. There's no time to ponder over the past. We must look at the present and plan for the future.

There's plenty in store for us this winter and with the cooperation of every student from Seniors to Sevens the coming school year should be profitable all around. Activities, benefits and basketball games are on deck and as they are yours they deserve your support.

M. F. I.

WHY PATROL?

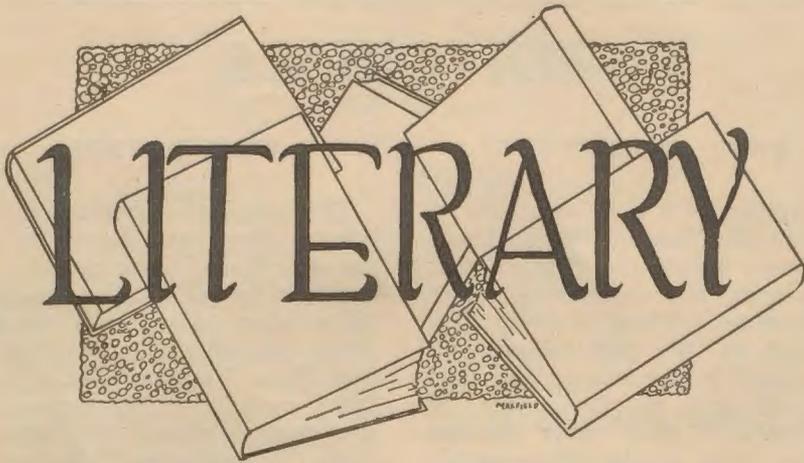
The patrol of our school has become really great. People all over the state know about us. For instance, a friend of mine was visiting another school and they asked where she was from. When she told them Vergennes,—they said, "Oh! you're from Vergennes. Are you on the patrol that won the State Championship?" So you see why a person in the school, whether or not in the patrol, should be proud of it.

The friendship between patrol members is a fine thing. They work together for one aim—Safety. The members of the patrol the united in an unusual bond of friendship. And there is unity in their deep feeling of pride and achievement.

There is more respect for discipline now in the school. The pupils admire those patrolmen who stand in the hall and try to have classes pass more quietly and without confusion, so that all classes may begin on time, and the children in the lower grades won't think the sky is falling.

The patrol is ambitious and determined to keep on top where they are now. Not just in their drill team, but in their record of keeping the graded children and the high school pupils safe. If they weren't ambitious would they have gone to Washington? No! They want to put Vergennes High School on the map, not for its drill team, but for its record in safety!

Katherine Norton



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

EDITOR, FRANCES RYAN, '41
ASSISTANT EDITOR, ELEANOR PUTNAM, '42

FIRST PRIZE A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ME

I am, I believe, just a plain, ordinary, and, I sincerely hope, typical American girl, and because I answer this description, I believe that a twenty-four hour autobiography of me should be interesting.

From twelve o'clock midnight until seven o'clock in the morning, because I am in the "arms of Morpheus," I cannot give any information about my activities, but I have been told that I do not walk, talk, or snore while sleeping.

Promptly at quarter to eight in the morning, my mother calls me from the foot of the stairs and informs me of the time. I roll over on my other side and begin to appreciate those short fifteen minutes before the Congregational church bells sing out the final summons. At this summons I jump

out of bed, and between yawns and stretches, dress in the cold room. In my wild attempt to dress in a hurry, I invariably put my sweater on wrong side out or misplace one of my clean socks. By the time I am completely and correctly dressed, I am thoroughly chilled by the cold air in my room.

The next step in my race against time is washing. Luckily enough, my mother and brother have long been through, and I have no need of fear of interruption. Finally getting down to business, I encounter such difficulties as getting soap in my eyes, letting the cap of my can of tooth powder roll under the bath tub, or dropping water on my skirt.

About twenty minutes after eight I arrive at the breakfast ta-

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ble and proceed to gulp down my grapefruit without spattering some of the juice in my eyes. Then I hurry down my toast and coffee, scanning the "Free Press" at the same time.

The next problem that confronts me is combing my hair, and if you had hair like mine, you'd realize what a struggle I go through. This, taking ten minutes, leaves me just about time to dab on some powder, and scoot over to Norton's to wait for Kay and Pat. They aren't half ready, and I realize I needn't have hurried nearly so much. After we all look for at least five minutes for Pat's Latin Composition book, she remembers that she left it at her grandmother's the night before. Bidding Mrs. Norton a hasty goodbye, Pat runs over to her grandmother's for her misplaced book, and Kay and I wait patiently on the corner for her.

When we reach Jimmy Allen's house, we see the safety patrolmen marching back to the schoolhouse, so we take one grand dash and get into school about two minutes after nine. Then we hang up our coats, apply the final touches to our hair, and join some gossiping group to learn the "latest."

About this time Mr. Goddard rings the buzzer, and we disperse to our home rooms. In the five minute period before the day actually begins, I steel myself for the following school hours, and then at the ringing of the buzzer, I push my way to the third floor and second year French. I glance quickly over the assigned lesson and realize that I haven't finished it. As fate would have it, I get called on for just the part which I'm not prepared in, but Jimmy Al-

len doesn't know his either so I feel a little bit justified. (Jimmy is such an extraordinary student).

At nine forty-five I make my way to Psychology in Room 3. Thank goodness we're discussing the boy and girl situation which doesn't call for any homework except a little common sense and, perhaps, a little experience. This class is always interesting because we talk about things that "strike home." When we really get down to "brass tacks" about "how to break a date," the buzzer officially ends second period, and the morning is half over.

Ah! for study hall and a few minutes of relaxation. But—I begin to think of the History and English classes that are yet to come. I haven't glanced at either, and the assignment for English looks like a full two periods of work. I decide to hope for one of Mr. Bemiss' better moods, and "sorta" bluff my way through History. By the time I have finished deducting this course of action, snatching a few glimpses out of the window, and running out to the hall for a drink of water, the period is half over, and I still haven't opened my English book. Fully aware that absence of home preparation and Mr. Mahoney's conception of a "moral student" don't agree, I buckle down to the task of getting two periods of work done in one-half of a period. I do all I can of it, which is about one-third, and, feeling rather self-satisfied about having all my home work ready, I stroll very assuredly into American History class. Before this period is over, there are usually two or three fiery political arguments so the time goes by quickly. When the noon shift

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patrol members leave at ten minutes to twelve, my spirits soar for I know that soon I'll be enjoying a good, hot meal.

Revived by an hour's rest and a satisfied appetite I start once more for V. H. S., and arrive there about quarter of one. This gives me a little time to linger in the corridor and see what goes on. When the buzzer rings, I go to my seat, and in trying to find my pencil, I usually manage to drop at least two books out of my desk onto the floor.

At the sign of fifth period, the the knowledge of my unfinished English assignment begins to bother me, but determined not to let a troubled countenance betray my timidity where Mr. Mahoney is concerned, I proceed nonchalantly to my seat and strengthen myself for the coming slaughter. Before class is dismissed, I am the victim of probably one verbal threat and two warning glances that I'd better behave myself "or else." (Much to my embarrassment he did "or else" me once.) English isn't as bad as I expected nor as difficult, and things don't go too badly. At quarter of two we file out of the room in true "convict-like" fashion.

Now I can really rest; my last three periods are all "studies." Little "Bugsy" Raymond and his mischievous antics usually provide the only diversion from either my sleep or my next day's French lesson. My last two "studies" I either nap or start some homework, but I figure that it's a long time before morning, so I don't bother very much with it. These last periods drag slowly, and by three forty-

five, I'm relieved that there's no more school until tomorrow.

I go home by way of the post office and the bowling alleys, ordinarily spending about an hour in the latter. I finally reach home around five o'clock, and turn on the radio to find some good music to accompany my letter-writing or the finishing of my French.

After supper, and "Jack Armstrong," thoroughly worn out after such a trying day, I lay down for an hour or so, asking my mother to wake me if I should happen to fall asleep, at eight o'clock. My dear little brother usually wakes me by slamming a door or something of a similar character before it even is seven thirty. Then I call for Kay and Pat and we take a walk up to the bowling alleys to see who's there, and to try to find somebody whose score is lower than our own. This gets boring about half-past nine, so we go back to my house and talk for another hour. About this time Kay's mother comes over to tell the girls that, because they had been out five nights last week, she thinks it would be a good idea for them to get to bed early for a change.

After they leave, my mother bids me a fond goodnight, and a warning suggestion that I'd do well to retire soon myself. About eleven o'clock I trudge my weary way to my room and another night's sleep, which I help to come more quickly by reading some good "thriller."

Thus ends my typical daily "grind."

Mabel Badger, '41

SECOND PRIZE

"FAITHFUL FOREVER"

Slowly and reluctantly Bob went slinking down the dark hall. He stopped short before a door and, making sure no one was in sight, swiftly entered. Rain was splashing against the windows and old antique objects loomed up in the dark corners of the huge room, making the setting all the more depressing. At an especially large and colorfully carved desk sat a withered old white-haired man with a pair of dark specks halfway down his nose. Piles of old books and stacks and papers surrounded him. Overhead a large, odd shaped light threw its rays over the weird scene. Bob crossed the room and "ploped" down behind a desk, to enjoy his headache in solitude. This underhanded business was too much for him, he resolved to reform, but how could he change what had already happened. An old grandfathers clock in the farthest corner ticked off the seconds. Bob had been thirty minutes early today, the first time in two years. As the clock boomed forth the hour, men started straggling in by singles and pairs. Each man, after paying tribute to the withered little man, silently took his place at his desk. Some were in the large room and others scattered through the smaller side rooms. The big job came off tonight and Bob was extremely restless. It was impossible to concentrate on the work before him, his thoughts ran to unpleasant things, maybe he would land with a bullet through his head tonight, but after all noth-



ing mattered much. The dreary morning dragged on and finally Bob left for lunch. As he stepped off the steps of the gray stone building, set back from the walk, he ran square into a greasy looking middle-aged woman, who seemed to be waiting for someone. Immediately one dirty hand grabbed his coat lapel and held him firmly, while with the other she searched vainly for something in her tattered purse. Finally locating it she gave him a dirty square of paper and without a word vanished out of sight. Bob stared stupidly after her with his hand outstretched, still clasping the square of paper. He stuffed the paper into his pocket, and proceeded to lunch. "Jean's Diner," was a small restaurant on the corner, where he frequently stopped, and he made straight for the door without as much as glancing either way. As he entered he pulled his soft felt hat still lower over his eyes and made his way to the farthest corner booth. A fiery red-headed waiter bustled up to him, holding his little pad and

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pencil at arms length. Bob ordered a modest luncheon and after the waiter had left, went digging into his overcoat pocket for the small scrap of paper. He finally found it and spread it out on the table before him. In an uneducated, foreign scrawl were these words, "Roses with funeral emblem \$2.50 a dozen or regular roses \$2.00." He crumpled the paper, than with a puzzled frown smoothed it carefully into his purse. Soon the red-headed waiter appeared with Bob's lunch and slowly spread it out before him. He leisurely devoured his lunch, then pulled on his overcoat and hat, strolled over to the counter and threw down his check with the money. He made his way through the crowd of business men just coming in and as he reached the street he noticed the rain had ceased. The sun was trying to peer through the clouds that were smothering it. Bob felt like the sun; rather smothered. Discouraged with everything, he went back to his work. The afternoon seemed much longer than the morning and he got even less work done. One of the men in another room ran a small radio all afternoon and the static added to his already fierce headache. Then an immense black angora cat came in and curled up on the top of a stack of books and looked at him, as a judge would, from his high seat, accusing him. After smoking a couple of packs of cigarettes, Bob started chewing the eraser on his pencil. The afternoon wore on and at about ten of five he grabbed his coat and jammed on his hat and was about to leave when a tall, lean, dark-haired man with an air of independence, came striding into the dimly lighted room. Bob

dropped his coat on the nearest chair and threw his hat which luckily reached the hook. With much courtesy and many gestures Bob ushered him to the most uncomfortable chair in the place, hoping his stay would be short. The stranger informed Bob he had come to establish a new account. Bob sat down and disgustedly drew out his books and pen, which he deposited on the desk before him. After going through the procedure of opening an account, the stranger made a very welcome down payment and took his departure. Bob made sure the scrap of paper was in his pocket and proceeded to take his leave of the little man behind the huge carved desk. He made his way down the winding street where twilight was beginning to creep in. He barely reached the subway in time to hear the conductor call, "Train leaving on track 54 in two minutes." Bob made a dive for the stairs and took the whole flight in three strides. The ride downtown never seemed so long before; it was agonizing. Bob just couldn't get interested in the evening paper, so he occupied himself by reading the station signs along the way. Finally after what seemed ages he reached his stop and grabbing the nearest belt swung himself to the door. He made his way slowly but surely to the small foreign florists on one of the busiest corners of the city. The florist's shop gaily decorated with many gorgeous flowers was pretty well jammed with people. Bob sought a quiet corner and waited patiently for the shop to clear. The crowd soon dwindled and Bob sauntered up to old Pedro, the shop keeper. He thrust the dirty scrap of paper at

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him and uttered one word, "Here!" Pedro took the paper and immediately disappeared into the damp, back room where his choicest flowers were kept. Bob stood silently waiting and soon Pedro appeared with a large oddly shaped package wrapped in green waxed paper. Bob handed him a five spot and nervously left the shop. Only one word has passed between them. Being compelled to wait fifteen minutes for the next bus, Bob's nervous fingers fringed the edge of the wax paper. When the bus finally came, all the seats were taken and he had to balance himself in the aisle by the one flimsy strap that was unoccupied. After a dozen red lights and a few other stops to take on passengers, they finally reached the suburbs and Bob got out on the corner of a quiet little street. Bob's nervousness had not subsided for the worst task was yet to come. Would he escape in one piece? By this time his footsteps were lagging dreadfully. Only three more houses down, would he ever live to tell the story? Finally he reached a beautiful little cottage sur-

rounded by rich green lawns and small patches of flowers here and there. It was a white cottage with royal blue blinds, and had a trellis over the door leading into the garden. Bob opened the little white gate and walked up the walk with his head down. As he opened the door he caught the smell of his favorite chowder cooking, but didn't hear a sound. He walked very silently through the house and found his wife in the kitchen setting the table. He took her by the shoulders, led her into the front room, gently pushed her down on the studio couch and sank down beside her. He very gingerly placed the oddly shaped package in her lap. Bob's wife, Ellen, eyed him up and down and asked curiously, "What's the matter Bob, didn't things go well at the office today?" Scarcely above a whisper Bob mumbled, "I have a dreadful confession to make to you, Ellen. I've been keeping something from you, I hope you will understand and try to forgive me. I went to the movies last night instead of lodge."

Sylvia M. Yattaw,

HONORABLE MENTION

LATE

You wake up suddenly on a cold winter's morn. Your clock says 7:45 and you're at your office at 8:15 or else! You leap out of bed and dress in 1 minute. You gallop downstairs to get breakfast ready. You find the electricity turned off; thus putting the stove and toaster out of commission.

You cram down a sandwich and a dish of cold cereal with a glass of milk to top it off with. You slam on your hat and scramble into your coat. You hurry to the garage only to find the fire dead and your car frozen up. You thaw it out in 5 minutes, only to discover you haven't enough gas to

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get to town with. You fill the tank, leap in and are finally off at 8:20. You "tramp" on the gas, 60, 70, 75, 80; you slew into a corner just as a faint whee'e of a siren reaches your ears. 85, 90, 95, and she's way to the floor. You zip into town at 8:25 and screech to a stop in front of your office! You take the stairs three at a time as a police car comes to a sharp stop outside.

You sink into your chair as the boss enters smiling. "Fred, you saved me a \$1,000 prize by being late. If the fellow who gave it to me knew I had a secretary employed he wouldn't have given me the money. I'm going to give you a big raise." You think to yourself "I'll sure need it to pay that fine for speeding."

W. Spooner, '44

DEMOCRACY TO ME—



While history is being made in Europe and Asia, and the maps of the world are being changed, we in the United States have been campaigning for a new leader to lead our government. It has been impressed upon this year more than ever before, how necessary it is to choose wisely.

Our Democracy was built on the hopes and aspirations of down-trodden peoples. In America they found peace and they hoped their children would grow up to enjoy life without constant threat of war.

Government has never seemed very near to us young people; we take things for granted. But in war

torn Europe children are suffering because a few dictators want to rule the world. I think it makes us very conscious of our own good fortune, such as, freedom of speech and press, secret vote, own choice of religion and protection from invasion; and it is hard to understand why anyone would ever want to do anything to destroy our form of government.

We listened to speeches on the radio by different speakers all very sure they knew the best way to do things and keep us out of war. Sometimes it was very confusing, but I hoped that in the election the best man would win. I hope that he who has won, will be strong and loyal and will lead us safely through these troublesome times.

Elsie Little, '43

"DEFEAT BRINGS VICTORY"

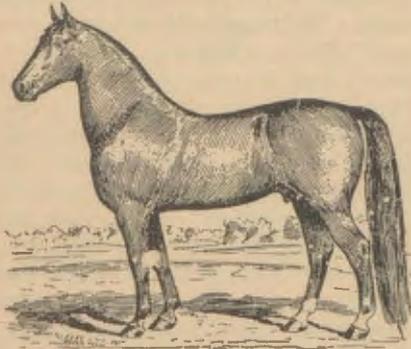
Aleda White, '41

Night wind lifted radiant heat from the sun-baked rocks and earth. Alders banking a tiny stream swayed restlessly. Across the small stream beyond a thicket stood a horse, a shiny, black mus-

tang. His coat, satin smooth, gleamed in the moonlight and his body formed a silhouette against the bright moon. His head was highly arched and one could easily see that no bit had ever curbed

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his proud mouth and no saddle cinch had ever spanned his swelling ribs. He was unquestionably a vibrant, glowing beauty, with shining dark eyes topped by a wide-flung forelock.



A number of wild horses dotted the prairie, many of them fine animals, but none had the fire, beauty, and proud spirit of the black.

With the breaking dawn came the sound of thudding hoofs. A group of men rode up, rounded up the group of mustangs and drove them ahead. Over the prairie and down into the high side walls of a deep canyon where at the foot was a corral with spreading wings at the lower ends. Through the gate the horses were driven, then the gate was closed holding them prisoners.

In the group were savage stallions, terrified and dangerous. Their vicious screams pierced the air. There were many who received much attention, but the men's eyes lingered on the black stallion. Each was hoping secretly in his heart that he would be the one to attempt to break him. It would be a desperate struggle for it was plain to see that this horse was a true lover of freedom, a leader and fighter. The men

termed him "Panther" because of his obvious ferocity, and his graceful, black body.

In mid-afternoon a man about forty came swinging down the path to the corral. Powerful hands hung like steel hooks at the end of his arms, which were like a gorilla's in length, girth, and hairiness. Cool, black eyes burned deep in their sockets. A scar seared his cheek from eye to chin. Its healing had puckered up one corner of his lips in a perpetual leer. The men called him "Surefire" because of his certainty. He would ride Panther—and attempt to break him. He always rode those which he chose to because he was the best rider on the ranch and also because he did about as he wished. He had a great love for horses and was friendly toward the men yet he had a strange habit of defeating all those who crossed his path or the consequences were—death! He could never face defeat!

Upon reaching the corral Surefire stopped. "Hello boys"—came from a deep voice within him. The men returned his greeting in chorus. He leaned on the corral gate and his burning eyes darted over the group of mustangs and singled out the black. Something told him that this horse was spectacular. He tightened his belt, adjusted his spurs and chaps and taking a rope from the saddle house he prepared to catch Panther. The men watched intently. Around and around the corral until the swinging lasso coiled around the glossy black neck of the mustang. A furious scream broke from the horse's throat and he struggled to free himself.

(Continued in the next issue)

WHY?

The night was cold. The wind, like a spent runner, moaned among the trees. I stood at the top of the hill looking out over the dark valley, which unrolled itself invitingly, almost too invitingly at my feet. The trees behind me stood out like sentinels in the moonlight. The moon cast a forboding shadow over this valley. Why was I ever talked into setting foot in this heartless valley? Why hadn't I taken Bob's advice and refused? I was a fool, yes an everyday fool. Here I am chasing a false trail—**What was that?**—there by the house? A man crawling, dragging himself over the uneven ground. His face shone a sickly white, and that brilliant scarlet splash over his eye. As if that wasn't enough, the long gruesome "death call" of the coyote echoed across the empty valley and resounded back, seeming to encircle me with its blanket of death. My heart was pounding. Cold, weakening sweat broke out all over me. The muscles in my back twitched. Turn and run, get out of this valley while there is still time. Turn, run, **run, RUN!** No! That man needs my help. Some unexplainable force seemed to draw me closer and closer to that helpless figure there on the ground. Before I realized it, I was bending over him, looking down into that suffering face, deeply furrowed with painful wrinkles. **OH!** My stomach kneaded, my pulse quickened; that cold

sweat broke out again. I turned away. Then I steeled myself, and returned my eyes to this horrible sight. Here on the ground, spasmodically twitching, trying to crawl and drag himself away from the house, was the remains of a man. His chest was bare and thin from lack of nourishment. His face fascinated me, and again my attention centered on it. This man was going through torture, cruel torturing hell. He writhed back and forth on the ground trying desperately to shake something—death? I knew from my experiences in the last war that death was near. I must help him, I must! I was on my knees before. I could stop myself, gently picking up his battered body which under the circumstances was surprisingly light, and turned toward the majestic hill behind me. The coyote helped matters along with another eerie yowl. I reached the hill; the man was trying to talk. His voice came forth thickly, as if it were oppressed and stifled by feather beds. I leaned closer and in doing so smeared the side of my face with the sticky and still warm blood, but somehow I didn't care now, for I knew the man had passed away. I rose to my knees and looked skyward, at the round large yellow shield on the dark wall of the sky; at the frosty stars and offered a questioning prayer.

You see this man was—my **brother!**

M. Irwin.

"VERGENNES CAN BE BEAUTIFUL"

The location of Vergennes is a distinct advantage where beauty is concerned. It is laid in a rolling valley in the midst of the Green Mounains, thus it is surrounded by hazy green in summer, and a glistening white in winter, which gives it the choice of being a jewel in a setting or a dirty splotch which mars the beauty of its surroundings. At this time, although it isn't exactly a dirty splotch, Vergennes could certainly be improved upon.

Perhaps if we painted all the rubbish cans or containers on Main Street a bright red, our townspeople would be aware of their presence. Still, it hardly seems that this is necessary. The containers are not there for their beauty, nor are they intended for leaning posts. They are for papers and other refuse—that undesirable trash, which inevitably finds its way to our sidewalks and streets. Let us, for our own good and that of others, try to remember to put our rubbish in its proper place. Every scrap of candy paper and every worn out quid of gum in our rubbish cans is the evidence of good citizenship and cooperation.

Of course people who pass through Vergennes see its en-

trances. The two main entrances to Vergennes are in rather bad shape, especially the North one. This starts out with an underpass, gains headway with an unlovely railway station and two equally unlovely milkplants, and reaches a climax in a gully through which runs a sluggish stream of sewage and refuse from milkplants. There is no excuse for this. Certainly something can be done to improve the looks of this vicinity.

Last comes the problem of clean homes, which is doubly the responsibility of a private citizen. Naturally it is absurd to expect the city to take care of our homes. That is our task and our contribution toward making the community a better place in which to live. We may not be able to paint our buildings, but we can at least keep ashes and old cans from accumulating on our premises. We can keep our lawns free from scattered playthings, and our grass mowed.

With good spirit and lots of hard work on the part of the citizens, Vergennes can be BEAUTIFUL!

Pearl Ayer, '41



JUNIOR HIGH DEPARTMENT

EDITOR AUDRY TUCKER

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING

The Pilgrims had been in the new world for nearly a year. They had had a hard, cold winter and in the spring they had planted many things. All through the summer they watched their crops because they knew that their lives depended on them. The crops grew very good in the fertile soil and in the fall they harvested the crops. They had such an abundance of things that they decided to have a feast. Governor Bradford sent four men out to kill wild birds.

They visited the friendly Indians who had helped them keep alive the winter before and invited them to come. They came all dressed up in their native costumes and brought many different foods. The feast lasted three days.

It was only a state affair until Lincoln became president and from then on the celebration was the last Thursday in November.

Martha Partch,
Class 8

THE TWO SPARROWS

One day on my way to school I saw two sparrows fighting over whose house that was in the tree over yonder. They pecked at each other. After a while one of the sparrows fell to the ground, the other one went in the house. I went over and picked up the sparrow and he was still breathing. I took the sparrow home with me

and gave it some bread and water and a warm bed also. After a few days the bird was all right and was flying. One day when the windows were open it flew out. A few days later I saw the bird flying around as happy as could be.

Ellen Hallock,
Class 7

TO AN ACORN

Little acorn, I will plant thee
Down beside my garden wall.
Mother Earth will hold you safely
While you grow to an oak so
tall.

Margaret Little,
Class 7

BLUE AND WHITE

LEO'S ILLNESS

John Hall was whistling as he turned at the gate of his little home, only to be met by John Hall, Jr., with a very long face.

"What's the matter, Sonny?" he asked, thinking some little thing was bothering the boy more than was necessary.

"Leo's very sick," said the boy, "Mother sent for the doctor who gave him a dose of medicine and said nothing more could be done for him."

As Mr. Hill and Junior went into the house they met the rest of the family almost in tears. They said all Leo could do was lie there and whimper and he wasn't expected to live 'till the next morning.

Nobody ate much dinner and they choked on what they did eat.

Mr. Hill went back to the office

after dinner but the family telephoned him saying Leo was not any better. Finally he got permission from the manager to go home. As he turned through the gate he thought of all the things Leo used to do. He thought of Leo and John playing together, of Leo bringing home the paper and sometimes groceries. But just then the door opened and Leo and John came running out to meet him.

"Leo's all better. The doctor says the poison he got hold of has worked off and he's all better," shouted Junior.

Leo, the half-grown puppy, ran up to Mr. Hall and jumped on him joyfully.

Frances Casey,
Class 8

AN UNEXPECTED THANKSGIVING DINNER

One day as Sonny, Betty and Dick were playing in the leaves, and were picking out some of the prettiest ones to bring in to show Baby Jack, who was only two years old, Betty spied something shiny. "I wonder what this is?" thought Betty.

As the Smith family was very poor, Betty probably would have been more happy if she had known what this really was. As she kept poking around in the leaves, she found four more of these shiny little buttons, as she called them.

Betty started digging it out but she did this very carefully so that her two brothers wouldn't spy her and claim the valuable possession

before she could gather it up and take it safely home.

When Betty had her treasure under control she said to Dick and Sonny, "Well, boys, I guess I'll go home. I'm awful tired of paying in the leaves, and besides mother said not to play too long as we might catch cold because the leaves are damp!"

"That's the girl of it," said the boys almost at the same time, "you're a sissy. We're going to stay here and play awhile."

Betty rushed in the house and yelled as loud as she could, "Mother, come here and see my treasure, oh, it's wonderful!"

"Please be quiet, Betty," in-

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

sisted her mother, "Jack is still asleep. He is dreaming of what a wonderful dinner he is going to have tomorrow, but I'm afraid his dream won't come true because your father hasn't had any work for three weeks now."

"But Mother, I've been trying to tell you, I found something in the leaves."

What is it dear? Let me see it. Why it's five silver dollars! Come child, tell me where did you find them?"

"Why mother, do you mean th-that's money, and it's good? Oh! I can't believe it and I found it in my own yard. Isn't it just grand?"

When the boys came in from

their play they were told the wonderful story and were sent back to the village for provisions for their Thanksgiving dinner.

On the morning of November 28th, mother was very sorry to say that Dick and Sonny would not be able to get out of bed as they both had terrible colds due to the fact that they didn't mind Betty.

But the dinner was enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Baby Jack and Betty.

"We'll save you each a leg of the turkey," called Betty to her two brothers as she happily went on eating her dinner.

Phyllis Mack.
Class 8

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day! Thanksgiving Day!
The best day in the year,
We'll have a feast and a lot of fun,
And it is almost here.

I cannot wait for it to come,
We'll skate and slide, and sing
Thanksgiving Day! Thanksgiving Day!
That one and only thing.

We do not care if it's clear or stormy,
We'll run about and keep so warmy,
The wind will blow, and screech and howl,
And we will have a feast on fowl.

Thanksgiving Day! Thanksgiving Day!
We look for such a treat,
And once again we'll have a feast
On cranberry sauce and meat.

Betty Norton,
Class 7

EXCHANGE

EDITOR, RUTH MERRILL, '41



The Blue and White expects to exchange school papers with the following schools:

- Westerly High School,
Westerly, R. I.
- Wilmington High School,
Wilmington, Vt.
- Enosburg High School,
Enosburg Falls, Vt.
- South Royalton High School,
South Royalton, Vt.

- Poultney High School,
Poultney, Vt.
- Spaulding High School,
Barre, Vt.
- Burlington High School,
Burlington, Vt.
- Richmond High School,
Richmond, Vt.
- Shelburne High School,
Shelburne, Vt.
- Winooski High School,
Winooski, Vt.
- Albany Business College,
Albany, N. Y.
- North Troy High School,
North Troy, N. Y.
- Chateaugay High School,
Chateaugay, N. Y.
- There are many other schools with whom we hope to exchange.

AUTUMN

Autumn comes but once a year.
When it comes it brings us cheer,
Of leaves that fall upon the
ground,
Upon the ground without a
sound.
And as they fall from year to
year,
They herald winter cold and clear.

Harry Stebbins,
Class 8

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

V. H. S.

SPORTS

EDITOR, EUNICE WASHBURN, '41

EDITOR, STUART HAVEN, '41

ASSISTANT EDITOR, WILLIAM FULLER, '42



GIRLS

The official basketball season opened on November 4th, by a meeting called by Coach Agnes Wheeler, of all the girls interested in this sport.

They are according to classes:

Seniors

Frances Ryan
Ruth Merrill
Alta Beach
Aleda White

Juniors

Dorothy Fuller
Margaret Hawkins
Anita Barrows
Dorothy Danyow
Eleanor Shephard

Sophomores

Catherine Norton
Helen Barrows

Freshmen

Janet Young
Diana Griffis
Eleanor Ringer
Theresa Poulin
Patricia Purcell

On November 26th the Girls' Varsity in their new suits, meet the Alumni.

The following is a tentative schedule for the first part of the season. The rest of the dates have not been settled:

December 19: Bristol: T
January 17: Milton: H
January 24: Essex Jct.: T
January 31: Milton: T
February 14: Bristol: H
Manager: Irene Kingman: '43

BOYS

BASKETBALL OUTLOOK

Basketball practice got underway with thirty candidates reporting to the coaches. Practice was delayed two weeks, because the Gym floor had to be refinished, but the coaches drove the team to make up for lost time. The team has high hopes for a successful season in spite of the fact that only three lettermen of last season are returning to the court. Of the thirty candidates, about eighteen worked for varsity positions and

of these Coach Mahoney picked twelve for varsity uniforms. The others will go to the Junior Varsity under the instruction of Mr. Bemiss.

New League This Year

The team is entered in a new Class B league this year. The league will help pick the teams for the Class B tournament and the winner of the Champlain Valley League will have a good chance for tournament selection.

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

The Schedule

- Dec. 19—V. H. S. at Bristol
Jan. 10—V. H. S. at Essex Jct.
Jan. 17—Milton at V. H. S.
Jan. 21—Weeks School at V. H. S.
Jan. 24—Essex Jct. at V. H. S.
Jan. 31—V. H. S. at Milton
Feb. 7—V. H. S. at Weeks School
Feb. 14—Bristol at V. H. S.

Although the dates have not been definitely set, V. H. S. also expects to play Middlebury, Brandon, Winooski, D. K. A. Fraternity of Middlebury College, either Shelburne or Hinesburg and also either Beeman's or Newton's Aca-

demy. The first game with the Alumni is scheduled for Nov. 26, and the date for the Winooski game is set for Dec. 10.

Junior Varsity

The Junior Varsity under the coaching of Mr. Bemiss is expected to have a Banner season. The players are small but cagey. The games so far scheduled are:

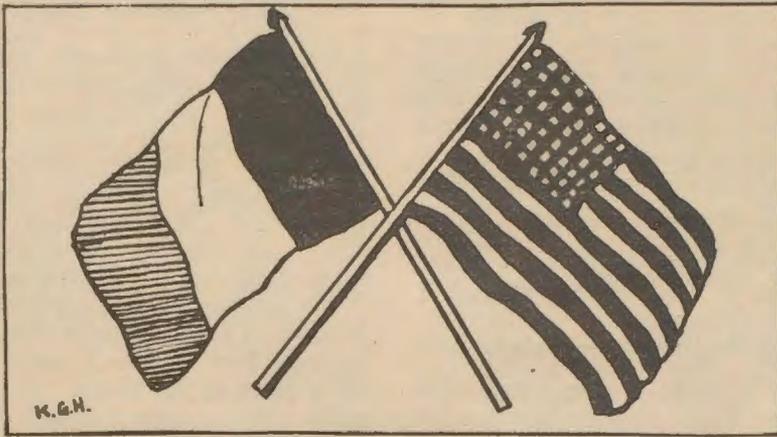
- Jan. 10—Vergennes at Essex Jct.
Jan. 21—Weeks School at Vergennes.
Feb. 7—Vergennes at Weeks School.

Other dates haven't been set.

SUNDAY MORNING CRITIC

The lights are bright, the night clubs are many and varied;
The people are making merry with music and dancing.
Over the city the spirit of youth has descended,
Stirring the hearts of the people with pulsing excitement;
Sending them scurrying wildly here and there aimless;
Now to the bar, now to dance, now to the movies,
Only to be off again, hunting for fun and adventure.
Nobody cares for the last ultimatum from Hitler,
Crushing some innocent nation with powerful armies.
He fills his place like a name in a book, or man at the office;
Meaning nothing here, where urban night life is the master.
On tread the tireless feet, till the east is streaked with the morning.
Clubs close and cash rings loud in the tender's pockets;
Wandering feet turn homeward, and sweethearts are parting.
Many come home and say "hello" to the milkman,
Then go to sleep and awake sometime after ten.
Over their breakfasts of English muffins and coffee
They read in the "Times," brought hours before by the paper boy,
How a war had been fought and won while they had been dancing,
And are shocked when they think of a war being fought in their city.
They speak of the people who spent the night hunting for pleasures;
Call them fools for not spending their time at defending their city;
They say this, ne'er thinking they are one of the fools that they speak
of.

Charles Ballantyne, '41



LE DEPARTMENT FRANCAIS

EDITOR, ALTA BEACH, '41

ASSISTANT EDITOR, ALMA HISSONETTE, '43

Conversation en classe

La maitresse: Allez au tableau et indiquez les voyelles dans le mot "demonstratif."

Charles: Les voyelles sont e-a-i-o.

La maitresse: Très bien. Alors allez à votre place.

Marie, mettez le livre sur le plancher et cherchez le bout de ficelle.

Marie: Je mets le livre sur le plancher. Voici la ficelle.

La maitresse: Merci, Marie. Alors levez la fenêtre, s'il vous plait.

Marie: La fenêtre est ouverte.

La maitresse: L'école est fermée maintenant. (Les élèves vont à la maison).

Allan Gaines, '41
French I

Un Jour d'automne

C'est aujourd'hui le 24 octobre. Il fait très beau, et ici à Ver-

gennes, Vermont les feuilles manquent déjà aux arbres. Les cimes de montagnes sont couvertes de neige. Dans ces beaux jours le lac Champlain est très bleu.

Tout le monde est occupé de l'école ou leur travail. Le samedi et le dimanche on aime faire une promenade dans la campagne ou faire une promenade dans l'automobile avec sa famille. Nous de New England aimons notre été de la Saint Martin, et je pense que nous apprécions ces miracles de nature.

Oui, Vermont est certainement un beau endroit ces jours.

Mabel Badger, '41
French II

Marthe et Henri

Marthe est une petite fille qui demeure à Bordeaux. Elle demeure avec sa Grandmère et son Grand-père. Elle n'a pas une maman ou un papa. Ils sont à la guerre.

Henri est le frère de Marie. Il demeure aussi avec sa Grandmère et son Grandpère. Il a dix-sept ans. L'année prochaine il ira à la guerre. Mais maintenant il est à la maison avec Marie.

Marthe aime son frère. Elle ne veut pas que son frère Henri aille à la guerre.

Katherine Norton, '43
French I

La Punition d'un voleur

Jean a regardé longtemps les cerises. Elles étaient grosses et rouges. Elles avaient l'air très bonnes. Jean avait très faim. Aucun n'était près de lui. Il s'est mis à ramasser les cerises et il a mangé pour une demi-heure. Tout à coup il s'est mis à sentir un peu malade, ainsi il a marché à sa maison très lentement. Il a dit à sa mère qu'il ne voulait pas de souper. Elle l'a regardé et lui a dit qu'il ne pourrait pas aller au cinéma le soir. Jean était content de se coucher tout de suite. Est-il possible qu'il ait mangé trop de cerises?

Frances Ryan, '41
French II

Au Salon

Maman tricote au salon. Alors Pierre et Madelein entrent. Madeleine pleure. Elle veut que Pierre joue avec sa poupée. Mais il ne veut pas jouer avec elle. Pierre veut jouer avec sa bicyclette. Maman dit que Pierre ne veut pas être une petite fille et jouer avec la poupée. Il veut être comme papa. Mais elle dit que Madeleine peut être sa petite bonne et l'aide à préparer le dîner pour papa et Pierre.

Alma Bissonette, '43
French I

La Première Neige

La première neige est venue le 19 octobre. Nous avons déjà eu deux glaciers et les nuits ont été très froides. Un matin quand nous nous sommes réveillés, nous avons vu un manteau de neige sur la terre, et les fleurs desséchées à terre. Il y avait deux grands oiseaux dont les pieds étaient gelés. Nous sommes allés à l'école à neuf heures. Quand nous sommes retournés à la maison à midi le soleil a paru et la neige avait disparu. Ainsi nous avons décidé qu'il n'était pas encore l'hiver.

James Allen, '43
French II

La Famille à la maison

Papa et Philippe sont assis. Ils regardent Marie qui joue avec son chat. Grand'mère tricote. Marie dit—Allez chercher la balle, Raton. Raton court après la balle.

—Je n'aime pas tricoter, dit Grand'mère. Cherchez le journal, s'il vous plait, Philippe. Il passe à la salle à manger mais mamam dit que le dîner est servi. Grand'mère Marie, et Papa passent à la salle à manger. Alors ils sont assis à la table.

Après le dîner papa regarde le journal avec Marie et Philippe. Les enfants aiment les illustrations.

Ruth Jerry, '43
French I

Le Petit Paquet

Maman a donné à Robert un sou parce qu'il a lavé les vaisselles pour elle. Il aime beaucoup la friandise comme tous les petits garçons. Il est allé fierement au magasin avec le sou pour acheter de bonnes friandises. Ayant cherché dans le vitrine il n'a pas dé-

BLUE AND WHITE

cidé laquelle à prendre. Il y a les friandises de bleu, rouge, vert et toutes les autres couleurs. Il y a aussi les friandises de toutes formes et grandeurs. Enfin il a décidé d'acheter un petit paquet, qui était plus petit que les autres. Il a reçu une récompense. Il y a dans le paquet un morceau de friandise et un sou nouveau. Ceci montre que les bonnes choses viennent dans les petits paquets.

Marjorie Rider, '41,
French II

Madame est servie

Après que la bonne dit—Madame est servie, ils vont à table dans la salle à manger. Josette

dit—Passez l'eau, s'il vout plait.

—Voici l'eau, dit Michel.

Ils mangent quand la bonne apporte le rôti. Papa coupe le rôti. Il le passe à Maman, à Josette, et à Michel. La bonne apporte une tarte aux cerises. Maman coupe la tarte en morceaux. Michel a un grand morceau mais Josette a un petit morceau. Michel plie sa serviette et passe au salon. Josette va après lui. Maman et papa restent à table mais bientôt ils passent au salon aussi. Ils trouvent que Josette joue avec sa poupée et Michel lit un livre. Papa dit le journal et Maman tricote.

Georgette Ward, '43
French I

OUR ANCESTORS, THE PILGRIMS

Many a hundred years ago
In the chilly month of November,
A ship came sailing to the shores of Cape Cod
Bearing people we must always remember.

They all came in the Mayflower
For the land of Freedom to find,
And in its cabin when they reached our shore
Is where the "Mayflower Compact" was signed.

These people were the Pilgrims,
Pilgrims who toiled hard each day,
These are the ones who should receive our thanks
When we all give thanks on "Thanksgiving Day."

Virginia Powers,
Class 8





DE REBUS ROMANIS

EDITOR, PATIENCE NORTON, '41

ASSISTANT EDITOR,
WANDA McEVILIA, '43



Pictura Belli In Oppido

Pueri et puellae picturas pulchras amant. Picturas parvas amo, sed viri picturas magnas amant.

Multas picturas silvarum et agrorum et insularum et aquae sunt.

Picturas bellorum spectare amo. Pictura in oppido est. Pictura belli est. Picturam in oppido specto. Magna est et multi viri in pictura sunt. Viri et multi legati bellum parant. Bellum non amo sed viri pugnānt et picturam specto. In pictura legati in equis magnis sunt et copias spectant. Nuntius litteram legato in muro alto portat. Copiae in insula magna pugnānt. Legatus in pictura Julius Caesar est.

Patricia Purcell,
Latin 1

Finis Marci

Marcus, filius Soli equitem optimum in Roma aetate decem annorum erat. Autem circum Romam totam populi demonstrabant qui equites bonos erant. Solus Marcum exhibere non amat. Ita Marcum equum sumere prohibuit.

Una die ubi Solus dormiebat. Marcus in campum venit et equum invenit. Solus a clamore excitabatur et ad portam currebat. Marcum in equo vidit et tam iratus erat, ut suum gladium ad equum iaceret.

Gladius equum omisit et Marcum interfecit.

Solus moestissimus erat. Sed Marcum interfici proetulit quam ei non parere.

Nada McEvilia,
Latin II

Bellum In Insula

Antonius et Laurentius et Caecilius legati sunt. Pugnānt nuntios reginae. Legati et nuntii in insula pugnānt sed puellae et feminae non pugnānt. Antonius agricolas magnos et altos convocat. Agricolas et legati copiae bonae sunt sed nuntii non sunt. Puellae in insula parva agricolas altos et legatos bonos amant. Nuntios non amant. Antonius puellas amat et puellis pugnānt. Laurentius et Caecilius patriae magnae pugnānt sed diligentiam nuntiorum laudant. Nuntii legatos et agricolas non amant, et viris pugnānt.

Equi aquam legatis bonis et

agricolis altis portant. Equi amicos bonos sunt. Puer parvus equos amat et tubam longam legatorum bonorum portat. Legati et agricolae nuntios superant.

Robert Barrows,
Latin I

Puella Galliae

Virgilia puella magna pulchra est quae in Roma habitat. Romam cum Gallis saepe pugnant. Virgilia Gallos non amat. Pater Virgiliae in praelio interficibatur. Fratres duos et sorores trias habet. Mater Virgiliae cum finitimis saepe laborat. Frater Virgiliae cuius nomen Marcus est auxilium magnum est.

In bello non pugnabit quod vires multas non habet. Marcus pecuniam facit et matri eam pecuniam dat.

Puellae multae et pueri multi Marcum amant et puellae multae et pueri multi Virgiliam amant.

Frater alius Virgiliae vires magnas habet et in bello pugnat.

Nomen Virgiliae fratris alii Virgilium est. Virgilius togam gerit. Amicum Bruti est qui consul est. Populi multi Brutum et Virgilium amant. Brutus suam patriam amabat et filii Bruti interficibantur quod in patriam coniurationes erant. Viri Romanae togas saepe gerunt et sunt viris lacernas, et poenulas et syntheses et feminis pallas.

Viri multi Romani bella pugnant sed feminae domi remanebant et pulchrae spectabant.

Barbara Field,
Latin II

Antonia Et Julia

Antonia et Julia puellae parvae sunt. In Gallia habitant. Antonia cum amica in insula est. Amanda amica nova Antoniae est. Amica bona est. Antonia Juliam et Armanda amat. Amanda puella parva reginae est et in regnum reginae habitat. Puellae Juliam exspectant qui frumentum equis agricolae in agro parat. Julia equos agricolae amat. Amanda et Antonia Juliam laudat. Equis Juliae frumentum et aquam reginae portant. Viri reginae copiam frumenti equis parant. Equi frumentum praemio amant. Antonia et Amanda praemia et equos amant. Puellae diligentiam equorum Juliae laudant.

Pauline Muzzy,
Latin I

Romanae Farinae

Horae Romanorum farinarum similes nostris hodie erant.

Ientaculum prima luce et cenam, gravissimam farinam, meridie et vespernam nocte edebant.

Ientaculum panis immersus in vinco erat.

Cena in triclinio esa est divisa est in tres partes gustum et cenam et secundam mensam. Gustus cancer et mulsum erat. Cena piscem et gallinam et olvas et vinum erat.

Secunda mensa finem farinae cum crustis et nucibus et fructis faciebat. Et tum vinum liberunt.

Vespurna agricolis esa est reliqui cenae erat.

Plerumque farinae Romanae amplissimae quam nostrae erant.

Katherine Norton,
Latin II

THE GRINNERY

CLIFFORD AUSTIN, '44

Mr. Bemiss: "Red, why were you late this morning?"

Red McCabe: "Well! The alarm was set for seven but there are eight in the family."

(Ed. This was also handed in as an excuse for being late, by Will Larabee).

Earl Tatro: "I've been told that you didn't have very good luck at hunting this fall. You know the old saying, 'if you can't shoot 'em —trap 'em.'"

Did anyone notice the peculiar positions some of our "dignitaries" were in while they were painting the lines on the basketball court?

Harvey Russett has been singing to himself that new hit, "We Three."

Stuart, why don't you tell your father that he can cut down on his electric light bill at the Bowling Alley by using the "candles" for light.

Seeing the condition Mort is in (walking with crutches etc.) Martin considers himself lucky on being defated by the Republicans for President.

In Social Science Class Mr. Bemiss asked Bob Barrows what the population of Vergennes was. Bob told him 1,700, and Mr. Bemiss returned with, "this is the kind of a place that if you blink, when you are riding through, you will miss it!"

Bill: "I took an awful fall last night."

Jill: "Were you hurt?"

Bill: "No, I fell asleep."

Harold Langeway in Sociology Class: "I was down in New York City and the smoke was so thick the sun wasn't able to shine through."

Bill Larabee: "You probably were in a tunnel."

Voice from the back: "You were looking across the Harlem River."

Mr. Goddard in Chem.: "You're lacking so much it's hard to tell what your mark will be."

Mr. Bemiss: "Were you vaccinated with a phonograph needle, Miss Jerome?"

Eunice Washburn in English 12: (Reciting about an author) "His father died when he was twelve."

Jan Nelson in English: "They've just erected a statue for Walt Whitman in Bear Mountain Park.

Mr. Mahoney: "Are you sure it wasn't in Philadelphia?"

Jan Nelson: "No, it was in a 'bear' park somewhere."

Harold Langeway: (During a discussion of fluid drive) "I don't see how that fluid will drive those hind wheels."

Mr. Bemiss: "You aren't chewing gum by any chance are you— or are you just carrying along the swing of things?"

BLUE AND WHITE

It seems two notable candidates could have been sent up for a few years and fined, during the recent campaign. Passing out cigars to minors under 16 was the charge, eh Mr. Mahoney?

What have you done to deserve so many gifts lately, Earl?

Two teachers are in the habit of whistling on the way home at night. Two students have complained it wakes them up.

Tom: "Hear about Spud? He just swallowed a camera film."

Jack: "Gosh, I hope nothing serious develops."

The farmer and his daughter went to market with butter and eggs, and after selling out were returning home with the horse

and wagon and money when they were attacked by bandits. The farmer wept as he saw his horse and wagon, disappear.

"Don't cry," said the daughter, "they didn't get our money, anyway. I put it in my mouth."

"What a clever girl you are," the farmer exclaimed. "Just like your mother. I wish she'd been here; we might have saved the horse and wagon."

"Give a sentence using the word bewitches."

"Go ahead, I'll bewitches in a minute."

Speaker (raising money): "All who will give ten dollars, please stand up."

Then to musicians, under his breath—"Quick, boys, play the 'Star Spangled Banner!'"

Which is all.



THE SCHOOL CALENDAR

EDITOR, ALEDA WHITE, '41

OUR SCHOOL DIARY

1940

Dear Diary:

Sept. 3—

School opened today with an enrollment of 217 students. New pupils registered and ten minute classes were held.

Sept. 13—

Today the Freshmen "dressed up" by order of the Seniors, as part of their "welcome" to V. H. S. Two assemblies were held for them and a parade at noon was enjoyed.

In the evening the "freshies" were taken one by one through the "torture chamber." The faculty watched, the Seniors administered the "torture," and the Freshmen were the victims, but all joined in on the fun of games and dancing afterward. Refreshments were served.

Sept. 15—

Today V. H. S. got their usual magazine campaign under way. Martin Casey and Ruth Merrill are the campaign managers.

Sept. 17—

Group class pictures were taken today on the steps of the school building.

Oct. 3—

The annual school fair was held in the gym today. There were various "try your skill" games, and a great many exhibits, for which prizes of blue and red ribbons were presented. In the latter part of the evening an amateur show was

given for which Jeanne Wheeler won first prize. Then an auction was held. Oh yes—make-up exams were taken today!

Oct. 10—

Our V. H. S. School Patrol carried off the honors for the third consecutive year in the annual patrol convention at Burlington. This year a certificate of award was presented which has been added to our trophies.

The teachers' convention started today at noon. It extends through Saturday morning.

Big day at Burlington!

Oct. 21—

Sad or good news? Report cards were received today with the marks for the first six weeks.

Oct. 25—

Student board members were elected and held their first meeting. Mort Irwin was elected President for the ensuing year and Bernard Austin was elected Vice-President. Loretta LaFlamme was chosen Secretary and Robert Graves was re-elected Treasurer. Other members of the Student Board are James Benjamin, Stuart Haven, Martin Casey, Ruth Merrill, Irene Jakson and Marjorie Rider.

Oct. 30—

Our magazine campaign came to a close today. This added \$34 to our school fund.

BLUE AND WHITE

Nov. 4—

The first basketball practices were held today. Fifteen girls turned out for practice at four o'clock. Approximately twenty-five boys reported at seven thirty for practice.

Nov. 5—

An election was held here today under the supervision of the American History Class, after a two weeks' campaign during which the candidates made speeches and distributed candy, gum and cigars.

The following officers were elected:

President—Mortimer "Wilkie" Irwin.

Vice-President—Paul "McNary" Carpenter.

Governor—Sylvia "Wills" Yattaw.

Lieut. Governor—Robert "Towne" Looby.

Senator—Bruce "Aiken" Putnam.

This election was held for the purpose of showing the students how an election is carried on. It provided fun as well as information.

I almost forgot! Candidates for a drill team were called together today. Sixteen members were chosen. This team is to be used for exhibition purposes. Practice is held twice a week.

Ho-Hum, I guess it's off to bed.



JOIN NOW!

V. H. S. SEARCHLIGHT

EDITOR, ALLAN GAINES, '41

ASSISTANT EDITOR, GENIER JEROME, '41

Class of '40

JOY ANGIER is at her home in New Haven.

WANITA BALL is employed in Waterbury.

JANE BEAUDRY is going to work at Smugglers Notch.

MARGARET CHAGNON is working in New Jersey.

HAZEL EVARTS is attending Green Mountain Junior College.

WARREN FLAGG is at home.

CHARLES FRANKLIN is joining the CCC.

LOIS GETCHELL is attending the Weeks School.

RALPH HAIGHT is attending Randolph Agricultural School.

WILLIAM HAWKINS is employed at Clark's Hardware Store.

LILLIAN HUSK is working at Middlebury.

EARLE JEWELL is attending Randolph Agricultural School.

LLOYD KIRBY is working at home.

CECILIA LAJOIE is living at her home.

CATHERINE LARROW is living at her home in Charlotte.

BARBARA MACK is employed at the Rutland Hospital.

ARTHUR MOORBY is attending V. H. S.

RAYMOND RYAN is employed at Ryan's Store.

ROBERT MORRIS is a Freshman at U. V. M.

THOMAS MUNDY is employed in a munitions plant in Springfield.

MERRITT RAYMOND is employed in Morrisville.

FRED RINGER is at home.

ALICE RYAN is a Freshman at U. V. M.

LEVI SENESAC is working in the First National Stores.

SHIRLEY SHEEHAN is a student at Goddard College.

ARDEN SLACK is a post graduate at V. H. S.

BARBARA SPRAGUE is married.

MERTON TORREY is attending Randolph Agricultural School.

ALLEN TUCKER is working on his father's farm.

ETTA VAN ORNUM is at her home.



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YOUR

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

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HEAT

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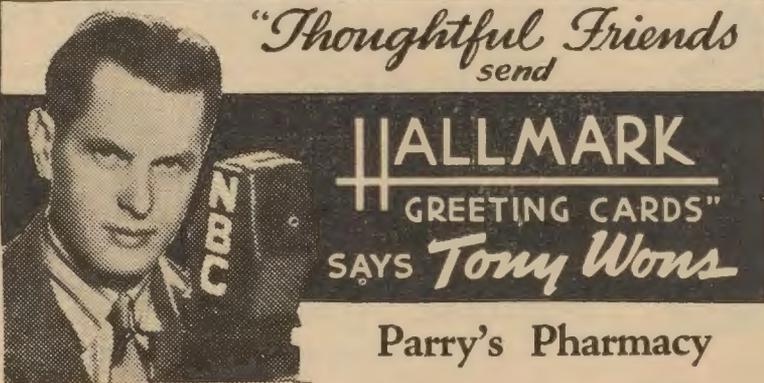
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The advertisement features a black and white photograph of a man in a suit and tie, looking slightly to the right. To his right is a box of Hallmark Greeting Cards with the word 'HALLMARK' printed vertically on its side. The text is arranged in a stylized, layered fashion, with the man's image on the left, the quote in cursive at the top, the Hallmark logo and 'GREETING CARDS' in bold block letters in the middle, the name 'Tony Wons' in cursive below it, and 'Parry's Pharmacy' at the bottom.

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