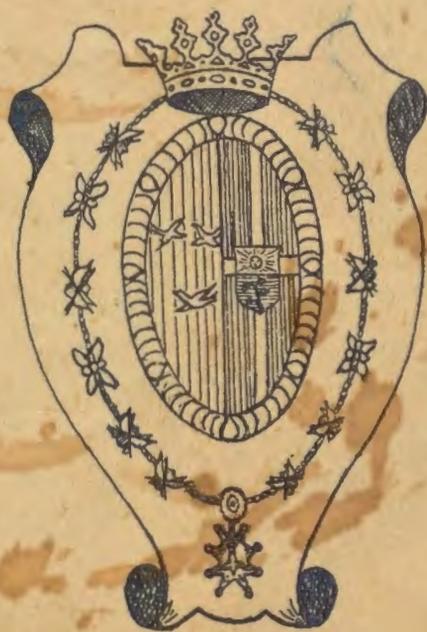
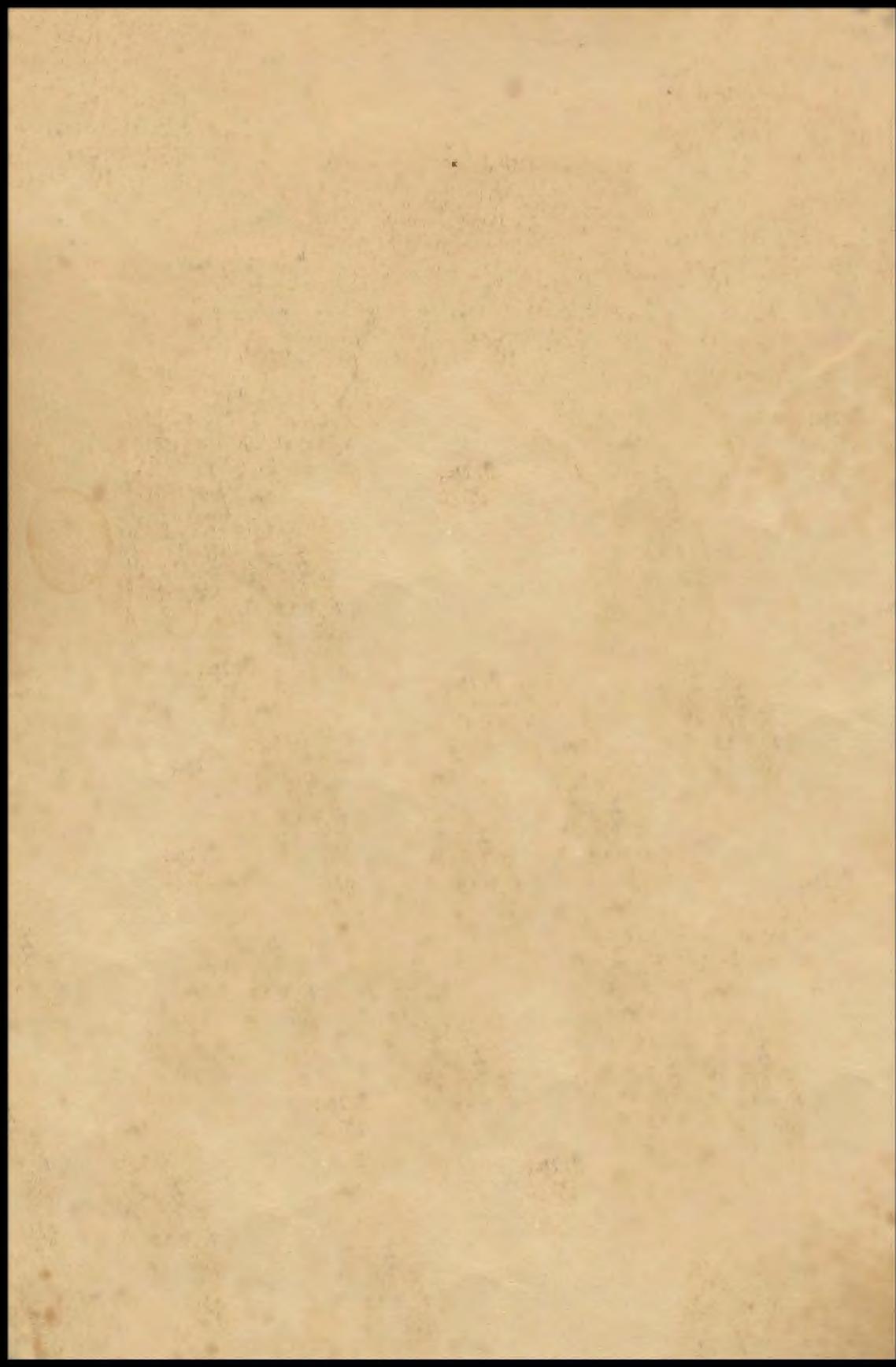


BLUE AND WHITE



VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL





BLUE AND WHITE

MARCH, 1940
VOL. 2, NO. 2

Spring Issue

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

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

—FICTION—

page		by
7	Queen of the Seasons.....	Mabel Thorpe
8	The Contest Won.....	Thomas Mundy
9	A Different Horse.....	Norma LeBeau
10	First Job.....	Joy Angier
10	A Miracle.....	James Allen
11	Black Pepper.....	Betty Fifield

—ARTICLES—

8	Easter	Inez Willard
16	Patrol Record.....	Martin Casey

—FEATURES—

4	View and Review.....	Your Editors
5	Editorials	Your Editors
10	Spring Fever.....	James Benjamin
12	Contrast	
13	Day Is Done.....	Etta Van Ornum
13	Spring	Dorothy Reed
13	Alone	Frances Husk
14	Pages for Poets	

—DEPARTMENTS—

18	Exchange	Ruth Merrill
19	The School Calendar.....	Aleda White, Eunice Washburn
21	Girls' Athletics.....	Hazel Evarts
23	Boys' Athletics.....	Merritt Raymond, Stuart Haven
25	De Rebus Romanis.....	Patience Norton, Genier Jerome
27	V. H. S. Searchlight.....	Allen Gaines
28	Le Département Francais.....	Alta Beach, Elizabeth Fifield
31	The Grinnery.....	Raymond Ryan

View and Review

—Your Editors

in this issue . . .

Here we are with another "Blue and White," our Spring and Easter issue, which is bigger and better than ever—we hope! Because everyone cooperated so well and handed in good contributions, the Literary Department is a healthy one. You'd better take a look. A big bouquet should go to our Art Editor, Carl Shaw, whose new lot of cuts are exceptionally smooth. We hope you like the photos of the basketball teams, too,—we do! In fact the whole paper is made up in an effort to please you—anyhow—Happy Easter!

success
or failure? . . .

With the coming of spring comes, also, another sport. Yes, your guess was correct. Baseball. What does this coming baseball season hold in store for V. H. S.? That, no one can foretell. But—let us stop right here and make a firm resolution that, success or failure, we will back our team with every ounce of spirit and encouragement we possess. Too, don't break the resolution! Great things have been done by the weakest of teams when a little support was offered—

on with
the play . . .

This year, for the first time, V. H. S. is to enter in the One Act Play Contest. What with a good play, a good cast, and a good coach no one can tell what heights of achievement will be reached. Of course, it must be remembered that our representatives will meet in competition, schools which have much greater dramatic advantages than ours. Their best acting is all they can offer—may they win at Middlebury!

applause . . .

Here we wish to offer a bit of praise where we believe it is due. Fist off—and "hats off" to the Girls' Varsity for a swell record this past season. Girls, you've put V. H. S. back on the map and in the running. Thanks . . . Congratulations to the "Spotlight" staff, too. You're doing a good job although we understand how tough the going can be! Keep up the good work! . . . Lastly, to the Boys' Varsity Squad—some would say sympathy; we say, "our praise." You did your best and when that proved not to be enough, you took the breaks on the chin. You'll be rewarded—

EDITORIALS



"SPRING IS HERE!"

Spring is here! Every minute of the day we are conscious of the fact. This time of year holds much for each of us—a special promise, a rise of spirit. Cases of the so called spring fever are prevalent, classes lag, studying ceases. With a million and one other things in the foreground, and with the real purposes of "school going" far in the background, we go gaily on our way.

But—let us pause to think of things to come. Weeks are simply packed with activity from now until June. Do not miss a thing—yet, do not do all and let the thoughts of work fade away. Finals are inevitable.

Let your case of spring fever be one to boost you on to both work and play.

S. M. S.

WHAT IS V. H. S.' ATHLETIC FUTURE?

Why hasn't V. H. S. good athletic teams? What will they be like in the future? Will we continue to rank second or will we emerge with a first division team? These and many more questions are on the lips of a lot of students who are looking ahead to 1941-2-3-5-8-50. Many are wondering just what the future V. H. S. teams will amount to. And I, too, am wondering. Certainly the students and others outside the school want V. H. S. to come up with a winning team. But getting down to facts we will attempt to answer the foregoing questions.

First: Why hasn't V. H. S. good athletic teams? Well, for several reasons, the main one being lack of good material. By that I mean, lack of experienced material. The teams are made up mostly of inexperienced men who never played 'till they reached the first year of high school and who through lack of previous years training are green; therefore, not producing winning teams. I'm not blaming the players themselves but the system we have at present to train the players. A pupil comes up from the sixth grade and starts playing in the seasonal sport. With no real effort to learn the right way to play he dabbles around fitting himself to whatever seems easy to him. This could be remedied with a little extra time and very little financial expense. The plan is simple and compiled very accur-

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

ately by Whitey Killick of the Free Press in a recent article in the aforesaid paper. Mr. Killick said, ". . . large schools, in some instances, not only have junior varsities and class teams in junior and high schools as feeders, but also reach down into the grammar grades, where leagues are established and each team coached by experienced players. Naturally the opportunity to play is what makes basketball players (we might add baseball and football, too) and many of these youngsters are ready for fairly stiff competition by the sophomore year in high school as a result of this extended opportunity." Now this plan would be possible here at V. H. S. and could be worked out to our best advantage.

During basketball season if the grades from four and five to eight had separate gym periods two or three times a week (under the guidance of varsity men or a physical instructor) it not only will develop them into athletes, but will develop their minds as well. It would teach them the fundamentals of the game both from a competitive and sportsmanship side. Look out on the playgrounds anytime and see the boys and girls playing. They are wild and disorganized; which, if under direction, would turn the tide and produce (in the future) your winning teams and return the prestige V. H. S. has lost in recent years. It not only would benefit the players themselves but start up school spirit and a competitive feeling among the other pupils. I feel that the whole reason may not lie in the previous discussion but I

also feel it is the main cause for our failure.

Taking the second question into consideration I believe that it has been answered in part in our preceding paragraph. There are a lot of other difficulties to be overcome, though, and mainly they are the financial situation. Basketball just about supports itself now and cross country never did. Baseball is a dent in the red and football would be, too. But go back several years and you'll see that games, in baseball especially, were attended in mobs. The field would be surrounded and the sport would be paying its way. People didn't go down to cheer the local boys on, but went because they knew good baseball and knew where to find it. Talk to some of the old timers and ask them about the past teams and you'll get surprising replies. Vergennes used to turn out teams that were unbeatable in Vermont and several out of state teams could not accomplish it. Look at the present teams. Do they have goon ones? Fair. Are the games well attended? No. Why? Because the people and students feels that here is just another defeat, so why should I go and see my team bow down.

It stands to reason that the system would not prove effective this year (if started) nor probably next year. But from this year on you'll see a marked improvement.

So in closing let me say, "Don't be lost in the present failure, but work and hope towards bigger and better games and teams in the future; this can be attained only through the efforts of you, me, you and YOU. Why not try?"

M. F. I.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

EDITOR, ALICE RYAN, '40
ASSISTANT EDITOR, FRANCES RYAN, '41

QUEEN OF THE SEASONS

The king invites all the women in the land to meet in his magnificent ballroom which is located in the royal palace of Paris. Life is monotonous to him. He wants romance with the most beautiful women he can find. But of all the women in the huge ballroom he notices only four. They are Autumn, Summer, Winter and Spring.

Autumn, who is dressed in a gown of every hue with a crown of gold around her head, makes a beautiful picture for him to gaze at. But where is her sweetness and corsage of flowers? Has she been cruel enough to destroy

them? What a cruel queen she'd make.

Who is the lady dressed in the long, shiny white gown, with the cold manner and lack of personality? Why, that is Winter. She'd never brighten his life and court.

Poor Summer, she tries so hard to be "Queen of the Seasons." She never even has a chance to show her gayety and pleasing ways for after the first dance she is overcome by heat.

The dancing little lady, who brings all the flowers, whose sweet breath of the morning refreshes tired hours, whose promise of love and happy moments makes life all

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

sunshine and pleasure—she has the most splendid wardrobe in the land, from a gown of pure Easter lilies to the early rose gown of June time, she has them all. She's the Queen of the May, the Queen

of Paris, who is youngest, sweetest and fairest. The bride-to-be and lovely lady to mount the throne is Spring, Queen of the Seasons.

Mabel Thorpe,
Class '40

THE CONTEST WON

The sun beamed down warmly out of a clear blue, cloudless, spring sky. Against the bright green foliage on the bank the clear blue of the lake presented a strikingly beautiful contrast. The water was perfect; the low chop, which is known among boatmen as "fast water," was rippling the surface of the lake.

It was the last heat of the Class B inboard motor boat race coming up. The judge's whistle shrilled. The big motor boats, their high-powered engines muttering with suppressed power, moved out to the triangle. Jerry Langdon guided his long "Seagull" into line with the other contestants. He had won the two previous heats and was out to take the last.

The ten boats leaped away, their

propellers churning up a frothing white wake which merged with the water curling away from their sleek bows. The "Seagull" cut in close to the first buoy to a quick lead, broadsided into the second buoy at dangerously high speed, and was a full lap ahead of the next boat when it completed the necessary ten laps.

Jerry stood in front of the judges to receive the prize he had won, with the plaudits of the crowd ringing in his ears. The ceremony over, he picked up his battery-powered, ten-inch speedboat and ran home to show his parents what a nine-year-old can do against stiff competition.

Thomas Mundy,
Class '40

EASTER

Easter is the time for celebration. The name comes from that of the ancient Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring, Eastre, in whose honor a festival of spring was held in April. It is from these old-time festivals that we get our Easter customs today. Easter also contains the survivals of the Passover feast of the Jews, observed in the memory of the coming out of Egypt.

One of the oldest customs is exchanging Easter eggs. Colored

eggs are the "bunnies" gift on Easter Eve. Easter cards and white Easter lilies are also greetings.

Easter is always celebrated in the church with lily decorations and perhaps a short play with special music.

People of many denominations celebrate the Resurrection of Jesus, the Christ, at Easter.

Inez Willard,
Class '41

“A DIFFERENT HORSE”

It was a beautiful spring day, not a cloud to ruffle the calm blue of the tranquil sky. The girl gazed around her appreciatively and thought that nothing could happen to spoil this perfect day. (She had a mistaken impression as you will soon find out!) The pleasant contemplation had no more than gained a foothold on her mind than a loud racket assailed her ears—and it came from the direction of the swamp. Her immediate conclusion was that some pet had got ensnared in the traps that the men set out in the swamps. As she came close to the trap she noticed a small, black animal which had caught its paw and was vainly trying to free itself. As the girl came closer she noticed that the animal had a pretty white stripe down its back—those are queer markings for a cat she innocently mused. Knowing that cats are sometimes fierce when caught in a trap she went back to the house to get a burlap bag to put over its head. The small animal offered no resistance (it couldn't very well, with its cranium so draped) as she extricated its paw from the trap. "I'll take it home with me and keep it until it's well again." Little did she know that the animal was a slightly different breed than a cat. On the way up to the house she was surprised to smell a queer odor which grew more nauseatingly strong as time passed and reaching up a hand to push back her damp hair she was again surprised to find her hair more than nat-

urally wet. "It's a skunk," she moaned, the truth finally forcing itself upon her—a perfectly beautiful gesture gone to waste! "But I won't give up," she said, "it certainly can't spoil the day any more than it is already. I'll still keep it for a pet." By this time she was at her home and was practically ostracized by her family—for very obvious reasons. She installed the "little animal of big smells" into a formerly occupied rabbit hutch, where it was comparatively happy. Our heroine immediately found some good strong soap and proceeded to eradicate the perfumy fragrance from her crowning glory. (Her family was allergic to that particular brand). When her hair dried she was amazed to find it more lustrous than it had ever been before and took a more lenient attitude toward our friend of the trap. His paw was not badly injured and in a few days it was as good as new. By now the girl had become so fond of "Deluge," as her pet was later christened, that she wanted to keep him, and now he is a major attraction of the farm. When the girl tells her friends of her shampoo, they listen but don't offer to be a guinea pig—she never wonders why!

The moral to this story is:
When a good deed you would do—

On a sunny day in spring,
Always look before you leap

It might be a wise thing!

"Toby."

Norma LeBeau,
Class '41

FIRST JOB

Avoiding the shoveled walks where a street-lamp cast its yellow glow over the newly-fallen snow, Joe vaulted the wrought-iron fence and in a half-crouch, the soft snow muffling his footsteps, raced silently across the sloping lawn. Skirting the pattern of light from the windows of the white house, he halted in the shadows of a snow-laden bush.

"Can't miss," he whispered fervently, gauging the distance to the walk. "Just as the ol' boy passes the lilac bush, I'll let 'im have it! Then a quick getaway over the backyard fence."

He smiled in the early winter gloom. Wait until the gang heard about this. They'd find out that Joe Young could pull off a job as slick as any of them. A guy had to use his head on a job like this. Well, there couldn't be a slip-up

anywhere. For a week now the ol' boy was always home for supper at six sharp. Must be around ten of now. He'd be along any minute. Mebbe the gang would respect him more after this. Mebbe they'd call him "Joe" instead of "Shrimp" and "Half-Pint." They'd probably let him in on some of their jobs, like the one they'd pulled a coupla weeks ago. There was the old boy now. A guy could spot that derby a mile off. Gotta take it easy now. Wait until he passes that lilac bush. Can't miss—gotta get him. Wish he'd hurry up now. Joe was already scrambling over the backyard fence when he heard the teacher's angry cry—

"Who threw that snowball?"

Joy Angier,
Class '40

SPRING FEVER

Oh, what a feeling—my head hums, my heart is working double time—its spring—spring!—the time for love.

The birds chirp and flit lightly from branch to branch—of course, it's Mr. and Mrs. Robin looking for a suitable position for their future home. The gray squirrels scamper around looking for their mate. Up North the bull moose lays back his head and blows his challenge to the world to come and deprive him of his feeling. People hurry and scurry about; there is a new lightness in their step. It's spring, the most beautiful time of the year.

James Benjamin,
Class '41

(Ed. Note: We think he's in love!)

A MIRACLE

The score stood 22 to 22 in the final game of the championship series between V. H. S. and Burlington High School. The clock was ticking off the seconds, and there was 20 seconds left to play as "Art" Moorby came flashing down the floor. He stopped at midcourt and let fly an arching shot at the basket. The ball spun toward the basket, and the whistle blew just as it split the twine to win the championship for V. H. S. Just then Mr. Hylan woke up to find that his first championship for V. H. S. was only a dream.

James Allen,
Class '43

(Ed. Note: If only dreams came true.)

BLACK PEPPER

It was a balmy day in the late 1600's. The birds were chirping as they fluttered in and out of the bird bath on the lawn; while throngs of gayly dressed, happy people lined the narrow streets of Havenshire. Everyone seemed to be headed for the center of town; that is, everyone but Sue and her brother Nicky, who were sitting dejectedly staring at the people below them.

"Oh, Nicky, see all the people taking flowers to the queen's court. She is going to pick the most unusual ones and give a prize," said Sue, looking dismally at her brother who was in deep thought, "and we haven't even one flower to take, and, if we did, I couldn't go because I've nothing to wear."

"Say, Sis, I've an idea! Why can't we take some of those lilies down in the marsh?" Nicky, suiting action to words, jumped up and started down the path.

"Do you mean the white lilies?" asked Sue, jumping up also, "but those are so common, everyone has seen them."

"Well, I'll get some anyway. Put on your pink flowered dress. It's pretty." With that, he dashed off and soon his blonde head disappeared from view. Sue turned and went into the house. When Nicky came back a little later she was dressing; he went to the kitchen and fixed the flowers, then remembering his stomach he went to the pantry where he got the bread, butter and pepper and made himself a sandwich. He sprinkled the pepper generously on the bread spilling some of it; this caused him to sneeze but he didn't mind

because he loved pepper sandwiches. Just then Sue appeared. "How lovely you fixed the flowers, Nicky. Let's go."

Upon arriving at the palace, Nicky and Sue took their flowers to the reception room where the royal judges looked at all the flowers to decide whether or not they were worth the queen's attention. Then, the children joined the others at games in the court yard.

Nicky's and Sue's flowers were among those chosen by the judges for the queen's consideration. As Nicky and Sue entered the throne room they noticed that the queen and her attendants were gathered about one end of a long table on which were the flowers. Drawing closer they discovered the flowers that were causing so much attention were their own. "They look like lilies, but those spots," "What strange flowers," "The strange odor," "Whose are they?" such were the comments people around Nicky and Sue were making. Sue looked closely, then gasped, "Nicky, you spilled pepper on those lilies! Oh, they're ruined! Why did we come?"

But wait—the group around the queen had become very quiet. Sue started to pull Nicky out of the room, then stopped; the queen was speaking. "The flowers are all very beautiful, but I've decided to give the—achoo—(I must be catching a cold) to give the prize of five hundred gold pieces to the young people who brought these spotted lilies, as they are the most unusual I've ever seen. Will the young people please come forward."

Nicky and Sue went up to the

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

queen, their knees shaking and their teeth chattering. "Here are the gold pieces, dears. What do you plan to do with them, may I ask?"

"I am going to buy mother an Easter gift and Sue a new dress so

she will always be as beautiful as you. If there's any left I'll save it," stoutly declared Nicky, sneezing violently.

Betty Fifield,
Class '41

CONTRAST

MORNING

With the first signs of the departure of the night's darkness, there were a few faint streaks of colored light visible in the eastern sky. Individual objects came into view as the light's intensity increased and a delightful, fresh breeze blew in from the distant sea, holding in it a trace of salt.

The freshness of the morning was invigorating and spurred us on to our pleasurable walk. Ah, the colors in the sky became more

vivid and their beauty made us halt to marvel inarticulately.

Suddenly the sun, in all its glory appeared over the distant snow-capped mountains and shed its brilliant, strong beams on the dew-covered grass, making the tiny dew drops shine like gems.

In yonder tree and bush the birds began to twitter and a cock in the farmyard of one of the valley farms crowed.

Morning had come!

THE NIGHT

Beautiful, velvety darkness pervaded all. The freshness of the gentle spring wind felt like the caress of a lovely hand. The moon was slowly piercing its way into the eastern sky, with a beam of purest light following in its wake. The thickly growing trees were beginning to form an intricate pattern of shadow and light on the smooth surface of the road. There was nothing frightening or smothering about that darkness, only a feeling of beauty in the night.

BLUE AND WHITE

DAY IS DONE

Slowly the dying sun slips behind the mountains, as a gold coin would slip into the bank. The sun's ruddy glow touches each fleecy cloud turning it a delicate pink like a rose. The cows slowly make their way to pasture and as they go, their shadows grow longer, for now the last rays of sun are touching the earth. The whole countryside seems content to submit itself to the demure tranquility of Evening. Then the cloak of night wraps itself about the earth, and with it come the little heralds that go from tree to tree whispering, "Day is done."

Etta Van Ornum,
Class '40

SPRING

Spring always brings such a wonderful refreshing feeling like a cool drink to a thirsty man on a hot day. The buds begin to peep out from their winter's nest as a new born chick stepping from its shell. The sun sheds its golden rays to give the pussy-willows' furry little body sufficient heat to appear in full array. The fast melting snow runs down the road like so many thousand rivulets winding along their course. The wind makes you want to run and roam so the breezes can play through your hair. Thus spring comes and goes like the passing of a phantom.

Dorothy Reed,
Class '40

ALONE

Having finished my work for the evening, I sat on the back steps awaiting the return of my father. As I sat there alone, I could hear the chorus of the peepers doing its nightly practice and occasionally the guttural croak of a bullfrog down at the brook. The horizon, barren except for the silhouette of an old house, long ago vacated, made me think of the poem, "The lone wolf sits on the world's far rim and he howls and it seems to comfort him." When my father returned, soft warm

rain came with him.

But now if I should sit on the steps at twilight, yes, I could hear the peepers and the croak of a frog, but also the distant rumble of the approaching train, a piercing shriek, and the rumbling slowly receding into the night, then the flashing headlights of a motor as it roared past.

The progress of man hath marred the beauty of nature.

Frances Husk,
Class '42



PAGES FOR POETS

THEN IT'S SPRING

Soon the snow will all be gone,
The dry brown grass will disappear,
Wild flowers will bloom in woods
and fields,
And robins and bluebirds will be
here.

Blue violets with hearts of gold
Will peep 'neath canopies of ferns,
Pale Mayflowers will then unfold.
And the brown wren to her nest
return.

The peepers in the reedy marsh
Will nightly pipe their chorus
shrill,
And he who walks through woods
at night
May hear the lonesome whip-poor-
will.

Lillian Husk,
Class '40

SPRING

At this time of year,
Spring is nearly here.
Spring is up in the sky,
And robins passing by.

Spring is such a treat,
No snow in the street,
No dampness in the air,
And warmer everywhere.

Flowers and buds bursting.
Green grass is thirsting,
And though trees are in bloom,
Yet spring can't come too soon.

Spring beautiful days,
We're in countless ways
Glad to see you so near,
We welcome you right here.

John Benjamin,
Class '43

SNOWBOUND MARCH

The snow fell gently to the
ground;
The world was hushed, no earthly
sound.
'Twas time for birds and spring-
time cheer;
Yet all the world was gray and
drear.

Harder and harder fell the snow;
Fiercer and fiercer the wind did
blow
'Till drifts piled high and formed
an arch.
We had once more a snowbound
March.

Barbara Field,
Class '43

MOTHER

Five years ago you left us,
Elberta, Marilyn, Georgia and I.
Never more to watch and guide us
With your ever watchful eye.

We see no more your loving
smiles;

Mother, why did you pass away?
We miss the touch of your tender
hands,

We miss you more and more each
day.

Some day we all will meet again;
We wonder if God knew best.
We visit your lonely grave often,
Knowing you are at last, at rest.

Barbara Sprague,
Class '40

A WANDERER'S WISH

Oh! to be in our Vermont,
When the Spring is here,
Just to listen to the birds
Trilling songs so clear.

Soon the fresh green grass peeps
through,

Gay flowers sway in the breeze,
Then nod so gaily to each other,
Sheltered by the giant trees.

Lo! our troubles all have vanished
See what the April showers
brought,

And now if only I could see,
One more Springtime in Vermont!

Cecile LaJoie,
Class '40

THE LAKE OF LIFE

Perhaps the lake of life seems
small,

When as a child you're on the
shore;

But as we start to cross it
It's much larger than before.

You must be kind and helpful
And try hard to do your part,
But if you meet too many waves
Go back to shore for another
start.

You may be out in the middle
And run into a tempestuous
storm.

If you forget that it's around
A good habit you will form.

Now at last you are across it;
You have to strive no more.
God will care for you tenderly
On the other side of the shore.

Margaret Chagnon,
Class '40



PATROL RECORD

After one of the disastrous basketball encounters here at Vergennes, during which the Girls' Marching Unit showed their prowess, a member of the visiting team was overheard saying, "The Vergennesians can't play basketball, but they surely can march." This has been repeatedly proved by the success of the Patrol Unit in winning first honors in two consecutive years at the State competition. It will be remembered that they also won the first prize of twenty-five dollars on the occasion of the Mer-

chant's Day Parade in Burlington. They have been extremely successful, never having been defeated in competitive marching.

Early last November, the members of the Patrol received an invitation to attend the National Safety Patrol Convention in Washington next May. The one drawback to the invitation was that they had to earn the money to take the trip.

Enthusiasm ran high for a short while. The task of raising a thousand dollars seemed nothing be-

BLUE AND WHITE

fore the interest and feeling of the thirty-two members of the Patrol. Gradually, however, interest died out—Four months rolled by and the total receipts had reached only one hundred dollars. There were approximately nine weeks left to earn as many hundred dollars. Impossible, sighed the majority of the Patrolmen.

One bright morning a short while ago, the Patrol listened to Captain Dickens, head of the State Safety Patrol. His suggestion to the members at the meeting was to select eight patrolmen by lot to send to Washington. Apparently, however, the members thought the trip to Washington was an “all or

none” affair, and consequently turned the idea down.

*Two choices in the matter now confront the Patrol. They may decide to use the idea of a representative unit, or they may give up the idea entirely. It is very understandable that they are equally reluctant to accept either of these alternatives. However, they must make a choice.

—*This supposition is made with the understanding that the idea of using five per cent of the school tax will be dropped and that there are no generous millionaires in the reading audience.

M. D. C.





EXCHANGE

EDITOR, RUTH MERRILL, '41

"Poultney Polonius"

Poultney, Vt.

An interesting paper. Your "Snips" and "Snoopy" columns were especially good. Stiffer covers and clearer print would improve your paper a lot.

"Banner"

Winooski, Vt.

Our congratulations are extended to your poets. They have done a fine job. Your editorials and stories are, also, excellent.

"The Spectator"

Shelburne, Vt.

Fine stories. Your "Daffynitions" were very good, but aren't you letting your poets off a little too easily?

"Hi-Spirit"

Enosburg, Vt.

Upon reading your paper we discovered a fine literary department. Although we do not know any of the young people referred to in your "Campus Gossip," we enjoyed it just the same. Reading further we discovered that you lack a language department. How about one?

"The Mirror"

Wilmington, Vt.

Your cuts are swell. The colors add much to your paper. We found your "Fashion Notes" very interesting and your "Sports," too. We found, however, that you, too, are lacking a language department.

THE SCHOOL CALENDAR

EDITOR, ALEDA WHITE, '41

ASSISTANT EDITOR, EUNICE WASHBURN, '41

Jan. 8—Hazel Evarts was chosen for the "Good Citizenship Girl" from the Senior Class.

Jan. 12—The first issue of a new school weekly, the "V. H. S. Spotlight," made its appearance, representing the whole school. Martin Casey is the editor.



Jan. 17—The Patrol sponsored a Donkey Basketball game between the Vergennes Rotary and the Firemen. The Firemen won by a 6-4 score. At halftime the Patrol Marching Unit did several drills.

Jan. 21-29—School was closed as a precautionary measure against the spread of scarlet fever.

Jan. 29—Third Marking Period ended and report cards were issued.

Jan. 30—President Roosevelt's Birthday. The Patrol and the Boy Scouts made a house to house canvass for the Infantile Paralysis Fund, netting \$38.00.



Feb. 3—The Patrol held a food sale at the Green Mountain Power Corp. store. Proceeds were \$16.80.

Feb. 3—A dance was sponsored by the citizens of Panton at the Panton Town Hall for the benefit of the Patrol Fund. Proceeds amounted to \$19.00.

Feb. 5—Senior rankings were published to Seniors.



Feb. 8—In the finals of the Badminton Tournaments, Bill Fuller won, becoming champion this year.

Feb. 12—School was closed in observance of Lincoln's birthday.

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

Feb. 15—The Patrol held a very successful skating party at the East Street rink. The amount realized was \$9.00.

Feb. 20—A Senior Class meeting was held for the purpose of appointing a committee to select a Senior Play. The committee consists of Alice Ryan, Jane Beaudry, Barbara Mack, Thomas Mundy and Catherine Larrow.

Feb. 22—School was closed in observance of Washington's birthday.



Feb. 22—The Juniors were guests at the home of the class president, Allen Gaines. A group of twenty-six went on the sleigh ride. Refreshments were served.

Feb. 29—A Leap Year Dance was held at the Recreation Center for the benefit of the School Patrol. They netted approximately \$5.00.

Mar. 5—Senior calling cards and albums arrived.

Mar. 8—Mr. Beyor took photos of the Boys' and Girls' Varsity Basketball teams.



Mar. 9—The Senior Class held a food sale at the Green Mountain Power Corp. store, which brought them \$9.00.

Mar. 9—A tag day, which added approximately \$7.00 to the Patrol Fund, was held by the Patrol.

Mar. 11-14—Annual boys' and girls' basketball tournaments were held.

Mar. 12—A Patrol gathering was held in the gym with Capt. Dickens and the patrolmen's parents as guests. Capt. Dickens showed several interesting movies on safety and the Vermont Convention. Refreshments were served.

Mar. 15—School closed. Teachers' Convention in Burlington



Mar. 15—The City Council sponsored a St. Patrick's Day Dance for the benefit of the Patrol in the Town Hall.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

EDITOR, HAZEL EVARTS, '40



Rear row—Eunice Washburn, Mgr., Katherine Norton, Eleanor Sheppard, Hazel Evarts, Alice Ryan, Frances Ryan, Muriel Clark, Asst. Mgr.

Front row—Irene Kingman, Helen Barrows, Dorothy Danyow, Capt. Dorothy Fuller, Margaret Hawkins, Anita Barrows, Shirley Sheehan.

December 15—The V. H. S. lassies defeated the Winooski High team on our court by a score of 20-16. Play throughout was fast and the V. H. S. team clicked. Margaret Hawkins was high scorer with 10 points. Eleanor Mayo of Winooski followed with 8.

January 5—Rolling up their fourth straight victory of the current season, the V. H. S. Girls' Varsity overcame the Beeman

Academy team, on the New Haven court, by an 18-13 score. In their first game away from home the girls had tough going and practically no breaks in the entire play. Capt. Dot Fuller was high scorer of the game with 12 points; Hawkins, V. H. S. left forward, made 6.

January 9—The Girls' Varsity Squad saw their first defeat, Jan. 9, when they journeyed to Brandon

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

to meet the opposing B. H. S. sextet, by a final score of 37-29. Danyow and Hawkins tied for high scoring, each credited with 10 points, while Capt. Fuller was close behind with 9.

January 12—Paced by Mary Gage, who dropped in 14 points, the V. H. S. Alumni girls met up with a strong high school sextet. This game, being the fastest girls' game played on the V. H. S. court for some time, was a thriller. The final quarter was especially exciting as the game ended in a 15-15 tie. Helen Barrows scored 7 points as a substituted forward.

January 16—The Vergennes girls bowed to Bristol for their second defeat of the season. Capt. Fuller started off by scoring 7 points in the first quarter, putting V. H. S. in the lead, but that was the end of Vergennes' scoring until after the half. Bristol had warmed up and led 11-7 at half-time. Again V. H. S. started scoring with Fuller making four complete baskets and a foul shot; Hawkins, also, scored two nice ones. With Bristol trailing right behind and scoring 11 points in the last quarter, the contest ended 22-18, a victory for Bristol.

February 6—The V. H. S. Girls' Varsity journeyed to Milton, Feb. 6, to find a fast opposing team waiting for them. Fuller gave her team an encouraging start by scoring 6 points in the first quarter. In the third quarter Danyow made good her long shots. All through the game the teams seemed evenly matched and was proved as the game ended in a tie score of 28-28.

February 14—Paced by Capt. Dot Fuller, the V. H. S. girls flashed to their fifth victory of the season as they overpowered the Milton High girls by a 27-23 score. Although only four points separated the teams at the final whistle, the game was never close. Fuller and Danyow led the V. H. S. scoring with 13 and 9 points respectively.

February 26—The V. H. S. girls dropped a close decision to the Winooski girls, Feb. 26, the final score of the game being 20-13. Winooski led 13-8 as half time and held their margin throughout the contets. Dot Fuller threw in 9 points for V. H. S. McQueen led for the victors.

February 29—The V. H. S. girls pulled a fast one when they won over a powerful and fast team from Bristol High, on Bristol's court, by a score of 26-24. With but a minute to go, Dot Danyow sunk a beautiful shot from the center of the floor to tie the game 24 all. To climax the game, Danyow was fouled as the final whistle blew; she made the first shot good to sew up the game for V. H. S. Then, to add to their lead, she sunk the second, too. Danyow had a total of 13 points for the evening, to take high scoring honors. Dwyer of Bristol scored 12 points for her team. Capt. Fuller kept V. H. S. in the winning, too, with 11.

The season's scoring, as done by the forwards, was as follows:

Capt. Dorothy Fuller	101
Dorothy Danyow	60
Margaret Hawkins	55
Helen Barrows	12
Alice Ryan	2

(Continued on page thirty)

BLUE AND WHITE

BOYS' ATHLETICS

EDITOR, MERRITT RAYMOND, '40



Rear row—William Larrabee, James Benjamin, William Fuller, Robert Graves, Asst. Mgr., Raymond Ryan, Mgr.

Center row—Gardner McCabe, Bernard Austin, Arden Slack, Chas. Franklin, Vincent O'Brien.

Front row—Francis Bearor, Stuart Haven, Merritt Raymond, Arthur Moorby, Guy Smith, Harland Bodette.

Basketball Letters

Despite the unsuccessful season which the V. H. S. Blue Devils encountered, the letters which they receive will be of a higher grade. The Block V, which in the past has been six inches high and of plain white chenille will be larger and have blue trimmings.

The following players will receive letters:

- * Arthur Moorby, forward, high scorer for the season, 68 periods.
- * Merritt Raymond, forward, second high scorer, 68 periods.
- Stuart Haven, guard, 68 periods.
- Harland Bodette, center, 61 periods.
- * Arden Slack, center, 56 periods.
- Bernard Austin, guard, 51 periods.
- * Guy Smith, guard, 35 periods.
- * denotes Senior.

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

SUMMARY FOR THE 1939-40 BASKETBALL SEASON

	Pts.	P.F.	FA	FM	Pct.	PP
Moorby	133	21	27	15	.556	68
Raymond	81	20	30	11	.367	68
Haven	48	26	29	8	.276	68
Bodette	39	56	24	9	.375	61
Austin	28	32	10	4	.400	51
Slack	25	12	14	3	.214	56
Ploof	13	8	8	7	.875	29
Getchell	9	18	14	3	.214	35
Fuller	6	3	4	2	.500	32
Larrabee	3	8	4	1	.250	24
McCabe	2	0	1	0	.000	7
O'Brien	0	0	0	0	.000	6
Smith	0	10	1	0	.000	35
Bearor	0	0	0	0	.000	2
Franklin	0	0	0	0	.000	2
Totals	387	204	156	63	.403	

Pts—Points made
 P. F.—Personal Fouls
 FA—Fouls Attempted
 FM—Fouls Made
 Pct.—Percentage of fouls made
 PP—Periods played

Baseball Outlook

Having just closed a very poor basketball season, the best we can do is to look forward to the baseball season. We could say that V. H. S. will have a banner season but we won't because all too often we have been disappointed.

Eight letter men will be among those answering the first call for candidates early next month. Guy Smith and Merritt Raymond will be returning for their fourth seasons at catcher and shortstop, respectively. Other letter men returning are Bernie Auston, second base; Robert Morris, third base; Stu Haven, field; Charles Frank-

lin, field; Bill Fuller, field; and Bill Larabee, catcher.

The team will be without the services of Art Moorby, another fourth year man, because of the age limit.

The big question centers around the pitchers corp as Bradley, last year's standout who graduated, was the only pitcher and through an oversight of the pitching staff no replacement was trained.

Class Tournaments

The Annual Class Tournaments started on Monday, March 11, with the Freshmen opposing the Sophomores.



DE REBUS ROMANIS

EDITOR, PATIENCE NORTON, '41

ASSISTANT EDITOR,
GENIER JEROME, '41



"Copiae Imperatoris"

Imperator filiaque eius copias spectabant. Filli agriculturalum multum venerant ut pro rege pugnarent. Imperator arma suis copiis dedit. Milites monuit ut cum virtute pugnarent. Signum, tuba militibus dabatur. Milites gladiis pugnauerunt. Imperator eos laudavit. Deinde imperator filiaque pulchra ad prandium tuba appellabantur et milites ad suum prandium quoque properaverunt.

Anita Barrows,
Latin I

"Vita Ciceronis"

Cicero Arpini a. d. III Non. Jan. anno 648 a. u. c. natus est. Rhetoricam, philosophiam, poesem studuit. Duos annos in exercitu Romano erat. Post suam militiam studium dicendi prosecutus est. Multas orationes habuit sed post unam orationem contra Sullam Roma ei duos annos reliquenda erat. Sua reditione feminam, Terentiam nomine, in matrimonium duxit. Duo liberi eis nati sunt; Tullia, quae, adhuc in venca, mor-

tua est, et Marcus, qui nihil valuit. Post annis duobus quaestor creatus est et ad Siciliam missus est. Sua reditione orationem in iudicio contra hominem, Verrem nomine, habuit. Verres opes caede Siculorum obtinuerat. Propter orationem Ciceronis in exsilium Verri eundem erat. Ob hanc victoriam Cicero orator clarissimus Romae factus est. Anno 688 a. u. c. praetor delectus est. Post duobus annis consul, officium summum civitatis, creatus est. Eo consule, conjurationem magnam Catilinae suppressit iussit quinque ex conjuratis interfici. Inimicus Ciceronis, Clodius nomine, effecit ut Cicero in exsilium iret. Annum unum in exsilio mansit. Post suum reditum gubernator Ciliciae factus est. Post mortem Caesaris dux senatorum factus est. Is quattuordecim orationes contra Antonium, qui potestatem Romae ceperat, habuit. Propter has orationes Cicero, jussu Antoni, Formiae a. d. VII Id. Dec. anno 708 a. u. c., interfectus est.

Irene Jackson,
Latin 3

"Pascha Romana"

Claudius Dianaque Agrippa gemini undecim annorum sunt. Haec Diana nominabatur quia haec esset appellatio sororis Apollonis quae pulcherrima erat.

Hi liberi a familia clarissima prope Romam nati sunt.

Dies ante Pascham est. Et puer et puella Christiani sunt. In templo Christiano amplissimo in urbe sua baptizabantur. Fabulam Paschae saepe audiverunt et eam memoria sua nunc tenent. Non solum fabulam sed etiam jocum, quod hac die habent, amant.

Nam in crastinum cum collusoribus parvis suis ova, quae coloraverunt, venabunt. Infans qui plurima inveniet, remunerabitur ovis quae non vera sunt, sed quae de sacchara crystallino faciuntur. Is, tamen, ea cum reliquis semper parit. Liberi ludunt et omnia delectantur. Tempore Paschae, non solum ova venant sed etiam ad templum eunt.

Alta Beach,
Latin 2

"Julia"

Julia puella parva est. Galliam habitat. Cum matre et patre fratreque vivit. Pater eius agricola est. Julia in litore ludit. Familia casam parvam habitat. Frater eius naviculam gubernat. Ea alba est. Julia ea vehi amat. Julia puell-

la quattuordecim annorum est. Ea familiam suam amat. Pater eius multa tela habet sed nullum bellum est. Julia et pater fraterque gaudent quod pax in Gallia sit.

Patricia Smith,
Latin I

"Gallia"

Gallia non insula sed provincia erat. Gallia in Europa erat. Provincia antiqua erat. Gallia patria agricolarum erat. Agricolae terram et frumentum paraverunt. Equi frumentum ad oppidum et aquam ad dominos suos portaverunt. Viae in Gallia a viris paratae sunt. Multa proelia in Gallia pugnata sunt. Multi et clari viri vulnerabantur. Magna facta virorum Galliae laudamus.

Ruth Sherman,
Latin 1

"Barbara"

Barbara puella pulchra erat, et a suis amicis amabatur. Parvi domi in Gallia vixit. Anauta quoque amabatur. Une die prope flumen Barbara ambulabat. Homo magnus prope flumen quoque ambulabat. Vir Barbaram in flumen propulit. Barbara clamavit et nauta clamores eius audivit. Ad flumen properavit. Is Barbaram servavit et ea eum amavit. Illud erat praemium nauta pre facto forti eius.

Nada McEvila,
Latin I



BLUE AND WHITE



V. H. S. SEARCHLIGHT

EDITOR, ALLEN GAINES, '41

In this issue's Alumni Department, the "V. H. S. Searchlight" turns on a few representatives of previous graduating classes.

GEORGE NOONAN, a senior at the University of Vermont, has been elected chairman of Senior Week, and will have charge of the arrangements for graduation week. George was also named on the Dean's list for the first semester.

HAROLD CUSHMAN, a Junior in the College of Agriculture, has been named on the Dean's list for the first semester.

TERENCE GAGE, who is taking a medical course at U. V. M., has been named on the Dean's list for the first semester.

GERALDINE BACON is now employed by Dr. L. R. Goodrich.

DESMOND CASEY is at home after completing a course in Air

Conditioning and Refrigeration at the Thermo Institute in New York.

ELEANOR LANGEWAY is taking a course in music at U. V. M.

THEODORE KRAMPITZ is employed in the First National Store in Vergennes.

LUCILE MUNDY is employed at Ralli's Fruit Store.

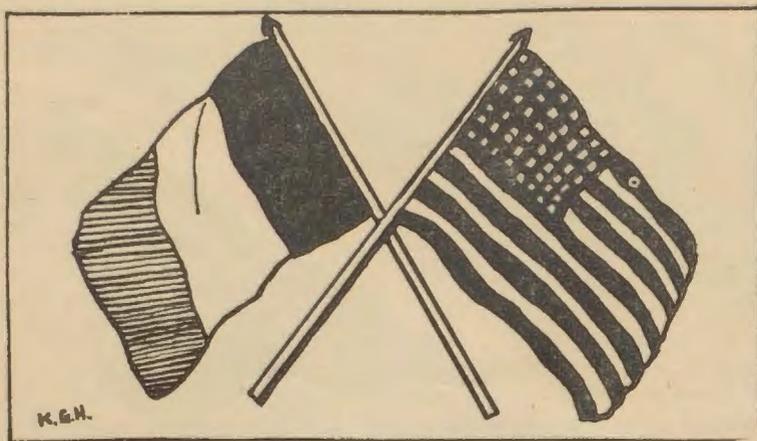
RALPH JACKMAN is at home after completing a course in Air Conditioning and Refrigeration at Thermo Institute in New York.

VERLIE WHITE is training at Rutland Hospital.

KITTRIDGE HAVEN is attending Raymond Riordon School, Highland, New York.

HOWARD TATRO is taking an Agricultural course at U. V. M.

RICHARD BARROWS is working in his father's drug store.



LE DEPARTMENT FRANCAIS

EDITOR, ALTA BEACH, '41

ASSISTANT EDITOR, ELIZABETH FIFFELD, '41

Le Premier Avril

Le Premier Avril est célébré dans beaucoup de nations. En France il est célébré comme en Amérique pour la plupart. Ils font bien des farces qui s'appellent "Poissons d'avril."

Il y a cette coutume parceque vers la fin du seizieme siècle quand l'année cessa de commencer en avril ils ne cessèrent pas de donner des étrennes au premier avril. Maintenant au vingtième siècle nous ne donnons pas des étrennes. Au lieu de cette coutume nous faisons des poissons d'avril. Ils s'appellent poissons d'avril parcequ'à cette époque le soleil vient de quitter le signe zodiacale des poissons.

Patience Norton,
Français II

Une promenade dans le parc

Gauthier et Charlotte ont fait une promenade dans le parc. Ils ont vu beaucoup de fleurs. Ils ont

regardé les animaux dans le parc. Ils ont jeté des pierres dans le lac. Alors ils sont allés à la maison et ont mangé le déjeuner. Charlotte a dit—Il nous faut aller au parc de nouveau.

James Allen,
Français II

Voice L'été

Voici l'été, Gauthier est content. Il aime beaucoup, l'été. L'hiver est trop long pour Gauthier. Mais alors l'été est arrivé. Cet été il va jouer beaucoup. Il va faire des promenades dans le beau parc.

Voilà maman, elle aime l'été aussi, mais elle préfère nager. Elle aime aussi aller / ou pique-niquer. Quand on va au lac, papa va avec nous, parce qu'il aime bien nager.

Nous avons des pique-niques dans des petits bois. Nous nous amusons bien.

Armand Beliveau,
Français I

Le Premier Signe du printemps

C'est un jour heureux, quand on voit le premier signe du printemps. Quand la dernière neige a fondu dans la terre, tout le monde pense au printemps qui s'approche. Ils savent qu'il leur promettra beaucoup de plaisir.

C'est un signe sur que le printemps vient, quand les arbres bourgeonnent, l'herbe commence à devenir verte, et l'oiseau vole à travers l'air chantant ses chants.

Il y a quelque chose au printemps qui vous fait sentir heureux, au dépit des soins. Quand vous vous êtes assis dans l'école ou ailleurs, vous voulez toujours être au dehors.

Loretta Laflam,
Français II

Paques en Amérique

Dans notre pays, l'Amérique, la célébration de Paques vient au printemps. C'est le dimanche après le vendredi saint. Paques est un temps quand les enfants donnent et reçoivent les oeufs de Paques. Les petites églises du pays aussi bien que les grandes cathédrales des villes sont toutes décorées pour cette plus belle messe de l'année. Paques est un temps très saint et un temps pour adorer. Ce temps de l'an est connu pour les styles et la mode, aussi. A New York, il y a une grande parade de Paques, mais partout les gens sortent avec les habits nouveaux. C'est un temps de l'an très intéressant.

Sylvia Yattaw,
Français II

Les Souris

Monsieur et Madame souris habitent une drôle de petit mai-

son. Ils ont un bébé appelé Jacques. Les famille de souris cherchent leur repas. Ils aiment beaucoup le fromage. Petit Jacques court d'un coin à l'autre. Il s'amuse avec sa queue. Monsieur et Madame sont très heureux. Ils ne sont pas inquiet excepté pour éviter la cuisinière. Ils sont très prudents. Ils savent ce qui arrivera s'ils sont attrapés dans une souricière. Madame gronde le petit Jacques s'il va près d'une souricière. Monsieur souris glisse dans un paquet sur la planche. Il rapporte à sa famille tout ce qu'ils veulent manger. Vous pouvez comprendre pourquoi les souris n'aiment pas le gros chat. Ils comprennent bien ces dangers.

Connie Abair,
Français I

Les Soures

Monsieur et madame ont une maison dans la campagne, mais ils n'y sont pas contents. Quand ils sont arrivés leur cousine les a rencontrés à la porte. Alors ils sont allés pour trouver quelque chose à manger. Ils ont rencontré un gros chat et ont vu le fromage dans la souricière. Ainsi madame a dit à monsieur qu'il vaut mieux aller à la maison et comme les femmes sont toujours prudentes ils sont allés à la maison dans la campagne et ils sont toujours heureux.

Warren Field,
Français I

Robert cherche son livre d'anglais

Robert se lève et il s'habille. Il mange son petit déjeuner et se met en route pour l'école avec ses livres et ses crayons. Puis il se

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

rappele son livre d'anglais. Il ne l'a pas. Il rentre à la maison et il cherche son livre. Il dit—Maman, où est le livre d'anglais? Sa mère ne le voit pas. Robert cherche partant. Il est en retard et il n'a pas trouvé le livre. Enfin il va dans le bibliothèque et là sur le plancher est ca soeur que regarde le livre acev intérêt. Il est impatient et il prend le livre et il se dépêche a l'école. Il arrive quand on sonne.

Marjorie Rider,
Français II

Le Premier Avril

Charles était un jeune garçon américain. Il est allé à l'école tous les jours. Un jour son ami Raoul lui a dit que le professeur de français a voulu qu'il traduise trois pages de français. Charles était très triste ce matin-là. Il n'a pas aimé le français. Il a travaillé ferme tout le matin. Dans l'après-midi il a pris le travail au professeur. Le professeur était

très surpris. Alors Raoul l'a appelé poisson d'avril, parce que c'était le premier avril.

Frances E. Ryan,
Français I

Le Diner de Paques

Après la matinée Marie et sa maman et papa sont allés diner dans un restaurant. Le garçon a indiqué une petite table et il a donné la carte du jour à chacun.

Marie a vu sur la table deux lapins rouges et quatre grands oeufs rouges de Paques. Sur les autres tables elle a vu des jolis oeufs bleus et jaunes.

Marie a envie de manger toutes ces bonnes choses. Elle a commandé son diner.

—Désirez-vous commander du lapin pour le diner, Marie? a dit papa.

—Non, papa, je ne désire pas un petit lapin, le Paques. Paques est une fête pour les lapins.

Muriel Clark,
Français I

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page twenty-two)

The guards on the team were as follows:

Anita Barrows
Eleanor Sheppard
Shirley Sheehan
Frances Ryan
Katherine Norton
Hazel Evarts

Those receiving letters are:
Capt. Dorothy Fuller

Dorothy Danyow
Margaret Hawkins
*Shirley Sheehan
Anita Barrows
Eleanor Sheppard
Frances Ryan
*Alice Ryan
*Hazel Evarts

* denotes Seniors
Eunice Washburn—Manager
Muriel Clark—Asst. Manager

CARINNEY

EDITOR, RAYMOND RYAN, '40

The Weather

Six Kinds of Weather

January
Freezes!

February
Wheezes!

March
Breezes!

April
Sneezes!

May
Eases!

June
Pleases!

—oOo—

A Cure for Insomnia

"How did you cure yourself of insomnia?"

"I left a lot of my school work unfinished and tried to stay awake and do it at night."

—oOo—

An Irishman and a Scot were arguing as to the merits of their respective countries.

"Ah, well," said Sandy, "they toor doon an auld castle in Scotland and found many wires under it, which shows that the telegraph was knoon there hoondreds o' years ago."

"Well," said Pat, "they toor down an auld castle in Oireland, and, begorra, there was no wires found under it, which shows that they knew all about wireless telegraphy in Oireland hundreds of years ago."

—oOo—

Passenger—"What makes this train go so slow?"

Irate Conductor—"If you don't like it you can get out and walk."

Passenger—"I would, only I'm not expected until train time."

—oOo—

Mr. Hylan has just announced his candidacy for the President of the United States. His platform is:

1. I believe in abolition of derby hats.
2. I believe in corporal punishment for folks who use the phrases: "What do you know about that?" "What's the good word?" and "Believe Me."
3. I advocate the branding of persons who borrow books, umbrellas and lawnmowers, and fail to return them within six months' time.
4. I advocate the imprisonment

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

of apartment dwellers who scream, play phonographs and jump up and down after 11 P. M.

5. I stand for the social ostracism of theatre patrons and movie fans who explain the plots to their companions in advance.

6. I believe in the abolition of all jokes over ten years old.

I wish to make clear here that the Grinnery editor does not support the new candidate in regard to the last plank in his platform.

—oOo—

Mr. Hylan—(Hearing the sound of a brow being slapped)—“O Levi!—an inspiration?”

Levi—“No, a fly!”

—oOo—

Austin—“What is the proverb

about the moss and the rolling stone?”

Mr. Goddard—“A revolving fragment of the Paleozoic Age collects no cryptogamous vegetation.”

—oOo—

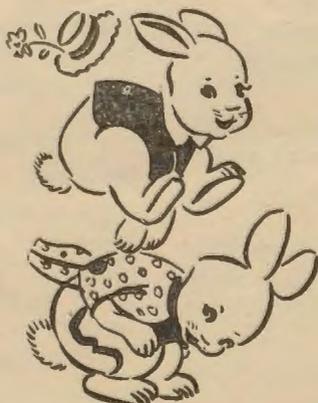
Gaines in Sociology class asked Mr. Dopp a question with a few big words in it.

Mr. Dopp: “Your question is too copious for my diminutive comprehension. Will you kindly endeavor to elucidate more explicitly?”

—oOo—

Kirby—“I wish I had money, I'd travel.”

Clark—“How much do you need?”



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BLUE AND WHITE

Some Screen Actors seem to think that long hair curling up on their neck and behind their ears enhances their personal charm.

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