

Commencement Issue

of the

Blue and White



Bergennes High School

Class of 1944

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The Blue and White is published by the Students of Vergennes High School, Vergennes, Vermont, and printed by the Rockwood Publications of Vergennes. Copies are twenty-five cents each.



Clyde Church Badger Junior "Bud"

Basketball 1-2-3-4 Captain 4

Baseball 3-4

Patrol 1-2-3-4; Captain 4

Mixed Chorus 2-3-4

Civilian Defense 1-2-3-4

Stunt Night 1-2-3

Boys' State '43

Blue & White Staff 4; Spotlight 1-2

Senior Play 4

Minstrel Show 2-3-4

Ambition is to become a successful business man

Clyde is known as the "King of the Bow-ties." We wish him the best of luck when he leaves for the Navy. "Bon Voyage" Bud. Best asset—his way of winning friends, and the ability to take a lot without squawking.

Robert Charles Barrows "Bob"

Class President 1-2-3-4

Orchestra 7-8-12; Mixed Chorus 3-4

Basketball 1-2-3-4

Baseball 3-4; Civilian Defense

Patrol 1-2-3-4

Stunt Night 1-2-3

All State Band 4

Rotary Supper (Dish Wiper) 4

Senior Play; Rifle Club 3

Captain of Manual of Arms

"Say, Bob, how are your dishpan hands?" "Bob would like to become an aeronautical engineer. Next in line, he says, is to play in a red-hot jazz band. Many wishes for your success, Bob!"



Walter Bushey "Walt," "Bush"

Walt was taken by Uncle Sam early this spring and we have been unable to secure his list of school doings, though we can assure you that he did his part in representing the Bushey's in the Class of '44.

Glenn Mills Faye**"Faye"**

Senior Play
 Plays Trumpet in Orchestra
 Baseball 3-4
 Basketball 1-2-3-4. All Tournament
 Team Guard
 Blue and White Staff 4
 Vice President 4
 Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4
 Ambition is to play in a big name band.
 Glenn is known as the "Harry James of Vergennes."

**Mildred Arlene Fisher****"Millie"**

Senior Play Makeup Manager
 Music 1-2-3-4
 Rotary Supper 4
 Ambition—to be a Nurse
 "Take it easy Millie and loads of good luck!"

Diana Lolomi Griffis**"Hecate"**

Senior Play
 Salutary Address
 Basketball 1
 Music 1-2-3-4
 Class Treasurer 3
 Dramatic Club 4
 Blue and White Staff 4
 Minstrel Shows 1-2-3-4
 Rotary Supper 4
 All State Chorus 2
 Stunt Night 1-3
 Ambition is College and teaching

"A quiet little blonde, who makes it a point to study every free minute. Her assets are her blue eyes and blonde hair, plus a wonderful ability to concentrate. May you always be successful and happy 'Hecate'!"



Eva May Hallock

Music 1-2-3-4
 Senior Play
 Rotary Supper 4
 All-State Chorus 4
 Music Festivals 3-4
 Minstrel Shows 1-2-3-4
 Stunt Night 1-2-3

"Eve"



LeRoy F. Hard

"Roy"

Roy, quiet and studious, is interested in Basketball Baseball, Swimming and Hockey. He also likes music and plays a guitar.

He wrote an article for the school paper, "Christmas in the Future." He sang in our Mixed Chorus and sang a solo in the last Minstrel show. His best assets are his personality, and his wide grin.

Madlyn Eunice Hunt

Senior Play
 Music 1-2-3-4
 Rotary Supper 4
 Basketball 3-4
 Patrol 1-2-3-4

"Maddy"

"Madlyn represented the Senior girls on the basketball team and we really mean it! Best of luck to you 'Maddy.'"



Ruth Edith Jerger
 Senior Play
 Rotary Supper 4
 Music 2-3
 Stunt Night 3

"Ruthie"



Francese Doris King

"Fran"

Music 4
 Orchestra 1-2
 Senior Play
 Minstrel Show 4
 Rotary Supper 4
 Ambition—Nursing

Robert William Looby

"Bob"

Stunt Night 1-2
 Patrol 1-2
 Scenery Manager of Senior Play
 Civilian Defense Messenger 2-3-4
 Minstrel Show 1-2-4
 Baseball 1-2-3-4
 Basketball 1-2-3-4
 Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4
 Ambition—To be a pilot. "Happy Landings," Bob



Sam Vincent Mace

"Chuck"

Stunt Night 1-3
 Mnistrel Shows 1-2
 Senior Play
 Rotary Supper 4
 Student Board Representative 2
 Patrol 2-3
 Mixed Chorus 2
 Rife Club
 Civilian Defense
 Manual of Arms



Patricia Alice Purcell

"Pat"

Senior Play
 Rotary Supper 4
 Ambition—To become a Home Economics teacher.

"Pat wrote our Class Poem. She enjoys going to dances on Saturday nights. May your ambition be realized Pat. Best wishes for your happiness."

Eleanor Elizabeth Ringer

"Ring"

Basketball 2-3
 Senior Play
 Rotary Supper 4
 Stunt Night



Marilda Rose Rule**"Till"**

Patrol 1-2-3-4
 Minstrel Show 1-2-3-4
 Rotary Supper 4
 Senior Play
 Music 1-2-3
 Stunt Night 1-3
 Ambition—To be a 4-H Club Leader
 or a Home Demonstration Agent

**Mildred Dorothy Searls****"Millie"**

Music 1-3-4
 Patrol 2-3-4
 Rotary Supper 4
 Senior Play Business Manager
 Minstrel Show 2-3-4
 Stunt Night 3
 Mixed Chorus 3-4

Constance Smith**"Connie"**

Music 1-2-3-4
 Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4
 Patrol—2-3
 Rotary Supper 4
 Stunt Night 1-2-3
 Minstrel Show 4
 All-State Music Festival Chorus 4
 Cheerleader 2
 Ambition—Secretarial Work

"Connie has dark hair, pretty eyes, and an 'engaging' smile. May your future hold success and happiness, Connie."



Weston H. Spooner
 Senior Play
 Stunt Night 1-2-3
 Rotary Supper 4
 Baseball 4

"Spoon"



James Paul Stearns

"Jim"

Baseball 1-2-4
 Basketball 1-2-3-4
 Music 4
 Band 1-2-3 (Mellophone)
 Printing Shop (Office) 1-2-3-4
 Minstrel Show 4
 School Paper Editor-in-Chief 4
 Senior Play

Ambition—The Navy, then Printing
 "Best assets—His way of winning friends, his blue eyes, blonde hair and his frank smile. Loads of luck to you Jimmy."

Clema Emma Thorpe
 Senior Play
 Rotary Supper

"Clem"

"Clema entered our class in September of '43. She came here from the Beeman Academy. We wish her much luck and happiness."



Joyce Mildred Tucker**'Joy'**

Senior Play

Rotary Supper 4

Ambition—Undetermined

"We know you'll succeed, Joy, so good luck to you!"

**Earl Sidney Willard****"Stinky"**

Basketball 3-4; All-tournament team

4

Baseball Captain 4

Scenery Manager in Senior Play

Blue and White Staff 4

Plays Saxophone in Orchestra 4

Mixed Chorus 4

Ambition is to be a Physical Education Instructor

"Earl is the tall boy who always seems to always get what he goes after."

Thelma May Williams**"Bill"**

Senior Play

Rotary Supper 4

Grade Banking 1-2

Patrol 1-2-3-4

Stunt Night—1-3

Minstrel Show 1

Basketball 1-2-3

Ambition—To travel abroad

"May you always be happy in your success that is bound to come!"



Norma Georgianna Muzzy **"Muzz"**

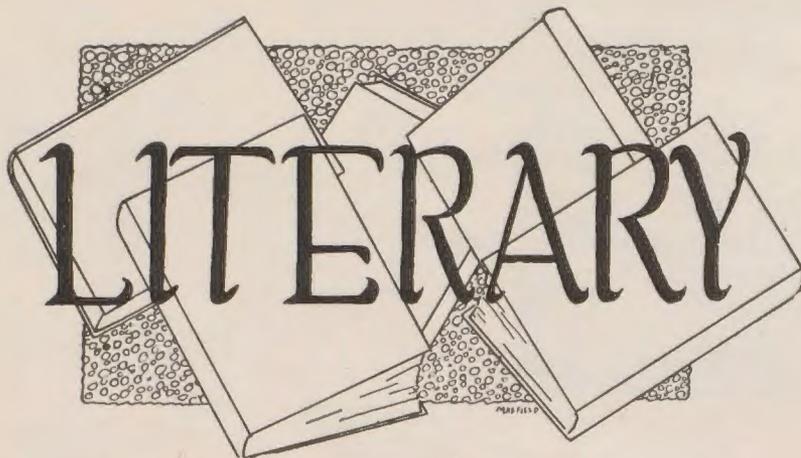
Music 1-2-3-4
 Rotary Supper 4
 Mixed Chorus 2-3
 Minstrel Show 4
 Stunt Night 1-2-3

Dorothy Ann Bowers **"Dot"**

Music 2-3-4
 Music Festival 2-3-4
 Class Day 4
 Stunt Night 3
 Rotary Supper 4
 Ambition—Teaching

"Dotty came from Boston to begin her Sophomore year. She is a dark ambitious girl. We wish her success in every undertaking."





THE CONSTITUTION—TEMPLE OF LIBERTY

Carolyn Chapman, 45

A temple of liberty—the greatest temple ever built by man, insuring some of the greatest rights and privileges in the world, built up by some of the greatest leaders in all history—that is our Constitution, the Constitution of the United States, beginning with the famous words every American knows—“We, the people”—yes, it is we, the people—everywhere, all the time.

Perhaps we can call the Bill of Rights our ten pillars, for surely they hold up our temple. They stand for the things we can't see, the things we accept without questioning, besides the freedom they definitely state. Supported by our pillars is the preamble, the arch of our temple, the backbone of everything the American people want for themselves and the rest of the world “to establish justice, to insure domestic tranquillity”—or, the right to a decent home in a decent world.

Every temple must have an emblem or a standard to signify to whom it belongs or what it means; therefore our Constitution must have a standard. We have it—the flag of the United States,

the red and white stripes, the forty-eight stars against a blue field—the flag standing for so much. We know it by many names—Old Glory, the Star Spangled Banner, the Red, White and Blue, but it all means the same thing—the standard of freedom floating o'er a free land. Perhaps Henry Holcomb Bennett best expressed the meaning of our flag, in his poem “The Flag Goes By” when he wrote:

Hats off!
The colors before us fly,
But more than the flag is passing by:
Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;
Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase.
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe,
Sign of a nation, great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.”

Yes, that's what our flag stands for. What makes a man cheer when he's dying? What makes him fight on when there seems to be nothing left? We ask why, but we know.

He's cheering because he knows he's

fighting for the only thing left in the world worth fighting for—liberty.

The next thing a temple needs is a guard—someone to protect it, someone who keeps out foreign intruders who wish to smash down the temple, destroy its pillars, and kill its subjects. We have that guard—standing majestically in New York Harbor—the Statue of Liberty, holding the lighted torch of freedoms high in her hand. That graceful lady stands for everything I can't put into words—the power she has to bring tears to the eyes of refugees from war-torn Europe when they arrive in the United States—the power she has to bring a lump into the throat of every loyal American—we the people also have certain Americanisms—little things we say and do every day—little things that stand for America—a baseball game, a coke, the movies, public gatherings, the Church bells on Sunday, the “last” bell ringing at school, the magazines we buy, the newspapers that are printed, the friends we meet—all these things go with a democracy—we need all these things to help keep our democracy democratic—the pillars have to be firmly planted or they will crumple at the slightest touch—our pillars are firmly planted. We do have a whole-hearted democracy.

We have the four freedoms guaranteed to us—freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from fear, freedom from want. They aren't all definitely stated in our constitution, but they are there—something we can't grasp, yet we know it's there if we need it—since the beginning of our history, we have had religious freedom—In “Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers” by Felicia Dorothea Hemans she says—

“What sought they thus far?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of the seas?
The spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!

They left unstained what there they found

Freedom to worship God!”

We have freedom from want and from fear—we know we will be taken care of, fed if we're hungry and protected from wrong doers—we know we can say what we want to when we want to say it—as long as it is within reason. Yes, our temple stands for everything we fight for, everything we live for, everything we are willing to die for—I'm sure all of us agree with Patrick Henry when he said—“Almighty God, I know not what course others may take, but as for me, Give me liberty or give me death.”

We're fighting for that liberty now, some of us are dying for it, but we're confident, as our once great leader, Abraham Lincoln said—“That this government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.”

POST GRADUATION

LeRoy Hard

So here you are at last, this is what you've been waiting for, graduation. Have you thought about it very much, in between the rush of extra curricular and finals? Have you wondered how you can apply all, or a good part of what you have been taught, to your everyday life after you get out into the world? Of course you have, so, though I'm no philosopher, I'll give a few of my ideas. Some of you may remember the theory in Psychology that there is no such thing as a perfect fit into society. To prove their point, they said that a round peg must be adjusted to fit into a square hole.

Personalities are like this peg, they can be adjusted but, to do so means a lot o hard work, the possibilities of failure and at the least a last amount of energy and a transformation of character. Now there will be some adjustments, that is true, but why not hunt

for a place where the peg will fit with few changes? I mean by that, find a position in society and at some occupation where you will fit in, with only minor changes made in you.

Look back over your schoolwork, we've all done a little griping, that's true, but weren't there certain things you liked to do just the same? How about English? Yes we know you never liked the grammar, but wasn't it necessary? You probably liked poetry and story writing, well isn't the form of your writing important if you are ever to become an author?

How about engineering, drafting or any job dealing with mechanics? A lot of you fellows are interested, what could be better if you like construction seeing your work that you've planned every inch of, being put up where people will see it long after you are gone? Should you go into the army or the forces anywhere, there is all the more chance for specialized training.

The girls that so successfully prepared meals for the Rotary, yes all the Home Economics class, they'll never have to worry about wasting. Many because they can't cook, they won't be helpless, if they want a dress styled smart and different they won't have to shop all over some city and pay more than they can afford to obtain it, they'll make it.

Those of the girls who don't wish to marry and settle down, you must admit you've all had the chance to be trained a career woman, you have your typing, your shorthand, you can take Business Arithmetic, you have had a choice of several languages so you can converse with those of different nationalities wishing to do business.

Well, you have all had these subjects now the ones you like best, choose a corresponding job so that you will be happy for that is the secret of success. If you choose a job you enjoy, you will be cheerful, which is a contagious sickness and will soon spread to those about you.

Now, I say, we all owe a debt of

gratitude to the faculty for the many things they have done for us. I've been to exactly six different schools and never have I seen a spirit of friendliness and cooperation such as exists here between students and between students and faculty. Whether or not this spirit is carried out of the school also, I do now know, but it is certainly present in the school.

I say we owe a vote of thanks to Mr. Berry, who realizes that the physical side of a student if kept healthy, through organized sports, will keep the mental side up to par.

To Mr. Templeton who was ever ready to take on the burden of extra work and cooperate when the students wanted a play or when they needed extra help, or when they wanted their stories and poems checked over.

To Mr. Patterson, who was willing to drop in and illustrate a point or to give an easy trick problem out of the vast store of experiences he has collected from practically all parts of the world. It make Geography assume real incidents.

To Mrs. Saulters who could and would take over the managing of suppers for a Rotary meeting or the supervising of curtains and make up for any play or musical. She could do this as well as teach Biology and other subjects.

To Mrs. Patterson for passing on her knowledge of French, Commercial Geography and European History to the High School, besides extra work such as teaching Social Studies to grade seven.

To Mrs. Nelson, for her part in teaching Latin, English and General Science, three subjects which will be a large contribution to the future of many students.

To Mrs. Berry for her help in teaching Spanish, Short Hand, Typing and Business Practice to those who wish to become stenographers, secretaries and clerks.

To Mrs. Favor for the patience and fortitude which she found somewhere

to carry on and successfully turn out some singers and some musicians and complete three musicals. And it does take patience!

To Mr. Zickler, for the ability to make each problem into some useful application. Also for his ability to see a joke and make one.

To Mr. Gile. As a teacher of Psychology and Sociology, two subjects which not only explain the actions of human beings, but also aids the student in adjusting himself to different types of people and situations.

To the Clergymen: Rev. Davis, Father Ripper, Rev. Evans, Father Couture, for their voluntary and most appreciated work in the religion classes that are held each Thursday in the week.

Having written this article, I hope you will remember your favorite subjects and let them help you choose a job.



HAVE FAITH IN GOD

Eleanor E. Ringer, '44

Two years have passed since Bud was home. "He has been missed very much" thought his mother.

She held one of Bud's latest letters and his picture in her hand.

" . . . am in good health."

Bud always said that. She looked more closely at his picture. He was grinning. Always grinning. She smiled. She used to call him her favorite son, even though she did have another son who she thought was just as special.

Bud's youngest sister came into the room.

"Hi mom, have you got a letter from Bud?"

"Yes, Bobbie I have. He sent his love to you."

Jackie, Bud's brother, came into the room.

"Did you tell Bud I'm going in the

navy next year?"

"Yes. He said he thought that that was a fine idea."

Barbara giggled.

"You, in the navy!" she said. "They want men . . . !"

"Jack—Barbara! Be good children," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Ah, I was only teasing," Bobbie said. Jackie grinned.

Mrs. Wilson looked at her sixteen year old son and sighed. Having Bud gone was bad enough but with Jackie gone—it would be worse than ever.

Well, she still had Bobbie left and Gertrude, her married daughter.

When Mr. Wilson came in, they all sat down to supper. Home—peaceful home—Dad, Mom and the kids—foremost in sailor Bud's mind.

Several weeks later, while the Wilson family was sitting around the fireplace the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Wilson answered it and took the telegram from the messenger boy with great fear in her heart.

"We regret to inform you that your son, David Lee Wilson, has been seriously wounded in the Southwest Pacific area"

She stopped with tear-filled eyes. Her Bud—her favorite son—her oldest and most beloved son—seriously wounded—maybe dying.

For days there was an uneasy, uncomfortable hush over the Wilson household and every night one could sense the silent crying of Bud's mother and sister.

No more telegrams came to tell them whether he was better or worse—and Mrs. Wilson who almost lost faith—imagined Bud dead.

Then one night the doorbell rang again.

Everyone looked up expectantly, but this time no messenger boy's grim face appeared—no, instead it was her favorite son—Bud on a crutch—grinning just as he always did.

GETTING TO THE POINT

By Frances Casey

Michel looked every inch the slightly old maidish and well to do widower walking quickly through the hall. And behind him, the rich portieres fell behind his retreating figure; the gloom he left behind him harbored a defiant son. There he stood, in the square carpeted hallway, with one hand on the door watching in turn, the portieres on the left, the door before him and lastly, he switched his gaze to the stairs which wound dimly toward the upper rooms of the great house. His frown deepened. At length he glanced out the door behind him, where it seemed to be raining harder than when he came in. His momentary indecision vanished at the sound of footsteps behind the heavy portieres, for only one person stepped like that. Michel's son ran lightly up the stairs.

"Why is it that he should make such a fuss over a little matter like that?"

"The kid is making fuss for two reasons. First because it isn't a little matter to him. Second, because he doesn't understand it"

"Really, John, he shouldn't be expected to understand such a thing at his age. He shouldn't even think about such a thing as a philosophy."

"All my sons understood it when they were much younger than your precious William."

"Hum. Even you get roused, John. Why must a man your age snap me up at the mere mention of the subject?"

"Well, Michel, you are excited yourself or you wouldn't bring the matter up tonight."

"Sir! I will not have my son come home from school and ask me my philosophy. We ever imagined such a thing?"

Michel's guest did not answer but went on buttoning his coat.

"It's all poppycock! If he would learn the third grade number chart, it would be more profitable than to waste—completely waste—his time arguing

Michel's son rushed through the velvet portieres in an obviously pugnacious mood. In reply to Michel's good-natured, "How much money did it take to get you through life today?" he growled, "It's changed over from money matters to success."

"Now really."

"Why did they pop it so suddenly? I over his philosophy.

"I suppose so. Good night."

He was gone then, and the portieres were falling back at Michel's feet.

Michel enjoyed his walk this morning more than usual. The mud he had stepped in didn't seem to matter. He forgot that he objected to girls running on the street and actually hoped the one in red would reach the corner first because she was the smallest. He even caught himself laughing at the strains of "Pistol Packin' Mama" which belligerently followed him down the street.

Mittens, his hairy cocker-spaniel, was altogether too frisky for a sedate animal eight years old and misnamed "Mittens" by a bouncing dowager who loved all animals at a distance of ten feet. Michel had always disliked the name, mostly because he disliked the former owner. Yet when he looked at the fuzzy paws pattering pell-mell over the pavement, he decided the bouncing dowager hadn't been so far off after all.

He really liked that dog. He remembered how bad he had felt the day a professional dog breeder said Mittens resembled a bow-legged bush.

Later on, yesterdays rain came calling again in great, splashing drops. To be caught in the downpour worried Michel for Mittens always hated to get wet. Something must be done. Animals did catch pneumonia. So, much as he hated crowded busses, Michel waited at the stop determined to get home as soon as possible. But the bus was late and (when it did come) far too full to suit the fastidious Michel. That is how it happened that Mittens and Michel walked solemnly home in the rain.

never heard of it. If you act up, they say, 'That's no way to be. What's your philosophy?'"

"Terms like that are used in different ways. I think it's all bosh or else a snappy comeback for something they can't explain themselves." Michel was vague and rather cautious.

"Well."—a short pause— "Dad, what is a philosophy of life?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Michel flippantly.

"But, I am serious."

"Unfortunately, you are. Forget it."

But, after a moment Michel sobered off and turned sharply around.

"Sit down, young man, and tell me what's the row between you and the dictionary. I might get the general idea."

"Well, it all started over at school, you know. They said we ought to have a philosophy or think about getting one on the double. Think seriously, they said. What are we here for and so on? It seems a bit far fetched."

People can't be perfectly happy. Something's always happening. They said Saint Thomas Aquinas wrote *Summa Theologica* but I don't get the connection. There's something wrong, you know."

Michel didn't enjoy that morning walk this time. He felt like shaking Mittens for being so happy. And when Mr. Morris said good morning he merely growled at the sidewalk. Matters rapidly went from bad to worse. Not only did Mittens get into a fight with the barber's moth eaten terrier; he lost the fight as well! Gentle natured as he was, Michel felt mortified at this failing in his pet. To be licked by that bony terrier was too much for Michel, who had harbored a grudge at the barber and his dog ever since the barber had cut his hair too high on the left side.

Furthermore, losing Mittens in a revolving door made the poor man doubt the vaunted intelligence of dogs.

It was a truly bad day for Michel and

Mittens. So when eccentric Mrs. Hutchins who carried an umbrella for no reason in particular, poked his hat off, Michel indignantly headed for home.

I say the man and his dog headed that way. They didn't get there in any way so's you'd notice it. For Michel's troubles with his growing boy and dog were far from over. Mittens almost drowned himself in half an inch of water; Michel himself lost both rubbers; next they met the bouncing dowager who had formerly owned Mittens. She thought he looked poor and told Michel that the poor dog was thoroughly soaked, although Michel himself had realized that sad fact for some time now.

Soon an escaped tricycle collided with Michel. Recovering from that, Michel and Mittens decided that they really had to follow the fire truck, especially since the rain was letting up. Thus, it was some time before the pair got home.

Dinner as over; Mittens was curled up at his feet; Michel yawned as he watched the cigar fumes swirl toward the ceiling. Suddenly the portieres were rudely shoved aside and his son dashed in to collapse on the nearest ottoman.

"Dad," he began, "It's bothering me, you know. There's something wrong like I said yesterday."

"Now, son, listen. Don't get heated up about this philosophy stuff. They ask you your philosophy out of the blue and you don't fall. You've got one but just don't realize it. The way you have been trained to live, completes your philosophy. You don't have to read Cannon law to get it, nor will you get it from snappy cracks unless you know what's back of them. It's simply that you're here to serve God in this world and be happy with Him in the next. Unless you realize this, all the philosophy in the world will be no good because you have missed the nucleus and are just swimming in the froth. Now I'd stop worrying about

Here the boy interrupted with—"But it—"

I don't mean that. I was just planning to go to the dance tonight."

The movie was spoiled for Michel. It seems there was a cocker spaniel in it who got licked by a bull dog. True it wasn't the barber's terrier but when Michel went to a show for relaxation, he didn't want it to be quite so true to life. This thought came to him between fits of sneezing, caused by an overdose of perfume from someone in the back row. Michel was annoyed. Still it wasn't much to get fussed over and he thoroughly enjoyed the walk home.

Michel trudged up the walk whistling; let himself in the side door, hurried across the hall and snapped on the light. And of course, he promptly fell upstairs and broke his ankle.

Twenty minutes later, as Dr. Alberts left the room to call for help in setting Michel's ankle, the boy poked his head timidly around the draperies.

"Nice fix you're it."

His father said nothing. The ankle hurt plenty.

"How is your philosophy standing up? Is life still sweet?"

Even as he almost doubted it, Michel, for the first time realized the full truth of that philosophy.



SELF RATING SCALE

1. Do you refrain from grumbling about things which you cannot change?
2. Are you unhappy when your friends have better things than you?
3. Are you a good listener when others are talking?
4. Do you remember to thank others for favors and courtesies?
5. Do you interrupt people who are talking without asking their pardon?
6. Do you refrain from laughing and talking loudly in public?
7. Do you perform your duties in school and at home without being re-

minded?

8. Do you put things back in their proper place after you use them?

9. Do you hand in your school work when it is due?

10. Do you do more than is required of you at home and school?

11. Do you remember to control your temper and not "fly off the handle" when things go wrong at home and in school?

12. Is your conversation free from gossip?

13. Do you ask and grant favors in a pleasing manner?

14. Do you wipe your nose on your sleeve?

15. Do you keep from meddling in other people's affairs?

16. Do you tend to exaggerate?

17. Do you refrain from making unkind remarks to teachers.

18. Do you think for yourself and not let others unduly influence you?

19. Do you refrain from using personal belongings of others without asking permission?

20. Do you tell your parents about where you are going and have been?

Be careful in judging yourself.

KEEP ON * * * * *

* *Backing the Attack!* *

* **WITH WAR BONDS** *

* * * * *





DE REBUS ROMANIS



Fabula Pompeorum

Olim pulchra urbs erat. Ibi multi populi habitabant. Uno aestate mons, vocatus Vesuvius, incipiebat videri diversus. Uno die erat lux nulla et humus dissisimus erat. Populi timebant. Mox saxa cadere incipiebant. Populi putabant deos iratos esse et saxa jacere. Cum lava eis veniebat, alli populi properabant ad suos tectos se tegere. Ceteri ad oram maritimam properabant. Cum suos tectos prospectabant, lavam undique super urbe videbant. Pauci effugebant sed multi populi necabantur. Urbs debebatur.

Jeanne Guyett.

Agricola et Suae Filiae

Agricola pulchram filiam habebat. Agricola suam filiam amabat. Mater puellae morte vocabatur. Puella patrem agros colere juvabat et quoque in casa amitam juvabat. Parvam sororem habebat. Bellum erat et parva soror necabatur. Casa et ager debebantur. Nullam pecuniam habebant. Denique bellum ad finem venit et filius eorum domi ex bello venit. Pecuniam aedificare iterum casam ferebat. Tum omnes laeti erant.

Barbara Drew.

Hiems in Vermonte

Maximum nivis casum multorum annorum hoc hieme Vermontem excipit. Multis diebus populi vias uti non poterunt. Viae tandem aperiebantur et magnae ripae nivis undique videbantur.

Maius, qui mox aderit, nivem liquibit.

Aqua fluminum ibit super ripis. Lacus erit altus quoque sed non ibit super ripis.

Populi multi sunt defessi nivis et erunt laeti videre gramenem et flores, iterum.

Elizabeth Scott, '47.

Latin I

Agricolae et Nautae

Flumen latum et altum est. Homines in hoc flumine navigant.

Agricolae ripis fluminis habitant. Frumentum urbibus multis ab nautis portatur. In flumine est insula parva et in insula villa est.

Nauta, quis amicus incolae villae erat, periculum ex hostibus videbat, et auxilium celeriter tulit.

Agricolae et nauta et ejus socii ex hoste servabantur.

Margie Wagner, '47.

Latin I

Urbes Romae Hodie

Caissino, urbs non longa a Roma, est locus notissimus pugnandi hodie. Milites nostri pugnant, hanc urbem e Germanis capere conantur. Est difficillimum militibus nostris quod Germani fossas muniverunt quae a Romanis veteribus factae sunt. Illae tan bene factae sunt ut a militibus nostris non facile delentur.

Alia urbs, quae est notissima hodie, est Roma. Sunt multa aedificia vetera et notissima in hac urbe. Hodie, cum bello, multae illarum a Germanis deletae sunt.

Timemus ut, fine belli in Italia,

paucae relictæ Romæ veteræ manant.

Phillip Griffith, '46.
Latin II

Proelium Insulae

In Italia est flumen latus et altus. Nautæ in flumine hoc naves navigant. Agricolaë et nautæ in ripis fluminis habitant. Nautæ frumentum urbi portant.

Nautæ et agricolæ villas in insula in ripis fluminis habent, ibi laborant.

Olim hostes insulam oppugnabant sed nautæ et agricolæ periculum videbant. Hostes fortiter pugnabant. Hostes moenia urbis in insula expugnabant, sed socii nautarum et agricolarum auxilium ferebant et hostes insulam reliquerunt.

Nautæ et agricolæ læti erant quod hostes superati sunt.

Ernest Chapman.

Cornelia et Robertus

Cornelia et Robertus erant filius et filia magistri. Domi cum matre et patre hieme habitant, quod ad scholam eunt. Aestate in villa cum amita et avunculo habitant.

Cum eorum amitam et avunculum non juvabant, in flumine propinquo natæ amabant. Cornelia et Robertus vitam lætam in villa habent.

Fine aestatis ad scholam redierunt, quamquam eorum amitam et avunculum relinquere non volunt.

Scholæ Romanæ sunt dissimilia Romanis veteribus scholis, et pueri et puellæ ad scholam eunt. Puellæ ex libris similibus discunt quam pueri. Puellæ lætæ sunt quod ad scholam nunc eunt.

Eva Hallock, '44.
Latin I

Mane in Schola

Quod bellum et labor bello res faciendi vocant, non sunt multi pueri in schola.

Multi eunt de schola laborare in agris et multi aut se offerunt aut appellantur ad exercitum.

Pueri qui in schola sunt, debent conficere ut possent esse milites meliores et cives meliores, post bellum.

Schola parat te orbem terrarum appropinquare.

Joe Griffis, '45.
Latin II

Romulus et Sui Amici

In parvo oppido homines soli habitabant, Romulus et sui amici. Nullæ feminae ibi habitabant, neque exores neque sorores. Romulus consilium hujus modi fecit. Sabini et finiti multas pulchras filias habebant. Romulus Sabinos cum feminis ad magnos lodos invitabant. Hi cum magno gaudio ad oppidum sine armis properabant. In Foro erant et lulos circumspectabant, cum subito signum ab Romulus datum est. Romani pueri raptabant Sabinas puellas et portabant ad eorum domus. Patres et fratres puellarum movebantur ab ira. Acriter oppugnabant, et Romani pueri debebantur et Sabinæ feminae domus redebantur.

Esther Bristol, '47.
Latin I

Cornelia et Fulvia

In Britannia erat agricola qui duas filias habebat. Cornelia maxima natu erat. Cornelia animalia amabat et semper animalia parva in silva juvabat.

Nomen maximæ natu filia Fulvia erat. Fulvia quoque animalia amabat.

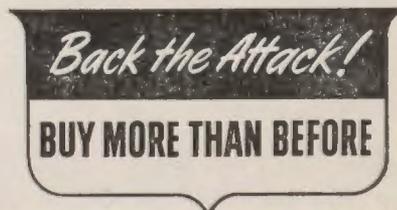
Filiae hujus agricolæ in agris laborare habebant, quod nulli filii erant.

Omnem diem laborabant, et noctu in silva errabant ut invenirent animalia vulnerata quæ juvabant.

Cum Cornelia et Fulvia erant veteræ ibant ad magnum oppidum ut aegros populos juvent.

Erant notæ in oppido quod juvabant aegra animalia in silva et dabant eis cibum. Puellæ ad omnes populos et animalia bonæ erant.

Lucy Parker.



GIRLS' SPORTS

The girls' basketball season officially opened with a game against Hinesburg. This game might have been amusing, but it absolutely wasn't exciting! The final score being 26-4, in our favor.

The next game we played was in our own gym. Our rivals this time being Burlington JV's. They beat us 40-36. When we played their return game, they beat us again 17-16.

Shoreham was an easy game. We won both times to the tune of 51-17 and 39-23.

Our next game was to be against the best girls' team in Vermont, Bristol. They beat us 26-20, and later trounced us 28-9.

Brandon didn't have too much luck this year. We took them 39-19.

Then came one of the toughest games we played. At the half it was 14-5 in Shelburne's favor. We finally won 17-16. Whew, what a game! The return game we took 34-18.

Middlebury surely had its amount of hard work and excitement! We won 17-10 from them here. In their own gym they really kept us going. At the half it was 8-6 in their favor, but we pulled through with a final score of 14-13. That was real playing, huh girls?

For a wind-up we picked a piper, it was Weeks. At the half the score was 18-6 in our favor. Then they did a bit of hard playing and tied us 32-32.

After this we accepted New Haven's challenge. Our second team girls did a grand job, taking them 14-10. The game here with them was harder. The first strng played half the time, plus a little. We finally won 17-13. The crowd was startled by a basket from a certain L. G. Don't tell anyone; it took

her two years of varsity playing to make one.

Our coach this year seemed to be one of us.. She was "Dotty" Fuller, who to our pride and selfish regrets is joining the WAVES. Girls do you think we had anything to do with it?

Now for the line up of "44."

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------|
| | Pts. made |
| Right forward, Grace Sears..... | 48 |
| Left forward, Esther Bristol..... | 50 |
| Center, guard, Martha Partch | |
| Right guard, Kay Evarts | |
| Left guard, Maddy Hunt | |
| Substitute were: | |
| Jean LeBeau | 21 |
| Molly Burnham..... | 24 |
| Jackie Myers | 8 |
| Nancy Partch | guard |
| Kay Looby | guard |
| Lorraine Poquette..... | guard |
| Gloria Merrill | guard |

We want to say thanks to our manager, Audrey Tucker, and our mascot Rachel Bristol. Also thanks to Shirley Sears, who started our season with us.

The Basketball Banquet was held in Middlebury, May 4.

I guess that is all, only that next year ought to see a swell team, as it is only loosing one member. This member would like to say, "Thanks girls for a swell time playing with such a grand bunch."

BASEBALL

After a very successful basket-ball season which found the first five, all seniors, the 1944 baseball team finds seven of the first nine, seniors. After a month of indoor practice, V. H. S. moved out into the sunshine and with

only a few out-door practices began to click. With the shortage of boys in high school, many have been shifted from their regular positions to fill in elsewhere.

Left over from last year's roster, we find Glenn Faye holding down first base very nicely. His height and lengthy arms enable him to snare balls like a professional. Glen is doing his part with the "stick" also, batting around .300. Clyde Badger, one of our two south-paws covers second base. Buddy is our scoring man. Although hitting only around .270 Buddy usually manages to get on and go around to score. The shortest regular and best bunter, Bob Looby, has the territory of short stop. Bob swings a mean bat for a 400 average. He hits to all fields and is an expert bunter. His bunting has helped the club to win more than once. For a small fellow, he sure can cover ground. Bob also has several extra base hits to his credit.

At the dreaded hot corner, we find Weston Spooner. This is West's first year of ball for V. H. S. but by his actions one might think he was born playing ball. His deadly peg to first base has put out more than one potential hit. West has an average slightly under 300. In left field is Bob Barrows, but even though batting only 200 Bob has caught more than one long drive to his field. In center field, Ray Nelson, the second south paw covers a lot of territory at a 290 clip. Ray likes to start the rallies. John Sheehan is the third outfielder, and John hits a long ball and is our leading R. B. .I. man.

Our battery consists of a former first baseman and a former short stop. Jimmie Stearns put away his first baseman's mitt to don the catcher's equipment. Jimmie is our manager also, and fulfills both positions very nicely. He is our slugger and puts a lot of wallop into that "left side" swing of his. At a .400 ball Jimmie has more extra base hits than any other regular. As a catcher, he is first rate, calling for the best pitches. The other member of the

battery is our Captain, Earl Willard. He is a right hander who used to play short stop. Earl has plenty on the ball and has found himself pitching an average of 1.6 strikeouts per inning. His control is superb and doesn't allow very many base runners. Earl has credit for pitching a no-hit game against our rival team over in Bristol. He also has a very low E.R.A. Earl also is fairly handy with the bat, swinging out a 400 average. Capt. Willard has only one relief, should his arm flutter. Second baseman Badger is always ready to swap positions if the occasion appears. The only two to return next year are Nelson and Sheehan. Other members of the quad are: James McEvila, Hugh Clark and George Bibeau. Last but by no means least comes our faithful coach Principal J. F. Berry. Coach Berry has found time from his busv day to help train us and coach us. He has bought us new catching equipment, new caps and new bases. The whole squad feels grateful to him. We also appreciate the Rotarian's interest in repairing our Alumni field and the splendid support of the people from Vergennes, who have attended our games, both away and at home.

Games played to date are as follows:

| | | | |
|-------------------|---|----------|----|
| Middlebury | 3 | V. H. S. | 4 |
| Shelburne | 0 | V. H. S. | 11 |
| Bristol | 0 | V. H. S. | 9 |
| Middlebury | 1 | V. H. S. | 5 |
| Bristol | 0 | V. H. S. | 14 |
| Addison Town Team | 4 | V. H. S. | 5 |

KEEP ON * * * * *

Backing the Attack!

WITH WAR BONDS *

* * * * *

CLASS WILL

We, the class of nineteen hundred and forty-four, of the city of Vergennes, County of Addison, State of Vermont, have been declared too witty and too highly developed to mentally carry on the work of V. H. S., do give, devise, and bequeath to the yearlings of the school the educational facilities for which we have no further use.

We, the Class of forty-four, do give, devise, and bequeath to the class of forty-five our ability in extra-curricular activities that they may maintain the high prestige of V. H. S.

We, the class of forty-four, do give, devise, and bequeath to the class of forty-six, some degree of sophistication that they may conduct themselves properly during the hours yet to be spent in V. H. S.

We, the class of forty-five, do give, devise, and bequeath to the class of forty-seven scholastic ability that they may have a few more on the honor roll.

I, Clyde Church Badger, do give, devise, and bequeath to Fred Bull six easy lessons in "shagging" so that he may capture the admiration of the fairer sex as I have.

I, Robert Charles Barrows, do give, devise and bequeath to Joe Griffis my clarinet that he may know when to "blow."

I, Glenn Mills Faye, do give, devise, and bequeath to John Sheehan my list of excuses and convincing speeches that he may be excused from as many homework assignments as he may find necessary.

I, Walter Roger Bushey, do give, devise, and bequeath to Mr. Templeton my extra set of "olive drabs"—chevrons not included.

I, LeRoy Frederick Hard, do give, devise, and bequeath to Jean Guyette my art of piano tuning that she may enjoy the piano as much as I do.

I, Dorothy Ann Bowers, do give, devise and bequeath to Raymond Tucker my unusual height so that here-after when he appears in public he will be seen.

I, Mildred Arlene Fisher, do give, devise, and bequeath to Jackie Myers my characteristic stride to insure Jackie's quiet entrance in the study hall.

I, Diana Lolomi Griffis, do give, devise, and bequeath to Beverly Clark my poise and dramatic ability that she may become as renowned as I have.

I, Eva May Hallock, do give, devise and bequeath to Colleen LeBeau my charming voice so that she may overcome competition more easily.

I, Madlyn Eunice Hunt, do give, devise, and bequeath to Audrey Tucker my inspired writing ability, that she may create as thrilling accounts of athletic events as I have.

I, Robert William Looby, do give, devise, and bequeath to Ray Nelson my back seat in American history class, that he may get his home work done as efficiently as I have done.

I, Sam Vincent Mace, do give, devise, and bequeath to Robert LeBeau my quiet and thoughtful attention in the classroom, that he may save his energy for tests as I have.

I, Horatio Weston Spooner, do give, devise, and bequeath to "Chub" Purcell my daily trek to school from way out yonder, that he may have a better excuse for tardiness.

I, James Paul Stearns, do give, devise, and bequeath to Mary Ellen Goodspeed my position as editor and chief of the "Blue and White." Here's to success, Mary.

I, Earl Sidney Willard, do give, devise, and bequeath to Homer Hamel, Jr. my choice of bow ties, that he may then have everything that "Frankie" has.

I, Ruth Edith Jerger, do give, devise, and bequeath to Maddy Rivers my curly locks and sunny disposition with the hopes that they will enable her to win as many friends as I have.

I, Francesé Doris King, do give, devise, and bequeath to Madlyn Drew my ability to come through with flying colors on six-weeks exams in English.

I, Norma Georgianna Muzzy, do give, devise, and bequeath to Jane Tracy my school girl complexion so that she may be as immune to the rays of the sun as I have.

I, Patricia Alice Purcell, do give, devise, and bequeath to Phyllis Griffith my fiery temper in hopes that she will display it occasionally.

I, Eleanor Elizabeth Ringer, do give devise, and bequeath to Jean Daigneault my ability to understand science, that she will not have any doubt in her mind as to how the earth was formed or what makes the "moon shine."

I, Marilda Rose Rule, do give, devise, and bequeath to the next "Major" of the School Patrol my ability to run the organization smoothly.

I, Mildred Dorothy Searles, do give, devise, and bequeath to Frances Casey my copy of "How to Win a Beau." There's some good pointers in it, "Jim."

I, Constance Amelia Smith, do give, devise, and bequeath to Chester Buchanan my charming giggle that he may seem to have a greater sense of humor than he now possesses.

I, Clema Emma Thorpe, do give, devise, and bequeath to any member of the class of forty-five my position as Mrs. Berry's right hand secretary.

I, Joyce Mildred Tucker, do give, devise and bequeath to Harold Danyow my ability to collect magazines to read in study hall.

I, Thelma May Williams, do give, devise and bequeath to Walter Griffith my ability to whisper and pass notes in study hall without being noticed.

We, the class of nineteen hundred and forty-four, being weary and forlorn, set our seal to this document on this fourteenth day of June in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-four. This parchment has been witnessed and, being found perfectly safe, sane and sound, signed by the following:

The Senior Class,
Principal Berry
and
Supt. Patterson.

MUSICAL WILL

Anonymus

1. "Mairzy Doats," to Eleanor Ringer. We couldn't think of anyone else singing it!

2. "I like to be Loved," to Gloria Merrill. Nice slogan, isn't it?

3. "Honey Suckle Rose," to Mr. Gile with the hopes he and Lena Horne can, someday, become great friends!

4. "Time on My Hands," to James McEvila. We envy you, Jim!

5. "Sunkissed Days and Moonkissed Nights," to girl-kissed Ernest Chapman. No more blackouts now Ernie!

6. "Have I Stayed Away Too Long" to Kay Panton. We hope he hasn't, Kay!

7. "Don't Worry Island," to Jean Guyette and James Barrows. Now you can be alone and won't have to go down Comfort Street, kids!

8. "That Guy—Swoonatra," to Mr. Templeton. We hope you're not insulted, sir!

9. "Little Did I Know," to Mary Goodspeed. We heard that was what she says when she gets her English papers!

10. "A Journey to a Star" to Virginia Powers, with the hopes next time she gets to see Sinatra.

11. "Paper Doll," to Homer "Frank Sinatra" Hamel. We wonder why?

12. "The Trouble With Women" to Raymond Nelson. We suggest you ask him to tell you!

13. "Green Eyes" to Janet Abare. Who else?

14. "People Will Say We're in Love," to James Stearns and Marilda Rule. Have a Heart, Till!

15. "Injun Gal—Heap Hep" to Caroline Griffis. It's all in fun, Carol!

16. "Speak Low," to Jacqueline Myers. Guess why?

17. "The Parachute Jump" to Eleanor MacDonald. We hear she's fond of "Parachuters!"

18. "How Sweet You Are" to Patricia Nault. We really mean it, Pat!

19. Please Baby, stop and think about me, to Mr. Zickler. "I couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night." We hope you haven't a path worn in the rug!

20. "I'll Get By," to Norma Muzzy.

21. "Small Fry" to Raymond Tucker.

22. "When We Are all Back Together Again," Senior Class.

23. "I've Got a Heart Filled With Love" (for you dear) to Pauline Muzzy and Phelps Brooks.

24. "Jive, Brother, Jive" to Bob Barrows.

25. "Someone to Love" to Madalyn Hunt. Come on "Faye" give her a chance.

LE DEPARTMENT FRANCAIS

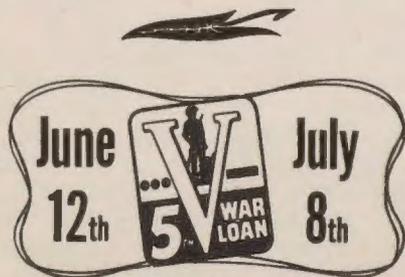


Avez-vous jamais étudié le français? Si non, vous avez manqué un grand divertissement (missed a good time). Etudiez bien les règles de grammaire et vous arriverez bientôt à éviter (avoid) les erreurs les plus communes. Ce n'est pas trop difficile, la grammaire. Mais la prononciation, ça c'est autre chose. Les liaisons! Il faut beaucoup de travail pour les conquérir. Il est, cependant, très amusant d'essayer à s'exprimer (try to express yourself) dans une langue étrangère (foreign) et le français est une belle langue.

Edna Gilson.
Français I

Je suis arrivé à la petite cabane des Boy Scouts et à ma grande surprise j'ai remarqué de la fumée qui sortait de la cheminée. Y avait-il quelqu'un dans la cabane? Je suis allé doucement à la fenêtre, j'ai regardé dans l'intérieur, et qu'est-ce que j'ai vu? Janet Abare qui préparait son dîner. Elle avait une grande poêle et elle était en train de faire cuire du lard, des pommes de terre, des biscuits et de la confiture. Quelle combinaison! Elle m'a invité à dîner avec elle. Tout d'un coup j'ai entendu un petit bruit près de la fenêtre. C'était un lapin. J'ai pris vite mon fusil! Je suis sorti! Je l'ai tué.

Alors Janet, la cuisinière habile, a préparé un bon ragout de lapin et nous l'avons mangé ensemble. Après le dîner nous avons grimpé le "Buck Mountain." Nous nous sommes beaucoup amusés.
Clyde Badger.



FAR AWAY . . .

I was lonely for my childhood
 So I wandered back one day—
 O'er the dusty path of the wild-wood,
 Where the roses sweetly lay.
 I walked neath the old grape arbor,
 By the pump—past the wishing well,
 And I looked at the tops of the pine
 trees
 Where, once, I saw a star that fell.
 I ran down the wooded lane that led
 Straight to our old home gate.
 Supper was on the table—
 I was afraid that I'd be late.
 Mother was bustling 'round the fire—
 Coffee tainted the air
 Pop was reading his paper
 Sis was combing her hair.
 My brother was playing marbles,
 With the child who lived next door.
 We called them neighbors, tho really
 'Twas over a mile or more.
 I paused at the edge of the threshold
 Mother was laughing and gay,
 Home—at last! 'Twas so lovely,
 I thrust each care away.
 After our meal was over—
 I left for my nightly work,
 While in corners rounding the woodland
 Shadows of peace did lurk.
 Swiftly I passed the well and the pump
 The roses—the trees—the star—
 Swiftly I topped the grassy hill
 Running—running—afar.
 Afar into the night I went—
 Over the dusty way I sped,
 And I woke to hear the bugle call—
 Finding myself in my khaki bed.

Mary Goodspeed



A PUN ON JUNE

June, you come with roses in your hair
 You face is warm—your air so gay,
 The children call with laughing glee—
 For it is your Graduation Day!

Mary Goodspeed.

BASKETBALL

The 1944 basketball season was a big success with Vergennes winning 13 out of 17 games. The Squad saw Seniors occupying the first six positions. The squad started out the season by dropping three out of four games. Here E. Willard and Jimmie Stearns joined the squad winning eleven straight games, losing only to Rochester, the State champs, in the finals. In the forecourt, Willard led the attack, averaging slightly over 20 points a game. Helping both in scoring and passwork, Captain Bud Badger and Bob Looby contributed greatly. Jimmie Stearns and Glen Faye were the backbones for our defense. Bob Barrows was a utility man and aided the regular five often.

The Headmaster's Club picked Vergennes to playoff with Pittsford, to later meet Wallingford in the state tournament at Rutland. Vergennes won easily 38 to 28, while running up the score to offset the "Scouts of Wallingford." Wallingford was picked to win the tournament, but Vergennes had different ideas. After a hard fight, and fast game, Vergennes emerged the winner 38 to 32. Earl Willard personally saw to it that Vergennes entered the finals as he tucked away 21 points. Tired from the afternoon game, Vergennes lost to Rochester.

For the successful season, a banquet was given at Middlebury Inn. In summarization, Bob Looby, although short, was fast and crafty passing, deadly and scoring when needed. Captain Badger could toss them in too, helping from the left court. Earl Willard was the main bearing in keeping the team together and scoring 284 points.

Willard made All State center in the tournament; Glen Faye also found a State birth as guard. Glen's height and defense contributed greatly to holding down the opponent's score. Stearns was a scrapper all through the season, grabbing rebound after rebound. Vergennes scored 638 points to a 418 points for their opponents.

Scoring for the first six are as follows:

| Name | Games | Points |
|---------|-------|--------|
| Willard | 13 | 284 |
| Badger | 17 | 125 |
| Looby | 17 | 106 |
| Faye | 17 | 97 |
| Stearns | 13 | 59 |
| Barrows | 10 | 43 |



STUDENT PATROL

Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers in Order of Rank for Patrol
Sept. 1944-Jan. 1945

Captain—

Martha Partch

1st Lieutenants—

B. Bacon

C. Chapman

E. MacDonald

K. Panton

J. Griffis

G. Sears

2nd Lieutenants—

V. Powers

E. Gilson

Ilean Danyow

Jackie Myers

K. Evarts

A. Tucker

Sergeants—

J. Guyette

E. Chapman

N. Partch

E. Bristol

C. Looby

B. Norton

Corporals—

B. Dike

R. Lackard

J. Norton

R. Slack

Jean Myers

B. Jordan

L. Poquette

Promotions for Seniors

Captains—

Clyde Badger

Thelma Williams

Madalyn Hunt

1st Lieutenant—

Mildred Searles

Eva Hallock



CLASSROOM BONERS OF 1944

A census taker is a man who goes from house to house increasing the population.

The Kodak is the Bible of the Mohammedans.

A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian.

A Mayor is a he horse.

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

Shakespeare was born in the year of 1564, supposedly on his birthday.

Robert Louis Stevenson got married and went on his honeymoon. It was then he wrote "Travels With a Donkey."

Queen Victoria was the only queen who sat on a thorn for 63 years.

An interval in music is the distance from one piano to the next.

Medieval cathedrals were supported by flying buttocks.

The future of "I give" is "You take."

Who signed the Magna Carta? I didn't.

Queen Elizabeth was a fat woman. The demands of the Spanish Ambassador she stoutly resisted.

Abraham Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address while traveling from Washington to Gettysburg on the back of an envelope.

Imports are ports very far inland.

It was raining cats and dogs and there were poodles in the road.

The Boer War was a pig fight put on for the pleasure of Louis XIV.

Capital punishment should not be used too frequently in schools.

Where is Cincinnati?

Fourth place in the league.

Why does cream rise to the top?

So people can get it.





1944 BASEBALL TEAM



1943-44 GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM



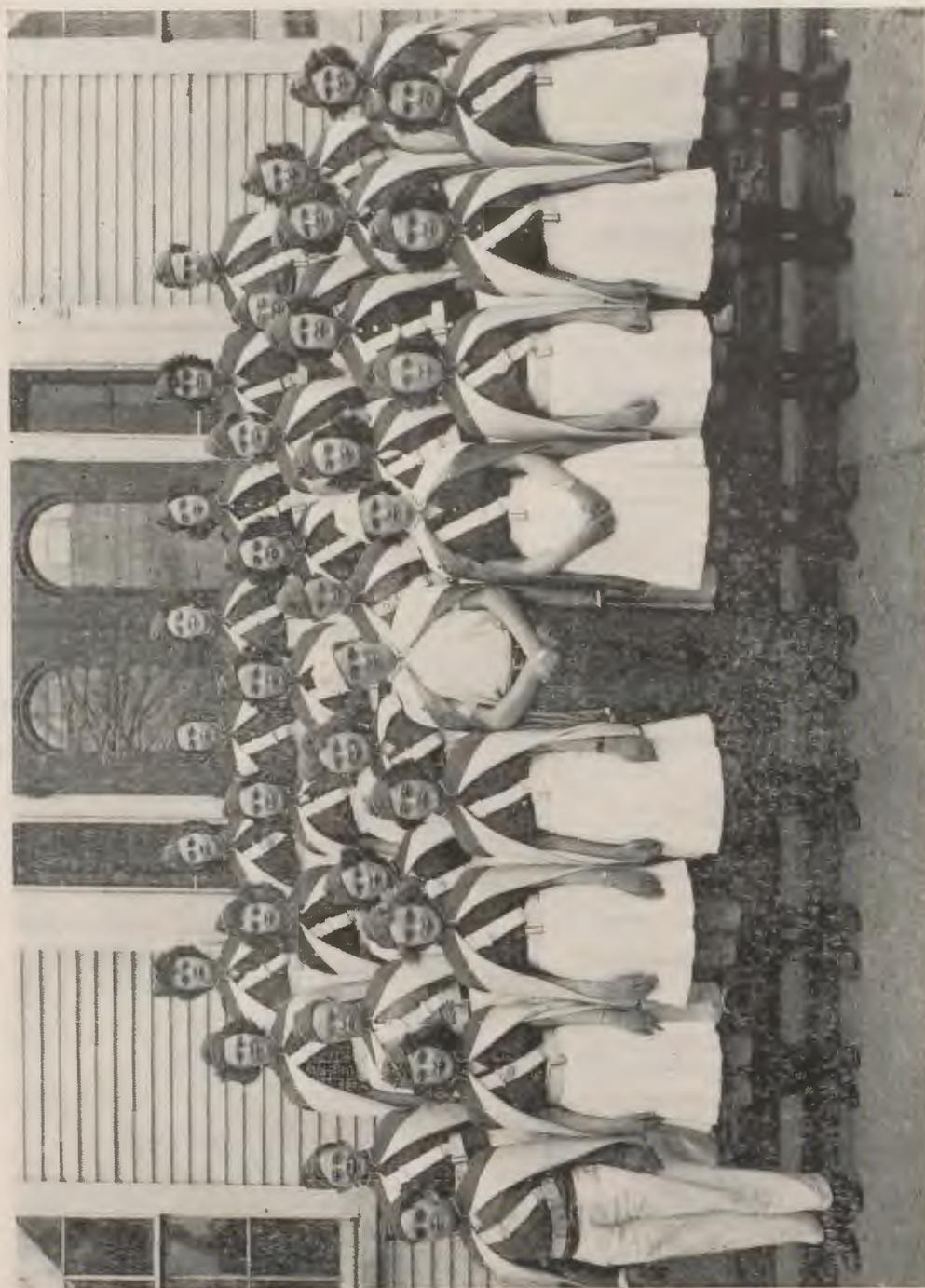
1943-44 BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM



CLASS OFFICERS



BLUE AND WHITE STAFF



STUDENT PATROL



FACULTY

COURSE OF STUDY

COLLEGE PREPARATORY

First Year

English R
Algebra R
Latin R
Social Science R
Gen. Science E
French * R

Second Year

English R
Pl. Geom. R
Latin * R
Spanish * R
Biology E
Anc. Hist. E

Third Year

English R
French * R
Latin * R
Spanish * R
Anc. Hist. E
Trigonometry E
Chemistry E
Solid Geom. E
Aviation E

Fourth Year

English R
French * R
Latin * R
Spanish * R
Amer. Hist. R
Trig. E
Solid Geom. E
Chemistry E
Sociology E

GENERAL COURSE

English R
Soc. Science R
Gen. Sci. R
V. Guidance R
Commercial Arith.
Home Ec. E
Algebra

English R
V. Guid. R
Biology E
Bus. Pract. E
Home Ec. E
Com. Geog. E
Anc. Hist. E
French E

English R
Sociology R
Psychology E
Com. Geog. E
Home Ec. E

English R
Am. Hist R
Sociology E
Anc. Hist. E
Psychology E
Chemistry E
Book'king E
Aviation E

COMMERCIAL COURSE

English R
Soc. Sci. R
Com'l. Arith. R
Voc. Guid. R
Gen. Sci. E
Home Ec. E

English R
Bus. Pract. R
Voc. Guid. R
Com. Geog. E
Home Ec. E
Biology E
Anc. Hist. E
Bus. Pract. R

English R
Book'king R
Bus. Pract. R
Shorthand R
Typing R
Spanish E
Com. Geog. E
Economics E
Home Ec. E

English R
Book'king R
Am. Hist. R
Anc. Hist. E
Shorthand R
Typing R
Spanish
Sociology E
Psychology E

HOMEMAKING COURSE

English R
Soc. Sci. R
Home Ec. R
Gen. Sci. E
Com'l. Arith. E
Voc. Guid. E
Algebra E

English R
Home Ec. R
Biology E
Com. Arith. E
Voc. Guid. E
Com. Geog. E
Anc. Hist. E

English R
Home Ec. R
Sociology E
Psychology E
Chemistry E
Anc. Hist. E
Aviation E
Book'king E

English R
Home Ec. R
Am. Hist. R
Sociology E
Psychology E
Chemistry E
Aviation E
Anc. Hist.

R—Required subject.
or Spanish.

E—Elective subject.

*It is possible to get into some colleges without Latin, French

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**IT'S TIME TO TURN
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Two bags of A&P coffee are shown, one labeled 'LIGHT ROAST COFFEE' and the other 'DARK ROAST COFFEE'. Each bag has a star next to it.

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 3 LB. BAGS 41¢ | 2 1 LB. BAGS 47¢ |
| 2 1 LB. BAGS 51¢ | |



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Why is that important? Two simple reasons: First, you can't render all-out service if you are feeling *all in*. Second, by getting well, *keeping well*, you relieve overburdened physicians for pressing community service.

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