VHS
Christmas Issue
1948

The

Blue & White

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Christmas Issue

1948

Published by the pupils
of the
Vergennes High School
Vergennes, Vermont

DEDICATION

We wish to dedicate this issue to Mrs. Berry for her assistance and cooperation in helping us to publish the Blue and White. Without her this would have been impossible.

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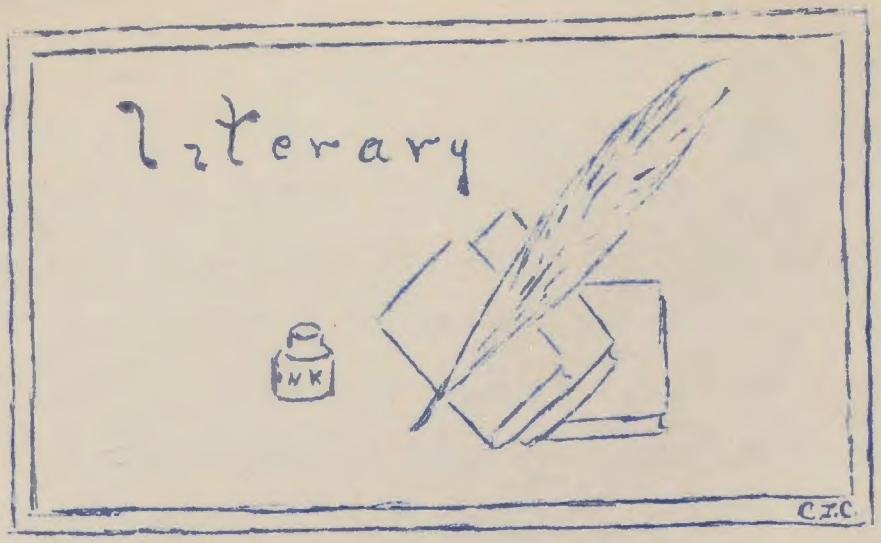
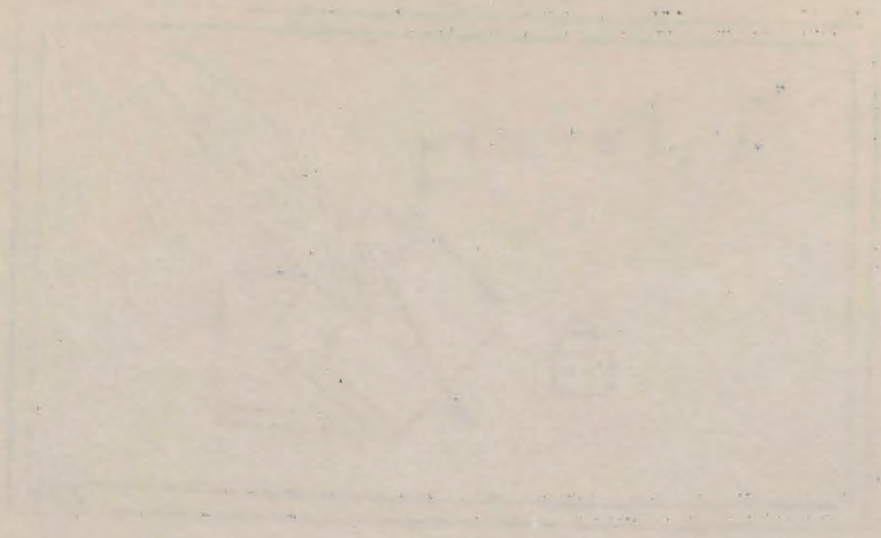


MARY'S WISH

The night was dark and still, as Mary Winters walked along the familiar streets for the first time in three years. It was Christmas Eve, and she was in Barrett for the holidays. Mary worked as a model in New York and has not been home since her parents' death. Her mother died of pneumonia, and her father followed in a short time with heart trouble. Their home had been sold and Mary was here to spend the holiday with one of her friends.

It was snowing softly and as the people hurried along she felt very sad and lonely because she had no home of her own now, and was really a stranger in her home town. She looked up in the sky and found a large star twinkling brightly down upon her. This made her feel very small and insignificant compared to the rest of the world. This star gave her an idea. She knew wishes never really came true, but she decided to try anyway. Mary wished that she might find someone who could be made happier on Christmas and do something for them.



When she reached her friend's home she forgot about the star, and entered into all the holiday festivities. After supper as they were trimming the tree, a loud crash shook the room. They ran outdoors to see what it was, and they found a horrible scene. Two cars had collided on the icy road and one had overturned. Mary notified the doctor and the police and returned to the accident to see if she could be of any assistance. One of the cars was a complete wreck while the other was only dented on the left fender.

There were a man, a woman, and two children in the car which was badly damaged. The man and woman had been quite badly hurt and they were taken to the hospital, while the children were only slightly bruised. The occupants of the other car were not hurt, and after they had gone over the details of the accident were allowed to continue on their way.

Mary now remembered her star, and knew that her wish had come true. She asked her friends if the children could stay with them while their parents were hospitalized, and they agreed. After this matter had been settled, she hurried to the stores to find some gifts for them, to replace the ones she couldn't buy for her own family.

Mary's Christmas was a happy one and she was satisfied because she had given a nicer holiday to others. The children and their parents were very grateful and wanted to reward her in some way. Mary replied that she had already found her reward in their happiness, and secretly gave thanks to God for granting her her wish on Christmas Eve, by way of that bright star in the sky.

Constance Thorne '49

MODERNISTIC OF ARTS

This past summer, when we girls used to go down to Kellogg's Bay, I discovered that there was clay along through different parts of the beach.

While we were down there one Sunday afternoon, a few of the girls and I dug up some of the clay, and rinsed it thoroughly in order to get the stones and dirt out.

I found a flat piece of slate which I used for a platform. I started out by slamming the clay down on the slate, then broke it in two pieces to see if I could find other stones or grass which were usually in the clay. After I got most of the dirt out, I started to work it again so that there wouldn't be any air bubbles in it and so that it would form more smoothly. Usually most people use a wire for slicing the clay but, because one wasn't convenient at the time, a knife served the purpose. You can always tell when the air bubbles are out, for when you slice it, there are no cracks in the clay and usually it packs together so that you have a much smaller amount then when you started.

When I finished this procedure, I then took a handful of the clay and made it into a ball to start shaping it. It was very discouraging for a while because the clay became very sticky. I took a can of water and kept dipping my fingers so that the clay stayed moist and made it soft and easier to work. I shaped the head like a large egg and made dents where I thought his nose and mouth were supposed to be.

After working about twenty minutes on just the nose to get it the right size and shape, I shaped the lips with the finger nail of my little finger to make the curves. I then arranged the chin according to the shape of the nose and mouth. The eyes were what I found most difficult to do. I had to make certain the eyes were exactly even which is very hard to do. I almost became too discouraged to do any more, but with much encouragement from the officers who were there, I managed to finish it. I was very happy because it was the first statue I had ever tried and very pleased that it turned out so well.

I took it home and let it dry thoroughly before I touched it. Since then whenever I go to the beach, I get clay in a pan to bring home. In all I made five statues through the summer. It was something new I had discovered and I want to continue to work more with clay and find out as much information about modeling it as I can.

Carolyn J. Cowles
Class of 1951

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Mr. Clark had for some time displayed in his window a card inscribed, "Fishing Tickle."

Helen Field drew Mr. Clark's attention to the spelling. "Hasn't anyone told you of it before?" asked Helen.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Clark placidly, "many have mentioned it, but whenever they drop in to tell me, they always buy something."

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Miss Demeritt: "Twenty-nine dollars for that hat? Why, there's nothing on it!"

Saleslady: "Madam, you're paying for the restraint."

THE NEGRO QUESTION

Perhaps the worst fault of the American people is their prejudice against the colored person. In this essay I shall endeavor to state my views on this ever important question.

In the beginning the Negroes were happy in their native Africa, living their own lives in their own way, raising their families completely oblivious to the struggle for existence in the New World, when the ships of the swarthy brutes called slave traders invaded their land. The slave traders broke up their homes, killed, tortured and frightened many of them to death. On the way to America they were cruelly treated, and as conditions were very bad at best on any ship at that time, it must have been horrible for them in the filthy, overcrowded vessels of the traders. When they arrived in America, they were sold in the market place like cattle or horses. They could speak no English and were utterly bewildered by our strange so-called civilized way. They knew not why they were here nor what they were to do in this most unusual land. Many of them were treated badly in their new homes and were beaten cruelly if they failed to understand or do the work required of them.

Later when they were freed they still did not know what to do with themselves; they were free, yes, but what to do with their freedom? We had failed to educate them and, due to this they were forced to accept inferior jobs requiring little or no skill.

Many of them, in spite of this, were of superior intelligence and talents. Booker T. Washington was a classic example of this. A self-educated man, he worked all day in

the salt mines and at night attended school. He started his great career as a night school teacher, and through his efforts his people can avail themselves of the education and opportunities offered by the Tuskeegee Institute.

Then there was George Washington Carver, who, despite prejudice and poverty, added to the American heritage many discoveries including plastic products from the lowly peanut shuck.

In our own time there is the lovely contralto, Marion Anderson, who was snobbishly barred from the sacred portals of the D.A.R. Constitution Hall by those who call themselves Daughters of the American Revolution. Some people today refuse to eat with Negroes, refuse to walk on the same side of the street, even refuse to go to the same colleges. Don't these people believe in the very things our country stands for, the inalienable rights of "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness," and our belief that all men are created equal regardless of race, color or creed? Why must there be a certain class of snobs? Consider the so-called first families of America, who feel that anyone not coming to America on the MAYFLOWER couldn't have any good in them at all. Does their being white make them perfect? Why should they shun a person merely because of his color?

The Negroes have made progress in this country and, if given a chance, they can do even more; so let us all try to understand them and prove to them that this truly is a Democracy and the Land of Opportunity.

Marie Bodette'49

AN ECCENTRIC YANKEE

Joe, a middle-aged bachelor, lives alone in a dilapidated house at the top of a steep hill overlooking the Champlain Valley and distant Adirondack Mountains. He earns his living by doing odd jobs for the nearby farmers. He also does some trapping and fishing in season. Joe has acquired much knowledge of wild-life through his wandering about the country. His success in trapping foxes is envied by all other trappers in this section, including me.

Joe's appearance is slovenly, and he has the reputation of never washing his feet. He is a good example of a Yankee as non-residents of our fair state usually picture us. He is tall and slender and he talks through his nose. He has also had all of his teeth out which does not help his pronunciation.

The business of the neighbors is one of the principle pastimes of Joe who has no family except a brother with whom he sometimes spends the winter.

Before his brother comes to take him away in the fall, Joe works like the Old Harry to get himself and his house presentable for his sister-in-law's inspection. A nearby neighbor is usually employed to wash his clothes and the boys of the neighborhood are hired to scrub the floors.

When everything else is ready, Joe takes himself off to the barbershop for a rare haircut.

I have known Joe nearly all my life and he has always seemed to be in good spirits with everyone. Some people might call Joe eccentric and laugh at him, but, because of the favors they receive from him, they are always glad to have him call on them.

Robert Field '49

THE HUNCHBACK

It is a rainy, windy night, and the air is full of smoke and odors of a large city; the city of Troy. The city is an old city with its massive stone and wood buildings, its narrow streets and many dimly lit alleys, which are strewn with papers etc. In the more social part of town the homes are more lavishly furnished and the people are mostly retired men.

Along the lower end of town is the busy rail center with the endless sound of the busy engines changing and moving the heavy freight cars to and fro. Farther on is the water front with its run down apartments and rooming houses. The wind is hard, coming from the ocean and the waves are slapping very hard on the shore. In the distance across the water is heard the mournful bellow of a boat horn which on a night such as this would send horror and fear into any man's soul.

Along the waterfront is seen the figure of a large man making his way uptown. This figure is of a man no less than seven feet tall who is bent over and looks as though his back has a crook or hump on it. He wears a large black cloak which is suspended from his neck and hangs nearly to the ground. He is a sinister looking figure and seems to keep in the shadows. He could not be seen if you did not know he was there.

A few minutes later this same figure is seen going into an alley in the business part of town and stands in the shadows— stands as though waiting for someone. He waits for hours and

then suddenly stirs back a few steps as he sees a woman coming up the street.

This woman is Helen Matlock, and she is the daughter of a banker, who after several years of banking is now retired.

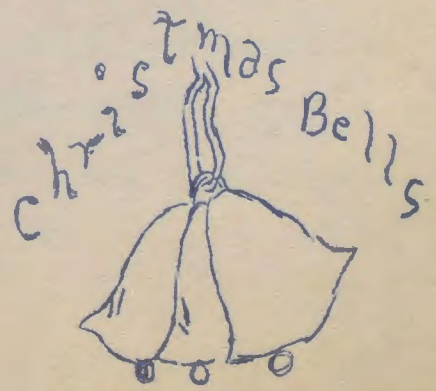
Suddenly as the woman goes by the man, he reaches out and grabs her by the head with his enormous hands and she fairly flies through the air as he yanks her into the alley, at the same time breaking her neck.

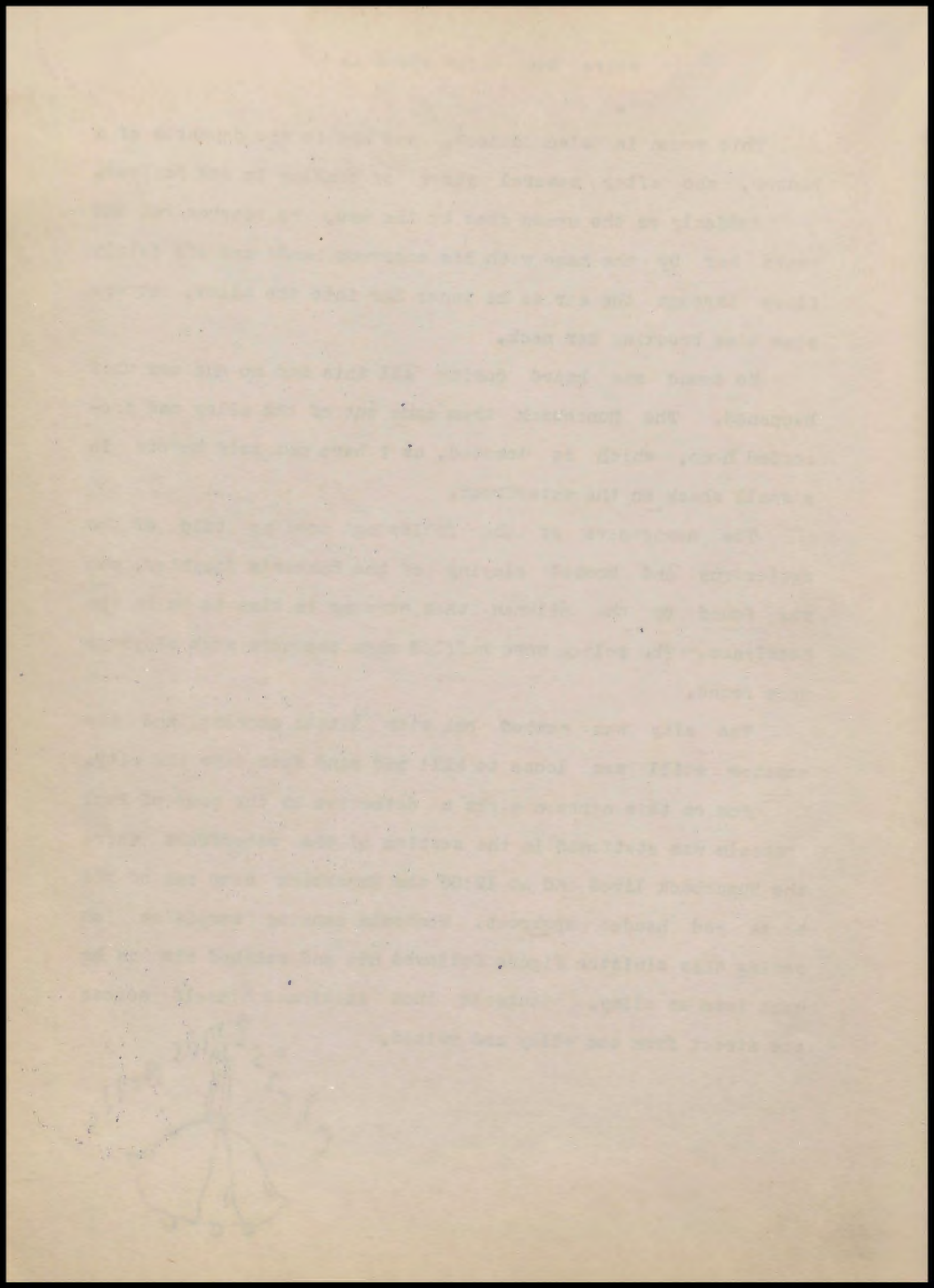
No sound was heard during all this and no one saw what happened. The Hunchback then came out of the alley and proceeded home, which is located, as I have not said before in a small shack on the waterfront.

The newspapers of the following morning told of the mysterious and brutal slaying of the banker's daughter, who was found by the milkman that morning in time to be in the headlines. The police were baffled when two more such slayings were found.

The city was combed but with little success and the monster still was loose to kill and send fear into the city.

Now on this certain night a detective by the name of Paul Montcalm was stationed in the section of the waterfront where the Hunchback lived and at 12:00 the Hunchback came out of his house and headed upstreet. Montcalm sensing suspicion on seeing this sinister figure followed him and watched him as he went into an alley. Montcalm then stationed himself across the street from the alley and waited.





He waited about two hours and was about to leave, feeling very foolish about the whole thing, when suddenly he noticed a girl who was walking down the street suddenly disappear into the alley as though a giant hand had yanked her. He waited, not knowing what to do, then suddenly the Hunchback came out of the alley and headed back toward the waterfront.

Montcalm drew his revolver and shouted a warning to halt, simultaneously running across the street. The Hunchback failed to heed his warning and started to run. The air was filled with the sound of a large calibre revolver going off and the Hunchback staggered and then fell.

In the hospital the Hunchback was checked over and his wounds were not critical. He was able to talk and he answered many questions with strange answers.

During his younger life he lived as other ordinary boys do. He went to High School and then started college where his natural life ends.

In college he was very popular both with the students and in sports. He also loved a girl by the name of Helen Matlock and they were seen together all the time.

During a football game one day they had just finished a play and everybody was recovering when the Hunchback-to-be, was lying on the ground and couldn't get up.

In the hospital X-rays showed that his back was broken. He was not too strong physically and his injury healed slowly and when the cast was removed his back was bent and revealed a hump near his shoulders.

When he returned to school the girl, Helen, shunned him and was very rude about the whole affair although it was no fault of his. Outraged by her attitude, he quit college and swore to get revenge upon her somehow. He could not get a good job and found a small shack to live in. Three months later he killed Helen. In his unbalanced state, this act seemed justified and as his insanity deepened, he killed more just for the pleasure of it. While he was in the hospital blood poisoning set in, in his wound, and he died three weeks later. His was a fate not deserved.

Henry Sisters '50

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DANGEROUS "ANIMAL"

A first-grade teacher was telling the pupils about different wild animals, and in order to test what they had learned, she asked, "Now, who can tell me the name of an animal that has horns, and is very dangerous for us to get near?"

Before she could call on any particular one, little Bobby piped out enthusiastically, "I know, teacher--it's a truck!"

THINKING OUT LOUD

Charlie Barrows: "Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I sold you the other day?"

Mrs. Nelson: "No, I tried for five hours, but I couldn't hit one."

Too many square meals make people too round.

A wise husband will buy his wife such fine china that she won't trust him to wash the dishes.

MY EXPERIENCE AS AN AUTHOR

It is now fifteen minutes before English class and I still have not written my English story. I racked my brain and I have thought of a million ideas. There is only one trouble; someone thought of them before I did.

Mrs. Thurber stood before the class last Thursday and calmly announced, "Your standing assignment for the next week will be to write a story with three-hundred and fifty to one thousand words in it. The story is to be original, your own ideas." Can you imagine? A story with three-hundred and fifty words -- I couldn't even write a story with fifty words. And original! Well, as I have said, I just can't seem to think of an original idea.

Now, take last Saturday. While I'm making beds, ideas; while I'm dusting, ideas; while I'm doing dishes, ideas; but not one single original idea all morning. Finally, I sit down at the desk and decide I've got to write something and fast! After hours of thinking, scribbling and chewing, I finished! But one can't hand in a cord of chewed pencils, a ream of used typing paper, and a bunch of ideas that are not original to an English teacher.

No, I am really in a panic. Sunday goes by and still no story. Then on Monday I do a very unusual thing. I give up two of my greatest radio loves -- Arthur Godfrey and Lux Radio Theater -- so that I can concentrate on writing a story. And when I turn off a radio, you can be assured that I really wanted to write this story.

At precisely 7:30 I sit down at my desk well armed with paper and pencils. At 10:00, after I've spent a very busy three hours and a half, I've written the story. It's actually finished and on my desk already for presentation to Mrs. Thurber. I decide after all that work, I'm in for a little relaxation even if it is ten o'clock. When I'm all settled down in the chair, I pick up a Saturday Evening Post It's three months old, but what's the difference; maybe there's a story in there I haven't read yet. As I'm thumbing through the magazine my eyes light on a very pretty illustration, so I open the book and read the story. Suddenly, as I am reading, I have the feeling that I have read this story before -- but where? I cannot remember and then suddenly I bolt from my chair, run to the desk and there's the story only it's my story, too. After I had torn up my story, I wondered, "Can your sub-conscious mind have anything to do with it? Well, anyway, there's one masterpiece in the waste basket.

Tuesday passes and no story. Can't I ever think of an original idea?" Well, Wednesday rolls around all too fast for me and then 'Buz-z-z-z-z! There's the buzzer and now my English class is beginning and I feel as if life were ending. Well, anyway, I can't get anything lower than an F. Maybe we won't have to write a story again for a long time. At least, I hope not.

Gwen McGrath '51

SNOWFLAKES

Very few people ever pondered over the snowflake and saw it to be more than just a common particle of snow. It is, however, one of the most beautiful of Jack Frost's masterpieces. It is true that same people have remarked on the beauty of these water crystals from time to time. Most people, though, consider the falling of snow to be a very ordinary and inartistic happening in the wintertime and, when they see the snow, only wish all the harder that spring would roll around once more.

There was one man, however, who saw the beauty of these crystals, and undertook the photography of them in 1882 as a hobby. He became so interested in this work that he made it his profession. This man was Wilson A. Bentley from our own State of Vermont.

Mr. Bentley photographed 1,300 perfect snowflakes in twenty years. Perfect crystals are not easy to find because, on their long trip earthward, they are quite apt to be broken. In the thousands of snowflakes that he photographed, no two were found to be exactely alike.

If one were to look at snowflakes closely, he would see that they are made up of very intricate designs. They are usually hexagonal; that is, six-sided. They have fine engravings on them and have beautiful coloring and radiancy in them. All the colors of the rainbow are reflected from them, just as from a diamond.

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

Cy Attlepate was one of the happiest men on Little High Mountain until he met the little brown jug. Poor Cy! You wouldn't think that a little jug could cause so much trouble for a mere man. Anyway,I won't tell you about that just now because I want to tell you about Cy,before he and the little brown jug clashed.

Cy, a bachelor, lived in a nice little cabin, which was situated near Stepover Cliff and a trout stream. That trout stream never was given a name. In fact, that's about the only thing on Little High Mountain that wasn't given a name. Well, to get back to the story, Cy was really contented. He fished and hunted most of the time,except when he was eating and sleeping.

Now, I've told you a little about Cy's life before the brown jug came, and it's about time I told you about what happened after it came. You see, the sad story I'm going to tell you all started when Cy's cousin, Luke, came visiting, and with Luke came the little brown jug. Now maybe this jug was small, but its contents were powerful enough to knock a horse flat in ten seconds. The stuff that Cy had been accustomed to drinking could knock a horse down in ten seconds, too, providing that the horse was dead. So, shortly after his arrival, Luke asked Cy if he would like a swig of his liquor. As he had made it himself, he naturally wanted his cousin to sample it. Cy obligingly took a generous swallow and that's where the trouble began. No sooner had he swallowed the stuff than he crashed to the ground with a mighty

thud. After he regained his senses, he started to stand up. His legs felt like two wires trying to hold up a ton of coal, and he was sure that his eyes had been turned around and that he was looking at the inside of his head. Slowly he began to stagger to what he thought was his cabin door, losing four teeth in his attempts to walk through a tree. Getting discouraged, he decided to lie down right where he was, and poor Cy never knew what had happened to him when he lay in that watering trough.

Cy lay there until the next afternoon, and about a half hour after he got up, his cousin, Luke, was at home nursing a balck eye, and the little brown jug lay at the bottom of Step-over Cliff, broken into a thousand pieces.

Barbara Charbonneau '50

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PART OF A TREE

The wind blew hard
And howled loud;
But the tree stood straight,
And noble and proud.

For, four score years
This tree did stand,
Never touched
By a human hand.

When strong men came
One winter's day,
And this poor tree
These men did slay.

It went to the mill
And was sawed and planed
By more strong men
Who were carefully trained.

It was cut in lengths
And stuck with putty,
And on this tree
I now do study.

William Roberts '50

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MURDER AT MIDNIGHT

Night overshadowed the city of Paris. It was in the 18th century and you could hear the feet of the lamplighter on the cobble stone streets. He had just reached de Paradis street which was the street the famous theatre du Chateau Eay, was on. He had the light on when he heard a girl's scream. It had come from the theatre; his hands trembled so that as he took his hand down, it fanned out the light, and there was complete darkness. Now under different circumstances he would have passed by and even smiled to think that he could have been frightened by just a play, but the theatre had been closed up for about two years now. It had been at one time the most famous theatre in all Paris, for the best actors and actresses had put on command performances there. A mortgage was foreclosed and it was shut up. Later it was bought by an elderly gentleman who wished to keep it as it was and later turn it into a sort of museum.

The old lamplighter hurried breathlessly down the street to the corner where a policeman stood quite bored, for he had been on this beat for many years now and nothing very exciting ever happened. He told his story and though the policeman thought it was his imagination, he finally convinced him to come and take a look.

As they reached the theatre they could see that the door had been pried open. Inside they saw on the stage floor a old lady; crippled and torn was the gown she wore; it had about fourteen strings of rubies on it, and some dangled off the gown while others rolled on the floor. The old woman was dead, killed by a hard blow on the head. The policeman called the station and soon the chief and two other policeman came.

In the hand of the lady there was found a button off a top coat. The chief found out later that this button belonged to the lawyer who foreclosed the mortgage. His motive was that one of the actresses there had a fortune in rubies sewn on a dress, such as the one found on the stage. She had died and before she did she told the lawyer about them and that when the theatre was turned into a museum that they would be quite an attraction. She kept them in the theatre.

The lady that was killed was found out to be a former actress who went there almost every night to reminisce. When the lawyer saw her he immediately thought she knew his secret. For the sake of money an innocent life was taken.

In the city of Paris the theatre still stands and maybe the lamplighter still goes down de Pardis street and I think that perhaps he hurries a little when he gets to the theatre du Chateau Eau. Don't you?

Elaine French '51

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GEOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING

Johnny had finished a difficult geography lesson. On his way home he witnessed a serious accident. He came running into the house and exclaimed, "Say, Jack Williams fell out of his car and nearly broke his peninsula."

"What in the world do you mean, Johnny?" asked his mother

"Peninsula, he fell out and almost broke his peninsula; a long neck stretching out to see."

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PUNGENT POINTS

Here are some thoughtful lines. It matters not who wrote them:

We cannot bring prosperity by discouraging thrift.
We cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.
We cannot help small men by tearing down big men.

The Boat Races

Last summer some of my classmates and I went to Port Henry, New York to see the annual boat races they have over there. The races were very good and many of the judges said it was one of the best races they had ever had there. The first event was the outboard motor races. The boats have to go around the course twice and the boat that first crosses the starting marker wins.

The outboard races were very fast and close. The second time around the course, one of the boats hit a large wave and jumped out of the water. The driver was thrown from the boat but the boat kept going. A speedboat went out and caught the runaway boat The man who was thrown from the boat was cut quite badly and required first aid.

The second race was for small inboard boats. This race was won by a man with a very fast little boat and he was ahead all of the way. The next race was for the larger inboards. There were many of these boats that were just about evenly matched but skill in handling the boat, especially while turning, is also necessary in winning boat races. This race was won by a woman who did a wonderful job of handling her boat. She was given a well deserved round of applause when she returned to the dock. In this race was another accident.

There are usually two men in these speedboats and one acts as the mechanic. Before the race started, the mechanic of the boat which was from the Burlington Marine Club said the engine was not running right but the men decided to race just the same. The second time around the course the boat started slowing down and then suddenly stopped. The waves thrown back from the other boats that were just ahead of this boat tipped the boat over. A speedboat went out and got the two men that were in the boat.

Then came the big race, the free for all in which all the inboard boats of all sizes competed. This was won by George Swift of Vergonnes. He was given a close race by the boat driven by the women who had won one of the previous races.

I enjoyed these boat races a great deal and hope to go again sometime.

Allan Mack '50

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Mrs. Berry was vigorously powdering her face before going out.
"Why do you go to all that trouble?" asked Mr. Berry, who was patiently waiting.

"Modesty, my dear," replied Mrs. Berry.

"Modesty?"

"Yes--I've no desire to shine in public."

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Mary Sue Stephens didn't want to take her music lesson.

"Why, Mary Sue" said her father; "don't you like music?"

"No!" exclaimed Mary Sue; "I hate those little black things sittin' on the fence!"

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Mrs. Favor (proudly): "You know my husband plays the organ."

Depressed Acquaintance: "Well, if things don't get better, my husband will have to get one, too."

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Strange Relatives

Throughout my seventeen years I have discovered that I have many strange relatives, much to my surprise and joy. It is a joy to see them once in ten years, and a surprise because when I do see them, I have to go through the shock all over again. I know most about my immediate family though, so I shall limit myself to a few of the thirteen members. I shall start with my mother who seems to be a promising subject. My mother is like most other mothers except that she is my mother, which narrows things down slightly. She has been my mother ever since I was born, and I feel very lucky. Mom is of Scottish descent which explains me. Mom is not much at lengthy conversations which is quite the opposite of my youngest sister if I can remember her name. Oh, yes, Louise. Louise is an inquisitive little creature who believes the only way to learn is to ask. It makes me uncomfortable to think that at one time I may have asked the same questions, but yesterday I decided to ask her a few of my own questions; I asked her what she was going to do when and if she grew up which is very doubtful. She stated quite firmly that she was going to be a mother. I asked her, "Whom are you going to marry?" She did not answer right away and I was sure I had stumped her, but not having thought of a suitable mate she replied that she was going to marry a man which made me very happy for I should not want her to marry anything but a man.

Besides being inquisitive, Louise has a strange liking for the culinary art, and being the kind-hearted soul that I am, I decided to let her try it. I gave her a simple recipe to follow. She was overjoyed at my generosity and at once began to read. She read, "one egg white". Advancing to the

refrigerator she at once began to look for one white egg. All turned out fine in the end and everybody remained quite normal. Here is hoping none of my relatives read this.

Marjorie Husk

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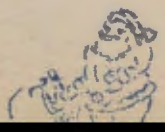
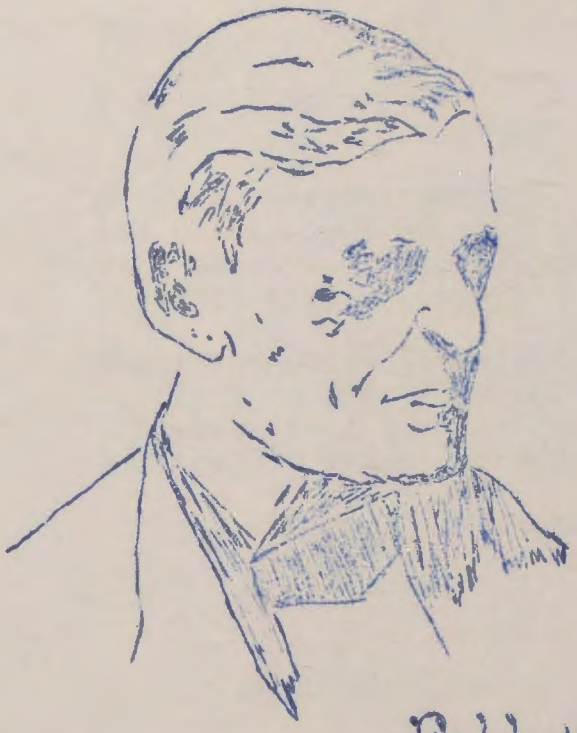
DAFFINITIONS

1. ATOM SMASHER---one who cracks feeble jokes.
2. CACTUS---a person who's really sharp.
3. WHEEL---a person who gets around.
4. STEEPLE CHASER---a gal who likes 'em tall.
5. LIGHT BULB---bright character.
6. BRAIN BUSTER---the teachers, of course.
7. FLATTERY---soft soap with alot of lie in it.
8. INDIAN GIVER---a boy who gives his girl a present of lipstick.
9. WORM---a caterpillar with a shave.
10. WATCH WORKS---brains.
11. SCHOOL DAZE---your condition for at least half of the school term.
12. MASTER MIND---the student who gets straight A's.
13. SYMPATHY CARD---report card.
14. PARDON---diploma.
15. BONE BOX---month.
16. PLANT YOURSELF---sit down, kid.
17. G-man---garbage collector.
18. AUNT---one bug who is never too busy to go to a picnic.
20. NET---a bunch of holes tied together with strings.
21. "THE YEARLING"---a freshman.



Poetry



Ralph W. Emerson

CHRISTMAS

Christmas brings a lot of joy,
For every little girl and boy,
Whether they are good or bad,
Presents for all are to be had.

Christmas brings a lot of fun,
For then vacation's just begun;
Children play with their toys,
And they are happy girls and boys.

Christmas brings a lot of cheer,
The happiest day of every year;
No one on earth should be forlorn,
For this is the day that Christ was born!

--Beverly Hawkins '51

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SUSPENSE

The smoke is thick;
The men are tense.
What will happen
In this time of suspense?

Hear the nervous murmurs,
And the loud, hard panting
Will it turn out all right?
What are they chanting?

Then come gasps of relief,
As the dice hit the floor
For they still own their money,
Now they're ready for more.

Barbara Charbonneau'50

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CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas time is coming
with its colors and its cheer.
This little season of happiness
Comes along just once a year.

The children shout,
Both boys and girls
At the joy and happiness
The Christmas season unfurls.

The people are happy
All during this season
For such a great celebration
There must be some reason.

The reason, I've heard,
Is that on the first Christmas morn,
To our Mother Mary
A Savior was born.

Bill Baldwin '50

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I'M A HERMIT

I live alone and eat alone
I never have company.
No one cares if I live or die,
'Cause no one's heard of me.

I've always lived alone since I
was old enough to know,
A woman and her many faults,
And just how fast they grow.

So, I'll live alone and eat alone,
And never have company,
'Till all the women in this big wide world
Have decided to suit just me.

Mary Charbonneau '50

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ON SKIS

There is no better sport I know
Than to glide across the snow
On skis.

The wind whistles past and you are free,
You dart past a bush, go by a tree
On skis.

The wind whistled past and my cheeks did glow
When I went speeding over the snow,
On skis.

There came a hill I did not see,
Couldn't stop, bumped into a tree --
No skis!

Norma Bodette '50

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SNOW

The snow is falling all around
Completely covering our small town,
Falling silently in the night,
Every flake a silvery white.

The church bells soon will start to chime
Sending out the hour of time.
And now as early morn draws near,
The town in the snow is outlined clear.

Bettie Sullivan '49

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CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Softly falls the gentle snow,
As into drifts it seems to blow.
The stars above look down at night,
And sparkle on that blanket white.
When the sun shines on the snow,
It glistens like diamonds row on row.

The children dream of fun and play,
For tomorrow morn is Christmas day.
So as we gather 'round our tree,
We offer up a prayer to Thee.
Dear God above, keep us from all fear,
And grant us a white Christmas every year.

Constance Thorne '49

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CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas Eve is full of hustle and bustle,
Of hurrying, here, there and everywhere,
It's filled with the noise of paper rustle,
Of decorating the tree that is still bare,
Of happy faces who to them are so dear
Of happiness you feel for being alive,
Of being able to whisper, the time is near,
When Santa Claus will arrive.

Marguerite Bradley '49

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MY POEM

I was asked to write a poem
But I don't know what to say,
So I'll just have to take my time
And start it in this way.

I can easily write an essay,
But as you can plainly see
I need a little more practice
When I start writing poetry.

I swear this is my own version;
I hope you judge it well.
To me it sounds very pretty
To you it sounds like--Shakespeare!!

Paul Chapman '49

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POETRY

A poem
For English today I must write.
I've raked
My brains with all my might.
I twist
And turn about in my seat,
And trip
The girls with my big feet.
It's just
No use at all for me
To try
To write some poetry.

Erwin Clark '49

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CHRISTMAS TIME

The sky is slowly turning gray
To end another sunny day,
Soon the silver stars will shine,
Soon the bells will start to chime,
The child's soft breathing is all you hear,
As the arrival of Santa draws very near.

Marguerite Bradley '49

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CHRISTMAS EVE

The night was dark as dark could be
When Santa landed on our house to see
If the children here could possibly be
As good and sweet as little me.

He squeezed down the chimney which fit too soon;
Landed in the fireplace and crept to my room.
He peeked 'round the door to see me asleep.
But what I saw caused me to leap.

There stood father all covered with soot.
He looked like a darkie from head to foot.
For I thought father's beard was as white as snow
And now I knew that it wasn't so.

"There is no Santa Claus." Father said,
As his face turned from black to red.
He left my room quickly and slowly I crept
From my hiding place under the bed.

Marjorie Husk '49

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A TRIP TO TOWN

Dressed up in my Sunday best
With purple tie and yellow vest,
I started off for town one day
Feeling very bright and gay.

The stores were crowded to the neck
With people and things, and what to heck
Was I to do but stand atop
All the things I had bought
So that I might better see
O'er the folks who crowded me.

Before the dark fell on me,
I had an ache from head to knee.
Within my leg the muscles coiled,
And on my feet the shoes were soiled.
The roads were long; the cement was hot
And I asked myself, "Was it worth it or not?"

Robert Field '49

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Joyeux Noël

NOËL

Le Ciel[1] est noir, la terre est blanche;
Cloches, carillonnez[2] gaîment!
Jésus est né;--la Vierge penche[3]
Sur lui son visage[4] charmant.

Pas de courtines[5] festonnées
Pour préserver l'enfant du froid;
Rien que les toiles d'araignées[6]
Qui pendent des poutres du toit.[7]

Il tremble sur la paille[8] fraîche,
Ce cher petit enfant, Jésus;
Et, pour l'échauffer[9] dans sa crèche,
L'âne[10] et le boeuf[11] soufflent[12] dessus.

La neige[13] au chaume[14] coud ses franges,[15]
Mais sur le toit s'ouvre[16] le ciel,
Et tout en blanc, le choeur des anges
Chante aux bergers:[17] "Noël! Noël!"

Theophile Gautier

1. sky 2. bells, chime 3. bends 4. face
5. curtains 6. spiders 7. beams of the roof
8. straw 9. warm him 10. donkey 11. ox
12. breathe 13. snow 14. thatch 15. adds its valences 16. opens 17. shepards

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LA SAISON DE NOËL

Les petits enfants sont, heureux quand la saison de Noël arrive parce qu'ils recevront beaucoup de cadeaux du père Noël. Les etudiants sont heureux aussi parce au'ils ont les vacances de l'ecole.

Noël est la saison quand on donne et on reçoit les cadeux. C'est la coutume susprendre un bas ou une chaussette près de la cheminée. La veille de Noël le père Noël y mette beaucoup de jouets pour les petits enfantss. La fête de Noél les petits enfants trouvent leurs cadeaux. La plupart des familles ont les arbres de Noël. Le père Noël y mette des cadeaux aussi.

Dans l'après-midi wuelques familles vont en traineau et elles rentrent à la cheminée pour dire des histoires.

Tout le monde aime la saison de Noël.

--Norma Bodette '50

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NOEL

Les vacances de Noël sont ici. Les grandes personnes envoient des cartes de Noël et des cadeaux.

Le père Noël vient la veille de Noël. Les enfants suspendent leur bas ou leur chausette pres de la cheminée. Les enfants se conduisent bien pour que le père Noël leur apporte des jouets--poupées, tambours, bonbons, et livres.

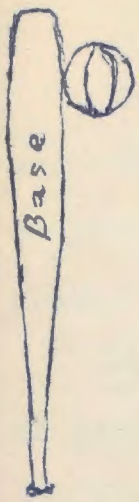
La fête de Noël les familles mangent un repas délicieux.

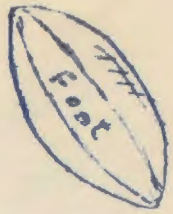
Noël est une occasion de réjouissance pour tout le monde.

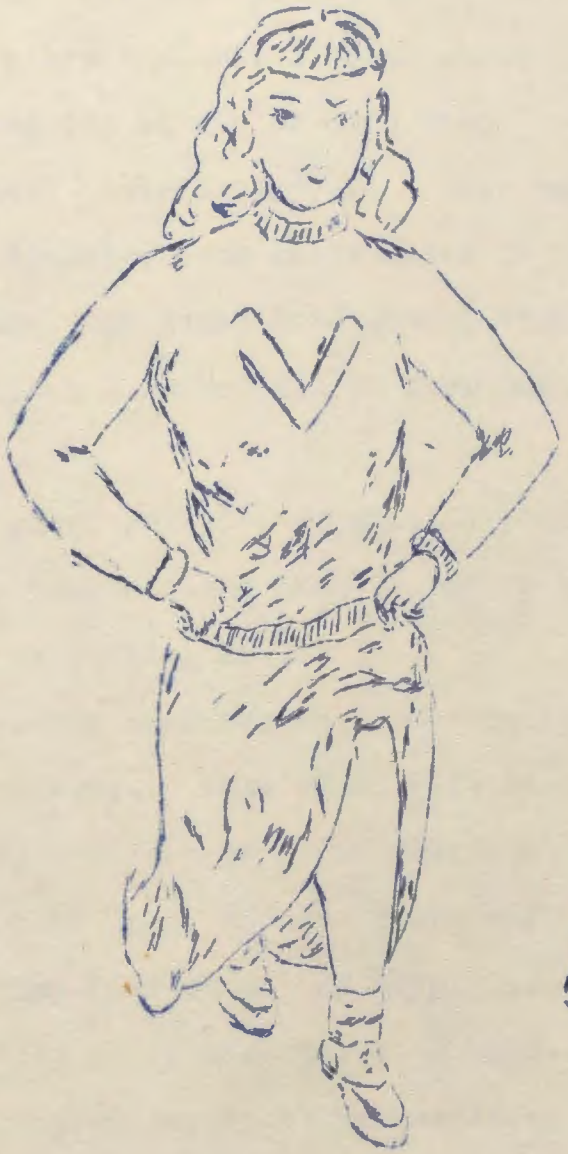
--Beverly Hawkins '50

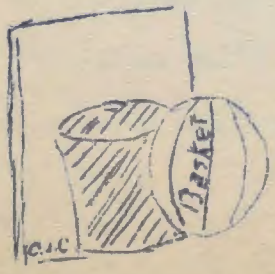
Bonne Année

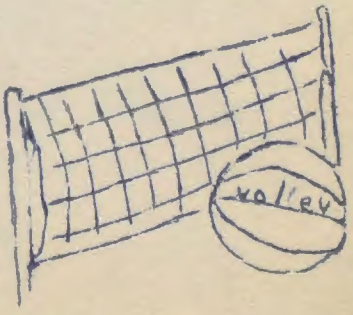
SPORTS

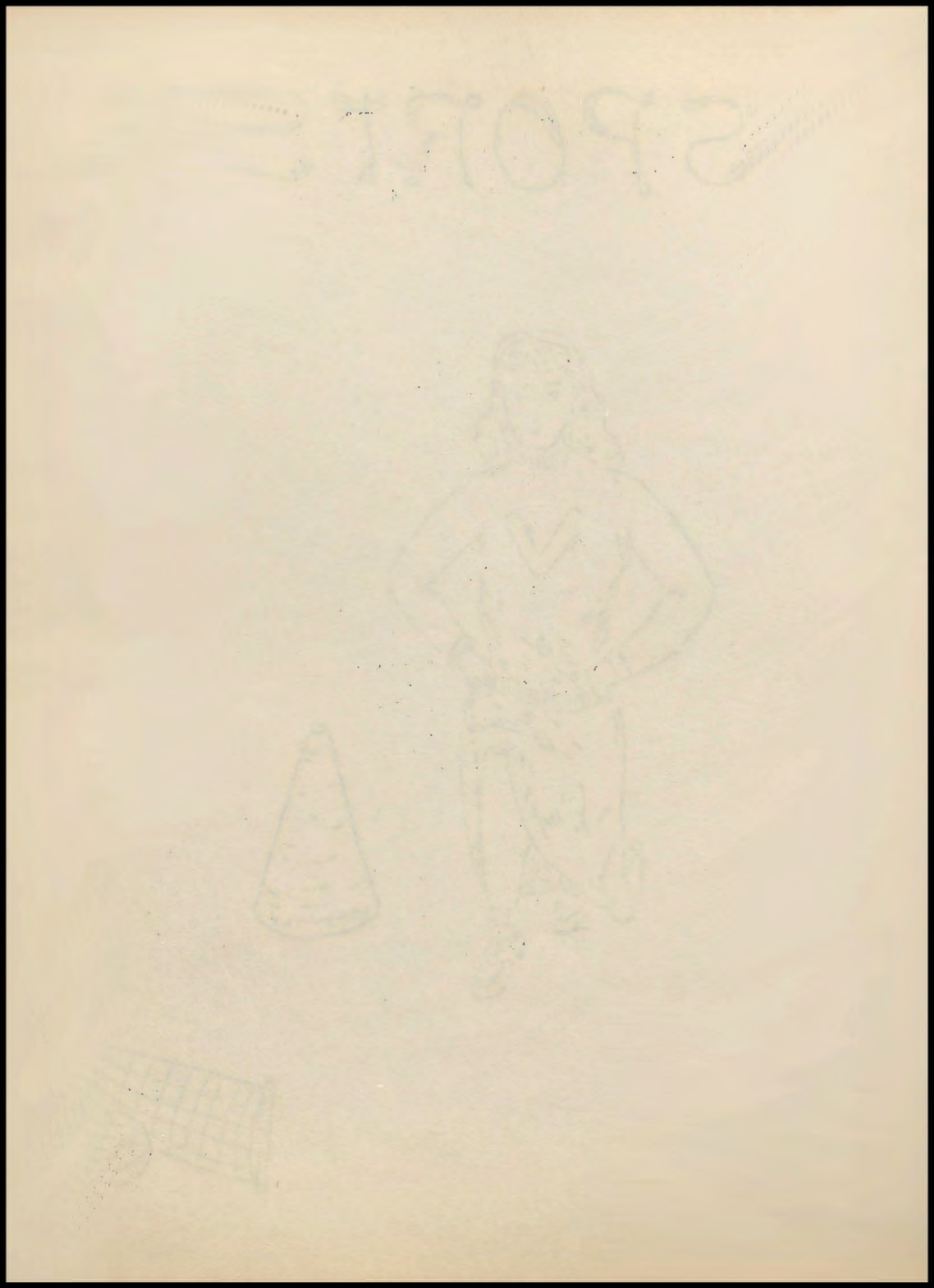












BOYS' SPORTS

When Coach Palermo called the first practice for the boys' basketball team, he was answered by twenty-one boys to get started. Since then, however, the squad has dwindled down somewhat.

Among those who are sure to stay are veterans Jim Smith, who is captain this year and plays right forward, Marlin "Cooney" Blakely, who plays the other front corner, lanky Al Mack, who plays the roving dog at center and who, I might add, has shown much improvement over last year. Last but far from least, is Marvin "Fats" Blakely, who plays a lot of right guard. These boys whom I have just named have proved themselves on the battle field and without a doubt will be four out of the five to start each game.

The left guard position is still a problem to the Coach. He has tried many combinations there, but up to this time has not found what he is looking for.

One reason the team was or seemed to be weak last year was the lack of reserves. This year will be a different story. So far the team is two deep in every position and three in certain ones. These boys who do not start the game are not to be forgotten. They have shown up very well in practice and show promising ability to be used in the future.

This year promises to be an exciting one. There will be such teams as St. Mary's of St. Albans, Middlebury, and of course our traditional rival, Bristol, among many others.

I am sure the school is with their team and wishes them the very best of luck this season.

Bernard Dike PG

GIRLS' SPORTS

Girls' sports started off this year with Coach Palermo calling a meeting of all girls interested in basketball. About fourteen girls responded to this call. From these fourteen girls Coach Palermo will pick the twelve girls most capable of being on the team.

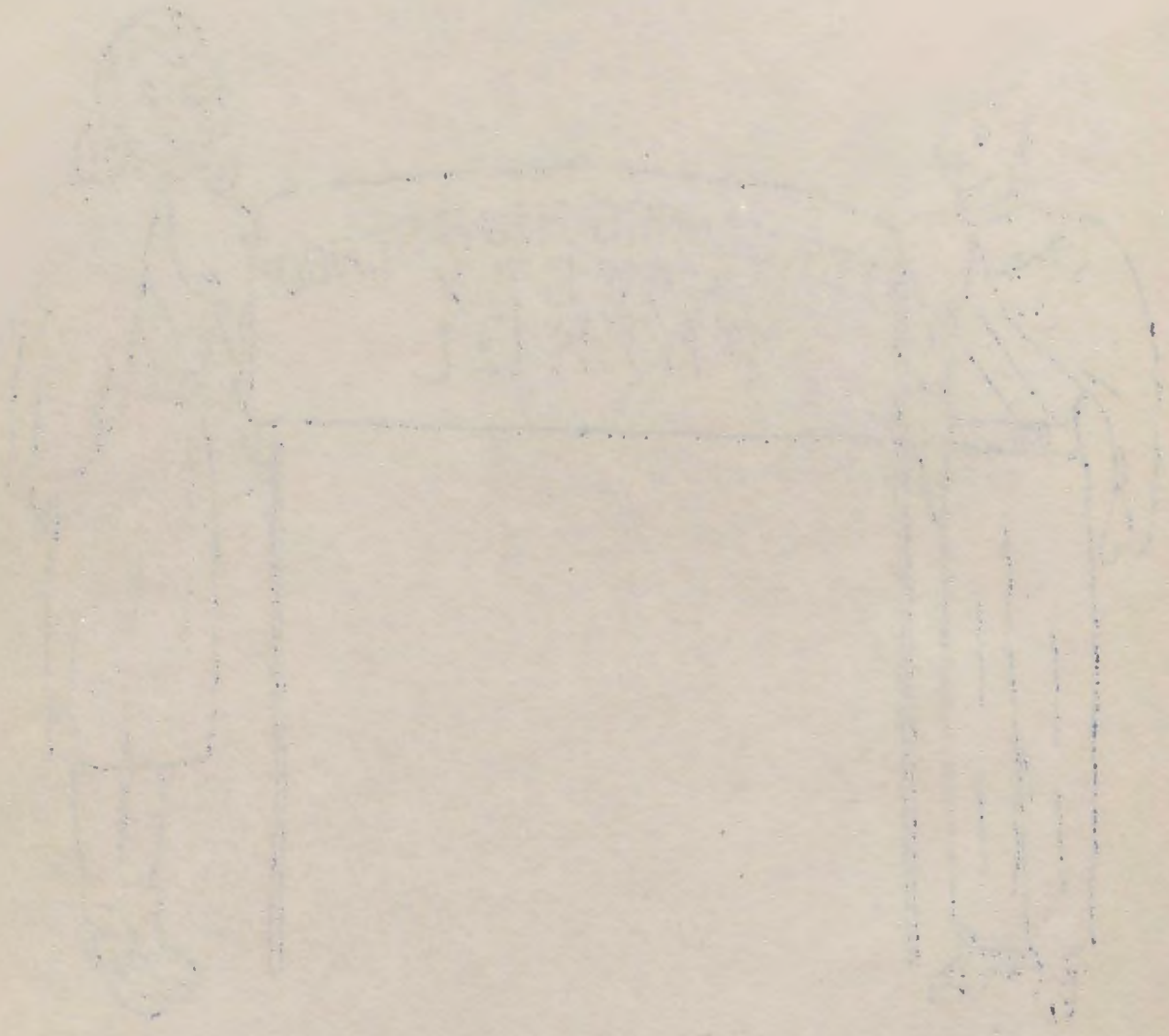
The first four practices seemed rather discouraging but, now by the looks, we certainly won't be satisfied with second place standing in the league this year.

At the fifth practice the girls selected the girl whom they wanted to lead them through a stiff schedule; they chose Betty Jenkins as Captain.

The starting line-up in the fore-court will be: Mary Charbonneau, a veteran of last year; Helen Looby, who plays very good ball; and Betty LeBeau, who saw action in the back-court last year. In the back-court we have Betty Jenkins and Barbara Evans, both veterans of last year's battles who are back twice as powerful this year, and Sally Bristol, who will play along with these two girls. There are a number of subs who will see plenty of action. They are: Muriel Benedict, Lucille Cunningham, Alice Tucker, Joanne Charbonnneau, Joan Peabody, Juliet Burroughs,and Betty Sullivan. Cloy Mallow will manage the team. The first game of the season was played on November 30, against a very strong Alumni Team. The Alumni won this game by a score of 31-21. We hope to have a more successful season and would like to see a large attendance at the games. Let's show more school spirit!

Betty Jenkins '49

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL
SAFETY
PATROL



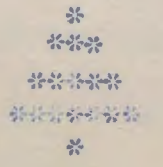
VERGENNES SAFETY PATROL REPORT

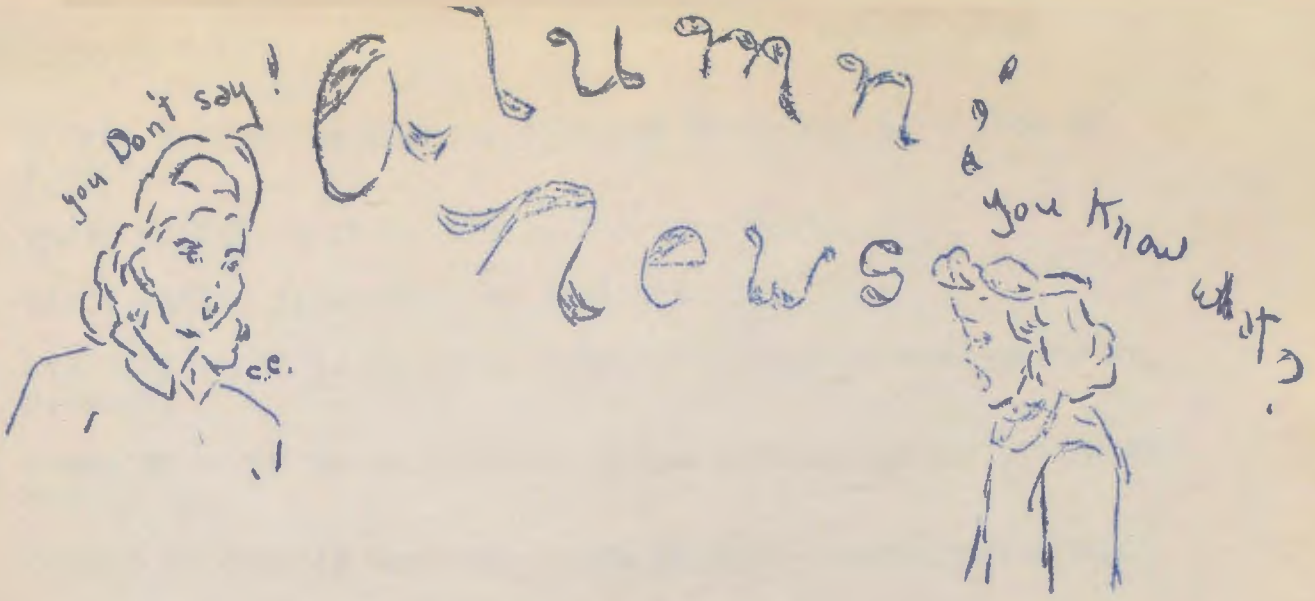
The Safety Patrol started its activities at the beginning of the school year by organizing into six shifts of 12 pupils each. A new feature of the patrol this year is the assignment of sixth-graders for two shifts for the protection of the lower grades. This was done to avoid confusion by having high school students go out on these special shifts.

Early in the year, the Wednesday activity period was assigned to the patrol, and the six shift commanders were given an opportunity to drill their shifts. This period has been taken up lately by the high school band rehearsals and the drill team is now meeting at 8:15 A.M. each Tuesday and Friday. There are many new faces on the drill team and patrol, and there has been keen competition for places on the drill team.

We have been invited to both Field Days, in Rutland and in Essex Junction, again this year on May 14 and May 22. The band will be featured along with the Drill Team at Essex Junction. The drill team hopes to put on drills during basketball games in January and February. The Safety Patrol this year is again under the leadership of Mr. Galipeau.

Vincent Mallow '50





CLASS OF '47

JANET ABARE is married to Jack Miner and is living in Panton.

GEORGE BIBEAU is living at home and working on the railroad.

FRANK BRADLEY is working at Flynn's Filling Station in Randolph.

ESTHER BRISTOL has secretarial employment in Mr. Moulton's office.

MOLLY BURNHAM is attending Becker Business College.

The last we heard from ERNEST CHAPMAN was that he had joined the Army Air Corps and is stationed in Texas.

MARY COOKE is living at home here in Vergennes.

ARTHUR DANYOW is living at home on the farm.

COLLEEN DOUGLAS is married and works in Burlington.

BARBARA DREW is studying nursing at the Mary Fletcher Hospital.

EDITH GRIFFITH is also in training at the Mary Fletcher.

PHYLLIS GRIFFITH is working in Burlington.

JEANNE GUYETTE is attending U. V. M.

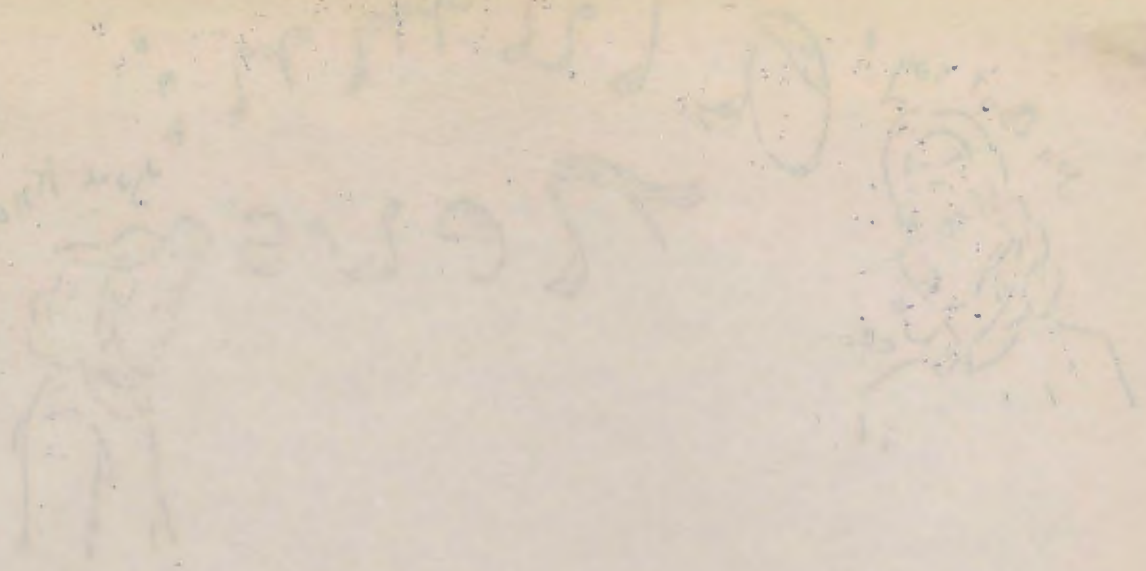
AUGUST JERGER is living at home.

MOLLY JERGER is majoring in music at U. V. M.

EDITH LAWRENCE is attending Burlington Business College

JEAN LEBEAU is married to Sheldon Briggs of New Haven, and they are living here in Vergennes.

KAY LOOBY is married to Roger Audette of Bristol, and they are making their home in Bristol.



GLORIA MERRILL is married to Jimmy Field and is living in Florida.

ELSIE MILLER is at Castleton Teachers College.

NANCY PARTCH is working at Benton's

VIRGINIA PLACE is studying optical technician work under Dr. Preston.

LORRAINE POQUETTE is married to Ray Audette and is living in Vergennes.

DONALD SPOONER is working at the Electro-Lux in Burlington.

WILLIAM TAYLOR is in the service.

JANE TRACY is married to Oscar Jewel and is living in Ferrisburg.

MARJORIE WAGNER is living at home and is working in Stephen's Drug Store.

CLASS OF '48

Joyce Ames is working as a waitress in Rutland.

TERESA BODETTE is attending U. V. M. She is in the Home Economics Department.

EDWARD CHARBONNEAU is attending U. V. M. where he plans to major in mathematics.

MARIE CHARBONNEAU is a telephone operator in Middlebury.

RAY CHARBONNEAU is living at home and working on the railroad.

ROBERT CHARBONNEAU is working at the theater.

BESSIE CRAM is working at Egan's Cut-Rate in Middlebury.

HOWARD DANYOW is in the Navy and is stationed in Virginia.

RUTH DANYOW is living at home.

LESTER DERRICK is at home.

STELLA DEVINO is working in Ryan's Department Store and will soon be married to Rex Dugan.

BERNARD DIKE is taking a P.G. course at V. H. S. and he also works in the First National Store in Vergennes.

BEVERLY DOUGLAS is working in the First National Bank of Vergennes.

GERTRUDE HAMILTON is going to Castleton Teachers' College.

THOMAS HUSK is living at home in Ferrisburg, and is testing milk in Addison County.

ROBERT JIMMO is working in Burlington.

WILLIAM MACE is going to McGill University in Montreal and is taking and agricultural cours

JAMES MCEVILA is working at Miller Tractor Co.

JEAN MYERS is attending Burlington Business College, and commuting from her home.

JANE NORTON is going to U. V. M., where she is majoring in elementary education.

GRACE OSBORNE is going to Burlington Business College and living at home.

DAVID PROVENCHER is living at home in Addison.

ALICE RIDER Is living at her home in Ferrisburg.

RACHAEL SLACK is studying at Castleton Teacher's College

RAYMOND TUCKER is taking a commercial course at U. V. M. He wants to become a math. teacher.

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May the forgiving spirit of Him to whom we dedicate this season
Prevail again on earth.
May hateful persecution and wanton aggression cease.
May man live in freedom and security, worshipping as he sees fit, loving his fellow man.
May the sanctity of the home be ever preserved.
May peace, everlasting peace, reign supreme.

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A man is poor not because he has nothing, but because he does nothing.

Talkers will refrain from evil speaking when listeners refrain from evil hearing.

When you are discouraged because you are in the valley, remember that every valley reaches up to the hills.

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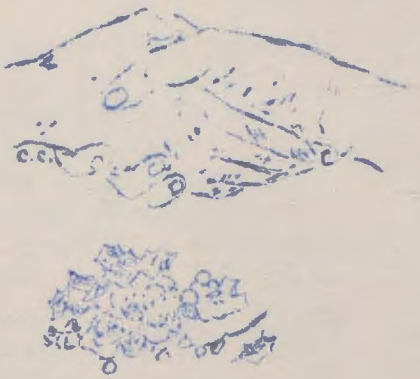
Exchange



THE RAMBLES--Northfield High School

We like your paper very much. Your illustrations are excellent and your sports section is particularly well edited. The page of colored print was very striking.

B. H . S. Register--Burlington High School

Your paper is well printed and has a good variety of feature presentations. Current events reviews are unique with your paper. We are looking forward to receiving copies of future editions.

SCHOOL SCRIBBLES--Rochester High School

We are glad to receive a copy of your paper. We especially enjoy the sports and joke sections. We appreciate having you on our exchange list.

THE SENTINEL--Spaulding High School--Barre, Vermont

We are very happy to exchange with you again this year. We like your paper because it is so newsy. Your advertisements are well planned also.

E. J. H. S. COMMENTATOR---Essex Junction High School

Your paper is well edited and printed. We are interested to hear of the many worthwhile activities which your school sponsors. We hope you will continue exchanging with us.

The only way we may keep informed on the activities which the various schools are sponsoring is via their school papers. We should like to hear from the following schools soon:

Middlebury High School
Richmond High School
Poultney High School
Randolph High School
Bristol High School
Shelburne High School
South Royalton High School
Waterbury High School
Brattleboro High School
Wilmington High School

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CHOICE BITS

Never answer an angry word in kind. It's the second word that makes the quarrel.

Life is like a mirror; we get best results when we smile at it.

There are several good ways to achieve failure, but never never taking a chance is the most successful.

If you build castles in the air, said Henry Thoreau, your work need not be lost. There is where your castles should be. Then all you need to do is to put a foundation under them.

Said John Ford, "Happy the king whose throne is founded on his people's hearts."

Knowledge of our ignorance is the first step toward true knowledge, declared Socrates.

Do your best today and you will be more likely to do better tomorrow.

Some friends are like your shadow--you see them only when the sun shines.

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-SONG DEDICATIONS-

"All You Want To Do Is Dance"--------Jack Stebbins. We don't blame you, Jackie. You are quite a sharp dancer.

"Angry"----------Louis Champagne & Colleen Bargefrede. Why not stop giving each other those dirty looks in study hall?

"Hand Me Down My Walking Cane"---------Barbara Charbonneau. Never mind, Barb, it will soon be as good as new.

"May I"-----------Mrs. Thurber. How can we forget to say that with such a wonderful teacher.

"Smile, Darn Ya, Smile"-------Freshman Boys, (certain ones). The seniors aren't going to hurt you....?

"The Things We Did Last Summer"---------Norma Bodette. We hear that there are cute guys from Mass. & Conn. How about it, Norm?

"I Haven't Time To Be A Millionaire"---------Mr. Galipeau. We don't wonder, just LOOK at the car he's got.

"My Very Good Friend The Milkman"---------May Ross. We've been rather puzzled lately though, May.

"I'll Be Around"---------Bettie Sullivan. We all know what you mean, Bettie, you'll be "BUZZing" around in a green Buick.

"Jivin' Jill" & "Solid Jackson"--------Betty Jenkins and Clyde Everts. They're quite a twosome on the dance floor.

"My Merry Oldsmobile"--------Rita Bradley. While the cat's away the "Mouse----y" will play.

"How'd You Like To Spoon With Me"------Robert Field. We heard this is your theme song since you got your car, is that right, Bob?

"You Call Everybody Darling"------Barbara Evans. We think though that all your little love words direct themselves to a certain sophomore boy from Middlebury College. Enlighten us a little on the subject, Barb.

"I Can't Make Up My Mind"---------Viola Moses. What's wrong, Punky, can't you decide whether it's going to be Don or Ken?

"A Little Love, A Little Kiss"---------Constance Thorne. Ray is a little boy, isn't he, Connie?

"Hair Of Gold, Eyes Of Blue"----------John Stephens. It is a rumor around here that this is your theme since you've met Joyce Larrow. Why don't you let us know the facts, Johnnie?

"Alone With You"----------Ann Milo. We wonder why you like to be with Harvey, Ann?

Song Dedications (con't)

"Call Me Darling"----------Eunice Muzzy. Won't some of you fellows give Eunice a break? She is kind of lonely.

"Falling In Love With Love"--------Paul Chapman. Is it LOVE or JAN that you're in love with, Paul? We all think it's Jan.

"June Is Busting Out All Over"-------Marlin Blakley. We can see her name printed all over your books, Cooney.

"Janie"-------Marvin Blakley. Too bad you haven't a car so you could go to Middlebury more often. How long has it been now, Fats?

"I'll Be Seeing You"---------Ramona Danyow. We hear Denis just had a leave, Nonie and that you have been seeing him.

"The Boy Next Door"----------Stephany Thompson. We don't hear any comment, what's up, Step? Tell us!

"Going My Way"---------Henry Sisters. We hear you've been singing this to every cute lassie you see, now you have your father's car to drive. What about it, Hank?

"He's In The Army Now----------Mary Charbonneau. We know you miss him, Mary.

"Featherhead"--------Marie Bodette. We always knew you were lightheaded but since the feather-cut, we aren't so sure but what you'll lose your only head if you don't slow up a bit.

"It's Love, Love, Love"--------Doris Burroughs and Bill Baldwin. Don't let it throw you, kids.

-THE TOWN GOSSIP-

May Ross seems to be having man troubles. Give her a "Buzz" sometime and she'll tell you about it.

How is it that "Barb" Evans always has a man who has a car. How do you work it, "Barb"?

Why do you Junior boys always go to the Friday night dances stag? Maybe it doesn't bother you but there are some Junior girls who would like to move to Middlebury!

"Step" Thompson is always talking about "THE BOYS"; we wonder who she means!

Rita Bradley seems to be getting around some lately. She sure does BOB along!!

There are a certain Junior boy and girl who are hitting it off swell this year. Has it got anything to do with the car, Doris?

Jimmy McNulla has seemed to quiet down some this year. Maybe he has a crush on one or more of the Junior girls. Keeping 'em guessing, Jim?

Mary Charbonneau can't keep her mind on her studies now. Hope he comes home for Christmas, Mary?

We hear Marie Bodette has heart trouble and we do mean heart trouble. What causes it, Marie?

The Blakely twins seem to still be going strong with their respective girls. We wonder how they do it!!

Since Bettie Sullivan has been working at the theater she doesn't have so much time to get around, but that doesn't seem to bother her much. Why not, Bettie?

Ramona Danyow's heart is true to the Navy. He sure is cute in his uniform, Monie.

Sally Bristol's heart still belongs to you know who. We don't know which is the luckier.....

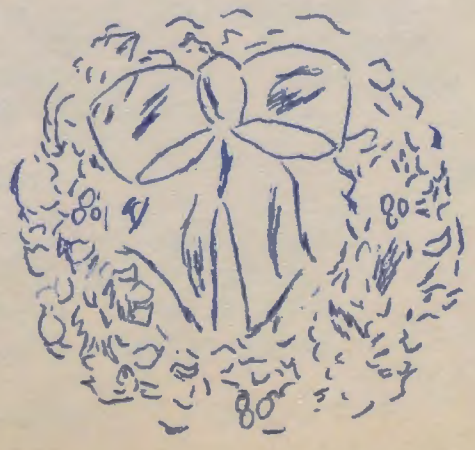
Who is the senior boy Norma Bodette has been seen writing notes to 8th period? Just curious, Norm!!

The girls of V.H.S. would like to know what the Middlebury girls have that they haven't. How about giving us a chance, boys?

Why don't you stop mooning over that state trooper, Frances, and give the guys around V.H.S. a break?

There's a certain girl in the Junior Class that used to like the name "George" and now it seems to have changed to "Bruce". How about that Jeanie???

Maybe Beverly's heart belongs to William, but what about the secret crush on a certain James? Let us in on it, Bev.



MOVIES

BUCK PRIVATE---Mary Charbonneau.

THE LOST WEEKEND---Norma Bodette.

MICKEY---Jim McNulla.

BILL AND COO---Beverly Hawkins.

THE LUCK OF THE TRISH---Mr. Berry.

SHAGGY---Marie Bodette.

CAULIFLOWER---Yvonne Davis.

TRIPLE THREAT---Step Thompson.

RACHAEL AND THE STRANGER---Grant Laber

THE SEARCH---Barb Evans.

LUCKY PARTNERS---Cloy Mallow and Helen Looby.

THE INSIDE STORY---Shirley Hunt.

LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN---Alan Langeway.

ANCHORS AWEIGH(away)---Ramona Danyow.

AN INNOCENT AFFAIR---Ann Milo and Harvey Russett.

THE DUDE GOES WEST---Paul "Dude" Chapman.

LADY AT MIDNIGHT---Bettie Sullivan.

NO TIME FOR COMEDY---Bill Baldwin.

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THE THOUGHT of CHRISTMAS

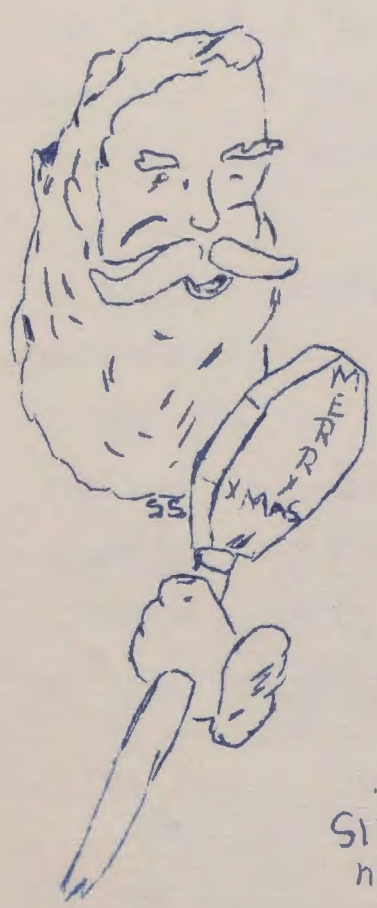
The thought of Christmas, to children young
Is full of the Eve, that is soon to come,
When on the fireplace their stockings are hung,
Waiting the arrival of Santa Claus.

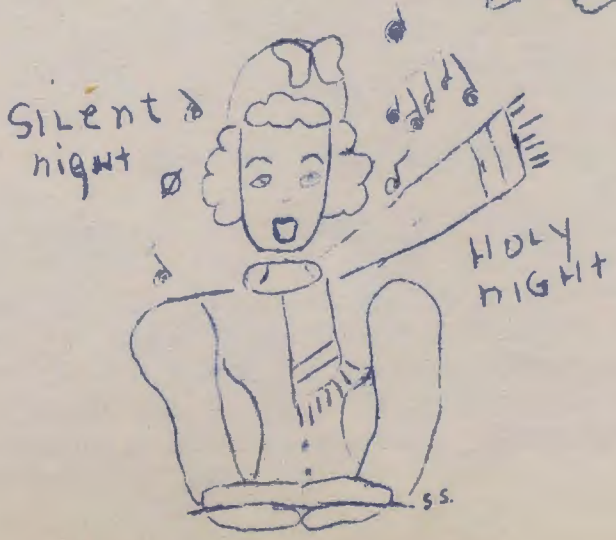
Snow

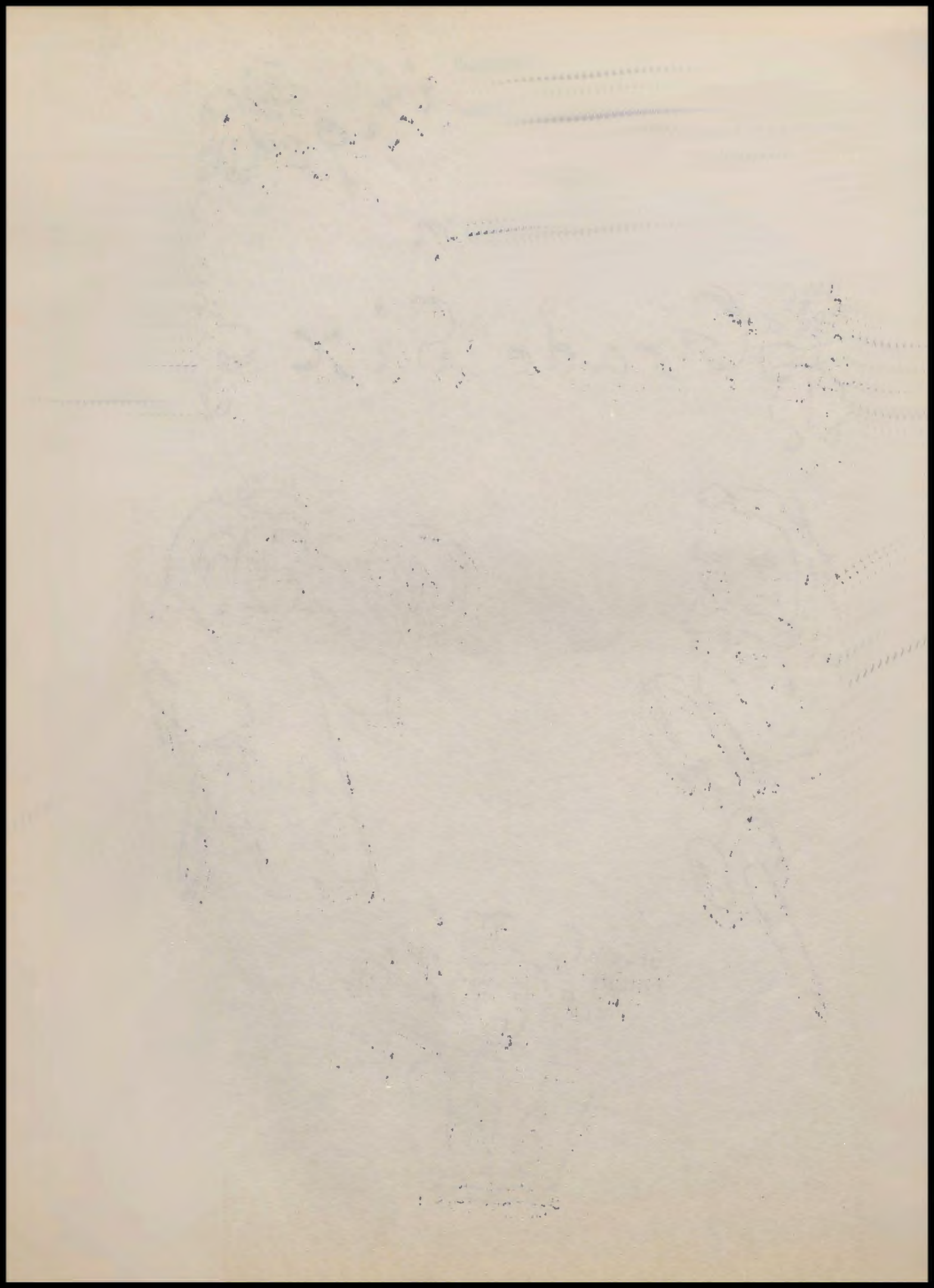
Slowly, gently, downward they fall,
These little white flakes of snow,
To cover the beautiful homes of all,
To make the small snow drifts grow.

Marguerite Bradley '49

Greetings From Grade Six







PEACE ON EARTH

Many years ago in the city of Bethlehem a man called Joseph and a woman named Mary were wandering door to door trying to get a room, but every place that they went they slammed the door in their faces. Soon Joseph found a stable that had a few animals in it, and that is where the baby Jesus was born.

All Bethlehem was asleep -- all except the shepherds who watched over their flocks by night, and watched the stars over head. Suddenly, they saw a beautiful star in the Heavens. "Let us follow this beautiful star and it may lead us to a King", they said. So they followed this star and soon came to the stable where the Babe lay. The animals lay around the manger and breathed upon him to keep him warm. Far away three wise men were sitting on the roofs of their houses watching the stars. Let us follow the star -- it may lead us to a King. So they followed the beautiful star and soon came to the stable where the Baby Jesus lay. Angles flew about Him and sang " Peace on Earth Good Will to Men. " Mary loved him, and held Him close to her heart.

Betty Clodgo - Grade 6

*****

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO BE

Christmas used to be called CHRISTES MASSE which means the Mass of Christ; it is the English name for the day on which the Church observes the day that Christ was born. As a matter of fact, we have no absolute real proof that December 25 was the actual date of the birth of Christ. There is no date given in the Bible, and as the early Christians considered the celebrating of birthdays a heathen custom, they made no festival, even of the birthday of Christ.

Paul Bristol
Grade 6

PETER'S GREAT NEED IS FILLED

Once there was a little boy whose name was Peter. He lived alone with his mother in a cottage far out in the woods. He was very poor.

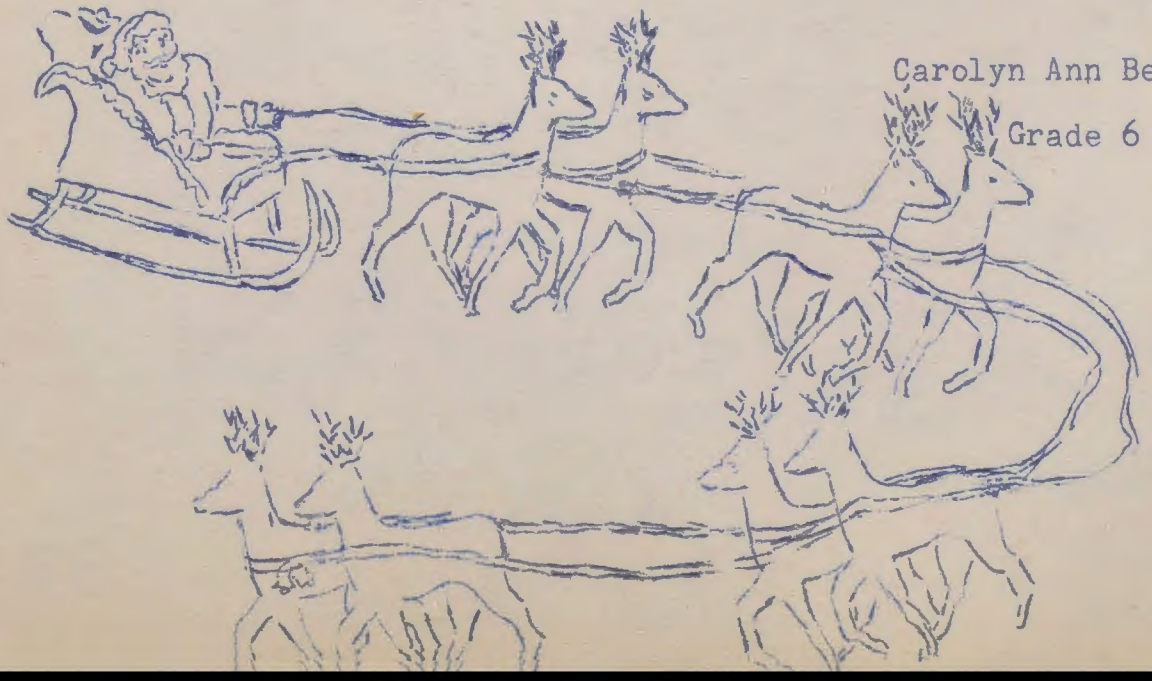
Once when his mother was very sick, they had no food left and had no money with which to buy more.

Christmas was coming on. The poor mother was getting weaker and weaker every day. Peter had heard of Santa Claus and how he gave things to the poor on Christmas, so he wrote Santa a letter telling of what he would like and why he wanted it.

When Santa heard of this sad story, he got a great deal of food and two bags of gold.

Christmas Day came and Peter went about his chores as usual. When he came in, he saw his mother sitting up in bed smiling and on the table beside her was a large basket of food and two bags of gold. He said, "How good Santa is! Oh, this truly shows the true spirit of Christmas."

Peter ran to the window and shouted to Santa: "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"



Carolyn Ann Berry
Grade 6

A SURPRISE FROM SANTA

Joel mouse and his four brothers and sisters had hung up their stocking and were climbing into bed, when they heard bells. Joel ran and hid behind the fireplace. His brothers and sisters put their heads under the covers and pretended to be asleep, for it Santa saw them they would get no presents. But Joel did not believe that, so he watched Santa fill the stockings. Then he went to bed once more.

The next morning when the mouse children rushed to their stockings there were only four. Joel's was not there. He did not believe what his brother told him and he got a punishment.

Sharon Spade

Grade 6

Begin It

Lose this day loitering--'twill be the same story
Tomcrrow--and the next more dilatory.
Then indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days.

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute--
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin it, and the work will be completed.

--Goethe.

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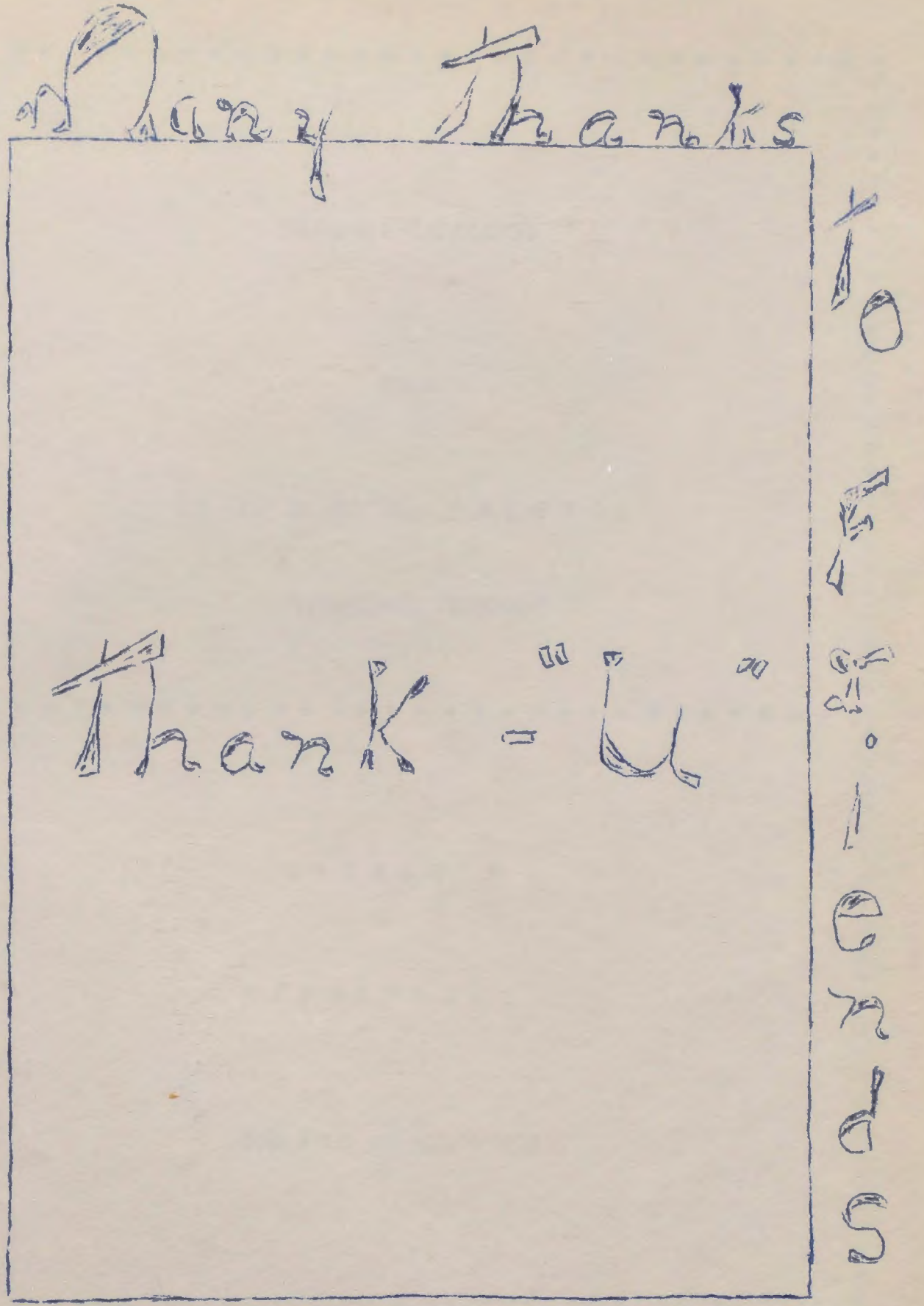
How Big Are You?

Whether you're short, or whether you're tall, doesn't determine your size at all. You should measure yourself by the width of your grin; the depth and the breadth of what is within.

--Helen Marie Walden.



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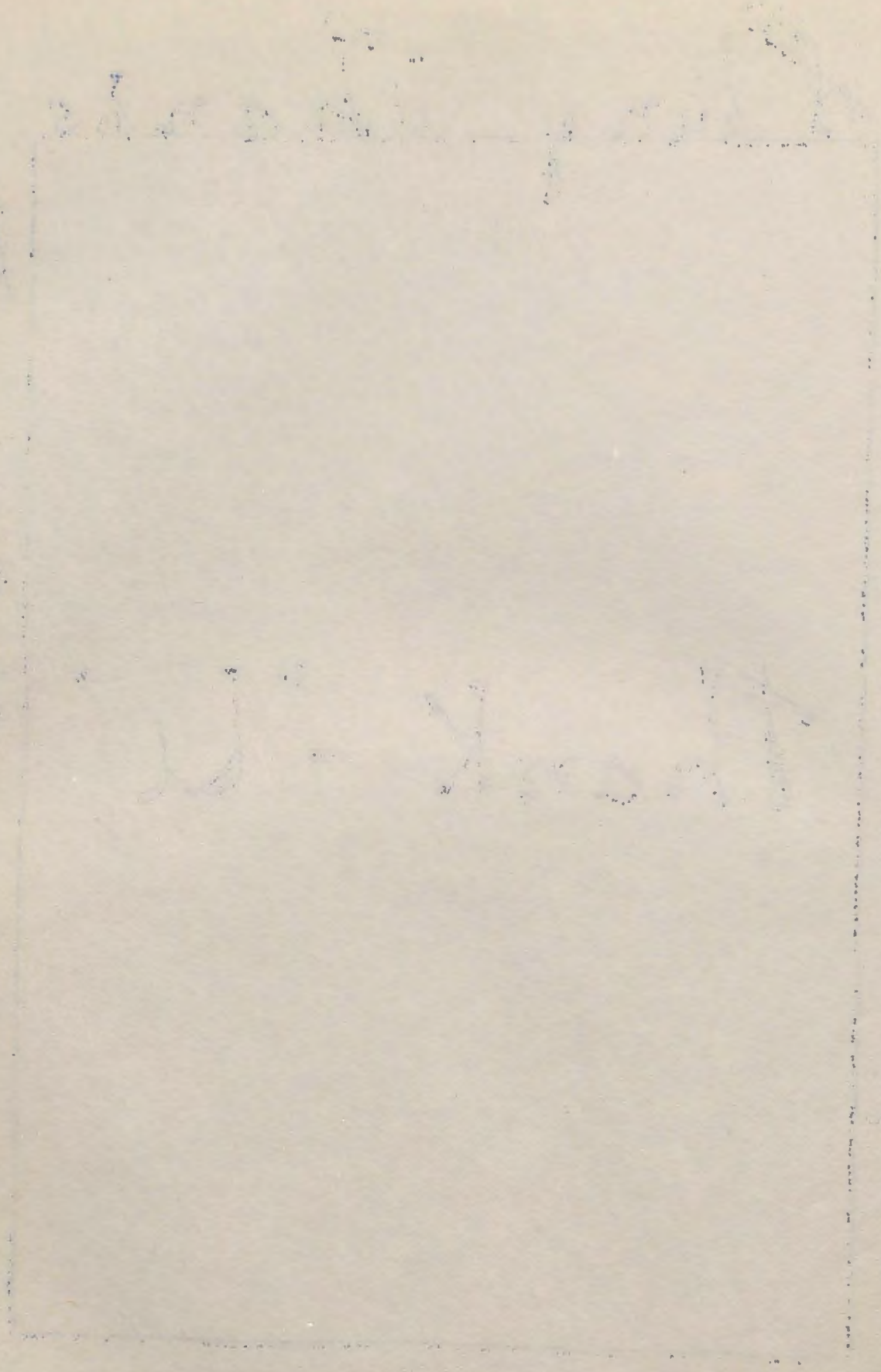

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