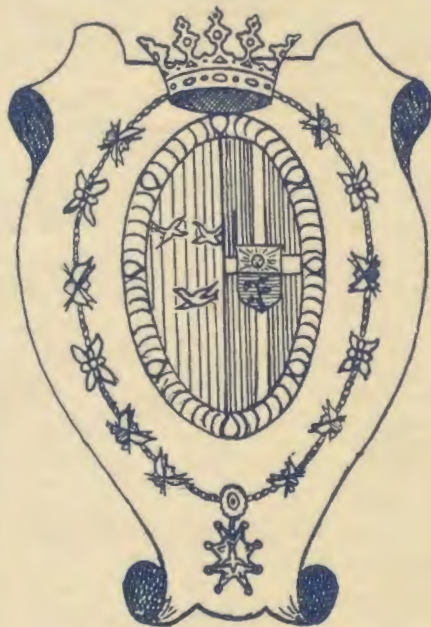


BLUE AND WHITE

VHS

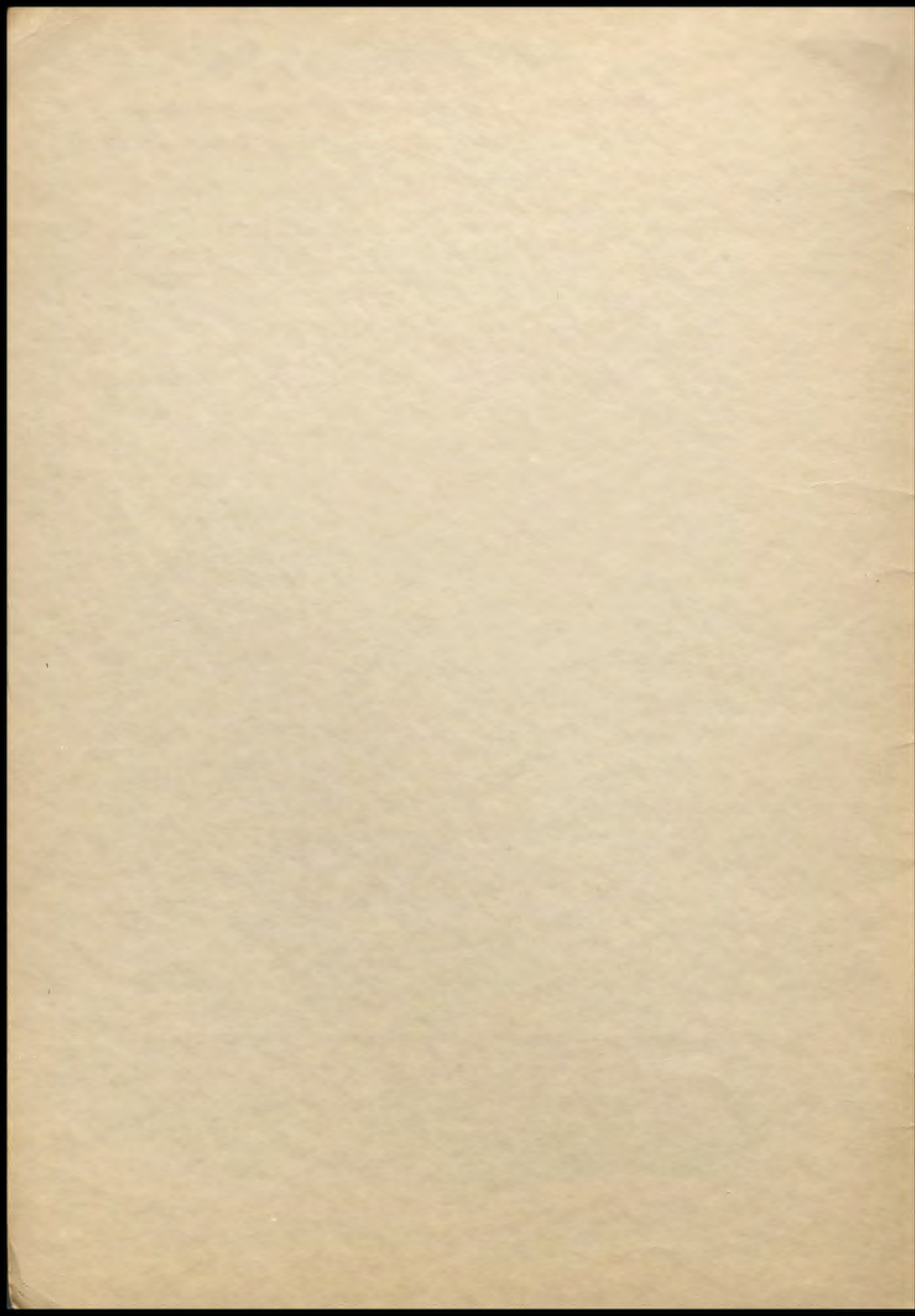
Holiday Issue
1936



VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

HOLIDAY ISSUE

1936



The Blue and White

Holiday Issue

1936

Published by the Pupils

of the

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With snow piled high and snow balls flying through the air our minds instinctively turn to the holidays and of course to Christmas. Therefore, the "Blue and White" staff in trying to make this issue reflect the good old fashioned atmosphere of Christmas, wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Editor.

Guess who -

WHS



she couldn't wait to get back.



morning after



alright-
Let's go now

Those
tall →
stories!



Bill

she proved
her worth
at the
A.A.
field.



La
← Legion



ouch!



MM Taste
They swell

We didn't have
room for the
girl friends



nuff
said

KITHA

Literary

Barbara Ball, '37, Editor

Daniel Bull, '38, Asst. Editor



NO PLACE TO GO

Barbara Ball, '37

As the flyer pulled away from the lonely, dripping station platform, the solitary passenger stumbled to the rear platform to catch a last glimpse of the little town they were leaving behind them. He could never come back; it had been his home, yet he gazed upon it without emotion. He looked bitterly through the gray drizzle at the slowly receding mass of neat, ugly, prosperous-looking buildings. Smug, he thought, like the people in them. Smug and hard, and quick to find the faults of a man who was not "up" in the right crowd. They had been quite ready to consider an overwhelming amount of circumstantial evidence enough to convict him of a deed their own consciences had told them he couldn't have done. So now he was an exile. An exile from his own town—his own state. He was forced to go north into the land of logging camps where no one

knew him to start anew. He hoped his story would not have preceded him, for he knew the rough Canadians would accept him without asking questions. He couldn't bear questions. He shivered slightly in the cold air, and glanced up at the sky.

"Wind's gone around to the north" he muttered. "Rain's changin' to snow. Soon be Christmas."

He turned his back on the weather, and re-entered the car. The conductor came down the aisle shouting, "Tickets please," as though the car was full of people. North handed him his.

"Cobre, eh? Hmm. Pretty far north—going to work in the lumber camps?" he asked by way of making conversation.

"Yes," replied North non-committally. After a few more futile attempts to make talk, the conductor moved out of the compartment, leaving the exile

alone. The snow was falling heavily by now, engulfing the world in a dull white monotone.

* * *

Big Doc LaVarne couldn't understand this new man of his. He never entered into the joviality of the other men at the mess table, and he never talked about himself. He was a good enough worker, in fact seemed a little more willing to do extra time than some of the others. In spite of the fact that the fellow was queer, LaVarne liked him. He would make friends with him, but it was virtually impossible to reach the man, to say nothing of drawing him out. The men didn't take to him either. He was too reticent, too apt to be angry at their good natured ragging. They didn't understand him. Among themselves, they were wont to gossip, and talk of personal affairs at night around the big fire with their pipes. There was a friendly, rough rivalry among them, and though they were quick tempered and hard fisted, no really bad feeling existed. North simply did not mix with them, and because he didn't the men began to grow suspicious of him—but "the Big Doc" continued to pay special attention to him.

According to custom, the men of LaVarne's Lumber Camp were given a few days off for Christmas. For a week beforehand, the loggers talked of nothing but homes, wives, and kids. Some of them spent their evenings whittling homely little gifts to fit children's stockings. Dan North never entered into this talk. Whenever a question was put to him about his home and family, he always answered shortly that he had neither, and would tramp off to his cold, lonely bunkhouse, there to brood wistfully on the Christmas he had known as a kid. These nights were the hardest for him.

The next day, "the Big Doc" announced his decision to leave North "as sole watchman of the camp. What could he do? The man had no place to go, and it might make him feel better if he had an important post to fill. The men

accepted the boss' verdict with some misgiving, but North himself welcomed the chance to be alone. So LaVarne's Lumber Camp was once more still and silent, standing among the giant northern pines.

On Christmas morning, early, North was awakened by the acrid smell of wet wood smoke. Tossing on his clothes, he was out in a minute to the radio shack. Almost immediately came the call of "fire threatening LaVarne Lumber Camp on west tract. Fire threatening—." Dan knew the place. A narrow neck of woods was all that kept the valuable LaVarne Great West from the burning area. If he worked fast, he could fell a strip wide enough to check the on-rushing disaster—to keep the fire from jumping across.

Three hours later, dripping with sweat, having dealt the last tree its fatal blow, Dan raised closed, smarting eyes to heaven. The words, "Thank God," burst involuntarily from his lips. Exhausted though he was, he felt better than he had for weeks. He wouldn't be afraid to look the loggers in the eye now. He opened his eyes—in time to see the huge hemlock bearing down on him. In his weakened condition, he had miscalculated the direction of the falling tree. He had no time to jump.

* * *

Down in Cobre, Big Doc LaVarne heard an exaggerated report of the fire from Hawkins, the local telegraph operator.

"Your West 50 is half gone, and nothing to stop it!"

Rushing toward camp with Hawkins and the hastily assembled loggers, LaVarne said he couldn't see why his watchman hadn't been heard from.

"Who'd you leave?" inquired Hawkins.

"Fellow by the name of Dan North."

"What?" almost screamed the man. You left North up there alone to guard camp? Don't you know he's an exiled criminal? He probably set the fire!"

* * *

Not finding North at the Lodge, LaVarne and half a dozen of his best men crossed the Great West 50, cussing the rumor that there was fire there, and came suddenly on the fire strip, the adjoining trees smoldering wickedly.

"Good old North!" shouted the "Big Doc" in relief and admiration. "But where is he?" The men ran down the length of the strip. Abruptly they stopped at the sight of a hand protruding from under the biggest tree there.

They pulled him out, but he was beyond aid.

LaVarne turned silently to his companions. "Well, boys," huskily, "he won't be lonesome, or needin' a place to go any more. He's gone—home."

Quietly the men filed away to the Lodge, heads low. Burnt and blackened ghosts of trees stood bleakly against the white stillness of the Christmas night.

A MAN AND HIS DOG

Harold Cushman, '37

There is between, a man and his dog,
That feeling of friendship as they swing
along

Over hill, over dale, in search of the
quail;

Man smoking his pipe, dog wagging
his tail.

Thus they go through life singing a
song,

The man isn't rich

And the dog's just a dog,

But yet they are still, a man and his
dog.



A HUNTER'S SACRIFICE

Harold Cushman

The sun was just starting to peek over the edge of a distant range, splashing the east with streaks of pink and gold, as old Fleetfoot, deer monarch of the surrounding hills, emerged from the spruce thicket in which he had bedded down for the night. He sniffed the cool morning air and after satisfying himself as to its purity, trotted slowly to the edge of the small stream which rippled and sang happily on its way to the distant foothills. Stopping for a moment at the edge of the stream to take a hasty drink, he continued on down the mountain. Through the luxuriously green spruces, down a small ravine covered with undergrowth, to the edge of a thick swamp he made his way, leaping over logs, stumps and bogs with that silent, graceful ease which is so typical of wild life itself. Here he joined his band of three does and their fawns, to progress into the swamp to feed on the thick, high grass which immediately swallowed everything from sight which entered it.

But as he came down the ravine and entered the swamp he was entirely unaware of the pair of binoculars which covered his every move, of the man who held them and of the high powered rifle which rested against his knee. From his higher position on a nearby hill the hunter commanded a good view of the entire swamp and what was more im-

portant, was within gun range of where the deer were feeding. By use of the binoculars he was able to make out the dim outline of the buck's huge set of horns, the sight of which set his heart to beating in a much faster time.

Raising his rifle to draw a fine bead he saw suddenly to the right of the deer, coming against the wind, another form, blacker and plumper, which seemed to be creeping slowly but steadily toward a fawn in the rear of the group. And then the hunter understood; it was a bear, intent on a breakfast of young deer fresh from the hoof. Closer and closer, inch by inch, crawled the bear until he was within fifteen feet of the fawn, where he crouched for the spring. The deer fed peacefully on until some back current of the wind drifted the ear's scent to the buck's nose. With a huge snort, which scattered doe and fawn, he turned and leapt in the direction of the bear. At the same time the bear rushed and the buck and bear came face to face. With a roar of disappointment the bear struck at the deer with his paw, ripping off a huge patch of skin and causing the blood to run freely.. No sooner did the bear strike than up on his hind legs went the deer to come down stiff legged on the bear's back with those front hoofs, which cut like knives. A snort of anger issued from the buck's

nostrils as he backed up and delivered the blow with those piercing antlers, which gouged the bear's heart and still-ed forever his powerful roar.

And as the doe and fawns who had

run from the battle scene slowly returned to gaze with admiring eyes at their master, the hunter shouldered his rifle and started off in the opposite direction, cussing himself for being so "darn sentimental."

A FAR AWAY DREAM

Kay Haven, '39

It was the kind of a night that children dreamed of, a regular Christmas Eve.

Outside, it was snowing very softly, and the street lamps made everything a shining white.

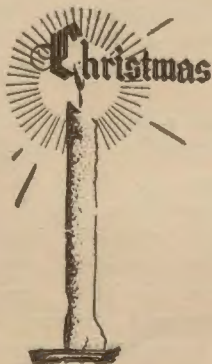
Under one of the lamps, a lone figure was standing. He was shabbily dressed and had on a battered old overcoat. He was gazing longingly into a store window. Displayed there were all of the usual appetizing and delicious looking Christmas cakes and pies.

As he stood there, the contents of the

window vanished, and in their place appeared a room with a huge Christmas tree, and piles of brightly-covered boxes and packages. There were children playing there, and he saw himself among them. That was twenty years ago—the day he had run away.

The picture faded and back came the cakes and pies. He reached in his pockets and found them empty, so he tightened his belt and walked off down the street, wondering where he could bum a cup of coffee and a couple of doughnuts.

Marie Slack, '39



Many good things come on Christmas;
Joys and presents of drum and horn;
But we're apt to forget the First Christmas

When the little Christ child was born.

He was our very first Christmas,
And His presents were gold, frankincense, and myrrh;
But He was the very best Christmas
To both ourselves and her.

Mary, His mother, most pure,
And a virgin of humble birth,
Gave to us her only Son
For peace and good will on earth.

SNOW BLIND

Jeanette Graves, '37

It was warm and cozy in the little coffee shop. There was a roaring fire in the coal stove. A group of men sat around with their pipes, and with their feet up on the stove. The radio, ignored by the men, blared forth some cowboy songs. A pile of dog eared and worn magazines lay invitingly on the counter.

Leaning against the counter, aloof from the other men, was a boy of about eighteen years. He was tall, lean and good looking. His jaw was determined looking and his mouth was set grimly.

The door opened and a buxom lady bustled in with the cup of black coffee her only customer that day had ordered. She looked meaningly at an old menu card on the counter beside him. She started out hopefully. "I'm just cooking some hash and—"

"Sorry," the boy broke in, "I haven't time. Swell coffee," he added as he drained the last drop. (I hope I'll be able to keep awake all night).

The woman beamed, (poor boy, and he looked so cold). "I'll make you some sandwiches to take with you—just sit down, I won't be a minute."

The boy ran his hands through his hair. "O. K., thanks." (Gosh, I haven't got time to waste, but I don't want to hurt her feelings. I hope she makes it snappy). He sat gingerly in a squeaky rocking chair.

One of the fellows at the stove ventured a question: "Going North or South?"

"South," (and going fast. If I don't get the truck in before tomorrow—no pay—and if I don't get my pay—no present for Martha).

"You're not intendin' to go tonight, are ya?"

"Yes." (I wonder what she'd like for Christmas. I wish I could afford to get her something better)

"Well son, take it from me, you'll never get there, this hill of ours is so darn slippery there ain't been a soul up or down it—in a car I mean—all day. Why I recollect—"

The door burst open, and a group of high school kids came in stamping their feet and blowing on their fingers. Their laughter filled the hall. They found some jazz on the radio and started dancing. Suddenly, one of the girls called out—"Kids, we forgot to put that sign back across the road!"

"Never mind," came a reply, "We'll put it up on our way home."

The boy got out of the rocking chair and started uneasily toward the counter. (Wish she'd hurry up. Wonder why those kids all looked at me then. Wish I'd listened to what they said. This reminds me of the time Martha and I went skating and—)

"Thanks"—he took the bundle, paid the woman and slipped out the door. He hesitated. It was quiet out here—not a soul in sight. He shivered and started for his truck.

There was nothing menacing about the whiteness of the hill. (It looks peaceful, snow stands for purity and everything that is good. I'll have to bring Martha up here—she likes snow, too).

Faster and faster the truck gained momentum. The driver dared not put on the brakes, he could only shut his eyes and pray. He felt the back end swing madly around. The steering wheel was but a useless piece of wood in his hands. Swiftly, unrelentingly, the truck swerved toward the tree. There was a sickening crash and silence. The swiftly falling snow coated the twisted wreckage with a film of white.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Verlie White, '39

"Two sons in two years," the old man
said,

"I cannot let my youngest go,
I cannot give my third one
To the grasping, trampling foe."

But the youngest insisted that he must
go,

"It is my duty," he said,
"My country needs me twice as much
Now that my brothers are dead."

Four times since then had summer come
Four times the lanes drifted with
snow,

News of the death of his youngest boy
Had completed the old man's woe.

That Christmas eve grew cold and dark
He sat by the fire when the work
was done;

He heard a muffled click of the gate,
And down the lane came his youngest
son.

He entered the room with unseeing eyes
To kneel by one of the empty chairs;
On that—their favorite Christmas eve,
Father and son found the joy that
was their's.

REUNION

Catherine Bodette, '37

Ellen Brice sighed as her busy hands pasted silver stars on long, narrow rolls of red paper—red and silver—the class colors—decorations for the reunion, the first in twelve years. Silly for her class to have a reunion—few if any had ever left Seaport. The boys, stout, almost paunchy business men, the girls, smelling of cheap perfume, already overburdened with large families of red-faced, squawling brats, cooped up in small apartments—middle-aged before they were thirty. Well, she, Ellen Brice, had escaped this filthy, commonplace squalor. A tiny smile played about her lips as she thought of her smart down town office with its equally smart equipment.

Putting the finishing touches to a tiny evergreen, she longed to escape the evening of boredom that she knew to be before her. She recalled the night she and Butch Hodge—but Butch was not to be thought of. Ellen's stern upbringing had been interwoven with the idea that a boy named "Butch" could come to no good end. Butch Hodge—the red-haired, freckled faced boy. He had left Seaport and was now in New York. Life held adventure and romance for him—for Ellen Brice a drab existence in Seaport. So engrossed was she in her bitter meditations she did not hear the door softly close behind her, and was startled to hear a deep masculine voice boom out, "Ellen Brice." She turned and looked into a pair of cool blue eyes.

"Butch Hodge," she gasped and her eyes enveloped the trim cut of his dark suit—the red hair thicker now, the same stubborn chin.

The neighborhood's "tough" boy had grown up. His business, his success in New York—her own position—they discussed all. Slowly she recalled the bare-footed boy who had terrorized the neighborhood. Followed by a flea-bitten, salt and pepper colored dog he had wandered lonely around the streets. But he had progressed in New York, she realized, as she questioned him on his life after he left high school. She was too self-centered to notice the wistful yearn in his eyes. . .

A small tear slid down her rouged cheek as he slowly shut the door, going out of her life and Seaport forever.

* * *

A million stars twinkled in the fathomless heavens, the distant strains of village carolers rode lightly on the night. Suddenly, two ponderous figures slid out of the shadows. The gleam of metal—a soft click—then

"You were all sorts of a fool to let me go in, O'Connor. Came darn near breaking for it." Butch Hodge spoke in an undertone.

"No Butch," the tallest, dark-coated man spoke, "you've always kept your word," and then added impulsively, "even when it comes to the First National Banks. As for the party—that's to think about in the next few years. State's Prison ain't no picnic."

JIM'S GIRL

Alice Ryan, '40

One evening at supper Jim said, "I had a lot of fun with Clara this afternoon."

His mother was interested. Her little Jim was certainly growing up. Why only yesterday he had said that all

girls were nuisances. She said, "You'll have to take her to Sue's Christmas party tomorrow night."

Her son looked at her queerly. "Why Mom, I can't take Clara to the party. She's a——." His mother interrupt-

ed him. "You silly boy, of course you can take her." Mentally she thought—he's just bashful. Mrs. Masterson began to plan. His suit would have to be pressed. His shoes needed shining, and his collar starching.

During this interval Jim simply sat in his chair and looked at his mother. Finally he burst out, "Mother, I really don't think it would be best for me to take Clara. She's a——."

"My dear boy, I didn't think you were

as shy as all that. It's time you became a little bolder."

"Oh, all right. I'll take her if you insist, but remember, this was your idea, not mine. With a glint of mischief in his eyes which puzzled his mother, he left the room.

Twenty-four hours later he entered Sue's house. He was accompanied by Clara, his pet pig, that he had owned for exactly twenty-seven hours.

TOMORROW IS CHRISTMAS!

William Allen, '39

Everything proclaims those words—tomorrow—Christmas. Lighted, festive, the shop windows seem to breathe it with toys and presents. Gay decorations of holly and bright berries almost spell it when they draw the hurrying crowds to them. Mute evidence is everywhere; one cannot escape it.

What seems myriads of people hurry past. Some are frantic, some pensive, some thoughtful and rushing, some considerate. A few go by unhappy; yet more are gay and carefree. But they all seem to pause and say, "Tomorrow, Christmas, you know."

Halfway up this quiet side street, we

stop a minute. Into a lighted house someone is carrying a tapering spruce. We can really see the wreaths and candles, but can't you imagine the expectancy inside the walls?

Even the sky seems to have imbibed the spirit so prevalent. Yesterday it was cold, grey, and seemed far above; now it is softening and coming closer to earth and the snow that came last night. Slowly everything blends until the view is a symphony of white, blues, and soft greys. All join together, and the chorus sings, "Tomorrow, Christmas!"

THE FATE OF TIME

Robert Elliott, '37

Fate may be likened to the ticking of a
clock

Tickety, tickety, tock, tock, tock.

From triangular trousers to the shroud
We hear it ticking, soft, yet loud.

From tiny cradle to the tomb
It ticks, ticks, ticks, our doom.

Tickety, tickety, tock, tock, tock,
Brrrrr Boom!

The spring broke
Plop.

WEARY WILLIE

Arlene Jaquith, '37

Mrs. Ross, going through the dining room to the kitchen was startled to hear a terrific thumping noise coming from the direction of the wood-shed. Then a song burst forth in a boyish treble;

"Hallalujah, I'm a bum!
Hallalujah, bum again!"

She hurried to the wood-shed door and beheld a sight that would have tickled a saint! Upon first glance she could discern nothing but a jumble of cowbells, sticks, pans and boilers. Closer inspection revealed two feet sticking out from under a large tin cover. Two hands appeared flinging off the hardware, then a freckled grinning face peeked around a large shiny washtub. Beside of all this pile sat the ever faithful hound, Rufus.

"Lo, Ma!" he greeted her sheepishly.

"Why, Willie Ross, I thought I sent you up to Marden's to get me a spool of black thread. Where did you get all of that truck—and my best washpan!" She pounced on to the pile and rescued the shiny washtub which Willie was using as his shield.

"William, answer me!"

"Oh gosh, ma. I did go up to Marden's an' th' way home I met Jack, an' he tol' me Bert Fenton an' Lizzie Maher is gettin' married to-night, an' we thought up the splendiforus plan o' seranadin' 'em, an' we went into Jack's house an' he gave me some cowbells an'—!"

"Stop, Willie, you are murdering the King's English. Now proceed to tell me where you got this!"

She pointed to the tinware and sticks laying where Willie had thrown them.

"Well, Ma, as I was sayin' afore you interruckted me, Jack giv' me those cowbells an' I got your washpan an'—"

"And, William."

"And, some sticks. Jack an' I was goin' tuh serenade 'em, right away. They'll 'preciate it more this aft'noon.

But gosh, I stumbled an' fell. That's what yuh heard, Ma."

"Well, William, I'm glad I did hear you and am in time to stop this nonsensical seranading plan. Jack Peters should know better. I must speak to his mother. Now William, you may go down cellar and sprout some potatoes as punishment for this!"

"Oh, gee ma. Yuh alus have tuh spoil some o' my plans. Gosh we wouldn't a' scared ol' Fenton or ol' Lizzie so's they'd had th' heart failure. We just thought we'd have some fun an' go serenadin' like th' fellas did when you an' dad got hitched! Jack's dad tol' me all about it cause he was one o' the guys what thought o' it. Oh, ma, yore face is red!"

"William Ross, you hurry down those stairs and get busy!"

Mrs. Ross took herself back into the kitchen where her flushed face was safely hidden from the young Willie's sight. She had to smile in spite of herself as she listened to the devilish, mischievous boy tramping down the stairs.

"Come on, Rufus" sang out the irrepressible Willie to his faithful follower, the hound dog, as he went down the stairs chuckling to himself.

"We've gotta see 'f we ken ketch a coupla rate down here—"

Oh the day was dark an' dreary.

The moon was shinin' bright—"

"William, stop thumping on those stairs!"

"O. K. Mom" came back the boyish voice.

Willie climbed over the side of the potato bin and began very industriously to sprout potatoes.

"Oh I went to a house an' asked for some bread—"

A lady came out an' bopped me on th' head!

Hallalujah, I'm a cow-boy—

Hallalujah, Bum again—

Oh, I wouldn't be a houn' dog—"

The song continued without interruption for awhile; then Willie suddenly exclaimed—;

"Hey, Rufus, who wears th' bigges' hat in the worl'?"

Silence reigned—then;

"Give up? Well, Ruf, yuh dern fool it must be th' guy with th' bigges' head!"

"Willie," came Mrs. Ross' voice. "Where is my black thread?"

"Oh ma, I lef' it up tuh Marden's. I'll go right up an' get it." Willie could be heard climbing over the side of the bin.

"No, William, You can't go till you've sprouted those potatoes. The thread will keep and you'll have to get it later."

"Aw—Awright."

Just then a sharp bark from Rufus brought Willie out of his sense of disappointment for not being able to shirk that hateful job of sprouting potatoes.

"What is it, Rufus? Oh gosh, a rat! There he goes into the coal bin! Clim'b in an' git him Ruf, you ol' coward!"

Clambering to the edge to secure a better look into the dark interior of the coal bin, Willie leaned too far over and landed head first into the coal.

"Gosh, Ruf," he panted as he regained his feet and surveyed himself

with a rueful glance. "What'll Ma say now?"

"Willie you may come up now and go to the Marden's after the thread."

"Come on Ruf. We'll have to face the music. Let's hope it won't be a band!" Slowly he climbed the stairs, Rufus beside him.

"Why William Walter Ross, where have you been? That isn't potato dirt!"

"Naw—I fell intuh th' coal bin."

"You go straight in and take a bath and hurry up for I want my thread."

"O. K. mom."

The splashing of water could be heard for a moment—then—

More splashing—the spotless Willie appeared.

He started out the door then turned around and came back to the kitchen door. "Good-bye ma," he grinned at her and disappeared.

Upon arriving at the store he procured the black thread and started out of the store. Turning around he flashed Mr. Marden a brilliant smile and asked;

"Mr. Marden, what's a bird cock tail?"

"Why I don't think I know Willie. What is it?"

"Oh, just a coupla swallows!"

He went down the street chuckling and whistling "Yankee Doodle."

Le Département Français

Catheine Bodette, 37, Editor

A La Messe de Minuit

Avant que l'heure sonne
Tout l'église frissonne,
D'un bon air universel
Noel! Noel!

Les vieillards à tête grise
Font entendre dans l'église
Leur prière habituelle
Noel! Noel!

Les petits sont dans la joie
Chacun vers la crèche envoie
Un doux baiser fraternel
Noel! Noel!

Marguerite Senesac, '38

Coutumes de Noel en France

En France, Noel est une des fêtes les plus reconnues. A Paris, c'était une des occasions les plus gaies mais ce n'est plus cela, excepté dans les églises. Les magasins montrent leurs jouets, leurs bonbons, et leurs beaux arbres de Noel.

Au commencement de décembre de petites boutiques sont placées où l'on vend des marchandises pour Noel. Beaucoup d'acheteurs viennent pendant le jour et même le soir.

Les enfants font la crèche quelques jours avant Noel pour rappeler la naissance de Jésus Christ. C'est une représentation

de la crèche sainte. Elle est faite sur une table dans le coin du salon. En avant de cette crèche on met une couche de roches couverte de vert et quelquefois saupoudrée de farine pour ressembler à la neige. Des hommes et des animaux de carton sont mis sur ces couches. La veille de Noel on allume les crèches avec des chandelles et on chante des cantiques.

Les enfants de France ont aussi une Noel pour les oiseaux. Des grappes de blé sont pendues pour eux.

Maurice Beliveau, '38
Bernard Kirby, '37

Une Mère Heureuse

La veille de Noel deux petits garçons et leur grande soeur jouaient au coin du feu. Jean et Charles étaient les garçons et Marcelle était la jeune fille. Leur mère tricotait à côté d'eux.

—Qu'est-ce que vous tricotez maman? Pensez-vous que le père Noel viendra ce soir? a demandé Jean.

—Je tricote des mitaines et je suis sûre que le père Noel viendra ce soir si

vous vous couchez bientôt, dit la mère.

—Nous irons maintenant s'il vient plus vite, dit Charles.

—Alors avancez, mes petits. Après qu'ils étaient partis, leur mère a sorti les cadeaux qu'elle avait achetés bien que la famille fut très pauvre.

Le matin les petits ont couru pour prendre leurs bas.

—Oh! Maman! quels jolis cadeaux! mais vous ne recevez rien. Le père

Noel vous a oublié. Vous méritez beaucoup de cadeaux.

—Nous vous donnerons nos cadeaux, a dit la gentille Marcelle.

—Merci beaucoup, mes chers petits, mais j'ai le meilleur cadeau parce que vous montrez que vous m'aimez assez pour me donner vos cadeaux. Vous aimez votre mère mieux que vos cadeaux.

Isabelle Husk, '38

La Noel

La Noel en France est très joyeuse. Les Français la considèrent aussi un temps pour les célébrations de la piété. Ils présentent la Nativité de Notre Seigneur.

Les jeunes Français la veille de Noel posent leurs sabots sur la pierre de la

cheminée près de l'arbre de Noel.

Aussi, toujours il y a les chansons de Noel, les messes de minuit, les cadeaux de Noel.

Les Français se préparent des nourritures spéciales pour la Noel.

Alma Hunt, '37

La Première Noel

Un ciel, pétillant et clair,
Un couvert blanc sur la terre,
Une seule étoile, en pleine grandeur—
La première Noel.

Un enfant dans une étable né,
Sa belle tête sur le foin couchée,
Tous les anges chantent aux cieux,
La première Noel.

Le plus beau jour de toute l'année,
Jésus, notre Rédempteur est né.
Voilà! le jour de Sa Naissance—
La première Noel.

Catherine Bodette, '37

School Activities

Robert Elliott, Editor

Most notable among this year's school happenings is the founding of a series of new clubs, designed to give every student an opportunity to do something which is both profitable and enjoyable during the daily activities period.

Among these clubs are: the Dramatic, Literary, Stamp, Journalism, Forensic,

for would-be debators; English Leaders; Health club, which was organized not for the purpose of studying hygiene, but to go hiking, encourage sports, study the great out-of-doors, etc. Also among the newcomers are the Manual Arts and Leaders clubs. The long-established language, Future Farmers and Home Economics groups still flourish.

FRESHMAN INITIATION

This year's Freshman initiation was declared by all authorities to be one of the best and most thorough in the annals of the dear old Alma Mater. The whole school (excepting of course the Freshmen) enjoyed the day time stunts to the utmost; but the heavy initiating

didn't take place until that evening, September 18, in the gym. After the real fun was over, refreshments were served and music for dancing provided by the Aggie Boys' radio. Incidentally, the new members of the faculty declined to be initiated.

MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN

In October, two rival publishing companies put on local magazine campaigns at the same time. When the

smoke of battle cleared away, a tidy sum had been added to the Athletic association coffers.

SCHOOL FAIR

The annual school fair, this year better than ever, was held Sept. 25 in the gymnasium, in a gay setting of colorful booths and amusing sideshows. The

many and varied exhibits, practically all the work of students, made it the tremendous success that it was. Entertainment featured a Major Bowes Amateur Hour.

ASSEMBLY CAMPAIGN

During the feverish excitement of the presidential campaign, the American History class conducted school campaigns for the various candidates. At intervals, for two weeks, the assem-

bly watched and listened, fascinated, while the orators gave windy harangues for Roosevelt, Landon, Thomas, Lemke and Colvin. In the school election Landon led by a small majority.

F. F. A. BANQUET

The Vergennes Chapter of Future Farmers November 19 was host at a Parent and Son Banquet. The meal (roast chicken with all the fixin's) was

competently prepared and served by the Home "Ec" "Gals." All the Aggies enjoyed the chicken and some enjoyed the inevitable after-dinner speeches.

EDITORIAL CONFERENCE

The "Blue and White" staff, accompanied by Miss Ryan, Miss Sayre, and Mr Peters went to Burlington Nov.

21 to attend the State Editorial Conference. They were entertained pleasantly, both by the conference and other features.

Athletics

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Mary Gage, '38

The first meeting of the basket ball candidates was held Oct. 8 in Room 3, with our coach, Miss Delaney, in charge. Forty names were enlisted in the basket ball roll book. This is one of the largest "turn outs" in the history of V. H. S.

At this meeting our coach told us what would be expected of us if we intended to become members of the basketball squad.

Our first real practice was held Wednesday, Oct. 14. To start the program we did "bone creaking" and muscle straining exercises. What an ordeal at first! This first practice was short but very constructive.

The practices which are held Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons have been well attended and each class is well represented.

Seniors

Catherine Bodette
Jeannette Graves
Katherine Mack
Pauline Myers
Dorothy Slack
June Stagg
Mildred Williams

Juniors

Joyce Bull
Mary Gage
Elaine Hamel
Marie McCormick
Elinor Miller
Joyce Palmer
Marolyn Powers
Madeline Torrey

Seventh and Eighth

Claire Barrows
Dorothy Fuller



Marie Garrow
Dolores Hammond
Margaret Hawkins
Ruth Merrill
Patience Norton
Verlie White
Muriel Yattaw
Sylvia Yattaw
Jean Young

Sophomores

Emily Clarke
 Anna Coyle
 Katherine Horsford
 Georgianna LeBeau
 Lucille Mundy
 Hazel Roby
 Marie Roscoe

Freshmen

Blanche Adams
 Joy Angier
 Helen Lawrence
 Shirley Sheehan
 Rolanda Turpin

The schedule this year shows that these girls are going to have to play hard, fast games in order to come out on top.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Lee Fiske, Arnold Sullivan, '37

The track team of V. H. S. came through an undefeated season this fall. George Adams was the first in the local meets, Ray Barrows came in second. At the Interscholastic Meet in Troy, N. Y., the placing in regard to Vergennes was Adams first and Dan Bull, second.

The basketball season has just opened and Ronald Barry, our head coach, found himself with an excellent team. The varsity squad consists of 12 men. Altogether there are 46 boys out for basketball this fall.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE FOR THE YEAR

Dec. 4—Alumni at Vergennes.
 Dec. 8—Vergennes at Brandon.
 Dec. 11—New Haven at Vergennes.
 Dec. 12—Vergennes at Burlington.
 Dec. 18—Vergennes at Essex Jct.
 Jan. 8—Bristol at Vergennes.
 Jan. 12—State School at Vergennes.
 *Jan. 15—Waterbury at Vergennes.
 Jan. 19—Open.
 *Jan. 22—Hinesburg at Vergennes.
 Jan. 23—Brandon at Vergennes.
 Jan. 29—Essex Jct. at Vergennes.
 *Feb. 5—Vergennes at Hinesburg.
 *Feb. 9—Burlington Business College at Vergennes.
 Feb. 12—Vergennes at Bristol.
 *Feb. 16—Vergennes at Milton.

Feb. 19—Open.
 *Feb. 23—Vergennes at Burlington Business College.
 *Feb. 26—Milton at Vergennes.
 Mar. 2—State School at Vergennes.
 Mar. 5—Alumni at Vergennes.

Vergennes will also play Burlington High School at the V. H. S. Gym. These are events that no student in high school can afford to miss, at least those played in our own gymnasium.

Members of the Varsity Squad are as follows: Arnold Sullivan, George Adams, Leslie Booth, Raymond Barrows, David Smith, Robert Floyd, Clarence Stagg, Richard Miner, Desmond Casey, Kittredge Haven, James McCabe and Morris Myers

* Signifies tentative games.

Exchange

Alfred Miller, '38, Editor

THANK YOU

Alfred Miller, '38

One of the most sacred of post-Christmas duties is the writing of "thank you" letters to the donors of

your Christmas gifts. Here are our "thank-yous" for the periodicals with which other schools have favored us.

The Peopleonian

Morrisville

An original cover design and an imposing array of photographs render your magazine attractive to the eye and such articles as Rickey and Fred make it interesting to outsiders. Perhaps a little more fiction would increase this interest.

The Dial

Brattleboro

The theme of your magazine makes it of high educational value. Its stories are exceptionally well written.

The Spaulding Sentinel

Barre

What a clever theme you've got! Hash will long be a pleasant memory to those who consumed it. Couldn't you have a little more Latin in the Latin department.

L. H. S. Review

Londonderry

Having items from the adjacent rural schools is a clever idea. Pencil Points is another attractive feature. Wouldn't it be nice if you could have some more fiction?

Alumni Department

George Adams, '37, Editor

Raymond Morris went to Albany Business College for three weeks, but quit because he couldn't find work to take up his spare time and is now working at home.

Irving Palmer attends Burlington Business College.

Elaine Beach is attending Green Mountain Junior College.

Helene Barrows is attending the State Normal School.

Margaret Bodette, Joan Casey and Elinor Sullivan are attending the University of Vermont.

Wilbur Pratt and Bobby Douglass are going to Randolph V. S. A.

Faith Kenyon is going to Pratt Institute in New York City. The name Pratt sounds familiar.

Charles Laughton is at Washington University.

Norma Bristol and Hilton Forrest are P. G's. at good old V. H. S.

Helna McEvila is at Bristol as a P. G.

Willard Bristol is at Middlebury College.

William Carter, Jr., is in Germany studying.

Robert Larrow is at Harvard Law School.

Kathleen Belden is in nurses' training at the DeGoesbriand hospital.

Margaret Booth is working in Vergennes.

Kathleen LeBoeuf is working in Vergennes.

Beatrice Cook is in nurses' training at Fanny Allen Hospital.

Elinor Kimball of North Ferrisburg a junior at U. V. M., was chosen head of Shuffleboard for the Green and Gold competition in sports this fall.

Grinnery

Harold Cushman, Kenneth Sullivan, '38

Miss Delaney: What is a groundhog?
Freshman: A sausage.

Cecile LaJoie: Do you smoke?

Other girl: No!

Cecile LaJoie: Neither do I, I don't want to stunt my growth.

Miss Sayre in English XII: If you are using my paper, please write small.

Miss Delaney: Did you ever do any public speaking?

George Adams: Well, I once proposed to a country girl over a party line.

Miss Ryan: Where is the longest tunnel in the world?

Bernard Kirby: In under the ground.

Mrs. Barry: It's scandalous to charge us ten dollars for towing the car only three or four miles!

Mr. Barry: Never mind dear, he's earning it; I've got my brakes on.

Miss Sayre in English XII: All right Fiske, you come around after school.

Fiske: It's a date.

According to Elliot, Mr. Barry may be lucky not having so much hair to comb but he has a lot more face to wash.

Marion Harrington in American History class: A majority is one third of the whole body.

Cecile LaJoie looking around main room: Where's my big sister!

We are told that Warren Miller is building a blue bird house.

Cushman in comment of Elliott's assembly address on Prohibition: That ought to stir up the booze.

Mr. Barry in Algebra Class: What kind of a line would result?

Alfred Miller: A clothes line.

The boy in Memphis, Tenn. is still talking. We wonder if he hasn't got the same thing the trouble with him as Marolyn Powers has.

And now that we have a Practical Arts Club our future worries about encyclopedias and dictionaries are through. Why not a nice platform in the back of the main room for George Patterson III or Miss Sayre.

O dear! O dear! Look up there!

"A fire! A fire!" cried Miss Sayre.

Student, "Beware, take care,

'Tis only Bob Floyd's crimson hair."

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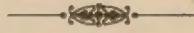
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