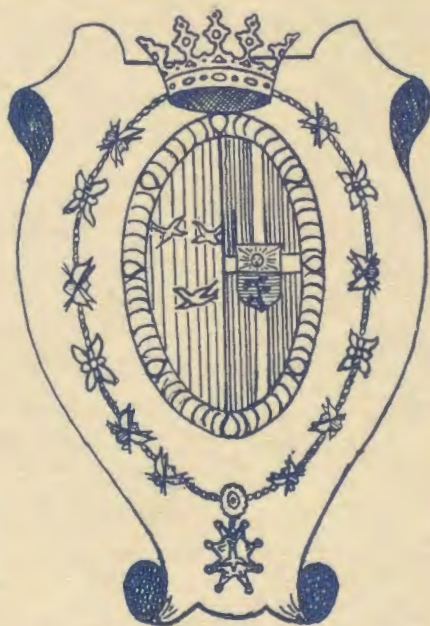


BLUE AND WHITE

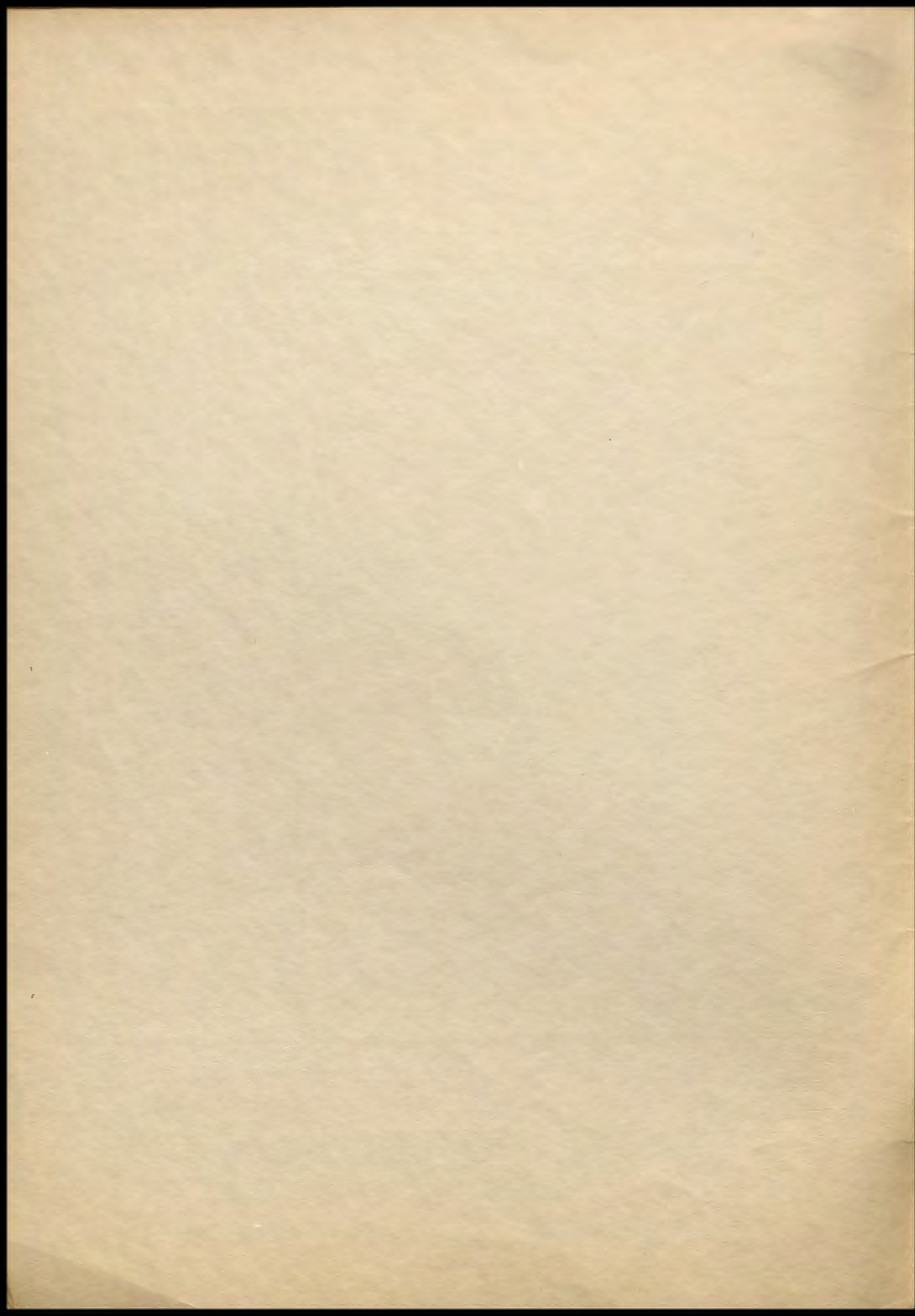
VHS
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1937



VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

VERMONT FIRST ISSUE

1937



The Blue and White

Vermont First Issue

1937

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Editorial

Dorothy Slack, '37, Editor

VERMONT

Now that spring has come again nature forces us to appreciate what a lovely state we live in. Just a few weeks ago we were vaguely aware of the kind of surroundings we have but they were rather grey and dismal. Now although most of the time we secretly condemn the rainy days we've had, we now and then get a glimpse of perfection, a sunny, happy world which we must realize was made more beautiful by the rain. Every day we grow more and more amazed at the serenity that can be brought by the dazzling glory of the sunlight.

However I must stop rambling, about our appreciation of our peaceful scenery and speak of other people's. Even now with hardly any encouragement at all, people from all over the United States, and even other parts of the world, are traveling through and sometimes stopping in Vermont to catch some of the beauty and peace of our Green Mountains.

Just think what would happen with good co-operation on the part of our own people! There seems to be no end to what our visitors could inspire for the improvement of our appearances. Even our everyday living could be made fruitful and worth while—not only making others happy but ourselves!



A VERMONT SCENE AT SUNDOWN

The silver leaves of the poplar dance in the splendid light, and evergreens shine like burnished gold . . . A thunder cloud, rearing its head in the North, is lighted up by crimson streaks across its face. . . The clouds stretch purple fingers across the sky; and the trees mingle together until they become a hazy blue . . . The trees, whispering together, bow their heads in worship to the wonders of the sky. As night spreads her blanket, the wind whistles softly down the valleys between the green hills of Vermont.

Alice Ward, '38



Barbara Ball, '37, Editor

Daniel Bull, '38, Assistant Editor

BACKWOODS BEAUTY

I was interested in the two men because they were so hopelessly different—and so helplessly alike. Neither of them were the type you would expect to find in Grand Central station on a morning like this. They were evidently strangers who had struck up an acquaintance during their wait. Or, on close inspection, could I call it an acquaintance? They seemed to be having an argument. Finding my own lot rather dull, I moved closer to them to indulge in a little impolite eavesdropping. Confidentially, that's where a writer gets fifty per cent of his inspirations—from listening to the opinions of people who don't know they're being listened to!

As I approached, the pair stopped talking. While I was settling myself carefully behind my newspaper, which,

by the way, I had read three times, I exercise an expression of complete inattention and boredom. I had done that before, too, and I had to get my article in today. As yet I hadn't the slightest idea what I was going to write about.

Satisfied that I was harmless, the two men began again.

"I still can't see how you can place the West against Vermont's beauty," said the slight, farmerish-looking man. "Grand Canyon is a wonderful place to see, but who in time would want to live in such a country?"

Already the argument was clear to me. One man was an Easterner—a Vermonter, who had been visiting the West. The other was a Westerner who had been East, and by some chance of

fate, they had met here on their homeward trips.

"The West," the big fellow had a drawl, "brings you closer to nature than any other place in the world. Can't you see it? The huge trees, the canyons, the mountains—and our crystal lakes can't be beat."

"No, I can't see it," replied Vermont flatly. (Good, good, I applauded, Vermont is giving chase!)

"I think your trees are stuck-up," continued Vermont showing some fire. "There's not a friendly thing out there. It scared me. Now take any one of our Vermont hillsides—or valleys. This time of year (spring) there would be flowers, and birds, and tumbling streams—and peace—a peace you can't find out West."

"You were just homesick," scoffed West. "I think your little backwoods valleys are—" he cast about for a contemptuous word, "silly!"

A hot wave of indignation welled up in me. This was too much. I jerked up in my seat, folding my innocent newspaper with a great deal of noise.

The men looked mildly surprised at this apparently uncalled-for show of distaste. West looked at me and said,

"Say, you're a writer, aren't you?"

I bowed my head. Such are the forfeits of "being known." I couldn't hide my profession behind my face.

"Then you ought to know which is best—but let me tell you of our argument."

"Thank you," I made a great show of injured dignity. "I've heard quite enough." I turned away, then looked around at them. "I happen to be a Vermonter, myself."

Forthwith I boarded my train, and taking out pad and pencil commenced my article. Its title was "Backwoods

Beauty." As I wrote, I became more and more interested in my subject. It came "so easy" because I was expressing the feelings of every true Vermonter. I wove a spell around my Vermont, or rather, I put on paper so that all might sense it, the natural spell that was there. Thinking of "West," I put in a section for him.

Vermont is not "grand" like the Rocky Mountain Reserves. There are no breath-taking heights to look down from into cold, distant canyons. There are no great expanses of forest with trees so unfriendly and far away they make you shiver—no unsmiling lakes—no geysers—no awe-inspiring, snow-covered summits. Yet these are the places where traveling people go; these the things they go to see. "My dear, you haven't seen anything until you have seen the Grand Canyon. It's simply marvelous—it took my breath away!" But they wouldn't want to live there. The Grand Canyon in the sunshine is painted with beautiful colors—but it never will be friendly. At night the great Western showplaces grow dark and sinister. Nature draws itself up, and casts black, severe shadows. The Great Trees will tolerate voluble visitors in the daytime, but at night—never. They resent intruders into their melancholy.

Vermont's beauty, however backwoods it may seem to some, is cozy. The "view" from one of our hills may be breath-taking, but it's the soft, peaceful beauty that does it, not grandeur. Spring in a Vermont woods is a delightful thing. It is both fragile and spiritually strong; it is quiet with the noise of a hundred twittering birds and the tumbling river. There is peace!

"That," I mumbled with satisfaction, "ought to hold him for awhile!"

Barbara Ball, '37

"ROKEBY"

On the main highway, in the town of Ferrisburg, set slightly back from the road in a frame of old trees, stands the Robinson homestead, made famous as the birthplace and home of Rowland Evans Robinson, artist and distinguished writer.

The unpainted, weathered house does not give one any impression of its age or interesting history. It is not important for its architectural lines or style, but for what it shelters beneath its roof.

Four generations of the Robinson family have lived in this house, which was bought by the great grandfather of the present owner, Rowland T. Robinson, son of the author.

Here many a fugitive slave was sheltered on his way to Canada and freedom for this was one of the underground railway" stations.

An evidence of the interest the father of the author had in abolition, is the framed copy of a Vermont newspaper of 1843 in the entrance hall, which gives notice of an Abolitionists Meeting in Ferrisburg, and is signed by the senior Robinson.

Before Rowland E. Robinson became blind, he did a great deal of sketching and painting. He sold humorous

drawings to magazines. In addition to drawing cartoons, he did illustrations for seed catalogs. When he went fishing, he always took along his sketch book to make pencil sketches of scenes which took his fancy. Later he transferred them to canvas with oils, supplying colors from memory. He often used the fungus growth from the trees as a medium on which to sketch, that permanently preserved the picture when dried. At the house is a large collection of this work. However, most of his drawing was done in the evening by the light of a kerosene lamp, which either caused or hastened his later blindness.

When Mr. Robinson lost the sight of one eye, and the other was failing, he went to New York for an operation, but it was not successful, and he became totally blind. With encouragement from his wife, he tried writing. It is doubtful if any name connected with the literature of Vermont is better known and more loved than that of Rowland E Robinson, the blind author of the "Robinson Books."

Marion Harrington '37 and
Glen St. Jean, '39

MID AFTERNOON

A grey sky—
A grey store—
A grey bird's
Sweeping soar.
A grey street—
A grey wall—
A grey town
In a grey pall.
A grey man—
A grey cat—
Dull, grey monotony—shattered!
By a school girl in a crimson hat.

Catherine Bodette, '37



THE DEFEAT

It is a late summer afternoon in the month of August. Two middle-aged men in buckskin clothing are drawing near a small cabin in a clearing of about two acres in size. There are several children playing about the door of the cabin. Yet there is an air of caution which hangs over the whole scene.

As the two men draw near, the children run in the cabin and shut the door with a bang. Soon the door opens and an elderly lady of about 50 steps out of the door to greet the strangers.

It seems that the Indians of the surrounding tribes are on the warpath and all the settlers have been moved to the fort on Lake Champlain except this one family near Otter Creek. This elderly lady, Mrs. Sherman, and her nine children live here. When the warning was sent out she replied that she would re-

main as she thought she could take care of herself. Her husband had been killed in a previous raid on the settlements. These two men were scouts from the fort who had come to take the woman and her children back to the fort.

Mrs. Sherman thanks the men very kindly for wanting to help her, but tells them she wishes to remain here. She invites them to stay to supper which the hungry men gladly accept. One of the boys goes out to bring a bowl of water for the night meal, but as he steps out the door, an arrow knocks the bowl out of his hand. He runs back into the house and slams the door, barring it with the board provided for this. All the windows and doors are boarded except for the small holes to stick the guns through. In a moment

a "whoop" is heard from the woods and about a dozen Indians start for the cabin, but they are met by a volley of shot and six of them fall dead. The rest ran back to the cover of the woods.

During this lull the two men from the fort look around and are surprised to see that several of the children have muskets and are all posted at a hole around the wall.

It is getting very dark now and the people in the cabin can hardly see the woods, when suddenly about two dozen fire arrows fly through the air and land on the roof of the cabin. The Indians are trying to set the cabin afire.

Things look pretty bad for the people in the cabin. When Mrs. Sherman sees that there is no hope of saving the cabin, she lifts up a trap door in the floor and beckons to the children to descend. She explains to the men that this is a tunnel that leads down to the river bank. They fire another volley of shot and then go down into the tunnel. After walking along the tunnel for about ten minutes, they hear a crash; it is the house falling down.

To the utter amazement of the two scouts, the tunnel leads into a large room underground which is furnished with regular frontier furniture. Off from this room are two smaller rooms which serve as sleeping quarters. In the corner is a stove with a chimney which runs up into the center of a hollow tree. Mrs. Sherman explains to the scouts that she and her children have made this underground home and that they will be safe here for the time being until the Indians find the place from the smoke. Just then they hear shouting from the tunnel. The Indians have discovered the tunnel in the cellar of the burned house. Mrs. Sherman has taken care of this also. Out of a large cupboard in the wall she takes a small bag of powder and rolls it down the tunnel. In a few minutes a great explosion is heard. Unfortunately for the Indians the powder goes off right amongst them and caves in the tunnel. During this time the people in the house have escaped down the river in a canoe and are on their way to the fort.

Sidney Danyow, '38

VERMONT

There is one place in this wide world
Dearer than any spot
Found on the face of this old earth—
My native state—Vermont.

No matter where my steps may lead
Nor where success be sought,
If failure comes I'll tread the path
To my native state—Vermont.

Vermont will ever be to me
A place for love and thought,
And as the years slip quickly by
I'll dream of old Vermont.

Cecile Lajoie, '40

BUENA VISTA

"Well, Henry, we're here at last. Oh, be careful, you nearly ran into that tree! Oh dear! A poor little fern—all crumpled up. What?—It is too a fern. After all these years a member of the Women's Horticulture Club, I ought to know a fern when I . . . did you say dandelion greens? Really, Henry, I'm sure I would have noticed it anyway, after all, I was a charter member of the Women's Hort—Henry, were you laughing at me? I do wish you wouldn't mumble like that.

"Brr-r—don't you think it's getting cold? Which box did you put our winter coats in? Yes, dear, you 'told me so,' but after all, you'll have to admit I was the one who remembered to lock the house up

"Oh Henry! Isn't it grand to be here! Just think—two whole weeks of pure enjoyment—no business—no telephones—no worries—no—Henry! Did you remember to tell the milkman not to stop? But I told you to! Fourteen bottles of milk just wasted.

"Oh well—Let's not worry. Let's enjoy ourselves. Isn't the lake lovely—and so romantic . . . Henry! Henry! Where are you? Oh there you are. Oh, no you don't. You don't go fishing

yet, You're going to help me unpack. 'Lovely view'—humph!

"Oh Hen, dear, I don't remember putting this pail in, do you? . . . Sometimes I think I might as well talk to a stonewall . . . hmm. This pail is heavy. Euk! doow! Oh my goodness! What in the world! There, out you go—you—you worms! HENRY, DON'T SHOUT AT ME. I was merely emptying that pail of dirt.

"Henry, we've forgotten the knives and forks. Don't stand there looking at me like that. Say something. Go over to that camp and borrow some right away . . . Heavens! My freckle cream spilled all over Henry's socks. Whew I'm tired. I might as well write a card to Grace—she expects it. Let's see—'Dear Grace, having a swell time. Wish you were here—Mable and Henry!' There—

"Oh dear, why doesn't Henry come back. Sometimes I wish we had never—

"Oh there you are. Why Henry—what ARE you grinning about? Tell me the good news quick! What—two of them? And they play bridge!? Oh Henry!"

Jeannette Graves, '37

SLATE

Scotch Hill Road is a small road labeled "Legal load limit 20,000 pounds" running out of Fair Haven toward West Castleton. If you drive along it, you will notice one thing in particular, piles and piles of waste slate, a lopsided derrick with maybe a pair of rusty tackle blocks protruding from the top of each—crude monuments to a mighty industry. I believe that Vermont stands second or third in world production of slate; that Fair Haven is the one place where one can get a real unfading green slate in the whole world, but that is neither here nor there.

What I want to do is take up some unimportant but rather interesting phases of the slate industry.

First of these is its effect on the people. Slate miners are, for some mysterious reason, Welsh. That gives a slate-quarrying town a different atmosphere from any other. The Welsh are a quiet people, slow to anger, and tough as the beefsteak I cooked myself. They have magnificent singing voices. In their own churches, they often sing unaccompanied, and the sound is something you'll never hear elsewhere, and never forget.

The Welsh in Fair Haven usually speak English, but when they don't, their language is nothing that anyone can understand.

Second is its effect on the landscape. Nobody can call a pile of waste slate pretty, but to a homesick quarrier it looks comforting. Besides, on some of the older piles, adventurous birch trees and a few blades of grass manage to wrest a living from the loose rock, and eventually Vermont will have a range of low hills in addition to the Green Mountains. Quarries also leave holes in the ground. These become filled with water, and make excellent, if dangerous swimming holes. They're practically bottomless, and some of the larger ones have been stocked with fish. Recently people have evolved the practice of sur-

facing dirt roads with waste slate. This is hard on tires until the stone breaks up, but it's better than mud and gives the roads a beautiful green or blue color.

Lastly I want to tell about the Pencil Mill. This was located in the general neighborhood of Hubbardton in the days when chalk and paper were expensive luxuries. The Mill has been destroyed long since, but the site is still marked by a large dummy. The Pencil Mill made pencils out of a very soft green slate that wouldn't scratch blackboards. Imperfect ones were thrown into a pile outside and nowadays anyone who feels economical can go out there and dig himself some pencils. They are excellent for board work.

Alfred Miller, '38

VERMONT MADE RICH BY SKIERS?

Although Vermont is a great winter recreation center, it can be made a greater one.

Officials predicted that Stowe could not have handled all its visitors had we had a normal winter in 1936. In 1936 Vermont collected 500 visitors per snow train on the average. Imagine 500 people suddenly barging into a town of 1600 people with two or three hundred visitors already there! And this was on a poor winter week-end. Vermont is becoming the American Switzerland to hundreds of skiers from the cities—skiers from all ages—six to sixty.

If other towns with skiing possibilities and many have them—constructed runs and tows, the already overcrowded towns would be relieved of their surplus and all would be benefited at the

same time. Possibly the government could help the towns out by letting them use W. P. A. men and money to clear the runs.

One part of the state, however, is decidedly unfavorable for ski resorts, namely—the Otter Creek Valley. When it is snowing in Bolton and Stowe, it is raining in the Otter Valley. Experts say that the river valleys are generally too warm for good skiing. This accounts for the lack of snow at some of the Middlebury College carnivals in recent years.

All in all, Vermont already has some fine developments in some districts, but it has a large number of undeveloped sights which could be made profitable.

David Smith, '38



Road to tunnels underground quarries, West Rutland, Vt.

VERMONT'S MARBLE INDUSTRY

Geologists claim that at one time the whole Green Mountain area, from the lower St. Lawrence to the present site of New York City, was all under water. Then it was that all the shell fish and lime-producing animals began the work of building marble beds. Ages afterward, when the layers of stone were well covered with clay and mud, there came a wrinkling of the earth's crust, which displaced the water with mountains and valleys, and gave to the Atlantic a new shore line. Thus was Vermont marble formed and buried in the

earth. For centuries it lay undisturbed.

Before the Revolutionary War, the first marble slab was split from Vermont ledges, and it straightway became in great demand for fireplaces. Shortly afterward, someone cut the first Vermont marble tablet and paved the way for a thriving local business. In 1870, the Vermont Marble Company was organized.

When a quarry hunter finds a spot where the signs are promising, the first thing he does is to call for the coring machine. A cylinder of stone two or

three inches in diameter may be taken out, which shows the structure and quality of the marble at that point.

A varying amount of waste must usually be removed before sound marble can be reached. After a process calling for careful and systematic blasting, the marble floor is ready for the channeling machines.

The channeler runs on a movable track, and as it moves over the surface of stone, it cuts an inch-wide groove. It automatically reverses itself and so it goes on eating its way downward until the groove has become several feet deep.

As soon as the floor of the quarry has been lined with grooves of the required depth, the channelers are run across again at right angles to them dividing the strips of marble into cubes. The

quarry blocks, or "key" blocks are thus formed.

There are several ways of getting blocks out of the quarry. At Danby mountain a cable track is used, and at West Rutland both the cable and derrick are employed.

When the marble is out of the quarries it is ready for the mills. The sawing is done by smooth iron bands, set in a horizontal frame and acting in conjunction with sand and water.

On leaving the mills, some of the marble goes directly to the monumental shops, and some to the building departments.

Not only in the United States, but in some European countries as well, is Vermont marble noted for its fineness and durability.

Rolanda Turpin, '40

VERMONT WOMEN

One of Vermont's heroines was Ann Story, who lived in Cornwall during pre-Revolutionary days. Directly across the creek from her home was a cave, the mouth of which was hidden by bushes. During the New York and Vermont dispute over the ownership of land, Ann Story hid and fed the fugitives, who were trying to escape from the New Yorkers. Many of them were Green Mountain Boys.

Another heroine, who lived during Revolutionary days, was Rhoda Farrand, whose home was in Bridport. A runner stopped at her house and told her the soldiers were without shoes and socks in Valley Forge; that their feet were bleeding and sore, and that they were hungry. After hearing about the soldiers' plight, Rhoda Farrand did something about it. She and her son hitched oxen to a cart, and drove from house to house, over all passable roads, telling the people about the soldiers. While her son drove the oxen, Rhoda

knitted socks—all the way. Soon a large supply was knitted, and sent down to Valley Forge. Rhoda Farrand's name goes down in history as a patriot.

Theodora Peck, an author living in Burlington, wrote stories that took place during the Revolution. Two present-day Vermont authors are Bertha Oppenheim and Zephine Humphrey.

Two hospitals in Burlington are named for Vermont women, Fanny Allen and Mary Fletcher. Both did much for humanity.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, our much beloved author, besides having written many books, is much interested in the welfare of the people. She is on the State Board of Education, and has done a great deal for the progression of Vermont schools.

We find that the influence of women has been a leading factor in the history of Vermont.

Margaret Reed, '40

THE VERMONT OF THE FUTURE

As a state, we are entering what promises to be a period of widespread social and economic change.

Vermont has been, and is yet, known primarily as an agricultural state. Whether it will be so called in the future is highly problematical, for something has to be done for our farming situation.

At present, about 50% of the Vermont farms earn adequate incomes, enabling them to maintain a living standard equal to the white-collared city workers.

Twenty per cent of the farms permit their owners barely to break even, forcing them to do without many luxuries which in this day are virtual necessities.

The other 30% of the farms are hilly, rocky, and worn-out—of the type known as sub-marginal. Their owners are hopelessly in debt, uncultured, living in ramshackle buildings; men and women made coarse and sullen by generations of unrewarded drudgery.

Experts estimate that fully one-third of the farms of Vermont cannot be operated at a profit and should be retired.

What could be done with this 470,000 or so acres? Reforestation is the logical answer. For farming, the land is valueless, or nearly so; as a gigantic

park and game reserve, its earning power would be tremendous, not to mention the value of the timber taken off.

Our tourist trade already amounts to millions of dollars a year. With a large section of the state turned into a glorified, natural park, this sum would be multiplied many times. It would all be money coming into Vermont from other states.

What about the 25,000 people now living in the proposed development areas? Most of them could earn comfortable livings catering to the tourist trade.

The retirement of these 3,000 farms would not, one might suppose, materially cut down our dairy products exports, as with modern machinery and efficient, up-to-date methods the remaining farms could easily increase production to meet the demand.

Although the development plan has the approval of many economists, conservative Vermonters will undoubtedly frown on such a change for some time. Can you suggest a better scheme? It is a problem for the whole state. Something must be done to give the underprivileged farmspeople a new lease on life, and to clean up our rural slums.

Robert Elliott, '37

SPRING TWITTER

Vermont—Vermont
 The State near Isle La Mont,
 With a few small cities
 And many quaint ditties
 Vermont—Vermont—Vermont

K. H. Haven, '39



VERMONT SCENES

By Youth

. . . After a short, steep pull onto a rocky ledge, we turned and saw—well, it's hard to describe—but it seemed as if the entire color spectrum had covered the whole of the Champlain Valley visible to us. The sinking sun broke through a maze of clouds, and was reflected from the lake and various rivers back to the sky and clouds in a glory of color—colors artists dream of putting on canvas but

never achieve, because they are divine colors that only God can paint. Perhaps these colors, visible to us at times, are insights to the hereafter. Who knows?

Daniel Bull, '38

. . . When, in this day of improved transportation we are in danger of forgetting how to walk, mountain

climbing offers us a chance to get on our own legs again. There is, doubtless, a thrill and uplift in standing amidst the vast boulders of the glen or on the tremendous, unbroken ledges of the upper slopes and gazing on the world below.

George Willard, '38

. . . The Monroe Sky Line is well named and takes the hiker over every little mountain or hill which will give him any view. Mts. Ira and Ethan Allen are crossed and then a gradual descent of the trail brings the hiker to Montclair Glen, a shelter. From here

he can look at the bald head of Camel's Hump high above him.

Howard Washburn, '38

. . . Surrounded by the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks, Lake Champlain spends its life in everlasting peace. The troubles of the world are but ripples on its mirror-like surface. From its youth in the distant past to its dotage in the equally far distant future, Lake Champlain flows on—and on in its undisturbed life. Throughout most of its course, tiny islands speckle its surface like ducks on a pond.

Okley Davis, '37

Le Département Français

Catherine Bodette, '37, Editor

Vermont

Vermont est un état industriel,
Mais il est aussi un peu agricole,
Car quelques uns de ses villages
Produisent beaucoup de bons fromages.

Vermont, l'état des montagnes vertes,
Est superbe en toutes saisons,
Et il est très reconnu
Pour ses endroits de belles vues.

M. B.

L'Explorateur, Champlain

Samuel de Champlain, un Français, était le premier homme blanc de jamais visiter les Adirondacks. Il a entrepris trois voyages au Nouveau Monde. Cet explorateur a fondé la ville du Québec et plus tard Mont Royal, appelée aujourd'hui Montréal. En 1609 Champlain, en compagnie des utiles Hurons et des Algonquins, est allé vers le sud.

Deux siècles après sa traversée dans un canot, le premier bateau à vapeur était mis à l'eau sur le lac que Champlain avait découvert sur ses voyages avec les Peaux-Rouges et auquel il a donné son nom.

Les Peaux-Rouges avaient connu le lac comme "cani adere quarante" signifiant "le lac qui est le portail de la patrie."

Avant la colonisation le lac était employé beaucoup par les Peaux-Rouges mais après la colonisation il était employé par les colonies Anglaises et Françaises.

Champlain est considéré comme le plus attractif aussi bien que le meilleur lac pour les yachts. Dans l'eau du lac il y a beaucoup de merlus, avec des brochets, des perches et des bars. Les côtes abondent en toutes sortes de sports et des facilités pour le canotage, le golf, le tennis, l'action de baigner, et l'automobilisme.

A. E. H.

M. R. L.

A. I. H.

Ecole Champlain

Ecole Champlain était établie en 1924, originellement pour donner aux jeunes filles l'opportunité de converser en français et au même temps de savourer la vie du camp dans une belle région des montagnes et d'un lac. Dans toutes les activités, on emploie

toujours le français comme un moyen de communication. Tous leurs chants et leurs drames sont en français. Cette expérience est un bon exemple du français vivant. Cette école que existe depuis dix ans offre outre de l'instruction dans la langue française, un programme

complet des sports sur la terre et dans l'eau.

La propriété du camp qui se compose de 150 arpents des champs et du forêt, est située sur la côte du Lac Champlain dans le village de Ferrisburg. L'équipement pour les sports sur la terre consiste en des terrains, une piste, et de bons chevaux. L'équipement

pour les sports dans l'eau se compose des canots, des flots, et des divises pour sauver les vies. Les structures sont du dessein moderne et ils ont l'équipement moderne.

M. K. M.
H. R. C.
H. W. S.

Un Bon Ami Français

Au Comte de Vergennes, ministre des affaires étrangères, l'Amérique doit beaucoup de reconnaissance. Il était un des deux hommes qui ont persuadé le roi Louis XVI à fournir de l'argent et des provisions aux colonies pendant la révolution américaine.

Le Comte de Vergennes qui venait d'arriver en office, était le premier ami que l'Amérique avait dans les conseils français. M. Beaumarchais, l'autre homme qui avait de l'influence, a rapporté de l'Amérique des histoires du courage et des souffrances des colons, ce qui ont inspiré le Comte de Vergennes à chercher de l'aide du roi. Dans l'année 1775 il a obtenu le consentement de Louis de fournir 1,000,000 livres aux colonies et d'appointer M. Beaumarchais l'agent secret par qui les choses seraient données. Avec l'approbation de Vergennes, M. Beaumarchais a assisté à faire la contrebande de ces choses qui devaient nous aider à avoir l'indépendance.

Quand l'heure est arrivée pour donner

les noms aux nouvelles villes dans le Vermont, St. John de Crevecon a suggéré à Ethan Allen que les noms des généraux français seraient appropriés. Cela a donné à Ethan Allen l'idée que, comme une action de courtoisie, quelques villes devraient être nommées pour les gens français qui nous ont aidés le plus. Il croyait que la ville construite sur la première chute d'Otter Creek deviendrait la plus grande ville de Vermont. Par conséquence elle était nommée pour l'homme qui a aidé le mieux l'indépendance de l'Amérique-le Comte de Vergennes.

D. K. S.
B. P. B.

Une jolie ville
Petite . . . tranquille . . .
Avec ses arbres pleins
La bonne terre noire
Les sombres soirs
Voilà-notre Vergennes.

M. E. P.
M. C. B.

Un Peu de France en Amérique

Une des écoles françaises la plus reconnue aux Etats-Unis est l'école française de Middlebury. Cette école offre une instruction avancée pour les étudiants qui ont l'intention d'enseigner la langue.

Pendant l'année scolaire les étudiants demeurent au Chateau et ils ne parlent que le français dans ce bâtiment.

Quand un étudiant entre dans l'école d'été française il doit signer un rapport

assurant qu'il ne parlera que le français pendant le terme du collège, pas seulement dans la salle de classe, mais même dans la chambre à coucher et sur le terrain. Cette restriction est vieille et chérie à ce collège et ceux qui la violent peuvent être renvoyés.

Chaque été il y a une série d'événements intéressants. Ils sont: la présentation du drame, le chant, les services religieux, les discours, tous en

français. Il y a aussi la danse, les piquettes, et les promenades aux endroits intéressants des alentours.

Une des choses qui fait ce collège distingué des autres, c'est le superbe château. Ce bâtiment, copié du Pavillon Henri IV du Palais de Fontainebleau est meublé de la manière française du dix-huitième siècle. Ce château contient un grand salon, deux salles de classes, une bibliothèque, et les bureaux du Doyen.

Alors, c'est évident que le cours de français au collège de Middlebury est tellement excellent, pas seulement car il a de bons professeurs et de bons bâtiments, mais parce que la langue française est parlée chaque jour par les étudiants.

M. B.
R. D. E.
L. C. F.

Alumni Department

Roger Collins, '39, Editor

Faith Kenyon of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been spending a few days in Vergennes.

Wilbur Pratt is attending the agriculture school at Randolph, Vt.

Margaret Bodette is at the University of Vermont.

Helna McEvila is doing post graduate work at Bristol High School.

Charles Laughton is attending the American University, Washington, D. C.

Joan Casey is at the University of Vermont.

Clinton Douglas, a student at Randolph, is suffering from shoulder injuries received in a recent baseball game.

Elmer Masters has enlisted in the U. S. Army. He is now with the Field Artillery.

Bernice Hurlburt is attending classes at the University of Vermont.

Kathleen Belden is taking nurses training at the DeGoesbriand hospital in Burlington.

James Smith is making the best use of his scholarship to Middlebury College.

Elinor Sullivan is attending the University of Vermont.

Beatrice Cook is taking nurses training at the DeGoesbriand hospital in Burlington.

Kenneth Barney has work in New York city.

Jack Ball is a student at Randolph.

Hilton Forrest has work in the local Sheffield Farms plant.

Ethel Sorrell is working in New Hampshire.

The following are in their respective homes: Maynard Barrows, Elisabeth Bristol, Margaret Booth, Norma Bristol, Florence Husk, Mary Husk, Kathleen LeBoeuf, Harold Moulton and Carl Tucker.

ALUMNI NEWS

The following officers of the Alumni Association were elected at a recent meeting:

President—Mrs. Spencer Norton.

Vice President—Miss Margaret Ryan.

Secretary—Miss Winifred Gaunya.

Treasurer—Onslow Brown.

Manager of the Athletic Field—Malcolm Benton.

The annual Alumni Banquet will be held at the Stevens House, Wednesday, June 16. There will be several interesting speakers to contribute to the program. Robert Larrow will be toastmaster.

School Activities

Robert Elliott, '37, Editor

DEBATING

The 1937 V. H. S. debating season was one of the more successful in recent years. People's Academy of Morrisville, former state champions, and runners-up this year, were defeated in a close 2-1 decision. The loss column showed a defeat at the hands of Burlington state semi-finalists this year, and Middlebury.

On account of the technical difficulty of the question, "Resolved: That all electric utilities should be governmentally owned and operated," it was decided to form two teams, one to debate the affirmative, and one the negative side of the question. The team personnel were as follows: Affirmative: Speakers, Alma Hunt, Katharine Mack, Alfred Miller, Marie Slack; nomographer, Jeannette Graves; coach, Mr. Patterson.

Negative: Speakers, Harold Cushman, Lee Fiske, Robert Elliott; alternate, Elaine Pratt; coach, Miss Delaney.

Each team won and lost one debate. The affirmative team opened the season against Burlington February 3, immediately after the mid-year examination period. The inadequate preparation and lack of experience told heavily on the Vergennes team and the result was a victory for Burlington, 3-0.

On February 10, the negative team journeyed to Middlebury, accompanied by the affirmative team as observers. This debate resulted in a win for Middlebury. This was the low spot of the season, both contests had been lost by a wide margin. But better things were to come.

A certain amount of rivalry had arisen between the two teams and in preparation for the last half of the season, they engaged in two trial skirmishes. The first resulted in an unofficial victory for the negative, while the second, conducted on February 16, before the Vergennes Forum, was not judged.

On February 17, the affirmative team exchanged arguments with the forensicists from People's Academy of Morrisville, easily one of the outstanding teams in the state, and who had already defeated Burlington. Feverish preparations were made, new charts, new speeches, drill in delivery by Mrs. Patterson, the coach's mother; the team ate and slept debate for several days before the contest. The debate was the best heard in Vergennes for some time. The Morrisville team had a very fine oratorical style, but the Vergennes team, which had combed stacks of government reports for statistics came out victoriously with a decision of 2-1. The only other loss sustained by Morrisville was that inflicted by Proctor, in a later debate which decided the state championship.

Inasmuch as Winooski was unable to carry out arrangements for a debate here, the negative team had but one chance to prove its argumentative ability.

There will be two experienced debaters returning next year, Marie Slack and Alfred Miller, both members of the team that defeated People's Academy, so the future of debating seems assured for 1938.

STUNT NIGHT

Stunt night, held on March 17, was one of the high spots of the school year.

The freshman stunt, under the direction of Miss Margaret Ryan, had a cast consisting of the following students:

Shirley Sheehan, Lloyd Kirby, Raymond Ryan, Arden Slack, Catherine Larrow, Barbara Mack, Mabel Thorpe and Hazel Evarts.

Miss M. Joyce Young directed the sophomores in a rollicking skit "Let the Wedding Bells Ring." This was judged the best stunt. Cast consisted of:

Hazel Rogers, Glenn St. Jean, Marie Slack, Terence Gage, Howard Tatro, Lucille Mundy, Kittredge Haven, Roger Collins, Ralph Jackman, Hosea Langeway, Warren Miller, Muriel Clark, Anna Coyle, Jane Willard and Marie Ruscoe.

The juniors wrote their own stunt, a mock debate entitled "Resolved that

United States Senators Be Forbidden to Wear Red Neckties." The judges gave this stunt, directed by Miss Cohen, honorable mention. Cast: Alfred Miller, David Smith, Forrest Rivers, Mary Gage, Marilyn Powers, Catherine Thorpe, Richard Barrows, Jack Anderson, Marie McCormick, Maurice Beliveau, Arthur Booth, Clifford Douglas, Howard Washburn and Elaine Hamel.

The senior stunt, under the direction of Miss Aiken, was a burlesque melodrama "And the Villain Still Pursued her." Cast: Lawrence Austin, Marion Harrington, Charles Field, Emily Clark, Richard Austin, Kenneth Sullivan, Jeanette Danyow and Violet Manchester.

The periods between the acts were filled by a vocal solo by Eleanor Langeway, dancing by Norma LeBeau, Betty Mundy, George Adams, June Stagg, Muriel Yattaw, Dorothy Fuller, Della Hammond and Ray Barrows, selections by girls' chorus, and the Boy Scout Band, under the direction of Frank H. Pierce.

BLUE AND WHITE PARTY

The campaign to get the Blue and White out of the red reached a climax in a party in the gym on April 7. The radio, on which tickets had been sold for several weeks, was awarded. Many

different games were played. Mr. Geo. Patterson's electric victrola furnished music for dancing. Refreshments were served.

F. F. A. NEWS

The Vergennes chapter of F. F. A. wish to tell you of some of their most worthwhile accomplishments during the latter part of the school year. Perhaps the clearest way to paint this picture is by month.

January—We started the Junior D. H. I. A. testing. Five boys took over the responsibility of testing 114 cows. The chapter attended the Farm Products show at Burlington. Ralph Haight won first prize for eggs.

February—The chapter in co-operation with the Home-Making department, put on the Chamber of Commerce banquet, serving 100 people. A Radio Skit was also presented as our contribution to the "Vermont School of the Air" over Station WDEV.

March—Several members started a co-operative chick hatching project, which turned out successfully. The chapter decided to sell seed to raise money for the chapter treasury.

April—12 members attended the egg and chicken show at Randolph. The local public speaking contest was held.

Howard Tatro was the winner of the local and also the regional contest.

May—Thus far we have worked up a float, which won third place at Warner's Farm Day. The members attended the state F. F. A. convention held May 8, at Milton, and are looking forward to the state judging contest May 21 and 22 to be held at U. V. M.

We are planning to continue the meetings throughout the summer months. A Long Trail hike through the Mansfield region is also being considered.

H. W. Langeway, chapter reporter

PUBLIC SPEAKING ASSEMBLIES

In assemblies on March 16, 17, 18, the public speaking class, coached by Miss Margaret Delaney, demonstrated capably the progress they had made during the first semester. Speeches

were delivered by the following students:

Lawrence Austin, Richard Austin, Richard Barrows, Leslie Booth, Emily Clark, Beulah Davis, Robert Floyd, Alma Hunt, Joseph Jermain, Katherine Mack and Violet Manchester.

DRAMATIC CLUB PRESENTATION

On February 10, the assembly was entertained by an amusing one-act play, "Where But in America," given by

three Junior High students: Sylvia Yattaw, Ruth Merrill and Stuart Haven, under the direction of Miss Augusta Cohen.

Athletics

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Mary Gage, '38

Completed Basket Ball Schedule

Dec. 4	Alumni	V. H. S. Gym
Dec. 8	Brandon	B. H. S. Gym
Dec. 11	Beemans	V. H. S. Gym
Dec. 12	Burlington	B. H. S. Gym
Dec. 18	Essex Jct.	E. J. S. Gym
Jan. 6	Wallingford	W. H. S. Gym
Jan. 8	Bristol	V. H. S. Gym
Jan. 18	Essex Jct.	V. H. S. Gym
Jan. 21	Shoreham	V. H. S. Gym
Feb. 10	Shoreham	S. H. S. Gym
Feb. 12	Bristol	B. H. S. Gym
Feb. 24	Orwell	O. H. S. Gym
Mar. 3	Orwell	V. H. S. Gym

The score of opponents was 251 and Vergennes 312.

Those receiving letters were: Catherine Bodette, Mary Gage, Jeannette Graves, Pauline Myers, Hazel Roby, Capt. Dorothy Slack and June Stagg.

Dearest Diary!

Tuesday Dec. 4—Two V. H. S. girls played with Alumni—Roscoe made the winning basket for the Alumni.

Friday, Dec. 8—First game away from home—We were frightened stiff! Some one of Myers' baskets didn't count. Gage made a basket just as the whistle blew—Question as to whether the basket should be counted—Flipped a nickel—Heads! It was counted!

Friday, Dec. 11—Worked hard for the game although we tried to save strength for the Burlington game.

Saturday, Dec. 12—Burlington game played in afternoon—played modified boys' rules for first and last time of the season. Score tied 4-4 at half.
Team went to boys' game Saturday nite.

Friday, Dec. 18—Played Essex Jct.—Were victorious—Coach Williams entertained us at her home.

January 6—Left Vergennes at 4 P. M. Team felt silly. Coach Delaney tries to get team in a serious mood by scolding Gage and Myers!

January 8—Put up a good fight with the strong, Bristol lassies.

January 18—Played Essex Jct. here—Outstanding victory—served refreshments in the school.

January 21—J. V. game with Shoreham—First game—V. H. S. won.

February 10—Shoreham has become a stronger team and the Vergennes J V's. had to "fight" for the victory.

February 12—Bristol "lassies" are still the better team.

February 24—What a game! Score was tied most of the time—V. H. S. J. V's. came through with a one point lead.

March 3—Orwell wasn't as strong on our court—J. V's. won another score!

Wednesday, Mar. 14—Class Tournament—Freshmen vs. Juniors—The strong Freshman team was just "too much" or the "over-confident" Juniors by a five point margin 13-8

Thursday, March 5—Seniors vs. Sophomores—Seniors won 10-3.

Friday, March 16—The Senior "letter girls" played the "V. H. S. All Stars"—players from the three under classes—game was closely contested but the so-called "V. H. S. All Stars" broke loose and won 15-12.

Faculty vs. All Stars !

That game "Faculty" vs. "V. H. S. All Stars" was a "whiz"!! Fouls were as numerous as the screams and groans of the contestants but the ref. laid aside every rule that made a game strict!!

The teams were evenly matched although the "All Stars" claimed to be

the better team. At the end of the half Captain Delaney of the Faculty team changed her position as guard to that of forward and Lucia Brown filled the guard position. At this point the Faculty went to town!!

When the final whistle was blown, the score was 14-14. At the end of the over time period the score was 16-15 in the faculty's favor.

SOFT BALL

Plans are under way for a soft ball team. The girls seem to be very interested in the sport.

As yet the schedule is limited. The first game will be between Vergennes and Middlebury but no date has been set as yet.



Top row, Walt Giard, Dave Smith, Dick Smith. Second row, Sonny Raymond, Guy Smith, Art Booth, Gerald Hatch. Third row, Warren Jackman, Johnny LeBoeuf, Peanut Barrows, Art Moorby, Cheese Austin, Arnold Sullivan.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Lee Fiske, '37

Arnold Sullivan, '37

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Due to a bit of hard luck at the opening of the season, the boys were able to take only 4 of their 11 games.

The outstanding players of the season were as follows: Captain Sullivan Dave Smith, George Adams, Leslie Booth.

The other members of the squad who deservedly earned their letters this year were as follows: Robert Floyd, K. Haven, Desmond Casey and Buster Stagg.

The team wishes to thank its supporters who attended the games and filled the gym nearly every time.

BASEBALL

The Vergennes High School Baseball team seems to be headed for a great season. Coached by Dick Smith of Panton, the boys have shown many improvements over last year. With only five veteran players returning, Coach Smith has successfully filled in the vacancies. Coach Smith has arranged the players as follows:

Arnold Sullivan, catcher.

Howard LeBoeuf, first base.

Arthur Booth, second base.

"Buster" Stagg, short stop.

"Sonny" Raymond, third base.

David Smith, Lawrence Austin and Art Moorby handle the outfield.

Raymond Barrows, one of the best high school pitchers in this vicinity, does most of the pitching, while Warren Jackman and Buster Stagg serve as relief pitchers.

The boys have won three games out of three starts this season, downing Bristol 14-9, Shelburne 18-11 and Vermont Industrial School 11-8.

Exchange

Alfred Miller, '38, Editor

Spaulding Sentinel

Barre, Vt.

Since our last issue, we have had two issues from you. While we find your December cover design the more attractive, your March number makes more interesting reading. Your French knock-knocks would do credit to a native.

W. H. S. Airwaves

Waterbury, Vt.

In each of the three issues we have received from you, we notice excellent fiction. You also have some very talented poets.

Enosburg Falls Hi Spirit

Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Your December number has an attractive cover design, and your April number, some good fiction. Might we suggest a table of contents?

The Hourglass

Orleans, Vt.

Your December number with its appropriate coloring is the clearest mimeograph paper we have seen. We appreciate your humorous poems and wish we could read those interesting looking shorthand stories.

R. H. S. Chips

Richmond, Vt.

You have a very good poetry department and some interesting editorials. The mimeographing, however, is difficult to read in places.

L. H. S. Review

Londonderry, Vt.

Your March number has it all over anything you've put out yet. Both your fiction and your poetry are due for a big hand.

The Chronicle

Wallingford, Conn.

The fiction in your April number is excellent. We consider it a decided improvement over last time.

The Dial

Brattleboro, Vt.

You must be a versatile bunch. Your January number is full of the zest of the great outdoors, while the February number is full of dreamy fiction; different as day and night and both good.

The Reflector

Woburn, Mass.

Your stories are good, but your outstanding feature, of course, is those cartoons scattered through the magazine. Somebody deserves a lot of credit for them.

We are glad to welcome a new school magazine into our midst, The Poultney Polonius of Poultney, Vt. A very good initial issue. Your personality quiz beats anything of its kind we've seen in its line. Keep up the good work.

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE TYPE

From Exchanges

(No hard feelin's, folks)

The Peopleonian (telling of their champion girls' Basketball team) "A plague was awarded the winning coach."

The Dial "Spurned on by close to nine hundred rooters, B. H. S. turned what started to be an interesting contest into a one-sided shellacking."

And our own magazine, The Blue and White, "Some back current of wind carried the ear's (bear's) scent to the buck's nose."

Grinnery

Harold Cushman, Kenneth Sullivan, '38

Barrows: Here's a snapshot of my girl at the beach.

Sullivan: Snapshot? Boy, I'd call that an exposure.

Father: How did you make out in Trig?

Lee Fiske: I got a hundred in the course.

Father: That's fine.

Lee Fiske: Yes, I made 35 in the first, 25 in the second, and I got 40 in the third quiz.

G. W. P. 3rd: (Rushing into the Home Ec Room) Quick give me something for my head.

Bystander: Wouldn't take it as a gift

Marion Harrington in A. H. class: It was his father who really gave him his start in life.

The lats time Mr. Barry was down south he saw a little negro boy sitting on the s'dewalk, eating a huge watermelon and having quite a time, by his panting and grunting.

Mr. Barry: What's the matter little boy, too much watermelon?

Negro boy: No, Sir! Not enough nigger.

A negro cemetery is not necessarily a black berrying ground.

Hardware Dealer: What kind of pruning shears do you want little boy?

Robert Elliot: Oh any kind—just so I can open a can of prunes with them.

Tasted Like Ham

Miss Aiken entered her biology classroom. "Today," she announced, "I intend to show you the inner workings of the frog."

As she unwrapped the package the students exclaimed: "Why, Miss Aiken, that is two ham sandwiches."

"Ah! how stupid of me," said the perplexed Miss Aiken. "I could have sworn I ate my lunch a few moments ago."

Some Car, Eh, Ding?

Dave Smith stopped his Buick at a gasoline filling station in Vergennes. "How far is it to Montpelier," he inquired.

"About 60 miles, sir," replied the gas man.

"All right, give me 10 gallons of gas and a quart of oil," replied Dave.

Soon Ed Nuttall drove up with his Durant and asked how far it was to Montpelier. "About 60 miles," came the answer.

"Well, give me 5 gallons of gas and 2 quarts of oil," said Ed.

Then came Ding Booth with his rusty old Ford.

Ding got out and asked the same question, "60 miles," answered the man with the hose.

"Give me a buckket of water, a can of 3-in-one oil and hold this darn thing until I can get in," replied Ding.

Prof. Patterson

Is now working on a permanent wave for prosperity.

Also hopes to get out for the next touring season a combination article that can be eaten as a hot dog or smoked as a cigar.

Is trying to motorize nightmares.

Is crossing some of Edison's golden rod with the ladyslipper to grow overshoes.

Has patented a self-expanding rubber derby for Chemistry students who suddenly develop swelled heads.

Quite Unbelievable, Bob!

Bob was boasting that his family traced its ancestry much farther back than the Conqueror.

"I suppose," sneered Cushman, "you'll be telling us that your forefathers were in the Ark with Noah?"

"Certainly not," said Bob with a lift of his eyebrows. "My people had a boat of their own."

Mr. Patterson III: Well, do you understand the engine now, Arthur?

Art. Booth: Perfectly. There's only one thing I should like to ask: Do you put the water and the gasoline in the same hole?

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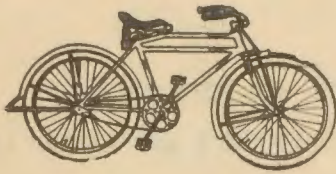
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