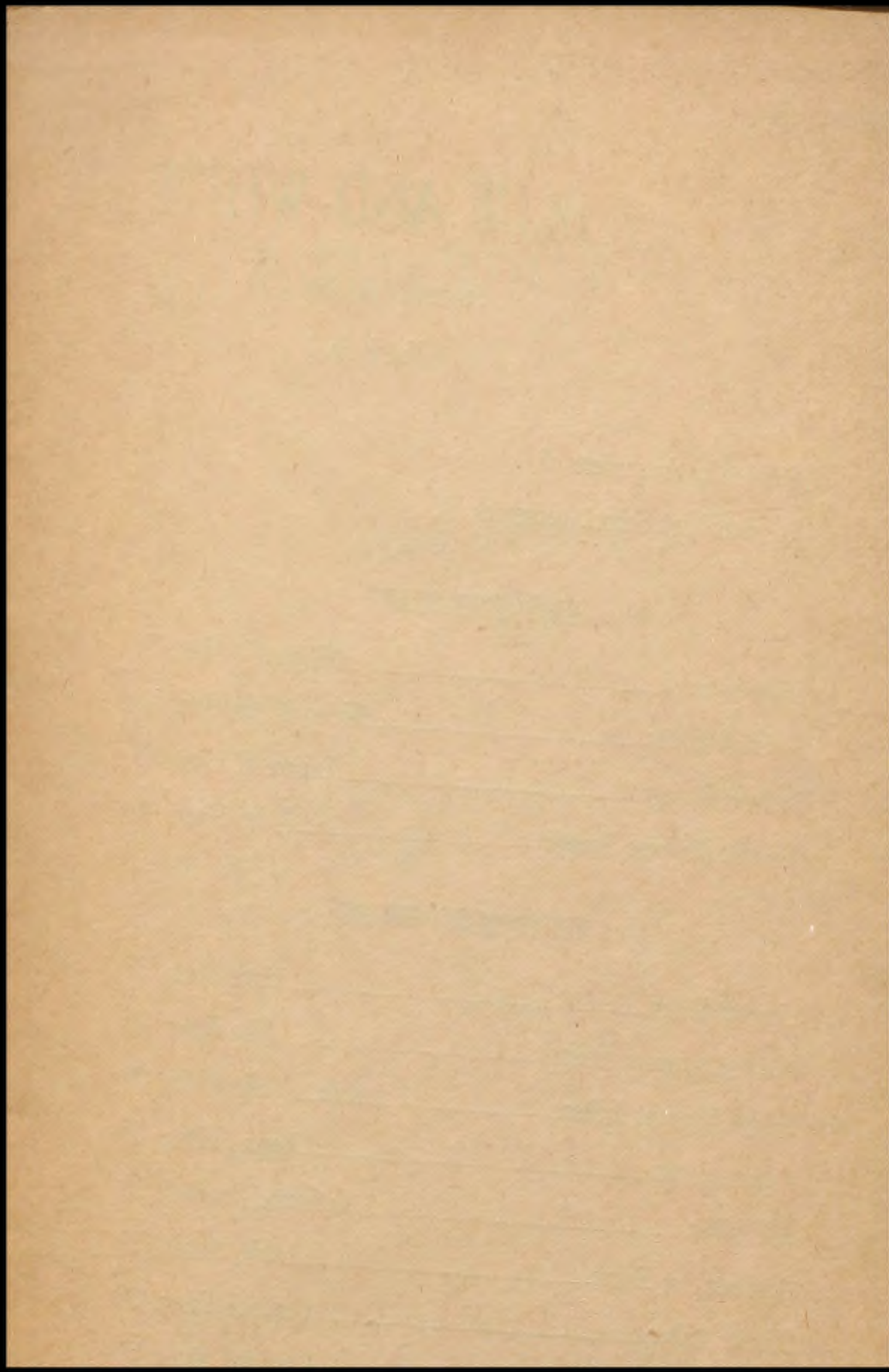


BLUE AND WHITE



VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL





BLUE AND WHITE

September-October, 1938

Vol. I, No. 1

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

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INDIAN SUMMER

Alida White, '41

The organ music had ceased and the radio announcer was reading yesterday's football scores, but Grandpa Radcliffe hadn't noticed the change. He sat apparently gazing out of the window at the big Maple tree on the front lawn beneath which already there was a round, brown carpet of leaves. Now and then another leaf would drift lazily down from the partially bare boughs and settle itself with a soft rustle among its companions. But grandpa wasn't noticing the tree either, at least not consciously, although it may have been the gentle submission of the earth to the forces of Autumn that had set him thinking.

The truth was Grandpa was lonesome with that sad loneliness of old age which young folks sometimes wonder about, but seldom allow to affect their actions. The folks had all gone for a Sunday afternoon ride in the car, content in knowing that Grandpa would be home to take care of things in case a calf should get through the fence and yield to the temptation of the winter apples under the orchard trees. Grandpa, they knew, would much prefer to sit home by the radio to being crowded into the car with mother and father and Betty and Jimmy and Bill.

The radio suddenly began to blare forth the confused rhythms of the latest swing. Grandpa arose, turned it off, and went to the kitchen. Behind the stove there he found his frock on a nail, seized his knotty walking stick and went out the back door. As

he started up the pasture lane, he scuffed the leaves a little more than his stiffened legs made it necessary for him to, making them into little windrows as he walked slowly along.

"Dry leaves," he thought. "Dry leaves."

Beneath the apple tree beside the fence he paused long enough to pick up two or three scrubby apples that had fallen since the cows had last been down the lane. Then, loosening his coat, for the afternoon sun was warm on his back, he continued slowly up the lane to the upper pasture. There he sat down on the big grey boulder, leaning his cane against the side of it, and gazed out over the tops of the house and barns and silo to the mountains in the west.

Thus he sat, wrapped in his gloomy meditations, until suddenly he was aroused by a heavy step behind him and a gentle pressure against his shoulder accompanied by loud sniffs.

"Hello Dick," he said to the big chestnut farm horse that had come inquiringly to him, followed closely by its teammate.

As grandpa stood up, the big horse's nose began to nudge at his coat pocket.

"Oh, so that's what you want."

Grandpa held out an apple in each hand to avoid any jealousy between the two horses, and watched them scoop the fruit with their leathery lips, and crush it under their grinders.

Somewhat relieved by the companionship of his four-legged

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friends, he again seated himself to watch the highway below. A quarter of a mile or so down the road from the farmhouse he had left, he could just make out the forms of children in the yard. They were playing in the leaves. He could hear, now and then, the loudest of their shouts, as they tumbled over each other through their big piles of leaves. Then he gazed again at the mountains on the horizon, veiled by a purple haze, as though in tenderness to hide their leaf-stripped trees.

The sun was getting low, and already the western sky was tak-

ing on the first rose hue of sunset.

Grandpa heard the sound of a car, saw it drive into the yard, and started up with his cane.

"Co Boss!" he called, as he started across the pasture.

As he drove the cows down the lane, the sun had become a great red ball in the west, surrounded with the richest, deepest crimsons above the purple mist. And as he followed along behind the Jersey that was always last, Grandpa started to hum contentedly an old tune that he used to sing when he was a boy.

GRANDMA vs. GRANDMA'S

Eleanor Humiston, '42

Teddy Kelly forced a smile to his usually sunny countenance when he went out to meet his grandmother.

"Gee, grandma," he exclaimed when at last the car stopped in front of the house, "how nice it is to see you!" When what he really was thinking was "Of course she would have to come, and the night before Hallowe'en at that!"

For naturally Teddy knew what every boy knows that when his grandmother comes on the night before Hallowe'en, that means no fun tomorrow night. Grandmas are always sure that boys are in bed early on Hallowe'en night. At least that's what Tommy Kent said his grandmother did and it goes without saying that grandmothers are all alike.

"Look, Teddy," said his grandmother, holding out a brown paper bag which made him completely forget his unpleasant

thoughts, "see what I brought you!"

His eyes lit up with interest as he reached for the bag his grandmother handed him.

"Thank you, ma'm," he mumbled meekly, as he opened the bag to examine its contents. "O Grandma!" shouted Teddy, rushing up to throw his arms around her neck and give her a great big hug. "Golly, grandma, you're a peach!"

"Mercy! Mercy!" exclaimed Teddy's mother, "what have you brought him now, grandma, that you get such a show of affection?"

"Brought me!" shouted Teddy, "say you wait and see!" as he drew from the bag faces, hats, clappers, snakes, bugs, and everything that would make a boy's Hallowe'en complete. Teddy had a swell Hallowe'en party with the things his grandmother had given him.

For after all, grandmothers aren't all alike, you know!

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

ALL ON AN EERIE NIGHT

Eleanor Hawley, '39

The smell of ripe apples was in the air and overhead a huge jack-o-lantern-moon grinned down upon this eerie night.

A group of boys was slowly creeping toward the orchard; they found the tree, stuffed their pockets full and made a clear get-away. A few seconds later the air was shattered by a loud series of what sounded like gunshots or perhaps even a "tommy" gun.

The back door of an old rickety house was opening inch by inch. The face of an aged man became visible, marked by his white hair and whiskers. He held his hand behind his ear, apparently trying very hard to find out where the noises came from.

The old man yelled as if in fright, "Whoever is making that noise come here!"

Five of the boys came, but the other two scampered off, afraid for their lives.

As the boys were approaching, the elderly man said, "My name is James Greene. Don't be afraid. I just wanted to talk to you."

Jack, a bit braver than the rest said, "Hello, Mr. Greene. We didn't know anyone lived here, and we didn't mean to do you any harm."

Mr. Greene said, "Call me Uncle Jim, and come in the house. That noise I heard, what was it all about anyway?"

Jack replied anxiously, "We



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picked up some apples, and with our twenty-two rifles we were trying to see who could shoot the most apples off the fence."

Uncle Jim, still not quite understanding, asked, "Why make all that noise tonight?"

Tommy spoke up in amazement, "Why, don't you know? Tonight is Hallowe'en!"

Uncle Jim, at last realizing his blankness of mind, said, "Sit down boys; let me tell you what we used to do on Hallowe'en night when I was a boy."

A CLASSROOM MONOLOGUE

Lillian Husk, '40

"Oh gir-r-ls have you seen the latest? Well just look yonder but **don't** look too long. She's hard on the eyes. But isn't she just too, too, ducky! Such eyes, such hair, such a figure and **what** a voice. Isn't she blank looking? Jean told me that the doctor made her take quarts of iodine to keep the sun from shining through her upper deck, y'know. Honestly, every time she says a word I almost die!"

"Oh y'know the other day when the prof called on her, she got up and started to the front of the room, but that big clod—I don't know what his name is, tripped her up. My deah's, it was striking. Well, when she finally did get to the front, she just stood there with a silly grin on her face—waiting for the applause to die down **sans doute**. Then the big moment came—"

"Girls! Quiet down!" from the teacher behind them.

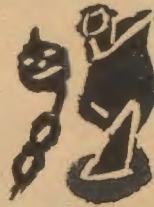
AUTUMN MAGIC

There is magic in the autumn
That weaves glamour all around,
And fallen leaves of gayest colors
Gently strew the barren ground.

There is magic in the cornfield
And the sighing of the trees,
All the sprites and witches dancing
To the rustle of the leaves.

With an ethereal brilliance shining
From a starlight studded sky,
There is magic in the shadows
After summer bids goodbye.

—Cecile LaJoie,, '40



ONE HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

Julia Field, '42

'Twas one Hallowe'en night;
I really had to scream
To see a witch upon a broom;
I thought it was a dream.

I got very excited,
But what frightened me the
most
Was when I saw in the middle of
the road
A tall and frightful ghost.

I had planned to scare some people that night,
But got so frightened instead—
I walked right home with all my
might
And decided to go to bed.

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DID YOU KNOW THAT—?

Geraldine Bacon, '39

Did it seem strange to you that a day called Labor Day should be a holiday? It began in New York where the labor unions set it apart as an occasion for recognition of their service to the world. Soon the custom spread far and wide, for everyone likes to take a day off on that bright first Monday in September.

Today's celebration of Labor Day is quite different from the first ones in New York. Then it was thought necessary to have a big parade of the labor unions. This was supposed to be a new idea but even back in the middle ages, the labor organizations, or guilds, used to march behind leaders, each dressed in its own costume and carrying bright banners. The butchers were led by one of their members who was dressed as a knight, but instead of a sword he carried a large knife. The tailors were led by Adam and Eve, for it was thought that theirs was the oldest trade of all, since they believed that the first work man did was to make himself clothes. The two goddesses Venus and Ceres, led the bakers, and King Henry VIII the bricklayers. Altogether the parade was very gay and wound up with a big dinner.

How different all this is from our celebration of today when each of us goes his own way and does what he wishes.

The boy Columbus would of course have been surprised had anyone told him during his lifetime that five centuries later a whole nation would be devoting a

day out of each year to the purpose of doing him honor. Yet that is exactly what we do today, bestow honor on him, who presented the world with two new continents. Naturally we think of him mostly on the twentieth of October, the day when he first set foot upon the soil of the newly discovered world.

Hallowe'en is another of the festivals that has become a habit with the race, although it has long since ceased to have its early meaning. It is much older than the Christian religion and was once known as "All Hallows' Eve" or the night before "All Saints'" or "All Hallows' Day." It was a time when ghosts and witches were abroad having one last fling before the holy day which followed, on November first. Long before the birth of Jesus, the old heathens looked upon it as a night of mystery. The heathen priests or Druids as they were called, always led a weird celebration at this time. They lighted bonfires and were firmly convinced that on this night the God of Death summoned to him the souls of all the wicked who had died during the previous year. Strange as it may seem, people in ancient Rome observed the same date. It was a feast in honor of Pomona, who was goddess of fruits and gardens. Thus everywhere nuts and apples played part in the ceremonies.

So we have our Hallowe'en of today. The bonfire is now lighted inside a pumpkin to make a ghostly jack-o-lantern; our

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witches are made of paper and their cats of licorice candy; and when you hear a ring at the doorbell or a tick tock at the window you may be sure that the ghost is no more than the boy who lives next door. Even though we know it is only fun, we still like to keep up the strange old customs. What

was once a night of fear is now a night of fun.

Who knows what our future will be? The things that we are now afraid of may someday be only jokes. Just the same, it's interesting to compare today with days gone past.

OCTOBER

Eleanor Putnam, '42

Do you realize the number of important dates that the month of October holds for one interested in History? On October 1, 1800 Spain ceded Louisiana to France by secret treaty and on the 2nd in 1889 the first Pan-American conference was held in Washington. October 9, 1871, was the date of the Great Chicago Fire and on the 10th in 1845 the United States Naval Academy opened in Annapolis. On October 11th in 1890, the D. A. R. organized at Washington, D. C. We all know the importance of October 12, and what happened on that date in 1492. The following day, some years later, in 1792, someone who didn't believe in the "unlucky 13th" laid the cornerstone of the White House in Washington, D. C. In London, England, on the

14th in 1644, William Penn was born, to become a leader of men. John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry took place on the 16th, 1859. The turning point of the Revolution came on October 17, 1777, with the surrender of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga. The United States obtained Florida from Spain on the 20th in 1820. The first incandescent light was completed by Edison on the 21st day in 1879. On the 22nd in 1915 the first wireless between Arlington, Virginia and Paris, France came into use. The great Statue of Liberty given by France to the United States was unveiled in New York on October 28, 1886. And for the boys and girls Hallowe'en always brings the month to a joyous climax.

THE SQUIRREL

Along in October,
On a clear sunny day,
I saw a grey squirrel,
Frisking along his way.

In his cheek was a nut
For his winter's supply,
Kept in a place
That was snug, warm and dry.

When he saw me he stopped.
Was I friend or foe?
He sat up and watched me.
Bang! Now he'd soon know!

—Marie Langeway, '39

AUTUMN WIND

I love to go up to the top of a hill
And let the wind whip 'round me;
 It blows my hair;
 It billows my dress,
As it hastily rushes past me.

Onward it goes over hill and dale
In search of its mate,
 Some times fast,
 Some times slow,
Whatever its fancy may be.

It slips along picking up leaves
And hurling them to earth again
 As if distasteful,
 As if shameful
Of some of the things it does.

But it always rushes past me
As if I were a horrible creature,
 Scorning me,
 Hating me
And never taking me anywhere.

—Marie Langeway, '39

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DISCOURAGEMENT

What's the use?
It's all in vain.
This futile struggle,
Trying to gain.

I'm done, I tell you!
I'll try no more;
I'll never get farther.
It's a useless bore.

I study by day,
I study by night—
Yet when I'm in class
Not a thing goes right.

There are other things
I'd much rather do—
But there's the answer,
"Studying for you."

I get so fed up —
So tired—and, gee,
What I wouldn't give
For a day that is free

From this endless study
Morn, noon and night;
For a Saturday filled
With rest and delight!

—Shirley Sheehan, '40

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THE SCHOOL CALENDAR

Editor, Verlie White, '39

Assistant, Aleda White, '41

1938 OCTOBER 1938						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29

Sept. 6—School reopened. Students registered.

Sept. 12—The Magazine Campaign began under those able captains, Muriel Clarke and Arden Slack. The campaign netted V. H. S. \$85.84.

Sept. 16—The Freshman Reception at the Gym. After a thorough initiation, dancing was enjoyed. Music was furnished by the school electric victrola.

Sept. 26—Visitors' Night. Two periods of regular study were held in the evening. It was attended by a large gathering of parents and friends.

Sept. 30—The annual School Fair sponsored by the F. F. A. Enlarged report of the Fair in the F. F. A. Department.

Oct. 2—The Student Board members were Mr. Barry's guests at a dinner party at the Stevens House. This year's Board is as follows: President, Kittridge Haven, a Senior Representative; Vice-President, Benjamin Allen, Main

Room North; Secretary, Verlie White, Main Room South; Treasurer, Roger Collins, a Senior Representative; Hazel Evarts, Junior Representative; William Allen, Room 1; Marie Slack, Room 2; Alden Adams, Room 5; Desmond Casey, Room 4; and Anna Coyle, Room 8.

Oct. 13—Members of the V. H. S. Safety Patrol went to Burlington for the State Patrol Convention. The Vergennes marching unit, made up of the members of the patrol, won the prize—a silver cup—for the best appearing patrol.

Oct. 15—Eight boys of the Vergennes Chapter of Future Farmers went on an all day hike on the Long Trail, from the Bread Loaf Shelter to the Lincoln Warren Pass. They were accompanied by Mr. Wallace and Mr. Peters.

Oct. 20—The Glee Clubs began work on an Operetta.

EDITORIALS

BEING SCHOOL-CONSCIOUS

Much has been said about school spirit—about how wonderful it is for a school to have it, about what a wonderful school it makes. Yet, just what is school spirit? Is it something we absorb from merely attending school; does it come by merely blindly following the leaders; is it an elusive ideal; or what? It is worthwhile to consider what brings about school spirit, and what we have when it is attained.

This business can be very realistic and within our reach; it need not be made into a far-away idealistic plan and put on a pedestal. When, for instance, the entire school, or only groups, work together to accomplish a certain objective we have a glimpse of school spirit forming. Each individual is not striving for himself alone, but for accomplishment that will mean something to the whole school. This type of school spirit is like a flame that blazes up, but then dies down, while the best kind is a steady, ever-present glow—not flashing, but quiet and strong. There is a unity of purpose to plan and accomplish and so to profit.

No school spirit can ever be developed by talking. There must be both knowing what we want and then plunging into getting some school spirit by developing it in ourselves and others. We must come to be school-conscious—to realize the value of the things everyone does and to do something ourselves. We must take inspiration from each thing well done,

learn by our failures, and not quit anywhere. Develop school-consciousness and we have school spirit.

LET'S KEEP THOSE RESOLUTIONS!

At the beginning of a new school year, it is doubtful if there is a single one of us who does not make numerous resolutions in regard to the amount of work and interest he will put into the year's school work and activities that run parallel to this work. These resolutions are made with a "do or die" firmness, but how long does he stick close by them?

It is comparatively easy to resolve to do a thing; yet, to actually do it is entirely another matter. If, after the first two weeks of school, the desire to do one's best is slowly diminishing, what good were all his resolutions?

Let's make our interest live throughout the year! Let us be honest about studying and bring forth to class some really good results; let us participate in such a reasonable number of activities as we can without robbing time from our studies; let us be cheerful about doing our small part in making our school life run smoothly. In other words—mix enough work and play into our days to make them profitable and to keep our resolutions good. Our classes can keep us supplied with plenty of work and the new activity and sports schedule will afford the play.

Let's not be an ideal example of "all work and no play makes . . ." or vice versa.



BOYS' ATHLETICS

Editor, Ben Allen, '39

Cross Country Team Opens Season Against Waterbury High

The Vergennes High cross country team opened its 1938 season with a meet against the strong Waterbury High School squad on Friday, September 30. The meet, which was run at Waterbury, was over their hilly 2.6 mile course.

The first nine places were taken by members of the Waterbury High squad, their leading man making the course in 15 minutes and 38 seconds. The tenth place went to a Vergennes High runner, Clement Sears, whose time for the course was 18 minutes. Bernard Austin was the second V. H. S. man in. The Waterbury team took the meet with a score of 15 to 40 for the Vergennes squad.

Nine Vergennes runners, Clement Sears, Bernard Austin, Hosea Langeway, Bill Larrabee, Roger Collins, Merritt Raymond, Clifton O'Brien, Desmond Casey and Francis Bearor, accompanied by Manager Ben Allen and Coach Dopp made the trip.

University of Vermont Freshmen 15—Vergennes High School 40

The second meet on the V. H. S. cross country schedule matched the University of Vermont freshmen with the Vergennes squad. The meet was run on Friday, Oct. 7, in Burlington over the University's two mile course.

The University of Vermont freshman team took the first five places with Clement Sears of Vergennes High taking sixth place. Bernard Austin and Hosea Langeway took second and third places respectively and fourteenth in the whole field. The best time that day was turned in by the U. V. M. freshman Jack Burgess, who covered the two mile course in 13 minutes and 58 seconds. The best time for a Vergennes runner was 14 minutes and 23 seconds, made by Sears.

Coach Dopp, Manager Ben Allen and the following nine runners made the trip: Clement Sears, Bernard Austin, Hosea Langeway, Bill Larrabee, Roger Collins, Merritt Raymond, Desmond Casey, Stuart Haven and Francis Bearor.

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Waterbury Again Defeats Vergennes High

The last meet on the V. H. S. cross country schedule was run on the Vergennes course Oct. 21, when the Waterbury squad came to Vergennes for their return meet with the V. H. S. harriers. A rather small Vergennes squad turned out for the meet due to injuries and other reasons.

Towne of Waterbury covered the 2.5 mile course in 16 minutes and 2 seconds, the best time of the day. In all, the first nine places were taken by Waterbury in the following order: Towne, Morris, Abare, S. Harvey, Werner, Clough, H. Harvey, Woods, and Sweet. Vergennes took tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth places, the fifteenth going to Joy of Waterbury. Austin and Larrabee placed first and second respectively for Vergennes. Third, fourth, and fifth for V. H. S. were taken by H. Langeway, M. Raymond and C. Sears. The best time for Vergennes was 18

minutes.

The result of the meet was a perfect score of 15-40 in favor of Waterbury.

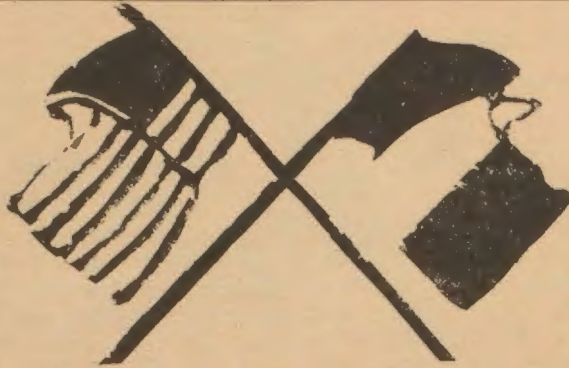
Basketball Season Approaches

Candidates for the boys' basketball team were called out last Thursday for preliminary calisthenics under the direction of Mr. Dopp. Regular practice will start in the very near future.

The prospects for the 1938-1939 team are good. Five of the last year's varsity are returning; two of them, McCabe and Raymond, are last year letter men. Beside these five men from the 1937-1938 varsity there is some good material coming up from last year's junior varsity. As a whole the future looks quite bright.

No Troy Meet

The Vergennes High cross-country team will not participate in the Troy track meet this year. No invitation to the meet has been received by Principal Barry as yet, and if there should be one the team will probably not go.



LE DEPARTEMENT FRANCAIS

Editor, Roger Collins, '39

Allant à l'Ecole en France

William Allen, '39

Quand l'école commence en France, les petits garçons et les petites filles vont à l'école communale, ou primaire. Là, les plus petits enfants travaillent ensemble dans une salle, mais les plus âgés ont les salles de classes séparées. S'asseyant sur les longs bancs de bois avec les pupitres devant eux, les élèves étudient pendant beaucoup d'heures, parce que l'école commence à 8:30 et n'est pas finie jusqu'à 4:30, avec seulement assez de temps pour le déjeuner. Bientôt les enfants sont élevés concernant leur langue, parce que, tandis qu'ils parlent le patois chez eux, il faut qu'ils sachent parler et écrire le français correct. La géographie, l'arithmétique, et l'histoire sont étudiées aussi. Même à cet âge, l'instruction est une chose grave pour les enfants français.

At l'âge de dix ou douze, les élèves finissent cette partie de l'instruction et ils prennent un examen. Pour beaucoup de garçons et jeunes filles pauvres ceci est la

fin d'aller à l'école; maintenant il faut qu'ils travaillent. Mais en France l'instruction est considérée de grande importance, ainsi pour les garçons qui sont pauvres, mais ambitieux, il y a des bourses aux lycées. Aux lycées les élèves étudient beaucoup pour les métiers qu'ils ont choisis. Il y a les cours en science, en mathématiques, en grec, en latin, et en anglais, aussi bien qu'en français. Alors, à seize ans, est le Baccalaureat. C'est l'examen très difficile qui contient toutes les choses que les élèves ont étudiées aux lycées. Maintenant, avec le diplôme-bachelier ès lettres, ou bachelier ès sciences, l'élève peut aller à l'université.

En France, surtout à Paris, il y a beaucoup d'universités fameuses. Il y a L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, le Conservatoire, la Sorbonne, et des autres. Le garçon ou la jeune fille peut étudier à une des universités fameuses en France et aussi partout dans le monde.

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Mon Petit Frère

Marcelle Roy, '41

Guy, mon petit frère, est âgé de deux ans et il est bien désagréable. Il pleure toujours.

Ma chère maman, qui est occupée à la cuisine, ne peut pas trouver le temps pour le veiller. Elle essaye de l'amuser en lui donnant des bonbons et des jouets. Mais rien ne le satisfait. C'est bien ennuyant, se dit-elle.

Papa qui revient du travail fatigué n'aime pas l'entendre crier. Il le gronde et Guy pleure. C'est comme ça du matin au soir.

A sept heures maman met Guy au lit. Je vous assure qu'il est tranquille dans la maison quand il se couche. Papa et maman peuvent lire leurs journaux en paix. Et moi, j'étudie mes leçons.

Saint Martin

Terence Gage, '39

L'été de la Saint Martin arrive après un temps froid en automne. En l'honneur de Saint Martin les français appellent "Indian Summer" l'été de la Saint Martin. Saint Martin était un membre de l'armée romaine. A Amiens, Saint Martin a divisé son manteau avec son sabre et en a donné la moitié à un mendiant. Cette nuit il a rêvé que le Christ avait vu ce qu'il avait fait. Il s'est intéressé au christianisme et il est devenu l'évêque de Tours. La vie monastique a couvert de la péninsule italienne jusqu'à la Gaule où Saint Martin de Tours a fondé le Liguge, un monastère. Il a aussi fourni les écoles pour l'instruction des garçons.

Saint Martin est le patron favori de la France qui lui a fait honneur aux festins et aux assemblées joyeuses du onze novembre.

En Automne

Rolanda Turpin, '40

Le soleil est bas à l'ouest et nous nous arrêtons pendant que nous regardons autour de nous. Que voyons-nous?

Partout sur la terre, il y a des feuilles de toutes les couleurs, orange, rouge et jaune.

Tout au loin on voit la forêt brillante avec beaucoup d'arbres des couleurs différentes et on voit aussi le lac qui est gris, mais il est plus beau que jamais entouré des couleurs.

L'herbe n'est plus verte. Elle est colorée brune par la gelée.

Les soirs sont froids; la lune est haute et ronde, et il gèle presque tous les soirs.

La Jeune Fille

Eleanor Langeway, '39

Un jour une jeune fille de dix-huit ans faisait une promenade dans les bois. Elle est venue à une petite maison qui a appartenu à une vieille femme. La vieille femme était devant la maison et elle a invité la jeune fille d'entrer. Elle lui a demandé d'aider avec le travail. La jeune fille était très gentille, ainsi elle a aidé la vieille femme.

Quand elles avaient fini, la vieille femme a demandé à la jeune fille ce qu'elle désirerait. La jeune fille n'a rien dit. La vieille femme lui a dit d'aller chez elle et de faire un vœu et dans le matin elle le trouverait.

Le matin la jeune fille était dans un beau palais et elle avait beaucoup de beaux vêtements. Elle a regardé hors de la fenêtre et elle a vu un prince monté à cheval. Il était venu pour demander sa main. Cela était son vœu.

VIEW AND REVIEW

Your Editors—

INTRODUCING—

With this issue the "Blue and White" starts a new feature, "View and Review," an informal page of comments on school life by your editors and by the students in general. There will appear suggestions for a better school, compliments for deserving projects, and well meant, constructive criticism. We sincerely hope that you will read this page, accept the comments graciously, and appreciate it.

ECHOES FROM LAST YEAR:

In a last year's issue of the "Blue and White" there was an editorial advocating a school bus for Vergennes High. This was to be used when athletic teams or other groups made trips away from Vergennes. Among other things, the greater safety, the closer supervision, and ultimate economy were pointed out. Another school year is now begun, with just as much need for such a bus, and also just as much lack of it. Let's try to do something about this somehow.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS:

While in early fall the VHS boys are training for Cross Country, the girls are idle as far as sports are concerned. They would like an early sport to fill in until time for the basketball season. In view of the fact that Student Board mentioned some faint idea about having archery, why couldn't that be for girl's athletics in September and October? You girls should get together on this.

BASKETBALL:

The basketball season, our biggest and most important athletic event of the school year, begins soon. Now is the time to decide that the fellows on the team will have the complete and unreserved support from everyone of us—from the faculty to the seventh graders. A team plays better for a school that is behind them, and the school that gets behind its team gains something, whether the team always wins or not. Here is a chance to let VHS be heard from—to prove that we are a red-blooded, "raring to go" American high school!

AHEAD OR BEHIND—

Anyone who has helped get a car out of the mud knows where his strength is of the greatest value. It isn't at the front, half-pushing, half-pulling; it's right behind shoving! And this is the way it should be with the leaders and advisors of our various activities. Each must do his part and a little more. When there is some overlapping there is some force behind the project, and—things go places!

YOUR COMMENTS:

Now that you, the reader, have seen this page, you have an idea of what its plan is and the opportunity for improvement it presents. We, the editors, do not wish to be the only ones represented. Your views and opinions are eagerly invited. We await your comments.

BLUE AND WHITE



THE GRINNERY

Raymond Ryan, '40

PAGE NINETEEN

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

Mr. Goddard: What do they put water on fire for?

A. Slack: To cool it off.

* * * *

Mr. Goddard: I won't hold anyone responsible for anything that I don't know.

V. Shortsleeves: Then you won't be very responsible.

* * * *

Mr. Dopp: What's one way England had for raising money?

C. Franklin: Food Sales.

* * * *

Mr. Goddard: If I got \$25,000 a year you wouldn't see me.

A. Slack: Maybe it would be worth it.

* * * *

Miss Young: Give me three Latin verbs and their principal parts.

Student: Dogo, dogere, pupsi, bitum.

Skato, Skatere, fallsi, bumpum. Slido, Slidere, slipsi, fallum.

* * * *

Mr. Goddard. Who was the greatest inventor?

L. Senesac: Pat. Pending.

* * * *

Mr. Dopp: (in General Science) This apple here represents the sun, this orange the earth, and my hat Mars.

Student: Is Mars inhabited?

* * * *

Mr. Wallace: I will not continue class until this room settles down.

Voice: Go home and sleep it off.

* * * *

Miss Delaney: Are you listening Clifton?

C. O'Brien: (misunderstanding the question?) No.

* * * *

Voice heard in a room: You may come in if you stay in one place.

C. LaJoie: One place won't hold me.

* * * *

Wanted: A joke on Mr. Barry, will come out in the next issue. adv.

Wanted: All dumb cracks found on test papers. No names need be attached. adv.

* * * *

Teacher: Why are you so late for school Barrows?

R. Barrows: Because school started before I got here.

* * * *

Miss Delaney in Commercial: 1.0321 "Where should the point come?"

Student: "Two points to the South."

* * * *

Teacher: What happened in 1938?

Student: Well let me see.

Teacher: Well, hurry up, we've only got 40 minutes.

Student: Oh! I know, the War of 1812.

* * * *

Mr. Wallace: You can always speak more intimately in the dark.

* * * *

Mr. Barry: Be sure to pick up the floors.

* * * *

Mr. Goddard: Do you want to know something Arden?

A. Slack: No.

Mr. Goddard: I was just going to tell you not to ask Kirby because he doesn't know either.

* * * *

BLUE AND WHITE

In a chemistry test Mr. Goddard asked what the meaning of suspension was in relation to chemistry.

This is the answer he got from Terence Gage: "When someone keeps you waiting."

* * * *

What this school needs:

A shock absorber to absorb the shock of cakes falling in Home Ec. Room.

More special excuses signed.

An elevator between the basement, first floor, second floor and the third floor.

A smoking room for the boys.

A room lined with mirrors for the girls.

Fewer teachers, shorter hours and longer recesses.

A door in the main room wide enough so 200 students can go through it abreast.

"Following are a few letters received by the 'Personal Service' office of the Blue and White 'Grinnery.' The letters have been answered by that specialist in heart (and private?) affairs, the 'Grinnery' Editor. Here they are:"

Dear Editor,

All my pupils are complaining because I do not get my papers corrected on time over the weekend. What could I do to please my pupils?

Yours for a girl in Vergennes,
Raymond Dopp.

My dear Mr. Dopp,

You could find a few eligible young ladies in Vergennes. Some have had quite a little practice in correcting papers. With this kind of a young lady you could accomplish two things at one time.

Ed.

Dear Ed.,

Due to the long trips I have to take at night I am coming in nearer the last than nearer the front of the pack at cross country meets.

Yours for a car,
M. P. Raymond.

My Dear Mr. Raymond,

The best remedy would be to receive help from a friend that goes your way almost as much as you do. A Model A may not be as good as the other but you are sure of a ride back.

Ed.

Dear Editor,

We have been planning a house some time. We can not agree where to put the dog house.

What can I do?
H. Goddard.

My Dear Mr. Goddard,

With the fine dog-house you received last year at Class Day you should not be in doubt as to where it should be put. After the walks you take toward the cemetery, and looking at the red barn that I understand that you are going to convert into a house, I should think that you could have it planned by now where you are going to stay.

Ed.

Dear Ed.,

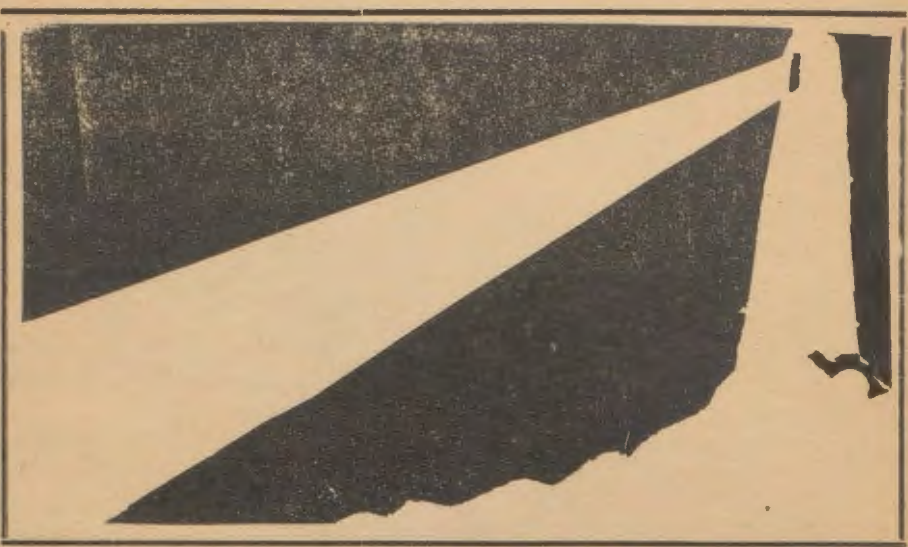
With three girls to accompany home after night school they think that I should accompany them home all the time. Not having a sedan I can not do it all the time.

Now what?
L. Kirby.

My Dear Mr. Kirby,
Your lucky.

Ed.

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL



V. H. S. SEARCHLIGHT

ALUMNI SECTION

Editor, Desmond Casey, '39

GEORGE ADAMS is now attending Burlington Business College.

ARLEEN ALLEN is in care of the Weeks School.

MARION ANDREWS is at her residence in Vergennes.

HOWARD BAILEY is in care of the Weeks School.

RICHARD BARROWS is taking a post graduate course at Vergennes.

MAURICE BELIVEAU is attending University of Vermont.

ARTHUR BOOTH is attending Tristate College.

JOYCE BULL is at her home in Cornwall.

DANIEL BULL is attending Burlington Business College.

GEORGE CARPENTER, Jr. is attending Baypath Institute.

ANITA CHEVIER is in Hanover, N. H., with Mrs. Robert Henica.

SIDNEY DANYOW is attending Green Mountain Junior College at Poultney.

BEULAH DAVIS is at her home in North Ferrisburg.

ELIZABETH DEMELLO is employed at Fisk's tourist home.

HARVEY DRINKWINE is a cottage master at the Weeks School.

DORIS EVARTS is attending Burlington Business College.

GERALDINE FINDLEY is in care of the Weeks School.

DOROTHY FITTS is in care of the Weeks School.

MARY GAGE is attending Baypath Institute.

ELAINE HAMEL is taking a post graduate course at Vergennes.

KENNETH HAMEL is at his home in Vergennes.

BLUE AND WHITE

ISABEL HUSK is at her home in Waltham.

MADELINE LAJOIE is at her home in Vergennes.

DEAN LEONARD is employed in Fishman's Department Store.

MARIE MCCORMICK is employed at Ralli's Soda Fountain.

ELEANOR MILLER is at her home in North Ferrisburgh.

JOYCE PALMER is attending Baypath Institute.

FORREST RIVERS is attending the University of Vermont.

MARGUERITE SENESAC is at her home in West Addison.

CATHERINE THORPE is at her home in Waltham.

MADELINE TORREY is taking a post graduate course at Vergennes.

HELEN VANORNUM is at her home in West Addison.

LUCILLE VANORNUM is at her home in West Addison.

ALICE WARD is at her home in Waltham.

HOWARD WASHBURN is employed in Merrill's I. G. A. Store.

GEORGE WILLARD is working for his father.

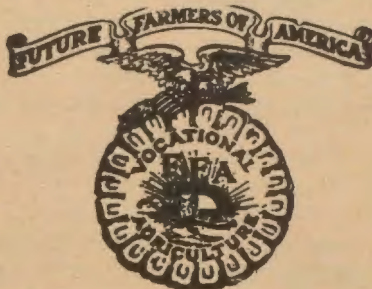
MAROLYN POWERS is attending Green Mountain Junior College at Poultney.

LOCAL

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WHAT IS THE F. F. A.?

The Future Farmers of America is a national organization of farm boys studying vocational agriculture in public and secondary schools under the provision of the national vocational educational acts.

Courses in vocational agriculture were first established in the United States in 1917. From the very beginning the boys who were enrolled in these courses in various states felt a spirit of comradeship due to their background of

country life and desires with regard to farming as a vocation.

Within a few years, a number of local departments of vocational agriculture in most states had developed so called "Agricultural Clubs," the members being composed of students of vocational agriculture. Such organizations were, in many instances, largely social and recreational in nature, but certain educational, self-improvement and cooperative features were often included as well.

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

Undertakings of this type, therefore, under the guidance of enterprising local teachers mark the first tendency of students of vocational agriculture to "Gang" together and do the things in an organized way.

As the local vocational agriculture organizations grew in number, their successes and failures formed a pattern of experience by means of which efforts toward group action became more successful. Naturally the idea arose of banding together local groups of students of vocational agriculture. Instead of each group functioning separately, why not have some actual contact and definite ties between groups? Certainly the interest and tendencies of the members were along similar lines, and so the idea of state wide organizations with each group as an active unit developed and came into the picture.

It is interesting to note that such names as "Jr. Farmers," "Future Farmers" and the like, appeared in various sections of the country. However the pioneer efforts of the Future Farmers of Virginia attracted the greatest attention nationally, due to the very excellent ideals, purposes, ceremonies and definite constitution formulated by Henry Gresclose. Two years after the F. F. A. was founded, six states in the Southern region had in operation similar organizations patterned closely after the Virginia set up.

In 1928 the first national convention was held at Kansas City, and since then the organization has grown rapidly. On July first, 1937, the active membership totaled 143,837 boys in 4,896 chapters of 47 states, Hawaii and Puerto Rico. In our own state we have 33 chapters, with a membership of 480 boys.

It is an organization with a non-profit voluntary membership, but it is self-supporting, operating nationally on ten cents a year membership dues. It has been in good financial shape from the beginning. Bills are paid promptly and the treasury maintains a safety balance at all times.

The primary aim of Future Farmers of America is to develop agricultural leadership. Other purposes include strengthening the confidence of the farm boy in himself and his work, creating interest in a more intelligent choice of farming as an occupation, creating love of country life, improving the rural home and its surroundings, encouraging organized recreational activities among rural people, promoting thrift and improving scholarship. It is designed to take its place among other organized agencies for the up-building of agriculture and the improvement of country life.

Howard C. Tatro,
President of the Vermont Association of Future Farmers of America.

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