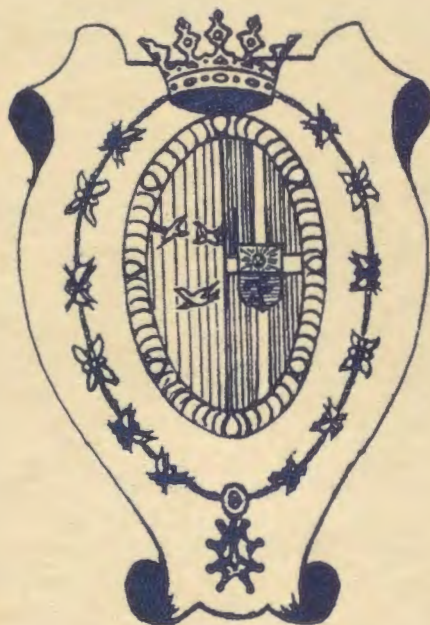


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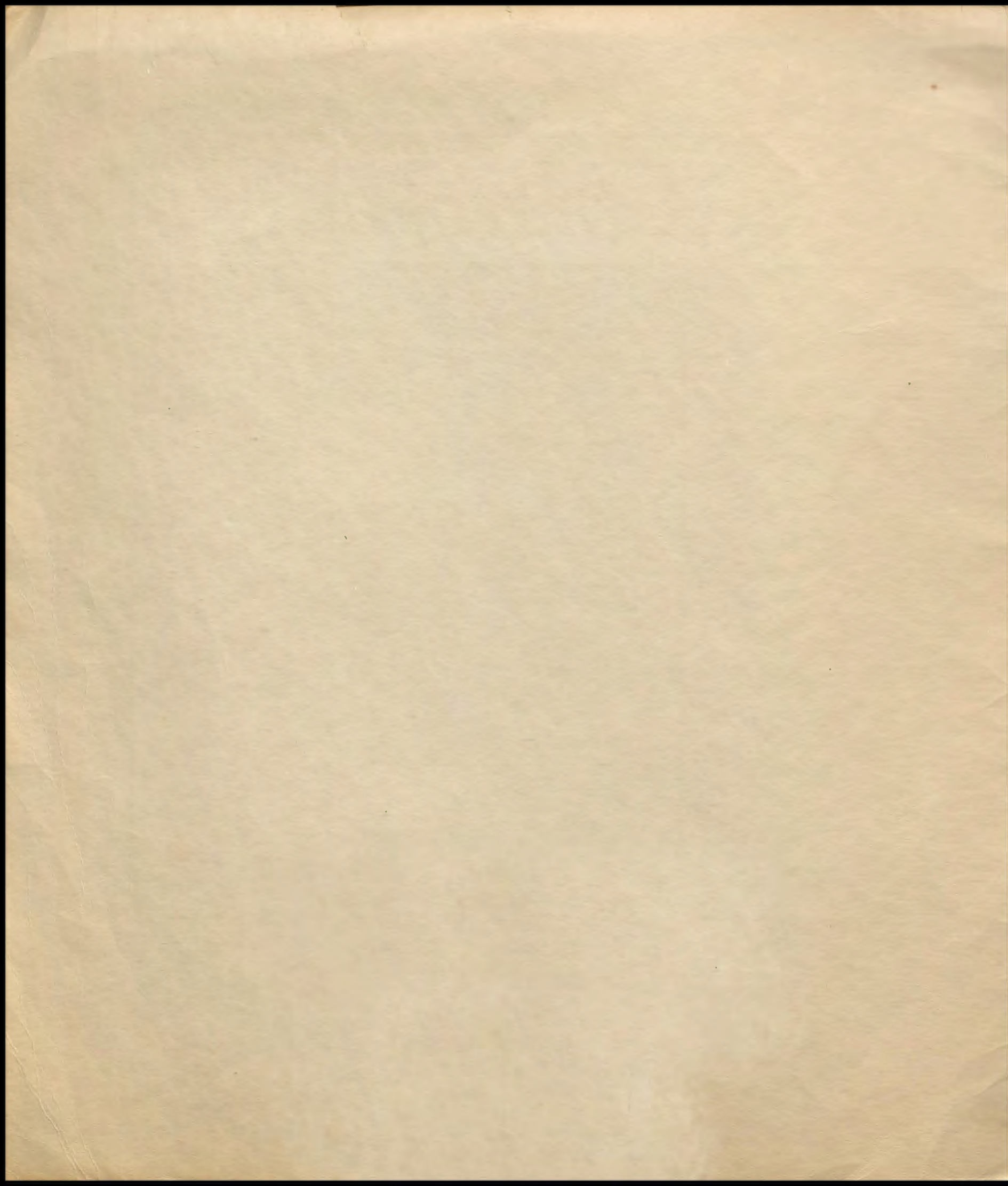
# BLUE AND WHITE



VHS  
Winter Issue  
1938

## VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

WINTER ISSUE 1938





# The Blue and White

Winter Issue, 1938

Published by the Pupils of the  
Bergennes High School  
Bergennes, Vermont

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## Editorials

Marolyn Powers, '38, Editor William Allen, '39, Asst. Editor

### A SCHOOL BUS FOR V. H. S.

Everyone at V. H. S. is more or less aware of the difficulty the basketball managers have had this season in getting transportation for out-of-town games. The willing help of a certain few was not always sufficient; nor was it fair to these to ask them every time. It was not unusual, was it, for the managers to be continually at the end of their rope for transportation?

Another difficulty was on the financial side. Those who gave up the evening to go with a load of players could not be expected to donate the gas, also. This expense was paid by the Athletic Association, but the expenses for several cars—quite often, too—were by no means little. As a result the A. A. treasury is now rather sadly depleted.

What can be done about transportation? That may be what you are wondering, rather vaguely. There is probably no complete and ideal solution to such a problem. Yet, don't you think, a school bus might help? Such an arrangement would do away with all worry, all bother. It could be driven by the coach; all the team would be together under his supervision. Not only could this bus be used for basket ball, but also for base ball, track, and other things. While it is admitted that there are many arguments against buying a bus, can those who oppose it think of any better way? Let's have a really efficient, safe method of transportation—a school bus!

### STUDY HALLS AND YOU

I'm sure you are all surprised and much pleased, as I am, to find that the study halls governed by Student Board are a great success. Nearly everyone seems to want to cooperate in making these study periods quiet and orderly. I say nearly everyone because, as in all undertakings, there are a certain few who either seem determined to work contrary to the desires of the student body, or else just don't know enough to conduct themselves properly.

This is not, as one might suppose, confined to the seventh and eighth graders, who are not accustomed to high school discipline, and might be excused. That is the sad part of it. Even some of the seniors seem unable to restrain themselves, but find it necessary to disturb others for recreation.

The people who whisper and laugh in study halls are usually those whose names are on the probation list. The Student Board discovered that a startling number of the names of chronic whisperers coincide with those on probation list. This shows that the people who cause disturbances are not the ones for whom study is not necessary, thus proving that bad study hall behavior is the result of ignorance and social backwardness.

In spite of these grave-sounding faults, the new study halls are very good. Most students appreciate the fact that they are enjoying a great privilege, and because of this, they work together for even better study halls.

### THE SAFETY PATROL AND YOU

Everyone at Vergennes High has reason to be proud of the School Safety Patrol and the way it is now operating. This patrol, captained by Daniel Bull, '38, has recently been enlarged to include 32 members—both boys and girls—and is now doing its work more efficiently than ever. Like all the other units similar to it, this patrol is primarily concerned with safety measures at sidewalk crossings in the school zone. Every day you see the patrolmen at their posts, where they prevent "jay-walking" and enforce other safety precautions. They are there for your safety.

Besides their safety work, the members of the V. H. S. patrol are working for the success of student-controlled study

halls. A schedule has been arranged under which some member is always patrolling the halls and is on hand to guide visitors. A marching unit has also been formed of all patrol members. This unit plans to represent Vergennes in the marching contest to be held during the state-wide conference this May.

This is enough to show how closely connected your welfare and your school are with the Safety Patrol. Its services are all for you and your friends. Yet it is only your continued and greater cooperation and interest that will bring complete success to the patrol. The proof of this will come when you can, if you wish, violate the rules it enforces—but won't.



## Literary

Daniel Bull, '38

Marie McCormick, '38

George Carpenter, '38

Verlie White, '39

### THE WHITE GULL



The White Gull was poised near the wharf. It seemed to be waiting for someone to hoist its sails and free it to race at breakneck speed down the frozen surface of the lake. Ed gazed at it longingly. He loved every line of the trim little ice-boat; there was no sport so keen as clinging to the slender mast with the icy blast whistling by his face. He wished that he might grasp the tiller now and guide the wild, swift craft over the smooth, black expanse. But his father had forbidden Ed to take the White Gull out alone. There were danger zones on that broad lake and the little ice-boat was given to pranks.

Ed's reverie was broken by a roar behind him. "Hi, you Ed! Asleep on your feet, or frozen to death?"

"O, hello, Jim," Ed returned. "I thought you had to help your father in his drug store."

"I did, all morning. Say, did you hear that Jake Farrar's boy is sick? You know Jake. He lives in an old shanty down on Cumberland Point alone with his little boy and he fishes through the ice all winter. He got Mrs. Newman to telephone to Doc Nelson this morning. Doc started in his car, but goodness knows when he'll make it over to Jake's with all the snowdrifts and that rickety bridge ready to fall in."

"Do you mean that Doc's going to try to cross that Cragg's Cut Bridge with a car?" asked Ed, excitedly.

"He is," Jim answered. "He told Dad that he had to make it, because he thought that the boy had pneumonia."

Ed's eyes clouded. Only two years before, pneumonia had taken his younger brother in two short weeks. "Doc took serum, I suppose," he said.

"Dad was all out. There's some coming this noon. He wants your father to run it over to Jake's in the ice-boat," Jim replied.

"But Dad's out of town, Jim." Ed's voice was unsteady. "Gee!"

Jim's jaw dropped. The silence was broken by hurrying feet, crunching the hard snow of the path. Jim's father waved his small parcel. The serum!

The boys ran to meet Mr. Rawlins. "Dad isn't here. He isn't here!" Ed kept saying distractedly.

"Can you steer that ice-boat, Ed?" Mr. Rawlins asked, urgently.

"Yes. O, yes! But—"

"Afraid?"

"No, sir! But Dad told me not to—" Ed choked.

Mr. Rawlins pushed the parcel into Ed's hands. "I'll take the responsibility. This is to save that boy. If you can make it, go on."

The White Gull seemed to understand. With her white wings spread, she fairly flew away from the shore, skimming the glassy level like a great bird flying low. Ed held the tiller tightly. The wind drove the ice-boat faster and faster. It seemed to Ed that he and the White Gull would rise together and sail over that ragged, mountainous skyline, on and on, into some far, strange land. He could scarcely breathe, but he kept his eye on that dark blur that was Cumberland Point.

When he was not far from his goal, there came suddenly a loud, ominous crack! It meant only one thing; ice breaking! A black streak in the road ahead opened and the ice-boat tilted, groaned and shuddered to a stop! Ed pitched forward. One ankle turned under him burned with a sickening pain. He felt dizzy. Grasping the precious serum, he drew himself off from the boat, felt the ice gingerly, then, slowly, painfully, every step a stabbing mile, he started for the shanty which was visible through the trees. Oh! There was the door at last! Was that blur Doc's face? Ed fell forward.

When he opened his eyes, Doc Nelson was bent over him. "That was a fine thing that you did, Ed," the doctor said. "You've saved Jake's boy."

"It wasn't I," Ed grinned back. "It was the White Gull."

Martin Casey, '42

### SNOW FALLS

Scattered flakes break from  
Grasping, ash-hued sky  
And spectre, lifeless trees.  
Wand'ring, lost, they come  
Earthward. Here they lie  
Like lone ships in rough seas.



## MAZIE'S VERSION OF WINTER

Mazie sat looking disconsolately at the paper in front of her. She had ten minutes in which to write a theme on "Winter," for her English class. (Of course she had known about this assignment for a week but had kept putting it off. Girls will be girls!) For a few minutes there was much wrinkling of her forehead, then she began to scribble. Soon she paused and regarded her work.

"Mother Nature is at her best during this season, doing a lavish job of decorating. She garbs the landscape in majestic white raiment, transforming it from every day drabness into a scene of awe-inspiring beauty."

That wasn't so bad; in fact it was very neat. After a longer pause, during which she nibbled at her fingers and sucked the eraser on her pencil, her pen scratched across the paper again. If anyone had looked over her shoulder his eyes would have come in contact with the following show of literary genius:

"The sports at this time of the year are the best ever.

Skiing, lately ranking No. 1 on the list of favorite winter sports of Americans, is an excellent pastime if you don't mind a few tumbles. Tobogganing is loads of fun providing you don't mind a little snow in your face. Skating is invigorating exercise, and very enjoyable if you haven't too tender regard for certain parts of your anatomy."

Mazie rambled on about Christmas and "the spirit of giving." After several rather brief remarks on the "high lights" of winter, she glanced at the clock. It was appallingly near the time for the buzzer. After a hasty period of concentration, Mazie emerged with this jumble of words for a concluding sentence:

"The lover of beauty and the out-of-door friend are in their glory during these winter months."

Mazie could be heard muttering to herself, "This is certainly putrid, but it'll have to do. This being an author isn't all it's cracked up to be."

Alice Ryan, '40

## REFUSAL

"Well, I'll try," said John Wright. "Won't be easy. Anna's mighty set in her ways." And slowly, none too confidently, he moved off toward the barns.

Real estate agent Tom Carroll's ancient Ford, like Tom's client, was in difficulty, but finally the battered Model T edged out of the muddy driveway and started down the road. Its lean, long-limbed driver, huddled over the wheel, skillfully guided the rattle-trap in and out of and between slush-filled ruts and holes, until it was over the brow of the hill, and out of sight of the Wright homestead.

Back at his barns John Wright moved listlessly about from one little task to another. Finally he shoved together the doors that so badly needed paint, but stood there staring at them. "White once," he thought, "to see them like that again . . ."

Turning about, he gazed grimly at the close-pressing, smoke-like clouds and the murky yellow spot of a sun on the western horizon. A persistent January thaw had bared the spots where the snow had been thinnest; slush and mud filled the roads, and even the banks of snow along the road's edges were flecked with the dirty slush. But John looked toward the sky and said, half aloud, "Snow in a few days. Would look . . . nice . . . to see all this changed. But to folks on a farm like this—snow—drifts—out here, alone."

Wearily he crossed the yard to the shed, a long, low structure at the end of the house. Like the house, this shed was once white, and very close to beautiful in its strict Colonial simplicity; but it did not have the dignity that had come to the house with a hundred and twenty-five years of life. There was nothing else to do; he might as well go in now as any time. John stomped his feet to shake off what little snow was on them, opened the shed door, and entered.

He had barely finished hanging his old sheepskin on its hook in the kitchen when Anna entered the room. She was that rare type of person who seems to bring a sense of assurance, of stability, and clear understanding. In the deepening dusk in the kitchen it was difficult to see her personal characteristics—only faint but clearly cut and very firm features, and grey hair could be seen at all—but by no means difficult to feel that her force, not a domineering force, but an understanding one, was to be reckoned with.

"John," she demanded, "why was that Tom Carroll out here? If—"

"Yes, Anna," he replied, "Tom has a market for the place. A rich man. For a summer home. He could fix up the place, paint it, do something with the barns."

"It has been good enough for me for forty years."

"But we are getting old, Anna. It is a good price he will give. We could go to the village."

"No, John, I—"

"You will have to sign the deed. I told Tom we would come in—in a few days. Lawyer Higbee—"

"I am not going to sign, John."

Dazed, John got up and went out to the shed. At each crisis before in their forty years of life together, he had nearly understood her. Usually she won, in the long run. But now . . . "plain unreasonable," he said to himself.

\* \* \* \*

On the second day after that, the snow came. For two days the whole community was in the teeth of a fierce New England blizzard. Finally, on the evening of its second day, the storm ceased. As soon as possible John broke through to the village. He did not know why—it could do no good, from his point of view—but he went.

Anna's last words were: "You needn't bring Lawyer Higbee back, either." Yet, deep in her mind, she knew he would not. She knew, better than anyone else, and that was why she could wait. But it was late when John returned, and nothing was said about the journey.

When supper was over John came out to the kitchen. Silently he walked to the window. A light snow was falling and he stood watching it. At last:

"It is snowing a little, Anna. The barns . . . seem to be good, when it is like this. I guess the house . . . does, too . . ."

"Yes, John," she said, looking up momentarily, from the dish pans.

Wm. Allen, '39





## EXCERPTS

Take white, glistening snow piled high everywhere, add to this tree boughs laden with snow, and bright sun shining over all, and you have a typical Vermont scene in winter time.

Frances Ryan, '41

It makes one feel more ambitious and alive to go out on a clear, cold night and see the stars shining down. Then comes the sudden realization of the immensity of this great universe.

Benjamin Allen, '39

Snow storms, sleet, blizzards, and below zero temperatures all must come and go before the soft breath of the South comes for the Spring of the year,

Thomas Mundy, '40

When we see pictures of winter scenes on postcards and in papers we exclaim, "How beautiful they are!" In doing this we should remember that we can see, in real life, scenes as beautiful, if only we look for them.

Hazel Evarts, '40

It was one of those clear, cold, quiet winter mornings, when the whole world seems asleep under that pure white blanket of snow. The trees were dressed in white frost that sparkled like millions of diamonds in the sunshine . . . Even an artist could not do justice to a picture like that—for Jack Frost seems to have a talent of his own.

Joyce Bull, '38

Winter—the word itself suggests ambiguity. To the young it means sports—the gay, boisterous outdoor life; to the older it suggests home, with those whom one loves best about him, a cheery fire to warm one, and a quiet solitude in which to muse and meditate.

To all of us winter should be one of the most joyful times of the year, because—well—we have a chance to get away from the heat and hustle of summer. Winter brings Christmas—the anniversary of the birth of One dear to all of us, One who suffered that we might live in a better world. Christmas—the time when our loved ones make the hardest attempt to be home "with the folks."

Winter witnesses Father Time getting another rollicking push toward his prophesied end. We usher in a New Year filled with new hopes, fired with new ambitions for the future.

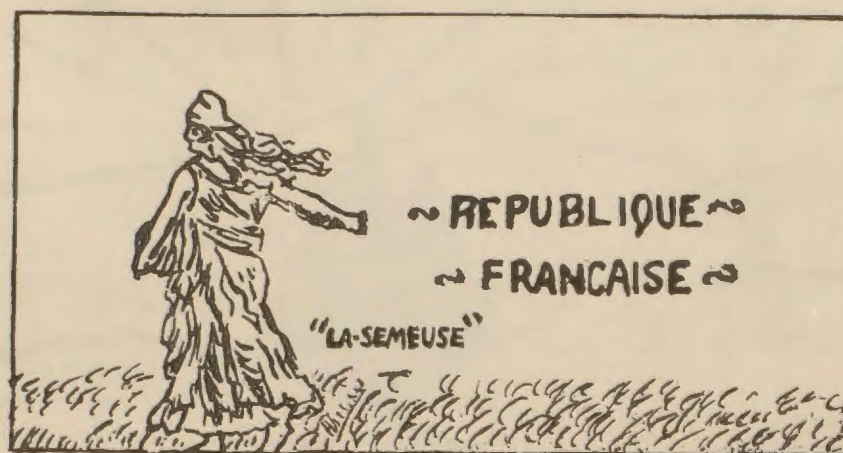
"Chill air and wintry winds! My ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year—  
I listen, and it cheers me long."—Longfellow.

Daniel Bull, '38



## Le Departement Francais

Isabel Husk, '38, Lillian Husk, '40



### Deux Petits Garçons

Un jour de petits garçons jouaient dans la neige. Beaucoup de ces garçons n'avaient pas de traîneaux pour glisser. Un des garçons, qui avait un traîneau, permettait aux autres garçons de le prendre. Ils jouèrent longtemps en s'amusant bien. Après avoir glissé ils jetèrent des boules de neige et ils batirent une forteresse de neige.

Un autre garçon avait un traîneau mail il glissait tout seul parce qu'il ne pensa qu'à lui-même et il ne permit pas aux autres garçons de prendre son traîneau. Ce petit garçon alla chez lui tout de suite parce qu'il ne s'amusait pas.

Sa mère lui demanda pourquoi il rentra si vite et il dit que les autres garçons ne joueraient pas avec lui. Sa mère lui demanda s'il leur avait permis de prendre son traîneau et il dit que non.

Puis sa mère dit, "Voilà la clef, c'était pourquoi vous ne vous amusez pas. Soyez aimable si vous comptez avoir des amis."

Isabel Husk.

### Quand Je Patine

Mes amis aiment à patiner;  
Il est fort amusant, mon cher,  
Que de glisser sur la glace  
Quand il fait le beau temps d'hiver.  
Mais, moi, quand je mets mes patins,  
Je tombe toujours sur mon pauvre cou!  
Sans doute, je m'amuserais plus  
Si je pouvais patiner debout.

Claire Barrows.

### L'hiver

En hiver il fait froid et il y a de la neige. Les arbres sont beaux avec la neige sur leurs branches. En hiver nous faisons bien des sports. Quelques hivers il y a plus de neige et il neige plus souvent que des autres. Et aussi pendant quelques hivers il fait plus froid que des autres.

Roland Beliveau.

### La Première Tombée de la Neige

Le ciel s'est mis à devenir sombre. Quelques flocons sont tombés. Ils sont tombés lentement, en tourbillonnant dans l'air. Plus gros et plus vite sont tombés les flocons jusqu'à ce que la terre soit couverte d'une grande couverture blanche. Puis la neige cesse de tomber. Il commence à faire du soleil. Tout est très beau!

Lillian Husk.

### La Danseuse

Les lueurs étaient bas autour du lac. Il y avait un cercle de lumière au centre de la glace. La musique légère commença et la foule, laquelle est réunie près du cercle, devint tranquille. Une jeune fille aux cheveux noirs et aux yeux bleus apparut. Elle portait un costume de soie blanche avec la fourrure blanche. Sur les cheveux elle portait un petit chapeau blanc et sur les pieds il y avait des patins brillants. Elle glissa dedans le cercle, et après avoir jeté un baiser, elle commença à patiner lentement. Peu à peu elle alla de plus en plus vite, jusqu'à ce qu'elle tournât, elle tourbillonnât.

Quand elle avait l'air de ne pas pouvoir tourbillonner plus vite, la musique changea et elle patina lentement et très tristement. Elle s'arrêta, en jetant un autre baiser, elle patina légèrement hors de cercle. Elle avait terminé la Danse du Cygne Mourant.

V. White.

### Tableau d'Hiver

Un forêt mabre,  
De neigeux arbres,  
Ténèbres du soir,  
Profondes et noires.  
Un tableau sombre—  
Des arbres, des ombres.

M. Powers.



## Alumni Department

Elizabeth DeMello, '38

Lawrence Austin is employed in the local "Public Market."

Barbara Ball is attending the Becker College in Worcester, Mass.

Catherine Bodette is a co-ed at the University of Vermont.

Harold Cushman is attending the University of Vermont.

Jeannette Danyow has registered in the Nurses' Training Course at the DeGoesbriand hospital in Burlington.

Okley Davis is attending the University of Vermont.

Robert Elliott is taking a post graduate course at Indian Lake, N. Y.

Charles Field has employment in West Addison.

Lee C. Fiske, Jr., is working at the railway station in New Haven and hopes to become general manager some day.

Robert Floyd is studying lots at McCuen's.

Jeannette Graves is attending the Syracuse University.

Alma Hunt is attending the Michigan University.

Bernard Kirby is attending the Syracuse University.

Alvin Little is working for his uncle in Monkton.

Katherine Mack is a co-ed at the University of Vermont.

Richard Miner is employed in the Clark Hardware Store in Vergennes.

Morris Myers is employed in Warner's Rexall Drug Store.

Patricia Nadeau is taking a post graduate course at V. H. S.

Elaine Pratt is a co-ed at the University of Vermont.

Torrey Preston has employment in Bridport.

Catherine Rider has employment in North Ferrisburg.

Dorothy Slack is taking a post graduate course at V. H. S.

June Stagg is a co-ed at the University of Vermont.

Clarence Stagg is employed at Parry's Drug Store.

Mildred Williams is attending the Burlington Business College.

The following are at their respective homes: Raymond Barrows, Leslie Booth, Emily Clark, Walter Giard, Marion Harrington, Arlene Jaquith, Joseph Jermain, Esme Little, Howard LeBoeuf, Pauline Myers, Edward Nuttall, Thelma Roberts, Evelyn Smith, Kenneth Sullivan and Arnold Sullivan.

### WINTER

We closed our eyes on a cold, bare, ground—

Tall, gaunt, trees and a barren sight.

We opened our eyes and gazed around—

A soft, white mantle had come in the night.

It covered everything; the tiniest wire—

The chimney tops—the lofty spire.

And down the road with laughter and shout

Boys and girls are playing about.

Sleigh bells tinkle on the frosty air—

It's winter, winter, everywhere!



# School Activities

## CALENDAR OF SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Joyce Palmer, '38

September 7—School reopened with a registration of 227 students.

September 17—Freshman reception at V. H. S. gym with Class of 1938 in the receiving line. The new teachers were put through their paces as well as students. Music for dancing was furnished by the Aggie boys' radio.

September 27—Visitors' Night was largely attended by parents and friends this year. Opportunity was given the parents to talk over with the teachers their child's problems.

October 1—The F. F. A. boys assisted by the Home Ec. girls gave the annual school fair, which was held at the Gym. Many attractive exhibits made it a tremendous success. The greatest attraction was the two legged calf; others were fortune telling; a grab bag, a food sale, penny games, etc. The evening's entertainment consisted of skits put on under the supervision of Miss Young and Miss Cohen. Music for dancing was furnished by the Rhythm Kings Orchestra.

October 6—The Seniors, aided by Mrs. Senesac, entertained the underclassmen and faculty at a "Hayloft Jamboree" at the Senesac Ranch in West Addison. Dancing was enjoyed, followed by a "Box Social." The hostess served doughnuts and coffee.

October 25—The F. F. A. sponsored a forty minute assembly program, given by a Glass Blowing Company, in the Gym. Glass pens were given out as souvenirs.

November 5—At assembly, Mr. Carmi Squires, baritone, from Lyndon Center, entertained with spiritual and sacred

music. He closed his program with group singing of "Wagon Wheels." He was accompanied by his brother, Lyndon.

November 5—The Juniors sponsored a dance held at the Gym. Music was furnished by the Famous Rhythm Kings.

November 10—The Social Science class, aided by Miss Cohen, gave an Armistice Day program. A stirring address by Principal Barry followed.

November 12—Home room periods. Each home room chose a person who is to act for them on the Student Board.

November 18—Father and Son Banquet held at the Gym was put on by the F. F. A. boys. The "Home Wreckers" prepared the food, chicken and all the fixings. A program followed.

November 23—The Rhythm Kings furnished syncopation for the Senior dance held at the V. H. S. Gym.

November 30—Thirty - two students under the direction of Principal Barry, started practice for excellent marching. A School Patrol Convention is to be held

in Montpelier in the spring where we will show our ability to march.

December 9—The Lambert School of Dancing Course of six lessons started. The "Big Apple" was demonstrated by the instructors. Now "Everybody's Doing the Big Apple."

### CLASS OFFICERS

Class 12—President, Richard Barrows; Vice President, George Carpenter, Jr.; Secretary, Marie McCormick; Treasurer, Howard Washburn.

Class 11—President, Roger Collins; Vice President, Terrence Gage; Secretary, Verlie White; Treasurer, Ben Allen.

Class 10—President, Levi Senesac; Vice President, Mahlon Conner; Secretary, Hazel Evarts; Treasurer, Alice Ryan.

Class 9—President, Mortimer Irwin; Vice President, Ralph Allen; Secretary, Claire Barrows; Treasurer, Bruce Putnam.



## THE BIG APPLE



# Athletics

Desmond Casey, '39

Forrest Rivers, '38

## BASKET BALL

With a supply of good material on hand, things pointed toward a good season. The boys got down to practice early, and the varsity was soon chosen. On it were G. Adams, D. Brown, H. Drinkwine, R. Barrows, J. McCabe, M. Raymond, D. Casey, K. Haven, D. Leonard and A. Moorby. George Adams was elected to captaincy.

V. H. S. vs. Burlington Business College—In this, the opening game of the season, Vergennes got off to an early lead, and seemed to be headed for a certain victory. The Burlington boys came back strong in the second half, however, and popped 'em in from all points to take the game with a score of 26-18.

V. H. S. vs. Shelburne—Minus three of our best players who were railroaded from the game via the "foul" route, the Vergennes quintet went to pieces as Shelburne went on a scoring rampage in the last few minutes of play, to win 39-29. J. Thomas starred for the winners, ringing up 23 points. Barrows led for Vergennes with 9 points.

V. H. S. vs. Vergennes Alumni—With Adams hitting the net with deadly regularity, the V. H. S. basketeers defeated the Alumni in a hotly contested game by the score of 31-30. Adams sank 8 floor baskets and 3 fouls to gather top scoring honors with 19 points. Brown cashed in with 7 and was invaluable on the defense. With Vergennes trailing 29-30 and about a minute left, Adams sank one of his specialties, a long, high, arching shot from mid-court, to put the game on ice.

Vergennes vs. Wallingford—On Dec. 14 the Vergennes five journeyed southward to play Wallingford. The boys just simply weren't clicking, and went down to defeat to the tune of 35-18.

Vergennes vs. Bristol—The boys were really clicking against Bristol! Their passwork was accurate, their floorwork good, and their shots were splitting the net at regular intervals. They staged a blistering last-quarter drive to win in a wild finish 23-19.

## JUNIOR VARSITY GAMES

V. H. S. Jayvees vs. Shelburne Jayvees—For three periods the teams fought on even terms, the lead see-sawing back and forth. The Shelburne boys spurted early in the last quarter to take the lead, but Vergennes rallied with a last ditch drive that pulled the game out of the fire. Score 13-11.

V. H. S. Jayvees vs. Shoreham—Shoreham set the pace and led during the greater part of the game. Casey came through the waning seconds, however, to tie the score at 31 all, and send the game into an overtime period. Vergennes then took over the reins, calmly sinking three points while holding Shoreham scoreless, to take the game 34-31.





## CROSS-COUNTRY

The call for cross-country candidates went out early, and a good-sized squad reported. Under the watchful eyes of Coach Wallace, the squad trained diligently for the first meet with U. V. M. Freshmen. Although our boys were defeated, they showed surprising power, Dan Bull and George Adams finishing second and third respectively. Twice Bristol made desperate attempts to down the Vergennes Team, but they were soundly trounced. In both cases Adams and Bull finished first and second respectively.

After these two victories, however, we tasted bitter defeat. Waterbury won over us twice with a perfect score, on their home course. Adams and Bull were still our best performers. The members of the squad were G. Adams, D. Bull, R. Collins, M. Raymond, H. Washburn, F. Bearor, K. Haven, S. Haven, G. Smith, and C. O'Brien. Season's record: 2 victories and 3 defeats.

## COMMENTS

Captain Adams has set the scoring pace for the Varsity thus far, countering 36 points. Don Brown trails him with 28. Both are fast, heady guards, and are deadly on long shots.

The boys may not look so good occasionally in practice, but they get the hottest when the going is toughest.

Jimmy McCabe ("Ma Cob" to the team) gets a lot of ribbing from the rest of the boys but he's a smart forward, just the same.

Dicky Barrows' chief ability seems to be in leaving thin

air between his feet and the floor. He comes in mighty handy, quite frequently intercepting his opponents' high passes. (Ed. Note—He can holler, too.)

They checked Harvey Drinkwine out of some of his advantages as a tall man when they eliminated the center tap. He's still useful under the basket!

Arden "Shorty" Siack and George Carpenter are tied for top scoring honors among the jayvees with 12 points apiece. "Speed" Connor is justifying his nickname.

## SNOW SCENES

In the twilight glow  
Gently falls the snow—  
feathery white.

At the midnight hour  
The world is like a flower  
of purest white.

In the early morning light  
The birds awake and take flight  
o'er fields of white.

Later in the day  
Children come out to play  
in the blanket white.

O'er this flood of light  
Draws the curtain of the night—  
blotting out the white.

## WINTER

He frowned—the myriad timid stars  
Trembled within the firmament.  
He breathed, and, terrified, the wind  
Raged and screamed in wild torment.  
He cursed—a rift of ugly clouds  
Formed in the sky and settled low.  
He wept in fury;—even man  
Stumbled beneath the driving snow.



## GIRLS' BASKET BALL

Elaine Hamel, '38

Madeline Torrey, '38

Members of the Girls' Basket Ball Squad are:

Arlene Allen	Geraldine Napsey
Mary Gage, Captain	Joyce Palmer
Marie Garrow	Maude Powers
Katherine Horsford	Marie Roscoe
Marie McCormick	Frances Ryan
Ruth Merrill	Shirley Sheehan
Lucille Mundy	Elaine Hamel

Madeline Torrey

Thus far the following games have been played:

Nov. 30—The Vergennes girls got off to a bad start in their basket ball season, when on Nov. 30th they played People's Academy of Morrisville. They were greatly outclassed by the splendid pass-work and accurate shots of the Morrisville girls.

Capt. Gage was high scorer for V. H. S. with eight points. Ayer of People's Academy was high scorer with seventeen points. Final score, 48-10.

Dec. 4—Vergennes girls played a return game at Morrisville and were once more beaten by People's Academy with the score of 42-16.

Capt. Gage of V. H. S. was high scorer with fourteen points. On People's Academy team there were two high scorers, Ayer and Rice, both with twelve points each.

Dec. 14—The Blue and White girls went to Wallingford, where they made a grand comeback from the two losses before. They played a game which kept the spectators on the edge of their seats and ended in the tie score of 34 all.

Capt. Gage again was high scorer for V. H. S. with twenty-three points.

Kennedy of Wallingford was high scorer with nineteen points.

Dec. 17—The Vergennes girls take another flop, when Bristol invaded Vergennes court, winning by a score of 44-15. The

V. H. S. girls were off their game and made it too easy for Bristol.

Capt Gage was again high scorer for the home team with nine points.

MacIntyre was high scorer for Bristol with twenty-four points.

Jan. 4—The Vergennes Jayvee girls went to Shoreham and came home with a victory score of 10-6.

Capt. Garrow was high scorer for V. H. S. with eight points.

B. Osborn was high scorer for Shoreham with four points.

Jan. 7—The Vergennes-Waterbury game was a very close one but the Waterbury girls managed to outlast Vergennes and came through with the final score of 17-16. It was a hard fought game with V. H. S. leading most of the game. Capt. Gage was high scorer for Vergennes with 15 points. J. Metcalf and T. Bault were tied for high score for Waterbury, with six points each.

The schedule of games for the season is as follows:

Jan. 11	Orwell	Girls' J. V's.	Here
Jan. 14	Milton	Girls' Varsity	Here
Jan. 17	Essex Junction	Girls' Varsity	Here
Jan. 21	Beeman's Academy	Girls' Varsity	Here
Jan. 25	Milton	Girls' Varsity	There
Jan. 28	Orwell	Girls' J. V's.	There
Feb. 1	Waterbury	Girls' Varsity	There
Feb. 4	Hinesburg	Girls' J V's.	There
Feb. 8	Open Date		
Feb. 11	Week's School	Girls' Varsity	Here
Feb. 15	Hinesburg	Girls' J. V's.	Here
Feb. 18	Bristol	Girls' Varsity	There
Feb. 22	Open Date		
Feb. 25	Open Date		
Mar. 1	Beeman Academy	Girls' Varsity	There
Mar. 4	Shoreham	Girls' J. V's.	Here
Mar. 8	Alumni	Girls' Varsity	Here

## SKIING

When the snow comes tumbling down  
And the frost begins to bite,  
All the skiers lose their frown  
And start their downward flight.

The hardware business starts to hum,  
The sporting store gets its share,  
Because the skier must have his fun  
In the frosty winter air.

When the equipment is complete  
The sportsmen rally forth  
To on long slopes compete  
For honors of the snowy north.



## Exchange

Marie Slack, '39

### The Hourglass

Orleans High School

The December issue of your paper is exceptional. We were glad to see some fiction in addition to "Campus Chatter," one of your best features.

### L. H. S. Review

Londonderry Two-Year High School

Excellent! You certainly have set a mark by your first issue which the next three will do well to equal.

### The Sentinel

Barre High School

You're surely ambitious. Your articles, especially, are well written.

### The Green Horn

Springfield High School

You are ambitious, too, aren't you? Your letters to and from the editor take our fancy.

### R. H. S. Chips

Richmond High School

Of all the features of your magazine, the poetry seems the most promising.

### W. H. S. Airwaves

Waterbury High School

Your whole paper is a great job. The style in which your contributions are written pleases us immensely.

### Enosburg Falls Hi-Spirit

Enosburg Falls High School

Yours is one of the most interesting papers we receive. The articles are well written; the fiction is smooth-flowing and expresses good ideas.

We enjoy all our exchanges and are looking forward to late issues of all of them, in which we hope to find comments and criticisms. Please tell us whether or not you think the changes in our magazine are improvements.

## Grinnery

K. Haven, '39, Editor

The more you know, the more you forget.

Desmond Casey (in Physics class): "Why do we have to have that six-weeks test on Monday? We'll forget what we know over the week-end."

Mr. Goddard, looking at Des: "Some of you haven't got anything to forget."

### Bottoms Up!

Dick Barrows (in Course X): "A person in the business world today has to start at the bottom and work up."

Sidney Danyow: "A parachute jumper starts at the top and works down."

### Wardrobe

Marolyn Powers (at marching practice): "I wish they wouldn't take such long steps, I'll split my skirt."

Mr. Barry: "You've got a coat on, haven't you?"

### The Stomach Ache

H. Washburn: "Just one more question, teacher. What did the Dead Sea die of?"

Teacher: "Sea sickness."

Warren ("Biddy") Flagg brought a note from his mother to his Home Room teacher this fall, which read: "Warren is a delicate and nervous child and if he is naughty, and he sometimes is, just punish the boy next to him, and that will frighten him so that he will be good."

First (at Aggie Boys' Banquet): "Sure is good asparagus."

Second: "That's right, but what I can't figure out is how the cook had time to braid the ends of them all."

Mr. Wallace (in English 12): "And what kind of books should be swallowed?"

Answer (from corner of room): "Cook books."

Eleanor Langeway thinks Whittier would have been "a nice old grandfather."

Mr. Goddard (in Psychology class): "What do we do when we think?"

H. Bailey: "Scratch our heads."

Miss Ryan (to her French I class): "Can't you people even understand English?"

Miss Young (sending Dick Jordan out of History 7 class): "You may give this note to Mr. Goddard."

R. Jordan: "Haven't you got another one, too?"

### Scenes at the Senior "Shindig"

"Can I borrow your frame for this struggle?"

"Come on, you worm, let's wiggle!"

Boy, holding out his arm: "Hop on, kid!"

Mr. Goddard: "I don't like to holler at you boys; it gets me out of breath."

Art Booth: "Try standing in a draft."

### Only One More

M. Thorpe (at Bridge Club): "Do you use the joker in Bridge?"

Mr. Barry: "There are enough jokers here already."



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