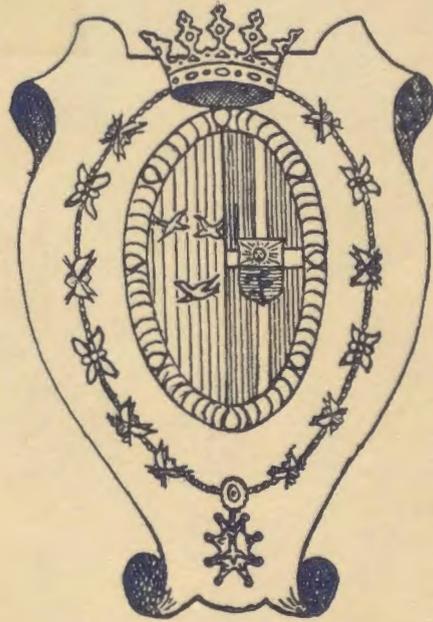


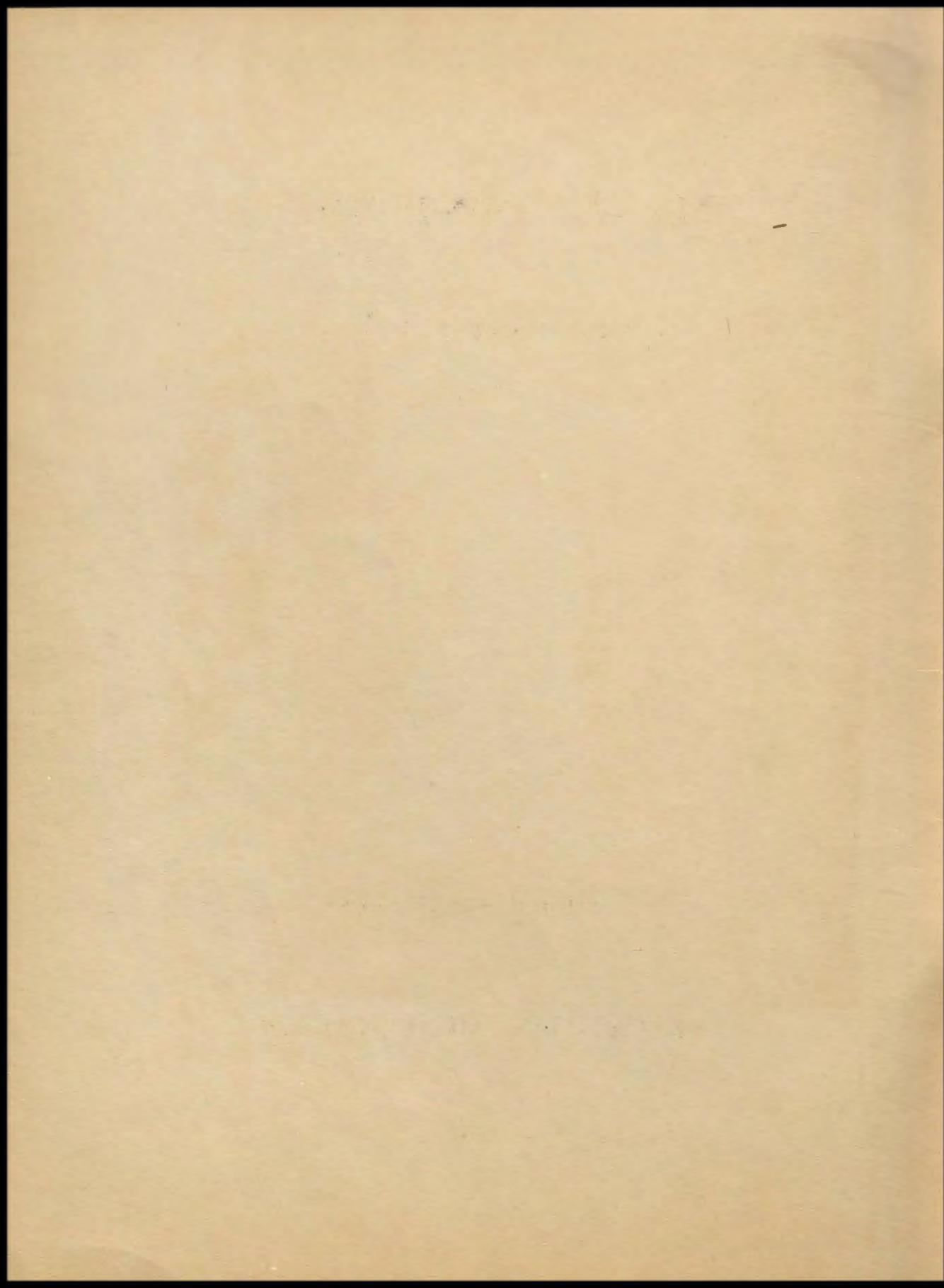
Blue and White



Vergennes High School

Commencement Issue

1946



THE BLUE AND WHITE

Commencement Issue

1946

Published by the Pupils

of the

VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

Vergennes, Vermont

DEDICATION

We wish to dedicate this school magazine to the late ex-Governor William H. Wills, who, as a boy, attended Vergennes Public School. Needless to say the passing of this citizen has been deeply felt by all. As a token of gratitude, we deem it an honor to pay tribute to this great humanitarian by dedicating this magazine to his memory.



Former Governor William H. Wills

"The forgotten man of tomorrow is the man who stopped learning yesterday."

BUILDING THE BRIDGE

by Will Allen Dromgoole

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast, and deep, and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim, near,
"You are wasting strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide,—
Why build you the bridge at the eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head:
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me to-day
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

FAVORITE POEM OF WILLIAM H. WILLS

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief.....	Betty Norton, '46
Assistant Editor.....	Nancy Partch, '47
Business Manager.....	Phillip Griffith, '46
Assistant Business Managers.....	Bill Taylor '47, Teresa Bodette '48
Literary Editor.....	Jean Myers, '48
Language Editors.....	Janet Abare '47, Ernest Chapman '47
Girls' Sports.....	Jane Norton, '48
Boys' Sports.....	Walter Wood '46
Safety Patrol.....	Jeanne Guyett '47
Alumni.....	Alice Wallace '46, Esther Bristol '47
Exchange.....	Francis Burroughs '46
Jokes.....	Kay Looby '47, George Bibeau '47
Art.....	Shirley Hamel '47
Literary Advisor.....	Mrs. Wright
Business Advisor.....	Principal Berry



BLUE AND WHITE STAFF

Back Row: left to right—Theresa Bodette, Nancy Partch, Phillip Griffith, Principal Berry, Walter Wood, Shirley Hamel, Alice Wallace. Middle Row: left to right—Jeanne Guyett, Betty Norton, Kay Looby, Esther Bristol, Janet Abare, Jean Myers, Jane Norton. Front Row: left to right—Bill Taylor, Ernie Chapman, George Bibeau, Francis Burroughs.

PROLOGUE

"Climb Tho' the Rocks Be Rugged"

For four years, we the Class of 1946, have been preparing ourselves to be well fitted and fortified against the Battle of Life. Although parting is sweet and sorrowful, we are now ready to leave behind us the happy days at Vergennes High School to start on the road to our hopes and dreams.

We accept life's challenge to the youth of today and will follow on life's journey to the Castle of Success.



Francis Homer Burroughs "Buzz"

"All Play, No Work"

Music 1-2-3-4, Stunt Night 1, Minstrel Show 3-4, Tri-school Music Festival 2-3-4, Senior Play 4, Patrol 1, Junior Prom Committee 3, Blue and White Staff 4, Class History 4.

Francis is the easy going type who doesn't let a few unfinished assignments cloud his horizons. We still don't quite understand how you got by with it, "Buzz."

Jean Daigneault

"Jeanie"

"There but for the Grace of God, goeth I.

Stunt Night Committee 1, Scrap Drive 1, Junior Prom Committee 3, Senior Play 4, Press Club 4, Religion 2-3-4, Salutatorian 4, Class Poem 4, and Patrol 4.

Jean is famous for her inexhaustible supply of wise remarks. May you always have the host of good friends you've had throughout high school, "Jeanie."





Phillip Griffith

"Prof"

"Ignorance is the root of all evil."

Scrap Drive 1, Student Patrol 3-4, Class Secretary 3-4, Class Treasurer 4, Methodist Youth Fellowship 3-4, Senior Play 4, Valedictorian, Press Club 4, and Blue and White Staff 4.

Phillip has been very studious during his four years in high school, and shows signs of a very prosperous and worthwhile future. His ambition is to become a high school teacher.

Alfred Jerger

"Jergie"

"Still waters run deep."

Scrap Drive 1, Farming Certificate 2, Apple Picking 2-3, Stunt Night 1, Senior Play 4, Class Poem 4, Religion 4.

When Alfred entered our freshman class, we thought he seemed a little bashful, but during our four years of high school with him we have discovered we were sadly mistaken. Also "Jergie" had a remarkable sense of humor.



Alice Larrow

"Allie"

"Better late than never."

Senior Play 4, Scrap Drive 1, Chess Club 2, Apple Picking 3, Minstrel Show 2-4, Tri-school festival 4, All-State Festival 4, Mixed Chorus 2-3-4, Religion 2-3, and Girls' Chorus 1-2-3-4.

She's the cute little senior who flits about the school undisturbed by the wolfish whistles which come her way. Here's wishing you much success, "Al."



Margaret Little

"Pat"

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Scrap Drive 1, Stunt Night 1, Junior Prom Committee 3, Press Club 4, and Senior Play 4.

Pat has taken over the position of Mr. Palermo's secretary. May you have much success in the business world which you plan to enter, "Pat."



Betty Norton

"Aggie"

"Where there's a will there's a way."

Scrap Drive 1, Girls' Chorus 1-2-3-4, Mixed Chorus 1-2-3-4, Minstrel Show 3-4, Tri-school Festival 1-2-3-4, Safety Patrol 1-2-3-4, Patrol Captain 4, Blue and White Editor 4, Good Citizenship Girl 4, Stunt Night 1, Cheer Leader 3, Sextette 3-4, Class Secretary 1, Class Treasurer 3, Press Club 4, All-State Festival 4, Apple Picking 1-2, Salutatorian, Senior Play 4, Co-Manager Magazine Campaign 4, Class Song 4.

She's the busy body of the class who knows how to take orders as well as give them. We're sure "Aggie" will make a success of whatever she does in life. (By the way, her nickname originates from her middle name, "Agnes.")

Roberta Shepard

"Bertie"

"Learning is not an easy matter."

Bristol High School

Music 1, Dramatic Club 2-3, Commercial Club 3, Girl Scouts 1-2-3, Home Ec. Club 1-2, and Methodist Youth Fellowship 1-2-3.

Vergennes High School

Press Club 4, Methodist Youth Fellowship 4, Senior Play 4, Advice to Undergraduates 4.

Bertie enrolled at V. H. S. her senior year. She hails from the little valley town of Bristol, Vermont. We were glad to have had you with us even if it was for only one year, "Bertie."



Alice Wallace

"Sunbeam"

"Silence is Golden."

Vice President 4, Music 2-3-4, Senior Play 4, Press Club 4, Blue and White Staff 4, and Methodist Youth Fellowship 3-4.

Alice wishes to express her appreciation to all those who have made her high school education possible, especially Dr. and Mrs. Alan W. Wright.



Walter Wood

"Walt"

"Knowledge is better than wealth."

Middlebury High

Treasurer 2, and Apple Picking 2.

Vergennes High

Basketball 3-4, Captain 4, Senior Play 4, Junior Prom Committee 3, Baseball 3-4, Class President 4, Mixed Chorus 3-4, Minstrel Show 3-4, All-State Chorus 4, Class Will 4, Co-Manager Magazine Campaign 4, Blue and White Staff 4, and Patrol 3-4.

Walt transferred from Middlebury High to Vergennes High in his junior year. He made an immediate "hit" with all of us and was captain of the "Celebrated" Boys' Varsity his senior year.



**Clovis Yandow****"Josey"**

"Put off until tomorrow what you can do today."

Stunt Night 1, Scrap Drive 1, Apple Picking 1-2, Basketball 3-4, Basketball Captain 3, Baseball 3-4, Class President 3, Treasurer 1, Patrol 3-4, and Presentations 4.

Clovis is known as the Casanova of V. H. S. There seems to be something about you that we just can't resist, Caz. He also was one of the star forwards on the Boys' Basketball team.

1946

Class Colors—Blue and Gold

Class Flower—Yellow Rose

CLASS HISTORY

Back in 1942 we took our place as the Freshman class of Vergennes High School. After electing Paul Wright, Clovis Yandow, Betty Norton and Jim McEvila as class officers, we settled down to a year of work and fun.

The first major event of the year was Freshmen initiation. Everybody dreaded its coming, but it wasn't really so bad. True we paraded up and down the streets looking like monkeys, but so had every class before us. The best part came after the initiation at the gym, when the seniors treated us to cider and cookies and pronounced us full fledged members of Vergennes High School.

With Mr. Gile as class advisor we participated in the school scrap metal drive sponsored by the American Legion. Prizes were offered for the three classes collecting the most. However, everyone did so well they raised the prize money and gave us a dance afterwards.

When it came to "Stunt Night," we put on a show called "Majoreess Bow-wow and Her Amateurs," a facsimile of the Major Bowes radio show. We took second place.

We started our Sophomore year with Mr. Berry as our new principal, and Mr. Templeton as class advisor. The following took over as class officers: Jim McEvila, Glenn Purcell, Fred Bull, and Colleen LeBeau.

With the help of some of the city's organizations, the school organized a recreation hall in the Haven block. The students did most of the work in preparing the hall and later enjoyed the benefits of it.

That winter we went on a sleigh ride to Pantown and afterwards had hot chocolate and cookies.

Our Junior year we started off by electing Clovis Yandow, Jim McEvila, Phillip Griffith and Betty Norton as

class officers. Then under the guidance of Mr. Palermo, we sponsored a Hallowe'en dance and gave prizes for the two best costumes.

The really big event of the year was the Junior Prom, given for the Seniors. With some crepe paper, a crystal ball, four colored spotlights, and a little work, we had one of the best decorated halls in the state. A reception was held for the Seniors from 8:30 until 9:00, and dancing, with Jack Collins' Orchestra, from 9:00 until 1:00. Everyone had a good time and it was a great success.

When our class came together last fall we found we had thirteen members left. Many of our former group had joined the different branches of the service to help Uncle Sam. Walt Wood took over as president and Alice Wallace as vice-president, while Phillip Griffith covered both secretary and treasurer. Mr. Berry and Mr. Galipeau were our new class advisors.

One of the first problems of the year was deciding on a Senior play. We solved that by choosing the romantic comedy, "Garden of the Moon." With Mrs. Wright as director and the whole Senior class as cast, the play was a success in every way.

A staff was chosen for the "Blue and White" and work was started on the Christmas issue. We had a fairly good paper and completely sold out the first edition. Our commencement issue, we hope, will be even better.

By a student and faculty vote, Betty Norton was chosen good "Citizenship girl" of the year.

Graduation will bring an end to this history, and also to four years of work and fun in this building, which in a way has been our workshop. Here we have prepared for the important business of living. In the years to come we will be separated, but we will always look back at our four years spent at Vergennes High School with pleasure.

Francis Burroughs, '46.

CLASS PROPHECY

It is the year 1966. A huge airliner is just leaving LaGuardia Field in New York City.

I'm air hostess on the plane and have just discovered that one of my old classmates of V. H. S. is a passenger, namely, Walter Wood. The pilot of the plane is Clovis Yandow. As Clovis has proved to be very efficient, I can relax and find out all about the class of '46 from that noted writer and critic, Walter Wood.

First Walt tells me that under the name of "Troubadour Cupid" he runs a column of advice to the lovelorn in the newspaper, "Time of My Life." And that he is now on his way to Boston to appear as a love expert on Radio Station V. H. S. on the Information Please Program. Only yesterday he received a letter from Betty Norton, who, in spite of her blonde hair and blue eyes is having quite a time to capture her "man." She feels that this is because she is "pleasingly plump." So Walt recommended her to one of his former classmates, Margaret Little, who has a gym for fat farmerettes. Margaret married after leaving high school and found farm life so dull that she set up this school. Her remedy is a great deal of exercise, staying out nights, and chewing gum for facial muscles. Anyway, I hope she can help Betty because she really deserves to settle down now after 20 years of nursing at the We Cure 'Em All Hospital.

Now I'm going to tell you about the other members of the Class of '46.

Philip Griffith is teaching a course in Home Economics at Shoe, Horn Bend. Just to be different they hired a man to teach Home Economics for they could tell that Philip was most capable of handling such a position.

Alice Larrow has lived a very glamorous life since she left V. H. S. Her first husband started her on the road to fame. He was the owner of the famous Midway Hotel in Chicago and the proud possessor of one million three hundred and forty two thousand dollars. But while on a visit to Peru, Alice fell in love and married a Peruvian. But it didn't last long. Now she is living with her 17th husband. She seems to be doing all right for herself but is having quite a time to manage her children. Maybe it's because she has thirteen.

Roberta Shepard opened a kindergarten over in Bristol. She has been so successful with children that she has written many articles for "Parents Magazine" on child care.

Jean Daigneault works for a New York firm. She's a model of all types of clothes from dungarees to tailored suits.

Francis Burroughs really found his calling. Everyone reads about the cases he has won in the courts. As a lawyer he is unsurpassed in ability.

And last but not least, we come to the better part of the senior class of '46. A gentleman who has really stuck by his native state—Alfred Jerger. Since Alfred was the only member of the class to stay near home he decided to open a ranch. He calls this ranch "Tex Care-away's Hangout" or "Smoking Guns and Smouldering Souls."

Here we are so busy reminiscing about our classmates that we didn't even know that our faithful pilot had once again reached the destination on time. Now that we're down out of the air we'll continue our normal lives. But it certainly is gratifying to realize that all of the class of '46 are so successful and have made a mark in the world.

Alice Wallace, '46.

CLASS WILL

We, the members of the class of '46, of Vergennes High School of the City of Vergennes, County of Addison, State of Vermont, being of sound mind, memory and understanding, do make, publish and declare the following as and for our last Will and Testament this is to say: We hereby revoke all wills, codicils or testamentary instruments by us at any time heretofore made and:

To Mr. Berry we leave a brand new telephone so the children's parents in the future can telephone their complaints instead of walking clear over to the office.

To Mrs. Berry we leave a private secretary to handle the school's business. You have trouble enough with your classes don't you Mrs. Berry? We don't know which your doing, teaching Business Practice or Practicing Business.

To Mrs. Patterson we leave a string to hitch to her glasses so that they won't wonder too far off just when she needs them. I think you left them on the chalk tray Mrs. Patterson. Walter Wood also leaves you his sense of humor so that you may enjoy George Bi-beau in the coming year.

To Mr. Palermo we leave the keen interest we have shown throughout American History this year, well most of us, well there were three that paid attention. All right, Betty Norton and Alice Wallace did all right didn't they? Betty Norton also leaves you her jolly smile to wear in Study Hall, you look SO SOBER!

To Mr. Galipeau we leave a bright red sweater so that his blushing moments will go unnoticed. We also leave him a book entitled "How to Argue." We have heard that Nancy Partch likes a little argument now and then. What about that Nancy?

To Mrs. Peck we leave space in the cellar so that when her Home Economics class bakes a cake it won't have so far to fall. We also leave her

money to install ventilation in the Home Ec. rooms. How old are the eggs you use in the cakes you make?

To Mrs. Wright we leave our old and battered English books. Oh! they got sch a beating being taken home every night. Isn't that right Clovis? We also leave her a dictaphone to put behind the chairs in the back row. It is rumored that some of the people in the back row had rather talk than listen to the lesson. What are you talking about back there, English?

To Mrs. Nelson we leave our good wishes and the one's of us who have taken Latin from her shall never forget her, oh! but how they love to forget that Latin.

To Austin Booth we leave our names and in numerous cases, names of others on about every desk in the school. Don't take them off Austin, especially the one I put right beside the one my great-great grandfather put on there when he was in school.

CLASS WILL OF "46"

I, Francis Burroughs, leave my ability to do my physics and advanced algebra, to Nancy Partch. Not that you really need it, Nancy,—much. I also leave to Bill Taylor my talent for picking on "all" the girls. I wish you wouldn't take them so seriously Bill. Last but not least, I leave my knowledge of farming to Coleman Parker. You would make the cutest farmer Coley. Moo Moo instead of Woo Woo.

I, Jean Daigneault, leave to Jean Guyett, my snappy remarks and "corny jokes." I got by with them Jean, and I think you can too—I hope; also I leave to my sister Jerry, my Bible references, so that she may carry on my view points where I left off. A little argument now and then never hurt anyone, did it Jerry? I leave Marie Bodette my cultured manners and my perfect English, so that she may become a perfect lady.

I, Phillip Griffith, leave to Ernie Chapman, my glasses, so that he can see his way around after dark. I

think they'd come in pretty handy don't you Ernie? I also leave to Senator Erwin Clark my manly build and rugged disposition so that he may enter the outside world as a wrestler as I intend to do.

I, Alfred Jerger, leave to Donald Spooner my pick-up truck, so that he may do all the running around for the High School as I've done during the past four years. I also leave to Benny Dike, my big brown eyes and lazy drawl. They got me places, Benny, so I'll let you try your luck with them. You may have to get your glasses changed.

I, Alice Larrow, leave to Lorraine Poquette my ability to chew gum in class without getting caught. You don't seem to have very good luck, do you, Lorraine. Also I leave to Ginny Lackard, my boy friend's motorcycle, so Bob won't always have to "traipse" down to your house whenever he wants to see you. Now you can go see him.

I, Margaret Little, leave to Kenneth Roberts my flaming red tresses. It seems as though we heard you were particularly fond of red hair, Kenny. Also I leave my fiery temper to Shirley Hamel, maybe it would be a good thing if you did get flustered once in a while Shirley. I leave to Molly Burnham my vast store of wit and humor to use when she is having trouble with Walt. Just say something funny, Molly. Walt likes to laugh. You two don't fight anyway do you?

I, Betty Norton, leave to Kay Looby my completed English assignment. Looks like you'll have to find some new excuses now, Kay. I also leave my snappy swing and sway walk to Dud Whitney and then everyone will recognize him by the way he walks.

I, Roberta Shepard, leave to Paul Chapman my natural wavy hair. Now you won't have to spend so much time in front of the mirror, Paul. I also leave to Gloria Merrill, my ability to stay home nights. It's really not as gruesome as you think it is, Gloria.

I, Alice Wallace, leave to Jean My-

ers, my sweet, gentle voice, never mind though, Jean, you'll get by. Also I leave my history marks to Betty Jordan. They may come in handy sometime, Betty. I'll also throw in the book too, there are a lot of pictures in it.

I, Walter Wood, leave my gift of gab to Jimmy Smith. I always seem to find something to say, don't I Jimmy? Especially if the conversation is on the feminine side. Also I leave my car to Marvin Blakely. Maybe you can have a little variety then, Marvin. I also leave to Molly Burnham my ability to get caught chewing gum in Mrs. Patterson's class. Oh! I forgot you already have that ability.

I, Clovis Yandow, leave to George Bibeau my "Romeo Technique." Here's wishing you all the good luck I've had, Georgie. I also leave to Coleman Parker my pet excuse for never having my home work done. If the truth were known, it could be that you and I have the same basic reasons, huh, Coleman.

CLASS POEM

Amid this time of turmoil
In a world wracked with sin,
There is a challenge ringing
For the future citizen.

The world is in need of a guiding power
That will keep us from straying afar,
And bring us back to a peaceful state
Guiding us far from war.

It doesn't need the atomic bomb,
Nor guns with bullets flying,
But man's love for his fellowman
And the will to work together.

So on this day of farewell
To our classmates and our school,
We, the class of forty-six,
Will strive to reach our goal.

So we are ready to play our part
In this, our world of strife;
We will learn from the errors of others
We will build for all a good life.

Jean Daigneault, '46.

CLASS SONG

(Tune: The Best Things in Life Are
Free)

The time has come when we must part
Now into the world we'll go,
Leaving behind the school we love
And friends we have come to know.
Down deep in our hearts,
We wish we were back,
In high school once more, just as be-
fore,
But onward now we all must go,
So farewell, dear old V. H. S.

As we ascend that narrow path
Which leads us to heights above,
Our thoughts will often wander back
To school days we'll always love.
As we journey on,
In years drifting by,
We'll often recall, old Vergennes High.
But now our separate ways we'll go
So goodbye, Class of '46.

Betty Norton, '46.

ADVICE TO THE UNDERGRADUATES

Now, the time has come for me, Roberta Shepard, to give some valuable advice from my classmates to the undergraduates. Since our class is so small each of us has had to shoulder more responsibilities than the students in an average class. Therefore, we have more information on which we can base the following friendly advice to the undergraduates.

First: If you want to know how to get along without studying, ask Clovis Yandow and Francis Burroughs how they do it.

Second: For those who find study hall too dull and need a pen pal, consult Alice Larrow—she may lend you one.

My Third bit of advice is to the “late risers” who should consult Alfred Jerger on how to be admitted to class.

Fourth: For those who would like to know how to get along with all the teachers, ask our Pat Little for her technique.

Fifth: In case you fellows might be caught at a dance without a girl, consult Walt Wood as to how to get one “on the double.”

The Sixth bit of advice I have is to the girls who would like to be able to get B's in history and yet receive sufficient recreation (you know what we

mean girls). We advise you to consult our able guide, Alice Wallace.

Seventh: Those who wish to learn the knack of studying even during a study hall of turmoil should seek advice from Phillip Griffith. I'm sure he could remedy your problem.

Eighth: To the quiet little students who appear to be a little “Wallflower-ish” we recommend the worthy advice of Jean Daigneault. She has certainly added life to our Senior Class.

Ninth: Those students who do not like to take books home in one volume for doing home work, may find Betty Norton's plan a useful one. (By the way, Betty, did you ever put the missing pages back in your books?)

Now for a little advice to the undergraduates from the serious side of life. We, the class of 1946, have been one of the classes which were greatly affected by the world war as witnessed by our small number. Many of our members had to leave school to take their places in the armed forces so that you might live in a peaceful world. Therefore our parting advice to you is that you appreciate all that your parents and teachers are doing to help you secure an education; cooperate well with them; make the most of the opportunities that you now have and leave nothing undone to make peace a lasting one.

Roberta Shepard, '46.

CHALLENGE

By Florence Bolger Wright

Dedicated to the Class of 1946—V. H. S.
Keep climbing, Youth!
Out of the ashes—out of the rotting
remnants
Of the weary Past,
Build your new world!
Carry it high—up—up—
Beyond the mists of the mountain peaks
Climb your White Tower!
Struggle and strain against the wind,
Bare your head to the sun—
Give your heart, your muscle,
And your fine, young manhood
To the task.
It takes the best.
Do not be detained by the little men
Who think themselves giants—
They are only creeping ants!
Pass quickly the tainted lowlands of
despair!
Your work is waiting there—shining
and free.
Your dream still waits.
You will be beaten, bruised—stop not
for bleeding hands.
Despair has no place here.
Do not look back—there are old men
there
Full of dire predictions, and even
threats.
Leave the surly scoffer to his bitter-
ness.
Brush lightly past the indolent, the
indifferent.
They will be always there, waiting in
the foothills
To trip you, when, with your head in
the stars, you are unwary.
You will come down at sunset,
Infinitely tired and worn;
Aching, and in pain, and glad to die.
But what will it matter? You will
have climbed,
You will have reached,
And for one brief moment that is eter-
nal,
You will have looked upon the sky!

"INIMICAL TWINS"

From babyhood, Della and Bella had been dressed alike and had been treated as nearly alike as possible. Even so, each was jealous of everything that the other one had, if she didn't have something exactly like it. This grew to be a mania with Della. She was even jealous of Dorian Gardner, Bella's boy friend.

One fine spring day Dorian went over to the Pennington's to ask Bella to take a walk with him. The afternoon was perfect. The flowers were beginning to bud. The birds were singing and even the air smelled of spring. It was a day to make you glad you were alive.

Della met him at the door. "Hi! Dorian. Isn't it a swell day out? Our tulips are budded. Bella's in the other room waiting for you. Go on in."

As he approached the door, a feeling of dread swept over him. Slowly, the door squeaked open. There, sprawled grotesquely on the floor, with a nail file in her heart, lay Bella. At a glance he knew that she was dead. With a gasp, he told Della to get the police. "What is it? I've got to see, too!" Della screamed. Pushing past him she entered the room. At the sight of her dead sister, she became hysterical. Dorian gruffly told her to get hold of herself. He led her out of the room, locked the door, and went for the police.

Finally, the one and only member of the police force arrived. Bursting into the house, he exclaimed: "Had a flat tire, so had to hitch a ride. Hope you haven't touched anything. Finger prints you know? When did you find her? Where's Della; where's the body?"

Breaking in on him Dorian said, "Whoa Wait a minute! I can't answer everything at once. The body's in the next room. So far as I know, it hasn't been touched. Della's lying

down. The shock, you know. They were always very close. I found the body about two minutes before I called you. Here's the key to the room. I locked it to keep everyone out. Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"No, there's nothing you can do. Stay where I can reach you if I want to. Good bye." Impatiently the chief sent Dorian home.

The next day the chief called Dorian. "I wish you and your brother Ronald would come down to the office as soon as possible!"

As soon as Dorian and Ronald arrived, they were ushered into the chief's office. After talking about everything but the murder, he suddenly asked, "Ronald, you wear specially made shoes don't you? They have special lifts in them don't they? Where were you when Bella was murdered? You quarreled with her the evening before she was found dead, Didn't You?"

Comepletely flustered for a moment Ronald couldn't speak. Then he screamed, "I didn't kill her, I didn't! That afternoon I went walking in the woods, no one saw me, but I didn't kill her." Then he calmed down a bit and asked, "Why do you want to know if I have special lifts on my shoes? Yes, I do, but it's none of your business. Who told you I had a fight with Bella? We exchanged a few words but I called her up this morning and apologized."

The chief replied "I'm sorry, son, but in the face of all the evidence I'm holding you on suspicion of murder! At this, both brothers looked shocked, and started to protest. "Hold it!" the chief said, "I found foot prints of your shoes in the mud outside of the room where Bella was murdered. I searched your room and found a bloody shirt. Everything points to You!"

In a sort of daze Dorian walked from the office. Mechanically, he started home, his mind busy with thoughts of Bella and Ronald intermingled. As he passed the murder house Della called

to him. He followed her into the house. After they were seated she went on, "The chief came here last night and asked me a lot of stupid questions and then left without telling me anything. No one tells me anything." She rambled on, talking about everything but always coming back to the murder. Finally she said, "I'm sorry about Ronald. Finding that bloody shirt in his room certainly settles the case doesn't it?"

Suddenly everything became clear to Dorian. "How did you know that they found a bloody shirt in his room? You told me no one ever tells you anything!"

Her face went red then white. "I-I-er someone told me. No, that's not true. I killed her! I did it! I planted those clues in Ronald's room. But you won't tell will you?" With that she started towards the desk with a pen knife on it. He saw her intentions and grabbed for it too. They both reached it at the same time. With superhuman strength she tried to gain possession of it. She made a misstep and fell to the floor, hitting her head on the edge of the desk. After making sure that she was all right, he called the police to take the real murderer away.

Barbara Drew, '47.

Shirley Hamel: "Is Doc. Wisell a careful dentist?"

Lorraine Poquette: "Well, he filled my teeth with great pains."

Mr. Berry (at the Inn): "Take this coffee away, it tastes like mud."

Kay Evarts (waitress): "Well, it was only ground this morning."

Mr. Galipeau: "Your wife drives like lightning doesn't she?"

Mr. Peck: "Yes, always hitting trees."

"THAT FRIDAY NIGHT FEELING"

Well, here it is, Friday night again. There simply must be something more exciting to do than darning my old pair of plaid socks. I suppose I could go to the movies and help Ray Milland find "The Lost Weekend," or I might even get up enough ambition to go bowling. But, after slaving away in school all day I haven't much energy left in the evening to be used up bowling. Oh! I know what I can do! I can breeze down to the high school gym and do a little rug cutting. Regardless of how intensely I may study in school during the day, I always seem to find enough pep for a little "jitterbugging" or boogie-woogie." Suddenly, above the racket of Harry James playing "Flatbush Flannagan," I hear a voice calling from downstairs. It is my mother:

"The dishes are ready to be dried, and don't forget your father wants you to run over to the drug store and buy him the "Reader's Digest."

Oh! for the life of a hum-bug. They don't have to dry the dishes or run errands for their father. In desperation, I turn off the radio and drag myself downstairs to dry the dishes. After I finish this unwelcome task, I meander over to the drug store to get Pop his magazine. He had given me fifty cents and told me to keep the change. Bingo! A stupendous idea hits me! Right then and there, I decide how I will spend my evening. I'll buy one of the latest movie magazines and a double-header of butterscotch-royale with "jimmies" on it.

After putting this bright idea into action, I scurry home and run up to my room with my magazine and ice cream cone. As I cuddle up in my soft, easy chair, I solemnly promise that no later than next Friday night, I will darn the hole in my old plaid sock, but right now, I have much more interesting things to do!

Betty Norton, '46.

AN ANCIENT CITADEL

Behold me now, a covered ruin—
Once I was a city wide.
Here people lived and sang and danced,
And yet I died, and yet I died!

My people were tall and unafraid,
Then I had no flaws to hide.
I was the queen of all around—
And yet I died, and yet I died!

My watchtowers were the highest,
Culture was my joy and pride.
My temples the most beautiful
And yet I died, and yet I died!

Although the years have come and gone,
And layers of soil my buildings hide,
My teachings have lived on and on—
But once I died, but once I died!

Jeanne Guyett, '47.

THE CORNER STORE

Just around the corner from my house is a little white store. Not very large in appearance but very important from my point of view. Its counters are immaculate and spread with goodies that every one enjoys. Its manager is always cheerful with a good word for everyone.

Now this store really has a story to tell, for it helped catch the robbers of the First National Bank. The day of the robbery the little white store had delicious cream puffs in the window. Now it seems that one of the robbers enjoyed cream puffs so much that he couldn't resist going in to have one. The other robbers didn't trust him so they too went along. The manager, whose name I had forgotten to mention, was Fred Rivers, at once recognized them from the posters that had been tacked up all over town, as this was not the first bank they had robbed. Fred, being so jolly and cheerful managed to go to the back room without arousing their suspicion and called the police who came at once and captured the robbers. So you see, folks, the little white store with its window of cream puffs caught the bank robbers.

"Molly" Burnham, '47.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CAT

Since on April fifth I will reach the ripe old age of four years, I deem it time to write the story of my life. To begin my very eventful existence, I was born. To be more explicit, I was born in the lowly grain shed of a chicken farm. At the early age of six weeks, my brother and I were torn away from our dear mother and I was christened a variety of names. Among the most enduring of these was "Colonel Snoopnagle" which was shortly abbreviated to "Snoopy." This phenomenon was somewhat due to my habit of breaking off my whiskers during my numerous explorations under my mistress's bureau and bed.

Unfortunately, my brother "Blackie," not being born a gentleman as was I, had to go back to being a barn cat, because he couldn't quite get used to houses.

There was nothing unusual about my first year except that I developed an enormous appetite. Among my favorite tid-bits were kidney and liver, although I would accept steak and roast beef scraps as substitutes.

During my second year, having explored everything in the house, I decided to enter the wide, wide world by way of a second story window much to the anguish of my family. I may also add that from that day forward, I made my exit by way of the front door.

In my third year my adopted family bought a new living room suite, which was ideal for a cat to scratch his toe nails on. To this day, I can't understand why everyone disagreed with me.

Also, after trying all the chairs in the living room for comfort, I decided on the one by the radio, and I don't think it's quite necessary to move me quite so often.

Why don't they let a cat have a little peace around here?

Teresa Jean Bodette, '48.

THE LEGACY

A Short Story
by Janet Abare

Blue Ridge was conscious that Marguerite Hubbard was planning on collecting the bills of her father, Doctor Hubbard, as they were all she had left from her father's inheritance. Everyone also knew that Bill Whitcomb was an ever present shadow as far as Marge was concerned. As she came out of the house, she was not surprised to find him just coming up the walk.

"Hello Bill, I guess I'm all set to start collecting this morning. I've all the files straightened out. I'm visiting 'Old Mrs. Budge' this morning; she lives on the River Road. See you this afternoon."

On arriving at the old tumble-down house on River Road, Marge wondered why Mrs. Budge didn't fix up her house, since she came into her unknown fortune. She rapped on the door and when Mrs. Budge appeared she presented her the bill dated a year previous. Mrs. Budge read the statement, then pulled her head in the door and cackled in a broken voice:

"I ain't never been to no hospital nor I ain't never had no fool doctors." "Go away." And so saying, she pulled the door shut. Marge was taken aback; she hadn't expected anything like this.

Reaching home after a tiresome day she was pondering over the mystery of Mrs. Budge. She was sure she had copied that bill addressed plainly to her. She would look again at the file. As she entered her father's den, she halted abruptly. The room was a sight; papers strewn over the desk and floor. She went at once to the safe, but it had not been touched. She was puzzling over who the intruder might be, when Bill arrived.

"Oh, Bill! Who could have done this? They must have been after something."

"Let's pick up the papers, Marge, and we will be able to tell if anything is missing."

When the files had been righted, Marge remarked:

"The only thing that is missing is an old record of a bill about services rendered Mrs. Budge. Who would want that?"

Then she had to tell Bill about her experience with Mrs. Budge. After listening to her Bill asked:

"You don't suppose it could have anything to do with her fortune, do you? Everyone said it was rather queer how she got all that money all of a sudden from some unknown person." "I think I'll dig up some information about it out of the files down at the 'Clarion.'"

Next day, coming out of the corner drug store, Marge was so deep in thought that she nearly ran into a stranger. As she turned to get a better look at him, she was conscious that he had been watching her. She felt a chill.

"What's the matter with me? I've been so jumpy since Dad's death; he'd say it was bad nerves. What's odd in a stranger staring?" She turned her way to Maple Street forgetting for a moment the dark stranger who had stood watching her so intently.

Bill was waiting for her when she returned; he had news.

Marge, I couldn't find anything in the files that might connect Mrs. Budge with this, except the fact that she had a young woman come to stay with her. They say she had a child, and was quite wealthy, but she was a sickly person. A little later, there was an article saying the woman passed away; then Mrs. Budge came into this money and she hasn't let that child out of her sight since. There must be something definitely wrong."

There was a rap on the door. Marge went to answer it. There stood the stranger whom she had seen at the drug store.

"Miss Hubbard, I presume?"

"Yes."

"I'm a private detective, and I am looking for a little girl named Susan Reed."

"Say," Bill exclaimed, "That's the young woman's name who stayed with Mrs. Budge."

"Did you say Budge? Perhaps that's whom I'm looking for." Then he proceeded to tell them about a family who was looking for their little granddaughter, who was the heir to a fortune. They had heard of the death of their daughter, the child's mother. Between them they put all the puzzling pieces together, and Mr. Prentice, the detective, thanked them and went to pay a visit to Mrs. Budge.

He returned that night to tell Marge and Bill that Mrs. Budge had confessed to trying to take little Susan Reed's fortune away from her. The child had been too small to handle the money, so Mrs. Budge had been left guardian by the dying woman. She was now being taken away, and Susan was to be returned to her rightful relatives.

Within a few days Susan Reed returned to see Marge and presented her with one hundred dollars, in appreciation, and to help with College expenses in the fall. Such was an adventure in everyday life.

"TOMORROW IS FOREVER"

"Tomorrow Is Forever" is a novel written by Gwen Bristow. It is a story of a woman in love with two men, one a reality and the other only a haunting memory. Then her husband, who she has thought killed, returns, but he is so changed in personality and appearance that neither she nor her children recognize him. Not wishing to break up her recent marriage, he does not tell her who he is. He has adopted a war orphan and changed his name from Kittredge to Kessler. He takes an apartment for him and his adopted child and then very suddenly dies. Not until then does Elizabeth Herlong realize that this man was her husband.

I enjoyed this book because it is so true to life, and typical of many war tragedies.

Barbara Evans, '49.

"—AS OTHERS SEE US"

Ah, here it's time once again to tell you readers the "faults of the faculty."

I'll begin with Mr. Berry, who hands out a little Sociology along with anything else that comes to mind.

Most of the pupils of Mr. Galipeau's math class can give you the dope on his yesterday's happenings.

Mrs. Patterson is still entertaining us with an occasional French number in all her classes.

No doubt most of the Home Economic girls are sewing buttonholes in their sleep—they've been doing them so long. Won't their work pass for now, Mrs. Peck?

If you were in Mr. Bishop's sixth period study hall, very little studying would be accomplished. If anyone has completed an assignment there, let me know, will you?

Mrs. Nelson is really on her toes this year. She has even threatened to spank some of the seventh grade girls. Maybe a good spanking would do us all some good, Mrs. Nelson!

Mr. Palermo is still out late nights, but he has learned the trick of keeping wide awake the next day. How do you do it, coach?

Don't ever try to argue on French with Mrs. Wright. She really knows her French, as well as her English.

To Mrs. Berry goes this one fault—your Spanish students wish you would not give those Spanish numbers so fast.

These are the faults of our faculty as I see them. Now that I've written them I have one little confession to make—the students have many more black marks than their teachers!

Anonymous.

Mr. Palermo: "What orchestra is that?"

Mrs. Berry: "That's the orchestra that put the 'din' in the dinner and took the 'rest' out of the restaurant."



FACULTY

Back Row: left to right—Mr. Galipeau, Father Ripper, Mr. Palermo, Rev. Davis, Mr. Bishop, Principal Berry. Middle Row: left to right—Supt. Patterson, Mrs. Barrows, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Favor, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Berry, Miss Crosby. Front Row: left to right—Mrs. Peck, Miss Ball, Miss Goodere, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Patterson.

THE LAWNMOWER AND I

Did you ever have something that you simply hated to do, that you just kept putting off, saying that you would do it tomorrow? Well so have I, and that is mowing the lawn. I don't see why someone doesn't make a grass that wouldn't grow, but then it would put the lawnmower companies out of business and we wouldn't want that to happen, would we?

Well to get back to my story, let me tell you about our beautiful, big, red, shiny, smooth running, even cutting, super ball bearing, rubber tired, lawnmower. Yes, again I say let me tell you about it. My father bought it because that's what the man said about it and I will admit it did look nice compared with our old one, but he soon realized his mistake. I thought it would be a pleasure to push this one, so I started mowing the lawn. After I had been around the lawn once or twice I began recalling the things my father had said about this contraption. "Beautiful!" oh! that it was, but I thought, "looks are only skin deep." Big! too big if you ask me. If I could have borrowed a horse to pull it, I might not have minded. Red and shiny? Not for long, after I spilled the can of oil all over it in hopes that it would run easier. Now, I come to the funny part. Smooth running, even cutting, boy! You push it three or four steps and you will feel as if you were trying to push a freight train up hill backwards. And talk about even cutting, our lawn looked like the waves of the Atlantic. If it had been, I would have fessed the darn thing in. The only trouble with ball bearings was that I think they forgot to put any in. It had rubber tires all right, as I soon found out. Every time I turned a corner, one or the other of them would fall off. In disgust I put it in the shed. Well, maybe it wasn't all the lawnmower's fault. Maybe if I had mowed the lawn during the past three weeks it might have run

easier. I went into the house and tried to invent a grass that wouldn't grow, but I guess I fell asleep.

Walter Wood, '46.

JUST DAYDREAMING

Have you ever imagined yourself a great musician, a great actor or actress, the hero of a baseball or football game, a great tennis player, the champion golfer, swimmer, or diver, an aviator, or one of the millions of other things that you can dream about?

I have, and I know that you have, too. I have often imagined myself an aviator zooming through the endless sky into the world of tomorrow.

Daydreaming is good for you. It takes your mind off your studies, work and all your troubles. When you daydream, your mind rests and is not bothered with thinking about what x equals.

However, you should not let daydreaming become a habit. If you do, you will find yourself "going around in a fog." You can try to conquer the world, but don't let daydreaming conquer you!

Donald Spooner, '47.

THE PARTING

The soulful mewing of the sea gulls brings back haunting memories, even today. I still see the craggy cliffs as they stood out against the clinging skies; still hear the roar of the ocean as it flung itself in desperation against my dull ears. The black sea, the white foam, all stand out like an etching in my mind. All the skies were wearing grey—a soft mourning grey—but I didn't notice. I was much too absorbed in myself—my sorrow. In this very place I had met him. How happy we had been! All life began in this place, on that day. How fitting that I should lose him here, too. But what was the use of going on? I had lost him—my only friend—my life! He had flown away forever. "Pee-pa"—my sandpiper.

Jeanne Guyette, '47.

LIBER ROMANUS



UNA SCHOLA NOVA

Scholam novam habere debemus. Nostra schola est antiqua. Quantam antiquam scholam esse non scio, fortasse centum, aut septuaginta quinque annos habet.

Gradi sunt periculosi, lux est mala et saīs tabularum negrarum non habebat. Neque magistri neque discipuli sub eis condicionibus laborare debent. Cum est ignis in oppido, cives mirantur si schola incendat. Omnes discipuli sperant videre scholam novam in nostro oppido. Nostra causa est justa, cur recusamur?

J. Abare, '47.

SEXTUS ET MARCUS

Sextus et Marcus pueri parvi sunt. Filii agricolae sunt, igitur bene laborant. Hi pueri impigri sunt et laborare amant. Agricola et pueri in Hibernia habitant. Hibernia terra bona est. In Hibernia agricolae bene laborant et laeti sunt.

Est flumen prope casam. In flumine Sextus et Marcus natant. Flumen est periculosum, sed bene natant.

Sextus et Marcus animalium amici sunt; igitur ea non timent.

Hi pueri boni sunt et ab amicis saepe laudantur.

In schola pueri Latinam discunt. Latinam amant et interdum in Latina scribunt.

Interdum Sextus et Marcus legunt de Britannia. Britanniam amant, quod insula est magna et pulchra.

Aliquo tempore, Sextus et Marcus ad

Americam venire cupiunt quod America est magna et pulchra.

Paul Chapman, '49.

Latin I

MARCUS ET PAULUS

Marcus et Paulus amici sunt. In urbe Roma habitant.

Paulus parvus puer est. Ad Romanam scholam it. Ibi legere et scribere discit. Ejus pater miles in exercito est. Parvam sororem habet. Ejus nomen Cornelia est. Suum fratrem interdum vexare amat et iratus tum est.

Marcus parvus puer quoque est. Ad scholam non it, quod suam amictam et suum avunculum juvat. Ejus avunculus dux in exercito est. Parvum consobrinam habet. Ejus nomen Fulvia est. Suam consobrinam non vexat, quod, si faciat, castigatur.

Ann Milo, '49.

Latin I

MARCUS ET SEXTUS

Marcus et Sextus pueri Romani sunt. Pater Marci dux est. Pater Sexti in exercitu est.

Pueri in flumine aestate saepe natant. Olim Sextus in ripa fluminis dormiebat et Marcus in flumine natabat. Subito Sextus clamorem audivit et in flumen, Marcum juvare, properavit. Mox Marcus tutus erat et acceptus erat.

Pueri ad Romanam scholam eunt. Ibi legere et scribere discunt. Magister puerorum elatus est.

Cum Marvus et Sextus viri sint famam habere cupiunt.

Yvonne Davis, '49.

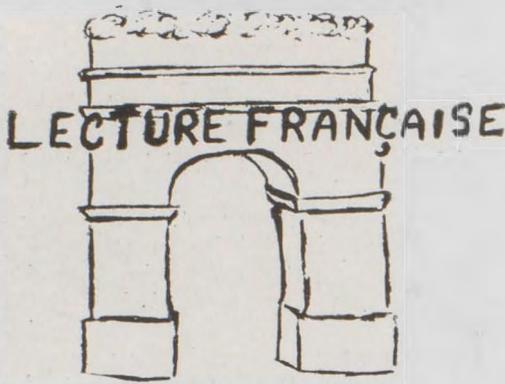
Latin I

VER IN VERMONTE

Vermens in vere omnibus pulchra est. Simul ac aves audimus et nivis abitum videmus, tempum vernum esse hic scimus. Ad scholam ire nolimus quod alios res habemus quas facere cupimus dum aestatem expectamus. Natamus et aliis ladis nos delectamus, sed in aestate laborare placet.

Molly Jerger, '47.

Latin II



L'Ami Bob

La classe de français lit un petit livre intitulé "L'Ami Bob." C'est l'histoire d'un jeune garçon qui demeure dans la ville de Paris. Il s'appelle Robert Durand. Ses parents sont morts, aussi demeure-t-il chez son oncle Sébastien Durand.

Ce Sébastien est un excellent homme et il adore son neveu. Quand Bob a six ans, Sébastien se marie avec une jeune fille, beaucoup plus jeune que lui, une fille méchante et désagréable qui s'appelle Gertrude. Il se marie parce qu'il pense que Bob a besoin d'une mère.

Depuis ce jour-là, le bonheur à quetté le petit appartement. Tout le temps, Gertrude est de mauvais humeur.

Quand Bob a quinze ans, son cher oncle l'envoie à une colonie de vacances. Avec lui va son ami, le gros Totor Clermont.

Quand Bob retourne des vacances, il court à la maison de Sabastien. Rien n'est à la même place, les meubles mêmes ont changé. Gertrude passait et se met à crier:—Ah! te voilà petit valeur. Ton oncle est mort. Sors d'ici! Sors d'ici! Et plus vite que cela.

Robert Durand descend l'escalier en pleurant et Gertrude jette après lui le bouquet qu'il a acheté pour elle. Dans la rue, Bob pense à sa situation. In-

stintivement, il va rue Norvins chez madame Clermont, la mère de ses amis Totor et Nénette. Parmi ses larmes il lui raconte son triste retour, la façon dont sa tante l'a chassé.

La brave femme lui dit:—Tu vas rester avec nous.

Bob accepte, mais à condition qu'il travaille pour gagner sa vie. A quinze ans, donc, il devient Marchand de journaux et il se fait quide.

On nous quitte Bob au moment où il a fait de nouveaux amis, une riche famille américaine et un pauvre petit chien abandonné.

Therese Bodette, '48.

L'Education En France

En France l'éducation est sous le contrôle de l'état. Les Maîtres reçoivent leur salaire du gouvernement national. Les écoles sont divisés en trois grades. Il y a, pour commencer, l'école maternelle où les petits enfants vont pendant deux ou trois ans. Ensuite il y a l'école primaire élémentaire où les élèves reçoivent l'éducation élémentaire. Cette instruction dure six ans. Au bout de ce temps ils subissent un examen. S'ils y réussissent, ils reçoivent le Certificat d'Etudes Primaires.

Après qu'une élève a reçu son Certificat d'Etudes Primaires il a trois choix. S'il est destiné pour une vocation il va, tout probablement, entrer dans l'école primaire supérieure. Mais s'il s'attend à se préparer pour une profession, il doit entrer dans une lycée ou dans un collège.

C'est intéressant de savoir que les filles et les garçons vont à différentes écoles, et aussi qu'ils vont à l'école le samedi mais non pas le jeudi. Ils ont deux mois de vacances comme nous, les mois d'août et de septembre. Les classes terminent à la fin du mois de juillet.

Les heures sont longues et les écoliers français travaillent beaucoup.

Georgette Poulin.

La Femme N'est Pas Folle"

—Oh, dit une dame au directeur d'une maison de four qu'elle visitait, quelle drôle de femme je viens de rencontrer, quel méchant regard a-t-elle!

—Oui, je vois qui c'est.

—Est-elle dangereuse?

—Oui, quelquefois, répondit évasivement le directeur.

—Alors pourquoi la laissez-vous circuler ainsi en liberté?

—Je ne puis pas l'en empêcher.

—Pourtant, c'est une pensionnaire qui est sous votre contrôle?

—Non, elle n'est pas pensionnaire et encore moins sous mon contrôle, c'est ma femme.

Rachael Slack, '48.

Paris!

Belle ville où se trouvent
La Butte Montmartre—le Musée du
Louvre.

Les Champs-Élysées, où l'on va toujours.

L'Arc de Triomphe, aussi dans "le tour."

Les modes sont "chic," et "comme il faut."

Les femmes sont belles, les hommes sont beaux.

Dans les rues, il y a beaucoup de cafés
Où l'on sert "petits-fours" et "café-au-lait."

Beverly Wright.

Les Sports et Jeux Français

Les écoliers français ont beaucoup de jeux. Les plus petits enfants jouent à la marelle, à colin-maillard, à la toupie et à beaucoup, d'autres jeux.

Les garçons plus âgés jouent à coups de pied avec un ballon de cuir. C'est un sorte de jeu comme notre football, qu'on appelle le rugby. Tous les villages ont leur équipe de rugby. On y joue pendant l'hiver et les matches de championnat sont suivis par un public enthousiaste.

Le tennis et l'escrime sont des jeux où les Français excellent. Dans la boxe ils ont produit des champions fameux. Il y a aussi des sports athlétiques comme courses plates et courses de haies, le saut, le lancement de disque, du javelot et du poiels.

Il y a aussi les sports d'eau comme la nage et promenades à la rame. N'oublions pas l'alpinisme, ni les sports d'hiver: patinage, ski, luge; ni les sports mécaniques: motocyclisme, automobilisme et aviation.

Bernard Dike.

(D'après "La Famille Durand.")

Mr. Bishop: McNulla, use the word miniature in a sentence."

Jimmy McNulla: "Is Minnie a chewer of gum?"

Mrs. Wright: "Tell me one or two things about John Milton."

Jean Daigneault: "Well, he got married and write 'Paradise Lost,' then his wife died and he wrote 'Paradise Regained.'"

Teresa Bodette: "I have kleptomania."

Jean LeBeau: "What are you taking for it?"

Teresa: "Everything I can get my hands on."

Mrs. Peck: "At least once in my life I was glad to be down and out."

Mrs. Berry: "And when was that?"

Mrs. Peck: "After my first airplane ride."



PATROL DRILL TEAM

Back Row: left to right—Rachael Slack, Nancy Partch, Gloria Merrill, Theresa Bodette, Jeanne Guyett, Molly Jerger, Esther Bristol. Middle Row: left to right—Director, Mr. Galipeau, Molly Burnham, Jean LeBeau, Jane Norton, Harriet Stagg, Viola Moses, Ann Milo, Jean Myers, Captain, Betty Norton. Front Row: left to right—Barbara Evans, Kay Looby, Grace Osborne, Muriel Benedict, Mary Charbonneau, Jane Tracy, Lorraine Poquette.

PATROL REPORT

The student patrol has had quite an eventful and successful year under the supervision of Mr. Galipeau. We started off the year with all shifts up to full strength, and in spite of a slight decrease in membership during the winter months, are now back up to our normal complement.

In September, work was started immediately by the girls' drill team, which devoted one or two periods a week to practice in preparation for drill exhibitions held at basketball games. We were very fortunate in having with us Robert Barrows, who is taking a post-graduate course. Robert, having been captain of a previous drill team, was able to give us much help. The drill team, composed of sixteen girls, led by Captain Betty Norton, was generously applauded each time it drilled. This same drill team, by request of Captain Dickens, may give an exhibition in fancy drill for the other schools of the state during the Music Festival which takes place in Burlington May 9-10-11. In this, the first parade since 1941, there will be seventeen boys and seventeen girls commanded by Betty Norton and Robert Barrows. Early this spring, Mr. Bishop started drilling the boys on the fundamentals of marching.

Since Capt. Dickens retires from office July 1st, this will be the last parade that he will review while still in office. He has been captain ever since Vergennes has had a drill team. When we went to Washington and took third place in the nationwide contest, he was there and took some moving pictures, which he showed us at a local theater this winter. We hope that even though Captain Dickens is not in office he will visit our school occasionally, as he has become our close friend and leader.

Jeanne Guyett, '47.

SPRING PROMOTIONS (1946)

Major

Betty Norton

Captain

Nancy Partch

Co-Captains

Jeanne Guyett

Esther Bristol

1st Lieuts.

Kay Looby

Jane Norton

Rachael Slack

Teresa Bodette

Jean Myers

2nd Lieuts.

Walter Wood

Phillip Griffith

Jean LeBeau

Shirley Hamel

Lorraine Poquette

Molly Burnham

Robert Charbonneau

Carol Griffis

Bernard Dike

Sergeants

Marlin Blakely

Marvin Blakely

Jane Tracy

Colleen Douglas

Molly Jerger

Elsie Miller

Gloria Merrill

Sylvester Roberts

Corporals

Barbara Drew

Grace Osborne

Marguerite Thorpe

Jean Daigneault

Mary Cook

Olin Flynn

Harriet Stagg

Glenn Griffith

Howard Danyow

David Provencher

Richard Raymond

Viola Moses

Phyllis Griffith

Pfc's.

Mary Charborneau

Muriel Benedict

Barbara Evans

Vincent Mallow

Marie Bodette

Lester Fleming

Ann Milo

Albert Roberts

Ramona Danyow

Privates

Eddie Charbonneau

Norma Bodette

Leonard Rheau

Raymond Tucker

Kenneth Roberts

Doris Burroughs

Stephany Thompson

Allan Langeway

Raymond Charbonneau



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: left to right—Manager, Ernie Chapman, Raymond Charbonneau, George Bibeau, Olin Flynn, Howard Danyow, Coach Palermo. First Row: left to right—Marvin Blakely, Bill Taylor, Walter Wood, Clovis Yandow, Marlin Blakely.

BOYS' SPORTS

by Walt Wood

Another basketball year has rolled by leaving us with many exciting memories, some good and some bad. The season was brought to a close with a game with Weeks School at their gym on Feb 27, 1946, which we won by the score of 36 to 27, bringing the Champlain Valley League to a close.

Vergennes took top honors in the League by winning 9 games and dropping 1 game to Shelburne by one point.

The first team line up was as follows: Clovis Landow holding down left forward and leading the team for top scoring honors. Captain Walt Wood held down right forward and was close behind Yandow for scoring honors. Big Bill Taylor played wonderful defensive ball at his center position and did his bit to raise the score to the Vergennes team's favor. Marvin Blakely, one of our defense twins, held down left guard position and showed wonderful defensive play. At various times he broke into the scoring bracket. Marlin, our other defense twin, held his own at right guard position. He played good defensive ball and racked up several two pointers by sinking beautiful long shots. Benny Dike, our old faithful, stepped in at right guard position when the going got rough. In the Williamstown-Vergennes play-off, Benny displayed good ball handling and seemed to steady the team in its tough moments.

The subs were as follows: George Bibeau, Howard Danyow, Ray Charbonneau and Olin Flynn.

Our manager was an able little Chap(man) by the name of Ernie. He handled the task well.

Although we did not gain a berth at the Class C Tournament, we had the chance to play off with two teams we would not have met otherwise. The first play-off was against Williamstown and was played at Waterbury Gym on Feb. 16, 1946. The game was close, with the score at the half at 10 to 9 in their favor. The second half saw Vergennes shoot out in front to lead at the third quarter by 17 to 13. The game ended with Vergennes on top 31 to 24. Yandow led the scoring with 11 points. Our second play-off was played at Rutland on Feb. 19, 1946 against St. Mike's of Brattleboro. We were definitely outclassed and dropped that game by a score of 67 to 36, losing our chance for Tournament play. Yandow was high scorer for Vergennes with 23 of the 36 points in his favor.

Out of the 18 games played we won 13 and lost 5.

The total amounts scored by each player are as follows:

Yandow	229
Wood	211
Taylor	125
Marvin Blakely	42
Marlin Blakely	24
Bibeau	2
Dike	10
Charboneau	
Danyow	
Flynn	
Smith	15

The players that graduate off the first team are Yandow and Capt. Wood, but by the looks of the strength coming up from the 7th and 8th grades the prospects for good seasons to come are bright.

The Basketball Banquet was held March 21, 1946 at the Vergennes Inn. Movies were shown after dinner.

Scores of Games Played

Vergennes	57	Shelburne	24
Vergennes	25	Bristol	21
Vergennes	41	Cathedral J.V.	43
Vergennes	38	Middlebury	11
Vergennes	43	Essex Jct.	20
Vergennes	29	Middlebury	32
Vergennes	33	Alumni	23
Vergennes	46	Weeks School	37
Vergennes	42	Hinesburg	21
Vergennes	22	Shoreham	30
Vergennes	39	Bristol	33
Vergennes	38	Essex Jct.	19
Vergennes	24	Shelburne	25
Vergennes	35	Hinesburg	14
Vergennes	44	Shoreham	25
Vergennes	36	Weeks School	27

Total	591		405
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Play-Off Games

Vergennes	31	Williamstown	24
Vergennes	36	St. Michael (Brattleboro)	67

Total	67		91
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Grand Total	658		496
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Baseball practice has started for another year. There are sixteen candidates who have been out on the field trying out for their prospective positions. The prospects for a good season are many. A Champlain Valley League has been formed with the following teams participating: Shelburne, Essex Junction, Hinesburg, Richmond, Weeks School and Vergennes. There will be awards for the winners of the first and second place in the League. We have our hopes of grabbing off an award for V. H. S.

The members of the Vergennes team are as follows: Wood, Yandow, Smith, E. Chapman, Dike, Jimmo, Spooner, Taylor, P. Chapman, Fleming, Flynn, Bibeau, Danyow, Derrick, Roberts and Barrows.

8th GRADE BOYS' BASKETBALL

The 8th grade boys, winners of the High School Intramural Tourney, completed their schedule with three wins and two defeats. In the first game the Cathedral understudies edged out a close one over Vergennes, winning 21 to 19. Alan Mack, Clement Looby, Jim Smith, Bill Baldwin, Leonard Rheume, Albert Roberts and Wayne Charbonneau composed the squad.

In the second game things were quite the opposite. Essex Junction proved an easy victim for the ancient city boys with Jim Smith alone throwing in 23 points, Vergennes winning 51-20.

In the return game Vergennes met its second defeat, losing to the Junctionites 38-35. It was a hard fought battle all the way with Vergennes hitting the low ceiling time after time.

The next onslaught took place at Middlebury, where Vergennes for the first time in the history of school basketball held the Middlebury boys to one point, which was scored on a charity throw. The score read 42-1 at the end of the game.

In the return game at Vergennes Coach Palermo reached down into the 6th and 7th grades to let them prove that in the near future they would be taking over varsity berths. Vergennes winning 55-18. Richard Tarte, a 6th grader, remembering what he had learned in Physical Education classes, hit the nets for 17 points to amuse the onlookers.

Gloria Merrill, who was working on a farm during her Spring vacation to help out with the labor shortage, was observed by her farmer boss doing a very odd thing. She was allowing the cow to drink a pail of milk she just obtained from the animal. "What's going on here?"—stormed the farmer, "Why are you letting the cow drink all the milk?"

"Well, replied Gloria," the milk looked pretty thin and I thought it might help to run it through again."



8th GRADE BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to right: Clement Looby, Leonard Rheaume, Albert Roberts, Billy Baldwin, Jimmy Smith, Allan Mack, Coach Palermo.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: left to right—Principal Berry, Manager; Jane Norton, Jean Moorby, Betty Sullivan, Betty Jenkins, Margaretta Jenkins, Georgette Poulin, Coach Palermo. Front Row: left to right—Kay Looby, Jean Myers, Esther Bristol, Nancy Partch, Molly Burnham, Lorraine Poquette Gloria Merrill.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Looking over the past '45-'46 Basketball Season we feel well satisfied. Throughout the season we have continuously won over our opponents, losing only three games to schools in a much higher bracket.

We were in the Champlain Valley League again this year with Bristol, Shelburne, Hinesburg, and the Weeks School. Our girls were undefeated as they were last year, making a record of 16 straight wins. We were presented with a plaque for winning top honors.

The outstanding game of the season was when we encountered the Burlington girls on our home court. The gym was filled to capacity and all were in high spirits. Vergennes held back the stronger team, made up of heavier and taller girls, and were in the lead throughout the first half. The score was brought to a 23-23 tie at the close of the third quarter. Our prospects looked good good up until the last minute of play when Deforest of Burlington sunk a long shot to bring the final reading 31-29.

This was really a heart breaker, but the girls resumed their fighting spirit and won every game that followed till the end of the season.

The coach is happy to say that we do not lose a single player this year. Returning in the fall will be Captain Nancy Partch, whose skill as a guard is known by all whom we have played, Esther Bristol, our blonde forward, who really shows outstanding ball handling, Jean Myers, another star forward with two years ahead of her. Molly Burnham will resume her place as our fast center forward, Kay Looby, our belligerent little guard, whose motto could well be "Try and get it," Lorraine Poquette will be back playing her unusually good game, and Georgette Poulin, a freshman who has shown us she really can "do her stuff." These

girls will be backed by Betty Sullivan, Margaretta and Betty Jenkins, Gloria Merrill and Jean Moorby, who have worked hard all season and will see a lot of playing next year.

There was a Basketball Banquet held at the Vergennes Inn on March 21. Following the banquet moving pictures were shown.

In an assembly at the close of the basketball season, the team and manager were presented their letters. The team presented the Coach with a Ronson lighter in appreciation of his untiring help.

The Line-Up

Esther Bristol	l. f.	218 points
Jean Myers	r. f.	172 points
Molly Burnham	c. f.	85 points
Capt. Nancy Partch	c. g.	
Kay Looby	l. g.	
Lorraine Poquette	r. g.	
Betty Sullivan	c. f.	14 points
Jean Moorby	r. f.	7 points
Margaretta Jenkins	l. f.	6 points
Georgette Poulin	r. g.	
Gloria Merrill	c. g.	
Betty Jenkins	l. g.	

Games Played and Scores

Vergennes	46	Shelburne	27
Vergennes	18	Burlington	34
Vergennes	28	Bristol	25
Vergennes	25	Waterbury	43
Vergennes	34	Middlebury	18
Vergennes	20	Middlebury	9
Vergennes	29	Burlington	31
Vergennes	33	Weeks School	21
Vergennes	38	Hinesburg	20
Vergennes	22	Shoreham	30
Vergennes	29	Bristol	15
Vergennes	44	Shelburne	35
Vergennes	27	Hinesburg	18
Vergennes	47	Shoreham	18
Vergennes	36	Weeks School	27
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total	476		371

To our supporters, both townspeople and students, we offer our heartiest appreciation for your co-operation throughout the season.

6th and 8th Grade Girls' Basketball

This year another basketball outfit was formed consisting of 6th and 8th grade girls. Their first appearance was with the Hinesburg JV's on our court. Our girls held them scoreless during the first half while we accumulated 10 points. The game was taken easily to the tune of 18-4. The girls making up the team were Ramona Danyow, Mary Charbonneau, Helen Looby, Jerry Daigneault, Stephany Thompson, Norma Bodette, Virginia Lackard, Betty LeBeau, Alice Tucker, Sally Bristol, Doris and Juliet Burroughs, Lucille Cunningham and Cloy Mallow.

The return game showed Vergennes again proving to be the better team. Despite the small court they hooped a total of 20 points to Hinesburg's 11.

Next they encountered a strong Middlebury JV Team. It was a fast and exciting game with Vergennes coming out on the long end winning by a close margin of 16-15.

The return game was a bitter pill however. Vergennes suffered its first defeat. They put up a good fight but were unexperienced on such a large court. Middlebury took the game 33-22.

The girls put their heart and soul into a game and will make invaluable players before their school days are over.

Jane Norton, '48.

George Bibeau: "What's a counter-irritant?"

Betty Norton: "Well, let me see—I'd say it's a person who shops around all day and doesn't buy anything."

BASKETBALL COACHES

What a life these basketball coaches must lead! In accordance with the hard, but unnecessary work they do, they ought to be the highest paid trainers in the country. If you have ever sat at a good basketball game, you well know what I mean.

Their antics usually begin at the half of a close game. From then on, spectators can expect anything to happen, involving the two coaches sitting side by side on the benches. How the losing coach will cuss and squirm on the hard bench that he has been held to all evening. He'll perspire, tear at his newly pressed suit, snatch off his tie, chew his nails, stamp his feet, and give off excess lung power until you'd think he had played the whole game himself. At the end of a game in which they lost, I should think the boys would apply cotton batten to their ears, to protect their eardrums from the few fancy words the coach will have ready to deliver to them.

May God bless the little lady, who so patiently waits for her loving hubby to return from the game. During the games I should judge them anything but loving hubbys! Probably, when he reaches home after a defeated game, she has to hang up his suit, soothe him, and take a file to his nailless fingers. After finishing this, he tosses himself into bed, well knowing he won't get much sleep. While waiting for the Sand Man to come, he takes up all the angles and mistakes of the game, puts them together in such a fashion that his boys come out on top as the victors.

I think you'll agree with me when I say once again—"What a hard life these basketball coaches must lead!"

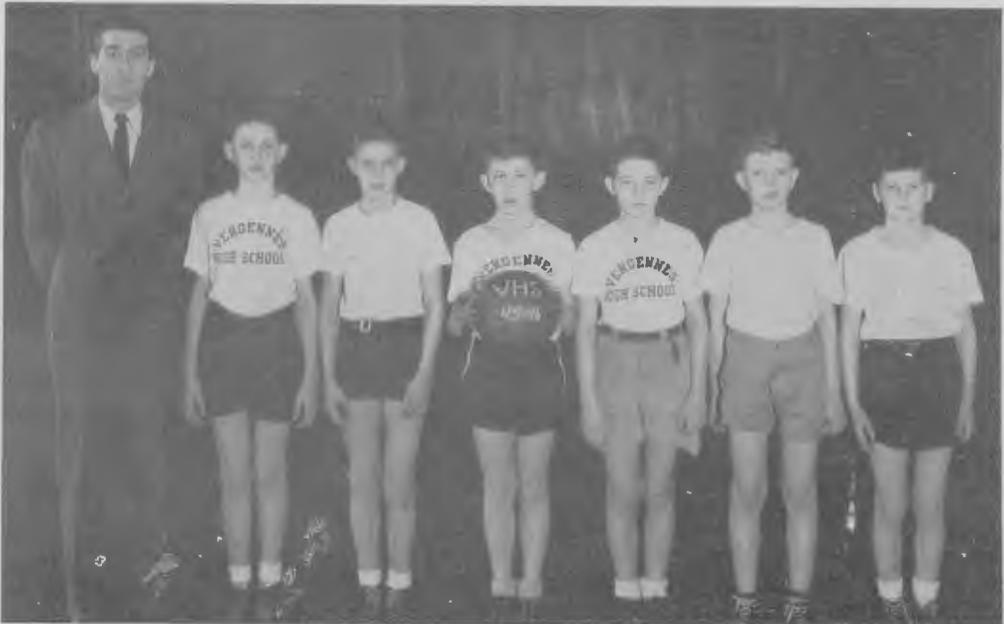
This year the Rotary Club of Vergennes presented the Grade School with two basketball trophies to be given to the winners of the class intramural tournaments, which were held at the close of the basketball season. Both cups were won by the Sixth Grade and were presented to the Boys' and Girls' Captains by Spencer Norton.

WINNERS OF GRADE INTRAMURAL TOURNAMENTS



6th GRADE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right: Helen Looby, Sally Bristol, Lucille Cunningham, Cloy Mallow, Betty LeBeau, Juliet Burroughs, Coach Palermo.



6th GRADE BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right: Coach Pa'ermo, Bobby LaFoy, Richard Sorrell, Richard Tarte, Richard Charbonneau, John Stephens, Bobby Stebbins.

ALUMNI

The following is a brief sketch of a few of the former graduates of V. H. S. We start with the

Class of '36

Kenneth Barney is employed at Slack's Market. He married Betty Bristol, also from the Class of '36.

Joan Casey is Community Nurse for Vergennes.

Margaret Booth married Charles Heisler and they are living in Vergennes.

Helna McEvila is serving in the WAVES.

Class of '37

Dorothy Slack married Herbert Zickler and is living at home.

Marion Harrington married Keith Tupper and lives on a farm in North Ferrisburg.

M. Catherine Bodette is a resident doctor in White Plains Hospital.

Bernard Kirby married Marion Andrews from the Class of '38. He works at Benton's.

Class of '38

Elaine Hamel is employed at Benton's, Plant No. 2.

Dean Leonard is discharged from service and is employed in Burlington.

Marguerite Senesac is married to Desmond Casey.

Class of '39

Geraldine Bacon is now Mrs. Charles Franklin and is employed at Bristol's Jewelry Store.

Muriel Clark is married to Robert Ward. They are living in Bridgeport, Conn.

Theodore Krampitz was recently discharged from the army and is working

at Benjamin Brothers' Dry Cleaning Service in Middlebury.

Alden Adams married Eleanor Loo-by and works on his farm in Addison.

Class of '40

Barbara Mack is in the Naval Nurse Corps with the rank of ensign.

Merritt Raymond was recently discharged from the service and is living in town.

Shirley Sheehan, now Mrs. Thomas Williams, is living in Charlotte.

Arden Slack was killed in the service overseas.

Class of '41

James Benjamin was recently discharged and has opened a dry cleaning firm in Middlebury with his brother, Donald.

Frances Ryan is now teaching at Ticonderoga High School.

Claire Barrows married Ralph Allen. They are residing in town.

Harland Bodette, World War II veteran, is working in town at the Cunningham farm.

Mabel Badger, now Mrs. Reese, is attending U. V. M.

Genier Jerome is in nurses' training at the Bishop de Goesbriand hospital.

Class of '42

William Fuller was recently discharged and is living in town.

Muriel Yattaw, now Mrs. Clifton O'Brien, is living in Vergennes.

Anita Barrows, now Mrs. Cassidy, is living in town also.

Harold Langeway is working on his father's farm.

Class of '43

Hope Daigneault attended Lasell Junior college and was working in

Montpelier, but is now working in Burlington.

Kathryn Norton, now Mrs. Buehner, is attending Simmons College.

Spencer Hawley was recently discharged.

Richard Poquette has been discharged from the Navy.

Class of '44

Diana Griffis is attending U. V. M.

Patricia Purcell recently married Clark Fuller and is now teaching in Waltham.

James Stearns is in the Army.

Robert Barrows is now at home. He has a position playing with Clark's Orchestra. He is also taking a P. G. course at V. H. S.

Glenn Faye is serving in the Navy in the Pacific.

Connie Smith is working in Burlington.

Earl Willard is in the Army.

Class of '45

Martha Partch is now at Cambridge Hospital, Mass., in nurses' training.

Ray Nelson is serving in the U. S. Navy.

Hugh Clark is attending Yale University.

Edna Gilson is attending Burlington Business College.

John Sheehan is in the Air Corps.

Virginia Powers is attending U. V. M.

Carolyn Chapman is employed at the Vergennes Inn.

Kay Evarts is taking a P. G. course at V. H. S.

**ALUMNI STATISTICS
MARRIAGES**

Bride	Groom
Sylvia Sholan	Marvin Barrows
Anita Garcia	Donald Benjamin
Katherine Mack, '37	Lloyd Carter
Shirley Haven, '34	Allen Clark
Margaret Bodette, '36	John Kane
Phyllis Mack, '45	George Marseille
Muriel Yattaw	Clifton O'Brien
Patricia Purcell, '44	Clark Fuller
Pauline Quenneville, '37	Gerald Shortsleeve
Grace Sears, '45	Edward Nuttall
Betty Bacon, '45	Hawley Wallar
Mabel Badger	James Reese
Hazel Evarts	Donald Harwood
Thelma Roberts, '37	Milton Lane
Beatrice Miller	Royal Rock
Marjorie Rock	Robert Hayes
Anita Barrows	Bernard Cassidy
Katherine Norton, '43	Robert Beuhner
Betty Fiske, '48	Robert Booska
Nada McEvila, '43	Allen Smith
Barbara Wood	Lyman Danyow
Susanne Booth	Otis Rockwood

BIRTHS

Name	Parents
Betsey Benton	Virginia Pease Malcolm Benton
James Bodette	Dorothy Leonard Arthur Bodette
Roberta Bristol	Florence Bodette Herrick Bristol
Mary Daniels	Lydia Gee Matthew Daniels
Bonnie Forrest	Marion Shortsleeve Robert Forrest
May January	Mildred LeBeau Olin January
Pamela Poquette	Helen Sears Lawrence Poquette
Albert Rogers	Marie Little Albert Rogers
Mary Stebbins	Eleanor Hayes Gilbert Stebbins
Ramona D'Avignon	Ramona Lackard Joseph D'Avignon
Audrey Fishman	Betty Sedár Samuel Fishman
Kathleen McNulla	Kathleen Norton James McNulla
Thomas Barrows	Sylvia Sholan Marvin Barrows
	Jean Myers, '48.



DOUBLE SEXTETTE

Back Row: left to right—Raymond Tucker, Olin Flynn, Robert Jimmo, Howard Danyow, David Provencher, Robert Charbonneau. Front Row: left to right—Betty Norton, Rachael Slack, Nancy Partch, Beverly Wright, Janet Abare, Jane Tracy.

1945-46 SEARCHLIGHT

The High School Safety Patrol was organized early in the year under the supervision of Mr. Galipeau with Betty Norton as captain. A drill team of sixteen girls was formed and marching exhibitions were put on at basketball games. Thirty-four patrolmen went to Burlington and put on an exhibition for the annual All-State Music Festival.

September 21, 1945 the Freshmen were made official members of the High School. Initiation was a gala affair for all, especially those lucky Seniors!

The Junior Class put on five, successful dances during the course of a year. They were all chaperoned by Mr. Palermo, who is their sponsor.

Several assemblies were held during the year. At one John Dallavaux gave us an excellent lecture on citizenship and obedience. Mr. Dallavaux is a well known lecturer.

The Freshmen put on a very successful "Valentine" dance with Mrs. Wright as chaperone.

The annual High School minstrel show was held May 3rd under the direction of Mrs. Esther Favor. Bill Taylor was interlocutor while George Bibeau, Olin Glynn, Walter Wood, Marvin Blakely, Norman Whitney and Richard Raymond made up the supporting cast. The show had its usual large attendance.

Miss Veronica Roland, a senior at Trinity College, has been a cadet teacher for Vergennes High School. She taught General Science, Junior Math, and Sociology.

The girls' and boys' sextette went to Burlington and sang in the All-State Chorus. The girls who went were Janet Abare, Beverly Wright, Molly Jerger, Jane Tracy, Rachel Slack and Betty Norton. The boys were Howard Danyow, Walter Wood, Bernard Dike, Raymond Tucker, David Provencher and Robert Charbonneau.

On April 12 the following awards were made to typing students:

30 words per minute

1. Barbara Drew
2. Phyllis Griffith
3. Jean LeBeau
4. Coleman Parker
5. Alfred Jerger
6. Margaret Little

35 words per minute

1. Edith Griffith
2. Donald Spooner
3. Roberta Shepard
4. Janet Abare
5. Estelle Jerry
6. Jean Daigneault
7. Alice Larrow
8. Esther Bristol
9. Molly Jerger

40 words per minute

1. Clovis Yandow

45 words per minute

1. Phillip Griffith
2. Nancy Parteh

Sub-Freshman day was May 14.

BOYS' STATE

The following boys have been chosen to represent Vergennes High School at Boys' State, which will be held June 16-23 at Norwich University, Northfield, Vermont:

1. Ernest Chapman, '47
 2. Donald Spooner, '47.
- Bill Taylor, Alternate

GIRLS' STATE

The following girls have been chosen to represent Vergennes High School at Girls' State, which will be held June 16-23 at Vermont Junior College, Montpelier, Vermont:

1. Nancy Partch, '47
2. Jeanne Guyette, '47

Alternates

1. Esther Bristol
2. Janet Abare

Mrs. Favor: "Doesn't that soprano have a large repertoire?"

George Bibeau: "Yes, and that dress she has on makes it look worse."

MUSICAL HARMONY

1. "I'M GLAD I WAITED FOR YOU"—to Biagio Palermo. Nice slogan isn't it?

2. "THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN"—to Bill Taylor. We suggest you ask him.

3. "TIME ON MY HANDS"—to Clovis Yandow. He gets all the breaks, doesn't he?

4. "HAVE I STAYED AWAY TOO LONG?"—to Betty Norton. We hope "he" hasn't? ? ?

5. "LITTLE DID I KNOW"—to Kay Looby. We really think she knows more about it than she pretends to.

6. "SOMEBODY ELSE IS TAKING MY PLACE"—to Jane Norton. We wonder who, Jane?

7. "TOGETHER"—to Beverly Wright and Coleman Parker. How about it "Coly"?

8. "I WISH I KNEW"—to Shirley Hamel. I think she knows but we can't get her to tell us.

9. "HOW SWEET YOU ARE"—to Lorraine Poquette. I think Marvin really means it, Lorraine, even though you don't seem to appreciate it.

10. "I LOVE YOU"—to Molly Burnham. We all envy Walt, Molly.

11. "I'D LIKE TO BE LOVED"—to Francis Burroughs. Come on girls, give him a chance.

12. "TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT"—to Jean Myers. Jimmy certainly keeps you occupied, doesn't he Jean?

13. "I'LL GET BY"—to Gloria Merrill. We hope so, anyway.

14. "SPEAK LOW"—to Theresa Bodette. Only in fun, "Tee."

15. "BORN TO LOSE"—to Esther Bristol. Never mind, Esther, someday your ship will come in.

16. "SYMPHONY"—to Alfred Jerger. Gone are the days, huh, "Jergie?"

17. "I'M SURE OF YOUR LOVE"—to Betty Jordan. Ask an ex sailor. We're sure he could tell you all about it.

18. "I CAME HERE TO TALK FOR JOE"—to Estelle Jerry. Joe who? Estelle.

19. "NOW AND ALWAYS"—to Alice Wallace. "Raymond" is certainly an answer to any girl's prayer, Alice.

20. "THERE MUST BE A WAY"—to Patsy Little. Keep trying Patsy.

21. "I DREAM OF JEANNIE"—to Jean LeBeau. We certainly envy Art for his dream girl, Jeannie.

22. LET'S SING A SONG ABOUT SUZIE"—to Olin Flynn. In case you didn't know folks, we mean Suzie Flemings.

23. "I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU"—to Phillip Griffith. Don't fret Prof., there'll come a day!

24. "WAITING FOR THE TRAIN TO COME IN"—to Roberta Shepard. Won't you please tell us who you're waiting for, Bertie?

25. "WHISPERING"—to Nancy Partch. Poor Mr. Galipeau ought to know. Especially in 7th period study hall.

Kay Looby, '47.

Gloria Merrill: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

Walter Wood: "No, I don't think anyone ever did."

Gloria Merrill: "Then I'd like to know how and when you got the idea?"



SNAPSHOTS

V. H. S. COMICS

Lately we have noticed that the looks or characteristics of a number of our students are similar to those of some famous comic strip characters.

Archie Andrews.....	Clovis Yandow
Betty	Ruthie Danyow
Veronica.....	Jean Moorby
Iodine	Jean Daigneault
Wonder Woman.....	Gloria Merrill
Katsenzammer Kids	
Olin Flynn, Donald Spooner	
Mr. Milquetoast.....	Robert Parker
Supermouse	Ernest Chapman
Suzie	Esther Bristol
Little King.....	Norman Whitney
Minnie Mouse.....	Doris Burroughs
Mickey Mouse.....	James McNulla
Maggie.....	Molly Burnham
Jiggs	Walt Wood
Orphan Annie.....	Betty Norton
Popeye	Alfred Jerger
Olive	Alice Larrow
Sweet Pea.....	George Bibeau
Wimpy	Benny Dike
Tillie the Toiler....	Beverly Wright
Mac	Colman Parker
Brenda Star	Jean LeBeau
Jane Arden	Alice Wallace
Mutt	Alan Mack
Jeff	Clemmy Looby
Li'l Abner	Howard Danyow
Daisy Mae	Mary Charbonneau
Superman	Lester Flemings
Rip Kirby	Phillip Griffith

Jane Norton (at a baseball game): "Oh, look, we have a man on every base now."

Bernard Dike: "That's nothing, so has the other side."

Peroxide Blonde, an established bleachhead.

A gold digger is paid by the weak.

"ATTENTION"

"Attention! We have an important announcement. "Dead-Eye Dick" has escaped from the local prison. He is heavily armed and is headed in the direction of the Timbuctoo Area . . ." flashed station B-L-A-B.

"Oh, Mary, do you suppose that he could possibly be around here?" cried timid Mrs. Allen, in despair.

"Naw, what would he want at this deserted farm?" replied her intrepid daughter. "'Course it would be cosier, if we had nearer neighbors and if the telephone were only working."

"Turn off the radio; I thought I heard something. Maybe it was just the howling wind. It certainly is a spooky night."

Mary turned off the radio and the two sat in dead silence. Suddenly, from the porch there came swift footsteps. Who could it be? Was it the escaped prisoner? Where was he?

"Mary, snap off the lights; I'm too scared to move."

Again the two sat quietly, but out of the night came the screams and growls of "Biff," the big collie dog! The screams were certainly not those of a man. With a sigh of relief, Mrs. Allen ran and threw open the door. To her amazement, as well as joy, there in a shivering heap lay Aunt Martha, whom "Biff" had knocked down.

By the way, "Dead-Eye Dick" was caught, and I do mean caught. As he was trying to escape he got his pants caught securely in a barb-wire fence. After being captured again, he told the newspaper men, he didn't mind going back to prison so much, but it made him mad to think he had a big hole in those nice black and white striped pants. Anyhow, the prison was just like home, he had spent so much time there.

Shirléy Hamel, '47.



ORCHESTRA

Back Row: left to right—Raymond Tucker, Jane Norton, Olin Flynn, Mrs. Favor, Jeanne Guyett, Erwin Clark. Front Row: left to right—Jean Myers, Esther Bristol, Helen Hart, Nancy Partch, Molly Jerger.

EXCHANGE

"R. H. S. Chips," Richmond Vt.

Your paper is well edited and your editorials are especially good. We are looking forward to receiving more issues of "Chips."

"The H. H. S. Buzz," Hinesburg, Vt.

Your literary section is good, and we all enjoyed your jokes.

"The Brigham Beacon," Bakersfield, Vt.

Your paper is neat and well organized. The literary section is excellent.

"School Scribbles," Rochester, Vt.

We liked your "Alumni News." Also your literary section is good.

"The Slate," Fair Haven, Vt.

The literary section of your paper is very good and your advertisements are well arranged.

"Poultney Polonious," Poultney, Vt.

We must compliment you on getting together such a large and varied "Feature" section. That and your literary section are excellent.

Francis Burroughs, '46.

JUST JESTING

Mr. Berry (In Sociology, rapping on desk): "Order Please!"

Clovis Yandow: "Coca-cola for me."

Jean Myers: "What's the difference between a time and a percussion shell?"

Ernest Chapman: "That's what I say—who cares?"

Mr. Palermo: "How do bees dispose of their honey?"

Alfred Jerger: "They cellit, I believe."

Mr. Berry: "These look just like the biscuits my mother baked twenty years ago."

Mrs. Berry (greatly delighted): "I'm so glad."

Mr. Berry (hitting one on the table): "And by George, I think they are."

Nancy Partch: "What did I make in my English test?"

Mrs. Wright: "Mistakes."

Jean Myers: "Doesn't it make you nervous to ask your sister for spending money, when you're working?"

Shirley Hamel: "No, I'm calm—and collected."

Mrs. Wright: "Give me a sentence with an object in it."

Olin Flynn: "The teacher is a beautiful woman."

Mrs. Wright: "What is the object?"

Olin Flynn: "A good grade."

Clovis Yandow: "Would you call for help if I tried to kiss you?"

Ruth Danyow: "Would you need help?"

Walt Wood: "Been to church, Ernie?"

"Ednie Chapman: "Do my clothes look as though they had been slept in?"

George Bibeau: "Would you join me in a coca-cola?"

Bill Taylor: "I'd love to. You get in first."

Lorraine Poquette: "How does my nose look, Marvin, does it need powder?"

Absent-minded Marvin Blakely: "No, it's immense—simply immense."

Mr. Galipeau (at the Inn): "May I have a private bath?"

Mr. Bodette: "Well, I hope so."

Paul Chapman: "I'm so smart I took first prize at school today."

Marlin Blakely: "That's interesting."

Paul Chapman: "Yes, and it's a good thing the teacher didn't see me, or I would have had to put it back."

Roberta Shepard (writing home): "How do you spell 'financially?'"

Betty Norton: "F-I-N-A-N-C-I-A-L-L-Y and there are two 'R's' in embarrassed."

Mr. Palermo: "Alfred, can you tell me who built the ark?"

Alfred Jerger: "Naw."

Mr. Palermo: "Correct."

Jimmy Smith: "I don't think I deserve a zero."

Mr. Bishop: "Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I'm allowed to give you."

Nancy Partch: "I give up—why is a nickel better than a dollar?"

Molly Burnham: "Because it goes to church more often."

Ernie Chapman: "I'd like to buy a dime's worth of bird seed."

Allen Clark: "What kind of birds have you?"

Ernie Chapman: "Oh, I haven't any now. I just want to grow some."

Raymond Charbonneau: "Why did Jimmy Smith and Paul Chapman put their heads in the oven?"

Jane Norton: "Because they wanted baked beans."

One evening Esther Bristol went to the doctor's to get her basketball physical.

Dr. Bottamini remarked how tired she looked. "Oh, said Esther, "that's because I've been breathing all day."

Dis id spring,
De boids am on de wing;
How absoid!
De wings am on de boid.

Kay Looby, who was riding on the bus, had been sniffing loudly for several miles. After a number of disapproving glances, a man seated next her

inquired, "Young lady, do you have a handkerchief?"

"Yes, sir," replied Kay, but I never lend it to strangers."

Mr. Palermo: "What happens when the body is completely immersed in water?"

Nancy Partch: "The phone rings."

Mrs. Patterson: "Why does a milkman have a white horse?"

Bernard Dike: "To pull his milk wagon."

Marvin Blakely: "Say, why do you eat so many carrots?"

Clovis Yandow: "They keep me from wearing glasses."

Marvin: "Don't be silly. How can carrots keep you from wearing glasses?"

Clovis: "Did you ever see a rabbit wearing glasses?"

Jane Norton: "Jean is learning to ride a bicycle."

Betty N.: "But she told me she had already learned to ride."

Jane: "I know, but Jimmy is teaching her this time."

Nancy Partch: "Nobody loves me, and my hands are cold."

Bill Taylor: "Your mother loves you, and you can sit on your hands."

Lorraine Poquette: "What started the Grand Canyon?"

Marvin Blakely: "A Scotchman lost a Penny in a ditch."

Waitress Janet Abare at Vergennes Inn: "These are the best eggs we have had for months."

Mr. Patterson: "Well, bring me some you haven't had so long."

Mr. Galipeau in Physics Class: "Which combination dissolves the quickest?"

Bob Barrows: The marriage combination."

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