BLUE
AND
WHITE
We wish to dedicate this Christmas issue to our advertisers and subscribers. This is our expression of gratitude for their encouragement and support.

To thank you as we'd like to do
Is far beyond our powers;
For if we had no friends like you
There'd be no school like ours.
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The BLUE AND WHITE has become an established part of the Vergennes High School. Twice a year, at Christmas and again at Commencement time, the students combine their thoughts, ideas, reports, and talents to produce this magazine.

The first edition of a V. H. S. publication was in 1891, a paper known as THE SCHOOL PROGRESS. School papers under this title and also THE BLUE AND WHITE continued until the year 1908. Fourteen years passed before another V. H. S. paper was published. The revived BLUE AND WHITE has been an important part of life at V. H. S. since that time.

Without the cooperation of the student body, the interest of the teachers, and the support of our townspeople, it would be impossible to publish our bi-annual BLUE AND WHITE. Through the publication of this paper we feel that a closer bond exits between the students, alumni, and the citizens of Vergennes, and nearby towns. We wish to thank all of you who have aided us in making this school project possible.

The staff of this year's BLUE AND WHITE extends SEASON'S GREETINGS to all.

Jane Norton '48
It's here again -- that wonderful season when everyone's eyes are shining and all are filled with a great awe as we remember what Christmas really stands for. The phrase, "Peace on earth, good will toward men", has again invaded our hearts and we are all going to do our best to keep it there.

No one on this great earth can appreciate Christmas more than we in America this year. For us, it is all that it used to be--perhaps more. Most of our loved ones are back to share the joys of the season with us; we have warm houses to come to after gay parties, and a bountiful supply of food for all. We are all free to go to the church of our choice on Christmas Eve, to wonder at and relive the birth of the Infant Jesus. Shiny new toys are back for the children and best of all we can once more have our great twinkling pyramid of a Christmas tree, blazing in its glorious array of light. Yes, we are a lucky people, perhaps too lucky to appreciate the sufferings of our brethren.
[No text visible on the page]
In contrast, let us look at the great continent across the ocean--Europe. What will be merry about their Christmas? For them, there will be no "Peace on earth, good will toward men." For them there will be fighting, perhaps the very spot where the Savior was born will be bloody battle field. There will be no parties, no warm homes -- many even have no homes. They have to be as careful about their religion as they do about their political parties. Many of the ancient and beautiful shrines have been pounded into a twisted mass by the great evil of our world -- war. The children will have no new toys or Christmas tree. Alas, many of them will have neither food nor warm clothing.

This was not what Jesus represents when he was born that Holy Eve so many years ago. How can we, who call ourselves Christians, smugly go to church and ignore the sufferings of these people--our brothers? There should not one of us be able to rest at peace with the world until each has done something, shared something to help pass around the feeling of "Good will toward men" that we have so abundantly in this nation of ours.

--Teresa J. Bodette '48

Doing what "can't be done" is the glory of living.
A Fir Tree's Dream

The fir tree stood desolate and lonely, pondering over the problem Fate had given him. Christmas was only one day off and he was the only fir tree left standing. All his friends had become window wreaths, richly decorated boughs or highly tinseled Christmas trees so this poor little fir tree was sad because no one seemed to want him. Wouldn't someone, somewhere, want him to decorate their home or delight their children?

Wait! What was that noise down the road? Yes, it was Farmer Brown and his two children and they had an ax. The tree could hear little Tommy calling to his dad, "It's the only one left. Please may we have it? Please, Dad?" Farmer Brown thought a moment then chop, chop, went his ax. At last he was to be a Christmas tree.

The ride home was a rather rough one but well worth it. Mother Brown was very pleased that they had managed to get such a nice tree. Of course, this made the little fir tree very proud to think that at last someone really took notice of him.

Then things began to happen. Dad put a funny iron contraption on his trunk and the children started putting bright round balls on all his branches. Dad and Mom dressed him with colored lights and beautiful silver tinsel. When the job was
complete, they turned out the house lights and stood back to admire their stately, glistening, Christmas tree. Obs and ahhs were heard, and the whole family was very much pleased with their "Masterpiece".

After the family was all in bed, the tree was again pondering his fate. Here he stood, a Christmas tree———a fir tree's dream come true!

---Jean Myers '48

* * *

The Sunset

As I was gazing out my window,
Entrenched in the land of dreams,
A wondrous sight before me unfolded,
A rainbow of colors, or so it seemed.

At first it was a blazing red,
Then it faded to a baby pink,
Only to turn into a mountain's purple bed,
And last to a delicate mauve, in a wink.

Best of all wondrous sights I have seen,
That painters have tried to describe,
Or that we imagine or even dream,
Is the sunset which covers the evening sky.

---Viola Moses '49
School Days

"'SCHOOL DAYS!' Words that bring more pleasure to the ears were never spoken. Are those 'boos' that I hear? Are there actually some who have other opinions on this subject? I believe there are. Would you mind giving us your reason for opposing this statement?"

"What a wonderful weekend! What an enjoyable shopping trip to Burlington Saturday afternoon, and how much fun we had at the skiing party held by the gang Sunday. After our nice dinner that evening, we saw a simply super movie starring Robert Mitchum. Such a wonderful time! If times like these could only remain, the year would be much happier. Oh, but that could never be! No, we have to 'go back to school' Monday morning. Once again we must endure that five day grind of studying, lectures, and doing altogether too much reading and figuring. Oh, for the day when I'll be out of the place! Out of school, those are the pleasant words to my ears."

"I see what you mean. You think it is very tiring to sit in class for forty solid minutes when that time could be spent doing something worthwhile."

"That is better. Now you are beginning to see it my way. How could you connect pleasure and school days?"

"If we all could realize just what school really means, we would put aside our petty thoughts and ideas and understand its true meaning, value, opportunities, and benefits. Have you ever
imagined what it would be like if we did not have school? Think of everything that you would miss; the many acquaintances you gather, the number of activities made available for you, and the knowledge and sense of better understanding that you develop. The school plays, basketball and baseball games, school dances, the concerts and minstrel shows, all add to the exciting side of our school days." Sooner or later we all will realize that our days in school are among our happiest, and many times we will long to relive them. So now, while we can still benefit from them, let us really do our part as students in our school."

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A Little Town

I like to live in a little town,
Where the trees meet over the street.
You wave your hand and say "Hello!"
To every man that you meet.

I like to stop for a minute
Outside of a grocery store,
And hear the kindly gossip
Of the folks moving in next door.

For life is interwoven
With friends you learn to know,
And you feel their joys and sorrows
As they daily come and go.

So I'm glad to live in a little town,
And care no more to roam,
For every house in a little town
Is more than a house--it's a home!

--The Speakers Library
Father Versus Son

By

Bernard Dike

Today was the day of the big game between the Panthers and the Red Birds, to decide the pennant winner. The two teams were tied for first place after having played four games out of a five-game series. This was the day, the triumphant or the fatal, depending, of course, on whether you won or lost.

Big Jim Warren, ace hurler of the Panthers, sat solemnly on a bench in the bull-pen. Instead of being happy and frisky like the rest, Big Jim was down in the dumps. It wasn't because he was sick or in any financial trouble, but because today he was going to pitch against his son, Jim Warren, Jr.

Young Jim was in his first year as a big timer and had great possibilities of staying up there. He wasn't a pitcher like his father but he had his old man's build and ability as a ball player. When he was small, his father had taught him everything he knew of the game, and now Young Jim was showing that he had learned plenty. He had always had a great admiration for his father and Big Jim had never let him down.

The game sped along into the last of the fifth with the Panthers leading 3-2 and coming up to bat. The first man up went out on strikes. The second rolled an easy one to short and Young Jim took a fly over second for the third out.

At the beginning of the sixth, the Panther hurler got in trouble and Big Jim was given the sign to start warming up. Murphy, another old timer, was to do the catching for him. He went about his warm-up without much feeling and Murphy knew, as did everyone else, what was bothering him. So he said nothing.

Jim went into the game in the sixth with men on first and third and one out. The first man he was to face was his son. He knew the man on first would go down on the first pitch, so he took a chance to throw over there and it paid off. That made two away with a man on third. Jim worked the count all the way to 3-2 on Young Jim. Then he got the sign for a curve from Murphy and nodded. He knew the minute the pitch left his hand that it was going to be too good and the sharp crack of the bat proved his theory. The ball went sailing over second for a clean single and the runner on third scored easily tying the score at three all.

Jim fanned the next man up, but the damage was done. They trooped wearily to the dugout. Jim was beginning to wonder if he had hung that curve in there on purpose or if it was just one of those things. No one said much. They just went up to the plate and came back dragging their sticks behind them. The
game dragged on into the ninth inning and the Panthers again had a 4-3 lead. Somewhere, they had earned another run. Big Jim was on the pitcher's mound again. He knew that for the second time he would face his son and he had to find out how he stood on the pitch that had tied the game. He also was wondering what Junior would think of him if he struck him out. It was a position he wished on no other person. Young Jim came forth with the same situation as before, two out and a man on third. Jim's first pitch was a jug-handled curve breaking in on the handle for a foul tip. Strike one. The next missed the corner by a hair for ball one. The third was high for ball two. When he received the ball from Murphy, he thought he caught a glint in Young Jim's eyes. When he got the sign, he shook it off. He felt youth and power return to his body and arm as he let go of the ball which blazed in for a strike. The count was two and two. Again his arm lashed and the game was over. He had pitched two strikes that he hadn't thrown since he was first up the big leagues.

He started through the crowd to the dugout and then he saw him. Young Jim stood there with a smile that reached from ear to ear. He was still proud of his father and Big Jim hadn't let him down. The reporters took their pictures together and all Young Jim could say was "Geo, Pop, you were swell!"

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There is a way to get along without work in this world, but the trouble is that while you are getting along without work, you are getting along without almost everything else that is worthwhile.

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Rome endured as long as there were Romans. America will endure as long as we remain American in spirit and in thought.

--David Starr Jordan

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Younger Brothers

Do you have one? I have and what a rascal! At the moment he is sleeping. I just finished picking up the funny books he left strewn all over the living room, also the marbles, string, jacknives, and other treasures.

A little while ago I came in to turn off the radio Bill had left on. Guess what I found! It was a mother cat and four little kittens curled up in Daddy's chair. I fixed a box and put them on the sun porch. I hope Mother doesn't object because they're awfully cute. I wonder who brought them in? I wonder.

Of course maybe it's natural for little boys to want pets. Bill only has a dog, a rabbit, a snake, and three mice. They occupy our garage at the present.

Mother is upstairs mending his trousers. Bill got into another fist fight today. It seems there's a new boy in class who is not being treated very kindly. Bill likes him and won't stand for the other boys picking on him and lets them know it. As a result, he came home with a black eye, torn trousers and a toothless smile. He was in bad shape but he was victorious.

In fact, he was so happy he did not refuse to kiss Aunt Emily as he usually did when she came over to borrow Mother's pressure cooker.

If you have a little brother, you will understand how I feel. If you haven't you don't know what you are missing.

--Louella Loomis '49
My Horse Roanie

Somewhere on the great plains of Montana a faint whinny sounded, just as the sun rose over the mountains. A beautiful roan mare stood by her baby, a small, gangling, awkward gray colt. Soon the men from the ranch would come and they would be separated forever. She had great dreams for this, her first baby. Some day he would be the biggest, most beautiful horse in all of Montana. Little could she dream of the adventures he was going to have.

After seven long years of being sold from one person to another, he finally arrived at "Smith's Barn" where my cousin saw him and thought him a fine riding horse. Fortunately, he had been well broken and was also five-gaited. Joe was sold on him.

In the spring of the same year, Harland came to my father and wanted to trade a bull for the horse. My father was quite anxious at first but finally said he would take him on trial for a month. The next day the big truck from "the barn" came into the yard and from it stepped the largest, most beautiful riding horse that I had ever seen. Instantly, I fell in love with him from the tip of his beautiful white tail to the end of his soft velvet nose. As soon as he was saddled and bridled, I was riding him around the meadow trying his gaits. He was wonderful; he could trot for miles and was almost immediately devoted to me. He was ever tireless in his effort to please me. I don't think that I ever loved or ever will love a horse as
The force of peace was generated by the broad plateau of Homoea. A faint, far-reaching sound reverberated across the plain, and the earth seemed to vibrate in response. The voices of the people, once muffled by the vastness of the terrain, now carried far, their words echoing through the air.}

"Peace," someone called out, "peace! Join us, and we shall bring harmony to the land." The words were spoken with a sense of urgency, and the crowd responded with a swell of approval. "Peace," another voice added, "can save us all."
much as I loved that horse. His color which was strawberry roan made it easy for me to name him, so I christened him Roanie. It was my horse, the thing of which I had always dreamed and now— I was to lose him.

It all came about in this way. My mother decided to ride him to the east part of the farm. I asked her not to, because I felt that he would not behave well. She insisted. It was a hot day and he was half maddened by the flies. When they reached the dam of the big pond, he reared and bucked several times. My mother, of course, fell off. My sister, who was riding the pony, got off to help her. Roanie stepped on her arm—nearly breaking it. Of course, when they returned to the house, and Father saw how bruised and shaken they were, he said: "Go get Roanie. We will have to get rid of him." These words nearly broke my heart. When I found him, he came to me and nuzzled my hand as if to apologize, but I know that no amount of explaining could change my father's mind. Roanie would have to go. Losing him was the greatest disappointment of my life.

--Marie Bodette '49

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He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not. ——English proverb.

It is less dangerous to slip with the foot than with the tongue.
Our School
by
Rita Bradley

Our building is sagging beneath the great strain,
Of thousands of kids who have been working their brains.
They have dug on the desks and carved on the wall,
It is they who have been the cause of it all.

Our school's so old that it creaks and it groans,
Yet we pound and we run through her halls,
Not considering the noise that echoes below,
We know it is our fault if it falls.

So we know it is right and true,
We really do need a new school.

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Twilight
by
Carolyn Summers

The sun, like a crimson ruby,
Sinks slowly down to rest,
The birds illumined in silver,
Settle down in their earthly nests.

The mountains all robed in purple,
Stand guard o'er hill and wood,
The sky, a tangle of red and gold,
Is a glowing crimson hood.
A Christmas Thought

Christmas comes but once a year, so people say,
But I think we should think about it every day,
For that's the day that Jesus was born,
And on that blessed early morn,
The angels sang with a new joy,
In honor of that baby boy.

But the boy grew fast, and soon was a man.
And then, with God's guidance he began
To teach new things they ought to know,
The way to love and how to grow,
To reach into the Heaven's unseen,
For all things that are good and clean.

Then all too soon he was suddenly gone,
To be with God in the world beyond,
But not to be forgotten by men,
Because they found it was not the end.
Though he was gone he was really there,
In every word and every prayer.

So you see Christmas is more than just a time,
For presents, lights, and Christmas chimes,
For shining tinsel on Christmas trees,
The singing of carols on Christmas eve.
It is a time to remember the morn,
The blessed Jesus, our Savior, was born.

--Grace Osborne '48

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On Snowflakes

Heavenly patterns come to earth,
Dancing gay and full of mirth,
Tiptoe down on windy stairs,
Some clasping hands come in pairs.

Circling around in polkes fast,
'Till on earth they rest at last.
There they form a blanket white,
To reflect God's face of light.

--Elizabeth Parent '50
A Character Sketch

Character sketch for your child on December 8th.

Here I think I should state that I am only.

You notice the girls face, the name was,

And can I hope for any more.

The only thing I can say that I might.

In honor of your work, you.

...
Ma Life

Ah lives down in de swamplands,
Way far away from town,
Ah fish most de time for a living,
'Cozt when rain storms come around.

Don ah stays inside de house,
An fudge ah starts to make,
Using cousin's secret resippy,
Whut ah don't let a soul take.

It's a very secret resippy,
(Ah'm de oney one det sees it)
An' de reason cousin lets me,
Is 'cause ah cain't even read it!

Ah stirs it wif a 10 foot pole,
In case it begins to burst,
Ah'm always reddy fur everthin',
If worst comes to de worst.

Me life ain't so bad, you see,
In fact, it's purty well spent,
An de vory bestest thing of all,
It don't cost me a cent.

---Barbera Charbonneau '50

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The Fiddler

They called him a genius,
The Fiddler;
But he said, "I am only
The strings
Of God's instrument, He
Playing on it,
It is not I, but the fiddle
That sings."

---Author Unknown

-15-
Two Shoes

Kneeling beside a half-filled bin,
With tears filling eyes of pain,
Wondering why a soul free from sin,
Has been taken never to return again.

Child of mine, with eyes of blue,
Hear my heart cry out in sorrow.
Why has God taken you,
To the vast and empty, forever, tomorrow?

Made to be mine for less than a year,
Quick to laugh and wanting to please,
Your halting words were ever so dear,
Along with your little loving squeeze.

All that I have left of this great joy,
Are these baby shoes here on the floor.
For gone is my love, my baby boy,
As death has taken the one I adore.

--Gertrude Hamilton '48

Snow

In the twilight glow,
Gently falls the snow,
Feathery white.

At the darkest hour,
The world is like a flower,
Of pure white.

On the early light,
The birds awaken and take flight,
Over fields of white.

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

Then comes the curtain of
Night,
Blotting out the white.

--Bettie Sullivan '49
There goes the whistle for the starting of the Vergennes-Essex game. This is the first scheduled game of Vergennes, and out there on the floor we see Jim Smith and Marlin Blakely holding down the two forward posts, and at center is tall, lace-cutting Al Mack. There in the war court, getting the rebounds, are Marlin Blakely and Captain Bernard Dike. You may remember Marlin Blakely as a forward, but he is now a guard—and a good one.

Over on the bench are those able and ever-ready subs: Ray Charbonneau, Bill Baldwin, Clem Looby, Lewis Champagne, Jim McNulla and Al Roberts. There running the team is our Coach Palermo, hoping and trying for a tourney spot this year.

Upon the scorer's bench is Jim McEvilla, marking down the score in the book, and behind him, you see Art Moorby running our new scoreboard and time-clock. This was given to the school by the American Legion and Ryan's Dept Store.

If you notice, the subs have on their new warm-up jackets in the school colors, blue and white. They are very becoming.

The Vergennes High school cheer leaders are out there on the floor leading that old "Allaki-I". No doubt, many of you remember that one.

The final score is Vergennes 37-Essex 36. It isn't much of a margin, but I believe that as the year goes by, you will see the gap widen between Vergennes and their opponents.

There's a good crowd at this game, and that's what we like to see. It makes YOUR team want to win all the more. We want to see the same people at the next game and many more with them. You can pick up a schedule at almost any store so you will know when our games are and be able to make plans to attend.

The seventh and eighth grade boys have a good team this year and they should go far. These boys will make up the Varsity in a few years, so they should have a good backing from the townspeople.
There are few topics for the postgraduate or the professional.

There is no limit to the fields of study benefited for.

There are no restrictions on the time or location of study.

There are no fees for the program.

There are no prerequisites for admission.

No, this is a postgraduate program.

No, there are no textbooks required for this course.

No, this program is not offered online.

No, there are no prerequisites for admission.

No, this program is not accredited by any recognized body.

No, this program is not registered with any government body.

No, there are no scholarships available for this program.

No, there are no job opportunities available to graduates of this program.
This year Vergennes also has a Ping Pong Team that will play Middlebury, Brandon, and a few other schools. The team hasn't been picked at present because there are so many good players that it is hard to make anyone warm the bench.

Let's all get out and support the Vergennes High School ball teams; both boys' and girls'. You'll be proud of them.

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James McEvilla '49

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GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This term the girls' basketball team has only one of the six girls of last year coming back--Jean Myers. After losing the whole first team, Coach Palermo had to start from scratch. There are only eleven girls who are trying out for the team. They are: Jean Myers, Mary Charbonneau, Betty LeBeau, Betty Jenkins, Barbara Evans, Norma Bodette, Betty Sullivan, Doris Burroughs, Stephany Thompson, Ramona Denyow, and Muriel Benedict. None of these new girls have had much experience but with plenty of practice I think that they will turn out all right, because there is a lot of good spirit and fight. Here's hoping that they may win all their games!

Coach Palermo says: "I don't think we'll break any record this year as far as total points scored but the girls, since they are all relatively newcomers to the team, will without a question improve, and by mid-season they should hit their stride. As for the league, I can't promise an undefeated team but I know that they are looking forward to taking first place again this year.

--Barbara Evans '49

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There is a way to get along without work in this world, but the trouble is that while you are getting along without work, you are getting along without almost everything else that is worth while.

-19-
La classe avancée de français est en train de lire "L'Ami Bob," roman d'après Quinrel et de Montacon. Nous nous intéressons beaucoup aux personnages de cette histoire et nous demandons ce qu'ils deviendront. De ces personnages nous avons choisi trois dont nous allons vous parler, Bob, Gertrude et Maître Pivert.

Gertrude est la femme de Sébastien Durand, l'oncle de Bob. C'est une méchante femme qui bat toujours le pauvre petit Bob et néglige sa maison. Ce moment où son mari meurt elle est au cinéma. Après sa mort elle demande conseil à Pivert parce qu'elle veut mettre la main sur sa propriété.

Réussira-t-elle?

Maître Pivert, avocat et homme d'affaires peu scrupuleux, est un petit homme aux cheveux gris. Il porte une sorte de jaquette noire et un pantalon trop long que descend sur ses souliers. Des lunettes aux gros verres cachent ses yeux. Il aime beaucoup l'argent. Il a une jolie fille qui s'appelle Blanche. Elle aime beaucoup un jeune peintre qui s'appelle André Roussel, mais son père veut qu'elle épouse le baron Prune, un homme qui a soixante-dix ans et des dents fausses.

Pivert veut aussi partager avec Gertrude la propriété que Sébastien a voulu donner à Bob. Il a pris donc les obligations de Paris qui forment partie de l'héritage de Bob. C'est un bandit ce maître Pivert qui veut marier sa fille à cet homme qu'elle n'aime pas et qui veut s'enrichir au dépense de Bob.

Réussira-t-elle?

(A suivre dans Le Bleu et Blanc de juin)

Barbara Evans '49
Marie Bodette '49
Voyage dans Paris sur le bateau Conversational French for Beginners. La classe "French I" fait ses commentaires sur des illustraires de la nouvelle grammaire:

Voici un agent de police qui dirige la circulation dans une rue de Paris. Il est beau. Il a l'air strict.

Charlène

Je vois un petit garçon devant une boulangerie. Il a sous le bras un long pain français. Le pain est plus long que le garçon. Le pain français est très bon et les français mangent beaucoup de pain.

Irwin


Charlène

À Paris il y a beaucoup de belles rues. L'avenue de Bois de Boulogne est une très belle rue bordée d'arbres. Elle mène de Bois jusqu'à l'arc de triomphe de l'Etoile. Il y a de beaux bâtiments dans l'avenue où il y a des appartements élégants.

Béverly

Voici deux concièrges devant leur maison. La femme sourit. L'homme a un chat dans ses bras. Les Parisiens aiment beaucoup leurs animaux favoris. Les concièrges sont des portiers qui ont la garde d'une maison.

Evelyn

L'arc de triomphe de l'Etoile est très fameux. C'est le monument de Napoléon Bonaparte. De l'arc de triomphe rayonnent bien des rues. Ça forme une sorte d'Etoile. Sous l'arc se trouve le Tombeau du Soldat inconnu.

Françoise


Marjorie

Regardons dans le grand musée du Louvre un tableau de Jean Baptiste Corot, célèbre paysagiste français. Il s'appelle "Le printemps à la compagnie." C'est une belle peinture, n'est-ce pas?

Robert
We have thoroughly enjoyed reading the following school papers:

POULTNEY POLONIOUS
THE SENTINEL
BOSTON UNIVERSITY NEWS
THE LONGHORN
THE ACADEMY STUDENT
R. H. S. CHIPS

POULTNEY, Vermont
Barre, Vermont
Boston, Massachusetts
Waterbury, Vermont
St. Johnsbury, Vermont
Richmond, Vermont

We are looking forward to receiving those of the following schools:

THE SLATE
THE ORIOLE
R. H. S. SEARCHLIGHT
THE DIAL
THE REPORTER
SOWCHS
THE MIRROR
THE PEOPLEONIAN
THE BROADCAST
SO. ROYALTON PAPER
E. J. H. S. COMMENTATOR
B. H. S. REGISTER
CHESTER PAPER

Fair Haven, Vermont
Highgate, Vermont
Richford, Vermont
Brattleboro, Vermont
Bradford, Vermont
Westport, New York
Wilmington, Vermont
Morrisville, Vermont
Bethel, Vermont
So. Royalton, Vermont
Essex Junction, Vermont
Burlington, Vermont
Chester, Vermont
POULTNEY POLONIOUS--Poulney, Vermont

We think your school paper is well edited and your feature presentations very original. In addition, we would not overlook your many clever witticisms which were audibly appreciated.

THE SENTINEL--Barre, Vermont

Your articles on Armistice Day, Our American Heritage and also the one on Thanksgiving were enjoyed by all. The girls of V. H. S. find the description of the "Snappy Spauldingite" very worthwhile.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY NEWS--Boston, Massachusetts

We think your editorial on the Community is very note-worthy and something that should be expressed by all newspapers. Your Press Box Chatter is also very interesting.

THE LONGHORN--Waterbury, High School

Your editorial section was well written and we also enjoyed your "Poetry Corner". We hope to receive the next issue of your school paper.

R. H. S. CHIPS--Richmond, Vermont

We like your paper very much. We commend especially your editorial appealing to the people of small towns to do their buying at home so that their money will go back into improving their own town.

THE ACADEMY STUDENT--St. Johnsbury, Vermont

We admire the fine record that you made in football this season. You must have some "neat" dances, too, according to your write-up. You certainly have a very active school.

Grant Laber '49
Yvonne Devis '49
### SAFETY PATROL

**CAPTAIN**
Jane Norton

**CO-CAPTAIN**
Rachel Slack

**FIRST LIEUTENANTS**
- Teresa Bodette
- Jean Myers
- Bernard Diko
- Grace Osborne

**SECOND LIEUTENANTS**
- Vincent Mellow
- Robert Charbonneau
- Marie Bodette
- Shirley Hunt
- Raymond Tucker
- Viola Moses
- Constance Thorne
- Barbara Evans
- Sylvester Roberts
- Raymond Charbonneau
- Edward Charbonneau
- Ann Milo

**Sergeants**
- Murriel Benedict
- David Provancher
- Allen Langeway
- Betty Sullivan
- Marlin Blakely
- Marvin Blakely
- Howard Danyow
- Grant Laber

**Corporals**
- Mary Charbonneau
- Norma Bodette
- Stepheny Thompson
- Ramona Danyow
- Leonard Rhema
- Joan Higbee
- William Baldwin
- Jack Stebbins
- Betty Junkins
- Jim McNalla

**PFC's**
- Lucille Cunningham
- Helen Looby
- Cloy Mallow
- Frances Poulin
- Helen Hawkins
- Benjamin Surprise
- Doris Burroughs
- Geraldine Lawrence
- Arlene Burgess
- Alice Tucker
- Evelyn Farnsworth
- Grace Hawkins
- Betty Lebeau
- Marguerite Bradley
- Beverly Hawkins
- Joan Peabody
The Safety Patrol got off on the right foot this year under the leadership of our faculty advisor, Mr. Galipeau. Every Wednesday afternoon, the activity period is set aside on the school calendar for the patrol drill.

As in former years we are planning to put on fancy drills at the basketball games. Our first drill is scheduled for December nineteenth.

We are sure that, with the cooperation of the student body the patrol will come out in the lead as they have in the past.

Rachael Slack '48
The research report will outline the project development and will cover:

- Initial problem statement
- Literature review
- Methodology
- Data collection and analysis
- Results
- Conclusion
- Recommendations

The research will be conducted through qualitative and quantitative methods. The data will be analyzed using statistical software. The findings will be presented in a comprehensive report.
NOSE TROUBLE

We'd like to know how the sophomore and freshmen boys could ever get along without Walt Booth. Your car surely comes in handy, Walt.

There seems to be a big attraction in Bristol. We wish Vince Mallow would let us in on the secret.

It seems that Dave Provencher has a new "Parent!" Does she give you any sass?

We'd like to know where Beverly Douglas' love interest lies. She won't let us know a thing.

It seems some of the teachers have some big ideas to go with the long assignments. We would like to know where and how they get them.

It looks as if Jim McNulle has been trying to make the rounds. Can't you make up your mind, Jim, or is it the other way around?

We would like to know whether Paul Chapman is going to join the rest of the Chapman family at U. V. M. after next year?

Sylvester Roberts always seems to keep the girls laughing. You certainly have a way with them, Sonny!

Ramona Danyow seems to keep the fellows guessing as to just where her heart belongs. Why don't you inform them, Nonie, or is it more fun keeping them guessing?

We wonder where the Blakely twins spend most of their time these days, is it in Vergennes or Middlebury?

May Ross seems to have a great liking for Buicks. Or could it be the driver, May?

The girls wish that some of our high school males would break down a little. Alan Mack, for instance, the girls really aren't so bad, Al.

We'd like to know if Rachael Slack and Grant Laber ever have a quarrel. They seem to get along sooooo---well together.

If anyone wants any information concerning the time and place of dances in surrounding towns, just see Alice Rider or Bessie Cram. They seem to take them all in.
SONG DEDICATIONS

LITTLE LULU
I WISH I KNEW
I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW
WHY DOES IT GET SO LATE SO EARLY
FUN AND FANCY FREE
THERE MUST BE A WAY
MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE
MARIE
LET'S GET LOST
OH, JOHNNY
OPEN THE DOOR RICHARD
TOO FAT POLKA
PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE
WHEREVER THERE'S ME, THERE'S YOU
APPLI BLOSSOM WEDDING
RAMONA
MARGIE
MR. FIVE BY FIVE
SONNY BOY
YOU'RE BREAKING IN A NEW HEART
I'M MAKING BELIEVE
HUGGIN' AND A-CHALKIN'
I WISH THAT I COULD HIDE INSIDE THIS LETTER

Cloy Mallow
Ray Charbonneau
Jim Smith
Betty Parent
Dave Brower
Teresa Bodette
Marie Charbonneau
Bob Field
John Borden and Marie Bodette
Howard Danyow and Grace Osborne
(Ain't love grand, Jean) Jean Sullivan
Betty Jenkins
Gertrude Hamilton
Rachael Slack and Grant Laber
Jane Norton and Jim McEvila
Stella Devino and Rex Dugan
Bill Baldwin
Henry Sisters
Bernard Dike
Barbara Evans
Jim McNulla and Step Thompson
Duveen Brigan
Muriel Benedict and Roy Converse
Viola Moses
Paul Johnson
We notice Bob Charbonneau gets to school on time now—(what's the attraction, Bob?)

Bashful Leonard Hrel seems to be quite attracted by a certain freshman (huh, Leonard?)

Mr. Gracey, we understand that your pet grade in school was and is the third grade.

We hear Bettie Sullivan enjoyed the Burlington trip very much. Keep at it, Bettie.

Since Stella is so mercenary we wonder if Rex will get an allowance.

We agree with Johnny. Come on, Marie, how about acting your age?

We wonder if it's just the cash that attracts Duveen at the theater.

To Mr. Palermo from the economics class. MERRY XMAS.

Wayne, what gives with your love life? We haven't heard.

We wonder if Gertrude still has that pet yearning for the Navy.

Maybe when Leonard and Rita get together in Study Hall they might like to have everyone leave. (Or do you enjoy an audience?)

The teachers are at their wits ends, trying to keep up with the wise remarks of Bob Fields and Ed Charbonneau!

To the Lawrence twins: Now that you're staying in town, maybe we will see you around. How about it, Boys?

Jean Myers how does it feel to be the girl of the year? We agree with all the boys and girls.
Smart Guy: "Do you know where bad boys go?"
Wise Guy: "Yeah, everywhere."

The man was none too bright, but used a small income to buy a farm.
"Now," the lawyer told him, "I'll get you the deed to the farm."
"How about a mortgage instead of a deed?" said the man.
"I owned a farm once and had a deed, and a loan company had a mortgage. And the loan company got the farm."

The Son: "Say, Pop, how soon will I be old enough to do as I please?"
The Dad: "I don't know, Son, nobody has ever lived that long yet."

Smith: "I saw a pumpkin in a window eight feet wide and seven feet high."
Chapman: "Impossible. There is no pumpkin that big."
Smith: "Who said the pumpkin was that big? I said the window was."

Mr. Galipeau: "It gives me great pleasure to mark you 85 on your examination.
Jane Norton: "Why not make it 100 and give yourself a real thrill?"

Bill Mace: "Did you get any relief when you went to the dentist?"
Bob Jimmo: "Yeah, the dentist wasn't there."

Mrs. Patterson: (rapping on desk): "Order, Please!"
Marie Bodette from back row: "Coca-cola for me."

Mr. Palermo: "How do bees dispose of their honey?"
Vince Mallow: "They sell it, I believe."

Woman (learning to drive): "But I don't know what to do!"
Her husband: "Just imagine that I'm driving."
Jokes (Con't)

Newsboy: "Extra! Extra! Read all about it. Two men swindled."

Mr. Gracy: "I'll take one . . . Say, there isn't anything in here about two men being swindled."

Newsboy: "Extra! Extra! Three men swindled."

"Waiter, this steak tastes like burnt leather."

"Goodness, sir what strange things you've eaten in your life."

Mrs. Thurber: "Edward, why is your composition on milk only half a page long when I asked for two pages?"

Eddie: "Well, you see, I wrote about condensed milk."

Two newlyweds were about to get off the train.

Said she to him: "Let's try not to look too much like newlyweds, darling."

He: "O.K., dear. You carry the suitcase."

Jean Myers had been naughty again, and her mother spoke to her kindly.

"Jean every time you're naughty I get another gray hair.

"Oh, Mother, you must have been awful when you were a girl. Just look at Grandma."

It was homework time in the Berry house, and Mother was coaching little Ann in her arithmetic, which she was finding tough.

"Ann," said she, "tell me quickly, now much is seven and four?"

"Twelve," replied Ann.

"For shame, Ann; you ought to know better," reproved Mother.

"Well, that's not so bad for a little shaver," spoke up Mr. Berry, "she only missed it by two."

Mrs. Thurber: "Bob, what is a metaphor?"

Fields: "To keep cows in!"

"All extremely bright men are conceited."

"Oh, I don't know," said Ray Tucker, "I'm not."

Miss Domorrit: "Young lady, do you know anything about this course?"

Alma Danyow: "A little, what would you like to know?"
George Bibeau is working as bookkeeper at Miller's Tractor Company. It can't be that George found bookkeeping as hard as he tried to make the rest think he did. Here's luck to you from the rest of us.

Arthur Danyow is at his home in Ferrisburg. Somehow I don't think "Art" is as quiet as he seemed in class.

August Jerger is at home in Ferrisburg. August, the seniors this year sure miss you. You were so nice about letting everyone impose on you for the use of your truck.

Janet Abare is married to John Miner. They were married in August, with the best wishes for luck and happiness from all of us.

Esther Bristol is attending U. V. M. We hope she is as lucky and well liked there as she was here. We were sorry to loose one of the "Big Six".

Molly Burnham is attending Becker Junior College. She was another of the "Six" who we miss. We wish Molly success in what ever she tries to do.

Mary Cooke is at home. How goes it "Cookie"?

Colleen Douglas is employed as a secretary in Burlington. After all Colleen, shorthand wasn't as bad as it seemed.

Barbara Drew is studying nursing at the Mary Fletcher Hospital. Here's all the luck in the world and oh, those lucky patients.

Edith Griffith is also studying at the Mary Fletcher Hospital. Never mind Edith the worst of it is about over. We wish you luck but we don't think you will need too much.

Phillis Griffith is attending Burlington Business College. From what we hear there are more boys than girls there is it true? Luck and every thing that goes with it always.

Estella Jerry is at home. We are sure what ever you do Estella you will have all the success you want.

Edith Lawrence is at home. May all your luck be good.

Elsie Miller is attending Castleton Teacher's College. We are sure that your students will think as much of you as we do Elsie.

Virginia Place is working for Doctor Preston in Burlington. From what we have seen of "Ginny" she goes in for the "new look" and on her it looks good.
Ernest Chapman and Donald Spooner are now attending U. V. M. Well let's hope the girls there have better luck then the girls here did.

Bill Taylor is furthering his education by doing some traveling. Luck and Happiness to you Bill.

Frank Bradly has returned to Randolph and is now working in a filling station. We hope you get all the good things in life.

Kay Looby is working in Warner's Drugstore. Kay is another of the team we always won with. May Happiness always be yours.

Lorraine Paquette is working at Simon Bentons. May you be as successful in life as you were on the team "Frenchie".

Nancy Partch is attending Castleton Teachers College. Nancy we doubt that life will ever floor you as much as you were in the games but if it ever does we are sure you will always get up and play all the harder for it.

Molly Jerger is attending a school of music. Molly is one to make life full of beautiful music for everyone around her.

Jean LeBeau is at home. May everything you want come to you.

Jane Tracy is married to Oscar Jewel and living in Ferrisburg. May happiness always be yours.

Marjorie Wagner is working at Stephen's Drug Store. Here's hoping life is just one great joy for you.

*     
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*

Shopper at the grocer counter:  
"How much are pork chops?"  
"Fifty cents a pound."  
"Why, the grocer down the street sells pork chops for forty cents a pound."  
"Why didn't you buy them there, then?"  
"Well, they didn't have any pork chops today."  
"Oh, well, when I don't have any pork chops, I sell them at twenty cents a pound."

The kindly minister to the four-year-olds: "Do you know where bad little girls go?"
4-yr.-old: "Yeah, everywhere."
The first big activity of this year was the annual affair of initiation. As usual, all the Freshmen came to school in their "best clothes" and paid tribute to all the honorable Seniors. The day was a huge success, and the only after affects were the slight tints of rouge on the faces of the Freshmen. In the evening the Seniors sponsored a "vic dance" in honor of the Freshmen. Refreshments were served and everyone seemed to have an enjoyable evening.

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<th>Senior</th>
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<td>C. Looby</td>
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<td>Treas.</td>
<td>Ray Charbonneau</td>
<td>L. Loomis</td>
<td>W. Charbonneau</td>
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The annual magazine campaign was the next event. Always ready for any challenge set before them, the students were willing to do their part. The high school really has some promising salesmen. Outstanding salesman for this year was CHARLES ALLEN with $61.80. The net profit was $31.48 part of which went for the buying of new basketball equipment and part for an instrument for the band.

On October 15, the Junior and Senior High School students went to Burlington to see the famous Freedom Train. For hours the students stood in line but after seeing the train and all its famous documents, they decided it was well worth the wait. It was a great opportunity for all and I am sure none would have missed the chance of seeing it.

On October 22 the students had the pleasure of being entertained by "Spike" an American Indian. He told many important and helpful facts about the forest. I feel certain that the student body greatly enjoyed his program.

"Applause" the Senior Play was presented on November 18 under the direction of Mrs. Betsy Thurber.

The first basketball game to place on November 25 when the American Legion played the V. H. S. boys. The Girl's Town Team played the V. H. S. girls. The boys were victorious but the girls lost by a small margin.

On Tuesday, December 16th, Christmas movies were shown to the high school students. They were very entertaining and I'm sure everyone enjoyed them.

This year's Christmas program was held on Tuesday, December 23rd, in the high school gym. It was a very beautiful concert and the spirit of Christmas and its real meaning was shown throughout the program. The program was under the capable supervision of Mrs. Ester Favor.
The text on the page is not legible due to the quality of the image. It appears to be a page from a document, possibly a letter or a report, but the content is not discernible from the image provided.
The following are the honor roll students for the first two marking periods:

First marking period:

All A's and B's

Jane Norton '48
Barbara Evans '49
Teresa Bocette '48
Viola Moses '49
Helen Field '51
James Hanna '51
Joanne Charbonneau '52

All B's

Gertrude Hamilton '48
William Baldwin '50
Alan Langeway '50
Henry Sisters '50
Mary Charbonneau '50
Marion Moorby '51

Second marking period:

All A's and B's

Raymond Tucker '48
Teresa Bocette '48
Erwin Clark '49
Viola Moses '49
Alan Langeway '50
Helen Field '51
Neldon Whitty '52

All B's

Clement Looby '50
Joanne Charbonneau '52

ED. CHARBONNEAU FIGURES IT OUT

There is enough coal to keep miners striking for 3374 years.

People talk of professional women; personally, I have never met an amateur.

The first lady who called it the "the easy" payment was slightly extravagant in her use of adjectives.

If butchers want to manipulate a larger business they might try marketing some choice cuts in prices.

The only part of a lady that will not be tanned this summer is the part that should be tanned more often.

Rob Fields asked us to print the following:

$10 for the person who finds an apartment large enough to keep wife from going to mother and small enough to keep mother from coming here.
ODDS AND ENDS

Al Rogeres: "Did it make you nervous to ask your dad for spending money?"

Chum Looby: "Heck, no. I was calm--and collected.

Employer: "Now for this job, we need a responsible man."

Mike: "Then I'm your man. In all my other jobs when anything went wrong, I was always held responsible."

Alan Langeway: "I wonder how old Mrs. Nelson is."

Barbara Charbonneau: "She must be awfully old, because I heard she used to teach Caesar."

Mr. Berry: "Now, if Washington were still alive today, what do you think he would be doing?"

Joyce Ames: "Drawing the old-age pension, sir."

Blakely: "What's harder than buying a present for a girl who has everything?"

Rheuma: "Buying one for a girl who wants everything.

DAFFYNITIONS

Commando--a wolf with a rough approach.

Death certificate--report card

Black marketing--dating another fellow's one and only.

Propagandist--a person with a sense of rumor.

20-20--description of a girl who is a perfect vision.

HIT OR MISS

Grandma Wise says the reason the average girl would rather have beauty than brains is because the average man can see better than he can think.

Only one man in a thousand is a leader of men. The other 999 are followers.

Prof: "Can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

Student: "I think I heard dad say they smelt it."

A kiss is a noun, though used as a conjunction: it is never declined: it is more common that proper and is used in the plural and agrees with all genders.
t
PURCHASE

FROM

Our

ADVERTISERS
LIVESTOCK COMMISSION AUCTIONS

Vergennes Every Monday
East Middlebury Every Thursday

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE

MCFARLAND & KUNKEL
Owners

PHONES VERGENNES 194

139

COMPLIMENTS

OF

BENJAMIN BROTHERS DRY CLEANERS

MIDDLEBURY VERGENNES BRISTOL
COMPLIMENTS

OF

SIMMONDS BENTON

MANUFACTURING DIVISION

OF SIMMONDS AEROCESSORIES

COMPLIMENTS

OF

ROSE-JAY NOVELTY CO.

MANUFACTURERS

OF

CHILDREN'S WEAR

COMPLIMENTS

OF

WOOD'S AUTO SUPPLY
SHOP AND SAVE AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD IGA STORE
OUR PRICES ARE DOWN TO ROCK BOTTOM
COME IN AND LET US PROVE THAT OUR PRICES ARE LOW
AND
OUR GROCERIES ARE THE BEST

COMPLIMENTS
OF
WARD W. MERRILL

Magazines
Newspapers
Colecrest, Durand
Lovell & Covell Chocolates

Drugs, Cigars
Sundries
Toilet Articles
Frojoy Ice Cream

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EASTMAN KODAKS
5-YEAR DIARIES
LUCITE AND SILVER DRESSER SETS
CIGARETTE LIGHTERS
CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

SCHICK & REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS

WARNER'S REXALL DRUG STORE
CHAS. W. BARROWS, REGISTERED PHARMACIST

COMPLIMENTS

OF

A. J. ALONGE, M. D.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

OF

ELMHURST FLOWER SHOPPE
VERGENNES, VERMONT
TEL. 191
JANE AUSTIN
GULF SERVICE STATION
TORREY E. PRESTON, MGR.

GULF PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

TIRES—TUBES—BATTERIES—ACCESSORIES

SUNDRIES AND SUPPLIES

GREEN STREET PHONE 140 VERGENNES, VERMONT

---

COMPLIMENTS

OF

A. W. WRIGHT, D. V. M.

---

STOP AT

RALLI’S

FOR

REFRESHMENTS

---
SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

W. S. & H. E. BRISTOL

VENICE, VERMONT

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

W. H. ADAMS

THE STORE OF SERVICE

COMPLIMENTS

OF

SHORTSLEEVES IGA STORE

BUY TODAY THE IGA WAY
COMPLIMENTS

OF

CLARK'S HARDWARE

A. P. CLARK PROP.

TOMORROW'S STORE--TODAY

COMPLIMENTS

OF

JACKMAN FUELS, INC.

ESCOR CH T FUEL OIL

and

D. & H. ANTHRACITE

COKE, BRIOUETTES

KEROSENE

COMPLIMENTS

OF

LACKARD'S GARAGE
COMPLIMENTS
OF

HOWARD J. LEBOEUF
GENERAL CONTRACTOR
VERGENNES, VERMONT

PHONE 138

COMPLIMENTS
OF

ERNEST DEVINE'S ESSO STATION

UNIVERSAL MILKER AND ACCESSORIES

TIRES—BATTERIES—GAS—OIL

COMPLIMENTS
OF

SHEFFIELD FARMS
SEASON'S GREETINGS
FROM
BURROUGHS DAIRY

COMPLIMENTS
OF
A FRIEND

COMPLIMENTS
OF
ROCKWOOD PUBLICATIONS

COMPLIMENTS
OF
JUDGE SAMUEL W. FISHMAN
COMPLIMENTS

OF

J. W. & D. E. RYAN

THE NATIONAL BANK OF VERGENNES

COMPLIMENTS

OF

H. L. HUNT

L. R. GOODRICH, M. D.
SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

BILL BURGESS

COMPLIMENTS OF VERMONT SHADE ROLLER CO.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

SLACK'S MARKET

COMPLIMENTS OF VERMONT SHADE ROLLER CO.

V. W. WATERMAN, M. D.
| LET'S STOP AT THE COFFEE SHOP AFTER THE GAME. . . . THEIR SANDWICHES AND FRENCH FRIES CAN'T BE BEAT. . . . |
|---|---|
| SEASON'S GREETINGS DOT & BUS BODETTE |

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COMPLIMENTS

OF

LAWRENCE'S RESTAURANT

"THE SAME HOME COOKED FOOD AS EVER"

COMPLIMENTS

OF

DREW BROS. GARAGE

COMPLIMENTS

OF

E. G. & A. W. NORTON

VERGENNES, VERMONT
COMPLIMENTS OF VERGENNES AUTO COMPANY

SEASON'S GREETINGS FROM VERGENNES THEATRE
J. L. Stillwell, Mgr.

COMPLIMENTS OF WILLIAM BOOTH

ELINORE'S BEAUTY SHOP

COMPLIMENTS OF GENERAL TRUCKING AND HAY DEALER
PHONE 167
COMPLIMENTS OF W. E. LARROW

SEASON'S GREETINGS FROM THE JUDGE OF PROBATE

WAYLAND S. BRISTOL

COMPLIMENTS OF BEN FRANKLIN STORE

SEASONS GREETINGS FROM FISHMAN'S DEPARTMENT STORE
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<td>YOU GET MORE AT THE INDEPENDENT</td>
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