The Blue And White

We wish to dedicate this issue

to the

Vergennes High School
Vergennes, Vermont
Christmas issue
1949

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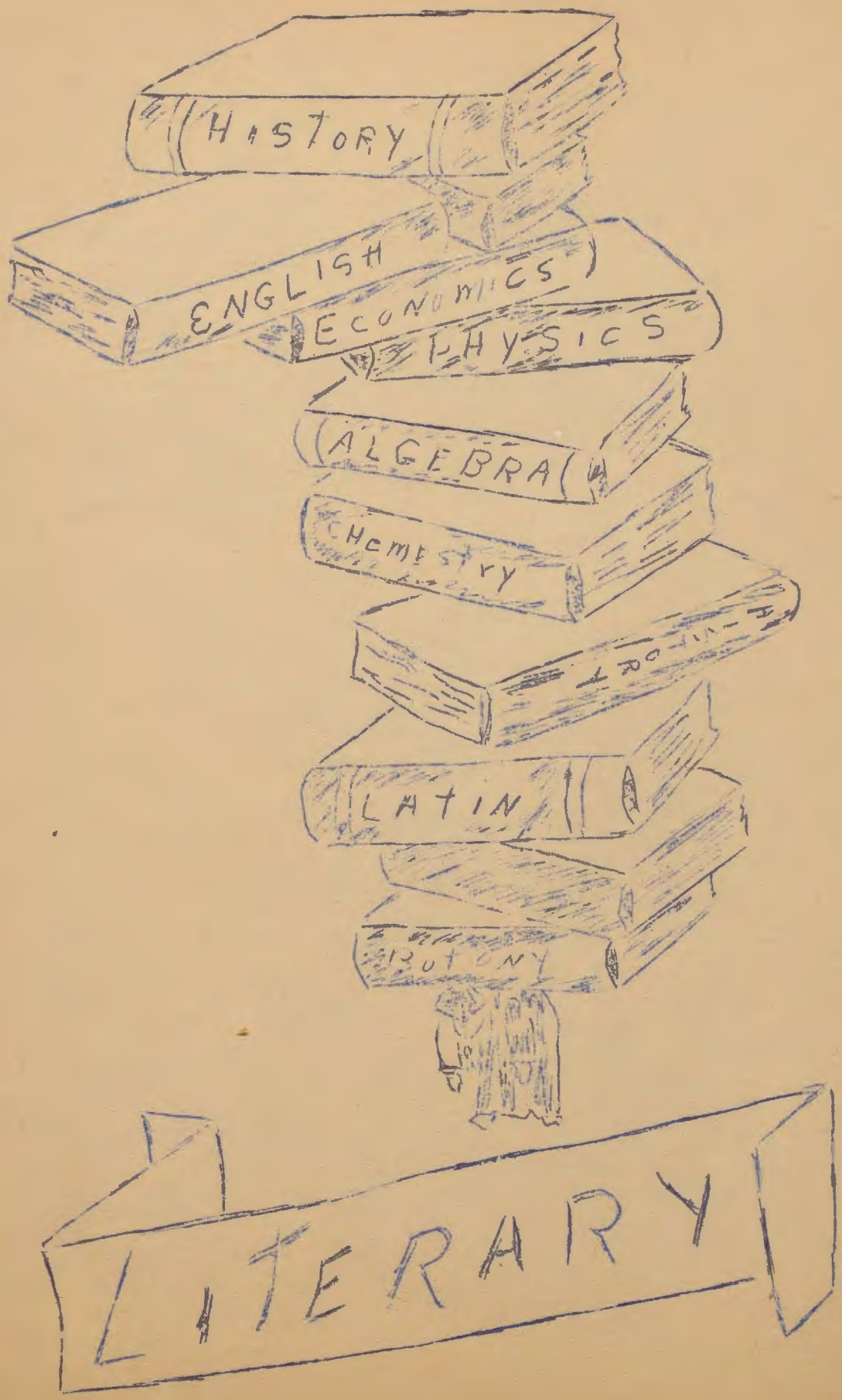
WHAT WILL CHRISTMAS MEAN TO THEM?

We can say that Christmas will mean a great deal to us this year with presents, turkey dinners and all the fixings, relatives coming, and many other pleasant things that will take place; but do we ever stop to think what this Christmas will mean to people who are living in war ravaged towns and cities which are not yet back to normal? They will probably have to get along on their daily rations of food on Christmas Day while we will be enjoying elaborate feasts.

Maybe you will think, "War was over in those countries, three or maybe four years ago. They should, with all of the help that we have been sending them, be back to normal by now". But they haven't got back to normal yet. Those who own leather shops or bakeries can't live decently on what little they make in their shops, especially if they have large families to feed and clothe. The people that usually did buy these things, better called luxuries, now haven't the money to buy them. You may then say, "What can we do to help these people? With what aid our countries send over by way of different organizations to which we contribute, they should be able to get along." Christmas wasn't meant for such thoughts to run through our minds. Better to think, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

We should be able to say when the Christmas holidays are over that we did something to help these people, no matter how small it may seem to you. How can we call ourselves Christians and sit back and take this all in and not do anything about it? Will you do something that will make Christmas mean something good to these people? I think that it will make your own Christmas much more enjoyable.

Stephany Thompson '50


HISTORY
ENGLISH
ECONOMICS
PHYSICS
ALGEBRA
CHEMISTRY
LATIN
BOTANY
LITERARY

THE BEAUTY OF CHRISTMAS

The most beautiful season of the year is winter, for winter brings Christmas, a time that is enjoyed by young and old alike. Not only is there a reverent respect connected with Christmas but also the fun and cheer that has brought so much enjoyment to the little children, with the customary belief in the jolly old man, called Santa Clause, a well known man all over the world, and with the countries over across in such a turmoil, I am sure this same jolly old man will do much to comfort those children who are less fortunate than those in our

It is only fitting that with such a beautiful time as Christmas, the scenery should compare with it, and it most certainly does. The ground is usually covered with a blanket of snow; the air is filled with the chanting of Christmas

children while they are busily making their snowmen.

Yes, it is a beautiful time of year and I am very glad to be in a country where it may be enjoyed by all.

Elaine French '51

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY

We, who go to school, are glad when Christmas vacation comes along, for that is the time when we can enjoy playing outdoors. We can go skiing, skating, and do so many things. Christmas is the time when we are so eager to open the many gifts that we receive; also to worship the little Jesus who was born on Christmas eve in a little stable, which was the only place His father could find for his dear mother. We must worship him and ask him to give peace among all men.

One Christmas I had received a pair of skiis, which I had wanted. In the morning after I had unwrapped them, I went right out to try them. As I started skiing down the hill, I thought I could hear music in my ears. It was like angels up above who were singing Christmas Carols. I looked around and everything seemed so beautiful. The pure white snow coming down, sparkling like diamonds, as it landed on the already hard blanket of snow which was coverint the ground. I wondered what Heaven could be like, because this seemed so much like heaven to me.

When I got to the bottom of the hill, I fell. Still thinking of the beautiful scenery around me, I realized I had been on the ground lying there as if I had been there for a long time. I got up and went down the hill again and again. Then, as I was going home, I was thinking how good God had been to me this day. I got what I wanted and was happy with it. It was the most beautiful Christmas I had ever had.

Florence Poulin '51

A Happy Life

Night has drawn a black curtain over the small town of Oakville, and every light is out; that is, with the exception of a dim light of the town's old reliable doctor. Dr. Cooper always stays up late, figuring out how to meet payments on the house, pay his light and oil bills and so forth. Most of the people in Oakville are poor and it is very hard to give a great deal. Those who cannot pay, Dr. Cooper doesn't charge.

He looks at the bills stacked high on his desk and smiles. His mind wanders back to the time when the Board of Medical Doctors of Ohio wanted him on their board, it was indeed a great honor. No more worries of how to get on until next month or giving up his pipe, so as to save the money he would have spent for tobacco for some medicine for Mrs. O'Brien's youngest, but Dr. Cooper refused. Why? He thought, he would be free from worry and headaches. Why? He knew the answer as well as anyone. These people in this small town in Vermont were more than just patients--they had become a part of him. Born in the slums of New York City, never having the proper medical care, barely having enough to wear and eat, and working his way through medical school, he understood what it meant to be poor, and thus he wanted to help ease the burden of those less fortunate than himself. He slowly climbed into bed with such thoughts pouring through his mind.

Morning came as peacefully as it had left, and if you have ever been in Vermont you know the truly beautiful sight it is to behold. The sun beams with splendor on the farms. The rooster cocks his head as if to warn those who may be sleeping not to miss this wonderous sight. The town goes about in the same daily routine, but in the atmosphere there is something different. The doctor passed away during the night. The funeral services are to take place at St. Thomas Church. The boys with whom the doctor had helped organize the football team, chanted his favorite hymn. His housekeeper's hands move reverently while saying the rosary, tears streaming steadily from her eyes. He had been spiritual advisor, football coach and physician to this small community and the loss is indeed a great one. There is not a person who has not experienced Dr. Cooper's thoughtfulness, kindness and generosity and thus there is not an empty pew in the church of St. Thomas.

I am sure Dr. Cooper smiles as he looks down on this community and thinks of the position he could have had in Ohio and the differences of the devotion of the people at his funeral. He has lived a full and happy life.

Elaine French '51

THE GORY DETAILS

You are standing at the corner of Blood and Gore Streets near the Old MossofBlood Mansion. If you watch, you can see an evil-looking man gliding slowly through the door of the mansion. You try to glide through it, too, but it doesn't work and you have to open it. As you set foot inside, you smell a musty, bloody odor. You are a little nervous, but you are very brave, so closing the squeaky door, you proceed to shadow the evil-looking man. He goes into another room and lights a candle, and then you get a good look at his face. It is of a yellowish hue with long fangs covered with dry blood hanging out of either side of his mouth. His eyes are deep set and the color of blood. His hands are long and slimy looking with long claws also covered with dry blood. You look closely at his tie and you see that it is not a tie after all, but a rattlesnake tied around his throat. He takes off his turban and it slowly uncoils and slithers away. It is not a turban after all, but a green boa constrictor. He sits down on a chair with a pearl gray cushion on it. It isn't really a cushion but just a lot of mice holding each other's tail thus forming a mass that looks like a pillow. Of course, they are fat little mice so as to make his chair more comfortable.

After he is seated, he rings a little bell and three skeletons scurry in with his supper. His first course is worm noodle soup. He finishes that, and they bring him some frogs legs that are still hitched to the frogs. He doesn't seem to mind for he gulps them down. Some of them won't go down and they start kicking in his throat, so he washes them down with a glass of cold blood.

He is about to eat his dessert when he lays his eyes on you. He takes them off you after a moment and puts them back in his head and starts for you. He gets closer and his fangs seek the veins in your neck, but you quickly dash out of the house and down the street. It's too bad, for if you had stayed, you could have seen him lie down in his long, deep, quilted-lined bed, cross his hands over his chest and go to sleep.

Barbara Charbonneau '50

The Boy Who Was Happy After All

In the northern part of Vermont lived a family of three. They were unhappy because their son couldn't get the education and things they would like to give him. The father was crippled for life and the mother had to work hard.

Billy was nine years old, and in the fourth grade at school. The teacher asked all the pupils to draw a picture of their house. The best three were going to be hung on the wall for people to see. It was National Education Week. Bill sat and thought for a while about what he could draw. He didn't want to draw his house because he didn't want people to see it. His house was only a small shanty with half of the windows broken out. He thought of a farmhouse he had seen several times. He had wished that he could live there. Billy drew that house. One of the boys in his class happened to notice that he wasn't drawing his own house. That boy called several students' attention to it. The teacher called the pupils in and then dismissed the pupils.

Outside of the school some of the children waited for Billy, when he came out they called him a liar and other mean names. He went and told his mother that he had told a lie in school but would not tell her what it was about.

Billy started very early for school the next morning. Before he said anything, he noticed that the picture he had drawn had been chosen. He told the teacher that he didn't deserve to have his picture hung up. She told him that he did because he had drawn a house that he would like to live in. As time passed, Billy's people were very happy because Billy was getting such good marks in school. Later, some people asked Billy's parents if they might send him to a boarding school. His parents knew it was a wonderful opportunity for him, so they agreed.

Billy started eighth grade in a boarding school in New York. He did very well there his first year. Everyone liked him and he made many friends.

During his freshman year, he went out for football, but freshmen weren't ordinarily allowed to play. They practiced so that when they became juniors they would be good players. Billy became one of the best players they had, so the coach decided to let him play his first year. He was quarter-back and palyed this position very well. No matter whether they won or not Bill was one of the best sports you could ask for.

As time went by, Billy was working hard so that he would graduate. His last year came and he really hated to leave the boarding school. He wished that he could go to college but knew he could not afford it. What little he had he sent to his parents so that they could attend his graduation on June 2.

When the school paper came out Billy saw that he held the highest honor of his class which meant that he was the valedictorian of his class.

He chose for his essay "How Happy I Am to Get My Education." He won a $1,000 scholarship and many other awards. His parents were so happy to think that their son had done so well in school they broke into tears.

Billy attended college, got his degree and made a great success in his later career.

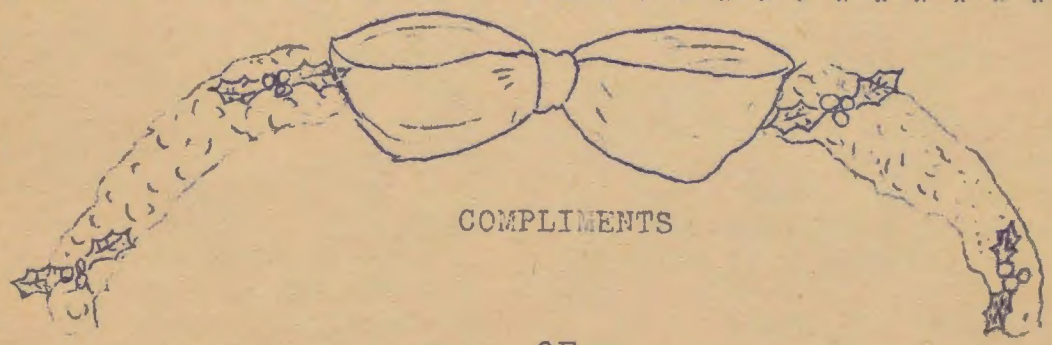
Marguerite Robinson '52

COMPLIMENTS

OF

B E N J A M I N B R O T H E R S D R Y C L E A N E R S

MIDDLEBURY VERGENNES BRISTOL



COMPLIMENTS

OF

E. G. & A. W. N O R T O N

VERGENNES, VERMONT

NICKIE'S CHRISTMAS TREAT

Nickie Van Buffin, a poor little Dutch boy, was left an orphan by the war and was now living alone in a deserted shanty down next to the docks. Nickie's only companion is his dog, "Tina", who was given to him by a friendly American soldier during the occupation of the American Army.

Christmas was drawing near and Nickie was worried. The custom in Holland at Christmas is to leave something for Saint Nick and his reindeer but Nickie had nothing. Food was very scarce in his village.

Two weeks before Christmas an American Red Cross man came looking for Nickie. The kind American Soldier, Tom, had sent for Nickie. He wanted to adopt him. The Red Cross put Nickie and his dog, "Tina", on board a ship for the United States. Nickie was so happy that he forgot all about Christmas until Christmas morning when he went to breakfast, he found a surprise waiting for him. The kind hearted sailors had bought a small tree from someone and had it decorated with popcorn, candy and presents for him. Nickie was perhaps the happiest little boy in the world that Christmas.

Later, when the ship docked at New York Harbor, Nickie had another surprise. Tom had got him his first bicycle for a Christmas present. Nickie now lives with Tom on a farm in Vermont. He considers himself a very lucky boy, and I agree with him, don't you?

Beverly Hawkins '50

AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY A CAT

I was born on Easter Sunday in the year 1941 on a farm. It's a shame that such a dignified cat as I should have had such a lowly beginning! About one month later I was welcomed into the bosom of the family I have stayed with ever since. Immediately they gave me the ridiculous name of "Snoopy", just because I have an inquisitive nature.

I am a handsome cat with long shining grey hair which I keep meticulously groomed. I have a fairly intelligent face, but my whiskers are apt to be ragged because of my inquisitive nature. I am treated like a baby (disgustingly so!) and if I so much as cock my ear, someone pops up to obey my every command. Two gushing girls are always annoying me with baby talk. I pretend to like it but it really is annoying.

I live the average day of any home-loving cat, sleeping and eating being my main habits. Occasionally I go hunting and bring my game back for the family to examine because I know they would be hurt if I didn't.

I like to kneed on soft things and explore bureau drawers but people are always closing the drawers and spoiling my fun!

I feel something like a king with my family as my servants. Don't get me wrong! I really love them! But can I help it if they are attracted to me by my intelligence and handsomeness? People surely are funny, aren't they?

Norma Bodette '50

A Dream

When I was eleven I was given a car and from then on I was given anything I wanted. This went on until I was nineteen and then I died.

It was a beautiful funeral. It was in the month of January. I remember it well. Everybody came in and looked at me when I was laid out. I was dressed in a blue suit and a flashy tie, as I had requested. I wanted them to say, "Doesn't he look natural?" And they did. There were many tears shed at my funeral and most of them were by people who wouldn't even speak to me when I was alive. They had just come so that they would have a new topic of gossip for their next tea party.

Shortly after this, I reached Heaven and was assigned room six-hundred and seven, where I was to stay. When I entered the room, I was astonished at what I saw. In the room there was a bed, trimmed with diamonds and covered by a silk spread with my name on it. In the far corner of the room was a beautiful dresser with a blue-tinted mirror on it and also my name in gold lettering. I guess they must have been expecting me, or at least it looked that way.

I had arrived about 5 o'clock and shortly after my arrival I was called for dinner. Dinner was served in a large hall which was filled with long tables. At dinner I saw only one person that I knew. It was an old flame of mine, Abigail Abercronbie. She was just as surprised to see me here as I was to see her. I was glad to see someone I knew and we renewed old acquaintances.

After supper I went to the movies. The show was, "Hold That Ghost", with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. It was a good show, but I had seen it before. After the show I went to my room and went to bed. I never, in all my nineteen years on earth, slept on a bed that even compared with this one in comfort.

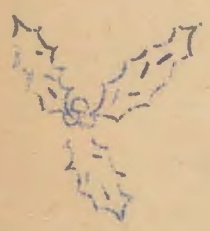
I was very satisfied with my night's rest and arose the next morning at about seven-thirty, had my breakfast and started in working for my wings, as all new arrivals do. I had quite a good job at first, as a student in a dentistry school. I worked there until I graduated four days later. This gave me one point towards my wings. I needed six points to get them. I then started on my second point, waiting on table in the dining room. My third point was received after I had invented detachable jet tubes for our wings in case we needed to get somewhere in a hurry. My fourth point was received after four days work on a flying carpet. My last two credits were given to me for my good looks and intelligence.

I was very contented with my new home until I fell out of bed and woke up on my bedroom floor just in time to get ready for school.

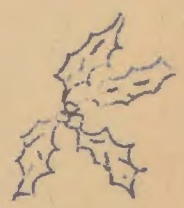
William Baldwin '50

S E A S O N ' S G R E E T I N G S

VERGENNES LIVESTOCK COMMISSION SALES



Vermonts' Leading Livestock Market



EDGAR S. CROSBY

VERGENNES, VT.

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SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

JOHN CALHOUN

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

FISHMAN'S DEPARTMENT STORE

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

THE GRAND UNION STORE

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

SUE'S BEAUTY SHOPPE

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

GOODHEART'S FURNITURE STORE

Biography of The Wind

In the fall I fill the countryside with leaves. Then I bring the clouds that fill the air with snow and cover the earth with its white abundance. I move the clouds away to let the sun through to start melting the snow; this starts the flowers.

I am the wind. I see the youth of America going to school, and I see delegates being elected to Congress. Once in awhile I go to the White House to watch new presidents being "shown the ropes." In my younger day I saw men go to fight their neighbors in the South. Those men died to make this nation a free place to live.

I have flown girls' coats into the air, and flown hats down deserted streets. The people complain too much about me at times, but they button their coats up when they step out of their homes and find me there.

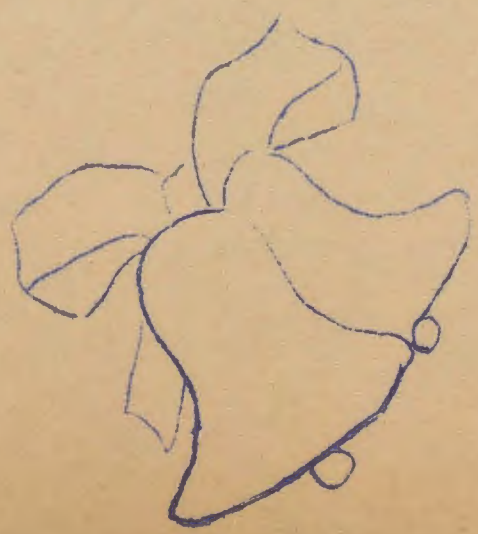
Like most of us I am not always peaceful. Sometimes I cause the waves of the ocean to become gigantic columns of water which destroy homes and property. I don't enjoy this work but I look and I see these people building better homes. These people are Americans; they are hard working people as most Americans are.

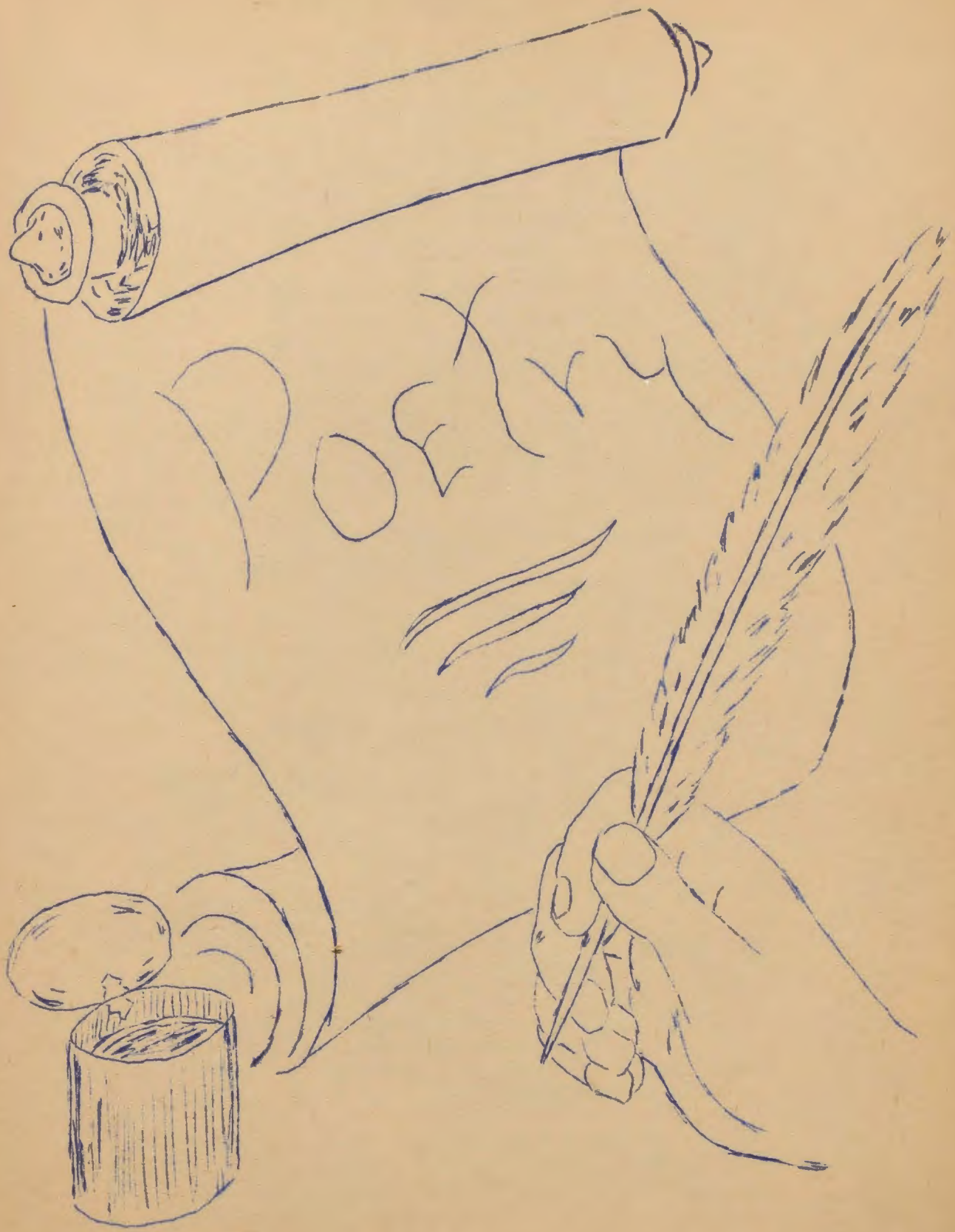
Being the wind is not a soft job. I have to be checked at times if possible. I have helped birds fly and since man has become airborne I have helped keep his metal birds in the air.

I am the wind. I see things that only I can relate. I see life, I see death. I see new things being constructed. I see destruction overcome thousands of acres of forest land.

I saw everything that man had done in the past and will see everything that will be done in the future. I have lived from the time the first animal was on this earth until the time of the first atomic bomb and I shall go on living after everything is still on this earth.

Kenneth Kaiser '51




Poetry

THE BLUE AND WHITE

The Blue and White
Is our magazine,
We work awfully hard
Till it's finally seen.

For a week in December
Our brains we've all racked,
For poetry that's good
While the papers get stacked.

The Seniors who type
From nine till three-forty
Are typing away
Till their fingers are shorty.

But when it's all done
And the ink is all dry,
You can hear a glad murmur
Way up to the sky.

For the Blue and White's done,
The work is complete,
We've accomplished again
An impossible feat.

Lucy Case '52

A SQUIRREL'S BELIEF

Nearly all the leaves have fallen
From the oak tree on the hill.
It's beautiful foliage is scattered
In many a brook and rill.

Inside this tree is a little hole,
Mr. Squirrel's home here we find.
Where he's hidden his food for winter
Away from the rest of his kind.

He knew cold weather was coming,
When he and his mate must be fed.
That he must work and store his food,
Besides finding a sheltered bed.

There are folks who should learn a lesson,
From this little squirrel's belief
And work and save for winter,
And not live on relief.

Lucille Little '52

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The Sportsman

I stand and watch the skaters go;
They swiftly start and suddenly stop.
I think it looks so very easy
I try it and I fall down--flop!!

So then I watch the skiers glide;
It looks so easy I climb the hill top.
I fasten my skis on very tightly:
In the middle of the hill I go down--flop!!

I am sick of this--I watch those sliding,
Down to the bottom, back to the top.
I say to myself, "I can surely do this,"
I hit arock and go over--flop!!

Anyway, I'm cold, I'm going inside,
At checkers, nothing could make me stop,
Unknown to me the chair has been moved,
And down to the floor I go--flop!!
Now I'm really mad!!

Joanne Charbonneau '52

Winter Sports

Now hurry up and get your sled
For winter time is here.
Of all the seasons that there are
'Tis the best of all the year.

We skate and slide and throw snowballs
Oh gee! It's lots of fun.
We're busy from the early morn
Until the setting sun.

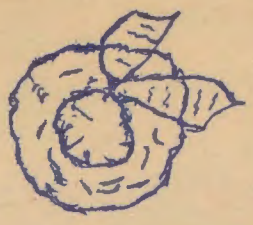
We're thankful for the winter sports
So will not mind the cold.
It makes the blood flow through our veins
And keeps us from getting old.

Emma Schondube '52

COMPLIMENTS

OF

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



COMPLIMENTS

OF

B E N F R A N K L I N S T O R E

COMPLIMENTS

OF

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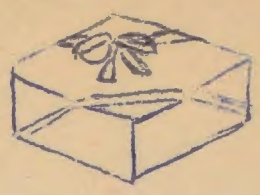
TIRES--BATTERIES--GAS--OIL

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT



There was a young fellow named Ted,
Who asked Santa Claus for a sled,
A train and a boat
And a nice leather coat
But Santa brought mittens instead!

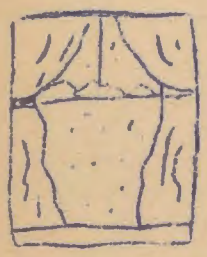
John Fisher '52

Christmas Chant

Candle, candle, shining bright
On my window sill tonight,
Like the shining Christmas star
Leading shephards from afar,
Lead some weary traveler here
That he may share our Christmas Cheer.

Helen Looby '52

Little Jack Frost



The wind is blowing snowflakes
Over land and over sea,
And Jack Frost with his paintbrush
Is busy as can be.
This window pane needs brightning
With a crown of crystal beads,
And this one a little fairy
Dancing with the breeze.

This bush is not forgotten
As he danced among the weeds
A crown of shining silver
Is touched to all the leaves
The big pine tree is shining
With its icicles and snow,
For Jack Frost is a busy fellow
Everywhere he goes.

DeLisle Flynn '52

I Like Geometry

I sit in study hall, as busy as ever
can be,
English class comes next yet I'm doing
Geometry,
I have not prepared my lesson and
what do I care,
For I sit in the back of the classroom
and talk all I dare.

Finally classtime comes, I'm sad as
I can be,
And if we have to read our stories
I hope she doesn't call me,
Sure enough she says, "Now Jane, your
story we will hear,
Get up in front of the class and
read it loud and clear."

My face gets red, I want to hide, but
there's nothing I can do,
Buy say, "I'm sorry, teacher, my story
I didn't do,
Out of the classroom I go as quick as
ever can be,
I go right to my seat and start doing
Geometry.

I' ll get an F in English, I'm very sure
of that,
Buy anyway I'll have my Geometry right
down pat.

Jane Barnard '52

Sleighing

Away! away! the track is white,
The stars are shining clear to-night,
The moon above the steeple tall,
A silver crescent over all.

Away! away! our hearts are gay,
And need not fear by night or day,
The merry bells ring gayly out,
Our lips keep time with song and shout.

Away! away! across the plain,
We sweep as sea-birds skim the main,
The stars are bright, the track is white,
There's joy in every heart to-night.

Lorraine Andrews '52

PONTIAC SALES

AND

SERVICE

CLARK'S GARAGE

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

VERGENNES THEATHER

J. L. STILLWELL, MGR.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

VERGENNES AUTO COMPANY

COMPLIMENTS

OF

A. J. ALONGE, M. D.

Snow-Bound

Well, it began in the early evening,
November twenty-first,
With a sprinkly little rain outside,
As warm as May the first.

That next day bright and early,
The north wind began to blow,
And when we awoke all we saw
Was the drifting of the snow.

We went outside and shoveled,
In drifts above our heads,
And when the work was done at last,
We all went right to bed.

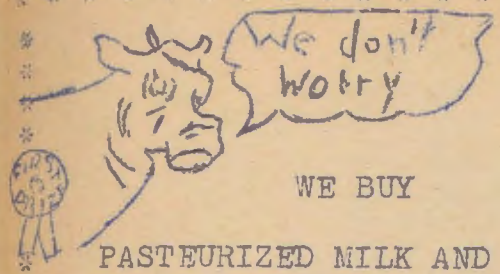
I guess I'll always recollect,
Each building as a mound,
In the fall when we were,
Snow-Bound.

Pauline Gibeault
Class '52

Lucky U. S.

If you think things are drearier
In that cold land of Siberia
Then in your thinking, right you are.
It's worse now than in the days of the Czar.
If you're ever picked up by the Secret Police,
You'll find your sad life will very soon cease,
Or up to Siberiayou probably will go
And live out your life in the ice and the snow.
Or maybe to a prison camp you will be sent
And if you get out, you'll be crippled and bent.
No luxuries such as in the U. S. A.
Where even the poorest have time to play.
Yet in this country some men believe
That over in Russia they will recieve
A better living than they do here,
But they don't know what there is to fear,
Where everything belongs to the state
And you are fine if to work you are late.
People don't know how lucky they are
Not to live in the U. S. S. R.

John Stephens
Class '52



WE BUY

PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM

CHOCOLATE MILK

COTTAGE CHEESE

FROM

SPADE DAIRY PRODUCTS

VERGENNES 103-5
94-11

COMPLIMENTS

OF

J. W. & D. E. RYAN

COMPLIMENTS

OF

H. L. HUNT

INSURANCE AGENCY

COMPLIMENTS

OF

L. R. GOODRICH, M. D.

On Looking Out My Window at Night

I awoke from my slumber,
Oh sleepy-eyed me,
I arose to my window
And what did I see?
Nature's polka-dot sky
Shining boldly above--
Shining out glory
And heavenly love.
I thought to myself
As I gazed up so fast,
It's a beautiful network
That can't be surpassed.
And I said to myself "What's beyond
This earth?
Wouldn't it be fun, and joy
And mirth?
If I could walk off suddenly
And see the things I want to see?"
I'd visit Mars
I'd walk on the moon
And swing on the stars.
I'd go see if Pluto
Blossomed flowers in May;
But I'd stop for a drink
At the Milky Way.
I'd be overwhelmed with
Gorgeous sights
Like Jupiter and the
Northern lights.
I would look all night
At magic luster
Like the Big Dipper
And Hercules Cluster,
But after a while
I'd slide down a moonbeam
And jump back in bed.

Charles Howard "52"

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Treat everyone with politeness, even those who are rude to you. For remember that you are courteous to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one.

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An appointment is a contract. To be prompt is a duty resting upon us which is no less an obligation than honesty. Let us inspire the confidence which is our just duty by keeping all our appointments punctually.

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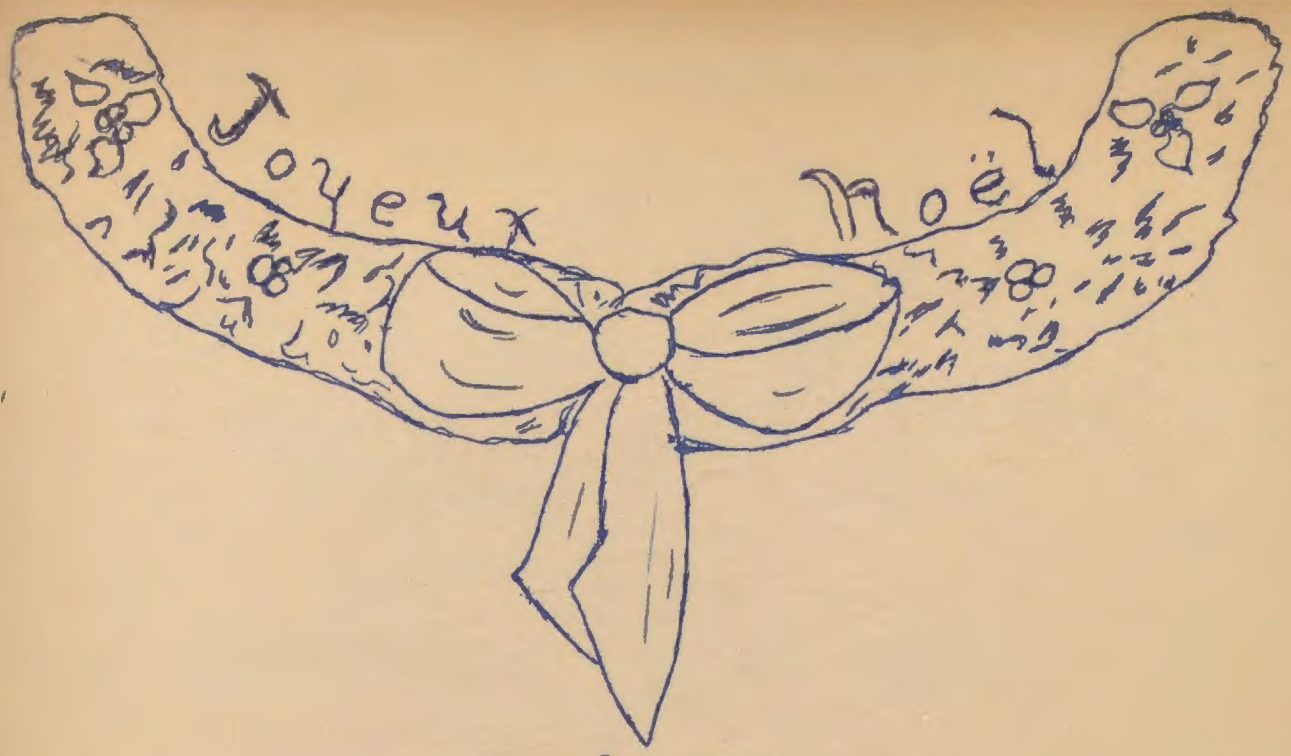


Joyeux Noel!

Noël nous apporte la joie. Nous sommes heureux à la pensée de cette belle fête que s'annonce et que est des réjousissances.

Noël est une grande fête parce quel le Sauveur de monde est venu sur la terre pour nous sauver.

Noël est un jour joueux avec les réunions des familles, les beaux arbres de Noël que nous ornons et tous les beaux cadeaux qu nous recevons.

Mais n'oublions pas les gens moins favorisés que nous faisons un effort pour rendre Noël un jour joyeux pour eux en les aidant tout que nous pouvon. Demandons aussi au Sauveur de le faire un des jours plus agreable qu'ils aient jamais eu et qu'il nous bénit tous.

Je vous souhaite un joyeux noel.

Florence Poulin '51

SAINTE NUIT

Sainte nuit! A minuit,
Le hameau dort sans bruit;
Dans l'etable repose un enfant
Que sa mere contemple en priant;
Elle a vu le sauveur
Dans l'enfant de son coeur.

Sainte nuit! Douce nuit!
O splendur qui reluit!
De tendresse ta bouche souret
O Jesus! Ta naissance nous dit
Le fils vous est donne,
Un Sauveur est ne!

Noël

Noël est la plus heureuse saison de l'annee. Tout le monde se prepare pour le père Noël. Les enfants sont accable's de joie. Ils ne peuvent pas attendre pour ce grand jour. Tout le monde est heureux. Les gens achètent des cadeaux et des jouets. Les enfants attendent pour le jour, quand le père Noël viendra. Dans les magasins ils attendent pour exprimer leurs souhaits au père Noël.

On voit les beaus décorations dans les magasins et les beaux arbres de Noël dans les rues. Dans les maisons on voit son propre arbre de Noël couvert d'ornements.

Les enfants jouissent la veille de Noël. Ils ne peuvent pas attendre pour le matin. Des enfants regardent l'arbre de Noël et ils voient les cadeaux autour des arbres. Le père Noël est venu. Qui dorme cette nuit?

Oui, Noel est la meilleur saison de l'annee. C'est plus belle parce que nous avons la neige et il fait froid. Tout le monde, rich ou pauvre, aime cette saison.

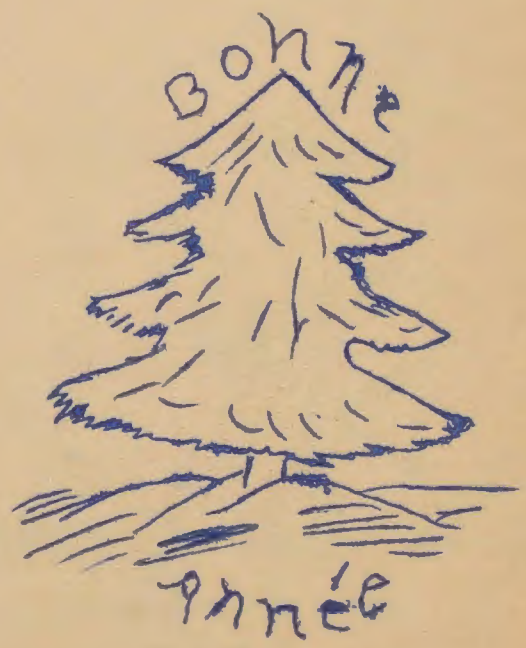
Doris Mercier '52

Un Cadeau Pour Maman

Il y a une Potite jeune fille qui veut faire plaiser a sa mère. Elle veut lui faire un cadeau de Noel mais elle n'a pas d'argent. Elle en parle a son pere pour qu'il lui dit: "Je n'en as pas. Elle essaye de penser. Elle a une idee. Elle va aux plusieurs maisons pour trouver du travaile. Mais ils lui disent "Vous etes trop jeune". Elle se dit: "Je travaillerai pour maman. Elle sera tres fiere. Ce sera le plus beau cadeau que je puisse lui donner pour Noel."

Elle en parle a son pere. Son pere lui dit que c'est un grand cadeau de Noël pour maman.

Pauline Gibeault '52



SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

G U L F

S E R V I C E S T A T I O N

T. E. PRESTON, MGR.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

M U Z Z Y ' S S T O R E

North Ferrisburg, Vermont

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

WOOD'S AUTO SUPPLY

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

WARNER'S REXALL DRUG STORE

CHARLES W. BARROWS

REGISTERED PHARMACIST

VERGENNES SCHOOL SAFETY PATROL

The offices of the Patrol are held by the following:

Captain:	Alan Langeway
Drill Master:	Jim McNulla
Ass't Drill Master:	Jack Stebbins
First Lieutenants:	Ramona Danyow Stephany Thompson William Roberts Mary Charbonneau Norma Bodette Jean Higbee
Second Lieutenants:	Jim McNulla Jack Stebbins
Sergeants:	Helen Looby Lucille Cunningham Betty LeBeau Alice Tucker Grace Hawkins Helen Hawkins Sally Bristol James Hanna Marion Moorby Dorothy Jaquith Alma Danyow Joyce Tracy Robert Stebbins Helen Fields John Stephens Gwendolyn McGrath
Corporals:	Florence Poulin Joan Peabody Lorraine Andrews Joyce Larrow Lucille Collom DeLisle Flynn Rita Charlebois Marilla Place Juliet Burroughs Colleen Bargfrede Raymond Bodette Lucy Case Joanne Charbonneau

In September we organized both the Patrol shifts and the Drill team. The drill team has been meeting regularly on Tuesdays. There were drills by the shifts until everyone learned the fundamentals, then the regular teams were organized. So many students have tried out for the drill team that it has been divided into two groups. The last part of the period is used for the regular drill team which is doing very well for the short time it has been working. We plan to put on drills at the basketball games during January and February.

Alan Langeway '50

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

PINEGRIFF RESTAURANT

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

SLACKS MARKET

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

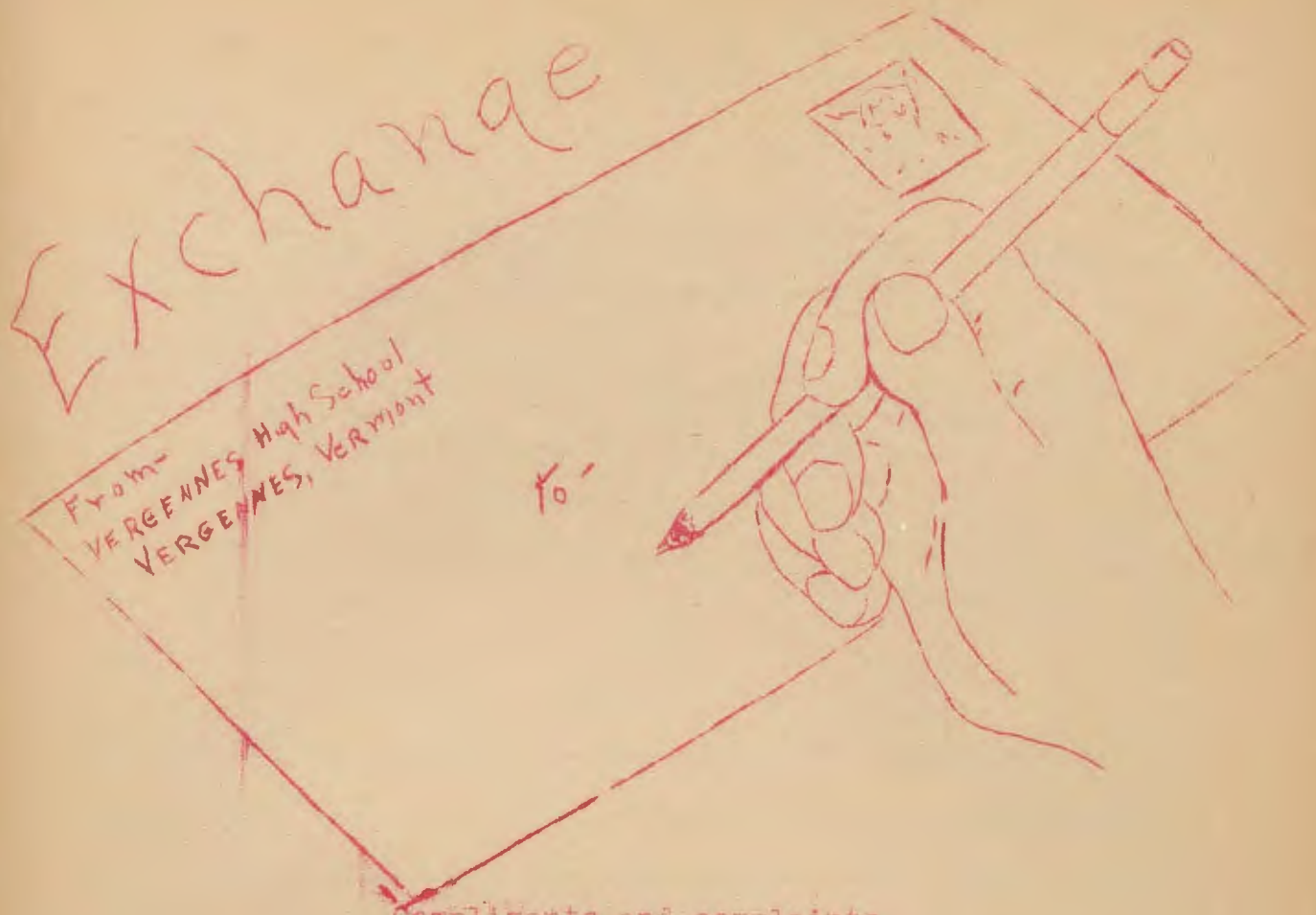
HAVEN'S BOWLING ALLEY

HERRICK BRISTOL PROP.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

FERRISBURG FREEZE LOCKER



Compliments and complaints

"B-H-S ECHOSTER"---- Washington High School

We like your interesting front page pictures and your news report section. We like the way you arrange the advertisements, but we do wish you would have a few more jokes.

"THE ACADEMY STUDENT"--- St. Johnsbury Academy

We realize that you are more advanced than we are, but we are trying to improve our publication to make it somewhat as good as yours. We are trying to space our advertising throughout our paper as we think it is better that way.

"CHIPS"--- Richmond High School

We don't have one of your publications. We certainly would like to exchange with you. Hope you like ours.

"SCHOOL SCRIBBLES"--- Rochester High School

We have your first issue and are looking forward to your second one. Let us know what you think about ours.

"THE AUSTINE SCHOOL NEWS"--- Brattleboro School for the Deaf

We like your school paper. Hope you like ours. Your news reports are interesting and we like the cute verses also. Good luck to you.

Exchange (con't)

"The Mirror"---Wilmington High
From your commencement issue of last year which we received we know we want more of your issues. They are excellent. We think your colored print is attractive but we'd like to see some jokes. Also we think advertising should be distributed better.

"Vermont Junior College News"---Montpelier
Your paper is well compounded. Your social notes are well done. We would like to hear more from you.

"Sentinel"---Spaulding High
Your paper is different from others in our exchange as most of them are in magazine form and advertising takes up quite alot of space but we enjoyed it very much. Much success to you.

Jean Higbee '50

Helen Hawkins '51

MOVIES

You Are My Everything----------Dennis Sullivan

Mighty Joe Young----------Jim McNulla

In the Navy----------Ramona Danyow

Every Girl Should Be Married----------The Senior Girls

An Innocent Affair----------Henry Sisters and Frances Poulin

June Bride----------Doris Burroughs

Best Man Wins----------Alan Langeway

The Trouble With Women----------Alan Mack

Glamour Girl----------May Ross

That Wonderful Urge----------Bill Roberts

Unconquered----------Bob Tracy and Ben Surprise

So Dear To My Heart----------Jean Higbee

There's Something About a Sailor----------Step Thompson

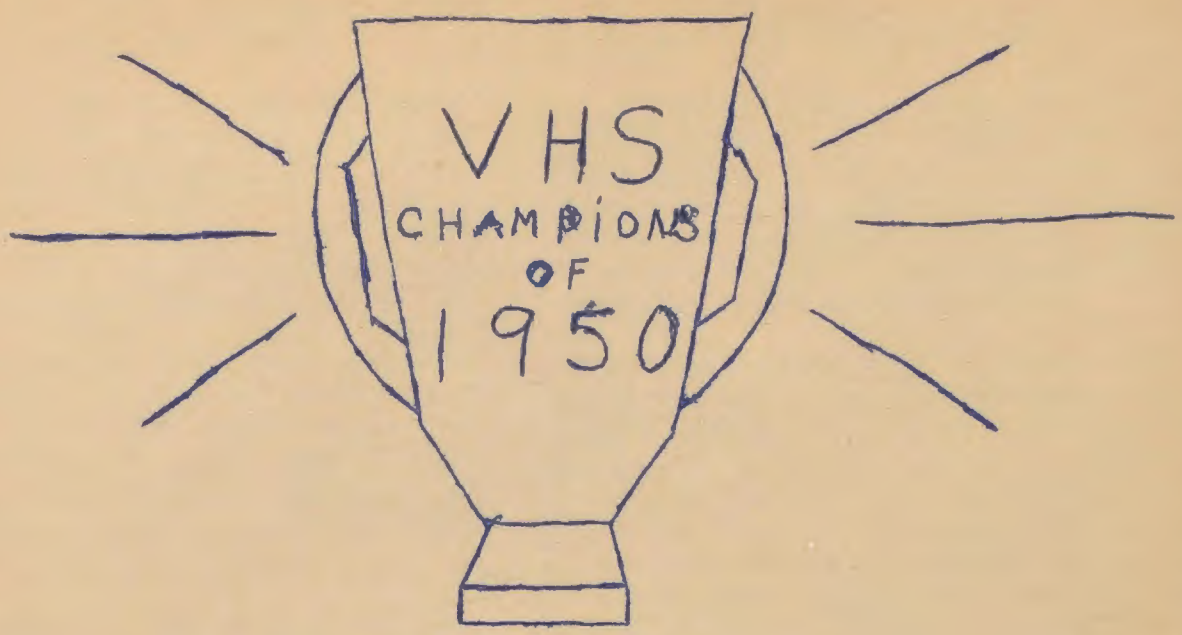
It's a Great Feeling----------Mary Charbonneau

Big Jack----------Barb Charbonneau

The Long Night----------Bev Hawkins

Gone With The Wind----------Sidney Barnard's Car

-SPORTS-



BOYS' SPORTS

Coach Palermo called his first practice on November 1 in which eighteen attended, but by the first game only twelve were present. Among the veterans from last years team are Jim (Whiskers) Smith as left forward, Allen (Lanky) Mack who has been switched from center to right forward, Al (Mighty Joe) Roberts at right guard, and the two new ones coming up from last year's reserves are Johnny Brigan as left guard and Jim McNulla as center. The average height of these players is around six feet. Other members of the team are Richard Tarte, John Stephens, Bill Roberts, Louis Champagne, Ernie Lackard, and Jim Hanna.

Before a packed house, the Vergennes boys made a grand showing in their first game of the season with Milton, which is a B school. Before ten seconds of play were up, both teams had scored. It was a tense, fast moving, game all of the way. Everyone in the hall that night felt that they had well received their money's worth in an action-packed basketball game. Our boys were victorious with a final score of 40-19.

The second game was with Brandon, at Brandon, and it proved to be a thriller also. Vergennes trailed until the third quarter, then putting on the pressure, trimmed Brandon 34-28. Besides being an exciting game it also proved quite rugged, with three V. H. S. lads ending up with injuries.

The powerful Waterbury team gave Vergennes its first defeat of the season. The boys in blue and white just couldn't seem to find the hoop that night. Captain Jim Smith was able to play very little due to knee injuries received in the clash with Brandon. The final score being 45-28. However Coach Palermo feels that it will be a different story when we play the Waterbury team at Waterbury.

Name	Total points
Smith	26
Mack	19
McNulla	16
Roberts	25
Brigan	7
Stephens	1

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GIRLS' SPORTS

Coach Merle Moulton says:

"It seems to be rather early in the season to determine the quality and future power of the girls' team. However, we had a very good turnout for our first meeting with many new players with potential basketball ability.

Despite the fact that we have been unable to have sufficient practice sessions until very recently our first game was a success with the Vergennes girls coming out on the top half of the score.

I hope our first game was indicative of the success we will have in the future encounters on our heavy schedule this year."

Captain Mary Charbonneau relates:

"I was very lucky to be chosen as Captain of so many wonderful girls at the beginning of the basketball season. I have played with most of the same girls for two and three years and wish I could continue to for two and three years more.

The team has shaped up very good so far this year and with the spirit we all have, we are sure to have what we hope will be a successful season.

We lost three very good players last year which left a hole in our line-up. I'm sure you all remember Captain Betty Jenkins, Barbara Evans, and Bettie Sullivan. We were also very glad to welcome our new players and our new coach whom we all think a lot of.

We have a very hard schedule ahead of us and I speak for the team when I say, "We hope to have the people's support at all our games."

Manager Alice Tucker reports:

"There was a very good turnout for the girls' basketball team this year, with Coach Moulton calling a meeting for all those interested in basketball. The girls elected as their Captain for this year Mary Charbonneau.

The starting line-up this year is as follows; forwards, Mary Charbonneau, Helen Looby, Ramona Danyow; guards, Betty Lebeau, Sally Bristol, and Joan Peabody. We also have a large number of substitutes who are Joanne Charbonneau, Juliet Burroughs, Nancy Clark, Alma Danyow, Shirley Hamilton, Verna Patten, Janet Chamberlain Dorothy Jaquith, Shirley Mitchell and Lucy Case. Alice Tucker was elected manager at the beginning of the season."

The first game of the season was played on November 29, against a newcomer, Milton. Vergennes won by a score of 45-32.

We hope to have a very successful season and are anticipating a large attendance at our games.

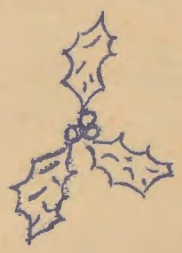
Mary Charbonneau '50

Alice Tucker '52

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

SIMMONDS AEROCESSORIES, INC.



SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

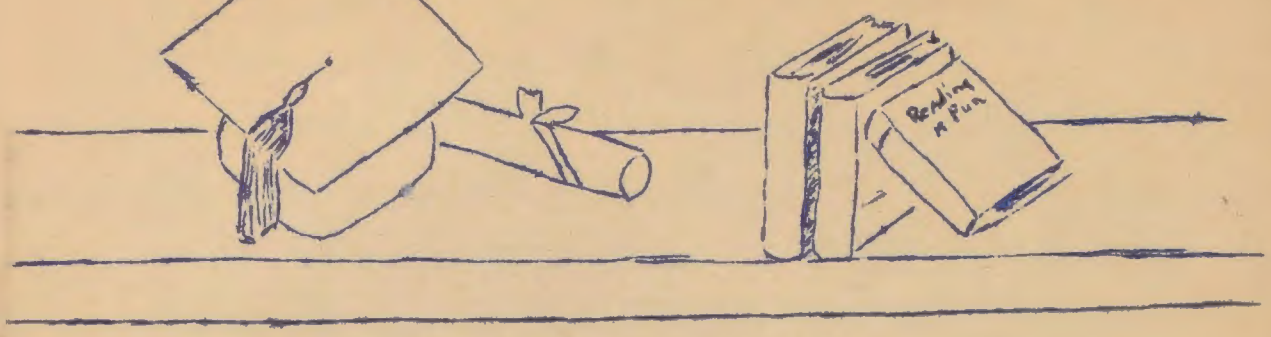
BURROUGH'S DAIRY

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

SAMUEL W. FISHMAN

Alumni



CLASS OF 1949

Howard Denyow is in the Navy. He is stationed in Florida.

Raymond Charbonneau is working.

Bob Charbonneau is working at the Vergennes Theatre.

Edward Charbonneau is working at Dalrymple's Store.

Gertrude Hamilton and Rachael Slack are attending Castelton Teachers' College.

Teresa Bodette and Raymond Tucker are attending U. V. M.

Bernard Dike is in the Air Corps. He is stationed at San Antonio, Texas.

Stello Devino married Rex Dugan. She works in Ryan's Department Store.

Grace Osborne is working in the Burlington Free Press printing office.

Jean Myers is working at the Simmon-Benton shop in Vergennes.

David Provencher is married to Betty Parent. He is employed at Simmond-Benton.

Jane Norton has entered St. Joseph's Seminary in Troy, N. Y.

Thomas Husk is working for Donald Hunt in Waltham.

Robert Jimmo is working in Burlington.

William Mace is taking an agricultural course at McGill University in Montreal.

A L U M N I (continued)

James McEvile has re-enlisted in the Army.

Bessie Cram is married to Clayton Jennings and is working for Mr. Moulton, Superintendent of Schools.

Marie Charbonneau is telephone operator in Middlebury.

Beverly Douglas is working at the National Bank of Vergennes.

CLASS OF 1949

Muriel Benedict is living with her parents in Bridport. She has been working at the Porter Hospital in Middlebury.

Marlin Blakely is working for the railroad.

Marvin Blakely is in the Air Corps. He is stationed in Texas.

Marie Bodette and Barbara Evans are in nurses' training at the Bishop De Goesbriand Hospital in Burlington.

Betty Sullivan is in Boston studing to be a Laboratory Technician.

Robert Field is working at his father's farm in North Ferrisburg.

Constance Thorne is at the Castleton State Teachers' College.

Robert Higbee is working for his father as a carpenter.

Betty Jenkins is working at the Pine Griff Restaurant.

Marguerite Bradley is married to Robert Everts. She is working at the Pine Griff Restaurant.

Glenn Griffith is in the Army. He is stationed in Trenton N. J.

Ann Milo is married to Harvey Russett.

Shirley Hunt and Marjorie Husk are training to be nurses at the Mary Fletcher Hospital.

Grant Laber is working in Hanover, N. H.

A L U M N I (continued)

Paul Chapman is in the Air Corps. He is stationed in Virginia.

Geraldine Lawrence is studying domestic nursing in Bennington.

Robert Parker is at home.

Eunice Buzzy is at home.

Erwin Clark is enrolled in the College of Agriculture at the University of Vermont.

Yvonne Davis is at home.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

MILLER CHEVROLET COMPANY

SEASON'S GREETING

FROM

MILLER TRACTOR COMPANY

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

VERGENNES LAUNDRY

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

NATIONAL BANK OF VERGENNES

Honor Roll

NOVEMBER 29, 1949

ALL A'S

Raymond Plankey '53
Norbert Charbonneau '54
Paul Milo '54
Jim Peabody '54

A'S & B'S

Allen Mack '50
Helen Field '51
Marion Moorby '51
John Fisher '52
John Stephens '52
Colleen Bargfrede '52
Joan Husk '52
Marguerite Lawrence '52
Emma Schondube '52
Alice Tucker '52
Raymond Desbiens '53
Neldon Whitty '53
Nancy Clark '53
Nancy Sweeney '53
Jane Ripchik '54
Janet Swenor '54
Carolyn Berry '55
Sharon Spade '55

ALL B'S

Regina Yattaw '51
Lucy Case '52
Lillian Fleming '53

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HOLIDAY GREETINGS

FROM

THE PASTRY SHOP

11 Green Street

Vergennes, Vermont

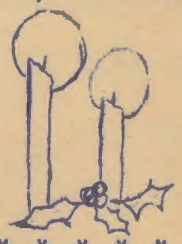
COMPLIMENTS

OF

SAMUEL J. WAGSTAFF

ATTORNEY AT LAW

VERGENNES, VERMONT

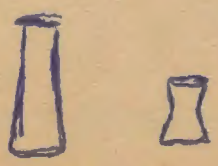


COMPLIMENTS

OF

MILO'S DAIRY

PHONE 10-11



SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

THE JUDGE OF PROBATE

W A Y L A N D S. B R I S T O L

SONG DEDICATIONS

MERRY OLDSMOBILE . . . . . Lucille Wood and a sailor named Carl

I'D HATE TO LOSE YOU . . . . We know you would . . .Mary and Bob

BRING ON THE GIRLS . . . . . Where are they Clem?????

MY HEART BELONGS TO A SAILOR . . . . . Step and Johnnie

PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE . . . . . Bill and Doris

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW? . . . . . We wonder too,Jim

ALWAYS . . . . . We can tell, Jean . . . . Jean and Bruce

SOMEDAY . . . Let us in on the secret . . . . . Evelyn Farnsworth

WHERE ARE YOU? . . We wonder, too . . . . . Norma Bodette

I WANTA GO HOME . Do you always say that to a certain Irishman,Bab

I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS . . . . . Sure hope so, May

THAT'S MY WEAKNESS NOW . . . . . We wonder, Bev???

WHAT ARE YOU DOING NEW YEARS??????? . . . . . The Senior Boys

FOR EVER AND EVER--We know . . . . . .Nonie and Dennis

I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I . . . . . Patty Little

LOADED PISTOLS AND LOADED DICE . . . . . Jim Smith

I NEVER SEE MAGGIE ALONE . . . . Marguerite Robinson and Ted Hatch

ONE LITTLE KISS. . . . . Emma Schondube and Dave Chamberlain

I DREAM OF JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR . . . . . .Al Roberts

CHARLEY, MY BOY . . . . . Sally Bristol

JACK, JACK, JACK . . . . . Helen Field

BABY FACE . . . . . Alan Russett

MULE TRAIN . . . . . Marion Moorby

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The way to destroy an enemy is to make him your friend.

Think what others ought to be like, then start being like that yourself.

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GOSSIP

"NOTICE"

Holiday Military Invasion of the Senior Girls:
The Chief Forced of the U. S. arriving; Chief Targets

Army Air Force	Jack	Barb
Army Air Force	Buzz	May
Army	Bob	Mary
Army	Bill	Bev
Navy	Denis	Nonie
Navy	Johnnie	Step
Navy	Fernand	Evelyn

Some of the students don't have to worry about their holiday dates, they are already signed up for the season.

We hear Janice Clark has a big crush on a certain Junior boy, are you wondering who this boy could be, Jack?

The third period study hall sure is noisy since Hank and Frances moved in.

Hey, "White-Wash" did you know a Sophomore girl named Lorraine has heart-aches over you? At last some girl came through!!

We would like to know WHERE Joyce and George go on their noon hour trip??

Shirley are there any attractions out in Bristol you care for?

We wonder how Patty Little likes her rides home in Clems' "Merry Oldsmobile"?

Is it true that some of the Senior boys have been taking "Lessons in Love"?

We'd like to know who Boris (John Stephens) is planning to take to Siberia with him. We'd suggest Alice!

Wayne, what do you do with your spare time? Don't you have ANY outside interests?

Miss Moulton, are you ready yet?

Whispering H ope---Henry Sisters, hoping you won't get caught whispering. But you always seem to get caught, don't you?

We would like to know what the big attraction is staying after school, why don't you tell us Bev?

We hear that Dot Jaquith is still writing to that certain soldier in Japan. Does he still play the trombone, Dot?

S M I L E S

Geo. Moorby: If I kiss you, will anyone be the wiser?
Joyce Stearns: That depends on how much you know about kissing.

Mrs. Nelson: Why don't you answer when I call your name?
Bill Roberts: I nodded my head.
Mrs. Nelson: You don't expect me to hear the rattle all the way up here, do you?

Joyce Larrow: Sometimes my father takes things apart to see why they don't go.
Dennis Sullivan: So what?
Joyce: So you'd better go.

Mr. Galipeau: Miss Fields, what is 1/6 plus 1/18?
Helen: I don't know exactly, but it isn't enough to worry about.

Jack Stebbins: Here's a nickel I found on your desk, Mr. Berry.
Mr. Berry: Thank you, Jack. I put it there to test your honesty.
Jack: That's what I thought.

Bob LeBeau and Mary Charbonneau in the movies:
Bob: "Give me a kiss."
No answer.
Bob: "Please give me a kiss"
No answer.
Bob: "Please, just one"
No answer.
Bob: "Are you deaf?"
Mary: "No, are you paralyzed?"

Mr. Berry: Young man, do you know who I am?
Farm boy: No, sir, but if you remember your address, I'll take you home.

Al Roberts: I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look, I cut it off.
Jim Smith: I had a face like yours once, but when I realized I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard to cover it.

Helen Looby: I had to run into a fence to avoid hitting a cow standing in the road.
Judge Fishman: Was it a jersey cow?
Helen: I don't know, I didn't see the license plate.

Clem Looby: What's the matter with your finger, Jim?
Jim Smith: I was downtown getting some cigarettes and some clumsy fool stepped on my hand.

Bob Stebbins: Did you ever take chloroform?
Paul Ripchik No, who teaches it?

Joanne Charbonneau: Do you think this skirt is too long?
Raymond Bodette: Either that, or you didn't get into it far enough.

If you have a weak-end, keep it under your hat.

Mrs. Galipeau: How about giving me a diamond bracelet?
Mr. Galipeau: My dear, extenuating circumstances perforce me to preclude you from such a bauble of extravagance.
Mrs. Galipeau: I don't get it.
Mr. Galipeau: That's what I said.

Mr. Palermo: My worst sin is vanity, I spend hours admiring my beauty.
Mr. Berry: That's not vanity, that's imagination.

Mrs. Bussey asked the Girls Chorus to name their favorite hymns. On reaching Frances Poulin, there was quite a pause as Frances was deep in thought. Finally she blushingly answered: "Henry Sisters."

Mr. Galipeau: Doing some shopping?
Mr. Palermo: Yes, I'm trying to get something for my wife.
Mr. Galipeau: Had any offers?

Book agent to farmer: Better buy an encyclopedia now that your boy is going to school.
Farmer: Nothing doing, let him walk, the same as I did.

Miss Moulton: "Henry, analyze this sentence, It was getting to be milking time." What mood?
Hank Sisters: The cow.

Mrs. Bodette: Norma, why are you eating with your knife?
Norma: My fork leaks.

A middle-aged woman lost her balance hurrying home from a shopping expedition and fell into a garbage can.
A Chinman passing by, saw her and remarked: "Amelicans velly wasteful, that woman good for ten years yet."

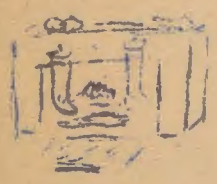
One of Jim McNulla's ears to the other: Funny we haven't met before, we live on the same block.

Some men are known for their deeds, others for their mortgages.

Two psychoanalysts met. One said to the other, "You feel fine; how do I feel?"

Once I had a little bird, and his song was the sweetest ever heard. He's gone_____, some cat got him.
Once I had a pet white mouse. He was great--wiggly, dancing little mouse. He was ate_____, some cat got him.
Once I had a lovely beau. He had a car--lots of cash to spend, you know. I could cuss_____, some cat got him.

Bob Mitchell: The dogs in Siberia are the fastest in the world.
Richard Tarte: Why?
Bob: The trees are so far apart.



SEASON'S GREETINGS

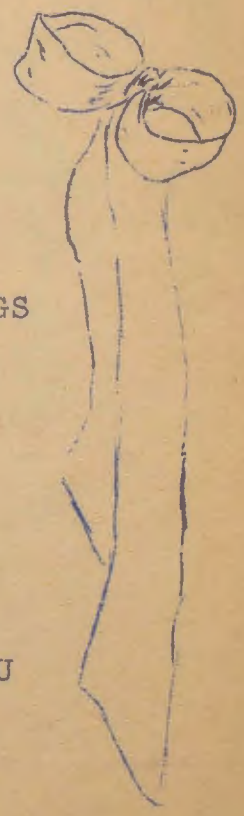
FROM

W. H. ADAMS

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

FRED CHARBONNEAU



SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

W. S. & H. E. BRISTOL

VERGENNES, VERMONT

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

LAWRENCE'S RESTAURANT