

VHS
Christmas Issue
1950

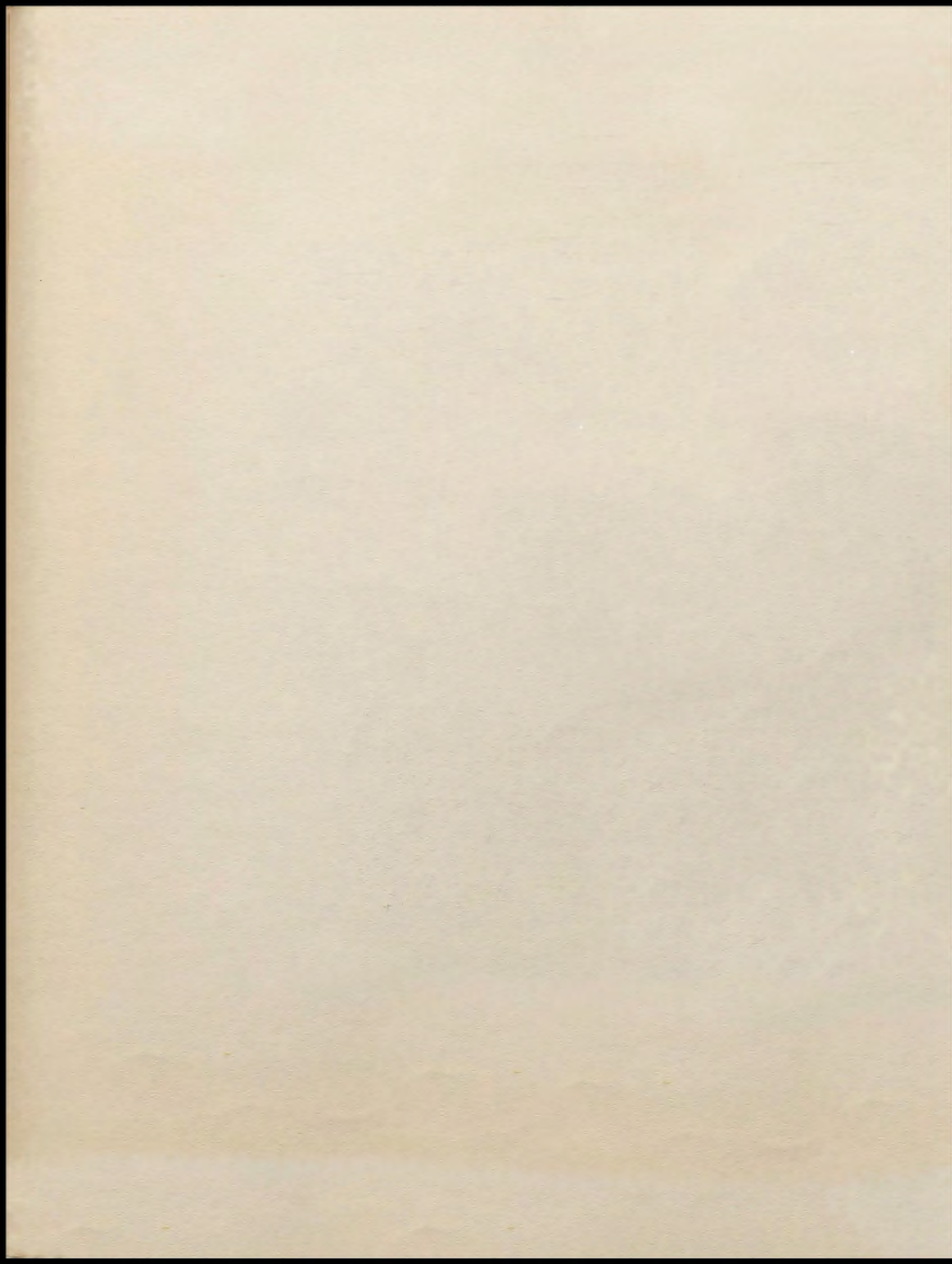
White

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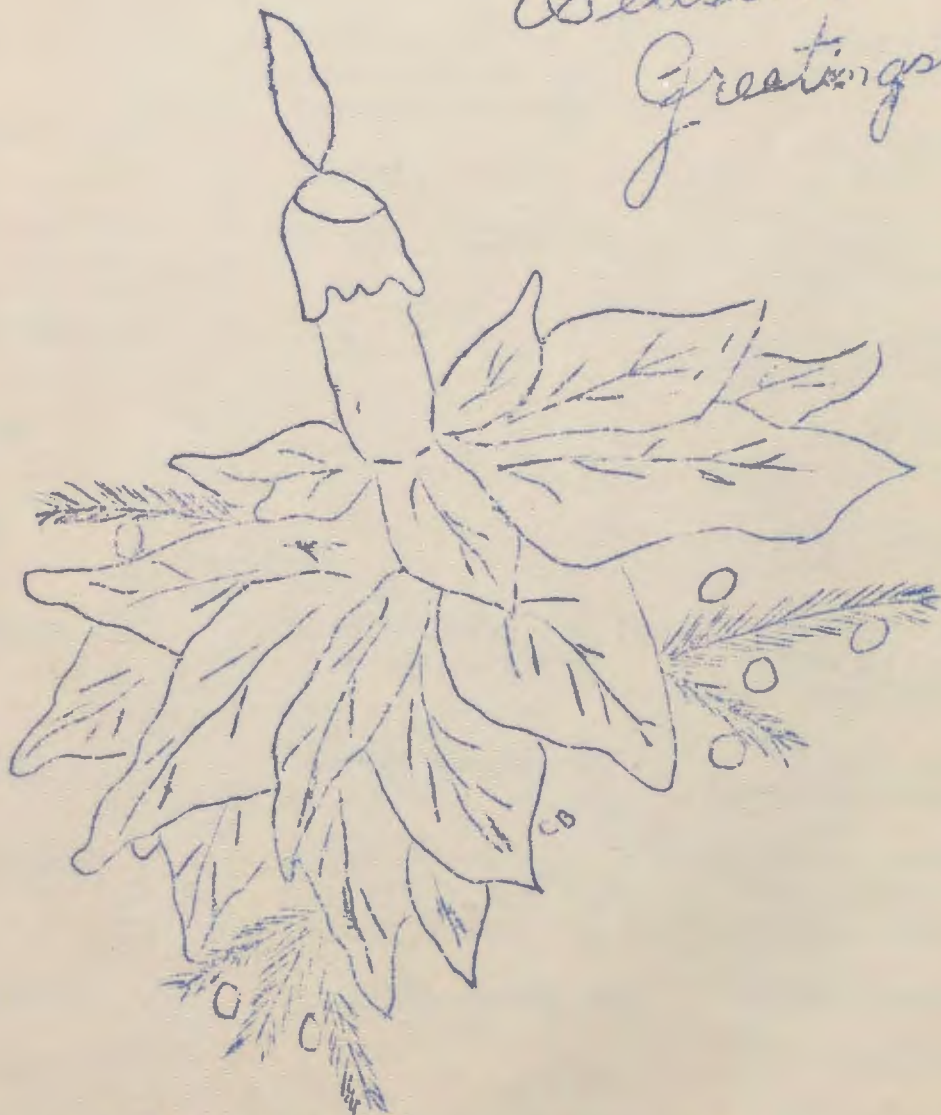


Merry Christmas

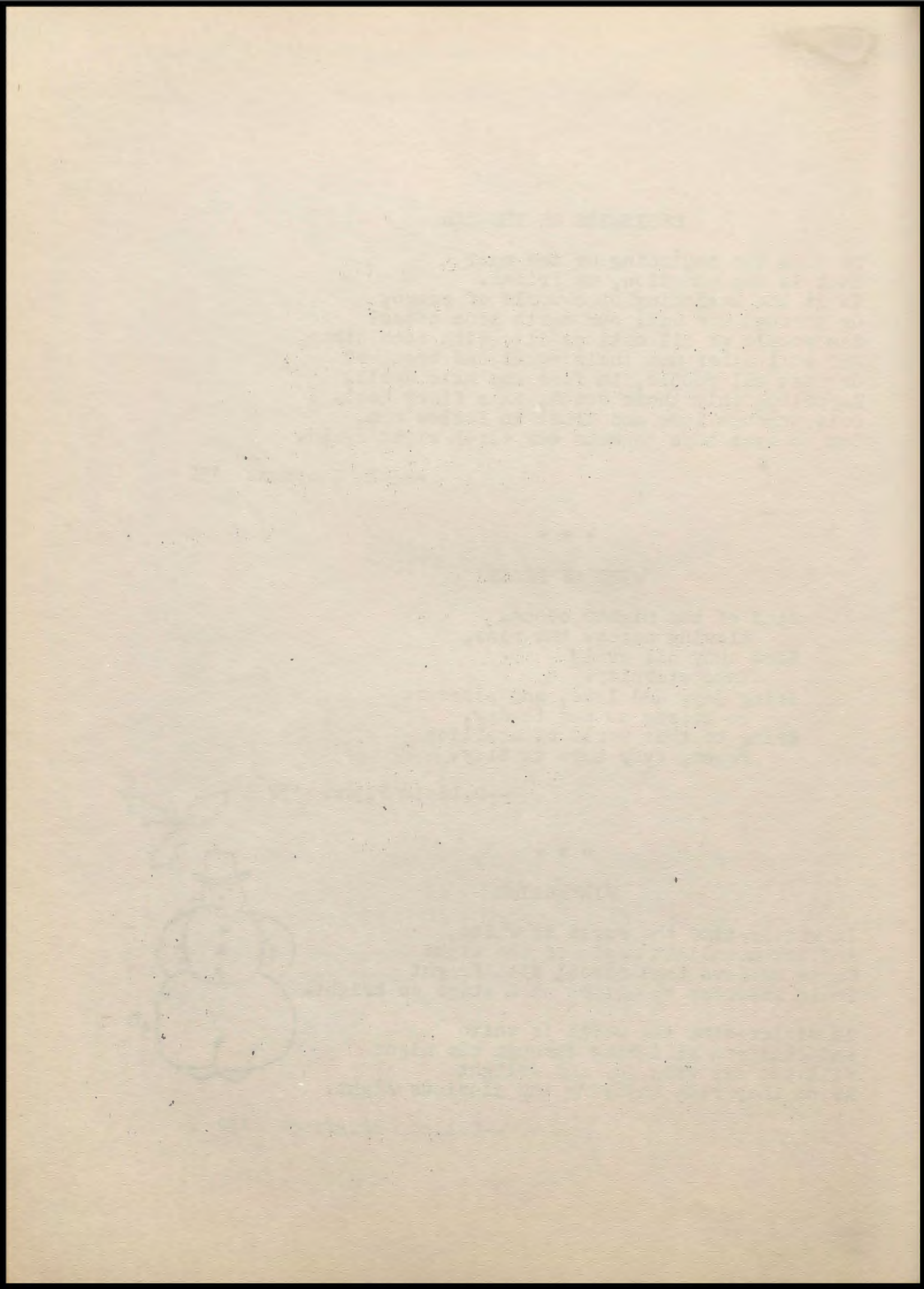


The Blue and White
Christmas Issue
1950

Season's
Greetings

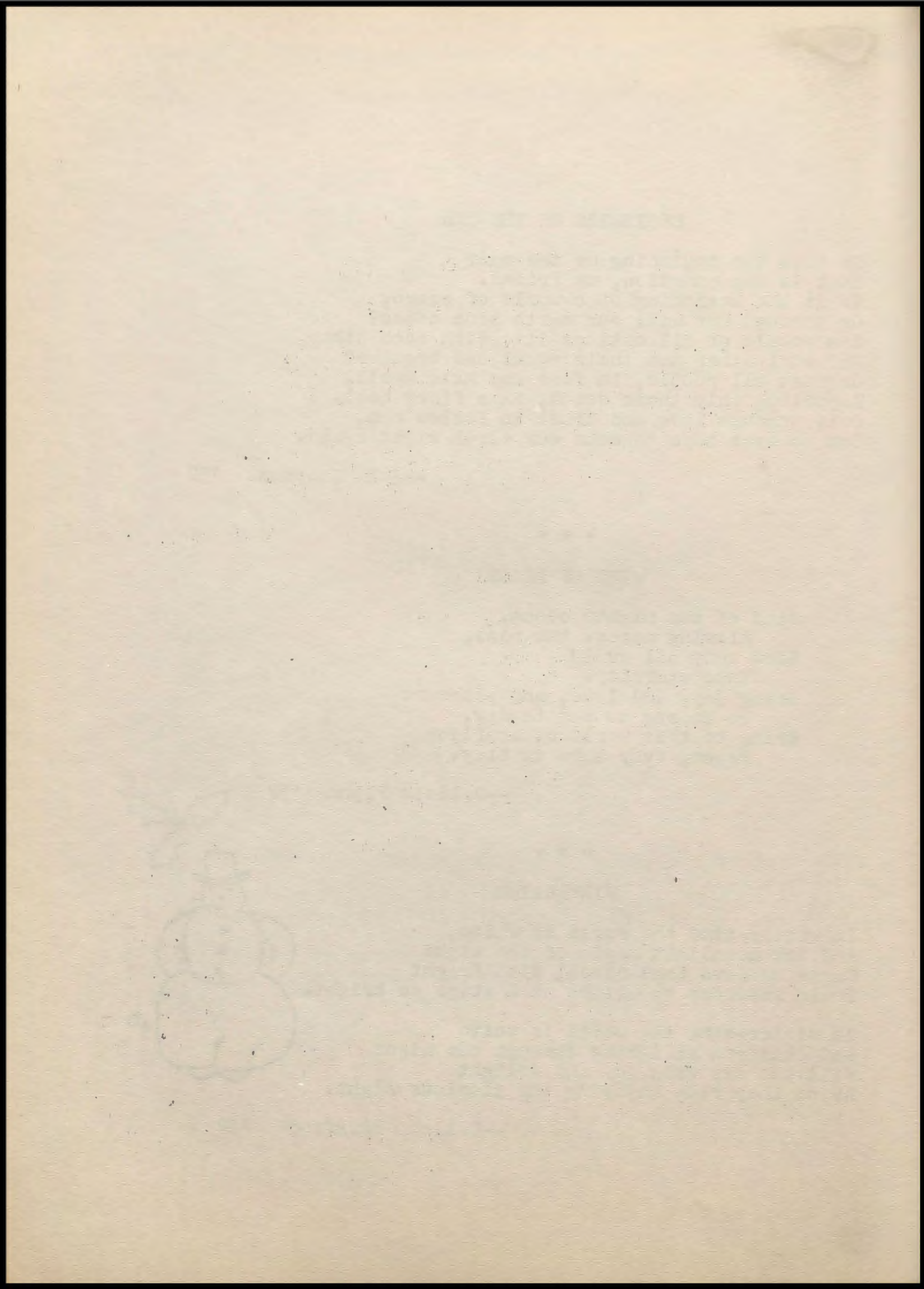


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Vergennes, Vermont



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CHRISTMAS 1950

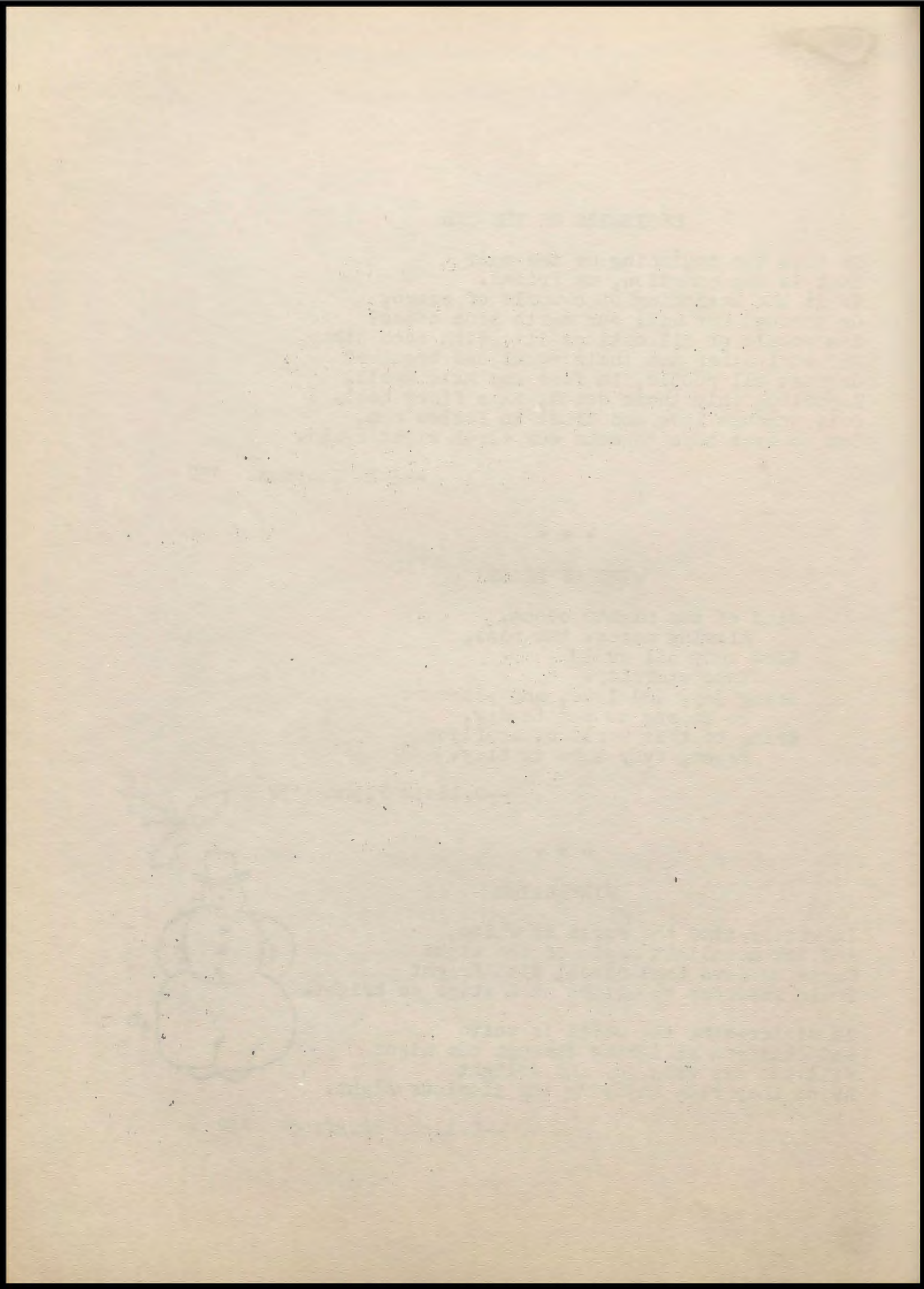
Last year at Christmas time we were concerned with the affairs in the European Countries. In the last few months our thoughts have turned to another part of the world—Korea. On June 24 all was quiet in the United States. Our boys were home and all was at peace, or at least we thought all was at peace. On June 25 the announcement came to us that the North Koreans had invaded South Korea. We, the United States, had just granted full independence to South Korea.

Fear was again in our hearts. Was this to be the beginning of the Third World War? Were our troops in South Korea strong enough to hold back the Communist forces? We soon found out. Later, after our troops and the United Nations troops crossed the 38th parallel we all thought that our boys would be home for Christmas. The Chinese Communists soon changed our hopes.

There is still fear and anxiety in our hearts. What country will next fall under the pressure of Communists' influence? Will it be Formosa, West Germany or the Philippines? Will the United Nations be able to stop aggression? No one knows the answers to these questions. Here in the United States we are preparing for Christmas, but it will be sad in many homes for the people that are missing loved ones.

Will Christmas in the future be the scene of war and strife or one of peace? This Christmas, in every family--large or small, let us say a prayer for the prompt settlement of military differences and for everlasting peace.

Grace C. Hawkins '51



CHRISTMAS AND ITS ORIGIN

December 25 has been celebrated as the birthday of Christ ever since the third century. The name Christmas comes from the Middle English words and Latin, Christes Messe, which means Christ's Mass. Different names are given to Christmas in different countries. The early Church Fathers condemned the celebration of birthdays as a heathen custom. The date of Christmas varied in different countries. It was celebrated anywhere from December twenty-fifth to March twenty-eighth. This used to be celebrated for twelve days of what was known as the Twelfth Night which never did disappear for it is known today as Epiphany or Feast of the three Kings.

During the middle ages Christmas became the most popular of festivals.

Saint Francis of Assisi devised the Creche set up in the Roman Catholic and in some Episcopal churches during the Christmas season to represent the stable of Bethlehem.

The manger song and the carols sung at Christmas had their origin in the attempt to tell the story of Christmas in song. Probably no words and music are more moving than the German "Heilige Nacht"; the French "Noel"; The English "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing"; The American "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

The giving of gifts to the poor at Christmas comes from the medieval belief that at this

season the Christ Child may come to one's door in the guise of a beggar. Candles were put in several windows of a house to light the Christ Child's way.

The Puritans in 1644 caused Parliament to prohibit any festivities whatsoever on Christmas Day instead they always fasted on this day. After the Restoration, the celebrating of Christmas lasted only one day instead of the twelve or thirteen as before.

The belief of Santa Claus was started by the early Dutch settlers of New York, the name being a corruption of Saint Nickolas. Out of the tales of Saint Nickolas' generosity grew the legend that he was the bringer of all gifts.

The Christmas tree was introduced into the United States during England's Victorian Period by German immigrants.

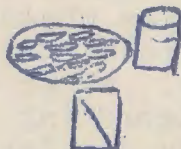
In Boston common crowds always gather to sing carols around the lighted tree on Christmas Eve. The use of fireworks is common in Louisiana and in other southern states at Christmas time. This custom was originated among the residents of French, Spanish and Italian extraction.

Through out the Christian world today people of all faiths observe Christmas. It is now especially a festival for the little children but I think that grown-ups have just as much fun as the little ones.

Roger Gibeault '52

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM



LAWRENCE'S RESTAURANT

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

MILO'S DAIRY

VERGENNES, VERMONT

PHONE 10 - 11

COMPLIMENTS

OF

THE ROCKWOOD PUBLICATIONS

PUBLISHERS OF

ENTERPRISE AND VERMONT

BRISTOL HERALD

ADDISON COUNTY'S OLDEST

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS SERVICE

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

VERGENNES LAUNDRY

FANTASTIC, BUT TRUE

I know when you read this story, you are going to say, "Oh, she's crazy." If I were not the one who wrote this story but the one who read it, I would say the same thing. But anyway, here goes.

The other night, last Monday night to be exact, I was listening to the radio and reading a book. I was trying to be smart and do both at one time. I was thinking what a dull evening it had turned out to be when my mother called, "Emmy, do you want to see a flying saucer?" I said, "Mom, are you crazy? You know there is no such thing as a flying saucer." Anyway, that's what I thought."

Well, finally Mom persuaded me to come and look. I figured I might as well go and humor her along. My father was already out there watching them.

Well, to tell the truth, when I got outside I could see nothing that resembled a saucer. "Where is it, where is it?" I kept repeating.

My father showed me where it was. I told him he was crazy, too. That was a star, he saw. But all of a sudden, I saw it. It was a round ball of light which kept changing its size. When I first saw it, it was small but

then it kept increasing in size and brightness. All at once it disappeared. Then I saw it again, but this time in a different place. He watched it for quite awhile. It kept popping from one spot to another. My father kept telling me it was a flying saucer. But I knew better

Finally I said, "Let's go up to Devines' and ask him." My father agreed at once, as I know he would. We were almost there when we noticed that we could not see it any more. I said, "Let's not go in. They'll think that we don't know what we are talking about." So we trudged home again. My father said he was going to watch for it the next night. You know, he talked so much that I was finally convinced that it was a flying saucer.

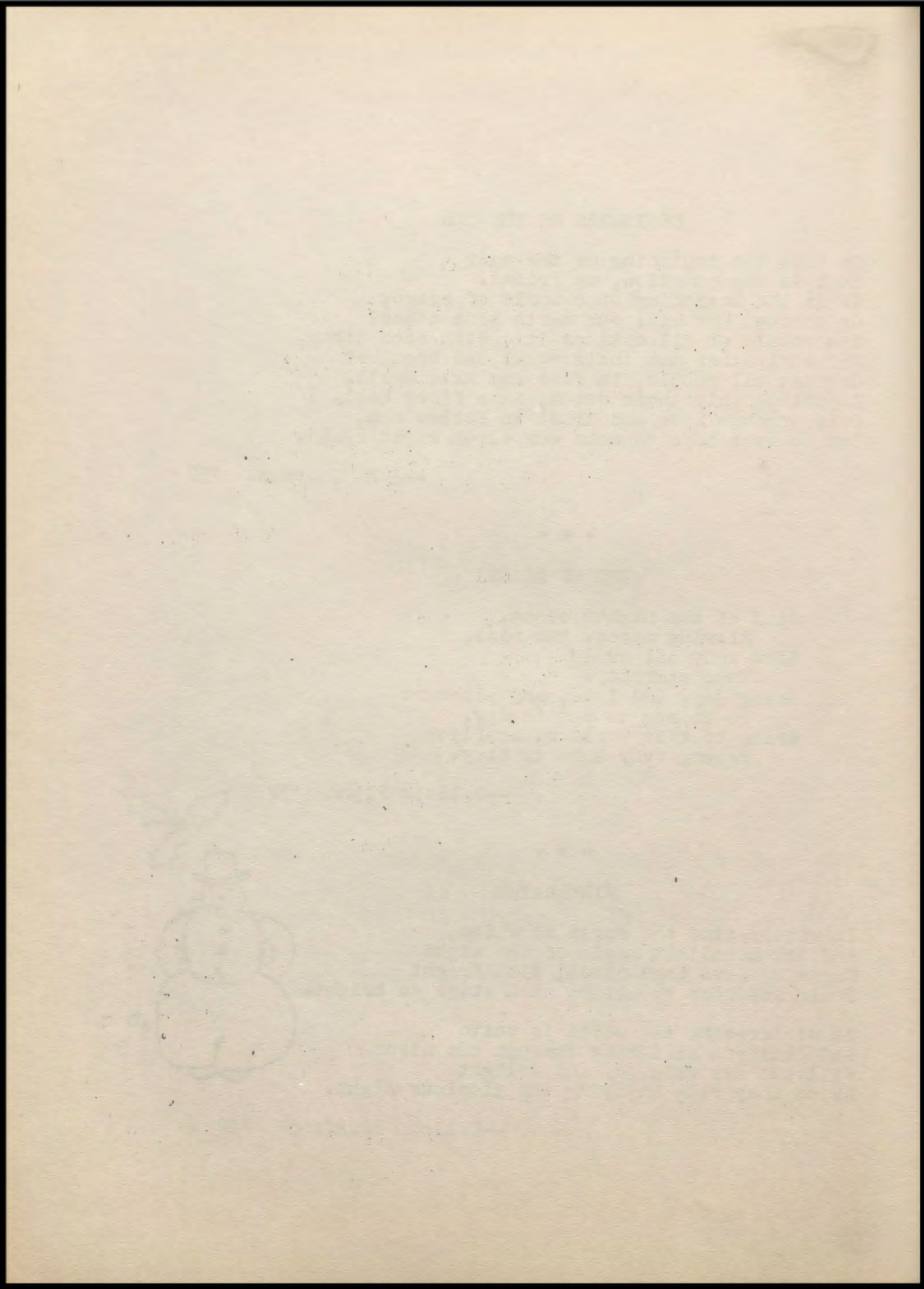
I know just what you are thinking. But maybe someday you yourself will see them too. (If that is what they are.)

I've read in the newspapers about people seeing these so-called flying saucers. I always thought these people hopeless and that they did not know what they were talking about.

Now I wonder if I am like that too. Well! I should hope not.

--Emma Schondube '52





My Mary was born June 14, 1944. I remember the day well. She arrived on Mother's Day, but since then it has been Mary's day, every day.

Mary was always very intelligent even if I do say so. One day when she was about two she saw a bird sitting in the tree so she said to her mother, "See the turkey in the tree, Mommy. "Of course Mommy explained to her little daughter that it was not a turkey but a bird.

Mary was the only child for four years and during that time she became quite spoiled. But then Mommy brought a little brother home from the hospital and here is where my trouble begins. I take care of these two all summer long and to put down on paper all their escapades would take a genius. However, I would like to tell you a few things that happened this summer.

I started work the first part of July after a brief rest from school, and while I was having a vacation, Mary had fallen into the habit of running away. On this particular day I had been working upstairs when all at once I missed the two children completely. In panic I ran down the stairs yelling at the top of my lungs but to no avail, they just weren't around, so then I ran out-of-doors, down to the pasture to the pond. There they were, my two little angels amusing themselves by hitting frogs over the head with a stick. Now do you wonder why I have grey hair.

The next evening, just as I sat down to supper, my father leaped to his feet shouting, "Look at those kids." Out there jumping out the barn window on the hay wagon were those devilish kids. I dashed up from the table, ran out

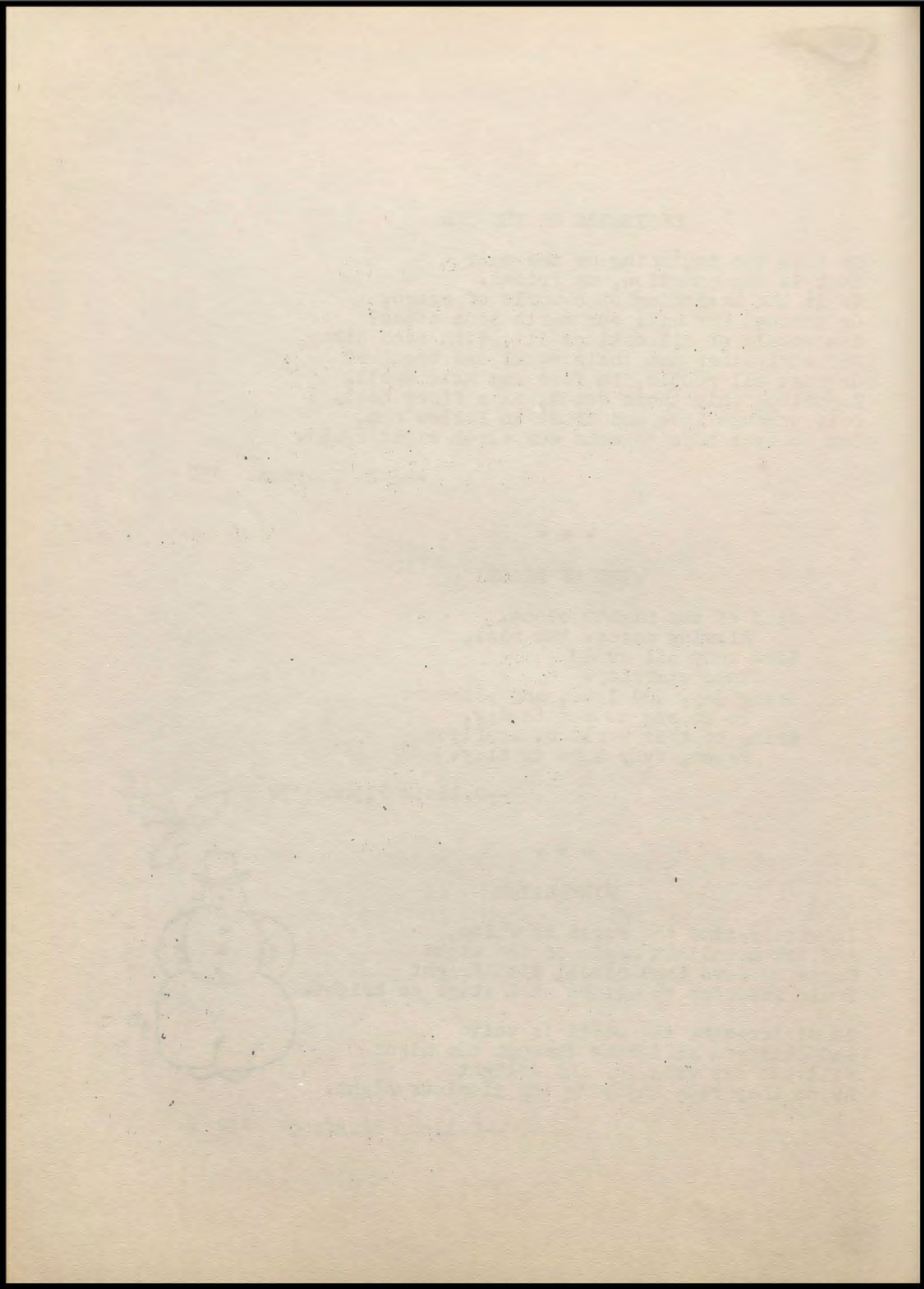
quickly to where they were and hauled them down to safety. A few nights later I repeated the same performance except the scamps were climbing up on the barn roof and sliding down it. This time their seats were warmed but not by the sun.

To get them to mind, we used to bribe them by promising them a treat. It ought to be deductible on income taxes.

One day toward the end of August, Mary was playing with her father and on telling him to back up to the chair on which she was standing, she jumped onto his back but misjudging her distance, she went right over his shoulder onto the hard-wood floor. She lay there screaming while her father tried to sooth her but she kept telling him, "Daddy, I've broken my shoulder." She had not broken her shoulder but her collar bone. Her father took her to the doctor who gave her something for her nerves, and told her parents to take her to the hospital to have it set. Mary was brave for such a little girl and was also very proud of her cast. She wore the cast for a month and started school with it on. From all reports I hear she is doing very well in school and I suppose her escapades are really just starting. Even though they did cause me a lot of worry I wouldn't trade my Mary for any other little girl in town. As for Bill, I think his actions speak louder than words. MUCH LOUDER.

Colleen Bargfrede '52





The apple tree was beautiful with its big red apples, and brightly colored leaves. But Marie, sitting on the bench beneath it, was unaware of these things. Rover lying quietly at her feet and her knitting unnoticed in her lap, she sat there in silent reverie seeing again this tree as it had been many years ago.

It was here under this same apple tree that she had served her first doll tea party. It had been on her fifth birthday and Alice Brown had come to play with her. She was then the proud mother of a new doll, that had real curls and said, "mama".

It was here that the crowd gathered on Saturday to play. It was one of these days when she was twelve, that she had slipped out of the tree and sprained her ankle. Jack Crane, three years her senior, had carried her the mile and a half to her home. There her mother had scolded her, and told her she was a "Tomboy". This had hurt Marie's feelings because she considered herself rather grown up and ladylike.

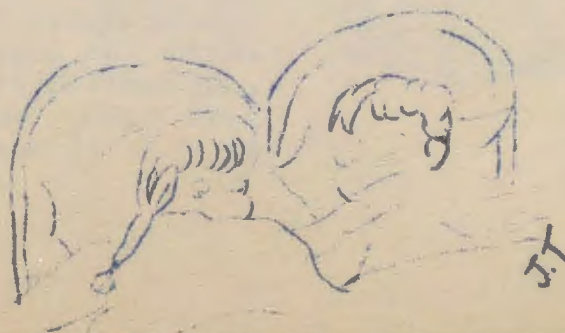
High school had been different and on a warm day this bench had been her haven, away from her younger sisters and brother. A place to figure out how A equalled B and B equalled X. Somehow Jack had always been around to help, but during her last two years of school, he had been away at college, and it had seemed so long. It was so easy to laugh and be gay when he was around.

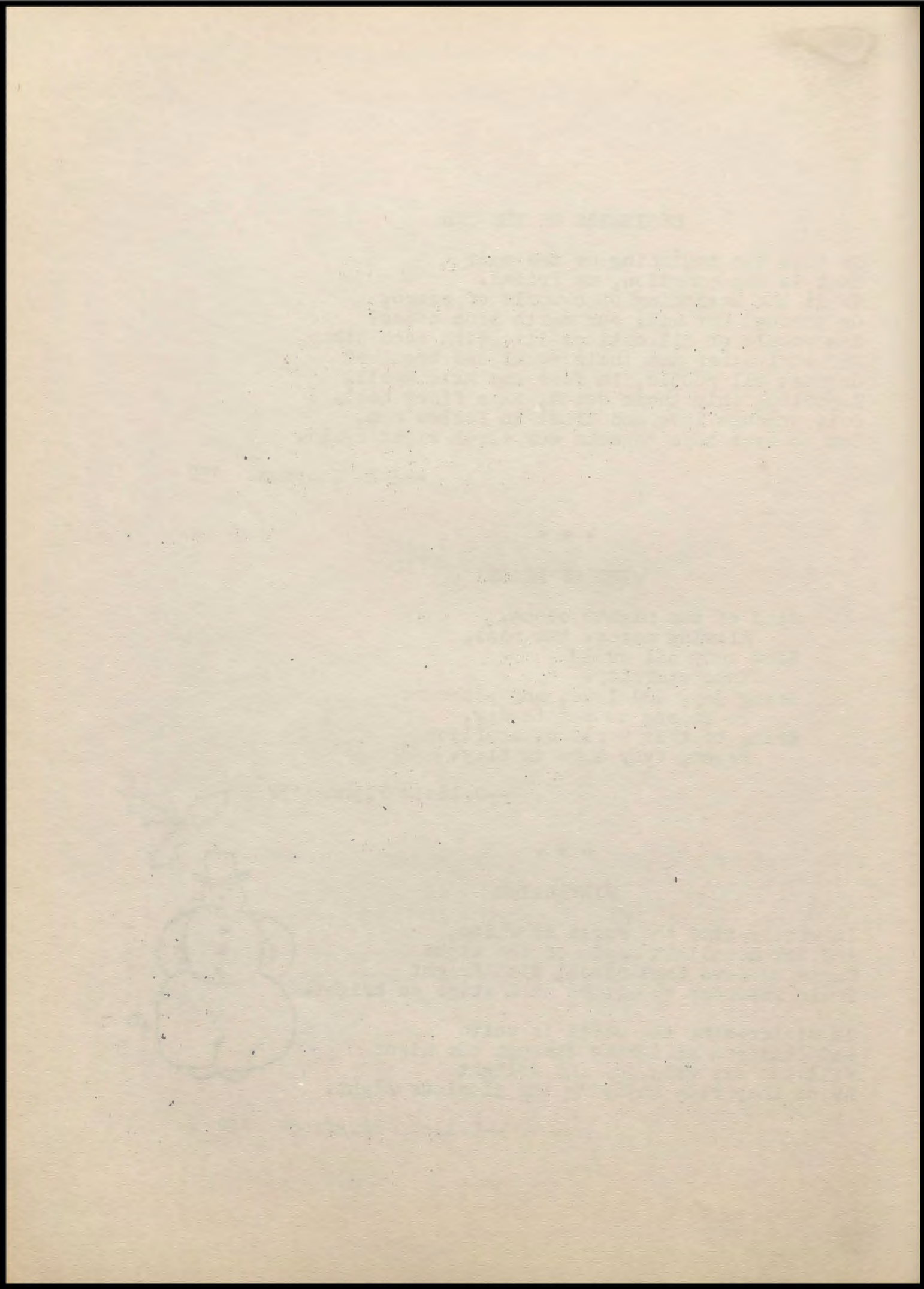
Now graduation was drawing near, and Marie had been very busy. How excited she had been when she received a package in the mail, with a necklace in it from Grampa and Grandma Hill. Another had a bracelet in it, and so they kept coming with money, silk stockings, and many other lovely presents in them. Jack had sent her a watch wrapped in a pink ribbon. The picture of that graduation lingered in her mind as if it had been only yesterday. She could still see her white satin dress, which her mother had bought in Boston for her, and the bouquet of American beauty roses from her father.

After graduation she had taken a job with Dr. Jones, the local doctor, as his secretary. The next summer she and Jack had drawn up the plans for the bungalow. It had been built on the top of the hill, with the apple tree in the back yard. They had spent many happy years in this house, and their two children had played under this same apple tree.

It wasn't until Rover barked that Marie was aware of anyone around. As she glanced up she saw Mrs. Sweet coming up to the house. Marie knew that she had come to spend the afternoon to sew and chat. "Yoo hoo, Mrs. Sweet, I'm over here under the apple tree."

DeLisle Flynn '52





New York City the evening of May 20 in the year 3055 was a glorious evening, with an after-glow which gave a Rembrandt effect to the sky. There was nothing, of course, unusual in watching the huge Mars-Venus-Mercury crafts suddenly appear overhead, but somehow I could not help wondering if all this was really true.

I had gone to the station to meet a friend, who was on the third section of the Mars Limited. It was good to see her again, of course, but her physical appearance was a little disappointing. Her month's vacation on Mars had not helped her any. After a short chat, we both got into my Earth coupe and headed for my apartment. After dinner we decided we would go to a movie in Moscow. By leaving immediately after dinner we could be home by eleven, inasmuch as time and space no longer existed.

We've been in the atomic age over a thousand years now. I can remember the time back in 1950 when we feared the Russians were going to blow us off the earth with atomic bombs and they had the same kind of nightmares about what we were going to do to them. The world might have been blown up if it had not been for the arrival of that first space ship from Mars. We thought it was the Russians at first and then when it was announced over the radio that citizens from Mars had arrived, no one would believe it for days.

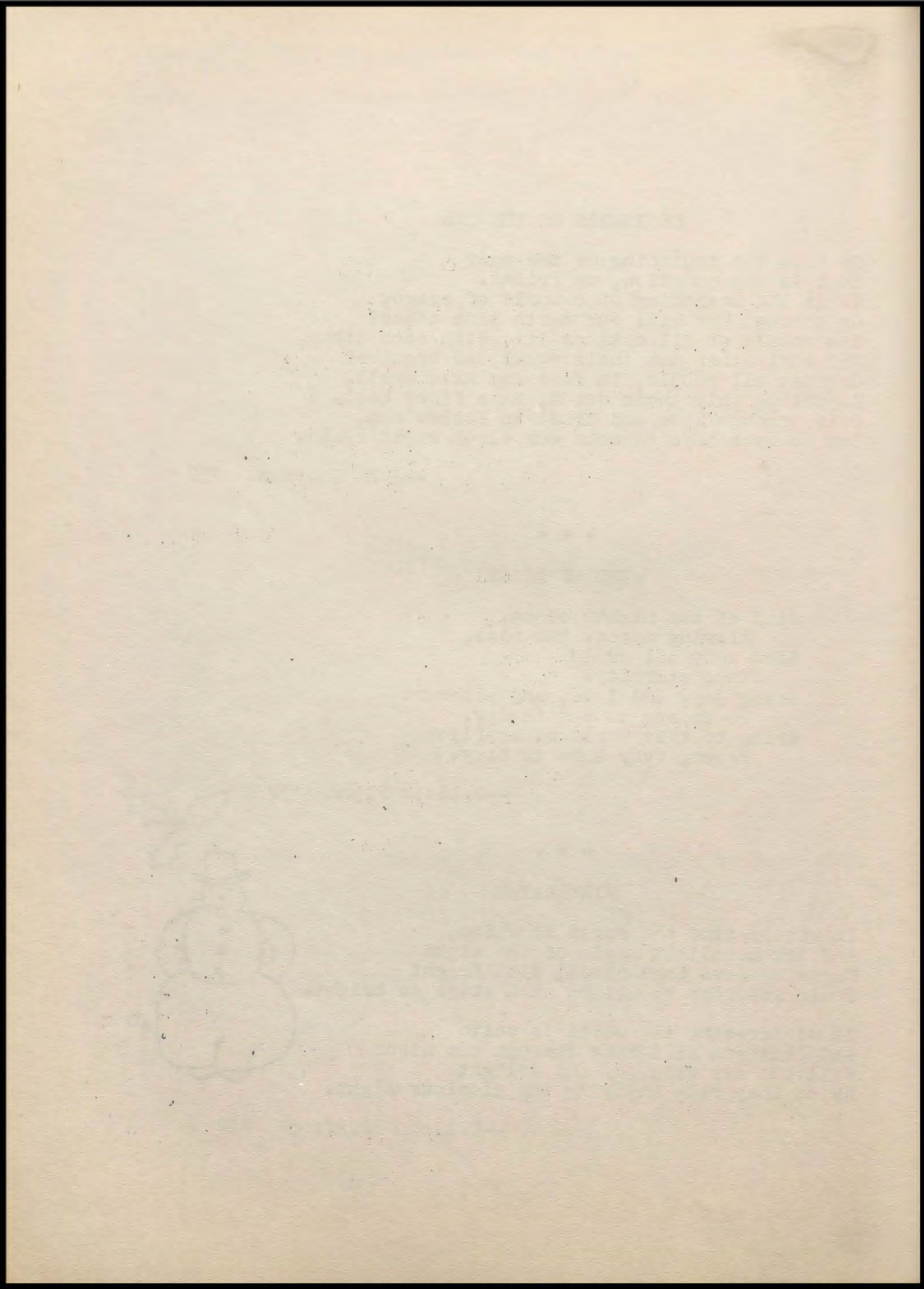
I remember the first time that I read anything about the atomic age. It said that through atomic developments in Medicine we might live to be as old as Methuselah, and here we are now older than Methuselah and still young, with no

work, no money problems, no economic difficulties, nothing on earth (I should say in the planetary universe) to do but enjoy ourselves.

It certainly is wonderful living in this year 3055. If only the people living in 1950 could vision what the future held for them.

Barbara Beach '52





MY STRUGGLE

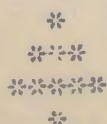
As all my scholarly colleagues know, or if they don't they should, once every six weeks a detailed report of some literature which we have carefully scrutinized and studied, commonly known as a book report, is required. To some, including myself, these reports present quite a problem.

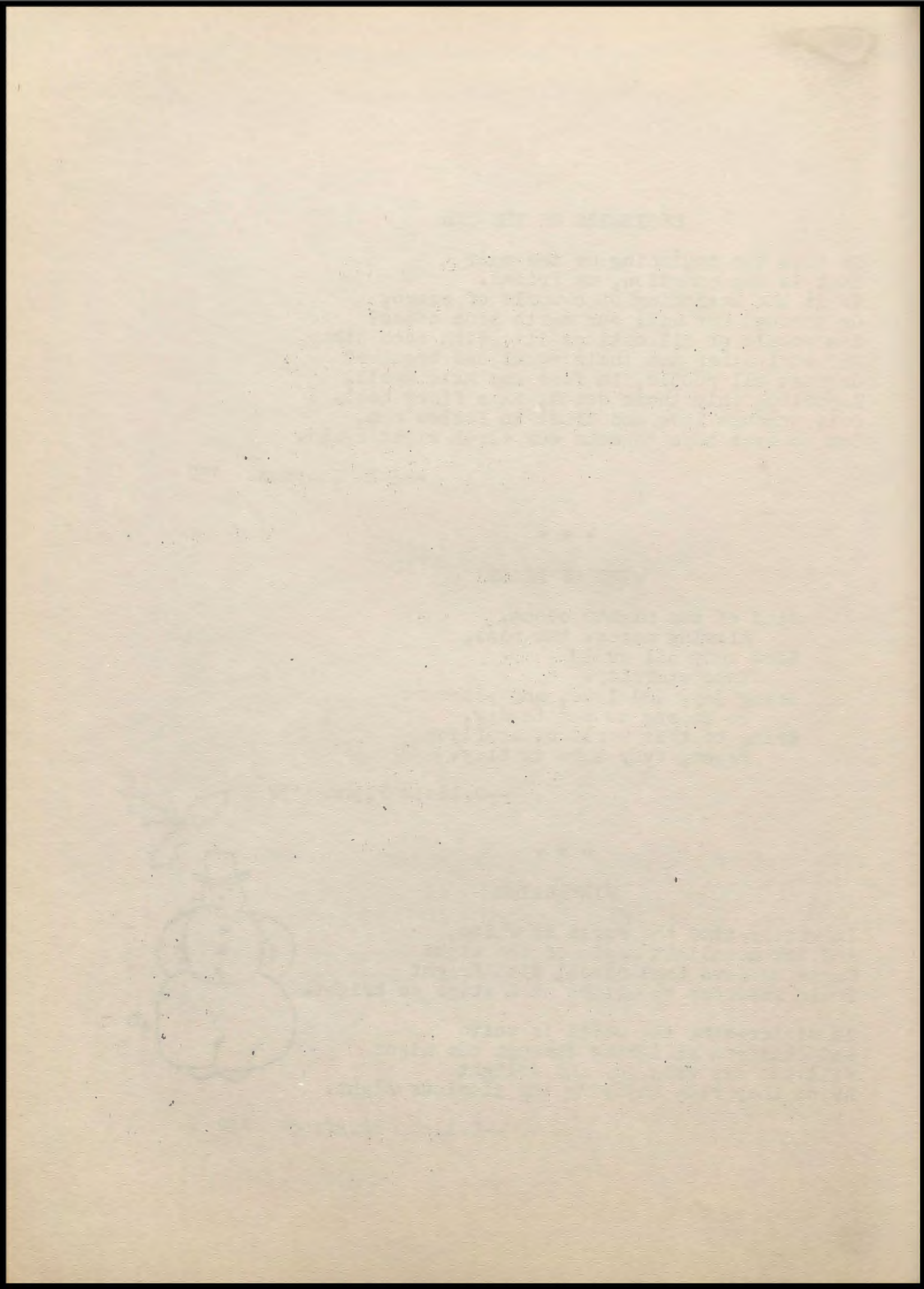
The night before one is due I take my place beside the blaring radio and start reading the book. As I read through hundreds of pages of fine print and I see words which I never knew existed, visions of my decreasing English mark dance merrily through my tired brain. At about 11:30 when my eyes feel like ten pound weights and I am beginning to make even less sense out of the story than I did at the outset, I decide to quit. Then I remember---No Music! So cncerily, but sleepily, back to work I go. I finish reading the book, then stagger to bed. I figure that I can get to school early and write the report before school.

The following morning, as I arrive at school at 9:15, joyful news awaits me. No music today. But alas! also sad news. I found out that I was supposed to have written a biography, but instead I wrote on Harold Charbonneau, Student Nurse. What a dilemma! Suddenly my mind went to work. (Always with visions of my sagging English mark.) Then my eye jumped to the table of encyclopedias. Maybe I could get a report out of one of them. As I stealthily made my way up to the table I suddenly noticed my beloved (Ha Ha) English teacher eyeing me venomously. When I reached the table I kept right on going.

That noon when I got home I looked through my complete library, (19 books, including comics), for some book to report on. Suddenly I struck on one, the book from which I have learned many lessons of life. After writing the report before school that noon, I passed it in during English class. You can guess for yourself what my mark will be since my research book is The Life and Troubles of Peter Rabbit.

--John Stephens '52





MY FIRST ATTEMPT

-9-

The nearness of the Winter season recalls to my mind an incident or it might be called an accident, which happened to me a few years ago.

I had been going down the practice slopes and other easy trails on Mt. Mansfield, when I decided to attempt a much harder trail. It looked all right from the bottom and as I saw several boys my age going down successfully, I gained courage, but when I arrived at the "take-off" and looked down--Oh! What a difference.

I went to the runway and put on my skis. While I was trying to get up my courage, someone gave me a shove and I was off. For awhile I managed to keep right side up and then all of a sudden I struck something in the path. I saw broad expanse of space that I was to sail through before I landed. I began to see hospitals and nurses flitting about and it seemed as though I could already smell the disinfectants.

However, I landed gracefully on my back and my head hit the hard packed snow. One ski was broken and the other glided slowly down the slopes into nowhere.

My pride was hurt more than my body, however, and I arrived home having exchanged two skis, one glove and a hat, for one large tear in a certain garment, three black and blue spots, and a lot of experience.

--Philip Wightman '53

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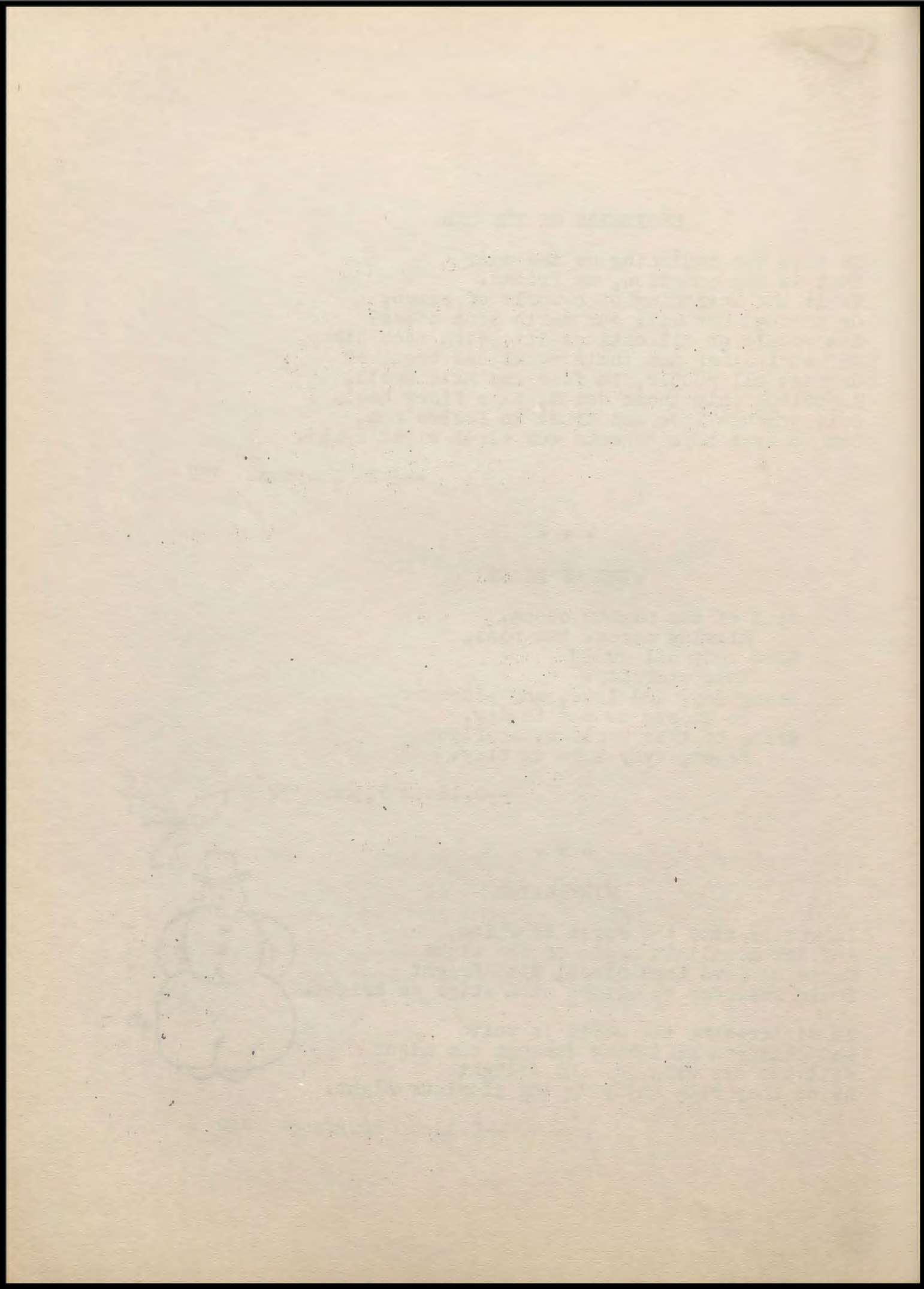


BLUE & WHITE TYPISTS

Alma Danyow
George Rose
Joyce Tracy
Helen Looby
Alice Tucker
Janice Clark
Elaine French
Edmond Atkins
Sally Bristol
Winona Little
Lucille Little
Emma Schondube
Rita Charlebois
Dorothy Jaquith
Florence Poulin
Lucille Barrows
Pauline Gibeault
Lucille Cunningham
Marguerite Lawrence



Miss Moulton: "Johnny, tell us what the opposite of 'woe' is."
John Donnelly: "That's easy--giddap."



THE SQUARE DANCE

"Swing her round, promenade the hall, circle eight, alamande left" are familiar words in New England on a Saturday night. Saturday night is the most common night for everyone to gather for a square dance in the country.

Square dances are held in a variety of places--summer lodges, winter resorts, town halls, private clubs, community halls, and barns. The latter is usually the most common. When a farmer builds a barn, holding barn dances is a very good method of paying for it.

Young and old, rich and poor, all enjoy a good square dance. Their tastes vary, of course. While maybe Grandma and Grandpa would like something a bit slower, still everyone seems to go and invariably they enjoy themselves.

Square dances are most popular with the teenage set. A group of them get together and go to different dances. They find some places not too suitable and some very good. Taking everything into

consideration, square dancing is a very clean and enjoyable sport providing that you get in the right crowd and find a suitable place to go.

The orchestras differ quite a bit. Some you can hardly call an "orchestra" but on the other hand some are very good. Some are "cow boy", some try to imitate famous orchestras like Guy Lombardo and some just try to play good music. There are a variety of square dance "callers" also. There are some whom you think shouldn't be paid to call but paid to keep still. On the greater part they are quite good providing you can understand them.

The dances are all on the same idea, some of the most popular are, "The First Two Gents Cross Over, Duck for the Oyster, Butterfly Whirl," as well as many others. About the best liked and most demanded by the teen-age set is the "Mocking Bird."

--Mary Jane Pollard '53

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Mrs. Barnard: "Sunday is Father's Day. Have you thought of what you might do for Him?"

Sidney: "Well, no, I didn't-but I suppose I might let him borrow the car."

Roger: "When did you first become popular with the girls?"

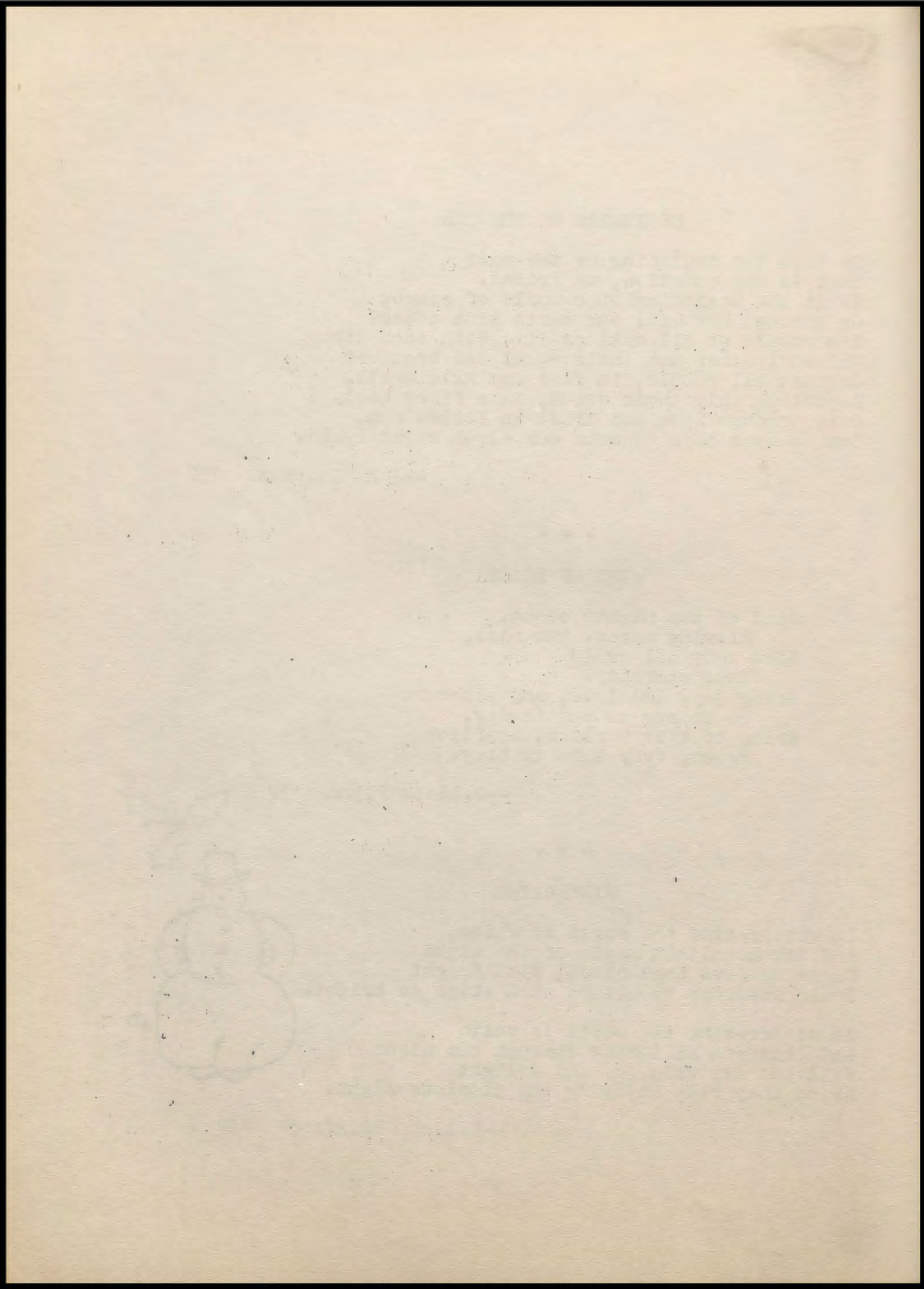
Jack: "Oh, when I was a freshman."

Roger: "What are you now?"

Jack: "A senior-and a freshman."

Neldon Whitty: "Mr. Poquette sure is on the way to being a pauper."

George Rose: "Why how nice. Does he want a boy or a girl?"



THE INCIDENT

It was a windy fall day that Tom stood in the shelter of the pine grove and watched the man before him. Many years had passed since they had been in the orphanage together. Tom could not remember anything about his childhood before the burning of the orphanage.

He was five when the fire occurred. One night he awoke to smell the odor of smoke and to hear the screams of children. He escaped with minor burns but many died and all records were lost. Even the identity of his last name was lost so he was given a new one by the head of the orphanage. Because the janitor, a man named Oscar Johnson, was missing after the fire, it was believed he started it.

From the day of the fire on, Tom began to hate another orphan boy named Bill. Bill was about three years older than Tom and was always the smartest, the one to get the better jobs. In the orphanage when there was an errand to do, Bill did it; when there was a position to fill, Bill filled it. It was always Bill-how Tom hated him.

It was the same after they left the orphanage. They both worked for the same company but Bill was a clerk while Tom was an office boy. As the years passed he hated Bill more and more. When he was promoted to clerk, Bill was an inspector. When he finished the golf course with a ninety Bill finished with an eighty. He hated him for it.

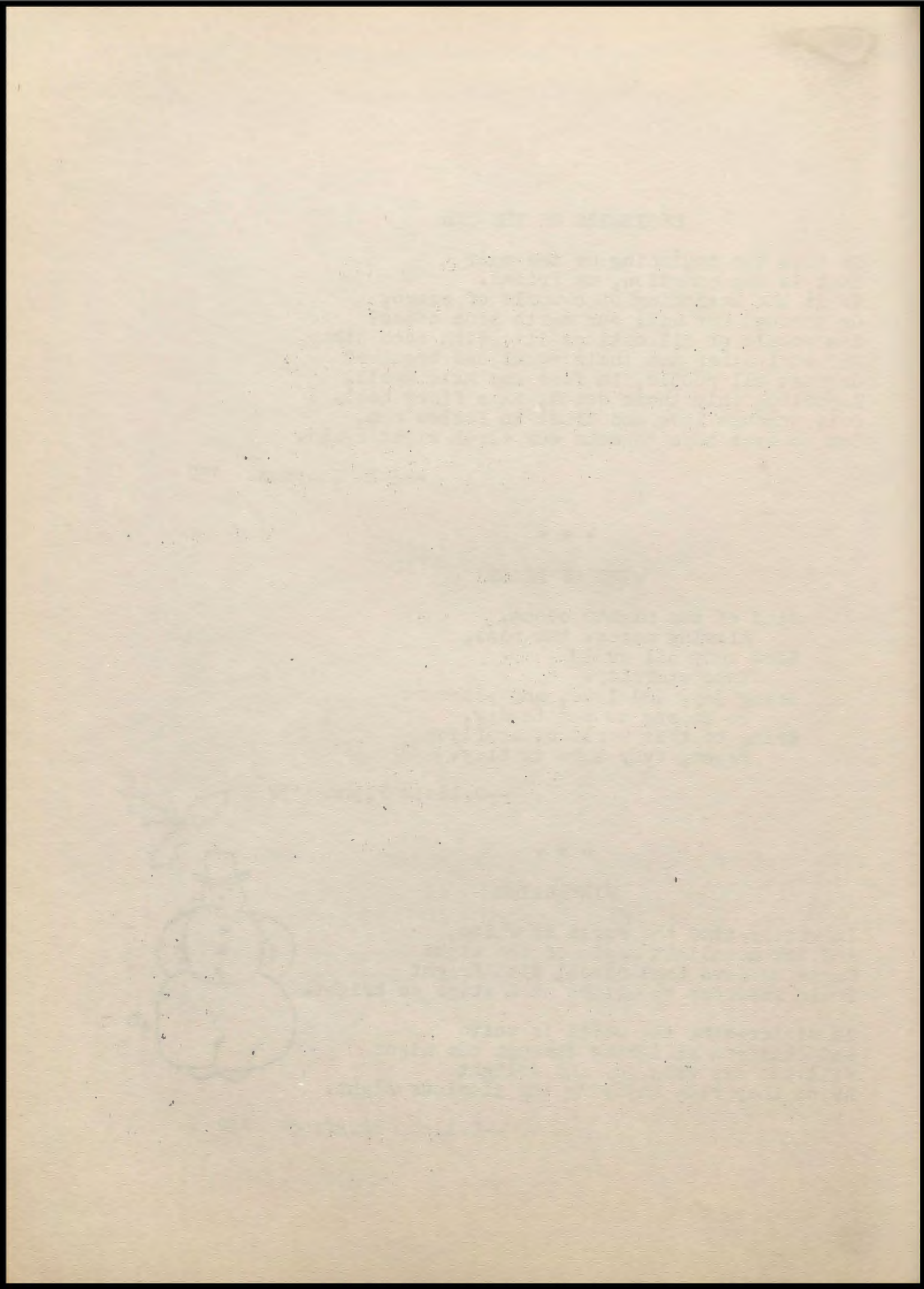
One day the two of them joined a club hunting trip. When they went hunting Bill always took the lead. He would regret it this time. As the wind whistled through the pines, Tom thought "I can end

my hate with one pull of the trigger." Bill was standing 20 feet ahead of him as usual. He raised his rifle. He had Bill in his sight now. One little pull and it would be over. But Tom just couldn't do it - it would be murder.

Suddenly a shot shattered the stillness. Bill fell twisting in agony. An elderly man emerged from the brush and explained his bullet had ricocheted from a stone and hit Bill. Tom thought he recognized the man but couldn't place him. After an examination they agreed that Bill had to be taken to a doctor immediately. Tom made a bandage of his shirt and covered the wound. He carried Bill two miles through the woods to a highway where the car was parked. After he reached the doctor's office he began to think. The doctor said he had saved Bill's life by stopping the bleeding. Why did he save his life when he hated him? At that moment the man, who had shot Bill, said, "In our excitement I forgot to tell you my name. It's Oscar Johnson". Suddenly Tom remembered. It was the old janitor of the orphanage. After a long conversation the man admitted he was the old janitor, but said he did not start the fire. He remembered Tom and also Bill. Suddenly he said, "I am sure Bill will be well in a few days. You must have been close to him because he was the only member of your family left."



Raymond Plankey '53



EXAMS

I believe the most trying time in the career of the high school student is examination time. At this time almost everyone is dreading the tests and at the same time wanting them to be over so they can see what they get for marks.

The most dreaded of these are midyear and final exams. Of course we are all used to quizzes and the six weeks exams aren't too bad, but when it is time for the midyear and final exams, everyone is nervous and excited. The night before the exams, the average student goes home loaded down with books. Of course there are some who go empty-handed off somewhere to play football or something more interesting than studying. You can be sure that these are the ones who don't care what they get on their report cards. To get back to industrious persons now. We see him at home studying very hard, especially on the exam. He is up until twelve o'clock or later.

The next morning he is back to the books, trying to recite "Thanatopsis" and at the same time trying to eat breakfast.

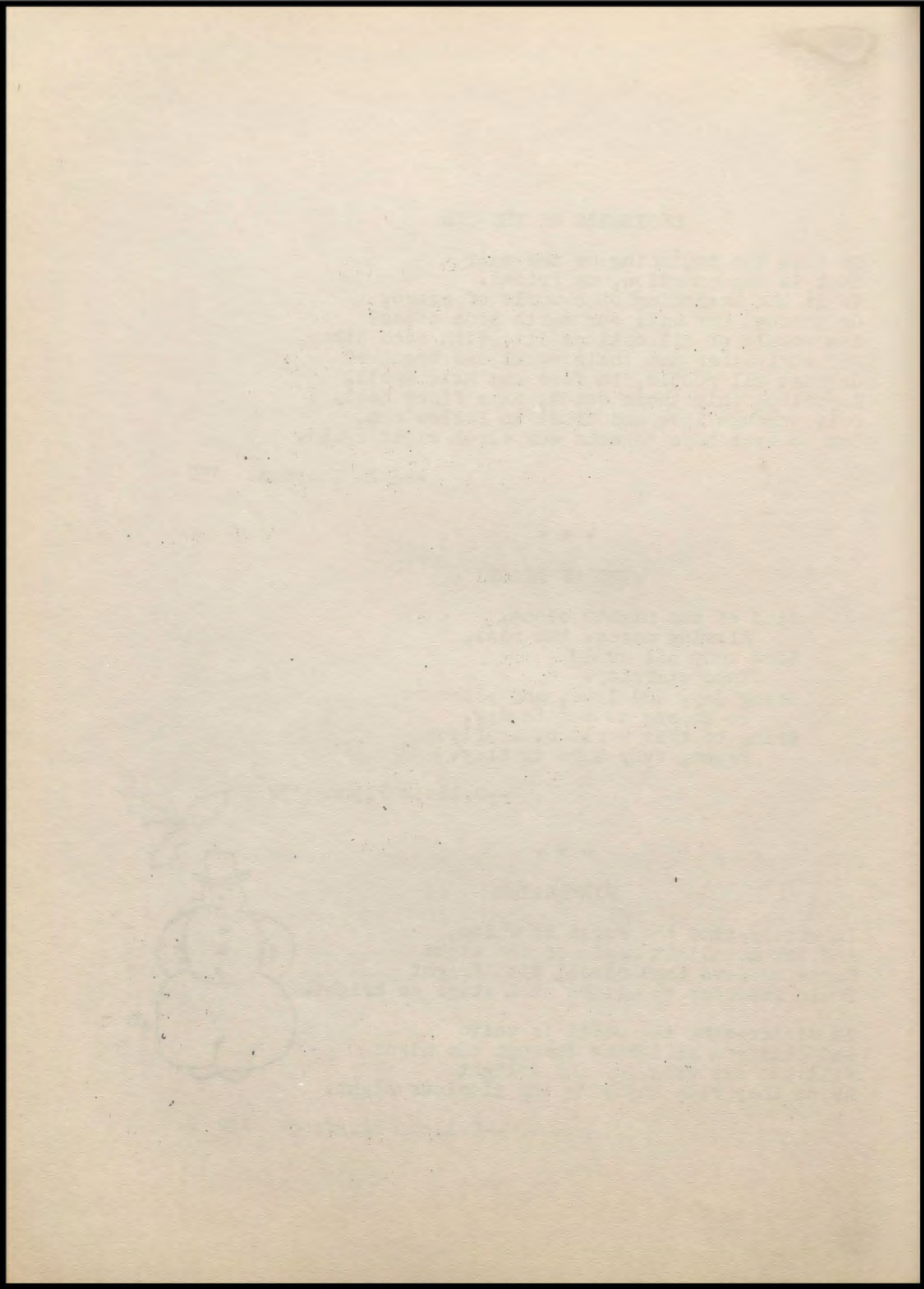
Finally the students are gathered at school shaking and waiting for the inevitable. At last the papers are handed out and all eyes are on them, each person seeing if he studied the right thing. Well you guessed it. There are only about six that he studied.

After these few are done, our hero goes exploring over the paper to see if he can figure out some of the other questions. After thinking about them for awhile, he finally finds that he can answer most of them and they are really quite easy. If he had studied everything before, and just had to review and brush up on a few things the night before, he probably would have been able to answer all of them.

After the papers are corrected and handed back, the majority of the students find that they got quite a good mark. I think this mark is a real reward for all the studying of the night before.

Joyce Larrow '52





A SEVENTH GRADE PUPIL'S PRAYER

Dear God,

Here I am once again reciting nightly prayers, but this time it's not because my mom makes me, but because I have a few small favors to ask of You.

First of all, I wish You would talk President Truman into dropping a few million atom-bombs into Joe Stalin's lap so that my Dad could come home.

My second request is that You would convince Mr. Berry (it would be a tough job even for You) that we should have only one hour of school a day. Preferably a half hour of school in the morning and a half hour in the afternoon.



My next request won't be any bother to You at all, I wish that You would call Louis Pasteur, Madame Curie and all the other scientists up there in heaven with You into Your streamlined office and ask them to invent some kind of invisible dust so that I could take Margie (Oh! I forgot to tell You, Margie is my girl) to the movies every Saturday to see Hopalong Cassidy, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry and all the other rootin, tootin, shootin cowboys from the west, free of charge.

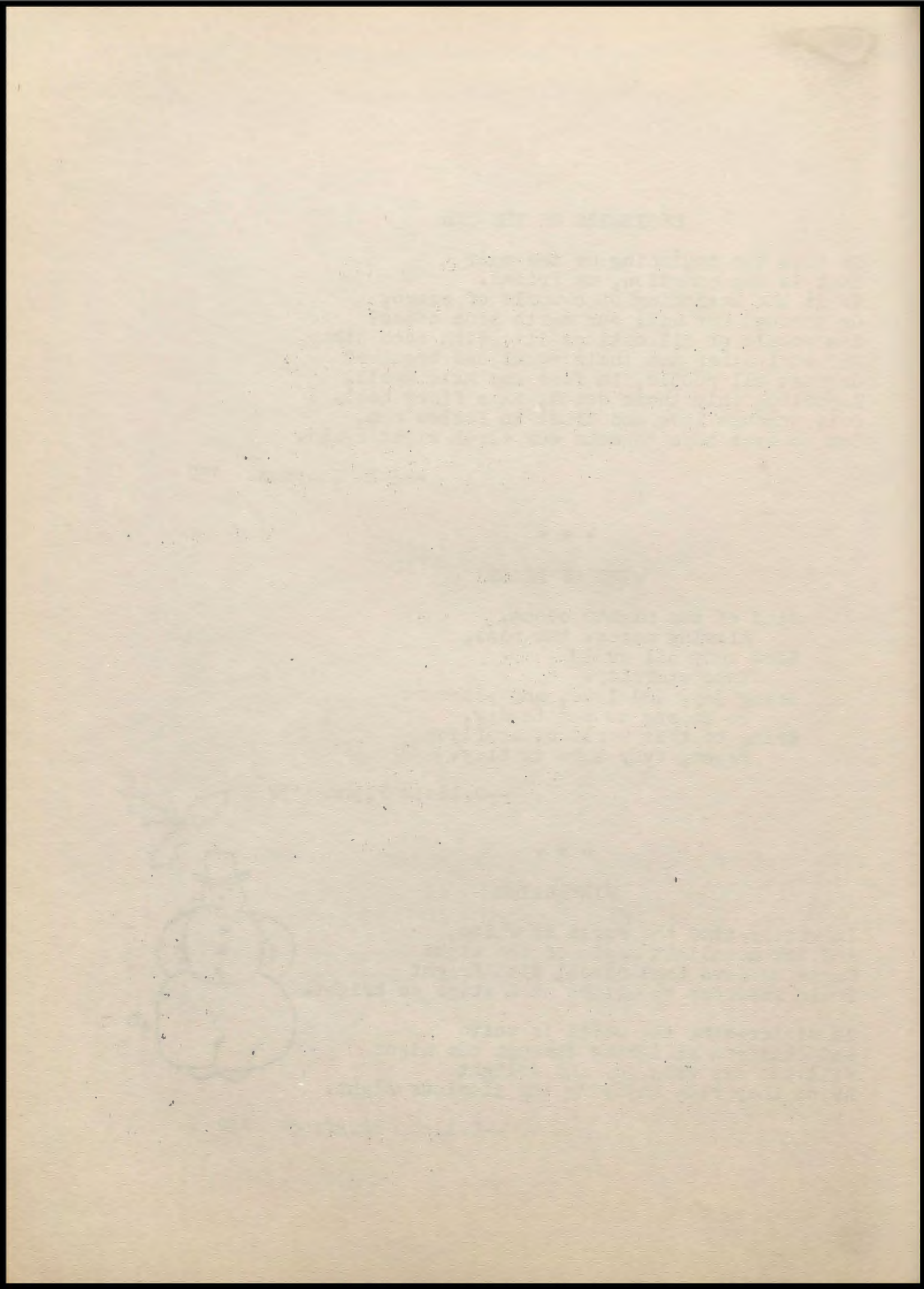
My next favor is just a teenzy weenzy one, Dear God, please, don't let Sparkle Plenty take the spotlight away from Dick Tracy.

Seeing that I haven't asked too much, could you give the Dodgers a few twenty-game winners so that they can win the pennant next year?

That's all for now, Dear God, I have run out of favors to ask of you. I hope I won't be seeing You too soon. Thank You.

Rick Marcotte '53





A LOOK INTO MY FUTURE

The year is 1962. The place is Cleveland Stadium in the great city of Cleveland, Ohio. The baseball team in this city has been World Champions for three straight years and I don't like to brag but my one hundred and eighteen victories for those three seasons helped a little.

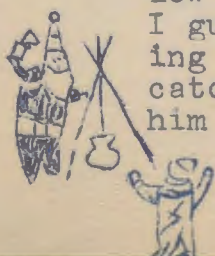
But let me tell you how it all started. I was pitching for a certain small high school in Vermont my junior and senior years. At first I was a little scared but when I struck out the first twenty-seven batters to face me which was all there were, I felt a little better. My strike-out total for those two years was twenty-six and a half batters which was a new record by twenty-six batters. I also set a record for fanning the air myself.

When I left school, and not because I graduated, either, I rested for a few years then decided to play ball professionally. I tried the various ball clubs beginning with Cleveland. No soap! So I tried the rest of them until I finally had to try Detroit who was battling the Yankees for last place. Before I could, however, Cleveland had looked over my past record and had decided to take me so I jumped at the chance. They gave me a tryout, signed me to a contract, and sent me to the minors. I didn't like that very well but I suppose we all have to begin someplace.

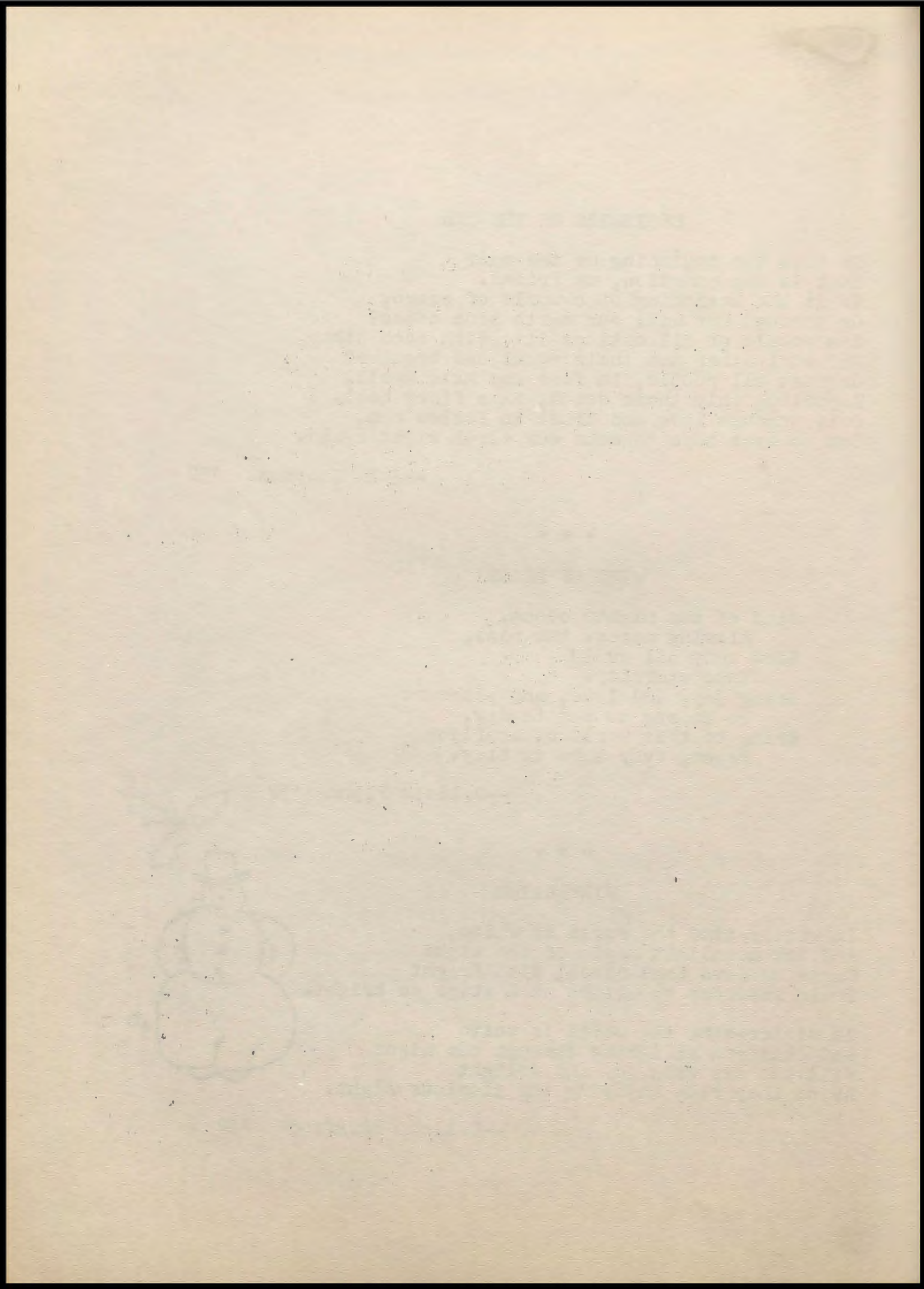
A year later I went to Cleveland with a record of thirty-four wins and seven losses. My first start was against the weak Detroit Tigers. They had a good fielding team but their hitting was what killed them. They had a lad who made the majors about the same time I did, by the name of John Stephens. His .101 batting average was showing signs of dropping so he had to play the bench for a few weeks.

Then there was Dick Tarte who was also my battery mate in Cleveland. He was the only catcher in the world who would drop the third strike twenty-seven times in a row. They finally had to send him to Detroit where he was as good as the rest of Tigers.

Oh! Before I forget—I beat the Tigers 17 to 0. I only struck out 26 in that game. This Stephens fellow got hit on his finger and limped to first base. I guess he was only trying to play hero. He was standing one foot off the base. I threw a blooper to my catcher he grabbed it, fell down, got up and picked him off before he knew what happened.



(continued on next page)



Well, that's just a brief sketch of my career but I do want to say that Stephens is back at that certain school in Vermont coaching the baseball team there. He says he's scared to play any more, But me? I'm up here striking 'em out right and left, but I lost the first 10 games. Tarte came back to Cleveland and keeps dropping third strikes.

--Harold Charbonneau '52

PEANEAU'S CALL ON THE DOCTOR

Eli Peaneau called on Dr. Patterson of Westpoint New York one evening and said, "Doctor, me waif Ver' sick. Va're, monia."

The Doctor got a plaster and some medicine. He said "Eli, put this plaster on her chest when you get home. Heat the plaster a little and give her the medicine every four hours. Just a teaspoon, no more."

"Ou, I geet you."

"I'll be around in a few days to see how she is. Goodbye, Eli."

A few days later the Doctor met Eli going into town.

"How's your wife?" asked the Doctor

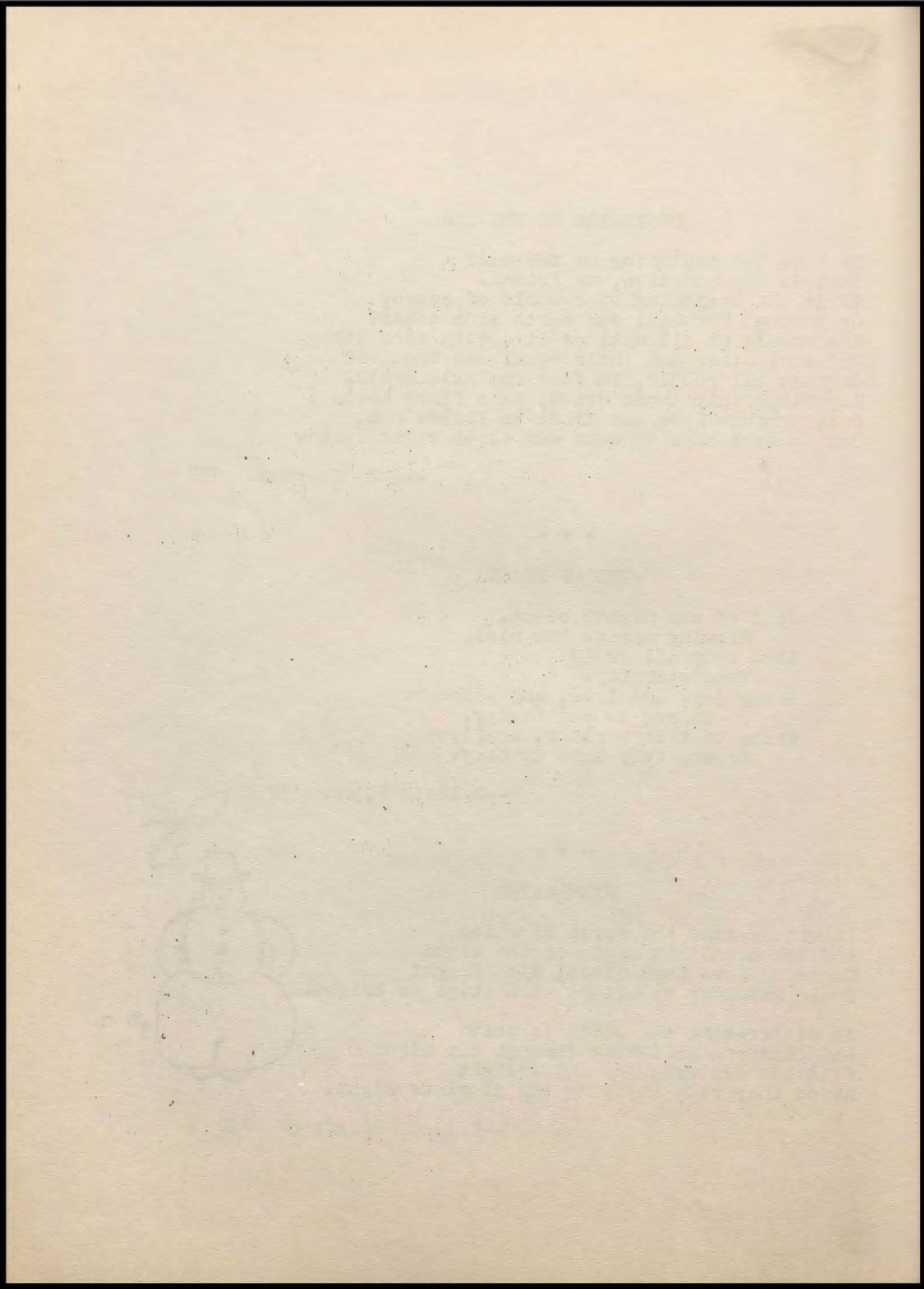
"All bitter, all bitter," answered Eli.

"That's good, and did you have trouble with the plaster?"

"I was going to tell you 'bout dat.

"You know, I looked in da cella and all 'round, but I be darn' if I could find her chest no whea. So, I put it on her trunk in da akiet, but she all bitter, ou, she bitter!"

--Margaret Booth '54





"TIS CHRISTMAS TIME, YOU KNOW"

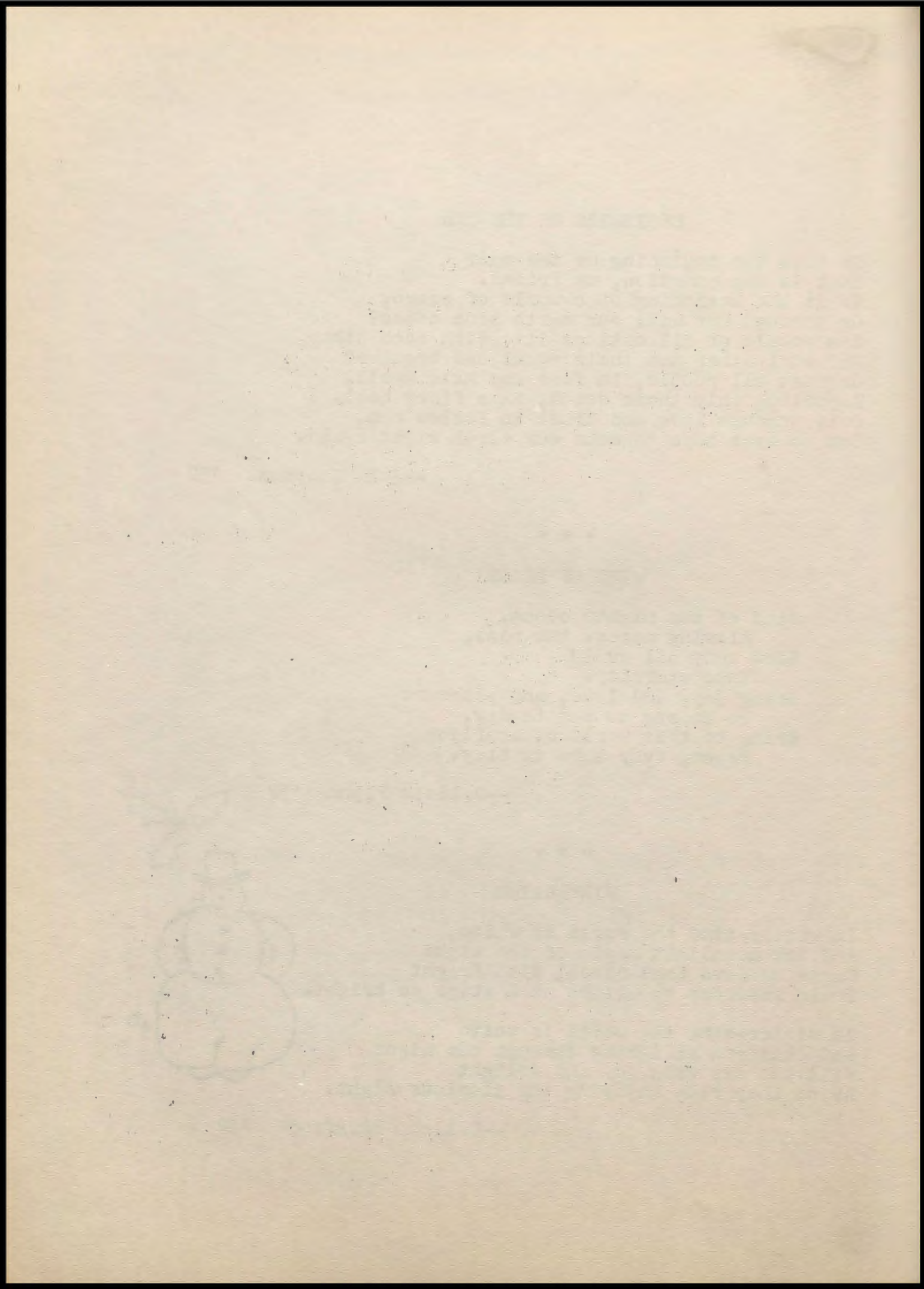
Houses trimmed with holly wreaths,
Hearts are all aglow,
Trees with all their glistening lights,
'Tis Christmas time, you know.

Children's hearts are bright and gay
While playing in the snow
Awaiting for old Santa Claus,
'Tis Christmas time, you know.

Mother's in a bustle,
Father's on the go
Hiding all the presents,
'Tis Christmas time, you know.

Brother's looking high,
Sister's looking low,
Peeking for their presents,
'Tis Christmas time, you know.

--Patricia Little '53



A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY

In speaking of another's faults,
Please don't forget your own.
Remember--those who live in glass houses
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of others' sins,
It's best we look at ourselves,
And at that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried,
If we don't like his company,
We know the world is wide.
He has faults and who has not,
We may have fifty to his one,
Don't speak of another's faults
Until you have none of your own.

--Barbara Beach '52

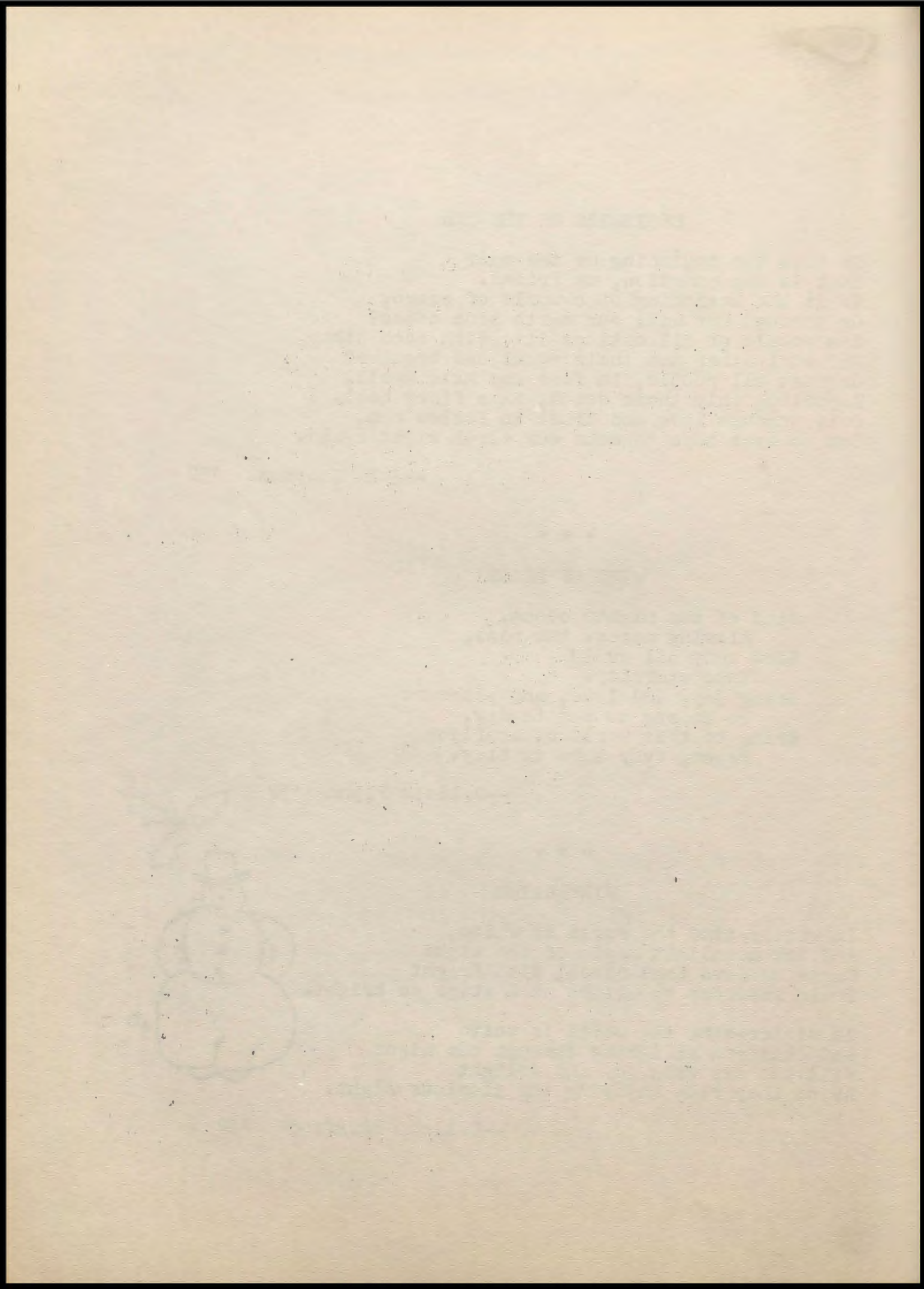
WOE TO THE GROOM ON WEDDING DAY

Woe to the groom on wedding day.
He's chosen his wife and with her will stay.
He is happy then, as grooms should be
But after a year he's not as happy and free.
His wife now scolds him for being out late,
She also accuses him of having a date.
He can't talk back or it's bad for him,
She massages his skull with a rolling pin.
She always wants the coming fad,
She doesn't care if it looks good or bad.
When Christmas comes she drops a hint,
A fur-coat she'd like which costs half the mint.
The hubby says no, but she says yes,
He says, "Alright, you'll get it, I guess."
So woe to the groom on his wedding day.
He's happy then but in the long run he'll pay.

--Philip Wightman '53

EYE-WASH. One young man:
"What kind of gas do you use in your car?"
Another young man: "I always start by
saying I'm lonesome."





As winter comes around each year
I try to laugh and shout and cheer,
Like all others do, it seems,
But for me it takes a lot
To go outdoors when it's not hot,
And run around till I get chills
And then come in and feed on pills.
I'd much rather stay indoors all day
Than go outdoors and hone and pray
I don't catch cold or something bad,
And then a doctor will be had.
So when there's sleet and hail and snow
I'll stay near the stove, far sure I know.

Joan Husk
Class '52

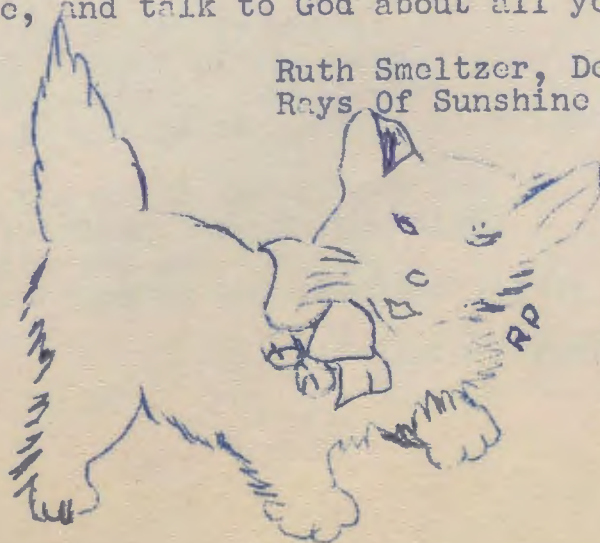
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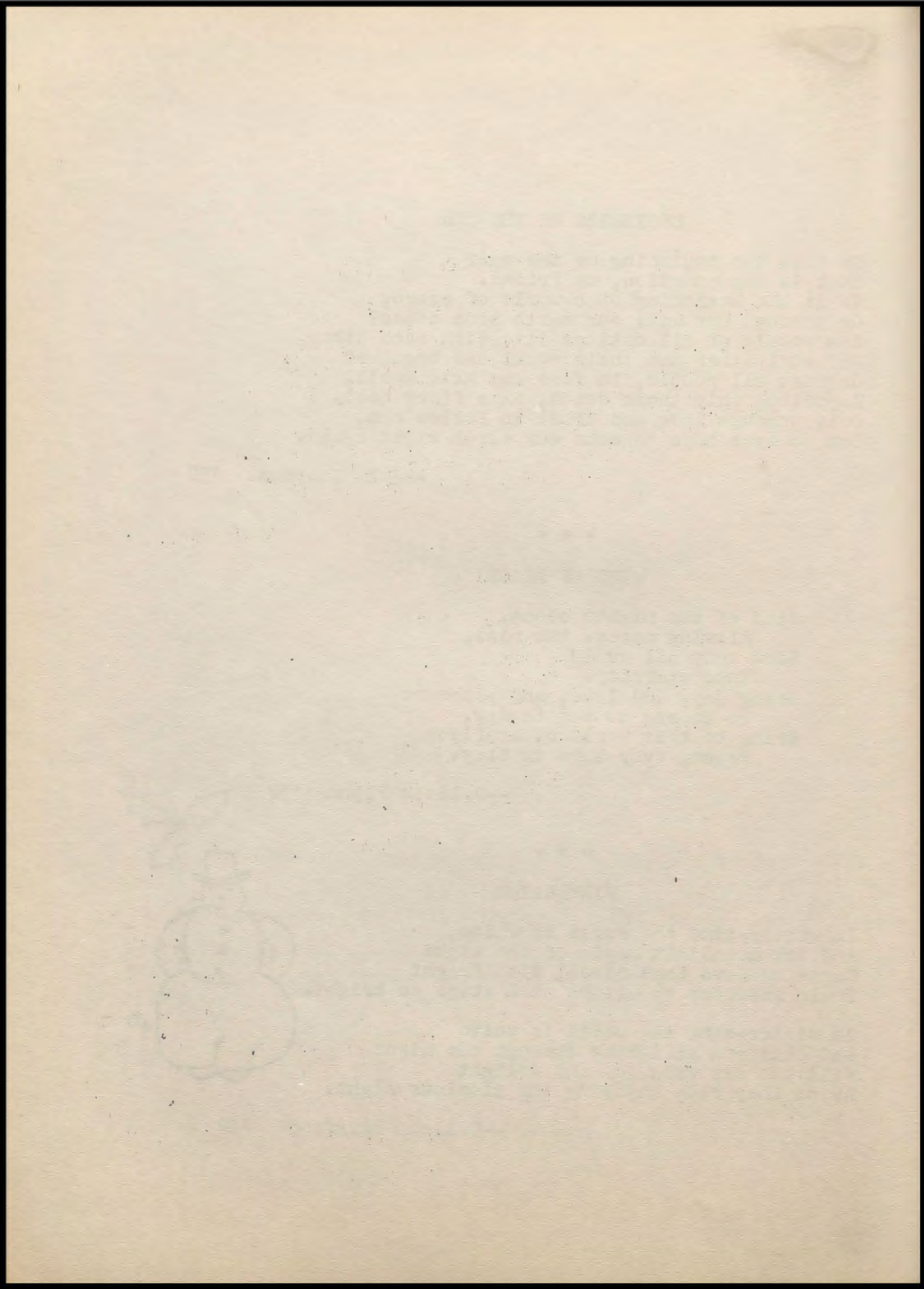
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TEN RULES FOR HAPPY LIVING

1. Keep busy. One cannot always work strenuously, so have a hobby.
2. Never indulge in self-pity. Maybe you did not have opportunities as a child. But you can make them now.
3. When you go out, prepare to give a smile to everyone who will take it. "No one is properly clothed unless he wears a smile."
4. Cultivate a cheerful disposition and a sense of humor.
5. Put yourself out to help someone every day.
6. Fill your life with worth-while things. Then, should the light go out, you will have something to think about.
7. Appreciate people. Nothing gives more than lots of appreciation.
8. Children are the hope of the world. Make at least one child happy every day.
9. Refuse to be discouraged. What should be done, can be.
10. Read your Bible, and talk to God about all your affairs.

Ruth Smeltzer, Denver, Colo.
Rays Of Sunshine





BEGINNING OR THE END

Is this the beginning or the end?
That is the question, my friend.
Is it the beginning of a world of peace,
Or through war will our earth soon cease?
Can people of all nations live with each other,
And call other men their equal and brother?
Or must all people, in fear and hate dwell,
Expecting only their death, in a fiery hell.
Only through love and trust in fellow men,
Can we ever hope to make our earth right again.

--John Stephens '52

* * *

WIND OF PEACE

Wind of the mighty ocean,
Blowing across the seas,
Blow away all evil!
Into eternity.
Bring joy, and love, and pleasure
To hearts so sad to-day,
Bring to this world of conflict
Peace, ever here to stay.

--DeLisle Flynn '52

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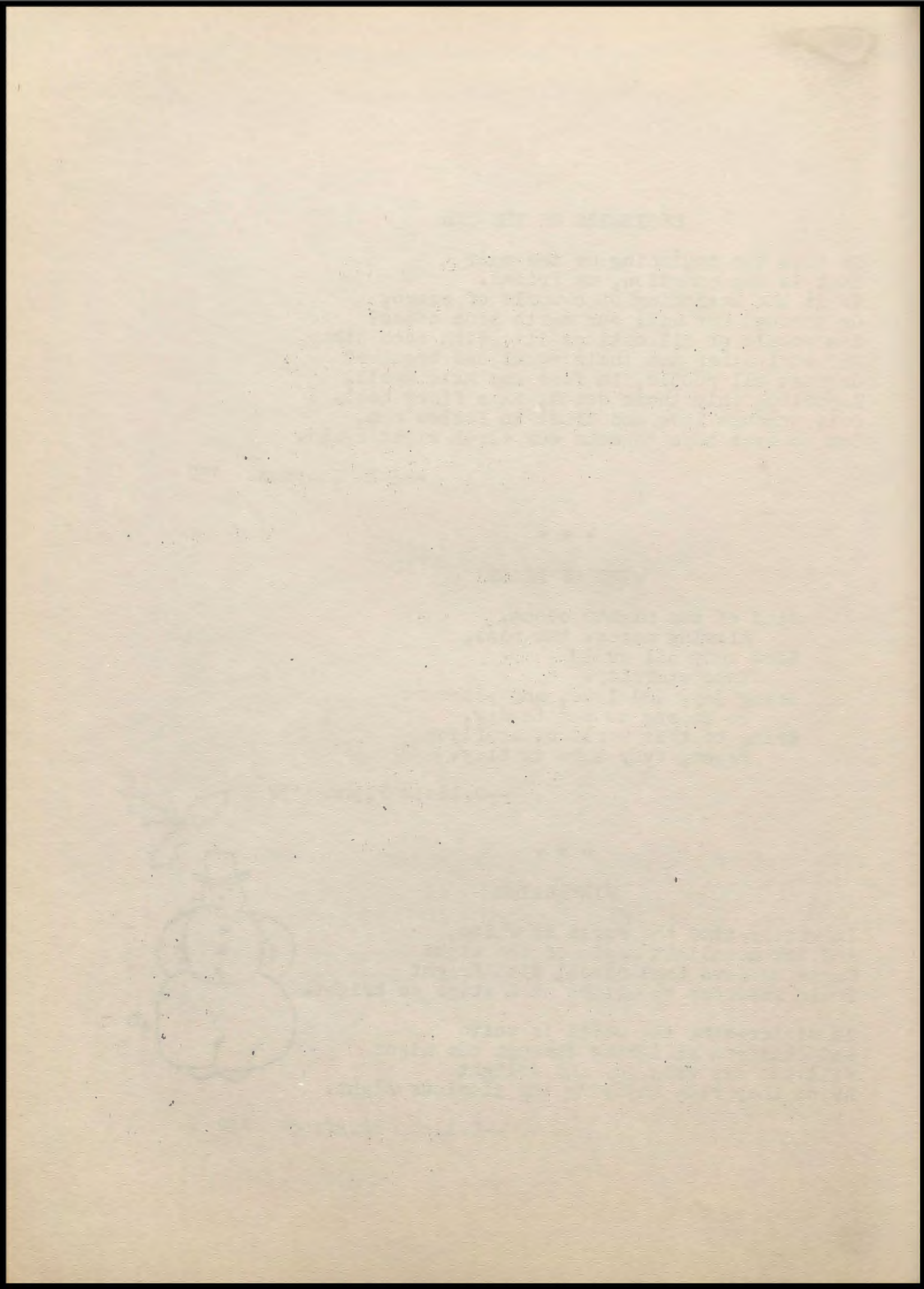
WINTERTIME

In winter-time the world is white,
And the moonlight magic of the night
Casts shadows that reveal with fright
Their likeness to actors on a stage so bright.

In winter-time the world is white
And children sleighing through the night
Fill the air with joy and delight
As on they ride enjoying the glorious sight.

--Colleen Bargfrede '52





SNOWFLAKES

When cold weather comes the people all know,
The nice days are gone and down comes the snow,
How pretty it is to see the ground white,
And when you are walking alone at night
The snow flakes fall from the sky so high
And land on the couples passing by.
The moon shines bright on all things below
And tries to make the snow glow.

--Ruth Vincent '52

AFTER SCHOOL

Sitting here after school,
Makes me feel like a first-class fool,
Here I sit in the empty classroom,
With nothing to do but fume and fume,
Here I am sitting in a rut,
Trying to learn to keep my big trap shut,
"So you see, teacher; I've finally learned my lesson,
And it can be told with one expression,
"No more will I talk, no more will I fool,
No more will I have to stay after school."

--Rick Marcotte '53

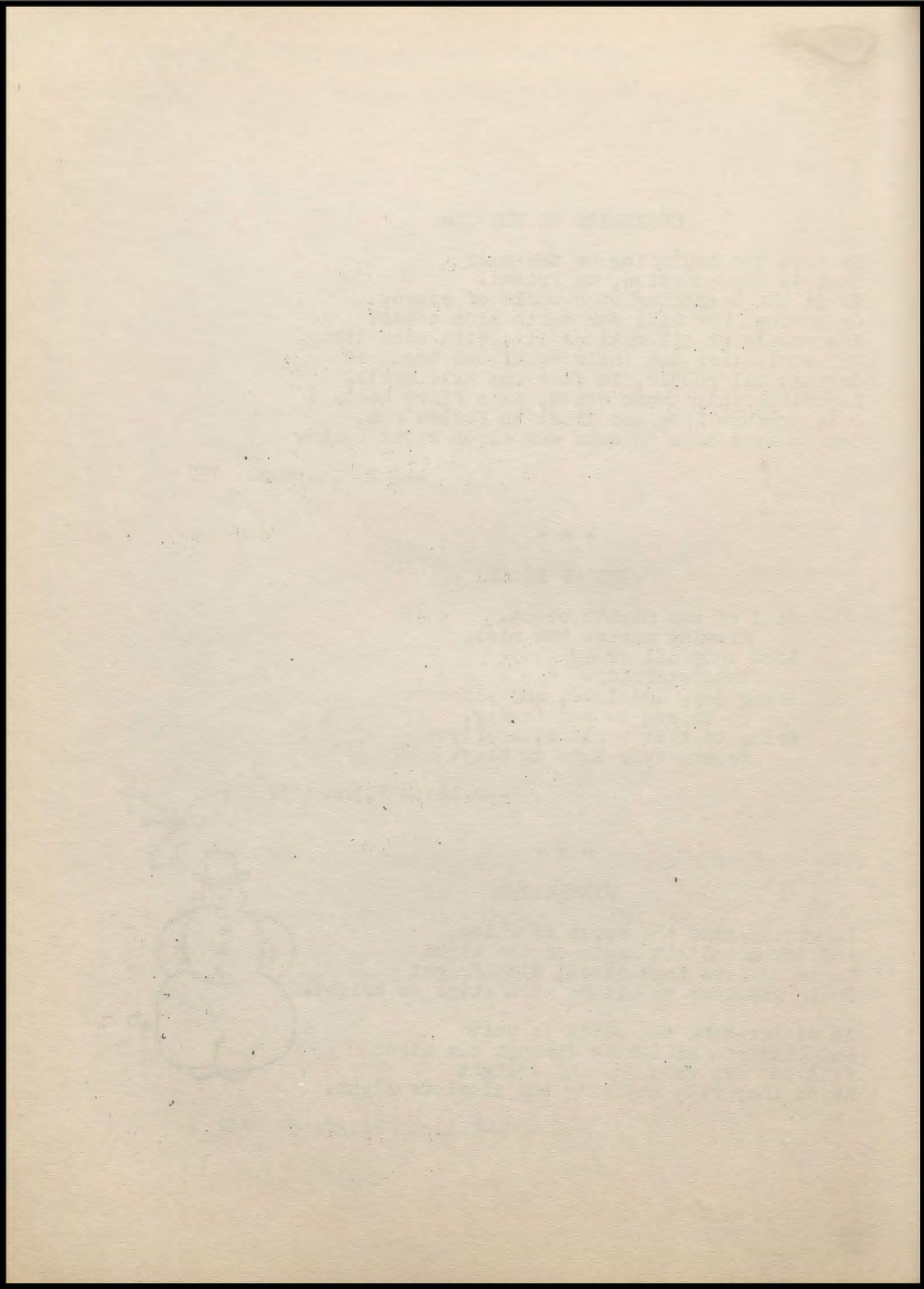
DEMOCRACY

A democracy is, I believe,
Through all I'm able to conceive,
A place where, if you make a slip,
You end in a dictatorship.

Without freedom of the press,
Things would be in quite a mess.
Without saying what we would,
How could things be as they should?

Don't let dictators throw us around,
Show that they, too, can hit the ground.
Make sure the U. S. will always be
A place to be called a democracy.

--Norbert Charbonneau '54



CHRISTMAS KINDNESS

Children are mean most all the year,
But a month before Christmas each one is a dear;
They help with the dishes and sweep all the floors,
And when they come in they shut all the doors;
Kiss Mother goodnight and bring Dad his slippers,
And even offer to help Sis with her zippers;
Mind big brother, take care of baby sister,
They help all around until they cover their hands with blisters;
Comes Christmas morning they got just what they wanted,
Skates, dolls, sleds, guns, Oh! my goodness, so much to remember,
And from then on until next December,
They'll do as they please, and be little devils,
But who cares! when Christmas comes once more;
We'll have little angels just as before.

--Lillian Fleming '53

STATISTICS ON BABYSITTING

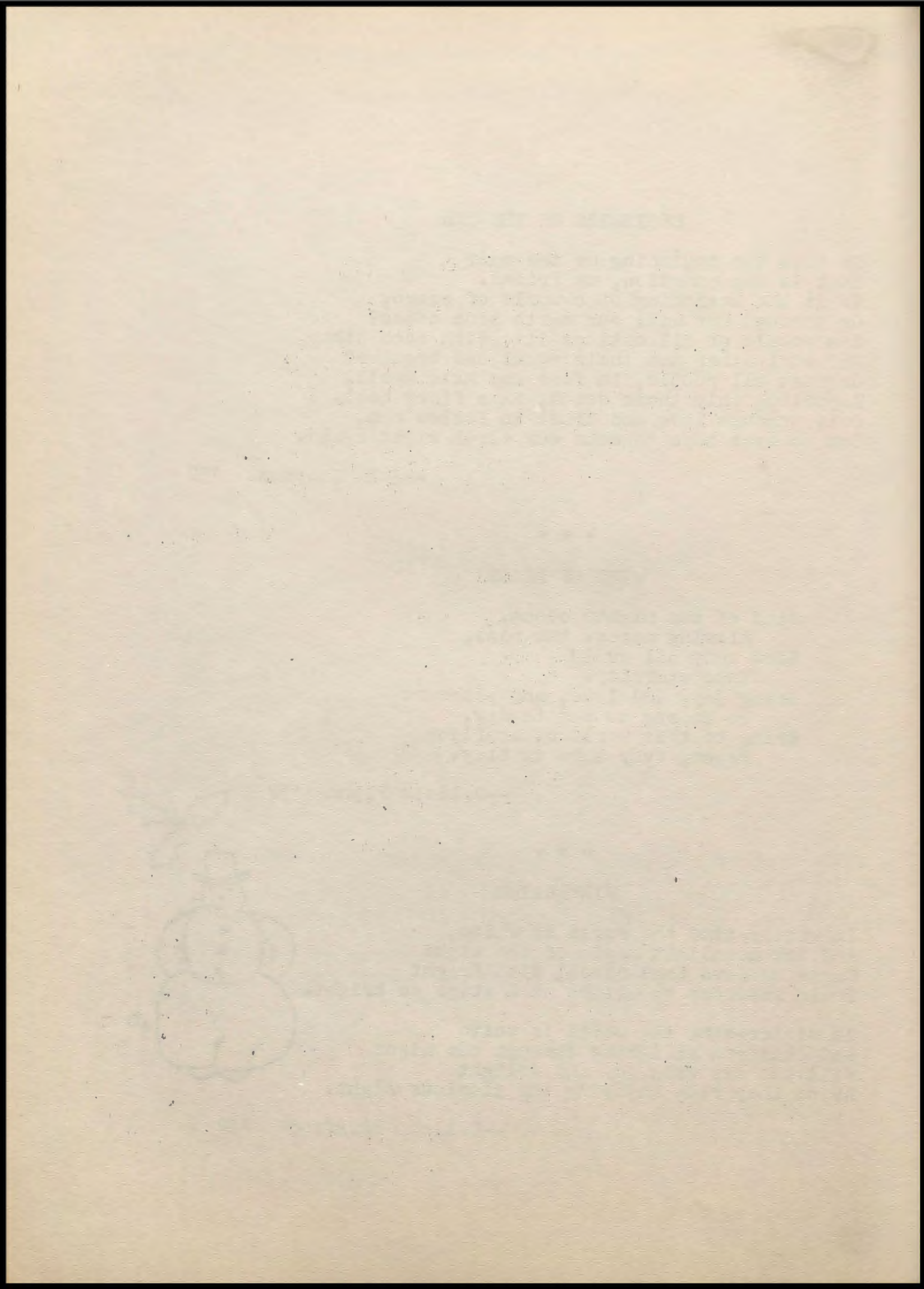
Time arrived	8:00
Time parents leave	8:30
Number of children to take care of	3
Ages of the little "dears"	3, 5 & 7
Time they are supposed to go to bed	8:35
Time they do go to bed	9:10
Number of trips to bathroom	21
Number of drinks of water	15
Number of peanut butter sandwiches eaten	6
Number of times lights go off and on in bedroom	50
Time they go to sleep	11:00
Time parents are to return	11:30
Time they actually return	12:30
Time spent studying for test	20 minutes
Test mark next day	C-
Amount of money thought earned	\$3.50
Amount actually earned	\$1.75

I wonder--was it worth the time?

--Lucille Collom '52

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A REMEDY FOR TROUBLES

When your heart is filled with trouble,
and you're feeling blue and sad;
When you think you've lost your only friend,
it's really not that bad.

Just walk into your church
and bow your head in prayer.
Your heart will overflow with love,
and peace will fill the air.

Time passes quickly, when
your heart is filled with love.
Wars, hate and sin are forgotten
as you think of Him above.

You'll leave your trouble behind you
and things will take on a new light.
So, won't you try it next time,
and see if I'm not right?

--Elaine French '51

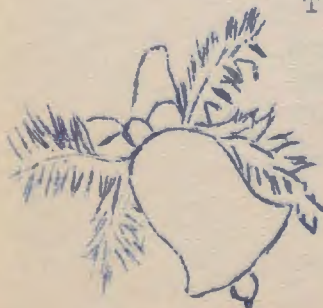
THE OLD BELL

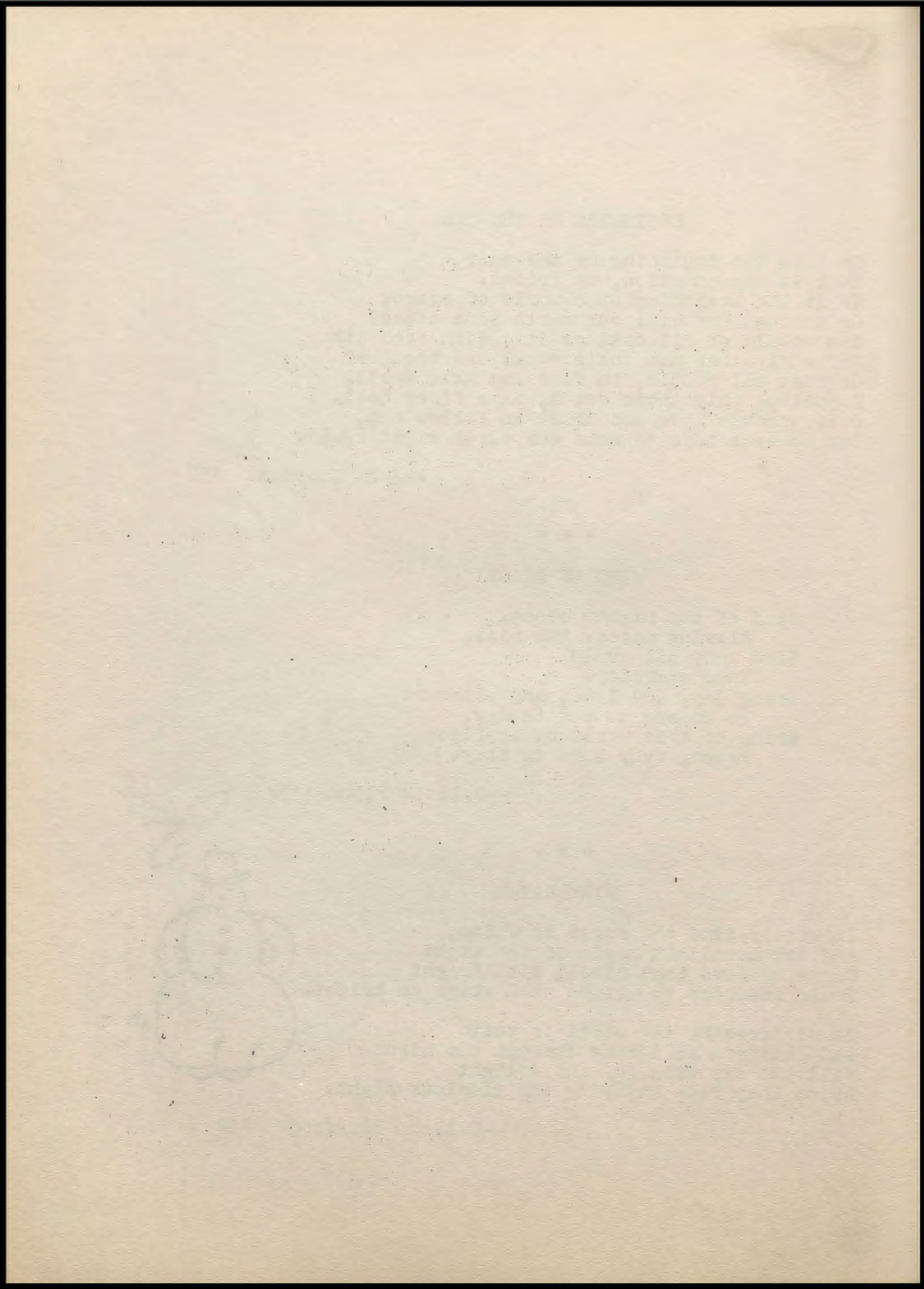
The poor old bell was rusty;
It had been used so many times.
But they brought it down from the attic
As they knew it could make more chimes.

As time went on in the household
The bell was made to shine,
It was polished and put in the parlor
For this was near Christmas time.

And then on the night before Christmas
The old bell did its part,
To bring out the joy and gladness
That was felt in everyone's heart.

--Helen Hawkins '51





PRAY FOR CHRISTMAS

Across the mighty ocean
Small stockings hang in rows,
In hopes that good St. Nicholas
Down their chimney will go.

To leave a mighty sweet cake,
Or something good to eat,
Or even just some old shoes
To warm their tiny feet.

While here our Yule-time tidings
The mighty Christmas tree,
Stands out in every window
A beautiful sight to see.

With lights, balls and tinsel
Stars and angels fair,
Packages beneath it's branches
Are scattered everywhere.

An electric train for Bobby,
A doll for sister Sue,
Gloves, hats, and bunny slippers
A pair of skates or two.

So let's give thanks this Christmas
To our Maker up above,
And ask him to send everywhere
His prayer, His help and love.

--Delisle Flynn '52

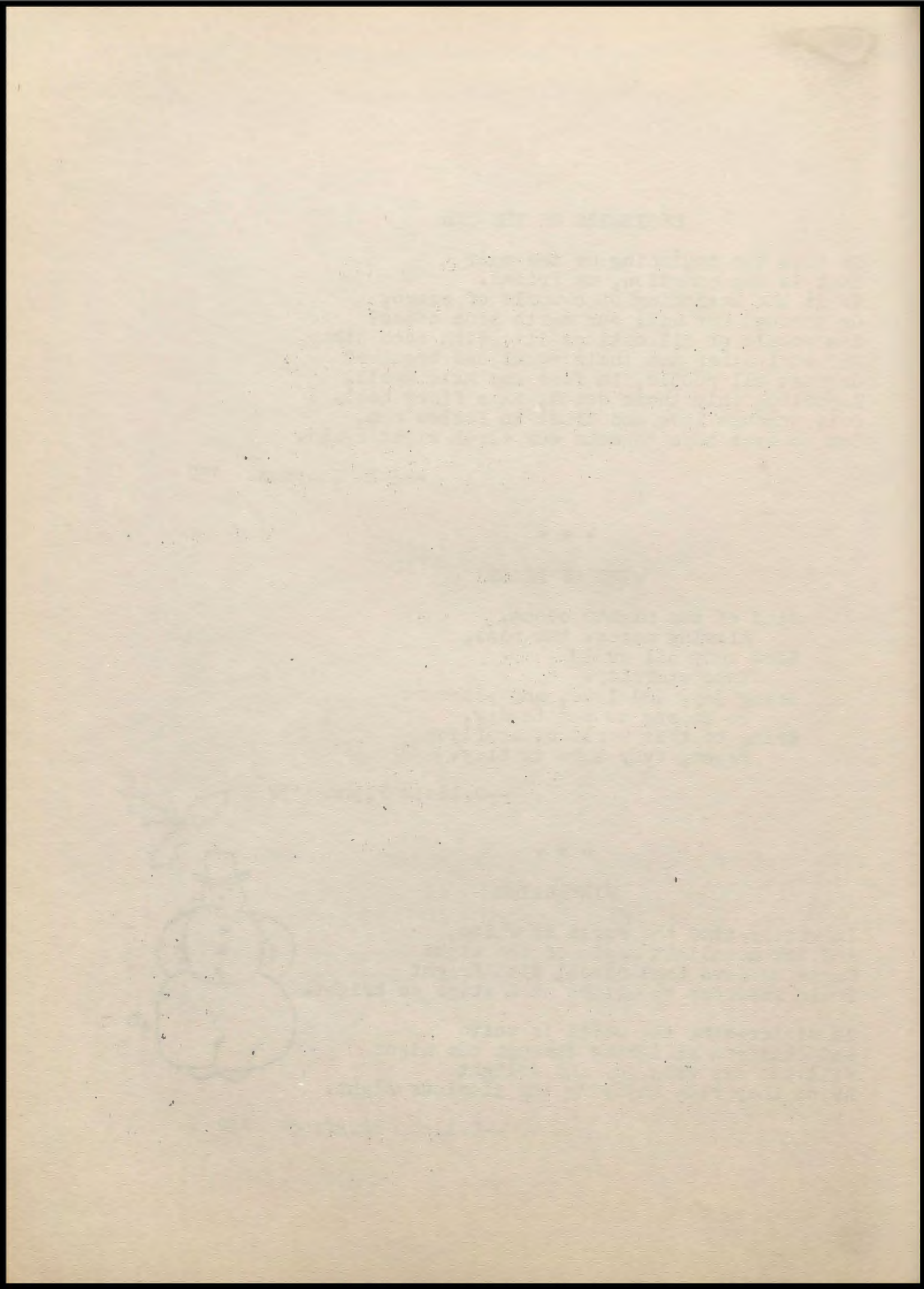
VERGENNES HIGH

Long may it stand for knowledge,
Three stories to the sky,
Where all the kin from towns around,
Attend our Vergennes High.

Some come to fool away their time,
Others come just for a rest,
They come for many other things,
But, I come to do my best.

--Barbara Ann Clark '54





Once I saw a little bee
Who said, "If you'll but follow me
I'll show you how we bees can thrive,
As we make honey in our hives."

So I followed the friendly little fellow,
Who wore a black coat and a vest of yellow.
He led me right straight through his door
Where I saw a honey-comb from roof to floor.

There were many bees around;
Each worked noiselessly, there was no sound.
Then I left 'cause I heard the dinner-bell ring.
On my way I encountered another bee
Boy, could he sting!

--Joanne Charbonneau '52

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CHRISTMAS CANDLE

Oh beautiful Christmas candle,
As bright as stars above.
Please watch and fill each lonely heart,
With God's own heavenly love.

Protect each mother's soldier,
On land, or air, or foam,
And keep them safe this Christmas,
And bring them quickly home.



--DeLisle Flynn '52

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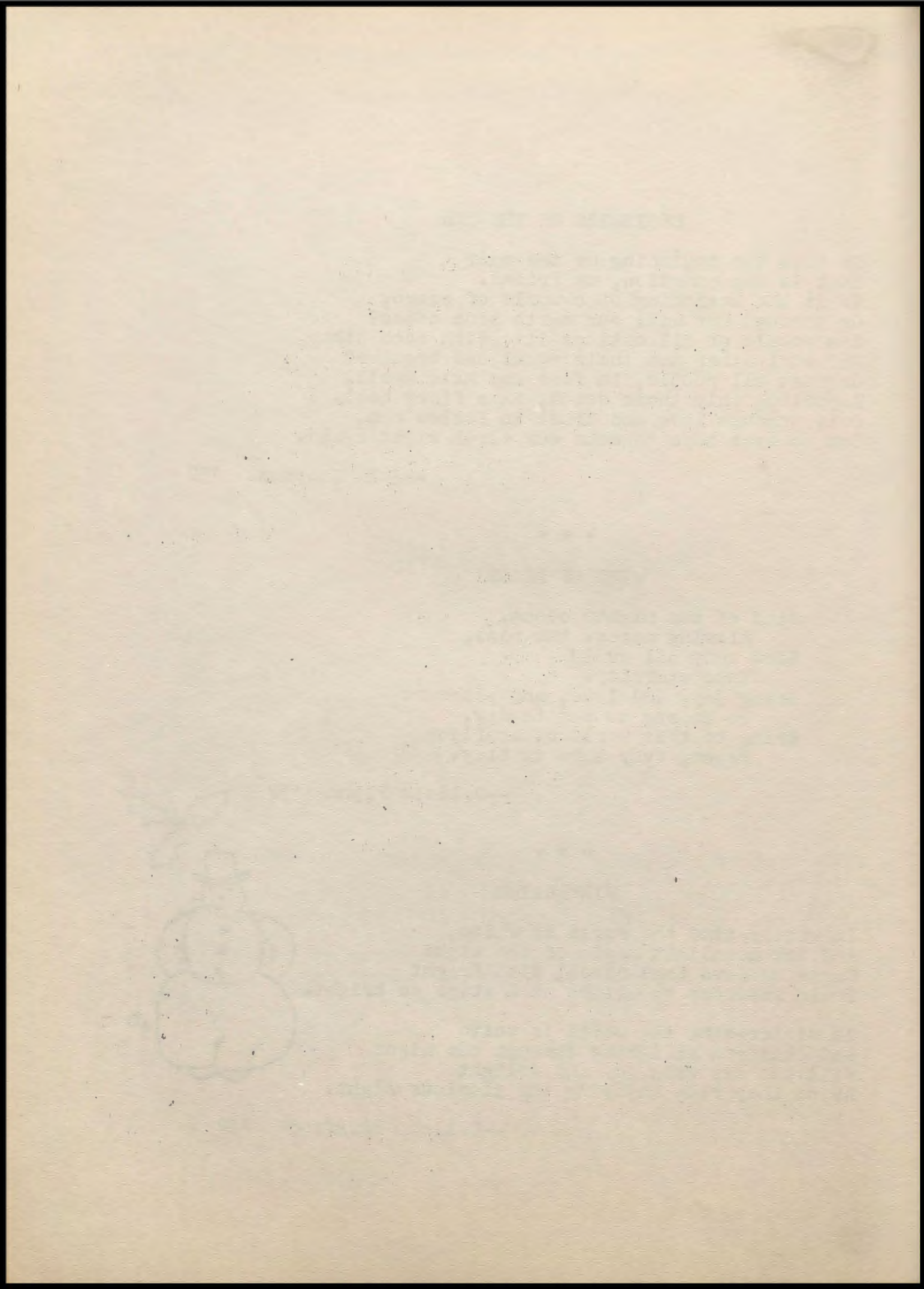
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It isn't necessary to blow out the other
person's light in order to let your own
light shine.

The penalty people pay for indifference
to public affairs is to be ruled by evil
men.

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ONCE A YEAR

Once a year at Christmas time,
Sleigh bells ring and church bells chime.
Children playing in the snow,
Laugh and play and snow balls throw.
You see great snow men here and there,
And look, see that big snow chair there.
The little girl is playing queen,
She rules the land of cold ice cream.
But watch that little boy out there,
He is not by the big snow chair,
Or playing with the other boys,
Or having fun with all their toys.
He's going to church to say a prayer,
For all the poor little children, where
There is no Christmas tree tonight.
Only a lone star shining bright.

--Sandra Danyow '54

A POEM

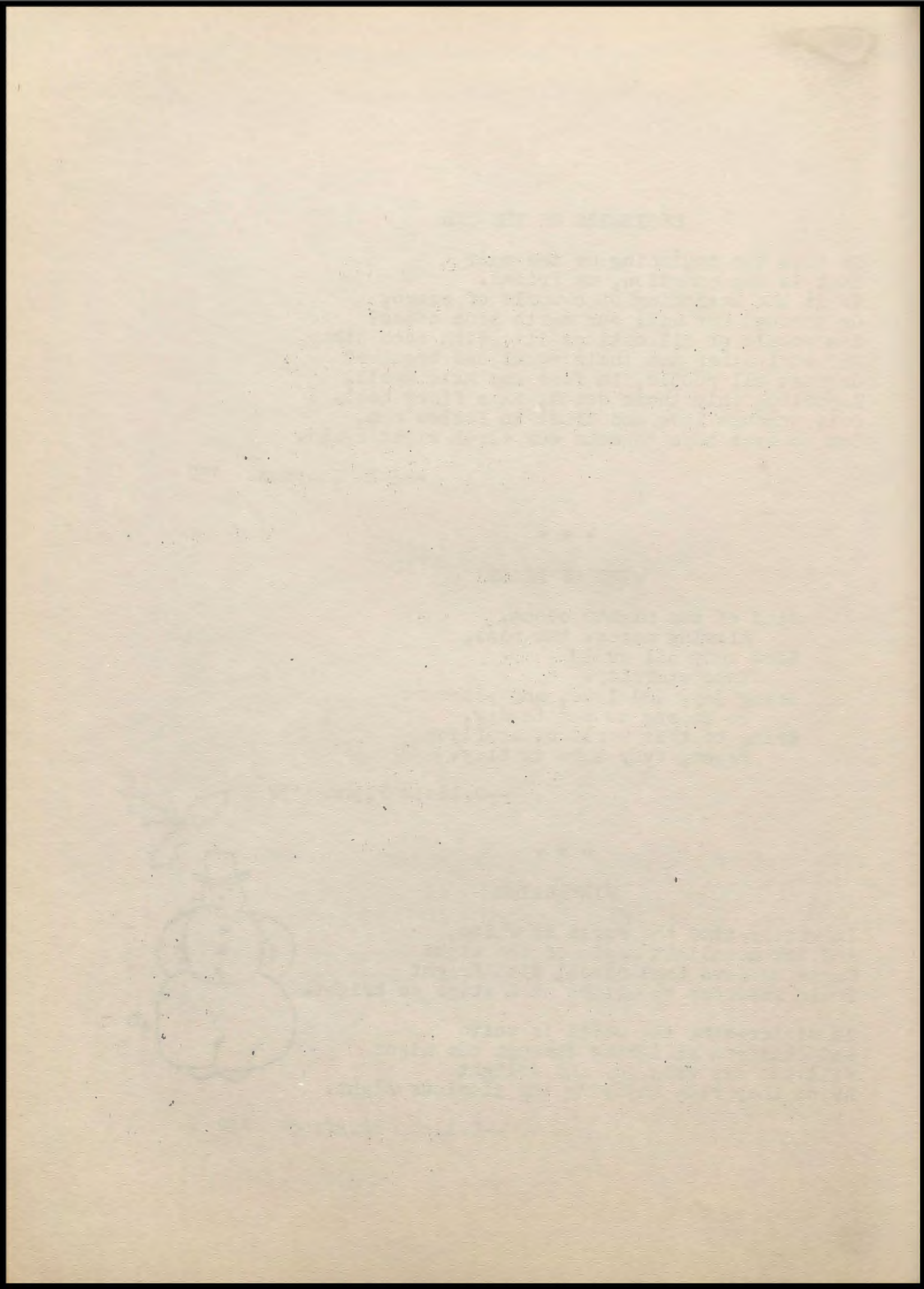
I was asked to write a poem
And I shivered at the time.
I never could put words together
That would make a rhyme.
So I've fretted and I've worried
And I've gone without my sleep;
Couldn't even eat or join in play
For nearly a whole week.
Then I came to the conclusion,
That it wasn't worth the while.
Went to bed and got some sleep,
And woke up with a smile.
Ate two eggs, a slice of ham,
And flap jacks galore.
Wrote my poem for the day
And I could write a dozen more.

--Richard Sorrell '53

CAN YOU?

When a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done.
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.





ALUMNI

CLASS OF '49

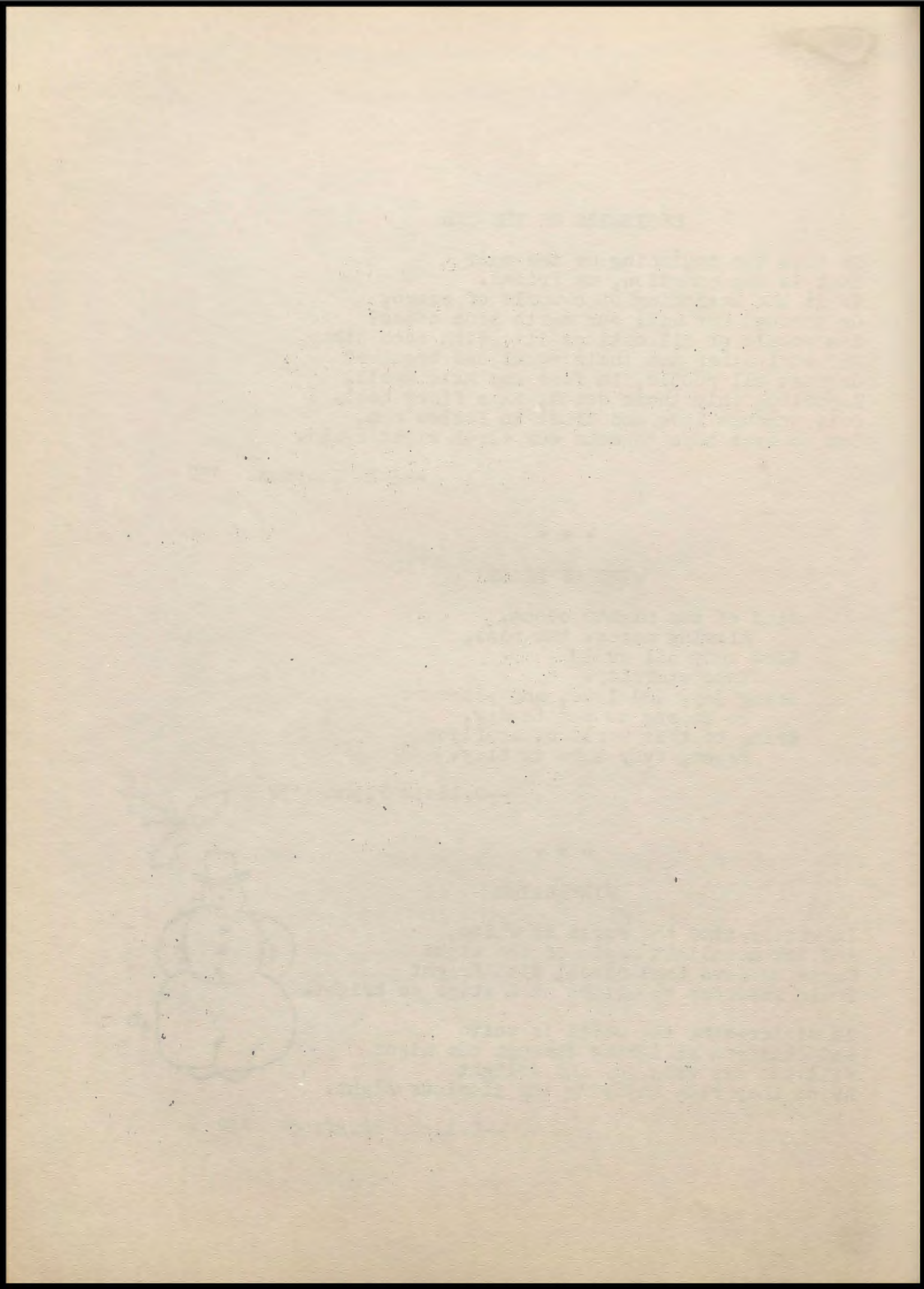
MURIEL BENEDICT is living in Middlebury.
 MARLIN BLAKELY is still working on the railroad.
 MARVIN BLAKELY is in the Air Force. He is stationed in Labrador.
 MARIE BODETTE is still in nurses' training at the Bishop De Goesbriand Hospital.
 BARBARA EVANS is also in nurses' training at the Bishop De Goesbriand Hospital.
 BETTY SULLIVAN is in Boston.
 BOB FIELD is still at home, working on the farm in North Ferrisburg.
 CONSTANCE THORNE is at the Castleton State Teachers' College.
 BOB HIGBEE is in the Army Air Force at Wichita, Texas.
 MARGUERITE BRADLEY is married to Robert Evarts.
 GLENN GRIFFITH is in the Army. He is stationed in North Carolina.
 VIOLA MOSES is married to Robert Bombard. She still works at the Ben Franklin Store in Vergennes.
 ANN MILO is married to Harvey Russett Jr. They have a little girl.
 SHIRLEY HUNT and MARJORIE HUSK are training to be nurses at the Mary Fletcher Hospital.
 GRANT LABER is working in Woodstock.
 PAUL CHAPMAN is in the Air Corps stationed at Sheppard Air Force Base, Wichita Falls, Texas.
 GERALDINE LAWRENCE is studying domestic nursing in Bennington.
 ROBERT PARKER is at home.
 EUNICE LUZZY is married and living at home.
 ERWIN CLARK is attending U. V. M.
 YVONNE DAVIS is at home.

CLASS OF '50

WILLIAM BALDWIN is in the Navy, attending Yeoman's School in Norfolk, Virginia.
 SHIRLEY BARROWS is at home.
 NORMA BODETTE is attending U. V. M.
 DORIS BURROUGHS is working at Simmonds-Benton.
 BARBARA CHARBONNEAU is employed at the First National Bank.
 MARY CHARBONNEAU is employed at Simmonds-Benton.
 WAYNE CHARBONNEAU is working at the Vergennes Theatre.
 RAMONA DANYOW is at home.
 EVELYN FARNSWORTH is at home. She is taking a post-graduate course here at V. H. S.

(Continued on next page.)





BEVERLY HAWKINS is married to William Field.
JEAN HIGBEE is married to Bruce Wood, they are living in Rutland.
ALAN LANGEWAY is home working on the farm.
CLEMENT LOOBY is in the Air Corps. He is stationed in England.
ALAN MACK is in the Air Corps. He is also stationed in England.
FRANCES BOULIN is employed at Clark's Hardware.
ALBERT ROBERTS is in the Air Corps. He is stationed in Wichita, Texas.
WILLIAM ROBERTS is employed at the A. & P. in Brandon.
MAY ROSS is employed at the Vergennes Theatre evenings, and in Superintendent Moulton's office during the day.
HERY SISTE is in the Air Corps.
JAMES SMITH is in the Army. He is stationed at Fort Ethan Allen.
JOYCE STEARNS is at home.
BENJAMIN SURPRISE is in the Air Corps. He is stationed in England.
STEPHAN THOMPSON is in nurses' training at the Mary Fletcher Hospital in Burlington.
ROBERT TRACY is working at his brother-in-law's, Oscar Jewell.

Francis Hoose '51.

For Seventy-three Years

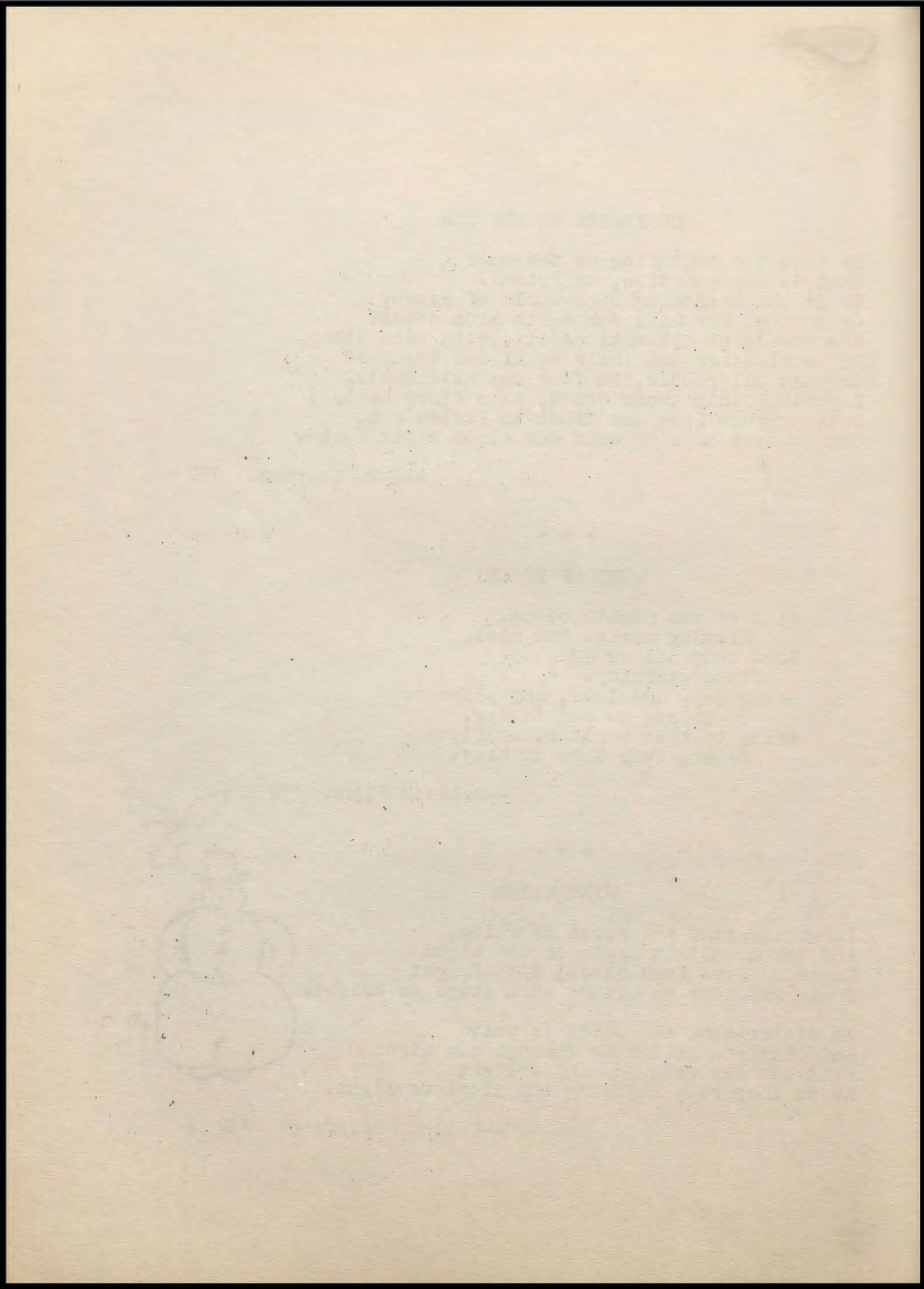
Burlington Business College has been training men and young women for business careers and placing them in good positions.

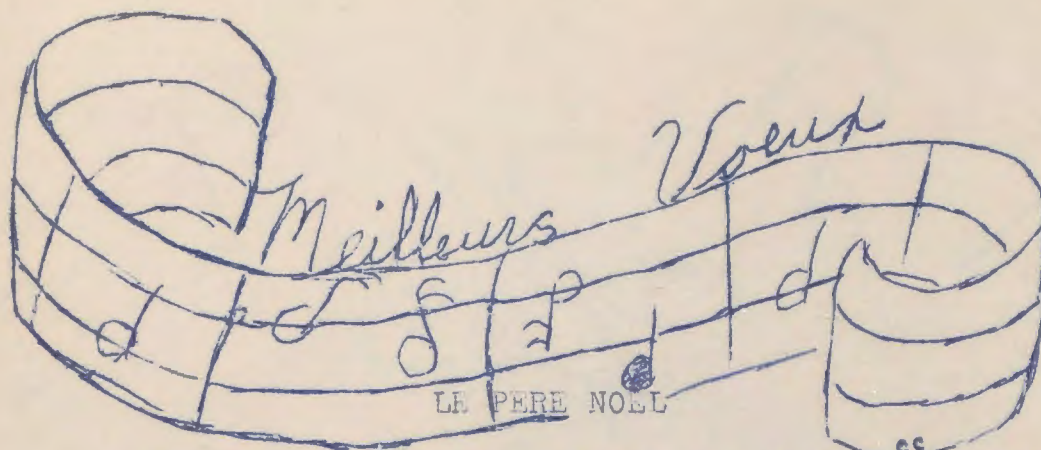
Courses in Accounting, Shorthand, Typing, Mathematics, Business English, Secretarial Science and related subjects.
For catalog and full information about courses, length of time required, tuition rates, etc., write to

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Burlington, Vt.





Tous les Noël les enfants aux Etats-Unis sont fait contents par la vision du Père Noël et ils veulent qu'il pourra venir chez-eux. Ils se couchent et ils imaginent que le Père Noël viendra aux bas devant la cheminée. Quelques-uns suspendent leurs bas au chambranle de cheminée ou au pied du lit. Quelquefois ils préparent un réveillon du lait et des sandwiches pour le Père Noël que viendra au milieu d'une nuit orageuse.

Le matin de Noël les enfants se lèvent et se lancent à la Cheminée. Leur bas sont remplis des jouets qu'ils ont désiré toute l'année. Les petits qui ont été méchants sont douteux jusqu'à ce qu'ils voient leurs bas et ils ont honte de recevoir les cadeaux qu'ils ne méritent pas.

Que l'esprit de Noël soit avec chacun et avec tous ce Noël-ci.

--Helen Field '51

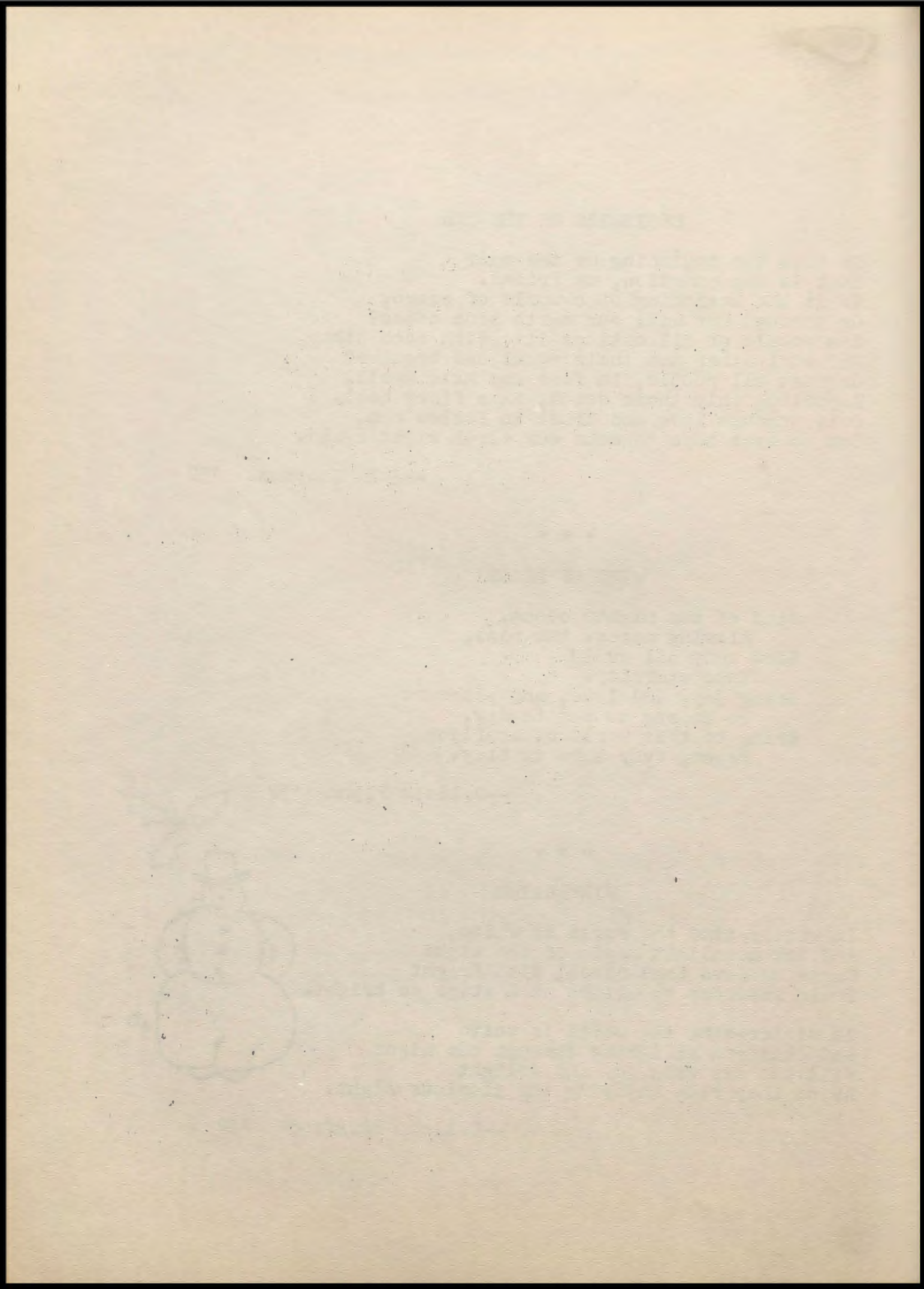
LA BELLE NEIGE BLANCHE

La neige est si belle
Quand elle tombe du ciel.
La neige est si belle
Quand elle brille comme une étoile.

Cherchons la joie de cette belle neige blanche
Qui est souvent bien charmante.
Cherchons la joie de sa belle splendeur
Qui tombe souvent avec l'ardeur.

Elle est si brillante
Quand elle tombe lentement.
La neige tombe en silence.
Ah! La belle neige blanche.

--Florence Poulin '51





Coach Moulton says:

"I was very encouraged to see so many girls out for basketball, in fact thirty-two girls showed up for the first meeting. We managed only a few practices before our first game but we are now on a full-game practice schedule. At this writing even the runner-up position in the league seems like a vision in the very dim future, but nevertheless, we all have our fingers crossed.

With our veteran players, our backlog of substitutes, no losses with the coming graduation, and the continual interest which has been shown, the next two years cannot help but be promising ones.

I think that the basketball team will have a good chance of winning most of their games in the league, because of the co-operation of the team, and their consideration of the other team members. I also think that students who do not play on the team could help by supporting the cheerleaders in their cheering. It would lift the spirit of the team."

Co-Captain Betty Lebeau says:

"A feeling which, I suppose, is common to every team is that it is the forwards who receive most of the credit, while actually it is necessary for the guards to get the ball to the forecourt for the forwards to play it. Another feeling is that the members of the team should be playing for the school itself instead of being "grandstand players".

Now that our first game jitters are over, I am sure we will be able to show the townspeople our best basketball efforts."

With the loss of Captain Mary Charbonneau, Ramona Danyow, and Norma Bodette from last year's line-up, a few changes have been made in the present line-up. Betty LeBeau who did such an able job in the backcourt was moved to the forecourt along with Helen Looby. Shirley Hamilton and Shirley Mitchell will alternate as centerforwards. Those playing in the backcourt are Sally Bristol, Joanne Charbonneau, and Joan Peabody. The team members elected Alice Tucker as Manager and Lucille Cunningham as Assistant Manager.

We hope the townspeople and students will do their utmost to support both the boys' and girls' basketball teams. Their support would give the members of the team the feeling that they are not on the floor just to win or lose, but to show that they have the ability to give their school the spirit and glory of having a good basket ball team.

Alice Tucker '52

Jean Sullivan '53

Don Moulton & Sons
Engineers & Contractors
Building Supplies
Shelburne, Vermont

Phone: Burlington 2245-M2

Reinforced Concrete

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BOYS SPORTS

When Coach Palermo called the first practice, twenty boys turned out for basketball. By the time of our first game, with Shelburne on Dec. 1, the squad had been cut to eleven. The first team is made up of mostly veterans, Capt. Jim McNulla, Richard Tarte, John Brigan and John Stophers, all who were on the team last year, and the only newcomer is the upcoming sophomore, Paul Ripchik. Able subs are Ernie Lackard, Jim Hanna, "Beanie" Miller, George LeBeau, George Bell, and Ian Booth, who will all see a lot of action.

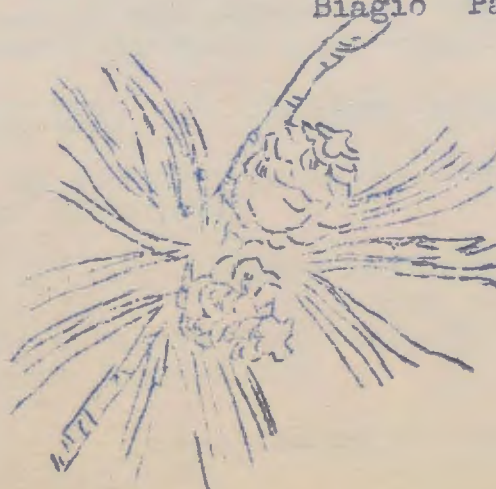
Contrary to the opinion of many adults and some rather pessimistic students, the team this year is as good, if not better, than teams of the last few years. Although, we have a tough schedule this year, this year's team has more team spirit than it has had in quite a few years and all the members of the squad look for a very successful season.

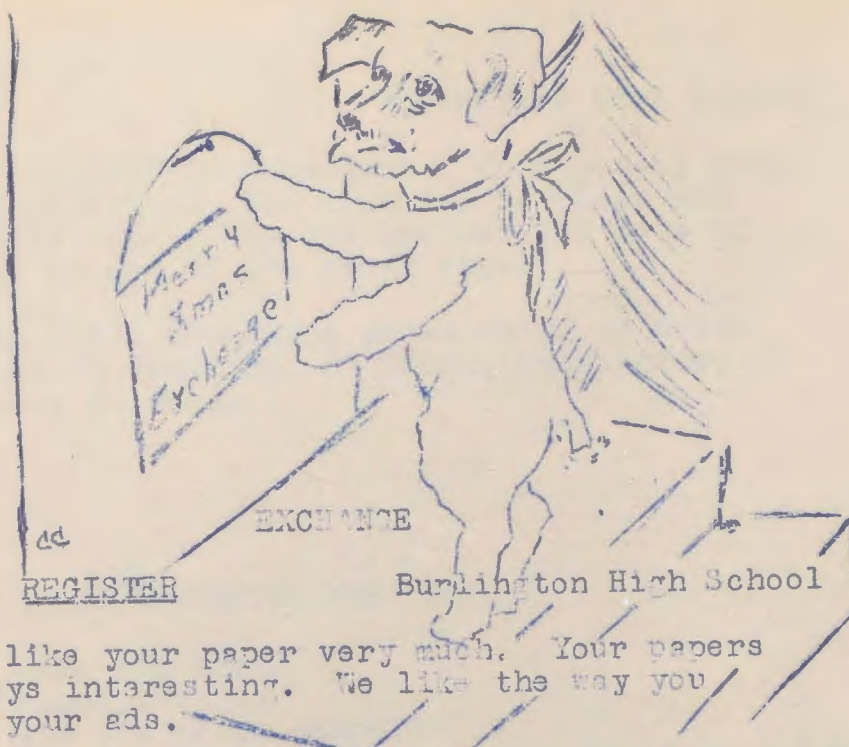
Jim McNulla says: The team spirit is great and if we play all our games like we did against Waterbury, there'll be no stopping us.

John Brigan says: I think the team this year is very scrappy and that there is a very good chance of our getting to the tournament if we play the rest of the season like we have been playing.

At this writing the Vergennes Boys have won over Shelburne 44 to 32 and suffered a set back at the hands of Waterbury, 43 to 41. It's too early in the season to make any predictions, but the past two games have shown that they have that team spirit which is the most important thing to any ball club. The boys looked great against Waterbury and if they continue to play that type of ball all season long, I'm sure that they will end up in a tourney.

Biagio Palermo
Coach





B. H. S. REGISTER

Burlington High School

We like your paper very much. Your papers are always interesting. We like the way you arrange your ads.

SENTINEL

Spaulding High School, Barre

We wish that you would put in a few more jokes. We would like to get more issues from you.

THE POLONIES

Poultney High School

We like your paper but we wish you would enlarge it. Your news items are of interest to us.

THE LABELL NEWS

Auburndale, Massachusetts

Yours is a well compounded paper, but what about some jokes?

VERMONT CYNIC

University of Vermont

We like the way you illustrate your jokes. We like the sports section especially well because they are so well described. Since many of our faculty are alumni of the university, they look forward to reading this paper each week.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY NEWS

Boston, Massachusetts

Your paper is good but we would like to see more literary and fewer ads.

BOSTONIA

Boston University Alumni

We like your magazine very much, in that it resembles ours more than others.

(continued on next page)



1. The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year.

2. The second part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year.

3. The third part of the report deals with the conclusions reached during the year.

4. The fourth part of the report deals with the recommendations made during the year.

5. The fifth part of the report deals with the summary of the work during the year.

6. The sixth part of the report deals with the appendixes.

7. The seventh part of the report deals with the index.

8. The eighth part of the report deals with the bibliography.

9. The ninth part of the report deals with the list of figures.

10. The tenth part of the report deals with the list of tables.

RAMBLES

Northfield High School

Your literary is excellent. Your gossip page is very interesting. The material is clear and can be easily read. Why not include the name of your school on one of the front pages?

We are still expecting magazines from South Royalton, Essex Junction, Richmond, Wilmington, St. Johnsbury Academy.

INTERVIEWING MRS. SHERER

- Q. Where were you born?
A. In Pennsylvania.
Q. Where did you go to school?
A. I attended Maravian College for Women in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania and Columbia University.
Q. How did you meet Mr. Sherer?
A. Oh, his parents and mine had known each other for a long time, so I knew him when we were children.
Q. Have you taught music anywhere else besides here?
A. Yes, I taught in Allentown, Pennsylvania, at first.
Q. Where do you live now?
A. We are living in Middlebury, Vermont.
Q. What does Mr. Sherer do?
A. He is a graduate assistant in Chemistry at Middlebury.
Q. What foods do you have a weakness for?
A. I like so many things. Let's see. Anything with chocolate in it.
Q. What kind of clothes do you like to wear?
A. I don't like sloppy clothes. I like to get all dressed up.
Q. Do you like to keep house?
A. I love to!
Q. Did you always want to be a music teacher?
A. No. Like most young girls, I wanted to be an actress.
Q. Do you like teaching here?
A. So far, I like it very much.
Q. What do you think of New England?
A. I like it very much. Mr. Sherer and I would like to make Vermont our permanent home.
Q. What are your hobbies?
A. I haven't any.
Q. What do you think about children chewing gum in chorus?
A. I don't approve of it. They can't sing with gum in their mouths.

--DeLisle Flynn '52

Your letter is received. Your gossip page is very interesting. The material is clear and easy to read. Why not include the name of your school on one of the front pages?

We are still expecting responses from South Haven, New London, Richmond, Wilmington, St. Albans, etc.

INTERVIEWING MR. CHURCH

Q. Where were you born?
A. In Pennsylvania.
Q. Where did you go to school?
A. I attended Jefferson College for women in Baltimore, Pennsylvania and Johns Hopkins University.
Q. How did you meet Mr. Church?
A. My first husband and wife had known each other for a long time. He knew him when we were children.
Q. Have you taught music anywhere else besides here?
A. Yes, I taught in Baltimore, Pennsylvania, at first.
Q. Where do you live now?
A. We are living in Washington, D.C.
Q. What does Mr. Church do?
A. He is a graduate assistant in Chemistry at Washington.
Q. What kinds of work have you done?
A. I like to do many things. I am now working with the children in the
Q. What kind of children do you like to work with?
A. I don't like noisy children. I like to get all dressed up.
Q. Do you like to keep house?
A. I love to!
Q. Did you always want to be a music teacher?
A. No. I had more plans then. I wanted to be an actress.
Q. Do you like teaching here?
A. No, I like it very much.
Q. What do you think of New England?
A. I like it very much. Mr. Church and I would like to stay here.
Q. What are your hobbies?
A. I haven't any.
Q. What do you think about children coming and listening?
A. I don't oppose it. They can't hear all the time.
Q. In their homes?

INTERVIEWING MR. GRANDFIELD

-34-

- Q. Where were you born?
 A. Montpelier, Vt.
 Q. Where did you go to school?
 A. Spaulding High, one year Middlebury College, and four years at U. V. M.
 Q. Who is the most beautiful girl you have seen in pictures?
 A. Ava Gardner.
 Q. Whom do you like as an actor?
 A. Spencer Tracy and Barry Fitzgerald-probably because they play Irish parts.
 Q. Do you like to argue?
 A. On anything except religion.
 Q. What is your ambition?
 A. I hope some day to retire.
 Q. Do you talk to yourself?
 A. Not that I know of.
 Q. What is your favorite avocation?
 A. Athletics-all types and reading.
 Q. What would you do if your wife came home with a silly hat which she had bought?
 A. It isn't what I'd do - What could I do??

Helon Field '51

INTERVIEWING MR. POQUETTE

- Q. Where were you born?
 I was born in Alburg, Vt. on July 22, 1922.
 Q. Where did you go to school?
 I graduated from Alburg High School, class of '41. Majored in Industrial Education at University of Vermont and received my B. S. in June 1950. I served a year in the Maritime service and a short hitch in the Navy.
 Q. Where did you meet Mrs. Poquette?
 A. I met Mrs. Poquette in Hartford, Conn. We have two children, Gary age 2½, and Gail age 15 months, but by the time you read this there will have been an addition.
 Q. Do you like to raid the icebox?
 A. Yes.
 Q. Favorite color - none
 Favorite dress - casual clothes
 Favorite actor - John Wayne
 Favorite poem - Casey at Bat
 Favorite sport - baseball
 Favorite recreation - watching television
 Favorite dislike - my temper
 Q. Do you like to travel?
 A. Yes, I like any form of travel.
 Q. Do you approve of girls wearing slacks?
 A. Yes, if they cannot afford other clothes.
 Q. Do you like to see a pupil chewing gum? Have you ever stood before fifty people chewing gum?
 A. It's like standing before fifty cows chewing their cud.

Neldon Whitty '53

INTERVIEWING MR. CRANFIELD

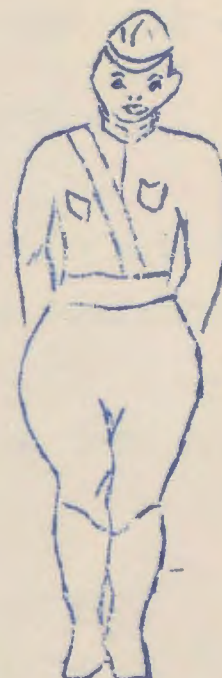
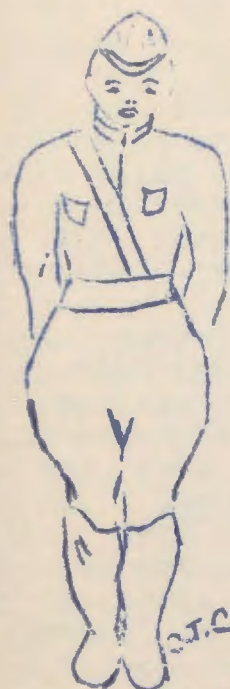
- Q. Where were you born?
A. Washington, D.C.
Q. Where did you go to school?
A. Georgetown High, and your high school, College, and
then went to U. S. N. A.
Q. Who is the most beautiful girl you have seen in pictures?
A. Ann Dally.
Q. What do you like as an actor?
A. Spencer Tracy and Barry Fitzgerald - probably because
they play Irish parts.
Q. Do you like to direct?
A. On my own stage productions.
Q. What is your ambition?
A. I hope some day to retire.
Q. Do you talk to yourself?
A. Not that I know of.
Q. What is your favorite occupation?
A. Activities - all types and nothing.
Q. What would you do if your wife were back with a will?
A. But which one had money?
A. Is that what I'd do - What would I do?

Golden Field 12

INTERVIEWING MR. CRANFIELD

- Q. Where were you born?
A. I was born in Albany, N. Y. on July 22, 1902.
Q. Where did you go to school?
A. I graduated from Albany High School, class of 1921.
Major in International Relations at University of
Virginia and received M. A. in June 1929. I
served a year in the Marine Corps and a short
time in the Navy.
Q. Where did you meet Mrs. Cranfield?
A. I met Mrs. Cranfield in Hartford, Conn. We have
two children, Gary and Ed, and will have 12 more,
one by the time you read this which will have been
an addition.
Q. Do you like to ride the subway?
A. Yes.
Q. Favorite actor - none.
A. Favorite actress - Greta Garbo.
Favorite actor - John Wayne.
Favorite poem - "Song of the Sea".
Favorite sport - baseball.
Favorite recreation - watching television.
Favorite drink - no drink.
Q. Do you like to travel?
A. Yes, I like any form of travel.
Q. Do you approve of this war? I don't know.
A. Yes, if they cannot afford to stop it.
Q. Do you like to see a girl showing teeth?
A. Most certainly, if she is showing them.

Golden Field 12



****PATROL****

Captain -- John Stebbins
Drillmaster -- John Stebbins
Ass't. Drillmaster -- John Stephens

First Lieutenants -- Gwen McGrath, John Stephens, Grace Hawkins

Second Lieutenants -- Helen Field, Florence Poulin, Joyce Tracy
Robert Stebbins, Dorothy Jaquith, Betty Marshall,
Helen Hawkins

Sergeants -- Marion Moorby, Joan Peabody, Lorraine Andrews,
DeLisle Flynn, Marilla Place, Colleen Bargfrede,
Lucy Case, Paul Ripchik, George Lebeau, Neldon
Whitty

Corporals -- Reynold Godard, Ruth Jerome, Arthur Provencher,
Kenneth Booth

Privates 1st Class -- Mary Palmer, Patsy Aubin, Lloyd Evarts,
DeWitt Clark, John Hawkins, Donald Little, Willis
Farnsworth, Robert Panton, James Peabody, Shirley
Bashaw

Privates -- Barbara Chamberlain, Jane Ripchik, Joyce Lebeau,
James Provencher, James McGrath, Kenneth Drew,
Marie Warner, Judy Sweeney, Jessie Cockran, Sandra
Danyow, James Hawkins, Shirley Lebeau, Ronald
Lawrence, Betty Clodgo, Celeste Tucker, Marion
Miller, Patty Jackman, Helen Bull, Clara Chamberlain,
Sally Tracy, Carl Peabody, Pauline Martel, William
Grant, Margaret Booth, Margaret Hanna, Patricia
Sheldon, Sally Spear, Barbara Clark, Sidney Danyow,
Ann Freeguard, Ruth Drew, Irene Rose, Sandra Tucker,
Robert Ross, Roger Gibeault, Beverly Cunningham,
Ronald Schroeder

(continued on next page)



SWIMSUITS

Swimsuits -- John Deane
Swimsuits -- John Deane
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Patrol this year has been organized along the same lines established in the past years. Six shifts have been set up consisting of both high school and junior high school students, with those having had no previous patrol experience being guided in the fulfillment of their duties by the older and more experienced members of the patrol.

The patrol drill team has been divided into two groups; one group consists of the more experienced marchers and the other of those who have not had previous training. The teams are rapidly rounding into shape and hope to be able to put on marching exhibitions to enable the townspeople and others interested in the Safety Patrol to see the results of their work.

A new plan has been installed through which only four of the six shifts are on duty during each day. Under a rotating plan each shift is on duty for six weeks and then has three weeks off. This plan has met with approval from all participating on the patrol and has worked very satisfactorily.

At this time I would like to express my sincere thanks to all who assisted in establishing and training the members of the new Safety Patrol for the elementary school, and finally to extend my congratulations to the entire patrol for the fine way they have carried out their duties this year.

S. M. Grandfield,
Supervisor

O. CLAUDE ALLEN

PANTON, VT.

USED REFRIGERATORS & MILK COOLERS

HOTPOINT APPLIANCES

SALES - SERVICES

TEL. 114-11

COMPLIMENTS

OF

WAY'S HARDWARE

BRISTOL, VERMONT

MOVIES

Trio Sidney, Edmund, Francis
Will you never give the girls a chance????

Outside the Wall Bud Bodette

Between Midnight and Dawn Lorraine
We've been asked not to tell.

The Men Senior Boys

I'll Get By John Stephens
You always seem to, don't you John?

The Fireball Jim McNulla
Where do you get all the energy? It can't be from all
the sleep you get.

To Please a Lady . . You'd do most anything, wouldn't you Rosie?

Riding High When you're in Bill Grant's car.

Dark City Vergennes (when a hurricane strikes)

The Breaking Point . Miss Moulton, in 8th period Junior English.

Crisis When you get caught whispering in study hall.

Good Humor Man George LeBeau.

Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye . . . What everyone should do when they
ride in Jim McNulla's car.

The Milkman Mike McGrath

Can you imagine:

Alan Russett doing the Charleston.

Jim McNulla driving twenty five miles an hour.

Sidney driving a new Cadillac.

Jim Hanna not teasing any girl for at least one day.

Jack Stebbins with a "butch." Who do you think you are,
Gorgeous George?

Joyce Larrow and Miss Moulton with feather cuts.

Sid Barnard with curly hair.

Gwen McGrath not losing her temper at her patrol shift.

Helen Field 6 ft. tall.

George LeBeau skinny.

NEWS

Will you please give the girls a chance?

Will you please give the girls a chance?

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Will you please give the girls a chance?

SONG DEDICATIONS

-38-

All My Love Sally and Jim

I'm Thirsty For Your Kisses Lucille and Harold

The Things We Did Last Summer Grace Hawkins
We heard that you really had a good time, Grace

Up in The Balcony Helen Field and George Rose
Did you understand Hamlet, kids?

Sonny Boy Janice Clark

Oh Johnny!. Betty Marshall

I Can't Make Up My Mind Ann Freegarde
Who is it going to be Ann, George or Neldorf

Just a Little Love. Marilla and Dick

Music, Maestro, Please. Mr. Palermo
Mr. Palermo has really earned the title of the VHS Fred Astaire.

The Thing Jim McNulla's Car

I Thought She Was A Local George Moorby
(But She Was A Fast Express.)

There's No Season On Love George Rose
Seems thats what he thinks anyway.

I Can't Seem to Laugh Anymore Alice Tucker
Too bad Alice, someone else has him now.

Get Out and Get Under the Moon. Jim Hanna
How 'bout it, Jim,

Some Time Roger Gibeault
Have patience Roger. She'll come along

I Want to Be Loved. Joan Peabody

More Beer John Brigan

Can't Stop Talking. Jack Stebbins

Thinking Of You Dot Jaquith

The Object of My Affection. Joyce Larrow
Have you broken down that wall of resistance yet, Joyce?

Sitting By the Window Mary Jane Pollard
Don't Worry Mary Jane, He'll Be Home Soon.

Honestly I Love You Nancy Clark

Together. Gwen, Elaine, Dot and Joyce

COMIC CHARACTERS

Any relationship between these characters and any one living is purely incidental.

Flash Gordon	Jim McNulla
Blondie	Marilla Place
Snookums	John Donnelly
Maggie	Marguerite Lawrence
Jiggs	Bill Webber
Little King	Alan Russett
Dagwood Bumstead	Bud Bodette
Penny	Elaine French
Tillie the Toiler	Lucy Case
Senator Claghorn	Jack Stebbins
The Katzenjammer Kids	Bob Stebbins and John Stephens
Mighty Mouse	Jim Hanna
Daisy Mae	Nancy Clark
Li'l Abner	John Brigan
Mopsy	Alma Danyow
Our Miss Brooks	Miss Moulton
Hop-a-long Cassidy	Mr. Paquette

AS WE HEARD IT

What are Helen Field and Francis Hoose trying to keep from everyone. "I mean about the dance at Charlotte, kids."

It has been said that only prospective spinsters wear their hair in waves. Who are you trying to kid, Miss Moulton?

DeLisle!! Who is there at Charlotte dances that is such great interest to you. Would Newton have anything to do with it?

Too bad your house didn't blow down, too, Florence. Maybe those college boys from Middlebury would have come on Saturday, too!

Grace, had you rather receive mail from RCN (Royal Canadian Navy) or UVM? We hear you've friends in both places.

We don't see much of you, Lucille Cunningham. You're in Bristol most of the time. How you do seem to keep him.

Would you please tell us why it is that Regina likes to go to the movies every Saturday night? Who is he, Regina? We're all curious.

We don't seem to know much about you Helen Looby. Is it Frankie now?

What is the big attraction at the theater, Lucille Bodette? The movies aren't that good?

It seems as if a couple of sophomore girls are getting quite a few letters from Rhode Island, let us in on the secret, girls.

We wonder if "Hoppy" Paquette's leg has healed now. You were very distinguished with that cane, Mr. Paquette.

Spot, will you please tell us? Do you have fleas, or is that an invisable guitar you're always playing?

Marion has really enjoyed office work this year. Haven't you Marion? How is your star typing pupil coming along?

*
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*

Mr. Berry: "Say, why do you let your wife rule you? Are you man or a mouse?"

Mr. Paquette: "Of course I'm a man--but I think, I think I'd fare better if I were a mouse.

Mr. Berry: "How do you figure that out?"

Mr. Paquette: "Well, if I were a mouse, my wife would spare her toe and my ankles more."

Francis Hoose: "When are you going to fill out that blank?"

George Bell: "What blank?"

Francis Hoose: "The one between your ears."

A timid mousey little man tapped on the arm of the formidable gent who had been sitting next to him at the theater. "I don't suppose you chance to be Hector Milquetoast of Hartford, Connecticut, do you?" he asked. "No, I don't," said the formidable gent. "What's it to you?" "Just this, sir," squeaked Mousey. "I am---and that's his umbrella you're taking."

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Ann Berry: "Father, read me another fairy tale."
Mr. Berry: "No, my dear, no more fairy tales tonight."
Ann Berry: "Well, all right, father. Then just tell me about your last deer hunting trip."

Bobby's mother had searched for him everywhere--in the garden, garage, kitchen, playroom and upstairs--but he could not be found. Finally she thought of the attic, and going to the foot of the stairs called "Booby", are you up there in the attic." No, mother," came the reply, "did you look in father's study?"

Miss Moulton: "Will someone in the class define the words "life" and "love"?"

Bud Bodette: "Yes, ma'am. Life is just one thing after another; love is two things after one another"

Father: "Who was with you in the living room until all hours last night?"

Joanne: "Ch, that was Joyce. She stopped in for a few minutes, but you know, how the time flies."

Father: "Yes, I certainly do. And next time you see Joyce you had better give her the pipe she left on the ashstand."

Mrs. Berry, holding small bone above head of pet dog: "Come, Rusty, what do you say?"

Rusty: "Nothing--for a bone that size."

Mrs. Granfield, having baked, her first cake, served it with great ceremony. After sampling a small bit, she exclaimed "I think I must have left something out." "No, my dear," said Mr. Granfield, "judging by the taste, I would say it was something you put in."

Mrs. Mundy to small son who is on the ground on his hands and knees: "Whatever are you doing down there, Chippy? Do get up before you ruin your cloths."
Chippy: "I can't, Mother. I stepped on a cricket by mistake, giving him first aid."

Mrs. Nelson: "Has anyone seen a rhinoceros hide?"

Pat McNulla: "Sure, I did."

Mrs. Nelson: "Where was it?"

Pat McNulla: "Why on the rhinoceros, of course. Where would ya think it would be?"

Lorraine: "Why do you suppose Mary Jane wears her clothes so tight?"

Patty: "Guess she likes to be squeezed."

John Stephens: "Mr. Marshall, I'd go through anything for your daughter."

Mr. Marshall: "Well, young man, suppose you start with the front door."

Larry: "Hiya, Honey."

Pauline: "I'm sorry, sir, but you must be in the wrong place. This is a department store, not a beehive."

VERMONT FIRSTS

A Vermonter was:

The first to make Bessemer steel in America,
The first to make a successful time lock,
The first to make a saw for sawing marble,
The first to make a circular saw,
The first to make a cook stove,
The first to make an electric motor,
The first to make a carpenter's square,
The first to take a battle ship around Cape Horn,
The first to make an electric locomotive,
The first to make a steam calliope,
The first to tell Lincoln of his re-election,
The first to invent a steamboat,
The first man to be issued a patent.

Vermont was also the first state to establish
a normal school, to forbid slavery by law, and to
provide by law for a complete system of education.

-- John Fisher '52

SEASON'S GREETINGS

from

A. P. BEACH

Season's Greetings

from

V. H. S. FACULTY

and

STUDENT BODY

Young Geno was sent to purchase some plasters for his mother. Mr. Stephens asked if he wanted the porous plasters. "Course not," Geno answered indignantly, "She wants the bestest."

Mrs. Berry: "Your husband is really quite hard of hearing. Why doesn't he do something about it?"

Viola Sears: "Oh, he feels it would be foolish to do it just now. Marion is learning to play the clarinet, you know."

Pauline: "I'm afraid to walk down that dark lane with you. You might kiss me."

Allen: "How could I do that when I'm leading a horse with one hand, and carrying a pail of milk with the other?"

Pauline: "Oh, you might tie the horse to the fence and put the pail on the ground."

Norbert: "Kiss me."

Ann: "No."

Norbert: "Ah, do."

Ann: "Certainly not."

Norbert: "Please"

Ann: "Well, all right."

Norbert: "Flirt!"

Carolyn: "What are you dreaming about, Chuck?"

Chuck: "Same thing as you, darling."

Carolyn: "How dare you!"

"Why James," exclaimed Mrs. McNulla, "What brings you home so early? I thought you were spending the evening with Sally." "I was, Mother," replied James dejectedly, "But while we were sitting in the parlor, Sally turned the light out. I thought it was early, too, but I don't intend to stay anywhere when I'm not wanted."

Mrs. Bodette: "What is the commonest speech impediment?"

Bobby Stebbins: "Chewing gum."

Father Bear: "Who's been drinking my beer?"

Mother Bear: "Who's been drinking my beer?"

Little Bear: "Hic!"

Miss Moulton, the new chambermaid, was being called to task for day dreaming. "You will never finish your work at this snail's pace," she was admonished. "Snail's pace! was the indignant reply. "Why I'll have you know ma'am, that I have all the beds in this house made before anyone is up in the morning."

John Brigan: "Mr. Palermo told his class he had worked out a solution that will dissolve anything."

James Hanna: "Hmm. That's interesting. Wonder what he'll keep it in."



SEASON'S GREETINGS



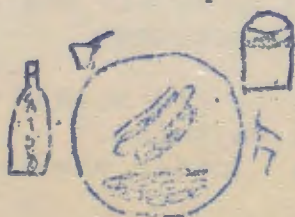
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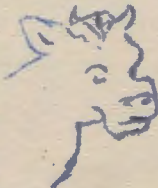
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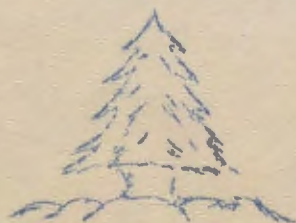
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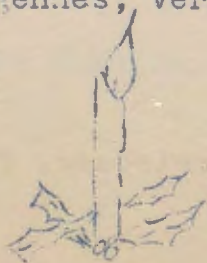
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