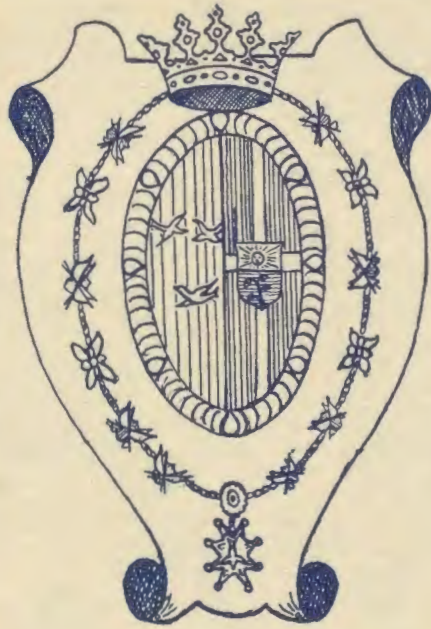


# BLUE AND WHITE

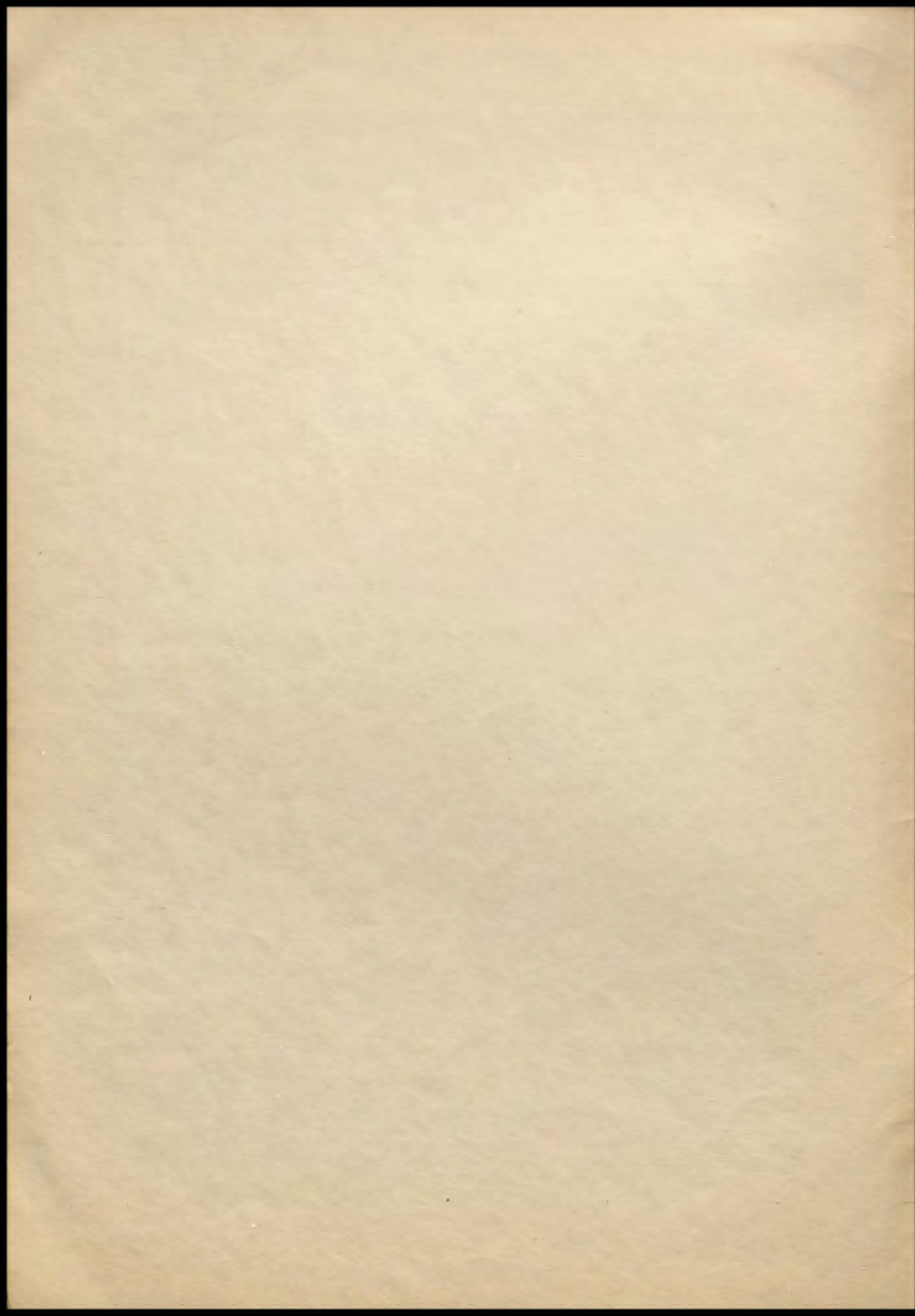
VHS  
Souvenir Issue  
1936



## VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

SOUVENIR ISSUE

1936



The Class of Nineteen Thirty Six

Dedicates

This

Souvenir Issue

to the

Memory

of

A Teacher and Friend,

Edith Loraine McGovern

COMMENCEMENT WEEK  
PROGRAM

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BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

June 7, 1936

8:00 P. M.

Hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers"

Scriptural Reading, Rev. J. N. Bennett

Baccalaureate Address,

Rev. A. G. Miller

(I. Peter 3:10, "For he that will  
love life, and see good days . . .")

Hymn, "America the Beautiful"

Invocation, Rev. C. S. Hager



CLASS DAY EXERCISES

June 11, 1936

City Hall, 2:00 P. M.

Theme—The Rolling Sea

March, "Anchors Aweigh"

Greeting, Wilbur Pratt, President

Song, "The Boat Race"

Class Poem, Lottie Gates

Class History, Beatrice Cook

Song, "Over the Moonlit Sea,"

Double Quartette

Class Will, Margaret Bodette

Presentation of School Key,

Wilbur Pratt, '36 to

Raymond Barrows, '37

Prophecy, Bette Bristol, James Smith

Class Song, "Sailing"

Presentations,

Margaret Booth, Hilton Forrest

School Song

March

Class Motto:

"Tonight we launch; where shall we  
anchor?"

Class Colors: Green and White

**COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES**

June 12, 1936

8:00 P. M.

City Hall

Spaulding March

Invocation, Rev. C. S. Hager

"America," Assembly

Salutatory, Joan Casey

Overture, Orchestra

American Democracy Addresses:

Honor Students

History of Democracy, Evelyn Husk

Alternatives, Elinor Sullivan

Preservation of Democracy,  
Wilbur Pratt

Selection, Orchestra

Valedictory, Faith Kenyon

Presentation of Graduates,  
Prin. R. L. BarryPresentation of Diplomas and  
U. V. M. Scholarships, Mr. J. W. Ryan

Recessional, "Priest's March"

**SHIP AHOY! THIRTY-SIX!**

Ahoy! Ahoy! Now we must leave,  
But memories we shall retrieve.  
From thoughts most precious to our  
heart  
From high school days now we must  
part.

The halls where we have daily tread,  
The secrets we have left unsaid  
The friends whom we have daily met,  
Now we will leave but not forget.

The sea now beckons us to come,  
And so, our school and studies done,  
We part for foreign lands today—  
And none can tell whence lies our way.

Lottie Gates



## CLASS ROLL

John Carroll Ball

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays, and confident tomorrows."

Somewhere behind that engaging grin may be found a Senior of quiet demeanor while in school, but who, after 3:15, suddenly blossoms out into anything but the shy lad he seems at first glance. But for all his pranks he is a very valuable member of our crew.

Good Luck, Jack!

Kathleen Grace Belden

"Cookery has become an art—a noble science."

Kay appears to be one of those shy little girls for which the class of '36 is famous—that is—until you know her. Then—oh my! She is always on hand to help in Class activities—and her candy is known and sold wherever there is a candy sale. And when she grows too old to dream—well we won't go into that—

All good wishes, Kay!

Kenneth Carroll Barney

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men."

"Aw, he can't even wiggle his ears." In case you're wondering at that statement it does not refer to his auditory organs, but is the always forgotten line in the Senior play. Ken is one of those good natured sailors in demand for everything, from basket ball and base ball to being an authority on the territory on the opposite side of the river.

Cheerio, Ken!

Margaret Elouise Bodette

"If I should be a queen tomorrow,  
I'd do this way."

Meg, with her regal air, is one of the mainstays of the class and it was those same queenly graces which helped her to a place in the Hall of Fame, for her portrayal of the debutante sister in "Bab." As Secretary of the Senior Class, she should be complimented for keeping the records of the class straight.

Happy Future, Meg!

Maynard Oliver Barrows

"Where looks are merchandise  
And smiles are sold."

Maynard is the boy who just has to be begged for a smile, but when you finally get it—it was worth all the trouble. And those eyes—they certainly made a hit in "Bab." And being leading man is not the only kind of hit little Myanard is known for, either—for he has done some mighty hitting and fielding for V. H. S.

Best Wishes, Maynard!

Margaret Evelyn Booth

"Those move easiest who have learned  
to dance."

A more versatile lady cannot be found in the Senior Class, when it comes to physical endurance. For Marg can fly about classrooms all day, captain a winning basket ball team in the evening, and then dash off to outdance every other girl in the county for the rest of the night. But there are brains inside that riotous exterior, for Marg made Pro Merito, too.

Good times ahead, Marg!



Bette Ruth Bristol

"Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail,  
But common interest always will prevail."

Every class must have one blonde siren, and Bette furnishes '36 with theirs. But Bette isn't fickle as most sirens are, for she seems perfectly satisfied with the one and only. And why shouldn't she, Ken? Her well known giggle and bubbling personality will be much missed factors at V. H. S. in the years to come.

More power to you, Bette!

Norma Alberta Bristol

"Romeo, oh! Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

Moonlight and Roses! Here's the Juliet of East Street. Norma is known for her giggle, long English themes, and devotion—no—not to English! She, like Cousin Bette, seems to be of stable and unfickle temperament. But perhaps constancy is the wisest course. At any rate, Norma exemplifies it perfectly!

Best wishes, Norma!

Pauline Thelma Burgey

"La donna e mobile."

Being tall is a blessing, when you can put it to as good an advantage as Pauline has when Vergennes' score was trailing in basket ball games, and the spectators began shouting, "We want Burgey." When the team on the floor saw Pauline take off her sweater, they all heaved a sigh of relief. For when she got the ball in her hands, there was no stopping its flight through the hoop. She just couldn't be reached. Besides this athletic skill, Pauline possesses a contagious sense of humor which will be sadly missed by all, in years to come.

Happy days, Pauline!

Myrtle Alice Burt

"Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,  
And so do I!"

Wherever you see Pauline, Myrt is not far behind, so it's natural that her name should follow Pauline's alphabetically. Myrt is one of these girls who are so quiet and demure, outwardly. But we see you yawning in Study Hall, Myrt. Don't try to kid us! Myrt is always on hand when it comes to School Activities, though, and she'll be greatly missed next year

All Good Wishes, Myrt!

Susie Mabel Carpenter

"For smiles from reason flow"—

We don't quite see how the class, or Supt. Patterson's office is going to get along without Susie. On the darkest days one has only to come within hailing distance to be cheered up immensely. And add to this a sense of humor, an uncanny ability in Algebra, an admirable stick-to-it-iveness, and you have the result—Susie.

Best Wishes, Susie!

Beatrice Joan Casey

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

Laughter is Jo's middle name! It's what makes her world go round! And when she gets to be the eminent surgeon she hopes to be, you may be sure she'll never cut out anyone's laughing apparatus, for without that they'd be no good to her. But she does have serious thoughts once in a while. If you don't believe it, look up her scholastic record which proclaimed her Salutatorian. And when the fightin' Irish guards, Kenyon and Casey, began work on a basket ball team—the rest had better look out!

Smooth sailing, Jo!

Beatrice Millicent Cook

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

When the Senior Class has the blues they seem to turn to "Cookie"; she has a smile for even the darkest "situations"—pardon me. He may be a blonde (with very curly hair.) But upon necessity she can assume a dignified air—refer to Senior Play. Usually however, she reminds one of the Cheshire cat of "Alice in Wonderland"—the smile is the last thing to fade away.

Cheerio, Bee!

Clinton Garland Douglas

"The dead of midnight  
Is the noon of thought."

The Class of '36—or any class could well have many like Bob, active in all sports and school activities. However, 4 A. M. arrivals don't speak too well for the next day's game—witness the night he got lost near Chimney Point. Witness also his juvenile spirit, portrayed by the cigar smoking episode in "Bab."

Happy days, Bob!

Hilton Vincent Forrest

"Sport, that wrinkled care derides,  
And laughter holding both his sides."

'36 wouldn't be '36 without Hilt. If you hear gales of laughter and see everyone gasping in a hysterical state, you may be sure that tall, dark, n'hand-some is somewhere near by. "And he has such pretty hair!" Only, don't get within arm's reach when you tell him so! Hilt is a swell fellow, even if he does have a time controlling a certain Irish lady, And in anything the crowd is planning—the quartet is always present—with Hilt clowning, as usual.

Happy Days, Hilt!

Lottie Rena Gates

"The poet in a golden clime was born,  
With golden stars above."

Lottie, the poetess, has been with us only two years, but in that time has established herself firmly. She sees poetry in everything, with the exception of the class money bags, which she holds. And keeping the monetary affairs of our class straight is some task. Only a few days ago, we heard her asking Hilt what happened to the dollar used on a trip to Burlington "on business." But they can't kid the Treasurer. She knows the "Flynn." Anyway, her mind is not all money or poetry. We hear she's giving a certain Junior girl a lot of competition.

Good Luck, Lottie!

Bernice Carlene Hurlburt

"Give to barrows, trays, and pans,  
Grace and glimmer of Romance."

No one ever saw Bernice feel badly until Stunt Nite, and then she sure turned on the waterworks for the benefit of the audience. She ranks A-1 when it comes to being good natured. Bernice plans to study Home Economics next year, but as far as we know, she hasn't decided whether it will be for professional or home use.

All good wishes, Bernice!

Mary Evelyn Husk

"Wisdom married to immortal verse"

Good things often are hidden beneath the most quiet of surfaces, and Evelyn proves the rule. She has all the essential qualities of a poet and dreamer, and yet, unlike most, she sees and attends to the practical side of life, also. She richly deserves her place as Honor Student, for her marks are the despair and envy of every one of her fellow students.

Good luck, Evelyn!



Florence Anna Husk

"Content of spirit must from knowledge  
flow."

Still waters run deep, and if you don't believe it just look up Florence's record. She pulls A's out of Chemistry class like a magician pulls rabbits out of a hat! And besides that her deportment marks are 1's. But nevertheless she is always ready with a smile or cherry laugh, and a lot of sound philosophy.

All good wishes, Florence!

Patricia Faith Kenyon

"The woman that loves and laughs  
Must sure do well"—

To call Faith valedictorian would be belittling. In her Senior year, she was Editor-in-Chief of the "Blue and White," Manager of Girls' Basketball (for politeness we'll omit other manager-ships). We hear Faith is going to Pratt next year, to learn designing—good luck! She seems to have been doing passing designing this year on Pratt. On the serious side of life Faith is a Varsity Basketball player, foremost in all school activities and she did pull some good laughs in the Senior Play, "Bab."

Cheerio, Faith!

Charles William Laughton

"Heaven is here, where Juliet lives."

Charlie is a new comer to our class, but has already distinguished himself by his romantic and athletic conquests. In fact, he has become completely at home, in school as well as on East St. And that bass voice is well known, whether it's duets or debates in which he's partaking.

Best Wishes, Charlie!

Kathleen Marion LeBoeuf

"Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance."

Kay has been with us only three years out of the four, but she is a permanently established member of the Senior Class. She lost no time in settling down to a prominent place in the activities of the school. We know she can dance, as proved by her many appearances teamed up with Ken. Also, we hear vague rumors of orange blossoms, sometime after graduation.

All good wishes, Kay!

Elmer Edward Masters

"You have wak'd me too soon. I must  
slumber again."

Quiet he is, even to the extent of sleeping in English Class. However, there are others in the Senior Class who find this disease chronic also, so he's not alone. But nevertheless, he wakes up when a mention of Boy Scouts is made, for he takes an active interest in Scouting, and is a loyal member of the Vergennes Troop, and a link in the chain of '36.

Good luck, Elmer!

Helna Lila McEvila

"If I could write the beauty of your  
eyes!"

"Are your eyes blue?" If you hear this remark, you may know that Helna is somewhere near. And when she mentions "a long, winding hill" you may be sure that she means "Stony Hill." We wonder if that consuming interest comes from a too close association with Bristol and its citizens. But she does recall her mind to V. H. S. often enough to prove herself a valuable member of the class.

Happy days, Helna!



Harold Ray Moulton

"He that by the plough would thrive  
Himself must either hold or drive."

What would the Senior Class do without the Farmer's helping hand and helping truck? They are both indispensable whenever a card party or entertainment is planned, and as for the Senior Play!! Well, his was one of the cars which wandered toward Ferrisburg to view race horses! And if it weren't for his generous and responsible nature, neighboring rows would often be without monitor slips!

Best wishes, Harold!

Wilbur Hamblin Pratt

"He never burns the midnight oil  
In search of useless knowledge."

We all think so highly of Bill and his ideas that we elected him Class President in both our Junior and Senior years. And besides all that, he has held so many F. F. A. and school offices that it makes us dizzy to think of them. But the office that seemed to occupy his attention most during his Senior year was his managership. We won't say of what! His scholastic standing testifies, however, that some thought goes into things other than driving between Main St. and Lakeside Boulevard.

Cheerio, Bill!

Isabel Rogers

"When night darkens the street,  
Then wander forth"—

She seems to be shy, but—lately have you noticed? She has taken unto herself an all consuming interest which may be viewed in the vicinity of the library, any night in the week. Perhaps the outward shyness which she has shown for the past years has been the means of securing the marks which placed her high on the Pro Merito list. Her friendship is a valuable link in the chain of '36.

Good luck, Isabel.

James Cunningham Smith, II

"The Smith, a mighty man is he . . ."

If knowledge were riches, Jim would be dripping with diamonds and pearls set in platinum. He has been with us only one year, but we have all been duly impressed with his intellectual and scientific powers. He is the only one in the Chemistry class who can seem to rattle Mr. Patterson's suavity in the least, and for that reason, as well as many others, is esteemed by all others in the class.

Smooth sailing, Jim!

Ethel Mae Sorrell

"By night comes counsel to the wise."

About 1:30 the night of the Junior Prom, we saw a shadowy form gliding along the street on the opposite side of the river. . . No . . . we aren't going to say whom else we saw, but don't forget that night air is considered unhealthy! Ethel isn't given to nocturnal wanderings, but then, the most unusual things can happen Prom night! Ethel is a mainstay in the class, and a candy sale couldn't function without her. Besides this, she was a very important item in the music Festival trip. Ask her!

Best wishes, Ethel!

Elinor Louise Sullivan

"How silver—sweet sound lover's  
tongue by night."

If you see "Porge" in the vicinity, you may be sure "Suki" isn't far away. You know how it is . . . In the spring a young girl's fancy . . . but this isn't only Spring, but Summer, Fall and Winter. It's quite evident that Suki's first three years at V. H. S. may be thanked for her high honor marks . . . Since "Porge" has been around we haven't noticed her studying much. And judging from what some of the Editorial staff hint the old rhyme about "Georgie Porgie" doesn't hold true. Not the second and fourth lines anyway.

Smooth sailing, Suki!

Jeannette Marguerite Sullivan

"Give me some music, music, magic  
food"

Another girl who will have something to remember, "when she grows too old to dream." We'd like to know what the reference to that song is! The class wouldn't be the same without Jay, and the other two members of her trio! We can't decide whether she is a more familiar sight behind a '36 sale counter or boxing Pauline Burgey around on the basketball court. Anyway, remembering the shots she made this year, we'll say the latter.

Future success, Jay!

Carl Lester Tucker

"Methought I heard a voice cry—  
'Sleep no more!'"

Sleeping seems to come as easily as breathing, to Carl. But perhaps we don't know the whole story. There may be reasons . . . You see, it's a strain to live in Addison, because there's always so much entertainment to keep one out nights. His familiar person will be among those missed when classes gather together again next Fall.

Best wishes, Carl!

Harold James Wyman

"Dignity increases more easily than it  
begins."

Harold has been with us only two years, but in that time has made himself right at home among us. We fear that the dignity which so well became William, the butler, in "Bab" is sadly lacking in real life—as evidenced by his childish desire to "wade across" at Bir-kett's pond, the day after the play. And Prom night where did we see him!! Well, we won't go into that! His is another memory which we will keep through years to come.

Good luck, Harold!



## CLASS HISTORY

Beatrice Cook, '36

This is the log of the good ship Nineteen Hundred Thirty-Six and in it we have duly recorded our past pleasures and future hopes.

We set sail on September 6, 1932, when we were a sturdy crew numbering fifty-two. That day we elected our first class officers choosing Melvin Hamel as President; Vice President, Bette Bristol; Secretary, Hilton Forrest; Treasurer, Winifred Sorrell; Student Councillors, Margaret Booth and Theodore Ringer.

Within a few days we were victims subject to that initiation reserved for those sailors crossing the equator for the first time. Being sturdy seamen we all survived the ordeal imposed upon us by the class of '33 and continued our sail over the billowy sea.

Our next social gathering was to entertain guests at a Freshman Hallowe'en Party.

After these first festivities were past, we really settled down to learning the art of sailing. In February we again took time out for enjoying the sleigh ride to Bernice Hurlburt's home. The night was cold but with the help of piles of Mrs. Hurlburt's chicken sandwiches and gallons of hot cocoa, to warm us, we didn't mind the snow and wind. Soon St. Patrick's Day was ours for an assembly program. We presented a short play entitled "The Whitethorn Bush."

Spring came on with the athletes of all classes looking forward to the track meet at Middlebury. A few of our crew, the more sprightly, participated in the sports. Then June found the Freshman class doing their bit in helping to prepare for Class Day and Graduation.

When the crew was reunited in September, 1933, we had the pleasant opportunity of watching the incoming Freshman Class pass safely through the tortures which had beset our way one

short year before. We soon had our first class meeting of the new school year and chose our class officers: Hilton Forrest, President; Joan Casey, Vice President; Margaret Bodette, Secretary; Margaret Booth, Treasurer; Faith Kenyon and Charlotte Clark, Student Councillors. The following month we received our class rings which bound us more firmly to V. H. S. standards.

During the same month we had a magazine campaign after which the losing side gave a party to the winners.

This was followed by a School Fair, the proceeds from which went to the Athletic Association.

It was during this same year that we lost our gymnasium by fire. This caused much disappointment because our Boys' Basketball Team had steadily won games and had progressed rapidly toward the longed-for goal—the State Junior Tournament. Through the kindness of the State Industrial School the team was able to continue its practices and to everyone's pride and joy our team was very successful, being defeated only by the Championship team.

After their return, the Athletic Association gave the team a banquet at the Stevens House. A gold basketball was awarded to each member. It might be cited that the Sophomore girls did not lag behind in the conquest of hearts, and that fully as many gold basket balls adorned Sophomore sweaters as those of any other class.

The school, ably helped by the Sophomores, entered a float in the Warner Farm Day Parade, winning the highly prized cup.

In this year, too, we again displayed our dramatic ability, when the historic feature, "Stunt Nite," was once more reinstated as a permanent part of school life. For days before, members of the Sophomore class might have been seen



scurrying hither and yon, loaded down with palm trees, fur coats, igloos and water melon vines. The resulting presentation, "An Eskimo Tragedy" won for us second place, first honors going to the stunt, "So This Is Paris," presented by the Class of '35.

Other Club banquets, parties and dances rounded out our Sophomore year's program.

September, 1934, found us back on the ship, electing our officers for the Junior year. Wilbur Pratt was chosen President; Vice President, Beatrice Cook; Secretary, Margaret Booth; Treasurer, Marguerite Allen; and Student Councillors, Joan Casey and Elinor Sullivan.

The school activities started with the Annual School Fair. The proceeds from the presentation, "Masque of the Months," from card parties and dances, were put into the fund for our New Gymnasium, plans for which were already started.

Another "Stunt Nite" was approaching and our class presented "Melodrama to End Melodrama," but no one seemed to see anything humorous about it except the cast.

The biggest event of the year was the completion and dedication of the gymnasium. There was gratitude in every heart to those who had made this possible and our only sorrow was that we might enjoy it but one more year.

Then came the long-awaited event—the Junior Prom. Gay decorations, smooth music, good punch, and colorful gowns, linked with the fact that we were the first class to hold our Prom in the New Gym, made this an occasion to be long remembered.

Graduation came, and uppermost in the minds of all of us was the thought that another June would find us in caps and gowns, and that the next Spaulding March would find us launching our ship.

As a crew numbering thirty-three we came to the beginning of our last year of apprentice sailing. We came pre-

pared to initiate those Freshmen whom we had entertained the previous spring on Sub-Freshman Day. At our first class meeting, as usual, we chose our class officers. Wilbur Pratt was re-elected President; Vice President, Hilton Forrest; Secretary, Margaret Boddette; Treasurer, Lottie Gates.

Soon we purchased our class pins, and then we felt that we were full-fledged Seniors.

Our social life began promptly, but from a rather mercenary standpoint, for we knew that we had money to raise. We gave "Senior Hops," candy sales, and card parties. As was customary, another School Fair was held for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

In April the Pro Merito and Honor Lists were made public, and Pro Merito pins purchased.

Recently another "Stunt Nite" was held, with our class presenting the stunt, "So You're Going to Paris!"

Throughout May the Senior Class was busy practicing day and night for the smash hit, "Bab." Toward the last we practiced until we could say our lines backward, forward, and sideways, and during the day, members of the cast wandered aimlessly about their classes, yawning and rubbing their eyes. Even chemistry class failed to revive them! But we are proud of the production which proved our dramatic talent.

On May 29, the Junior Prom was held in our honor. It was a gay affair which proved the esteem with which the Junior Class regarded us.

The following week we carefully steered through the straits of Final Exams.

And now we have come to our last week together. On Monday we spent the day at Margaret Booth's camp, swimming and generally enjoying ourselves.

On Wednesday we contributed toward the success of the school picnic at Lake Dunmore.

Today we have come together for our

Class Day and are looking forward to the Alumni Banquet and Ball this evening.

After tonight we will be once more together and then will come the launching of each individual ship on the Waters of Life.

This is our ship's log and we hope that by its record the happy memories of our brief voyage together may remain with us forever.

Tomorrow night we launch—captains of our own ships! Where shall we anchor?



## CLASS WILL

Margaret E. Bodette, '36

We, the class of 1936, being of partially sound and disposing mind, memory, and understanding, hereby make and publish this instrument as our last will and testament.

I, John Carroll Ball, do hereby will and bequeath to Arnold Parker my favorite essay on "How To Get Along With Women." Remember Arnold, "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke!"

I, Kenneth Carroll Barney, do hereby will and bequeath to Kenneth Sullivan my track ability. See that you run east and west Pansy, not up and down.

I, Maynard Oliver Barrows, do hereby will and bequeath to Arnold Sullivan my latest model in milk trucks. You know the old saying "A rolling truck gathers no moss"! You'd be surprised the way this truck can cover the ground from Vergennes to Lakeside Boulevard!

I, Kathleen Grace Belden, do hereby will and bequeath to Elaine Pratt my ability to cook. You know Elaine, "You can find the way to a man's heart through his stomach." These hard working "Miners" are hearty eating men.

I, Margaret Evelyn Booth, do hereby will and bequeath to Lee Fiske my ability to dance, and especially that new "Colgate Tap." Now, Lee, if you have any difficulty in picking up those number "12's" of yours—just call on me, and if I can't help you, well, I guess no one can.

I, Bette Ruth Bristol, do hereby will and bequeath to Robert Elliott my sweet smile—A smile to go with those dimples—"You little dimpled darling"!

I, Norma Alberta Bristol, do hereby will and bequeath to Jeannette Graves my one and only "heart throb." Worry no more, Jan!

I, Pauline Thelma Burgey, do hereby will and bequeath to Elaine Hamel my height. "Beauty runs high," Elaine. Capture a tall young man and with the power of miracles plus a ladder you will some day reach his height.

I, Myrtle Alice Burt, do hereby will and bequeath to "Little Sammie" Jackman my ability to chew gum. When your tongue is dying to go, "Sammie," see if maybe your jaws can't defeat it. The rhythm for dry subjects like Ancient History is  $1+2+3+4$ —for more peppy subjects like Chemistry and Physics it is 1234.

I, Susie Mabel Carpenter, do hereby will and bequeath to Eleanor Langeway my strength to stand up under the strain of so many dances in Bridport and points west. This might come in handy for all these Fraternity dances—I mean "Frat" dances.

I, Beatrice Joan Casey, do hereby will and bequeath to Mary Gage my ability to control and reform strong, tall dark 'n handsome "he-men." Now Mary, there's no reason why one Irish smile isn't as good as another and, you made a pretty good start New Year's Eve. Of course your heart throb isn't as tall as mine—he's sort of a "Runt."

I, Beatrice Millicent Cook, do hereby will and bequeath to Alma Barrows my school girl complexion. I think it will save your father money, Alma—and then too, you must beware of that so called "Cosmetic Skin."

I, Clinton Garland Douglas, do hereby will and bequeath to Clarence Staggs my ability to conceal from the entire student body and faculty the effects of the morning after the night before!"

I, Vincent Hilton Forrest, do hereby will and bequeath to Warren Flagg my wonderful build. Eat your spinach every day, Biddy—and you'll soon be a big man just like your "Uncle Hilton!"



I, Lottie Rena Gates, do hereby will and bequeath to "Streamline Shaw" my perfect sixteen figure. I hear you're haing quite a time to keep your figure down, Carl. You know these so called "Sweets" were never made for little boys like you.

I, Bernice Carlene Hurlburt, do hereby will and bequeath to Lawrence Austin my lovely hands—I advise you to use Lux to avoid "dishpany hands." "His suit shouted Fishman's but his hands shouted dishpan!"

I, Florence Anna Husk, do hereby will and bequeath to Violet Manchester my quiet and demure manner. The animals on the farm are very sensitive to harsh sounds, so please Vi, the soft pedal once in a while?

I, Mary Evelyn Husk, do hereby will and bequeath to Donnie O'Donnell my ability to attain all "A's." "A's" to replace those "F's." Cheer up, Donnie, you know the old saying—"The older you grow, the more you know." Four more years and you'll be graduating with honors.

I, Patricia Faith Kenyon, do hereby will and bequeath to Patricia Nadeau my ability to manage the manager of the Boys' Basket Ball team; to preside over the President of the Senior Class; to extol the ex-President of the F. F. A. and adore the most diplomatic young man in the Senior Class.

I, Charles William Laughton, Jr., do hereby will and bequeath to Ray Morris my ability to play the part of "Romeo" on East street. Find yourself a window with a sweet Juliette leaning out—Croon to her "Sweet Violet," but see to it that you stay away from my territory.

I, Kathleen Marion LeBoeuf, do hereby will and bequeath to Dottie Slack my ability to dance with my "one and only." "Peanut" may need a dancing partner for a specialty in next year's Senior Play. Get busy Dot!

I, Elmer Edward Masters, do hereby will and bequeath to Dickie Miner my ability to do farm work. Since you're a courtin' a little "farmerette," it might be wise to get used to "tending the cows" and "mowing away the hay." Work never hurt any man Dick, so don't be afraid.

I, Helna Lila McEvila, do hereby will and bequeath to Raymond Ryan my secret book on "How To Stay Young." Really Porky, you made a great leap from the cradle to manhood.

I, Harold Ray Moulton, do hereby will and bequeath to Dean Leonard my knowledge of "Cows—Their likes and dislikes." I hear you're seriously thinking of becoming a cowboy "Deanie!" Ride 'em cowboy!

I, Wilbur Hamblin Pratt, do hereby will and bequeath to next years' Boys' Basket Ball Manager the ability to manage the team capably. With this dictinction also goes the ability to manage the Girls' Basket Ball Manager. See if you can do as well as I have!

I, Isabel Alida Rogers, do hereby will and bequeath to Leslie Booth my ability to write notes—Notes to replace those so called attempted speches—especially to members of the female sex. You just simply can't hide that shyness Ding!

I, James Cunningham Smith, 2nd, do hereby will and bequeath to Chief Booth my quiet and pleasing personality. "Still waters run deep," Arthur! Follow my example and maybe some day you'll be able to debate with Prof. Patterson in chemistry.

I, Ethel Mae Sorrell, do hereby will and bequeath to George Adams my white elkskins. I think Mr. Barry would appreciate them because, really, George, those leather heels do make an awful racket in Study Hall.

I, Elinor Louise Sullivan, do hereby will and bequeath to Marilyn Powers my ability to capture a star (?) Basket

Ball player. You must however live up to his training rules. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!" Davie is only a "Sophie."

I, Jeannette Marguerite Sullivan, do hereby will and bequeath to Arden Slack my ability to play Boys' rules in Basket Ball. Don't let those big fellows trample all over you—stand up for your rights. Some day you'll be big enough to fight your way in this world.

I, Carl Lester Tucker, do hereby will and bequeath to Alfred Miller my ability to sleep in English class. "A little nap in time saves many a mind!" Don't strain yours.

I, Harold James Wyman, do hereby will and bequeath to Warren Miller my Clark Gable sweater and bored look. All you need now is a "mustache" and you'll be the perfect Gable—Your chances are grand for Hollywood!

We hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint the Class of 1937 of Vergennes High School to be executors of this our last will and testament.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Class of 1936 as their last will and testament, in the presence of us who hereby subscribe our names as witnesses thereunto:

Signed: Ronald L. Barry

Signed: Rachael S. Booth

Signed: Elizabeth W. Morrill

Signed: M. Joyce Young

Signed: Margaret V. Delaney

Signed: Elisabeth J. Aiken

Signed: Margaret T. Ryan

Signed: George W. Patterson, III

Signed: W. Howard Martin



**GIRLS' BASKETBALL**

Vergennes 29	Shelburne	14
Vergennes 30	Brandon	21
Vergennes 44	New Haven	18
Vergennes 27	Essex Jct	23
Vergennes 25	Bristol	33
Vergennes 21	Brandon	25
Vergennes 30	New Haven	20
Vergennes 27	Hinesburg	8
Vergennes 23	Shelburne	16
Vergennes 20	Middlebury	14
Vergennes 19	Waterbury	13
Vergennes 23	Milton	0
Vergennes 18	Bristol	27

**BOYS' BASKETBALL**

Vergennes 31	Hinesburg	22
Vergennes 21	Alumni	36
Vergennes 27	Shelburne	22
	Vermont	
Vergennes 26	Industrial School	24
Vergennes 30	Brandon	33
Vergennes 45	Beeman Academy	29
Vergennes 19	Essex	44
Vergennes 23	Bristol	30
Vergennes 60	Beeman Academy	22
Vergennes 43	Hinesburg	24
Vergennes 8	Shelburne	28
Vergennes 28	Middlebury	35
Vergennes 14	Waterbury	37
Vergennes 19	Milton	22
Vergennes 10	Bristol	17
	Vermont	
Vergennes 23	Industrial School	27

**BASEBALL**

Vergennes 4	Bristol	1
Vergennes 2	Middlebury	3
Vergennes 10	Essex	15
Vergennes 4	Waterbury	10
Vergennes 4	Milton	5
Vergennes 12	Milton	4
Vergennes 14	Essex	15
Vergennes 1	Waterbury	7
Vergennes 7	Bristol	14



## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Barbara Ball

Friday, December 20. Junior and Senior boys present a Christmas play, "A Modern Vicking."

January 22, 23, 24. Mid-year examinations.

Friday, January 24. Junior "Kick" at the Gym.

February 7-March 8. "Epidemic" vacation.

Wednesday, March 11. Class Nine Assembly, "Miss Primrose's Album."

Friday, March 13. F. F. A. moving pictures.

Thursday, March 19. Musical assembly under supervision of Mrs. Hoyt

Friday, March 30. F. F. A. Box Social

Wednesday, March 25. Interclass basketball tournament. Freshmen vs. Juniors.

Thursday, March 26. Continuation of tournament. Sophomores vs. Seniors.

Friday, March 27. Mrs. Norton's most interesting relation of her European experiences.

Wednesday, April 22. Girl Scout Assembly. Folk dancing interpretations.

Wednesday, April 29. Mr. Randolph, speaker, St. Supervisor of Education.

Thursday, April 30. Junior Assembly, "Womanless Wedding."

Friday, May 8. Stunt Night well attended. Net proceeds, approximately \$85.00. The Freshman stunt, "Quack, Quacq" won first place, the Sophomores with "The Last Rehearsal," took second

Monday, May 25. "Bab" smash hit Senior play.

Friday, May 29. Sub-Freshman day. "Just a Little Miss Take" presented by the Home Economics classes

Friday, May 29. Junior Prom at the Gym.

Monday, June 1. Mr. Douglas speaking on Cooperation and School Spirit.

June 3-June 6. Final examinations.

Sunday, June 6. Baccalaureate services

Monday, June 8. Individual class picnics.

Wednesday, June 10. School picnic at Lake Dunmore.

Thursday, June 11. Class day.

Friday, June 12. Commencement Exercises.

New courses planned for next year will include: Vocational Guidance, Commercial Law and Salesmanship, Commercial Geography, Public Speaking, a half year course of Advanced or 4th Year Mathematics, Business English, and Elementary Psychology.

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LAUGHS FROM THE LAST  
SEMESTER

Norma—"Now that I'm all dressed up, where shall we go?"

Charley—"Let's go swimming!"

\* \* \*

Ray Morris—"I write jokes for my bread."

Bill Pratt—"No wonder the bread is stale."

\* \* \*

Porgie—"Jo seems to be a thoughtful sort of a girl."

Hilt—"I'll say she is; if I'm out late at night she thinks all sorts of things."

\* \* \*

Customer—"What's become of your clerk, Booth?"

W. Merrill—"He declared a profit-sharing system, so I fired him!"

Customer—"What's wrong with that?"

W Merrill—"He forgot to tell me about it."

\* \* \*

Peanut—"Marian sings nicely, doesn't she?"

Arnie—"Oh, yes. When she sings they have to close the windows."

Peanut—"My goodness! Why?"

Arnie—"Her voice is so sweet it draws flies!"

\* \* \*

Arnold Parker—"Taxi, sir?"

Arthur Booth—"Much obliged. I was just wondering what it was!"

\* \* \*

Marg Bodette—"Oh little boy, I am shocked to see your face so dirty. Don't you know I kiss little boys with clean faces?"

Pansy Sullivan—"Yes'm, I know it! That's why I keep my face dirty!"

\* \* \*

Porge—"Do you mean to say you flirted with Jo all evening at the masked ball and didn't know her?"

Hilt—"That's right! But she was so agreeable—how was I to recognize her?"

\* \* \*

Mr. Barry—"There's a student in this History class who's making a fool of himself. When he finishes, I'll begin!"

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