

FRANKLIN  
HIGH SCHOOL  
MOLECULE

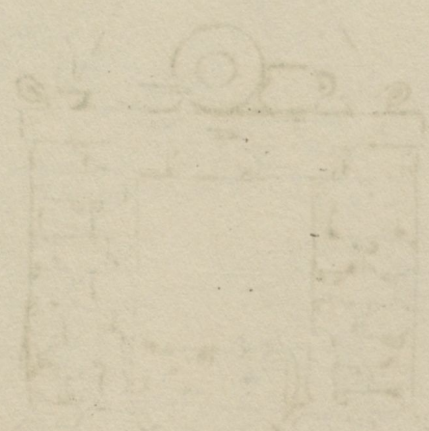


Volume VII

Number 1

DECEMBER 1942

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



Handwritten notes and scribbles, including the word "MOTOR" and other illegible markings.

## MOLECULE STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF- - - - - GWENDOLYN STREETER  
 ASSISTANT EDITOR - - - - - JAMES RICHARD  
 BUSINESS MANAGER - - - - - PANSY WHITE  
 JOKE EDITOR - - - - - GLADYS BOULAIS  
 SPORTS EDITOR - - - - - ALAN WESTCOT  
 NEWS REPORTER - - - - - MARJORIE WELD  
 ALUMNI EDITOR - - - - - CLAYTON PRATT  
 EXCHANGE EDITOR - - - - - ILENE THIBAUT  
 ART EDITOR - - - - - CORINNE BENNETT

\*\*\*\*\*

## EDITORIALS

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Everyone, I think, understands the meaning of the Student Council. It means that the students are able to govern themselves by making rules for their behavior in the school building. Some people do not like the Student Council, but if we have it in school we are more able to defend our own rights and are better able to give other people the rights to which they are entitled.

The Student Council is composed of a representative from each class, and a faculty adviser who also attends the meetings. Some may think that the faculty adviser suggests something and then the members of the council all agree. This is not always so. The members of the council have the right to say what they please. The faculty adviser just helps the council decide when in need of advice.

Many people get very angry when they are brought before the council but there is no reason for this, because if one has done no wrong he has nothing to worry about and if he has disobeyed the rules he should expect to be brought before the council. Some pupils come before the council and say that such and such a person got away with a certain thing and was not brought before the council. Therefore why should he have to appear before the council? The person who disobeyed the rules without being caught was just lucky, and if he does this same thing too many times he will be caught.

If any pupil wishes to have another person called before the council he should report that person to his representative on the council. There are pupils who get very angry at whoever they think reported them, but this should not be so. There are very few people who like to report others; yet when one does wrong he must expect to be reported. If no one reported anyone else there would be little use of a Student Council. The teachers don't like to report pupils either, but it is their duty to do so, and this should cause no hard feeling between the student and the teacher.

If everyone goes half way with the council the council will go the other half. But a person who does not go half way with the council can't expect the council to go half way either. I hope every person will live up to the rules of the council. If you do not like the council just think how you would like to live in a world of dictatorship. Then you would wish that you had a council so that you would be able to say what you pleased. If we wish privileges we must also perform obligations. Let's all work together to keep our council of high standing.

Gwendolyn Streeter '43

#### KEEP THE GROUNDS LOOKING GOOD

To the Franklin High School boys and girls, mainly the boys:

Notice! The class of '39 purchased wire fencing to fence off the school lawn, for at that time there were cow paths all over it.

The next year the agriculture boys put up that fence. It has now fallen in many places, usually with the help of boys climbing over it. Let's take pride in keeping the fence up.

Then too, in spite of the uncut grass, we could greatly improve the looks of our school grounds by putting bread crusts and lunch papers back into our lunch pails or by bringing them into the school house and depositing them in a basket, instead of throwing them around the school lawn. There are two baskets handy - one in the basement, and one in the laboratory.

Can't you all try to keep up the good work that the class of '39 started?

Leon Ashton '43

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF AN EDUCATION

Education should be one of the first things to be considered by the young people of today. We all think that a war is going on which we must do everything in our power to help win, but after we have had an education we shall be much more able to help in world affairs.

As it is now-a-days, almost any young person can get a job in a defense factory, on a farm, or in many other places. But what are all these young people going to do when the war is over? Four or five years after the war the factories will not want these people. Positions will be scarce, and these young people then will be too old to go back to school. So, unless they have had an education there will be no jobs for them then. Therefore, instead of jumping at high pay now, get an education first, and you will have a much better job later, and for longer.

Gladys Boulais '44

### BUY DEFENSE BONDS

People all over America hear the cry, "Buy a war bond today." How many people do that? Everyone knows our government needs money so that we can win this war. Every stamp or bond that we buy will help build a ship or airplane which we can be sure will help kill all of those yellow Japs who are trying to win over us Americans.

We have always lived in a free country, and if we help in this war by buying war bonds and stamps we may always live in a free country. Yet, there are a few people who don't know what a bond looks like and do not intend to find out.

If everyone would heed the cry, "Buy war bonds today", we would soon have all the supplies that we need to win this war. Let's be true Americans and buy war savings stamps and bonds until it hurts. Our boys are not letting us down. We must not let them down.

Gwendolyn Streeter '43

\*\*\*\*\*

### P O E T R Y

\*\*\*\*\*

#### LIFE'S LIKE

SSH !

Life is like a beautiful ship  
When set to sail on seas  
Can weather the storm  
And return to port  
With beautiful memories.

But sometimes the storm is much  
too strong  
For the ship that sails the seas;  
It is tossed and smashed,  
And washed to shore,  
Destroying the memories.

Corinne Bennett '44

Of course I really wouldn't know,  
But I've been told that it is so.  
Now don't you dare to breathe a  
word,

Cause I'm not a rumor bird,  
But have you heard a thing about  
That So and So's been put to rout,  
And this has fallen to the foe,  
And he has given us the go,  
And this was done and that was not.  
Now, don't you tell but this is hot.  
I'll whisper so that none will know  
That I was she who told you so.  
Now don't you let this gossip pass  
For I am not a rumor lass.

Phebe Jane Westcott '45

"NEVERMORE"

Once upon a day so dreary  
When I pondered weak and weary,  
As I strove to write a rhyme,  
Suddenly to me there came  
The idea that I'd ne'er gain fame  
With rolling rhythm or runic time.

Ah, distinctly I remember,  
On that bleak day of December,  
When I couldn't find a theme.  
I had ne'er a single notion  
To write about on land or ocean -  
Of such things I'd only dream.

"Think", thought I, "of flowing  
verse."  
Oh, but nothing could be worse  
Than performing such a chore.  
Should Miss Dewing chance to ask  
If I'll ever do this task,  
I must answer, "Nevermore."

Marjorie Weld '44

CHEWING GUM

In English class 'most every day  
We hate to work but love to play.  
Our teacher tells us we must work  
But that's one thing we always  
shirk.

There're many things we try to do  
Though teacher doesn't want us to.  
The thing we do and think is fun  
Is to sit in class and chew our  
gum.

When all are chewing at a very good  
rate  
We are well aware what's to be our  
fate,  
For the teacher's eyes sharp as a  
pin  
Is watching the room and all with-  
in.

And then, at last, to our dismay,  
The waste paper basket comes our way,  
And into the bottom, one by one  
Fall our cuds of chewing gum.

Carlotta Corry '45

FREEDOM

When the storekeepers say to us,  
"There'll be no more of this or  
that;  
No silken hose, no fancy clothes,  
Next year you'll wear your same  
old hat,"  
We'll smile and say, "Why that's  
no price;"  
We'll do our bit and sacrifice."

So if we're minus gas and tires,  
Sugar, spice, and other things,  
We'll work the more with what is  
left,  
Until the bell of freedom rings,  
And even then we shall not quit,  
But keep the lamp of freedom lit.  
Pearl Jackson '45

A POEM

I had a poem though strange it may  
seem;  
It all came to me in a terrible  
dream,  
But in the morning when I awoke,  
It simply vanished into smoke.  
James Richard '43

CLASS OF '43

The senior class of '43 -  
Is small to what it used to be;  
Of thirteen in the freshman year  
But seven now do linger here,  
For some have gone to the service  
now  
While others are behind the plow.  
Although we work in a different  
way  
All are trying to save the day.  
Leon Ashton '43

-----  
What is the sense now that I ask  
it  
To put so much money in the  
waste paper basket?  
Instead of buying gum to be  
thrown away,  
Buy war savings stamps, and start  
today.

## CHRISTMAS TIME

## GENERAL MCARTHUR

First the turkey they must kill,  
 Then get the flour from the mill;  
 Next we'll bake the cake and  
 cookies,  
 For of course, we must have  
 goodies.

General McArthur and all his crew  
 Are fighting for th' red, white,  
 and blue.  
 Ne'er was a general so brave as he.  
 We'll win this war - just wait and  
 see.

Then someone must get the tree,  
 And of course, it will be me.  
 The Christmass tree so tall and  
 stout,  
 With ornaments we shall deck out.

"Brave McArthur", we all can say,  
 "Is fighting for the U.S.A.,  
 Doing his job with all his might.  
 To Hitler he's giving a long, hard  
 fight"  
 Virginia West '46

The children gather in a ring;  
 Their merry voices start to sing.  
 They sing the songs of Christmas  
 time;

## THIS WAR

They sing the songs of cherry  
 rhyme.  
 Then ending all their songs of  
 glee,  
 They all thank God that they are  
 free.

Hitler's the beast behind this all:  
 The starving Greeks, and Norway's  
 fall,  
 The whirling bombs on allied ships,  
 The wounded lying in a ditch,  
 And lingering words on dying lips.

Shirley Riley '45  
 Ruth McDermott '46

The terrible Japs are at his call.  
 When will the angry Axis fall?  
 Thousands of people they're killing  
 fast;  
 Airplanes whistle to fiery crashes;  
 Yes, Hitler's the beast behind  
 the lashes.  
 Marion P. Dewing '46

## BESSY

We have a calf whose name is Bessy  
 Much like her mother's which was Betsy.  
 Our Bessy born a month ago,  
 Now drinks her milk so she will grow.  
 She's brown with white around her nose,  
 And little black hoofs to kick her foes.  
 She's full of pep and frisky too,  
 And if she can she will bunt you.  
 Royce Magnant '45

\* \* \* \* \*

## A STRANGE SPECIMEN - POET

To most of us a poet seems to be a moody, bespectacled, imag-  
 inative person. Outwardly a lot of them do appear that way. Of course,

as those of you who read poetry know, poets do have vivid imaginations. They enjoy, particularly, writing about spring with its beautiful flowers and twittering love birds on the willow limbs. In summer, the poet's imagination roams over the lakes, rivers and picnic grounds (without the ants, however). Autumn leaves furnish a subject for fall and the snow or Christmas for winter.

There are many different kinds of poets - the happy-go-lucky, joyful type, the mystery lovers, story tellers, hero worshipers, the emotional type, and those who write poetry merely for its musical qualities of rhythm and rhyme. Poets really are different from the rest of us in that they feel more deeply than we the life about them, and they develop a vocabulary to express those feelings.

Corinne Bennett '44

### V FOR VICTORY

There is a story behind our "V for Victory" symbol which few know about. Its history began as far back as 1807 and comes from the "Fifth Symphony".

This was a tragic year for Ludwig Von Beethoven. All his life he had been a student of music but all his efforts to write a piece of outstanding music seemed of no avail. He was an old man and his hearing was leaving him.

One day he sat in his lonely room picking out notes on an old piano. He was searching in vain for an inspiration but was about to give up. Just then his landlady knocked on the door. He didn't answer, and as she thought he hadn't heard her, she gave four more knocks. Beethoven had heard the knocks but had had a sudden idea and didn't heed them.

Beethoven made four notes, three short and one long, from the raps. It was "The Knock of Fate at the Door," the opening theme of the first movement. Around it he wrote what is known as one of the noblest compositions of musical history. It also represents the triumph of man over the fate which would overcome him.

This composition gained its height in popularity during Napoleon's downfall.

Now the notes have become three dots and a dash in what we know as our "V for Victory" symbol. Perhaps the song will help to spell the end to another tyrant's crimes against humanity. Little wonder if Napoleon or Hitler dislike it!

Marjorie Weld '44

### TREASURE HUNT

The juniors and seniors had been camping for about three days when Miss Wilcox suggested a treasure hunt to furnish amusement for



the evening. She had been surrounded by little slips of paper, on which were written queer signs, but she would not tell us what they were for.

Before starting on the hunt Miss Wilcox handed each person a slip of paper with a sign on it telling in which group he belonged. We found our first directions in the outdoor fireplace, and for some unknown reason started running down the camp road, when Gwendolyn shouted, "Hey! We are supposed to use the boat."

Beside the boat were directions telling us to row to the bridge. Upon reaching the bridge, we were told to go to the meadow beside Sandiland's tennis court to look for a water pipe with a faucet on it, for there we would find further instructions. David, Rachel, Gwendolyn, and I were the four who worked together in our group. It was quite dark by that time when we heard David mumbling to himself behind some trees, "Here I am tramping around in this old wet grass up to my knees, in the middle of the night, looking for somebody's old water faucet! I can't believe it. She must be crazy."

"I remember seeing it just yesterday", said Rachel with a sigh, "but let's go back to camp and never mind looking for it any longer. Besides, my feet are soaking."

When we returned to camp we found everyone else eating the treasure of marshmallows. Miss Wilcox asked us what took us so long, and when we told her, she laughed at us. The next morning she triumphantly showed us the pipe sticking up on the opposite side of the tennis court from where we had been looking.

"That was a gyp!" said Gwenny.

Clayton Pratt '43

#### RETURN OF THE HEART

The late afternoon sun beat down mercilessly on the hot, steaming streets of New Vern. The shady little park was truly an island of shade and rest, as compared with the blistering sidewalks and breathless heat of the rest of the city. The benches were crowded with people of all ages, most of them defense workers.

On one bench, rather secluded from the others by shrubbery, sat a lady alone. At first glance one would take her to be a typical middle aged secretary, but if one looked beyond the plain business suit and carefully coiffured hair, which was untouched by gray, one saw a character worthy of speculation. Her eyes, the soft velvet of a kitten's, held a sad far-away look. The delicate features of her face were molded to perfection, the fingers of time having failed to leave lines while trailing over it. Her figure was the type that never grows coarse and thick or loses its grace as the robber years slip by. All these and an air of refinement which had no offensive hauteur suggested a youth of unusual beauty. Despite these assets a mysterious curtain of sadness, that matched the look in her eyes, clung about her as if to mock all happiness.

New Vern, being a manufacturing city, was experiencing the boom of war work. City Steel Incorporated felt the added burden more than the other industries. The office of Dan Marker, the president of the company, was always a hubbub of confusion and undone tasks. Vivien Bentley, as his private secretary, put in long hours, day after day. At night little energy was left to bother with pleasure. This afternoon the world had seemed just a place of heat, work, and dreadiness. The endless clatter of the typewriter seemed to pound against her ears until it grew to a dull chant, "I'm so tired. I'm so tired."

Dan, noticing her look of exhaustion, strode over and laid a hand on her shoulder. "Better take the rest of the day off, Viv. You've been driving yourself like a Spartan."

She demurred, but when he insisted she went for her hat. She had in mind a plan which she had put off for a long while.

"Dan's a dear," she thought. "He's been so kind ever since Mark's death. If only the past could be wiped out along with memories of Maek, I would gladly have married him."

She soon reached the park waiting for the country bound bus. She lapsed into a deep reverie in which her mind went several miles from the city to Owl Lake, a small body of water surrounded by groves of oak trees that raised stately heads toward the blue, like saints directing their prayers toward the sky. Among the trees were solidly handsome old mansions. These, surrounded by symmetrical landscaping, seemed a world apart from the hubbub of New Vern.

On one house she centered her thoughts, one which she had known to the most elusive nook and cranny. How often, on days such as this, she had thought of the cool grandeur of "Oakley". Each time she had put these thoughts from her mind, dreading the memories they recalled.

It was as a young bride that she had first gone there. Her husband, Mark Bentley, had inherited it from an aunt, and there they went after the honeymoon. Turning off the main highway, they drove about half a mile along a smooth wide drive. Bordering it on all sides and forming a natural arch above it in some places were huge oak trees, through which the sun splashed to form a lacy pattern of shadow on the ground beneath them. Suddenly, rounding a sharp turn, they burst upon a large clearing. Here were lawns of soft velvet grass and shrubbery which fairly drooped under its burden of flowers. Flagstone walks wound in and out among them and a little fountain tinkled away, its jets of water catching sunbeams and transferring them into diamonds which melted away into a lily pad pool, where sly old frogs blinked in drowsy contentment. The whole colorful panorama sloped gently down to the lake which shone like a jewel under June's cloudless sky.

In the midst of this stood a magnificent old southern house perfect in its symmetry. Slender two story columns encircled by ivy formed a spacious veranda along the front of it.

"Welcome home!" exclaimed Mark as he carried her over the thresh-

old.

Inside all was perfection, from the broad winding staircase to the kitchen utensils. Each room reflected exquisite taste and the influence of money.

Mother Bentley, the maternal lavender and old lace type of gentlewoman, lived in her own house a way down the lake shore, knowing that love thrives best where in-laws cause no commotion. The two women became fast friends. The older woman helped Vivien get used to running the large house with the aid of several servants.

Cindy, Mother Bentley's right hand woman was a large cheerful old negress who often came with her mistress to lend a hand in case some household problem arose.

"I feel as if I were being spoiled", laughed Vivien. "I wish you'd let me do my own work".

One of Vivien's favorite servants was Pierre, a Frenchman from the old country. They had engaged him on a friend's recommendation. He preserved and added to the beauty of the grounds. He would bring the first blossoms of each species of flower and place them in her hands; then they would discuss them and all the other features of the gardens.

He developed a rose which was a golden rose color, and named it "Miss Vivy". Life then resembled the color of the rose. How perfect were those days at Oakley. How easy it was to forget there ever were troubles in the world when she and Mark had lived and loved and laughed at the peak of life.

In a short while they became members of a young married set. The days were full of housekeeping, parties, picnics, sports, and trips. They attended the openings of all the best plays and took in the gaiety of a night club when they wanted to dance.

And then, when they were enjoying themselves in the happiest days of their lives, tragedy stepped in and drew a curtain of blackness against the warmth of the sun.

They say Jim's car slowed on loose gravel and smashed into a cement wall, while they were hurrying home from work. Vivien had been waiting on the porch, looking down the road with her hand shading her eyes, when she saw the tense silent group of men carrying a still form covered with a blanket.

They placed Mark gently on the couch in the drawing room. She knelt beside him whispering his name. He opened his eyes for a moment and murmured hoarsely, "My darling". A shudder went through his frame and the eyes that had smiled at her were glassy and unseeing.

The world was cut out from under her feet. She was left floating in a dream, a horrible nightmare in which the funeral was a hazy

memory. In the house silence reigned, where cheerful shouts of laughter had rung along the walls. No familiar steps rang out on the flagstone paths or clumped up the old oak staircase. No smiling eyes sought hers, except those in the picture above the drawing room mantelpiece.

"It's not true. He's not gone. He'll be back soon, maybe tomorrow," Vivien's heart cried out in its misery. Finally, unable to stand the emptiness of "Oakley", she went to stay with Mother Bentley. No tears came to relieve the ache of loneliness that was to make itself felt for a long time.

Pan Marker, one of Mark's good friends, was advertising for a secretary, and Vivien applied for the position. She decided to move to town and bury herself in her work.

Cindy was given orders to keep the old house in order as if someone still lived there. She also kept Pierre to tend the gardens but she herself pulled up all the roots that her heart had planted and without daring a backward look at all she held so dear, faced a new life.

The years flow by, some on the wings of Mercury, others like loaded shoes, marching, marching, from day to day, week to week, month to month, but never her footsteps touched the grounds of Oakley. She had many admirers but she never came to care for any of them. She attended social gatherings, but life never was as exciting as it had been before.

The gardens of the old place were a landmark and many went to see them. All who had known Vivien and Mark realized that the house, despite its homelike, inviting atmosphere, was merely a hollow monument to a great love.

Pierre came to town with flowers for Vivien and often begged her to come home. She longed to see the place, but dreaded the emotions it might arouse. She'd put him off with a gentle, "Sometime, maybe, Pierre. Maybe next summer. I'm so very busy now." And the old man would return to his flowers, always hoping that sometime she really would come. That was his only incentive for keeping the flowers blooming.

Now, when the weather was so unbearable, thoughts of the cool, dewy lawns, the towering sun splashed oaks, the merry little fountain and the cool lake breezes which brought the evening serenade of the frogs and the cries of night birds from the marshes along the lake to the high pillared porch. Swimming and boating had been her favorite sports. It almost seemed, as she closed her eyes, as if she could hear the soft splash of an oar when a canoe went gliding over the water, following a path of moonlight, reflected on the mirror-like surface.

She was suddenly aroused from her reverie by a young voice, "Pardon me. Do you mind if I sit here? All the other benches are full."

Glancing up, her velvet gray optics collided with a pair of sparkling brown ones. Their owner was an amiable appearing young woman with nut brown hair and regular features. She was dressed in neat if not expensive tweeds and generated an air of pleasant frankness and honesty.

"Please do", Vivien replied quickly. "I was so busy with my own past, I didn't see you until you spoke."

They soon fell into an easy chatter, as ladies will. The girl she found was Mary Drake, aged twenty-two, and recently a bride. Both she and her husband, Tom, were working in the plants to put away a little nest egg.

"I can hardly wait to get a house of my own. Tom insists that I never work after we've saved enough to buy it."

"A little house of my own", thought Vivien, her mind returning to the spaciousness of Oakley.

"We want at least four children," said Mary. "Maybe a dozen."

"Children", and a misty veil seemed to shroud the scene in front of her as Vivien thought of a nursery where big toy animals were waiting for chubby little hands to cuddle them, little hands that would never be there. Just then the bus arrived and she bade her acquaintance a hasty "Goodby."

The cool lushness of the country made it seem a world apart from New Vern. Skipping merrily over the tall fields of clover, making them rise and fall, like billows on a green ocean, the breezes came merrily to meet her, darting at her head and ruffling her hair mischievously. The birds sang lustily, a special melody for the occasion.

Vivien left the bus by the turn that was near the drive of Oakley. As she traversed it, she was startled to find it no longer a smooth, wide road as it once had been. She began to realize how long she had been away. She noticed that the brush and weedy vegetation had been kept cleared, making it still extend - a dignified and friendly invitation to all who visited the gardens. In her heart she vowed that the old drive would again come to life, rather than remain empty and lonely, with no one to see the sun still splashing through the oaks onto peeping wild flowers.

She walked rapidly, her eyes on the ground and when she next looked up, there stood the house, rising majestically like a sentinel over the surrounding landscape. The lake wind swishing in the leaves murmured, "Home again; home again," and wafted across her face like a benediction.

She strode up the flagstone walk and onto the porch. She paused for a moment with her hand on the knob of the large door. Gazing about, the thought came to her that she had left the only place she loved, merely because she had cowardly feared Mark's memories. This

was the place he would want her to be. Her little boat of existence rode calmly at anchor in the peaceful home harbor after years of struggle against the storm of the soul.

The door responded eagerly to a gentle push. The rosy beams of sun-light followed her into the dim hall, making the old oak stairway gleam like bronze. Possessed with a spirit to free the house from the grip of darkness, she hurried into the drawing room and threw up the curtains, one by one. The green and gold room sprang to life as if touched by a fairy wand. The sunshine entered to the depths of her soul, where she had not felt it since Mark's death. There was no musty smell here as if it had been a deserted house. Everything was sparkingly clean, thanks to Cindy's weekly cleanings. It seemed only yesterday that she had last seen the familiar objects which she touched with reverence. Only yesterday, but the night had been long.

Walking to the center of the room, her gaze came to rest on the portrait over the marble fireplace. It was the life size image of a young man. The sun made his brown hair and eyes seem to shine as if he were human. Lips parted in a smile could almost be imagined to move in an eager welcome.

"Oh, Mark!" she cried. "I'm home, Mark; I'm home."

Turning, lest the spell of his picture enfold her, she passed through the French doors onto the tarrace. Here the gardens and lake could be seen to the best advantage. The little fountain splashed away into bubbles as it had for a century. To Vivien it seemed like time itself, in which one's life was only a momentary bubble, soon swept away and forgotten by the tide.

On the wall of the pool sat a bent figure, gazing into nothingness and puffing on a large pipe. Pierre was now growing very old, the snow of life's winter nestling in his locks. Its winds had bent him like an old weatherbeaten tree. Mark's death had shocked and saddened him and it was another blow to have Vivien leave, both in so short a time. He knew her love for the flowers and the house. Each day, at first, he would expect her back, but finally, as the years went by, his hopes faded; yet in his heart he knew she would again talk to him of the flowers and kept them beautiful for her coming.

He remained oblivious of anyone's approach until he started from his reverie at an unmistakably human step on loose gravel. "Miss Vivy", he cried. "Is it you?"

"Yes, Pierre. Home at last", and she extended her hand in greeting.

He clasped it in both his own and drank in her features hungrily. His own face radiated a glow of happiness and a tear ran down his wrinkled cheek. He showed her all the changes he had made in the garden. One thing Vivien noticed especially was a huge bush of golden roses, the ones that had been named after her. A sense of shame crept over her. "I could, at least, have come once in a while. It

would have been the least I could have done to repay his loyalty and devotion", she thought.

"With you here, it seems twice as beautiful!" the old man exclaimed. "And next year it will be even more beautiful."

To Vivien nothing could be as beautiful as the look on Pierre's face.

The kitchen was filled with warmth and the smell of cooking mingled with the fragrance of the flowers as it had in the old days. A kettle sang merrily on the range. Cindy was baking a few things for Pierre and was busily rolling out a pie crust, her back toward the door.

"What are we having for supper?" Vivien inquired casually.

"Wal, Missus Bentley is going to be here so I figured -Lawdy! Is I seeing things?" The old megress's jaw dropped and her eyes bulged as she turned and saw who it was.

More tears and a hug made Vivien feel even more that she had been very wrong in going away. When supper was about ready she went to the door to call Pierre. Coming up the path from the lake, picking her way slowly with a cane, was a white haired old lady. She paused when halfway to the house and sank down wearily on a bench. Vivien and Cindy went out to meet her. As she saw them coming she stretched out her hands. "Daughter, you've come at last. I've waited so long, so long," the silvery voice trembled eagerly as Vivien knelt down at her feet.

Pierre came up and she told them her future plans. The many empty guest rooms would be rented to young well-bred couples working in defense projects. "It's no time to think of having so much extra room when the city is already overcrowded. I'll enlarge the nursery and engage someone to help me care for the children if they have any."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Mother Bentley who was young and modern at heart. "I can almost see the young couples now. Youth to match the freshness of the flowers."

Vivien asked them to leave her alone for a moment. Understanding, they went into the house. As a breeze ruffled her hair, it was as if Mark were caressing it as he was wont to do when they had sat here. She felt his presence like something tangible and real. The sun made the lake a mirror of colors and shed a rosy glow on all. In the rustling of the oak leaves, he seemed to whisper, "All's well."

She knew he would always come when she wanted him. Whenever her heart was weighted and the road ahead looked rough, he would bring her peace of mind if she stopped to look for him.

As the little group sat down to supper, Pierre concluded Grace with "Keep Miss Vivy here at her heart's foundation, Bon Dieu." And they all echoed, "Amen."

Marjorie Weld '44

### AMERICANS

A group of boys from a large town in the Middlewest, formed a club which they called "The Red Circle". There were five members, Ted Jones, Rocky Smith, Smoky Harris, Pee Wee Evans, and Lefty Maso. The strongest rule was that no girl should be allowed to join the club.

Ted Jones was a member of the Boy Scouts and he was an expert signal man. He was a quiet, clear thinking lad of fifteen.

Rocky Smith was always starting a project but always wanted someone else to finish it for him.

Smoky Harris was a normal American boy of sixteen who was always in mischief.

Pee Wee Evans was the clown of the club. He was a "half pint" with a big voice. His clubmates said he could scare the German army to death if folks would let him get close enough.

Lefty Mason was the left handed pitcher of the high school baseball team. He was a sport in every game he played.

These American boys were always trying to find ways to help with the war effort. One day Smoky had an idea. He called a special meeting of "The Red Circle". Ted who was the president said, "Boys, Smoky has a new idea - how we can help the soldiers. Well, what about it, Smoky?"

"The soldiers", said Smoky, "have plenty of time to read but they have very few books. Why can't we go around and collect some light literature for the local camp?"

Pee Wee piped up with, "When you get fifty books on your shoulder I wouldn't call that light literature." But all the fellows agreed that it was a fine plan.

Lefty said, "We can collect Saturdays until we have covered the town."

The first Saturday they gathered five hundred books of all kinds as all of the people were anxious to help entertain the soldiers. One old gentleman who lived on the outskirts of town gave about one hundred and fifty books. As Rocky picked up one of the volumes, a note fluttered out. It read, "Short Wave Station WACX Berlin, Agent 4".

At the meeting of "The Red Circle" that night Rocky showed the fellows the note. "Hey, fellers, remember that old man talked



with an accent which might be German," shouted Lefty excitedly.  
"He might be a spy."

"A deep dyed villain - that's what he is", yelled Pee Wee.

Here, J. R. Smith, the unofficial adviser of the club interrupted. "I think", said he "that we should show this note to Commissioner Handcock."

On Monday Mr. Smith showed the commissioner what the boys had found, and they made plans to visit the old gentleman and to find out what he was doing here. When Rocky and Pee Wee came from the school building that night after school, Mr. Smith, the commissioner and two other men were waiting for them.

"Well, boys, we are going to pay the old gentleman a visit and we want you to come with us", said the commissioner. Feeling very important and a little bit shaky too, they all piled into the cars and started for the old gentleman's house. As they scrambled from the car, Rocky started to whistle, "I've got spurs that Jingle Jangle --", and Pee Wee whispered, "That's not my spurs you hear. That's my knees knocking together."

When they stepped inside, the men showed the old gentleman the paper and asked him to explain. At first he seemed very angry and roared at us. He shook his gray head and waved his hands wildly. Pee Wee and Rocky were frightened half out of their wits.

"We would like to search your house for a wireless," said one of the men.

"You'll have to show me a warrant before you can," , shouted the old man with defiance in his eyes. Finally Mr. MacDonald, for that was his name as Rocky had already concluded from the addressed letters on the table, sat down and began to laugh. He said, "I will confess to all but first read this".

The four men bent over a book which Mr. MacDonald produced. Then , after a minute, they too began to laugh.

The old fellow passed some cigars, while Pee Wee whispered to Rocky, "I wouldn't take one of those cigars. They might explode and blow us up."

Soon Mr. Smith came over to the boys and said, " Well , our spy has turned out to be one of America's rising authors. He is writing a book about this war and spies. I think it will be well worth reading."

"Good Night!" yelled Pee Wee. "Just when we thought we had a German in custody, we find ourselves in Dutch."

"No," said Mr. Macdonald. "I am glad that we have boys as wide awake as you are. You are the kind that will keep this country free."

## MY SUMMER VACATION

The summer vacation was a very successful and enjoyable one for me. The second week after school was out my brother sent enough money for me to spend my vacation with him in Philadelphia. I left home on the night of June eighteen, on the night train bound for Philadelphia. When I arrived in the North Philadelphia Station there was my brother to take me home.

After unpacking my suitcase and taking a refreshing shower I went downstairs and had something to eat. That same afternoon I went to the movies with the landlady. That night I retired early as I was rather tired after riding all night on the train without being able to get much sleep.

The next day I went down to the city with the landlady. We shopped all the morning, had lunch in a very fashionable Chinese restaurant, looked into more stores in the afternoon, and finally came home in time to get dinner for the men, and send my brother off to his work. That evening we went to a movie before coming home to retire for the night.

During the following week I stayed home and helped the landlady do the housework during the day. Then we would go to a movie or to the ice cream parlor in the evening.

The third week I was in Philadelphia I started taking in some of the historical places of interest. I went to see Independence Hall, the Betsy Ross House, Fairmont Park, Willow Grove, the Delaware Bridge, the William Penn Monument, the big navy yards, the building where the "Evening Bulletin" is printed, and I also saw the United States Mint Building which I was not allowed to enter.

The Independence Hall is one of the most interesting places I have ever seen. In all of these buildings connected with Independence Hall are all kinds of antiques - old fashioned fire wagons, guns, costumes, furniture, and some of the personal property of the first presidents of our country. There are swords and old fashioned powder guns owned by Washington and Jackson. There are flags used in some of the famous battles long ago.

One of the most interesting sights in Independence Hall, is the Liberty Bell. This is made of thick iron which is now waxed so that it will not rust any more than it already has. The bell is cracked. The Liberty Bell was rung at many eventful occasions, such as: the first hostilities of the Revolution, the public reading of the "Declaration of Independence", the surrender of Cornwallis, the establishment of "The Constitution", the death of Washington, the death of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, the death of Lafayette and the death of Chief Justice Marshall. While tolling the requiem for Chief Justice Marshall the Liberty Bell cracked. Now it set upon a wooden platform to which it is hitched. This wood is varnished to protect it.

After visiting these historical places in Philadelphia I decided to go to New York City to spend a day. I went to New York where I visited the Statue of Liberty. It gave me a great thrill to have the privilege of going way up to the top. I rode in the elevator for ten stories and walked up twelve before reaching the top. When I reached the top I could see the whole outline of New York spread out before me. Here too I bought a few souvenirs to bring back to my people. After leaving the Statue of Liberty I next went to the R. C. A. Building which is sixty-nine stories high. From the top of this I could see Central Park and New York Harbor. There I saw the Normandie in port, but it was still lying on its side waiting to be repaired. Inside the building I visited the Rainbow Room. Leaving the R. C. A. Building I went to the R. K. O. Building where I saw more interesting things but I didn't enjoy it as I did the R. C. A. Building. In the R. C. A. Building I saw the studios from which Eddie Cantor and the famous orchestras broadcast. After looking around Broadway and Fifth Avenue I went back to the R.C.A. theater which is the largest theater in the world. It has a seating capacity of six thousand. After three hours in the theater I decided to return to Philadelphia.

The following week I visited Atlantic, New Jersey, where I went swimming and went on the board walk.

After six weeks of sight seeing I came home to go back to school this fall. I hope by next spring after I graduate I shall be able to return to Philadelphia, only this time it will not be for a vacation, but to help in the war effort by working in an aviation plant. Everybody must do his share if we are going to win this war.

Rita LaBelle '43

\*\*\*\*\*

QUIZ

(Look on the last page to see if your answers are correct.)

1. Who was "Old Hickory"?
2. What noted blind woman wrote "The World I Live In"?
3. What famous movie star died in the recent fire at the Coconut Grove night club?
4. What prompted the idea for the song "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition"?
5. Who was the first governor of Vermont?
6. Where is the Temple of Heaven?
7. What do the letters f.o.b. stand for?
8. What number is MCM.XV?

H U M O R



Gwen: "Dad, I want to join the WAAC since they need pharmacists."

Dad: "Do you know what a pharmacist is?"

Gwen: "Oh, yes. An assistant to a farmer and I can be that."

Harland: "While we're sitting here in the moonlight I'd like to ask you - -"

Ruth (breathlessly): "Yes?"

Harland: "Couldn't we move over? I'm sitting on a nail."

Miss Dewing: "Lyle, aren't you coming to our English class any more?"

Lyle: "Well, I don't know. You see, the government need working men, not English men."

C. Thibault: "Richard, I hear it didn't take you long to write that hunting story for assembly."

R. Bushey: "Ssh!"

Modern Versions

"A volcano is where steam comes shouting out of the ground."

"Relative humidity is like humidity only not so energetic."

Can You Imagine

- Lyle Lothian coming to school a whole day at a time?
- Norma Carman and Gwendolyn Streeter not making love?
- Harland Fitemore and Ruth McDermott not spooning in some corner?
- Phebe Westcott not making eyes at Jimmy Richard?
- Clayton and Shirley not dancing together?
- The East Franklings getting to school on time?
- Miss Dewing not passing the basket to Gladys in English class?
- Martha Samson and Charlotte Geno not exchanging clothes?
- Miss Chace not sitting beside Leon in the main room?
- The boys not flirting with Marion Richard?
- Alan Westcot not winking at a girl?
- Miss Gates not telling her class a story?
- Junior Ashton not laughing aloud in school?
- Rene Durenleau not being the first to read Miss Gates's paper?

## Favorite Movies

- "Henry Aldrich, Editor" - L. Lothian  
 "Desperate Journey" - The East Franklin Girls  
 "Springtime in the Rockies" - Norma Carman  
 "My Favorite Blonde" - - - Leon Ashton  
 "Mrs. Miniver" - - - Miss Gates  
 "Blossoms in the Dust" - - Shirley Riley  
 "My Favorite Spy" - - - Student Council  
 "King's Row" - - - Senior Boys  
 "Berlin Correspondent" - - - Idolyn Messier  
 "Secret Agent of Japan" - - Pansy White  
 "Orchestra Wives" - - - Sophomore Girls  
 "Beyond the Blue Horizon" - Corinne Bennett  
 "Pardon My Sarong" - - - Clayton Pratt  
 "Blues in the Night" - - - J. Richard  
 "Panama Hattie" - - - Miss Dewing  
 "Song of the Island" - - - M. Richard  
 "They All Kissed the Bride" - - G. Boulais  
 "The Bride Came C.O.D." - - - R. LaBelle  
 "Kisses for Breakfast" - - - I. Thibault  
 "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" - Phebe J. Westcott  
 "Mother Cary's Chickens" - - Seventh Graders  
 "My Gal Sal" - - - Rita Rainville  
 "Cyclone on Horseback" - - - Clyde Thibault

\*\*\*\*\*

## ALUMNI NEWS

Keith Dunham '42 is a student at St. Michael's College.  
 Doris King '42 is studying at Johnson Normal School.  
 Rachel Streeter '42 has employment in Essex Junction.

Guy Lothian '41 and Marguerite '41 are working for Uncle Sam in Connecticut. Benjamin

A daughter, Sandra Jean, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Johnson, October 18, 1942. Mrs. Johnson was Genevieve Messier '40.

A son, Barry Marshal, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ravlin, November 7, 1942. Mrs. Ravlin was Doris Dunham '35.

A son, David Geoffrey, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Westcot, November 23, 1942. Mrs. Westcot was Hazel Whitney '35.

A daughter, Sharon Lee, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Ashton, November 10, 1942. Mr. Ashton graduated in '34.

## Franklin's Honor Roll

-Army

Capt. Paul H. Gates '11  
 2nd. Lieut. Fenno Truax '32  
 Master Sargt. Merriman Hull '36  
 M. Sargt. Stanley Towle '32

Army

Cpl. Arnold Rogers '36  
 Tec. Sargt. Richard Benjamin Ex '3  
 P.F.C. Donald Wong Ex '42  
 Pvt. Elbridge Pierce '35  
 Pvt. Eugene Olmstead '37

Army Air Corps  
 Sargt. Maurice Benjamin '32  
 Cpl. Edward Crossman Ex '43  
 Pvt. Stanley Greene '38  
 Pvt. Robert Messier Ex '45  
 Pvt. Earle Thibault Ex '42

Marines  
 Cpl. Donald Ashton '39

Navy  
 RIM 2 C Arnold Whitney '35  
 F C 3 C Renwick Scott '35

Eleanor Evans Ex '42 is serving in the Canadian army.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

### THE OPENING DAY OF SCHOOL

There were many pupils present on the opening day of school, September 8, 1942. Some looked anxious to begin school again, while others didn't seem to think much about it.

Being quite an observer, I noticed everything with interest. I heard some of the girls asking, "What are you going to take this year? What courses are the easiest?"

I thought to myself, "I am going to take the courses that will do me the most good."

Finally the nine o'clock bell rang and everyone scrambled into the nearest seat. Not a sound could be heard except the town clock striking nine. Looking down to the front of the room I saw Mr. Sturtevant, happily seated at his desk with a pleasant smile on his face. I then glanced toward Miss Gates's room and saw three teachers standing in the doorway. Apparently they were pleased with us all, too. The teachers were: Miss Dewing, Miss Gates, and - who was the other one? It wasn't Miss Wilcox. Then I remembered one of the girls told me it was Miss Chace, our new teacher.

After finding out the subjects we were to take for the year, we were dismissed by Mr. Sturtevant. As the children scrambled out of the school house it seemed to me that the opening day of school would be long remembered by many students as well as by myself.

other

Gloria West '44

\*\*\*\*\*  
 N E W S  
 \*\*\*\*\*

The first party of the year was the junior-senior "weenie" roast which took place at the lake on the Patten shore. The refreshments were hot dogs, marshmallows, sandwiches, and corn. Many enjoyed bowling and roller skating during the evening.

The freshmen were duly initiated during Freshman Week under the order of the sophomores. The week terminated with the reception, October 9, at the town hall. A program of Mother Goose characters was enacted against the suitable background of a big brown shoe. Veeds orchestra furnished the music for dancing, and refreshments were served. About twenty dollars was taken in.

The junior class held a Halloween party at the hall, on the eve of Halloween. There were booths for cider and doughnuts, chocolate bars, pitching pennies, and fortune telling. Games were played.

The sophomores had a box party at the school house on November 13. Boxes were sold and games were played.

A freshman party was held at the home of Ruth McDermott on November 20. Games were played and refreshments of cocoa and sandwiches were served.

On Thanksgiving eve a patriotic program was conducted at the town hall, at which the high school chorus sang. Dr. Samson delivered a speech, "Thank God We Are Americans".

On the morning of November 25, the high school enjoyed an assembly program put on by the pupils from the grades down stairs. The primary room gave a splendid Indian program which they had worked out from their study of Indians. The grammar room presented an extremely interesting play about the first Thanksgiving. The setting and costumes in both plays were very effective.

On December 16, the seventh grade presented a play, "And the Stars Heard" during the assembly period. They invited the pupils from the two rooms down stairs to come up and listened to them. This program was both enjoyable and instructive.

The Student Council has put into effect a few new rules. Traffic leaving the study hall is to keep to the left going down the stairs, and traffic coming up is to keep to the right. For their third offences in abuse of speaking privileges some special penalty had been decreed such as preparing and giving a speech in the study hall, picking up scrap paper.

The members of the Student Council for this year were elected as follows: president, Gwendolyn Streeter; vice president, Alan Westcot; secretary, Idolyn Messier; treasurer, Charles Gates; 8th grade representative, Martha Jane Riley; 7th grade representative, Hortense Roberts.

The senior play which is now in the making will be produced around the first of February.

There are no high school sports this year because of lack of transportation.

We have, in back of the school house, a sizable pile of scrap which has been collected and contributed by the pupils.

The eighth grade had a Christmas party at the school house, December 12. They played games, had refreshment of cookies, sandwiches, cocoa, and candy, and enjoyed a Christmas tree.

On Thursday, December 17, the high school chorus will sing as a part of the Christmas program at the town hall.

#### Answers to Quiz

1. Andrew Jackson
2. Helen Keller
3. Buck Jones
4. A lieutenant in the navy said it at Pearl Harbor.
5. Thomas Chittenden
6. Peking, China
7. Free on board
8. 1925



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
PRESS

