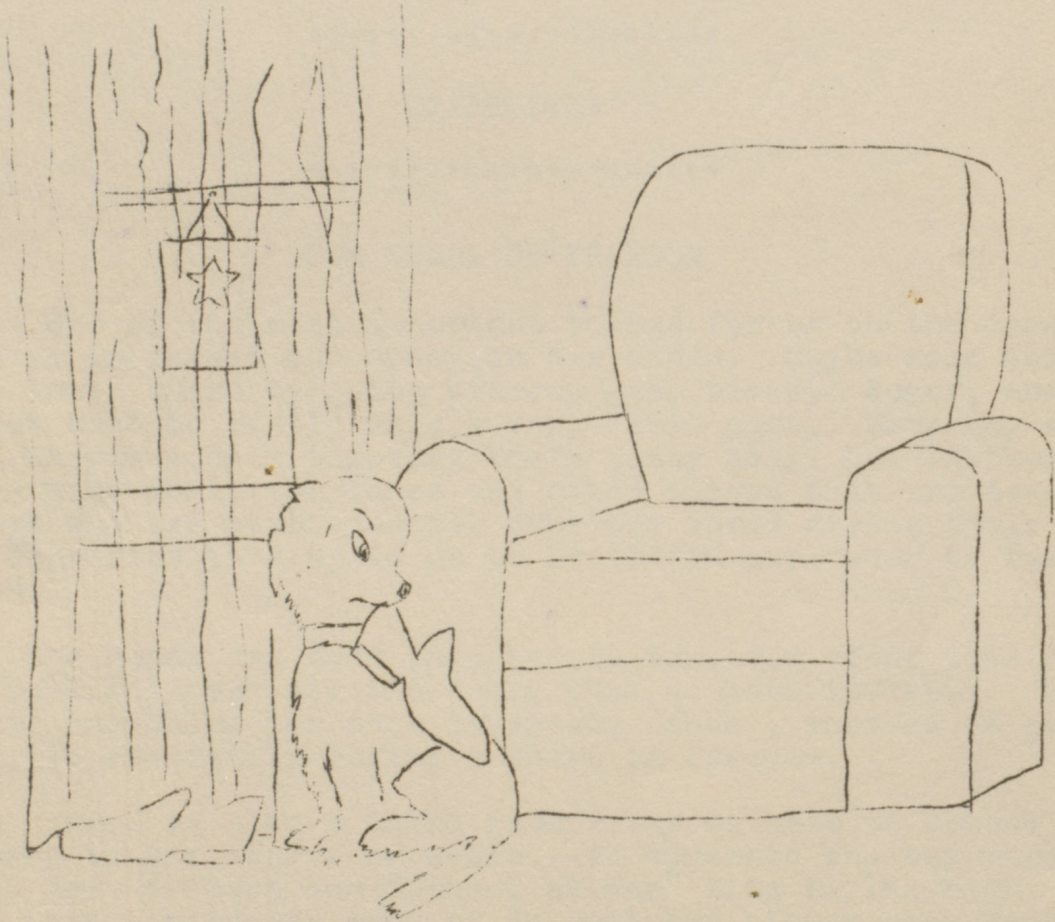


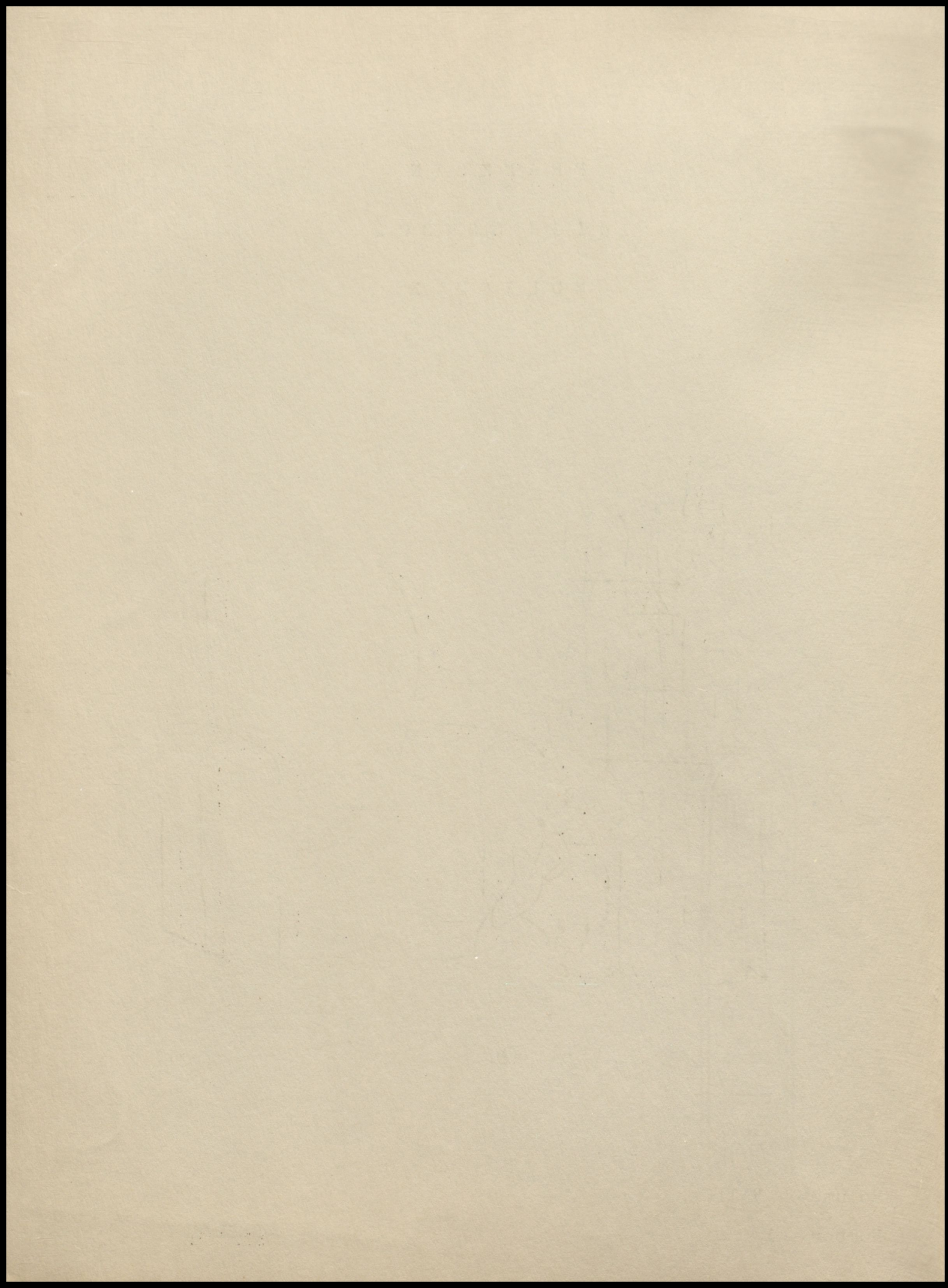
FRANKLIN  
HIGH SCHOOL  
MOLECULE



WAITING

CN 44







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## EDITORIALS

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## OUR SHARE OF FREEDOM

One of the most important things for us on the home front to do now is to invest our money in War Bonds. Maybe some think they are doing their share by going without gas, tires, sugar, and such things, but that is really only a very small part. Some may even think that they are only throwing their money away, but instead they're helping to make guns, airplanes and other things that are essential to the boys who are stationed all over the world giving their lives for us. Therefore it's up to us to do all in our power to back these brave boys.

War Bonds are good investments too, for after this war is over we shall get back all the money that we have invested, besides a three and one-third per cent interest. Thus, instead of giving our money away we are really buying a share in freedom.

There is also a third reason why we here at school should invest money in war stamps or bonds. We students who buy regularly each month help to keep our "School at War" flag flying high. In order to do this ninety per cent of us must buy stamps each month. One stamp a month is a small thing for us to buy, but these stamps mean a lot to our soldiers. So, come on, boys and girls, let's do our part. It's either their blood or our money. They are suffering a great deal for us; so let's show them that we are grateful and willing to give up things for them by buying WAR STAMPS each week or at least each month.

Gladys Boulais '44



## LET'S COOPERATE

In this, the fifth year of a great war, one of the oft-said words is "Cooperation". It is shouted by military instructors, enunciated by teaching nurses, sung over the radio, screamed from the soapbox and explained to little children as they exchange their grimy dimes and nickels for pretty red war stamps.

Here in the schoolhouse that word has an especial meaning for us. This year many new rules have been received in exchange for old ones; many old freedoms have been taken away, and many new restrictions are guiding our ways. Some pupils may blame the principal as they grudgingly obey, some may ignore the new rules, and some forget them. However, let's think these attitudes over.

Our principal is not trying to discipline us, just for the fun of seeing us mind. Let't try to see things his way. The privileges he has taken away were often abused, and now as we see how we miss them, let's ask ourselves, "Did we use them as we needed them, then?" We should have earned our privileges while we had them.

Order in the halls is needed in all schools. Although we were sure that we did as well as most schools, were we as orderly as we might have been? Of course we may have had more fun, but was it worth it?

If we ignore the new things, certainly we can not be proud of our school. We may forget our new rules sometimes, but they should soon become "second nature", and harder to forget than to remember.

Our principal has brought us new things. He has given us a chance to talk over the future. He has brought new and interesting subject matter to lighten old and dull classes. He has given us a chance to have pride in our school, and to assume responsibility for the appearance of our school. He has helped us in our courses.

Since our principal has helped us surely we want to repay him. How can we? By a very old method. We can help him. So let's do it - Let's Cooperate!

Phebe Jane Westcott '44

## A BETTER LOOKING SCHOOL

On October 14, the members of the Student Council met and chose two committees, one for revising the constitution of the Student Council and the other for choosing committees that would be responsible for the appearance of our schoolhouse and school grounds.

Five committees were chosen; one for picking up paper in the school yard, of which Gladys Boulais is the chairman; one for taking care of the flags, of which Melvin Geno is the chairman; one for keeping bookcases in order, of which Corinne Bennett is the chairman; one for inspecting desks, of which Rita Rainville is the chairman; and one for regulating the curtains, of which Harland Fitemore is the



chairman. These committees made out schedules choosing members of the Student Body to perform definite tasks.

Now it is up to all of us to cooperate with the committees and to perform our tasks to the best of our ability. So far, the reports have been good. Let's keep up our share in the responsibility so that we can maintain a good looking school yard and schoolhouse.

Royce Magnant '45

PROMPTNESS PAYS

It is much easier to do your work when it should be done than to let it get behind and then have to hurry through a lot of back work which has been piling up. When you have too much work to do at once, it is impossible to do it to the best of your ability.

It is also a great deal easier for your teachers to keep a record of your marks if your work is handed in promptly each day.

You may dread to study a certain lesson or to write a certain story or report, but it isn't half as hard to do it when it should be done as to wait until later when you have two or three more assignments to prepare for the same class.

Another reason why you should be prompt in completing your work is that one assignment you were given to do might have to be done in order for you to understand the lessons to follow. This is especially true in mathematics or languages.

Lastly, your marks are higher if you are prompt in completing your work.

Carlotta Corey '45

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P O E T R Y

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CHRISTMAS

The Christmas season brings what joy	He'll slide down the chimney
For every little girl and boy,	with his pack
When all treetops are white with snow	Of toys for Sister, Babe, and
And everybody seems to know	Jack.
That Santa Claus will soon be here	A doll, a top, a cannon bright
Upon the roof with his reindeer.	Will fill the children with
	delight.

June Lafley '44  
Shirley Riley '45



## The Senior Class

## A Ford V 8

The Senior Class of '44  
 After this year will be no more.  
 They're five and strictly feminine;  
 Next year life's duties they'll begin.

There's Norma Carman, the president;  
 She's an East Franklin resident.  
 A factory worker she wants to be;  
 She wants - but then we'll wait and see.

Gladys Boulais comes next in line  
 Though not always does she arrive  
 on time.

To be a nurse is her desire.  
 Do you think she'll set the world  
 on fire?

Corinne Bennett the treasurer is.  
 At art she hopes to be a whuz;  
 She knows it might be all in vain,  
 For no can do without a brain.

June Lafley is another lass,  
 The secretary of this great class.  
 To teach children is her one aim;  
 We hope that this will bring her  
 fame.

Phoebe Westcott now comes lastly,  
 And her attitude; 'tis classy,  
 For to college she will go;  
 She's earned the chance; her marks  
 aren't low.

For these five seniors we hope and  
 pray  
 That the very best will come their  
 way  
 In the jobs that they will under-  
 take;  
 But they themselves success must  
 make.

Gladys Boulais '44  
 Corinne Bennett '44

My uncle once had a Ford V 8,  
 The gall-darn thing was always late  
 Until one day he bought some gas,  
 And since that day it goes too  
 fas'.

On a summer night she runs so  
 well,  
 A moonlight ride sure leaves  
 you swell,  
 While the engine puffs with cough  
 and wheeze,  
 And through the roof you feel  
 each breeze.

The headlights are so very dim  
 You can scarcely see the track  
 she's in.

A better car you can not buy;  
 When you touch the horn, the  
 fireworks fly.

My uncle took me for a ride;  
 We hit a bump; I went outside.  
 When the brakes were pulled on  
 tight,  
 "By jove," I thought, "Where is  
 the fight?"

When I came up, 'twas all askew  
 Her wishbone, it was wanked in  
 two.  
 Though still she'd gurgle,  
 cough, and choke,  
 Uncle looked at me - "Well, I  
 guess she's broke."

Rene Durenleau '45

## ADVICE

What's done, is done,  
 You can't undo it;  
 So think before you plan your fun  
 Or some day you may rue it.

Corinne Bennett '44











When we reached London it was discovered that my compass had been detracted by the cannon which had previously been placed in the stern as a protection against pirates." The old angler chuckled, placed the fly in the book and began telling another yarn which I have no time to relate.

Jane Gates '48

### MOTHERS MAY BE WRONG

A young girl on her first night's "sitting" with the neighbor's children is often more distracted than aided by the fearful mother. Such was Susan Warring as she listened to the mother's final injunctions. "Dotty is a darling, but you'll have to watch out for Johnny. He's a little terror. They listen to the 'Singing Lady' at seven. Don't forget Dotty's medicine - and then they go to bed. Johnny's pajamas are on his bed. Ask Dotty if there's anything you want to know. Good night children, and don't bother Susan." The lady made her exit blowing a kiss with worry in every accent.

The children were playing quietly; so pushing up her sweater sleeves the young mistress of the house started the dishes. Dotty almost immediately appeared at her side. Dotty's almost inaudible "May I have a drink?" coincided with the roar, "Get up, you fool drunk." Bustling into the living room, Susan, half deafened, fumbled for the radio dials. Then as Dotty quietly turned off the offender, Susan looked at young Johnny reproachfully.

"Dotty told me to." The young culprit looked hopefully at the accused.

"Didn't either" and Dotty planked herself down on the floor, picking up an abandoned doll, apparently forgetting the desired drink.

Back to the dishes came Susan, but the girl had no more than begun the cooking tins when "You're to fault". The radio was on again. She was in the living room so quickly that young Dotty was picking up her doll and Johnny stood flocking reproachfully at the radio.

"I'm not going to accuse anyone," the girl said softly before either had a chance to speak, "but if this happens again, neither of you will hear your 'Singing Lady'". At this warning little Johnny began to cry, and Dotty looked smug and innocent at the same time, "if that is possible," thought the girl.

The dishes were soon done and Susan was sitting in the living room, working on an English theme, was able to keep her eyes on them. When seven-fifteen came she turned to Johnny. "Now, you can turn the radio on." "No, Dotty", as the little girl made a dash for the instrument. "Johnny".

"He don't," the little girl began and clapped her hands over her mouth.



"I don't know how", the young terror finished dutifully.  
"Dotty."

"You keep quiet."

"Dotty", admonished the girl. "Your mother said you were a good little girl."

"Shut up", growled the little darling. Then sweetly she asked, "may I turn the radio on, Miss Susan?"

"Yes, and while you're listening, I'll go upstairs and get your things ready. No, Dotty, leave my things alone."

The "Singing Lady" sang, and as everything sounded all right, Susan remained upstairs quite a while. As she started down again she heard Dotty's sharp cry, Johnny, you leave me alone", and Johnny's answering sobs.

"Can't I leave you alone a minute?" exclaimed Susan, exasperated. "My papers", for she saw her precious English theme in the middle of the floor. The familiar doll was sitting in lonely state while her Dotty was busy boxing Johnny's ears. "Dotty, you leave your brother alone. What has he done to you that you feel you must punish him?"

"He talked back to me. He said I mustn't -" She stopped and her eyes opened wide as she saw a firm hand gather the torn papers on the floor.

"Dotty", said Susan matter-of-factly, "I'm going to spank you."

"You can't. Mother won't let you. She spanks Johnny. She doesn't. You can't."

"She won't, Dotty." The door was open. "I came back for my purse. It seems I can't trust you. Spank Johnny. I can understand that, but you mustn't spank my darling. You go home and leave my girl alone." Her voice rose to a shrill scream.

"Be quiet", admonished her husband who had entered behind her. "I've always wanted to spank Dotty myself. Here's your bag", he said, picking it up from the floor and pulling the doll clothes out of it. "I don't believe you want these. Dotty, please give me the money."

The little girl half-opened her gummy fingers and he extracted the bills. Then he gently propelled his wife out the door.

The door closed. Silently the two children marched up the stairs to bed.



## JUDY'S SURPRISE

Snow was falling softly on a large white house on Main Street. It was a lovely house and you know just from looking at the outside that it would have everything inside to make people happy.

Inside, a woman with soft wavy hair sat watching the snow. She looked as if she would like to cry. She was really thinking about her sons in the service. If only they were small and excited about plans for Christmas.

A little girl came along the street and stopped at the door. "Have you an errand, Mrs. Brown", inquired the little girl.

"Yes, Judy. Will you get the mail for me?" And she gave the girl a nickel.

As she watched the child going down the street, she began thinking again, but this time her eyes looked excited, and she looked as though she would like to smile.

Days passed, and again the little girl stopped at Mrs. Brown's door.

"Isn't the school entertainment and Christmas tree tonight?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Brown," answered the child. "Will you come?"

"Come here, Judy." I have something I would like to show you."

Judy followed Mrs. Brown, and there, laid carefully on Mrs. Brown's company bed, was the prettiest dress that Judy had ever dreamed of. "This is for you to wear tonight," said Mrs. Brown.

Judy could only stare until Mrs. Brown picked up the dress and held it against Judy so that she could see herself in the big mirror.

"Oh, thank you," cried Judy.

That night a very happy and beautiful little girl proudly spoke her piece.

Mrs. Brown sighed happily. "Christmas is a happy time if we make others happy," she thought.

Mary Columb '49

## ENDING A GERMAN IRON MINING OUTFIT

"Let's go for a motorboat ride," said Tom Johnson, a sixteen year old boy, one bright forenoon, around the middle of June.

"Yeah, my father has a motorboat that we can take," replied Harry Simpson, a fifteen year old boy who loved to travel on the water.



"Let's take a lunch, so we can stay until late this afternoon," suggested Pete Elders, also aged fifteen.

These boys, who lived in the small village of Littleton on the coast of Maine, were pals. They had known each other and played together from their very young days. They had grown up together as they all attended the Littleton school. Tom was now a sophomore at the Littleton High School, while Harry and Pete were freshmen.

At eight-thirty, with lunch boxes tucked under their arms, they were back at the dock, ready to start. The motorboat was fairly large, and had a powerful but quiet motor. The boys cruised around on the ocean for a while without losing sight of familiar landmarks. Then they decided to go up the coast, just to look it over. The Earliest they had ever been up the coast before was about ten miles. Now they decided to go farther along to see what the coast line was like. They had gone about twenty-five miles from home when they saw a small bay which looked like an inviting place to eat their lunch. As they were eating they heard a faint roaring which seemed to come and go.

"Listen!" exclaimed Pete suddenly. "Hear that?"

"That's probably nothing of any consequence," replied Tom.

"I don't know," said Harry. "After we finish eating our dinner, let's go and see what it is."

"It might be quite far and I don't think it's anything worth going to see. It's probably just a sawmill or something like that," insisted Tom.

"Just the same, I'm going to see what it is," replied Pete.

"If you go, I'll go," said Harry.

"Oh, if you're both going, I suppose I might as well go too," Tom finally grunted.

They tramped about an hour and a quarter, directed by the sound, when they came upon something that amazed them. It was a mining outfit and camp in a little valley surrounded by high cliffs and run by Germans, at that. They could tell that it was German because there a swastika on the locomotive which pulled cars being loaded with a mineral, which they found out later to be iron ore, and because they recognized the helmets of the guards standing around to be German.

"Boy!" exclaimed Pete. "Here's something that I bet the government doesn't know about."

"They must be mining it and taking it to Germany," said Tom.

"But how do they get it there without being seen by our planes or ships?" asked Harry.



"I don't know, but they must have some way," answered Tom.

"Those Germans are plenty smart," added Pete.

"WE'd better get back to the motor boat and get home before we're caught," put in Harry.

"A good suggestion," said Tom.

"We can report this to the government, and let them handle it," said Pete.

And so they made their way back with difficulty toward the boat. It took them almost half an hour longer to get back as quite often they had to stop to decide which way they had come. This place where the Germans were mining wasn't very near civilization. In fact, the nearest place was Littleton; so they really could operate unnoticed. When the boys got back the afternoon was well spent. Quickly they went home and told their parents the strange things that they had seen. Tom told the constable and he reported it to the government officials.

Three nights later seventy-five soldiers arrived at Littleton. The boys were asked to go with the soldiers to show them the place. They used eight large rowboats which the soldiers had brought with them. Ten soldiers occupied each of seven boats and the other carried the three boys, Major Martin, the leader of the group, and four other soldiers. When they got within half a mile from the bay, Major Martin ordered this men to land just for safety precautions. The soldiers, all with rifles ready, landed and crept along the shore. When they came to the bay they were amazed by a sight on the opposite side. A specially built submarine was being loaded with iron from a railroad car. Major Martin decided to wait until they was finished and attack the camp up by the mines.

After another submarine had been loaded the locomotive went off and Major Martin prepared for the attack. "Get your guns ready and we'll go up. The boys have told me very well where to go. When we get to the cliff overlooking the place we'll spread out and surround the place. When I fire, attack," ordered Major Martin. "You boys had better stay here. There's apt to be plenty of lead flying," added the Major.

And so they started, the boys staying behind. Their guns always ready, the soldiers crept along. In an hour and a half they came to the cliff overlooking the camp. They saw a few lights coming from the living quarters. They spread out surrounding the camp. At the end of fifteen minutes Major Martin fired the signal shot. Immediately they swarmed in. The Germans, taken completely by surprise, were thrown into disorder. The soldiers swarmed into the huts, killing the men or taking them prisoners. When the last Germans had been killed or taken prisoners, the soldiers got back together and rounded up their prisoners. Twenty-six prisoners were taken and they counter fourteen dead. Only two American soldiers were wounded and those only slightly. One was grazed on the arm by a bullet, and the other had a cut on his face where a German had thrown a tumbler at him. They



went back to the shore where they found the boys anxiously waiting to hear the outcome of the battle. Four prisoners were put on each of four boats, three on each of three, and one prisoner and three more soldiers boarded the boat with the boys. Since they were curious to see what the Germans had over where they were loading submarines, they went over. The Major and the boys left the prisoner in the care of the other soldiers and went ashore. They found a railway winding up toward the mine. They didn't bother to follow it all the way up because they were positive that it came from the mine.

The first rays of the dawn were glimmering in the east when the party again reached Littleton. The prisoners were taken away by the soldiers and lodged in jail.

A week later the boys were awarded medals, in a beautiful ceremony at the town hall, for their heroic deed.

Since then they have bought war stamps regularly to hasten the day of Axis defeat.

Royce Magnant '45

#### A SCHOOL SECRETARY

Kay was born into the shabby part of New York City. Her father and mother worked very hard to support the six children. Their house was clean but they had barely enough to get along with. Most of Kay's clothes were shabby ones that had been made over from things given her.

Kay was at school one day when someone came up the path and knocked on the door. Miss Jackson, the teacher, answered the door. When she returned she looked very much disturbed. "Kay," she said, "there is someone at the door to see you, and you may be excused." Kay wasn't at all upset because her little brother was always running away and coming to school to see her. When she opened the door, however, it was not her little brother but her Aunt Sally standing there. Her eyes were red and swollen from weeping.

Aunt Sally mumbled, "Get on your coat and come with me to the hospital. There has been an accident at the factory and your father has been badly hurt." Kay hurriedly put on her coat and they rushed from the school. They couldn't hire a taxi to take them the six blocks to the hospital because they didn't have enough money.

When they reached the hospital they found Mrs. Brent, Kay's mother in the waiting room. "How is Tom?" Aunt Sally inquired anxiously.

"He is on the operating table now," Mrs. Brent replied.

It seemed to Kay that they waited there for hours before before Doctor White came down. He said, "Mrs. Brent, will you step into my office for a moment, please?"



Kay's heart fell when when she saw her mother's face as she came back into the room. Brokenly, she said, "Sally, -Kay? your father died on the operating table."

After the accident the Brents didn't think too much about the future. They were too sad over their great loss. One day, however, Mrs. Brent called, "Kay, will you come into the room, please? I want to talk to you."

Kay hurried into the room. "What is it, Mother," she asked

"I want to talk with you about the future," answered Mrs. Brent. "There was barely enough money to pay for the funeral expenses; so I shall have to go to work. That will mean that you will have to be here to see that the children are off to school before you leave in the morning."

"But, Mother, I'd be glad to stop going to school, and work too. I know that I could get a job."

No, you must finish your school, Child. Your education is much more important at the present. I think that if I work, and we make out a budget to live by, we can manage to get along," answered Mrs. Brent wisely.

The very next day Mrs. Brent started working at the factory. Kay was up early, straightened up the house, sent the children off to school, and then left herself. She was taking typing, shorthand, bookkeeping, and English. At assembly, Mr. White, their principal said he would like to see the typing class for a few minutes after assembly.

"Class," he began, "as you all know there is a shortage of help. Our secretary, Miss Lee, has joined the armed forces. I think, as long as help is so scarce, it would be nice for one of you from the typing class to do the work. You would receive six dollars a week besides getting extra credit for the work in your typing class." There will be an examination at one-thirty, tomorrow," announced the principal, "for those who wish to apply for the position."

Kay found her mother waiting for her when she returned home. "Mother," she shouted excitedly, "Mr. White is giving an examination tomorrow for those who wish to try out for the job of being school secretary. The one who passes in the best test paper and gets the job, can do most of the work during school hours and yet earn six dollars a week. Oh, do you imagine I can get the job?"

"Kay, before you try for the job, be sure that you will have enough time left to get your school work done," replied her mother.

At one-thirty the next day Kay went to the assembly hall expecting to find at least half of the typing class, but to her surprise there was nobody in the room except Mr. White and herself. He waited until two o'clock, and then gave her the test. Later in



the afternoon Mr. White sent for her. "Kay, here is your paper," he said. "I shall expect to see you as soon as you can arrange, tomorrow morning. When Kay went home that night she told her mother that she had the job.

"That is fine," said Mrs. Brent. "What was your mark?"

"A", replied Kay.

In the months that passed Kay worked very hard. The budget was working out very well and out of Kay's work she managed to save about three dollars every week.

The last year of school was a busy one. Mr. White gave Kay more and more work to do. He had great confidence in her and began to give her test papers to type. Kay now had more work than she could possibly do at school. Therefore Mr. White arranged for a typewriter to be moved to her home.

Kay was industriously clicking the keys of her machine, one day, when suddenly she felt dizzy. She stopped work for a while but didn't feel any better. At last, Mr. White noticed how white she looked and asked, "Kay, are you feeling all right?"

"No, I feel a little dizzy," she replied. Then he took her home in his car.

The next day Mrs. Brent had to stay at home with Kay, and at night they called in Dr. Brown, who announced that Kay was really sick. For three days he came every day, but there was no change. Kay was between life and death. A week passed and on the tenth day the Doctor told Mrs. Brent that he expected the crisis that night. About ten-thirty that night Kay seemed brighter. Dr. Brown said then that he expected her to recover.

Kay had missed so much school that she had to stop helping Mr. White with his typing. After a few weeks' rest, however, Kay returned to school and graduated with her class in June.

Kay didn't work during June, July, or August, but in September, when Mr. White offered her a steady position as school secretary, she accepted his offer, and started when school began. The work was very enjoyable, and she earned enough money to join a few clubs and have a good time with other girls. While in school, she had never had either time or money for a social life. Now she was considered one of the gang.

Shirley Riley '45

#### FLYING TIGERS

Tom Cole, a young American lad, sat under the trees, waiting for further orders. The sun was shining brightly and it was a perfect day. He had just come back from battling the Japs in the sky, and was taking a brief rest. A Chinaman who came along told him



told him that a P-40 had cracked up in the jungle about three miles away. When they had organized for the battle they had had one hundred P-40's and about three hundred riggers, mechanics, and air pilots, but they were fast dwindling because they were outnumbered three to one. Yet the morale of the young Americans had kept most of the P-40's flying.

Suddenly the alarm went off and the loud-speaker shouted, "Nine Jap bombers headed for Rabual with an escort of five Zeros." In response Tom quickly ordered out his squadron composed of six Tigers.

In a short while they were above the clouds keeping an the lookout for the Japs. Shortly they sighted them about a thousand feet below. "Tally-ho," and they dived down in pairs protecting one another. The first two came down so fiercely and went by the Japs so fast they didn't know what was going on. One Jap plane went down in the impact of the twin bombing. The Jap formation broke up while two more P-40's were coming down in a dive. They fooled the Japs by leveling off and coming straight for them. A bomber and a Zero went down. The other two P-40's stayed up to watch for surprise attacks. Tom was in the lead with his best friend, Bob Smith, for as he looped and headed back up again. (Tom and Bob had been friends since boyhood days.)

Within five minutes the Japs got into formation again and headed for home. The P-40's also gathered together and followed in pursuit, but they were getting low on gasoline and low on ammunition also.

As he flew along skimming low over the hills, Tom noticed a half hidden Japanese airport lying a couple of miles to the left. Tom quickly called his squad on the radio. "We will straf airport --- Follow in line formation --- Do your best --- Good luck."

They came in just over the trees and surprised the Japs. The Americans were trying to catch some gasoline drums on fire. Two Jap Zeros went up like tissue paper. Suddenly Tom's fuel gave out and the motor stopped. He ordered his squad to get back to their base, and down he went into a glide. He could see a small clearing about a mile north. Looking at the airport and the small clearing he thought to himself that he would have some fun. He cracked in some small underbrush, receiving only one slight injury, a bump on the head. His only hope was that the Japs might not discover him.

The first thing Tom did after he crawled out of the plane was to camouflage it by covering it with trees and branches. At night he crawled into the cockpit which was entirely hidden and slept there. He had enough food ration for about three or four days, he thought. He planned to fix his plane and make a runway in the small clearing. Early the next morning he started working on his damaged landing gear. This took nearly all day, but clearing the runway was rather easy as a small hill provided all that was needed. After finishing his work and eating a small portion of his ration, he started walking toward the hangar. He glanced around to see how his plane looked. From a short distance it looked like a part of the jungle.



Half an hour later he came upon a clearing, and there stood the Japanese airfield, his own target. Here he was walking right into the heart of it. It was dark now, but he could see the faint outline of the hangar by the dim field light. He also saw some planes on the tarmac. He crept cautiously along the edge of the jungle. As he crept closer he saw a small shed. "That might be the ammunition dump, or maybe gasoline!" he thought. Now he crawled on his stomach for about fifty feet; then standing erect he walked in a back door which had been left open. As he stepped in, he heard voices. Quickly he ducked behind a couple of barrels. About five minutes later the voices died away. Then he took out his flashlight. There were five-gallon cans full of gasoline. He filled his pockets with some hand grenade which he found there and helped himself to their gasoline. Upon returning to his plane he filled it with gasoline, and fixed it all ready to take off. Then back to the airfield he went. This time he entered the next shed where he found dynamite. He took a box full with the wire and plunger. He counted ten buildings. Putting five sticks to each building he strung the wire in the jungle a way. Then he set down the plunger and fixed the wire. In three minutes the sky was a whole sheet of flame, as if all the fiery dragons of Japan were angry at each other.

When he made his way back to his plane there were five Japs at the other end of the clearing. Taking out a grenade he crept up slowly and pulled the pin. Hurrying back to the plane he tore down the bushes he had covered it with. Next he started the engine to warm it up for the take off. Out of the bushes down the small bumpy runway it started. Then it rose into the black sky and headed straight for home. A few minutes later he could see the truck lights on his own runway. Soon he came to a perfect three point landing. The boys were all so glad to see his that they had a big celebration in his honor.

Rene Durenleau '45

### THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Mr. Jones awoke about ten o'clock. It was very dark out except for a car's lights in front of his house. All at once there was a great squealing from the pig pen. The car drove off and all was silent.

The next morning, John, Mr. Jones's little boy announced that three pigs were gone. Mr. Jones decided that his pigs were stolen.

Mrs. Jones called all the neighbors to see if they had seen the car. Mr. Rodney, another farmer, said he had seen a car go past. The Rodneys had been playing cards, and they had noticed an out of state car go by. The number was CM3120.

Mrs. Jones notified the police, and gave the number. About ten o'clock that morning, the police called and said they had caught the man, and would bring him over.

In half an hour the police arrived, bringing with them



In half an hour the police arrived, bringing with them a very frightened man who said he had only stopped to look at a road map. All at once he rushed Johnny saying that he had found the three pigs in the haystack. He had gone over for a slide. There had been a small pile of hay at the foot of the stack. When Johnny hit this pile, three very frightened pigs ran out.

The man turned out to be Mrs. Jones's long lost father, and everyone was happy. The squealing was when the pigs were getting out of the pen.

Guy Towle '49

### STORY OF SONG TITLES

Oh, what a beautiful morning, for me and my gal. It was a Hill Billy wedding in June, down by the Old Mill Stream. You'll never know it was the first call to love. Alexander's Ragtime Band was playing, "I Love You Truly." Just around the corner came Alice in her blue gown, and Abraham, Mr. Five by Five, with top hat and white tie and tails. He said, "You were never lovelier", but she said, "I'm old fashioned."

As time goes by I don't get around much any more 'cause they drew my number, for I'm 1 A in the army, and I'm 1A in her heart. I may be gone for a long, long time, but I'll be back in a year, little darling.

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning because all we do in the infantry is march, march, march, Sunday, Monday, and always.

Wait for me Mary, deep in the heart of Texas, till Johnny comes marching home again.

Marian Richard '45

Rita Rainville '45

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### S P O R T S

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There aren't very many sports this year, because of the shortage of gasoline and tires. When school started in September we played soccer until we broke the ball, and then we started baseball. We played baseball every good day until the snow came. Since the snow came we have had snow fights almost every day.

When basket ball started a good share of the boys turned out. We have had five basket ball practices. Mr. Silvester coached us at the last practice. Some of the boys who turned out for practices were Carleton Bushey, Richard Bushey, Charles Gates, Geoffrey Gates, Merriman Lothian, Charles Mullen, Royce Magnant, Claude Magnant, Wayne Ploof, Alton Lothian, and Melvin Geno.

After the Christmas vacation, the girls will decide whether or not they will have basket ball practice. Helen Magnant has consented to coach the girls' basket ball team if they decide to practice.

Melvin Geno '45





\*\* HUMOR \*\*

- Can You Imagine -
- The U. S. History Class having a good lesson?
  - Marian Richard staying at home on a Sunday night?
  - Idolyn Messier not laughing where she isn't supposed to?
  - Muriel Spooner not jumping out of her seat every five minutes?
  - The girls being late for their music lessons?
  - Carroll Titemore not at the desk asking questions?

Favorite Songs

Ruth	- - - - -	"People Say We're Linn Love"
Corinne	- - - - -	"In the Blue of the Evening"
Shirley Rikey	- - - - -	"Miss You"
Harland	- - - - -	"In My Arms"
Norma	- - - - -	"Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey"
Rita	- - - - -	"Strawberry Blond"
Jane	- - - - -	"Oklahoma"
Carlotta	- - - - -	"Wait For Me, Harry"
June	- - - - -	"You'll Never Know"
Marian Richard	- - - - -	"By the Light of the Silvery Moon"
Marilyn Riley	- - - - -	

Marilyn: "Rene, did you see any WAVES when you went to Burlington?"  
 Rene: "No, I didn't go down by the lake side."

Mrs Lanza: "Pauline, what is a subsidy?"  
 Pauline: "A subsidy is a city underground."

Miss Dowling: "What are the coils you can see in the picture of the magnified drop of water?"

Busney (inaudibly): "Those must be the springs in the bed of the ocean."

Mr Salvester: "Gladys, what is the place called where stocks are sold?"

Gladys: "A stock yard."

Gladys: "You know, Corinne, I've got to get rid of my chauffeur. She has nearly killed me four times!"

Corinne: "Oh gosh, give her another chance."



## NEWS OF THE SEMESTER

- Sept. 7- School commenced with an enrollment of sixty pupils. Since then we have lost Gloria Veillet and Philwine Rock, but we have gained Shirley Phelps.
- Sept. 25- Freshman week started. On the 30th Freshman Reception was held with Wood's orchestra furnishing the music. There were in the class twelve who acted out characters that the audience guessed. Among them were Mickey and Mincy Mausc, Marian Anderson Mrs. Roosevelt, Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen and Churchill. The reception was a success.
- Oct. 7- Mr. Anderson was the guest speaker for assembly. His speech was on war stamps and their importance.
- Oct. 14- Mr. Silvester conducted the assembly.
- Oct. 19- Mr. Oscar Rixford was guest speaker, who gave a very interesting talk on war stamps.
- Oct. 25- 27- The distribution of War Ration Book Four was held.
- Oct. 29- There was a quiz on the "Time" magazine. Of two representatives from each class, the Juniors won.  
A card party was sponsored by the junior and senior high schools in the town hall for the benefit of the war chest. The entertainment was folk dancing directed by Mrs. Mae Gates. Pictures of all the boys who are in service from Franklin were displayed. Refreshments of sandwiches and coffee were served.
- Nov. 5- At this assembly Mr. Silvester read the new constitution. This revision of the constitution limits the powers of the council to matters of routine supervision, such as care of curtains, supervision of desks and bookshelves, and keeping the flag flying, as well as planning extra curricula activities. The students voted to accept the revised constitution by a vote of thirty-seven to seventeen. Speakers were Royce Magnant, chairman. Among other speakers of the day were Gladys Boulais, Rita Rainville, Corinne Bennett, Melvin Gene, Harland Titmore.
- Nov. 6- On this Saturday we went to school so we wouldn't have to go on the twelfth, therefore making a long weekend.
- Nov. 8- Miss Swords, a missionary came and spoke on India. She had many interesting exhibits.
- Nov. 17- Mr. Silvester spoke on collective security. Announcements were given and the honor roll was read.  
The only person with all A grades, including conduct was Claid Magnant.  
The people on the honor roll with part A and part B grades were Sally Gates, Robert Cyr, Mary Columb, Daisy Ploof, Madeline Messier, Guy Towle, Alton Lothian, Jane Gates, Imogene Columb, Gilbert Dewing, Martha Samson, Geoffrey Gates, Muriel Spooner, Phebe Westcott, Royce Magnant, Idolyn Messier, Marian Richard, Charles Mullen, Charles Gates, and Marion Dewing.  
The people on the honor roll with a B average were Stanley McDermott, Albert Richard, Joyce Johnson, Loyd Richard, Wallace







WHITING

MUTUAL BOND

GAS CONTENT



