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MOLECULE



Jelly Gates

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SCHOOL SPIRIT

Many high school pupils show fine school spirit while others show almost none. In order to have real school spirit, we, the pupils, must take an interest in our school and its appearance. It is easy to become interested in our school, because of the educational and social opportunities which it spreads before us. In both class work and social activities, we should show good sportsmanship and cooperate with our classmates and teachers.

Some of us think of our teachers as people who watch us over their glasses and think of nothing but study, but teachers are, like the rest of us, human beings. It is only right that we should treat them as such. They are at school for our benefit. We should show our gratitude by studying, obeying rules, and cooperating. After all it was our choice to come to high school, and a very good choice it was too. We should take advantage of this opportunity, and not throw it away for the purpose of having a good time.

School, however, is not all work and no play. When the fall and spring terms come around, schedules of baseball, football, or maybe soccer games appear on the bulletin boards. In winter there are the basketball games. The boys play their best and cooperate with their fellow players. The girls' voices are heard ringing with cheers for their team. If the team wins, everyone is happy. If the team doesn't win, the boys and girls, as good losers, should congratulate their opponents. Then they can plan to work harder to win, next time. At least, this is a good policy. These games are, really, only for fun. It is poor sportsmanship to cheat, or to bog the opponent's team and the umpire. Remember how it sounds when you hear other people doing it.

Speaking of cooperation, we have a duty or rather an opportunity every Thursday. We who see it buy war stamps and cooperate with our country in winning the war.

Numerous other things enter into school spirit. For instance, most pupils like to see their school house and grounds neat and tidy.

We want our school to have a good name, as do our teachers. Let's cooperate, show real school spirit, and make a good name for our school!

Marion P. Dewing '46

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE FARMER

Almost everybody is dependent upon the farmer. If it were not for the farmer, granaries, meat canneries, canning factories, flour mills, and other food processing concerns couldn't exist because they depend upon him for raw materials. Transportation agencies, such as railroads and shipping companies, depend for the most part upon the farmer for their business; manufacturers of automobiles, trucks, and farm machinery depend on the farmer to buy their products.

With the exception of the Eskimo, who lives mainly on meat and fish, dresses in skins, and builds his shelter with stones, skins, or even at times with blocks of snow, almost everyone depends on the farmer for food, clothing, and shelter.

Farming was one of the earliest occupations known, although early farming methods were very crude. Our early American farmers had poor prospects, but they have worked their way up rapidly. Today the American farmers stand far above the farmers of other countries. Through the use of modern farm machinery, such as the tractor, mowing machine, harvester, reaper, corn planter, potato planter, potato digger, combine, hay loader, and threshing machine, the American farmer had been able to grow and harvest crops on a large scale.

The farmer had undergone great hardships as well as good times. During the depression of the late 1920's and the early 1930's he had a hard time. Many farmers had to give up their farms because they couldn't pay off their mortgages.

There are many people who don't realize the importance of the farmer. If they did, then they would be more willing to help him.

Royce Magnant '45

REFORM IN OUR SCHOOL GOVERNMENT

"Government by the people" - that, we say is the type of government we have in the United States. This is true enough. Thus it is very obvious that the more intelligent people we have, the more efficient and stable government we will have. Then it also becomes quite obvious that the more training in government our young people get the better citizens they will be, thus making a better government. Most high schools today, therefore, have some sort of school government.

Back in January, 1940, the pupils of Franklin Junior-Senior High School decided to vote to have or not to have a student government. The vote was twenty-one or twenty-two to nineteen. This vote shows there was a large minority, but the Student Council was set up. This organization was composed of a member from each of the six classes and a faculty advisor. This organization had regular meetings. At first, this organization was quite active. It established the speaking privilege system. Although this government prosecuted guilty students fairly thoroughly, they couldn't accomplish much in reforms. Often, I think, personal prejudices were brought into play when students were reported. The penalties usually were loss of speaking privilege, or "stay in your seat until last man out." When the penalties were up it was the same old story all over again.

The Student Council operated much in this manner until the fall of 1943. The Student Council was then much revised. A new vote was taken, and the result, I believe, was about thirty-five to seven-

teen, which was still a sizable minority. However, I think these revisions make the Student Council worse instead of better, in the long run. Certainly something was done that didn't help any. The abolishment of regular meetings almost strangled the Council. At first, the revised Student Council was quite active. It abolished the speaking privilege, which I think is the best thing it ever did. It then took over such jobs as taking care of the flag, regular inspection of desks, and adjustment of shades. This fall, however, it seems to have gone into hibernation. Few of the above mentioned tasks have been performed by the Student Council. People were appointed to inspect desks. I asked one of the pupils appointed if he had inspected the desks on his day. He didn't even know he was supposed to. The flag, apparently, has been taken care of by the Boy Scouts,

A good example of the negligence of the Council is the following: Last year the class of '45, having missed out on one of their dates, decided to have their party within the time zone of the class of '47. Naturally the class of '47 didn't like to have their toes stepped on in this manner. So what did the Student Council do? Naturally it was the duty of the Council to enforce its regulations. I doubt if it even knew about it. Thus it becomes more apparent that something must be done. The Student Council has slipped into a deep lethargy. There is a strong sense of apathy toward the Council on the part of the students. What is to be done? There are probably many things that might be done. Here is my solution.

I believe that we should set up a government quite similar to our own Federal government. It could be made up as follows. A president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer could be elected from the student body. Then two members from each class would be elected to serve as senators for that class. The rest of the members of each class would be representatives of that class. Thus everyone would have a direct share in the government. This, I think, would make many more interested in their school government. The House of Representatives could elect their speaker from their members. Bills could be introduced into either house. Both houses and the president would have to approve a bill before it became a law. A presidential veto could be overridden by a two-thirds vote in both houses. The vice-president would serve as the chairman of the Senate. Both houses would elect clerks to keep track of their proceedings. The vice-president and secretary-treasurer could be presidential advisors. If such a government were set up, regular meetings could be held in the activities period every two weeks or once a month as business would require. One of the first things to be done if such a government were set up would be to elect two members from each house to meet with the president, and a faculty advisor to draw up a constitution. What would go into such a constitution? I won't think about this until such a government is set up. Then the argument comes up that people would be too shy to introduce bills and fight for their passage. Well, this may be true, but certainly such a government couldn't be any deader than the present Student Council. Besides, I think this shyness would wear off. One thing that such a government could take charge of might be the fire drills. It doesn't seem that this job should be entirely the responsibility of the faculty.

If this government were set up, I believe that it would be the best civics lesson that could be taught. All too many of our young

citizens don't have any idea about the functions of our Federal government.

I am not saying that this government should be set up, but I am saying that something ought to be done to improve and maintain the honor and integrity of a school government in Franklin High School.

Claude Magnant '47

AFTER THE WAR

After the war all the European cities that have been destroyed will have to be rebuilt. The people, whose houses and property have been destroyed, will have to be fed and clothed until they can rebuild their homes, find jobs, and grow their own food. It will take quite a while for the wreckage to be cleared and the homes rebuilt. The Germans probably will not be allowed to build factories to make anything that might be converted into war equipment. The factories in nearly all the other European countries will have to be stocked with machinery. It will take about a year before the people can get their food from the land.

After the war there will have to be an international police force, or an international court where all nations can have a say. The small nations will want to have their rights respected as well as the larger nations.

After the war there will be the problem of converting the Germans and the Japanese to the ideas of Democracy. It will be a long, hard job, but it will have to be done if there is ever to be a lasting peace. The German youths are taught that they are the master race, and it will be hard to make them change their minds.

There will be many jobs after the war because of all ^{the} things that are needed. Automobiles, farm machinery, electrical refrigerators, radios, stoves, furniture, and washing machines are just a few of the thousands of things which will be needed in the great world of tomorrow. All of these things will help give people jobs after the war. Something else which will help provide jobs is the raising of tons of food necessary to help feed the starving people of the war torn nations.

Thousands of American soldiers will come from the battle fronts unfit to work. They will have to be provided for. They will have to have food, clothing, medicine, and recreation. Scientists, chemists, and doctors will play an important part in caring for the wounded, and disabled soldiers. They will discover medicine and drugs which will help the war veterans to recover.

Travel after the war will be much quicker and safer. There will be airplanes capable of making long flights without stopping. There will be helicopters, autogyros, and small airplanes in private use. The highways will be more plentiful and in better condition.

The buying of war bonds will hasten the day of Victory; then sooner will come the day when we can live in peace.

Melvin Geno '45

P O E T R Y

TWO LITTLE LOVE BIRDS

Two little colored love birds
Were sitting in a tree.
The older asked the other,
"Darling, do you love me?"

Her gown was multi-colored;
She wore a stylish hat.
He nestled close beside her,
In tails and gay cravat.

They sang a funny love song,
All full of flats and sharps.
Their voices tuned together
Like music from the harps.

As I sat down below them,
I wondered if some day
I'd find a mate so courtly,
Who'd sing me such a lay.

Martha Samson '47

LOYALTY

During war we all should share;
Selfishness should be so rare.
Even though we do not fight,
Sharing things does help a might.

We'll buy only what we need
Of food or clothes. We'll show no
greed;
We'll eat left-overs, wear old
clothes,
Till the boys have licked our foes.

We should try to do our best;
Our fighting boys will do the
rest.
Buying war bonds is one way,
To show we're proud of U.S.A.

Virginia West '46

WORK

I think that work is a horrid
thing;
If it wasn't for that I'd be a
king.

I work at home; I work at school,
I work unusually hard, as a rule.

Although these are my views of
work,
It's something I should never
shirk.
I go to bed at night feeling
mighty gay,
Because I've done good clean
work all day.

Work is the key to a person's heal
We also may acquire wealth.
So if you work you'll not be bad;
You'll not grow up to be a cad.

Alton Lothian '48

WINTER

Our winter has come
And the cold winds blow.
The ground is covered
With pure white snow.

To live in the South
The birds have gone.
We all shall miss
Their beautiful song.

The trees are bare
And the bushes white,
For snow has come
During the quiet night.

Charlotte Geno '47

BONDS AWEIGH

One, two, three bonds today,
 For that soldier boy away;
 Four, five, six bonds today,
 To the tune of "Anchors Aweigh."
 Prove that you're a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
 And get your dollars handy.
 Buy your seventh bond today.

Imogene Columb '48

MY WHITE KITTY

I have a big white kitty cat;
 I've named him Willy Nilly.
 He has a crimson colored mat
 Where he curls up like a lilly.

He likes to go out in the morn
 And roam through barn and field,
 A dog he does so terribly scorn,
 That for him sharp claws he wield.

Gilbert Dewing '47

THE STARS

The silver stars up in the sky,
 That shine with beauty bright,
 Have shone for many, many, years,<
 And shine again tonight.

The light upon the blue lagoon
 Reflects more beauty still;
 It gives more beauty to the sky,
 And to the nearby hill.

Each star in heaven has its place
 Among the other stars.
 Each star must shine somewhere
 each night,
 On valleys, fields, or ocean bars.

The stars resemble angles fair,
 That shine in glory bright,
 They stay in Heaven and pray all
 day,
 But glow for us at night.

Like fairies light in silver
 gowns,
 They trip on silver stairs.
 They do not hurry onward yet,
 But slowly march in pairs.

No more than fairies to angels
 Can the stars above compare.
 I love the beauty of the stars
 Because they are so fair.

Thresa Proper '47

VERMONT'S BEAUTY

Vermont is very beautiful, especially in the autumn just as the leaves are beginning to turn. Then, as we look at the woods we see shades of red, orange, and yellow, where we used to see green. The mountains of Vermont are considered very beautiful too. As we look into the distance, we see the rolling slopes of Mount Mansfield, Jay Peak, the Canadian Pinnacle, and many small mountains that have no special names.

Many people from the cities come to Vermont in the summer time. Some come because they have friends here, but others come to be near the lakes where it is quiet and peaceful. The lakes are prettier in summer than at any other time of the year. The reflection of the trees can be seen on the water, and the sunlight makes the water seem very blue. At night the lakes are so peaceful, with the stars overhead, and the silver moonlight flowing across the water. Many a

night I have stayed at camp and have been lulled to sleep by the gentle splashing of the water against the rocks. This is the kind of life I like to live. If I had a choice of where I would rather live, I would choose Vermont.

Ruth McDermott '46

NORTHAMPTON FAIR

This year, as before, I helped my father get the cattle ready for the fairs that he attends every year. This time, however, I was allowed to miss a week of school to help show them at the Northampton Fair.

About the middle of July the nine-month old calves were brought in from the pastures. At first, they do not like being kept in the barn all of the time, but soon they grow accustomed to it. They are brought in first because they need much more handling and training than the older ones do. Every day each calf must be led for some distance. None of the calves seem to go just as you want them to. Some will poke along, and there doesn't seem to be anything that you can do to speed them up, while others want to run and jump all over the place; still others just won't move at all. The way that we cured the latter was by having a long rope on the halter. We would take the end of the rope and walk around in back of the calf and up on the other side to its head. Then we would take hold of the halter, hold tight to the end of the rope, and pull hard. This would pull the rope tight across her ankles and hurt her. The calf would usually walk then, but if she didn't, we would let up on the rope and when she was standing quite relaxed give another quick, hard pull. This would almost always throw her. After this she would walk or do as we wanted her to.

Next, the calves must get used to being led on the highway where there are many cars and trucks going all the time. At first, when the cars go swiftly by they jump and try to break away, but they soon realize that if they stay where they are they won't get hurt. It was hard to decide which calves should be taken because there was such a large group to choose from. Finally, seven were picked out to go. A few days before we went to the fair grounds, one of these pulled the shell off from one horn, and of course she was not able to go.

The yearlings and two-year olds were brought in next, around the middle of August. There were three yearlings and four two-year olds.

Last came the older cows of which there three. Among these was a seven-year old cow whose name was Shirley. This was the fourth year that Shirley had been shown, and each year she had won the grand champion ribbon.

Now heavy blankets are kept on the cattle until they are shown. A few days before they are taken to the fair all of them are given baths. This takes quite a while to do. First, you have to get them good and wet; then you take a good stiff scrub brush and a cake

of soap, and scrub them. They must have at least three scapings and a good rinsing. The thing that they like least is to have their faces washed. When they have been thoroughly rinsed a pail of blueing is poured all over them. This makes the white on them look whiter. After this is done they must be wiped as dry as possible. Then they are taken back to the barn and this time two blankets are put on them. Usually one of these is white.

Now horns and hoofs are filed and scraped. The cow must hold her head very still while the horns are being done. When all the black has been removed from them so that they are either all white or white with black tips, they are oiled and polished.

At last the day of September first came, and we were busy loading cattle. They became excited and were hard to handle. The four bulls that we took did a lot of bellowing and pawing. The two cattle trucks took all of the cattle except two cows and the big bull that my father took over, one at a time, in a truck.

There wasn't much going on the first night. We had to get the cattle arranged in the tent. Other cattle and horses were being brought in at the same time; so there was quite a bit of noise.

In the same tent that we had our Ayrshires were the following herds: a large herd of Holsteins, two herds of milking short horns, and another herd of Ayrshires. Yet there was still a lot of room; so when the oxen tent was full they brought some oxen over to our tent.

The next morning was rather busy. Many people were going through the tent all day. Each of the cattle had another bath, and the show blankets were put on. These blankets were green with "Broad Place Ayrshires" written on them in white.

On Tuesday there were not quite as many people there as on Monday, but many more children came because this was called "Kids' Day", and there was no school.

I think the thing that amused the people most was seeing the cows have their tails washed in blueing. Most of them would ask why we washed them in that. They would seem rather surprised when we would say that it was only to make them whiter. The tails had to be washed every morning.

On Wednesday there was the oxen pulling contest. Heavy stones were loaded on a stone boat which the oxen had to pull thirty feet. Each time more stones were loaded on. In the morning and afternoon there was mainly light weight drawing. The oxen team that won this contest was owned by a boy fifteen years old. He began to handle the team when he was a very young boy, and had grown up with them. This team drew well over seven thousand pounds in the afternoon, but in the evening it won third prize for him, by drawing 12,416 pounds in the free for all class.

Thursday was an especially busy day for us because our cattle were judged. Each cow and each bull was given its final touches, including a rub down with witch-hazel. This gave their coats a shine. Just before they went into the show their horns were oiled and polished again.

The judging began at ten o'clock and went well into the afternoon. First, the three-year old bull and the two-year old bull were taken into the ring. Next came the two nine-month old calves. The line-up of cows and calves were as follows: first, the seven and six year olds; second, the two-year olds; third, the yearlings; fourth, the nine-month old calves. Then there were two produce of the dam and one get of the sire.

The herd won seven grand champion ribbons, twelve first, five second, three third, and one fifth ribbons. They also won grand champion cow over all breeds shown, and had the best cared for herd there.

Martha Riley '47

PEG'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT

Summer had come bringing with it vacation. School books were forgotten and many of Peggy's friends had gone away for the summer. Peggy Parker was a Vermont girl, and because she lived on a farm there was plenty for her to do. She worked hard during haying helping her father. Then one day after haying she came to the breakfast table smiling brightly. It was her sixteenth birthday. Beside her plate was a five-dollar bill from her older brother. The card said, "Take this with you for a good time." Peggy wondered what this meant and she also wondered what her parents would give her, but she said nothing. After breakfast Peggy started to clear the table but her mother stopped her saying, "I'll do the dishes. You have another job to do. Your friend, Alice Ross, wants you to visit her and you are to leave on the five o'clock train. Run along and pack your suitcase." This was certainly a surprise to Peggy. She had not expected a vacation, especially at Alice's. She had not seen her for two years.

Five o'clock came, the goodbys were said, and Peggy was on her way. It seemed no time at all before she had left Vermont and was well on her way through New York. Her friend Alice lived in the New York town of Alexandria Bay, on the coast of the St. Lawrence River where it is dotted by the Thousand Islands.

When Peggy stepped from the train there were Alice and her brother Bob. "It seems so good to see you, Peg!" exclaimed Alice. "Father has bought one of the small islands nearest the shore on the St. Lawrence. Guess what! You and I can go camping in Father's tent."

"That's swell," thrilled Peggy. "I'd love to camp in a tent, and we can go swimming often."

While Bob drove them home they discussed their camping trip.

Monday they took their provisions, the tent, and Alice's dog, Shep, to the island and set up camp. The camp was in order and their outdoor fireplace made by mid-afternoon. They donned their bathing suits and went for a swim in the afternoon sun. Coming back from swimming they basked in the sun before eating supper.

When supper was over and they were ready for bed Alice suggested, "Let's study the stars before we turn in. They're pretty tonight and I brought my star map."

"Yes, I'd like to," agreed Peg.

Taking their flash light and star map they went outside the tent, and lying on their backs they eagerly hunted for constellations. All at once Shep, who had been dozing peacefully between them, jumped up quickly, sniffed, and gave a low groan. Alice and Peg were absorbed in stargazing, but Shep wandered beyond the tent in the direction of the splashing sound which had become quite evident by this time. Shep barked. Peg nudged Alice. "Do you hear what I hear," she whispered.

"Oh, that's just Shep," Alice murmured, trying to find a new constellation. But a moment later she jumped to her feet. "That's splashing!" she exclaimed. "Something or somebody is almost on our island. What shall we do?"

"The only protection we have is the dog and your brother's twenty-two. I'll get the gun and we may as well face it."

At just that moment they heard murmurs among the splashes. Then the splashing stopped and the grass rustled. The girls clutched one another and froze to the spot, but only for a second. They regained their courage and quietly got the gun.

Arriving at the further corner of the tent Alice flashed her light. They saw nothing of the intruders nor of the dog. Then, all at once, two hands covered Alice's face. Peg raised the gun, but a laughing voice behind Alice said, "Guess who!" The girls both laughed and Shep came up wagging his tail. It was Bob. He and Ted, his boy friend, had brought the girls food and firewood. After their fun the boys swam back to their boat and brought the things to the island.

The girls had a wonderful time on the island - swimming, eating, fishing, boatriiding, and stargazing. The boys came over often to eat.

A week later, after the girls had reluctantly broken up camp, Peggy went home with the tale of her perfect vacation.

Marion P. Dewing '46

BOOK TROUBLE

Jim was a freshman in high school. He was going to a different school this year also, as his folks had just moved to another

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Marion P. Dewing '46

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Jim was a freshman in high school. He was going to a different school this year also, as his folks had just moved to another

town. They moved the day before school began, and he didn't ^{even} know his own neighbor.

The first day of school went quite well for Jim, for he met a boy named Tom Harley who immediately became his friend. The civics teacher had introduced them because she knew Tom could be friendly to anyone. Tom was also a freshman, and he lived about two blocks from Jim's house. On the way home from school the first night Jim asked, "When do we get our books, anyway?"

"We have to wait quite a while for them to come," Tom replied, "and until then we have to borrow from someone else who has them."

"Oh I see, Jim said, " but who in school has an algebra book? I didn't see any in class today ."

"That's where there is trouble." Tom said seriously. " Betty Adams and John Bentley are the only ones who have books and Betty won't lend hers to anyone. But when the teacher asks if she lent it to anyone she says "yes" and names the person, although he may not have even asked her for the book. Then Miss Hawkins, the teacher has it in for you if you don't have your lesson."

"Gee, that's tough," Jim said. "I hope she doesn't say I took it, and I ~~also~~ hope that I have my algebra done for tomorrow. Perhaps I can borrow John's book."

The trouble was that the next day so many people were after John's book that Jim went to class without his work done. All at once he heard his name called. "Jim, have you done your work for today?" asked Miss Hawkins.

"No, Miss Hawkins, I couldn't get a book," Jim replied.

Before the teacher could say any more, however, a voice rang out from the back of the room. "Why I let him take my book this morning, Miss Hawkins." It was Betty saying that Jim had borrowed her book when he hadn't even asked her to borrow it.

"Thank you for telling me, Betty. It makes the situation seem much different."

"But I did not take Betty's book, Miss Hawkins," Jim spoke out hurriedly. "I didn't even ask her for it because I knew she wouldn't let me take it anyway."

"It's true, Miss Hawkins," another boy spoke up. "I asked Betty for her book and she wouldn't let me take it either."

By this time Betty was close to tears because she had never had this happen before. No one had ever spoken back to Miss Hawkins before as Jim had. Also Miss Hawkins was looking at Betty now, not at Jim. "Is this true, Betty?" Miss Hawkins asked rather cross

"Yes, Miss Hawkins, it's true, and I'm sorry I ever lied like that."

That afternoon Tom said earnestly to Jim, Boy, you sure were smart when you spoke back to Miss Hawkins. She didn't look too mad either. Tomorrow I'm going to introduce you to all the kids in the school!"

Martha Samson '47

GETTING EVEN

It was the evening before Halloween, and Donald Mears was sitting Indian fashion in the window seat, making plans for the following night. He had decided to play a trick on his best chum, Gerald Valliers, for letting the air out of his bicycle tires a few weeks before.

He thought of several plans, but finally decided on dressing like a ghost and climbing in Gerald's window, with the aid of a ladder. After settling on this plan Donald hurried into the kitchen to ask about the needed materials.

"Mother, may I use a big sheet to dress myself in to scare Gerald tomorrow night?" he asked, all in one breath.

"Yes, if you take one of the old ones," she replied. "They're up in the attic."

Donald bounded up the attic stairs, and a few moments later his mother could hear him rummaging around in the trunks. About five minutes later he came bouncing into the kitchen with his arms full of sheets. Then he went to the living room to plan how he could look the scariest.

The next evening he donned his costume which was composed of a large sheet with two small slits to breathe through and two to see through. When he had fixed the sheet so he wouldn't trip over it, he started out.

It was about nine o'clock and quite dark outside as Donald made his way down the alley to Gerald's house. He finally approached the house, set up the ladder, and climbed softly up to Gerald's window.

Unknown to Donald, Gerald's Aunt Martha had arrived the evening before, and as there was no guest room, Gerald had given up his room to her. Donald climbed quietly in the window, unaware that it was not Gerald but his Aunt Martha lying in the bed before him. He began to wave his arms and groan in a most horrible manner. Aunt Martha started as she heard the groans; then she awoke and sat up with a jerk.

"Who are you and what do you want?" she demanded crossly.

"I'm a ghost come to haunt you," replied Donald in as deep a voice as he could manage, after recovering from his surprise.

"Well, Mr. Ghost, you can get right out of my room, and go to haunt someone else. The idea of coming into a person's room at this hour of the night. Hump!" she snorted.

"Get out, I say," she snapped, sitting up in bed and reaching for a magazine, as Donald hesitated.

He started for the window, but was too late to duck the well aimed magazine thrown by Aunt Martha. "Ouch!" he yelped as the book struck him on the back of his head.

"Good enough for you. Maybe you'll know better next time," muttered Aunt Martha as she lay down once more.

Donald hurried down the ladder as fast as he could without tripping on his long costume. Safely at the foot of the ladder, he leaned against it and rubbed his head, which still hurt.

"I'm never going to try to get even again, especially not when there's an aunt around," he grumbled to himself.

Thresa Proper '47

ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL

It was time for most people to have their Christmas shopping done or very nearly done. Jean O'Henry was trying to make out her shopping list. She really had everything planned except her mother's present. She thought and thought. Finally, she decided to go to the stores and look around while she was doing her other shopping.

Jean went to the stores, and bought all the other presents, still not knowing what to buy her mother. "Well, she said to herself, 'I'll just hint and try to find out what she would like. That's the best I can do.'" But of all the ways Jean thought of, none could discover for her what her mother wanted.

One night Jean lay in bed thinking, "It's only one day to Christmas. I'd better hurry and get mother something. I guess I'll just buy her a few aprons. She'll probably like that." With this problem solved she fell asleep.

The next day Jean visited an old lady who made very fine aprons and bought some for her mother. When she reached home she wrapped all of her packages and wrote the names on them. She didn't have any to mail because her aunt and uncle were going to the O'Henry home for Christmas. They were all going to open their presents together.

Christmas morning was a big time for all. When the packages were opened, to Jean's surprise, her aunt received the aprons instead of her mother. "What beautiful aprons!" exclaimed Aunt Martha. "They are just what I needed. I couldn't have received a better present if I had picked it out myself."

Jean didn't know ^{what} to say. She only looked at her mother who had received the perfume. "My, but this is nice perfume. I didn't know

I told anybody that I wanted perfume for this Christmas," said Mother. "I'm so glad I received it." Then the others compared their presents.

That night Jean went to bed thinking, "All is well that ends well."

Imogene Columb '48

ONE AMONG US

"Hurry up, Tom. We want to get there before noon," yelled Joey Hogan to his friend, Tom Eaton, as he and Zeke Zoldak waited outside Tom's house. No reply was needed as Tom came running out of the house just in time to bump into his father who had a pail full of ice water. The impact of Tom's body knocked his father down and the pail did a complete somersault, disposing its contents squarely on Mr. Eaton's countenance. It then parked itself on the same perch as the water as if to prevent too large a volume of profanity from escaping, because the minister happened to be walking by at this same time.

Thus the boys started out to explore the old Metz mansion. They had left the town and were just reaching the railroad tracks when a whistle told them that "Ole Altoona or Bust" was lumbering in with its usual load of rattle and roar. "Ole Altoona or Bust" must have had extra freight on, that day, because it was a double header. Just as the first engine was even with the boys it let out another tremendous whistle.

"Trains're funny now days," muttered Zeke. "They have one engine to pull the train, and one to blow the whistle."

After they had been riding about fifteen minutes, Metz mansion came into view. It was luxuriously adorned with foreign furnishings, but since it had been deserted many things were disappearing via unknown means. The boys entered the mansion as if it were some stately cathedral. The boys went snooping around the halls and parlors until they entered a room completely lined with mirrors. They could see themselves in so many different mirrors that they became dizzy. They were continuing their explorations when Tom suddenly asked, "Hey, Joey Where's Zeke?"

"I don't know. He was right behind us." So the boys started exploring for Zeke, but just then out of that spooky air came a most terrifying scream. If you think Gilbert Dewing's hair stands up straight, you haven't seen anything. Joey's and Tom's hair stood up so straight it almost came out of their heads.

"C-c-come on, Tom. We've got to find Zeke," said Joey in anything but a steady voice. They started groping down the hall they had just come up. Then came that terrible scream again. Tom's and Joey's hair stood up a little straighter as they went on. The screaming continued, each time getting a little closer. Just as they entered the hall of mirrors both boys caught a glimpse of that- well, let's call it a devil. They didn't stop to look further.

"Legs, don't fail me now 'cause I didn't bring any spares," whispered Tom, as both boys started running for the exits, Zeke or no Zeke. Just as they reached the door Zeke also reached it, coming from the opposite hallway. Zeke's face wasn't its natural color. All three boys, although considered poor baseball runners, made enough speed to beat a bunt every time, as they left Metz mansion. Zeke, slipping on a wet stone sat solidly down, emitting sour squaks. Soon, however, he was up with Joey and Tom again. They stopped running when they reached the railroad track.

"Were you ever so scared before?" Joey asked of Zeke.

"I wasn't scared," replied Zeke.

"I noticed you ran just as fast." returned Joey.

"I was so frightened I forgot to be scared," finished Zeke.

Zeke's little brother Zede, seeing the boys returning, went to meet them, but he hid himself behind a tree and came up behind Zeke with a loud "Burrurr." With a scream, strangely familiar to that heard at Metz mansion Zeke started running. As he ran he wailed, "Lord, I know I told you to visit the warmest place you created, but I'm sorry now."

"Oh-o, I see now. Zeke, you were the devil we saw at Metz mansion. It was you that scared us so. Am I not right, Zeke?" asked Tom.

"Yep, you're right, Tom," responded Zeke.

"You certainly had me scared," put in Joey.

"I scared myself when I saw my reflection in the hall of mirrors," admitted Zeke.

"I'm going to call the asylum and have them get Zeke," announced Joey.

The boys, however, made no further explorations in the magnificent mansion with its marble mantels, million dollar mirrors, and fine Madeira.

Claude Magnant '47

O DEER

Jim Livingston sat on the front porch of his home whittling laboriously on a piece of cedar.

"Time to get the cows, Jim," came Jud Livingston's voice from the barn.

Jim rose reluctantly, put his knife in his pocket, and started slowly down the lane. He looked out across the mountains. Some day he was going to explore them all. Jim walked for a mile or more through cool hemlock forests. He glanced at the ground in a muddy spot and spied a deer's track. It was nothing to see a deer's track or even a deer. What he wanted was a fawn. Didn't Billy Simons have one? Well, why shouldn't he? He noticed a fawn's track in the damp earth. It was hardly bigger than the track a week old pig would make.

Jim began to look in the ferns beside the path. Suddenly he heard a snort and saw a doe bound away. Now he knew he was near the fawn. It jumped out in front of him and started racing for its mother. With a whoop, Jim started after the fawn. He tried to jump a patch of blackberry bushes, but didn't quite make it. He crawled out with several thorns in his bare feet, but he jumped up and kept on going. He was gaining on the fawn, but he noticed that they were headed for a pond, a large plain covered with water.

Jim gave a leap and had hold of the fawn's tail. It gave a frightened blat. The doe turned on Jim. She reared in front of him and came down in a streak of brown and white. One sharp hoof tore his shirt like paper, and cut a four-inch gash in his chest. The doe turned and fled after the fawn which was now quite a distance ahead. Jim got up and started after them. When they reached the edge of the pond the doe plunged in and swam for the opposite shore. The fawn hesitated.

"Now," thought Jim to himself, "this is my chance." He made a dive for the fawn's hind legs. Just as he dived the fawn decided to jump in. Jim went head first into the muddy water. As the water was over his head he had to swim to shore.

"What a fool I am," he said aloud to himself, "trying to catch a deer. Well, now to get the cows, but someday I'll have a fawn."

Guy Towle '49

MOLECULE QUIZ

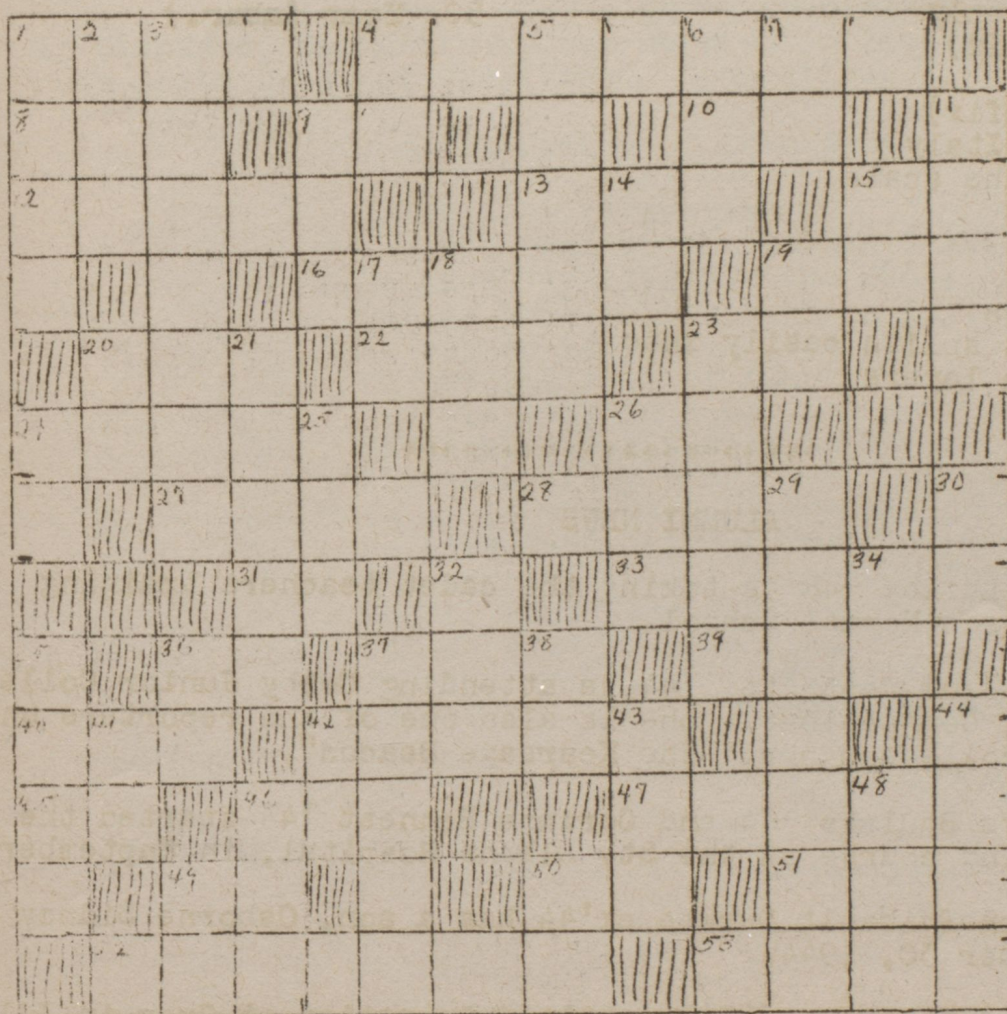
By Claude Magnant '47

1. In what country was Hitler born?
2. If an electric train is going east at 40 m. p. h. and the wind is blowing east at 20 m.p. h. which way is the smoke blowing and how fast?
3. What state comes to mind through each of the following titles: The Old Dominion, The Buckeye State, the Wolverine State, the Bay State, the Keystone State?
4. If it takes 12 1/2 stamps to make a dozen how many 3¢ stamps will it take?

5. Water flows into a 12th gallon tank at the rate of one and five-sixth gallons per minute. It runs out at the rate of one-third gallon per minute. When three-fourth full the tank springs a leak. The water runs out of the leak at the rate of one-half gallon per minute. After how many minutes will the tank be full?
6. Which book of the Bible tells about Abel's slaying Cain?
7. On what day did the Allies land in France? (Normandy)
8. If the Republicans had won the 1940 presidential election who would be president now?
9. Who wrote the famous pamphlet "Common Sense"?
10. Who won the 1944 World Series?

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

By Royce Magnant



ACROSS

1. Period in office
4. One of the Axis nations
3. Australian ostrich
9. Toward, at
10. Accomplish
12. A flower
13. Strange
15. Pennsylvania (abbr.)
16. Wrathful
19. Cooking utensil
20. Male adult
22. S-shaped worm
23. South America (abbr.)
24. A feminine name
26. Elevated railway (abbr.)
27. (to) brave
28. Tribe
31. Railway (abbr.)
33. Boils slowly and gently
36. Part of to be ; exists
37. Double unit

The solution to the cross word puzzle and the answers to the quiz will be found on the last page.

39. Female sheep (sing.)
40. Light brown
42. In that place
45. A boy's nickname
46. Title of respect
47. Took illegally
49. Chemical symbol for iron
50. Old English for you
51. Regret extremely
52. Climb with difficulty
53. Slip sidewise

DOWN

1. Rip
2. Printer's measure
3. City in Vermont
4. Depart
5. Origins
6. Find the sum of
7. Negative reply
9. Three (prefix)
11. Detest
14. Down (prefix)
15. River in Italy
17. Note in the scale
18. Inquire
19. Father
20. Mother
21. Approaches
23. Rock that splits easily into thin, even layers

DOWN

24. Sweetheart (Scot.)
25. Attempt
26. Elevated railways (abbr.)
29. One of the world's largest cities
30. Like
32. Be indebted to
34. Personal pronoun
35. Stalk
36. Within
37. Beat strongly, as the hear does
38. Correlative of either
41. Paid notice (abbr.)
42. Note in the scale
43. Compass point
44. What a plant grows from
46. Ocean
48. To him (French)
49. Foreign Legion (Abbr.)
50. Year (abbr.)

ALUMNI NEWS

June Lafbey '44 is taking the cadet teachers' training course at Johnson Normal School.

Phebe Jane Westcott '44 is attending Colby Junior College at New London, ^{New Hampshire} ~~Connecticut~~. She is also one of the reporters on the staff of the college paper, "The Kearsage Beacon".

Gladys Boulais '44 and Corinne Bennett '44 started the nurses' training course at the St. Albans Hospital, in September.

Eileen Thibault Durkee ex '44 has a son, Osborne Sidney Jr. born on November 30, 1944.

Leon Ashton Jr. '43 was killed in action at Guam in July. A memorial service was held for him at the Methodist Church in Franklin, on September 10.

Doris King '42 is teaching, this year, in the Hammond School.

Keith Dunham '42 and Marion Labundy were united in marriage on September 20, 1944.

Guy Lothian '41 was wounded on September 13, somewhere in Belgium, while on active duty. He has been awarded the purple heart.

Phyllis King '40 graduated from the St. Albans Hospital, October 24, 1944.

Kathaleen Ploof '40 and Henry Greenwood of Highgate were united in marriage on October 28, at the St. Mary's Church in Franklin.

Marjorie Gates '40, a student at the University of Vermont, College of Medicine, has recently joined the WAC.

Wayne Mullen '40 has a son, Allan Edward, born September 25, 1944.

Robert Irish '39 graduated from the army air forces technical school at Denver Colorado, and is now in India, servicing B-29 planes.

Winslow Towle '38, a dairy specialist at the Sterling Farms in Stanford, Connecticut, was married on September 24, 1944, to Ruth Anita Chase of Middletown, Connecticut. Marian Richard '45

In Memory of Leon Ashton

To my dear classmate
 Who has gone to the Golden Gate:
 He gave his life for the USA ;
 Out on some battlefield he lay.
 He was so very young,
 So gay and full of fun,
 Now his life is done,
 Never home again will he come.
 He was so very brave,
 To be in the Marines was all he craved.
 He knew what his duty was
 And carried it out without a fuss.
 We all feel very sad,
 But we know he died glad
 Because he helped to kill the Germans and Japs
 And helped take them off the maps.

Gwendolyn Streeter '43

SPORTS

On Friday, September 29, we played our first baseball game of the fall season at Bakersfield, against Brigham Academy. The score was ten to three in favor of Brigham. Claude Magnant pitched four innings and Melvin Geno pitched the last three.

The following Monday, October 2, we played our second game against Bakersfield, here at Franklin. The score was ten to two in favor of Bakersfield.

Wednesday, October 4, we played Richford
line -up was as follows:

- 1 Melvin Geno - Pitcher
- 2 Charles Gates - Catcher
- 3 Claude Magnant - First Base
- 4 Harland Titemore - Second Base
- 5 Royce Magnant - Third Base
- 6 Carleton Bushey - Short Stop
- 7 Cedric Columb - Left Field
- 8 Charles Mullen - Center Field
- 9 Geoffrey Gates - Right Field

The batting order was as listed. There were eleven strike outs, seven hits, and three runs. Fourteen men walked. Eleven of the Richford team struck out. They had ten hits and six runs. Three of their men walked.

Franklin played at Richford on Wednesday, October 11. The line-up was the same as for the previous game except that Merriman Lothian played center field, and Geoffrey Gates umpired bases. There were eight strike outs, fourteen hits, and one run. Two men walked. Five of the Richford men struck out. They made thirteen hits and ten runs. One man walked.

We played better baseball in this last game than in any other. We hit better and we struck out less, but there were also more errors in this game than in any other one.

This is the first time in several years that Franklin has played competitive baseball. We seem to have been more affected by the gasoline rationing than the other schools.

Basketball games, too, are hindered by the gasoline question. Before we could go ahead and plan a schedule of games we had to find out how many players could use their cars for out of town games. We finally found enough cars available to schedule a few out of town games.

Girls as well as boys are playing basketball this year. They are being coached by Helen Magnant. Some of the girls who play basketball are Idolyn Messier, Marian Richard, Shirley Riley, Marilyn Riley, Shirley Phelps, Marion Dewing, Virginia West, Muriel Spooner, Charlotte Geno, and Martha Samson.

The high school boys who come out for basketball practice



are Charles Gates, Geoffrey Gates, Royce Magnant, Claude Magnant, Merriman Lothian, Harland Titemore, Gilbert Dewing, and Alton Lothian.

I hope that we do better in the games to come than we have done in the past.

Melvin Geno '45

H U M O R

Can you imagine :

1. Harland Titemore being displeased by the change of seats?
2. Gordon Laflame having his algebra done?
3. French class without Armand Gaboriault?
4. Claude Magnant taking a girl to a dance?
5. Mr. Silvester not humming during the last period?
6. Guy Towle not being around when there's trouble?
7. **A quiet business arithmetic class?**
8. Charles and Geoffrey Gates not calling each other "big shot"?
9. Muriel Spooner not trying to confiscate Gilbert Dewing's property?
10. Mr. Silvester not giving long history assignments?
11. Miss Dewing chewing gum?
12. Mrs. Lamsa not chewing the bows of her glasses?
13. Geoffrey Gates forgetting his "ain'ts"?
14. Jane Gates not saying a word in class discussion?
15. Miss Gates not answering questions most of the time during her study periods?



G. J. Genova

* * * * *

Miss Dewing : LLOYD, make a sentence with the words "defeat", "deduct", "defense", and "detail".
 Lloyd: Defeat of deduct went over defense before detail.

Mrs. Lamsa: What were the weaknesses of the "Articles of Confederation?"

Carroll: There was no government and nobody to interrupt the laws.

Herman: What are you going to give your sister this Christmas, Burhl?"

Burhl: I don't know, I gave her the flue last year.

Charles Mullen: I pulled off something big last night.

Charles Gates: Yeah, but what?

Charles Mullen: My shoes.

Mr. Silvester: Why are there less Germans now than in 1942?

Shirley Phelps: They believe in Fuhrer.

Stanley: Hey, Albert. Where do you think you're going?

Albert: I'm goin' deer huntin' up in Maine.

Stanley: Huh! You couldn't catch a deer.

Albert: I'm not gonna try to. I'm gonna shoot it.

Miss Gates: If you were having a conference with Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, what would you ask them?

Alton: I'd ask them for their autographs.

Mr. Silvester: What kind of rubber do you think is the best, Charles?

Charles Gates: Sympathetic.

Mrs. Lamsa: In what state is marble found?

Shirley Riley: Vermont.

Marilyn Riley: I didn't know they grew it here.

Miss Dewing: Can you say, "I am gone?"

Geoffrey Gates: You can say it, but probably it ain't good English.

Idolyn: Did you read all twenty pages of your history for today?

Virginia: Oh, I skipped over quite a bit of it, but I read every word.

NEWS OF THE YEAR

Sept. 5. School opened for another year of work. The enrollment is just about the same as that of last year.

Sept. 8. Mr. Silvester spoke to us, during the assembly period, on world conditions.

Sept. 15. The senior class had charge of assembly. They had a spelling bee which was a tie between the juniors and the seniors.

Sept. 19. School closed at noon. At one o'clock all the pupils under the supervision of the teachers went out to pick milkweed. Forty bags were collected.

Sept. 21. Despite a violent thunder storm the annual Freshman Reception was held at the town hall. The program consisted of a court session with Claude Magnant as judge and the rest of the sophomore class as jury. The freshmen were accused of crimes, convicted, and penalized. Penalties included making a speech, peeling onions, walking on eggs, etc. The penalties were carried out on the stage. Dancing followed the program.

- Sept. 22. Miss Dewing spoke on the new books which we have in our school library. We have over forty volumes of new books in our library.
- Sept. 29. For assembly, Dr. Samson spoke to us on the tools of mathematics from the development of the number system through calculus.
- Oct. 4. Dr. Huden showed us two very interesting pictures. One, "Youth Takes Wings" was about science clubs, birds, and the development of gliders, airplanes, and dirigibles. The other picture was "Naval Planes".
- Oct. 20. Mrs. Lamsa gave a very interesting talk on music. She told us about the composer and then played some of their compositions.
- Oct. 27. As this was Navy Day, Mr. Silvester spoke on the Navy - its equipment, purpose, functions, and future.
- Oct. 28. A public auction was held at the town hall for the benefit of the Vermont War Chest. Robert Sweeney had charge of the auction, Wilfred Rainville was the auctioneer, Miss Dewing had charge of the punch sale which netted about twenty-eight dollars, and Mrs. Lamsa had charge of the sale of chances which netted about sixteen dollars. Miss Gates and Mrs. Silvester served as bookkeepers. Among the goods sold were livestock, poultry, furniture, garden produce, and farm machinery. The auction netted about sixty-five dollars. The net profit including donations was about one hundred ten dollars which sent Franklin over the top, to the top place in Franklin County. Mr. Silvester was chairman for Franklin.
- Nov. 3. We sang songs for assembly.
- Nov. 10. Mr. Silvester read us a story of Civil War days, entitled, "Horseman in the Sky".
- Nov. 14. The honor roll was announced as follows: A honor roll - R. Magnant, Samson, C. Magnant, S. Gates, L. Messier, and M. Jette; B honor roll - M. Richard, R. McDermott, G. Gates, C. Geno, M. Richard, A. Richard. The A and B honor roll was by far the largest. On this were C. Samson, D. Ploof, J. Magnant, C. Gates, G. Dewing, M. Spooner, G. Towle, M. Columb, I. Columb, I. Messier, M. Dewing, M. Geno, A. Lothian, R. Cyr, J. Gates, C. Pitemore, H. Pitemore.
- Nov. 17. The eighth grade held a party at the school house. Games were played, dancing was enjoyed, and refreshments were served.
- Dec. 1. The Freshmen conducted a carol singing assembly program.
- Dec. 14. Mr. Ernest Johnson, the Negro singer entertained us.
- Dec. 15. A Christmas party is scheduled for the afternoon. Names have been drawn, entertainmernt has been planned, and a good time is expected.
- Dec. 15. The annual senior play is set for this date. It is entitled "His Father's Son". The cast have been working over time to put on a good show. Let's show them we appreciate it, by attending.

October 10 - 11. School was closed for the remainder of the year in
October 12. The winter returned a day at the last of the year
the school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 13. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 14. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 15. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 16. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 17. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 18. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 19. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 20. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 21. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 22. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 23. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 24. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 25. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 26. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 27. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 28. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 29. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 30. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.
October 31. The school was closed for the remainder of the year.