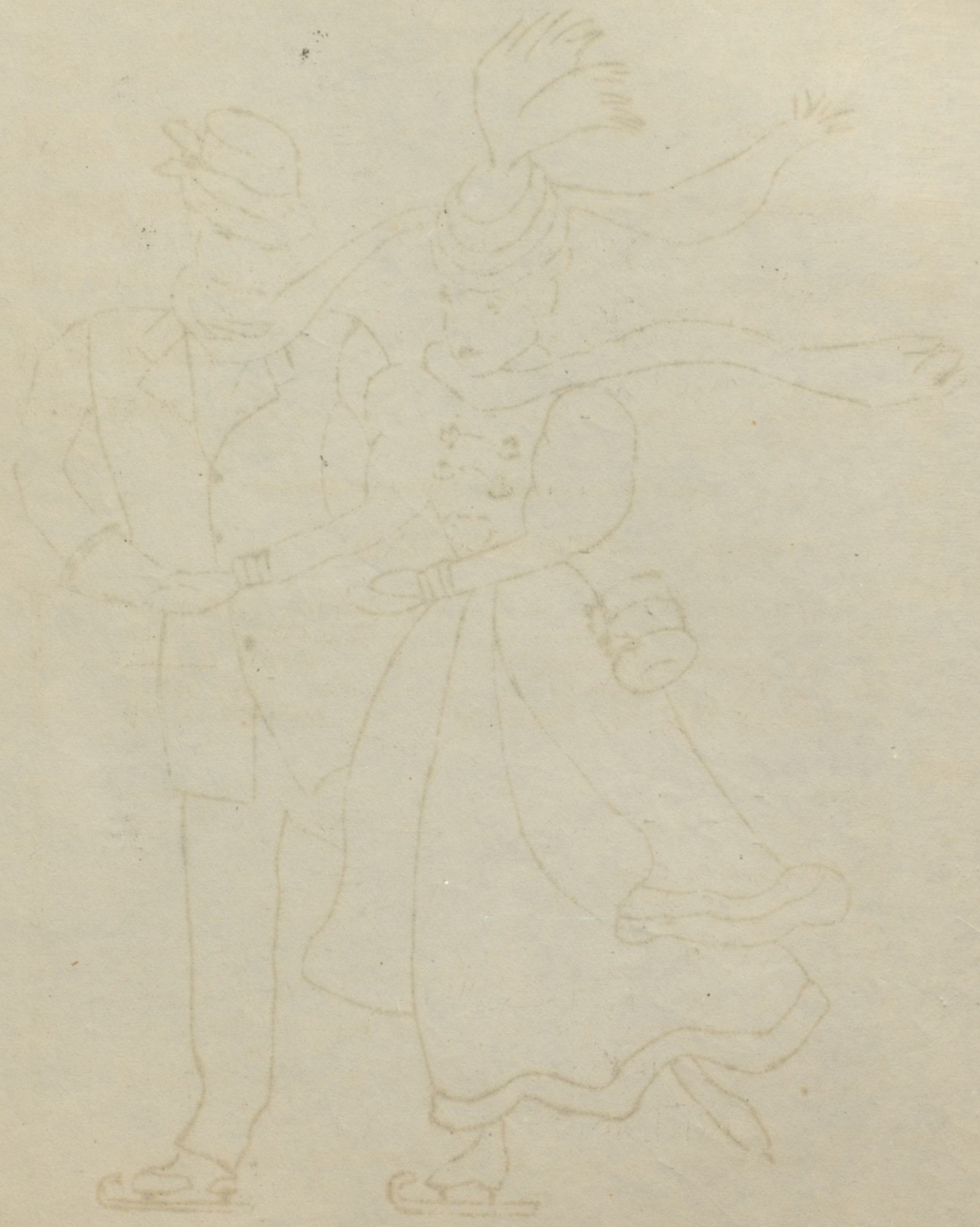


FRANKLIN
HIGH SCHOOL
MOLECULE



Sally Gates
1945

FRANKLIN
HIGH SCHOOL
COLLEGE



DEC 1942

Vol. 8

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EDITORIALS

RECONVERSION STRIKES

The war abroad has ended, but it seems that now it is breaking out at home in the factories. The workers are no longer under the wartime pledge to avoid strikes. The present contracts, which they have had with the employers to adjust working hours, wages, and conditions are running out, and they seem possessed to strike. It seems a shame that our service men must come home to this. If they want to work in factories they cannot because of strikes and they do not want to get into any more fights, now.

The center of greatest trouble has been Detroit. There has been a strike of the U.A.W. in the Kelsey-Hayes Wheel Company where the workers were holding out for fifty-two hours pay (the overtime war wage), for forty hours work, a thirty per cent increase. Because of this strike thousands of workers have been put out of work in the Ford plants. The production of automobiles has been decreased.

Oil plants have had strikes, making another shortage of gasoline.

With about 220,000 people idle from strikes, veterans returning, and workers released from their wartime contracts, there is a terrible case of unemployment.

If wages are greatly raised, there will inevitably be much greater inflation. We cannot let our country get inflation like China, for instance. (Our cent is good as their hundred dollars.) That would be very destructive.

Labor unions are a good thing for the workers, but there is such a thing as going too far. The opinion has been stated that maybe Russia is behind the labor movement to make a communistic America. I wish unions would use more sense. Their wages are not pitiful. We cannot let this go on.

Marion P. Dewing '46

SCHOOL

What you may think of a school is probably this: "It's the white building on the corner where Mr. So-and-so is the principal. It's where I have to go to classes when it's a beautiful warm day and do lessons when I'd rather listen to the radio." According to this you are seeing only one view - your feelings. Now there's much more to school than that. To be sure, it's a building, one to which you may have to go when it's nice and warm out, but it is also an educational building which will train you for later life. In this building different subjects are taught, for students with different ambitions. Various pupils of the same class may not take the same type of subjects, for their ambitions may be different. A nurse, for instance, has to have two years of mathematics in high school, and for some hospitals, Latin. In school you may take the subjects that will be of use in helping you to get the kind of job you want.

Besides studies there are athletic sports in which all pupils may engage. Girls may play basketball and soft ball in most schools, and boys may play baseball, basketball, and sometimes football also. These games develop cooperation and good sportsmanship while providing pleasant activity.

Most everyone has a chance to go through high school and to enjoy these privileges. You may not like school now, but after school days are over you will be thankful that you took advantage of the chance to get a high school education. If, however, you quit school now you will very likely be sorry afterwards, for most jobs require a high school education.

Madeline Messier '49

OUR MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

In order to get our moving picture machine by the first of January we all had to work hard to raise the money. The machine cost about four hundred fifty dollars, while we had only one hundred fifty dollars in our Student Council treasury. That meant that we must raise three hundred dollars. By the Student Council Halloween party we made fifty-three dollars. Eighty-two per cent of the student body bought student tickets for the baseball and basketball games. These tickets cost seventy-five cents a semester and admit the student to all home games. Of course the boys and girls on the teams would not have to pay for the games they played in, but we wanted the project so badly that they bought tickets too. Every pupil took home a note explaining our drive to raise money for the projector, and many parents and townspeople contributed liberally to our fund. The Student Council sold ads on basket ball score cards, thus bringing in about fifty dollars. Now, on December 21, the Student Council is presenting a three act play, "June Mad". Money has been coming in for the projector fund, all the time, and we don't have to pay for it until it is delivered.

Mr. Silvester ordered the projector during the last of October, and we expect that when we come back from our Christmas holidays it will be here. There are about forty films booked for the second semester, and I expect everyone will enjoy them in both classes and assemblies.

Burhl Barnum '48

THE U.N.R.R.A. AIDS THE STARVING PEOPLE OF EUROPE

Europe will get a lot of food and clothing from the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (U. N. R. R. A.) this winter. It has already gathered more than 450,000,000 tons of dairy products to send to Europe. The U. N. R. R. A. is going to send more and more products to war-torn nations of Europe. The chief work of the U. N. R. R. A. is to send enough food and clothin to other nations until they can produce enough food for themselves.

Some people may object to sending the Germans and Italians food because they made war upon the world, and if they hadn't they would have had an abundance of food of their own. That is true, of course, but we should not have that attitude. We could not stand by and see even our enemies suffer from starvation when we could prevent it. I think the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration is a great organization, without which many Europeans could not hope to escape starvation this winter.

Leo West '49

CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET ?

If you can boast of having never told a secret you are either abnormal or a remarkable liar. No person keeps all of the secrets he knows and very few keep all of the secrets that have been told to him. Perhaps Mr. Bernard Shaw hit the nail on the head when he said, "I have never been able to keep a secret. They were either too good to keep or not worth keeping."

If you have a personal secret within yourself that is just too good to keep and you must tell it to your best friend that is your affair, and sometimes a secret shared between two or three trusted friends is much more dazzling. However, when telling a secret that you wish to be kept private be careful to whom you tell it, for all of these widely circulated "secrets" began when one person told an untrustworthy friend some personal secret.

If you have been told a secret it is up to you to keep it one. If you have promised not to tell, don't tell, for no matter how trifling it seems to you it's probably mighty important to the person who entrusted you with it. You can't tell your best friend someone else's secrets without breaking the secret, and besides it isn't fair to tell secrets that have been told you. You don't want your secret told, so don't tell theirs. It's only fair!

If it's exceptionally hard for you to keep from telling a secret, try to avoid any topic of conversation bordering upon it. If you feel the subject under discussion slipping toward that direction, change it. By no means tell your friend that you have a secret, for immediately his curiosity is aroused, and you will find yourself coaxed and tormented until you finally consent, "Well, I'll tell you, but promise you won't tell a soul." Your secret's gone and you can't call it back.

It is hard to keep a secret. Silence is always a harder promise to keep than any other you make. Perhaps, too, the reward seems slight for the mental strain you go through, but the people who can keep secrets make the most friends, and the people with the most friends are headed for a happy, successful future.

Jane Gates '48

COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING

President Truman's message to Congress stated reasons why we should have one year of peace time military training for all young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty. Briefly, here are a few of the arguments for his plan. It is necessary for preservation of peace, regardless of whether it is to put down threats of war ourselves, or in co-operation with the United Nations. We must have such a plan if we are to be ready for a possible war in the future.

The United Nations will call on us for armed forces in case of war threat and if we haven't any trained men to send we will be considered the weak member. If the men are trained, the other nations won't be as able to cause trouble because we will be prepared to protect ourselves. We must be ready in case of war because we cannot prepare for it after it has begun. In 1917 and in 1941 we were unprepared for war, but managed, with the help of other nations who held the enemy while we mobilized and built over our war machinery. In the next war the deadly atomic bomb may be used to wipe out a whole nation.

The plan suggested is democratic because it falls equally on all young men. Only Congress can put the plan into effect; only Congress can declare war, and Congress represents the people.

Some of the arguments that the opponents put forward are the following. If we should adopt such a plan it would look as if we didn't have any hope of the United Nations organization being a success. If we required all young men to take military training other nations would train their men too. Then the nations would race to see who would be the first to have the greatest military strength, and that would tend to cause a war.

The United States should not go against the United Nations by putting such a plan into effect. We can best defend ourselves in case of war by the regular army and navy. It would be better to keep our scientific preparations for war up to date. Millions of armed forces would not be needed in a war fought with atomic bombs.

Compulsory military training would prevent the young men from going to college and continuing their education. We need trained scientists, doctors, dentists, and other professional people, and if compulsory training were adopted we might stop young people from entering needed professions. The final argument against it is that it would give the government too much power over individuals. It would be a step toward dictatorship.

It is my opinion that military training should not be compulsory for young men and women, for it would tend to stop their education, and it is becoming more and more necessary that they get all the education that they can. Once they stop their training they will find it much harder to go back to school and get into the swing of studying. If we build up our army and navy other nations would do the same. I believe that our regular army and navy will be sufficient.

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POETRY *****

POEMS

Poema can be simply written,
Or with lots of style,
But I like those that can be read
In just a little while .

These are short and often sweet,
And sometimes full of fun
Especially those that are absurd,
That might contain a pun.

To conclude this poem of mine,
Here is one last thought:
Poems are really easy to write.
Who was it that said , "They're not?"

Martha Samson '47

THE BOY FRIEND

His Call

She was old, great Aunt Louise,
The hour was coming fast
When she would drift to another
land,
And all this be a thing of the past.

Sitting in her chair by the fire
that night,
She seemed neither troubled nor
sad.
What she had done this whole life
through
Seemed not all good, but not bad.

Life had been beautiful here, but
She had reached the distant shore.
God was calling, she felt sure
And could she? No, she couldn't
ask for more.

Marion P. Dewing '46

FALL RAIN

Rain, rain, rain, rain,
Each morning , noon, and night!
You can hear it the first thing
every morning,
And the last thing every night.

When will the sun ever shine again
To make things bright and gay,
To dry up all this mud we have
From the rain we've had each day?

Burht Barnum '48



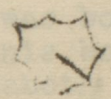
CHRISTMAS HAS COME



Outside, the bells of sleighs
are chimed.

Outside, the songs are sung.
I look across the crowded street
Where wreaths of green are hung.

The season of good cheer has come.
The presents beneath the trees
Spell out mysterious magic
To children on their knees.



Jane Gates '48



OUR WISH FOR CHRISTMAS

With snowflakes slowly drifting,
The silent night descends,
Bringing peace on earth
And good will to men.

This year more than ever,
Let this thought commend
Good will and peace together
To the hearts of men.

Imogene Columb '48

GIVING AGAIN

CHRISTMAS DAY

"Giving is living," the angel said.
 "Go feed the hungry sweet charity's
 bread."

"And must I keep giving; and giving
 again?"

My selfish and quarrelsome answer
 ran ..

"Oh no," said the angel. Her eyes
 pierced me through.

"Just give till the Master stops
 giving to you."

Theresa Proper '47

MY BROTHER AND I

We used to argue and to scrap,
 And in the end I'd get a slap,
 But now that brother's gone away,
 I scrap with sister, night and day.

He says he often thinks of me,
 And it makes him lonesome as can be,
 Remembering back when we were small,
 Our games of ping-pong and of ball.

He used to boss and then he'd tease,
 A younger sister, who tried to
 please

By shooting marbles and playing
 jacks,
 Or bringing in wood when he was lax.

And now that he has gone away,
 I miss him more than I can say.
 His cheery whistle, his gay salute,
 As I recall these memories, they
 leave me mute.

Charlotte Geno '47

Outside, the snowflakes glittered,
 As silently they fell.
 Inside, the children capered,
 As they sang the "First Noel".

The Christmas tree was lighted;
 The children all were gay;
 The candles shone their brightest,
 For it was Christmas Day.

The baby was delighted
 With gifts in fine array,
 While Brother seemed so happy
 With a pony that came to stay.

Before the final parting
 Of this festive gathering gay,
 The children sang, thus ending
 Another Christmas Day.

Kathaleen Thibault '49

THE BOY FRIEND

He isn't
 Tall, dark, and handsome,
 But a white whiskered gent.
 He can't
 Sing and croon like Bing.
 He just chuckles with accent.
 He doesn't
 Cut a rug, do the Samba,
 But makes dreams come true.
 He couldn't
 Be Santa? You're right, my
 dear;
 In style, just right every
 year.

Mary Columb '49

THE STARS AT NIGHT

Here I sit looking into the sky
 at night,

And see the twinkling stars so bright,
 Like snow in winter on the ground,
 Or like the jewels in a princess's
 gown.

With five points in every one,
 They make up figures like the sun.

When the North Star does show up,
 It starts the handle of a cup.

How I'd like to be up there,
 And come out at night in the
 nice cool air.

Carroll Titemore '49

HABITS

OLD MAN WORRY

ur Habits are such funny things;
 You find them everywhere.
 You cannot keep away from them,
 Because they're always there.

It is a very funny thing
 That with you they will stay
 From day to day and week to week,
 Until from them you break away.

You never look straight at yourself
 As other people do,
 Because, you know, a habit
 Is always formed by you.

Guy Cowle '49

Old Man Worry,
 I have tried to send away.
 He manages to scurry
 Through even scenes so gay.
 He hinders every dance,
 And interrupts the song,
 Embracing any chance
 To keep things going wrong.
 Though he pretends to hurry,
 Moved by my warning, wise,

Old man worry
 Always has a new disguise.

Madeline Messier '49



BETWEEN THE BOOK ENDS

"ELIZABETH AND ESSEX"
 by LYTTON STRACHEY

Lytton Strachey, the author, was born in 1880, educated at Cambridge, and died in 1932. Among his books are "Eminent Victorians", "Queen Victoria", "Pope", , and "Elizabeth and Essex."

Queen victoria was a very hard character to understand. Many people thought they knew and understood her, but soon found themselves out in the cold. Elizabeth was born into a world where she had to fight to retain her head. At the age of two, when her mother was killed, Elizabeth began to develop a very independent attitude. Her attitude men was always hard to understand. At times she seemed to care for a man, but she never discussed marriage with any of her suitors. Yet, if some of her apparent favorites seemed to be flirting with any other lady both heads were in danger. In her earlier days Elizabeth thought herself quite attractive, personally. She was fussy and exact in her dress. The aim of the Elizabeth reign was to make England strong and feared throughout Europe. Elizabeth had a great deal of respect for her own opinions, especially in financial matters. At times, Elizabeth would hit a sulky mood and shut herself up for a week at a time. As Elizabeth grew older she became more independent than ever, but England was growing prosperous under her reign. Her subjects greatly admired her. When she passed on she left as successful a reign as any monarch before or since.

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was a very romantic adventurer. He was born in wealth and liked to remain in wealth. He was educated as a noble and an earldom awaited him upon maturity. Essex always had, until his last days, a great deal of influence over the queen. He was a master of flattery. Whenever any of Essex's friends wanted a political position he told Essex who spoke to the queen. His romantic personality made him a favorite with the fair ladies of the court. He tried his hand at military leadership and made himself a hero (the real credit belonged to Walter Raleigh) by crippling a Spanish fleet, but he lost his prestige when he attempted to quell the Irish rebels. About this time the idea entered Essex's head that he might be leader of England. He entered into negotiations with the king of Scotland. When he returned from Ireland the queen seemed cold to him. Soon she ordered him arrested. One of his message bearers had been caught. Essex was tried for treason and found guilty. Still he wrote flattering letters to the queen, hoping for a pardon that never came. He was beheaded with his coconspirators.

Reasons For Essex's Downfall

1. His ambition for power.
2. Underestimation of the following of the people for Elizabeth.
3. He let too many stupid people hold key jobs in his scheme.
4. He loved Robert Devereux more than than England.

I felt rather sorry that Essex was executed, although he probably did have it coming to him. I felt rather gypped because I expected something that never came.

Claude Magrant 7

ESSAYS

WHY I LIKE BICYCLING

If when you start you are lonely because a friend or friends have disappointed you, by the time you are peeping over the top of the first hill you begin to feel a little kingly to see our beautiful, hazy blue mountains rising up before you in the distance, or a friendly roadside hill with soft pine trees that will always stand by you. Then sometimes you see a glassy roadside lake tucked in a valley with its surrounding hills and mountains in the background, making a silhouette against the sky. You can now return feeling in good spirits and ready to enjoy life again.

Sally Gates '49

When we went swimming we would either go over to Riley's Bay or over to the beach. Sometimes we would try swimming in front of our camp, although we found it pretty stony.

One night we went to a supper down at the church and listened to the band concert afterwards. We would offer to go over to the bowling alley and bowl or roller skate. We were going to the movies with the horse and buggy, but we gave up the idea because we thought it would take too much time.

By Thursday we began to get sick of camping and broke camp. By the time we got all the stuff in the buggy there was no place for us to ride, so we jumped on top of the stuff. Every few rods something would fall off and we would have to stop and pick it up. When we had taken our things out of the camp it looked very bare. We are planning to go camping again next year.

Stanley McDermott '49

STORIES

MY LIFE

My name is Butch. I am a nine months old black and white dog. I was born on a farm, and like farms very much. When I was a few weeks old the owner of the farm gave my brothers and sisters away, and soon he gave me to a little boy who also lived on a farm.

At first I was very shy, but after a while I got over that. My master and his family were very good to me, so I tried to be good to them. But sometimes, when I was just trying to play, I'd tear my master's shirt, bite him, or do something that wasn't very nice, and then the broom would come after me, and I'd go, with my tail between my legs.

Well, there were a lot of things that I liked to do but wasn't supposed to do, like chasing the cats, biting the cats, carrying the kitten around by the nape of the neck, digging up the flowers, and chasing the cows at the wrong time. Then there were other things that I liked to do and could do, like getting the cows, riding in the car, going swimming and berrying. I'd try to follow the kids to school, but they'd always send me back. I didn't like company, though, and almost every time somebody would come I'd bark at them.

The next thing that happened was that a man came with a new brown collar and a rope. I soon found out what they were for. The man was going to take me home with him. I didn't want to get into the man's car, but he made me, so I couldn't do anything about it. Well, he took me to another farm. The man put me in a barn where I stayed for a few days. Then he let me out, and let me get the cows. The man let me ride in his car, and I just loved that.

The man, it seems, didn't want me, for before I knew it I was with my real master again. I was glad to see him, but I don't like it down here in the village where he lives now. I'd rather be on the farm where he used to be, and every few days I go to visit the farm on the hill. Sometimes I take one of my dog friends with me,



Rosemary Jette '51

THE DISCOVERY OF MADAME DEFARGE'S BODY

While Madame Defarge and Miss Pross were struggling, the hidden pistol which Madame Defarge carried went off, killing her instantly. Miss Pross, rendered deaf by the explosion so near her ears, hurriedly left the apartment and joined Jerry Cruncher to follow the Darneys to the coast and thence to England.

Meanwhile, at the guillotine the tumbrils had arrived. The Vengeance, who had charge of Madame Defarge's knitting, was growing impatient and nervous. All the tumbrils had arrived and the execution had begun. The Vengeance now knew that something must have happened, for surely she would have been here when Evremonde was shaved by the barber, La Guillotine.

Directly after the execution, the Vengeance went in search of Defarge. She found him in a group of patriots, talking excitedly about the success of the guillotine. When The Vengeance told Defarge and the patriots about Madame Defarge's absence, they hurried through the streets asking people about her. No one had seen her, because they had all been at the guillotine. They continued to the wineshop, where they searched hurriedly and found no trace of her. The Vengeance recalled that Madame Defarge had wished to see Lucie Evremonde (or Darney as we know her) whom she thought should also be beheaded.

They rushed to Dr. Manette's apartment and found the door locked. They pounded and demanded admittance, but they received no answer. After a few heavy blows of an axe, the door gave way. They rushed up the stairs and into the living quarters. There they found Madame Defarge, lying in her own blood. Their first thought was suicide, but after close examination, they discovered scratches on her arm, and the room showed signs of a struggle. These hardened patriots were beyond weeping, for they had seen their own people's blood before. Noticing there was no fire on the hearth, they decided that the Manettes must have left.

"Fifty heads shall follow her!" vowed the Vengeance.

"She died like the rest of her family, at the hand of a noble," said Defarge, sadly.

"We'll get them and bring them all back to the guillotine," declared another patriot.

"We'll get them and bring them all back to the guillotine" declared another patriot.

14.

They soon discovered, however, that Dr. Manette with his whole family (except, of course, Lucie's husband whom they supposed they had just executed) had left some time ago, and were already safely beyond the limits of France. As the little Vengeance had vowed, fifty heads fell, and fifty more, and yet another fifty. La Guillotine shaved close and shaved many fifties. As Madame Defarge had once said, "Their blood shall flow like wine."



Guy Towle '49

SILENT NIGHT

The snow crunched crisply under Doug's boots as he slowly plodded up the hill toward the massive red barn that overlooked the Manning farm. Rover, his farm dog of uncertain ancestry, kept nudging him off the path with his joyous, squirming back.

At the top of the hill Doug paused a moment before he lifted the iron latch and opened the heavy wooden door. The familiar smell of fresh straw and cows surged through his nostrils and the warmth stung his face. Seeing that his father had just finished graining the cows, he picked up a pail and his firm wooden stool and seated himself beside the first cow.

"Gettin' any colder out?" his father asked, seating himself beside the next cow.

"Yeah, it's beginnin' t' snow."

"Gonna freeze t'night, I guess. Yet, I reckon that we ain't got no right to find fault. It ain't been real cold yet, fer winter. Got yer ma's chickens fed?"

"Uh-huh."

"She tole me to," David Manning admitted, "but I tole her that I'd tell you that she tole me to tell you t' feed 'em. Didn't happen t' hear what we're havin' fer supper did ye?"

"Canned soup - again."

"Now, look here, Doug, yer ma's tired. She ain't had a good night's rest since little Dave died an' I reckon it'll be a good many more afore she does. She ain't stroug, Doug, an' - - -"

"Uh-huh."

"We ain't havin' no Christmas this year, Doug. I'm awful sorry, but it don't hardly seem right to - - -"

"Yeah, dad, I know."

"Doug, yer fourteen now, an' it ain't much longer afore you'll be a man. Now most men say a man is gotta be twenty er so an' others say he's gotta be big or strong, but I don't figger it that ways."

I say a man's a man when he acts like a man. If he kin do a man's work, that's fine, but if he ken think like a man, that's more important. Doug, when ye kinknock trouble down an' still look on to the tomorrow, or meet trouble an' be knocked down an' still look on to tomorrow, ye'll be a man. Ye see, when yer a little boy it's little things that ye'll lose an' ye kin jist git another, but when ye grow up ye meet bigger trouble and lose bigger things like yer, well like yer, yer son."

Mr. Manning's hands stopped their smooth rythmetic milking, and he sat motionless, staring into space. Doug felt it incumbent on his part to break the spell, and rose to empty his milk. The liquid splashing against the metal aroused his father and he made a pretense of good humor. "Well, I'll be a white washed bilygoat! If I ain't a lettin' ye git ahead of me. Now ain't I a slowpoke, settin' thar, camin' th' time away. Git a hustle on ye, David!"

They milked the other thirteen in silence except for a few remarks from Mr. Manning concerning the next day's work. So complete was the silence that one would almost think that no one was in the barn.

"Well," said Doug at length, "I'll feed Queen an' see that she's comfortable."

"So that, will ye? Give 'er an extra pint 'o' oats 'cause that colt o' hers will be a comin' in a week, an' she's gotta be strong."

"Uh-huh," Doug replied as he left the barn.

It was snowing hard and the wind was beggining to blow. With a little difficulty, Doug made his way to the horsebarn and opened the door. The pigs went into ecstasy and squealed exditedly while a calf blatted sortly, but at the other end he heard Queen neigh softly. Scooping up a heaping dish of oats from the grain box, he walked quickly toward her roomy box stall, "Hirya, ol girl! Sure, I got some oats an' it won't take but a second to brush that back o' yers off."

He picked up the nearby brush and brushed the already smooth black coat sleeker. He talked to her constantly, as he gave her water and hay, and cleaned her stall.

"Well, ol girl, I'll see ye tomorrow," he said softly as he snapped off the light.

* * * * *

A week passed and it was Chrismas Eve. It wasn't like the other Christmas Eves that he had known, when there was a big decorated tree standing in the corner, and they had sung Christmas carols together, and then opened their presents before the fireplace. No, there was no sign of Christmas in the Manning living room. Dad was reading his paper, and Mother was darning socks before the fireplace.

"Well," said his father, rising, "guess it's our bedtime, Doug. It's almost nine."

"Yeah," Doug acknowledged uneasily, "only first I think I'll run down an' see if the cat's in the barn."

"All right, it's a good idea, but I'm goin' to bed. G'night, Son."

Doug pulled on his heavy boots and frock, and started for the horse barn. It was unusually warm, and the golden rays of the bright moonlight danced over the earth, lighting up the entire scene.

When he opened the barn door and reached for the switch it wasn't there, and, instead of searching for it, he made his way to the other end of the barn. His eyes became accustomed to the dimness, and when he reached the other end he went into Queen's stall. The moonbeams shining through the manger window danced over her black coat, turning it into a rainbow. Beside Queen was another shape, similiar but smaller. Doug knelt and examined the shape closer. It was the colt, a black colt with a perfect star in the center of his well shaped face.

Doug almost cried, "Gosh, Queen, OH, gee, Queen," he kept saying with wonder. "You know, Queen, I guess it is Christmas."

As Doug sat there, dreaming, a calf blatted softly, and a bright yellow star stood over the quiet stable like the Christmas almost two thousand years ago, and perhaps the angels joined in the boy's chorus as he sang very softly, "Si-lent night, ho-ly night, all is calm, all is bright, - - -."

Jane G'tes '48

CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

Patty awoke very early one dark, stormy morning. To Patty Peterson this was just another day, the only difference being that she didn't have to go to school. Suddenly Patty realized that this was December twenty-fifth. To rich folks this was known as Christmas Day, the day when you give your friends nice gifts. Patty looked out of the window of her tiny bedroom which she shared with her four sisters. It was snowing softly with big, feathery flakes. Patty knew this was the kind of a day when rich folks went for sleigh rides.

Patty had never had a sleigh ride, nor had she ever had a real Christmas. All of a sudden she remembered that she had had one absolutely wonderful Christmas. How could she ever forget the time Nancy Allen had given them the huge box of lovely gifts. Patty secretly wished that baby Sandra could have a Christmas like the one they had had that time, four years ago. Patty stopped herself; she mustn't

even think such things. Her mother had tried to plan some way that they could have a little something special, but her father had become so sick that everything was out.

"I wonder what Tony is doing today," Patty whispered softly to herself.

Tony was Patty's oldest brother whom Patty had always looked up to and adored. He had been the only one on their block to be on both the basketball and football teams. (She had even looked after Mrs. Jones's "brats" while she was away, and gone without candy for a whole month so that she could go to see Tony play the last game he played before leaving for camp." Tony was also the first one of his crowd to join the army, and now he was no longer known as Pvt. Tony Peterson, but as Sgt. Tony Peterson.

"Oh!" sighed Patty. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if he should come home for just today. Oh, darn it! Wouldn't it be just peachy if all anyone had to do was to wish for something and it was theirs," thought Patty. She knew what she would wish for if this were true. First of all, she would wish that they had a lot of money and a beautiful and green house like the one the Allens had. She wondered if all this were true if she would be like Nancy Allen, always happy and helping someone else. Gee, Nancy didn't even care because Patty was poor. She treated her just as if she were rich, and Nancy didn't have that superior attitude that so many of those other rich kids had.

Patty dozed off again, thinking of all the things she would wish for. Suddenly, she awoke and found that someone had her by the foot, pulling her out of bed. At first, Patty was too much asleep to realize who it was, but all at once she knew it was Tony. He had come home to make their Christmas a little happier. Then she knew he was trying to tell her something.

"Come on, lazy bones," he shouted, "and see what we've got down stairs. The Allens have brought a whole sleigh load of presents and a tree to go with them."

Patty lay there a moment before she pounced to the floor and out into the living room, but while she lay there she muttered a little prayer of thanks, for Patty then knew that if you wished for something hard enough, and it was right for you to have it, you quite often got your wish.

Muricl Spooner '47

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE

As we begin our sojourn we find ourselves in a sleepy little community, perched on the bank of a fair sized stream that wriggles its way among the bumps on the surface of Mother Earth. It is the

autumn of the year, and, as in an ordinary autumn, rain and sunshine combine to jointly provide the weather so that the little stream is doing a thriving business. About three miles upstream, among the wooded hills, a paper mill provides the stronger sex of the village with their pay envelopes. Beside the mill a person could get wet in a good sized puddle formed by the dam from which the mill gets its power.

One of the first townspeople we meet as we troop into town is a plump lady of about middle age, with an extremely ruddy countenance. By her incessant jabber we garner that she must be the town's gossip collection center and broadcaster. Our notions are authenticated when we learn her name is Mrs. Gabby Gaball. But now we have reached the village store where a colossal sign painted in rambling red letters says "I. M. Call-General Merchandise." Sitting on the store steps we see a time beaten human, in rather tattered garments, sleeping contentedly, jabbering away in his sleep. One glance reveals whiskers, as well as the well worn broom which is serving as his pillow. Upon entering the store we see a solitary man, short and plump, with a chubby countenance fronted by spectacles and topped by a glaring bald scalp.

"Well, General, what war were you in?" I ask with a diabolical air.

"I don't follow you, young feller," he replies in a very noncommittal air.

"Well your sign says you are called General Merchandise," I reply. "I was wondering what war you were in."

With a creeping smile he replies, "I'm in the war for my independence. Whenever I'm at home I'm continually fighting a defensive action war against my wife, for my rights.

"I see," I reply, a little taken back by the sudden shift of being on the spot.

"Why, just this morning," he continues, "I received the soundest aerial plastering of the battle. My wife grabbed the radio aerial and lashed me soundly on that section of the body that reposes horizontally when one sits down. And, as I hastily retreated out the door, I almost got topped by the rolling pin. Does that satisfy your meddlesome mind?" he asked in finishing.

"Yes, quite well," I reply, wishing that I hadn't investigated the affair. "I wonder," I continue, "if you could tell me of someone that might be willing to take in a boarder for a couple of days?"

"Why, I imagine Dr. L. E. Dop, the town malady mender, might fix you up for a spell," he responds and proceeds to instruct me in the art of finding the premises of said doctor.

"Say, who's that ragamuffin on your porch, that talks in his sleep?" I ask on departing.

"Oh, that feller? He's the village bum. He worked on the railroad for a spell a while back, but he quit that and now he's always bumming folks for dollars tips, so folks all call him "Dollar Bill". He stays with a feller named I. O. Plenty, who owes almost everybody something, and if anybody goes over to his place to attempt to collect his money he throws him out the back door where the doctor says "Well done", the general finishes. Without too much difficulty I find the premises of the doctor and am taken into the household. That night I have no more than finished my evening meal with the doctor and his wife when a brisk rain starts soaking the already wet ground. About a minute later the doctor receives a call for his services, completing a naturally ironical coincidence. When the time of my evening retirement comes the malady mender is still absent, and the rain continues to saturate Mother Earth.

It is a pitch black night, and as the thoroughly weary doctor plods his way homeward debating, debating why he had to enter the medical profession, a sudden cry makes his feeling take trip into oblivion. From out of the pitch black night a voice screams out, "The dams give out! The dams give out! Get out of town and up on South Hill, damned quick. The town will be under water before you know it." The doctor, as quickly as he can partially recover his composure, starts running and yelling the danger at the top of his lungs. Lights pop on like pop corn popping, as the news covers the town quicker than the flood waters can. Already people are streaming toward South Hill. The doctor reaches home breathless, but the news beats him, and his wife and I are all ready to join the motley crowd fusion packed throng of people struggling toward South Hill. Soon the whole town is evacuated of human beings; someone has even bothered to arouse I.O. plenty and Dollar Bill. Lanterns are the only illuminating factor on hand, and they are few and far between, so that one can't see little in the almost absolute darkness. After a long, hard journey, made even harder by the thoughts of what is happening to their homes, the troop reaches what it considers safe ground, a semiwoods of evergreen. The people try to make themselves as comfortable as possible under the trees and behind rocks. The heavy rain slackens and lets up about three hours later, making conditions and morale somewhat better. Some people even manage to catch a little sleep if there isn't too much talking. Mrs Gabby Gaball keeps jabbering away about her house much to everyone's dismay.

"It will be washed away," she wails. "My house with its red windows. It will hit a rock and sink, my poor little house."

"I wish you'd go with it," someone mutters.

As the first streaks of dawn become visible in the heavens, all eyes are strained toward the village to see if any of it can be seen above the water. But the village they see looks just the same as it did the day before. The only water that can be seen is the stream which, although high, is certainly within its banks. As soon as it becomes known to everyone that the village isn't flooded, a great hubbub of voices arises. Everyone wants to know who said

the dam had given out. As I walk down to the main gathering I noticed Dollar Bill sleeping peacefully under a hemlock. When I reach the main gathering all questions are being shot at the doctor, as it has been boiled down to the fact that he had heard the warning.

"I don't know whose voice it was although it sounded familiar", the doctor pleads. "I can't say who it was."

Suddenly the gathering is hushed as a voice calls out, "All aboard, all aboard! Last chance! We're pulling out! All aboard!"

"That's the voice. That's it", exclaimed the doctor. "That's the voice that said, 'The dam has give out.'" As a body the throng moves toward the voice, and when they reach the spot they see Dollar Bill and hear him jabbering away in his sleep. Immediately the truth of the situation dawns upon the people. In no uncertain manner, Dollar Bill is awakened.

"Well," roars the doctor, "do you realize that you made the whole town tramp up here because you opened your yap?"

"Well," murmurs Dollar Bill, not in the least downcast, "I didn't know I had so much influence over folks."

"You'll need a lot of influence to appease this crowd when they find out that they all scampered up here just because you hollered out in your sleep that the dam had given out and that the place would be flooded," retorts the doctor.

"Well," replies Dollar Bill, still not a bit perturbed. "It's like this. My tongue covered up my eye tooth so I couldn't see what I was saying."

Claude Magnant '47

EXCHANGE

This year we are exchanging with the following papers.

- Highate Oracle - - - - - Highate High School
- Brigham Beacon - - - - - Brigham Academy
- Hi-Spirit - - - - - Enosburg Falls High School
- Richford Searchlight - - - - Richford High School

11 P E T P E E V E S !!

girls

as manners
are part
of
Good Behavior
Be gallant to
stay in her
Favor!



Boys should not leave a girl
in the lullable of the
Dance
Floor!!

If you want to
Please Chickn
your stick Chickn



ask her to the
Dance
before the last
Tick!



If the dances were all girls' choices
And as girls sat on the benches
The boys would have to
combine their forces
to maintain their
mansly
Defenses

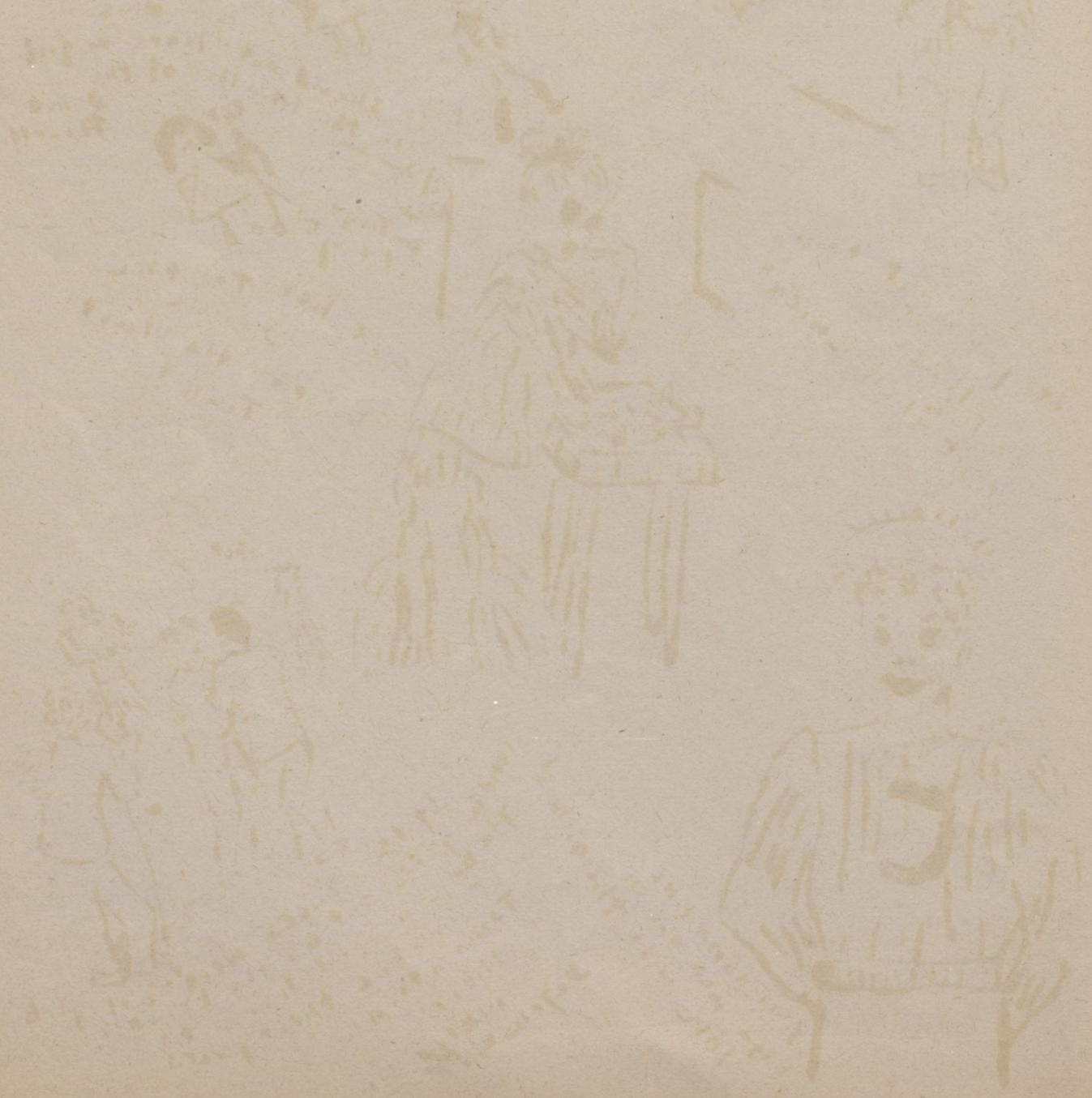
girls don't like
them who are in
love with themselves!

1875

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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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Humor

Mrs. Lamsa : Merriman, what does "A. S. " mean, on formal contracts ?
Merriman: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

Miss Dewing: What was the hardest thing the Romans ever did?
Imogene: Learning to speak Latin.

Miss Gates: If there are a father, a mother, and a baby, how many are there?

Robert: Two and one to carry.

Mrs. Gates, during the music period: Please follow the piano.
Alton: Where is it going?

In a recent survey it was discovered that the most popular thing in high school is Miss Dewing's waste paper basket because everyone gives it gun, and the most unpopular thing is time because everyone is killing it.

Miss Gates, in French class: And we can end the assembly by singing a French song.

Gordon Laflame: Sure! But who can play the piano in French?

Bobby Cyr: I broke a tooth this morning.

Richard Columb: Gee, that's tough luck.

Bobby Cyr: I guess so! New comb too!

Mr. Anderson walked into the noon , and the whole school arose. "Oh, don't mind me ," he said, rather embarrassed. "Sit down."

"But," said the school, unanimously, "It's recess!"

Miss Dewing: Lyle, what is a parrent?

Lyle Ladieu: It's a - a bird that talks.

Jane : I operated yesterday?

Madeline: On whom?

Jane: On the telephone. *switchboard.*

A boy from New York was working for one of our local farmers. The first morning he was left to milk the cows. When the farmer returned he found the cow drinking the milk and asked for an explanation. "It looked a little thin, and I'm putting it through the second time."

WANTED!

A cabinet for Merriman Lothian's funny books.

A refrigerator for the laboratory so that we can freeze in peace.

Eight extra hours for Geoffrey to sleep in.

Cotton for Albert's ears so that he won't have to hold them.

Finger nails for Ruth McDermott and Virginia West to bite.

A double seat for Muriel so that she can get her Franch done quickly.

Another desk for Jane Gates so that she can get all of her books in at once.

A pair of boxing gloves for Carroll Titemore.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Stuart Riley studying during his study periods?

Robert Durenleau not flashing his watch around?

Margaret Cambridge not trying to be a little bit funny?

Bobby Cyr not combing his hair at recess?

Guy Towle not bothering someone?

Jane Gates not chewing gum?

Daisy Ploof without an aching back?

Merriman Lothian not humming in the main room in the afternoon?

Sally Gates having her Latin done?

George Husband bothering to chew just one stick of gum?

Martha Jane not keeping an eye on Claude?

Richard Columb without a civics report?

Robert Durenleau not signing out four or five times a day?

Margaret Cambridge not studying the dictionary, the encyclopedia, or some other big book?

Gordon LaFlame really knowing all that he pretends to know?

ALUMNI

NEWS

Idelyn Messier '45 is a cadet nurse, now training at Burlington

Marian Richard '45 and Shirley Riley '45 are attending Johnson Normal School.

Melvin Geno '45 is attending Norwich University.

Royce Magnant '45 is attending at the University of Vermont.

Harland Titemore '45 and Charles Mullen '45 are working at

their respective homes.

Alan Westcott ex '45 entered the United States Army on July 5, 1945, and is now stationed at Camp Pickett, Virginia.

Gladys Boulais '44 and Douglas Hill, of Enosburg, were united in marriage last summer.

Lyle Lothian '43 of the United States Marines was killed in action in the battle of Okinawa, June 1, 1945.

Pansy White '43 and Edwin Crossman ex '43 were united in marriage on Oct. 22, 1945.

Rachel Streeter '42 and George Prive, of Enosburg, were united in marriage on October 24, 1945.

Elbridge Pierce '35 and Winifred Bunnell, of Phillips, Maine, were united in marriage on June 24, 1945. Mrs. Pierce is a former home economics teacher of Franklin High School.

Among the alumni that have been discharged from the armed forces are: Maurice Benjamin '32, Stanley Towle '32, Arnold Rogers '36, Charles Gates '37, Merriman Hull '36, Carroll Hull '38, Donald Ashton '39, Robert Irish '39, Guy Lothian '41, Donald Wing ex '41, Edward Crossman ex '45, Robert Messier ex '45, and Walter Benjamin ex '40.

The fall season baseball team started practice soon after school began, with Mr. Silvester coaching the boys. Eight games were scheduled. Some of the boys had played with the town team during the summer, but most of them were without practice. Practices were held after school two or three days a week, and sometimes during the physical education period.

The boys who went out for baseball and their positions were as follows: Merriman Lothian, catcher; Claude Magnant, pitcher and first base; Albert Richard, first base and pitcher; Charles Gates, second base; Geoffrey Gates, third base; Lloyd Richard, short stop; Alton Lothian, right field; Leo West, center field; Robert Cyr, left field. Substitutes on the team were Stanley McDermott, Richard Columb, Nathan Sweet, and Burhl Barnum.

Franklin won its first home game against Brigham by a score of 5-3. Franklin made all its five runs in the first inning, while Brigham scored once in the first inning, and twice in the sixth. The batteries were Claude Magnant and Merriman Lothian for Franklin and Mc Cuin and F. Read for Brigham.

The next game was played at Brigham where Franklin lost a well played game by a score of 6-5. In the fifth inning Franklin led by a margin of 5-3, but Brigham scored two runs in the sixth to tie and one more in the seventh to win their first game of the season. A. Richard and C. Magnant pitched for Franklin, and McGuin for Brigham.

Franklin went to Swanton and lost its second game, being shut out 2 to 0. Rain interrupted playing for a short while, but the game was finished, in spite of the wet grounds. Magnant hurled for Franklin and Hakey for Swanton.

Swanton then came to Franklin to be shut out by a score of 5-0. Swanton couldn't get a man past second base, while Franklin scored once in the fourth inning and four times in the fifth. Magnant hurled against Hakey for Franklin's second victory.

At Highate, Franklin took its worst beating of the season, as the Highate nine poured it on to shut Franklin out by a score of 9-0. Richard and Magnant pitched for Franklin, and Moore for Highate.

When Highate came to Franklin they took a lesser beating with the score of 8 to 1. Moore was batted from the mound in the third inning, with Cassidy taking over to finish the game. Magnant won his third victory, against one defeat.

At St. Ann's of Swanton went two extra innings and was called because of darkness, the score being 2 to 2. Both Magnant for Franklin and Lucier for St. Anns stayed on the mound the whole nine innings.

Franklin won its last game of the season against St. Ann's, by a score of 10 to 9. Franklin took an early lead of 9 to 1, but the St. Ann's players began to slug it out and scored eight runs in the last two innings. Magnant won his fourth victory, while Lucier was charged with the defeat.

Franklin has a good chance of having a good team next spring, because Magnant pitched his team to four victories and one tie, last fall.

Charles Gages '46

B A S K E T B A L L

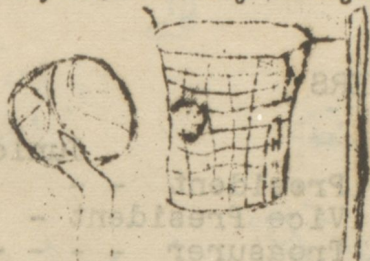
The girls' basketball team of Franklin High has improved enormously since our playing season opened.

The scheduled games are with Enosburg Falls, Highate, Brigham Academy, Swanton, B. F. A., and the Franklin town girls.

So far, we have played five of these games, and lost in the home game with Highgate when Marion Dewing made twenty-one points for our team. In the home game with Enosburg we held our own until they outshot us toward the end. In this game Marilyn Riley and Shirley Phelps each made seven points for their team.

Our scores in the games we have already played are ; With Town girls , - Town - 31 , High School - 25 ; at Enosburg , Enosburg - 26, Franklin - 3 ; with Enosburg at Franklin, Enosburg - 32, Franklin - 26 ; at Brigham , Brigham - 37, Franklin - 21; Highgate at Franklin, Franklin - 32, Highgate - 26,

The players this year are: Forwards, Marilyn Riley, Marion Dewing, and Shirley Phelps ; guards, Charlotte Geno, Virginia West, and Martha Samson. Other girls who play in the games are Jane Gates, Martha Jane Riley, Pauline Jette, Daisy Ploof, Hortense Roberts, Sally Gates, and Betty Benjamin.



Shirley Phelps '46

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Basketball practice started as soon as baseball ended, which was the latter part of October. About twelve high school boys reported to Coach Silvester, for membership on the squad. We practiced about a month, and since then our games have kept us busy. The members of the squad are Merriman Lothian, Alton Lothian, Charles Gates, Geoffrey Gates, Claude Magnant, Albert Richard, Lloyd Richard, Robert Cyr, Gilbert Dewing, and Stanley Lothian.

Our first game was with the town team, on November 20. Because of their size they won quite easily, but it was good experience for us. M. Lothian was our high scorer with eight points.

Our second game, our first interscholastic game, was against Enosburg at Enosburg. Our line-up for that game was: C. Gates, L.F. , M. Lothian, R.F. ; A. Lothian, C. ; Geoffrey Gates, R. G. ; C. Magnant, L. G. This is the line-up we have followed since then. We lost 40 - 21, but they had no easy time gaining their victory. M. Lothian led our point-makers with fifteen counts.

Our next game was here, on December. 4, against Enosburg. They beat us again, but we really gave them a scare , as we came within three points of them, the score being 24 - 21.

On December 7, when we travelled to Swanton to take on St. Ann's, we came up with our first victory, winning 24 - 16. We all played very good basketball, better than we have since. C. Magnant led our scoring parade with eight points.

On December 11, Highgate came here and beat us in a nip and tuck battle; 20 - 17. C. Gates and C. Magnant each scored seven points to help the losing cause.

On the 13th we journeyed to Bakersfield and lost to a fast Brigham team 58 - 19. C. Gates was high scorer with seven points.

Although we have won only one game, so far, we have played a lot of good basketball, and have hopes of winning some more, so opponents, beware.

Claude Magnant '47

CLASS OFFICERS

Seniors

President - Marilyn Riley
Vice President - Marion Dewing
Treasurer - Shirley Phelps
Secretary - Charles Gates
S. C. Representative - Marion Dewing

Juniors

President - Martha J. Riley
Vice President - Geoffrey Gates
Treasurer - Martha Samson
Secretary - Gilbert Dewing
S. C. Representative - Armand Gaboriault

Sophomores

President - Jane Gates
Vice President - Lloyd Richard
Treasurer - Alton Lothian
Secretary - Joyce Johnson
S. C. Representative - Imogene Columb

Freshmen

President - Sally Gates
Vice President - Albert Richard
Treasurer - Carroll Titmore
Secretary - Madeline Messier
S. C. Representative - Mary Columb

Seventh Grade

President - Stanley Lothian
Vice President - Barbara Vaito
Treasurer - Jette
Secretary - Alvinville
S. C. Representative - Samson

Seventh Grade

President - John Hubbard
Vice President - Bradley Magnant
Treasurer - Rosemary Jette
Secretary - Ann Towle
S. C. Representative - Douglas Columb

Student Council President

Claude Magnant

Vice President

Armand Gaboriault

Treasurer

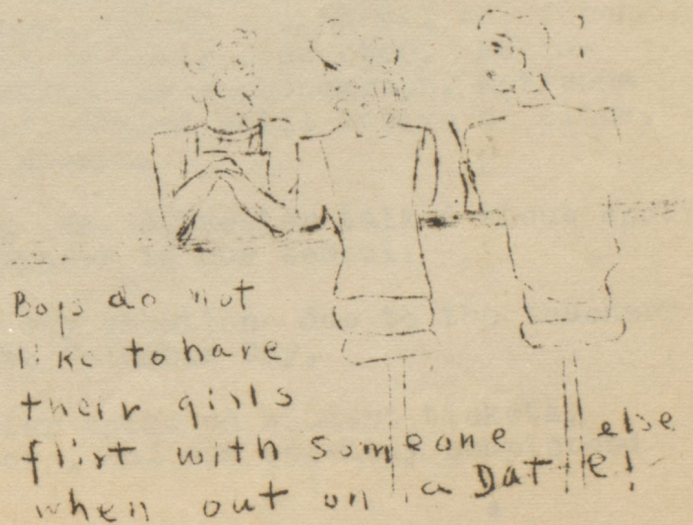
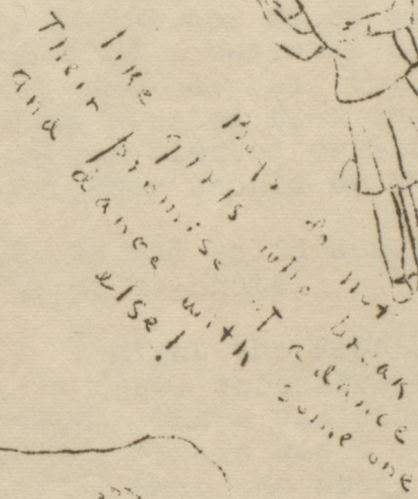
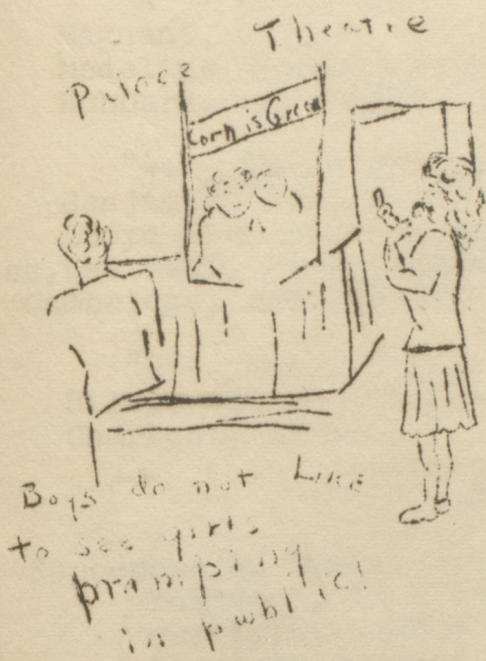
Marion P. Dewing

Secretary

Imogene Columb

Desroche

PET PEEVES Boys



Get Y-File
Boys

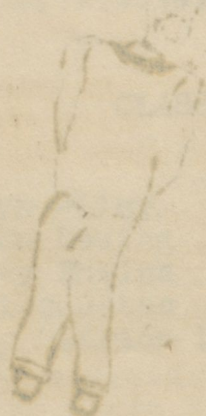
There



Hand's go up
from front
back



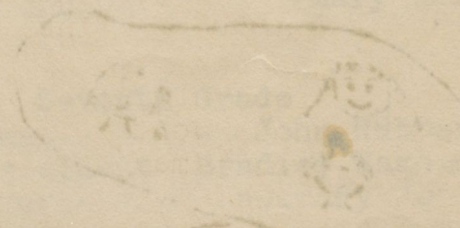
to be in front
of the stage



Hand's go up
from front
back

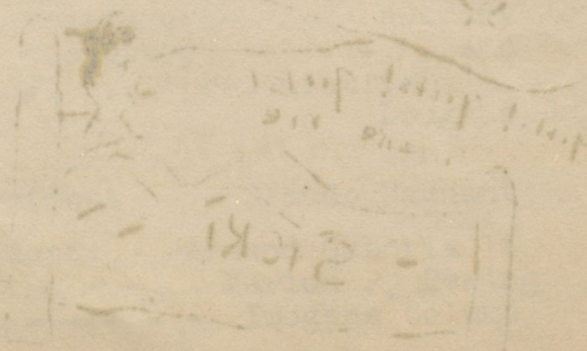


Hand's go up
from front
back



Hand's go up
from front
back

Hand's go up
from front
back



Hand's go up
from front
back

HONOR ROLL

The honor roll for the first nine weeks was announced as follows;

"A" - Honor Roll - Marion P. Dewing, Martha Samson, Claude Magnant, Gilbert Dewing, Jane Gates, Imogene Columb, Daisy Ploof, Medeline Messier, Mary Columb, Olin Samson, Madeline Jette, John Hubbard, and Bradley Magnant.

" $\frac{1}{2}$ A" - $\frac{1}{2}$ B" - Charles Gates, Virginia West, Muriel Spooner, Betty Benjamin, Stella Blake, Robert Cyr, Joyce Johnson, Alton Lothian, Lloyd Richard, Hortense Roberts, Lyle Ladieu, Carroll Titemore, Sally gates, Leo West, Janet Magnant, Aline Rainville, Simone Bouchard, Margaret Cambridge, and Rosemary Jette.

"B" - Honor Roll - Ruth McDermott, Marilyn Riley, , Martha J. Riley, Armand Gaboriault, Stanley McDermott, Bertha Bouchard, and Charlotte Geno.

SCHOOL NEWS

September 4. School opened for another ^{year} with one of the largest enrollments in a number of years. With subsequent enrollments our total number is now sixty-seven. We started the year with the same faculty as last year.

September 7. We had our first assembly program this morning. It consisted of a business meeting of the Student Council. Two changes were adopted, the first being that the president should be elected from the student body, whereupon Claude Magnant was elected president. The second change was that the senior member should be the treasurer.

September 10. We had solid session today because of the teachers' meeting at Highgate.

September 27. Tonight the Freshman Reception was held at the town hall. As there were seventeen freshmen, the stunts were done in groups. There was singing, dancing, mimicing, and two bands. The grand finale was a symphony orchestra with all the freshmen taking part and Daisy Ploof as their conductor. No instruments were used, and the music was a phonograph. Refreshments were served and the public danced until twelve o' clock. Mrs. Lamsa was the teacher in charge.

October 5. For assembly this morning Mr. Silvester talked about sports and what is being done about sports in our school.

October 11 and 12. We enjoyed a two day vacation due to the teachers convention in Burlington and to Columbus Day.

October 19. For assembly Mr. Silvester spoke on student tickets, our forthcoming movie projector, and our recently completed baseball season.

- October 19. The freshmen held their class party this evening. It was well attended, and old and new games were played. Refreshments were served and the students danced until eleven o'clock.
- October 26. The student council held a Halloween poverty party at the town hall. A fish pond, ping pong tables, ring toss, bingo, a hall of horrors, and a museum were some of the attractions. A refreshment booth provided food. A good crowd attended and about sixty dollars was realized.
- October 29 - November 2. The first nine weeks' tests were given.
- November 5. Mrs. Lamsa completed her teaching duties, upon the return of her husband from overseas, and her post was filled by Mrs. Gates.
- November 7. We received our nine weeks' report cards.
- November 9. The seventh grade had their class party. It was well attended and old games were played. Refreshments were served, and the pupils disbanded about ten o'clock.
- November 16. This morning the honor roll was announced. Then Mr. Silvester read a graduation essay.
- November 28. Our assembly program consisted of a farewell program for Mrs. Lamsa, who was visiting in Franklin with her husband. After a few songs Mrs. Lamsa was presented with a gift from the school. We completed the program by singing "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows".
- December 7. For assembly, Mr. Silvester read us a Civil War story, "Occurrence at Allcreek Bridge," by Ambrose Bierce.
- December 19. School was closed today because so many of the pupils are sick.
- December 28. Looking ahead we find that the high school will be presented on this date. The cast has been hard at work for almost two months, and they promise an enjoyable evening.

