

FRANKLIN

HIGH

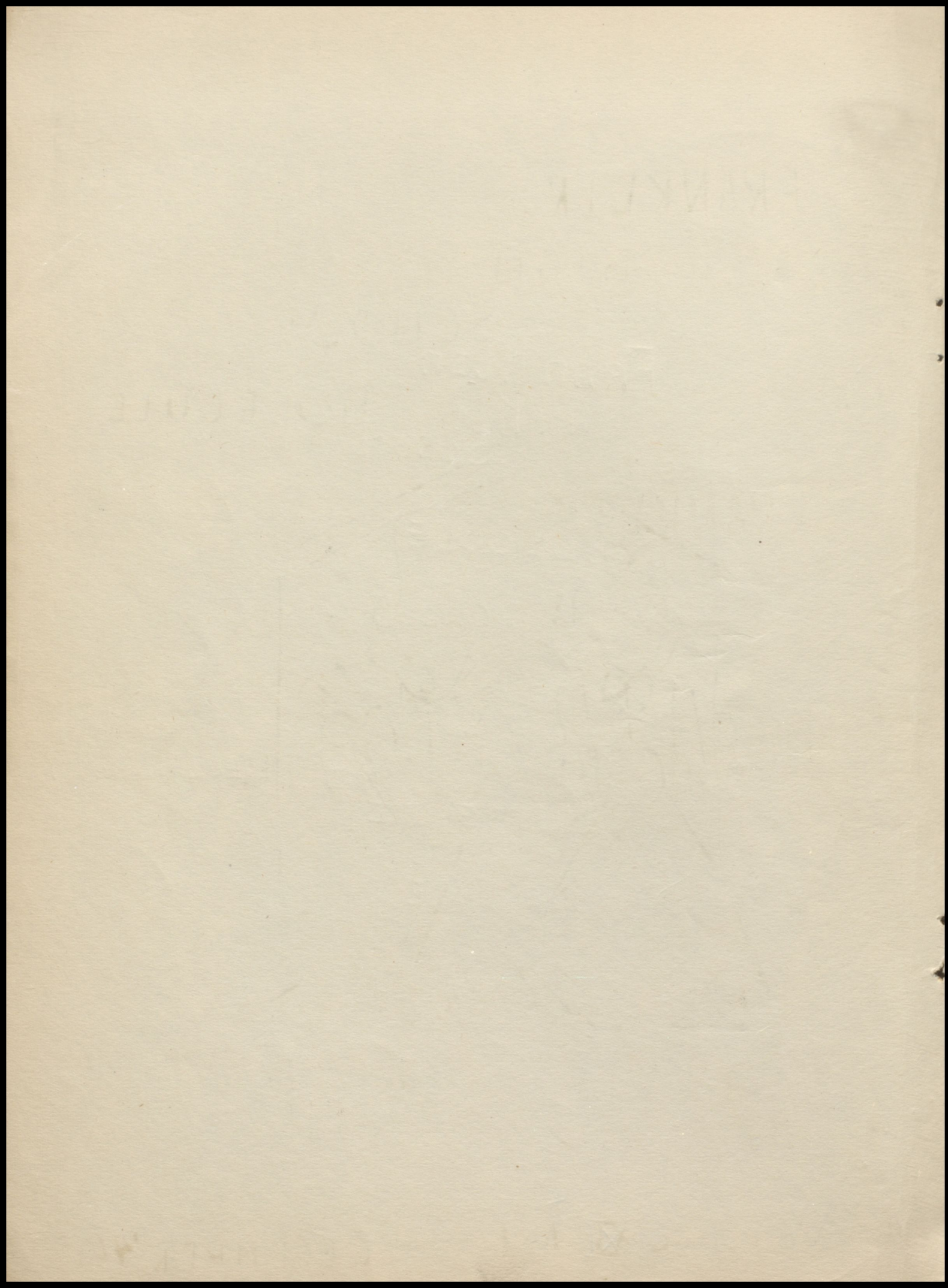
SCHOOL

MOLECULE



Volume XI No. 1

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1.

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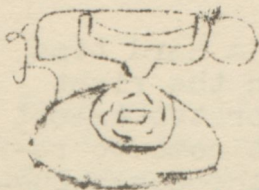
TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS		Page
A Telephone in Franklin High School	Jane Gates	3
Senior Play	Gilbert Dewing	3
Good Behavior	Martha J. Riley	4
Girls' New Basketball Suits	Betty Benjamin	5
Improving Franklin High	Joyce Johnson	5
Uses of Our Record Player	Sally Gates	6
POEMS		
A Wish	Hortense Roberts	7
Sergeant's Prayer	Thresa Proper	7
A School Day	Guy Towle	7
Autumn	Claude Magnant	8
Thanksgiving is Here	Kathaleen Thibault	8
The Approach of Winter	Betty Benjamin	8
The beautiful Lady	Martha Samson	9
STORIES		
Unwanted	Joyce Johnson	9
The Fishing Tragedy	Martha Samson	10
Card Day	Mary Columb	12
Turned Around	Bradley Magnant	13
Which Is It? Fun or Work	Alton Lothian	14
Fall Hunting	Geoffory Gates	15

Jim Smiley's Wonder Cow - - - - -	Kathaleen Thibault	17
Jim Smiley's Yaller Cow - - - - -	Carroll Titemore	18
ESSAY		
My First Airplane Ride - - - - -	Beverly MacLeod	18
ALUMNI NEWS - - - - -	Charlotte Geno	19
HUMOR - - - - -	Lloyd Richard Mary Columb	20
EXCHANGE - - - - -	Martha J. Riley	21
SPORTS		
Fall Baseball - - - - -	Claude Magnant	22
Boys' Basketball - - - - -	Claude Magnant	23
Girls' Basketball - - - - -	Guy Towle	24
HONOR ROLL - - - - -		25
CLASS OFFICERS - - - - -		26
"MOLECULE" NEWS - - - - -	Imogene Columb Robert Cyr	26
ILLUSTRATIONS - - - - -	Sally Gates	

EDITORIALS

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A TELEPHONE IN FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL

Franklin High School should have a telephone to insure the safety of its occupants. Do you realize that even in an emergency there is no way of reaching a student in school other than "sending word" or going to the school? Do you realize that in case of an accident or an illness at school there is no way to get the doctor except by going for him? And did you realize how much quicker boys could get to a fire if they could be called by telephone?

Not only safety, but also convenience would be assured by the presence of a telephone. Unexpected toll calls for the teachers, ill students calling for assignments, absence excuses directly from the mouth of the parent, telegrams, important visitors at home - all of these things can be communicated to the school by a simple ringing in the principal's office.

Think of the worry it would save parents if they knew about the baseball practice, missing the barge, the unexpected class meeting, or the forgotten errand.

A telephone costs less than five dollars for installation, and the rent is one dollar and a half if paid before the tenth of the month. Surely, Franklin High School can afford to hire such a valuable assistant for so little.

Jane Gates '48



SENIOR PLAY

In the past history of Franklin High School, with the exception of last year, the senior class has sponsored a three-act play. They have drawn as many characters as possible from the senior class and, if necessary, a few from among the junior class. Usually they have chosen one of the faculty for an advisor. The plays went on sometime during the last half of the school year.

Last year the student council put on the three-act play because it needed the money, and because it felt that a larger group to choose from would make a better cast.

This year it has been decided that there will be no three-act but four one-act plays. One play will be produced entirely by the seniors and a certain per cent of the profit will be given to the senior class.

I think that the majority of the people who usually go to the school plays will be disappointed because there is no three-act play.

On the other hand, in the past, coaches have had a hard time to get characters to learn their lines and put in the right emphasis and action. The whole cast seldom cooperates except at the last few rehearsals. Sometimes they don't come to rehearsals and sometimes they refuse to do what the coach suggests to them. Under such circumstances it is little wonder that a three-act play has been temporarily given up. Most of the parents will be glad to have their children home nights instead of out every night at play rehearsals or other school activities.

The class as a whole is strongly in favor of a three-act play sponsored by the class. For although there is not much money made on a good royalty play, it's a lot of fun. I would like a three-act play, but I think that in a small high school like this one the plan which has been worked out is better.

Gilbert Dewing '47

GOOD BEHAVIOR

Throughout life good behavior is a very important factor. It seems to me that you are preached to about your manners and behavior from the day you are born to the day you die. No one can say he or she is perfect in all ways. And personally I wouldn't want to be, for a person like that is apt to high-hat and have very few friends. In a person's behavior I think manners should rank first place. When people are out in public places they are often judged by their manners. By that I mean, people notice if you are loud, rough, and swear, or if you are quiet and have poise. Whether you have a reputation, in later life that is good or bad may depend on the way you act now. If you don't have good manners in every day life it doesn't help much to use them only in public places.

Good behavior is important in school. I don't like to see a student dispute with a teacher or as far as that goes to have a knock-down and drag-out with a fellow student. If a teacher suggests you do something there probably is a good reason for it. I don't mean that you can't find out the "whys" about it. It is much easier for a teacher if all the students are pleasant.

Good behavior and manners are worthless unless you work at them every day, for this is an old but true saying, "Reputation is what men and women think of us. Character is what God and angels know of us."

Martha Jane Riley '47

GIRLS' NEW BASKETBALL SUITS

This year the Student Council has purchased new basketball uniforms for the girls' basketball team. We were very much in need of these new uniforms for the ones we bought two years ago are either too small or worn out. Also there are only a few of us left in school that bought uniforms at that time.

We had planned on getting white shorts with solid red or green jerseys, but as we were unable to obtain them, we accepted yellow and white striped jerseys. Although some of us were a little disappointed at first in not being able to get exactly what we wanted, I think now everyone is satisfied with the ones we have.

We are all grateful to the Student Council for getting us these uniforms, for we realize it has cost them quite a bit more money than they may have planned to put into uniforms for us.

Betty Benjamin '48

IMPROVING FRANKLIN HIGH

ONE of the most important factors in the appearance of our school is to keep it as neat as possible, both inside and out.

Each student can do his share in this job by keeping the papers and other articles that find themselves kicking around on the floor, picked up and put in their proper places. Not only do the papers on the floor add to the untidiness of a room, but books, papers, and pencils on top of desks should be inside.

The girls cloak room is probably one of the most untidy rooms in the schools, perhaps due to its size. Although places have been made for boots and rubbers, they are very seldom put in the racks. When the places were first made rubbers were kept in place but now they are sometimes astray. I do wish we could have curtains, a mirror, and possibly a place to sit while putting on rubbers. Maybe this will be arranged in the future.

The halls are probably kept as neat as possible although rubbers and hats are sometimes found being walked upon.

I fear that the outside of the school exceeds by far in untidiness. It seems to me that if other schools can keep their lawns mowed and clean, we can.

Let's all chip in and help, both inside and out! I feel that

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if we all cooperate that we will have a much better school than it already is.

Joyce Johnson '48

USES OF OUR RECORD PLAYER

Our new record player, which we received late last spring, has proved quite popular with the high school students.

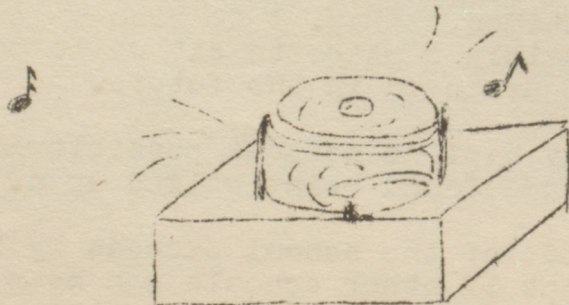
So far we have spent three evenings with the recorder to dance by, and with refreshments served toward the last part of the evening. Soon after Christmas the Juniors and Freshmen are sponsoring two more record dances.

The record player supplies part time entertainment also at such things as the Halloween Party and assembly programs.

Besides using the record player for all evening dancing on the class party nights, the proposal that there be dancing after Friday night home basketball games is being brought up in the Student Council. This would be a good policy if it worked out that the outside teams would stay for a while and get a lunch before they started back, if arrangements for lunch to be served could be worked out. Besides being able to pick up some money this way it would show general good feeling toward competing teams.

Another suggestion concerning home basketball games is that music at the intervals between the games would break the monotony for our townspeople who so whole-heartedly support our school by attending our games.

Sally Gates '49



P O E T R Y

* * * * *

A W I S H

I wish I were a fairy
 With wings of glossy dew:
 For if I were a fairy
 I'd make you a fairy too.

If we were tiny fairies
 We could flit around to-
 gether;
 We wouldn't care about any-
 thing,
 Not even about the weather.

If it were raining buckets
 We'd play peckaboo;
 We'd hide behind the raindrops
 And then peck out at you.

But if the sun were shining
 We'd suck the honeydew,
 Oh, I'd love to be a fairy,
 Wouldn't you?

Hortense Roberts '48

Sergeant's Prayer

Almighty and all present power,
 Short is the prayer I make to thee
 I do not ask in battle hour,
 For any shield to cover me.

The vast unalterable way,
 From which the stars do not depart
 May not be turned aside to stay
 The bullet flying to my heart.

I ask no help, to seek my foe
 I seek no petty victory here
 The enemy I hate, I know,
 To thee is also dear.

But this I pray, "Be at my side,
 When death is drawing through the
 sky

Almighty God, who also died,
 Teach me the way that I should die."

Theresa Proper '47

A S C H O O L D A Y

Our school begins at nine o'clock
 As Elmer tolls the bell.
 The children to their class-
 rooms flock
 As if they liked it swell.

Silvester takes attendance now
 And a speech or two does give.
 Lloyd and Bert are having a row
 And it's a question which one
 will live.

Recess next does roll around.
 The vitamin pills are passed
 And everyone gulps them down.
 Recess is over at last.

Afternoon session begins with
 a bang,
 As Albert's seat breaks down.
 We hear the fire alarm's clang,
 clang, clang,
 And down the fire escape we
 bound.

Dismissal bell does ring once
 more.
 An announcement for practice
 is made,
 We all rush for the old side
 door
 And out of the school yard fade.

Guy Towle '49

AUTUMN

Autumn with its falling leaves,
Autumn with its driving rain,
Autumn with its dreariness
Makes us long for spring again.

Autumn with its sunny days,
Autumn with its glory,
Autumn with its parting ways
Makes the heart feel sorry.

Autumn with its ashen skies,
Autumn's football crowds' acclaim,
Autumn with its ample grain,
It's all autumn, just the same.

Autumn, we hate to see you go;
Tho' we may have griped at times;
If you've not done one thing else,
You've provided all these lines.

Claude Magnant '47

THANKSGIVING IS HERE !

A big car crammed with k&f folks,
Now what do you think of that?
We're all in a great flusteration,
From grandpa clean down to the cat.

There's bushels of baking to 'tend t
They're baking right now; You can
tell
By the simmering sounds in the kit-
chen,
And the spicy nutmeggy smell!

And all of Granny's pie tins
Arc set in a shiny row;
She's making custrd and pumpkin
Out of the pie crust dough!

My uncle is catching the turkey,
He's having an awful chase,
But Johnny's got the hatchet
And's waiting-just in case.

I'll hunt for some shiny brown
chestnuts,
That fall from the tree to the wall
For you know that tomorrow's
Thanksgiving,
Which comes only once, in the fall!

Kathaleen Thihault'

THE APPROACH OF WINTER

Winter must be drawing near,
For the bluebirds and robins are no longer here.
The trees have lost their dress of leaves,
And no longer do sparrows nest under the eaves.

So with all these signs
I think you'll agree
That winter is here,
IN a lesser degree.

Betty Benjamin '48

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY

A lady sauntered through the park-
I wondered what it could mean.
She was a beautiful lady,
The loveliest I've ever seen.

Her hair was golden yellow,
Her skin as smooth as silk,
Her hands were small and tiny,
And just as white as milk.

She was stylishly dressed
And wore a red hat
To top off her lovely blond curls.
And I knew right away
when looking at her,
That she wasn't like other girls.

It was during the dark of night,
With none about on the streets,
She kept looking before and behind,
Especially at the park seats.

Evidently her friend was nowhere
around
So I walked up to her and said,
"My lady, may I have the pleasure
of helping you find your Ted?"

And then with a smile
Oh, what a beautiful smile!
She turned toward me and replied,
"No, I think not,
I think really, I do,
I'd rather have you by my side!"

So together we walked to her home,
And I bid her a cheery "good night!"
And many nights after
We strolled through the park,
I, of course, to make sure
She didn't get lost in the dark.

Martha Samson '47

UNWANTED

The cool breeze rustled through the trees as Johnny trudged homeward through the snow. Next week was sugaring vacation and Johnny would be able to forget the horrible feeling of not being wanted. Today all the boys were busily planning sugaring parties while Johnny sat near by pretending to study. Johnny was left out and felt unwanted again. What was the reason anyway? The boys knew but you couldn't just walk up to anybody and say, "You've got an inferiority complex; we don't want you in our crowd 'cause you don't fit in, see?"

At last, Friday came and for two whole weeks he could forget his troubles and enjoy helping his father sugar.

This year help, was short and Johnny had to take the place of a hired man. It was hard work at first and Johnny was so tired when night came that he couldn't get to sleep.

After they had a good run of sap, came the tedious job of gathering it. Johnny had now learned to master everything except knowing how to boil. He wanted to do this very much, but his father felt he was too young and showed him only how to run the evaporator and to do only a little of the job.

Then it happened—the thing that changed Johnny's life from a sad one to a happy one.

Johnny woke up to see much snow on the ground and it was still snowing. "Well, no sugaring today," thought Johnny; but his father said although there wouldn't be much sap to gather, they'd better get what there was. When they were on their last trip around the sugar woods Johnny found himself doing all the gathering. He wondered where his father was and called but heard no answer. The last time he had seen him was going down over a little hill to one of the biggest trees in the woods. Johnny dropped his pail and ran over the edge of the hill. At the foot of the hill lay his father, groaning with pain. After rushing for the doctor he learned that his father had broken his leg from falling on the ice.

Of all the times to break a leg on a large Vermont farm with a large yielding sugar woods and no help at all! Or was there no help? What about Johnny? He was sure he could boil from the little bit which his father had taught him. It was hard at first and it seemed as if night would never come and when it did morning came much too fast. However, he soon got used to it and was proud of his job and his being capable of doing all this.

One morning when he was boiling in a very large run of sap, he heard a knock on the door. He opened it to find one of the most popular boys in school, Tom Hendricks. At once Johnny was shy and awkward and was lost for words. Why was it he was always this way when anyone was around?

Tom was surprised to see how well Johnny was getting along, for he was doing almost as well as his father could have done. Maybe Johnny wasn't such a sissy after all as all the boys thought he was; Maybe that inferiority complex could be cured after all, if it were given the right treatment. This was no sooner thought than acted upon. Tom praised Johnny for the swell work he was doing and said how much he wished he could do as well. This made Johnny feel proud that he could do something that most of the others couldn't do, and he soon lost his shyness.

After a very interesting conversation Johnny found that he had lost all shyness and awkwardness, and was feeling very proud of himself. Now Monday would be looked forward to instead of being dreaded. After the grand party Tom and he were planning for Saturday nothing could go wrong. Thanks to sugaring, he would never again have that feeling of being unwanted.

Joyce Johnson '48

THE FISHING TRAGEDY

"A fishing trip today, Dad? Gee, I'm excited! When do we start? Right now, I hope."

This was my sister, ten year old Jan, shouting excitedly about the fishing trip she'd been looking forward to ever since we had arrived at Lake Champlain. Oh boy! I was glad too, because it had been a whole year since we'd been on our favorite lake up in good old Vermont.

The boat was ready to go and so were we, with Jan at the oars rowing out a way so that I could get the motor started. We had a cranky old motor that didn't work but half the time, and this was no exception to the rule. I bet I cranked the thing twenty times before it finally consented to start, but it finally did and we were really off for the South End.

There were many places up there from which we could choose to fish, and we chose a little cove off the edge of a marsh. There seemed to be just thousands of weeds and we thought it might be a good place for fish. After dropping the anchor in among the lily pads we took out our fish poles and bait.

"Can you bait your own hook, Jan?" asked Dad, rather teasingly.

"Naturally; I'm not a baby any more", replied Jan disgustedly, as she picked up the wriggly worm and stuck him on the hook. Dad had taught both of us girls to be good fishermen, and we had baited our own hooks as long as I could remember.

Then the patient waiting began, but for once we did have a little luck - as far as fishing went. I had a bite almost the instant my hook hit the water.

"Look, Dad! Look! It's a big one!" And it was! A large ten inch perch. Was I surprised! Quite a struggle followed, but I finally won and pulled him triumphantly over the side into the boat. Dad broke his neck, and then we settled down quietly after a little excitement.

It was quiet for several minutes when suddenly, "Oh, Oh, Dad! Help me! Look, Sis! Help! He's running all over the place!" It was Jan, very excited, standing up in the boat trying with all her strength to hold on to her pole. There was, I think, a large pickerel at the end of her line, and he had no intention of being pulled into the boat as the perch had been. And so - "Ohhhh!!! " Jan shrieked at the top of her lungs. "I'm falling! Help! Help!"

Dad and I immediately jumped over our seats to her, but in a round-bottomed boat this was hardly wise, and we had to take the consequences. As Jan toppled overboard we all fell into the weedy water among the lily pads, with the boat turning up, but of course not sinking as it was made of wood. I, at first, hung onto the boat while Dad dived desperately down, time and again, after Jan. She seemed to be tangled among the weeds and her fish line.

Finally, Dad shouted to me. I started diving too, and together we managed to bring her to the top. As the marsh was not far away we at once set out for shore. Never before had we been on the marsh at this end of the lake, and it was the devil's work not to let us know

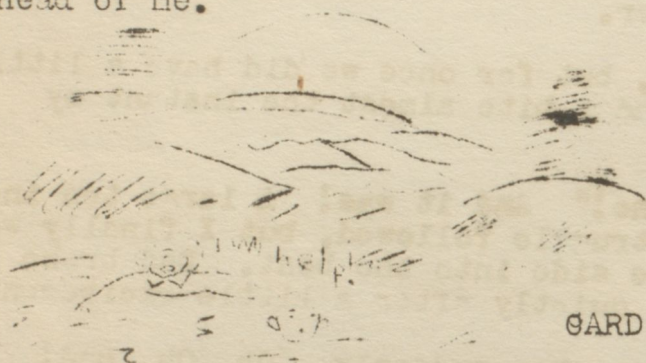
what we were getting into. Dad swam with Jan to shore while I followed close behind. Then he began to carry her to a drier piece of land.

"Be careful, Dad. Don't slip. It's awfully wet," I shouted. And then suddenly something happened. He stopped in his tracks and couldn't seem to go any farther. And as I watched he seemed to sink lower and lower into the ground. Then it dawned on me.

"Quicksand!! Dad! Dad! Oh! Hold on! I'll be right there!" But it was to no avail because, even as I had stopped in astonishment at the sight, the sand had caught me too and I was sinking. It was truly horrible. Here I was sinking slowly, slowly into the sand, and at the same time watching my father and Jan disappear into the mud. Slowly, slowly, I knew that I too was to have the same fate.

Then, and only then, the climax occurred. To my great surprise and joy - you'll never guess what happened - I woke up! Yes, it was only a horrible nightmare and tomorrow we were leaving for Lake Carni for the summer. Somehow, though, I was afraid that I would live to be reminded of the horror of that dream all through the long summer months ahead of me.

Martha Samson '47



GARD DAY

Jimmy Bookly was the kind of boy that didn't care if he ever finished school or not. Somehow he managed to get into the eighth grade where he still remains. "I ain't never going to finish school," explained Jimmy to his classmate, Bill Adams, who received the highest grades in class. "It's more fun to stick girls' pigtails in an ink bottle even though Miss Sommers does ketch me at it or, if I need some excitement, to throw spitballs at the teacher."

"Oh, I suppose all that is all right," replied Bill, "but what are you going to tell your mother when you get your report card tomorrow?"

"Jeepers! I plumb fergot it!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"You better do some tall thinking if you want to fool your mother. So long," called Bill cheerfully.

"So long," muttered Jimmy. He pondered the rest of that day and the next, but he couldn't think of a single thing.

The next day when he came home, his mother was waiting for him. Jimmy handed the card to her and said, "With my regards."

The session that followed in the woodshed (including Mrs. Bookly, the razor strap, and Jimmy) after she finished reading the card isn't pleasant to think of. The worst of it is that when she had finished Mrs. Bookly calmly said, "With my regards."

Mary Columb '49

TURNED AROUND

"Hi, Joe."

"Hi, Tom."

"I heard your grandfather had a large gold mine just a few miles from here that has gone to ruins."

"I don't believe it,"

"That's the truth. I heard the mayor say that if some of your folks didn't tend to it the town would take it over."

"Then let's pack and leave tomorrow."

"That's all right with me. By the way, what time is it?"

"oh about eight thirty and by thr way today is the last day of March"

Let's go down to the corner drug store and have an ice cream soda before we depart"

All right with me, if you'll pay for mine because I Haven't any money"

Let's go"

After the boys had their sodas they each said good night and departed.

Next morning both were up bright and early. They packed their lunches, took a few clothes and started out.

Joe said, "I'll lead going and you lead coming back"

They had to go through quite a big woods. Joe kept saying, "Boy, if we find gold, we will each have a half share"

"I hope we do in that case"

They kept trudging along with Joe leading. They saw several chipmunks. Joe said, "I wish we could find a ton of gold for every chipmunk we saw"

All this time Tom was very quiet.

Soon the boys came to a clearing. Tom saw a town and said, "We must be off the track!"

"April fool! You thought you would play an April fool on me, but I got to thinkin' about it and I thought I would play one on you by taking a circle in the woods and comin' back to town. That way I saved myself a lot of traveling."

"You dirty rascal!"

Bradley Magnant '51

WHICH IS IT - FUN OR WORK?

Carl and Jack were very excited twelve and thirteen year old boys respectively. It was Halloween night and they were expecting to have a grand old time raising Cain and everything that goes with it. They left Jack's home at seven-fifteen and were well equipped for their night of fun. They had on old clothes, with large handkerchiefs hanging around their necks, and other miscellaneous articles in their pockets such as jack-knives, string, tick-tack-toes, and chalk.

It was a perfect night for Halloween. There were no stars visible, it was warm and there was a chill in the air as before a rain. The two boys didn't want to venture into any hazardous deeds alone and looking down the road Carl said excitedly,

"Look! There's some of the other fellers. Let's join 'em!"

This was no sooner said than done, and soon the whole gang of boys was moving toward the schoolhouse. Carl and Jack were the younger members of the party and they weren't really wanted, but they went just the same. Upon arriving at the schoolhouse the boys proceeded to do what mischief there could be done. Just as Jack was way up in the top of a tree with a swingboard and swing chains, a car turned a powerful spotlight up into the tree where Jack was, after driving without light on the school road. Jack quickly pulled the handkerchief over his face and, getting on the opposite side of the tree, came down fast and dug for cover. Later he told Carl about it and said,

"Boy, was I scared! I hope he didn't see my face 'cause Eob just told me that it was the principal."

Having been thoroughly frightened, the boys left the school and started on other ventures. There was one man in particular that they wanted to pester this year and they completely succeeded in doing so for the old man wasn't at home. They tugged and pushed an old wreck of a car half way across town to put it on his lawn. One of the boys was heard to say, "I hope he has as hard a time moving it as we had getting it here."

This wasn't the only thing they moved that night. There were wagons, a roller, road scrapers, barrels, snow fences, etc. scattered all over town.

At half-past eleven Carl said wearily, "Boy, am I tired! Let's go home. I've done more work to-night than I have in the last week."

The next day was a school day which made it very hard for the boys because they wanted to sleep, but after many calls they dragged themselves out of bed, dressed, ate breakfast, and walked slowly to school, surveying their work of the night before. The thing they cherished most was the fact that they belonged to the General Science class. This was a boy's class and the principal made them go out and clean up all of the laborious work which they had accomplished with so much ease and good will the night before.

Alton Lothian '48

FALL HUNTING

One Sunday morning in November I woke by the sound of hounds. I said to myself, "I guess I will take my hound and go fox hunting." I hopped out of bed and into my clothes.

I hurried outside, found my hound there, and tied him up while I got a few things such as my gun and breakfast.

Ma asked, "Where are you going, son?"

I replied, "I am going over to my friend's house to try out my hound. May I take your car?"

"Yes, but you will have to do a few errands first."

I did the errands and then left to go fox hunting. I arrived at my friend's house too late, for he had already gone. I hunted around for him, but couldn't find him. I thought that I would try out my hound to see if he knew how to run foxes yet. I tried in vain, and having no luck I went home and prepared to go duck hunting.

Two friends of mine, Brother and Doc, came along with me. As we were walking along the shore Brother shouted excitedly. "Look, there are four ducks near Davis's cottage."

As we all looked we saw three in a group and one stag. Doc said, "They look like good ducks except the stag."

I said, "Let's sneak up on them to get in range for a good shot." As I had started for the ducks the boys followed me part way.

Doc stopped and said, "I will sneak around the other side of the cottage to see if I can get closer."

I, being in a hurry, didn't stop for anything. The ducks saw me and started to take off when Brother gave a muffled cry, "There they go."

We all raised our guns to fire, but they were out of range and we all lowered our guns.

Doc said, "Only three ducks flew out, but I can't see the fourth one."

"I can't either," I replied, "so let's go and walk on the road. It's better----."

Brother butted in, "Look! He just came up from a dive. Maybe we can sneak up and get a shot at him, although he may be a fish duck."

"Maybe we can go up on the road behind the brush and down on the other side of the next cottage to get a good shot at him," Doc reasoned.

Doc spoke too late for I was already going through a clearing followed by the boys. We got within good range of the duck and Brother whispered, "When I count three let him have it. One, two, three, fire." Two guns went off and the duck dived.

I leaped over there and looked around to see the duck. I counted gun shots, "one, two, three, four, five, six," and I hadn't seen the duck when all of a sudden he was about thirty feet from me. I took a good aim and let him have it. The duck turned and dived but that shot was too much, for he died shortly after.

Brother said, "Mighty nice shooting you boys did, but how are you going to get him? The wind is blowing him out and there aren't any boats that we can get him with."

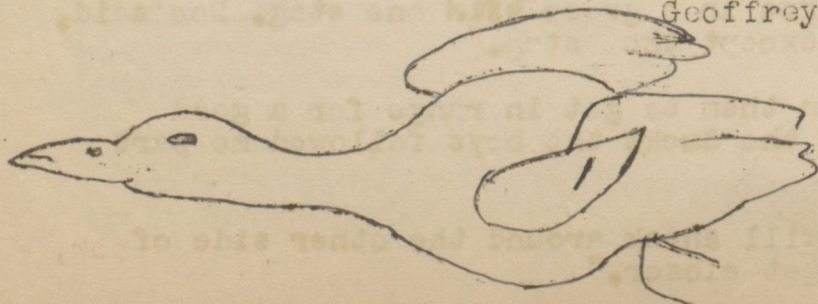
We looked around to see. Brother was right, so I said, "I'll swim out and get him."

I took off my clothes and started in the cold water. I hesitated a few times. All of a sudden I dived in. I swam out to get the duck. I threw him to Doc who was waiting for him.

Doc said, "I hope you like swimming in November for this duck isn't any good. It's a fish duck."

I practically swore because I was cold the rest of the day just for swimming after a good-for-nothing duck.

Geoffrey Gates '47



After the freshmen and sophomores read Mark Twain's "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," in their English class, they wrote various other stories of Jim Smiley's betting. Two of these stories are printed below.

JIM SMILEY'S WONDER COW

"Well,, this yer Smiley had a one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and one day thish-yer Smiley was driving his Bessie cow up to the barn from the pasture and he met another man with another cow and Smiley, back to his old tricks, bet thish-yer stranger that old Bessie could give twice as much milk as the stranger's old crowbait. 'In fact' Smiley declared, ' I do believe this-yer ole' yellar cow of mine will give twice as much milk as any cow that's aliving in Calaveras County.' The stranger didn't want to be called a coward so he took up Smiley's bet, knowing that he would lose unless some miracle happened. Smiley said they'd milk the cows right then and thar', so he put down his twenty dollars and thet- thar' stranger laid his'n along side of t'other and then Smiley up and says, 'Wal, seeing that I'M a'going to win anyway I'll oblige ya by traveling along up to my barn up ahead and get ya a pail to put thet- thar' old crowbait's few scanty dops of milk in while I bring along a nigger-head for thish-yer old Bessie's milk. Yessir, good ol' Bessie, that she is.'

"Wal, with not a ring of dishonesty in his voice, thish stranger says to Smiley, 'Yessir, and a very kind man you are, sir,' So old Smiley trudged up the hill to his barn. Wal, during thish time thish-yer stranger was doing a lot of thinking. He was thinking how he could win thish-yer bet. He gt up from where he was asetting on the ground and walked over to Smiley's old Bessie. He took off his hat and began milking old Bessie, using his hat for a pail. All at once he saw Smiley coming down the path, and he up and dumped the milk on the ground, and slammed his hat onto his head. Smiley strolled along, true to his word, carrying a pail and dragging a nigger-head.

" The two men sat down to their cows and began milking. Old Bessie, sorta' angry at this strange performance of being milked twice, grew very impatient, and hauled off and kicked this-yer Smiley right in the kissor. Smiley got up and hauled off and hit the poor ol' cow while this-yer stranger, with a sly sorta' smile on his face, kept on milking his old Crowbait.

"Wal, at last, seeing that he'd gt his limit from ole Bessie with only about ten drops of milk in the nigger-head, and a strong, puzzled worried look on his face, ole Smiley straightened up and rolled the nigger-head over to the side of the road and pushed his twenty dollars toward the stranger. This here stranger pocketed the money and stalked off with a twinkle in his eyes. Then as he turned, Smiley observed, "Wal I'll be durns, I didn't suppose that he was so concerned as that, the sweat's pouring off his forehead, only it looks to me sure that he was sweating milk." Thish-here stranger hurried away even faster then, 'cause he'ed heard Smiley.

"Ole Smiley turned and patted ole Bessie saying, 'Ya can't win but I'd ruther lose by honesty than t'win by cheating; Yessir, I sure would.'"

Kathleen Thibeault '49

JIM SMILEY'S OLD YALLER COW

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a one eyed, yaller cow who didn't have no tail, only a short stump like a bananer and' teeth rotted out with old age. The old cow looked as if it was ready to fall apart and into its grave, but ole Smiley would keep any animal who had enough legs to walk with until the day it died. One day an ole farmer moved into Calaveras County not far from ole Smily. Wal Smiley figured there wan't a farmer in the county he hadn't bet with; so he'd go to see thish-yer farmer. He met him and said, 'I bet you five dollars my ole yaller cow can give more milk than two of yourn put together.'



mer in the county he hadn't bet with; so he'd go to see thish-yer farmer. He met him and said, 'I bet you five dollars my ole yaller cow can give more milk than two of yourn put together.'

"Well, said the old farmer, 'to make it fair, I'll bet you that one of my cows will give more milk than yours.' So the two old farmers set a date when they were to play off their bet. Then the day came, and the old farmer brought his cow over to Smiley's barn, along along with his stool and pail. When the contest was to begin the old farmer sat down and started milking, and old Smiley took his pail and sat down to the old yaller cow and started to milk. All of a sudden he jumped up and said to the old farmer, 'The bet's off. My old yaller cow she dried off last week and I done forgot all about it.'"

Carroll Titemore '49

MY FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE

My first airplane ride was very thrilling, even though I was a little scared at first.

It was a cold Sunday morning in March when we all piled into the army buses that were to take us to Westover Field where we were to have some competition drill. As we weren't to drill until night and as we considered ourselves good enough to celebrate, we got permission from our C. O. to get some pilots and go for a fly.

At last it was my turn. They put a parachute on me and let go, but I fell over backwards from the weight. After the M.P.'s picked me up they assisted me into my plane. It was a C-47, two seater, open cockpit. Boy, was it cold at eight thousand.

The pilot took off and away we went. It surely was the biggest

thrill of my life. As I was looking down, the pilot made a steep bank and started a dive. When he came out of it I was gasping and feeling pretty green. When he had finished his fancy stunts we circled for a landing. After getting our okay in we came down. I thought the landing was terribly bumpy and after we taxied up to the hanger I asked why. The answer startled me so I jumped out and landed on my face, because of course I still had my chute on. The reply was that our tail tire was flat and we almost did a three point landing. I have done a lot of flyi since but didn't get a chance to solo before I had to leave to come up here. However I hope to rejoin my Squad again soon.

Beverly MacLeod '49

ALUMNI NEWS

Marilyn Riley '46 and Ruth McDermott '46 have entered Vermont Junior College.

Marion Dewing '46 has entered University of Vermont.

Charles Gates '46 has entered Champlain College at Plattsburg.

Shirley Riley '45 and Marion Richard '45 have gone back to Johnson Normal School.

Phoebe Jane Westcott '44 has entered U.V.M. after having two years at Colby Junior College.

Melvin Geno '45 has entered the Armed Forces.

Royce Magnant '45 is back at U.V.M. for his second year.

Shirley Phelps '46 is with the Insurance Company in Montreal.

Charles Mullen '45 has entered a veterinarian school in Michigan.

James Richard '43 has entered the Armed Forces.

A daughter, Mary Lou, was born to Geraldine (Lothian) '38 and Alman Richard '39 on November 2, '46.

A son, Richard George, was born to Rachel (Streeter) '42 and George Prive on October 29, '46.

Marjorie Gates '40 and Robert Irish '39 were married on August 12, '46 by Rev. Strickland.

Maurice Benjamin '32 and Ruth Martindale were married Sept. 1, '46.

(Continued on page 21.)



HUMOR

TEACHERS OF F.H.S.

There was a teacher named Dewing
 Who just can't stand gum chewing.
 Said she, "I know what I'm dewing,
 As sure as my name is dewing;
 I just don't stand for gum chewing.

IT SURE DOES

Bradley: Gee whiz,
 we've been going
 to school for
 almost twelve
 weeks now.

Robert: It seems
 like three
 months, doesn't it?

There wath a teacher of Math
 Who, one day a question was athed.
 "If two and two equal four,
 Will four and four equal mour?"
 And to thith she anthered, "Yath."

There was a teacher, Silvester
 Who, with all the voice he could mester,
 Hollered, "Quiet Kids!"
 And they all didd
 So he thought it sounded bester.

"I HIT 'EM"

Guy: Seen any deer?
 Albert: Yep. I shot
 at one a while back.
 The first time I
 shot under him but
 the second....

Guy: You hit 'im!

Albert: Right where I
 missed him before!

There was a teacher named Gates
 Who, whispering in class, just hates.
 "I don't like to preach
 But I'm trying to teach
 The capitols of forty-eight states."

SONG TITLES

HOW DO YOU DO IT?Latin II class
 HOW MANY HEARTS HAVE YOU BROKEN?Charlotte & Daisy
 GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES MORE.....Geoffrey to Martha
 OH MAMA, GET THAT MAN FOR ME.....Kathleen
 I WISH I KNEWRobert D. & Stewart

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Kathleen Thibeault without curls?
 Jane Gates not contradicting Mr. Silvester?
 Martha Jane not trying to get a picture of Claude at
 every ball game?

CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED

Hair grower for Stanley Lothian's mustache.

A day bed in school for Geoffrey Gates.

New set of playing cards for Muriel Spooner and Carroll Titemore.

Curlers for Butch MacLeod.

FOR SALE

One water fountain. (Can be used to take surprise showers.)

IT HAS BEEN SAID! "Even if a girl loves a boy from the bottom of her heart, She can usually find room at the top for another one. "

* * * * *
* * * * *

EXCHANGE

This year we are exchanging school papers with the following high schools: Spaulding, Enosburg, Highgate and Brigham. We have recieved the "Brigham Beacon" and I think the students of Franklin High have enjoyed reading it very much.

Brigham, your poems are good and the song title story "Make Believe" is very clever and new. Please continue the good work.

Martha J. Riley '47

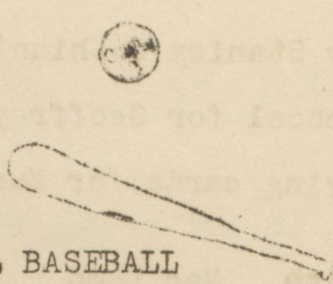
Birth Announcements

Darlene Joyce, born on Oct. 17, to Kathaleen (Ploof) '40 and Henry Greenwood.

Bonnie Lee, born to Pansy(White) '43 and Edward Crossman, on July 2

Robert Fay, born on Oct. 9 to Marjorie (Tatro) '32 and Fay Magnant.

(Continued on page 24.)


 FALL BASEBALL

Franklin's fall baseball season opened with the opening of school. The squad worked out about a week before the initial game. We lost only two men through graduation and had seven lettermen on the squad but even so quite a little rejuggling of positions was necessiated. As the squad shaped up for the initial game against Brigham on Sept. 13th the positions were occupied by players as follows:

Alton Lothian c
 Claude Magnant p
 Albert Richard lb
 Lloyd Richard 2b
 Geoffrey Gates 3b
 Leo West ss
 Stanley Lothian lf
 Robert Cyr cf
 Albert Desroches rf

Others on the squad included Richard Columb, Lyle Ladieu, and Guy Towle. The lineup remained about the same for the entire season. Olin Samson and Bradley Magnant also saw brief service.

Sept. 13th. The Brigham Bulldogs journeyed to Franklin for the locals opener but found Magnant's offerings rather troublesome as Franklin's veteran moundsman set the Bulldogs down with but two infield hits, both somewhat dubious. Both teams showed lack of experience but twelve Brigham strikeouts gave the Franklin fielders just that many fewer chances for errors and probably told the ball game.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	Battries: Paradee & Read
Brigham	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	Magnant & A.Loethian
Franklin	0	0	3	0	2	0	*	5	

Sept 16th. Franklin went to Highgate but might as well have stayed at home because they were able to garner but two hits off Highgate pitching. Highgate took a three run lead in the first inning and Franklin was never in the game after that.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	Battries: A.Loethian Magnant (1) & Gates
Franklin	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	A.Loethian (1). Cassidy & Raymo
Highgate	3	0	1	2	0	1	*	7	

Sept. 19th. Highgate came to Franklin and the two teams put on a ding dong nip and tuck thriller. Highgate took an early lead but Franklin tied it up and went ahead only to have Highgate go ahead in the last inning. Franklin threatened in their half of the seventh but couldn't quite pull it out. It was a well earned victory for Highgate but the Franklin boys didn't feel a bit disgraced because they really played ball.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	Battries: Cassidy & Raymo
Highgate	1	0	2	0	1	0	2	6	Magnant & A.Loethian.
Franklin	0	0	1	0	4	0	0	5	

Sept. 23th. Franklin traveled to Swanton and pulled an upset victory by downing Swanton 4-2. It wasn't a particularly exciting game and the Franklin boys didn't play brilliantly, but Franklin got the breaks and the ball game.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	Batteries: Magnant & A.Lothian
Franklin	1	1	0	2	0	0	0	4	Hilliker & F.Hakey
Swanton	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	2	

Sept 26th. Swanton came to Franklin determined to avenge themselves of their previous defeat and they really did as they gave Magnant his severest pounding of the fall. Swanton got six runs in the first two innings and were never headed thereafter.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	Batteries: C.Hakey Hilliker (2) & F.Hakey
Swanton	4	2	0	0	4	0	0	10	Magnant & A.Lothian
Franklin	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	4	

Oct. 4th. Franklin wound up their season by pounding out a decisive 13-4 win over B.F.A. of Fairfax. A big third inning which saw every man score and a total of eleven runs cross the plate sewed up the game.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	Batteries: Irish Gillin (3) & Gillin Irish(3)
B.F.A.	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	4	Magnant & A.Lothian
Franklin	0	0	1	0	0	2	*	13	

For a season's record we won three and lost three, but judging by the fact that we are the smallest High school in the county and so always have to play bigger schools we can say we had a successful season. To show that we held our own, besides our three three won and lost record our opponets scored thirty-one runs and we scored thirty-one, and Magnant struck out forty-four opposing batsmen while various opposing moundsmen whiffed forty-three Franklin batsmen. These games provided athletic pastime for this fall and will be just that much experience under our belts come next spring.

Claude Magnant '47

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Boys' basketball practice started about the first of November with Mr. Silvester acting as our coach. The boys out for basketball are Alton Lothian, Stanley Lothian, Geoffrey Gates, Richard Columb, Albert Richard, Claude Magnant, Robert Cyr, Gilbert Dewing, Guy Towle, Carroll Titmore, Lloyd Richard, Stanley McDermott, Burhl Barnum, Douglas Columb, Olin Samson, and Robert Durenleau.

The varsity lineup will look approximately as follows: Stanley Lothian or Richard Columb lf, Geoffrey Gates rf, Alton Lothion c, Albert Richard rg, Claude Magnant lg.

The varsity's first game was on December 4th against the Alumni. For the first half we made it an interesting game, but in the second half they gradually pulled away from us and took a decisive victory the score being 38-19. High scorer for the High School was Alton Lothian with six points.

Our second game was against Brishan, there, on December sixth. We were at full strength for the first time, but we weren't strong enough because Brigham downed us 38-24. Alton Lothian again led our scoring parade with thirteen points.

We are in the Western Division of the Franklin County League and start playing league games in January. C. 1937-1947

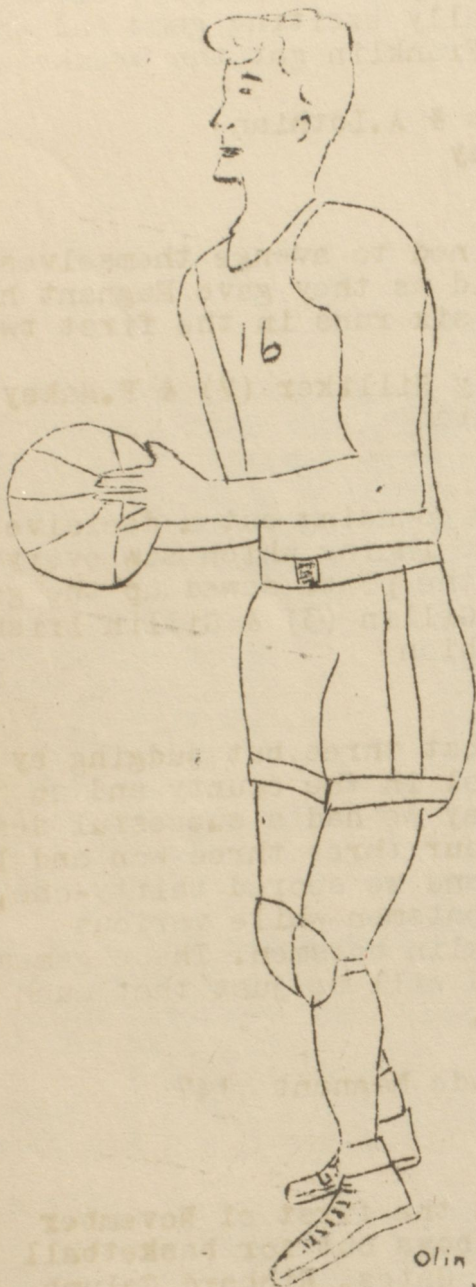
GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls basketball team opened the season with a game against the Alumni which they lost by a score of 12-10. Betty Benjamin was high scorer for the High School with three points and Toof was high scorer for the Alumni with five points. Most of the girls are lacking in experience although there are a few promising players.

On December 6th Franklin journeyed to Brigham and took a double defeat. The girls gave an easy game to the Brigham lassies by a score of 37-7. Roberts was high scorer for Franklin with four points and Kelley for Brigham with eleven markers.

Although the girls haven't had much luck to date, the team is rebuilding after being very hard hit by graduation and will undoubtedly come into their own in all due time.

The girls on the team this year are Hortense Roberts, Sally Gates, Janet Magnant, Betty Benjamin, and Martha Samson for forwards. Madeline Benjamin, Martha Riley, Jane Gates, Imogene Columb, and Mary Columb for guards.



Olin Samson 150

Guy Towle '49

Mrs. Lamsa taught home economics and social studies in Franklin from September, 1942 to November, 1945.

Announcing the arrival of Kent Mikael
Mr. and Mrs. Teivo W. Lamsa
Date December 1, 1946

SCHOLASTIC HONORS FOR FIRST NINE-WEEK PERIOD

ALL "A" GRADES

SENIORS

Claude Magnant
Martha Samson

FRESHMEN

Madeline Jette

EIGHTH GRADE

John Hubbard
Bradley Magnant

SOPHOMORES

Robert Cyr
Lyle Ladieu
Madeline Messier
Daisy Ploof
Leo West

SEVENTH GRADE

Arlene Wright

 $\frac{1}{2}$ "A" & $\frac{1}{2}$ "B" GRADES

SENIORS

Gilbert Dewing
Armand Gaboriault
Martha J. Riley
Muriel Spooner

SOPHOMORES

Madeline Benjamin
Mary Columb
Richard Columb
Sally Gates
Beverly MacLeod
Stanley McDermott
Kathleen Thibault
Carroll Titemore
Guy Towle

SEVENTH GRADE

Roger Rainville

JUNIORS

Imogene Columb
Jane Gates
Herman Gover
Joyce Johnson
Alton Lothian
Lloyd Richard
Hortense Roberts

FRESHMEN

Janet Magnant
Olin Samson

EIGHTH GRADE

Rosemary Jette
Martha Ann Towle

"B" HONOR ROLL

SENIORS

Geoffrey Gates
Charlotte Geno
Theresa Proper

SEVENTH GRADE

Albert Desroches

SOPHOMORES

Sheila Lahue

FRESHMEN

Bertha Bouchard

CLASS OFFICERS

Seniors

President --- Martha Samson
 Vice President - Armand Gaboriault
 Treasurer -- Muriel Spooner
 Secretary ----Charlotte Gono
 S. C. Representative Theresa Proper

Juniors

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

Sophomores

President ----- Leo West
 Vice President --- Mary Columb
 Treasurer --- Albert Richard
 Secretary -- Madeline Desroches
 S. C. Representative Robert Cyr

Freshmen

President ---- Madeline Jette
 Vice President Janet Magnant
 Treasurer - Bertha Bouchard
 Secretary ----- Olin Samson
 S. C. Representative
 Aline Rainville

Eighth Grade

President --- Simone Bouchard
 Vice President Douglas Columb
 Treasurer ----- John Hubbard
 Secretary ---- Margaret Barnum
 S. C. Representative
 Bradley Magnant

Seventh Grade

President ---- Roger Lothian
 Vice President Albert Desroches
 Treasurer ---- Roger Rainville
 Secretary ----- Ortha Columb
 S. C. Representative
 Arlene Wright

Student Council President - Claude Magnant
 Vice President ----- Lloyd Richard
 Treasurer ----- Theresa Proper
 Secretary----- Robert Cyr

"MOLECULE" NEWS

- September 3 - School reopened with 62 pupils present which was a little less than last year.
 September 6. A movie, "Our Neighbors South of the Border," was shown.
 September 9. We had solid session because of teachers' convention at Highgate
 September 13. Our student council president, Claude Magnant, gave a short talk on new resolutions of the student council and student tickets. Mr. Silvester also spoke on this subject.
 September 20. Assembly opened with songs. Mr. Silvester spoke about current events.
 September 26. The freshman reception was sponsored at the town hall by the sophomores. This opened with a cradle roll of the freshmen class. About forty-five dollars was realized for the sophomores.
 September 27. For assembly the record player was used.
 October 4. During the assembly period an interclass game of baseball was played between the freshmen and the sophomores. The sophomores won.

- October 10 - 11. School was closed for the teachers' convention in Burlington.
- October 18. The juniors sponsored a dance at the town hall with the record player, thereby making about fifteen dollars.
- October 18. Mr. Silvester read us a story, "The Sign of the Wayside Inn."
- November 1. A Hallowe'en party was sponsored at the town hall by the student council. Games were played, movies were shown, fortunes were told, and refreshments were served. The party ended with dancing. About \$60 was realized.
- November 8. For assembly the honor roll was read. Then Mr. Silvester gave a talk on school affairs.
- November 11. There was no school because of Armistice Day.
- November 15. The sophomore class sponsored a record player dance at the town hall, thus making about eighteen dollars.
- November 15. Mrs. Gates sponsored the assembly program. Records were played and songs were sung.
- November 22. Mr. Anderson spoke on citizenship in schools, in homes, and in the community.
- November 28 - 29. Thanksgiving recess.
- December 6. As an assembly program an open meeting of the student council was held. They discussed the changing of the constitution of the student council so that the pupils would be represented through two houses instead of one. This matter was then left for the student body to think over before acting upon. The student council also discussed the possibility of allowing various classes to sponsor record player dances after Friday night home basketball games. The sophomores will sponsor the first of these dances after the Brigham game, Friday night, December 13.
- Imogene Columb '48
Robert Cyr '49

