

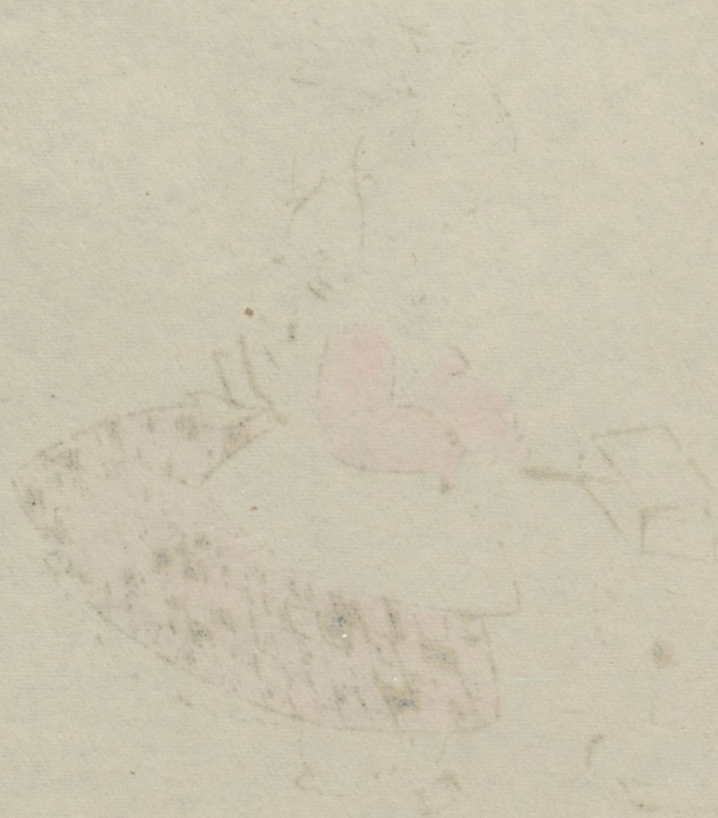
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FRANKLIN
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FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL
MILWAUKEE

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OUR NEW SCHOOL SCHEDULE

Before this year school had always started at nine o'clock and was dismissed at three-forty. It had been that way ever since I can remember, and had been that way for centuries, I guess.

But this year when Mr. Powers became principal of the school, he had a new system which he called "solid session". In this system school started at eight forty-five and was dismissed at two-thirty with twenty-five minutes at noon, a ten minute recess, and forty minute classes.

This program didn't work out too well because the people who lived in the village and went home to lunch didn't have time to eat and get back to school on time. The school busses also complained because school started too early for them to bring the children here on time.

In the past few weeks Mr. Powers and the rest of the faculty have devised a new plan, whereby school starts at nine o'clock and is dismissed at three o'clock with a forty minute nooning, a ten minute recess, and forty minute classes. This system seems to have worked out very well so far. It gives the students who go home to lunch plenty of time, and the busses don't have to get around as early as they did.

Although there was much fault found ^{about} at solid session, the majority of the school supported it, and we may go back to it in the spring.

Stanley McDermott ' 49

WHY GO TO SCHOOL?

It pays, in dollars and cents, to go as far as possible, in the right sort of school, or in almost any school, in fact. Mr. Edison and Mr. Ford got along without much formal training; so also did Mr. Lincoln and Walt Whitman. Very superior persons like these, and all fools, are outside the law of averages. Perhaps their superiority may lie in a specially active will and ambition, spurring an otherwise ordinary person to train himself. Somewhere, somehow, everybody in this world must get ready; and schools are the best answer we have learned to make, so far, to the problem of getting ready.

One who leaves school early is shut out from all the professions to begin with. He cannot be a lawyer, a doctor, a dentist, a teacher, a surveyer, a preacher, an electrician, an engineer, or a modern architect without training or preparation in school. Of course, almost anybody can work with his hands, and we think that everybody ought to, to some extent; but the boy who quits school early is very surely condemning himself to manual labor for the rest of his life. A girl may get a job in a five and ten cent store as soon as the law allows her to leave school, and a boy who finishes the eighth grade may strike the level of mixing drinks at a soda fountain - both perfectly respectable jobs for a summer vacation, but both likely to have tragic conse-

quences if continued after the school bell rings in the fall. Few important business positions go now-a-days to young people with less than a high school training; and the overcrowding of every American university shows very clearly that even college education pays.

The "learned professions" have no monopoly of the new demand for training. For example, the day of the small farmer is passing. Workers have drifted to town, and the farmer has been compelled to use labor-saving machinery or give up his occupation. A good machine does the work of three to ten men, so that a progressive farmer may find the losses in man power more than made up by the gain in machine work. Yet, only a born genius can operate and repair all sorts of machines without training in mechanics, and the best place to get that training is in the right kind of school.

Mechanical requirements form only a part of the change in farm conditions. We have passed the years of heavy cropping at the expense of native richness. A return must be made to the land. Different soils and varied crops require different treatment. Crops that so well in one soil are not adapted to another. The raising of stock under modern conditions requires expert knowledge of a good many sorts. In short, while there is still a meager living derived from old-fashioned farming, the men who make the big money on the farm are students; and the short cuts to the things they need to know are the agricultural schools and colleges. If a boy likes farming, but doesn't like the kind of school in his neighborhood, because he doesn't see any use of taking Latin, ancient history, and such; if he is in a hurry to get the best training for the big-scale farming - the farming that pays - there are school in his state where he can find the very courses he needs, and often he can work to pay part of his expenses. Beyond any question this is the way to a big success outside the towns.

Whatever the practical future we dream about beyond the wheel-barrow and the retailing counter, schools can shorten our road of life. Reckon the working wage of a life-time, it can be shown that every day in the four years of a completed high school course has been worth, to an average student, about ten dollars. It is work with the head that pays.

But the best reward of going to school is not counted in dollars and cents. There is a stagnating littleness in the common routine of mechanical tasks unless the mind has caught the secret of escape into broader facts - little lumps of information, rather more welcome if false - about folks and things near by. Hundreds of men and women we know are dying mentally of this kind of stricture. Training of the right sort gives a world wide range to our interest in facts, makes us reluctant to accept mere hear-say and shows us how to test information and appearances.

Yet, this is only the ground-work of an always fascinating mental experience. Our training, whether received in school or out, should teach us to interpret facts. The reasoning student, unlike the newsgathering gossip, values facts as part of a network of cause and effect, which it is his duty and pleasure to understand for the common good.

A third function of schools is finding a steadily widening application that attempts to do some definite work in the world, or to prepare for thoughtful citizenship.

A fourth possible service of schools is the training of feeling and taste, so that we come to appreciate life for the rich thing that it may be, and to act with consideration for the interests of our fellows. Only the rankest kind of a Philistine attempts to express the value of an art object in dollars and cents.. We must live, to be sure, but the best part of life is, as the good book says, "not by bread alone" Culture, like other New Testament grasses, cannot be bought and sold, but must be lived through. The big danger of leaving school too early is the danger of personal littleness, of stagnation in a mental treadmill, even more than the actual loss in dollars and cents. So, whoever you are don't leave school.

Hortense Roberts '48

OUR MOVIE MACHINE

Franklin High School purchased a new combination moving picture machine and record player in the spring of 1946. It was used extensively for the first few months for movies as well as for dances, and the student body congratulated themselves on having something really entertaining, and at the same time helpful.

It now seems that the movies have been forgotten, and the only thing the machine is used for is the amplifying of the record player. "But", you say, "we have used the machine for pictures." Yes, we have used the machine. We've had one educational picture and two or three comedies in the course of three months. From the pupils' opinions, as I have heard them expressed, it's not because of their feelings that the idea of movies has gone stale. It has been said that it was because there were no blackout shades in the main room. That is a reason, but we managed to see pictures last year without them. We would like blackout shades, but even without them I think most of the student body back me up in saying, "We bought the moving picture machine, but not for an ornament. We want to see some pictures."



Alton Lothian '48

THE WEAPON FOR PEACE

Since the days of the Revolution, Vermonters have never experienced the havoc of war on their own soil. Few Vermonters have ever known hunger that could not be appeased by the bountiful fruits of that rugged soil.

The War was won by guns and the life of many a promising Vermont youth. The peace now hangs in the balance. Hunger among the victims may well accomplish what their arms failed to do. Totalitarianism

now marches on a different battle front. The only weapons which will halt that march are the weapons of food.- To fail is to fail the Vermont boys who gave their lives for the cause. So, now Vermonters, help to forge those weapons against starvation and dictatorship, by sharing and contributing as much as possible.

Imogene Columb '48

P O E T R Y

A POEM FOR TODAY

WISHES

I don't know what I can find
to say,
But I gotta write a poem today.
I guess it's meant for the
"Molecule"
Which is the little paper
of our school.

I try to think of words that
rhyme,
But some of them I just can't
find.
I gotta think of something
pretty fast,
For the time is quickly slipping
past.

This has to be done at two
twenty sharp,
Or it's after school I stay
'til dark.
I guess I'll close with this
last line,
For it's all the words that I
can find.

Carroll Titmore
'49



I wish I were across the sea,
For this is torture, tis plain
to see.
This may be a democratic land,
But teachers, I think, are out
of hand.
In this land is prosperity-
Without the teacher's, there
would be.
Now, if there were no schools
at all
Boy's wouldn't worry in the fall,
Our hair wouldn't turn to grey
If there were no work, only play.

But if perchance there were no
schools,
Would we all grow up as fools?

Gordon LaFlame '48
(with revision)

MURDER !.

The skirts are longer,
The stockings 'most black,
There're ribbons in front,
And bustles in back.

The hips are padded;
The waist-lines pinched.
Whoever did it
Ought to be lynched.

Joyce Johnson '48

COMPARISON

It was Christmas in the U. S. A.
The snow was soft and white,
And laughter rang from the firesides
Where Yuletide cheer was bright.

The housewives hummed a merry tune
As they fixed the Christmas meal;
And hymns were sung from churches.
The Christmas spirit was real.

It was Christmas in Europe, too;
The snow was wet and gray,
And children huddled in shadows
To wish the winter away.


No Christmas meal had they,
Not even a slice of bread,
And they cried beneath the icy wind.
The Christmas spirit was dead.

Jane Gates '48

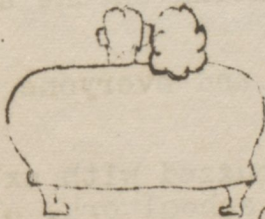


HE'S LATE

Tick tock, tick tock,
Already it's quarter of eight;
Maybe he isn't coming at all,
Or maybe he's just late.

Tick tock, tick tock, 
The time creeps slowly by.
All right! So he did stand me up!
I never did like that guy.

Madeline Benjamin '49



SCHOOL MINDED

Ding-a-ling goes the bell;
Up start Johnny, Sue, and Nell.
They sit in the classroom, dumb and deaf,
Thinking, "Who the dickens was Lady Macbeth?"

Teacher calls out in a very sharp tone
Telling Sue she'd best make known
Who Shakespeare was and where he lived. ←
- "Dear teacher, if you'll please forgive,
Last night I sat with my best beau,
Listening to the Charlie McCarthy show."

Madeline Messier '49

FRIENDSHIP'S HAND

President Truman made some plans
To help feed war-torn Europe's
lands.
He said, "This is the only way.
Save a slice of bread each day.

"Go every Tuesday without meat;
On Thursday, not an egg we'll eat,
To save a starving child each day;
It is the Christian good will way.

So get behind **our** President's plan
To prove the good in American man.
So "Love thy brother as thyself,"
And feed some country's hungry
mouth.

Kathleen Thibault '49

SILENT NIGHT

The world is almost purple
As the trees reflect the white;
Now slowly the shadows deepen
Till the dusk becomes the night.

It is a silent night
With the sky an icy blue;
And window panes are frosted
With shapes of every hue.

Jane Gates '48





STORIES

RULES AND REGULATIONS



One night Joe had just come home from boxing practice when he spied Tom who had arrived from college to spend the weekend.

"Why, hello, Tom," Joe whooped. "I didn't expect to see you tonight."

"Hello," Tom returned. "Mom said you were at practice tonight, so I thought I'd wait around a while for you. How did practice go tonight?"

"Oh, it didn't go too bad," Joe replied. "We've got some pretty still competition, but, of course, it isn't like when you and Pete were in the ring."

"Yep, it must be quite different from when I was there," Tom thought. He remembered one day around two years ago, when he was a senior at Carlton High School. He and Pete Lawford, a big, husky boy, and very much a trouble maker, had been competing since the first days of high school.

Tom and Pete both belonged to the "Boys' Club". It was the first year that they were having the boxing matches, and Pete and Tom were both looking for the lead.

At school, almost a week before the matches, Pete was telling Tom "Why, I can beat you with one hand tied behind my back."

"Since when?" Tom scoffed. "I'd like to see the day when you could."

Well, Pete had started something and some pretty rash things were said. It ended in a fight.

One of the on-lookers shouted, "This is the fight," and everyone thought that it was for a while, but just then Mr. Lee, the principal, came walking down the steps and when he saw the crowd he wondered what was going on.

The crowd broke up enough to let Mr. Lee through and he stopped the fight pretty quick. They got a lecture about fighting on the school grounds.

After that incident things were really humming and everyone was more excited than ever about the tournament.

Then the day of the tournament came. The air buzzed with excitement and none of the boys could keep their minds on schoolwork. All they thought about was the fight.

Joe was only a Freshman then, and he was very excited about the whole thing, although he was rather scared about Tom.

That night the boys got ready early and Joe walked over to the gym with Tom.

Everyone was looking forward to the contest between Pete and Tom. The referee made both boys understand that it was to be a fair fight.

When Tom and Pete got in the ring, the place rang with cheers and then quieted suddenly as the whistle blew.

In the first round the fight was very close. But in the second round Pete, determined to win, tripped Tom and the strict referee called the bout.

Pete was in a rage and Tom didn't like it either because it didn't settle the thing that had to be settled.

When they had gone to the locker room, Joe, having a hunch that something was going on, went into the locker room and sure enough, Pete and Tom were finishing it up.

"Stand back, kid," Tom muttered when he saw Joe's look. "Keep out of this."

So Joe did even if it was hard. But someone else had conceived the same idea that Joe did- Mr. Barder, the boy's club leader. There was supposed to be no fighting in the gym outside of the ring. That was a strictly kept rule and when Mr. Barder saw the fight, he asked, "What's going on here?"

The boys shot a glance at Mr. Barder but went back to their fight quickly.

"Haven't you boys read the rule book that's been around here?" Mr. Barder asked. "You shall both be suspended from the club for two months."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, for the fight was over now. But Pete didn't know a thing that was happening. He was out cold.

Madeline Jette '50

THE LITTLE MAN

It was one of those lazy days in late July. The sun was warm against my back, and somewhere near me a fly buzzed persistently. I reached out with my foot and kicked a rock over, tingling with excitement as it tumbled over the ledge. When I examined the place where the

rock had lain so long, I noticed it was a tiny insect village. Little paths were interwoven over its surface and every so often a hole was burrowed into the earth and formed a little tunnel. Unconsciously, I began smoothing the little paths and filling in the holes with my forefinger. This gave me a feeling of satisfaction in which I indulged for a while. But suddenly I felt a sharp pain and pulled back my hand in great surprise. I discovered a tiny stream of blood flowing into the little **canals** of my fingerprint, and a bump was already beginning to rise. This promised to be very sore.

"Ouch," I decl~~ared~~ aloud, "I have been bitten, and I shall seek my revenge."

I laughed a minute at the melodrama in my statement, and I picked up a sharp stone and quickly crushed the little ant. Suddenly I turned for no apparent reason, and saw a little man beside me. He cried out impulsively at me, "Oh, but you shouldn't have!"

I looked down in amazement at the stately little fellow watching me. He was no larger than your little finger, and he wore a trim green uniform of exquisite tailoring, with buttons that shone like the rays of the sun. He looked at me again and repeated softly, "Oh, but you shouldn't have."

"Why not?" I demanded angrily. He bit me! Who are you anyway? What is it to you?"

"My name is Security," said the little man. "It is for me that men desire homes. It is for me that men fight for their homes, and", he added, "it is for me that they die for their homes." He looked earnestly at the insect and turned challengingly back to me.

"He was but an insect," I cried, "a tiny insect, an ant, and this is my land."

"And his home," reminded the little man. He had made his home here and his community. He built his roads and raised his family. And you, said the little man, "erased it all. Do you blame him for biting you? For fighting for his home and security? Wouldn't you have done the same

The sun was warm against my back, but I shivered. "Wouldn't I have done the same?" I put the finger in my mouth and licked my wound. I thought for a long time. If I could but bring the poor thing back to life - - But I couldn't. The ant was dead, and I had killed it. I could only pick it up, poke a little hole in the sand and cover it tenderly. This I did and I turned eagerly toward the little man.

But the little man was gone.

Jane Gates '48

AN UNEXPECTED BATH IN JANUARY

It was a nice winter day in January. The boys of Jeffersonville planned to go skating on the river that night, if the moon was nice

and bright. The boys asked Joe, "Why don't you get your dad's truck and take us boys skating on the river tonight?"

"Well," Joe said, "Dad may not like the idea."

"I'll go with you when you ask him. Then he'll be more likely to say 'yes,'" Bob said.

"Okey," Joe answered.

That night when Joe had rounded up all of the older boys they started for the river, which was one and one-half miles west of the town. Bob and Tom were riding in front with Joe. "Come on, Joe, speed it up," Bob urged.

"You know this isn't my truck. If I smashed this truck, mother and dad would never let me use it again. If it were mine I wouldn't care," Joe replied.

"Come on," Tom said. "We want to get there tonight not tomorrow. Speed it up to sixty. That isn't very fast for this junk."

"Junk is right. That's all the more reason why we shouldn't go too fast. This truck is going to fall apart some day," the driver said.

The boys in the back of the truck were hollering and shouting to hurry so Joe kept going faster, ~~hid~~ they sailed.

"Are we going fast enough now, boys?" Joe hollered above the engine.

"Can you go any faster?"

"No, guess not."

"Well, maybe we'll get there tonight, anyway."

The boys in the back were daredevils and they sat on the edge of the truck ready to jump off when the truck stopped.

The road followed the river and Joe wanted to take the old road that went off the main road so they could stop at the old barn and the boys would have a good place to put on their skates.

Bob opened the cab door ready to jump out. Joe slowed down a little but just as he swung off to the sideroad to the old barn, Bob, who had the door open, fell out, rolled in the snow to the edge of the river, and fell in. Joe stopped the truck and the boys helped pull Bob out of the river. (The river was about three feet from the edge of the road and ^{the ice} was so thin in this spot that Bob had broken through when he landed on it.) The boys hurried Bob into the truck. Joe left the boys at the river to skate while he took Bob home before he caught pneumonia.

"Well," Bob said as they neared home, "that's the first time I ever took a bath in the river in January."

A BAD NIGHT FOR MR. MULLINS

The Mullins had just moved into the factory town of Brunsford. They were a middle-aged Irish couple who were friendly and minded their own business.

Mrs. Mullins was about forty-five years of age, a quiet little woman who was an active member of the church and belonged to a number of women's clubs. Mr. Mullins was a good-natured Irishman that could see a humorous side to almost any incident. He was a lover of poker and occasionally took a "wee" drink.

Now the town of Brunsford is a war town. It was built in a hurry and as cheaply as possible. The houses were mostly owned by the company and were rented to the employees. On every street, the houses were the same. This is a fact that confused Mr. Mullins very much.

One warm night in June, about three months after the Mullins had moved to Brunsford, Mr. Mullins went down to Clancey's for a game of cards with a few of his associates. Now, as he told it, the cards weren't running very well and the boys were unusually free with their drinks. Sometime between midnight and dawn, the boys decided they'd better start the journey home.

Now, Mr. Mullins wasn't really drunk. That is, not the way he looked at it. He could still move under his own power; that is, to some extent; and his vision was fairly good, if he were close enough and looked long enough at the object he wanted to investigate. But all the same, he was slightly unsteady.

The boys got him through the door and headed in the general direction of home which was five long blocks away. He started out by picking one foot up and putting it a little ahead of his other one. This worked all right and he repeated this process for about four blocks which brought him to the head of his own street, where he reached for his handkerchief to wipe the mist from his eyes. As he pulled it out of his pocket, something metallic fell from his pocket and clattered to the sidewalk. This was all unobserved by Mr. Mullins.

Now to find his own home. He couldn't remember whether it was the fifth or sixth down. He navigated the length of the street and as all was dark and all looked the same, he was no better off than before. Then he had an idea. He would take his key and try it in all the doors until he found one that would fit. That house would be his. This seemed like an excellent idea until he had searched his pockets and had failed to find a key.

He lowered himself to the curb and began to do some hard thinking.

"O me dear ole wife'll scalp me shure if I donna come in 'til daylight," he mourned to himself.

Then he had another plan. He'd just go to a house that resembled his, crawl in through a window, look it over, and if it contained his furniture it was sure to be his.

He chose a house near the middle of the block, raised a side window, and started to slide in, head first. He was nearly in when he slipped and shoved his face into a bowl of goldfish on a table about a foot from the floor.

He stifled a cry of surprise and rolled away from the flopping fish. He got to his feet, took two steps, tripped over a low coffee table and rammed his head into a radio. He got dazedly to his feet, startled by a scream from the second floor.

"H-A-R- O-L-L-D-D!! There's someone downstairs!"

"Oh-oh. Wrong house!" groaned Mr. Mullins. He started for what he supposed was the window and came to a door instead. He opened it anyway, and started through. Suddenly the bottom fell out of the floor and he cartwheeled down a flight of stairs. His head came in contact with something very solid at the bottom and he sank into blessed darkness.

Mr. Mullins struggled to open his eyes. The light hurt so at first that he decided to keep them closed a while longer. His eyes flew open immediately though, for he remembered that it had been dark when he fell down those stairs. His vision cleared somewhat and he was able to make out the horrifying truth. He was in jail.

Suddenly, he heard footsteps and a bluecoated officer stood looking through the bars.

"So you're awake, huh? The judge'll see ya now." he said curtly.

Mr. Mullins got dazedly to his feet and followed the officer.

"If I iver git oot o' this weeth me skeen, I'll shure an' be looky," he groaned silently to himself. "And if'n I iver take anoother bloomin' drink ageen, I hope I choke, I do."

Guy Towle '49

JUNIOR HIGH PRODUCTIONS

ONE WEEK TOO EARLY

One bright morning, very early, Bob was looking at the calendar to see when deer season started. Then he called, "Mom, may I call up Pete, and ask him to go hunting with me?"

"Yes," answered his mother. So Bob went to the telephone.

"Ring-a-ling," went the telephone.

"Number, please," said central.

"Two ring six," said Bob.

"Hello," answered Pete.

"Hello, this is Bob," explained Bob. Then he asked, "Would you like to go deer hunting with me?"

"Sure, I'll go with you," answered Pete. "When are you going?"

"Tomorrow," said Bob. "Do you want to go with me, this afternoon, to buy a deer rifle?"

"Yes, I'll go with you," said Pete. "I'm going to use my shotgun."

"Okay, I'll meet you at 1:00 o'clock this afternoon."

"Bye," said Bob.

"Bye," said Pete.

At dinner time Bob announced, "I'm going to take fifty dollars with me to buy a gun."

"Are you going to put all that money into a gun," his mother asked.

"Yes, I am," he said.

"Well-ll, you make sure that you buy a good gun." Just then came a knock. "Bob, you go to the door. It's probably Pete."

"Come in," invited Bob. Then, "Guess I'm all ready. Let's go. Bye, Mom."

"Bye, and remember what I told you," cautioned his mother.

Bob and Pete walked along the street, looking in the windows for a gun. All at once Bob called, "Look, there's a thirty-two special, and it costs fifty dollars. I'm going to buy it." So they went into the store. Bob announced, excitedly, "I want to buy that thirty-two special in the window."

"I'm sorry, but it's already sold," was the reply.

The boys went out and continued their window gazing. Pete, at length, called, "Do you see the gun in that window? Is that the kind that you want?"

"Boy, I guess it is! I'm going in to see how much it costs," said Bob, with his heart beating fast again. He hurried into the store and asked, "Is that thirty-two special in the window for sale?"

"Yes, of course," answered this storekeeper.

"How much does it cost?" asked Bob quickly.

"Forty-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents," he answered. "Wouldn't you like to buy it?"

"Yes," said Bob, bring it to me. And here's the money." He deposited his fifty dollars on the counter.

Forty-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents and one cent makes fifty dollars," said the storekeeper, "and thank you. Shall I wrap the gun?"

"Yo-o-yes, I guess so." Then, as he took the package, "Thank you."

Grabbing his new gun tightly in one hand, he laughingly held the penny in the other, as he said, "Here, Pete, you may have this."

"Bob, Bob", called Bob's mother, the next morning, early. "Get up if you want to go hunting. Pete is here already."

"Okay," he answered as he came bounding down the stairs. "Hello, Pete."

"Hello, you lazy bun," greeted Pete. "Come on. Let's get on our way."

"Okay," answered Bob, yawning. "Just let me get my gun." He grabbed a sandwich, put on his jacket and cap, and picked up his gun.

"Do be careful," warned his mother as they started out.

When they reached the woods Bob told Pete to be quiet. Soon Pete asked, "What is that noise?"

They both looked. Then Bob whispered excitedly, "It's a buck. Can you see it? I'm going to take a shot at it." He lifted the new gun and fired. The deer started running, but not very fast because it was limping. Then Pete shot. The deer fell. They both ran, and soon finished him. Bob called to tell his father to come with his car and get the deer. His father came and helped them load the buck.

The boys told everyone how they had shot a buck, a six pointer. Then one day Bob's mother asked, "Do you boys know that you went hunting a whole week too early?"

Bob looked it up on the calendar, and said in a very low voice, "Yes, man, we did."

Someone had squealed on them, and Bob had to sell his gun to pay his fine. He sold his gun for only thirty dollars. The fine was sixty, but Pete had to pay the other thirty. Then Pete and Bob agreed, "Never go hunting too early."

Ortha Columb '52

A SURPRISE

(This story was completed from a beginning in the textbook)

[Mark Twain: one day Tom (Tom) who declared he was penniless.

"I wish you would buy me a ticket back to the city," he begged.

"Well," Mark replied, "I'm nearly broke myself, but I'll tell you what I'll do. You can crawl under my seat, and I'll hide you with my legs."

(Tom) agreed to this plan. Then Mark went to the ticket office and bought two tickets. When the train pulled out (Tom) was under the seat.

The conductor came through for the tickets, and Mark gave him two.

The conductor said, "Why two tickets?"

Mark said, "Oh, I thought I would buy two, and have an extra one." So he handed the conductor both of them.

"But the conductor said, 'I thought you were going to save one.'"

"You may have them. I don't want them," said Mark.

"What did you buy them for?" the conductor asked.

By this time Tom was getting nervous, so he came out and the conductor asked, "What are you doing?"

"Oh," said Tom, "I was tired, so I thought I would lie down under the seat."

Mark began to laugh, and so did the conductor.

"So you tried to play a trick on me. Well I guess you did."

The conductor took the two tickets and walked off.

"Whow," said Tom, "that was a clever trick."

Sybil Gene ' 53

IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING I ATE

Last night I awoke about twelve o'clock, and found myself in the year of 1975. On my night stand I found a tray of push buttons, all marked with names. The first one said "food", so I pushed it, as good things to eat are very tempting to me.

A voice coming from the ceiling asked, "What will your order be?"

Then I, in a frightened little voice, answered, "A piece of cake and a glass of milk."

Like magic, the side of the wall opened up, and there sat my cake and my milk. In my slippers I walked to the table, and found, to my surprise, that it was real.

After eating the delicious lunch I decided to try out the other buttons. I found one marked, "Your Favorite Movie," so I pressed it. A moment later a screen shot up from the floor and a voice from the ceiling said, "This is a Twentieth Century Fox production of 'Weekend in the Country'." The picture was wonderful.

Then, I had to try all the other buttons, so I next picked one marked, "Your Morning Paper." A slot in the wall opened and a sheet of paper came rolling out. It contained the very latest news and my favorite comics.

After looking at the paper I decided I would like a nice warm bath, so I found the button with the right marking and pressed it. My bed folded up into the wall and out came the bathtub. The soap and towels were there, too.

After my nice warm bath I looked over the buttons again. I found one that said, "Your Work All Done for You." "Oh Boy!" I thought, "I will press that one." So I did. But out came all the modern things to do it with. What a disappointment that was!

As I remembered I had a story to write for ^{English} class in the afternoon I decided to press the button marked, "School Work Done for You".

The voice from the ceiling asked, "What do you want, Joyce? This is your teacher, Miss Gates."

And I, in a frightened voice, replied, "A short story for class tomorrow."

"Why Joyce," returned the voice from the ceiling, "You must write your own story. I gave it to you to write and I can't write it for you. You must have the buttons mixed up."

I looked carefully and pressed it again. Then I heard a voice that said,

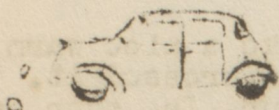
"You get up this minute, Joyce Elsworth, or you'll be late for school and you haven't got your homework done yet." It was my mother. Was safe in my own bed. It was just a dream after all.

Joyce Elsworth '53

THE ART OF GETTING INTO TROUBLE

Getting into trouble comes natural to me and is, therefore, an art in which I excel. One experience which is brought to my mind (I shouldn't say brought. It has never left and I don't believe it ever will.) took place while the family and I were on a camping trip. Now I call myself an honest fellow and will tell you right now that I'm the kind of guy who's always doing something the opposite way ~~from~~ ^{from} other people would do them. (A second Thomas Edison, if you know what I mean.)

Our camp was located on the shore of a beautiful lake high up in the mountains of Vermont. (At least, I think it's in Vermont. By the time we got done driving, I didn't know but what we were in Connecticut.) We finally arrived with just two flat tires on the way which is considered pretty good luck for the shape of the roads. After getting unpacked and settled down, I became restless and my ingenious mind immediately began to function. To myself I said, "The old car skipped pretty badly coming up. Guess I'll look her over and see what I can do."



Just A piece
of junk!

I started my interprise with probably the smallest assortment of tools ever used to tear down a motor. (I started out to clean the spark plugs, but one thing led to another.) The tools consisted of a jack, tire levers, lug wrenches, an adjustable wrench, and a pair of pliers. As anyone knows, a person doesn't need a jack, tire levers, or a lug wrench for motor work, but, nevertheless, I kept them handy just in case. (You never know what has to come off next.) I started like a mechanic with fifty years' experience. Oh sure, I knew what I was doing. I thought, "Just one more nut and I'll have the top off this jigger. Wonder what's inside! Huh! Nothing but a bunch of wires. Maybe if I change 'em around a little the old girl will run better."

I did a lot of tinkering before I noticed the shadows were beginning to lengthen, and then I began putting things back together (start I looked down at the parts lying around and was dumbfounded. Where in the world had I gathered all these nuts, screws, bolts, and junk! I was flabbergasted, but they can't say I didn't try. No sir! That That motor went back together in a hurry. (The next day a mechanic came up and put it together a little differently than I did. My stroke of genius cost me five weeks' allowance and a ruined reputation as a mechanic.)

Later in the week I was trying out a new brand of cigarettes one night in bed, and having put in a strenuous day (doing practically nothing) I was very sleepy, and fell asleep with a Chesterfield dropping from my mouth. It was a short sleep, very short. When I awoke I realized what a smoking ham must feel like. Luckily, my room was facing the lake, for out went one of my mother's best blankets into the water. It was recovered the next morning, and since I was, or my folks thought I was, too young to smoke I took my meals standing up for the next few days.

Another little incident was the falling out of the boat in my Sunday best after uncessfully trying to start the confounded motor. But why should I kick? I didn't accidentally kill anyone, and that's something.

"THE SOUL OF ANNE RUTLEDGE"

by Bernie Babcock

This story takes place at the Rutledge Inn in New Salem, Illinois, in 1831, when Anne Rutledge and Abraham Lincoln first saw each other.

At this time Anne was engaged to John McNeil, alias James McNamra. But as time went on Anne began to see more of Abc, until John revealed his true identity, and departed to his poor relatives, never to be seen or heard of again.

As time went on, Abraham and Anne became engaged, but their wedding day was never to occur, for Anne developed a cough which, after a long illness caused her death. So ended a very deep happiness and love, and in its place was left a very grave sorrow.

The climax of the story was "the unfinished song" which Anne was singing to Abc when she died.

The characters of this story undergo very little if any change. All of them, however, are very real. Their opinions, beliefs, and characteristics add humor, as well as keeping the reader interested.

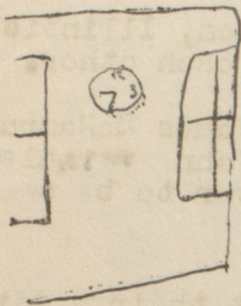
Anne Rutledge, one of the leading characters, adds a great deal to the story. Her serious and sympathetic nature, and her love for natural and simple things, such as plum blossoms, made her very popular. Her word was as good as a written statement, and it could be broken only when she was too weak to resist. Because of this, ^{not} all of her life was happy.

Abraham Lincoln was often believed to be crazy because of his beliefs and opinions. He couldn't be influenced easily, and he often defended the opposite side, such as was the case with the slavery question. He was at ease and very witty, but awkward when speaking. He stated his opinions whenever possible. He believed only in things which he thought made sense. People often said that he would get nowhere in life because of his honesty and his sympathetic nature. If ever he saw a person in need of something which he had he would part with it gladly. Telling stories in his droll way was one of his chief pastimes. Probably because of these characteristics he accomplished so much during his life.

The plot of the story was the struggle of Abraham to win Anne. He won out for a short time, but in the end Anne was taken from him, forever.

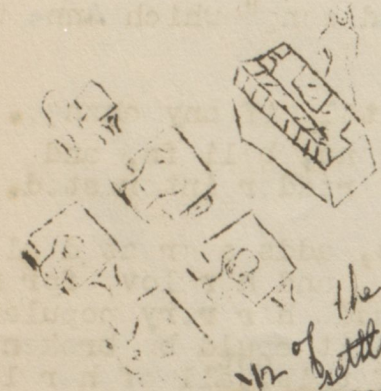
I would recommend this book because of its great amount of humor, and the interest that it creates. It pictures the life and ways of living at that time. It's an especially good character story.

Teachers' Pet Peekes



9:30
Oh! Dear
Late
Again!

Pupils who are always
preparing yesterday's
Assignments for
tomorrow!
Evidence of
Selfishness
Me
The 3
Little Pigs
Myself
and I



1/2 of the student body
settling down for naps
when an out
side speaker
is addressing
the assembly

Parties
Sports



I won't
Take a
part in
it

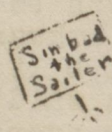
Lack of cooperation

Boys' Pet Peekes



starts
fixed for
the acrobats!

More Movies
Demanded



More Fire Drills!
Fire!

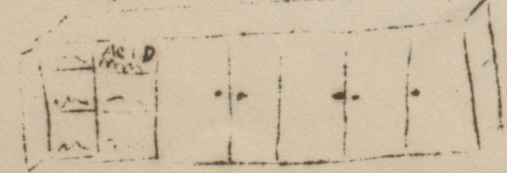
Miss Dewings
Gum Basket
New Pencil
Sharpeners!



school yard cleaned up
General Science Class
in Laboratory

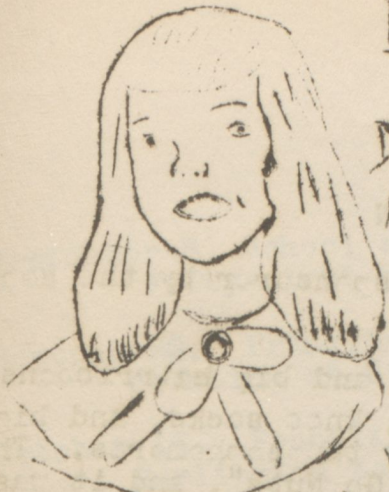
Wanted
Better Care
of the tools in
shop

No More
Speeches
or
Long
Lessons!



Can't stand
whiskers
on boys!

Boys' Pet Peeves Cont'd.



Don't like Girls who date Steady or Girls who have to date



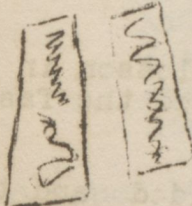
Wanted! Home Ec for 7th + 8th Grade Boys

Think they study

Can't stand Long Dresses or shirts!



Girls' Pet Peeves



Don't like Book reports or oral or long lessons



Throwing gum away or having it in Miss Jewings' basket



Even table tips in Lib.



people who tease but can't take a joke!



Boys who think themselves cut of this world

Get to work!

Egotistical Teacher



FRESHMAN RECEPTION HELD AT FRANKLIN

On October 16th the freshman reception was sponsored by the sophomores.

The boys were dressed as girls with dresses and big hairribbons, and the girls were dressed as boys with knee pants, knee socks, and big bow ties. They each had a name assigned to them by the sophomores. The name of the little play enacted was, "Why Teachers Go Nuts", and it was all based around a school with very naughty children. A sophomore boy, acted the part of Miss Esmeralda Crabtree, the teacher. Olin Sams

The stunts were very well done. Dancing Annie Hubbard and Flossie Foodles Columb had a pillow fight on a log. Flossie Foodles won because she didn't touch the floor, although she lost her ribbon. Dancing Annie was fighting very hard.

Rosabella Riley and Quiz Kid Magnant rolled onions across the floor in a race. Quiz Kid's onion got off the track, and Rosabella's kept right on rolling. Rosabella won, and was awarded a sucker.

Dizzy Dick LaFlame and Double Bouble Barnum had a lesson in aviation. They both had a ride, and though Dizzy Dick received the fastest ride Bouble Bouble screamed louder.

Joe Palooka walked on cracker, while she was blindfolded and thin she was walking on eggs. Dopey Dumpy Bouchard and Piccolo Pete Jette had a music lesson in which each tried to blow his horn three times first.

The whole school said the "A-B-C" song and also danced a square dance with Double Bouble at the piano and Dancing Annie calling off. Then they lined up and walked down to the front of the hall where the receiving line was. Mr. and Mrs. Powers were also in the receiving line. Everyone did his part very well.

Refreshments of ice cream and cookies were served by the sophomores.

After this, dancing was enjoyed, with Wood's Orchestra furnishing the music.

Madeline Jette '50

Four freshman boys, Douglas Columb, Stuart Riley, John Hubbard, and Bradley Magnant are building bench saws under the supervision of Mr. Powers, our manual training teacher.

The civics class have been giving five minute news reports of world affairs, during the activities periods. The civics class has also raised money to send to CARE in New York to buy a box of ~~clothes~~ for some needy person in The Netherlands. Each pupil was bringing seventeen cents.

Bradley Magnant '51

NEWS OF THE YEAR

September 8. School reopened with Myron E. Powers as our new principal. Fifty-eight pupils were enrolled.

September 9. Franklin began using the solid session system, with school starting at 8:45 A. M. and being dismissed at 2:30 P.M.

October 15. Franklin High School and Junior High were transported to Burlington to see the Freedom Train. This train is one that is travelling throughout the United States. It contains old and important documents such as the original "Constitution", Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address", Washington's "Farewell Address", the "Bay Psalm Book", Francis Scott Key's copy of the "Star Spangled Banner", Lafayette's "Letter to Washington", and the "Emancipation Proclamation", as well as the Japanese and German peace treaties the flag raised on Iwo Jima, the flag flown from the battleship Missouri at the time of the Japanese peace treaties, and General Eisenhower's personal flag. These documents and flags were displayed in shatterproof, bulletproof, shock-proof, waterproof, and fireproof show cases. The floors were covered with thick carpets, and all the cars were air conditioned. Fire fighting apparatus was at hand if needed. The train was guarded by twenty marines.

October 16. The freshman reception - See page 22.

October 25. The seniors held their class party. Instead of the customary class party at the school house, there was a wicnic roast at the home of Betty Benjamin. Refreshments were hot dogs and roll marshmallows, apples, and soft drinks. The party was enjoyed immensely. Miss Dowing was the chaperon.

October 31. "Hallowe'en party was sponsored by the student council at the town hall. The admission was the size of the shoe, a penny for each size. The stage was decorated as a restaurant with tables and a bar. The waitresses wore black and orange crepe paper aprons and caps. Refreshments which were served included cider, doughnuts, sundaes, banana splits, pop, ice cream cones, and apples. Other booths which were gayly decorated were the Fish pond, and Señora Dolores' fortune telling booth. Dart throwing, bowling, checkers, pitching pennies, and a jar rubber baseball game were the important games. Although our amplifier refused to produce any sound for our movies that night, it did run the record played for dancing after the games. The prize for the best costume was awarded to David Samson.

November 11. School was closed for Armistice Day.

November 21. The sophomore class held their annual class party, with Miss Gates as chaperon, at the school house. The students and their guests met at 8:30 P.M. in the main room of the high

school building. The games were winking and gossip. Then the pupils danced until 11:30 P.M. Refreshments of sandwiches and pop were served. The party was well attended.

November 14. The senior class sponsored a record player dance. It differed from others, however, because at this dance everyone was supposed to wear something plaid; many wore black and red plaid shirts. There was also a new dance worked out. Mrs. Gates was the chaperon.

November 27 -28. School was closed for Thanksgiving recess.

26. Mr. Merrifield read the Governor's Thanksgiving Proclamation, and spoke on thankfulness.

December 2. Miss Isaranda F. Sanborn, Associate Dean of Women at Becker Junior College, visited Franklin High. She gave an interesting talk about planning for future education, such as college.

December 10. From this date we are enjoying fluorescent lights in the main room.

December 19. School closes for Christmas vacation.

Inogene Columb '48

HONOR ROLL FOR FIRST NINE WEEKS

High Honors (All A's)

Senior : Inogene Columb Freshman : John Hubbard

Honors (A's and A - 's)

Senior : Joyce Johnson Sophomore : Madeline Jette
 Juniors : Mary Columb Eighth Grader : Hugh Gates
 Robert Cyr
 Madeline Messier
 Kathleen Thibault

CLASS OFFICERS FOR 1947

SENIOR

President - - Lloyd Richard
 V. President - Alton Lothian
 Secretary - - Betty Benjamin
 Treasurer - - Jane Gates
 Student Council Member
 Gordon LaFlame

Sophomore

President - - Aline Rainville
 V. President - Janet Magnant
 Secretary - - Bertha Bouchard
 Treasurer - - Olin Panson
 Student Council Member
 Barbara White

JUNIOR

President - - Mary Columb
 V. President - Stanley McDernott
 Secretary - - Madeline Messier
 Treasurer - - Madeline Benjamin
 Student Council Member
 Sally Gates

Freshman

President - - Bradley Magnant
 V. President - Rosemary Jette
 Secretary - - Simone Bouchard
 Treasurer - - Betty Barnum
 Student Council Member
 John Hubbard

Eighth Grade

President - - Roger Rainville
 V. President - Bruce Benjamin
 Secretary - - Albert Descoches
 Treasurer - - Hugh Gates
 Student Council Member
 - Roger Lothian

Seventh Grade

President - - Sybil Gene
 V. President - Joyce Ellsworth
 Secretary - - Mary Towle
 Treasurer - - James Benjamin
 Student Council Member
 Shirley Glidden

ALUMNI NEWS

Charlotte Gene '47 entered Johnson Teacher's College in October.

Theresa Proper '47 has employment in St. Albans, Vermont.

Martha Jane Riley '47 is studying at Vermont Junior College.

Claude Magnant, Muriel Spooner, and Martha Sanson, all of '47 have entered the University of Vermont in Burlington. Martha did so well in her English placement test there that she was exempt from taking freshman English.

Armand Gaboriault '47 is studying at Burlington Business College.

Geoffrey Gates '47 has entered Champlain College in Plattsburg, New York.

Marion Dewing '46 is a sophomore at Muskingum College in New Concord, Ohio.

Morrinan Lothian '46 entered St. Johnsbury Trade School in September.

Idolyn Messier '45 was united in marriage to Wayne Robinson, on Sept. 10.

Marian Richard '45 is teaching in Morotown, Vermont.

Harland Titmore '45 has graduated from the Bliss Electrical School in Washington, and now has employment in St. Johnsbury.

Clayton Pratt '43 entered Marlboro College last fall.

A son, Dale Bruce was born, on October 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Greenwood. Mrs. Greenwood will be remembered as Kathleen Ploof '44

Daisy Ploof '49



*** H U M O R ***

Miss Dowling, in English class: "Are the sonnets in this poem English or Italian in form?"
Carroll: "They're both Greek to me."

Bruce B.: "You know, Albert, I'm the vice president of our class."
Albert D.: "So what?"

Bruce B.: "Well, if Roger Rainville dies I'll be the next president of the class."

Mrs. Gates, in economics class: "Gordon, you know x's get you down."
Joyce Johnson: "Some kinds don't."

Aileen: "Why do you always carry a blotter to your classes?"
Bertha: "I want to absorb."

Mr. Powers: "Tell where the 'Declaration of Independence' was signed."
Jane: "At the bottom of the page."

Miss Dowling, in English class: "Robert, where was Longfellow born?"
Robert: "Dun-no."
Miss Dowling: "Have you studied your lesson for today?"
Robert: "Nope."

Miss Dowling: "You'll have to stay after school, then."

Robert, the next period, in the main room: "I have a toothache. May I go home now?"

Mr. Powers: "It is only 2:30. Can't you stand it until school is dismissed?"

Robert: "N-no, not today."

Can You Imagine : . . .

Sybil Gene not dancing with Dutchman?

Mary Towle not whispering to Roger Lothian?

Mike going with one boy more than three months?

The high school without a Gates on the faculty?

Stanley Lothian not interested in the girls' conversations (gossip)?

A certain freshman not wanting to go to all the dances in Enosburg on Saturday nights?

Aileen: "Why do you always carry a blotter to your classes?"

Mr. Powers: "Tell where the 'Declaration of Independence' was signed."

Jane: "At the bottom of the page."

WANTED :

A cushion for the floor of Carroll's car.
 More slams for Jane.
 A new Cadillac for Gordon.
 A new hat for Stanley McDermott.
 A car for Mrs. Gates.
 A private mirror for Kathleen Thibault.
 A one seat coupe. Will trade 1936 Buick sedan, with slightly used back seat. C.T.

SONG HITS

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp - - - - - National Guard Boys
 Poppa, Don't Preach to Us - - - Student Body to Mr. Powers
 Near You - - - - - Betty to Alton
 My Heart is a Hobo - - - - - Madeline Benjamin
 After Graduation Day - - - - - The Seniors
 Pog O' My Heart - - - - - Betty to Olin
 I Want to Be Loved Only by You - Madeline Jette to Stanley McDermott
 Ain'tcha Ever Coming Back? - - Olin
 I Can't Get up the Nerve to Kiss You - Carroll
 School Days - - - - - Robert Durenleau
 If I Had My Life to Live Over - Gordon
 I Wish I Had a Girl - - - - - John Hubbard
 Fouding and Fighting - - - - - Gordon and Joyce
 Smoke, Smoke, Smoke - - - - - Alton
 How Lucky You Are - - - - - Sally
 Smoke Dreams - - - - - Guy Towle
 Someone to Watch over Me - - - Barbara
 Sunrise Sorenade - - - - - Betty Benjamin
 My Baby Didn't Even Say Goodbye Bobby Cyr
 Sooner or Later - - - - - Jockey
 I Want Your Bubble Gun - - - - Miss Dowing

Miss Dowing: "Give me an example of centrifugal force, Jane.
 Jane: "Robert Durenleau "
 Miss Dowing: "What!"
 Jane: "Well, he makes you fly off the handle."

** S P O R T S *****

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

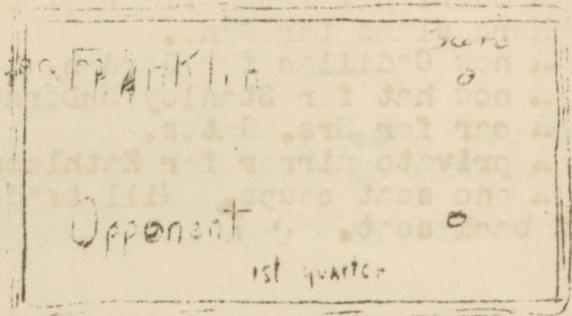
The Franklin High School girls started their basketball season with a victory over the alumnae of 32 - 25. The F.H.S. girls made the first basket and managed to remain ahead of the alumnae all through the game. Helen Magnant was high scorer, with 16 points; Madeline Benjamin was high scorer for the school, with 10 points.

Following the resignation of Mrs. Helen Magnant, we now have

as coach, Mrs. Martha Towle. Although we lost two of our players because of graduation, we are still hoping for the best.

The games scheduled so far (We are hoping to get more.) are as follows :

Dec. 19	Enosburg at Franklin
Jan. 16	Highgate at Franklin
Jan. 23	Franklin at Alburg
Jan. 27	Swanton at Franklin
Jan. 30	Franklin at Highgate
Feb. 6	Alburg at Franklin
Feb. 10	Franklin at Swanton



The girls on the team this year are Betty Benjamin, Inegene Columb, Jane Gates, Hortense Roberts, Madeline Benjamin, Mary Columb, Sally Gates, Beverly MacLeod, Madeline Jette, and Janet Magnant.

On December 11, the J.V.'s and varsity girls journeyed to Enosburg Falls to receive a victory and a defeat. The J.V.'s won over their opponents by a score of 45 - 15. High scorer for Franklin was Ortha Columb, with 25 points; high scorer for Enosburg was Rushford, with 6 points. The Varsity girls were defeated by their opponents by a score of 25 - 46. Janet Magnant was high scorer for Franklin, with 9 points; Sabra Leach was high scorer for Enosburg, with 21 points.

Mary Columb '49

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Franklin High boys' basketball team began practicing early in November, in preparation for their league games of Division C in Northwestern League.

We played our first and only game so far with the town men.

Owing to our good luck and the fact that the town boys had had no practice, we were able to defeat them by a score of 25-23. However, I think we have improved since that game. The schedule for the ensuing season is as follows.

Friday, Jan 9	St. Anne's at Franklin
Tuesday, Jan 13	Franklin -bye
Friday Jan. 16	Highgate at Franklin
Tuesday, Jan 20	Franklin at St. Annes
Friday, Jan. 23	Franklin at Alburg
Tuesday, Jan. 27	Swanton at Franklin
Friday, Jan. 30	Franklin at Highgate
Tuesday, Feb. 3	Franklin-bye
Friday, Feb. 6	Alburg at Franklin
Tuesday, Feb. 10	Franklin at Swanton
Monday, Feb. 16	Franklin at Plainfield

With our new coach , Bob Ploof, and with many new and promising players we should have a successful season.

Alton Lothian '48

E X C H A N G E

Our exchange column is limited this ^{year} as many of the schools are late in getting their school papers out. We have, however, received two fine issues - Enosburg's "Ri-chu-R" and Richford's "Searchlight".

Enosburg's jokes and poems were superb.

"Searchlight " - Your short story, "Fatal Error" , certainly was a chiller! Keep up the good work in poems and jokes. We girls were glad to see that you share our opinion that the longer skirts shouldn't be too long.

We of F.H. S. , as a whole , prefer the E.F.H.S. policy of keeping their paper on a basis of contribution of work and talent, although they aren't able, without the aid of advertising, to put out as expensive a job . Yet, we feel that this gives a better contribution to school spirit.

Madeline Messier '49

With our new coach, Bob Elliott, and with new and professional players we should have a successful season.

Alison L. Linton '48

E X C H A N G E

Our exchange column is limited this year as many of the authors are not in college their school papers are. To have, however, received two fine issues - Emerson's "Hesperus" and Richard's "Hesperus".

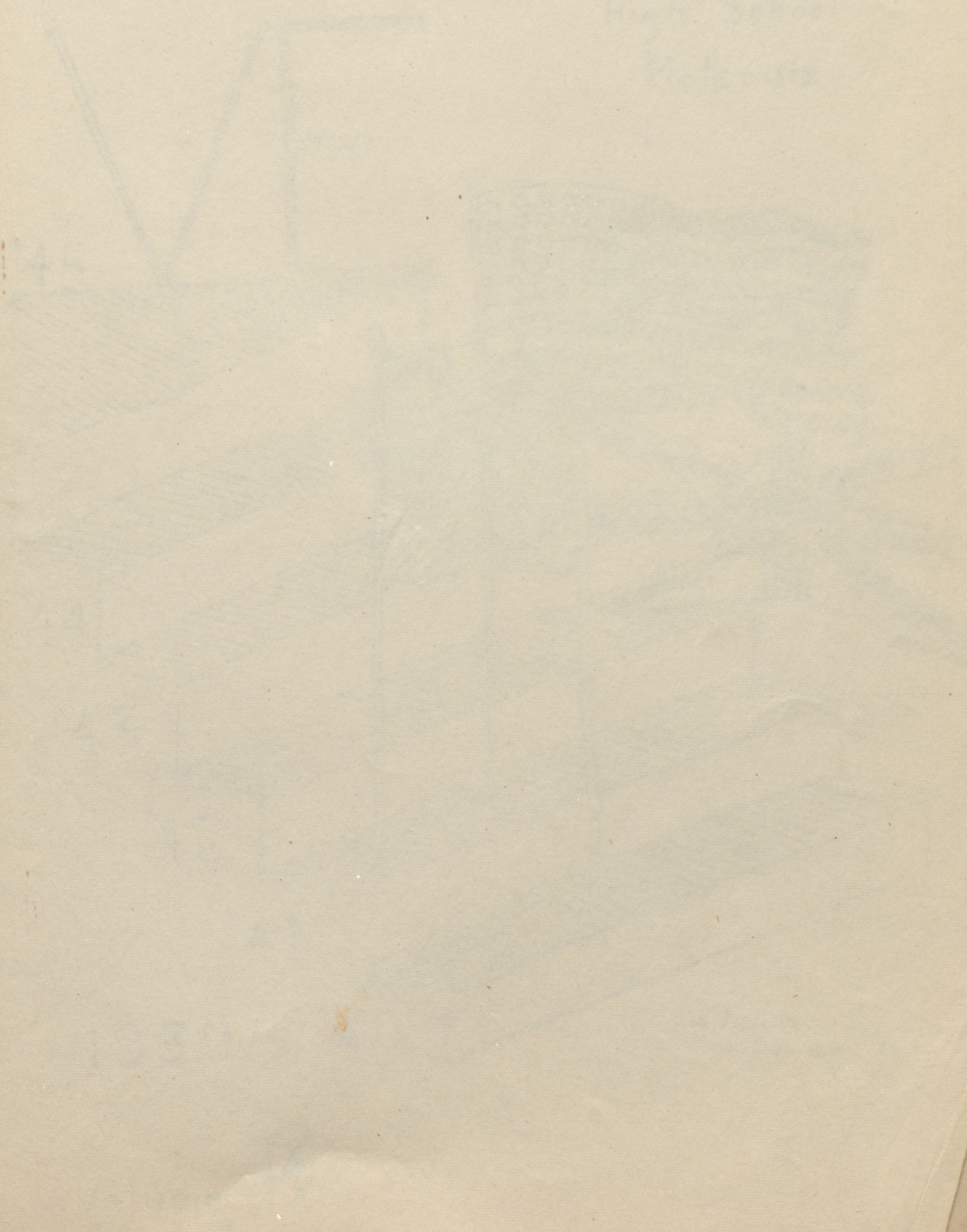
Emerson's letters and poems were superb.

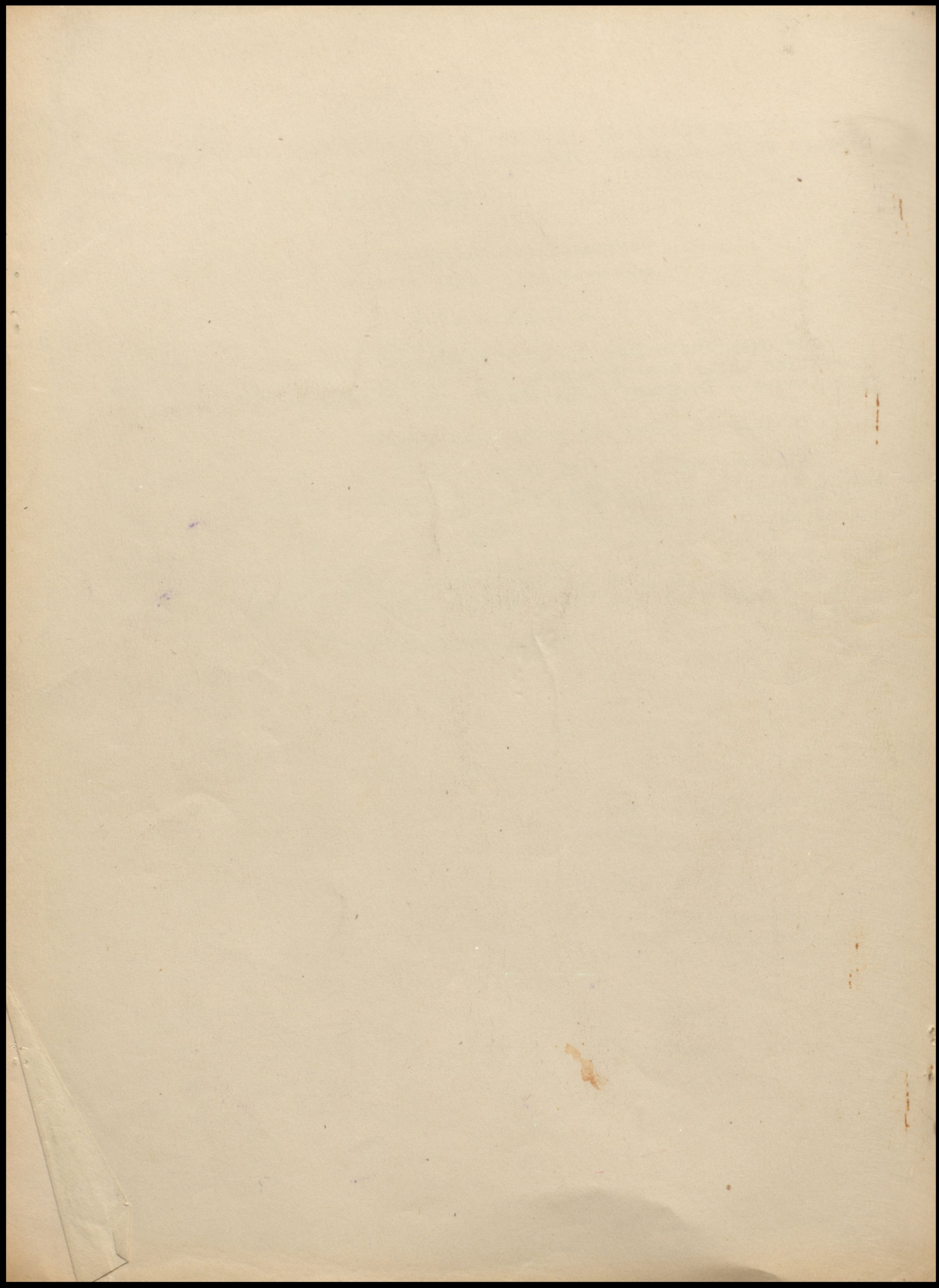
"Hesperus" - Your short story, "The Green", is certainly was a delight. Keep up the good work in prose and poetry. We think you did it well that you have included that the former which shouldn't be so long. We at P.H.S. as a whole, prefer the E.S.H.S. policy of keeping their paper on a basis of composition of work and talent. Although they aren't able without the aid of specialists, but at an expense a job. Yes, we feel that this gives a better standard of a general spirit.

Richard's Hesperus '48

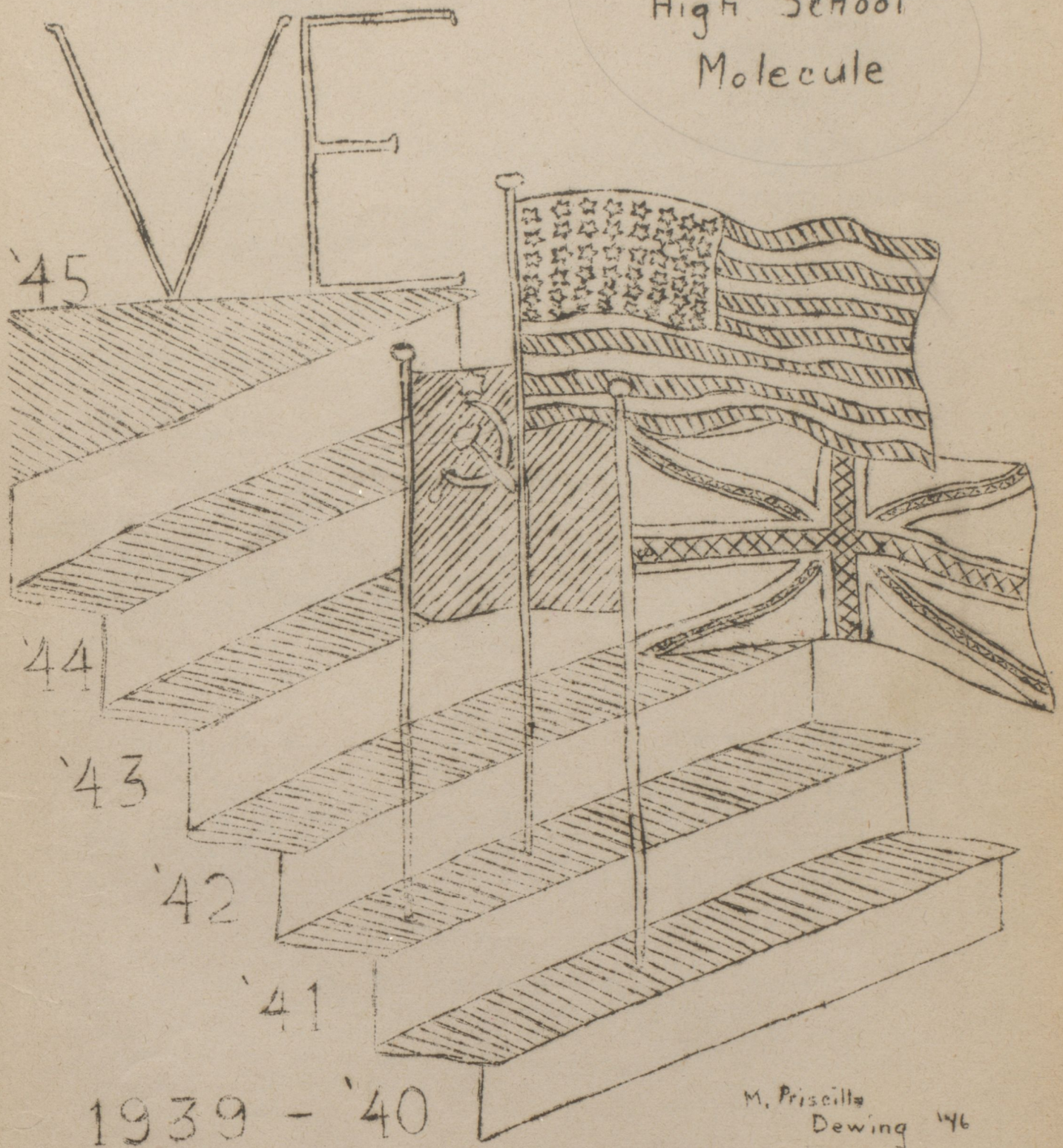
Maryland

Frederick
High School
Potomac





Franklin
High School
Molecule



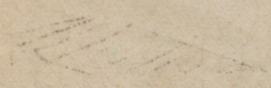
1939 - '40

M. Priscilla Dewing '46

Volume ~~IX~~
No 2 IX

December 1944

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