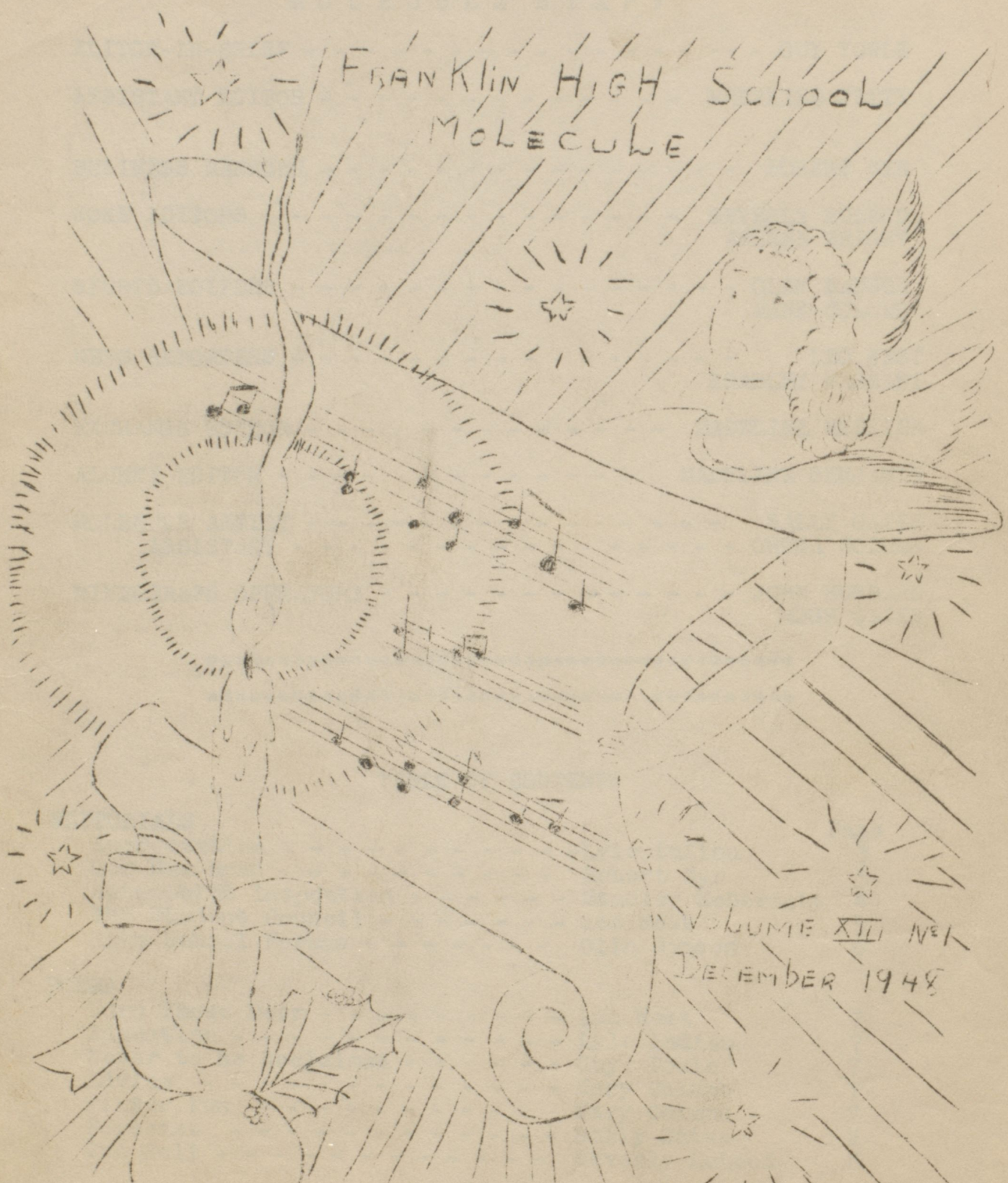


FRANKLIN HIGH School
MOLECULE



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S. Borchardt '51

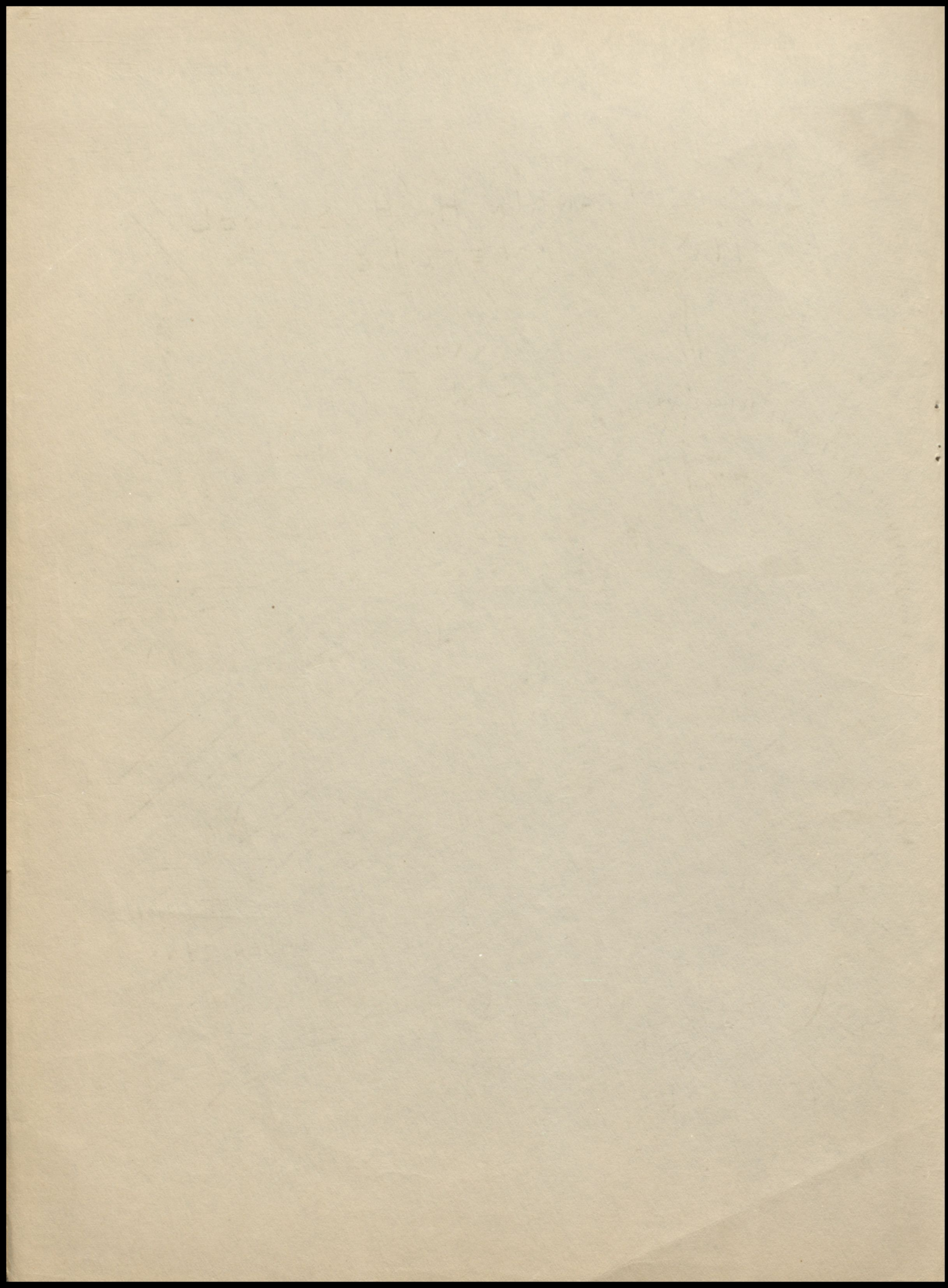


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EDITORIALS

APPRECIATION

Do we appreciate the things that other people do for us? We should do unto others as we would have others do unto us, but some people like to have others do for them with never a thought of returning the favor. Of course, when a person helps someone else, he doesn't expect to be paid or even to have the favor returned. Yet, the person aided generally is glad of a chance either to return a favor or to pass it along. Two years ago, I would have had to walk home from Franklin one day, but a friend of mine, who was attending school here at that time, took me home in his car. A few days ago I had the opportunity to return this favor. My friend was walking home from college, and he still had several miles to go when I picked him up and took him home. Did this fellow lose anything by helping me?

Then there is the other type of person, the kind that you help out and just get insulted for it. I know one man of this type. A fellow, whom I shall call John, was driving along one dark night when he saw, parked in front of him, a car with a flat tire. The man had no light, and no tools to change the tire with. So John parked his car in a position which would be convenient for using his headlights. Then he took out his tools and spent considerable time helping the man change his tire. When he had finished, the stranger gave John some money to pay for his trouble. John looked at the change the man had dropped into his hand. Seven cents!

Perhaps you can imagine how John felt. Will he be so willing to help the next fellow in time of need? He was insulted this time, but most people are not as stingy as this man and John would probably do the same for anyone.

Lyle Ladieu '49

OUR NEW ROAD

Now that we have a new blacktop road through town we feel a little more important, and happier to be living in Franklin. The blacktop has been a long time coming, but finally it is here. When the blacktop has been extended to North Sheldon more people will come to Franklin, because they will have such a good road to travel on.

This new road is not only a lot better to drive on, but it is much safer. When the road is finished all the way to North Sheldon it will probably be made wider and the sharp curves will be taken out. The street here is much wider and the little knolls have been smoothed out, thus giving greater visibility to the driver. This makes driving safer.

This new piece of road cost a large sum of money, but I think that in time it will pay for itself. There will be no need of scraping the road, drawing gravel onto it, or chloriding it during the summer months. Besides, a part of the taxpayers' money goes for road improvement, so why shouldn't they have good roads?

One problem which arises from having a nice new road through town, after having the old narrow one, is the idea of speedsters. Because we have a good stretch of road everyone is inclined to drive faster, and so break the speed laws. Even though the road is wider and safer, for that reason the people who drive very fast are apt to have accidents, and children who are inclined to play in the road are in greater danger than before.

Robert Cyr '49

AUTOMOBILE INSPECTION

For the past few years Vermont has been doing many things to make driving safer. Some of the things which are being done in this field are straightening roads, widening roads, and making bridges wider and stronger. Yet, I believe that the biggest safeguard to the motorist is automobile inspection.

This inspection, which now takes place twice each year, brings much criticism from car and truck owners. They, however, do not think of the many ways in which it protects them. A man operating a car pays two dollars a year for his safety in his own car, and for the safety of other cars which might collide with him. To pass inspection the parts of the car most likely to give out and cause an accident must be in A-1 condition.

During the inspection season the owner takes his car to an inspection station where mechanics check the necessary parts. Items which are essential for passing inspection are good brakes. —

both foot and hand, no cracked or clouded glass over two inches from the edges, a good windshield wiper, tight tyrods, tight wheel bearings, a stop light, and good strong head and tail lights.

The reason that automobile inspection was put into effect was that during the war new cars could not be purchased, and old cars were used instead. These old cars would have been off the road if new cars had been available.

The laws of Vermont require inspection during certain specified months in the spring and the fall. Cars not inspected at the end of this time are put off the road and their owners fined.

Stanley McDermott '49

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council of Franklin High has done and is doing a great deal to promote athletics and recreation in the school. It finances many things for the school. Before we go any farther, let us answer a few of the unasked questions in the minds of the public. Some of these questions are: "What is the so-called Student Council anyway?" "What are its officers and members?" "What does it do for the school?" "Where does it get its money?"

The Student Council is composed of eight members, including one representative from each class, a president, and a faculty adviser. The representatives are elected by their respective classes of the junior-senior high school; but the president, who must be either a junior or senior, is elected on a two-thirds majority vote, by the whole student body. The other officers, which are the vice-president, the secretary, and the treasurer, are elected from the council members by the council itself. The faculty adviser is appointed by the principal. The principal also always has the power of veto on any decision of the council.

As I have already mentioned, the Student Council finances athletic equipment of various kinds. Some of the equipment bought by the council in the past year include a new home plate, baseballs, bats, catcher's equipment, and baseball sacks. All this has cost us over a hundred dollars. Then too, the Student Council has spent over one hundred dollars for girls' and boys' basketball suits. It also pays the postage on the films, which amounts to about twenty dollars in the course of a year. A few years ago, the Student Council, assisted by donations of two hundred dollars from the townspeople, purchased our movie machine and record player - a five hundred dollar outfit. So far during this school year the Student Council has bought one basketball, and is purchasing suits for the girls at a cost of about one hundred thirty-seven dollars.

The Student Council obtains its money for financing these various enterprises by selling student tickets (One dollar and twenty-five cents each, for the year, gives the student the right to attend all home games and to receive both copies of the "Molecule"), by selling tickets at home basketball games (This nets about twenty dollars a night), and by "passing the hat" at baseball games. It also receives some money from plays and dances that it sponsors. The Student Council generally sponsors a Hallowe'on party in the fall, but this year it conducted a magazine campaign instead, thus realizing about one hundred dollars.

The Franklin High School, then, is of vital importance in financing and sponsoring the extra-curricular activities of the school, and the members of the Student Council get considerable experience from planning and carrying out their projects.

HIGH SCHOOL FORUMS

High School Forums are a very good way for us to learn about the main difficulties of people, not only in the United States but all over the world. We that attend these forums learn something of what it means to be connected with politics. Therefore, in the future when we have to contend in politics, we will not be so "green". Most of the students attending the forums have spent considerable time studying world affairs. Then, at the forums, we give our point of view concerning the problem which our group discusses. In this way we can give the people concerned with politics an idea of how the younger generation feels about world affairs, and how it would like to handle the present situations.

To give you an idea of what forums are like, I will tell briefly of the one just held in Montpelier. The three representatives, Guy Towle, Leo West, and I, rode down to Montpelier, on Friday, November 19, in Miss Dewing's car. We arrived about 9:30 A.M. and went directly to the State House where all the representatives met in a general assembly. Incidentally, there were 177 pupils from 78 different schools present. At the General Assembly we heard four people from different countries other than the United States, give their ideas of the place of youth in the changing world. Three of these speakers were boys of high school age from England, China, and Morocco, who expressed their ideas on the life, problems, and needs of their countries.. Each felt that new and youthful ways are necessary to solve problems in a changing world.

After the General Assembly we divided into small groups, which met in various rooms of the State House, Supreme Court Building, and the school house, to discuss such topics as "Compulsory Military Training", "Russia's Real Aims in the World", "Prevention of War by Armament, Military Training, and Preparedness", and "American Policy in Western Europe". Each group had a student leader and an adult consultant. Very lively discussions took place in these group conferences. The conclusion reached by each group concerning its problem was presented to the whole group, when all met again at the State House at 2:30 P.M.

I think that people all over the United States should back high school forums, because they offer to the young people participating, stimulation and experience as well as a chance to get acquainted with other high school students and find out what they are thinking about today's problems.

Olin Samson '50

FORCAST

Rain fell last night, and the night
 before,
 So today you may find mud up to
 your door.
 Driveways are slippery, like tum-
 brels of hay.
 Be careful, please. Don't get stuck
 today.
 The big trucks of this town are al-
 ready busy,
 Swinging around like would make you
 dizzy,
 Going forward, then backward into
 each other's way.
 Funny what a fellow does to earn a
 little pay-
 Hauling, pulling, and pushing; it's
 no easy job.
 Amusing you find it, with a watch-
 ing mob!
 Watch out! Stop! Look! But don't lis-
 ten,
 For you're liable to to hear trouble,
 you wish you were missin'.

Take care lest you appear with mud
 on your feathers,
 Forgetting to prepare for these un-
 forecastable weathers.

Sally Gates '49

THE BELL

What awakens us from our study-
 ing,
 Spurs us into action to and fro?
 What awakes us from our napping,
 Caused by late haunts the night
 befo'?

It's the bell, the bell, the
 bell, bell, bell.

With its clanging for school to
 begin,
 Its buzzing for classes to change,
 Its joyful jingle when we win
 a game 'cause we've dug in
 Its terror stricken fire drill
 range,
 Sounds the bell, the bell, the
 bell, bell, bell.

Beverly MacLeod '49

S T O R I E S

WHO ROBBED THE BANK ?

On a lovely afternoon in November Ted and Ralph were walking along an old trail in the forest, their favorite haunt, when all of a sudden there came to their ears something that sounded like digging. Their curiosity aroused, the boys headed toward the direction whence the sound came from, and found themselves suddenly only several feet behind some men who were deeply engrossed in covering something.

"I told you, Bill, didn't I that we shouldn't do it, no matter what the gang said," asserted one, plaintively. To this the other only grunted.

The two were bearded men, one sporting a bright red hat. They were so interested in whatever they were burying that they never noticed the boys, who slipped away unseen.

After a few more unlucky shots, for they had been hunting when they came upon the queer pair, the boys returned home to find everyone greatly excited.

Ted's younger brother, Robin, rushed up to him, all out of breath - "Ted, did you hear about the bank?"

"Why, no, what's the matter with the bank?"

"It was wabbed,; I mean 'robbed' by two big men."

Other members of the family had now chimed in - "Yes, and they say the men were tough looking customers and that one had on a bright red hat."

Ted, at these descriptive words, felt weak indeed, for he knew only too well what two men answered this description. Ted wondered if he should tell what he had witnessed, but suddenly he remembered a movie he had once seen, in which a man had escaped from prison to kill his partner who had squealed on him. He was in a terrible dither. It was his duty as a citizen of Elmville to tell what he knew to the authorities so that the men might be caught and made to return the bank money, but still - No, he valued his life too much.

"What are you thinking so hard about, son?" Ted's father had entered the house and was looking down at him.

"About those - Oh, nothing, nothing."

"For the past day you've seemed preoccupied about something. You know you can tell me."

"Well-ll, I guess I might as well tell you that I saw the men who robbed the bank burying the money."

"What are we waiting for? Let's go down to the sheriff's office immediately."

The two hurried down to the sheriff's where Ted was assured that no harm would come to him for telling. Within half an hour the men were caught, as they were boarding a train. They protested vigorously at being taken prisoners.

After arriving at the police headquarters they both tried to explain, "We're no bank robbers and we can prove it. Why we only came East on a bet. We didn't shave this month, which is another bet. Of course, we're not very good hunters."

"Okay, but if you're not the bank robbers, what were you burying?"

"Oh, that!" The men looked at one another and burst into loud laughter. When they had quieted down, the man with the red hat explained, "Well you see, I told you that we were not very good hunters; so, well to make a long story short, we mistook a skunk for a woodchuck. He resented this and so treated us to some of his perfume, forcing us to bury our clothes."

"But you said that you shouldn't have done it no matter what the gang said."

"I was referring to the dare, which was our reason for staying up here a month - hunting in the wilds."

The men led the officers to the spot where they'd been seen burying something. Sure enough, the clothes were still there. The men, to their great relief, were finally allowed to go.

The bank robbers were never found. Doesn't that seem queer?

Madeline Messier '49

HOW JUDY GREW UP

Once we had a female spaniel whose name was Freckles. She had four puppies. We decided to keep one of these, a black and white female puppy, which we named Judith Elizabeth. We had lots of fun with her as she was growing up. Judy was a smart, fat, little puppy. and her nose was stuck into many things.

^{were} We were getting ready to move into a new home. My mother was cleaning the house, painting, and papering the walls. She was using some poison in the paste. Mother had just set the pan of paste on the floor. Just then Judy ran into the room and lapped up some of the paste before my mother could pick up the dish. We took Judy down to the kitchen, poured some flour and water down her throat, and gave her some milk to drink. In a few minutes she threw up the poison paste. So she lived through that.

One day my father was drawing manure, and Judy kept running around the horse's feet. One of the horses was young and nervous. In Judy's excitement she ran against this horse's leg. Immediately, the horse kicked Judy in the head. It seemed as if this time she had been kicked to death. In a little while, however, she revived, and was as good as new.

One spring day my mother had gone to the barn, and Judy had gone with her. Judy was running and playing in the wind, when she saw a car coming up the road, and decided to show her mistress what a smart dog she was. So she ran like a flash to the back of the car.

The driver never saw Judy at all, but one of the car wheels hit her soundly in the head. It seemed as if surely she would die this time. In a few hours she was able to walk around, and by the next day she was all right.

Judy is quite an old dog now. She has had lots of puppies which my mother has sold to buy clothes and other things that we have needed. She goes hunting in the woods with my brother. She accompanies him when he goes to his traps. When we work in the hatfield she hunts mice. When we go to the brook she catches frogs. She is a very interesting member of our household.

Mary Towle '53

AN EVENTFUL DAY

It was a bright, sunny day in the latter part of June. A large crowd had gathered on the fairgrounds - waiting tensely for the next contest, the swimming contest. The contestants were already gathering on the beach, getting ready for the race. The favorites were James Dickson and Sam Jones, both seniors in Lybdon High.

Finally a gun roared, announcing the start of the race. The swimmers were off! James immediately took the lead, with Sam close behind. Then Sam fought his way into the lead as they neared the turn. By the time they had made the turn and had started on the home stretch, both swimmers were together - each trying to gain on the other. It was sure to be a close race!

Suddenly Sam heard a cry for help! It sounded to his ^{ears} as though it were coming from his left - over near the waterfall. He recognized the voice as being that of Hubert Brown. He wondered if it were only a trick to make him leave the race, but the next horror-filled scream for help convinced him that it was not.

In an instant he turned and swam rapidly toward the falls. He hoped that he would be in time to save Hubert, but he knew that there was very little chance of that. He reached Hubert just as the latter reached the falls. By this time Hubert was hysterical. The force of the current combined with his hysterics doomed Sam's chance of saving him. However, he realized this too late as they both plunged down over the waterfall. Down, down they fell until they hit the water below. By a miracle Sam was not hurt, but Hubert was less fortunate as he had caught his left leg between some rocks and twisted it. The blow knocked him unconscious.

Now it was up to Sam to get Hubert safely to shore. He grabbed Hubert and swam to shore. He reached the shore almost exhausted, but managed to drag himself out of the water and pull Hubert up behind.

For a moment they lay on the ground -Hubert unconscious and Sam trying to clear his senses. Sam felt himself losing consciousness. Then everything went black.

Sam awoke to find two men bending over Hubert. He recognized them as the life guards. Sam asked how Hubert was, but they would not tell him. Both boys were rushed to the hospital. Then Sam realized that he too was in bad shape, for (as he learned later) he had broken a bone in his left leg and two ribs on his left side. Hubert was rushed to the operating room while Sam was strapped up and put to bed.

The next morning Sam awoke to find the sun shining on his bed. He was informed that he had slept the clock around. Hubert's operation was over and he was resting comfortably, but while under the ether he kept yelling Sam's name. Sam went to see Hubert the next day. (He was not allowed to see him sooner.) Hubert was feeling better than he had expected. Hubert was very grateful to him for saving his life.

It was not until the next day that Sam learned the outcome of the swimming contest. Strange to say, no one finished the race, for they had followed him to the rescue. Sam realized that he would get another chance at the championship.

Leo West '49

DID YOU KNOW IT ?

As I was strolling along the streets of Boston with two friends of mine, something caught my eye. There in a store window was the cutest and most comfortable looking pair of shoes I had ever seen. They were brown, sport style with low heels. They had plaid laces fitted in moccasin style and thick soles, made for plenty of hard walking and playing. They were urging me to come and buy them quickly, so that they could sprout wings and spur me on my way. As I was about to weave my way through the revolving door I heard two voices chorus out, "No, please don't buy those shoes."

Very bewildered, I questioned, "and why not, whoever you are and wherever you are."

"What's wrong with the ones you have? They are in good shape and take a fine shine."

"Yes, but, - -but, --," I stammered.

"No 'but's' about it," they argued.

Looking around I could see no one and thought my ears must be playing pranks on me. I was having fun, so decided to go on with my invisible, jesting friends. I thought it was probably some school children practicing ventriloquism. "I might reconsider if you can explain clearly why I shouldn't buy that pair of shoes," I retorted.

"We are very sure that we can make you see the light if you will listen carefully," one strange voice cackled.

Thinking I was really going crazy, but nevertheless curious to know what I would find out, I followed the voices across the street and sat down on a lonely little park bench. Before sitting, I looked all around and still I could see no one. While I listened attentively, the weird voices unraveled this tale. "One day you went shopping with your mother. You wanted some new shoes. Your mother asked, 'Do you want sport shoes or dress shoes?' And you answered, disgustedly, 'Sport shoes, of course, mother. You know I don't care for the dress shoes they are making now.' Then she told you to go ahead and buy the ones you wanted. You chose these shoes and are still wearing them. They are attached to you, a part of you. Everywhere that your shoes go, you go. They take you to school, to your classes. They run when you want them to. They play for you. They bring you home at night. Being good shoes, they help you to walk straight. When you take a trip they go too. They never have a vacation except when you are sleeping."

"Oh, but just a minute," I cried angrily. "If I can just get a word in edgeways I would like to correct two apparently mistaken ideas. I don't mean to abuse or forget my old shoes. They hold fond memories for me. Why, the first time I wore these shoes I graduated from high school. The second time they carried me to the job I had always dreamed of. When I met Ray I was skipping along in these shoes. No, sir," I insisted, "these shoes mean a lot to me. They won't ever get abuse. But, I also need another pair. These are getting worn. They need a vacation, and by buying another pair I can switch the pairs to make them last longer. When I finally do discard them you can be sure I'll never forget how nice they have been to me, or the fond memories they bring back to me."

"Well I guess we jumped to conclusions without thinking. I reckon we owe you an apology. So many people neglect their shoes. They let them get run down, and don't bother to clean or shine them. Certainly they can't expect them to last long if they don't take proper care of them."

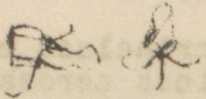
After all this conversing I thought I should pinch myself to see if I were awake. I did, and I was awake all right. Pleadingly I insisted, "As long as you are convinced that I'm going to take proper care of my shoes and never forget them, will you tell me, please, whom I have been conversing with, or have I imagined the whole thing?"

"You mean you don't know who we are?" they blurted out.

"No, I don't, but I hope you are real, and not something I have created through imagination. Where are you, and why can't I see you?"

"You haven't looked in the right place yet. Look at your feet and you can see us. Always remember to be careful what you say because

as you have heard, shoes have tongues."

 Beverly MacLeod '49

INQUISITIVE ?

"Is that you, Peggy? Where've you been?" I slammed my school satchel with unnecessary noise. "Is that you, Peggy?" I mimicked between my teeth, careful not to be overheard, however. "Where've you been?" I asked myself. I could ^{hear} it out in chorus with my mother the minute I hit the door, because I never got inside without hearing that quiz. I wasn't very polite.

"I stopped down at Judy's and Jo's house awhile," I mumbled. Down inside I was soothing. Other girls didn't have to make an accounting of every second's movement. Other girls in my class stopped for pop or ice cream and talked over the latest bits of gossip at the Sweet Shop. Other girls didn't have to take their 'kid' brothers and sisters along to the movies.

I dragged my feet back to the kitchen. I knew my chores were waiting. If I didn't do them, not even a movie with my 'kid' brothers and sisters would be for me.

Under my lashes I threw resentful glances at my mother. Why was she so domineering? She wasn't even beautiful like Judy's and Jo's mother, who had a very modern house with all the latest accessories including an electric stove, an electric refrigerator, an electric dishwasher, a white sink with all the surrounding cabinets, and even a cozy little breakfast nook - whereas our home was the typical country house. My mother's hair had a vagrant graying strand over her brow. This she kept shoving back with the back of her worn hand. Her hands looked like white prunes, because when they weren't in dishwater they were in laundry suds. She was even proud of the fact that she washed things every day, because white clothes would get too dirty if worn more, and she wanted her family spotless. Heck! Most of the other boys wore sweaters or plaid shirts, and my brothers looked like sissies in their everlasting white shirts. Besides, our clothes didn't really get that dirty.

"Mother," I began, for I knew I had to get her permission sooner or later, and her mood was always mellow when she was preparing supper. Funny, such a job, too.

"Yes, dear?" Mother responded abstractedly. See what I mean? Mother was just drab, that's all. Besides - - - - . But mother had begun to look at me quizzically. "Yes, dear?" she repeated.

Mother, Judy and Jo Aster, and I planned a hike tomorrow after school. You know, like the other girls, go walking - - -."

"Um - hummm," Mother nodded. "It's pretty cool to walk far, and then - - - -: well all right, but be back by six." I couldn't object. Mother thought she was making a big concession.

The next day, I stopped in with Judy and Jo, to get permission. We entered the door and stepped on thick carpets which made our steps silent. Jo hesitated, then started across the living room to a door on the far side. Like a walking ghost, she turned the knob and went in. There was a crescendo of sound. "What do you want? What do you mean by bursting into my room like that?"

"If that was bursting, I want to hear a gentle zephyr of wind some day," I thought to myself.

"Hiking?" continued Jo's mother. "Who cares? You're big enough to take care of yourselves. Just don't bother me!"

Jo ran into the living room. "Wow!" she groaned. "Let's get out while we have our hair!" We fled out the front door.

"I must be dreaming," I thought to myself. "That couldn't have been Mrs. Aster, not really! Maybe she was sick and was just cross today, or something." But no, there was no use 'kidding' myself. That was the real Mrs. Aster I had heard. I then realized that the other one had been a false front for other people. For the first time my eyes were really opened. Why, mother isn't drab and domineering, just kind and thoughtful!

Now when I come home from school, I don't mind Mother's call, "Is that you, Peggy?" In fact, I really like it.

Mary Columb '49

THE THREE RABBITS

Once upon a time there lived three rabbits with their mother and father. They all lived in an old hollow tree.

One night while they were tucked in bed and sound asleep, the wind was blowing hard and it was cold, but the three little rabbits were very warm in their little beds.

The next morning their mother hollared to them to come down to eat their breakfast. When they came down they saw that the ground was all white with snow and they all shouted, "Oh! It snowed last night. Let's all go sliding."

"But, you'll have to eat your breakfast first, and then you may go out and play if you want to," said Mother Rabbit. "But don't go too far away. Watch out for the sly old fox."

"We will," they said.

So after breakfast they all went out to slide, but one of the little rabbits didn't have any sled, and he was very angry because the other two wouldn't let him slide. So he said, "I'll go and play by myself."

The other two went sliding together. They went and slid on the big hill. They started sliding. Then faster, faster, and faster they went.

Then the fox saw them go by his den and he took after them. He caught onto both of the sleds and they straddled a big tree. The fox struck his head right in the middle of it. He got up and took after the rabbits again, but in the tree was a porcupine that fell out of his bed and rolled right down the hill toward the fox.

In the meantime the fox had caught up with the two rabbits. The porcupine rolled and struck the fox. He gave a great big howl and said, "I have learned my lesson."

The rabbits said "Thanks to the porcupine, we think we've learned our lessons too."

Alan Jones '54

OUR TRIP TO MAINE

On August 31, 1948, at one o'clock, Father Provost took us six altar boys of St. Mary's ^{Church} to Maine.

We tried to look at everything, but we couldn't because our chauffeur was a very fast driver and we had to hold-on when we went around the corners. We had one "flat", so we stopped at a big, modern filling station in St. Johnsbury to get a new tire and tube. We saw some very large railroad trains there - one, in particular, had at least three engines and we couldn't see the end of the train.

From there we went through the White Mountains, which were pretty as well as thrilling. We saw many beautiful hotels and summer resorts. We went down through Crawford Notch, and really had fun. It was the kind of road that makes your stomach tickle. We went down and down till we thought we'd never get into civilization again.

We stayed over night in North Conway, New Hampshire. The old cook there gave us a real Chinese supper free - one that some of us had a hard time eating. We really liked North Conway better than any other place where we stayed.

In Maine we saw where they had had forest fires. I used to wonder why Maine had so many forest fires. Now I know. It's just woods and woods, and still more woods.

We stopped at Portland long enough to see a policeman tear up the street. We also saw an ancient boat in Portland.

About noon we arrived at Old Orchard Beach, Maine. We secured a cottage, and then went swimming in that cold, salty ocean water, but it was great fun. There surely are big waves there too. In the afternoon we went to the amusement park. We were going to ride on the roller coaster, but we had "cold feet" after watching it a while.

The next morning, with nearly all of our money spent, we started for home. The biggest "kick" of the trip was when we were eating our Chinese chop suey. There was some celery in it, and one boy, as he started to eat his, said, "I hate rhubarb."

Bradley Magnant '52

THANKSGIVING DAY

The day before Thanksgiving Mother told her little boy, Tom, that they were going to have Grandpa and Grandma for dinner tomorrow. Tom didn't say anything. He was a grumpy little boy who didn't like anything. All he liked to do was to play.

He said, "Who cares about Thanksgiving?"

Mother said, "Well, Tom, we are going to have chilled tomato juice, roast turkey with sausage dressing, mashed potato, gravy, and buttered beans."

"The only thing I like is roast turkey," growled Tom.

No more was said, all day, about Thanksgiving. The next morning Tom was the first one up, except for his father. He went out to do his chores. When he got through he went back into the house. Mother was getting breakfast.

He said, "When will Grandma and Grandpa be coming?"

"They aren't coming," said Mother.

"Why?" asked Tom.

Mother answered, "Because you didn't want them to come."

Tom didn't eat one meal that day. He just wandered around. He didn't even want to play any more.

Arthur Lothian '53

BOOK REVIEW

REVIEW OF "CAPTAIN CAUTION"

by Kenneth Roberts

Kenneth Roberts was born in Kennebunk, Maine, in 1885. He is an interesting writer, and very easy to understand. He writes mostly historical fiction. Among his best works are "Arundel", "Northwest Passage", "Oliver Wiswell", "The Lively Lady", and "Rabble in Arms."

"Captain Caution"
 The story starts on board the armed merchant barque, "Olive Branch", of Arundel, in August, 1812.

The book was written to give us an idea of the War of 1812, and of the privateering. Also it gives us a picture of the treatment the British gave their prisoners on the dreaded hulks. It shows how a woman, who knows the art of sailing, commands her ship and tries to take the place of a man, during the war, as sea captain on a privateering ship.

After Captain Dorman was killed and the crew of the "Olive Branch" were taken onto the British ship, "Beetle," Corunna Dorman secured knives for the men, and when the British were fighting another ship the men in the hold helped overcome the British. Later, Slade, whom Corunna thought was helping her, sold the position of her ship to the British for fifteen thousand pounds. The British cut out the "Olive Branch", and the crew were taken aboard the hulks. Later, four of the men escaped. Marvin received a letter of marque and took Corunna's ship, letting Slade go back to England and taking Corunna with him.

The climax occurred about the time that Marvin and the rest escaped from the hulks, and then he received the letter of marque and had a ship of his own.

Daniel Marvin was a man of caution. He didn't like the way Corunna captained the ship, because she took too many risks. He was an alert and capable seaman. In the eyes of Corunna and some of the others he was a coward; actually he was brave, but he didn't like to take unwise and dangerous risks that weren't likely to succeed.

Corunna Dorman was a good sea captain for a woman. She took over the command of her father's ship after he was killed. She was easily persuaded, and so listened to Slade, who went against her to make money for himself. She was angry and wouldn't listen to Marvin because she thought he was a coward. Even after the hardships she caused Marvin, he took her onto his ship because he had loved her from childhood.

Slade, the slave trader, acted very friendly and nice to Corunna, but in the end he turned evidence in to the English in order to make fifteen thousand pounds for himself.

Argandeau was a good friend of Marzin. He was a French trader, who had lost his ship to the English. He was a great help in the escape from the hold of the English ship, and also from the hulks. Although he was a real friend to anyone, he boasted a lot about his sailing abilities and his ships.

"Captain Caution is a very good book on privateering and the struggles of the War of 1812. It is an easy book to understand if one likes war and sea stories.

Robert Cyr '49

ALUMNI NEWS

Jane Gates '48 has entered Bentley's School of Accounting and Finance in Boston.

Imogene Columb '48 is taking nurses' training at the Bispop DeGoesbriand Hospital in Burlington.

Betty Benjamin '48 has entered Johnson Teachers College.

Hortense Roberts '48 is taking post graduate course at Peoples' Academy in Morrisville, and working as a nurse's aide in the Morrisville Hospital.

Joyce Johnson '48 is taking a post graduate course in Enosburg Falls High School.

Alton Lothian '48 and Gordon LaFlame '48 are employed by the H. K. Webster Co. of Richford.

Lloyd Richard '48 is employed by his brothers, Almon and James Richard.

Charlotte Gene '47 has returned to Johnson Teachers College.

Martha Jane Riley '47 has returned to Vermont Junior College in Montpelier.

Muriel Spooner '47, Martha Samson '47, and Claude Magnant '47 have returned to the University of Vermont.

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

Merilyn Riley, who was graduated from Green Mountain Junior College in June, is now employed by the Green Mountain Power Company of Montpelier.

Shirley Riley '45 is teaching in East Highgate .

Melvin Geno Jr. '45 is attending Arnold College in Connecticut.

Royce Magnant '45 has returned to the University of Vermont..

Phebe Jane Westcott '44, a graduate of the University of Vermont last June, is teaching at Enosburg Falls High School.

MARRIAGES

Daisy Floof ex '49 to Reuben Glidden , on June 19.

Thresa Proper '47 to Russel Hislop , in June.

Clarice Lahue '47 to Meredith Machin, on September 28.

Ruth McDermott '46 to Harland Tibemore '45 , on June 19.

Pauline Jette '46 to Philip Boudreau, on June 12.

Marian Richard '45 to Richard Merchant, on June 6.

Rita Rainville ex '45 to George Parent, on May 29.

HONOR ROLL FOR FIRST NINE WEEKS' PERIOD

ALL A'S

A'S and B'S

SENIORS

Mary Colunb
Madeline Messier

Robert Cyr
Lyle Ladieu
Kathleen Thibault
Guy Towle
Leo West

JUNIORS

Bertha Bouchard
Madeline Jette
June Morgan
Olin Samson

SOPHOMORES

Bradley Magnant

Simone Bouchard
John Hubbard
Betty Barnum
Rosemary Jette
Ann Towle
Bruce Stanley

FRESHMEN

David Samson
Arlene Wright

EIGHTH GRADERS

James Benjamin
Mary Towle

Seventh Graders

Walter Barnum

Nancy Chaffee
Marie LaMarche
Merilyn White

CLASS OFFICERS FOR 1948 - 1949

SENIOR

President - Robert Cyr
Vice President - Leo West
Secretary - Madeline Messier
Treasurer - Stanley McDermott
Student Council
Representative Mary Columb

JUNIOR

President - Bertha Bouchard
Vice President - June Morgan
Secretary - Madeline Jette
Treasurer - Aline Rainville
Student Council
Representative Stanley Lothian

SOPHOMORE

President - Margaret Barnum
Vice President - Lucille Laflane
Secretary - Simone Bouchard
Treasurer - Anne Towle
Student Council
Representative Bruce Stanley

FRESHMEN

President - John Stanley
Vice President - Roger Lothian
Secretary - Betty Raymond
Treasurer - Albert Desroches
Student Council
Representative Roger Rainville

Eighth Grade

President - Mary Towle
Vice President - James Benjamin
Secretary - Sybil Gono
Treasurer - Joyce Ellsworth
Student Council
Representative Arthur Lothian

SEVENTH GRADE

President - Walter Barnum
Vice President - Arthur Peaslee
Secretary - Alfred Columb
Treasurer - Walter Messier
Student Council
Representative Merilyn White

Student Council Officers

President - Leo West
Vice President - Mary Columb

Secretary - Bruce Stanley
Treasurer - Stanley Lothian

VARSIITY BASKETBALL OF F. H.S.

The boys of F. H. S. started practicing during the latter part of October, with only two missing from last year's first ten. Alton Lothian, a strong first team player and Lloyd Richard, who was on the second team, graduated last spring. There are quite a number of boys who come out to practice, under our coach, Roswell Floop. Those who received suits, however, were Guy Towle, Robert Cyr, Richard Columb, Stanley Lothian, Douglas Columb, Stanley McDermott, Bruce Stanley, Albert Desroches, Bruce Benjamin, Leo West, John Hubbard, Roger Lothian, John Stanley, and Olin Samson.

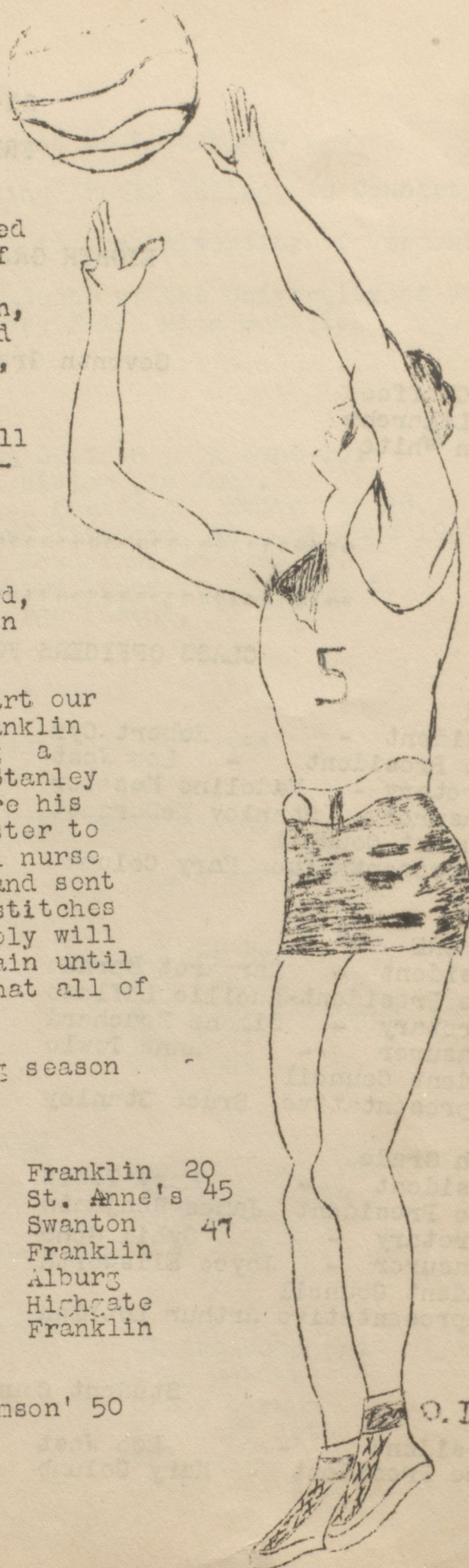
Just before we were to start our first game, which was played in Franklin against St. Anne's, we were taking a few step shots. While doing this, Stanley Lothian, a first string player, tore his leg on a nail which holds the register to the stage. Mrs. Magnant, our local nurse did up the cut as best she could, and sent him to the hospital, where twelve stitches had to be inserted. Stanley probably will not be able to practice or play again until after Christmas vacation. I know that all of us hope it won't be any longer.

Our schedule for the coming season is as follows:

Dec. 3	St. Anne's	42	at	Franklin	20
Dec. 14	Franklin	14	at	St. Anne's	45
Dec. 15	Franklin	14	at	Swanton	47
Jan. 11	Highgate		at	Franklin	
Jan. 13	Franklin		at	Alburg	
Jan. 27	Franklin		at	Highgate	
Feb. 3	Alburg		at	Franklin	

Olin Samson' 50

O.I.C.'52



JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL

The players on the Junior team this year include Walter Barnum, Hugh Gates, David Sanson, Alfred Columb, Arthur Lothian, Harvey Boudreau, James Benjamin, Arthur Peaslee, Roger Lothian, John Stanley, and Bradley Magnant. Guy Lothian is our coach.

During our first game, with St. Anne's Academy on December 14th, our lack of practicing showed up, as they won 34 to 16. We have ourselves to thank, for Guy has worked hard with us.

Branley Magnant '51

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This year the girls started their basketball season with a practice game against the town women. The high school nosed out the town with a score of 23 to 22.

with

With the help of our coach, Mrs. Helen Magnant, and our morale boosted by new suits, we are looking forward to a bright season.

The members of the team are Madoline Benjamin, Simone Bouchard, Mary Columb, Ortha Columb, Sally Gates, Medeline Jette, Rosemary Jette, Janet Magnant, Anne Towle, and Arlene Wright.

On December 15th the girls journeyed to Swanton and received a victory of 35 to 7. Cline was high scorer for Swanton with 3 points. Janet Magnant led the Franklin girls with 16 points.

Other games scheduled for the season are :

Jan. 11	Highgate	at	Franklin
Jan. 13	Franklin	at	Alburg
Jan. 27	Franklin	at	Highgate
Feb. 3	Alburg	at	Franklin

Mary Columb '49

EXCHANGE

This year, '48 - '49, we hope to have more schools to exchange papers with than previously.

Last year we exchanged papers with Richford, Enosburg, St. Mary's Brigham, and Highgate. All were excellent. It was the first time that we had received a paper from St. Mary's. We enjoyed it because of its quaintness. We hope that new friends as well as old will exchange with F.H.S.
 Madeline Messier '49



JOKES



There was an old man from Calcutta
 Who talked with a terrible stutta'.
 He screwed up his face
 When he tried to say grace
 And blow his false teeth in the butta'

Kathleen : What's the one thing you can give to someone else and
 still keep for yourself?

Mike: I don't know. What is it?

Kathleen: A cold.

Ortha : Do you know why Dewey is always laughing?

Mrs. Gates: No. Why?

Ortha: Because his moustache tickles his nose.

Teacher: What are you doing?

Pupil: I'm watching you.

Teacher: Why?

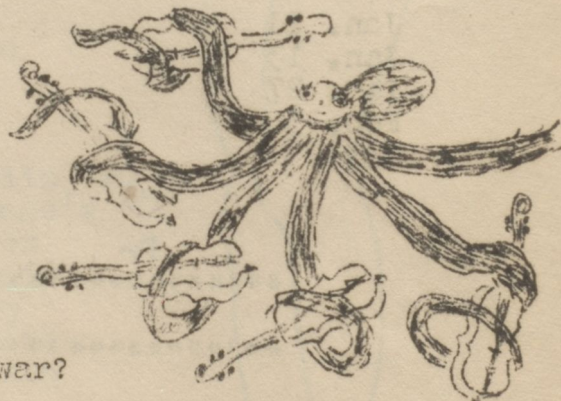
Pupil: So you won't watch me.

Arthur P.: Why do fluorescent lights blink when they are turned on?

Walter M. : I guess it's because they have to get used to the light.

Richard Granger: My uncle has
 fourteen violins.

Harvey Boudreau: My, gosh, he must
 be an octopus.



Mr. Powers: Why should we try to prevent war?

Robert D.: It makes so much history.

Alfred C.: The skunk is a very valuable animal. We get fur from him.

Walter B.: I'll say we do. We get as fur from him as possible.

Butch (while she and June are walking home from school): Gee, I'll be
 glad when June comes, because all we seniors will be graduating then.
 June: Well, here I am.

Mr. Merrifield: Judy, see the cute little ducks.

Judy: Oh, yes, aren't they sweet?

Mr. Merrifield: There's the ~~mama~~ duck, the daddy duck, and the little ducks.

Judy (pointing to a half grown drake from a former hatching that was tagging along with the others): And what's that one doing? Is he the hired man?



Ortha: Is it snowing out?

Douglas: No, but it's raining cats and dogs.

Ortha: Go out and find all the little puppies and bring them in to get warm.

John: I saw eight girls walking under one umbrella.

Bradley: How's that?

John: It wasn't raining.

Betty: Gee, Bert, thanks for bringing me this box of candy. It's my favorite kind, but, say why is it half full?

Bert: Gosh, it's my favorite kind too.

Pupil (soldering a fire extinguisher in science class): What's in this thing, anyway?

Teacher: Carbon tetrachloride.

Pupil (hesitating, before bringing the hot iron any nearer): Gosh, will it blow up?

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Robert Durenleau doing his work?

Simone seeing a bear instead of a black dog?

Hugh not being in the movie machine when it is set up?

Betty Raymond and Ortha Columb bot tittering?

The mirror without Kathleen in it?

Guy Towle and Olin Samson not getting into mischief?

The boys not picking on Kathleen?

Joyce Ellsworth without the hiccoughs?

WANTED

A private line for Chick and Joyce.

A rollaway bed for Stuart Riley.

A French book for Robert Durenleau.

A double seat for Olin Samson and Madeline Jette, the period preceding algebra.

Blades for the jigsaw.

Bandaids for the shop.

Olin Samson, in chemistry class: Let's open the window before we all get sophisticated.

SONGHETSS

Feg O' My Heart - - - - -	Leo to??
Slow Boat to China - - - - -	Aileen to ??
Love That Boy - - - - -	Rosemary to Bruce S.
Oh Johnny - - - - -	Ortha to John S.
Why Does It Get So Late So Early?	Mary C.
Love Somebody - - - - -	Guy Towle
Every Day I Love You Just a Little More -	Madeline J. to S.M.
Johnny, You're the One I Love -	Janet M.
Put Your Arms Around Me Honey -	Mike to ??
Together - - - - -	Richard and Bertha
Feuding and Fussing - - - - -	Senior Class
Happiness - - - - -	Stanley Lothian
White Christmas - - - - -	High School
Blue Skies - - - - -	Betty Barnum
Serenade of the Bells - - - - -	Beverly
I Wonder, I Wonder - - - - -	Madeline M.
Sooner or Later - - - - -	Sally
More Than You Know - - - - -	Lyle
Just Squeeze Me - - - - -	Kathleen
I Gotta Gal I Love - - - - -	Bobby
You Can't Be True - - - - -	Albert R.
I Gotta Guy I Love - - - - -	Junie

Teacher, teacher, ring the bell;
I haven't any joke to tell.
Sure enough you asked for one;
When I finished I had none.
I worked hard during school,
Following up the "golden rule",
But this is all I have to show;
So in the stove this you may throw,
(M.M.)

THE MAIN ROOM

The Most interesting room in the school is the main room. When sitting in the main room you have as good as a ticket to "World of Mirth" shows. First, the newest members of our show, our prize seventh graders, proceed to give you a full study period of entertainment, providing they think "teacher isn't looking". With a short hesitation a couple of the freshman boys begin to discuss last night's movie in loud stage whispers. Robert D. is, for once, diligently studying his freshman English book, with his eyes closed! With a loud spat, a certain senior introduces himself as he mischievously slaps the person in front of him with his ruler. Almost instantly someone's

eat breaks down accidentally on purpose. Not having much to do, one of the eighth grade boys decides he would like a drink of water, so proceeds to the fountain, whence he is followed by three or four of his classmates who suddenly find that they are very thirsty. Finally the day ends with one or two of the eighth grade boys getting special front seats.

But, mind you, this goes on, only when no teacher is watching. Don't get the wrong impression of our school. There is some studying done at Franklin High.

Kathleen Thibault '49

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The Freshman Reception of 1948 was held at the Franklin Town Hall on October 6, at 7:30 P.M. During the first part of the entertainment Bruce Stanley, as master of ceremonies, asked each of the freshman -Ortha Columb, Betty Raymond, Irene West, Elizabeth West, Arlene Wright, Albert Desroches, Roger Ladieu, Roger Lothian, John Stanley, Hugh Gates, David Samson, Bruce Benjamin, and Robert Durenleau - a foolish question which none could answer. After each question a lollipop was thrown to someone in the audience.

Next followed a three ring circus, with John Hubbard as ring master. All sorts of stunts were performed, including antics of trained seals, bareback riders, and clowns.

One of the most exciting and colorful stunts was that of Roger Lothian. He rode a junior sized bicycle, with Betty Raymond on the handlebars, all around the hall.

Following the entertainment ice cream and cookies were served. Then came dancing, with Weeds' orchestra furnishing the music.

It was a very successful reception, and the sophomores have to "take off their hats" to the freshmen for being such good sports.

Bradley Magnant '51

OTHER HAPPENINGS OF THE YEAR

September 7. School opened, with the same faculty as last year. Sixty-one pupils enrolled.

September 14. The seventh and eighth graders from the rural schools of the town are now being transported to the central school.

September 20. The school launched a magazine drive to earn money for the student council.

- September 14. Bruce Stanley invited the sophomore class to a wiener roast and birthday party. Everyone had a wonderful time.
- October 1. The student body held a meeting to elect the student council president for this year. Leo West West Jr. was elected.
- October 4. The magazine drive closed. We sold a wide variety of magazines. The total sales amounted to \$301.50, from which the student council cleared \$100.63. Albert Desroches was our high salesman.
- October 4-6. During these days the freshmen had to come to school dressed in different clothes. On the first day each was supposed to wear pajamas; and to have hanging from a cord about his neck a bottle of milk, from which he was to take a drink every time he met a sophomore.
 On Tuesday they dressed like buck farmers.
 On Wednesday they wore T-shirts with "Ain't we Green?" on the back of them. This was the day they decided to daub the sophomores with lipstick. On this night was the freshman reception.
- October 7 -8. School was closed so that the teachers might attend their convention in Burlington.
- October 18 - 21. The high school students had their eyes and ears tested. We were also weighed and measured. The work was done by our teachers with the aid of some of the pupils.
- October 22. We saw the movie on Vermont, "Background for Living". The seniors took the state comprehension tests.
- October 29. We saw a movie, "Heart of the Inca Empire".
- November 4. The seventh grade class party was held at the school house. It began at 7:30 P.M. They played "winkum", "Lemon relay", "ponny relay", and several other games. After refreshments of salad, pop, and sandwiches, dancing was enjoyed. Mrs. Gates was the chaperon.
- November 12. We saw the movie, "Worst Farm Disaster."
- November 16. The photographers from Alston Studios took pictures of everyone from the first grade through the high school.
 Report cards were passed out.
- November 18. We saw the movie, "Planters of Colonial Virginia".
- November 19. Leo West Jr., Guy Towle, and Olin Samson represented Franklin High School at the Youth Forum in Montpelier, Vermont.
- December 1. We had for movies, "Brass Choir" and "String Choir".
- December 2. We received our photos, which are probably the best ever taken at Franklin.
 The freshman class held their class party at the school house. Miss Dowing was the chaperon.
- December 8. The sophomores ordered their rings.

