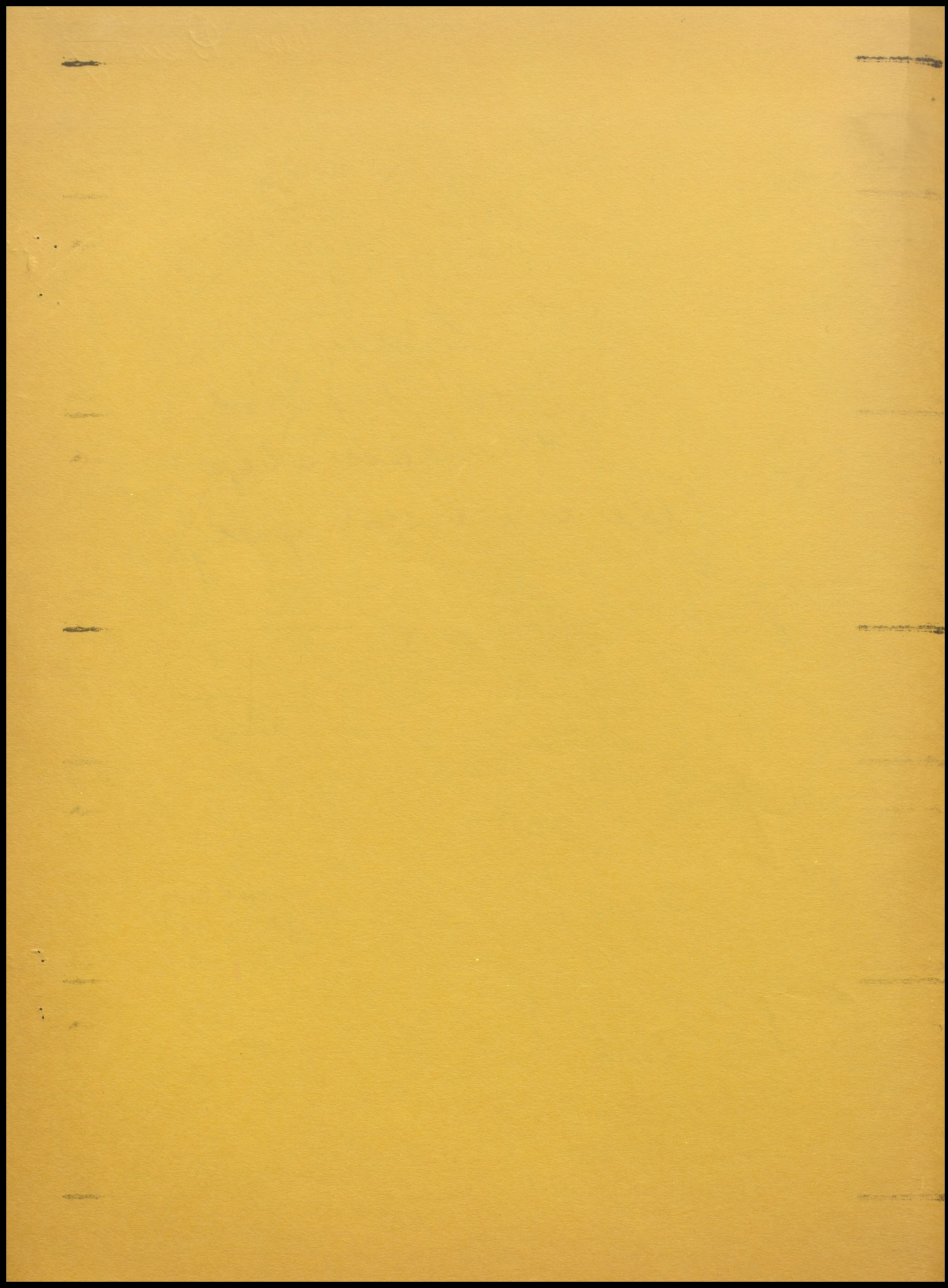


O Little Town of
BETHLEHEM
How still we
see thee lie
Above thy deep and
dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by



FRANKLIN
High School
MOLESCOLE



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EDITORIALS

CO-OPERATION IN SCHOOL

Co-operation is very important in anything done, but especially so in school, either in work or in play.

There should be co-operation between the teachers and pupils, among the pupils, themselves, and also between classes.

When something is being sponsored, whether it is for one class or for the whole school, everyone should co-operate. If one class is sponsoring a dance or a sale, for example, pupils from the other classes should help out by going to the dance or buying whatever is being sold.

When plays are being produced everyone should dig in and help out. Even if they don't have an acting part, there is plenty for them to do. If there are one or two people from each class that do not join in and help out, it holds up the whole works.

There should also be co-operation in class meetings. When the president announces that the meeting has come to order everyone should become quiet and remain quiet unless they ask for permission to speak.

Another very important place for co-operation is in sports. If the members of any team do not work together, it surely will not be a good team. One should not work for his own glory, but for the teams'.

Last, but not least, is the co-operation in the study hall, especially when there is a class being held in the room, or when the teacher happens to be out for the moment. We should all realize that it is as hard to teach a class with the room full as to study while a class is going on in the same room.

Madeline Jette '50

GUM CHEWING

Chewing gum is a habit for many people. If you are a gum chewer you should know how to chew gum, where to chew gum, and what to do with your gum when you no longer want it.

The other day in school a boy found a large cud of gum stuck on the back of his sweater. How did it get there? Someone not knowing where to put his gum, stuck it on the back of a seat. This certainly did not have to happen if the owner of that gum had put it in the basket.

Rub your hand under the tables in a restaurant. What do you find? Thick layers of gum. This is by no means the place for it. It is ruining other peoples property. Do you wonder why you see "No Chewing Gum" signs in many public buildings?

In many schools gum chewing is not allowed. The reason is mostly because the teachers know that not every student does know chewing manners. They draw too much attention with bubble gum by blowing bubbles. They sometimes chew as much as a package of gum at a time. You can not read aloud in class well with gum in your mouth, either. If every pupil in school was allowed to chew gum and some visitor noticed everyone chewing with all his might, cracking the gum and blowing bubbles, he would wonder what kind of a school it was.

It isn't polite to chew gum in public places such as movie halls, auditoriums, or above all in church.

Don't chew gum with your mouth open or with large cuds. No wonder your jaws get tired so quickly. If you are a gum chewer why not chew with your best manners?

Rosemary Jette '51

DRIVING HABITS

In driving, there are many rules to comprehend before one can drive safely. Many ignore these rules and later find themselves in trouble. Before learning to drive it is always wise to study the different parts of the car and their functions. This may come in handy when you have to change a flat tire.

One of the main rules in driving is to always keep to the right, espically at curves and hills. Concentrate on your driving and not on the movie you saw the night before. If you have been drinking the best remedy is to keep away from the wheel.

Relax while driving. It is not necessary to sit at the edge of the seat or have your nose stuck to the windshield. The driver must have plenty of free room by not being crowded in the front seat. Take precautions. Do not take chances by passing on curves or hills. Read your road signs. Be on the alert when you come to a railroad crossing, and make sure to signal by putting your hand out when you want to make a turn. In night driving, be courteous to others by dimming your lights and making sure your tail light is working. Above all, drive safely.

Aline Rainville '50

BEHAVIOR ON THE BASKETBALL COURT

Manners should be practised on the basketball floor as well as anywhere else. Even if the referee calls a foul on you or doesn't see a foul someone else made, don't lose your temper about it. It is very hard at times not to lose your temper.

No one likes a dirty player. A basketball game is a sport in which the referee can't see every foul, but that doesn't mean you should foul to see if you can get away with it. If one player is known to be dirty, that team acquires that name. Basketball can be a lot of fun, but when the game gets dirty, it isn't so much fun. Of course many fouls aren't made intentionally. The players should realize this before they say too much.

Let's use our manners in the games we play, Franklin, and we won't get the name of a dirty team.

Anne Towle '51

THE SUBWAY

The subway is a very busy place around four in the afternoon. On hot summer days it is just like an oven when all the people are packed so close. People with newspapers are fanning themselves while being shoved all over. If you are with someone it is very easy to get separated without knowing it. There is always the nerve-racking noise of the trolley cars bumping down the track—people pushing you every which way. The subway is a very unhealthy place; it is dark, damp, and has a very unhealthy odor in it. It is hard to stand up and hang on, but I had rather stand up than sit and get hit in the face or sat on by someone I have never seen before. Some of the people who have to stand up look as if they would fall to the floor any minute. There are all kinds of people, big business men, the factory worker with all his old dirty clothes on rubbing up against you, and then there is the tough-nut from the lower class of people who likes the crowded trolleys so he can pick pockets and does not look out for anybody but himself. Worst of all, however, is to see a woman trying to hold her child in her arms and hang on, too.

Bruce Stanley '51

BEHAVIOR, IN THE SCHOOLHOUSE AND OUT

Behavior is not only courtesy. It is not just saying words like "please," "excuse me," and "thank you." Good behavior is made up of not doing the little things that annoy people such as whispering, giving that person in front of you studying a poke to see him jump, or throwing something when you think the teacher isn't looking.

Teachers aren't blind or deaf. When a teacher catches you and doesn't say anything, she may be giving you enough rope to hang yourself properly. Teachers hear more and see more than you think.

Good behavior means more than you might think. In recommendations for college, questions are asked about a person's attitude in school.

Sure, you may think it's smart to get the other fellow to laughing. You are robbing both him and yourself of valuable time that could be used to good effect by studying.

Many people wish they had studied more and fooled less and thereby kept their grades up.

Maybe you intend to be an old buck farmer. You can't tell; something might turn up so that you couldn't be one; then where would you be? And even farmers have a lot of figuring to do. Probably you'll be wishing that you had studied in school and kept your grades up.

Behavior on the football field or baseball diamond or basketball court is also important. Maybe you did foul that guy and get away with it. Someone saw you even if the referee apparently didn't. It marks you down as a person who would go through life like that.

Coming over to the schoolhouse when there is a class party or a play rehearsal may be fun but did you ever stop to think that you might be hurting your own school?

Good behavior doesn't mean being a sissy. Most sissies aren't the model of behavior. So control your instinct for raising "Cain". It pays off in the end.

By John Hubbard

*
* *

P O E T R Y

A DREAM

I had a dream the other night,
 And then I wakened in great fright
 I looked around my gloomy room,
 Which was as dark as any tomb.
 What had roused me I soon found.
 The bed had broken and fallen down.

From a bear I dreamed I had
 to flee,
 And what I did was to climb
 a tree.
 But so did he, and golly gee
 It was the end of little
 me.

Lucille La Flame '51

P O E T R Y

SCHOOL DAYS

Monday is a lazy day at school,
 The children like to write
 notes and fool.
 The rest of the week goes whiz-
 zing past,
 As the children are working hard
 and fast.
 Friday is the happy day,
 Everyone is joyful and gay.
 Hurrah! the longed for week-end
 is here,
 Then Monday, all too soon draws
 near.

--June Morgan '50

OUR TEACHERS

Each pupil should want to bless,
 The teachers of F. H. S.
 They make our school days gay,
 And help us with our play.
 Now let us remember,
 Whether May or December.
 Whether we are happy or sad,
 To make our teachers glad,
 That they have helped each one.
 And made our school days fun.

Rosemary Jette '51



OUR PHYSICS TEST

Our physics test, it sure was
 hard,
 You were wise not to take it,
 pard.
 I'll be lucky if I as much as
 pass,
 It wasn't much like catching
 bass.

Density, specific gravity, pneu-
 matic tools,
 F equals AHD and other rules,
 With these I crammed my small
 brain,
 I would rather have climbed
 Bridgeman Hill in the rain.

I did the very best I could,
 Which wasn't really very good.

Anne Towle '51

THE KITTEN

There was a little kitten,
 Who had paws like a mitten.
 He would sleep during the day,
 Then at night he would play,
 He would run all round the
 house,
 Hunting for a little mouse.
 Because he was nearly bitten,
 The mouse hated the little kit-
 ten.
 After his play was done,
 Of course it was all in fun,
 He would get a drink of milk,
 Then would lie on his pillow
 of silk,
 Where he'd quickly fall asleep,
 And be dreaming very deep,
 Of the mouse who wasn't beaten,
 And of others he had eaten.

Ortha Columb '52

PICTURES IN THE SKY

As you look up in the sky
 Such beautiful pictures you see;
 Up there where the birds fly high,
 It seems as though they look at me.

Sometimes the clouds are very large
 Often there aren't any at all,
 They move across the sky like a
barge
 And seem so very likely to fall.

Madeline Jette, '50

A RIVER

A river starts in the
mountains,
 Where it is but a stream.
 The water, as from a fountain,
 Is very pure and clean.

It flows down into a valley
 Where the water forms a pool,
 And here it seems to dally
 So pleasant and yet so cool.

From there it goes to the
ocean,
 Where it mixes with the salt.
 And then its only motion,
 Is as the mixing of a malt.

Olin Samson, '50

FOOTBALL

Football usually is a rough game
 But we Franklin kids like it just the same
 Sometimes it gets kind of rough
 But Franklin kids all seem to be tough
 All sizes play from large to small
 But most of all they like to play ball
 Spite of bumps and bruises and torn shirts
 None of them kick because of their hurts
 After school you might hear "We won; you quit"
 Quite forgetful of milking stools which we must sit.
 Football must be the best of all games
 To keep certain boys away from their dames.
 Now I'll end this poem of neither rhyme nor moral--
 But did you ever see a game without a quarrel.

Bradley Magnant, '51

Spelling in General Science Class

Miss Dewing: The first word is inertia.

Roger Lothian: How do you spell it?

S T O R I E S

WHAT A SCARE!

The big time of year had arrived! It was deer hunting season.

"How 'bout goin' out to "The Run" this afternoon for a little while?" Jim suggested on the way home from school Thursday afternoon.

"Sure," I answered. "I can take our car and we'll go." It was three o'clock. That would give us about three hours before dark and suppertime.

When I arrived home I was delayed ten minutes. Some old friends of my mother's were there and of course I had to see them.

I took the car, drove after Jim and we went out to "The Run." I drove quite fast, because it took us five minutes to go five miles.

"Heard there was a coupla' deer taken out of here this afternoon," Jim remarked. "Big bucks they were, too."

It didn't take us long to get ourselves and our guns out of the car. We went into the woods on the left side of "The Run." We hunted for about an hour and a half before we decided to cross the road.

After hunting for half an hour more Jim grabbed my arm. "See what I see?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I sure do!" I exclaimed. "Come on, we'll shoot together."

Just then the darndest noise came through the air. I couldn't then, and still can't, imagine what it was.

"There go our deer," Jim said, his voice very quiet now.

The buck had turned and darted into the woods. We returned to the car and drove home.

"Wanta go back tomorrow?" Jim inquired as we drove home.

"Yeah, I'll go. Boy! Would I like to see that buck again!" I was very anxious to get a deer.

But that day luck was against us. During history class I asked Jim for his pen.

"William, you and James may spend one half hour after school tonight," Miss Smith informed us.

As if that wasn't enough, Jim had to do chores. His mother and father had left him and the hired man to do them.

At long last it was Saturday and we had all day to hunt! When we got to "The Run" two men were in the road with an eleven point buck. Was he a beauty! We hurried into the wood, hoping we'd get one. We walked and walked, sat down and ate our lunch and still hadn't seen a deer, at least not a live one.

At five minutes of three we crossed the road again, stopping to leave our thermos bottles and get some more shells. As we entered the woods Jim almost yelled, it seemed, "There's a deer. Pull up and shoot. Quick!"

I shot. The deer jumped and was off. I had missed! We were two very sad boys as we walked back to the car.

I sat down on the bank on the side of the road and began to unload my gun. A little chipmunk sat up on a stump and I pulled up and shot. Just as I shot, Jim stepped in front of me. The bullet went between his knees, missing the left one by half an inch.

Jim and I were so weak we just sat for a long time without speaking. "Let's head for home," Jim was first to speak. "And don't let your folks find out until the season is over."

"Good idea," I agreed.

When the season was over, with still no deer, we told our folks.

Neither Jim nor I can figure out what the noise was that scared the first deer.

Anne Towle '51

BEARS OR SQUIRRELS?

John was going hunting. It was a clear day. The clouds drifted by over-head, but there was no danger of rain. As he entered the woods he was very quiet so as not to scare the squirrels. He knew of a good feeding place where there were always squirrels. It was on the backside of Hedgehog Mountain, under a huge beechnut tree. As he walked through the woods he made his way steadily toward this tree.

John scared up a few grouse, but missed the shots he fired at them.

As he neared the big beech tree he could hear squirrels barking in the distance. Now he was more careful than before. For he knew that a squirrel didn't go by scent as much as by sight and hearing.

But as he was stealthily making his way through the woods, he accidentally stepped on a dry twigg. "Snap" was its cry as it gave under his weight. He stood there listening. He could hear the squirrels hurrying toward their various holes in nearby trees. "That's done it," he thought as he went over to pick out a comfortable seat beneath the tree. "They won't come out again for at least fifteen minutes."

As he sat there looking at the clouds he felt a little tired. He put his gun down and stretched out on the leaves.

All at once he noticed two bears coming down the backside of Hedgehog Mountain. "What will I do!" he thought almost out loud. "All I have is a shotgun and that surely won't stop a bear. Maybe I had better sit right here and wait. They might possibly go by me."

As he lay there, fairly frozen with fear, the bears kept getting closer and closer. As they neared the beech tree, John noticed that they kept looking up into it. "Maybe they will go up the tree! Then I'll run toward the clearing! But what if they don't! What will I do! Am I to be a bear's dinner!" Many such thoughts ran through his mind as he lay there watching.

The bears moved slowly toward the big beech. Then, all at once, they both stood alert. Their eyes were peeking through the fur that covered their heads, and they were looking straight at John.

John, being very scared, jumped up and started to run. Without hesitation the bears took up the chase.

The bears kept getting closer until with each step their toenails caught in John's shoe laces. Then the bears gave one last leap.

"Oh!" was John's startled cry as he awoke to find a squirrel tugging at his shoe lace.

On the way home John decided that he wouldn't tell anyone of his hunting experiences that day. How they would laugh. A great hunter he was to let a squirrel come right up and chew his shoe laces and still go home empty handed.

THE INTRUDER

Mr. Brown and Mr. Dale had been anxiously waiting for their vacation. They had planned to spend it together fishing at Willis Lake, their favorite fishing place.

Soon the week ended and they were ready to start. Mr. Brown took his truck to carry the necessary supplies and equipment that were needed. The boat was already there soaking so they could start fishing right away. They also took along their guns for protection.

They started off and were very happy that they had nothing to think or worry about for two weeks, but fishing.

When they came to the turn off the road that led to their camping ground, at the edge of the woods near the river, Mr. Dale opened the gate. They had cut this road through the woods several years ago when they first started coming here to fish.

After a short bumpy ride they had to stop and finish by foot. They carried the supplies the rest of the way, which wasn't very far.

When they got to the edge of the river the first thing they did was to set up the tent and unpack the supplies. It was late in the afternoon when they had finished so Mr. Dale suggested, "How about building a fire now and having a lunch? Then we can spend the rest of the time out on the lake fishing."

Mr. Brown agreed and soon their supper was eaten. They didn't have much luck that night so they quit early. The next morning they got up early to go out to fish, and again with poor luck came back for breakfast. "Well", said Mr. Brown, "What's the matter anyway? We usually have better luck than this."

Mr. Dale didn't answer. He was puzzled over what became of his jar of honey, of which he was very fond. "Say here," he shouted from behind the tent, "You haven't seen a jar of honey around anywhere, have you?"

"Honey?" Mr. Brown asked, "Why no."

They went to a nearby spring for water. When they got back Mr. Brown noticed a smashed jar labeled "honey". "Is this your jar?" he asked Mr. Dale.

"Why, why yes, but how did it get broken and way out here?"

"That I can't answer," Mr. Brown replied.

This was soon forgotten and the men were again fishing.

That week went by without much luck. They still kept at it, though. One morning at the end of their last week of vacation they were having pretty good luck. All of a sudden Mr. Dale

shouted, "Look at this one. Boy, is that a corker!"
It was a large bass and was flopping as he pulled it in.

As Mr. Brown looked up to see Mr. Dale's great catch he noticed something moving in front of the tent on shore. "A bear," He exclaimed excitedly, grabbing his gun from the bottom of the boat. He aimed and with the second shot the bear fell.

The two men acted like two little boys excited over their first game. They rowed ashore to examine the bear. As Mr. Dale, who was ahead walked toward him, the bear leaped at him. He was too frightened to move or speak. Seeing this Mr. Brown shot again hitting the bear in the head and he fell back with a great thud. "I guess he's a goner now." Mr. Brown said, helping Mr. Dale up.

"Yes," Mr. Dale exclaimed. "I guess it was either he or I the last time."

This ended their fishing trip for that year.

Rosemary Jette '51

ALL OR NOTHING

"John, are you taking Madeline to the dance Saturday night?" questioned John Collin's mother,

John Collins was a boy of about seventeen years of age and a mama's boy. He has all the money he needs plus a car to drive when he pleases. John was overweight because he was forever in the drugstore eating.

"Well, no. I plan on taking Frances" he said with an air of being sure of himself. "Ned can't take her. He can't afford it, and besides Frances is too pretty for a poor guy like him. He has barely money to buy books and school supplies".

"He's the star athlete, isn't he?"

"Yes, but that's all he can do well. He wants to be a doctor, but he cares for his old lady. Well, I'm going down to the corner drugstore. Call me if you need me."

At this same time Ned, a quiet young man of about the same age, was on his way home from the store. He was thinking of taking Frances to the dance Saturday night, and he was also thinking of his old problem--- money. Ned thought of digging up the money to take Frances to the dance. But then there was the thought of what he could do when he became a doctor.

"Hi, Ned," came a voice from behind him.

"What? Oh, it's you." he said as he awoke from his reverie.

"I've got the best news. I saw an ad in the paper which offers a scholarship to any senior who writes the best story in the state. You could get the prize."

"But I couldn't write a story to beat others. John could write a better story."

"You know and he knows better than that. You are going to try."

"O.K., I'll try. Well, I'd better get home to help mother," he said as he left, full of happiness at the opportunity of a try for the scholarship.

From behind a tree stepped John. "I'm going to write a story to show Ned up," he told Frances.

Six days later, Ned called Frances. "My story is gone. I left it on my dresser."

"Did you look everywhere?"

"Yes, but I can't find it."

"Only John could be mean enough to steal it."

Ned and Frances couldn't find out where the story went to. Ned thought he had lost the scholarship forever. But one evening months afterwards the doorbell rang.

"Pardon me, is Ned White at home?"

"Yes, I'm Ned White" he replied in a puzzled tone.

"You have just won the scholarship. Congratulations!"

"But I lost the story I wrote."

"John will be over to explain."

That evening when John came over Ned felt sorry for him.

"Ned I'm sorry about all I've done to you. I had your friend, Jack, steal the story for a few dollars. I decided to write to the Acme Company when I recieved the news of the story, and tell them about it. You see, Father lost almost all his money and I learned what it is to do without. I hope you forgive me. To tell how bad, I feel I'm giving you the five dollar bill I got from my Aunt for my birthday. You'll be able to take Frances to the Senior Prom."

Bertha Bouchard '50

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

My dad was a great lover of horses and almost always had at least two around.

My interest in horses was very slight until dad's mare, Evening Star, gave us a Night to remember. This is where I will start telling the reason for writing this story. Dad's mare, Evening Star, was a good road horse, but not intelligent. For some time dad had not hitched her to the buggy to drive her. I thought this was queer, but said nothing about it.

One night when I had retired to my room, I heard dad and mother talking about her, so I crept to the stairway and listened to their conversation. I heard dad say that she was going to have a colt. This didn't interest me much either, because, as I said before, I cared very little for horses. I said nothing to my parents about overhearing their conversation and I guess they didn't intend to tell me anything about it.

Then it happened on one dark, windy, rainy night, I heard Evening Star whinnying in the stable. I ran into dad's room, woke him up and told him there was a lot of commotion at the barn. He dressed quickly and told me to stay in the house until he called for me.

As I watched out of the window I could see dad in the barn moving around Evening Star's stall. It seemed a matter of years before I saw him come to the barn door and call up to me to come. As I came rushing in, I could see, through the slats in the stall, something black moving around. As I came nearer I could see that it was a colt as black as the night itself. Dad had a broad grin on his face as I stared with amazement at the black-eyed beauty. Finally he put his hand on my should and said, "Bonny, how would you like this colt for your very own?"

My usual attitude towards horses was not friendly, but this little beauty had taken my heart from the moment I first saw him, I answered dad immediately. "I would love him as my own personal pet to care for." With this in mind, my dad sent me back to bed.

The next morning bright and early I was in the barn where I met dad just finishing chores. We both went to the stall where the colt was. When we reached there, he jumped to his wobbly legs, whinnied a couple of times, then fell back onto the hay covered floor.

Dad said, "Bonny what are you going to call him?"

I thought a moment. His mother's name was Evening Star and he was born at night. There was his name as plain as could be. I immediately looked up at dad and said, "His name will be Night." So Night it was.

When he was old enough, I began to try to teach him things that any horse should know; that is, a horse that is going to be used as a driving horse. This he didn't mind, but when the day came to put the harness on him, he bucked, reared, and did everything possible to shake it off. I wasn't discouraged at first, but when time after time he broke the harness and kicked at me, my courage slowly failed me. Dad told me we would have to sell him, but I persuaded him to let me try something else.

I was going to try to make a saddle horse of him. When I first introduced him to the saddle, he was a bit nervous with the saddle on but after a few days he didn't mind it. Then came the big test to see how he would act with a person on his back.

Early one morning I threw the saddle on his back and very easily raised myself into it. At first he acted as if he were going to make a rodeo of it, but he soon found out that I was the boss and he settled down. I began to run him around a measured circle out in the pasture and I have taken such a fast ride in all my life.

He gave me ideas and when the county fairs opened I entered him in the races. There wasn't a better horse on the tracks or one that could keep within twenty-five lengths of him after the half way mark. He swept all the prizes at most of the fairs that year. One of my friends that saw him race got me the opportunity to race him in two minor races which he took by a large margin.

A talent scout for the Kentucky Derby also saw him race and asked me to race him in the next classic. I agreed and he was entered in the race as a twenty to one shot. When the race was over, the odds were lowered because he had lost in a very close photo finish with a heavy favorite.

That summer I sold half interest to a man who knew much about racing and training horses. He gave me some valuable information on the art of training race horses so as to get the best performance from them.

We spent many long hours that summer training Night for the next season of racing. When all seemed ready for it, we entered him in a few minor races to get him in trim for the race which we wanted to win more than anything else. We had entered him in the Kentucky Derby again. The day of the big race, Night was in fine condition and looked like a winner for sure. After giving the jockey his final instructions, he took Night to the starting gate. Both Night and the jockey awaited the starters gun with poise and confidence. When the gun sounded, Night jumped to the lead and was holding up well at the first quarter. He was still leading at half, but while rounding the three quarter mark, he developed a limp and had to drop out of the race.

When he was brought back to the stables, we found he had thrown a shoe. Well, this was just another trick fate was playing on a great horse with a winner's heart.

That summer while out to pasture, Night got his leg in a gopher hole and injured it so badly that he could never race again. My partner wanted to sell his share of Night so I bought back his share.

Now I had a problem. What was I to do with a race horse with a leg he could no longer use? One of my friends suggested that I sire Night with his mare and if the colt turned out to be any good as a race horse, we would train and race him to halves. It was agreed and that was the best decision of my life. The colt was a race horse and what a horse. He went on to win the Kentucky Derby not only once but three times in succession.

Maybe Night never won this important classic, but you can almost see a glare in his eyes when anyone mentions his colt's great deeds on the raceway. This colt's name incidentally is none other than "Man of War".

Helen Cummings '51

Mr. Kaszuba: "Janet, will you please read out of your shorthand book."

Janet: "Do you want me to read in shorthand or English?"

Ann: "Were you out late last night?"

Rosemary: "No, why?"

Ann: "I see it is hard for you to keep your eyes open."

Rosemary: "I've got some new eye make-up on and it's heavy."

EXCUSES

"My goodness, Johnny! I should think you could wash yourself clean just once," said Johnny's mother.

"Well, the water was too cold," Johnny explained.

"Yes, but if it were in the lake you could jump in all over and you wouldn't think about its being too cold. Besides there's plenty of hot water." Mother White answered, as she put his breakfast on the table.

"Well, anyhow I couldn't find a washcloth and the mirror is too high," Johnny explained further, forgetting about his hunting birds nests and climbing the highest trees on the farm.

"Well," Mr. White chuckled, "You just wait until Johnny begins to notice the girls, then he'll spruce up."

Mrs. White sighed, and said nothing.

Alfred Columb '54

ALUMNI NEWS

Guy Towle, '49, is staying at home but plans to go to college next year.

Stanley Mc Dermott, '49, has employment as truck driver.

Robert Cyr, '49, joined the Air Force and is now stationed in Texas.

Lyle Ladieu, '49, is working for his father on their farm.

Leo West, '49, has employment on his father's farm.

Martha Jane Riley, '47, is working for the state in the Agriculture Department at Montpelier, Vermont.

Shirley Riley, '45, is teaching in Milton, Vermont.

Phoebe Jane Westcott, '44, is teaching at a riding school in Maryland.

Albert Richard, '49, is in the trucking business.

Richard Columb, '49, has work with Marston's Construction Company in Alburg.

Mary Columb, '49, is taking a nurses' training course at the Bishop DeGeoesbriand Hospital.

Sally Gates, '49, is taking a Commerce and Economics course at the University of Vermont.

Madeline Messier, '49, is residing at her parent's home.

Beverly MacLeod, '49, is employed as part time operator at the telephone office and is also keeping house for Paul Gates.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Boudreau (Pauline Jette '46) became the parents of a baby boy on July 15, 1949.

Isabel Flintom, '35, was married to Winston Munson in the later part of the summer.

David Gates, ex '43, was married to Phyllis Steinberg on October 9, 1949. The service was held in the Chapel at the Annapolis Navy Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Beyor (Gloria West ex '44) became proud parents of twins on August 27, 1949.

Charlotte Geno, '47, became the wife of Antonio Trembley on July 14, 1949. They are now living in Highgate Center.

Gilbert Dewing, '47, through his 4-H poultry projects, has won a free trip to the 4-H National Congress in Chicago, Illinois. There it was announced that he has been one of ten young 4-H members in the nation to receive a three hundred dollar scholarship to any college in the country.

Royce Magnant, '45, graduated from the University of Vermont, June 20, 1949, and is now working for the Vermont Highway Department.

Mrs. Gates: Little boy, were you off key?

Arthur L: Could be, my voice is all locked up.

B O O K R E V I E W

EISENHOWER, MAN AND SOLDIER
by Francis Trevelyan Miller

Eisenhower was born on October 14, 1890, in Denison, Texas. At this time his father was on train service to Tyler, but the Eisenhowers never lived there. From this time on the name of Eisenhower increased in fame.

Ike attended Abeline High and was a very active student. He engaged in all sports and was especially active in football. All of the students looked up to him as a leader and when, in his senior year, Ike hurt his leg, he helped the coach make plans to get through the other teams defense.

Ike had always had chores at home and had often taken jobs on neighboring farms. Therefore after his graduation, it wasn't hard for him to "get into the harness" as one might say.

Ike worked in a creamery and tried several other jobs, but not finding anything he cared too much for he decided to join the army. As war was against his religion his folks didn't care to see him go, but he graduated from West Point in 1915. From there on it was all army for Ike.

As Ike had nothing against the opposite sex and found a girl which he liked exceedingly well he was married on July 1, 1916.

Ike never did anything that he thought was so wonderful but what anyone else could do the same with a little effort. And often in the army he would give all the credit of something he had done to someone else. Never did he try as we might say "to pass the buck," for when he made a mistake he was willing to admit defeat.

Being a natural leader of men Ike went far in the Army. At the close of the book he was a Four-Star General and at the head of the invasion on Europe.

Ike is not an emotional person; he faces everything intelligently. He is in favor of religion and is a very cultured person.

The main characters to influence the General's life were his mother, a kind-hearted woman who actually brought Ike up, as his father worked on the railroad and was not at home too much of the time, his wife, whom Ike thought very much of, and his Scotty dog "Telek" which he received from a fellow general while overseas.

The story of Eisenhower's life is an interesting book except for the fact that there was too much data on his forefathers.

HONOR ROLL FOR FIRST NINE WEEKS' MARKING PERIOD

ALL A'S

ALL A'S AND B'S

CLASS OF '50

Olin Samson
Madeline Jette

Eunice Currier
June Morgan

CLASS OF '51

Helen Cummings

Margaret Barnum
Simone Bouchard
John Hubbard
Bradley Magnant

CLASS OF '52

Bruce Benjamin

Hugh Gates
Elizabeth West

CLASS OF '53

Mary Towle

CLASS OF '54

Merilyn White

Harvey Boudreau
Cynthia Clark

CLASS OF '55

Rita Magnant

Sheila Columb
Beverly Hubbard
Beverly Lothian
Anne Myott

STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS

FOR 1949-1950

President-----	Olin Samson
Vice-President-----	Hugh Gates
Secretary-----	Aline Rainville
Treasurer-----	Bradley Magnant
Advisor-----	Miss Gates

CLASS OFFICERS FOR 1949-1950

Senior Class

President.....Madeline Jette
 Vice President.....June Morgan
 Secretary.....Eunice Currier
 Treasurer.....Bertha Bouchard
 Student Council
 Representative,Aline Rainville
 Advisor.....Mr. Kaszuba

Junior Class

President.....John Hubbard
 Vice President...Helen Cummings
 Secretary.....Simone Bouchard
 Treasurer.....Bruce Stanley
 Student Council
 Representative,Bradley Magnant
 Advisor.....Miss Gates

Sophomore Class

President.....Arlene Wright
 Vice President...Roger Lothian
 Secretary.....Irene West
 Treasurer.....Elizabeth West
 Student Council
 Representative.....Hugh Gates
 Advisor.....Miss Dewing

Freshman Class

President.....Mary Towle
 Vice President.....Sybil Geno
 Secretary.....Joyce Ellsworth
 Treasurer.....Arthur Lothian
 Student Council
 Representative,Shirley Glidden
 Advisor.....Mrs. Gates

Eighth Grade

President.....Walter Barnum
 Vice President...Cynthia Clark
 Secretary.....Mae Gardner
 Treasurer.....Merilyn White
 Student Council
 Representative...Alfred Columb
 Advisor.....Mr. Kaszuba

Seventh Grade

President.....Stuart Benjamin
 Vice President...Winston Columb
 Secretary.....Beverly Lothian
 Treasurer.....Sheila Columb
 Student Council
 Representative...Edmund Jette
 Advisor.....Mr. Kaszuba

**

Miss Dewing: What is there lacking in Paris?
 Olin: Why? Is there anything lacking?

Roger R.: On what Island is Honolulu?
 Roger L.: Hawaii.
 Roger R.: Not bad. How are you?

S C H O O L N E W S

- Sept. 6. School opened, with a new principal, Mr. A. J. Kaszuba. 64 students registered.
- Sept. 15. The Juniors received their class rings.
- Sept. 16. The high school observed Constitution Day with a program during Activities Period. Mrs. Gates was in charge. Roland Jacobs read excerpts from the constitution. June Morgan spoke on the making of the Constitution.
- Sept. 19. Mr. Kaszuba attended the principal's meeting at Montpelier.
- Sept. 21-23. Freshmen Initiation Week was observed by the girls in men's clothing and the boys in women's dress clothing the first day; the second day, signs advertising magazines. It all ended Friday with clothing worn wrong side out. In the evening a "Truth or Consequences" program was sponsored by The Fluffy Duffy Beauty Soap. It was put on by the Sophomore Class.
- Sept. 29. The seventh grade class party was held at the home of Beverly Hubbard. Mrs. Seth Hubbard was chaperone. Miss Marjorie Dewing and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kaszuba were guests.
- Sept. 30. The Freshmen class party was held at the home of Mary Towle. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Towle were chaperones.
- Oct. 3. The magazine drive ended. About thirty-five dollars was realized. Rosemary Jette was high salesman and for highest number of points she received an overnight case.
- Oct. 6. The student body elected Olin Samson as President of the Student Council.
- Oct. 7. Movies; "The Story of Human Energy"; "Fur and Feathers in Alaska." A dog cartoon and a Mexican picture were also shown.
- Oct. 12. Columbus Day - School closed for the teacher's convention.
- Oct. 20. Movies: "Volcanoes", "Futurama", and "The King That Came To Breakfast".
- Oct. 21. Sawyer Lee visited the school. The sophomores ordered their class rings.
- Oct. 27. The Movies, "Jungle Marauders", "New Horizons" and "Salt of the Earth", were shown.

Nov. 3. Movies: "Then It Happened" and "Defensive Work in Basketball." In the evening the teachers' study group presented a public movie at the school house, "Rainbow On The River", starring Bobby Breene.

Nov. 7. The pupils had their eyes and ears tested. They also were weighed and measured.

Nov. 9. Movies: "For Us the Living", "Your Life Work".

Nov. 10. Movies: "Peter Stuyvesant".

Nov. 12. The senior and junior one act plays were held. The junior play was, "Are We Dressing ", by Don Pierre, which humorously over-emphasized the emotional life of a tired busenesman, and its effects on the entire family. The cast of characters was as follows: John Hubbard, Ann Towle, Bradley Magnant, Simone Bouchard, Bruce Stanley, Rosemary Jette, Roland Jacobs, and Lucille LaFlame.

The senior play was "Dynamite Dan" by Clark Steven. It was a comedy of youth, which portrayed Dan Collins, who was supposed to be even-tempered, and showed what happened when his girl's kid sister took over. The cast of characters was as follows: Aline Rainville, Bertha Bouchard, Olin Samson, Madeline Jette, Robert Durenleau, Janet Magnant, and Eunice Currier.

Nov. 14. The freshmen and sophomores presented their plays. The freshmen play entitled, "Aunt Miranda's Will" by Rose LaRome, portrayed the plot to get Aunt Miranda's money. The cast of characters was as follows: Mary Towle, James Benjamin, Arthur Lothian, Robert Raymond, Joyce Ellsworth, Sybil Geno, Shirley Glidden, and Anita Menard.

The sophomore play was "The Midnight Ghost" by Basil Ring. It was a spooky farce comedy. The plot was to cure Wilbur Van Zandt from fearing ghosts. There was great surprise when the two ghosts appeared. The cast of characters was as follows: Ortha Columb, Betty Raymond, Elizabeth West, David Samson, Roger Lothian, Arlene Wright, Irene West, and Roger Ladieu.

Nov. 15. Boys basketball practice began with eleven boys reporting.

Nov. 16. Girls basketball practice began. Twelve girls reported.

Nov. 23. Movies, "If the Shoe Fits", "Peace Comes to America", and "This is New York". In the evening the Seniors sponsored a Thanksgiving Alumni dance. Lloyd Benoit's orchestra supplied the music. The turkey which was raffled off was won by Mr. A. J. Kaszuba.

Nov. 24-- School closed for Thanksgiving.

Nov. 28-- The boys and girls went to Swanton for a scrimmage practice.

Dec. 1 --The Movie, "Good Neighbor Family," was shown.

S P O R T S

BASEBALL



Fall Baseball was a failure this year, with the loss of several players last spring. Mr. Kaszuba who did the coaching had little to work with.

We hope next spring that we can improve our team and win a few games.

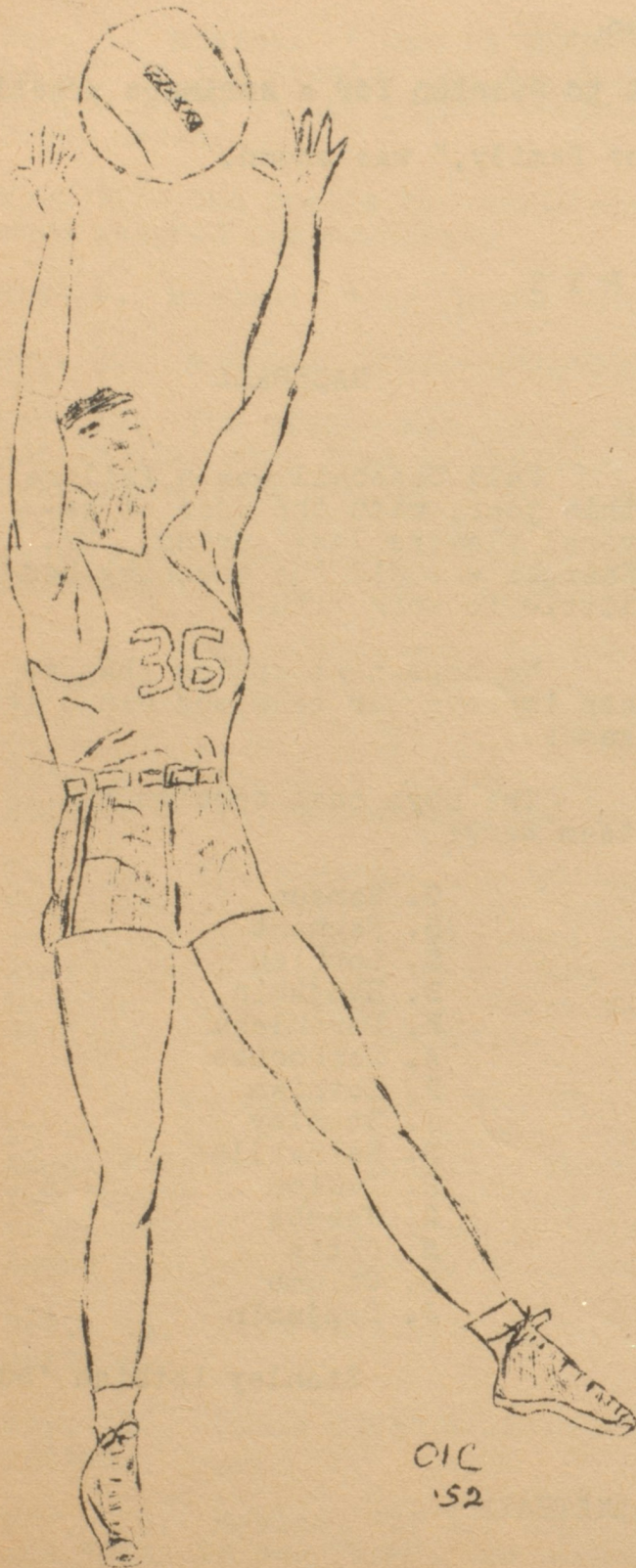
The boys that were on the team were:

O. Samson
B. Magnant
S. Lothian
B. Benjamin
R. Durenleau
A. Desroches
R. Lothian
J. Stanley
R. Rainville
R. Ladieu
R. Jacobs
H. Gates
D. Columb
J. Benjamin

Stanley Lothian '50

BOY'S BASKETBALL

The boys have started practicing basketball with Mr. Kaszuba doing a fine job of coaching.



OIC
'52

Stanley Lothian with 14 for Franklin and Duford with 17 points for St. Anne's.

We lost four first-string players last spring, which hurt our team very much.

The boys who received suits for basketball were: O. Samson, S. Lothian, B. Magnant, R. Lothian, B. Benjamin, B. Stanley, A. Desroches, D. Samson, J. Stanley, J. Hubbard, J. Benjamin, R. Durenleau, and A. Lothian.

We journeyed to Swanton Mon., Nov. 28 to play a practice game in which we lost by a lopsided score of 21 to 79. The high scorers for the game were B. Magnant with 8, Stanley Lothian 9, for Franklin and D. Wheelock 37 for Swanton.

The games that Mr. Kaszuba has scheduled for us are as follows:

Dec. 2	Bakersfield	There
6	St. Anne's	There
9	Bakersfield	Here
Jan. 11	St. Anne's	Here
13	Highgate	There
20	Alburg	Here
24	Highgate	Here
Feb. 7	Alburg	There

December 2, we went to Bakersfield to play. The score was Bakersfield 40, Franklin 14. The high scorers for the teams were A. Mercury with 20 points for Brigham and S. Lothian with 10 for Franklin.

December 6 we traveled to Swanton to play St. Anne's. St. Anne's defeated us 19 to 49. High scorers for the game were

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Franklin High School girls' basketball team hopes to have a good season although it lost several players by graduation.

Thirteen girls are out for basketball, with Principal Kaszuba as coach.

Franklin went to Swanton on the afternoon of November 28 for a scrimmage game. Swanton won by a score of 41 to 29. High scorer for Franklin was Ortha Columb with 10 points, and D. Spear for Swanton with 16 points.

The girls that are on the team are Eunice Currier, Ortha Columb, Mary Towle, Arlene Wright, Rosemary Jette, Janet Magnant, Madeline Jette, Joyce Ellsworth, Sybil Geno, Simone Bouchard, Ann Towle, Shirley Glidden, and Betty Barnum.

On December 2, we journeyed to Brigham Academy. Brigham won by a score of 48 to 37. It was a good game. High scorer for Franklin was Ortha Columb with 16 points, and P. Stone for Brigham with 28 points.

On the evening of December 6, Franklin journeyed to play St. Anne's. The Franklin girls won by a score of 51 to 29. High scorer for Franklin was Ortha Columb with 19 points, and J. Lucier for St. Anne's with 16 points.

Other games to be played are as follows:

December	9	Bakersfield	Here
January	11	St. Anne's	Here
	13	Highgate	There
	20	Alburg	Here
	24	Highgate	Here
February	7	Alburg	There

There was a boy named Bert,
 Who was always on the alert;
 To take his girl named Betty,
 For a big dish of spaghetti.
 This was always a big treat,
 Whenever they would meet.



WANTED

A referee for the Junior and Senior Class fights.
 Wanted at Once: A trap for Mr. Kaszuba's
 nightly visitor (skunk).

A halter for Joyce Ellsworth to be worn during the last period.

Shorter glass bows for Madeline Jette so that she won't have to keep pushing her spectacles back on her nose.

A megaphone for the people giving reports in English IV Class.

A barrel of apples to eat at any time in the Main Room.

Many special seats so we all could sit with Mr. Kaszuba on out-of-town basketball games.

Warm-up jackets for the girls.

WHICH ONE HAS THE TONI?



John H.



Stanley L.

THE NEW LOOK AT F. H. S.

T-shirts and sweatshirts sold by the Junior Class.

Typewriters in the Home Economics room.

A flag in the study hall.

SONG HITS

I Can Dream Can't I? - - - - - Olin Samson
 When My Baby Smiles At Me - - - - - Helen Cummings
 I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm - - - - - Simone Bouchard
 Foot Loose And Fancy Free - - - - - Stanley Lothian
 In My Merry Oldsmobile - - - - - Mrs. Gates
 Younger Than Springtime Are You - - - - - Guy T. to Sybil Geno
 I've Got A Crush On You - - - - - Elizabeth to Roland
 When I'm Not Near The One I Love, I Love The One I'm Near -
 Eunice Currier
 I'll Always Be In Love With You - -Madeline J. to Stanley M.
 Red Head, You Beautiful Red Head - - - -Robert P. to Mary T.
 I'll Wait - - - - -Bertha to Richard
 They Say It's Wonderful - - - - -Joyce Ellsworth
 Dreamer's Holiday - - - - - Señor Class
 Turkey In The Straw - - - - -Mr. Kaszuba
 Mule Train - - - - -Junior Class
 Johnny Get Your Girl - - - - -John ?
 For Ever and Ever - - - - -Betty B. and Alton L.
 Love Somebody - - - - -Aline R.
 Slipping Around - - - - -June M.
 I Love Those Dear Hearts And Gentle People - - - -Miss Gates
 Near You - - - - -Rosemary to Bruce

 **

CAN YOU IMAGINE

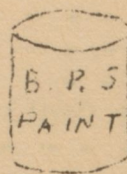
John Hubbard not flirting with some girl?
 Mr. Kaszuba without a joke?
 John Stanley not always asking to speak to Roger Lothian?
 Helen Cummings being noisy?
 Ortha not being thrilled by each new romance?
 How lonesome Simone must be in school?
 Having shorthand every day of the week?
 June Morgan spending a quiet Saturday night at home?
 Robert Durenleau having his book report in on time?
 The eighth grade girls not giggling?
 Miss Gates not answering questions when asked?
 Joyce Ellsworth being serious?
 Geometry class without an argument?

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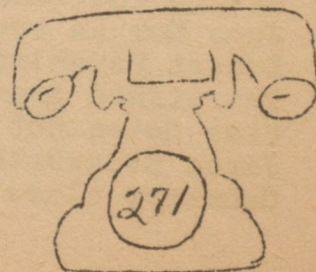
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ELECTRIC + ACETYLENE WELDING
STEAM CLEANING SERVICE



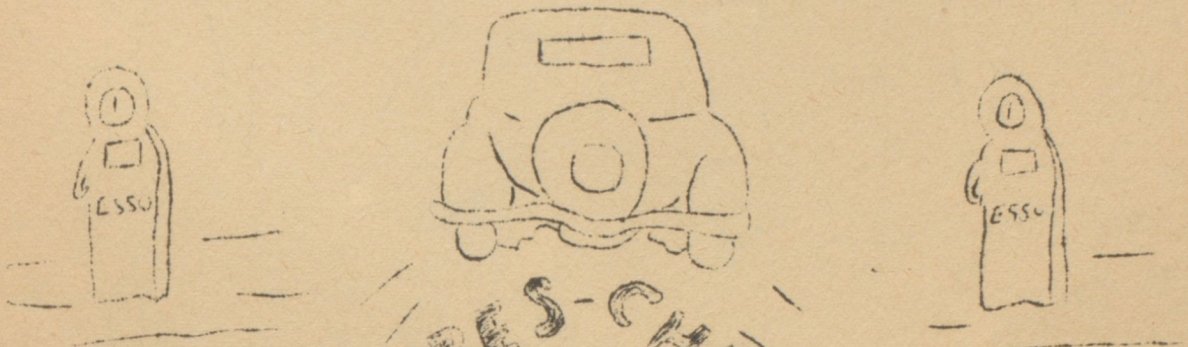
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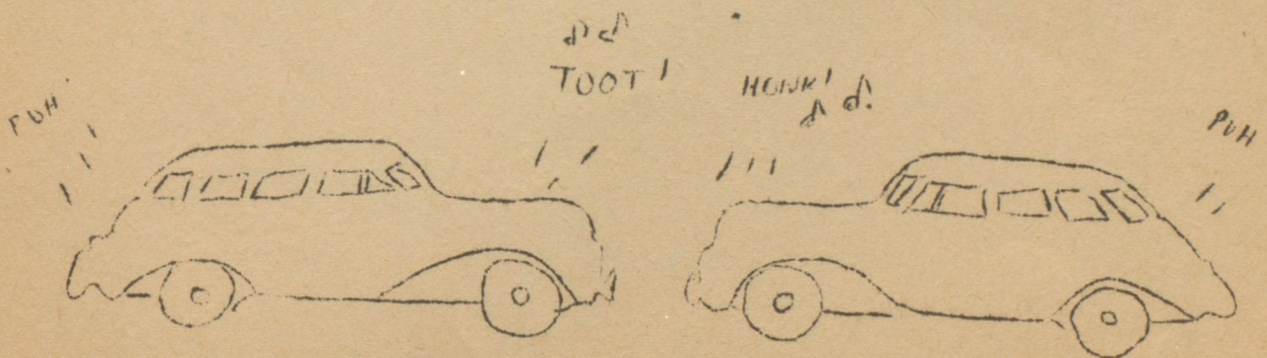
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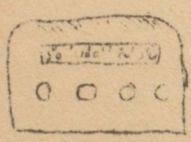
Stop in and see Doug!

AFTER THE GAMES
IT'S THE

-SWEET SHOP-

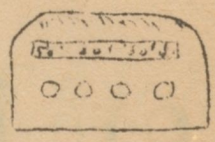


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