

Franklin High School  
Molecule



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CIC '50



M O L E C U L E S T A F F

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## EDITORIALS

### SCHOOL SPIRIT

An example of lack of school spirit was shown the night we played the Alumni in basketball for the first time this year. This lack of spirit wasn't among boys only or girls only, but was just about equally divided. Yes, this is a free world and no one can tell anyone else who to cheer for or stop you from cheering anyone else. No one can stop you from cheering the opposing team, but nevertheless we should have some loyalty to our school. Not only should our school spirit be practiced at home, but also abroad. There's a difference between clapping when the other team makes a basket and sitting and yelling at the top of your lungs, while booing your school team just as loud and long. I don't believe any team should be booed. Anyone who boos the opposite team lacks school spirit as much as the one who boos his school team. School spirit should be practiced in caring for school as well as other public property.

Another case of no school spirit is the behavior in the main room when a teacher leaves for a few minutes, or, as in the case of the past three days, when a teacher has been sick and couldn't come to school. I'll admit you think you can have a swell time, I felt that way until I was left in charge of the main room a few times. I was sorry anyone in Franklin, boy or girl, knew how to make airplanes out of a piece of paper. There also was a great excess of spit balls, wads of paper, broken pencils, pieces of plastic rulers, and erasers.

Let's practice some better behavior and school spirit. I'll try to practice what I'm preaching, also.

--Ann Towle, '51

### THE WAR

Once again the United States is at war. It has already been engaged in two world wars, a civil war and many other wars fought in our early history. After every war plans for a better and ever lasting peace have been established only to be broken by a new war.



The war brings with it much blood shed, hardship and sorrow and more hate. There is a war being fought now and for many it means nothing, as they are making more money and have no friends or relations involved in the fighting. For others life goes on, but there is no peace in their minds and will not be until the war is over.

Much money is spent to supply enough machinery for the forces but this is not nearly as important as human life. Many lives are lost at war which is the cause of sorrow and hate for many relations and friends.

There is a job for everyone to do to gain peace and keep it. Many people can not agree with family and friends so how can they help to keep a foreign relation. Laziness, jealousy or selfishness is the main start of trouble. Disagreements of religion, or too many people or nations wanting the same thing (mostly land, money or power) but not being able to compromise, results in war.

Money, power and land should mean nothing compared to happiness and freedom.

War is a man made thing and with more willing help it seems as though a new side on peace could be established.

--Lucille LaFlame, '51

--John Hubert '51

## VANDALISM

Vandalism is becoming a serious problem in this town. It is not the school children only that are to blame. Some of the older ones are mixed up in this also.

What fun is there in bothering older people who are unable to move with alacrity and who find it difficult to get up or down. If it is fun, why do these vandals run? They don't seem to realize the seriousness of what they are doing. There are legal penalties for this sort of thing.



Why then do young people do this? It is true that there is not too much in the way of recreation in this town. There is a dance every two weeks or so, and there is a pool room, otherwise there is no steady recreation, such as a movies theater or bowling alley. This winter, of course, there will be basketball, which will occupy much of the time for students and other folks as well. If the young people want recreation, they usually have to go out of town for it. Church activities draw many young people, but it is for only one night out of seven.

One solution for this winter at least, is a skating rink of fairly good size and maybe a hockey team. Many of the older teenagers like to skate as well as the younger ones so this idea would benefit a great many. Another idea which has been suggested in the past, is a community center. Joining the Grange is another alternative. This meets every two weeks but sponsors many activities and there is work for all.

It probably wouldn't hurt some people to stay in a few nights and study. The parents are partly to blame for this, but not completely.

The plans that I have suggested might put an end to the vandalism and they might not. But something should be done as it is giving the town a bad name.

--John Hubbard '51

#### EQUALITY?

During the post-war prosperity boom many improvements have been made socially and economically.

Education has been on the receiving end of some of these much needed improvements. In this very region many educational and recreational facilities have been built. In our home town we have been fortunate to have had major improvements to our



school, while other towns have been even more fortunate and had big, new gymnasiums and auditoriums built to aid the schools.

These improvements along with executive changes in the bigger schools seem to make their officials very short-sighted and cold to the officials from schools such as ours, whose basketball facilities aren't as good.

Most of these school officials, complaining of the facilities of the schools lacking the proper facilities, want both games played on their floor.

This doesn't give us a chance to develop and play before our own crowds so often. It also cuts down the financial income and steps up the expense which small schools aren't able to absorb and still compete on equal terms.

These other schools used to be glad to play on smaller floors before they got their bigger and better floors. I can't recall a visiting player ever being seriously injured or exposed to a disease from playing on our floor. We use the floor and aren't kicking on the facilities for we play mainly because we love the game rather than the glory and promotional end of the sport.

We realize that some coaches are willing to play on our floor and we will do our utmost to make them welcome and treat them as our guests. There are also other schools that would play here but the league schedule prevents it.

If some of the league members and their officials would realize that interscholastic sports are to promote better understanding and co-operation between schools and not to gain headlines and glory for certain schools, more aspiring athletes would have a better chance to develop into better players and be better prepared to find their places in the world.

--Bradley Magnant, '51

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Miss Gates: Wayne, will you park your gum for the period?

Wayne: Yes, I'll park it here on the desk, but if a cop comes along, I'll have to move it.



## P O E T R Y

## THE STORM

The snow is falling in great  
big flakes  
Out west around the Great  
Lakes.  
Many cities and farms are  
all snowed in  
Piled over with white like  
flour in a bin.

With winds blowing at a great  
rate  
The snow is drifting like  
waves on a lake  
The drifts are so very high  
That cars and busses can't  
get by.

No lights or electricity for  
heat;  
Not even a paper to sell, nor  
anything sweet;  
Elevators stuck above the  
street;  
Few people can find a place  
to eat.

--Betty Barnum, '51

## POOR ME

I'm writing a poem as you may  
see,  
Trying my best to please thee,  
I am thinking and thinking  
with all my might,  
Way along in the windy night,  
And now I'm sleepy and must  
go to bed,  
So please forgive me, while  
I rest my poor head.

--J. Benjamin, '53

## CHRISTMAS IS NEAR

As Christmas day is drawing  
near,  
Christmas songs you shall  
hear;  
We soon shall have our shopping  
done,  
For later it just isn't fun  
To find the stores like an  
empty chest  
No gifts to suit our friends  
the best;  
The stores already have  
begun to trim,  
So their store windows won't  
be so dim;  
On the streets are lighted  
trees so bright --  
A very pretty sight at night,  
Especially if the ground is  
white.

-- John Stanley,  
'52

## THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day is here  
once more  
Everyone is happy and gay-  
Never has there been so  
much fun before  
As on this Thanksgiving day.

The children will all play  
together  
While mother cooks the turkey  
brown  
The men will chat about the  
weather  
As in the parlor they sit  
around!

--Nancy Chaffee, '56



## SKATING ON ICE

I love to skate on the ice,  
 When it is smooth and nice.  
 When you fall down and hit your  
 head,  
 Sometimes you are laid up in  
 bed.  
 But I still love to skate on  
 ice,  
 When it is smooth and nice.  
 Some are so fat they fall right  
 through,  
 When they come up they are  
 almost blue.  
 But I still love to skate on  
 ice,  
 When it is smooth and nice.

--Joyce Ellsworth, '53

## SNOWFLAKES

As we look out of our windows.  
 On a bleak November day,  
 There are snowflakes softly  
 falling,  
 From the sky so far away.

Slowly, slowly they come drift-  
 ing,  
 Softly falling to the ground.  
 And as we watch we seem to see  
 Them dancing all around.

When at noon, the children blush-  
 ing,  
 From their rooms, they come rush-  
 ing,  
 To the drifts of fallen snow,  
 Where they'll play, as we all know.

--Betty Raymond, '52



JEE '53

## SNOW, SNOW AND MORE SNOW

I get up in the early morn,  
 To see the swiftly drifting storm.  
 And I go to bed at night,  
 With the ground all covered white.

The Holidays will come and pass,  
 But still the storms will come  
 and last.  
 And on and on as the years go by,  
 More snow keeps falling from the  
 sky.

--Alfred Columb, '54



THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is a joyful day,  
With relatives from far away-  
Plenty to eat, plenty to do;  
Many a folk is glad to see you.  
At the fires last dying ember  
Is the time that you remember;  
Tomorrow is another day  
And all the fun can not long  
stay.

--Hugh Gates '52

Awake! Awake!

Awake! awake! for the low, sweet  
chant  
Of the wild-bird's morning hymn  
Comes floating by on the fragrant  
air;  
Through the forest coal and dim,  
Then spread each wing  
And work and sing  
Through the long, bright sunny  
hours,  
O'er the pleasant earth  
We journey forth,  
For a day among the flowers.

-- Arlene Wright '52

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FORESTRY ESSAY

WHY VERMONT NEEDS A FORESTRY PROGRAM

Everyone in Vermont knows or should know that our state needs a "Forestry Program." Our forest serves us in many ways. One of the ways is by the wood we use. We use wood to build homes, make tools, furniture, paper, railroad ties, and many other things. Turpentine and rosin are next to wood in importance. Forest trees give us our maple syrup and sugar. Forests also give valuable service by protecting the watersheds and the regulation of stream flow. They help prevent land and snow slides. If we don't take care of our forests right they will soon run out.



Many people say, "Why plant trees?" The main reason is that planting trees pays. Forests are the source of lumber, pulpwood, and other necessities which through long years of use have become a necessary part of civilization. Around the process of making the products of the forest into everything from cradles to coffins is built an enormous business which gives employment to thousands of people. (There are about fifteen people in my town that are employed in making paper from wood.)

Then forests aid in the control of water. They help to hold river flow and to lessen flood dangers. They prevent soil erosion and the resulting loss of soil fertility and the filling in of reservoirs.

Forests are the finest recreational centers. With the steady flow of population to cities, together with the ever quickening pace of modern life the need and value of recreation increases yearly. Forests are the natural homes of fish, game, and wild birds. Forests give us beauty, but without them Vermont would be a desert. Forests are wealth and every effort to add to them by planting new forests will have a big effect on our future health, wealth, and happiness.

Fires destroy our forests and we have not the forests to be destroyed. Fires burn material for homes, newspapers, and hundreds of other products that are used every year. We could replant every forest, tree by tree that was burned but we would be planting all the time. Besides what would happen to our immediate needs? It would be easier all around to prevent fires in the first place. And if every single person in this state would co-operate we could and would prevent these forests fires.

Insects also do a lot of damage to trees. Some insects eat the tree buds and young shoots, others bore into the bark and the inner trunk. Bark beetles kill hundreds of pine and spruce trees every year. Some destructive insects eat a ring around the trunk of a tree until the flow of sap is cut off and the tree dies. Among the worst enemies of the forests are the hairy worm-like caterpillars. Another highly destructive pest is the hemlock looper.

Disease is another enemy of trees. White pine blister rust and chestnut blight are the most destructive.

Many of Vermonts forests are privately owned. We need a forestry program to show these owners why to replace these trees and how to do it. So let's have a FORESTRY PROGRAM.

--Rita Magnant, '55

In the 1950 forestry essay contest, Rita's essay was assigned fifth place in the Franklin County Northwest District.



## STORIES

## CAMPING AT LAKE CARMI

Five girls from Franklin decided that they would like to go on a camping trip at Lake Carmi the week of the Fourth of July. We rented a camp over on the beach near the bowling alley. We moved in on Saturday night. The girls were, Ortha Columb, Joyce Ellsworth, Marilyn Hubbard, Ann Towle and myself. My mother went as our chaperon and cook.

The first night my mother wasn't there at supper time, so we girls got our own supper, did our dishes, and then went to the bowling alley. As there wasn't anybody over there we went back to camp and went to bed. By that time my mother was back so everything was quiet--that is for a little while. Ortha, Joyce, and I slept out on the porch. The rest of them slept inside. We talked, and giggled, and had an awful time getting to sleep, I don't think our neighbors got much sleep that night, and neither did we.

Sunday morning at about three o'clock Joyce and I woke up.

"What time is it?" asked Joyce.

"Time to get up, I hope," I replied.

We had forgotten to bring a clock with us so when we wanted to know what time it was we had to turn on the radio.

"Go turn on the radio and find out what time it is," said Joyce.

So I got out of bed and turned on the radio, but couldn't get anything. Then I turned it off and got back into bed and tried to get warm--which was impossible for any of us to do.

"Hey, are you girls awake?" asked Ortha.

"Sure," Joyce and I replied, "we've been awake for ages."

"Say, must be we're having company. There comes a car," said Joyce. "Oh, my gosh, it stopped!"

"Whose car is that anyway?" questioned Ortha.

"Gee, I don't know," I answered.



The car drove off and that was the end of that excitement.

The fog was rising off from the lake and we were so cold and we couldn't get warm. Some how we managed to go back to sleep, but not for long.

We woke up at four-thirty and decided to get up and build a fire and get warm. We got our own breakfast and then Joyce and I walked a way with Ortha, who was going to church.

When Joyce and I came back we went boat riding and then swimming. By that time the rest were up and day was under way.

Sunday night Ortha, Ann and Merilyn went to the movies. David was over at camp and he helped Joyce and me do the dishes.

"What can we do to play a joke on the girls?" asked Joyce.

"I tell you. Let's make a French bed," replied David.

We made a French bed on Ann's and Merilyn's bed. When they got home we planned that we would pretend to be asleep to hear what they had to say, but we had just barely gotten in bed when they arrived. They didn't like it very well but they took it all right.

Monday, we didn't get up so early. After dinner we thought we would like to get a sun burn. So we five girls put on our bathing suits and got into the boat and started off up the lake. We got up by Hubbard's camp and saw Bev. We asked her to come along with us. Then we went back to our camp. All the girls piled out of the boat except Joyce and me.

"Lets you and I take the boat and go riding," said Joyce.

All right," I replied.

We were gone about two hours. We had our bathing suits on and by the time we got back, we surely did have a sun-burn on our backs and legs. And were they sore!

The rest of the week was very eventful and at the end of the week we hated to leave, but we had to. We were all "broke" so we had to go home.

--Mary Towle, '53



## THAT NIGHT LAST WEEK

It was only a few days ago, but it already seems such a long time. That's because I keep pushing the memory out of my mind.

It was shortly after graduation and there were four of us, Joe and Molly, Ted, and me.

There was a wonderful feeling in the air. School was just out and the summer stretched out before us.

It had been a hot day. It was a real summer evening, with people sitting on their front porches. The ice cream man was ringing his bell. The night was bright when Ted came after me.

As we left the house Ted said, "There's a surprise tonight, Susie, I'll catch you if you faint."

I didn't faint, but I was surprised, when I saw Molly and Joe in the front seat of a big black convertible, with the top down.

"It's marvelous!" I said as I slid into the back seat. Don't tell me this is your father's idea of a graduation present, Joe?"

"It's my idea of a graduation present," Joe said, "but not Dad's, not by a long shot. This jalopy is one I borrowed from my brother, if I bring it back with a scratch, boy pity me!"

Molly turned half-around and said "I feel like a queen, maybe Marie Antoinette, riding out to let the crowd look at her." Her black wavy hair blew wildly against her face.

"Let's hope you don't lose your head," said Ted, laughing.

Molly gave him a frown, "I've already lost my head, with all this finery"

It was a long drive to the county club but suddenly we saw the most beautiful place, with green shutters.

There were very few people there, for it was the beginning of the season.

"You girls can go up stairs to room one, to change."

"Thanks."



First we went swimming, then we ate. He and his pal Mac were

"Oh Ted, listen to that music."

"It is nice, isn't it?"

We danced until one o'clock, then we went outside and got in-  
to the car. The moon was high and we all felt wonderful, so we  
started singing.

"Ted, you sing bass, Joe, tenor, Molly, soprano, and I'll  
sing alto."

We went up hill and down dale. The wind blew our hair all  
over. Our faces were red. What a wonderful night!

Joe was singing wildly off key, "But none as sweetly as Molly,  
Mo-;" and then the laughter and singing stopped as if a door had  
slammed.

The lights of another car were coming at them. In front of us  
were the lights, in back of us was the stop sign Joe had not seen.

An hour later when I woke up in the hospital, the nurse snapped  
up the blinds. "You've broken your arm," she said. A few bad cuts,  
bruses, and a slight concussion, you'll be all right," she said, "and  
it's a miracle." But that's all she said.

Then mother came in, sat down, and held my hand. Her eyes were  
telling me to be brave. Then she said, "Joe and Ted are going too  
be all right, but Molly, well Molly's dead."

Dead, Molly dead? My best friend, dead?

I stared up at the ceiling. All I could see was Molly's face!

I didn't tell Joe to go faster, but I didn't tell him to go  
slower.

Then the nurse came in and gave me a pill and later I went to  
sleep.

--Beverly Hubbard-55



## ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD

One morning in the summer Jackie and his pal Mac were going exploring. They had found an old map of a town that nobody had ever heard of. This town was supposed to be the richest town this side of Pluto. Houses were made of gold and silver and the road was made out of jewels.

Jackie, a young boy of sixteen, always wanted to go exploring but never knew what to explore for. He was quite a bright boy and always earned good marks in school.

Mac, his pal, was eighteen years old. He wasn't very bright; in fact, he was "dumb". He was always saying some crazy things. One day, when he was leaving Jackie's house he said, "Well, I guess I will go down street and see if it is going to rain." And, "Well, I guess I will go home to dinner and eat my supper." But he was an "all right" chap.

The boys had everything they wanted on their back in a knapsack except their guns. They were both boy scouts so they knew how to take care of themselves.

The map showed that this town was in a valley just a little way from where they lived. The name of the valley was "Death Valley". Nobody ever heard of a village in there, for nobody ever dared go in it because it was rumored that there were ghosts there.

Well the boys started on their journey. After they reached the top of the mountain they were looking into the valley and Jackie said, "Boy, at last we are on top but look down there. Doesn't it look sort of spooky?"

"Ye-Ye-Ye-Yes!" said Mac.

"What do you say we camp here for the night" said Jackie.

Mac said, "O-kay."

The next morning Jackie got up and was frying his eggs. When Mac got up and said, "Whew, I hope it isn't as spooky as it looks down there. I was so scared last night that I didn't sleep at all."

Jackie laughed and when they finished eating they went down into the valley. They had walked for quite a while when all of a sudden they they saw something glitter far far ahead of them. They thought this was the rich village. Jackie said, "If there is any such thing as a ghost we had better watch our step."



So just as fast as they could, they took off for where they saw that glitter. They were so happy as they thought they would go home rich. But as they walked and ran, they didn't notice that they had gone the whole length of the valley. When they got to the other end, they saw that the glitter was now coming from this great big cave. As they had their flashlights and guns they started through the cave. Mac was so scared that his knees were knocking. When they finally came to the end they found that the glitter was just the sun shining through the cave.

Jackie said, "Well I guess this has taught us a lesson. All that glitters is not gold."

--Ortha Columb, '52

#### THE DREAM

It was raining hard, and as I got on the bus, to go home from work, a strange man got on behind me.

He had a heavy raincoat on, and was wearing heavy boots. I didn't pay any attention to him at first, as he came and took the seat behind me. Then as he continued to stare at me I became uneasy, and began to think, "Why do you keep staring at me?" Come to think of it, he was quite a queer looking fellow. "Stop it Jean" I told myself. "He's not looking at you." It just seems that way. Yet no matter how I tried to calm myself I still felt uneasy.

I tried to calm myself enough to walk normally off the bus. As I walked home the man was nowhere in sight. But as I rounded the corner a block from my home, there he was coming toward me.

I was so frightened that I was practically paralyzed. By the time I reached my door he was going by the house.

I ran into the house and slammed the door shut behind me. "Oh what a day."

I went to bed that night with that strange looking man's face on my mind.

As I lay in bed, all of a sudden, I saw a shadow across my window, it was that man again. He had a knife and was just about to stab me, when I jumped out of bed, ran down the stairs, and out of the house. I don't know how I got away from him, but somehow I did. I ran as fast as I could, passed a million houses, it seemed, until I could run no more.



Finally I sat down on a park bench to rest. As I sat there a huge black car went by, and a bullet whizzed by my head.

Well just about that time, I was **beginning** to wonder what I had done to make him hate me so. I thought of going to the police, but then if I did, he would probably kill me anyway. So I decided to go back to my home and try to get some sleep. Maybe by morning I would feel better toward the matter.

I got up slowly and walked back to my home. As I crept back into my bed, my alarm began to ring. I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes. "Why it was all a dream!"

I dressed quickly, and went down to eat my breakfast, and there at the table sat that man. My mother was talking to him as if he were an old friend. "Who in the world could he be?"

"Jean" mother exclaimed, as I walked into the room, "this is your Uncle William. We haven't seen him in fifteen years. He lost his memory when he was injured in an automobile accident."

"Yesterday afternoon his memory came back to him. He was getting on a downtown bus, when he saw you. You looked familiar to him. Then slowly his memory began to come back to him. He got off from the bus at the next stop after you did, and circled the block to see if you went into this house. When he saw that you did, he went down to the town clerk's office to find out all about us. When he found out that I was his sister, he slept over night in a downtown hotel and came here early this morning."

"Why hello Uncle William" exclaimed Jean. "I've been terribly anxious to meet you every since yesterday when I saw you get on to that bus."

-- Betty Raymond '52

There was a man named Joe  
Who had a very big toe.  
When he walked down the street  
With his great big feet  
There was a very funny show  
With the man named Joe.

- - Walter Messier '54



16.  
SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus is the patron saint of Christmas and the most beloved figure in the legend of childhood. Santa Claus developed from the real person Saint Nicholas. Saint Nicholas was the youngest and one of the kindest bishops in the Roman Catholic Church. European school boys celebrated his feast day on December 6.

Later this holas still re- of children. erlands peop- celebrate ta Claus is Good child- but bad ch- dles of swi-

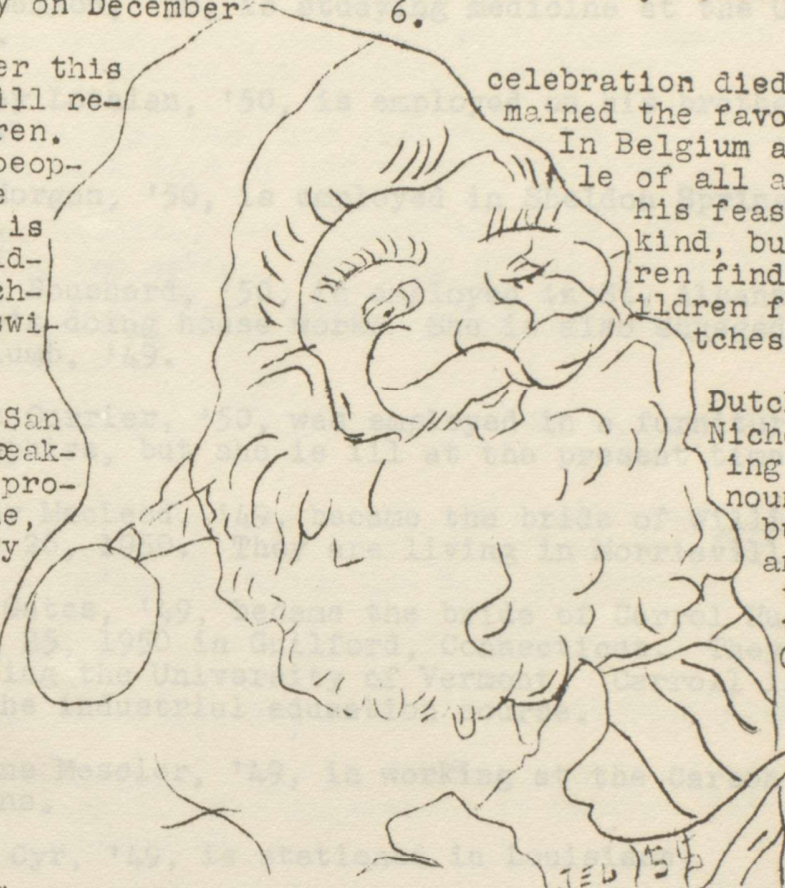
The his name San English speak- tried to pro- Dutch name, it quickly and soon changed or Santa, is also Saint

Wa- Irving him in backer's

New York." He wrote of him as the guardian of New York City in his book. He described him as a jolly fellow with a broad-brimmed hat, huge breeches, and smoking a long pipe. He told that Saint Nick rode in a wagon, and took presents from his pockets and dropped them down chimneys.

Santa has now become a round and jolly figure with twinkling eyes, a red snub nose, and a white beard. The long pipe has become a stump of a pipe, and his wagon has become a sleigh. His Dutch costume has changed to a suit trimmed with a fur. At some point, also, the legend developed in America that his sleigh was pulled by reindeer.

The feast day of Saint Nicholas is December 6 on the calendar, but children anxiously await his arrival on the eve of December 25.



celebration died out. Nic- remained the favorite saint In Belgium and the Neth- le of all ages still his feast day. San- kind, but also strict. ren find presents ildren find only bun- ches.

Dutch pronounce Nicholaas. The ing children nounce the but they said and excitedly the name to Santy, Claus. He known by Nick.

shington wrote of "Knicker- History of



## ALUMNI NEWS

Madeline Jette, Janet Magnant, and Aline Rainville, '50, are attending the Bishop De Goesbriand School of Nurses Training.

Olin Samson, '50, is studying medicine at the University of Vermont.

Stanley Lothian, '50, is employed on his brother-in-law's farm.

June Morgan, '50, is employed in Sheldon Springs doing house work.

Bertha Bouchard, '50, is employed in St. Albans at her grandfather's doing house work. She is also engaged to Richard Columb, '49.

Eunice Carrier, '50, was employed in a furniture store in New Hampshire, but she is ill at the present time.

Beverly MacLeod, '49, became the bride of William Corey on November 26, 1950. They are living in Morrisville.

Sally Gates, '49, became the bride of Carrol Hull, '38, on November 25, 1950 in Guilford, Connecticut. They are both attending the University of Vermont. Carroll is enrolled in the industrial education course.

Madeline Messier, '49, is working at the Carbon Factory in St. Albans.

Bobby Cyr, '49, is stationed in Louisiana.

Lyle Ladieu, '49, is employed at S.H.Hubbard's farm.

Albert Richard, '49, is doing trucking in Hartford, Connecticut. He owns and operates his own truck.

Richard Columb, '49, is working at the Radar station in St. Albans.

Guy Towle, '49, who is in the National Guard is stationed in Camp Pickett, Virginia.

Gordon LaFlame, '48, is stationed in Alaska.



Jane Gates, '48, is employed in a furniture store in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Joyce Johnson, '48, is working at the Kérb's Memorial Hospital in St. Albans.

Betty Benjamin, '48, was graduated from Johnson Teachers College in June, and is now teaching in Westford.

Imogene Columb, '48, has just returned from Concord, New Hampshire as a part of her nurses' training.

Hortense Roberts, '48, became the bride of Richard Randall during the summer, and they are living in Virginia.

Gilbert Dewing, '47, is attending the Vermont Agricultural School at Randolph.

Armand Gaboriault, '47, is stationed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Martha Samson, '47, has just returned from Philadelphia Children's Hospital as a part of her nurses training. Her engagement to Vernon W. Smith has been announced.

Shirly Phelps, '46, is engaged to Gordan Gutherie.

Merriman Lothian, '46, is stationed at Camp Polk, Louisiana.

Marion P. Dewing, '46, is teaching physical education in Proctor High School. Her engagement to Charles Gates, also of '46, has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. (Ruth McDermott, '46) Harland Tittermore, '45, became the proud parents of a son, Larry Harland, on October 7, 1950.

Mr. and Mrs. (Phoebe Jane Westcott, '44) Charles Mullen, '45, became the proud parents of a son, James Arthur, on September 27, 1950.

David Gates, ex. '43, and Phyllis Steinberg became the proud parents of Meri Lee, on November 2, 1950.

Phyllis King, '40, is engaged to Walter Lemnah.

Mr. and Mrs. (Pansy White, '43) Edward Crossman became the proud parents of a son, Harry Arthur, on October 20, 1950.

*proud  
parents*



CLASS OFFICERS FOR 1950-1951

Senior Class

President.....Rosemary Jette  
 Vice President.....Bruce Stanley  
 Secretary.....Bradley Magnant  
 Treasurer.....John Hubbard  
 Student Council  
 Representative...Ann Towle  
 Advisor.....Mr. Kaszuba

Junior Class

President.....Bruce Benjamin  
 Vice President.....Roger Lothian  
 Secretary.....Betty Raymond  
 Treasurer.....Hugh Gates  
 Student Council  
 Representative...D. Samson  
 Advisor.....Miss Dewing

Sophomore Class

President.....Mary Towle  
 Vice President...J. Benjamin  
 Secretary.....Sybil Geno  
 Treasurer.....Arthur Lothian  
 Student Council  
 Representative..S. Glidden  
 Advisor.....Mrs. Gates

Freshman Class

President.....Alfred Columb  
 Secretary.....Nancy Chaffee  
 Treasurer.....Cynthia Clark  
 Student Council  
 Representative...M. White  
 Advisor.....Miss Gates

8th Grade

President.....Sandra Gross  
 Secretary.....Sheila Columb  
 Treasurer....Stuart Benjamin  
 Student Council  
 Representative....E. Jette  
 Advisor.....Miss Gates

7th Grade

President.....Dorcas Riley  
 Secretary....Dorothy Glidden  
 Treasure.....Sandra Benjamin  
 Student Council  
 Representative..T. Magnant  
 Advisor.....Miss Gates

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STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS

President.....Bradly Magnant  
 Vice President.....Shirley Glidden  
 Secretary.....David Samson  
 Treasurer.....Ann Towle  
 Advisor.....Miss Dewing

This year I have received two copies of the "Bright  
 Beacon". They were good. The stories were good in the  
 October copy. In the November copy the news were especially  
 good.  
 --Alma Wright '52



HONOR ROLL FOR FIRST NINE WEEKS' MARKING PERIOD

ALL A'S

CLASS OF '51

Simone Bouchard  
John Hubbard  
Ann Towle

ALL A'S AND B'S

Rosemary Jette  
Lucille Laflame  
Bradley Magnant  
Margaret Barnum  
Bruce Stanley

CLASS OF '52

David Samson

Ortha Columb  
Arlene Wright  
Bruce Benjamin

CLASS OF '53

Mary Towle

CLASS OF '54

Merilyn White

Nancy Chaffee

CLASS OF '55

Rita Magnant  
Beverly Lothian  
Beverly Hubbard  
Sandra Gross  
Sheila Columb  
Anne Myott

CLASS OF '56

Sandra Benjamin

Dorcas Riley  
Rhea Powers  
Thomas Magnant  
Dorothy Glidden

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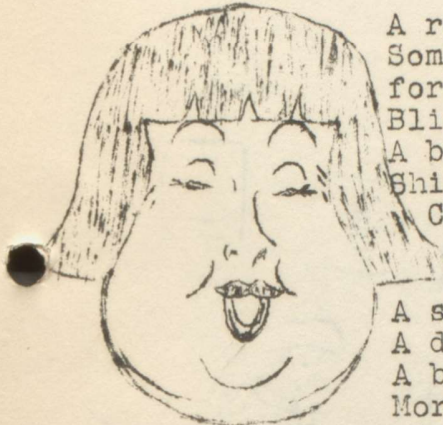
EXCHANGE

This year I have received two copies of the "Brigham Beacon". They were good. The stories were good in the October copy. In the November copy the poems were especially good.

--Arlene Wright '52



## WANTED



A repair kit for Mary Towle when she plays basketball.  
 Some boys to take the place of those in the armed forces.  
 Blinders for the French class.  
 A black Chevrolet for Sybil Geno.  
 Shin guards for John Hubbard when he plays basketball.  
 Cheer leaders for F. H. S.  
 An elevator to get up to school instead of climbing all the stairs.  
 A secretary for Wayne King in history class.  
 A desk down front for Suzanne Horskin.  
 A battery for Richard Granger's doodle bug.  
 More rooms like the Junior room of F. H. S. equipped with showers.

Extra work to keep the 7th and 8th graders still.  
 A couch in the teachers room so the next sick can sleep in comfort.  
 A new gymnasium.

x x x x x x x  
 x x x x x  
 x x x

## CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Beverly Hubbard not flirting with the boys?  
 Daniel Durenleau coming to school without smelling skunk?  
 Duane Sweet fooling?  
 Jimmy Benjamin not hanging around Marilyn White?  
 A quiet B. A. class?  
 Robert Durenleau actually working?  
 The seventh and eighth grade boys not thirsty?  
 Eddie Granger not talking to Sheila Columb?  
 The Freshman boys not skipping school?  
 Mary Towle writing to Merriman Lothian just once a week?  
 The girls without their hair up on the day of a dance?  
 The boys winning a basketball game?  
 Cynthia Clark and Joyce Ellsworth not giggling in English class?  
 Richard Granger not talking about his doodlebug?  
 David Samson not flirting with somebody's girl?  
 Walter Barnum not gazing at Sybil Geno?  
 Joyce Ellsworth and Roger Lothian not having an argument?  
 David Samson having his secretary's report written for the next meeting?  
 Alfred Columb not flirting with Anita Menard?  
 A regular janitor at the town hall?  
 John Hubbard not being jealous if somebody looks at Shirley?  
 Hugh Gates not shooting a deer?



SONG HITS



JL '55

"Run quick and tell Daddy, I just heard Santa Claus call Mommy, darling!"

Bells are ringing, children at play,  
Christmas time much joy is bringing.

Santa comes with lots of toys,  
Presents for good girls and boys,  
Christmas now is on its way,  
You should be good every day.



SONG HITS

So Long Sally.....	Mrs. Gates
The Thing.....	Mr. Kaszuba
Love Somebody.....	Bradley M.
Busy Doing Nothing.....	Robert D.
People Will Say We're In Love.....	R. Ladieu to Sandra G
Enjoy Yourself (It's Later Than You Think).....	Senior Class
Some Enchanted Evening.....	Betty R.
Mail Call.....	Mary Towle
Mad About The Girls.....	David S.
They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me.....	Bruce S.
Where Are You.....	Junior Class
We Just Can't Say Good-bye.....	Rosemary to Bruce
Quick Silver.....	Joyce E. to Roger L.
Smoke, Smoke, Smoke, That Cigarette	Boys' Basketball Team
Annie Get Your Gun.....	Wayne King
Dreamers Holiday.....	John Stanley
Let's Take an Old Fashioned Walk (up to Doug's).....	Simone
Dicky Bird Song.....	Lucille to Dick
Somebody Loves Me.....	Ann Towle
I Love That Guy.....	Sylvia to Alan M.
All My Love.....	Alfred to Anita
Chewing Gum.....	Miss Dewing
Slipping Around.....	Betty Barnum

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CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas comes but once a year,  
 When it comes there's always cheer,  
 Bells are ringing, children singing,  
 Christmas time much joy is bringing.

Santa comes with lots of toys,  
 Presents for good girls and boys,  
 Christmas now is on its way,  
 You should be good every day.

--Suzanne Horskin, '56



## JOKES

Father: Wake up Bruce.

Bruce, sleeping: Yes, father, but I don't like the way you wake me up.

Father: How do you want me to wake you up?

Bruce: I don't care as long as you don't disturb my sleep.

Editor: So you made up all these jokes yourself?

Joke Editor: Yes, out of my head.

Editor: You must be.

Brad: Hey, Hub, whats so great about Glidden?

John H.: She'll go with me.

John H.: You know why Swanton won't play on our court?

David: No, why?

John H.: Because they can't get their big center through the door.

The members of the junior class were busily discussing the weird light from the meteor flash.

David: Do you suppose the world is coming to an end?

Bruce: I don't know. I certainly hope that doesn't happen in my life time.

Hugh: Jeepers; wouldn't that be exciting? I hope I am alive to see it.

Mrs. Clark: Daniel, give me a sentence using the word display.

Daniel: I display at school.

Miss Dewing: What is quartz made of?

Jimmy B.: Two pints.

Miss Gates: I am going out of the room and I don't want to hear any more noise.

Hugh G.: You won't if you go far enough.

In General Science class figuring calories:

Mary to Miss Dewing: How much for a cup of Ice cream?

Bruce S.: Ten cents.

Mrs. Clark to 8th grade History Class: Why don't you wait and chew your gum after school at home?

Eddie: We chew the rag then.

Joyce E.: Boy, I wish I had an electric jaw.

Miss Gates: So do I, then we could turn the current off.



Reserves include: **FALL BASEBALL**

Fall baseball took a back seat to the corn harvest this fall. We had little time for practice and several regulars weren't able to play. Despite all our troubles we got in a couple of games by using several junior high players.

Our first game was at Highgate where we went down a score of 9 to 6. Durenleau and Boudreau formed Franklin's battery while Spears did the chucking for Highgate. Parizo and Boudreau caught for Highgate.

Totals: Highgate 9 6 1  
Franklin 6 4 7

Our second and last game was played at Brigham. Al Mercury had us eating out of his hand. He shut us out without benefit of a hit. Geddes was his battery mate. Magnant and Boudreau formed Franklin's battery which allowed three hits.

Totals: Brigham 2 3 0  
Franklin 0 0 4

You couldn't call it a successful campaign but it gave some of the youngsters a chance to play and gain some experience.



OIC '52

**BASKETBALL**

Twelve boys reported to coach Kaszuba at our first practice October 15. The first team is composed of the following players:

Roger Lothian  
John Stanley  
Bradley Magnant--Co-captain  
Bruce Stanley---Co-captain  
Bruce Benjamin



Reserves include: GIRLS' BASKETBALL

David Samson      Walter Barnum  
Hugh Gates        Harvey Boudreau  
James Benjamin   Alfred Columb

John Hubbard, first string reserve, was injured in our first game and won't be ready until January.

November 20, was the date of our first game with the Town Team and at the final whistle we were on the short end of a 35 to 16 score. Bert Lothian worked the nets for 20 points, while Magnant scored 11 for the high schoolers.

The Green Wave of Enosburg were our next opponents and they went home with a hard fought 51 to 36 victory. Blouin worked under the nets for 13 points, while Mangant hooked 19 for Franklin.

On November 30, we invaded Swanton's Memorial Auditorium and were promptly dumped by a smooth Swanton aggression, which built up a big lead early in the game. The final was 46 to 21. Gould sunk 22 points for Swanton, while Magnant sunk 10 followed by John Stanley with 6 points.

December 5, found us suffering from a 42 to 20 score at the hands of Enosburg on their floor. Chadwick sunk 12 for Dunlap's charges. Magnant flipped in 7 and Lothian found the range for 5 points.

On December 8 we journeyed to Bakersfield to tangle with Brigham Academy. When we untangled Brigham Academy led by Alan Murcury with 23 points was on top, 54-29. Magnant sunk 20 for Franklin, Nye had 14 for Brigham.

Our remaining games including two J. V. games are as follows:

Jan.	5	Alburg	Here
	9	Highgate	There
	11	St. Annes	There
	13	Enosburg (J. V.)	Here
	19	Highgate	Here
	20	Enosburg (J. V.)	There
Feb.	7	Alburg	There
		Alumni (Tentative)	Here

We'd like to thank our manager, Arthur Lothian, for his good work and also we'd like to thank Mr. Kaszuba for being patient with us. Let's hope we can win a couple of games. See you next spring.

---Bradley Magnant, '51  
Sports Editor



## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Franklin girls hope to have a successful season, even though we have lost three of our first team players by graduation.

We had our first practice October 10, with twenty-two girls out for practice. Principal Kaszuba is our coach. The members of the team are Ann Towle, Simone Bouchard, Arlene Wright, Ortha Columb, Shirley Glidden, Mary Towle, Joyce Ellsworth, Marilyn White, Lucille LaFlame, Nancy Chaffee, Sylvia Westcot, Cynitha Clark, and Anita Menard. Our manager is Rosemary Jette.

We played our first game November 20, with the Alumni, defeating them 27 to 14. High scorers for the high school were M. White and M. Towle both with 8 points and S. Glidden with 6 points. High for the alumni were E. Currier with 8 points and J. Magnant with 4 points. November 27, we met Enosburg on our floor. They defeated us by a score of 62 to 45. High scorers for Franklin were M. Towle with 20 points and O. Columb with 19 points. High for Enosburg were L. Blouin with 33 points and F. Hammond with 14 points.

On November 30, we journeyed to Swanton, only to be defeated by a score of 60 to 43. High scorers for Franklin were O. Columb with 19 points and M. Towle with 14 points. High for Swanton were D. Spear with 21 points and S. Leavitt with 16 points.

On December 5, we went to Enosburg and took another defeat 63 to 41. High scorers for Franklin were M. Towle with 21 points and O. Columb with 14 points. High scorers Enosburg were L. Blouin with 34 points and F. Hammond with 18 points.

December 8 we journeyed to Bakersfield and were beaten 59 to 53. It was a close, hard game. High scorers for Franklin were O. Columb with 25 points and M. Towle with 24 points. High for Brigham were F. Stone with 29 points and L. Metayer with 14 points.

The games we will play in the future are as follows:

Jan.	5	Alburg	Here
	9	Highgate	There
	11	St. Annes	There
	19	Highgate	Here
Feb.	7	Alburg	There



## SCHOOL NEWS

September 11: School started.

September 15-29: The Magazine Drive was held to earn money for the Student Council.

September 18-21: Initiation was held. The first day the freshmen boys dressed as girls and the freshman girls dressed as boys.

The second day the freshman dressed as babies in night dresses or pajamas and carried bottles of milk and toys.

The third day the freshman dressed as clowns.

The fourth and last day each freshman was assigned different things to dress like. There were richman, poorman, beggerman, thief, tinker, cowboy, sailor, butcher, Indian squaw, doctor and lawyer.

At night the freshman reception was held at the Town Hall. The program consisted of the freshman dressed in baby clothes. They were pushed in carts around the floor by the sophomores. Stunts were done. Music was furnished by Benoit's Orchestra for round and square dancing.

October 5-6: Recess for Teachers Convention.

October 9: Regular session began.

October 12: Columbus Day recess.

October 16: Boys started basketball practice.

October 17: Girls started basketball practice.

October 19: Movies were shown "People of Hawaii," "Underwater Champions," and "Sergeant's Deary."

October 20: The eight grade English class went to Sheldon Springs and went through the paper mill.

October 24: United Nation's Day was observed during activity period. "The National Anthem" and "America the Beautiful" were sung. Mr. Kaszuba gave a speech on the U.N.. The pledge was given to the U.N. flag.

October 25: Bradley Magnant and Bruce Stanley gave a speech on boy's basketball rules with Roger Lothian and Bruce Benjamin as demonstrators.

October 26: The movie "It's Your America" was shown.



October 27: During Activity Period Ann Towle and Simone Bouchard gave a speech on Girls Basketball rules with Joyce Ellsworth and Mary Towle as demonstrators.

October 31: The Student Council sponsored a Halloween Party. About \$60 was made.

November 3: The Sophomores ordered their rings from Sawyer Lee, Balfour Company.

November 8-9: Physical examinations were given to the 8th and 10th grades and the athletic teams.

November 17-18: The school plays were put on by the Student Council: "Lets Make Up" by the Freshman Class, with Merilyn White, Cynthia Clark, Simone Bouchard, Walter Barnum, Alfred Columb, Alan Jones, and Richard Granger. The director was Miss Gates.

"Wild Cat Willie and The Bearded Lady" by the Sophomore Class with Joyce Ellsworth, Shirley Glidden, Sybil Geno, Mary Towle, Anita Menard, Arthur Lothian, James Benjamin and Robert Durenleau. The director was Mrs. Gates.

"Springtime for Skippy" by the Junior Class with Miss Dewing as director. The cast consisted of Betty Raymond, Arlene Wright, Joyce West, Roger Lothian, Roger Ladieu, David Samson, Bruce Benjamin and John Stanley.

"Conspiracy for Two" by the Senior Class. The cast consisted of Simone Bouchard, Ann Towle, Lucille La Flame, Beverly Hubbard, Rosemary Jette, Bruce Stanely, Bradley Magnant and John Hubbard. The directors were Lucille La Flame and John Hubbard. Mr. Kaszuba was advisor.

November 20: First basketball game with Alumni teams.

November 22: The Senior Class sponsored the annual Thanksgiving Alumni Dance at the Town Hall. The Town Orchestra furnished music for round and square dancing. A turkey was raffled. A gift was presented to Mrs. Ina Glidden the oldest class representative, class of 1909. The chaperons were Principal and Mrs. Kaszuba, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Towle, and Mr. and Mrs. Seth Hubbard.

November 22: Report cards for the first marking period were given out.

November 23 and 24: Thanksgiving Recess.

November 27: We played basketball against Enosburg here. The students had their ears and eyes tested, and were measured and weighed.



December 7: Movies were shown "Equador", "The Sports Parade", and "Alaska".

December 8: Franklin played basketball against Bakersfield, there.

December 14: Movies: "Jerry Pulls The String", "Puritans", and "Peeping".

### Looking Ahead

December 21. Movies to be shown <sup>are</sup> "Power Behind The Nation", "The House I Lived In", and "Eve of the Revolution".

We are to have a Christmas Party, with the Seventh Grade putting on a Christmas Broadcast, and we will exchange gifts.

The Junior class is sponsoring a Christmas Dance at the Town Hall. The Local Orchestra will furnish music for round and square dancing.

The beginning of Christmas vacation.

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### A MAGIC SEASON

Winter is a magic season,  
It is so bright and gay,  
Oh what fun to slide and ski,  
On a winter day.

The trees that look so dull and gray,  
Are such a sight to see,  
When the cold snow falls on them,  
And decorates each tree.

I'm glad Christmas comes in winter,  
It's awfully cold I know,  
But how could Santa pull his sleigh,  
If therewere no snow?



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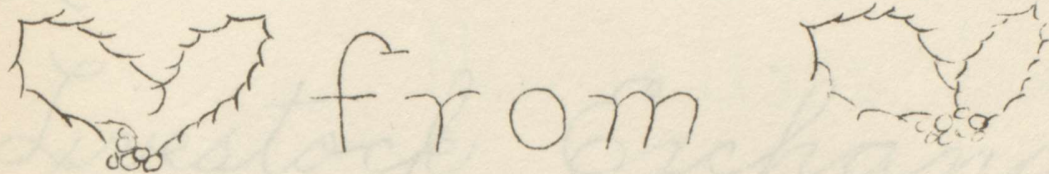
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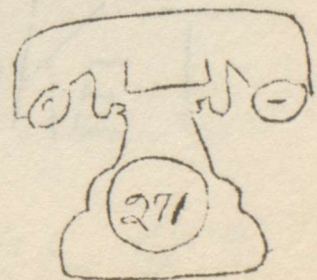
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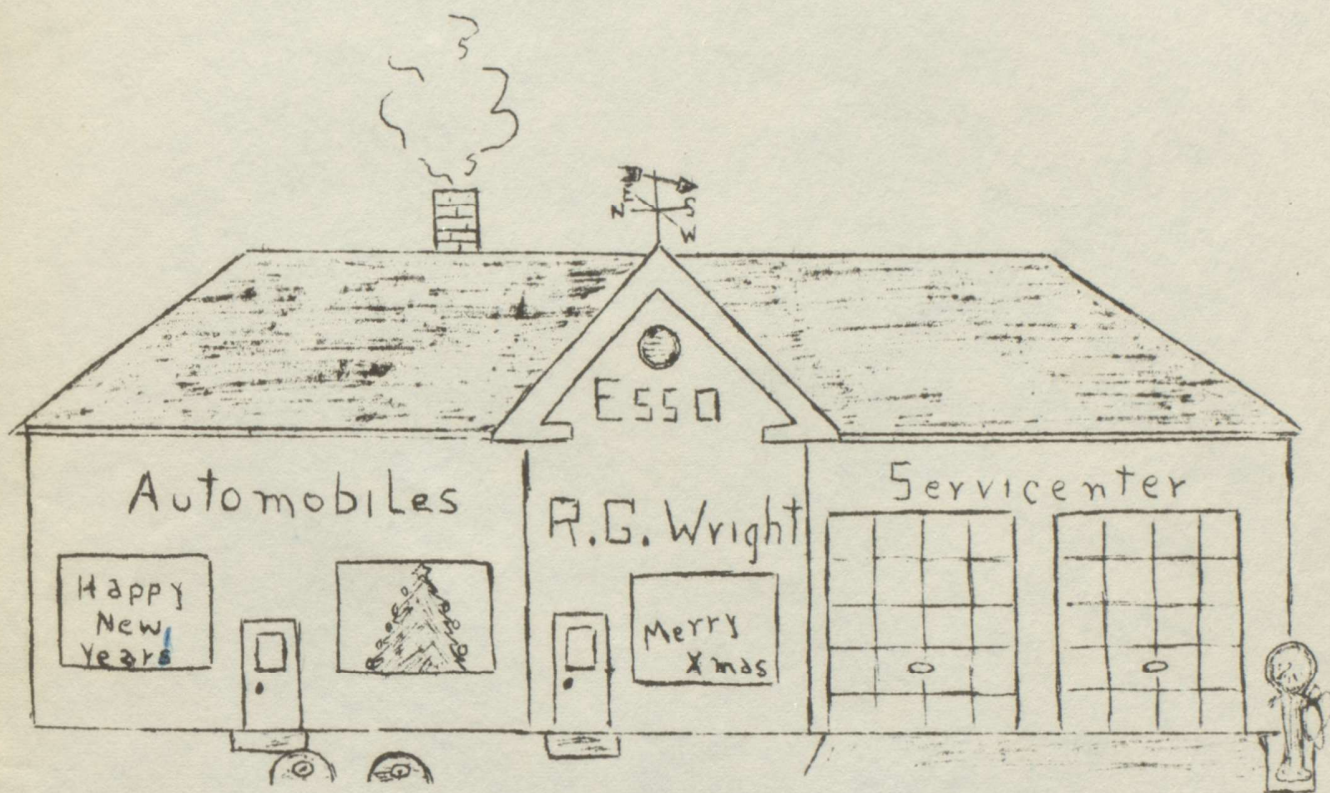
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