

FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL MOLECULE



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*** EDITORIALS ***

ARMSTICE DAY

This week, we have celebrated Armstice Day. A good many of us are too young to understand what that meant in 1918, but we do know how everyone felt at V-J Day when World War II officially ended.

Armstice Day should not be just a legal holiday. It is more than a celebration of past victories, or tribute to our armed strength. There should be, and no doubt is, a deep yearning for a lasting peace, on our "Remberance Day".

Thoughts on Armstice Day should go toward a goal of reaching that peace, not by surrendering our ideals of democracy, but by progressing through great leadership, and strength, toward world democracy and liberty.

Shirley Glidden, '53

ELECTION

November 4, 1952 was an important day for the citizens of the United States. About sixty million people went to the polls to cast their ballots for the President of the United States.

Republican presidential candidate, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, of New York and vice-presidential candidate, Richard Nixon, of California, his running mate in the election, received about thirty-two million votes.

Presidential candidate, Governor Adlai Stevenson, of Illinois and vice-presidential candidate, John Sparkman, of Alabama, running mates on the Democratic ticket, received about twenty-six million votes.

Eisenhower will go to Korea to look over the situation and try to stop fighting. He will lower taxes and try to rub out corruption in the government. Do you think Stevenson would do this? If so, why didn't Truman? Eisenhower will make a good President because he is more experienced about war, and we spend most of our time at war.

Now let's see what Truman was doing before election. We all know how Truman threw mud at Eisenhower and the Republican Party as well. But do you remember in 1948 when Truman wanted Eisenhower to run on the Democratic ticket? Isn't "Ike" as good now as he was then? Why did Truman throw so much mud? Did he think he would gain something? He didn't dare run for President again. Lucky for him!

He meant to help Stevenson, but he hurt him more than he helped him. Just what did he gain? Nothing. Why was Truman so against "Ike"? Was it because he thought a Republican President and Congress would uncover a great many scandals in the Federal Government?

I believe for this reason, mainly, that Truman threw so much mud at Eisenhower and the Republican party. Truman was angry because Eisenhower would not run for President on the Democratic ticket four years ago.

Leland West, '56

WHATS WRONG WITH DEER SEASON?

"Rutland Hunters' First Fatality of '52 Season"; "Second Hunter Killed-Two Shot"; "Condition of Waterbury Hunter Hit by Stray Bullet Still Critical". These are some of the headlines from "The Burlington Free Press", summing up the good luck some hunters had during the first four days of Vermont's 1952 deer hunting season. These are typical headlines of newspapers during each deer season. It sets us all wondering if anything can be done to prevent such wanton killing, and such serious accidents, and if anything will be done.

No mention is made of the cows and horses that each year are shot by enthusiastic, but rattle-brained and trigger-happy Nimrods.

Some people are wondering if it might not be a very good plan to require each applicant for a hunting license to pass some kind of test, as we are required to do before we can receive a driver's license. They maintain that a gun powerful enough to kill a deer is as deadly a weapon as a car, and endangers life and property equally in the hands of an unskilled and careless person. Some say that all hunters should have their eyes examined before venturing into the woods. Optometrists and opticians in the state of Vermont have offered free eye examinations to all hunters this fall.

Now, you boys who shoot in the general direction of a rustling leaf or a whispering pine, don't you think it wiser to see what you're shooting at before you pull the trigger? Is it not better to carry your rifle pointed at the ground instead of at the back of your hunting companion? Shooting deaths and accidents can be avoided. It's high time our legislature passed laws with teeth in, to deal with careless hunters.

Mary Towle, '53

STUDENT COURT

A student court is based on the same idea as a regular court, in which you have a jury and judge composed only of high school students.

The main purpose of a student court is to make people realize the value of school property or any other property, and also to make people have a little consideration of others, all of which I am sure we could stand.

The teachers say that a student court wouldn't work because the jury or group of students would be too severe. They say students would be much more severe than a teacher would be.

I suppose this is true. If you don't like the person and have a grudge against him you would want him to have a hard job to do for a considerable length of time.

Personally, I am very much in favor of a student court, mainly because I was one of the four delegates from the student council who went to the Student Council Convention in Burlington last year. There we discovered that many of the schools have student courts. Of course, these schools were much larger than ours.

I have heard many students say they would like to have a student court, but truthfully they don't know anything about one, or what it is all about.

If you students want a student court, let's get together, talk with teachers, and find out more about student courts. There is no time like the present; so let's get going!

Beverly Hubbard, '55

THE HOT LUNCH PROGRAM

This year hot lunches began November 3. A new stove was bought for the lunch room and parents donated several bushels of root vegetables, and canned goods for this program. Later on the government helps too. The Hot Lunch Committee consists of four people: Thelma Benjamin, Katheryn Lothian, Eunice Clark, and Frances Glidden. Madeline Messier prepared lunches last year and has the job again this year. Over one hundred students have signed up to take hot lunches and each student had to bring his own plate and silver. Alfred Columb sells the lunch tickets in the office, and the lower grades buy their tickets from their teachers. The price is fifteen cents for student meals, and twenty-five cents for adult meals.

Grades one through six start eating at eleven-thirty, so they will be finished by twelve-ten when the high school pupils go in to eat.

No food is taken out of the lunch room, so nothing gets scattered to other rooms in the school building. We all form a line, so there is little pushing or shoving as we take our food to a table. Seconds are given if we wish them. The meals usually consist of vegetables, meat, sandwiches, milk, and dessert. The tables are neatly set with napkins and salt and pepper shakers at each table.

High school students are scheduled to work in the lunch room at different periods. They make sandwiches, set tables, and help serve the lower grades. Some students even volunteer to help Mrs. Messier with the dishes after dinner is over.

We all like the hot lunches here and hope we'll continue to have them. We are very grateful to the Mothers' Club for sponsoring our Hot Lunch Program.

Marquita Corey, '56

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KIDS MAKING SANDWICHES IN HOT LUNCH ROOM

They butter the bread and give it a toss,
Slam it together and cut it across.
The crumbs go flying through the air,
And land on the table pair by pair.

When the filling is soft it oozes out,
And covers the table; without a doubt.
Now the sandwiches are made--I guess,
But it takes a maid to clean up the mess.

Alfred Columb, '54

STORY

SALLY'S EXCUSE

SECTION

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The freshman class was putting on a play. There were nine pupils in it, and Sally Jones was one. Sally really wanted to be in the play, but she hated to go to rehearsals. She didn't know her part very well, and when the last rehearsal before the play came she wasn't there.

"Why weren't you at rehearsal last night?" asked Miss Brown, the director, the next morning at school.

"Oh, we didn't have supper until 6:30, and then I had to do dishes. By the time I got them done it was too late to go," said Sally.

"What time did you get your dishes done, Sally?"

"About 7:30," answered Sally.

"Rehearsal didn't start until 8:00."

"Well, mother said that I had to go to bed after I got the dishes done."

"I talked with your mother last night and she said that she would tell you to be sure to come," said Miss Brown,

"Well, I did have some studying to do, too," added Sally.

"Well, is there anything else that stopped you from coming?"

"Oh, I guess I just didn't want to come, that's all," finished Sally.

Ramona Magnant, '57

WHAT HAPPENED TO LONG JOHN SILVER

As Long John Silver got aboard the small row-boat he saw a large convoy of merchant ships anchored in the harbor. "Where are they sailing for?" he asked the Spaniard who was rowing the boat.

"They're headed for England," he said. "Got to find some more crew members first though."

"Why?" asked Silver.

"Well, I heard talk that some of the crew got sick and died on the way over here from Africa. Captain figgers maybe they drank too much before going ashore and they took sick," explained the Spaniard.

No more was said until the boat landed. Then Long John stepped ashore and bumped into the captain of the Conway, spilling him head first into the sea. The sailors all laughed and Long John laughed with them. This made the captain angry. He drew his cutlass and swang at Silver, but he missed. With a loud cry Silver plunged into the fight and soon overcame the captain.

As the captain got up off the ground he said to Silver, "I like a man who can handle a cutlass so remarkably. Ever do any sailing?"

"Sailing is in my blood. I've never liked anything better."

"Good," replied the captain sharply. "Will you take a job on my boat?"

"Aye, that I will right happily," cried Silver.

Soon they set sail for England. On the way they ran into a hard storm and two boats went down. One was the one Silver was in. The other was a small, two-masted ship.

A month later, at the Admiral Benhow Inn, Jim Hawkins was sitting at the window when he heard the old familiar cry, "Pieces of Eight--- Pieces of Eight." It so startled him that he cried out in surprise. "Surely Silver would not dare come around here. But it is his parrot, Captain Flint," he said to himself. Then there was a knock on the door. He was so shaken he did not move. The knock came again only louder. Gathering his wits, Jim opened the door to find two sailors holding Captain Flint and a letter. On the front of the envelope was written, "If I am not found, give the parrot and this letter to Jim Hawkins at the Admiral Benhow Inn, in England."

The letter read,

"Jim:

When you get this I will be at the bottom of the sea. Keep the parrot, lad, and keep this letter. And if you ever go to sea, lad, don't make my mistake.

Long John Silver

Bruce Corey, '56

A TRIP TO THE MOON

Emmy stood on the corner of Fifth and Elm, with the fifty cents Mrs. Williams had given her to go and spend on herself.

Usually she had her brothers or sisters with her, but for the first time she was alone. Emmy was the oldest of the children. She was eleven, going on twelve, and as far back as she could remember she always had a baby to take whenever she went.

But ma said, "No, you'll never make it in time if you push a buggy-full of kids." So she went alone this time.

So Emmy went alone and she had fifty cents Mrs. Williams had told her to spend it on herself, but she couldn't do that.

"I'll go past Pleasure Park," she decided. She turned and walked fast because ma would be needing her. There were the dishes to do and dresses to iron.

Her shoes slipped up and down, and she bent and tied them tight. They were ma's shoes, but last month they'd got tight on her and she couldn't wear them.

She held the money tight and ran. When she came to Pleasure Park she heard music. When she opened the gates she saw a merry-go-round and a Ferris wheel, and many people eating at tables under trees.

She thought, "I'd like to have a holiday, and spend the money Mrs. Williams gave me. I've never had a holiday in my life," she kept repeating to herself. "I don't care. I'm going to have a holiday."

First she went to the hot dog stand. The hot dogs were big and fat. Somebody said, "I'll take one," and the man in the white apron speared a dog and juice oozed out, making Emmy's stomach twist with hunger.

"I'll take one too!" she said quickly. After she had bought her hot dog she sat on a bench in the park to eat it. She was thinking how nice there were no brothers or sisters to yell, "Give me some." When she had finished the hot dog she bought a bottle of orange pop and a bag of popcorn.

She had a dime left, so she walked over to the merry-go-round and sat on a bench. The music was playing and she watched the horses, looking for the horse she would ride. There was a black one, a brown one, and a dapple gray. And then she saw the white charger with wide-open eyes. He tossed his mane and snorted as if to say, "Ride me if you dare, Emmy! My name is White Knight and I can take you to the clouds!"

She ran over to the ticket office, spent her last dime, and ran to the horse. As she threw her leg over she felt his flesh quiver. He pawed the ground and strained at the bit, but Emmy held the reins tight. "I'm not afraid of you," she whispered.

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She tried to hold White Knight, but he sprang from the platform and galloped up into the sky while Emmy clung to his neck, the wind almost taking her breath away. As they reached the moon, she looked on Pleasure Park and shouted, "This is me, Emmy, up here." They made it back just as the music stopped.

Suddenly she heard a child's cry. It was a little girl who had stumbled and fallen. Emmy picked her up and said, "Emmy'll fix it!" She sat on the bench with the little girl. "Your mama will be along soon," she said. The child stopped crying and smiled as she put her arms around Emmy's neck. They were sitting like that when a lady came hurrying along.

"Sandra, Darling!" the lady said. "You got lost, baby. Come to Mother."

But Sandra said, "No," and clung to Emmy.

The lady smiled and said to Emmy, "You must be a kind little girl. Sandra doesn't make friends easily." She asked Emmy questions and then she said, "How would you like to take care of Sandra every Saturday night from eight to twelve? I'd pay you five dollars for the evening."

"Five dollars for one night! Oh, I couldn't. Ma needs me."

"Well ask your mother. Here's my address," she said.

When Emmy opened the back door ma turned from the ironing board and said crossly, "Where have you been, Emmy Lou?" And pa looked big and angry. The dishes were yet to be done.

"I've had a holiday with the fifty cents Mrs. Williams gave me. I've got a job tending a lady's little girl every Saturday night, and I'll give you most of the money."

Pa said, "I'll smack you, Miss Emmy!" And he raised his hand, but ma said quickly, "You're not touching her, Will!"

"You take that job, Emmy," Ma said, "and you keep every cent you make for yourself. You buy a blue dress, and for school a plaid skirt. And you save some of your money, and some day you can go to business college. But for now," she said, "would you bring in the rest of the washing off the line?"

Emmy said, "Yes, ma." Quickly she took the clothes down, her imagination racing. "The blue dress? A pair of shoes?"

Then Emmy saw ma standing at the ironing board and she remembered ma saying one day, "Might as well wish for the moon, but some day I'd like a pair of dangly, sparkly earrings."

She wouldn't buy the blue dress or anything for herself. First, she'd save and buy an extra fancy pair of sparkly, dangling earrings for Ma.

Beverly Lothian, '55

(not original)

THE DEER THIEVES

Toby Nelson had always wanted to go deer hunting, and the first time he went he got his deer. He was only twelve years old at the time.

Toby was a young boy with very kind parents and they had promised him a new deer rifle if he would get a deer.

When Toby shot the deer he was all alone and did not know what to do. After he stuck the deer he ran to the house to get his little riding horse.

"Where are you going with your horse?" shouted his older brother. "You know dad said not to take him out when he was gone."

"I've got a deer," said Toby excitedly, "I shot him with my twenty-two."

"Ha! ha! I bet you have," taunted his brother. "I'd like to see him."

Toby was going into the woods with his horse. He had some stout rope with him and he intended to tow the deer in.

"Here! Take these and draw me a picture of it," his brother jeered. "It's so easy when you have a model, my dear boy." His brother had stuck crayons into Toby's pocket and went back into the house laughing.

Toby was angry clean through. He yanked a coil of stout rope from its place on a spike and galloped off into the woods. He was almost there when he heard a gun fire. Right in front of him a doe jumped for her last time. Then two men emerged from the woods carefully and with the greatest of caution. Luckily, Toby was hidden before they came out.

"Leave her here and we'll get that buck down the hill a way," Toby heard one of them say. His voice sounded mean and rough, and Toby knew that the man must match the voice, for his every action seemed to show savagery.

Then a thought struck him! Maybe it was his deer! Anyway he would follow them and find out.

Toby followed them and it was his deer all right! Then suddenly he had a plan. It would be dangerous, but he was willing to take the chance. He reached into his pocket and pulled out something, carefully concealing it in his hand. He ran toward the deer, grabbed onto it with all his might. The men grabbed him, but he worked out his plan. This deer was carefully marked so that no one, unless he knew where to look, could tell the difference.

The rest of the plan was to get away, and he did just that. Quickly he sized up the situation. On his left was a tangle of underbrush, and a deep ravine behind. Making a bound he reached the ravine and followed it at top speed to the clump of bushes where he left his horse. He quickly outdistanced the poachers because they had to run.

When he reached the house his mother and father were back, and they were very angry because he had taken the horse out.

"But, I shot a deer," pleaded Toby.

"Ha! that's a likely story," said his brother, trying to sound dignified. "I bet even I couldn't have thought of a better excuse to go chasing around with that horse."

"Well you can think what you want to," replied Toby curtly. "You just wait till the police catch those two thieves with my deer. Then you'll change your tune."

"Why! Gracious! Whatever are you talking about?" asked his mother with great surprise.

"They did! Honest, mom," he said, "but I've got everything fixed up. I stopped at the police station and the policemen and forest rangers are after them."

"Boy, you sure can make up some big ones, can't you?" remarked his brother.

"You shut up before I get Ernest, or I'll lick you!" Toby yelled.

"Here! That's no way to talk; but how can the police tell if the deer is yours or somebody else's?" asked his mother.

"Oh that is arranged too, mother," Toby answered, "Everything is."

Toby shot his deer on a Saturday and there was no word about it on Sunday. He was a sad boy when he got up Monday morning to go to school. He would be there all day and would hear nothing from the searching party. Besides, his brother and some of the boys thought it was quite a joke and were continually pestering him.

He was greeted with many smiles when he came home that night. Everyone kept insisting that he look in the wood shed.

There was his deer. It was all dressed and the head was lying on the floor beside it.

"There he is," laughed the police commissioner as he stepped from behind the potato bin, "safe and sound."

"What ever made you think of such a way to mark it, and why would you want to carry crayons in the woods?" asked the commissioner.

"It was Ernest's idea," said Toby. Then he told how he had shot the deer, come to the house and become riled up enough to take his deer away from twelve men, had there been that many, and how he had marked his deer and escaped. He made a mark inside one of the ears with a crayon and when the men took the head in to record it the police were notified. They followed the crooks and found Toby's deer, all dressed, and the two poachers were dressing the doe that they had shot.

"There's a reward for all information leading to the arrest of poachers you know," explained the commissioner. "It is seventy-five dollars."

"Oh good!" exclaimed Toby. "That will help pay for that deer rifle I'm supposed to get."

"And what balance there is left over, I'll pay," said the commissioner. "I like to see a kid with sense like you've got."

At this point, Ernest walked slowly to the house mumbling, "Some people have all the luck."

Bruce Corey, '56

THE MURDERER AND GANSTER

It was a miserable hot day in June at the home of Bill Robinson in Concord, New Hampshire. Bill and I were playing toss and catch when an idea flashed into my mind. "Bill," I said, "why don't we go camping out in our wood lot that dad bought."

"That's a grand idea," replied Bill, "but what will we use for a tent?"

"Oh there's a log cabin out where the loggers stay when they log it up there, and I think dad will let us use it, but I'll have to ask him to make sure."

"Gee, that will be great," said Bill. "It'll seem good to get away from the city hum."

Bill took me home in his jeep. That night I asked my father if we could use the cabin and he gave us his permission. His only remark, much to my surprise, was that there hadn't been anyone in it for years, and it was hard telling what kind of shape it was in. Bill and I were determined to go camping anyway, regardless of the condition of the camp.

The next morning Bill drove over with his jeep. "Hi kid," he shouted, "all ready and packed? I am."

"I will be shortly. Come in and help me. Then we can get started quicker."

After we had gone a way we started wondering if we had everything, and discovered we had forgotten the key, so we had to go back to get it. After starting on the road to the camp we stopped to get a morning paper. Right at the top of the paper in big headlines were, "MURDERER ON THE LOOSE-CONSIDERED VERY DANGEROUS", and underneath, it said, "A gangster has broken loose from prison and fled with the murderer. It is thought that they have fled to Canada. There's a thousand dollar reward for their capture."

After digesting that much I said to Bill, "Thank goodness they think he's gone the opposite direction from the way we're going."

"Yah, me too," was the reply.

"I think I'll see how much Willy (the jeep) will do," said Bill and he immediately pushed the accelerator to the floor. After getting up to seventy he found it would go no faster. We averaged about fifty-five all the way and soon arrived at the camp.

"Gee," I said to Bill, "it looks as if someone else were here. I wonder who it could be."

All was silent for a moment then-"I-I-I co-co-couldn't te-te-tell you, but it don't look too-too good to-to me." We decided to go in to investigate regardless of how scared we were. We dug out our twenty-two's and ventured in very quietly. In the kitchen we found a revolver all covered with blood.

"Tom," said Bill, "these guys didn't clean their gun when they got through with it. Shall I-I clean it for them?"

"No, of course not. Don't be stupid. This is a case of life or death, I think, so be sensible."

We started searching the house for whoever was there. We found plenty of traces but no people. "Let's go home," suggested Bill.

"No we're going to stay here now, unless we're forced to leave. Understand!"

All went well until bedtime, when we decided to go to bed. As we were ready to go to the bedroom I asked to Bill. "Bill you know something?"

"I used to. Yah, why? Don't you?" was Bill's smart reply.

"No, but we forgot to look in the bedroom, and I bet they're in there."

"I still think we should go home," said Bill. As we were nearing the bedroom Bill said to me, "Do you see what I hear?"

"No," I said "but I hear what you hear, and it-it sounded like dr-drunken murders."

We tiptoed in very slowly until a sharp, loud voice stammered, "Friend or foe?"

"I don't know," muttered Bill, "I'll be either - whichever you want me to be."

Then all at once a voice from somewhere else in the room boomed, "Stay where you are. We're about to kill you both, for we're the gangstrous murderers." We were both so scared that we dropped our guns and ran just as fast as we could for the jeep. I jumped in the driver's seat and started the engine. The outlaws were right behind the jeep. I was so nervous that I threw it in reverse instead of low and backed right over the outlaws, knocking them out cold.

All of a sudden there was a loud crash. "Bill, what was that?" I asked.

"You backed right into the cabin and knocked it over," answered Bill.

"After getting out, we tied up the outlaws and loaded them in the jeep. Bill watched them while I drove. "Tom," said Bill, step on the gas, I want to get to the police station before these birds wake up."

"I can't see what's the trouble with Willy. I can't get it over thirty, and you had it up to seventy."

"It would probably help if you took it out of low gear," was Vill's prompt reply.

After taking the gangsters to the police station and receiving the reward, we decided to stay in the city, not to go camping. When we reached home I wondered if I should tell dad about the cabin. After thinking it over a while I said, "Dad, you know that cabin we were in? Well-er I backed into it with Bill's jeep and knocked it over."

"That's all right, son. I was planning to tear it down next summer anyway."

After a tribe of newspaper reporters finished with us we came back to normal life, which seemed wonderful after what we had been through.

* * * P O E T R Y * * *

ADLAI STEVENSON

(Written for the "St Albans
Messenger"
before November elections)

Some people say "Vote for Ike!"
Some say "Stevenson's the man."
But Stevenson's the only one,
Whose fit to rule this land.
Ike was a brilliant soldier,
One of the very best,
But when it comes to politics,
He should take a rest.
I'm not trying to say
All Republicans are bad.
Some very capable men
In their ranks they have had.
But Eisenhower is just not fit,
To rule the U.S.A.
He'd just be another Hoover,
And ruin us all someday.
Stevenson's had experience
In politics it's true.
In some grave situation
He'll know what to do.
I hope I have convinced you
How to vote ELECTION DAY
Just VOTE FOR ADLAI
STEVENSON.
That's all I have to say.

Bruce Corey, '56

AN OLD LADY

There was an old lady who went
far away.
And didn't wear her hat all the
day.
But when she came back.
She had lost her hat.
And didn't know what to say.

Joyce Tittlemore, '58

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is a pleasant day.
When all of us should kneel and
pray.
Give thanks for harvest, health,
and cheer,
That we have had through the
past year.
For family, relatives and friends
to love,
We thank thee God in heaven
above.
Help those unfortunate across
the sea.
Who aren't as happy and lucky
as we.
So let us be thankful and let
us rejoice.
That we can live in this land
of our choice.

Richard Granger, '54

POEM

This is a poem without ryme or
reason,
About John Labrie in deer hunt-
ing season.
With his trusty gun he had lots
of luck,
For he downed a big eight-point
buck;
And then out of the woods he
came,
Pulling on the horns of his
precious game.

Edward Granger, '56

WINTER INTO SPRING

Winter now is on its way,
 The weather's colder day by
 day.
 The sky is clouded with winter
 snow,
 Which soon will cover the
 ground below.

The blizzards come to snow us
 in,
 Then it's time for spring to
 begin.
 The snow will soon be gone
 away,
 And another season is on its
 way.

Merilyn White, '54

WHY GO SOUTH IN THE WINTER ?

Why do you go South for the
 winters,
 When you can build a fire
 with splinters,
 To keep out the cold?
 Then you'll not grow old,
 With the brisk air of our
 winters.

You can sit in your window
 during the day
 And watch the children at
 their play.
 Some slide down the hills,
 And even take spills,
 But they always come home
 so gay.

James Benjamin, '53

WINTER

Winter is a gay time;
 And I'm sure that you all know
 The children just sit and pine,
 To be out in the snow.

Winter is a merry time
 When the children gaily play,
 And their gaiety is a sign
 That winter's here to stay.

Rita Magnant, '55

LUNCHROOM

Late in the morning,
 When for food we pine
 We all leave with a rush,
 To make the lunchline.

We have our tickets punched,
 As we go through the door,
 We grab our plates and our
 food;
 Soon we're back for more.

We seldom finish eating,
 With only crumbs on the floor.
 Then, if no one's watching,
 We hurry out the door.

Patricia Olmstead, '56

MITZ

I have a little mare horse,
 To make her go I use no force.
 She's all black and white,
 And sometimes likes to bite.
 She's fat and sleek,
 She's wise and neat.
 Mitz is her name;
 No other horse is quite the
 same.

Constance Kinney, '56

MY OTHER LITTLE NIECE

There's a very little girl
Who is chubby and sweet,
From the top of her head
To the toes on her feet.

She is dimpled and darling
And very, very dear.
How she coos and laughs
When I am near.

She watches me closely,
And laughs with glee,
When I dance and prance
For this niece so wee.

She is solemn and sober
When bed time draws near,
For she is sleepy and tired,
This baby so dear.

So I rock and sing,
'Till she falls asleep.
This adorable baby,
Whom I like so to keep.

Sybil Geno, '53

LITTLE

I am the sister of him,
And he is my brother.
He is too little for us
To talk to each other.

So every morning I show him
My civics and French book.
But every morning he still
Is too little to look.

Dorcas Riley, '56

BASKETBALL

We're starting out a new basket-
ball year
With lots of hope and very good cheer.
We have to obey every rule,
Or we'll be led to many a duel.

Sometimes we even sprain our
joints,
Trying to make so many points.
Now Mary, center forward, grabs
the ball,
Throws to Shirley, stumbles,
makes her fall.

Now Cynthia dribbles down the
floor;
She shoots and makes another
score.
Then Rita, center guard, jumps
for the ball,
And passes to Shirley mid
cheers of all.

Another basket counts for
our side.
This time we'll not be taken
for a ride.
Before we've finished this
new year
We may accomplish quite a
career.

Sylvia Westcot, '54

GRANDPA'S GLASSES

Grandpa dropped his glasses
In a bucket of molasses
He bent down to pick them up
And got all stuck up.
And out of it all broke his glasses.

Carrol Poudreau, '58

OFFICERS OF STUDENT COUNCIL

President. Sybil Geno
 Secretary. Beverly Hubbard
 Treasurer. Shirley Glidden
 Adviser. Mr. Winchell

Class of '53

President. Mary Towle
 Secretary. Mary Towle
 Treasurer. Anita Henard
 Student Council
 Member. Shirley Glidden
 Adviser. Mr. Kaszuba

Class of '54

President. Sylvis Westcot
 Vice-President. Richard Granger
 Secretary. Marilyn White
 Treasurer. Alfred Columb
 Student Council
 Member. Cynthia Clark
 Adviser. Miss Gates

Class of '55

President. Beverly Lothian
 Vice-President. Stuart Benjamin
 Secretary. Rita Magnant
 Treasurer. Edmund Jette
 Student Council
 Member. Beverly Hubbard
 Adviser. Miss Dewing

Class of '56

President. Dorothy Glidden
 Vice-President. Sandra Benjamin
 Secretary. Patricia Olmstead
 Treasurer. Edward Granger
 Student Council
 Member. Betty Ann Magnant
 Adviser. Mr. Winchell

Class of '57

President. Daniel Clark
 Vice-President. Loren Lothian
 Secretary. Howard Magnant
 Treasurer. James Westcot
 Student Council
 Member. Ramona Magnant
 Adviser. Mr. Winchell

Class of '58

President. John Rainville
 Secretary. Joyce Tittlemore
 Treasurer. Carrol Boudreau
 Student Council
 Member. Betty Myott
 Adviser. Mr. Winchell

SCHOLASTIC HONOR ROLL

1st Marking Period

1952-1953

All A's

Rita Magnant

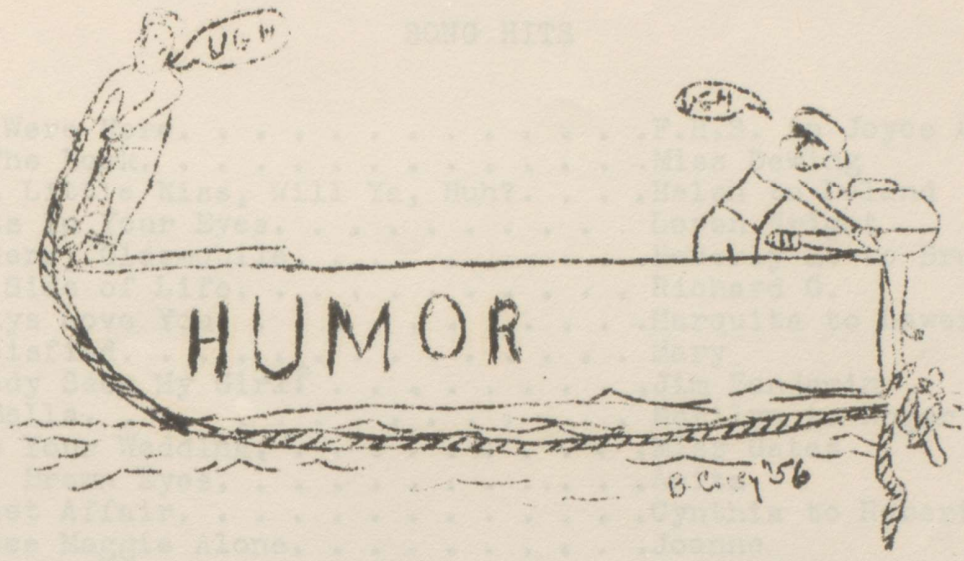
All A's and B'sSeniors

Mary Towle

Juniors

Merilyn White

SophomoreBeverly Lothian
Anne Myott
Sheila ColumbFreshmenSandra Benjamin
Marquita Corey
Suzanne Horskin
Thomas Magnant
Phyllis Stanley
Leland WestEighth GradeHoward Magnant
Ramona MagnantSeventh GradeJames Messier
Elizebeth Myott
Joyce Tittlemore



CAN YOU IMAGINE

- Norman D. having his work done on time?
- Jimmy B. getting to school on time?
- The whole high school buying student tickets?
- Mr. Winchell giving anybody in the U.S. History class an "A"?
- Suzanne H. not whispering?
- Thomas M. and Dorothy G. not writing notes?
- Phyllis S. whispering in class?
- Everybody paying library fines?
- Patrica, Constance, and Cynthia not talking about horses?
- Helen R. not giggling?
- Miss Gates not having to explain a problem more than once in algebra I class?
- Suzanne not having a crush on some guy?
- Richard R. with a dozen girl friends?
- Daniel C. and James W. getting "A" in citizenship?
- Joanne M. not liking some boy out of school?
- Shirley G. not going out all week long?
- Foster C. and Rita M. on their first date?
- Cynthia C. not liking the ball diamond?
- Sylvia W. and Francis L. not liking the view of Lake Carmi?
- Richard G. studing or figuring to himself?

CAN YOU REMEMBER WHEN

- Merilyn W. was foot-loose and fancy-free?
- Edmund used to like a girl on the North Sheldon road?
- A green Chevrolet used to travel the middle road?
- Sybil G. used to travel in a black Hudson?

SONG HITS

Wish You Were Here.	F.H.S. to Joyce Ellsworth
It's In The Book.	Miss Dewing
Give Me A Little Kiss, Will Ya, Huh?.	Helen to Leland
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.	Loren Wright
In Your Merry Oldsmobile.	Beverly H. to Bruce
The Wild Side of Life.	Richard G.
I'll Always Love You.	Marquita to Lawrence
Never Satisfied.	Mary
Has Anybody Seen My Girl?	Jim Benjamin
Wedding Bells.	Merilyn to Roger
I Went To Your Wedding.	Miss Gates
Beautiful Brown Eyes.	Anita
Back Street Affair.	Cynthia to Robert
I Never See Maggie Alone.	Joanne
Sugarbush.	Joyce T. to Howard M.
Put Your Shoes On, Lucy; Your A Big Girl Now.	Suzanne
Poor Little Robin.	Arthur Lothian
Blackberry Boogie.	Alfred
Zing A Little Song.	Mr. Kaszuba
Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes.	Sybil
Chewing Gum.	Connie
Forever And Ever.	Shirley
Dreamer's Holiday.	"Babe"
Because of You.	Dorothy to Tommy

* * * *

WANTED

Something for Tommy and Dorothy, so they can talk to each other in school, with no one else hearing them.
 A supply of bubble gum for F.H.S.
 Cheerleaders for F.H.S.
 Some notepaper of Suzanne.
 Student Court for F.H.S.
 Green Ford for Ann Myott.
 Blinders for Patricia.

* * * *

Miss Dewing: I thought I warned you to get your gum out of sight before coming to class.

Patricia: I did. I put it in my mouth.

Wayne to Richard G.: I know where you can get a job with your doodle-bug.

Richard: Where?

Wayne: Skidding toothpicks in a toothpick factory.

SCHOOL NEWS

September

2. School opened, with sixty-eight students registered.
11. The representative from Crowell-Collier Publishing Co. was here to start the magazine drive.
15. School closed early for the district teachers' meeting, which was held in Franklin.
25. The magazine drive ended with an eighty dollar profit.

October

1. Freshmen initiation lasted one day. The freshmen had to wear their clothes wrong side out and back side to, with an apron back side to as well. The girls had to wear their hair in twenty pigtails with ribbons on each, using at least eight different colors. The boys had to wear twenty ribbons on one big ribbon tied under their chins. Both girls and boys had to wear one boot and one shoe. When they met a sophomore outside of school hours they had to bow and crow like a rooster. All cooperated very well.
2. The Freshman Reception was held October 2, 1952 at eight o'clock in the Franklin Town Hall. The twenty freshman took part in the "Trans-Freshmen Airlines". They dressed as people with different occupations and nationalities from different sections of the country. While waiting at the "Trans-Freshman Airlines" for the plane to come in they put on a humorous skit. Two members of the sophomore class stunt committee, Beverly Hubbard and Edmund Jette, operated the airlines. After the receiving line and refreshments, there was dancing from nine until twelve with Bonoit's Orchestra furnishing the music. The sophomore class cleared about twenty-five dollars.
- 9&10. School closed for the State Teachers' Convention in Burlington.
24. The seniors were given aptitude tests.

Franklin Senior High School presented four one-act plays. The freshmen play was "Boby Sox", a comedy by Donald Payton. Those taking part were Suzanne Horskin, Patricia Olmstead, Constance Kinney, Thomas Magnant, Leland West, Foster Carman, and Richard Magnant. Mr. Winchell was the director.

The sophomore play was "Elmer", a mystery comedy by Beatrice H. McNeil. The cast of characters was as follows: Anne Myott, Rita Magnant, Beverly Hubbard, Beverly Lothian, Sheila Columb, Joanne Morits, Edmund Jette, Stuart Benjamin, Winston Columb, and Skipper (Ellsworth's dog). Miss Dewing was the director.

8. The junior play was "Wilbor Saw It First," a mystery by Donald Payton. The cast of characters were as follows: Cynthia Clark, Sylvia Westcot, Alfred Columb, Marilyn White, and Richard Granger.

The senior play was "Butch," by Mary McDonald. Those taking part were Joyce Ellsworth, Sybil Geno, Mary Towle, Shirley Glidden, Anita Menard, Arthur Lothian, and Jimmy Benjamin, with Jimmy Benjamin and Arthur Lothian as directors.

25. The senior class had a farewell party in the Methodist Church parlors for Joyce Ellsworth who has moved to Athol, Massachusetts. Her address is 42 Main Street.

27. The movie "Green Harvest" was shown during activities' period, about the harvest of trees in the Southwest.

31. The first marking period closed, with a short honor roll.

November

3. The hot lunch program began. The new music teacher, Miss Wilma Burns from St. Albans, started to teach music here today.

6. The movie, "The Du Pont Story", was shown in the afternoon. It was about how the Du Pont factories were started and how they developed.

7. The movie, "That Makes Us Tick", was shown, activities period. It was about insurance policies and their value.

11. School closed for Armistice Day.

12. Mary Towle and Jimmy Benjamin gave speeches on their week at Girls State and Boys State, respectively.

20. Representatives from the Alston Studio came to take pictures.

21. The movie, "The Flight of The Sun", was shown activities' period. It was about the beauties of south-western United States.

24. The representative from Balfour Company, Sawyer Lee, came to take class ring orders from the sophomores, and graduation orders from the seniors.

26. School closed for Thanksgiving Recess.

December

3. The movie, "A Big Kitchen", was shown during activities' period. This was about the Heinz products and how they are made.

December

10. The movie "Curiosity Shop" was shown during activities period. It was about television.
11. The movie "The New Paul Bunyon" was shown during activities period. It was about the harvest of trees.
12. School closed because of the big snow storm.

* * * * *
 * * *
 *

Miss Burns in music class: What does Arthur sing best?

John Labrie: Music.

Wayne and Foster are deer hunting.

Foster: I thought you told me there were some deer in this woods.

Wayne, as a girl passed by: There, I told you there were deer in here.

Mr. Winchell to Edward in civics class, when we were discussing glasses:

Edward, aren't you supposed to wear your glasses?

Edward: Yes, but they make my nose tickle.

Edmund J. to Miss Gates in algebra class, during the world series: I bet the Dodgers will win.

Miss Gates: No betting in class.

Edmund: Let's go out side the door then.

Mr. Kaszuba to Edward G.: Pick up the floor.

Edward: Got a hammer?

* * *
 *

WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO BE

A first grade teacher
 Really appeals to me,
 But on second thought,
 I would rather be
 A secretary and sit
 Upon the boss's knee.

But that still doesn't suit me.
 To think again
 A nurse I shall be,
 In a uniform of
 Pure white, so neatly starched,

But it's a terrible hard job,
 To make up my mind
 What I would like to be,
 For you see I'm only three.

Joanne Morits, '55

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The F.H.S. girls started out with a bang this season, with seventeen out for practice.

We are in hopes of a good season, although we lost two first team players by graduation.

While scrimaging at practice, Mary Towle, a first team forward, injured a rib and was unable to play the first game.

Aside from that, the season was made considerably brighter by seven flashy new red warm up jackets purchased by the Student Council.

The girls out for basketball are M. Towle, B. Lothian, S. Glidden, S. Columb, S. Westcot, R. Magnant, C. Clark, D. Glidden, S. Benjamin, B. Magnant, A. Emch, D. Riley, C. Kinney, P. Olmstead, R. Magnant, J. Tittemore, and E. Myott.

Our first game was Nov. 20th with our faithful opponent, Enosburg. Our trip to Enosburg must have been too much for us, for we lost by a score of 58-36. High scorers were S. Glidden with fifteen points and B. Lothian with thirteen points.

On Nov. 25th Brigham journeyed to Franklin, which for them was really a pleasure trip; the F.H.S. girls lost their second game by a score of 57-36. High scorers were S. Glidden with sixteen points and M. Towle with fifteen.

On Dec. 1st Franklin took the long journey to Bakersfield, which must have been a hard one, for we lost our third game by a score of 41-48. High scorers were M. Towle with twenty-six points and S. Glidden with thirteen.

On Dec. 5th, in a drizzling rain, we paddled to Swanton to play on the big rambling floor, which must have been bad for our morale, for we were defeated in our fourth game 41-53. High scorers were M. Towle with twenty-four and S. Glidden with eight.

On Dec 9th the F.H.S. girls, refreshed from the week-end, took the over hill over dale journey to Alburg, where with the strategy advised by Coach Kaszuba, we stalled the ball for a minute and twenty seconds to take our fifth game and first victory with a small margin of 45-43. High scorers were M. Towle and S. Glidden with twenty points each.

	Dec. 19	Alburg	here	7:30
	Jan. 7	Highgate	there	7:30
	Jan. 14	Highgate	here	7:30
(Sat.)	Jan. 17	BFA St. Albans	there	7:00

Shirley Glidden '59

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The first basketball practice was held on October 28, with fifteen boys present - eight from senior high, and seven from junior high.

The nine players who received suits are as follows: seniors, James Benjamin; juniors, Harvey Boudreau; sophmores, Edmund Jette, Winston Columb, John Labrie, and Stuart Benjamin; freshmen, Thomas Magnant; eighth graders, Howard Magnant, Loren Lothian, and Norman Messier.

James Benjamin was chosen captain, and Alfred Columb manager. Harry Winchell is our coach.

With few veterans left from last year, we, of course, have no first class team, but we try to do our best, and our scores are showing improvement.

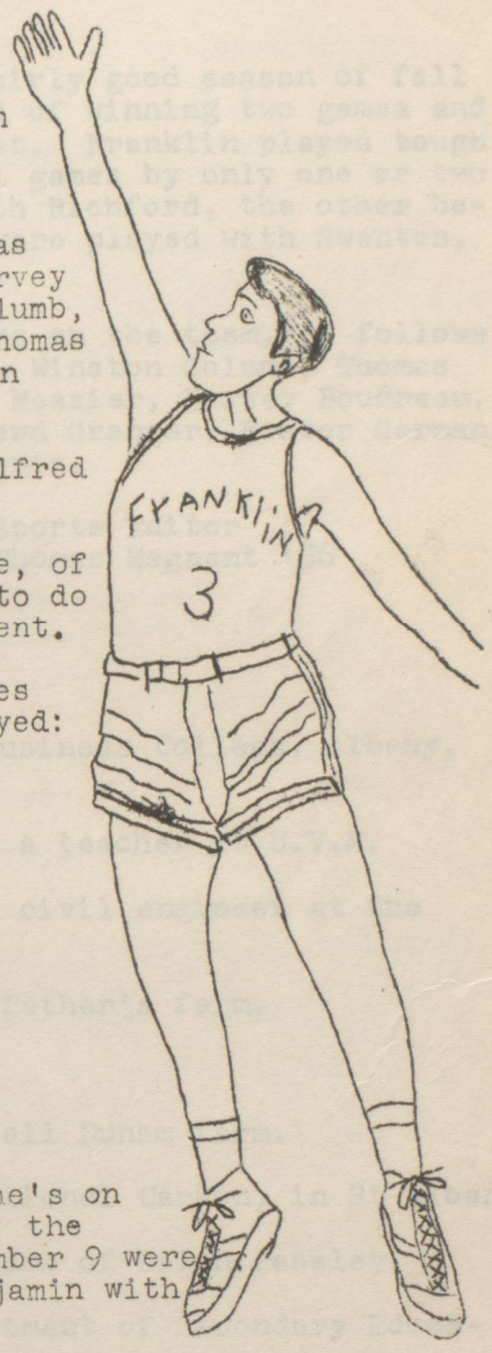
The following is this year's schedule of games played:

Nov. 20	Franklin 29	Enosburg 51	there
25	Franklin 24	Brigham 56	here
Dec. 1	Franklin 10	Brigham 49	there
5	Franklin 35	St. Anne's 48	there
9	Franklin 51	Alburg 61	there

Remaining games to be played:

Dec. 19	Franklin	Alburg	here
Jan. 7	Franklin	Highgate	there
14	Franklin	Highgate	here
Feb. 12	Franklin	Enosburg	here
Jan. 10	Franklin J.V.	Enosburg J.V.	here
17	Franklin J.V.	Enosburg J.V.	there

The high scorer in the game with St. Anne's on December 5 was Jimmy Benjamin with 16 points; the high scorers in the game with Alburg on December 9 were Harvey Boudreau with 24 points and Jimmy Benjamin with 13 points.



Sports Editor
Tommy Magnant, '56

Mr. Kaszuba to Alfred: What do you do in Vermont when it rains?
 Alfred: I don't know. Work inside I guess.
 Mr. Kaszuba: You know what we do? We let it rain.

FALL BASEBALL



The Franklin team had a fairly good season of fall baseball, although their record of winning two games and losing five didn't indicate that. Franklin played tough competition and dropped several games by only one or two runs. They played one game with Richford, the other being rained out; and two games were played with Swanton, Highgate, and Enosburg.

There were thirteen players on the team, as follows: James Benjamin, Arthur Peaslee, Winston Columb, Thomas Magnant, Loren Lothian, Norman Messier, Harvey Boudreau, Edmund Jette, John Labrie, Edward Granger, Foster Carman, Walter Labrie, and Stuart Benjamin.

Sports Editor
Thomas Magnant '56

* * *

ALUMNI NEWS

John Stanley '52 is attending Albany Business College, Albany, New York.

David Samson '52 is studying to become a teacher at U.V.M.

Hugh Gates '52 is studying to become a civil engineer at The University of Maine.

Bruce Benjamin '52 is employed on his father's farm.

Roger Lothian '52 is joining the army.

Roger Ladieu '52 employed on the Marshall Dunam farm.

Ortha Columb '52 is employed at the National Carbon, in St Albans.

Betty Raymond '52 is employed at the home of Ralph Peasley.

Guy Towle '49 is enrolled in the Department of Secondary Education at U.V.M.

Howard Olmstead '40 and Martha Jane Riley '47 were united in marriage at the home of Charles Richard in Franklin on Oct. 26, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gates (David Gates Ex'43) are parents of a daughter, Vereta Jon, born in November.

Arlene Wright '52 is attending Taylor College in Uplands, Indiana.

A son, David Alan, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harland Tittimore, (Ruth McDermott '46, and Harland Tittimore '45), on July 19.

A daughter, Sally Jean, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Machia on Nov. 2. (Mrs. Machia was Shirley Riley '45).

Mr. and Mrs. Leighton Buck (Marguerite Benjamin '41) are the parents of a son, Jonathon Leigh, born on July 2.

Merriman Lothian '46, who has been serving in Korea, and Armand Gaboriault '47, who has been serving in Germany, have received their discharge from the army and returned home. Armond is the new proprietor of the Sweet Shop and Merriman is employed at the Missiquoi Paper Mill in Sheldon Springs.

ALUMNI IN SERVICE

Name:	Address:
Arthur Peasley Ex'54	Pvt. Arthur Duchesneau E Co. 39th Inf. Regt. 2nd Plat. Fort Dix N. J.
Bruce Stanley '51	P.F.C. Bruce Stanley 1281247 Co.C. 7th Engr. B.N. F.M.F. Pac. Ocean Side Camp Pendleton California.
Albert Richard '49	P.F.C. Albert Richard U.S. 22866511 16th Ord. M.M. Co. 87 Bn. A.P.O. 719 % Post Master, San Francisco, Cal.
Robert Cyr '49	S/Sgt. Robert K. Cyr 11187198 307th A&E Maint Sqd. 307th Bomb Wing % P.M. San Francisco, Cal.
Alton Lothian '48	Pvt. Alton Lothian U.S. 51127387 Prov. Sqdrn. 1931 A.P.O. 959 % P.M. San Francisco Cal.
Gordon LaFlamme '48	S/Sgt. Gordon LaFlamme 1909 AACCS Squadron Andrews AFB Maryland
Burhl Barnum Ex'48	P.F.C. Burhl Barnum 1253172 Battery G. 3rd Bn. 12th Marines 3rd Marine Div. F.M.F. Camp Pendleton, Cal.

Charles Gates '46

2nd Lt. Charles Gates
#304 Second Ave.
Long Beach, New Jersey

Rene Durleneau Ex'45

S/Sgt. Rene Durleneau 31481808
Hq.&Sq. 3320 Tech Trg. 9p
Amarillo A.F.B., Texas.

Edward Crossman Ex'43

S/Sgt. Deward Crossman A.F. 11038301
2353 Pers. Proc Sq.
Flight A. Camp Stoneman, Cal.

Earl Thebault Ex'42

Cpl Earl Thibault A.F. 11085671
1253rd A.T.S. 1600th A.T.G.
Westover, A.B.
Mass.

Renwick Scott '35

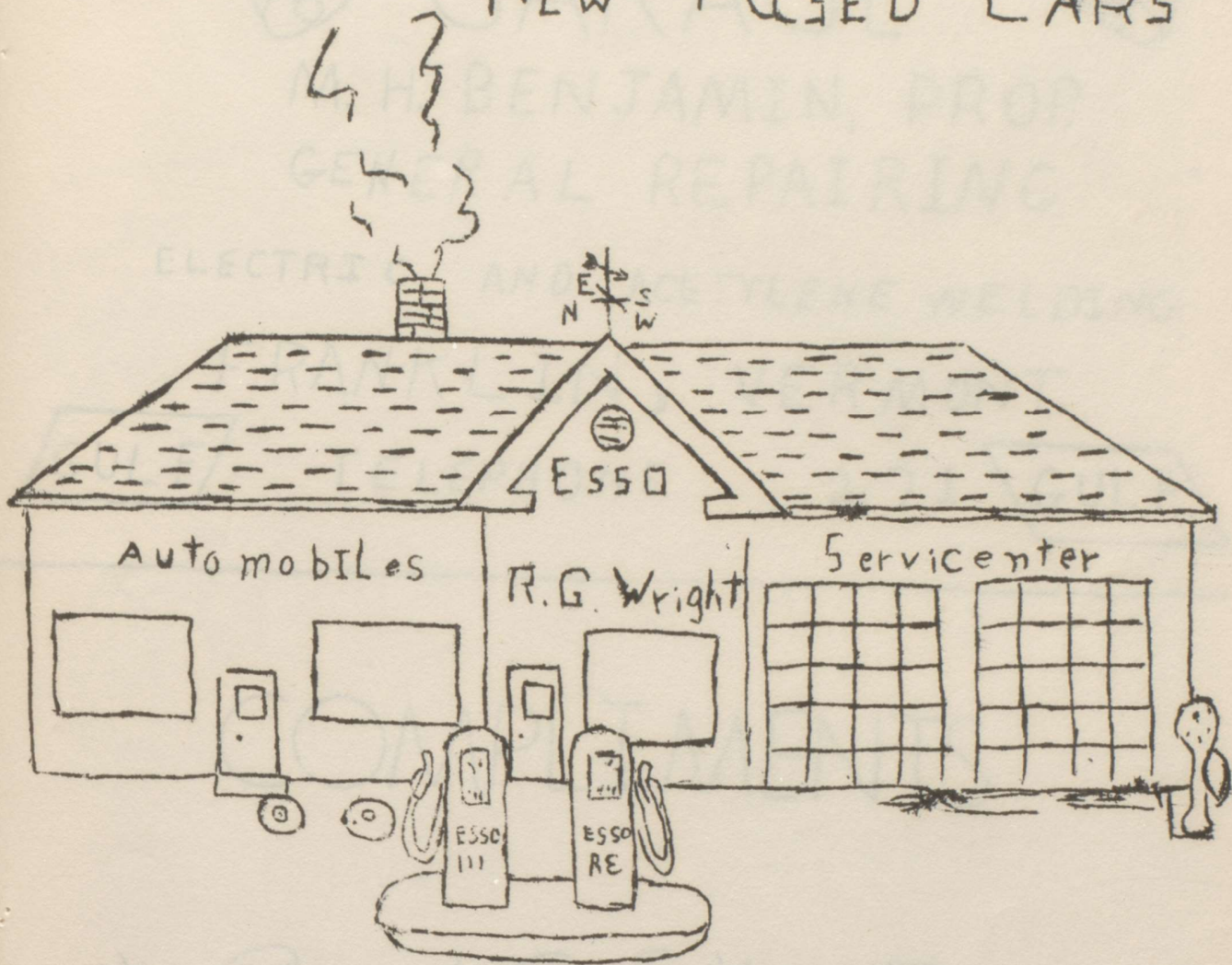
R. Scott F.T.C.
N.S.S. Ajax AR-6
F.P.O. San Francisco, Cal.

Claude Magnant '47

Pvt. Claude Magnant R.A. 11245711
8285th A.W.M.P. Det. A.P.O. #957
% Post Master, San Francisco, Cal.

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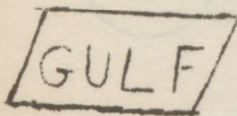


BENJAMIN'S GARAGE

M. H. BENJAMIN, PROP.
GENERAL REPAIRING

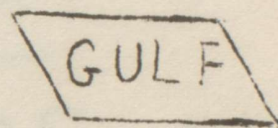
ELECTRIC AND ACETYLENE WELDING

FRANKLIN, VERMONT



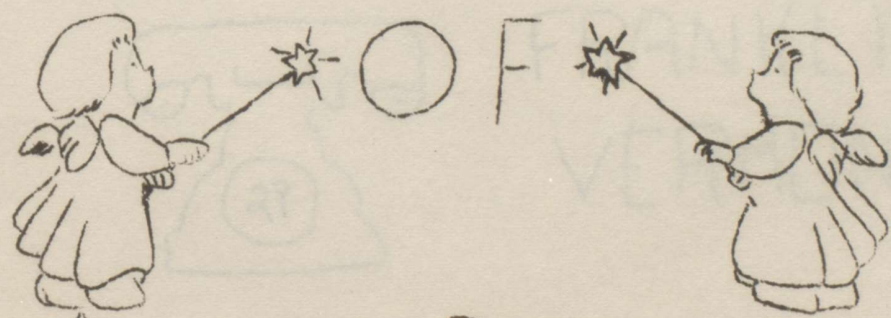
TELEPHONE

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COMPLIMENTS

TYDOL



TYDOL

S. A. McDERMOTT



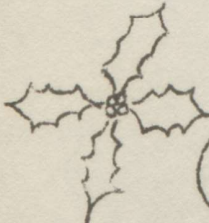

COMPLIMENTS OF

FRANKLIN
CASH MARKET
FRANKLIN
VERMONT

THE

The central text is flanked by decorative elements. On both the left and right sides, there are two leaves pointing upwards and two coins pointing downwards. In the center, below the word "COMPLIMENTS", is a drawing of a rotary telephone with the number "29" on its base.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

 COMPLIMENTS 

OF RILEY'S STORE

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

THE SWEET SHOP

ARMAND GABORIAULT, PROP.

COME FOR



POP-ICE CREAM

CANDY-DONUTS

CHRISTMAS GIFTS



