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MOLECULE



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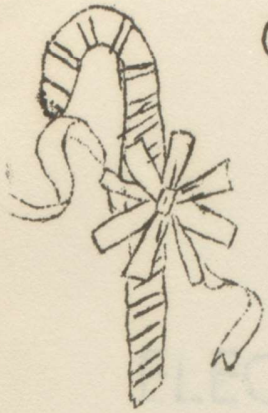
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* * * * *

Gary's father when he saw his report card: "What's this low mark on your report card?"

Gary: "Maybe it's the temperature of the school house."

Douglas: "My father has George Washington's watch in his collection of antiques."

Alfred: "That's nothing. My father has Adam's apple."

His mother, having noticed the eggs missing from under the hen, asked George where they had gone.

"Well," said George, "we wanted pups, not turkeys, so I put them in the dog house."

Mrs. Clark to Jackie in Civics Class: "What does 'junk' mean?"

Jackie: "Well, say you had an old piece of machinery and you wanted to get rid of it, you'd junk it."

E D I T O R I A L S

PRIVILEGES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF LIVING

IN A FREE COUNTRY

In a free country, where the people rule, they must rule justly. If the time comes when these people do not want the responsibility of being free, then freedom shall perish.

When a person does not go to the polls and express his opinion, mainly on the grounds that, "I didn't have time," he does not deserve freedom.

But yet, when the administration "fumbles a ball," who puts up the biggest holler? "What bunch of numskulls let him get into office?" he yells. Can you answer his question? I can. He "fumbled," along with hundreds more like him.

The constitution states that no man shall be denied the right to vote. Well, it is not a right at all. It is a duty.

There is also the man who misuses his vote. He votes for Uncle Harry because Uncle Harry promised him a high position. Too many of this type of voters can be dangerous.

In this country we have rights and privileges that are denied to the rest of the world. It's our responsibility to use them justly.

Bruce Corey '56

MIND POISONS

There are mind poisons, just as there are body poisons. Comic books are one of the chief mind poisons. Some comic books are all right, but some of these about crime and war aren't decent for even adults to read. If you read your newspaper everyday, you will see examples of such crimes. Children are always getting the idea from some comic book that they

have read. There should be a law against printing some comic books or selling them at the news stands.

Movies and television are also examples of mind poisons. They are like comic books. There are some good ones and some that aren't. There are some programs on television that are for the younger generation and some for the older generation too. But the generation that is in between is the one that is going in circles. Members of this generation don't know whether to believe everything they see and hear or not. Some take it one way while others will take it another.

Liquor and other strong drinks are also mind poisons— not as much to children, but to teen-agers and adults. Once they take a drink, they can't seem to stop, but keep on drinking. Alcohol stuns the brain, causing people to perform acts they would ordinarily be ashamed of.

With all these mind poisons around it's no wonder there is so much juvenile delinquency. It's not the children who write and draw the comic books, write and produce the movies and television shows, make and sell liquor, but the adults themselves. They are the ones who should know better than to make these mind poisons that I have pointed out.

Arreta Emch '56

TYPING - THE MOST USEFUL SUBJECT

Typing, I think, is the most useful subject I have studied. There are so many practical applications. I have taken typing as a course, for five years. This year is my sixth year at the typewriter.

By taking typing for a couple years you are eligible to take "Office Practice", which consists of regular office work on a small basis. You learn to type stencils and master copies, and also to operate the mimeograph and rexograph machines. I have a portable typewriter at home, which I use almost exclusively for homework, book reports and letters. Typing your homework certainly makes neater papers and greater accuracy, both of which help you to get better marks. Numerous people who have had typing in high school with other subjects, such as stenography, bookkeeping, English and mathematics, have acquired good jobs in office work without attending a college.

Married women with families often need extra money, or

if the husband dies leaving a family to support, a good typist can nearly always be sure of securing a secretarial position, as efficient secretaries are much in demand.

I would advise all young people starting high school to take typing courses, if they possibly can, even though they have not chosen careers as businessmen or secretaries. If you have learned to type in school you will always possess that skill. And, believe me, it will help you!

Suzanne Horskin '56

SAFE DRIVING

The cars that are on the road today are safer than those that traveled twenty years ago. The only difficulty with late model cars is the driver. The driver has the power to operate the car any way he or she wishes.

Every day when you pick up a paper or turn on your radio you get news of a dreadful accident, where several persons were killed. The cause of all accidents is carelessness on your part or the other driver's part. Drinking when driving is another foolish and careless example.

Pedestrians are another cause of traffic accidents. In the urban areas of cities a youngster or a older person will very inattentively walk across the street.

Teenagers can be good or poor drivers; the choice is up to them. A teenager has quick action and thinking power. The teenager is also subject to showing off, speeding, drinking, and "hot roding" around. On the other hand, some teenagers take pride in their good driving.

Speed is still another cause of accidents. You may be driving along the highway and see skid marks for fifty or sixty feet. The fence posts will be down and the ground torn up. This driver couldn't make the corner at seventy miles an hour, even though he tried.

Night driving is especially dangerous if the road is slippery or wet. Your visibility is poor and your reaction slower because it is late and you are more tired than usual.

Remember, the car is a mechanical device; the driver can operate that mechanism in any manner, safe or unsafe!

Patrica Olmstead '56

THE GUARANTEED ANNUAL WAGE

The "Guaranteed Annual Wage" is the most recent major accomplishment of Walter Reuther and the C I O in the Auto Industry. First they won it from the "Ford Motor Company" and then from "General Motors". Since then they have been working on the smaller independents.

First of all, what is the "Guaranteed Annual Wage"? This is a guarantee to every employee of the company, from the president to the floor sweeper, that he shall receive pay for fifty-two weeks' labor whether he works six months or twelve months. Does this make sense? I don't think so! Why pay a man for six months labor that he doesn't even do? If the employee knows that he will be paid fifty-two weeks a year anyway, he isn't going to take as much interest in his work as if he had to do good work to avoid being laid off. Of course, a man likes to have security and if he wants it badly enough he can get it by working for it. But who will try when the union guarantees employees fifty-two weeks' pay a year anyway?

You might say, "Well, why do you care? It doesn't affect you." Maybe I'm not working under the Guaranteed Annual Wage, but when I go out to buy a car it affects me, because the prices are sky high on account of the G. A. W. The manufacturers have to raise the prices to pay all of their employees fifty-two weeks a year.

A Guaranteed Annual Wage might be all right in the clothing industry or something along that line that functions steadily all year long, but in the auto industry which is so seasonal that it doesn't need the same amount of employees all year long, especially at the time for a new model, it just doesn't make sense.

Thomas Magnant '56

- Arreta, Dorcas and Suzanne; working on economics in the office;
- Mr. Trainor conducting a class in an adjoining room:
- Suzanne: Mr. Trainor is going to come in here and give us the dickens in a minute.
- Dorcas: Why? We aren't doing anything.
- Arreta and Suzanne: That's just it!
- Miss Gates: It gives me great pleasure to give you this bonus of 10 points.
- Jackie: Why not make it 20 and really have fun?

F. H. S.

F is for fun we have at Franklin High.
 R is for report cards; we sometimes sigh.
 A is for aches and pains we go through
 when examination time falls due.
 N is for notes which we take in our classes;
 it's business for lads as well as for lassies.
 K is for our past principal, Kaszuba, (A. J.)
 L is for laughter which makes the students gay.
 I is for incidents queer that do happen 'round here;
 N is for school nurse from whom we steer clear.

 H is for holidays which we hope will come soon;
 I is for the "ivories" in the old main room.
 G is for games we all hope to win;
 H is for the hot lunch which fills to the chin.

 S is for secretaries, who are on the beam.
 C is for the cheer leaders who give pep to the team.
 H is for "Hank" Trainor, our principal, tried and true.
 O is for others of the faculty, true blue.
 O is for oranges, the basketball teams squeeze.
 L is for the librarians who say, "Quiet please."

"Sue" n' "Doc" '56

WOMEN'S FASHIONS

First dresses were worn clear to the heels,
 With frills, hoops, and loads of steels.
 Their shoes had buttons and extended to the knee,
 And their hats were certainly something to see.

Next were dresses above the knees—
 Worn by "flappers" in the gay twenties.
 The sleeves were long and the waistline low.
 And they were tied at the back with a nice big bow.

But now in the present day and age,
 All kinds of styles are the latest rage.
 With fashions changing from year to year.
 We don't know what's coming, but have no fear.

Sandra Benjamin '56

BASKETBALL

We're starting on a basketball year
With lots of hope and very good cheer.
We have to try to obey our rules,
Or we will be led to too many duels.

Sometimes we even sprain our joints,
Trying to make so many points.
Now Betty, center forward, grabs the ball,
Throws to Dorothy, who stumbles to fall.

Then Joyce dribbles down the center floor;
She shoots and aims to raise our score.
Now Moni, right guard, jumps for the ball,
She passes to Sandra, who starts to stall.

Another basket for our side.
This time we will not take a ride.
Before we've finished this new year
We may have gained a gifted career.

Arreta Emch '56

THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the week before Christmas
And all thru' the house
Many bundles were hidden;
No room for a mouse.

The attic was filled up
With packets galore,
The closets were so full,
You could scarce close the door.

Such whispering and snickering,
You never did see—
When I appeared, unnoticed
And they hadn't seen me.

I'm glad it's such a short time,
For can I ever wait
To peek into the packages
On just the exact date?

Dorothy Glidden '56

CHRISTMAS

Christmas time is drawing near.
The shopping season'll soon be
here
With aching feet we try to find
Just the things we have in mind
For all of our friends and
neighbors near,
So we may share the Christmas
cheer.

Eddie Granger '56

THE MARTYR

There once was a man from the
hills
Who lived all his life by his
skills;
From morn 'till night
He sang of his rights,
With the happist kind of trills.
To the end of the day, was toil
For him who overturned the soil;
But, when it came 'round
He'd recline with his hound,
Reliving the day's long toil.

To this end of his day he
chor'd
Tho' in mind, he was nev'r
deplor'd.
For his spending of time
Without making a dime,
He dwell in the "House of the
Lord".

Leland West '56

SNOW

The snow is slowly falling down
It's softly falling all around.
Soon it'll cover up the ground
And make it hard to get around;
But if the ground should stay
so brown
Our winter beauty could not be
found.

Tommy Magnant '56

?

I saw her just the other day.
It was love at first sight, I
guess.
She wasn't too good to look at;
Her coat was an awful mess.

I saw at a glance she was all
alone-
Not a friend in the world had
she,
And the moment she opened her
mouth to speak,
I knew she had fallen for me.

As I stood there gazing into her
eyes
I said to myself, "She's for
me."
I picked her up and carried her
home;
I was nappy as I could be.

My mother didn't like her,
So I gave her away,
But maybe when she's grown up
I'll see,
That KITTEN again some day.

Pruce Corey '56

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

We are nine in all out for basketball;
 We practice daily at the old town hall,
 At times, when we get there, we almost freeze,
 But after a while, we can play with ease.

Dorothy is one of our forwards tall;
 Joyce is another who shoots the ball.
 Betty and Nancy swap off at times.
 There's always cheers from the side lines.

Arreta, Sandra and myself play as guard.
 To keep them from making a basket is hard.
 Betty Ann and Sandy are there to help;
 There's lots of excitement as the ball flies about.

Our cheer leaders, four, are always so willing
 To get up and yell when the baskets we're filling,
 Mr. Trainor, our coach, has his hopes way up high,
 As more baskets are made and the time passes by.

When we have a game we plan to win;
 We usually lose, but that's no sin!
 The boys do no better, so why should we fret?
 We always feel sure that we'll win one yet.

Ramona Magnant '57

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is always celebrated on ~~the~~ last Thursday in November. It is celebrated on this day because, as we all know, the Pilgrims, in 1861, on the last Thursday in November, had their first Thanksgiving to express their thanks to God for the fine harvest they had that fall. At the First Thanksgiving they ate turkey, deer meat, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, and most of the things we prepare for the occasion.

The persons I love most of all in this world are my parents. I am thankful to them for giving me a fine home, love and care, and education, and many other things. I am also thankful to all my teachers for what they have done for me and will do for me in the future. I am thankful to God that I was born in a free country with rights that are to be respected, such as going to the church of my choice.

Elaine West '59

S T O R I E S

CONQUERING THE DU-SING

Company Commander Dan Green was in trouble, bad trouble. He was surrounded by a large force of enemy soldiers.

There was only one opening. A roaring river, which would tip a common boat or raft over in a split second. "Funny," said Captain Green, "Yesterday we were talking about how simple it was to stay here, but, 'Oh how boring.'" Then in came a Private, a slap-happy Private, who took life as simply as a good night's sleep.

He came to attention in front of Captain Green with a large smile on his face. "At ease," the Captain bellowed, "and ain't it a heck of a time for grinning!"

The Private stood there, still grinning, and said, "Sir, I have an idea. Suppose we take the old barrels and lumber, and a little rope and make a raft."

"And how in the world are you going to do this?" asked the Captain.

"Captain, give me the material and a good bunch of men under my authority, and will WE have some fun!"

"All right, I suppose we could give it a try. Take charge."

The Private built a raft, floating high in the water. He took some long poles and attached them to the side of the raft, then attached barrels to these, to prevent overturning.

The day of reckoning came. The enemy was advancing rapidly. At last, poles in hand, they pushed off. "I guess I underestimated you," Captain Green remarked.

"Oh, it was nothing," the private said. "Took brains; that's all."

A few months after danger had passed the Private got a jump to Sergeant. For rolling over a truck, they made him Corporal. And later, for misdemeanors and for getting out of resulting K.P. duty, he was again Private—P.F.E. (Private Forever.)

THE COUNTERFEITERS

It was the hunting season. One day, as Bill and Jack were walking through the woods looking for signs of deer, they came upon an old shack. "Let's go in and see what the inside look's like," said Bill.

"All right," said Jack, as he started up the tumbled down steps. The door was partly opened and the boys went in. There were a few pieces of old furniture in the first room the boys entered. From here they entered a room that had been the kitchen.

"That's funny," said Jack. "It looks as if somebody has eaten here recently."

"Probably just some hunter that got lost and came in here to eat his lunch," said Bill.

"Could be, but I don't think so," replied Jack.

"Let's go upstairs and see what's up there," said Bill.

The two boys went upstairs, but as there was nothing up there that interested them, they went back down.

"We still haven't explored the cellar," said Bill.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" asked Jack.

So they went down cellar. The first thing the boys saw was a printing press.

"What would a printing press be doing here?" questioned Bill.

"I think I have a good idea," replied Jack. "Listen! Somebody's coming. Get your rifle ready."

"All right, boys. Drop them," said a gruff voice behind them. "Now tie them up! And hurry. We have to get that money printed and into town before dark."

His helper tied the boys up; then both went to work, paying no attention to the boys. Jack, however, kept working his arms back and forth until finally he worked them free. He quickly but quietly grabbed his rifle and made one of the men untie Bill.

The two boys walked down the main street of town to the Police Station with the two men at gun point.

Their pictures appeared in the paper, and a five thousand dollar reward was divided between them.

Norman Messier '57

GOING AFTER A CHRISTMAS TREE

BeckyMae was the youngest of the Smith family. She was getting very excited for Christmas to come. It was the week before Christmas and the Smiths hadn't been after their tree yet.

The Smiths lived on a small farm. After the chores one morning, Thomas and Harold, the two oldest of the Smith family, decided that they would go to get a tree for Christmas. Taking a hatchet and also a gun, they started for the woods to look for a tree.

After they had gone into the woods a little way, Thomas shouted, "Look! Here's a nice little tree."

Harold came as fast as he could, shouting, "Where? Where?"

Thomas answered, "Right here."

Harold exclaimed, "That isn't a Christmas tree; it's a pine tree." So they kept looking and went on a little farther to find a Christmas tree. Finally they ran on to a tree that they liked.

"Let's cut this one down and take it home." Thomas suggested. As they started to cut the tree down, Harold noticed something brown over by another clump of trees. He poked Thomas and they crept a little closer to see if they could tell what it was. As they drew nearer they thought it looked like a baby bear. They kept on walking toward it.

Just as they almost reached it, they heard a terrible growl. They whirled around to see a mother bear almost behind them. They were so excited they didn't know what to do. There happened to be a tree near by. They ran and climbed up into it. They turned around and the bear was starting to climb the tree too. Harold shouted, "Where's the gun?"

"Right here", exclaimed Thomas. "Lucky I remembered it." He cocked the gun and pulled the trigger just in time to kill the bear.

The boys climbed down out of the tree and just stood there looking at the bear. With hard tugging, they dragged the bear all the way home. After shooting the bear they forgot all about getting a Christmas tree.

12
Sue replied, "That is a very personal question, is it?"
When they got home Becky Mae came running out of the house. She was saying, "Where did you get that—that—bear?"

The boys said, "We shot it." Then they went in the house and told the whole story to their folks.

They were all so excited. Then they remembered why they had gone to the woods. They said, "We forgot all about the Christmas tree."

As it ended Mr. Smith went after a Christmas tree himself, and they all had a very merry Christmas.

Betty Ann Magnant '56

THE TUCKER FAMILY

There was a very poor family that lived in an old tumbled down house. Their names were Ma and Pa Tucker and they had two children whose names were Sue and Bill. Sue was eighteen and Bill was fifteen.

Sue was a quiet type of a girl. She was graduated from a large school. She ranked third in her class. All of the children made fun of her at school. She had only two dresses for winter and two for summer. Her mother had made these.

Bill was a quiet type of a boy, also. He was very smart in school. He didn't have many clothes either.

Pa worked at a mill where they were paid only twenty dollars a week. On Saturday night Pa bought the groceries they needed, which took almost ten dollars every week. Pa said, "We'll eat if we don't have some of the luxuries that other people enjoy."

After Sue graduated, she started looking for a job. She had had experience in typing, shorthand, bookkeeping, and also in operating office machines.

On Monday morning she read in the newspaper an advertisement for a good, reliable secretary. Some experience was needed. That morning she went into town to inquire about the job.

Mr. Brown, the interviewer, said, "How did you rank in your class?"

Sue said, "I was third."

Mr. Brown said, "Do you have many clothes?"

Sue replied, "That is a very personal question, is it not?"

"Well, you see this job calls for a good, reliable secretary who can do secretarial work and meet the public. To meet the public you need to be well dressed and well groomed," said Mr. Brown.

"I see, but I guess I won't be able to fulfill the requirements for this job. Thank you," said Sue.

After this one interview she had many more. There was always something that she couldn't do or didn't have. It was either that she didn't have the clothes, or that she wasn't a college graduate.

She had about given up, when one morning a man knocked at the door asking for Sue.

Sue came to the door to find a very neat appearing young man standing there. She was rather embarrassed to ask him in as their furniture was so threadbare. The house was thoroughly clean, however. She was quite surprised when he told her his name. It was Tom Collins, who was graduated from the same school she attended a few years before she was. He said he had gone to the school records and found that she ranked third in her class, a class of fifty-one.

Tom said, "I was wondering if you would accept a job as private secretary to me. I am just opening a new office in town and I am sure you are just the type I want. I'll start you, by paying thirty dollars a week."

Sue said, "I would like the job very much, but do you have to have many clothes?"

"What makes you ask such a silly question?" said Mr. Collins.

"Well, so many jobs that I've been interviewed for demanded secretaries who had movie star wardrobes.

"I see," said Tom, "but you won't need many clothes to work for me, as you won't have to meet the public."

As Tom walked out to his car, Sue said, "At last Ma, I've found a job. A good one! One that will pay thirty dollars a week! Why more than Pa earns! Ma, this money that I earn, I hope you'll be able to use on our house, fixing it up."

"Thanks, Sue," said Ma, "but you'd better keep the money you earn to help build you a home some day."

"That's a long way off," said Sue.

"Don't be too sure, Sue. You can never tell," said Ma.

Sue went to work that Monday morning. She worked hard to earn that thirty dollars she was being paid.

Six weeks later she received a raise in pay. Now she was getting thirty-five dollars. Not bad for a girl coming from a poor family.

One day Tom asked, "How about you and I building a home?"

Sue replied hesitantly "You don't mean that, do you?"

"Sure", asserted Tom. "I surely do."

They were married two months later. They have a nice new home into which they moved when they were married.

The money that Sue earned that year, was given to her mother and father to fix up their home.

Sue said, "I think I've done pretty well for a girl coming from a poor family."

Doreas Riley '56

A SURPRISE FOR AMY

Amy Brown lived with her mother, father, and younger brother, on a small farm near Clarmont. Amy was a senior at Clarmont High School, where she worked in the cafeteria to help earn her education.

Christmas was two weeks away and Amy was busy helping her mother plan the Christmas dinner. Amy had saved some of her earnings to buy a present for her parents and her brother, Anthony. Then one night while she was studying in her room, her mother called her downstairs.

"Amy, go out to the wood shed and see what is keeping your brother," said Mrs. Brown.

"Has he carried any of his wood in yet?" asked Amy as she prepared to go out.

"No, he hasn't carried one stick of wood in," answered Mrs. Brown.

Amy went hurriedly out to the wood shed where she found her brother sitting on a chunk of wood.

"What's the matter, Tony?" asked Amy looking a little confused.

"One of the big chunks rolled down off the pile and fell on my arm," explained Tony. "When I went to pick up some wood my arm pained awfully."

"Oh dear," exclaimed Amy, "you must have hurt your arm terribly. I'll help you to the house, but try not to move your arm too much."

"I won't, Amy," replied Tony.

The two young people slowly began to move toward the house. When they came in sight, Mrs. Brown, who was looking out the window, saw them and ran to the door.

"What happened, Amy?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Tony just had a bad accident," answered Amy. "A chunk of wood fell on his arm and it pains him to move it."

"Poor, poor Tony," she said as they went inside. "You surely have your troubles. I'll call Dr. Walker immediately."

Mrs. Brown called Dr. Walker and Amy made her brother comfortable on the old sofa.

"Dr. Walker will be here soon," said Mrs. Brown. "Amy you ought to get the wood before it gets too dark."

"I will, Mom," said Amy. "I'd better tell Dad about Tony first, hadn't I?"

"Yes, you do that," answered Mrs. Brown.

Amy hurried to the barn where she found her father finishing chores. Amy told him about Tony and together they finished chores and brought in the wood. As they were about to come into the house Dr. Walker drove into the yard.

"Hi, Doc," called Mr. Brown as the doctor stepped briskly from his car.

"Well, hello," replied Dr. Walker. "So your boy had an accident."

"That's right, Doc," said Mr. Brown as they entered the house.

"You look comfortable, Tony," said Dr. Walker as he prepared to examine him.

"We tried to make him comfortable, Doctor," replied Mrs. Brown.

"Well folks, Tony has broken his arm," said Dr. Walker, "but not badly. I'll have to take him to the hospital to get his arm set, but we'll be back tomorrow."

"I'm so thankful that he didn't get hurt any worse," said Mrs. Brown quite relieved.

Tony was soon fixed up and ready to go. After they left, Amy went up to her room and got the glass jar which held all her savings. Her folks looked up at her as she came into the kitchen.

"Here are all my savings," said Amy. "I want to help pay for Tony's medical bill."

"No, Amy," said Mrs. Brown, "you keep this for yourself. I'll sell old Molly. She's our best cow and should bring us enough money to pay the bills."

"I want to help pay the bill," insisted Amy. "I'm still earning money, so I'll start saving all over again."

"If that's the way you want it, Amy", said Mr. Brown, "I guess that's the way it will be."

"I can get busy and make Christmas presents for each of you," said Amy happily.

They quietly ate supper; then Amy finished her studying and went to bed. The next morning Amy went about her morning chores and got ready for school. Her mother kissed her good-bye. Soon she was on the school bus and on her way to school.

Amy got home early that afternoon. Her mother was waiting for her at the door.

"Amy, you have a letter from Grampa," announced Mrs. Brown.

"I did!" exclaimed Amy, as she dropped her books on the shelf and tore open the letter.

"I wonder why he wrote to me?"

"You read it and find out," suggested Mrs. Brown.

"Look, Mom!" exclaimed Amy. "Grampa sent me this check for fifty dollars."

"He did?" asked Mrs. Brown putting out her hand to take the check. "I wonder what happened."

Amy read the letter and then gave it to her mother. While her mother read the letter, Amy sat down and stared at the check in her hand.

"I didn't realize that your pet calf had grown up so quickly," said Mrs. Brown.

"I didn't realize she was so old," said Amy. "I still don't know why he sent me the money for her."

"He gave her to you when she was a calf," explained Mrs. Brown, "and now he sent you this money which he considers yours."

"I guess you must be right, Mom," said Amy. "I've got all this money and---"

"I know what you're thinking," said Mrs. Brown quickly, "but you're keeping this money for yourself. Your father talked to Dr. Walker and we've got enough money to pay the bill without selling old Molly."

"You have, Mom?" asked Amy anxiously.

"Yes, Amy," answered Mrs. Brown, "so I want you to spend this money to please yourself."

"I've got an idea," said Amy, "I'm going to buy all of you Christmas presents with this money."

"But, Amy--"

"But, Mom," said Amy, "this is the way I want to spend it."

"It's your money," said Mrs. Brown. "You go upstairs and see your brother. He has been waiting all day to see you."

"I almost forgot about Tony," said Amy as she took her mother's arm. "Come on Mom, we'll go upstairs together and tell Tony about my surprise."

The mother and daughter walked arm in arm up the stairs. When they came to Tony's bedroom door, they peered in at him, sleeping peacefully. As they turned to go downstairs, Amy squeezed her mother's hand.

"This sure is a wonderful world isn't it, Mom!"

Phyllis Stanley '56

Gary: If a tall man and a short man were walking down the street in bathing suits what time would it be?
Loren L: Day time?
Gary: No, summer time.

THE TWO LOST SISTERS

Once, not too long ago there was a girl who was very lonely. When ever she went anywhere she never laughed and had a good time like the rest of the girls. She always sat in a corner by herself and didn't talk to anyone, unless they asked her a question.

Everyone wanted to know why Sarah was so sad? Why didn't she join in with the rest of the children and have a little fun? Why didn't she talk unless she was spoken to?

Sarah had moved to Middletown in the week of August, which gave her just enough time to get settled and find out where the school was. She didn't know anyone the first day of school, which made it very hard. Since she was new and all the rest of the children knew each other they didn't pay any attention to her. It made Sarah feel badly, but when she got home her folks asked her if she had fun and she said yes.

For the next few weeks everything went fine, but Sarah had no friends. All she did was sit in her seat and study. Soon she was leading her class. Since she was new, the girl who had been highest did not like it at all when Sarah came and did better than she. Since Sarah did not talk with anyone she had no idea how Betty felt.

Betty was the one who kept the other girls from talk with Sarah. Betty was very popular with all the children in the x school. Whatever Betty said went with all of them.

Sarah had been going to school for two months and still didn't have any friends. What was wrong? Was it Sarah or was it the others? Then one day two girls can and asked Sarah if she would join their club. Why, yes, Sarah would be glad to. The next night after school Sarah became a member of the Girls' Club. Oh, how happy she was. A few weeks later they elected officers in the club and Sarah was elected president.

The next day Betty came up to Sarah and said, "What do you think this is, any way? Your coming here and taking everything away from me?"

Sarah didn't know what to say to Betty, so she called a meeting of the Girls' Club the next day and asked Betty if she would please come. Everyone was present because they never had a meeting on Wednesday. Sarah called the meeting to order and said she would come right to the point. Sarah said, "When I came here I had no friends. I wanted to be friendly to all of you, and when I was asked to join the club I was delighted.

Yesterday when Betty came and said I had taken everything from her I felt very much hurt, so I am resigning as president of the club. We shall now elect a new president." The rest of the girls did not know what to do. Finally one of the girls who had asked Sarah to join the club stood up and said, "I do not really know what Betty said to you, but I do know I would like to have you be our president. Betty shouldn't feel too badly because she came here only two years ago and took all of these honors away from another girl who moved away last year. Betty is just getting some of her own medicine. Don't feel badly, Sarah. We all like you. If only we hadn't listened to Betty we could have been such good friends a long time ago."

Sarah got up very slowly and said, "Girls, I have something to tell you. After I do, you may not even want me to be in your school. I knew Betty before I came here. We are sisters. Our father died when we were five years old. We don't look alike, but we are twins. After he died our mother couldn't keep us both. So she put our names in a hat and drew one. The name she got stayed with her. The other one was put in an orphanage. Ever since that time I haven't known where Betty was. Mother has married again, so now I have a father. The only way I knew Betty was by the mark on the left side of her neck. Mother had told me about it. How Betty knew me I don't know, because I know she really isn't like this with the rest of the girls. Betty, will you come home with me tonight to see Mom? She is always talking about you and wondering where you are and if you have good parents."

Betty went with Sarah that night and from then on Betty and Sarah have been good friends. Did Betty tell her folks? Yes, she did and they are very kind people, so next month Betty is going back to live with her mother, new father, and sister.

They graduate this June and it may be that there will be two girls with the highest marks instead of one.

Dorothy Glidden '56

There was a young man from Leeds
 He raised in his garden, weeds.
 He hoed and he chopped.
 And got rid of a lot.
 But the weeds grew right back
 from seeds.

Lauren Wright '57

FOR THE LOVE OF A MAN

Pop Warner looked lovingly at the sight in front of him. The red and white table cloth on his kitchen table was adorned with such goodies as would be a paradise for little boys.

"Hannah, you sure can cook," Pop chuckled. "If that was the only thing I married you for I still got a bargain."

"Ah shucks, ya know Widder Barlow was a mite prettier, an' she can cook jest as well," Hannah shouted from the kitchen.

Pop Warner and his wife Hannah owned a little ranch in Montana. It wasn't much, Pop didn't have any cows. His means of livelihood was raising saddle horses. Pop didn't have much money but he had peace of mind, which made him feel like a king.

His real pride and joy was Black Diamond, a magnificent black stallion with a white star on his forehead. "Di" won three ribbons at the county fair and with Pop riding him; he always led the parade in the local rodeo.

"Don't come in the kitchen, Pop," Hannah warned as Pop started to get up.

"Say, whut's got into you, Hannah," Pop asked, "First you put a feed on like I ain't seen since Grandma's second wedding, and now you won't let me come into your kitchen."

At that point Hannah came in from the kitchen carrying a large birthday cake, gaily decorated with red and blue icing, "Happy Birthday, Pop", she beamed.

"Why, gosh-a-mighty, Hannah, I plumb forgot. Been too busy getting them three-year ol' mares ready for them eastern riding schools. They got to be bit-broke by next week."

"How much ya reckon we'll git?"

"Oh, 'nuff to take us through till the herds come down from the hills."

Pop and Hannah went to bed that night with full stomachs and at peace with the world.

Tomorrow a buyer would come to inspect Pop's horses, and if he liked them Pop was to send them to New York within a week.

The next day things took an unexpected turn, however. The buyer would not take the mares without Black Diamond. Of course, this shouldn't alarm Pop. The same thing had happened before. "Di" was a popular horse among all the local traders,

but he was Not for sale. Yet this time Pop needed the money badly. His ranch was mortgaged to the hilt and he had to eat.

"Gosh-a-mighty, I can't sell "Di", Pop told Hannah. "We was colts together. He was my first horse."

"Well, whut would ya rather have, Pop." Hannah said, "Yer horse or yer ranch? Ain't no doggone horse worth all that."

"Not to you, Hannah, but to me he is."

"We gotta eat," was the curt reply.

Pop left the house. He had to make his decision.

As he opened the stable door a welcome whinny greeted him. He threw a saddle on "Di" and rode off across the prairie. The sun was hot and "Di" settled down to a slow trot. He was an old horse but he still had plenty of pep and fire.

A half a mile north of the meadow Pop could see the cotton-wood trees that surrounded the Arrow-Head spring.

He gave "Di" his head and he was off. He marvelled at the magnificent beauty in this horse. His tail and mane were swept backward by the wind. Yet, with all this beauty, "Di" was far from fragile. He was well built. His muscles were well developed and he had lots of spirit.

"It's going to be awful lonesome without you, old feller," Pop said as he patted the horses neck. This action seemed to give "Di" extra speed.

When Pop reached the spring he got off from "Di" and sat gazing into the crystal clear water. He sat there until darkness had begun to obliterate the signs of the day. Pop got up. He had at last reached his decision.

He was silent as he stroked "Di's" neck. He let his hand drop to those muscular shoulders. He could almost feel the strength and stamina of them. He could also feel the undying loyalty of the gallant heart whose fate was in his hands.

"Well, old feller," he sighed, "We wouldn't know what to do without each other, but we can't let Hannah down either. I guess I'll have to sell you."

"Di" was loaded on the train with the rest of the horses at Butte. That was the last he saw of Pop.

"Di's" first big stop was Chicago. Of course, he transferred trains any number of times before he got there. In Chicago, he was turned out in a large circular pen. He felt uneasy and he stayed apart from the mares. Something seemed to draw him to the west side of the corral.

That night he leaped the fence and started running. Something seemed to be drawing him like a huge magnet. All night he ran and part of the next day. At noon he lay down by a waterhole to drink and rest, but he was off again in mid-afternoon. Black Diamond was going home! Home to the only friend he had, Pop Warner.

All the while he traveled, "Di" took little time to eat. His body began to shrink and his strength was fast failing.

Worse things were yet to come, however. "Di" was old and the trip from Chicago to Butte, Montana was too long for the average horse.

Yet "Di" kept on running. He was running on courage alone. Courage and an unbreakable heart that still beat strongly for his one and only master, Pop Warner.

About a month after "Di" went away, Pop Warner took sick. A complete diagnosis proved that he was the victim of a very rare disease which had no cure. Pop's life was limited to only a few days.

For six days, the doctor had said to Hannah, "Maybe tomorrow," but Pop hung on. On the seventh day, everyone knew Pop was going. Hannah sat by his bedside, looking out the window. In the distance she would see a dark object running. As it grew bigger, a big lump grew in her throat. She recognized it.

"Black Diamond", she shrieked as the horse galloped into the yard, staggered, and fell.

By will power alone, Pop got out of bed, and with tears in his eyes he half stumbled, half walked to where the gallant beast had fallen.

With a far-a-way look in his eyes, "Di" raised his head, looked up at Pop, and fell back exhausted.

Pop fell by his side and moments later they both died. And together, horse, and rider, inseparable to the last, rode up to the great range in the sky.

Bruce Corey '56

Richard Boudreau: Why did you name your paper "Artificial Expiration"?

Jackie Granger: Well, I expected to expire before the artificial respiration was over.

HONOR ROLL FOR FIRST NINE WEEKS' MARKING PERIOD

ALL A'S

ALL A'S AND B'S

CLASS OF '56

Leland West

Sandra Benjamin
Suzanne Horskin
Thomas Magnant
Patricia Olmstead
Dorcas Riley
Phyllis Stanley

CLASS OF '57

Ramona Magnant

CLASS OF '58

James Messier
Donald Garland
Joyce Tittlemore

CLASS OF '59

Nancy Stanley

Audrey Cummings
Elaine West

CLASS OF '60

Douglas Clark

CLASS OF '61

Donna White
Morgan Wright

EXCHANGE

We have received so far, "The Searchlight" from Richford.

The Class of '56 is very good. You, also, have some good poems.

I know you must have put a lot of work into this edition.

We hope to exchange with other schools in the future.

Dorcas Riley '56

CLASS NEWS

During the first week of school, elections were held for the various offices of the high school.

STUDENT COUNCIL

President Sandra Benjamin
 Vice-President James Wright
 Secretary James Messier
 Treasurer Dorcas Riley

* * * * *

Class of '56

President Thomas Magnent
 Vice-President Sandra Benjamin
 Secretary Suzanne Horskin
 Treasurer Dorothy Glidden
 Student Council
 Representative Dorcas Riley

Class of '59

President John Granger
 Vice-President Dennis Garland
 Secretary Nancy Stanley
 Treasurer Richard Boudreau
 Student Council
 Representative Richard Westcot

Class of '57

President Norman Messier
 Vice-President Gary Stanley
 Treasurer Lauren Wright
 Secretary Ramona Magnent
 Student Council
 Representative James Wright

Class of '60

President Douglas Clark
 Vice-President Reginald Corey
 Secretary Wanita Lafley
 Treasurer Sandra Lothian
 Student Council
 Representative David Westcot

Class of '58

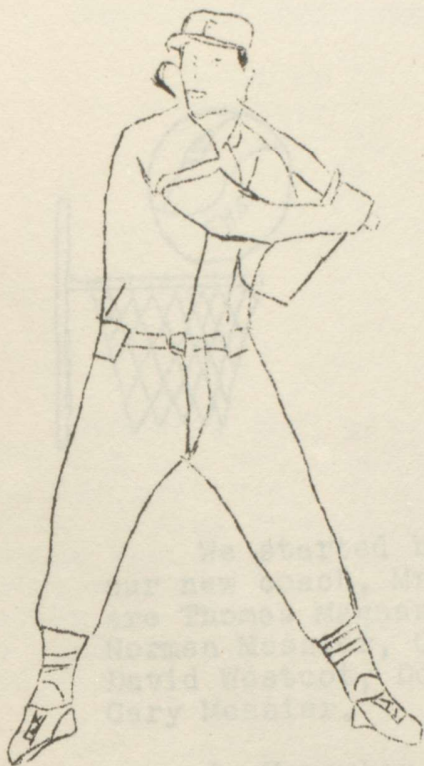
President Joyce Tittlemore
 Vice-President Carroll Boudreau
 Secretary Betty Myott
 Treasurer Donald Garland
 Student Council
 Representative James Messier

Class of '61

President Morgan Wright
 Vice-President Donna White
 Secretary Gary Messier
 Treasurer Carole Benjamin
 Student Council
 Representative Richard Toof

"Twas the night before Christmas
 When all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring,
 Not even a mouse .
 The stockings were hung
 By the chimney with care",
 They'd been worn for six weeks
 They needed the air.

FALL BASEBALL



We started baseball practice on September 12 with our new coach, Mr. Trainor. Those out for baseball this fall were Foster Carman, Leland West, Lawrence Wright, Edward Granger, Lauren Wright, James Wright, Norman Messier, James Messier, Carrol Boudreau, Reggie Corey, and Douglas Clark.

On September 16, we journeyed to Highgate for our first game of the season. We also got our first beating by the score of 6 to 1.

On September 22, Highgate made the trip to Franklin, and we evened our first game by a winning score of 11 to 5.

On September 26, we made the long journey to Fairfax where we took our second loss with the score of 9 to 7.

On September 29, Fairfax came to Franklin and this happened to be one of those days when we just couldn't do anything right, for they beat us by the score of 24 to 5.

On October 3, Alfred Boudreau, who was very well liked by all who knew him, had a heart attack while umpiring the Richford - Franklin baseball game and died immediately. He was in the class of '56 after staying out a year because he had rheumatic fever. He was very interested in sports and followed all the big league as well as high school games. He also liked boxing. Alfred was also very good and active in school affairs. He is a student greatly missed by all of us.

Sports Editor

Norman Messier '57

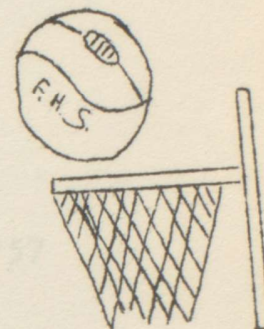
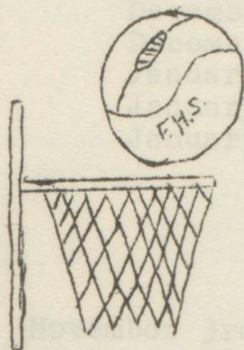
A very beat up 1932 Ford car came down the road, pulled to a stop at the toll road. "One dollar," said the guard. "Sold," said the man, jumping out.

Lady to a little girl: "Would you like a piece of candy?"

Girls' mother: "What do you say, dear?"

Girl: (looking it over) "Which piece?"

BASKETBALL



BOYS: BASKETBALL

We started basketball practice on November 3rd, with our new coach, Mr. Trainor. Those out for basketball this year are Thomas Magnant, Loren Lothian, Lauren Wright, Howard Magnant, Norman Messier, Gary Stanley; James Messier; Richard Westcot, David Westcot, Douglas Clark, Morgan Wright, Dickie Toof, and Gary Messier.

On November 23, Swanton came to Franklin for our first game. We got our season off to a bad start with a 49 to 24 loss. High scorer for Franklin was Thomas Magnant with 9 points. Winters and Hakey were high for Swanton with 8 points apiece.

On November 25, we played a practice game with the Alumni and beat them by the score of 35 to 34. High scorer for the High School was Thomas Magnant, and Bradley Magnant was high scorer for the Alumni.

On November 29, Enosburg came to Franklin and we were handed our second defeat of the season by the score of 49 to 22. High scorer for Franklin was Thomas Magnant with 7 points, and Ramsdell was high for Enosburg with 18.

On December 2, we journeyed to Swanton and were beaten by the score of 51 to 32. High for Franklin was Thomas Magnant with 12 points, and Truax was high for Swanton with 12 points.

On December 8, Hyde Park came to Franklin. This was the first time we had played them and they proved much better than we expected. They beat us by the score of 65 to 31. High scorer for Franklin was Thomas Magnant with 19, and Grant was high for Hyde Park with 19 points.

On December 12, Enosburg J. V's journeyed to Franklin and we won our second game by the score of 53 to 32. High scorer for Franklin was Thomas Magnant with 31. McKinley and Garrow were high for Enosburg with 14 points each.

The remaining schedule is as follows:

December 16	St. Anne's	Here
December 19	Enosburg	There
December 21	Enosburg J.V's	There
January 13	Hyde Park	There
January 17	Alburg	There
January 31	St. Anne's	There

Norman Messier '57

GIRLS' SPORTS

November 3rd, 1955 we had our first basketball practice with our new principal, Mr. Trainor as coach. Nine girls turned out for practice. They are the following: Seniors-Sandra Benjamin, Arreta Emch, Betty Ann Magnant, Dorothy Glidden; Juniors-Ramona Magnant; Sophomores-Joyce Tittlemore, Betty Myott; Freshmen-Nancy Stanley; 8th grader-Sandra Lothian. No seventh graders turned out for practice. We elected our basketball manager who is Suzanne Horskin and our co-captains who are Sandra Benjamin and Dorothy Glidden.

Our first game was November 11, 1955 with the Alumnae. I guess we weren't up to par playing against our own girls and they defeated us with a score of 47-81. High scorers for the high school were D. Glidden with 23 points and J. Tittlemore with 20. For the Alumnae high scorer was B. Lothian with 39.

Our first real game was November 22, 1955 with Swanton on our own floor. With our hopes high we went on the floor to meet our first visiting team. Our hopes soon faded when we started making fouls. They defeated us with a score of 36-57. High scorers for Franklin were J. Tittlemore with 24 points and D. Glidden with 10. High for Swanton was H. Ouinette with 37 points.

Our third game, November 25, 1955, was again with the Alumnae. They again defeated us with a score of 55-56. High scorers for the high school were J. Tittlemore with 28 points and D. Glidden with 21. High for the Alumnae was B. Lothian with 42 points.

Our fourth game was November 29 with Enosburg here. With our high from last year we went on the floor only to be defeated by a score of 37-64. High scorers for Franklin were J. Tittlemore with 24 points and D. Glidden with 9. High for Enosburg was F. Manahan with 14 points.

On December 2, 1955 Hyde Park made the over-hill over-dale journey to play on Franklin's floor for the first time. There trip couldn't have been a hard one for we lost our sixth straight.

game 30-42. High scorers for Franklin were J. Tittlemore with 20 points and D. Glidden with 9. High for Hyde Park was Mace with 18 points. After the game we treated Hyde Park to soft drink, and sandwiches and cupcakes.

The following games are left to be played:

- December 19 - Franklin - at Enosburg
- January 7 - Franklin - at BFA St. Albans
- January 13 - Franklin - at Hyde Park
- January 17 - Franklin - at Alburg
- January 31 - Franklin - at St. Anno's

FIGHT

With a "F" With a "I" With a "GHT"
 " " " " " " " " "
 " " " " " " " " "

Fight Team Fight

Coach, Team, Pep, Steam

We've got the Coach
 " " " Team
 " " " Pep
 " " " Steam
 " " " Coach
 " " " Team
 " " " Pep
 " " " Steam

Coach, Team, Pep, Steam,
Fight!

Franklin Choo-Choo

F-R-A-N-K-L-I-N
 F-R-A-N-K-L-I-N
 F-R-A-N-K-L-I-N
 F-R-A-N-K-L-I-N
 Franklin!!!

Your Pop!

Your Pop, Your Pop
 You've got it
 Now keep it
 Gol Darn it
 Don't loose it
 Your Pop, Your Pop
 (Repeat twice)

These are the names of the players used in the line up.

Girls' line up

Dorothy Glidden
 Joyce Tittlemore
 Betty Myott
 Arreta Emch
 Ramona Magnant
 Sandra Benjamin

Boys' line up

Thomas Magnant
 Norman Messier
 Lauren Wright
 Chubby Lothian
 Howard Magnant
 Coach Trainor

Score

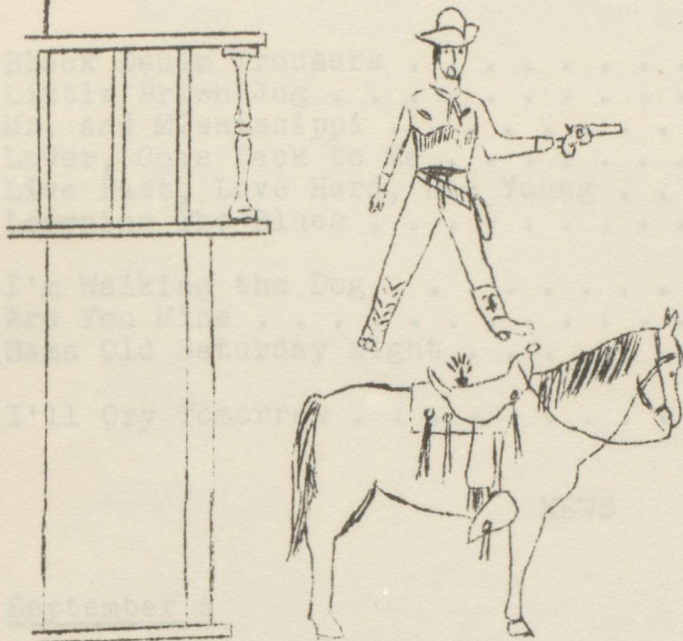
3C-ORE
 SC-ORE
 SCORE!

Coke Yell

Coke, Cola
 Ginger Ale
 We've got (opponent) by the tail
 Twist it!!!

TEAM!!!

T-E-A-M, YAH TEAM!
 T-E-A-M, YAH TEAM!
 Team!!!



WHO PUT THE TACK IN MY SADDLE?

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Dennis not sleeping in school?
Gary going slow on icy corners?
Tommy not taking Betty home after basketball practice and games?
The Seniors not having to wait to get into their home room?
The boys not having lipstick all over their faces?
Someone not being in the office every period?
The boys not having more basketball practice than the girls?
Suzanne not using Foster's typewriter in Typing IV class?
Jimmy Westcot at school on time?
Joyce not liking Tommy?
Sandra and Chubby not fighting?

WANTED

A cigarette lighter for "Pat".
Shorter history assignments.
A basketball team F. H. S. can beat.
A detective for F. H. S.
Rubber fenders for Gary.
Some good jokes.
Heat for the typing room.
A girl for Leland.
Some new typewriters for F. H. S.
Hot water for the lunch room.

talk, and showed slides on Forestry.
October 11-17

SONG HITS

- Black Denim Trousers Jimmy Westcot
- Little Brown Jug Dennis Garland
- Mr. and Mississippi Monie Magnant
- Lover, Come Back to Me Leland to Dorcas
- Live Fast, Love Hard, Die Young Pat Olmstead
- Learning The Blues When F.H.S. get
their report cards
- I'm Walking the Dog Miss Gates
- Are You Mine Betty to Tommy
- Same Old Saturday Night A few certain boys
of F.H.S.
- I'll Cry Tomorrow Girls' Basketball Team

NEWS

September 6

School opened with an enrollment of fifty-nine pupils in the junior-senior high school.

September 16

Mr. H. Claude Mowry, the Crowell-Collier representative talked to us about the magazine drive. Working with Miss Gates during the drive were Sandra Benjamin, business manager; also team captains, Bruce Corey and Howard Magnant. Almost one hundred dollars was cleared.

September 23

Mr. O'Shea, editor of the "Swanton Courier" gave an interesting talk on the Middle East.

September 30

The Freshman Reception was held at the Town Hall. A short skit entitled "Freshman Lunatics" was presented. Those in the skit were Joyce Tittlemore, Audrey Cummings, Dennis Garland, John Granger, Elaine West, Richard Boudreau, Nancy Stanley, and Richard Westcot.

October 16

Homemaking class saw "Let's Talk Turkey".

October 17

Mr. John Weir, County Forestry Agent, gave an interesting

talk, and showed slides on Forestry.

October 11-17

School was closed for the Teachers' Convention, and in honor of Columbus Day.

October 18, 19, 20

All students in grades 1-12 collected clothing to send to "Save the Children Federation." We collected eight bags of clothing.

October 21

The members of the seventh and eighth grade science class went to the University of Vermont Dental Clinic. This allowed dental examination, cleaning, and instruction in care of the teeth.

October 25

A group from Franklin High School presented a short program on the United Nations at a meeting of Franklin Grange. Those participating were Bruce Corey, Dorothy Glidden, Nancy Stanley, Dorcas Riley, and Suzanne Horskin.

October 28

Mr. Gilpin of the Gilpin Printing Company in Richford gave an interesting talk and showed slides on the linotype machine and on the steps taken in printing a newspaper.

October 31

Hot lunches began under the direction of Mrs. Madeline Messier.

November 3

Homemaking class saw "The Clean Look."

November 4

The seventh grade held a card party Friday night, at the school house. Eleven tables were played and a profit of twenty-two dollars and ninety-five cents was realized.

November 4

Major Tonjes and Sgt. Nelan from Fort Ethan Allen talked to the boys about the New Army Reserve and explained various reserve possibilities.

November 8

Miss Milli an from the Vermont League for nursing explained to the girls, nursing as a career.

November 10

President Odino Martinette from Johnson State Teachers College spoke to the Juniors and Seniors about entering a teachers college.

November 19

Homemaking class saw "The Beauty That Lasts Forever".

The four one-act plays were presented.

The Senior play was "It's Cold in Them Them Hills", a hillbilly comedy. The cast was-Paw, Bruce Corey; Maw, Sandra Benjamin; Snoddy, Suzanne Horskin; Prissy Lou, Dorcas Riley; Mandy, Dorothy Glidden; Becky Mae, Arreta Emch; Sarray, Phyllis Stanley; Nellie Ann, Betty Ann Magnant; Zeke, Tommy Magnant; Bill Vandemer, Leland West; Mrs. Vandemere, Patricia Olmstead; The preacher, Lawrence Wright.

The Junior Play was "The New Bride", a burlesque comedy in which Ashley Barr escapes from an accident and tries to disguise himself by dressing as a girl. The cast was-James Vaughan, Loren Lothian; Pud'e, his wife, Ramond Magnant; Ashley Barr, Norman Messier; Helen Vaughan, Phyllis Stanley; Betty Byowater, Arreta Emch; Edward Tait, Lauren Wright; Stillson, Howard Magnant; Officer O'Tolle, James Wright; Franchette, James Westcott; Officer Fogarty, Gary Stanley.

The Sophomore play was "Jerry Breaks A Date", a comedy. Mrs. Johnson makes a date for Mary with Wilfred Winfield against Mary's will. Jerry, dressed like a girl, tries to break the date. The cast was-Jerry Johnson, James Messier; Mary Johnson, his sister, Joyce Titemore; Dad Johnson, his father, Thomas Magnant; Mrs. Johnson, Elizabeth Myott; Alice Gleason, Sandra Lothian; Wilfred Winfield, Carroll Boudreau; Jimmy Collins, Donald Garland.

The Freshman play was "The Farmer's Daughter", an old fashioned melodrama. The cast was-Sally McDougal, Nancy Stanley; Annie McDougal, Audrey Commings; Pa McDougal, Richard Boudreau; Ma McDougal, Elaine West; Willie Singletree, Richard Westcott; William Benjamin J. Slick, Leland West.

November 21

A representative from the University of Vermont gave a talk about opportunities in college at U.V.M.

November 24-25

School was closed for the Thanksgiving holiday.

November 30

The Economics class went on a field trip to Milton to view a modern hydro-electric plant. Those who went were Dorothy Glidden, Arreta Emch, Sandra Benjamin, Elizabeth Myott Dorcas Riley, Suzanne Horskin, Phyllis Stanley, Manes Messier Donald Garland, and Lawrence Wright.

December 6

A movie "The Helicopter" was shown to the physics, general science, and the seventh and eighth grade science classes.

December 7

A representative from Becker Junior College spoke to us on the courses taught at Becker, and the opportunities for a job after graduation.

December 8

Mr. Lee from the Balfour Company visited the school. The sophomores ordered their class rings, and the Seniors ordered their name cards and graduation announcements.

December 9

Names were drawn to exchange Christmas presents. A Christmas party is being planned by the Seniors for December 22.

Phyllis Stanley '56
Betty Myott '58

ALUMNI NEWS

WEDDING BELLS

Sylvia Westcot '54 and Francis Ledoux were joined in marriage on July 27, 1955 at the Franklin Federated Church in Franklin.

Ann Towle '51 was married to Frank Evans in the Franklin Federated Church in Franklin on September 3, 1955

Joyce Ellsworth ex. '53, a graduate of Athol High School, Athol Mass. was married to Donald Dean Desreuisseau on October 1, 1955,

Aline Rainville '50 and Claude Magnant '47 were married in St. Mary's Church, Franklin, on October 22, 1955.

Rosemary Jette '51 was married to Bruce Stanley '51 in St. Mary's Church, Franklin, on November 12, 1955.

BIBS AND DIAPERS

Martha Jane Riley '47 and Howard Olmstead '49 became the parents of a son, David William, on July 12, 1955.

A girl, Nancy Helen, was born to Madeline Jette '51 and Stanley McDermott '49 on September 11, 1955.

Madeline Benjamin '49 and LLOYD Richard '48 - a girl, Rebecca Jean on August 6, 1955.

A girl, Prudence Jan, was born to Charlotte Geno '47 and Tony Tremblay on October 3, 1955.

Therese Bouchard and Philip Pierce '35 became the parents of a baby girl, Phyllis Ann, on December 5, 1955.

Imogene Columb '48 and Andrew Rainville ex.'48 became the parents of a boy, Michael Paul, on November 6, 1955.

On August 17, 1955, Mary Columb '49 and John Korzun became the parents of a son, John Joseph III.

Phoebe Jane Westcott '44 and Charles Mullen '45 - a boy, Marc Wayne, on November 14, 1955.

ALUMNEWS

Robert Cyr '49 is spending the winter in California.

Janet Magnant '50 is employed by the National Carbon in St. Albans.

Stanley Lothian '50 has employment on the Richard Glidden farm.

Ann Towle Evans '51 is living in St. Albans and working as X-Ray Technician at Kerbs Memorial Hospital.

Arlene Wright '52 is a senior at Taylor University at Upland, Indiana.

Roger Lothian '52 has received his discharge from the U.S. Army. He has recently been serving in ~~Germany~~ Korea.

Betty Raymond '52 is employed in the Ben Franklin Store in Enosburg Falls.

John Stanley '52 was discharged from the U.S. Army on November 3, 1955.

Mary Towle '53 who is enrolled in the Nurses' Training Course at the Mary Fletcher Hospital is now at the Fairfield State Hospital in Newtown, Connecticut, where she will finish her last affiliation in January. She will then return to the Mary Fletcher Hospital.

Sybil Geno '53 is employed as a bookkeeper at the C. V. Railroad in St. Albans.

Shirley Glidden Barnum '53 is living at the home of her parents.

Sylvia Westcot Ledoux '54 is employed at the Vermont State Health Office in Burlington.

Cynthia Clark '54 has employment at the Clearwater Beach Hotel, Clearwater, Florida.

Alfred Columb '54 is now managing the Sweet Shop in the absence of Armand Gaboriault '47, who is attending a barbers school in Massachusetts. His address is as follows: 322 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

Rita Magnant '55 and Beverly Lothian '55 are attending Johnson Teachers College. Their address is as follows: Pearl House, Johnson Teachers College, Johnson, Vermont.

Sheila Columb '55 and Ann Myott '55 have employment in Montpelier. Their address is as follows: 90 State Street, Montpelier, Vermont.

Beverly Hubbard '55 is attending Becker Junior College in Worcester, Massachusetts. Her address is as follows: 41 Laconia Road, Worcester, Massachusetts.

* STARS AND STRIPES *

Pvt. Winston E. Columb RA 22884133
Co. C 1st Bn R.F.T. Regt (Prov.)
Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri

Rene Durenleau
Jensen Tr. Ct. Rt. #2
Rantoul, Illinois

Midshipman Hugh H. Gates
Rm. 2220 Bancroft
U.S.A. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland

Lieut. David E. Gates
1259 Spurance Rd.
Monterey, California

S/Sgt. Edward Crossman
632 Arnold Lane
Ellsworth Air Force Base
South Dakota

A/3C John Labrie A.F. 11299807
3386 Student Squadron
P.O. Box 693
Keesler AFB, Mississippi

A/20 Richard Maurice Granger
AF22824117
805th Air Police Sqdn.
Barksdale Air Force Base
Shreveport, Louisiana

Pvt. Arthur Lothian US 22890390
Btry. A. 47th AAA (aw)-(sp) Bn.
5th Inft. Div. APO 29 PM
New York, New York

A/30 Edmund Jette AF 22884134
3368th Stud. Sqd. Box 193
Amarillo Air Force Base
Amarillo, Texas

A/20 Walter J. Messier
AF 11236982
55s Perodic Maint Sq, Box 349
McClellan Air Force Base
California

PFC Walter Barnum US 22390387
4th Cm Co. 4th Inf, Div APO 39
New York, New York

A/20 Alan B. Jones AF 12442734
68th Stu. INTCP Sqdn.
A.P.O. 244 Box J. 11
San Francisco, California

Pvt. Harvey Boudreau VS 5131A805
Co. C 504 AIR 82nd Air Division
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

A/20 Newell J. Benjamin, Jr.
AF 12442890
1095 ADS Box D-319, Bossier Base
Shreveport, Louisiana

A/20 David D. Samson AF 12442869
22 T.C.S. (H) Box 161 APO 704
San Francisco, California

Suzanne Horskin '56
Patricia Olmstead '56

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Peace After the Storm

It was a beautiful sunny Fourth of July. My Mother and I were going to cross Lake Champlain on the ferry. We had a beautiful ride over, and when we got off we ate dinner. We rode back across and on the way home, there was an awful storm. The wind blew down trees, and silos tumbled. It sounded like bowling, because every once in a while a tree would fall down. It seemed as if every once in a while a volcano would erupt. There was so much lightning. When the storm moved on, everything seemed peaceful and the birds sang, but some of the birds were already looking for a new home.

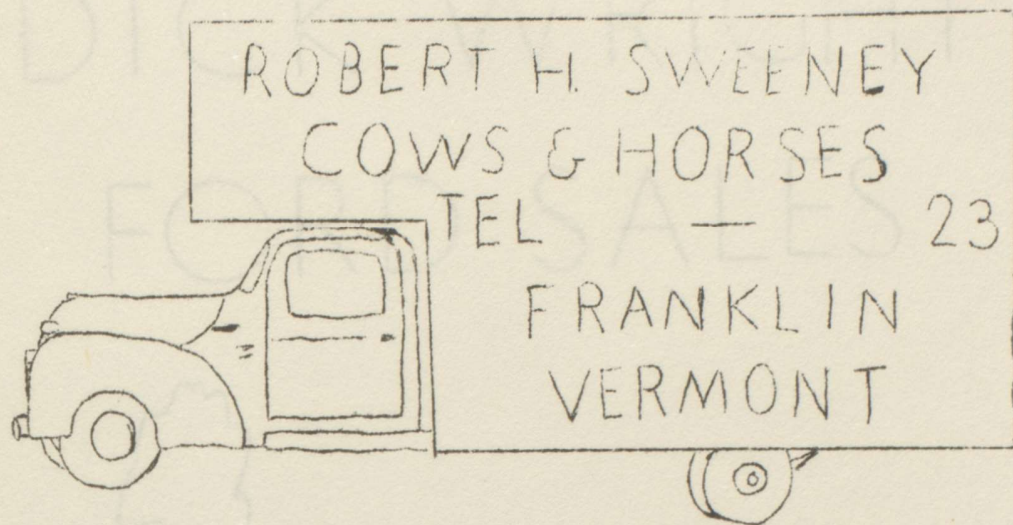
Neal Morgan Wright '61

* * * * *

Madeline's dessert went over so big with Jason that he passed his plate for a third time.

"Jason, you will burst if you eat another bit."

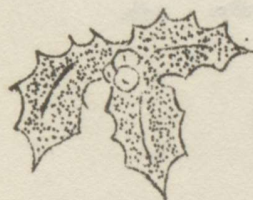
Jason thought for a moment then said, "Fill 'er up agin, and everybody get out of my way."



SERVICE

COMPLIMENTS

SERVICE



OF

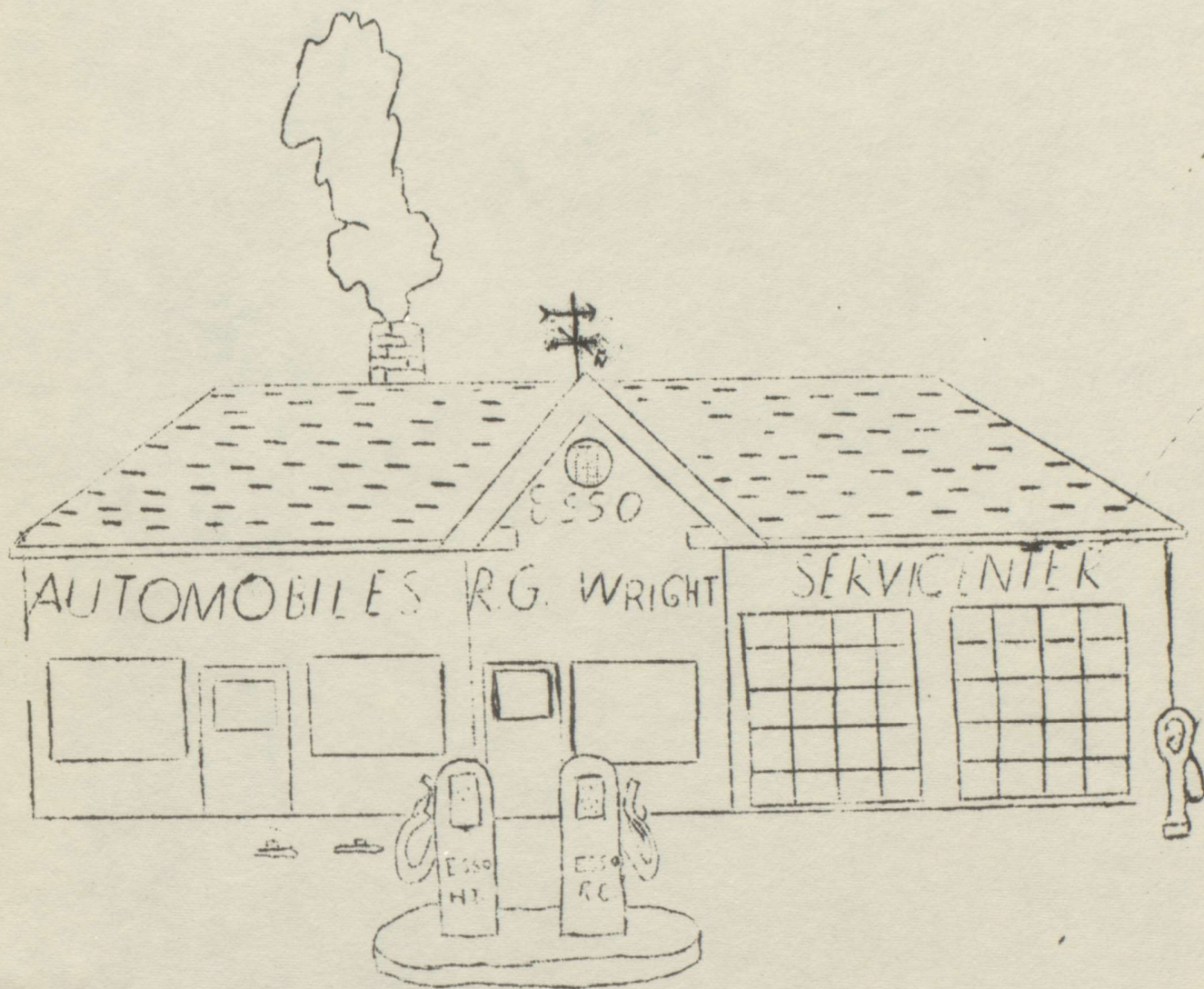


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