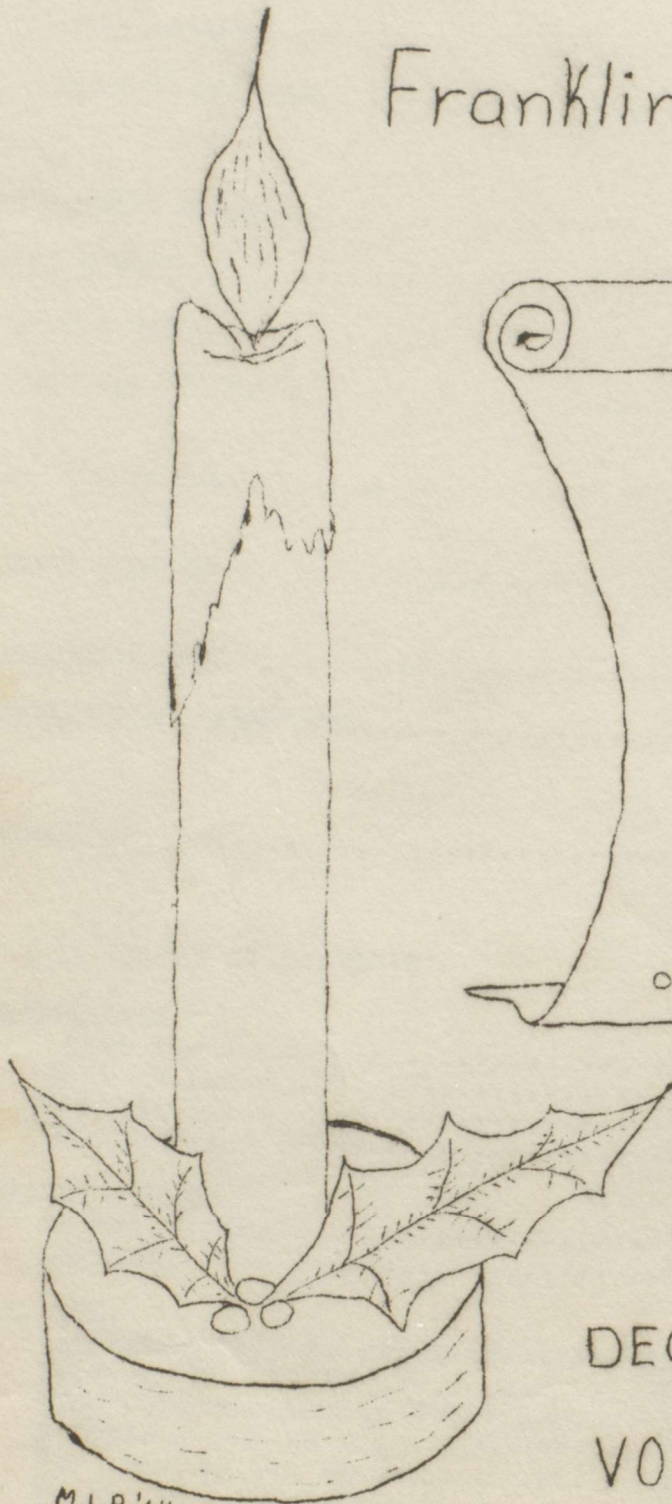


MOLECULE

Franklin High School



M.L.R.'64

O HOLY NIGHT
"O Blessed Night!
Beneath thy shadows
resting the sunlit wings
of the day all are furled
When lo! a star, a mystic
star attesting that heav'n
is breathing its love
o'er the world."

SEASON'S
GREETINGS

DECEMBER '61

VOL. 25, NO. 1

MOLECULE STAFF 1961 - 1962

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Merry
Christmas

EDITORIALS



Dear Townspeople;

I have been standing here for 86 years, since 1875. I have had many repairs and have been painted several times. From the outside I look neat and clean, but you should see my interior! My stage is rather small, but what spoils my appearance is the shabby and torn curtains which haven't been changed for years. The dressing rooms are dusty, drab, and decorated only by smeary lipstick, and obscene lettering. Also I hide my face in shame when I think of the smokey, faded, and disreputable 'Stars & Stripes' which covers some of my new face. After all we do have 50 stars now.

Last spring in '61 my walls were painted a nice shade of green, and then you townspeople voted at townmeeting to build me a new foundation after graduation. I now wish to express my thanks to the kind people who tried to help me make a good appearance.

I have some scenery walls stored in my attic which the students use for their annual plays. This scenery has been torn and in bad shape for some time now. But one of the play directors plans to have some of the students help him repair my scenery. If anyone now has a room full of old furniture, would you please ask them to make donations to me and I will furnish these things to the students for their plays.

I have watched many rehearsals for this year's plays, I am very anxious to see the final production. I have also been watching the basketball teams practice and they appear

to be doing quite well.

Well now, if I receive any response to my plea I shall write a thank-you note in the next issue.

'til we meet again;

THE TOWN HALL

WHAT HAPPENED?

School Spirit toward the Magazine Drive this year wasn't very good. There were only a couple students that really went out and tried to sell magazines. Less than half of the students sold any magazines at all. Although we did make more money this year than we did last year not as many students participated.

Most students try to find excuses why they can't sell magazines, instead of thinking of some place to go and sell some. Some of the reasons that they exclaim about are:

1. They don't have time
2. Somebody has already been there.
3. Someone calls up ahead of time.
4. The magazines that people want are not on the list.

Maybe, some of these things are so, but, if one person doesn't want to subscribe don't be discouraged; just try again. If a person wants one special magazine and it isn't on the list try to get him or her interested in another magazine almost of the same nature. Be acquainted with the magazines on the list.

Another great problem that seemed to be bothering most students is the way in which they try to sell the magazines. Most of them walk up to the prospective buyer and he says, "Do you want to buy a magazine?" Of course it is easy for the person to say No!! and then close the door. But, if a person asks the customer in this way he has a much better chance "I'm selling magazines." In this way the customer cannot say NO! Then the student can proceed to show the person the list and find out about any renewals.

If everyone would at least try to sell one magazine we could easily hit our goal every year.

Carol Emch '63

ORANGES

Will the oranges and gum usually bought for the teams be furnished this year? A topic for discussion among the basketball players and other students. It has been mentioned that perhaps we should furnish our own. Maybe we should, but the fact remains, that many of the players might not have oranges on hand and so would have to go without. Some of the players might have them but would not want to bother with them.

Can you imagine the mess on the bus? Peelings, seeds, juice and the orange sections down everyone's neck and on the floor!

* * * * *

SLOGAN: Watch out for school children especially of they're driving cars!!!!!!

where can they carry them? Certainly not in their pockets! And no one is going to carry orange in their hand all the way to a basketball game.

What would become of it after they arrived? Someone's would get lost, stepped or sat on, thrown away or any other unmentionable thing and then Lord help us!!

Oranges are undoubtedly needed by the basketball teams and since they do not cost too much if bought with consideration the student council.

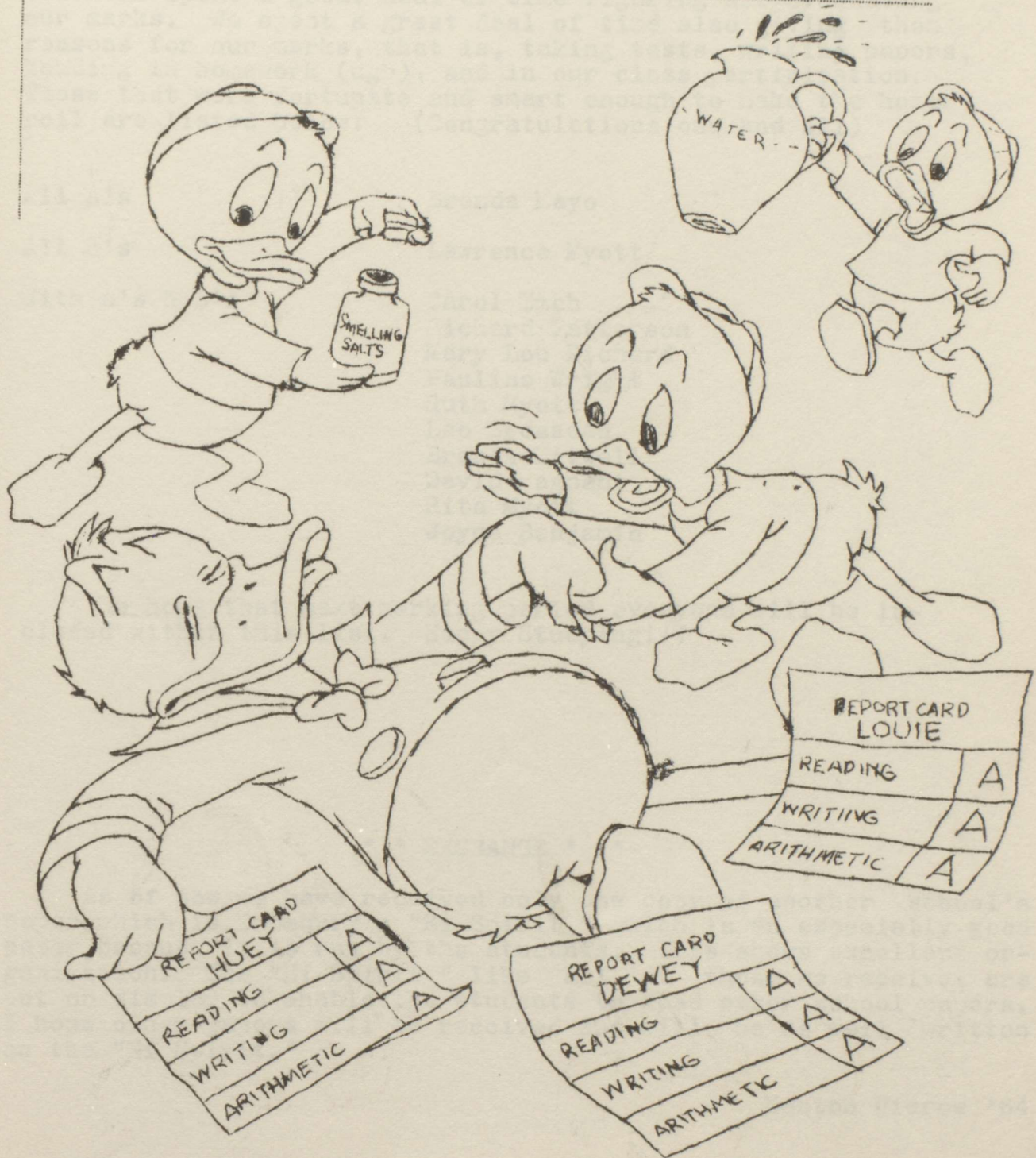
Laurel Stanley '64

BILLBOARDS - TRASH

In my opinion billboards along the highway spoil all of the natural beauty of the country. As you go along the road (except the super-highway's) every few feet is a billboard advertizing everything from toilet seats to the new cars of the world. In some states these huge signs have been banned by state law, I think it would be a good thing in this state if there were no signs allowed. As the cartoonists in the papers are always picturing the country as a road covered with signs, and nothing else to see. How can city people enjoy the country airing if there is nothing to see but huge signs and gasoline stations?

Another trouble spot in Vermont has been the throwing of trash on our highways. Although there is a law against it some people are just plain too lazy to stop at a trash barrel or to carry it home to an incinerator. It is a downright shame for Vermonters to (Continued on Page 12)

REPORT-CARDS



REPORT CARD HUEY	
READING	A
WRITING	A
ARITHMETIC	A

REPORT CARD DEWEY	
READING	A
WRITING	A
ARITHMETIC	A

REPORT CARD LOUIE	
READING	A
WRITING	A
ARITHMETIC	A

REPORT CARDS

Again this year as always, report cards appeared as we completed our nine-weeks in school. We received our report cards November 16th with intermingle joy and dismay. The teachers spent a great deal of time figuring and evaluating our marks. We spent a great deal of time also giving them reasons for our marks, that is, taking tests, writing papers, handing in homework (ugh), and in our class participation. Those that were fortunate and smart enough to make the honor roll are listed below: (Congratulations one and all)

All A's	Brenda Mayo
All B's	Lawrence Myott
With A's & B's	Carol Emch Richard Patterson Mary Lou Richard Pauline Wright Ruth Myott Leo Brosseau Brenda Kittell David Magnant Rita Myott Joyce Benjamin

We hope that next marking period everyone will be included within this list. Happy Studying!!!

* * EXCHANGE * *

As of now we have received only one copy of another school's paper which is Enosburg's "Hi Spirit," which is an especially good paper because it is run by the students. This shows excellent organization. The "Hi Spirit," like all of those we receive, are put on display to enable the students to read other school papers. I hope other papers will be received and will be as well written as the "Hi Spirit."

Kenton Pierce '64

ICRASHO'S TRIP TO
CITY...

April 7, 1950

STORIES

BY

S
T
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D
E
N
T
S



EFM

S

ICHABOB'S TRIP TO
CIVIL-DE-LI-ZA-TION

April 7, 1950

Dear Diary:

April 5, 1950

Dear Diary:

Now let me see, I guess I am about all packed up, I mean Jesse is, that's my mule of course. It says here in my letter from Aunt Mardle, that I isto mether at Crooked Corners, (these modern names) in two days. She says, "It's for a union-suit and to make sure you come."

I told her, de last time I went to the city that I was not going agan. And she says right back to me, "It does you good to get out of the hills to some civil-de-li-za-tion once in five years." Aunt Mardle says it's important so I guess I had better go.

Five years ago she met me at Crooked Corners with a new fangled thing called an aut-toe mo-bile, I think that's what she called it and riding in it is worst then saying it. I told her and I didn't tell her only once, I told her twice that it was going to make me sick. She believed me the second time, what a mess!

When we finally got to where she lived she showed me around the house and what a house, it had eight rooms in it. And just think Wilber, the snake; Willy, the squirrel and his family; Gerald, the mouse and his wife and kids and aunt and uncle; Smelly the skunk; Beauty, the turtle; Woody, the woodchuck and also my cats, pigs, hens, dog, and me all live in my one room cabin. It kind of makes you stop and think.

Aunt Mardle met me at Crooked Corners like she said she would but this time it was a truck instead of a aut-toe-mo bile. Well it isn't so hard to say anyway. But what beats it all when we got to her eight roomed house there were more people then I have ever seen before. Aunt Mardle told me that they were all my relatives. My Uncle Jesse (named after my mule) told me I was the only one that hadn't come yet and he was glad to see me.

April 10, 1950

Dear Diary:

Back home agan where there is some peace and quiet, and guess what, Aunt Mardle asked me to come to a reunion and to think I went 47 miles to get a new union suit and it was just an old reunion.

Mary Lou Richard
'64

HOLLYWOOD? OH! NO!

Gina walked to the large Warner Brothers' studio, filled with anticipation. Here she was in Hollywood, a country girl of nineteen, about to start working as a stenographer in a Warner Brothers' office.

She wasn't tall, slim and beautiful. She was small (about 5' 2") and naturally pretty with short, brown curly hair and dark brown eyes. She was very intelligent, but being a country girl, was not sophisticated. Gina also had a knack

for getting into disturbing situations.

To see Gina as she approached the door, you would have thought she owned the place. The minute she stepped inside however, she looked like a scared rabbit in a cage. What was she doing here among these beautiful women and handsome, sophisticated men? She didn't belong here--here in this bustling, large city where everyone looked only after himself.

"How do I always manage to get myself into predicaments like this?" Gina thought exasperated.

Her mind raced back to two months before when this all happened. She had gone to work as usual at Mr. Kays' book store in her hometown of Baroville, Kansas. (The population is about three hundred.) She bought the paper on her way to work and as usual read it during her lunch hour. On this particular day, she read an unusual ad:

"Send for this simple secretarial exam. Pass it and be on your way to fame Warner Brothers promise a beginning salary of \$100.00 a week for the best applicant. You may hit the top in the business world or even stardom."

Gina laughed, but there was an excitement she couldn't hide. A one hundred dollar a week salary was certainly a great deal more than the forty-five she made every week.

"What hurt could it do just to send for it," she reasoned. "I couldn't possibly win, but it would be fun to see what the exam is like."

In the course of the next two months, Gina had taken the test, passed with a 99% average, quit her job, and now here she was.

Gina was so absorbed in her thinking that she didn't hear Mr. James, her future boss, walk up behind her.

"Excuse me Miss. Miss?" after a pause, "Are you Miss Calon?"

Gina was so startled that she turned around quickly, bumped into Mr. James and sat ~~ker-~~plunk on the floor--rather hard too, I might add. She was terribly embarrassed.

"Are you all right? I'm terribly sorry." Mr. James apologized.

Dumbfounded, Gina looked at him. She opened her mouth, but to her horror no words came out. To top things off, as she picked up her suitcase, the latch unhocked, and all her clothes fell out. By that time no one could hold back his laughter. Well, she did look funny.

After fighting down her impulse to run, Gina, who always made the best of any uncomfortable situation, squared her shoulders, put her head in the air and said, in a stately manner, "I am Ciss Malon, I mean Miss Calon. Please tower show me to my office --- office."

"Now of all times why do I say everything backwards?" Gina thought angrily.

The next day things went much smoother. Gina caught on quickly to her work and liked

it. She was just fine as long as she stayed away from the stars. Around them, she completely lost her self-confidence.

About the second week, Gina was in her office trying to take dictation from Mr. James over an intercom. However, all the while she was doing this, one of the girls kept talking about her new coffee pot. After taking the letter, Gina had to go out on an errand. She asked one of the girls to type it exactly as it was and take it in to Mr. James to sign. When Gina returned, Mr. James calls her into his office.

"MISS CALON," he said sternly, "I want to read something to you. A little something that is SUPPOSED to be VERY important and that YOU were going to mail as is. It reads thus:

Dear Miss Coffee Pot:

How are your grounds?
Fine, I hope.

I was very happy to see you at the Annual Ball in that stunning percolator. An important person asked me to boil you in five cups of water for only one minute. I hope you will accept this important engagement. It could be vital to your dishwasher. You don't want to be black either. Just medium will be fine.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Maxwell House

All the way through the letter Gina sat there squirming, wondering, "How do I get out of this one?"

As Mr. James finished the letter, Gina tried to explain, "Well, you see Mr. Maxwell--I mean Mr. James. Ha Ha Ha." He looked at her sternly "What I started to say was----- I'm sorry, really very sorry."

He raised his eyebrows "Do you realize what could have happened if I hadn't proofread this letter? Well, this time it's all right, BUT see that it never happens again!"

"Yes, SIR," answered Gina backing out of the room.

Two years have passed now. Gina still works for Mr. James by some miracle. She still does some crazy things. Take, for example, yesterday, when she ran into a very important client with a piece of lemon pie, of all things. It's a wonder the movie industry is still alive.

"There's no doubt about it," says Mr. James, "Even Hollywood would be dull without our Gina!"

Brenda Mayo '62

* * * * *

Richard Cooper, bragging to the boys.

"My mommy told me not to drink.

I don't, ha ha!

My mommy told me not to smoke.

I don't, ha ha!

My mommy told me not to neck with girls.

ha ha!"

"JOE," THE REMEMBERED HOUND DOG

It was an exceptionally cold day, that day Joe was born. His mother was a really fine coon dog, and his father, too. This day that Joe was born was a cold day in February. Joe didn't know it at the time but he had quite a reputation to live up to; his parents and grandparents were great coon dogs.

Six weeks went by and Joe was growing fine, faster and bigger than his brothers and sisters. Then one day Joe saw a stranger come and look at him and his brothers and sisters. The man seemed to like him the best. Joe saw the man reach in his pocket and pull out a handful of money and gave it to his owner. And the stranger reached over and picked Joe up. The stranger was to be Joe's new owner, Jerry Brown.

The rest of the winter past slowly for Joe; all he had to do was to eat and sleep and play with his new friend Bozo, Jerry's old coon dog. Joe was glad to see spring come. Now, he could get out and run. One day while playing in the woods, he came across a fat little animal that looked like a pin cushion. His instinct told him not to get too close but his curiosity got the best of him. and he put his nose on the porcupine's tail. When he touched it's tail it felt like needles driving into his nose. He let out a yelp and ran back to the house. He ran up to Jerry because it hurt alot, and he wanted Jerry to stop it from hurting. Jerry got a pair of pliers and pulled the quills out of Joe's nose. It hurt when he pulled them but it felt much better after they were out.

This was only one of the lessons that Joe learned the hard way. There were many more to come.

Fall came at last, and now Joe could start his training on coon hunting.

The first time out Joe found out what a skunk was. It was the best of smelling experiences. After a few times out coon hunting, Jerry's old dog treed a coon. Joe knew now that this was what he was supposed to hunt. He became better each time he went out, and by the end of the season he had treed fifty coons. Joe felt pretty proud of himself because he was living up to his ancestors' reputation. The next season he treed over a hundred and fifty coons. Every body in the state knew of Joe.

That winter Joe's master, Jerry, was paralyzed in an automobile accident. Jerry was in the hospital for five months. This ran up a large bill. So when this got noised around some, Jerry began to get offers for Joe. As much as Jerry hated to, he sold Joe. He sold him for six hundred dollars. Joe hated to leave his master, because of the good times together, but it was a must. Joe had become a better dog than his ancestors.

Don Richard '62



A TYPICAL DAY IN ENGLISH CLASS

As I sat home alone one dark, dreary night, listening to the wind howl through the moon-lite trees, there came an announcement over the radio to everyone in the St. Albans area:

"Please keep all doors and windows locked----and if you have a gun, load it, for one of the F.B.I.'s most wanted criminals has escaped and is beleived to be hiding near this area. He is 5'9" tall, has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 190 and has a scar on his right cheek. If you see this man do not approach him, he is armed and considered very dangerous."

"No one would dare hide near Franklin," I thought as I shut off the radio and turned on the television. What was on but Alfred Hitchcock and one of his spine-tingling stories.

Suddenly I felt a gnawing pain, for something to eat so I charged out to the kitchen for a snack which consisted of a triple-decker sandwich, a glass of milk and a piece of cake.

After I had finished this, I felt a bit drowsy for some reason, so I decided to catch a quick 40-winks.

I had no more than dropped off to sleep when I heard a knock at the back door.

Sleepily I stumbled toward the door and still half-awake opened it.

"Good evening, " said the figure in the doorway.

"My car ran out of gas about a mile down the road and I was wondering if you had a little extra I could borrow."

A little more awake I said, "Yes, come in and I'll get it for you."

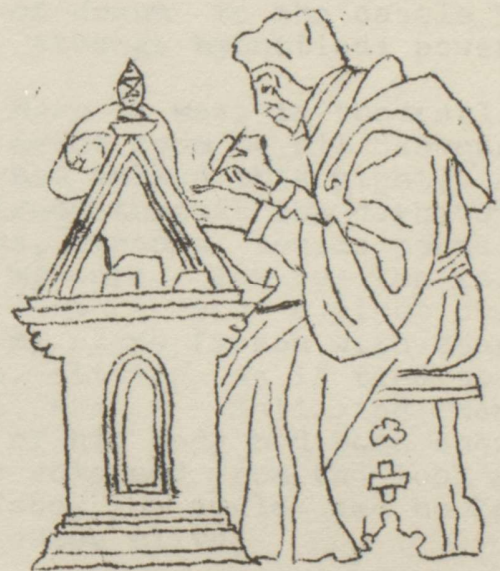
"Thank you," he said, then I noticed it--a scar on his right cheek, 5'9", brown hair, blue eyes, I ran to the telephone and snapped off the receiver, "Police! Police!" and then I felt it, those hands around my neck, squeezing, tighter and tighter---

"And if you don't have that work done," shouted Mrs. Clark, "You'll stay after school."

"Boy, is she annoyed," Mary Lou remarked.

"I guess so," was my sleepy reply as I stumbled wearily from the room. Then and there I vowed never to sleep during English Class!!

Polly Wright '64



THE LAST OF THE SKOWENS

It was a cold, windy night in mid-October. The leaves were flying around as I walked out my door that night in 1936. As I walked around the corner of our house, I felt a short, quick blast of freezing wind that sent chills up and down my spine. I had a strange premonition of danger as I slowly climbed the steep hill in back of our house. At the top of the hill stood Blenkeim Castle; towering and frightening in the eerie light of the moon.

Blenkeim Castle had been a symbol of ugliness and horror for over three hundred years in my tiny home village. It was built in the year 1636 by Lord Blenkeim, a vicious and horrible man, whom everybody had hated. In fact, this very night, 300 years ago, he had died a horrible death. He was eaten by ants! The townspeople had attacked him, tied him up, and poured honey over him. Then the ants did the rest.

But before Blenkeim died he put a curse on the leader of the townspeople, Mayor Donald Skowen. Blenkeim had said that Skowen and all his succeeding generations would die a terrible death. The townspeople scoffed at him and burned what was left of him after the ants were done with their feast. But to this very night one of the Skowens had been killed. It always happened on this one night of the year, October 13th.

As I walked up the path leading to the castle, I wasn't the bravest man in the world. For you see my name is Rudolph Skowen, great-great-great grandson of Donald Skowen, who 299

years ago was killed when he fell on a nail and drove it through his brain. I was the seventh generation since that fateful night. Why do I say "I" was the seventh generation? Because I was the lone survivor of the Skowen clan. I was the only child of Robert Skowen. I intended to live to continue the generations of Skowens. That night I was determined not to die because I was just married and had no children and I intended to have some.

I was about to enter the castle where the ghost of Lord Blenkeim was supposed to have walked every year on this night. As I approached the castle gates, they gave an ominous creak and slowly began to open. Surprised I backed away but regained my composure and walked through. As I started to light a candle, the gates began to close. Now I knew what had happened to my forefathers the nights they came to the castle. You are probably wondering why we came to the castle. Well, we couldn't help it.. We were sort of drawn to the castle by some strange hypnotical power.

Here I was, in the castle, that meant doom to all Skowens, whom had walked this night. As I walked through the dark corridors, strange sounds pounded upon my ears. Towards the last corridors I saw a sight that made me stand frozen with fear. There, sitting as if tied to a stake, was a mutilated man. Most of his body had been chewed by rats and from the look on his face, you could see he had been eaten alive!

Then something terribly strong grabbed me from behind. The thing was so strong that I

could barely move my arms, but I did move them enough to know that what was behind me was a man, or at least what was left of a man. Then the thing let me go and as I turned around I beheld a sight even more horrible than the first. It was Lord Blenkeim. He was more missing than he was together. For his eyes, were nothing but hollows and there was a hole in his throat, so that when he breathed the two parts looked like his lips opening and closing. There was a gory hole in his chest, that you could have put both hands into.

You know what? I felt like dying. And you know what, I did. What right did I have to think that I could live when all my poor ancestors had died a terrible death. Yes, in that dark castle on the hill lies the corpse of the last of the Skowens.

Robert Magnant '63

THANKS FOR IMPROVEMENTS

We appreciate what the school directors have done to fix up the school grounds. They put a black top sidewalk from the road up to the school. Also installed a septic tank, and sowed grass seed for a new lawn. This is indeed a civic improvement.

A white-board fence was put up from Alex Corwell's fence to the bridge. A chain was also put across to keep the cars from driving on the school ground. But this had to be discontinued.

We also appreciate repairs on the roof which has prevented rain damage. There are cracks

in certain places where surface water seeps into the basement. This floods the hot lunch room and boiler room, but is now taken care of by pumps.

Next year when the boiler is housed outside under separate cover, more room will be available in the basement.

I hear the homemaking girls have a bid in for this new space.

Gaylord Horskins '64

* * * * *

Darlene G: "How can you stop a skunk from smelling?"

Mr. Mudgett: "I dunno. How?"

Darlene: "Stupid. Hold his nose."

* * * * *

Mrs. Toof: "What two musical keys might be given to a man walking a tightrope?"

Robert M: "I don't know."

Mrs. Toof: "C sharp or B flat."

* * * * *

HOT DOGS

It's not that I don't love 'em BURP!

I eat them by the stack BURP!

It's just that I'm embarrassed, BURP!

When they keep coming back!

* * * * *

Mama: "Why Donald, why didn't you ask me if you wanted to go fishing?"

Donald Cooper: "'Cause I wanted to go FISHING!"

DEER HUNTING IN VERMONT

Deer hunting is a very big sport in Vermont, especially in Windsor and Windham counties. The deer are so plentiful in this part, that this year they are going to have a doe day. My story takes place in Windsor county where I have a hunting camp. We left on a Friday night at 8 p.m. arriving at the camp at 2 a.m. the first morning of deer hunting. After snatching a couple hours of sleep, I was up at 4 a.m., two hours later, and had a cup of coffee.

I left the camp at 5:30 a.m., just at the edge of daylight. I had a place chosen where I had shot my deer the year before. I arrived at the spot at 6 a.m. I had been sitting down for ten minutes when I heard a cracking of brush. I turned around to find a big doe looking directly at me, but it wasn't doe season yet. The only thing you could shoot now was a buck, so I had to just sit there, watch it and wait, for most usually the buck will follow, but he didn't show up.

I made up my mind that I wouldn't move from that spot as it was a strategic spot on top of a mountain. From this spot I could see for about a quarter of a mile. I had a .270 rifle equipped with a scope. Three hours passed with no luck. Then just as my spirit was getting low, I heard a very loud noise, like a herd of buffalo.

I turned quickly to see a whole herd of deer, about four hundred yards away. I put the scope on them and started counting. There were thirty-three deer! Twenty-nine were doe and four were buck of which

I picked the biggest to train my sights on. I shot four times at the buck but to my surprise he didn't fall. What a sight to see thirty-three deer scatter. They were running into each other and everything else.

I got up and walked down to the place where the buck was standing. There was about an inch of snow on the ground luckily. And there was a spot of blood where the buck was standing. I then realized that he was hit. But I had to spend about an hour to figure out his track from the rest of what looked like a jig-saw puzzle. After I had figured out the track, I decided to give the buck a half hour. Perhaps during this time he would lie down and die. The time was 12 noon, so I went back to the camp and had a bite to eat.

Then at 12:30, I was back on the track. The buck was apparently hit twice. Once in the neck and again in the fore-leg. He seemed to be bleeding heavily. Two hours later I started to change my mind about the deer being hit hard. But I continued to follow until dusk. At 5 p.m. I began to get tired and weary. I decided to return to camp and come back to the track the following day. I got back to camp at 5:30 and told my story to the rest of the boys. They laughed and asked me if I wasn't sure I shot at a mountain goat. I went along with the joke, saying to myself, "I will get even with them in the morning."

I was up at 4 a.m. the following morning and on the deer's trail at 5:30. I started where I left the afternoon before and followed the track

for five hours. I returned to camp for a quick bite and was back on the trail in no time. As I followed the trail I noticed, rather strangely, the track seemed to be heading back towards our camping area. At 3:30 p.m. I heard a ruffling in the brush just ahead of me.

I sneaked along until I saw my deer which I had been tracking for about twelve hours. He was still alive. I later learned I just pierced his neck. This time when I shot I hit him in the head and downed him immediately. I was about one mile from camp, so I dragged him out. When I arrived at camp it was 5 p.m. The boys were all in camp and as I walked into camp I knew I would be able to laugh at them as they had done to me the night before. When they saw the deer, they nearly fell over. I felt pretty proud, for I had shot a twelve point, 240 pound buck. We returned home that night, and I did my kidding and joking about how the boys didn't know what a deer looked like, for they came home empty handed.

Gary Lothian '62

OLD GLORY FLIES ANEW

We now have a new 'Stars & Stripes' flying over Franklin High School again - thanks to Senator Marshall Dunham.

We have received information stating that the flag had been flown over the White House in Washington D. C. and also over our Vermont State Capital in Montpelier.

Senator Dunham acquired this through U.S. Representative Robert T. Stafford.

We appreciate this thoughtfulness very much as real nice flags cost money and this one means more to us than any other.

Darlene Greenwood '64

(Continued from page 15)

tised. Following the musical was a wonderful floor show. It was beautiful with perfect lighting to give just the right effects. Featured in the floor show were the thirty-six girls called the "Rockets" a precision troupe.

Just before we left for home at 11:30 P.M. we ascended the Empire State Building to its 102nd floor observatory. Although it was a very windy night, we could see for miles around; a most beautiful sight. The cars, 250 feet below, looked like pinheads, the people were hardly visible.

Taking part in this wonderful trip was Brenda Mayo '62 and myself, Larry Myott '62.

(Continued from page 2)

go along the highways and throw out of the window their left-over picnic lunch. It is also very costly to the state, just think of the force that the state employs just to help "Keep Vermont Beautiful", because we are not doing our duty.

Lawrence Myott '62

* * * * *

Kenton: I caught a fish t-h-a-t long the other day. Why I never saw such a fish!

Mr. Mudgett: I believe you.

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SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

The Silver Bells are chiming through
the valley deep and low;
Their sweet, good sound cheers the
crowds as on their way they go.
Dusk is coming, snow is falling
like feathers to their perch,
While people can be faintly seen
while on their way to church.
The little church is standing proud
awaiting this Christmas Eve,
While stars up in the heaven blue

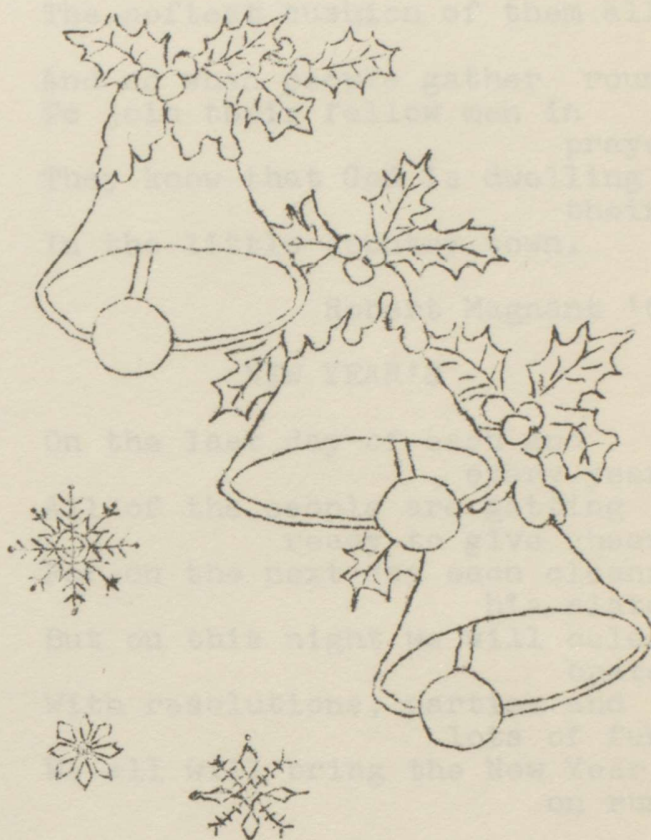
The Silver Bells are chiming through
the valley deep and low;
Their sweet, good sound cheers
everyone as on their way they go.
Dusk is coming, snow is falling
like feathers to their perch,
While people can be faintly seen
while on their way to church.
The little church is standing proud
awaiting this Christmas Eve,
While stars up in the heaven bluesky,
their beautiful patterns do weave,
From outside the door music can be
heard as the service is to start;
And every word is prayerfully sing
from each and every heart.
These people are praising the baby
boy who was born in Bethlehem;
And even though it was long ago,
it is never forgotten by them.

Brenda Mayo '62

AUTUMN IS HERE

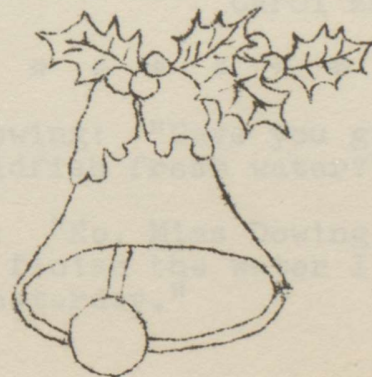
'Tis autumn now, for each perceives,
The trees are shedding their leaves,
And next comes the cool breeze,
Which brings the early freeze,
The leaves glow with many colors,
Which look just like gay flowers,
Soon snow too, will be here,
Which many children will cheer,
But their parents will be hustling
and bustling,
Preparing for the winter winds'
rustling.

Gary Lothian '62



*Merry
Christmas*

FROM
MYRTLE RICHARD



CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the time of year
 That brings good luck and then good
 cheer;
 It brings the friends that are so
 dear
 All a-coming in high gear.
 And Christmas Eve the children fear
 That Santa and his reindeer
 Might or might not be drawing near
 And so they all come down to peer
 And then they hear both loud and
 clear
 A kind of gurgling in their ear.
 Now they think it was mighty queer
 To see Santa and his large reindeer
 As down the chimney they disappear
 Hesitating then to re-appear
 'Til the children scatter far and
 near.

Richard Patterson '63
 Robert Magnant '63

DEER HUNTING

Pleasant fall is finally here,
 Hunters know deer season is near,
 When hunters by thousands take to the
 woods,
 Most of them dressed up as bright as
 they could,
 All hoping for the best of luck,
 Each is hoping to shoot a fine buck.

Today, while I sit in school
 I think of how my mother was so cruel
 To make me come and mind the rule,
 On this beautiful hunting day, so
 cool-
 With even an inch of new fallen snow-
 Just right the deer's tracks to show!

Don Richard '62

THE FIRST SNOWFALL OF WINTER

When the leaves come tumb'ling down
 And all the lonely trees are bare
 The hound shall chase the speedy hare
 In the little country town;

And the snow begins to fall,
 And the soft and gentle flakes
 Gather into what is no mistake,
 The softest cushion of them all.

And so when people gather round
 To join their fellow men in
 prayer,
 They know that God is dwelling
 their.
 In the little country town.

Robert Magnant '63

NEW YEAR'S

On the last day of each and
 every year,
 All of the people are getting
 ready to give cheer!
 For on the next day each cleans
 his slate,
 But on this night we will cele-
 brate.
 With resolutions, parties and
 lots of fun,
 We all will bring the New Year
 on run.

Larry Myott '62

SNOW

When the snow comes falling down,
 You know that winter is around.

It is a very nice snowy white,
 And at night it reflects the
 light.
 Some people are glad to see the
 snow,
 But they are happy when it is
 time for it to go.

Carol Emch '63

* * * * *

Miss Dewing: "Have you given
 the goldfish fresh water?"

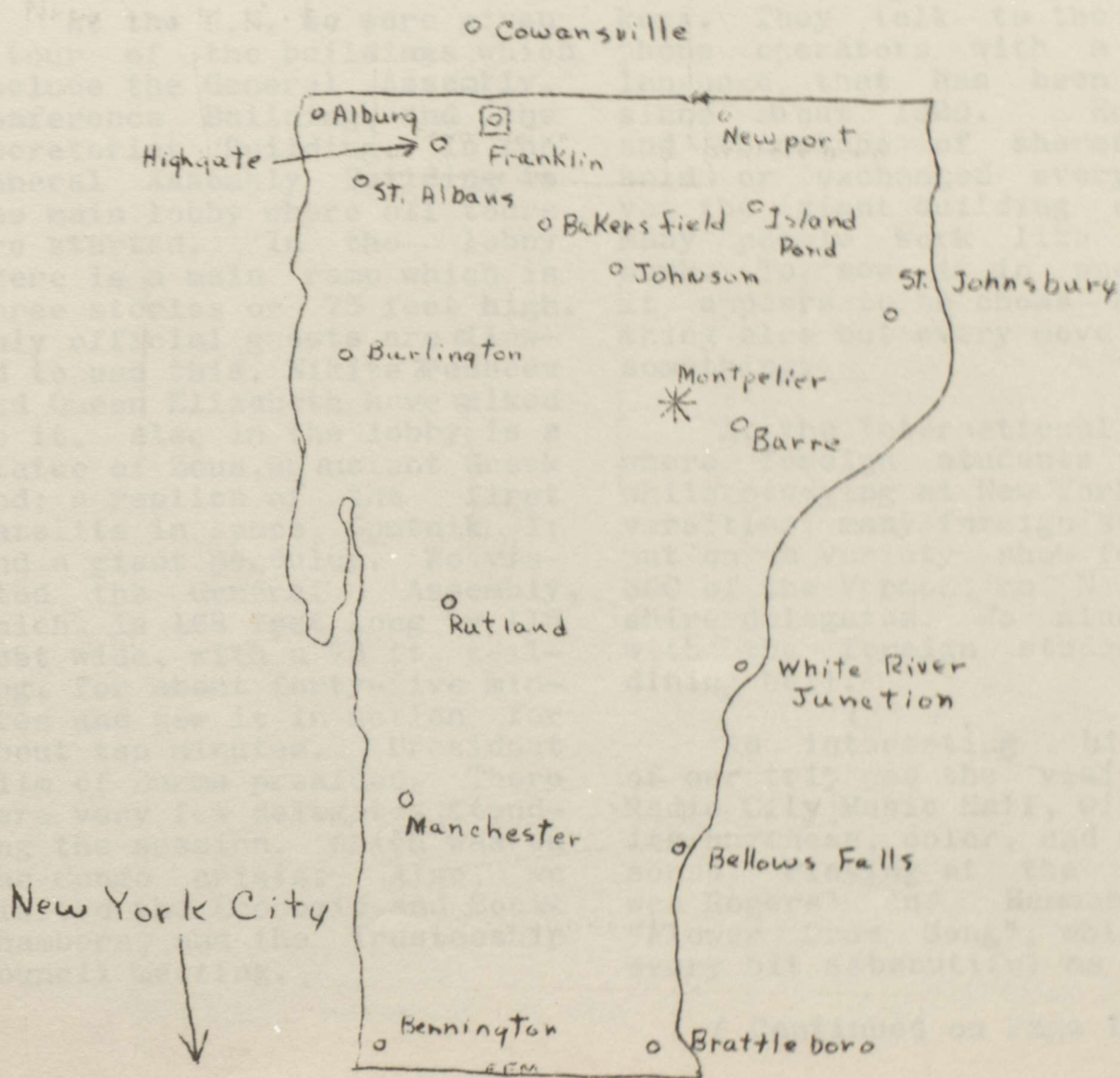
Gary L: "No, Miss Dewing, they
 didn't finish the water I gave
 them yesterday."

TRIPS

St. Albans 20

Barre 62

361 New York City



TWO SENIORS IN NEW YORK CITY

This year the Student Council, Federated Church and St. Marys' Catholic Church sponsored for the first time two delegates to the United Nations and New York City on November 20, 21, and 22.

While in New York we stayed at the Chesterfield Hotel which is near all points of interest on Manhattan Island. Besides visiting the United Nations we visited the American Stock Exchange, Chinatown, The Bowry, Greenwich Village, Empire State Building, Fish Market, Fifth Avenue, Radio City Music Hall, and the International House.

At the U.N. we were given a tour of the buildings which include the General Assembly, Conference Building, and the Secretariat Building. In the General Assembly Building is the main lobby where all tours are started. In the lobby there is a main ramp which is three stories or 75 feet high. Only official guests are allowed to use this. Nikita Khrushchev and Queen Elizabeth have walked up it. Also in the lobby is a statue of Zeus, an ancient Greek God; a replica of the first satellite in space, Sputnik I; and a giant pendulum. We visited the General Assembly, which is 165 feet long by 115 feet wide, with a 75 ft. ceiling, for about forty-five minutes and saw it in action for about ten minutes. President Slim of Burma presided. There were very few delegates attending the session, which was on the Congo crisis. Also, we visited the Economic and Social Chambers, and the Trusteeship Council Meeting.

The east-facades of the 39-story Secretariat Building are surfaced with blue-green glass and aluminum. This building contains all the offices of the United Nations.

The Conference Building contains chambers for the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council, and the Security Council. We had one meal in the Delegates dining hall that serves hundreds everyday.

Anyone really has to visit the American Stock exchange on Wall Street to believe how it works. Thousands upon thousands of shares are sold every day and not a paper is signed nor a word spoken by the brokers. They talk to the telephone operators with a sign language that has been used since about 1920. Hundreds and thousands of shares are sold or exchanged everyday and yet the giant building and its many people work like clock work. To see it in operation it appears to be chaos and nothing else but every move means something.

At the International House where foreign students stay while studying at New York universities; many foreign students put on a variety show for all 300 of the Vermont and New Hampshire delegates. We also ate with the foreign students in dining hall.

An interesting highlight of our trip was the visit to Radio City Music Hall, with all its hugeness, color, and dynamic sound. Playing at the "Ball" was Rogers' and Hammerstein's "Flower Drum Song"; which is every bit as beautiful as adver-

FRESHMAN VISIT
THE FRANKLIN COUNTY BANK

Our class visited the Franklin County Bank Thursday, November 16, 1961. Our guide, Mr. Steele, met us in the lobby of the bank. He first showed and explained the vault which is divided into two sections. One part is where they keep their working capital of about \$100,000 and the other part is where the safe-deposit boxes are located. The door of the vault weighed 7 tons and had four timers which controlled the opening of the door. We then went behind the cashiers' counters and there we saw the many different machines which the tellers use in their work. We saw where the night depository was located and its purpose explained. We were then taken to the Trust Department on the third floor. This department handles loans and wills. The director's room and two consultation rooms are also located on this floor. This floor had recently been remodeled as a part of the remodeling program in progress at the bank. An interesting aspect of the tour was the Director's Room. Once you step into the room, you sink for what seems at least a couple of inches into the rug on the floor. Walking on such a rug as this gives one the impression of being within "plush" surroundings.

We were then taken to the second floor where the bank's bookkeeping work was done. It was interesting to note a machine which did the work of at least five people. This was a check sorting machine and it was very interesting to watch in operation.

We then returned to the

first floor of the bank and were shown various types of materials which were available to a bank customer in the lobby of the bank. Some of us took some of these as souvenirs from the bank. We thanked Mr. Steel for his time and headed for home with a much broader knowledge of bank operations.

Claire Breault '65

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES
VISIT GRANITE QUARRY

On October 13, 1961 the seventh and eighth grades went on an Educational Field Trip to Rock of Ages Granite Quarry in Barre, Vermont. When we arrived we went into the Souvenir Shop where they gave us postcards to mail home. Then we had a guided tour to the quarry where we stayed about twenty minutes. On the way back to the shop we went through "Hercules," the Engine. Then we went to the Finishing Room before noon. After we left there, we stopped at a picnic area to eat our lunches. We then went to the Flood Control Dam in East Barre. This dam was built about 1937 by the Federal Government in co-operation with the state of Vermont. It was built to prevent floods caused by swollen rivers and spring thaws down through the Winooski Valley to Burlington.

Rita Myott '66
Shirley Emch '66

* * * * *

"It isn't the cough that carries you off, it's the coffin they carry you off-in."

The Wise Advisor '64

CLASS OFFICERS

7th. grade

President.....Joyce Benjamin
 Vice President...Linda Elwood
 Secretary.....Gary Benjamin
 Treasurer.....Ruth Ann Magnant
 Student Council..Charley Russell

8th. grade

President.....David Magnant
 Vice President...Brenda Pittell
 Secretary.....Rita Myott
 Treasurer.....Leo Brouseau
 Student Council..Shirley Lmch

Freshman

President.....Claire Breault
 Vice President...Donna Macsley
 Secretary.....Lenny Harrod
 Treasurer.....Ruth Myott
 Student Council..Bonnie Elwood

Sophomore

President.....Mary Lou Richard
 Vice President...Carol Sweeney
 Secretary.....Darlene Jewett
 Treasurer.....Raymond Magnant
 Student Council..June Pelkey

Junior

President.....Robert Magnant
 Vice President...Richard Patterson
 Secretary.....Carol Lmch
 Treasurer.....Carol Lmch
 Student Council..Robert Magnant

Senior

President.....Don Richard
 Vice President...Gary Lothian
 Secretary.....Brenda Lajo
 Treasurer.....Larry Myott
 Student Council..Richard Cooper

STUDENT COUNCIL

President:
 Larry Myott

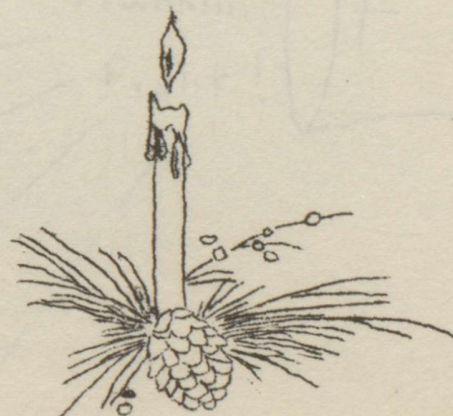
Vice-President:
 Richard Cooper

Secretary:
 June Pelkey

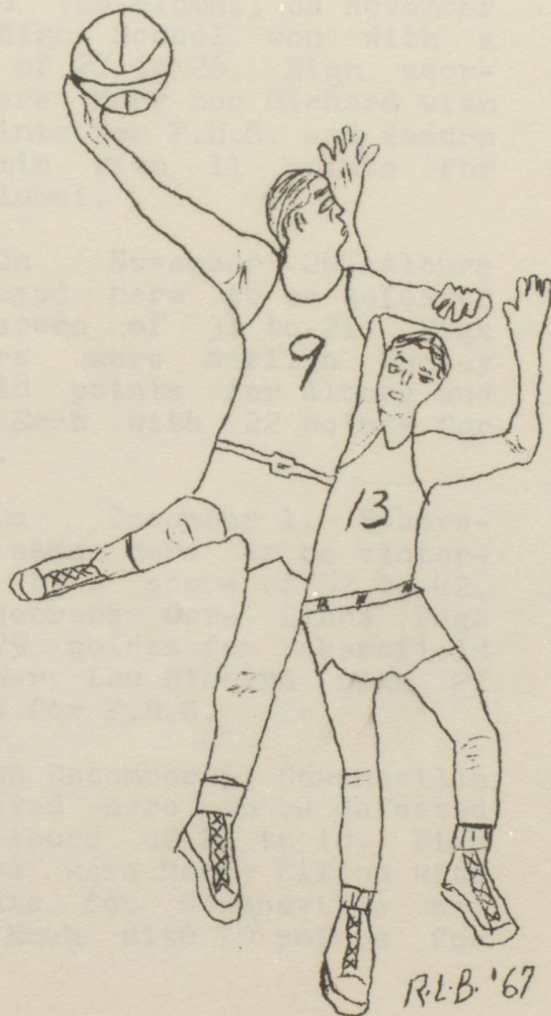
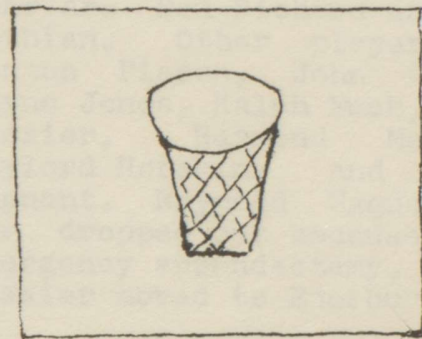
Treasurer:
 Robert Magnant

*Christmas
 Greetings*

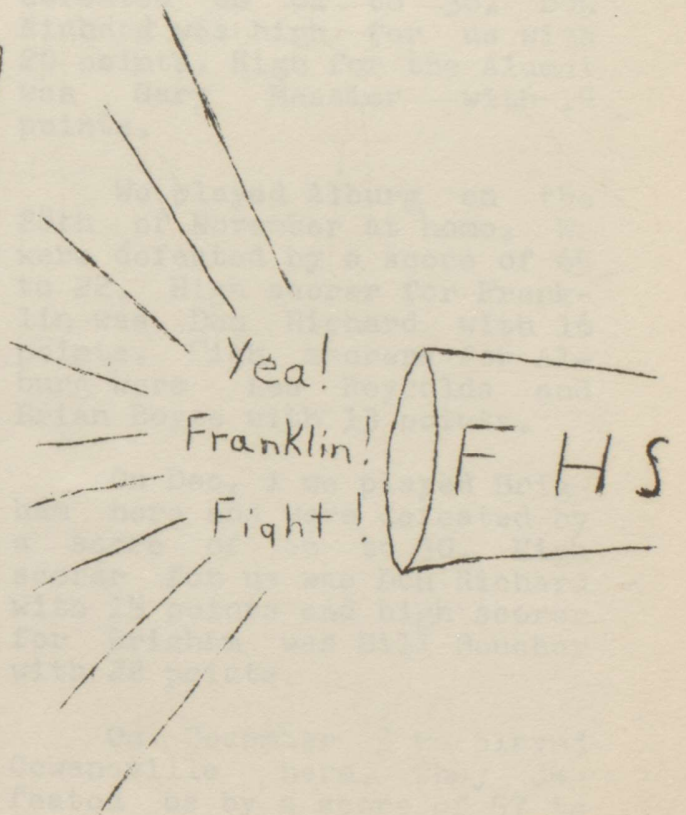
FROM
 THE
 STAFF
 AND
 FACULTY



S P O R T S



R.L.B. '67



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

1961-1962

The girls' basketball practice started on November 1st. Ten girls signed up for this season. They are: Mary Lou Richard, Brenda Mayo, Carol Emch, Polly Wright, Carol Sweeney, Laurel Stanley, Ruth Ann Magnant, Brenda Kittell, Donna Peaslee, and Shirley Emch, with Mr. Mudgett and Mr. Thomas Messier as coaches.

Unfortunately we have lost one of our up and coming players for about a month on account of an accident. We are looking forward to her return.

For our first game, we played the Alumni, on November 25. High School won with a score of 27 to 26. High scorers were Mary Lou Richard with 12 points for F.H.S. and Sandra Benjamin with 11 points for the Alumni.

On November 28, Alburg journeyed here to be defeated by a score of 31 to 21. High scorers were Marilyn Mumlay with 18 points for Alburg and Carol Emch with 22 points for F.H.S.

On December 1, Bakersfield came here to be victorious by a score of 52 to 42. High scorers were Linda Page with 25 points for Bakersfield and Mary Lou Richard with 21 points for F.H.S.

On December 5, Cowansville journeyed here to be defeated by a score of 21 to 18. High scorers were Nancy Fillion with 8 points for Cowansville and Carol Emch with 10 points for F.H.S.

Johnson	Here	December	8
Highgate	There	December	20
Johnson	There	January	19
Highgate	Here	January	23
Brigham	There	February	9
Cowansville	There	???	

More games will be scheduled.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

We had our first practice the first of November. Two of our first squad back from last year are Don Richard and Gary Lothian. Other players are Kenton Pierce, John Pierce, Wayne Jones, Ralph Emch, James Messier, Raymond Magnant, Gaylord Horskin, and Robert Magnant. Raymond Magnant later dropped out because of an emergency appendectomy. James Messier moved to Enosburg.

We played the Alumni on the 25th of November. They defeated us 62 to 38. Don Richard was high for us with 20 points. High for the Alumni was Gary Messier with 19 points.

We played Alburg on the 28th of November at home. We were defeated by a score of 65 to 22. High scorer for Franklin was Don Richard with 16 points. High scorers for Alburg were Lee Reynolds and Brian Boyce with 13 points.

On Dec. 1 we played Brigham here and were defeated by a score of 66 to 30. High scorer for us was Don Richard with 15 points and high scorer for Brigham was Bill Boucher with 22 points.

On December 5 we played Cowansville here. They defeated us by a score of 57 to 27. High scorer for the

Cowansville team was P. Jordan with 16 points. High scorer for Franklin was Gary Lothian with 13 points.

The remaining schedule is the same as the girls. More games will be scheduled.

Robert Magnant '63

FALL SOFTBALL

The girls who went out for Softball this year were: Mary Lou Richard, Polly Wright, Carol Sweeny, Donna Peaslee, Brenda Kittell, Ruth Myott, Laurel Stanley, Shirley Emch, Ruth Ann Magnant and Carol Emch with Mr. Mudgett as coach.

October 2, for our first game, Enosburg came here to be victorious with a score of 22 to 5. Pitchers were Mary Northrup for Enosburg and Donna Peaslee for F.H.S.

October 9, we went to Enosburg to be defeated with a score of 14 to 12. Winning pitcher was Mary Northrup. Losing pitcher was Mary Lou Richard for F.H.S.

Carol Emch '63

FALL BASEBALL


Our squad for our fall team was fairly large, They were F. Lafley, D. Couture, D. Richard, G. Lothian, R. Magnant, R. Cooper, R. Patterson, G. Corey, A. Granger, R. Domingue, R. Boudreau, R. Wright, R. Emch, G. Benjamin, L. Brosseau.

On Sept. 27 Enosburg ventured here for our first game and was victorious by a score of 16 to 2. Winning pitcher was Coe and the losing pitcher was Don Richard.


We traveled to Bakersfield on Sept. 28 where we defeated them by a score of 9 to 3. Winning pitcher was Robert Magnant and the losing pitcher was Bill Boucher.

We had a few more games but they were canceled.

Robert Magnant '63



 CONGRATULATIONS!!

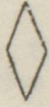


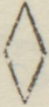
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

 PLAYERS--

 ON


 A



 FINE JOB

NEWS

- Sept. 5, 1961 - School opened with a solid session.
- Sept. 6, - Solid session was held because of the Franklin Northwest District Teachers Meeting
- Sept. 8 - Midshipman Daniel W. Clark of the University of Washington gave an illustrated talk of Hawaii
- Sept. 13 - Senior pictures were taken by Morris Studio.
- Sept. 14 - Senator Marshall Dunham spoke to the 7th & 8th grades about the Legislature.
- Solid session was held because of the Franklin Teachers' Meeting.
- Sept. 19 - The movie, "American Roads" was shown by Mrs. Clark.
- Sept. 21 - The movie, "American Cowboys" was shown to the 7th & 8th grades.
- Sept. 29 - The Junior and Senior High School began their annual magazine drive.
- Oct. 5 - The movie, "Men of Gloucester" was shown by Mrs. Clark.
- Oct. 6 - Freshman Initiation and Reception was sponsored by the Sophomore class. A dance followed with music by "The Buccaneers". The Sophomore class took in over \$90.00 and had a profit of \$40.00.
- Oct. 9 - The Home Economics class visited Mr. & Mrs. William Kittell's new home.
- Oct. 10 - The movie, "One Road" was shown to grades 7 & 8.
- Oct. 13 - Grades 7 & 8 took a trip to the Barre Granite Quarries and the East Barre Flood Control Dam.
- Oct. 14 - The Junior and Senior High School attended the State Day Football game at U.V.M.
- Oct. 19 & 20 - School was closed for annual Teachers' Convention
- Oct. 20 - The magazine drive ended. The profit for the school was about \$150.00.
- Oct. 30 - The movie, "Hosiery.....A girls Best Friend" was shown to the Home Economics class.

- Oct. 31 - The movie, "African Rhythms" was shown to the High School.
The school children collected pennies for UNICEF.
They collected \$35.61.
- Nov. 3 - The Junior and Senior classes attended Career Day at B.F.A. in St. Albans.
- Nov. 6 - Grade 8 started to sell subscriptions for Vermont Life.
Hot Lunches began with Mrs. Madeline Messier and Mrs. Anna White.
- Nov. 10 - The Senior Class held a card party. They had a profit of over \$30.00.
- Nov. 15 - The movie, "Song of the Cloud" was shown by Mrs. Clark.
- Nov. 16 - General Business visited the Franklin County Bank in St. Albans.
- Nov. 17 - The High School students received shots.
The annual school plays which were to be held on these two nights were postponed because of sickness in the High School. They will be held December 15-16.
- Nov. 21 - Ear tests were given.
- Nov. 23-24 - The school was closed due to the Thanksgiving week-end.
- Nov. 30 - School was closed because of the snow.
- Dec. 5 - 20 - These movies were shown: "The Case of the Bewildered Bride"; "This Town Sure Has Changed"; "Pipeline 12"; "17 Centuries Into Focus"; "Hail the Hearty".
- Dec. 20 - A Christmas Party will be held during the afternoon.
- Dec. 22 - A Christmas Ball will be held at the Town Hall, sponsored by the Freshman.
- Special - News has been received that Rita Myott won second prize in the State Forestry Essay Contest. David Magnant received an Honorable mention.

Laurel Stanley '64
Carol Sweeney '64

ALUMNI NEWS

Class of '61

Carole Benjamin is staying at home.

Herman Benjamin and Sandra Lothian '60 were married November 17 at the Methodist Church in Franklin. They are staying at the Benjamin home.

John Chalifoux is working for his father.

Alice Magnant is employed by the Mary Fletcher Hospital. Her address is:

214 King Street
Burlington, Vermont

Gary Messier is employed by his father.

Richard Toof is attending Johnson Teachers College.

Barbara West and Richard Boudreau '59 were married September 2 in the Episcopal Church in Enosburg Falls.

Donna White is at home. She was recently employed by Forest Hills Factory Outlet.

Morgan Wright is working for the town.

Class of '60

John Dunton is attending Keene Teachers College. His address is:

41 Winchester Street
Monadnock Hall
Keene Teachers College
Keene, New Hampshire

David Westcot is in the Air Force. His address is:

A/3c David J. Westcot
A.F. 12617609 1st Fighter Wing, ADC
Selfridge Air Force Base, Michigan

Wanita Lafley is working in Sumerville, Mass. Her address is:

2 Auburn Avenue
Sumerville, Massachusetts

Class of '59

Richard Westcot is working in Springfield, Vermont. His address is

24 Herrick Street
Springfield, Vermont

Jackie Granger joined the Air Force after Graduation. His address is:

A/3e John P. Granger, AF11369675
429th Air Refueling Sq., Box 201
Langley Air Force Base, Virginia
He will be sent to the Azores December 12.

* * * * *

Pfc. Albert H. Tatro, RA. 22884253
4th Cav. HQ. Co. c/s, APO 24
Camp McKensie, Korea
Oakland, California

* * * * *

James Westcott (ex. '57) is home on leave. His address is:

James Westcott AF 22884140
W.A.D.S. Box 512
Fort Lee, Virginia

* * * * *

James Wright is stationed at Travis Air Force Base, California, his home address is:

1335 Crowley Lane
Fairfield
California

* * * * *

Marriages

On August 26 Sandra Benjamin '56 and Ronald Anderson were married in the East Franklin Union Church.

Donna Clifford ex. 63 and Wayne King ex. '55 were married September 29 in the East Franklin Union Church by Rev. Bigelow.

James Wright and Phyllis Stanley were united in marriage December 1, in California.

* * * * *

Births

Edward Sargent and Arlene (Wright) Sargent '52 are proud parents of a baby boy, Timothy Jay, born on May 24.

Edward Granger '56 and Yolande (Giguere) Granger became parents of a boy, Steven Allen, born June 20.

To Alfred Columb '54 and Katherine (Lambert) Columb, a boy, Ronald Mark, born July 2.

Edmund Jette '55 and Beverly (Hubbard) Jette '55 became parents of a girl, Rebeca Louise, born July 8.

Bruce Stanley '51 and Rosemary (Jette) Stanley '51 are proud parents of a girl, Lynn Marie, born August 14.

To Howard Gates and Mary (Towle) Gates '53 a boy, Jonathan, born August 17.

Richard Benjamin ex. '35 and Georgette (Boisvert) Benjamin became parents of a boy, David Richard, born on October 21.

Walter Barnum ex. '54 and Shirley (Glidden) Barnum '53 became proud parents of a girl, Bernice Kay, on November 3.

Polly Wright '64

(Continued from Page 28)

Last but not least of the Seniors is Gary (babyface) Lothian. I can't think of too much to say about him. He has been pretty good this past semester. One thing I do know about him is he has his eye on a certain girl in a lower class.

They tell me that Polly Wright dropped Geometry to take Shorthand. Wonder why?????

Raymond Magnant has been seen writing letters. I believe they were addressed to Sheldon Springs. Who lives there that is so interesting??

Ruth and Rita Myott are very conservative on the trips to CYO. I hear that Larry can't do anything but what they go back and tell Ma & Pa.

Richard Patterson has been seen buying odd pieces of furniture and dishes. Good luck in what ever you attempt.

I'll be writing again in May.

As ever,
Gussie Gadwood

JOKES

Well, boys and girls, here I am
to fill you in on the latest
news from around town
school. This column is for
the boys and girls to
read. It's not a very
big one, but it's
worth a read.



P. R. '27

GREETINGS

From

Gabbie Gertie



Well, boys and girls, here I am to fill you in on the latest gossip from around town and school. This column is new to the PISCULE so take heed and read with both eyes open. Keep an open mind as you read this and remember the more gossip I hear the more I can pass along to you. So please, if you have any gossip, come see me!

Now the other day PENNY HANCOCK and TUMI YOFF were sitting in the typing room making eyes at MR. MUDGETT while he was trying desperately to correct the General Business 9-week exams. From what I hear it didn't help their marks any, or did it gals? Have you got any coons BRENDA MAYO? Heerd tell you were out with CHARLIE (???) lookin' for coon, so they said. One evening I walked in to the Sweetshop and who should be making a commotion and noise in the corner, but none other than the DARLENE'S JEWETT and GREENWOOD. They were playing "Spin the Bottle" and grabbing and embracing innocent bystanding males to collect their just reward. I saw DONNIE RICHARD fighting for a place closer to the table. If I'm not mistaken I saw KENTON'S head bob up and down once or twice. We all know that RAYMOND MAGNANT was in the hospital. He says he didn't even see the nurses that attended him, but I think he was blushing a bit as he spoke about it. Franklin High must have a new

song as I overheard POLLY WRIGHT and DARLENE GREENWOOD singing something about "Pop goes the Weasel." Anything to it girls? The morning of the big snowstorm someone told me that MADELINE FIELDS had to swim three snowdrifts in order to get to school on time for her first class. Apparently someone had stopped in to give her a lift to school and she had to come, reluctantly. Someone pointed out to me the other day that the doors to MR. MUDGETT'S room have some cracks in them and apparently some of the students have been peeking through both sides of them to see what was going on in the other room. I guess most of them found out what was on the other side. How about it GAYLORD HOSKIN and LAUREL STANLEY? Have you bailed out BIG BAD JOEN yet, DARLENE GREENWOOD or is it because the bail is too high? Well, MARY LOU RICHARD have you been passed any more cookies lately? GAYLORD HOSKIN seems to be having bad luck with the cookie business. As I walked along the hall about six weeks after school started I noticed some notes on the "Lost and Found" bulletin. Some of them I couldn't quite make out but I did remember seeing something about Minister Hill and MARY LCU and also about a cold evening and MADELINE and about KENTON and his cows. RICHARD COOPER received a package in the mail soon after school started and as far as I know he has never told anyone what was in the parcel. Going to give in DICK? Where were you Saturday, November 18, GARY LOTHIAN? Someone told me you were out visiting friends. So this is the end of our little visit. I'll close for now and hope to see you next time around.

Gabbie Gertie '70

*Happy Holiday
to
Folks!*

IT'S LISTMAS TIME AGAIN

Now is the time of year when you address Christmas cards to friends and relatives, teachers and pets (I do) and to all those people you've forgotten--but who keep sending you a card.

It is the season when there wells up in your heart a deep desire to be warm and friendly, thoughtful, considerate, genuine, polite, lovable--and Rich. Because underneath all this jollity, and all the junk in your purse, lies THE LIST. I am working on a very special one for this year. Nothing and no one will be overlooked. And it goes like this:

TO Mrs. C's dog, SAMBO: A Christmas bon-us.

TO CATS (like Don Richard): Instant mice to save the trouble of hunting up a breakfast.

TO BIRDS (like Gary Lothian): No bills rendered.

TO POETS (like Kenton Pierce): Throat lozenges.

TO HENS (like Laurel Stanley): To each, eggs-actly, 100 grains of corn.

TO ASTRONAUTS (like Emus): Their fortunes told, with a prediction of great moon-ificence in store.

TO SINGERS (like Mr. Mudgett): A high C-note.

TO ZEBRAS: A license to conduct a stripe-tease.

TO CLOCK WATCHERS (students at F.H.S.): Hands quicker than the eye.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS OF WHALES: Lobby Clicks.

TO MY DESK: A magnetic box (filled with peanuts or fudge) so that I will be attracted to it more often.

TO MY ENGLISH TEACHER: An ax for splitting infinitives.

TO MY LATIN TEACHER: A hint on how to make the quote, "I came, I saw, I conquered" easy to remember. For example, before kissing her, Caesar.

TO MY HISTORY TEACHER: A pre-paid visit to the tent of Madam Ramar, "Seer of the future," just as a vacation from looking back all the time.

TO MY MATH TEACHER: A new kind of musical gift-box. It's called a "Euclid." You lift the lid and there's a uke inside.

TO TEEN-AGERS: More discipline, and the more lables the better.

TO SANTA CLAUS: A potatoe patch so he can ho-ho-ho.

TO MY PARENTS: A bunch of gold-plated skeleton keys, because they say I'm such a puzzle to them. And, of course, the real key to absolutely everything, all my love.

TO MY READERS: A Merry Christmas and above all, mistletoe.

Anonymous '64

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Robert Magnant with a clean face after basketball?
 Laurel Stanley not sputtering?
 Richard Cooper not picking on the girls?
 Gary Lothian shaving?
 Miss Dewing dancing the 'Twist'?
 Mr. Wood making any noise?
 John Bouchard being quiet?
 F.H.S. getting a new mimeograph?
 Mr. Mudgett being serious?
 Miss Dewing not loosing her voice in 6th & 7th periods?
 Miss Gates not complaining about something?
 Bonnie Elwood picking on the boys?
 Mrs. Clark being able to keep track of her study hall students?
 Larry Myott disagreeing with the teachers?
 Mr. Mudgett married?
 Franklin a city?
 Carol Emch in an all-girls' school?
 Anyone reading "Newsweek" in Problems or History classes?
 Carol Sweeney being able to walk home alone from play rehearsal?
 Geometry a study of figures for Robert and Larry?
 Sophomores not asking Seniors questions to "Newsweek" test?

WANTED:

Polly Wright.....Longer noon hours, (wonder why?).
 Laurel Stanley.....A blonde Highgate boy..
 Gaylord Horskin.....A large box of mixed cookies.
 Carol Emch.....A blue and white Ford.
 Darlene Jewett.....Minister Hill.
 Miss Dewing.....A new Senior class.
 Miss Gates.....A brilliant Geometry class.
 Mr. Wood.....A 'Learn to Spell' book.
 Mr. Mudgett.....An all girls' school.
 Mrs. Clark.....A thinned out 7th grade.
 Larry Myott.....More CYO trips.

WHAT IF:

Kenton Pierce smokes another cigar?
 Dale Greenwood studied in study hall?
 Raymond Magnant stopped talking?
 Richard Patterson was broke?
 We had a music class and everybody behaved?
 Ralph Emch was in school for a whole week?

DEFINITIONS:

DEAD BEAT-A real gone rhythm.
 HYPOCRATE-A person who sets a good example when he has an audience.
 WAFFLE-A pancake with a non-skid tread.
 MALE-A boy scout before he is sixteen, a girl scout thereafter.
 AUTOBIOGRAPHY-History of a car.
 ATOM- Eve's husband.

SONG HITS

I won't go hunting with you Jake
 (but I'll go chasin' wimmin').....Gary Lothian

Pop goes the weasle.....Mr. Mudgett.

The Twist.....Gaylord Horskin

Hound dog manDon Richard.

I'm Available.....Kenton Pierce

Battle of Kookamonga.....Franklin vs Highgate H.S.

Goodbye, Cruel World.....Miss Dewing in 7th grade
 Science class.

Love Me Tonight.....Anonymous

Big Bad John.....John Pierce

Tonight.....Saturdays.

Crazy.....Robert Magnant.

O blessed night.....Graduation

I Wonder Why??.....Geometry class

In the middle of an Island.....Franklin

State of Konfuzion
 U.S.A.

Dear Effie:

Well here I am again to report to you on those students at old F.H.S. They have a pretty fine group there I must admit.

First I will start with the Seniors.

Poor Brenda Mayo is the only girl in the class with four boys. I hope Charles doesn't mind too much. By the way, she has a very pretty diamond on her finger. Congratulations.

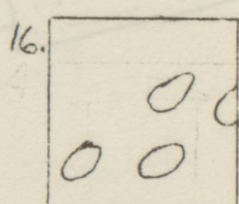
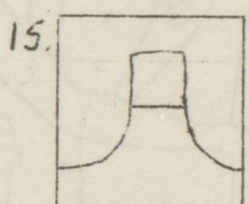
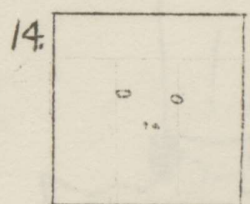
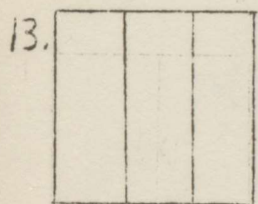
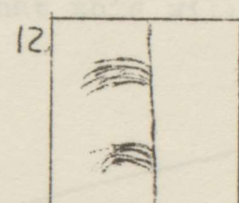
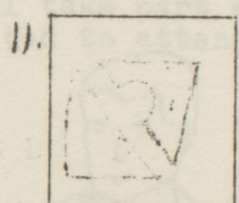
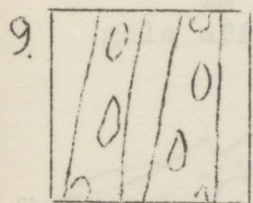
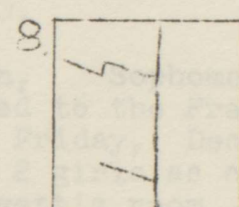
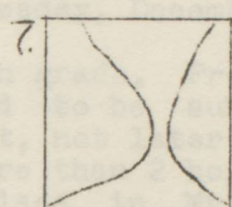
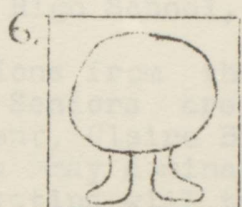
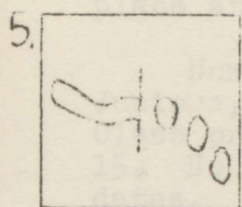
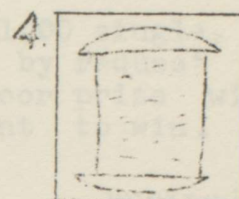
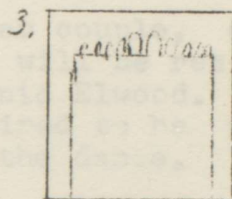
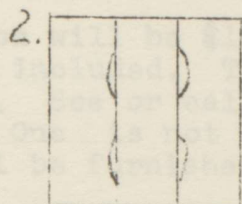
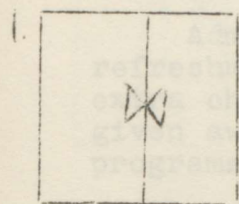
Richard Cooper and Don Richard have changed quite a bit since last year. Wonder if it is coon hunting in Don's case??? Maybe it was the graduating class of '61 that changed Richard.

Larry Myott was wearing a girls class ring with the initials "L.M.S." I wonder what happened? He hasn't got it any longer.

(Continued on Page 24)

DRIBBLING DOODLES

Try your skill and figure out the following items. You will have between now and the time the next Molecule is issued. Don't show your answers to your friends.



Unscramble the words:

tjniroa

rtwea

ntinprig

olheso

wtneeb

ihwet

lncepi

dfilu

pleeov

xsbeo

rppea

tttaeionn

sookb

ealbt

yrttreiwpe

ncliste

GOOD LUCK

See you next spring!

CHRISTMAS BALL

The Freshman Class is sponsoring a Christmas Ball to be held at the Franklin Town Hall, December 22, 1961. This dance is semi-formal, with dancing from 8 p.m. to 12 p.m.

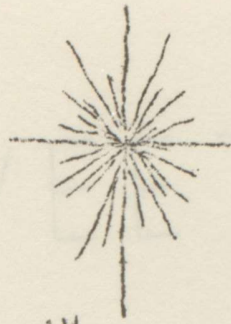
Admission will be \$1.75 per couple, and \$1.00 single, with refreshments included. Tables will be reserved by request at no extra charge. See or call Bonnie Elwood. A door prize will be given away. One is not required to be present to win! Dance programs will be furnished at the dance.

The highlight of the evening will be the crowning of a king and queen to reign over the dance, at 9 p.m. Voting will take place at the High School, Wednesday, December 20.

Nominations from the 8th grade, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors are asked to be submitted to the Freshmen Class president, Claire Breault, not later than Friday, December 15. No class may nominate more than 2 boys or 2 girls as candidates. The voting will take place in Mr. Mudgett's room, Wednesday, December 20, from 12:30 to 12:45, by secret ballot.

We hope that everyone will take part and that this will be a gala affair. Everyone is invited to attend.





here will
always be a

CHRISTMAS

With the lovely

SHINING STAR

So full of HAPPINESS

and HOPE

No matter where

we are.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

ROBERT SWEENEY

FRANKLIN

TEL. 23

Happy
Holiday Season

COMPLIMENTS

OF

S. A. McDERMOTT
TYDOL SERVICE

May all the bright
and beautiful
blessings
that Christmas
brings —
be yours.

SWEET SHOP

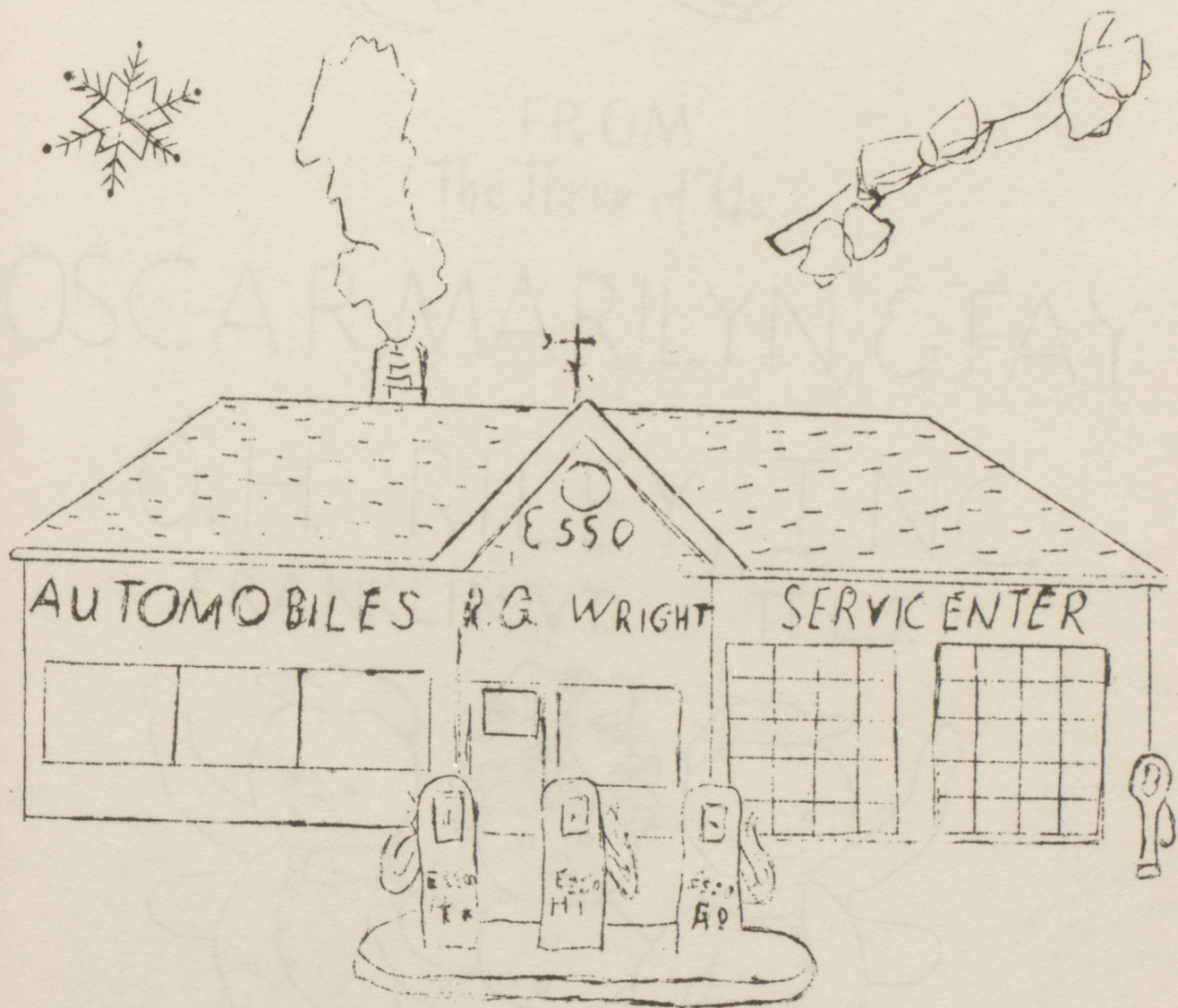
ARMAND GABORIAULT, PROP.



SHOP THE OLD WAY
NOT THE GRAND WAY!

TEL. 010

DICK WRIGHT FORD SALES



Esso PRODUCTS ACCESSORIES

TEL. 24 FRANKLIN, V.T.

Merry Christmas

FROM
The Three of Us

OSCAR, MARILYN, & FAY

O. H. RILEY, INC.

FRANKLIN, VT. TEL. 22



BENJAMIN'S GARAGE

M.H. BENJAMIN, PROP.

ELECTRIC AND ACETYLENE WELDING

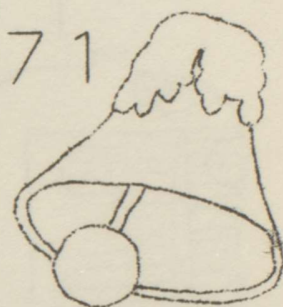
GENERAL REPAIRING

FRANKLIN, VT.

TEL. 271

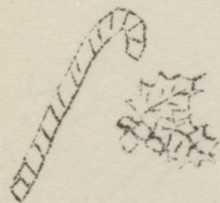
*Best
Wishes*

GREETINGS



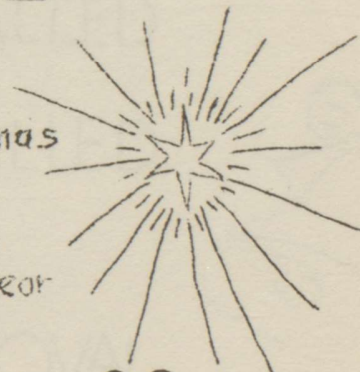
COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
FRANKLIN

CASH MARKET



To wish you good cheer at Christmas

and much happiness in the New Year

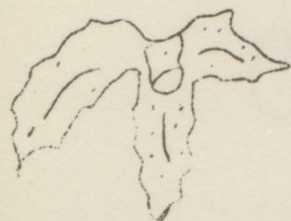


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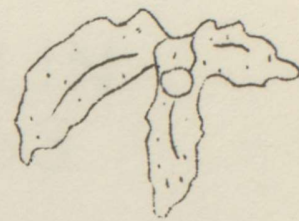
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ALAN BENJAMIN

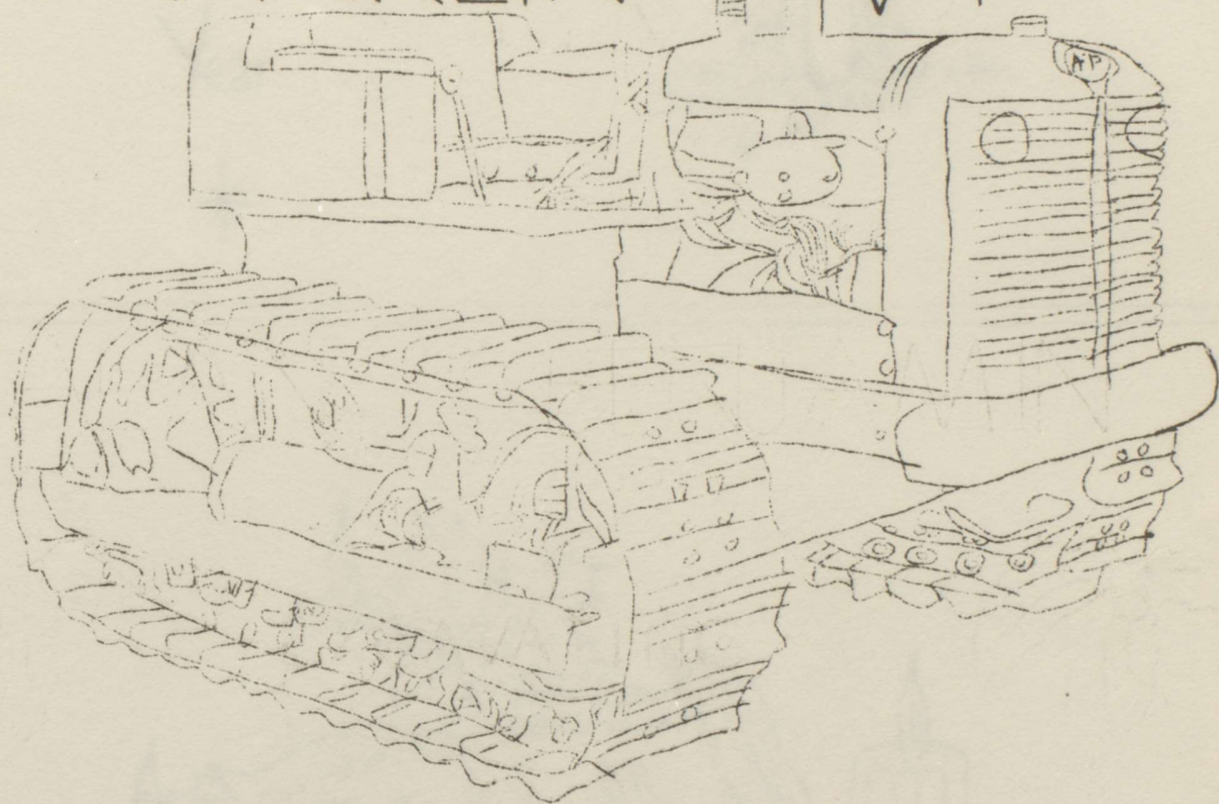
CHARLES MULLEN



EXCAVATING



FRANKLIN DVT



WATER LINES INSTALLED

SEPTIC TANK INSTALLED

GRAVEL

TREE + STUMP REMOVAL

LOGGING





Merry
Christmas
and a
Happy New
Year

CHARLES MULLEN

FRANKLIN

TEL. 163

