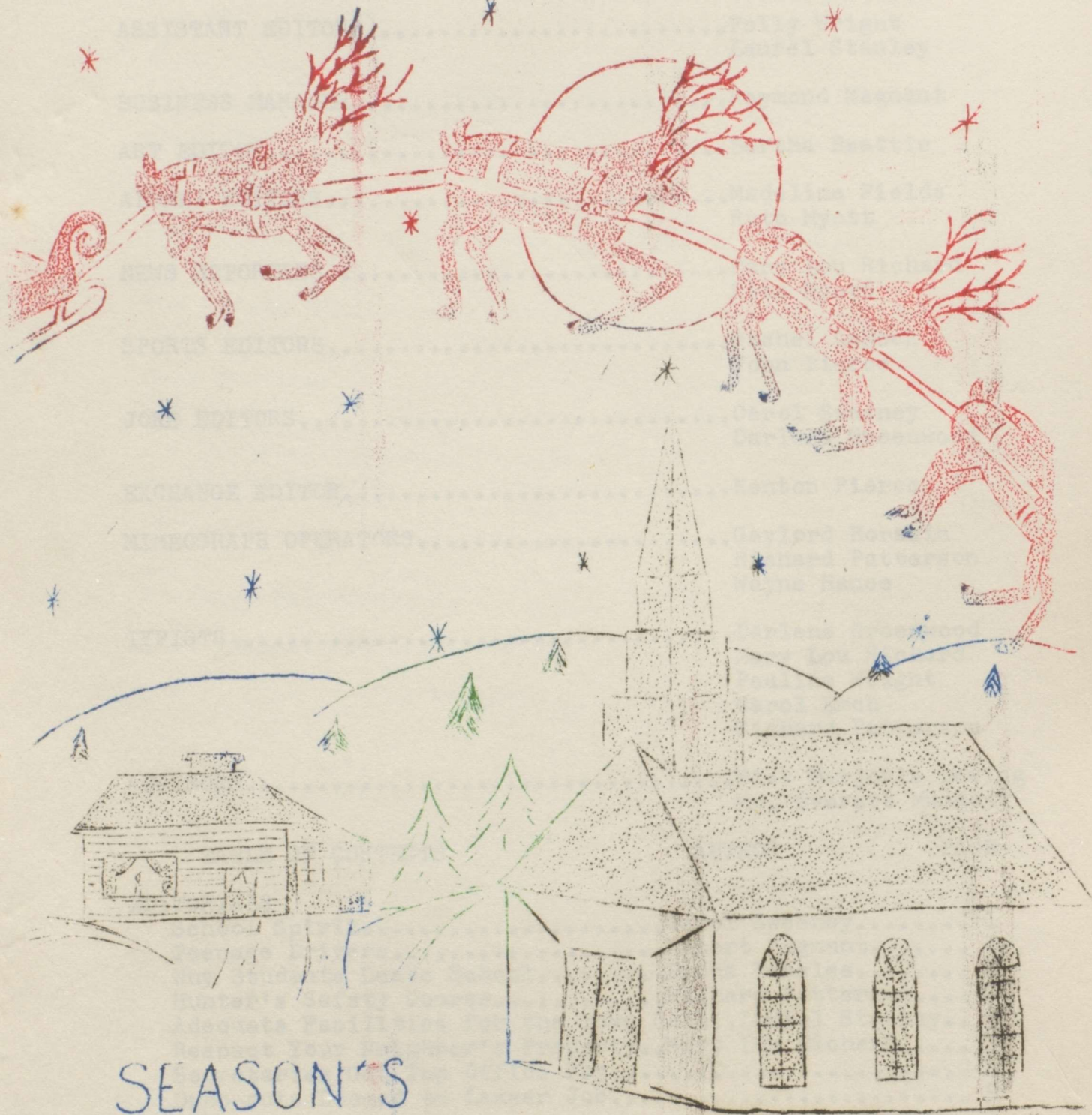


MOLECULE*

FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL



SEASON'S
GREETINGS
DECEMBER 1962



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MOLECULE STAFF 1962 - 1963

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EDITORIALS



EPA

SCHOOL SPIRIT (or lack of it)

Last year when basketball season started we looked forward to a good year. The girls' team looked promising and the boys were doing their best.

Well, the season was under way and one of the first games was played here. The visiting team arrived with a cheering squad and an appreciative audience. We had had a cheering squad, but by this time they had given up from lack of enthusiasm on the part of spectators. Our supporters numbered about ten, all of whom were in the lower grades. We would like to thank them for attending.

Where were the rest of you? Oh, I know, some of you are saying, and I quote from reliable sources, "There's never any fire in the hall and we always freeze if we sit near those drafty windows." This year we hope arrangements will be made to have fire at all our school functions. Another argument might be, "They never win anyway so why go to the games?" In answer to that I might say that a little support on your part wouldn't hurt our chances of winning. It's very discouraging to walk onto the floor and see a row of empty seats staring back at us.

This year when the season starts let's see a few of you television fans on the sidelines. We need your support. And remember--THIS MEANS YOU!!

Carol Sweeney '64

TEENAGE DRIVERS

You may not think I have any knowledge about driving, because I haven't obtained my license as yet, as you all know. But I have been with as many different teenage drivers I think, as any student in this school, and I have a reasonable understanding about the way they think and drive.

In my opinion, the "American Teenagers" (I am referring to the male sex of course) are some of the best drivers of automobiles in the world. Most of them have sharper vision, better coordination, and quicker reflexes, than say, a person twenty-five years older than they. Some of them, not all, have had special training for the exact purpose of driving a car, which their fathers might not, in fact probably did not, have access to. They have, in my opinion, much greater insight as to the speed in which their car will go, which is sometimes just the opposite.

But the teenager also has the tendency to travel at such a speed that, even with his greater abilities, makes it harder for him to drive a car as well as his older predecessors. He also tends to disobey traffic laws, not excluding hitting one hundred miles an hour in a fifty mile per hour zone. He loves to brag about his car to others on the speed it will go, and to prove it, he either "bombs around by himself" or "drags" with the others.

In short a teenager likes "speed." He likes to be better than other people, and when

he gets behind the wheel of a car he has the power of being better than they are or, to put it bluntly, "deader" than they are. When a 130 pound teenager gets behind the wheel of a 2700 lb. car, it is in my opinion, like a man ready to push the detonator connected to an atomic bomb.

I'm a teenager and I can't say that I don't like to travel fast in a car, but I think that if the teenagers I ride with would drive at the same rate of speed as their older predecessors, they would not only be the best drivers in the world today, but there might be more of them living until their 21st birthday.

Robert Magnant '63

WHY STUDENTS LEAVE SCHOOL

In today's world you need all the education you can get and yet, there are hundreds of boys and girls leaving school each year. As many as seventy-five per cent of these youngsters are going to lead hard lives and all because of the fact that they left school and did not graduate.

In some cases the teenagers have good reasons for leaving, but these are few. Most of them quit school because it costs so much for books and clothing that they just can't afford to go. This is really not a good reason because some towns and cities have funds which pay for the youngsters who are too poor to attend school. In doing this the towns are giving their future citizens a better chance for a better living in the future.

Other teens quit because they just like trouble, and they cannot be bothered with such things as school and school work. So they drop out of school, but they usually terminate by getting their education in a state reform school.

Some teenagers just don't have the mental ability that their classmates have and generally end up two or three years behind the children with whom they started school and they quit because they think they're being ridiculed.

And still there are others who do it just for "kicks". They quit and go into a branch of the armed forces, but even here they find it necessary to have an education in order to get anywhere. They usually finish their education in the armed forces. After this they have a more promising future ahead of them.

Donna Peaslee '65

HUNTER'S SAFETY COURSE

Many states have passed laws compelling young hunters to take and to pass a hunter's safety course before they are issued their hunting license. In these states hunting accidents have been cut down as much as half. These lessons teach the young hunters how to shoot and use their guns carefully. After a certain number of lessons they have to take a final exam and pass it; then they are issued their hunting licenses. They learn to ask six basic questions before they shoot.

- A. What is its
 1. color?
 2. size?
 3. movement?
 4. location?
- B. What is it doing?
- C. Finally: Where is everybody?

However, many hunters are very careful and make sure of what they are shooting at. But a lot of hunters are careless and shoot at the first thing that they see move. I think that this law should be passed in Vermont. The instructors could be paid by the fees collected from the hunting licenses.

Richard Patterson '63

ADEQUATE FACILITIES FOR THE TOWN HALL

The Franklin Town Hall has been the activity center in Franklin for many years. The school uses it for dances, the plays, basketball, graduation, the spring concert and for any other needs that may arise. Some of these activities require dressing rooms and water. While the facilities were suitable for ten or twenty years ago, they are not for the present day and age.

The basketball teams use the town hall all winter and need a fire. If there is to be any heat the boys have to take time from school to build the fire. Sometimes there just isn't any fire. To play basketball when your fingers are freezing requires a special knack; which most of the teams do not have.

Drinking water should be available but there are no fac-

ilities; faucets or fountains. If someone was hurt at basketball, water should be available.

The dressing rooms have been fixed and the furniture has been removed so the teams will have a warm place to change after a heated game of basketball. The rooms now need some new chairs and they need to be kept clean. The boys are also getting new facilities by partitions being set up in the basement.

We thank the town for removing the stairs which rid the hall of a very dangerous situation. The town hall has been steadily improving and now if the kids from school will refrain from throwing things all over and from writing on the walls, it will be a better place for all concerned.

You will notice that "No Smoking" signs have been placed in the hall in prominent places. It would be appreciated if you would smoke only in the hallway or down stairs. This will enable us to keep the hall clean, so please observe these rules. Thank you.

Laurel Stanley '64

RESPECT YOUR NEIGHBORS' PROPERTY

Most everyone knows what "respect your neighbors' property" means, but very few young people put this to use. They automatically forget its meaning when the proper chance comes to destroy or harm property. Yet if someone else does anything to their belongings it is a different story.

In my opinion this is entirely wrong, because in many cases, people have worked very hard to secure their property that is being destroyed. Yet it means nothing to the one who is destroying it.

There should not be in anyones' mind the thought of destruction that is going to hurt or deprive anyone else. It doesn't matter if it is a large or small amount destroyed, there is still the same thought behind it.

Respect for your neighbors' property may be applied in many different situations and places-whether it be at home, at school, at church, at a friend's house or at a public gathering of some type.

In some cases it is not entirely the fault of the young person for not having regard for the personal property of others. It may be the fault of the parents for not teaching their children that what is not theirs should be treated as if it were theirs and to respect it even more than they would their own. On the other hand the parent may have tried hard to make their child realize what the results of these acts of destruction mean to other people, but they do not always succeed in this task. Their own contemporaries have more influence.

As a person grows older he will have to start thinking for himself and sooner or later will have to make a living for himself. At this time he will come to realize more thoroughly the meaning that having one's property destroyed is nothing to laugh at,

even though he might have been a victim of this crime at some time or another.

If you should borrow something from another person make sure that it is returned in as good condition as it was given to you. Sometimes this is not possible to do, but, always try. I am sure we would like to have other people do the same for us.

Mary Lou Richard '64

SECRETARIES GET TOP OFFICE PAY

Extracted from the Monthly Labor Review; and taken from the Career Guidance Digest.

When you guide a young woman toward a secretarial career, you can rest assured that she is probably heading toward an excellent salary. So says the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Secretaries today earn a nationwide average wage of \$90.50 per week, the highest salary in the nation for any major female office position. (Only 11% of all secretaries earn less than \$70.00 per week, but 6% earn \$120.00 or more per week!)

Here are the national averages for the 10 major job categories listed for female office workers.

Job	Salary Per Week
1) Secretaries-----	\$90.50
2) Tabulating Machine Operators (average, all classes-----	\$81.75
3) Stenographers-----	\$76.00
4) Clerks (average: accounting, order, payroll)-----	\$74.75

- 5) Comptometer Operators-----\$74.00
- 6) Key punch Operators-----\$71.50
- 7) Switchboard Operators-----\$69.00
- 8) Typists (average, all classes)-----\$67.25
- 9) Office Girls-----\$57.00
- 10) File Clerks-----\$56.50

The conclusion is obvious. The girl who gets the better-paying office job (let's say, \$75 and above) is the girl who has been trained in either secretarial skills or book-keeping-machine skills. Education pays.

DROP-OUTS DOOMED TO LESSER JOBS

Extracted from the Monthly Labor Review; and taken from the Career Guidance Digest.

A girl needs a high school diploma and special business training if she wants to qualify for an office position.

Without either, she usually ends up with a "lower" caliber job. According to the Monthly Labor Review: "The difference in the caliber of jobs between drop-outs and graduates is even more evident among women (than among men). Only about one-sixth of the employed women drop-outs are office workers, compared with two-thirds of the women graduates." In other words, the girl who graduates is four times as likely to qualify for an office position

The girl who drops out before graduation must settle for a lesser position. What kind of work does she find? Here are the latest figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics:

Jobs Secured by High School Drop-outs

<u>Type of Job</u>	<u>Percentage</u>
Service Workers (waitress, elevator operators, etc.)	22%
Domestics	19%
Office Workers	17%
Farm Laborers	16%
Factory Workers	14%
Sales Clerks	10%
<u>Other</u>	<u>2%</u>
Total	100%

Moral: The same old story that you have told over and over again. Keep those girls in school till they graduate.

While visiting London, a Texan was bragging about how big everything was in Texas. A London man became exasperated and put a 200-lb. turtle in the Texan's bed. When the Texan came running out of his room and said, "There's something in my bed!" The London man said, "Oh, I see you found one of our bedbugs!"

Diane White: And I suppose this is one of those hideous caricatures you call modern art?

Museum guide: No, madam, that is a mirror.

STORIES



MY FIRST CAKE

When I reached the ripe old age of ten, I decided that I would bake my first cake. But, of course, it came from one of those mixes you get in a box. The reason for baking this cake was the most beautiful reason in the world to me. It was to be for my mother's birthday.

I had never done baking in an oven except for drop cookies. But I was sure I could accomplish a simple thing like baking a cake. After all, I had seen my mother do it hundreds of times before.

I took out all the dishes I would need and all the ingredients for the cake. Along with a few bits of eggshells in a large bowl, I set the batter under the mixer and set the mixer on "fast." Batter went flying all over the kitchen. I quickly shut off the mixer and poured what was left of the batter into two well-greased pans. The cake, in order to bake right, was supposed to rise at a certain temperature which was 350° and my oven was at 450°. This, I thought, would make the cake rise faster.

After I had put the cakes in the oven, I proceeded to make the frosting. I had heard on TV that if you add two eggwhites to your frosting it would make it fluffy so I did this. But my frosting wasn't the least bit fluffy. This was my first let-down. I checked on the cake to see how it was coming. To me it looked beautiful. After seeing my accomplishment I started making the colored frosting for

the decorations to be put on the cake. I made three different colors, pink for the roses, green for the leaves, and yellow for the trim. These all turned out fine.

Now it was time to take the cake from the oven. What a mess the two layers were! One looked like a ski slope, and the other looked as if Jay Peak had moved into the center of it. But what could I do? I frosted the cake and decorated it. I had put the layer that reminded me of Jay Peak on top. Instead of putting on candles, I took a toothpick and a little piece of paper shaped like a flag. I wrote on the flag how old my mother was and then stuck the toothpick on the top of the cake. I thought this was very original because it was the only thing that the box had not told me to do. Around the flag I wrote "Happy Birthday Mother" leaving out the "r" in birthday. Of course, when I tried putting the "r" in I made a real mess of the word birthday. When I tried to make the roses, they all turned out flat, but I must say that all the leaves were masterpieces.

When I finally finished the cake, it looked as if it had been hit by a tornado. So I sat down and started to cry. Then in walked my brother and being the right age to be hateful he laughed at me and even more at my cake. This made me cry all the more, and I was so unhappy that I hadn't noticed the time. It was quite late, almost time for Mom to come home. So I cleaned the kitchen and started washing the dishes. Just as I

finished, Mom walked in. And to my surprise she told me the cake looked beautiful and she said she could hardly wait to eat some.

We cooked supper and had the cake for dessert along with ice cream. I was certainly pleased with all the praise I received from my mother on how good the cake tasted. My little brother said it was good, too, and he suggested that we give some away because it was so good; to be given to our dog. I guess the idea was not to have it last so long. Who knows? ? ? ?

Donna Peaslee '65

THE BEAR CHASE

The story takes place on a small farm just outside of Hudson, New York. It was in the middle of the winter and there was about three feet of snow on the ground.

One day my father told me to take the horse and ride up to the upper barn to see how the young cattle were coming along. The barn was four miles away and with so much snow on the ground it would be useless to walk. I saddled up the mare and set out on a cold ride. The snow started blowing and the wind was really strong.

I finally reached the barn but just as I started to open the door the cattle seemed jumpy. I opened the door and walked in. There was a strange smell in the air and I knew something was wrong. I walked over to the pens and saw that

one of the sides were ripped open. Inside the pen was the body of a calf half eaten by some large animal. The way that the body was torn apart looked like the work of a bear. None of the windows were broken and I knew that the bear must have entered the barn by the hay shoot.

I went back to the farm to tell my father what had happened. As I was riding into the yard, I saw my father with a group of other farmers. I knew that something was up because whenever they get together, there is trouble somewhere. As I listened to them I learned that the bear had destroyed their cattle and caused considerable damage to the buildings. The men made plans to hunt and kill the bear the next day. Mr. Wilson offered 500 dollars to the person who killed the bear. Mr. Wilson was hit the hardest by the beast and he was anxious to see the bear dead.

My father didn't say anything about my going on the hunt. I arose early the next morning and did my chores in the barn. I wanted to get a head start before the men could stop me.

The snow had stopped falling, but the wind was blowing strong. I headed for the upper barn because I figured that was the last place where the bear had done any damage.

I was just about to open the barn door, when I heard a loud roar. It sounded like a demon from Hell. I stood in the doorway, petrified and stunned. There before me was a large black bear standing

over the body of a dead calf. The bear must have been just as surprised as I was, because it jumped off the floor when he saw me. The bear stood there, looking me in the eyes wondering whether to stay or run. He decided to run just as fast as he could to the nearest door. He did not bother opening the door; he just plowed right through it.

I could hear the bear go tearing down the mountain. It sounded as though he were flying head over heels and plowing through everything in his path.

A few minutes later, I heard a few shots. I knew the men must have caught up with the bear.

In a little while, I saw my father riding up to the barn with the bear. He said that he saw the bear coming down the mountain just as fast as he could go. The bear finally stopped when he hit a large tree and that was when Dad shot him. As for the reward money, it was split between Dad and me.

Raymond Lovejoy '63

THE GRIM TRAGEDY

(This is a true story; only the names have been changed.)

My story begins as a typically gay Labor Day week-end. This soon became a tragedy for a Connecticut family, to whom I shall refer as Budd and Jean Evans.

The Evans family was visiting a relative, John Manley, who lived in Richford. Mr.

Manley lived on a farm and, as we all know, city children are fascinated by a farm. Mr. and Mrs. Evans had three children: Danny, 8; Donna, 4; and Pamela 3 years of age.

After a delicious Sunday dinner, the family planned to visit another relative who lived nearby. The children were dressed in their "Sunday Best" and given permission to play while their mother finished the dishes. The children decided to go to the barn to play with the new-born kittens in the hay loft. Fifteen minutes later the thirty-three year-old-mother looked out the window and saw the barn engulfed in flames. Terrified, she ran toward the barn, but it was too late. The flames and intense heat were too great. She had to be forcibly restrained from entering the barn. Mr. and Mrs. Evans were both taken to a hospital in St. Albans and treated for shock.

Meanwhile, the grim search for the three small children began. The thirty by sixty foot barn was filled with hay and although it had been burned to the ground, the hay was still blazing. Firemen, state police, and volunteers began sifting through the hay with pitchforks for the small bodies. The search was halted about 6:00 P.M. when the tiny bodies of Donna and Pamela Evans were found. It was again continued, however, when the body of Danny was not discovered. Darkness forced the searchers to stop late Sunday night.

Early Monday morning the search was again continued.

Monday afternoon bloodhounds were brought to the scene with the vain hope that Danny might have fled from the fire. The bloodhounds combed the area, but there was no trace of Danny. Still the search through the smoldering hay continued. Again the search was halted late Monday night.

Tuesday morning the search was again resumed. Still no trace of eight-year-old Danny! Then, late Tuesday afternoon, bones were found under one of the barn's heavy beams. The bones were so badly charred that Dr. Richard Woodruff, State Pathologist, could not identify them. A filling was found and was sent to Connecticut, to Danny's dentist. After careful examination, the dentist proved the filling to be that of Danny. The search for Danny Evans was discontinued.

Three children had perished in the flaming barn. "Why?" was the question that hundreds of people asked. No one but God will ever know the answer to that question.

Polly Wright '64

MY FIRST COON HUNT

Early one fall night my girlfriend's father asked my girlfriend and me if we would like to go coon-hunting! I, of course, said I would like to go, but my girlfriend wasn't quite as eager because she knew a little more about it. You see this was my first coon hunt and the weather wasn't what it was cracked up to be. It had been raining almost all day long and turned colder

that night. I was going to be smart and dress warm, bundling up so well. But I found out later that it wasn't so smart after all. Have you ever tried to keep up with fifteen men, chasing after the dogs that were chasing a coon, through the woods, across corn fields, and to almost any other place the little beast would go? Well, it probably wouldn't be so bad if you didn't have about fifty pounds of wet and I mean wet clothing on!

The first coon we treed wasn't too bad. The dogs struck a hot track in the corn field and were off. They treed it not far from there.

I think the most fun in coon-hunting comes when the coon, just shaken from the tree, is given a head start (that is if you can hold the dogs back) and then let the dogs go! For a time you don't know whether you are being run down by coon, man, or dog! After the stampede has rushed by you, you begin to realize it's about time you start too, that is if you don't want to stay over night in the most fresh air motel that you ever have stayed in yet.

After catching up with the rest, all goes well until you fall in a brook or lose a shoe as I did! Oh well, enough of the hardships.

The second coon we struck was a real old conniver, who knew just about all the tricks of the trade. She(or he) kept circling around trying to get the dogs confused and after a while succeeded. Then she(or he) sneaked off to a safer part of the woods for the re-

mainer of the night. While in the confusion of getting started on the right track, one of the dogs, thinking himself very smart, led others off on a different type of track and was sorry for doing so later. When they returned they were the most sophisticated dogs around. They were so highly perfumed that they could hardly stand themselves and nobody else could either. You have probably guessed by now that the animal they were chasing was a skunk!!! After the dogs have jumped all over you, you can imagine what you smell like, too! Well, my mother knew. I just can't imagine, though, why she made me sleep on the porch that night.

All in all, it was quite an experience and the next time I am asked to go coon hunting, I will know what to say,---- "Of course I'll go; it's loads of fun!"

Mary Lou Richard '64

A WILD RIDE

It was a lovely moonlit night and the air had a slight nip; in short, it was a perfect night for a horseback ride. As Louise sat looking out the window she suddenly decided this was exactly what she would do. After dressing warmly and getting a flashlight for safety's sake, she went out into the night.

Whistling for her horse, she noticed the moon had rings around it. "More snow," she thought, "blast it." But then she remembered it was deer season and her brother was looking forward to getting a

deer. The snow would help him with his hunting anyway.

She remembered how excited she had been last year when she had shot a deer. And then her brother hadn't got one at all! How the kids had ribbed him! Poor Steve! He had stood it well, though. That was the reason her mother had asked her not to shoot any deer this year, so her poor brother would have a chance. She had laughed; however, she hadn't done any hunting yet.

A nudge at her shoulder brought her back to the present. She patted her horse, Dash, on the nose and led her out of the gate.

In less than five minutes she was riding up the road. She could see quite a distance away and the moon cast shadows across the meadows to form an eerie picture. Louise flashed her flashlight into the shadows. She caught sight of a figure moving quickly into the bushes. Switching off her light she rode toward the spot where she had seen the form disappear. As she approached the place a strange sound came from the bushes. Dash shied away but Louise pulled her back. At the moment she was glad she had the flashlight. A loud cracking of branches started and suddenly Dash reared up and started off at a wild run, leaving Louise sitting on the ground feeling rather dazed. Before she could rise a hand touched her shoulder and a voice growled at her to "Get up."

Louise didn't think her legs would support her right then

but she managed to get up. The hand pushed her forward into the brush. She stumbled on and at last the voice growled at her again. This time the hand pushed her against a boulder, and for the first time she saw the stranger. He had a beard of at least a week, and his clothes were ragged and dirty. He looked half-starved and for a second she almost felt sorry for him. This mood passed quickly and she found herself trembling. Perhaps Dash would go straight home, but Mom and Dad wouldn't find him until it got late and would begin to worry about her. That would not be for quite a while. Why, oh why, did she have to come up here anyway? Stupid curiosity! Blast it! She began wondering what the man was doing here and started to look at him again, only to find herself quite alone! She searched carefully and quietly and then started back. But how did she get here? She had been so scared, she couldn't remember! She tried to think, and then remembering that the stranger would probably be right back, she started to scramble through the branches and brush. She made so much noise that she could not hear much else, but after she had traveled a distance she became aware of a noise behind her. She wildly started to run and then began to scream; she tripped on a branch and fell with a thud.

A voice started calling her, and looking up she blinked at the bright sunlight. She sat up and found her mother looking down at her and smiling.

"You had a bad dream;

that's all. You had better hurry and get Dash to take the cows to pasture or your father will be hopping mad!"

Louise couldn't quite believe it was all a dream as she hurried out to catch her horse. She'd remember this dream when she found her curiosity getting the best of her. As the phrase, "Curiosity killed the cat", went through her mind, she laughed and said to Dash, "It almost killed me." Now let's go and get those cows."

Laurel Stanley '64

THE LAST DAYS OF HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

It was drawing near the end of the happy days of Huckleberry Hound, the famous cartoon idol. He had enjoyed a prosperous, plentiful life in his suburban home in Jellystone Park with all his many happy moments to the hearts of the children all over the world.

He was now lying in bed at his home. Although he was very sick, he still could give his orders to his staff.

He barked out, "I want my lawyer immediately. Don't just stand there! Get a move on!"

When his lawyer arrived, he began to explain to him why he wanted to see him. He explained, "I have many friends to whom I wish to leave a remembrance of myself and also to the public who have been my dearest friends throughout the years."

The lawyer sat down. "Where would you like to start, Mr. Huckleberry?" he inquired.

"First of all I would like to start with my dearest friends," said Huckleberry. Then he started to set down his will in writing.

"I, Huckleberry Hound, resident of Park Hill, County of Jellystone, state of California, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking any will or wills heretofore made by me.

First I leave to Pixie and Dixie, my cheesemine in Outer Siberia.

Second I bequeath to Jinx the privilege of following Pixie and Dixie. Also, a life time supply of cat food.

Third I leave to Yogi Bear my television show to direct and produce, and all the peanut butter and jam sandwiches he can eat.

Fourth I leave to Deputy Dawg the position of sheriff.

Fifth To my public I leave all the best wishes that they may someday find a program as good as mine. I suggest that they tune into Snagglepuss EVEN!

Six To Boo-Boo I also leave all the Peanut Butter and Jelly

sandwiches he can eat. I give him the run of my studio.

In Witness Whereof, I, Huckleberry Hound, the testator, have set my hand and seal here to this fourteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixty-two. (1962)

Huckleberry Hound (Seal)

After he had written out his will he was terribly tired and lay down to rest.

Then the announcer broke in, "Well, folks this has been another one of Huckleberry Hounds famous shows. See you next week, same time, same channel. Good Night, folks."

Carol Emch '63

HOW I MADE A MILLION DOLLARS

Howdy! My name's Bob Richfield. I'm going to tell you the story of how I made my first million. Now I have quite a bit more, \$4,345,678, 234,937,987, 657, 298,567,432, 274.76, to be exact.

But to get to my story! I used to be an old street cleaner and sewer worker. I'd slave all day for a few dollars and I didn't smell very sweet when I came home from work either. I wasn't married, so I had to do my own cooking and housework besides my daily work.

Well, one day, while I was working in the sewer, I heard a strange noise. I paid no attention to it for a while, but it kept up so I went to have a looksee. I was slosh-

ing through the sewage up to my hips, when I finally came to a small opening in the wall of the sewer. The noise came from there. I was curious and squeezed through the small opening into the darkness.

Inside, it had a strange smell. I didn't know what it was and I was a little scared, but my curiosity won out. I walked up what seemed to be an incline. Groping in my pocket for a match, I finally found one and lit it. To my surprise I was not alone. Beside me was a little man not more than three feet tall. He wore a small cocked hat, leather jacket, and small leather boots. He was walking as if he didn't even see me.

I followed him up the path and finally we came out into a luxurious garden. But there was one strange thing about this garden. Everything was half the size it should be. Everywhere there were the little people again. I thought I was dreaming; I closed my eyes and pinched myself but when I opened them I was still there. I started walking towards a small city, as if in a daze. I finally came to a tiny building. I decided to go in. Before I had a chance to carry out that wish, out came six little men, all dressed in very swanky clothes, and carrying a huge sack of something.

They walked up to me and started talking in a language I didn't understand. They talked for a few minutes, then leaving the huge bag with me, they went back in the building. I picked up the bag and looking in it, found it was filled with solid gold. I thought

there must be two or three hundred thousand dollars in it. I took it out and counted it and found there was exactly a million dollars. I retraced my steps and came out of the hole where I went in. Suddenly there was an explosion and the hole was filled up forever with rocks and stones.

Whether the little people gave me the money to get rid of me or for some other reason, that was how I made my first million.

Robert Magnant '63

CHRISTMAS ON THE MOON

November 20, 1962. It's 9:00 o'clock. I'm the first woman to go into space. Inside the space ship I can hear the count down 5-4-3-2-1-0-blast off---Away I went up, up, into the atmosphere, thousands of miles from home! The view is great. Everything is fine. All of a sudden the space ship makes a funny noise. Something went wrong with the controls. It stops; I think I have landed on the moon. Little moon men are running all about to find out the noise. I hide but it's too late. They've seen me. They come at me with little space guns. They force me out of the ship. They take me to a building and here there is a huge chair and in it a little man, I guess it is the leader. He asks me my name, what I'm doing there, and what I want. So I told him. I stayed there for a month. All the while they were fixing the space ship because the leader didn't want people from earth there. The next day-I guessed it was

Christmas. The people weren't like us, but they had the Christmas spirit, for they had a Christmas trees made out of green cheese, and decorations. They even had presents. It was the funniest Christmas I had seen. The next day I went back to earth and everyone asked me all kinds of questions.

Margaret Brosseau '67

Three speeds on a car:
Fast, Faster, and Good
Morning Judge!

Cities you never heard of:

- Oohla, La.
- Sodden, Mass.
- Wet, Wash.
- Fivan, Tenn.
- Proan, Conn.
- No, Mo.

New Releases:

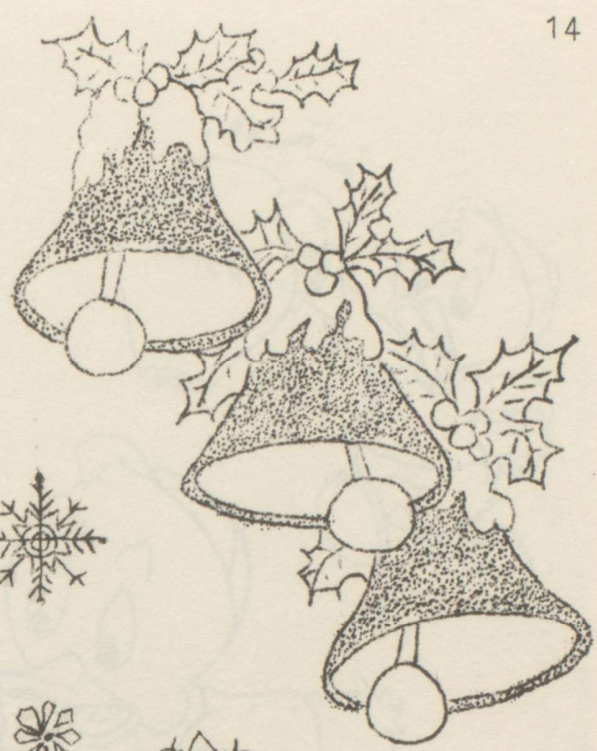
All Fenced in-----By Barb Wire
Over The Cliff By-Eileen Dover
10 Years on a Cannibal Island-
By Henrietta Mann

Miss Dewing: what can you tell me about nitrates?

Raymond Lovejoy: well, there usually cheaper than day rates

Doctor (Examining patient)
"cough please"

Raymond Lovejoy: Cough-cough.
Doctor: Cough again.
Raymond: Cough-cough
Doctor: One more time
Raymond: Cough-cough-cough
Doctor: Tell me, how long has this coughing been going on.



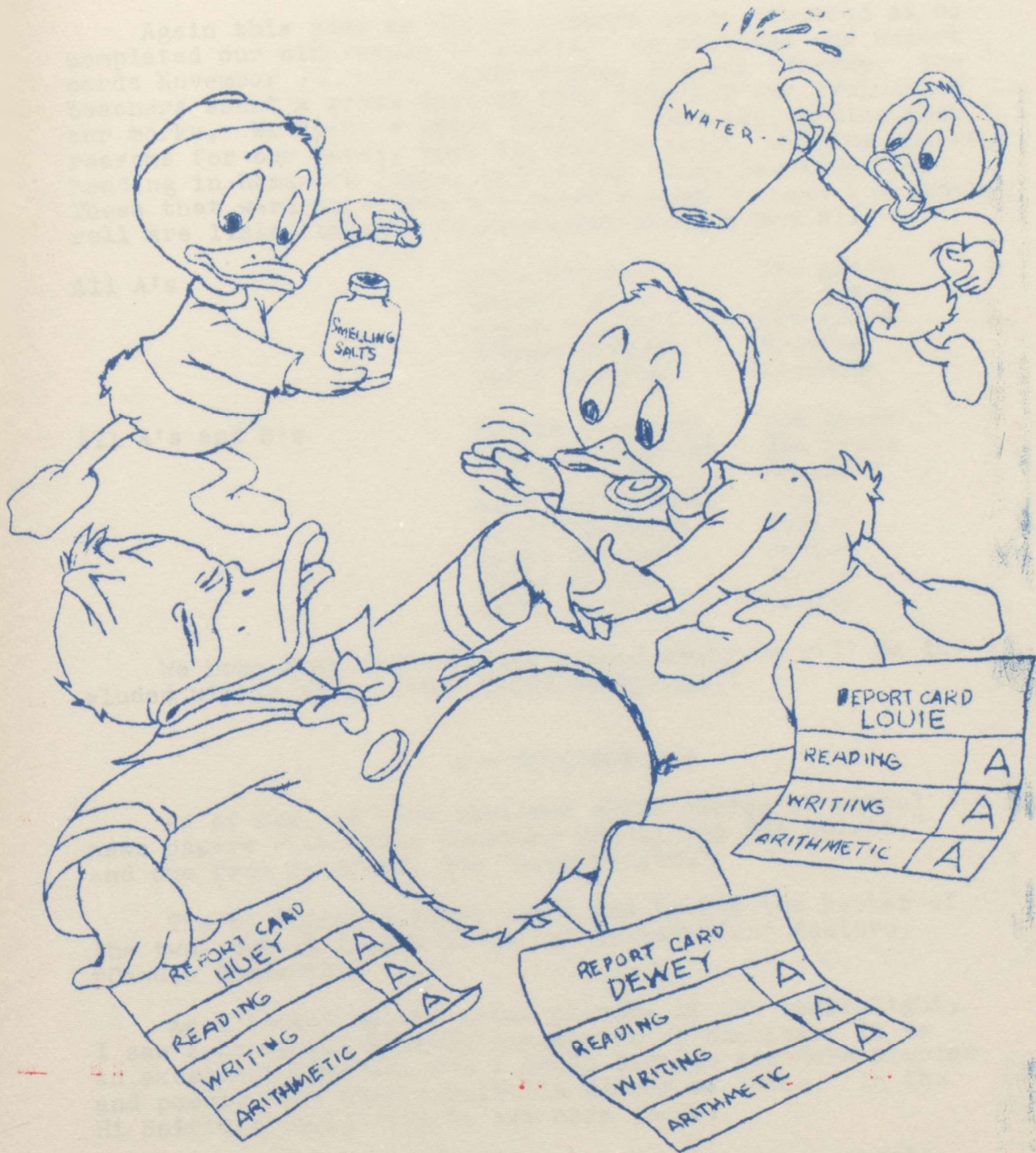
Harrison Wright
Excavating - Logging

Tree and Stump
Removal

Franklin, Vermont
Phone 5-2



REPORT-CARDS



Again this year as always, report cards appeared as we completed our nine-weeks in school. We received our report cards November 20th with intermingled 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	Lyle Glidden	7th grade
	Dwight Tatro	7th grade
	Joyce Benjamin	8th grade
	Brenda Kittell	Freshman
	David Magnant	Freshman

All A's and B's	Louise Bouchard	7th grade
	Ruth Ann Magnant	8th grade
	Leo Brosseau	Freshman
	Mary Lou Richard	Junior
	Laurel Stanley	Junior
	Carol Sweeney	Junior
	Polly Wright	Junior
Carol Emch	Senior	

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

* * EXCHANGE * *

As of now, we have received three copies of school news papers - two from Enosburg Falls, the "Hi Spirit," and one from Richford, the "Searchlight."

The Hi Spirit's first issue was by far the better of the two, but in Volume 48 it has an excellent feature, "Candid Comments."

As I looked at the cover picture of the Searchlight, I saw a wonderful artists conception of hunting. It is an excellent magazine but I would like to see more stories and poems. You have a suitable number of jokes. In the Hi Spirit I would like to see more jokes.

Our school is sending four papers to other schools. They are the high schools in:

Franklin, New Hampshire
 Franklin, Massachusetts
 Franklin, Louisiana
 Franklin, Tennessee

We hope these schools have the same initials, FHS, and that they will exchange with us.

Kenton Pierce 1964

THE LITTLE MAN

As I was walking down a road,
 With tired feet and a heavy load,
 I came upon a little man,
 Who was eating clams from a can.
 There he was short and fat
 With dirty hands and a pointed hat.
 His ears stuck out like sails on a boat,
 His adams-apple bobbed in his throat.
 He had two eyes in his head,
 One was glass and the other was lead.
 There were ten hairs on his head,
 Nine were sick and the other was dead.

Raymond Lovejoy '63

WINTER

When Autumn days begin to wane,
 We all look forward to winter again.
 The trees are bare and all around,
 Leaves are scattered on the ground.
 Autumn is here,
 And winter is near.

Carol Sweeney '64

LIFE'S STAIRS

In this long and dreary walk
 Through life's most lonely paths
 One must climb the many stairs
 To life's most fertile straths.

But in climbing these multiple stairs
 One might stumble and fall unseen
 On an unknown path
 That lies in between.

They look for the high
 On this dark, lonely way
 But they never find it
 Searching, day after day.

Some realizing their fruitless search
 Struggle back and turn aright
 But some on this unknown path
 Will proceed into this endless night.

Dale Rickett '63

DEER HUNTING

Each year in the second week of November,
 Each boy in the school, and I mean every member,
 Does not follow, or think of, that golden old rule,
 That every young person must attend school.
 For dressed in red, wearing very warm clothes,
 He escapes from the school and the subjects he loathes.
 He hops in his car and away he does travel,
 On new paved roads and on old roads of gravel.
 He stops by the way and doth enter the forest,
 All the while he is thinking, his marks are the poorest,
 But wrenching his mind from the horrors of school,
 He runs through the woods like a blubbering fool.
 The sound of him running was like that of a moose,
 And I think that his brains must have been slightly loose.
 But nevertheless, from out of a bush,
 Came a beast with a terrible, blinding, wild rush.
 It rushed toward our hero, who had no time to think,
 And then pulling the trigger, he fell in the brink.
 Then with a humorous spit and a sputter,
 He came out of the pond, and "Lo" he did mutter.
 'Cause there just a few hundred feet in the distance,
 Lay the beast, and with the most frenzied insistence.
 He loaded the beast, upon the hood of the car,
 He surely was happy; that fact I shan't bar.
 All the way home he had reason to dote,
 'Cause not every person, comes home with a goat.

Robert Magnant '63

THOUGHTS ON HARMONY

Songs that fly with the wind
 Through the night
 Never ever awaken me
 With fright.
 The clouds which glide
 High, high above
 Go on, on forever,
 As if powered by love.
 All this soothing symphony
 Ends, ends with
 The thought of Harmony.

Kenton Pierce '64

MOODS

Some day I feel so happy and gay
 With everything coming right my way.
 Then to my surprise
 At the next sunrise,
 I'm grumpy and groggy all day.

Darlene Greenwood '64

OUR BASKETBALL TEAM

If you wish I'll make a little bet
 That our forwards are the greatest yet.
 First there's Carol and we can't forget
 Her pal Mary--with grace not met.

Our third has been a trifle ill,
 But she must recover to fill the bill,
 So Brenda, please, remember that pill.

The guards have three--a lot that's jolly
 Carol comes and then there's Polly,
 Oops, one more----it's me by golly!!

Laurel Stanley '64

WINTER NIGHTS

Oh, but a winter night for me
 When we sit around the fire and watch TV,
 Snow is piling up around the house,
 But everyone inside is quiet as a mouse.

Then all of a sudden a cowboy shoots
 Seems like the whole West goes "root toot toot,"
 Mom calls out, "Turn down that set!"
 The kids yell back, "Not on a bet."

Soon the bandit comes out with the loot,
 And dear ol' Dad begins to hoot;
 Poor old Mom is in distress,
 For she's trying to sew a dress.

Again Mom yells, "Kids, get to bed!"
 This time her face is really red.
 "Just a minute," was our calm reply--
 With the looks on our faces rather sly.

One more shot and the bandit is dead;
 Off snaps the set, and all go to bed.

Polly Wright '64

THE HOLIDAYS

The holidays are drawing near
 Thanksgiving soon will be here,
 Roast turkey, dressing, and the mixings,
 Along with the merry festival fixings.
 And then it won't be very long
 When all will be singing that Jingle Bell song.
 Santa Claus is on his way
 And just one week from that day
 Mr. Time Rushes in another year
 Full of hopes and joys and good cheer.

Mary Lou Richard '64

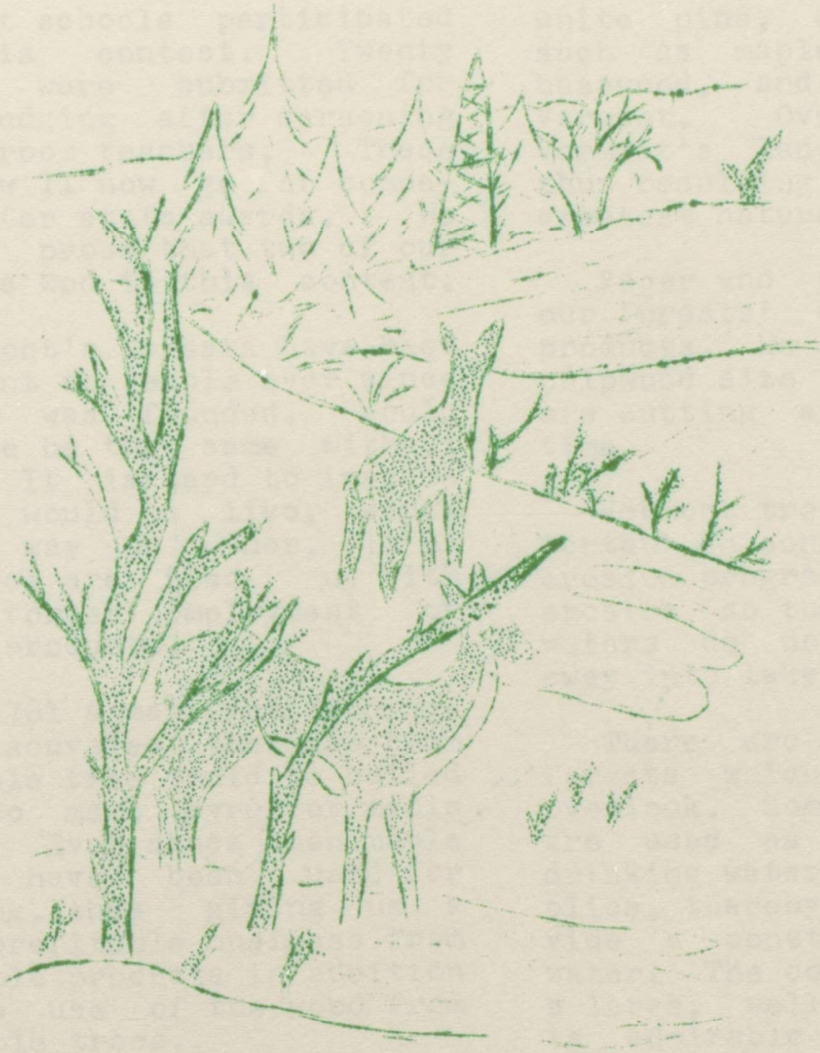
C - is for Christmas
 H - is for the hollies on your front door
 R - is for Santa's Reindeer
 I - is for Icicles that go on Christmas trees
 S - is for Santa
 T - is for your Christmas Tree
 M - is for Merry Christmas
 A - is for the Air to be filled with snow
 S - is for the Smiles you see on Christmas morning

Margaret Brousseau '67

SONG HITS

Chicken Scratch-----What the boys do instead
 of playing basketball.
 Born Too Late-----Loretta To Robert M.
 Love Me Tender-----Kenton to Valerie
 My Own True Love-----Gaylord to Mary Ann
 All Alone Am I-----Pauline Wright
 Shake, Rattle and Roll-----Rick Patterson's car
 (when 5 girls are in it)
 Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself
 a Letter (for cutting classes)-----Robert Magnant
 Fools Rush In-----The Sweet Shop
 What Kind of Fool Am I-----Students at Report Card
 Time.
 Silver Threads and Golden Needles-----The Home Ec. Class
 You beat Me to the Punch (bowl)-----Robert Magnant at Anni-
 versary party.
 The Things We did last Summer-----Pauline Wright to Dale R.
 Raymond (James) Hold The Ladder Steady--Ruthann Magnant to Ray-
 mond Lovejoy.
 I wanna Be Bobby's Girl-----Loretta Vorse.
 Me and My Shadow-----Rachel to Richard B.
 Send Me the Pillow that You Dream On----Rachel to Landon

KEEPING THE FOREST PRIMEVAL



RLB '67

FORESTRY ESSAY

Editor's note: The results of the 1962 Vermont Forestry Essay Contest in the Franklin County Northwest District have been announced by Superintendent Paul B. Trahan. First prize of \$10 went to Dwight Tatro, 7th grade; and second prize of \$5 was awarded to Joyce Benjamin, 8th grade. A total of 119 students from the district schools participated in this contest. Twenty essays were submitted for final judging after screening by homeroom teachers. These essays will now go for competition for state awards. We can be proud that two of our students won in this contest.

Vermont's forests have been important to people ever since Vermont was founded. Would our life be the same without them? It is hard to imagine what it would be like, since in some way or other, all of our lives are tied up with either forest employment or forest products.

In 1761 a man from Bennington discovered the sap from the maple tree could be boiled down to make syrup or maple sugar. Ever since then maple trees have been used for sugaring, thus giving us a very profitable business from our maple products in addition to the use of the wood from the maple trees.

Many people do not realize the activity carried on in our forests each year. There would be much unemployment if it were not for our forests, as jobs in the woods and wood using industries support at

least 10,000 workers.

A large income is received from our forest lands, of which the sale of Christmas trees and firewood plays a large part.

Lumbering throughout our state, with more than 300 lumber mills, is one of the very important industries that forests make possible. Spruce, white pine, and hardwoods, such as maple, birch, beech, basswood, and oak are cut in Vermont. Over one-half of Vermont's land is in forests, thus resulting in one of our greatest natural resources.

Paper and pulp are two of our forests' most important products. We are growing more pulpwood size trees than we are cutting at the present time.

Vermont trees are also important in connection with the erosion program. Trees stop erosion so that rain or flood waters do not wash the soil away into lakes and rivers.

There are many uses of our forests which we sometimes overlook. Some of our forests are used as watersheds for drinking water and power supplies, thereby helping to provide a constant flow of pure water. The community pride in a large, well managed forest is admirable and of great importance.

There are two branches of Vermont's timber sources. The lesser of these is the farm woodlot which is privately owned. Then there are the forests under state, federal

or private management. We find that more than 3,713,000 acres in Vermont are forested, of which 7,000 acres are non-productive. More than nine out of every ten acres of forest land are owned by farmers.

A few years ago Vermont joined the American Tree Farm System. Thirty-one tree farms were started with many thousands of acres of trees planted.

At times we have had the best fire record in the nation. However, we have to be on the alert at all times to protect our forests from many dangers even though they may seem to be self-supporting. In some areas porcupines and other wild animals do much damage so that the Department of Forests has had to spend much to control them.

Millions of seedlings are planted each year. They are planted to replace burned forest areas, to replace timber and pulpwood which has been cut, and to prevent erosion.

Our many types of wood using industries employ about a quarter of Vermont's industrial workers. Wood industries and products in our state include: sawmills and factories that make furniture, toys, bowls, boxes, tools, tooth-picks, clothespins, bobbins, bowling pins, shoe heels and many other wooden articles. There are also paper mills making newsprint, paperbags, gummed tape, blotting and wrapping paper, gift wrapping paper, napkins, and other tissues.

Vermont parks and forests provide seasonal recreation for many people each year. The skiing, fishing, hunting, picnic and camping areas would not exist if it were not for our forests. In most heavily forested areas, both privately or state owned, large camp grounds are appearing. These are felt to be self-supporting after the original investment is covered. We are aware now, as never before, of the beauty of our forests.

There are many large areas of mountainous country in Vermont where timber is the only thing that can be grown. There are only a few states that exceed Vermont in forest products. A great deal of Vermont wood is taken in the unfinished or partly finished condition from our forests and shipped out of the state. In this way our forest industries bring money from other states into Vermont and help to balance the economy of our state.

For many private owners reforestation of private woodlots is a valuable investment which will pay off in years to come and result in the education of children or in new buildings and equipment. Federal assistance may be had in many cases of reforestation.

Thus we see that Vermont timber is now considered a valuable crop to be harvested carefully in order to keep it a large and profitable industry and an asset to Vermont.

Dwight Tatro '68

CLASS OFFICERS

7th Grade

President.....Dwight Tatro
 Vice-President...JoAnn Sherrer
 Secretary.....Cedric Columb
 Treasurer.....Louise Bouchard
 Student Council..Lyle Glidden
 Advisor.....Mr. Menkins

8th Grade

President.....Linda Elwood
 Vice-President...Ruth Ann Magnant
 Secretary.....Joyce Benjamin
 Treasurer.....Margaret Brousseau
 Student Council..Rita Paquette
 Advisor.....Mr. Menkins

Freshmen

President.....David Magnant
 Vice-President...Leo Brousseau
 Secretary.....Bertha Beattie
 Treasurer.....Shirley Emch
 Student Council..Brenda Kittell
 Advisor.....Miss Dewing

Sophomore

President.....Donald Couture
 Vice-President...Ernest Quintin
 Secretary.....Valarie Rickert
 Treasurer.....Ruth Myott
 Student Council..Penny Harrod
 Advisor.....Mr. Mudgett

Junior

President.....Mary Lou Richard
 Vice-President...Carol Sweeney
 Secretary.....Darlene Greenwood
 Treasurer.....Pauline Wright
 Student Council..Laurel Stanley
 Advisor.....Mrs. Clark

Senior

President.....Carol Emch
 Vice-President...Richard Patterson
 Secretary.....Rachel LaRock
 Treasurer.....Dale Rickert
 Student Council..Robert Magnant
 Advisor.....Miss Gates

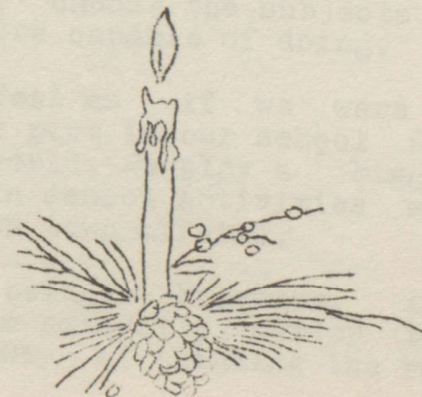
STUDENT COUNCIL

President.....Carol Emch
 Vice-President...Laurel Stanley
 Secretary.....Brenda Kittell
 Treasurer.....Robert Magnant

*Christmas
 Greetings*

FROM
 THE
 STAFF
 AND

FACULTY



"WHAT'S IT LIKE
TO BE A "FRESHMAN"

SHIRLEY GARROW:

Its a big change especially when you used to go to a small town school somewhat like this where there is no changing classes - you just stay in one room with three other grades besides your own. You were on your own to do the work by yourself most of the time.

It was surely a big and exciting change when I came to Franklin High. Don't get me wrong. The little school I went to was fun and exciting. I hated to leave all my friends I would be going to school with. But after I got here and got acquainted with everyone, I didn't mind it half as much as I expected - because they are great. So the Freshman year is being a big and exciting year I will never forget.

BERTHA BEATTIE:

Being a Freshman means quite a bit to some of us, to others, it is still the same old routine, "Going to school"

Being a Freshman grants me quite a few more privileges. The choice of our subjects, which is a great help. One bad point though, is that we can't depend on the teachers so much. Maybe that is better for us. Being a Freshman also entitles us to a better friendship with the upper classmen.

Maybe the work is a little harder and we have to do more on our own, but I think that this is a step toward the big

outside world. Our parents now grant us more privileges because we're higher up in school. They think that we are older and more responsible but are we? Sometimes I wonder about that!

The only really bad point about being a Freshman is "Freshman Reception Night!"

BLAINE KITTELL:

To me my Freshman year is almost as exciting probably as the one will be in my Senior year.

I Like being a Freshman because I have a chance to choose the subjects I like best. I don't have to set in the same old room all day long And I get a chance to play more sports.

But there is one thing I don't like very well and that is homework.

DAVID MAGNANT:

Being a Freshman is our start towards some day being the citizens and leaders of our nation which today is a big responsibility.

As a Freshman you have the privilege of choosing your own subjects, in this way we can better choose the subjects we are more capable of doing.

I feel as if we were a bigger part in our school and the world, we play a bigger part in school activities and our own town affairs.

As being a Freshman, the work is naturally harder but in my way of thinking the re-

wards are greater, we are gradually working nearer the day we will be on our own when our decisions will be our own whether they be right or wrong

BRENDA KITTELL:

The first couple of weeks of being a Freshman makes you, of course, feel a little more important than you were when you were in Junior High. But that soon wears off and you come back down to earth with all the others. You meet the upper classmen and get to know them better and be on friendlier terms with most of them. The Sophomores start mentioning the Freshman Reception and you impatiently but quite anxiously wait for it to come. It seems to be a long wait, but what fun you have! Then its getting down to brass tacks and studying! After that, sports start and to make the school year more exciting, most kids participate. It does quite a lot for them. But all and all, I think being a Freshman with all the extra studying, is a barrel of fun!

ALLEN GRANGER:

It is a great privilege to be one of the high school students and participate in school activities. If you like sports you can play baseball in the fall and in the spring, and basketball in the winter months. I like taking part in these sports.

Each class, by putting on card parties and record hops, etc, earns money for its class trip when they are Seniors. So far we have put on one card party.

I am glad to be a Freshman and to be a student in a small school where we get to know the other students.

We have had quite a few new students enter Franklin High.

There are 13 in the Freshman class. I hope all of us will graduate together.

DARLENE THERRIAN:

When I got out of grade school I wanted to go to BFA, instead of this school but now I am glad I came here.

When you're in the Ninth Grade you feel more important. Your mother and father think you are more mature. You can stay out later at night.

I like almost all of my subjects and I'm glad that I am a Freshman.

LEO BROSSEAU:

When you get to be a Freshman you can pick your own subjects.

You are getting a little older and you get more responsibilities and you can do more things such as going to dances.

You get more knowledge every year and you think you are smarter than the lower classmen.

Sometimes you can earn or get more money from your parents by working.

You think a little more seriously about what you are going to do when you get out of school.

FRED COOPER:

Being a Freshman is almost as exciting as being a Senior. I like a Freshman because we get to pick the subjects we want, except the subjects that we are required to take. We have card parties and other things to raise money for our

One thing I don't like about being a Freshman is all the homework we have to do. And I hope we all ??? graduate together. That's what its like to be a Freshman.

DALE GREENWOOD:

The first week wasn't bad but now it is getting harder every day and I should study more. I know I don't study enough. But it is nice to have a school in Franklin.

SHIRLEY EMCH:

Being a Freshman means a lot more homework and doing a lot more on your own. In Junior High the teachers did most of the work for you, but now its different. The subjects are much more difficult, but you're allowed to choose your own subjects, so I guess if there are any complaints its your own fault.

There is a good side you know! One thing, for instance, is that you are considered much older and you are able to do more things.

I think when you're a Freshman, the upper classmen give you more consideration. They talk to you when they see you where in Junior High they didn't even know you were there.

CLIFTON VORSE:

I like being a Freshman because it makes you feel more important. You can choose your own classes. And, of course, being a freshman brings you nearer to the all important grade 12. Being a Freshman isn't all glory because you have to study harder to pass your courses.

RITA MYOTT:

Being a Freshman has good points and bad points. The work is harder and the teachers are, well, I'll discuss them some other time. There are a few good points though. For one thing, we are respected more by upper classmen, also we have a few more privileges. All in all, being a "Freshman" isn't too bad!

* * * * *

NEWS ITEM

"Mr. Jones visited the high school yesterday and lectured on 'Destructive Pests! A large number were present."

* * * * *

Scientist often wonder if the splitting of the atom was a wise crack.

* * * * *

Dale: How many books can you put into an empty sachel?

Robert: I don't know.

Dale: Only one, after that it wouldn't be empty.

* * * * *

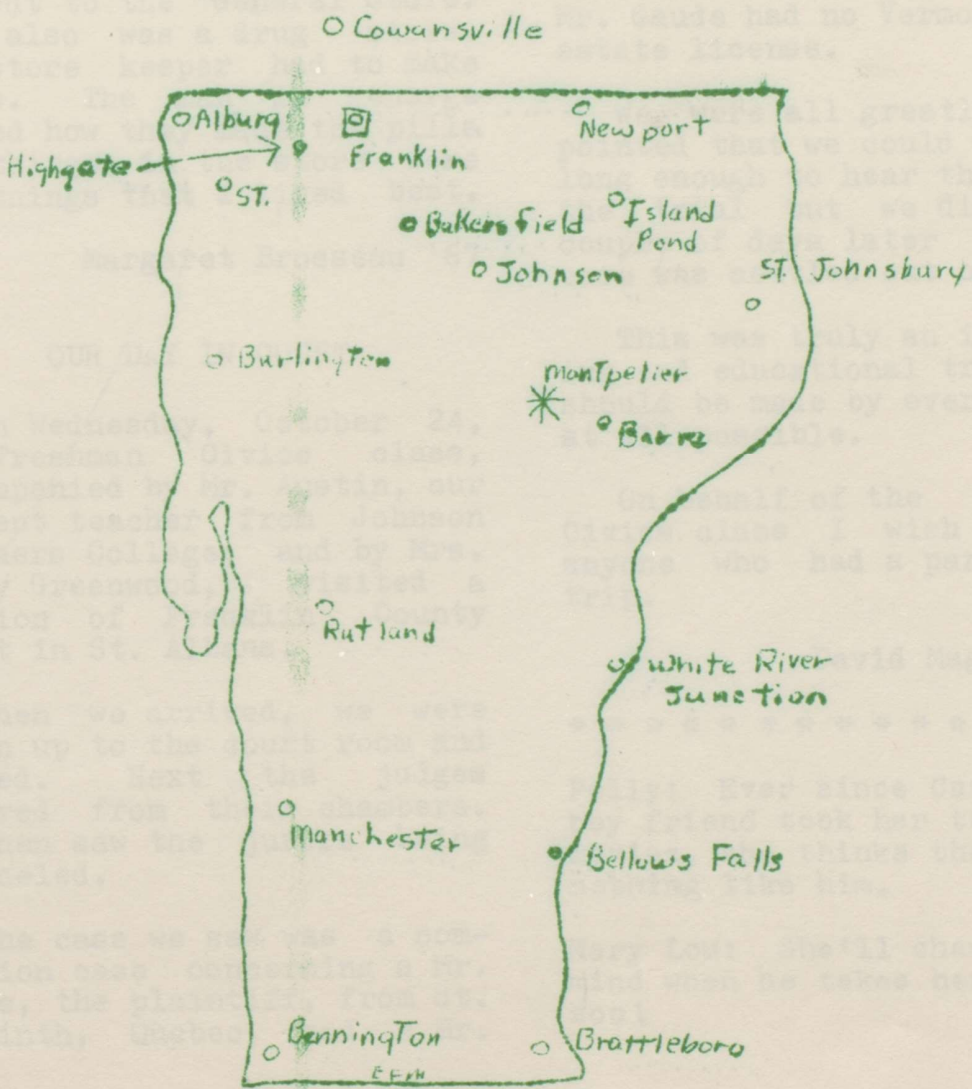
SIGN IN RESTAURANT WINDOW
T-Bone 25¢ then in fine print-
with meat \$4.00.

T R I P S

St. Albans 20

Shelburne 53

54 Montpelier



SHELburnE MUSEUM

The Seventh and Eighth grade class went to the Shelburne Museum on Friday, September 21. We went by bus, with seven chaperones. When we arrived we were divided into groups. As we drove in, we had to cross an old wooden covered bridge. Everything there at the museum was just as things were years ago, even the buildings. Just about everybody who went was interested in the lake boat, the Ticonderoga. They showed a movie of the way it was brought from Lake Champlain to the museum in 1954. Then we went to the General Store. This also was a drug store. The store keeper had to make pills. The man in charge showed how they made the pills. The things in the store were the things that I liked best.

Margaret Brosseau '67

OUR DAY IN COURT

On Wednesday, October 24, our Freshman Civics class, accompanied by Mr. Austin, our student teacher from Johnson Teachers College; and by Mrs. Henry Greenwood, visited a session of Franklin County court in St. Albans.

When we arrived, we were taken up to the court room and seated. Next the judges entered from their chambers. We then saw the jurors being impaneled.

The case we saw was a commission case concerning a Mr. Gadue, the plaintiff, from St. Hyacinth, Quebec, and a Mr.

and Mrs. Roberts, the defendants, from St. Albans, Vermont, former owners of the Cadillac Motels in St. Albans.

The lawyers in the case were Mr. McNamara for the plaintiff and Mr. Gregg for the defendant.

The plaintiff, Mr. Gadue, was seeking a commission from the Roberts for selling the Cadillac Motel.

The only thing that permitted Mr. Gadue from securing his commission was that there was no written contract between Mr. Gadue and the Roberts to sell the motel and Mr. Gaude had no Vermont real-estate license.

We were all greatly disappointed that we could not stay long enough to hear the end of the trial but we did hear a couple of days later that the case was settled out of court.

This was truly an interesting and educational trip that should be made by everyone, if at all possible.

On behalf of the Freshman Civics class I wish to thank anyone who had a part in our trip.

David Magnant '66

* * * * *

Polly: Ever since Carol Emch's boy friend took her to the movies, she thinks there is nothing like him.

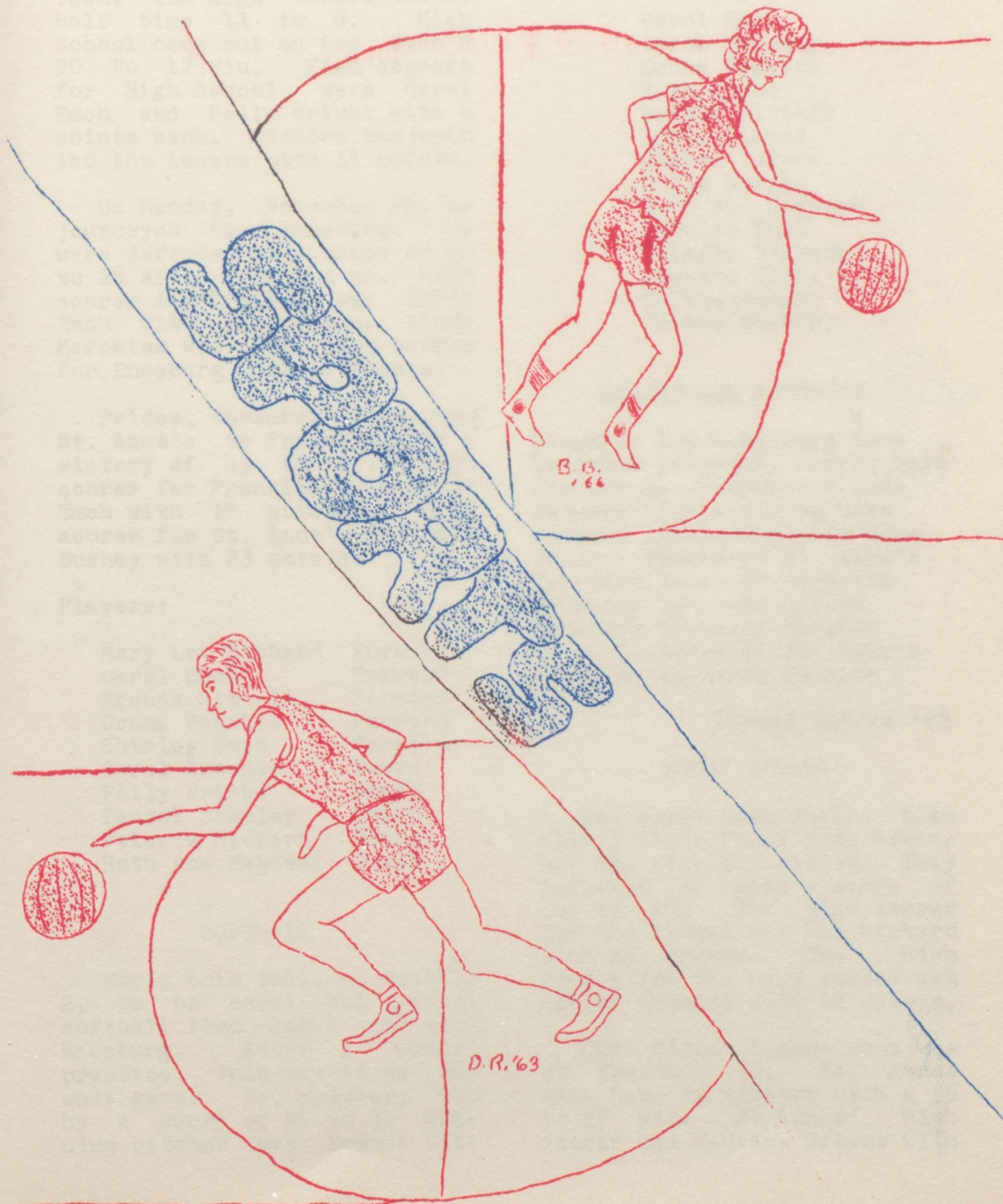
Mary Lou: She'll change her mind when he takes her to the zoo!

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

On Friday, November 23, the High School played the first game of the season. The High School led 1-0 at the end of the first quarter. The High School led 2-0 at the end of the second quarter. The High School led 3-0 at the end of the third quarter. The High School led 4-0 at the end of the fourth quarter. The High School won the game 4-0.

and leading player was B. B. Talley.

1966



B. B. '66

D. R. '63

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

On Friday, November 23, the High School played the Town Team. The High School led at half time 11 to 8. High School came out on top with a 20 to 17 win. High scorers for High School were Carol Emch and Polly Wright with 6 points each. Sandra Benjamin led the losers with 11 points.

On Monday, November 26, we journeyed to Enosburg. We were defeated by a score of 41 to 28 after a hard game. High scorer for Franklin was Carol Emch with 15 points. Linda Marckies was the high scorer for Enosburg with 18 points.

Friday, November 30, brought St. Anne's to Franklin, for a victory of 43 to 19. High scorer for Franklin was Carol Emch with 10 points. High scorer for St. Anne's was Lois Bushey with 23 points.

Players:

Mary Lou Richard	Forward
Carol Emch	Forward
Brenda Kittell	Forward
Donna Peaslee	Forward
Shirley Emch	Forward
Carol Sweeney	Guard
Polly Wright	Guard
Laurel Stanley	Guard
Valerie Rickert	Guard
Ruth Ann Magnant	Guard

SOFTBALL

Early this fall, on October 2, to be exact the girls' softball team had a game with Enosburg. After a weeks' practice, this was to be our only game. We, however, won by a score of 24 to 7. Winning pitcher was Brenda Kit-

tell and losing pitcher was M. Reighley.

Players:

Carol Emch
 Carol Sweeney
 Donna Peaslee
 Ruth Myott
 Brenda Kittell
 Lynda Elwood
 Rachel LaRock
 Polly Wright
 Ruth Ann Magnant
 Shirley Emch
 Valerie Rickert
 Loretta Vorse
 Celine Bisson
 Jo-ann Sherrer

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

December 14----Brigham here
 December 18----St. Mary's here
 January 4-----Swanton here
 January 11-----Alburg here
 January 18-----Highgate here
 January 25-----At St. Anne's
 February 1-----At Highgate
 February 8-----At Alburg
 February 18-----At Brigham
 March 1-----At St. Mary's
 March 8-----At Swanton

Rachel LaRock '63

BOYS' SPORTS

The boys' basketball team played their first game November 23, with the Alumni. They defeated us with a score of 105 to 29. The high scorer for the Alumni was Don Richard with 25 points. The high scorer for the high school was Robert Magnant with 12 points.

Our first league game was on November 30. St. Annes came here to victory with a 55 to 27 win. St Annes' high scorer was Maurice Greens with

27 points. Our high scorer was Robert Magnant with 17 points.

On December 6, we played a practice game with Enosburg.

Players:

- | | |
|---------------------|---------|
| Robert Magnant | Guard |
| Raymond Magnant | Center |
| Dale Rickert | Guard |
| Kenton Pierce | Guard |
| Wayne Jones | Center |
| Ralph Emch | Forward |
| John Pierce | Forward |
| Gaylord Chamberlain | Forward |
| James Mullen | |

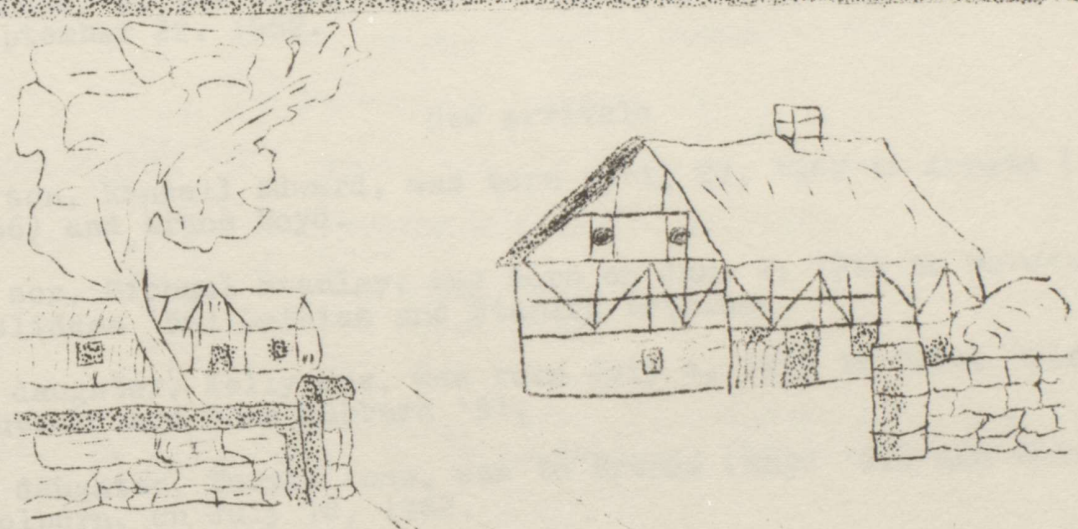
Miss Dewing: Without oxygen, human life would be impossible. This important gas was discovered in 1773.

Robert M. Miss Dewing, what did people breathe before oxygen was discovered?

Carol S: What do you have when a bee bites you on top of a mosquito bite?

Mr. Mudgett: I don't know. What?

Carol S: "Sting Along With Itch."



(from Evangeline)

"Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch with seats beneath; and a footpath led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow."

Evangeline is being read by the 7th and 8th grades in English class.

ALUMNI NEWS

Marriages

Leo West Jr. '49 and Marianne Rondeau of Sheldon were married July 7, 1962 in Sheldon Springs, at St. Anthony's Church.

Richard Toof '61 and Ann Harvey, of Berkshire were married August 25, 1962 at Lake Carmi. The Reverend E. Lincoln Bigalow performed the ceremony.

June Pelkey ex'64 and Wendall Messier were joined in marriage on August 25, 1962.

Rhea Powers ex'56 and Dr. Hubert Hawken were joined in marriage on September 16, 1962, in California.

Suzanne Horskin '56 was married to Stephen Miller of Minneapolis, Kansas, at the First Methodist Church in Burlington, Vermont on September 22, 1962.

New Arrivals

A son, Randall Edward, was born April 27, 1962 to Arreta (Emch '56) and Bruce Boyd.

A son, Michael Stanley, was born on June 2, 1962 to Dorothy (Glidden '56) Lothian and Stanley Lothian.

A daughter, Kelly Sue, was born July 4, 1962 to Carol (Simonds) Hubbard and John Hubbard '51.

A daughter, Tammie Anne, was born to Brenda (Mayo '62) and Charles Colburn, on July 18, 1962.

A son, Peter William, was born to Cedric Columb ex'46 and Marjorie (Gillette) Columb on September 1, 1962.

A daughter, Lori Ann, was born to Elaine (West ex'59) and Donald Reed on September 20, 1962.

A son, Peter Yvan, was born to Carole (Benjamin '61) and Yvan Marchessault, on October 27, 1962.

A son, Dean Leon, was born to the proud parents, Philip Pierce '35 and Theresa (Bouchard) Pierce on October 27, 1962.

A daughter, Patty Jo, was born to Merriman '46 and Lucille (LaFlame '51) Lothian on November 9, 1962.

A daughter, Betsy Ruth, was born November 27, 1962 to Howard Gates and Mary (Towle '53) Gates.

A son, Kyle Courtney, was born to William Toof and Sybel (Geno '53) Toof the last of October.

Recently, a son was born to Gary Rice ex'62 and Kay (Wells) Rice.

* * * * *

Douglas Clark ex'60 is in his Sophomore year at the University of Colorado. His address is:

Douglas Clark
Cockerell Hall R. 123
University of Colorado
Boulder, Colorado

Daniel Clark ex'57 graduated last June from the University of Washington. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Clark, traveled to Washington to attend their sons graduation. He is now in an Advanced Flight School, training to be a test pilot for the Navy. His address is:

Ensign Daniel W. Clark U.S.N.
BOQ 675-119
NAS Pensacola, Florida

Morgan Wright '61, joined the Air Force. His address is:

A/3c Neal Morgan Wright Jr. AF12648474
CMR 4T 19291
3394 School Squadron
Keesler Air Force Base
Biloxi, Mississippi

Albert Tatro is now home on leave. He has been stationed in Korea. He will return to California the last of this month. His address will be:

SP/4 Albert H. Tatro
RA22884253
1st Armored Regiment Experimental
Fort Ord, California

Class of 1962

Lawrence Myott is attending the University of Vermont. Lawrence recently was chosen to fly by jet to Chicago, to attend the National 4-H Congress on November 24-30. His address is:

Lawrence B. Myott
307 Chittenden Hall
Burlington, Vermont

SCHOOL NEWS

- Sept. 4 School Opened
- Sept. 17 The science movies, Light in Nature, Story in the Rocks, and Unseen Enemies, the story of germs were shown to the science classes.
- Sept. 18 The movies, Latitude, Longitude and Time, Major Industries Today, were shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
- Sept. 21 The seventh and eighth grades visited the Shelburne Museum.
- Sept. 26 Movies-"The City of Boston," "Then and Now In California," were shown to the seventh and eighth grades. Filmstrips of Yosemite and the Rocky Mountains were also shown.
- Sept. 27 The movie, "-Other New England Industries" was shown to the seventh and eighth grades. Also filmstrips of Sequoi National Park and the Seattle World Fair.
- Sept. 27 The Magazine Drive Started.
- Sept. 28 School Pictures were taken.
- Oct. 2 The Allied Youth Assembly heard Thomas Shea and the AY. group of B.F.A.
- Oct. 5 Freshman Initiation and Reception
- Oct. 10 Mr. Sam Hunson gave the seventh, eighth and ninth Grades a short talk on fire prevention. He also showed them a short movie, "Forest Fire Prevention."
- Oct. 11 The Magazine Drive ended with a profit of \$140.
- Oct. 12 The movies, "Midwest Holiday," and "Between the Tides" were shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
- Oct. 15 Ensign Dan W. Clark, United States Navy Vermont and Ensign James Bennett, United States Navy Montana visited the seventh and eighth grades.
- Oct. 16 Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Tests were taken by Laurel Stanley, Carol Sweeney, and Kenton Pierce.
- Oct. 18&19 School Closed for Teachers Convention.
- Oct. 22 The Movies, "More Food For Your Money" and "Admirals in the Making" were shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
- Oct. 24 The Seniors had their pictures taken.
- Oct. 26 The eighth grade sponsored a Record Hop. They realized a profit of \$17.00.
- Oct. 29 The sophomores ordered their rings.
- Oct. 29 A Father and Son Banquet was sponsored by the Junior class at the St. Mary's Catholic Church, thus adding \$85.00 to their treasury.
- Nov. 5 Darlene Greenwood, Carol Sweeney, Polly Wright, Laurel Stanley, Mary Lou Richard and Richard Patterson all attended Career Day at B.F.A. in St. Albans.
- Nov. 5 The movie, "The Lady In The Stock Exchange" was shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
- Nov. 9 Report Cards were distributed.
- Nov. 9 The Freshman class sponsored a card party. They made a profit of \$22.56.
- Nov. 14 The movie, "Dialing the Nation" was shown to the

Nov. 22-23 Junior and Senior High School classes.
 School closed for Thanksgiving recess.
 Nov. 29 Teachers' meeting
 Dec. 13 Ear tests were given.
 Dec. 21 A Christmas Ball will be sponsored by the members of
 the Sophomore class. \$1.75 per couple. \$1.00 per
 single person.
 Dec. 21 to Christmas Vacation.
 Jan. 1
 Jan. 2 School opens after Christmas recess.
 Jan. 15-18 Mid-year exams will be taken.
 Jan. 25 Report Cards will be distributed.
 Feb. 4 A Mother and Daughter Banquet will be served by the
 members of the Sophomore class.

 CLASS NEWS

The 7th GRADE

We have had three meetings. The first one we decided on how much the class dues should be. We decided on \$1.75.

At the second meeting we decided to have a ham raffle.

At the third meeting we appointed a committee to cut, number and staple tickets and someone to buy the ham.

The 8th GRADE

Our class put on a Halloween Dance, October 26, 1962. The amount we cleared was \$17.03. The class would like to express their thanks to all of the people involved and who helped make the dance successful as it was.

The class is also considering a Easter Dance, but it has not been decided on as yet.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Our school activity thus far was a card party. It was held on November 9, 1962. We cleared \$22.56.

Bertha Beattie '66

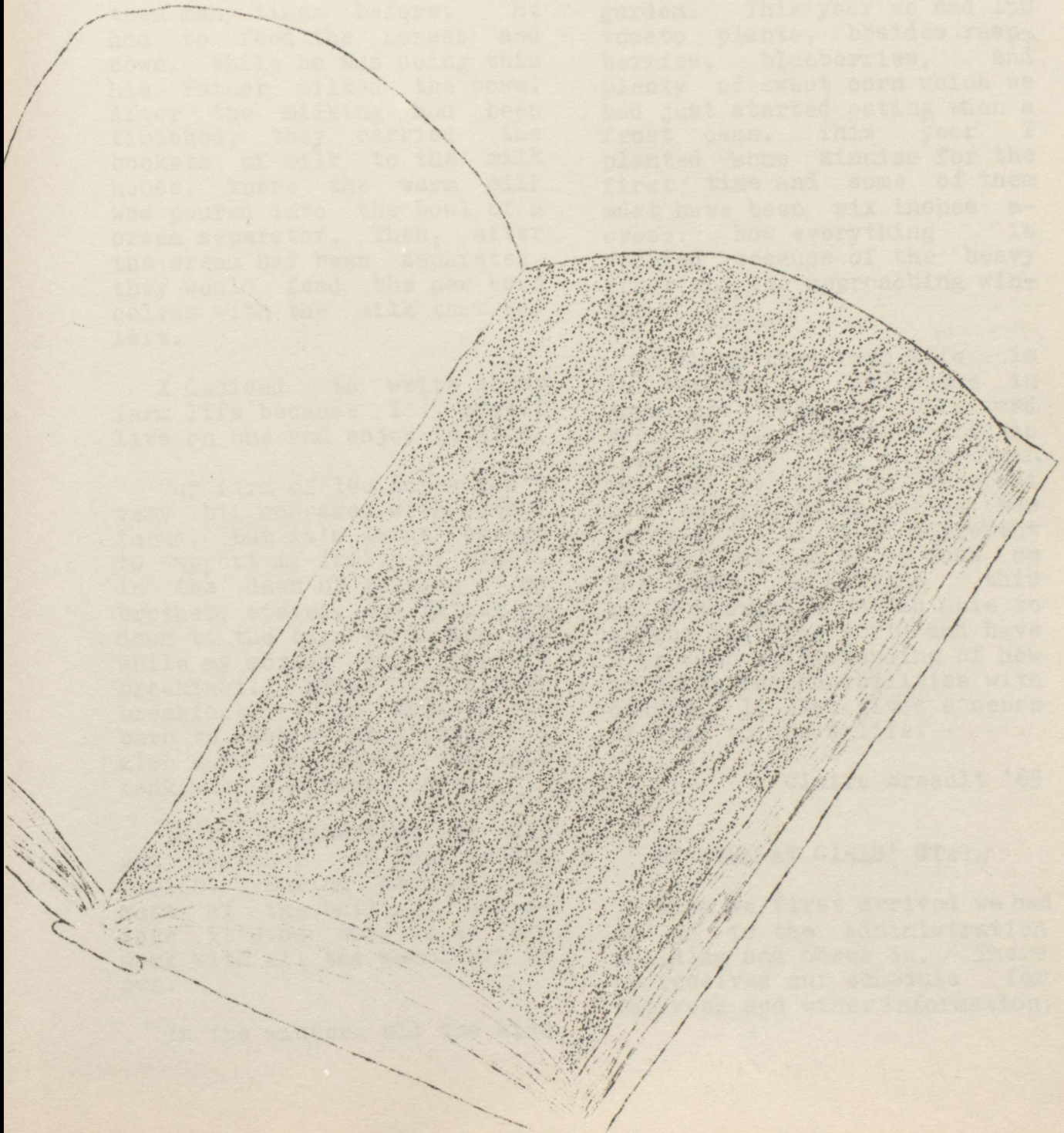
SOPHOMORE CLASS

On October 5, we held the Freshman Reception. We are now planning for the Christmas Ball for December 21. Our Class dues are \$1.00 for each semester.

JUNIOR CLASS

We have had one class project so far this year. It was our
 (continued on page 38)

ARTICLES



FARM LIFE

Years ago farm life wasn't very easy, but I think it must have been fun. The farm boy arose in the half light of morning and dressed to do his chores. In the barn the animals were awake and waiting impatiently to eat. The farm boy knew exactly what his chores were, for he had done them many times before. He had to feed the horses and cows. While he was doing this his father milked the cows. After the milking had been finished, they carried the buckets of milk to the milk house. There the warm milk was poured into the bowl of a cream separator. Then, after the cream had been separated, they would feed the new born calves with the milk that was left.

I decided to write about farm life because I myself live on one and enjoy it alot.

Our farm of 160 acres isn't very big compared with other farms, but it's large enough to support my family of eight. In the dawn of morning my brother, sister, and father go down to the barn to do chores, while my mother and I prepare breakfast. After we finish breakfast, I go down to the barn to wash my milk pails. I also have to clean the bulk tank when the truck comes.

In the summertime we all get together to work in the fields. During haying I do most of the bailing. Now-a-days it's so easy to do farm work with all the machinery we own.

In the winter, all the kids

go down to the barn to help feed the calves--about thirty-five in number.

Don't get the idea that if you live on a farm all you do is work. We have time to go fishing, go on picnics, go riding, or just simply be lazy.

On the farm we also have a garden. This year we had 150 tomato plants, besides raspberries, blueberries, and plenty of sweet corn which we had just started eating when a frost came. This year I planted some zinnias for the first time and some of them must have been six inches across. Now everything is spoiled because of the heavy frost and the approaching winter.

I think that farm life is fun because we all share in joys and sorrows; work and recreation. Responsibility is learned very early on the farm. One has to know a lot about most everything as far as how to do all of the different things that has to be done on the farm. By having this broad knowledge one is able to go out into the world and have a broader understanding of how to share responsibilities with others. It also gives a sense of duty to one's life.

Claire Breault '65

MY WEEK AT GIRLS' STATE

When we first arrived we had to go to the Administration Building and check in. There we received our schedule for the week and other information.

The name of my town was Comolli. There were two counties with three towns in each. Each town was given points for a talent show we had to put on, also for promptness and participation in outside activities. Our town was only three points away from being the Model Town.

The part I enjoyed the most were the town meetings. There each girl brought up a problem from her own community. These problems were discussed and decided what we thought should be done about them.

In the House and Senate we did the same thing, but on the state level. Some of the problems they discussed were cleaning-up the Connecticut River, The blue laws, and Re-apportionment of the House and Senate.

Every morning after breakfast we cleaned up our rooms for inspection. For this we also received points toward being Model Town.

One of the more exciting things that happened to our town was that we were brought to trial by our rival town Simanton. We were accused of leaving lights on after curfew, making so much noise that we kept our counselors awake, and spying on their talent show. However, their witness could not remember if she could see our building while lying in bed. If she couldn't that meant that she was also out of bed after curfew. We had already staged our talent show so why would we want to spy on theirs. We also secured a testimonial from one of our

counselors that we did not keep them awake. So, of course, we were found not guilty.

I enjoyed Girls' State very much and wish that every girl could participate. It is a very good experience.

Carol Emch '63

LAKE CARMI STATE PARK

The state is building a state park on the east shore of Lake Carmi.

The state started building just before the beginning of school. To date the workers have completed two buildings and cleared an area for tents, picnic tables, fireplaces, and for swimming. They plan to clear three more acres before they have finished.

When this project is completed, there will be facilities for many people. There will be a place to camp, swim, picnic, or just to relax.

I am sure the people of Franklin will welcome this new State Park to our town and county. I hope everyone has the advantage to visit this new facility.

Blaine Kittell '66

FRESHMAN INITIATION AND RECEPTION

The Freshman Initiation and Reception was held October 5. Thirteen Freshmen were initiated (tortured as one of them said.) Upon arriving at school in the morning their

faces were sort of enhanced with mascara, rouge, powder and the works, as they say. The boys went around school all day with their wooden shoes. You can imagine the girls, with their loose trousers and lampshades, big and small, paraded around school displaying their new outfits.

At night, because of the rain and cold weather, we had a good turn out at the Town Hall. The Freshman were good sports about the things we had them do.

After the stunts, a receiving line was formed and refreshments were served. A dance followed with the Buccaneers for the orchestra.

This day is an event of the past, but it will not be easily forgotten by many people, especially the Freshman. I know it was fun for us and them. Now they are looking forward and planning for next year's Freshman Initiation.

Claire Breault '65

CHRISTMAS BALL

The Freshman Class is again sponsoring their 2nd Annual Christmas Ball to be held at the Franklin Town Hall, December 21, 1962. This dance is semi-formal, with dancing from 8:30 p.m. to 12:30 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.

The highlight of the evening

will be the crowning of a king and queen to reign over the dance, at 9:30 p.m. Voting will take place at the High School, Wednesday, December 19.

Nomination from the 8th grade, Freshman, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors are asked to be submitted to the class president, Donald Couture, not later than Monday, December 17. No class may nominate more than 2 boys and 2 girls as candidates. The voting will take place in Mr. Mudgett's room, Wednesday, December 19, 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.



JOKES

When I have to report on jokes
near students at P.S. Do
ever give some jokes them to
tell you about!

How I love to see you
looking at the
big cat
and when
you are
having a
day, for
the day!

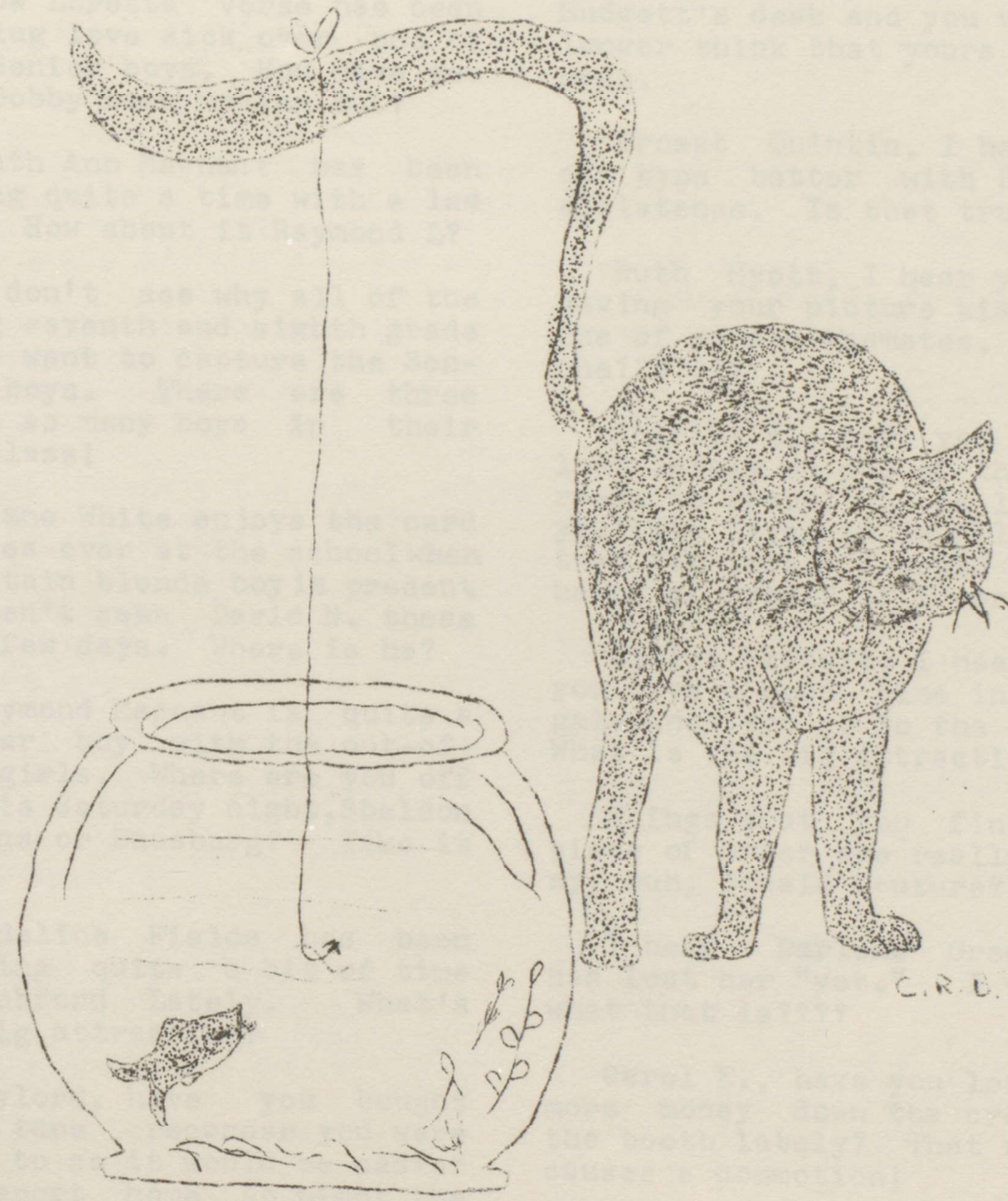
I don't see why a
young woman
could want to
see boys
like all
one else!

How I love to see you
looking at the
big cat
and when
you are
having a
day, for
the day!

I don't see why a
young woman
could want to
see boys
like all
one else!

How I love to see you
looking at the
big cat
and when
you are
having a
day, for
the day!

I don't see why a
young woman
could want to
see boys
like all
one else!



C.R.D. '08

State of Confusion
U. S. A.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Hi again. It is that time when I have to report on those dear students at F.H.S. Do I ever have some juicy items to tell you about!

Now Loretta Vorse has been looking love sick over one of the Senior boys. How have you and Bobby been making out?

Ruth Ann Magnant has been having quite a time with a ladder. How about it Raymond L?

I don't see why all of the young seventh and eighth grade girls want to capture the Senior boys. There are three times as many boys in their own class!

Diane White enjoys the card parties over at the school when a certain blonde boy is present. I haven't seen David N. these past few days. Where is he?

Raymond Magnant is quite a popular boy with the out-of-town girls. Where are you off to this Saturday night, Sheldon Springs or Enosburg? Take it easy!

Madeline Fields has been spending quite a bit of time in Richford lately. What's the big attraction?

Gaylord, have you bought that tape recorder you were going to so it would be easier to report home at night the happenings at school?

How's the Navy these days, Penny Harrod? It will be a

lonely Christmas because I do not think "Coop" will be home.

Merriman's porch light has been on until after 10:00 for the past few nights. How come Mary Lou?

Some of the teachers have been scolding the students about their untidy desks. Look at the condition of one Mr. Mudgett's desk and you will no longer think that yours is a mess.

Ernest Quintin, I hear you can type better with Polly's assistance. Is that true??

Ruth Myott, I hear you are having your picture kissed by one of your classmates. Which one?????????

Shirley E., have you gotten lost lately on one of the back roads on Franklin? As long as you have lived in Franklin and then get lost. I would be ashamed of myself if I were you!

Claire Breault, I hear that you have a good time in Highgate when you go to the dances. What is the big attraction??

Things that you find on a piece of paper are really new-sy, huh, Donald Couture??

I hear Darlene Greenwood has lost her "yet." I wonder what that is????

Carol E., have you lost any more money down the crack in the booth lately? That really causes a commotion!

How did you get all of that cherry juice on the back of your parka, Mary Lou?

Carol S., How come you and Gary always take the long way home? You know the old saying "The Longest Way Home Is The Sweetest Way Home." Is it?

That is about all about all I have to report on for this time but I will be back in the spring.

Love,
Gabbie Gertie

Gabbie Gertie

Sign in front of a school:
SLOW DOWN - DON'T KILL A CHILD
then underneath in childish
scrawl: WAIT FOR A TEACHER

Sign on the back of a small car
"Don't hit me I've got a big
brother in the garage."

Kenton: "What's the name of
that book you are reading?"
Robert M: "It's called "What
Twenty Million Women Want."
Kenton: "Did they spell my
name right?"

Mom: Dale, be sure to wash
your arms before you put on
your new shirt.
Dale G: Is it long sleeved or
short sleeved?

If the road of life gets rough,
And your rewards are few,
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you!

Father: Son you're a pig. Do
you know what a pig is?
Allen G: Yes dad, a pig is a
hog's little boy.

DAFFYNITIONS:

Bobby pin - An English police badge

Acute pain - a pretty window

Dogma - canine parent

Ransom - Hurried part of the way

Tempermental - Easy glum -easy glow

Ring leader - the first one in a bath tub

Homework - something you do that nobody notices unless you don't do it.

Air gun - used by people who like to shoot the breeze.

Horse - an oatsmobile

Wedding Rehearsal - Aisle Trial

Wolf - A lad who believes in life, liberty, and the happiness of pursuit.

Ice - Skid stuff

Napkin - Relatives who like to sleep

Kidney - the knee of a baby goat

Commentator - A well-known potatoe

Eraser - what the artist's wife said when he drew a beautiful girl

Seat belt - What you usually get if you get too close to a mule

Ocean Liner - Sand

Earthquake - Mother Nature doing the Twist.

Artificial - A judge for a drawing contest.

Knapsack - A sleeping bag.

Hatchet - What a chicken does to an egg.

Bowling is a family sport. It gets your kids off the street and into the alleys.

Doctor: (amnesia case) Can't remember his name but, says his face looks familiar.

Father -Son Banquet. We have not yet planned anything for a future project.

Darlene Greenwood '64

SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class held a card party on November 16, at the School House. Even though it was held during deer season, we had a very good turn out and wish to thank everyone for their contributions. There are a few more card parties planned.

Rachel La Rock '63

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

- Miss Dewing not chasing Raymond Lovejoy and Dale Rickert around?
- Ernest Quintin biting Mr. Mudgett?
- Rachel not being mad at a certain person?
- Darlene G. without her "yet"?
- Mary Lou going right home after basketball practice?
- Pauline not getting mad during a basketball game?
- Laurel Stanley not critizing?
- Mr. Mudgett without a hundred and one things to do?
- Madeline not having a sore ankle?
- Richard Patterson typing without Madeline right by his side?
- Darlene Greenwood not typing for Mr. Mudgett?
- Gaylord C. with his head in the clouds?
- The Sweet Shop being empty?
- Mary Lou and Reggie not taking the long way home?
- Carol Sweeney and Gary not trying to run down someone?
- Blaine without a beard?
- Bonnie Elwood making any noise?
- The Senior Class staying out of trouble for a whole day?
- Donna Peaslee not talking about Harland R?
- Miss Dewing not getting mad at the seventh and eighth graders?
- Dale Greenwood not fooling around in school?
- Mr. Mudgett getting Laurel mad?
- Rickey and Pauline not fooling around in the typing room?
- Robert Magnant getting to school before 9:15 when he comes?
- Carol Emch not competing with Alice over Mickey.
- A group of girls not waiting for certain guys at the Sweet Shop?
- Raymond Lovejoy not being mean?
- Mr. Menkens doing the "TWIST"?
- Pauline Wright going to Grange?
- Darlene Greenwood going right home after school?
- Gaylord H. Not telling his father everything that happens?
- Pauline Wright in Mississippi?
- Richard Patterson taking Madeline to the Christmas Ball?
- Kenton not being jealous over Valerie?
- Armand letting Robert M. play pool until he apoloizes to his mother?

DRIBBLING DOODLES

How did you makeout with the dribbling doodles in the last issue? Did I stump some of you? NO? Well, just in case there was someone who did not get all of them, I will give you the answers.

1. A scared mop.
2. A pole for firemen to slide down for false alarms.
3. A pretty long crew cut.
4. A viscious circle.
5. An Egyptian toadstool.
6. Tongues view of a cigarettte.
7. An upside down figure one.
8. Four elephants smelling of a peanut.

Here are some words that have been scrambled for you. Answers next issue.

wson
pacroh
kin
dowo

fafwel
evmoi
dcalrnea
tsiu

shueo
tleom
bbaalcdkor
tcriuan

eter
wvdion
hctear
hosclo



Merry Christmas
and
a
Happy
New
Year

SEASON'S

GREETINGS

FROM
The Three of Us

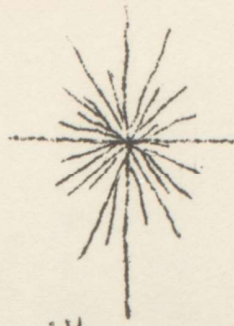
OSCAR, MARILYN, & FAY

O.H. RILEY, INC.

FRANKLIN, VT.

TEL. 22





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

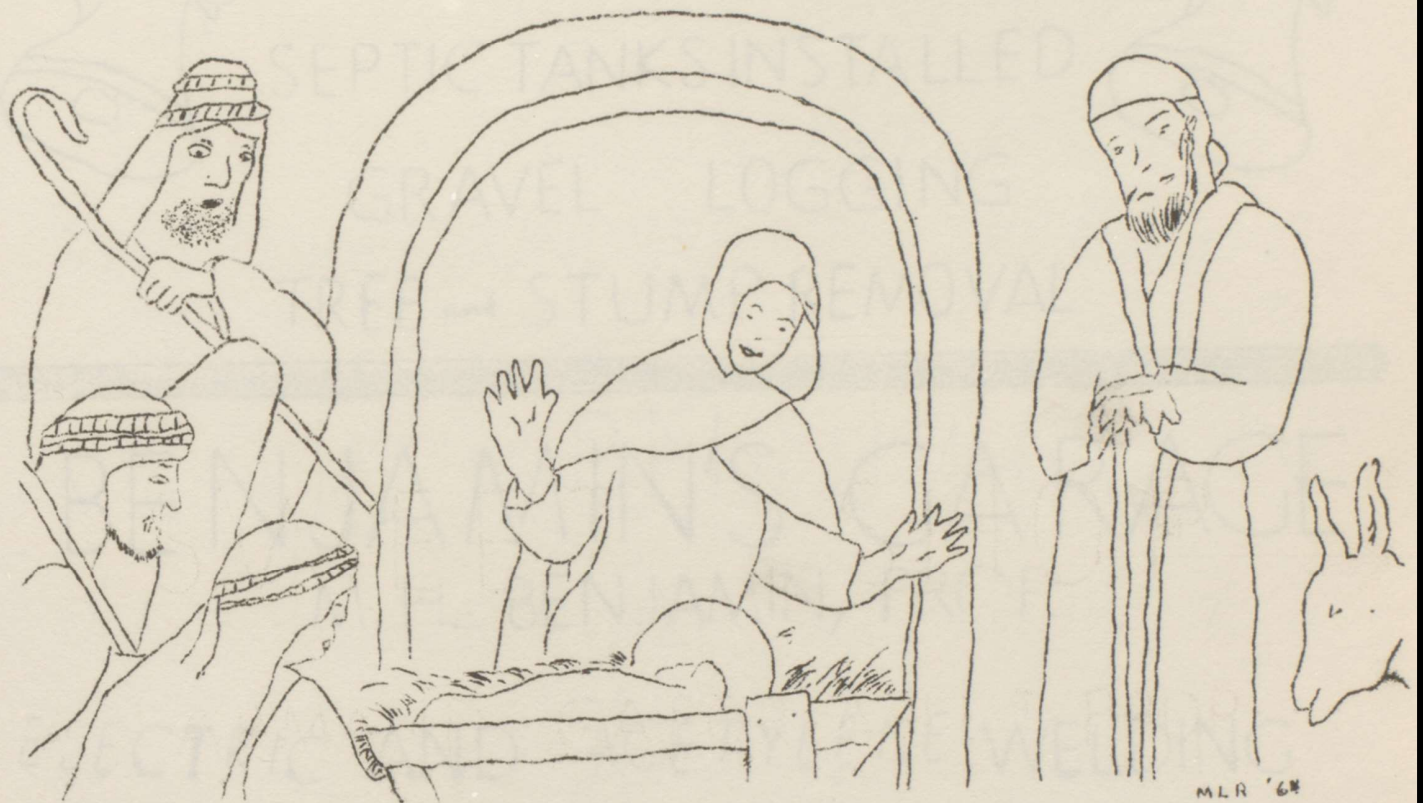
Happy
Holiday Season

COMPLIMENTS
OF
S. A. McDERMOTT
TYDOL SERVICE

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

SWEET SHOP

ARMAND GABORIAULT, PROP.



COME SHOP THE OLD WAY!!
INSTEAD OF THE GRAND WAY!

TEL. 010

ALAN BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN, VT. TEL. 7-5



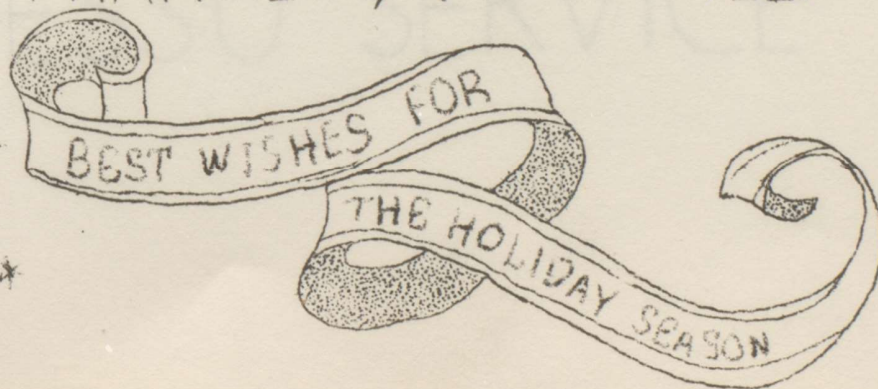
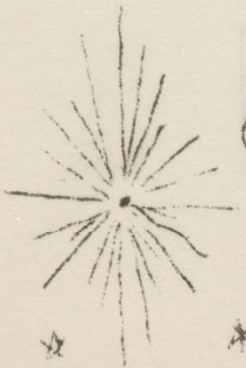
EXCAVATING
WATER LINES INSTALLED
SEPTIC TANKS INSTALLED
GRAVEL LOGGING
TREE *and* STUMP REMOVAL



BENJAMIN'S GARAGE

M. H. BENJAMIN, PROP. TEL. 7-5

ELECTRIC AND ACETYLENE WELDING
GENERAL REPAIRING
FRANKLIN, VT. TEL. 271



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