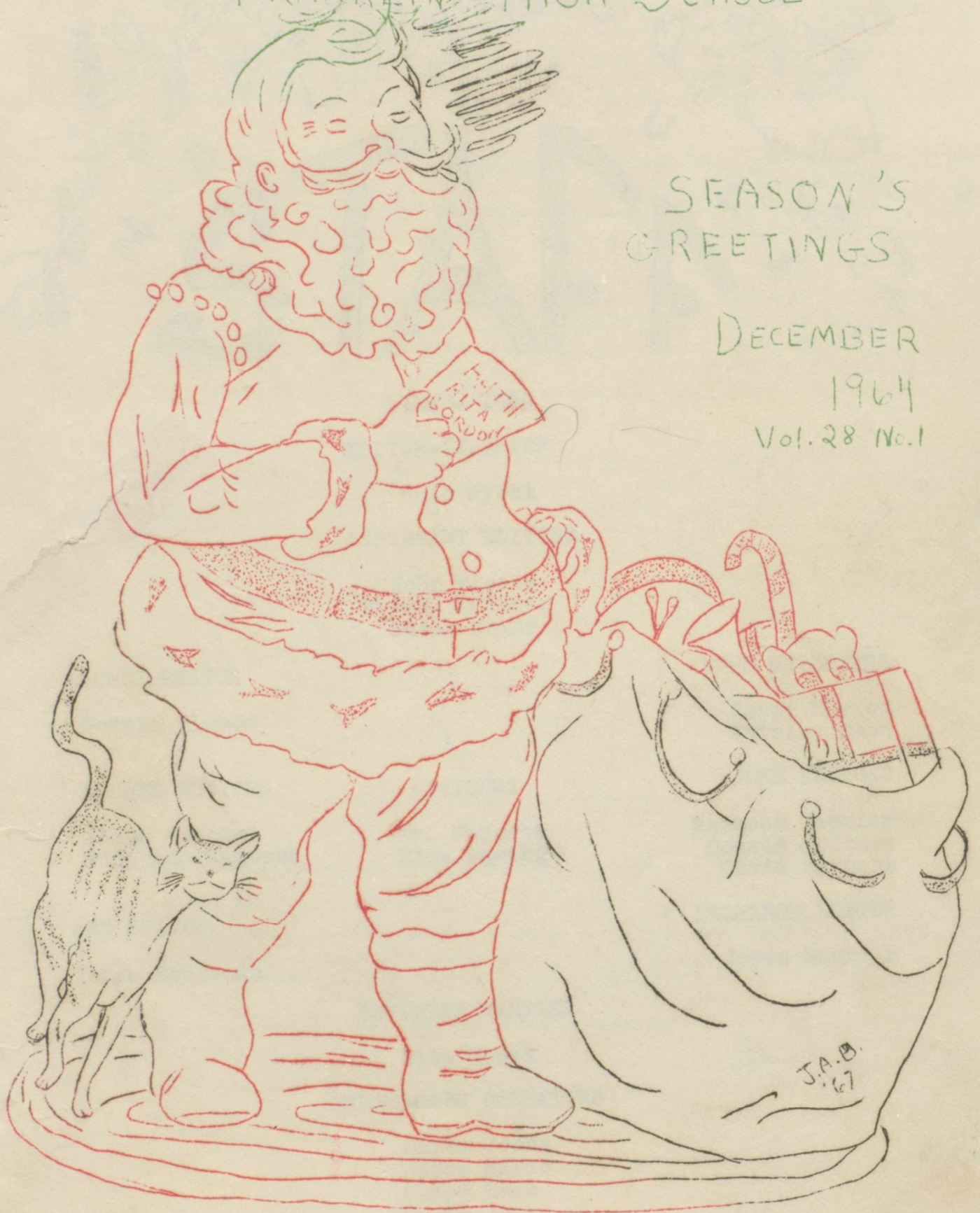


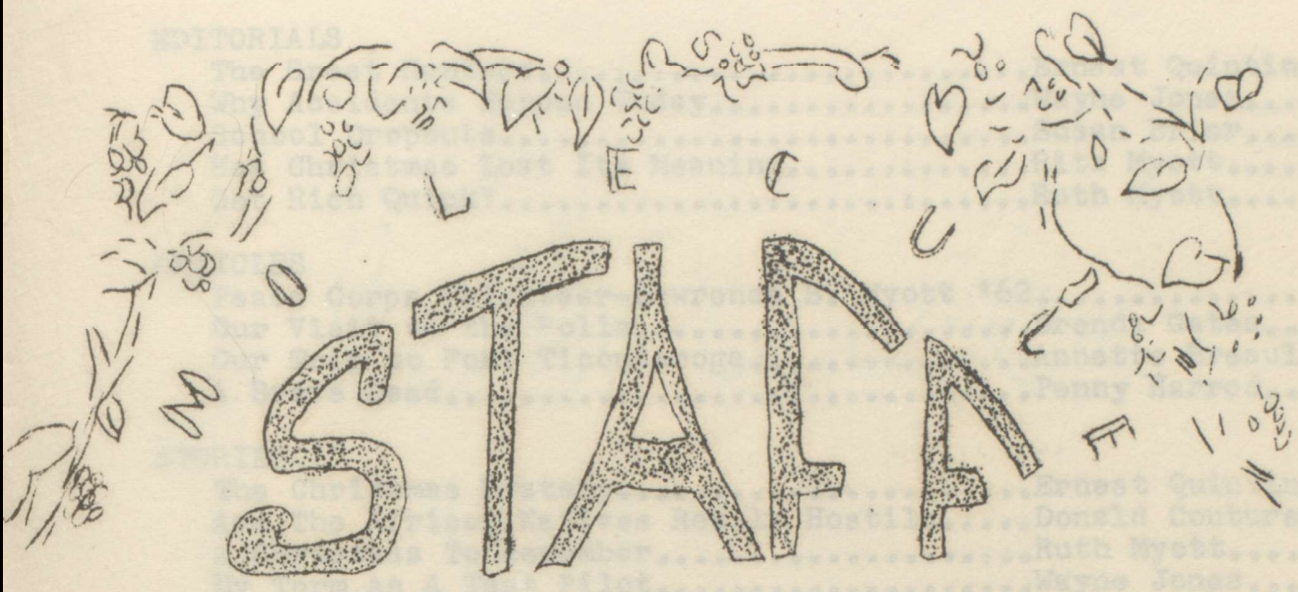
MOLECULE

FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL

SEASON'S
GREETINGS

DECEMBER
1964
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1964 - 1965

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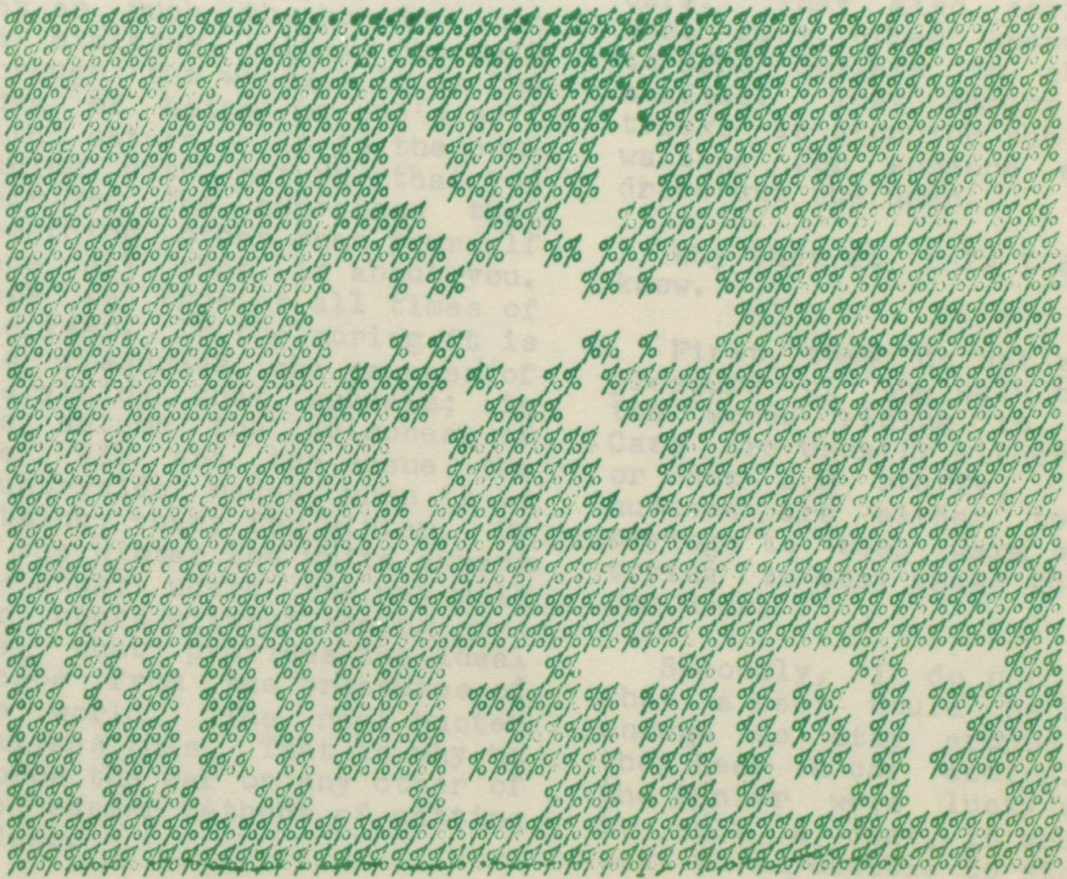
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OUR ADVERTISERS

THE GREAT HUNTERS

Editorials

get their feet wet doing it. They are easily recognized. Their main distinguishing feature is that they hunt in pairs. Perhaps they think they are going to come across a bear and kill it. They still go forth in the wilds, braving the cold winds, the snow and ice; more often than not coming home empty handed and shivering, with a tale about "the one that got away!"



...and when they see a bear they go for it. This, this type of hunting is exceedingly important

THE GREAT HUNTERS

In my estimation deer hunting is becoming rather unsportsmanlike. The sport just isn't conducted as it should be. To be sure, there are those who still put on their red suits, pick up their guns; and go tramping through the woods in search of the game. They still go forth in the wilds, braving the cold winds, the snow and ice; more often than not coming home empty handed and shivering, with a tale about "the one that got away!"

This, believe it or not, is the correct way to hunt. It's not so much the hunting that is exciting. It is the walk through the woods. It is the idea of being by one's self with nature. It is the communion with nature that you receive. The awareness that something other than yourself made all that is about you. This is true at all times of the year. In the spring it is the freshness, the newness of everything that appeals; in the autumn the crispness of the air and the scene the countryside makes when it is getting ready for winter. Or in the winter the white expanse of snow; where one may walk for hours without seeing anyone, that provides the ideal escape from the pressures of the world. The real hunter realizes this. That is why he scorns the car or any other of the easier methods of getting a deer.

But these hunters are greatly outnumbered by those whose only purpose is to get out there and get their deer before anybody else and not

get their feet wet doing it. They are easily recognized. Their main distinguishing feature is that they hunt in cars. Perhaps they think their deer is going to come down to the road to meet them. They poke along the country roads, never traveling over thirty miles per hour, looking first to one side and then to the other, but nowhere at the road. They are the ones who wear the brightest jackets and hats. Usually, their clothes are of the finest material, so they can save money by not turning the heater up too much, also, so they won't be cold when they step out of their cars. They also carry the best guns, often spending up to \$200 dollars to shoot at shadows. They employ such tricks as stopping the car or waiting for someone else to drive out the deer.

Why they do this I do not know.

First, they do not get the pleasure of the walk through the woods riding in a car. Cars are usually either cold, or hot and stuffy. These hunters are either too busy trying to keep warm or busy trying to stay awake to watch for deer.

Secondly, I do not think that a deer would be stupid enough to stay around when they hear a car coming. If the hunter were lucky enough to spot a deer, it would be next to impossible to stop the car, get out with his gun, take aim and shoot before the deer got away.

Third, this type of hunting is exceedingly unsportsman

like. Do the deer ride around in sleek, flashy cars? Do they go through the woods driving land rovers? No. Then I think that they should give the deer, or rather themselves, a fair chance. I say themselves because, as I stated earlier, the deer are not going to come down to the car to meet them, no matter what they do.

Ernest Quintin '65

WHY ACCIDENTS HAPPEN TODAY

Today, almost every time we pick up the newspaper we see that some person has been killed by some careless driver, or by some fault of his own.

For the most part I think it's the young drivers, although their reflexes are quicker they like to fool around. As for the older people they are more experienced, but they aren't as quick. For example, you're coming down a hill with a curve at the bottom. As you go into the turn a car zooms past you on the solid line. As he does you say to yourself, "He'll kill himself yet." A few miles further on you suddenly come upon an accident. Cars are backed up on both sides of the road. People who were in the cars are badly hurt. Two of them will never recover because "The Speeder" has marked up another death for himself.

One time when I was driving an older man came up behind me and went by. After he did he stayed in the middle of the road, and was traveling at a

good speed. He overtook a stopped car, but he couldn't stop in time. He slid into the rear of the other car.

I think the main reason for accidents are: that drivers may have been drinking, or are half awake, are sick, or just outdrive their reflexes.

Let us watch our own driving carefully and do our best to lower the automobile accident rate.

Wayne Jones '65

SCHOOL DROPOUTS

One of the nation's headaches is this school dropout problem. The government keeps asking "what are we going to do with them!"

The national unemployment rates are high. Unskilled laborers find jobs very scarce

Today modern machines have replaced a number of people and jobs. The maintenance of these machines takes special training and skill. To meet these requirements one needs at least a high-school education and some special training.

Why do these kids quit school? Well there are a number of reasons:

First, they want spending for gas, dates, and cigarettes. Of course they say that after-school jobs do not pay enough.

Secondly, they're not going to pass anyway, so why waste their time? Some with a little added attention in class and a few hours of home-

work could make it, but that is too much trouble.

Thirdly, they just don't get along with the teachers who, they say, are always picking on them. Again there is a remedy. Maybe a little more respect and attention would correct this.

So teenagers, please stay in school. These are the best years of school. You're looked up to and are given more privileges. Enjoy them and put in a little effort. It, will pay off in dollars and satisfaction in the future.

Susan Brier '65

The following facts taken from a U.S. Air Force pamphlet substantiate Susan's editorial.

"IF YOU DROP OUT.....

Economically, the cards will be stacked against you if you don't at least finish high school. Here are Department of Commerce figures on middle income for men at various educational levels...

If you complete: you can expect a median income of:

Less than 8 years of schooling	\$2,090
8 years of schooling	3,452
1-3 years of high school	3,865
4 years of high school	5,052
1-3 years of college	5,246
4 years of college	7,261

1 or more years graduate school

7,691

"GETTING A JOB..... AND KEEPING IT

You've heard a lot about technological advances, and automation. One consequence of this progress is that many unskilled jobs are being eliminated. The jobs that are being created call for more and more knowledge. And of course during slack economic periods, the least-trained are the first to be laid off.

"Here are unemployment rates for the different educational levels...

Completed:	Unemployment
Eight years or less	8.5%
High School (1-4 years)	6.2
College (1-4 years)	2.8
Graduate School	.7

"As you can see, the jobless rate rises, as the educational level goes down. And as our population grows, the competition for jobs will become even keener. By 1970, 14 million more people will be looking for employment.

(Continued from page 9)

doctors found that she had a broken wrist and contusions. After remaining in the hospital for two days for observation, she was allowed to go home. The next day Alice was presented a citation of bravery from the city officials, and her picture was in all the papers.

Patricia Harrod '65

HAS CHRISTMAS LOST ITS MEANING?

In the year 354, December 25 was adopted as the official birthday of Christ, by a Bishop in Rome. At that time they celebrated by giving presents and by the use of holly and mistletoe. They had no Christmas trees decorated with beautiful lights and no Santa Claus. The day was entirely devoted to the family and worship. Expensive gifts were not purchased and little money was spent.

Now, however, when the children think of Christmas, it means Santa Claus is coming to pay his yearly visit. And they "had better be real good" or Santa Claus will skip their house. Their Christmas list has numerous items that would cost a fortune.

People are laden with shopping and great expense. Some people even go so far as to borrow money to buy gifts. They then take months to repay thus making Christmas miserable for themselves.

Christmas used to be entirely devoted to the family and the worship of the Christ Child. Now it is excessively commercialized. During the Christmas season, prices on all the merchandise go sky-high. Christmas decorations are up and in full view before Thanksgiving comes. And, Christmas "Sales" are taking place in mid-November.

Have the people lost the true meaning of Christmas? Does everybody think just of presents and trees glowing with lights? Surely not

everybody has forgotten about religious services, Christmas caroling and helping the people in need.

Do you automatically think of Christmas parties and gifts when Christmas is mentioned?

Have you also lost the true meaning of Christmas?

Rita Myott '66

GET RICH QUICK?

Oddly enough, after the assassination of President Kennedy last November 22, many people found themselves swimming in new found wealth.

The owner of the room where Oswald was rooming opened the area to the public to increase the business. He has even gone so far as to make plans to sell Oswald's linen. The police still have it in their possession. His plans are to cut it up and sell it. This was done when the "Beatles" were in the United States. Their linen was cut up and sold a dollar per square inch. Thus far 250,000 dollars have been collected. Can you imagine paying one dollar for a piece of someone's dirty linen? Some people in doing this make it look as though Oswald was an outright American hero.

Last November Marina Oswald was a twenty-one-year-old Russian girl, with not an extra cent. Now she lives in a three-bedroom house with all the modern appliances she could possibly use, plus hundreds of thousands of dollars in the bank account.

An amateur photographer was at the scene of the assassination taking movies. This had been his pastime at home, taking movies of his children. But oddly enough when he saw the president slump he thought the president might only be clowning and saying "Oh, they got me." But then he realized a President wouldn't "Kid" in such a drastic manner.

He kept his camera focused on the presidential car until it sped out of sight. He sold the pictures to a well-known magazine. Today he has an abundance of wealth. But a strange feeling came over him as he looked at the color pictures in the magazine. What really had it brought him?

It's true the assassination of one man did bring wealth to so many people. But without the contributions the children of Marina Oswald and of the late Officer Tippit wouldn't be able to get the education which may prevent them from following Lee Oswald's example of hate.

The American people must have a big heart to forgive and accept Mrs. Oswald as just another American, or they may wish to show her that America is not Russia.

Maybe they didn't just get rich quick as it appears. Maybe there's a feeling behind that money, a special kind of feeling that only they possess a desire to share with those less fortunate than themselves.

Ruth Myott '65

Season's Greetings



FROM
THE STAFF
AND
FACULTY

LAWRENCE B. MYOTT
 MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE

ORLU

EASTERN NIGERIA

OCTOBER, 1964

The Experiment in International Living of Putney, Vt. is making it possible that approximately once each month, while I am here in Nigeria, for me to send each of you a News-letter similar to this. I hope that in some way these newsletters will help each of you to understand a little better at least one country in a small way help to make up for all the letters which I will not have time to write to each person individually. My only request is that when you have read these letters that they be passed on to others. In this way I will be able to share my experience with many more people.

On September 18 I left New York with approximately 65 Peace Corps Volunteers to work in the Republic of Nigeria under the Ministry of Agriculture. September 19 found us in Lagos, Nigeria, the country's Capitol city after making stops in Frankfurt, Germany and Tripoli, Libya. For two days we stayed in Lagos for orientation and to get acquainted with this city of modern skyscrapers. In this very modern city a few feet from the skyscrapers are huts made of mud and thatch like those found in the most remote corner of Nigeria. There are markets beside the street that sell their products by candle light at night

and then beside them are the tall towers all aglow with the white light of electricity. There are people from the most remote bush village of the country and from all parts of Africa in this city of riches and poverty.

After our short stay in Lagos, we (a group of 19 assigned to work in the Ministry of Agriculture in the Eastern Region) were loaded onto a bus and for fifteen hours, we were traveling on bush roads which would make Vermont's "back roads" look like super-highways.

It was on these bush roads that we got our first view of what the majority of Nigeria is really like. The greater portion of the citizens live in mud-homes with thatched roofs and a high mud wall around the compound to protect them from prying eyes and thieves. Perhaps I can best explain the plight of the peoples of Nigeria by telling you that the average income of Nigeria is \$90.00 per family annually.

Arriving in Enugu we found an old and very clean city which is more elegant and richer than Lagos, although it lacks the skyscrapers which are mainly for show in Lagos. We had been told about the people and cities of Nigeria, while in training in Ohio, but really we had no idea of what Nigeria was really like until we got here.

For nearly three weeks our Agriculture group studied tropical agriculture at the Ministry of Agriculture in Enugu. The crops include: oil palm

rubber, cassava, yam, banana, pineapple, rice, cocoa, maize (corn), and the many vegetable crops which we have in the United States. We made many tours in the Eastern Region during this training period and this gave us a chance to really see Nigerian agriculture as it is and to meet some of the people who are responsible for 85% of the nation's economy.

After this training we finally got our assignments and were sent to our posts throughout the Eastern region. My assignment is with the Young Farmers Clubs (similar to 4-H) of Orlu Division, which is a province of the East and made up of several counties. I am in charge of the Y.F.C. for the whole of the most heavily populated areas in the East. I have a big job ahead of me, serving as what would be called in the U.S. "County 4-H Club Agent".

My home is about a half mile from the center of the town of Orlu. I have a four room house with a bathroom and kitchen. Incidentally, I'm one of the privileged Volunteers working in agriculture who has the luxury of a flush toilet and shower. This house until June of 1964 was the rectory of the priest here in Orlu; so therefore it is made of concrete blocks with a steel roof. In my compound (area surrounding the house) there are six stands of pineapple, palm trees, orange trees, and banana trees. So you can see I have an abundant supply of fresh fruit. It is really another world to step out into the back yard and get oranges and bananas right

from the trees. I must say, these fruits ripened naturally on the trees are much better than any fruits we can buy in North Eastern U.S.

On my first Sunday here in Orlu when I went to church, I went in and sat down with the rest of the people. But, within a few minutes I was being taken to the front pew where there was a reserved seat for me. The custom is that all of the "big men" of town have these reserved seats. I was told by the usher that was my seat as long as I'm here in Orlu. The church is about one-quarter of a mile from my house. All of the Priests here are from the order of the Holy Ghost of Ireland.

Next month in my Newsletter I will try to tell you about the wonderful people of Nigeria.

Finally, I would like to request letters from each of you to tell me what is happening in the States. My address is: Ministry of Agriculture, Orlu, Eastern Nigeria.

Sincerely,

Larry Myott

P.S. If you know of anyone who would like a Pen-Pal in Nigeria please write and let me know, because I have many requests for Pen-Pals in America.

OUR VISIT TO THE POLLS

Tuesday, September 8th we (the 7th and 8th graders) went to the polls to see how a primary election is carried on.

When we reached the town hall where the voting was taking place, we stopped a minute outside to study the instructions for voters and to read sample ballots which were posted on the wall.

Once inside, the first things we noticed were four three-sided stalls called booths. There were more instructions and ballots just like the ones we had seen outside and a few people seated at tables. Mr. Fred Boudreau, the presiding officer, met us and explained to us what a person must do in order to vote.

A voter must first give the ballot clerk his name which is marked off on the checklist. The ballot clerk then gives him either an assortment of republican or democratic ballots depending on for which party he wants to vote.

The voter then goes to an empty booth and marks his ballots. If a voter does not know how to read, there are two assisting clerks, one from each party to help him.

After the ballots have been marked they are dropped into the ballot boxes. There are five ballot boxes labeled United States Senator, Representative to Congress, State Officers, County Officers, and Town Representative. There is a different box for each of the ballots which the voter is given.

Before leaving, the voter's name is checked off again on another checklist. The voter will then leave.

We thanked Mr. Boudreau and then left. We all learned a great deal from our visit and hope that what we learned will help us when we are old enough to vote.

Brenda Gates '70

OUR TRIP TO FORT TICONDEROGA

On September 4, 1964, we left for Fort Ticonderoga with twenty-eight seventh and eighth graders, Mrs. Clerk, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boudreau.

We had a lot of fun joking. We passed some trees which were covered with luscious red apples which tempted a few of us.

We drove down on the Vermont side of Lake Champlain, and, of course, it had to rain. Mr. Boudreau and Mrs. Clark decided to go on the ferry. While we were on the Ticonderoga Ferry we went out and watched. The fort is not very far from the ferry, so we could see flags flying.

The sun was shining when we ate our lunch. After, we went in and some history was told by a guide.

He told us that the fort was held in turn by the United States, France and Great Britain. In 1775, the French began building the Fort and they called it Carillon. It was attacked five times; it fell three times and successfully held twice. From 1759

through 1775 the Fort was occupied by the British. It was captured in 1775 by Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys without firing a shot, because it was early dawn when everyone was asleep. Then it was occupied by American Troops.

In October, 1777, the buildings were burned by the British and the Fort was abandoned. It was never restored, but raiding parties sometimes camped there.

In 1816, it was purchased by William Tell. By 1908, it was first opened to the public.

After our guided tour we looked over the walls and saw Lake George and Mount Defiance. We visited the museum which showed things used in early times, also the dungeon which was scary. There were other rooms to look at. At 1:30 we watched two little cannons go off.

Our time was over and we were all on our way home. We followed the New York side of Lake Champlain and crossed the Crown Point Bridge.

If you would have a chance to go, go because the fort is interesting and the view is beautiful.

We had fun and thank you, Mrs. Clark, and Fred Boudreau, our driver.

Annette Breault '70

A BRAVE DEED

Alice Hayes had arrived at Mrs. Beyors house early Saturday morning.

She was to stay with little Jimmy.

When she had given him his dinner she put him upstairs in his crib. After he had fallen asleep, Alice went downstairs. Soon she fell asleep in her chair. Suddenly she awoke with a start, something was burning. She ran into the kitchen. The smoke was stronger in there. Her next thought was the basement. She opened the door and saw smoke and flames. For a moment she was panic stricken, she then realized she had to phone the fire department. Running into the living room for the telephone she found that as usual Mrs. Machia was talking to her sister. Alice interrupted, telling them that she had to call the fire department. At first Mrs. Machia thought Alice was a practical joker. There were a couple of hectic moments, but Alice won out.

By the time her call reached the fire department the flames were starting to come through the floor.

She ran upstairs and snatched the baby from his crib. When she reached the top of the stairs, the flames were at the bottom. The only thing that she could do was to jump from the bedroom window. The idea was frightening, but it was their only chance, cradling Jimmy in her arms she jumped.

Alice lay there dazed for several minutes. Then she heard sirens coming.

When they found her, they immediately took her to the hospital. Once there, the
(Continued on page 3)

STORIES

THE CHRISTMAS MISTAKE

Tom Terry was coming for Christmas. The fact that he and Jane came every year was better than the last. And this year would be the last of all; he was sure of it.

Such ran the thoughts of Tom Wallace on the evening of December 22. He had purchased most of the presents he was planning to give. The only person that remained was his father. Mr. Wallace had said he wanted a gun to use against the woodchucks that ravaged the meadows. But, of course, buying a thing such as a gun would be impossible for Tom. He would just have to settle for a pair of slippers. He was planning to buy Terry a S.B. gun. He was sure he was getting ready for his just what he was getting for him. This year it had been an electric train. He wondered where Terry got all his money. Probably from his mother. He had to earn all of it. He thought as he drifted off to sleep.

"Good morning, Tommy," said his mother who entered the kitchen on the morning.

"Morning. Where's father?"

"Jane called from the road station this morning. He's gone down to pick her. Now eat your breakfast." Tom finished that.

So, Terry was coming a day early and Tom's father had gone down to meet them. That meant that Terry would not be staying these days after

Christmas as usual. Tom felt old when he realized it also meant they would not be going to town again until after Christmas. He wouldn't be able to buy the slippers for his father.

Terry was twelve, friendly, and fun to be with. From the way he came into the house, slamming the door, and knocking over a chair, you might suppose he was clumsy. Quite the opposite; he was very agile. But anyone trying to run with two suitcases is bound to hit something.

"Hello, Tom. Hello, Mrs. Wallace," he called.

"Hello, Terry," she answered. "Put your suitcases in Tommy's room and then come back here. I want to talk to you."

As they left the room, Tom exclaimed, "When my mom wants to talk to you, you're in for it." They reached the bedroom.

"Do get my bags," Terry asked, standing in the closet door.

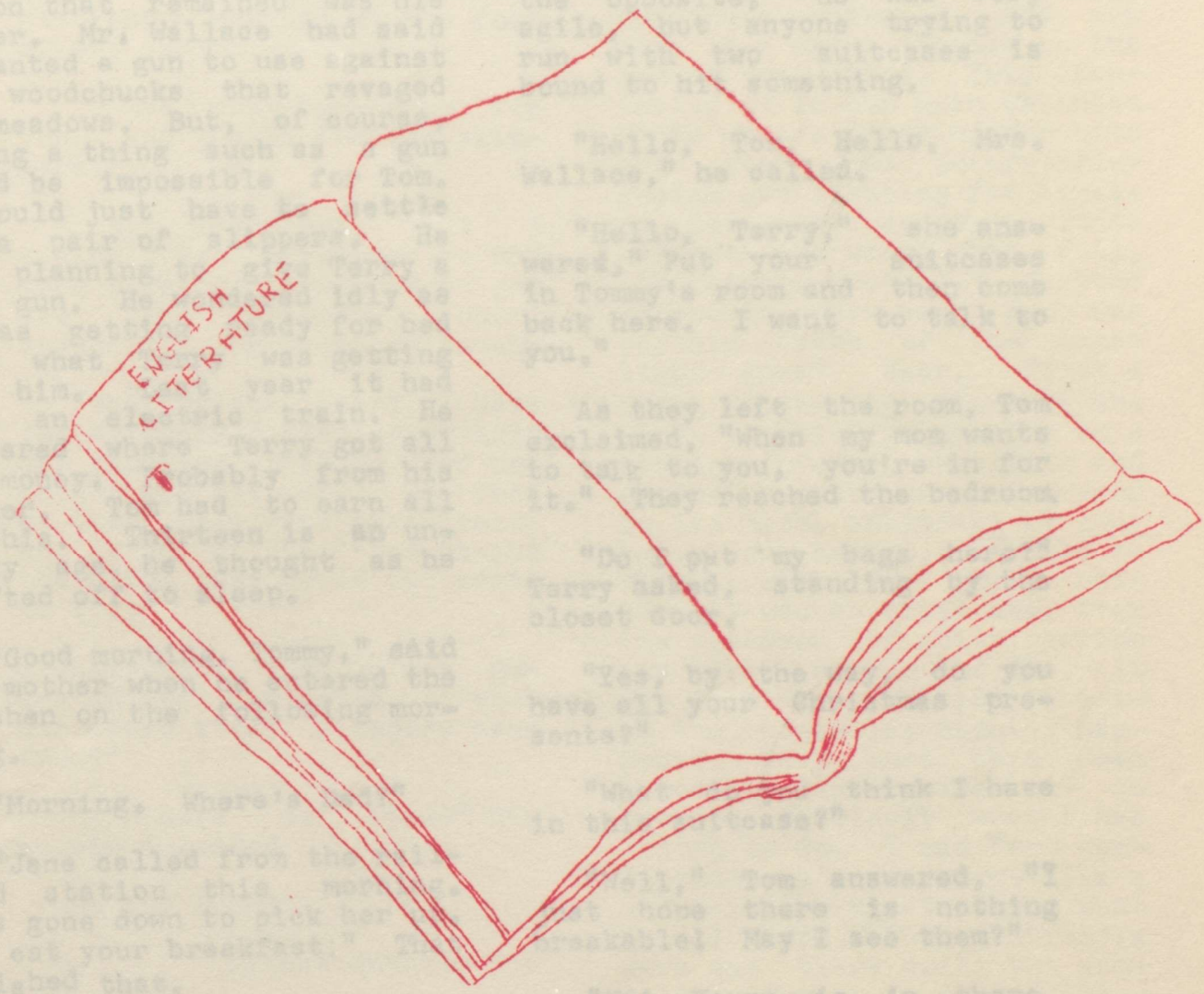
"Yes, by the way, do you have all your father's presents?"

"Well, I think I have in the suitcases."

"Well," Tom answered, "I don't hope there is nothing breakable. May I see them?"

"No! Yours is in there. Do you have all of yours?"

"I still have to get a pair of slippers for my father." So somewhat was he in trying to think how he would get his



THE CHRISTMAS MYSTERY

Cousin Terry was coming for Christmas! The fact that he and Aunt Jane came every year was better than the last. And this year would be the best of all; he was sure of it.

Such ran the thoughts of Tom Wallace on the evening of December 22. He had purchased most of the presents he was planning to give. The only person that remained was his father. Mr. Wallace had said he wanted a gun to use against the woodchucks that ravaged the meadows. But, of course, buying a thing such as a gun would be impossible for Tom. He would just have to settle for a pair of slippers. He was planning to give Terry a B.B. gun. He wondered idly as he was getting ready for bed just what Terry was getting for him. Last year it had been an electric train. He wondered where Terry got all his money. Probably from his mother. Tom had to earn all of his. Thirteen is an unlucky age, he thought as he drifted off to sleep.

"Good morning, Tommy," said his mother when he entered the kitchen on the following morning.

"Morning. Where's Dad?"

"Jane called from the railroad station this morning. He's gone down to pick her up. Now eat your breakfast." That finished that.

So, Terry was coming a day early and Tom's father had gone down to meet them. That meant that Terry would not be staying three days after

Christmas as usual. Tom felt cold when he realized it also meant they would not be going to town again until after Christmas. He wouldn't be able to buy the slippers for his father.

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"Hello, Tom. Hello, Mrs. Wallace," he called.

"Hello, Terry," she answered, "Put your suitcases in Tommy's room and then come back here. I want to talk to you."

As they left the room, Tom exclaimed, "When my mom wants to talk to you, you're in for it." They reached the bedroom.

"Do I put my bags here?" Terry asked, standing by the closet door.

"Yes, by the way, do you have all your Christmas presents?"

"What do you think I have in this suitcase?"

"Well," Tom answered, "I just hope there is nothing breakable! May I see them?"

"No! Yours is in there. Do you have all of yours?"

"I still have to get a pair of slippers for my father." So absorbed was he in trying to think how he would get his

father's present he hardly noticed what his friend said in reply. In truth, the only conversation he remembered was an argument over who would get up first Christmas morning. Even trimming the tree, which normally would have him seething with excitement, scarcely interested him at all.

On Christmas morning his first thought upon awakening was that Terry was not there. He had lost the bet. Then he got up and started downstairs. His father met him at the foot of the stairs.

"I was just coming up for you. And thanks for the slippers."

"Dad, I'm sorry, but I couldn't get anywhere to buy your present. I wanted to get you some slippers, but I couldn't," Tom finished lamely.

"What do you mean? I have the slippers!" his father said. Tom repeated that he had not bought any slippers. The rest of the family were questioned, but if any of them had bought the gift, they would not admit to it.

That night when he was going to bed, Tom asked, "I wonder where those slippers came from?"

"I have no idea!" his cousin answered.

Do you know?

Ernest Quintin '65

CONTINUED FROM Page 14

sometimes friends. But at

least part of this had changed now, I told myself, as if trying to decide between good or bad. The movement started with the recognition for the need of unification, then the Mafia, and the sprawling Interstellar Crime Syndicate, of which I was member. Certainly we were united. But unified by what? Definitely not love or loyalty. No it was fear. Fear of what would happen if you didn't co-operate with your superiors. This is the principle on which the syndicate operated, and now made it a major threat to the law of the stars. Yet, ironically it is our main weakness. While we are fighting for hate and fear, the Interstellar Police are fighting for loyalty, love, and courage. It is written--the wrong shall fail, the right prevail." Perhaps we should turn back from the certain death of the Laser light guns? Fear. First a small flickering flame in the wind, is slowly growing to a blazing inferno, engulfing and consuming every tree of reason in its path, including my courage, and sanity. I tried to think clearly. My only thought was to break away from the squadron of ships, escape and live. Remain and die. It was as simple as that. I tried the controls; nothing happened. They must have been automatically controlled to prevent precisely what I was trying to do. I ran from compartment to compartment like a madman, trying to find what wasn't there. The co-criminals were out there doing the same thing. Trying to find victory where there was only defeat. I was merely a pawn in the game of death.

Slowly I became calm. Quiet with the pensiveness of a man facing the gallows. Destiny shapes the lives of men, giving and taking when and where it chooses. I now awaited for mine to be taken. On the radar screen I could see the blips of the Police ship. I suddenly awaited my fate. I will float forever as cosmic dust in a sea of night.

John Pierce '65

ARE THE AFRICAN
NATIVES REALLY HOSTILE

(Why, of course not!)

Dear Editor:

My name is Crusifer. I just thought everyone in town would like to hear about my trip to the wild continent of Africa, so here it is.

My ship, the U.S.S. Petunia left New York Harbor on April 1 at 8 a.m. We sailed for five and one-half days before I reached my destination.

As I rowed into shore with my little dinghy, I was met by a group of people who carried spears, bows and arrows, had bones stuck through their noses, and paint all over their faces. I figured they were friendly, because as soon as I stepped ashore they surrounded me and insisted on having me for supper. I hastily declined the invitation because I had to get myself a hut built, but they wouldn't hear of it.

Figuring myself to be of greater intelligence, I ran into the jungle to find a place to hide. The natives gave swift pursuit. One of

the race, who was exceptionally fast, was catching up to me so rapidly that I nearly lost my head, and I would have if I hadn't ducked.

The chase went on until night fell. (I still have the lump where one hit me on the head.) At this time I stumbled upon a hole in the ground, which the natives did not find I was not in my hiding place very long before I could feel a tingling sensation running up and down my spine, so I decided to depart.

After three days, during which I was not bothered by the natives, I had my hut completed, and having nothing better to do, set out on a hunting safari. With my trusty gun by my side I tramped through the wild brown jungle for what seemed like hours before I found what I was looking for, the king of beasts. I fired. This was a mistake - for, although I killed the lion, the shot echoed through the jungle and in no time I was surrounded by my friendly little neighbors. This time they made certain I did not escape. They tied me hand and foot, and carried me to their village. On the way I saw some of the most beautiful scenery you could ever imagine. There was quicksand, brown and slimy, gigantic snakes winding through the sun-scorched grass, huge spiders crawling over the sizzling sand and so on. There I was, in hot water up to my neck. I began to boil. It was over in no time (something like forty-five minutes).

I received a letter from the chieftain the other day saying I was the most delicious meal he ever had.

Yours truly, Robin's Son, Crusifer
Donald Couture '65

A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER

The crystal-like snow began to fall softly, like a cat's footstep. It was Christmas Eve. A magical sensation over whelmed everyone.

Pa had just finished his evening chores and was walking slowly toward the house, his feet making large footprints in the newly fallen snow. He was an elderly man, with large brown hands-hands that had worked to provide for his small family. Now his family had grown and left home. Laura, their eldest daughter, was married and had a fine family of her own.

Paul was away at college. It was his second year and he was just as proud as his father had been many years before.

Paul and Laura with her family were all expected to arrive late that evening.

"Martha, those cookies sure smell good", Pa shouted as the door slammed behind him.

The old wooden stove that had been in the kitchen for years was always a welcome sight for anyone with cold hands and feet.

Pa took off his jacket and rubbed his hands together over the heat of the stove.

Martha, his wife, was busy making holiday cookies for that very special grandchild. She was a middle-aged woman with hair just beginning to show white.

"Herm, I was just thinking";

Martha said absent mindedly. "Why don't we have just a small Christmas tree this year. One to put on a stand, out of the way.

Herman looked up slowly from The Evening News. A cloud of smoke from his pipe hung over his head like smog over a large manufacturing city.

Without notice there was a knock at the door. Martha wiped her hands on the towel and started for the door, adjusting her hair as she walked. She opened the door with one quick twist of the door knob. There stood an old man with a long white beard and eyes that twinkled in the moonlight as he spoke.

"I saw your light on as I was passing by and wondered if I couldn't borrow some of the heat from your stove. I'm on my way to my daughters' house-must be about fifteen miles from here. Christmas always been mighty big thin' in my family. Now Ma's passed on ma daughter sorta carried on the tradition. Big family gathering, all ma friends and a huge Christmas tree with all the lights you can imagine. Well, I reckon I'll be moving on. Thanks so much-Merry Christmas!" He then moved silently through the door.

As the door closed behind him, Martha and Herm just stood and looked at each other. Each had gotten the intended message but neither of them moved. Suddenly a grin came over Herm's face as he looked at Martha and said, "Ya know I think I'll get that Christmas tree, only it's going to

be the biggest, most beautiful tree you ever saw."

Martha smiled from ear to ear, "If I don't get busy I won't have those cookies ready for New Year's. And some fruit pies would taste mighty good. Whatta you say we invite a few friends over and give the kids a real Christmas greeting; let's make it a Christmas to remember!"

Ruth Myott '65

MY TERM AS A TEST PILOT

The year was 1988 and I just started to work for the government. My job was to test all new planes that were being built. The first plane was to be a rocket plane. This was to fly through the barrier at the edge of space.

The first time I took her up it felt that my whole body was being crushed through my seat. The amount of G's that I was to take was the most that man had ever tried. The G's that I had to take were fifteen.

Once in the air I started my test pattern. First I was to put my plane into a climb that would start at 30,000 feet and go to 100,000 feet. This would then start the rocket engines. They would fire for thirty seconds. For the next test I was to put the plane through a series of rolls, dips, and dives. This would test the strength of the ship. For the next part I was to take the plane up as far as it would go. As I started up the plane behaved perfectly. At 250,000 feet I hit the rocket engines. This took me up to 300,000 feet.

For the final test I was to put it into a power dive that was to last for 200,000 feet. As I came to my limit the control stick was melted by the heat of the dive.

I kept trying to pull out but as I came to 50,000 feet I was forced to bail out. Although I was still ten miles up this was no problem for our new equipment.

When I landed my commador asked what happened. He said that my radio must have burned out, after telling him that I was bailing out.

All of the squad met to see how we could better the plane.

Wayne Jones '65

THE LAST BATTLE

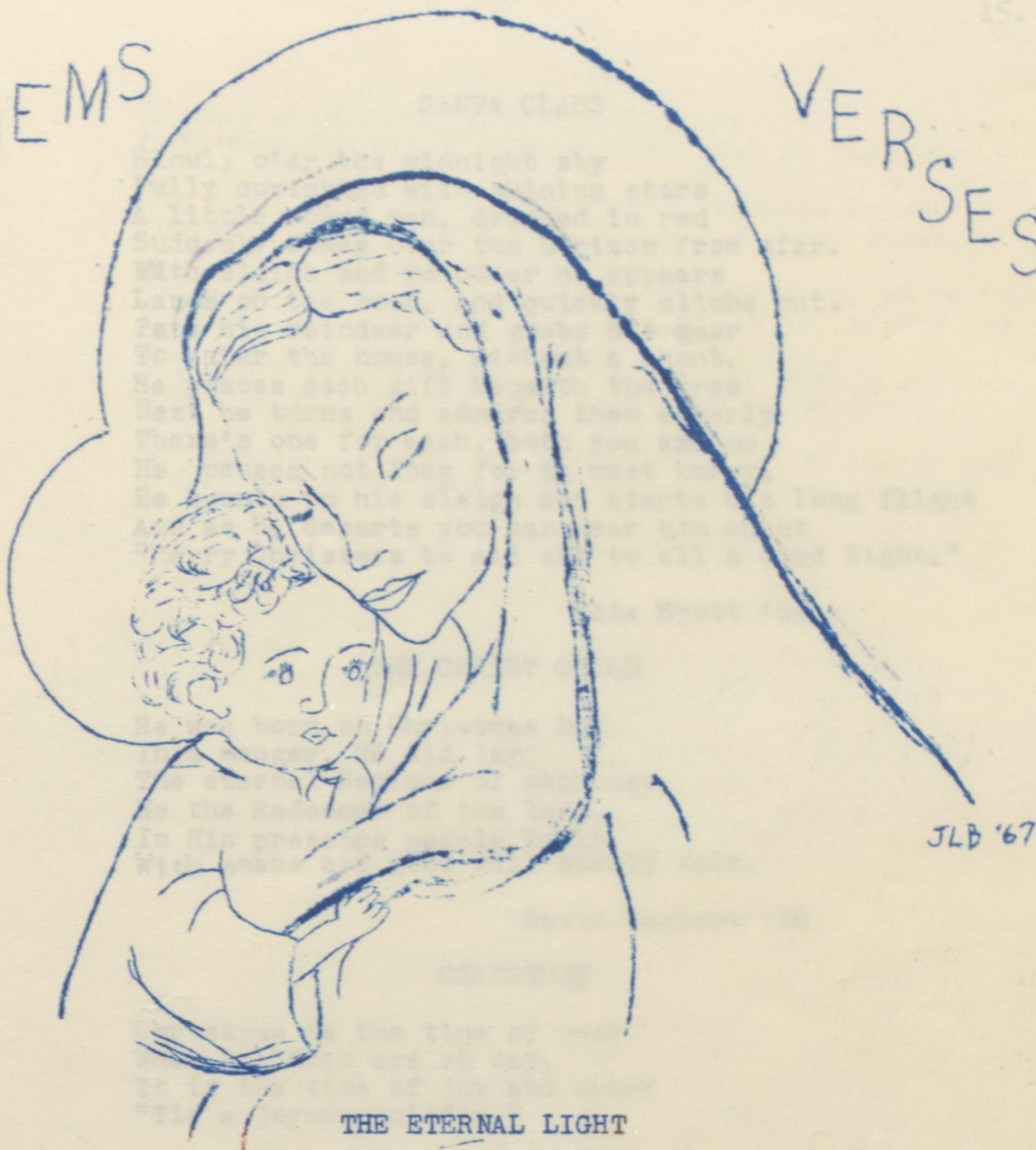
Perhaps I should have been frightened, or at least tense with anticipation; but I was not. Countless battles, small and large, had numbed my sense of fear. I sat calmly, comfortably watching the nearby fragments and debris flit by. While the myriad distant stars seemed to move with me. The soft flight seat seemed to engulf me with security.

All seemed well, but I knew it wasn't. History had proved that the game of "cops and robbers" was a futile one for the criminals. Yes, crime has had its glorious days. There were colorful, romantic figures such as "Dutch" Shultz, "Scarface" Canone, "Babyface" Nelson, and "Machinegun" Kelley. But they all had lost. They died a violent death at the hands of their enemies and

Cont. on Pg 11

POEMS

VERSES



THE ETERNAL LIGHT

It doesn't seem possible that so long ago
The same bright stars shone on this land below.

The stars glow like lights up in the sky
And how you wonder just how high.

They are so tranquil in their silver bliss
As they guide each man with their precious gift.

The devine light will n'ere be gone
Life does pass; but stars shine on.

Ruth Myott '65

SANTA CLAUS

Slowly o'er the midnight sky
 Fully sprinkled with shining stars
 A little round man, dressed in red
 Suddenly comes over the horizon from afar.
 With sleigh and reindeer he appears
 Lands on the roof, and quickly climbs out.
 Pats his reindeer and grabs his gear
 To enter the house, without a shout.
 He places each gift beneath the tree
 Next he turns and admires them eagerly
 There's one for each, both you and me
 He pauses not long for he must hurry.
 He bounds in his sleigh and starts his long flight
 And as he departs you can hear him chant
 "Merry Christmas to all and to all a Good Night."

Rita Myott '66

THE CHRIST CHILD

He was born on Christmas Day
 In a manger, He did lay
 The eternal Saviour of each man.
 He the Redeemer of the land.
 In His presence people knelt
 With peace and good will keenly felt.

David Magnant '66

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the time of year
 When Children are so gay,
 It is the time of joy and cheer
 "Tis a joyous holiday."

The house is filled with laughter
 Upon that faithful day,
 The gifts beneath the Christmas tree,
 So beautifully they do lay.

Shirley Emch '66

THE SENIORS

The boys and girls never seem to get along;
 The boys are always right, the girls always wrong.

The boys can never wait for some kind of test,
 But of the girls, it always gets the best.

In many an arguement, a girl will win,
Because a boy can't take another kick in the shin.

The girls have their good points everyone knows,
But when the boys are around, only the bad shows.

Now I've picked on the girls, in this poem, as you see,
Because the boys have no faults, that is, if you ask me.

But don't get me wrong, we love every one,
And with out them, shucks, school'd be no fun.

So from each senior boy and girl, to each one of you
A very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, too.

Donald Couture '65

NEW YEAR'S

New Year's the time when our page is all clean;
When many things to do are seen.

The air is crisp and cold and clear;
Before us lies a whole New Year.

The nights are bright and long and cold,
As oft we slip back into traits of old.

Wayne Jones '65

ETERNAL POWER

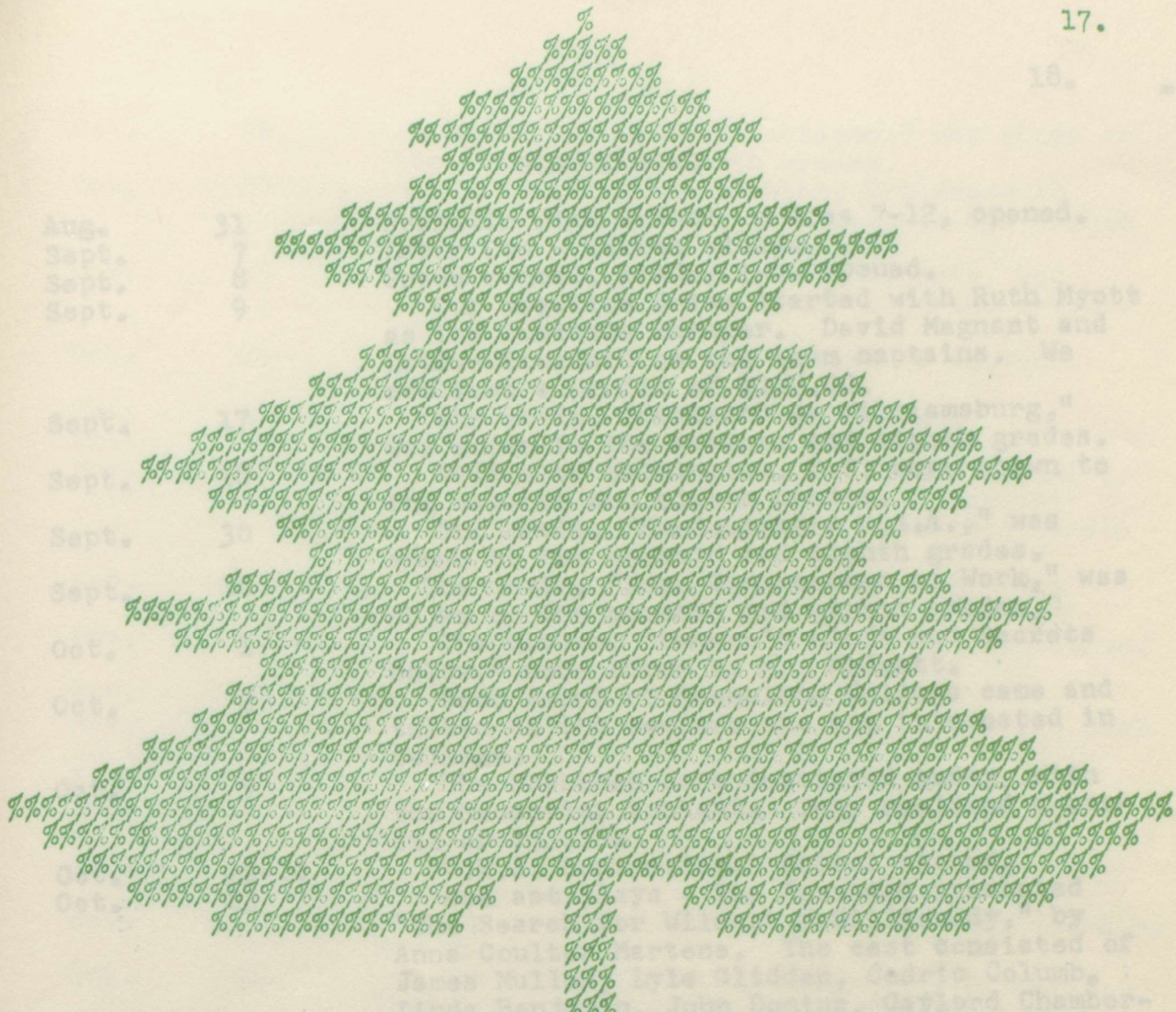
A slumber seemed to possess the land,
As if some power with a mighty hand
Had calmed the oceans and stilled the waves,
Quieted the tempests and freed the slaves;
Had stilled the cries of hunger and pain
Let not His effort be in vain!

John Pierce '65

SNOW

What falls in flurries and in flakes?
Snow,
What covers town and country gates?
Snow,
What gives the earth it's pearly hue?
Snow,
Brings out the old, Brings in the new?
Snow
All nice
But covers ice so we can't skate.

Ernest Quintin '65



TREES

Leaning their beauty against the sky,
 There stood the trees that moved by and by.
 In age and splendor, in height and grace
 All trees are beautiful in any place.

These trees were planted for all to see,
 From the love of a gift by the great Majesty.
 All sizes and shapes and dimensions are seen,
 By the world including you and me.

But the prettiest of all is the Evergreen,
 That most people use as a Christmas Tree.
 So highly decorated with tinsel and lights,
 That ever shines through the darkest of nights.

		SCHOOL NEWS
Oct.	26	The movie, "Summer Decision," was shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
Oct.	28	The movie, "Parliamentary Procedure," was shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
Aug.	31	Franklin High School, grades 7-12, opened.
Sept.	7	Labor Day - School closed.
Sept.	8	Grade school, grades 1-6, opened.
Sept.	9	Our magazine drive started with Ruth Myott as the business manager. David Magnant and Louise Bouchard as the team captains. We realized a profit of \$155.00.
Oct.	29	The movie, "Decision at Williamsburg," was shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
Sept.	17	Slides of Washington, D.C. were shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
Sept.	18	The movie, "Headquarters U.S.A.," was shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
Sept.	30	The movie, "Your Congressman at Work," was shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
Oct.	1	The movies, "Camera's Aloft and Secrets Below," were shown by Mr. Mudgett.
Oct.	2	Dean Pearl of Champlain College came and talked to the seniors who are interested in College.
Oct.	9	The freshmen were initiated today, with the Reception tonight. They realized a profit of \$33.10.
Oct.	15-16	V.E.A. Convention. School closed.
Oct.	23	One act plays - The freshmen presented "The Search for Wildcat McGillicuddy," by Anne Coulter Martens. The cast consisted of James Mullen, Lyle Glidden, Cedric Columb, Linda Benjamin, John Domina, Gaylord Chamberland, Louise Bouchard, Donna LaClair, JoAnn Therrian, Loretta Vorse, JoAnn Sherrer, Richard Blaney, Bernard Cooper and Omer Bouchard.
Nov.	20	
Nov.	25	
Nov.	25	
Oct.	24	The sophomores presented "Beat It, Beatnik" by Anne Coulter Martens. Their cast consisted of Rita Paquette, Joyce Benjamin, Lyle Richard, Lynda Elwood, Richard Boudreau, Penny Glidden, John Clark, Claire Bouchard, Charley Russell, Ruth Ann Magnant and Gordon Garrow.
Dec.	3	
Dec.	11	
Dec.	15	
Oct.	23	The juniors presented "My Hero," by David Morrison. The members of their cast consisted of Rita Myott, David Magnant, Ralph Emch, Malanie Hull, Shirley Emch, Ronald Dominique, Allen Granger and Leo Brosseau.
Dec.	17	
Oct.	24	The senior class play was "Miss Twiddle and the Devil," by Maury Hill. Their cast consisted of John Pierce, Ruth Myott, Wayne Jones, Wayne Hance, Susan Brier, Joyce Meunier, Bonnie Elwood, Penny Harrod and Donald Couture.
Jan.	4	The profits for both nights was \$87.70.

- Oct. 26 The movie, "Summer Decision," was shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
- Oct. 28 The movie, "Parliamentary Procedure in Action," was shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
- Oct. 29 The movies, "In Honor of Liberty, and "Sheepman U.S.A.," were shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
- Oct. 29 School pictures were taken by Alston Studios, Inc.
- Oct. 31 The UNICEF boxes totaled \$32.14
- Nov. 2 The Clothing Drive started.
- Nov. 2 Ruth Myott, Wayne Jones, Ernest Quintin, Allen Granger, Rita Myott, David Magnant Leo Brosseau and John Pierce attended Career Day in St. Albans.
- Nov. 3 The movie, "How to Catch a Cold," was shown to Miss Dewing's science classes.
- Nov. 5 The movie, "Story of Distributed Education," was shown by Mr. Mudgett.
- Nov. 6 Report cards were distributed.
- Nov. 6 The eighth grade sponsored a dance and realized a profit of \$21.00.
- Nov. 11 Armistice Day, school was closed.
- Nov. 12 The movie, "Certified Public Accounts," was shown to the Bookkeeping classes.
- Nov. 12 Solid session, because of a Math meeting in Highgate.
- Nov. 19 The movie, "The Big Question," was shown by Mr. Mudgett.
- Nov. 20 The Allied Youth sponsored a card party. They realized a profit of \$5.25.
- Nov. 25 The Thanksgiving Assembly was presented under the direction of Mr. Mudgett and the seniors.
- Nov. 25 The movie, "Road to Button Bay," was shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
- Nov. 25-26 Thanksgiving recess.
- Dec. 3 The movie, "People of Kolevu," was shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
- Dec. 11 The Allied Youth held a Ham Supper. They realized a profit of \$21.00.
- Dec. 15 The Junior class had a meatloaf supper. They cleared about \$38.00.
- Dec. 16 The movie, "Portrait of a Man," was shown to the seventh and eighth grades.
- Dec. 17 The movie, "Basketball the Right Way," was shown by Mr. Mudgett to the boys' basketball team.
- Dec. 22-4 School closed for Christmas recess.
- Jan. 4 School will reopen.

FRANKLIN WINS FORESTRY ESSAY HONORS

Brenda Gates won second place and Alyce Larose third place in the Franklin County Northwest District with their forestry essays. Brian Lothian had honorable mention.

SCHOOL NEWS

STUDENT COUNCIL

The magazine drive started on September 9, and lasted through the 23rd. We realized a profit of \$155.00. The two nights we presented our one act plays, we made a net profit of \$87.70.

Before Halloween it was voted to sponsor a UNICEF drive on Halloween. The donation netted to \$32.14.

The officers for the Student Council for the following year were elected as follows:

President	John Pierce
Vice President	Donald Couture
Secretary	Gordon Garrow
Treasurer	Allen Granger

Gordon Garrow '67

SENIOR

John Pierce and Ruth Myott were presented awards for the best actor and actress of the senior class play. The Pioneer Drama service of Cody, Wyoming provided the awards.

On November 25th we presented a program for Assembly. Included in the program was a little skit "Poco Huntus."

We have just completed selling Calendar Towels on which we have made a profit of \$18.00.

Our class dues for this year are the same as last, \$3.00.

We hope all of you will have a good time at our Christmas party on December 22nd.

Bonnie Elwood '65

JUNIOR

Our class had a meeting on September 4, 1964 and we elected our officers.

The juniors took part in the class plays. Our play was "My Hero."

Our class dues for this year are \$2.00.

On December 15, we had a Meatloaf Hot Dish Supper. We realized a profit of about \$38.00.

Leo Brosseau '66

SOPHOMORE

The sophomore class held a meeting on September 1, 1964 to elect officers.

On October 9, we held the Freshmen Reception, and thanks to the town band we realized a profit of \$33.10 on the dance.

The sophomore class also took part in the plays. Our play was "Beat It, Beatnik."

We are going to have a St. Patrick Supper on March 17, 1965.

Lynda Elwood '67

FRESHMEN

Our class had a meeting on September 4, to elect our officers.

We have decided to have our dues at \$2.00, for this year.

On October 5, we had a food sale, cleared a profit of \$25.00.

We decided to have a Father and Son Banquet in April to raise more money.

Cedric Columb '68

THE 8th GRADE

The eighth grade held a class meeting on September 8, to elect officers.

The class dues for this year are \$1.00.

We held a dance on November 6th and realized a profit of \$21.00.

Robert Blaney '69

THE 7th GRADE

On September 8, we held a class meeting to elect officers for this year.

We had a Turkey Raffle which was drawn on November 20. We realized a profit of \$20.35.

In the future we are planning on having a dance or food sale.

HONOR ROLL

Karen Richard '70

ALLIED YOUTH

We held our first meeting of the school year on September 21, 1964. Seventeen members were present. The officers for the following year were elected as follows:

President	Ruth Myott
Vice President	Penny Harrod
Secretary	Rita Myott
Treasurer	Gary Benjamin
Reporter	Diane White

Our dues for this year are \$1.25 for each member. One dollar of this is sent to the National Allied Youth Headquarters, in Washington D.C. The twenty-five cents is put in our own post treasury.

On December 4, we held a card party at the high school. A total of \$5.25 was cleared.

We sponsored a paper drive on Saturday, December 5. We collected a great deal of paper and plan to collect paper again on December 19.

A Ham Supper was held on December 11, at the Grange Hall. A total of \$21.00. was cleared.

On Friday, December 11, we held a brief meeting. We decided to go caroling on the evening of Tuesday, December 22. The members have exchanged names and will have a Christmas party.

The members and faculty have chosen Ruth Myott to represent Franklin High School at the International Conference in Washington D.C. This conference will be held on December 28-30.

Rita Myott '66

CLASS OFFICERS
44-45

Senior Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
News Reporter
Student Council Representative

Ruth Myott
John Pierce
Bonnie Elwood
Donald Couture
Joyce Mounier
Donald Couture

HONOR ROLL

ALL A'S

A'S & B'S

Grade 12

Susan Brier
Bonnie Elwood
Ruth Myott
Ernest Quintin

Grade 11

Leo Brosseau

Grade 10

Joyce Benjamin

Lynda Elwood
Ruth Ann Magnant
Rita Paquette

Grade 9

Louise Bouchard

Dwight Tatro

Grade 8

Penny Glidden
Melanie Hull
Lyle Richard

Alyce Larose
Charles Mullen

Grade 7

Brenda Gates
Brian Lothian

Larry Bishop
Annette Breault
Diane Pierce
Karen Richard
Deborah Tittmore

Grade 7

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

Brian Lothian
Larry Bishop
Karen Richard
Deborah Tittmore
Diane Pierce

CLASS OFFICERS
64-65

Senior Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
News Reporter
Student Council Representative

Ruth Myott
John Pierce
Bonnie Elwood
Donald Couture
Joyce Meunier
Donald Couture

Junior Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

David Magnant
Rita Myott
Leo Brosseau
Shirley Emch
Allen Granger

Sophomore Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

Joyce Benjamin
Ruth Ann Magnant
Lynda Elwood
Rita Paquette
Gordon Garrow

Freshmen Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative
Class Reporter

JoAnn Sherrer
Dwight Tatro
Cedric Columb
Louise Bouchard
Gaylord Chamberlain
James Mullen

Grade 8

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

Norma Sherrer
Alyce Larose
Robert Blaney
Penny Glidden
Charles Mullen

Grade 7

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

Brian Lothian
Larry Bishop
Karen Richard
Debbie Tittlemore
Diane Pierce

BOY'S BASKETBALL

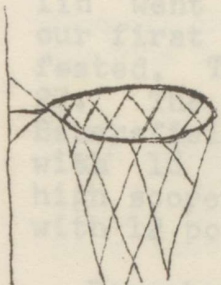
The Franklin basketball team consists of the following players: Robert Blaney, Bob Bouchard; left forward, Mike Wright and Omer Bouchard; guards, Ralph Brock, Mike and Ronnie; center, forward Daylord. The new members of the forwards; John Bell and and Richard Blaney; Gary Benjamin, Clifford and Richard Bouchard.

On December 4, 1964, we went to Bakersfield for our first game. The score was 20-14. The high scorer was Francis with 14 points. Franklin's high scorer was John Bouchard with 14 points.

December 12th, the Alumni defeated us with a score of 34-28. The high scorer for the Alumni was Gene with 14 points. For Franklin, Mike Domingue with 14 points.

Schedule of games to be played:

- Dec. 18 Franklin at St. Mary's
- Jan. 8 Highgate at Franklin
- 15 Franklin at St. Mary's
- 22 Bakersfield at Franklin
- 25 Franklin at St. Mary's
- 29 St. Mary's at Franklin
- Feb. 4 Franklin at Highgate



M.H.'69

Starting time is 7:00 P.M.
 Coach: Mr. Madgett
 Allen Granger '65

GIRL'S BASKETBALL

The girls basketball season opened with a game on December 4, 1964. We were defeated by Bakersfield with a score of 20-14. Patsy Fluke was high scorer for Bakersfield with 14 points.

Franklin's high scorer was Shirley Emch with 5 points.

- Shirley Emch - Forward
- Penny Glidden - Forward
- Lynne Larose - Forward
- Thomas White - Forward
- Norma Sherrer - Forward
- Ruth Ann Magnant - Guard
- Lynne Elwood - Guard
- Peggy - Guard
- Janette - Guard
- Janice Hull - Guard

Coach: Mary Ann Richard
 Coach: Mike Domingue

We have received papers from two schools this year.

The "Yellow Jacket" from Milton and the "Spirit" from Eureka.

The papers from these two schools were very good this time, and we appreciate them sending their papers to us.

Joyce Fowler '65



R.M.'65

FRANKLIN BIBLE

BOY'S BASKETBALL

The Franklin basketball team consists of the following players: Centers, Robert Blaney and John Bouchard; left forwards, Roger Wright and Omer Bouchard; right guards, Ralph Emch, John Pierce and Ronnie Domingue; right forward Gaylord Chamberlain. The new members of the team are forwards; John Brier, Wayne Jones and Richard Blaney; guards; Gary Benjamin, Clifford Elwood and Richard Boudreau.

On December 4, 1964, Franklin went to Bakersfield for our first game. We were defeated. The score being 67 to 27. The high scorer for Bakersfield was Francias Stone with 18 points. Franklin's high scorer was John Bouchard with 12 points.

December 12th, the Alumni defeated us with a score of 34 to 28. The high scorer for the Alumni was Gary Messier with 14 points. The high scorer for Franklin was Ronnie Domingue with 14 points.

Schedule of games to be played:

- Dec. 18 Franklin at St. Mary's
- Jan. 8 Highgate at Franklin
- 15 Franklin at Alburg
- 22 Bakersfield at Franklin
- 26 Franklin at St. Anne's
- 29 St. Mary's at Franklin
- Feb. 4 Franklin at Highgate
- 12 Alburg at Franklin

Starting time is 7:00 P.M.

Coach: Mr. Mudgett

Allen Granger '66

GIRL'S BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball season opened with a game on December 4, when we were defeated by Bakersfield there: by a score of 43-8. Patty Fiske was high scorer for Bakersfield with 18 points.

Franklin's high scorer was Shirley Emch with 5 points.

Line Up

- Shirley Emch - Forward
- Penny Glidden - Forward
- Alyce Larose - Forward
- Diane White - Forward
- Norma Sherrer - Forward
- Ruth Ann Magnant - Guard
- Lynda Elwood - Guard
- Peggy Brosseau - Guard
- Loretta Vorse - Guard
- Melanie Hull - Guard

Coach: Mary Lou Richard
Chaperone: Laura Domingue

Ruth Ann Magnant '67

EXCHANGE

We have received papers from two schools this time:

The "Yellow Jacket" from Milton and the "High Spirit" from Enosburg.

The papers from these two schools were very good this time, and we appreciate them sending their papers to us.

Joyce Meunier '65

BIRTHS

The stork has been busy with visits to Franklin Alumni

Charles Levick and Alice (Magnant) '61 are parents of a daughter Candace Lee born November 5.

Howard Magnant '56 and Diane (Prescott) are proud parents of a son, Brent Scott born June 11.

Richard Magnant '56 and Annette (Giguere) a son Mark Richard, born June 10.

Walter Barnum ex'54 and Shirley (Glidden) '53 a son, Marc Walter born October 10.

Yvan Marchessault and Carol (Benjamin) '61 a son, Michael George born July 27.

Carroll Hull '30 and Sally (Gates) '49 are parents of a daughter Suzanne Louise born October 7.

Mark Pillsbury and Rachel (La Rock) '63 a son Michael Kenneth, born October 15.

Norman Messier '57 and Laura (Gurney) a daughter, Cheryl Ann, born June 20.

Lauren Wright and Joyce (Tittmore) '58 are parents of a son, Kevin Lee, born June 3.

Armand Gaboriault '47 and Blanche (Heman) a daughter, Ann Irene born August 17.

Roger Corey and Judy (Messier) '64 a daughter Judy Lynn, born August 3.

Larry Domingue and Donna (White) '61 are proud parents of a daughter, Lynn Joy, born on October 29.

Richard Patterson '63 and Pauline (Wright) '64 a daughter, born August 17. Her name is Patrica Ann.

Carroll Boudreau '58 and Norma (Sweet) are parents of a daughter born December 15.

MARRIAGES

John P. Granger '59 and Linda Lee Wilders were married June 20 in Saint Mary's Mission.

Gary Messier '61 and Carol Ann Sweeney '64 were united in marriage in Sheldon by Rev. Raymond Provost, on October 12.

Gerald Perry and Shirley Garrow ex'66 were married on October 17 in the Richford Methodist Church, by Rev. Merrill Stone.

Larry Robtoy and Donna Jean Peaslee '65 were united in marriage on October 16 in Franklin.

Douglas Clark ex'60 was married to Ann Burch of Midlands, Texas, in Boulder, Colorado. They both attended the University of Colorado and Doug is now employed by Arapahoe Chemicals in Boulder. Their address is:

Hudson Apt. 24
1060 Kent Street
Boulder, Colorado

SERVICE ADDRESSES

A2/C Wright, Neal Morgan Jr. AF1248474
1983 Comm. Sq.
APO 23
New York, New York

Pvt. Raymond Magnant
RA 11430013
Co. C 16th Engineer Battalion
1 st. Armored Division
Fort Hood, Texas
76545

Kenton Pierce
1st Division
USS Randolph
Norfolk, Virginia
Fleet P.O.
New York, New York

Richard L. Cooper
X Division
USS Donner, LSB, 20
Fleet P.O.
New York, New York
09501

Those who have been in Vietnam

Lt. (JG) Dan Clark flew to the Philippines from Lemoore, Naval Air Station in California in early July. He at once was ordered to active duty as a pilot, on the U.S.S. Carrier, Ticonderoga, located in the South Sea thirty miles off the coast of South Vietnam. Dan has been in the first attack Squadron of the 7th Fleet. He also flew Skyraider missions in the Bay of Tonkin - the missions were ordered by President Johnson last November.

He was flying Search and Rescue Missions daily over South Vietnam. His carrier has also visited parts of Tokyo and Hong Kong. At present he is on his way home for Christmas.

Gary Lothian '62 now in Okinawa has been serving active duty in Vietnam, where he has been receiving radio messages in a helicopter.

His address is:

L/CPL Gary B. Lothian 2009573 USMC
Aabs 16, Mag. 16, 1st MAW Comm, Sect.
C/O F.O.B. Pacific
San Francisco, California
96601

We also are especially proud of Lawrence Myott '62 who is in the Peace Corps. His address is:

Lawrence B. Myott
Ministry of Agriculture
Orlu, Eastern Nigeria

Mary Lou Richard '64 is employed by the Franklin Telephone Company. And she also coaches the girl's basketball.

Laurel Stanley '64 is attending Johnson Teachers College.

Madelene Fields '64 is employed as a Domestic Worker.

Darlene Greenwood '64 is employed at IBM.

Gaylord Horskin '64 is at home.

Bonnie Elwood '65

JOKES

Mr. Menken: What would you do if you were walkin' on the street and a big top fell off?
R.: I'd get a truck.

Miss Gates: I had twelve cents in one pocket and ten cents in another pocket, what would you have?

Terry P.: Some other boy's pants on.

Ronnie D.: I'd like a job.

Boss: Are you a responsible person?

Ronnie D.: Well, every time something happens, they tell me I'm responsible.

First Burglar: How did you get away from the bloodhounds?

Second Burglar: I jumped over the river, and they caught me on the other cent.

Miss Dewing: Why are you in starch?

Leo B.: Two cats.

Dale G.: I'm not so.

Mrs. G.: Why?

Dale G.: I can't talk, so you won't let me talk, so I can't talk.

John P.: Captain?

Captain: Yes, son.

John P.: Do ships sink?

Captain: No, son.

Ruth H.: Did you know when I was only a year old?

Fenny H.: Did you?

Donald G.: Why do you have a little monkey?

Susan B.: An asset.

Customer: What do you want with your hair treatment? You say you want to grow it.

Barber: No, what do you want? I'll wash your head so that you can have it.

Customer: What do you want to do with your hair?

Waiter: Well, you know what you want to know what you want to do.

Robert B.: What's on the front of Santa Claus's pants?
Terry P.: A bunch of dummies.

Robert B.: What's on the front of Santa Claus's pants?
Terry P.: A bunch of dummies.

Mrs. Clark: What's green and noisy and dangerous?
Gordon G.: A wandering herd of pickles.



Mr. Menkens: What would you do if you were walkin' down the street and your big toe fe~~l~~ off?

Wayne H.: Call a tow truck.

Miss Gates: If you had twelve cents in one pocket and seven cents in another pocket, what would you have?

Terry P. Some other boy's pants on.

Ronnie D: I'd like a job.

Boss: Are you a responsible person?

Ronnie D: Well, every time something happens, they tell me I'm responsible.

First Burglar: How did you get away from the bloodhounds?

Second Burglar: I threw a penny in the river, and they followed the wrong cent.

Miss Dewing: Name three things that contain starch.

Leo B: Two cuffs and a collar.

Dale G: I'm not going back to school.

Mrs. G: Why?

Dale G: I can't read, I can't write, and they won't let me talk, so what's the use?

John P: Captain?

Captain: Yes, son.

John P: Do ships like this sink often?

Captain: No, son. Only once.

Ruth M: Did you know that when I was born I weighed only a pound and a half?

Penny H: Did you live?

Donald C: What do you call a little donkey?

Susan B: An asset.

Customer: What do I want with your hair treatment? You say it doesn't grow hair.

Barber: No sir. What it does is shrink your head so that what hair you have fits better.

Customer: Waiter, what is this you just served me?

Waiter: Well, sir, its bean soup.

Customer: I don't care what it's been, I want to know what it is now.

Robert B: What did the sign say on the front of Santa Claus's sleigh that was being pulled by a team of Huskies?

Terry P: What?

Robert B: Mushtang.

Mrs. Clark: What's green and noisy and dangerous?

Gordon G: A thundering herd of pickles.

There's a new drug on the market called "Terrormyein." It scares the bacteria to death.

Define line: Santa's helpers - Subordinate clauses

Have you tried Beattle soap - put it in the tub and watch the Ring-go.

Christmas is the season when radios keep you awake until three in the morning playing "Silent Night."

Douglas H: What's purple and has bucket seats?

Alice L: What?

Douglas H: A foreign sports plum.

Mr. Menkens: What was Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?

Raymond M: 44 Glenwood Avenue

Wanda G: What's purple and the tallest building in the world?

John C: Simple. The Empire Grape Building.

Lyle G: What has a queen and Beatles?

Marlene M: What?

Lyle G: Grape Britain, natch.

Ernest: What has warts, is green and swims in the briney?

Wayne H: I give up.

Ernest: Moby Pickle.

Gary B: What is green and walks with a limp?

Wanda G: Chester Pickle.

Richard B: Knock, knock.

Diane W: Who's there?

Richard B: Walter

Diane W: Walter who?

Richard B: Walter Wall Carpeting.

Two Texans strolled into a Cadillac showroom one afternoon. A large convertible caught the fancy of one of them and he told the salesman he'd take it. He reached for his checkbook, but the second Texan stopped him.

"I'll get it," he said, "you paid for the lunch."

A young couple may go far these days, and then again it may depend on how much gas Pop left in the car.

Childhood is that wonderful time of life when all you have to do to loose weight is to take a bath.

Don't take life too seriously. You'll never get out of it alive.

Courtesy is contagious. Try it.

What would you like for Christmas?????

Shirley Emch	Donald Couture
Wayne Hance	New family jewels
Dale Greenwood	New car
Penny Harrod	A plug for Roger's mouth
Bonnie Elwood	A trip for the senior girls
Wayne Jones	Lynda Elwood
Raymond Meunier	A car
Rita Myott	A real live Santa Claus
Ruth Myott	A heater for the office
John Pierce	A different senior class
Ernest Quintin	Some more insults
Donald Couture	Less kidding about a certain girl
Susan Brier	Bobby G.
Joyce Meunier	A large wedding
Ruth Ann Magnant	Larry M.
Lyle Glidden	Two new Beatle records
Danny Columb	A .22
Dwight Tatro	A new car door
Charlie Russell	A teddy bear
Gaylord Chamberlain	A girl ski instructor
JoAnn Sherrer	Alan LaRose
John Bouchard	Presents
Donna LeClair	A 5'9" doll
Louise Bouchard	Cowboy hat, pistols, and boots
John Domina	Puzzle
Roger Wright	????????????
Lynda Benjamin	A pair of cuff links
Fred Cooper	A back left fender
Omer Bouchard	Some gun dyes for .308
Richard Boudreau	Something different
Loretta Vorse	Bobby Clark
JoAnn Therrian	Franky Austin to stay up here instead of going to Connecticut
Barbara Bates	A pocketbook
Annette Breault	A birthstone ring
James Mullen	A pair of skates
Brian Lothian	A bearskin rug
Kenneth Brier	A million bucks will do
John Clark	Wanda Gokey
Mr. Menkens	Fewer troubles
Mr. Mudgett	A winning basketball team
Peggy Brosseau	A red convertible
David Clark	A .22 or a pair of skates
Larry Bishop	A desk
Terry Malone	Ski poles and ski boots

We hope you all get what you want for Christmas. If not, better luck next year with Santa. Be good little boys and girls.

Can You Imagine???????

Miss Gates being pleased with the labors of the Algebra II class?
 Wayne Hance not wanting to argue?
 Enough chalk in the senior room?
 Ralph Emch naming his cow after an 8th grade girl?
 Mr. Mudgett singing opera at Penny's piano lessons?
 John Brier and Roger Wright in cheerleading skirts?
 Mr. Menkens not on patrol?
 Miss Dewing being able to find John Bouchard fourth period?
 Mr. Mudgett's Bookkeeping II class not walking out?
 Ronnie Domingue not flirting with girls?
 Business Arithmetic class having their work done?
 Randy Blaney not shooting paper clips second period?
 Marlene M. not talking in math class?
 Terry Peaslee not shooting tacks into the study hall ceiling?
 Shorthand II taking 100 words a minute?
 Donald Couture wearing a white fur hat?
 Richard Boudreau teasing the girls?
 Roger Wright not seeing Shirley Emch for a week?
 Terry Peaslee not being peeved at someone?
 The Franklin boys not being able to go to the Sweet Shop during
 noon hour?
 Susan Brier not talking about Holy Angels?
 Gordon Garrow not flirting with Rita Paquette?
 Bernard Cooper not having a heated argument with Gaylord Chamber-
 lain?
 Dale Greenwood sitting quietly doing his work?
 The Molecule being out on time?
 Wayne Jones not running the mimeograph machine?

WANTED:

Another pair of green socks for Wayne Hance.
 More tests in Business Law for John Pierce.
 A new mimeograph for the Molecule.
 A hearing aid for Alan Larose.
 More science fiction books for the senior boys.
 Fewer memory passages for Miss Dewing's English class.
 More scores for the girl's basketball team.
 John Pierce for Penny Glidden.
 Roger Wright for Shirley Emch.
 Less corny jokes for Ernest Quintin.
 A new pair of durable walking shoes for Donald Couture.

Dear Dibley:

Received your letter about the gang at your school. Now here's the latest on all the local events here at our school. Better sit down! Ready? Here goes!

Barbara Bates, I hear that you have a crush on a certain Freshman. It wouldn't be Gaylord C. would it?

I have heard around town that Ralph Emch has a new name for his cow. Is it true what they say Ralph?

Roger Wright, I heard that your father asked you what kind of wallpaper you wanted for your bedroom. Have you decided on cowboys and indians or a picture of a certain junior girl?

What is this about Wayne Hance and Gary Benjamin fighting over the same girl? I wonder who will win out? Gary, you should let Wayne have her; from what I hear, you have plenty more.

Susan Brier, what's this about getting a bottle of perfume for your birthday? You weren't expecting something else were you?

Now here is a good one. It seems that Ruth Myott has been having some private parties at her house??? And inviting a select group. I heard they were playing "Spin the Trough"! Anything to it, Ruth? It seems that Fred Boudreau has a hard time seeing the road when he goes by Myotts'. He has to put on chains and turn on his lights.

I just got a letter from

the Seniors telling me that Penny Harrod isn't feeling well. It says that she has been buying some type of medicine that has a prize with it. Better keep away from that peanut butter, Penny.

I guess Shirley Emch isn't as brave as she used to be because I have heard some of the kids at school call her "chicken." What's it all about, Shirley?

John Pierce, you wouldn't be in need of a ladder would you? Ask Penny G. I am sure she will oblige.

Freddy Cooper is having a hard time keeping Ernest Q. away from Joyce B. Good luck boys and let the best man win.

Ernest Quintin has been serenading a certain senior girl but she doesn't seem to like it. What's the matter Ernest, are you singing off key?

It seems that Wanda G. has been chasing a certain sophomore boy who has a horse and Beate boots. What are you after, Wanda, the horse or the boy?

Ruth Ann Magnant what is so interesting in Highgate. After all the letters you wrote this summer he didn't even write back, or maybe he didn't get them. Maybe you will get to Highgate yet. Best of luck.

Diane White, I hear you've been to C.Y.O. some lately. Was it to see a certain boy or to get religious instructions? Watch out, John!

One day Penny Harrod jabbed Ernest Q. in the arm with a

pencil. I guess she thinks she's a nurse. Ernest thought he was going to die for sure until Mr. Menkens walked in and he felt better right off.

My, my, Ruth Ann. What were all those hickies doing on your neck during October. I also hear they call you "Uncle Ruth." That seems odd. What's more; I hear you are getting to school at 7:30 in the morning. What an early bird.

It seems that Rita Myott has her heart set on a certain junior boy. Wonder who it could be? Good luck!

What's this I hear about the present senior girls having to stand with their noses to the blackboard when they were in the sixth grade? It seems they were fooling in the girls' basement and Mr. Harris caught them and made them stand at the board with their noses touching it. I guess they were so scared they were bawling their heads off. After they left, the board was covered with round dots. Sure would have liked to have seen THAT!!

Penny Harrod seems to be spending \$1.49 a lot. What's it for, Penny?

Through the grapevine---- John Clark really likes Wanda Gokey but she really likes Gary Benjamin. He really likes JoAnn Sherrer and she really likes John Clark. Boy, that is sure some circle. I hope it all works out in the end.

What's this I hear about John Brier and Terry Peaslee

going up to see the Sherrer sisters? I guess they have some pretty good times up there.

Donald Couture had an accident!!! Really, Donald. You are going to have to be more careful backing out of the Sweetshop. You can't have your mind on Susan Brier and driving at the same time. Also be sure your back window is clear. This is one of the rules of driving!

The seniors really had a time after play rehearsals. I guess they sure downed a lot of cider. But I hear their play went very well, as did all the others, and that John Pierce and Ruth Myott received Best Actor and Best Actress awards from the director, Mr. Mudgett.

This is all the gossip at this end of the line. Should I hear anything more you should know I will write you right off. Until next time - so long!

All my love,

Rosalind Lemon

* * * * *

Marriage - a system of producing motors for tricycles.

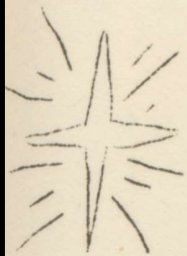
Gordon G. - What has four legs, a trunk, a tail, and is grey?

Richard Blaney - An elephant?

Gordon G. - No, a field mouse on vacation.

Elephant - Mouse built to government specifications.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE



FROM ALL OF US
TO ALL OF YOU

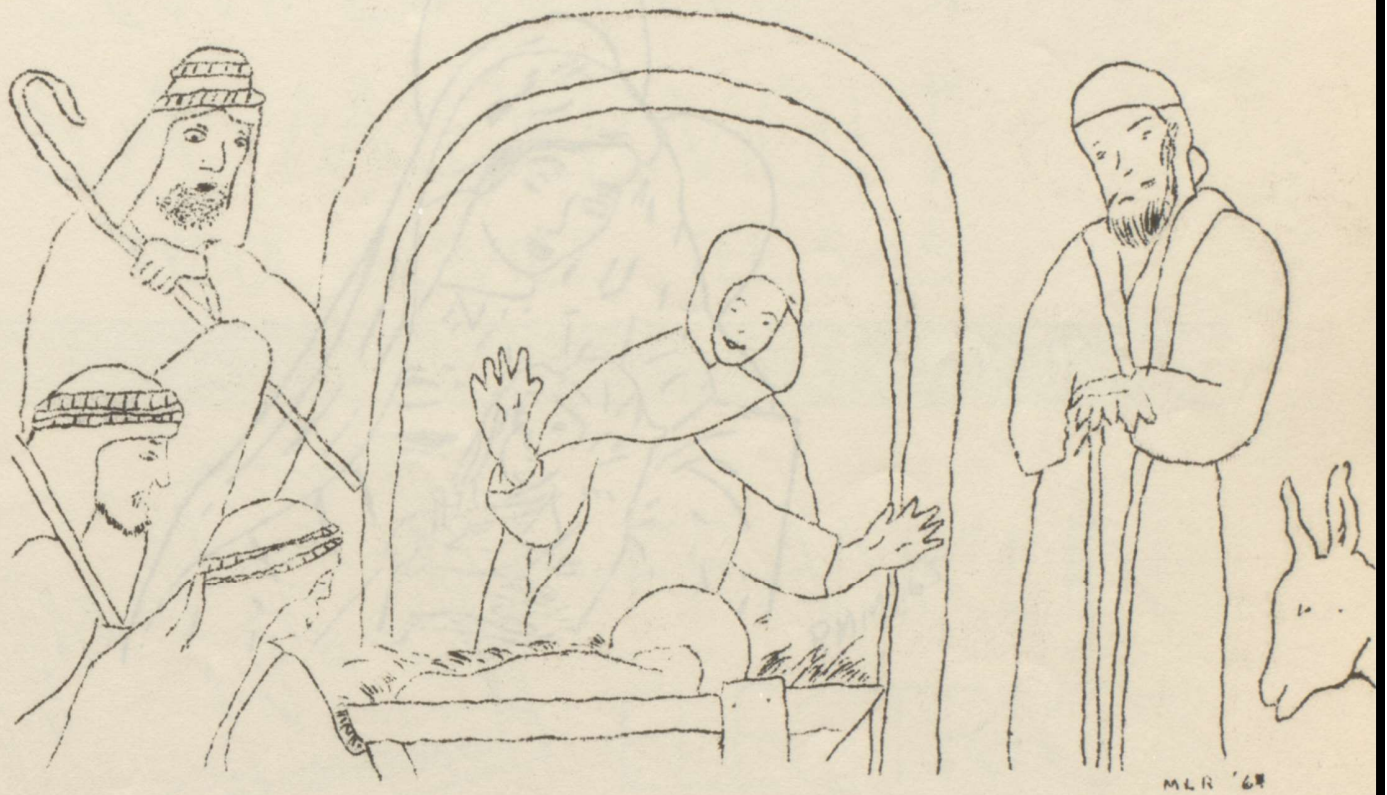


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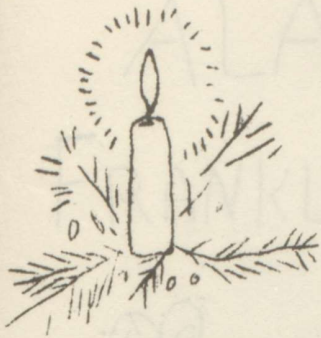
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ALSO -

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MERRY

CHARLES
MULLEN

CHRISTMAS

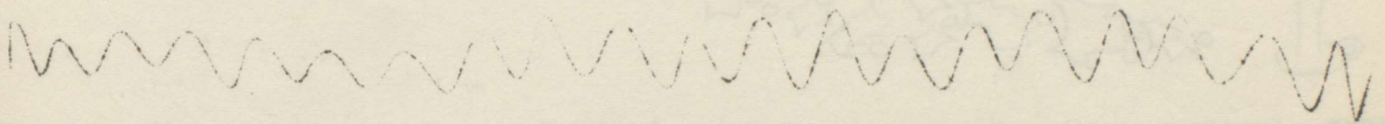
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FRANKLIN

HAPPY NEW

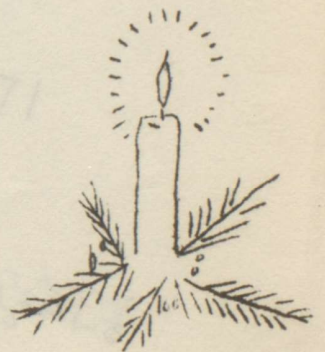
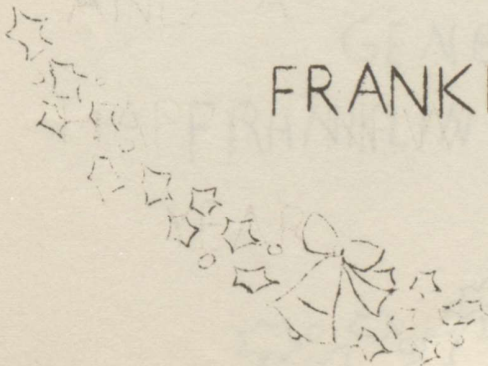
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YEAR



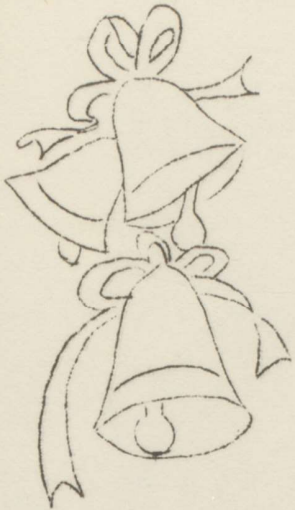
COMPLIMENTS OF
HARRISON WRIGHT

FRANKLIN, V.T.



ALAN BENJAMIN

FRANKLIN, VERMONT TEL. 7-5

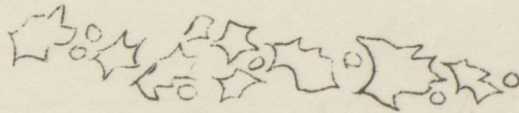


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