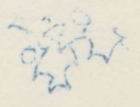
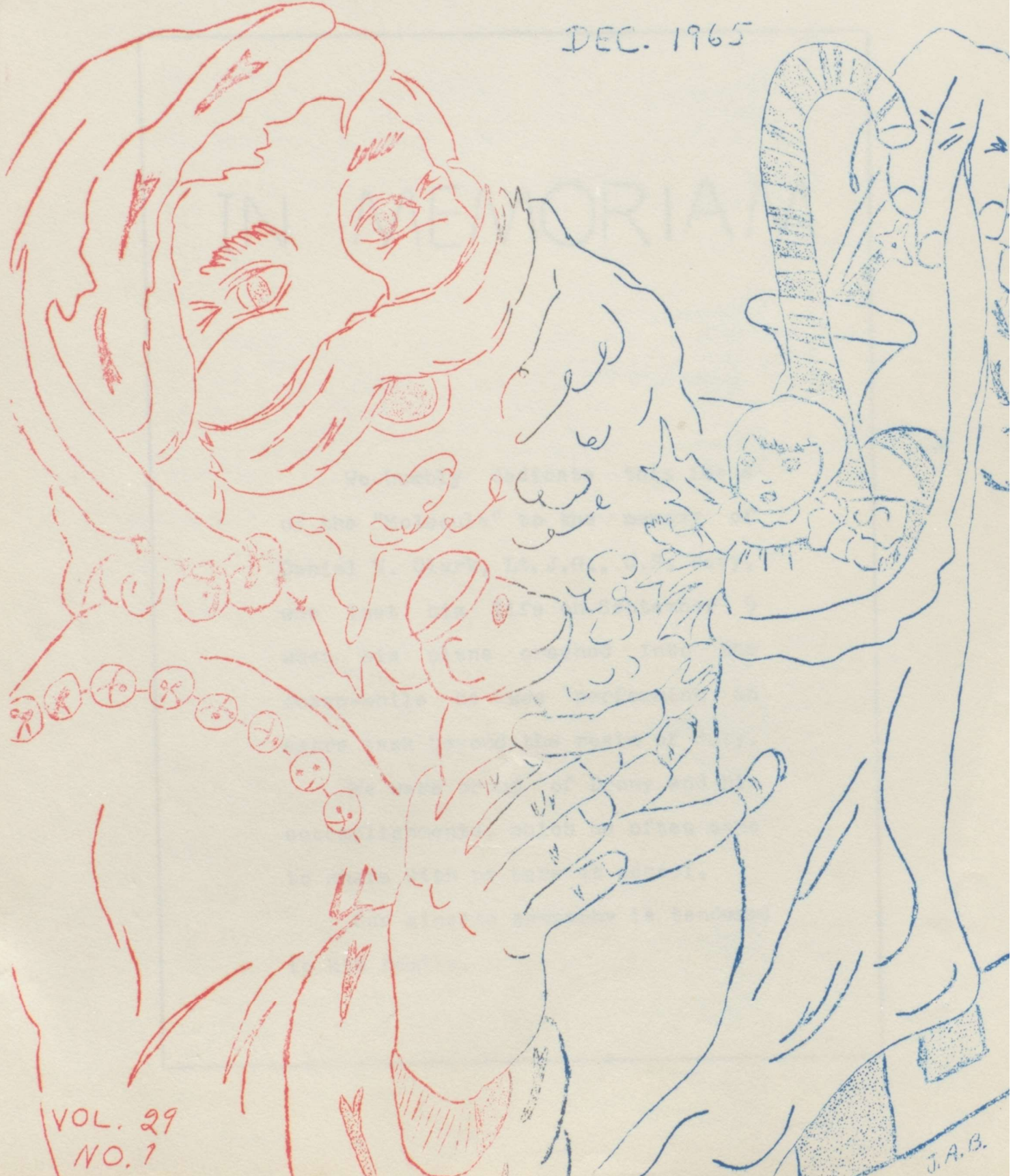




MOLECULE



DEC. 1965



VOL. 29
NO. 1

J.A.B.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

IN MEMORIAM

Basketball	Starley Pech	1
The Treasures Of Our School	Starley Pech	1
The Clearing Up Of Our Junkyards	Starley Pech	2
Why You Should Attend School	Starley Pech	2
Power - The Art Of It	Starley Pech	3
High School	Starley Pech	3
Visit	Starley Pech	4
Christmas	Starley Pech	4
Aurora The Lake	Starley Pech	5
A Typical Christmas	Starley Pech	5
My Marriage	Starley Pech	7
Winter Is Here	Starley Pech	7
School Days	Starley Pech	8
Visit Man	Starley Pech	9
HONOR ROLL	Starley Pech	10
CLASS OFFICERS	Starley Pech	11
SERIES	Starley Pech	12
A Puzzle	Starley Pech	13
The Terr	Starley Pech	13
The Tre	Starley Pech	13
A Great	Starley Pech	13
The	Starley Pech	13
The	Starley Pech	13
Jack	Starley Pech	19
The Big Race	Starley Pech	20
Meetings from	Starley Pech	21
ARTICLES	Starley Pech	22
My Trip To	Starley Pech	22
Our	Starley Pech	22
On Being Left	Starley Pech	23
Helicopters of Today and Tomorrow	Starley Pech	23
Visit	Starley Pech	24
Student Council News	Starley Pech	25
Class News	Starley Pech	26

We humbly dedicate this issue of the "Molecule" to the memory of Daniel W. Clark, Lt. J.G., U.S. Navy, who lost his life on September 9 when his plane crashed into the ocean-while he was performing an extra task beyond the realm of duty.

We were proud of Danny and his accomplishments, which he often came to share with us here at school.

Our sincere sympathy is tendered to his family.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS

Basketball. Shirley Emch.1
 The Problems Of Our School. Roger Wright.1
 The Cleaning Up Of Vt. Junkyards. Joyce Benjamin.2
 Why You Should Finish School. Richard Boudreau.2
 Women--The Inferior Sex. Rita Myott.3
 Misconceptions About World Affairs. Ralph Emch.3
 Viet Nam. Gary Benjamin4

EXCHANGE. Richard Blaney.4

POEMS

Christmas. Ruth Ann Magnant.5
 Across The Lake. John Clark.5
 A Typical Christmas. Rita Myott.6
 My Mustang. David Magnant7
 Winter Is Here. Allen Granger7
 School Daze. Shirley Emch.8
 Viet Nam. Ralph Emch.9

HONOR ROLL. 10

CLASS OFFICERS. 11

STORIES

A Puzzle For Elizabeth. Joyce Benjamin.12
 The Terrible Scare. Ruth Ann Magnant.13
 The Tracks. Ralph Emch.15
 A Great Experience. Allen Granger.16
 The Wonderful Visit. Rita Myott.17
 The Von-Rhine Mystery. Gaylord Chamberlain.18
 Jack Gale, Secret Agent. David Magnant.19
 The Big Race. Shirley Emch.20

Greetings from the Staff. 21

ARTICLES

My Trip To Maine. Dale Greenwood.22
 Our Tour of the Bank. Donald Clark
 Alyce Larose.22
 On Being Left-Handed. Ruth Ann Magnant.23
 Helicopters of Today and Tomorrow. Allen Granger.23
 N.A.S.A. Day. Cedric Columb.24

Student Council News. 25

Class News. 26

II.

School News. John Clark
 Louise Bouchard. 28

Contributions by Grades 7 and 8. 29

Contributions by the Freshmen. 32

SPORTS

Girls' Basketball. Diane White. 34
 Boys' " Ralph Emch. 35

HUMOR. David Magnant
 Allen Granger. 36

Alumni News. Lynda Elwood. 41

"Gabby Gertie". 43

Rita Hyatt

Assistant Editors

Shirley Bush
Seth Ann Magnant

Sports Editors

Ralph Emch
Diane White

Art Editors

Joyce Benjamin
Richard Boudreau

Business Managers

Gary Benjamin
Roger Wright

Alumni Editor

Lynda Elwood

Job Editors

David Magnant
Allen Granger

Exchange Editor

Richard Blaney

Text Reporters

John Clark
Louise Bouchard

Missograph Operators

Raymond Manning
Charley Russell
Dale Greenwood
John Bouchard

Advisors

Miss Dowling
Mrs. Waller

1965

M O L E C U L E S

1966

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief

Rita Myott

Assistant Editors

Shirley Emch
Ruth Ann Magnant

Sports Editors

Ralph Emch
Diane White

Art Editors

Joyce Benjamin
Richard Boudreau

Business Managers

Gary Benjamin
Roger Wright

Alumni Editor

Lynda Elwood

Joke Editors

David Magnant
Allen Granger

Exchange Editor

Richard Blaney

News Reporters

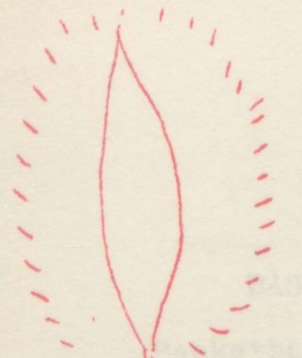
John Clark
Louise Bouchard

Mimeograph Operators

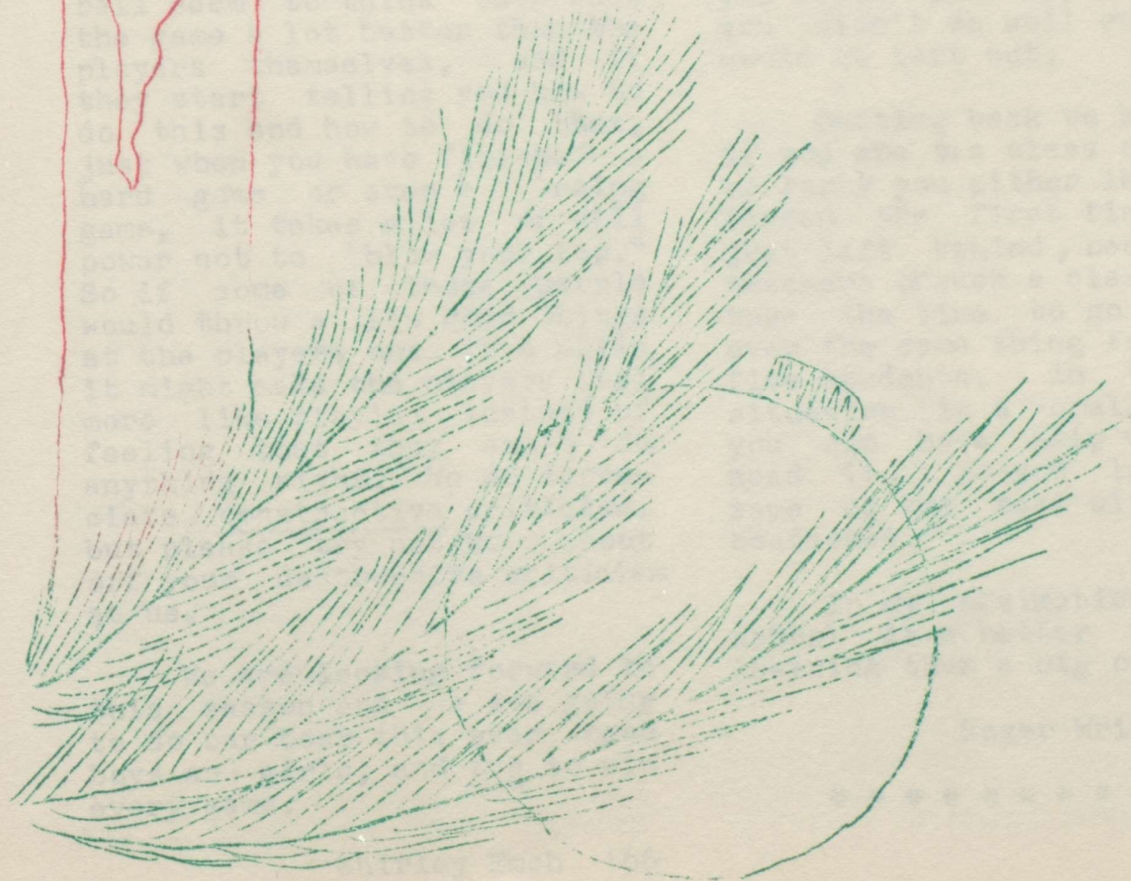
Raymond Meunier
Charley Russell
Dale Greenwood
John Bouchard

Advisors

Miss Dewing
Mrs. Mullen



EDITORIALS



BASKETBALL

Basketball is a very important sport at Franklin High School; at least, I think so. Of course that's only my opinion, and probably the opinion of anyone else who plays basketball or is interested in it.

At the beginning of the year we thought we might not even have a team this year; but Mr. Harris worked hard and faithfully to schedule enough games to make it worthwhile-putting all the time and effort into organizing the boys' and girls' basketball teams.

Playing basketball takes good sportsmanship and a lot of patience. Some of the pupils that don't play basketball seem to think they know the game a lot better than the players themselves, and if they start telling you how to do this and how to do that, just when you have finished a hard game or even a losing game, it takes a lot of will power not to "blow your top." So if some of those people would throw a few good things at the players once in a while, it might make the players feel more like playing instead of feeling that they can't do anything right. We do appreciate constructive criticism, but please try not to shoot off your destructive criticism at us.

We are looking forward to this season and we are going to do our best this year, both boys and girls, and try to win every game.

Shirley Emch '66

THE PROBLEMS OF OUR SCHOOL

The main factor why our school is not progressing is that we do not have the money to buy, and to maintain the bills and expenses which occur.

It is not the town's fault, because of this, but it still does not help the situation. Right now the question is "Would we like to join other schools and have one place for all students to go?" But another problem which some of the people have is that the students will not get a fair chance, not only in studying but also in sports too. The way it is now all students who wish to participate in sports are able to do so, but in a school of a thousand or more you would have tryouts and if you didn't do well enough you would be left out.

Getting back to studying; if you are in a class of thirty or forty you either learn your lesson the first time or are just left behind, because the teachers of such a class cannot take the time to go over and over the same thing for four or five students. In the same situation in a small school you can have help when you need it. So you learn the same as the rest without the headaches.

In my estimation a small school is a better means of learning than a big one.

Roger Wright '67

THE CLEANING
UP OF
VERMONT JUNKYARDS

Up until now the beauty of our Vermont highways was in jeopardy. Our highways are being cluttered by unsightly junkyard eyesores.

Lady Bird Johnson recently proposed a Beautification Bill which Congress has now passed. The Bill will penalize states in which junkyards are less than 1000 feet away from an interstate or any principal highway.

Vermont will likely have to purchase crushing machines to aid in the disposal of these cars. These machines are expensive but they seem to provide the only answer to two important problems: (1) The beauty of our highways is greatly reduced by these eyesores; (2) highway construction is also hindered by the junkyards.

About 20,000 cars are junked each year throughout Vermont. A rough estimate showed that there are some 200,000 junked cars in Vermont now. By the use of these crushing machines 40,000 old cars could be eliminated each year.

Many years would probably have elapsed before Vermont cracked down on these junkyards, so I feel the bill is a good one. As long as junkyards are necessary, I feel that they should not be entirely wiped out, but stricter laws on neatness should be enforced.

Our state is a lovely one and I think everyone should

take pride in keeping it that way.

Joyce Benjamin '67

WHY YOU SHOULD
FINISH SCHOOL

It is a known fact that in this modern day and age you must have a high school diploma to make a normal living.

The high school dropout who has gone at least as far as the eighth grade makes about a third to a half as much of the yearly wages of a high school graduate. And a high school graduate makes about one half to two thirds the yearly wages of a college graduate.

The average wages of a high school graduate is around six to ten thousand dollars a year. A college graduate makes about eight to fifteen thousand dollars a year, depending upon his job. The high school dropout makes about three to five thousand dollars a year.

At the rate of man's scientific development, by 1975 it will be almost impossible to find a job without a high school education.

And it will be hard to find a job with a high school education in order to find a good job in the future you will have to have a college education.

Richard Boudreau '67

WOMEN--THE INFERIOR SEX?

In the United States, women are the largest minority group! Why should they be? They outnumber the men, rule the families, and control some seventy per cent of the nation's wealth. True, women are the weaker sex; but there is little difference in the size of their brains or in their ability to think. The two sexes are about equal in mental ability, and some women are even superior. However, there are emotional differences between men and women, which thus creates mental differences.

Behind every great man there is a great woman. In November of 1963, we all had a very good example of this. Nobody can deny that Jackie Kennedy faced the tragedy like a hero.

American pioneer women shared hardships and dangers with their husbands in settling the wilderness. They worked just as hard as the men. Their first winter in New England proved the females' endurance.

Later, women were not allowed to vote. The people believed that women didn't have enough, "good judgment," to vote properly. After many years of "women suffrage," the females finally won the right to vote. And I believe that they make just as good selections as males.

Now, women do just about every line of work that men do and the career girls seem to be doing good jobs.

In the last few years, it has been proven that women have

the same size brains, and about the same abilities. And don't forget, "women are the mothers of men!"

Rita Myott '66

* * * * *

MINCONCEPTIONS
ABOUT WORLD AFFAIRS

Most people, when they think of world affairs such as Viet Nam, believe that it can be settled by merely liquidating the enemy. This is where they are wrong. There are many internal affairs, and much red tape that governments have to go through in order to carry out the simplest of operations.

There are also the people who live in the country itself that have to be provided for, like teaching them how to provide for themselves - making it very hard to have any type of full scale war with bombs and artillery. It is especially hard where the enemy and the allies look exactly alike.

So when you hear someone say, "Why don't we just bomb them off the face of the earth!" you can tell they are not thoroughly informed on the subject or they wouldn't say anything as unintelligent as this. In order to be able to discuss world affairs you have to know more than just vague surface information. You have to comprehend the importance of these little conflicts of small nations for they are in reality voicing the opinions of the great powers of the world.

Ralph Emch '66

It is the way to win the war. Another

Some of us might find happiness if we would quit struggling so desperately for it.

VIET NAM

Ever since the year of 1957 our troops of the United States Armed Forces have been losing their lives in the losing battle of communism. I read in the Reader's Digest that if we expect to win the war in Asia that we must quit just playing with the Vietnamese and go in with full force in order to overtake and control the communist.

Our objectives are to prevent collapse and catastrophe in Viet Nam; yet at the same time to win over domestic opposition, to prove to our allies that we seek peace with honor, and to give Peking and Moscow no excuse to broaden the war. The United States has committed over 125,000 troops, but still we have made no progress to cause the communist to be haulted in their fight against Democracy. The Vietcong, although hurt, have been winning, too, in the battle of manpower. U.S. casualties are a fraction of those imposed upon the communists; but the South Vietnamese casualties-plus desertions-have been in many recent months of the war larger than those of the Allies.

For the past two years Britain has maintained about 50,000 troops in Singapore, Malaysia and North Borneo, with the main purpose of guarding Malaysia against the bombastic threats of the Indonesian fellow traveler; the Demagogue Sukarno has again made common cause with the Enemy.

It is also said that blockades are not only the way to win the War in Asia. Another

way is to make massive air attacks known as systematic bombing. Right now we have weakened a few of the main spots, but it is known that we have overlooked a sea port and an oil station which can maintain a great deal of trouble for the American troops fighting in the forests and jungles of the Asian Countries. Another main problem of the soldiers is that the Vietmanese make all kinds of boobytraps that will make a soldier unable to fight-causing another soldier to carry or aid him. In this way there are two soldiers out of battle; making the troops weaker. Truly it is a mess which cannot be corrected in a matter of days or months.

Gary Benjamin '67

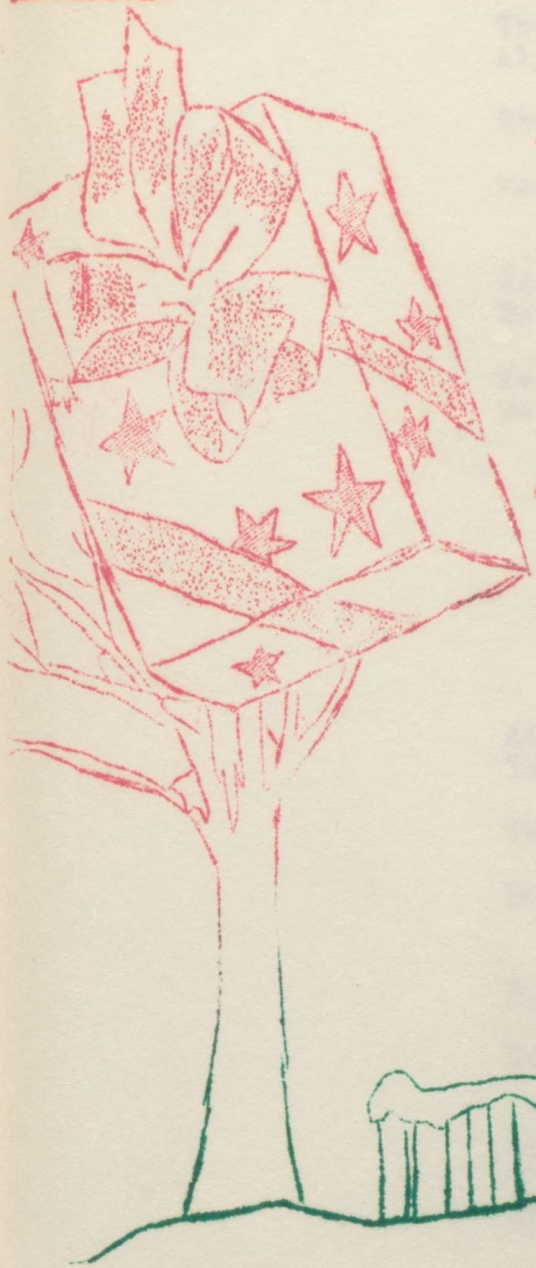
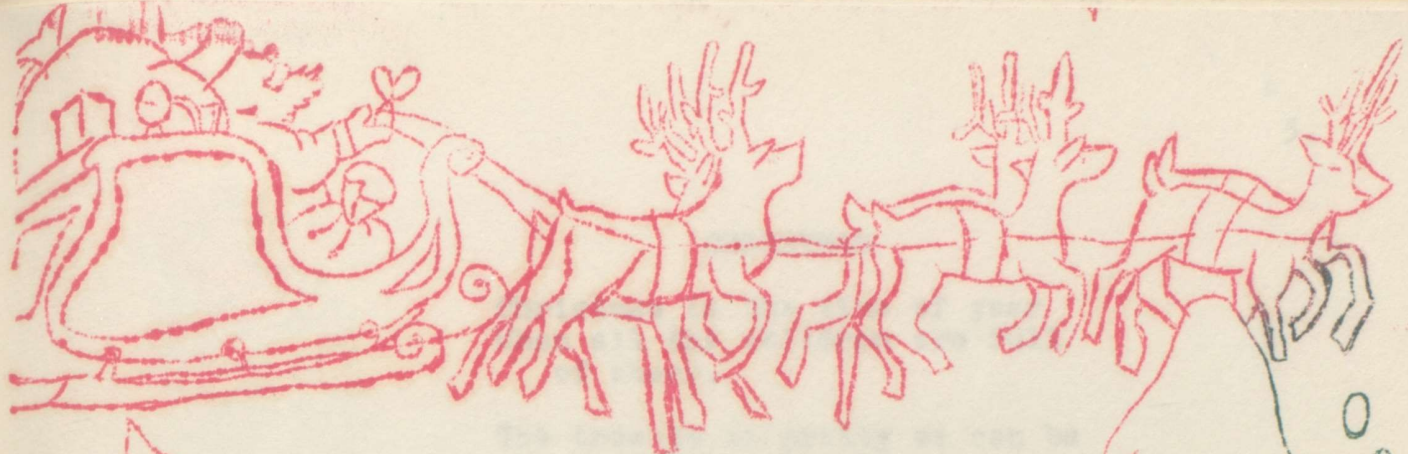
EXCHANGE

We have received THE SKETCH from Burlington Champlain College, the RED & WHITE from Rutland High School, THE PEN'N INK from Greensboro, the WICK from Hardwick Academy and the HALLOWEEN WICK also from Hardwick Academy.

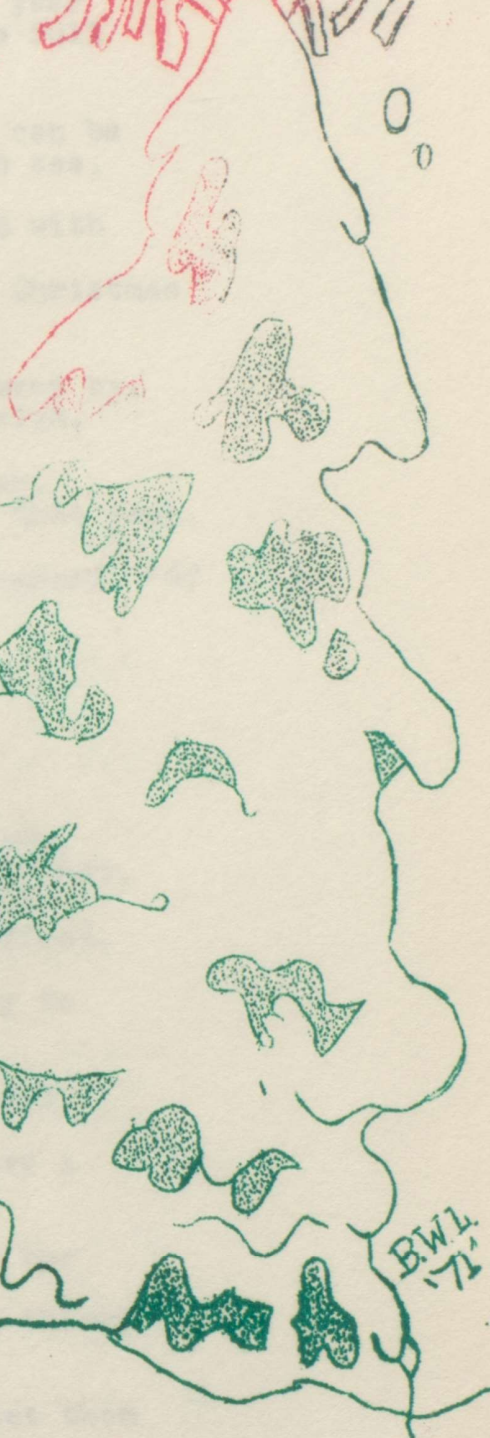
We find these school papers very good with one exception, they could put a little more pep in their jokes. Please continue to exchange with us.

Richard Blaney '67

SOME OF US MIGHT find happiness if we would quit struggling so desperately for it.



POETRY



BWL
'72

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the time of year
When all the children are full
of cheer.

The tree is as pretty as can be
All fancied up so all can see,

Even Mom and Dad do laugh with
glee,
Watching us decorate the Christmas
tree.

As each Christmas day passes by,
Each one of us heaves a sigh.

Yet it seems so very clear,
We scarce can wait until next year.

Ruth Ann Magnant '67

* * * * *

ACROSS THE LAKE

Across the lake so they say,
There's construction under way.

They're taking down the trees,
by gee,
But this is work I'll pay to
see.

Some neighbors say it's not
good for us,
So they are going to raise a
fuss.

The campers will go into our
woods,
And shoot the animals we think
are good.

So let them argue, and let them
fuss,
Maquam is more like heaven to us.

John Clark '67



A TYPICAL CHRISTMAS

Slowly falling from the sky,
 Little diamonds slowly glide.
 Each small and silvery like a star,
 Falling, falling from afar.

All is quiet in this tiny town,
 As the snowflakes glide to the
 ground.
 The sky is gray and the moon is
 dim,
 As the children wait for a glimpse
 of him.

They wait and wait, till they fall
 asleep,
 And in their dreams, the elves do
 creep.
 They think of bikes and walking
 dolls,
 And Santa creeping through the
 halls.

At six o'clock the children rise,
 They hope to find a big surprise.
 With gleaming eyes, they scamper
 down,
 And not a one has a frown.

As they await, their parents rise;
 All may hear the joyful cries
 Of Susie, Mary, John, and Dick,
 After the visit of old St. Nick.

Rita Myott '66



MY MUSTANG

I was cruising in my Mustang late one night
When an X-K-E pulled up on the right.

He rolled down the window of his shiny new
jag
And he challenged me to a real old drag.

I stepped on my Mustang, the tires began to
smoke;
The guy in the jag thought it was a hang of
a joke.

My Mustang was cornering as fine as she could
be,
But the guy in the jag still laughed at me.

So I floored my Mustang that late night;
The guy in the jag had a hang of a fright.

Well I won that race by a quarter of a mile
And the guy in the jag no longer does smile.

The moral of my story is plain to see—
Never laugh at a Mustang, especially a GT.

David Magnant '66

* * * * *

WINTER IS HERE

Winter is here I sadly fear;
When the winds howl we have
a fire to cheer.

The snow piles high in drifts
of white,
While trees glisten in the soft
moonlight.

The animals gather to frolic
and play,
For they've been chased by hunt-
ers all day.

Allen Granger '66

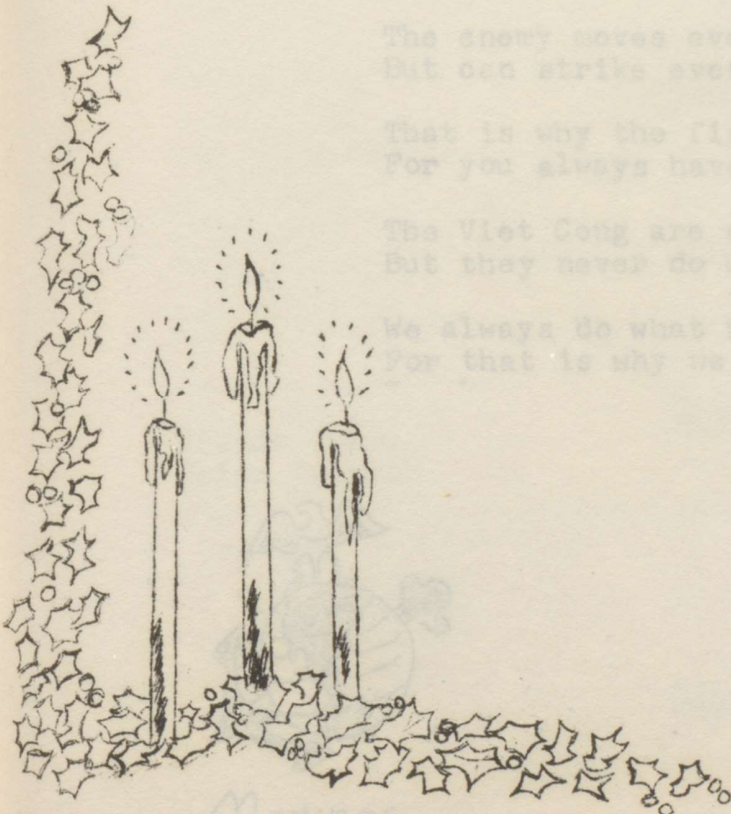
SCHOOL DAZE

Every day to school we come,
Full of vigor, zest and fun.
The day starts out with cheers of joys.
When the quiet bell rings, we're good girls
and boys,
But if your shouts of glee don't stop real
soon,
You'll find yourself in the first grade
room.

While sitting there watching the little ones
fooling and yaking,
You'll finally realize that's just the way
you've been acting.
So get smart, grow up, and stop acting like
a fool.

You're no longer a child in nursery school.
You've come here to study and learn with a
future to find,
And by acting like this, you are only
wasting the teacher's time.

Shirley Emch '66



Marines

AIR FORCE



Navy



ARMY

VIET NAM

All those boys that go over there,
Some tall, some short, dark or fair.

They fight and die for world peace,
Hoping some day that the fighting will
cease.

The enemy moves ever so silently,
But can strike even more violently.

That is why the fighting is hard,
For you always have to be on guard.

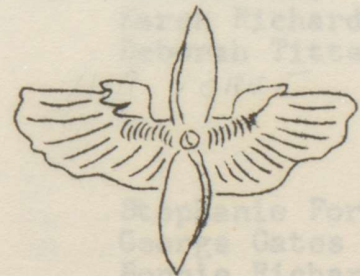
The Viet Cong are always around,
But they never do make a sound.

We always do what we think right,
For that is why we do fight.

Ralph Emch '66



Marines



AIR FORCE

HONOR

Senior Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

All A's

David Magnant

Grade 12

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

Grade 11

Freshman Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

Grade 10

Grade 9

6th Grade Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

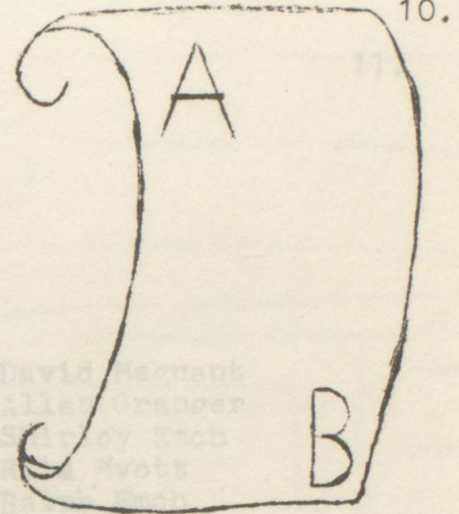
Grade 8

Brenda Gates
Brian Lothian

7th Grade Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

Grade 7



David Magnant
Allye Bouchard
John Clark
Joseph Wright
Lydia Gates
Gordon

A's & B's

Ralph Emch

Louise Bouchard
Jo Ann Storrison
Jo Ann Storrison
Dawn
Gaylord Chamberlain

Ruth Ann Magnant

Allye Dwight Tatro

Penny Glidden

Brian Lothian
Brenda Gates
Dawn
Larry
Diane
Annette Breault
Larry Bishop
Ronald Cote
Karen Richard
Deborah Tittlemore

John Tatro
George Gates
Bonnie Richard
Stephanie Forty
George Gates
Bonnie Richard
John Tatro

CLASS OFFICERS 65-66

Senior Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

David Magnant
Allen Granger
Shirley Emch
Rita Myott
Ralph Emch

Junior Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

Gary Benjamin
John Clark
Roger Wright
Lynda Elwood
Gordon Garrow

Sophomore Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

Louise Bouchard
Jo-Ann Therrien
Jo-Ann Sherrer
Dwight Tatro
Gaylord Chamberlain

Freshman Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

Alyce Larose
Norma Sherrer
Robert Blaney
Penny Glidden
Charles Mullen

8th Grade Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

Brian Lothian
Brenda Gates
Debbie Tittlemore
Larry Bishop
Diane Pierce

7th Grade Class

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Student Council Representative

John Tatro
George Gates
Bonnie Richard
James Jewett
Thomas Richard

STORIES



BWL
71

A PUZZLE FOR ELIZABETH

The snow was gently falling round. It was almost dusk when Jody and I trudged along through the deep pillow-like snowdrifts. We had a long way to go before we reached home, but we didn't care; we were too excited, for today had been the last day of school before Christmas vacation and that meant we were to have ten whole wonderful days all to ourselves.

Jody and I had been saving our pennies all summer long and, believe me, you worked hard for five dollars when you were only eight and ten. Jody was eight and I was ten. Being the elder I handled the banking of course. Right after school we had run over to old Jed McGeever's general store to do our Christmas shopping. Mom and Dad were going to have the best Christmas presents that our five dollars could buy. We hunted through the various shelves, poking our noses, with childish glee, into the candy jars but saving our wishes for more important business.

Finally Jody found a real fancy pipe for dad. We knew he'd love that. I found a gorgeous pink hat all covered with satin and little white bows. That was perfect for mom, to go with her Sunday dress. Then we divided the remainder of our treasury and dashed off to find each other a Christmas surprise. When our goods were totaled we even had enough for a big handful of peppermints, liquorice and jaw breakers. At last we had our precious bundles and, filled with the feeling that only Christmas brings, we started for home.

When we arrived at our cabin something was strange. The door was wide open. No bright warm fire was blazing in the hearth and nobody was there. Jody began to cry and as for me I was terrified but knew I couldn't show it.

"Come on Jody, mom and dad probably had to go somewhere in a hurry and didn't latch the door tight enough," I said, trying to convince myself also.

We hurried inside and together we managed to get a fire going. I fixed us some supper; then, just kept busy. We decided to wrap our presents. When we had finished that, we cut down boughs from nearby trees and trimmed the cabin walls with holly and the greens.

By now it was dark. I put Jody to bed reassuring him that mom and dad would soon be home. Meanwhile the wind had steadily been rising and now a full scale storm raged outside. I put more wood on the fire and snuggled into a chair dad's chair, big and warm, but now very empty. The clock sounded eleven thirty and a feeling of fear mixed with anxiety crept its way into my heart. I watched the fire rise and fall. Outside a wolf's lonely howl mingled with the sound of the wind. I felt very small and alone but slowly welcomed sleep overcame me.

I woke up, now in my own bed all warm and snug. I could hear Jody's steady breathing in the next room. The wonderful aroma of frying bacon tickled my nose. I dashed down stairs into the comforting arms of mom. Tears trickled down as I plied her with anxious questions. "Where did you go? what happened?" Mom held me back and stared in amazement.

"Good gracious child," she exclaimed. "We didn't go anywhere! You must have had a bad dream."

Dream! That couldn't have been a dream. Or could it? or was I dreaming now and mom was really not there at all?

"Where is dad?" I asked.

"Elizabeth Johnson, you know he's out doing the morning chores. Why here he comes now!"

It was true! Dad came in through the door, blowing on his hands and his cheeks all blushed with the cold. I rushed into his arms. Then Jody came down all rooly-polly and sleepy-eyed as usual.

"Ma, I'm hungry," came the same morning salute.

"Jody don't you remember how dark and cold it was here last night and how we couldn't find mom or dad?" I asked

"Are you crazy? All I remember last night is the three big pieces of mom's chocolate cake. That must have gone to your head!" he said.

"Go get dressed, Lizzy, then come down and eat a good breakfast. You'll feel better." mom said.

Puzzling over what had happened I slowly walked up the stairs. Gosh it had seemed real! Well if it were just a dream, I surely was glad it wasn't real. I never realized what it would be like without mom and dad. When you really think of all those things they make you do--that you hate so--aren't that bad. It would be awfully lonely with out them around.

Why don't you ask yourself this question sometime. What would it really, I mean really, be like without your mom and dad at home?

Joyce Benjamin '67

THE TERRIBLE SCARE

One Saturday night in the early month of summer, Jane Smith was home all alone baby-sitting with her younger brother Michael, who was six, and her sister, Sherri Ann, who was four. She hadn't wanted to stay home in the first place, but since it was her father's and mother's anniversary Jane felt she should let them go out and have some fun for a change.

After her folks had left, Jane locked all the doors, pulled all the shades, so nobody would be looking in, and started watching television. When it came about 9:00 p.m. she decided to pop some popcorn for herself and her brother and sister. After they had eaten their popcorn Jane put them to bed and continued watching television.

All of a sudden Jane heard a knock on the kitchen door, but she couldn't figure out how anybody could possibly be knocking on it, because she thought it was locked. Jane waited for a while and then decided she had locked the kitchen door instead of the porch. Jane finally got up enough nerve to go to the door and find out who it was. When she reached the door, trembling like mad, nobody was anywhere to be found. Jane thought nothing of it. She might have just been hearing things as she did lots of times when she was home all alone. She started watching television again. Then suddenly she heard a loud clamor on the window right beside the place where she was sitting. It surprised Jane so much she sprang right out of her chair and stood there shaking furiously. The shades were pulled so she couldn't see out

they learned that the thing

side to figure out what it could have been. She was so scared she didn't dare to move anyhow. Oh! but she wished her folks would hurry up and come home. It was going on 12:30 p.m. They should be home soon.

Jane sat in a chair in the living room and didn't dare to move. Then she heard another knock on the door. Jane thought she must go to the door because it might be her parents, but what if it wasn't! Jane had slowly risen from her chair and started towards the kitchen when another knock was heard. She hesitated a minute and then dashed back into the living room. She just sat in the chair frozen, afraid if she moved somebody would hear her. Suddenly Jane heard her mother's voice hollering to her to come and let them in. That was a relief, let me tell you. When her folks arrived in the house Jane just wouldn't stop talking about the knock on the door and the window. Jane's parents told her it was probably just a bunch of kids trying to scare her, if they knew she was home all alone. Oh! Jane thought, "I'm sure glad you're home now." She finally stirred up enough guts to go upstairs to bed.

The next day at school Jane overheard a conversation between Joe Brown and Mike Machia. Mike was telling Joe how much he had scared Jane when he started knocking on the door and then at the window of her house. She could have killed him, but it seemed like such a relief to know it was somebody just playing a joke, not really some outlaw.

Jane knows one thing for sure; she isn't going to stay at home again and babysit; she will have one of her friends over. Jane decided she wasn't going to go through that again.

When she got home that day after school her mother was all upset. Somebody had stolen one of her best dishes that her mother had given her. It must be that whoever was trying to scare Jane the night before was the one who stole it. Jane knew who did it, but she wouldn't tell her mother. Mike was the kind of boy that would even beat up a girl if he found out she tattled on him.

The next day at school Jane thought she would give Mike a scare of his life.

After the first bell rang she ran onto him out in the hall. Jane told him she knew all about his trying to scare her, and his stealing her mother's dish. "If you don't give the dish back I am going to call the police," she announced. Mike had been in so much trouble as it was, he wasn't willing to let her call them up. So he told her he would bring it back that night.

He did bring it back that night and I don't believe he will ever try to play smart with Jane again. Jane didn't tell her mother about Mike; she just told her that she found the dish under a pile of books.

I know one thing for sure if Mike ever tries to scare Jane again, she won't cover-up for him the next time.

Ruth Ann Magnant '67

Customer: "This clock I bought from you loses 1 minute every hour."

Clerk: "Didn't you see the sign 25% off when you bought it?"

Mark: I'm a man of few words.
Hank: Yes I'm married too.

THE TRACKS

On August 29, 1969 the first lunar landing was going to be attempted. The four astronauts who were going had been in training for ten months. They had the backing of hundreds of scientist and technicians, with all the latest scientific apparatus to use. They came from the United States, Russia, Sweden and Japan. These men were the tops in their fields and had been hand picked for their assignments.

There had been two years of world peace and the leaders thought that if the common people could see how, by working together, they could accomplish more, it might help unify the great nations for a longer period of time.

On the morning of the blast off everyone, everywhere was huddled near a radio or television set to watch the blast off.

It went off in perfect order. The rocket was one of the largest that had ever been built. It had to be, for it took a lot of thrust to send a landing craft, exploration vehicle and a relaunching platform to the moon.

It had taken them three days to reach the moon. Now came one of the critical parts of their mission. They had to separate the craft in two parts. One part would go to the moon for exploration, and the other would hover over the moon in case of any difficulty that should arise in the operation.

When the two men landed they started to explore the surface to find that there were strange tracks that zigzagged

across the terrain. They reported this to the ship that remained hovering above the moon. They then proceeded to explore and trail the tracks. They led them to an odd looking mound of dirt. There was nothing around, but the tracks just vanished into thin air. At first they tried to find a way into the mound but there wasn't any sign of an opening. The tracks were shaped like a triangle with a dot in the middle. They were made like someone had used a cookie cutter to make them.

The rest of the moon was relatively quiet. They made their test and took samples. And went back to the relaunching platform to find that there had been some visitors around the platform. There were tracks identical to the ones they had seen before. It looked like there had been eight or ten of the beings around. They at once checked for missing parts or any malfunctions. There were none so they reported back to the rest of the team to get instructions on what to do.

Their instructions said to try and make contact with the aliens. They didn't have long to wait for at that moment a weird looking object came toward them at a fantastic speed. It was a sort of hover craft that had instant acceleration. On this craft was what looked like a big blob of plasma. It had no different shape, but as it came toward them it left tracks like those that they had seen before. To their amazement it spoke perfect English and said, "Welcome to the Moon". At first they couldn't believe what was happening. But after they recovered from their shock they learned that the thing

and was much more advanced in some fields than were the men of Earth. They were not warlike and wanted just to be left alone. They said that they could not give them any answers without conferring with the world leaders back on Earth. The moon men said that they had developed a kind of interplanetary monetary system that worked like an intercom with a picture. They said that they would give the Astronauts one and let them bring it back to earth and give it to the world leaders, so they could discuss a treaty with them.

When they returned to Earth the people were overjoyed with the report of the moon men. The world leaders told the moon men that they would leave them alone but they would like to work with them on some of the problems they had on space travel. The reply to this was that they would work with us, but didn't want to become dependent on us.

So this was how the first lunar landing ended. It was a time of great rejoicing and advancement toward space travel.

Ralph Emch '66 1

A GREAT EXPERIENCE

Billy and Tom had been watching the late, late show on television. It was an exciting story about a shipwreck. After the movie they began to plan how they would take the sailboat next day and go out on a real sailing expedition.

Early the next morning they packed a lunch and pre-

pared to set sail. It looked like a nice day for sailing. The wind was just right. Around nine o'clock they set sail. As they sailed they imagined they were on the biggest boat they'd seen in the show the night before. Everything was going smoothly; so around noon they ate their lunch. All of a sudden the wind started to blow hard. A storm was coming up. The boys tried to turn the sailboat around and a big wave caught the boat just right and dumped both boys head first into the water. They floated for what seemed an eternity, until Billy finally sighted land. They made their way through the rough waters to an island. As they were crawling onto the beach they could see a cabin among the trees. As the door flew open Tom stumbled in to find an old bed, a rickety table, and a cupboard with a few cans on it. The place looked as though it hadn't been lived in for a long time. Tom and Billy made themselves at home. They found a few matches and a couple of cans of beans. They ate this food with thanks for being alive. Billy made things ready for a night's rest.

They awoke early the next morning and hurried down to the beach to see if they could find help. As Billy and Tom gazed over the horizon they could see a black dot. The dot kept getting bigger and the sound of a motorboat could be heard. Billy and Tom were never so glad to see anyone in their lives. They decided then and there that they wouldn't get any more bright ideas from watching the late late show on television.

THE WONDERFUL VISIT

It was May 23, 1969. The sun was shining bright and the birds were singing their joyous songs of spring.

After quite a few minutes the limousine drove up and Miss Mason stepped out. She was greeted by the mayor and several other city officials. The key to the city and red roses were presented to her. Finally, the good-byes were said and Miss Mason walked to the plane, waved and disappeared in the door.

Springfield was quite honored to have Susan Mason, Miss America of 1969, visit such a small and insignificant city.

Susan was a rather small young woman. She had blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes. Her warm, soft smile and wonderful personality would immediately cause anybody to like her.

She had arrived on May 20 for a three day stay, but she had to leave before schedule, because of illness in the family. She had been guest of honor at a formal banquet and many good times were given her, but now it was time to leave.

Sue was leaving for Salem, Oregon. Her private plane was loaded and ready to leave.

After the plane had taken off, Sue decided to have a nap, as she was exhausted. She relaxed in her seat and in just a few minutes she was fast asleep.

They had been flying for about an hour and all was going well. Suddenly, the pilot, Pete, noticed something wrong. He tried to radio in, but the radio wouldn't work. As they were losing elevation, he decided to try to land.

"Sue, fasten your seat-belt," he shouted to Sue. But he received no answer, for she was still sleeping.

Well, this was it! All he could do was hope for the best! Down they went and finally they hit the ground. As the plane hit, it tipped to one side and nearly over-turned. As Pete was uninjured he hurried to help Sue, who was thrown to the floor.

"Are you all right?" Pete inquired.

"Yeah, I guess so. Gee, what happened anyway?" Sue said.

"I don't know. Something went wrong with the plane, so I decided we had to land."

"Do you know where we are?"

"Well, I did a few minutes ago but now---well, I don't know."

"What are we going to do? It doesn't look like there is anybody for miles!"

"Well, let me see. It's 10:30 now. We've got the rest of the day to walk."

Ten minutes later, they were on their way. After nearly three hours of steady walking they came to a little stream where they both had a drink. A few minutes later, Pete noticed some foot prints. They were rather large footprints, probably a man's boot.

The tracks continued for about a mile and led straight into a forest. But suddenly, the tracks ended; it was almost as if the person went right straight into the air. As they stopped to investigate a gun shot rang out, right close to them. They walked on and then someone spoke from behind them.

"Just what do you two think you're doing?" inquired a man.

As he said this Sue and Pete whirled around to see a man, a middle-aged man, dressed in green work clothes, and carrying a gun.

Pete then explained what had happened and asked for help.

The man offered to help by driving them into a nearby town. When they reached the town, they found a tiny village consisting of numerous houses, a garage, a store, a church and a tiny post office.

They telephoned ahead for help and were told that they would be picked up in two days. A Mrs. Adams offered to let them stay in her house right down the street. They accepted her offer and Sue went with her while Pete went back to the plane, with Mrs. Adams, to pick up some luggage.

The next two days were filled with friendliness, wonderful food, and a good rest.

When the day came for them to leave, Mr. and Mrs. Adams and about one hundred other people gathered to say good-bye and to ask them to visit them again. Pete and Sue promised them they would return and then they started to drive away.

As Sue looked back at this quiet town, she thought of the wonderful time these people had given them and that she probably never would have visited them if it hadn't been for the crash!

Rita Myott '66

John C: What did the sea say to the shore?

Clifford E: I don't know. What?

John C: Nothing. It just waved.

THE VON-RHINE MYSTERY

This story takes place at the old Von-Rhine mansion. It is about 12:00 p.m. and I am feeling quite well.

I had just started to go to bed, when I saw a faint shadow near my bedroom window. The shadow looked somewhat like a ghost, but I concluded that there was no such things as ghosts.

I woke up the next morning with a bad head-ache and soon found my aspirin bottle. I went downstairs, and since I was a bachelor, I figured I did well for myself, that is, for the downstairs bit. I had some breakfast and started to read the morning paper.

But suddenly I saw the same figure at my draperies. Then and there I decided to hunt this creature down if it took the rest of my life.

I began looking in my drawing room, then in my bedroom where I had seen that screwy creature before. I took a walk deciding it would ease my conscience.

I came back, ate dinner, and went to bed for my afternoon nap. I had no sooner lain down, when I heard a sort of "oowing" which rather shocked me. I sprang from the bed and started to look for this thing, this creature, or what ever it might be.

I finally found that it was only a shutter, but wait, it couldn't be, it just didn't "bow" any more.

That night I went to bed early and figured that I might catch this chap that had been haunting me.

I was resting contentedly when that "oowing" came back, and that shadow grew, and grew, and

grew more mysterious. There was a sharp strike of lightning and thunder. I was getting frightened. I did not know which way to turn, I was streaming with cold sweat. Finally I said, "Eric Von-Rhine, you are mad, mad, MAD!" I knew something was wrong. I was going crazy. I reached for the old gun and tried shooting the ghost, but it seemed only to laugh at me, I couldn't stand it any longer. I was going crazy. I fired one more shot and fell to the earth as I did.

So my friends, I beg of you, don't ever try to come to the Old Von-Rhine Mansion or you will be just like Eric Von-Rhine.

And till this day no-one has ever found Mr. Von-Rhine, and the legend of Eric Von-Rhine still stands a mystery.

Gaylord Chamberlain '68

NOT VERY FILLING

The FOOD for reflection.
 The TOAST of the town.
 The CAKE of soap.
 The APPLE of discord.
 The TASTE of bliss.
 The SALT of the earth.
 The SPIRIT of revelry.
 The FEAST of reason.
 The SPICE of a joke.
 The MILK of human kindness.
 The PEACH of a girl.
 The printer's PI.
 The critic's ROAST..

Coach: "How does your uniform fit?"

Gaylord C: "The jersey isn't bad but the trousers are a little loose around the arm-pits."

JACK GALE, SECRET AGENT

Jack Gale was a secret agent for the United States Intelligence Agency. His next mission from the Pentagon was short coming. His orders were to enter communist Cuba and inspect for possible Soviet missile installation which might be offensive rather than defensive.

Jack Gale dressed as a Castro Army Officer, boarded a small private boat off Miami Florida. He carried enough food and supplies to carry him from Puerto, Cuba, his landing point to the United States Naval Base at Guantanamo. Here he was to pick up further supplies and a map of possible missile locations throughout Cuba.

He left Guantanamo with renewed strength and courage. He made his way across Cuba by native transportation, always being left five miles outside of all towns he was to inspect, to make his own way to each installation. After his first inspection of the town of Holguin, he found it to be free of any military forces.

His next stop was Camaguey, a thickly settled city, where he found a large military base which Gale was able to enter with the aid of special papers which the U.S. government had prepared - facsimiles of Cuban Army Officers. The base at Camaguey was found to have Soviet missiles but not of the defensive type and therefore not a threat to the United States.

He then proceeded to Havana; the capital, where he found a large military installation. After a great deal of difficulty he was allowed to enter. In-

side. He found one of the largest missile installations he had ever seen, fourteen offensive Soviet Missiles laden with explosives and ready to be fired at a minutes notice.

While making this inspection Jack Gale was followed and spied upon constantly, the communist became very suspicious of Gale. He was arrested and thrown into prison on spy charges, in the small town of Guira twenty five miles south of Havana. The communists tried to crack Gale under pressure. but Gale being a man of strong will withstood the pressure.

Two weeks after Gale's imprisonment he spent one of the happiest days of his life, for on this day the United States flew in hundreds of paratroopers to rescue Gale. Although there was some firing between the communist and the paratroopers the communist offered little resistance.

Jack Gale was safe. The communist realized that he had escaped with a great deal of valuable information. Information which the United States would find most valuable in her attempt to bomb all offensive Soviet missile installations.

David Magnant '66

Rita Myott, - Tackling downtown traffic for the first time started the engine of her car at the busy intersection "Don't get excited now," soothed the driving instructor; "just use the old noodle," "Oh dear" Rita muttered, "now where is that thing?"

Psychiatrist: Amind sweeper.

THE BIG RACE

The day after Gary Johnson had challenged Roger Gregg to a swimming match, a strong wind had blown across Brown's pond, leaving the water rough with white caps. Everyone was to meet at the main dock to witness the big race.

At about 2:00 p.m. the whole gang was there, including Gary and Roger. Gary was short with blonde wavy hair that was always in his eyes. Gary had lived in the northern part of Vermont all his life. He was adapted to the cold weather, but Roger, who was tall, with a light complexion and light hair, had been doing all his swimming under the hot Florida sun. He was a new boy here at Brookfield. Roger shivered as he walked out onto the dock.

"Maybe we ought to call this off," he said.

Gary laughed. "Are you ducking out, Roger Gregg?"

The other kids grinned. Harry Baily shouted from his boat, "Come on, New Boy, I'll pull you out if you start to sink."

"Stop teasing him," Gary screamed. Mary Beyor was not in favor of this race all along; she knew that Roger was not used to the cold weather or swimming that distance. It was three miles out to the sandbar from the main dock and the sandbar was to be the finish line.

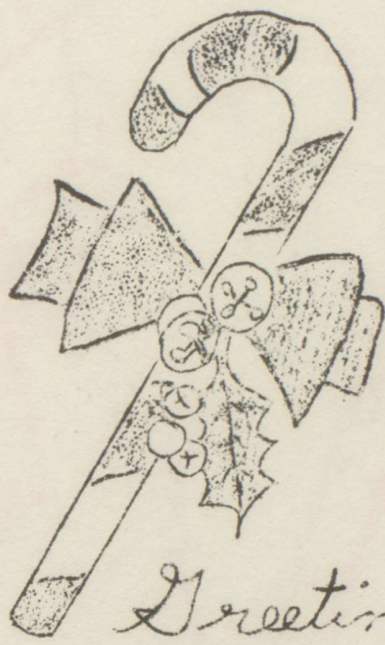
Roger thought to himself "OK, OK, I'll race the guy. but the water's too rough; a couple of gulps could swamp us."

Harry raised his hand. "Ready, set, go!"

They were both off to a

good start, Gary was leading by about three feet when it happened. Only a half of a mile more and he would have made it, but suddenly Roger's hands went up into the air and he started to go down. He was just coming back up for the second time and Harry caught him by his arm and pulled him into the boat. Roger's face was as white as a sheet and he was unconscious. Harry raced to the sandbar and the two boys helped him out of the boat and Gary started giving him artificial respiration. When Roger finally came to, they brought him back to the dock. All of the kids were frightened and knew that they shouldn't have pushed him to race when he really didn't want to race at all. They all agreed that they had learned their lesson and that they could have lost a friend by just showing off.

Shirley Emch '66



*Greetings
from the
Staff*

There is a man who never drinks
nor smokes, nor chews, nor
swears,
Who never gambles, never flirts
and shuns all sinful snares
HE'S PARALYZED.

There is a man who never does
a thing that is not right
His wife can tell just where
he is at morning, noon and
night
HE'S DEAD.

Miss Dwing: (returning sud-
only "What are you doing
with your feet up on the desk?"
Richard B; "I have been too
busy to look for an eraser,
so I've had to use my rub-
ber heels."

ARTICLES



BWL
-71

MY TRIP-TO MAINE

One Sunday afternoon my uncle sent word by my father, he wanted to see me. When I went down to his house he asked me if I would drive his car to Old Orchard for him, as he doesn't drive.

Early the next day, Monday August 16, 1965, Uncle Winfred, Lyle Glidden, and I started. We had our lunch along the way. We arrived at Old Orchard about 4:00 p.m. We hired our cabin for two nights. It was about one mile from the beach.

Uncle Winfred and Lyle had clams for supper, as I had never had clams before, I had shrimp.

After supper we went to the beach and walked along the street of stores and amusement parks, looking for gifts and souvenirs to bring home.

The next day we arose about 5:30 a.m., and we went to the beach for breakfast.

We then went searching for sea shells. I picked up a lot of small ones, some clam shells and a sand dollar shell, which is as round as round can be. It is nearly pure white.

We then made our gift purchases. I bought bracelets for my sister and mother, and a watch for my grandfather, as well as one for Richard Cooper, sweat shirts for my father and myself, and a box of candy for the whole family. I bought myself a T. shirt with "Old Orchard Beach" and a picture on the front.

About 8 p.m. we returned back to our cabin to have fried clams which I now enjoy very much. We then went to bed.

Wednesday morning we were up at 5 a.m. We ate breakfast on our way home. We hated to start back as I liked it so

We made several stops in Maine; one at Crawford Park for about one hour. We arrived there about 9 a.m. After we had lunch, then we were on our way again until we came to the Littleton Dam where we stopped to take pictures of the dam.

Uncle Winfred asked me on the way home if I would go back next year. I told him I would like to go back next year. It is a beautiful trip and a restful place to go.

Dale Greenwood '67

OUR TOUR OF THE BANK

After a long detailed studying of banking, the General Business and Consumer Economics Problems classes went on a trip to visit to the Franklin County National Savings and Trust company in St. Albans, on October 14th. The first thing we wanted to see was the vault. Mr. McGinn told us that the vault was equipped with a very good burglar system, and numerous safety deposit boxes.

We saw from simple typewriters to complicated book-keeping machines and machines that photograph checks in a matter of seconds. Mr. McGinn also told us about the three different endorsements when we were taken up to the Board Room where we were able to ask questions.

We wish to thank Mrs. Mullen and Mr. McGinn for this very educational trip.

Donald Clark '68
Alyce Larose '69

ON BEING LEFT-HANDED

Most people when they see a left-hander they say, "Don't they look odd?" But just think of us watching right-handers. They look pretty odd also. I must say myself that some left-handers look odd to me, even if I'm one of them. If I had had a choice of being left or right-handed I would have gladly chosen right but since I didn't have a choice, I guess I will have to stay a lefty. In softball the other girls, because I'm left-handed, think I'm a good batter, but I and my fellow players sure know that I'm not. In about one time at bat the team that we're playing find out too.

There are a lot of disadvantages of being left-handed. When I was going to school downstairs the teacher always put me on the end at the lunch table so I wouldn't have my elbow in somebody's plate. At my house I have to eat on the end also. It makes you feel unwanted. I don't know any advantages of being left-handed; at least I haven't found any. I have two nieces that are left-handed which makes me feel rather glad that I'm not the only one in my family that is odd.

My mother always picks on me. She says I'm backward in everything or, "Don't make the salad, it will come out all wrong." Remarks like these don't bother me at all. My girl friend noticed the other day that when I write I make some of my letters backward. That's one thing not all left-handers do---just me probably.

One thing I can say about left-handers, I think they can do their work or anything else

just as well as right-handers.

I'm not happy because I'm left-handed, but I sure am glad that I can at least write; some kids haven't any hands; I'm sure kids like that would be glad to change places with me. So I consider myself pretty lucky.

Ruth Ann Magnant '67

HELICOPTERS OF TODAY AND TOMORROW

The helicopter was successfully made by Igor Sikorsky twenty-six years ago. Today Helicopters are used for business and commercial use. Businessmen are using helicopters for travel because of the traffic problems. The helicopter picks up the businessman right at his office window. Over 1700 copters are being used by government agencies in the United States. That is twice the number used five years ago. Copters are also used to put steeples on churches and haul ski-lift towers up Vermont and New Hampshire mountains. Copters are used to fly in men to clear land that is very hard to reach. They also fly in Bulldozers and lightweight Aluminum equipment equaling up to two tons a load. United States Armed Services use helicopters to the full usefulness by flying in soldiers and by picking up wounded men, and plane wrecked pilots. Helicopters have saved over \$50,000 worth of equipment in a year. They are standard equipment on a ranch to cover the big ranches and is equal to sixteen cowboys. They take off

SCHOOL NEWS

in such a small area and stop in mid air. New helicopters will be able to fly at 300 M.P.H. They say in the future the helicopters will be able to hook on a jet liner in mid-air and lower it to small landing spaces. This will not be any harder than refueling in flight. I predict in the future there will be more private helicopters owned in the United States.

Allen Granger '66

most interesting demonstration on the fuel cell, a conversion unit that saves space and money in changing sunlight into electric power in space program, that is being used on the satellites.

Finally, he showed us the payloads or satellites themselves, each with its special job in space. At the end of his lecture he answered questions the students asked.

Cedric Columb '68

N.A.S.A. DAY

On October 7, 1965, we were pleased to have an official from N.A.S.A., (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) visit Franklin High School.

He arrived at 8:30 in the Spacemobile, a paneled truck loaded with scale models of space vehicles, satellites, and space problems.

Mr. Maynard then proceeded to unload his valuable "cargo" on previously set up tables.

By 9:30 he was able to start his lecture and demonstrations.

The first topic he touched upon was the origin of the rocket and its first uses. Then he explained the development and changes it underwent. Also Art told us the difference between a missile and a rocket and the difference between the solid and liquid fuel types of rockets.

From there he went to the speed in m.p.h. needed to attain orbit of the earth and then to leave it altogether.

Next Mr. Maynard gave a



Greetings
from the
Faculty

SCHOOL NEWS

STUDENT COUNCIL

Officers of Student Council

President:	Allen Granger
Vice President:	Gordon Garrow
Secretary:	Charles Mullen
Treasurer:	Gaylord Chamberlain

Student Council

This year the Student Council has sponsored two activities, one of which was the Plays. The Freshmen put on: "Readin; Ritin; And; Rithmetic," with: Alyce Larose, Charles Mullen, Penny Glidden, Norma Sherrer, John Domina, Lyle Richard, Clifford Elwood, Robert Blaney, Jeanne Couture, Claire Bouchard and Dianne Judd. The Juniors put on: "Itchin' to get Hitched," with Ruth Ann Magnant, Diane White, Gary Benjamin, Joyce Benjamin, Jean Bouchard, John Clark, Roger Wright and Lynda Elwood. The Sophomores put on: "Great Smokies," with Lyle Glidden, Louise Bouchard, Jo-ann Sherrer, James Mullen, Wanda Gokey, Donna Leclair, Omer Bouchard, Jo-ann Therrien and Gaylord Chamberlain. And the Seniors put on: "Bobby Sox" with Karen Richard, Shirley Emch, David Magnant, Rita Myott, Allen Granger, Ralph Emch and Raymond Meunier. From these plays the Student Council made \$113.57.

The other activity was the Magazine Drive on which the Student Council made \$186.76.

The Student Council made two purchases also, with the help of the Mothers' Club, they purchased a stereo record player that is used for English, Social Science and noon hour entertainment.

The other purchase was material for Cheerleading Uniforms for Bonnie Richard-Captain, Stephanie Forty-Co-Captain, Linda Larose, Rachel Larose, and Gabrielle Bouchard who would like to extend their appreciation to Mrs. Messier who trained them.

Charles Mullen '69
Student Council
Secretary

SENIOR NEWS

The Senior Class started off the year with a hot dish supper; we realized a profit of \$70.00. We have just completed selling Christmas Cards and netted about \$25.00 on the cards.

Senior Class portraits were taken on September 23, 1965. We had a farewell party, jointly with the Junior Class, for Margaret and Leo Brosseau, who left us the first part of November.

We are now in the process of making plans for our class trip to New York and Washington D.C. Our next project to help finance this is a card party scheduled for Jan. 7, at the school house.

Shirley Emch '66 Sec.

 JUNIOR NEWS

On October 15, the Junior and Senior Classes had a party for Margaret and Leo Brosseau. The Juniors also had a play on November 19, "Itchin to get Hitched". We voted our class dues at \$2.00. We are planning a supper on March 17, 1966. November 8, we ordered our class rings. We are hoping to put on another activity during the year.

Roger Wright Sec. '67

 SOPHOMORE NEWS

On September 24, 1965 we held the Freshman Reception and Initiation with the Elegants entertaining for the dance following. We made a profit of \$76.16.

We are planning a Mother and Daughter Banquet on April 27, and we will have some other activity before then. Class dues were voted at \$2.00 a year.

Jo-Ann Sherrer '68 Sec.

 FRESHMEN NEWS

The First activity of the Freshman Class will be a dance called the Jingle Bell Ball on December 17 of this year. We have also planned a Father and Son Banquet on the Eleventh of Feb., 1966. Our Class dues were voted at \$2.00 a year.

Robert Blaney '69 Sec.

8th GRADE NEWS

On October 29th the eighth grade had a dance and cleared a profit of \$26.32. We now have \$79.42 in the bank. Our next activity has not yet been planned.

Debbie Tittmore '70 Sec.

 7th GRADE NEWS

On November 16, at a Mothers' club meeting at the school house the Seventh Grade raffled off a turkey and recieved a profit of \$26.23. One of our elementary teachers, Mr. Willard, won the twenty-one pound turkey.

I'am sorry to say that we have lost one of our classmates, James Brosseau. As everyone knows this family has gone to California. Our class chipped in and we gave him a baseball glove and ball.

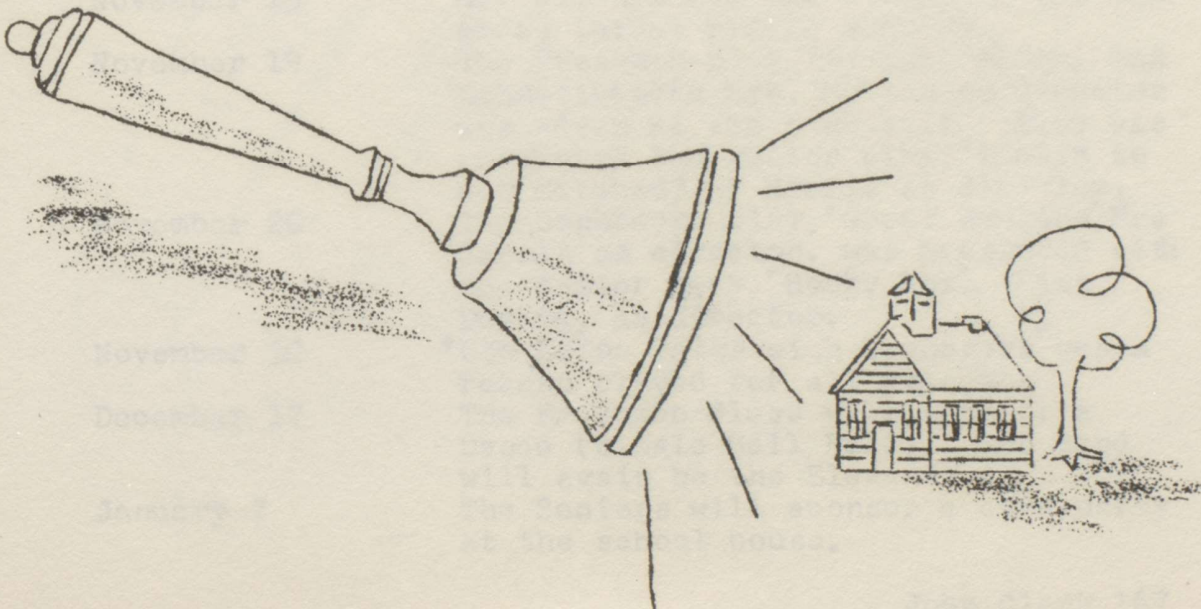
We do not yet have any plans for another activity.

The ninth grade is having a Christmas Ball and John Tatro and Bonnie Richard are going to represent our class as prince and princess.

The home economics girls in the seventh grade went to Maple Wood School on October 14.

The Seventh Grade Social Studies class is planning to go to Legislature in the winter.

Bonnie Richard Secretary '71



SCHOOL NEWS

- August 30: School opened with ninety-one pupils enrolled.
- September 8, The film strip with recording, "Madame Curie" was shown to the science classes.
- September 10, "Who Is Pete?" was shown to the seventh and eighth graders.
- September 21 The magazine drive started.
- September 23 Seniors pictures were taken at the school.
- September 24 The freshmen were initiated and the Reception was held this evening with the Elegants in attendance.
- September 25 The movie Eastern White Pine was shown to the seventh & Eighth grades.
- September 29 The Senior Class served a hot dish supper which netted \$70.00.
- October 5 The magazine drive ended with a profit of \$186.76.
- October 7 Arthur Maynard of the National Aeronautics Space Administration demonstrated the Space Mobile and answered questions of students.
- October 15 A class party for the Brosseaus was given at the school house by the Juniors and Seniors.
- November 1 All the Juniors and Seniors attended B.F.A. career day at B.F.A. The save the Children Confederation Campaign was started.
- November 8 The Balfour man came and recieved orders from the Juniors.
- November 15 Mr. Willard won the turkey at the 7th grade turkey raffle drawing.
- November 19 The Freshmen play, "Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic" with Mrs. Mullen as director was given at the town hall. Also was presented the Junior play, "Itchin to get Hitched," Mr Harris as director.
- November 20 The Sophomore play, "Great Smokies," Mrs. Harris as director, was presented with the Senior play, "Bobby Sox" Miss Dowling, as director.
- November 30 "Don Loine Talks with Teenagers" was a record played for all students.
- December 17 The Freshmen Class will sponsor a Dance (Jingle Bell Ball). The Band will again be the Elegants.
- January 7 The Seniors will sponsor a card party at the school house.

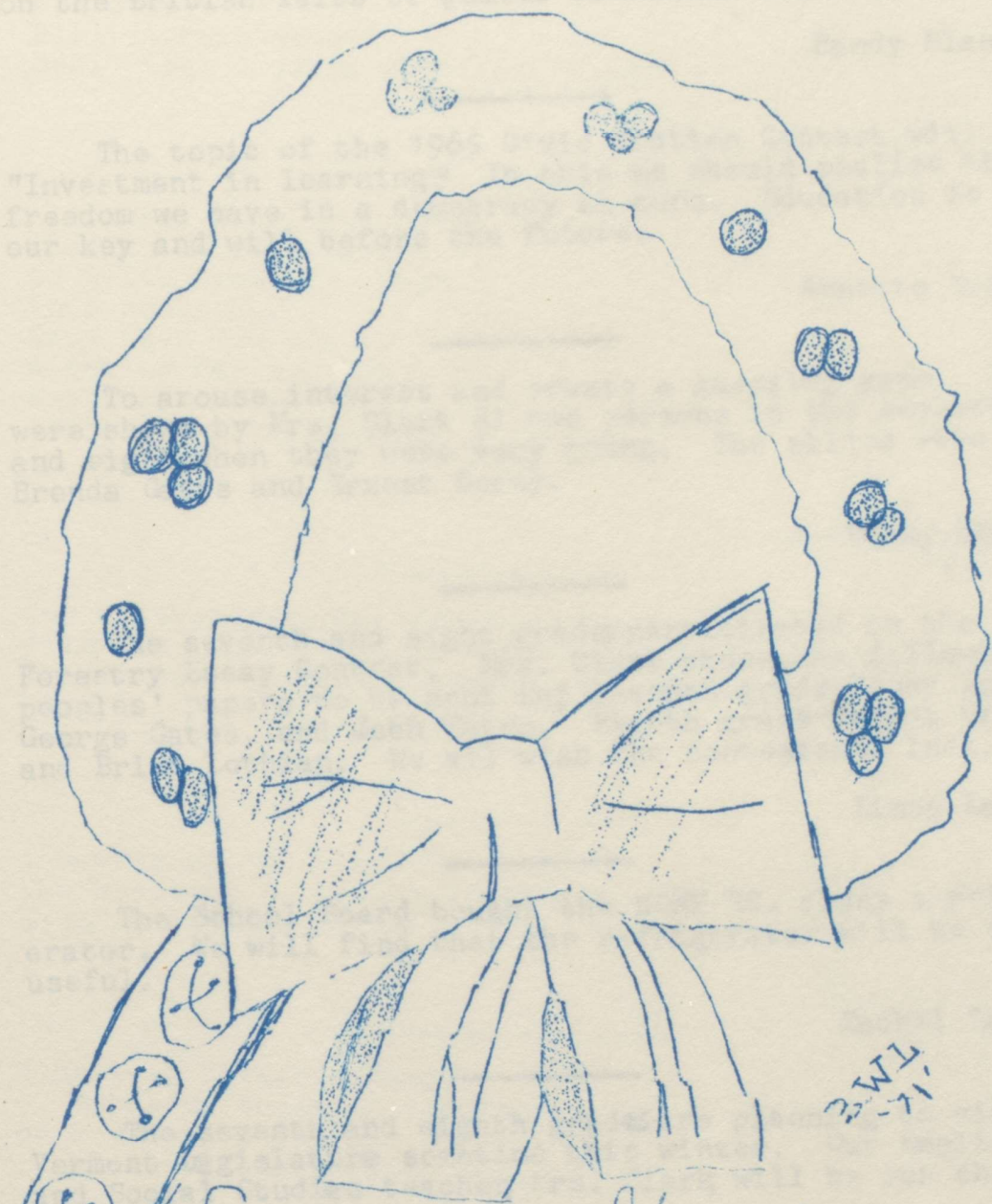
The 7th and 8th grade are studying about the British Isles and our teacher Mr. Clark has asked your class on the British Isles of famous landmarks and buildings.

The top of the 1965
"Investment in liberty
freedom we say is the
our key and

we
and
Ere

For
the
C
an

an
use



TIME

Season's Greetings
from the Seventh and
Eighth Grades

The 7th and 8th grade are **studying** about the British Isles and our teacher Mrs. Clark has shown some slides on the British Isles of famous landmarks and buildings.

Randy Blaney '70

The topic of the 1965 Civic Oration Contest will be "Investment in learning." In this we should realize the freedom we have in a democracy as ours. Education is now our key and will be before the future.

Annette Breault '70

To arouse interest and create a guessing game. Slides were shown by Mrs. Clark of two persons in the seventh and eight when they were very young. The slides were of Brenda Gates and Ernest Corey.

Benny Lumbra '71

The seventh and eighth grades participated in the Forestry Essay Contest. Mrs. Clark chose the following peoples' papers to be sent in; seventh grade-Benny Lumbra, George Gates, and John Tatro. Eighth grade-Brenda Gates, and Brian Iothian. We all wish the contestants luck.

Linda Larose '71

The School Board bought the HOME EC. class a refrigerator. We will find that the refrigerator will be very useful.

Rachel Larose '71

The seventh and eighth grades are planning to visit Vermont legislature sometime this winter. Our English and Social Studies teacher, Mrs. Clark, will be our chaperon.

Thomas Richard '71

Little Boy Blue: "Baa, Baa, Black sheep,
have you any wool?"

Black Sheep: "What do you think this
is, wise guy, nylon?"

John Tatro '71

Bob: "What's black and white and red
all over?"

Bill: "A newspaper?"

Bob: "No; a zebra with a sunburn."

Brian Lothian '70

Mrs. Clark requested
the 7th and 8th grades
to write homonyms used
in a sentence.

Ex., When you are in
a sewing bee you are
supposed to sew but
instead you talk about
so and so.

Diana Pierce

Andrea Rainville '71

One October day, Mr. Hudson, county forester, showed a
film and gave a talk on Vermont forests and forest con-
servation. This, of course, helped us with our Forestry
Essays.

Brenda Gates '70

A member of our class, Brian Lothian, has returned home from
the hospital following an operation. We remembered him
with cards and gifts.

Karen Richard '70

School--a bitter memory,
makes me think of working
on history, math, and other things
where homework finds me lurking.

History makes my head spin fast
so I can't see so well,
but when I begin to think of math
my head begins to swell.

So, my friends, when I graduate
I think I will remember
the things that helped me very much
the things so dear and tender.

John Tatro '71

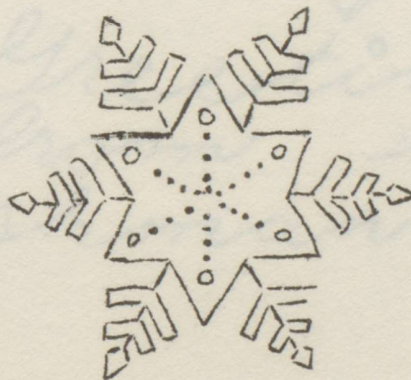
A song is refreshing
like taking a walk
in the brisk air.
A song is notes of
love to a damsel fair.
A song is words of
comfort to a family in
despair.
A song is strains of
praise to our savior
up there.

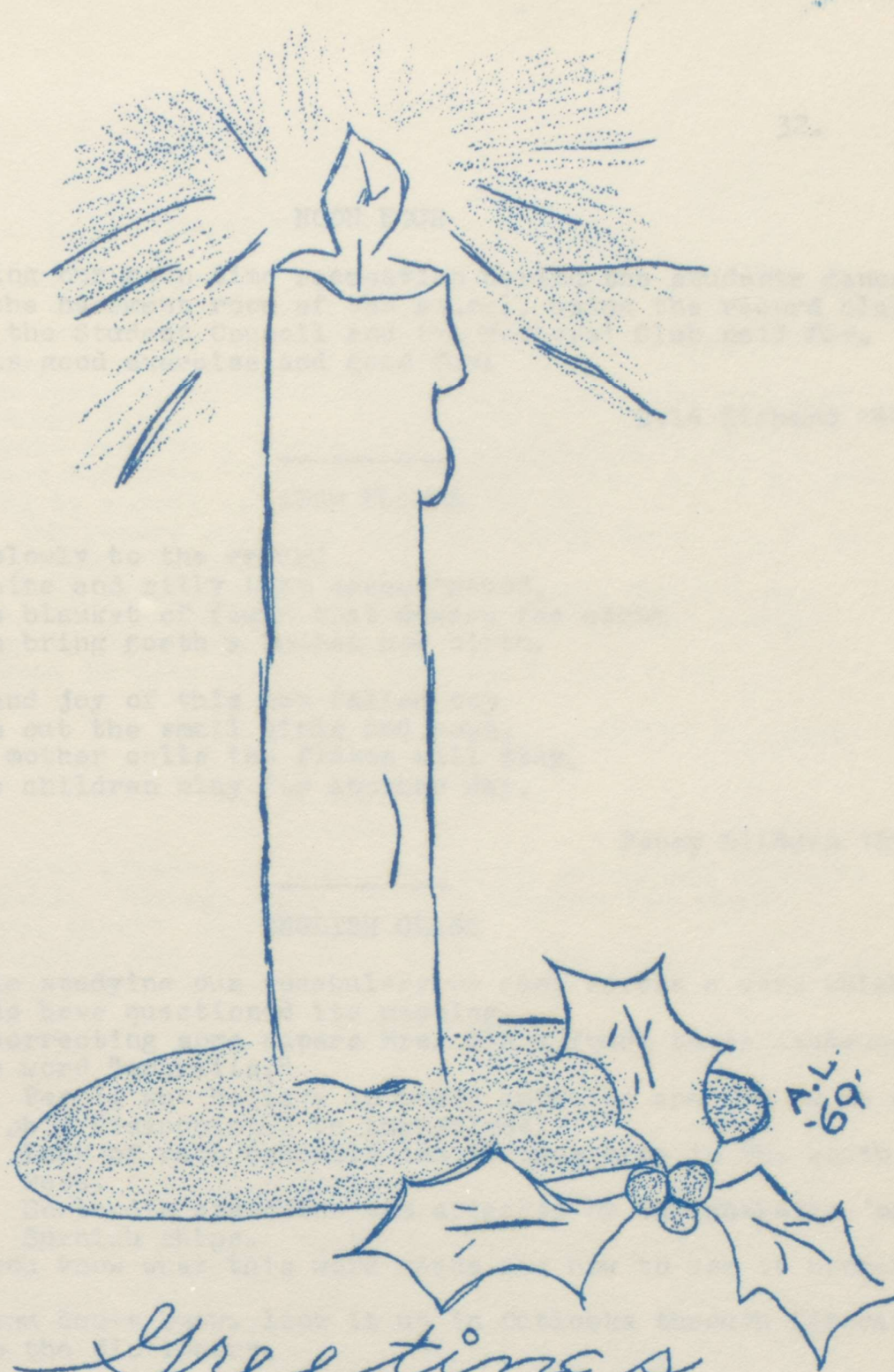
Diane Pierce

SNOWFLAKES

Falling gently, even gently
snowflakes falling down.
Gracefully more Gracefully,
They softly reach the ground .
With beauty, more beauty,
And sadness unfelt,
A cry escapes my lips,
because as they fall: they melt.

Diane Pierce '70





7.1.69

Greetings
from the
Freshman Class

NOON HOUR

During our noon time recreation period the students dance down in the basement room of the school, using the record player which the Student Council and the Mothers' Club paid for. It is good exercise and good fun!

Lyle Richard '69

 SNOW FLAKES

Falling slowly to the ground
 All white and silky they dance 'round,
 With this blanket of fluff that covers the earth
 It can bring forth a sudden new birth.

The fun and joy of this new fallen toy
 Brings out the small girls and boys,
 And when mother calls the flakes will stay,
 So the children play for another day.

Penny Glidden '69

 ENGLISH CLASS

While studying our vocabulary we came across a word which some of us have questioned its meaning. In correcting some papers Mrs. Clark found these sentences using the word "entrails,"

People who believe in their entrails are apt to be a bit disappointed in themselves.

Lack of rain entrails the lettuce crop in the southwest.

England's coastline was attacked by an entrails of Spanish ships.

Do you know what this word means and how to use it properly?

If you can't know, look it up in Outlooks through Literature or in the dictionary.

Alyce Larose '69

A group of people were gathered in the Red Cross center having refreshments after donating some blood.

One man said "I'm a Cherokee Indian."

"Really," replied another man "Are you a full blooded one?"

"No," replied the Indian, "I am one pint short."

Robert Blaney '69

Educational Records

The first record we listened to was the Vocabulary records that go with our English Literature.

Our next record we heard was Robert Frost, some of his famous poems were read.

Mark Twain wrote Huckleberry Finn. That was the next record on our list.

We were reading a story in our Literature books and we came across the name "Madame Butterfly." Mrs. Clark brought the record to school and we listened to it.

Our 5th record was "Don Loni Speaks to Teenagers." It was a very good record.

The last record we heard was the "White House Saga." It was about the Inauguration of the Presidents from George Washington to Dwight D. Eisengower.

We hope to hear some more records in the future.

Claire Bouchard '69

A little girl sitting in church watching a wedding suddenly exclaimed. "Mommy, "has the lady changed her mind?" What do you mean?" the mother asked. "Why," replied the child, "she went up the isle with one man and came back with another."

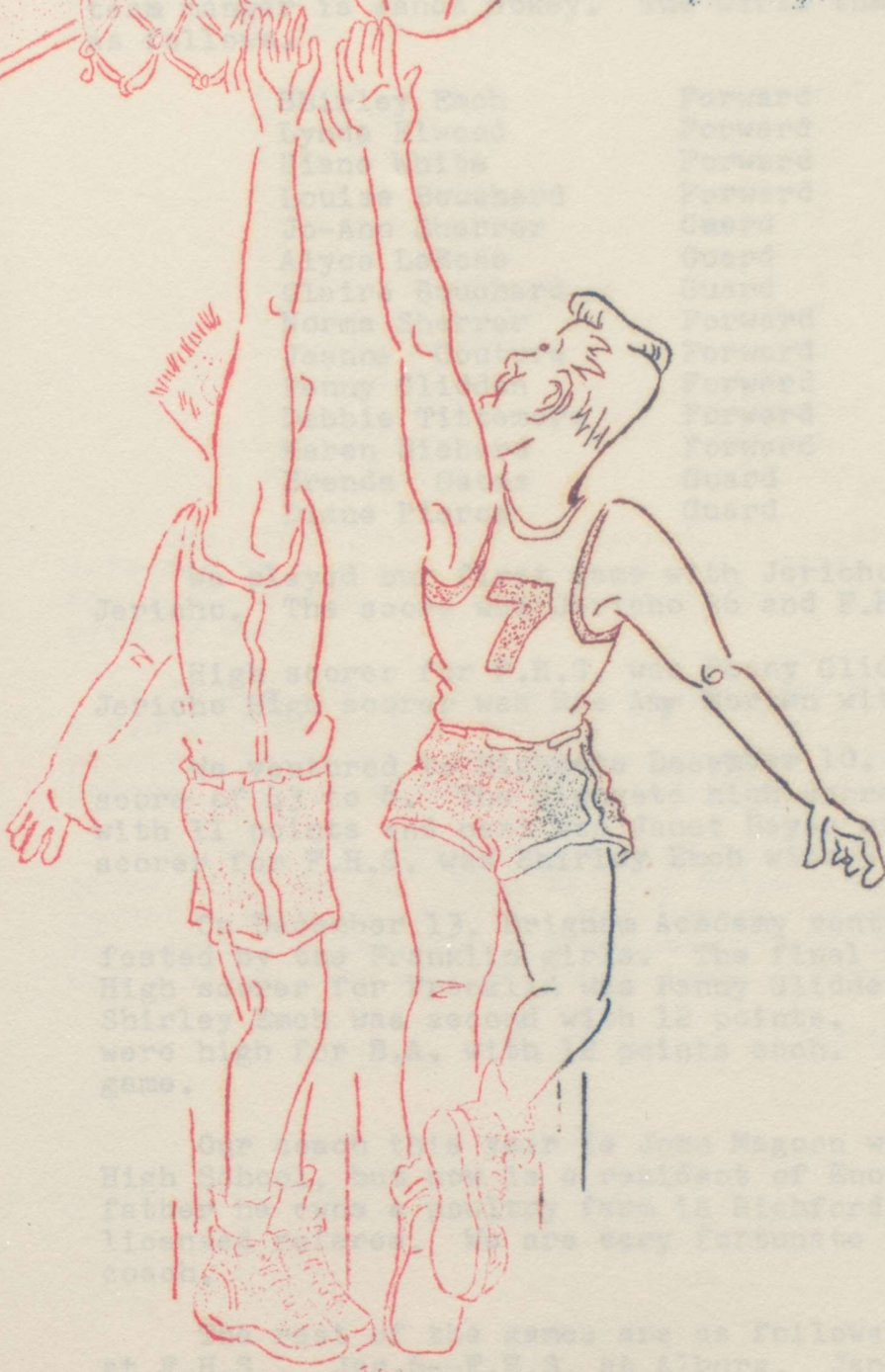
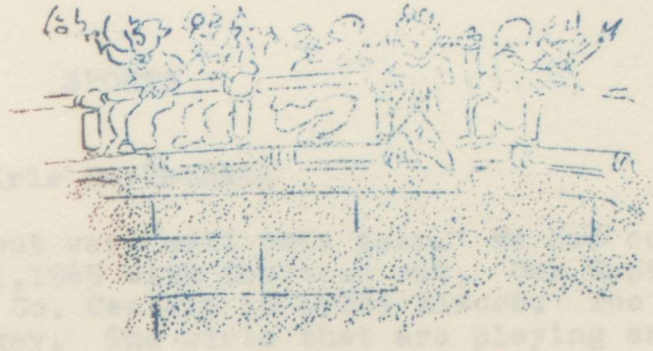
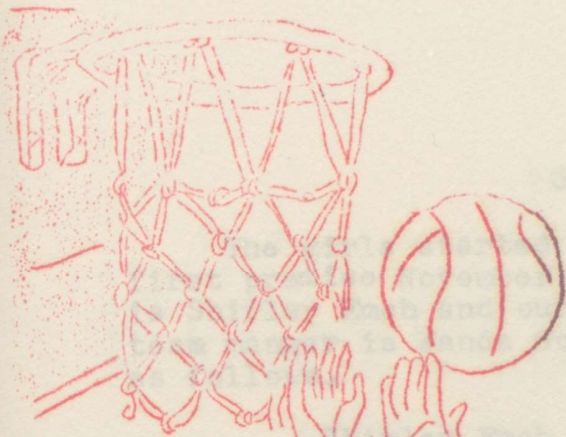
Marlene McGowen '69

Vietnam

I'm not usually one for making much of a statement, but this is one time I think I should.

Vietnam is the main argument of the day. The people whom we are fighting against are people almost like ourselves. You might ask why just almost, why not just like us? Well, really there isn't much of a boundary, but they are more of an ~~uncivilized~~ country (referring to the Viet Cong). They are more like barbarians. A great deal like those in the time of the Roman Empire.. Their methods may have changed, but they mean the same. Not only in the case of Vietnam, but in the case of the United States as well.

John Domina '69



S P O R T S

Faded, illegible text from the reverse side of the page is visible through the paper.

SPORTS

Girls' Basketball

The girls started out very well this year. We had our first practice November 1, 1965 with fourteen out. Our Captain is Shirley Emch and our Co. Captain is Lynda Elwood. The team manager is Wanda Gokey. The girls that are playing are as follows.

Shirley Emch	Forward
Lynda Elwood	Forward
Diane White	Forward
Louise Bouchard	Forward
Jo-Ann Sherrer	Guard
Alyce LaRose	Guard
Claire Bouchard	Guard
Norma Sherrer	Forward
Jeanne Couture	Forward
Penny Glidden	Forward
Debbie Tittmore	Forward
Karen Richard	Forward
Brenda Gates	Guard
Diane Pierce	Guard

We played our first game with Jericho December 2 in Jericho. The score was Jericho 36 and F.H.S. 17.

High scorer for F.H.S. was Penny Glidden with 7 points; Jericho High scorer was Rae Amy Norton with 15.

We ventured to Highgate December 10. We lost to a score of 43 to 6. The Highgate high scorer was Sue Laroche with 11 points and next was Janet Beyor with 10 points. High scorer for F.H.S. was Shirley Emch with 5.

On December 13, Brigham Academy ventured here to be defeated by the Franklin girls. The final score was 41-35. High scorer for Franklin was Penny Glidden with 23 points, Shirley Emch was second with 12 points. Brigham and Machia were high for B.A. with 12 points each. It was an exciting game.

Our coach this year is John Magoon who attended Richford High School, but now is a resident of Enosburg. With his father he owns a poultry farm in Richford. He also is a licensed referee. We are very fortunate to have him for our coach.

The rest of the games are as follows: Dec. 21--Highgate at F.H.S.. Jan. 6--F.H.S. at Alburg. Jan. 12--F.H.S. at Brigham. Jan. 31--Jericho at F.H.S.. Feb. 7--Alburg at F.H.S..

Diane White '67

SPORTS

Boys' Basketball

The boys' basketball team started out with a squad of 13 players this year. We started practice on Nov. 1st, with John Magoon as our coach. Ralph Emch was elected Captain by the team. With Allen Granger as Manager. The players are as follows:

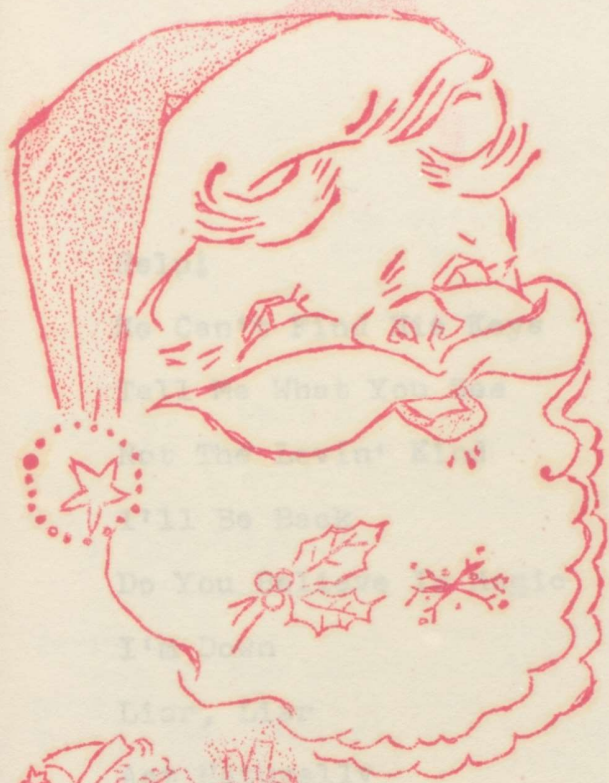
Robert Blaney	Forward
Ralph Emch	Forward
Jean Bouchard	Center
Roger Wright	Guard
Gary Benjamin	Guard
Charley Russell	Forward
Gaylord Chamberlain	Guard
Clarence Willette	Guard
Richard Boudreau	Guard
Richard Blaney	Center
Brian Lothian	Forward
Lyle Richard	Guard
James Mullen	Forward

Our first game was on Dec. 2, at Jericho. We were defeated by a score of 40 to 31. A. Bolio was high scorer for Jericho with 12 points. Ralph Emch led the losers with 17 points.

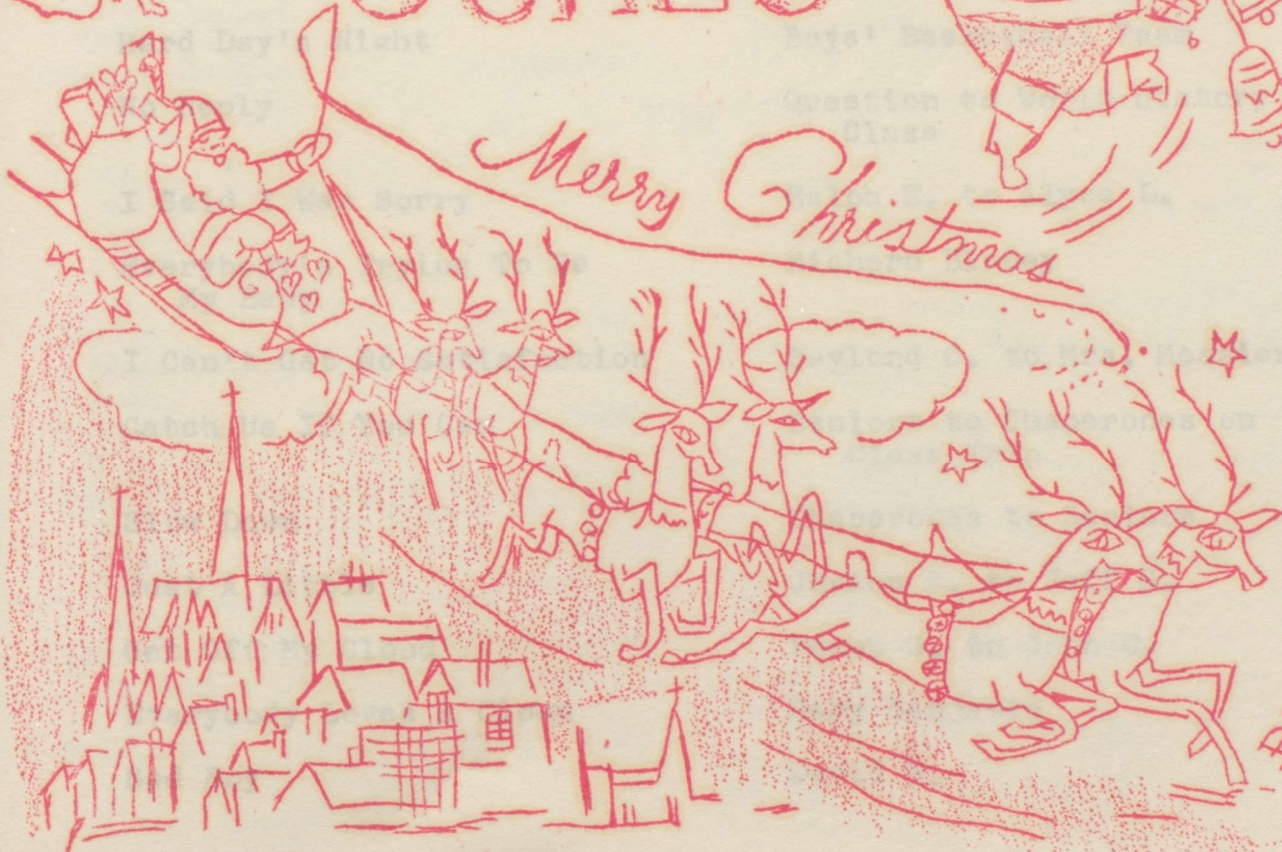
On Dec. 10, we traveled to Highgate to be defeated by a score of 65 to 45. Collin Conger led Highgate with 23 points. Ralph Emch was high scorer for Franklin with 13 points. Robert Blaney was second high with 11 points.

On Dec. 13, Brigham traveled to Franklin to win by a score of 48 to 36. High man for Brigham was Dennis Paquette with 17 points. Jean Bouchard led Franklin with 15 points. Ralph Emch was second with 13 points. This was a close game with Franklin leading part of the time.

Ralph Emch '66



JOKES



B.W.L.
7/1

SONG HITS

Help!	The Senior Class Treasury
He Can't Find His Keys	Mr. Harris
Tell Me What You See	Norma S. to Shorty W.
Not The Lovin' Kind	John Domina
I'll Be Back	Roger W. to Shirley E.
Do You Believe In Magic	Miss Dewing to Physics Class
I'm Down	Girls' Basketball Team
Liar, Liar	Karen R. to Donald C.
Act Naturally	Allen G.
Don't Ever Leave Me	Ruth Ann M. to Bobby C.
Down In The Boondocks	F. H. S.
Last Kiss	Lynda E. to Wayne J.
Hard Day's Night	Boys' Basketball Team
No Reply	Question to World History Class
I Said I Was Sorry	Ralph E. to Alyce L.
Everybody's Trying To Be My Baby	Richard Blaney
I Can't Get No Satisfaction	Gaylord C. to Mrs. Messier
Catch Us If You Can	Seniors to Chaperones on Class Trip
Slow Down	Chaperones to Seniors
Just A Little	Jo-Ann S. to Jeff G.
Get Off My Cloud	Penny G. to John C.
Everybody Loves A Clown	Gary Benjamin
Bad Boy	David M.

"We editors may dig and toil
Till our fingertips are sore
But some poor fish is sure to say,
'I've heard that joke before.'"

Roger W: What did one head-
light say to the other?
Gary B: I don't know.
Roger: You're not as bright as
I thought you were.

Terry P: What did one tensil
say to the other tensil?
Robert B: I don't know.
Terry: Get dressed, the doctor
is taking us out tonight.

John C: Waiter, this coffee
tasted like mud.
Waiter: Well, it was ground
this morning.

Shorty W: What is the advantage
of being in jail?
Charlie R: I don't know.
Shorty: You never have to get
up and see if the door is
locked.

Umpire: Ball one, Ball two,
Ball three, Ball four, your
out.
Richard B: What do you mean
I'm out?
Umpire: The bases are loaded
and I have no place to put
you.

John B: If I smashed a clock
would I be guilty of kill-
ing time?
Freddie C: Not if the clock
struck first.

David M: Did you ever see a
catfish?
Ralph E: Yes.
David: How did he hold the
pole?

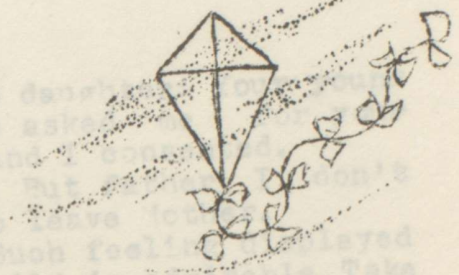
Small Umpire: Two!
Gary B: Two what?
Umpire: Too close to tell.

All the little pigeons had left
the nest and learned to fly
but one.
The mother pigeon said, "Son,
if you don't learn to fly
I'll have to tow you.
The little pigeon cried, "I'll
learn, mother, I don't want
to be pigeon-towed."

There was a young man from the
city,
Who met what he thought was a
kitty,
He gave it a pat,
And said, "Nice little cat,"
Then buried his clothes out
of pity.

Quite matchless are her dark
brown i's,
She talks with perfect e's,
And when I tell her she is y's
She says, "I am a t's."

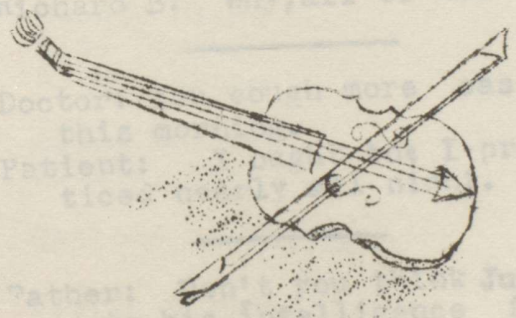
Know what you call an Indian
wearing a rough wool shirt?
"No, What?"
"A scratchy Apache."



FIFTY SIMILIES WORTH READING

High as a kite
 Heavy as lead
 Clear as crystal
 Darker than pitch
 Still as night
 Ugly as sin
 Green as grass
 White as a sheet
 Mad as a wet hen
 Low as a snake
 Bald as a cue ball
 Brown as a berry
 Deep as a well
 Hot as Hades
 Neat as a pin
 Timid as a mouse
 Work like a slave
 Treated like a dog
 Nervous as a kitten
 Right as rain
 Round as an apple
 Soft as mush
 Stiff as a poker
 Fits like a glove
 Contented as a cow
 Exciting as a Sunday
 school picnic

Clean as a hound's tooth
 Crooked as a corkscrew
 Poor as a churchmouse
 Sharp as a tack
 Tough as shoe leather
 Independent as a
 hog on ice
 Quick as a wink
 Fit as a fiddle
 Cute as a bug's ear
 Friendly as a puppy
 Pure as the driven snow
 Innocent as a
 newborn babe
 Fine as frog hair
 Sound as a dollar
 Common as dirt
 Bold as brass
 Straight as a string
 Scarce as hen's teeth
 Poor as Job's turkey
 Clean as a whistle
 Peaceful as a dove
 Proud as a peacock
 Works like a horse
 Sweet as new mown
 hay



Gordon G: Why did they put a fence around the cemetery?

John D: I don't know.

Gordon G: People were just dying to get in.

Dwight T: Why don't they allow elephants on the beach?

John B: I don't know.

Dwight T: They don't pull up their trunks.

Joyce B: Why do cows wear bells?

Diane W: I don't know.

Joyce B: Their horns don't work.

Mr. Harris: I want a ton of coal.

Dealer: Yes sir; what size?

Mr. Harris: Well, if it's not asking too much, I'd like to have a 2,000 pound ton!

Miss Dewing: What does FOB stand for?

Raymond M: Full of Booze.

Terry P: Where were you born?

Richard B: In Texas.

Terry P: What Part?

Richard B: Why, all of me!

Doctor: You cough more easily this morning.

Patient: I ought to; I practiced nearly all night.

Father: Don't you think Junior gets his intelligence from me?

Mother: He must have; I still have mine.

Father, to daughter: Your young man has asked me for your hand, and I consented.

Daughter: But father, I don't want to leave Mother.

Father: Such feeling displayed by a child is admirable. Take your mother with you.

"Gosh all hemlock!" exclaimed a farmer.

"Ain't yer struck water yet? How deep have ye gone?"

"'Bout a hundred feet," replied the other quietly.

"An' ain't ye discouraged?"

"Oh, I don't know. Ye can't say I ain't gettin' along well."

Allen G: I'm just a young man trying to get ahead.

Mr. Harris: You need it.

Ralph E: Why couldn't the Beatles go up the hill?

Fred C: I don't know.

Ralph E: The Rolling Stones were coming down.

Mr. Harris to Terry P: Have you ever considered being a drop-out?

Terry P: A drop out of what?

David M: What's left in the forest after a forest fire?

Allen G: I don't know.

David M: Krispy Kritters.

Gary B: What does the buffalo stand for on American money?

John B: I don't know

Gary B: There's no place to sit.

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Mr. Harris not losing his keys?
 The Senior class making a quick decision?
 Shorty Willette, "tall?"
 Miss Dewing on a skate board?
 Diane White doing anything?
 Roger Wright not being a casonova?
 Miss Dewing's English class having their work done on time?
 Gaylord C. not writing to Santa, asking for a little red fire truck?
 John Clark not having "several" girl friends?
 Lyle Glidden agreeing with the sophomores?
 Ray Meunier not bragging?
 Mrs. Mullen not getting angry with Richard Blaney?
 Freddy Cooper having his Bookkeeping II done?
 Penny Glidden not getting hurt at basketball practice?
 The Typing II class doing 80 words a minute?
 David Magnant and Rita Myott not talking about Fords and Chevys?
 The Junior Class organized?

WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?

Roger Wright	One less teacher in the school.
Mrs. Mullen	Ten new typewriters and 100 inches of snow for skiing.
David Magnant	A Mustang.
John Clark	One less Diane.
Ralph Emch	A satin pillow to cry on.
Rita Myott	Fewer physics experiments for Ralph Emch to perform during seventh period study hall.
Donald Clark	A little red scooter.
Miss Dewing	A new pencil sharpener.
Alyce Larose	A pony like the one at (Burnell's).
Allen Granger	A 5' 6" blonde.
Shirley Emch	More padding for the Highgate gym.
Gaylord Chamberlain	A little red fire truck.
or	
Cedric Columb	

ALUNMI NEWS

CLASS OF '65

Ruth Myott is employed at the Mary Fletcher Hospital, and is living at 27 Loomis Street, Burlington.

Bonnie Elwood is employed at the Burlington Federal Savings and Loan Bank, and is living at 46 Murray Street, Burlington.

Patricia (Harrod) Couture is employed at the Thermal Wire Factory and living in Alburg Springs.

Susan (Brier) Garrow is married and living with Mr. and Mrs. James Garrow near Enosburg.

Donald Couture is employed at the Thermal Wire Factory and is living at Alburg Springs.

Wayne Jones is with the Air Force and stationed in Texas.

John Pierce is attending the University of Vermont and living on campus.

Ernest Quintin is in the Air Force and now stationed in Biloxi, Mississippi.

Wayne Hance is working at Jay Peak and is living in Montgomery.

MARRIAGES

Robert Garrow and Susan Brier '65 were married, October 23, at Enosburg Falls.

James Garrow and Claudette Paquette ex. '67 were married on September 17, in Richford.

Donald Couture '65 and Patricia Harrod '65 were married on October 2, at Franklin.

N. James Benjamin '53 and Nancy Geelhart were married September 10, in Wisconsin.

Clifton Vorse ex '67 and Carol Ann Mandigo were married on June 26, in Franklin.

BIRTHS

A daughter, Debra Ann, was born to Larry and Donna (Peaslee) '65 Robtoy on June 4.

Reggie and Mary Lou (Richard) '64 Corey became parents of a daughter, Regina Dee, on August 24.

A son, Guy Mark, was born to Mark and Rachael (LaRock) '63 Pillsbury on August 24.

Hugh '52 and Cynthia (Greene) Gates were blessed with a daughter, Kimberly Ann, on July 10.

Charles '46 and Priscilla (Dewing) '46 Gates were blessed with a son, Donald Noble, on May 26.

Gordon '48 and Muriel (Spooner) '47 LaFlame became parents of a daughter, Pamela Ann, on October 1.

A daughter, Pamela Linn, was born to Edwin and Patricia (Olmstead) '56 Mackintosh on August 1.

A daughter, Joan Helen was born to Richard '59 and Barbara (West) '61 Boudreau on June 7.

John '51 and Carol (Simonds) Hubbard were blessed with a son, John Christopher, on July 5.

A son, ~~Richard Allen~~ ^{Michael James}, was born to James '58 and Sylvia (Benjamin) Messier ex. '62 on ~~Jan 21~~.

A son, MarA, was born to Leo '49 and Marie (Rondeau) West on June 11.

A son, Tony Kim, was born to Steve and Joyce (Maunier) ex. '65 Gable on October 12.

Dick '61 and Dorothy Ann '64 (Harvy) Toof were blessed with a daughter, Pamela Sue on August 30.

Charles and Brenda (Mayo) '62 Colburn were blessed with a daughter, Stephanie, on June 16.

A daughter, Brenda Lee, was born to Edward '56 and Yolande (Giguere) Granger on August 1.

Norman '57 and Laura (Gurney) Messier became the parents of a son, Richard Alan, on June 20.

ALUMNI IN THE SERVICE

P.F.C. Ronald Dominque
RA 11453972
ACO 87th EBC
APO San Francisco
96312

A B John W. Jones AF 11462334
370 3 BMTS FLT 1896
Box 1503
Lackland AFB Base, Texas
(Wayne may be home for Christmas)

A 3 C Ernest E. Quinton
Keesler AFB
Biloxi, Miss.

Corpsman Kenton Pierce
U.S. Naval Hospital
Barracks 12
Bethesda, Maryland

STATE OF CONFUSION
U.S.A.

Dear Jezebel,

My goodness, how time does fly! It seems like yesterday that I was watching that mischievous class of 1965. Things have quieted down a bit, but I still have some items of interest.

First of all, I hear that David Magnant intends to join the Volunteer Fire Department. The way I hear it, he has quite a bit of experience! Do you know anything about this?

I understand Gary Benjamin still hasn't given up hope on a certain senior girl. I wonder if Shirley knows anything about this.

What's this I hear about Randy Blaney in the Sweet Shop after basketball games. Would you know anything about this, Norma?

I wonder why Ruth Ann Magnant likes to go to the basketball games in Highgate so well. You wouldn't have a special "beau" there would you Ruth Ann?

Is the Supply room getting so big that it takes two people to find the way around? I understand Rita Myott had some "help" the other day!

Norma Sherrer seems to have quite a boy friend cycle going. First Robert Magnant, Shorty Willette, and now Allan Granger. Really, Norma, can't you make up your mind?

I understand that Jeanne Couture is in the market for a

car. Seems to me, she could wait until the garage opens before she tries one out.

I never realized that it was so far from the Town Hall to a certain freshman's house. I heard that it takes Gary, Benjamin approximately fifteen minutes to get there. Can't be Penny can walk very fast!

I understand that Raymond Meunier is looking for a new "parking" place. Somebody said that he got stuck the other night. Have you heard anything about this?

Did you know that Mrs. Mullen has two children? I hear Mr. Harris didn't know. I wonder if he thought she was too old or possibly too young.

I hear that Diane White was supposed to go to a Record Hop with Freddy Cooper the other night. As long as they have lived in Franklin, you would think that they know where the Town Hall is!

I understand Roger Wright gave a certain girl a choice of four items for Christmas. I think they are too young to consider the last one. He shouldn't spend too much money as I hear Shirley is going to give him a puppy named "Fred".

I thought Jo-Ann Sherrer was going steady. She sure didn't appear to be on the way back from Jericho! Who is it, Jo-Ann, Jeff G. or Terry R.?

I saw Charlie Mullen walking down the school road with a certain freshman girl. He sure did seem to be enjoying himself. Did you hear any comments from the other freshman

girls?

Did you know that Terry Peaslee loses his nerve when it comes to asking a girl for a date? I wonder if he lost his touch!

I noticed that Ralph Emch has bought a car. It must be much better for dates! I bet Alyce Larose is happy.

I hear that Karen Richard has quite a temper, especially when a certain eighth grade girl is dancing with Donald Clark. I wonder if Karen is jealous!

Have you heard anything about Franklin High School

reeling and rocking during the lunch hour? They say Norma Sherrer is offering a new course of study----modern dancing, I think.

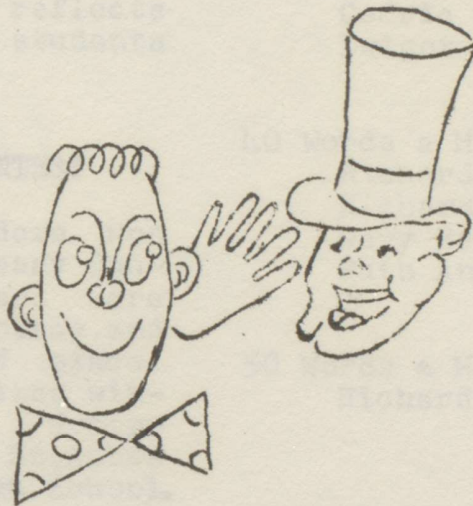
These young people are really getting to be too much for me! I don't know if I'm getting older or if the kids are getting livlier. Sometimes I wonder if I can take another semester of this!

Well, I must sign off now. Hope you have a very Merry Christmas.

Love,

Gabbie Gertie

Gabbie Gertie



Congratulations to Award Winners

LATE NEWS FLASHES

AWARDS OF MERIT

Certificate of Educational Development will be awarded to Louise M. Bouchard of the Sophomore Class and to Charles L. Mullen of the Freshman Class in recognition of outstanding performance on the 1965-66 National Educational Development Test. This award reflects credit both to these students and to the school.

FORESTRY ESSAY CONTEST

Two eighth graders won District Forestry Essay Contest. Contest winners are Brenda Gates, first place and Brian Lothian, second place. Swanton has a third place winner with Kimber Erno. Honorable Mentions went to St. Annes and Swanton Junior High School.

GOOD CITIZEN CONTEST

Miss Rita Mae Myott is the D.A.R. Good Citizenship girl of F.H.S. this year. Miss Myott won this honor on the basis of her qualities of dependability, service, personality, and patriotism over the past three years.

Congratulations, Rita!

GREGG TYPEWRITING AWARDS

30 Words a Minute

Richard Boudreau
Frederick Cooper
Richard Blaney
John Bouchard
Roger Wright
Lynda Elwood
Cedric Columb
Dwight Tatro

40 Words a Minute

Richard Boudreau
Richard Blaney
Gary Benjamin
Ruth Ann Magnant

50 Words a Minute

Richard Boudreau

GREGG SHORTHAND AWARDS

60 Words a Minute

Rita Myott

MERRY CHRISTMAS



RMM '65

FROM THE TEL. 24

FRANKLIN COUNTY
NEWSPAPERS

Love it up...
with the
Lively Ones from

FORD!

THE 1966 FORDS

FALCONS • GALAXIES • FAIRLANES
WAGONS • THUNDERBIRDS • TRUCKS

AT YOUR FORD DEALER

DICK WRIGHT

FRANKLIN, VT.

TEL. 24

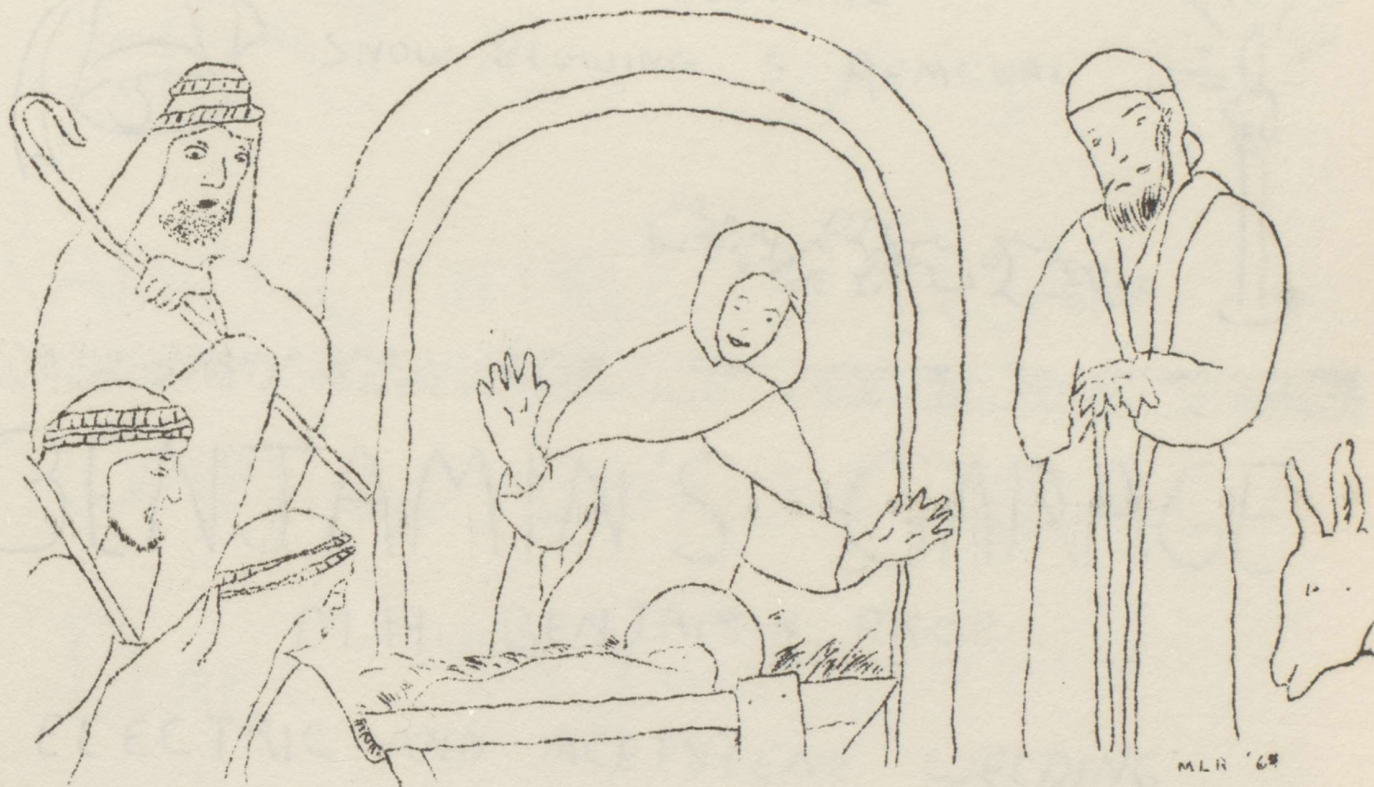
ALSO -

ESSO

SERVICE

ALAN BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN MONTE
SWEET SHOP

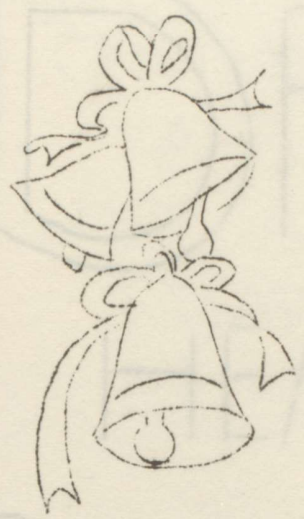
ARMAND GABORIAULT, PROP.



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

TEL. 010

ALAN BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN, VERMONT TEL. 7-5



DRILLING

BLASTING — TREE REMOVAL
MILKERLINE CLEANING
SNOW PLOWING & REMOVAL

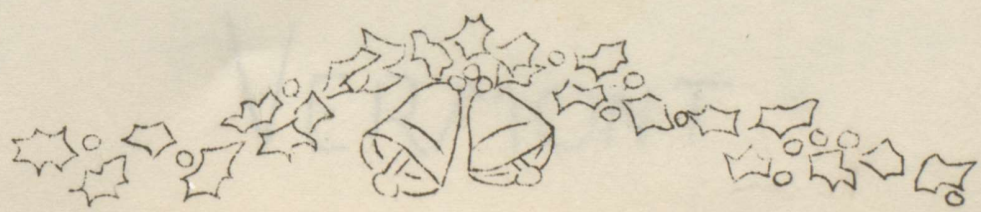


BENJAMIN'S GARAGE

M.H. BENJAMIN, PROP.

ELECTRIC AND ACETYLENE WELDING

GENERAL REPAIRING
FRANKLIN, VT TEL. 271



BLOUIN INC
BROS., I

HEATING OILS

RADIO CONTROLLED TRUCKS
FOR

PROMPT and EFFICIENT SERVICE

DIAL: 933-4420

ENOSBURG FALLS

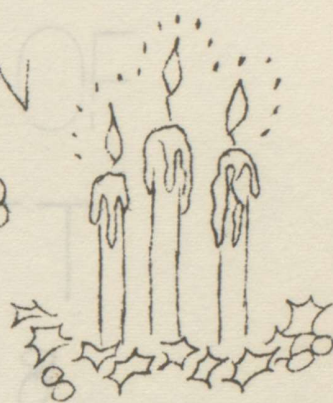
VERMONT



MERRY
CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW
YEAR

CHARLES
MULLEN

FRANKLIN
TEL. 163



Merry Christmas
and a

Happy New Year

Harrison Wright

Tel 05



TYDOL SERVICE TEL. 08
Happy
Holiday Season

COMPLIMENTS OF
S.A. McDERMOTT
TYDOL SERVICE TEL. 08

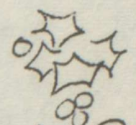
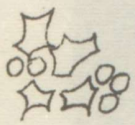


FRANKLIN
ELECTRIC

FRANKLIN, VT.

WISHES YOU A

MERRY CHRISTMAS



MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

HAPPY NEW YEAR

from

Riley's Store

NEW STORE HOURS

MON. - TUES. - WED. - THURS. - SAT.

8:00 a.m. = 6:00 p.m.

FRI. 8 a.m. = 9 p.m.

Thanks for business given
during past years



