



Christmas Rose

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Molecule

Vol. 33
No. 1

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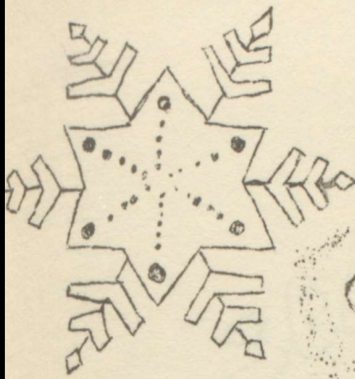
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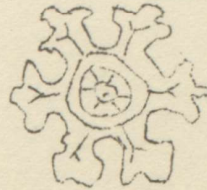
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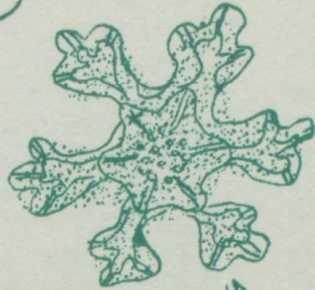
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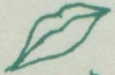
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SEE...



LOVE!

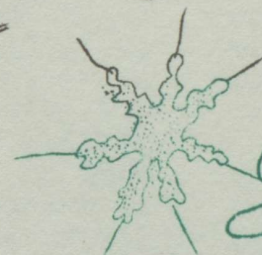


THINK...

EDITORIALS



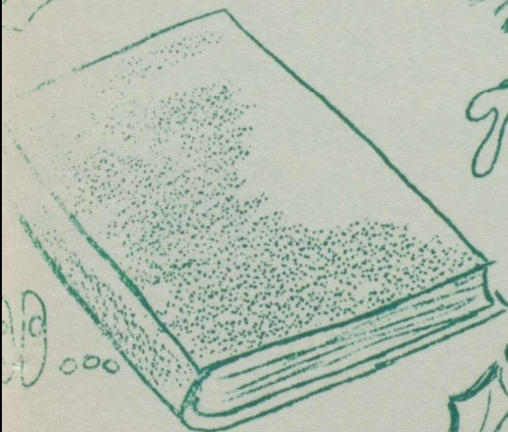
TALK...



STUDENTS...



TELL...



THOUGHT...



COOK



There are three major types of pollution: air pollution, water pollution and land pollution, which are all caused by man.

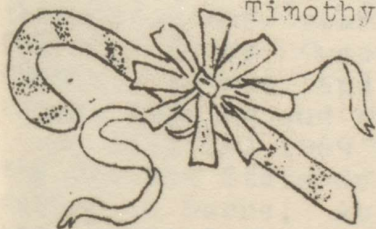
Air pollution is caused mainly by the gas given off by cars. This gas is called carbon monoxide, a colorless, odorless gas which can cause death when there is a shortage of fresh air. The other causes are factories, power plants and oil and coal burning heating units. The gases these give off can cause paint to crack and fall off houses. Some car companies are manufacturing and installing anti-smog control devices for their cars.

Water pollution is caused mainly by factories dumping waste into rivers and lakes. A great number of cities dump their sewage into the lakes and rivers causing fish to die and making water unsafe to drink.

The other type of pollution is caused by the trash people throw out when they are finished with it. Each year people discard some 50 billion cans, 28 billion bottles and jars, 30 million tons of paper, 4 million tons of plastic, 6 million cars, and 100 million worn out tires. Some of these things will rot in a matter of months but others take years.

If nothing is done, soon we will all be living, breathing and drinking the pollution we ourselves have created.

Timothy Columb '71



I think peace is what we need in stead of war, riots, and demonstration. We need peace because we lose so many men in wars: Some we know and love. While others are unknow to us. We need peace in the streets as well as in the fields and even in the homes. Because of the riots and demonstrations, many young men and women, are arrested. They need peace to but they don't get it, at least, not the kind they want. We all long for the war in Viet Nam to end and for our men to come for good.

Mary Domina '71



OUR FINAL YEAR

It's the final year for the seniors, of course, but it's also the final year for the local high school and school publication, the Molecule.

I think that most of the seniors are very proud to be the last class to graduate. I'm sure they feel the same way I do about the high school closing. I wish that it didn't have to happen but I'm sure it's for the best. Every student who has graduated from Franklin High will always remember the good times that have occurred in Franklin High.

I only want to add this-

It maybe our final year but we hope to make it our fineast year.

Barbara Bates '70

THE GRANGE

Many people have asked me, "What is the Grange?" and "Why did you join?" I can't describe the Grange really. It's more than just an organization!

To me the Grange means many things—fun, fellowship, filling in the generation gap, and going places.

Since I have joined the Grange in December of 1967 I have learned many things which otherwise, I never would have known, I've met many people who, without the Grange I'd never met, I have seen many places, that, without the opportunity the Grange has given me, I'd have never seen.

I've been the delegate for State Grange Youth Camp twice, and have enjoyed myself both times. Teenagers are there from throughout the state of Vermont. Last year we had two delegates from Maine and this year there was one from New York State and one from Connecticut.

In the two years I have belonged to Grange, I've visited Granges all through Vermont, in Newport, Enosburg, Sheldon, Montgomery, Mount Holly, also Rutland, Castleton and Barre. No matter what Grange you visit you're always made welcome. I've learned that.

The Grange has many contests throughout the year. Sewing, Baking, Dairy Queen, Young Couple, Prince and Princess, Square Dancing and others.

On July 19, 1969 I attended the Vermont State Grange Coronation in Barre. At 8:00 p.m. they started the contest for the Prince and Princess and Young Couples. After the crowning there was a big Coronation Ball. It was fun for everyone.

I know what you're thinking. What can the Grange do for me? Well, the Grange offers many opportunities for young people. They help send a girl to Girls State. There can be scholarships won and many interesting and exciting adventures.

You are thinking there aren't many young people in the Grange it's mostly older people. With an attitude like that, it always will be older people. We want more youth. We can all have fellowship and plan activities together that will be great fun. Think about it. And if you are interested, see me!

Sherry Dufford '72



LAND POLLUTION "A HEAP OF TRASH"

"Growing mountains of garbage and trash threaten to bury us in our own waste products," quoted by Charles C. Johnson Jr., Administrator of U.S. Consumer Products and Environmental Health Service in the Senior Scholastic. This sounds frightening and terrible to think that this could happen in not too many years to come.

Every year Americans discard about 50 billion cans, 28 billion bottles and jars, 30 million tons of paper, 4 million tons of plastics, 5 million automobiles, and 100 million worn out tires.

Some designs are made to be thrown away and the people don't care how they are disposed of.

If people let this keep happening what will this world of our land so we can breathe and maybe live longer. So please help keep American CLEAN!!!!!!

Andrea Rainville '71

THE ESTABLISHMENT

The Establishment is like a brick foundation. You can try to strengthen the Establishment but it must be changed! Thus each generation will make its own Establishment. Certain institutions such as our school and churches, like any other Established customs are hard to change.

Youth must come up with some thing which will successfully replace the Establishment if we expect to continue it. Do we have plans? Are they an im-

provement? Can we peacefully carry them out?

This is worth serious consideration.

Gary Scott '71

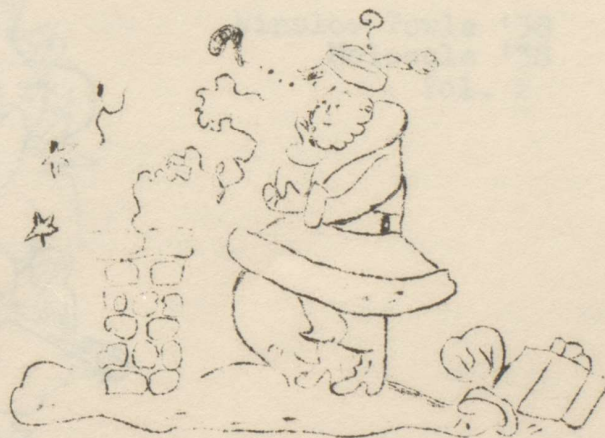
WHAT DO WE WANT!

Does anyone really know? Is this a question to ask yourself?

Why won't people wake us before their lives end, or it might be too late!

They say the world is a mess. But really is it? I don't think it is, I think it's just the people mainly. It's just that life is moving to fast for them, yet they won't admit it. Has anybody really taken a good long look at themselves to see what they have accomplished? As yet they even don't care, about what to achieve as their goal, if you know what I mean, "Why fool away our lives, and never get anything done?"

Susie Sherrer '71



WHERE IS YOUR PLACE?

If the students in high school would compare themselves with the following rules they would so undoubtedly be quite shocked. This does not apply so much to the poorer students, who struggle along, working hard and still getting low marks, but to the so-called bright pupils who spend ten minutes or less in preparing for a lesson and say, "Well, I'll get the rest in class", or "Oh, well, I'll get by all right". This is a very poor attitude to take. Consider, for example, one of these students who does practically no studying outside of class, but gets B's C's for a report. Is this a true estimate of this person's ability? Absolutely not! This person could be getting A's as well as C's if he would only wake up and try.

If you would get wise to yourself in a hurry, read the following statements taken for the "Vermont School Journal," and compare yourself with the standards.

1. A student of C ability should show attention, intelligent preparation, and accuracy. He should have all work reasonable neat, hand in required work on time, and make up absences to the satisfaction of the teacher.

2. A student of B ability should fulfill all the requirements for a C pupil, show marked initiative in attacking new work, and recite well with little aid from the teacher.

3. A student of A ability should fulfill all the requirements for a B pupil, show marked interest, attention, and application. He should show originality in attacking new work, make excellent recitations with no aid from the teacher, and show ability to use his knowledge.

Where is your place?



Winslow Towle '38
Molecule '38
Vol. 2

GIRLS STATE

My arrival at Green Mountain Girls State welcomed the most inspiring experience in my life. I was unable to believe that I would be staying a week on the beautiful Vermont College campus. In College Hall I registered, received my party name card, room number and found I was to be in the town of Simanton. There were two counties, six towns, each town containing 30 girls making a total of 180.

After our welcome and greetings to Green Mountain Girls State, we had a candlelight service. We had brag sessions to get acquainted. My roommate was very impressive and friendly. She was Chris Jones from Poultney.

Our everyday schedule was as follows: At 6:45 everybody had to be up. Sometimes we'd be up at 5:30 or earlier. We assembled by towns for flag raising at 7:10. Each town had flag and prayer detail for one day. Two other girls and I were selected by our counselor for flag detail. We chose to wear blue skirts and white blouses. Breakfast was served at 7:30. At 8:30 we cleaned our rooms. Rooms were inspected for Model Town.

The towns were rated for town activities, participation, entertainment, town clerk notebooks, and honors. I thought that we'd surely win and we must have rated close, because we won for having the best town clerk notebook and an essay winner.

A town meeting was held every day at 9:00. I was elected Chairman of the Town Committee. We had assemblies at 1:00. In the afternoon we either could join the Glee Club or Recreation. I joined recreation because I felt it gave me a greater opportunity to meet other girls. At 5:45 it was Powder Puff Time and dinner was at 6:00.

Flag lowering was at 6:45 and at 7:00 was the General Assembly. These assemblies consisted of entertainment put on by each town. Never had I seen such comical and original entertainment. I performed as Liza in the skit "There's a Hole in the Bucket", which hadn't been practiced once.

We also had an individual town pajama party with pizzas and soft drink paid from our tax money.

My participation in the General and Primary elections were great experiences. Gov. and Mrs. Davis attended the Inauguration where we enjoyed cake, cupcakes, and punch.

Many girls who had run for an office and had lost were given other offices. Some were the Dept. of Agriculture, Dept. of Education, Dept. of Health, Dept. of Motor Vehicles, Dept. of Liquor Control, and the Fish and Game Dept. My roommate became head of the Fish and Game Dept. I then became a State warden to help distribute "Dear" licenses for Friday night which restricted a girl to three dears.

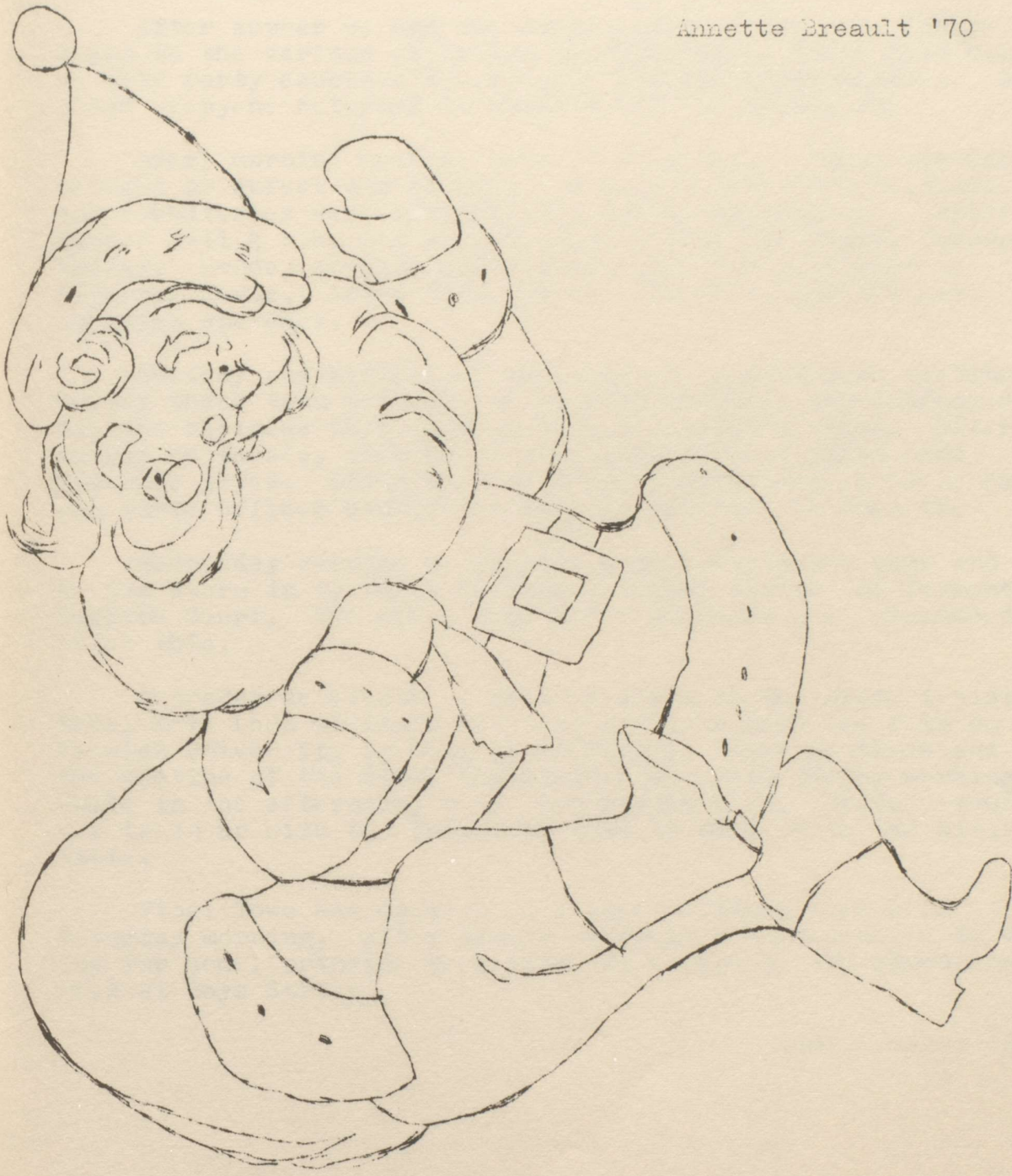
On Thursday morning the Norwich Band marched in on our assembly. I believe it was the most thrilling and exciting assembly we ever had. Their theme song was the Teaberry Shuffle. I think they came to remind us about the dance.

At 7:30 we left for Norwich Armory. As there were more boys than girls the girls, at least, were all happy. Everyone had so much fun that we didn't want to leave.

Attending Girls State provided an understanding of our State, Country, and Town Government. Its purpose is this and to develop within us young leaders a sense of our responsibilities as political citizens.

I thank everyone who made it possible for me to attend Girls State. It's only too bad that all girls don't get a chance to attend because of the experience and inspiration one can receive to last a lifetime.

Annette Breault '70



GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS STATE

I arrived at Boys State which was held at Norwich University at 2 p.m., Sunday afternoon, June 15. The first two hours were taken up in registering, finding your room and getting unpacked. After this we had a brief medical examination and then supper.

After supper we had our first assembly and were introduced to the various officials of Boys State. From 8-10 p.m. we held party caucuses to organize the different parties. At 10:30 everyone returned to their rooms and turned in.

Every morning we were awakened at 6 a.m. Monday morning between breakfast and dinner, was filled with town meetings. The dormitories were divided into towns and counties. After dinner till 4 p.m. was a recreation period for Monday through Friday. Monday evening after supper we were addressed by Governor Davis. After this, State officer candidates gave campaign speeches.

Tuesday and Wednesday mornings were mostly town meetings. During these town meetings we elected officers and conducted all the business that goes on at a real town meeting. After supper on Tuesday evening we were addressed by Lieutenant Governor Hayes. After this we heard campaign speeches by our own state officer candidates till it was time to turn in.

Wednesday evening we elected a Boys State Governor and he was sworn in by James S. Holden, Chief Justice of Vermont Supreme Court. The other Boys State Officers were announced after this.

Thursday we elected representatives to the state legislature, held town meetings and listened to a talk and film on Norwich University by Col. Lloyd Harper. Town meetings and the meeting of the State Legislature was held Friday morning, while in the afternoon, there was a track meet. Friday evening was taken up with the Inaugural Ball of Boys State and Girls State.

Final Town and State Legislature meetings were held Saturday morning. After dinner everyone was packed and leaving for home, bringing to a close an enjoyable and educational week at Boys State.

Larry Bishop '70

FROM FRANKLIN HIGH
TO UNION HIGH

"Our Final Year, Our Finest Year", this slogan is written all over in our school. In books, on papers and on bulletin boards. For next year Franklin High School is to be closed and we are to attend Missisquoi Valley Union High School. I am sure M.V.U.H.S. will be a fine school but I wish I could finish my high school days at Franklin.

I will go there as a Senior and hope to be one of the first to graduate there. Some of the kids think I'm silly because I don't want to go while a few agree with me. I have attended Franklin Schools for going on eleven years now and I would like to be known as an F.H.S. graduate.

I'm sure M.V.U.H.S. will be a very enriching experience for me, for I will meet many more people. In this way I will be better prepared to face the cold, cruel world of today.

There is a much closer bond between teacher and student at Franklin than there ever could be at M.V.U.H.S. and this I will miss.

But I am very glad that I will not be going alone for my fellow classmates will be going with me.

Bonnie Richard '71

SNOW MOBILING

Snow mobiling seems to be one of the most popular winter time sports around. In fact I wouldn't be surprised if it were the most popular.

It's a sport safe enough for kids and still thrilling enough for adults.

It doesn't seem to matter

what kind of snow mobile you have-whether its a Shi-Occ Polaris-Photo Shi-Shee Whiz-Shi-Daddler-or what have you. Although it seems everyone has something to say about his own favorite. People just seem to go for the fun rides, whether they're going in a group or single or whether they're going over mountains or lakes.

I know a good many people say snow-mobiles are costly and can be used only in the winter, but they must be somewhat good if so many people have them.

Gregory Rainville '72

WHY I DO NOT WRITE
FOR THE MOLECULE

Why is it, that when I sit down to write, nothing comes forth, worth being printed. In conversation sometimes I am talking and suddenly my mind wanders, when I come to, it seems I was about to say something very important, and I go all day thinking that I've missed out on something really big. The next day I just happen to remember and all it was is a simple little silly nothing. That is the way it is in writing, when I write something that I think might be good, I read it over and it turns out to be a simple nothing.

A Junior
G.W.G.



A TRIP TO REMEMBER

This summer right after we were dismissed from school, my sister arrived from Corpus Christi, Texas and wanted me to go back to Texas with her. After I had accepted her invitation to be a guest in her home, I was really glad.

We left by car on a Monday morning and arrived in Corpus Christi on Thursday night. We drove all night most of the time and the city lights were beautiful.

While I was in Texas, I saw and met a lot of Mexicans. And of course there were the men in the cowboy hats and boots, who really added to the atmosphere of the West!!

On returning home, I was very impressed with my first ride on a Whisper Jet. I left the Corpus Christi Airport and flew to Houston. In Houston I had to change planes, and on a flight to Boston. In Boston I had a five hour lay over and then I took a flight to Burlington. I know now that this trip will always be fresh in my memory.

Beverly Chaffee '72

THANK YOU

I, one of the many Youth Corp workers of the summer of '69, would like to thank the people who made it possible for us to have a job for the summer. Many good people helped us to keep busy and to stay out of trouble. I'm sure that the workers did their best work, for the school has improved a great deal. Also the work accomplished in the infor-

mation booth was a big help to our community.

So I would like to thank Mr. Morton, who was the real back bone of our program; Mr. Desrochers, for hiring me, and Mrs. Martha Towle for allowing me to work with her at the Town Clerk's Office, which was an enriching experience.

Sherry Scott '71



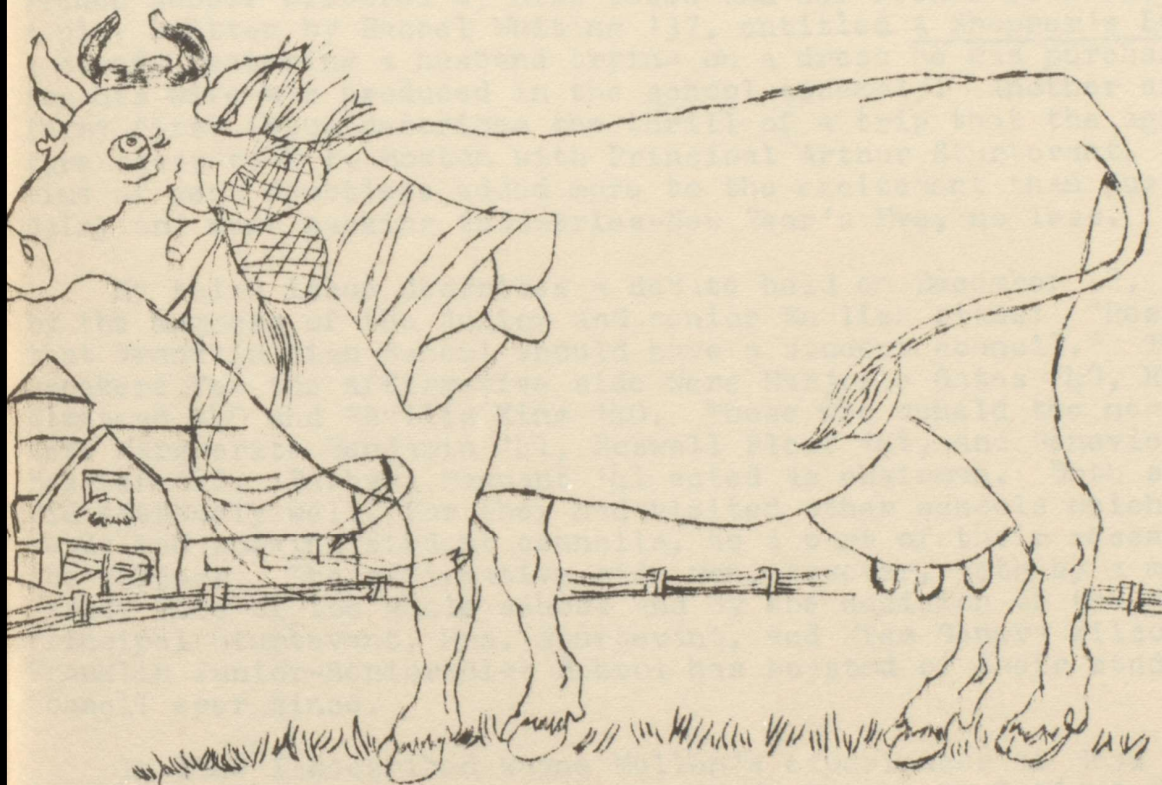
AGRICULTURE

Recently or within the last two years Franklin High School has taken agriculture into its list of subjects. The agricultural class has no regular text book but the study is taken from reference books.

Along with the schoolwork comes the matter of a project. This project is the raising of some farm crop or animal at home. The pupil is supplied with a book in which he records his plans and financial accounts. At the end of the project these books do not always show a profit, but if the pupil tries the same project again he may be able to correct his mistakes and show a decided gain. If his project shows and at least be able to support himself.

Taken as a whole, the projects are very beneficial to any boy who is at all interested. This perhaps may sound like an advertisement, but any boy who is interested and intends to make farming his life work is urged to try this subject and learn what a help it really may be to him.

Eugene Olmstead '37
Molecule '37



REMINISCENCES

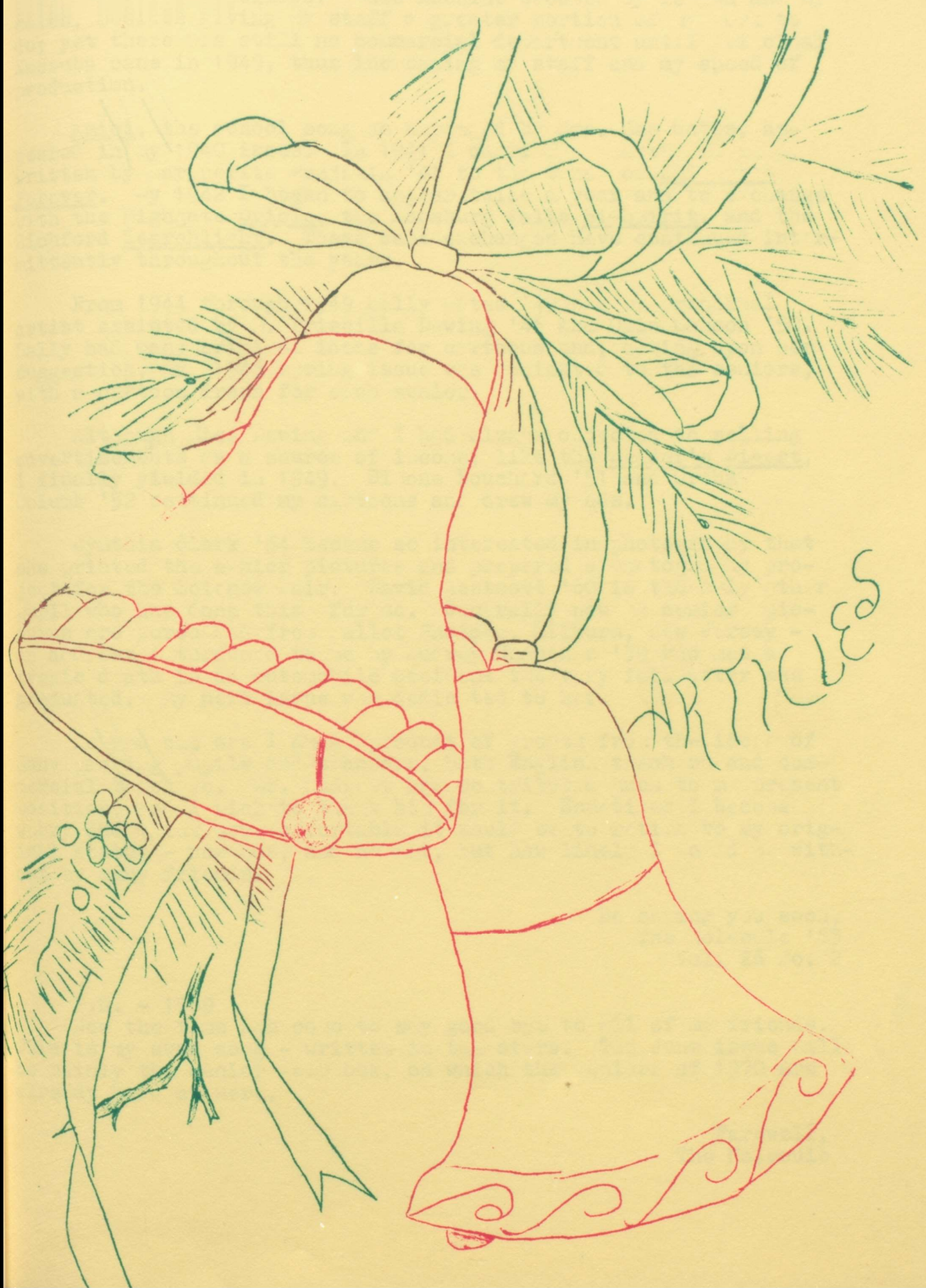
In 1937, twenty-six years ago, I was born, an offspring of Miss Dewing's junior and senior English class. My sole purpose was to stimulate writing and to preserve the best for the members of the class. As there was no commercial department I was fashioned by the faltering typing of Miss Dewing, with purple staining hektograph carbon, and pulled off the sticky gelating one page at a time, each ending very moist and curled like an ancient scroll. My staff consisted of six members who did what they could to help in the publication and assembly of my pages, but the hektograph had to be washed between each page and allowed to dry a bit. It could be washed much faster with warm water, but if the water was too warm some of the gelatin would melt, necessitating the refilling of the hektograph pan and waiting several days for the gelatin to harden again.

Eugene Olmstead '37 dubbed me Molecule and the name stuck. (If I am a molecule now, I should have been an atom then, or even a neutron.) As I recall, the sum of ten cents was charged for my first ten page issue, to cover the cost of the paper and carbon. We bought our own supplies then, you see.

Some of the news that I carried in that first May 12th pamphlet consisted of a spelling contest, baseball victories, and a French supper prepared by Miss Gates and her French classes. A play written by Rachel Whiting '37, entitled A Shopper's Luck-a comedy featuring a husband trying on a dress he was purchasing for his wife-was produced in the school assembly. Another article in my first issue describes the thrill of a trip that the agriculture class took to Boston with Principal Arthur Sturtevant. The time of year doubtless added more to the excitement than just the dairy and meat packing industries-New Year's Eve, no less.

My third issue describes a debate held on December 12, 1939, by the members of the junior and senior English class: "Resolved that Franklin High School should have a student council." The speakers for the affirmative side were Marjorie Gates '40, Howard Olmstead '40 and Phyllis King '40. Those who upheld the negative were Marguerite Benjamin '41, Roswell Ploof '41, and Genevieve Messier '40. Barbara Magnant '41 acted as chairman. Both sides did extremely well, for they had visited other schools which already had working student councils, as a part of their research on the subject. The affirmative side won, however, both by a majority vote of the whole school and by the decision of the judges: Principal Sturtevant, Mrs. Sturtevant, and Miss Geneva Wilcox. Franklin Junior-Senior High School has boasted of their student council ever since.

In 1940 I described Wayne Mullen's experiences at Boys State. In 1941 my first picture cover appeared, thanks to Corinne Bennett '44, who became my first art editor. During this year also I graduated from the messy hektograph to the mimeograph which we still use today. Through an arrangement between Principal Sturtevant and Rev. Stevens, pastor of the Federated Church, this A B Dick



ARTICLES

meneograph machine was purchased jointly, at a total cost of about thirty-eight dollars. This machine boosted by length and my sales, besides giving my staff a greater portion of my work to do; yet there was still no commercial department until Principal Kaszuba came in 1949, thus increasing my staff and my speed of production.

Amici, the school song as arranged by Mrs. Mac Gates, appeared in my 1940 issue. In 1941 I carried a Christmas Song, written by Marguerite Benjamin '41 to the tune of Shiloh's Forever. By 1942 I began to appear twice a year and to exchange with the Hightgate Oriole, the Knosburg Falls Hi-Spirit, and the Richford Searchlight. These same exchanges have continued intermittently throughout the years.

From 1944 through 1949 Sally Gates '49 was my principal artist assisted by M. Priscilla Dewing '46 and Olin Sanson '50. Sally had many original ideas for cartoons and, acting upon her suggestion, my 1946 spring issue was dedicated to the seniors, with a cartoon drawn for each senior.

Although Miss Dewing and I had always objected to selling advertisements as a source of income, like the Reader's Digest, I finally yielded in 1949. Simone Bouchard '51 and Ortha Columb '52 continued my cartoons and drew my ads.

Cynthia Clark '54 became so interested in photography that she printed the senior pictures and prepared a photography project for the Science Fair. David Westcott '60 is the only other pupil who has done this for me. Generally now my senior pictures are purchased from Ballet Photos, Milburn, New Jersey - an address introduced to me by Audrey Cummings '59 who met a tragic death in an automobile accident the very fall after she graduated. My next issue was dedicated to her.

As you can see I am a product of growth from the ideas of many passing pupils and teachers, both English teachers and commercial teachers. Mr. Rudgett has contributed much to my present position, and I wish to thank him for it. Sometimes I become weary and think how comfortable it would be to retire to my original statue - now ads, and no art, but how lonely I would be without my many friends.

Be seeing you soon,
The Molecule '63
Vol. 26 No. 2

P.S. - 1969

Now the time has come to say good bye to all of my friends. This is my swan song - written in the stars. The June issue will be mainly the Senior Yearbook, on which the seniors of 1970 are already hard at work.

Farewell,
The Molecule

Short Stories



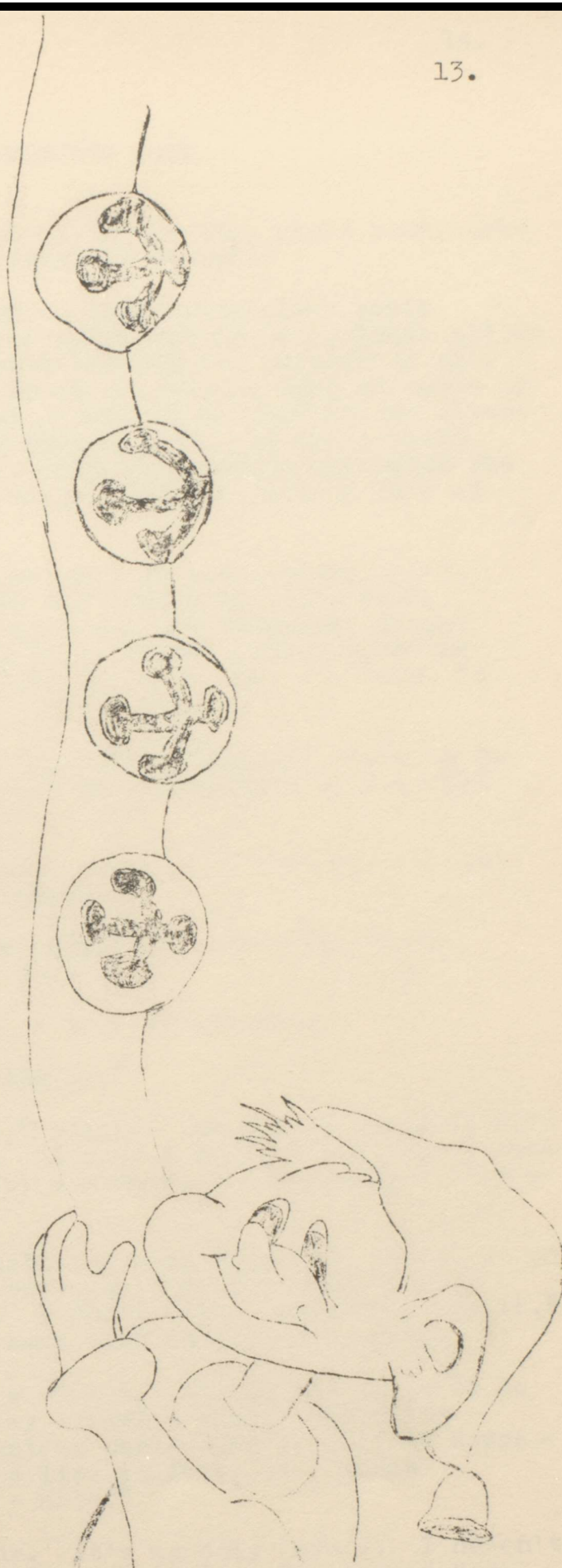
THE PERFECT CRIME

In this story I am going to tell you the truth about a robbery that took place nine years ago, and the London police have not solved the case yet.

In the year 1960, supposedly, two people robbed a ship in mid ocean and got away with one million dollars. Their names are known only to me. Thomas and Arthur planned that robbery well. They went on board the ship as passengers and when the voyage was over Arthur cracked the safe and got away with a cool million. Together they loaded the money into a subterranean life raft that stayed under water. It was complete with a self guidance system that brought it to a lonely shore six days later. There they hid their loot in a cave.

After six weeks an insurance company offered an 80 thousand dollar reward for the return of the money and the capture of the crooks. Soon after this, Thomas was playing the part of a tourist who had accidentally found a cave full of money, carried the one million into a police station and told them he had found it while skin-diving. He got the reward money and he and Arthur split it. It was one of the perfect crimes.

Herbert T. '72



AND THE WITCHES RODE

(This story won fifth place in the 1944 short story contest, sponsored by the University of Vermont)

It was a dark night, one of those pitchblack eerie nights, when one can imagine a witch behind every fresh billow of wind and silence that floats through the rain-fresh air. The silence was broken only by an occasional drop of water or the distant tramp of a German patrol as he paraded the blacked-out village near the free French line. It was a night of happenings. The girl knew that even before she heard the opening door, the stumbling steps, and the falling thud of the body.

Marie Guerre was a French girl of some twenty years. Although she was pretty, with her wealth of black hair, tipped up nose, and dainty red lips, her neighbors turned aside when they saw the tall lithe figure coming down the street. They could not forgive the fact that she found it profitable to befriend the German soldiers.

Marie was not a timid girl, and as she was alone in the house she herself crept through the front hall to see what the witches had brought her.

A stifled whisper of pain arrested her from what seemed to be a bundle of rags, "Monsieur."

"Mademoiselle," she corrected, "Mademoiselle Marie Guerre," and then, "Who are you?"

"Are you a Frenchwoman, a true Frenchwoman?"

"My neighbors don't think so."

"You are - you must be," pleaded the hoarse whisper, persuading itself by its need. "I have a message - a note - some inf--. The voice stooped for a minute, then begged, "Water - please."

She slipped from the hall and soon returned with a jug of stale tasting water. "The pump doesn't work because they turned the electricity off. I don't drink water much myself." Her voice was throaty with amusement in a land of fear.

The water revived him somewhat, but she had to kneel to hear his low whisper. "In my pocket - a note I'm dying - see that - it gets - to Monsieur Bor - Borges, Cafe La Rouge - Mars." The words died on his lips in fear, as a knock shattered the dark. "Help - hide."

"No, I must give you up. It's my only chance. I haven't betrayed before but I shall now. Good-bye, Monsieur." Her

back stiffened as she stood up. A tract of derision entered her voice, "Pleasant dreams."

"You betrayed me." With those words he dragged the note from his pocket, and being too weak to destroy it, stuffed it in the corner. Then he fell back and watched her, a Frenchwoman, welcome his death.

"Hans!" The voice was the voice of an actress. It trembled as she reached for the hand of the giant German.

"Holding hands with Death," said the numbing brain of the figure on the floor.

"Hans," I'm scared. There is a spy here. Arrest him and take him away."

"Surely, my little Marie. It is my duty, but I shall not return tonight." The guttural voice sounded strange in contrast to the soft tones of the French girl.

"He is here." A shaded flashlight, playing on the body showed what must have been a young man, thin, gaunt cheeked, and raggedly clothed. But in his eyes still showed a light of freedom and bravery as he watched "His death" looming over him.

"Get up." There was a pause, then, "Get up, I say." A heavy booted foot struck the side of the man's head. If there had been light in Marie's corner, one might have seen her cringe. The kick did more good than harm, for with a slight twitch the man on the floor passed into oblivion.

The light then passed down the figure revealing a blood soaked leg. With a sudden movement Marie knelt, and tearing aside part of the half torn trouser leg, revealed a shattered knee.

"Leave him alone," the German growled cruelly. "He must be the French spy for whom the patrols are searching tonight." He sent a searching glance over her face. "If I didn't know you, I might turn you in for harboring a spy and turning him over when you had no other chance."

"Hans!" She arose and going to the giant German, put her hands on his shoulders. "You know me better than that." He bent his head and, picking the girl off the floor, kissed her with more force than tenderness. Then, without saying goodbye, he picked up the unconscious figure, threw it over his shoulder, and walked out of the room.

With a sigh of relief - for she knew the German would as soon arrest her or even his own mother as he would a spy, the figure of the girl melted from the hall, leaving another scene of terror in new France.

Marie went into a small living room and curled up in a chair. Hans would not come again tonight; she might as well go to bed. She knew, however, she wouldn't sleep, for through her head ran the words of the young man, already as good as dead. If he survived, she knew, there was only torture and horror ahead of him, and ultimate death. "Help hide," and then, "You betrayed me."

Finally she arose and went back into the hall. She struck a match to see the place where he had lain. The light caught the flare of the paper stuck in the corner. As she knelt to retrieve it, a guttural voice growled from outside the door, "What 'ya doing with a light?"

"I struck a cigarette." She caught her breath.

"Where did you get the match and the cigarette? Who are you anyway?"

"I am Marie Guerre, Hans Schines's girl. He gave me them."

"I'm coming in to see." The door knob rattled.

"Please," Her voice, though it came through lips half closed with fear, sounded natural. "I expect Hans any minute, and I'm afraid of what he would say if someone else were here." Her lips trembled so that if a cigarette had been between them, it would have dropped on the floor.

"On second thought,--." The voice faded as the steps parted down the stairs and into the street.

Still kneeling, the girl picked up the note. Then enclosing herself in a closet, she used her last three matches to scan its contents. It told of a new German weapon, secret and deadly, and it gave its formula. The man seemed to be speaking, "Hide - help." Through the darkness seemed to come words, Frenchwoman, Monsieur Borges, "Help."

Never again could she shut that voice out. There was nothing left. That voice would drive her crazy, make her confess, kill her. There were but two ways out - suicide, or take that note over the line. She had to. There was no other way. She would. She could make out she was going to see Eric, who was on sentry duty. Would he suspect something?

"Father Almighty," she prayed, help and hide me."

Marie dressed herself for going out. She made her remaining coffee and poured it into a jug to keep it hot. As she stepped out the back door, with a sinking heart she heard the words, "Stand! Where are you going?"

She was all actress again. "I'm going to take some

hot coffee to Eric. He's on sentry duty."

"On the line?" The German looked at her and the jug.
"The patrols won't let you through, but Eric is a friend of mine. I'll personally escort you."

They walked through the streets. The patrols they met looked at the German's pass and, thinking them lovers, let them pass. It was but a short walk to the line where Marie saw the looming form of a last boundary. Did she know him well enough? Would he accept her without question?

"Eric, here is a little friend to see you, with nice hot coffee."

"Oh, it's you, Marie. It's all right, Karl. Thanks." Then as the other moved off he addressed her with suspicion.
"I thought you were Hans Schines's girl. How come you bring me coffee here at the post?"

"He couldn't come tonight." So simple; too simple!

"Well, it suits me." The German turned his attention to the coffee, not noticing the girl until she was well across the line toward that dark spot on the horizon.

A flash of a gun, a sear of pain, and Marie was knocked into a flowing stream of water which carried her under a bridge. Catching at one support and missing on account of the pain, she was thrown against another by the current. Then steadying herself by the beam, she caught her footing.

Behind her one of the few wolfish dogs which still remained in this starving country crashed through the brush throwing the German off the trail.

Eric, following the trail of the dog, stopped. He could not leave his post. He could not report her, for he was not supposed to have visitors at the post. What harm if one girl got through, anyway?

He had no way of knowing that a figure, weak from loss of blood, carrying the valuable note, reached the house on the horizon as he finished the last drop of coffee and smashed the jug on the ground.

Marie spent her last strength in a feeble knock on the door, and fell in a heap. As an old woman opened the door and knelt beside her, she whispered, "In my blouse, a note - Monsieur Borges." Then in a tone scarcely audible, she added, "Cafe La Rouge, Marseilles." Her head fell back unconscious.

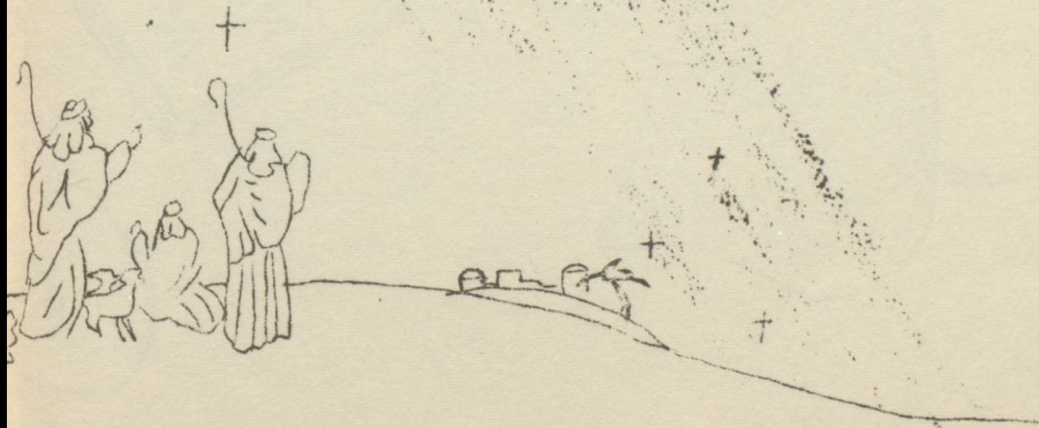
The old woman called her husband to help take the girl into the house, but the old man, a doctor, shook his head. His practiced eyes knew the girl wouldn't live an hour.

"No," he said, "Get the note and give it to Johnny." A ten year old boy came out the door. "Let him take it to La Pontiers, a mile down the road. I'll dig a grave for the girl."

So the note went traveling on two bodies that night, for it was still dark when the man died on the dirt floor of a German prison and the girl was buried in the old doctor's garden.

And the wind billowed, bringing fresh bursts of clouds telling of another storm to come, as the witches and wizards silently rode on the trail of the note.

Phebe Jane (Westcott) Mullen '44
Molecule Vol. 8 No.2 '44





OUR FINAL YEAR - OUR FINEST YEAR

We're halfway through, our final stretch
 At good old Franklin High,
 The sands of time have not failed-
 To make the years go by.

Yes, this aged building will close its doors;
 To the high school students in town.
 But a while from then, I'll bet you,
 You'll see people begin to frown.

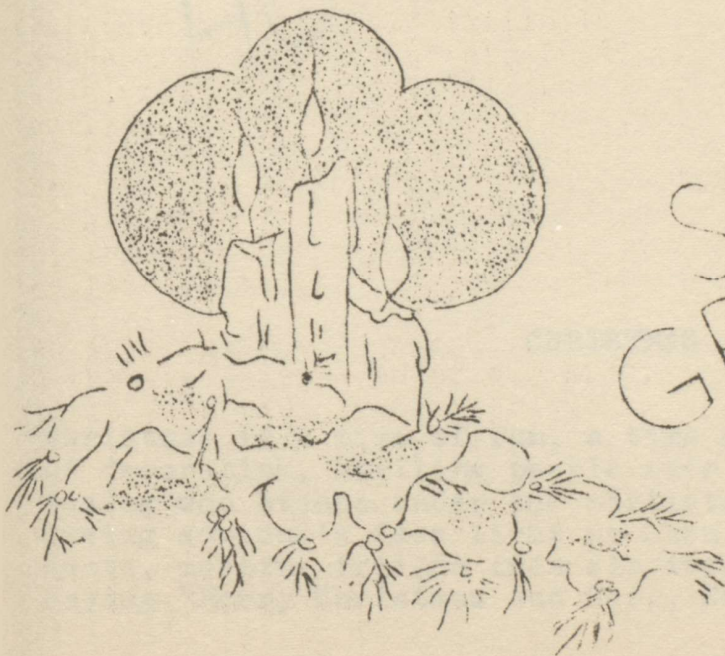
There have been good times and bad throughout the years,
 At this sanctum for girls and boys,
 But for the life of me, I can't reason why,
 The town wants to stop the joys.

The joys that went on and on and on;
 In the everyday lives of our kids,
 Had it been work or play or even studies,
 Still, on U.H.S. went the bids.

I'm sure though, that people will always remember
 The familiar phrase, "Ol' F.H.S.,"
 When readily, some will finally conform,
 To the Union which we now possess.

So this is our last, 'Our Final-Our Finest'
 The High School will ever endure,
 But the unique name of F.H.S.,
 Will long be remembered, I'm sure.

John Tatro '71



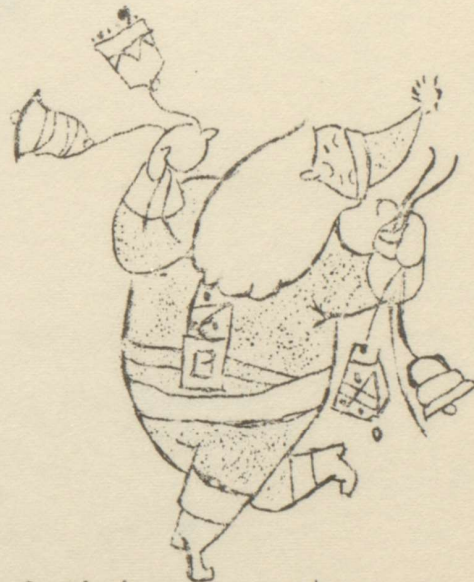
SEASON
 GREETINGS

D. J. PIERCE

This is me
 This is nobody
 This wide gulf of emptiness
 This living something
 I struggle to reach myself
 All the time wondering and crying silently
 Wishing desperately to know what I am
 to you
 Each time our minds touch
 I plead again to you
 "Who Am I," I ask
 But you cannot answer
 For no one knows

Diane Pierce '70

HO! HO! HO!



CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a time of fun, a time of giving presents,
 of decorating, inviting people over to your party and
 seeing who stands under the mistletoe and gets kissed,
 seeing someone's face light up when he opens his pre-
 sents, meeting friends and relatives on the street and
 saying "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

Mary Domina '71

LOVE

What is love?
Why does it exit?

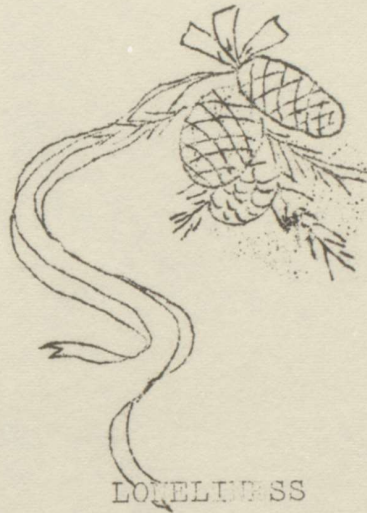
Love
Love controls man;
No one can live without it.

Love
Love is sad.
Love is happy.

Love
Everything needs love.
Why?

Love

A Sophomore Scribe '72



LONELINESS

Loneliness is.....

A dark shadow on your happiness
A dull aching deep inside
A gentle longing for the old familiarity
of a crooked smile, or shining dark eyes

Loneliness is cold and hard

A journey to harsh reality
A trip to the headachey world inside
ourselves
And a warm promise of sometime,
somewhere.....

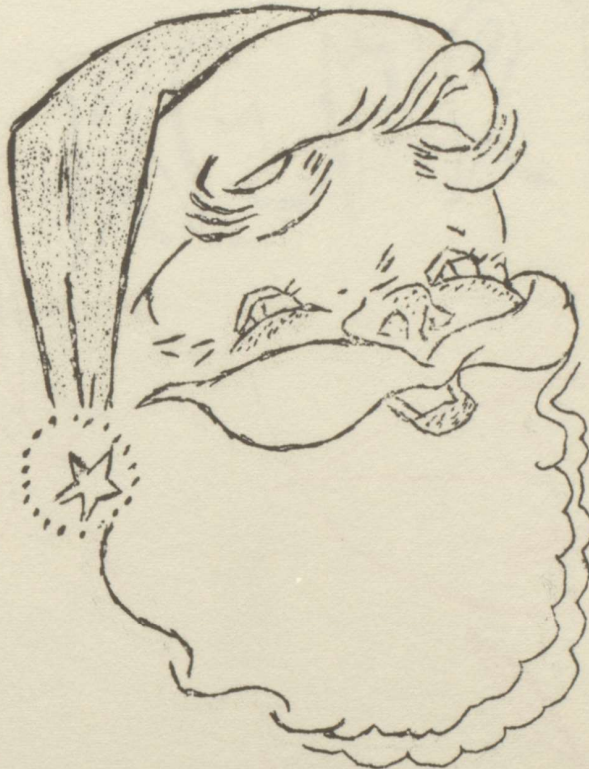
Loneliness will be gone.

Diane Pierce '70

REPORT CARDS

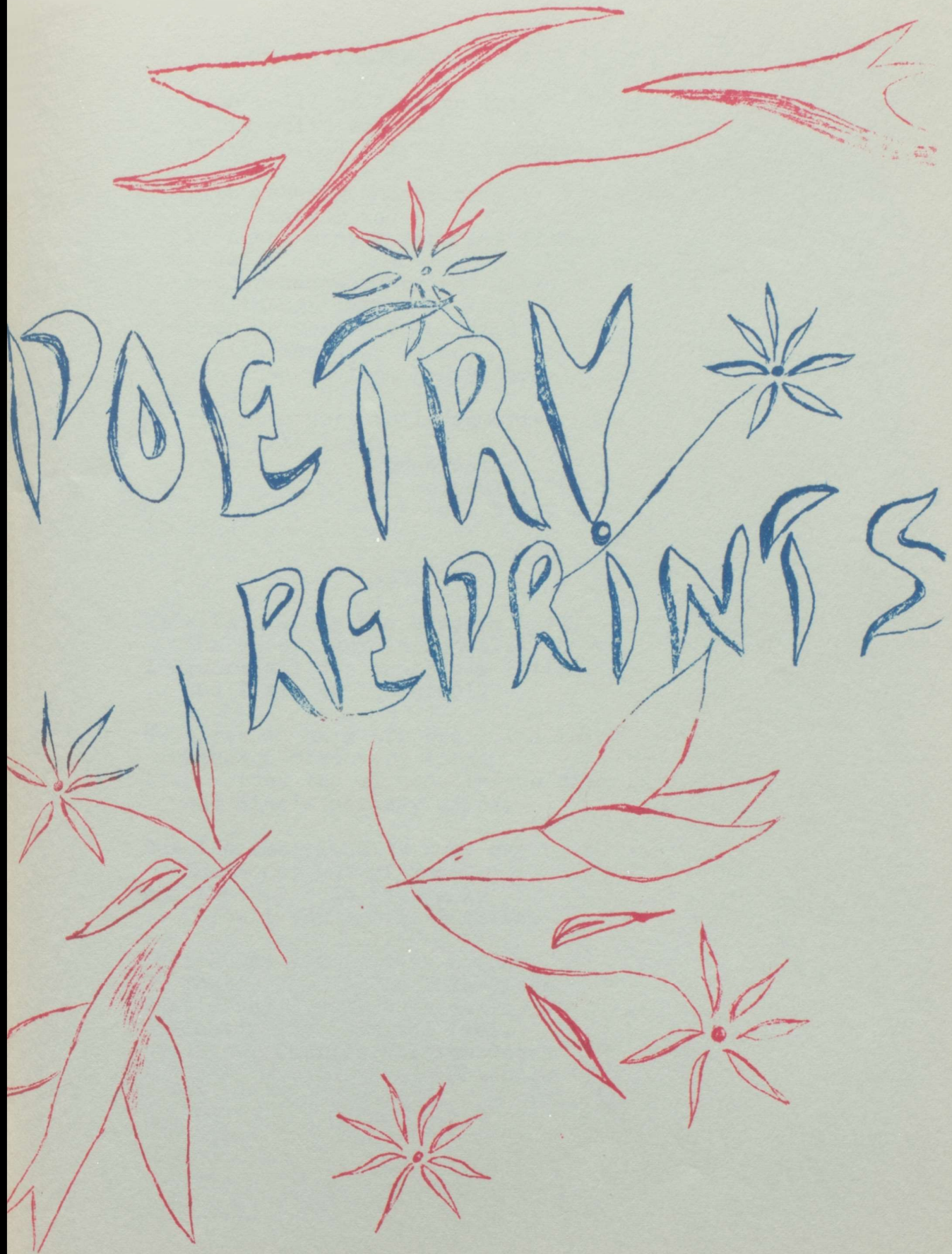
As report cards are being handed out,
You will hear many a person's shout,
Whether it's good or whether it's bad,
Or perchance a little sad.
But another person you'll hear
Give a life long cheer
It could mean an "A"
Or perhaps it's a "B"
But what ever it is-
I will most certainly guarantee
That its not an "F" or even a "D",
Some people will go home feeling like
They're walking on the moon.
While others will go home
To face a life of doom.

Gregory Rainville '72



Merry Christmas

POETRY
REPRINTS



FAREWELL

Soon we'll be leaving this
 big white school
 Where we did defy the teacher's
 rule.
 With reading and writing to
 get in our way
 We spent many a dark and dismal
 day.
 But we had some bright days,
 although they were few,
 When we were not weighted
 with new jobs to do.
 Yet when we from F.H.S. are
 gone,
 For it's worthwhile memories
 we will long.

Hugh Gates, '52
 Molecule, '52
 Vol. 5 No. 2

LAZY!

He sits all day and studies hard,
 The wisest guy in school.
 I squirm all day and study little,
 And I sit on the stool.

He works so hard his brain I'd think
 Would get so very tired.
 I've worked ten minutes in two days
 And mine's already mired.

But I'm ambitious so they say
 And I get out of work
 And the way I do it, well,
 To tell the truth, I shirk.

That's why I'm in this corner,
 That's why I'm on this stool,
 That's why I wear this cap,
 That's why I am the fool.

Charles William Gates '37
 Molecule '37
 Vol. 1

THE RAINBOW

I saw the lovely arch,
Of rainbow span the sky;
The golden sun a-burning,
As the rain swept by.

In bright ringed solitude,
The showery foliage shone,
For one enchanting moment;
Then the bow had flown.

Arlene Sargent '52
Molecule '51
Vol.15 No. 2

GOING TO THE ICE FOLLIES

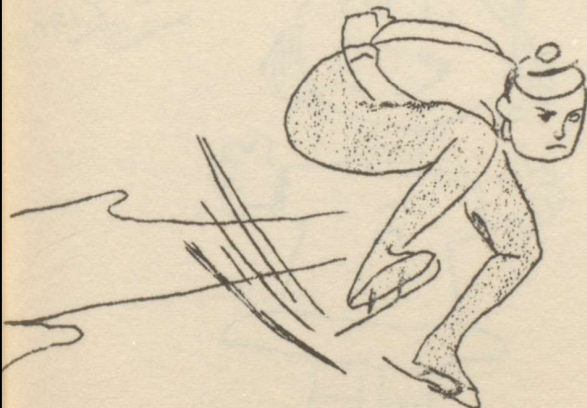
When my Daddy said, to my sister and me,
"Let's go to the Ice Follies. What do you say?"
We hustled around and changed all our clothes.
We were off to the Follies Oh! Hurray!

We called up my aunt and asked her to go
Five of us going; Whoopee! Hurray!
It snowed, it was cold, but we still had fun.
No seats to be had! What did my dad say?

"For evening now we'll reserve our seats."
What would we do while we had to wait?
Why go to the Air Port and see the big planes,
Then back to the Forum to watch 'em skate.

There were crowds of people big and small,
When we found our seats for the famous show.
Goats, bears, clowns, glamour girls on skates.
Too soon all was over; Twas time to go.

Shirley Barnum '53
Molecule '52
Vol. 15 No. 2



THE DILIGENT STUDENT

He sits in his seat when exam time comes
 And fidgets and squirms 'til the rest are done;
 Then he begins to work, and does his best,
 And his marks run higher than all the rest.

Few are the times he sits and reads all day;
 Few are the days he fools his time away;
 And his marks go higher and higher still,
 For the diligent boy looks over the hill.

He looks over the hill to future days,
 When each will receive his rightful praise.
 His motto I'm thinking is very fine:

"Strive to conquer each task in every line"

Robert Irish '39

Molecule '39

Vol. 2

THE DISORDERED SCHOOL HOUSE

Someone throws a ruler,
 Another is still crueler.
 A third sits ever so still;
 He doesn't throw because he's ill.

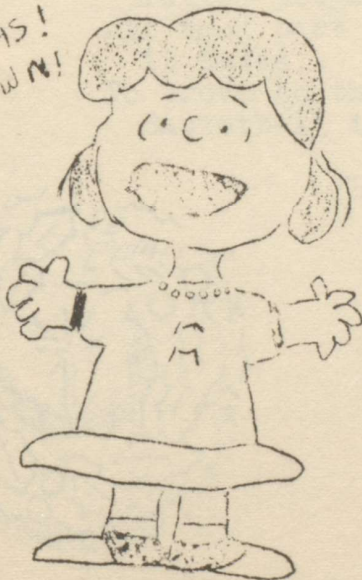
Teacher comes in, everyone's quiet.
 He goes back out; there's a riot.
 After all is said and done,
 They're just having a little fun.

Carrol Boudreau '58

Molecule '55

Vol. 13 No. 2

MERRY XMAS!
 CHARLY BROWN!



OUR PHYSICS TEST

Our physics test, it sure was hard,
 You were wise not to take it, pard.
 I'll be lucky if I as much as pass,
 It wasn't much like catching bass.

Density, specific gravity, pneumatic tools,
 F equals AH and other rules,
 With these I crammed my small brain,
 I would rather have climbed Bridgeman Hill
 in the rain.

I did the very best I could,
 Which wasn't really very good.

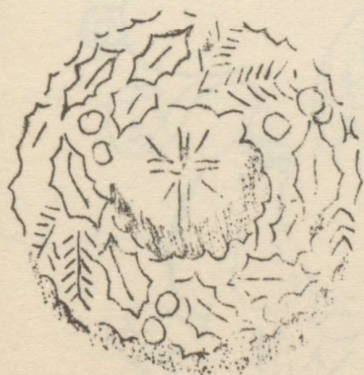
Anne Evans. '51
 Molecule '49
 Vol. 14 No. 1

BASKETBALL BANQUET OF 1955

The basketball banquet was
 a great success,
 With the efforts of the mothers
 and the speaker too,
 Made the evening more pleasant
 that words can express.

The preacher, the teacher, the
 fellow players eight,
 All took part to make what
 it takes
 To prove to the community,
 Basketball is great.

Loren Lothian '57
 Molecule '55
 Vol. 18 No. 2



AN EAGLE REPENTS

I have observed the eagle, bird of prey
 Who on the weaker subjects, doth foray.
 Who outside doth look flawless, but within
 Are locked numerous evil deeds of sin.

If I, as such, have lived on grave misdeed,
 If I among the roses am a weed,
 I wish to change. The misdeeds of the past,
 I would exchange for nobler cause more vast.

As I watch, I feel within, my soul
 Arising, urging me to reach my goal.
 Giving unto me the message true -
 Faith is indeed the only hope for you.

Bruce Corey '56
 Molecule '55
 Vol. 18 No. 2

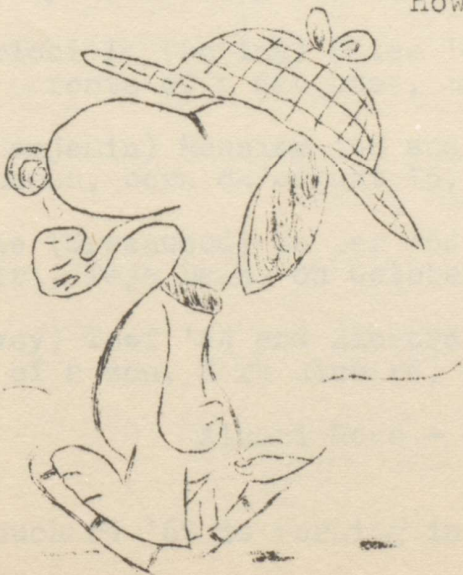
(This poem was also published in the New Eng-
 land Annual Anthology of High School Poetry)

MY TEACHER

My teacher's name is Dewing;
 At me she's always stewing.
 If I don't get my lessons done,
 She says 'twill bring my ruin.

You see I am a senior,
 But that don't cut no ice.
 Some days she's just as hard as coal,
 And other days so nice.

Howard Clmstead '40
 Molecule '40
 Vol. 4



ALUMNI NEWS

Marriages

Diane White '67 and John Clark '67 were united in marriage here at the Methodist Church on August 30, 1969.

Lynda Elwood '67 and Reginald Emch were married on May 24, 1969.

Suzanne Monte and Allen Granger '66 became husband and wife on June 21, 1969.

Judy Wicker and John Pierce '65 were united in marriage here in Franklin on August 30, 1969.

Dorothy Cunningham and David Westcot '60 were married on October 4, 1969.

Patricia Allen and Donald Cooper ex. '65 became husband and wife on June 27, 1969.

Karen Richard '69 and Donald LaPlant Jr. were united in marriage on May 30, 1969.

Ranae Hance ex. '71 and George Clifford were married June 7, 1969.

Ruth Callan and Terry Malone ex. '70 became husband and wife on July 26, 1969.

Births

To Joyce (Benjamin) Boudreau and Richard Boudreau was born a girl, Ann Lynn, on July 27, 1969.

Marion Priscilla (Dewing) Gates '46 and Charles Gates '46 became the parents of a daughter, Mary Priscilla, on July 11, 1969.

Sylvia (Benjamin) Messier '68 and James Messier have a son, Daniel Thomas, born on August 15, 1969.

To Marlene (Greenwood) Cooper '64 and Richard Cooper '62 was born a girl, Teja Dawn, on October 5, 1969.

Ann (Harvey) Toof '64 and Richard Toof '61 became the proud parents of a son, Mark Richard, on October 14, 1969.

Alumni News - Class of '69

Claire Bouchard '69 is working in Washington, D.C. for the F.B.I.

Bernard Cooper '69 is employed by Maurice Benjamin here in Franklin.

Alumni News (continued)

John Domina '69 is working on his father's farm.

Clifford Elwood '69 is working for the state.

Penny Glidden '69 is employed by the Howard National Bank in Burlington.

Douglas Harrod '69 has joined the Army, and is now stationed at Fort Dix, in New Jersey.

Melanie Hull '69 is enrolled at Lyndon State College.

Marlene McGowan '69 is employed at Conner's and Hoffman's Shoe Factory in New Hampshire.

Charles Mullen '69 is, at the present, working with his father.

Lyle Richard '69 is attending the University of Vermont.

Norma Sherre '69 is now working for Vermont Co-op in St. Albans.

News Items which Have Come to Our Attention

Howard J. Magnant '57 has been named assistant principal of the Essex Center School.

Colonel James G. Towle '49, has received the Silver Star award for valiant action during the Tet Offensive in Vietnam, in February, 1968.

John Clark '67 of the 38th Transport Co. was recently presented the Army Commendation Medal with "V" device for bravery in Vietnam during the period of January 1968---August 1969. Spec. Clark is now stationed at Fort George, in Meade, Md.

Norma Sherrer is now working for Vermont co-op in St. Albans.

OUR GUYS IN THE SERVICE
"Send a Xmas card"

Douglas Harrod '69- PVT Douglas J. Harrod
009-42-2685
A-4-2 PLAT.2
Fort Dix, New Jersey 08640

Donald Clark '68- SP-4 Donald J. Clark RA11751229
95th Transportation Co.
APO 96259
San Francisco, California

John Bouchard- Joseph J.L. Bouchard
 RA11748560
 Fort George Meade
 Maryland, 20755

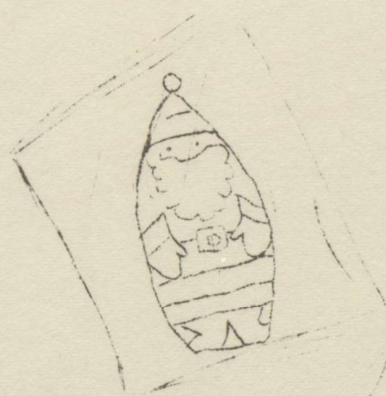
Terry Peaslee ex '68- Spec 4 Terry Peaslee
 RA11748558
 83F12DSvcBtry
 AIC New York 09091

Gaylord Chamberlain '68- SP/4 Gaylord Chamberlain
 008-38-1806
 C. Co. 101st AHB
 101st AbN Div. (Airmobile)
 APO San Francisco 96383
 Box 174

John Clark '67- Put. Spec. 5 John Clark
 RA11748554
 338th Transport Co.
 Fort George
 Meade, Maryland 20577

Richard Blaney '67- In the process of changing. Call: 933-5264

Sgt. Allen H. Granger '66- Sgt. Allen H. Granger
 43 Shady Grove Trailer Park
 Broad St. Extension
 Sumter, South Carolina 29150



*Christmas
 card.*

Please

*Send them
 A.*

SPORTS



T.M. '72

FRANKLIN JUNIOR SOCCER SCHEDULE

Tues. Sept. 23

Franklin at St. Albans - 8-1 (St. Albans)

Fri. Sept. 26

Sheldon vs Franklin at Highgate - 1-1

Tues. Sept. 30

Franklin at Highgate - 5-1 (Highgate)

Fri. Oct. 3

Franklin at Swanton (canceled)

Tues. Oct. 7

Franklin vs St. Albans Bay - 5-1 (St. Albans Bay)

Mon. Oct. 13

Franklin at St. Albans - 5-1 (St. Albans)

Wed. Oct. 15

Sheldon at Franklin - 3-0 (Sheldon)

Tues. Oct. 21

Franklin at Highgate - 4-0 (Highgate)

Fri. Oct. 24

Franklin at Swanton - 5-2 (Swanton)

Tues. Oct. 28

St. Albans Bay vs Franklin - 3-0 (ST. Albans)



FRANKLIN JUNIOR HIGH SOCCER

by: Steven H. Strong, Coach

Another first occurred at Franklin Central this year with the formation of a Junior High soccer team. Its purpose was to acquaint the participants with skills that could be used in future years at Union Seven.

Although designated as a Junior High Team, members were drawn from the sixth and ninth grade as well.

Grade 6 - Robin Boudreau, Ronnie Bishop, Chip Pierce
Richard Morton, Mike Sartwell

Grade 7 - Robert Gates

Grade 8 - Paul Gates, Tim Messier

Grade 9 - Arthur Davis, Mark Dandurand, Barry
Fregeau, Ernest Erno (sidelined by in-
jury), Steve Ploof (Late acquisition),
Gregg Gates, Zane Scott

It was not a successful season, but the experiences gained by the players were invaluable. We had the disadvantage of having a small team roster, but never the less fought hard and limited out opponents to small margins of victory. Arthur Davis gained the distinction of scoring all the goals for Franklin the entire season. Gregg Gates and Barry Fregeau proved quite skilled as goalkeepers.



Not
Bad
Year!

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The following people are out for Girls' Basketball

Debbie Tittermore-Captain
Stephanie Forty-Co-captain

Brenda Gates
Diane Pierce
Sherry Scott
Susie Sherrer
Andrea Rainville

Brenda Bethian
Gabrielle Bouchard
Colleen Pierce
Margaret Pierce
Bonnie Barnum

Rose Johnson
Barbara Bates

The schedule of their games is printed with the boys' schedule.

The cheering squads are as follows:

TEAM I

Bonnie Gokey-Captain

Beth Barnum
Debbie Richard
Joyce Hammond

Beverly Chaffee
Diane Greenwood
Phyllis Pierce

TEAM II

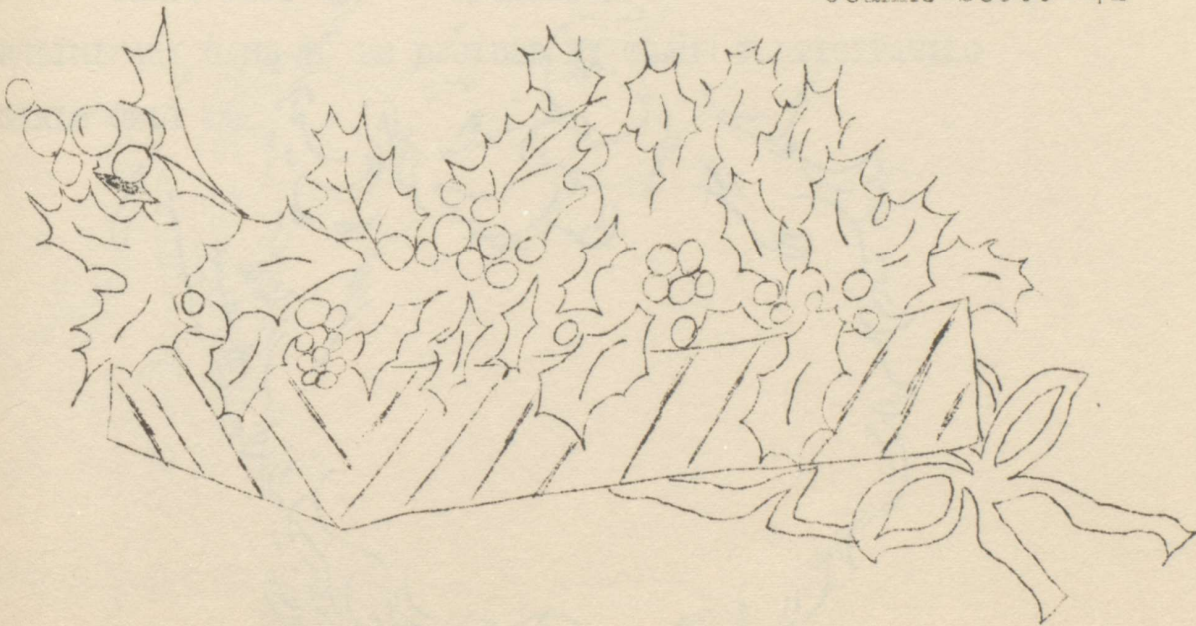
Sherry Dufford-Captain

Vanka Johnson
Linda Barnum

Gwendolyn Messier
Bonnie Bishop

Monica Desroches

Joanne Scott '72



BOYS' BASKETBALL

The following boys are playing basketball this year:

Larry Bishop-Captain
Brian Lothian-Co-captain

George Gates
John Tatro
Jimmy Bartwell
Tommy Richard
Benny Lumbra
Greg Rainville

Charles Magnant
Gregg Gates
Arthur Davis
Barry Fregeau
Zane Scott
Marc Mullen

Ernest Erno

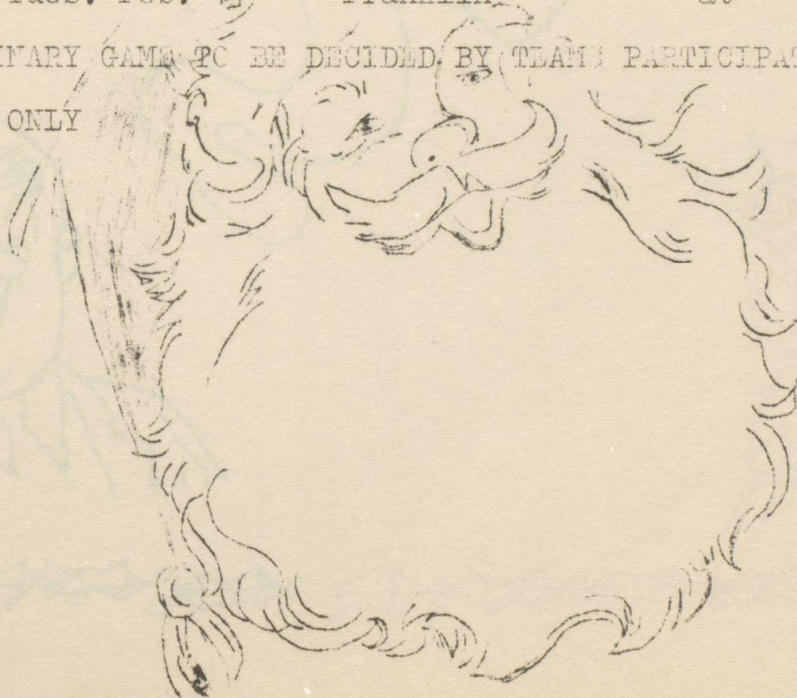
We are in the Tri-County League this year because of the hard work of Mr. Strong and Mr. Desrochers.

Following is the tentative schedule:

Thur. Dec. 11	Franklin'	at	Enosburg**
Fri. Jan. 8	Swanton J.V's	at	Franklin
Tues. Jan. 13	Franklin	at	Stowe*
Fri. Jan. 16	B.F.A. Fairfax	at	Franklin
Tues. Jan. 27	Franklin	at	Richford
Fri. Jan. 30	Highgate	at	Franklin
Tues. Feb. 3	Franklin	at	Swanton
Wed. Feb. 4	Enosburg	at	Franklin**
Thur. Feb. 5	Stowe	at	Franklin**
Tues. Feb. 10	Franklin	at	B.F.A. Fairfax
Fri. Feb. 13	Richford	at	Franklin
Tues. Feb. 17	Franklin	at	Highgate

* PRELIMINARY GAME TO BE DECIDED BY TEAMS PARTICIPATING

** GIRLS ONLY





SCHOOL BUS



BR. 70



FRANKLIN NORTHWEST DISTRICT

1969 - 1970

SCHOOL CALENDAR

September 2	All schools open
September 3	Franklin Northwest District Teacher's Meeting - Highgate Elementary School - 2 O'clock Solid Session throughout district
October 16-17	Vermont Education Associa- tion Conv.
November 11	Veterans Day (F.N.W. School)
November 27-28	Thanksgiving Recess
December 24, 1969- Jan. 4, 1969	Christmas Vacation
February 21-March 1	Mid-Winter Recess
March 3	Town Meeting
March 27	Good Friday - Solid Session
April 18 - 26	Spring Vacation
June 5	Elementary Schools close
June 12	High Schools Close



F.R.S. STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

STUDENT COUNCIL

President John Tatro
 Vice-President Thomas Richard
 Secretary Brenda Gates
 Treasurer Marc Mullen

Student Council Reps.

12 Brenda Gates
 11 Thomas Richard
 10 Gregory Rainville
 9 Marc Mullen
 8 Timmy Messier
 7 Stephen Rainville

Union #7 Student
 Council Reps.

12 Brenda Gates
 11 Sherry Scott
 10 Charles Magnant
 9 Rebecca Richard
 8 Paul Gates

Class Presidents

12 Diane Pierce
 11 Gabrielle Bouchard
 10 Marshall Ploof
 9 Bonnie Gokey
 8 Joyce Hammond
 7 Robert Gates

Class Vice-President

12 Larry Bishop
 11 Stephanie Forty
 10 Timothy Malone
 9 Zane Scott
 8 Gregory Forty
 7 Monica Desroches

Class Secretaries

12 Debbie Tittmore
 11 Bonnie Richard
 10 Brenda Lothian
 9 Arthur Davis
 8 Ann Rainville
 7 Joanne Godin

Class Treasurers

12 Brain Lothian
 11 Sherry Scott
 10 Brain Barnum
 9 Gilbert Sweet
 8 James Amlaw
 7 Linda Barnum

Class Advisers

12 Miss Dewing
 11 Miss Gates
 10 Mrs. Clark
 9 Mr. Strong
 8 Mrs. Mullen
 7 Mr. Brainerd

F.H.S. STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

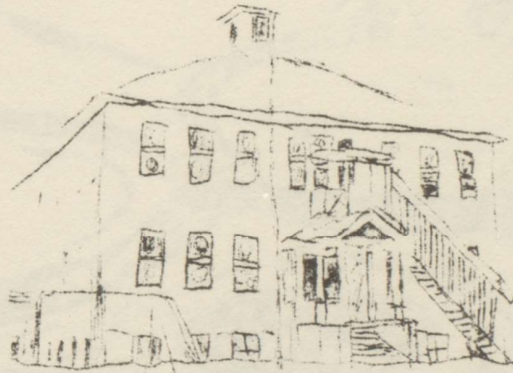
On September 5, the Student Council held its first meeting, the election of officers. The results of this session are as follows: vice-president-Thomas Richard; secretary-Brenda Gates; and treasurer-Marc Mullen. Our president, John Tatro, was elected last spring by the student body.

Also at this meeting, team captains for the magazine drive were selected. They were Debbie Tittlemore, Bonnie Richard, Brenda Lothian, Gregg Gates, Paul Gates, and James Dewing. They all deserve great credit for their work. We are proud to say that the school far surpassed its goal of \$700 and sold a total of \$905 worth of magazines. High salesman was Jay Mullen, who sold well over \$100 and for his efforts won a Kodac Instamatic camera. All students having made sales of \$7 or more were eligible in a drawing for a transistor radio; Stephanie Forty won this. The high salesman for the first day of the Magazine Drive, Sherry Dufford, received a school mascot with \$2. In addition to this, many students received school mascots for selling over \$25 worth of magazines, and the seventh grade was given a coke and chip party for being the class to exceed its goal by the most. As a result of our efforts we cleared \$346 on the magazine drive.

At our second meeting the Student Council voted to buy soccer equipment for the 7th, 8th, and 9th grade boys. Also a petition regarding the permission to wear culottes was unanimously approved by the Student Council to be presented to the faculty and the school board. This petition, after going through the proper channels, went into effect during the second week of October.

The Student Council has since had four meetings concerning basketball and other incidents. Our next activity is the class plays, scheduled for the 13th and 14th of November. Also the possibility of sponsoring the Jingle Bell Ball has been discussed.

Brenda Gates, Secretary



MISSISQUOI VALLEY UNION STUDENT COUNCIL

Representing Franklin on the M.V.U. Student Council are Brenda Gates, John Tatro, Sherry Scott, Rebecca Richard, and Charles Magnant.

The first meeting was held on October 10, 1969 at Franklin High School. The election of officers resulted as follows: president-Paula Barrette from Swanton; vice-president-Claudia Foy from Swanton; and secretary-Brenda Gates from Franklin.

At this meeting samples of the new M.V.U. class rings were presented and a representative from Balfour has visited each of the three schools to take orders from this year's Junior classes.

Also, regarding the school colors of M.V.U.H.S., the Columbia blue has been replaced by a deeper blue in order to make the athletic uniforms more striking. The schools colors may now be referred to as simply blue and silver.

Another item which has been discussed is the possibility of student guides at M.V.U.H.S., in order to show visitors around the new school when it opens in September 1970.

On October 24, 1969 Mr. Babbie gave the representatives of this council a detailed tour of the new high school which is presently under construction.

Brenda Gates, Secretary



CLASS NEWS

SENIOR CLASS

We, the class of 1970, have had three activities this year.

From the two Rag Days we sponsored, one of which was on September 16, the other on October 30, we collected \$20.00.

On October 15 we held the drawing for a Fudge Raffle from which we netted \$23.50.

The tenth of December we plan to put on a Ham Supper.

Debbie Wittermore '70
Secretary

JUNIOR CLASS

We have decided that our two activities this year are to be a food sale and a supper. Our food sale was on September 27 on the Town Hall lawn. We made \$28.00 on this project. Our supper is to be a St. Patrick's Day Supper, but we have not yet decided on the exact date.

We have ordered our class rings which have the emblem of the Missisquoi Valley Union High School on them with the school color, blue stone in them. We hope to receive our rings in February.

Bonnie Richard '71
Secretary

SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomore Class held the annual Freshman Initiation and Reception. We made a profit of \$93.05. Our first activity will be a turkey raffle. We are also planning to have the Mother and Daughter banquet on April 16, 1970.

Brenda Lothian '72
Secretary

WATCH FOR SPRING ISSUE OF VERMONT LIFE!
FEATURE ON FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIAL DAY.

CLASS NEWS (continued)

FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman Class plans for their first activity a Rag Day which will take place November 12, 1969. Their second activity will be a Slave Sale which will take place March 17, 1969

Arthur Davis '72
Secretary

EIGHTH GRADE

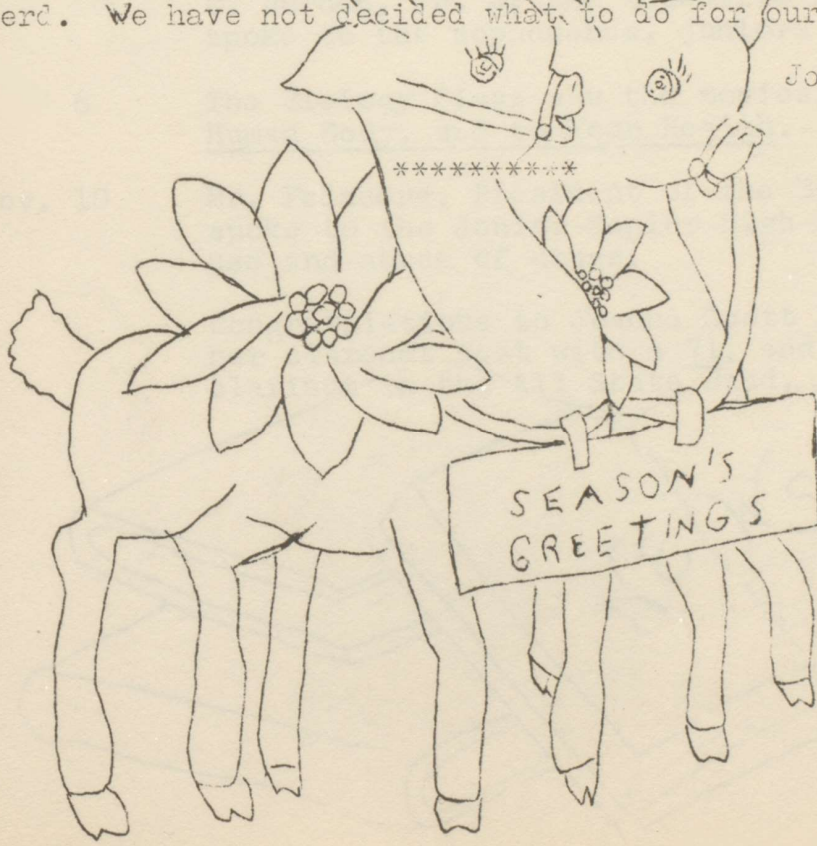
The class of the 8th grade put on a Record Hop on September 26, 1969 and we made \$ 26.67 on it. For our second activity we are planning a raffle.

Anne Marie Gainville '73
Secretary

SEVENTH GRADE

Our class advisor is Mr. Anthony Brainerd. Our first project was raffling a transistor Radio, We made \$104.23. The drawing was October 24, 1969, and the winner was Mr. Anthony Brainerd. We have not decided what to do for our next project.

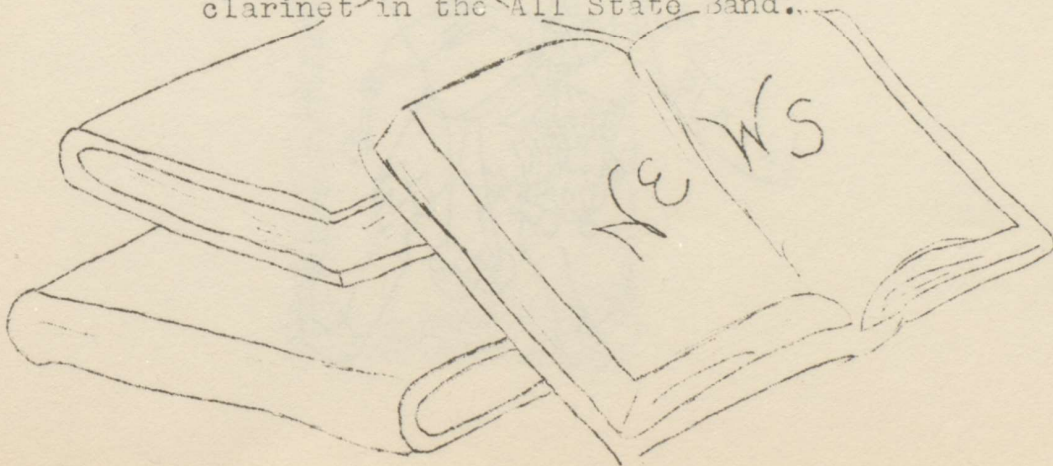
Joanne Godin '74
Secretary



GENERAL NEWS

- Sept. 9 A demonstration of musical instruments was held at the Town Hall for grades 5-12, under the supervision of Mr. Guerrina.
- Sept. 24 The 7th grade and freshman classes visited the Fairbanks Museum and Planetarium. Miss Dewing and Mr. Brainerd accompanied them.
- Oct. 3 Ernest Quintin '65 spoke to the high school physics and biology classes on NASA.
- Oct. 8 Several students from F.H.S. attended "Up with People" at B.F.A. Mrs. Clark and Miss Dewing were the chaperones.
- Oct. 9 Mr. Donald Henson from the U.S. Office of Education discussed, with interested seniors, Vermont Conditional Grants.
- Oct. 20 The Biology Class saw the movie, Alcohol and Tobacco, What They do to Our Bodies.
- Oct. 21 The evening Mr. Newton Baker spoke to parents and students about available scholarship funds.
- Oct. 29 Mr. James F. Lupton from V.T.C. and Mr. Clifford C. Borden, Jr. of the Selective Service System spoke to the sophomores, juniors and seniors.
- Nov. 6 The Biology Class saw the movies; Alcohol in the Human Body, and to Your Health.
- Nov. 10 Mr. Feinberg, President of the Board of Pharmacy, spoke to the Junior-Senior High School on the use and abuse of drugs.

Congratulations to Joanne Scott '72 who passed her clarinet test with a 71, and will play her clarinet in the All State Band.



Nov. 13 & 14

The annual one act plays were presented at the
Town Hall.

FRESHMAN CLASS - Mr. Strong

SOPHOMORE CLASS - Mr. Brainord

Pardon My Second Scene
by R.G. Orth

Quiet Home Wedding
by J. Tobias & W. Prewitt

Cast:

Bonnie Barnum
Bonnie Gokey
Marc Mullen
Ernest Erno
Claude Rainville

Cast:

Brian Barnum Brenda Lothian
Beverly Chaffee Tim Malone
Sherry Dufford G. Magnant
Joyce Hammond C. Pierce
Rose Johnson G. Rainville
Joanne Scott

JUNIOR CLASS - Miss G...

SENIOR CLASS - Miss Dewing

Keep It Under Cover
by Paul S. McCoy

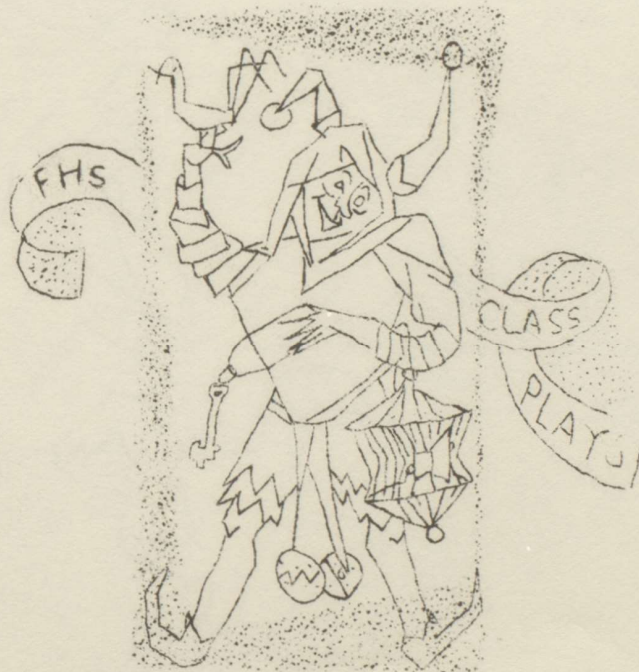
The Haunted Bookshop
by Roma Greth

Cast:

Joe Breault
Stephanie Forty
Benny Lumbrá
Sherry Scott
Susan Sherrer
John Tatro
Andrea Rainville

Cast:

Margaret LeClair Diane Pierce
Larry Bishop Barbara Bates
David Clark Brian Lotnian
Debbie Tittlemore Annette Breault
Philip Bouchard Brenda Gates



'Humor'



Mrs. Dufford: Did you put that note where it would be sure to attract Mr. Desrochers attention when he came in?

Benny: Yes I stuck apin through it and put it on his chair.

Kim: Excuse me, but I can't see when you are between me and the black board.

Miss Dewing: I do my best to make myself clear, but I can't make myself transparent.

"Can anyone tell me what these Roman numerals stand for?" Mr. Brainerd asked his class as he wrote on the blackboard: LXXX. Sherry raised her hand, "I know," she said, "I't Love and Kisses.

Stephanie: Miss Dewing says I'm very good at Arithmetic, Daddy.
Daddy: Really? Well let me test you. How much is one and one?
Stephanie: We haven't gotten that far yet.

Mr. Desrochers: Now, class are there any questions?

Gary B.: Where do those words go when you rub them off the blackboard?

Brian L.: Ouch! That water burned my hand!

Larry: You should of felt it before you cut your hand in it.

Tommy: Charlie, I just knocked down the ladder that was standing up next against the schoolhouse.

Charlie: Go and tell Mr. Morton.

Tommy: He knows all about it he's hanging onto the roof!

Debbie T.: What is your special today?

Mrs. Ploof: What we couldn't get rid of yesterday.

Wife of teacher: I refuse to accept these pictures! Why, my husband looks like a chimpanzee!

Photographer: I can't help it, madam. You picked him I didn't.

Bonnie R.: I'll bet I can make a worse face than you can.

Sherry S.: You ought to be able to do that. Look what you've got to start with!

Timmy C.: What do they do with doughnut holes?

Ernest: They use them to stuff macaroni.

Brenda: What is the capital of Delaware?

Diane: Trenton, New Jersey.

Brenda: Thanks, I thought so.

Doctor: What is your name?

Patient: Abraham Lincoln.

Doctor: Abraham Lincoln? Well what can I do for you?

JCKLS (continued)

Patient: I think my wife is trying to get rid of me. She keeps insisting that I take her to the theater.

Mrs. Mullen: I saw your wife yesterday.

Mr. Desrochers: What did she have to say?

Mrs. Mullen: Oh, nothing. Why?

Mr. Desrochers: Then it couldn't have been my wife.

Miss Gates: What's that up there?

Sailor: That's the crow's nest, ma'am.

Miss Gates: Oh really? Could I just peek at the little darlings?

Policeman: When I saw you driving down that road. I said to myself, Fifty-five, at least!

Mrs. Clark: Well, that's not right. It's only this hat that makes me look that old.

Tommy: What will you have to drink?

James: Ginger ale.

Tommy: Pale?

James: Oh, no just a glass please.

John: I'll bet you a quarter that I've got the hardest name in the world.

Charlie: All right. What's your name?

John: Stone!

Charlie: Pay me the quarter my name is Harder.

DAPFinitions

Alarm Clock: Something to scare the daylight into you.

Caterpillar: A worm wearing a sweater.

Eiffel Tower: The Empire State Building after taxes.

MisChief: The Chief's daughter.

Sewing Circle: A place where women go to needle each other.

Luck: The other person's formula.

Mouth: The grocer's friend, the dentist's fortune, the speaker's pride and the fool's trap.

Sherry Scott '71

Marc Mullen '73

Nov. 14, 1969

Barbara
Franklin
Vermont

Dear Barbara,

This letter has a message. But you must not read this note because it isn't your business. So I will tell you right now to stop, or else! So, you refuse to stop, well then I must repeat: the message of this letter does not concern you nor will it ever. It was not addressed to you but you insist on reading something that you have no business reading. You can't stop now, can you? You're hooked!

Even though the message is coming soon and even though it does not concern you, you keep right on reading. So, then here is the message that was and still is none of your business: -12 apples equals one dozen apples. BIG DEAL! See, I told you that it didn't concern you and yet you still keep reading. Let's face it, you can't fit the message to conversation. It just wouldn't sound right, and if you told too many people, they would send the nice men in the white coats after you. It just ain't normal to say "12 apples equal one dozen apples." It ain't even normal to even know that "12 apples equal one dozen apples." But you don't care, do you?!*!?!*!

Your friend,

Chris

Chris

Merry Christmas

SONG HITS

Get Together-----faculty and students
 I Still Believe in Tomorrow-----Mr. Desrochers
 Everybody's Talking At Me-----Benny Lumbra
 Something-----Play Rehearsals
 I'm Gonna Take You Mine-----Barbara to Mr. Brainerd
 Suspicious Minds-----Hang up of older gener-
 ation
 Midnight Cowboy-----Charlie Magnant
 Soul Deep-----Anne Dandurand
 Little Woman-----Jo-Anne Scott
 Make Your Own Kind of Music-----Glee Club
 Baby We're Good Together-----Rose J. to Andrew Q.
 Baby It's You-----Bonnie and Stewart
 Honky Tonk Woman-----Miss Dewing
 Going In Circles-----Geometry Class
 I Can't Get Next To You-----Ernest Erno to Miss
 Dewing
 Wedding Bell Blues-----Gary Scott
 You, I-----Debbie and Dwight
 She's Come Undun-----Diane Pierce
 Put A Little Love In Your Heart-----Gladys
 Smile A Little Smile For Me-----Mr. Strong
 Working On A Groovy Thing-----Gabrielle in art class
 Where Am I Going?-----Good question
 Commotion-----Noon hour
 Bad Moon Rising-----Gary B. sleeping out-
 side
 You're Lost That Loving Feeling-----Sherry S. to Jimmy S.
 Green River-----School's water supply
 Too Much of Nothing-----Stephanie ??
 Up On Cripple Creek-----David C.
 And When I Die-----Brad F.
 Harl Life-----Hot Lunch Cooks
 Oh, What a Night-----The night no-one slept
 Give Peace A Chance-----Everyone
 Because-----Worn out word
 Octopusis Garden-----Brian's and Larry's
 hand out
 Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You--Colleen to her horse
 Make Believe-----Maggie L.
 Down On the Corner-----John and Bronda
 Ball of Fire-----Robert G.
 The Color of My Love-----Green
 The Tin Soldier-----Mr. Brainerd!!!!
 Ball and Chain-----Disciplinary measures
 school hours
 Try A Little Kindness-----rs. Pierce when she
 substitutes
 Had To Cry Today-----rs. Roof on Thurs.
 Baby, I'm Down-----Mr. Tittmore after
 every basketball practice

SONG HITS (continued)

Move Over-----Sherry D. to anyone in .
 her path
 Is That All There Is?-----Yes

OLDIES BUT GOODIES

Back In The Saddle Again-----Brenda L.
 But You Know I Love You-----Mr. Desrochers to Modern
 History Class
 Touch Me-----Hot on Your Life!!!
 Wild Child-----Susan B.
 Hard Life-----Hot Lunch Cooks
 Home On the Range-----Madelaine D.
 I Wanna Hold Your Hand-----Miss Gates to Paddy
 Harry, the Hairy Ape-----Mr. Allen
 Smoke Gets In Your Eyes-----The Office during noon
 hour
 Revolution-----Where the action is!!
 Groovin'-----week-ends
 Fire-----What every ne prays for
 when the fire alarm rings
 Eve of Destruction-----present state of affairs
 Little But O'Soul-----Great Forty's shoes



CAN YOU IMAGINE

The Molecule going Underground?
 Mr. Brainerd without a smile on his face?
 Jimmy S. obeying the speed limit?
 Sherry D. not getting attacked (verbally)?
 Margaret L. not doing something to her hair.
 Sherry S. content with her love life?
 Brenda and John not enjoying the same things?
 A runless day? (leg wise-nylons)
 The students seizing the office?
 Diane P. in a right wing organization?
 Miss Dewing chairman of the SDS?
 Gary B. awake in English Class?
 The students reciting, "Teachers are good-Teachers are dear?"
 Franklin H.S. in existence for another 100 years?
 Stephanie Forty being retired?
 The joke editors doing a good job?
 Janny L. not bombing around in his old truck?
 Brian Barnum without a fresh mouth?
 Gary Scott working?
 George Gates flunking a test.
 Susan Sherreer not wearing something different every day?
 Tommy R. expressing himself openly?
 Collen P. plating the 1st team in Basketball?
 Gabrielle B. telling a lie?
 Jackie B. knowing where and what's she's doing?
 Brian L. going into the Sweet Shop?
 Larry Bishop monopolizing a conversation?
 Annette B. living in N.Y.C.?
 Donald Menard thinking about girls?
 People not attempting to read the joke section before it
 appears in the Molecule?
 Ernest Erno not saying "Ask Huebie", if you don't believe me."
 Mr. Allen not wearing groovy looking clothes?
 Mrs. Mullen not knowing where it's at?
 Mr. Morton with laryngitis?
 Mr. Desrochers inspiring anyone to do anything?
 Margaret P. not doing her own thing?
 Andrew Q. staying away from books for a year?
 The town of Franklin welcoming Black People into its vicinity?



GABBIE GERTIE

I wonder why Mr. Desrechters was so insistant that Mrs. Toof remain after music class. I hear he wouldn't even let her out of the room.

I hear Mr. Brainerd admires long, dark hair. Well Sherry, I see you are wearing a wig; are you going to dye it now?

I understand that the production of plays has become even more rewarding with the addition of the acting talent of a few Seniors. Is this not so, Miss Gates?

By the way, got your deer yet, Tommy?

I hear Mr. Brainerd fell down and bit his neck during one weekend. At least that's the explanation we came up with for the little round band-aid.

I have come to the conclusion that the reason the light bulbs were flushed down the toilets in the boys' room was that when any plumbing had to be done, more light would be available.

I've noticed David Clark lipping around the school grounds lately. I personally feel that the body shouldn't be used so strenuously!

From what I hear Sherry Dufford was startled by a visit from a mysterio s friend not too long ago. People should be at least courteous enough to keep the door open, Sherry!

What is Corky doing in the woods each night? What or who is he hunting for?

The office always seems to emit the same strange rumbling noise promptly after lunch. Who are you blowing your horns for, Colleen and Joanne?

I was present in a classroom the other day where I witnessed an extremely violent performance. Your hand must be red by now.

I should think, Mr. Brainerd, that you would have an unlisted phone number seeing you have so many secret admirers that they can't wait to call at a decent hour. Do you usually stay up until 2:15 A.M.?

Why is it that Charlie Godin had rather play basketball with the girls than play foot ball with the boys. You dig Betty?

Tommy, when you come back from D.F.A., ask Mrs. Hullen if you can sit in the Record Keeping Class instead of the

Typing room. There are two ~~Sophomore~~ girls in there who are getting cricks in their necks looking around the corner at you.

Come on now boys, DO YOU HAVE TO TRAVEL DURING THE NOON HOUR??

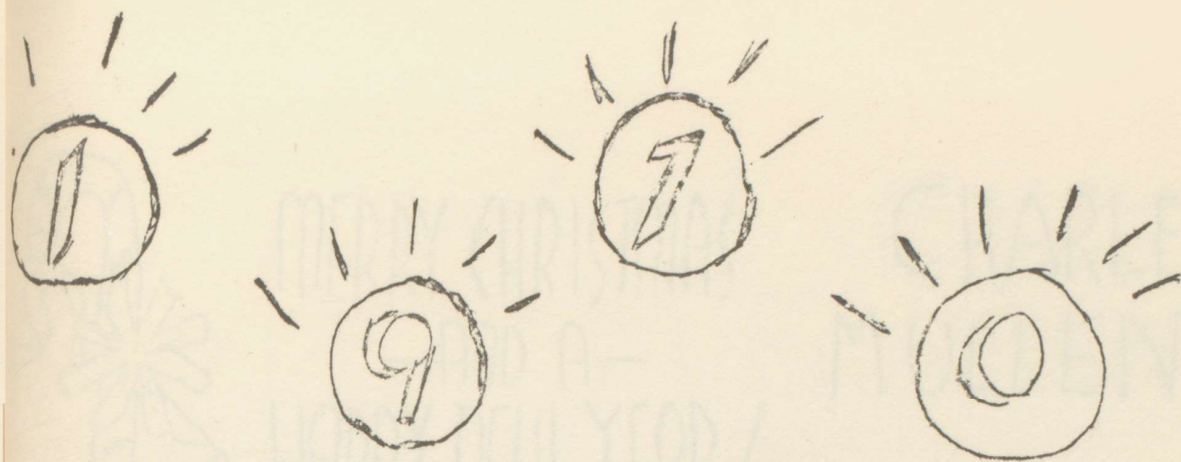
Mr. Desrochers, how come we, THE GOOD GUYS, have to suffer for them, THE BAD GUYS?

Who beat the cow with the baseball bat and knocked her eye out? Bad for the milk production, J.S.

What do we have, a new romance, B.G. and H.M.?

*Gabbie
Gertie*

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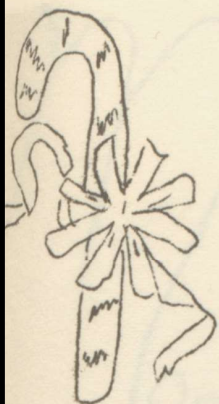
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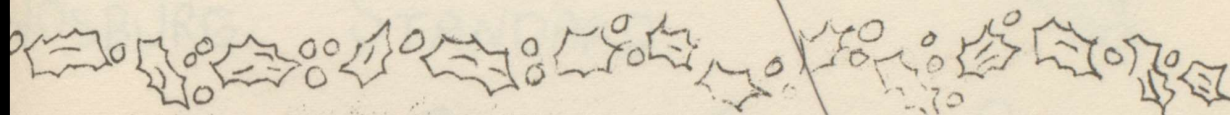
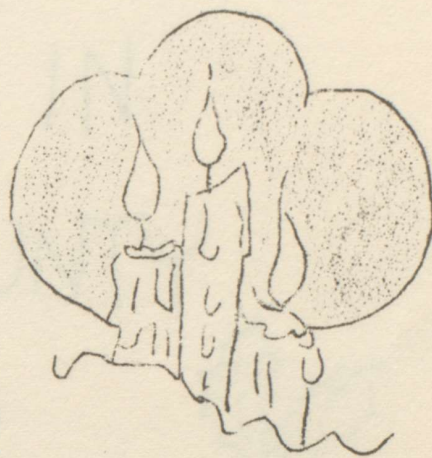
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MERRY CHRISTMAS
—AND A—
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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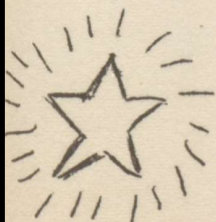


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ST. ALBANS LEADER

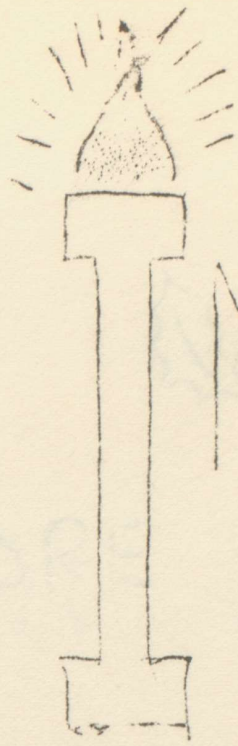


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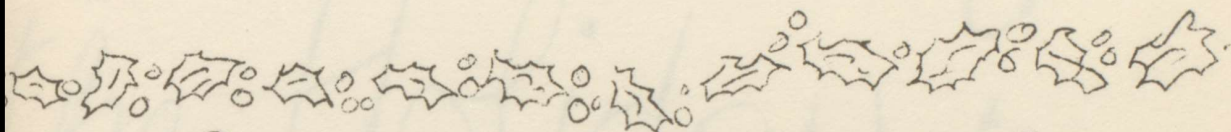


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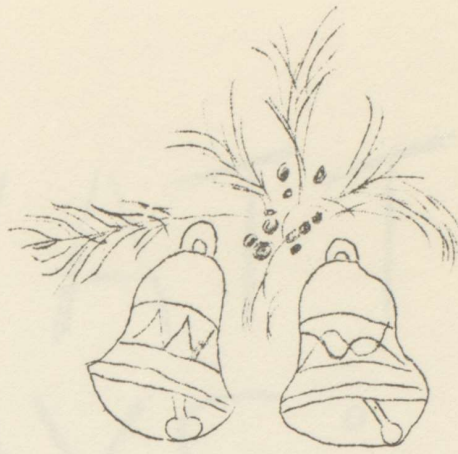
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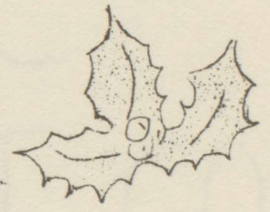
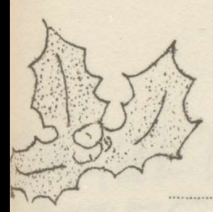


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