

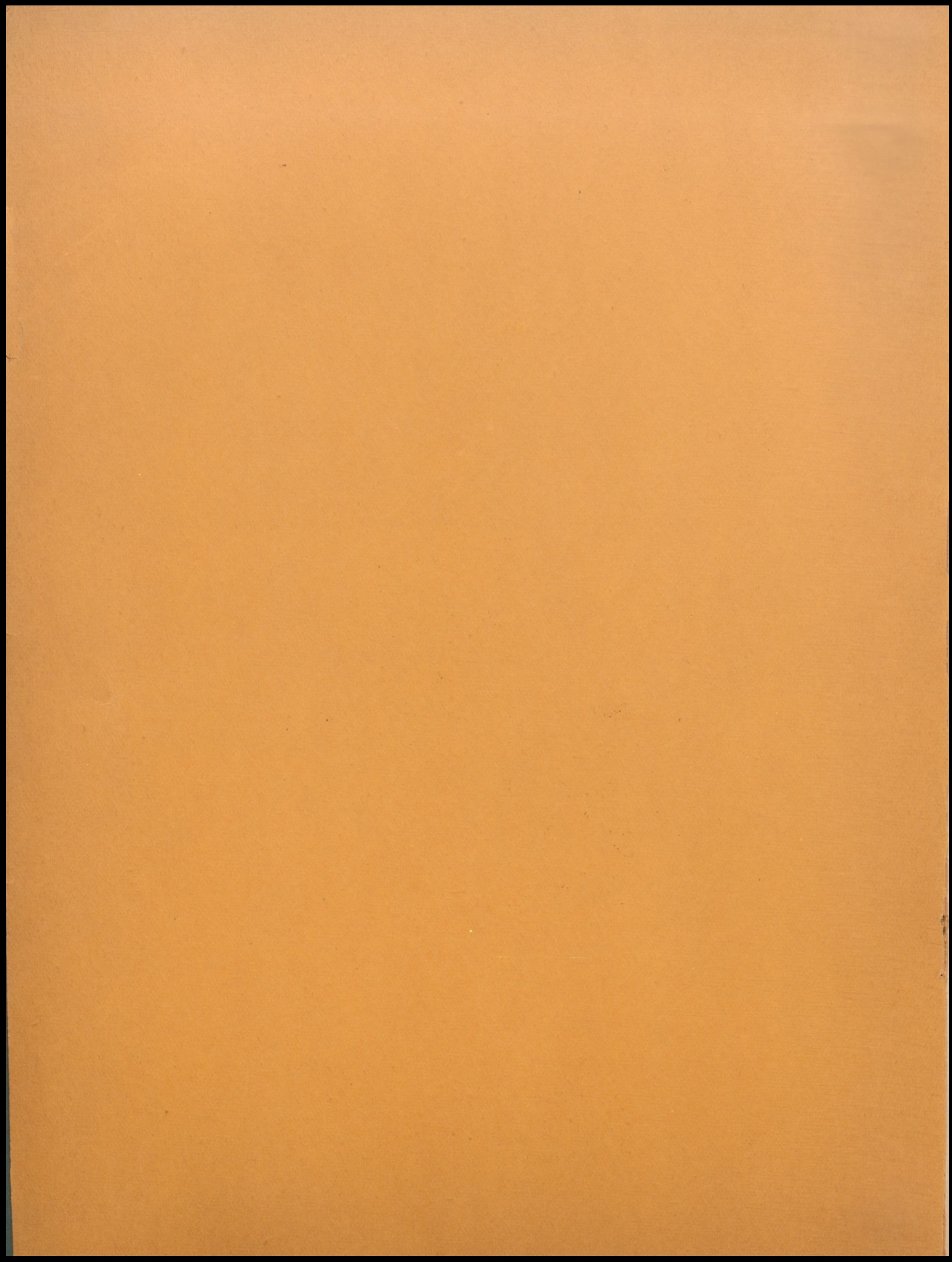
FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL

MOLECULE



FIFTH ISSUE

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EDITORIALS

Does Dishonesty Pay?

I have often wondered just why a person does steal. Why do people do it? Is it to see just how much they can get away with? They may succeed once, twice, or even three times, but they always reach the end of their rope, sometime. Then what happens? If they are adults, they face a prison term, years of hard labor, or a heavy fine. If the culprit is a child, he may be severely punished, or even sent to a reformatory. Above all, he loses the trust and confidence of his fellow comrades or pupils.

Ask yourself, "Is it worth while?" People will look at you and laugh. They may shun you, and I wouldn't blame them. If you have a conscience, and I believe most people have, this will certainly prey upon your mind. Many people have passed sleepless nights because they have had some misdeed upon their conscience. Do you want this to happen to you?

When you are sorely tempted to take something that doesn't belong to you, resist the temptation. You will never regret it. You never know what the thing you have taken from the other person may have meant to him. Then too, stealing is one of the lowest forms of dishonesty. You certainly don't want to be known as a dishonest person. The next time your fingers itch to grab something that belongs to another person, just think of the possible consequences. Think of what stealing means, and listen to your conscience. If you resist the temptation, you will discover how much happier you are. Try it once and find out.

Keith Dunham '42

High School Sports

Some people think that sports in high school are a disadvantage because they take a lot of valuable time which could be more profitably spent on studies. But I think that sports in high school are a very fine thing. The pupils will study harder to pass their subjects so that they can play on the various teams, for if they do not obtain passing grades in their subjects they are eliminated from all sports.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
 ALBERT W. WITTON
 MANAGER
 WORK EDITOR
 SPORTS EDITOR
 NEWS EDITOR
 ASSISTANT EDITOR

EDITORIAL

Does Dishonesty Pay?

I have often wondered how many a person does what they do for the sake of the money. It is to be sure that they can get away with it. They succeed once, twice or even three times, but they always reach the end of their rope, sometimes. Then what happens? If they are really, they lose a portion of their years of hard labor, or heavy fine. If the culprit is a child, he may never be punished, or even sent to a reformatory. Above all, he loses the trust and confidence of his fellow comrades or

And generally, "is it worth while?" People will look at you and laugh. They may think you are a kid's name then. If you have a conscience, and I believe most people have, this will certainly stay on your mind. Many people have passed sleepless nights because they have had some misdeed upon their conscience. Do you want this to happen to you?

Then you are sorely tempted to take something that doesn't belong to you, resist the temptation. You will never resist it, you never know what the thing you have taken from the other person may have meant to him. Then too, stealing is one of the lowest forms of dishonesty. You certainly don't want to be known as a dishonest person. The next time your fingers slip to catch something that belongs to another person, just think of the possible consequences. Think of what stealing means, and resist to your conscience. If you resist the temptation, you will be praised for your conscience. Try it once and find out.

Keith Barnes

High School Sports

Some people think that sports in high school are a waste. Yet, the benefits they have a lot of valuable time which could be spent profitably in school. I think that sports in high school are a very fine thing. The people will study harder to pass their subjects so that they can play on the various teams, for if they do not obtain passing grades in their subjects they are eliminated from all sports.

The time used for sports is not taken from school hours, but comes at recess, at noon, after school, or in the evening. It is true that sports often keep the students out at night, but aren't they better off playing basket ball than driving around the roads and getting into accidents?

Sports in the school also help the students to work together, to develop self control, and to show good sportsmanship whether things are for them or against them. Sports produce stronger bodies, quicker thinking, and better school spirit.

Some parents don't look at sports in this light. If they did, don't you think they would encourage sports, too? I do, for I believe that we gain as much value from the sports as we do from the studies themselves.

Roswell Ploof '41

Self-Reliance

Have you got self-reliance? Of course you have. When a hard task is set before you, you don't say, "I can't do it; it's too difficult". Instead, you say, "Surely I can do it; at least I can try".

But with some people this is a lacking characteristic. Let us take, for example, high school students. Some students work very hard, and honestly reach a minor goal while in high school. That is the type who says, "I can". But are there thousands like this?

Another type is the kind of pupils who go to school just to put in their time. They get their marks any old way, even by copying and cheating, which is very unfair and unjust to their fellow classmates as well as to themselves. There are many like this. They are the kind that say, "I can't", and they do not possess self-reliance.

Then, after school there is another problem facing you. It is, "What can I do that will benefit me and my country most?" The "I can" kind pick their jobs and land them. The "I can't" kind do nothing but make themselves and their surroundings miserable, and are a menace to everyone.

Don't be the "I can't" kind. Have confidence and self-reliance. When you meet a difficult task face to face, wade into it and say; "I can". If you do not achieve the task you can say, "Anyway I tried; next time I will succeed."

Eleanor Evans '42

Eavesdropping

When you hear someone talking do you stop to listen? If you do are you ever sorry? You remember, "Curiosity killed a cat". Oh, I know, "Satisfaction brought him back", but sometimes we suffer more for having heard than by not hearing, for they say eavesdroppers never hear good of themselves. For example, you might hear a couple of your friends talking in another room. You want to hear what they say, and as you listen you hear, "Doesn't that Jane Brown make you sick, the way she talks with that 'know it all air'?" You had built your ideals on Janice, the girl who said that.

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Then you hear someone talking to you about to listen if you do it you ever sorry for remember "Carpenter killed a cat." Oh, I say, "Wavesdropping brought his dog," but sometimes we suffer more than good of themselves. For example, you might hear a couple of your friends talking in another room. You want to hear what they say, and you listen for them. "Jones's last question asks you sick, the way she talks with that nose in the air." "I don't like your ideas at all." "The girl who..."

3.

You go to algebra class, but you can't tell $(a \times b)$ from $(x + y)$. All you can think of is "that know it all air", and "doesn't Jane Brown make you sick". You say, "Oh, if only I hadn't listened, I wouldn't be suffering now."

After this, don't stop to listen, no matter how badly you want to hear, and don't put too much stock in "satisfaction brought him back".
Doris King '42

Propaganda

What is propaganda? Webster defines it as "any society or means used for advocating or teaching a particular doctrine or system". When we think of propaganda we think of bad doctrines and information, but this must be our faulty minds, for there are two kinds of propaganda - good and evil.

Where do we get propaganda? We get information which is not wholly true almost every time we turn on the radio, or read an article in a paper, magazine, or book. For example, in the present war situation, we being in favor of the allies, now Britain, read about English victories, and smashing damage done to German industries, and we believe every word. However, when we read that the Nazi have dropped tons and tons of bombs on London and England reports very slight damage, we still believe the English reports. It doesn't seem reasonable. We are believing the reports that we want to believe. It may be true that Germany has not damaged military objectives, but almost every bomb does some damage.

How can you tell what to believe? The only way I know is to read all kinds of papers, look at both sides of a question, and use your reasoning power (that's what it's for). Then draw your own conclusion, disregard two-thirds of your conclusion, and salt down the other one-third in your brain, for you are going to need it.
Marguerite Benjamin '41

Our Burgler

One warm night in July when I was peacefully sleeping in a nice cool room, I was awakened by a strange noise in the hen house. I wasn't sure of what it was and I did hate to get out of bed, but finally, after listening a little longer I started to dress. The noise of the chickens was growing louder all the time. Hurrying down the stairs I grabbed an old shotgun, and ran to the hen house. Suddenly a gust of wind came up, and I knew what my prey was - A big black skunk with a white stripe down the middle of his back had killed two chickens, but his hide paid for them.

Guy Lothian '41

Be Prepared

When Adolf Hitler ascended to power in 1933, most of the world laughed and thought nothing of it. When he started re-arming, there was little said or done about it. The British preferred to rely on France and the small nations of Central Europe and the small nations relied

You go to simple class, ... You can think of it "just how it all" and "dozen's Jane".
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some damage.

Be Informed

How can you tell what to believe? The only way I know is to read.
All kinds of reports, ...
I am going to read ...

Our Purifier

The war night in July when I was generally sleeping in a nice
cool room, I was awakened by a strange noise in the kitchen. I went
out of what it was and I did not get out of bed. I finally
went to the kitchen and I started to investigate the noise of the
refrigerator. I was growing louder and the noise was getting
worse and worse. I went to the back room. I was a part of
the noise. I saw a small white mouse. It was a little mouse,
but it was a mouse.

Be Informed

When Adolf Hitler ascended to power in 1933, most of the world
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on England and France. They all seemed to underestimate Germany.

When the first crisis came and Austria was swallowed down the German mouth, there were expressions of mild regret and , "Isn't that too bad, but what can we do about it?" in England and France. Then came Czechoslovakia which the British and French diplomats sold to the wolves at Munich, thinking that if they gave the baby his bottle one day he would be quiet the next. But this only served to increase his appetite.

They then egged Poland on to war with Germany. Poland fought but no help came. Then came Norway and Denmark. The British tried to help but they could do nothing against the man who had outwitted them at every turn. Holland relied on Belgium. Belgium relied on France. They all relied on the British sea power which hovered in the background. These three nations fell so fast that it seemed as though a huge reaper had come along crushing everything before it. There was a sad and disillusioned France in Europe. It seemed unbelievable that a great nation like France, which had stood for hundreds of years, could vanish in a twinkling, smashed by a man who so far had shown no mercy to any man or nation that opposed his will.

There was only England left, and how long would she last? The United States has begun to wake up, but we are still a bit drowsy. We are still fighting amongst ourselves, and while we wrangle Britain is fighting for her very existence.

Britain has made mistakes, but with bulldog tenacity she is fighting on. She now has farseeing diplomats at the head of her government, but the English nearly squabbled themselves to destruction at first. Are we going to do the same thing? When is this fatal sickness going to be cured? We must prepare for the worst. It seems to be our fate, so why should we run away from the facts? Shouldn't we make use of the advantages which we have? If Adolf Hitler, starting with almost nothing , could accomplish so much, it seems to me that we must get prepared enough to keep him where he belongs - three thousand miles away from us.

Keith Dunham '42

POET'S CORNER

To War

war,

Why, why must you be so cruel?	Why do you turn some men
Why do you often have to come?	to brutes,
Why do you use young men for fuel,	To kill in some pain rocked
And murder children who love fun?	place
	Men torn up from their na-
Why do you tear the world in parts?	tive roots?
Why do you feel that you must feed	Why must you plague the
On shreds of loving human hearts?	human race?
Why do you thrive on hate and greed?	

O war, you are so very old;
No man has ever lived so long ;
You're as old as history, we're told;
How can you stay so young and strong?

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When the first crisis came and Austria was swallowed down the German world, there were expressions of mild regret and "Jan's that too bad, but what can we do about it?" in England and France. Then came Czecho-Slovakia when the British and French diplomats sold to the world at auction thinking that if they have the baby, his bottle one day he would be quiet for next, but this only served to increase his appetite.

They then asked Poland on to war with Germany. Poland fought but no help came. Then came Norway and Denmark. The British failed to help and they would do nothing against the man who had outwitted them at every turn. Holland relied on Belgium. Belgium relied on France. The world relied on the British seas power which hovered in the background. These three nations felt so that it seemed as though a hand reaper had come along ordering everything before it. There was a sad and disillusioned France in Europe. It seemed unbelievable that a great nation like France, which had stood for hundreds of years, could vanish in a twinkling, snatched by a man who so far had seemed to never to any man or nation that opposed his will.

There was only England left, and how long would she last? The United States has begun to wake up, but we are still a bit slow. The splendid fighting amongst ourselves, and while we struggle Britain is fighting for her very existence.

Britain has made mistakes, but with better tenacity she is fighting on. She now has splendid diplomats at the head of her government, but the English nearly expelled themselves by resignation at first. Are we going to do the same thing? When is this last witness going to be crushed? We must prepare for the worst. It seems to me that we should be run away from the last world war. We are not the advanced war we have. It seems to me that we must be ready to fight, and to do so much. It seems to me that we must be ready to fight enough to keep his where he belongs - in a prison after every trial he has.

THE WAR

Why do you turn some one
to dust?
to kill in some pain
class
and turn us from their
five people?
Why must you plague the
human race?

Why must you be so cruel?
Why do you often have to come?
Why do you use your men for fuel,
and murder children who love you?
Why do you fear the world in power?
Why do you feel that you must feel
On a scale of loving human hearts?
Why do you thrive on hate and greed?

O war, you are so very old
No man has ever lived so long
Yet I see old as history, we're told
You are a thing of love and strength

O war,
 Why are you not content to give
 All mankind peace in which to live?
 Why must you raise your sordid head?
 O war, I wish that you were dead!

Marguerite Benjamin '41
 Guy Lothian '41

Wasted Opportunity

Tomorrow I shall early rise,
 And work the whole day long,
 I'll do my choicest daily tasks
 And with them mix my song.

Tomorrow came, but all in vain,
 I loitered 'round all day.
 Alas, what's that, a robin's note?
 Poor bird, he's on his homeward
 way.

The sun sank down behind the hill,
 The plowman homeward went.
 Alas! Poor soul, what have you done?
 This fruitless day is spent.

Oh, opportunity of days,
 Oh, tongueless demon, speak,
 And warn the mind of good to do,
 And finished tasks to seek.
 Eleanor Evans '42

Hitler

You would know him if you saw him,
 He's the queerest looking fel-
 low,
 With black moustache and forehead
 bangs,
 His skin is kind of sallow.

He's a follower of Satan,
 Brutal, wicked, sinful, brash.
 I'd like to take him and his Nazis
 And throw them in a mash.

Now, he's fighting 'gainst the
 British,
 Trying to down their Union Jack.
 He doesn't know what he has tackl-
 ed,
 For they are fighting him right
 back.

Well, in time he'll be defeated
 With the help of U.S.A.
 Then, O children of tomorrow
 Peace will come, and peace will
 stay.

Eleanor Evans '42

What Goes on Behind the Scenes

Characters

- Miss Brown, the director, who is a very nervous little woman.
- Nancy, the leading girl, who is having her make-up put on.
- Johnny, who is trying to find out how to do a love scene with Nancy.
- Barbara, who is looking for a pair of gloves.
- Jenny, who is struggling to get into her dress.
- Dick, who is nervously pacing the floor.
- Terry, who is reviewing his part.

Setting - In the dressing room behind the stage.

Time - At play rehearsal

Place - Town hall dressing room

Miss Brown: Now, whatever you do, don't forget to go out the side door!

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

O dear, I wish that you were dead,
Why that you raise your scold's head,
All mankind peace in which to live,
Why are you not content to give?

...the ...
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Jerry: That isn't as important as my part, is it?

Johnny: Well, I'll be lucky if I can think how to do that love scene with Nancy.

Dick: It ought not to be hard for you to do a love scene. Every time I look at you, you are making love to one of the girls.

Johnny: What's the matter with you? Are you a little bit jealous?

Nancy: Now, boys, don't start your fighting again.

Jerry: Yes, if someone would help me get into this dress, I'd like it better than fighting.

Barbara: I wish one of you boys would help me find that pair of gloves, if you haven't anything else to do.

Miss Brown (as she puts the finishing touches on Nancy's make-up): I am ready to start on someone else now.

Dick: Well, you may as well paint me now as anytime. (He goes to the chair in front of Miss Brown, and sits. Jenny has struggled into her dress, so she and Nancy help Barbara find her gloves.)

Miss Brown: I hope you people will deposit your belongings where you can find them, now.

Nancy (finding Barbara's gloves in a suitcase): Here are your gloves, in your own suitcase.

Barbara: Why, I thought I had looked in that suitcase a thousand times.

Dick: Maybe, if you would look with your eyes open instead of shut, you would find things.

Johnny: Now, Dick, is that any way to talk to a lady?

Dick: That's right, John, I forgot to use the love words. (He says this very sarcastically.)

Jenny: There you boys go again.

Miss Brown: I hope you boys have your parts learned, for if you haven't, you should be studying parts instead of throwing slams at each other.

Jerry (who has been sitting down saying his part to himself); But, Miss Brown, it's only in fun.

Miss Brown: I certainly hope so. Does everyone have make-up on now? Is everything ready for the rehearsal?

All together: Yes.

Rachel Streeter '42
Doris King '42

Jerry: That isn't as important as it seems to be.

Johnny: Well, I'll be lucky if I can think how to do that love scene with Nancy.

Dick: It ought not to be hard for you to do a love scene. Every time I look at you, you are making love to me of the girls.

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Jerry: Yes, if someone would help me get into this dress, I'd love to better than fighting.

Barbara: I wish one of you boys would help me find that pair of shoes. I haven't anything else to do.

(The women) as she puts the finishing touches on Jerry's make-up. I don't want to start on someone else now.

Dick: Well, you say as well as you can now as anything. He goes to the chair in front of Miss Brown, and she says, Jerry has arranged this for her, so she and Nancy help Barbara find her shoes.

Miss Brown: I hope you people will deposit your belongings where you can find them, now.

Nancy: Finding Barbara's gloves is a nuisance; have you your gloves in your own suitcase.

Barbara: Why, I thought I had locked in that suitcase a thousand times.

Dick: Well, if you would look into your own suitcase, you would find things.

Johnny: Now, Dick, is that way to talk to a lady?

Dick: That's right, John, I forgot to mention how Jerry says this very sarcastically.

Jerry: There you boys go again.

Miss Brown: I hope you boys have been quite learned. Now, Jerry, you should be studying parts instead of making them up.

Jerry: (who has been sitting down eating his part to himself) I don't know, it's only in fun.

Miss Brown: I certainly hope so. Does everyone have make-up on now? Is everything ready for the rehearsal?

All together, yes.

Rachel Brewster
Doris King

Blaze

Jimmy Cramer had started out from his cabin to travel to Wolf Gap, a small fur trading town a short distance away. The sun was shining brightly in the early morning. Although it is dangerous for a man to travel alone in this great trackless wilderness which is Northern Canada, Jimmy felt that because of the fine weather it would be safe to make the trip alone.

He had traveled only a short way when suddenly a storm came up. Nimbus clouds formed rapidly in the sky. Heavy snow began to fall and soon turned to small ice-like particles. The wind began to blow, hurling the snow fiercely into Jimmy's face. Soon it was enveloping him in a thick blanket-like curtain. He stumbled blindly along the trail which was fast becoming obliterated. At last he stood still, and tried to gaze about him, but what he saw dismayed him. He had wandered off the trail.

As he stumbled along trying to find the trail or some other familiar landmark, he was becoming exhausted. Then he fancied he saw the outline of a dark shape before him. As he drew nearer he could distinguish a sight that made him stop dead in his tracks and sent cold chills along his spine, for there a few yards away was a large wolf dog. Its hair was silver gray, and it had an eerie, ghostlike appearance standing there. Its eyes were pools of green fire, and its bared fangs were dripping saliva. It was crouched as though ready to spring and sink its fangs into Jimmy's throat.

Jimmy pulled his pistol from his holster and waveringly aimed between the dog's eyes. Then his hand dropped, for there on the dog's forehead was a black cross.

"Blaze, Blaze", he cried. Then a dense cloud descended upon him and the ground came up to meet him.

The dog stopped snarling as it heard these words. A look of joy came into its eyes. It walked over to the still figure and nuzzled his face as he lay in the snow. Then Blaze snuggled down beside Jimmy and sheltered him from the storm.

It seems that a year previous while Jimmy was sitting, musing before his fire, he heard a scratching. It was a cold, windy night, so he thought it must be only the tree branches scraping along the roof. But as the noise kept up, Jimmy finally went to the door to discover the cause. Seeing nothing unusual he was about to close the door again when a faint whimper reached his ear. Looking down near his feet he saw a small half-starved puppy huddled there. Its coat was matted with dry blood which had come from a big wound on its shoulder. Jimmy took the puppy in the house and fed it. At first the puppy was shy and a little sullen, but finally sensing that Jimmy wouldn't hurt him he became more friendly.

Since the pup didn't belong to anyone Jimmy kept it, and the two became fast friends. Whenever Jimmy would go to look at his traps the puppy would go too. They frolicked together and were inseparable. When other trappers would try to pet him they would be greeted with a snarl of warning, for he was a one-man dog.

Jimmy Gramer had started out from his cabin to travel to Wolf Gap, a small fur trading town a short distance away. The sun was shining brightly in the early morning. Although it is dangerous for a man to travel alone in these great trackless wilderness which is Northern Canada, Jimmy felt that because of the fine weather it would be safe to make the trip alone.

He had traveled only a short way when suddenly a storm came up. Nimbus clouds formed rapidly in the sky. Heavy snow began to fall and soon turned to small ice-like particles. The wind began to blow, hurling the snow fiercely into Jimmy's face. Soon it was enveloping him in a thick blanket-like curtain. He stumbled blindly along the trail which was fast becoming obliterated. At last he stood still, and tried to gaze about him, but what he saw dismayed him. He had wandered off the trail.

As he stumbled along trying to find the trail or some other familiar landmark, he was becoming exhausted. Then he fancied he saw the outline of a fur trader's cabin. As he drew nearer he could distinguish a light. He felt his way toward it. A few yards away was a large wolf dog. Its hair was silver gray, and it had an eerie, ghostlike appearance standing there. Its eyes were pools of green fire, and its bared fangs were dripping saliva. It was crouched as though ready to spring and sink its fangs into Jimmy's throat.

Jimmy pulled his pistol from his belt and wearily aimed between the dog's eyes. Then his hand dropped, for there on the dog's back Jimmy Gramer had started out from his cabin to travel to Wolf Gap, a small fur trading town a short distance away. The sun was shining brightly in the early morning. Although it is dangerous for a man to travel alone in these great trackless wilderness which is Northern Canada, Jimmy felt that because of the fine weather it would be safe to make the trip alone. He walked over to the still figure and pushed it into the snow. It was only a short way when suddenly a storm came up. Nimbus clouds formed rapidly in the sky. Heavy snow began to fall and soon turned to small ice-like particles. The wind began to blow, hurling the snow fiercely into Jimmy's face. Soon it was enveloping him in a thick blanket-like curtain. He stumbled blindly along the trail which was fast becoming obliterated. At last he stood still, and tried to gaze about him, but what he saw dismayed him. He had wandered off the trail. He must be only one tree trunk away from the door to his cabin. As he stumbled along trying to find the trail or some other familiar landmark, he was becoming exhausted. Then he fancied he saw the outline of a fur trader's cabin. He felt his way toward it. A few yards away was a large wolf dog. Its hair was silver gray, and it had an eerie, ghostlike appearance standing there. Its eyes were pools of green fire, and its bared fangs were dripping saliva. It was crouched as though ready to spring and sink its fangs into Jimmy's throat. Jimmy looked the guppy in the house and fed it. At first the guppy was shy and a little sulky, but finally realizing that Jimmy wouldn't hurt him he became more friendly.

Since the guppy didn't belong to anyone, Jimmy kept it, and the two became fast friends. Whenever Jimmy would go to look at his traps the guppy would go too. They traveled together and were inseparable. Then other trappers would try to get him, but they would be greeted with a heavy volley of bullets. Jimmy was a good shot. He traveled to Wolf Gap,

The puppy grew to be such a strong, sturdy dog that when he was only a few months old he could lick all the dogs of his size. His hair was long and gleamed with a silver luster. When he was angry his eyes would blaze like pools of green fire. Thus Jimmy came to call him "Blaze". The only black mark on him was a prominent cross on his forehead.

Jimmy would no more part with Blaze than he would his right hand. He turned down offers for Blaze, even extremely large ones. But one night Blacky Bond, an unscrupulous trader, captured Blaze and shipped him to a friend of his who had agreed to pay a good price for him if Blacky could steal him without Jimmy's being the wiser. The only way they could catch Blaze was to snare him in a net. After they had taken him to Wolf Gap, they placed him in a box and put him on a truck. Blaze lay growling in his box for a while, but after the truck was well on its way he got up and began sniffing the slats of his box. The box was large enough to enable him to take a few steps backwards. Then with all his might he slammed his huge sinewy body against the slats, causing a cracking sound as the wood began to break apart. He repeated this process until he was out of the box. He was not yet free, however, for the truck door was barred. Knowing it would be useless to attempt to break down the truck door, he lay down and slept.

The truck roared on through the night, carrying Blaze farther and farther from his master. At last the drivers had to stop to refuel. They decided to look in the back to see if Blaze was all right and to feed him. When he heard the door being unbarred, the dog sprang to his feet. As the door swung open he was out of the truck and running down the street before the astonished truck drivers knew what had happened.

They pursued him, but he ducked in and out of alleys until they had lost him; then he set out for the hills.

Being hungry, he tried to steal a chicken from a farmhouse, but was driven away before he could get one. And so this was his method of securing food when he could not catch wild animals! He grew cunning, and soon could slip up to a fold or hen house and make away with one of its inmates as quietly as a shadow.

Blaze's homing instinct led him northward, back to his old home, but sometimes he would have to hide away from hunters, and sometimes he would have to stop to let his wounds heal. Months passed. Summer had come and gone when Blaze's keen senses told him he was almost home.

Then came the storm in which Jimmy and Blaze found each other. The dog watched over the man until some other trappers came along the trail. Blaze hid in the bushes, and seeing the men pick Jimmy up and take him to his cabin, he followed them.

When Jimmy awoke the next morning he found himself lying by the fire. He began to wonder if he had really seen Blaze or if it had been just an illusion. The cabin seemed empty, and he felt lonely. The trappers who had found him were still there, but out in the kitchen preparing breakfast. Looking down at a mat by the hearth he felt lonelier than ever. As he gazed into the fire he could almost seem to see a pair of eyes looking wistfully at him.

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Jimmy would no more part with Blaze than he would his right hand. He turned down offers for Blaze, even extremely large ones. But one night Blacky Bond, an unscrupulous trader, captured Blaze and snipped him to a friend of his who had agreed to pay a good price for him. If Blacky could beat Jimmy's being the winner. They only why they could catch Blaze was to snare him in a net. After they had taken him to John's, they placed him in a box and put him on a truck. Jimmy growling in the box for a while, but after the truck was well on its way he got up and began rattling the slats of his box. The box was large enough to enable him to take a few steps backward. Then with all his might he slung his huge sinewy body against the slats, causing a great noise as the wood began to rattle apart. He repeated this process until he was out of the box. He was not yet free, however, for the truck door was barred. Thinking it would be useless to attempt to press down the spring door, he lay down and slept.

The truck stopped on the night, carrying Blaze farther and farther from his master. At last the driver had to stop to rest. They decided to look in the back to see if Blaze was all right and to feed him. When he heard the door being unlatched, the dog sprang to the feet. As the door swung open he was out of the truck and running down the street before the cabdriver knew what had happened.

They pursued him, but he dashed in and out of alleys until they had lost him, then he started for the hills.

Being hungry, he tried to steal a chicken from a farmhouse, but was driven away before he could get one. And so it was his search of earthly food when he could not reach wild animals. He grew cunning, and soon could slip in the fold of hen houses and make away with one of the inmates as quietly as a shadow.

Blaze's homeing instinct led him homeward, back to his old home, but sometimes he would have to zig-zag from hunters, and sometimes he would have to stop to get his wounds better looked after. Guess he soon and gone when Blaze's keen senses told him he was almost home.

Then came the night in which Jimmy and Blaze found each other. The dog watched over the man until some other travelers came along the trail. Blaze hid in the bushes, and seeing the new dog Jimmy up and came this to his cabin, he followed them.

Then Jimmy awoke the next morning to learn himself lying by the fire. He began to wonder if he had really seen Blaze or if it had been just an illusion. The cabin seemed empty, and he felt lonely. The travelers who had found him were still there, but out in the kitchen were eating breakfast, looking down at a mat by the hearth he felt loneliness ever. As he looked into the fire he could almost seem to see a pair of eyes looking wistfully at him.

Just then a rattling was heard as the doorlatch began to jump up and down. Jimmy sprang to his feet, for it had been one of Blaze's old tricks to rattle the latch when he wanted to come in. Jimmy ran to the door and in a moment a huge ball of fur came rolling and squirming joyfully toward him. He caught it and hugged it while a tear ran down his cheek. The cabin was suddenly ~~was~~ filled with sunshine, and the logs in the fireplace burned brighter. The sense of emptiness was gone, for Blaze was home.

Marjorie Weld '44

GOSSIP

When Lyle went home and told his folks his economic geography mark, they promptly asked what was wrong. The reply came quickly, "Oh, Miss Wilcox goes through all the reference books, picks out all the questions she doesn't know, and expects us to put down the correct answers."

One day in the laboratory where the boys were gayly eating their midday lunch, little Oscar picked up a rope and started lassoing anybody and everybody. This went on for several minutes. Finally, Oscar had just flung the rope in the general direction of the door when the door opened and Mr. Sturtevant walked through just in time to see the rope descending. He stepped back and Oscar would have pulled the fall-out act, had that been possible.

Examination Slips

1. What Language Would They Speak?

Question: Why do the people of Canada speak French when Canada is owned by the British?

Answer: Because the British don't speak English.

2. A Good Influence

Although Edgar Poe was very fond of liquor, he never drank under the influence of writing.

3. A Geometric King

King Robert of Sicily wore a cap and bells and led an ape for his companion, while a rangle usurped his throne to teach him a lesson.

Mr. Sturtevant (in French class): Gates, use chanter and aller in a sentence, please.

Gates: I see a shanty in the alley.

Miss Dewing: Bessette, what is your definition of a sawhorse?

Bessette: I don't know, but I think it's the past tense of sea horse.

Miss Gates: Pratt, when was the Second French Republic formed?

Pratt: I suppose you want a date?

Miss Gates: Yes, I wouldn't mind one at all!

Just then a rattling was heard as the doorlatch began to jump up and down. Jimmy sprang to his feet, for it had been one of Blaise's old tricks to rattle the latch when he wanted to come in. Jimmy ran to the door and in a moment a huge ball of fur came rolling and admiringly joyfully toward him. He caught it and hugged it while a tear ran down his cheek. The cabin was suddenly filled with sunshine, and the logs in the fireplace burned brighter. The sense of emptiness was gone, for Blaise was home.

Blaise told the boys that he had been to the university and had seen the professor who had written the book they were studying. He had asked him to write a book about the history of the world, and he had promised to do so. The boys were very excited and they all went to bed that night with their heads full of the professor's words.

One day in the laboratory when the boys were gaily eating their lunch, the professor came in and started laughing. He had just finished reading the book they were studying and he was very amused. He told them that he had written the book and that it was now published. The boys were very happy and they all went to bed that night with their heads full of the professor's words.

Examination

Question: Why do the people of Canada speak French when Canada is owned by the British?
Answer: Because the British don't speak English.

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Answer: Because the British don't speak English.

Miss Benjamin (to Dunham when he handed her his material for the school paper): All right, but you'll have to read it to me, this recess.

Miss Helen Towle, who was planning to go to Florida for the winter, put this advertisement in the exchange department of the paper. "Long legged underwear-to be exchanged for an ice cream freezer."

Can You Imagine

Doris King not talking about a boy?
 Oscar Hefflon walking quitely to his seat?
 Idolyn Messier not sharpening her pencil five times in the afternoon?
 Cuy Lothian not bothering some girl?
 Clayton Pratt not spending 90% of his time in the home economics room?
 Keith Dunham quietly studying during school hours?
 Miss Dewing not asking the pupils to pick up papers?
 Not seeing Rachel Streeter at basket ball games with a certain young man?
 Roswell Ploof handing in his book reports ahead of time?
 Miss Gates not worrying about a play?
 Tansy White and Pradley Martin not walking to school together?
 James Richard sitting with a girl?
 John Magnant and Robert Messier not sitting together to study??

Alumni News

The class of 1940

Phyllis King has a employment in the home of Mrs. Thayer Jenny of Richford. She is planning to take nurses training in September at the St. Albans Hospital.

Marjorie Gates is attending the University of Vermont in Burlington.

Genieve Messier was united in marriage to Merrill Johnson, on Sept. 21, 1940, in Sheldon, by the Rev. Bastin. They are living at the home of her parents.

Wanda West was united in marriage to Foster Lafley on Jan. 29, 1941 in Sheldon, by the Rev. Bastin. They are living at the home of his parents.

Kathaleen Ploof, Wayne Mullen, Howard Olmstead, and John Whiting have employment at their respective homes.

Ruth Harrison '39 has entered the nurses' training class in Providence, Rhode Island.

Geraldine Lothian '38 and Almon Richard '39 were united in marriage on Jan. 1, 1941, by the Rev. Engle of Swanton. They are living at the home of his parents.

Robert Irish '39 has employment in Vergennes, Vermont.

It is announced by the University Press Club that Winston Pierce, a sophomore at the University of Vermont, has been chosen a member of the R.O.T.C. Band.

Altha Towle '38 is teaching in Montgomery.

Winslow Towle '38 has a position in Warner, N.H.

Carrol Hull '38 has joined the Vermont National Guards. He expects to go to Virginia sometime in February.

school paper: All right, but you'll have to read it to me.

Miss Benjamin (to Dorman when he handed her his material for the school paper): All right, but you'll have to read it to me.

Miss Helen Towle, who was planning to go to Florida for the winter, but this advertisement in the exchange department of the paper, "Long legged underwear to be exchanged for an ice cream freezer."

Can You Imagine

Boys King not talking about a boy?
Cecilia Kellon walking quietly to his seat?
Idolus Kestler not sharpening her pencil five times in the afternoon?
My Dorman not bothering some girl?
Dorman Pratt not spending 90% of his time in the home economics room?
Keith Dorman quietly studying during school hours?
Miss Dering not asking the girls to look up papers?
Not seeing Rachel E. Kestler as a girl with a certain young man?

Howell, Ethel handling in his own reports ahead of time?
Lisa Gages not working about a boy?
John Bryant sitting with a girl?
John Bryant and Ethel Kestler not sitting together to study?

Alumni News

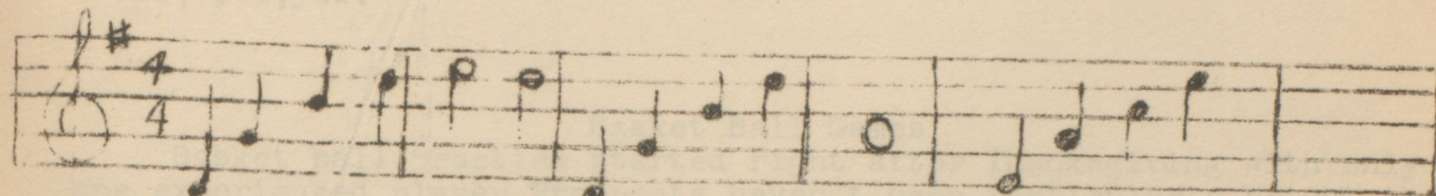
The class of 1940
Phyllis King has a employment in the home of Mrs. Thayer Janny of Richmond. She is planning to take nurses training in September at the St. Albans Hospital.
Marjorie Gages is attending the University of Vermont in Burlington.

Genevieve Kestler was united in marriage to Kerri Johnson, on East St. Albans, in 1940, by the Rev. Heston. They are living at the home of her parents.
Wanda West was united in marriage to Foster Bailey on Jan. 22, 1941 in St. Albans, by the Rev. Heston. They are living at the home of his parents.
Kathleen Flood, Wayne Hildner, Kerri Oimsted, and John Wright have employment at their respective places.

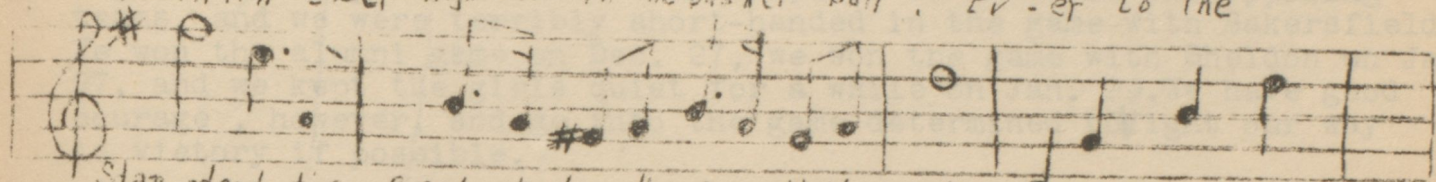
With Harrison '39 has entered the nurses' training class in Providence, Rhode Island.
Genevieve Johnson '38 and Alison Alford '39 were united in marriage on Jan. 1, 1941, by the Rev. Heston. They are living at the home of their parents.
Robert, Fred, and John '37 are in Vermont, New York, and Ohio.
It is announced by the University Press Club that Misson Pierce is a member of the University of Vermont, has been chosen a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society.
Miss Towle '38 is teaching in Montpelier.
Miss Towle '38 has a position in Vermont, N. H.
Carroll Hill '38 has joined the Vermont National Guards. He expects to go to Virginia to study.

Basket Ball

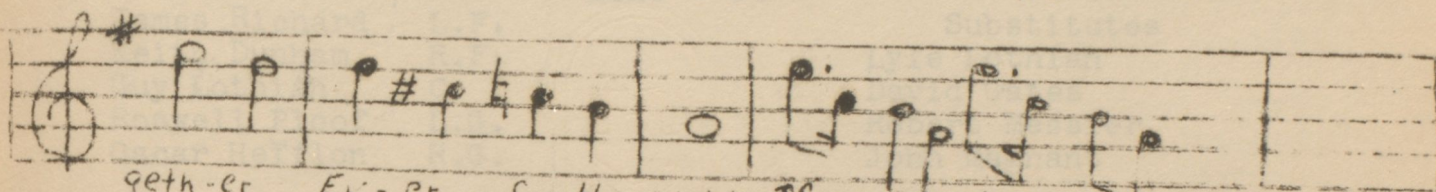
Tune from "Shipmates Forever"



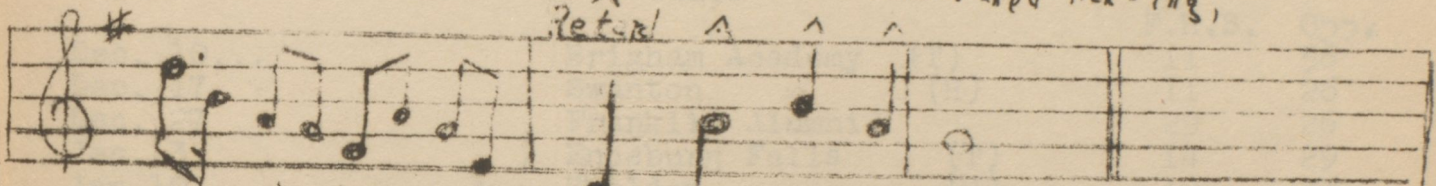
Franklin ever high-est in the bas-ket ball, Ev-er to the



Stan-dard, the grand-est team that's ever play'd at all. We will stand to-



geth-er, Ev-er - for the right. If we have to take lick-ing,



We will take it without kicking. Don't give up the fight!!

CHEERS

1 - 2 - 3 - 4
3 - 2 - 1 - 4
2 - 4

Who for?
Who you going to cheer for?
F-R-A-N-K-L-I-N
That's the way we spell it,
Here's the way we yell it.
Franklin! Franklin! Franklin!

Locomotive
F-R-A-N-K-L-I-N
F-R-A-N-K-L-I-N
F-F-A-N-K-L-I-N
Franklin! Franklin! Franklin!

Boom, chick-a-boom,
Boom, chick-a-boom
Boom, chick-a-rig-a-chick, boom, boom, boom
Sis-s, boom, ah,
Sis-s, boom, ah,
Franklin High School
Rah, rah, rah!

Sis-s, boom, ah,
Franklin High School
Rah, rah, rah!

2 - 4 - 6 - 8
Whom do we appreciate?
Team! Team! Team!

Basket Ball

Tune from "Shipmates Forever"

Franklin High School
 We will stand
 We will stand
 We will stand
 We will stand

CHORUS

Boom, chick-a-boom,
 Boom, chick-a-boom,
 Boom, chick-a-ri-a-chock, boom, boom, boom,
 Boom, boom, boom,
 Boom, boom, boom,
 Franklin High School,
 Boom, boom, boom,
 Franklin High School,
 Boom, boom, boom!

The you going to cheer for?
 That's the way we cheer for,
 That's the way we cheer for,
 That's the way we cheer for,
 That's the way we cheer for!

When do we appreciate
 Term Test, Term!

Booster
 Franklin High School
 Franklin High School
 Franklin High School
 Franklin High School

Strawberry shortcake,
 Huckleberry pie,
 V-I-C-T-O-R-Y
 Are we in it?
 Well I guess!
 Franklin High School!
 Yes, Yes, yes.

A Chant
 Your pep! your pep!
 You've got it,
 Now keep it,
 Dog gone it
 Don't lose it!

Basket Ball Games

Basket ball practice started right after Thanksgiving with only one experienced player. Prospects haven't been particularly bright this season. Our boys seem small when compared to those on the opposing teams, and we were terribly short-handed in the game with Bakersfield. We won the alumni game on Dec. 27, we won the game with Sheldon on Jan. 27, and we kept the girls quiet for a while on Jan. 29. We have good courage, however, and go into the game determined to fight our way to victory if possible.

Line - Up

James Richard L.F.
 Keith Dunham R.F.
 Guy Lothian C.
 Roswell Ploof L.G.
 Oscar Hefflon R.G.

Substitutes
 Lyle Lothian
 David Gates
 Robert Messier
 John Magnant

Games

			F.H.S.	Opp.
Dec. 10...	Brigham Academy	(T)	11	56
Dec. 17	Swanton	(H)	11	26
Dec. 27	Franklin Alumni		29	26
Jan. 3	Enosburg Falls	(T)	14	29
Jan. 10	Sheldon	(H)	19	23
Jan. 17	Brigham Academy	(H)	19	100
Jan. 23	Highgate	(T)	28	45
Jan. 27	Sheldon	(T)	31	27
Jan. 29	Franklin girls		36	6
Feb. 7	Franklin Alumni		24	28
Jan. 7	Swanton	(T)	17	30

News of the Year

The Freshman Reception, the final initiation to the freshmen of '44 was given by the sophomores at the town hall on Sept. 20, 1940. The setting was a court scene with Clayton Pratt as judge, and the other sophomores as jury. Each freshman was accused, brought before the jury and tried. Each person found guilty had to pay a forfeit. Only one case was pronounced not guilty. After the initiation Kimball's orchestra furnished music for dancing, and refreshments were served by the sophomores. About twenty dollars was taken in.

Three one act plays and two in-betweens were presented at the town hall on Dec. 6. The junior-senior play, entitled "Right About Face" was a comedy which represented the woman at the head of the household, as the wage earner for the family. The sophomore play, entitled "The Mystery of the Tapping Keys" was a farce in which a mystery was unravelled. The freshman play entitled "Jimmy the Genius" was also a comedy, somewhat handicapped by the absence of one actor

A Chant
 Your peg! Your peg!
 You've got it
 Now keep it
 Don't lose it
 Don't lose it

Strawberry shortcake
 Huckleberry pie
 Will-o'-the-wisp
 Are we in it?
 Well I guess
 Franklin High School
 Yes, Yes, yes

Basket Ball game
 Basketball game started right at the beginning of the first half. Prospects have to be very alert in this one-handed play. Prospects seem small when compared to the opposing team, and were terribly short-handed in the game with Bakersfield. As you know, the name on Dec. 27, we won the game with Bakersfield on Dec. 27, and we won the game for a while on Jan. 29. We have good courage, however, and into the game determined to fight our way to victory if possible.

Line - Up	Substitutes
James Richard	John Marshall
Keith Durham	Robert Messier
Guy Lottin	David Gorman
Roswell Pisol	Wyle Lottin
Gascar Heillon	Substitutes

A Chant
 Your peg! Your peg!
 You've got it
 Now keep it
 Don't lose it
 Don't lose it

Team	Score	Time
Strawberry	30	30
Huckleberry	28	30
Will-o'-the-wisp	25	30
Are we in it?	23	30
Well I guess	20	30
Franklin High School	18	30
Yes, Yes, yes	15	30

Strawberry shortcake
 Huckleberry pie
 Will-o'-the-wisp
 Are we in it?
 Well I guess
 Franklin High School
 Yes, Yes, yes

The game was given by the spectators at the law court on Dec. 27, 1940. The game was a court scene with Bakersfield as the judge, and the other spectators as jury. Each person found guilty had to pay a fine. The fine was announced that night. After the judge's remarks, the spectators furnished aids for Bakersfield, and refreshments were served by the spectators. About twenty dollars was raised. The game was held on Dec. 27. The judge's name was "The Judge". The game was a court scene with Bakersfield as the judge, and the other spectators as jury. Each person found guilty had to pay a fine. The fine was announced that night. After the judge's remarks, the spectators furnished aids for Bakersfield, and refreshments were served by the spectators. About twenty dollars was raised. The game was held on Dec. 27. The judge's name was "The Judge".

Whose part had to be read. The in-betweens, presented by the seventh and eighth grades were "We've Been Thinking", portraying the pleasures of life in the country and city, and "An Automobile Ride" in which the various parts of the automobile were represented by pupils.

A Halloween party was given by the freshmen at the town hall on Oct. 31, 1940. Many attended in quaint or funny costumes. Besides games there was a fish pond and fortune-telling. Refreshments were sold at the booths.

A Thanksgiving dance was given by the juniors on Nov. 28, 1940. Music was furnished by Kimball's orchestra. Although the crowd was small, everyone seemed to have a good time.

The F.H.S. Student Council gave a Christmas party at the school house on Dec. 20, 1940. A short play written by Eleanor Evans, "It Pays to be Good at Christmas Time", was presented. Games were played, presents were exchanged, and refreshments were served. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed.

Mid-years examinations were given on Jan. 15, 16, and 17.

On Jan. 21, the district nurse came to examine the pupils.

On Feb. 3, Norma Garman was hostess for a freshman party, at which games were played, and pop corn as well as sandwiches, cake, and coffee was served. Over twenty people were present.

The sophomores had a class party at the home of Helen Towle on Feb. 11.

Since our school has received several shipments of surplus commodities this year, Mrs Wilma Ploof has been hired to prepare the hot lunches which the home economics classes serve.

Mr. Anderson, our superintendent, visits our school each week, and occasionally distributes News Sheets to the pupils.

The junior-senior play rehearsals for the three act play started on Feb. 10.

The juniors and seniors are planning to enter their one act play, "Right About Face", in the state contest.

The student council with the consent of the student body has decided to purchase a mimeograph with the Franklin Federated Church

Every Wednesday, a class of the junior-senior high school is in charge of an assembly program, which is given during the first period in the morning. All pupils have shown good sportsmanship by taking part in these programs. Many interesting programs have been presenting, including plays, skits, quizzes, and readings.

... The in-between, presented by the...
... were "Have Been Thinking"; "Counting"; "Presenting"
... the county and city, and "An Excellent Idea"
... parts of the committee were presented by...
... presented by...
... given by the...
... on Oct. 15, 1940. Many...
... a...
... sold at the...
... A Thanksgiving dance was given by the...
... Music was furnished by...
... small, everyone seemed to have a good time.

The F. R. S. Student Council gave a...
... on Dec. 30, 1940. A short play written by...
... "It Pays to be Good at Christmas Time", was presented. Games were...
... played, presents were exchanged, and refreshments were served.
... a very pleasant evening was enjoyed.

Mid-Year examinations were given on Jan. 15, 16, and 17.
On Jan. 21, the district nurse came to examine the pupils.

On Feb. 3, Norma Garrison was hostess for a...
... at which games were played, and pop corn as well as sandwiches,
... cake, and coffee was served. Over twenty people were present.

The sophomore had a class party at the home of Helen Lewis
... Since our school has received several shipments of...
... the hot lunches which the home economics classes serve.

On Oct. 14, 1940, our superintendent, visited our school...
... The junior-senior play rehearsal for the June act play
... started on Feb. 10.

The juniors and seniors are planning to enter their one act
play, "Right About Face", in the state contest.

... with the consent of the student body
... purchase a... with the Franklin Federation

... a class of the junior-senior high school
... an assembly program, which is given during the
... to the morning. All pupils have shown good sportsman-
... in these programs. Many interesting programs
... including plays, quizzes, and readings.



