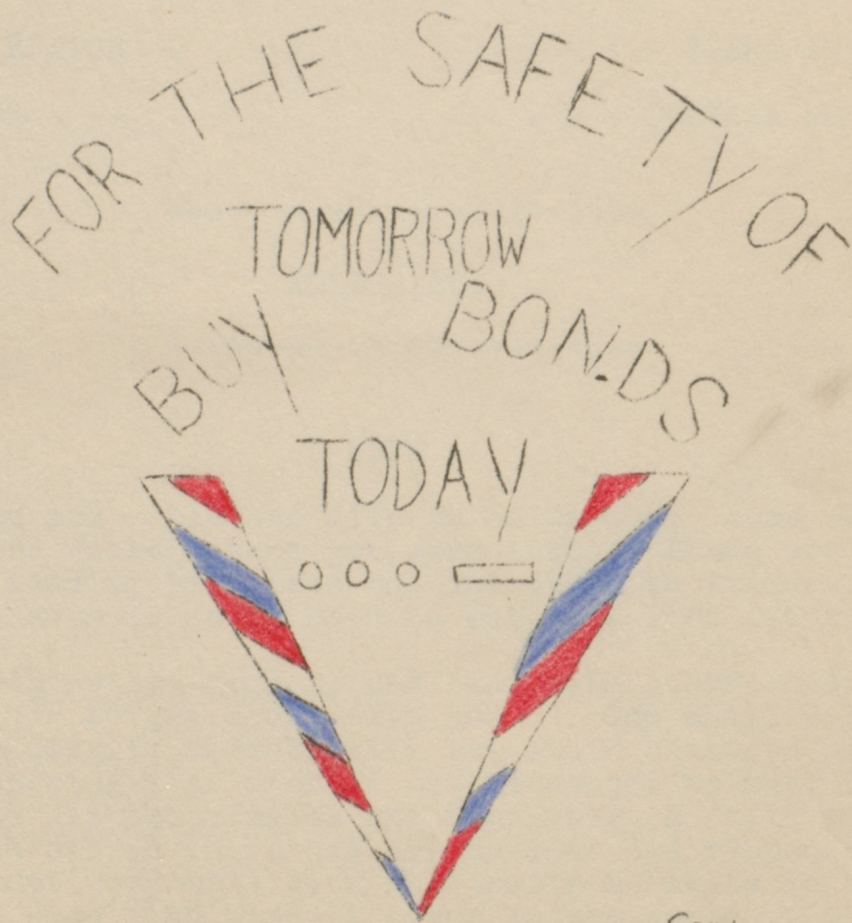
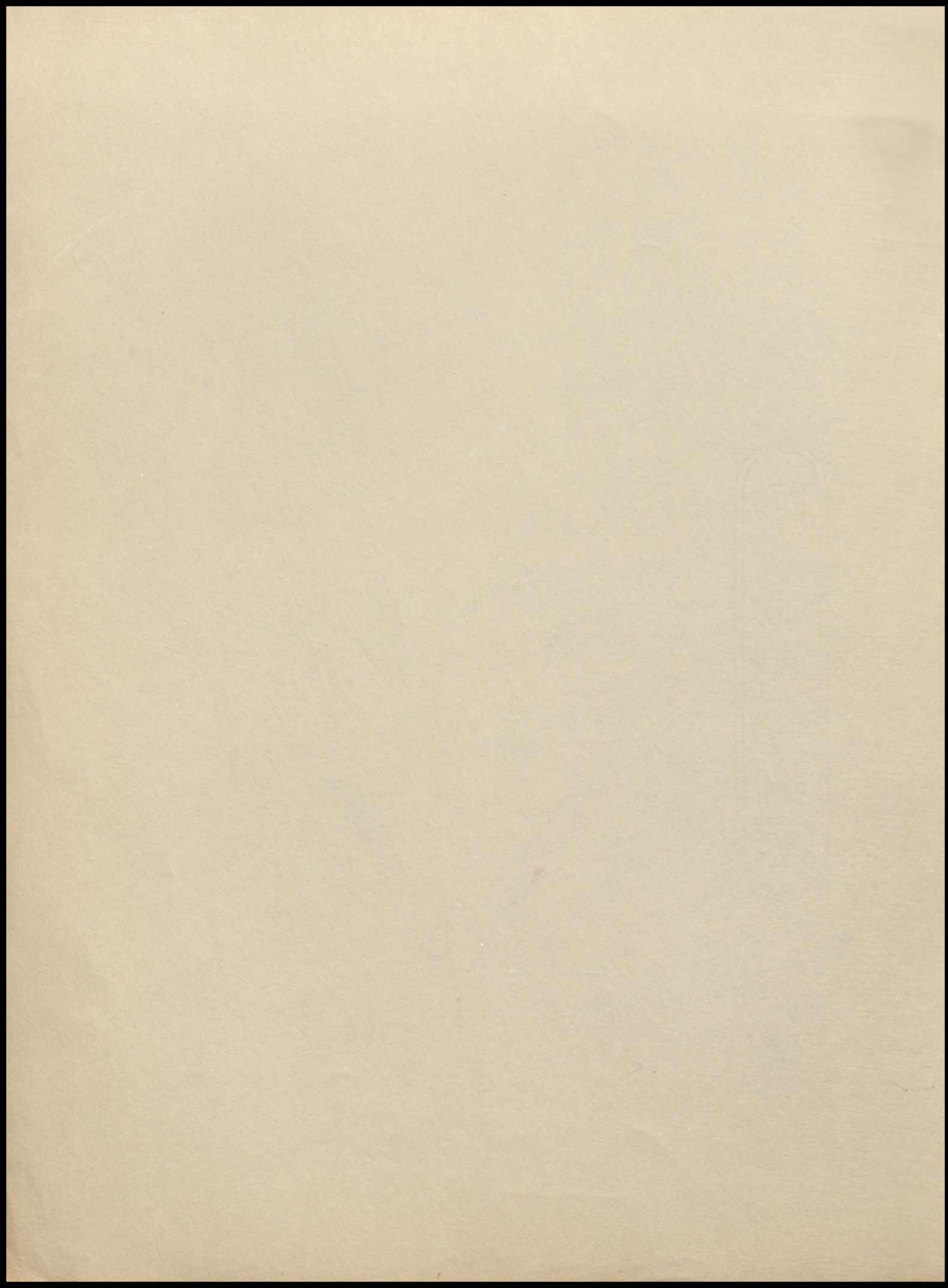


FRANKLIN  
HIGH SCHOOL  
MOLECULE



68/44







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EDITORIALS

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LIFE

A person makes his own life as he wishes. Some people get a lot from life while others get very little. There are two roads to life, one leading to success and the other to failure. A person must start as soon as he is born to make his life fit to live.

When youngsters grow up and play with other children they are learning how to get along with people. One child will keep all his toys for himself; another will let other children play with his toys. Especially as a child enters school he must learn to cooperate with his schoolmates and teachers. A child who does not cooperate with others in school or shoulder his responsibilities there, will not work well with the people he meets in his business life, and will soon find himself alone in the world, a misfit.

A pupil may cheat and think he has put something over on his teachers and classmates, but he will soon find that he is the one left out in the cold. Liars and cheats are not popular. And if a pupil lets another person do his work for him, he will someday wish that he had done his own work, and could do it. People who wish to get the most out of life must stand on their own feet and not expect others to support them.

A youngster must also be courteous to whomever he meets, if he desires to cooperate. When he is out of school, or even before, he must deal with the public. There will be many things that he won't like, although he will have to take them and say nothing.



More people today should learn to get the most out of life. We are at war, and every one of us has a great job to do. Let's do our tasks so that they will benefit both our country and ourselves.

Gwendolyn Streeter '43

"GET YOUR STAKE  
IN FREEDOM"



#### BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

The buying of war stamps and bonds may mean the difference between a democracy and a dictatorship. Everyone of us should do his part in this fight for freedom, and the only way a lot of us can help is by buying war bonds. So let's do it now.

When we stop to think of the many things that some people are doing or giving up, the buying of stamps and bonds seems a very small part. Just think of the thousands of parents who have sent their sons and daughters to Africa, the Pacific, and to the four corners of the globe to fight for our freedom. All of us here, on the home front, should do our part to back these brave boys and girls who are willing to give their lives so that we may have our freedom.

Let's all give up a few pleasures that we are used to and do without things that are not really necessary, so that we may have more money to buy more bonds with, and help make the future more secure.

Come on, boys and girls. Let's start TODAY buying stamps and bonds to help the boys over there!.

Gladys Boulais '44



## SKIPPING SCHOOL

Skipping school is something that is being done all over the country, but most of the boys and girls who skip do themselves much more harm than good. One reason why pupils should not skip school is that the lessons they miss are much harder to get when they have not been in class for the discussion of the subject matter.

What is more important than attending school every day? Not a thing. The pupils who attend school daily are forming a good habit for later on in their lives. So come on, boys and girls, don't skip school to go to an afternoon movie, on a fishing trip, for a bicycle ride, to get a permanent wave, or to do a dozen other things. If you skip school every time you feel like it, you will regret it later on in life.

Another reason why you should attend school regularly is that the state money which the town receives depends upon how regularly you attend. Help your town, your country, and yourself by attending school every day.

Rita LaBelle '43

## DRIVING

Now, with this country at war, the driver of today should be on the road only because it is necessary. In the past, fast driving was looked upon just as endangering lives. Today, fast driving means also the wasting of valuable materials, such as gasoline and rubber. These two materials and steel are some of our most valuable weapons in our fight for freedom. That is the reason why they should be used to their best advantage.

A fast driver is disloyal to his country, for he is wasting valuable materials as well as endangering his own life and the lives of other people that are needed in our war program. Which driver do you intend to be? Will you be the driver that is selfish and disloyal to his country, or the driver who is loyal to his country and helping to win the war by using his car only when necessary and according to regulations.

James Richard '43

## THE SCHOOL LAWN

Most of the public and private buildings in town are surrounded by neat, well kept lawns from early spring to late autumn, a fact which certainly adds to the attractiveness of a small village like ours. There seem to be facilities for keeping up the lawns on these public grounds. However, there does not seem to be any such thought as to what becomes of the school lawn. As far back as I can remember, it has looked like someone's back pasture, and has been used as such during the summer.







## OUR SCHOOL

There is a schoolhouse that stands in the square,  
 And 'though teachers are strict, we all like it there.  
 We have six jolly teachers who are lively and quick;  
 When we don't have our lessons they teach with a stick.

There is Mrs. LaPlant , full of pep and fun,  
 Who plays out with the children whene'er there's a sun;  
 And Mrs. Walbridge with a smile on her face,  
 Who loves wild flowers - but to pick them's a disgrace.

Now Mrs. Lamsa, who is short, blond, and small,  
 Had rather teach geography than anything else at all.  
 Then there's Miss Dewing , so jolly and stout,  
 Who doesn't like those that will sit and pout.

Miss Gates, with eyes in the back of her head,  
 Knows when you have whispered and what you have said.  
 Last there's Mr. Sturtevant, so straight and quick,  
 Who starts off his classes with a wonderful kick.

It's a queer little building in a queer little town,  
 But we love our queer teachers and won't let them down.  
 Whenever there's work we must lend our hand,  
 And keep this schoolhouse the best in the land.

Ilene Thibault '44

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## RUSLINS

Two children from a farm one day did find,  
 A tiny ruslin, short, mischievous, kind.  
 At their request he told to them this tale.  
 I hope the same will also you regale.



" 'Tis on a stormy day, the wind doth blow.  
 An airplane flies above the clouds of snow,  
 Rebuffed by wind, in danger of the strike  
 Of snowstorm. Now a widget little tyke  
 Is scared and in his ears the widget cries,  
 'Oh watch the coming snowstorm from the skies.'  
 The pilot looks. The plane slips from his hand,  
 And spirals - dives straight downward to the land.  
 From plane the pilot yet unhurt now comes,  
 And to the muffled sound of fairy drums,  
 The gremlins follow pilot, single file,  
 And after that the plane burns to a pile  
 Of ash. The pilot starts for a house,  
 And after him, as quiet as a mouse,  
 The gremlins run and hide, not slow,  
 For they are scared of wind and rain and snow.



First, Papa Gremlin only one foot tall,  
 And after him six gremlins there're in all.  
 Yes, Papa Gremlin with his great cigars,  
 Who hates all things that have to do with cars.  
 Says he, 'Airplanes, in them we live and work and play.  
 From cars the gremlins all must stay away.'  
 Then Mama Fifinella, sweet and nice,  
 And older brother, who is known as Dice,  
 For he will always play when pilots do,  
 And with his mischief keep them in a stew;  
 Then Sico, which in Elfin talk means two  
 Or second brother, who's not much to do,  
 But fool away his time the whole day through;  
 Next Stratelina in her dress of blue;  
 Last, Baby Widget trails along behind,  
 Who is disgraced in everybody's mind.

So to the house they all begin to troop,  
 The pilot and the pilot's trailing group.  
 The pilot enters in the front house door.  
 The group outside is sad and very sore,  
 But Dice's curiosity comes out  
 As 'round the other buildings he does scout  
 Until he finds the haybarn, snug and warm.  
 So to the hay barn then the gremlins swarm,  
 And all do settle down amongst the hay,  
 Thus ending this exciting, stormy day.

Next morning when the gremlin fam'ly wakes,  
 That man has gone and touch with home he breaks.  
 The barn is warm and gremlins all like milk,  
 And cotton bags to them are as good as silk;  
 Here corn and grain as food to them are free,  
 So out comes gremlin curiosity.

Now we see Sico sitting in the hay;  
 He strikes hands together just in play.  
 A spark slips out; the hay barn catches fire.  
 In comes his father, what an irate sire.  
 The gremlins leave that place and move next door,  
 And settle down to live again once more.

Whenever gremlins now are seen or known,  
 Their mischief all about the place is sown.  
 They kill the cows and set the place on fire;  
 As playground use the back of the head sire.  
 It makes him mad, though humans don't know why;  
 To find the answer, they dare not draw nigh.  
 Not Gremlin, Ruslin has their name become;  
 The sound is made by Stratelina's hum,  
 Though fools do call it rustling in the hay.

Now one day Dice escapes his father's eye,  
 And to the nearest city he does fly,  
 By taking ride from farmer's fam'ly car,  
 But this did not his gremlin conscience mar.



He made his way to Gremlin Factory Town,  
 And there a pretty Stratelina found.  
 Soon growing tired of airplanes and their noise,  
 He took his wife and two tiny boys,  
 And brought them back to Ruslin land of Farm.

Then Sico, seeing this did Dice no harm,  
 Thought to himself, to Gremlin Town he'd go.  
 In bringing back a wife he was not slow,  
 And so the ruslin fam'ly grew and grew,  
 'Til ne'er a ruslin airplane ever knew.

The hairy ruslin sons of Sico, first,  
 Are like to him and barns in flames do burst;  
 But Dice's sons have very poison stings,  
 And some of them have tiny pairs of wings.  
 So Dice's sons have many an animal killed,  
 But Widgets' sons have nothing special willed.  
 Not harmful they, but just the opposite."

Since ruslins have no kind o'at all of wit,  
 Don't ever laugh at them a bit at all,  
 Or to their mischief you'll be next to fall.

Phebe Jane Westcott '45

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#### THERE IS ONE LIKE HIM IN EVERY CLASS

There is one like him in every class. He chews gum and eats candy when he knows he shouldn't. He answers every question whether right or wrong. He wants to be the ring leader in everything, and he thinks he is nicer than anyone else. He just loves to talk when someone else is talking. When the teacher asks him a question he doesn't know the answer because he hasn't been paying attention during class. Sometimes the teachers get very angry at him and he makes saucy remarks. That is bad citizenship.

Clarice Lahue '46

#### GHOST STORY

The incident which I am to relate, happened in Ireland, the home country of superstition. A young Irish girl, Mary Anne Watts, lived in Balina, a small town near the seacoast. She was one of a large family of children who often took long walks together.

A distance from the village was a large, deserted estate. The house was a huge mansion surrounded by woods and lawns. The grounds were developing into a state of weeds and decay. The high



stone walls surrounding it kept all intruders at a respectful distance and no one was known to have entered for years. Yet, there was a story, woven in the web of village folklore, about an old phantom caretaker whom several claimed to have seen within the gates, while they were peering through the bars.

One day Mary Anne had been for a trip to the sea with her brothers and sisters. They had loaded the ox-cart with the fine white sand that was used for scrubbing, and were returning home on a path that led by the old estate. Mary Anne, who had been walking ahead of the others, reached one of the barred gates alone. She paused and strode to the bars. She had heard of the little caretaker but did not give the story much credit; yet here, just a few feet away, was a small humpbacked gentleman, chopping wood. He seemed as real as any mortal being. She could even see the chips fly and hear the ring of the ax. She ran back and brought the others to the spot. This time all was bare of any trace of the caretaker. Not even the place where the ax had bit in, not even a chip could be seen.

They stood there for a moment discussing it. Suddenly a huge rock came hurtling through the air and split a solid iron ball atop the gatepost over their heads. It had seemed to come from nowhere and was too large to have been thrown by human hands. They fled from the spot. The iron ball remained split after that, but the mystery of the caretaker and the stone was never solved.

This story was handed down to me from my Irish grandmother, who was the girl in this story.

Marjorie Weld '44

#### A LONG EVENING ALONE

Late one evening, when I returned from work, I entered the house and shouted my usual greeting, "Hello, everybody. I'm home."

But to my surprise no one answered. They had all gone out for the evening. As I was too tired to go out myself, I settled into an easy chair, turned on the radio, and picked a new mystery novel from the magazine rack. The radio program turned out to be a mystery thriller about a murderer at large. It was about as weird as the story I was reading. To help the chill which had begun playing up and down my back already, thunder started clapping outside. Just then I heard a shout,

"Hey, you. Turn out your lights!"

A blackout. Of all times! I switched off the light and curled my feet up under me. The radio had gone off and there seemed nothing but an eerie silence about me. I shivered and drew my bathrobe a little closer around me. I wasn't cold; I was just scared stiff.

Just then a voice blared out, "I'm coming after you. Don't



try to hide, because I can see you behind that chair!"

I was just about paralyzed with fear. "Who", I wondered, "was after me?". Of course, I had forgotten about the radio which was still on. Just then I felt a cold nose on my hand. I screamed and threw my book. It hit something, for I heard a clattering on the floor. I seized a sofa cushion, but just as I hurled it, a hand reached out and grabbed me. The light went on and I discovered my supposed- to- be assailant to be my mother who had heard the commotion from the street and had hurried in to see what was the matter. I felt extremely foolish and explained to her what had happened.

She only laughed and said, "You had better go out with us evenings. It's too dangerous for you to stay here alone."

She gave the room a swift glance, which took in a broken mirror, a torn book, and the cushion which my dog Boots was now pulling apart.

Corinne Bennett '44

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#### A GREAT AMERICAN LEADER OF TODAY

The greatest American leader of today is undoubtedly our President, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Roosevelt is a typical American, always striving to make the country a better place to live in. He was born to fairly wealthy parents, but he understands the troubles of the little man. He has had plenty of experience in public life. He was a senator in the New York legislature in 1910. He was very much opposed to the Tammany Hall organization. In 1913, he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Roosevelt ran for vice president in 1920, but was defeated. In 1921, Roosevelt was stricken with infantile paralysis, but he fought his way back to health again. In 1928, Roosevelt became governor of New York. In 1932, Roosevelt was elected President of the United States. When he entered that office the country was in a very bad condition, due to the depression of 1929. However, when Roosevelt was again elected President in 1936, the country was very much improved by his "New Deal" policy.

In 1939, war broke out in Europe. Although Americans were not plunged into war immediately, Roosevelt started a gigantic national defense movement. When the election of 1940 rolled around, the people felt that Roosevelt was the man to guide this nation in these days of war. He was the first President ever to be elected for a third term. Then came the attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. This country was plunged into war with Japan and Germany. However, we may feel confident of victory with a man like Franklin D. Roosevelt at the head of the United States.

\* \* \* \* \* Claude Magnant '47

#### SUMMARY OF "THE TORCH OF LIBERTY"

by Fr derick Kummer

I am the spirit of liberty. Several times my torch of liberty has grown dim, but as long as there are free men in this world,



it will never go completely out. It flared brightly as Agamemnon led his people in the fertile land of Greece. It witnessed the rise of Athens and the city states. It witnessed the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. It witnessed the rise of Venice. Then it almost went out as the Franks carried on their conquests. It flickered and almost went out as it saw the Spanish overrun the low countries, Belgium and the Netherlands, but it flared up again when the Spanish were driven back.

Finally, the torch of liberty witnessed the American Revolution. Here it blazed with great intensity. Next it witnessed the French Revolution. Then its blaze died down somewhat when it saw that the American colonists were having trouble getting started. It witnessed the cruel punishment of Matthew Lyons, a representative from Vermont, for justly criticising the government. But then Thomas Jefferson built up the blaze again. The torch then witnessed, with much pride, the liberation of the South American countries. Next came the World War. The flame almost went out, but regained its brilliance again after the war. Now it is witnessing the horrors of World War II. It witnessed the evacuation of Dunkirk, but it is shining more brightly, now that the Axis are on the defense. The torch of liberty, however, will continue to shine as long as free men are on this earth.

Claude Magnant '47

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REVIEW OF "RADIUM TREASURE AND THE CURIES"  
by Irmengarde Eberle

Marya Sklodovski was shy, but lively as a child. She took an early interest in science and remained engrossed in it all her life. She never found time to cultivate a great number of friends, but was liked and admired by all who did know her. Her love for Pierre Curie was perfect because they had so much in common, intellectually, and in their fields of work. Pierre too was always shy and gentle of manner. They both did a great deal in the field of science, but radium was their truly great discovery, for it gave promise of better health to many persons who might have died without it.

Since the story of the Curies is so closely woven with that of radium, the book starts first with the history of radium. Less than fifty years ago, radium was unknown. Today it is used extensively in the cure of cancer and cures what might have been fatal cases. Due to its luminous quality it is of great use right now, as it is painted on instruments of fighting machines to light them in the dark.

Radium is extremely powerful, and if not handled properly can be as destructive as useful. Very few ever actually see pure radium because one cannot come close to its powerful rays. The power of a third of a thimbleful would be enough to raise the Empire State building.

When radium was first discovered it was worth \$1,500,000 an



ounce. Although its price has declined it is still thousands of times more costly than gold. This is due to its great rarity, for it constitutes only one millionth part of the ore in which it is most concentrated. It took the combined effort of two geniuses to bring it to light.

Marie Curie was born in Warsaw, and was christened Marya Sklodovski. Her parents, Professor and Mrs. Sklodovski, were both teachers. Marya was the last of five children, and since she studied with her brothers and sisters, she had an early start in education.

Poland was then under Russian rule. Even the Polish language was forbidden along with all loyalty to Polish customs. The people, instead of submitting, grew fiercer in their love of the mother country, and more determined to work for her eventual freedom. The parents secretly taught the children to carry on their hopes. It was in this atmosphere that Marya grew up, and was impressed with the plight of her country.

Marya chose physics as her field of work. After finishing school, she attended classes of chemistry and the like. They were composed of young Poles who met secretly, in spite of the Russian disapproval. She and her sister, Bronya, planned to go to the University of Paris. They both taught private pupils. Bronya went first on their joint earnings. Marya, meanwhile, became engaged to the son of her employer. She broke this engagement, however, when she joined her sister in Paris. Bronya, by this time, had married a young medical student.

Since Bronya's husband was building up his practice outside Paris, Marya, or Marie as she was called in France, did not stay with them, but rented a small attic room near the Sorbonne. Her savings were small and she almost starved herself in order to keep on with her lessons. It often seemed that she would have to give up. Once, when her money was all gone, she received a scholarship which enabled her to continue.

Marie sometimes went to the home of a Polish physician and his wife. Here she met Pierre Curie who was a kind, gentle person who was also interested in physics. Pierre came from a long line of doctors. Because of their common interests they were attracted to each other and were soon married. They lived near the school where Pierre taught, and Marie continued her studies. They both worked in Pierre's small laboratory.

In 1897, Marie's first child, Irene, was born. When Pierre's mother died, his father came to live with them. Old Dr. Curie looked after the child when Marie had to be elsewhere.

It was now time for Marie to write a thesis for her doctor's degree. She came across an article written by Henri Becquerel, concerning strange rays that he had discovered in uranium ore. She then decided to study this. Her laboratory was a small, damp storeroom, but this did not daunt her. Although Pierre had to



attend his classes, he would help her and offer suggestions whenever he could. Dividing pitchblend, in which uranium is found, into all its chemical elements, they discovered two hitherto unknown elements. The first of these elements Marie called "polonium" after her beloved native country; the second, from which the powerful rays came, they called "radium".

Their next task was to get a quantity of radium to study in greater detail. Pitchblend is a costly ore because of its rarity. The Australian government made them a present of a ton of it and Marie set to work separating the radium from it. She had no apparatus to do this. She had to boil it down in a large iron kettle over a hot fire in an old iron stove. The drudgery and slowness of this taxed her health but she kept at it.

In 1902, after four years of boiling tons of pitchblend, she obtained an amount of pure radium the size of a pencil eraser. After this things became easier for them. They received the Nobel Prize for their discovery and were able to start a better laboratory. Pierre was given a chair of physics at the Sorbonne, and Marie was made head of the laboratory there.

Another child, Eve, was born in 1904. It is to Eve's biography of her mother that we owe much of our knowledge of Marie's life.

Hospitals soon began making studies of radium and discovering its usefulness in the cure of disease. The Curies received much publicity but cared not for it, being content to live together peacefully pursuing their work. In the midst of their work Pierre was killed, when a wagon ran over him in the street. In that instant one of the greatest minds of the time was snuffed out, leaving Marie alone, heartbroken. She carried on, however, and saw to it that her children were well cared for physically and intellectually.

Andrew Carnegie and the Pasteur Institute both offered her their financial aid in futhering her work. An institute of radium was established for her in Paris. One was also set up in Warsaw. She directed the founding of this but continued her work in Paris in order to look after Irene and Eve. The former followed in her mother's scientific footsteps, but Eve leaned more toward an artistic career.

Then came World War I. Marie Curie saved the lives of many soldiers by setting up much needed X-ray apparatus all over France, even on the battlefields.

Radium-bearing deposits were discovered in England, Czechoslovakia, and Australia. A higher grade ore was found in Northern Canada and Africa. There are also fields in Colorado but the percentage of radium is so small that obtaining it is unprofitable. As radium therapy became more common, Marie made a triumphant but tiring tour to various countries paying her honor.

Marie's daughter, Eve, was less enveloped in work than was Irene, and it was she who first noticed signs of her mother's fatal



illness. She remained with her to the end. Doctors thought that her mysterious illness was due to the strong element she had made her life work. She was buried beside Pierre at Sceaux in the Paris suburbs.

Irene has made a name for herself in science. She and her husband, also a scientist, produced artificial radium. Her life pattern follows her mother's closely.

Eve is most noted for her book "Madame Curie". She was forced to flee France at the Nazi invasion. She has made herself useful in war work, both in England and in America.

In thirty-five years of radium making, only about six teacupfuls have ever been produced. A gram is a bountiful supply for a hospital. It is estimated that an amount of radium will not entirely lose its power for thirty thousand years. It must be kept in thick vaults and one must never get close to it since it might produce burns which would result in cancer, which it is supposed to cure if used properly. Gas and other by-products along with synthetic radium are often found more useful than the natural product.

Irene once said in a speech, "A few people in a few countries changed all the scientific knowledge of the world." Marie and Pierre Curie were certainly two outstanding ones of these few.

This book, in my opinion, is an excellent biography. It has enough story form to make it interesting and is informative if one likes to know more about such scientific subjects.

Marjorie Weld '44

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#### MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary Corples stood dully looking out the window of the great grey stone mansion on Corples Court. As in the past, this aristocratic mansion stood all by its lonesome, though some of the farthest lying grounds had been sold to furnish the family with the barest necessities.

Mary, a young girl, looked over the unkempt lawns with an unappreciative eye for land, for in the broad expanse of lawn and garden she had no playmate. Of course, that is not counting Miss Adele Corples, for how can a young lady of twenty-four be a companion for a child of twelve?

Miss Adele Corples, however, even if she was twenty-four, had a very good idea for a playmate. This very day she had been to the Park Department in Central Park and this very minute she was losing something in the shrubbery by the house.

"Ba- a-a", the weak voice of the lamb announced that he was hungry and that it was not as comfortable on the grass as it was in the car.



Miss Adele smiled as she told the chauffeur to drive on. Let her mother be surprised. She would do anything, in the end, to interest Mary, even to shocking these ancestral grounds.

"Ba-a-a-a."

A small figure slipped out the front door following that strange noise.

"Ba-a-a-a." A bit of white caught Mary's eye and soon she was down on her knees fondling this strange creature.

"Suppose you're hungry? I musn't let Grandmother see you. She'll send you away. Hush now." Mary ran around the great house. It was three o'clock and no one would be in the kitchen. Strangely enough there was a nursing bottle in the pantry. Following the story of the girl in "Dot's Animals", she set some milk on the great stove which was not yet cool. When this was warm she filled the bottle.

Just as she started out the back door Adele came in. "Where are you going, Mary?" she asked.

Looking up quickly with tears in her eyes, Mary explained, "I found a lamb, and it's hungry. And I want to keep it, and I'm afraid Gramma'll find it."

"Let's go and see it", Adele suggested gently.

As they came in sight of the lamb, they saw an old lady that seemed to belong with the house, kneeling beside the lamb. "You look like Mary's mother's lamb. You soft white thing. I imagine you're hungry. I'll - -"

"Gramma", broke in a pleading voice, as Mary ran forward with her bottle of milk. "I found the lamb and I want to keep it."

"This looks Adele's work", reproved the grandmother, "for what is a lamb doing on these grounds!"

"It is", said Adele. "May she keep it?"

"Mary", said the grandmother softly, "has a little lamb; Its fleece is white as snow,  
And everywhere that Mary's seen  
That lamb is sure to go."

Phebe Jane Westcott '45

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#### DUTY COMES FIRST

It was the night of graduation and Betty Smith sang as she dressed. It was her big night, as she was graduating with honor at the head of a class of forty students. Who wouldn't be proud!



As the time drew nearer she became nervous and dreaded her speech. Her mother had told her many times, "Don't be frightened. Just speak slowly and distinctly, and keep your mind on what you are saying. I know I shall be proud of you."

On the way to the hall she would have liked to turn back, but she remembered her mother's words and went on. When the time came for her speech, her knees trembled a little, but she walked onto the stage and began to talk. She spoke slowly and distinctly as her mother and her teachers had told her to. She wasn't afraid, once she had started to speak. She received a big hand and all went well. She was proud when the superintendent called her name to come up for her diploma. She was now a high school graduate.

After graduation, Betty began to make plans for the future. She wanted to be a nurse. She was anxious to start and wondered how she could wait three months before being able to enter the hospital in September. All summer Betty talked of what she would when she became a nurse. She was so pleased at the idea that she persuaded two of her classmates that they wanted to become nurses too. The summer dragged for Betty and her friends, but finally September came poking along. The girls thought that it should have come right after June this year, but time doesn't change according to our plans and wishes.

The girls went to the Hunt Memorial Hospital in a nearby town to begin their training. It was not all fun. There was plenty of hard work and the hours of duty long - from seven in the morning until seven at night. The student nurses are always given the hardest work like scrubbing the floor and cleaning the rooms. Betty thought once or twice that it certainly was not a picnic, and hoped things would be different when she became a full fledged nurse. She worked hard, however, and tried her best to please her superiors. Thus, in due time she graduated with honors. When she received her diploma stating that she was a registered nurse, you can imagine how pleased she was. At last her dream was realized.

It was about 7:30 Christmas night. The snow was blowing and the wind was howling around the windows of the Hunt Memorial Hospital. Betty Smith was the only nurse on duty in the babies' ward. The nurses were taking turns having their holiday. Betty had had last night off. As Betty was about to turn out the lights after tucking the little children and the babies in for the night, the fire alarm rang. "Heavens! Have I heard right? Is there really a fire? What shall I do?" All these questions came popping through her head like a flash. Then the smoke began to pour into the nursery.

The older children who could talk began to cry and shout, "Nurse, take us. We are afraid." Betty tried to quiet them. She told them not to worry, for Nurse Smith wouldn't let anything happen to her little children.

She ran to a window, opened it and looked below. Firemen were busily working trying to rescue as many as possible. She shouted



to them to spread a big net, and she would try to toss the children into it. It was a desperate attempt but she had to take it. There was nothing else to do but to take the children one at a time and toss them out of the window into the net. She thought she had all the children and was about to jump herself, when she remembered a three day old baby girl. The room was now bursting into flames. The baby would die if she throw it into the net. She decided to try to jump with the baby in her arms, and pray for a safe landing. The flames lay between her and the baby, but somehow she managed to get the baby and stumble to the window.

When Betty awoke she was in the hospital, not as a nurse but as a patient. She was terribly burned and looked even worse. The first thing she did was to ask for the children. Her nurse told her that, thanks to her brave and courageous act, every one of the children was safe, even the tiny baby that she had protected from the burns that she had received. She sighed and closed her eyes. She was very tired, and her body ached all over. She couldn't have felt worse if she had been thrashed with a horse-whip.

The next day she overheard the doctor and nurse talking. She heard him say that she would be terribly scarred for life. "It is such a shame", he said, "for she was such a beautiful girl!"

Betty was praised for her bravery and told that her old job would be waiting for her as soon as she had recovered enough to go back to work. (A part of the hospital building had been saved, and the rest was being rapidly repaired.) In a few months Betty had improved so much that she tried to go back to work, but things had changed. The children no longer loved their nurse and screamed when she came near them. She did she best to coax them but the scars on her face frightened them. Finally, the head nurse suggested that Betty wasn't strong enough yet to continue her duties in the hospital, and perhaps it would be better to try something else.

Grief-stricken, Betty packed and left. Was this her reward for almost losing her life?

For a long time Betty stayed at home, too sick at heart to care what happened. Her life work was finished. Nursing was the only thing she knew. She decided to move to a different town and start all over again, but all at once a new idea came to her. She would go over-seas as a Red Cross nurse, and care for Uncle Sam's wounded soldiers. Here her looks wouldn't matter. She was now stronger and she had always been used to hard work. She packed and made ready to leave. She had nobody to keep her at home now, for both her mother and father had died the year before her accident. How glad she was that they couldn't see her now.

Betty had plenty to keep her busy in her new job of making soldiers comfortable. In fact, they sometimes called her their "good angel". Her scars didn't seem to bother the sick men, and she almost forgot that she <sup>had</sup> ever worked in a hospital. When Christ\*mas came Betty received a letter from the hospital where she had



been employed. Enclosed was a gold medal incrimed with these words, "To Betty Smith, the bravest nurse the Hunt Memorial Hospital has ever known." Betty was so pleased and happy. "Now", she thought to herself, "I have been rewarded after all."

Virginia West '46

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## "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

### The Setting

In a valley foxhole, in Tunisia. The heavy artillery fire can be heard in the distance. Old Glory can be dimly seen waving on a distant hill.

### The Characters

Corporal Gerald Browning, a handsome blond  
Lieutenant Harry Wellington, who has been wounded in the leg and is unable to stand.

Lieutenant Wellington: "Oh say! Can you see by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"

Corporal Browning: "Those broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight, o'er the ramparts I watched were so gallantly streaming. And the rockets red glare and the bombs bursting in air, gave me proof through the night that our flag was still there."

The lieutenant groans with pain and the corporal gives him a drink of water. The lieutenant turns his pale face to the corporal: "Oh, say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

Corporal Browning: "On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep, where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes—"

Lieutenant Wellington (Rising on his elbow in great pain): "What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, as it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?"

Corporal Browning (Helps the lieutenant to lie down, and places his coat under his head for a pillow. As the sun comes up over the hill, he turns his eyes toward the flag.): "Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, in full glory reflected now shines on the stream."

Lieutenant Wellington: "'Tis the Star-spangled Banner and long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

Corporal Browning (As the firing ceases and the men march to the top of the hill where Old Glory is seen waving in the breeze.):



"Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand between their loved homes and wild war's desolation."

Lieutenant Wellington (Lies back peacefully and speaks softly):  
 "Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued land praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation."

Corporal Browning: "Then conquer we must, when our cause, it is just, and this be our motto, 'In God is our trust!'"

Both: "And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." (The lieutenant peacefully closes his eyes and passes into the world beyond.)

Pansy White '43  
 June Lafley '44

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 ALUMNI NEWS

On November 29, 1942, Miss Wilma Westcot '37 was united in marriage to Mr. Loyd Cyr '38, at the Methodist parsonage in Houston, Mass.

Miss Marguerite Benjamin '41 was united in marriage to Mr. Leighton Buck, by the Rev. D. W. Strickland, at the Mountain Manse in Moretown, Vermont, on March 24, 1943.

Winston Pierce '39 was graduated from the College of Agriculture at the University of Vermont on May 2, 1943. During the last semester he was on the Dean's List for high scholastic standing.

Marjorie Gates '40, a junior at the University of Vermont, was cited on the Dean's List for high scholastic standing during the last semester. Miss Gates has now entered the Medical College at the University of Vermont.

Keith Dunham '42 was accepted on the Dean's List for high scholastic standing at St. Michael's College.

Leon Ashton '43 joined the Marines on March 5, 1943.

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\*\*\* NEWS OF THE YEAR \*\*\*  
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Jan. 5. The fire escape cable broke giving Charles Gates and Charles Mullen, who were preparing for a fire drill, a speedy ride to the ground, and sending glass all over Miss Gates's room.

Jan. 20 - Jan. 22 Midyear's examinations were endured. Those who rejoiced too much between exams were given seats upstairs, until all finished.



Feb. 13. The senior class presented the comedy, "Look Who's Here", by Charles George. Miss Chace was the director. The cast kept its audience in laughter much of the time.

February 15th ushered in the great snow storm that prevented school on that day and kept the attendance low on the succeeding day.

Feb. 23 - Feb. 25. Our teachers were busy giving out "Ration Book No. 2" to the people of the community.

Feb. 26. The junior class had a party at the schoolhouse. Games were played, and refreshments of sandwiches and chocolate drink were served. Miss Chace was the chaperon.

March 3. The eighth grade presented two skits for assembly; "Eyes", by Natalie Wagner; and "After Twenty Years", by Daniel Wexler.

March 12. A card party was held at the home of Melvin Geno. There were several tables of five hundred. Refreshments, consisting of cookies, sandwiches, and cocoa were served. Members of the sophomore class and their invited guests were present.

March 17. The freshman assembly program consisted of two plays: "As Young as You Feel", by Marjorie Weld; and "Eppie's Choice", from "Silas Marner". The members of the casts were considerably handicapped by last minute substitutions made necessary by the abundance of sap.

March 20th announced the long-wished-for vacation which lasted until April 5th.

On April 5th we discovered that over the vacation Miss Chace had changed her name to Mrs. Toivo Lamsa. At 8 o'clock on the evening of March 27, Miss Celia Chace became the bride of Corporal Toivo William Lamsa. The wedding took place with a candlelight service, at the church in Swansea, Massachusetts.

April 9. A sugar party for the freshman class was held at the home of Marilyn Riley. Games were played and refreshments served.

April 14. For assembly, the sophomore class presented a one act play, "The Pantrum", by McNeil. It was an exceedingly good assembly program which represented much work. A few of the mothers came in to see it.

April 16. The eighth grade held a box party at the schoolhouse. Games were played.

April 17. A poverty card party was put on at the town hall, by the senior class. Five hundred was played. This event netted the senior class about five dollars.

On the evening of April 30, the Teachers' Study Group of Franklin gave a farewell party to Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant, at the school house. All of the school board members with whom Mr. Sturte-



vant has worked while he has been in Franklin, and the Central School teachers who have taught under him were invited. The program consisted of three groups of folk dances by pupils from the intermediate room and the seventh grade, a play, "Eppie's Choice", by three freshmen and Royce Magnant, and several speakers. The speakers were Superintendent Raymond Anderson, Dr. L. E. Samson, and Mr. Glenn Titemore. Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant were presented with a book, "Vermont is Where you Find It", and a purse of money. Refreshments of sandwiches, cookies and tea were served by the refreshment committee.

April 28. For assembly program, the senior class presented a radio play, "A Quiet Evening at Home", advertising "sunshine shoestrings".

May 5. The seventh grade presented, for assembly, two skits, "The Worm Turns", and "The Birthday Gift".

May 11. An oft postponed clean-up day took place. Ashes were moved and used to build the sidewalk. The lawn was raked, the building cleaned, and the junk pile moved.

May 12. Mr. Sturtevant read, for the eighth grade assembly program, a number of poems, including several written during World War I.

May 13. A dance, sponsored by the junior class, was put on at the town hall. Weeds' Orchestra furnished the music. Refreshments of hot dogs and coffee were sold.

May 15. The seventh grade enjoyed a picnic on Wright's Hill. In the afternoon they picked flowers and played ball.

May 17. The annual eighth grade examination was given today by Supt. Anderson. Claude Magnant and Martha Samson did exceptionally well in this examination.

May 28. Claude Magnant handed in his 41st book report for this year.

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H U M O R



Mrs. Lamsa: "Ilene, what is a hinterland?"  
Ilene: "A hinterland is a piece of land with some water behind it."



Mr. Sturtevant: "What does HNO stand for?"

Phebe: "Well, oh-er, I've got it right on the tip of my tongue."

Mr. Sturtevant: "Then you'd better spit it out. It's nitric acid."

Miss Gates: "How do you account for the sugar shortage?"

Rita: "I dunno. There are as many people raising cain as ever."

Miss Dewing: "How many subjects are you carrying?"

Lyle: "I'm carrying one and dragging three."

Clayton: "Why did you ask Gwen for a date?"

Alan: "Because she's different from all the other girls I know."

Clayton: "How's that?"

Alan: "She'll go out with me."

### Can You Imagine

A quiet economic geography class?  
The seniors doing something they  
don't want to?  
The freshmen and sophomores not  
giving a quiz?  
Mrs. Lamsa not laughing in ec.  
geog. class?  
Alan Westcot not taking a daily  
walk to the shop?  
Ilene Thibault not getting a letter  
every day?  
E. Franklin gang getting to school  
on time?  
Lyle and Marion not occupying a  
window every noon?  
Gwendolyn spending a recess any-  
where outside of Mrs.  
Lamsa's room?  
Miss Dewing losing the seniors'  
essays?  
The chem. class not having their  
lessons since May 18?  
Idolyn Messier not following  
a uniform?  
The freshmen and sophomores  
studying English after  
school?  
The sophomore girls not flirting  
with the orchestra at dances?  
Gladys Boulais riding in a cer-  
tain little Ford?  
The juniors and seniors so intere-  
sted in English that  
they don't leave when  
dismissed?

### FAVORITE SONGS

"Taking a Chance on Love"  
Lyle Lothian  
"My Devotion"- H. Litemore  
"Constantly"-- R. McDermott  
"Me and My Gal" -M. Geno, Jr.  
"Don't Get Around Much Anymore"  
Gladys Boulais  
"Moonlight Becomes You" -  
Alan Westcot  
"Happy Go Lucky" - J. Lafley  
"I've Heard That Song Before"  
Rita LaBelle  
"Manhattan Serenade"  
Phebe Jane Westcott  
"I'm Old-fashioned"- J. Richard  
"Cabin in the Sky"- C. Pratt  
"Black Magic" - - C. Bennett  
"I Saved Myself for Bill"  
Carlotta Corey  
"Here I Go Again" N. Carman  
"He Traded His Zoot Suit for  
a Uniform - Leon Ashton  
"Johnny Zero" -Pansy White  
"Coming in on a Wing and a  
Prayer" - G. Streeter  
"Moonlight Mood"- Mr. Sturtevant  
"We Did It Before and We Can  
Do It Again - Chem. class  
"I Wonder When My Baby's Com-  
ing Home" -Mrs. Lamsa  
"I Came Here to Talk for Joe"  
Ilene Thibault  
"I've Gotta Touch of Texas in  
My Talk" -- Jane Gates



