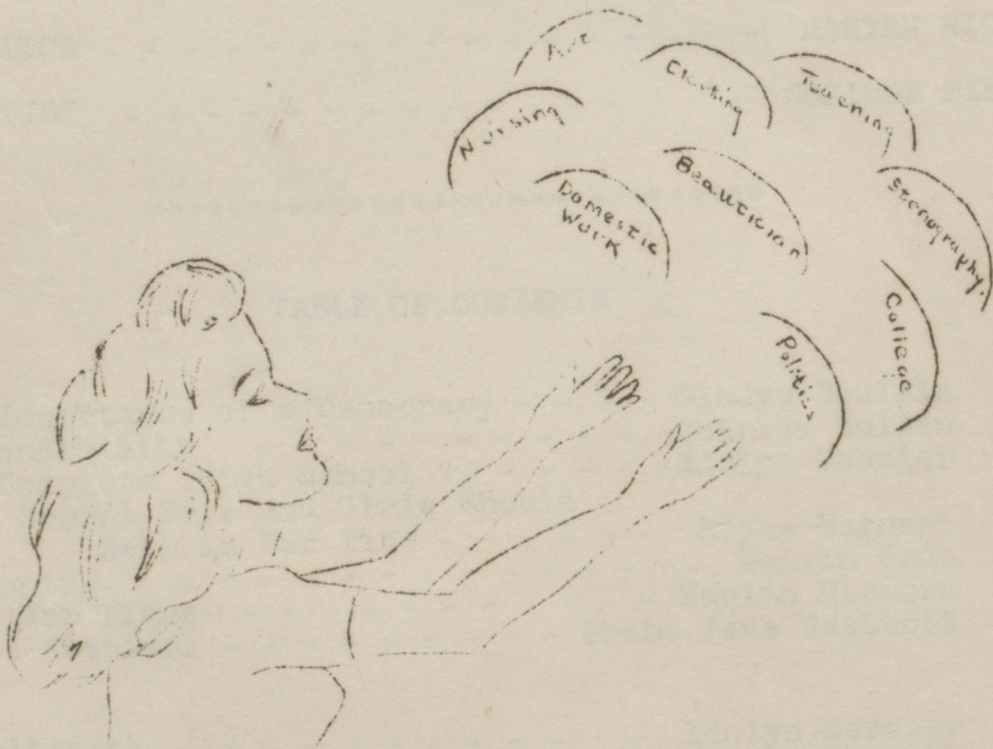


FRANKLIN
HIGH SCHOOL
MOLECULE



Manuscript

1845

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1847

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EDITORIALS

THE IMPORTANCE OF A DEMOCRACY

Today, our being a democracy means a great deal to us. As our boys and those of other countries are fighting on many far-flung battle fronts, we still enjoy freedoms which are forbidden to the people of occupied countries.

The people of a dictatorship dare not go against their dictator's wishes, for this would mean severe punishment or sure death. They have no choices as to what they do; their minds are made up for them by the government. Their education, even, is censored, and they are taught only what the government wants them to believe.

We have freedom of speech which enables us to express our own ideas about things; we also have freedom of the press through which our ideas may be spread to other people. In a dictatorship newspapers are very strictly censored, and nothing against the government is permitted. We also enjoy the right of assembly which means so much to most Americans.

These are the things that our brave soldiers are fighting to preserve. In order to accomplish this we, here on the home front, must also fight by getting an education and seeing that others are educated too. Education is the only means by which the importance of a democracy can be spread. These ideas must be taught to the future generations of all countries if we win the war. It will be a long hard struggle which may last for generations, but in the end, if we are able to do this, every one will understand the importance of a democracy and see how wrong this war of today is.

Gladys Boulais '44

RESPONSIBILITY

Everybody should be willing to accept a little responsibility. Some people, however, want to have a good time and forget that there is always someone responsible for that good time and the things used for that good time.

This is an instance in which no one assumed his share of the responsibility. One night, Mike called together a bunch of boys to play ball. He borrowed the key to the school equipment and took out all the necessary baseball articles. When the game was over nobody picked up the equipment. Mike had gone home in the middle of the game, to help his folks. It was raining the next morning, but the equipment was still out. If all had felt a sense of responsibility that equipment could have been put away in five minutes. If Mike had felt his responsibility more keenly, he would have appointed one of the other boys to see that everything was taken care of properly when the game was over.

If we pupils would take a little more responsibility for the looks of our school yard, it might look more like a lawn and less

like a pasture.

People visiting the school would get a better impression of the school if everybody kept his or her desk clean.

Almost every night there is a handful of papers, which has been thrown around the halls during the day, scattered on the floors. Can't we find a better place for waste paper?

If we should all assume a little more responsibility, the school and the town would be a better place in which to live.

Charles Mullen '46

WHY COMPLETE HIGH SCHOOL?

As we see our friends and acquaintances drop out of school we, of high school age throughout the United States, are forced to ask ourselves this question, "Should I complete high school?" The answer, doubtless, is "Yes."

Let us list and discuss some of the purposes of an education.

1. Education makes democracy possible. How could uneducated people govern themselves intelligently?

2. Education assimilates aliens. Children who are born to foreign parents are taught our language and our manners as they become Americanized in our schools.

3. Education raises individual earning power. This is a point in favor of completing high school. Some argue that just as good jobs are available for those who do not complete high school. That is not true. Employers often turn down those who have not completed high school for those who have. In order to have an interesting, well paying occupation, one must finish high school or college. This will be true more than ever, after the war,

4. Education helps people to live more fully. The subjects taught in school enable us to become acquainted with the world and the people who live in it.

5. Education shows people how to create a better society. It gives them a better understanding of people and their problems. It also gives people more interests in life, and a more healthful outlook.

Thus, the person with the high school education is likely to be broader minded, happier, better off financially, and a better citizen than the person who dropped out in the first years of high school.

Idolyn Messier '45

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS SHOULD HELP IN WARTIME

Boys and girls of high school age should help relieve the manpower shortage by spending spare time working for the war effort. Probably the place where the most students here can help is on the farms. During vacations, on Saturdays and afternoons after school they should be on the farms helping with haying, harvesting, spring work, planting, or chores.

Students shouldn't get the idea, however, that they must stay out of school to help. Our government wants us to get all the education we can. But there is plenty of time outside of school. Let's make use of this time by working instead of loafing about the streets.

Other jobs that high school students can do are raising victory gardens, working in stores, knitting, or doing any other thing to feed, clothe, or arm our country.

People may say that that is child labor, an undesirable thing, but this is an emergency. Many million men and women of our would-be supply of manpower are engaged in the armed forces. Many more are engaged in war industries. Some must take their places. Where else is there a better place to draw from than our high schools? At present we are having to feed and clothe many other peoples besides ourselves. That means more work is required to accomplish these things. It is still more important, then, for high school students to show their patriotism by doing what they can to bring nearer the day of victory.

Royce Magnant '45

RATIONING

Rationing is the only way the government and the office of price administration can let each person have his fair share of goods. If things were not rationed the well-to-do people would fare well and the poor would starve. Rationing is the way by which prices are regulated. If goods weren't rationed people would pay a great deal more than the worth of an article. Prices would soar until only the wealthy could afford to buy even the necessities of life.

When the O. P. A. announced that shoes would be rationed, people rushed to the shoe stores to try to buy up a big supply. When gas was rationed people raced to the filling stations to fill their gas tanks. When sugar was rationed people were not supposed to get their first allotment if they had a supply on hand. Those who had sugar on hand were supposed to declare the correct amount, but most people didn't. Therefore they were breaking O. P. A. regulations and helping the enemy.

The government, in rationing different articles, has tried to give the people as much as they need to live, but not much more than necessary. Some people, like the farmers who raise a lot of their own food, have more ration points than they need. The people in the

cities probably do not always have all they need, but they get along.

In many cities and towns in the United States the Black Market is in operation. This deals in meat, gasoline, sugar, or other rationed goods without points but for high prices. If a person buys from the Black Market or sells to the Black Market he is helping the enemy by causing inflation here. Buy what is coming to you for the ceiling price and spend the money you save by not cooperating with the Black Market for war bonds and stamps.

Melvin Gemo '45

POST WAR PLANS

Nearly everyone within the democracies is talking and thinking about post war plans. This is a very important matter to all of us and to the generations to come. We are all working for the same end, "end of all wars." Just think of all the sorrow and damage this war has brought upon everyone.

If wars could be done away with, then we could all live in happiness. This was the plan at the end of the First World War, but nations and leaders didn't know what to go about it. President Wilson did his best to secure lasting peace, but nations couldn't agree and our own nation didn't back him. If all nations could have agreed and united, then this awful war might not have come about. Leaders and people are now realizing how necessary unity is,

To bring about a lasting peace, the people will have to be educated. Schools are now trying more than ever before to teach the necessity for world unity. Many obstacles stand in the way of nations working together. They do not all speak the same language or live in the same manner. And no nation wants to surrender all of its sovereign rights to another nation. Then there is always rivalry to cause trouble between nations.

It may not be possible to form a strong union right after the war, but we hope that this dream will someday be true.

Marian Richard '45

MUSIC FESTIVAL

As our nation is still at war, it came as a surprise that the Vermont Music Festival was to be held this year. However, under the patient leadership of our Mrs. Gates, we plunged into the work and fun of rehearsals.

No matter how long one looks forward to an event, its actual happening comes as a surprise. Thus, when we gathered on Friday, May 12, on the steps of Burlington's Memorial Auditorium, we hardly believed we were there. The long hours of practice soon assured us.

Friday night, some of us attended the band concert, some the movies and some the dance. The Simmons School of Canada gave a résumé of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers". The band was so brilliant and the music so lovely it hardly seemed that one of our school, Shirley Riley, was among the members.

We loved our leader, Dr. Butterfield, his smiling face, and his humorous discipline. When he arrived, Saturday night, the first bass section started "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow", and the whole chorus of one thousand voices arose, singing the feeling of their hearts.

Franklin was well represented. We had Marilyn Riley in the orchestra, June Lafley, Phebe Jane Westcott, Corinne Bennett, Ruth McDermott, Idolyn Messier, Rita Rainville, Harland Titemore, Merriman Lothian, and Charles Mullen among the chorus.

The music arose; the evening fled on silvery wings. Although we sang songs of peace as have been sung for the past fifteen years, an odd tone was touched in the scattering of uniforms in the audience, the service pins and insignia worn on evening dresses, and the response to the national anthem.

The Music Festival is over. The seniors look back to a memory that will carry for years. The other members of our delegation will look forward to the joy again. May the students of Vermont look forward to an event they will treasure forever.

Phebe Jane Westcott '44

P O E T R Y

EXCITEMENT

Something's in the offing; something's in the air;
Jolly pupils singing; music everywhere -
We go to practice daily, and do our very best,
Then hurry home to clean up and get a little rest.

Soon's excitement's over, we are tired out;
We've had a busy week-end, chasing all about.
Monday morning's coming, and back to school we'll go,
Happy as a meadow lark, for singing's made us so.

Idolyn Messier '45

MANÉBIT

It's a little white school with black window bars,
Above it the flag floating high,
Around it, the grass, the fences, the fields,
Above it still higher, the sky.

It's a scene of our childhood, laughter, and care,
The scene of our work and our play,
And though we'll see buildings of beauty much more,
This one's in our mem'ry to stay,

A little white rock, foundation of life,
Which holds now our teachers and friends;
'Twill hold soon just mem'ries of those that we know,
As down the year's roadway it wends.

The voices that call, familiar to us,
And faces now present, will change,
But the little white school, with white window bars
Will never to us seem strange.

Phebe Jane Westcott 844

SCHOOL

Last September, our school had begun,
For a year of excitement, learning, and fun;
Though the days were rainy and sometimes hot
Learning our lessons was the aim we sought.

Then came the days when the air was cool,
But we continued to come to the same old school;
Then the colored leaves fell, with all autumn's glow,
Followed by cold winds, and plenty of snow.

Through the hard winter we stuck it out,
For we knew that soon, without a doubt,
That the sun would shine, and the snow disappear;
Then we would know that spring soon would be here.

Now we are having our beautiful spring;
Sunshine and showers are what it does bring.
The leaves are out, and the grass is green;
Oh, Mother Nature, what a beautiful scene!

School is 'most out, and we are so gay;
With flying bright colors, we've come all the way.
We'll have our vacation, and back we will be,
For another school year; you wait and see.

Carlotta Corey '45

MINE HUNTER

Jim Smith was an officer in the Navy. He was a tall, strong fellow, weighing about one hundred ninety pounds. Jim had been out on a cruise looking for loose mines that might be meant for some ship. He had found no mines, but he had a hunch something was going to happen. Suddenly, the ship blew up. Jim, being on the back end when the explosion struck, was able to throw a life raft overboard then jump off, saving his own life.

After the ship had sunk, Jim noticed two men floating on a board, and reached them with his raft, which was big enough for twelve men. One of these men told him that the ship had been blown

up by a new type of mine. Jim said, "I was not able to see anything from where I stood, but the two men up front should have spotted the mine."

"The mine is a new type and does not float on top of the water as the old kind did," said the older man.

"How do you know?" asked Jim.

"Well, I was leaning over the rail looking into the water when I saw this thing coming up from the floor of the ocean, and when it touched the ship, it blew up; so I am pretty sure it is a new kind of mine," said the man.

Jim knew it would take at least a day to get back to his base on the raft, so he had plenty of time to plan. He thought a lot about getting permission to take a diving boat equipped with two diving suits and go out to find one of these mines and to figure out a way to dispose of them.

When Jim had made his report, he asked for permission to hunt for these mines. The commanding officer told him that he would be assigned to that job because three other ships had been hit by the same type of mine.

Jim dived down and searched the bottom of the ocean for a week before he found one. When he found the mine, it started to rise to the surface but stopped and came back down on the floor of the ocean again.

When Jim came up he asked the man viewing the pump what happened while he was down there. The man told him that a plane had flown over and that was all. Jim then knew that if two men would take a plane and fly low over the surface of the water, this would bring the mines to the surface so that one man could shoot at them and blow them up.

When Jim reported this, planes were sent and the mines were quickly exploded. Jim was thankful that the new mine was not such a success as the Japs had planned.

On reaching his base again, Jim asked to be transferred to the South Seas, but his commander told him that he was needed there because he was such an expert man for destroying mines.

Charles Mullen '46

A MYSTERY A DAY KEEPS THE DETECTIVE

"What's this? Didn't I tell you pleasure and business didn't click?" Banker Price bellowed good-humoredly as he walked unexpectedly into the dining room to find his daughter, Bella, in the arms of the house detective, Randy Combs.

Bella, taken off guard, blinked her long lashes at her father, and blushed prettily. She knew she had her father in the palm of

her hand. Didn't she always? Randy Combs's embarrassment was somewhat different. He spluttered an excuse of showing Bella a trick. Mr. Price grinned at the detective's embarrassment and decided the trick must have been a new one. With excuses given and forgiven, the three sat down on the divan to discuss the banker's problems.

"It's this way," Price began. "Lately, I've been receiving threatening notes from a fellow who signs himself 'Anonymous.' He demands the Bartlett diamond or will kidnap my daughter. The gem is priceless, but so is my daughter. Now you have the reputation of being a sharp fellow, Combs, and so I've hired you to be on the lookout for the gem's safety and my daughter's welfare. The latter, I believe, you will not let slip through your fingers."

He chuckled, then started, as Alphonso, the butler, walked in quietly, announcing the arrival of a Mr. and Mrs. Bunyan. They were important people and very influential to the banker's reputation. Millionaires didn't grow on trees, the banker concluded, and the Bunyans were comfortable plus. So after driving the detective and his daughter from the dining room the banker received his guests in a most royal and sophisticated manner.

Now, we go back to Bella and Randy Combs, who are in the basement where Bella had set up a small laboratory. She liked the looks of it but didn't know enough about chemistry to tell what air was composed of. Surely, she'd gone to school, but passed each year by a squeeze and a wink at the professor. Randy knew a little about explosives, and with the lovely Bella looking on, decided to experiment. After pouring some chemicals into a beaker, Randy put it over the small gas heater.

Banker Price was interrupted in his speech by a rocking explosion that set the China in the cabinet to rattling. He excused himself quickly and went to discover the cause. At the cellar door he found Bella with one arm thrown over a shelf and one leg dangling from the stairs. She was in a state of laughter and soon her father learned the cause. Randy's felt hat was atop the skeletal frame in the corner, and Randy was perched on a beam, trying his best to stop shaking. The banker leaned against the door and writhed with laughter. After a while he went back to his guests who were wide-eyed in astonishment. He explained the circumstances, omitting the fact that Randy was a detective.

Bella had retired for the night and Randy Combs was conversing with Mr. Price, in the spacious living room. Soon they were interrupted by an unearthly scream that froze them into stillness. They uttered two syllables at the same moment, "Bella!" Scrambling to their feet they started for the hall which led to the winding stairway. At the top stood Bella, shaking and crying, as she pointed toward her room. Randy rushed in with his revolver in his hand. He stopped suddenly, then started howling with laughter. Bella came timidly into the room, and asked weakly, "Is it gone?"

Randy covered his mouth with his big hand until he could control himself. "Surely, Bella, it's gone. Now you just go to bed and I'll attend to that mean old monster, right away."

Bella, thinking his voice held amusement, turned blazing eyes on him. Still laughing, Randy met the astonished banker on the stairs. Randy controlled himself, as he said weakly, "A mouse."

Bella, head covered, could have gladly killed both Randy and her father as their laughter rang through the house. She cursed them both and vowed to get even.

"What's the matter, Sweet? You look all washed out. Have a bad night?" Randy was leaning over the window sill watching Bella as she spaded her flower garden. She grabbed a tulip bulb and hit Randy on the nose. He ducked from sight.

"There," said Bella, with a look of satisfaction on her face. "I guess that takes care of him. There's Pop now, and *---*." Her self-satisfied speech was interrupted as she felt a spray of water hit her back. She turned in time to see a pair of well groomed legs disappear around the corner of the house. She grated her teeth furiously, and leaned back in the shade of the elm that sheltered the lawn.

As Bella lay there plotting, a hand came stealthily from behind the tree and closed over houth.

Randy came around the corner of the house just in time to see a black coupe swing out into the road. He caught a glimpse of a blond curly head which undoubtedly was Bella's. Rushing to the garage, he jumped into his car and sped out of the driveway in pursuit of the black coupe.

Meanwhile the occupants of the black coupe were getting relations straightened out. The driver's face was hidden in his collar, while Bella was prattling, "Now really, Mark, you didn't have to make it so realistic and scare me to death. You ---."

She swallowed hard, and stared unbelievably at the cold eyes that stared back at her. "Why, you're not Mark. You're --."

The driver grunted, "Yep, Sister, I'm Willy, the Rock Chief. Got anything ta say about it?"

But Bella had nothing to say; she fainted instead.

Randy sped his car up to sixty, paying little attention to the speed limit. He gained on the coupe, passed it, and swung his car in front of it. He leaped out the door with his hand on his gun, while the startled driver of the other car looked on in open-mouthed astonishment.

Randy put handcuffs on Willy and splashed water into Bella's face. She looked dazedly into Randy's face and started crying. "Randy," she sobbed, "It was all a mistake. I thought it was Mark."

Back at the house, Randy, seated in a beach chair, with Bella perched on the arm, explained to Banker Price. "You see, Mr. Price." He glanced at Bella, who brushed his hair playfully. "Bella, here, decided she needed some more excitement; so she wrote some notes to you signing them, 'Anonymous', and hired this fellow, Mark, to kidnap her. Well it seems this Willy got ahead of Mark, swiped his car, and prepared to collect the Bartlett diamond as ransom. Bella has promised to be satisfied with her new life." "Then as Mr. Price began to mumble something about money, he added, "What did you say, Mr. Price? Pay me? Why, I've got the largest reward, ever,"

Corinne Bennett '44

AND THE WITCHES RODE

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you a Frenchwoman, a true Frenchwoman?"

"My neighbors don't think so."

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

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

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

"No, I must give you up. It's my only chance. I haven't betrayed before but I shall now. Good-bye, Monsieur." Her back stiffened as she stood up. A trace of derision entered her voice, "Pleasant dreams."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marie dressed herself for going out. She made her remaining coffee and poured it into a jug to keep it hot. As she stepped

out the back door, with a sinking heart she heard the words, "Stand! Where are you going?"

She was all actress again. "I'm going to take some hot coffee to Eric. He's on sentry duty."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The old woman called her husband to help take the girl into the house, but the old man, a doctor, shook his head. His practiced eyes knew the girl wouldn't live an hour. "No," he said, "Get the note and give it to Johnny." A ten year old boy came out the door. "Let him take it to La Pontiers, a mile down the road. I'll dig a grave for the girl."

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

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

Phebe Jane Westcott '44

NEWS FROM THE SKY

Martha and her mother were doing the breakfast dishes. The window over the sink was open. Just beyond the window was the rose garden with its white picket fence. As the two went about their tasks they speculated about the young robins and the rose blooms.

The low hum of an airplane sounded faintly in the distance and gradually grew louder.

"Do you suppose we will get a letter from Jimmy, today, Mother?" asked Martha. Then she interrupted herself to exclaim, "Mother, hear how near that airplane sounds! Let's look!" and she raced into the garden. Mrs. Clayton stood in the doorway shielding her eyes with her hand.

The airplane shone like a huge, dazzling bird as it circled around almost directly over their heads. It sailed away and then once more circled above them, but this time so low it looked as though it would certainly touch the tree tops.

Martha was behaving as though suddenly out of her mind, for from the plane an object floated toward the earth.

"Mother, I just know it's Jimmy! It must be! I know it is." Then with her arms waving and scarcely knowing what she was doing, she picked up the parcel that had dropped among the rose bushes.

"It's addressed to you, Mother," she shouted, but Mrs Clayton was steadily watching the airplane in which the eager, smiling pilot had waved and then dipped the wings, before sailing away to a tiny speck in the distance. Jimmy's mother undid the eventful package.

A delighted squeal escaped Martha while an astonished mother exclaimed, "Did you ever?" She held up a black, wooly bear that stood on all four feet. Around his neck was a collar with a note attached which read:

"Hi Mom!

When I was a small fry and afraid of the dark you gave me my bear. After the lights were out, Mike was as black as the rest but so soft and wooly that I wasn't afraid of the rest of the dark.

Your Mike is going to drive the 'boogies' away until I get back home to stay. So take good care of him, and write. Fifty bear hugs for a Happy Birthday!

Your aviator son,

Jimmy "

Imogene Columb '48

THE FLOOD OF 1936

In March, 1936, there occurred a catastrophe which will always be spoken of in history as "The Great Flood of 1936."

Rivers which have turned the wheels of industry, watered our richest farmlands, and added to the scenery, became, almost overnight, the mightiest and most fearsome enemy our people have ever had to face.

The question, "What caused the great flood?" was asked. There had been an exceedingly heavy snowfall during the winter, and during January and February there wasn't any thaw. The rains that had fallen during those months were held by the snow cover thus adding to the run-off when the thaw finally came. On March first of that year there was more water on the ground in form of ice and snow than at any other time for many years. During the first half of March there was a succession of warm days which began to loosen and start it on its way toward the valleys.

In the week beginning Sunday, March 8, heavy rains fell in various parts of New England. The large rivers rose to sixty and seventy per cent of the flood stage. In the same week, of March eighth, the unusually thick ice on the rivers began to break up. On March 17, heavy rains began to fall in the northern New England, followed by a general downpour throughout the eastern part of the United States, and rising temperatures. By Wednesday morning,

this warm rain touched off all of the other factors. The ice broke up and went out. The water from the snow slid down the hills into the brooks, and every small stream became a raging torrent as it rushed toward the Connecticut and the Merrimack Rivers. These rivers were most merciless in the punishment they inflicted. They brought scenes of desolation and horror. Death, destruction, and the threat of disease lay behind as the huge muddy tides swept remorselessly to the sea. Without a few hours, decades of hard work were destroyed.

At this time I was living in North Hadley, Massachusetts. The farm on which we were living was only a very short distance from the Connecticut River. On Tuesday, the seventeenth, I went to school as usual. It was raining quite hard then, but everything was thought to be safe, although the river was high. About two o'clock in the afternoon the teachers received word to close school, because the river was rising so fast that by three-thirty the children that had to go on the school bus would not be able to get home. As Ruth and I went home the water was almost up to the road. At chore time the men had to put on their boots to get to the barn. About eight o'clock, I went to bed, but the rest of the family sat up to hear news about the flood. At twelve o'clock I awoke with the feeling that something was wrong. The lights were on and I could see my father and Ruth moving the furniture, radio, electric lamps, dishes, and many other things to the upstairs bedrooms. Ruth told me to get dressed because we were going to take the car and go the 'Howes', about a mile away, on a hill. When Ruth and I left the house the cellar was rapidly filling with water. We had to travel very slowly because the water was over the road. My father stayed at the farm to help the hired man get the cows and horses out of the barns and drive them up the hill behind the house.

The Higgins family who lived a short distance from us also sought refuge at the Howes'. They were forced to leave their house by boat, they brought their parrot with them. Everybody thought that the parrot would doubtless be frightened, but instead he shouted, "Oh, Boy! Oh, Boy! Oh, Boy!"

It was several days before the water went down enough so that we could go home. We could not take the car at first because there were so many large holes in the road. All traffic, by car, train, and bus, was at a standstill because of the washouts. When Ruth and I returned we found the cellar full of water. There had even been water on the first floor. The floors were thick with mud or silt. We had to have some men come and pump the water out of the cellar. Tons of silt covered the fields and the floors of many houses. The water was so deep in the alley that a boat was rowed through the alley. Much damage was done to farms and farm buildings. It took weeks for the roads to be made passable.

Today, as you drive through that vicinity, you will see white strips of paint around the telephone poles to show how deep the water was during the flood of 1936.

AFTER THE WAR, WHAT?

We must not fail. This war has taught us the consequences of writing a poor peace treaty. Many mistakes made in 1919 must be averted after this war. The representatives must have a feeling of brotherhood with the other representatives instead of each trying to get everything for his own country. Many very delicate questions will have to be settled, but they can be settled if viewed from many different angles, and the representatives have patience enough. Probably, not all nations will be satisfied, but if a lasting peace is secured they will gain. It will probably be better if two peace conventions are held. The questions that need immediate attention should be settled at the first conference, and problems such as permanent boundaries and colonies should be settled at the second one.

One of the hardest questions to solve will be how to settle Europe. I believe that after the war Europe should be united into one nation with the exception of Great Britain and Russia. The Vatican would also be a possible exception. This nation should adopt a constitution similar to that of the United States, and set up a government very similar to hers. After the unconditional surrender representatives from all European countries should meet with Allied political leaders and draw up a constitution similar to ours. It would then be presented to the European nations for ratification. Men would go to each country and fully explain it to the people. All the people of a nation should vote. Common sense and reasoning should secure ratification. Under the Constitution there would be a National Congress composed of two houses. There would also be an executive authority. The countries of Europe as they were in 1936 would become states. I believe that dividing Bavaria from Prussia in Germany would be beneficial. The state legislatures would pass laws for the people of that state. Because there are so many geographical conditions in Europe the state legislatures should have authority over fishing, hunting, crops, and all such things. However, the National Congress should be able to declare a state law void if it is considered injurious. The membership of the lower house of the National Congress should be based on population, having one representative for about every four million people. All nations, however, should have at least one representative. The upper house should have equal representation, with probably two representatives for each state. This Congress should have all rights to deal with taxes, trading, and military affairs. Each state, however, should be taxed equally according to population and wealth. The executive should have authority to enforce all the laws of the National Congress. This national executive, who would have about the same powers as our President, should, with the consent of one third of the National Congress, be able to abolish any law which is plainly harming the whole country in general. The courts should be under the supervision of both the National Congress and the states, with all judges, however, appointed by the chief executive authority with the consent of two-thirds of the upper house.

This new nation along with all the rest of the nations of the world should join together in an organization similar to the old League of Nations. This League, however, should have more authority and power than the old League of Nations. Some of the weaknesses of the old league were: one, too many strong nations didn't join; two, it couldn't tax the nations; three, it couldn't call out the nations to stop an aggressor nation; four, it couldn't enforce what it said. If such a league is going to enforce world peace, it must have these powers; it must be able to tax nations, it must have the authority to call out the nations of the world to stop a nation on the road to conquest, it must have the authority to enforce what it says. But, we Americans say that would infringe upon some of our sovereign rights. We may as well get it through our heads now, rather than wait until after another disastrous World War, that if we are going to preserve world peace we will have to give up some of our sovereign rights. The money raised from the taxes should be used to build schools, irrigation projects, and bridges, to start industries and mining projects, and to get the more backward nations on their feet. There should be no trade barriers after the war. All nations should be able to trade what they want where they want to. High tariff rates which keep out foreign products usually lead to ill feelings and often to war. All nations should look upon the people of other nations as brothers.

Another very delicate question that will have to be settled will be the colonial problem. Several territories which will come up for settlement will be the former Italian colonies in Africa; a lot of Japanese held territory will also have to be settled. Probably the best system to use on the colonies would be the Mandate System. But, some people argued that that was tried after World War I and it didn't work. It didn't work, it is true, but that was due to the fact that the League of Nations couldn't enforce what it said. The idea behind the Mandate System was all right. However, the new league must be very careful whom it assigns as guardians over colonial areas. After World War I Japan was appointed guardian over several islands in the Pacific Ocean. She proceeded to make these islands into bases. She didn't make any reports to the League of Nations as she was supposed to do, and she wouldn't let any pictures be taken on these islands. If a guardian nation should do anything in a colony that showed signs of military movements it should be investigated, diagnosed, and proper action taken. The League should have ready at all times a sizable army, navy, and airforce so that action can be taken immediately against an ambitious nation, instead of having to fiddle around as she did when Italy went into Ethiopia. The League should have a representative in all mandated areas to keep the League fully informed of what goes on inside a colony.

The problem of armament will also have to be settled. The League should assign quotas to each nation on the amount of war materials they could manufacture. They should keep a representative, probably more than one in large nations, to check on the amount of war materials manufactured. If a nation exceeds its quota the amount of materials exceeding the quota should be destroyed or put into the

armed forces of the League. The nation would then be fined accordingly.

After the war we shall probably have to have Allied leaders over the Japanese government and its branches. All factories and industries should have a liberal minded person from an Allied nation at their heads. This will probably have to be done until proper education teaches the young generations of Japanese democratic ideals and policies. It should then become a peaceful nation.

Some may say that people of my generation are too young to be saying anything on this subject, but, after all, the people of my generation will be the citizens of the world tomorrow, and we don't want to go forth into a world filled with hatred, jealousy, and poverty, but into a world of peacefulness, brotherhood, and prosperity.

Claude Magnant '47

THREE REASONS

Cast of Characters

Bill Jones, an American boy who doesn't believe in buying defense stamps.

Betty Jones, his sister, who ^{is} very much interested in defense stamps.

Uncle Sam

The Statue of Liberty

Joe Smith, the son of a marine, killed in action.

Mrs. Slovak, a Russian woman

Scene L

(Bill and Betty are walking home from school.)

Bill - Aw, go jump in the lake!

Betty - That's where we'd all be if everyone thought as you do.

Bill - I like that! Me? What about the others?

Betty - Every tub stands on its own bottom. Why don't you buy? If you'd bought the Minute Man flag could have flown.

Bill - What difference does it make if that old rag flies anyway Answer me that!

Betty - It's not the flag; it's the principle of the thing.

Bill - What's ten cents a week to the President, or even ten dollars?

Betty - If everyone in the United States bought a stamp a week it would mount up.

Bill - And, besides, how do I know I'm going to get my money back

Betty - Why, Bill! You don't even trust Uncle Sam. You're not the least bit patriotic.

Bill - I am too, patriotic. Didn't I rent my bicycle to that new war worker?

Betty - Yes, you did rent it. You should have lent it. As it is you should buy stamps with what you got.

Bill - Well I'm not going to buy, and that's that.

Betty - But -

Bill - Oh, keep still!

Betty - Well, I'll be over at Nancy's. - -Jap!

Scene II

Bill - (Entering the house) - Just like girls! Why should I buy, I ask you? Huh, lots of people have more money than I have. Let them pay for the war. If I could find three decent reasons, other than that Minute Man flag, I might buy. Oh, where is that history book? (He looks around.) Oh, here it is. Page 349. (He reads.) "The mighty Uncle Sam fought back the Germans in France while refugees from all countries sought the protection of the Statue of Liberty." Ho, hum. I wonder what they look like - I wonder - -. (He falls asleep over his history book.)

(Bill soon dreams of strange people appearing about him. Uncle Sam and the Statue of Liberty enter.)

Uncle Sam - Now where is Bill?

Statue of Liberty - There he is Uncle Sam; he's the boy who doesn't buy defense stamps.

Uncle Sam - Yes, that's he. (He shakes him.) Wake up, Bill.

Bill (Looking from one to the other.) - Who are you? What do you want? Who is she? Why did you wake me up?

Uncle Sam - I'm Uncle Sam and this is my friend, Statue of Liberty. I came to give you three reasons why you should buy war stamps, and as I couldn't give them to you while you were asleep, so I woke you up.

Bill - All right. What are they?

Statue of Liberty - You know how important food is, don't you, Billy? You wouldn't want to go without it, would you?

Bill - N-~~o~~, I wouldn't.

Statue of Liberty - Then would food be a good enough reason

to buy?

Bill - Why, I guess so, but what had food got to do with it?

Statue of Liberty - Plenty! You'll see as soon as we get to Russia.

Uncle Sam - Close your eyes, Billy. (Curtain.)

Scene III is in Russia (Uncle Sam, Statue of Liberty, and a Russian woman are present.)
Billy (Opening his eyes) Where are we?

Uncle Sam - Russia.

Billy - And who is that?

Statue of Liberty - This is Mrs. Slovak, Billy.

Billy - How do you do? Do you speak English?

Mrs. Slovak (Speaking slowly.) - Yes, I got an education in Moscow. I used to be wealthy but when the Germans took our village, they took everything. My three remaining children are working as slaves in Germany, and my husband is - dead.

Bill - Oh, I'm sorry. I'm awfully sorry for you.

Mrs. Slovak - It's all right. He died fighting for our cause, and perhaps I'll get my three remaining children back. The Germans were cruel though! Ivan was only six when he died for lack of food. I used to be rich and proud of it. Now, - I work like the others. Our families pushed the Germans back past here, and we must raise the seeds that the United States sends us.

Bill - Seeds?

Mrs. Slovak - Yes, they say everybody in the United States buys war stamps. They say one of these stamps buys a package of seeds. Maybe your stamp bought these seeds. I must go now and plant them. (She exits.)

Bill - Gosh, she was swell.

Statue of Liberty - Yes, Bill, she's the truest spirit of Russian women.

Uncle Sam - Now you have one reason. I'll soon show you another.

Bill - Where are we going?

Uncle Sam - Back to the United States. Close your eyes, Bill. (Curtain.)

Scene IV. (The three find themselves in the living room of an American house.)

Bill - I feel strange in whosever house this is.

Uncle Sam - This is the house where Joe Smith lives. An important reason lies here, (Joe enters.) Hello. Joe.

Joe - Hello, Uncle Sam, and Statue of Liberty.

Uncle Sam - Joe, this is a boy that doesn't buy defense stamps because he doesn't believe in them.

Joe - He deserves a sock in the puss, for that. It's guys like that who put gold stars in our windows.

Statue of Liberty - Easy, Joe, He doesn't understand the importance of them, that's all. If you'd tell your story to Billy, he might understand and buy,

Joe - O.K. Do you see that gold star in the window? That's for my father. He enlisted in the Marines, on December eighth, and it was only a year later that he went over seas. He helped take the beach head at Guadalcanal, only they didn't quite make it. You see they used machine guns. Dad knocked down Japs as quickly as they could come. He fired and fired. Jap after Jap went down. But they got 'em. They ran out of ammunition. Three bullets could have saved them. Just one thin dime! One defense stamp! That's why I get so mad when you all don't buy. Dad's dead now, but maybe three bullets can save some other guy.

Billy - Golly!

Uncle Sam - Is that a good enough reason, Bill?

Bill - Ye - ah!

Statue of Liberty - We'd better be going now.

Joe - If he doesn't buy - bring him back and I'll sock 'im.

Uncle Sam - I don't think you'll have to, Joe. Close your eyes, Billy, (Curtain.)

Scene V (Back in Billy's house.)

Statue of Liberty - You can open your eyes now, Billy.

Billy - Why, we're home. I thought you were going to give me three reasons. You've only given me two, so far.

Uncle Sam - I know that you've had only two reasons, and that you're home, but the third's right here.

Bill - But - but - I never found it.

Uncle Sam - You didn't let me finish. You can't see the third reason, but if you thought it over, you'd know how important it is.

Bill - But, what is it?

Uncle Sam - Your future, Bill. You see, we aren't selling bonds and stamps for our profit but for yours. You buy a stamp today, one next week and so on. Soon you have enough for a bond. In ten years, you not only get what you paid but interest besides. You're not giving your money to the government; you're just lending it.

Bill - But what 's that got to do with my future?

Uncle Sam - Plenty. In ten years, you, no doubt, will need money. You'll probably be trying to set up your own business, or trying to support your parents.

Bill - But, I don't need money, nor do my parents. There's plenty of work and money.

Uncle Sam - Yes, but I'm afraid there won't be as many jobs as people to fill them, in ten years. You've read of the depressions that have followed wars. I'm afraid there's one following this war. You'll need money, and your war bonds will give it to you.

Bill - I see now. The history book says, "Banks go bankrupt, but the government is safe."

Uncle Sam - Yes, that's just it.

Statue of Liberty - And there's something else in bonds that can't be measured by dollars, Billy. Bonds insure your liberty and your freedom. They are securities that say this country won't be run by a dictator. They assure you of the four freedoms, and make you sure you won't be told which college to send your children to. Liberty has a deep meaning that can't be told, unless - .

Bill - Unless what?

Statue of Liberty - Unless people don't buy war bonds and we lose the war.

Uncle Sam - Are those your three decent reasons, Bill?

Bill - Yes, I guess so. I'll buy.

Uncle Sam - Then we'd better be going. Goodbye.

Bill - No- Wait a minute.

Statue of Liberty - We can't. We have to get back before they miss us. Goodbye.

Bill - Well, goodbye then. (Curtain)

Scene VI (Billy wakes up.)

Bill - Why, I must have been dreaming. (He rubs his eyes and looks around.) But it was so real - food, bullets, and my future. Gosh! I've thirty cents in my bank. That'll be one stamp for Mrs. Slovak, one for Joe, and one for me. (He picks up his bank and shakes it vigorously.) Five - ten - fifteen - twenty - (As he is counting his money, Betty runs in.)

Betty - Hi, Bill. Why are you shaking your bank? You don't

mean you're going to - .

Bill - Aw, go jump in the lake! (Curtain.)

Jane Gates ' 48

MY BROTHERS

Cast of Characters

Mrs. Emily Shaffer , a mother in her late thirties.
 Mr. Arthur Shaffer , her husband.
 Mary Ellen Shaffer , a very popular girl in her teens.
 John Shaffer , Mary Ellen's younger brother who is always teasing her.
 James Shaffer , an older brother , who is away in college.
 Bundy Shepherd , Mary Ellen's girl friend.
 Ned Brown , Jim's college friend

Act I Setting - The Shaffer dining room, about breakfast time.

Mary Ellen (Calls from off stage.) - Mother, where on earth did you put my flower? The one I bought the other day?

Emily - Never mind that now. Come down and eat your breakfast before it gets cold.

Jackie - Yes, Mom, I'm hungry. Never mind Mary Ellen. She won't be down for half an hour.

Emily - Yes, Jackie, call your father and we'll start.

Jackie (who has left the stage calls out.) - Dad, breakfast is ready. (Arthur and Jackie come in and they all sit down at the table.)

Emily (Calling once more) - Mary Ellen! For goodness sake, come down and eat your breakfast.

Arthur - Doesn't Mary Ellen feel well today, Emily?

Jackie - Oh, sure, Dad, she feels O. K. You know her old flame, Alan Tompson, is home from school, and she has to look her best for him.

Arthur (Laughing) - Yes, Jackie, I see what you mean.

Mary Ellen (Entering the room, dressed for school, and wearing the flower in her hair) - Good morning, everyone. (She sits down and starts to eat.)

Emily - Bundy called this morning, Mary Ellen. She is driving the car to school today and will call for you.

Mary Ellen - Oh, that's swell. I forgot to tell you, Mother, that I won't have time to get the groceries after school. I have a

class meeting and soft ball practice. It may be five-thirty when I come.

Emily - You call me if you can't get home for dinner.

Jackie - Oh, I think she'll be home for dinner, unless she can dig up a date with Alan Thompson.

Emily - Now, Jackie, that's enough. Your sister has no intention of digging up a date, as you call it. (A horn sounds outside.)

Mary Ellen (Jumping up from the table.) - That's Bundy now. I'll call if I can't come for dinner. Do you want us to drop you off at school, Jackie?

Jackie - Surely, Mary Ellen. I'll get my coat. (She leaves.)

Mary Ellen (As she gathers ^{up} her coat and books, and starts out the door) - Bye Mom and Dad.

Emily - Arthur, I'm worried about Jim. We haven't heard from him for nearly two weeks. Maybe he's sick, or -

Arthur (Interrupting) Now, Emily, don't get so upset. He's probably busy, or perhaps we'll hear from him today. (They rise from the table.) Now, don't worry about that all day. Forget it until tonight; then we'll talk about it. Goodbye, Emily.

Emily - I'll let you out, dear. I want to see if there is any mail yet. (Curtain falls.)

Act II Setting - The family living room, that evening.

(Emily is sitting on one side of the room, mending; Arthur sits on the other side, reading and smoking his pipe; Jackie is sitting at his desk, studying.)

Arthur - Where is Mary Ellen tonight, Emily?

Emily - She's gone after Bundy. They are going downtown to the movies. Arthur, we didn't get a letter from Jim today. I am really getting worried.

Arthur - We didn't? (He is still reading and not paying much attention to his wife.)

Emily - Arthur, you didn't hear a word I said. (Rather crossly)

Arthur - Yes, Emily, I heard you, but why do you get so excited? It doesn't pay. (The door bell rings.)

Emily - Now, who on earth can that be at this time of night?

Jackie - Do you want me to go. Mom?

Emily - No, dear, you keep on with your work. I'll go. (She goes to the door.)

Messenger boy - Special delivery letter for Mrs. Arthur Shaffer.

(Emily takes the letter, and gives the boy a tip.) Thank you, Mrs. Shaffer. (He leaves.)

Arthur - What is it Emily?

Jackie (Getting up and coming near his mother.) Yes, Mom, what is it anyway?

Mrs Shaffer (Tears open the envelope and reads) - "Dear folks, I am coming home this week-end. I am bringing a friend and a surprise. Your loving son, Jim."

Arthur - What do you imagine the surprise is, Emily? (Then we hear voices outside, and soon Mary Ellen and Bundy come in with their coats and hats on.)

Mary Ellen - Let me take your things , Bundy.

Bundy - O. K. But I can't stay long. (Mary Ellen hangs up the coats, and the girls sit on the couch.)

Emily -- Was the movie good, girls?

Mary Ellen - Oh, it was swell, Mother.

Bundy - Yes, I think Robert Taylor is such a wonderful actor.

Jackie - I would rather see a cowboy movie. It would be much more exciting.

Emily - Have you girls been asked to the senior prom yet?

Mary Ellen - No, Mother, I think it is the funniest thing, too. Alan and Bob are both home from college, but I guess they just don't want to ask us.

Bundy - Yes, and we were counting on having such a good time.

Jackie - Never mind, you old prom girls, I have some big news.

Mary Ellen and Bundy (Shouting together) - What is it?

Jackie - Well, we've just had a special delivery from Jim. He's coming home this week-end and bringing a friend. Jim said he had a surprise for us, too.

Mary Ellen - That is swell. I haven't seen him for nearly a year. The last time he was home I was visiting in New York City.

Bundy - It will be wonderful to see him again, won't it?

Emily - Yes, it will seem so good to see him again. He hasn't been home for a long time. Jackie, I think it's your bed time. You say "Goodnight" and run along upstairs.

Jackie - Ah, gee, Mom, do I have to?

Emily - Yes, you must go now. I don't want to tell you again.

Jackie - O. K. Good night, girls. Good night, Mom and Dad.

All - Good night, Jackie. (He leaves.)

Mary Ellen - Come on, Bundy, let's raid the ice box. I am starved. (The girls leave, and Mr. Shaffer rises.)

Arthur - It's my bed time. Are you coming, Emily?

Emily - I have to put these socks away; then I'm coming up. You go along. (They leave the stage.)

The curtain falls.

Act III Setting - The family living room on Saturday afternoon.

Bundy - It's just terrible. We were so sure we would get a chance to go to the prom tonight. (Both girls walk slowly across the stage.)

Mary Ellen - Those boys are so stuck up and mean, I shall never speak to them again.

Emily - Now, girls, calm down. You may have a chance to go, yet. Mary Ellen, don't be so childish. If you are so anxious to go, why don't you go stag? You would still have a good time.

Bundy - Oh, Mrs. Shaffer, we just couldn't do that. The girls would all laugh at us and we would have a horrible time. Well, Mary Ellen, I must go home now. I'm going to help mother clean the cellar. (Mary Ellen accompanies Bundy to the door; Then she comes back and sits on the couch. The door opens, and Jackie enters. He notices Mary Ellen slumped in the corner of the couch looking very sad.)

Jackie - What's the matter with Mary Ellen?

Emily - She is feeling sad because no one asked her to go to the prom tonight. Don't bother her.

Jackie - I thought she and Bundy had their dates a long time ago.

Emily - Some new girls have moved into town, and Alan and Bob have asked them. That leaves our girls out. I think it was nice of the boys to ask them, for they know very few people in town.

(Mary Ellen has fallen asleep. The door bell rings.)

Emily - I'll answer it Jackie. It's probably the grocery boy. (She goes to the door.) Jim! Oh, Jim, do come in. It is so good to see you.

Jim - Mother, I want you to meet my friend, Ned Brown. Ned, this is my mother.

Ned - I have heard a lot about you, Mrs. Shaffer.

Jim - Ned, this is my brother, Jackie.

Ned - Hello there, Jackie. How are you?

Jackie - Say Jim, what's the news you have to tell us?

Jim - Well, Jackie, since you are so excited about it, I 'll tell you right away. Ned and I have joined the army.

Jackie - You mean you are going to be a soldier?

Jim - Yes, Jackie, I guess we are.

Emily - Oh, Jim! I am so proud of you boys. I hate to see you go, but you know what is best.

Jim - Yes, Mother, that's what I really want to do, and besides I think it is my duty. Say, Mother, where is my big sister?

Emily - She is asleep on the couch, Jim. I'm afraid she was quite upset this afternoon. You see, she and Bundy planned to go to the Senior Prom but their boy friends stood them up.

Jim - Poor, Sis! (He thinks a second.) Say, Ned, why don't we take the girls to the dance? They always do have nice times there.

Ned - That sounds like fun to me, Jim.

Jim (Rushing over and shaking his sister.) - Wake up Mary Ellen. We have a date tonight. Come on! Wake up!

Mary Ellen (Sitting up.) - Jim, is this really you? When did you come?

Jim - Yes, here I am, and this is Ned Brown.

Mary Ellen(Standing.) - How do you do, Ned. I'm sorry I fell asleep.

Ned - Your mother told us about the prom, and Jim and I want to take you girls , that is if you want to go.

Mary Ellen - If we want to go! Oh, Ned, we'd love to.

Curtain

Shirley Riley '45

ALUMNI NEWS

Cpl. Robert Messier A.A.F. '45, a tail gunner in a bomber, is stationed at London, England.

Pvt. Bradley ^{MARTIN} ex'44 is stationed at Camp Keys, Augusta.

Marjorie Weld ex'44 is graduating in June, from Manchester High School, Manchester, Conn. She stands eighth in a class of three hundred graduates.

Richard Weld S/2nd C. U.S.N. ex '44 has been attending a service school in Maryland.

David Gates A.S., V 12, U.S.N.R. ex '43 expects to be called in July.

Pfc. Leon Ashton U.S.M.C.R. '43 is stationed somewhere in the southwest Pacific.

Pvt. Lyle Lothian U.S.M.C.R. '43 is now stationed in South Carolina.

Pfc. Guy Lothian '41 is now stationed in England.

A daughter, Marcia Ann, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Arland M. Johnson (Genieve Messier '40) on May 16, 1944.

A son, Don Almond, was born, May 18, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. Almond Richard, '39 and '38, respectively.

A son, ^{GAYLORD} Robert, was born, March 14, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Horskins, '34 and '35, respectively.

1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36

- 16. Short for advertisement.
- 17. Unusual.
- 19. Locomotive and a string of cars.
- 22. A beverage.
- 23. Drawing and painting.
- 24. You should your money for War Bonds and Stamps.
- 26. Devoured.
- 27. District Attorney (abbr.)
- 28. Hit the ground with the foot.
- 30. Correlative of either.
- 31. Accomplish.
- 33. Iowa (abbr.)
- 35. Opposite of near.
- 36. Make go.
- 3. Decay.
- 5. Not down.
- 6. Price of purchase.
- 8. Down hearted.
- 10. Ancient.
- 13. Went fast on foot.
- 14. What holds up telephone wires.
- 15. Is brave.
- 18. A lion's home.
- 20. A rodent.
- 21. The thing
- 22. Associated Press. (abbr.)
- 24. Short for Samuel.
- 25. Not light.
- 26. Help.
- 27. Something which holds back water.
- 29. A dessert
- 32. Pertaining to.
- 34. Indefinite article.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

Across

- 1. Portion.
- 4. Pronoun, 2nd person.
- 7. In order to
- 9. A river in Italy
- 11. Upon.
- 12. A beggar.

Down

- 2. In, on by. (Solution is on the last page.)

Royce Magnant '45

HUMOR

Corinne: Why didn't I ask Gov. Wills for his autograph.
Rita: He didn't have it with him, did he?



Marion Dewing: You know, Charles proposed to me the other night.
Ruth: Doesn't he do it beautifully!

A New Version

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good lives within their bones;
So leave it to Caesar."

Can You Imagine

Idolyn Messier missing a dance?
Carlotta Corey coming to school every day?
Buddy Geno's shirt tail tucked in?
Shirley Phelps not talking about Alan Westcott?
Mrs. Lamsa not being jolly?
Corinne Bennett and Gladys Boulais not having double dates?
Idolyn and Rita being in Burlington without escorts?
Norma Carman not going over-street every noon?
Franklin High without couples?
Wayne Ploof taking school seriously?
Shirley Riley getting gray hair over Clayton's operation?
Muriel Spooner not giggling?

Song Titles

By the River of the Roses
C. Bennett
The Dreamer - - - - S. Riley
Marine's Hymn - - - - M. Richard
Don't Sweetheart Me G. Boulais
Take It Easy - - - I. Messier
I Dug a Ditch N. Carman
M. Riley
Good Night Wherever You Are
J. Lafley
Shoo, Shoo, Shoo, Baby-C. Corey
Love, Love, Love - H. Pitemore
I'll Get By - - - P. J. Westcott
Come Josephine, In My Flying Machine - - - C. Bushoy
I'll Be Seeing You - R. Rainville
A Journey to a Star - M. Samson
They're Either too Old or too Young - - - R. Magnant
C. Mullen
How Sweet You Are - - - M. Geno

NEWS OF THE SEMESTER

Jan 21 and 22. Everyone was very busy taking midyears' examinations.
Jan. 25. Mr. Silvester gave all the junior-senior high school pupils a comprehensive test to see how we compared with other pupils of our age throughout the country.
Jan. 27. We received our report cards.
Jan. 28. For the first and only time during the year every member of the junior-senior high school bought defense stamps, making a 100% record for every class.
Feb. 4. The honor roll for the second quarter was announced as follows: All A average: Claude Magnant; $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ B average: Madeline Messier, Mary Columb, Robert Cyr, Sally Gates, Carroll Titmore, Imogene Columb, Jane Gates, Alton Lothian, Gilbert Dewing,

35.

Charles Gates,
Martha Samson, Muriel Spooner, Marion Dewing, Melvin Geno, Royce
Magnant, Phoebe Jane Westcott, Idolyn Messier; B average - Daisy Ploof,
Guy Towle, Andrew Rainville, Lloyd Richard, Ruth McDermott, Charles
Mullen, Carlton Bushby, Carlotta Corey.

The half year honor roll was announced as follows: All A aver-
age - Claude Magnant ; $\frac{1}{2}$ A and $\frac{1}{2}$ B - Mary Columb, Robert Cyr, Sally
Gates, Madeline Messier, Carroll Titmore, Imogene Columb, Jane Gates
Alton Lothian, Gilbert Dewing, Martha Samson, Muriel Spooner, Marion
Dewing, Charles Gates, Royce Magnant, Idolyn Messier, Phoebe Jane
Westcott; B average - Daisy Ploof, Guy Towle, Lloyd Richard, Ruth
McDermott, Charles Mullen, Melvin Geno, Marian Richard.

Feb. 11. Gardner Mears, a member of the rationing board at
Enosburg Falls, gave a very interesting talk on rationing.

On the evening of March 3, the freshmen had a box party at the
school house.

Feb. 15. The school had a holiday, because of the heavy snow
storm.

Feb. 25. For assembly, this morning, the senior play cast gave
a few scenes from the play.

This evening, the seniors presented at the town hall, a three
act comedy, "Listen to Leon", written by Janice Gard, and coached
by Mr. Silvester. The Franklin orchestra furnished music between
acts. Everyone enjoyed both the play and the music.

March 3. For assembly this morning, the freshmen presented
three plays: "A Bargain in Bonds", by Betty Bridgeman; "Could You
Do Better", by Claude Magnant; "It's the Little Things That Count",
by Jane Ashman and Gordon Hubbel. We all liked them very much.

March 10. The juniors sponsored a spelling bee, this morning
for assembly.

On the evening of March 10, the Junior Class had a box party
at the school house.

March 16. School was closed today because our teachers attend-
ed a teachers' convention in Burlington.

March 20. Most pupils were busy taking nine weeks' tests.

March 24. Our superintendent, Dr. Anderson, gave a very in-
teresting and helpful speech on the need for self starters in our
lives.

March 24 - April 10. We all had a rest from school and studying.

Many of the boys and some of the girls worked in sugaring during this
time.

April 14. During the assembly period today Mr. Silvester
spoke to us about the importance of a high school education.

The honor roll for the third quarter was announced as follows:
 All A average - Claude Magnant, Madeline Messier; $\frac{1}{2}$ A and $\frac{1}{2}$ B average - Mary Columb, Robert Cyr, Sally Gates, Stanley McDermott, Daisy Ploof, Albert Richard, Carroll Titemore, Guy Towle, Inogone Columb, Jane Gates, Joyce Johnson, Alton Lothian, Lloyd Richard, Gilbert Dewing, Martha Samson, Marion Dewing, Charles Gates, Ruth McDermott, Virginia West, Carlotta Corey, Royce Magnant, Idolyn Messier, Phebe Jane Westcott; B average - Richard Columb, Charlotte Geno, Charles Mullen, Harland Titemore.

Mr. Silvester also announced that Richard Columb is the only pupil in the whole junior-senior high school who has been neither absent nor tardy this year.

April 21. For assembly today the Sophomore Class put on a radio program consisting of a comb band, and a play, "Are We Dressing", by Don Pierce.

April 28. The Senior Class gave us an English quiz this morning.

May 12 - 13. Franklin was well represented in the Music Festival in Burlington. Idolyn Messier, Phebe Westcott, Corinne June Lafley, Rita Rainville, Ruth McDermott, Harland Titemore, Merriman Lothian, and Charles Mullen sang in the All State Chorus. Marilyn Riley played in the All State Orchestra, and Shirley Riley played in the All State Band.

May 14. Mr. Anderson gave the annual eighth grade test.

May 19. The eighth grade presented two plays this morning: "Three Reasons," by Jane Gates, and "So Long, Miss Jones," by Lydia Caplan.

May 26. The seventh grade presented a play, "Just Between Us", written by high school pupils from another school.

The seventh grade invited the eighth grade to a picnic after school.

SPORTS

We started practicing baseball very late this year because the snow stayed so long. After the snow was gone, we practiced for two or three days, and there was snow again.

Two baseballs have been purchased, and some of the boys brought balls of their own. We had enough until some of them got wet and were spoiled. A soft ball equipment has also been purchased. The ball diamond has been scraped and raked. The bases were made and the diamond marked off.

The girls, with Idolyn Messier as manager and Mrs. Lamsa as coach, have been practicing softball on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The boys, with Melvin Geno as manager and Mr. Silvester as coach, have been practicing on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

On Memorial Day, a game was scheduled with the Franklin Alumni. We held our own for a while, but they finally defeated us, with a score of 14 - 3. We did take in enough money, however, to pay for the equipment we purchased this spring.

The line - up for the game was as follows:

Molvin Gene	P.	Royce Magnant	L.F.
Wayne Ploof	C.	Cedric Columb	C.F.
Charles Mullen	1st	Richard Bushey	R.F.
Carlton Bushey	2nd		
Claude Magnant	3rd		
Charles Gates	S.S.		

EXCHANGE

We have been pleased, this year, to exchange papers with the "Brigham Beacon" of Bakersfield, and "The Oracle" of Highgate. We hope to hear from both of you again.

Cross Word Puzzle Solution

Across

1. Part.
4. You
7. To.
9. Po.
11. On.
12. Tramp.
16. Ad.
17. Odd.
19. Train
22. Ale.
23. Art
24. Spend.
26. Ate.
27. D. A.
28. Stamp
30. Or.

31. Do.
33. Ia.
35. Far.
36. Send.

Down

2. At.
3. Rot.
5. Up.
6. Cost.
8. Sad.
10. Old.
13. Ran.
14. Poles.
15. Dares.
18. Don.
20. Rat.
21. It.
22. A. P.
24. San.
25. Dark.
26. Aid.
27. Dan.
29. Pie

32. Of.
34. An.

On Memorial Day, a game was scheduled with the Franklin Airmans. We held our own for a while, but eventually defeated us, with a score of 14 - 7. We did take in enough money, however, to pay for the equipment we purchased this spring.

The line - up for the game was as follows:

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------|---------------|
| Melvin Gen. | P. | Royce Magnum |
| Jayne Pilot | C. J. Graham | C. F. C. F. |
| Charles Miller | Jeff | Richard Bushy |
| Carlton Bushy | 2nd | |
| Charles Magnum | 3rd | |
| Charles Gasser | 4th | |

EXCHANGE

To have been pleased, this year, to exchange papers with the "Bright Season" of Bakerfield, and "The Oracle" of Highgate. We hope to hear from both of you again.

Across Word Puzzle Solution

- | | | |
|-------------|-------------------|------------|
| 1. Part. | 21. Do. a betress | Down |
| 4. You | 22. Rat | 2. A. |
| 7. T. stipe | 23. Up. | 3. Rat |
| 9. Po. | 24. Coat. | 4. Up. |
| 11. On. | 25. Sal. | 5. Coat. |
| 12. Trap. | 26. Old. | 6. Sal. |
| 16. A. | 27. Ran. | 7. Old. |
| 17. Old. | 28. Poles. | 8. Ran. |
| 19. Train | 29. Dares. | 9. Poles. |
| 22. Ale. | 30. Don. | 10. Dares. |
| 23. Art | 31. Rat. | 11. Don. |
| 24. Spend. | 32. It. | 12. Rat. |
| 26. Ale. | 33. A. P. | 13. It. |
| 27. D. A. | 34. Sam. | 14. A. P. |
| 28. Stang | 35. Dark. | 15. Sam. |
| 30. Or. | 36. Aid. | 16. Dark. |
| | 37. Dam. | 17. Aid. |
| | 38. Pie | 18. Dam. |
| | | 19. Pie |