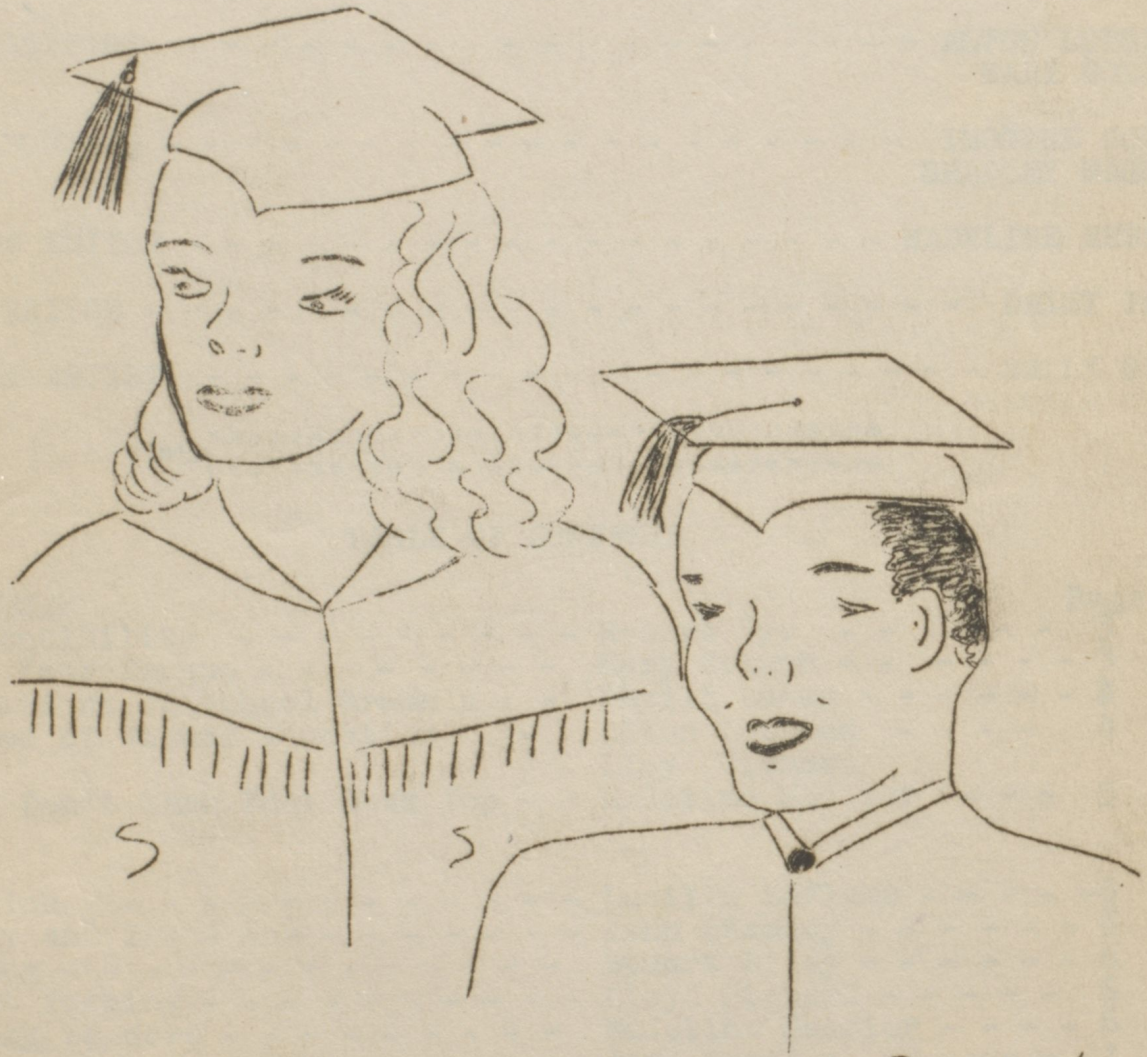


FRANKLIN High School MOLECULE

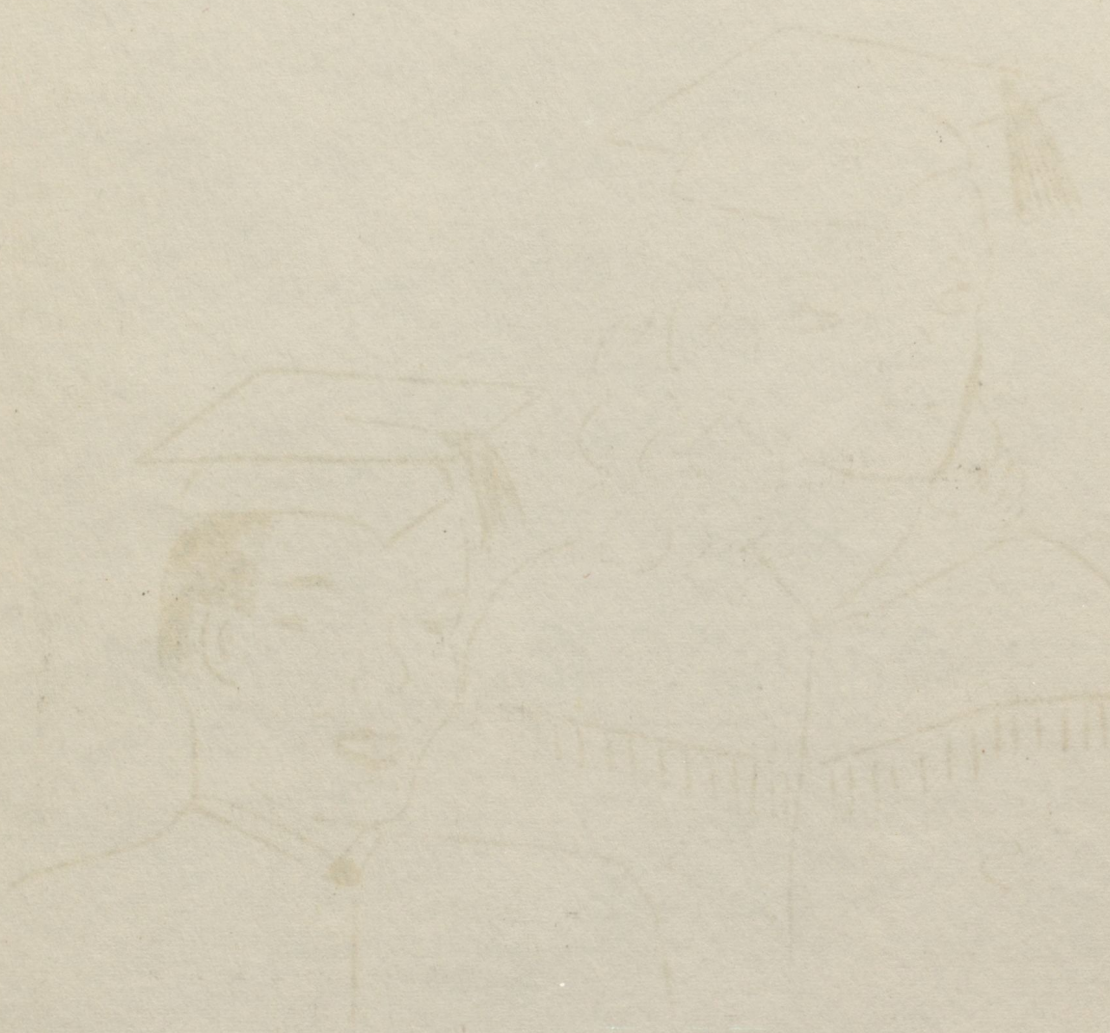


H. Roberts '48

VOLUME XII NO II

JUNE '48

THE UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN



JUNE 18
VOLUME III

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Hortense Roberts

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EDITORIALS

RESPONSIBILITY

Responsibility should play a major role in everybody's life, in the home, at school, or at other public places. It is a good plan for a person in high school, or even younger, to begin to take on some responsibility. A person of high school age or younger should have some chores to do around ^{home} and make it his responsibility to see that these are done. He should be able to get out and run errands, or to do odd jobs at home, or for someone else, to earn his spending money and enough more to buy some of his clothes or other necessities.

Anyone of this age, and especially older, should make it his responsibility to abide by the rules or laws of the town and its buildings. He ought to take part in keeping these laws obeyed, and the older persons should help make these laws.

The students of a high school should take part in discussions, sports, and other activities. If a student is chosen ~~as~~ a chairman of some committee, or even as a member of some committee, he should make it his responsibility to carry out his duties as best he can. The student should make it their responsibility to see that school property is not destroyed, especially that school desks are not marred or marked. High school students who do this and other destructive acts do not have much sense of respect or responsibility for their school. If a student is going out for a sport and makes the team, he should make it his responsibility to do his best for the team, as well as have a good time himself. He should be able to be depended on, and not refuse to practice and expect to play, or to practice and then refuse to play at the last minute. A student should do his best to obey the laws and regulations of his school.

Robert Cyr '49

HOLD YOUR TONGUE

I have often heard people jokingly make remarks about women's tongues and how they can turn a story about a feather into a feather bed, but few people realize the length, width and breadth of the human tongue.

I have listened to people talking in informal groups to young and old, talking on the streets; and I believe few people really give due consideration to the influence our words have. Words are wonderful things. They may be sweet, or they may have a terrible sting. They can warm, like sunshine, a lonely heart. Angry words can cut and lash from a poisoned, or even from a sharp though honest, tongue.

One lesson which I believe well worth learning is how to use our tongues and when to briñle them.

Mary Columb '49

CONDITION OF SCHOOL GROUNDS

The F.H.S. school grounds could certainly use some fixing up. The condition of them is disgraceful, and I think something ought to be done about them. Mere talking doesn't get us anywhere. What we want is action! We have drawn up a petition to have a clean-up day, but whether we do or not remains to be seen. The school grounds are cluttered with papers, orange peel, ashes, etc. The ashes have been behind the schoolhouse for some time now, but no effort has been made to remove them.

A bicycle rack was once built, but that has fallen down and none has been made to replace the old one; so the bicycles are all lying around the school yard. Now, a person who comes visiting our school doesn't get a very fine impression, if he has to trip over a bicycle with every other step he takes. Don't you think it would be swell if we could have another bicycle rack to stand the bicycles in? Also, accidents are prevented if the bicycles are standing up, because children can't trip over them, then; and a person can get seriously injured by tripping over a bicycle.

Now what do you say, F.H.S.? Let's get our yards cleaned and fixed, so that we can have as good a reputation of having clean yards as any of our neighboring schools.

Sheila Lahue '49

VALUES OF VISUAL EDUCATION

Visual education has many advantages and is more important than most people think. It has been said that there are disadvantages, but, in our opinion, these don't hold. The disadvantage which was stated was that the pupils were restless and made undue noise after a movie. This may be true, but we think that the reason for this is poor ventilation and the fact that the pupils have been sitting so stiff and cramped for so long that they want to move and stretch afterward.

The advantages are many. More material is covered, uninteresting subjects are dealt with interestingly and in story form, the slow reading pupil is benefited because because he can keep up with the rest

of the class in this, and the material presented will be remembered much longer and in greater detail.

Safety rules, for instance, can be taught by visual education. It is a very good idea to have safety movies too, because if an accident is seen on the screen it will remain vividly in the mind; whereas if it were read in the paper it would soon be forgotten. Visual education is a great help.

Alton Lothian '48
Lloyd Richard '48

AHA! DON'T MARK THAT DESK TOP

The desk tops that were sanded and varnished by the shop boys about four years ago have been marked, and are beginning to look dreadful. Even if "this one" does "love that one" it is no sign that it has to be advertised; at least not on the desk tops.

It seems to me that pupils should take interest in the looks of their school and not mark on desks, for this will spoil anyone's good impression of F.H.S.

Most of the carving is done to pass away time, I suppose, but instead of doing that why not spend that time studying English, history, or social science. I'm sure it would be much more profitable.

If the desks were your own property it would be different, but since they're not yours it is a mild form of sabotage to mark them. Pupils who mark not only their own desks but others' also are very mean because then an innocent person gets the blame for something he didn't do.

So the next time you're tempted to mark on a desk top remember that sixty-five per cent you had in English yesterday and study, because busy hands have no time for mischief.

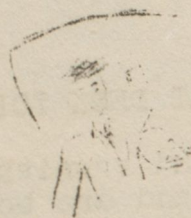
Madeline Messier '49

POETRY

ENGLISH

English is a funny thing:
 Lessons long, lessons hard,
 Remember this, remember that,
 And the longest words to spell.
 But just be sure that you know well
 Who wrote this, who wrote that,
 Who did this, who did that,
 What's a verb, what's a noun.
 Oh, but don't let it get you down!

Lucille LaFlame '51



PUSSY AND I

I have a little pussy cat
 His name is Tommy Gay.
 When I want to have some fun
 I go to him to play.

After I'm tucked in at night
 He jumps upon my bed to "lay",
 But if Mother should peep in
 He'd go out-doors to stay.

In the night when I hear him mew
 Down the back stairs I creep,
 And very slowly I open the door,
 As not to 'wake Mother from sleep.

Together we slip into my room,
 And into my bed so cozy and warm.
 Happily we sleep, side by side,
 Through the dawn of the coming
 morn.

John Stanley '52

MY DOG

My little dog is black and white,
 He barks at cars; he barks at cats;
 He barks at mice; he barks at rats;
 He barks at squirrels in the tree,
 But he never, never barks at me.

Stuart Riley '51



TROUT FISHING

Trout fishing time is here;
 People come from far and near
 Up to the old mountain brook -
 Armed with pole, line and hook.

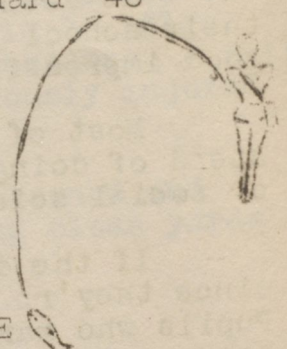
Both the young folks and the ol'
 Quickly head for the best hole,
 For fishes nearest right
 Is sure to get the very first bite

If no fish are biting there
 Go farther up in the mountain air,
 Where a fish will bite like a fool
 At the first hook in the pool.

As soon as each can catch his limit
 He heads for home the very next
 minute.

There he eats his well cooked fish,
 Calling it his favorite dish.

Lloyd Richard '48



SPRING IS HERE

Oh! April! You have gone away -
 Seems you only stayed a day.
 Since April showers have fallen,
 I've seen many a bud.
 We've taken the good and the bad,
 and even enjoyed the morn.
 But now again 'tis joyous May,
 And birds in unison sing.
 Everyone feels light and gay,
 For once again 'tis spring.

Madeline Messier '49

MUSIC

They say that youth is an organ -
 Its chords resounding and strong
 But haven't they ever been sixteen?
 Don't they know that they are wrong?

For youth is like a music box;
 Each silvery tone is measured
 By a laugh, a smile, a silent tear,
 And tucked away and treasured.

Jane Gates '48

IT'S A CRIME

Oh! How I hate to mar this white
 sheet of paper.
 If on the morrow it were due I'd
 wait a little later.
 Rhyme, reason, and I have nothing
 in common
 But the fact that of them I am
 often wanton.
 A poem for assignment is the cause
 of this sorrow.
 Mr. Browning, please, one of yours-
 may I borrow?

Sally Gates '49

THE COMING OF SUMMER

Summer now is on her way,
 Drawing closer every day.
 With her come the buds and flowers,
 Also many warm rain showers.
 Everyone is blithe and gay,
 As the warm, bright sun shines
 all the day!

Betty Benjamin '48

VERMONT

Vermont, they say, is the four-
 teenth state.
 It has wondrous sights to behold.
 It has mountains, rivers, and
 crystal clear lakes.
 It has marble, and sugar the color
 of gold.

It's truly a state that's worth
 its salt,
 This grand old state of Vermont.
 It has its troubles and its
 faults,
 But here we're always free from
 want.

Guy Towle '49

CLOUDS

Most people like the bright,
 warm sun,
 And ne'er give the clouds a
 pleasant thought
 But without them there would be
 no fun,
 For there would be just one long
 drought.

Some clouds are fluffy, light, and
 gay,
 And never bring us storms, as snow
 or rain,
 But chase about the sky, as if in
 play
 With the sun, which tries to shoo
 them off in vain.

The clouds which are close, and
 dark and grim
 Seem to shut off the laughter and
 the mirth.
 The earth grows dark, the sky grows
 dim,
 And the life-giving rain comes
 down to earth. Alton Lothian

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL

Each year a Music Festival
Is held in Burlington.
Schools do their best "in full",
No matter where they're from.

Early in the morning ,
At about half-past ten ,
The big parade starts forming,
Four thousand strong, and then -

The drums begin to sound,
And majorettes to strut .
It's heard, the city round -
The big bands' "rut -a- tut".

Early in the after-noon.
The glee clubs start to sing.
Within a Y.M.C.A. room
Their voices clearly ring.

At eight o'clock on Saturday night
The concert starts to play,
Within the great Memorial Hall.
So ends a wonderful day!

Kathleen Thibault '49

A CONFESSION

I'm about to make a confession -
Poetry writing's not my profession;
But I'll try with all my might
A very simple rhyme to write.

Our teacher put us on the spot -
A poem, by Monday - on the dot.
This is getting very confusing,
But to my mother it's quite amusing.

My thoughts, dear friends, are in
a huddle,
For my mind is in a muddle;
So I guess I've reached the end,
While I'm still on the upward trend

Robert Cyr '49

SPRING IS HERE

Spring is here and time for fun,
Time to get the spring's work done.
The birds are here, the buds are out
Things are growing, all about.

It's time to rake the lawn up clean
No time for pranks or actions mean,
No time for play when there's work
to do -
Tasks for each one - me and you.

Joyce Johnson '48

STORIES

RESERVED SEAT

The Vermont Music Festival was held again this year on May the fifth, sixth, and seventh. Through the years it has grown to be a very large affair with big numbers of high school students participati

and has become widely known to music lovers.

WCAX, a radio station of Burlington, Vermont, has broadcast the Saturday evening concert for some years. This concert consists of the all state orchestra and mixed chorus. On Friday evening the all state band has its concert.

Mr. Marble, a very young looking man for his early sixties has listened, for several years, to the concerts. So this year he decided that he would go to see as well as hear the concert at first hand. Thus, when Saturday night came, Mr. Marble found himself progressing into the auditorium along with the crowd. As he didn't hurry about getting his ticket the only thing he was able to buy was a rush seat ticket. The rush seats were the bleachers which ran the length of the auditorium on either side.

As he walked down the aisle, looking all the while for a vacant seat, he finally spotted one on the last bleacher, which was right next to the stage. "Well", he thought, "I couldn't be any luckier about getting a reserved seat." Then he maneuvered himself up to the vacant spot and sat patiently to wait for the concert to begin.

When the curtains of the stage opened he could see very distinctly the members in the orchestra. Feeling very contented, he listened to the first two selections which the orchestra played. After a big applause had subsided, the conductor of the chorus took his stand and gave a motion for the singers to arise. Suddenly everyone around him stood up. So he stood up too, only to realize that no one except the boys of the chorus were standing and that he was sitting among the performers themselves. Feeling ashamed and shocked, he sat down, partly from weakness and mental disorders that were creeping upon him. Not knowing how to get out, he remained through the two pieces which the boys sang, all the while trying to gather himself together. When finally their singing was over the orchestra came forth with more music, nearly putting him to sleep. Then the girls sang out in brilliant feminine melody. But this peace wasn't to last long. Next, both the boys and the girls of the chorus arose to sing; and Mr. Marble, by this time, judged he would be relieved by a different seating plan.

Realizing that the plank directly in front of him was vacant, he started slowly to maneuver himself to the edge, where he let himself down to the floor. Then he crawled behind the bleachers to the back of the room.

From here Mr. Marble, with comfort of mind, took in the beautiful sight of the chorus and orchestra of both boys and girls from all over the state of Vermont. The boys wore suits while the girls had on long evening dresses, ranging through all colors of the rainbow. The violinists were seated across the front of the stage; so when they played the harmonious movement of their arms was an amazing sight to see.

Next year it would be a reserved seat for him.

THE MURDER OF MISS BLUE

It was a warm day in the latter part of May - a perfect day for a baseball game. Everyone was looking forward to the last game of the season, scheduled for three o'clock that afternoon - Shadyside versus Kingston.

That afternoon when James was going down the stairs, heading for the baseball field, he saw Frank, a rival shortstop, talking to his (James's) girl; and he also saw him hand her something, probably his wallet, to keep until after the game. James was jealous of Frank, and was soon seen combing him out because of that little incident. Frank only laughed and told him to think nothing of it.

As I previously mentioned, James and Frank were rival shortstops for Shadyside High School. For this reason and James's jealousy they never were very good friends. When the game started Frank was playing short, while James sat on the bench. Early in the game, however, when Frank was hit on the ankle by a swift ball and had to be taken out of the game, James took his place.

In the last of the ninth, with the tying and winning runs on bases, James walked up to bat. He could see everyone making a great fuss over Frank because he had hurt his ankle on the playing field. James thought that if he could drive in those runs he would get some attention too. James, however, didn't drive in the runs, but he did walk to "land the sack." After a few extra innings Shadyside beat Kingston with a score of eight to seven.

The next day Miss Blue, the geometry teacher was very kind to the boys because they had played so hard the day before. Instead of making them go to the blackboard and draw geometric figures, she went herself, asking questions on the proofs.

Miss Blue was an elderly, good-natured woman. Her hair had streaks of white, and her face was somewhat wrinkled by the years; but, nevertheless, there was a twinkling in her eyes. She had a smile for all. Miss Blue was nervous and had a habit of chewing the end of her pencil, pen, or whatever she might be writing with.

After school everyone left but James, Nancy, Frank, and Tommy. Frank went into Miss Blue's room to pick out a book to read, for the library was at the back of Miss Blue's room too, while the others were playing games in the main room. Suddenly, in the midst of joy and laughter, the merry-makers heard a terrifying scream. It came from Miss Blue's room. They all jumped to their feet and hurried toward the sound.

As they entered Miss Blue's room they found her lying on the floor near her desk; and Frank stood there, staring down at her. The doctor, who was summoned immediately, examined Miss Blue and announced that she had been poisoned. They questioned Frank and found that Miss

Blue, feeling thirsty, had asked him for some water, which he had brought her. Frank was arrested because he had supposedly poisoned Miss Blue.

James felt that Frank was not guilty and, even though they were such bitter rivals, he decided to help Frank all he could. He wondered who would have wanted to kill Miss Blue. Everyone liked her. He felt quite sure that it must have been Tommy, Alice, or Nancy - they being the only ones (besides Miss Blue, Frank, and himself) who were in the building at the time of the death. Searching for a motive, he ran through the names of the suspects. First he took Alice. "She doesn't have any grudges against anyone as far as I know," he thought. She liked Miss Blue, and was a very good friend of both Frank and himself. Next he took Nancy. Nancy, too, liked Frank, but that wouldn't make her want to kill Miss Blue. Finally he took Tommy. He was a quiet fellow who never seemed to have any enemies, but he could have had some secret quarrels.

After running through the names previously mentioned without finding a clue, James hit upon an idea. It was a long chance but it might work. The scheme was to call together the suspects, and tell them he knew who the guilty party was but he would give him another chance to confess. This he did; then he dismissed them, after having announced that he knew who the murderer was and would name him in the morning.

That night after James had gone to bed he still thought of the murder. Then he heard a faint squeak of his bedroom door. He lay tense in the dark, waiting. This visit had been expected. Suddenly a moonbeam lit the room, and its light gleamed from a long pointed knife poised over him. He reached up, grabbed his assailant's wrist, and twisted. His opponent, screaming in pain, dropped the knife. James snapped on the lights, and to his surprise the murderer was a girl. It was Nancy.

"Why did you do it?" demanded James.

"I didn't mean to kill anyone, far less Miss Blue," sobbed Nancy shakily.

"Tell me just how it happened," urged James.

"Well," began Nancy, "you know that Frank and I are real good friends, or I should say 'were' good friends before Alice came along. During the game yesterday I put a weak, slow acting poison in the chalk, not strong enough to injure fatally. I didn't know then that when a large quantity of cold water was added the weak poison became deadly. That poison was meant for Alice. I didn't intend to kill her, but only to scare her a little and punish her for stealing Frank.

"How did you know that Alice would get the poison, not someone else?" questioned James.

"You know that Alice had a habit of putting chalk or the end of a pencil into her mouth. Well, I figured that she would get hold of the poisoned chalk, but she didn't go to the blackboard yesterday. Miss Blue did go: so she got the poison instead of Alice, because she too put the chalk into her mouth."

James was glad that Frank was not the murderer, but he was sad that Nancy was. Yet this being her first offense and the poisoning being partly accidentally, he thought that she would get off with a light sentence.

Leo West '49

AFTER I JUMPED

I took a long breath, held my nose and jumped. This was the spot. I hadn't thought the map would lead me anywhere. When I found it, I thought that somebody had made it up and planted it for a joke. Yet, when I had followed it a little and found the lay of the land just as it was on the map, I changed my mind. The map had been torn and had looked old; that was the only reason I had followed it at all.

Now here I was, eight feet under, and I hadn't hit bottom yet. It said on the map that it was only six feet deep, I thought, a little scared. Suddenly I struck something hard. Then I felt myself gliding along in an unknown river, at least it was unknown to me. On one bank great trees loomed up and on the other a great wall of rock came right up to the water. "Oh!" I exclaimed, as I turned from gazing at the rock wall and noticed a clearing at the edge of the river. There were many thatched roof huts and several Indians in the clearing. Some of the Indians were cooking meals over small fires outside the huts, some were weaving rugs, and some were making pottery.

Out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of a couple of canoes down the river. I saw them about the same time that the Indians saw me.

"Wahoo! Heap big stranger come down river, makum good feast," one of them called, pointing his finger at me. That made all of the Indians, (both on shore and in the canoes) look at me. Several of the ones on shore came down to the water and climbed into the canoes. They all had great long spears.

As they paddled towards me, spears in hand and yelling at the top of their lungs, I realized that they were cannibals. When they got within range of me, and spears hit the water all around, I figured that I had better start swimming, for the raft didn't float fast enough for me. I swam about a hundred feet to a bend in the river and came upon some rapids! It was too late. Down I went, right into a mass of rocks with water swirling every which way.

I felt one of the rocks catch me in the middle, and then it was as if the pressure of the water was slackening, and then increasing, slackening and again increasing against my body.

Then I realized that it had been only a dream.

A short stout man was kneeling over me giving me artificial respiration. After I had come too, he told me how he had watched me jump and when I hadn't come up, had come down after me. He found me by a stone at the bottom and had brought me up.

I told him how I happened to be there and we both laughed. I felt so foolish that I started for home as soon as I thought I was able to make it. It was a good thing that little pond was in the country or I'd never have heard the end of it, but as it was no one heard about it but my mother.

When I got home my mother asked, "Where did you get that awful bump on your head?"

I told her all I knew about it, but I got no sympathy at all. She sent me to bed without my supper for telling her one of the biggest lies she had ever heard.

Olin Samson '50

NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW

Connie Fay Walker turned and walked slowly away from the favorite corner drug store. "What is wrong with me?" she thought. I'm a 'not too hard to look at blonde', I'm over five feet tall, and I don't weigh over one hundred and twenty pounds; yet, why doesn't that new boy, Ted Weems, even look at me?" Those were the thoughts running through Connie's mind, as she hurried home through the bright sunshine.

Ever since the red-headed Ted Weems had come to town Connie and every other girl in school had done her best to get his attention, but the only girl he ever looked at was the darling of the town, red-headed Ruth Ann Fields.

Connie hurried up the steps of her home. She hurried past the kitchen, and ran up the stairs to her room. She dug out a good book from under her bed, and began to read. * * * * *

The next morning, at breakfast, Connie's brother, Ronnie, announced that he had bought an old jalopy of a car - much to the disappointment of his parents.

Connie decided to take a bicycle ride down to the corner drug store. On her way she passed the garage, and noticed that there was a new man there. As she looked a second time she gave a long, low whistle, because there before her eyes was her dream man, Teddy Weems! "So!" she thought. "He's a part time garage worker!"

Then the idea hit her hard! She began to remember. Breakfast - Ronnie's old jalopy - Garage man! Suddenly she came to an abrupt stop before the garage. Just before she opened the door, however, she paused to smooth her long bob and tuck her plaid skirt into her knee length pedal pushers. Then she put on a bright smile and walked in.

He was bending over a blown out tire, trying to patch it. Connie took a deep breath and began, "Are you one of the garage men?" (To hear her on one would ever know that this was the man she had been hoping to meet for the past two weeks.)

He smiled at her as if she were a little girl and said, "I sure am, little lady. What can I do for you?"

"Well," Connie began, "my brother has an old jalopy of a car, and it needs a motor job. Do you think you could work on it for him this afternoon?"

The red-headed boy grinned, revealing a gold tooth. "I guess I could arrange my plans accordingly, Miss," he replied.

Connie smiled and murmured a faint "Thank you," as she went out. On the way home she felt very triumphant. This afternoon she would wear her nicest dress and see if Mr. Smarty Weems would notice her then! If she could get him to ask her to the Prom she would be the envy of the school.

That afternoon at about one o'clock Connie was sitting on the veranda swing. She wore a powder blue dress, and beside her on the porch stand was a whole pitcher of ice cold lemonade.

Just at that moment Ted came up the walk. He smiled at Connie and said, "Where's the jalopy?"

Connie returned the smile as she answered sweetly, "Oh, I thought you might like a cooling drink while you wait for my brother to get here to supervise the job." With this she poured out two glasses of lemonade and patted the seat beside her in the swing. Teddy sat down with a deep sigh of relief, and started sipping lemonade.

About an hour later Ted was saying, "How about taking in the Junior Prom next week, with me, Connie?"

Connie breathed a sigh of relief and said, "I'd love to."

During this time Connie had discovered that Teddy's favorite sport was fishing. She said that she was fond of fishing too. Finally

she said, "There's a little brook that's full of trout out in our meadow, and I'll bet they'll bite on a day like this, too."

Teddy caught the hint and said, "Well, let's go!"

A few minutes later, as Ted and Connie were racing toward the brook, fish poles in hand, Ted said, "You know, in all the excitement, I never did that motor job on your brother's jalopy, Connie,"

Connie smiled slyly and said, "Yes, I know." What did it matter if there wasn't any motor under the hood of Ronnie's jalopy, she thought!

Kathleen Thibault '49

SUCKERS (TWO KINDS)

"Hey, Joe, whatcha doin' tonight?" asked Jim as the two boys walked up the street together.

"Nothing much, I guess, 'cept do this darned French," came the dejected answer.

"Say, I gotta swell idea. Let's go over to the pond and scent the brooks. I'll bet them suckers is packed in so we could scoop 'em out with our hands."

Joe was wildly enthusiastic over the idea, and the two boys hurried home to make preparations.

The boys lived in a small, typical New England town, which was near enough to a medium sized pond so that the boys could have a lot of fun there. The pond provided swimming, boating, and it provided fishing, the year round. The boys were coming home from baseball practice when the brilliant idea of sucker spearing had come to Jim. But now, to get back to the story, we find Jim and Joe again, after getting their equipment together. They were both riding bicycles and carrying spears and flashlights. Each wore rubber boots.

As they rode swiftly along, side by side, Joe said abruptly, "We gotta be careful tonight, Jim. It's against the law to spear fish, you know."

Jim acknowledged that this was true, but seemed quite calm about the whole affair; and he said convincingly, "Aw, that's one law they never enforce."

But Joe wasn't to be consoled and proceeded to tell Jim the story his father had told him before he started. The story went that three men who were spearing had been shot at by a game warden, two of the men being hit and one of them badly hurt.

The little story hit Jim with quite a lot of force, and he began to plan carefully. "We'll leave our bikes quite a distance away.

Then if some snoopy warden sees 'em he won't know where we are. Our first stop will be Garrett's brook."

The boys tried the numerous brooks in the vicinity, without luck; and they laid the poor luck to the fact that it was quite early yet for suckers. Then Jim had an idea. "Say! Let's go down to the old mill. We should be able to get some perch under there, anyway!"

Jim was right. There were fish under the old mill; and the boys were intently pulling them in, when all of a sudden they heard a noise like that of a car door being shut softly.

Joe was scared stiff and whispered to Jim, "Whatta we gonna do now. It must be a warden- the way 'he's comin', so darn quiet."

By this time they could see two figures, coming stealthily toward the mill.

"Folla me," Jim said quickly. "There's more than one way out- ta this place."

Propping the spears, they fled into a pitch-black cavern. The floor was rotten, and covered with sawdust and chips. Once in their flight, Jim's foot went through into the water, but he kept going. They went up a flight of rickety old stairs and out into the night. They made the trip home in record time that night.

The next day, to the boys' chagrin, they found out that the two fellows they had seen the night before were their friends, who were also fishing.

Alton Lothian '48

THE SQUEAKING DOOR

In the town of Newton we bought a house called the "old Brenton place." It was built on top of a hill just outside of the town. When we moved there in June, people would stare at us and whisper to each other. One day as Jean and I were walking to the grocery store we heard some ladies say, "I don't see why the Girl Scouts bought that spooky old place. They say that there are ghosts in there, though I don't know that anyone ever actually saw a ghost there. There aren't supposed to be such things as ghosts, but it does look mighty scary."

Well, that's what scared me at first, though I thought, "We shall be here just for this summer, and it doesn't seem that much can happen in such a short time."

A week went by very smoothly. Miss Brown, our chaperon, hadn't let us go all through the house the first week. She said we would use just the downstairs, for since there were only twelve of us that would be room enough. The house was so dirty that we had to start cleaning the very first thing after we arrived, instead of exploring around. Even though we were quite crowded for sleeping quarters, we used only two rooms as bedrooms. Our cots certainly were crowded.

The second week we started cleaning upstairs. We were all excited over which room we would have and who would sleep in the room with us.

There were plenty of repairs to be done. We girls did what we could to fix up things. We papered the rooms that needed papering most, replaced windows that were broken, and redecorated rooms. Nearly all of the doors squeaked; so we oiled them. There was one door that still squeaked, no matter how much we oiled it.

Betty, Joan, and I were given the room with the squeaky door. It seemed that every time it was opened or shut it made more noise than the time before.

One night in July, as I lay awake, I heard a squeaking noise. I was scared. As I turned and looked I could see that the door was opening. There was no one coming in. I could see because the moon shone in the window and made the room light. This time the door sounded like a moan, and as though it tried to talk.

The next morning I said nothing to the girls of what had happened the night before. I did ask Miss Brown, however, if we couldn't have a new door put up in place of the old one, and she said that we might. When the new door came, Betty and I tried to unscrew the hinges, but they were so old and rusty that we couldn't even budge them. Two girls were sent down to the village to get a man to help us fix the door. When he arrived he started to take the old door off. What a time! I'll never forget it! After a while he got the hinges off with a pinch bar. With all the squeaking and creaking noises, you'd have thought the house was going to fall down. The door really did talk this time; at least, we thought it was the door. What language we heard! Under the top hinge there was a little keyhole with a key pushed way in it. We tried the key, which turned easily. Then we pulled. A mass of plaster and paper felloff the wall and onto the floor. A twenty inch square door swung open. There was a large hole in the wall which went through the ceiling into the attic.

In that hole there was an old parrot in a cage. No wonder we heard such talk! It was he that had been making all the noise instead of the door. Boy! Were we relieved! To investigate further we divided into groups to search the attic and discover, if possible, how the parrot had been put there. The man went up first; then all of us girls. When we reached the attic we saw the awfulest looking man. There was no telling how long he had been up there.

Miss Brown had us call the police. It was discovered that this man didn't want anyone to have this house, so he put the parrot there to scare the people away. This time it hadn't worked. The police took the parrot and the man with them. We lived in peace the rest of the summer at the "old Brenton place" on the hill.

Rosemary Jette '51

RECKLESS TOM AND HENRIETTA

Well, young man, and just who do you think you are? The very idea, as if you didn't know how proud I was of my pansies, and you probably did it on purpose too! Some day I hope you wrap yourself around a telephone pole; it would serve you right. Why, if you weren't so big, you lummox, I'd box your ears up pretty. If I were your mother I'd take you across my checkered apron and fix you up good, so you wouldn't want to plank yourself in that 'junk', right away, anyway! You-you-you-----!"

Tom did his best to smother a grin as old Mrs. Smith sent one piercing dagger his way and with a sigh at the fate of her pansies, turned and walked briskly into the house. But if looks could kill Tom certainly would be hearing the angels sing. He turned around and with a quick salute Henrietta's way, started toward the house -whistling. You'd think a raking over the coals like that would bother him a little, but not Tom. Yet he did wonder how he had hit the pansy bed and not the driveway. Maybe two wheels weren't as good as four, after all.

On Tom's sixteenth birthday, with some money which an uncle had sent him, he had bought an old car. He and his pals had painted it and written all over it. They christened it "Henrietta".

According to Mrs. Smith, the car didn't even have a chance for a ten minute cooling off period. Tom no sooner came home than he was off with it again. She vowed she could hear the thing coming, five miles away, down the road.

For as long as could be remembered, she had a grudge against Tom. He was the guy who used to put fishworms in her apron pockets when she hung them on the washline Monday morning. He hadn't been so bad the last few years, but he made up for it every Hallowe'en. But lately since he'd got that "junk pile" she was beginning to think the devil was after her. It was the noise of the thing that got her down. She wasn't too good at hearing anyway and this certainly would not do her any good. This is probably why she received a pair of ear plugs for Christmas last year.

The next day after the terrible fate of the pansies, Mrs. Smith heard a coughing and sputtering and looked up the road. In a cloud of dust she could see what was coming, and she immediately started for the house; he'd just as soon do to her what he had done to her pansies. The reckless driver! Crash! Bang! She turned around

just in time to see Tom make the corner on two wheels, but this time two wheels weren't enough. This time the telephone pole stood where it was and Henrietta did a very poor job of trying to climb it. Well, this time neither Tom nor Henrietta would try it again.

But old Mrs. Smith still insists that whenever it thunders, Tom and Henrietta are off with a cloud of dust, somewhere off up there. She can't help but wonder if there are telephone poles to climb up there, too.

Joyce Johnson '48

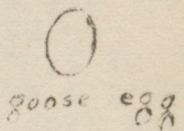
E S S A Y

WHY I LIKE DOODLING

At heart, I am a doodle-bug. My drowsy fingers creep across my scratch papers and even, alas, some of my assignments, leaving a trail of seemingly ridiculous prattle.

Doodling is the kind of hobby that interests alike brilliant men like Albert Einstein and stupid little girls like me. Its popularity is probably due to the fact that it can be done abstractly while the mind is, as in Einstein's case, thinking of more important things or, as in mine, is blank. It can be done whenever pencil and paper are handy and since it is intended that no one, especially the teacher, will study them, the amount of time and ability you wish to invest is up to you.

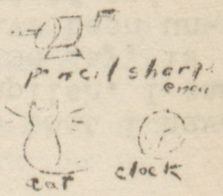
The simplest type of doodling begins with a goose egg. If you aren't handy at drawing them, I'll lend you my physics papers. I have plenty of them there.



Here is the beginning of an exciting adventure. Studying the goose egg I have drawn, I decide that it will be a lady. I draw a pair of nice full lips, a button nose, and two wide eyes. Add a mop of curly hair, a neck, and a long pair of eyelashes and there we are. Of course, you can add a crazy hat with birds and flowers on it, but I didn't this time.



Zero is adaptable to almost anything such as a flower, a pencil sharpener, a cat, or a clock. Geometric use of the zero, particularly the nice fat kind, is unlimited. Here are a few of these:



As roses have their thorns, there are some disadvantages to doodling. The worst of these is that it is untidy. (not messy, you understand, just untidy.) The other is that you may forget that your mind isn't supposed to help. It is often that you may be asked to recite while you are constructing a locomotive out of the zeroes of the day.

I have been at this pastime for such a long time that I have mastered a feat which no one else may ever hope to accomplish. I can read my doodling! Another goal which I hope to attain some day, is the extensive use of 100's in my drawing. Thus far, I have been unable to do much along this line, because I have only heard of and never seen this mythical mark. However, if my teachers will cooperate in giving me my first 100 to experiment on, I am sure I can make great advancement in the art of doodling.

Jane Gates '48

FRENCH CORNER

UN INATTENDU BAIN

Pierre demeurait dans une petite ville. Un jour en Avril il procurait une lettre de son cousin, Francois, qui lui demandait de venir à leur ferme pour le saison quand on fait l'érable à sucre.

Le prochain matin la mère de Pierre l'appellait de bonne heure.

— Levez-vous, Pierre.

Il allait rester dans son lit pour un petit moment, mais en se souvenant qu'il allait chez François aujourd'hui, il sautait dehors de son lit tout de suite.

Il prenait son petit déjeuner vite. Dans un peu de temps il était tout prêt avec ses bottes et tout.

Son père était prêt avec l'auto. Comme il partient sa mère dit,

— Avez un bon temps.

— Je vais, il repondit.

Quand ils arrivaient à la ferme Francois est sorti tout de suite et ils partirent pour la cabin de sucré.

— Ou est Jacques? demandait François.

— Il ramasse, son père repondit. Il serait de retour bientôt.

— Qui est Jacques? Pierre demandait.

— Il est l'homme engagé, François dit.

Bientôt Jacques retournait et les garçons prirent des chaudières et s'en allèrent.

En retournant dans les bois ils embarquaient sur la cuve. Après Jacques tournait les chevaux ils aident tous à remasser.

Les garçons remplissaient leurs chaudières seulement de la mortie parce qu'ils étaient trop pesantes.

Quand la cuve était bien rempli Jacques partait les chevaux et dit les garçons.

— Vous allez marcher parce que la cuve est pleine et il est dur pour les chevaux quand la neige est presque partie.

Les garçons partaient à pied. Pierre restait près de la cuve la tenant avec le main. Ils venaient seulement un petit partie au chemin quand les chemins étaient mauvais. Tout à coup la cuve s'inclinait un peu et l'eau d'érable volait et Pierre se faisait arrasé.

— Bien, ils font plus de choses avec l'eau d'érable que je pense, dit Pierre.

Madeline Jette '50

LE BEAU MOIS D'AVRIL

Le ciel est bleu avec des nuages
Tandis que le soleil se brille le visage,
Un petit vent souffle faible et chaud,
Le soleil fait des diamonds de tout l'eau.

La terre brune se montre à fin
De la neige il n'a reste rien -
Il y'a du vert qui peut être vu -
Du vert qui est soufflé par le vent du sud.

Le mois d'avril serait vite passé
Mais on se rappellera du printemps qu'elle a laissé.
Le mois d'avril emmène aussi de la pluie,
Mais vraiment elle est mon favori.

Tout le monde ont de l'air contenté
Parce que le beau temps veut dire de la santé!
Oh! Avril reste donc avec nous toujours,
Vous qui vient si peu souvent et qui est si court.

Madelyn Messier '49

LA MAISON

Rose ann aima sa tante Threse et son oncle George. Elle aima la petite ferme sur le chemin du pays dehors de la grande cite. Elle était contente dans la vieille maison de pierre. Les murs de la maison étaient si épais, qu'ils firent les appuis de fenêtres, large. La mrlleure chose de tout, elle aima la cuisine que sa tante Therese garda si propre et brillante. Il y avait une pompe par l'évier noir de quci Rose Ann aima voir l'eau claire vient.

Ils toujours mangerent dans la cuisine sur la vieille table du bois dur et s'assirent sur les chaises du bois dur que se faisaient par la main. En hiver le grand feu et la bouilloire chantante étaient si gai.

En été il y avait le buisson du lilas et la rose vagabond par les marches de pierre par la porte de la cuisine. Rose Ann souvent s'avait assis sur ces marches et avait mangé du pain et du beurre fait à la maison de sa tante Therese et regarda à travers du champ comme une jeune fille.

Mais demain allait être le meilleur jour. Sa tante Therese venait à la maison du hôpital où elle avait été pour deux semaines. Et demain soir son oncle George jouerait son violon et garderait le temps avec son pied parce qu'il était content que tante Therese était chez nous.

Mary Columb '49

NO PARKING

When Noah sailed the waters blue,
He had troubles, same as you.
'Though he sailed and sailed his ark,
He couldn't find a place to park.

Mary Columb '49

THE SOONER THE BETTER

A shopkeeper, while writing a debtor,
Said, in the course of his letter,
"It's better if the debtor knows
Just how much he owes,
And the sooner he pays the better."

Mary Columb '49

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1948

BETTY BENJAMIN
"Betty"

Honors:

- Basketball (2) (3) (4)
- Class Secretary (4)
- Music Festival Glee Club (3) (4)
- One-Act Plays
 - "Miss Personality Plus" (3)
 - "The Tiger's Claw" (4)

Betty, who reluctantly answers to the name of "Bet", is the very interesting senior that has a question for every teacher. Although she doesn't adore music, she is a shark at basketball, and a swell actress too. We know you'll miss your old desk near the picture of a cherished alumnus. Loads of luck to you, Betty. You have the ability to become a wonderful teacher.

Ambition: To be a teacher.

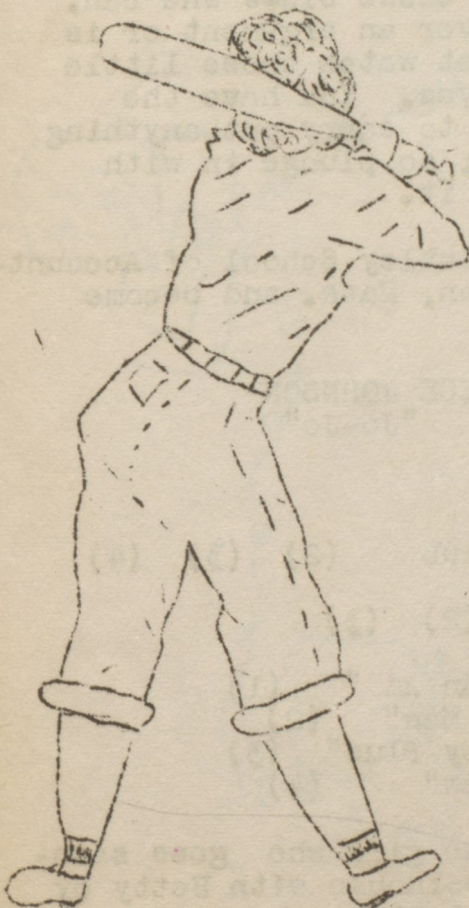
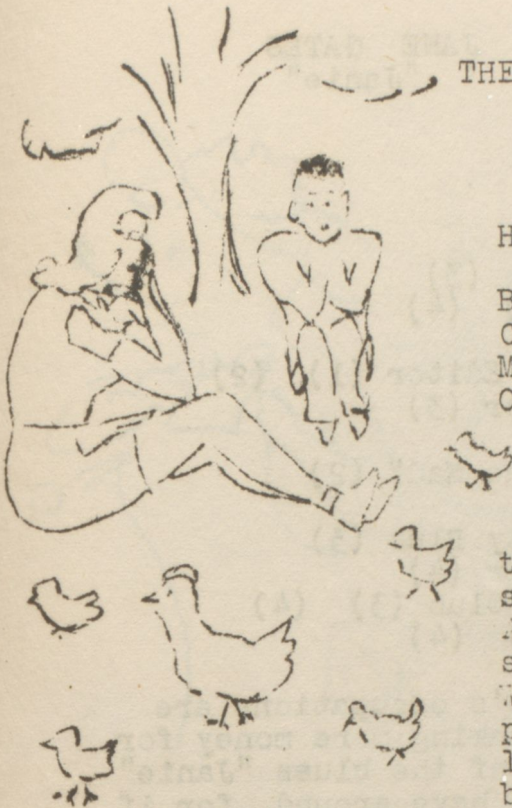
IMOGENE COLUMB
"Andy"

Honors:

- Salutatorian (4)
- Basketball (3) (4)
- All State Chorus (4)
- Music Festival Glee Club (3) (4)
- One Act Plays
 - "Hist, She's a Man" (2)
 - "Miss Personality Plus" (3)
 - "The Tiger's Claw" (4)
- News Reporter of the "Molecule" (3) (4)
- Secretary of Student Council (2)
- Softball (4)
- Captain of Softball Team (4)

"Andy" is a blond whirlwind who never turns down a dare. She has a sunny disposition, and enters into any activity with zest - sports, music, dramatics, and even such difficult subjects as chemistry, physics, and third year Latin. Good luck to you, Imogene. We're sure you'll make a superb nurse.

Ambition: To become a trained nurse.



JANE GATES
"Janie"



*Janie,
Plotting
Mischief*

Honors:

- Valedictorian (4)
- Class Treasurer (4)
- Class President (2) (3)
- Basketball (2) (3) (4)
- "Molecule"
- Assistant Joke Editor (1) (2)
- Assistant Editor (3)
- Editor (4)
- Three-Act Play, "June Mad" (2)
- One-Act Plays
 - Miss Personality Plus (3)
 - The Tiger's Claw (4)
- Music Festival Glee Club (3) (4)
- All State Chorus (3) (4)



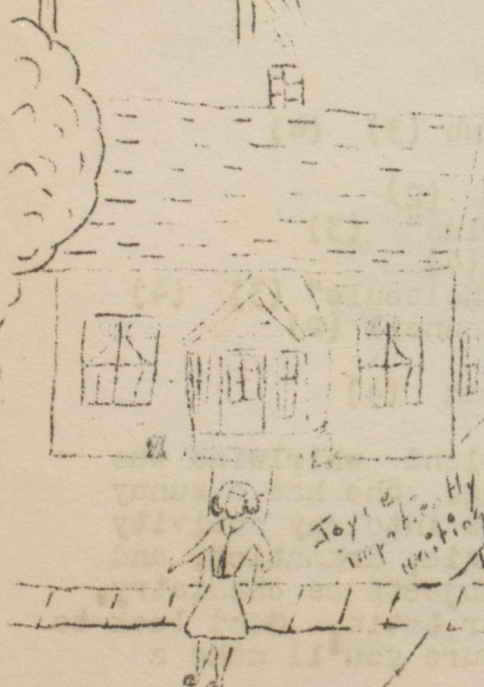
Two of Jane's occupations are writing poetry and making more money for her class. In case of the blues "Janie" is a swell person to have around, for if anyone can drive away those blues she can. If she gets excited over an argument or is planning mischief, just watch those little demons pop into her eyes. You have the character and ability to carry out anything you undertake, "Janie"; so plunge in with both feet. You can do it.

Ambition: To attend Bentley School of Account- and Finance, Boston, Mass. and become a C.P.A.

JOYCE JOHNSON
"Jo-Jo"

Honors:

- Music Festival Glee Club (2) (3) (4)
- All State Chorus (4)
- Class Secretary (1) (2) (3)
- One-Act Plays
 - "Buddy Answers An Ad" (1)
 - "Hist! She's a Man" (2)
 - "Miss Personality Plus" (3)
 - "The Tiger's Claw" (4)



*Joyce
impetuously
whispering
her date!*

"Jo-Jo" is the girl who goes sauntering around the schoolhouse with Betty by her side. Often you might see her whisper to someone. We wonder who?? We think you will make a good teacher. Good luck.

Ambition: To be a teacher.

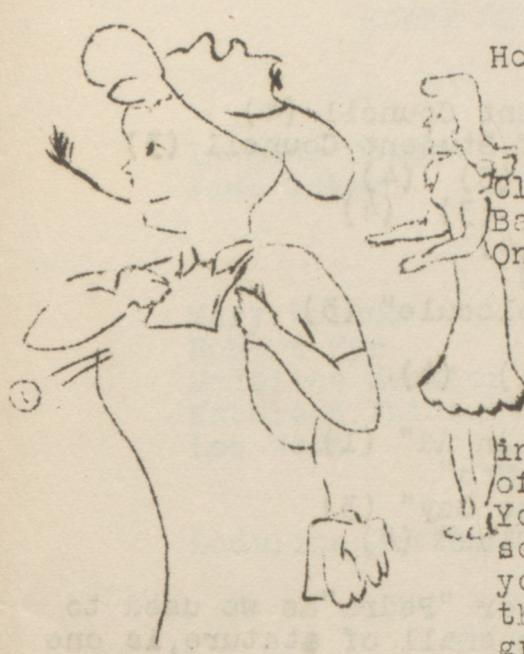
GORDON LAFLAME
"Gordy" or "Flanagan"

Honors:

- Student Council Treasurer (1)
- Vice President of Student Council (4)
- Class Treasurer (3)
- Baseball (4)
- One-Act Plays
 - "Miss Personality Plus" (3)
 - "The Tiger's Claw" (4)
 - "Henry's Mail Order Wife" (4)

Gordon's chief activity is talking. You can generally find him in the midst of a group of girls, preferably teasing them; Yet he really does like one - a neighboring senior. Although this is Gordon's first year at baseball he is a good player. He is thinking about joining the Navy when he graduates. Good luck to you in whatever you do.

Ambition: To join the Navy



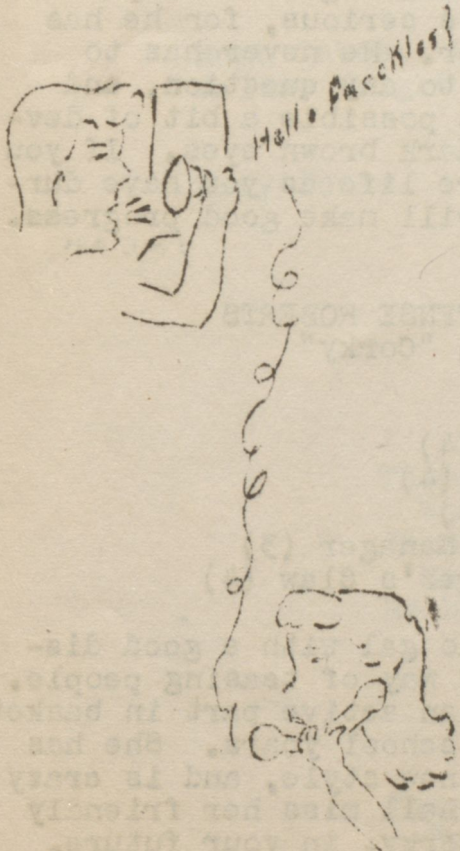
ALTON LOTHIAN
"Bert"

Honors:

- Third Rank in Scholastic Achievement
- Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4)
- Baseball (2) (3) (4)
- All State Chorus (2) (3) (4)
- Glee Club-Trio (2) (3) (4)
- One -Act Plays
 - "Buddy Answers An Ad" (1)
 - "Miss Personality Plus" (3)
 - "Hist! She's a Man" (2)
 - "The Tiger's Claw" (4)
- Sports Editor of the "Molecule" (4)
- Caretaker and Manager of Movie Machine (3)(4)
- Marshal for Senior Class (3)

Alton, known to his friends as "Bert", is to be found in most of the school activities. He is a very good athlete and is popular among his classmates. If "Bert" didn't have such a nice bass voice it would be torture to have him around, because he is always testing his vocal cords. Keep up the good singing "Bert"; you'll make a good engineer, some day.

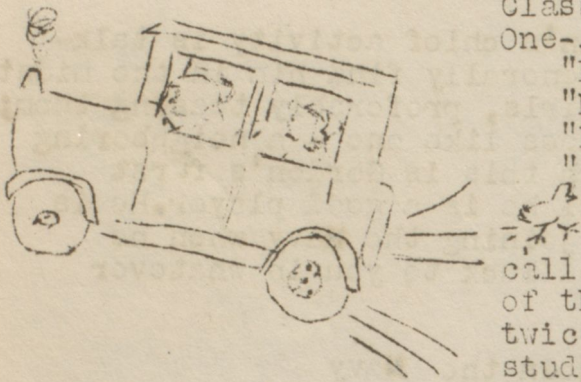
Ambition: To become an engineer?



LLOYD RICHARD
"Lewis"

Honors:

President of Student Council (4)
 Vice President of Student Council (3)
 Basket ball (2) (3) (4)
 Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4)
 All State Chorus (4)
 Glee Club (3) (4)
 Joke Editor of "Molecule" (3)
 Boys' State (3)
 Class President (1) (4)
 One-Act Plays
 "Buddy Answers An Ad" (1)
 "Hist! She's a Man"
 "Patty Saves the Day" (3)
 "The Tiger's Claw" (4)



"Lewis" -or "Pedro" as we used to call him -although small of stature, is one of the sturdy members of his class, having twice been class president and twice on student council. He represented our school at Boys' State. But don't get the impression that "Lewis" is always serious, for he has a great sense of humor. He never has to fumble for an answer to any question, and if a humorous turn is possible a bit of deviltry gleams in his dark brown eyes. If you succeed in your future life as you have during high school you will make good progress.

S. N. C. A. I. S.

HORTENSE ROBERTS
"Corky"

Honors:

Glee Club (2) (3) (4)
 Basketball (2) (3) (4)
 Basketball Manager (4)
 Assistant Basketball Manager (3)
 One-Act Play, "The Tiger's Claw" (4)



"Corky" is the gal with a good disposition, and a cheery way of teasing people. She has always taken an active part in basketball during her high school years. She has quite a crush on the new style, and is crazy about dancing. We shall miss her friendly giggle. Good luck, "Corky, in your future.

Ambition: To be a trained nurse.

HONOR ROLL

THIRD QUARTER

ALL A'S

Imogene Columb
Jane Gates

A'S and B'S

Betty Benjamin
Alton Lothian
Lloyd Richard

Seniors

Juniors

Mary Columb
Robert Cyr
Madeline Messier
Kathleen Thibault
Leo West

Madeline Benjamin
Sally Gates
Lyle Ladieu
Daisy Ploof

Sophomores

Madeline Jette

Bertha Bouchard
Olin Samson

Freshmen

John Hubbard
Bradley Magnant
Anne Towle

Simone Bouchard
Rosemary Jette

Eighth Graders

Hugh Gates
Arlene Wright

Bruce Benjamin
David Samson

Seventh Graders

Mary Towle

James Benjamin
Arthur Lothian

THE MAN WITH THE BLUES

There was a young man named Drows,
Walking around with the blues.
When the clock struck nine
He was feeling fine;
He had found his old pair of shoes.

Leo West '49

JIM

There was a young man named Jim,
Who robbed the bank ^{with} his man.
He took off his boot
And counted the loot
And passed their "cuts" to thim.

Leo West '49

ALUMNI NEWS

Herman Gover Ex '48 joined the Army Air Force on July 24, and he was stationed in Rapid City, South Dakota. On May 14 he received multiple head injuries in an automobile accident. He was flown to the Fitzsimmons Hospital in Denver, Colorado, where he died on May 15. All of his classmates, and several of his many other friends in the high school, attended his funeral in Bakersfield, on May 20.

Claude Magnant '47, Martha Samson '47, and Phebe Jane Westcott '44 have all been on the Dean's list this year at the University of Vermont, because of their high scholastic averages.

Melvin Geno '45 received his discharge from the Army in California, on Dec. 29. He is now coaching the high school baseball team.

Martha J. Riley '47 is a member of the Athenian Citizenship List at Vermont Junior College.

Marriages -

James Richard '43 to Miss Cecilia Campono of Swanton, on May 17.

Rita Rainville Ex '45 to George Parent of Enosburg, on May 29, at the Saint Mary's Catholic Church in Franklin.

Robert Messier Ex '45, on March 29, to Miss Norma LaCross of St. Albans.

Engagements Announced -

Theresa Proper '47 to Russell Hislop

Pauline Jette '46 to Philip Boudreau

Ruth McDermott '46 to Harland Titemore '45

Marian Richard '45 to Richard Merchant of Duxbury

Births -

A daughter, Rebecca Ann, born to Marjorie (Gates) ('40) and Robert ('39) Irish, on Jan. 26.

A daughter, Diana Kathleen, born on Feb. 8, to Osburne and Ilene (Thibault) (Ex-44) Durkee.

Harland Titemore '45, a graduate of Bliss Electrical School in Washington, D.C., has employment in Lyndonville, Vermont.

EXCHANGE

We have received exchanges this year from ^{St. Mary's} Enosburg, Richford, Brigham, and Highgate. The last copy of the "Brigham Beacon" is especially good.

Please keep up the good work, and exchange with us again, next year.

NEWS OF THE YEAR

- Dec. 19 - Jan. 5. School was closed for Christmas vacation.
- Jan. 19. No school. Furnace pipes were frozen.
- Jan. 21 -23. Midyears exams were given.
- Jan 30. School closed at 2:00 o'clock so that high school pupils and teachers might attend the funeral of Dr. L. E. Samson.
- Feb. 4. No school. The furnace pipes froze and burst.
- Feb. 3. We saw a movie, "Home for Tomorrow".
- Feb. 5. A movie on Preserves was shown. -"Yesterday , Today, and Tomorrow"
- Feb. 6. Report cards were given out.
- Feb. 6. The junior class held a record dance after the basketball game.
- Feb. 27. Two movies, "Alaskan Highway" and "From Bristles to Brushes" were seen.
- Feb. 20. Two movies on China were shown.
- Mar. 1. Another movie on Preserves was seen.
- Mar. 2. School closed at 10:20 A. M. and the high school was closed and the pupils were excused to attend town meeting.
- Mar. 8. We saw two movies, "Rubber Lends a Hand" and "A Call to Action", a Red Cross movie.
- Mar. 12. School was closed for the Champlain Valley teachers' convention.
- Mar. 15. We saw "A Fast Worker", a movie advertising Dreft, and showing the care of milk utensils.
- March 24. The Student Council sponsored two one-act plays. One, "The Tantrum", was acted by the members of the freshman class, assisted by Robert Cyr, Leo West, Lyle Ladieu, and Mary Towle. The theme of the play was the effect of Cousin Geneva's (Anne Towle) visit to the Hawthorne cottage, and her great popularity with Bunny's (Rosemary Jette) friends. Only when Bunny's brother Tim (John Hubbard) threw a tantrum did Cousin Geneva reform and act like a human being.

The second play presented on this date "Henry's Mail Order Wife, by the junior class, assisted by Gordon LaFlame. When Henry Gibbons, (Richard Columb) ordered a wife to keep his home clean he didn't realize what difficulties could result. Having read Henry's letter for a wife, Jim Jones (Guy Towle) posed as the ordered wife and thereby won a bet and a coveted saddle. Henry then had two wives and didn't know which was the right one. The play was hilariously funny.

- March 25. The sophomore class presented the play, "Pot Luck". Robert Cyr assisted them. Unexpected, the Morrrows had company for dinner, with a bare cupboard and a wrong shopping bag. The whole household was in an uproar as to what to eat when Aunt Amy saved the day by returning the shopping bag and lending the contents of her own.

"The Tiger's Claw", a mystery, was staged by the seniors on this same night. By the quick thinking of the amateur detective Herbie Sheridan (Lloyd Richard), the desperate criminals - the Tiger and the jewel thieves were caught. The switching off of lights and screams in the darkness added to the tenseness of the play.

- Mar. 18. Rev. R. Merrifield gave us a very interesting talk on India and the "caste" system.
- Mar. 26 - Apr. 12. School closed for "sugaring" vacation.
- Apr. 23. Highgate High School presented a play, "The Big Blow Up" at the town hall in Franklin, under the auspices of the student council. Proceeds were divided between Highgate and Franklin high schools.
- Apr. 28. The eighth grade party was held at the schoolhouse. They had relay races, a drawing contest, and played winkum and other games. They served refreshments of pop, sandwiches, cupcakes, and brownies. Then they danced until 10:30. Miss Dowling was the chaperon.
- May 7 - 8. Many Franklin High School students attended the All State Chorus in Burlington, marched in the parade in the morning, and sang in the Glee Club at the Y.M.C.A. building on Saturday afternoon. Those who took part in the All State Chorus were Sally Gates - 1st soprano, Jane Gates and Joyce Johnson - 2nd sopranos, Mary Columb - 1st alto, Madeline Jotte and Imogene Columb - 2nd altos; Lloyd Richard and Olin Sanson - 1st tenors, Lyle Ladieu and Leo West - 2nd tenors, Carroll Titemore - 1st bass, and Guy Towle and Alton Lothian - 2nd bass.
- May 12. Movies of two of Shakespeare's plays, "Julius Caesar" and "Macbeth", were shown to the high school.
- May 12. The junior high school boys' baseball team played the 5th and 6th grade boys, whom they defeated 11 to 1.
- May 13. Mr. Carter from Johnson Normal School talked with some of the seniors.
- The Biology class went on a nature hike.
- The seventh grade class party was held on Thursday, May 13 th at 4:30 p.m. with Miss Gates as chaperone. The members of the sixth grade were guests.
- Before supper they played games and Arthur Lothian gave out prizes to the winners. A delicious supper of salads, rolls, sandwiches, and pop was served. The dessert was a birthday cake in honor of Sybil Geno of the seventh grade and Alfred Columb of the sixth grade. After supper soft ball was played, and the party broke up at 8:30.
- May 17. Solid session began again. School hours are now from 8:45 a.m. to 2:30.
- May 18. We had a movie, "The Search of Security."
- Mr. Anderson showed some colored slides of landscapes which he took on his trip to California.
- May 20. The Senior class and some other high school students attended the funeral of their former classmate, Pfc. Herman Gover who was fatally injured in an automobile accident in So. Dakota.

- May 21. We had a movie, "Trees for Tomorrow". Today, the entire eighth grade was entertained at the Enosburg sub-freshman day. The Senior class sponsored a dance with Guy Mossey's orchestra.
- May 24. Albert Duroches received a broken jaw when hit in the mouth with a line drive during the Enosburg game. Hortense Roberts, a spectator, was also hit with a ball resulting in a black eye.
- May 26. Miss Ball, the regional librarian, gave a talk on her travels to California and Florida, and her bicycle trips in Vermont.
- May 28. The highschool was busy making the Memorial day wreaths. Casualties included four cut fingers, including Mr. Powers'.
- May 31. The traditional Memorial Day celebration was held in Franklin, today. A parade which included Franklin schools marched to the various cemeteries where services were held and the graves were decorated. Exercises were held in the town hall with Mr. Merrifield as principal speaker. In the afternoon the customary ball game was played.

Looking ahead.....

The Baccalaureate service will be held in the Methodist church Sunday, June 6th. Reverend Merrifield has chosen, "The Open Door" as the subject of his sermon.

Commencement exercises for the class of 1948 are to be at eight o'clock on Wednesday, June 9th, at the Franklin Town Hall. Mr. Arthur Silvester, principal of Plainfield High School and former principal of Franklin High School, will give the commencement address.

Because of the small size of the town hall and the conditions which resulted from a large crowd last year, Franklin High School has found it necessary to reserve seats for relatives and close friends of the graduates. Each Senior has been given six reserved seats. There are plenty of other seats available (about 100) for the rest of the public.

The Juniors are giving the graduating class a reception the following night at eight o'clock. Admittance is by invitation only. The alumni of the past three years will be invited by the school and each graduate will have twenty invitations. The Junior class requests that you bring your invitation with you.

"CLIMB THO' THE ROCKS BE RUGGED"

Senior Class Motto

H U M O R



Roger: "Why are you running so fast?"
Robert: "I'm trying t-t-t-to stop a fight."
Roger: "Who's fighting?"
Robert: " Another fellow and I."

In the days when cars were scarce a farmer sent for a mechanic to repair his mowing machine. The man came quickly and the task was soon done. Then the farmer asked, "What kind of contraption are you driving, anyhow?"
"Automobile," the man answered.
"What is the one I have just fixed?"
"Auto now hay, but it doesn't," the farmer replied.

Jane: "Hey, Johnny, what are you painting with a brush in each hand for?"
Johnny: "I want to hurry and get the barn all painted before I run out of paint."

SONG HITS

Pass That Peace Pipe - - - - -	Joyce and Gordon
Now Is the Hour - - - - -	Exam Day
Theresa - - - - -	Guy Towle
My Next Romance - - - - -	Mike
Mañana - - - - -	Spanish Class
G'bye Now - - - - -	Carroll Titemore
About a Quarter to Nine - - - - -	High School
Ain't No Gal Got a Brand on Me - - - - -	Stanley Lothian
Baby Face - - - - -	Betty Barnum
Mickey - - - - -	Madeline Jette
Beg Your Pardon - - - - -	Alton Lothian
Take Us Out to the Ball Game - - - - -	Softball Girls
My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time	Simone
Betty Blue - - - - -	Alton L.
I'm Looking for a Four Leaf Clover - - - - -	Baseball Boys
Sittin' on Top of the World - - - - -	Seniors
Piccolo Pete - - - - -	Lucille
Gonna Get a Job - - - - -	Bobby Cyr
Why Does It Get So Early, So Early? - - - - -	Butch

Guy: "I read a very appetizing mystery the other day."

Albert: "Why appetizing?"

Guy: "The name of it was 'Celery Stalks at Midnight.'"

Miss Dowling - "Robert, Why don't you work hard, and get ahead?"

Robert - "Why should I? I've already got a head."

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Joyce and Betty not leisurely strolling around the school-house and chattering gaily?

Certain freshmen boys keeping quiet during the second period in the afternoon?

The boys who wanted to join the eighth grade party, uninvited, not wanting to eat the leftovers?

Willy not having the newspaper the first period, when Mr. Powers wants it for history?

Betty Barnum and Simone Bouchard not letting out blood-curdling yells at much less than the appearance of a snake?

Franklin High without black eyes?

Mr. Powers not switching off the main room lights during his history class's news program?

Betty Benjamin (As we were discussing the prohibition question) :

"What would the pond turn into this summer if Franklin voted wet?"

Gordon LaFlame: "Beer."

Mrs. Gates: "Beverly, do you need the music book for the words or for the notes?"

Beverly: "For the notes."

Mrs. Gates: "You can't read the notes, can you?"

Beverly: "No, but I can see if they go up or down."

Carroll: "You know they say the only creature that has nine lives is the cat, but I've seen a cow that kicked the bucket ten times and she's living and kicking yet."

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Franklin High boys' basketball team started the season with a victorious beginning - by defeating the town men.

In spite of the fact that the boys had an excellent coach, Bobby Ploof, they lost nine of the twelve games played.

The high scorers were Alton Lothian with 97 points, followed by Bobby Cyr with 50 points.

Interscholastic Games			Additional Games		
Jan. 9 - Franklin	26	St. Anne's	27	Dec. 26 - High School	33
Jan. 16 - Franklin	28	Highgate	25	Town Men	23
Jan. 20 - Franklin	19	St. Anne's	26	Jan. 6 - Franklin	17
Jan. 23 - Franklin	14	Alburg	17	National Guard	56
Jan. 28 - Franklin	22	Swanton	53	Feb. 14 - Franklin	30
Feb. 6 - Franklin	28	Alburg	14	National Guard	78
Feb. 10 - Franklin	17	Swanton	48		
Feb. 13 - Franklin	23	Highgate	26		
Feb. 16 - Franklin	25	Plainfield	44		

Coach Bob Ploof obtained warmup jackets for each player, through the generosity of the business men of Franklin.

The boys who made the squad were Alton Lothian, Stanley Lothian, Robert Cyr, Guy Towle, Richard Columb, Carroll Titmore, Lloyd Richard, Olin Samson, Douglas Columb, and Stanley McDermott.

Lloyd Richard '48
Alton Lothian '48

OUR TRIP TO PLAINFIELD

We went to Plainfield the other day;
We had two cars to take us all the way.

There were twelve of us who went,
And on a beating we were bent!

Plainfield beat us, as you know;
They ran up their score and kept ours low.

That night when we left the floor
The score was 25 to 44.

After the game we had a lunch;
Of cocoa and sandwiches, we had a bunch!

After that our separate ways we crept
To private houses, each where he slept.

The next morning, after we'd started back
McDermott's duffle bag was all we lacked.

St. Albans is the place where we ate;
And we arrived at school just one minute late.

Olin Samson '50

J. V. BASKETBALL

The J. V.'s didn't have too good a season this year. Out of

seven games played we won only one. We also won another game, technically - with St. Anne's. The players were Harvey Boudreau, Albert Desroches, John Hubbard, Roger Lothian, David Samson, Hugh Gates, Robert Durenleau, John Stanley, Bruce Benjamin, Jimmy Benjamin, Stuart Riley, and Arthur Lothian. Olin Samson, Douglas Columb, and Lloyd Richard helped us a few times. We played seven games.

Enosburg -	28	Franklin -	16
Second Team	28	Franklin	19
St. Anne's	31	Franklin	4
Bakersfield	18	Franklin	14
Franklin	22	Bakersfield	17
Highgate	23	Franklin	14
Enosburg	23	Franklin	19

John Hubbard '51

GIRLS' SPORTS

BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball season didn't prove as good as hoped for, but we enjoyed playing and had fun. Imogene Columb led the team this year with 56 points to her credit, followed by Janet Magnant with 50 points. Mrs. Hugh Towle was our coach.

The scores for the interscholastic games are as follows:

Jan. 16	Highgate	30	Franklin	29
Jan. 23	Alburg	28	Franklin	6
Jan. 28	Swanton	28	Franklin	17
Feb. 6	Alburg	29	Franklin	14
Feb. 10	Swanton	21	Franklin	17
Feb. 13	Highgate	24	Franklin	22

SOFTBALL

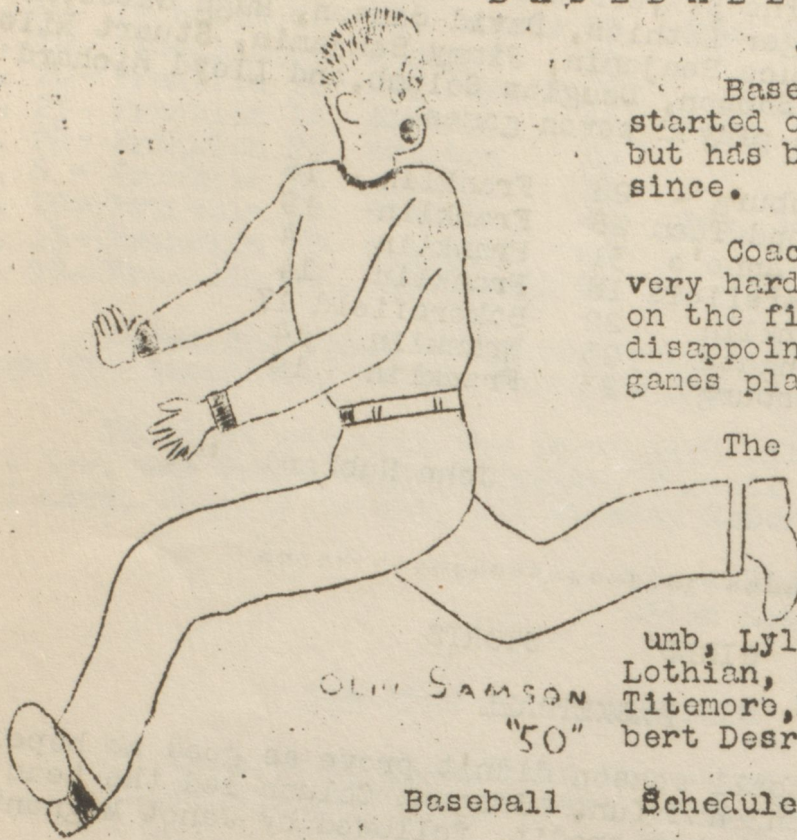
This spring the girls organized a softball team, with Gwendolyn Streeter as coach. The score with Enosburg doesn't look so good, 34-1. But believe it or not, we're doing better. When Highgate came, on May 27th we lost by one point, 18 - 17. The score was tied three times during the game; so altogether it was a very close game.

On the next day, May 28, we played a return game with Highgate, and won with a score of 15 - 3.

We are hoping for another game or two before school is over, so-o-o "Take us out to the ball game."

Mary Columb '49

B A S E B A L L



Baseball season, this year, started off with good weather, but has been broken up a few times since.

Coach Buddy Geno has tried very hard to get a rugged team on the field, but has had a few disappointments. Out of the nine games played we have won two.

The boys on the team are

Alton Lothian, Lloyd Richard, Gordon LaFlame, Albert Richard, Stanley McDermott, Bobby Cyr, Guy Towle, Richard Col-

umb, Lyle Ladieu, Leo West, Stanley Lothian, Olin Samson, Carroll Titemore, Bradley Magnant, and Albert Desroches.

Baseball Schedule

May 4	here	St. Anne's	19	Franklin	16
May 6	here	Brigham	5	Franklin	11
May 20	here	Highgate	9	Franklin	8
May 21	away	St. Anne's	5	Franklin	13
May 25	here	Enosburg	4	Franklin	0
May 26	away	Swanton	29	Franklin	5
May 28	here	Swanton	28	Franklin	3
June 1	away	Enosburg	7	Franklin	3
June 3	away	Highgate		Franklin	

Lloyd Richard '48
Olin Samson '49

