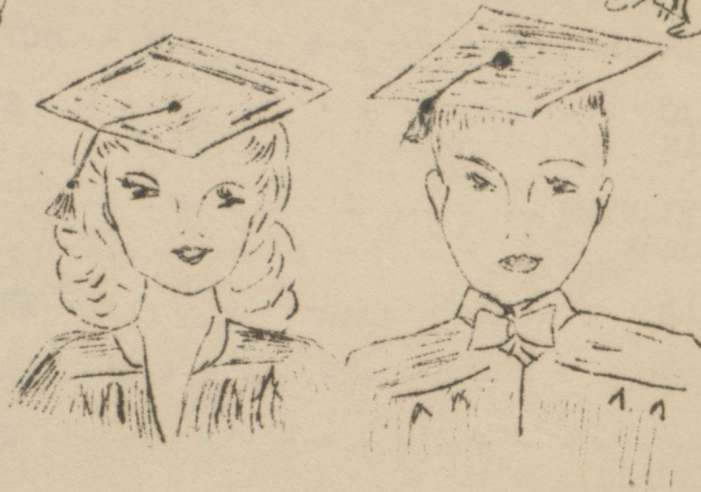


1949

The More Prepared The More Powerful



Class Flower
yellow Rose

Class Colors
Blue - Gold

Robert Gyn

Valedictorian

Leo West

Salutatorian

Mary Columb

Third Honor

Madeline Benjamin

Richard Columb

Sally Gates

Lyle Ladieu

Beverly MacLeod

Stanley Mc Dermott

Madeline Messier

Albert Richard

Kathleen Thibault

Guy Towle

Franklin High Yearbook

No. 2 Vol. XIV

1871

1871



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The main body of the text is also very faint and illegible. It consists of several lines of text, likely a description or a list of items. The words are difficult to discern but seem to be arranged in a structured manner, possibly as a list or a series of short paragraphs.

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EDITORIALS

INCREASING LOYALTY IN THE SCHOOL

Any student in a school should be loyal to it and should co-operate with his school, his teachers, and his fellow classmates. He should go out of his way to co-operate and to promote better feelings among everyone involved. After all, our teachers are continually making sacrifices for us, so the least we can do is to co-operate with them and to devote as much time as possible to our school activities.

There are many things which can be done to cause ill feelings among our classmates and teachers. Likewise, there is much which can be done to promote good feelings among all concerned. One can cause ill feelings by breaking up a rehearsal of which he may or may not be a part, by refusing to take part in some activity, and by continually failing to get his work done on time. On the other hand, by going to class with his lessons prepared, by paying attention to his teacher while in class (and, as a matter of fact, out of class too), and by full co-operation and loyalty in all school activities, one can be sure that he is doing his part in promoting good feeling in his school.

Leo West '49

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL - WHAT?

Another name for graduation is commencement. Commencement means beginning - the beginning of one's life. What you do after this depends on you. Many persons attend college, business schools, or military academies. Whatever one decides to do, there should be a definite ideal in mind.

If a person enters an institution of higher learning merely to be "doing something", is that really fair to his parents? Parents are willing to send their children to college to further their education, not merely to waste hard earned money. If a person intends to go just because "it's the thing to do" he might better remain at home. On the other hand, if one really studies hard and strives to better himself there is no better investment than in an education. The world would be much better off, I think, if everyone could, at least, arrive at Commencement.

Madeline Messier '49

UNPREPAREDNESS

Have you ever had a flat tire out on a hot dusty road and found that you had no tire iron or jack? Have you then had to walk miles for help? This is only one kind of unpreparedness. We should always be

prepared for anything we do or do not expect to happen. Most of us expect to have to earn our own living some day and now is the time to prepare for the future. One of the most important steps, of course, is to get an education. The person without an education is going to find it harder to get the job he wants than the person with an education. So let's all get a college, or at least a high school diploma and be prepared for the future.

And what about things we don't expect? We can't prepare for things we don't know anything about, but we can be prepared for things in general. A quick thinker can handle many difficult situations. Our class met just such a situation yesterday when our English teacher said to write an editorial. Will everyone be able to cope with the situation? I hope so.

Lyle Ladieu '49

HONESTY AND DEPENDABILITY VERSUS MARKS

Honesty and dependability are the nucleus of all the other character traits. If we want to get along in the world with our friends and the new people we meet from day to day we must be honest with them. If we are honest with ourselves and with other people we can't go too far from what is right.

Dependability is of vital importance in getting and keeping a job, for no one wants an employee who is late all the time or who does not do his work to the best of his ability.

These traits which we develop will follow us all through life, and will aid or hinder the forming of our character. These things aren't taught to us in school like any other subject, although we can see many evidences of them all around us. These traits, however, we must acquire now if we are to have them when we become mature men and women.

Marks are superficial. They do not follow us all our days. If in going through school we acquire honesty and dependability but do not get the best marks, nothing is lost. You can't tell too much about a person's intellect or character by looking at his report card. Some pupils may have home worries, or just some problem on their minds for a year and, of course, that hinders their marks. Others have just never acquired proper study habits. There may be people who don't agree with me, but I say don't cheat to raise your mark. In the end it doesn't pay.

Beverly MacLeod '49

THE BLUEJAYS

The bluejays come each day
 To get their morning fill
 From the crumbs we'd throw away,
 Placed for them on the window sill.
 They come while we eat our breakfast,
 As regular as can be,
 Like students going to a class;
 A sight that's pretty to see.
 They also come after dinner,
 And often three times a day;
 They're surely getting no thinner
 On the meals we give them each
 day.

Robert Cyr '49

THE SWALLOWS

Each day the swallow flies a tremendous distance,
 Looking for food for his own existence.
 He looks like a speck up in the sky,
 But he sees everything with his sparkling eye.
 Late in the summer the birds flock together
 And go South to escape the North's wintry weather.
 Then comes the spring; the swallows return,
 Bringing the season, for past months we've yearned.
 They build their nests with pain and care,
 And in a few weeks little birds fill the air.
 They dart, and swoop, and sail, and dive.
 They make one feel happy and glad
 he's alive.

Lyle Ladieu '49

THE DATE : MAY 7TH
 THE PLACE : BURLINGTON
 THE TIME : 10:30

The parade was to begin after ten;
 The weather was still cold by then;
 We marched and had just reached full sway
 When lo! the sun came out to play.
 Our steps were quickened, smiles were galore,
 And everything was bright once more.

Madeline Messier '49

FAREWELL, SENIORS

Soon the seniors will be gone
 Forever from Franklin High,
 Each as frisky as a fawn,
 Not one heaving a sigh;
 For them is breaking a dawn
 Where a new world will lie.
 Madeline Jette '50

THIS DAY

With tears in their eyes,
 With joy in their hearts,
 They stand saying goodbyes,
 Well enriched in their arts,
 And ready for "come what come may",
 For they have graduated this day.
 Beverly MacLeod '49

GRADUATION DAY

They are wearing a smile as they
 walk down the aisle,
 But their hearts are heavy and sad;
 For a long, long while, they'll no longer file,
 From the schoolhouse, with hearts so glad.

Kathleen Thibault '49

HEREAFTER

Soon we, thirteen, will be leaving
 The happiest time of our life,
 The time when we knew nothing
 Of hardships, worry, and strife.

The world we soon shall encounter
 Is full of disappointments for all;
 But it shall be what we make it,
 A climb, a glide, or a fall.

Guy Towle '49

S T O R I E S

MISS PUMPKIN SEED

One day Miss Pumpkin Seed was reclining on the deck when Mr. Wind came up. She said hello to him and proceeded to have a visit. She shortly discovered that he had just had a terrible argument with his wife and was not feeling at all good humored.

He madly rushed around from a gale to nearly a hurricane, all the while slapping her on the back, causing cold chills to run up and down her spine. Miss Pumpkin Seed twisted this way and that, trying to dodge the waves but getting, all the time, closer and closer to the water and the edge of the deck. Out of the middle of it all came one big breaker which leaped up on the dock, tipping it just enough so that she couldn't help herself from slipping off.

Miss Pumpkin was whirled around and spun like a top, first heading straight for a bank and then straight out across the lake. "My," she thought to herself, "this is terrible, so terrible." And she expected Mr. Wind to completely explode with anger. Something dreadful would certainly happen to her when he did. She was choking with water, and scarcely had time to catch her breath in between tossing up and down.

Miss Pumpkin caught the sound of the eerie, mournful cries coming from the trees as they were forced into much terror and pain. After going down once more a hand caught her and led her to a different dock. This dock belonged to a yellow camp with a picket fence around it. She found after looking this territory over that she was way down at the south end of the lake, but still all in one piece with nothing to show except a few scratches.

One thing always worried and annoyed Miss Pumpkin. Whenever she went fishing the men got so excited over the fish that they forgot she was a lady and dumped those horrible worms right into her lap.

Now Miss Pumpkin Seed was a delightful young character. She devoted all her time in making others happy. She often dressed in white with green accessories, which always gave a very neat appearance as she was light complected. (her)

She had a very smooth and pleasing personality and a good disposition. She would turn all the way around and go the opposite way if it would please someone.

Every spring, like all other girls she would get a new permanent so she would be all set for the summer fun.

Best of all the things in the world she liked to do was float on the water, that of Franklin Pond. She was an expert at it, for she was a medium sized plywood boat.

Sally Gates (49)

WINNERS' CIRCLE

Larry lay on the trainer's table and looked on while the trainer, Charlie Spivack, deftly taped Larry's injured knee. Larry lay back with a sigh of remorse as he thought of the game with the West High Chargers tomorrow night; that would clinch the title for Larry's team. The Chargers were in third place but Central High had dropped their first game to the Chargers and it might happen again.

But that wasn't all. Each year the local Sports Club gave an award to the player that scored the most points during the season. Teddy Walsh, the Chargers big center, was six points ahead of Larry in the race. Walsh had a reputation for being one of the dirtiest players in the league and no one wanted him to win it.

"There, I guess that will hold it a while," said Charlie as he gave Larry a pat on the shoulder and dismissed him. "I'll see you at the game."

Larry went back to the dressing room, changed his clothes, and left the gymnasium. As he went down the steps Jimmy joined him. Jimmy, who was Larry's best friend, played guard.

"How's the knee, kid?" questioned Jimmy as they strolled along. Jimmy always referred to Larry as "kid" because he was a measly six foot, while Jimmy was six foot three.

"Oh I guess it's all right", answered Larry.

"I hear there's a scout from N.Y.U. in town for the game. I'd sure love to play with that outfit", continued Jimmy.

"Yeah, I guess so"

"Yeah, I guess so," answered Larry. Jimmy kept chattering as they strolled along but Larry barely heard him. His mind was on the game. What if he hurt his knee again and couldn't play but a few minutes, what if the injury impaired his shooting? A million things were racing through his mind as he left his pal and went up the walk to his house.

Larry arrived at the gym at seven fifteen. Game time wasn't until eight o'clock, so he didn't have to hurry any. Larry put on his uniform and looked at the purple lettering on his white shirt - "number thirteen". Some considered it unlucky but Larry had worn it all season, raking up four hundred and fifteen points in twenty-three games.

Larry went in to see Charlie about his knee. Charlie punched, poked, and twisted it back and forth, and finally said that he thought the tape would hold "okay".

Larry joined Jimmy and some of the other boys and went up on the floor to take a few practice shots. The Chargers were warming up at the other end of the gymnasium. There Larry recognized Walsh, as the big center made a difficult pivot shot from the corner. He was all right; there was no doubt about that.

The game got under way at eight o'clock sharp. Central got the tip and converted to draw first blood; then they managed to hold the lead. The Central center did a good job of guarding Walsh and at the half he had made only four points, while Larry had chalked up nine. Central was ahead twenty-eight to twenty-five, but it might not last.

At the start of the second half the Chargers staged a rally and jumped into the lead. With three minutes to play in the last quarter, Central trailed by two points. With the seconds clicking away madly, Larry drove in under the basket and went up with a hook shot. Something crashed into him and knocked him out of bounds and into the wall. As he got up the pain from his knee drew the blood from his face. Walsh had deliberately pushed him out of bounds. The referee stood at the foul line holding the ball and beckoning to Larry. Two shots and a chance to tie the ball game. He poised and shot. The ball rimmed the basket, hesitated and finally dropped through. The crowd roared. The referee returned the ball and Larry shot again. Swish-sh-sh! The crowd went wild. One minute left, and the score tied. So was Larry's and Walsh's. Fifteen points apiece.

The Chargers worked the ball up-court. A pass, ^{sent it} into the corner to Walsh. He set and shot, a good six feet short. Larry got the rebound and passed out to the other Central forward. It was passed back to Larry, and he set for a long one. Then Larry saw Jimmy cutting in under the basket. Jimmy was death on lay-ups.

He whipped a pass to Jimmy, and the ball cut the strings as the gun sounded for the end of the game. Central's first championship in seven years!

The dressing room was in an uproar, but Larry did not share in the fun. Now he'd have to share top honors with Walsh! A hand took Larry by the shoulder, and he turned to gaze into the coach's face. "Why the long face, fella? It was your play that won the game," said the coach, grinning at Larry. "Oh, I know how you don't want to stand up there to take that award with Walsh. Well, don't worry. Cramston High won that when one of their boys went on a rampage tonight and scored forty-two points. By the way, there's a fella out in the hall that wants to talk with you."

Larry rose and went out. A big man in a blue topcoat and a gray hat grasped his hand and introduced himself. "I'm Bill Shelton, scout for the N.Y.U. basketball team. After watching you win the game tonight with those two fowl shots and that last play, I think we could use you on our squad. We'd like to have you come down this summer and look the place over."

Larry couldn't believe his ears. A scout from N.Y.U. was actually asking him to come there to play basketball. "Golly, do you really mean it?" he managed to ask. Then without waiting for an answer he turned and rushed into the dressing room to tell Jimmy the news.

Guy Towle '49

CRIME DOESN'T PAY

One day while on my way to the grocer's I met a tall, broad-shouldered soldier. He was a husky man with dull brown eyes and sandy colored hair. His square jaw was set in a grim line of determination. There was something about him that made me take an instant liking to him. It was obvious that the young man was nearly exhausted, and he walked as in a trance, not seeming to have any destination.

"Hello," I greeted him in a friendly manner.

"Hi there, young fellow," he returned.

"Are you a stranger in town?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I'd like to get a job here in town. How are the chances?"

"Well, the jobs are pretty well taken up," I admitted frankly, "but perhaps there may be one more."

We introduced ourselves and were soon talking like old friends, with remarks about the weather, but he seemed reluctant to talk about himself. I did learn, however, that his name was Delbert Blake and

that he was a corporal in the army - one who had served two years overseas. I invited him to dine with me and to stay at my apartment until he found work and got settled. Delbert did not want to accept my offer, but he had no alternative, for being a stranger in town he could not expect to find a room that night.

Late that night I awoke to see Delbert slide cautiously back into bed. He seemed a little flustered when I asked him where he had been, so I did not press him on the subject.

The next day as I was reading the newspaper a certain article caught my eye. It was headed "Mysterious Killing at Dock. Police Baffled." I read the article and wondered if Delbert Blake had anything to do with this. I decided to follow him, the next time he went out on a trip at night, and find out for myself.

A few nights later as I lay awake in bed I became aware, much to my excitement, that Delbert was not sleeping either. He drew himself up on one elbow and listened intently, making sure that I was asleep. Satisfied, he slid noiselessly out of bed, crept cautiously toward the open window, and disappeared through it. I followed in pursuit of my mysterious roommate, a queer sort of man, a man who walked by night. It was a moonlight night, but even then I nearly lost track of him several times. He headed straight toward the docks. I followed him with my teeth chattering, with my heart in my throat, and with chills running up and down my spine.

After some time I completely lost track of my man. I tried for some time to pick up the trail, but with no luck. I was ready to give up and go home when suddenly I heard a gun shot, then another, followed by a cry of pain. Then all was still. I hurried toward the docks, for I knew that the shots had come from that direction. As I ran I visioned the scene which I expected to behold - a man lying face down in a pool of blood, his blood. He would try to name his killer, but would fall back, dead, and the killer would be free to haunt the docks by night.

When I reached the docks I was greatly astonished at what I saw. There was a man lying in a pool of blood, all right, and he was dead, I thought. But what surprised me most was the fact that there was another man standing there, with the smoking gun still in his hand. "The killer," I thought excitedly. "If he sees me he will surely kill me too," I told myself, trembling. I turned and started to retrace my steps, but I caught my foot on a rock and fell heavily, making a loud noise. Before I could regain my feet the man with the gun hovered over me.

"Get up there," he commanded hoarsely.

I got up, still trembling. Then I recognized my captor. He was none other than Corporal Delbert Blake.

"What are you doing here?" He demanded of me.

"I might ask you the same thing," I retorted hotly. "You, you killer."

"I'm no killer," he replied gruffly. "you've got me all wrong. Look, son," he said, his voice softening. "Look at this."

I looked up and saw a small silvery object. "What is that?" I asked curiously. Then it dawned upon me. "Why, it's a badge," I said, puzzled.

"Yes, it's a badge," Delbert Blake replied. "You see I'm a United States deputy marshall, and that," he added, "is Slippery Sam, wanted in six states for murder and burglary. I've been trailing him for over a year now. At last I've caught him and he'll pay for his crimes."

"But isn't he dead?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, no. I just nicked him. He'll live to fry in the chair. This is just one more thing to prove that crime doesn't pay."

Leo West '49

WHAT A DAY

Tomorrow was to be the big day. Two of my friends, Jean and Mary, and I were going on a canoe trip to a small pond near our house.

"It is eight-thirty. I guess I'll be going to bed now," I said as I slowly climbed up the stairs.

"Goodnight, dear," My mother answered.

I was often awakened at night by wanting a drink of water so I took a big pitcher full of water and put it on the stand where my books were beside my bed.

"Get up, Carey," My mother was calling me and it seemed as I had just gone to bed.

"Okay, I'll be right down", was my quick answer.

I almost flew down the stairs and I hurried around getting my lunch packed, as we were to spend the day.

"Coming, Carey?" I heard Jean calling from the river in front of the house.

I grabbed my lunch basket and raced for the river bank. "Hi, Jean! Hi, Mary", I exclaimed happily.

"Hi, Carey. Boy! Haven't we got a grand day, though!" Mary called excitedly.

We chattered happily as we paddled along, but somehow the

river looked different to me today. I had never noticed many things about it before. All these rocks and high banks? Had they been there when I had been down the river the other times?

"Look ahead! It looks like a waterfall! You never told us there was a fall in this river; and this certainly looks like a steep one!" Jean was talking fast and excitedly.

"Gee whiz! I've been down this river many times and there never was a waterfall. Oh! What will we do?" I was so frightened I could hardly speak.

We tried to paddle toward the shore, but we couldn't because we were in a very swift current. I looked at the two girls with me. They were very pale and Jean was eating a sandwich.

"Why are you eating a sandwich at such a time as this?" Mary questioned, as she chewed her fingernails.

"Well, if I die now, at least I'll have something in my stomach," Mary retorted.

Now we were at the edge, and we were all yelling and calling for help. The next thing I knew we were falling. Down, down we dropped into space, and I landed on something hard, while something else hit me on the head, and water sprayed all over me.

I awoke with a start. This was all a dream! I had fallen out of bed, hitting the pitcher. This explained the water and the bump on my head. Luckily the pillow, which fell on the floor, stopped the pitcher from breaking. The sun was shining and it was almost time to start on our trip.

Anne Towle '51

A COLLEGE INCIDENT

Near the city of Allenbury is a college run by a few fathers who protected it against the high tuition rates of the other colleges. The fathers were not very well off financially, but the boys around there liked the college and went there instead of to the bigger and better known colleges and universities.

The boys here were not rich, but they were the kind that loved sports and had good athletic teams. The bigger universities offered athletic scholarships and paid their star athlete's way through school and even had scouts to watch high school teams for good material. Yet they couldn't beat little Allenburg College and this irked the bigger colleges so much that they began telling the state officials that Allenburg used all its money on its athletics, and the officials believed the propaganda of the bigger universities, because they were run by wealthy people who had a great deal of influence on the government.

"Hi, Gus. How's the old boy, today?" This was Bill Summers speaking, one of the best students Allenburg Academy ever had.

"Hi ya, Bill. Have you heard the big news President Miles gave out today?" replied Gus.

"No, what's up?"

"President Miles got a letter from the State Department of Education stating that Allenburg would have to give up its sports unless it could afford more money to hire more and better professors and to offer a wider variety of studies. Now aint that a sweet little mess? "

"Well, I guess it is, but who in tarnation got the state to do it? It must be an enemy, but I thought Allenburg Academy was in everybody's good graces."

"But I guess we aint, so we better start figerin' how we're going to get out of this jam or poor little Allenburg Academy will just vanish."

The boys figured and figured but they just couldn't figure any way out of their plight. Then one morning, as Gus and Bill were leaving class and going over to the gym, they saw a big black sedan pull up and a very distinguished man of about thirth-five spep out.

"Hello, boys. You might as well know who I am, because you're going to hear a lot about me. I'm Mr. Whittington, and I've heard about your fight with these big colleges that are trying to wipe out your athletics."

"So they's the guys who've been undermining us. Just because we lick them so often, it gets them so mad they've got to get the state to do their dirty work for them. Wait till we play Scotsburg again. Boy, they won't know what struck them for five days afterwards. This was Gus speaking up, giving whoever would listen a piece of his own mind, "I like that spirit boys, and I'm going to let you in on something. I have pretty direct connections with the State College Varsity Board, and I'm going to have them investigate this whole matter, but if you boys can beat Scotsburg Saturday night and win the tournament basketball title your worries will be all over. You see I'm one of those lucky fellows that inherited a few million and I'm willing to spend it on Allenburg Academy, because I think your college is worthy of it".

A few days later Bill met a evil looking man on the way home from class.

"I'm Mr. Kidder and I hear Mr. Whittington has you fellows all pepped up. Well, forget what he said. He's a crook. I'm offering you one thousand dollars and help, any time you need it, if you let Scotsburg beat you by ten points Saturday."

"I don't like that kind of a deal mister, but would it be all right if I let you know tomorrow night."

"All right, but no squealing? Or things may not be good for you?"

After a few more words they parted. Bill went immediately to Mr. Whittington and they doped it out. Bill was to take the offer but not play it out- that is not let Scotsburg beat them.

Mr. Whittington Didn't tell Bill all of his plans though, and Bill thought he was even in a worse predicament. Saturday night soon came and in the dressing room in the corner looking at the floor.

"Whats the matter, Bill?" asked Joe Amesbury, Allenburg's star center.

"Oh nothing, Just got to daydreaming, I guess".

"Well you hadn't better start daydreaming tonight, Bill," added Gus who was playing all kinds of tricks, and nothing ever bothered him. He was the joker of the team.

When the game got underway Bill couldn't help thinking how he was going to meet Mr. Kidder outside, if, Allenburg won. Mr. Kidder warned him if Allenburg won it would end Bill's life.

It was plain to see that Bill wasn't up to par and at the half Allenburg trailed forty to twenty-eight. In the dressing room the boys gave Bill a pep talk and when the second half started it was a different team. When the score closed up Allenburg trailed with twenty seconds left to play, eighty eight to eighty-seven. Gus took the ball out of bounds, whipped the ball to Bill, who was standing on the center line, forty-five feet from the basket. Bill heaved with all his might, the ball hit the rim, bounced into the air and then swished right through the net.

The boys mobbed Bill and were having the time of their lives, but Bill dressed quickly and left, for he had to meet Mr. Kidder yet. He now started thinking of some of the happier moments of his life, for he expected his classmates would read all about it in the paper the next morning. " Summers found dead at gym steps. Only last night scored forty points to defeat Scotsburg."

But to Bill's amazement, when he reached the rear of the gym steps he found four policemen, Mr. Whittington, and President Miles. Mr. Kidder was also there, but handcuffed.

"Why, didn't you tell me you were putting the police on his trail?" asked Bill in a much relaxed, but puzzled voice.

"I told you didn't I, that I give you the money if you were

an airplane land on the pond. The people in it came to visit some campers that we knew. Metzgers put a huge "M" out on the water in front of the camp, so they would know where to land.

As soon as we heard that the plane had come we rushed over to the Metzgers' camp. The plane was only a one passenger, but the pilot promised to take each of us up in it, providing we had permission from our folks. The first day he was there we sat around the Metzgers' camp during all our spare time, but he didn't take us up. The next morning the pilot flew to the Swanton airport for gas. We thought surely he would take us up as soon as he got back, but as it was dinner time he didn't. We hurried through dinner and rushed back to the Metzger camp, but he still didn't take us up in the plane. We finally got sick of waiting and went home.

While we were getting supper one of the youngsters came running and hollering that the pilot was going to take everyone up in the airplane now, so we scurried over. When we got there the plane was just going away.

The plane wasn't very big, and when it came in the pilot brought it close to the dock and the man pulled the wing in, so that the passengers could step from the plane to the dock.

When my turn came I was very excited. I got in, and the pilot closed the door. There were bars to hang on to, and I took hold of them with both hands. The plane made a lot of noise, and then started. Since there were no big waves, the surface of the lake was very smooth. As we began going up from the water I had a funny feeling, but that soon passed away. The pilot told me that I didn't have to hold on to the bars all of the time, so I took off first one hand and then the other. I began looking around, then. We were over a lot of trees. I could see the farms on the south side of the pond. I could see all of the fields, separated from one another. I looked around and tried to see everything. It was fun trying to make out the different places. It didn't seem long before we came down on the water again. It just seemed that suddenly we were gliding along the tiny waves. I was soon out and watching the others go up.

When everyone finally reached home again supper was cold, but most of us were too excited to eat anyway.

Madeline Jette '50

THE HISTORY OF VERLONT

Vermont is in the part of the United States known as the New England States. She was the fourteenth state to join the Union.

Before any white people came to Vermont only Indians lived here. They lived in what is now Vernon, Bennington, Newbury, Swanton, and many other places. The St. Francois Indians settled in Swanton in 1666. The Indians had trails called the Indian Trail. It started at Lake Memphremagog and followed a small river across a strip of land to the Passumpsic River, then down the Connecticut to Massachusetts. There were two side trails that went to Lake Champlain. One started at the Connecticut River, followed up the White River, crossed to the Winooski River, and thence up to Lake Champlain. The other started at the Connecticut and followed up the Black River across to the Otter Creek and to Lake Champlain.

Among the first white men here was a Frenchman, Samuel de Champlain, who discovered Lake Champlain in 1609. Beside the lake the French built these forts: Fort St. Anne in 1666, now known as Isle La Motte, Fort St. Frederic, now known as Crown Point; and Fort Ticonderoga, which is still known as Ticonderoga.

The French had one settlement near the lake in 1771. That was Alburg. They also had a French Trail which started on Lake Champlain, followed up Winooski River to the Connecticut, and down the Connecticut to Massachusetts.

After the French had come down from Canada and settled, the English started coming into southern Vermont and moving northward. They settled first in Vernon; then in Pownal, Bennington, Arlington, Westminster, Manchester, Danby, Sharon, Newbury, and Guildhall. They built houses and settled in these places. The English had to be on the alert to watch for Indians, for if the Indians could get a chance they would kill the English, burn their homes, and carry away their children.

Vermont was first known as "The New Hampshire Grants". It was called that because the settlers bought their grants from New Hampshire. Benning Wentworth, the first governor of New Hampshire, granted Bennington in 1749. It was the first grant. By 1764, 131 towns had been chartered. The King of England ordered the governor of New Hampshire to stop granting land because the King of England had now given this land to the Duke of York. So in 1765, New York began granting land in the New Hampshire Grants. The settlers had a meeting at Bennington to present their claims to the governor of New York, because New York was granting the land they had already bought from New Hampshire. This caused a great deal of trouble between New Hampshire and New York over the Vermont land. This controversy lasted about twenty-five years. The Green Mountain Boys thought that the settlers should not pay for their land a second time, or have to give it up either. So they drove out the New Yorkers who interfered. In Westminster trouble was caused by some New York officers shooting into the courthouse, killing one man and wounding several. This incident was called the Westminster Massacre.

In 1775 there was held a convention in Westminster, and they resolved to resist the New York government.

Vermont is called the Green Mountain State because the trees on the mountains are so green in the summer. There are a few middle sized rivers, such as the Missisquoi, Lamoille, Winooski, Otter Creek, Black, White, and Passumpsic Rivers. There are several small and middle sized lakes in Vermont. These are a few of our lakes: Lake Memphremagog, which we share with Canada, near Newport; Lake Champlain on the western boulder of Vermont; Lake Willoughby near Barton and Orleans; Lake Bomaseen near Castleton; Lake Dunmore near Middlebury; Lake Carmi in the town of Franklin.

There are fourteen counties in Vermont: Franklin, Chittenden, Addison, Rutland, Bennington, Windham, Windsor, Washington, Orange, Caledonia, Essex, Orleans, Lamoille, and Grand Isle. The capital of Vermont is Montpelier.

There are a few good highways in Vermont, but not as many as in most of the other states. There are two main highways that go the length and one that goes the width of the state. One, Route 7, starts in Highgate Springs, comes down to Swanton, St. Albans, Burlington, Vergennes, Middlebury, Brandon, Rutland, Manchester, and Bennington, to Massachusetts. Another, Route 5, starts at Newport, goes to Orleans, Barton, St. Johnsbury, Wells River, Newbury, Bradford, White River Junction, Bellows Falls, Westminster, Brattleboro, to Massachusetts. The third, Route 2, which crosses the width of the state starts at Alburg, comes down to Burlington, then crosses over to Montpelier, St Johnsbury, and across the Connecticut River to New Hampshire and Maine.

Arlene Wright '52

BOOK REVIEW

"George Washington Carver"
by Rockman Holt

George Washington Carver seemed to be destined to be a prominent member of his race, from the start, the first important step being when he enrolled in Ames to study agricultural science, in 1891. When he went to Tuskegee and worked under Booker T. Washington he had, at last, found the place where he could do his people the most good.

Mr. Carver's parents were killed when he was just a child. He learned, from the start, how to get along with people and how to make his own way in the world, depending on his own merits. Being a Negro was the biggest drawback of his career.

He was not physically strong, but he more than made up for this in other traits. He had a high pitched voice which took, for him who kept hearing it, years to modulate. As he was not too strong he was assigned household tasks, which included cooking, scrubbing, sewing,

and he was extremely clever in needlework. Any job he ever did was done to the best of his ability. Being a good launderer was to help him greatly when he most needed work.

Carver was a firm Christian and a steady church goer. He believed in God and thought that without the divine spirit guiding him he could never have had the power to do the things he did. A huge, insatiable question had been in his mind ever since he could think at all: "I want to know." He fed it fuel constantly, but it was never satisfied. Yet it did repay him with energy; His "I want to know," followed by its corollary, "I can do that," was the dynamo that powered his life. He learned when he was young that he was a Negro, and as such had nothing to look forward to, in the way of a better life. Little Negro boys could not dream dreams of being rich and famous sometime, or ever of achieving some fine purpose. Yet, having no optimism nor hope to obscure the design, he plodded on, weaving it in his own fashion. The peculiar world into which he had chanced to be born was grayly lit with trouble, but the beauty inherent in order and design was a satisfaction and a compensation. He realized that the Negro needed an education just as badly as the white man did. From childhood he had been fascinated by plants and the way they grew.

When he saw that one crop was stripping land of its richness, he experimented and found that by rotation the goodness could be brought back, and thus spoiling the land could be averted. His aim, above everything else, was to help the Negro, and by helping the Negro he has helped the whole world.

Mr. Carver had many friends. He helped thousands of people who in return helped him. If someone needed him he was very quick to be of service. He never married, and when asked why, he replied wearily, "Never had time to."

Carver was very cultured, and had extremely polished manners. He never lost his temper, at least not in the presence of others. When other people used to point and stare at him he just grinned and continued on, because he had learned to ignore these things.

Even though George Carver gained great fame he never let it go to his head. When he made a discovery he would never sell it for a profit to himself. He reckoned that he was the inventor or discoverer, and when his job was done it was time for the business man to take over. He believed that God had a job for him to do. He wanted to this job because he knew that it was his job to do. He never even thought of fame or fortune for himself.

He was a natural manager of men, because he knew how to reach their innermost feelings. They liked to work with him because he could classify any plant they could dig up and bring to him. Carver seemed to be progressing even while he slept.

Carver was extremely intellectual, keen in mind, and deft of hand. Having a strange idiosyncrasy about clothes, he was usually seen in a baggy and patched suit. Yet he was never without a flower in his buttonhole, as might be expected of a man with such a "green thumb."

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1949

MADELINE BENJAMIN
"Mike"



Honors:

Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4)
Softball (4)
Class Treasurer (3)
Glee Club (2) (3) (4)

Ambition : To join the W. A. F.
(Women's Air Force)

"Mike" is a friendly girl, who goes out for most sports. You can usually find her chatting gaily with one of her many friends. Uncle Sam's mail department has been handling frequent letters from Texas to Enosburg Falls lately. We wonder who your next victim will be, Mike. The best of luck to you in your chosen profession.

MARY COLUMB
"Mary"



Honors:

Third Scholastic Honors - Highest Girl
All State Chorus (3) (4)
Glee Club (2) (3)

One-Act Plays

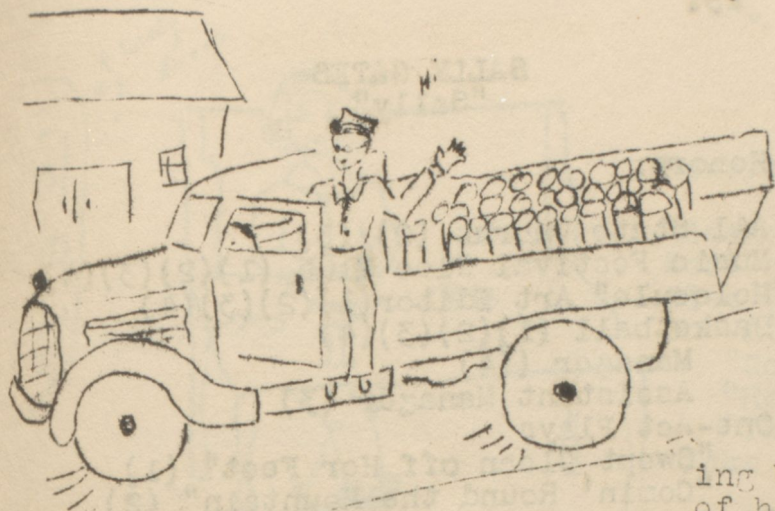
"Henry's Mail Order Wife" (3)
"Comin' Round the Mountain" (2)
"Swept Clean off Her Feet" (1)

Basketball (2) (3) (4) - Captain (4)
Softball (3) (4)
Girls' Sports Editor on "Molecule" (3) (4)
Joke Editor on "Molecule" (2)
President of Class (3)
Vice-President of Student Council (4)

Ambition: To become a nurse.

Mary is a peppy little brunette, who takes part in most school activities: sports, music, dramatics. And, like her sister, she has taken subjects as chemistry, advanced algebra, and Latin. Being goodnatured you'll make a good nurse. Good luck, Mary.

RICHARD COLUMB
"Laffer"



Honors:

Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4)
Basketball (2) (3) (4)
One-Act Plays
"The Dummy" (4)
"Henry's Mail order Wife" (3)

Ambition: To get into the trucking business, as owner and operator of his own truck.

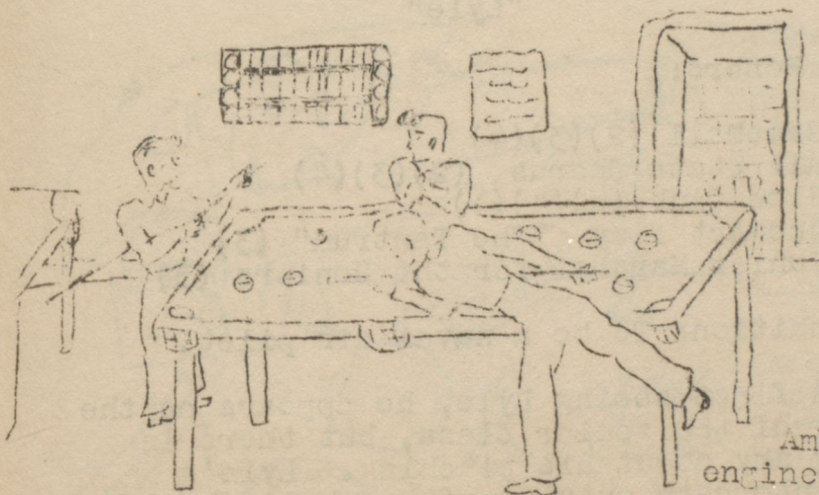


Richard is the "man" (six feet) of the class. He answers to the name of "Laughter". For one reason or another he seems to like the Morses Line road. Wonder why!?! If the old saying, "the early bird gets the worm" is true, Richard certainly ought to have a chance; he's our milkman. "Laughter" is a good sport and is one of our leading athletes in basketball and baseball.

ROBERT CYR
"Bob"

Honors:

Valedictorian (4)
Class President (4)
Student Council Secretary (2)
Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4)
Manager of Team (4)
"Molecule" News Reporter (2)
Business Manager (3) (4)
Three Act Play "June Mad" (1)
One-Act Plays
"Comin' Round the Mountain"
"The Tantrum" (3)
"Pot Luck" (3)
"Junior Detectives" (4)
Music Festival Glee Club (1, 2)
Appointed to Boys' State (3)



Ambition: To become a mechanical engineer.

"Bob" is the business manager of the class and seems to like it. He certainly gets things done. "Bob" always participates in school activities - sports, dramatics, and arranging for dances, to say nothing about extra subjects and high grades. What's the formula, Bob? We could use it.

SALLY GATES
"Sally"



Honors:

- All State Chorus (2) (3)
- Music Festival Glee Club (1)(2)(3)(4)
- "Molecule" Art Editor (1)(2)(3)(4)
- Basketball (1)(2)(3)(4)
- Manager ((4)
- Assistant Manager (3)
- One-Act Plays
 - "Swept Clean off Her Feet" (1)
 - "Comin' Round the Mountain" (2)
- Student Council Secretary (3)
- State Youth Conference Representative at Montpelier (3)

Ambition: To be a teacher, unless something more interesting turns up.

Sally is a quiet, friendly girl who goes gracefully around the schoolhouse on her toes. She usually has a smile for everyone. Her naturally curly, golden hair is the envy of the girls. In classes you may find Sally writing or drawing in her books, because of her interest in art. She is also interested in music, dancing, and chauffeuring. She is quite often found doing errands for people. Lately she goes "Loo" to a certain senior. Good luck, Sally in whatever you decide to do.

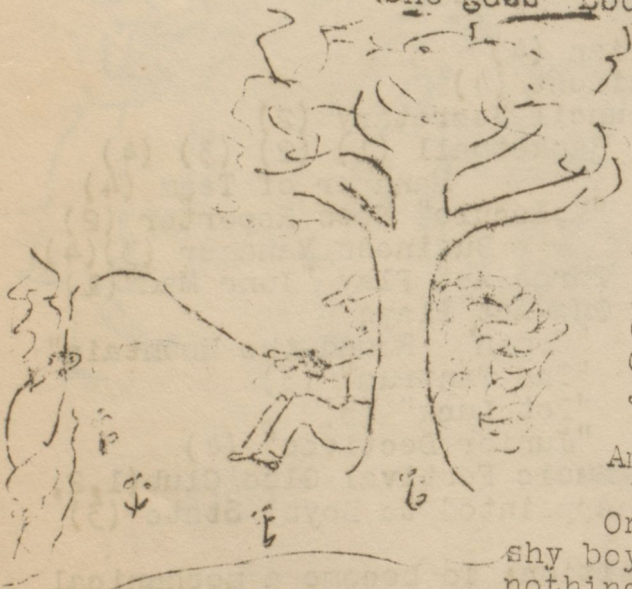
LYLE LADIEU
"Lyle"

Honors:

- Baseball (2)(3)(4)
- All State Chorus (2)(3)(4)
- Glee Club (2)(3)(4)
- One-Act Play "The Tantrum" (3)
- Junior Marshal for the Seniors (3)

Ambition: To be a naval air pilot.

On first seeing Lyle, he appears as the shy boy of the senior class, but there is nothing shy about his pitching. Lyle's chief interests outside of baseball, fishing, and music, are history, and assembly with long flowing hair. He supplies his classmates with refreshments quite often. Why don't you be polite and give the teachers some, Lyle? Good luck!



BEVERLY MACLEOD
"Butch"

Honors:

- Basketball (2)(3)
- Softball (3)(4)
- Glee Club (2)(3)(4)
- One-Act Plays
 - "Comin' Round the Mountain" (2)
 - "Henry's Mail Order Wife" (3)
 - "The Dummy" (4)
- Joke Editor of the "Molecule" (4)
 - Assistant (3)

Ambition: To join the W.A.C.'S.

"Butch" is generally found in jeans or slacks. She has been active in softball and dramatics. She is quite a joker, as she has given herself the title of "Boobleterian" of her class. She likes dancing (square) and she is a steady customer of the bowling alley over at Lake Carmi. "Butch" likes Vermont because of the air and the made-to-order people. She is recuperating from a broken heart. Her latest talk is of joining the W.A.C.'S.

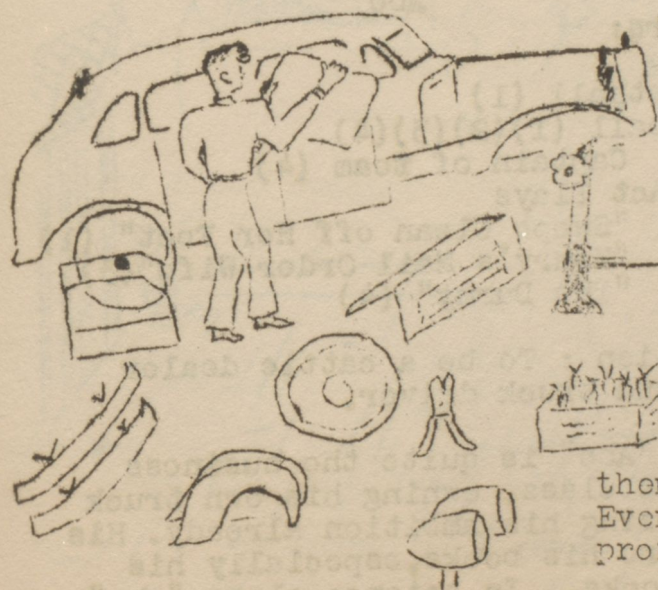
STANLEY MCDERMOTT
"Mickey" or "Sam"

Honors:

- Class Treasurer (2)(4)
- Basketball (1)(2)(3)(4)
- Baseball (1)(3)
- Glee Club (1)(2)(3)

Ambition: To be a teacher; ? !

Have you heard the new? Mickey's going to give driving lessons. One consolation - she can't take off more than two fenders; that's all there are. "Sam" may not be the studious type, but then he's not hard to look at either. Everyone wishes you luck in your chosen profession.



MADELINE MESSIER
"Messior"

Honors:

Glee Club (2)(3) (4)
All State Chorus (4)
Class Secretary (1)(2)(3)(4)
Exchange Editor of "Molecule" (3)(4)
Softball (3)(4)
One-Act Plays
"Comin' Round the Mountain" (2)
"The Dummy" (4)

Ambition : To be an airplane
stewardess.

"Messier" is the jolly kind that makes friends easily. She is a swell actress and a whiz at writing poetry. We hear that the fuses at the Messier home blow out quite often, causing them to call a certain electrician from Swanton. The best of luck to you, "Messier". We're sure you'll make a good stewardess.

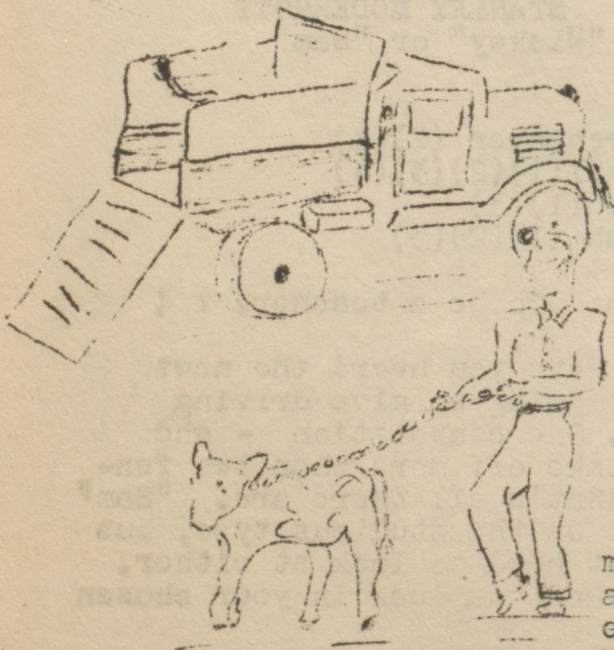
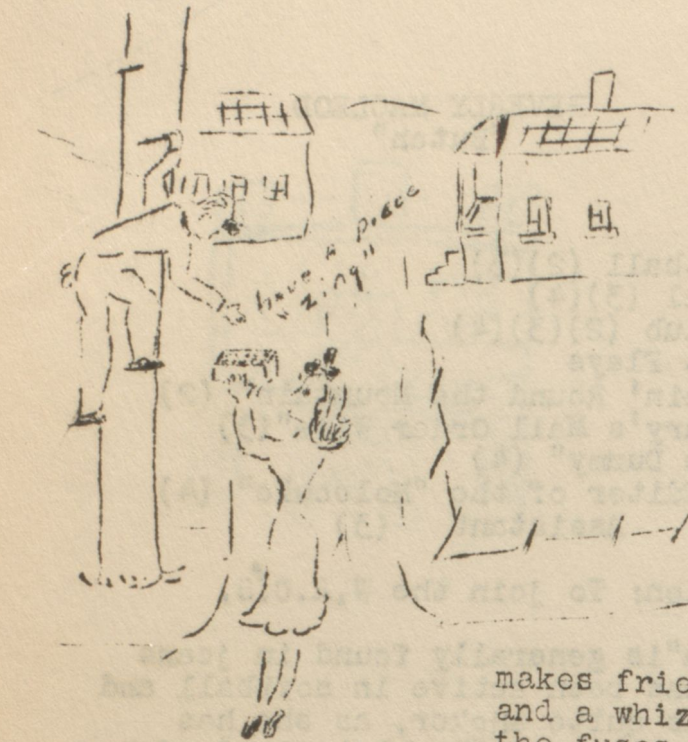
ALBERT RICHARD
"Abe"

Honors:

Basketball (1)
Baseball (1)(2)(3)(4)
Captain of Team (4)
One-Act Plays
"Swopt Clean off Her Feet" (1)
"Henry's Mail Order Wife" (3)
"The Dummy" (4)

Ambition : To be a cattle dealer
and truck driver.

"Abe" is quite the business man of the class, owning his own truck and realizing his ambition already. His enemies are his books, especially his English books. In science class "Abe" quite frequently has brain storms. Don't think that "Abe" has no school interests, for he has often shown us his ability in baseball and dramatics. Keep on as you have started and you will be a prominent business man.



GUY TOWLE
"Willie"

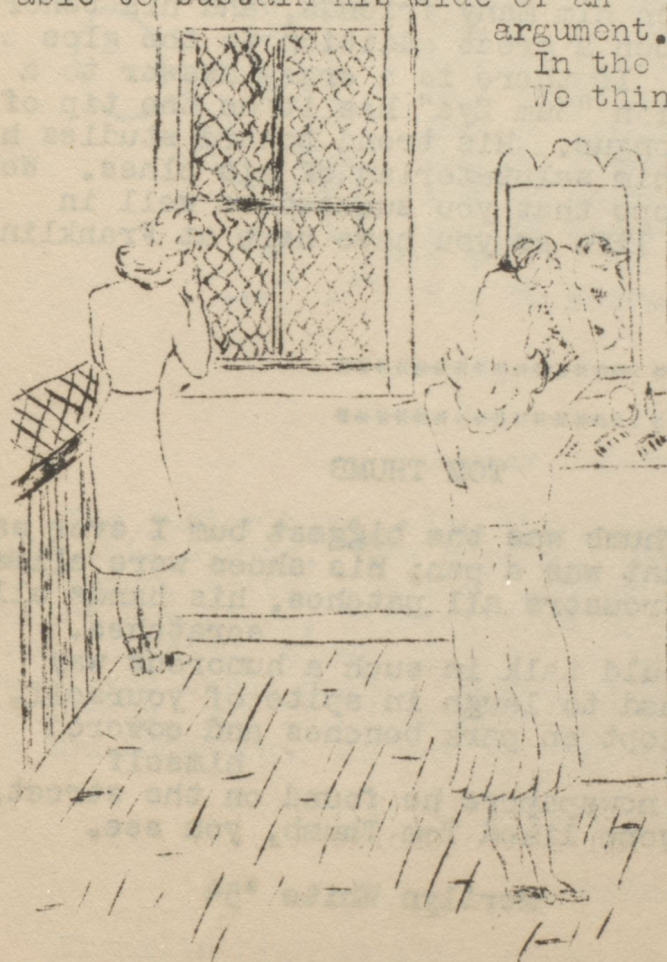


"Willie is the 'cutie' of the class, with his red hair, freckles, and nose that wrinkles when he grins. He is also the pioneer of the class and quite a 'Quiz Kid'. 'Willie has been active in all sports, dramatics, journalism, and music. He is always able to sustain his side of an

argument.

In the spring his fancy turns to mermaids. We think you are well adapted to your chosen profession. Good luck!

KATHLEEN THIBAULT
"Tibo"



Honors:
(Basketball (2)(3)(4)
Co-captain (4)
Glee Club (1)(2)(3)(4)
All State Chorus (2)(3)(4)
"Molecule" Staff
News Reporter (1)
Assistant Sports Editor (2)
Assistant Editor (3)
Editor-in-Chief (4)
Representative to Vermont Youth Forum (4)
Representative to Quiz Show (4)
One-Act Plays

"Swept Glean off Her Feet" (1)
"Comin' Round the Mountain" (2)
"Henry's Mail Order Wife" (3)
"The Dummy" (4)

Ambition: To be a physical education director.

Honors:
One-Act Play
"Hist! She's a Man" (1)
All State Chorus (4)
Glee Club (1)(2)(3)(4)

Ambition: To become a school teacher.

"Tibo", the baby of the class, is one of our leading sopranos. Her melodious voice often floats through the building after school.

"Tibo" has not gone in too enthusiastically for the "new style", but she is always trying a new hairdo. Whenever looking for Kathleen, you can nearly always be sure to find her in front of one of the school's mirrors. Sometimes we hear her talk of her soldier in Texas. Kathleen likes school, especially English and shop, and prepares her lessons faithfully. We know you will make a good teacher.

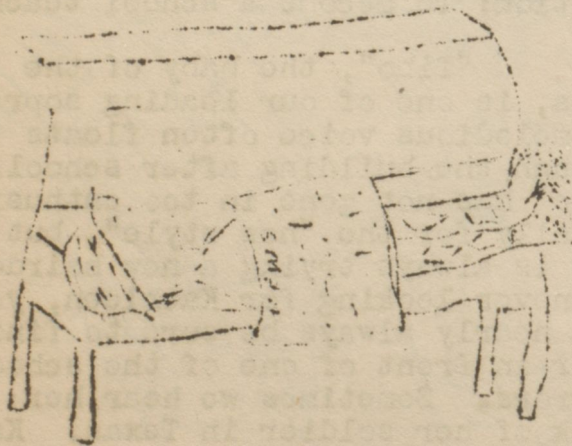
LEO WEST
"Bum Eye" or "Veto"



- Honors:
- Baseball (1)(2)(3)(4)
 - All State Chorus (1)(2)(3)(4)
 - Glee Club (1)(2)(3)(4)
 - President of Class (2)
 - Vicè President of Class (4)
 - Student Council President (4)
 - One-Act Plays
 - "Comin' Round the Mountain" (2)
 - "The Tantrum" (3)
 - News Reporter for "Molecule" (4)
 - Representative to Youth Forum (4)
 - Representative to Quiz Program (4)
 - Salutatorian (4)
- Ambition: To be a teacher.

"Bum Eye" is one of Franklin's faithful seniors. His contagious humor has won him many friends, and his tenor has been a great addition to the glee club. If there is a crazy answer to a question "Bum Eye" has it on the tip of his tongue. His trend toward studies has made him salutatorian of his class. We all hope that you succeed as well in later life as you have here at Franklin High.

TOM THUMB



Tom Thumb was the biggest bum I ever saw.
His hat was a pan; His shoes were all sand,
His trousers all patches, his hands all scratches.
He could talk in such a humorous way
You had to laugh in spite of yourself.
He slept on park benches and covered himself
With newspapers he found on the street.
Everyone liked Tom Thumb, you see.

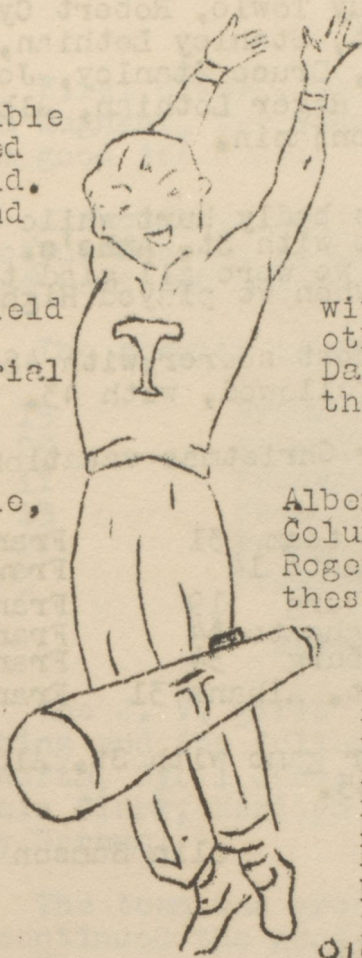
Merilyn White '54

BASEBALL OF '49

as possible
He worked
the field.
play, and

Bakersfield
of the
on Memorial
to stop

Guy Towle,
Richard
Magnant,
besides



We started baseball practice as soon
this spring, with Charles Gates as coach.
very hard trying to get a winning nine on
The boys practiced every day they didn't
a couple of times on Sunday.

We won our first league game , at
with a score of 4 - 3, but we have lost all
others. We beat the town team by two points
Day. It rained a little then, but not enough
the game.

The boys on the team are as follows:
Albert Richard, Robert Cyr, Lyle Ladieu, Leo West,
Columb, Stanley Lothian, Olin Samson, Bradley.
Roger Ladieu, Roger Rainville, John Stanley, R. Lothi.
these, John Hubbard as manager.

This was our schedule.

May 3	(there) Brigham	3	Franklin	4
May 4	(there) Enosburg	11	Franklin	8
May 9	(here) Richford	8	Franklin	2
May 12	(here) Brigham	11	Franklin	8
May 16	(there) Fairfax	5	Franklin	4
May 20	(here) Fairfax	15	Franklin	12
May 23	(here) Enosburg	18	Franklin	5
May 27	(there) Richford	7	Franklin	5
May 30	(here) Town Team	6	High School	8

Olin Samson '49

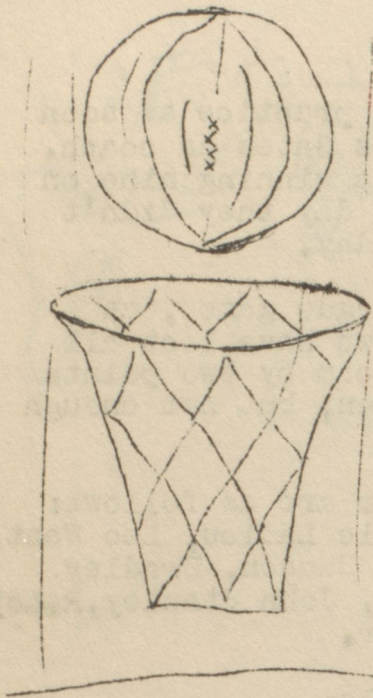
Junior Baseball

The junior boys, with the help of Wayne Ploof have been playing
baseball this spring. The boys who have played are Harvey Boudreau,
Walter Barnum, Walter Messier, Arthur Lothian, James Benjamin, Garland
his, Robert Durenleau, Winston Columb, Daniel Durenleau, Roland Bouchard,
Alfred Boudreau, Edmund Jette, and Carroll Boudreau. These boys
have played three games. They won the game from Brigham junior team
on Saturday, May 21, by a score of 12 - 11. They have lost to High-
gate and Enosburg. On May 31 they plan to play Enosburg , here.

Robert Durenleau '52

BASKETBALL

Franklin High started practicing basketball in October, with
Roswell Ploof as coach. Bobby worked with us as much as possible,
and gave up alot of his pleasures for the boys on the team.



The boys who were given suits for the season were Richard Columb, Guy Towle, Robert Cyr, Stanley McDermott, Leo West, Stanley Lothian, Olin Samson, Douglas Columb, Bruce Stanley, John Hubbard, John Stanley, Roger Lothian, Albert Desroches, and Bruce Benjamin.

Stanley Lothian was badly hurt while warming up just before our game with St. Anne's. He missed three games and we were all glad to see him in there fighting when we played Highgate.

Guy Towle was our best scorer, with 48 points; while Stanley Lothian followed, with 43.

Our schedule after Christmas vacation was as follows:

Jan. 7	(here)	town team	31	Franklin	20
Jan. 11	(here)	Highgate	14	Franklin	18
Jan. 13	(there)	Alburg	19	Franklin	15
Jan. 28	(there)	Highgate	44	Franklin	28
Feb. 3	(here)	Alburg	34	Franklin	27
Feb. 25	(here)	St. Albans	31	Franklin	34

We also won another game with St. Albans, here with a score of 47 to 45.

Olin Samson '50

JUNIOR TEAM BASKETBALL

The second half year, under coach Guy Towle, we won six and lost five. The players were John Stanley, Robert Duronleau, Harvey Boudreau, Roger Lothian, Arthur Lothian, Bruce Benjamin, Hugh Gates, David Samson, Stuart Riley, James Benjamin, and Bradley Magnant.

Here are the scores:

Brigham	5	Franklin	20	(here)
Brigham	28	Franklin	18	(there)
Enosburg	12	Franklin	21	(here)
Enosburg	19	Franklin	29	(there)
Alburg	13	Franklin	8	(here)
St. Anne's	34	Franklin	14	(there)
High School	sec'd 17	Franklin	J. V. 12	
High School	sec'd 3	Franklin	J. V. 4	
Highgate	30	Franklin	22	(there)
Highgate	24	Franklin	26	(here)
J. V. Girls	12	J. V. Boys	25	

Bradley Magnant '51

G I R L S ' S P O R T S

H I G H S C H O O L B A S K E T B A L L

First of all, the basketball team wishes to thank its coach, Helen Magnant, for doing her part during the season. It was hard work and a good job done.

Although we were hard hit by graduation, we managed a fairly successful season, winning three games and sharing one. Anyway, we played hard and enjoyed our basketball.

The results of the games are as follows:

Dec. 15	Franklin 35	Swanton 7
Dec. 29	Franklin 23	Town Team 22
Jan. 11	Franklin 24	Highgate 17
Jan. 13	Franklin 18	Alburg 31
Jan. 27	Franklin 27	Highgate 27
Feb. 3	Franklin 24	Alburg 29

J U N I O R V A R S I T Y G I R L S ' B A S K E T B A L L

The J. V. girls' basketball season began with Mrs. Martha Towle coaching and the following girls on the squad: Mary Towle, Joyce Ellsworth, Sybil Geno, Shirley Gliddon, Sylvia Westcott, Nancy Chaffee, Cynthia Clark, Marilyn White, Betty Ramond, Lucille LaFlame, and Betty Barnum.

The team was greatly encouraged by a victory at the first game and continued the good work, winning three out of four games.

The scores are as follows:

Franklin 31	Brigham 26
Franklin 25	Brigham 41
Franklin 44	Enosburg 7
Franklin 35	Enosburg 21

Mary Columb '49

E X C H A N G E C O L U M N

We have received some most excellent papers from Highgate, Richard, Enosburg Falls, Bakersfield, and Bethel. We hope that in the years to come these schools will remain our friends and continue to exchange papers with us.

Madeline Messier '49

HUMOR

SONG HITS



- "Love THAT "Guy"" - - - - - June M.
- "I've Gotta See Annie Tonite"- Bradley M.
- "Rosie, You Are My Posie"- Bruce S.
- "Cruising Down the River"- Richard to Berth
- "You, You Are the One"- Madeline J. to S.M.
- "Bugle Call"- Madeline B., Madeline M., and Butch.
- "Candy Kisses" - - - - - Stanley L.
- "Betty Blue"-- Albert D. to Betty Raymond.
- "Irene" - - - - - Stuart R.
- "I Got a Thrill out of You"-- Robert D to Nancy M.
- "Tie Me to Your Apron Strings"- Roger L. to Lucille L.
- "Happiness"- - - - - Lyle L.
- "Far Away Places"- - - - - Aline R.
- "Love My Boy" - - - - - Simone to Douglas C.
- "Sylvia" - - - - - Guy Towle
- "Forever and Ever" - - - - - Bert to Betty
- "Don't Rob Another Man's Castle" - Bobby C.
- "I Love Someboby" (But I won't say who) Mary C.
- "Once in love with Zing" - - - - Madeline M.
- "Wait for me, Mary" - - - - - Leo W.
- "A Little Bird Told Me" - - - - - Abe.
- "After Graduation Day" - - - - - Seniors

Aline: I wonder how much difference there is between "like" and "love".

Bertha: It all depends on who says it.

One day Charlie Gates gave Homer Stimpson some gum, and Homer asked him if he could speak French.

Charlie replied, "Just a little."

"Okay", said Homer, "merci."

John: If an electric train is going north at 90 m.p.h., in what direction will the smoke blow?

Robert: South, I think.

John: Wrong, there isn't any smoke from an electric train.

Roger R.: What has eyes but can't see, and has legs but can't run; but it can jump as high as the post office.

Robert C.: I don't know.

Roger R.: A wooden horse.

Robert C.: A wooden horse can't jump.

Roger R.: Neither can the post office.

Robert D.: I don't believe I deserve "zero" on this test.

Miss Gates: I don't either, but it's the lowest mark I can give you.

Mr. Powers: Where is Robert D.?

Roger: Probably walking.

Mr. Powers: Walking where?

Roger: Oh, walking around the pool table, waiting for his turn to shoot.

Bertha: The junior class needs money. We've got to make some.

Olin: Don't you know there's a law against that?

Nancy(at a baseball game): Isn't that pitcher marvelous? He hits their bats no matter where they hold them.

Olin and Leo were walking down the road a little ahead of Guy.

Leo to Guy: Do you want to fight me buddy?

Guy: Yes.

Leo, pointing to Olin: Fight him then. H's my buddy.

Kathleen, to the mirror: Mirror, mirror on the wall, am I the fairest of them all?

Miss Dewing, in general science class: If you could go to the moon, you would be constantly hit by small pebbles. Why is this?

Aline: You are moonstruck.

The newest cases of spring fever broke out the Saturday that F.H.S. visited Burlington. The victims of this dreadful disease are Bradley Magnant and Anne Towle, Albert Desroches and Betty Raymond, and Robert Durenleau and Nancy Macomber. Let's wish them a speedy recovery.

When Robert Durenleau was asked if Nancy got a thrill out of going to the movies with him, he gaily replied, " I don't know if she did, but I sure did."

Bruce Stanley: The next time I take you girls to a game I'm going to take you home to help with the chores.

Madeline J.: Okay, I'll strip.

Can You Imagine

Betty and Albert not chaperoning Lucille and Roger?

Madeline B. talking above a whisper in class?

Roger Lothian getting an "A" in conduct?

Ortha not fighting?

Janet M. not blushing?

The juniors wanting to put on the reception without everybody's help?

Betty B. riding alone with Bert in his new car?



GOOD NEWS

Wanted!

A place for Guy to put his feet, so he won't have to put them on other people's seats,

Roll away beds for the people who have sleeping fever ailments.

HONOR ROLL

First Semester

Third Quarter

All "A"

"A" & "B"

Seniors

All "A"

"A" & "B"

Mary Columb
Madeline Messier
Guy Towle
Leo West

Lyle Ladicu
Robert Cyr
K. Thibault

Mary Columb
Madeline Messier
Lyle Ladicu
Robert Cyr
Leo West
Kathleen Thibault
Guy Towle

Juniors

B. Bouchard
M. Jette
O. Samson

M. Jette

B. Bouchard
O. Samson

Sophomores

J. Hubbard
B. Magnant

S. Bouchard
R. Jette
A. Towle

J. Hubbard
B. Magnant

R. Jette
A. Towle
B. Stanley

Freshmen

R. Rainville
D. Samson
A. Wright

B. Benjamin
D. Samson
E. West
I. West
A. Wright

Eighth Graders

J. N. Benjamin
G. Machia
M. Towle

J. N. Benjamin
G. Machia
M. Towle

Seventh Graders

Merilyn White

W. Barnum
N. Chaffee

N. Chaffee
M. White

W. Barnum
H. Boudreau



N E W S

- Jan. 19-21. mid-year exams were given.
- Feb. 11 The movie, "Mountains of Marble" was enjoyed by the students of Franklin High.
- Feb. 20. Franklin High sent three representatives to the high school quiz program sponsored by the Red Cross, at the W. W. S. R. broadcasting station in St. Albans. The representatives were three senior boys; Robert Cyr, Guy Towle, and Leo West Jr. The boys outpointed their Highgate rivals, thereby winning a first class first aid kit for Franklin.
- March 25 - April 4. Spring vacation.
- April 14. The juniors took a battery of state tests.
- April 21. The eighth grade held a party at the school-house, with Miss Gates as chaperon. About twenty-one attended. Games were played, and a victrola furnished music for dancing. Refreshments of sandwiches, cupcakes, and soft drinks were served.
- May 5. The movie, "Flatboatmen of the Frontier" was shown.
- May 5, 6, and 7. Franklin High sent representatives to the annual Vermont Music Festival, held in Burlington. Mary, Columb, Aline Rainville, Kathleen Thibault, and Madeline Mossier represented the girls, while Guy Towle, Lyle Ladiou, and Leo West Jr. represented the boys. The mixed and girls' glee clubs sang in the afternoon.
- May 17. The juniors, with the aid of the sophomore and freshman classes served a salad and baked bean supper at the Methodist Church. They cleared about forty dollars.
- May 19. We saw two good movies, "Woodwind Choir" and "America the Beautiful".
- May 24. A performance put on by Maxam, the Magician, was sponsored by the senior class members, who cleared about fourteen dollars.
- May 19. The freshman and sophomore one-act plays were presented at the town hall, to a large crowd. The freshman play, a one act comedy was given first. Those acting parts in the play were Betty Raymond, Ortha Columb, Irene West, Bruce Benjamin, Arlene Wright, David Samson, Roger Lothian, Albert Desroches, John Stanley, Roger Lothian, and Roger Ladiou. Synopsis: While the parents were away on a trip, the boys decided to scare the girls by pretending to be play burglar, but instead a real burglar entered the house. At first the girls believed him to be one of the boys. Finally a flying tackle brought him down, and the children captured him and won the five hundred dollar reward. The curtain went amid a shower of "No's" from the youngsters on the front seats. The play was "Who's Afraid?"

