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## EDITORIALS

### A CLEAN UP DAY

During some of the years gone by, Franklin High School has had a clean up day. On this day everyone is asked to come in slacks or overalls and is also asked to bring some implements to be used in cleaning up the grounds or the building. Usually the girls bring dust cloths, wash rags and whatever they can find that would be of some use in making the school sparkle during the rest of the year. The boys, naturally, work outside. They bring rakes, wheelbarrow, and anything that might be used to improve the grounds. The ballfield is usually the main benefit from their efforts. It has to be raked, the stones have to be picked off the infield and wheeled over the hill to the dump, and then it should be dragged. Sometimes the ash pile has been drawn away and usually there is some work to be done on the driveway where it cuts into right field.

I think that plans should be made so that in the future, a clean up day will be an unbroken custom. Not only does it benefit the school but it also helps the town keep a clean, healthy looking school.

Olin Samson '50

### THE VERMONT MUSIC FESTIVAL

The Vermont Music Festival is held the first week of May in Burlington each year. Pupils from schools throughout the state start rehearsing weeks before in order to be prepared; some for the all-state chorus, band, or orchestra, others for glee club.

On Thursday morning the members of the all-state chorus, band, and orchestra come to Burlington to rehearse together for two days. At night they are accomodated in homes in and around



Burlington.

On Friday night the band concert takes place. Saturday morning there is the big parade in which many schools march.

On Saturday afternoon the various glee clubs sing in special buildings assigned for this purpose. On Saturday night the big concert takes place in which the all-state orchestra and chorus perform. This is the climax of the festival.

This festival is a very good thing because it gives these pupils a chance to show their abilities, and also to mix with pupils of other schools.

The pupils who go to the music festival should co-operate wholly, for the Lion's Club of Burlington works hard every year to sponsor this wonderful festival.

Madeline Jette '50

#### PUBLIC PROPERTY

Vandalism on public property is one of the major problems of community life.

Kids and sometimes elder "teen-agers" and people even older, who should know better, seem to get great satisfaction out of destroying public property. They don't seem to realize that innocent people often have to repair the damage or reimburse for the damage.

This is probably the main reason why many villages and cities are reluctant to sink great sums of money into recreation facilities and public buildings or parks. The younger generation doesn't seem to realize the fact that their elders worked hard for such a project. They seemed to take these things for granted.

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A person's behavior often reflects back on his home life and in this way the parents can be blamed. But some parents do see that their children behave at home and elsewhere, so it is their duty to try to influence others by their good ways and try to make community life better in general, because the younger generation becomes the older generation sooner or later, and if they are taught when young the rules of good citizenship they can pass it on to their children.

Bradley Magnant '51

### HELPING OUR TEACHERS

Why help our teachers? They get paid for their work. Let's not take it that way. After all they are really trying to help us.

There are many ways in which we can help them. The greatest and best way is to study our lessons and have them done each day. You learn more doing this and if everyone in the class never had his work done we wouldn't get far. If we don't study our lessons it's not only hurting ourselves and the teacher but sometimes the whole class. You get poorer marks and also get behind in your work.

Another way of helping our teachers is at play rehearsals and music rehearsals. Be there promptly. Fooling wastes time. When you don't learn your parts the teachers get discouraged. Would you blame them? For music rehearsals some laugh and talk instead of sing. That interrupts others. Many teachers put in extra time for the students but they don't seem to appreciate it.

Fooling and whispering during study period disturbs not only the other students but also the teacher, as they have work to do too. Not paying attention in class or talking to your neighbor also disturbs the class. This is hurting the teacher and yourself too.

You shouldn't miss school on unnecessary cases as the teachers have to put in extra time to help you get your work caught up or



explain lessons. Tardiness also hurts teachers as it sometimes interrupts classes.

If we were teachers would we like to have our pupils come in late, fool in school, miss or be late to rehearsals, not have their lessons done, etc.? Everyone's answer to that would be "No" so let's not do it ourselves.

Helping our teachers can be done in too many ways to mention. It makes them like us better. It not only helps the teachers but often by helping them it helps us too. So if we all pitch in and co-operate among ourselves, between classes and most of all with the faculty we will make the school and ourselves much better.

Rosemary Jette '51

#### THE NEW ADDITION TO THE SCHOOLHOUSE

A special Town Meeting is called for May 31st. On that day the towns people will go to the polls to vote whether to have a new addition to the school or not. If it is voted, it will be paid for by a bonding issue.

The addition is very much needed. The present schoolhouse has no play rooms for the students. Lower grade pupils sometimes have to study in the halls, there is water in the laboratory whenever it rains, and the building is generally overcrowded, both in the grade and in the high school.

This addition will be built on the west side. There will be an office, cloakroom, teachers' room, two lower grade classrooms, and a laboratory. The toilets will be moved from the basement to one of the downstairs classrooms.

The cost of the building is not to exceed twenty thousand dollars. A bonding issue will cover this.

It is hoped that the townspeople will realize the need for this addition and vote to build it. As it is now, there is a greater fire hazard than there would be if the addition was built. This addition will also relieve the present overcrowded condition and help the pupils to study better and more, and therefore do better work.

John Hubbard '51



P O E T R Y

THE SCHOOLROOM

Quiet is the schoolroom when teacher is near;  
Not a single note doth appear,  
But when from the room the teacher must go,  
It begins to sound like a musical show.

Betty Raymond '53

SPRING

Spring comes once a year,  
Bringing happiness and good  
cheer;  
'Tis then the frogs begin their  
singing  
And the birds from the South  
come winging;

Then the snow starts melting,  
And snowballs come a'pelting;  
Then the crows begin to caw,  
And the brooks begin to thaw;  
It brings sugaring with it's  
work and fun,  
And all are sorry when 'tis  
done;

Spring fever then comes to  
school.  
Giving boys an urge to fool;  
It brings puppy love with tender  
gaze,  
Which sometimes lasts through  
the rest of our days;

Then we know it's Spring,  
And it's a most wonderful thing.

John Hubbard '51

FRENCH

French is a language.  
To some it doesn't make sense.  
But when you come to learn it,  
It has verbs immense.

French you must study hard.  
New words you learn each day.  
And translating sentences,  
Is different then the English  
way.

Why is French so important?  
It is here up North.  
For Canada is our neighbor,  
And our people travel back and  
forth.

The Canadians speak mostly  
French.  
And our countries lie side by  
side.  
We are very friendly together,  
And our friendship we must not  
hide.

Rosemary Jette '51



REMINISCING

Twelve years have now elapsed,  
We've studied, rehearsed and  
sometimes napped,  
Misunderstandings, and accidents  
too,  
Young romances, all these we've  
been through.

And every morning we've had  
to be there,  
For to play hooky we did not  
dare,  
And every day at twelve and  
three,  
We've waited for the bell to  
tell us we're free.

The Christmas Holidays we al-  
ways longed for  
Besides no school, Santa came  
to our door,  
And in the Spring when Easter  
rolled around,  
We all got lazy like the rest  
of the town.

But this spring seems dif-  
ferent, to us anyway,  
The seniors who will graduate  
one of these days  
It is nothing to others who  
have seen it every year,  
But to us 'tis a long sought  
dream, too near.

Olin Samson '50



THE YELLOW KITTEN

There was a yellow kitten,  
That was just a ball of fur,  
His paws were shaped like  
mittens,  
And he would purr and purr.

His eyes were as bright as  
buttons,  
And he didn't miss a thing,  
He could play for hours,  
With just a piece of string.

But when you came to pet him,  
What a surprise in store,  
For you found the yellow kit-  
ten,  
Was more than you bargained for.

When the sun shone down upon  
him,  
His fur shone like pure gold,  
But you found that yellow kit-  
ten,  
To be very, very, bold.

Sybil Geno '54

TOMORROW

Tomorrow is the strangest day  
That ne'er to us shall come.  
It stays ahead in a crazy way,  
And tells of work to be done.  
Maybe there will be joy to-  
morrow,  
It may be dull and gray  
There also might be some sorrow  
In that mysterious day.

Hugh Gates '53



S T O R I E S

WILL HE STUDY?

It seemed to George that he had been studying his Latin for a long time. Of course he hadn't started studying until he had come home from playing a few games of pool after school.

Tomorrow there was a big test in Latin, and George was on the verge of not passing it. So he got something to eat and started studying again. He got sleepier and sleepier. Then he started dozing.

All of a sudden there came a rapping at one of the windows. At first George didn't pay any attention to it. Then it began getting louder. He sat up and listened. It almost seemed like a code. Then there began more tapping at another window.

George looked hard. Right through the first window walked a man who resembled the Roman soldiers they had been studying in Latin.

He came towards George saying, "Fear not, George, you will pass your Latin."

George was not at all sure whether the soldier was talking in Latin or English.

The soldier kept on, "You will pass your Latin if you study it, for remember, everyone has to work for what he gets."

Now the tapping at the other window was becoming louder and louder. Another man who seemed also to be a soldier walked right through that window. George decided that he had never seen anyone who looked like him before. This man was wicked looking.

He said to George, "Why study your Latin? You've never gone to all that work before, and you're getting by, aren't you?"

By this time George was beginning to get mixed up a bit. In the first place how did these men walk through the windows



without even breaking any glass? He had never believed in spirits. And surely they had never had any experiments of this kind in chemistry.

And in the second place, why were they so interested in him, George, only one of the many students in his Latin class.

By this time the two soldiers had noticed each other and were disagreeing very hotly over the question of whether George should study his Latin or not. Then they brought their shields and javelins out and were having a regular battle right in the living room of George's home.

"What will my Mother say?" Georgie thought, "Surely all of this rumpus will awaken her and Dad."

During this time armies for both sides had appeared from nowhere and had taken their places. Then Jupiter, the chief of the Gods, came from through the ceiling and called out in a deep, loud voice, "Stop everything! George will decide for himself whether it is worth his time to study his Latin."

But just as he said this a soldier threw one last javelin which hit George right in the Bull's Eye.

At this George awoke just in time to see his little sister run out of the room with her bow and arrow.

Madeline Jette, '50

#### THE ONLY ONE LOST ON THE PRINCESS MARTHA

Crash! Tom went reeling into the rail like a madman. The boat was creaking and cracking and water was pouring into the hold from the hole punched in the port side of the bow. Men were rushing here and there, orders were being changed as fast as they were made, women were shrieking at the top of their lungs and carrying their children, and men were manning the life boats.

"Watch out!" came a warning cry from somewhere up front. But Tom did not see it in time. A wave, almost as big as a



mountain, came over the aftertrail and swept him off his feet. Tom was in a green foamy sea when he felt a rope, or was it a seaweed? He didn't care, he made a grab and hung on for dear life.

After he had wiped the salt water from his eyes he could make out the shape of the captain's cabin through the misty darkness. He could make out the forms of men, women, and children making their way toward the nearest life boat. They weren't more than two miles off the English coast and if the life boats could hold out until daybreak they would easily be spotted and picked up.

Just then another wave came over. Tom had been waiting for this one. He knew that if he hung on through this one he could make one of the life boats before the next one broke over the bow.

Then, as the wave was at its highest point it broke over Tom. He held on for all he was worth and just as he thought himself safe, something snapped. The screw that held the ring the rope was tied to had pulled out!

Over and over he went, down he thought. He wasn't really afraid to drown and it didn't hurt him much. But the salt water made him sick to his stomach and his eyes smarted like iodine on a fresh cut.

Finally he found himself swimming around in green, icy water; He could not see the boat because of the pitch black darkness that encircled him, but he could hear the rumble of every wave as it broke over it.

He swam for what seemed to him many hours and as he was about to give up his leg brushed something. At first his imagination got the best of him and he swam away from it with all the strength left in him for fear it was a shark. But after he had taken a few strokes he decided he had better go back and see if he could find what ever it was. It might keep him afloat!

His mind was swimming with thoughts of what might happen to him. "How long can I last! Will the sharks get me! Is there a possibility that I might find a piece of drift wood that would keep me afloat!"

Just then he brushed an obstacle with his left foot. "Is this it?" he thought aloud.

Now Tom was not a very pious man, ordinarily, but right now he was saying every prayer that he could remember.



he turned, reached out with his right hand. Yes! it was a piece of drift wood. "How big?" he thought as he ran his hand along its side. "Will it hold me?"

Yes it held him, and when the sun came up the next morning it shone upon a calm sea. And somewhere in that vast expanse of water Tom was riding the waves. No, not on the piece of drift-wood he had found the night before, but on a small tanker that had picked him up during the night.

As he sat in the Captain's cabin eating a hearty breakfast, this came over the radio: "The Princess Martha struck a reef just off the coast of England, only one of her passengers was not accounted for this morning. His name is Thomas A. Rankin, and there is still some hope that he will be picked up before nightfall."

Olin Samson '50

#### A GOOD FRIEND INDEED

"Whoo, Whoo."

It was my friend the owl. He was a great friend of mine, in fact my best friend.

Each night as I walked through the dark woods toward the border between Canada and the United States I could hear him. At first it used to scare me as I went to my hide-out in the thick bushes. But then one night I heard a noise close to me and investigated. By using my flashlight I found a baby owl that had been hurt, in the road. One of his wings was badly bruised. I decided I must be late tonight as it looked as though he had been run over, and it must have been by those smuggling trucks that I was spying on.

I took the owl home with me and kept him until he was better. During this time we became very good friends. I named him "Happy" as he always seemed to have a good temper.

I worked for the United States Customs spying on people that smuggled goods across from Canada. There were many cases that I



had handled like this but none quite so mysterious as the one I was now handling. Drugs were being smuggled somewhere from Canada to the United States, but I could not find where they were crossed. I had watched several roads but had failed to find one clue. This was the last road I was to try as I knew of no other.

If I heard any sound of people, motors or the such I would quickly cross the fence and creep along behind the bushes. I had seen trucks of hay going by, but these had gone to the Customs Office to report. (There was no office on this road as it was seldom used.) This was okay as long as they reported and paid the duty. This was what made me think I was on the right track. Maybe they reported all the loads; maybe they didn't. They might have the drugs hidden in these loads of hay, maybe not always; just when they didn't report. It was up to me to keep track of these loads and find out if they had all reported. They came through both day and night. They could do this to avoid suspicion. All we knew was that drugs were being smuggled and this would be a very good way, by hiding it in the hay.

Nearly every night that I went, Happy would meet me there. It seemed good to have company even though he couldn't talk to me.

One night I was watching in my hideout of bushes when I glanced aside and noticed a light I had never seen before. It stayed in the same place all the time. "It doesn't move or flicker. What is it?" I thought.

I crossed the road and started toward the light. Soon I came to another road that branched off from this one. I heard a sound of a motor. I looked and, yes, Happy was following me. Well if I met someone he might scare them as owls can be ugly. I quietly walked along the road on the watch for anything that might be coming. The motor stopped. I was relieved. Finally I came to a sign. "No Trespassing." "Oh good heavens!", I said aloud, "What shall I do now?"

Something told me to keep on, so that I did.

I came to a large stone house and a great long barn. There were three cars outside and a truck. "Well," I thought, "I guess I'm getting somewhere now."

Now, above all, I was careful of my step. I crept toward the part of the house where the light was. I peeked through the window and around a large table, with plenty of bottles, were nearly a dozen men.



"The load's got to go out tonight," I heard one say,

"There will be trouble if it does," another put in.

"Now, we can get by okay. We have for six months now," a fat guy mumbled. "No one knows about this place, and anyway we pay duty."

All the men broke into laughter, and most agreed, but the first fellow continued, "Now look here if we get caught with this mess—well you all know what will happen," the second fellow said again.

"Getting chicken, eh? Well you better pipe down," the fat man cracked.

The way things went I figured the fat one was "The Boss."

"Come on, Happy," I whispered, "I've heard enough and I also have other things I'd like to find out."

We went toward the barn. "There's a load of something around here," I told my friend. "It can't be hay, either. We've got to work fast."

We found a small door and went inside the barn. Inside I turned my flashlight on and put my hand over the light so just a little peeped out. Here we found three empty trucks. No load. As I was ready to leave, I noticed another door which I tried to open, but it was padlocked.

Happy and I went outside again. "I must figure out how I can find what is in the other part of this barn," I thought.

We went around to the back of the barn and there we found a large double door. This practically answered my question. If I could only get inside and find out what was in the load this job would be nearly done. We went toward a small window and after working for a quarter of an hour I finally got it opened. I crawled inside and Happy flew in behind me.

Much to my surprise were two trucks one half full of hay and the other half full of boxes and crates. I found a hammer and started prying open one of the crates when I heard the sound of a car starting up. Happy was listening and started toward the window. I turned my flashlight on the crate. Here were the drugs. I closed the crate back up and as I started toward the window I heard voices coming toward this direction. Then I heard Happy making a lot of noise and the men hollering. I guess Happy was doing his part to help me get away.



Finally, back in the open again, I started toward the nearby woods to circle around back home to make a phone call to block this road, when I heard two shots of a gun and screeching. Happy had helped me to get out of the barn, but it was too late for me to help him now.

Happy gave up his life for me. What a good friend! All the way back home I could hear him as he used to call to me.

"Whoo, whoo, whoo."

Rosemary Jette '51

### THE BAD GIRL

Joan ran into the kitchen and banged the door shut behind her. As she sat down, breathless, she tossed her books into the corner, and shouted "I've just received the nicest invitation from Mary to the freshmen wiener roast they are having tonight. Oh, won't I have a glorious time though?"

"I'm sure you would have a grand time if you were going," said Joan's mother, "but with the cold you have I don't think a wiener roast would be the proper place for you tonight."

"But mom, I've just got to go," broke in Joan. "Mary will feel hurt if I don't."

"I'm sorry Joan," said her mother. "But I'm afraid you'll have to stay at home tonight."

"All right," said Joan, "but you'll be sorry. Just you wait and see." And she ran up to her room crying her eyes out.

As Joan lay back on her bed crying she thought, "I'll go to that wiener roast, regardless of what happens. Just wait and see!"

Joan wiped her eyes and went downstairs with a bright smile on her face. As she went into the kitchen she said, "I'm sorry that I got angry, mother. I guess I should stay at home at that."

Just then, Joan's father came home to dinner and they all



sat down to dinner. Joan ate heartily; then she offered to do the dishes, which was a great surprise to her mother.

When the dishes were finished, she said, with a yawn " Well I guess I'll call Mary, and tell her I won't be able to go tonight; then I think I'll go to bed."

Joan went into the library, and closed the door behind her. She picked up the receiver, and dialed Mary's number. When Mary answered, Joan said, "Mother said I could go. I'll be on the corner in twenty minutes."

Mary said "O.K." and Joan hung up. Then she called good-night to her parents and went upstairs.

She walked into her room quietly and started dressing in blue jeans and a blue shirt. When she was ready she jumped out into the tree in front of her window. When she finally got to the ground she ran as fast as she could to the corner, where Mary, and the rest of the class were waiting. They all piled into a bus and away they went.

At first Joan had a swell time, because everyone was singing, and she didn't have time to think of what she had done. But as time went on, and she began to think and her thoughts scared her,

She thought of her mother going into her room and finding her gone. She thought of how frantic she would be. Why, she might even call the police!

All evening these thoughts kept going through her mind, and she didn't have as good a time as she thought she was going to have because of it.

The party broke up early, and Joan went home. It wasn't as easy a job for her to climb back into the tree and she turned her ankle.

When she finally did get inside, it was only half-past ten and her mother had not missed her yet. She climbed into bed and had just turned the light out, when her mother came in to see if she was all right.

Joan was so afraid that her mother had found out what she had done, that she didn't dare speak. So she pretended that she was asleep.

The next morning when she awoke she had a high fever, and



her throat was extremely sore. By night Joan was in the hospital with pneumonia.

When her parents came to see her she felt so ashamed of herself that she didn't even want to look at them.

You see she didn't know that they hadn't discovered her gone the night before. She told them that she was very sorry for what she had done, and that she would never do it again. They, of course, couldn't figure out what she meant, and finally Joan asked them if they knew she had gone to the wiener roast the night before. Her mother said, "Why of course not. You were in bed all of the time, weren't you?"

"No," replied Joan, "but I sure wish I had been now." Then Joan went on telling everything she had done, and by the time she finished, her folks had forgiven her and she felt a lot better.

Joan had to stay in the hospital for a couple weeks and she didn't feel well for quite a while afterwards. So she really received her punishment for being a bad girl and I'm sure she never did that again.

Betty Raymond '53

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A COLD

A cold is not a funny thing,  
It makes you ache and burn, and sting.  
You cough, you blow, you sniff, you sneeze  
You always think you feel a breeze.  
First you are hot, then you are cold  
You say "Oh my! I'm getting old."  
You pause, you think, you heave a sigh  
And wonder "Will I really die?"

Lucille La Flame '51

Cynthia Clark '54



## VACATION PLANS ARE NEVER SURE

Last summer we planned a trip to Nova Scotia. We had about ten days before school was to begin in September, so we studied the maps very carefully and planned to drive around the coast line and then we had two or three choices of ferries back to St. John's, New Brunswick.

We took our time for several hundred miles, stopped at several places of interest, and spent some time in the land of Acadia, where Evangeline lived.

As the gasoline attendant was filling our tank we asked, "Could you tell us how much of a chance we stand to catch the next ferry?"

He looked very much surprised and answered, "That ferry has not been running for nearly ten years. Because of the high tides in the Bay of Fundy it became so expensive to operate the ferry that the company quit running it."

"Well what shall we do now? We are a long way from Vermont."

Then the attendant suggested that we stop in Halifax and find out. "Oh, yes, and while you're here in Moncton, you better drive back three miles to see the Magnetic Hill," he added. We spent a little time examining this phenomona. (Toward the top of the hill we turned off the motor and released the brakes. At this spot the car started rolling up the hill, for what seemed up was really down.) Then we started for Halifax.

At Halifax Daddy went to the Canadian Pacific railroad station to find out about the ferry schedule. What do you suppose we found out? One ferry went out of business several years ago and another had been out of service for a few weeks, making repairs from a fire on board and was booked full for several weeks ahead. The only remaining one was an all night trip from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia to Boston, Massachusetts. Besides this, it would cost over a hundred dollars for the trip and it was uncertain if we could get reservations soon enough.

School still started on Labor Day and so we drove across country back to New Brunswick and were home on time for school. This experience taught us never to be sure of plans well made.

Cythia Clark '54



BOOK REVIEW

SAILOR ON HORSEBACK

(Biography of Jack London)

by Irving Stone

Jack London was born January 12, 1876. Jack was born out of wed-lock. He was the son of a professor from whom he inherited his love for books. After he was born his mother, Flora, met and married John London. John London had fought during the Civil War; now he was trying to farm, but Flora always had some "Get Rich Quick" scheme that always backfired and they had to start over again from scratch. In this way Jack never had much of an opportunity to learn with pupils of his own age. Jack was very strong physically and he had a mind of his own. When he wanted to do something he did it--such as going to Alaska, Japan or Russia. He went regardless of his responsibilities to his family, who depended on him for his weekly salary.

Jack London had a great love for books and the sea. When he was in his early teens he bought a ship and robbed oyster beds. He also worked for the bay patrol. While on his ship he would read or drink. He often went to free libraries. Jack's only ambition was to sail and write. He wrote very few good stories, before he went to high school and the University of California.

He always had to work hard to keep up on his bills. After reading many of Karl Marx's articles, he became a socialist.

Jack married Bessie Maddern, after he lost the girl he loved, and Bessie the man she loved. Bessie was a good wife and a good mother to their two daughters. Bessie taught backward students and corrected and typed Jack's manuscripts. Teaching helped to keep house expenses when Jack's income couldn't. Bessie and Jack gave evidence of being happy, but Jack was dissappointed because he wanted a son to follow in his footsteps. Bessie divorced him because Jack had fallen in love with Charmian Kittredge, whom he later married. She was forever asking for money to buy beautiful clothes, a thing which Bessie never did. Charmian and Jack went on long trips together, but she never stood by him in his writing. She employed many servants to keep her large home.



From his writing he did earn quite a little bit of money, but his wife spent still more to maintain their large house. He soon found himself going in debt again, because he was supporting his mother and her adopted son, his former wife and two daughters, and his new bride. Most men liked him, so they trusted he would pay. He did pay whenever he got a little money, but it wasn't sufficient. As time went on he got more and more in debt.

Finally, totally discouraged, on November 22, 1912, he took poison.

Jack London had lived a reckless life. He had drunk heavily, lived as a tramp at times, and done many disrespectful things but he wanted this only for himself. Of his writing he always said he never wrote a thing he wouldn't want his own daughters to read.

Flora Wellman, Jack's mother, had all the advantages of her time. She was trained in music, educated at a finishing school, was well read, used good English, and had polished manners. Her wealthy father couldn't keep his daughter in line. She was a clever and intelligent woman, but of variable emotions. At twenty-five she left her home. She earned her living by giving piano lessons.

I liked the book, because it gave a first hand account of the life of London, and a very good picture of America at that time.

Bertha Bouchard, '50

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BEDTIME

Twilight shadows now are falling,  
Stars so shy begin to peep,  
Out of dusky velvet meadows,  
Perhaps they watch us while we sleep.

Little hands are clasped together,  
As little children kneel to pray,  
God's great love is watching o'er them,  
He will keep them till the day.

Arlene Wright, '52



E X C H A N G E

Hello everyone! We meet again through our exchange.

I have sent cards out to the following schools:

- Richford High School
- Enosburg Falls High School
- Highgate High School
- Brigham Academy
- Newport High School

I have received high school papers from these schools:

- Richford High School--The Richford Searchlight
- Highgate High School--The Highgate Oriole
- Brigham Academy--The Brigham Beacon

The Richford Searchlight is a splendid school paper. It is so very neat. The "TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE" column is very good. Most of the "Searchlight" is very good. There is one thing. There are just as many ads as there are writings which is not so interesting.

The Highgate Oriole is a good school paper. The "WHO'S WHO" page is wonderful. The "ALUMNI NEWS" is very interesting. I know the students must have put a lot of time on their paper.

The Brigham Beacon is a really good paper. It is a very nicely printed paper. The "WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF" page is very good. There are some ads, but not too many, which make the paper more interesting.

I hope that we may have more exchanges next year.

I hope whoever is EXCHANGE EDITOR next year will enjoy doing the work for the "Molecule" as much as I have.

Good luck to everyone, especially to all graduates of this year and all the years to come. Bye until next year.

Helen Cummings '51



SCHOLASTIC HONOR ROLL

61

31  
12  
1

FIRST SEMESTER

THIRD QUARTER

ALL A GRADES

Madeline Jette

Madeline Jette

John Hubbard

Simone Bouchard

Bruce Benjamin  
Hugh Gates

CLASS OF '54

Merilyn White

Merilyn White

CLASS OF '55

Rita Magnant

ALL A'S AND B'S

CLASS OF '50

Bertha Bouchard  
Eunice Currier  
June Morgan  
Aline Rainville  
Olin Samson

June Morgan  
Bertha Bouchard  
Eunice Currier  
Olin Samson

Class of '51

Simone Bouchard  
Rosemary Jette  
Bradley Magnant  
Ann Towle  
Helen Cummings

John Hubbard  
Helen Cummings  
Rosemary Jette  
Bradley Magnant  
Ann Towle

Class of '52

Betty Raymond  
David Samson  
Elizabeth West  
Arlene Wright

Hugh Gates  
David Samson  
Elizabeth West  
Arlene Wright



CLASS OF '53

Mary Towle

CLASS OF '54

Cynthia Clark  
Harvey Boudreau

Cynthia Clark  
Alfred Columb

CLASS OF '55

Sandra Gross  
Sheila Columb  
Beverly Hubbard  
Beverly Lothian  
Anne Myott  
Rita Magnant

Sheila Columb  
Sandra Gross  
Beverly Lothian  
Anne Myott  
Beverly Hubbard

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A L U M N I N E W S

Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Trembly (Charlotte Geno, '47) became the proud parents of Pamela Jean, March 18, 1950.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Glidden (Daisy Ploof, ex '49) on February 11, 1950 became parents of a baby boy whom they named Lyle John.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Oliphant (Wilma Powers, '33) returned from Africa to New York on April 30, and are now visiting her mother, Mrs. Florence Powers, and her brother, Myron E. Powers.

Gilbert Dewing, '47, was in Schenectacy, New York on the 29th of April to broadcast in a 4-H Club program.

Kathleen Thibault, '49, entered Johnson Teachers College in January.

Claude Magnant, '47, a sophomore at the University of Vermont, obtained high scholastic honors, "Magna Cum Laude", in the College of Education.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Merchant (Marion Richard, '45) became the parents of a son, Stephen Adolph, on February 23, 1950.



Roebe Jane Westcott, '44, was married to Charles Mullen, '45, on February 25, 1950. They are now living with Mrs. Mullen's parents and Mr. Mullen is employed by a corporation which makes sprinklers.

Sheila Lahue, ex '49, became the wife of Raymond Larose on January 21, 1950. They are now living with his folks.

Robert Cyr, '49, is now stationed in Mississippi where he is studying Radar.

Beverly MacLeod, '49, is now employed at Mr. Lafley's.

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## SCHOOL NEWS

Dec. 7. Movies: "Party Lines", "Atmosphere and its Circulation", "Christmas Rhapsody", "Good-bye Mr. Germ".

Dec. 15. The grades and high school presented a Christmas program at the town hall. It consisted of plays and music.

Dec. 16. The high school had a Christmas party in the afternoon. Two movies were enjoyed: "The Frog", and "About Bananas". Games were played, songs were sung, and gifts were exchanged. School closed for Christmas vacation.

Jan. 6. The sophomore class sponsored a two hour movie, "My Dog Shep", at the town hall, followed by a dance. Music was furnished by "Bing" Durenleau and his orchestra. They made fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents.

Jan. 12. Movie: "Lake Carrier", and "Transportation on the Great Lakes".

Jan. 18--20. Mid-year exams.

Jan. 26. Movies "The World We Want to Live In", "Power Behind The Nation".



CLASS OF '53

Mary Towle

CLASS OF '54

Cynthia Clark  
Harvey Boudreau

Cynthia Clark  
Alfred Columb

CLASS OF '55

Sandra Gross  
Sheila Columb  
Beverly Hubbard  
Beverly Lothian  
Anne Myott  
Rita Magnant

Sheila Columb  
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Beverly Lothian  
Anne Myott  
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- Jan. 30. Movies: "Vermont", and "Forestry and Forest Industry".
- Feb. 2. Movies: "Wolfe and Montcalm" and "Man on Horseback".
- Feb. 6. Movies: "Quality Milk Production", "Everyday Courtesy", and "Summer Storm".
- Feb. 10. A program was enjoyed during activities period. The 7th and 8th grades presented a skit, entitled "February Birthdays", by Anna F. Kaufman. Shirley Glidden read, "A Story of Abraham Lincoln" by Carry Cleveland Myers. Hugh Gates gave a report on Abraham Lincoln. Then to close the program, the school sang "The Star Spangled Banner".
- Feb. 14. The freshman class sponsored a Valentine Dance at the town hall. Music was furnished by Lloyd Benoit's Orchestra. Favors were given out. They made fourteen dollars and twenty-five cents. A box of candy, which was raffled off, was won by Douglas Columb.
- Feb. 17. The eighth grade class had a Valentine Party at the home of Cynthia Clark. Mrs. Clark was the chaperone. Games were played, refreshments were served, and valentines were exchanged.
- Feb. 20. Movies: "Charles Dickens" and "Aluminum".
- Feb. 23. Movie: "A Tale of Two Cities" starring Ronald Coleman.
- Feb. 27. The French class went to Burlington to see the movie "Marie Chapdelaine".
- March 2. Movies: "Scotland, the Background of Literature", "The Story of Doctor Carver" and "Refrigeration". The honor students were announced: Valedictorian-Madeline Jette, Salutatorian-Olin Samson and third honors-Bertha Bouchard.
- March 6. Movies: "Peat and Coal" and "Christopher Columbus".
- March 13. Movies: "Vermont" and "Wealth of the Andes".
- March 17. A banquet sponsored by the Mothers' Club, was given at the Methodist Church, in honor of the basketball players: The speakers were Olin Samson, Madeline Jette, Janet Magnant, Mr. Kaszuba, Stanley Lothian and Miss Gates. Mrs. Ina Glidden was toastmistress.
- March 23. School closed for Spring Vacation.
- April 10. School opened after Spring Vacation. Movies: "Screw Driver and Screw Jays", "New England and Holiday", and "Television".



April 13. The high school showed Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Men", a full length movie starring Frankie Darro, Dickie Moore, and Ralph Morgan.

April 17. Movies: "Learn to Swim", "Spelling is Easy", "Lets Play Fair" and "Your Driving Habits".

April 20. Movies: "World Series of 1949" and "Infield Play".

April 24. Movies: "Story of Dr. Jenny", "People of Western China" and "Ancient World Inheritance".

April 26. Mr. Guy Hubbard came from the Enosburg Falls National Bank. He showed a movie on banking. Then he answered questions. The pupils also enjoyed the movie, "The Canadian Porcupines".

May 1. Movies: "Ready to Type" and "America the Beautiful".

May 4,5,6: Franklin High sent representatives to the annual Vermont Music Festival at Burlington. The representatives were: Aline Rainville, Bertha Bouchard, Madeline Jette, Simone Bouchard, Olin Samson, Bradley Magnant and John Hubbard.

May 6. The Glee Club marched in the parade at the Music Festival in Burlington and sang in the City Hall that afternoon.

May 8. Movies: "Baseball Today" and "Pond Insects".

May 12. The movie "Swiss Family Robinson" was sponsored by the sophomores at the town hall. A dance, with music furnished by "Bing" Durenleau and his orchestra followed. The sophomores made about five dollars.

May 15. Movie: "Julius Caesar".

May 19. The science classes saw two movies.

#### COMING EVENTS

May 24. The Junior Class is sponsoring a supper at the Methodist Church Parlors. The proceeds will be used to finance the Senior Reception.

June 4. The Baccalaureate Service will be held at 3:00 P.M. in the Methodist Church. Rev. Harold E. Buckland will give the sermon.



June 7. Class Day will be held on the Methodist Church lawn. The program will be as follows: Welcome Address, Madeline Jette, president of the Senior Class; Junior Response, John Hubbard, president of the Junior Class; Class History, Bertha Bouchard; Class Will, Olin Samson; Class Presentations, Madeline Jette and June Morgan; Class Prophecy, Eunice Currier; Class Pastime, Janet Magnant and Stanley Lothian; Class Poem, Aline Rainville; Class Song, Senior Class.

June 8. Graduation Exercises will be held at the town hall.

June 9. The Senior Reception will be given to the Seniors and their friends. Warner's Orchestra will furnish the music.

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S P O R T S

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls of Franklin High School had a good season this year with three losing and five winning games. The scores are as follows:

Franklin-53	Alburg	40	Here
Franklin-53	Highgate	36	Here
Franklin-33	Alburg	34	There
Franklin-67	Highgate	42	There
Franklin-54	St. Anne's	43	Here
Franklin-36	Brigham	48	There
Franklin-51	St. Anne's	29	There
Franklin-39	Brigham	44	Here

The basketball team of next year will be losing three players by graduation. They are Madeline Jette, guard, Eunice Currier, forward, and Janet Magnant, forward.

Ortha Columb was high scorer for Franklin with 129 points. Second was Eunice Currier with 118 points; and third, Mary Towle with 101 points.



Girls' Soft-Ball

The girls of Franklin High School have formed a soft-ball team under the supervision of Eunice Currier. The girls that have gone out for soft-ball are as follows:

- |                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Ann Towle       | Simone Bouchard |
| Mary Towle      | Shirley Glidden |
| Aline Rainville | Joyce Ellsworth |
| Anita Menard    | Rita Magnant    |
| Madeline Jette  | Beverly Hubbard |
| Ortha Columb    | Beverly Lothian |
| Eunice Currier  | Sandra Gross    |
| June Morgan     | Sheila Columb   |
| Bertha Bouchard | Merilyn White   |
| Janet Magnant   |                 |

The girls journeyed to Enosburg Falls, May 12, and defeated them by a score of 25 to 14. On the mound was Currier and S. Bouchard. The catcher was C. Columb.

By graduation the soft-ball team will loose six players.

Janet Magnant '50

Boys' Basketball

We had a poor season this year, winning one game and losing nine. The games that we played are as follows:

Franklin	21	Swanton	79
	14	Bakersfield	40
	19	St. Ann's	49
	18	St. Ann's	54
	25	St. Albans	22
	19	Alburg	70
	26	Highgate	48
	18	Highgate	38
	9	Alburg	44



BASEBALL

The boys who are out for baseball this spring are O. Samson, B. Magnant, R. Rainville, H. Boudreau, R. Ladieu, S. Lothian, R. Lothian, R. Durenleau, J. Stanley, B. Benjamin, J. Benjamin and J. Hubbard.

The games scheduled are as follows:

May	1	Franklin	1	Bakersfield	15
	3	"	12	Enosburg	10
	8	"	0	Richford	15
	11	"	4	Bakersfield	9
	15	"	2	Fairfax	20
	19	"	9	Fairfax	23
	22	"	3	Enosburg	2
	24	"		Richford	

--Stanley Lothian, '50

BASEBALL

Baseball is a game of fun

If you really like to run.

When you blast a home run out,

Then is when the people shout.

Then you are honored by the people

Until you think you're as high as a steeple.

The game is played by nine in line

And they have to be just mighty fine

The ball is thrown over the batter's plate

Where he fans out or hits his fate.

If more runs are made by our home team

Then the score blasts forth from the bell on the beam.

Arthur Lothian '54



## H U M O R



During English Class:  
Miss Dewing: ( talking about English)

How do the clouds appear now?  
Ann and Olin turned around and looked out of the window.

Miss Dewing: No! No! In the poem.

John H: Why does the Yankee team have such pale faced players?

Bradley: Because they look at the score board too often.

Roger Lothian: Some fish have low voices.

Roger Ladieu: How do you know?

Roger Lothian: Didn't you ever hear a bass?

Lucille L: Mother, I've been helping you.

Mother: What have you been doing?

Lucille L: I licked all of your stamps so they'll be ready to put on your letters.

Miss Dewing: Book reports are due Thursday.

Olin: Can we mail them Thursday Night?

Roger Lothian: Would you care for a banana split with me?

Joyce: Can't I have a whole one?

Miss Dewing: What is ignorance, John?

John H.: Ignorance is when you don't know something and someone finds it out.

During English Class:

Miss Dewing: Witches become weak when coming to a threshold.

Olin: Is that why they carry brides over the threshold?

During English Class:

Miss Dewing: Bruce, please read.

Bruce: zzz-zzz-zzz



SONG HITS

We'll Build a Bungalow	Bertha
It Isn't Fair	Ortha
Don't Rob Another Man's Castle	Roland
Charlie, My Boy	Simone
Now Is the Hour	Exam Day
There's a Lovely Lake in Loveland	Lucille
My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time	Mary
Honey, I'm in Love With You	Bruce to Rosy
I Must Have That Boy	Lizzie
Piano Roll Blues	Mrs. Gates
Sitting On Top of the World	Seniors
Whispering in the Dark	Madeline
Letter Asking For My Broken Heart	Betty
My Destiny	Aline
Wedding Bells Soon Will Be Ringing	Helen
Sentamental Me	Janet
C'est Si Bon	Robert
My Foolish Heart	Olin
I'll Keep the Love Light Burning	June
You Don't Have to Know the Language	Stanley
Who Do You Love, I Hope	Joyce
Cindy	Eunice

Can You Imagine

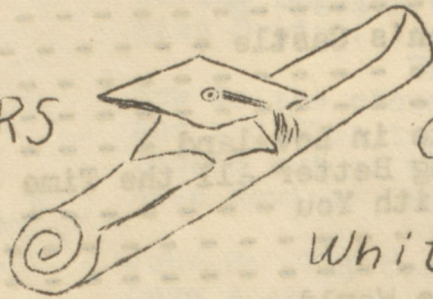
- The seventh graders not working together?
- The study hall being quiet when the teacher is out of the room?
- The Stanley boys not being late for school?
- Spring passing without someone from F. H. S. catching spring fever?
- The sophomore boys not being silly?
- Simone spending Sunday without Douglas?
- Robert Durenleau going to class with his work done?
- Roger Ladieu not mocking every girl when she laughs?
- The General Science Class getting all A's?
- Betty R. and Stanley L. getting along together?
- Helen at school on Monday?
- Joyce sober when others are laughing?
- Bookkeeping class having their work done?
- Roger Lothian not flirting with all the girls?
- Roland going to a baseball practice?
- Roger R. wanting to take a girl to the movie?
- Stanley L. shaving his mustache?
- Roland and Elizabeth not being together?
- Olin Samson agreeing with Miss Dewing?
- Roger Ladieu dating the same girl twice?



# SENIORS

CLASS COLORS

Blue and  
white



CLASS FLOWER

White  
Carnation

Madeline Jette

Valedictorian

Olin Samson

Salutatorian

Bertha Bouchard

Third Honors

Aline Rainville

June Morgan

Eunice Currier

Janet Magnant

Stanley Lothian

So Little Done, So Much To Do.



Bertha Bouchard  
"Bertie"



#### ACTIVITIES and HONORS

Third Scholastic Honors				
All State Chorus				(4)
Glee Club	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
One Act Plays:				
Patty Saves the Day	(1)			
Pot Luck		(2)		
Junior Detectives			(3)	
Dynamite Dan				(4)
Softball		(2)		(4)
Newsreporter on "Molecule" staff				(4)
President of Class			(3)	
Class Treasurer	(1)			(4)
Class Secretary		(2)		
Basketball			(3)	

Bertha is the happy-go-lucky girl of the class. She has a friendly word and greeting for all. When you hear a senior cracking a joke it's usually Bertha. Bertha, however, has a mind of her own and often it takes a lot of persuading to change it. Bertha is a good alto in the glee club and a heavy hitter on the softball team. Bertha is always a friend in need when there's work to be done, for she is no shirk. You will be missed next year, with your spirit of co-operation.

Ambition: Undecided ? ! ?



MADÉLINE JETTE  
"Jet"



ACTIVITIES and HONORS:

Valedictorian				
Class President	(1)			(4)
Glee Club	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
All State Chorus		(2)		(4)
Basketball	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Assistant Manager			(3)	
Captain				(4)
Softball		(2)		(4)
Class Secretary			(3)	
Good Citizenship Girl				(4)
Class Plays				
"Patty Saves the Day"	(1)			
"Pot Luck"		(2)		
"Junior Detective"			(3)	
"Dynamite Dan"				(4)
"Molecule" Staff				
Assistant Editor			(3)	
Editor-in-Chief				(4)

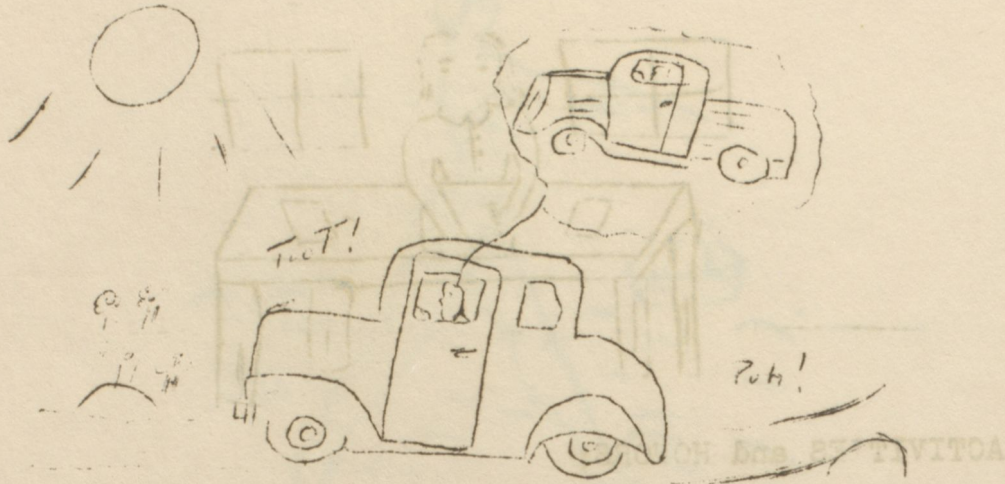
Madeline is one of the beauties of our school, one of our best basketball players, a good alto singer, and the editor-in-chief of our "Molecule". She shows much interest in school activities and works hard. She darts around the school room, always busy, but never too busy for a friendly word and smile.

We have heard that she likes Plymouth cars. We wish you luck in your nursing profession. With your fine spirit and excellent ability you surely will go far.

Ambition: To be a nurse.



STANLEY POPILAN  
"Jockie"



ACTIVITIES and HONORS:

- |                              |     |     |     |     |
|------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Baseball                     | (1) | (2) | (3) | (4) |
| Basketball                   | (1) | (2) | (3) | (4) |
| Co-captain                   |     |     |     | (4) |
| One-Act Plays                |     |     |     |     |
| "Patty Saves the Day"        | (1) |     |     |     |
| "Pot Luck"                   |     | (2) |     |     |
| "Junior Detective"           |     |     | (3) |     |
| Treasurer of Student Council |     |     | (3) |     |
| Junior Marshal               |     |     | (3) |     |
| "Molecule" Sports Editor     |     |     |     | (4) |

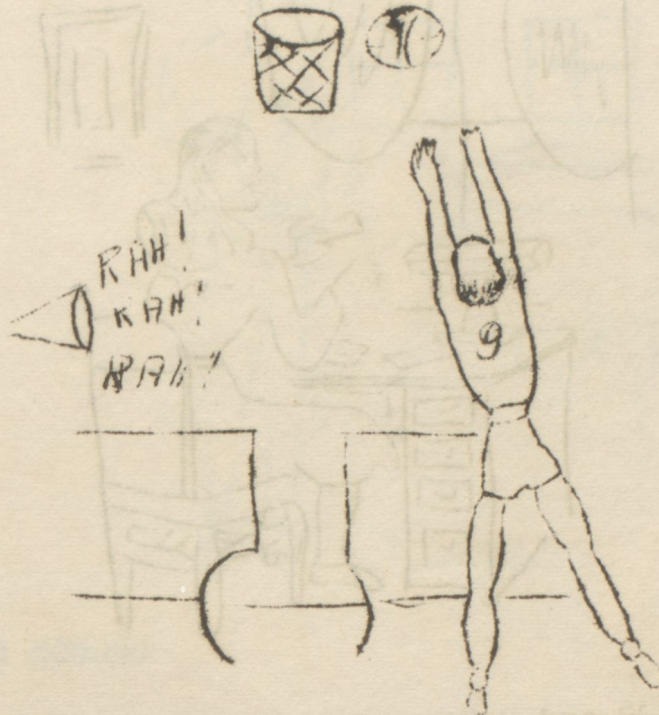
Stanley is the fire and lightning of the senior class. Thus he keeps things alive in athletics and elsewhere. Jockie is fast and a slugger; also no slouch on the basketball floor.

He likes the opposite sex, his specialty being across the border. Is it that "Toni" that attracts them, Jock? Stanley has a roadster, two seated, and well ventilated. Some enchanted evening you may hear Stanley singing, but it won't be in music class. Jock is a fine kid and we wish him luck in his course of life.

Ambition: To be a truck driver.



JANET MAGNANT  
"Janical Judd"



ACTIVITIES and HONORS:

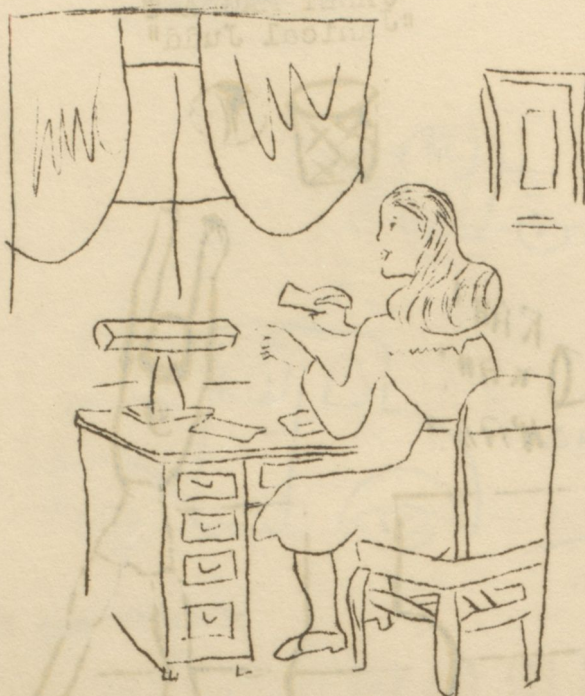
Glee Club	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Basketball	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Manager				(4)
Softball		(2)	(3)	(4)
Class Vice President	(1)	(2)		
Junior Red Cross President				(4)
Girls Sport Editor on the Molecule				(4)
Plays:				
"Patty Saves the Day"	(1)			
"Pot Luck"		(2)		
"Junior Detective"			(3)	
"Dynamite Dan"				(4)

Janet has participated in sports throughout all her high school years. She is third baseman on the softball team, and has played both guard and forward on the basketball court. She has always worked industriously on her school subjects, and this year we hear that she is also taking driving.

Ambition: To be a nurse.



JUNE R. MORGAN  
"Junie"



ACTIVITIES and HONORS

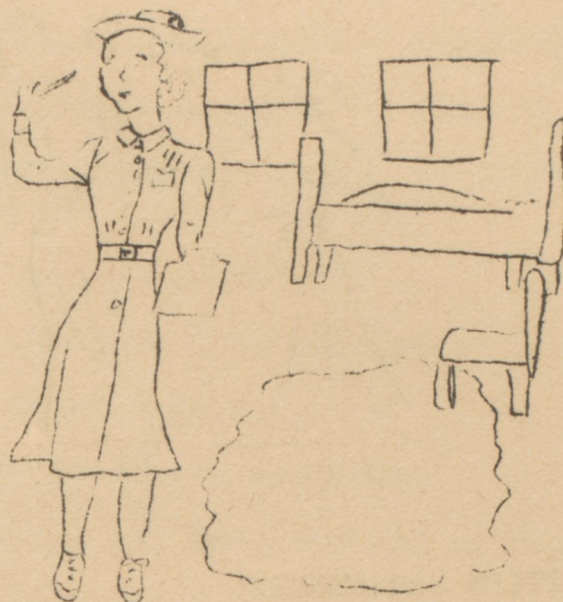
Glee Club	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Vice President of Class			(3)	(4)
Junior Red Cross Secretary				(4)
Softball		(2)		(4)
One Act-Plays				
"Patty Saves the Day"	(1)			
"Pot Luck"		(2)		
"Junior Detectives"			(3)	

June is the poet of the class. She is usually writing a poem for English class or even for fun. June is a serious softball player, center field. June is a lover of dancing, especially squares. We hear her mention Swanton quite often. She is willing to co-operate with her class and the school. Good luck in what you do!

Ambition: To become a stenographer.



Aline Rainville  
"Squirt"



ACTIVITIES and HONORS

One-Act Plays

"Patty Saves the Day"	(1)			
"Pot Luck"		(2)		
"Junior Detectives"			(3)	
"Dynamite Dan"				(4)
Student Council Representative	(1)			(4)
Class President		(2)		
Class Treasurer			(3)	
Glee Club	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
All State Chorus			(3)	(4)
Basketball			(3)	
Softball		(2)		(4)
Joke Editor of the "Molecule"				(4)

Aline is usually found within a group of girls, entertaining them in some way. Aline is a good singer and usually looks on the bright side of things. She is always ready to laugh at a joke, or to work hard for a school project. She is the first baseman on the softball team, and joke editor of the "Molecule".

We wish you luck in all that you do.

Ambition: To be a nurse.



OLIN SAMSON  
"Doc"



ACTIVITIES and HONORS:

Basketball		(2)	(3)	(4)
Baseball	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Glee Club	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
All State Chorus	(1)	(2)		(4)
Plays				
"Patty Saves The Day"	(1)			
"Pot Luck"		(2)		
"Junior Detective"			(3)	
"Dynamite Dan"				(4)
President of Student Council				(4)
Salutatorian				
Boys' State			(3)	
Youth Forum			(3)	
Class Secretary	(1)			
Class Treasurer		(2)		
Molecule Staff		(2)		
Co-Captain of Basketball Team				(4)
Junior Marshall		(3)		

"Doc" is a good athlete and is active in everything. In class he is often flirting or fooling with someone. Usually he is minus a book or two because he forgot where he threw them last. "Doc" is a good guy and we will miss him, in school and otherwise. Good luck in your practice of medicine, "Doc".

Ambition: To be a physician.



THE JUNIOR CLASS OF FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL CORDIALLY INVITES  
ALL ALUMNI AND ALL PEOPLE OF THE FRANKLIN COMMUNITIES TO AT-  
TEND THE SENIOR RECEPTION AND DANCE TO BE HELD IN THE TOWN HALL,  
FRANKLIN, FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE THE NINTH, AT EIGHT-THIRTY O'CLOCK.

WANTED

- Cars to take F. H. S. girls to baseball games.
- A watch for Sybil and Roger Ladieu.
- A telescope to look for Stanley's mustache.
- A helicopter so George can get over the mud to Helen's.
- A pin to hold Mr. Kaszuba's slip.
- A field for the girls to practice softball on.
- A rubber neck for Joyce.

O. H. RILEY, INC.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE - FRESH  
FREEMAN MEAT  
SHOES

BALL BAND FOOTWEAR

FRANKLIN, VERMONT





# Cash Business Means Cash Prices

WHAT WE SAVE BY DOING CASH BUSINESS WE PASS A-  
LONG TO YOU IN THE FORM OF LOWER PRICES. OUR'S  
IS A FRIENDLY SERVICE SO COME IN AND SAY "HELLO."  
WE GUARANTEE ALL MERCHANDISE AND YOUR SATISFAC-  
TION IS OUR CONSTANT CONCERN.

## FRANKLIN CASH MARKET

DESORCIE BROS.

TELEPHONE 29

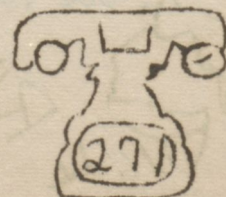
## BENJAMIN'S GARAGE

M. H. BENJAMIN, PROP.

GENERAL REPAIRING  
ELECTRIC & ACETYLENE WELDING  
CRANKSHAFT AND GRINDING  
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CONGRATULATIONS

To The

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— 1950 —

FROM THE

SWEET SHOP

Come In And See Our

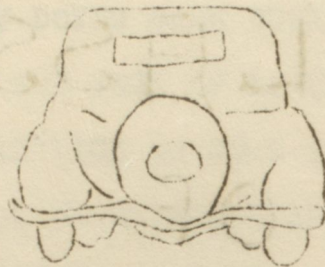
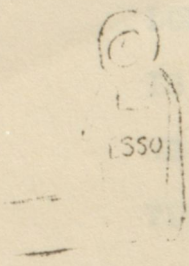
Line of Commencement

GIFTS



# Wright's Auto Service

## Esso Products



car wash



TIRES

TUBES

ACCESSORIES

New Used Cars

on hand at all times



Stop in and see Doug!



WATERVILLE

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