

# MOLECULE

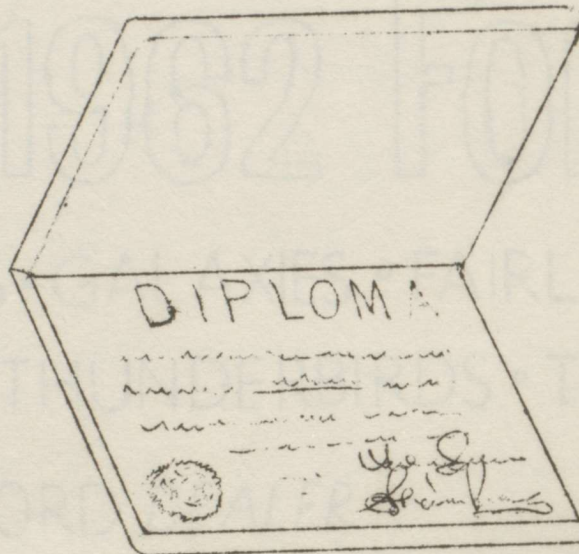
Franklin High School

VOL.

26

NO.

2



"Forgive Thyself Little  
and Others Much"

MLR

JUNE 1962



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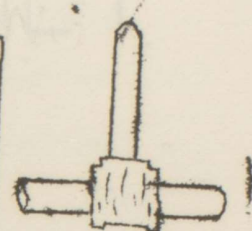
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GO WRIGHT"

BULLDOZING  
FRANKLIN 5-2

HARRISON WRIGHT



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voted against the proposition of his own class. I do not see any sense in this. One of the main reasons for the student council is to teach ourselves to think for ourselves and to represent the wishes of the entire class. You were not present at your own class meeting.

# EDITORIALS

I think that the student council is a wonderful thing for the students. It gives them a chance to express their views and to represent the wishes of the entire class. You were not present at your own class meeting.

Even though the student council has the ability to make laws and regulations for the students and classes, the principal should say of these laws as a member of the school board and I think the principal should be consulted on all matters.

to be a member of the student council is an honor and a pleasure to students. If you are fortunate enough to become a member, or already are one, put your best foot forward and this year make a record.





## STUDENT COUNCIL

I think that the student council is a wonderful thing for the students. It gives them a chance to have some power and authority and also gets them to learn to think for themselves. It pays for most of the school's sports equipment and that is no small amount. It keeps the money for the classes, which makes it a lot easier on the classes. It helps to settle disputes over things that students want but teachers do not approve.

Even though the student council has the ability to make laws and adjustments for the students and classes, the principal can veto any of these laws. I am a member of this school organization and I think the principal has a right to do this and should when he sees fit.

One thing I do not like about the way the student council is run is that the students who are elected to it from different classes do not completely carry out the wishes of their classes. They are afraid that the sponsors of their classes or the rest of the teachers are going to bite their heads off if they vote for non-approved issues. This is not true. If you pass a law with your votes that is not in accordance with the wishes of the teachers or principal, they can abolish it anyway, so what is the sense of voting anyway? Besides no teacher is going to bite your head off!

An example of this is a class that wanted a certain law passed for them. The teachers didn't like this so the class member, being timid,

voted against the proposition of his own class. I do not see any sense in this. One of the main reasons for the student council is to teach pupils to think for themselves and to represent the wishes of their respective classes. Now when you vote against your own class, you are not representing it very well.

In conclusion, I think that to be a member of the student council is an honor and a pleasure. So students if you are fortunate enough to become a member, or already are one, put your most into it; represent your individual classes; and think for yourself.

Robert Magnant '63

## VERMONT'S ROADSIDES

Today, Vermont has a problem with trash along her roadsides. Vermont attracts many tourists during the summer and fall months. These tourists come from many states to see Vermont's beautiful scenery. It's beautiful mountains are painted many colors by Jack Frost in the fall. It also has crystal clear lakes and streams full of fish, to which many tourists come for vacations. In Vermont people can get away from dirty cities into the clear air and be close to nature in the clean forests.

But in a few years at the rate people are littering the highways with trash, Vermont will not stay so beautiful. Take for instance, non-returnable beer bottles. This is quite a problem. No one wants the bottles because they have no cash value. My opinion is that, if the beer bottles were returnable, there would be only



half as many bottles thrown out to litter the roadsides. If the legislature would pass a law forbidding companies to sell beverages in the non-returnable bottles, the situation would be much improved. But because the lobbyists work for the bottle companies, they influence the legislators' votes. I believe that if enough people complained to their state senators concerning the non-returnable bottles, action might be taken.

If only each individual would do his share to help keep the roadsides clear, then Vermont might remain beautiful, and continue to attract many tourists.

Don Richard '62

### FARMING

Today more and more small farmers are being crowded out of business by the competition of the bigger farms. This means that there are many people who run a farm just so that they don't have to pay an income tax. These people hurt the smaller farmers because the smaller farmers cannot compete with larger farmers.

The small farms and the large farms competing against one another has caused a large surplus of milk today. If this competition continues it will mean the end of the small farms. A small farm with 25 to 30 cows will have to go out of business. Regardless of the size of a farm, all farms are required to have bulk tanks for their milk by this fall. This means that the small farmer must invest in this extra expense and will be debating with himself as to whether this extra expense will

be worth the cost of keeping the farms.

The cost of the larger farm is offset by the fact that people that are well-off financially usually own these farms. These farmers have the capital with which to work and therefore can afford some of the added expense that just about ruins the small farmer. Also, these large farmers can afford to buy the extra machinery which makes their work easier and therefore they can expand. This expansion, of course, injures the small farmer who does not have the capital with which to work.

There should be something done about this situation of the small farmer versus the large farmer. In the near future the small farmers are going to have to close out because they cannot compete with the large farmer and make a living from the farms. The large farmer usually has extra income whereas the small farmer has only his farm to produce his livelihood.

Richard Cooper '62

### ALLIED YOUTH

Everyone is asking "what is it? What is it for? Who is it? Some people do not want to have anything to do with it because they do not know what it is really all about.

What is it? Allied Youth is a Nation-wide Organization for junior and senior high school students. It gives you the facts about drinking at an early age and what results become of it. At this point the student should not get the wrong idea as it does not tell you that you can not drink but



gives the facts about what happens when you do drink.

What is it for? It is to show young people that you can have fun without alcohol. An A.Y. group plans parties, dances, and just group together to have fun and enjoy themselves.

What is it for? Junior and senior high school students. It's not a disgrace to belong to the A.Y. but an opportunity to mix with other students your age and enjoy having fun and meeting people. It shows that a person can be popular without following the crowd and drinking.

The A.Y. has two sponsors. Our A.Y. will have a teacher and a member of the community for our sponsors. The sponsors are only to advise when needed by the students. The students plan their own activities and do the work themselves. We have different committees for each project. It gives the student the feeling of responsibility which every teenager should have to some extent.

Carol Emch '63

and left out beside the road, where the passers by can see them. There should have been a law passed a long time ago that the cars that have been junked would have to be hulled away to a dump or out of sight. In the past year there has been a law passed that if you have more than three cars that had been junked beside the road you would have to build a board fence around them so that no one could see them.

Another problem is the picnic areas. People use them but never clean up the mess that they make. If they realized the mess that they made, they would clean up the rubbish. The state provides trash barrels for the picnic areas, but almost no one uses them. It wouldn't take only about five minutes of their time to clean up after they were finished eating. If everyone had a litter bag, the road sides would be much neater. This would cost them just a few cents for the litter bag, or a paper bag could be taped to the dash and when they have some paper to throw away it could be pushed in to the litter bag.

Richard Patterson '63

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

\* \* \* \* \*

The roadsides would be neater if the bottle companies would make returnable bottles. But now instead they make bottles that are non-returnable. When they made returnable bottles kids used to pick up the bottles and take them to the store for the refunds.

Mary: What did the mother bear say to her son who was chasing a hunter around a tree?

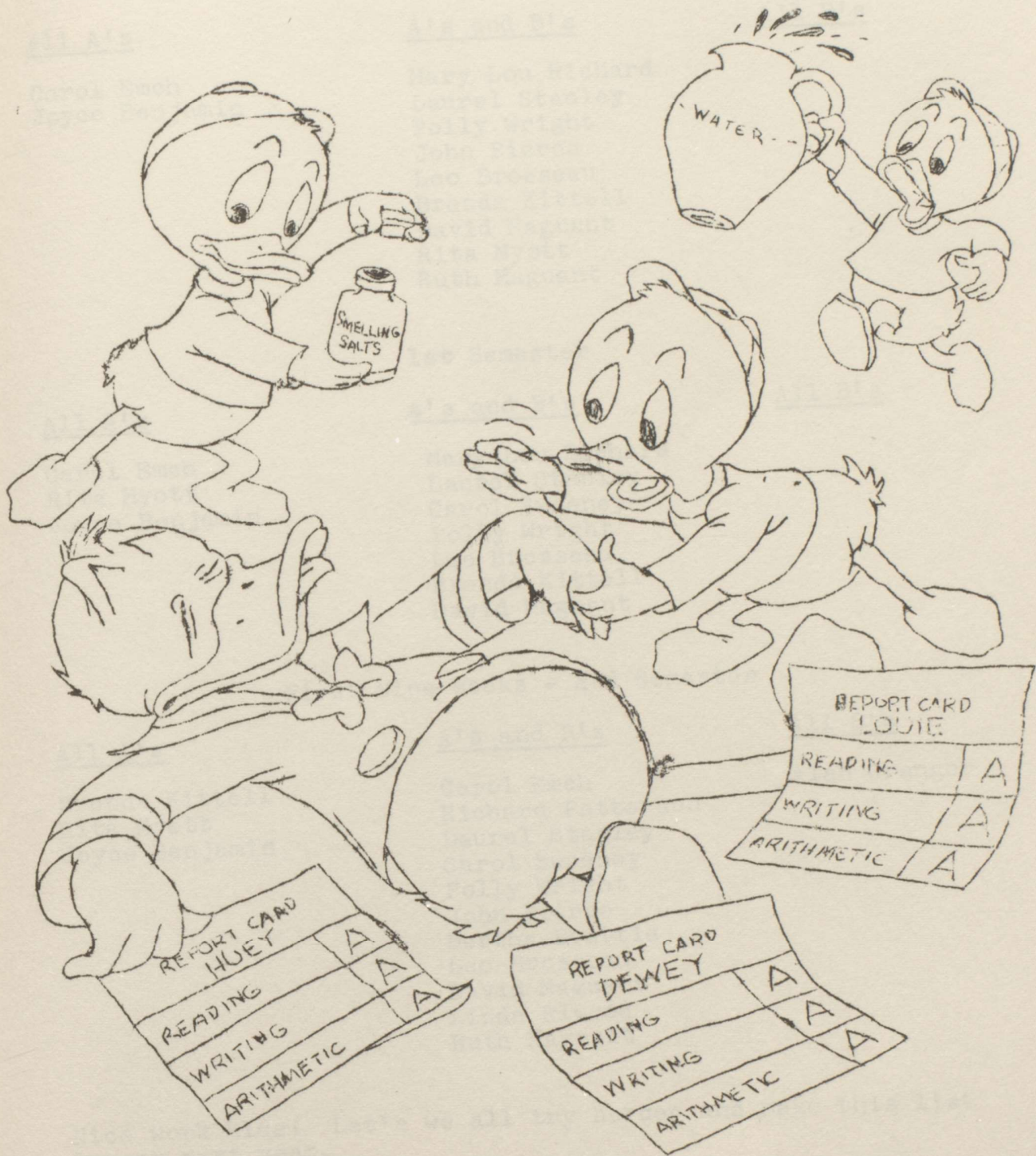
Gaylord: I don't know, what?

Mary: Junior, how many times have I told you not to play around with your food?

A second problem is the junk piles beside the roads. It's getting so that when you go by a house, you see either one or two cars that have been junked



# REPORT-CARDS





HONOR ROLL

Last Nine Weeks - 1st Semester

All A's

Carol Emch  
Joyce Benjamin

A's and B's

Mary Lou Richard  
Laurel Stanley  
Polly Wright  
John Pierce  
Leo Brosseau  
Brenda Kittell  
David Magnant  
Rita Myott  
Ruth Magnant

All B's

1st Semester

All A's

Carol Emch  
Rita Myott  
Joyce Benjamin

A's and B's

Mary Lou Richard  
Laurel Stanley  
Carol Sweeney  
Polly Wright  
Leo Brosseau  
Brenda Kittell  
David Magnant

All B's

First Nine Weeks - 2nd Semester

All A's

Brenda Kittell  
Rita Myott  
Joyce Benjamin

A's and B's

Carol Emch  
Richard Patterson  
Laurel Stanley  
Carol Sweeney  
Polly Wright  
John Pierce  
Bertha Beattie  
Leo Brosseau  
David Magnant  
Linda Elwood  
Ruth Magnant

All B's

Alan Granger

Nice work kids! Let's we all try harder and make this list longer next year.



# STORIES

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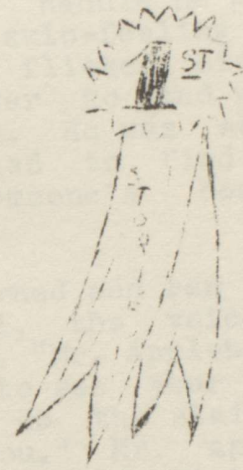
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## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

It was March 25 of the year 10,000. Mr. and Mrs. Applehead were returning from a night at the Barhouse. As the Appleheads only lived two blocks from the Barhouse, they decided to walk home. It was the type of night that would make one shake and shiver--so dreary, damp and full of noises. The first block was a residential area, but the next was full of deserted houses.

As they walked along they heard someone call their names: "Mr. and Mrs. Applehead! Enter this house or I shall put my curse on you."

Mr. Applehead replied with a quick "No." As he started to trot along he forgot about his wife. When he reached his home, he turned to find his wife was missing. His eyes burned in terror as he remembered the curse.

In complete frustration he forgot to call the police. He immediately returned back to the house where he heard the voice. As he approached the voice was heard again. "Aha, Mr. Applehead, you have returned, I warned you of my curse. Your wife is paying for your mistake. If you wish to repent, enter this door in front of you." Mr. Applehead, shaking, timidly began to open the heavily cased door. It sent a chill up his back as it creaked. When it was half open a hand snapped at him. He ducked and retreated. Then the voice was heard again! "Mr. Applehead, you have gone back on your word again; your wife will pay." Then from the house came a horrified scream. It was Mrs. Applehead. Mr. Applehead, hearing his wife

being tortured by this thing, opened the door more quickly this time.

As he entered the dark desolate building the door quickly closed after him, as if it were suspended on springs. Noticing that the door had shut, Mr. Applehead jumped and tried to open it. Instead of grabbing the handle he grabbed hold of a skin-feeling substance. He flicked his cigarette lighter to find what he had grabbed. He was startled and horrified to find he had grabbed someone's head and hands.

As he turned and ran up what was a hall, the voice was heard again, "Mr. Applehead, if you want to see your wife again, come up the stairs just ahead of you." Mr. Applehead followed the instructions, and started to ascend the stairs. He felt something crumbling under his feet, and again he used his lighter to see what it was. A large chill of fright ran up his spine when he found he was walking on human bones and that on every other stair there was the skeleton of a human head.

Yet remembering what the voice had said he continued up the stairs. As he reached the top the voice was heard again, "Keep coming and enter the second door on the right side of the hall." Mr. Applehead walked cautiously to the door. As he opened it carefully, it creaked as the door had done downstairs. He entered to find his wife tied to a large piece of iron. As he came further through the door he saw the figures of two men.

He then was commanded by one of the men to advance. He did.



Then one of the men turned on a lamp. Mr. Applehead couldn't figure out why they had electricity in such an old house. Then he noticed a telephone. He walked over and nudged it off the hook, without either men seeing him. Mr. Applehead learned from conversation with these men that they were escaped convicts who had lived in the old house for two years.

In that two years time they had killed fourteen people, and unless Mr. Applehead could do something immediately he and his wife would be fifteen and sixteen. The two men were de-arranged; they loved to kill. Mr. Applehead kept stalling the men; then one of them came toward him with a knife. Mr. Applehead turned and ran down the stairs with both men after him.

Just at that split second the police burst the door open, and in the fight both of the criminals were killed. Mr. and Mrs. Applehead returned to their home, for thanks to a nosy telephone operator they were safe and sound.

Gary Lothian '62

### I CAN'T WRITE A STORY

Twice a year when the "Molecule" comes out, the dreaded day comes and Miss Dewing says, "On Monday the assignment is a story for the Molecule."

That's when the trouble starts all of the weekend before I strive to think up a good story but always I fail. Such titles come through my head as, "Who Put the Coo-Coo in the Coo-Coo Clock," or "The Year Ricky Patterson Played With the New York Yankees."

If I try to find out who put the coo-coo in the coo-coo clock I use sheet after sheet of paper and wear out several pencils and after working several hours doing research I find that it was none other than our own, Gary "Babyface" Lothian who made the coo-coo clock coo-coo.

Next I try to have Ricky Patterson playing baseball with the Yankees. He's a fine first base man, a fine pitcher, and a fine batter. There is only one trouble he's never heard of baseball before. After a few instructions from Yankee's coach, Don Richard, he tries to pitch a curve ball. He has beautiful form as he winds up, but his curve ball curved too much. The first-baseman caught it. After a few times at bat he set a worlds' record. It was a beautiful hit, one that would have been a home run. But it went 500 feet in back of him.

So you see everytime I try to write a story something goes wrong and I fail to get my story written.

Oh yes! Before I forget I had one other failure that I did not mention.

This story was about Richard Cooper, when he was studying to be a medical doctor at Harvard. He was doing just fine. All his marks were high and he was on the Dean's list as one of the mostly likely to succeed in the medical field. In the first part of his second year he had to start witnessing operations!!! His first was an appendectomy. As soon as the doctor opened up the patient and a bit of blood flowed, Richard was out like a light and for four hours he



had many nurses trying to make him see daylight again.

So you see it's impossible to write a story and have it end the way I start to have it end. Richard was supposed to become a successful doctor and live happily ever after.

Larry Myott '62

#### SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN

It was July 23, 1943, a Friday evening. Our neighbor, Mr. Butler came over, to get me to stay with their six year old son while they were away on business for a few hours. I told them that I would be ready in a few minutes. We started for their place at 7:30 p.m. The day had been scorching hot; tonight clouds were gathering and the weather forecast was thunder showers. When we arrived at their house about 7:45 p.m., the sky was really black, and the wind was starting to blow. At 8:00 p.m. when Mr. and Mrs. Butler started on their way, it began to rain. Tom, the little Butler boy and I turned on the television set. After we had watched it for about three quarters of an hour a special bulletin flashed on the television, announcing that there was an escaped convict at large. He had shot two guards and had stolen an automobile to get away. The announcer also said that he was in our neighborhood. Then suddenly a bolt of lightning streaked across the sky lighting up the whole house; then the power went off. I asked Tom if they had any oil lamps around the house and he said that there was one under the kitchen sink. I found the oil lamp but there was no oil in it. Then I heard footsteps going up the stairs on the out-

side of the house. Fortunately Tom didn't hear the footsteps. Then I thought of the bulletin that was on television. I did not call the police then because I thought that it might be just my imagination, but I made up my mind that if I heard another noise I would call the police. About 8:15 I heard another noise upstairs. This sounded like someone running into a chair and knocking it over. By this time I made up my mind that I would call the police. Then I asked Tom if he would show me where the telephone was. "Which one?" he asked. There's one up stairs and one downstairs. "Show the one downstairs," I answered, thinking however, that if I called the police whoever was upstairs might listen and then sneak down the stairs and kill us. But I decided that I must call the police.

As I rang central I heard another receiver click, then I knew that it must be the man upstairs. When the police answered I told them the situation and the police chief asked where I lived. He checked it on the map and told me that the road had washed out by the rain and that he couldn't make it until morning at the earliest. Now the rain started coming down in torrents harder every minute. By 9:00 o'clock Tom was very tired and wanted to go to bed, I put him on the sofa and in about five minutes he was asleep. I didn't know of anything else to do so I sat down in the chair. I sat there waiting what seemed to be five hours, but really it was only half an hour. Then I heard two sharp blasts that sounded like gun shots. Next I heard foot steps coming down the stairs. I grabbed Tom who was still half asleep and hid behind the sofa. The big door



started to open, but it was so dark I couldn't see who it was.

Suddenly the lights came on and there stood the police chief. He explained to me that the road was washed out so the convict wouldn't hurry away from the house, or come down the stairs possibly killing Tom and me. The police chief called an ambulance for the convict who had been shot but wasn't dead. The ambulance arrived just as Mr. and Mrs. Butler came home. After I explained what had happened, they told me that I could stay there overnight and go home the next morning.

Richard Patterson '63

#### BABYSITTING SCARE

One night when I was babysitting, everything started out fine. The children behaved very well and went to bed without any fuss. After I had the children tucked into bed, I went downstairs, made myself a lunch and turning on the television set, found myself a good show to watch.

In a couple of hours I turned off the television and found myself a good book. After reading for awhile, I began to hear this noise. It sounded as if someone was walking around the house, or at least I thought it was a person walking around the house. It sounded like someone walking on creaked steps. Then I began thinking, which was a great mistake. There was crushed stones around the house next to the wall. I just sat there for a minute, then decided to see what it was. Not daring to go out doors to look, I went to each window and peeked out. I

didn't see anything but the rain falling down.

Deciding that it was my imagination running away with me, I sat down and tried to read my book again, without success. I just kept on hearing that noise and it was making me nervous. I arose and looked again; then just to be sure I locked the back door. Next I began to imagine all kinds of things. What if it was a burglar? Or an escaped convict? Or it could even be a maniac!

After awhile I decided it couldn't be a person out there because it wouldn't keep up that continuous noise. Or would it? I made myself walk to the front door and open it. I walked out onto the porch. I looked around, but didn't see a thing; then I grew even braver and stepped down onto the ground. I looked on either side of the house, but didn't see anything. I kept on hearing the noise, though. But now it sounded as though it were up on the roof. I looked up, and you can't guess what it was. The rain from the house roof was dripping down onto the porch roof, and that was what was making my mysterious noise.

You can bet I won't let my imagination run away with me again. Next time I won't let myself be scared.

Carol Emch '63

#### SO HARD TO BELIEVE

It was a warm summer night and the wind was rustling through the leaves as I walked through the woods on the hill behind our farm. My name is



Rusty Hakey and that night, six months ago, was indeed a memorable one. At that moment I had no idea of the unusual and rather horrible events that were to happen.

That night as I was returning home from hunting, suddenly, out of nowhere and without warning, came a flash of fire and light. There was something in the sky that was traveling at unbelievable speed. It came nearer and nearer and crashed with an ear-splitting noise that knocked me completely unconscious.

When I finally regained consciousness, I was aware of a great heat and a great white glow from a distance in the woods. My mind clashed as I fought between the strange and horrible thought of fear and the arrogant thought of curiosity. The latter finally won and I advanced cautiously with my gun cocked and my finger on the trigger.

I didn't know for sure but I had a pretty good idea that what I saw was a flying saucer. I didn't know whether my gun would do any good, but if I needed to, I'd find out. As I approached the pit where the object had landed, the heat became so intense that I had to shield my head with my arms. But the sight that I saw after I had bent over the crater was one almost too unbelievable to conceive in your mind. There in the pit lay a huge creature that must have been fifteen feet high when standing on its legs. Its shape was more human than animal and I realized that I had just seen a creature from outer space! This almost overwhelmed me, but I quickly regained my composure.

I looked again at the ominous creature. He was something of human likeness but had a sort of scaly skin and what looked like fish gills at the side of his mouth. He had a large head and his three eyes were implanted horizontally across his forehead.

Suddenly I received a message in my mind. The creature was trying to tell me something by means of mental telepathy. Into my mind came the word "water," "water," "water," over and over again. Then I realized what the creature wanted. He was a water-breathing creature of some sort and was dying with lack of moisture. At that moment I had to make a decision that was possibly the hardest one ever to be made. I had to make up my mind whether to let him stay there and die or to help him to find water and to live, and maybe subject all the world's people to death. But I never had to make that decision. The sky had clouded over while I was unconscious and now, suddenly, it let its terrible burden loose on the world in the form of a cloudburst. I should have run for cover but I just stood there and looked at the overwhelming change that was taking place. The creature, already fifteen feet tall, had started to grow. He grew until his head came above the top of the pit. Then the colossus stood up. He was well over a hundred feet high and I could just about make out his face. Suddenly a hand grabbed me and lifted me into infinity. The creature brought me in front of one of his huge eyes and beamed a telepathic message at me. He told me about his banishment from a planet called Ragol, in another galaxy, by a ruler that had



taken control of the planet from him. Gragg, the ruler, had weakened and diminished him by drawing all the water from his body. Since the people of his planet were invulnerable, Gragg shot Igor, this colossal creature, into space and here was where he landed. Igor being very grateful, winked at me as a sign of goodbye. Then he was gone. He had teleported himself back to his own planet.

So I went home and tried to tell somebody about it, but it was no use. They all thought I had been dreaming and would not believe a word I said. But I knew that somewhere out there, in the endless universe, there were other people, or what looked like people. There were other human creatures that could think and talk, and had hearts.

And that was how it ended. I still live here and nobody will yet believe me. So we live out our lives on the planet Mars!

Robert Magnant '63

#### A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

The night was moonless and cool, perfectly dark, and just the time of year for the corn to be good to eat.

Ma was hungry and Pa was lazy, so I guess my work was pretty well cut out for me. Out to the corn fields I ran. It was just my lucky night, no hunters. Nasty people, always wanting to shoot uspoor coons. All we wanted to do was get a little bit to eat. Of course, you wouldn't expect humans to know that. Grampa thought that they would let him get

something to eat, he was so thin, poor man. Out he went, and be darned, if they didn't shoot him, right between the eyes.

As I started to say, the food problem was up to me. Approaching the corn field, I could see that the corn would be just right for eating. What a field; why it must have been a whole mile long, and all mine. Cautiously I crossed the fence, and sank my teeth into that wonderfully delicious corn. Boy, did it taste good. Ma would live like a coon queen for the rest of her life. Then it happened! The hunters popped out from behind one of my wonderful stalks of corn. In an instant, I was up a tree, but those dogs were right behind me. Then came a man, looking like Everett Mudgett, but I knew it wasn't because he couldn't climb a tree. Whoever it was, started shaking the tree I was in, and down I went. Instantly the dogs were after me, biting, snarling---- Well I guess Ma will either have to get her own corn or rouse up Pa.

Polly Wright '64

#### THE LONG WALK

It all began on a cold cloudy winter day. While I was carrying supplies to mine works by plane. The mine was located at the base of the Rocky Mountain Range about midway of the range. It took me five hours, in good weather to make the trip, with my small plane. There was a small meadow on which to land on.

I made the trip with supplies every three months,



varying by a few days. I was late this trip because I had been waiting for clear weather. Four days had past and the sky was still overcast. It was Friday, February 4, although it was cloudy, I must take a chance, because the mine works had radioed in they were just about out of supplies. The first hour of the flight was okay, although a bit cloudy. Then it started snowing! The flakes were very small and far between each other. If it didn't snow any harder, things would go all right, but if it snowed much harder I would be in trouble. It snowed like this for the first three hours of the flight. Then the snow began to come down harder. It looked as if I were driving into a huge white blanket. All I could do now was to watch my compass, and climb higher to avoid the small mountains. I was thankful the wind wasn't blowing hard. I traveled like this for another three hours. It had been now six hours since I took off. I figured I must be coming close to the meadow by now. I had enough fuel to last for another six hours, but I didn't want to use it unless it was absolutely necessary, for then I wouldn't have enough fuel for my return trip. I couldn't see to land so I began to circle. I thought perhaps the snow would possibly let up in a while, at least enough to see to land. Then I noticed my compass acted a little funny. Then it seemed to straighten out.

About an hour had passed, and beginning to get worried, I started the plane back toward the airport. I had enough gas to make it back if I were lucky. One of my engines sputtered, straightened

out, then sputtered again. This time it didn't straighten out. I couldn't fly with just one engine. I stopped the other engine and started down in a long glide. Many thoughts ran through my head. "What would I hit? Would I be killed?" Then as I hit the ground, everything happened fast. I felt my leg pain and then no more.

When I became conscious, all I could think of was to get out of the plane before it exploded. When I tried to move, my leg hurt dreadfully, but I finally managed to crawl out of the plane. There was snow on the ground and the air felt like fifty below zero.

I waited about half an hour before crawling back in the plane. My leg was hurting me so terribly, I figured it must be broken. Next I set to work to find a couple of pieces of wood to make a splint for it. When finished with the splint, I began to patch the holes in the plane. I worked slowly because of my leg. How lucky I was! I had landed on a level spot and my plane wasn't broken too badly. I was lucky in another thing, I had plenty of supplies. I thought possibly I might see a plane come looking for me in the next two weeks but didn't. I guess when I noticed the compass acted funny, it never straighten out right. All I could do now was to wait for my leg to heal and from freezing to death.

I managed through the winter; how, I don't know. There wasn't much life left in me by spring and my leg was stiff. I didn't do a very good job of setting it.

With a knife and hatchet



and few supplies I started out. I couldn't stay with the plane any longer because after the supplies ran out I would starve. So I picked the easiest trail which was down hill. Not knowing where I was it didn't make any difference in which direction to go. The going was rough, with my stiff leg. I knew my supplies would soon give out; I had to make good time.

The first couple of weeks things went well, but now my supplies were getting low. I had to stretch them, because I didn't know how far I had to walk. A couple more weeks passed. By this time my supplies were gone. When I was just about ready to give up, I ran across a dead deer. By the looks it had been dead for about a month and was covered with maggets. I cut a piece of it off, scraped off the maggets and gulped it down. It tasted good, after not eating anything for nearly a week. I filled up on the deer and started out on my journey again.

In another week I ran into a hunter, who took me to the hospital. I had almost given up, but with the urge to live I made it. It had been a long hard walk. Everyone had given me up for dead.

My leg never straighten out but I was thankful for my life.

Don Richard '62

### SNAKES AND PEOPLE (Uncles in particular)

This paragraph, as the title indicates, is about snakes, people and their reactions to finding snakes in their gloves hats, boots, and other places where they might come upon them.

My uncle has a horror of snakes from giant constrictors to the harmless grass snakes. In the following story the harmless green ones are used. We probably would have used boa constrictors except they could not be readily obtained.

One day my brother and a friend decided to try something which might turn out to be rather amusing. We caught some grass snakes to use in our innocent experience. First we put one in my uncle's hat which he took off to use for a drinking cup. The resulting actions and vile comments on snakes, people and life in general were better than all our high hopes and expectations. After he had found snakes in about everything around him, I judge he must have decided he was destined to go crazy, looking everywhere-hoping he wouldn't find another one of those \*\_\_\_\_\_

creatures. But this did no good because he found still more. After a few days he lost his knack for hating these lovable wiggly reptiles. This pasttime grew so dull that we had to find other mischief.

\* Words which I must refrain from writing.

John Pierce '65



### My Favorite Place

My favorite place is "Minister Hill." When the sun shines on Minister Hill, it is a breath-taking view to behold

There is a trail that starts from the bottom and leads to the top ledge which I can climb. When I arrive at the summit, it gives me a panoramic view. I can see Mount Royal, Montreal, Bedford, and it's water tower, Pigeon Hill, Lake Champlain, and Franklin. I can also see my home which is straight across the hill, as well as Clark's, Pierce's, Rainville's, Richard's, Chioneer's, and across into Canada, too.

I am planning to fix up "Minister Hill" by building a picnic table. For a trash barrel I will take a molasses barrel and paint it green on the outside with white letters on it. This will help to keep "Minister Hill" neat and clean

I have a small shanty built by the workmen on the road, when they were working in North Sheldon.

At one time there was a road. This was made by the bulldozers. It is now grown up with bushes, shrubs, and berry bushes. I am starting by asking someone to make a better road for me.

In the future, I would like to have a state park there if the state would allow it. It has plenty of room for picnic tables, fire places and affords a beautiful view.

Gaylord Horskin '64

### Fashion Show

The annual Fashion Show of Franklin Junior High School Homemaking Class was held at the school on the evening of March 6, at 8 p.m. It was sponsored by the Mothers' Club.

Fourteen girls took part in this event. The classes were as follows: "skirts", which were modeled by Lynda Elwood, Joyce Benjamin, Margaret Brosseau, Claudette Paquette, Shirley Emch, and Brenda Kittell. The winner was Rita Myott. The next class consisted of "jumpers" and Joyce Benjamin took first prize. Other contestants were Lynda Elwood, Rita Myott, Ruth Ann Magnant, and Claudette Paquette. Five "dress-up" dresses were modeled next in which Brenda Kittell took first prize. Other entries were Joyce Benjamin, Rita Myott, Diane White, and Rita Paquette. Last but not least, seven sports dresses were modeled. Diane White took first prize. Other contestants were Rita Myott, Lynda Elwood, Claudette Paquette, Margaret Brosseau, Teresa LaClair and Diane Pelkey. These dresses were made of cotton with reversible burlap jackets.

The grand prizes went to Brenda Kittell, Rita Myott and Lynda Elwood. Mrs. Clark deserves much credit for the wonderful exhibition. Much time and patience was put into this fine showing.

Bertha Beattie '66



## GRANGE DRESS CONTEST

The annual Grange Contest took place May 10, 1962. Seven girls took part in this event. They were as follows: Claudette Paquette, Diane White, Brenda Kittell, Bertha Beattie, Rita Myott. Margaret Brouseau made a dress for her little sister.

Claudette Paquette won first prize and her dress also won first prize at Pamona Grange. It has now gone to State Grange where we hope she will win. Thirteen dresses were entered, eight of which were entered by the girls listed.

A vase of pink rose buds was presented to Mrs. Clark by Brenda Kittell.

Rita Myott '66

## WHAT POETRY MEANS TO ME

If you have read poetry of some of the famous men like Blake, Wordsworth, Whittier, Poe, Longfellow, Kanets, or others, you will find that you will agree with Poe when he said, "Poetry is music, beauty, and love combined to put down on paper, which can not be told." He criticised Longfellow for not doing just that.

Most people tend to think that poetry is supposed to tell a tale as does an epic poem or poems such as the Ancient Mariner. I think a person will find more enjoyment reading short line poems such as: To Helen, To Anne, The Bells, and Annabelle Lee. Poe did not write all of his poems in short line. The Raven (which is one of Poe's most famous poems) is in long line.

Wordsworth wrote about Shakespeare's Sonnets: "With these Sonnets Shakespeare unlocked his heart." Shakespeare's famous plays are what I consider unrythmical poems. Perhaps I do not "dig" Shakespeare or see any harmony in his plays; but he was a master at using words. I think his sonnets were the best of the works he produced.

As I see it, there are two kinds of poems which the famous poets wrote: one kind for money, and the other for the thoughts which just popped into their heads. The Sonnets by Shakespeare were little thoughts that he wrote down on the spur of the moment, which eased the tention brought upon him when he was writing the plays.

Poe wrote most of his poems about the love of his late wife. The Raven was for money, or maybe it was a thought that just entered his head; its hard to tell with Poe's work.

Most poems I read, I enjoy, however, some poems I find very displeasing. But, overall I enjoy poetry. It is relaxing and at the same time, a way to learn of other people.

Kenton Pierce '64

## "MY BIGGEST MISTAKE"

This is my biggest mistake, "to go out nights on dates." To me it's just stupid to go out when you have other things to do and just drop them and go out with darn females. Its going to the dance and the movies; What can you do but go? If you don't go she will always find someone else to



to with her. But if you do go who pays for the gas, oil, and who has to pay for the fare? We do! Those darn females don't! Sometimes it won't hurt the girls to pay once as long as the boys always have to. The girls take advantage of the boys. What do you expect? Girls are girls, and boys are boys. There's nothing that can be changed. So go and do what they want even if they want to go to a dance---- Go Man Go!

Donald Cooper '65

#### SOPHOMORE PROJECT

The sophomore Class Advisor, Mrs. Clark, came up with the idea of a Father and Son Banquet, which we voted to promote. Such an affair had not taken place for some time, and then it was not a school function.

We held a meeting with our mothers attending and made definite plans. St. Mary's Church basement was donated for this occasion.

Our class was pleased with the reaction of the townspeople. They seemed very pleased to have the opportunity to dine with their neighbors. Is this not promoting good public relations when people from all walks of life and sects meet for an occasion?

As Father Provost suggested, can't we make it an annual affair.

Madeline Fields '64

#### EXCHANGE

We have had a very poor exchange with other schools this last half year. It would be very much appreciated if other schools would exchange with us.

Next year we plan to write to different schools asking them to exchange papers, so that we can enlarge our exchange program. At the present time, we have only two schools exchanging with us.

Please send us a copy of your school paper when we send you a copy of ours.

Kenton Pierce '64

\* \* \* \* \*

Knott and Shott fought a duel. Knott was shot and Shott was not. It was better to be Shott than Knott.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ruth rode in my car  
In the seat beside me  
I took a bump at fifty-five  
and rode on Ruthlessly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Wood: Who's the Speaker of the House?

Ernest Q: My mother.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas for Little Willie!  
We'll not see him more.  
For what he thought was H<sub>2</sub>O  
Was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.

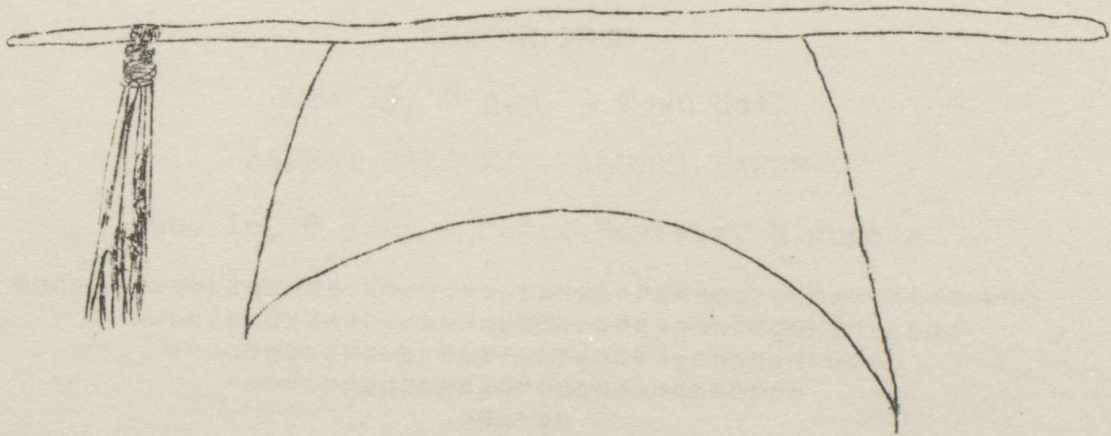
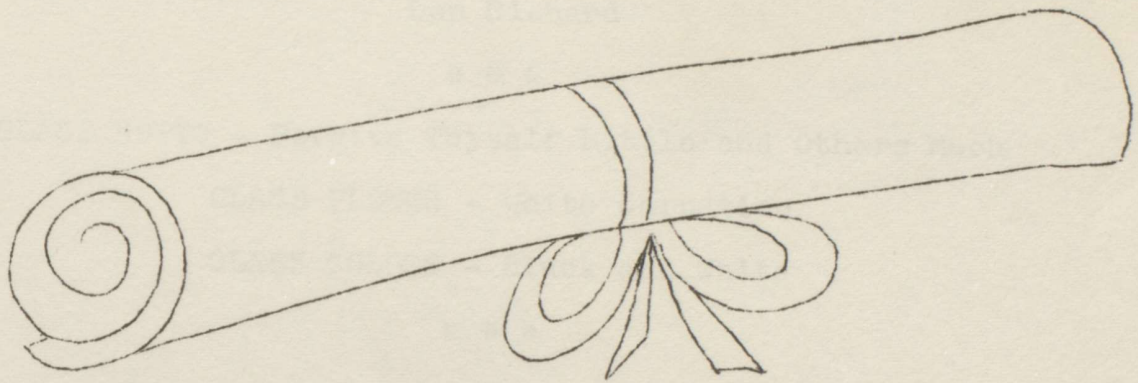
\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Wood: Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Wayne J: At the bottom. of course!



# SENIORS







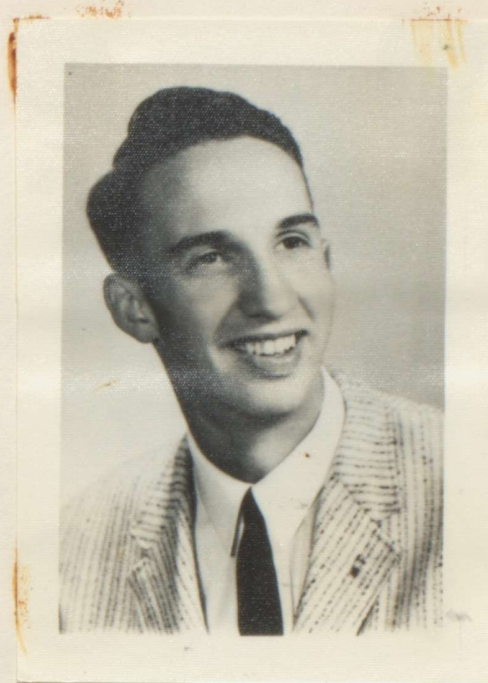


LAWRENCE MYOTT

Larry is the most traveled of the class, having covered quite a section of the eastern U. S. He is well known for getting on the good side of all the teachers. He is the busy body of the class, participating in each and every activity. Whenever anything is going on, there he is in the midst, speaking his opinion.

Larry has been active in all student affairs. His interest in sports, however, has been that of management type rather than actually taking part in the games.

He is planning to attend UVM this fall to study Agricultural Education. Best of luck - - Sonny!



AMBITION: To work in the extension service

"Sonny"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

## Class Plays:

Wildcat Willie Gets Girl Trouble	1
Feudin' Mountain Boys	2
Who's Feudin Now?	3
The Shadow	4

## Class Offices:

Treasurer	1, 2, 4
Secretary	4

## Molecule Staff:

Joke Editor	1
News Editor	2
Assistant Editor	3
Editor-in-Chief	4

Student Council President	4
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Basketball Manager	1, 2, 3, 4
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## Honors:

Boys State	3
United Nations Trip	4
All-State Chorus	4

Music	1, 2, 3, 4
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Magazine Drive High Salesman	3, 4
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GARY LOTHIAN

Gary is the tease of the class, who enjoys pestering his companions, especially the girls. He is well known for leaving his books and papers scattered all over the high school.

Gary is one of the sportsmen of the class. He has participated in both baseball and basketball throughout his high school years, and has made a fine contribution to the school. He will certainly be missed in the sports activities.

Gary is planning to enter the Air Force following graduation. The best of luck, "Ginny," in your future plans.

AMBITION: Undecided



"Ginny"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

## Class Plays:

Wildcat Willie Gets Girl Trouble	1
Feudin' Mountain Boys	2
Who's Feudin Now?	3
The Shadow	4

## Class Offices:

President	2
Secretary	3
Vice President	4

## Molecule Staff:

Business Manager	3 & 4
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## Sports:

Basketball	1, 2, 3, 4
Baseball	1, 2, 3, 4
Basketball Co-Captain	4
Baseball Captain	2

## Music

	1 & 2
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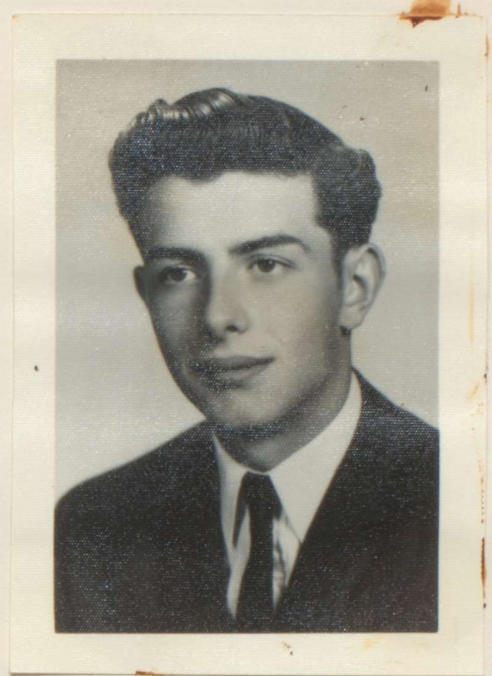
DON RICHARD

Here is the quiet member of the class, but don't let that fool you. He is well liked by all the girls, particularly by someone in New Hampshire. Donnie enjoys outdoor activities, especially coon hunting.

Donnie is the other athlete of the class. He has participated in sports throughout his school years and has proven his ability to excel in them. Donnie, along with Ginny, will be missed next year, especially in basketball and baseball.

He plans to enter the service next next January, working until that time. The best of luck to you Don!

AMBITION: Undecided



"Donnie"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

Class Plays:	
Wildcat Willie Gets Girl Trouble	1
Feudin' Mountain Boys	2
Who's Feudin Now?	3
The Shadow	4
Class Offices:	
Vice President	2
Student Council Representative	3
President	4
Molecule Staff:	
Mimeograph Operator	3, 4
Sports:	
Basketball	2, 3, 4
Basketball Co-Captain	4
Baseball	1, 2, 3, 4



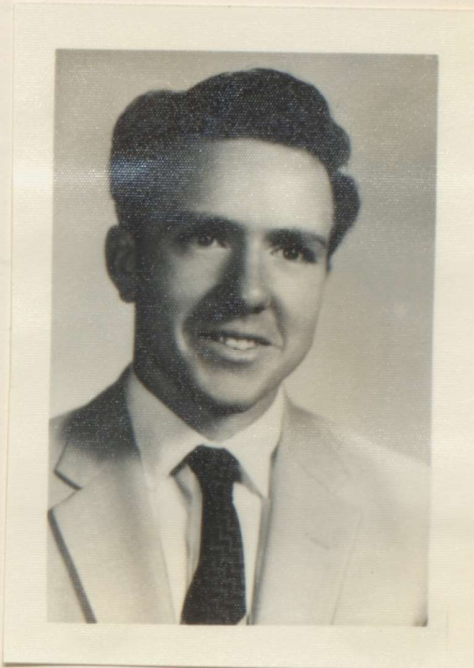
RICHARD COOPER

Now here is a guy about whom it is hard to write. Richard likes all the girls, especially their charming company. He is forever sleeping during English class. Tough "nights-before" Richard?

Richard has played in sports during the years, but farm work has hindered his full-time participation. He is a hard worker, both in school and outside. The best of luck in whatever you do!

He plans to enter the Navy after graduation.

AMBITION: To make the Navy a career.



"Coop"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

## Class Plays:

Wildcat Willie Gets Girl Trouble	1
Feudin' Mountain Boys	2
Who's Feudin Now?	3
The Shadow	4

## Class Offices:

President	3
Student Council Representative	4

## Molecule Staff:

Mimeograph Operator	3, 4
Assistant Editor	4

## Sports:

Baseball	1, 4
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P

It is the beginning of the year,  
And look at the children  
The claims of the year  
So we will  
And so we  
Like us

O

E

M

W

S



## GRADUATION

Since June is the prettiest month of the year,  
 When Seniors are quite happy and full of cheer,  
 They're nearing the time of their graduation,  
 And look forward to it with great jubulation.  
 The classes are nearing the end for us,  
 In high school, that is, without much fuss.  
 The Juniors are anxious to take our place,  
 So we will let them take over this race.  
 And go on to greater glories anew,  
 Like us, and wish their skies blue.

Richard Cooper '62

## SPRING

When spring comes swirling in,  
 With rain and wind,  
 When the buds become leaves,  
 And an essence is breathed,  
 The world is winging,  
 While children are singing,  
 And all are happy and gay,  
 In their own little way.

Carol Emch '63

## IT'S BASEBALL SEASON

The baseball season is here again,  
 And so the schedule did begin,  
 Our balls and bats we hunted out,  
 When winters snow the sun did clout.  
 Our very first game we played in April,  
 In spite of cold and many a rill,  
 But lost by such a startling score,  
 That it shut for us the door,  
 Through which to send opponents speeding.  
 And now in May our chance of winning,  
 Is still somewhat dark and gray,  
 Although we do our best always,  
 Yet 'tis not alone the winning,  
 But the idea of good sporting -  
 To make each player self reliant  
 That makes our team so very important.

Gary Lothian '62



## S E N I O R S

S means seniors which we've striven to be;  
 E is example which we try to set;  
 N points to nonsense which we often see;  
 I is innocence which we have, I bet;  
 O means outstanding which we hope to be;  
 R is renowned which we strive to attain;  
 S stands for sphere-the whole world to gain.

Lawrence Myott '62

## SPRING

Spring is here; so too are the birds,  
 Who talk from "tweet tweet" to greater words.  
 They are heard with spring's coming,  
 In a lot of mighty good humming.  
 'Tis the time when flowers bloom,  
 And with great cheer the spirits zoom.  
 Again the buds on trees do swell,  
 Brightening the landscape in each dell.  
 Spring is a pleasant time of the year,  
 When the children run and jump without fear.  
 Now the birds and bees go to work,  
 And flowering plants do not skirk.

Gary Lothian '62

## ALEC PEER

Listen my friends and you shall hear  
 Of the midnight ride of Alec Peer.  
 It was New Year's Eve of '62  
 When Alex went out to have some fun.  
 He got in his car and stepped on the gas  
 The said, "Car, let's go real fast."  
 He took a sip of that spirituous stuff  
 And said, "I'm going to get real rough."  
 The road got so crooked that he could see three  
 Then he laughed to himself, "Ho! Ho! Hee! Hee!"  
 Now as he crawls out from the wreck  
 He squirms and groans, and sighs, "HECK!"  
 If only I hadn't seen that spirituous stuff,  
 I wouldn't be in a spot so tough."

\*The moral of the story you now read:  
 'Don't follow the example of Alec Peer,  
 And touch the stuff that the mortals call BEER.'

Kenton Pierce '64



## THE JUNIOR-SENIOR ENGLISH CLASS

Every day just about five minutes past one  
 I find that our English class has begun,  
 And when I come stealing through the side door  
 I find that it started ten minutes before.  
 So I go to my seat and get out my books  
 While I get from Miss Dewing some very hard looks.  
 Most eyes in the class are looking at me  
 But Ginny is jumping and laughing with glee  
 'Cause he just stuck a pin in Rick Patterson's knee,  
 And Ricky is screaming and howling with pain,  
 While Miss Dewing is looking at him with disdain.  
 Dick Cooper is sitting there, though half asleep,  
 And when asked a question, he makes not a "peep."  
 Then all of us holler, "Hey, Richard, wake up"  
 When asked if he's sleepy, he slowly says, "Yup."  
 And Donnie is sitting there reading a book  
 But gives Uncle Ginny a sly little look;  
 Then Dick Cooper gives Donnie a slap on the back  
 And Donnie quickly gives Richard a crack.  
 While this is going on, dear Larry is sitting  
 As if he is doing his grandmother's knitting.  
 And way in the front sits our lonely female  
 One so smart she never does fail.  
 Yes, Carol is smart but she never does gloat  
 Yet, I remember the times when she's gotten my goat.  
 When the time for the period has finally expired  
 Miss Dewing is really quite terribly tired.  
 And after the noise and the trouble we've made her  
 She's happy to see each nice Seventh grader.

Robert Magnant '63

\* \* \* \* \*

It used to be young women, wine and sweet music;  
 now it's old hags, metracal and Sing Along With Mitch.

Wise Advisor '64

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Dewing: Yes, Richard, what is it?  
 Richard Boudreau: I don't want to scare you but Pop said that if  
 I don't get better marks somebody is going to get a licking.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kenton: Do you think I should put more fire into my poetry?  
 Mrs. Clark: No, you should put more of your poetry into the fire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gary L: I didn't sleep so well last night.  
 Don R: Why, what happened?  
 Gary L: I plugged the electric blanket into the toaster by mis-  
 take and kept popping out of bed all night.

\* \* \* \* \*



## SENIOR CLASS TRIP

On April 23, at 3:50 a. m. the four F.H.S. Seniors and our chaperone, Mr. Mudgett left for a week of sightseeing in one of the world's largest cities.

In New York we had tours of Rockerfeller Center, U. N. Building, Lower Manhattan and China Town, and also a tour around Manhattan Island. We visited Radio City Music Hall, the Statue of Liberty, The Empire State Building at night and the Bronx Zoo. Also, we had a tour of three night clubs; the Latin Quarter, Sammy's Bowery Follies, where a big fat lady sat in my lap, and the International Club.

We stayed at the Claridge Hotel on 44th Street and Broadway. The hotel was right on Times Square so we were right in the center of the city and all the attractions.

At Radio City Music Hall we waited three and one-half hours to get in and see the show. Although it was a long wait, standing outside, it was well worth it. Walt Disney's "Moon Pilot" was on and the spectacular Radio City Easter Show. There is just no way to describe the beautiful colors and scenes.

The tour of Lower Manhattan and China Town took in all the famous streets and sights of Manhattan. The ride through the Bowery was non-stop!

We went out to the Statue of Liberty and climbed up to the top where we had a beautiful skyline view of the city. At the top we could feel the structure sway with the strong wind.

Rockerfeller Center was a beautiful tour, in fact, we had the most complete view of the city from the top of the seventy story RCA Building. We could look down on Central Park, all the places we had toured, and our hotel.

We took one afternoon off to visit the Bronx Zoo. I guess we did have a few unplanned rides. Once we got on a train headed back for our hotel, or at least that's what we thought, but we ended up going to Brooklyn and back. Another time Don Richard was shut out of the train and separated from the rest of us. Later he found us.

All in all it was well worth every second of it.

Tours were arranged by the Touraid Travel Service, Swanton, Vermont.

Larry Myott '62

Our Trip To The  
Dental Hygiene Clinic

Twenty of the seventh and eighth grade pupils went to the Dental Hygiene Clinic in Burlington. Ten of the pupils went on May 8 with Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Greenwood driving cars. And ten more went on the ninth with Mrs. Benjamin and Mrs. Gaboriault as driver of one of Dick Wright's cars which he very kindly donated. The remaining pupils will go by bus May 23 and Mr. Mudgett's General Business class will accompany them. They will be touring the Burlington Free Press.

The services offered to the children consisted of the following: complete exam-



inations and charting of the mouth; prophylaxis treatment scaling and polishing the teeth and massaging the gums fluoride treatment for the prevention of decay; and dental health education at the chair.

The students who gave the treatments are studying at UVM to be dental Hygienists.

Brenda Kittell '66  
Shirley Emch '66

VERMONT MUSIC FESTIVAL

This year Lawrence Myott and I were chosen from our school chorus to attend the annual music festival held in Burlington.

We left Franklin at 7:30 Wednesday, morning, May 3, for a three-day stay. After finding our places and meeting our hostesses we went to the first rehearsal in the B.H.S. Auditorium.

Our rehearsals were three hours long with one fifteen-minute break. Mr. Remley, our director was very good and he certainly taught us a lot in the little time he had to prepare us for the concert Saturday night. We had our last rehearsal Saturday morning so we could watch the parade in the afternoon.

This year the girls had to wear white blouses and dark skirts instead of the gowns worn in previous years.

This experience was certainly worthwhile and I wish everyone could have the wonderful opportunity to go and sing in the chorus under the direction of Mr. Remley. I know

Larry and I enjoyed ourselves very much.

Laurel Stanley '64

\* \* \* \* \*

\*FLEAS

Adam  
Had'em

\*Believed by many English teachers to be the shortest poem ever written.

\* \* \* \* \*

Betty: Can't you slow this car down?

Mr. Mudgett: We're not going very fast.

Betty: I know, but there's a policeman behind us who can't get by.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Dewing (to Seniors): This examination will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three spaces apart and in alternate rows.

\* \* \* \* \*

Madeline Fields ran into a drug store, dashed up to the counter and said to the clerk, "Quick, a fellow has been hit by a car. Give me a bottle of vitamins."

Clerk: "But why vitamins?"

Madeline: "Because my doctor says they are good for rundown people."

\* \* \* \* \*

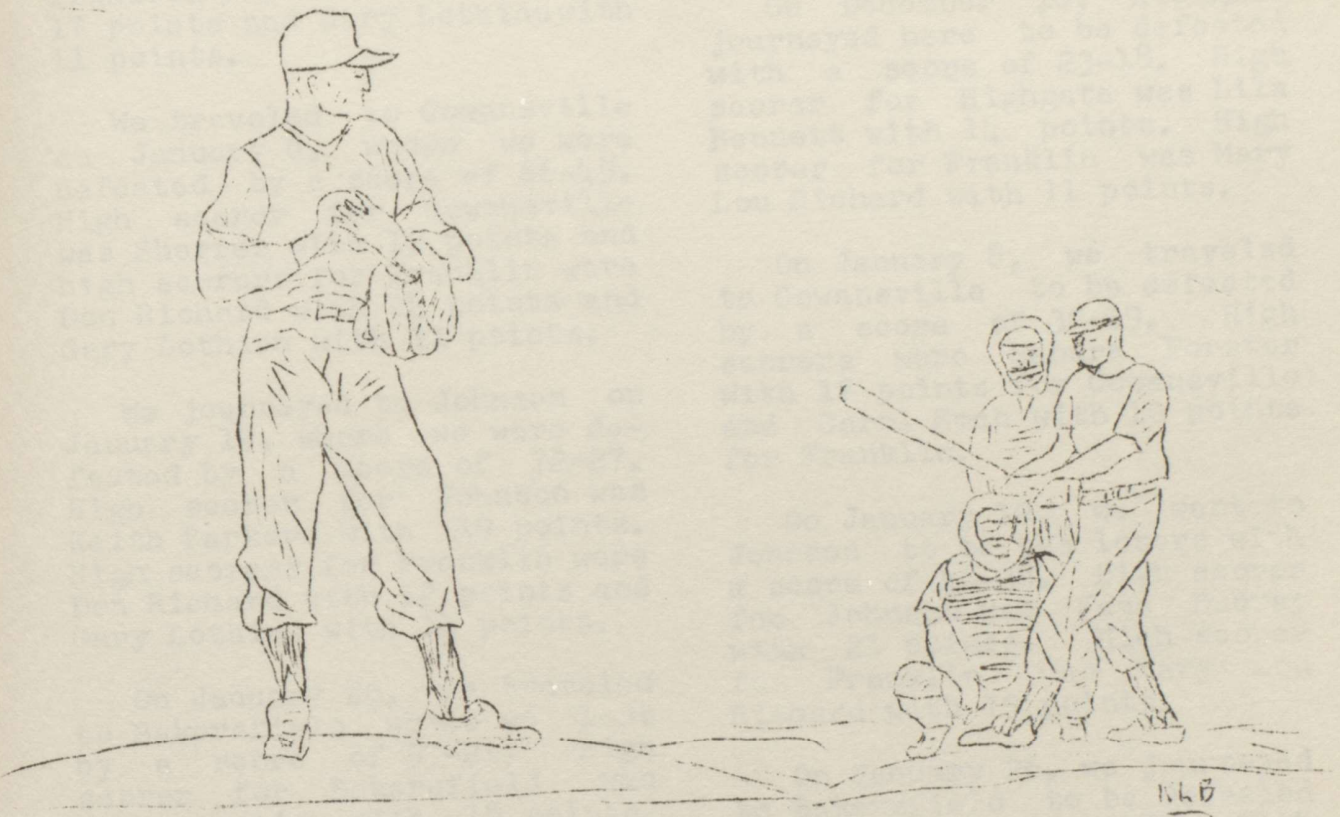
DAFFYNISHIONS:

Telephone booth--A little place to call home.

Prison Story--a jail tale.



# S P O R T S



KLB



## BOYS' BASKETBALL

On December 8, Johnson came here where they defeated us by a score of 98 to 53. High scorer for Johnson was Barry Martinetti with 32 points. High scorers for Franklin were Don Richard with 24 points and Gary Lothian with 11 points.

On December 18, Highgate journeyed to Franklin where they jolted us with a 41 to 40 victory. High scorer for Highgate was Doug Austin with 13 points. High scorers for Franklin were Don Richard with 17 points and Gary Lothian with 11 points.

We traveled to Cowansville on January 8, where we were defeated by a score of 66-45. High scorer for Cowansville was Sherrer with 12 points and high scorers for Franklin were Don Richard with 24 points and Gary Lothian with 11 points.

We journeyed to Johnson on January 19, where we were defeated by a score of 72-27. High scorer for Johnson was Keith Parker with 19 points. High scorers for Franklin were Don Richard with 12 points and Gary Lothian with 11 points.

On January 26, we traveled to Bakersfield where we lost by a score of 57-21. High scorer for Bakersfield was Calum Austin with 19 points. High scorer for Franklin was Kenton Pierce with 7 points.

We traveled to Alburg on February 6, where we lost by a score of 61-16. High scorer for Alburg was J. Hawsen with 12 points. High scorer for Franklin was Gary Lothian with 16 points.

We journeyed to Highgate on February 8, and we defeated

they by a score of 32-30. High scorer for Highgate was Menard with 13 points and high scorer for Franklin was Don Richard with 18 points.

Robert Magnant '63

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

On December 8, Johnson came here to be victorious with a score of 41-33. High scorers were Jane Dubray for Johnson with 19 points and Carol Emch for Franklin with 22 points.

On December 18, Highgate journeyed here to be defeated with a score of 23-18. High scorer for Highgate was Lila Bennett with 14 points. High scorer for Franklin was Mary Lou Richard with 11 points.

On January 8, we traveled to Cowansville to be defeated by a score of 30-19. High scorers were Sandra Forster with 17 points for Cowansville and Carol Emch with 10 points for Franklin.

On January 19, we went to Johnson to be the losers with a score of 46-38. High scorer for Johnson was Jane Dubray with 21 points. High scorer for Franklin was Mary Lou Richard with 19 points.

On January 26, we journeyed to Bakersfield to be defeated by a score of 34-17. High scorers were Mary Perry with 14 points for Bakersfield and Carol Emch with 11 points for Franklin.

On February 6, we traveled to Alburg to be defeated with a score of 28-25. High scorer for Alburg was Marilyn Mumley with 18 points. High scorer for Franklin was Carol Emch with 13 points.



at Franklin. We were defeated by a score of 24-10. The win-

On February 8, we went to Highgate to be victorious with a score of 30-11. High scorer for Highgate was Judy Colburn with 7 points and Carol Emch with 17 points for Franklin.

defeated by a score of 24-10. Winning pitcher was Mitchell and the losing pitcher was Robert Magnant.

### BOYS' BASEBALL

We have a small squad this year. We have a total of 7 high school players and 5 eighth graders. The players are: Don Richard, Gary Lothian, Richard Patterson, Robert Magnant, Kenton Pierce, John Pierce, Wayne Jones, Allen Granger, Ronnie Domingue, David Magnant, Clifton Vorse, and Stewart Longley.

Our first game was during vacation and we played Swanton at Franklin. We were defeated by a score of 24-10. The winning pitcher was Longway and the losing pitcher was Robert Magnant. We played on April 26.

On May 1, we traveled to Brigham Academy where we were defeated by a score of 12-7. Winning pitcher was Mitchell and the losing pitcher was Robert Magnant.

Highgate came to Franklin on May 3 where they defeated us by a score of 14-5. Winning pitcher was Lamouille and the losing pitcher was David Magnant.

On May 8, we travel to Swanton, where St. Annes beat us by a score of 15-1. The winning pitcher was C. Miskett; the losing pitcher was Robert Magnant.

Alburg journeyed to Franklin on May 10 where they defeated

27  
us by a score of 21-13. The winning pitcher was Praiere and the losing pitcher was Don Richard.

On May 15, we journeyed to Swanton where we were defeated by a score of 10-0. Winning pitcher was Vandebroek and the losing pitcher was Robert Magnant.

Brigham journeyed here on May 17 and was defeated by a score of 13-4. The winning pitcher was Robert Magnant and the losing pitcher was Bill Boucher.

Robert Magnant '63

### SPRING SOFTBALL

The girls who went out for spring softball were: Mary Lou Richard, Polly Wright, Carol Sweeney, Carol Emch, Donna Peaslee, Brenda Kittoll, Laurel Stanley, Ruth Myott, Shirley Emch, Margaret Brouseau, Joyce Benjamin, and Madeline Fields. Mr. Mudgett as coach.

On May 2, for our first game, we went to Bakersfield to be defeated by a score of 12-11. Winning pitcher was Linda Pelkey and losing pitcher was Mary Lou Richard.

On May 3, we traveled to Highgate to lose by a score of 7-5. Winning pitcher was Debbie Bushey and losing pitcher was Mary Lou Richard.

On May 8, Swanton Journeyed here to be defeated by a score of 16-15. After having to go into an extra inning. Winning pitcher was Mary Lou Richard and losing pitcher was Arlene McLeod. Home runs were hit by Carol Sweeney,



Ruth Myott and Laurel Stanley.

On May 11, we traveled to Richford to be victorious with a score of 39-19. Losing pitcher was C. Gross and winning pitcher was Mary Lou Richard.

On May 18, Richford journeyed here to lose by a score of 19-13. Losing pitcher was C. Haggerty and winning pitcher was Mary Lou Richard. Home runs were hit by Carol Sweeney and Polly Wright.

On May 21, Alburg journeyed here to be defeated by us by a score of 65-3. Winning pitcher was Brenda Kittell the losing pitcher was D. Hutchins.

Carol Emch '63

#### BASKETBALL BANQUET

The Mothers' Club again this year sponsored the Basketball Banquet for the basketball players and faculty.

The Master of Ceremonies was Richard Glidden. The coaches and team captains spoke a few words. Letters were awarded by the coaches.

For entertainment they had Leon Carl, a comedian, who imitates an old buck-farmer and plays the fiddle very well.

We thank the Mothers' Club very much for again holding a basketball banquet in our honor.

Carol Emch '63  
Robert Magnant '63



BB '66



DC '67



## ALUMNI NEWS

## Marriages

Donna White '61 and Larry Domingue were united in marriage January 6, at the Congregational Church in Franklin. Rev. Marian Bigelow performed the ceremony.

Brenda Mayo '62 and Charles Colburn were married January 13, in the Methodist Church in Enosburg Falls, by the Rev. Vaughn Stewart.

Carole Benjamin '61 and Yvan Marchessault were joined in marriage February 18, in Sheldon.

\* \* \* \* \*

## New Arrivals

Anne (Myott) Desroches '55 and Albert Desroches became parents of a girl, Karan Ann, born on December 13.

Lauren Wright '57 and Joyce (Titemore) Wright '58 became proud parents of a girl, Wendy Sue, on January 3.

To Loren Lothian '57 and Charlotte (Machia) Lothian, a girl, Kathy Jean, was born on February 20.

A daughter, Sharon Ann, was born to Richard Merchant and Marion (Richard) Merchant '45 on March 28.

Beverly (Lothian) Cyr '55 and Robert Cyr '49 are proud parents of a girl, Tammy Jean, born on April 26.

To Foster Carman Jr. '56 and Teresa (Benoit) Carman, a son, Christopher Charles, was born on April 26.

A son, Timothy Alan, was born to Thomas Magnant '56 and Nancy (Stanley) Magnant on May 2.

\* \* \* \* \*

Midshipman Dan Clark 1/c  
4520 21st N.E.  
Seattle 5  
Washington

Dan, ex. '57, is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity. He will graduate June 9, from the University of Washington and become an Aeronautical Engineer. On June 12 he will become a Commissioned Ensign in the United States Navy, assigned to 14 weeks amphibous duty in the South Pacific. Dan is one of six selected by the U.S. Navy for Flight Training at Pensacola Florida and Corpus Christi Texas. After 18 months of intensive training he will be a Jet Test Pilot for the U.S. Navy. He rated in Officers' qualifying Examinations



in the top 7 per cent of all United States Officers.

\* \* \* \* \*

James Messier '58 will be graduated from the University of Vermont on June 10 at 3:00 P.M.

Polly Wright '64

\* \* \* \* \*

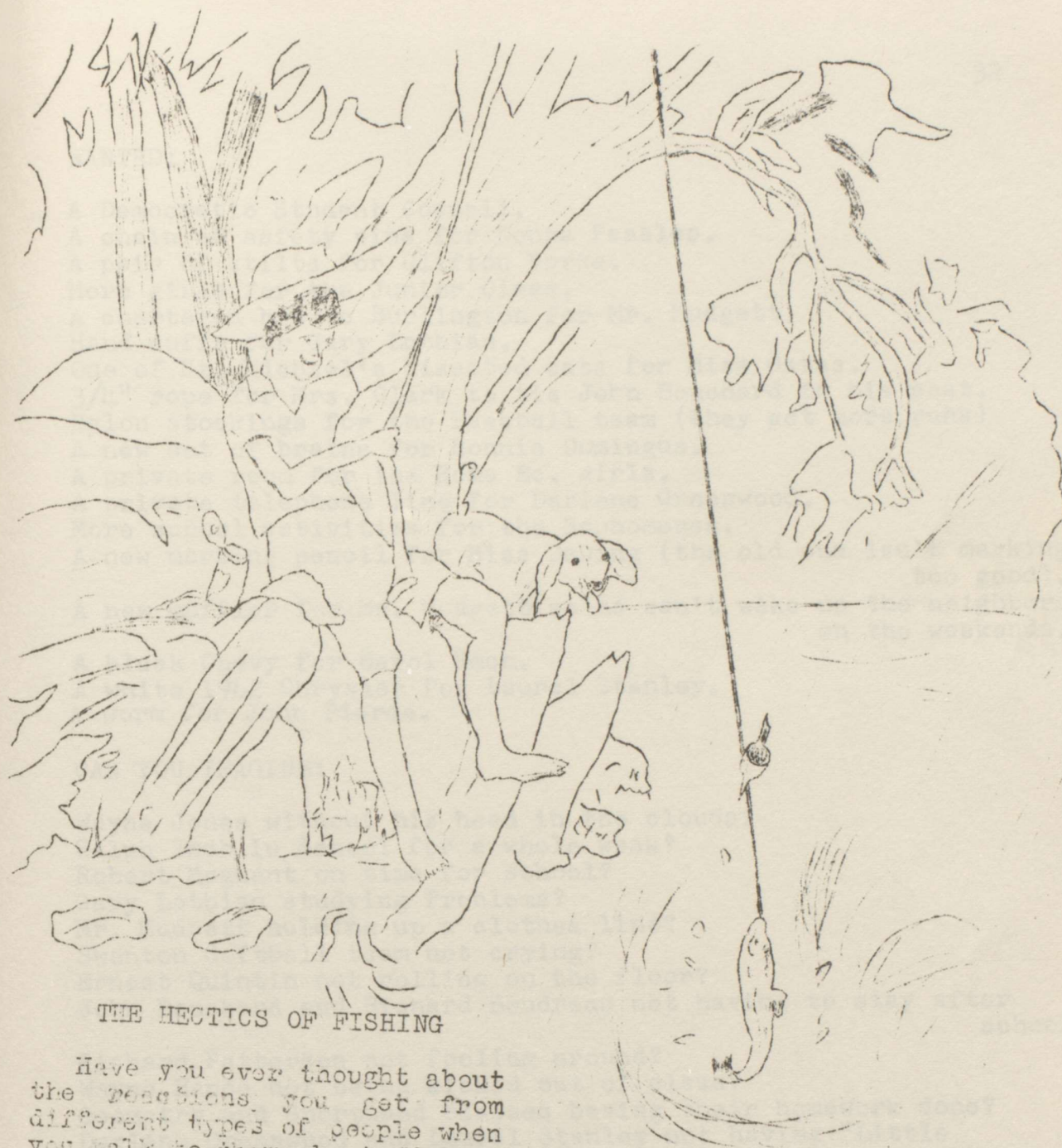
#### SCHOOL NEWS

- January 24, 25, 26 -- Midyear exams were held.  
 Feb. 2 -- Junior Card Party.  
 Feb. 5 -- Sergeant Curtiss gave a talk on the Safety Patrol.  
 Feb. 9 -- The 8 graders held a record hop. They made a profit of about \$17.00.  
 Feb. 16 - Senior Card Party.  
 March 2 - Senior Card Party.  
 March 6 - The Juniors took N.S.Q.T. tests. School was excused for Town Meeting.  
 March 27- Mr. Shea and two students from B.F.A. came to the school to tell us about the Allied Youth Organization.  
 April 16, 17, & 18 the 8 graders took the Achievement tests.  
 April 23 through 26-- the seniors took their class trip with Mr. Mudgett as the chaperone.  
 Also school was closed for spring vacation.  
 May 3, 4, & 5-- Laurel Stanley and Larry Myott attended the annual Music Festival.  
 May 4-- The 7 graders held a record hop. They made a profit of \$24.66.  
 May 8 & 9--The 7 & 8 graders attended the dental clinic in Burlington.  
 May 9-- The sophomore class sponsored a Father and Son Banquet. A profit of \$76.00 was made.  
 May 11- The 6th annual Spring Concert was held at the Town Hall.  
 May 18- Freshman held a record hop and made a profit of \$18.00.  
 May 26- Franklin County Music Festival will be held in St. Albans for the first time.  
 Movies were shown by Mr. Mudgett to the Commercial classes on  
 March 9- What Makes Us Tick and Opportunity U.S.A.  
 April 9- Harry Dilemia  
 April 24-Better Typing  
 April 30-For Immediate Action (use of Telephone and C.P.A.)

Essays were submitted to Edmunds Essay Contest sponsored by the Vermont Historical Society by:

- Larry Myott--Unusual Citizen: Paul Gates (won 1st prize in the district)  
 Gary Lothian-Battle of Eccles Hill  
 Robert Magnant- Ethan Allen, Unsung Hero of Vermont





### THE HECTICS OF FISHING

Have you ever thought about the reactions you get from different types of people when you talk to them about fishing? They always start making faces and say, "How can you touch a worm?" or perhaps they're the soft-hearted type that whine and say, "Don't you feel sorry for the poor, helpless creatures?" These type of people are just the type that'll eat all of the fish you can place in front of them, (after being dressed and cleaned and cooked of course.) But to turn the picture over someday you ask

these touchy people <sup>R M A</sup> to go fishing with you. Notice particularly how their noses fly upward and they stiffen up, as if to say, "Ha, me going fishing? That would be the day."

But of course, once you do go fishing you do enjoy the sport. I go often and enjoy it very much.

Ruth Myott '65



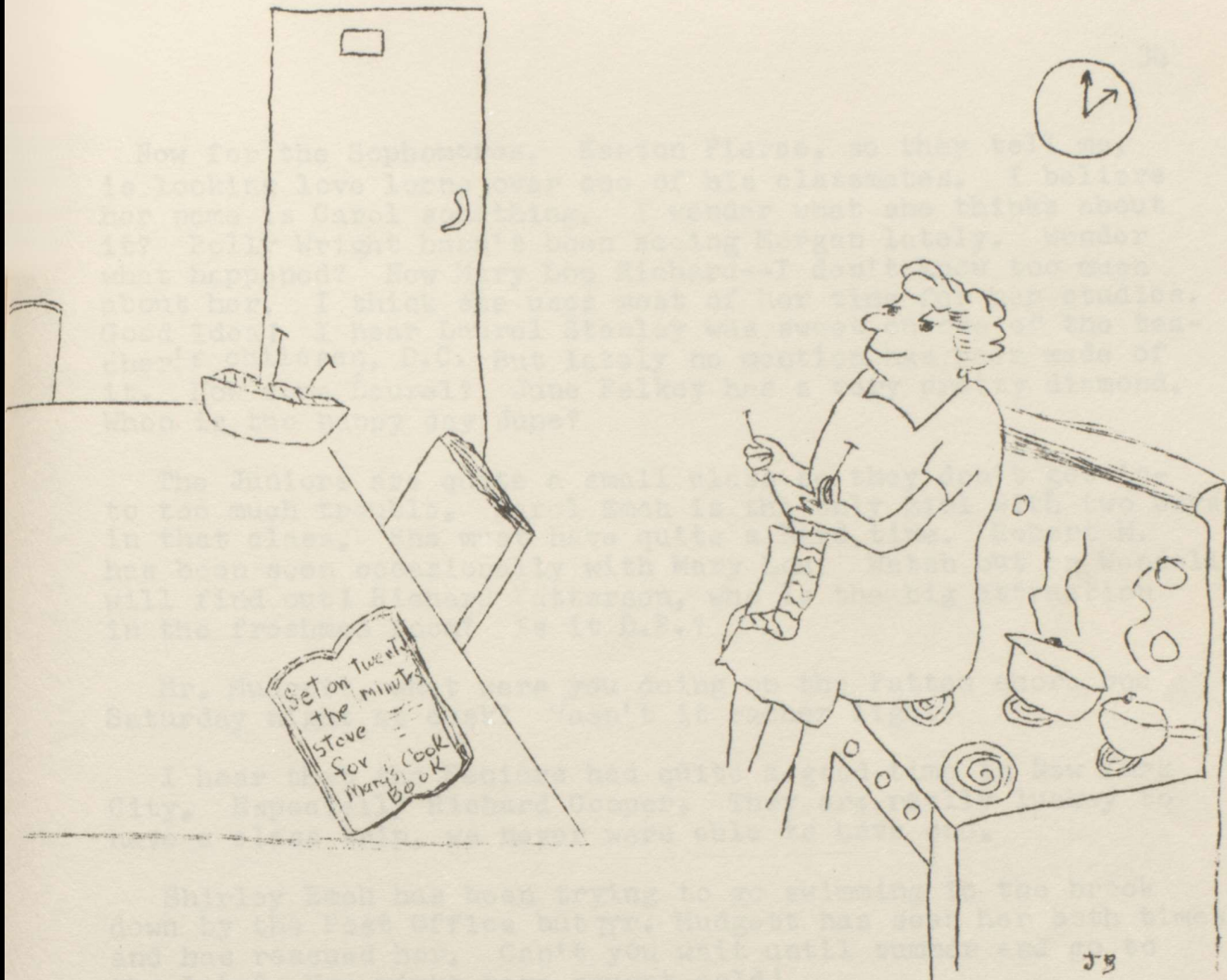
## WANTED:

A Democratic Student Council.  
 A chain of safety pins for Donna Peaslee.  
 A pair of stilts for Clifton Vorse.  
 More girls for the Junior Class.  
 A chartered bus to Burlington for Mr. Mudgett.  
 Hand cuffs for Gary Lothian.  
 One of St. Michael's dissected cats for Miss Gates.  
 3/4" rope for Mrs. Clark to tie John Bouchard in his seat.  
 Nylon stockings for the Baseball team (they get more runs)  
 A new set of brains for Ronnie Domingue.  
 A private room for the Home Ec. girls.  
 A private telephone line for Darlene Greenwood.  
 More school activities for the Sophomores.  
 A new marking pencil for Miss Dewing (the old one isn't marking  
 too good).  
 A new muffler for Mr. Mudgett so he can't wake up the neighbors  
 on the weekends.  
 A black Chevy for Carol Emch.  
 A white 1962 Chrysler for Laurel Stanley.  
 A worm for John Pierce.

## CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Wayne Jones without his head in the clouds?  
 Ralph Emch in School for a whole week?  
 Robert Magnant on time for school?  
 Gary Lothian studying Problems?  
 Mr. Mudgett holding up a clothes line?  
 Swanton Softball team not crying?  
 Ernest Quintin not rolling on the floor?  
 John Bouchard and Richard Boudreau not having to stay after  
 school?  
 Richard Patterson not fooling around?  
 Wayne Hance not being kicked out of class?  
 Geometry and Shorthand classes having their homework done?  
 Darlene Greenwood and Laurel Stanley not having "Little  
 Squabbles?"  
 Mr. Mudgett not being grouchy on Monday mornings?  
 Madeline Fields with curly hair?  
 Darlene Greenwood wearing a size 7 dress and 5 shoes?  
 Kenton Pierce not having more business than a bird dog?  
 Richard Cooper not passing out?  
 Mary Lou Richard with a butch hair cut?  
 Shorthand class taking dictation at 20 wpm?  
 Gary Lothian not wanting girls in his hotel room in New York?  
 Polly and Laurel not wanting the same boy?  
 The Student Council and the Sophomores getting along?  
 Dale Greenwood not laughing in study hall?  
 Ronnie Domingue not talking back to Miss Gates?  
 Gary Lothian not in the Freshman room?





\* \* \* \* \*

State of Konfusion  
U.S.A.

Dear Effie:

Well here I am again to tell you more about the students at dear old F.H.S. I really don't know where to begin as I have so many things that I want to tell you. I think that I shall start with the Freshmen:

Now Penny Harrod has been seen with a senior boy at the Sweet Shop a few noon hours, I don't recall his name but he is not bad looking, I must say. Also, Donna Peaslee is quite a girl. She has been seen with a number of boys. Such romances! When I was a teenager we were never seen with boys at that early age. I guess times have changed since then though.



Now for the Sophomores. Kenton Pierce, so they tell me, is looking love lorne over one of his classmates. I believe her name is Carol something. I wonder what she thinks about it? Polly Wright hasn't been seeing Morgan lately. Wonder what happened? Now Mary Lou Richard--I don't know too much about her. I think she uses most of her time for her studies. Good Idea! I hear Laurel Stanley was sweet on one of the teacher's children, D.C. But lately no mention has been made of it. How come Laurel? June Pelkey has a very pretty diamond. When is the happy day June?

The Juniors are quite a small class so they don't get in- to too much trouble. Carol Emch is the only girl with two boys in that class. She must have quite a hard time. Robert M. has been seen occasionally with Mary Lou. Watch out or Wendell will find out! Richard Patterson, who is the big attraction in the freshman room? Is it D.P.?

Mr. Mudgett, what were you doing on the Patten shore one Saturday night at dusk? Wasn't it rather light?

I hear that the Seniors had quite a good time in New York City. Especially Richard Cooper. They are really lucky to have a class trip, we never were able to have one.

Shirley Emch has been trying to go swimming in the brook down by the Post Office but Mr. Mudgett has seen her both times and has rescued her. Can't you wait until summer and go to the lake? You might have caught cold!

Love and the best of luck to you,

*Gussie Gadwood*  
Gussie Gadwood

p.s. Have a nice summer and I will be writing to you in the fall if nothing happens.

*Cheerio!!*

\* \* \* \* \*

Larry: Congratulate me! I won the election.

Mr. Mudgett: Honestly?

Larry: Oh, why bring that up?

\* \* \* \* \*

Gary Benjamin: Dad, how do you find the lowest common denominator?

Mr. Benjamin: Great Scott, haven't they found that thing yet?



Robert M: What's that you have in your buttonhole?

Mr. Wood: That's a carnation.

Robert: Are you sure? Spell it!

Mr. Wood: K-A-R-N-A-S- Golly, it's a rose!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Miss Dewing: It's wonderful how men can do anything birds can do.

Blaine: Not quite. They can't sit on a barbed wire fence.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Raymond: Gee, Claire you dance well.

Claire B: Too bad I can't say the same about you.

Raymond: You could, if you could fib as well as I do.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Richard C: Gary, have you got something in your eye?

Gary L: Naw, I was just trying to look through my finger.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Mrs. Wright: Roger, sit down and tell me what your grades are.

Roger: I can't sit down, I just told Pop what they are.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Lecturer: Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster.

Richard P: Oh, no! Now he's starting on the dictionary.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Mrs. Clark: Don't you think that a cookbook is fascinating reading?

Shirley Emch: Yes, it contains so many stirring events.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Miss Dewing: Name the outstanding feat of the Romans.

Carol S: They spoke Latin.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Richard C: How do you like Physics?

Don R: It's wonderful, I'm stuck on every problem.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Mudgett: Well, Stewart, I'm going to put you on the football team. You can be end, guard, and tackle.

Stewart: But, coach-how can I do all that?

Mr. Mudgett: Simple. Just sit at the end of the bench, guard the water bucket, and tackle anybody who gets close to it.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Love thy neighbor- he may build a fall-out shelter before you do  
Charity begins at home- but it isn't deductible.  
Bread cast upon the waters- clogs up the pipes.

\* \* \* \* \*



# GREETINGS

from

Gabbie Gertie

Here I am again to tell you about all the gossip I have heard since the last Molecule. As I said before, read this carefully so you will know the inside scoop on what is going on around school and-----elsewhere???

It seems to me a freshman is having trouble making her bed, mornings. No remedy seems to work in getting RUTH MYOTT to accomplish this difficult task. I do know WAYNE HANCE has appeared at her door mornings to see if she had made it. One basketball game I heard MR. MUDGETT left his coat at the hall in Alburg. Must be he was thinking of doing the chores on the hill. It also appears a budding romance broke out between TERRY PEASLEE and RUTH MAGNANT on these basketball trips. Of course, the Sophomore boys and girls always occupied the back seats. I was walking down the street the other day and whom should I meet but DARLENE GREENWOOD with a youngster tucked under her arm. She informed me in no uncertain terms it was hers. Seems she's doing a lot of baby sitting and has a phobia of running off with the kids and claiming they belong to her. How's the green chair in your room DARLENE? Still green? I guess DONNA PEASLEE has had quite a few romances this year. Anything stable develop DONNA? I

guess DONNIE RICHARD can't wait for a certain New Hampshireite to return weekends. Anything serious DONNIE? POLLY WRIGHT is going with STEWART LONGLEY. My MY. Getting worse than Liz Taylor. RAYMOND MAGNANT thinks Mr. Mudgett is a hot driver. And Gaylord is scooting around with his scooter again. Hope he gets into gear! I hear the Seniors had quite a trip to New York. Mr. Mudgett got the class on the wrong train and almost missed the excursion boat. RICHARD COOPER had Tennessee girls climbing all over him one night. LAWRENCE MYOTT had trouble with the shower. GARY LOTHIAN talked of meeting the "Bowery Boys" but never quite made it. DONNIE RICHARD got separated from the rest on the subway. But he finally showed up later looking scared but happy to see the old gang. It must have been a real bang up trip. How about it boys? I guess GAYLORD HORSKINS, ROBERT MAGNANT, and KENTON PIERCE had quite a time, one Thursday, running off the molecule. How come only two pages were finished? I guess CAROL SWENEY and RONNIE DOMINGUE really know how to twist. RAYMOND MAGNANT is still the one to see if you want to know more about what's going on than anyone else does. Oh, one last item before this goes to press Mr. Wood is leaving MHS this year. Good luck in South Royalton. Girls' softball won 4 out of 7, boys' baseball won 1 out of 6. Come on boys, don't let the girls show you up. Well, so much for this time. See you next issue.

Gabbie Gertie '70

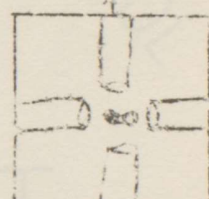
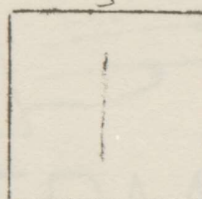
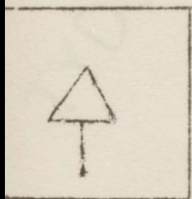
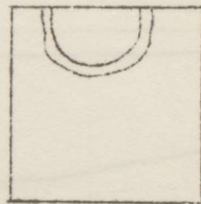
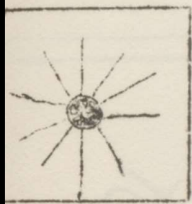


## DRIBBLING DOODLES

How did you make out with the dribbling doodles in the last issue? Did I stump some of you? NO? Well, just in case there was someone who did not get all of them, I will give you the answers.

1. Man in Tuxedo who stood too close to an elevator door.
2. A bear climbing a tree.
3. Fish view of a person standing on a diving board.
4. Kingsize hamburger.
5. Worm crawling over a razor blade.
6. World bubblegum champion.
7. Two ladies fighting for the same seat on a bus.
8. A soldier and his dog going around a corner.
9. Two giraffes making love.
10. Ants crawling through a drop of champagne.
11. Sandwich served by a hungry waitress.
12. A girl with a ponytail riding her pony around a corner.
13. Thin man standing behind a telephone pole.
14. Polar bear sitting on an iceberg.
15. Volcano with a filter tip.
16. Ghost with muddy feet.

Try your luck with these few and see if you can get all the answers.



Here are the answers to the scrambled words:

janitor  
between  
envelope  
books

water  
white  
boxes  
table

printing  
pencil  
paper  
typewriter

school  
fluid  
attention  
stencil

*Best of luck this summer!  
See you next fall!*



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