

Second Issue

of

Franklin High School Molecule

May - 1938

Today there are many more vocations to choose from than in former years. In former years if a girl did not choose to stay at home after her high school education, if she were lucky enough to obtain one, she would be either a school teacher or a nurse. Today she has numerous vocations from which to choose - so many, in fact, that it has become a very difficult problem to choose a vocation.

Published by the Members of the Senior and Junior English Class

that it has become a very difficult problem to choose a vocation. A youth should look into the situation, discover the field in which he is most needed, and train for that work.

The affairs of the world have become so complicated that it is necessary to have a good education. Further education than high school is essential and is essential. Some higher educations are gained by the student by professional study, some by an ordinary laborer. He has to be educated in the world to have a chance to work in a higher vocation. He has a business of his own and should a good one.

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Editorials

The Greatest Problem of Your Life

The first problem a high school youth meets, face to face, as he graduates is - after school, what?

Today there are many more vocations to choose from than in former years. In former years if a girl did not choose to stay at home after her high school education, if she were lucky enough to obtain one, she could be either a school teacher or a nurse. Today she has numberless vocations from which to choose - so many, in fact, that it has become a very difficult problem to choose a vocation.

In some fields so many young people have chosen the same course that it has become difficult to obtain positions after the course is finished. A youth should look into the situation, discover the field in which he is most needed, and train for that work.

The affairs of the nation have become so complicated that it is essential to have a good education. Further education than high school is advocated and is essential. Much higher salaries are gained by the educated or professional class than by the ordinary laborer. A person has no chance to work up in a position if he is an ordinary laborer. He has to be educated in one certain vocation to have a chance to work up to a higher salary, and perhaps in time have a business of his own, or command a huge amount of money or capital.

High school students, do you realize you are "face to face" with the greatest problem of your life? After high school - what?

Elizabeth Horskin '38

Never Lose Faith

For young students who are in high school and find life a disappointment, it seems hard to go on when everyone and everything is against them. Keep up your courage; after all, maybe it is your own fault and not someone else's. If you come to school only for the purpose of fooling, it is 'nt the teacher's fault if you don't get the high marks you may think you rightfully deserve. If you have the ability to get higher marks, why don't you? If you put the best into a thing, you will get the best in return.

Another thing I wish to speak about is marring other people's property. Oh, what a habit - to write your name in every nook and corner you can find. If you so desire to write your name somewhere, get a piece of paper and write your name on it. Perhaps you think it is admirable to see your initials or name on every desk and door in your school house, but the people who have to look at them day after day, don't call them so wonderful. Use the school property, and in fact all public property, as you would that in your own home. Who would think of carving initials upon the woodwork at home, or writing with a pen-

oil upon the walls. Often people don't realize what they are doing; if they would only stop and think before they write, there would be fewer names in public places.

Then too, when you are in school and your marks begin to slip backwards - then, oh yes, the teacher must have a grudge against you. Stop and think! It isn't the teacher's fault; it is no one's fault but your own. When you fail to do your best the first time, make up your mind to do better the next time. Don't lose courage and give up your faith if you try hard enough to understand your subjects, and keep that faith which everyone needs, you will pull through.

Ruth Harrison '39

Where is Your Place?

If the students in high schools would compare themselves with the following rules they would undoubtedly be quite shocked. This does not apply so much to the poorer students, who struggle along, working hard and still getting low marks, but to the so called bright pupils who spend ten minutes or less in preparing for a lesson and say, "Well, I'll get the rest in class", or "Oh, well, I'll get by all right". This is a very poor attitude to take. Consider, for example, one of these students who does practically no studying outside of class, but gets B's and C's for a report. Is this a true estimate of this person's ability? Absolutely not! This person could be getting A's as well as C's if he would only wake up and try.

If you would get wise to yourself in a hurry, read the following statements taken from the "Vermont School Journal", and compare yourself with the standards.

1. A student of C ability should show attention, intelligent preparation, and accuracy. He should have all work reasonably neat, hand in required work on time, and make up absences to the satisfaction of the teacher.
2. A student of B ability should fulfill all the requirements for a C pupil, show initiative in attacking new work, and recite well with little aid from the teacher.
3. A student of A ability should fulfill all requirements for a B pupil, show marked interest, attention, and application. He should show originality in attacking new work, make excellent recitations with no aid from the teacher, and show ability to use his knowledge.

Where is your place?

Winslow Towle '38

Recreation

Recreation is a necessity for all healthy people. It helps one to

develop mentally as well as physically.

If a person does not indulge in some kind of recreation at the age of adolescence, it will be much harder for him to take part later in life.

Recreation is also a teacher of cooperation and understanding which must be practiced through life if people are to live and work together happily.

Geraldine Lothian '38

POET'S CORNER

Spring Fever

When the sun is climbin' higher
And the April days are nigher,
There's a tantalizin' sweetness
in the air;
We're hopin' winter's over,
And dresmin' now of clover;
We know that Spring will surely
banish care.

When the maple sap is drippin',
And our wayward thoughts are
skippin',
To the maple sugar bush upon the
hill;
For it's there we'll take our s
station,
Just as soon as it's vacation,
For it's only maple sweets that
fill the bill.
Elizabeth Horskin '38

Spring

Oh, hear how the birdies sing
And how babbling brooks do flow!
What pleasant things the spring
brings
That tempts the mind to work slow.

The child wanders slowly on
'Cross the quiet grassy rills,
At the call of fragrant flowers
On the brightly colored hills.
Donald Ashton '39

Adrift

My mind is wandering far away;
My thoughts are of tomorrow;
My waking hours, I cannot say,
Are filled with joy or sorrow.

My thoughts are of a dear, dear
friend
Whose face I'm longing to see.
In thinking of this friend I
spend
Many hours in ecstasy.
Bernice Fields '38

Basketball Song (To the tune of "Shipmates Forever")

Franklin ever highest
In the basket ball;
Ever to the standard,
The grandest team that ever played
at all.

We will stand together
Ever for the right;
If we have to take a licking
We will take it without kicking.
Don't give up the fight!
Marguerite Benjamin '41

Overcome Spring Fever

Refresh your minds and start anew
To better marks - an A or two;
Think not of silly pranks you
knew,
But work and show what you can do.
Eldon Laplant '38

The Diligent Student

He sits in his seat when exam time comes
 And fidgets and squirms 'til the rest are done;
 Then he begins to work, and does his best,
 And his marks run higher than all the rest.

Few are the times he sits and reads all day;
 Few are the days he fools his time away;
 And his marks go higher and higher still,
 For the diligent boy looks over the hill.

He looks over the hill to future days,
 When each will receive his rightful praise.
 His motto I'm thinking is very fine:
 "Strive to conquer each task in every line".
 Robert Irish '39

Getting Rid of Father

The setting of the play is at the city home of John and Annabelle Painton.

The characters are Annabelle Painton, John - Annabelle's husband, Henry Bailey - Annabelle's father, and other friends who come to the fashionable reception at the Painton home.

The time is evening.

(As the curtain rises we find Annabelle and John rushing around, putting on the finishing touches before the guests arrive.)

Annabelle: John, do see that everything is ready before any guests arrive, because we shall have to be ready to receive our guests as they arrive.

John: Yes, Annabelle. I'll attend to everything. The maid and the butler are looking after things in the kitchen; so all you have to do is to think about yourself. I will say you'd better go and put some more powder on your nose before any guests come.

Annabelle: Oh, John, I hear someone on the steps now. Must be some of our guests have arrived, although it's about twenty minutes early. Oh, what will I do? John, will you please go to the door?

John: No, I can't, because I haven't my tie on yet.

Annabelle: Oh, mercy! I'll have to go, even if my nose isn't powdered. (She rushes to the door.) Why --- f-father --- where did you hail from? How does it happen you are here? You didn't even let me know you were planning to come.

Father: Nop, Anna, ma kid. Thought I'd take a little vacation from the farm and come to the city ta see yer for a change. Never once thought I'd have ta let ya know I's coming. I'll jist come right in and make maself ta hose. Darn dinky place ya got here ain't it? What's the matter? Ain't ya glad ta see yer ole pappie?

Annabelle: Why, of course, Father, but I am having a rather fashionable reception for a new man in John's business firm. But you are probably tired after your long ride from the farm, so I'll show you your room.

Father: Oh, hen's teeth! I'm not a bit tired, and I'm gonna jist enjoy staying and looking in on your shin-dig or whatever you call it.

Annabelle: Really, Father, I don't think it is anything that would interest you in the least. You do not know any of the people, and as you are not used to such affairs, I'm afraid it would tire you too much. Really I think you should retire to your room.

Father: Nope; betcha I kin stand more today than any o' you young critters. Say, Anabelle, sure's a queer looking dress you got on. Didn't know they wore them kind of long dresses now days. And, hen's teeth, n no back to it. What would your ma say if she saw ya in that rig?

Annabelle: Hush, Father. Here comes John; he can take care of things while I go to my room.

Father: Howdy, John, ma boy. How be ya? Seems good to see ya again. Hain't seen ya out Skowhegan way fer ages.

John: How do you do, Father. It is sure a surprise to see you. You must be very tired after your long ride.

Father: Nope; I's jist telling Annabelle, I kin stand more today than you young critters, and it's gonna be a right snappy evening fer me here at your shin-dig. (Door bell rings)

John: Excuse me, Father. I think the guests are at the door.

John and Annabelle(going to the door): Good evening, Friends. We are so glad to see you.

Annabelle: Father, I would like to have you meet my guests.

Father: Sure glad ta know ya folks. No doubt we'll know each other better before we get through tonight.

Annabelle: Father, now that you have met the people, don't you think it is best for you to wish us a happy evening and retire to your room?

Father: Nope, ma kid; wouldn't think of leaving this happy gathering. I'm gonna stay jist as long as anybody else, even if the roosters begin ta crow before they leave.

Annabelle: Hush, Father. People, Father is very tired tonight and please do not hold him responsible for what he says.

Father: Now, Anna, ma kid; that's a fib. I hain't tired the least bit. The only thing I'm feeling bad about is that I went and fergot ta bring ma ole fiddle. We could had a right good time ta night with all ya folkies here, doing square dances.

Annabelle: Please, Father. You must retire. Anyone would know to look at you that you were all tired out. You must go to your room, or I fear you will have a bad spell as you did a few years ago when you overdid.

Father: Hen's teeth! Annabelle. I hain't had one of them fits fer ages. Say, Annabelle! I guess there's a couple of folks come, an are staying out in the kitchen. Ya better go git 'em, so's ta have 'em all together. Come on in, Folks.

Annabelle: Hush, Father. The people in the kitchen are the maid and the butler.

Father: Che what?

Annabelle: The maid and the butler.

Father: Right funny names ya have 'round hets here place. Why don't they come in? I asked 'em.

Annabelle: Folks, pay no attention to Father, and I think he will keep quiet.

Father: Say, Annabelle; what would your mother say ta see the dresses them have got on. I don't know what this world is coming to. And that thar woman with the fed dress! Why, I could scrape the the paint right off her face.

(After a social evening with Father such in the foreground, the guests depart.)

Father: My, them was nice folkies you had here, wan't they? I got one feller out in the kitchen, and he asked me a lot 'bout ma farm. Glad I was able ta be of help to the feller in telling him 'bout farming. Now, the show is over, giss I'll turn in. Good-night ta ta ya all.

Annabelle: Did you ever see such a mess in all of your born days? Of all times for him to come. It just ruined our party and probably our social standing. Oh, dear, I'm just a wreck!

John: Come, come! You'll be all right in the morning. I think your dad will think better of us, for letting him attend the party. You want to remember that it was quite a treat for him.

(The curtain falls for a brief interval, and rises as the telephone rings, the following morning.)

Annabelle: John Painton's residence ---Yes, this is Mrs. Painton. Oh, the grocery bill. What? We can't have any more groceries until our bill is paid? Well, I'll see that you get your pay today, if possible. Good-bye.

Father: What's that I hear? Your grocery bill not paid? Well, ma kid, take this wallet of mine and go down, and pay your bill. Holy cats, I'm glad I did some good by coming way down ta the city ta see ma girl.

Annabelle: Thanks, Dad. I'll never forget this.

Elizabeth Horskin '38

The Great Hike

One night while talking together after a Boy Scout Meeting, eight of us boys and our scout master decided that we would like to go on a hiking trip over the Long Trail. A committee of boys was immediately appointed to our meals and the starting place on the trail.

Plan

The next morning all was ready, and our provisions were carefully packed between the blankets in our packs. We started off in two cars for Smuggler's Notch where we were to start our hike over the trail. When we arrived at the Notch we piled out of the cars and went to the Big Spring where we quenched our thirst and filled our canteens. Soon we were ready to shoulder our packs, which weighed between thirty and fifty pounds, and start climbing. In the group of boys, there were Carroll, Almon, Scott, Dunlap, Ashton, young Ashton, Doc., and myself.

We started eagerly up the trail in single file, although we soon had to stop to adjust our packs better. Soon we were decidedly hungry, but, as it was only eleven o'clock, we concluded to tramp a while longer. After another short jaunt we came upon a stream of deliciously cold and clear water. Inasmuch as we needed water to prepare our dinner, we decided to stop and eat there. We had potatoes to boil, pork to fry, tapioca to cook for dessert. We all had a hand in preparing the repast, and were soon eating heartily. After dinner was over we washed our dishes in the nearby stream, and, as we had no soap, we had to use fine gravel and a chore girl to clean them. After our belongings were again packed and shouldered, we started on, much relieved by the decrease in the weight of our burdens.

Shortly after dinner we came to the base of a steep mountain. After climbing a little way we stopped to rest, but from that time on we decided not to rest again until we reached the top. It was a very strenuous climb, but the view from the top was certainly worth the effort. We could see the surrounding country for miles and, although we used field glasses, the cars on the road below looked like flies crawling along. On exploring the top of the mountain we found a tin box containing a book in which we wrote the date of the trip, and the names and addresses of all the boys. As we had a camera with us, we took some pictures to remind us of our good

time. After we had used the compass to locate the direction of the nearby mountains and picked a few pieces of colored stones as souvenirs, we started our descent down the other trail. As it was getting late by this time, we hurried to reach the next camp before nightfall. We came in sight of the cabin just as the sun was sinking from view. The last glimmering rays shining on the mountain lake produced a wealth of sunset colors well worth beholding.

The log hut contained cedar bunks, a stove, and a goodly supply of dry wood for which we were exceedingly thankful. After spending the evening sitting about the camp fire, telling stories, and singing to the music of a mouth organ, we unrolled our blankets and crowded into the bunks tired enough to sleep.

Early the next morning some of us enjoyed a cold but refreshing dip in the lake while the others were getting breakfast. After breakfast we replenished the supply of wood in the camp; then we hiked steadily until noon, seeing many interesting views and a few wild animals including a porcupine. In the afternoon we all dozed off to sleep as we rested on the trail. When we awoke the day was fast departing and the next hut was far away. At last, after a long jaunt, we encamped near a good sized spring with the sky for a roof. Nevertheless, we all slept very well, not even waking when we rolled a considerable distance from our blankets.

We celebrated our last breakfast by serving flapjacks and maple syrup. Then we tramped along until we reached the side trail that leads to the main road. Here we ate our last meal at eleven o'clock, just two miles from the main road where the cars were to meet us.

Robert Magnant '38

The Doctor's Test

The doctor leaned over the crib and listened to his baby's irregular breathing. He tried to be professional and treat this patient as he did numberless others, but this case was different. This was his own year old baby lying pale and weak in the dark sick-room.

He slipped his hand under the covers and took the baby's pulse for the second time in the last half-hour. As he felt the sputtering heart beat he realized that he must face the facts. His baby was very sick. Probably he should call Dr. Morton, but he himself was a much better doctor. Well, he thought, "I will sit by her bedside during the night, and if there is any change I will call Dr. Morton."

At this point in his reverie, Dora, his faithful wife came into the room. She was a pretty young woman, with a round face and wavy brown hair. Ordinarily, just her presence would have cheered Bob, but not now. He was too worried.

"Bob", Dora asked softly, "is there any change?"

"None at all, yet", Bob answered, "but if she has pneumonia, the crisis is near."

They stood together beside the crib - this tall handsome doctor and his young wife - and both knew that their only baby was lying there, fighting for life, and that there was absolutely nothing they could do now, except give her medicine and pray that God would spare her for them.

Soon the harsh tingling of the doorbell broke the heavy silence. Bob left the room and went to the door in the hall. A large rough-looking man stepped in out of the snow storm. Bob did not recognize him, but he noticed that the man looked tired and worried.

"Doctor", he muttered, "For God's sake, come with me quick. My baby is very sick. She will die if you don't come. I went to Dr. Morton's, but he wasn't there. You are the only other doctor in town. Will you come?"

"I'm sorry", Bob answered softly, thinking of his own baby lying in the next room, sick. "I can't go tonight."

"Yes, you can, Bob. You must", Dora spoke up softly from the doorway. "We are doing everything possible for our baby and you can not refuse the same to anyone else's."

So Bob, now Dr. Bennett, put on his coat and hat, took his satchel, and started for the door, then he turned back and went into the sick room. Dora sat in a rocking chair beside the crib. Bob took one more look at his sick baby, kissed his wife, and said, "Give her a teaspoonful of the green liquid at twelve o'clock - if she wakes up." But he had no idea that she would ever awake. Then he went out and got into the sleigh with the man who said his name was Wilfred Beckett.

On the drive through the snow, out to the farmhouse where the sick baby was, Bob kept thinking about his little girl. He knew she was seriously ill and doubted if he would ever see her alive again. Mr. Beckett was also very worried about his sick child, so he kept the horse going at a swift pace, and soon they had reached their destination, which ~~which~~ was a small and unkept farmhouse. When Bob opened the door, some of the foul air rushed out, and he thought to himself, "How can any child be healthy in these surroundings?"

The room which Bob entered first was small, bare, and destitute of furniture save for a table, a stove, and two chairs. A small frightened woman was sitting in a chair near the stove with a baby in her arms.

"Are you the doctor?" she asked, nervously. Before Bob could reply Mr. Beckett came in.

"Marie", he said, addressing his wife, "The good doctor has come to make our baby well."

"Thank God", she said fervently.

The doctor spread some blankets on the table and laid the baby on them. He tested her lungs, took her temperature, and said gravely, "She has pneumonia." He thought of his own sick baby an instant, but soon lost himself in his work.

All night he worked over the baby, trying to save her life. When morning came she was still alive and some better. Still he could not leave her. About ten o'clock Bob decided that the crisis was past and the baby would live.

"Doctor," Mr. Beckett said, with tears in his eyes, "we can never pay you enough to make up for what you have done for us by saving our child."

The doctor's own eyes were misty when he replied, "I did only what any other doctor would have done, and the greatest reward I could receive would be to find my own baby safe when I return home."

"Is she ill?" asked Mrs Beckett, who was holding her baby tightly, as though she would never let her go.

"She has pneumonia", the doctor answered calmly.

"And you left her to care for our baby?"

"Yes."

"Then don't let us keep you another minute!" Mrs. Beckett cried. "Go home to your baby, and may God go with you."

Then Mr. Beckett took Bob back to town. As Bob entered the house, he expected to find his wife weeping and to hear that his baby was gone. Instead, Dora met him at the door with a smile. "Hello, Bob," she said softly. "Bobby awoke at twelve o'clock. I gave her the medicine and she is better."

Altha Towle '38

Our Trip to Boston

At five o'clock on the memorable morning of December 29, 1937, we started from home. The air was crisp and cold as the thermometer registered twenty degrees below zero. And I think it is safe to say that everyone dreaded the long ride away from the warm fireside; I know that I did.

The passengers in our car, at the start, were Donald Ashton, Howard Olmstead, my brother Elbridge Pierce, and myself. Later we picked up Stuart Irish and Wayne Mullen. Mr. Sturtevant had in his car - John Whiting, Roswell Ploof, Franklin Cyr, Donald Wing, and Guy Lothian.

The first thing we did, after reaching Boston about four-thirty in the after-noon, was to check in at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in the Charlestown section. By five-thirty we had decided to get something to eat and go to a movie; so we started toward Washington Street in the center of the city. As this is Boston's busiest street, you may be sure that we were "on our toes". It was a sight we shall remember for the rest of our lives. On our right and left stood buildings reaching high into the air. Only a short distance away was the elevated railway, with trains

rushing by almost incessantly. By the way, I think the people of Boston must do a lot of business, judging by the amount of traffic and the speed of the trains. However, we soon left the grandeur of the street with its hustle and bustle, to get a light supper at a restaurant, called the "Hamburger". Next we went to the Metropolitan Theater where we sat in the balcony with three floors below us. This, perhaps, will give you some idea of the size of the theater.

Bright and early the next morning, we left the Y. M. C. A., breakfasted at a restaurant, and started for the Hotel Manger, from which we proceeded to the Swift Meat Packing Plant. The tour of this plant took from seven in the morning until nearly two in the after-noon. First, the representatives of the plant told us something about the Swift products. Then we visited the slaughtering division where we saw the hogs start their journey toward frankfurters and innumerable by-products. The hogs entered this division on a huge revolving wheel, and a man bled them as they came in. From the wheel, the hogs traveled on a track past a line of workers, each of whom performed his own special task. In about seven minutes the hog is in several different parts of the plant, and is nearly ready for the market. Cattle, sheep, and lambs are handled in the same way as the hogs. And a huge shipment of live stock reaches Boston every week, from the West.

We ended our tour of this plant at a counter where pretty girls served us all the frankfurters and rolls that we could eat.

From the Swift Plant we went down to the Boston Shipping Harbor, but there was so much fog that we could see very little. Next we went to Faneuil Hall and Faneuil Hall Market where we saw many meat products for sale. In Faneuil Hall we saw the original flag of the United States, the Paul Jones flag, and innumerable other flags, as well as guns, and paintings. We saw Bunker Hill Monument, and we had the pleasure of going up in the U. S. Customs Tower which is five hundred five feet high and made of steel and brick. It is said that in a fairly strong wind, one can distinctly feel the tower lean. The view from this tower on a clear day is perfectly wonderful, but we were unfortunate enough to have to cope with fog. We could, nevertheless, distinctly feel the sea breeze.

From this landmark we made our way to Dungan Park where we were served a full course dinner by the Swift Meat Packing Company. After dinner speeches were given, by the two representatives of the company, explaining how the stock is bought in Chicago. There are, the representatives told us, seldom written contracts when a deal is made in the stockyards, as the cattle dealers consider it an honor to trade by word of mouth. Consequently, few legal transactions are necessary. It is impossible for me to explain in detail the whole tour of the plant, but perhaps the number of by-products mentioned will give you some idea of the size of the plant. Almost every part of the animal slaughtered there is used in the manufacture of oils, leather, tankage, lard, bonemeal, bloodmeal, or some other by-product, so that waste is practically eliminated. The plants must hold millions of dollars worth of machinery.

After dinner we went back to the Y. M. C. A. to get some rest. Our guides didn't seem to mind the walk, but if you don't think it is hard work, try it sometime. Later in the evening, we went to a movie in the Tremont section - going by the elevated railway and returning by the subway.

The next morning again found us headed for the lobby of the Hotel Manger, where we met Wesley H. Bronson, the federal representative for the milk distributing plants of the New England Dairies. We also met representatives of the Hood, Whiting, United Farmers, and Milton Cooperative plants. First, we went to the railroad yard to see the trains that daily bring the milk to Boston from Vermont, Maine, Massachusetts, and Tennessee; then we went to the New England Dairies Plant to see the processes that the milk goes through, before being delivered to the consumer. Next we saw the United Farmers Plant, which handles more milk in proportion to its floor space than any other plant in the world. Here, we were given such samples of their products as ice cream and chocolate milk. After this, we visited the H. P. Hood and Sons Plant (the largest of its kind in the world). After we had also visited the Milton Cooperative Creamery and the Whiting Milk Company, we were served a very good dinner in the dining room of the Hood Company.

After dinner we went to the First National Stores warehouse, which building covers four acres and has a floor space of over twenty-four acres. Here we saw bread, cookies, and practically all kinds of products sold by the First National Stores, cooked and seasoned to perfection. At this store we were given lunches to take home with us.

That afternoon Albridge, Wayne Mullen, and myself went to Melrose Highlands to see a relative. We arrived there safely, but not without losing all sense of direction, more than once. On arriving at the Y.M.C.A. that evening and finding that Mr. Sturtevant and the boys had gone to the movies, we decided to look around on Washington Street. It was New Year's Eve and the date was certainly being celebrated. A pickpocket started for me that night. When I first looked at him I was startled, I must confess, and although I was bigger than he, I left him as soon as possible. (I later learned that a pickpocket had also disturbed Howard Olstead.) Albridge, Wayne, and I got lost, but after wandering for a while we recognized a subway that we had ridden on the previous night, and taking it we reached the Y. M. C. A. safely.

About eight o'clock on New Year's morning we started for home, and reached good old Franklin without mishap at six-thirty that night. All I have to say (and I think the other boys will agree with me) is that it was the greatest trip of my life.

Winston Pierce '39

Brotherly Love

This conversation takes place in the parlor of the Dayton's home where Gloria and Larry are sitting.

Larry: Gloria, let's stay here tonight and spend a quiet evening at home, since we have been out almost every night this week.

Gloria: O, K. Larry, but it may not be so quiet here, as my brother, Bob, will be coming in, soon.

Larry: Oh, yes, I forgot about him, but maybe he will be better tonight.

Bob (entering the room): Hello, Larry. Gee, I am sure glad you came over. Let's play checkers.

Larry: Maybe your sister would be angry if we played checkers.

Gloria: Yes, I would be angry. Bob Dayton, you go straight to bed, or go out in the dining room. Stay out of the parlor. Larry came over to see me tonight, and he doesn't want to play checkers with you. Now, go along.

Bob: But, Gloria, Larry can see you after I go to bed, and I can't sit up very late, anyway. Come on, Larry, you will play checkers with me, won't you?

Gloria: I told you once that Larry wasn't going to play checkers with you. Now, you go to bed, or I will call Mother.

Bob: Oh, you are just like all the rest of the sisters. You never want me around - only when you want me to do something for you. Why do you have to be so mean?

Gloria: If you don't leave the room this minute, I will call Mother. Now, go on.

Bob (sputtering): O. K., SAs, I will go, but you will be sorry some day, that you were so mean to me tonight. Some night, Larry will come over to play checkers with me, and he won't see you. So, there. Good-night, Larry.

Ruth Harrison '39

Alumni News

Most of the class of 1937 have employment.

Lorraine Willard is, at present, working at Seth Hubbard's. She has had employment at Dr. L.E. Samson's, and at a restaurant in St. Albans.

Wilma Westcot has employment as switchboard operator at the telephone office.

Rachel Whiting is attending Johnson Normal School.

Charles Gates has an interest in his father's farm, and runs a milk route.

Eugene Olmstead is employed at the local barber shop.

Robert Greene is working on his father's farm.

Winifred Irish '36, and Isabel Flintom '35 are attending Burlington Business College.

Madeline Towle '34 was married in March, 1938, to Thomas Messier '33.

CAMPUS GOSSIP

Miss Wilcox (talking about health): How may you attain good posture?
Whiting (fresh from agriculture class): Keep the cows off it and fertilize it heavily.

The boat rocked
Eldon shrank.
These bubbles mark
Where Eldon sank.

Chuck: You guys had a pretty good team this year, didn't you?
Pink: Sure, but it would have been better if a certain girl hadn't kept our handsome center out so late nights.

Whiting: Where have you been setting all day?
K. Ploof: I don't set, thank you.

Miss Dewing (to Bernice Fields, in English class): Miss Harrison and Miss Hull will prepare the news.

Mr. Sturtevant (in physics class): Magnant, what does resistance mean?
Magnant: Resistance is when you want something, and someone else doesn't want you to have it.

If Howard Olmstead used the mails for all the letters he sends to the telephone office by Altha Towle, Uncle Sam would be rich and Howard would be bankrupt.

All those wishing to purchase a stepladder or a pair of stilts, get in touch with "Hack" Harrison, a salesman for these articles.

Eldon Laplant is always very anxious to get home on weekends. I wonder why? Probably because Joy is waiting for him.

Since Marjorie's departure for Oklahoma, Doris King found Stuart in the main room with his head on his desk. When she noticed that he was crying, she asked, "What's the trouble, Steve?"
Stuart replied, "I'm so sorry that Marjorie is not here."
"Why?" asked Doris.
"Because, now I can't make anyone cry", sobbed Stuart.

Can you imagine?

Clayton Pratt sharpening his pencil less than ten times a day?
Buster Greene going down stairs quietly?
Keith Dunham with a pack of cards?
Altha Towle going to bed when Robert Magnant is down at Flinton's?
Oscar Hefflon throwing paper out of the window?
Howard Olmstead practicing for tight rope exhibitions on the school banisters?
The honorable Messrs. Magnant, Cyr, and Hull being late for English class, when only a little game of pool is hanging in the balance?
Winston Pierce not praising the pontais?
Stanley Greene without a weekly trip to Enosburg Falls?
All books in their proper places in the study hall?
Everyone studying when taking a speaking permission?

NEWS OF THE YEAR

ATHLETICS

Last fall the boys of F. H. S. organized their first soccer ball team which was defeated at Enosburg 2-0 in the only game played.

Basketball practice started about the last of November, with all new material except Carroll Hull. In spite of one of the regular players dropping out, the team did remarkably well, winning seven victories. The prospects for another year are good also, as five of the regular players will return. The members of this year's basketball team were as follows:

Almon Richard, high scorer	- center
Robert Magnant	} * - - - - forwards
Loyd Cyp	
Winston Pierce	
Carroll Hull	} - - - - - guards
Winslow Towke	
Roswell Ploof	

The basketball scores were as follows:

		F. H. S.	Opp.
1937			
Dec. 3	Alumni	11	3
Dec. 10	E. F. H. S. (T)	17	23
Dec. 17	Alumni	18	12
Dec. 22	Alumni	19	18
1938			
Jan. 7	E. F. H. S. (H)	12	18
Jan. 11	Swanton (H)	34	28
Jan. 21	Highgate (T)	18	21
Jan. 25	St. Ann's, (overtime- H)	26	23
	Brigham (T)	18	33
Feb. 8	Swanton (T)	18	30
	St. Ann's (T)	12	24
March 1	Brigham (H)	19	30
Feb. 23	Highgate (H)	37	24

Feb. 12. The F. H. S. basketball team went to Burlington to attend the U. V. M. - New York State Teachers basketball game. The score was 47 to 28 in favor of U. V. M.

March 25. The basketball team gave a card party at the town hall to earn money to buy new baseball equipment. Refreshments of sugar on snow, pickles, and doughnuts were served. A large crowd attended and the team cleared about eleven dollars.

Spring is here, and with it baseball. The F. H. S. team has a hard schedule ahead. Besides the usual games with Enosburg, Bakersfield, Richford and Swanton, two new teams have been added - Highgate and St. Ann's. Last year the F. H. S. team made a good showing by winning five games and losing only two. Let's try to do as well this year.

May 2. With both teams playing rather loose ball, the Franklin baseball team lost its first game to St. Ann's in Swanton with a score of 5 to 14. Hull and Ashton were the batters for Franklin, and Litionmeau and Lashmay for St. Ann's.

	Runs	Hits	Errors	Walks	Strike Outs
Franklin	5	5	8	3	13
St. Ann's	14	7	4	2	9

May 7. The Franklin junior baseball team won a victory over the junior team of Sheldon with a score of 12 to 6. (On May 14 there is another junior game scheduled at Sheldon.)

May 5. Lack of batting power and loose playing cost F. H. S. another game. Highgate High, taking advantage of Franklin's errors, pushed eight runs across the plate, while F. H. S. tallied three. Olmstead, Franklin's pitcher, twirled a good game which should have been a victory for Franklin. Score -- Franklin - 4 ; Highgate - 8 .

	Runs	Hits	Errors	Walks	Strike Outs
Franklin	4	5	5	4	10
Highgate	8	7	3	1	9

May 10. F. H. S. lost to Enosburg with a score of 4 to 5. The slippery field made playing difficult on both sides.

OTHER NEWS

Oct. 1, 1937. The sophomores gave the freshmen a reception. The program, which took the form of a school conducted by the sophomores, was followed by dancing.

Oct. 29, 1937. The high school had a Halloween party at the town hall.

Dec. 29 - Jan. 1 The agriculture class, under the leadership of Mr. Sturtevant, enjoyed a trip to Boston, where they visited the milk marketing companies and Swift's meat packing plant.

Jan. 20 - 21, 1938 Mid-years came having a few distracted victors. Marjorie came out of the brain-busters with five A's on her report card.

Feb. 21. Mrs. Margaret Kelley, a state helping teacher interviewed the juniors and seniors on vocations. She was especially interested in the girls who are planning to become teachers.

Feb. 25. The music department of F. H. S. gave a concert under the leadership of the school music teacher, Mrs. Mae Gates. Mr. Tuscaney of Swanton was guest artist. There was a fairly large attendance.

April 29. Three delegates from F. H. S. - Geraldine Lothian, Roswell Ploof, and Winston Pierce - took part in the Music Festival at Burlington. Several other F. H. S. students attended the festival.

May 6. The senior class presented a heart throbbing mystery play, "Drums in My Heart". The play, due to the hard work of the members of the cast and of the director, Miss Lucile Gatea, was a huge success. The play netted the seniors' almost forty-five dollars.

All members of the senior class wish to thank Miss Gates and Winston Pierce for doing so much toward making "Drums in My Heart" such a success.

School days for the class of '38 are nearly over, as only one month remains before graduation. The scholastic standing of the class is as follows: 1st, Bernice Fields; 2nd, Robert Magnant; 3rd, Altha Towle.

Safety, a new course, is being taught to the sociology class. Each Friday is devoted to the study and discussion of safety. Let's hope that it will make us safer and more courteous drivers, when we take the wheel.

Each Wednesday, for variety, a short program is presented under the direction of one of the teachers. The programs have included - the reading of Kipling's ^{stories} and the discussion of vocations by Mr. Sturtevant; charades, skits, and a spelling bee by Miss Wilcox's classes; an amateur hour question box, a comb band, and a jazz program by Miss Gates's classes; speeches on world problems, and a short play by Miss Dewing's classes.

The civics class, under the direction of Miss Wilcox, has been earning money for a slate board in the home economics room.
