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## EDITORIALS

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## The Best Times Of Our Lives

Certainly, we can say that many of the best experiences of our lives come in high school days, when classmates, friends, and teachers are together for what seems such a short time.

No one ever realizes the grand times students have together in school and the wonderful opportunities they have of meeting all kinds of people, unless he has really been through school. In school we learn to develop personality, acquire tact and get along well with people, besides learning all the interesting subjects which are taught. Of course we do have to work once in a while, and not just play all the time. But what if we must work; all the enjoyment we get out of school by having different recreational activities, such as baseball, basket-ball, volley ball, and many other things, more than make up for the work we have to do. Then, too, there are plays and music training which are lots of fun - especially the training for the Music Festival, which everyone is proud to have the opportunity to attend. Besides these, there are many enjoyable parties and a picnic each year.

If young people would only stop to think what it means to receive a high school education, they would gladly go for what seems like four very short years. When we first start high school, it isn't so interesting as it is after we get more accustomed to the environment around us and the different situations which we have to face. However, after we have attended high school for a while and realize what it will mean to be able to figure accurately and use correct forms of English after we are out of school, then we will very gladly manage to stay throughout the entire course, regardless of the fact that sometimes we are greatly provoked and feel like quitting.

When work begins to pile up and it seems as if we never shall be able to accomplish or finish any of it, let us just make up our minds that we will get it done. Then is the time to start right in as if we really mean business, and I am sure we shall be greatly surprised at what one hour of real hard study can actually do. By real hard study I mean when our minds are free to think and are on what we are doing. If we merely sit down, take our books and read as rapidly as possible the assignments without thinking about what we have read, our time is entirely wasted.

Young students who have left school don't realize until it is too late what grand times they have missed and will miss because they have dropped out of school. They begin to feel really sorry that they have left school when graduation time rolls around and they see their fellow classmates going out into the world together, always to be of help to each other just as they were in the hundred and one good times which they had in their good old school days.

When our school days come to a close our greatest enjoyment has

gone unless we plan to do something just as much worth while and as interesting after we leave school. Too many young people have the idea that school is too hard work and takes too much time out of one's life. Even though it may mean work for a while, in the end it will pay. I am sure we will agree that our school days are some of the greatest and happiest days of our lives.

Some students have to work hard to get through school, while others who have the opportunity to go to school fail to take it. They don't stop to think until it is too late, and then they say they wished they had known before what it really meant to go to school and have a great deal of interest in the work while there.

I hope in the future years there will be more young students entering high school with determination to complete the course instead of dropping out before they give themselves a fair chance. The beginning is hard, but if we keep our courage and make up our minds to overcome the handicaps which face us at first, we will accomplish what we set out to do.

Ruth Harrison '39

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### Music

What is music to you? Is it just a group of notes and lines tossed onto a piece of paper, or is it a way of expressing your emotions? When you hear a good piece of classical music on the radio, do you turn the dial to some other station, or do you stop to get the beauty of it?

To enjoy music, you must live it, put yourself into it. To sing a gay song, you must be happy and gay; or vice versa, when you want to dance and laugh, you do not care to listen to a sad song, for then you do not get the meaning of it.

Music must do something to you. It must stir your emotions, carry you away with its story, and hold you spellbound with its melody. But have you considered the fact that you must do something to it? It is up to you to make it live or make it die. A lot of people can carry a simple tune, but can they really sing? Do they put you in the mood intended by the composer of the song? Do they put expression into the song, or is it just a lifeless tune?

Music, therefore, demands something of you if you would enjoy it to the fullest. For in music as well as in any other line of work or pleasure, the following quotation proves true:

"Give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you."

Marjorie Gates '40

## Chewing Gum

One of our biggest and worst habits is chewing gum. That is not saying that chewing gum is one of the worst habits as far as being harmful to the body is concerned, for it doesn't harm the body any, but it is one of the worst appearing habits a person can have.

Wherever you go, you see people chewing gum - in schools, theaters, and churches; at parties and social events of all kinds. Some of these people make me think of sheep chewing their cud, for they stop only once in a while to say a word or two and sometimes they don't even stop chewing to talk.

In public places, sometimes you see signs marked "No Smoking". There might also be signs marked "No Gum Chewing". Some people can chew gum, and chew it all right without being noticed, but two-thirds of the people that chew, can't.

Almon Richard '39

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## Shall I Follow the Crowd or Be a Nonconformist?

" Shall I follow the crowd or be a nonconformist?" That is the question asked by hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls of themselves today. To some, perhaps, it is a very difficult question to answer, and yet it is a very simple one.

Assume that a young girl goes out with a new boy friend, who takes her to a very nice up-to-date beer parlor. She is asked if she will drink with him. It is then that the question arises, "Should I?" Smart people know that the answer is "No", but does she? She hems and haws and finally says to herself, "Oh, I might as well. He will say that I think myself too good for him; and again, it is what every other person is doing nowadays. So why can't I?"

That very girl could have politely said, "No, thank you, I don't care for it", just as easily as she said, "Yes", thus eliminating many a headache and many a heartache. I, for one, think that "Should I" is one of the greatest questions in the youths' world of today.

Howard Olmstead '40

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## The Well Dressed High School Girl

The well dressed high school <sup>girl</sup> wears very simple tailored dresses, which are washable. One craze that high school girls have, is wearing skirts and sweaters or blouses. These sweaters and blouses add variety to a wardrobe. Another thing which adds variation is a colored bolero with a skirt and blouse. The high school girl may also wear costume jewelry which adds that certain touch to her appearance. A <sup>d</sup>iv<sup>i</sup>ght colored scarf adds that something to a dark green or a dark blue sweater. Or those gold colored necklaces sold for twenty-five cents at the dime stores, may do much toward brightening a dark dress or sweater.

The high school girl should wear low heeled shoes and stockings - lisle or service weight hose are splendid for long wear and appearance. But ankle socks are meant for sport wear and, with the exception of the smaller girls of the freshman and sophomore classes, should not be worn without stockings in the school room.

The high school girl may wear a coat of tweed or camel's hair, something not too dressy but more on the sporty side. For a hat she wears a felt, or a skull cap made of swede; and she carries a small bag in which to keep her compact, pen, and pencil.

Most high school girls can keep pretty close to these standards if they try.

Phyllis King '40

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### POET'S CORNER

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#### Poems

Some people write for praise or  
glory  
While others write to tell a  
story.  
Some folks cover the paper with  
lead  
To keep their fam'lies and earn  
their bread.

But I? Pray why do I write? For fun?  
Oh, no. Just to get my English done.  
Wayne Mullen '40

#### Spring

Spring is here and winter has passed,  
Now we are through with snow at last,  
Bringing forth its sun and showers,  
Thrilling hearts and opening flow'rs;  
Song birds fly back to build their nests  
Filling our hearts with happiness.  
Genevieve Messier '40

#### Mighty Batiste

Batiste, it is yer turn to bat.  
Now, stan up dare an sock it,  
You'se either going to get a homer  
Or else you'se going to walk it.

Da pitcher start a-winding up,  
By gosh, I tink it's coming;  
Da hol is in dat tarnal bat,  
'Cause she go by a-humming.

Dat take me down, now, jest one  
peg,

But sure, I get dat homer;  
When, whish, I miss de second strik  
By gosh, he pull a boner.

Dat take me down, I guess, six peg  
What am I spose to do?  
Da coach begin to make a yell,  
De udder side to boo.

Da las one come, I take my aim;  
Dis one, I'm going to clout.  
I swing wid all my might and main;  
Gee whiz, an I strike out.

Winston Pierce '39

## A County Fair

Surely, it was a county fair,  
With people darting here and there  
To get a glimpse of rubber men,  
Who get knocked down and rise again.

They saw with joy the riding girl  
Stand on her horse and whirl and whirl;  
Then, quickly jumping to the ground  
She left the horse still running round.

When, seeing nearly all the shows,  
Down to the race tracks they did go  
To watch the horses run the race,  
At a successful speedy pace.

Then noisily they left the stand  
With music of the rag-time band;  
And drifting slowly from the fun  
Went home again with setting sun.  
Ruth Harrison '39

## Alone

He roamed through the woods alone,  
With a sad and lonely heart,  
For soon he would be left alone -  
From his loved one he must part.

Not long had they played together,  
Having such heaps of fun,  
Never minding the rainy weather,  
And now, all this - undone.  
Wanda West '40

## A Modern Nursery Rhyme

Sing a song of sick sense,  
Body full of rye,  
Roaring down the highway;  
Then he wondered why -  
He had the car wide open,  
And couldn't see a thing.  
Isn't that a dainty dish  
That booze and gas can bring?  
Kathaleen Ploof '40

## Spring

The veil of winter lifts, and lo!  
Out from the folds, austere  
and white,  
There steps a creature of  
delight,  
With youth and radiant hope aglow.

She bears a promise in her hand;  
And life, the quickened blood  
of earth,  
Soon chants the miracle of birth,  
As spring breathes softly o'er the  
land.  
Donald Ashton '39

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## Over Night Cabins

When traveling, one of my first thoughts is, "Where shall I spend the night? In a hotel, tourist home, or an overnight cabin?" Usually I decide on the overnight cabin. And what are my reasons?

If I should go to the hotel, I would be followed all the time by bell boys, clerks, or maids trying to make me more comfortable, with, "Is there anything I can do for you?" and a look of "I wonder how large a tip I'll get for doing it for you." I dislike this intensely. But if you like to be waited on and are able to ignore the "how - much - will - you - pay - me" look for every little service, I'll grant you "full speed ahead" to the hotel.

Secondly, I mentioned tourist homes. Most tourist homes are run by one woman, or by an old couple who have too much room for themselves and might make a little money by taking in tourists. A tourist home, therefore, is a private home. I would be given a room which might properly be labeled "The Perfect Room for a Week-end Guest with Everything Necessary Furnished, although We'd Rather You Didn't Use Anything", after I had been given the "What-are-your-credentials" glance and been found up to par with their standards. But I would be expected to finish my preparations for bed and to turn out the light as quickly as possible; and would I please not drop my shoes on the floor, mar the furniture, or make any noise to disturb others in the house. Then I would awake in the morning to the rattle of dishes and the aroma of eggs and bacon, while there wasn't a restaurant within miles and my stomach was in agony for the lack of food. Not this for me! Oh, no. But if you are in supreme bliss in this "please-don't-disturb-us-but-we-may-disturb-you" atmosphere, just watch for the common lighted signs of "Ye Olde Touriste Inne".

But you may ask why I chose the cabins. It is true that the steam heat may not heat, that the hot showers take fifteen or twenty minutes to get hot, or the roof might even leak in a rain storm. As for lumpy mattresses or straw ticks (as I found in one cabin) you can discover these by looking at them first. Now I have given the faults of an overnight cabin. Here are the reasons why I choose one.

After paying my rent, a nominal fee which is usually less than at any other place, I am taken to my cabin and given extra bed clothing if I desire it, instructions about the lighting and heating system, and directions to the nearest or best restaurant. After this, I am left entirely alone unless I desire some other service which I can secure by ringing a bell for them. If I wish I can read in bed all night, bang my shoes on the floor, or even tap dance, as I would be alone and disturbing no one but myself. I can go and come as I please or even keep house and get meals, as I am allowed the freedom of home. And that is why I call overnight cabins "My Traveling Homes", for every one of them is a home for a night.

Marjorie Gates '40

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### Poison in Grasses

Today, agriculture owes much to science with some of its ridiculous theories. Now, don't get me wrong. A theory is a pretty useful thing, and if it weren't for theories science would be a long way back on its present road. But also, let me say that today in the realm of agriculture, we find theories that have been blasted for years.

One of the farmers' endeavors is to get a clover or other pasture plant that is a perennial - that is, lives year after year - and is a hardy plant. Most clovers live for two years but one type is being developed now that really is a perennial. The way science tested the plants to see how long they were to live was to test them for HCN or for the prussic acid content. Now, we know that prussic acid is a deadly poison that is

found in corn and sorghums. When it is found in the ratio of five parts per million it is considered dangerous. Well, in a recent test of clover, scientists were astonished to find in one plant, HCN in the ratio of five hundred parts per million. To prove their point scientists secured an old sheep for experimentation. Newspaper reporters were invited to attend the fatal feast for the sheep. So the old sheep was led forth to the clump of clover while reporters brought picnic lunches that they might miss no part of the experiment. It was supposed to take thirty minutes for the fatal acid to do its work, thus proving the fact that prussic acid is found in some plants in fatal quantities. When after three hours the old sheep was as much alive as ever, the baffled scientists returned to their laboratories, ridiculed but convinced that there was a lot about forage poisoning that they did not know. Therefore, it is not advisable for farmers to take too much stock in far flung theories.

Winston Pierce '39

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### My First Experience at a Music Festival

A year ago last fall, our music teacher, Mrs B.D. Gates, chose three pupils from the high school singing class to represent Franklin in the Music Festival at Burlington, on May 20, 1938. The three chosen were Geraldine Lothan, Winston Pierce, and myself. We were all very glad to have an opportunity to go to the Music Festival, and we thought it was going to be all fun practicing the music. There was a great deal of fun but we also spent many hours of hard practicing. There were three selections for the mixed chorus and three selections each for the boys' and the girls' choruses. We usually practiced at night and sometimes on Sunday afternoon. There were times when it was difficult for us to get together on account of snow during the winter and mud in the spring, but it was well worth the work.

In spite of the rain, we left for Burlington about six o'clock on Friday morning, reaching our destination about seven fifteen in plenty of time for our first rehearsal at eight in the morning. As soon as we arrived we had to report at the auditorium to find out where we were to spend that night. We were very fortunate to get rooms at hotels - Geraldine at the Sherwood, and Pierce and I at the Van Ness. Then too, we were told our numbers which we had to give whenever we went to a rehearsal. That day we had two rehearsals - one at eight A. M., as I have already mentioned, and the other at two P.M. At the close of the afternoon, cars were provided to take us to our hotels. We went up to our rooms and lay down to rest until six o'clock when we went to get Geraldine for supper. After supper we went to a movie, "Go Chase Yourself", starring Joe Penner. As you have probably guessed, it was very funny. On returning to the hotel we found people dancing on the roof garden and wanted to watch them, but we finally decided that rest was more essential as our singing came the next night. After we had been in bed a short time we were awakened by burglar alarm, for a thief had broken into one of the rooms and stolen some clothes. But being so tired, we just rolled over and went back to sleep again. A little later we were again awakened and told that the burglar was caught trying to sneak down the fire escape.

The next morning there was to be a parade but that was canceled because of the weather. That day we had two more rehearsals, and the singing started that night at eight o'clock. As there were about seven hundred fifty boys and girls in the mixed chorus besides all those in the different orchestras, you can imagine the time we had getting into the auditorium. We had to go in one at a time to get our numbers checked as we passed. When we did get into our seats in the auditorium it was really frightening to look at the large audience. The singing went very well, and after it was over, we had a very hard time finding one another and our people who had come to take us home. After we finally got together, we went to the hotels for our baggage and started for home, arriving there about three o'clock, very tired and sleepy but very happy.

Pierce and I were fortunate enough to be selected to go to the Music Festival again this year along with three girls - Marguerite Benjamin, Marjorie Gates, and Phyllis King.

Roswell Ploof '41

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### The Rich Boys

#### Cast of Characters

Richard Maynard \* A rich boy who appears to be poor.  
 Ronald Dayton - A rich boy who is very conscious of his wealth.  
 Mrs. Maynard - Richard's mother.  
 Sue Martin - A teacher who is a friend to both Richard and Ronald.

#### Setting

Scene One - A rather small but well arranged school room on a summer afternoon.  
 Scene Two - The Maynard home on the evening of the same day.  
 Scene Three - The school room of Scene One on the following morning.

#### Scene One

( As the curtain rises Miss Martin and Ronald are seen talking.  
 Ronald gives one the impression that he overestimates his own importance.)

Miss Martin: Ronald, you were very rude to Richard today.

Ronald: (In a surly manner) I don't see that I was ! He's always hanging around where he isn't supposed to be.

Miss Martin: Why, how can you say that? You insulted the poor boy. It isn't his fault he doesn't have everything that you have. Just remember that everone can't be rich.

Ronald: Well maybe they can't, but he can at least quit hanging around. I can't help poking fun at the old fashion pants he wears. And those queer looking shoes his father must have worn when he was a boy. (He laughs)

Miss Martin: All right. Maybe he doesn't have all the stylish things you do, but I'm telling you right now, Mr. Dayton, that it isn't the money in life that counts but the person himself. If you want to be happy the rest of your life, take my advice and forget that you are rich for the next two weeks while you are here. Come down to earth instead of acting so much above the rest of us.

Ronald: You know, Miss Martin, you are quite a nice teacher, and I really believe that perhaps your talk has done me some good. (Ronald says this, knowing in his heart that she is right but trying hard not to believe it.)

Miss Martin: Oh, I do hope so. I know you can really be nice if you will only let yourself. Now, Ronald, why don't you go and apologize to Richard? Why don't you try to make friends with Richard and with the other boys at school? Throw away that sneering look, which always reminds us that we are merely common laborers and not to be considered in your class.

Ronald: Thank you for talking with me. I am beginning to realize what a selfish, unkind person I have been. I will try to see Richard. (Both leave looking rather thoughtful.)

### Scene Two

(As the curtain rises, Mrs. Maynard and Richard are seen in the living room of the Maynard home. It is a small but homelike room with a small radio, a studio couch, and comfortable but inexpensive chairs. Mrs. Maynard is reading, and Richard is pretending to read although he is really much upset.)

Richard: (With a start.) Mother, I can't go to school any more. I'm through! Do you hear?

Mrs. Maynard: (With an upset look on her face.) But, I don't understand. What are you talking about?

Richard: I know, Mother, you don't understand. No one can. It's like this. We have a very rich boy in school who pokes fun at me all the time. I've tried to be nice to him but he only sneers back and sarcastically says, "Do you know who I am?"

Mrs. Maynard: Why haven't you mentioned this before, Dick?

Richard: Oh, I have wanted to tell you since the day I met him, but I didn't want to hurt you by telling you that my clothes weren't as good as those the other boys have.

Mrs. Maynard: Now, Son, this is where you get a good sound lecture. Do you know that at this moment you are as rich as Ronald Dayton?

Richard: (Excitedly interrupting.) Mother, really?

Mrs. Maynard: Yes, Son, we are. I didn't tell you before because I didn't want to send you to a rich boys' school. I wanted you to go to a common school and associate with ordinary people. I wanted you to see what money can do to a person.

Richard: But, Mother, why?

Mrs. Maynard: Please! Will you wait until I finish what I have to say?

Now, Son, what do you want? Do you want to have all the money Ronald has and act like him? Or do you want a moderate amount as the other boys have, and be liked for what you are? Do you want to be like Ronald living above everyone else and having very few friends?

Richard: Oh, Mother! I'm so glad I could hug you. (He does so.) I am going to accept the way I know you would want me to. I am going to live as the average boy does, even though it may be hard with Ronald around.

### Scene Three

( As the curtain rises Ronald and Richard are seen talking in the school room.)

Ronald: Where in the world have you been? I've been looking all over for you.

Richard: For me? (He looks very much surprised.)

Ronald: Yes, for you. Oh, come, don't be quite so surprised. I know it does sound funny after the way I have been acting.

Richard: But, Ronald, You didn't --

Ronald: No, I didn't want to associate with you, but thanks to Miss Martin I really see you for what you are. I have feelings too, even though I have acted as though nothing you boys said amounted to much.

Richard: But - Oh, but, Ronald, you don't mean you --

Ronald: Will you wait a minute so I can finish?

Richard: Yes, I guess so.

Ronald: Will you only give me a fair trial? I want to act differently. I want to be friendly with you. Will you let me? I am very sorry for what I said yesterday. Can you forgive me? ( He offers his hand and Richard accepts it.)

Loyd Cox '39

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### Happiness Can't Last Forever

Richard Greene, who had entered Amherst College that year as a freshman, was very much confused when his wealthy Aunt Dinah invited him to spend the week-end with her in Baltimore. It happened on the week-end of the Freshman Reception at college, and every minute was planned for a jolly time there. Richard did not wish to go away and leave the girl friend that he had invited especially for the occasion. He, therefore, pleaded with his roommate, John Smith, to go in his stead, for since his aunt had never seen him Richard thought she would be none the wiser. Finally, with difficulty, he persuaded his friend to go.

Richard was certainly glad that his friend had gone and he could enjoy himself at college. He didn't dare to refuse his aunt's invitation for fear she would leave her money to some old maids' institution. Aunt Dinah was like that. He understood that her mansion was beautiful, and he sometimes dreamed of the time when he would inherit her wealth. He and his fiancée, Betty White, would perhaps reside there after they were married.

John, who was rather shy and bashful, was wondering what to do when he reached Baltimore. As soon as he arrived he hired a taxi to take him to the home of Richard's Aunt Dinah. While he rang the door bell and was waiting to be admitted, he thought he simply couldn't go through with it. As he was on the verge of turning away, a tall, smiling butler opened the door. The butler, who had been instructed by Mrs. French, ushered him into her private sitting room. John, with some hesitation, made known that he was "her nephew". She was very pleased to see him and surprised him with a light kiss on the cheek. John then decided that perhaps he had better kiss her too. This pleased her so much that she began thinking what a nice nephew she had, and told him so. She also told him that she had never pictured him as very tall and light. He replied that he had not thought of her as she really was, but that he was not at all disappointed.

As the wealthy aunt was anxious to show off her precious nephew, she had a party for him on the very night of his arrival. Everyone was only too glad to come and meet the much talked about Richard Greene from Massachusetts. When the time for the party drew near, John decided that he was really glad he had come. It was a great treat to be pampered. The huge drawing room was opened for the occasion, and Aunt Dinah had hired the "Hal Mallet" orchestra, the best in the country, to furnish the music. The dining room table was set with the most beautiful crystal dishes and sterling silver. The rooms were attractively decorated with hot house flowers and ferns. The flowers alone cost one hundred dollars. What an enormous amount for flowers! And for only one occasion! All the floors in the house were polished until they shone like mirrors. Everything in the house radiated grandeur.

The people at the party were evidently used to wealth, for they seemed perfectly at ease, and were attired in expensive clothes. As the party was drawing to a close, a girl by the name of Irene Foster entered. She was very much surprised to see John Smith at the home of Mrs. French as she didn't suppose they were acquainted. She began asking John how he happened to be there. Mrs. French, entering the room at that moment, overheard part of the conversation and became suspicious.

In the meanwhile, the boys back at college thought it would be great fun to have Richard show up in Baltimore about the time that John was impersonating him; so one of the boys had a fake telegram sent, stating that his aunt was very sick and ending with -"Please come at once." Richard, very much disturbed, started for Baltimore immediately without once thinking about John's taking his place there. He rushed into the house asking for his aunt. When Aunt Dinah saw a different person calling her aunt, she peevishly demanded, "Who are you? How dare you call me, Aunt Dinah?"

By this time Richard hadn't the faintest notion what the whole thing was about. He blurted out that he was Richard Greene, her nephew. Aunt Dinah was furious to find that her only nephew had tried to win her favor by letting someone else take his place, for she thought he should have considered it an honor to spend a week-end with her. Somehow the news got around about the "other engagement". The aunt said she was glad she had discovered what Richard was like before she made her will, for the principal reason why she had invited him was to see whether or not she might consider him capable of taking care of her wealth properly, after she had finished with it.

A few years later when John married Irene Foster, Mrs. French gave them her beautiful mansion as a wedding present. It was also rumored that most of her money and property was willed to Mr. and Mrs. John Smith.

Wanda West 140

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### The Irony of Fate

Chet Foster leaned out and reached for the telephone. "Hello", he said. "What! Trouble over at the chicken house? I'll be right over". It was a very depressed Chet that drew on his clothes. He had worked hard all day trying to keep the rising flood waters from carrying away the chicken houses, and now at eleven, in a high wind, he was called to duty again. "Well, anyway", thought Chet, "what chance has a fellow on a chicken farm?" For two years he had worked, for none too high wages, without a sign of promotion, and now his four year old son was sick with pneumonia and his devoted wife nearly exhausted from work and worry. The doctor had said that Sonny Boy's chances were one in a thousand. Chet kissed his wife and took one look- perhaps his last in this world - at his son, and slipped out the door.

When he reached the chicken house in a boat, he found about half the chickens dead and the water rising steadily. One wall was buckled and the other badly washed. The only possible chance of saving the chickens was to put them in bags and carry them to higher ground. The electric lights had long since been out, the wires broken by the weight of fallen trees. The only light Chet had was a five cell flashlight.

The climax of Sonny Boy's sickness was drawing near. His wife was carefully following the doctor's orders, but little did it matter, for only Providence could save the life of Chet's little boy.

Meanwhile, Chet struggled to save the chickens. The hurricane had abated somewhat, and he was en route to the building on higher land with his last load of feathered freight; then he would go back to his home, his wife, and his sick son. After safely depositing his chickens on high land, Chet started home. He had reached the road in front of his home, content with the thought of having saved as many chickens as possible, when his foot caught on something. He took one step. There was a blinding flash of blue, and Chet dropped in his tracks, his foot intertwined in a high voltage wire.

Sonny Boy got well, but Chet was found the next morning by his wife. This was only one of many deaths caused by a hurricane which swept New England in September, 1938.

Winston Pierce '39

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### Sold - In Cottonwood Valley

It was a nice warm May day with just enough breeze to make it comfortable. Two of the oldest prospectors in the section were making their way down a beautiful little valley.

"Look, Hank", said Lem Jones. "Thar she lays, and just look at that durn brook. If it don 't give us all the gold we want, I'll miss my guess." As the two grizzled old men made their way down into the valley, Lem growled again in his gruff voice, "Tarnation, Hank, I'm getting hungry, ain't you?"

"Uh-huh", grunted Hank. "Shet your durn trap, and take the packs off them mules, while I go and see if thars any gold in that thar brook."

Lem obediently began to take the packs from the mules and was laying them on the ground when Hank ~~se~~reeched, "Lem, it's here; it's here!" And he began furiously to pan the gravel in the bottom of the brook.

Lem promptly forgetting what he was doing, galloped over to the brook where Hank was fairly making the water and gravel fly. "Gosh", said Hank, "this is even better than the "Silver Knife" strike, back in '69.

"Hank, if you wouldn't talk so much, we could and would prove if there's as much gold in here as it shows", said Lem disgustedly.

It was crawling along toward dark, the food supplies were low, and they were very hungry. Hank, after it was so dark they could no longer see, straightened his aching back and said to the other, "Lem, you light out for town now for some more grub, while I stay here and guard this place. You had also better take keer that you don't get drunk, and spill all this about our luck.

So early the next morning, Lem started for the nearest town, which was about twenty-five miles away. While he was loafing along he tried to think of an alibi for coming to town instead of coming for food. "I'll tell 'em", he said to himself, "in case they get curious, that my pard, Hank, is dead, and I'm going on to Nevady without him. That ought to satisfy 'em." There was just one thing still troubling Lem as he drove into town - the fact that he could have no liquor.

The first person he met was the stage coach driver, who eyed him suspiciously. "Why, Lem," he said. "Why, in heck, be you in town, all alone?" Lem then began to tell the story he had invented about his partner being dead. He told this with a few racking sobs to make it more convincing. Then bidding the driver a sobbing good-bye, he walked slowly past the saloon to the general store owned by John Whitly. And his thoughts were far from being on his "dead partner".

As he trudged along to the grocery store, Lem sighed to himself, "Oh, dear; if I could only have a couple of swigs. Ding bust it; Hank won't say anything so long as I don't get drunk and tell about that strike. I know what I'll do. I'll get me a couple of bottles and give one to Hank back at camp. Then he won't feel so bad." Then into the store he went to purchase his goods under the suspicious eyes of the storekeeper.

When he was ready to pay for the goods he had bought, the only money he had was a little poke of the new gold dust they had panned the evening before. That was the very thing that proved the storekeeper's suspicions, but he said only this: "Mighty fine dust you got there, Lem. Looks as if it had just come out."

"No", hastily replied Lem. "Keeping it in that thar poke makes it stay nice and shiny."

"I suppose so", said the merchant, with a meaning look at the group about them. "Well, Lem", he said, "that will be exactly thirty-five dollars."

Lem handed over the dust and turned around to talk to a friend. In doing so, he did not notice the storekeeper slyly stick his hand under the counter and then bring it out again with faint traces of water on it. Nor did he see him put one finger into the little leather sack and bring it out again fairly shining with gold dust. After doing this he carefully wiped it off on a towel under the counter. As soon as Lem had gone, the storekeeper called to him a sneaky eyed man and whispered, casually but importantly, in his ear. Then with a knowing grin and nod, the man turned and followed leisurely after Lem.

Next, we might have discovered Lem coming out of the saloon with a big box under his arm and feeling, silently of course, very important. He then went to his mules, tied on the goods, and started toward the valley, humming a little tune under his breath. Unthinkingly, he went straight to the valley without once looking behind. If he had looked behind he would have <sup>seen</sup> the same sneaky eyed person he had met in the store, carefully following him.

As he arrived in camp, he spied Hank vigorously panning the bottom of the brook, and shouted, "How much have you made while I've been gone?"

"Oh", answered Hank carelessly, "about eight hundred."

"Not bad; not bad", said Lem. "Are you satisfied now that this is the mother source of the Silver Knife?"

"Shet your durn trap and unpack them things. I'm plumb out of chewing terbaccer", growled Hank.

As they went about unpacking the purchases, the man who had followed Lem so closely gasped when he saw the pile of dust. Then arising hurriedly but silently, he started back to town, thinking to himself, "Gee, wait 'till the boss hears about this."

The next morning when Hank and Lem arose, they looked toward the horizon and beheld a strange sight. At first they thought it was just another dust storm, but soon they were able to make out the figures of heavily loaded wagons and many, many horsemen, coming rapidly toward them. Hank, as soon as his brain had begun to function, gave Lem a queer look, screeching, "Now, you have done it. It's a strike, and if we don't clear out we'll be killed!"

They very, very hurriedly put their few belongings together and, taking one last look at the rich brook, started sorrowfully away. Lem, who had been about ready to cry, finally yelped, "Cheer' up, Hank. It's better than being murdered! And besides, now we can go to Ne\*vady."

Howard Olmstead '40

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\*\*\* News Flashes \*\*\*

This is radio station F. J. C. in Franklin, Vermont, bringing you the latest news of 1959. A reunion of the class of 1939 is being staged here today. In honor of that class we will give a brief review of the life of each member.

Donald Ashton is now the captain of the U. S.S. Mauratania. He has worked his way up from the bottom through a series of promotions, and hopes for another promotion soon. We can still remember the time when he told the sailors that girls only brought trouble, and within ten minutes he himself was trying to date a pretty blond.

Loyd Cyr, our farmer, is also here today with his little family of seven. After graduating from high school, he went to work on the farm and was soon married. You have all heard of the famous maple sugar he makes. And oh, yes, we ought to ask him about that huge pumpkin he is growing for a world wide exhibit. We hope for his sake that it will prove even larger than his expectations.

Here comes the rose among thorns, Ruth Harrison, now a "Mrs." to you. She graduated from high school with second honors, took up nurses training, graduated as a registered nurse, and was soon the head nurse in the hospital. But after that it wasn't long before we heard wedding bells. In the last ten years she has been very busy taking care of her three children; so that little yellow house on the hill is really a home now.

Next - Robert Irish! Who has forgotten the times his face has come to us on the screen? It was an eventful day for him when he was discovered as the "screen hit of 1947". But, although he was a successful actor, he soon tired of his work and retired to his estate at Brown's Corner. Even if he is now a gentleman farmer, how many of us will ever forget his most popular hit, "Man of the Ozarks"?

You all know the voice of our next member, Winston Pierce. He started out as a crooner over W.Q.D.M., radio station at St. Albans, Vermont, but something happened. Imagine his surprise (and ours) when he was asked to sing over Bing Crosby's program! After that his success was made. Now he has his own programs over three of the leading networks. He also conducts a small band as a side line. But don't be surprised if tonight you find him conducting a chorus of alley cats to the tune of "Sweet Adaline".

Last but not least comes Almon Richard. For a while we thought we would have two sailors but an accident changed all that. The ship which he was on exploded off the coast of an island. He was rescued by the natives, but left blinded by the explosion. He became so interested in the natives while he was there that he decided to stay as a missionary. It was only three years ago that he made his important discovery that the juice of two leaves crossed with a certain herb, would cure blindness. Today, with his eyesight restored, he plans to give the money which he made from his cure, to the government for building better ships. Next week he again sails for "his island" as he calls it - to stay. He is taking his new wife with him, and who knows but what he may make another discovery.

But now, as our time is up, and we have completed our reviews, all we can say is, we hope you old timers get to see them all today, and we hope we shall be hearing more about them twenty more years from now. So long, Class of 1939, and best of luck!

Marjorie Gates '40 assisted by a few other members  
of F. J. C.

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#### Alumni News

##### Graduated of '38

Robert Magnant, now a freshman at the University of Vermont, was placed on the Dean's List for last semester. Magnant is enrolled in the College of Engineering, and received a B average.

Altha Towle is attending Johnson Normal School this year.

Carrol Hull, Bernice Fields, Stanley Greene, and Geraldine Lothian have employment in their respective homes.

Winslow Towle Jr. is now employed on his uncle's farm in Fairfield, Vermont.

Eldon Laplant is building a shop for himself and working on Calvin Hammond's farm.

Elizabeth Horskin is spending the year at her home.

Merriman Hull '36 went on the southern trip with the U.V.M. baseball team.

Arnold Whitney '35, who is with the U. S. Navy at San Francisco, has recently been East on a short vacation.

\*\*\*\* HUMOR \*\*\*\*\*

Miss Gates had written 97.345 on the blackboard. To show the result of multiplying by 10, she rubbed out the decimal point. Then turning to the class she said, "Now, Lyle, where is the decimal point?"  
Lyle, without hesitation replied, "On the eraser."

Marguerite: I hear you're singing in the choir now.  
Winston: Yes, and if I do say so, I think I pretty good. Last week I sang a solo.  
Marguerite: Yes, I heard you sang, "I May Not Pass This Way Again", to the satisfaction of the audience.

Miss Wilcox: Kathaleen, what is the proper length for a girl's skirt?  
Kathaleen: A little above two feet.

Miss Dewing: Cyr, what time do you think algebra class begins?  
Cyr: I don't know. You're always at it when I get there.

One of the star reporters would like to ask Wayne Mullen if he shouldn't listen more carefully to his telephone calls. It might save some embarrassment.

Phyllis: Oh, girls! Have you heard the latest news?  
Marjorie: No. Do tell me.  
Phyllis: Did you know that Almon Richard and Howard Olmstead got permanent waves last Friday?  
Ruth: Permanents? I can't imagine their wanting permanents.  
Phyllis: Well, you see, it's this way; they're thinking of opening a beauty parlor right here in town, specializing in permanent waves on Friday afternoons. They had their own hair done first as an advertisement, you know.  
Marjorie and Ruth: Well!..well'well!..

Miss Wilcox: David, what part of speech is the word, egg?  
David: A noun, ma'am.  
Miss Wilcox: What is its gender?  
Daivid: You can't tell until it's hatched.

It is reported that Ruth Harrison keeps Arden Cyr's supply of quarters at low ebb, by having him take her to the movies at regular intervals.

Well informed sources say that Loyd Cyr is taking a strenuous course in the operation of telephone switch boards. When he completes his course, he will be able to operate any switch board in the state.

Phyllis King, much pleased with her success at pie making in home economics class, presented Winston Pierce with a piece of apple pie, saying, "It is a little bit sour but you won't mind that."

Mr. Sturtevant: Do the farmers around here broadcast their fertilizer when they put it on?  
Lothian: No, they don't.  
Mr. Sturtevant: Why not?  
Lothian: Because they haven't any broadcasting stations on the farms.

## Topsy-Turvy Land

What would you think, if on arriving at school some morning, you found:

Donald Ashton hopping and skipping up and down the aisles, singing and clapping his hands?

Robert Irish studying his head off?

Howard Olmstead passing in his book report a whole month ahead of time?

Almon Richard flirting with all the girls?

Ruth Harrison and Genevieve Messier going to classes unprepared?

Helen Towle with perfectly straight hair?

Guy and Lyle Lothian receiving a certificate for perfect attendance?

The senior class winning a medal for lack of tardiness?

Miss Gates wearing a bright red dress?

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## Literature Quiz

The answers will be found on the last page of "The Molecule".

1. What boy made the task of whitewashing a fence so attractive that his friends paid for chances to help him?
2. Who sold her beautiful hair to buy a Christmas present for her husband?
3. What hermit weaver had his supply of gold stolen and its place taken by a golden headed child?
4. Who wrote "Trees"?
5. What French Creole school teacher was very kind to his pupils and taught them many things not found in books?
6. What American poet and essayist always read with a smile of pleasure instead of a frown of puzzlement?
7. Who said, "Where Liberty is not, there is my country?"
8. What famous English writer ate food like a cormorant, washing it down with oceans of tea?

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## SPORTS

Sports, for the year beginning in September, 1938, started with the second successive year of soccer for Franklin High School. Although the boys were successful in winning only one of the several games played, yet the fairly rough game of soccer had a surprising appeal for both players and spectators.

Basket ball fell into swing in the later part of November, shortly after soccer stopped. Although most of the players were regulars last year, the team did not quite come up to expectations, winning only three of the ten games played. The games were as follows:

		F.H.S.	Opp.
Brigham	(H)	32	33
Swanton	(T)	13	22
E.F.H.S.	(T)	14	32
St. Ann's	(H)	17	32

B		F.H.S.	Opp.
Brigham	(T)	21	30
Swanton	(H)	20	12
Highgate	(T)	44	20
Swanton	(T)	21	26
E.F.H.S.	(H)	8	19
Highgate	(H)	20	19

The girls of F.H.S. formed a basket ball team, for the first time since the fall of '35. They played two games with Sheldon, and won both games. A junior basket ball team was also formed to meet the Sheldon boys in two games. The junior boys won one game and lost the other.

Baseball practice, a little belated by the backward spring, started during the last of April. Four of the six scheduled games have been played as follows, with Olmstead as pitcher.

		F.H.S.	Opp.
Highgate	(H)	1	6
Brigham	(H)	5	4
E.F.H.S.	(T)	3	4
Highgate	(T)	3	9

The F. H. S. boys will play a game of soft ball with the Franklin men, on Memorial Day.

Donald Ashton '39

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### News of the Year

- September 6, 1938. School opened, but due to lack of work and interest, we were turned off early the first day.
- October 6. The Freshman Reception turned out to be a great success with a profit of four dollars for the sophomores. As a form of initiation, the sophomores used a pageant with a king upon his throne. The king called upon each freshman to amuse him in some way, and the thing which brought the program to a happy close was the good sportsmanship of the freshmen.
- November 30. The Senior Class had a card party at Cyr's, and although the attendance was smaller than expected, we all had a good time.
- December 8. Mr. Noble, the state supervisor of secondary schools visited some of our classes.
- December 16 - January 2. School was closed for Christmas vacation.
- January 18, 19, and 20. We had mid-year examinations. Since then, many of us have decided that we would have received better marks if the teachers' hearts had been in the right place.
- February 22. Two car loads of F.H.S. students and teachers visited the Vermont Legislature in Montpelier, where all were royally entertained by Representative Paul H. Gates.
- March 7. F.H.S. students were allowed to attend Town Meeting while not having classes. A few zeros were handed out for skipping classes.

March 20. A one act play, entitled "Which is the Way to Boston?" was presented in Franklin, under the direction of Miss Gates. The members of the cast - M. Benjamin, M. Gates, W. Pierce, and A. Richard - proved their acting ability by leaving scarcely a dry eye in the audience at the end of the tragedy.

March 23. "Which is the Way to Boston?" was given in Waterbury at the One Act Play Contest. In spite of the fact that our play won third place, we feel sure that the members of the cast did their parts well, and are proud to have been represented in the contest.

March 31. The high school home economics class served a delicious supper to Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant, Dr. and Mrs. Samson, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Titemore, and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dewing.

March 31 - April 17. School was closed for spring vacation.

Soon after spring vacation the scholastic standing of the Senior Class was announced, as follows: 1st honors, Winston Pierce; 2nd, Ruth Harrison; 3rd, Robert Irish.

April 28. Miss Wilcox took her entire home economics class (9 and 10) to a conference, in St. Albans, entitled, "The Family Spruces Up".

May 6. Our school was represented at the State Musical Festival in Burlington, by M. Gates, M. Benjamin, R. Ploof, and Winston Pierce. P. King, another representative, was forced to stay at home with the measles. Due to the hard work of the boys and girls under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Gates, we feel that we helped to make the Musical Festival a success.

May 19. Mr. Sturtevant, with four boys from his agriculture class, attended an agricultural judging contest, in Burlington.

May 30. The Memorial Day address was delivered by Rev. M. E. Corbett, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Enosburg Falls. The children of the primary room entertained us with a rhythmic band.

The senior play, "The Flatterer", will be presented next Friday evening, June 2, at 8:15 P.M. We expect it to be the "big hit" of the year, and hope for a crowded auditorium. Come one; come all. See what we have to offer.

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#### Quiz Answers.

1. Tom Sawyer, a character created by Mark Twain.
2. Della, in O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi".
3. Silas Marner, in George Eliot's "Silas Marner".
4. Joyce Kilmer.
5. Bonaventure, a character created by George Washington Cable.
6. James Russell Lowell.
7. Thomas Paine.
8. Samuel Johnson.