

FOURTH ISSUE  
OF THE  
FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL MOLECULE  
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PUBLISHED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR AND SENIOR ENGLISH CLASS

MOLECULE STAFF

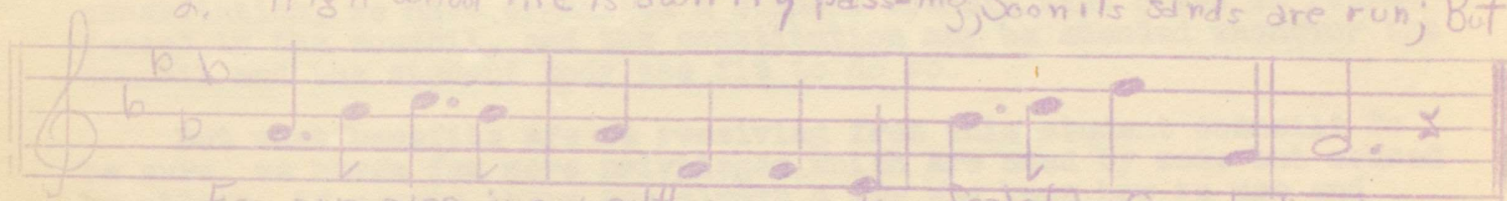
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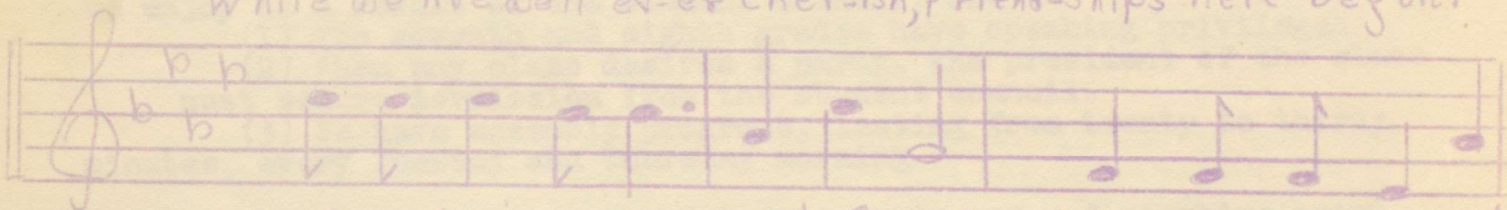
1. Our strong band can never be broken, Formed in Franklin High;

2. High school life is swiftly passing, Soon its sands are run; But

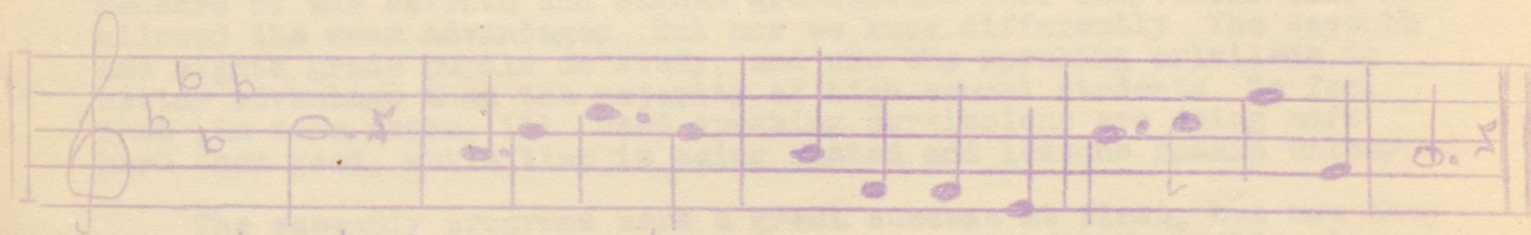


Far sur-pass-ing wealth un-spo-ken, Sealed by friend-ship's tie.

While we live well ev-er cher-ish, Friend-ships here begun.



A-mi-ci us-que, ad-a-ras, Deep gra-ven on each



heart, Shall be found un-wav-er-ing true, When we from life shall part.

SCHOOL SONG  
FRANKLIN

## EDITORIALS

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## Student Council

Before mid-years, the juniors and seniors took part in a debate on student council. The affirmative side won the debate, and the students voted that our school should have a student council. Now, by voting for this plan of student government, the students pledged their loyalty and responsibility to make it a great success in our school.

Previous to the days of student council the faculty made the rules and regulations concerning our conduct. These rules were made for our own benefit, but as some of us could not see things this way, we spoke to our principal about having a student council, and he agreed that it would be a splendid idea. Now, having drawn up our own by-laws and constitution, we have organized a student council. Each class is represented in the council, and the constitution may be amended whenever the council and the student body see fit to do so.

But what benefits are we receiving from this student council? To be sure, we have a few more privileges, which are used by some but abused by others. Of course, there are always a few who know how to use and appreciate privileges. These are the few who come to high school to study and to accomplish their goals in life. The special privileges which we enjoy as a result of the student council, are -

- (1) The seventh and eighth grades have speaking privileges.
- (2) When any class desires a party, the president of the class must secure permission from the student council.
- (3) We have assembly programs, lasting from twenty to thirty minutes, every Tuesday and Thursday morning.

Of course, the high school students have enjoyed speaking privileges for several years, but we have always been afraid that the members of the seventh and eighth grades would fool away their time if allowed the same advantages. But now we know differently. The seventh and eighth grade pupils do study, and use the speaking privilege to better advantage than the majority of high school students. We feel that, in some cases, ill used speaking permissions are doing more harm than good, while time is being wasted and lessons remain unlearned.

The assembly programs were a great success at first, but now they seem to be an old story. Some students when called upon, will not even participate in them.

What are we going to do? Shouldn't we all be good sports and take our share of responsibility in school activities? We, as students, pledged our loyalty and responsibility. Now, are we going to live up to our pledges? We cannot have a successful student council until we, the students, are willing to cooperate and show our interest in this school.

Phyllis King '40  
Genevieve Messier '40

## Assembly Programs

Starting with the second semester, the four high school teachers took turns presenting assembly programs, which were given on Tuesday and Thursday mornings. Among the various features of interest presented, with the cooperation of the students, were: songs, readings, humorous sketches, skits, demonstrations on first aid, and characterizations.

When the Student Council became effective, the management of these programs was left to a committee chosen by the vice president of the council. This committee, called the "Zig, Zag, Zippers" is composed of Phyllis King, Roswell Ploog, and Marjorie Gates, respectively. The following are a few of their presentations: a question bee, a spelling contest, singing, scientific experimentations, a quiz hour, a presentation of Four H Club work, the singing of festival songs by the grade pupils, and the reading of humorous sketches and poems by Mr. Sturtevant.

To summarize the results of the assembly programs, I might say that they are interesting, instructive, and beneficial to all. Certainly, all the students look forward to assembly mornings.

Wanda West '40

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## Reading

Many people have too much leisure time; at least, they think so. But a lot of leisure time could be used to good advantage, if people would put their brains to work as well as their hands.

Reading can give people great ideas; at least, it has in the past. Did not many of our great poets and writers get the inspiration for writing, from their reading? Of course, we can't all be poets and writers, but we can get thoughts that may develop and provide work for both hands and brain.

Pope said, "A little learning is a dangerous thing", and some of us learn just enough in school to be almost dangerous to us. If we read more widely, we would increase our knowledge on various subjects. Then we would be able to go ahead and do more things. So, even though we are graduating this year, we haven't learned all there is to know. Let us, therefore, not forget to read.

John Whiting '40

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## Unspoiled Vermont

Many Vermonters like to use the words "unspoiled Vermont", when boasting of their native home. But why is it that the word "unspoiled" is so often associated with Vermont? The reason is, as you all know, Vermont is still "just Vermont".

Vermont is noted for its mountains and scenery. It has many natural resources, and an abundance of water power. Its highways traverse the entire state, and it has access to Montreal and Albany by means of water.



## School

My subjects all seem hard for me;  
I am as dumb as dumb can be.  
I study and study the whole day through;  
I know my time's wasted, but what can I do?

English seems especially hard;  
I'll never be a poet or bard.  
From early morn till late at night,  
I work but can't get grammar right.

Geometry comes next in line,  
Areas and perimeters all combined -  
a x b x c x d just equals  
A dizzy mess to me.

Marguerite Benjamin '41

## My Teacher

My teacher's name is Dewing;  
At me she's always stewing.  
If I don't get my lessons done,  
She says 'twill bring my ruin.

You see I am a senior,  
But that don't cut no ice.  
Some days she's just as hard as coal,  
And other days so nice.

Howard Olmstead '40

## A Poem

I have thought and racked my  
brain  
To try and write a rhyme.  
Yet, what good is all the strain  
I haven't got the time.

I have worked and slaved all  
night  
A poem to compose.  
Still I'm in an awful plight;  
I'm just cut out for prose.

Guy Lothian '41

## Seniors and Spring

Now that spring is here again,  
It is the teacher's hunch  
That we seniors seem to be a  
A pretty lazy bunch.

There was a time when we would work,  
And everyone would pass;  
But now we have begun to shirk,  
And go to sleep in class.

Now that graduation's near,  
And school is almost out,  
We seniors have begun to fear  
That we may not go out.

Wayne Mullen '40  
Phyllis King '40

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## The Trio

Johnnie is so sweet and shy  
He never winks when he goes by.  
The girls do look at him and sigh,  
And "Oh Johnny" is their cry.

Another is our handsome swain,  
A cute little tyke by name of Wayne,  
For all he needs is spats and cane,  
To make the girlies just insane.

Last, but not least, Howard, my boy,  
Always peppy and full of joy.  
Private property he does destroy,  
And he's never happy without a toy.

Anonymous

## The Masquerade

## Cast of Characters

John and Dick - Brothers  
 Jerry - A chum, disguised as Peggy.

## Setting

Scene One - At the Masquerade Ball.  
 Scene Two - In the automobile on the way home.

## Scene One

( Enter John and Dick together. )

John. What a big crowd! Everybody seems to be having a good time.

Dick. Yes, indeed. And look at the different costumes. I bet I could hardly tell my own sister, if she were here.

John. They do look different, but my guesses wouldn't be far from right. ( A girl, dressed in a bright costume passes them. She waves lightly, and flashes the boys a bright smile. ) Who is that girl?

Dick. I don't know- that is, I don't recognize her.

John. Well, she's darn interesting. I wouldn't mind dancing with her, myself.

Dick. But you promised we'd stick together.

John. Oh- Dick - you wouldn't hold me to that promise, would you? ( Before his brother has time to reply, he is pushing his way through the crowd of dancers toward the girl, on the other side of the ball-room. )

Dick. (To himself) Well this is sort of sudden, I must say!

John. (Bowling to the girl.) Beg pardon, Miss, but may I have the next dance?

Peggy. With pleasure, Sir, I am delighted. (They dance.)

John. What a beautiful dancer! Why haven't I met you before? Where have you been all of your life?

Peggy. Why, - why, - you're pretty swell yourself. I'm flattered to know you.

John. May I have the next dance? And the next, too?

Peggy. If you are really sure that you want them. Are you?

John. Please tell me your name, beautiful lady.

Peggy. Just call me , Peggy. What shall I call you , my charming prince?

John. You may call me , John. Peggy , aren't you tired? Perhaps , you had better sit down.

Peggy. To tell the truth , I am tired , but I do enjoy dancing with you.

John. We'll dance again after we rest a few minutes. I'll get you some refreshments now. ( He quickly gets the refreshments , and the two are seated , chatting gaily as they eat. )

John. Look! It is almost 11:30 , and we must unmask soon. Then I can see your face.

Peggy. But I can't wait that long. I really must be going home , as soon as we finish eating.

John. Oh , I'm sorry. Please allow me the pleasure of taking you home.

Peggy. Very well , if you come immediately. ( John helps Peggy with her coat. )

John and Peggy. Good-night , everybody , and best wishes to all.  
Curtain

#### Scene Two

John. ( As they are seated in the automobile. ) Where do you live , Peggy? I don't think I know.

Peggy. The fifth house on Main Street . We just moved in , last week.

John. Lucky for me , I came to the masquerade. It wasn't so dull after all.

Peggy. Are you really glad you came?

John. Of course , I am. May I see you soon? Please give a poor fellow a break.

Peggy. Well , -I'll let you know later , for sure.

John. Very well. Here we are at your house. ( He puts his arm around her. ) May I have the pleasure of kissing you good-night?

Peggy. ( She removes her mask , revealing the familiar face of Jerry ) I should say not! What do you think I am? A sissy?

John. Well --- er -- I say-- Jerry White! What do you mean by disguising in such a manner? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

Jerry. For what? I haven't tried to kiss you , have I?



## Spring Fever

## Characters

Carlotta - A school teacher.  
 Hambone - A high school student.  
 Marie - Hambone's girl friend.

## Setting

The school house steps.

Marie: Hambone, can you help me with my geometry? I just can't -  
 Hambone! Aren't you listening to me?

Hambone: Huh? Oh! Yes, of course. What is it?

Marie: It's this geometry. If one side of a triangle is 16 inches  
 and - Hambone! There you go again.

Hambone: What? Oh, yes. I was too.

Marie: No, you weren't. What's the matter with you, anyway? You  
 never pay any attention to me at all anymore, since Miss Carlotta, our  
 new substitute teacher came. You've been mooning around like a sick calf,  
 but if it was me, you -

Carlotta (Hurriedly): Yee - hoo - Hambone. Could you help me with  
 my books?

Hambone (Jumping up quickly.): Sure, Miss Carlotta. Gee, you do  
 have a lot of them to carry, don't you?

Carlotta: Yes, and I thought a big, strong boy like you would be  
 able to help me a lot, with them.

Hambone (Bashfully): Oh, now, you stop that. I'm not good-looking,  
 and you know it. But - say, teacher; there's something I've been want-  
 ing to ask you -

Carlotta: Yes, Hambone? What is it? If I could help you -

Hambone: Well, it's not quite that, Miss Carlotta. You see, I - I -,  
 well, er, oh gee whiz, - will you? I mean I think a lot of you, and I  
 thought that maybe - well, you might go down to the movies with me, to-  
 night. I could -

Marie (Very angry): Hambone!! You come here this instant.

Hambone: Oh, gosh darn! Don't pay any attention to her, Miss Carlotta.  
 Well, how about that - about going to the movies?

Carlotta: That's so sweet of you, Hambone, and I'd just love to -

Hambone (Excitedly): You mean you'd go? Oh, gee whiz!

Carlotta: But, Hambone, I can't. You see, my husband is coming from  
 New York, this afternoon. He will probably want me to go somewhere with  
 him tonight.

Hambone: Your - your husband? Oh! I see. Well, g-good-by, Car - I mean teacher -

Marie: Hambone! You -

Hambone(Turning slowly): Yass, I'm coming, Marie. Hold yer tongue.

Howard Olmstead °40  
Marjorie Gates °40

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### News From Long Ago

One rainy day, Jim and Joe were playing in the attic. They had been rummaging in an old trunk, when they fanally came upon a discarded football. The boys, then, began practicing a football pass, paying no attention to an old mirror, leaning against the wall. They sent the football flying toward the mirror. The next thing they knew, there was a crash and a splintering of glass. The mirror was broken. The boys stood for a moment as if rooted to the spot, then they went over to examine the mirror.

In the back of the mirror they discovered an old letter, which had been hidden there. "Why? What is this?" asked Jim.

"It looks like an old letter," said Joe. "Let's take it downstairs, and have Mother read it."

They found Mother sewing in the living room. She immediately opened the letter, and drew out two sheets of paper, yellowed with time. The ink was faded, and the handwriting was poor. The letter was signed, "James Braden".

"Why?" said Mother. "This is a letter written by Jim's Great- great-uncle James, who was a pony express driver."

The letter heading, which bore an old date, was addressed to Uncle James's wife. It told of some experiences he had had, here and there, and of different people he had met.

The boys listened until Mother stopped reading. Then Joe exclaimed, "Gosh! He must have had an exciting life."

"Yes", said Mother. "He did. But his life didn't last long. Only a few years after he had married, he was killed by an Indian arrow. This letter must have been mislaid in the mirror, and has never turned up until now.

The boys, then, went back upstairs to the attic. This time they started playing pony express.

Marjorie Weld ° 44

A Summary of—"The Grapes of Wrath", by John Steinbeck—

This story, "The Grapes of Wrath", takes place in Oklahoma and other western states which are subject to terrible dust storms. These dust storms, sometimes, last for several days at a time. After the storm, the fine particles of dust will hang in the still, hot air for a day and a half. After the dust has settled, the people look out of their windows on ruined crops and buried farm tools - a dried up dismal sea of waste. As time wears on, perhaps the crops are started again, or the people may rely on work and wages alone for a living until another season.

In the dust stricken area, the small farm owners - as represented by the Joad family in "The Grapes of Wrath"- borrowed money from large loaning corporations, to buy new seeds and supply the necessities of life until harvest time. The storms continued, and the borrowing increased. Finally, the corporation decided to take over the poor peoples' land and make it into great cotton fields. "An excellent idea," they thought. But the people? Well, they might have had other ideas, but what good were they? They, alone, could not fight the corporations. There was only one thing left to do - move out. But, where? Where else could these people go and make a living? This was the vital question which the men folks pondered over. After a while, their answer came. It came in the form of an orange handbill. The one chance in the world to work and make a living had come. Yes, picking fruit in California was the answer.

But, now, other questions arose. "How will we get there?" "What will we do with our belongings?" And again, a gracious reprieve was granted them. They sold all of their lesser necessities and the rest they took with them. They practically gave their things away; for instance, an excellent pair of young horses, worth perhaps four hundred dollars, would be sold for only twenty or twenty-five dollars apiece.

Next, how were they to get to California? Most of them went to second hand car dealers to purchase some old, broken down, ancient wreck - something just as uncertain as their living had been on the farms they were being driven off from. But they didn't think of that; all they could think of, was getting to their destination, and starting work. With the cars or trucks they purchased, they were outrageously robbed, but what could they do? If a car happened to have a dry transmission or crankcase, the dealers would fill it with sawdust, instead of wasting oil on it. The sawdust served as a silencer to the dry, screeching, protesting gears, but some of the farmers didn't know enough about cars to detect this; so, perhaps, their neighbors came upon <sup>them</sup> stranded somewhere in the desert. But no one could stop to help, for all the cars and trucks were already greatly overloaded. Thus, trucks, cars, and graves were found by the hundred, along the roadside. It needed no detective to figure out the cause.

As they moved on toward the land of promise, they would band together and form little colonies to help one another. But people in the states through <sup>which</sup> they passed would swear terribly at them, call them "Ookies", and drive them off. Yet, they didn't care - much. It would be different in California, they thought. Would it? The farther they went, the poorer they grew, until on the last lap of the journey, the best food they could get was fried dough, or perhaps a few potatoes if they were well off.

At last, they arrived at the border of California, the land of their dreams. "Now", they thought, we can get plenty of work, and buy food for our fast starving children." Their hopes were slightly dampened when they met other "Oakies" returning from California. But still they pushed onward down into the green valleys where trees, laden with ripe fruit, were growing.

But as far as work was concerned, it was rarely found; and as for wages, these people almost had to pay the Californians to be allowed to work for them. Conditions, finally, became so hard that these poverty stricken people-~~became~~ grew desperate, and killed and robbed for a small amount of food. Yet, in some places, large amounts of land lay fallow; and some of these people, purchasing a few seeds, would go out, at night, to plant a bit of this land. A few of these secret gardens would grow to almost full size before some rotten hearted official would discover and stamp out the plants, and put the person who planted them in jail.

A very few of the people, however, were lucky enough to get into a nice government camp where everything was clean and sanitary. Here, there were no police to burn their scanty burbap houses, to kick them off some rich person's land, or to put them in jail. Here, they were governed by committees chosen from the men and women in the camp itself. Sanitary living quarters were provided in return for work done about the camp, and food could be obtained for a short time while the people were looking for work.

Outside the government camps, conditions were terrible. Men were forced by starvation to pick fruit for five cents (or even for two and one half) cents a date. In this pitiful way some families were able to make a meager living. These low wages caused strikes, famines, and unholy disaster to these people who had come from the East. With the cotton picking came the usual floods. The heavy rains lasted for many days, and the water ran in great streams on the surface of the earth. These torrents swept away the flimsy camps of thousands of people, and left them without a single solitary thing. During this time, there was no work to be found; and as a result many died of starvation or disease. "So this is California", thought the men from the East. "Well, we can take it." Some survived, but many didn't.

In my opinion, these were the most courageous, determined people I ever heard of.

Howard Olmstead '40

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### Green Mountain Boys' State

Much to my surprise, soon after school closed last year, I received a letter from Leslie E. Wilson, Secretary of Boys' State, notifying me that I had been chosen by the school faculty and the Federated Men's Club of Franklin to attend the Green Mountain Boys' State to be held at Norwich University, Northfield, Vermont. I had heard quite a bit about the Green Mountain Boys' State that had started recently, but I had no idea that I should ever have a chance to attend. I was glad of the opportunity and as soon as I found out that I was going, I started getting ready. As soon as I heard that two boys from Enosburg were going too I got acquainted with them, and we made plans to go together. We were told

to bring our own bedding; to come prepared to play baseball, basket ball, and tennis; to bring some kind of musical instrument if we had one, so that we might play in the band.

On Sunday, June 18, we started, reaching Norwich about three in the afternoon. As soon as we arrived we registered in the Norwich Armory and were assigned to our rooms. After undergoing a medical examination we were given green caps, something like those the American Legion members wear, with "Green Mountain Boys' State" printed on them in gold letters. About an hour later, when we finished at the Armory, we found our rooms. We weren't fortunate enough to get three rooms together. The two boys from Enosburg were in the same building, but my room was in another building across the campus from them. I thought that wasn't going to be much fun, but I found my room to be large and equipped with furniture for two. A fellow from Burlington was already there.

Supper was served at six in the Norwich Mess Hall, which was a large place seating a hundred and fifty people. We couldn't all eat at once, however, because there were over four hundred of us; so we were divided into groups which were named by counties and towns, and a few counties would eat at a time.

After supper, we went back to the Armory where we were introduced to the camp directors and officers of the Green Mountain Boys' State. They were all friendly and told us they were going to try to give us one of the most exciting weeks of our lives, and in my mind there is no question but what they did. Governor Aiken gave a interesting speech, that night, telling what he thought of Boys' State and what a good time he thought we could have if we took part in it. After the governor spoke the camp directors and officers explained the aim of Boys' State, and told us what we were going to do while we were there.

What we did was to carry on a form of government, with each town electing its own town officers, and with a governor ~~electing a~~ ~~governor~~ being elected from the whole group. We had a chance to start our primary petitions in circulation between eight and ten, Sunday night. We had a great deal of fun, because everyone wanted to hold some office and we were all drawing up petitions. On Monday morning came the meeting of the town caucuses where we had a great deal of argument over officers. There wasn't much chance to get into office if you were the only one from your school or if you weren't well acquainted. Then came the Primary Campaign Period which was fun because all the candidates were trying to get others to sign their petitions and vote for them. This was followed by Primary Elections for all state and county officers and town representatives, and the posting of election returns. During the campaign period on Monday afternoon and evening many speeches were made by boys running for office. Some told how well they thought they were fitted for a job about which they knew nothing. Tuesday night, after all the elections were over, was the inauguration of the governor by Chief Justice Sherman R. Moulton.

By Wednesday the State Legislature and the county courts were in session. Just one county held court at a time. The town constable would see some boy disobeying the rules or playing a prank - like filling someone's bed with cornflakes or tearing a room to pieces - and would

arrest him. Then, when the court was in session he would be tried. A man from Montpelier explained some of the facts we wanted to know and acted as judge for us. A jury was appointed, and each fellow that was brought to the stand had plenty of witnesses to back him. If he were found guilty some punishment was provided. One fellow had to run around the campus in his nightshirt. When Owsley County Court (that was the one I was in) met, three fellows were brought in for doing something wrong. One of them was found guilty, and we had a lot of fun making him clean our rooms.

At ten o'clock every night the lights went out; and an inspector came through, checking to see if everyone were in. We were all supposed to be in bed but some weren't. My roommate and I used to open the window wide and sit in it after the lights went out. Sometimes we could hear the boys having pillow fights in the building across from us. There was a counselor to look after each group of boys. These counselors were busy most of the time, especially after the lights went out. At the end of the week, prizes were given to the group that behaved the best and obeyed orders. Owsley County, the group which I was in, won second prize.

Every afternoon, for about two hours, we met for sports - generally baseball or basketball. About twenty-eight of us played in the band. After we had practiced only two or three times, we played at the evening meetings in the Armory and broadcasted over WDEV, Waterbury. The counties took turns providing entertainment for a while in the evening, and then we always had an interesting speaker on government affairs. The most interesting speech of all was given on Saturday night by V. W. Peterson, Special Agent in charge of the Boston office, Federal Bureau of Investigation. He told of many cases where boys or men started with small crimes which led to bigger ones, and finally to their arrest. He also told how many of the ~~criminals~~ are caught.  
(criminals)

On Sunday we went to Church; this was the first time we had been down town. After Church the prizes were awarded and each member of the band received a certificate with the gold seal of the American Legion on it. After dinner Sunday, my folks came for me. To me this was one of the happiest and best spent weeks of my life.

Wayne Mullen '40

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"Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself"

One Sunday afternoon, Lee Stewart curled herself up a little more and snuggled down in her deep chair with a grand book. She was all alone in her big beautiful room with its luxurious chairs and studio couch, with its chintz curtains across the bay window, with its beautiful rug that one's feet sank in almost to the ankle, and its great big bookcase filled with the best books. Here she stayed and read or did whatever she liked.

Lee was an orphan. Her mother and father had both died in the flu epidemic when she was only three years old. They had left her plenty of

money, and she had always lived with her grandmother who had provided a good home for her. But this home of Lee's lacked one thing - love. Her grandmother was a widow who employed many servants, but she never seemed to want companionship of friends. She was entirely alone and seemed to like it.

Although Lee was very comfortable, she kept thinking about a poor little girl whom she had seen in church. She'd think about her, and then tell herself it was none of her business. But nevertheless, no matter how much she tried, she could not forget that voice, saying so weakly yet politely, "I have no home or mama. I'm just alone. I can't go anywhere, but before my mama ~~and~~ went away, she said that God was good and would take care of me if I was good." Lee remembered how she had answered not too kindly, "Go to the minister. He'll take care of you." She couldn't get this off her mind.

She was supposed to be a Christian; she went to church. Sometimes she would tell herself, "I am a Christian. I don't smoke, drink, or swear. But even though I don't, I haven't any friends, or have I? What would Jesus do? Would he just leave the child? No, he would have taken her home, and fed and clothed her!" She had plenty of money; and besides, someday all this property would be hers. She kept thinking about the creed which she had just recited that morning. She had said - "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen." What was the use of that creed if she never used it? What was the use of God's word, especially when He said, "Love thy neighbors as thyself"? Yes, she had decided to go back. She'd find that child.

When she reached the church, she heard someone sobbing up by the altar. There at the altar knelt a little girl with her hands folded, praying, "Please, God, take care of my mother." Her little <sup>body</sup> was bent with grief. Lee felt as if she were intruding upon something sacred and holy. She knelt beside the child. After she had prayed and asked God to forgive her, she asked the child to go home with her and stay as long as she wished. The child answered, "I'll be glad to. I won't be any trouble and I can take care of myself." So Lee took her by the hand and together they said "The Lord's Prayer". Then they left the church. On the way home Lee kept thinking, "I'm doing the right thing, and I'm happier than ever before. I have found God, and am closer to Him than ever before. He loves me and I hope that some day this child will. I know she will. I can feel it just as if God had promised it."

As Lee was thinking these things, the child looked up and said, "You look like my mother, and you're good like her too. You'll be my mother, won't you?"

Lee answered, "Yes." When she said, "Yes", she meant that whatever she did or wherever she went she'd be this child's mother.

## The Guiding of Fate

Dr. Timothy Thompson had just been playing tennis for an hour and a half. Now he was sitting on a bench watching a set. It was two o'clock, which meant that he would have to return to the hospital in another hour. As he sat on the bench, with his head on his hands, he thought how lucky he was. Hadn't he been luckier than most men? He had finished medical college at the age of twenty-six, and was now an intern in the best hospital in the state.

He had been here six months, but had performed no operations by ~~operations~~ by himself, although he had assisted in several. He wondered how it would feel to "be on your own" in an operation. How nervous one must feel; just one little slip of the hand might mean death. He pushed aside these thoughts, and started off toward the hospital. As he walked along he thought of his mother back home. It had meant many sacrifices for her to help him through college, but some day he meant to make them all up to her. After he graduated from the hospital he planned to start his practice in his home town.

He heard his name, and turning around saw Nurse Edwards coming toward him. He decided that she was just about the prettiest girl he had ever seen, but as she approached he saw a worried look on her face.

Nurse Edwards said, "Quick! Dr. Thompson. They have just brought into the hospital, a middle aged woman with a bad case of ruptured appendix. And you will have to operate."

"But where is Dr. Hill, or some of the others?" Dr. Thompson asked. "Why I have never performed a whole operation alone in my life."

"Dr. Hill and the others have gone to a doctors' meeting", she answered. "And this has to be attended to right away. Oh, you can do it, and you must do it. They are getting her ready for the operating room now. She will be ready as soon as you are."

As Timothy hurried along the lawn, he kept thinking of the possibility of making some mistake or doing something wrong. If he only had some superior to help him! He hurried up to his room and changed into his uniform. As he sterilized his hands in the operating room he looked at the figure on the table. He couldn't see her face, but he couldn't help thinking of how her life was in his hands. He wondered about her family, if she had one. The nurses told him that some man had brought her but hadn't been able to stay.

He started the operation, working as if in a daze. It seemed to him that his hands were mechanical. Yet the woman seemed to be enduring the operation well. Her pulse and breathing were as even as could be expected under the conditions.

He finally finished the operation, although he didn't know how. What if he had done something wrong? What would it mean to him? And what a disappointment it would be to his mother! Even as he sat there wondering, Nurse Edwards came along and tried to convince him that his fears were groundless. She had seen similar operations performed by specialists, but none of the patients had come through the operation any better than this woman.



He went to his room, and it seemed that as though he were so all alone that he decided to write a letter to his mother, telling her about the whole thing. Still he didn't know what to write - whether to say he was a success or a failure. While he was writing someone tapped on his door. The nurses had sent for him. His patient was coming out from under the ether, and Dr. Hill had returned.

As Timothy made his way down the long white corridor he thought, "What if she dies?" He seemed to freeze in his tracks as he entered the room, for there on the bed lay his own mother. Agony was written on his face. "Oh, my God!" he exclaimed as the situation dawned upon him. "Why did I do it? Something seemed to tell me not to do it. And now see what I have done to my own mother. I have maybe killed her with my own hands."

Then he became conscious of others in the room, and of Dr. Hill coming toward him. Dr. Hill took Timothy's hand and said, "My boy, you did a fine job. Why, I couldn't have done better myself."

Timothy stammered, "But - but, Doctor, you don't understand. This is my own mother. I didn't know who it was. Do you suppose I could have done it if I had known?"

Dr. Hill replied, "No, Thompson, I don't suppose you would have been able to do it, had you know. But you did do a swell job."

When Mrs. Thompson regained consciousness and learned all the details, all she said was, "Yes, God answered my prayers. As soon as I began to be sick I knew that I would have to have an operation. I have been under a doctor's care for nearly a year. Oh, don't look like that, Timmy. If you had know it you would have insisted on coming home. Well, anyway, God answered my prayers. I prayed that anyone did have to operate on me it would be my Timmy."

Years later, as Timothy was telling this story, he said that that moment was the happiest one in his life.

Phyllis King '40

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### Wild Fire

For days, the forest had been so dry that a spark from a horse's shoe, or a carelessly snuffed cigarette butt, would have produced a roaring inferno in a short time.

Jack Garfow, the young fire ranger who was lacking a year of age before he could become a citizen of his country, was restless. There were many reasons for his restlessness, for this was a time of trial. Reason number one was: he needed this job to earn a living for himself and his sister, who, a year ago, had been crippled in the airplane crash that had taken the life of his parents. Reason number two was the report that a fire maniac, who had escaped from prison a few days ago, had been seen heading toward the acres of virgin forest which was in the care of two other rangers and himself. The other reasons were minor, but they all meant trouble.

The sun was setting now and soon all would be dark. As Jack was preparing his supper a glow of light came from the west, but it went unnoticed for Jack was thinking aloud, "Jane will be a cripple, and won't be able to support herself unless something is done within a few months. I wish I had Dad to advise me. I won't have enough money to pay for the operation in time, but the operation must be had or Jane will be a cripple for life."

Suddenly an eerie light flashed across Jack's sight, bringing him to his senses. He jumped up and started on the run for the telephone in the shack. In a moment his crisp, sharp orders rang in the ears of the Superintendent of Forestry. "Fire on Cedar Back Hump - due west of my ranger station. All equipment must be there in an hour or whole forest is lost." Then running out, he ~~snatched~~ saddled the best of his two horses, and tied to the saddle a hastily snatched day's ration of food and water. At last, making sure of his gun, he jumped on his horse and galloped away to the west.

As he neared the scene of the fire he thought he saw an object in the past of his horse. He was so near the fire that even the semi-darkness had vanished. The object in his path, he found by reaching out to get it, was the shoe of a horse; and by its marking it belonged to Bill, his fellow ranger. Thinking that he might help more working with Bill than alone, Jack shouted, but he might as well have saved his breath, wind, for the roar of the fire drowned the sound. Was this shout in vain? Not quite, for from the bushes came first a noise, and then Bill's horse and a strange man whose picture Jack had seen but could not place.

Suddenly his mind cleared, for he recognized this stranger as the man with the mania for fires. As he pulled his gun from its holster, he said in a stern voice, "Did you start this fire?"

The other man, ~~recognized~~ realizing his plight, for he was the cause of the mischief, jumped onto Bill's horse and dashed away amid showers of cinders from the near-by fire. As Jack looked after the fleeing horseman, he noticed blood on the rump of Bill's horse. Had Bill been killed? Was the horse or the maniac bleeding? Bill didn't know. But there was a chance that Bill was back there near the flame that was eating everything in its path, so Jack leaped to the saddle and started toward the fire. In a very few minutes Jack found Bill unconscious, with blood on his head where the gnarled club of the maniac had hit him.

Sweeping Bill to the saddle behind him, Jack started after the maniac. Unknown to Jack, Bill's horse had stepped into the fork of a fallen tree and broken its leg. This gave Jack a chance to catch the fire bug, in a much shorter time than he had expected. The maniac, now forced to walk, broke into a frightened sweat and started to march the circle of fear. As he was making the fifth cycle of this circle, Jack's horse with its double load came crashing through the underbrush. Seeing his quarry so close at hand, Jack jumped from the saddle, threw his horse's reins over a bush, and started in pursuit.

It was a race between two well matched runners, for Jack could not catch the maniac nor could the maniac get away from Jack. Suddenly the maniac stopped, picked up a club, turned, and prepared to hit his pursuer.

Jack had just time to duck as the heavy club went over his head; then straightening up, he sent a few quick punches under the jaw of the maniac. These proved too much for the weakened strength of the man, and he sank to the ground, unconscious.

Picking up the limp form, Jack started for his horse. He then took both of the bodies to a near-by spring where he revived first Bill and then the maniac. Did I say maniac? Not now, for this man had come to his senses as a result of the blows on his head.

As the man slowly revived, he opened his eyes and from his mouth came these words: "Where are Else and my wife? Have they gone down in the flood?"

"We don't know", Jack replied. "Who are you? Where do you come from?"

"I am Doctor Blight, a one time great bone specialist. I lived in Cincinnati until the great flood came, taking my wife and daughter down in its first mighty rush. My wife's name was Anna and my daughter's name was Jean. She- " Here his voice broke and he sobbed like a child.

Jack seemed familiar with this name. "Jean Blight", he thought. "Where have I known her? Now, I know. She was the hostess of the airplane crash."

Then aloud to the doctor, he said, "I know your daughter, sir. She was in the airplane crash in which my sister was injured, never to walk again unless she has a leg operation."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, my boy. I shall be forever indebted to you for what you have done today. I am, as I have said, a bone specialist. I will come to see your sister tomorrow, and if there is anything I can do, I will do it."

After seeing the fire under control, Jack took the doctor and Bill to the ranger station for a good sleep.

The next two months followed happily; for Bill had recovered, Jane was on crutches - soon to be walking, and the doctor was reunited with his wife and daughter who hadn't gone down in the flood.

David Gates '43

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#### HUMOR

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John, aged seventeen, very much disliked soap and water. One day his mother was trying to reason with him. "Surely you want to be a clean boy, don't you?"

"Yes," tearfully agreed John, "but can't you just dust me?"

Father + Gwendolyn, what is this 60 on your report card?  
 Gwendolyn: I think it's the temperature of the school room.

Miss Dewing (in English class, during the discussion on "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"): Pratt, what is a coquette?  
 Pratt (evidently better acquainted with food than with the ladies): Oh, that is gay! It is a fried cake like those I ate for breakfast this morning.

Miss Wilcox (in home economics class): Now, students, describe a gundrop.

Helen Towle (a movie fan): A marshmallow in technicolor.

Miss Gates (in history class): Marjorie, what was going on in New York about this time?

Marjorie (absentmindedly): Was that the Boston Tea Party?

Salesman: I have a book for you - "How to Sing in Ten Easy Lessons".

Phyllis: But, I didn't order it.

Salesman: No, but your classmates did.

Bookstore Clerk: This book will do half of your work for you.

Kathaleen: Fine! I'll take two of them.

Keith: What would I have to give you for a kiss?

Doris: Chloroform.

Mr. Sturtevant (in physics class): Will you tell the class in simplest terms what steam is?

Marjorie: I'd say steam is water in a high state of perspiration.

Dad: Well, Lyle? how did you get along in your exams?

Lyle: Just fine, Dad, except in history. Every question on the exam happened before I was born.

Miss Dewing (in science class): Can anyone tell us the name of a great scientist living today?

David (dreaming): Why, of course. Benjamin Franklin.

Did you hear Confucious say:

That Kathaleen Ploof was passing her book reports in on time?

That Headaches originating in English or history class often disappear by the fourth period in the afternoon?

That it takes David Gates to pop the egg out of the bottle for the science class, regardless of wether he catches it in his mouth or on his face?

That a rush of permanent waves carries many girls away from school in the spring?

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## Alumni News

Nearly all the members of the class of 1939 either have employment or are in college.

Loyd Cyr is engaged in hard study at the University of Vermont, Burlington.

Winston Pierce is also attending the University of Vermont. News has been received from the University News Office that Pierce has been initiated as a greenhand in the collegiate chapter of the Future Farmers of America. He is also a member of the R.O.T.C. band which plays at various athletic and military functions.

Robert Irish is employed at the First National Store in Enosburg Falls, Vermont.

Donald Ashton is now near Honolulu, where the U.S. Navy maneuvers have been taking place.

Ruth Harrison has employment with a family in Brighton, Massachusetts.

Almon Richard is working on his father's farm.

Bernice Fields '38 is playing with the Northern Ridge Runners at Swanton, Vermont.

Altha Towle '38 is graduating, in June, from Johnson Normal School. She is employed to teach a school in Montgomery next year.

Winslow Towle Jr. '38 and Eldon Laplant '38 are completing their course at Randolph Agricultural School this June. They both have employment for next year.

Robert Magnant '38, a sophomore at the University of Vermont, has been appointed Corporal in the University R.O.T.C. Infantry Battalion.

Wilma Westcott '37 has employment in Boston.

Elizabeth Horskin '38 has been studying in Boston.

Merriman Hull '36 is graduating from the University of Vermont in June.

Douglas Laplant ex '39 was married, on Jan. 18, to Edilene Tracy, at Methodist Church, West Berkshire, Vermont.

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## Baseball Notes

Franklin High School has played four baseball games this season, winning two of the four. The line up for the season has been as follows:

Floof	3B	L. Lothian	RF
Mullen	1B	Richard	2B
Messier	LF	Olmstead	F
Dunham	SS	Whiting	RF
Hefflon	C	J. Magnant	Substitute

Enosburg defeated Franklin 21 - 6 at Franklin, May 6.

Franklin defeated Bakersfield 10 - 6 at Franklin, May 10.

Enosburg defeated Franklin 11 - 3 at Enosburg, May 13.

Franklin defeated Bakersfield 12 - 3 at Bakersfield, May 24.

The highest hitter for Franklin was Dunham, who made seven hits in sixteen times at the bat. Hefflon made four hits in sixteen times at the bat, and Messier made three.

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#### NEWS OF THE YEAR

Sept. 5. School opened.

Sept. 22. The Freshman Reception was given at the town hall. The freshmen were introduced as a band of entertainers with Oscar Hefflon as director, to amuse the President's family - "the Silly Sophomores" - at Hyde Park.

Sept. 29. School <sup>was</sup> closed for County Teachers' Convention at St. Albans.

Oct. 12 - 13. School was closed for the State Teachers Convention at Burlington.

Oct. 19. Mr. Ralph Noble, State Supervisor of Secondary Schools, visited our school.

Oct. 19. The freshmen held a party at the home of Clayton Pratt. Five hundred was played.

Nov. 19 - 24. A health clinic was conducted in the grades, by Dr. L. E. Samson and the district nurse, Mrs. Robson.

Nov. 23. The freshmen held a party at the home of Pansy White. David Gates and Helen Towle won the prizes at Chinese checkers.

Nov. 25. Mr. Sturtevant, accompanied by <sup>the Misses</sup> Phyllis King, Marjorie Gates, Marguerite Benjamin, and Barbara Magnant, and by the Messrs. Howard Olmstead, Roswell Floof, and Wayne Mullen, attended the Forum Discussion at Montpelier.

Nov. 30 - Dec 13. School was closed for the Thanksgiving recess.

Dec. 12. On the morning of Dec. 12, the following debate was presented by the members of the Junior and Senior English Class: Resolved - That Franklin High School should have a student council. The speakers on the affirmative side were Marjorie Gates, Howard Olmstead, and Phyllis King. The speakers on the negative side were Marguerite Benjamin, Roswell Floof, and Genevieve Messier. The chairman was Barbara Magnant. Both sides did extremely well in

upholding their arguments. The affirmative side won, both according to the decisions of the judges (Mr. Sturtevant, Mrs. Sturtevant, and Miss Wilcox) and of the student body.

- Dec. 20 The Central Grammar School gave an operetta, entitled "A Midsummer Day". The costumes were pretty and the operetta very well done. Special credit is due Idolyn Messier who had the leading part.
- Dec. 21. The freshmen held a Christmas party at the home of Helen Towle. Gifts were exchanged and games were played.
- Dec. 22. A big Christmas party was given at the school house for the whole school. The new school orchestra, organized by Mrs. Gates, played at the party.
- Dec. 22 - Jan. 8. School was closed for the Christmas vacation. During vacation, the agriculture class went to Boston with Mr. Sturtevant. On Sunday, Dec. 25, the school choir sang carols at the East Franklin Church.
- Jan. 23. For the first assembly program of the year, Mr. Sturtevant read some very interesting sketches.
- Jan. 24. School was closed for repair on the furnace.
- Jan. 30. The freshmen held a party at the home of James Richard. Five hundred and other games were played.
- Feb. 6. The seventh graders, under the direction of Miss Gates, gave some interesting skits for morning exercises.
- Feb. 19. The members of the Senior Class and the play cast were entertained by Mrs. Paul Gates, in honor of her daughter's birthday.
- Feb. 20. The constitution of the F. H. S. Student Council was presented by the chairman of the Student Council Committee, Miss Phyllis King. The constitution was adopted and the following officers were elected for the year: President, Howard Olmstead; vice president, Roswell Ploof; secretary, Doris King; treasurer, David Gates; eighth grade representative, Alan Westcot; seventh grade representative, Rene Durenleau.
- Feb. 24 The Senior Class did an excellent piece of acting on their play, "Adam and Eve". Between acts, Miss Kathaleen Ploof won many laughs over her monologue, "Aunt Effie Goes Horse Back Riding". The seniors made approximately forty-four dollars on their play.
- Feb. 29. The freshmen held a party at the home of David Gates.
- Mar. 29. A costume dress party was given at the town hall by the student council.
- April 15. The senior honors were given out as follows: the valedictorians, Marjorie Gates and Genevieve Messier; salutatorian, Kathaleen Ploof; third honor, Phyllis King.

- May 2 - The Misses Marjorie Gates and Marguerite Benjamin, and the Messrs. Roswell Ploof and David Gates, with their music teacher- Mrs. Mae Gates, attended the Music Festival in Burlington.
- May 1. The juniors held a party at the home of Marguerite Benjamin.
- May 10. The freshmen held their final party at the town hall. Five hundred and other games were played.
- May 18. Many pupils from the seventh and eighth grades and from the grammar room, with Mrs. Mae Gates, attended the County Music Festival in St. Albans.
- May 29. The seventh grade sponsored a penny party at the town hall. Some of the attractions were ping-pong, bowling, and fortune telling.