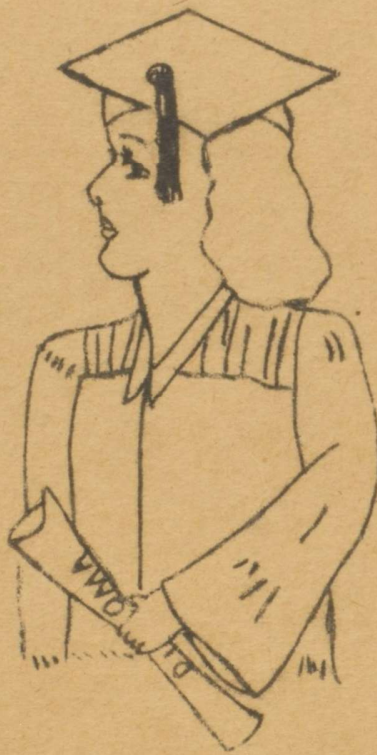


FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL

MOLECULE



C. Bennett '44

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EDITORIALS

High School

Practically all of us earn our own living, and work hard all our lives to do it. Most of us accept this fact cheerfully. Indeed, many are so eager to get started that they quit school as soon as the law permits, grab the first job offered them, and begin the long, discouraging grind of the untrained worker.

But five years later they see things from a very different angle, for they are earning only a little more than they did when they started. Learning on the job is slow, hard work; and although their five years of experience have given them manual skill, they have reached the limit of their earning power. They may change their jobs from time to time, but they can't earn any more because they are not trained for anything better.

This is the experience of the great majority of young people who do not finish high school. They can't go any further or earn any more until they have made up the high school training that they lack.

Pauline Perry '44

What Kind of Person Are You ?

Perhaps this seems a slightly queer title. Maybe it is; but, students, it's about time that we got wise to ourselves. Stop and take stock! Think of the kind of person you'd like to be, and then compare yourself. Do you measure up? Very few of us do, but nevertheless, why not strive to do better and be better students and citizens for ourselves, our community, and our country?

There are many places in which we haven't measured up to the responsibility and privileges given us. Perhaps you think you have a right to these privileges; of course you have, but only when you respect the rights of others. We haven't had to struggle for our right to freedom and equality as did Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Hancock, and Paul Revere at the time of the Revolution, or as did Lincoln and

and the thousands of men who fought and died in the Civil War, or as did our own fathers who fought in 1917 for our freedom and rights. Now all these people fought not only against foreign aggressors but also against people far worse than foreigners - the people who live in this country, take its privileges, and then betray it. You know, we students had far-seeing forefathers who realized that there would always be some people who would not respect the rights of others. Therefore they made laws to govern those people who would seek to ruin the best country on earth.

This is only telling you, on a larger scale, what a few of you are doing in your own community and school. Even though we have only a small minority of students who are not courteous, honest, industrious, or trustworthy, yet a small per cent can ruin a school. If you need proof of abuses, look at the marks on the desks, tin cans and papers on the lawn, lack of courtesy shown toward fellow students, interruptions at play rehearsals, gossiping, cutting classes, and last but not least the deliberate annoying of several inhabitants of the town.

If these offenders cannot carry the responsibility bestowed upon them, the majority should do something about it, and enforce laws to protect our rights. So let's get wise to ourselves and be better people.

Marguerite Benjamin '41

Town Property

Town property should be regarded as if it were our own. One of the most important pieces of town property is the school building where there are many young folks looking for a good time.

If there happens to be a melancholy person sitting around with nothing to (or more likely with something to study but without the inclination to study) he will doubtless take out a jackknife and start carving initials in the furniture. Would he do it at home? No! Then why does he do it on town property?

Other destructive things done at school are breaking furniture, wasting surplus commodities, and marking school books. In other places throughout the town, the same destructive spirit may be found, but the school children are less to blame for it.

Think twice before you mar anything which doesn't belong to you. Regard town property as if it were your very own.

Guy Lothian '41.

School Conduct

School is not a place in which to fool away our time; it is a place where we go to study and learn many things. Of course we can have lots of fun in school and be learning at the same time.

Much fun and sociability can be obtained from the sports such as baseball and basket ball, clubs, and class organizations. All these pleasures help us to cooperate with each other, and teach us to get along with people, but a student should maintain fairly good av-

erage in his studies before he tries to do too many other things, or he will be neglecting his work - the real thing he comes to school for.

Students should also cooperate with one another in actual school work. If one pupil is studying, others should not see how just how much noise they can make to disturb him. And it is not fair to have one pupil study and do his work only to have someone else copy his papers. Copying may help a pupil for one day's work, but it will not help at test time. If a person does his own work, he will know more, feel better, and be ready to let other people study when they choose.

Rachel Streeter '42

Friendship

How many friends do you think you have? If this question were put to you, what would you say? You would probably answer fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five. You might be right, but I question it. Are all of them really your friends? How many would you really trust? How many of them would you confide a secret to, and would they keep it if you did? I doubt if all of them would. These people are not your enemies. They probably wouldn't go out of their way to hurt you, but would they help you? Some would and some wouldn't.

There are many so called friends. These friends are the type that I don't like. If you were in trouble or nearly down and out, I don't believe that you would find many of those so called friends by your side. They would be gone. They wouldn't even take the trouble to give you a moment's thought. They have departed, probably to make friends with someone else, or should I say to be so called friends to someone else?

I don't mean that you shouldn't be friendly to everyone, far from that. Be friendly, but don't lead the other fellow to believe that you are his close friend if you really aren't. To be an intimate and real friend to a person you have to make sacrifices. You have to overlook many little faults such as everybody has. You should aid him whenever you can. Don't be reproaching him for every little thing. It is surprising how few people are willing to be patient and helpful. It just isn't human nature. In a way it isn't your fault but you can improve yourself. Don't try to fool the other fellow. Be yourself; don't pretend to be something you aren't. Sooner or later you will be found out, and then you will be much worse off.

I believe there is too much confidence between too many people, and this may easily lead to trouble unless you know that other person is a real friend. Promises are all right if they are kept, but there are many people who don't keep them. If you intend to break a promise don't make it. Be a man of your word and you will be a true friend.

When you have a friend treat him as one. Don't use him as a doorstep. True friendship isn't found as often as it could be or should be. I realize that we can't all be perfect, but we can at least try to appreciate our friends. Lots of times people help us when we don't even realize it. Sometimes we turn right around and hurt that person after he has done something for us. What ingratitude!

4.

A real friend will go out of his way to help another. Many people show little courtesies and do little things for others if it is easy to do so but they think that they would gain nothing by going out of their way to be kind. Of course they are right in thinking that it is not necessary, but they would gain something by doing it. I think they would have a feeling of having done something good. That is a fine feeling to have. Be a friend and find out.

Webster says a friend is a person who has a special attachment for another. The next time you think you are a friend or think you have one, see if you have a feeling of affection for him. If you have the chances are that you are a friend he would like to have.

Keith Dunham '42

Poet's Corner

Just Pining

How I'm pining for vacation,
And feeling so lazy today,
Wishing that school were over,
And I were far away.

My mind just seems to wander;
For Shakespeare, I don't give a hoot,
Why didn't he write plain English?
Oh! I'd like to give his book a boot.

I think of the clear, cool water
In the dear old swimming pool,
And wish I were afishing
And didn't have to go to school.

I have studied for eight long months
And would like a little break;
I'd like to tell the teachers
To take a jump in the lake.

Richard Weld '44

The Farm

Life on a farm is all for me,
To ride a horse and yell, "Whoopee".
The horses to water, the cows to feed,
Just call on me if it's help you need.

I'll help you milk or spread the lime,
I'll water the horses just all the time.
I like to work on a country farm,
Where work with play does you no harm.

Marion West '43

With Spring

Melting snows and running brooks,
Green grass and flowers new,
Length'ning days and warmer
 nights,
And birds will come then too.

Robins, bluebirds, sparrows,
 wrens,
And bobolinks there'll be.
Spring will bring these birds to
 sing
In one great melody.

Spreading out in meadows new
The dandelion will come.
Peeping out in woodland vales
Will be bright adder tongue.

Here and there the signs of
 spring
Will come and then they'll fade.
Summer ones will take their
 place

In field and woodland glade.
Phebe Westcott '45

Lone Tree Hill

There is a lone tree
That sits on a hill .
It is rugged from weather,
But stands there still.

Rugged from weather
This lone tree stands,
Swaying in the breeze,
Waving its hands.

By this lone tree
There is a rill
Which flows by
The lone tree hill

Robert Messier ' 45

* * * *

The Hills of Home

Can you see through the eyes of
of your mind, my boy,
The hills of your childhood home,
The hills that will linger in your
memory,
No matter where you roam ?

Those hills have stood for a million
years,
And will stand for a million more.
Tall, majestic, old as time,
Untouched by tears, they soar.

Before you ever went away
To search for fun and thrills,
The scene that greeted your sight
each morn
Was the sun creeping o'er those hills.

You may have forgotten their
stately form,
When the broad plains hide them
from view,
But the same old longing will
bring you back,
To gaze on your favorite scenes
anew.

So, good-night, my boy, and good
luck,
Wherever, roaming you may be,
And when you lose the wanderlust
Come back to the hills and me.

Marjorie Weld '44

At evening when frogs did endless
pipe,
And the birds had chirped a last
good night,
The moon peeped out from behind the
heights,
And bathed them all in a soft cool light.

Vermont

When you carefully glance around
It gives your heart a thrill,
To see the lakes and mountain tops
And many a little hill.

When the ground is covered with
snow,
And white is all that's seen,
As the sun creeps over the moun-
tain top
It spreads a glistening sheen.

The farmers with their tingling bells,
The children with their sleds;
The snow is piled upon the road,
Almost over their heads.

We're thankful to be Vermonters
Up where the blue skies smile.
Back to the home of my childhood,
That's where I'm going a while.

When the children on their way
Are full of pep and cheer,
When you hear the chirping birds,
You'll know that spring is here.

Home to the hills of Vermont
And familiar paths once trod,
Beyond the dim valley of depression,
To behold the uplands of God.
Helen Towle '43



Our Government

Last winter , twenty-six pupils from the Franklin High School rode to Montpelier to visit the legislature. There we saw Governor Wills who gave each of us a card on which was printed his picture, his signature, and a picture of the capitol.

Then Governor Wills spoke to the many pupils who were visiting the legislature on that day, about the making of our government. He told us that the government was made up "of the people, for the people, by the people". He also told us that we are very lucky people, for we live in a free land, and are free to do what we feel like doing. If we want to go to a movie, hear a concert, , play the radio, or listen to a lecture, we may do so, without being told what to listen to, or what movie to attend. We can think and say what we please without a spy's reporting to some officer what we are doing. If we wish to think out loud, it can be done without fear of being shot.

We have a strong government made up of the good citizens of the Unites States. We should do our part to keep the government strong, and abolish the chance for a dictator to step in and rule us , as has been done in many foreign countries. Here the farmer can grow anything without giving most of it to the government. We are free from anything like that; and we always want to keep our country a free land as it is now, and as we hope it will be one hundred years from now.
Bradley Martin '44

A Pet Calf

One night, Melvin asked me to help him get a couple of calves, about a mile from town. He told me he would give me a dime. Of course, I thought it wasn't worth more than a dime - just to lead a calf. First we went to the store, from where we rode all the way to the farm, arriving about 4:15 .

In the pasture we chased the calves until we finally caught them; then we started home. Melvin had the hardest calf to lead. She would not start, and when she did start she would not stop. So we exchanged. This calf was something like a model T Ford, because I had to get in back and push, and when that didn't work I had to get in front and pull. Then she would start all of a sudden and head for the bushes. When we met a car she jumped into the ditch as far as possible (pretty nice of her). About half way down quite a steep hill she flung me down and dragged me back up (probably saying to herself, "Come on up and try it again"). Meanwhile Melvin had reached the foot of the hill. I don't know how I ever made the bend at the bottom of the hill. After I passed Melvin she went fine until she started a war dance. This dance was not quite like the others because she went around in circles until I was so dizzy that I fell down. Then she stopped to look at me as if to say, "Come on. Can't you take it?"

We arrived home about 6:30, and I tell you it was worth more than the dime I was given. I sometimes go over to Melvin's house and help him with the calves, and there she is. She'll look at me as if to say, "Want another ride"?

Rene Durenleau '45

Isolation

A small, squat hut, crouching in the shade of a tall pine, the monarch of the forest, gives a picturesque scene. Its brown logs, chinked with clay, show signs of wind, rain, snow, and sleet. At one end stands a crude rock chimney from which a lazy whisp of smoke gets its view of the place. A pair of hides are stretched and placed on the wall near the door. A canoe, the trapper's way to civilization, is drawn up on the pebbly beach of the meandering stream. The stream flows close to the cabin and its gurgle and swish are the only sounds to be heard, except for the birds and the breeze which gently stirs the trees and flowers to a faint rustling.

D. Gates '43

A Slight Uproar

Miss Tabby sat near the fireplace warming herself. She was purring contentedly, having just satisfied her appetite with a saucer of warm milk. Now Miss Tabby was a petted and pampered cat. What happened next much ruffled her feline dignity.

I

Into the room bounced a small, black, bright eyed spaniel, wiggling jumping, and rolling about. Being very angry at this intrusion into her peaceful domain, Miss Tabby stood up and emitted a long hiss. The puppy, deciding she wanted to play, jumped over to her and tried to nip her. This was too much for kitty. Humping her back so that every hair stood on end, she flew at the pup. Wondering what had happened he backed away, licking his poor little nose.

As soon as he had backed into the kitchen, Miss Tabby resumed her position by the fire, and started smoothing down her ruffled fur and feelings.

Marjorie Weld '44

Shadows of the Past

It was dusk in ancient Egypt, land of the
 mystic past, The sun
 Was slowly sinking, casting grotesque shadows
 o'er the western sky.
 Shedding rays of many hues on the landscape
 far and wide.

A shadow fell on the vaulted porch where
 the ruling Pharaoh lay, dressed
 In the rich raiment of the East, subject to
 neither man nor beast,
 But free to love or hate alike.

The fan bearers stir the sultry air, as the
 mournfully sweet notes
 Of the piper's flute cast their cadence on
 the laden breeze.

But now the scene has nearly past; the flutists
 cease;
 The last rays linger on the summit of each
 pyramid tomb -
 Then all is gone.

Clayton Pratt '43

Alice in Language Land

Alice. (Kneeling over a big box, takes out an English grammar, and begins to mumble) A linking verb takes a predicate word that explains the subject. A preposition takes an object of the preposition.

Alice. (Staring at a small brown figure.) Huh! What are you?

Linking Verb. I'm a linking verb, and I'm looking for my color.

Alice. For your color? What do you want a color for?

Linking verb. I want to go to the queen's ball with my sentence.

Alice. What sentence?

Linking Verb. If you're going to interrupt now - -

Alice. I won't interrupt, but do tell me what you want a sentence for.

Linking Verb. The Red Queen invited a lot of verbs to her ball, but she said that each must bring a sentence. I took, "The tulip is red". But now I can't find Red. (Calling loudly.) Here, Red! Red! Red!

Red. (Popping out from behind them.) Here I am, but you haven't found The yet.

Linking verb. I have Tulips, myself, and you. Now, I have to find only The.

Red. Maybe he's around somewhere.

Linking Verb. I don't know whether he'll come to the party or not.

Red. Maybe he'll come, but perhaps someone else has him. Oh! There he is, now. (Alice turns to find another small figure beside her.)

The. Yes, I'm going to the party with ^{Linking} Helping Verb, but This hasn't been asked yet. Shall I go to find him?

Linking Verb. I wish you would.

The. O.K. I'm going. (Thereupon, he hops out of sight.)

(Enter the Red Queen)

Red Queen. Alice, you're sitting on my throne. Please get down from it.

Alice. (Rising) Oh, I'am sorry.

Red Queen. Now, where is your sentence?

Alice. I have none.

Red Queen. Have none! Well, you'll have to stay here with me until I find one. Then I'll give you some help.

(Enter Linking Verb)

Linking Verb. Here is my sentence. (Sentence walks by.)

Red Queen. Very good. Call Double Negative.

(Exit Linking Verb. Enter Double Negative.)

Red Queen. Did you get my object?

Double Negative. No, I ain't found nothing.

Red Queen. You haven't found anything. Bad Language!

Bad Lanluage. Here I am.

Red Queen. Jail this fellow.

Alice. Wait! I have an idea. Call Linking Verb.

Linking Verb. Here I am.

Alice. Linking Verb, please get the verb Are for me.

Linking Verb. Yes, Miss.

Alice. Now, Double Negative, you stand there.

Linking Verb. (Returning with Are.) Here's your verb.

Alice. All right. The, you stand beside Double Negative. Bad Language, you stand beside Are. Red Queen, There's your sentence -

" Double negatives are bad language."

(Alice awakens.)

Phoebe Westcott '45
Marion Richard '45

Love Hath Ways

Johanne Gradinni, Jon for short, tightly clutched his collar about about his neck. It was a cold, stormy night and the thin, threadbare coat he wore did not shelter him much. Even this could not freeze him, for he had a lump of warmth in his heart, caused by the violin in his left hand. Now his day was over, and he could go to the little attic room that he now called home.

Jon had been raised by his well-to-do parents, and had wanted nothing until his mother had died about two years before. Ever since this time Jon had missed her maternal care, and to make matters worse, his father had decided, only one year later, to remarry. Jon, still remembering his mother, and not being able to bear the thought of another woman's taking her place, had beseeched his father to change his mind, but all in vain, for his father would not listen to reason. Jon had taken his departure from home without even seeing his future step-mother. A year of dead, dreary work at his violin had brought forth several fruits, among which were courage, self-determination, coordination, and self-reliance. In his spare time at night he had tried to compose, and at last he had started a song which if it had the beat of life would be a work of art.

At last the tenement house steps were reached; then he fumbled for strength to climb the steps. When, at length, he stumbled into the familiar room, he drew a safety match from his pocket and applied it to the gas jet.

The first sight that met his eyes was the most beautiful girl that he had ever seen. Her complexion was of a rosy tint, and the frame of hair that surrounded her finely featured face was a radiant gold. Her eyes of deep blue were filled with a look of inquiry and surprise.

Finally Jon broke the silence by saying, "Hello. I'm sorry to have disturbed you, but if you will kindly move to one side a nice warm fire will soon stop those chattering teeth."

"I didn't mean to intrude, but I was so cold that when I found this room unlocked I couldn't resist getting out of the wind. I will leave immediately so that I won't disturb you. I am sorry to have intruded."

Quickly Jon said "Wait! Don't leave yet. You aren't intruding. Soon I shall have supper ready and you must stay."

"You are so kind and I am so cold that I accept. Thank you very much."

Soon Jon was warming over the fire, a can of beans which he had opened. After supper one thing led to another until soon he learned much of her past life. She also had had well-to-do parents, but now had been suddenly thrown to work, not by an impending stepmother but by the death of her parents. She had worked in a restaurant where she had met a man with whom she had fallen madly in love. They had become engaged and had set the date for the wedding, but just the very day before the wedding, after she had left her position, the man died of a nervous breakdown. It was said that he was worrying about a wandering son by a former marriage.

For about six months she had been able to support herself on a small income from sewing and her savings from the former position. After this she had been forced from her room because she had not been able to pay the rent. She had found a small amount of work, barely enough to pay for that night's lodging. Then the next morning, the very day that she had stumbled into Jon's room, she had started her fruitless search. At the end of the day, she had stumbled, weary and hungry, into the shelter of the little room.

After hearing her story Jon was silent for a moment; then he said, "Mrs. Green, my landlady, has a spare room which I can secure for very little, and I can sleep there on a few blankets. You can sleep here. While I work you can stay here."

"But that would be having you do too much, I am afraid", said the girl whose name was Bess.

"No, I want you to", stammered Jon. It could easily be seen that he was very much attracted to this charming girl.

This plan worked very well, for as the days sped by the young couple grew more and more madly in love. In the evening Jon would sit by the stove with "dearest Bessie", as he came to call her, and idly play a few notes of his song. Gradually the song grew from a few lifeless notes to a beautiful, heart-throbbing strain of life with its joys and sorrows.

One night as they were sitting by the stove, Jon asked Bess to marry him. "But, Jon, how will we support ourselves if I marry you?" she asked.

"I have been supporting you for quite a while, dearest, and besides today I gave my song to a publisher to be copyrighted and presented to the public. It promises to be a success, he says."

"Then my answer is 'yes', dearest Jon."

As they applied for the license Jon suddenly asked, "I forgot, but what is your name? Your last name?"

"Elizabeth Conant. And yours?"

"Johanne Gradinni."

At this point, Bess fainted. As soon as she recovered she explained to Jon that his father was dead and she had been searching for him. She had promised her future husband, Jon's father, in his delirium, that she would try to find his son, and bring him back to his legacy. Jon's father had left his only son a fortune of fifty thousand dollars.

Here we leave Jon and Bess in happiness, and the last we learn of them is through a small, obscure item in a prominent New York newspaper, which reads:

"Mr. and Mrs. Johanne Gradinne and their two children have taken up residence in this city. Mr. Gradinni has a position with the Symphony orchestra."

The Greatest Teacher Experience

Charlie had just called and asked Katherine to go skating, but she had refused. She had a short story to write, besides having French and algebra lessons to do. Oh! If she only didn't have that old short story to write she could manage to get her French and algebra done in class. And then she happened to think that her mother wasn't home. Why couldn't she go? Her mother didn't know about the short story anyway. Yes, she would call Charlie back and tell him. He was glad to have her but he didn't think she should have left her short story.

"Katherine, do you think you should leave your short story, like that?" he asked.

"Of course", Katherine answered rather thoughtfully, "Mother didn't know about my short story, and I'll get my algebra and French done in class."

"I wrote my story a long time ago", Charlie said.

They were already putting on their their skates; Katherine for a moment wondered if she should have heeded her impulse to call Charlie again, but then- "Doesn't the ice look swell? Boy! And to think I almost missed it", she called as they started skimming over the lake.

At the supper table Katherine's mother asked her if she had any homework to do. "Yes, some French and algebra", Katherine answered. "I'll do them in the morning, or after supper", she added as she looked at her mother's face.

"But isn't it nearly time for your short story to be done, Katherine? It seems as though they were always due three or four weeks after Christmas. John usually wrote his during Christmas vacation." John was Katherine's brother who had graduated the year before.

Katherine thought a minute before answering, "Why yes, I guess they are due pretty soon."

After supper Mrs. Lane said, "Well, Katherine, since you have some French and algebra to do, I'll excuse you from the dishes tonight." Katherine gladly opened her books. First she wrote her French sentences; then she tackled her algebra problems. Perhaps she would get her short story almost done before she went to bed. But just as she was finishing her last problem, Charlie called to see if she could go to the movies, and her mother told her that since she had finished her home work that she might go.

The next day at school Katherine saw everyone finishing short stories. How she wished she had written hers instead of going to the movies and skating. She saw several completed stories already on the teacher's desk, with no names on them. She even thought how nice it would be if she might take one of them and say she had written it. The teacher would never be the wiser, for it seems that they didn't have to sign their names unless they wanted to, but the teacher picked out the best stories for the school paper. That idea kept growing upon her. She sat down in her seat to think it over. She could take one, and if the teacher asked for names she could put hers on it; if she didn't ask for names she would just pass it in. She was thankful that all the papers must be typed. The teacher couldn't tell that it wasn't in

her handwriting. She finally decided to take one.

In English class that the teacher called for the stories without thenames. Katherine was ,literally speaking, shaking in her shoes as she handed in "her" story. Immediately her conscience began bothering her. By the time school was over she thought her head would burst, she was so worried . When she reached home her mother thought she was sick, perhaps coming down with the grippe which everyone was having, and Katherine agreed that she was. She even sipped ginger tea, let her mother tie a handkerchief about her greased throat, and went to bed. She didn't feel like going to school the next day, but, nevertheless, she went. She told herself that if the teacher wanted to find out, she wanted to be there.

Sure enough, in English class the teacher said, "And now there's a little matter I should like to ask you, about these short stories. There are twelve in the class but only eleven stories. If someone didn't write one, please tell me; otherwise I shall start looking for a misplaced one." Of course Katherine didn't tell, and no one said anything.

That night the teacher, Miss Livingston, hunted through all her papers where the lost story might be. But alas! It wasn't there. She told her mother about the incident . Mrs. Livingston, who was a good judge of human nature, thought perhaps her daughter could find the guilty one by his or her actions.

Charlie thought of Katherine as the guilty one; then he was ashamed of having ^{thought} she would do such a thing. The next day, however, when she was excused from English class, he knew that something was wrong. Everyone in the classroom proved that he had written a story by giving the title and telling where he had found his idea. As Katherine was the only person absent , Miss Livingston thought with much anxiety that she must be the culprit. She hated to think this, for she had always thought a lot of Katherine.

When Katherine reached home she told her mother she was sick, and went to bed. She was just dozing off when she heard the door bell ring. Like someone in a daze she heard her mother go to the door, and just as she expected it was Miss Livingston. She heard her mother say, "Why yes, I'm sure she'd be glad to see you." Then she heard Miss Livingston coming up the stairs. Mrs. Lane then excused herself and left them alone.

Miss Lane lost no time in asking her question. "Katherine", she said, "did you write a short story?"

Katherine began to cry in her pillow ; then she sobbed out the whole story.

"I never would have thought that of you if anyone else had told me", said Miss Livingston. "I must say I am very deeply disappointed in you, and as much as I hate to, I shall have to give you a failing mark for the first half year of English. This hurt Katherine, who was trying for a scholarship, but, nevertheless, she had to take her medicine. After Miss Livingston left, Katherine lay thinking about the half year of English. Suddenly, she remembered what her grandmother had always said - "He made his bed; now let him lie in it."

The next day Katherine went back to school. It had hurt her to have Miss Livingston, her favorite teacher, find out; it had hurt more to get zero; but when Miss Livingston told the other pupils about it in class, that seemed the last straw. She took her books home that night, telling her folks that she was through school forever. Although they were deeply disappointed in her they said little. After two weeks at home she could stand it no longer. She wanted to be an aviatrix so badly that her desires got the best of her. She went back to school, holding her head high when the others laughed at her.

If Katherine only hadn't cheated! But even the best of us do wrong sometimes. Katherine certainly did wrong, and she learned her greatest lesson, not from a book taught by Miss Livingston, but from life taught by the greatest teacher of all - experience.

Doris King '42

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SPORTS

Baseball started with a bang, the first game being played on the 25th of April, eleven days after the start of practice. Franklin has pepped up wonderfully toward the end of the season, winning two of the three last games played, and losing the very last game by a score of one on the wrong side.

The games are as follows:

Time	Opponent	Place	We	They
Apr. 25	Swanton	There	7	14
Apr. 30	Enosburg	Here	2	12
May 7	Swanton	Here	13	24
May 13	Brigham	There	6	4
May 20	Brigham	Here	9	4
May 26	Enosburg	There	7	8

The girls have organized a soft ball team this year with Marion West as captain, but so far no games have been scheduled.

The following are the reports of the Bakersfield games as we sent to the "The Enosburg Standard".

On Tuesday, May 6th, the Franklin baseball boys won a decided victory over the Brigham team at Bakersfield and returned with a score of 6-4 in their favor. Five of the six scores for Franklin were made in the second inning. This gave Franklin such a lead that, although the Brigham scores started creeping up during the following innings, she was still ahead by two scores when the game was called at the end of the seventh inning. A goodly delegation from Franklin High School journeyed to Bakersfield to boost the team.

On May 20, the Franklin High School baseball team won another smashing victory over the Brigham boys at Franklin, the score being 9-4. Seven scores were made by Franklin in the third inning.



C. Bennett '44

Maurice Benjamin '32 has enlisted in the army. He left May 16 to go to Fort Devens, Mass. where he will become a mechanic in the air corp.

Miss Doris Dunham '35 is employed in the Mount Vernon Hospital.

Renwick Scott '35 has recently been home for a week, from Norfolk, Virginia.

Eugene Olmstead '37 has employment in the Central Vermont Railroad station at St. Albans.

Miss Bernice Fields '38 is now employed in the restaurant connected with the barber shop.

Miss Elizabeth Horskin '38 was united in marriage to Richard Wright on April 26. They are, at present, residing at the home of Mrs. Wright's parents.

Carroll Hull '38 is at Fort Blanding.

The University Press Club announces that Winston Pierce '39 has been promoted to the rank of Corporal in Military.

Howard Olmstead '40 is now driving the milk truck for Richard Glidden.

Miss Helen Gates, a senior at Bellows Free Academy this year, won the district interscholastic singing contest held in Burlington, May 24.

Donald Wing ex '42 has enlisted in the army. He will be stationed in Hawaii.

HUMOR

Miss Dewing: (in English class) Make a sentence containing the word metaphysician.

Gwendolyn: As I was walking to school I met Dr. Samson.

Norma, who likes to ask riddles: What is a rare volume?

Miss Dewing: A loaned book which is returned.

Miss Wilcox: (in economic geography class) Can you tell me the main use of cow hide?

Lyle: Sure. It keeps the cow together.

Keith: How would you like to have my face next to yours?

Marjorie W. Shaved?

Dad: Where have you been, James?

James: Fishing.

Dad: Well, since the chores are all done, let's go on a whaling expedition in the wood shed.

Guy: Some day I'd like to have the world and you at my feet.

Doris: Well, what do you think you have been walking on , all this time?

Miss Wilcox: Which is farther away, the moon or Africa?

Robert Messier: Africa, because you can see the moon but you can't see Africa.

Bobby: I think you're the finest looking fellow I ever saw.

Guy: I'm sorry, but I can't return the compliment.

Bobby: You could if you told as big a lie as I did.

Can you imagine -

Marguete Benjamin saving her charms six days a week , just for the lad from Springfield on the seventh?

Marion Richard not going down to the laboratory to serve hot lunches?

Richard Weld coming in at the right time at a play rehearsal?

James Richard asking for a date?

Corinne Bennett not pestering somebody with her pencil?

Marion West not falling upon her knees?

Gertrude Corwell coming to school every day?

Oscar Hefflon reading a book?for English?

Miss Gates not singing at school parties?

Wanted -

Someone to worry about three act plays,for Miss Gates,

A bed for Guy Lothian in history class.

A two-legged stool for David Gates in French class.

A supply of kleenex for Lyle - to take the place of Marion's handkerchief.

A good looking girl for James Richard.

A baseball diamond for Marion West.

** NEWS **

Rita Bessette came back to us for the last semester.

On February 25, members of the Franklin High School visited the state legislature at Montpelier. Meanwhile , the pupils who remained at school were allowed to study whatever subject they chose. Many boys chose home economics.

On February 27, a freshman party was given at the home of Marjorie and Richard Weld. Games were played and refreshments served. A pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

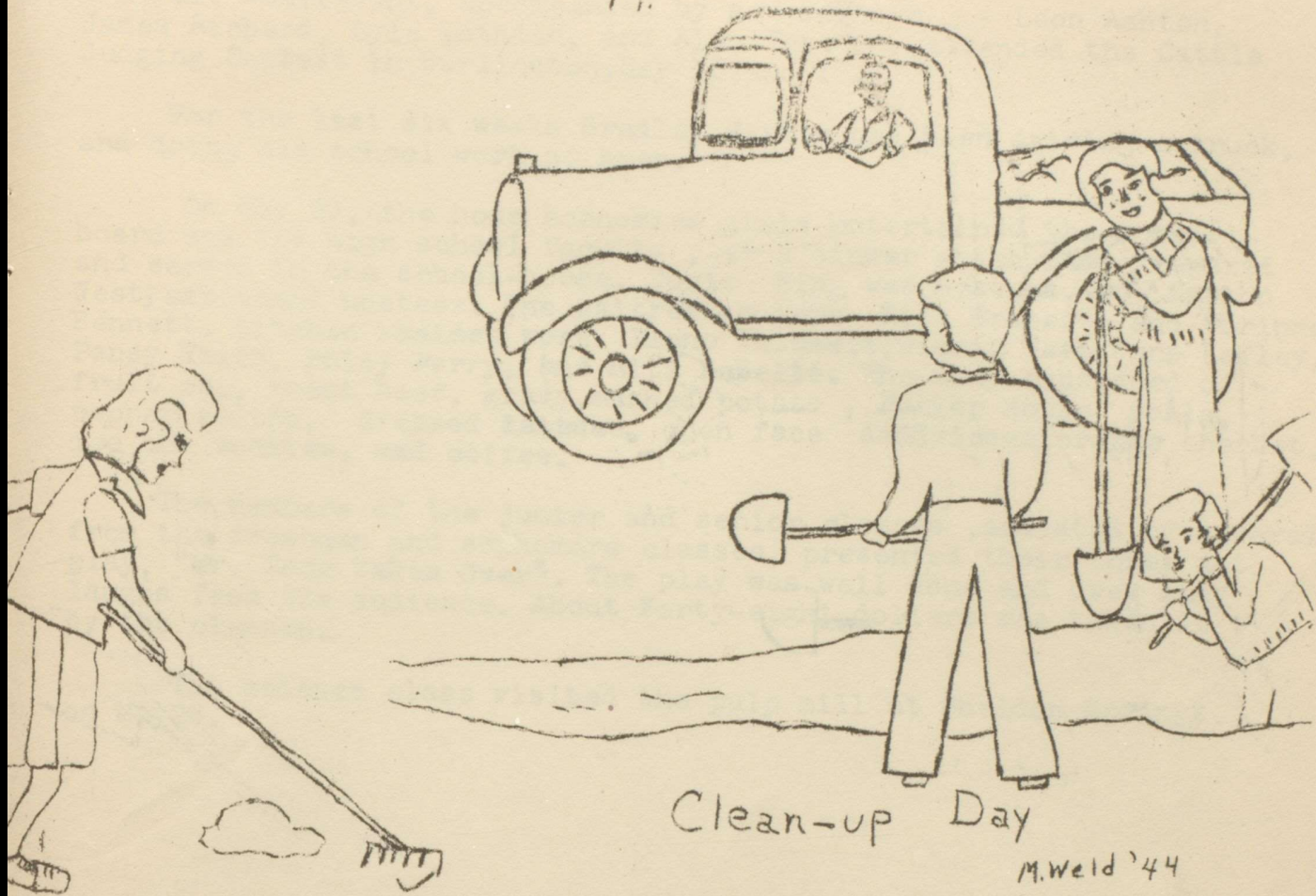
Starting March 3, and continuing for a period of six weeks, the agriculture class worked in the home economics laboratory and the home economics girls in the workshop.

During the first two weeks of April, school was closed for sugaring vacation.

On March 26, a freshman party was held at the home of Alan West-cot.

On April 2, the juniors and seniors presented their one act play, "Right About Face", in the state contest at Middlebury. The contest was won by Middlebury, but all of the four plays presented there received compliments.

Gladys Boulais was hostess to the freshman class party on April 25.



On April 17, a junior party was held at the home of Rachel Streete. The game "Truth or Consequences" was one of the main features of the evening.

April 30 was used by the pupils to clean the appearance of the school-house and school grounds.

On April 30, the essays written by the seventh and eighth grades to celebrate the Vermont Sesquicentennial year, were judged by Mrs. Mae Gates, Miss Lucile Gates, and Mrs. Alice Sturtevant. The eighth grade essay chosen was "What My Country Stands For", by Phebe Westcott; the seventh grade essay was "Early Industries of Franklin", by Charles Mullen.

The pupils of the primary room, under the direction of their teacher, Miss Sunderland, have been planting flowers along the school fence.

The sophomore class has lost one pupil, Helen Towle, whose parents moved to Essex Junction where Mr. Towle is managing a store.

The eighth grade has gained a pupil, Pearl Jackson.

On May 8, in spite of showers, the freshmen enjoyed a wiener roast on Wing's hill.

Marguerite Benjamin, Roswell Ploof, and David Gates were the three delegates who sang in the All State Chorus at the State Music Festival in Burlington, May 10.

Superintendent Raymond gave comprehensive examinations to both Anderson

the eighth and sixth grades on May 14. Phebe Westcot's paper ranked first and Royce Magnant's paper ranked fifth in the whole district.

On May 16, Phebe Westcott was hostess to the eighth grade and their friends. Both outdoor and indoor games were played.

Mr. Sturtevant, accompanied by several boys - Leon Ashton, James Richard, Lyle Lothian, and Alan Westcott, attended the Cattle Judging Contest in Burlington, May 16 and 17.

For the last six weeks Bradley Martin has been driving a truck, and doing his school work at home.

On May 22, the home economics girls entertained the school board and the high school faculty, at a dinner which they prepared and served in the school-house. Doris King was hostess, and Marion West, assistant hostess. The waitresses were Rita Bessette and Corinne Bennett. Kitchen waitresses were Ilene Thibault, Gloria West, June Lafley, Pansy White, Polly Perry, and Rita BaBelle. The menu consisted of - fruit cup, roast beef, gravy, mashed potato, Parker House rolls, pepper relish, dressed lettuce, open face sandwiches, orange sherbet, ice box cookies, and coffee.

The members of the junior and senior classes, assisted by several from the freshman and sophomore classes, presented their three act play, "Mr. Cook Takes Over". The play was well done and drew many laughs from the audience. About Forty-eight dollars was taken in by the classes.

The science class visited the pulp mill at Sheldon Springs, on May 28.

