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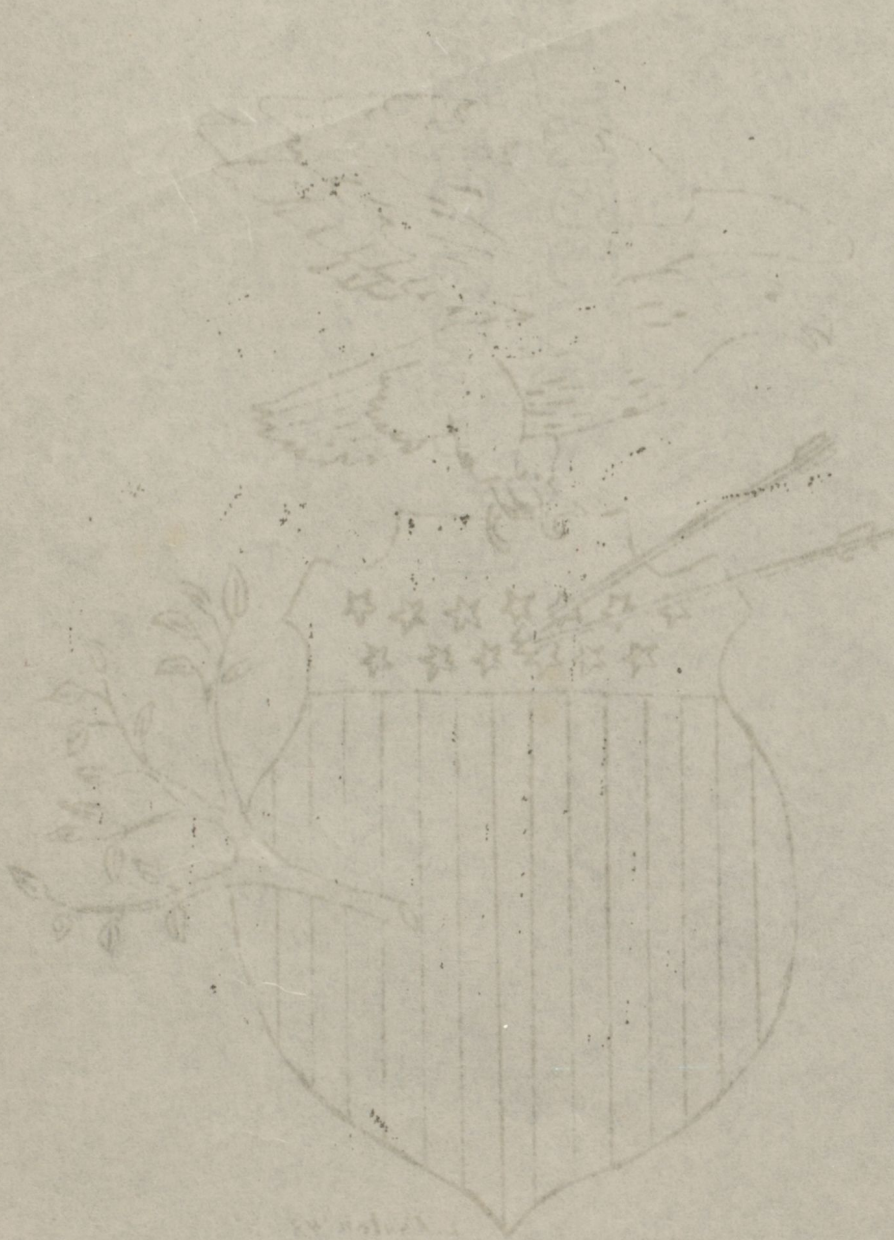
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FRANKLIN  
HIGH SCHOOL  
MOLECULE



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EDITORIALS

ARE YOU DOING YOUR PART?

Our country has now joined this great World War. We, therefore, must all do our part to help. Some of our boys have joined the Army, the Navy, and the Air Corps; some of our girls are working in defense shops. The people at home must do their part too. They can help by planting larger gardens and caring for them; by buying defense bonds and stamps; and by managing to get along on less sugar, gas, and rubber.

Some people who have to give up a few of their pleasures think that this is a terribly hard thing to do. But do they stop to think what our boys have given up for their country and for us? Our boys had to give up more than their pleasures; they have offered their lives to keep us free, and we must help them. Some may think that our boys are well provided for in the service of Uncle Sam, because they get their their clothing, shelter, and food, besides money, but does that entirely compensate for the chances they have to take?

Let's do all we can to keep up the morale of our boys and to help win the war.

Rachel Streeter '42

WHAT THIS WAR MEANS TO US

We boys and girls who are just beginning to get acquainted with life don't really know what this war means to us. Many of us say that no country can ever defeat the United States. Would this still be true if we met a stronger nation than our own? Of course, we are

a strong nation, but we can't merely rely on our former reputation,

Many of us buy defense saving stamps and bonds. Everyone who does that and other little things like saving paper, tires, sugar and gas, is what Uncle Sam calls "a real American citizen".

Often when we are at home with our parents or out having a good time we forget all about the war. When we are sleeping, playing, or working, we don't stop to realize that our country is fighting a vicious war and that some day we too shall be fighting.

Occasionally, some of us notice the change which has come over our father, and we wonder why he doesn't get home from work so early and why he isn't so eager to play with the children as he used to be. Our mother, too, seems quieter, we think, as now and then we catch her looking at Father with a brooding tenderness in her eyes. What do you suppose caused this great emotion? Surely, it can't be that Dad is worrying about a debt that he is unable to pay. It's the war that is constantly bothering him. He is thinking that if Germany and Japan should win the war what would be the outcome for him, for his family, for his relatives, for his friends, and for everyone involved in this fight for democracy. I think that most of our fathers and brothers would rather die for defense than see Hitler rule our treasured nation.

We all admire the great work General MacArthur has been doing for his country. He will be long remembered by us Americans and probably by the Japs as well. He has great skill and the kind of courage and bravery that more of our soldiers need. We must remember, too, the many brave soldiers who died at Pearl Harbor, for the cause of freedom and liberty. These soldiers were proud of their country and willing to give their lives for it and for us. Now it is our turn to show our soldiers how much we appreciate their loyalty.

Another person we are all extremely proud of is our President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He has done so much planning and worrying that he has grown very old in the last few months. He has hopes of winning this war, as have the rest of us, but he intends to give Hitler, and Yamamoto a long hard hard fight first.

Now everyone whether big or small, young or old, can help Uncle Sam win the war and make this nation a bigger and better America.

Gloria West '44

#### LET'S READ MORE

How many of us realize the value to be gained by reading the countless good books, papers, and magazines of today? These papers, books, and magazines contain all types of stories, articles, poems, and plays which should satisfy all kinds of people. Reading increases the knowledge of the reader immeasurably. We should, however be careful in our choice of reading materials. Dime novels and

trash aren't going to increase the keenness of one's mind.

We must read and think if we are going to become able American citizens. Since we have the best reading facilities of any nation in the world, let's make use of them. Instead of just idling away spare time pick up the daily newspaper, "Time" magazine, or the "Reader's Digest". There is plenty to read and most of it is written simply enough for any person to understand. Reading gives a broader outlook on life, takes us to other countries, and enables us to become practically acquainted with many people of all lands and times.

To read intelligently it is necessary to pick apart what we read and think out what seems most important to us. We shouldn't believe all that we read, of course, but a lot of it is true, especially if the source is reliable. People who write usually know what they are doing or they wouldn't be writing. Reading is a form of recreation but I don't believe in letting what I read go in one eye and out the other. We who wish to understand the problems of life must read to become enlightened.

Keith Dunham '42

### WASTE OF TIME IN SCHOOL

Some school students don't realize what a lot of time they waste in school. There are many ways of wasting valuable time.

One of the chief ways of wasting time in school is whispering. Whispering is a bad habit and the pupils whispering are often caught in their action. Many times the one responsible for the whispering is the one who tries to get by with other things.

Writing notes is another bad habit. Many times a person will write a note and then throw it across the room to some one on the other side. The person who is supposed to get the note doesn't get it, but somebody else does get it and reads it. Then there is often some kind of fight over this little piece of paper.

Watching other people work instead of working yourself is another bad habit. I think you should do your own work instead of watching other people to see what they are doing, how they are doing it and why. Often the person who is watching never gets his own work done in time for class.

Some pupils read magazines or comic papers instead of studying the next day's assignments. This practice may give momentary relief but it doesn't help the marks on the report cards any.

Throwing spit balls, rubber bands, or erasers is another pastime in which some boys indulge. They seem to get a great deal of pleasure from throwing such things at people who are trying to study outside of school hours. It is extremely hard to study when such things are flying around you.

Students in high school often have the idea that marking on desks isn't anything. It is something ! First, the desk isn't theirs; it belongs to the school. If it were their property they would be careful not to mark on it. Marking spoils the looks of a desk, and the dents and holes make writing on the desk extremely difficult, for the pencil is continually puncturing the paper.

All these forms of time-wasting may seem pleasant pastimes to the people who use them, but they are actually forming harmful habits in their users, as well as disturbing pupils who wish to study.  
Rita LaBelle '43

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P O E T R Y

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MACARTHUR

A POEM

Douglas MacArthur's a man so fine,  
He works for his country all the time  
He's now in Australia fighting  
the Japs,  
We're hoping he soon will get them  
trapped.

Now Adolph Hitler soon we'll win  
And hang him up for his every sin.  
Then most of the Germans so glad  
would be  
To have their rights and be set  
free.

No more the people of captured lands,  
Would have Hitler's fetters on  
their hands,  
When all the people so hungry  
and cold,  
Would again be happy and earning  
their gold.

And so MacArthur and Roosevelt too,  
With the help of the people will  
carry this through.  
They'll end this war with its trou-  
ble and fear,  
Then there'll be peace for many  
a year.

Ilene Thibault '44

In English class the other day  
Miss Dewing said to write,  
And there we sat in the back  
seat;  
Our faces were a sight.

She said we must write a poem,  
On what we did not know.  
She said to write on anything.  
Ah! This we hated so!

We sat and thought most all the  
hour;  
We could not write a thing.  
Our thoughts were on the base-  
ball game,  
And there our thoughts would  
cling.

And so at last we gave up hope  
of ever being a poet;  
And when Miss Dewing shows you  
this,

You all will surely know it.

Lyle Lothian '43  
James Richard '43  
Doris King '42



MANNERS WIN

Dorothy Jean was a finicky child  
 With dark auburn curls and a sweet  
 dimpled smile  
 Dolls were her pride and the cat  
 was her joy.  
 Yes Dot had the manners. She ab-  
 horred any boy,

Jo took the prizes in work or in  
 play;  
 In school and at home our Jo won  
 each day.  
 Always together the people ex-  
 claimed,  
 "Yes, Dot has the manners but Jo'll  
 win the game."

Josephine Ann in the dirt played  
 all day,  
 No, never so happy as playing in hay,  
 Dirt on her face and dirt in her  
 mane.  
 Yes, Dot had the manners but Jo  
 won each game,

Dot soon grew older and popular  
 too,  
 But then came trouble, which for  
 Jo wasn't new.  
 They fell together and a people  
 exclaimed,  
 "Dot has the manners but our Jo'll  
 win the game."

Dot was quite fat but Jo was quite  
 lank;

Our Dot was quite perfect but Jo  
 played a pranks,  
 Dot gave a party and Josephene came.  
 Then Dot was the fav'rite but Jo  
 won each game,

Both fell for Jack, a nice hand-  
 some young boy.  
 Jo won more attention but Dot  
 won the joy.  
 Despite Jack's choice, Jo made  
 people exclaim,  
 "Dot has the ring now, but Jo'll  
 win the game,"

Dot went to the altar and so did our Jo,  
 Both clad in light dresses that fitted just so,  
 Jo was the bridesmaid and people exclaimed,  
 "Dot has the manners but Jo'll play the game."

Phebe Jane Westcott '45

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A PLEA FOR RAINY DAYS

As we awaken and gaze out of the window, the atmosphere  
 seems to betray the state of affairs. A cold, bleak sky, the gentle  
 pitter of rain on the roof - all give a gloomy aspect which is likely  
 to continue throughout the day. Don't let this get you down. Bright-  
 en up and look about for a way to spend the day quickly and cheer-  
 fully.

To spend the day quickly and cheerfully, there are many  
 paths which may be followed. First, couldn't you amuse yourself and  
 keep out of the way at the same time? Snatch a good book from the  
 shelf, your slicker from the hook, and hop off to read to some friend  
 who is sick. An hour or two will pass so quickly that you will won-  
 der where it has gone.



Secondly, your mother might appreciate your help. You could care for your younger brothers and sisters, set the table, sew buttons on the shirts and do countless other things. After dinner there are dishes to do. You could help.

Thirdly, is your room in order? A twist of the broom and busy hands can soon make light the work. Then the cellar or perhaps the shed might be a tangle of rakes, hoes, shovels, cans, bikes, and toys. You could at least make a start at setting them in order.

If you only keep your mind focused on something else you will find the glooms of a rainy day just a mask. Try this plan, won't you?

David Gates '43

#### MY TRIP TO THE MUSIC FESTIVAL

This year I was one of the fortunate students to be chosen to sing in the all state chorus at the Music Festival. And what a thrill this was! At the first rehearsal I was so frightened that I scarcely dared sing, but after the first song I became more my natural self. After the rehearsal we went out to eat or rather to nibble - we were too excited to eat. At one-thirty came another rehearsal which was even better than the first - perhaps because we had eaten.

The director, Dr. Butterfield, is a wonderful man. He is stout, rather tall, and has white hair. He is a man whom I'm sure everyone who sees would like to know. He has a magnetic way with young people that just draws them to him and makes them like him.

After the one-thirty rehearsal we started for our room. When we found the house we just stood there wondering what to say to whoever might come to the door. We rang the door bell and waited. In a minute a girl opened the door and said, "Oh, you are the girls from the Music Festival". This put us at ease immediately. We changed our clothes and went to supper, then to the six-thirty rehearsal! At this rehearsal everyone sat tense, wondering whether Dr. Butterfield would let us out in time to go to the band concert. True to his nature however, he closed on time.

Saturday morning the big events were to start. First was to be the parade and our glee club was coming down to sing. At the eight-thirty rehearsal that morning all the girls were saying, "Does my hair look all right?" "Do I look all right to parade?" All of this talk, I suppose, annoyed the boys very much if they heard it.

After waiting a long time, at last the band in our division began to play. Off we were - "left, right, left, right" - and hoping that everyone was in step with us. Afterwards we were very much pleased to be told that we were all in step.

The biggest thrill of all came at the Saturday evening concert. It certainly was a thrill to know that I was a part, even though a

small part of that wonderful music.

Even though I was very tired after it was over, I am sorry that next year, if there is a festival, I must miss the thrill of it.  
Doris King '42

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### THE HISTORY OF A TRACTOR

Iron, steel, rubber, leather, and a little glass were used to make me. Machines and workmen worked hard to put me, a tractor, together. One day a salesman came to the factory to order some tractors. My brothers, my sisters, and I were chosen to make a long journey to a small town where we would be sold.

My first thrill came when a modern young farmer came in to choose a tractor. There were two or three of my size, but for some unknown reason I was chosen to work on his modern farm. First Mr. Jones (for that was the farmer's name) had to buy some machinery for me. He bought a plow and a harrow. I was taken to the farm in a truck unloaded, and put into the barn. In the morning the farmer filled me with gasoline, water, and oil. Then he backed me out of the barn and all the farm folks watched me go around and around the field drawing the plow. I had twenty-four acres of land to plow, but I never became tired. When all the plowing was done, I heard the farmer say that his fall work had been finished so quickly he believed he would take a trip. Before Mr. Jones left I was put in the shed. Here I stayed all winter. Sometimes I was cold and sometimes I was warm.

In the spring Farmer Jones and his family moved to the city. The farm and the equipment, including me, were sold to Farmer Brown. Soon after the arrival of the new family, I had eight children climbing all over me. Some quarreled over a place on the seat. Others kicked my wheels and tires. The smallest boy took a hammer and pounded on me until I was jammed in many places. Some even sat on my engine. They started my engine and scraped my gears. They made me go with my brake on until it was worn out. In less than a day, the old master would not have recognized me, I was so battered. Farmer Brown made me work very hard. He made me work so hard that I had to harrow those twenty-four acres of ground in half a day. I wouldn't have minded that so much, but he had not fed me my oil and water. The following day he made me plant ten acres to corn and the rest to oats. Even though it rained, he made me go around and around the field planting first corn and then oats. At night I was never put in the tool shed away from the rain and bad weather. The only time, other than at night, that I had a chance to catch my breath was when Farmer Brown went to the house to get gas. You see, he was always running out of gas. During haying I was unusually busy. They made me draw heavy, heavy loads to the barn where they unloaded the grain or hay. One hundred loads of hay and twenty loads of oats were put in the barn. I did many kinds of jobs during the summer. Sometimes I would

I would draw the mowing machine and other times the loads of hay. Corn cutting too brought me extra work. First, I had to draw the harvester to cut the ten acres of corn. Then I had to draw the corn to the silo where I ran a corn cutter to fill the silo. The year soon rolled around until it was plowing time again. This year I had to plow thirty-five acres of land. Then I had to stand out-of-doors for two months and a half because there wasn't any room in the barn. The farmer had filled the barn with hay until there was no room for me. After the animals had eaten some of the hay and there was more room in the barn, I was driven in. Hay fell all over me until I could scarcely breathe.

When spring came Farmer Brawn sold me to Farmer Smith, who was so mean that I did not last much longer. He left me out in the field for six months, after which my fan belt broke when he tried to start me. He tried and tried to start me but it was of no use. The water in my engine was low, but what little there was had frozen and burst my engine. When Farmer Smith discovered this he ordered a new part to replace my broken one, but it must have been a long time coming, because he did not fix me for a long, long time. At last, he put in the new piece and started me. But by that time I had four flat tires. Farmer Smith made me work in poor condition and never put me in the barn at night, but left me out, whatever the weather. One morning when he was anxious to use me, I refused to start for him. He became so angry that he decided to sell me to a junk dealer.

The junk dealer took me to the junk yard in a big truck which he used for that purpose. There in the yard I met many of my brothers and sisters as well as old cars, buses, trucks and trains. Each day someone came for a part of me. First, my engine was taken. My tires were removed and sent to a big factory where they would be made into new tires for new tractors. One night a man crept into the yard and stole my steering wheel, but so much of me was gone that the junk man never noticed.

In the year of 1941, I heard two men discussing the value of old iron. One man said, "Why don't we sell what is left of this old tractor to the government?" The other man replied, "Why, yes, let's sell all these old tractors." Then I soon found myself back in the factory ready to be melted over into tanks for the United States Army.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY

The great day of anticipation had arrived and I was so excited I could not keep still for more than a minute at a time. I was going to take the train for New York City at eleven o'clock. I was ready to go at seven, but at last the time came and I was on the train speeding southward. As I was not to go into New York that night, yet I was too excited to sleep there in Bridgeport, Connecticut where I was staying with my sister. Bridgeport is a pretty little city about which I gained a fairly accurate picture by riding around in a car.

The next morning, a bright Tuesday in the latter part of September, I boarded the train at Bridgeport with my sister. Within an hour we were riding high above the streets of the East side of New York, while I was getting the greatest thrill of my young life, to think I was entering the greatest city in the world, the city I had read about since I could read. As I did not have enough eyes to watch both sides of the track at once I concentrated on one side. Suddenly, I noticed many Negroes on the street below and came to the conclusion that we were traveling through Harlem. Shortly we arrived in Grand Central Station - another dream realized. And there stood my aunt and uncle whom I had never seen waiting for us.

By the time our party had completed the hour long ride on the subway to my uncle's home near the water front in Brooklyn, we were all ready to eat dinner. In the afternoon we all walked along the water front of New York Harbor. There I obtained my first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty and the Manhattan skyline. I was deeply moved by this symbol of liberty, and felt some like an immigrant coming from Europe. When we arrived home my cousins, Freddie and Richard, were home from school. That night we boys went down to a park from which we could see the Statue of Liberty lighted, and get a good view of the New York skyline at night. The next day my first big league baseball game to which my uncle took me, gave me another big thrill.

That night we went out to the World's Fair which was about an hour's ride from my uncle's house. Just before getting to the fair grounds the subway track ran high into the air. I was seeing the World's Fair at night. The huge trylon and perisphere were vividly outlined. Magnificent fountains and pools dotted the fair grounds, and we saw numerous booths selling every kind of souvenir imaginable. Masses of people were streaming from one place to another. And I was having difficulty keeping track of the rest of the party and feasting my eyes on so many sights at one time. We entered the French building and from there watched the display of fireworks, the beauty of which is indescribable. The heavens were a mass of color and light.

The next day we boys headed for the fair once more. This time we were prepared to spend the day and did. We wandered in and through so many buildings that I can't begin to remember them all. I do remember, however, the magnificent exhibit of General Motors on buildings and highways of tomorrow. The Russian building was the most massive of the national buildings and the Italian building one of the most majestic and beautiful. I also went into the Perisphere and "The World of Tomorrow". I was very much interested in the house of jewels which contained jewels and gems worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. This was very closely guarded. We spent a short time in the amusement area which contained so many sources of entertainment that I could only get a passing glimpse of the picture. There were one hundred twenty thousand people at the fair that day, and everything was crowded, although I was told that this was a small crowd. The countless noises, the passing of the crowds with their continual talking, the beauty of the many buildings of the nations and states, the hundred and one odds and ends, the exclamations and

looks of amazement on the faces of the people at the splendor of the whole thing ; all created pictures never to be forgotten. It seemed to me that I was in fairyland. I can truly call that day, of the most memorable of my life. <sup>one</sup>

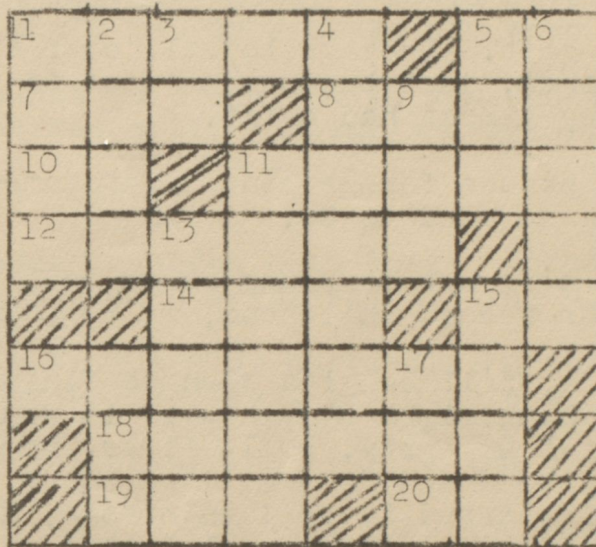
On arriving at my uncle's that night I was greeted by my mother who said that we were leaving for home in an hour, for we couldn't make connections the next night as we had expected. As we were pulling out of New York and I looked at the lights spreading farther than the eye could see on every side, I was filled with thoughts of something my aunt had told me. "There is something about New York that having been there once makes you determined to return."

Keith Dunham '42 .

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CROSS WORD PUZZLE

By David Gates '43



Horizontal

- 1. To brush
- 5. Father
- 7. A greasy, sticky liquid
- 8. Beverages
- 10. Like
- 11. To publish
- 12. Part of a sentence having neither subject nor predicate
- 14. An association which provides amusement for men in service
- 15. An exclamation of embarrassment.
- 16. Ally
- 18. A Roman hero
- 19. Elevated railways (abbr.)
- 20. Recruiting service (abbr.)

Vertical

- 1. A cleansing substance
- 2. Desire
- 3. Elevated railway (abbr.)
- 4. Clergymen
- 5. Writing tool
- 6. Active
- 9. Falsehood
- 11. Glues
- 13. Not urban
- 15. Makes mistakes
- 17. Organ of sound

( The solution is inside the back cover.)

## AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL

## SCENE I

( Grandpa and grandma who are visiting their children for a couple weeks are getting very tired of doing nothing but loaf. We find them sitting all alone, for John and Mary, their children, and Buzz and Birdie, their granddaughters, are all away.)

Grandpa: Where are the kids and grandkids tonight?

Grandma: Umhummmmm-oh, hey?

Grandpa: I said, Pocahontas, where is everybody?"

Grandma: Oh, John and Mary are at the Country Club and the brats are out dancing somewhere.

Grandpa: It gets my goat. They gallop all over the country every night and then, just because we went to the movies last Monday, they almost had a fit.

Grandma: Their only excuse for keeping us at home is that we're not as young as we used to be.

Grandpa: Of course we're not as young as we used to be. Now that we're in our second childhood, we're younger.

Grandma: You know, Pa, I'll be glad when we finish our visit here. I would go home right away now if it wouldn't be impolite.. At home I get up early, build fires, mop, shovel off the walk, carry wood and do a million other things. This morning, when I started to peel an orange, Mary took the knife right out of my hands and peeled it for me. She said I ought not to tire myself unnecessarily. I felt like asking her who she thought she was fooling. You would think I was a delicate hunk of lavender and old lace to hear her talk.

Grandpa: Yep, that's the way it goes, kiddo. I suppose I wouldn't let you do all that work if I were a gentleman, but the way I look at it- the work does you good. It keeps you from getting fat and lazy. I just wish we could set the pace for these young dead-beats. I bet we could show them how to paint the town red. Remember how we used to kick up our heels in our young days?

Grandma: (Sarcastically) According to your own ideas you are still a lady's man.

Grandpa: How so, Picklepus?

Grandma: For instance, I wouldn't have minded if you had merely cast sheep's eyes at that lady on the train, but I did object to the way you flirted with her.

Grandpa: I only went over and acted sociable to a fellow passenger. It was the only polite thing to do.

Grandma: How about the way you left me out? You told her you were a gay young bachelor and I was your maiden aunt. Who wouldn't get burned up about that? I hope I don't look that old.

Grandpa: There was nothing backward about the way you made an acquaintance with the gentleman who sat beside you. You old hen. You're a coquette if there ever was one. Why in the dickens did you tell him that you had just inherited a million and were free to marry?

Grandma: Now, Pa, You remember that I was your maiden aunt so you should care whom I flirted with.

Grandpa: If I had been in your boots, I would have moved when he kept proposing. How'd you ever shake him when we changed trains?

Grandma: I stuck his hat to a chair with some chewing gum. I slipped away while he was still pulling and swearing at it.

Grandpa: Now, ain't you smart?

Grandma: (After a pause in which both look bored and sigh heavily) I'm getting downright restless, sitting here doing nothing.

Grandpa: I've got it. (He jumps up hurriedly, grabs grandma by the arm and, pulls her to her feet.) There's a new floor show at the "Hepcats Club". (He does a jig around the room.) We'll get into our jitterbugging outfits and go right over.

Grandma: That's a good idea. Come on! Last one ready is knock-kneed.

### Scene II

(The setting is the same as for act one. The time is later that same night. John and Mary enter. He is limping and she is shuffling listlessly. They both sink into chairs.)

John: (Fumbling with his shoestrings.) Ohoo, do my feet feel awful! It's like walking over the coals of h- h-heaven.

Mary: You should holler. You had my feet to dance on. (Sniffs the air) Rhe-ew! For heavens sakes, put your shoes back on.

John: I'll go to sleep the minute I hit the hay. (He yawns.) Pop and Mom must have gone to be ages ago.

Mary: Yes, they probably tire easily these days, poor old dears. Are you coming to bed, John? Say, John. Oh, dear! Now he's gone to sleep. (Telephone rings.)

Mary: Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. Carter. ----What? ----At the Hepcat -  
 - Oh, you must be mistaken. ---- They did. --- Oh.----My good-  
 ness! ---Yes we'll come right down. ( She puts down the  
 telephone, turns to her husband, and shakes him.) John,  
 wake up! Wake up! We have to go out again.

John: ( He gives a startled snore and sits up.) Jumping wildcats!  
 What's up?

Mary: Pop and Mom are at the Hepcat Club. The manager just called up.  
 He said he would have them arrested if we didn't come and  
 get them right away.

John: Why the old jaybirds! At their age !

Mary: Don't sit there gaping. Get your hat.

(Enter Buzz and Birdie.)

Buzz: What do you know? We just came from the Hepcat Club. Grandpa  
 and Grandma were there leading a Conga line, and yelling  
 like a couple of wild Indians.

Birdie: They won the prize for tricky dancing. They danced so  
 fast Gramp's suspenders broke. It was almost a catastrophe.  
 The last we saw of them, Gramp was trying to keep his pants up  
 and guide Grandma off the floor. After that we came to tell you.

Mary: It seems that other complications have developed since then.  
 Let's all get down there as soon as we can.

( A knock is heard at the door.)

John: (He opens the door.) Good evening, gentlemen. Won't you er-  
 a come in? ( Two officers enter.)

First officer: Did a couple of fools dodge in here?

Mary: Why, no. We haven't seen anyone. Why?

Second Officer: We've been chasing them all the way from the Hepcat  
 Club.

First Officer: Chase is right. ( He takes out a handkerchief and mops  
 his brow.) They went into alleys, over fences, and through  
 traffic like a couple of scared rabbits. I bet I've lost  
 ten pounds chasing them.

John: What did they do?

Second Officer: They gave the people hotfoots, stuffed the horns of  
 the orchestra with paper, and the Lord knows what not.

John: (Coughs nervously.) I'm sorry we can't be of any assistance,  
 Officer, but we don't know anything about it.



Second Officer: We didn't want to catch the old coots anyway. We just wanted to scare them. Probably they were a couple of old timers celebrating some event or renewing their youth.

( Goodnights are exchanged and the officers exit.)

Buzz: This situation gets worse by the minute.

Birdie: Gramp and Gram made things hotter at the club than the Japs did in Hawaii.

(The door creaks open. Gramp and Gram come creeping in with their shoes in their hands. Their clothes are very mussed and bedraggled .)

Grandpa: Why, hello folks. You up? We thought we would come in quietly so we wouldn't wake you.

Mary: Huh! I suppose you didn't see the lights and hear us talking.

Grandma: To tell the truth, we were hiding under the porch steps until the officers went away.

Buzz: Boy! Grandpa, will you teach me some of those steps that you did at the club tonight?

Grandpa: I would if I could, but you see, I never did some of them myself until tonight.

Birdie: That snappy little number you did to the tune of "Alexander's Ragtime band" was a pretty hop, Gram.

Grandma: The reason we did so many jumps and twirls that time was because the pin holding Pa's garter together was pricking him.

Grandpa: Anyway, it was the best time that I've had in years.

John: I imagine it must have been. Well, let's forget the whole business and go to bed. I'm dead.

Grandpa: Get yourself a casket and we'll have an Irish wake.

Mary: Buzz and Birdie, you see that these two old children get to bed without anything else happening.

(Buzz, Birdie, Grandpa, and Grandma retire.)

John: Anyway, they had a time they won't forget for a while. They certainly enjoyed themselves more than we did at the Country Club. They want us to know they aren't old, don't they?

Mary: John, you don't suppose we might go to the Hepcat, sometime?

John: Now, Mary, I'm too tired to suppose anything. I would sleep in the wood box if I had to.

(Curtain.)

Marjorie Weld ' 44

### BOB'S FOOTBALL GAME

Bob was a member of the "Hawks" football team. He was a junior at Hawkins College that year. The two years before that he proved to be a real football player. As a freshman he played quarterback and halfback a little. In his sophomore year he played halfback, and in one game fullback.

Bill Tinker, their coach, was a man who knew how to train a successful football team. He had played fullback for the "Hawks" in his college days, and had there received his ambition to become a coach.

This year they had a tough schedule calling for eight games. The toughest of all the games would be the one scheduled with the "Cubs" of Baron College, although they would have the advantage of playing on their home field. "Hawks"

In the stadium dressing room Coach Timler was giving the team orders. "Bob Farrell, you will play fullback," said Bill Timler.

"Whoopee!" exclaimed Bob, for he liked to play fullback.

Bill Timler continued with his orders, "Clark and Thompson, you play halfbacks. Smith and Brown, you play ends. Arnold, you play quarterback. Jones and White, you play guards. Tressel and Woodley, you play tackles, and Donalds, you play center. These are your positions until I tell you differently. Now get out there and really play. We haven't been defeated yet this season, and this being our sixth game, let's keep an undefeated record."

At the end of the third quarter the score was : "Cubs", 13; "Hawks", 0. The "Cubs" had made a touchdown in each of the first two quarters, and the "Hawks" gathered in a huddle to decide what to do. The ball was in possession of the "Hawks" on their own twenty-five yard line, first down and ten yards to go.

"Let's go," shouted Bob as they came out of the huddle. He signaled, "Two, four, six, eight, ten, hip!" The ball was flipped back to Bob from center. Bob took it, spun around, and in a fake play gave it to Clark. Clark moved across the field laterally and in the meantime Bob moved out into the clear. Suddenly Clark flipped a long pass to Bob, who, being in the clear, raced seventy yards from his own thirty yard line and made a touchdown. With his kick Clark made good the extra point, thus making the score; "Cubs", 13; "Hawks", 7. Bob, with his kickoff, sent the ball away into the "Cubs" end zone. The "Cubs" dodged around until Tressler brought a "Cub" down on his own thirty-five yard line. On the first down the "Cubs" at-

tempted a pass. It was intercepted by Thompson who was brought down immediately on the thirty yard line. On the first play Bob bucked the line and gained three yards more. On the third play he went around the right end and gained two yards. On the fourth play he bucked the line again for three more yards, making enough for a first down. The ball rested on the nineteen yard line of the "Cubs".

"Nineteen more yards to go for a touchdown," Bob reminded the team. On the first down Bob gave the ball to Clark in a fake play for a gain of nine yards. On the second down Bob gained nothing. Both times he tried to buck the line. On the fourth down he started for the center of the line; then suddenly he darted around the left end for a gain of two yards, bringing up another first down. The ball rested on the eight yard line with eight yards to go for a touchdown. On the first and second downs Bob gained nothing by first trying the center of the line and then the right end. On the third down Bob passed to Arnold who gained five yards before he was brought down with only a few seconds remaining in the game. Bob took the ball from center and plunged the remaining three yards for a touchdown, tying the score at 13 - 13. The crowd cheered wildly. Bob secured the extra point with a good kick. There was a moment of silence as Bob kicked the ball. Then as soon as the crowd saw that the kick was good, it went wild again with shouts and cheers. The score was 14-13 in favor of the "Hawks". This was another victory for them.

Royce Magnant '45

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\*\*\* H U M O R \*\*\*

Song Titles

- "Miss You" - - - - - Ilène Thibault
- "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree" - - - - - Doris King
- "My Love Affair" - - - - - Gloria West
- "Breathless" - - - - - Norma Carman
- "You and I" - - - R. Streeter and D. King
- "Our Love Affair" - - C. Pratt and S. Riley
- "We're in the Army Now" Rachel Streeter
- "Why Don't We Do This More Often?" - - - Miss Wilcox
- "Deep in the Heart of Texas" G. Streeter
- "They Can't Ration Love" Keith Dunham

\* Movie Titles \*

- "The Lady Has Plans" - Norma Carman
- "Playmates" - K. Dunham and C. Pratt
- "Look Who's Laughing" - C. Bushey
- "The Men in Her Life" - D. King
- "She Knew All the Answers" - R. Streeter
- "The Lady Was Willing" - G. Boulais
- "Hellzapoppin" - - Main Room
- "Small Town Deb" - M. Richard
- "Obliging Young Lady" - G. West
- "Smiling Through" - P. White
- "Dive Bomber" - Jackie Magnant
- "Ziegfeld Girl" - Ilene Thibault
- "Cadet Girl" - - - G. Streeter

## Can You Imagine?

Gloria West not throwing notes to the northeast end of the study hall?  
 Gwendolyn Streeter separated from Norma Carman for two weeks?  
 Keith Dunham not saying, "I'll flatten 'em or I'll cuff 'em"?  
 Doris King going to the bowling alley for reasons other than bowling?  
 Lyle Lothian never skipping English class?  
 Rachel Streeter not being faithful to her better half?  
 Leon Ashton not laughing in the study hall?  
 James Richard being called down to Student Council?  
 Rita LaBelle not liking cider?  
 C. Pratt not waiting for someone at the bridge?  
 Gladys Boulais not parking in a grey Ford?  
 David Gates not singing on his way home from school?  
 Miss Wilcox playing with little green frogs?  
 Bobby Messier without his hair combed?  
 Miss Dewing returning home from school before 6:00 P.M.?  
 Mr. Sturtevant telling the world about a wild motorcycle ride?  
 Idolyn Messier's mind not deep in the heart of Swanton?  
 John Magnant not using his magnetic personality on every pretty girl?  
 Norma Carman not yelling, "Yah-oo! Cut that man in two! !"  
 Miss Gates taking any chances with bees or hornets?  
 Marion Richard not flirting with Elmer during the noon hour?  
 Shirley Riley not asking someone if he is going to the dance?

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Miss Gates: "Lyle, what is one-fifth of three-sevenths?"

Lyle: "I don't know exactly, but it isn't enough to worry about."

Ashton (fooling around Gates's desk): "I can't seem to find what I want."

Gates: "Well if you don't keep away I'll serve an injection on you."

Pansy, who was taking the First Aid course: "Doctor, should I still continue artificial respiration after 'post mortem' sets in?"

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## NEWS FLASHES

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January 20. The sophomore class sponsored a party at the home of Norma Carman. Games were played and refreshments were served.

February 5. The senior class sponsored a party at the home of Doris King. The bean bag game and dancing were enjoyed. Refreshments were served. One dollar and seventy-five cents was

taken in.

For several weeks Mrs. Robson, the district nurse conducted Home Nursing classes for the girls of the high school, but because of the shortage of time these classes were discontinued until fall.

- February 28. The seventh grade sponsored a party at the home of Claude Magnant.
- March 6. The eighth grade sponsored a party at the home of Marion Priscilla Dewing. Bingo and other games were played, and boxes drawn for refreshments.
- March 7. The freshmen sponsored a skiing party at the home of Phebe Jane Westcott. A hot supper was served, buffet style, by the refreshment committee.
- March 13. The sophomore class sponsored a box party at the town hall. Mrs. Mae Gates and Miss Wilcox played the piano for folk dancing.
- March 25. At the town hall, the senior class assisted by members of the other three high school classes presented two one-act plays, "Sister Sue", and "Peace, It's Wonderful". After the plays Mrs. Ruth Pratt and Mrs. Mae Gates furnished music for folk dancing. Twenty-one dollars was received.
- April 6. On the evening of Easter Monday, the senior class sponsored a dance at the Franklin Town Hall. The music was furnished by Weed's Orchestra. Twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents was cleared.
- April 24-25. The agriculture class consisting of C. Bushey, A. Westcot, L. Ashton, J. Richard, R. Weld, and L. Lothian attended the State Judging Contest in Burlington. Mr. Sturtevant accompanied them.
- May 9. The Franklin High School glee club sang in the afternoon concert at the Music Festival in Burlington. Rachel Streeter, Doris King, Clayton Pratt, and David Gates sang in the All State Chorus at the Music Festival.

Several members of the junior and senior classes have been attending the First Aid class conducted by Dr. Samson. This course was concluded on May 20, with all members passing.

All the members of the eighth grade in the town of Franklin were given standard tests by Superintendent Anderson on May 13. The general average of the Franklin eighth grade rated second in Mr. Anderson's district.

A large number of pupils from the seventh and eighth grades sang in the County Music Festival on May 27, in St. Albans.

Franklin High School has been doing its share to help win the war by buying defense stamps. The total amount invested in stamps

and bonds by the pupils is \$580.20. This money is divided among the classes as follows: seniors, \$91.50; juniors, \$54.00; sophomores, \$6.70; freshmen, \$279.30; eighth graders, \$91.25; seventh graders, \$57.45.

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### A L U M N I

Oscar Hefflon ex-'43 is now studying in the New England Aircraft School of Boston, Massachusetts.

Roswell Ploof '41 has employment at the Pearl department store in Swanton, Vermont.

Miss Barbara Magnant ex-'41 has employment in the defense plant of Springfield, Vermont.

Guy Lothian '41 has employment at a defense industry in Waterbury, Connecticut.

Renwick Scott '35 has been home recently on a leave of fifteen days. Scott is a fireman, first class, in the Navy.

Miss Phyllis King '40 is having a vacation of three weeks from her duties in the St. Albans Hospital.

Winston Pierce '39 has been elected president of the Aggie Club at the University of Vermont.

Donald Ashton '39 is now a corporal. He is stationed somewhere in the Pacific.

A daughter, Wanita Joan, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Foster Lafley on Jan. 4, 1942. (Mrs. Lafley was Wanda West '40.)

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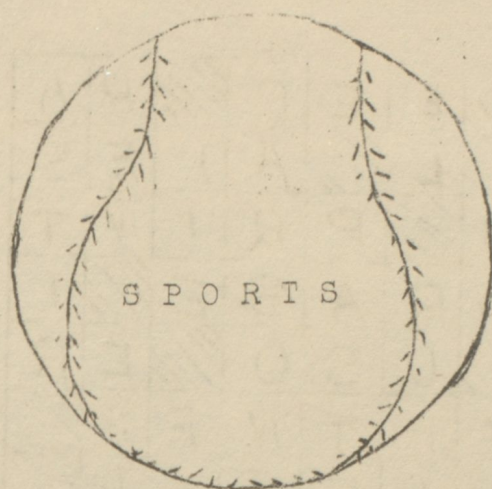
### E X C H A N G E   N O T E S

\* Greetings-

"The Oriole", Highgate, Vermont. - Your sketches are very clever, and your editorials interesting to all. Keep up the good work.

"The Searchlight", Richford, Vermont. - We are very glad to receive our first "Searchlight". Everyone likes your short stories and jokes. We shall be looking forward to your next issue.

Any suggestions for the "Molecule" will be gratefully received.



During the latter part of the basket-ball season, starting with January, 1942, the Franklin team played ten games, winning three and losing seven.

Several of the high school girls practiced basket-ball with the town team organized by Mrs. Helen Magnant. Marion Richard, Idolyn Messier, Marilyn and Shirley Riley, Phebe Jane Westcott, and Marjorie Weld served as substitutes for the team, and played in two games - one for the benefit of the Red Cross and one for the benefit of the high school music.

The coming of spring turned the thoughts of the Franklin boys toward the baseball diamond. The season started rather dismally when we were swamped by Enosburg in the first game. Now, however, through steady practice and closer cooperation our players have made considerable gains in skill and experience, and the outlook is much brighter. We made a triple play in the game with Richford at Richford. Richford was defeated in the game on our home diamond with a score of 7-2. Lyle Lothian started the scoring with a home run in this game.

Line Up	Games Played		
	School	Score	Place
Catcher - - - - - David Gates			
Pitcher - - - - - Keith Dunham			
First base - - - - - Leon Ashton	Enosburg	0-20	here
Second base - - - - - James Richard	Richford	4-9	there
Short stop - - - - - Lyle Lothian	Sheldon	10-1	here
Third base - - - - - Robert Messier	Brigham	4-7	here
Left field - - - - - Alan Westcot	Enosburg	3-5	there
Center field - - - - - John Magnant	Richford	7-2	here
Right field - - - - - Rene Durenleau			

