



The council had also various means of income. The advertising space on the baseball score cards brought a net profit of over fifty dollars. The council sold season tickets for baseball and basketball games. The basketball games proved to be a large source of income. These games brought anywhere from fifteen to twenty dollars a game, and we played five home games. Another source of income was the selling of tags on Election Day in November, bringing in about thirty-five dollars. The baseball games bring in a little money, but not as much as the basketball games. At our first baseball game we netted about six dollars.

This year, the Franklin Student Council has also sponsored a public card party at the town hall, and three one-act plays, also at the town hall. The one-act plays netted about thirty-five dollars, besides giving the students considerable training in dramatics.

If the students who criticize the student council would work just as hard to support as to criticize, the Franklin Student Council would be a still better and stronger organization.

Melvin Geno '45

#### OUR SCHOOL'S APPEARANCE

Our school should be kept up to give a good appearance to our visitors. To improve the appearance of our school we often have clean-up day, which generally comes during the month of May. This consists of picking up bags, papers, wrappers sticks, and cans on the school grounds, and drawing away ashes that have accumulated during the school year. On the inside of the schoolhouse, windows are washed and furniture is polished.

Now that we have had clean-up day, all students should co-operate and do their share in keeping the schoolhouse and grounds in good condition. The school rooms can be kept clean by keeping paper picked up off the floor, by keeping the walls free from writing, and seeing that the girls' cloak room is in good order.

The desks in the main room of our school have been sandpapered and varnished by the boys in the agriculture class who worked many hard hours to fix them. We should see that these desks retain their new appearance. Unless we take pride in the way our school rooms look, naturally our building will not give a good impression to visitors. We should respect our school property as we do that in our own homes. We don't go around with a jackknife carving our initials on the furniture at home, or with a pencil writing on the walls. Why should we do this at school, to property that does not belong to us. The answer is that we shouldn't.

Our school rooms now, I believe, are in better condition than they ever have been in previous years. Let's all co-operate to keep our school looking well.

Idolyn Messier '45

## EQUAL EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

In our democracy education is very important. If we are to have government by the people, the people must be educated to know what kind of government they want and what to vote for. Because education is so important, opportunities for it are provided for all our children, even the Negroes. As nearly as possible, means of equal educational opportunities are given throughout the country for schooling through the eighth grade. In all parts of the country children in the first eight grades, rich and poor alike, are provided with transportation and free school education.

In high school, also, opportunities are provided. If people are satisfied with the conditions, they can get free high school training. Many towns have high schools of their own, and towns without high schools arrange to pay tuition so that their young people can attend school in a neighboring town. Those who are dissatisfied with conditions and desire to attend an out-of-town school must, of course, pay their own tuition.

Although free high school training is given, there are not really free opportunities for everyone. Free transportation is not given high school students. Sometimes it is hard or impossible to get, and pupils living a great distance from high school have to board in the town or city to attend school. In high school, books and materials to work with have to be bought. These handicaps may hinder the poorer people. Many boys and girls who really want the education can work for their board in town and get enough extra money to buy things needed for school. Other young people are kept from high school because they are needed for work at home. I think, however, that most of the people who really want high school training can get it, and that our government tries its best to have it that way.

Marion P. Dewing '46

## SPORTS

Sports are a very good thing to have in a community, for they show up the spirit that is among the people.

Baseball, basketball, and soccer are some of the sports played in this community. All of these sports take a lot of teamwork. If the players work together and feel confident in themselves they will most likely have a very good team. Sometimes there is one player who thinks he is better than any other player. When this happens the team will not work together. All the players, I think, make a team, just as two horses do. If they don't all work together some will be drawn back as others push ahead. A team must start working together and then it will improve rapidly.

In playing together people get to know each other better; as people understand each other better they co-operate more. When a person gets along well with other people he begins to be more attractive. As he begins to be more attractive people are more willing to trust him and believe in him.

In our school we have a baseball team. Last fall, every time we played together we found ourselves making better plays, and gaining more confidence in ourselves. If we keep on gaining we will have a very good team for a school of our size.

When we won the first game of our spring season we were very happy. After that first game we have not been so lucky, but we will all try hard and do our best in the games that we still have to play.

Charles Gates '46

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P O E T R Y

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BIRDS

Along the horizon at beginning  
of spring,  
Comes fluttering, twittering,  
chirruping things,  
Sailing up in the sky so high  
I don't see how a thing could fly.

Along in the summer, up in the  
tree,  
A father and a mother bird you  
can see,  
Bringing mud, and twigs, and hay.  
"Tweet, tweet, tweet," they seem  
to say.

A few weeks later as you look  
in the tree,  
Little baby birds you can see.  
While the father brings the food  
The mother quiets her chirruping  
brood.

In a few weeks, up in the sky,  
Baby birds are learning to fly,  
Training their soft little  
beautiful wings,  
While their sweet mother sits  
and sings.

Theresa Proper '47

WAR

War is a fearless, rampaging  
creature,  
And I don't have to be told by  
my teacher  
That many men have died by its  
might -  
Bombing, shooting. Oh what a  
sight!

The Nazis were the cause of this  
devastatin' battle  
Now they're herded to prison  
like so many cattle  
Slowly but surely they've lost  
their might,  
And the Allies have won the  
dark, stormy fight!

Alton Lothian '48

HARRY S. TRUMAN

H - Hail to the Commander-in-  
Chief

A - Always on the job.  
R - Rally round his banners, boys;  
R - Rally once again,  
Y - Yalta, he will carry through.

S - Settlements just he will make.

T - Truly he will really try;  
R - Round the world he will fly  
U - Using for all the American

way,  
M - Managing nations little and  
great.

A - Always fair and square h'll be  
N - Never disappoint him; he  
depends on you.

Martha J. Wiley '47

## KEEP AWAKE FOR BASEBALL

Now, you know our team, the  
Arickabees;  
We've played many a game,  
And the only one we didn't win  
Was just a dreadful shame.

It all started well enough,  
At least, for us Arickabees.  
We made five runs right off the  
reel,  
Despite our opponents' pleas.

Things were rolling mighty smooth.  
Our ace, Nick Dunn, was on the  
mound,  
And he had a helpful habit  
Of setting our opponents down.

But in the last of the seventh  
They nearly tied the score.  
The sun came out to make things  
worse,  
And their total runs reached four.

Well, we squeaked through the eighth  
inning,  
Without their tying the score.  
But now the ninth was coming,  
And even the sun was a bore.

Their first two batters got on  
safely,  
And coming to bat was their ace.  
He laid down a bunt that fooled us,  
Advancing the two runners a base.

There was nothing we did wish for  
more  
Than to have it rain just then,  
But the sun shone on as steadily  
As trouble follows men.

The next batter raised a fly  
Just a little back of short.  
"Well now we're safe," I thought to  
myself,  
"Unless they take it to court."

The shortstop settled under it,  
Waiting to gather it in to him,  
But as the ball came downward, swift,  
The sun his eyes did dim.

The ball went rolling o'er the  
ground,  
As both base runners for home  
plate dashed;  
And before the ball could be re-  
covered  
Through the cherished zone they  
crashed.

So we Arickabees had lost the  
game;  
'Twas a very grave blow to my  
esteem,  
But a little later, I felt much  
better,  
When I found it was all a dream.

Claude Magnant '47

## THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH

The President's death was a terri-  
ble blow.  
He was a man who did not show  
All the hardships he did bear,  
Though he had so many a care.

. . . . .

Truman was a farmer lad,  
Though little schooling he has had,  
He now is President of the U.S.A.;  
So let us hope he saves the day.

Gilbert Dewing '47

## GOD GRANT HIM PEACE

The nation worked  
That wars might cease,  
But he that planned -  
God grant him peace.

The shadows stretch;  
The lights grow dim;  
And they that scorned  
Now worship him.

A small dog whines  
As big guns roar  
But he has gone  
To come no more.

God strengthen us;  
Help us to see  
The things to do,  
The nation to be.

8.

Make all men friends;  
Make all wars cease;  
And he that died -  
God grant him peace.

Jane Gates '48

SPRING

Spring is here with all its glory, Digging worms and building nests  
Turning buds to leaves; For their loved ones' abode,  
And we are glad to see it come, While they are growing up to love  
For we are fond of trees. This happy lifelong road.

Birds have come to stay the summer; And so with spring there comes  
Surely they are content, great joy  
For gladness comes and things to eat - To those who wish to earn  
To those whose time is spent. The happiness of one who knows,  
And doesn't have to yearn.

Martha Samson ' 47

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THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING GEMS

On the afternoon of June twentieth as Mrs. Bentwood sat alone in her little Cape Cod cottage, she heard a queer sound that seemed to be coming from her bedroom. It was like the sound of glass or small pieces of metal as they hit together.

"Who's here?" cried Mrs Bentwood, as she rushed into her room and snapped on the lights. Although it was afternoon the room was very dark. She received no answer. Nothing seemed to be the matter. Everything was just as she had left it. The window was open, and a soft breeze was blowing in. Mrs. Bentwood shut the window and began looking around the room. As she was standing at her dresser, she happened to glance into her jewel box, which was open. She noticed that a string of her beautiful pearls was missing. Mrs. Bentwood was a very wealthy person. Her husband had died and left his entire fortune to her. She had many priceless gems, but she never kept them locked up." So that's what I heard," she thought. "Somebody has been stealing my pearls. But why have they taken only the pearls? If the thief really wanted jewels why didn't he take the more precious ones?" Mrs. Bentwood was troubled by these thoughts, and frightened at the idea of a thief breaking into her house. She lived alone in the house except for her gardener, Tim. She thought of calling Tim and questioning him about the theft. She also thought of calling the police, but as it was getting late she decided to wait until morning. She didn't imagine that the thief would return that evening.

Mrs. Bentwood arose early the next morning to start her investigation. First she called Tim. "Tim," she asked, "where were you late yesterday afternoon while I sat here alone in the cottage?"

"Why, I haven't stirred away from this place, ma'am. Where'd I be going?"

"Did you hear anything peculiar, or see anything?" she asked next.

"No, I ain't heard nothing nor seen nothing, ma'am. When I finished hoeing the posies I went straight to my room. Did anybody come looking for me?"

"Late yesterday afternoon, a thief entered this cottage and stole a string of pearls from my room. I thought perhaps you might have heard him or seen him."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "A thief! I ain't going to get mixed up with no thief."

Tim wasn't quite sane, and Mrs. Bentwood soon saw that he could give her no clue. Tim had come to her years ago and offered to work for her if she would take care of him and protect him. He knew that if the authorities knew where he was he might be sent to the poor house or the insane asylum. Mrs. Bentwood had felt sorry for him and had hired him as her gardener. He was a very good gardener although a little queer. He always wore a long black cloak and generally carried on his shoulders his pet crow, Jake.

When Mrs. Bentwood started to call the police, Tim grabbed her arm and begged her not to call them. He was sure they would take him away. Influenced by Tim's fright and her own dislike for scandal, she didn't call the police. She decided to wait and see if she could solve the problem herself. That afternoon, however, two rings were stolen, a diamond and a ruby. People had often warned her about leaving her jewels on her dresser without being locked up, but she never heeded their advice.

That night, Mrs. Bentwood called her son John, who was a detective in New York City, and asked him to come home to help her. John arrived on the morning train. His mother met him at the station and told him the whole story so far. "Now, I'm depending on you to solve the mystery and convict the guilty person," she ended.

"I'll do my best," he promised.

When they reached the cottage Tim was digging in the garden. Jake, his pet crow, was picking in the dirt beside him. When asked what he was doing, Tim made no reply, but only stared at John and then ran away. Jake flew off to his perch up in the tree. These strange actions make John suspicious of Tim, but his mother assured him that Tim was innocent.

Mrs. Bentwood soon had dinner ready. After they had eaten they sat down to study the case. They summed up the facts again. "Son," said Mrs. Bentwood suddenly, "I have told you most of the facts. The robberies have occurred only in the daytime, never at night. The window was open when the thefts occurred. The thief must have come in that way. He never made any noise, and he always stole one thing at a time."

"These facts seem most unusual," answered John. "I shall open your window and conceal myself in your room, this afternoon. He

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opened the window and then hid behind one of the curtains.

About three o'clock, much to his surprise, the gardener's crow flew in the window, went to the dresser, picked up a ring, flew out of the window and up to his nest. He was the thief. Crows don't fly at night. Naturally he wouldn't make any noise, and he could carry only one thing at a time. Crows like bright things.

Having solved the case, John bade his mother good-by and went back to New York City.

Ruth McDermott '46

### THE SPRING CAME EARLY

"Boy, am I glad school's out!" shouted Tony to the other two boys who were loafing home from school with him.

"Yeah. It's good to have spring come early, for once," answered Dick.

Sugaring vacation had just started. The weather was unusually warm for the first of April. The ice had been out of the nearby lakes a week or more, and the rivers rippled their way through the ice a month ago.

While the boys had been playing ball and loafing, their sisters had been up to bigger business. Mary and Sue signaled to the boys from Tony's back porch. "Look at the suckers we've speared," jeered Sue. "Each of us got three. I'll bet all of you boys, together, couldn't get as many."

The boys couldn't be outdone by mere girls; so off they ran to borrow some spears. After finding spears, donning their boots, and probably grabbing a bite to eat, they met by the bank of the brook. They started slowly downstream. Suddenly, Tommy called loudly, "There's one, Dick. Get him quick."

"He's nearer to you than me. You get him," demanded Dick.

"Shut up. What do you think this is anyway, a hog calling contest? We're supposed to be quiet," directed Tony. Tony was a year older than the other two boys. He was sixteen and liked to show his authority.

The fish was swimming swiftly away, with Tony running as fast as he could after it, but he finally gave up and waited for the others. Farther downstream, they saw a school of eight or ten fish. Tom and Dick found a shallow place, and Tony scared the fish toward them. It was too bad for the boys that the girls weren't there. The boys didn't have the right technic. They stood right in the middle of the stream, waiting for the fish to stop, but the fish didn't stop. Tony came running up with the information - "Use your spears, you fools." They used them, but too late. The fish were gone. Rocks were their only reward. After more splashing around and poking under rocks, Tony got one loosely by the tail, but it slipped from the spear before Tony could land him.



Suddenly, there were splashing noises downstream. They went to investigate. "Oh!" whispered Tony. "This must have been what we heard. We must get this big one. Come on. Spear, all at once." They speared.

All at once a strange voice was heard. They dropped their spears. "Oh-o, you boys are trying to break the law, I see." It was the Game Warden. "Pull up your spears," he ordered.

They sheepishly did so, and to their surprise, up came a large stone. The warden laughed as he said, "You boys come with me. You're under arrest."

"But we haven't done anything. We didn't catch any fish," said Tom

"Oh, you didn't? That's just what we wanted to know," laughed Sue, as she took off her disguise. "Come on downstream. We've caught some more fish, Mary is cooking them. I guess you need something to eat.

"Well I'll be ---," gasped Tony.

Marion P. Dewing '46

#### FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

body

Every in town was proud of George Wilcox. George was fighting over in Germany; he had been there ever since the invasion. He was, to Brookdale, one of the major heroes of the war. Well, he was a hero, though not a very important one. He'd held one of the little but important rivers on the German boundary, by himself. He'd been ordered to retreat, and his buddies had retreated, but George wasn't the quitting kind; so he just stayed there and let the enemy come. He stayed there and with his machine gun defended his stand until reinforcements came. So George won that river, really. George won the "purple heart" too, because a hand grenade had come too close, and a fragment of it lodged in his left leg. This was nothing very serious, you understand, but he'd have a slight limp for a long, long time. That hadn't stopped Corporal George Wilcox though; he went back to the front when he could have come home. That was the real reason why the town was so proud of George - because he wasn't a quitter.

George's family and friends wrote him cheerful, newsy letters, and he wrote back telling them about his buddies and Mischief, a mascot mouse. They were lucky; they got, as an average, a letter a week.

About Christmas time, 1944, George's letters stopped coming. Mrs. Wilcox explained that perhaps he hadn't time to write, or that perhaps the letters were held up somewhere and would come in one big bunch. She said this, though, more to convince herself.

No letters came in January, or in February either. On March second, a telegram came from the War Department: "We regret to inform you that your son, Corporal George Wilcox has been reported missing in action." So George was presumed dead. A letter from his chaplain followed about a week later.

"My dear Mrs. Wilcox,

"Words cannot express sympathy for as great a misfortune as you have suffered. I can but tell you that I am, and describe how your son met his supposed death. (sorry)

"George volunteered for one of the most dangerous assignments of this war. He volunteered to act as a spy behind enemy lines. He was to mix with the German soldiers, and wire military secrets back. Your son mastered the German language, but any mistake of using English words would expose him, and he would be killed, immediately. Knowing this, Mrs. Wilcox, your son took the assignment and the risk. He was expected to return after six weeks, but he is now three weeks overdue.

Sincerely,

James Cardinal"

Enclosed, also, was a letter written by George before he started on his assignment.

"Dear Mom,

"Tomorrow, I'm going on a mission from which I may never return. Tomorrow, I'll put on a German uniform and go into the German lines. I can't say that I'm not scared because I am -scared stiff

"Just in case I don't come back, I'd like two things done. First, I want you to explain to Bill" (Bill was his brother) "that I'm not a hero or anything big. I want him to remember me as the guy that used to take him fishing.

"And then, there's one other thing. I want Eva" (Eva was his fiance) "to sing 'Faith of Our Fathers' at my funeral. Sort of a queer idea, isn't it? Maybe you ought to know why. It's not a hard story, but I'm not a very good story teller.

"John Meilleur was my buddy from the time we met in England until he got killed. He was a funny sort of guy, all pious and everything. His parents owned a little farm up in New England and went to a little brown Catholic church. John was going to be a priest. He was going to live in -. But I'm not telling you how John lived; I'm telling you how he died.

"One night, on the boundary of Germany, fighting was tough. We were going ahead, step by step, and they were pushing us back, step by step. It was cold and wet, and the fighting was getting tougher. Then John started singing. His voice was deep, strong, and sure. I heard it and took up the song. The guys next to us took it up too; then others who heard them took it up, and still others.

We all knew the song, and it wasn't long before thousands of voices were heard above the gun fire. We were going through it the second time when it happened. John was killed where it goes - 'If they, like them, could die for thee.' The word spread fast. We won four miles that night.

"Well, that's the story, and that's why I want Eva to sing that song at my funeral."

George's memorial service wasn't held until Easter Sunday, because nobody was quite willing to believe that George was dead. On that Sunday, everyone came from miles around to the little church where George Wilcox had been baptized and had gone to Sunday school. The service was simple but impressive. Pop O'Grady played "Taps" on his trumpet, and then Reverend Willard spoke in a low, distinct voice that was very comforting. Eva then arose from the choir pit, clasped her hands, and sang. Her voice was clear and sad out of the stillness. All eyes followed her lips, and all hearts followed the words. She sang, gaining strength from the words as she went on, "Faith of our fathers, holy faith - -."

A tall corporal appeared in the doorway and stood looking at her with awe. He walked up the aisle with a slight limp in his left leg. He sat beside Mrs. Wilcox and pushed closer to whisper, "Gosh, isn't she pretty, Mom?"

Jane Gates '48

### THAT LIBERTY MIGHT LIVE

The latter days of 1941 were dark days for the ardent, unflinching citizens of Belgium. The ruthless, barbarous race of Germans who call themselves "the master race" (they have plenty of competition to even be masters of brutality) were at the peak of their despotic reign over almost all of the European mainland. Their cold, inhuman legions balanced on the brink of the English Channel, ready to jump to the British Isles, spreading their autocratic reign over one of Europe's last democratic strongholds. Hitler's despotic devils were penetrating deeper and deeper into the rich soil of Russia, thinking they were showing the rest of the world what supermen they were, but actually they were working into a trap that annihilated hundreds of thousands of these supermen after Russia became well armed.

Yet, despite the fact that these Teutonic savages were in control of such an area, the firm, sly, subjected people of Europe resisted. Almost every community had its underground organization. These organizations, organized and operated with the finesse that is so typical of liberty loving people, caused the Germans untold troubles and headaches. All attempts of the Teutonic savages to suppress these underground activities met with no avail, despite the inhuman, brutal methods to which they resorted. The town of Treves, Belgium was no exception to the underground movement. Under the leadership of Dirk Egred, the "slipperiest sleuth" of Belgium according to the Germans, the young and old of the town were trained how to burn the breeches of the barbarous brutes. The headquarters of the underground

but they couldn't find it unless they tortured a patriot to the the verge of eternity.

The trouble with the underground organizations was that the different groups in each community weren't organized into a single unit. Although the Germans were running around like hens with their heads cut off, yet they would soon shed their feathers if the movements were united. The allied command in England, realizing this, sent an expert organizer or saboteur, by parachute, into Belgium to organize these movements. This person became known to the Belgian patriots as Mr. Liberty. The Germans couldn't trap this figure, despite a whole detachment of Gestapo.

Dirk Egred had received word via the underground that tonight Mr. Liberty was coming to Treves to include that underground into the united underground. Dirk, therefore, instructed Jan Van Loon, Hans Wileum, and three other underground members to meet at the headquarters to formulate a program with Mr. Liberty. The underground headquarters was located just outside the town in an old oil car that had been derailed a few months previous. A high trestle over a medium sized stream had been blown out and a German freight train derailed. This empty oil car lay with one end in the water, and the rest of it well hidden in the bushes along the bank. Thus it provided protection against German bullets if ever discovered; also one could usually escape through the dense foliage, or if that were impossible, by swimming under water in the stream.

The dictatorial demons who ruled the country had, nevertheless, discovered the location of the underground headquarters along with other details. They even knew that Mr. Liberty was expected on this very night. To gain this information the barbarous brutes had resorted to some of their Teutonic torture treatment on a member of the underground whom they had captured, although it had cost them seven men to do it.

Colonel Albretch Kohenpaugh, the criminal commander of the county, had worked out a plan to capture Mr. Liberty. Because of the very successful work of Mr. Liberty in that county Col. Kohenpaugh had received embarrassing letters from his fiery foreman. Col. Kohenpaugh planned to place a strong patrol around the headquarters of the underground and then disguise himself as an underground representative of Mr. Liberty. He would inform Dirk Egred that Mr. Liberty wouldn't be able to attend this meeting and that he had been sent in his place. Plans for sabotage would be discussed with him, and then when the real Mr. Liberty arrived, he would nab him, just like that, careful calculations causing a criminal climax. Col. Kohenpaugh instructed his patrols not to interfere with anyone going to the headquarters. So that night at dusk, Dirk Egred, Jan Van Loon, and four other patriots went to their headquarters to await Mr. Liberty.

After an hour had passed and no Mr. Liberty had arrived, Jan mumbled, "Wish he would hurry up and come. I'm getting sick of waiting around."

About fifteen minutes later a code knock was heard at the door. Dirk opened it, and Col. Kohenpaugh crouched there in disguise. "I'm Kirk Kitron. I'm representing Mr. Liberty," whispered Kirk. "Mr. Liberty regrets to inform you that he, almost undoubtedly,

won't be able to attend this meeting, and he has sent me as his representative to formulate a united plan of action." After Kirk produced a paper signed in Mr. Liberty's handwriting, Dirk admitted him to the hideout.

"Well, we might as well talk business right off," stated Dirk. "What do you think of blowing up the oil ship in the harbor?"

"I wouldn't advise it," replied Kirk. "It would be extremely risky business for the profit."

What about blowing the storage tanks in town?" inquired Dirk.

"That's on the schedule of the allied air forces, so we might as well let them do it," replied Kirk.

"What about blowing up the Meerwinden bridge?" asked Dirk.

"The Allies will want to use it when they are able to invade the country," replied Kirk.

"But the Germans would blow it up then," returned Dirk.

"That is as it may be," finished Kirk.

"When are we going to get something to eat?" inquired Jan.

"I don't know. It seems pretty hopeless," replied Kirk.

"I'm discouraged. My family is starving and freezing," mumbled Jan.

"Wouldn't it be wise to blow up the troop train that is due next week?" asked Dirk.

After recovering from the shock he had received because Dirk knew a troop train was coming, Kirk replied, "Troop trains are heavily guarded. It would be risky business."

"Why couldn't we flood the Stretchin district by blowing the dikes and drowning out the German camp there?" asked Dirk.

"If any deaths resulted many more hostages would be killed, and we need all patriots alive," finished Kirk.

"Well, what would you advise doing?" asked Kirk.

"Lie low for now. Wait until we are completely organized," advised Kirk.

"I wish Mr. Liberty were here," mumbled Dirk. "Jan, go out, take a look around, and see if Mr. Liberty might possibly be here," he ordered.

"It's always me that gets the dangerous jobs. Some day I'll get killed, and then what'll happen to my family," grumbled Jan.

"Do as you're told," repeated Dirk sternly.

"So that's the kind of help the underground has," thought Kirk, alias Colonel Kohenpaugh. "The Reich can soon stamp them out."

Jan went outside to investigate the possibilities of Mr. Liberty's being in that vicinity. After a little pause, Dirk said, "I hope things will turn for the better before long."

"It's pretty hopeless," replied Kirk. "Any food, clothing, or anything of value has been--". That was as far as he got. A hand clamped over his mouth, pulling firmly back. A knee drove into his back, pushing hard. Soon Kirk, or Colonel Kohenpaugh, was bound and gagged. The figure of Jan, now transformed into the authentic, indomitable Mr. Liberty, stood dominating before the colonel.

"Colonel Kohenpaugh, did you think you were fooling us? Well, we don't fool that easily, you know," said Mr. Liberty. "Now, Colonel, see how foolish it must have sounded when you told us Mr. Liberty probably wouldn't be here tonight, when I was here all the while. I'm afraid your attempts to persuade us against sabotage didn't have much influence. Plans for the unification of the underground were completed before you arrived, Colonel. Now, do you have anything to say?" finished Mr. Liberty as he removed the gag.

"I have this to say, replied the colonel, sullenly. "I have patrols watching this place as der Fuehrer watches his troops. You will never leave here alive."

Whether we get out of here alive or not, only time will tell," replied Mr. Liberty, "but as for you, there is no doubt." And with these words Colonel Kohenpaugh died -- that liberty might live.

Claude Magnant '47

#### A DREAM CAME TRUE

It was a beautiful afternoon; the scent of summer lingered in the air. Beth trudged slowly home, scuffing her shoes in the dusty road.

Coming up the walk, she could hear her mother humming happily in the kitchen. The whizzing of an egg beater could be heard above the familiar tune.

Bursting into the house, Beth cried, "Mom, why can't I have that long dress hanging in Barter's window? Beth knew, even before she spoke, what the answer would be. She could try though, couldn't she?

Her mother gave her a knowing look, which Beth met. Then with downcast eyes, she slowly went upstairs. Her eyes overflowing with tears, she lay down on her bed and cried.

After the tears disappeared she went to her closet and pulled out a long dress. It was blue, a faded blue, and mends and patches could be seen, here and there.

Beth scrutinized the dress in the mirror, after she had tried it on. It was a tight fit. She had to pull in her stomach to fasten the worn side placket. The once pretty blue dress worn by a proud Beth would be worn again by Beth. Would she be proud or ashamed?

Suddenly, thinking of her dream dress, her face lit up. It was an eye catcher, having shiny stars peeping from the folds of a long, misty green skirt, a perfect dream dress. Dreams don't come true, though, or do they?

"Supper's ready, Beth," came mother's tired voice from the kitchen below.

A couple of Beth's favorite dishes stared at her from the table, but that didn't make her any more hungry. Beth's mind was wandering when she poured syrup on her potato instead of her pancakes. Wandering again, Beth overturned a glass of ice water.

She even climbed Mt. Everest in her dreams that night. She was climbing it to get her dream dress at the top. While she climbing, one of the shiny stars fell out of the misty green. Tripping on the star she fell slowly into the folds of her blue dress.

"Getting out on the wrong side of bed" in the morning made Beth cross all day. All day at school, Beth was cross and treated her so that they soon learned to keep away from her. She was crosser than ever, when she came home and found her mother carefully pressing her old blue dress for her to wear to the dance that night.

All the way up the stairs that night Beth was seeing herself in that old blue dress. Going into her room, Beth found a sight that completely stunned her. On her bed lay the misty green dress with the shiny stars. "A dream's come true," was Beth's first thought when she saw her dream dress.

Joyce Johnson '48

#### THE OLD MODEL - T

The old model - T used to have about two feet of clearance under the differential. It had tires just a little bigger than bicycle tires. It could be run on a battery or magneto. When you sit in one and travel along in it, you think you are flying because you are so high.

Dick and Harry had been looking for a car when they found an old model - T in Mrs. Phelps's barn. They bought the car for twenty-five dollars.

Dick got into the car and started it. The problem of shifting was not too easy. This car shifted with pedals which the boys had no idea how to work. "Well," said Dick, "we can, at least, try." He pushed a pedal and yelled, "Here she goes." The car started backwards. Harry got in and they started off. When they reached the road, Dick pulled a different pedal and the car stalled. Dick started the car

again and pushed two pedals at the same time. The car started ahead, but at a very low rate of speed. Dick pushed the third pedal and the car started off at a faster speed.

Henry then wanted to see how fast the car would go. He pushed the gas to the floor and watched the speedometer. When the car hit sixty-five miles per hour the right front tire blew out. The car left the road, went through a fence and over a stone pile, stopping in the middle of a hay stack. Dick crawled out of the car and asked Harry if he was all right. "I don't know yet. I think I'm all here, but I'm not sure yet," said Harry.

The boys escaped uninjured, but the car had a jammed fender. Dick looked at the car and said, "It's wonderful what these old cars will go through and come out with only a jammed fender."

The boys soon had the car going again and started for home. When they were a mile out of the town, the car stopped. Dick decided to fix it if he could. He had on clean clothes, but this made no difference.

After working an hour and a half and getting all dirt, Dick suddenly remembered that his rich uncle was coming to dinner, and he was supposed to make a good impression on him. He told Harry this and said that they had better get pushed home and work on the car later. Just then a friend came along in a car and pushed Dick home. He drove up to the garage, but couldn't stop. He crashed right through the garage doors and smashed into his uncle's 1942 Packard, ruining it. Dick got out to see what he had done. Then he wouldn't even look up. He was thinking of committing suicide, when his uncle said, "Well, young man, I see you have done a good job. Both cars are smashed, the garage doors are ruined, and some of the baggage in my car is ruined."

Dick noticed that his uncle was looking the model-T over very carefully, and he thought this was very queer. Why should his uncle do that? Finally, his uncle said, "My boy, I will make a deal with you. I will give you five thousand dollars for your car, besides paying for the damages, if you accept this offer. That model-T is a very valuable old car. I have been trying to find one for my museum, for the past twenty years. Here is your money in bills."

Dick took the money his uncle handed him, and then fainted.

Charles Mullen 45

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BOOK REVIEW

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## "AUDUBON"

by Constance Rouke

There is considerable question as to when and where John James Audubon was born. One idea is that he was born in Santo Domingo to a Mademoiselle Rabin. Another is that he was born in New Orleans. It is also quite possible that he was the son of Louis XVI who disappeared. Their appearances were very similar. At any rate, he was adopted along with a little girl, Muzuet, by Captain and Madame Audubon. He grew up in a French coastal town and he quickly took to studying birds and nature. He spent some time in a naval school at Rochefort.

When he was eighteen Captain Audubon sent him to America where he owned some property. Here in America he continued to study birds and nature. He came to know Lucy Bakewell, a daughter of a rather high class neighbor, and later married her.

He went into partnership as a merchant with Rozier, another Frenchman whom he had known, but continuous failures, and Audubon's instinct to wander off into the woods, forced them to give this business up. By this time Audubon was established at Henderson, Kentucky, on the Ohio, with his wife. There he had a partner bought a sawmill and they also failed in that. After that he struggled along in life for many years doing odd jobs and painting portraits for people. All the while he kept at his paintings of birds with the idea of publishing a book on the birds of America. He experimented with several different types of colors such as water colors, pastels, and oils. He seemed to be the most satisfied with water colors overshadowed with pastels.

In his travels Audubon went along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and to New Orleans. He would continuously go into the woods and along the streams studying the birds and then return to make paintings of the birds he had seen.

Finally, he was ready to have his paintings published. He took them to England to a Mr. Lizars, an engraver, but they got into difficulties because Audubon could not be there to attend to them. He had to get subscribers for his volume which proved to be a difficult task. Audubon turned the job over to Mr. Havell. Audubon returned to America to study and paint more birds, traveling from the Florida Keys to Labrador. He went back to England where Havell was working under the supervision of Audubon's son. Finally his book of full size paintings called "Birds of America" was finished, accompanied by "Ornithological Biography" and "Episodes".

He returned to America and published a miniature "Birds of America", and lived a happy life with his wife, sons, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren at "Minnies Land". He died in 1851.

The setting is in France during the French Revolution. Audubon holds a high place in the history of American art. This biography was well written with the author telling about his faults as well as his good points.

# MOLECULE QUIZ

by Claude Magnant

1. Who said, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself"?
2. Did the nineteenth century begin January 1, 1900, or January 1, 1901?
3. From what state does President Truman come?
4. If you entered a dark room and you had only a match, and there were a kerosene lamp, an oil stove, and a cigarette in the room, which would you light first?
5. When a cow lies down, which end goes completely down first?
6. A man has a clock that strikes the hours, and also strikes once to indicate the half hours. As he entered the house one night he heard the clock strike once. A half hour later it struck once. A half hour later it struck once, and a half hour later it struck once again. What time did he come home?
7. Who sponsors the radio program, "Cavalcade of America"?
8. What two coins make fifteen cents, when one is not a dime?
9. Which American army was the first to land in France? Which was the first to enter Paris, and which was the first to enter Germany?
10. Five automobiles are lined up bumper to bumper. How many bumpers are actually touching each other?
11. When it is December in Iceland, what month is it in Chile?
12. When was VE Day?

The solution will be found on the last page.

## SPORTS

### BASKETBALL

Last winter both the girls and the boys played basketball. The boys played three games with the alumni, two games with Brigham, and two games with Highgate.

The boys who went out for basketball were Royce Magnant, Melvin Geno, Geoffrey Gates, Charles Gates, Merriman Lothian, Charles Mullen, and Alton Lothian. Mr. Silvester was the boys' coach.

The boys lost all their games this year, but it has been good experience, especially for the boys who are planning to play next year. Next year we shall have to organize without our three seniors, Melvin Geno, Charles Mullen, and Royce Magnant.

The basketball scores were as follows:

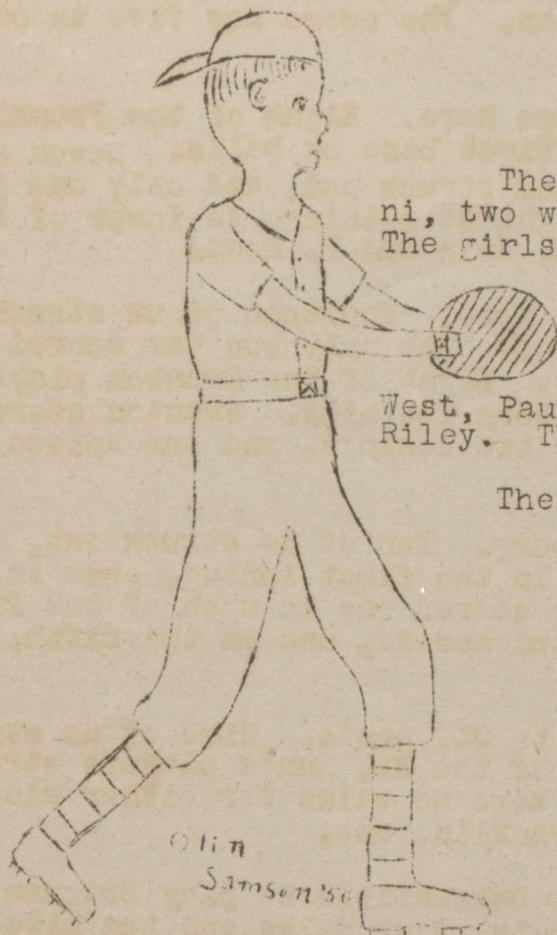
Franklin	11	Alumni	41	
Franklin	18	Alumni	37	
Franklin	18	Highgate	23	There
Franklin	14	Brigham	56	There
Franklin	17	Highgate	18	Here
Franklin	9	Brigham	55	Here

The girls played four games with the alumni, two with Highgate, and two with Bakersfield. The girls who played in the games were Idolyn Messier, Marian Richard, Marilyn Riley, Marion Priscilla Dewing, Charlotte Geno, Martha Samson, Shirley Phelps, Shirley Riley, Virginia West, Pauline Jette, Jane Gates, and Martha Jane Riley. The girls' coach was Mrs. Max Magnant.

Their scores were as follows:

Franklin	15	Alumni	31	
Franklin	22	Alumni	33	
Franklin	11	Highgate	37	There
Franklin	21	Brigham	35	There
Franklin	18	Highgate	29	Here
Franklin	15	Brigham	61	Here

Charles Gates '46



## B A S E B A L L

Baseball got off to an early start this spring because the weather was very hot in April. The snow went off, the ground dried early, and it looked as if we would have a good season for baseball. When school started after vacation the ground was dry enough for practice. For the first two weeks we practiced every night, and the following nights we practiced three nights.

Our first game was scheduled to be played, on April 24, against St. Ann's Academy of Swanton, but at the request of the St. Ann's coach we played the game on April 23. The line-up was as follows: Merriman Lothian, catcher; Claude Magnant, pitcher; Melvin Geno, first base; Harland Litchmore, second base; Charles Gates, shortstop; Royce Magnant, third base; Geoffrey Gates, right field; Albert Richard, center field; Charles Mullen, left field. Claude Magnant shifted positions with Geno in the first of the fifth inning. Seventeen of us struck out, and we got to first fifteen times on balls. Eleven of the St. Ann's players struck out, and seven got to first on balls. The St. Ann's battery was R. Babbie, pitcher and R. Begnuches, catcher. D. Mamel, pitcher and R. Babbie, catcher. The score was eight to seven in our favor, after nine innings of play.

On Friday, April 27, Franklin played at Richford. Thirteen of the Franklin players struck out, and seven achieved first base on balls. One of the Richford players struck out, and four got to first by walks. The Richford battery was Selby and Lumbra. The Franklin battery was C. Magnant and M. Lothian. The score was five to one, in favor of Richford.

On Thursday, May 3, Brigham came here. Eight of the Franklin players struck out and four got to first base on balls. Seven hits were made. Seven of the Brigham team struck out, and only one got to base on balls. The score was eight to nothing, in favor of Brigham. The battery for Brigham was M. Coin and F. Read.

On Monday, May 7, Swanton came here. Fourteen of us struck out, two men walked, and we made nine hits. The only run was scored by Claude Magnant in the fourth inning. Eight of the Swanton players struck out, two men walked, and fifteen got hits. Swanton scored three runs in each of the first two two innings, and one apiece in the fourth and seventh.

On , May 11, we went to Enosburg. Ten of us struck out, and six of us walked. We scored twice in the first inning, once in the fourth, twice in the sixth. Enosburg scored one in each of the first two innings, two each in the third and second, one in the fifth, and three in the sixth.

On Wednesday, May 16, we went to St. Ann's. Nine of us struck out, and we made five hits. Five of the St. Ann's players struck out and eleven of them hit. There were no walks for either side. The score was St. Ann's, six; and Franklin, one.

On Tuesday, May 22, we went to Bakersfield to play Brigham Academy. There were seven strike outs, four walks, and ten hits for Franklin. We scored one run in the second inning and four runs in the third. There were three strike outs, one walk and nineteen hits for Brigham. The final score was Brigham, fifteen; Franklin, five.

There are still three more games scheduled for this season, besides one with the alumni for Memorial Day. Enosburg will play here on May 25, and Richford on May 28. We will go to Swanton on May 29.

The boys who play in seventy-five per cent of the innings or playing time will probably receive the letter F. We play ten games with other schools, and that is seventy innings. A boy must play at least fifty-two and one-half innings in order to receive a letter. The coach will reserve the right, however, to use his discretion in the awarding of letters.

## SCHOOL NEWS

- Jan. 15. School closed at 2:40 because of the snow storm.
- Jan. 16. There was no school as the roads were blocked with snow.
- Jan. 18 - 20. Everyone was busy taking midyear examinations.
- Jan. 26. The junior-senior high school was quite thrilled this morning when Martha Samson and Claude Desorcie entertained the student body with a wonderful piano concert.
- Jan. 26. A freshman party was held at the schoolhouse. Games were played and refreshments were served.
- Jan. 30. The Protestant religious education group sponsored a tag day for the March of Dimes. About twenty dollars was obtained.
- Feb. 2. Today Buddy Geno, the president of the student council, presented to the students the plan that this year each student pay 75¢ and get an athletic ticket for all home games, baseball and basketball, plus the copy of the "Molecule". A majority voted to adopt this plan to pay 75¢ for student tickets for the rest of this year, and \$1.25<sub>50</sub> for next year.

On this same morning, the seniors presented a program entitled "To See Ourselves as Others See Us". This was divided into four parts: "Activity Period", "A Street Scene After School", "An English Class", "A Saturday Night Automobile Ride".

- Feb. 9. This morning for assembly, Mr. Anderson spoke on "School Spirit". He brought out the importance of athletics, and of a cheering squad to back the players, as one of his illustrations of school spirit.

This evening the seventh grade held a party at the schoolhouse. Games were played, dancing enjoyed, and refreshments served.

- Feb. 16. The sophomores had charge of the assembly this morning. They presented a two-part program, consisting of sketches from literature and history, and a radio play, entitled "Clarence and His Clarinet".
- Feb. 23. Miss Dewing gave an interesting <sup>talk</sup> on chemistry and astronomy.
- March 2. Mr. Silvester announced the midyear honor roll, this morning. For the second nine weeks' period fifty-three per cent of the whole school was on the honor roll, the senior class being highest with seventy-one percent. The honor roll for the second nine weeks' period was as follows:

All A honor roll: Royce Magnant, Gilbert Dewing, Claude Magnant, Martha Samson, Madeline Messier, Madeline Jette, Olin Samson, Marion Dewing.

One-half A, one-half B honor roll: Charles Mullen, Melvin Geno, Idolyn Messier, Harland Titemore, Charles Gates, Imogene Columb, Jane Gates, Alton Lothian, Mary Columb, Robert Cyr, Sally Gates, Daisy Ploof, Guy Towle.

B honor roll: Marian Richard, Marilyn Riley, Geoffrey Gates, Joyce Johnson, Albert Richard, Carroll Titemore, Janet Magnant, Aline Rainville.

Semester honor roll - All A: Royce Magnant, Gilbert Dewing, Claude Magnant, Martha Samson, Sally Gates, Madeline Jette, Olin Samson.

One-half A, one-half B: Melvin Geno, Idolyn Messier, Charles Mullen, Harland Titemore, Marion Dewing, Charles Gates, Emogene Columb, Jane Gates, Alton Lothian, Mary Columb, Robert Cyr, Daisy Ploof, Carroll Titemore, Guy Towle, Janet Magnant.

B honor roll: Marian Richard, Geoffrey Gates, Muriel Spooner, Joyce Johnson.

March 9. The eighth grade had their assembly this afternoon as so many of the boys had gone to fight a fire, this morning. The program was a radio play, entitled "The Last of the Maypole". It was very well done and very entertaining.

March 16. The seventh and eighth grades presented a revue of their program. Its program title was "His Just Desserts". The Freshman and Sophomore play -- "Buddy Answers An Ad". The Junior and Senior play -- "The Invisible Clue".

March 16. These plays were presented at the hall. The Melody Makers played band selections between the acts.

March 16. School closed today for the two weeks of Spring Vacation.

April 6. Today Miss Gates had charge of the Assembly Program. She read a very interesting article entitled "How Do You Rate with A Date?" After this she showed a number of articles that the Irish Boys of Enosburg Falls had sent home to their family. Many were from India. They included: a number of snap shots of India, a part of the parachute that Stuart bailed out with, a pair of shoes, and many other interesting articles.

April 11 and 12. The Nurse and Doctor were giving physical examinations at the school.

The boys are busy practicing for the baseball games.

April 13. Report cards were given out today.

April 13. The Assembly program, Mr. Silvester had charge of today. He had a very appropriate program consisting of a prayer, the singing of two hymns, and a short talk, in memory of our late President Roosevelt.

Honor roll - All A: Royce Magnant, Martha Samson, Claude Magnant, Gilbert Dewing, Madelin Messier, Robert Cyr, Mary Columb, Olin Samson,

One-half A, one-half B: Harlad Titemore, Idolyn Messier, Marilyn Riley, Marion Dewing, Muriel Spooner, Alton Lothian, Jane Gates, Imogene Columb, Guy Towle, Carroll Titemore, Albert Richard, Daisy Ploof, Sheila Lahue, Sally Gates, Aline Rainville, Janet Magnant, Madeline Jette.

B Honor roll: Marian Richard, Martha Jane Riley, Theresa Proper, Geoffery Gates, Hortense Roberts, Lloyd Richards, Herman Gover, Richard Columb.

April 20. This was Clean Up Day. Everyone was very busy cleaning the ball diamond, yard and school.

April 20. The sophomores held a class party at the school house. Despite the fact that folks should have been tired from Clean Up Day everyone seemed to enjoy himself.

April 27. Mr. Silvester had charge of Assembly today. We opened the program by singing three songs. A few verses were read from the Bible. Mr. Silvester then spoke on the subject: "Russia and Why People Fear Her".

May 8. Mr. Silvester brought his radio to school and we listened to President Truman's announcement. There wasn't any school in the afternoon because of V-E Day.

May 11. For Assembly the seventh grade presented three plays: "Trouble of a High School Editor" by Mary Funk, "The News" by Ellis, and "Mother's Day" by Shoemake. They were well done and enjoyable.

May 18. This morning for Assembly Mr. Silvester read an essay entitled "Vermont" by Dorothy Fisher.

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ALUMNI HONOR ROLL

* Leon Ashton Jr	'43	U. S. A. C.	Winston Pierce	'39	U. S. A.
Walter Lahue	ex '47	U. S. A.	Donald Ashton	'39	U. S. M. C.
Robert Messier	ex '45	U. S. A. C.	Douglas LaPlant	'39	U. S. N.
Rene Durenleau	ex '45	U. S. A.	Carroll Hull	'38	U. S. A.
Bradley Martin	ex '44	U. S. A.	Stanley Green	'38	U. S. A.
Richard Weld	ex '44	U. S. N.	Charles Gates	'37	U. S. N.
Lyle Lothian	'43	U. S. M. C.	Eugene Olmstead	'37	U. S. A.
David Gates	ex '43	U. S. N.	Merriman Hull	'36	U. S. A.
Oscar Hefflon	ex '43	U. S. A. C.			
Donald Wing	ex '42	U. S. A. Hon. Dis.			
Earl Thibault	ex '42	U. S. A. C.	Arnold Rogers	'36	U. S. A.
Guy Lothian	'41	U. S. A.	Rendrick Scott	'35	U. S. N.
Robert Irish	'39	U. S. A.	* Arnold Whitney	'35	U. S. N.

	26.		
Stanley Towle '32	U. S. A.	Girls	
Maurice Benjamin '32	U. S. A.		
Feno Truax '32	U. S. A.	Eleanor Evans '42	W. A. C.
Richard Benjamin ex'		Matjorie Gates 40	W. A. C.
Paul Gates '11	U. S. A.		

Other Alumni News

Gwendolyn Streeter '43 and Norma Carman '44 are cadet nurses, in training at Burlington.

Doris King '42, who is teaching in the Hammond school this year, has been engaged to teach the primary room at West Berkshire, next year.

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H U M O R

CAN YOU IMAGINE ?



C. Titemore '49

- Miss Dewing not collecting gum?
- Harland Titemore bending to pick up a grounder?
- Idolyn Messier not waiting for the mail?
- Jane Gates not talking about horses
- Claude not having his history assignment?
- The senior class agreeing with each other?
- Charles Gates and Charles Mullen not doing algebra during assembly?
- Ruth McDermott going out for sports with the other girls?
- Miss Dewing ringing the bell on time?
- Sally Gates not looking as "neat as a bug's ear"?
- Harland Titemore's hair being mussed?
- Geoffrey Gates having his hair neatly combed?
- Marion Dewing not taking a dare?
- Merriman Lothian not sleeping in English class?
- Mr. Silvester not sitting on the desks?
- Gordon Laflame not walking on the heels of his shoes?
- Lloyd Richard six feet tall?
- Miss Gates without a little story to tell?

Carroll: Miss Dewing said, "The weight of an object on the moon is one-sixth that on the earth."

Jane: I say; let's us build a rocket ship.



Stuart: Robert, I hear that you have conquered your stutterung.  
 Robert: "Peter piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."  
 Stuart: Good! How'd you do it?  
 Robert: E-e-easy e-e-enough b-b-but I f-f-find it hard t-t-to use it  
 in ordinary conversation.

Gilbert: How'd you get that double hit, Bud?  
 Bud: Didn't the ball hit my bat?

Royce Magnant was taking his first airplane ride. They were high up in the heavens when Royce pointed to the propeller, and said, "You can turn off the fan now, It's plenty cool."

#### SONG HITS

The Jersey Bounce	- - - - -	Muriel Spooner
I'm a Little on the Lonely Side	- - - - -	Shirley Riley
The Trolley Song	- - - - -	Geofrey Gates
I Wish I Could Hide Inside This Letter	- - - - -	Mrs. Lamsa
It's Love, Love, Love	- - - - -	Marian Richard
Don't Fence Me In	- - - - -	Jane Gates
Accentuate the Positive	- - - - -	Miss Dewing
My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time	- - - - -	Idolyn Messier

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#### EXCHANGE

We have exchanged papers, this year with two different schools. We have received two editions of the "Beacon" from Brigham, and one edition of the "Oriole" from Highgate.

The Brigham "Beacon" contained some very good jokes and poems. "Rescue" and "Lest We forget" were especially good.

The Highgate "Oriole" is a very good paper. The jokes and stories, this year, were quite outstanding.

#### ANSWERS TO "MOLECULE" QUIZ

1. The late President Roosevelt.
2. Neither. January 1, 1801.
3. Missouri.
4. The match.
5. The rear end.
6. Midnight. He heard the last stroke of twelve.
7. DuPont
8. A nickel and a dime. One isn't a dime, but the other is.
9. The American first under Gen. Hodges, in all cases.
10. Eight.
11. December.
12. May 8, 1945.

