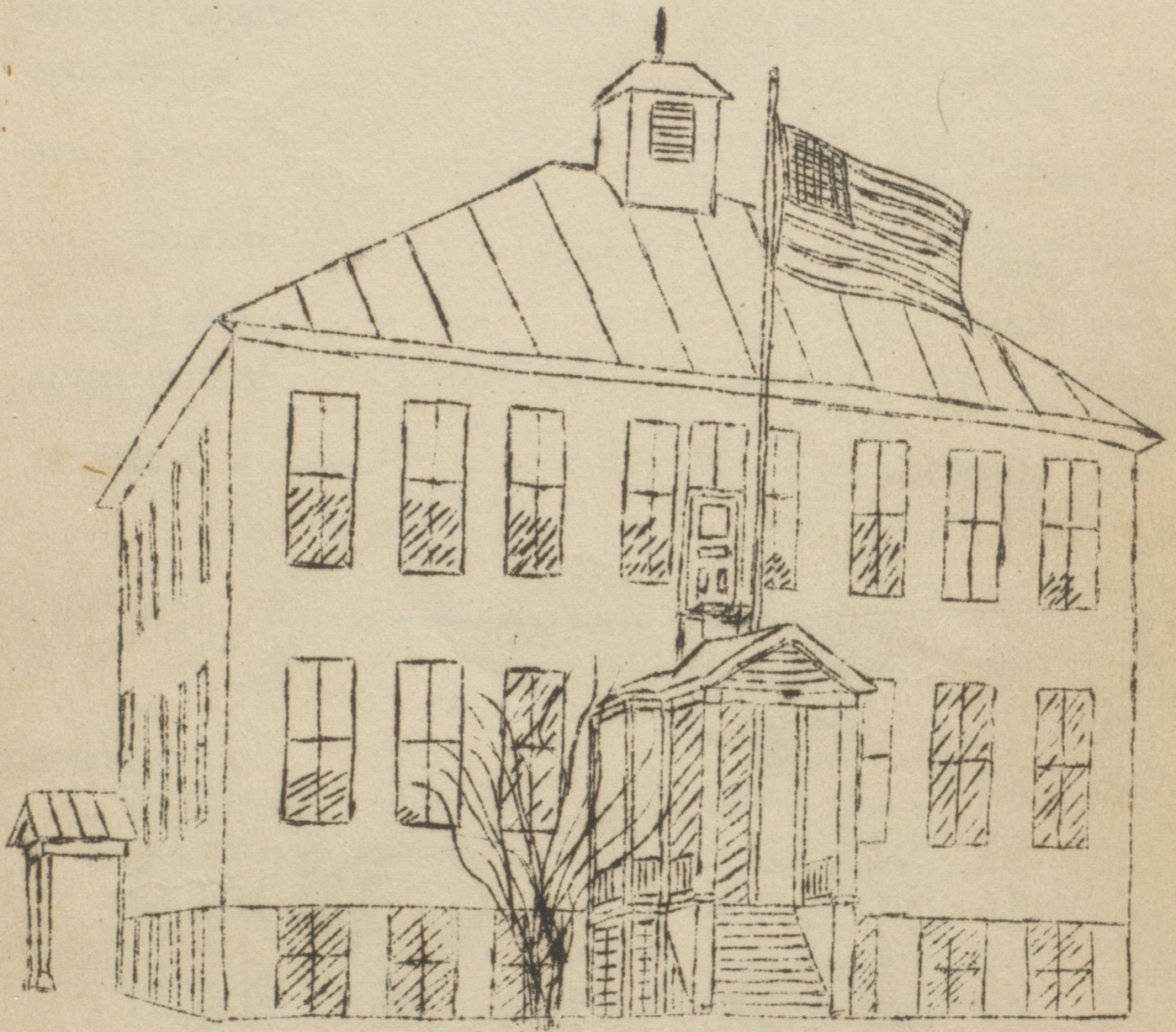


MOLECULE



H.P. Purvis '46

Franklin High School

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EDITORIALS

THE RECORD-PLAYER

The

school has just purchased a record-player, which, I believe, will make a very good addition to the school's possessions. This player is capable of playing either ten or twelve inch records - ten of them - automatically, one directly after the other. When one has finished the needle swings off, the next record falls into position to play, and the needle returns to its playing position. There is also a way in which to reject the record being played, and the next one will fall into place.

There is only one disadvantage in the business of running the record-player. This is that the record-player must be connected to the projector, and this, in turn, to the amplifier. These are both large machines; therefore it makes quite a bit of equipment to carry around whenever you wish to use the record-player. I know of no way in which this situation can be remedied.

There will be many opportunities for us to use our record-player. The most important use, I expect, will be for dancing. The juniors are planning to use the record-player, this spring, for a dance at the town hall. Next year we plan to use the record-player for practically all the dances that the school sponsors.

The only thing that we lack now is records, and that, of course, is very important. For their dance, the juniors plan to use borrowed records. Next year the school will buy some records, as they are necessary for the use of the player.

The school, I think, was very wise in buying this player, because it will greatly help in presenting successful school activities.

Martha R. Samson '47

FRANKLIN ROADS

"The roads in Franklin! Pretty hopeless, aren't they? Why don't they do something about them?" This is what anyone might say who has been unfortunate enough to have business within the limits of our small town. If we have been driving on the roads at all, this spring, we should most heartily agree with them. Our roads have been terrible; yet the people of Franklin should be able to take care of them.

First, let's see how the roads are. I'll admit they're much better than they were, because the road scraper has been working on the main road, but they were left in bad condition - full of pot holes, ruts, washed out sluices, and a bed of holes, in general - during the first two months of spring. Even in town there was a

bad mud hole. This is now fixed, and the main road is slowly regaining its respectability. But the back roads! Sometimes I wonder if anybody remembers that some of us poor people have to live way out there in the ruts. Our back roads have been sadly neglected. More than one car has been damaged on them, and not merely from fast driving. That's something that just can't be done, no pick-ups from fast driving here. I can remember when the scraper used to go by four times on the same road, in one afternoon. I wondered why. Now, I know that it was none too much. It should be done now.

Have we road commissioners? No one would know it. Yes, it is hard to get help, but there are some idle people around. Then, it would be possible for some of these people who would like their cars to last a little longer and who would like to save a little repair money to take a day off once in a while to work on the roads. Come on Franklin; there must be some way.

Marion P. Dewing '46

BASEBALL SEASON

Baseball season in Vermont is short. The weather doesn't permit the fields to be used before the last of April or after the middle of October. For high schools, the season closes about the first week in June because the schools close for the summer then, and the boys go their separate ways.

The weather in the spring is usually so wet that the teams can't get much time for practice before the games start, except those teams that can get their practice in gyms. The southern teams have an advantage over the northern teams in that their fields dry much more quickly. Therefore they are able to get much more practice and more games in the spring season.

At present, baseball equipment is hard to obtain. The teams have to look everywhere to find balls, bats, and the other articles which must be purchased for baseball playing.

The most important thing for good baseball is a team of boys who will stand by each other and co-operate. The coach has to pick the boys who are most suitable for the positions. It is a hard job to pick two good catchers because very few boys like to catch behind the plate, and high schools in Vermont are small. It is also hard to find two or three good pitchers for the mound. Usually there are very few good pitchers.

There is considerable expense to baseball for the upkeep of the field, the suits, and, of course, the balls and the bats; yet there is very little money pulled in by the fees for the games. The money for financing baseball is generally secured by dances, parties, or plays sponsored by the team, the school, or the student council.

Geoffrey Gates '47

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

About every four years, conscientious Americans lament a glaring defect in our democratic set-up; namely, the electoral college. The system is discussed for a couple of months around election time; then the discussion goes into hibernation until the next presidential election.

I may be out of season to be discussing the subject now, but I'm going to have my fling at the topic and let happen what may. Under the present set-up a state had as many electoral votes as it has Congressmen, and all these votes go whichever way the state goes, regardless of how close the popular vote may be. Thus in the state of New York, although the difference in the popular vote may be many thousands out of a total of four million votes cast, all forty-seven electoral votes go to one candidate. A candidate may win an election by carrying only one-fourth of the states. Twice in our national history a candidate has become president by having a majority of the electoral votes while his opponent had a majority of the popular votes; in 1876 when Rutherford Hayes defeated Samuel Tilden, and in 1888 when Benjamin Harrison defeated Grover Cleveland, the difference in the popular votes in the latter case being over one hundred thousand. In 1912 Woodrow Wilson received a minority of the popular votes, but had more than either of his opponents. Many times the electoral vote is nowhere in proportion to the popular vote, the most striking example being in 1936, when Alfred Landon received almost forty per cent of the popular votes but only about one and one-half per cent of the electoral votes.

The votes of Democrats in Vermont and of Republicans in states like Mississippi really amount to nothing under the present set-up, thus encouraging voters to stay from the poles - an unhealthy indication.

The most logical solution to the problem would naturally be to abolish the electoral and have only the popular vote, but the electoral college could be retained if the electoral votes were divided proportionally to the popular vote. The present situation is undoubtedly unjust. An amendment remedying this defect wouldn't overburden the Constitution but would be a very constructive support.

Claude Magnant '47

THE WHEAT SITUATION

About one thousand wheat elevators in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Montana are plugged, which means that they are so full of wheat that no more can be handled. The number of carloads of grain moved in January was close to the all-time record set in January of 1944. Yet, for all this Secretary of Agriculture, Clinton Anderson, said that the amount of wheat sent to Europe was short 150,000 tons in February and even more than that in March.

Many people of the United States say? "Why should we send our good flour to Europe and have to eat the darker and coarser flour ourselves?" They also say, "We should give them the darker grade of flour and keep the best for ourselves."

Other people say, "We, the people of the United States, are living in one of the few countries which are in any position to help war-torn nations, and we are lucky not to be war-torn ourselves."

I think that we should give all the aid we can to the people of Europe and Asia. If we were in their position we would want help, just as they do. We have been very fortunate not to be torn by war. As a whole, we have been well off for food during the war and since, compared to the European countries. I think that if we are to remain peaceful we must share our food with other people. As long as hunger threatens there is always the threat of war, for people who are starving will fight for their food rather than die of starvation. The world cannot be at peace and make progress until there is enough food available for everyone.

Leo West '49

** ***** **

*** P O E T R Y ***

SPRING


It's spring when the trees start budding,
And the flowers are at their best;
It's spring when all the birdies,
Start building their little nests.


Easter comes in the springtime,
With people as proud as can be,
With their nice new clothes
and crazy hats;
It's surely a sight to see.

It's spring when the moon shines
brightest,
And the stars twinkle there a -
bove.
It's spring when " a young man's
fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Clarice Lahue 47

STARLIGHT

 The stars come out to play
at night,
And wink their eyes so very
bright.

 It must be fun to be up there,
With not a worry, not a care;
To see the world below go by,
And stay up there and watch -
Oh, my!
I wish I were a little star,
To be up in the sky SO FAR.

Daisy Ploof '49

spied the farm horses grazing near a group of trees not too far distant. She whistled and Fanny raised her head. "It's better not whistle again," Molly murmured to herself, "or she'll follow." Fanny had a habit of following too closely, and if you weren't careful she might step on your heels.

There was a round hill that was higher than any of the other pasture land. One side was ledgy and had a deep ravine. In the spring, water washed down it, but now it was dry and fun to climb. When Molly reached the top she looked carefully in all directions. The sun was up, and she was beginning to feel warm. "I really think this is the nicest time of day," she thought. "Just think what lazy folks miss." She listened to a bird. On a neighboring farm she could hear the men calling the cows and the dog barking. "Gee, they're late this morning," she thought.

"Well, I don't see anything from here. Guess I'm not a very good detective," and she started down the opposite side. Near the bottom of the hill were a few evergreens. The ground was uneven. Just before Molly reached a hollow she stopped suddenly and caught her breath. Her eyes sparkled and she grinned broadly. "There you are!" A new calf lay contentedly in the warm sun. "You're just the color of a baby deer. That's it; I'm going to call you Fawn!" Molly picked up a small stone and, on a ledge near by, proceeded to make out a record of the finding and naming of the calf. "There, I guess I had better be getting back."

When Molly got in sight of the buildings, she saw that the milking was finished and the cows were on their way to the pasture. Her father was just leaving the barn.

Molly waved her hand and shouted, "Dad-dee, I found old Jitter-Bug's ba-bee."

Mary Columb '49

SAVED BY A CIGARETTE LIGHTER

This story is about Richard Holden, who a year before had married the lovely Sheila Blackstone. Richard was Sheila's second husband. Her first husband had died very suddenly after returning from a vacation at Lake Louise. At first, his death was thought to have been murder, but the police were never able to prove it. He had been very wealthy, and of course all of his money had gone to Sheila. But that was over and past, and now she was happily married to Richard Holden. At least they had been happy until Sheila's mother, Mrs. Blackstone came to live with them. Then queer things had begun to happen.

It all started one day at Richard's office when a District

Attorney came to call on him. The District Attorney informed Richard that he was still working on the case of Sheila's first husband, and that he still believed it had been murder. He also told Richard to watch his step because a woman as lovely as Sheila would do anything for money. "It would be a very easy thing", he ended, "to slip a little poison in your food."

This made Richard so furious that he could scarcely refrain from throwing the District Attorney out into the street. With eyes glaring with fury, he shouted, "Leave, this minute, and never stick your nose into my affairs again."

The Attorney left, but Richard couldn't forget this call. Every time he let himself relax the District Attorney's words kept going through his mind, again and again. "Poison! Watch yourself!" Would Sheila poison him for his money? He didn't know, but he found himself being very careful of what he ate, what he did, and where he went. He became jumpy and nervous.

One night Sheila gave a party for some friends of her mother's. Everything went fine until Mrs. Blackstone served the dessert, chocolate topped with ice cream, Richard's favorite dish. Suddenly the word, "poison," went through his mind. When Mrs. Blackstone passed him his pie he was so weak he couldn't hold on to it. It slipped from his hand and fell to the floor. Richard excused himself and went to the kitchen to get something to clean up the mess he had made. When he came back to the table he was as white as a sheet. One of the guests asked if he felt all right. "I am just tired from working so long and steadily at the office. I'll be all right in the morning, I guess", Richard replied. When he took the pie to the kitchen he carefully took a sample of it, placed it in a bottle, and put it in his coat pocket. The guests left early and Richard went to bed.

The next morning on his way to the office Richard stopped at the police station and asked for the sample of pie to be examined. An hour or so later, after Richard had arrived at his office, the telephone rang. It was the Chief of Police. He said that the pie contained a deadly poison.

Questions ran through Richard's mind. "Who could have put the poison in the pie? It couldn't have been Sheila because she wouldn't have known who would get that piece. Or could she? Could Mrs. Blackstone have put it in there at the table without being seen?" He could find no answers for his questions.

That afternoon when Richard went home Sheila said she had arranged for Richard, her mother, and herself to go for a two weeks' vacation at Lake Louise. Lake Louise! That was the very place where Sheila and her first husband had gone, and on their return his mysterious death had taken place.

They left early the next morning, by car. The first week they had a wonderful time. Would he be killed when they returned to New York? He could only wonder.

One afternoon when the three of them were out walking in the woods they came out on a high cliff. They could see for miles around. Mrs. Blackstone was standing slightly in back of Richard. Calmly Richard took out a cigarette and his lighter, but the lighter slipped from his hand. As he stooped to pick it up a terrifying scream rang through the woods, as Mrs. Blackstone's body pitched over the cliff. She had been the one who had tried to kill Richard. She was just going to give him a push that would off balance him so that he would go over the cliff, when he stooped to pick up the lighter. Mrs. Blackstone couldn't catch her balance and had killed herself instead of her son-in-law.

Martha J. Riley '47

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH!

Even Sue had to admit that there was nothing remarkable about Pixie. He was just an ordinary bay gelding that Mr. Kimble, Sue's father had picked up quite cheaply at an auction. According to the auctioneer he was ten, but Sue's uncle, a local authority, claimed him to be at least twelve and more likely fourteen. He was good looking, however, and there was something about the light-footed creature that struck Sue at once. Sue tried to analyze her feelings but found it more than difficult. Was it his ears that perked forward so amiably, or the good nature and gentleness in his eyes, or the spot in his forehead, or -----? Yes, it was his nose. It was the way it twitched so mischievously when it sensed a hidden lump of sugar. Yes, it was his nose that made Sue so determined to have him for her very own.

She called him "Pixie" and rode him as often as she had time. She was not a superb rider and often disgusted her horse by tugging at the wrong reins. Sue was often disgusted too, for at times Pixie got stubborn and neither the gentlest pleadings nor the harshest scoldings could make him go an inch beyond some invisible boundary in the road. Sometimes the two of them would stand there for hours waiting for the other to give in. Pixie usually won, for the time would grow short and Sue would have to turn for home - Sue, a little discouraged, and Pixie with his eyes full of teasing satisfaction. They had other tussles too, but they were all in good sport with both sides acknowledging their defeats without ill will, and Sue took pride in never having hit her horse.

One day Sue saddled her horse and started down the road toward her friend's house, over a mile away. The day was crisp and a light breeze fanned her cheeks. Pixie wanted to run and Sue let him, for it was a perfect day for a canter. Both the horse and the girl were having a grand time when it happened. Sue heard something snap and soon the saddle slipped a bit. Sue realized that the saddle girth had snapped and tried desperately to get her feet out of the stirrups - too desperately, in fact, for in doing so her right foot tangled in the reins. Feeling herself slipping with the saddle, she screamed instinctively. Pixie stopped but not soon enough, for Sue bumped along the road and soon felt everything go black.

When she regained consciousness she was lying in her own bed with a doctor announcing, "She'll be all right, but keep her in bed for a week or so. She has a wrenched back and some pretty painful bruises, as well as a couple of cuts. If it hadn't been for that horse ----."

A few minutes after the doctor had left, Sue asked her mother what he had meant about the horse. She was more than surprised when she heard the story.

Pixie had nosed Sue off the road and somehow gotten rid of his bridle. When George Manley discovered them, Pixie was starting toward home, looking anxiously over his shoulder every few feet. When he saw George, a stranger, he turned around and headed right for him. No matter what methods George tried, he could not get near enough to the huddled figure to recognize it. Sensing that something was wrong, he had brought the doctor, who could get no nearer, but he had recognized the horse and summoned Mrs. Kimble. Mrs. Kimble was accepted by Pixie, but every movement was watched, and when they put Sue in the car Pixie had followed them home. "The poor thing is worrying about you now, Sue. Why don't you tell him you're all right? He's just outside the window," Mother ended.

"Sure thing, Mom. Listen, you little Pixie, what was the idea of not going to Ginger's, anyway? She probably worried her head off as to where we were. Don't you know you shouldn't make people worry?"

A relieved nicker from outside the window told her to practice what she preached.

Jane Gates '48

LIFE ON THE MOORS

A few years ago I was stricken with a terrible sickness. That sickness had ruined my life. I lived all alone here on the moors, except for my housekeeper and her husband. They were the only friends I had. Mrs. Halpy, the housekeeper, was so very kind. She tried her best to make me forget my illness, but it was no use. You will see why, when I explain what was wrong with me.

Sometimes I got up in the night as if in a trance, and wandered about the house and yard. It was death to anything or anyone that was in my path. I strangled them to death with my bare hands. I tried everything that might cure me, but nothing seemed to help. I had to take medicine every day, but it didn't help. Is it any wonder that I was almost crazy, wondering who or what would be my next victim?

Just a year ago today, a young woman got lost on the moors and had to stay here over night. I was frightened. I didn't want her to stay even one night, because I knew what might happen.

Nothing happened that night. Cherry, that was the girl's name, was supposed to return to town the next day, but she couldn't because

because the weather was bad. She went about the house singing, and seemed to become more beautiful as I watched her. I knew I was falling in love with her, but that must not happen. Cherry had to be taken back to town, and I drove her there myself. She didn't want to go, but I told her she had to, because it wasn't safe to stay here any longer. She couldn't understand what I meant, but she said she would go.

I drove her to town, bade her goodby, and returned to my home. Mr. and Mrs. Haley were not around, so I went to my room and stood looking out the window. As I stood there, it seemed to me that I could hear a strange noise below my window. I looked down. I was horrified at the sight which met my eyes. There below me stood Mr. and Mrs. Haley. Between Mr. Haley's hands was one of my pet rabbits. It was dead.

The truth hit me very hard. I now realized what had been going on these last few years. Mrs. Haley had always given me my medicine every night before I went to bed. She must have been giving me some sort of dope, and then when I came out of my stupor, I found the dead things in my hands. What a fool I had been, but I did not waste any more time. I went down stairs and called the police.

By ten o'clock that night, Mr. and Haley were in jail, and I was free.

Ruth McDermott '46

HELP! MY HAT!

"Well, well, now where can my hat have gone?" sputtered the old gentleman in the subway. Just then he heard a woman screaming at the other end, "My hat! Oh, where is my now hat?" He himself felt anything but comfortable, for a person couldn't, after all, buy a new hat every day.

A man standing near him said, "Will you please stop wriggling, mister? Are your feet sore, or have you got the itch?"

Mr. Wilson, the subway guard, had a pet monkey, which was a great nuisance, but which no one dared dispose of, although it would have been good riddance. He had the habit of plucking people's hats off their heads.

"I suppose its that gosh found monkey again," he complained. Just then the subway car stopped and people started getting out. As he got out of the door he saw the guard and went up to him. He was already engaged by a young lady who, it seemed, had lost a hat in the subway.

The old gentleman spoke up and said, "Well, well, I'll be -- I lost a hat too. My dear man, do you keep a monkey to have him steal people's hats? Do you have a hat shop?"

"Well, I'd like to know! I'm much too busy to sell hats." The guard was a big tall man, who sometimes had dangerous lights in his eyes. They were there now. "Do you mean to imply, my friend, that I steal hats to sell. I won't take that from anyone of you."

The young lady was trying hard not to cry, because this was the first new hat she had had for a long time. Her clothes were shabby and she looked rather weather beaten. She now said, "But you don't understand. I must have my hat."

"Why come to me?" growled the guard. "Probably some old hobo stole it while you were in the subway."

"I mean to get my hat back if it's the last thing I do," declared the old gentleman. "Who do you think I am, a Vanderbilt?"

"You certainly don't look like one," retorted the guard in a nasty tone.

Just then a little monkey came out of the subway. He was the last one to get out. He was bringing to the guard something gray and something red with feathers.

"My hat," shrilled the young lady. Oh, you wretched monkey, give me my hat.

"My hat too," said the old gentleman, waving his arms. "Well, well, how nice of you to return it," for the monkey was indeed bringing it right up to him.

The guard stood there for a moment, as if dazed; then the dangerous light went out of his eyes, and he started laughing. "Jimmy, you naughty monkey," he said. Then, as if explaining to the old gentleman, "Jimmy always steals hats."

The young lady, however, seemed not to be able to get her hat back. Jimmy thought it was too pretty. He kept putting it on his head. After a while, however, the hat was returned. Since both she and the old gentleman were going the same way, they started walking together. The lady, after deciding it was too warm to wear a hat, reached up to remove it, but it wasn't there.

"Oh, my hat's missing again!" she cried. They then turned to look back, and there was the little monkey trailing them, with the red hat on his head.

Madeline Messier '49

WANT A RIDE ?

"Look ahead! The poor man's limping. He has a cane," Patty noticed.

Mary had seen him when he had first come into view. He was walking on the wrong side of the road, but, anyway, most people do. "I think we should give him a lift, don't you?"

"Remember, your folks warned you about picking up strange people, but I really think we should help him along."

Mary pulled up to a stop behind the man and Patty shouted, "Want a ride?"

The bearded man, throwing down his stick cane, ran around to the driver's side. "Hop over," he demanded gruffly. "So nice of you to let me ride."

Today, being Mary's birthday, had been the same as all the rest of her birthdays (except the time she had had a big party on her sixth birthday) - a few presents at breakfast, a few cards, and probably there would be a cake for supper. Oh, yes, her license had come in the mail, this being her sixteenth birthday. Mary's mother had suggested that she ask Patty to go to the matinee with her. Father would let her take the car. Mary liked the idea, so here she is, the first time she takes father's car, in a jam.

"No, I'm driving," firmly announced Mary. "Get in the back."

"You heard me."

Shoving over, Mary nudged the frightened Patty. The car was going full speed now.

"Do you see what I see?" Mary pointed to the feather sticking from the man's coat pocket. Patty screamed. The man scowled. They had read in the paper this morning of a series of murders resulting in a dead man with a feather in his hand. Mary, who had always dreamed of being a detective and was brave, for a girl, knew that it did no good to be scared, and was glad when suddenly the brakes squeaked, and they pulled up before Tim's father's gas station. She would get him to help her somehow. Good! The man got out. She whistled Tim's danger signal and pointed to the man. Tim's father saw her, but shook his head. The man was back now. "We have a long way to go. Don't try to get smart," he reminded them. They traveled and traveled. Finally they stopped at a dark house. The man ordered them out and followed them to the door.

There was a noise; a pail of water had fallen from somewhere; then another noise, "Happy Birthday to you." The lights were on, Tim pulled off his mask, and soon everyone was eating in the new tenement house that Mary's father had just opened on the other side of town. Mary made a face at her brother and started having a swell time at her second party.

Marion P. Dewing '46

LET ME FACE IT

We sat there on the bench watching him, lithe and seemingly poised, as he stood in the shadow of his own goal post. The crowd roared from the horseshoe-shaped stands; the band struck up a vic-

tory march. But the crowd did not know what we on the bench knew. We knew that a drama more important than the football game was being unfolded there on the field.

The second string fullback asked quietly, "Can he make it?" and someone replied, "Yes, he'll do it." But the others of us sat there without saying a word. We just watched as the lithe, outwardly calm boy took his place in back of the line.

We all knew about the thoughts that were racing through his mind. He was one of the best quarterbacks in the conference, but he had one handicap. When he was called upon to punt from deep in his own territory he became uncertain of his ability.

In an early season game he had made a poor punt, and it had been blocked by a rival player and converted into a touchdown. He remembered that failure in later games, and became confused and nervous when kicking from under his own goal post. The coach had said that he might have to send in a substitute the next time one of these moments occurred. The quarterback, hearing about that, had gone immediately to the coach. "I want you to let me stay in the game the next time we get in a jam," he said. "I ask you this because I know that I won't fail you. Let me face this fault, and I'll show you that I can overcome it."

And so, he was standing there now, with the white crossbars of the goal posts at his back. The opposing team crouched low, ready to charge. It was a moment when a bad punt or a blocked one might bring defeat.

Those of us on the bench were tensely silent as the center stooped over the ball, and as the lines prepared for the rush. There was a shift in the backfield, and then the ball was in the quarterback's hands. The rival lineman came charging through to surround him, but he did not seem to see them. He took two short steps, and then put his toe into the ball. It was the kind of punt that thrills all football men. High and long it spiraled far down the field for forty-five yards.

When the game was over, the players who had been on the field told us of what had happened. They said that as he stood there waiting for the snap from center, he kept saying to himself, "Let me face it!"

Theresa Proper '47

JUNIOR CAMPS ARE GOOD

Everyone is eager to take part in an afternoon swim with the crowd, to go on a trip down the lake to cook your dinner in an un-inspected spot, or to jump on your bike and ride to the bowling alley to try your skill at that sport.

When the crowd does go swimming do you come out of the water with your hair dry? If you do I bet you wish that, like the rest of the crowd 's, your hair was wet and stringy.

A friend of yours comes down the lake in a canoe and wishes to have a little race, just for fun. Gosh, it's fun! Now your canoe is almost six feet past hers and the half mark is about a second away. You're there! But you can't get your canoe turned around. Now you've drifted way past the stopping point. Then you look back to see that she has turned around and is starting back. If you only knew how to turn it around without wasting time.

You'll be, maybe, going to college soon, and sports of all kinds are a big part of this life.

Life today offers the best opportunities the world has ever known for teaching you in camps, supported by many organizations, how to use your skill properly in athletics. Besides the fun you will enjoy from learning the sports, you will profit in physical fitness later on through life.

Camps for both boys and girls provide immediate medical care, if necessary. With nutritious meals and plenty of outdoor life, much ought to be added to your health. You have your choice of various classes in horseback riding, archery, and tennis, as well as swimming, boating, and many other sports.

Hiking is part of the schedule that does not just give you exercise, but also teaches you how to blaze a trail and to use the signs that would aid you, lost or in need of medical help when away from civilization.

For city children, these camps are a haven from a loud, noisy city. And for a country boy, it means how to get the most from the country roads, the swimming hole, and the wooded pasture land. All this surrounds his home - acres for outdoor life.

In social life, camps, as much as anything I know, teach how to get along with others; also to make yourself useful, to put the other fellow at ease; in other words, a few manners at play, which all add up to a lot of fun.

People believe that these camps are part of your education, and are doing as much as possible to promote wider use of them. Some are quite costly, but others which are not provide the same training, although perhaps not so extensively. All of these camps are helping to build up a good, healthy, clear thinking generation of children.

Through these camps comes one other important issue of the day world friendship. I think these camps will help in the understanding of the other races, as all races and creeds attend these camps (except those that are under special religious denominations). Because you will be unable not to notice that they have some interests of life, some will be good sports, and some desire for peace and happiness,

you will get broader views of life in this world that gives us so much to live for.

Sally Gates '49

FRENCH CORNER

TOUT PAR ACCIDENT

Le petit Pierre s'asseyait dans sa chaise près de la fenêtre, ses jambes impotentes se reposaient sur un tabouret. Il s'asseyait avec ses pensées pendant que des enfants jouait, courait, et riait. Si seulement il pouvait courir et jouer comme d'autres ou les autres enfants joueraient avec lui.

Jour après jour avançait jusqu'au jour, en s'asseyant sur la marche, il coupait des animaux hors de planches du bois. Il les doublait sur la marche et alors il jouait avec eux.

"Ils sont très gentils," dit la petite Bernedette Bouchard qui se tient debout près de lui.

"Les aimez-vous?" il demanda. "Voulez-vous que je les fasse pour vous?"

"Mais, oui. Pouvez-vous faire des poupées et d'autres jouets?"

"Si vous voulez, je les ferai pour vous si vous pouvez obtenir des Planches du bois."

Pendant qu'il coupait, beaucoup de enfants se tenaient debout près de lui le regarder et ils aussi les désiraient. Ainsi pendant jours et jours il coupait toutes sortes de jouets pour tous les petits enfants, et ils en retour lui donneraient beaucoup de choses. Mais le meilleur est que Pierre était heureux parce que les enfants venaient à parler et le regarder.

Enfin les parents arrêteraient le regarder en passant, le demander s'il en ferait pour eux à acheter, et il toujours répondrait, "Oui, Madame," ou "Oui, Monsieur," et toujours avec une voix heureuse.

Alors un jour un ménage du magasin le demanda s'il les ferait poser dans son magasin, et il même lui donna un instrument de bois-brûlant faire des jouets plus beau.

Avec chacun, Pierre était intéressé et il faisait tel bon travail qu'il pouvait même faire des statuettes.

Après beaucoup de travail Pierre a décidé qu'il pouvait les faire assez bien avoir un petit magasin du sien. Ainsi dans cette façon il gagnait des amis et aussi il apprenait qu'il pouvait faire quelque chose même s'il, pouvait pas marcher ou courir.

ne

Imogene Columb '48

ARE YOU A



1. Do you eat a cherished chocolate bar without ever offering a bite to your neighbors?
2. Do you borrow but never lend?
3. Do you grab the newest "Seventeen" the day it arrives and hold on to it until you have read it all?
4. Are you always asking for help but smugly holding your answers for yourself?
5. When you play a game do you always want to be "it", or the star?
6. Do you try to take all the glory for something you and someone else did?
7. Do you have a school library book that you have kept out over three weeks?
8. Do you grab for pamphlets that you don't really want but someone else does?
9. Do you push for the front when waiting in line at the store?
10. Do you always try to tell a better story than the one just told by a friend?
11. Do you leave magazines in your desk when you aren't using them?

How do you rank?

EXCHANGE

This year we have exchanged school papers with

- The Highgate "Orbicle"
- The Brigham "Beacon"
- The Enosburg Falls "Hi Spirit"

We especially enjoyed "Dear Moon" from the Brigham "Beacon".

We enjoy all of your papers and hope to keep exchanging with you all again next year.

Charlotte Geno '47

SCHOLASTIC HONOR ROLL

FIRST SEMESTER

THIRD QUARTER

ALL "A" GRADES
SENIORS

Marion P. Dewing

Marion P. Dewing

JUNIORS

Claude Magnant
Martha SamsonClaude Magnant
Martha Samson

SOPHOMORES

Alton Lothian

Imogene Columb
Jane Gates
Alton Lothian

FRESHMEN

Mary Columb
Robert Cyr
Leo WestMary Columb
Robert Cyr
Madeline Messier
Daisy Ploof
Leo West

EIGHTH GRADERS

Madeline Jette
Olin Samson

Madeline Jette

SEVENTH GRADERS

John Hubbard
Rosemary Jette
Bradley MagnantJohn Hubbard
Rosemary Jette
Bradley MagnantONE-HALF "A" - ONE-HALF "B" GRADES
SENIORSCharles Gates
Virginia WestCharles Gates
Marilyn Riley
Virginia West

JUNIORS

Gilbert Dewing
Armand GaboriaultGilbert Dewing
Armand Gaboriault
Charlotte Geno
Theresa Proper

SOPHOMORES

Betty Benjamin
Jane Gates
Joyce Johnson
Imogene Columb
Lloyd Richard
Hortense RobertsBetty Benjamin
Lloyd Richard
Hortense Roberts

FRESHMEN

Stella Blake
Sally Gates
Lyle Ladieu
Madeline Messier
Daisy Ploof
Albert Richard
Guy Towle
Carroll Titemore

Madeline Benjamin
Stella Blake
Sally Gates
Lyle Ladieu
Albert Richard
Kathaleen Thibault
Guy Towle
Carroll Titemore

EIGHTH GRADERS

Janet Magnant

Janet Magnant
Olin Samson

SEVENTH GRADERS

Simone Bouchard
Ann Towle

Simone Bouchard
Ann Towle

ALL "B" GRADES
SENIORS

Marilyn Riley

Ruth McDermott

JUNIORS

Martha Jane Riley
Charlotte Geno
Muriel Spooner

Martha Jane Riley

SOPHOMORES

Joyce Johnson

FRESHMEN

Kathaleen Thibault

Richard Columb
Sheila Lahue
Stanley McDermott

EIGHTH GRADERS

Aline Rainville

SEVENTH GRADERS

Margaret Cambridge

Irene Lamonda

Miss Dewing: What's the Latin word for "this"?

Joyce: Hic, haec, hoc.

Miss Dewing : Correct.

Joyce: Excuse me , but I have the hiccups.


Robert Cyr: What cya readin' ?

Leo West: "What 20,000,000 Girls Want".


Robert: Did they spell my name right?

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1946

MARION PRISCILLA DEWING
"Pris"



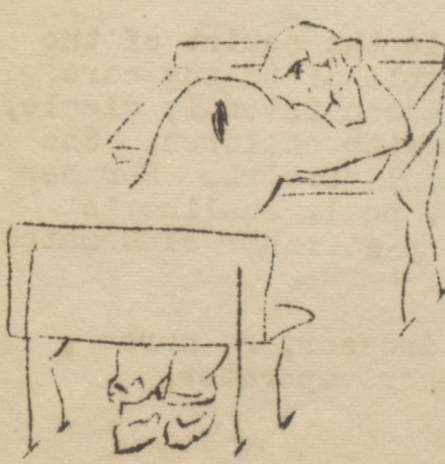
Honors:
All State Chorus (4)
Glee Club (1) (4)
Three-Act Play, "June Mad" (4)
Three-Act Play, "His Father's Son" (3)
Basketball (3) (4)
Treasurer of Student Council (4)
Editor of "Molecule" (4)
Assistant Editor of "Molecule" (3)
Valedictorian (4)
Class Treasurer (2)
Class President (1)



"Pris" is a hard worker, knows how to get along with everyone in school, is tops in studies, and likes her subjects with the exception of history. She is a good sport - always found on the list of activities. Everyone likes to hear her giggle and see her little red face when she blushes. May you have the best of luck wherever you go. Is she sweet on a certain senior boy??? Does she never wait until the last minute to do anything???

Ambition: To be a physical education director.

CHARLES W. GATES
"Charlie" or "Big Shot"



Honors:
Salutatorian: (4)
Basketball (3) (4)
Baseball (3) (4)
All State Chorus (4)
Glee Club (4)
Three-Act Play, "June Mad" (4)
One-Act Play, "The Invisible Clue" (3)
Three-Act Play, "Listen to Leon" (2)
Sports Editor of "Molecule" (4)
Business Manager of "Molecule" (3)
Student Council Treasurer (1)

Here's to Charlie whom we'll miss on our basketball and baseball teams. He has a good sense of humor. History and math are his strong points, although like his brother he snores once in a while at school. His favorite word is "nothing", although "Ain't" gives it close competition. His favorite girl is Marion, and his aim is to call his brother something that can't be reversed onto himself.

Ambition: To be a mechanical or electrical engineer.

MERRIMAN LOTHIAN
"Cindy" or "Mandy"

Honors:

All State Chorus (3) (4)
Glee Club (1) (4)
Baseball (3) (4)
Basketball (3) (4)
Three- Act Play, "His Father's Son" (3)



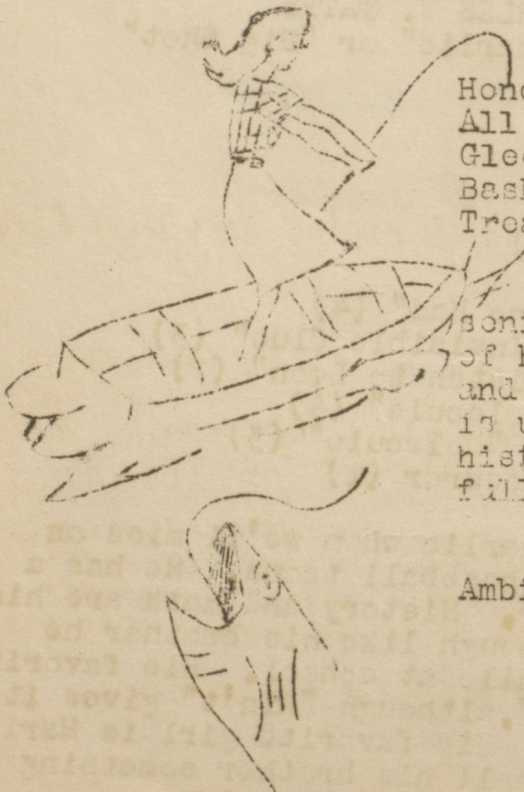
"Mandy" has a nice sweet disposition?? And is the official speaker of the senior class (He had a hot seat once in law class.) He is a real good catcher and we shall miss his base thieving in baseball. He is always active in basketball and most of the school activities. "Mandy" is also a good singer when he wants to be, which is generally when he shouldn't. He is tops at dancing.

Ambition: To become a mechanical engineer.

PAULINE JETTE
"Jettee"

Honors:

All State Chorus (4)
Glee Club (4)
Basketball (4) (3)
Treasurer of Class (1)



Although Pauline is the squirt of the senior class, she is capable of taking care of herself. She always has a friendly giggle, and gets along very well with children. She is usually active in school affairs. For her history is public enemy, no. 1. Pauline is full of fun and loves to pester her classmates.

Ambition: To be a hair dresser, a nurse, or perhaps a telephone operator.

RUTH MCDERMOTT
"Butch"

Honors:

"Molecule" Staff (3) (4)
All State Chorus (2) (4)
Glee Club (1) (4)
Three-Act Play, "June Mad" (4)
Vice President of Class (4)
One-Act Play, "The Invisible Clue" (3)



Ruth is the delicate maid of the senior class. We'll miss her strong voice, for she is a grand singer and has helped us make a good showing at the Music Festival each time she has been down. She is always quiet? Don't go astray to her wishes or you may be collared into line. Math, however, is one of her worst enemies. We wish you success, Ruth, in whatever you do.

Ambition: Ruth's real ambition is to be a popular singer, but she expects to be a secretary.

SHIRLEY PHELPS
"Twirp"

Honors:

All State Chorus (4)
Glee Club (4)
Basketball (3) (4)
Treasurer of the Senior Class (4)
One-Act Play, "The Teeth of the Gift Horse" (4)
Class Secretary (3)
"Molecule" Sports Editor (4)



Shirley is the beauty of the senior class. She has a fine soprano voice, is very active in sports, especially basketball, where we shall miss her as guard or forward. She is a good sport, private secretary to the principal, serious in her work, and studies people hard. She always stays at home on week day nights to study, and never goes out before an exam??? We hear that her aim is to make good biscuits.

Ambition: To become a telephone operator.

MARILYN RILEY
"Riley"

Honors:

All State Orchestra(2) (4)
Glee Club (1)(4)
Captain and Manager of Girls' Basketball Team(4)
Basketball (3)(4)
President of Class(4)
"Molecule" Staff (4)
One-Act Play, "The Teeth of the Gift Horse" (4)
One-Act Play, "The Invisible Clue" (3)
Assistant Manager of Basketball (3)
Junior Marshal (3)
Third Rank in Scholastic Achievement (4)



Here's to a girl much interested in music, a stellar basketball player whose shoes will be hard to fill. She simply detests gum and all its addicts? She's a capable mailman and mediator. She handles herself astoundingly with the boys, and she will never get left because she also can operate vehicles.

Ambition: To be a secretary.

VIRGINIA WEST
"Jen"

Honors:

Musical Festival All State Chorus(4)
Glee Club(4)
Basketball (3)(4)
Business Manager of "Molecule" (4)
Threc-Act Play, "June Mad" (4)
One-Act Play, "The Invisible Clue" (3)
Vice President of Student Council (3)



"Jen" is a good sport and a swell basketball guard whom we shall certainly miss. She has come up to the top despite innumerable handicaps. Although she likes most of her studies math is like poison and history a milder one. "Jen" would like to go to New Foundland when she gets out of school. She likes some people by the name of Fred. The best of luck to you "Jen" in whatever you undertake.

Ambition: Although Virginia has considered entering the nursing profession, she has not yet fully decided what she wishes to be.

ALUMNI NEWS

Royce Magnant '45 is now on the Dean's List at the University of Vermont.

Idolyn Messier '45 has finished her nurses' training in Burlington and is now at the St. Albans Hospital.

On April 5, 1946, Doris King '42 was united in marriage to Warren Lemnah of East Highgate. They were married in the Swanton Methodist Church.

In April, 1946, twins, Paul and Pauline, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Buchannon of Providence, Rhode Island. (Mrs. Buchannon will be remembered as Ruth Harrison '39.)

On March 28, 1946, a son, Kenton Bunnell, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge Pierce. (Elbridge Pierce graduated in the class of '35.)

A son, Robert George, was born, on April 15, 1946 to Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Titemore. (Mr. Titemore was a member of the class of '22.)

H U M O R



C
1.49

SONG HITS

June is Bustin' Out All Over - -Seniors
My Gal Sal - - - - - Lloyd
More and More - - - - - Charlotte
Daisy - - - - - Robert Cyr
Rose Mary - - - - - John H.
Together - - - - - Charles and Marion
Personality - - - - - Stanley Lothian
I Wish I knew - - - - - Robert D.
Casoy at the Bat - - - - - Merriman L.
No Can Do - - - - - Latin Class
I'll Get By - - - - - Kathaleon T.
Billy Boy - - - - - Mike B.

Ain't I Cute - - - - - Guy Towle
Elmer's Tune- - - - - Elmer E.
Work for the Night is Coming - - - - - Mr. Silvester
Can't Help Singing - - - - - Jane G.

SONG HITS (Continued)

Wait For Me Mary-- - - - - - Leo West
 Let's Take The Long Way Home- - - - - Ruth Mc.
 Reuben Reuben- - - - - Daisy Ploof
 Sweet and Low- - - - - Lloyd R.
 Take Me Out To The Ballgame- - - - - F.H.S. Boys
 I Wish That I Could Hide Inside This Letter--Daisy
 Seems Like Old Times- - - - - Miss Gates

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Jane Gates not eating pencils?
 Guy Towle without freckles?
 Claude with his shirt-tail tucked in?
 Robert with some work to do?
 Bert and Kathaleen getting along?
 What it would be like not to have a seventh grader
 in the basement?
 Charlotte not giving a little fling to each boy
 in school?
 Guy Towle not flirting with some girl?

Mrs. Gates (in civics): Leo, what were Mussolini's last words?
 Leo: I only regret that I have but one country to give for
 my life.

Ruth (buying a dress): Mmm, it's nice, but haven't you something
 shorter?

Clerk: Have you tried the collar department?

Teacher: Isn't there anything you can do that others can't?
 Stanley Mc.: Read my handwriting.

Guy Towle: I don't like the way that horse I bought from you
 keeps his head down.

Albert Richard: He's just showing his shame on account of not
 being paid for.

Guy Towle: Stanley, why do you wiggle so in English?

Stanley Mc.: The feminine gender tickles me.

Mrs. Gates: Pres. Roosevelt was a great man. He did a lot for
 his people.

Lyle L.: Oh I don't know. He hasn't closed the schools yet.

WANTED!

A book for Marion Dewing's ideas.
 Van Johnson for F.H.S. girls.
 Lens for Stanley Mc. glasses.
 A can to bail out the laboratory.

"MOLECULE" NEWS

- Jan. 11. A reading comprehension, speed, and vocabulary test was given to the Junior Senior High School to determine our rating in proportion to other schools.
- Jan. 16-17-18. Mid-year exams were given.
- Jan. 17. Our long awaited, much discussed movie projector arrived.
- Jan. 22. We had our first movie, "The Stillwell Road."
- Jan. 24. Report cards were given out.
- Jan. 25. We saw the movie, "Why We Fight."
- Jan. 31. The Juniors sponsored a dance at the Town Hall with Weed's orchestra furnishing the music. A substantial sum was realized.
- Feb. 1. The honor roll was announced; then we saw the movie "A Great Railroad at Work."
- Feb. 6. We saw two movies; one on music and the other on Mexico.
- Feb. 8. We saw two more movies, "On the Air," "Peace Comes to America."
- Feb. 13. Another pair of movies, "Invisible Target," and "The Fleet That Came to Stay".
- Feb. 20. School was closed because of a bad snow storm.
- Mar. 1. We saw a variety film showing a cartoon, sports, industry, etc.
- Mar. 4. The Seniors sponsored a dance at the Town Hall with Weed's orchestra furnishing the music, thereby making some welcome money.
- Mar. 15. The Junior Senior High School presented the three one act plays. The Seniors and Juniors presented "The Teeth of the Gift Horse". The Freshman presented "Swept Clean off Her Feet" and the Sophomores and Grades presented "Hist! She's a Man." They were all very well done.
- Mar. 18-31. Sugaring Vacation.
- April 1. We saw another variety film.
- April 1. Mrs. Ruth Pratt was our teacher for two weeks in place of Mrs. Gates who was ill.
- April 15. We saw a picture on television and then the new record player was tried out.
- April 18. Third quarter report cards were given out.
- April 22. A navy recruiting officer was here to interview the high school boys.
- April 26. We saw the film "Road to Berlin".
- May 2. A photographer was here and took pictures of all the pupils.
- May 9. Mr. Lee of the Balfour was here to see the Sophomores about class rings.
- May 9-10-11. The annual Vermont Music Festival was held in Burlington. About forty pupils from Franklin were in the parade and glee club. Marilyn Riley was in the all state orchestra. Martha Samson was in the all state band. Marion Dewing, Pauline Jette, Ruth McDermott, Shirley Phelps, Virginia West, Merriman Lothian, Charles Gates, Carroll Titemore, Leo West, Armand Gaboriault, Alton Lothian, and Claude Magnant were in the all state chorus.

- May 13. The Senior Class showed movies at the Town Hall, thus picking a little more welcome money..
- May 17. The eighth grade had a party at the school house, with games, and refreshments; also dancing to the music furnished by the new record player.
- May 18. The members of the freshman and sophomore classes sponsored a dance at the town hall tonight, with music furnished by the new record player.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The line-up for the girls' basketball team after midyear exams was about the same as before.

Forwards: Marilyn Riley	Guards: Virginia West
Marion Dewing	Charlotte Geno
Shirley Phelps	Martha Samson
Sally Gates	Martha Jane Riley
Betty Benjamin	Jane Gates

Jan. 15. Our first game of the new year was with Brigham here, at which we lost 36 - 28..

Jan. 23. We played Swanton here, losing again with a score of 48 - 23.

Jan. 25. Our closest game played this year without winning was at Highgate.. We were tied twice during the game, but ended with a score of 29 -27..

Jan. 28. Our last game was played at Swanton with a losing score of 32 - 22.. Marilyn Riley was a top scorer of twelve markers.

During our whole basketball season we won only one game - the game we played with Highgate here when we had a score of 32 - 26.. Yet we played hard and enjoyed our basketball. Throughout the season the total scores made by the three principal forwards were approximately as follows; Marion Dewing, 104; Marilyn Riley, 74; Shirley Phelps, 46..

Last year we lost three good players, and four more are going off the first team this year; yet we are hoping for a good season next year..

Shirley Phelps ' 46

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Resuming their basketball schedule after midyear exams the Franklin High boys bettered their first half average by winning three and dropping five, and, in general, playing much better basketball. In the games with the State Guard we were playing a team of a much better caliber than ourselves, but the experience was helpful. Our playing in the Highgate game was good the first half but rather ragged in the second. In the Brigham game our playing was much improved over our playing in our first game with that club. At no time in the game was Brigham able to run away with the play, and the game was closer than the score indicates. We played our best basketball in the two Swanton games and in an unofficial impromptu game with the first town team. Although we defeated the town non's second team rather handily after this, our playing left something to be desired. Our playing in the St. Ann's game was quite sloppy, probably because of a two weeks' lay-off and a touch of overconfidence. The scoring on the team was divided up approximately as follows: M. Lothian rf, C. Gates lf, and A. Lothian 95 points apiece; G. Gates rg and C. Magnant lg, 45 points apiece; and 10 points divided up among the substitutes.

The grade boys with Martha Towle as coach organized a junior team and played four games, winning two and dropping two. Their squad consisted of R. Columb, O. Samson, S. McDermott, G. Towle, C. Titemore, R. Durenleau, B. Barnum, B. Magnant, and D. Columb.

High School Scores

Franklin	22	Company I	40
Franklin	19	Brigham	32
Franklin	27	Town Team	31
Franklin	26	Swanton	13
Franklin	24	Highgate	33
Franklin	36	Swanton	18
Franklin	28	Town Team	18
Franklin	37	Company I	54
Franklin	20	St. Ann's	21

Junior Team Scores

Franklin	7	Alburg	10
Franklin	5	High School	
		Seconds	14
Franklin	5	St. Ann's	4
Franklin	16	High School	
		Seconds	12

Claude Magnant '47

BASEBALL

This spring we began practice, under the coaching of our principal, as soon as the field was dry enough. Almost every boy in high school and in the eighth grade went out for the team. Although there were about twenty boys trying, approximately nine had played before. The boys who are now playing and their positions are as follows:

October 10 - 11. School was closed for the weekend. The children
October 12. The school resumed a normal day at the school with
The school 7 days a week, Monday through Friday. The school
October 13. The school resumed a normal day at the school with
November 1. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 2. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 3. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 4. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 5. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 6. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 7. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 8. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 9. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 10. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 11. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 12. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 13. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
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November 28. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 29. A school was held at the school of the town hall on
November 30. A school was held at the school of the town hall on