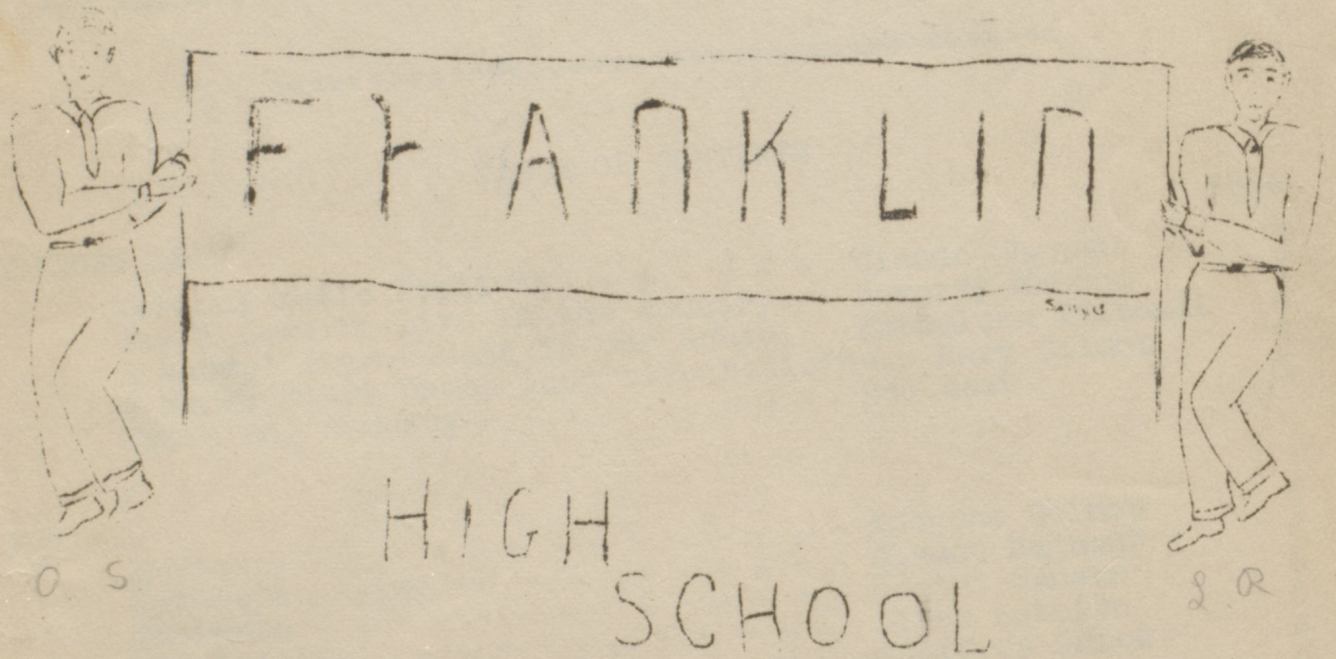
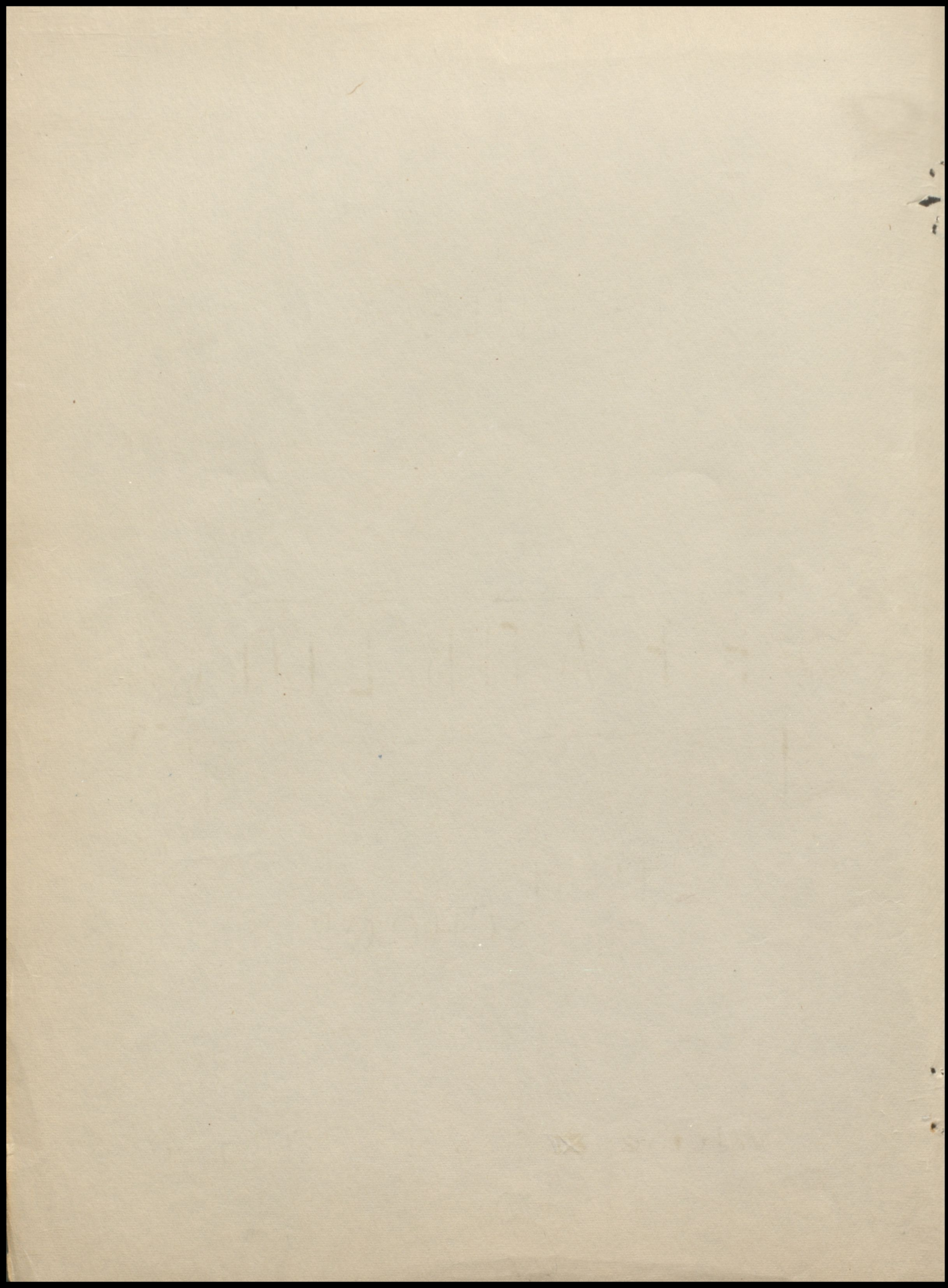


MOLECULE



Volume ~~XI~~ No 2

May '47



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VERMONT MUSIC FESTIVAL

During what is annually proclaimed as National Music Week, the Lions' Club of Burlington sponsors the Vermont Music Festival at Burlington. This is a colossal undertaking and probably the Lions Club isn't given anywhere near the credit it deserves. The problem of arranging housing for thirty-five hundred people, arranging for directors, arranging the parade, and the necessary street encumbrances, getting necessary clerical help, and selling tickets are a few of the innumerable problems.

The Festival is very well known and it's popularity increases each year, but there is one big difficulty and that is the fact that Burlington isn't centrally located, which necessitates very long trips for schools in southern Vermont. It has been suggested that there be two festivals, probably in Burlington and Rutland, to alleviate the situation. However, I think part of the thrill of being in a festival is the thought that you are participating in a state wide event; so I would hate to see it divided up.

I would suggest that the Festival be held in Barre so as to shorten the long trip for the southern schools. Although it would lengthen the trip for a school such as ours, I am sure the justice of the situation would prevail. Whatever is done, I'm sure that popular demand will retain the festival.

Claude Magnant '47

WHY I LOVE TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY

I love living in the country because I feel so free and easy and not rushed all the time, as you are in the city. The country air is clean, sweet smelling; not full of train dust as well as smoke.

At night in the country when you go to bed you may hear an occasional car go by, but you do not hear incessant honking, street cars rattling by, or everyone's radio on, each trying to drown out the other person's program.

In the city on spring afternoons when the sun shines brightly and everyone is gay, you have a longing to go fishing and have a few games of horseshoes or a game or two of softball, but by the time you get home and get your errands done, and your clothes changed it's supper time. As for fishing, it takes half a day to get to some place where fishing is allowed.

In the country you can go for a walk in the woods and take in all of nature's beauty. In the city there aren't any woods-- just rows and rows and streets and streets of buildings.

In the city when you own a bike, if you run into the house, you have to lock your bicycle even if you are gone for a jiffy. If you don't you may find yourself without a bike. In a small town you know everybody and can usually trust them.

In a country school you get to know all the pupils and teachers very well, but in the city you can sometimes not even know someone who has been in the same class with you all year. Also, in a country school the attitude of everyone makes you want to go to school, and not just because you have to.

All in all, there is really no comparison to the cramped city and the free open country.

Beverly MacLeod '49

A NEEDED IMPROVEMENT IN OUR SCHOOL

Mention has been made several times about putting some needed equipment in the girls' cloakroom. This, I think, would be one of the biggest improvements needed in our high school. But, from another point of view, the girls don't make the most of the equipment they already have in the cloakroom. For instance, there are hangers for clothing; yet there can always be found several coats lying on the floor. As a second example, the girls' cloakroom should not be used as a storeroom for anything from last winter's ski suit to music books, kerchiefs, and pencils. This is what you might think the room was if you had seen it about three weeks ago.

The cloakroom was cleaned several weeks ago, and the girls were asked to try to keep it that way. But, at any rate, it is beginning to get messy again. There are special compartments for rubbers and boots; yet they are cluttered around on the floor.

New equipment would be very acceptable. Some of the things needed are a mirror, curtains for the windows, chairs. Then, since there is no place for a sick girl to lie down until her folks or the doctor comes, it has been suggested that a sofa or couch be put into the cloakroom for such a purpose. This would be a splendid idea if it were used as it should be, but I fear that it would only be a temptation to loaf in the cloakroom on the sofa.

My opinion of the situation finally sums up to this: If the girls can't use the equipment they already have in the proper way, new equipment would be only something more to clutter up the cloakroom. Also, if the girls left their rubbers and coats lying on the floor, as they now do, there would be no room for either chairs or a sofa in the cloakroom! So I think the girls should first learn to keep the cloakroom neat, before they think of purchasing new equipment.

Kathleen Thibault '49

A MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD LIKE MEDICINE

An excellent medicine for the "blues" and a preventive of dumpishness will be found in this suggestion, "Keep the corners of your mouth turned up:" in other words, keep a smile upon your lips, even

when you are alone. Try it. It acts like a charm. It keeps one in good spirits, and it drives the frowns from other faces too. It acts like sunshine. It warms and brightens all it falls upon. A smile will suppress the angry retort that is dancing on the quivering lips. Smiling faces make merry hearts. Merry hearts seldom need medicine.

Mary Columb '49

TRUTH AND HONESTY

The proverb, "You can't believe a liar even when he is telling the truth", is, I think, a very true statement. My version of this proverb is that if a person is known to lie, people will not believe him when he does tell the truth. A person is no better than his word, and if a person lies, he cannot be trusted. A liar can never look his friends in the eye.

You all have undoubtedly heard of the little boy who took care of his sheep. As things were pretty dull, the little boy decided to have a little fun. He yelled to his friends, "A wolf is here; a wolf is eating the sheep!"

His friends came running. They asked him where the wolves were. "The wolves were here a few minutes ago, but they went away," said the boy. The friends knew that he was lying. They went back to their work.

Sometime later they heard the little boy calling again for help, but the friends did not go to help him. They only laughed and said that he was lying again. But this time the wolves were after the sheep and the friends did not come, so all of the sheep were eaten by the wolves.

This incident should have taught the little boy that "honesty is the best policy." Speaking about this proverb, there is also a great meaning hidden in it. If a person is known to be truthful, he is trustworthy. People will take his word, but they will not believe a liar, although he may tell the truth sometimes.

If you, dear reader, are one of these people who are in the habit of stretching the truth, you will have to conquer this weakness before you will be a success in the world, socially or politically. Wherever you are you will find that honesty is the best policy.

Leo West '49

* * * * *

P O E T R Y

NATURE'S ADVICE

You can have your city bustle;
 You can have your shrieking sounds;
 You can have your business office,
 But let me tread the ground.

You can have your smoky factories;
 Let your buildings graze the sky;
 You can have chaotic subways,
 But I want nature's lullaby.

Oh, for the life out in the open,
 Unrestricted by man made things.
 For me the thing that's so much
 better
 Is the advice that nature brings.

Claude Magnant '47

OLD FAITHFUL

The old clock on the tower stands,
 With its faded hour and minute
 hands.
 Its face is black; all specked with
 white;
 But anyway the time is right.

Many fancy clocks are much adorned,
 But can't tell time from eve 'til
 morn,
 As can "Old Faithful" on the tower,
 Which sounds its tolls once on the
 hour.

Alton Lothian '48

SHOWERS

A streak of lightning shoots
 across the sky,
 And thunder roars its hollow cry.
 The rain comes down like cats and
 dogs,
 And meadows turn into water bogs.

Geoffrey Gates '47

A POEM

Writing a poem just doesn't fit
 A person like me with so little
 wit,
 I think and think but just can't
 find
 words that go to make a rhyme.

Imogene Columb '48

THOUGHTS

By the door of her little cottage
 Sat Grandma, rocking in her chair,
 Thinking happily, yet sadly,
 Of the days when Grandpa^{as} been there.

He had been a kindly fellow
 With a sweet and cheerful smile.
 She had loved him very dearly,
 And he had her, all the while.

Then came children and grandchildren
 too.
 How they had loved them, one and all
 But Grandma now must enjoy them
 alone,
 For Grandpa has answered God's call.

So Grandma rocked there by her door,
 And dreamed of things which ne'er
 grow dim,
 While patiently awaiting the day
 to come,
 When she could follow him.

Martha Sanson '47

CLOUDBURST

The day was dark and dismal,
 The grey sky sulked and sighed;
 And with a flash of temper
 The heav'ns burst forth and cried.

Jane Gates '48

A GREAT LOSS

"They sure are a swell looking bunch," remarked Phil as he watched the parade of twelve ducklings passing on their way to the brook. They had been a birthday present to Phil, who had wanted ducks for a long time.

"Maybe they look all right to you, but I'd rather have a good horse. I'm riding up to the South Forty to see how the brood mares are. Wanna come?" asked Greg, Phil's brother, older by six years.

"Might as well. Isn't much else to do," agreed Phil heading for the corral.

Soon the horses were saddled and the boys were riding leisurely toward the upland pasture where the mares were grazing. Phil and Greg were sons of Big Doc MacClaire who had started the horse ranch about twenty years ago. Phil was the youngest, being nine years old, while Greg was fifteen.

After some search, the boys found the band of thirty-five mares and half a dozen early foals. These were the best horses on the ranch. Doc owned about a hundred blooded horses and around three hundred partly wild mustangs. They examined the band for a moment, taking note of the condition of the pasture and the supply of water in the three springs. There was sufficient water and feed to last the band for a week or more.

The boys mounted and struck out for the mountain camp, where Little Charlie, the broncobuster, was breaking a band of mustangs for the neighboring ranchers.

"Say!" exclaimed Phil, when they were about half way to the camp, "You don't s'pose a hawk or anything will get my ducks do ya?"

"Isn't likely," answered his brother scornfully. "Just as long as they stay out of the marsh they're all right."

They reached the camp and left some mail for Charlie, including some rodeo advertisements. They watched him saddle and ride one of the mustangs before they started for home. Those broncs certainly were tough! The boys rode swiftly, knowing they would be late for supper. As they approached the brook Phil had an idea. "Think I'll ride down and find the ducks, and drive them up to the barn," he said.

"Okay, see you at supper," said Greg, as he touched heels to his horse and rode up the hill.

Watching for some sign of his precious ducklings, Phil rode down the brook. As he neared a large pond he noticed some feathers floating in the water. This wasn't unusual, because the ducks always

left a few feathers in the water. A little below the pool, washed up against the bank were three of his half grown ducklings, very dead. Phil dismounted and saw on the other side another dead duck.

"Well, four from twelve leaves eight," thought Phil. "Whatever could have done it?"

He rode slowly up to the corral and found not eight but six little ducks, waddling about as if nothing had happened. He told his discovery to his family, and his father suggested that he go to the pool in the morning to see what would happen.

The next morning, Phil took his twenty-two caliber rifle and followed the ducks to the brook. He hid in a clump of cedars close by, to watch. Suddenly he was startled by a commotion from the pool. He looked just in time to see a large duck being pulled down beneath the surface. Phil watched for five minutes before the lifeless form suddenly popped to the surface.

Phil's eyes searched the pool. Then, in shallow water near the edge of the pool, he spotted a huge snapping turtle fully two feet across. Phil had heard of turtles killing ducks, but had never believed that anything so slow could catch a duck. Slowly the turtle raised himself upon the bank. Phil lifted his little automatic and drew a bead on his huge head, which must have been three or four inches wide. He fired. The turtle drew his head into his shell for protection, and Phil emptied his gun into that ugly shell. The turtle rolled down the bank into the water, where he lay on his back, quite lifeless.

Phil then rushed back to the house, and told everyone what he had just seen and done.

"Why, of course," his father said, "I should have thought of that. That turtle was there when I bought the ranch. I reckon your pets will be safe now.

Guy Towle '49

DREAM HURRICANE

Pat and I were going for a walk in the woods. We were paddling through the leaves, and talking in loud voices. We crossed the brook, passed the barn, and then climbed over the fence.

All of a sudden we heard a rustling in the leaves and the trees shook. Everything seemed to be making a lot of noise. We stopped, scared stiff, and listened. It all seemed to stop, so we started on again. We had walked only a few steps when the noises started again, only this time a little louder. We were really very frightened and didn't know what to make of it. Many thoughts flashed through our minds. Maybe it was a hurricane, or a tornado, or even a time bomb

which was ready to go off any minute.

We didn't have much time to think though, because all at once all of the leaves started whirling around and around. I couldn't see Pat anywhere. Everything seemed to be whirling. It seemed as though the barn were coming straight toward me. The sky was coming down, and everything was closing around me. I jumped into space, - - - and landed on my bedroom floor. What a dream!

Madeline Jette ' 50

GIRLS

Ten-year-old Joe Smith led old Tom up to the side of the wagon, and slipped one overalled leg across his broad back. Seating himself comfortably, he reached for the paper bag his father handed him. Clutching it tightly, he slapped his horse on the rear and went slowly out of the barnyard.

"Bye Betty," his father called loudly.

"Don't call me that! I hate all girls," Joe yelled, and gave his horse a jab in the ribs.

It was two miles to school, and Old Tom kept wanting to slow down. Only with repeated warnings and pokes did the old nag keep its tiring, but exciting to a ten-year-old, trot.

Joe had gone perhaps a mile when he saw the girl. She was walking slowly, and her fists were clinched tightly at her side. She was crying softly, and the tears were creeping silently down her face like rain on a window pane.

Joe didn't want to stop for her, but somehow Old Tom slowed down, and he thought it would be rude not to when they were so far from school.

"H'lo, want a ride?" he asked gruffly, and was surprised at the answer.

"No, I ain't riding with any ole boy. I hate boys!"

"I hate girls, too," agreed Joe seriously, "so the kids won't say anything about it. I mean - as long as we hate each other."

"No, I guess not," agreed the girl, "and I'll be late if I walk."

So Tom was reluctantly led across the ditch, while the girl climbed the rail fence. In a few seconds Joe could feel the pressure of the girl against his back.

They rode in silence a way, but then Joe gave the horse a kick, and Tom obligingly began to trot again. The girl held tightly to his waist

and shut her eyes for fear of falling off, but she didn't say anything. Joe noticed this and was pleased. She wasn't a scairy cat even if she was scart. Not like most girls.

Soon they came in sight of the school house, and as they rode toward it Joe couldn't suppress an anxious glance over his shoulder. Yes, she was still there. What would the fellas say? He wished suddenly he hadn't given her a ride. Maybe he could ask her to get off and walk the rest of the way. He almost did this, but the fellas had already noticed them, so he couldn't. They'd never believe anything he said now about his hating girls; so what was the use. He sat straighter and held his reins tighter. "You'd better hold on tight, Betty," he said, "because I'm gonna trot over to the hitching tree."

Jane Gates ' 48

COAL SAVED THE DAY

Jim Baker was walking quietly along the street, when suddenly from the adjoining alley jumped two men who quickly slipped a flour sack over his head.

"Come on, Joe, We got da bigshot's kid. Kes git outa here," said one of the men quietly. Jim's uncle owned the bank at the south end of Main Street in Townsville. His father had charge of the big dam in the neighboring city.

Jim felt himself being carried into a car and driven away. A short time later he was dumped into a room just above the river. The flour sack was taken off, and one of the men said, "We'll take ya back when yer father hands over dat dough fer yer ransom." Then the men went out again.

Jim began looking over the room he was imprisoned in. He found an old catsup bottle an one corner and a dirty piece of wrapping paper in another.

"If only I had a pencil," thought Jim to himself. But look as he would he couldn't find a trace of a pencil.

"By golly!" he exclaimed a little later. "Just the thing!"

About three hours later a police siren was heard. Then the police and Jim's father burst into the room. "You're still safe!" sighed Mr. Baker gratefully.

"You bet," returned Jim. "It's a good thing I found that piece of coal though."

"And a good thing we clean out the dam every Friday, and found the bottle and your note." said Mr. Baker happily.

Mary Columb '49

FATHER'S DAY AT HOME

As in any average American home, the Browns were seated around the supper table, discussing their daily thoughts. There were Mr. and Mrs. Brown, nine year old Susan, and Alton who was twelve. Mr. Brown was telling of all the hard work he had done in the office that day, and announced that the woman of the family had the easiest time, just sitting around and pushing buttons to do her work.

This rather provoked mother, because she thought she had just as hard work to do. So she told father that she would go to the office the next day if he would do the housework, and he agreed.

The Browns slept very well that night. Soon morning came and father went downstairs to get breakfast, for this was the time when his duties were to start. During the procedure he did no more than to spoil two dishes of hot cereal, burn the toast, and break the coffee percolator. Finally, however, he did get breakfast ready, and the family all sat down to eat, except Susan who had to stay in bed with a cold. Mother asked father if it could be possible to smell burnt cereal, and he said it could be, for the cereal did get very hot.

After breakfast Mother went to the office, Alton went to school, and father and Susan stayed at home. Father got along quite well with the dishes except for breaking a couple of plates. The day went very for father, however. There were three or four salesmen, a couple of bill collectors, the landlord, and the telephone which kept him busy. When Alton came home from school he wanted his father to show him how to throw a knuckle ball. They stood in front of the house while father threw his knuckle ball which went through the living room window and smashed the valuable mirror across the room.

When mother came home she was astonished to see the house in such a mess. Well, they cleaned up the mess and straightened the house. The next day father went to the office while mother did the housework.

Carroll Titmore '49

OPEN THE DOOR, RICHARD

Jack Newald stood in the pouring rain, trying to hail a taxi.

"Take your time and I'll get wet and catch pneumonia. There are lots more people that will hire your cab, so what's one more?" complained Jack to himself. He was in a rush to catch a train to go home and see his family.

Just then a much spattered cab with a gloomy looking driver came to a halt a few feet from where Jack stood. Jack was taken by surprise when he saw a cab that was stopping for him. him- him-

He came out of his trance to realize that the driver was talking

to him.

"Well you seem to think I've got all day to wait for people to make up their minds whether or not they want a cab or not. I'm a working man you know; my name is Richard, and I've got to make a living for my wife and five kids. Say, they're the cutest things you ever did see. Sue's three and a peach; Jim's five and smart like his daddy; Dick's ten and hardworking like me; Christine and Christopher are twins-eight. Boy, what cute kids and they're all like me, you understand."

Jack was very rapidly losing his temper and snapped in a curt voice, "Will you please hurry me to the station? I've got to make a train in fifteen minutes."

"Why we have plenty of time," replied the driver with good humor, "so why not stop by and see my kids? We go by there on our way to the station and the kids are home, so come and meet the likenesses of their old man."

The driver was so busy trying to convince Jack that he did not notice his passenger's face which was like a thunder cloud.

"You will drive me to the station immediately or I shall get another cab. At any rate, I should think you would, your place and not bore me with your home life. I don't feel like talking and much less like listening."

The driver smiled the same ridiculous smile as before, but did not seem to pass any attention to what his ears had just heard.

Just then Jack realized that the cab was slowing down and upon looking out, he saw a shabby house and a number of small children playing on the lawn with a dirty dog.

"What is the meaning of this? I demand that you keep on driving or else I shall have you fired for not regarding the rights of the customer."

"But sir," the driver asked, "don't you want to see my children? You know I ain't seen them since mornin'."

Jack, by this time was ready to burst into a thousand peices. "Open the door, Richard," he yelled. "I called a taxi not a wound up phonograph."

HOW TIPPY WON HIS RIGHT TO GO IN THE HOUSE

Tippy was just a cow dog. When he was small, a man and a boy came and got him. The boy was Jack Fairfield and the man was his father. They took Tippy out to the car, put him in a box on the back seat, drove along for about two hours, and then took Tippy into the house. Tippy couldn't imagine where he was. For the first two weeks they kept him in the house. Tippy couldn't imagine where he was. During that time he explored the whole place, and had broken both a flower pot and a lamp. Jack's mother didn't want a dog in the house from the beginning; so when two or three days later Tippy broke another flower pot, Jackie's mother told him he would have to take the dog down to the barn and leave him there.

During these two weeks Tippy had grown very fond of his master, and every morning he whined and whined to go out with him, and Jack would tease to take him, but mother would say, "Tippy is too small yet. You'll have to wait until he has grown up a little." However, in spite of all the things she had said, she sent Tippy out the next morning, when he teased to go with Jack. Tippy was so pleased that he rubbed against Jack's mother's legs. This scared her so that she whipped him, and told Jack to keep his old dog at the barn.

Jack spent that day and the following days, except at meal time and at night, playing with his puppy. He taught Tippy everything he knew. He taught him to fetch things, to swim, to jump high and wide places, and to do many other things. Jack loved Tippy so much that he taught him to climb the tree that led up onto the roof. With a few extra steps nailed on, he could do it. Every night after everybody had gone to sleep, Tippy would climb the tree, climb in the window, and in that way Jack and Tippy would be together, even at night.

One night after Tippy had crawled through the window he heard a voice down stairs. Jack had made him understand that he wasn't supposed to venture out of the room because Jack's folks might hear or see him, and then something would really happen. But to Tippy this didn't sound like Jack's mother or father because it wasn't making as much noise as they usually did. He slowly got off the bed, opened the door as Jack taught him to do, crept down the hall, down the stairs, and into the living room. He saw a man moving a picture aside. Then the man opened the wall safe, took the bag of money, and started to go out, but Tippy jumped from behind the chair where he had hid himself and downed the burglar. When Jack and his folks heard the rumpus they came down and Jack's father took the burglar's gun which Tippy had in his mouth and held the burglar while Jack called the police. When the burglar was taken care of and everything was all right again, Jack's mother told him he could have Tippy in the house any time and the more the better. From that day on Tippy and Jack spent most of the time together, even at meal time.

E S S A Y S

HENRY FORD

Henry Ford, the son of a poor farmer, died a five million dollar millionaire-- the man to produce twenty- nine million cars

in a half century and the first man in the world to become a billionaire. He left the farm as a young man to work as an engineer for Detroit Edison Co. at forty-five dollars a month. At about the age of thirty he was considered an average mechanic without much future. He built his first car in an old fashioned shop behind his home at 58 Bagley Avenue in Detroit. His first car consisted of no more than a box set on two axles with a two cylinder engine of four horsepower and a lever to steer it with. Ford finally got enough courage to start a little factory of his own. His reputation as a designer made him little trouble to get financial backing to get started. His first year at production ran from two cylinder models at \$950 to the deluxe-entrance tonneau which with four cylinders sold for \$2000. His cheaper cars were yet to come as the production increased. Ford was the first to introduce the assembly line. It was very simple at first with a chute which skidded the body down on the chassis which was rolled underneath. His parts were as few as possible and were all standardized. He organized the Ford Motor Company in 1903. Later his son Elsel went into the company with him. Other automobile manufacturers before him bought the parts and they just assembled the cars, but Ford started in at the bottom. He bought iron and coal mines, forests, mills and factories to produce and shape his steel and alloys, his fuel, wood, glass, and leather. He built up railroad and steamship lines and an airplane freight service in order to transport the products.

Ford was a man who believed in peace on earth. In 1915 he chartered a Danish liner "Oscar II" in an attempt to call off World War I, but failed.

In 1928 Ford introduced the Model A, for making which it took one hundred million dollars and six months to get the factory ready. Later his son died leaving the grandson to help carry on the business.

On Ford's golden anniversary he was still able to run his first car and get around. Then at the age of eighty-three, on April 7, 1947, he died on his "Fairlane" estate, of a cerebral hemorrhage.

Carroll Titmore '49

CANADIAN - AMERICAN RELATIONS

There are no two countries of comparative size anywhere else in the world that can boast of a record of friendly relations equal to that of the United States and Canada.

The last war between Canada and the United States was the War of 1812. When this war came to an end it marked the close of two centuries

of unfriendly relations between these two parts of the North American continent. Since that war all disputes have been settled either by treaty, by a joint commission, or by calling in a neutral country to act as judge.

These countries jointly control many important natural resources in the North American continent. Among these resources are the five Great Lakes. There are no ships guarding these waters against either country in peace or war. Also jointly controlled is the recent Alaskan highway which was built and paid for by the United States. Both Canadians and Americans worked on it. The United States provided most of the engineers, money, and equipment, and agreed to maintain the road as long as the war lasted. Then the Canadian section would be turned over to Canada.

Recently the border patrol was removed from the border between the United States and Canada.

During the recent war Canadians and Americans had to follow stricter rules in order to go from one country to the other, but during peace some means of identification is about all that is required to "cross the line". Since the war Canada is attempting to promote even better relations. One of Canada's sources of income is the tourist trade. Because of this and the fact that we are her nearest neighbors, there is a desire for tourist trade between the countries.

Even though Canada is a part of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the people in Canada resemble more closely the people of the United States than the people of England, and some day Canada may even become more independent than she already is.

Muriel Spooner '47

ALUMNI NEWS

Virginia West '46 was married on May 13, 1947, to Gilbert Goulette. They will reside in St. Albans.

Melvin Geno '45, who is in the Airborne Division, is now stationed in Japan.

Harland Titmore '45 entered Bliss Electrical School in Washington, D. C., in March, 1947.

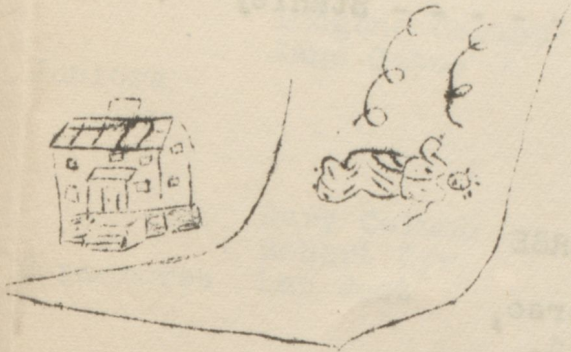
A son, Ronald Warren, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Warren Lemnah, on April 20, 1947. (Mrs. Lemnah will be remembered as Doris King,

H U M O R



LYMERICK

There was an old woman from Spain,
 To walk she used a hickory cane.
 One day she fell down,
 Rolled into town,
 And claimed she had lost her cane.
 (D. S. '50)



MAGIC

Gordon bought a little car.
 (Thirty dollars was a factor.)
 He found the motor wouldn't run,
 So he drove it behind the tractor.

He tore it all to pieces;
 Got then back some way.
 And folks swore it wouldn't run.
 He just said, "It will some day."



And sure enough, one morning
 We heard the darndest noise,
 And when the smoke and dust had
 cleared,
 'Twas Gordon and the boys.

Doctor: How's the boy who swallowed the two dimes?
 Nurse: No change yet.

Miss Gates: And so we find that x is equal to zero.
 Robert Durenleau: (amazed) What! All that work for nothing?

Mr. Silvester: What kept you from school yesterday = acute indigestion!
 Lloyd: No - a cute freshman.

Miss Dewing: Name a great life saver.
 Olin: Love at first sight.

Lost!

Two loaves of bread. Finder, please call Enosburg Falls, 6266.

Can You Imagine:

Herman Gover without his chewing gum?
 Joyce Johnson liking "coon dog"?
 Guy Towle not having his pants rolled half way to his knees?

SONG HITS

Oh, My Darling Clement(ine)	- - - - -	-Madeline J.
School Days	- - - - -	-Robert D.
What Shall We Do on a Rainy Night in Franklin?	- - - - -	- F. H. S.
I'll Paddle Madeline Home	- - - - -	- Stanley ?
Heartaches	- - - - -	- Stanley ?

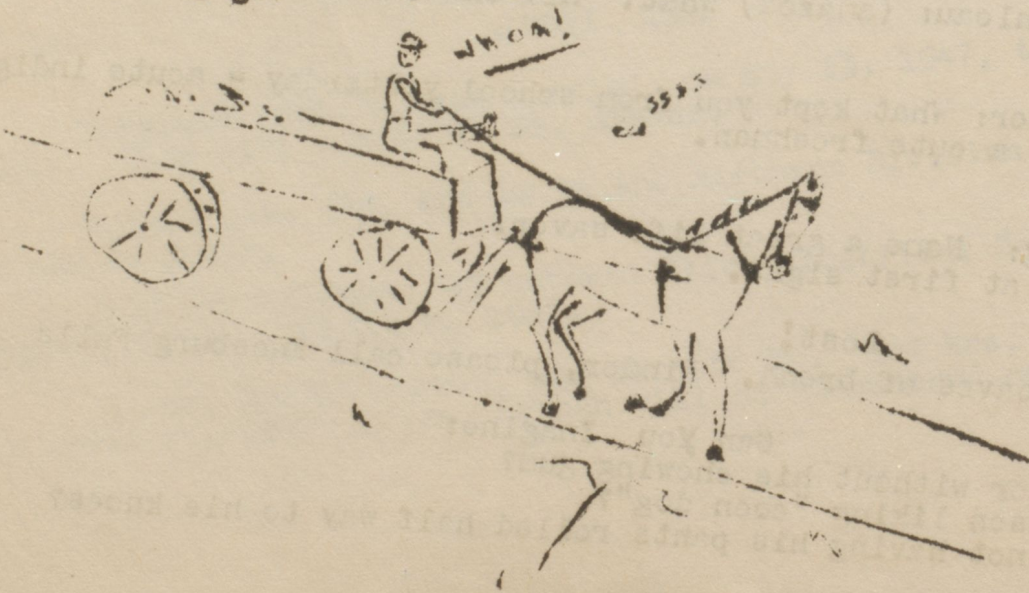
THE FARMER AND HIS HORSE

Farmer Jones bought him a horse,
 Paid thirty dollars, I'm told.
 His back, it sagged, one eye was blind,
 But he was only twenty years old.

Well, he hitched him to a wagon,
 An' give him an awful nudge,
 But no matter how he cussed or swore,
 That darned horse wouldn't budge.

Well, they fussed around all mornin'
 And didn't git nowhere,
 Till a bee come 'long an' stung 'im,
 An' give him an awful scare.

Well, them two lit out o' there
 An' headed o'er the hill,
 An' lest you've seen lately,
 I guess they're goin' still.



HONOR ROLLS

Third Quarter

	<u>A</u>	<u>A + B</u>	<u>B</u>
Seniors	Gilbert Dewing Claude Magnant Martha Sanson	Armand Gaborault Charlotte Gene Martha Jane Riley Muriel Spooner	Geoffrey Gates Charles Iane
Juniors	Imogene Columb Jane Gates	Alton Lothian	Betty Benjamin Joyce Johnson Lloyd Richard Hortense Roberts
Sophomores	Mary Columb Robert Cyr Leo West	Madeline Benjamin Sally Gates Lyle Ladicu Beverly McLeod Madeline Messier Daisy Ploof Carroll Titmore	Kathaleen Thibau
Freshmen	Madeline Jette	Bertha Bouchard Olin Sanson	Janet Magnant
Eighth Grade	John Hubbard Rosmary Jette Bradley Magnant	Simone Bouchard Martha Ann Towle	Margaret Barnum
Seventh Grade		Arlene Wright	Roger Lothian Ortha Columb

First Semester

Seniors	Gilbert Dewing Claude Magnant Martha Sanson	Geoffrey Gates Martha Jane Riley Muriel Spooner	Armand Gaboriaul
Juniors	Jane Gates Alton Lothian	Imogene Columb Joyce Johnson Lloyd Richard	Hortense Roberts
Sophomores	Mary Columb Robert Cyr Madeline Messier Daisy Ploof Leo West	Richard Columb Sally Gates Lyle Ladicu Kathaleen Thibault Carroll Titmore Guy Towle	Beverly MacLeod

First Semester (continued)

	<u>A</u>	<u>B</u>	<u>E</u>
Freshmen	Madeline Jette	Bertha Bouchard Olin Samson	
Eighth Grade	John Hubbard Bradley Magnant	Rosemary Jette Martha Towle	
Seventh Grade	Arlene Wright		Ortha Columb Roger Lothian Roger Rainville

SCHOOL NEWS

- Jan. 6 School reopened after two weeks of Christmas vacation.
- Jan. 10 Mr. Silvester read the examination schedule and spoke on several minor subjects.
- Jan. 15, 16, 17 Midyear exams were given.
- Jan. 24 Juniors sponsored a dance with the record player after the basketball game. About \$12.50 was realized.
- Jan. 27 Mr. Silvester read the honor roll and a story "The Mill That Grinds."
- Jan. 31 The Seniors were in charge of assembly. A movie "An Adventure in Learning" was shown.
- Feb. 13 Road officers Alexander and Cadet showed pictures and gave a talk on careful driving.
- Feb. 14 The annual Junior class party was held at the school house.
- Feb. 23 The girls basketball team were awarded letters by their coach, Helen Magnant, who gave a short talk on good sportsmanship. Mr. Silvester, the coach of the boy's team, also awarded letters to his players.
- Feb. 24- 26 Physical examinations were given.
- Mar. 14 Eighth Grade held their traditional class party.
- Mar. 20, 21 The Student Council sponsored four one-act plays as follows:
- Seniors- A comedy, "According to Doyle" Actors and actresses were Gilbert Dewing, Armand Gaboriault, Geoffrey Gates, Charlotte Geno, Claude Magnant, Theresa Proper, Martha Jane Riley, Martha Samson, and Muriel Spooner.
- Juniors- A comedy, "Miss Personality Plus" Actors and actresses were Betty Benjamin, Imogene Columb, Jane Gates, Herman Gover, Joyce Johnson, Gordon LaFlame, and Alton Lothian.
- Sophmores- A hillbilly comedy, "Comin' 'Round the Mountain" Actors and actresses were Mary Columb, Robert Cyr, Sally Gates, Madeline Messier, Daisy Floor, Guy Towle, and Leo West.
- Freshmen- A mystery, "Patty Saves The Day" Actors and actresses were Bertha Bouchard, Madeline Jette, Stanley Lothian, Janet Magnant, June Morgan, Aline Rainville, Olin Samson, Barbara White, Betty Barnun, (eighth grade) Douglas Columb, (eighth grade) and Lloyd Richard (Junior).

- Mar. 21-Apr. 6 School was closed for sugaring vacation.
- Apr. 11 Mr. Silvester read the honor roll and announced the graduating honors. Claude Magnant and Martha Samson, both with an average of 96 divide the Waldictorianship and Gilbert Dewing is the Salutatorian.
- Apr. 11 Seniors sponsored a dance with the record player. About 18 was taken in.
- April 18 Sophomores held their annual class party. Mrs. Mae Gates was their chaperone.
- Apr. 25 Freshmen held their annual class party at the schoolhouse. Games were played and refreshments were served.
- May 1 Juniors sponsored a dance with Weed's Orchestra. About 33 was taken in.
- May 2 The seventh grade held their annual class party. Entertainment was furnished by games and dancing.
- May 9-10 The Vermont Music Festival was held at Burlington. Forty-two pupils attended, of whom thirteen sang in the all-state chorus. These were as follows: Jane Gates, Sally Gates, Charlotte Geno, Theresa Proper, Martha Samson, Armand Gaboriault, Alton Lothian, Lyle Ladiou, Claude Magnant, Olin Samson, Guy Towle, Carroll Titmore, Leo West.
- May 16 Freshman sponsored a record player dance. About 17 was taken in.
- May 21 The Franklin Central School, grades and high school, contributed seven dollars and five cents to the United China Relief.
- May 22. Mr. Silvester read, for assembly, "The Devil and Daniel Webster," by Steven V. Benét.

* * * * *

S P O R T S

Junior Varsity

Our Junior Varsity had a good season, considering the opponents that we had, and the fact that we played to learn rather than to win.

Our first game was at Richford where we took a defeat of 26 - 12. This was our worst defeat of the season. It was also the first game for some of the players. In a very slow game we lost to Brigham with a score of 10 - 7. The scores of the other games were as follows:

Enosburg	26	Franklin	16	There
St. Annes	14	Franklin	10	There
St. Annes	13	Franklin	12	Here (overtime)
Enosburg	20	Franklin	19	Here (overtime)
Franklin	27	Richford	23	Here
Franklin	24	Highgate	13	Here
Highgate	28	Franklin	14	There
Brigham	14	Franklin	9	Here

The boys who played on the team were Robert Cyr, Carroll Titmore, Stanley McDermott, Olin Samson, Guy Towle, Lloyd Richard, Douglas Columb, Burhl Barnum, Bradley Magnant, Robert Durenleau, Harvey Boudreau, Walter Barnum, and Gilbert Dewing,

Guy Towle '49

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Franklin High boys basketball team resumed activities after the Christmas holidays by beginning their league games in Division B of the Northwestern League.

The first game was against St. Annes at Swanton on January 10th. For three quarters the score remained excitingly close, but the St. Annes players pulled ahead in the last quarter and won 23 - 17.

The next game was against Highgate, there. Highgate jumped into a wide first quarter lead and coasted in from that point with a fairly easy 42 - 24 victory.

In a return game with St. Annes here our luck was still missing, and St. Annes had little trouble gaining a 27 - 16 victory.

In the next game, at Swanton, our luck was still of a bad nature, for Swanton rolled to a 34 - 20 victory.

At the half way point in league play we had taken four straight setbacks, and the remainder of the schedule didn't look exactly promising.

Beginning the second half of our league play we met Highgate High here, and although we suffered our fourth straight defeat, our playing was noticeably improved and Highgate was hard pressed to win, 19 - 14. With only a minute to go Franklin was just one basket behind, but the Highgate championship team sank a field goal and a foul shot to clinch the game in that last minute.

Our next game found us finally cracking a win against the Alburg column. We took an early lead, and matched a late drive by Alburg with a late spurt of our own to win 26 - 16.

Our next game against Alburg, there, may not have been our best played game, but from the point of view of thrills the last quarter was a hair raiser all the way. Alburg jumped into a 15 - 6 half time lead, and from the way the Franklin boys were playing it looked safe enough for Alburg. In the last half, however, Franklin slowly but surely cut the lead down so that with but a minute to go Alburg was leading 26 - 24, but Franklin was completely controlling the ball. Then with but a few seconds to go Mitchell of Alburg, who had already scored twenty-one points, was awarded two foul shots. It looked like curtains for us. In some inexplicable manner Mitchell missed both shots, Franklin got the ball, and a court length pass found Guy Towle, who had just entered the game and who appeared to Alburg as a harmless little substitute, under the Alburg basket. He tied the score at the whistle. In the first overtime period Franklin still almost completely controlled the ball, and took countless easy shots, but the ball just wouldn't find the basket. The score was still tied at the end of the first overtime period. In the sudden death overtime period, Franklin had no sooner obtained the ball from the center jump when a beautiful long shot from mid-court ended the game with Franklin winning 28 - 26.

The season closed when we met Swanton High here on February 18. Franklin, playing with much more confidence now, took an early lead and played such a deliberate cagy game that Swanton could never get started, and Franklin won 20 - 12.

Thus for the last half of league play we won three out of four games, and put up a great fight in that one defeat. The final league standings were:

	W	L	Pct.
Highgate	7	1	.875
St. Annes	6	2	.750
Swanton	4	4	.500
Franklin	3	5	.375
Alburg	0	8	.000

The players who won letters were Geoffrey Gates, Claude Magnant, Alton Lothian, Stanley Lothian, Albert Richard, Richard Columb, Guy Towle Robert Cyr, Carroll Titmore, and Gilbert Dewing.

Claude Magnant '47

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

To put it bluntly, the girls had a poor basketball season, as they won only one game during the entire season. However, it must be remembered that last year's graduation took the complete forward combine and the outstanding guard of last year's team, leaving very little experienced material for the team. The main disability of the team seemed to be the lack of scoring punch. The outlook for next year is considerably brighter, as the 1947 graduation claims only two of the team.

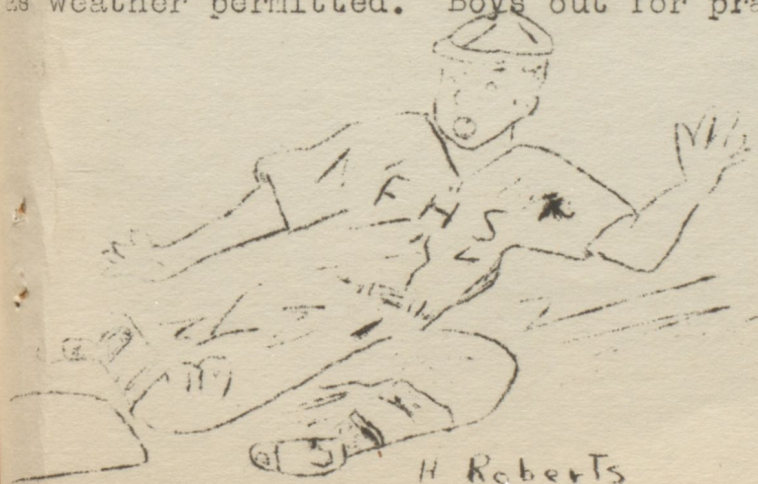
The members of the squad who won letters were Martha Riley, Martha Samson, Imogene Columb, Betty Benjamin, Jane Gates, Hortense Roberts, Madeline Benjamin, Mary Columb, Sally Gates, and Janet Mannant.

Claude Magnant '47

BOYS' BASEBALL

Starting about the middle of April, Baseball practices were held as weather permitted. Boys out for practice and generally considered on the squad are Alton Lothian, Claude Magnant, Albert Richard, Lloyd Richard, Geoffrey Gates, Stanley Lothian, Robert Cyr, Albert Desroches, Richard Columb, Leo West, Lyle Ladiou, and Guy Towle.

Our first game was played against Highgate, there. A big six run seventh inning sewed up the game, making Highgate victorious, 10 - 2.



H Roberts

Our second game was against Richford, here, with the visitors winning, 10 - 2. Seven runs in the first two innings took the fight out of our squad.

The third game was against Brigham, there, with about the same result, the score being 10 - 4.

In the game with Swanton, here, our opponents won, 12 - 1.

So far old Jupiter Pluvius has raised havoc with practices and the schedule, causing a rather unpredictable, lethargic season, but if our squad can reach its peak condition and get co-operation from the weather, we might get a few surprises yet.

Latest Bulletin - May 22. Franklin High finally cracked the winning column and did it in grand style, as they hammered out a 20 - 7 victory against Alburg, in a seven inning game. In four innings they romped home with nineteen runs, and there was little doubt as to the outcome. Franklin's unpredictable moundstaff had a holiday as the offensive batteries unloaded their heavy artillery. We hope to follow up our initial success with substantial gains.

May 23. St. Annes, finally overcoming our opposition during the first part of the game, became the winners, 13 - 7.

Claude Magnant '47

