

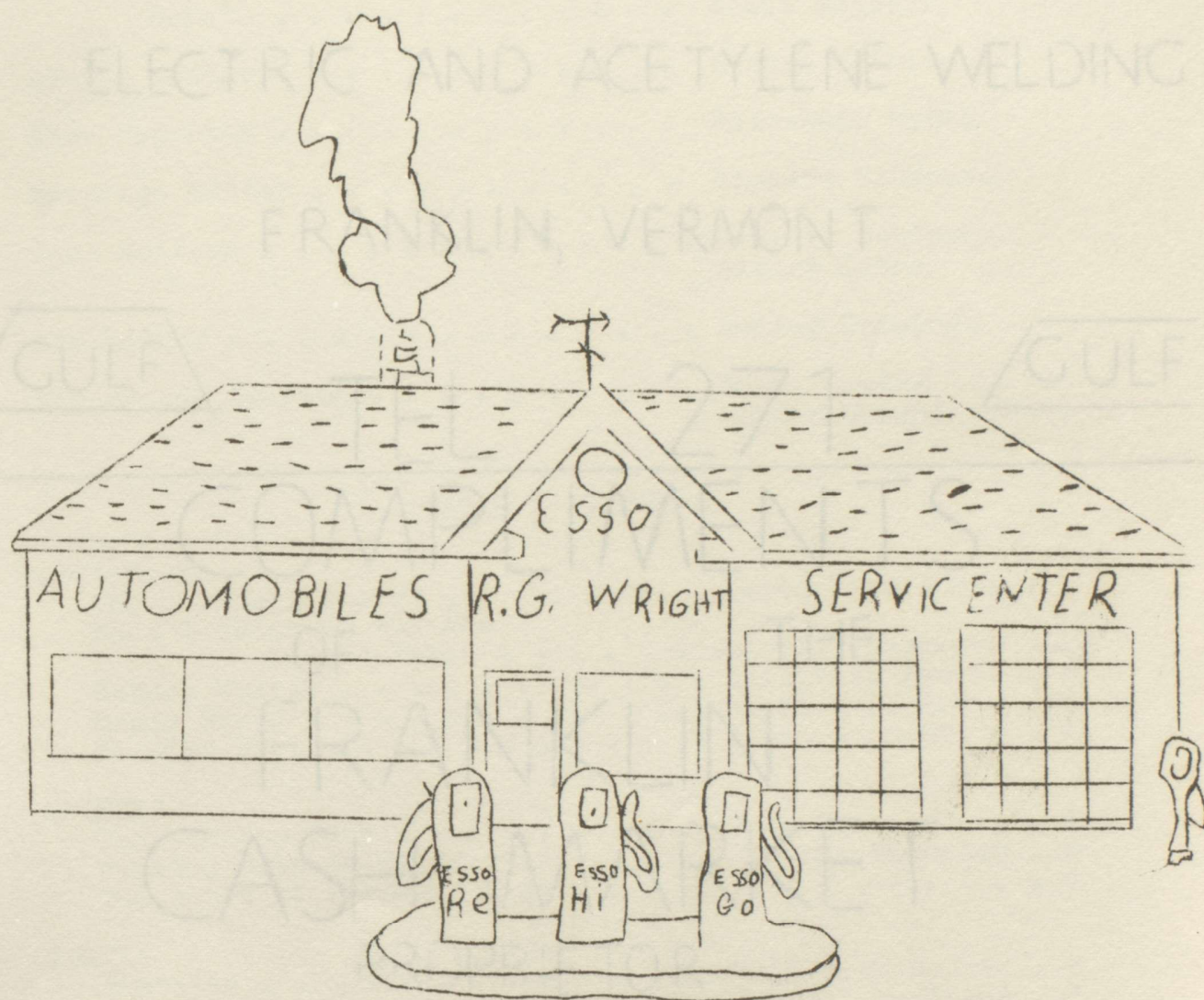
FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL MOLECULE



"Fearless Minds Climb Soonest Unto Crowns"
REC '59

MAY '58 NO. 2 VOL XXI

DICK WRIGHT FORD SALES



Esso PRODUCTS ACCESSORIES

TEL. 24 FRANKLIN, VT.

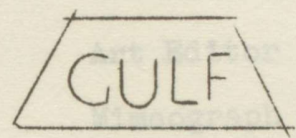
BENJAMIN'S GARAGE

M. H. BENJAMIN, PROP

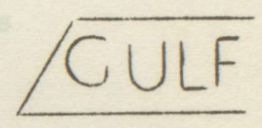
GENERAL REPAIRING

ELECTRIC AND ACETYLENE WELDING

FRANKLIN, VERMONT



TEL 271



COMPLIMENTS

OF THE
FRANKLIN
CASH MARKET

PROPRIETOR
MYRTLE RICHARD

TEL. 29

FRANKLIN

VERMONT

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What I Think of the Low Priced Three

Of the American cars, the Ford, Chevrolet, and Plymouth are called the low priced three. A few years back it was suitable to call them the low priced three, but today those same three makes of cars have turned into expensive, monstrous, gasbags. In their race for first place in sales they have become much longer, with much bigger engines. Making them bigger and more powerful requires putting more money into building them. In order to maintain a good profit manufacturers charge more for their automobiles.

Since nineteen-fifty-three these three small cars have almost tripled the horsepower in their engines. This year in the cheaper model Buick the horsepower reached at two hundred and thirty to two hundred and eighty, Ford jumped from two hundred and forty-five to three hundred, and Plymouth jumped from two

EDITORIALS

Why a School Paper?

Why do we bother to put out a school paper twice a year? Some people probably ask this question.

Well, our school paper shows the people what we have been doing in school. There are stories, poems, editorials, articles, sport news, alumni news, school news and some humor. All of these are written up by students in school. This is part of our English classes. We learn to write this way—by writing stories, editorials or poems. Then these are published in the paper to show the people outside of school what we can do.

The students think it's terrible when the time comes to start writing for the "Molecule", but it has to be done to be able to put out the paper. Not all of the students or teachers help do this work, and I don't think it is fair. This is a school paper, and not a paper put out by just one class. I think it would be much better if there were more materials passed in for the staff to pick from, and then there would be more articles written by different people. It wouldn't be the same people all the time.

It is a lot of hard work to publish this paper, both for the staff and the writers. But I think we should look at this as a privilege even though it is a lot of work. So next time it comes around time to write for the paper, let's get busy and everyone pitch in and help. Think of the nice paper we would have when it was published!

Joyce Tittlemore '58

What I Think of the Low Priced Three

Of the American cars, the Ford, Chevrolet, and Plymouth are called the low-priced three. A few years back it was suitable to call them the low-priced three, but today those same three makes of cars have turned into expensive, monstrous, gashogs. In their race for first place in sales they have become much longer, with much bigger engines. Making them bigger and more powerful requires putting more money into building them. In order to maintain a good profit manufacturers charge more for their automobiles.

Since nineteen fifty-three these three small cars have almost tripled the horsepower in their engines. This year, in the cheaper model Buicks the horsepower remained at two hundred and thirty to two hundred and eighty, Ford jumped from two hundred and forty-five to three hundred, and Plymouth jumped from two

hundred and forty-five to three hundred and fifteen horsepower. All this horsepower has not improved the car at all, but instead it has made it a very expensive car to run. These three cars take as much, and in many cases more, gas than the cars in the medium priced field. This year these three cars are one third down in sales as compared with last year. One big reason is that Americans are buying more small foreign cars because they are low priced and very economical. Of these foreign cars the German Volkswagon is their biggest competitor. If Ford, Chevrolet, and Plymouth want to compete with these small foreign cars in the future they will have to put out a lower-priced automobile that will operate more economically.

Carroll Boudreau '58

School Spirit

What is school spirit? Why is it important? Can it be improved at F.H.S.?

School spirit is enthusiasm, wanting to get out and do your best to support the school. In order to have a good school, regardless of the size, we must all have school spirit in everything we do. We need it to study our lessons to get good marks and make the best of it when we are in school. Without it we would just be putting in our time and not getting anywhere. We must have it to put our school paper. It takes a lot of hard work, ambition and courage.

To play baseball and basketball requires school spirit. Some say we have so few that go out for sports it is discouraging before we start. We shouldn't feel that way at all. Let's get some school spirit in us and make the best of what we have. The students who haven't gone out for sports or even to support the teams at games had better get on the bandwagon, work to win, and have fun.

Our school spirit at F.H.S. can certainly be improved. Let's all work together and stay together in everything we do. Let's support our baseball team this spring. If you aren't a player go to the games and help your team by showing your school spirit. Let's all join the group and do our best even if we are underprivileged because we are such a small school. Come on kids, what do you say? Let's stick together and win together. Always remember the old saying, "Where there's a will there's a way".

Betty Myott '58

Albert Tatro walked briskly with short steps out of geography class.

Sandy: What is he supposed to be doing?

Mr. Frazier: Walking like a rooster I guess.

Maple Syrup

Vermont leads in the production of maple syrup. Vermont has the best quality and flavored syrup in the world.

The sugar season means a lot of work for a farmer and he never knows what price he will get for the syrup at the end of the season. He usually has to take just whatever the buyers will offer.

Buyers will often buy Canadian syrup and resell it as Vermont pure made syrup. Canadian labor is more plentiful and cheaper than ours, and even with a tariff of one or two cents per pound, they still feel they can sell cheaper than we can. The Canadian government will buy aluminum buckets and trade with the farmers for their old tin buckets. This enables them to make a much better quality syrup which can compete with ours.

I think this is unfair to the Vermont farmers. I think something should be done to shut off the Canadian syrup so the Vermont farmer could get a better price for his syrup.

Richard Boudreau '59

Reading Design

The Reading Design is the new way of reporting on books. The purpose of this is to stimulate the students reading in the areas of his choice, to allow the student more freedom in reading, and to create enjoyment by watching the design grow.

We are pleased to accept this method as a relief from the old set method of reports of limited numbers due at certain dates.

In our class a panel of three members was selected to interview each member who was reporting on some book. We each had a turn on the panel and each had a chance to report on some books. The method of questioning was guided by areas in the reading design.

For good readers it would be possible to completely fill each area of a design during the four years in high school.

Most of us would rather fill out a design than make oral reports or any other kind.

Don't you believe under proper guidance our reading will improve along with our desire to read?

Alice Magnant '61

S T O R I E S

The Unknown Cave

Tim and John are brothers who always seem to be mixed up in an adventure.

Tim is fourteen, tall and dark, with blue eyes. He also has brown curly hair and is quite tall for his age.

John is twelve, with sandy colored hair, brown eyes, and a slightly freckled face. John is almost as tall as his brother, and he is a great hand in making up scary stories.

One day Tim and John didn't have anything to do. So they were just lying around on their front lawn. It was a warm, dry day, in the middle of June—the kind of day when nobody likes to do anything, especially work.

All of a sudden John jumped up and spoke in a rather exciting tone, "Hey, Jim, let's go in the woods to see if we can find some old caves. For all we know maybe there's some big enough for us to explore."

Tim agreed, for he thought anything would be better than just lying around. So John got up and got a few small candles, some matches, and a ball of string. Tim knew why he got them, but of course he didn't believe there were really any big caves around their house.

They started off toward the woods. It was beautiful there. The trees gave out a soft rustle and you could hear the birds chirping in the branches of a near by tree. Yes, it was a beautiful day in the woods all right and Tim and John enjoyed every minute of it they could.

They walked slowly to the place where they knew a few caves were. They didn't need to explore them though, for they already had explored them many times. Tim and John knew every rock in the caves and how big each cave was.

All at once John noticed a small opening in a hill, behind some trees—one he had never noticed before; he wondered why.

Tim and John decided to take a look inside to see if it were a big cave or not. John lighted a few candles and they went inside. It was awfully dark. Then all of a sudden John yelled "My gosh, I almost forgot about the string, if this really is a big cave, we don't want to get lost."

So John went outside and tied the string to a little tree

that was right outside the cave. He made sure it was securely fastened and was back inside the cave in a flash. "Now we can go undisturbed," said John.

They started walking. It was a big cave bigger than they had ever been into. They kept walking there seemed to be no end to it.

John started talking in a low whisper, "Suppose this cave was once full of pirates, and maybe they left some stolen gold." Probably there is some left, so we can have it all to ourselves." Just then he stopped and said, with a scared look on his face, "What if there are still some pirates left? Let's get out of here!"

"Oh don't be silly. There isn't anybody in here," said Tim in a quiet, reassuring voice, although he was kind of scared. "Come on; don't be a coward. There isn't anybody around here to be afraid of."

All of a sudden they heard something coming! It came closer and closer. They could hear it breathing now. John and Tim hid in a corner, but it kept coming closer. Each step was the worst thing they had ever heard. The boys huddled a little closer together. Would the monster ever go away? The boys looked up. They could see two large eyes and a big mouth. What could they do?

Then John began to laugh. Tim wondered why, and then he looked again, and started laughing too. The monster which they were so afraid of, was only Rusty, their dog. When the boys had left their house Rusty must have tagged along. But neither of the boys scolded him. Instead, they just laughed and petted him.

Neither of the boys would forget this mystery for a long time.

Judy Messier '63

Panning Gold in California

It was October, eighteen forty-eight. Sam, Jake, and myself were panning for gold in California. They said we were crazy. They said we'd never find gold in any quantity in California. We felt different. We were pretty sure we would strike it rich sooner or later. As of now we had found a little gold; but not even enough for our supplies. We had just moved to a new stream and it looked good. Sam had gone into town to get more supplies on credit, for we had spent all our savings long ago. Jake and I had set up camp and tried our luck a little to see if we could find anything. We came up with a few small nuggets which looked pretty good.

The next day we all headed upstream, planning to put in a full day. We started panning about fifty feet apart and it wasn't long before we turned up some good looking nuggets. They were thick there, but we figured they would be thicker upstream, so we moved up. Sure enough they were much thicker. The bed was practically covered by nuggets. At the end of the day we had three saddle-bags completely filled.

The three of us promised not to tell anyone about our strike, or to use any of the gold to buy supplies or anything else. The next day the boys went to panning and I went to town to stake a claim. When I returned the boys had again filled the saddlobags and were getting up a little feed.

Two days later Sam went to town to get more supplies, for now we were eating high on the hog. While he was there he decided to have a cold beer. A little gold spent wouldn't hurt anything he figured, but he was wrong. The boys got him to drinking and then to talking. He spilled everything and the next day men were swarming out around our claim. And then the news traveled to neighboring towns and states. In no time at all California was swarming with gold hunters. Luckily our claim was big enough to make us all rich enough to be millionaires for the rest of our lives, and that's how the gold rush of forty-nine started.

Carroll Boudreau '58

The Ghost of Franklin High

You are probably wondering why I decided to be the ghost of Franklin High, so I will explain. I died in 1941 at Franklin High when I met St. Peter. He looked in his big black book and said, "You are at the bottom of my list so I will give you the job of haunting any High School in Vermont that you choose". So I chose Franklin High School, my death place.

Through the last seventeen years I have prowled the school night and day. Often during classes I open the door and walk in. When of course I am not seen the students say in surprise, "The Ghost of Franklin High."

I have followed school love affairs since 1941. Many I have broken up and many I have put together. Back in the forties there were few love affairs, but today each time I turn a corner I see a couple in front of a window or back in a corner. But this is Franklin High School of today!!

At night in old Franklin High there isn't much to do. I have read every book in the school library and started Shakespearean dramas.

About 8:00 A.M. the school comes to life again. The teachers come first to stir the silence and the buses bring the students. Another day's routine starts again.

Of course there are guesses about my identity, but only one person knows and I am sure he or she will not identify me for any price.

The Ghost of Franklin High "42"

P O E T R Y

Memories

As I sit here dreaming tonight,
Knowing I think of the days gone by,
The last Maybe of school or the party last night,
Question Also of angels way up so high.

It's time to retire for another day,
Many But even so I think of school,
Though I try to think of all so gay,
In the And not just that old golden rule.

Maybe next day will be brighter,
As last Or maybe the opposite, we know,
With my For our spirits feel no lighter,
Rainville '58 As we look at all the snow.

Soon June is here and we all part,
Maybe we'll return; it's hard to say,
But again, the Seniors must depart,
Although we think of you each day.

Betty Myott '58

Sugaring

Sugaring comes but once a year.
Most people are happy when it is near.
When the time is right you must tap,
Wait for a good run, and then gather the sap.
After the sap is boiled down.
The new syrup is passed around.
After the trees dry out.
You know it's time to pull each spout.
All the equipment is washed and put away.
There until another year it will stay.

Carroll Boudreau '58

My School Life

It all began way back then,
 Why or where I can't remember when.
 I started as usual in grade one,
 Where I learned to count to twenty-one.
 When I was seven I entered grade two,
 And I could tell my colors from red to blue.
 From there I went on to grade three,
 What I learned there, I can't recall it to be.
 Upon entering grade four I started to multiply,
 And then all at once I really started to fly.
 On my tenth birthday I entered grade five,
 Wondering whether or not I could stay alive.
 I was supervised as usual to pass to grade six,
 For I know that I was getting pretty slick.
 The next year I went upstairs to grade seven,
 Knowing all the time that I was getting closer to heaven.
 The last year of the grades was grade eight.
 Questioning what my future would rate,
 My high school life started with grade nine;
 Colloge ahead, was still in my mind.
 Many subjects I had in grade ten,
 Though I seemed not much smarter than I had been.
 In the eleventh grade I was headed for the top,
 Only to learn that I was a flop.
 As last this was it, grade twelve, my last year,
 With my diploma ahead, and also my career.

John Rainville '58

Goodbye High School Days

Goodbye high school days!
 We soon will be gone;
 We'll go on our way
 To join life's busy throng.

We all enjoyed ourselves, we know;
 In our twelve years of school
 We've all tried to do our work
 And abide by the golden rule.

Though sometimes our actions were poor,
 We tried to practice the best,
 Do the things that were right,
 And set examples for the rest.

Now that graduation's here
 We would like to say goodbye
 To all our friends and teachers
 At dear old Franklin High.

Joyce Tittlemore '58

Seniors

There are five seniors in all this year,
 There're two girls and three boys we know,
 And when June comes rolling round,
 We'll really hate to see them go.
 The girls are Betty and Joyce, that's true,
 The boys are John, Carroll, and Jimmy too.
 Joyce is a girl who's full of pep,
 Betty is one who keeps right in step.
 John is a little slower, although he's kind,
 Carroll is just one step behind,
 Jimmy's the type who's hard to find
 Unless he's got a joke on his mind.

Audrey Cummings '59

Spring

Springtime is a season of good cheer.
 With warmth and sunshine here.
 We plan to do our daily work,
 Inside and out with ne'er a shirk.

The rains bring forth the buds on the trees,
 And the grass grows with very great ease.
 The flowers 're blooming in long rows—
 For how long no one knows.

Sandra Lothian '60

My Model T

In its day my model T car
 Surpassed all the others by far.
 The rugged little engine
 Of sixteen horse power,
 With luck would run
 For about one hour.
 Starting the car was the hardest of all,
 And after it was started it would usually stall.
 Flat tires were all the car could produce,
 Except nuts and bolts that kept coming loose.
 The seats in the car were as hard as a brick,
 And the smell of the exhaust made you sick.
 One night when I was at the wheel,
 I hit a tree and wrecked my automobile.

John Granger '59

Mrs. Clark: What ended the "Reign of Terror?"
 Sandra: They signed a peace treaty.

Sunset

Last night as the sun went down,
 I wondered how many had seen,
 The most beautiful picture,
 They had ever been painted on any screen,
 The sun was slowly sinking in the west,
 Painted with a beauty as it went to rest.
 Now it has gone, but the world rolls on,
 Another day has ended in all its glory.
 It is just another beautiful chapter in life's story.

Richard Boudreau '59

April

The month of April finally came,
 Although weather looked the same.
 The wind blow and the snow descended,
 We wonderod-would winter never end?
 Then one clear day the sun shone bright.
 We thought, "Oh, what a welcomed sight!"
 It was such a warm, lovely day;
 We finally felt that spring was under way.

James Messier '58

ARTICLES

A Trip to the Burlington Free Press

On Friday, April 25, the freshmen and sophomore English classes visited the Burlington Free Press building.

In the library Mr. Beaupre, the Editor-in-Chief gave a brief summary about the newspaper and how it affects our daily lives. Then we were divided into groups. My group was taken to the room where the Linotype machines are operated. After that we went up a flight of stairs to the office where the reporters have their desks. There wasn't anybody at his desk because most of the reporters were out on assignments. The assistant-editor then took us to the darkroom. The Free Press develops its own pictures. The paper has a place that is called the "morgue" where the pictures which they expect to use again are kept. The pictures are made into plastic prints so that they can be put on the presses.

Next we went down into the cellar to see the presses, but we couldn't see the presses in motion because they aren't started until after midnight. On the floor of the cellar is a track with

a little car. The big rolls of printing paper, which weigh 1500 pounds, are brought down on them to the presses. The newsprint is purchased in Three Rivers, Quebec.

The Burlington Free Press employs one hundred fifty people including the reporters. About thirty thousand papers are printed and circulated every day. The paper makes most of its money from the want "ads" and commercial advertisements. A full page advertisement costs over four hundred dollars, and with color it would be one hundred dollars more.

All editors and most reporters must have a college education. The management was very courteous and at the end of the tour Coca-Cola was served. Our picture, which appeared in the next edition of the Burlington Free Press was taken, also.

Emily Johnson '61

Senior Trip

On April 10th at five o'clock in the morning we started on our trip. Betty and Gilbert Dewing went with us as chaperones, driving their car as far as New York City. On our way down we had discouraging weather, either snow or rain all the way.

We reached the outskirts of New York City at 2:00 P.M. and by 4:00 P.M. we had arrived at Taft where we were to stay. We unloaded the car and went to our rooms. It surely seemed good to stop traveling.

At seven o'clock we had supper and then went to Radio City Music Hall. We were really impressed by that. It was such an immense place. We saw a movie, "Marjorie Morningstar" and then watched the Rockettes perform. It was their Easter Show.

Saturday morning at eight-thirty a bus met us at the hotel and took us through Downtown New York to the ferry which took us across the Hudson River. We could see the Statue of Liberty and the skyline of the city. At nine-thirty we left the Jersey City Terminal on the train.

We arrived at Baltimore, Maryland at twelve-thirty. Here we met our bus driver for the tour. We ate lunch and in the afternoon went to Annapolis, where we visited the United States Naval Academy. There we saw John Paul Jones's Tomb, and went to the Chapel and also to Carvel Hall.

From Annapolis we traveled to Washington by bus, arriving at six o'clock. We had supper at seven, and for the rest of the evening we were on our own. Our tour had nothing planned for

that evening. We toured a little by ourselves that night, looking for churches for the next morning. As we were quite tired, we went to bed early.

Sunday morning we went to Church and were on our bus at ten o'clock. We first went to the Washington Monument. We didn't just look at it either--we climbed it, all 898 stairs! Then we went to Alexandria, Virginia for a southern fried chicken dinner. We had good appetites too, after that climb.

In the afternoon we visited Mount Vernon and went through all the buildings on the Washington Estate. We then went to Arlington National Cemetery and saw the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. We returned to Washington by the residential sections of the city and saw the Embassies and Legations of foreign nations.

At night we toured the city and visited the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials. When we returned a bus took the boys out to Glen Echo Amusement Park, but the girls decided to stay at the hotel. The boys rode on the roller coaster only fifteen times.

Monday morning, we visited the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and saw the actual printing of paper money and postage stamps. We then went to the Archives Building which contains the original Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. We visited the Smithsonian Institute, the Museum of Natural History, and the Mellon Art Gallery.

In the afternoon we visited the Supreme Court, which is the highest tribunal in the land, and the United States Capitol. We had a guided tour through the capitol and saw the House of Representatives, Senate Chamber and Statuary Hall.

Tuesday morning we were up and on the bus at eight o'clock. This took us to the train station, one block away, but we had to wait there until nine-fifteen for the train.

We arrived back in New York City at two o'clock, checked in our luggage, and then shopped at some of the stores there.

We started for home at seven, by car again, and arrived in Franklin at five-fifteen.

We had a wonderful trip and we would like to thank everyone who helped make it a success. It is an experience we shall always remember.

Joyce Tittlemore '58

Miss Dewing: Foster, why are you writing so slow?
Foster: Because Phillip is a slow reader.

* * * * *

* * CLASS OF 1958 * *

**

VALEDICTORIAN - JAMES MESSIER

SALUTATORIAN - JOYCE TITTEMORE

**

* * CLASS ROLL * *

CARROLL BOUDREAU

JAMES MESSIER

ELIZABETH MYOTT

JOHN RAINVILLE

JOYCE TITTEMORE

Class Motto - "Fearless Minds Climb Soonest Unto Crowns"

Class Flower - White Carnation

Class Colors - Green and White

* * Baccalaureate * *

June 8th, 8 P.M., Town Hall

* * * Commencement * * *

June 12th, 8 P.M., Town Hall

* * Senior Reception * *

June 13th, 8:30 P.M., Town Hall

* * * * *

Carroll Leo Boudreau
"Bunk"

Carroll is one of the quieter members of the senior class, although, he'll give his opinion when asked. He's an easy going fellow, who loves to play practical jokes.

As far as Carroll and the girls are concerned, well, you'll have to ask him about that.

Good luck in your future.

AMBITION: ?



ACTIVITIES

Class Plays:				
Foxy Grandma	(1)			
Jerry Breaks a Date		(2)		
Molecule Staff:				
Art Editor			(3)	
Joke Editor				(4)
Class Offices:				
Vice-President		(2)	(3)	(4)
Sports:				
Baseball	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)

James Fredrick Messier
"Jimmie"



Jimmie is a happy-go-lucky guy. When there is something to be discussed, Jimmie's there to have his say. When there is a joke to be told or played Jimmie is there. He has worked hard on the baseball and basketball teams, throughout high school. There seems to be a great attraction in South Franklin. Right, Jim?

Jimmie plans to attend U.V.M. this fall and take up agriculture. Good luck in the future, Jim.

AMBITION: To be an engineer.

ACTIVITIES

Class Plays:				
Foxy Grandma	(1)			
Jerry Breaks a Date		(2)		
Shock of His Life			(3)	
Tobaccy Road with Detours				(4)
Molecule Staff:				
Exchange Editor			(3)	
Sports Editor				(4)
Class Offices:				
Student Council Rep.	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Student Council:				
Secretary	(1)	(2)		
Vice-President			(3)	
President				(4)
Sports:				
Basketball	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Captain				(4)
Baseoball	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Honors:				
Alternato Delegate to Boys' State			(3)	
Valedictorian				(4)
Music:				
Glee Club	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Office Boy:				
		(2)		



Elizabeth Carolyn Myott
"Betty"

Betty is a very active member of the senior class. She works on the "Molecule" staff, on the Student Council, and plays basketball. One can often find Betty typing in the office, or counting money. Is it the senior class money for a trip, or is it for a student council project this time?

Good luck in whatever profession you choose.

AMBITION: Undecided

ACTIVITIES

Class Plays:				
Foxy Grandma	(1)			
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News Reporter				(4)
Class Offices:				
Vice-President	(1)			
Secretary		(2)		
Secretary-Treasurer			(3)	
Treasurer				(4)
Student Council:				
Treasurer				(4)
Sports:				
Basketball	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Co-captain				(4)
Cheerleader	(1)			
Softball		(2)		
Honors:				
Class Marshall			(3)	
Nominee for Red Cross Summer Camp			(3)	
Music:				
Glee Club	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
All State Chorus				(4)
Office Girl:				
		(2)	(3)	(4)
Librarian:				
				(4)

John Clement Rainville
 "Pokey"

John is not exactly shy, but he isn't quiet either. John is a great baseball and boxing critic. He can tell you anything you desire to know about these two sports. If there is an argument, John is sure to get in his opinion. We all know you will be successful in your chosen occupation.

AMBITION: Undecided



ACTIVITIES

Class Plays:			
Foxy Grandma	(1)		
Shock of His Life		(3)	
Tobacco Road With Detours			(4)
Molecule Staff:			
Business Manager			(4)
Class Offices:			
Treasurer		(2)	
Secretary	(1)		(4)
Sports:			
Baseball		(3)	(4)
Magazine Drive:			
Captain			(4)
Honors:			
Class Marshall	(1)	(3)	(3)
Delegate to Boys' State			(3)



Joyce Ann Tittlemore
"Joycie"

Joyce is an all around girl — president of the senior class, editor-in-chief of the "Molecule", a forward on the basketball team, and a worker in the church youth groups.

We wonder if there's a girls' college in Springfield, Missouri. Would you know, Joyce? We wish you success in whatever you choose to do.

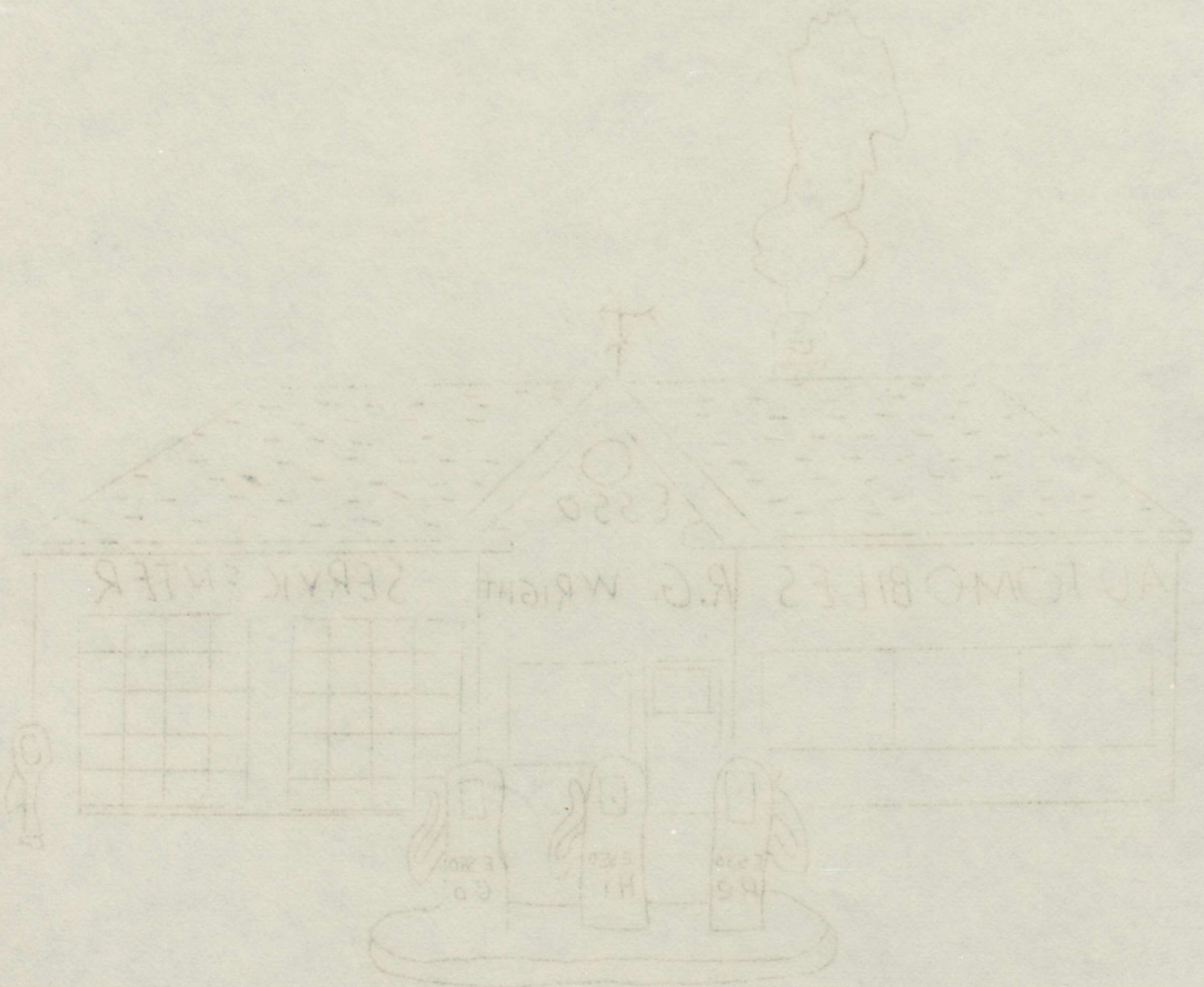
AMBITION: Undecided

ACTIVITIES

Class Plays:				
Foxy Grandma	(1)			
Jerry Breaks a Date		(2)		
Shook of His Life			(3)	
Tobacco Road with Detours				(4)
Molecule Staff:				
Joke Editor	(1)			
Assistant Editor			(3)	
Editor-in-Chief				(4)
Class Offices:				
President	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Sports:				
Basketball	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Co-captain			(3)	(4)
Softball		(2)		
Magazine Drive:				
Captain			(3)	
Manager				(4)
Honors:				
Delegate to Girls' State			(3)	
Good Citizenship Girl				(4)
Class Marshall			(3)	
Salutatorian				(4)
Music:				
Glee Club	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
All State Chorus				(4)
Office Girl:	(1)		(3)	(4)

DICK WRIGHT

FORD SALES

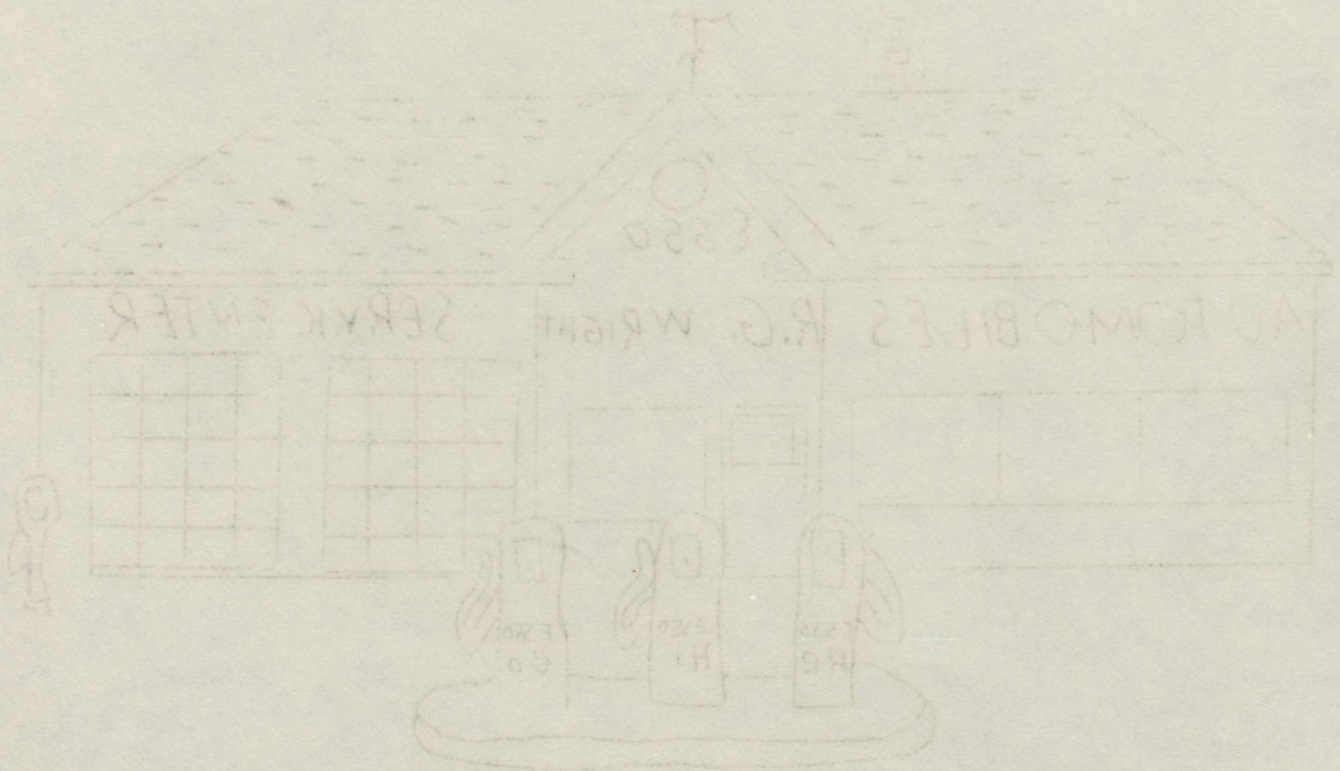


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DICK WRIGHT

FORD SALES

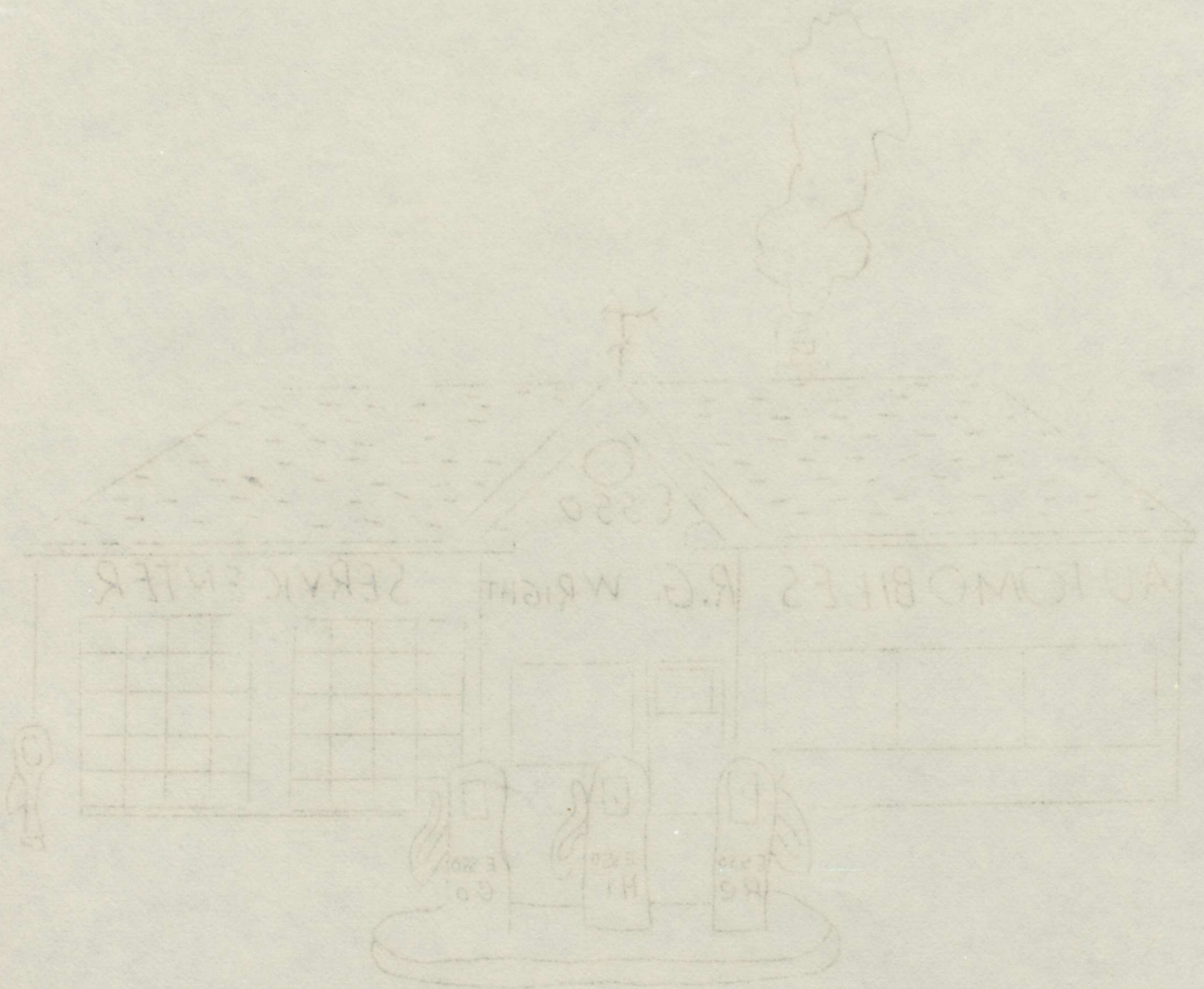


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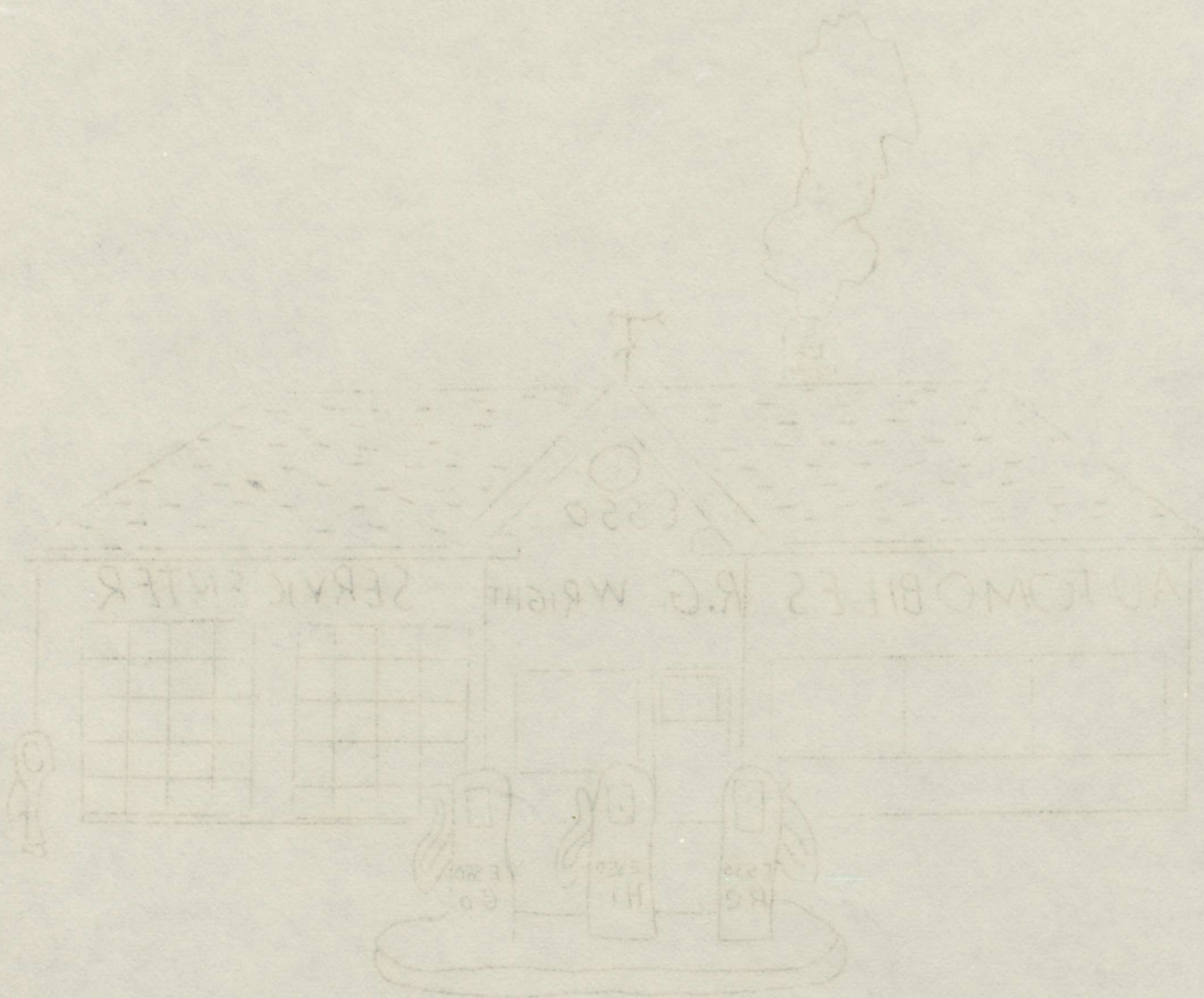


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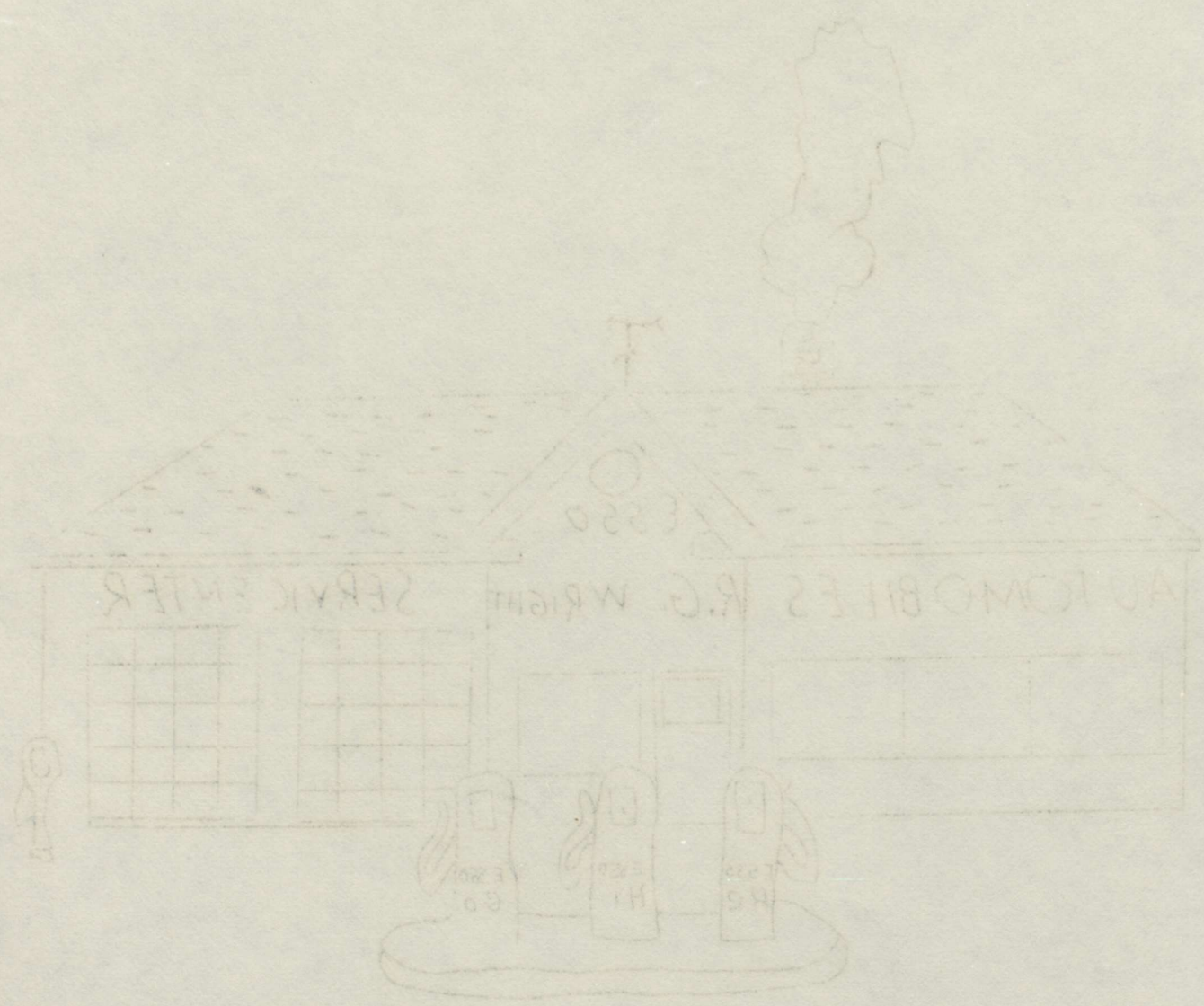


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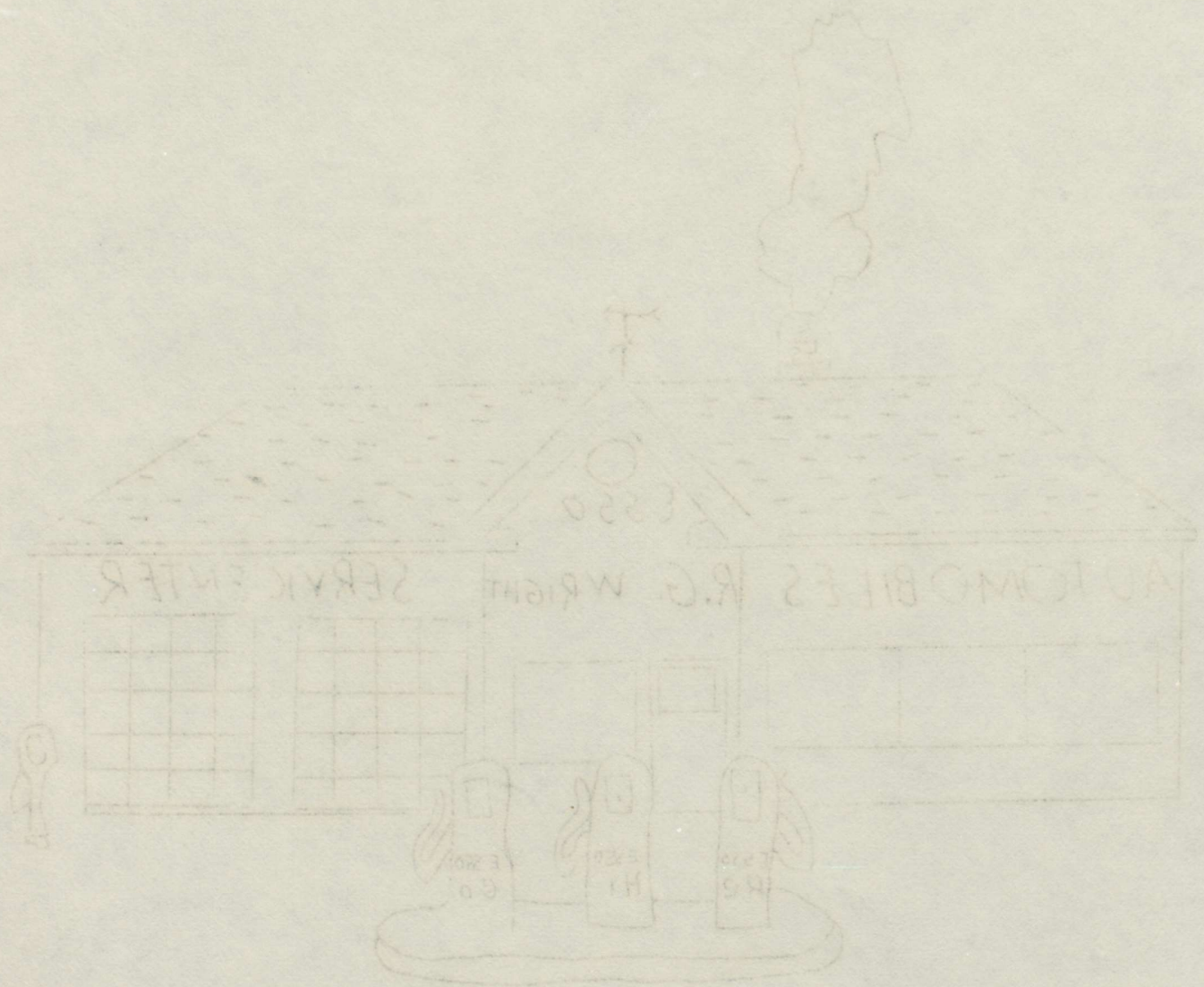


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FORD SALES

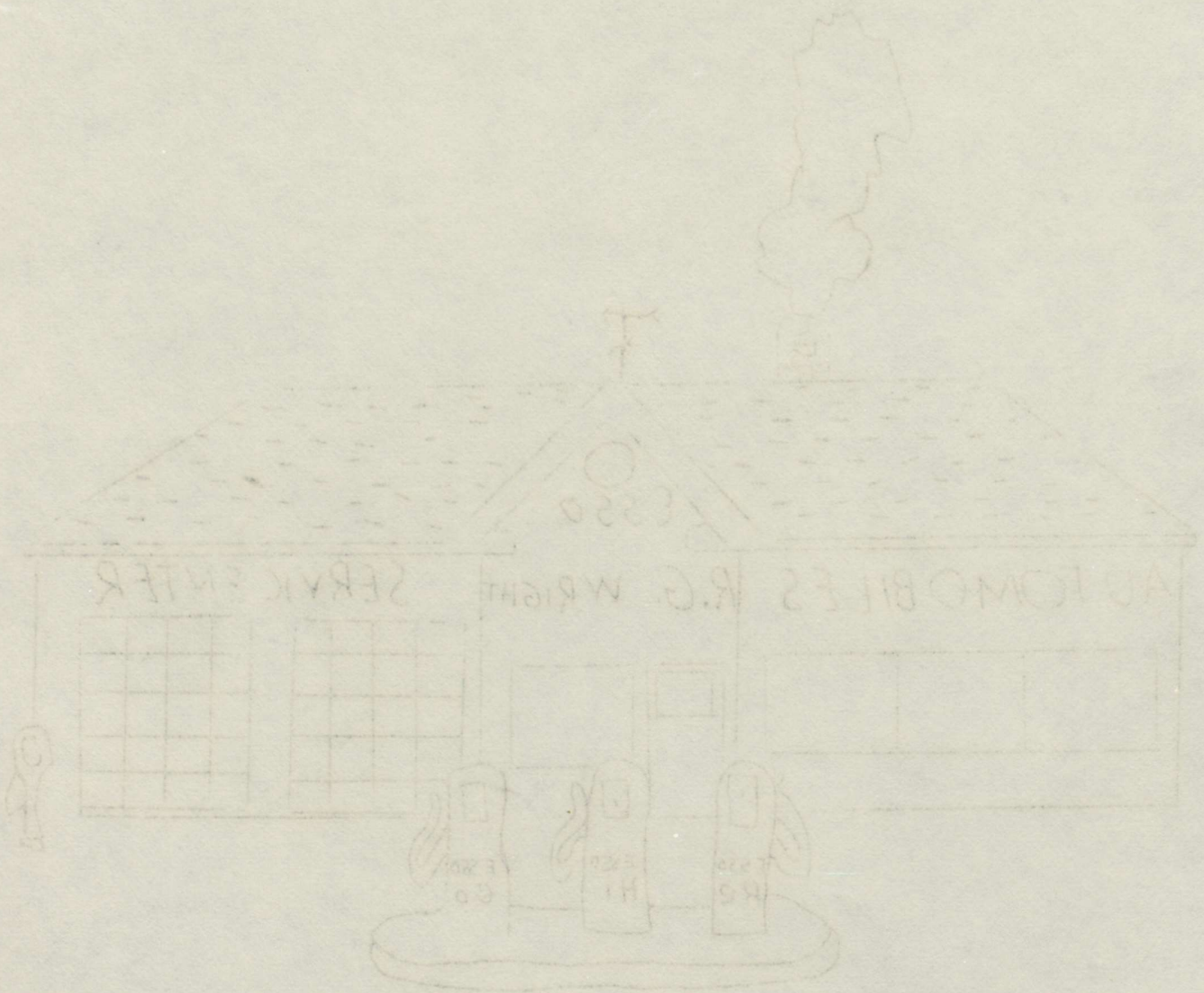


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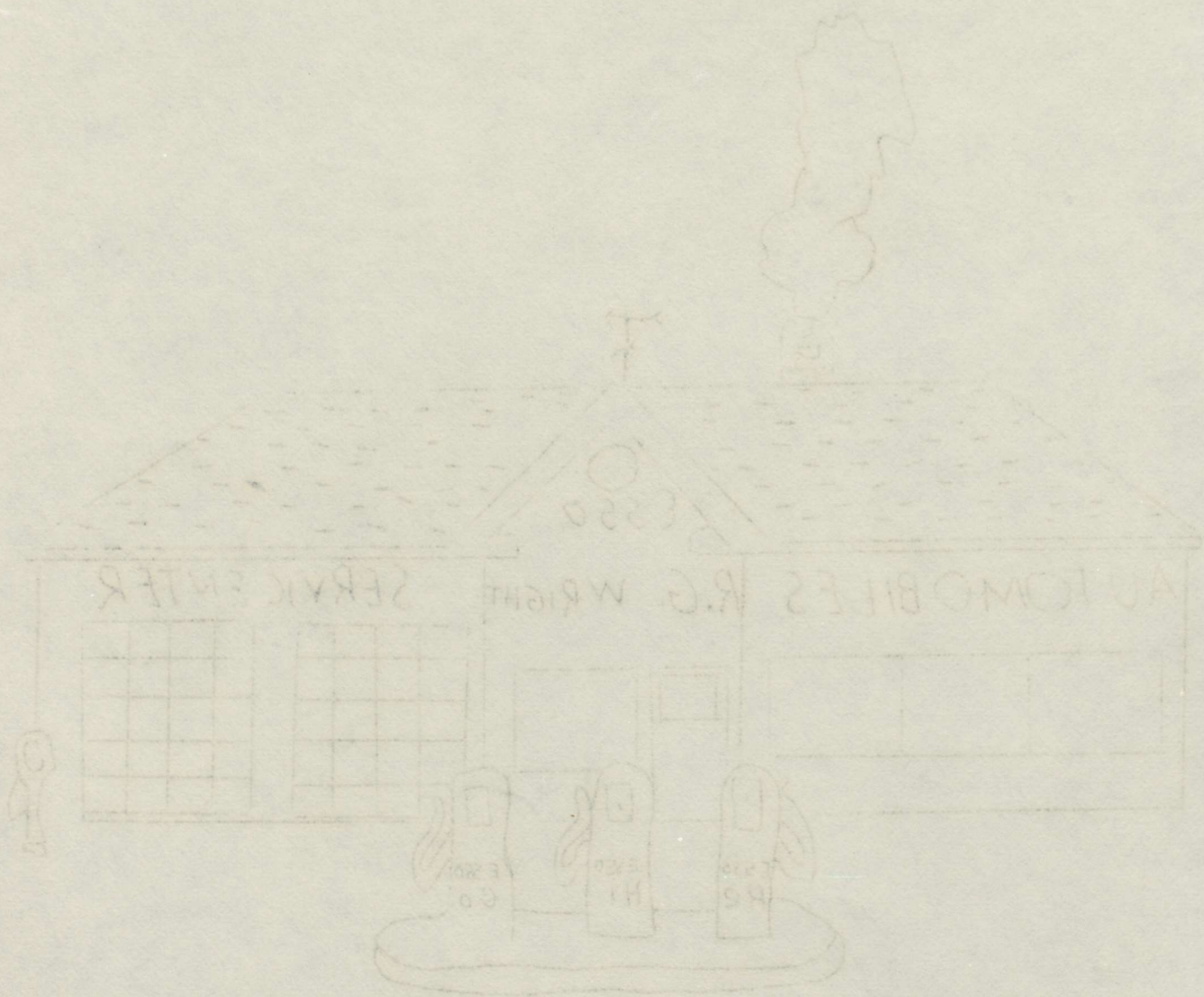


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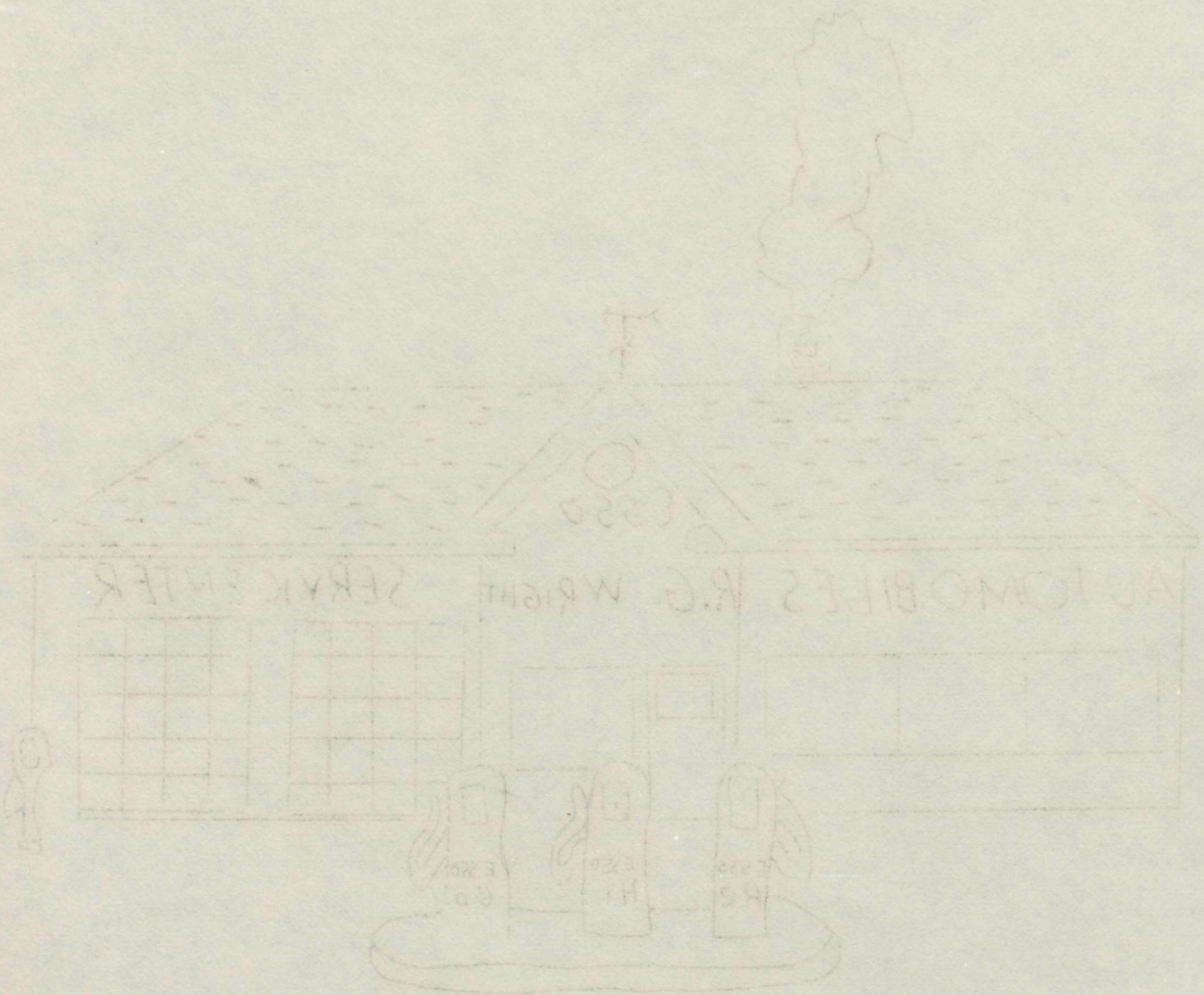


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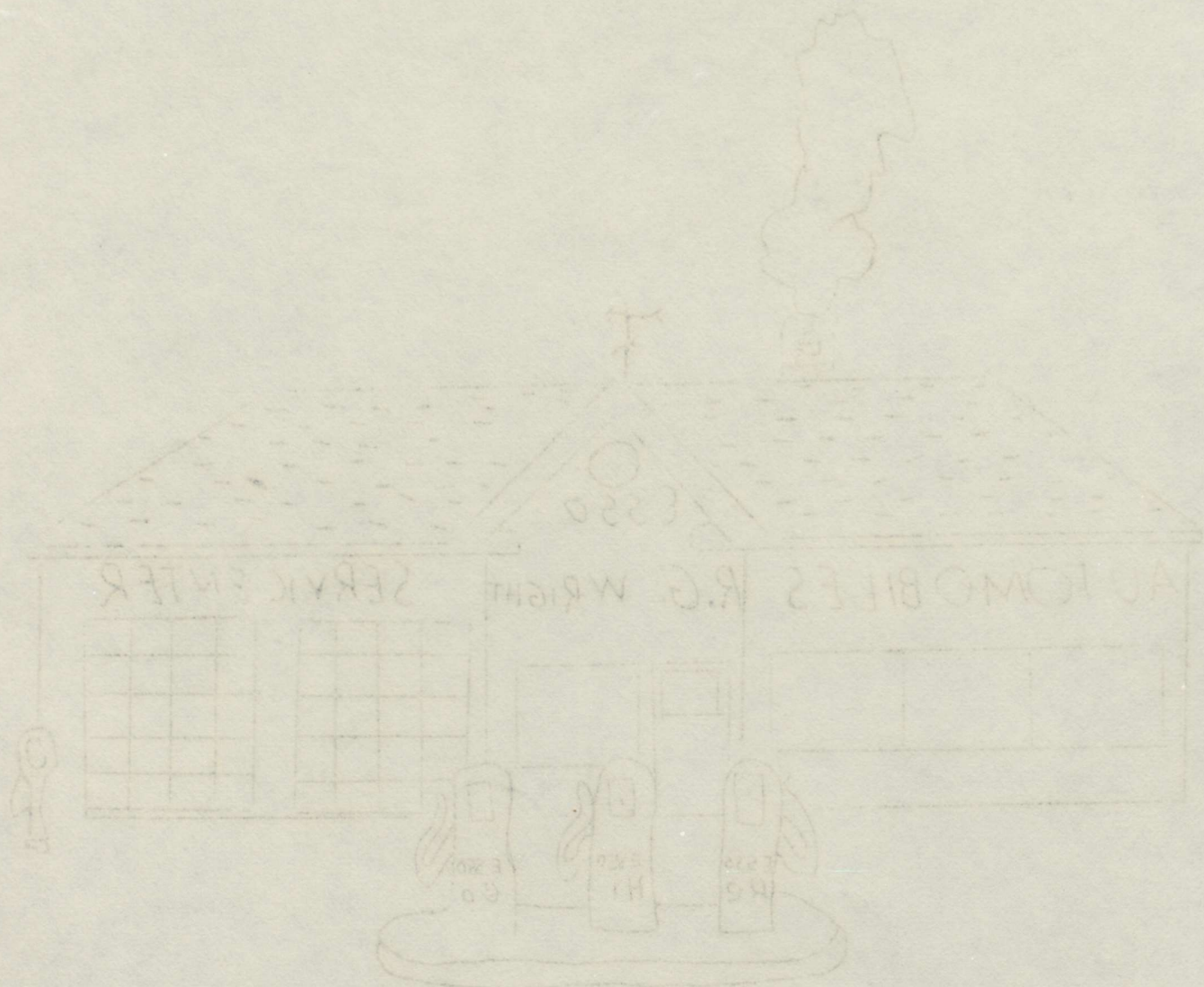


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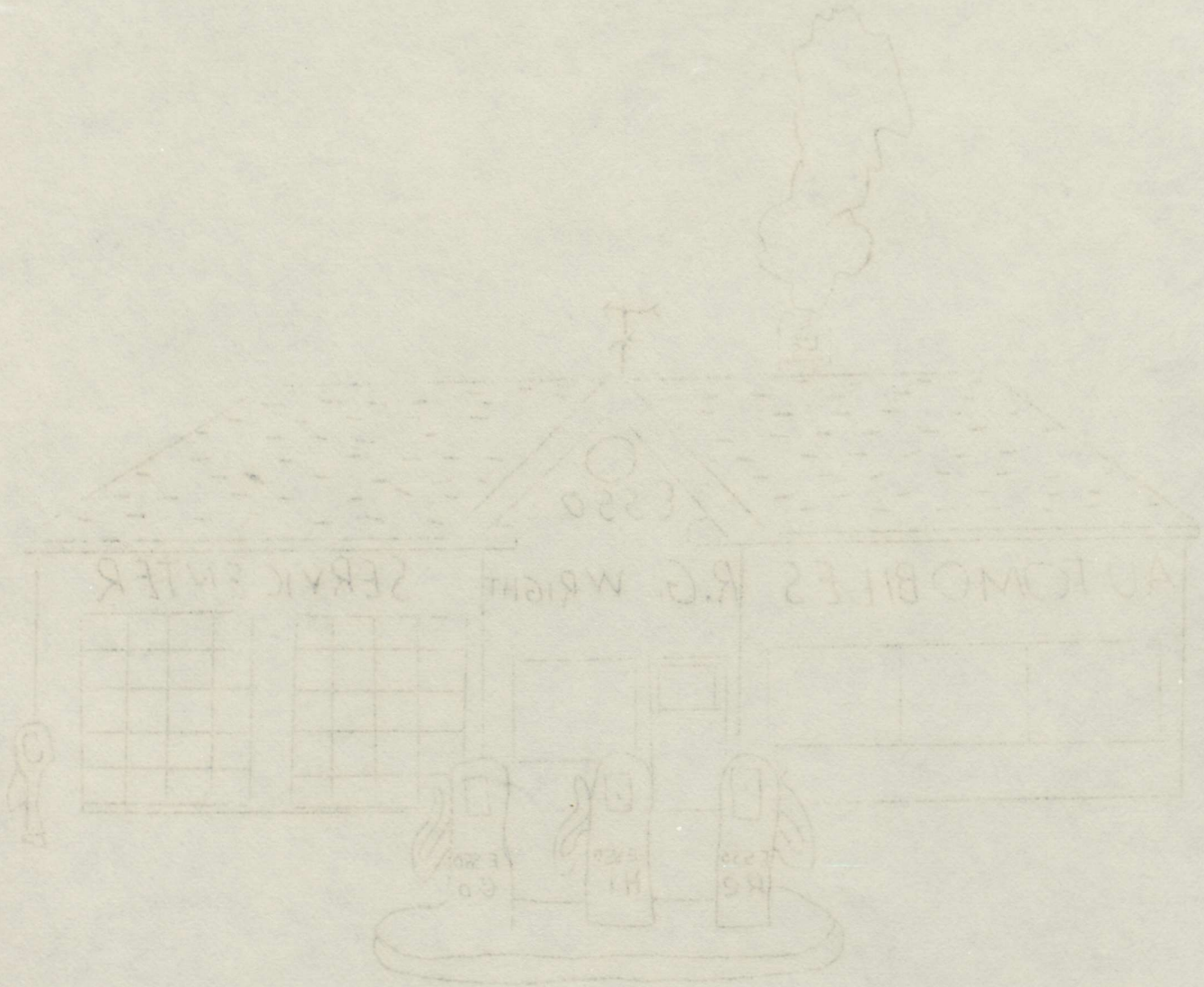


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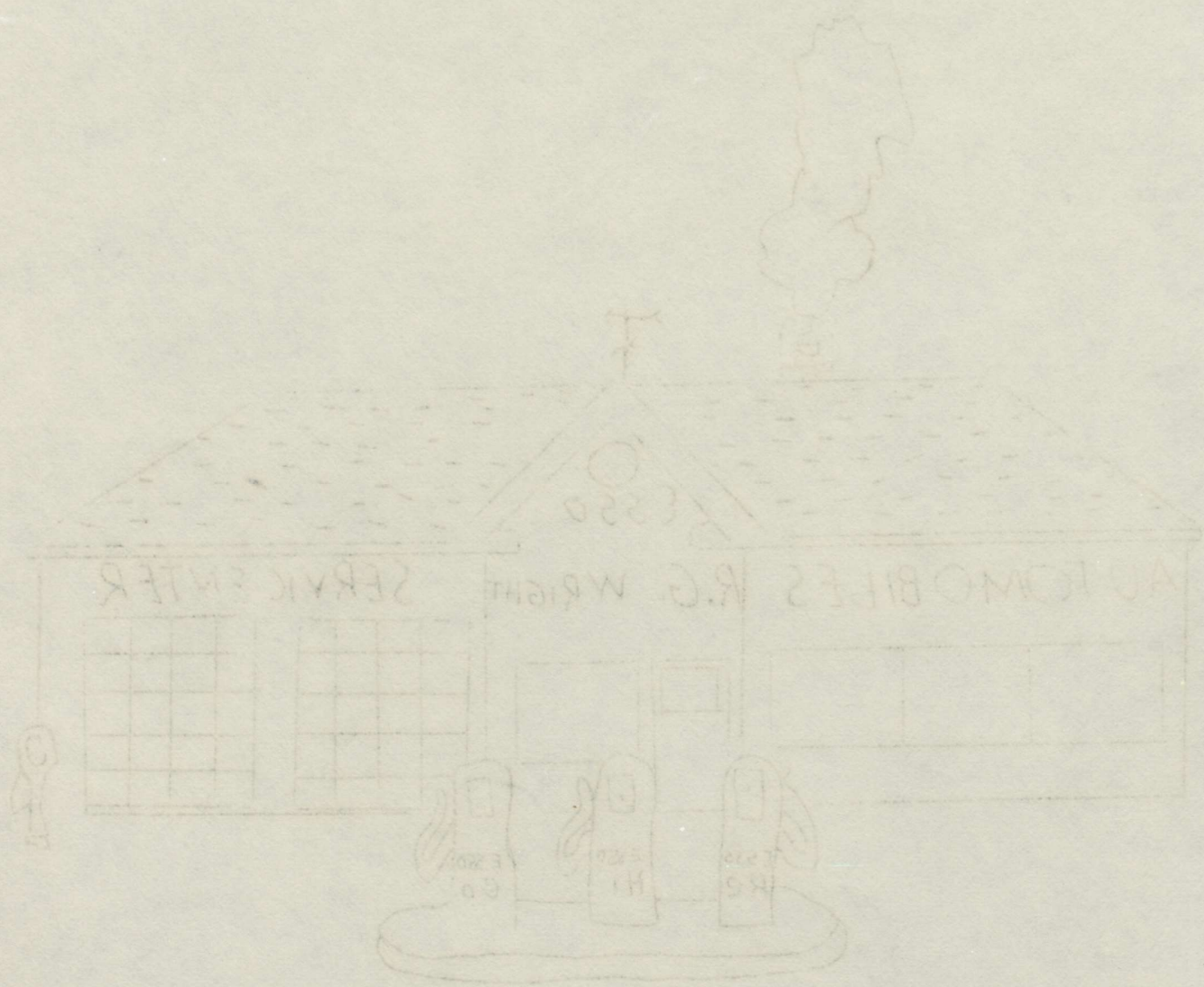


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