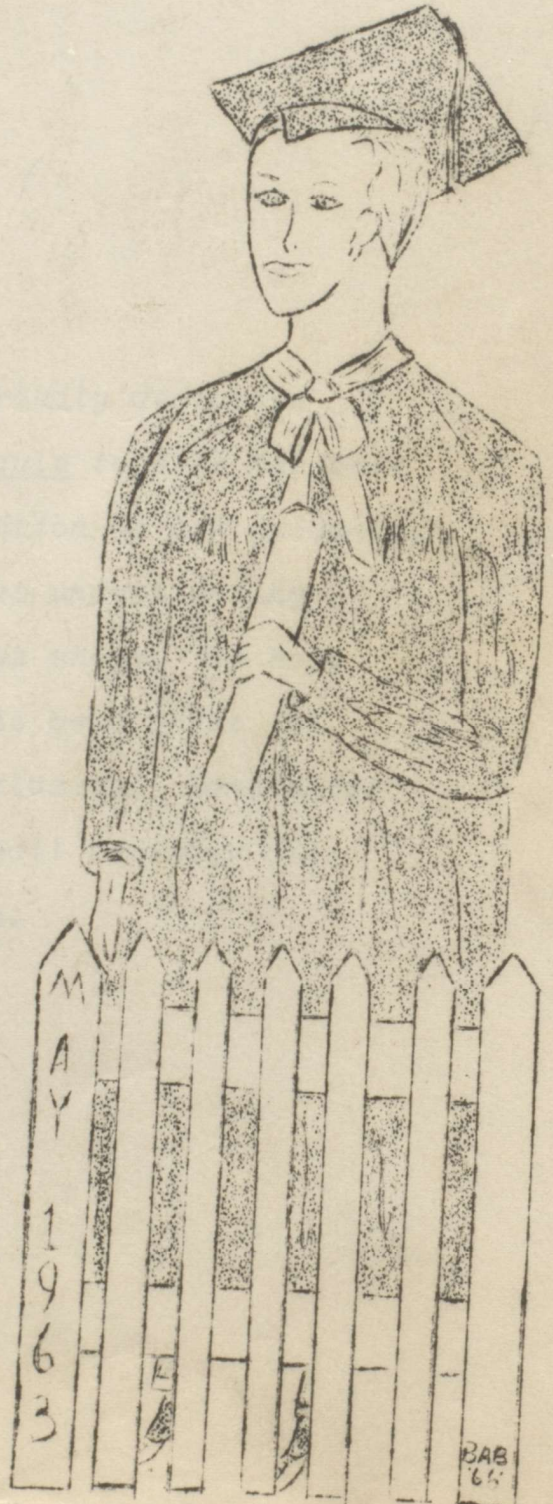
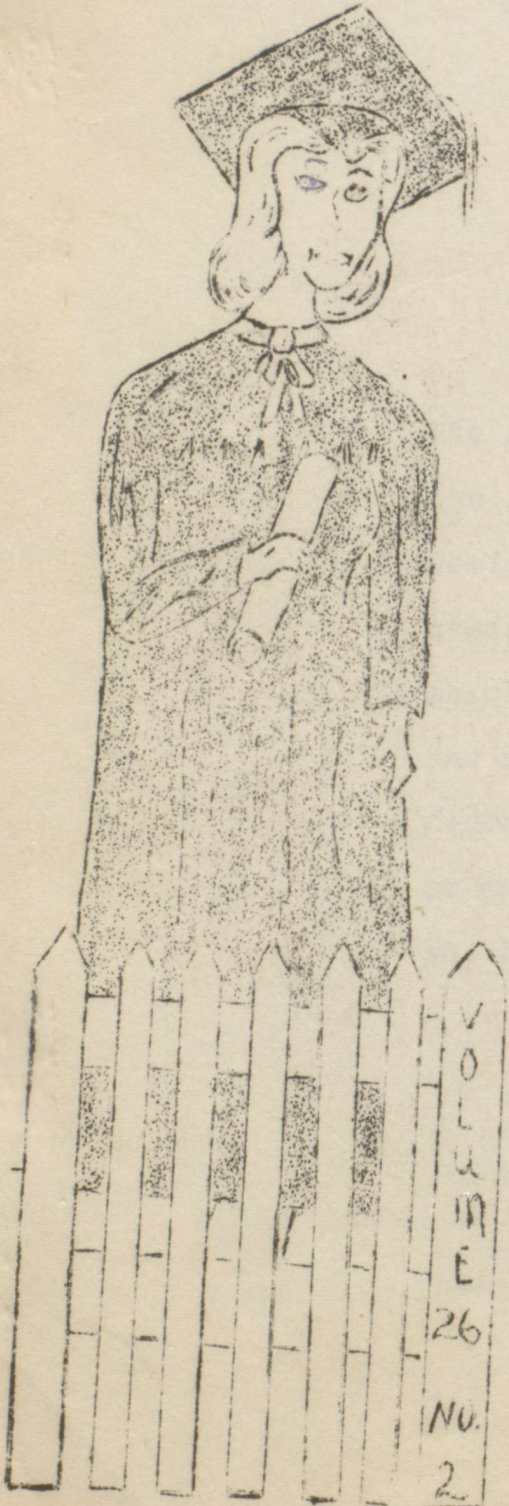


63

FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL MOLECULE



DEDICATION

*The Senior Class proudly dedicates
the June 1963 Molecule to Miss Marjorie
Dewing, in appreciation of her guidance,
assistance, and deep understanding
which she has always shown. We hope
she will continue to be a great in-
fluence to future classes. Long after
we have left, we shall remember all
she has done for us.*

SWEET

SHOP

AND

BARBER

SHOP

ARMAND GABORIAULT, PROP

TEL. 010

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COME *and* SEE

THE NEW SUMMER FOOT WEAR

CHILDREN'S JET TENNISES

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BOYS' BLACK JETS

GIRLS' JETS

** WHITE, BLACK, and GREEN **

NEW SUMMER ITEMS

FOR THE WOMEN

SUMMERETTES COLOR SUN PRINT

REGATTA GOLDEN WHEAT LOAFER

BLACK TIE and WHITE SKIMMER

GIRLS'

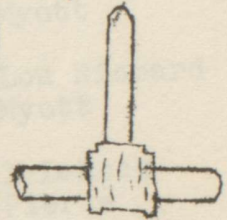
** BLUE WESTERN JAMAICAS **

BOYS'

** SPORTY STRAW HATS **

CHARLES

MULLEN



GOULD WATER SYSTEMS —

FRANKLIN 163

BENJAMIN'S GARAGE

GENERAL REPAIRING

ELECTRIC & ACETYLENE WELDING

ALL

FORD

PARTS

FRANKLIN 271

M.H. BENJAMIN, PROP.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR PAGE

EDITORIALS

Is This Generation Physically Fit?.....	Mary Lou Richard.....	1
Class Plays.....	Robert Magnant.....	1
"JD".....	Laurel Stanley.....	2
School Curriculum.....	Carol Sweeney.....	3
Town Improvements.....	Raymond Magnant.....	3
Valid Criticisms.....	Ruth Myott.....	4

POETS' NOOK

Poems for the "Molecule".....	Pauline Wright.....	5
Think!	Carol Sweeney.....	5

I'm Not A Poet.....	Darlene Greenwood	5
The Actor.....	Mary Lou Richard	5
I Stop.....	Anonymous	6
School.....	Raymond Magnant	6

STORIES

The Storm.....	Carol Sweeney	8
Dear Pen-Pal.....	Laurel Stanley	9
My First Professional Race.....	Richard Patterson	10
Dude Ranch.....	Carol Emch	11
A Babysitting Scare.....	Darlene Greenwood	12
My Trip to Outer Space and Back.....	Pauline Wright	13
Hunting In the South Woods.....	Mary Lou Richard	14

ARTICLES

Vermont State Allied Youth Convention.....	Gaylord Horskin	16
Description of A Favorite Place.....	Claire Breault	17
The Vermont Legislature.....	Joseph Stillman	17
Mothers' Club Dress Revue.....	Claudette Paquette	17
Franklin Oration Contest.....	Joyce Benjamin	18
Allied Youth Sugaring-Off-Party.....	Bertha Beattie	18

SENIOR CLASS.....19

Carol Emch.....	20
Rachel LaRock.....	21
Robert Magnant.....	22
Richard Patterson.....	23

HONOR ROLL.....24

ALUMNI NEWS.....	Madeline Fields	25
	Ruth Myott	

SCHOOL NEWS.....	Mary Lou Richard	28
	Rita Myott	

Movies.....39

HUMOR.....	Darlene Greenwood	31
	Carol Sweeney	

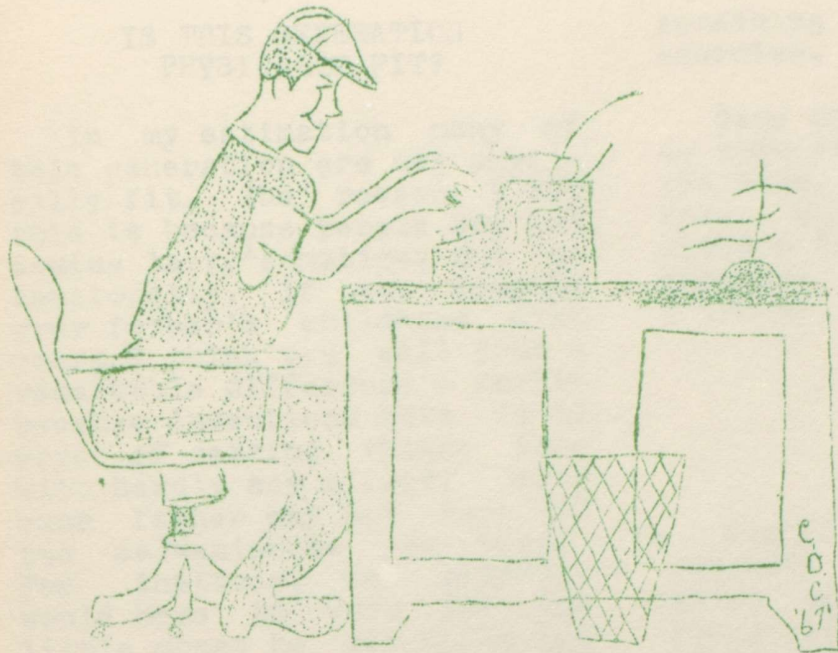
SPORTS

Girls'.....	Rachel LaRock	33
Boys'.....	John Pierce	34

CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....	Freshman Girls	36
-----------------------	----------------	----

REMINISCIENCES.....	The Molecule	37
---------------------	--------------	----

BIOLOGY TRIPS.....	Lyle Glidden	38
--------------------	--------------	----



EDITORIAL

CORNER

IS THIS GENERATION
PHYSICALLY FIT?

In my estimation many of this generation are not physically fit. The reason I say this is because people are becoming lazy, sometimes not intentionally. If you compare your father's childhood with yours I think you will find a remarkable difference - partly because inventions have found ways of getting things done with hardly any effort. Also your father may not have had the conveniences you have. For instance, he probably would have to work for the little money he got while you go up to him now and say, "Give me a quarter; I want a bottle of pop and some potato chips." And then you go home and watch television. Does this sound familiar?

While you are filling your face and doing nothing, your father was probably working and keeping in shape. Then you wonder why you are getting plump or just plain fat. It seems that you could figure out why.

Automobiles have made a definite change in our lives. Forty years ago you would have to walk, ride a horse, or drive a team. Now you get into a car and save your feet for the few times when you can not possibly find any other means of transportation.

One of your reasons for being pleasantly plump may be because we have no physical education program in our school. If you stop and think in your father's time there was not any either. All you have to do to solve this problem is to engage in sports, walk, or do

something that pertains to exercise.

Some people say they would so more exercising if they had the time. This is a poor excuse. Wouldn't you rather spend a few minutes a day to exercise your muscles and have a longer, healthier life?

Mary Lou Richard '64

CLASS PLAYS

One of the most important projects in school, to my point of thinking, is the class plays. They give you a vivid picture of what it must be like on Broadway or other great entertainment areas. They also give you a better chance to get acquainted with your teachers who work so hard, trying to make yours the very best play. And last, they give you the feeling that you belong to the class and have an active part in the participation of a school project.

The first step in putting on a play is the picking out and ordering of play books for which the student council pays. Then we have to learn the different parts that each character has in the play and join them together to make a life-like story. When everyone has learned his part completely, we start to perform the different actions and movements that make the play seem life-like. After these have been accomplished and learned by heart, we are just about ready to step out on the stage and perform the play for an audience.

On the night of the play

-2-

everyone is nervous, at least in my opinion anyway. I know I am. But then the curtain rises and I seem to fall into the plot of the play. I don't recover from this spell until the play is over and then my happiness at hearing the applause overcomes my nervousness.

Last, everyone comes out to take a bow and, I'll tell you this, you will never feel any more pride than you do at that moment for a job well done.

Robert Magnant '63

"JD"

What is "JD"? It means breaking laws, taking part in crimes and violence. All teenagers are faced with the name "JD". Although they do not earn it, it is applied to them because of what only a few do. The F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover says, "America is facing an emergency, a crisis which threatens the very future of our nation. It is JUVENILE DELINQUENCY."

Sixty per-cent of all major crimes in a recent year involved young people. One of every nine teenagers had contact with the police because of criminal behavior in that year. Many girls' cases were runaways and truancies. Practically 50 per cent of the boys' crimes were larceny, vandalism, robbery, or burglary. Illegal carrying of weapons, disorderly conduct, drunkenness, and use of narcotics made up 10 per-cent of the boys' cases and 7 per-cent of the girls'.

Do we want this record stamped on our names? The figures above are already there but we can prevent them from rising. We can lower them. Do not think that all "JD's" are bums from the slums. Because they are NOT! Many are rejected at home and look for acceptance and recognition in the wrong friends. They are not limited to the "lower class." They come from all calsses. - just average teens.

Perhaps you feel you can't help. We associate with many young people who are potential delinquents. We are on the same age level as they are; we work, play and associate with them. Many programs, money and time is spent on this problem, but we are the ones who can do the most. Be friends; try to help, just don't ignore these people. The rate has decreased; but this does not mean we are free from the tragedy. In 1961 figures showed 4 per cent drop in semiurban communities and an 18 per cent increase in cities

Don't pass up the three R's; by doing this you become one of many "too many" three U's. Unschoolled, unskilled, and unemployed. With nothing to do many of these people turn to crime. Hence - "JD".

Do help this country's young people, our nation's future. Our teen-agers can be useful, intelligent leaders in our country's tomorrow. We need you. Don't make those figures climb; be one of the many striving to lower them.

Laurel Stanley '64

SCHOOL CURRICULUM

This year, as in the past, all students were requested to select their subjects for the coming school year. For most of us it wasn't too difficult, but for some it was next to impossible. The seniors of '64 were faced with the problem of finding enough courses to fill the requirement of four class periods per day. The situation is nearly hopeless for those taking college preparatory courses. We are forced to settle for subjects which do not interest us and which we don't need for our college majors. Although I believe any course taken in school will be of some use, the fact remains that some other might be more suitable if it were offered.

The problem here is lack of classrooms and teachers. This situation is an overwhelming problem. Franklin has an excellent faculty, but they are terribly overworked, with some even resorting to double classes. This is not a happy state of affairs for teachers or students. However, we are not alone. Every small school in the state has the same problem; this being true, I suppose we must grin and bear it and hope for better days to come.

Carol Sweeney '64

TOWN IMPROVEMENTS

Last summer, after many cold winters, our school was given a new heating system. The teachers can now regulate the heat to the temperature they find is needed. At first our new furnace gave us a lot of trouble, but the school has

been warmer and more comfortable this year than in the past.

Our school still needs improving. The roof has leaked as long as I can remember. The paint on the outside of the school building is chipping off and if not repainted soon the boards will soon begin to decay. The wire fence that limits the school grounds has always been a hazard to the safety of the "kids". They are forever crossing the fence to get a ball, bat, or something else that has gone over the fence. About a month ago the little Bishop boy was taken to the hospital because of a cut he received when he slipped and fell against the sharp barbs along the top of the fence. It has been rumored that the fence was purposely reversed to keep the school children from crossing onto private property. If you attend baseball games, you know as well as I do that the barbs do not stop them from crossing the fence. If this fence remains the way it is many more of the children downstairs will get hurt.

Our town hall has also been improved. Our stage has a new coat of paint for which we are grateful, but the work at the town hall is not yet completed. The selectmen plan to buy new curtains for the stage and put new doors where they are needed.

The town hall is badly in need of a new heating system. All winter it has never been warm enough for people to go to a school or town activity without freezing. The basketball teams need new dressing rooms. The boys' present dressing room is less than a

foot or two from the furnace, with no partition between. They are so warm and messy. We are ashamed to take the visiting teams there.

Some people say that we ask for too much. I have just stated what the town has done for us and what we would like to have done. We are thankful for what we have but there are still improvements to be made.

Raymond Magnant '64

VALID CRITICISMS OF OUR SCHOOL

If our school could talk for itself I'm sure we'd hear many criticisms. Maybe they'd sound something like this- "Many people walk around inside of me each day, and of course I get dirty. The dirt may be from muddy shoes, and articles that some of the pupils drag into my interior. Many of you bathe every day, but not me. My dirt just builds up daily, and sometimes weekly. For a good look, as an example of this, pull out a bookcase in one of my rooms. You never know what you may find. Furthermore, some folks get the idea of writing on my desks or even on my walls. This not only tickles but spoils my appearance. In short, if any of you pencil-laden, muddy-footed, little or big, creatures read what I have said, just think about it." Adieu! Oh, now you know where I have been eavesdropping.

Ruth Myott '65

WHY ARE CHILDREN NOT WELL-BEHAVED?

Children today just don't mind their parents as well as they used to. The main reason for this, I think, is that whenever they turn someone is ordering them around and soon they begin to resent it. Also the times have changed considerably since the time of our folks' childhood. If they hadn't minded their parents they would have expected to go to bed without their supper or else with a spanking.

But today, there isn't a home without a child-care book in it, and also some mean mischief making youngsters.

These child-care books tell you not to spank a child for his wrong deeds, but to merely tell him the difference. This I do not believe in. I think if more children were spanked, and made to mind their parents they would respect other people and their property as they grow older, instead of looking for more mischief, which could soon lead to real trouble.

Donna Peaslee '65

There were two microbes in the bloodstream of a horse, one in an artery and the other in a vein. One day they decided to trade places. Two days later the horse died. This all goes to show that you shouldn't change streams in the middle of a horse.

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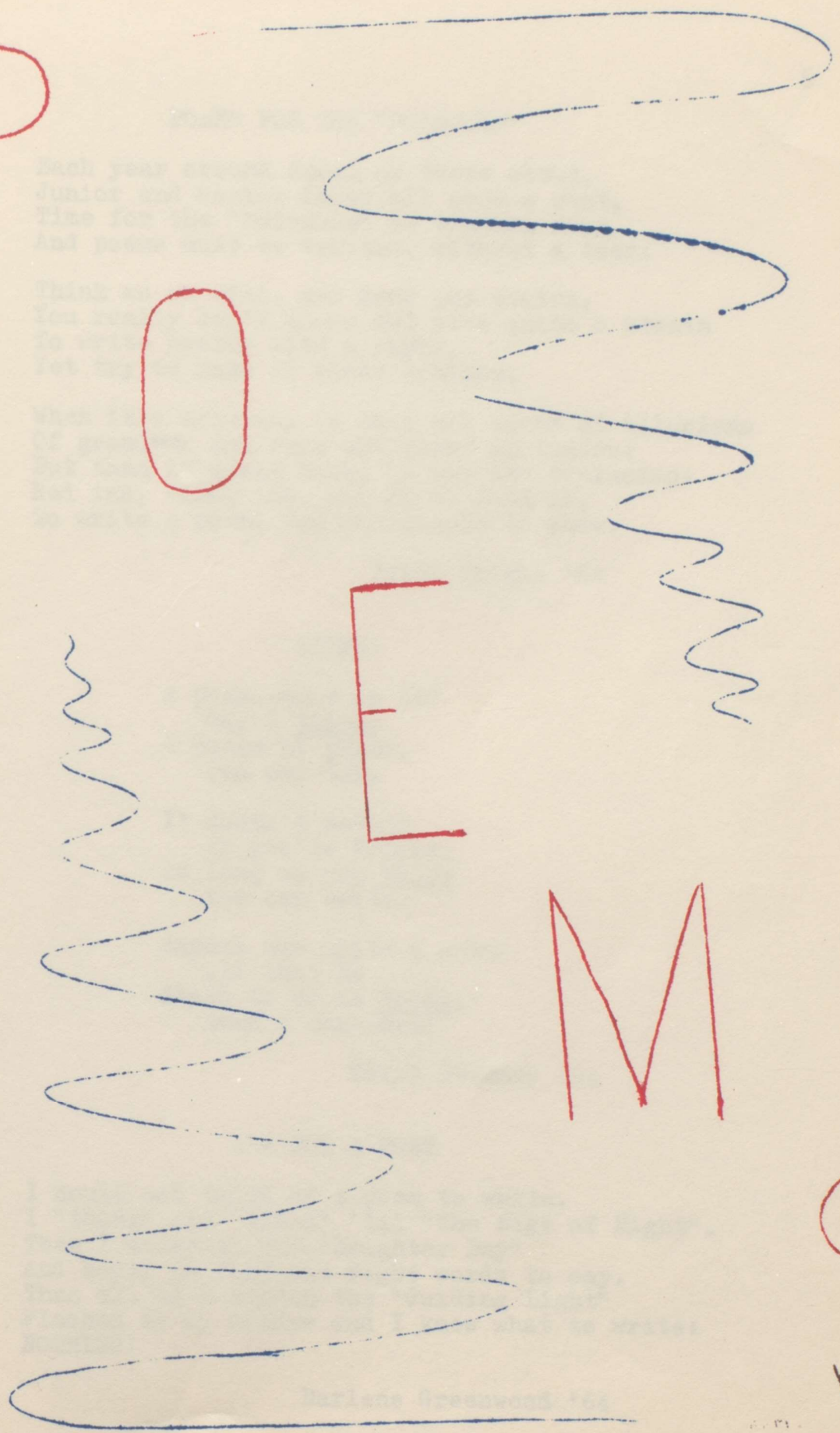
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Each year across the
 Junior and Senior High
 Fine for the
 And more...

Think of
 You can
 to you
 let you
 who is
 of you
 let you
 to you

Marlene Greenwood '64

POEMS FOR THE "MOLECULE"

Each year around April or there about,
 Junior and Senior faces all show a pout,
 Time for the "Molecule" is drawing near,
 And poems must be written, without a tear.

Think as we will, and rack our brains,
 You really don't know, but it's quite a strain
 To write poetry with a rhyme,
 Yet try to make it sound sublime.

When it's written, we have all sorts of illusions
 Of grandeur and fame and never seclusion;
 But then it comes back, in all its confusion.
 Red ink, black ink, and so it doth go,
 To write a poem, for you people to show.

Polly Wright '64

THINK!

A poem--what is it?
 Oh, I think,
 A piece of paper,
 Pen and ink.

It doesn't matter
 If you're bright,
 As long as you think
 You can write.

Anyone can write a poem!
 All that he
 Needs to do is think.
 Even I can--See!

Carol Sweeney '64

I'M NOT A POET

I could not think of a poem to write.
 I "thunk" and "thunk" 'til "The Edge of Night".
 Then I awoke to the "Brighter Day"
 And hoped to find the right words to say.
 Then all of a sudden the "Guiding Light"
 Flashed by my window and I knew what to write:
 NOTHING!

Darlene Greenwood '64

I have a pup named Alvin, no less.
 He is fluffy, white and full of zest!
 He became an actor one Friday night-
 Put the audience in a rage to see such a plight.
 We painted a black streak down his back
 Yet he didn't much resemble a skunk for a fact.

Mary Lou Richard '64

HOW TO WRITE A POEM

Miss Dewing says, "A poem today."
 I yawn and say, "All Right! O.K.!"

I'll write a dilly, something great.
 But now not even a line can I make!

Right now I'm at my wits very end,
 So I'll find someone with a poem to lend.

Laurel Stanley '64

TWISTIN' GRANNY

I have a twistin' granny
 She sure isn't canny,
 While some people think that she is rare
 Other's say she is no square.
 One day in a rainy mist
 My dear granny started to twist;
 She twisted all over the dog-gone place
 It was all I could do to keep a smile from my face.
 Then with one fantastic twirl
 She twisted right out of the world.
 And that was the last I saw of my dandy-
 And the world's first twistin' granny.

Madeline Fields '64

DAY AND NIGHT

I love the day; I love the night,
 But which is grander in my sight?
 This problem, I have pondered long,
 And wondered as the days went by,
 And then the night; and with a sigh,
 I wondered to which did God belong.
 The day is bright with sun and light;
 The night is long with a quiet fright.
 I wonder, while in my lonely cell,
 Which one, day or night, is where God
 doth dwell.

Robert Magnant '63

I STOP

One night I asked for the Old Man's car
 I said I wasn't going too far.
 I drove down the road a mile or so
 And decided I was going too slow.
 I drove down by Ol' Maggie's house-
 Didn't stop, I felt like a louse.
 Just as I got past I stepped on the gas
 To prove to Dear Maggie I was really a smash.
 We hadn't been out for a night or two-
 I was feeling quite sad and really blue.
 As I drove back by, She hollered, "Hi!"
 Now when I drive I never go by.
 (I always stop!)

Anonymous '63

SCHOOL

School is a place which no boy likes;
 He always looks forward to the weekend nights-
 School! Can't chew gum, not supposed to say "ain't"
 Here you feel like the devil,
 But hope you act like a saint.

Raymond Magnant '64

EXCHANGE

We received word from Swan-
 ton that they are starting a
 newspaper. Now a copy, School
Dust has arrived. School Dust
 is filled with educational ma-
 terial but little news. Only
 a few people are mentioned.
 More jokes would liven it.

We have been receiving pa-
 pers from E.F.H.S. and R.H.S.
 I enjoy the Enosburg one, most,
 probably because it is put out
 every month.

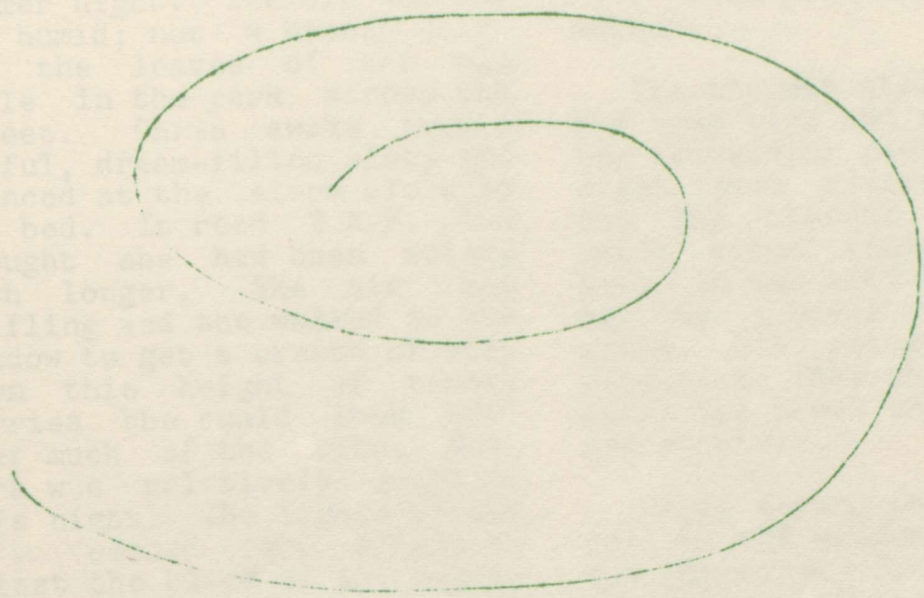
Kenton Pierce '64

Richard P: A girl in the candy
 store was six feet tall and
 wore size ten shoes! What did
 she weigh?

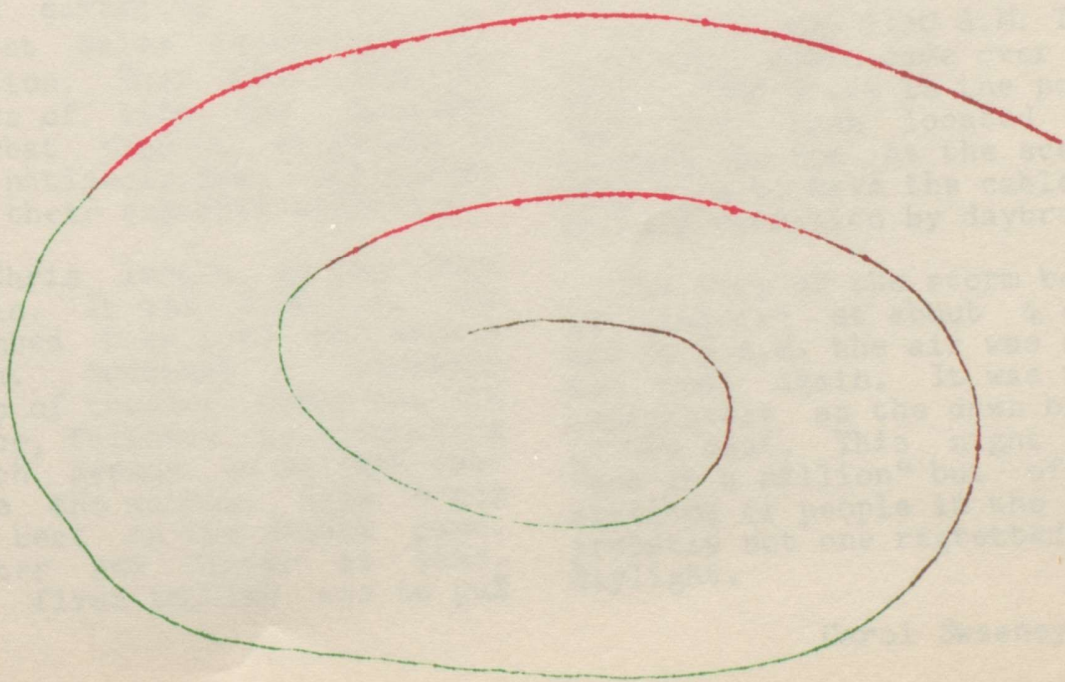
Robert M: I don't know.
 Richard: Candy, you dopehead!
 * * * * *

Miss Dewing: What kind of
 rock is this?
 Mr. Mudgett: Oh, I just take
 it for granite.

* * * * *



STORIES



THE STORM

It was a dark, starless summer night. The air was hot and humid; not a breeze stirred the leaves of the old maple in the park across the street. Chris awoke from a fitful, dream-filled sleep and glanced at the alarm clock by her bed. It read 2 A.M. She thought she had been asleep much longer. The air was stifling and she walked to the window to get a breath of air. From this height of twenty stories she could look out over much of the city. New York was relatively quiet on this night. The lights of the city seemed very bright against the black of the night.

Chris felt a sudden surge of patriotism as she watched the city's ever changing face. This great city where she had lived all her life looked alive and seemed to be endlessly on the move even at this early hour of the day. She tried to guess the personalities and professions of the occupants of the thousands of cars screaming by on the street below in endless procession. They came from all walks of life, she imagined a great pageant of people of all nationalities, all pursuing their separate ambitions.

Chris looked at the clock again. It was 2:30 A.M. She climbed back into bed with a sigh. Suddenly a terrific clap of thunder broke the silence, followed by lightning which seemed to be just outside the window. Rain began to beat on the window pane. Faster and faster it came. Her first impulse was to pull

the bed covers over her head and try to go back to sleep, but another equally magnificent flash paralyzed her for a moment.

The thunder storm continued for some time and she tuned in her transistor radio to an all night jazz concert to drown out the thunder. Shortly a man's voice announced, "All power in the city has been cut off by a break in the main cable. All residents are requested to stay where they are until the break can be located and repaired."

Chris sprang out of bed and ran to the window. The city was completely dark except for the lights of the cars in the street. Horns began to honk as motorists came to intersections with no traffic lights. Traffic piled up with incredible speed. Hospitals were without iron lungs or lights in busy operation rooms. People in night clubs and all night bars drank their "one for the road" by candle light; then had another for luck.

It was now 3:30 A.M. The same voice again came over the radio, "The break in the power line had been located and workmen are now at the scene. They hope to have the cable in working condition by daybreak!"

The fury of the storm began to diminish at about 4 A.M. and by 5 A.M. the air was calm and cool again. It was very comfortable as the dawn broke in the east. This night was "one in a million" but of the millions of people in the city probably not one regretted the daylight.

Dear Pen-Pal,

Hello. My name is Caroline I live in a big white house. Once a lot of men and women came and took lots of pictures They had funny boxes on wheels for cameras. They didn't look like my camera at all. They said the pictures would be on television sometime and we could watch them. Later I saw my house and Mommy on the television. Daddy came on for a little while, too.

Mommy says we'll live here four years. We will stay longer if Daddy wins the next champagne. I don't know what that means. It takes a long time. Daddy, Uncle Bob, Uncle Teddy and my other relatives make long talks to lots of people. I don't understand what they say, but I guess it's important.

My Daddy is President. What is your Daddy? Mine works in a big office with important people coming to see him all day. I sit on the front steps and watch them come. They all smile and say hello to me but they never stop and talk. I guess they're all too busy. Some of them look funny but I don't laugh. Mommy says that's wrong.

At night sometimes I listen to Daddy and Mommy talk. A long time ago I heard Daddy tell about a big fat man who took off his shoe and banged on the desk. I hope my Daddy never does things like that. He says it's very rude for me to even take off my shoes at the table! Grown-ups sure act funny! I wonder if he told the man it was very im-

polite to do that. Once Daddy talked about the Cuban crisis. Lots of ships stopped different ships and seached them. When I play with my boats I pretend they're at the Cuban crisis. My boats are called PT 109's. Do you have any boats? I like to listen to Daddy talk. He sits in his big rocking chair. Everybody rocks! Sometimes they talk about going on a fifty mile hike. I don't think they will because they just sit there and rock!

Sometimes I ride my pony, ~~Mecaroni~~. He's not very tall but he's fat and very nice. He likes to run on the back lawn. It's so big and green. Once in a while I ride with Mommy. She rides very good. She likes horses, too. Just like I do! Mommy's fun to ride with. She's nice.

I have a little brother. His name is John. Everybody fusses over him. They all wonder who he looks like-Mommy or Daddy. I think he looks just like John. Grown-ups sure are funny. I'm not going to be funny when I grow-up. What are you going to be when you grow up? I want to be just like my Daddy. Then I will live in a big house, sit in a leather chair that goes right around in a circle, have a big desk and lots of important people coming to see me. Daddy is very busy.

Sometimes he comes in at night and reads us a bedtime story. I'm very tired at night because I play hard all day.

I like living in this house.
I hope Daddy wins his next
champagne. Good-bye, Pen Pal.

Love, Caroline

Laurel Stanley '64

MY FIRST PROFESSIONAL RACE

Today was going to be a big day for me because I was going to drive a 1963 Sting Ray in my first professional stock car race against new Pontiacs, Ford Thunderbirds, Dodges, and many other new cars. These cars are straight from the factory. Nothing has been added to make them go faster. I woke up about five O'clock, ate breakfast and then went down to the track. The mechanics were already there checking my car. After they had finished checking the car I took it out on the track and drove most of the forenoon. This was the first time that I had ever driven on this track. When I drove into the pits it was 11:30, so I ate dinner and came back to the track. When I arrived the car was all ready to go. I took it around the track a few times to warm it up and try it one more time before the race.

About an hour before the race it began to rain, making the track slippery and dangerous. About 1:30 the cars began to come out on to the track and get in starting formation. The track was a ten mile course and the race was fifty laps. This means stopping twice for refueling and changing tires. As I pulled onto the track all sorts of things raced through my mind. I was racing against experi-

enced racers. Then before I knew it the flag went down and we were off. I was quick on the take-off and took the lead, but on the first corner three cars flashed by. Then I decided that I would have to take the corners faster and keep on the inside as much as I could. Soon one of the cars dropped out, leaving two ahead of me. Then on the straight of way I again gained the lead. On the fifth lap at the third corner I began sliding to the outside and almost off the track. Now the other two cars had passed me and it was impossible for me to get back into first place until the pit stop. On the fifteenth lap I was motioned into the pit where my car was refueled and the tires were changed. Then two or three laps later the other two cars pulled into the pits. Now I was in the lead again. I stayed in this position for the rest of the race. Finally the last lap was coming up fast. Alas! About a hundred feet before the line one of my back tires blew out and I had all I could do to keep my car in the road. This slowed my speed suddenly, and I wondered if I could make it to the finishing line. I just barely made it but one of the cars pulled around me, winning by five feet. I was disappointed but I felt a little better when they told me I had averaged a speed of 155.5 miles per hour.

Richard Patterson '63

DUDE RANCH

Penny Baker, who was studying to be a veterinarian, got a

telegram saying to rush home because her father was very ill. When she arrived, her father was already dead.

Her father had left her Dude Ranch, so she decided that before going back to college to get her degree she would get the ranch in order to learn how to run it herself. She had no idea how much in the red it was until she took it over after his death. It was just about a hair's distance from bankruptcy. The reason for this was that a movie star, Rod Serling, had built a ranch similar to hers a couple of miles away and he was getting the trade that usually came to her ranch. Of course, Penny couldn't blame them, for his ranch was more beautiful than hers and in better condition. She knew that the buildings on her ranch needed a lot of repair before she could really get some good trade. But where was she to get the money? When she went to the bank to borrow money they considered her a bad risk and would not loan her any.

One night Rod came for her to see if she could find out what was wrong with three of his horses. When she got there she had to clean all of their stomachs out, for they had eaten some grass that was poisonous.

But when the drought came she did not have to worry about water, for her father had built a dam on one of the streams that ran through his ranch. At least she had that to her advantage. Rod's ranch did not have a good supply of water, and he asked if he could buy some from her; of course,

she said yes but that soon fell out, for they had a heavy rain storm and the dam broke. Now there was no longer a reserve or a way to control the water. With the storm and the continuing weather she was getting absolutely no trade at all.

Penny and Rod became fast friends and he promised to send all the overflow of his ranch to hers, but she still needed money to fix up her ranch. One of her old friends from high school days, who was a fast rising lawyer, loaned her the money to repair her ranch. After she had renovated the ranch and paid most of its bills there was an awful tornado that tore off roofs and carried away some of the buildings that she had repaired. Although she was deeply discouraged, she thought to herself, "If my father could have given the best year of his life to start this ranch I can at least try again." Penny borrowed some more money to restore the ranch once again, and finally put it on a paying basis.

Oh! I almost forgot something. Penny and Rod were married and they incorporated their ranches.

Carol Emch '63

A BABYSITTING SCARE

One night about 7:30, a friend came to my house and asked me if I wanted a babysitting job for that evening. Of course I said "Yes" and we were on our way in about ten minutes. I took along my school books and a good murder mystery.

This babysitting job took me out into the country where there was no television, radio or telephone, and the nearest neighbor was five miles away. There were seven children ranging in age from two months to eight years. I wasn't too lonely at first because the children were running around screaming and fighting. I tried to quiet them but without much success. After the baby was fed and asleep I started getting the other six ready for bed.

When the last child was tucked safely into bed, around 9:30, I decided to do some of my studying. I studied until about 10:45. Then I was suddenly interrupted by a rap at the front door. An old man was standing on the porch. He frightened me almost to death. He was dressed in old, torn, ragged clothes and he was really filthy. His hands and face were covered with grease and dirt. For some unknown reason, I had locked the doors right after the parents had left, which is something I had never done before.

I went into the downstairs bedroom and watched the man. I could see him very plainly, but he couldn't see me. The man just stood there on the front porch looking in the livingroom and occasionally rapping.

I tried to force myself to go to the door to see what this bum wanted. My mind wanted to open the door, but my body just wouldn't move. I was frozen! I didn't know if this man were a robber or what, and as long as I was staying with the seven children I was responsible for their safety.

I had turned off all of the lights in the house except for the one in the den where I had been studying. As the den was on the back part of the house he couldn't see it. As soon as I had heard the rap on the door I had snapped the light off.

Finally the rapping ceased and I looked around outdoors to see if the man had gone, or what he was doing.

Apparently the man had gone, so I went back to the den to continue my studying. In about an hour, another rap came to the door. I again snapped the den light off and started toward the bedroom to see who was rapping. As I got to the window I noticed the bum with two State Policemen standing there. Thinking that they were real police, I let them in.

The bum grabbed me, gagged me, and tied me to a chair. The so-called policemen went through the cupboards and drawers. I wasn't worried about myself so much, but it was the children. I didn't know what the maniacs would do. Apparently they weren't interested in the children, because they never went near the upstairs.

After they had searched through the downstairs and had torn everything apart, I heard a siren. In a flash two more policemen came to the door. I didn't know whether they were honest to goodness police or not. They were, for they seized the three men, handcuffed them and put them into the police car. Then one of the policemen came in, untied me, and asked me if I were all

right. I said "Yes". The policeman told me that these men were ex-convicts who were very dangerous. By the time he had finished telling me about the men, the parents returned.

After the policemen had explained the whole story to them, I was taken home. Now let me tell you I didn't need my murder mystery book and that is an experience I will never forget.

Darlene Greenwood '64

MY TRIP TO OUTER SPACE AND BACK

At 7:09 A.M. on February 16, 1999, I arose to a bright morning and then slipped into the bathroom to take my daily shower. After a hearty breakfast of Cheerios, milk, and a bowl of strawberries, I was ready to begin my trip into space.

Dressing took some time as I had to zip up my own suit (Agatha had gone into town). The darn thing got caught about half way up and I had a terrible time getting it fixed. When it was finally zipped, I rushed out to my backyard. There it was---my beautiful, million dollar space ship; red nosecone, green body and purple tail section---my dream come true.

Inside the space-craft I sat down and prepared myself for the hard trip ahead. George, my next door neighbor, assisted me in take-off. Ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-four three-two-one-BLAST-OFF.

It was a good take off, al-

though rather rough and jerky. Soon I was traveling through space at a speed of 10,000 miles an hour. I finally started my orbit and who should I meet but John Glenn, Jr. and Walter Sherra, Jr. Ol' Wally waved to me but by the time I got around to wave back, he was gone.

Then it happened! Right in front of me was a big blob; and it was green. There was no way to avoid it -- Bang!!! When I awoke, my ship was surrounded with little green men. They were very friendly but, of course, they couldn't speak my language. All they seemed to be able to say was "Uch", which isn't a very good way to strike up a conversation. One of them, whom I assumed to be their leader, motioned for me to follow him. I did, unwillingly you can be sure.

We walked for about fifty miles and then I sighted a huge castle, made of aluminum. I was escorted inside and whom should I see but Caroline Kennedy, daughter of the ex-President John F. Kennedy seated upon a throne. Apparently she had been here for some time as I noticed dust 5-inches thick on one of the PT boats. Kennedy had been President twenty years before my birth. Father used to tell me a lot about him, especially his fifty mile hiking programs.

Well, to get back to my story. Here I was 200,000-miles away from home and scared stiff. The guard at my side moved me toward Caroline and I humbly fell at her feet. She

gave me a friendly greeting and then started questioning me: "What happened on earth after the bomb fell? Have you heard anything about Macaroni, my pony?" The poor girl burst into tears when I couldn't answer all her questions. Apparently when the bomb fell, the entire Kennedy family had escaped in the Presidential missile to this planet, and she had to leave all her worldly possessions behind. The people living here had forced them to stay.

When I suggested that she try to get back to earth with me, she accepted with delight. We worked hard for the next two days getting our spacecraft ready for the journey back to earth.

It took nearly a week to get home, as we had quite a time finding our way back. I never really appreciated home and my 'darling' Agatha until I finally got back. I sold my ship to the salvage company and vowed never to take the trip again, but I always keep the money I received for it in the bank, just in case Agatha's henpecking gets too much for me some day.

Polly Wright '64

HUNTING IN THE SOUTH WOODS

The Morrison hill farm is fifteen miles from town-which is considered out of the reach of civilization because they had no telephone, car, or truck. The only people managing it are Mrs. Eugene Morrison and her seventeen year old son, Joe. They do the best they can to keep it in shape.

Eugene had died two years ago with pneumonia and left his wife and son to take over the farm.

In the spring and summer months there is almost too much for them to handle, so they hire a man or boy to help with the work. There was planting to be done, and haying; the house and barn had to be repaired after the long winter. Besides this the wood supply had to be cut and a number of other things done.

Their livestock consisted of a bull, five calves, and twenty-five cows. They also had chickens, ducks, two horses, two cats, and a dog.

It was a warm fall Sunday in September - the day of rest, except for doing the chores. This is the day Joe looked forward to; it was the only day he could go hunting for any length of time. After chores, he put up his lunch and with his dog, Champ, started out for a day full of excitement.

First they went down the road into the South woods. This was the best place to find a dashing rabbit that Champ could run. While Champ was rabbit hunting, Joe looked for a gray squirrel or a partridge. Today Joe found some small tracks that caught his eye. He followed them for about half a mile. They looked as if the animal were using only three feet and dragging the other one. When he was about to give up following it he heard something just a few feet ahead. He kept going, but didn't know what to expect. And there it was---a baby bob-

cat, that had broken his leg. He probably wandered away from his mother and got it caught between a couple of rocks. As Joe started toward him he snarled and put his one paw up to defend himself but Joe talked to him and finally he lay back down with as much to say "O.K. I give up. You've got me!"

Joe decided to take the little fellow home to mend his leg for him. He also thought of the bobcat's mother who was probably looking for her baby now. Joe could imagine her long needle-like claws which could sink into him like nothing. So he and Champ hurried home as fast as they could, go.

He hadn't thought of what his mother would say about the whole escapade until he was

going into the wood shed. At first he was going to keep it a secret but how can you keep a secret over a thing like like this. So he told his mother when she came in from hanging out the clothes. Joe thought she didn't mind at first because she didn't say a word, but he was mistaken. She started talking so fast Joe could hardly register it in his mind. But he got the point all right! He talked her into letting him put a splint on the bobcat's leg, but that was all. He couldn't keep it - of all things.

The third day he took the bobcat back to the south woods and hoped he would recover.

Mary Lou Richard '64

DRIBBLING DOODLES

Here are the answers to the scrambled words in the last issue:

snow	waffle	house	tree
carhop	movie	motel	window
ink	calendar	blackboard	teacher
wood	suit	curtain	school

Genius: The ability to avoid work by doing it right the first time.

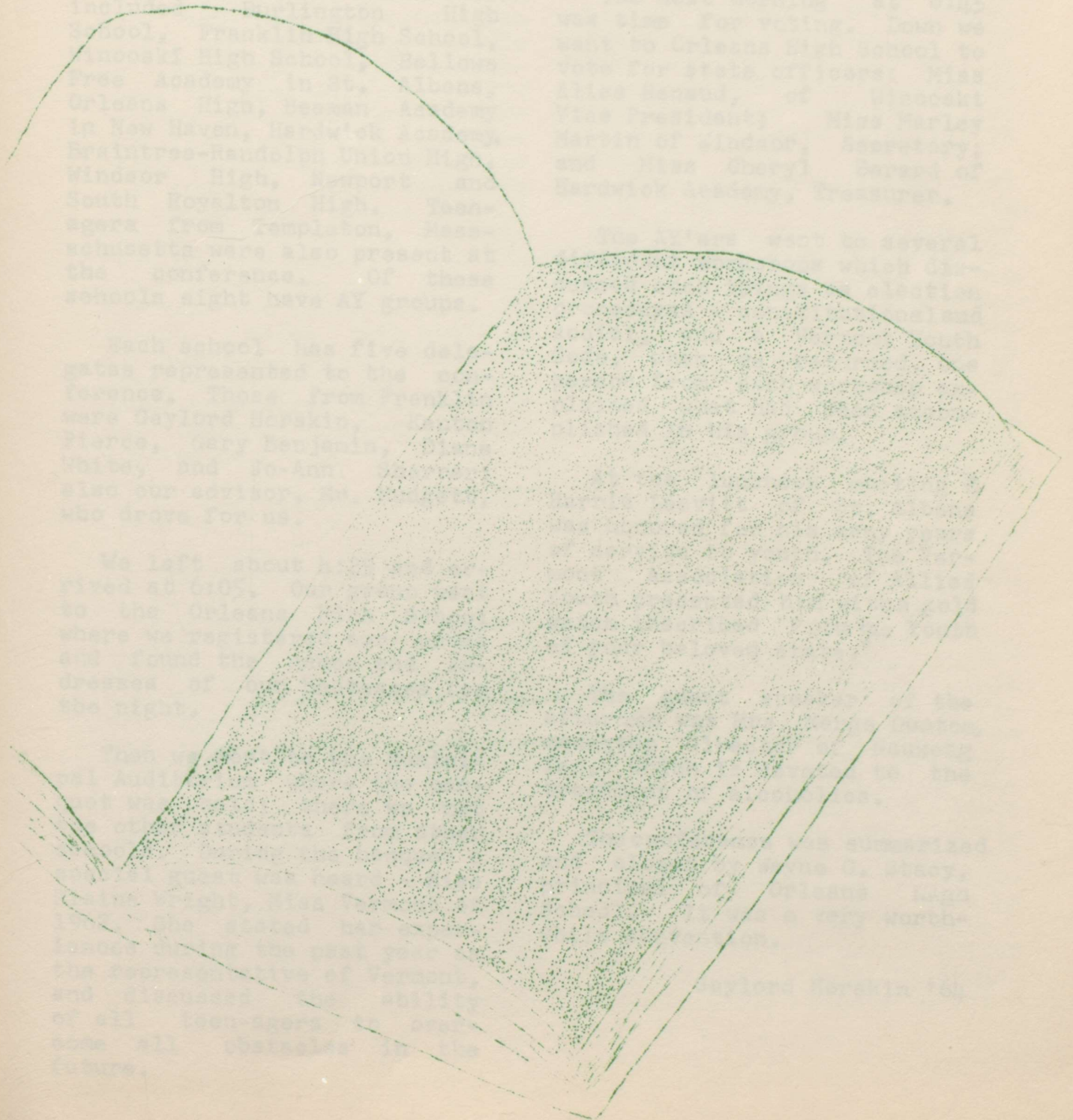
Broadminded: When both sides of an argument make you laugh.

Trading Stamps: What you use for getting items you probably wouldn't buy even if you had the money.

Moderns: People who meet a crisis face to face, after taking a pill.

Modesty: Something that prevents us from proclaiming just how wonderful we are, even though we know it's a fact.

ARTICLES



VERMONT STATE
ALLIED YOUTH CONVENTION

The Allied Youth Convention which is the third annual spring conference, was held in Orleans High School, Orleans, Vermont, April 5, 1963.

The eleven schools taking part in the Allied Conference included Burlington High School, Franklin High School, Winooski High School, Bellows Free Academy in St. Albans, Orleans High, Beeman Academy in New Haven, Hardwick Academy, Braintree-Randolph Union High, Windsor High, Newport and South Royalton High. Teen-agers from Templeton, Massachusetts were also present at the conference. Of these schools eight have AY groups.

Each school has five delegates represented to the conference. Those from Franklin were Gaylord Horskin, Kenton Pierce, Gary Benjamin, Diane White, and Jo-Ann Sherrer; also our advisor, Mr. Mudgett, who drove for us.

We left about 4:25 and arrived at 6:05. Our group went to the Orleans High School where we registered our names and found the names and addresses of our hostesses for the night.

Then we went to the Municipal Auditorium where the banquet was held; there we met the other students from other schools. During the banquet a special guest was heard - Miss Elaine Wright, Miss Vermont of 1962. She stated her experiences during the past year as the representative of Vermont, and discussed the ability of all teen-agers to overcome all obstacles in the future.

Upstairs above the banquet hall was a variety show about the early times. Acts were presented by AY posts from St. Albans, Orleans, Windsor, and Winooski. Following the show a dance was held down-stairs for all AY members and their guests.

The next morning at 8:45 was time for voting. Down we went to Orleans High School to vote for state officers: Miss Alice Renaud, of Winooski Vice President; Miss Marley Martin of Windsor, Secretary; and Miss Cheryl Berard of Hardwick Academy, Treasurer.

The AY'ers went to several different workshops which discussed such things as election procedures - constitutional and social, and a Vermont Youth Code. When we returned, one person from each workshop explained what had been accomplished in his group.

At the luncheon meeting F. Harris Leavitt of St. Albans was honored for his many years of service to youth. The Vermont Association of Allied Youth presented him with a gold watch inscribed "From the Youth of your beloved state."

The guest speaker of the afternoon was Mrs. Marge Dunton, managing director of Naukeag Inn, which is devoted to the treatment of alcoholics.

The conference was summarized and closed by Wayne O. Stacy, principal of Orleans High School. It was a very worthwhile convention.

Gaylord Horskin '64

DESCRIPTION OF A FAVORITE PLACE

My favorite place would be a far away place, where it's peaceful and quiet from the rest of the world - where it's people are always busy with their work and chattering. This favorite place I haven't yet found. But in my dreams I see a beautiful garden where the birds and squirrels are happy and gay with all the sunlight and warmth of quietude in the air. There are streams and waters which sparkle like diamonds in the sunlight as they come between the huge trees. The flowers in the beautiful garden are all colors, which combine with the rest of the scenery. The big shady trees are all lined up and act as a border around the garden. Maybe this place is far away, or it may be very near, waiting for all of us. Maybe this place is waiting for someone, somebody—maybe you and me.

Claire Breault '65

THE VERMONT LEGISLATURE

The seventh and eighth grades went to Montpelier on Thursday, April 25. There we saw the Legislature in session for about two hours, then went for lunch at the Pavilion Hotel.

The Legislature is a marvelous example of democracy in action, where even the smallest town may have a decisive say in the working of the state. There are several page boys there, all in the seventh grade. There is no classification as to where

they come from, although they must have straight A's. On the floor was the problem of Unemployment Compensation, one faction wanting to make it harder to apply for it, the other wanting it easier. Because so many amendments were introduced, no voting was done in the two hours we were there.

After the session we met the Governor, and were handed little pamphlets which read, "Welcome to Vermont!" From here we went to the Pavilion Hotel where Senator Dunham and Representative Olmstead entertained us with a delicious lunch.

Then we went to the National Life Insurance Company building, a tremendous granite structure with a mural word history of Vermont. We were ushered into a big room where we saw a magnificent view of the Green Mountains, with the Capitol in the foreground. We saw a movie "Green Mountain Heritage," which did emphasize the National Life Company. Then, after getting postcards and folders, we left for home.

Joseph Stillman '66

MOTHERS' CLUB DRESS REVUE

On Tuesday evening, April 2, the annual Dress Revue took place with the members of the homemaking class modeling the dresses which they had made. The skirts were by Linda Benjamin-first place, and Claudette Paquette-second place. Jumpers were made by Margaret Erosseau-first place, Aline Breault-second place; also by Diane White, Donna Leclair, and Joyce Benjamin. Cotton dresses were made by Jo-Ann Sherrer-first place, Loretta

Vorse-second place; also Claudette Paquette and Diane White modeled Dresses. A party dress by Lynda Elwood was awarded first place. A three-piece suit by Rita Paquette won first place and Louise Bouchard's was placed second. Sweaters were knitted by Lynda Elwood who was first, with Rita Paquette second, and also by Joyce Benjamin, Ruth Ann Magnant, and Claudette Paquette. Wool mittens were made by Aline Breault, Lynda Elwood; Linda Benjamin-first place, Ruth Ann Magnant-second place; knit caps were made by Peggy Brosseau, Jo-Ann Sherrer, Lynda Elwood, Donna Leclair, Rita Paquette who won first place, and Aline Breault who took second. Hats were knitted by Ruth Ann Magnant, Lynda Elwood, Rita Paquette, Claudette Paquette, Louise Bouchard, Joyce Benjamin, and Jo-Ann Sherrer, whose hat took first place with Aline Breault's second.

The judges were Mrs. Margaret Hubbard, Mrs. Gwendolyn Magnant and Mrs. Kathryn Dewing. Rita Paquette won the grand prize: a sewing book giving full instructions on all kinds of seams and stitches-plain, fancy, and tailored.

Claudette Paquette '67

FRANKLIN ORATION CONTEST

Seven pupils took part in the oration contest sponsored by the Modern Woodman. The contestants were three eighth graders - Diane White, Gary Benjamin and Joyce Benjamin; also three seventh graders - Lyle Glidden, Cedric Columb, and Gaylord Chamberlain; and one six grader - Charles Mullen.

The winners were as follows: First, Joyce Benjamin, eighth grader who spoke on "Ideals, American vs. Communists," with Lyle Glidden of the seventh grade as runner-up. Our judges were Margaret Hubbard, Beatrice Granger and Helen Magnant. All who spoke did well in spite of their great anxiety. The Modern Woodman leaders urge all pupils from grade four through eight to participate in coming years, for there is no greater thrill than to win something you've worked hard to get.

Joyce Benjamin '67

ALLIED YOUTH SUGARING-OFF-PARTY

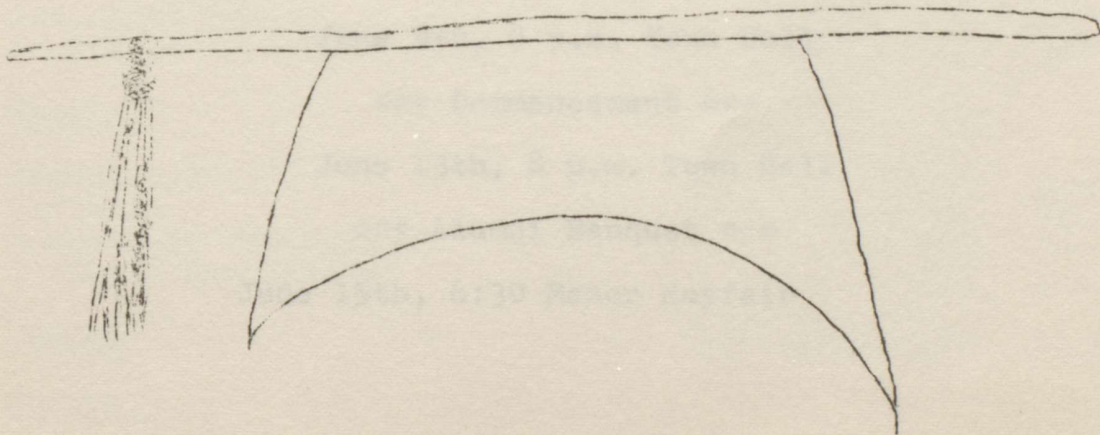
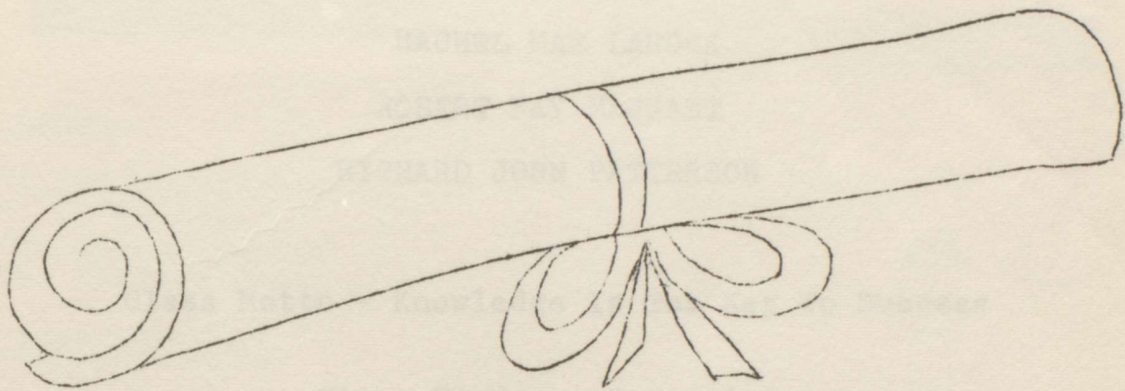
The Allied Youth Sugaring-off-party was held at Mr. and Mrs. Henry White's, April 25. We played "Password" and enjoyed musical entertainment. Then everyone had sugar on snow. We also had a "Ghost Party" in which thirteen participated. The allied Youth would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. White for having us at their place. We are planning to climb "Minister Hill," Saturday evening, May 18, for a cookout. Many activities are planned for the summer.

Bertha Beattie '66

Gaylord C. raking leaves with his father who was telling him what made the leaves turn brown. Suddenly Gaylord said: "What's all this about little fairies turning leaves brown? Hasn't anyone heard of photosynthesis?"

Daffynishion: Double-decker bed--A lot of bunk.

SENIORS



SENIOR CLASS OF 1963

VALEDICTORIAN - CAROL ANN EMCH
 SALUTATORIAN - ROBERT FAY MAGNANT

*** CLASS ROLL ***

CAROL ANN EMCH

RACHEL MAE LAROCK

ROBERT FAY MAGNANT

RICHARD JOHN PATTERSON

Class Motto - Knowledge Is The Key To Success

Class Flower - Carnation

Class Colors - Red and White

*** Baccalaureate ***

June 9th, 8 p.m. Town Hall

*** Commencement ***

June 13th, 8 p.m. Town Hall

*** Alumni Banquet ***

June 15th, 6:30 Manor Mayfair

Carol Ann Emch
(Empica)



Carol is an all around girl-President of the Student Council, President of the Senior Class, Co-Editor of the "Molecule", and an outstanding basketball and softball player, as well as being an active Granger.

Carol will be missed by both schoolmates and teachers alike, for she has always had an ever-ready attitude to do whatever was asked of her.

Good luck, Carol; we know you'll make a fine secretary.

Plays:

Willie Carves the Turkey	(1)			
U. S. Revolt		(2)		
Rumpus on Rampage			(3)	
The Greener Grass				(4)

Class Offices:

President	(1)			(4)
Treasurer		(2)	(3)	
Secretary			(3)	
President of the Student Council				(4)

Molecule Staff:

Sports Editor		(2)	(3)	
Assistant Editor			(3)	
Co-Editor				(4)

Sports:

Basketball	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Softball			(3)	(4)
Basketball Co-Captain			(3)	(4)
Softball Co-Captain			(3)	(4)

Music:

	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
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Honors:

Girls State			(3)	
Underwood Merit Award-Outstanding BE Student			(3)	
County Music Festival			(3)	(4)
Valedictorian				(4)

Rachel Mae LaRock
(Rocky)

Although Rachel has been with us only one year, her presence has been felt through her enthusiastic cheerleading, and her interest in school as well as in senior class activities. We are happy that "Rocky" came to us when she transferred from Enosburg Falls High School last fall.

The birdies sing of a June wedding. Our best to you as you launch out on life's boat of dreams.

Plays:

The Greener Grass (4)

Class Offices:

Secretary (4)

Molecule Staff:

Sports Editor (4)

Sports:

Cheerleader (Captain) Rachel (4)

Softball (4)

Music: (1) (2) (3) (4)

1st year at B.F.A. in St. Albans

2nd and 3rd year at E.F.H.S. in Enosburg

4th year at F.H.S. in Franklin

Honors:

County Music Festival (4)

Ambition: To be a secretary



Robert Fay Magnant
(Bobby)

Robert is a happy-go-lucky guy who is continually late for his classes, especially BOOKKEEPING. He has been active in athletics throughout his high-school years. When opportunity presents itself, he always voices his opinions freely and loudly. Robert has been a participant in many school functions and has played an important part in the life of the school. It won't be the same here without him!

Plays:

Willie Carves the Turkey	(1)	(2)
U. S. Revolt		
Rumpus on Rampage		
The Greener Grass		

Class Offices:

President	(3)	
Student Council Representative	(3)	(4)

Molecule Staff:

Mimeograph Operator	(3)	
Sports Editor	(3)	
Co-Editor		(4)
Student Council Treasurer	(3)	(4)

Sports:

Baseball	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Basketball	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Baseball Co-Captain				(4)
Basketball Co-Captain				(4)

Music:

	(1)	(3)	(4)
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Honors:

County Music Festival		(3)	
Salutatorian			(4)

Ambition: Undecided

Richard John Patterson
(Ricky)

Ricky is the quiet member of the class; at least he was until he entered his Senior year!

Ricky is the type who will accept a joke and he can also return one.

He has been looking over the Junior class pretty well this year. Rickard is always complaining about not having any gas for his car or not having enough money to buy any. Must be he scraped up enough for some Saturday nights. Huh, Ricky?

Best of luck in the future.

Plays:

Willie Carves the Turkey	(1)			
U. S. Revolt		(2)		
Rumpus on Rampage			(3)	
The Greener Grass				(4)

Class Offices:

Vice President			(3)	(4)
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Molecule Staff:

Joke Editor			(3)	
Mimeograph Operator				(4)
Typist				(4)

Sports:

Baseball	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
Co-Captain				(4)

Music: (1) (2)

Ambition: Undecided

HONOR ROLL

1st Semester

Nine Weeks

All A's

All A's

Freshman
David Magnant

Junior
Polly Wright

8th Grader
Joyce Benjamin

All A's and B's

All A's and B's

Seniors
Carol Emch
Robert Magnant

Senior
Carol Emch

Juniors
Mary Lou Richard
Laurel Stanley
Carol Sweeney
Polly Wright

Juniors
Mary Lou Richard
Carol Sweeney

Sophomore
Ruth Myott

Sophomore
Donald Couture

Freshmen
Bertha Beattie
Leo Brosseau
Brenda Kittell

Freshmen
Bertha Beattie
Brenda Kittell
David Magnant

8th Graders
Lynda Elwood
Ruth Ann Magnant

8th Graders
Joyce Benjamin
Lynda Elwood
Ruth Ann Magnant

7th Graders
Louise Bouchard
Lyle Glidden
Dwight Tatro

7th Graders
Louise Bouchard
Lyle Glidden
Dwight Tatro

ALUMNI NEWS

(1899 - 1963)

Marriages

On February 23, 1963, Gary Stanley '57 and Sheila Columb '55 were united in marriage in St. Mary's Catholic Church by the Rev. Raymond Provost.

New Arrivals

On June 5, 1962, a son, Curtis Lee, was born to Herman Benjamin '61 and Sandra '60 (Lothian) Benjamin.

On December 9, 1963, a daughter, Deborah Ann, was born to Milo Richard '61 and Ann (Harvey) Toof.

On December 18, 1963, a daughter, Vicki Lee, was born to Roger and Judith ex '63 (Messier) Corey.

On December 28, 1963, a daughter, Monica Ann, was born to Andrew and Imogene '48 (Columb) Rainville.

On February 25, a daughter, Paulette Rose, was born to Roger ex '52 and Denise (Laroche) Rainville.

On March 4, 1963, a daughter, Tawnya Lynn, was born to Alfred '54 and Kathy (Lambert) Columb.

On March 5, 1963, a daughter Stacy Ann, was born to Walter ex '54 and Shirley '53 (Glidden) Barnum.

On March 6, 1963, Cynthia '54 (Clark) and Thomas Ryan became the proud parents of a son, George Thomas. Fairview Trailer Park, Clearwater, Florida.

On March 8, 1963, a son, Kevin Earl, was born to Loren '57 and Charlotte (Machia)Lothian.

On March 10, John '56 and Ramona '57 (Magnant) Labrie became the parents of a daughter, Sherril Ann.

On March 19, a son, David Duane was born to Guy '41 and Dorothy (Patterson) Lothian.

On April 30, a son, Ronald Alan was born to Albert ex '52 and Anne '55 (Myott) Desroches.

Although Franklin Academy had flourished for many years as a distinctive center of education, it was operated upon a tuition basis, so much for each term, as were other "Select Schools" in Vermont. The first actual Franklin High School graduation, was in 1899, with the following graduates:

Mae (Seward) Brown	deceased
Mabel (Morgan) Pierce	deceased
Hugh Webster	deceased
Ray Hefflon	Franklin, Vermont

The corresponding secretary of the Alumni Association, Mrs. Ina Glidden, tells us that there are nearly 400 living alumni, but for some reason there was no graduation in 1913 - 50 years ago.

Graduates of 1938 - 25 Years Ago

Bernice (Fields) Columb	Roebuck Avenue, Saco, Maine
Stanley Greene	Church Street, Richford, Vermont
Elizabeth (Horskin) (Wright) Garrett	St. Albans, Vermont
Eldon Laplant	Route 3, St. Albans, Vermont
Geraldine (Lothian) Richard	Franklin, Vermont
Robert Magnant	Sleighride Drive, Willow Grove, Pennsylvania
Althea (Towle) Loomis	Plymouth, New Hampshire
Winslow Towle, Jr.	Box 99, Newtown Square, Penn- sylvania

Carroll Hall

Recent Accomplishments of Alumni

Lawrence C. Whitman ex-1921 (M.S. in engineering at U.V.M.) has just retired as advance product engineer with the General Electrical Co. in Pittsfield, Mass; and had been appointed associate professor of electrical engineering at South Dakota State College. He is a nationally recognized authority on insulation. His address is:

South Dakota State College
Brookings,
South Dakota

Claude Magnant 1947 and also a graduate of U.V.M., magna cum laude, has just been promoted to the position of Assistant Personnel Director, an executive post in the Department of Administration at Montpelier, Vermont. His address is:

Worcester, Vermont.

Congratulations to you both!

Service Addresses

SP/4 Albert H. Tatro
R. A 22884253
Hq Co. 194th Armored Bde.
Fort Ord, California

PFC Robert H. Domingue
RA 22884265
Hq. Co. 12th Engr. B N.
A.P.O. 111
New York, New York

Bonnie misses you!
Please Write!

Bonnie Crossman
c/o T/Sgt. Edward Crossman
51 st F.M.S. Box 1185
A.P.O. 235
San Francisco, California

* * * * * Madeline Fields '64
Ruth Myott '65

This semester our salute goes to:

INA GLIDDEN
"GRAMMY"

Mrs. Ina Glidden, a life long resident of Franklin, is an important asset to our town. She is very active in the local Grange #553, and has represented the town for two terms in the state legislature. She is now President of OWL.

She taught at the Hubbard School for several years. While she was there she taught such students as Raymond Streeter and Seth Hubbard.

She is very musical and is always called upon to play at in and out of town functions-especially with her male quartet. She has played the piano for some of the school functions. She has also supplied much of the information for such things as the Alumni News in the Molecule, the school paper, and the Edmunds Essays. Our hats off to you "Grammy" and thanks.

Seventh Grade

Louise Bouchard, our treasurer reports \$34.00 from a ham raffle and \$5.00 on hand. Few members have paid dues yet.

Cedric Columb,
Secretary

Eighth Grade

Our class held a dance at the Town Hall honoring Easter. This added \$2.35 to our treasury. Square dances were called by Merrill Corey. All who came had fun.

Ten class meetings have been held to discuss old and new business.

Joyce Benjamin,
Secretary

Freshmen

On January 29, we held a covered dish supper in the hot lunch room here at the school. A very good sized crowd attended. A sum of \$56.60 was made.

We would like to thank all the mothers who furnished and helped serve that night and we would also like to give our special thanks to Miss Dewing, our class advisor, who put in so much time and effort.

David Magnant,
Secretary

Sophomores

We served a Mother and Daughter Banquet on February 4, 1963, at St. Mary's Catholic Church. The dinner was followed by a style show. The outfits modeled were furnished by the National Cotton Council of America. The theme for the banquet was Valentine's Day. We made about \$110.00 which, of course, will go toward our class trip. We have also ordered our class rings.

Valerie Rickert
Secretary

Juniors

The SHOOTING STARS of Enosburg Falls presented a benefit performance for the Junior Class on May 8 at the Franklin Town Hall, under the direction of Rev. Frederic J. Haskins. Among the many dances presented were Greek, English, Swiss, German, Russian, American, Irish, and Czechoslovakian. We cleared about

\$85.00. We would like to thank all who were present for their support. It is greatly appreciated.

We have planned our second annual Chicken Bar-B-Q for August 10 at the Town Hall at 6:00 p.m. We hope to see you there.

Darlene Greenwood,
Secretary

Seniors

The Senior Class has had many class meetings since our last report. As you all know we are planning our class trip after Graduation. This trip has been made possible by community support at our fund raising functions for which we are very appreciative.

We are glad to report that Mr. Mudgett will be one chaperon on our class trip. We have not yet found anyone for the girls.

We have decided that our class motto will be "Knowledge is the Key to Success".

As this is our last report, we wish all underclassmen the best of luck.

Rachel LaRock,
Secretary

SCHOOL NEWS

January 2	School opened.
January 15-18	Mid-year exams were taken.
January 25	Report cards distributed.
January 29	Freshman supper at school house-a profit of \$60.00 was made.
February 4	Mother and Daughter Banquet-benefit of the Sophomores. Their profit was \$115.00.
February 15	A Senior Card Party netted \$20.00.
March 4	Teachers' Convention
March 5	School closed for Town Meeting.
March 7	Miss Dewing, Roger Wright and Lyle Glidden attended a Biology Lecture in St. Albans.
March 20	The annual Basketball Banquet sponsored by The Mothers' Club was held. We would like to thank them for this honor.
March 29	<u>As Pretty Does</u> was presented by the Junior class. The cast was as follows: Laurel Stanley, Mary Lou Richard, Pauline Wright, Carol Sweeney, Darlene Greenwood, Gaylord Horskin, Paymond Magnant, Kenton Pierce and Madeline Fields.

Mixed Dates was presented by the Sophomore Class. The cast was as follows: Bonnie Elwood, John Pierce, Ralph Emch, Valerie Rickert, Ruth Myott, Wayne Jones, Claire Breault, Penny Harrod, Donna Peaslee, Wayne Hance, Ernest Quintin, Donald Cooper, Donald Couture.

April 5

Life O' The Party was presented by the Freshmen Class. The cast was as follows: Clifton Morse, Brenda Kittell, Shirley Emch, Rita Myott, Allen Granger, Darlene Therrian, Bertha Beattie, Shirley Garrow, Leo Brosseau, Dale Greenwood, David Magnant, Frederick Cooper.

The Greener Grass was presented by the Senior Class. The cast was as follows: Ebbett Magnant, Carol Emch, David Magnant, Richard Patterson, Bertha Beattie, Rachel LaRock, Ruth Ann Magnant.

The class plays netted the Student Council \$129.20

April 5

Report Cards appeared.

April 15-19

Spring vacation

April 25

Trip to legislature taken by seventh and eighth grades.

April 26

Eighth grade record hop - profit was \$22.35

May 1

Lyle Glidden, Donald Clark, James Mullen, Cedric Columb and Miss Dewing attended a biology lecture in St. Albans.

May 2, 3, & 4

All-State Festival - Polly Wright and Mary Lou Richard represented our school.

May 8

Junior Class sponsored an exhibition dance by the SHOOTING STARS - public was invited to dance afterwards. A profit of \$35 was made.

Coming Events

May 17

Spring Concert

May 25

Franklin County Music Festival

May 30

Memorial Day Exercises - Speaker Rev. Frederick Haskins

June 9

Baccalaureate - 8:00 p.m. Town Hall

June 13

Graduation - 8:00 p.m. Town Hall

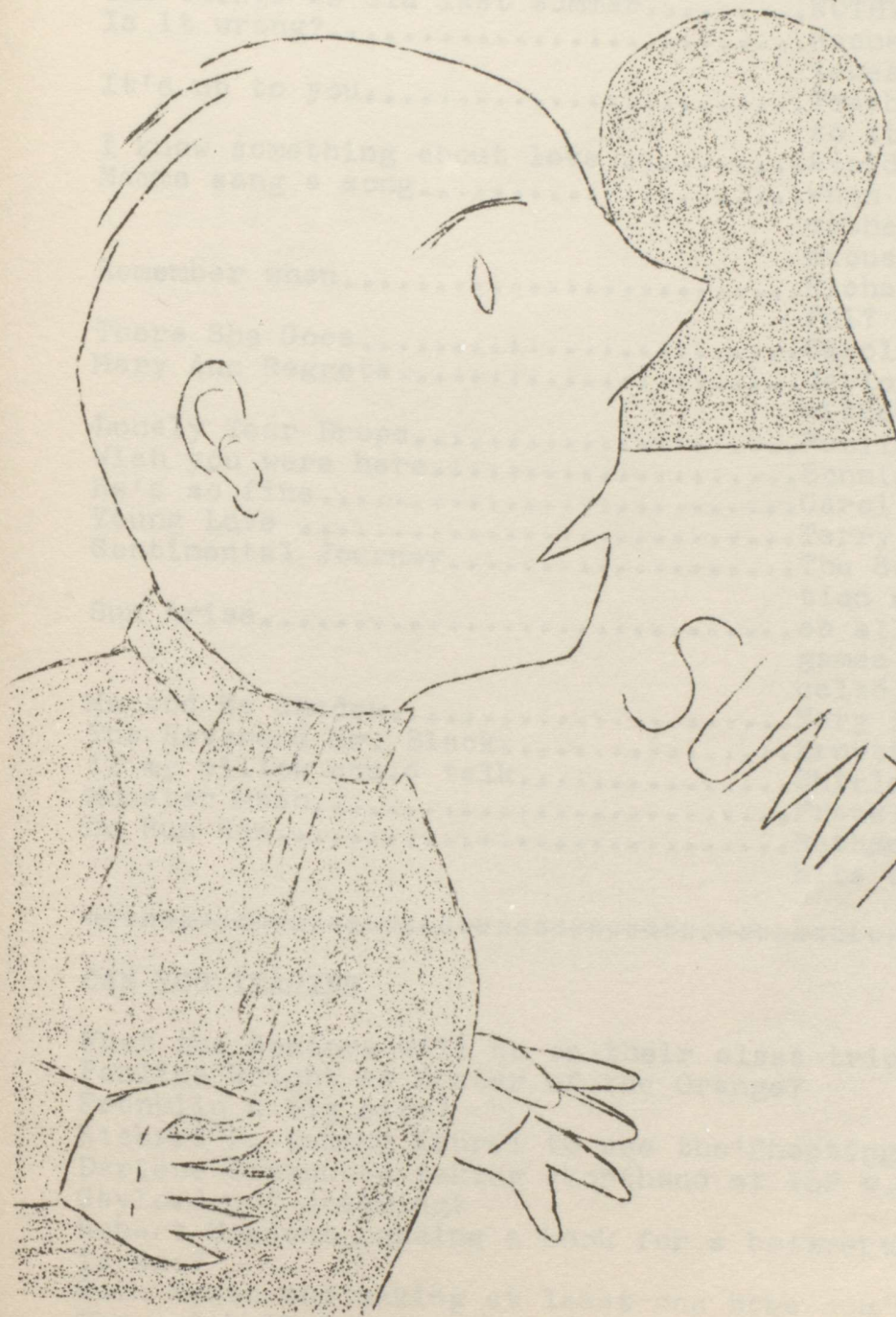
June 15

Alumni Banquet at Manor Mayfair in Highgate

LOOKING

FOR

SUMTHIN'?



B.A.B '66'

Where the Boys are.....Number One Ouestion Asked
by Franklin Girls.
Work Out.....Softball practices
He'll Have to Go.....Robert Magnant on Saturday
nights
I will follow him.....Kenton Pierce on Saturday
nights.
The things we did last summer.....NOTHING
Is it wrong?.....Rachel L. every time she
takes a test.
It's up to you.....Teachers' favorite saying
to students
I know something about love.....Avoid it!
Mamma sang a song.....When Robert M. asked his
mother to write him another
excuse.
Remember when.....Richard P. used to be bash-
ful?
There She Goes.....Carol E. after Graduation.
Mary Ann Regrets.....Gaylord going to Orleans
without her.
Lonely Tear Drops.....Pauline Wright
Wish you were here.....Bonnie E. to Doug
He's so fine.....Carol S. to Gary M.
Young LoveTerry P. and Jo-Ann S.
Sentimental Journey.....The Senior Class on Gradua-
tion night.
Sun Arise.....so all of the softball
games won't have to be can-
celed.
Me and My Shadow.....Mary Lou R. and Richard B.
The Reverend Mr. Black.....Ernest Quintin
If my pillow could talk.....Shirley Emch
Monster Mash.....Franklin at Noon Hour
Do Run Run.....RuthAnn Magnant after she
hits the softball.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

What the Seniors will do on their class trip?
Pauline Wright as Master of the Grange?
Franklin a big city?
Richard P. taking Laurel to see the 'Shooting Stars'?
Darlene Greenwood taking shorthand at 162 w.p.m.?
Gaylord not dreaming?
Robert Magnant reading a book for a bookreport before the day it
is due?
Ruth Myott not making at least one home run per softball game?
The softball team having enough transportation for the games?
Donna Peaslee going out with someone who doesn't have a nice car?

STATE OF KONFUSION
U.S.A.

Dear Effie:

Hi again.. This time I have some real news to tell you about those students at Franklin High School. If they aren't a bunch of cards! I like every single one of them though.

How have you been feeling the past few months? I have had that blasted flu three times and I still don't feel as good as I should. You know that we aren't getting any younger, either.

Now have you heard about that freshman, Shirley Emch? Whatta gal! She has a mad crush on a farm boy who just moved here not long ago from out West. I wonder how it will turn out? I will have to keep an eye on that girl.

That Valerie Rickert has been seen keeping pretty late hours on Saturday nights down on the County Road. I don't know too much about that. I must investigate.

I see that the Freshman Class has a new male member. His name is Joseph Stillman. A seventh grade girl already has her eye on him. That didn't take too long.

Robert Magnant and Kenton Pierce have been going over to Kittell's house about every Saturday night to play cards. That is what they tell their parents anyway. That's playing it pretty sneaky!

Raymond Magnant has been

having quite a bit of trouble in Enosburg lately. I wonder what has happened? I hear that he broke up with Donna D. Do you know if that is true?

That commercial teacher, Mr. Mudgett, has forgotten the intricacies of a barn-or something. One Friday morning he went into the classroom with a scratch on his head, a stiff neck and a sore leg. Must have been a real rugged party!

One of the members of the Senior Class has a beautiful diamond. I heard the other day as I was strolling through the school that a June wedding is planned. Best of luck, Rachel.

Richard Patterson is quite a baseball player! He made a beautiful home run in the first baseball game of the season. You know the old saying: "Good Things Come In Small Packages."

Till I hear from you again,

Gabbie Gertie

Gabbie Gertie

Mrs. Menkens wanted to take Mr. Menkens to a royal ball. Just to be sure he know how to address the high people of the court, she asked, "How do you address a Duke?"

"Your Lordship," was the reply.

"How do you address a Duchess?"

"Your Ladyship."

"How do you address an admiral?"

"Your battleship."



SPORTS



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

On January 31st, Franklin went to Highgate and brought home a victory of 25-20. The high scorers were Carol Emch for Franklin with 11 points, and Martha Ballantine for Highgate with 6 points.

January 25, Franklin went to St. Anne's for a non-victory of 23-17. High scorers- Carol Emch with 8 points for Franklin and Lois Bushey with 15 points for St. Anne's.

February 1, Franklin at Highgate won another victory of 23-17. High scorers were Carol Emch with 12 points for Franklin and Debbie Bushey with 6 points for Highgate.

February 8, Franklin traveled to Alburg for a non-victory of 35-30. High scorers were Carol Sweeney for Franklin with 10 points and G. Brooks for Alburg with 15 points

March 1, we traveled to St. Mary's for a non-victory of 45-20. High scorers were Pauline Wright for Franklin with 8 points and Dunham for St. Mary's with 19 points.

On March 13, Franklin went to Swanton for a non-victory of 48-23. High scorers were Carol Emch for Franklin with 10 points and S. Hakey with 18 points for Swanton.

On behalf of the class of '63, nice going girl's. Keep up the good work next year.

Rachel La Rock '63

GIRLS' SOFTBALL

It look's like Spring is here and once again we are all looking forward to playing softball. Thanks to our teacher and manager we have a very good schedule.

On May 7, St. Anne's came here to be beaten by a score of 27-19. Losing pitcher was J. Choiniere for St. Anne's. Winning pitcher was Mary Lou Richard who was relieved by Brenda Kittell in the fourth inning. Home runs were hit by Carol Emch, Ruth Myott and Mary Lou Richard.

On May 13 we journeyed to St. Anne's to win by a score of 17-10. Losing pitcher was J. Choiniere for St. Anne's. Mary Lou was winning pitcher who was relieved in the sixth inning by Brenda Kittell. Ruth Myott hit two home runs and Shirley Emch hit one.

Remaining Schedule

Date	Opponent	Place
May 17	Brigham	Here
May 16	Richford	Here
May 20	Swanton	Here
May 22	Enosburg	Here
May 27	Highgate	There
May 28	Swanton	There
May 29	Enosburg	There
June 3	Highgate	Here

Rachel LaRock ' 63

BOYS' BASKETBALL

On December 14, 1962, the Franklin Varsity team played Brigham in Franklin, losing with a score of 74 to 23. The high scorer for Franklin was Kenton Pierce, with 13 points. Brigham's leader was C. Austin with 17 points.

On December 18, St. Mary's came to Franklin, and victory, with a 68 to 28 win. Kenton Pierce was again high scorer, this time with 10 points. St. Mary's high scorer was R. Trundell with 12 points.

On December 26, Shoram came to Franklin for a practice game. High scorer for FHS was Robert Magnant with 12 points. Shoram's high scorer was G. Davis with 16 points.

January 4, 1963, was Swanton at Franklin. They beat us by a score of 72 to 37. The high scorer for Franklin was Robert Magnant with 21 points. For Swanton it was L. Mott with 27 points.

On January 11, Alburg journeyed to Franklin to beat us by a score of 66 to 28. High scorer for Franklin was Robert Magnant with 10 points. Alburg's leader was B. Boyce with 15 points.

On January 18, Highgate came to Franklin for our last home game. They defeated us by a score of 44 to 27. Franklin's leader was Kenton Pierce with 12 points. Highgate's high scorer was D. Maynard with 30 points.

On January 25, we played our first game which was not

at home. We journeyed to St. Anne's to be defeated, 41 to 27. Our leading scorer was Robert Magnant with 10 points. St. Anne's high scorer was L. Thi - bault with 18 points.

On February 1, Franklin played Highgate, in Highgate, and were defeated by a score of 55 to 19. High scorer for Franklin was Robert Magnant with 7 points. Highgate had C. Bushey, C. Ballantine, and D. Maynard tied with 13 points each.

The remainder of the season's scheduled games were played by the Junior Varsity Team. Here is a list of the players: Ralph Emch, John Pierce, Richard Boudreau, Roger Wright, Gaylord Chamberlain, Clifton Vorce, Jimmy Mullen, John Bouchard, Lyle Glidden, Dwight Tatro, Gary Benjamin, Omer Bouchard, Richard Blaney, and Terry Peaslee.

On February 8, the J.V. 's went to Alburg, and were defeated 38 to 13. High scorer for Franklin was Ralph Emch, with 11 points. Alburg's high scorer was D. Hazen, with 10 points.

Our next game was played on February 19 with Brigham. We were defeated 58 to 8. High scorer for Franklin was John Pierce with 4 points. Brigham was led by Allen with 12 points.

On March 1, we traveled to St. Mary's and were defeated 66 to 30. High scorer for Franklin was John Bouchard with 12 points. High scorer for St. Mary's was T. McNaught with 10 points.

On March 8, we played our final game in Swanton. We were defeated again. High scorer for Franklin was John Pierce with 4 points,

John Pierce '65

to Franklin to defeat us, 21 - 0. St. Anne's winning pitcher was J. Flood; Franklin's losing one, D. Magnant,

Remaining Schedule

BOYS' BASEBALL

The boys' baseball team started spring practice this year with 14 members: Robert Magnant, Richard Patterson, Kenton Pierce, Ralph Emch, John Pierce, Wayne Jones, David Magnant, Allen Granger, Leo Brosseau, Gary Benjamin, John Bouchard, Richard Boudreau, Clifton Vorce, and Roger Wright.

Our first game was played on April 29 with Alburg, in Franklin. We were defeated by a score of 15 - 5. The winning pitcher was Mitchell; Robert Magnant was the losing pitcher.

On May 2, Swanton came to Franklin and defeated us, 15 - 0. Swanton's winning pitcher was Vanden with 10 strike-outs. The losing pitcher was Robert Magnant with 8 strike-outs.

On May 6, Franklin went to Brigham to be defeated by a score of 10-0. Brigham's winning pitcher was Ovitt; Franklin's losing, D. Magnant.

On May 9, Highgate came to Franklin and defeated us by a score of 14 - 9. Highgate's winning pitcher was Rheume with 10 strike-outs. Our losing pitcher was Bob Magnant with 8 strike-outs.

On May 13, St. Anne's came

Date	Opponent	Place
May 15	Alburg	There
May 20	Swanton	There
May 23	Brigham	Here
May 27	St. Annes	There
May 29	Highgate	There

John Pierce '65

"Robert," said Mr. Mudgett, driving home the lesson which was on charity and kindness, "If I saw a man beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

"Brotherly love," said Robert.

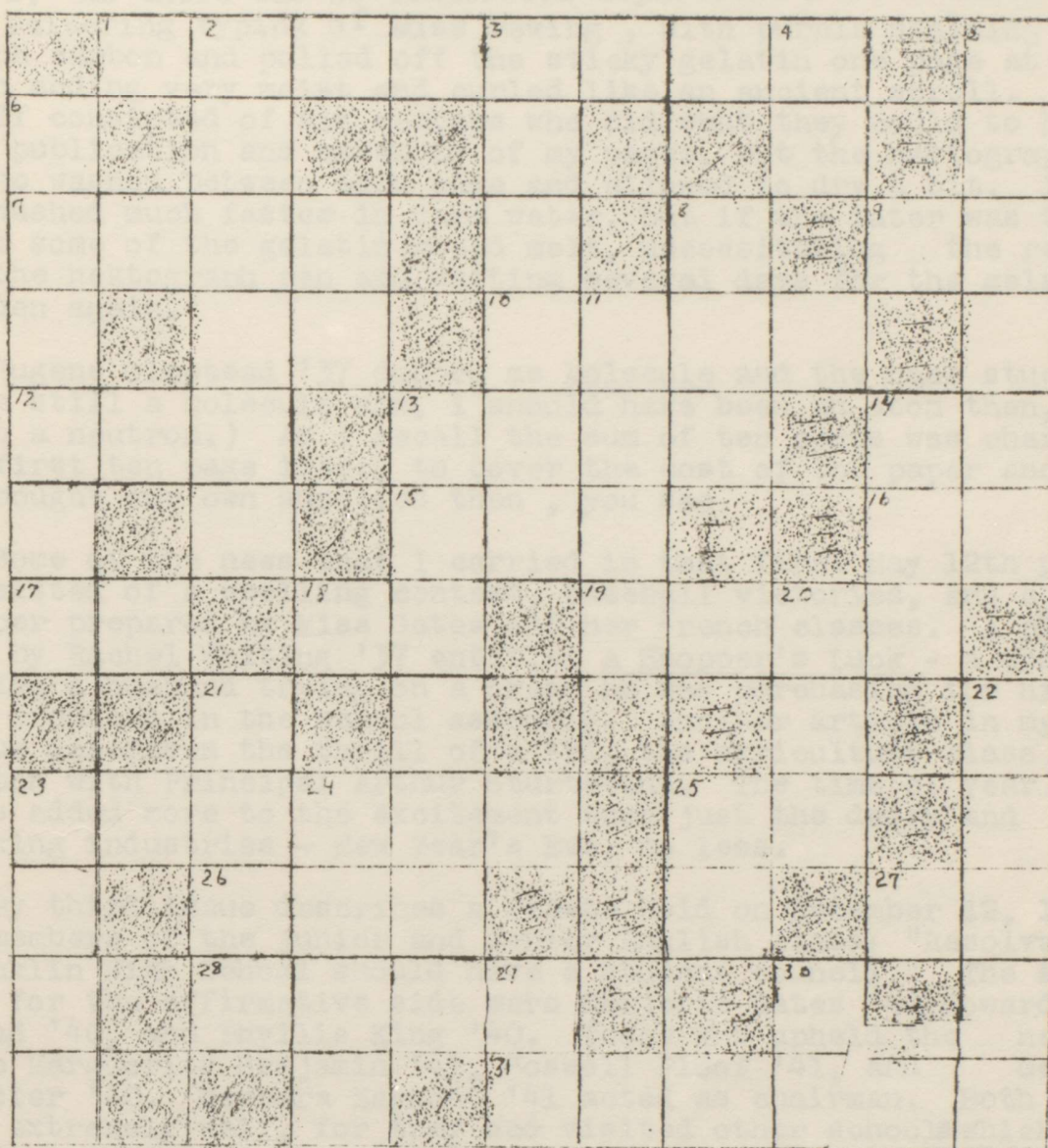
Some minds are like concrete-- all mixed up and firmly set.

The best place to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm.

Richard P: "My father was a cultured man. Every time he took me into the wood-shed he always proposed a toast."

Robert M: "Oh, really? What?"
Richard: "Bottoms up."

CROSS WORD PUZZLE
(Solution in back.)



- ACROSS**--1. _____ H.S.
 7. Citizenship girl
 9. A soph. girl (init)
 10. Working implement
 12. Part of the foot
 13. Opposite of less
 14. Shirley E's flame
 15. One (Fr.)
 16. Preposition
 17. Article
 18. The Talking Horse
 19. Carol S's boyfriend
23. Robert's secret admirer
 25. Allied Youth (abbr.)
 26. tiny _____
 27. Senior girl (init.)
 28. Opposite of love
 31. Opposite of sissy
- DOWN**--2. Engages Senior
 3. The life of the Jr. Cl.
 4. Opposite of yes
 5. Loretta's heart throb
 6. A fresh. girl who argues
 8. Addition to grade 9
11. Val's home state (abbr)
 12. Commercial teacher
 14. Opposite of night
 20. Polly's hired man
 21. Ernest's heart throb
 22. Polupar Jr. girl
 23. Opposite of hate
 24. Highway
 25. Gasterbox of the 9th gr.
 29. and (Fr.)
 30. River in Russia

REMINISCENCES

In 1937, twenty-six years ago, I was born, an offspring of Miss Dewing's junior and senior English class. My sole purpose was to stimulate writing and to preserve the best for the members of the class. As there was no commercial department I was fashioned by the faltering typing of Miss Dewing, with purple staining hektograph carbon and pulled off the sticky gelatin one page at a time, each ending very moist and curled like an ancient scroll. My staff consisted of six members who did what they could to help in the publication and assembly of my pages, but the hektograph had to be washed between each page and allowed to dry a bit. It could be washed much faster in warm water, but if the water was too warm some of the gelatin would melt, necessitating the refilling of the hektograph pan and waiting several days for the gelatin to harden again.

Eugene Olmstead '37 dubbed me Molecule and the name stuck. (If I am still a molecule now, I should have been an atom then, or even a neutron.) As I recall the sum of ten cents was charged for my first ten page issue, to cover the cost of the paper and carbon. We bought our own supplies then, you see.

Some of the news that I carried in that first May 12th pamphlet consisted of a spelling contest, baseball victories, and a French supper prepared by Miss Gates and her French classes. A play written by Rachel Whiting '37 entitled A Shopper's Luck - a comedy featuring a husband trying on a dress he was purchasing for his wife - was produced in the school assembly. Another article in my first issue describes the thrill of a trip the agriculture class took to Boston with Principal Arthur Sturtevant. The time of year doubtless added more to the excitement than just the dairy and meat-packing industries - New Year's Eve, no less.

My third issue describes a debate held on December 12, 1939 by the members of the junior and senior English class: "Resolved that Franklin High School should have a student council." The speakers for the affirmative side were Marjorie Gates '40, Howard Olmstead '40, and Phyllis King '40. Those who upheld the negative were Marguerite Benjamin '41, Roswell Ploof '41, and Genevieve Messier '40. Barbara Magnant '41 acted as chairman. Both sides did extremely well, for they had visited other schools which already had adopted the student council plan as part of their research. The affirmative side won, however, both by the majority vote of the whole school and by the decision of the judges: Principal Sturtevant, Mrs. Sturtevant, and Miss Genevieve Wilcox. Franklin Junior-Senior High School has boasted a student council ever since.

In 1940. I describe Wayne Mullen's experiences at Boys State. In 1941 my first picture cover appeared, thanks to Corinne Bennett '44, who became my first art editor. During this year also I graduated from the messy hektograph to the mimeograph which we

still use today. Through an arrangement between Principal Sturtevant and Rev. Stevens, pastor of the Federated Church, this A B Dick mimeograph machine was purchased jointly, at a total cost of about thirty-eight dollars. This machine boosted my length and my sales, besides giving my staff a greater portion of my work to do; yet there was still no commercial department until Principal Kaszuba came in 1949, thus increasing my staff and my speed of production.

Amici, the school song as arranged by Mrs. Mae Gates, appeared in my 1940 issue. In 1941 I carried a basketball song, written by Marguerite Benjamin '41 to the tune of Shipmates Forever. By 1942 I began to appear twice a year and to exchange with the Highgate Oriole, the Enosburg Falls Hi-Spirit, and the Richford Searchlight. These same exchanges have continued intermittently throughout the years.

From 1944 through 1949 Sally Gates '49 was my principal artist, assisted by M. Priscilla Dewing '46 and Olin Samson '50. Sally had many original ideas for cartoons and, acting upon her suggestion, my 1946 spring issue was dedicated to the seniors, with a cartoon drawn for each senior.

Although Miss Dewing and I had always objected to selling advertisement as a source of income, like the Reader's Digest, I finally yielded in 1949. Simone Bouchard '51 and Ortha Columb '52 continued my cartoons and drew my ads.

Cynthia Clark '54 became so interested in photography that she printed the senior pictures and prepared a photography project for the Science Fair. David Westcot '60 is the only other pupil who has done this for me. Generally now my senior pictures are purchased from Wallet Photos, Milburn, New Jersey - an address introduced to me by Audrey Cummings '59, who met a tragic death in an automobile accident the very fall after she graduated. My next issue was dedicated to her.

As you can see I am a product of growth from the ideas of many passing pupils and teachers, both English teachers and commercial teachers. Mr. Mudgett has contributed much to my present position, and I wish to thank him for it. Sometimes I become weary and think how comfortable it would be to retire to my original status - no ads, and no art, but how lonely I would be without my many friends.

Be seeing you soon.

The Molecule

B.F.A. SCIENCE LECTURES

Franklin High School has been represented at three of the six B.F.A. biology lectures, all of which were extremely good. The first,

on November 15, 1962, was about "The Last 10,000 years". The speaker at this lecture was Dr. Hubert Vogelmann, Botanist. He told us about plant spores found in peat bogs and showed that from the way they were preserved the prehistoric climate of the region might be determined.

The next lecture which we attended was on March 7, 1963. This was about "Limb Regeneration in Amphibia", which explained leg and tail regrowth in lizards. The speaker was Dr. Richard Glade, Zoologist.

The final lecture we heard was on "Tumors in Domestic Animals". Our speaker was Dr. James Wadsworth, Veterinarian and Pathologist. This was about the growth and structure of tumors - benign and malignant. All of the students liked the lectures and hope to go to more next year.

Lyle Glidden '68

Movies

Movies shown by Mr. Menkens: Ski Tips, Double Play Kings, Batter Up, Building Big Leaguers, Pitching Stars of Baseball, Hook, Line and Safety, Canada's Tackle Busters.

Movies shown by Miss Dewing: Trial Blazers, The Constant Quest, The Ages of Time, Take time for Your Teeth.

Those shown by Mrs. Clark: Fashions U.S.A., Construction Giants, Mastery of Space. Transparencies of the state capitols of the United States were shown by Mrs. Dorothy McDermott and Mrs. Clark.

NO WONDER JOHNNY CAN'T SPELL OR READ

If "gh" stands for "o" in hiccough;
 "ough" for "o" in dough; "phth" for "t"
 as in "phthisis"; "eigh" for "a" as in
 "neighbor"; "tte" for "t" as in "gazette";
 "eau" for "o" as in "beau"-----the right
 way to spell "potato" must be:

ghoughphtheightteeau

An American traveling in Russia says to his Intourist guide, "America is a free country. I can stand on the steps of the Capitol building in Washington and shout, "President Kennedy is an idiot," and I won't be arrested. Nothing will happen to me."

The Intourist guide replies, "It's no different here. I can stand on the steps of the Kremlin and shout, "President Kennedy is an idiot," and not only will I not be arrested but I will receive the Order of Lenin for meritorious service."

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