







MOLECULE STAFF

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Boys' Sports
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Assistant Art Editors Bruce Corey Alfred Boudreau
Alumni Editors Beverly Hubbard Beverly Lothian
News Peporters
Joke Editors
Exchange Editor
Chief Mimeograph Operator Dorothy Glidden



LET'S MEET THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief, I seem to be, What a lot of trouble I forsee!

Tommy and Buzzy aro my assistants true, They'll stand around and help me through.

Foster handles the business end, And keeps the money we will spend.

Sheila has charge of the Girls' Sports, We all shall read hor fine reports.

For Boys' Sports we have Eddy Jette. He's on his toos and always ready.

Joyce and Eddie handle the jokes That will be read by all our folks.

Johnny is very good at art, But Alfred and Bruce will do their part.

Boy and Babe are Alumni Editors, To get the news they'll be competitors,

For school news we have Anne and Monie; They'll give us the news, all type, none phony.

Sandra reports on papers strange, Because she handles the Exchange,

Dorothy has the dirty work To see that the mimcographors never shirk,

You've met our staff, now please confess. Don't you think we have the best?

Rita Magnant 155

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a second genie, so to speak, only this genie was more powerful and could do more tasks than the first. But slas! poor

Mr. Kaszuba - in shorthand class to Suzanne: What is a class? Dorcas, wispering to Suzanne: It's a group of students with a teacher up front. Mr. Kaszuba - to Suzanne: Couldn't the teacher be in back of the class?

Suzanne: I guess so.

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EDITORIALS

He furner on the radio and hears someone three or four

1

THE GENIE IN THE LAMP

There is a mythical tale about a boy who lived a long time ago and about the powerful genie he released from his magic lamp by rubbing it with a polishing cloth.

Little did he know, however, that he was also releasing a second genie, so to speak, only this genie was more powerful and could do more tasks than the first. But alas! poor Aladdin! This genie remained unknown to him and it wasn't used for man's advantage for a long time after Aladdin rubbed his lamp.

What is this genie? Well, I'll give you a few clues. This genie runs the trains that climb the steep mountainsides. Still can't guess? Try this one. It illuminates men's lives and performs many household duties. It makes your automobiles run. It is most important to the factory worker. For him it performs more services, all at the same time, than a thousand of the genies of Aladdin's time.

Of course! Now you know! When Aladdin rubbed his lamp with the polishing cloth it is most probable that he created a charge of static electricity. That's your genie! Electricity.

Let's follow the average American man through his day and find out how HE uses electricity.

He wakes up in the morning to his favorite radio program because of his electrical clock radio. His room is warm even on winter mornings. How does that happen? He has an electrically operated oil furnace with thermostatic controls.

He goes downstairs to a breakfast of ham and eggs, fried on an electric range and toast made in an automatic toaster. From the electrically operated refrigerator he takes a glass of his favorite brand of fruit juice, drinks a cup of coffee made in an electrical coffee maker, and he's ready to go to work. He goes out in the street and gets on the subway which, by the way, is run by electricity.

When he gets to his place of work, which could be an office, factory, store, mill or almost anything you can name, you can bet he will be dependent upon electricity all day long. When he gets home after a strenuous day he wants a good dinner and he wants to stay at home and relax. He sits in his favorite chair and picks up a newspaper, which illustrates another use of electricity. Electric motors run the presses which roll out thousands of editions daily.

He turns on the radio and hears someone three or four thousand miles away talking to him.

He washes his hands for dinner in warm water, heated by electricity. He has a warm meal right at his fingertips. When the dessert is brought forth he gives an exclamation of delight, for it is his favorite dessert - strawberry shortcake. Strawberries in March? That's right! Fresh from an electrically operated home freezer.

After dinner he sits and watches his favorite show on television and he goes to bed, only to get up the next morning and begin the cycle all over again.

Bruce Corey 156

MANNERS

I think that manners should be taught in high schools as well as grade schools. I know that some children are taught manners at home, but when they are out in crowds or at school they completely forget to use them. There are other children who are taught manners at home, and they know when and where to use them and they do use them. Some children aren't taught manners at home. Therefore, a subject on manners in high school would help those children a lot. Sometimes it is very embarassing for those children who aren't taught manners at home. Let's see if we in Franklin High School can't practice and use our manners bet+ ter than we have been using them.

Dorcas Riley '56

HOME ROOM BEHAVIOR

To have a home room is a privilege. If we were seated in the study hall all through our high school years, probably we wouldn't like it.

Of course, a home room should be kept neat, and the students should be courteous and ask for their privileges instead of taking them.

When we juniors and seniors are given home rooms we are expected to be able to get along peacefully with our fellow

classmates and other students, as well as the home room teacher

In most cases if you know how to behave in school, as well as out, you will be well liked and thought of as a nice person. So let's have some good "Home Room Behavior" and try to keep up a good name by being courteous to everyone in the home room. Remember, a home room is a privilege. It is given to us to take care of and enjoy.

Patricia Olmstead, 56

CHEERFULNESS

Cheerfulness can be a great remedy for the sad. When you have been disappointed and are feeling sad, don't you enjoy being with a person who is cheerful? Other people enjoy being with you if you are the cheerful person. How is it that Betty has so many friends while you have few? Not that the others don't like you, but when someone is needed to **fill an** office she gets more votes than you do. She isn't any better; she doesn't have any more money; she doesn't have any better qualities, but she has more friends. Her character must be different. Maybe she always has a kind helpful word, while you speak with an angry tone of voice, trying to get others to work harder or faster. You can't be easy-going all the time, but perhaps you're over-playing the part. With a little cheerfulness added you might get better results. Why don't you try it? Kindness never hurt anyone.

Sheila Columb 55

WHAT WILL MAKE ME A GOOD CITIZEN?

What is the meaning of citizenship? Few people really know. The real meaning of citizenship has been crippled and changed to fit personal uses and selfish means. It has been said that the school is the most complete form of democracy. Good citizens make up a democracy.

Every year a Good Citizenship Girl is chosen from the senior class. That girl is chosen for her good qualities during every year at school. It does no girl much good to start being extra good during the last year. That is purely selfish, and citizenship cannot be selfish. A girl who has been honest, unselfish, cheerful, co-operative (one who offers her help instead of waiting to be asked), can get along well with other people, and not find fault if someone gets a better break than she, has a good chance of becoming a Good Citizenship Girl. But winning a "Good Citizenship" high school award doesn't mean that you will be an expecially good citizen when you enter the adult world of politics, and it also doesn't mean that girls who don't win this award won't be good citizens either. Being a good citizen doesn't apply just to girls. Boys need to be just as good, if not better citizens than girls, because boys have a tendency to be more prominent in political life than girls.

The present and future stability of the United States depends on the individuals. Abraham Lincoln said, "United We Stand, Divided We Fall". The United States depends on the individual citizens, but one person working alone can do nothing. Everyone must contribute to the general welfare of a community. Do you call a person a good citizen who sits back, watches everything that goes on, and then hollers at the outcome? Citizenship is a trust. It is belonging and working together for the general welfare of the community. A community needs leadership too, but not a leader who is a boss and a bully. You have a freedom of choice which should be cherished because in some places in the world freedom of choice is impossible. Voting also comes under citizenship and is another item not practiced in other places. Voting is practicing freedom of choice. A good way to look at community life as a good citizen is the attitude "you need everyone and everyone needs you". A person who pretends to be so "community minded", who is in everything so people will notice him, is not a good citizen. A good citizen is one who will do thin s that aren't so much fun and won't bring fame simply because it is necessary to the welfare of a comunity.

What will make me a good citizen? It sounds like a tough question, doesn't it? But it isn't really, unless you're unusually selfish. Let's get together and send some good citizens away from F. H. S. into the world.

Rite Magnant 155

1.

STORIES STORIES

A MOMENT OF HAPPINESS

It was in November that Janet Martin, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Helvin Martin, was taken to the hospital with a rinor heart disease. Janet was only fourteen years old. She was very bright in school, which she liked immensely.

Janet lay in her hospital bed listening to the wind blowing, when she heard the sound of quick, soft footsteps coming down the corridor. Janet sensed that someone was coming to see her. When the door opened Janet turned her head and there was Miss Cameron standing in the door with a supper tray for her.

"Hello, Janet," said Miss Cameron in her low voice. "How is my girl today?"

"I'm fine, Miss Cameron," Janet replied smiling at her favorite nurse.

"Here is your supper, Janet," said Miss Cameron. "I hope you will eat it like a good girl. I'll be back to see you before I go off duty."

"I'll eat all of my supper," assured Janet. "Are mother and Dad coming to see me tonight?"

"I forgot to tell you that your parents are coming quite early this evening, Janet," Miss Cameron announced sadly, turning her head and biting her lip to stop from crying.

"Why are they coming earlier tonight?" Janet inquired.

"You had better wait and sec."

Miss Cameron left without saying another word.

"Why is Miss Cameron crying?" Janet wondered. "And why are Mother and Dad coming earlier tonight?"

Miss Cameron did not, however, come to see Janet as she had promised earlier, but Janet's parents came carly so she didn't think must about it. When her parents stepped into the room she looked from one to the other.

"Hello, Janct," said urs. Martin.

"How is the girl who wants to be a nurse?" asked mr. Martin.

"I'm fino, Dad," she replied laughing, "but who said I wanted to be a nurse?"

"Nobody did, so I just took it for granted," teased her father.

They talked about the news that had been happening around town for a while. Then Mrs. Martin announced the news that had been bothering Janet. "Janet dear, Dad and I have something to tell you," stated Mrs. Martin.

"Yes mother, what is it?"

"Well Janet," continued Father, "we have decided to send you to a hospital that specialized in treating heart diseases."

"No! No! I can't leave this hospital and Miss Cameron," Janet announced bitterly.

"Now, now, Janet, I know how you feel, but your father and I feel this will help you to get well sooner," her mother comforted.

"You want to get well, don't you?" Mr. Martin asked.

"Yes I do, but why can't I stay right here?" she asked, with tears running down her cheeks.

"You see, Janet, it will take about a year for you to get well here, but in the other hospital you will get well in six months," explained her father.

"So you understand now, don't you, Janet?" her mother asked, placing her arm around Janet's shoulders.

"I'm sorry I acted like a baby, Mother and Dad, but I honestly will dislike leaving here," Janet said, a little more cheerfully.

Janet's parents left late, so she didn't get to sleep very early. The next few days she kept thinking about going away, but she gradually forgot about it all and became her happy self again.

It was a cold December night and Miss Cameron, who was very busy, had just left Janet's room, when the door opened and in walked Mr. and Mrs. Martin,

"I know just why you're are here, Mother and Dad," she suddenly announced.

"You do, Janet?" asked Mrs. Martin, smiling at her husband.

"Yes I do, Mother, and --

"Sorry to interrupt, but Mr. Martin is wanted on the telephone," Miss Butler, the night supervisor, broke in.

Mr. Martin, who worked on the police force, was called to take another man's place, because of sudden illness. They left Janet quite puzzled and worried about the whole situation.

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