

# The Ripple

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H. A.

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JUNE, 1920



1823

1920

# Hartland Academy

One of the Oldest and Best Secondary  
Schools in the State

Prepares Students for New  
England Colleges

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## Board of Instructors

H. Crandlemire, A. B., Principal, (Bates)  
Mathematics, Science

Laura E. Pratt, (Farmington Normal)  
French, History, Bookkeeping

Freda Fish, A. B., (Bates)  
English, Latin

## Courses of Study

College Preparatory, English, General Science

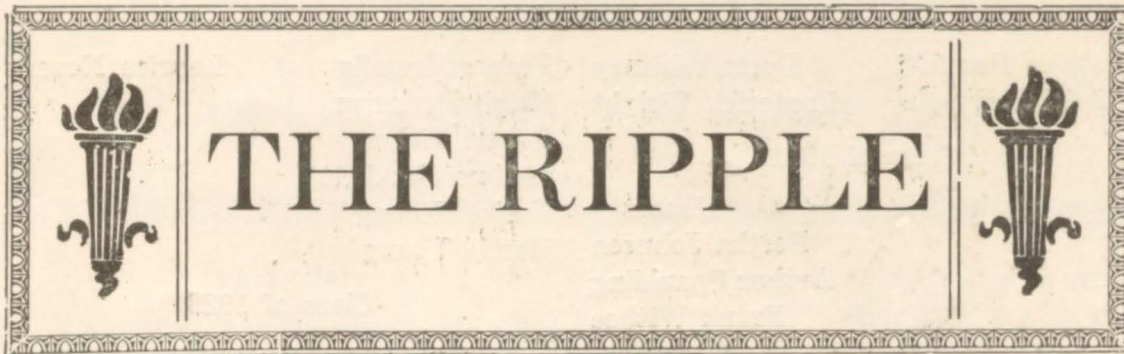
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Efficient teachers. Splendid social relations between teachers and pupils. Well equipped laboratories. Books furnished by school. Ideal location. Large new athletic field. Wholesome Christian atmosphere.

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Hartland Print Shop, Hartland, Me.





**RIPPLE STAFF**

Willis Nichols . . . . . Editor in Chief  
 Beatrice Randlett .. Business Manager  
 Ray Spaulding  
 Harlow Young

Assistant Business Managers  
 Winfred Finson . . . . . Locals  
 Kathryn Griffith . . . . . Alumni  
 Harold Young . . . . . Athletics  
 Alta Tracy . . . . . Personals  
 Frank Withee .. Assistant in Personals

**EDITORIALS**

During the last year a new set of reference books, consisting of ten volumes, together with some new dictionaries was added to the school library. This fills a long felt need, for these books give all a chance to use a dictionary. In no better way could the students show their appreciation of these books than by using them with the greatest care and by keeping them always looking clean and new.

The Academy record shows a slight increase in attendance during the last year. The average is now about 82.5% which is much lower than it should be. Parents and pupils, especially, should try to remedy this as it is a serious

problem of the school. Let us hope that all students will try and bring the attendance up to a higher grade.

Hartland Academy was exceedingly fortunate, during the shortage of teachers last fall, in obtaining such a good faculty. There were some High schools in the state which could not obtain teachers the first part of the school year and therefore couldn't keep school. The students of Hartland Academy should consider themselves fortunate in being able to go to a school where the teachers show so much interest in their work and they should make the most of their opportunity.

**HONORS**

The following people have maintained honor rank for the year up to the time when the "Ripple" was sent to the printer's. Under "Highest Honors" are listed those whose average rank has not fallen below A; under "Honors" those not below B in any subject.

Class of 1920

Highest Honors	Honors
Willis Nichols	Winfred Finson
Doris Parkman	Nina Seekins

Beatrice Randlett	Doris Whitney	Frances Ingalls	Laurice Nevens
Ethel Ward	Frederick Wright	Ralph Parkman	
	Class of 1921	Robert Picken	
		Thelma Randlett	
	Honors	Harlow Young	
	Bertha Johnson	Harold Young	
	Arthur Spaulding		
	Frank Withee	Class of 1923	
	Class of 1922	Highest Honors	Honors
Highest Honors		Cassie Fisher	Mildred Brawn
Kathryn Griffith	Honors	Eva Withee	Mary Haseltine
	Ena Emery		Doris Martin





## Echoes From Senior and Junior English

### School Days

"Oh hum! Monday again and that means school. Well, I have my lessons so what do I care? I am going to resolve to stay at home every evening this week and study. If I don't I won't receive honors for this term's work. Well, there's mother," as a voice from down stairs called,

"Come Dorothy, aren't you going to get up today? Come or you'll be late to school."

"Yes mother, be right there."

She was soon in the dining room eating a hurried breakfast and the clock pointed to ten minutes to eight. That left her five minutes to gather up her books and five to reach school.

"Oh I say Mother, where's my French book? I'm sure I left it on the table in the hall. Oh no! here it is in the sitting-room on the divan. Do you know where my Latin book is? What! in the parlor on the piano? How came it in there? I'm sure I didn't study that while I practised. Is that my pencil on the shelf?"

This volley of talk was shot at her mother as she gathered up her school books.

"Well, good-bye, Mother. I'm off at last. Look for my camera will you please, I may want it this afternoon. I don't know if it is in my room or in Jim's. It may be in the dining room closet. Perhaps Jim will know. My! How nice it is to have an orderly brother, one in a family is enough though,

they wouldn't have anything to do if I weren't here." This last was to herself as she hurried down the walk to the road.

Everything went well in school until recess. "Dorothy! Oh Dorothy, we have the dandiest scheme for this evening! Please say you haven't promised to go any where. Now have you?" cried little Elsie Dinsmore hurrying up.

"Why--no---I---don't---think so. You see, Elsie, I turned over a new leaf just this morning. I am going to work for honors this term. Jim has them all the time, and I am going to stay at home every evening for a whole week and by that time I'll be so used to it I'll just stay at home as a matter of course. Perhaps after a while I'll have one evening a week and go to a party or something like that, but no more of those three or four nights for me. Why girls," as four or five more came up, "I am positively falling away to nothingness. I only weigh 125 now. Do you want me to be a mere shell of my former self?" finished Dorothy trying to turn it off as a joke and wondering if she hadn't been a little hasty in making a resolution which would doubtless be so hard to keep.

"Why Dorothy, you must come tonight any way," cried Elsie in a horrified voice wondering if this chum of hers had suddenly gone crazy. "We're all going canoeing. My brother Jack is home from the army and I promised him a good time. Jim said he'd go and



also Mary, Bertha, Fred and Harold. What more could one ask than a glorious ride on the lake, on a beautiful moonlight evening in fall, with a perfectly stunning soldier? Come on, be a sport, say you'll come," pleaded Elsie.

"Yes, I'll come if you won't ask me again this week," said Dorothy, "Do you promise?"

"Oui, oui; Ma chere. I promise, but I promise for Elsie Dinnsmore only. Don't forget. There's the bell! Come, let's hurry."

They went on the canoe ride. Dorothy's lessons Tuesday weren't as good as they were on Monday. Tuesday afternoon Dorothy and Elsie went to the library. While they were looking for some English reference books Mary Carle came up to them and told them that the same four were coming to her house to spend the evening. She said that she wouldn't take "No" for an answer so they both must come. Finally Dorothy consented. She went and found Jack so nice that she promised to go to the movies, Thursday evening. Teacher began to be cross on Wednesday, for Dorothy's French lesson was terrible.

Thursday night there was a dance at the club house and the four young folks went. Oh! but the lessons! Friday, Dorothy and Bertha had to come back in the afternoon for their French.

Friday night there was a basketball game and Jim was captain of the team. For loyalty to her school and pride of her brother it was necessary for Dorothy to attend that. This game if victorious would make it the champion team of the state. Study? No one would expect her to stay at home on Friday night. Well she shouldn't, so she went.

Well, one more day before Sunday. They must go to the movies in Benton which was about seven miles away. Jack could have his father's seven passenger car so they must go. Sunday evening they all went to church.

Dorothy's resolution didn't amount to much but she certainly enjoyed herself for the whole week. At the end of the term Jim received the honors that Dorothy was going to work so hard for, while Dorothy decided she would never be foolish enough to resolve to work so hard for honors in a place as unfair as school, where one person, meaning Jim, always got the honors without half trying while others, meaning herself, received none after working so terribly hard.

D. I. W., '20.

#### How Towser Got Home.

I never knew how I became separated from Towser at the picnic, but when the time came to start home the little dog had disappeared. The crowd waited while I called and whistled, but I couldn't get any reply. After I had waited quite a while, the rest of the crowd got anxious to go home so I went along hoping to see my dog on the way, or to find him at home.

But when I got home there was no sign of Towser. That night heavy clouds gathered and the wind howled dismally. I stood for a long time at the window watching the road.

Just then the telephone rang. "Come here," said my father who had answered the call. "Here's news of Towser, I think."

I rushed to the telephone and grasped the receiver. A man was speaking. "I've called up every person in the vil-



lage to find out who owns a little brown dog with a white face."

"I do! Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, he strayed into my place a little while ago, and he looks pretty homesick. I'm leaving this cottage early tomorrow morning. What shall I do with him?"

Here was a puzzle. My father and I talked the matter over hurriedly. We had no way of going for the dog and so what were we to do? At length I had an idea. I whirled back to the telephone. "Is your cottage near Picnic Point?" I asked.

"Right on the Point," was the answer.

Then I said to the man: "After I speak to my dog will you take him straight to the picnic ground at the end of the Point? Maybe he can trace us from there." The man agreed and held the dog up to the telephone.

"Hey, Towser," I cried. "Come home."

There was a squeal of delight at the other end of the line and then a loud "Bow-wow."

"He's wild with joy," said the man. "I'll take him down to the picnic place now and see if he can't pick up the trail."

Later in the evening I heard a sharp scuffling sound on the porch. It was followed by quick scratches at the door. I flung the door open and Towser dashed into the room, a leaping, wiggling, joyful brown ball. He was so happy that he could hardly keep still long enough to eat.

W. I. F., '20

#### Betty Bennett's Visit to New York.

"Here 'tis nigh onto six o'clock this

blessed minute and that train leaves at six-thirty. You better be after getting Old Sorrel hitched into the cart, or I'll miss the train, for they say that train waits for nobody that ain't on time."

Uncle Hiram hearing this address and knowing full well it was meant for him, hurried his footsteps toward the barn and in ten minutes was before the door with Old Sorrel hitched into the green road cart. Aunt Betsy came flouncing out in her plum colored silk gleaming with brass buttons. A gray shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and the little black hat she wore sat so far back on her head that the least breeze might have snatched it from its noble bearer. She climbed into the old cart, and Uncle Hiram, after carefully depositing under the seat the butter and eggs which he was going to take to market, and the blue and green carpet bag which held Miss Bennett's wardrobe, climbed into the seat beside her.

They reached the depot only a few minutes before the train came thundering in. Aunt Betsy had hardly time to get aboard before the train was puffing out of the little village near which she had been born and brought up. Never but once before had she been away from the little home which she and her brother shared together, and that was to visit her niece in the next town for three days. Now as she sat there looking at all the strange faces about her, a great pang of loneliness came stealing over her. However she decided she would not let this disturb her in her long desired visit.

Presently a man came up to Aunt Betsy and held out his hand to her. "Now he's a purty fine dressed man, and reckons he knows who I be, but I'll



be hanged I can't seem to place him," thought Aunt Betsey. Then quick as a flash a second thought came to her. "I bet he's one of those eternal city flirts I heard so much about," and she turned her back on him. The conductor getting impatient, and taking her for some crazy idiot said, "Say, Old lady, don't you think I have anything to do but stand around here waiting for you. No one rides on this train without paying."

"Call me old lady, will you? When I gets to New York I'll just report you to the town constable for being so eternal fresh. As for paying my fare, I have, and can show you the receipt for my money, too."

"Well, if it's a receipt you call it, pass it over."

"Not much; pay your own fare, I had to mine."

A young man overhearing the conversation leaned over and whispered to Aunt Betsy and told her he was a conductor, and had to take the tickets. "Conductor or no conductor, he don't get this air receipt." However she was at last persuaded to let the conductor have the ticket and he went on. The rest of the journey to New York was uninterrupted.

"New York, New York" shouted the conductor, and Aunt Betsey hardly waited for the train to stop before she was out on the platform nearly smothering her niece and her husband with kisses. Her niece was very glad to see her aunt in spite of her funny appearance, and they hustled to get a cab, which was, "a purty swell rig," as Aunt Betsey expressed it.

Aunt Betsey being tired with her long journey was soon after supper shown to her room. She began to look

around her, "Mercy me, stepping on the soft carpet, I never spected they put feather beds on a floor, but this one's certainly soft enough for one. These chairs too, sot like they was stuffed with cotton batin."

After closely examining the other things in the room, she prepared for bed. "Hilda said just to turn this air button when I wanted to put out the light, but guess she must o' been foolin, anyhow I'll try it." Snap, and out went the light. "Well, of all things I never sposed anybody but the Lord controlled the lightening, but seems like he don't have much share in anything around here." She then got into the bed which she thought laid harder than her front doorstep at home. The noise of the street disturbed her, but being worn out by the journey she was not long in going to sleep.

When she awoke next morning it was nearly eight-thirty. She went down to breakfast, which she considered was mostly faith with a little water, it was even thought impolite to use a tooth pick here. Her niece then took her for a ride in the park, which they both enjoyed, talking about the folks at home and the little farm.

The week was spent in sight seeing and going here, there and everywhere, until Aunt Betsey was, "all in," as she said, "and was going home." Mr. and Mrs. White wished she might stay with them longer, but they knew she must be tired and not used to their late hours, so did not urge her to stay longer than she cared to.

The next morning Mr. White accompanied her to the station, and saw her made comfortable on the train, giving her a cordial invitation to visit them again. As the train rattled along over



the road Aunt Betsey thought it seemed nice to be going home, although she had had, "a purty good time if she had made mistakes, everybody was liable to make mistakes." A. V. P. '21

### Back on the Farm

James was a boy no longer, he had grown to the age of manhood. He loved the old farm it was true, but could he bear to stay on the old place and see his chums going into the city to work or live? No, he could not and he would not, even though he had to borrow the money, he would never stay at home and be called an old farmer by the rest of the boys. He was going. He knew his mother's heart would break and his kind, loving father would miss him and that the old homestead would seem almost deserted, but it must be.

It was a dull, gray, heavy morning the day he left the old farm. It seemed to James as if he was going away forever and that the clouds were only holding their rain until he had left and that then it would rain as hard as it had ever done. He landed in the city about eight o'clock very tired and hungry and did not know any place to go to eat or sleep. but he went to a restaurant and got his supper. More than once during the meal he thought of the gray-haired mother whom he had left behind, and how when he was at home she stood over him to gratify his every wish. But things were different now, he had started on a new road and whether good or bad he must follow it to its end. He would not turn back. He was bound he would press ever onward whether the way was up hill or down.

The first night in the great city he did not sleep much for the dingy little

dark hotel room was very different from the neat little white one at home, which had always been his. So he was very glad when the daylight at last showed itself through the little, narrow window, and he arose and went to find a job. He applied at many places and at last he got a position as office boy with very good pay. He worked at this a long time, but many times during the summer months he longed to be back on the farm, to smell the new mown hay and to have the fresh milk, eggs and butter that he had always loved. The letters from home made him long all the more for the old home but he would not go back, he wanted money and a place in the world and that he was bound to have.

One day when he was very busy as he expected the proprietor on the nine o'clock train, suddenly the office door opened and he was much surprised to see Mr. Brown (the proprietor) walk in. He had come the night before and had not let James know, as he wanted to see how well James was carrying on the office by himself. Good morning, James, and how is the boy making it?" were his first words to James and so James felt quite sure that Mr. Brown had an interest in him.

Mr. Brown was to leave again on the two o'clock train and did not plan to return for a month or six weeks. And how James longed to be a business man like Mr. Brown was, but he knew he must only wait and hope and it was only perserverance that won success. So he didn't say much only kept up his busy work day by day.

He fell in with many of the boys around the place and many of them he loved very much. The movies, the theatres and the dances all had their charms



and announced her ability to manage her ship of state along with the other members of the union and now it seems fitting to pause and look over the past history of our state.

It is more than tradition that the Northmen visited our continent in the 10th or 11th century, induced either by love of adventure or in search for lost companions and for the purpose of coasting along the Atlantic shores of America.

Five hundred years later Columbus searching for a new route to the Indies found this unknown continent. Following closely after, the Cabots were sent out to explore the entire Atlantic. They crossed to the coast of Maine but they did no more.

Many years later the people began to discover land and make settlements upon it. They had many trials and misfortunes. In 1639 Gorges got permission from the King of England to govern a certain territory, which was called the province of Maine because it was the custom of calling it the main land.

In 1614 John Smith sailed from England. He traded with the Indians and returned to England. He was captured by the French and when he was released he published a brief description of the coast.

In 1620 the Pilgrims made their settlement and English ships came to the coast of Maine. Up to this time most of the grain and clothing was bought from England. But as time went on the inhabitants began to grow flax and wools and make their own clothing.

Mills were built to grind corn and cut lumber. Trade was increasing with the West Indies. In 1650 Maine was under six different governments each jealous of the other. Many colonists

became weary of the perpetual strife and called Massachusetts to aid them. She did and in doing so took a lot of land away from Maine. In 1675 Maine was in a prosperous condition. The population was large, farms had been cleared, mills built and Maine vessels were loaded with valuable cargo. The people were industrious and many comfortable homes repaid them for their labor. This prosperity was arrested when the terrible Indian Wars broke out.

England being victorious in these wars soon the Indians were no longer feared. The population of Maine steadily increased. Now trouble arose among the settlers about the land and then came the war of 1812.

A question of separation arose between the states of Maine and Massachusetts and they were separated March 3, 1820.

In the Civil War Maine responded nobly to the call of the president for troops. From the time of the first call, until the last Maine did her best. The record won by Maine troops has become the glory of our state.

The great natural resources of Maine are: furnishing water power and giving power to industry. The principal industries are: lumber, milling, the manufacture of paper, boots and shoes.

The deep sea fisheries were the earliest industries of Maine and they now rank second among the new England states.

It is gratifying to every native of Maine to know that the matter of education of the young has been a subject which has been dear to the hearts of our people. All classes have been willing to give all their time, influence, and money to the founding of schools.



Maine has a right to feel a just pride in the work which her schools have done. She has three colleges, Bowdoin, Colby, Bates and the University of Maine.

Maine has contributed a share of men and women well worth mentioning. Longfellow, the poet, Nordica the singer, James G. Blaine secretary of state, and Neal Dow the father of Prohibition are some of the names known throughout the world.

Maine is notable as being the first leading state in the prohibition movement.

The motto of Maine is "Dirigo" which means I direct. So far she has lived nobly in playing that part. May she ever be loyal to that motto.

#### MAINE

"You're just a rugged, homespun state  
Perched on the nation's edge,  
A stretch of woods, of fields and lakes,  
Of ocean-pounded ledge.  
But rugged deeds and rugged men  
You've nurtured for your own;  
Much good the world has harvested  
From broadcast seeds you've sown—  
And so, we love you, rugged state,  
We love your smiling skies,  
We love you for your deep-piled snows,  
Your jagged coast we prize.  
We love you for the lofty seat  
You've reared 'neath heaven's dome;  
But best of all, we love you, Maine  
Because you're Maine—and Home."

N. A. Seekins

#### Class Prophecy

Classmates, it is a well-known saying often proved true, that "Coming events cast their shadows before." Therefore, it is not as hard as many people suppose for one who takes the trouble to study the comings and goings of his fellow-creatures, to be something of a

prophet and to form an idea, more or less correct, of what their future course of action will be.

Having for some time been possessed of a strong ambition for the brilliant career of a detective, I have, just for the sake of practise or rather as a means of preparation, kept a sharp eye on all of you, when you were perhaps unaware that you were being observed or studied. So I feel that I can judge with some degree of accuracy of the paths into which your personal characteristics and inclinations will lead you in the years that are to be.

The pleasure and satisfaction of looking into the future is always liberally mixed with pain. We long to know what lies before us, and yet when the knowledge comes to us we tremble fearing that we may not be able to bear our part in the ordeals to come as faithfully as we should. The one question in our minds is sure to be, "Shall we be prepared for these honors, or these duties?" And yet it is in this connection that I, even as I prophesy, shall bring you the word of hope.

For as I looked into the land of the future I could discern moving among the dim shadows of the peoples yet to be the familiar shapes of those fair and radiant beings who were once my classmates, now changed and transformed into citizens of the world outside, even as they had long hoped so to be.

And it came to pass that the veil before my eyes grew yet more and more thin through the intensity of my vision, and behold I could see them, even as if the intervening years were not at all.

I could see our beloved president, Winfred Finson, even as today. I could see him in all his dignity and ma-



jestic bearing, and his words were heeded by that day and generation even as we today of the class of 1920 have heeded and attended unto them, for his ambition has led him ever onward and upward until he become the governor of this, his very own and native state.

Behold, a change came over the Spirit of my dream, and I felt within my heart a strange desire to see my old friends Crystal McPheters and Doris Parkman till the Spirit of Prophecy, responding to my unspoken wish, conducted me to a bachelor girl apartment in a foreign city. Crystal, now a famous violinist, was calling forth sweet strains from her polished instrument, while Doris danced a jig in delightful time to the music, her figure swaying from side to side at the appeal of the fantastic air.

And I also happened to find myself on the inside of a large cathedral where a stately priest in his robes of dignity poured forth words of inspired instruction. It was Frederic Wright, Frederic himself who had entered into the work of the church.

And it came to pass, while I pondered these things in my heart, the door of a home swung open before my vision, truly my soul rejoiced as I gazed my last upon Marion Heath, and followed the Spirit of Prophecy further on its quest of the Things to Be.

I looked into professional circles, and in a large office among many men of many minds, sat a prosperous lawyer, the boy who in our High School days had not yet learned to lie. Not even on the right side would Willis say a word that could be truly interpreted. Could I believe my eyes? Could it be possible that Willis Nichols had descended to the rank of a lawyer?

And as time passed on I could see a

fair woman working in a hair dressing parlor. She was wonderfully skilled in her work and had the art to transform a washwoman's pug into a veritable crown of Medusa's ringlets. Now, Beatrice was eagerly sought after by society leaders.

I soon felt a longing in my heart to see that old classmate of mine, Mildred Latty and as my dream continued I could see her running an auto school and attempting to teach young hopefuls how to solve the intricacies of manipulating the "Ford" auto.

Ah! thirty, forty years hence I could see a rich man—a banker—riding in his aeroplane, counting out his money and wearing his diamonds—But who is he? Why its Clyde Martin.

Now she feels so strong, so brave, so bold! A woman of strong mind, strong will and a stronger temper! A lecturer on a strong subject—An old maid demonstrating her independence of man. Much to my surprise I found it was Nina Seekins.

A large building, why it is a convent. A fair lady, disappointed in some love affair, has become a nun, and devotes her life to going about doing good to all the world. Her name is lost now for she is called "Sister Marie" but I see her face and she was once Doris Whitney.

A school of learning and a noble professor before his class. They look at him in reverence of the vast learning he acquired at Hartland Academy. Why, what is that they call him as they bow in homage before him? Professor Fred Libby.

As I beheld this scene and marvelled at it, thinking "Even so shall it come to pass with each and all of us." The veil was drawn over my eyes, shutting out from my vision the Things to Be,



and I turned my eyes back to the Things that Are, sure that as "Coming events cast their shadow before;" only goodness and truth and prosperity shall follow all the days that are to come to the fair and talented members of the Class of 1920.

Ethel Ward.

### CLASS ODE

Tune—"Memories"

Dear old H. A., we are thinking—  
Of happy days, fair and true;  
The thoughts that to us are coming—  
Are sweetest mem'ries of you.

We have come now to the ending—  
The class of twenty here part;  
There is a sadness—an aching—  
Here in each one's loyal heart.

Chorus

Dear H. A., Dear H. A.,  
In you we delight;  
We will think of you with joy—  
Revere the green and white.  
High school days, care free days,  
Among friends ever true;  
Our motto learned there, it's always B<sup>2</sup>  
Alma Mater, fare-well to you.

M. B. Latty.

### Class History

From a dark nook in the forest, a spring once sent out a little stream.

The stream, eager to see more of the world into which it had just come, pushed steadily on. On and on it went, sometimes running smoothly, sometimes turned aside by obstacles in its path, running ever slowly on its way, until, after meeting other streams, it at last reached the mighty ocean.

Four years ago, we, the class of 1920, started on our High school course. For four years we, like the stream, though at times discouraged by the obstacles in

our path, have gone onward. Anxiously we have watched the way growing smoother, until now we are reaching the mighty ocean.

It was in the fall of 1916 that twenty-five of us began our work at Hartland Academy as green and bashful Freshmen. The first thing for us to do was to find seats, which we did, aided by the upper classmen. After the room had been called to order and Mr. Donahue had welcomed both old and new students, we were given our books for the first year.

It was after a number of class meetings which were disturbed more or less by the upper classmen, that we decided to have for our class emblem a small silver pin with the inscription H. A. '20 with the class colors green and white.

When the Sophomore year came we were somewhat reduced in number. Having only twenty-one in our class, but as few had left the school there was not a very great change. This year the class had worn off its greenish appearance and indulged in the sociability of the upper classmen. Although we regarded the first year class as the former sophomores had regarded us. This year there was a change in the recitation rooms and a new gymnasium added which has been a delight to all.

When we returned in the fall of 1918, our class had been reduced to eleven on account of sickness and other reasons. During the first two terms of this year, the influenza epidemic raged through Hartland and the schools were shut down. The chief events of this year were, the Junior social given at the gymnasium, which was attended by the townspeople as well as the scholars. The next was the Junior promenade. Many preparations were made, but on



the date assigned (April 25) it rained. The committee postponed it until May. When the time came to get ready, we weren't as anxious to see how good a job we could do in decorating as we had been before. Nevertheless, the appointed night came and everything was very favorable except the crowd. Everybody had a good time but the class treasury was not filled to overflowing with the proceeds. The next thing was the choosing of class rings. After many severe discussions we decided on having a plain gold ring with the same markings (except the class colors) as our pins. After a couple of weeks of anxious waiting we were all the proud possessors of a beautiful ring.

In the fall of 1919, thirteen of our class returned. Although an unlucky number, we were determined to make our last year the best of all. The chief event of this year was the Senior drama. We chose for it the play called "Excuse Me." We practiced under the instruction of Miss Pratt and gave our first performance at the Hartland Opera House, Dec. 16, 1919. Although some of us, not used to stage life, were a bit bashful at first, nevertheless, all played their parts well.

Now comes graduation the end of all those good times enjoyed at Hartland Academy. Never shall we meet again as students and enjoy each other's company as we did there. As we continue our life, we shall not remember our school days with hard or bitter thoughts. Even now as we look back upon those days it all seems like a happy dream.

W. I. F. '20

#### A Letter from France

A movement has been started, both in the U. S. and in France, to interest the high school and college students to correspond with each other. Harold Young, H. A. '22 has received the letter here quoted, which may be of interest both because of the ideas expressed and because of the French boy's use of our language. The first half of the letter was written in English, the rest, which was written in French, we have translated.

Clermont, Pd, 31 mars, 1920.

My dear friend,

I should not have delayed answering your letter so long, but I have been very ill. I hope you'll excuse me of that mishap. I am very glad to correspond with you. I hope you will continue to write because I think that correspondence is about the best way to improve one's knowledge of a foreign language.

Now, I will tell you about myself: I am eighteen years old. I am a boarder in a training school (E'cole Normale d'Institutrices) and I study to be a teacher—I learn English since four years but I don't write very well. I hope it will improve through our correspondence.

I live in a town about in the center of France—there are about 100,000 inhabitants here. Clermont is an old city situated at the foot of a mountain: le Puy-de-Dome.

I am very glad to answer at your questions: In France people accepted with a great enthusiasm the idea of a League of Nations. Pres. Wilson was



loved as a god, but after the "traite de Versailles" a great deal of the enthusiasm dropped, because French people think he is not preserved from a new Hun's attack and also because Pres. Wilson don't realize his dream of a League of Nations.

As to the state in which the Germans have left the North of France, it is impossible to describe it, so badly have they injured and destroyed it—they are working actively to reconstruct the

houses and the destroyed factories, but I believe that for a long time the economic state of France will be affected by the devastation of these regions.

What is the weather in your country? Here it is cold: le Puy-de-Dome is covered with snow.

In my next letter I will send you post cards of Clermont and my photograph. I hope for a letter from you soon.

Your friend,

L. Malleret.





# LOCALS

In the fall term a Hallowe'en social was given by the girls for the benefit of their Basketball team.

In the winter term there was a Sophomore speaking contest. The speakers were:

Harold Young	Kathryn Griffith
Maebelle Seekins	Harlow Young
Ralph Parkman	Robert Picken

The school voted on the best speaker. Harold Young was first and Kathryn Griffith second.

On Dec. 16, 1919, the Seniors gave a play, entitled "Excuse Me" at the Hartland Opera House. There was a large crowd that attended both play and dance.

On April 20, 1920 Mr. Storer, County Agent, gave an interesting talk to the school on the value of education and agriculture.

On April 26, 1920 the school was entertained by Rev. Mr. Taylor, speaker, and Ruth Taylor, contralto singer. They represented the Interchurch World Movement.

April 27, 1920 there was a school debate. On the affirmative were: Frank Withee, Thelma Tracy, Alta

Tracy. On the negative were: Harold Young, Ray Spaulding. Resolved, that labor unions promote the best interests of the working man. Although it was a close debate, the negative side was given the honors.

Among the visitors this year were:

Ernest Newcomb	Maurice Hanson
Gwendolyn Hanson	Arabelle McCrillis
Cyril Richards	Joel Neal
Newell Philbrick	Ray Burlock
Olin Heath	

During the spring term a school orchestra has been started. It consists of the following members:

Piano—	Frances Ingalls, Ena Emery and Kathryn Griffith
Violin—	Winfred Finson, Maebelle Seekins, Crystal McPheters and Fannie Griffith
Cornet—	Robert Picken, John Getchell and Newton Smith
Clarinets—	Elmer Ward and Ralph Parkman
Trombone—	Lynwood Burbank Leader, A. W. Gibson W. I. F. '20



# ALUMNI NOTES

1909

Crystal Bowman is living in Augusta, Maine.

Friends and classmates will regret to learn of the death of Ethel Bell (nee Baird) during the year 1918.

Arthur Baird is living in Wellington, Maine.

Frank Burton is in the employ of the Certain Teed Product Co. He makes his headquarters at Bangor, Me.

1910

Edna (Humphry) Ames is living in Hartland.

Frank Hollister is farming in St. Albans.

Raleigh Wheeler is in Hartland in the employ of Earle Stanhope.

Fred Baird is living in Syracuse, N. Y.

1911

Mary (Packard) Jackson is living in Springfield, Vermont.

Mollie (Harding) Seekins is living in Hartland.

Gusta Baker lives in Bangor, Maine.

Lynne Green is living on a farm in Hartland.

Othol Linn is living in Hartland. He is in the employ of Mr. Lancey.

Wallace Worth is living in Houlton, Maine, where he is working in the hardware store.

Marion (Buzzell) Steadman is living in Dexter, Maine.

1912

Eva (Burton) Jones is living in Randolph, Maine.

Doris (Dyer) Nutting is living in Hartland.

Elmer Baird lives on a farm in St. Albans.

Harry Libby is living in Hartland. He is employed by the American Woolen Co.

Horace Packard is working in the Hamilton & Young Skirt Shop in Hartland.

Clifton Steelbrooks is in the employ of the M. C. R. R., in Lewiston.

1913

Gladys Leadbetter is living in Hartland.

Goldie (Lander) Randall is living in South Limington. She was married this spring.

Irene Libby is teaching school in Hartland. She teaches the Pond Road school.

Fred Goodale is living in Hartland. He is in the employ of the M. C. R. R.

Vance Buker is employed in an ammunition factory in Haverhill, Mass.

Mildred (Webb) Baird is living in St. Albans.

1914

Cora (Buzzell) Southards is living in Hartland.

Jessie Russell is living in Hartland.



where he is employed by the American Woolen Co.

Ella (Seekins) Getchell lives in Hartland.

Lawrence Waldron lives in Hartland, where he is employed by the American Woolen Co.

Pearl (Merrow) Emery is living in Hartland.

John Seekins lives in Hartland.

1915

Leta (Merrick) Libby is living in Hartland.

Harry Henderson is attending the University of Maine.

Edward Walker lives in Hartland.

Cecil McNally is a student at the University of Maine.

Ruth Young is employed in the office of the Hamilton & Young Skirt shop in Hartland.

1916

Olney Wilbur is in the employ of the American Woolen Co. in Hartland.

Ruth (Cook) Chapman is living in Farmington, Maine.

Evelyn Furber is teaching in Sanford, Maine.

Stella (Salisbury) Seekins is living in Hartland.

Isabel Packard is teaching at Sherman Mills, Maine.

Florence (Manson) Reed is living in Harmony, Maine.

Vern Merrill is living in St. Albans.

Joseph Buker is living in St. Albans.

McKinley Harding lives in Waltham Mass.

Merrill Moore is living at home in Hartland.

Elmer Burrill is in the employ of the American Woolen Co. in Hartland.

Frank Lander is living in Hartland. He is in the employ of Mr. O. C. Brown.

George Lewis lives in Hartland. He is employed in the postoffice.

Emma Varney is living in California.

Alice Packard is a nurse in the Bangor hospital.

1917

Madeline Young is employed in the Hamilton & Young Skirt Shop in Hartland.

Leda (Merrick) Cook is living in St. Albans, Maine.

Anna (Head) Coolidge is living in Hartland.

Caroline Johnston is teaching in St. Albans.

Beatrice Worth is living in Hallowell, Maine.

Friends and classmates will be grieved to learn of the death of Chester Ward. It occurred while bathing in Stillwater river, Orono, on June 5, 1919.

Donald Robinson is living in Hartland.

Carrol Webber is employed by the American Woolen Co., in Hartland.

Bernice Steeves is living in Hartland.

Marguerite MacFadder is living in St. Albans.

Laura Davis is attending Presque Isle Normal school.

Ruby Burlock is a Normal school student at Presque Isle, Maine.

Ralph Merrow is employed in the Hartland Drug store.

Vernon Webber is in the employ of the American Woolen Co., in Hartland.

Carl Baird is living at home in Hartland.

1918

Ethel (Welch) Libby is in St. Albans.

Hallis Buker is living at home in St. Albans.

Stuart Baird is living in Waterbury, Conn.



Ardis Lancey is a student at the University of Maine.

Hope Spaulding is at home in Hartland.

Ethel Gray is living in Hartland.

Classmates will be grieved to learn of the death of James Moore who was a student at Montclair, N. J. Academy at the time of his death.

1919

Iva Huff is living at home in Hartland.

Lois (Wilkins) Worthen is living in St. Albans. She was married last summer.

Ray Burlock is working in the station at Millinocket, Maine.

## ATHLETICS

### Basketball

The boys organized their basketball team in the late fall. Clyde Martin, '20 was elected Captain and Frank Fisher '22, Manager.

The team played four games, winning two and losing two. The first game was played at Newport against the fast Newport High school team who were out for the high school championship of the state. In a very fast game Hartland lost, the score being 32 to 20.

The next game was played at Dexter. The Dexter floor was very slippery which was a disadvantage to any visiting team. Then, too, Nichols the best forward on the Hartland team, did not play in this game. Hartland lost heavily.

Hartland next met Corinna on their floor. In a fast game Hartland won by a score of 9 to 6.

Hartland again met Corinna in the

Hartland A. gymnasium. In a rough game Hartland won by an easy score of 10 to 0.

The H. A. girls had a good basketball team, but were unable to get many games. They played Newport High school girls at Newport and lost 7 to 3.

On the return game played in the Opera House, the H. A. girls won with a score of 4 to 0.

Crystal McPheters '20 was captain and Maebelle Seekins '22 was manager of the girls' team.

### Baseball

H. A. has formed a baseball team and has elected Clyde Martin '20 captain and Winfred Finson '20, manager.

They have already played Newport High at Newport, winning by a score of 6 to 4. A feature of the game was Martin's "no-hit" game. Several more games are still to be played this season and the outcome looks promising.



# PERSONALS

Better late than never.

L. N.

Wanted: Two or three seats so as to be able to keep one anyway.

G. T., H. D., K. D. '23

Thelma T.: What do you fill your fountain pen with?

Ray: Ink, of course. What do you fill yours with?

Wanted: A new girl.

A. R. S. '21

A Car (r) wanted by T. T.  
Goodrich tires for it by F. F.

They say that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" and that "Present accomplishments are not appreciated." May we be appreciated when we are gone.

Seniors

Teacher—What would you think I meant by saying that the moon was thirty minutes (30') across?

Pupil—Half an hour wide.

What we lack in brains we make up in dollars.

Class of 1920

I think the martin the most intelligent of all birds.

I. B. E. '22

Maebelle's favorite hymn: "He walks with me and he talks with me and he tells me I am his own."

## European History

Miss P.—Where is Cochin China?

E. M.—Central part of Africa.

Miss F. to Miss Ward—"Please stand when you recite." (Libby and Wright are sitting in the opposite seat with their feet in the aisle.)

Miss Ward—"I can't, the aisle is full."

## Information Wanted

How to sing	The School
How to remain unmarried	A. T.
How to get married	N. S.
How to color my hair	C. M.
What to do in school	H. D.
How to get into mischief	F. L.
How to grow fat	M. H.
How to grow tall	E. W.
How to get another chin	E. M.
What to do with so many girls	A. S.
When to come to school	E. M.

## Geometry Class

There are many bright boys in this class—but alas!—the girls! Well, they are girls and they can't see how they can figure out how to get up—what to wear—when to dance—how to dance—



and whom to dance with by studying triangles and proving that A B is to B, C as A C is to B A.

A lady teacher who intended to say, "Now when you offer your services to an employer—" bluntly said—"Now when you offer yourself to a man—"

Student: "Yes, this is leap year."

### Bookkeeping

Ten little students in bookkeeping always fine,  
Withee got a front seat, then there were nine.

Nine little students after class did wait,  
Doris got a low mark, then there were eight.

Eight little students on the way to heaven,  
Alta was waylaid, then there were seven.

Seven little students tried their ink to fix,  
Marian got drowned, then there were six.

Six little students, very much alive,  
Nichols forgot to come, then there were five.

Five little students, walking on the floor,  
Crystal stubbed her toe, then there were four.

Four little students busy as a bee,  
Mildred had to go home, then there were three.

Three little students suddenly caught the "flu"  
Spaulding didn't recover, then there were two.

Two little students out for some fun  
Madeline got caught, then there was one.

One little student, one and only one  
Thelma T. got married then there was none.

### Observations in Hartland

A wonderful town is Hartland  
Its skies are always fair,  
And the industries are many  
That you see as you sojourn there.

There are mills where the busy shuttles  
Never stop to rest,  
And mills where the miller and Sawyer  
Are doing their very best.

Many are ever busy  
Searching for gems so rare;  
R. Hatch found a beautiful Crystal  
That was crowned with amber fair.

At the Park House the guests are many  
So the proprietor with thoughtful care  
Secured Mr. Edgar Steevens  
To act as Porter there.

Each brick in Hartland Academy  
Stands for effort brave I know,  
For the principal and teachers  
FRANKLY told me so.

One student is bravely striving  
To WIN a poet's fame,  
He says it will be easy  
For INGALLS has made it plain.

Another thoughtful student  
Has decided life is a fraud,  
For every letter he receives  
Bears the signature E. WARD.

Our school has formed an Audubon  
society  
With INA at its head,  
Because what ever the weather  
She makes sure the Martins are fed.

And ENA not feeling certain  
And wishing all should be WRIGHT,  
Has worn herself to a shadow  
By toiling day and night.

The shades of night are falling  
So I lay my poem aside,  
Wishing that all that is good and true  
In Hartland may e'er abide.

T. J. T. '21



## 1920 CLASS STATISTICS

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE HAUNT	BY WORD	FAVORITE PASTIME	FUTURE VOCATION
Finson	Winnie	Woods	Make you blush	Driving his Ford	A farmer
Heath	Hasn't any	Finson's	By Heck	Hunting for a fellow	An old maid
Latty	Billy	On the sea	Lord	Sailing	A sailor's wife
Libby	Liberal Lib	In my store	I couldn't think of it	Anything he shouldn't do	Clown
Martin	Chubby	At Ina's	Doesn't have any	Going to school	Minister
McPheters	Torchy	Up on the farm	Heavens	Matching pennies	Nurse
Nichols	Nick	Seekinsville	Too bad to tell	Skipping school	A debator
Parkman	Dot	Dance hall	I should worry	Flirting	You never can tell
Randlett	Bee	New York	Have you your physics?	Studying physics	An actress
Seekins	Ninnie	Post Office	Oh darn	Pleasing Jake	A good housekeeper
Ward	Miss Ward	Elm Street	Goodness gracious	Riding in an Oakland	A druggist's wife
Whitney	Dot	Pittsfield (why)	Not so you'd notice it	Sitting on stone walls	Business lady
Wright	Freda	St. Albans	Ena won't let me	Chewing gum in school	A benedict

## Senior Initials

B. E. R.	Be Ever Right	F. F. W.	Fears Frightful Women
C. P. M.	Can Please Maidens	N. A. S.	Never A Spinster
C. M. M.	Can't Move Me	M. V. H.	Mighty Vast Heart
D. W. P.	Does Waste Paper	W. M. N.	Women Mean Nothing
D. I. W.	Do I Whisper?	M. B. L.	Makes Best Love
E. M. W.	Every Man Worships	W. I. F.	Wise In Flirting
F. W. L.	Fearless, Wild, Lazy		



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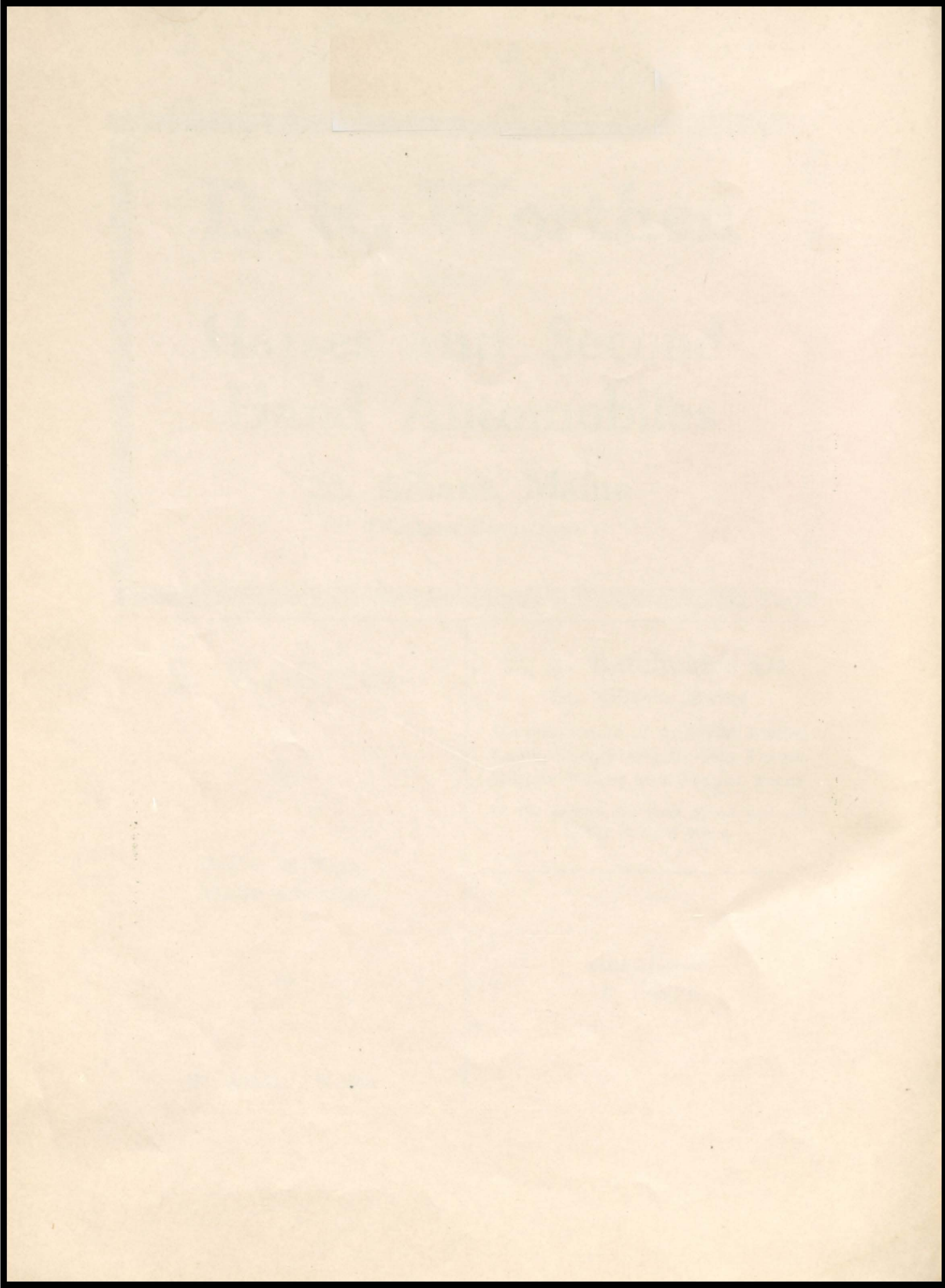
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