

# THE RIPPLE



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"Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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HARTLAND ACADEMY  
JUNE, 1921

1823

1921

# Hartland Academy

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)  
English, French, Book-keeping

Helen R. Johonnett, A. B., (U. of M.)  
History, 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 the school. Ideal location. Good athletic field. Wholesome Christian atmosphere.

This number of  
"The Ripple"  
we dedicate to  
our Principal  
Mr. H. Crandlemire



RIPPLE EDITORIAL STAFF



# The Ripple



Vol. VII

HARTLAND, MAINE, JUNE, 1921

No. 1

## RIPPLE STAFF

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## EDITORIALS

School spirit is of the greatest help to a school, especially when a team is trying to win honors. If a fellow knows that the whole school is back of him, he has courage and is determined to win. Cooperative support is the only way in which a showing can be made.

Attendance has perhaps as much to do with the success of the school and the pupils as school spirit. To show the rapid increase in attendance during the past year I have obtained figures by which one may readily see there is an

interest in school life. During this school year or until the "Ripple" went to print there have been fourteen who have not been absent or tardy for the school year; sixteen, who have not been absent. During the first term there were seventeen not absent and only two of these were late. During the second term twenty-five were not absent and only one of these was tardy. The average attendance for the second term was 91 per cent for the school, as compared with 82.5 per cent last year. For a long time before there has not been a single year during which none have been tardy or absent. This is a very great increase and I hope next year will show a gain over this.

As you all know we are required to take four studies a year only. This year there are thirteen who are taking five studies, an extra study being taken simply on the student's own part and not because of being required to do so in nine of these cases. This shows that our boys and girls are pushing themselves to their utmost for the sake of education and that they are reaching

out to grasp whatever falls in their path.

The pupils of Hartland Academy should feel themselves as being fortunate in having such nice teachers as we have had during this school year. They have certainly shown a great interest in their work and in the support which they have given to the boys and girls of Hartland Academy.

The trustees have certainly showed a great interest in the school this year, especially to the football team which they supplied with head guards and other material to give them a start. I am sure the school has appreciated this very much. Dr. Moulton has made several visits to the Academy this year which has been somewhat an uncommon thing for the trustees for a long time.

#### HONOR ROLL

The following names listed under "Highest Honors" are those whose average rank has not fallen below 90 in any

subject up to the time when this article was sent to the printers; under "Honors" those not below 80 in any subject:

Highest Honors: Laurice Nevens '22; Ralph Parkman '22; Thelma Randlett '22; Harlow Young '22; Iola Chipman '23, Cassie Fisher '23; Elmer Ward '24.

Honors: Madeline Gray '21; Arthur Spaulding '21; Alta Tracy '21; Thelma Tracy '21; Frank Withee '21; Francis Ingalls '22; Clair Lewis '22; Harold Young '22; Mildred Brawn '23, Harry Dore '23; Mary Haseltine '23; Eva Withee '23; Jean Corson '24; Mable Drew '24; Rebecca Pennell '24; Newton Smith '24; Lela Stedman '24.

The following students have had perfect attendance:

Edward Brown, Carlton Deering, Ola Hight, Elmer Ward, Dwinell Wescott, Mildred Brawn, Clyde Brooks, Harry Dore, Cassie Fisher, Eva Withee, Gertrude Brawn, Ralph Parkman, Thelma Randlett and Harlow Young.



## Echoes from Senior and Junior English

### The Mystery of Shakerag

Several stories have been told about a man who lived for many years alone in the wilderness of Shakerag. These woods were of very thick pine, fir and hemlock with much underbrush, which made it very difficult for any one to pass through. There was a small and beautiful lake in the center of these woods, surrounded by low wooded hills.

A young man by the name of Harlow Young heard of the story. Having an adventurous spirit he proposed a trip to the woods of Shakerag. He was a man of intelligence with a nerve of iron. He picked a party to accompany him, consisting of Bud Fisher, Lizz Dore, Bob Picken and Newton Smith. These, who were all great men started the search in the spring of 1938.

After entering the woods, the search started and went on for five days with no result. On the sixth day, Fisher went on a stroll up the side of a hill overlooking the lake. He came upon a cave in the ground. Upon entering the cave and walking several hundred yards, he found it to be inhabited by someone.

The floors and walls were of solid rock, the furniture was of a rude fashion, although suitable for this kind of a place. A small stream of water ran through the end of the cave and served as

drinking water. There were coals of a fresh fire on the floor. Fisher did not wish to get caught alone in the cave of the wildman, so he hid himself in the top of the cave, which served as a chimney hole. He did not have to wait long before he heard someone coming into the cave. A man entered the cave and started to build a fire. By its light Fisher could see how the man looked.

He was of medium height with very dark gray hair. His face was covered with a beard which hid the secret of his age. His clothes were old, patched and torn in many places. Still the light of the fire gave the man a look of more intelligence than one would expect to see in a wild man.

When the fire began to burn, and the smoke to go up the chimney, Fisher could stand it no longer and came down. There was a fight which lasted about an hour. By the end of that time Fisher had the man tied up. Leaving him in this condition he ran to the camp to tell the others of his find. The entire party returned to the cave of the wild man and tried to make him talk. This he refused to do until he found out that they intended to let him go again.

He told them his name was Harold Young, who was once a native of Hartland, and had attended Hartland Acad-

emy when a boy. When asked why he left home he said:

"I was going with a girl by the name of Ran—." He stopped. "I cannot mention her name. This happened seventeen years ago. She went away with another man and I have never seen her to this day. For two or three years I searched all the cities of Ripley, St. Albans and Harmony with no result. Then I came here to live in solitude."

Harlow Young, upon hearing this story, remembered his brother whom he had not seen for years, who had left home and was never found. He finally persuaded Harold to return home and he is now employed by the American Woolen Co. washing floors in the mill.

The mystery of the forest of Shakerag is open. C. W. E. '21

#### A Visit to Hartland in 1950

It was in City No. 376 (formerly known as Boston) that I met my old friend Gray. Everybody knows him, of course, as the great inventor of moon cars. As some of you, perhaps, do not know all the details I will tell briefly, how it happened.

In the year 1935, Gray made a discovery that astonished the world and upset all the theories of the great scientists. He discovered that it was possible to travel from here to the moon. In some specially constructed cars of his own invention, he made the journey. He discovered that the moon was not a dead world, that it was inhabited by people very nearly like us, but in a higher stage of civilization. Of course you have heard of the colony founded there and of Gray's system of transportation, enabling people to make two trips a week back and forth.

As I said, I met Gray at City 376 and journeyed from there to City 70, our boyhood home known in our day as Hartland. In his sky car the trip was made very quickly and we were soon making our way to the moving platform that was to take us to the hotel. We were assigned to a room on the ninetieth floor and after making our toilet we took the platform that led to the school.

When we attended school in Hartland the building was a brick one of three stories, set apart from the town. Now it was a magnificent building of aluminum, sixty stories high and it contained three thousand pupils.

We entered the vacuum elevator and rose to the twentieth floor which contained the High school. The pupils were all studying busily from their aluminum books and not one looked up as we entered.

The studies that were taken up in the Sophomore class were advanced astronomy, aeronautics, mathematics, biology, undersea geography and modern languages. We visited each class and at dismissal time we went back to the hotel, there to think of the old times, when we were boys at school, and to marvel at the progress made by man since then.

G. T. '23

#### Sir Roger at the Movies

One afternoon in Boston as I was walking about in the park I saw a man whom I thought I had seen before. On approaching him I was very much surprised to find that it was my old friend, Sir Roger De Coverley, from England.

We at once entered into conversation and he informed me that he had just arrived from England that morning. As one thing followed another we began to discuss the forms of entertainment in



England and in America. Sir Roger claimed that the theatres in England were giving the very best form of entertainment both for manners and morals. I then asked Sir Roger if he had yet visited one of our moving picture theatres. Upon his telling me that he never had, I at once told him that we should see one before he left the city.

I took him to one of the moving picture theatres which was showing "The Birth of a Nation." Having seen the picture before I spent my time watching Sir Roger. When the picture was flashed on the screen he promptly asked me where the picture came from. I told him he had better not ask any questions until after the show for if he did he would not find the picture very interesting.

Sir Roger took my advice and watched everything with much interest. As the show went on Sir Roger grew more and more interested in the picture.

After the show I asked him how he enjoyed himself. He made this reply to me, "In England the wealthy people are the only ones who can afford to go to the theatres. Here the price is such that all classes can go, and I will venture to say that the entertainment is just as good."

H. E. Y. '22

#### Mrs. Newly-wed's First Order From Her Grocer

Mrs. Newly-wed calls up and after half an hour of strenuous work on the part of "central" is connected up with her grocer, Lord Helpus.

'Hello! Is this the Lord, your Honor?'

"Yes."

"Will you kindly send me up, immediately, if not sooner, a barrel of flour and about seven and a half quarts of really large cabbage?"

"Yes."

"By the way how does molasses come?"

"It comes by the measure, Madam."

"Will you kindly send me up about one and a half yards?"

"You misunderstand me, Madam, I—"

"Sir, I am in the habit of misunderstanding nobody!"

"Yes, Madam."

"Have you any canned tomatoes?"

"Yes."

"Send me up about eight cans and be sure they are nice and ripe. Have you any shredded wheat,"

"Yes."

"Well send me up two packages of corn flakes and three packages of pancake flour."

"Yes."

"How much are real fresh eggs?"

"One dollar and twenty cents for nine."

"Send me up seventeen and be sure they are fresh."

"They are fresh as I went up to Deacon Butterworth's this morning and saw his hens lay them."

"You may also send me up a quarter of a pound of butter. Be sure that you send this order right away."

"Madam, we are so rapid down here that your order has been put up as fast as you gave it and is now on the way to your house via parcel post."

H. C. Y. '22

## Class Prophecy

Weary of toil and endeavor  
 In life's struggle for wealth and for fame,  
 My heart grew sad and weary,  
 And the blinding teardrops came.

I had longed for wealth uncounted  
 I had longed the world to see,  
 With its galleries of art and its music,  
 But these were denied to me.

And I longed to go back to the school room  
 And the happy hours spent there,  
 With my dear old Hartland classmates,  
 When our hearts were free from care.

Were they all still gay and happy?  
 As in the days ago,  
 When life was full of roses—  
 Roses that knew no thorn?

And musing thus, I wandered  
 To the woodland green and fair,  
 And sat by the side of the laughing brook  
 While it told me its secrets rare.

On its banks were ferns and mosses,  
 Where in spring the violets peep;  
 As I gazed, my eyes grew heavy,  
 And soon I was fast asleep.

How long I slept I know not,  
 But I dreamed a dream so rare,  
 For all of nineteen-twenty-one,  
 Were gathered 'round me there.

Their silvery peals of laughter  
 Rang on the summer air;  
 The boys with smiles on their faces,  
 And the girls so bright and fair.

When I woke, there stood before me  
 A vision, wond'rous fair,  
 With sunlight in her laughing eyes,  
 And dewdrops on her hair.

"I am Marvie, queen of the fairies,  
 And I live in the silvery dell,  
 Amid the ferns and mosses,  
 Where the violets and star-flowers dwell.

"I have heard your wish, Earth's daughter,  
 And that wish shall not be in vain,  
 You shall travel o'er mountains and valleys,  
 And meet your old classmates again."

With her silver wand she touched me,  
 And whispered, "Follow me,  
 And the things your soul has longed for,  
 Your eager eyes shall see."

I followed the tripping footsteps,  
 Of my beautiful fairy queen,  
 'Till we stood on the banks of the Hudson,  
 With its carpet of emerald green.

And noting the beautiful scenery,  
 As I stood on this fair green shore,  
 A couple of people approached me,  
 And one, an acquaintance of yore.

"W'ay Bertha!" I gasped surprised,  
 At seeing her again,  
 "This is Bertha," the fairy answered  
 "Blue of the Governor of Maine."

We talked of the things which had happened,  
 And the things that were to be  
 And my fairy queen did ask me,  
 Were there others I wished to see?

As thus we farther proceeded,  
 To the convent low and green:  
 There came to my eyes a vision,  
 The like I had never seen.

For there with all her patience,  
 And clothed in her robes so pure,  
 We found my sister, Alta,  
 With her work among the poor.

We talked of the different duties,  
 And tasks which each had begun,  
 And presently our talk slowly drifted  
 To the class of twenty-one.

And we spoke of our friend, Ray Spaulding,  
 In whose work there was never a flaw;  
 He had gained his highest ambition,  
 And was now a great man of law.

There was Withee, who in the history  
 Was e'er of Republican bent,  
 Had just been unanimously elected  
 As U. S. President,

Then came to my mind the memory,  
 Of one, who in High school days,  
 Was always well versed in dancing  
 And all the different ways,

He had gained a new rank now,  
 Presiding at Spiritual feast,  
 'Twas Clyde Wentworth Emery,  
 Well known and noted priest.

Now Madeline was comfortably settled,  
 In a neat little home far abroad,  
 While her husband was busily selling  
 The Firestone Tires for the Ford.

And Marvie, queen of the fairies,  
 Grant this wish to me,  
 That my classmates remain happy,  
 As they could wish to be.

And keep the gardens of their hearts  
 Forever fresh and green,  
 And remember this, their watchword,  
 Ever is, "To be, not seem."

T. J. T. '21

### The Story of Ellen

"I'm tired of this old farm. There isn't a thing going on here. It's the same thing over and over again. Get up in the morning, wash dishes, cook, get dinner, wash dishes, sew a little in the afternoon, then get supper and wash dishes again. I'm going to the city, where there is something going on, and a chance to do something," said Ellen McLean, a pretty country girl about twenty.

Ellen's mother said nothing. She thought that this would be the end of it, the same as it had been before, when Ellen spoke that way. But she was disappointed this time.

The next night, when Ellen came home with her father from the village, she had the address of one of her girl friends, who had gone to the city the year before. That evening after the work was done, she wrote a letter to her city friend, and in a few days received a very nice letter. She decided that she would go as soon as she had some suitable clothes. These clothes that she had were too countrified to wear to the city.

She told her folks that she thought she would leave in about two weeks. Her father started to talk to her and tried to make her stay at home, but her mother made him keep still. She thought it was fine that Ellen could go to the city. She was glad that she wanted to make something of herself. Of course they would miss her, but they would be so glad that she was doing what she wanted to, that they could stand it. Did Ellen know what she was going to do? Ellen didn't of course, but she could get a job easy enough in the city.

"I should think," said Ellen to herself, when she was in bed, "that mother didn't care whether I went or not. She seemed glad to have me go."

After Ellen had gone upstairs, her father turned to her mother and said, "What's the matter with you? Do you want our only girl to go to the city? Don't you care anything about her?"

"Care, of course I care, no one will ever know how much it hurts me to think she's going. It don't seem as though it can really be true."

"Well, why don't you stop her then, you talked to her as though you were glad; I guess if you tell her to stay at home and behave herself she will."

"George, I guess you don't understand girls very well, that would make it all the worse. She has been wanting to go to the city for a long time and she won't be contented until she does. Now we have just got to brace up and stand it. Now lets go to bed and get a little sleep." But, it was Ellen's father who slept, and her mother was the one who lay awake.

Ellen was very busy for the next two weeks making her clothes and adieux.

At last the wonderful day arrived. Ellen was up bright and early, hurrying from one thing to the other. As she kissed her mother good-by, she noticed how small and tired she looked, her father looked older than he ever had. Then for the first time she felt as though she ought to stay at home, although she would be running away from her "big job." But her folks said nothing about her staying.

Her friend, May Smith, met her at the station. Of course there was much to talk about as they hadn't seen each other for a year. But in spite of all the new attractions, Ellen could not help

noticing the difference in May. She looked very white, and then she noticed that she had paint on. It hurt Ellen to think that her friend would do that. She wondered if she would look like that after a year in the city.

May's room was on the fourth floor of a boarding house. It was small and rather shabby. There was no chance for the sun to shine in, on account of the other buildings. Ellen could not help thinking of her own room at home.

The next day Ellen began looking for a job. She walked all day, but to no avail. Every ad she looked up, either someone else was ahead of her, or they wouldn't take her on account of her lack of experience. She became tired, warm and dusty. Her feet were tired by walking on the pavements. She was very tired and hungry, when she returned to the little bare room of May's. She was so tired that even the noisy street cars did not keep her awake. It was the same thing over and over again for a week. Each day she was a little more tired. How she hated to tell her folks that she had not obtained a job yet. She wrote encouraging letters to them. She knew she would have one soon. And then what a good time she would have.

She looked for a position for two weeks. At last she found one as a clerk in a grocery store, but it was dirty, and the people were so rough that she couldn't stand it. She tried working in a shirt shop, but it was so warm there, the machines made so much noise and her back ached so, that she couldn't do that.

Her money was going fast, she didn't have much left. She didn't want to borrow any from May and she didn't want to ask her folks for any either.

One morning as she stepped out to the store for some eggs for breakfast, she came near running into Dr. Lawson. He was the doctor from her own town.

"Why Miss McLean, how do you happen to be here? What makes you so pale? Is there anything I can do for you?"

This kindness was too much for Ellen.

"Oh doctor, I'm so unhappy. I thought I was going to do wonders up here in the city and I haven't done anything out spend my money, and get all tired out, and I'm ashamed to go home now."

"You poor little girl," said Dr. Lawson, "you just get in the car with Mrs. Lawson and we will take a spin and then have a nice breakfast and fix things up."

After breakfast, Dr. Lawson told her what he had come to the city for. He wanted a secretary and he thought Ellen was just the girl he wanted.

Ellen returned home the next day as a secretary for Dr. Lawson. It was a great and glad surprise for everybody. Ellen is now perfectly contented at home and has never wished to work in the city again.

F. V. I. '22

#### A Theme from the "Literary Digest" Class

Germany is really like a patient recovering from paralysis. She is heavily in debt and has just recovered consciousness from successive blows dealt her by England, France and the United States. She has not a dependable leg to stand on, no perfectly good hands to work with, and has Dr. Foch over her at all times mentioning different medicines which will put her on her feet more quickly. Germany thinks she cannot walk without crutches, that is to say

that she must have aid from the allies by way of reducing her indemnity and thus helping her onto her feet.

France at once mentions a remedy which is bound to "kill or cure" by stating that Germany must reduce her armament and be put on a diet stated to her by her conquerors. Germany is a country which, if up to her pre-war state, should not have to wait long before being put on a "three solid meals a day" basis, all the food to be furnished by herself from her own natural resources.

She is just recovering from paralysis and may be a cripple for life but she will never again secure the respect and attention from the world at large that she did before the great war. She has, herself, by her craft put herself in this position from which she may never recover without aid.

H. C. Y. '22

#### Entendu dans les Classes Francaises

Napoleon Bonaparte n'est pas ne en France. Il est ne sur l' ile de Corse en 1769. Son pere etait tres pauvre. Il y avait huit fils et filles dans sa famille. Quand Napoleon avait dix ans, son pere l'a envoye en France. Il etait un grand soldat. Il a regne dans la France. Il etait la cause d'une des plus grande guerres de l'histoire. Il etait vaince a Waterloo.

P. '22

Madame Curie, une Francaise, qui tout le monde sait comme la femme la plus grande dans le monde, viendra aux Etats Unis en mai. Elle a decouvert "radium." Elle ne recoit que la salaire d'une maitresse a la Sorbonne. Elle n'en prendra plus. Elle ne possede pas une molecule de radium et elle en desire

pour examiner. Les femmes de l'Amerique elevent Pargent pour qu'elles en achètent pour Madame Curie.

I. '22

L'Edifice of Hartland Academy est situe en la rue Academy. C'est un tres grand edifice en brique et c'est un court distance du chemin. Devant cette Academy sont plusieurs jolis arbres qui ajoutent a la beaute de la cour. Il y a sept fenetres et trois portes qu'on peut voir du chemin. Derriere l'edifice il y a un grand champs pour les athletes.

A. T. '21

#### Valedictory

##### TREASURE HUNTING OF TO-DAY

Every man, every woman and every child has let his or her fancy stray at times and has often wished for magic power in different ways.

We may read stories of adventure before going to bed. When we awake in the morning the romance has seemed to vanish, but down in our hearts we always have that feeling that makes us treasure hunters, though very few have gone treasure hunting. Those who have worked for treasures, have not worked for gold or jewels, they have sought real knowledge. Wisdom has been the supreme treasure.

A captain Kidd could see no earthly use in trying to find out the real nature of a drop of water. Are not the oceans made up of billions upon billions of drops of water? But rubies are scarce and can be stolen. The time has now come when the men who studied the drop of water can make real rubies and sapphires. Thus it is only those who are treasure hunters and are willing to

study the nature of the useless seeming things of to-day who can ever hope to be the successful hunters of tomorrow. One cannot hope to go out and find some of the great treasures without great care and patience, the hiding places are so strange that they cannot be found by chance.

Silk hidden in the fibre of cotton, exquisite dyes and perfumes in tar, bright metals in common clay, the strength of the volcano in saltpetre, silver in lead, deadly poisons and healing medicines in coal, and food in air.

To find these it has taken very much time and work, as well as patience and money.

It is well worth while to learn some of the ways in which treasures are found. It is impossible to say where the next treasure may be found. A heap of sawdust, is it merely so much rubbish? Or is it to be of very helpful use to mankind in wealth and many other ways? It has been in just such places that the great treasures of the past have been found.

There are thousands of things which go to illustrate the very important use of chemistry. To show the use chemistry has been to us, we will try to contrast the present with the past, or let us go back to medieval times and assume that a chemist with his present knowledge is a citizen of a beleaguered castle.

The enemies have surrounded the walls, and the people of the castle are beginning to worry about food. The chieftain would call in his chemist and explain the situation to him.

"Sire," the chemist would say, "We have a great waterfall, within these walls, which never goes dry, we have wood and coal, also the air which no

one can take from us. In addition we have tons of paraffin, sulphur and lime, also dried potatoes and certain simple salts, such as phosphate of potash. Thus, with these in readiness, he is determined to feed the people.

He would take wood and convert it into sawdust, by use of the waterfall; other men would burn sulphur and lead and force the fumes through an iron pipe in which there is platinum. This would form white fumes which would unite with water, forming sulphuric acid.

Sawdust and sulphuric acid would be brought together with steam and heated by the burning of coal. Then water would be thrown in to stop the action of the acid. The sawdust looks about the same, but there is less of it, the acid would contain sugar obtained from the sawdust. Lime would remove the acid, leaving only a form of sugar.

Here the interest turns to another group of workers, they are liquifying air, allowing the liquid to boil, which it does at 383 degrees below zero; the gas escaping is nitrogen, that which remains for a while is oxygen, both being stored in gas holders.

Other men are making hydrogen and oxygen from water by means of an electric current obtained from the waterfall.

From the gasses ammonia would be made and then some of this is burned to form nitric acid and ammonium nitrate.

By this time many would say, "Truly the chemist is doing wonders but we see our dinners no nearer than they were when he started, but we will have patience, because if he fails we will die as we have no food."

In the meantime large vats are filled

with the sweetest liquor from the sawdust, some of the ammonium nitrate added to this, also a little potassium phosphate. This is sterilized by steam and allowed to cool.

By the help of the biologist with some yeast cells, which would be put in the mixture just cooled, meat would be made entirely from air and sawdust, yet very nourishing.

But at this the people object because there is no fat in the meat, again the chemist comes to the rescue.

He would take some of the sugar made from the water and sawdust and add the mineral salts; to this the biologist would add a glycerine fungus, or enzyme, which would change the sugar to glycerine. Then large lumps of paraffin would be heated in closed retorts with some of the oxygen obtained from the water, then the paraffin would turn a sour mass, which in the chemist's hands could be purified and would yield acids which, when combined with the glycerine made from sawdust, would give fats, such as butter, lard and tallow. Thus you see the people could be fed on meat, fat and sugar. Thus the beleaguered could hold out.

Many would say, "When would they obtain the yeast cells?" They are obtained from the plants which mature in a few hours and multiply at an enormous rate.

The knowledge of chemistry is to those who are the possessors of such, like a new sense, the sense of matter; it is the key to the gateway of a new region. To be without this sense is like being blinded while walking through the place you wish to see.

Now man's aim is made strong by the use of explosives, dynamite from glycerine ammonium nitrate from air,

gun-cotton from air and cotton. He can shatter great cliffs and bring them trembling to their bases; he can make the oceans meet; he can blow rocks that pierce his ships. How is iron taken from the rust like ores which are dug from the earth? How is iron turned into steel? Why are explosives so powerful? How are they made? Such questions as these only chemistry can answer.

Recently the chemist has made it possible to send pictures over wires as we send words.

But instead of trying to think of the uses made of metals which are obtained through chemistry let us try to think what it would be like if we had none of them. The structure of civilization would collapse, railroads, steamships, telegraphs, telephones, automobiles, kitchen ranges, knives and scissors, nails and pins, skyscrapers and bridges would all vanish. But metals are not all that the chemist makes from the earth's crust. He makes cement from limestone and clay, soda from salt, fertilizers from bones of animals, acids from sulphur, dyes and drugs from coal. Most of the medicines on the shelf of the family cupboard are made and not found in nature.

In looking forward into life from the school age, there is always one tremendously important subject. The vocation which is to furnish a livelihood and to make one a benefit to the country. There is a great number of occupations and within limits anyone of these is open. One of these is the possibility of being a chemist. This subject covers the following industries: fertilizers, the extractions of beet and cane sugar, the making of dyes and drugs; the army needs a great number of chemists in

the explosives—manufacturing plants, in making artificial silk, celluloid and the like, others will be wanted in the smelters and oil refining industries.

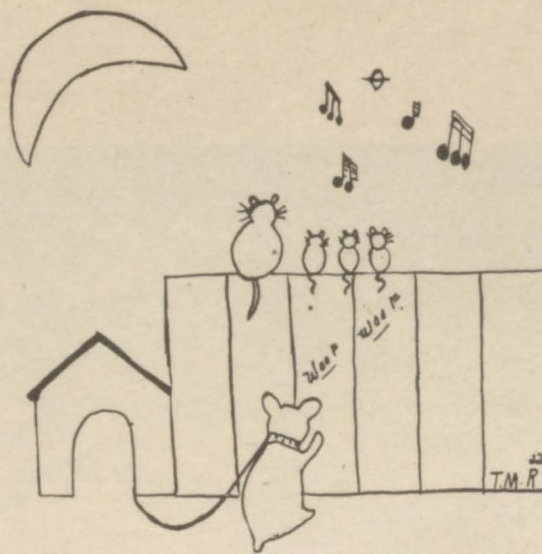
To become a chemist takes a great

deal of time and patience, but the results to the country as well as the people may more than pay for the efforts in the understanding of the unsolved riddles of matter.

A. R. S. '21







### SCHOOL NOTES

On September 7th, the schools began for the first half term.

On the afternoon of September 30, Dr. Moulton visited the school and examined the pupils also in the evening the Sophomore class gave a social dance in the gymnasium.

On November 1st, half of the Sophomores spoke pieces.

Oct. 15. The rest of the Sophomore class spoke and the school orchestra gave a social in the evening at the gymnasium.

Nov. 1. The school held a political campaign to find which party was in the majority. The speakers were: Harold Young, president of the Republican party; Laurice Nevens, vice president of Republican party; Clyde Emery, president of Democrat party; Frank Witnee, vice president of Democrat party; chairman, Ray Spaulding. A straw vote was taken and the Republicans won by a vote of 46 to 8.

Dec. 6. The Senior class gave a play entitled "Whiskers," which was a success. It was repeated in St. Albans at a later date.

Dec. 17. School closed for the Christmas vacation, end of first term.

Jan. 5. School began for the first of winter term.

Jan. 31. The school had its picture taken by a revolving camera.

Feb. 8. Basketball girls gave a social at gymnasium.

March 9. School closed for a two weeks' vacation so as to repair the academy.

March 23. School commenced for the first half of the last term.

April 19. Patriots Day. This was a holiday for all the schools.

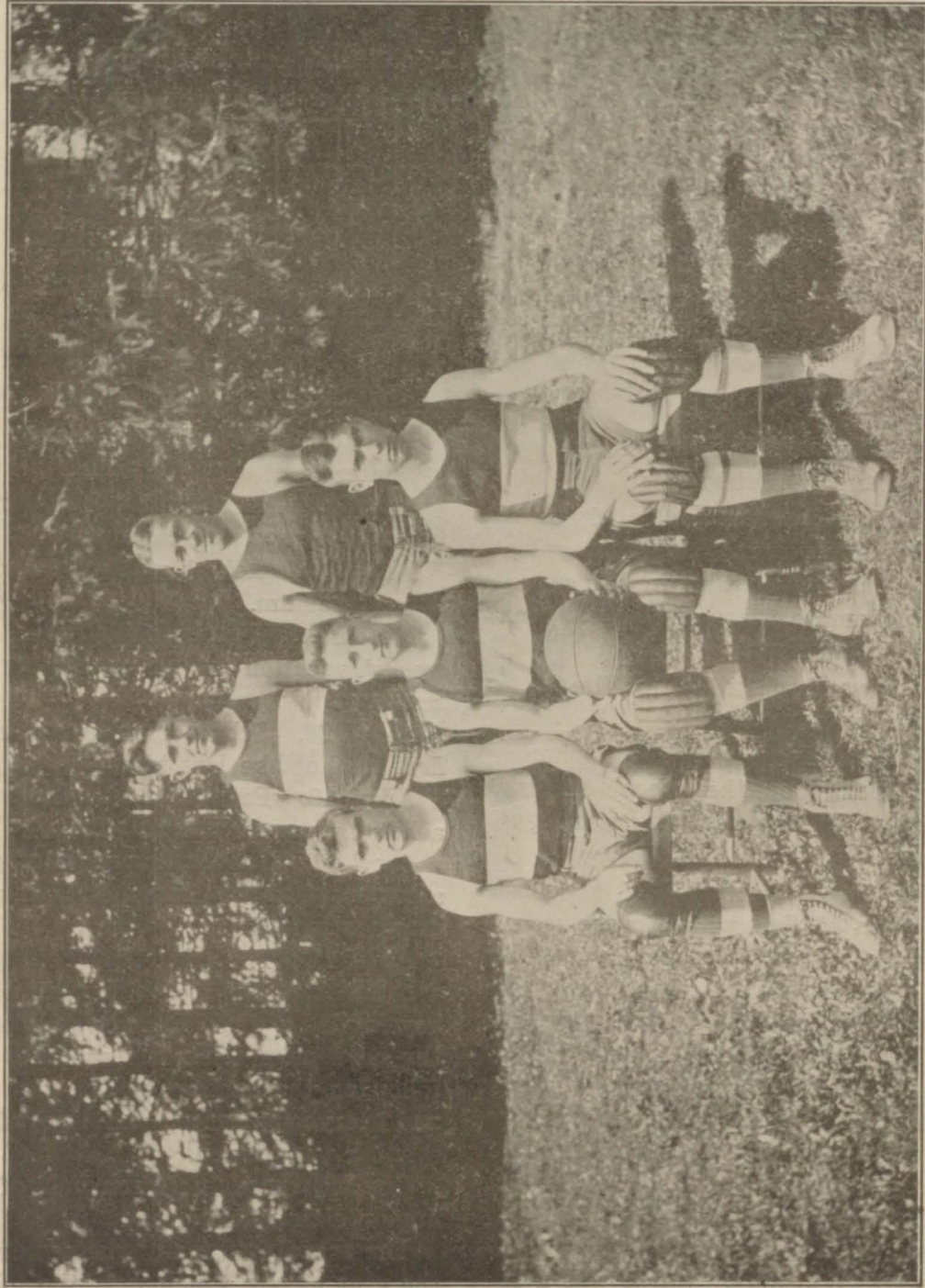
April 21. The Freshman class gave a box social at the Grange hall. A good crowd attended.

April 11. The basketball boys gave a banquet at the Opera House. Each boy invited a girl. Before the banquet the boys gave some fine speeches and following the banquet, jokes were told and everybody danced and enjoyed the evening very much.

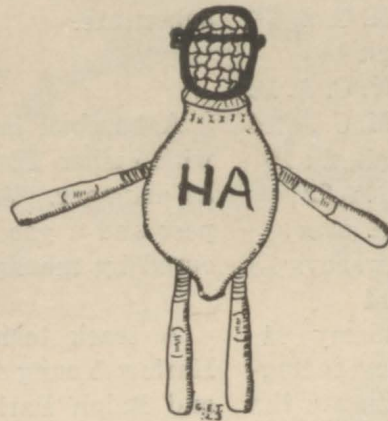
One afternoon in March half of the Junior class spoke pieces.

The school had many visitors during the year among which were the following: Rev. Earl MacMahan, A. P. Howes, Glen Starkey, Dr. Moulton, Jim Young, Felix Powell, Miss Lillian Corbin.

M. L. H. '23



H. A. BASKETBALL TEAM



## ATHLETICS.

### Football

A football team was organized at Harland academy for the first time in many years. Clyde Emery '21 was elected captain and Harold Young '22 was manager. Mr. Emery also acted as coach. Our season consisted of three games of which we won only one.

We won our first game against Newport 6-0, Emery getting a touchdown and then failing to kick the goal. Many scores were prevented because of the lack of experience.

Our second game was lost at Oakland 25-0, but the poorest kind of refereeing possible, preventing us from scoring at least two touchdowns after Emery had twice got away to an open field and was called back for (holding?) in the line.

Our last and best game of the season was lost to the crack Foxcroft academy 7-6 at Hartland. Foxcroft's heavy and speedy backfield was stopped many times for downs by H. A.'s light and unexperienced line. Our backfield did exceptional work in this game.

Prospects for next year are very promising with the boys returning.

### Basketball

In this sport we enjoyed our best team since 1917-18. We were victorious in twelve of our seventeen games. Clyde Emery '21 was captain and Harlow Young '22 was manager. Our lineup was for the most of the season as follows: Young rf, Dore lf, Emery c, Martin rb, Fisher and Young lb.

Our best game of the season was against the town team for the benefit of the Armenia Relief. We won 36-32. (five minutes overtime). The lineup:

H. A. Young, rf, 4; Dore, lf, 10; Emery, c, 2; Martin, rf; Young, lb, 1; Fisher, lb, 1.

H. A. A. Marr, rf, 5; Jameson, lf, 6; Burlock, c, 1; Crandlemere, rb, 2; Harvey, lb, 1.

### Our Season's Record

H. A. 21	Brooks High 6
H. A. 10	Corinna Academy 16
H. A. 54	Pittsfield 20
H. A. 23	Bangor Y. M. C. A. 40
H. A. 54	Gen. Me. Rovers 22
H. A. 45	Corinna Academy 19
H. A. 36	Newport High 54

H. A. 60	Foxcroft Academy 22	Tracy, c; Drew, lg; Lewis, rg; Chipman, substitute.
H. A. 34	Bangor Y. M. C. A. 56	
H. A. 48	Brooks High 14	
H. A. 34	Bangor Y. M. C. A. 18	
H. A. 54	Bangor Y. M. C. A. 14	
H. A. 50	Dexter High, 2d 16	
H. A. 36	Hartland A. A. 32 (5 min. over)	
H. A. 48	Bangor Newsboys 18	
H. A. 34	Newport 14	
H. A. 20	Foxcroft Academy 34	

Prospects for 1921-22 are exceedingly bright as Emery and Martin are the only men lost by graduation.

#### Girls' Basketball

The girls also had a basketball team, however, it did not prove as successful as the boys' because of lack of interest and for financial reasons. We played three games. The following were the members: Seekins, rf; Randlett, lf;

#### Baseball

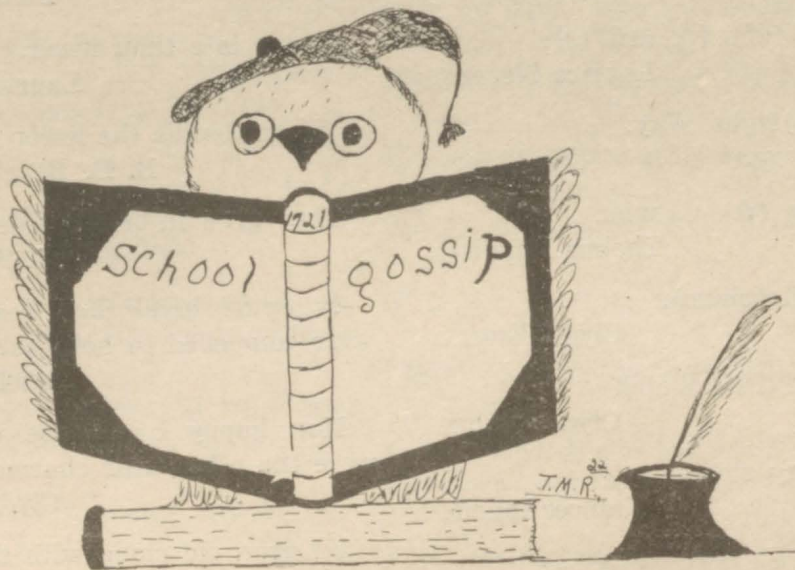
A baseball team has been organized with Fisher '22 as captain and Dore '23 as manager. A good team is in prospect and a good schedule has been secured by manager Dore.

#### Track

A track team has been organized. Harlow Young '22 was elected captain and Ralph Parkman '22 manager. A meet was held with Harmony in which we were defeated 53-37 mainly through our lack of a weight man and a good distance man. Harold Young and Fisher won the sprints easily and show much promise for the future. Other meets have been arranged.

H. C. Y. '22





Don't be cross if your name is mentioned here. What would happen if Gordon had his Latin?  
 Alta was caught chewing gum?  
 Theima should be called Young?  
 Prof. should give A+?  
 Laurice should get to school on time?  
 Frank should go to St. Albans?  
 Clair got "C" in history?  
 Clyde E. was out late some night?  
 Maole should write a note?  
 Bob was bashful?  
 Lena should wait too long?  
 Evan should forget to part his hair?  
 Eddie should forget Jean?  
 Gertrude had a bow (beau)?  
 Frances had an "Emery" stone?  
 Elmer had his history?  
 Linwood still had Mary?  
 Eva didn't like Atwood('s) (Bitters)?  
 Newton wasn't so tall?  
 Frank should go to (France)s?

#### Heard In Class

Mr. C. to Mr. Picken—"Do you want to stay after school tonight?"

Mr. P. (scratching his head)—"Guess I'll have to by the looks of this problem."

In Junior French class Mr. Y. and Mr. P. were giving a concert when they were abruptly interrupted by Miss P.—"Some people don't appreciate good music when they have it."

Mr. C.—"Mr. Picken what is your favorite flower?"

Mr. P.—"The kind that cakes are made of."

Miss J (in history)—"In what battle did Gen. Wolfe when hearing of victory cry, 'I die happy?'"

Parkman—"I think it must have been his last battle."

#### Wanted

A smoking room all furnished with steam neat and electric lights.

C. W. E.	F. A. F.	M. W. G.
G. E. T.	R. E. P.	N. E. S.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| A book of Carols.<br>Mildred Brawn.   | Much Ado about nothing.<br>Robert Picken   |
| A Pack (of) (c) ard (s).<br>Laurice Nevens.   | Better late than never.<br>Laurice Nevens  |
| The (W)right Way.<br>Ena Emery  | We set beside the lower feast.<br>B. B. Boys' Banquet                                    |
| A young (&) Cannon.<br>Thelma Randlett  | They grew in beauty side by side.<br>E. W. B. J.   |
| A Merrill (piano).<br>Clyde Emery   | It would break her heart, if she<br>were compelled to hold her tongue.<br>Mabel Seekins. |
| An Ingall (Sol) Watch.<br>Clyde Emery   | How happy I could be with either,<br>were the other dear charmer away.<br>Clyde Emery.   |
| An Emery stone.<br>Frances Ingalls  | I'll grow old along with thee.<br>Madeline Grey.   |
| Facts:<br>What will the (Martin) take for<br>their nome?<br>Of course near a H(e)ight.  | Come live with me and be my love.<br>Harlow Young.                                       |
| Junior—"Why is your neck like a<br>typewriter?"<br>C. Emery—"I don't know I'm sure.<br>Why?"<br>Junior—"Because its Underwood."<br>(under wood) | Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower.<br>Ralph Parkman                                     |
| <b>Quotations</b>   |  |
| MUSIC hath charms to soothe the<br>savage beast.<br>Morning Singing.  |  |
| Sport that wrinkled care derides, and<br>laughter holding both her sides.<br>Frances Ingalls.   |  |
| She is a maid of artless grace,<br>Gentle in form and fair in face.<br>Bertha Johnson.  |  |
| Oh, Sleep! is a gentle thing.<br>Mabel Seekins  |  |
| <b>Favorite Songs</b>   |  |
| Sweet Arabella  | H. D. and L. S. B.   |
| I Want a Girl   | H. C. Y.   |
| I Wonder Who's Kissing her now  | F. V. I.   |
| Senora Elnora   | G. E. T.   |
| Can't You See I'm Lonely  | R. R. P.   |
| I Was Never Kissed Like That Before   | H. C. Y.   |
| Say Kid, What a Night to Spoon  | C. W. E.   |
| Nobody to Love  | T. M. R.   |
| Whispering  | R. E. P.   |
| Little Birch Canoe and You  | R. E. P. and N. E. S.  |
| Very Good, Eddie  | J. E. C.   |
| The Alcoholic Blues   | C. W. E. & E. A. F.  |
| Never Trust a Traveling Man   | M. M. G.   |
| In the Land of Harmony  | R. E. P.   |

Who'll Take the Place of Mary?

L. S. B.

I've Got My Eyes on You

Rebecca P.

I'm Just An Old Jay from U. S. A.

F. A. W.

Kiss Me Again

A. L. T.

H. A. Alphabet

A is for Alta, who just loves to dance,  
With her cute Maurice, when there  
comes a chance.

B is for Burbank, Linwood by name,  
Who feels kind of nice but is cute just  
the same.

C is for Crystal so saucy and bright,  
Who stays in by daytime and goes out  
by night.

D is for Deraps, who is very, very small,  
But he's good as he'd be were he ever  
so tall.

E is for Eva so slender and slight,  
She desires to be nothing if she can't  
be Wright.

F is for Fisher with a smile that will  
win,  
And how pleased he is when a girl looks  
at him.

G is for Gertrude, who bears the name  
of Brawn,  
But she hopes e'er long that that name  
will be gone.

H is for Harry whose nickname is  
"Lizz,"  
He's ever the fellow that minds his  
own "bizz."

I is for Ina, who once liked Clyde Mar-  
tin,  
Have you heard the news? Why, there  
was a partin'.

J is for Joseph, the red-headed lad,  
Who is not very good and not very bad.

K is for kindness which each of us  
show

To one another wherever we may go.

L is for Lela, who for women should  
vote,  
And she is a "pippin" for passing a  
note.

M is for matrimony in which Ina and  
Mandel agree,  
But its a long time before it affects you  
or me.

N is for Newton, who for "World's  
Freedom" begs,  
I think he should be called "Daddy Long  
Legs."

O is for Ola, whose last name is Hight,  
Her chief joy in this big world is to  
fight.

P is for Parker, who now cuts quite a  
shine,  
And I know little Jeanie—She thinks  
he's just fine.

Q is for quietude in which Hartland  
ranks first,  
Something lively 'round here is want-  
ed the worst.

R is for Robert, whose nickname is  
Bob,  
Talk about whistling, he's never on the  
job.

S is for Seekins, who at the Central  
doth stick,  
She's never so happy as when she's  
with Nick.

T is for Thelma with thick curls wide-  
fung,  
Unless she grows older, she'll sureiy  
be Young.

U is for Uncle, whose last name is  
Martin,  
Five minutes before the end, he always  
is startin'.

V is for vanity in which H. A. girls lead,  
Comb, hairpins and mirror are thus  
their chief need.

W is for Ward and in his own mind  
 He's the dearest little Freshie that you  
     can ever find.  
 Y is for Young, we have two don't you  
     know?  
 In athletics they're stars or at least  
     we think so.

#### N. B.

H. A. baseball will doubtless be  
 especially successful this year in the  
 games played in town, since Prin.  
 Crandiemire has been instrumental in  
 having our diamond well "cultivated."

#### Favorite Ways of Transportation

Lena believes in sports,  
     Always taking her part.  
 She says her greatest pleasure  
     Is riding on the meat cart.

And our little Junior Ina,  
     Not yet being of age  
 Finds much greater pleasure,  
     By riding on the stage.

But Alta surely is enough,  
     Enough to make you scream,  
 For she says her pleasure is  
     To be seated in Fuller's livery team.

It would never do  
     To leave dear Madeline out,  
 For she is generally seen  
     In a new Ford runabout.

S—everal grave young Seniors  
 E—nter in the door  
 N—e'er a lesson studied  
 I—n a day or more  
 O—nly let us bluff it  
 R—ings in teacher's ear  
 S—urely there is not a Senior,  
     like that with us here.

J—ust a jolly class,  
 U—nited ever more  
 N—ot a care had we  
 I—n the days of yore  
 O—ften we are busy  
 R—ightly we should be  
 S—o guess we'll have to leave  
     in another year, you see.

#### Sumpin Awful

it'll be our way,  
     Freshies, we say,  
 As Sophomores bold and true,  
     You must do things right  
     Or else we might  
 Raise "Holy Cain" with you.

Our school's a machine  
     As you have seen,  
 Each man with a place to fill,  
     But if a "Fresh"  
     Gets out of mesh  
 There'll be one less to kill.

We will not boast,  
     But here's our toast,  
 As Sophomores brave and true,  
     Ah Freshie, dear,  
     Be good, or I fear,  
 We'll do "sumpin awful" to you.  
M. H. '23

Thelma Randlett is queer,  
 There's no doubt about that.  
 She hates to be thin, and  
 She hates to be fat.  
 One minute its laughter,  
 The next its a cry.  
 You can't understand her,  
 How much you may try,  
 But there's one thing about her,  
 That everyone knows,  
 Thelma is not dressed  
 Till she powders her nose.  
Spokeshake

#### Freshman Jingles

There is a very pretty Freshman,  
     Whose initials are J. C.  
 When somebody else isn't kissing her  
     It is E. H. P.

There is another small Freshman,  
     Though small he may be  
 There arn't many things that go on in  
     H. A.

That he doesn't see.  
G. E. M.

There is a very bright Freshman,  
     Very red hair he has got.  
 When he is not studying,  
     He is very deep minded in thought.  
J. M.

There is another small Freshman,  
     Though very heavy in weight.  
 She often rides in passenger cars,  
     But more often she's hauled for  
     freight.



## Exchanges

We wish to thank the schools who have sent us their papers. There have been but very few Exchanges this year.

Elks Oracle, Edward Little High school, Auburn, Me. We have enjoyed your paper very much. We think the exchanges and athletics are fine.

The Signet, Dexter High school, Dexter, Me. Your paper was enjoyed by all. Every part seems to be worked out with great care. We think you have done exceedingly well with your alumni, also the photos are fine for a school paper. The 10 commandants of D. H. S. are new and intensely interesting.

The Red and White, Sanford High school, Sanford, Me. We have read your paper with great joy, especially enjoying the literary and jokes. The cartoons are not to be criticized.

The M. C. I., Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me. We think your paper is fine, but would like to see larger exchanges. We think it improves the papers greatly. Also a few cartoons would fit in nicely.

The Live Wire, Newport High school, Newport, Me. You have a nice little paper. We think your write-up on Athletics is grand. Your paper would be complete with an exchange list.



## Alumni Notes

1909

Crystal Bowman is living in Augusta. Friends and classmates will regret to learn of the death of Ethel Bell (formerly Baird) during the year 1918.

Arthur Baird is living in Wellington.

Frank Burton is in the employ of the Certainteed Product Co., Bangor.

Eva (Burton) Jones lives in Randolph.

Harry Libby lives in Hartland.

Horace Packard is living in Hartland.

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

Doris (Dyer) Nutting is living in Hartland.

1910

Edna (Humphry) Ames lives in Hartland.

Frank Hollister is living in St. Albans.

Raleigh Wheeler is living in Hartland.

Fred Baird is living in Syracuse, N. Y.

1913

Iva Fuiber is at home.

Annie Fuller is teaching the Grammar school in town.

Mildred (Webb) Baird lives in St. Albans.

1911

Gusta Baker lives in Bangor.

Marion Buzzell (Steadman) is living in Dexter.

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

Mollie (Harding) Seekins is living in Hartland.

Lynne Greene is living on a farm in Hartland.

Wallace Worth is living in Houlton.

Othol Linn is living in Hartland.

1914

Goldie (Lander) Randall lives in So. Limington.

Ella (Seekins) Getchell lives in Hartland.

1915

Herbert Seekins lives in St. Albans. Ruth Young is employed in the office of Hamilton & Young Shirt Shop.

Harry Henderson is attending U. of M.

Edward Walker lives in Hartland.

Leta (Merrick) Libby lives in Hartland.

1912

Elmer Baird lives on a farm in St. Albans.

## 1916

Alice Packard is a nurse in a Bangor hospital.

Isabelle Packard is teaching school in Sherman Mills.

Olney Wilbur lives in Hartland.

Frank Lander lives in Hartland.

Joseph Buker is at home.

Florence (Manson) Reed lives in Harmony.

Evelyn Furber is teaching school at Sanford.

## 1917

Lega (Merrick) Cookson lives in Hartland.

Carroil Webber lives in Hartland.

Friends will be sorry to learn of the death of Chester Ward. It occurred while bathing in Stillwater river June 5, 1919.

Vernon Webber lives in Hartland.

Ruth Chapman lives in Farmington.

Beatrice Worth lives in Hallowell.

Bernice Steeves lives in Hartland.

Madeline Young lives in Hartland.

Cari Baird is at home in Hartland.

## 1918

Ardis Lancey attends the U. of M.

Ethel Gray lives in Hartland.

Stuart Baird is living in Waterbury, Conn.

## 1919

Iva Huff is at home in Hartland.

Lois (Wilkins) Worthen is living in St. Albans.

Ray Burlock is living in Hartland.

## 1920

Winifred Finson is at home in St. Albans.

Marion Heath is at home in St. Albans.

Mildred Latty is at home in Hartland.

Fred Libby is at home in Hartland.

Clyde Martin is at home in St. Albans.

Crystal McPheters is a nurse in Portland.

Wm. Nichols lives in Hartland.

Doris Parkman is at home in Hartland.

Beatrice Randlett attends Business college in Bangor.

Nina Seekins is at home.

Ethel Ward attends Normal school at Farmington.

Doris Whitney is at home.

Frederic Wright is at home.



# Senior Statistia

NAME	NICKNAME	AGE	PASTIME	BY WORD	FAVORITE HAUNT
Emery	"Pimp"	Old enough to know better	Flirting	Oh! What a peach!	Newport
Gray	Maddie	Old enough to be married	Rocking the twins	By hecky!	Home Sweet Home
Johnson	Big Bertha	Its a secret	Tufor	Mum? ? Doesn't talk	In the back seat
A. Tracy	"My Atta	Talkative age	Ask Maurice	I guess you don't know	North Dexter
T. Tracy	Old Sport	Old as Methuselah	Entertaining Bill	Bill, dear	"Carr" shop
Spaulding	Lady	Hasn't cut his teeth yet	Flirting with Withee	Got your Geom.?	St. Albans
Withee	Popcorn	Second childhood	Playing marbles	Gosh all hemlock	Any place to hang his hat

## Senior Initials

B. A. J.—Bashful and Jolly	A. R. S.—Always Rather Silly
A. M. T.—Always Making Trouble	M. G. G.—Mighty Graceful Girl
C. W. E.—Caught With Everybody	T. J. T.—Thinks Just Tremendously
F. A. W.—Forever After Women	

When in town, call at  
**A. B. Walker's**  
**Cafe**

Pittsfield, Maine

---

**Berry's Pharmacy**

Agent for

Edison and Diamond  
Disc Phonographs

**Mrs. Florence Wingate**  
**Music Shop**

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Victrolas and Victor  
Records

Sheet Music

Musical Merchandise

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Pittsfield, " " Maine

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Fruit and Confectionery

Ice Cream Parlor in Connection

Special Attention to Auto  
and Club Parties.

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Commercial Street  
Hartland, Maine

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### The Specialty Shop

Elizabeth A. Linn, Prop.

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Watches, Clocks and Jewelry

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Hartland, Maine

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Provisions

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Tel. Con.

### Hartland, Me.

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### S. E. Damon

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Sporting Goods  
and Groceries

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Main St., Hartland

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## Shoe Repairing

Done by

### Heber Ogden

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Rubber Heels While Waiting

## B. S. Mathews

BOOTS, SHOES AND  
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Crossett Shoes for  
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Goodrich Rubbers



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Gasoline at

L. B. Wheeler's

St. Albans, Maine

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GOODS EVERY-  
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WE DO JOB PRINT-  
ING OF ALL KINDS.

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World's yard goods as well  
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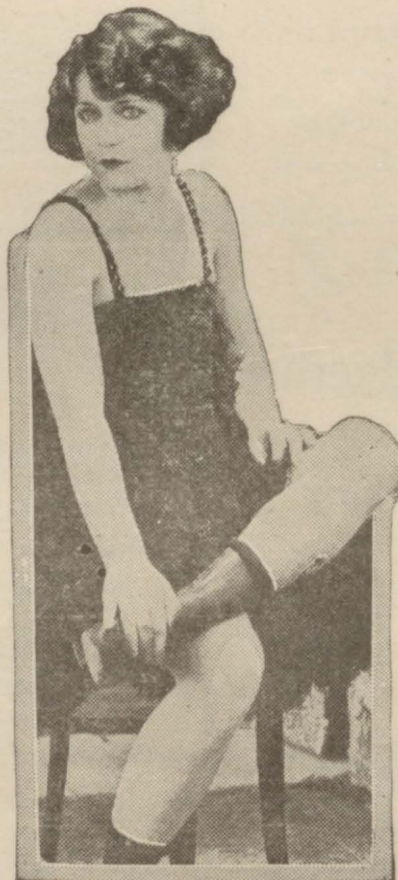


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Our aim is to please the public at lowest prices possible.

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These are a few of the many stars which will be seen at the Opera House.



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Hartland  
Welfare  
Association





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Furniture and Undertaking

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A man who believes in ghosts has no trouble in seeing them, and a man who believes in having the very best and most up-to-date Jewelry has no trouble in finding it at our store.

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Dry Goods and Garments

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Day and Night Service

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Excellent Quality Meats  
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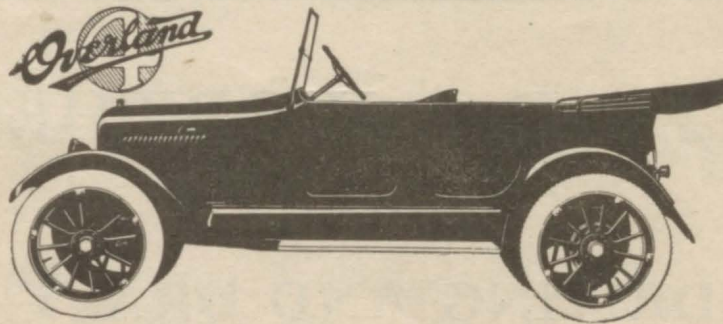
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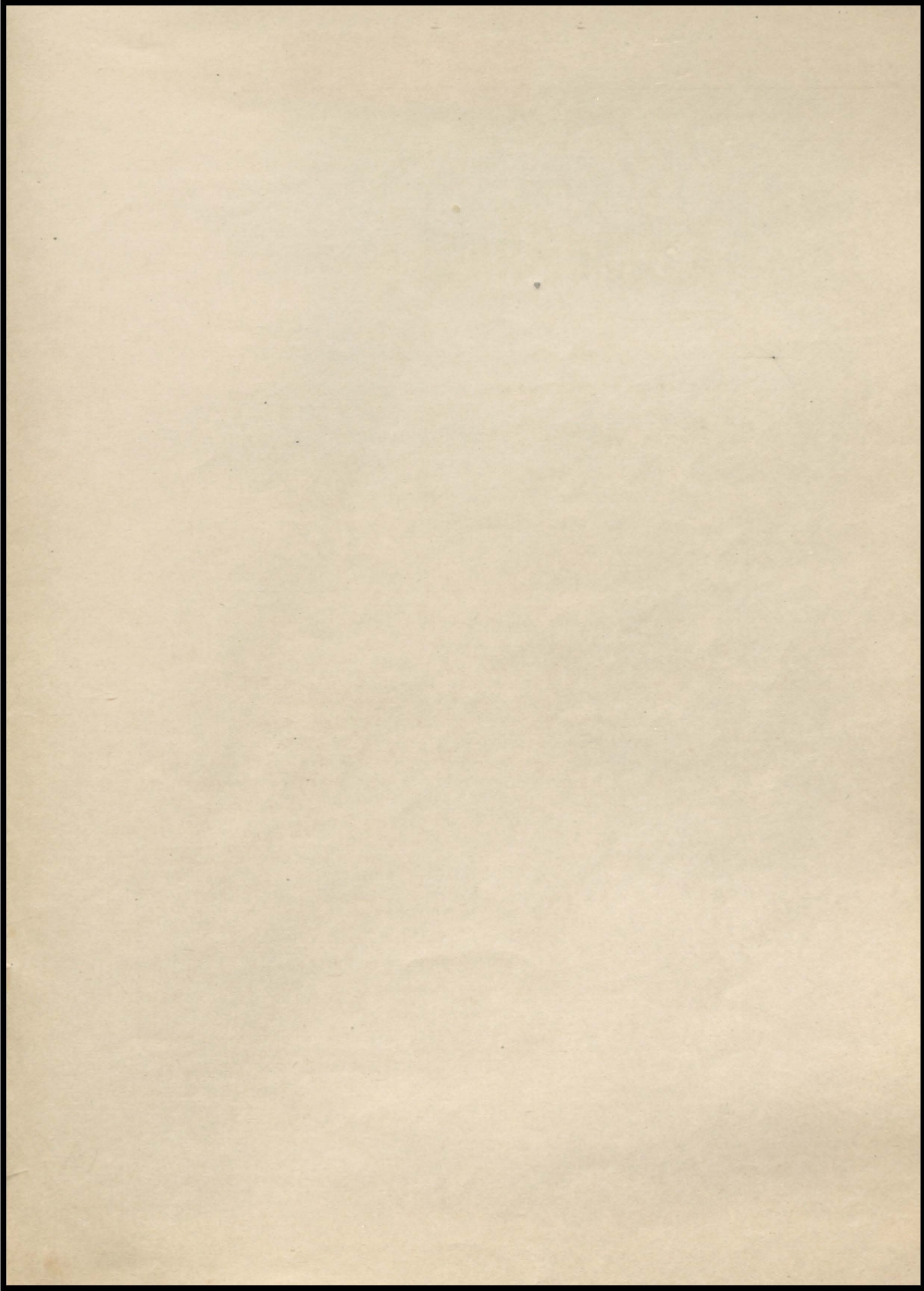
## Hartland Drug Store

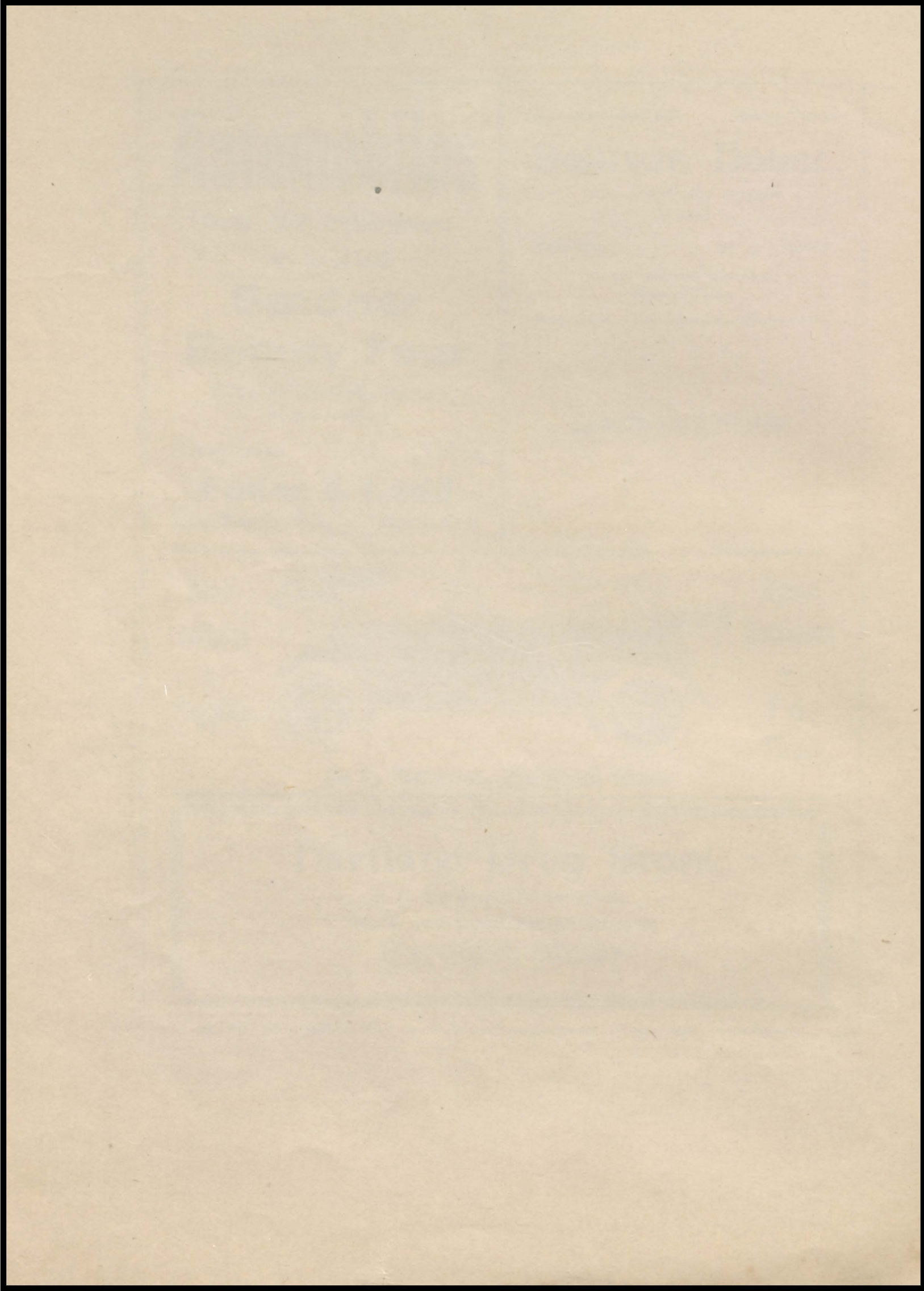
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Hartland, Maine

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