

THE RIPPLE



HARTLAND ACADEMY
JUNE 1922

1823

1922

HARTLAND ACADEMY

Prepares Students for New
England Colleges

Board of Instructors

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

Laura E. Pratt, (Farmington Normal)
English, French, Book-keeping

Lee S. Gorham, A. B., (Bowdoin)
History, Latin

Courses of Study

College Preparatory, English, General Science

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RIPPLE EDITORIAL STAFF



The Ripple



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RIPPLE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Frances Ingalls '22
Literary	Thelma Randlett '22
Exchanges	Rebecca Pennell '24
Athletics	Newton Smith '24
Personals	Iola Chipman '23
Locals	Donald Newell '25
Alumni	Jennie Hubbard '25
Business Manager	Frank Fisher '22
Asst Business Managers	
	Linwood Burbank '23
	Elmer Ward '24

EDITORIALS

The pupils of Hartland Academy wish to express their sincere thanks and appreciation to the Kit Kat Comedy Klub for their willing aid in making it possible for us to have the new piano. They agreed that whatever sum the High school raised for the piano fund, not exceeding \$100, they would give us an equal amount. We raised \$70, so they, according to their agreement, presented a play, and gave us \$70, therefore making it possible for us to have the new piano.

A High school education is not only

for training a pupil in studies such as French, Physics, etc., but it has other purposes. They are to help prepare us for the duties that we are to meet after we leave school. If we do not do our work in school that is assigned to us, we are not only neglecting our school work, but it tends to lessen our ability to do work after we leave school. Presenting plays, speaking pieces, arranging programs and entertainments may not help us in French and Latin, but it will help in the duties that we will have to take up later. We will certainly need this work if we go to college, and we never know when we will be called upon to do this work after we leave school. If we are preparing for these duties while in school we are better fitted for them when we are called upon. So the next time that we are asked to do some work like this, let us all go into it with a will and a desire to do our best. And not only this, but do it quickly so that the teachers won't have to worry about it until the very last minute.

Everyone will be interested to know

that we are to have a music teacher in the Hartland schools next year. This certainly ought to interest the High school pupils as well as the lower classmen. With the new piano, the large number of pupils that will attend H. A. next year, with the aid of the music teacher our morning singing ought to be improved a great deal. This can be easily done if each one of us will enter into it and work with the right spirit.

All of us, sometime in our lives, have visited homes, where there was a large family. Perhaps the house looked very neat, and perhaps it was all cluttered up. There was no one to pick it up but "mother," and she was so busy that she didn't have time to pick up after all the children. This is the same way with a school if none of the pupils take interest enough in it to keep it from being "cluttered up." Everyone must do their part. It can't all be left for the teacher. Perhaps one piece of paper is small, but if each student drops a small piece, it makes it look as though we had suddenly had a snow storm. Also, books have the most careless habit of becoming separated from their covers. I wonder if they have such a habit at home? If each one would try and keep his own desk picked up, and the paper off the floor, it would be a great help to the school, and to the patience of all concerned. It is as trying for Mr. Crandlemire's patience to have to repeat about a dozen times a day, "Please pick up that piece of paper," as it is for us to hear him. We all know that there is a lot of cold air that comes in around the double windows, but I don't believe

putting paper in between them will help much. If someone would take up a collection and buy some felt to put there if they thought it was necessary, it would look much better than the waste paper, and would be much more effective.

HONORS

The following students have received honor rank for the year up to the time that this manuscript was sent to the printer. Under "Highest Honors" are listed those whose average rank in every subject has been 90 or above; under "Honors," those above 80 in every subject.

Highest Honors: Thelma Randlett '22, Philip Higgins '24, Jennie Hubbard '25, Iola Chipman '23, Vera Haseltine '25, Donald Newell '25, Marjorie Young '25.

Honors: Mildred Chipman '22, Ena Emery '22, Ina Emery '22, Frances Ingalls '22, Clair Lewis '22, Laurie Nevens '22, Mildred Brawn '23, Cassie Fisher '23, Mary Haseltine '23, Eva Withee '23, Elmer Ward '24, Mabel Drew '24, Ina Field '25, Clarence Kimball '25, Evelyn Maxwell '25, Marguerite O'Reilly '25, Linwood Randlett '25, Evis Smith '25, Alice Wheeler '25, Daniel Connelly '25, Annie Merrick '25.

The following students have had perfect attendance to date: Howard Ames, Maynard Austin, Bessie Buker, Daniel Connelly, James Dundas, Ina Field, Harry Finson, Vera Haseltine, Jennie Hubbard, Annie Merrick, Alice Wheeler, Marjorie Young, Carleton Deering, Elmer Ward, Dwinell Wescott, Melvin Wyman, Mildred Brawn, Cassie Fisher, Gertrude Brawn.

THE REMARKABLE MUD HOLE

Sam Price and Joe Meadows were touring the middle West that summer. They were out for a good time, having tents, provision, etc., on the hood, under the seats, and in fact, in every place possible.

"Well, I'll be hanged," exclaimed Sam suddenly, "Look at that, will you!" he was driving and they brought their old touring car to a slow and squealing stop, just before a rather dangerous looking mud-hole. There was a wall on either side of the road with the mud-hole in the middle. On a fence near-by sat a lank, disconsolate looking man who apparently owned the farm buildings near the road, where a windmill was industriously pumping water.

"Fine weather," remarked the man casually. Joe stared at him amazedly and exclaimed: How do teams and autos generally get around that dog-goned hole. It looks as if it would take this car in whole."

"Probably it would, mister," responded the man. "I have got a team over the wall there, tho, that will fetch you out."

"You have, have you?" grunted Sam suspiciously. "How much do you charge for fetching people out of here generally?"

"Well," responded the stranger slowly, "Seeing you're in such a scrape—"

"Oh, no! we ain't into it yet." responded Joe decidedly, "And what's more we ain't going to be right away."

This speech seemed to impress the gentleman slightly and he remarked uneasily, "Well this is the only way to Kinsley and I guess I could get you thru

in about five dollars. That's cheaper than you can go thru two counties the other way."

"Well, we're out for the ride," said Joe. "We might do anything."

Sam seemed struck with some idea and suddenly getting out of the car went to one side of the water-hole where there seemed to be a ripple.

"What you going to do?" demanded the stranger uneasily.

"Just looking around a little, that's all," Reaching down he looked up suddenly, exclaiming, "Say mister, if you want this hole to disappear, you'd better stop that windmill."

At this, the man grew very excited and angry, uttering dire treats against the couple. However, Sam and Joe relentlessly pushed him up the hill and shut off the power. Then walking leisurely back they found that the water was subsiding gradually.

"There," said Sam, "in a few minutes you will be able to lay down some of these rails and drive the car across."

"Say," said the stranger suddenly, "you won't say anything about this water business to the sheriff, will you,"

Sam and Joe thought a minute and agreed that they wouldn't.

"But," said Sam, "if I ever come around here again and see a windmill pumping water for all it is worth and a water hole in the road on a dry summer day, I shall have something to say about it. There are lots more profitable ways of working than sitting on a fence hoping to be hired to pull someone out of an artificial water-hole.

E. H. W. '24



CLASS OF 1922, HARTLAND ACADEMY

THELMA RANDLETT

"Grammie"

Thelma was vice-president of the class her first three years, and president the last year. Chairman of Freshman Hoy committee, manager of girls' basketball in 1920-21, had a part in "Mr. Bob," "Whiskers," and "Our Awful Aunt." Thelma is Valedictorian of her class. She intends to go to Nasson Institute to specialize in domestic science. We wonder who will enjoy the results.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight.
Thelma while her companions slept,
Was toiling upward in the night.

INA EMERY

"Ina"

Small girls always make great headways. We know little of your plans for the future, but we wish you success in whatever you undertake to do.

Ina, like a good book is the best of friends,
The same, yesterday, today, and for ever.

FRANK FISHER

"Bud"

Bud is our star athlete and has broken a few bones for the glory of H. A. He has played Baseball, Football, and Basketball all four years. He has class Presentation of Gifts. Bud's plans for the future are not definite, except that he intends to dwell near (Parkman).

He is one of our star athletes
And has helped to win us fame.
In the toilsome game of life,
We hope 'twill e'er be the same.

ENA EMERY

"Ena"

Living nearly up on the mountain, Ena has had many weary miles to travel during these past four years.

While life is a thorny and difficult path,
And toil is the portion of man,
You should try, Ena, now school is done,
To make it all W(right) if you can.

LAURICE NEVENS

"Hannah"

Laurice has taken part in three plays, "Mr. Bob," "Whiskers," and "Our Awful Aunt." Member of Ripple staff 1920-21. Her motto is "early to bed and early to rise," but we doubt the "early to rise" part by the tardy marks on her rank card.

Lost somewhere in the last four years,
Many morning hours, for Laurice slept them
away.
No reward is offered,
They are gone forever.

GERTRUDE BRAWN

"Gertrude"

You certainly furnish us an example of your untiring effort to achieve success. We hear that you are to train for a nurse and in the future we wish you much happiness.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
But never mind, Gertrude,
True love cannot be bought.

CLAIR LEWIS

"Duffy"

Duffy has been at H. A. for four years, and has never been known to have a girl yet. We fear that he will lead a lonely life unless he changes his attitude towards girls. Duffy is a good athlete; he has played football and basketball and is manager of the baseball team for 1922.

Lives of great men all remind us
We shou'd choose our school with care.
So it was H. A. for Duffy,
And he's left his record there.

FRANCES INGALLS

"Fritz"

She has been treasurer of her class, on Freshman Hop committee, had a part in "Mr. Bob" and "Whiskers", has been school pianist, also pianist for the school orchestra; and was editor-in-chief of Ripple '22. Frances has the

salutatory. She is planning to study music in the future.

The luck that Frances believes in,
Is that which comes with work,
And she knows she'll never find it
If she's content to wish and shirk.

ETHEL MANSON

"Ethel"

You are one little miss, Ethel, who
has kept us guessing. Just who is he,
and where?

She is calm and silent
And full of modest grace,
With e'er a smile of joy
Upon her pleasant face.

ROBERT PICKEN

"Bob"

He has never had a serious moment
yet, there really time you know between
dances. Bob is our class historian and
is headed toward an electrical career.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted
And the music starts to play
You'll find Robert at the dance hall
For he could not stay away.

MILDRED CHIPMAN

"Mildred"

Your visits to Skowhegan have be-
come so frequent that we have wonder-

ed. We understand that you are to
train for a nurse. We hope to hear fine
report of you.

Sweet is the memory of school days
at old H. A., but like the mellow rays
of declining sun, it falls tenderly yet
sadly on the heart.

MAEBELLE SEEKINS

"Maebelle"

Maebelle played on the girls' basket-
ball team her first three years of High
school. One year she was captain and
she has also been manager.

After all is said and done,
There is really only one
Oh Willis, Willis, 'tis you.

LENA EMERY

"Lena"

Always bearing herself with a digni-
fied, scholarly manner, she must have
received excellent marks in depart-
ment. Lena, may you always maintain
your studious air.

Patient waiting, constant study,
How the High school days doth fly,
Never tiring, mind in training
For the college by and by.

M. L. H. and M. G. B. '23

History of Hartland

Because there are people in this hall who never knew about Hartland's early years and a number who did know something about them in years gone by, but have forgotten—for these reasons, I will try and give you a brief history of Hartland.

Hartland is situated in the southeastern part of Somerset county on a branch of the Maine Central railroad and at the outlet of Moose pond. It is bounded by the towns of Pittsfield, Palmyra, St. Albans, Harmony, Athens, Cornville, and Canaan, and is near the cities of Augusta, Bangor, Belfast, and Waterville.

The original name of Hartland was Warren's Town No. 3, having been owned in common with Palmyra and St. Albans by Dr. John Warren or "Squire" Warren as he was more commonly known. The first permanent settlers came about the year 1800. Hartland was organized as a plantation in 1811 and incorporated as a town in 1820. The part of the village from the present postoffice was within the limits of St. Albans. In 1846 this tract of land containing the greater part of the village was set off by an act of legislature and became the village of Hartland. It first had to be cleared for it was heavily wooded with pine trees which were cut and floated down the river to the saw mill built by William Moore soon after his arrival. It is related that this mill (except the saw) was built entirely of wood.

The first permanent settler of the town was James Fuller, who came from Exeter, N. H. He was very prominent in the affairs of the settlement. He built and ran the tavern at Fuller's Corner in the western part of the town. The region was a wilderness and Mr.

Fuller had to travel several miles to get his axe ground in order to clear the land.

Another early settler was Charles Littlefield. He was the first to build a real house. It was a frame house boarded with pine boards. The roof was battened with boards, while the fireplace and chimney were both built of stone, the former being furnished with a crane of wood from which the kettle hung.

The first grist mill was located in the northern part of the town and owned by Imlah Withee. This section of the town was, for a long time known as Withee's Mills.

Dr. Blake was also among the first ones to settle in Hartland. He used to travel to see his patients, on horseback through the forest trails with his medicine case in a great saddle bag.

Ambrose Finson came to West Hartland and was a very prominent settler. He cleared a farm and built a log cabin on the place where John Goodwin now lives. Mr. Finson's house served as a town hall in the early days of the town and the people assembled here for their town meetings. The fields cleared by Mr. Finson were used as a training field for the muster. He served in the capacity of Justice of the Peace and County Commissioner and was sent three times to the Maine legislature. Mr. Finson or "Squire" Finson as he was called, was held in the highest esteem of his fellow townsmen, being often called upon to settle disputes between his townsmen.

Isaiah Woodbury came to Hartland among the earliest families and settled on the place where Wallace Goodwin now lives, where he put up a log cabin. It is said he was the first to begin work of clearing the land on the hill.

Other early settlers were John Butterfield, a farmer; Isaiah Elliot, a farmer; Peleg Haskell, a trader; William Larrabee, a farmer; Solomon Ricker, a farmer; Sewall Prescott, a trader who later became representative to legislature; Isaac Stedman, a farmer; and Thomas Tripp, a farmer.

All of the people were simple, hardy, God-fearing New Englanders, so among the first things for them to think about was their religion and the establishment of a church. The records of the earliest Baptist organization have been lost but it is known that there was an organization of that denomination about 1825. It is said that the ground where the church now stands was among the first on that side of the river to be cleared. The present building was erected in 1842 but has been repaired from time to time. In 1879 the land was deeded to the Baptist State convention. The Methodist church was not organized until several years later, though meetings of that denomination were held in Central hall. This church was erected about 1884, largely through the generosity of Mrs. Grace Linn and is known as the Grace Linn Memorial church.

Another great question was education. The first schools were held in dwelling houses and barns, but later schoolhouses were built, the first being in the northern part of the town. At present there are five rural school buildings and two in the village. Children who live near schools of other towns are often sent there, the town paying the tuition. In the middle of the nineteenth century Hartland Academy was built. It is a brick structure containing a well-equipped High and Grammar school. Before this building was erected the house where O. K. Fuller now lives sat upon the hill and was

known as St. Albans Academy. In former years the upper story of the present Hartland Academy was used as an I. O. O. F. hall. In 1914 or 1915 Hon. D. D. Stewart, a graduate of Hartland Academy presented the institution with an athletic field and enough money for repairs, and placed three thousand dollars to its credit. In the summer of 1917 the gymnasium was remodeled and since then has been a great value to the school.

This school can be justly proud of her long list of graduates, among whom may be mentioned two governors of the state, Selden Connor and Llewellyn Powers, Principal Corthell of Gorham Normal school, Judge Powers of Minnesota, James Baker, president of the University of Colorado, Bartlett Tripp, minister to Austria, and others. Judge Snell of Washington, D. C. taught here for some time.

In the summer of 1919 another modern school building was erected on Pleasant street for the use of the primary grades. In 1920 another story was added to this building. Now it accommodates the first four grades.

Because of its location on Seabasticook river, the outlet of Moose pond, Hartland has various manufacturing enterprises along different lines. The development of the timber industry has been one of the most interesting. Several different mills have been built, among which may be mentioned the first saw mill already described, several lumber mills, shingle mills, etc.

In 1862 the woolen business was begun by Archibald Linn. The original mill was built on the right hand side of Main street, but after a few years it was found that there was not enough room, so across the street another large building was erected, generally desig-

nated as the new mill. At first a skirt shop or factory owned by Fuller Osborne Company occupied the upper story. After Mr. Linn's death Mr. Henry Fuller had charge of the work and was instrumental in the development of the business. November 15, 1915, the American Woolen Company leased the mills and May 15, 1916, bought them at public auction. Mr. Thomas A. Thomas is superintendent of the plant at present which employs about two hundred and fifty people.

About 1913 a corn factory was built on Pleasant street by Baxter Bros. During the canning season about seventy persons are employed. Fred Westcott is general manager.

In 1915 a modern factory was built on Mill street by Hamilton and Young. This factory was for making different articles of wearing apparel. About one hundred and fifty persons were employed on the war goods, but only about thirty on the work they are now doing.

One of the first means of traveling was by water. On the Sebasticook river a steamboat carried passengers to and from nearby towns. About thirty-six years ago a railroad was built to meet the Maine Central at Pittsfield. It was called the Sebasticook railroad and many people bought shares of stock, but as the population was not much in these early years, it was not very successful. In a few years it was bought by the Maine Central Railroad Company.

Dr. C. A. Moulton introduced the telephone system in the latter part of the nineteenth century. At first he owned and managed it himself, but in 1903 this was incorporated as the Hartland and St. Albans Telephone Co.

Another important enterprise in which Dr. Moulton was the leading

spirit was the company formed in 1911 or 1912 to furnish electricity. This was obtained from the Central Maine Power Company.

In 1913, or about this year, it was found by inspection that Starbird pond contained many springs, therefore, Hartland was supplied with city water without a pump or reservoir.

Moose pond is a body of water covering about twelve square miles lying in the northern part of the town. This pond has an abundance of fish of which perhaps salmon, perch and pickerel are most important. There are also many cottages at this pond.

Hartland has many secret orders among which are Masonic lodge, Twilight Rebekah lodge, Sebasticook lodge, K. of P., Hartland lodge, I. O. O. F., Modern Woodmen of America, Grange, and Maccabees.

This Opera House that we are in tonight is controlled and owned by the Hartland Hall association and in this building are held the I. O. O. F. and Masonic meetings. The theatre, library and selectmen's office are in this building.

In 1920 was Hartland's centennial birthday, but instead of spending large sums of money on the usual centennial celebration, as her sister towns have done, she decided upon the suggestion of Dr. Moulton, to contribute the same amount of money toward a building for a public library.

Now you can all see for yourselves how Hartland has in the past century developed into a very busy town. There is no reason I am sure why it could not progress nearly as much in the next century. I say, all put your shoulders to the wheel and boom Hartland!

M. V. C. '22

Valedictory of the Class of 1922

As we meet here tonight to say our last farewell, it is brought home to us in a forceful manner that there can be no victory without labor. While our school days at Hartland Academy have been pleasant, and the friendships formed will, we trust, last through the years, yet it is through labor and earnest effort on our part, with encouragement and assistance of our teachers and parents that we have been able to reach our long-sought-for goal.

As we review the lives of men, who have reached the highest positions in life, we find that they have attained their reward only by persistent effort.

Lincoln, born in poverty, and deprived of all educational advantages, by his own efforts rose to the highest position within the reach of man. Name after name might be mentioned of men who have achieved success, but they achieved it only through diligent study and hard work.

Trustees and Superintendent:

Our class would not be here tonight had it not been for kindness and interest, in securing efficient teachers for us, in supplying us with our needs, in watching over us so well that we have been able to reach the goal which allows us to be graduated from Hartland Academy.

Teachers:

What can we say to you, who have labored so unceasingly for our welfare? Genial, ever ready with words of advice and encouragement, your influence will permeate our lives and your memory we shall ever love and respect. May the seeds of love patiently sown among us, bear rich and abundant fruit.

Dear Parents:

It is to you that these exercises will bring the most pleasure; you, who have

encouraged us by kindly words, when obstacles otherwise too great for us were to be overcome, you, who have sacrificed and made possible this High school training. We hope that in the future years we may repay all, by fulfilling your highest aspirations.

To you Undergraduates:

We welcome you as the coming class. As we move on, our places will not be vacant, but will be filled by the advancing classes. We do not expect to be long remembered by you. The days will be full of your own interests and experiences. May you improve your opportunities better than we have improved ours. We are glad to leave here noble, true-hearted boys and girls, who will uphold the principles of our school. As we step out, a little in advance of you, so you, in the near future will give place to others. In all that awaits you in your future life we bid you success. Farewell!

My Classmates:

The honor has been conferred upon me of addressing you at this final rendez-vous of our class. Joy and sadness are intermingled—joy because we have reached the goal for which we have so long been striving, sadness that we must sever our intimate friendship.

We knew it would come—this parting time, and yet we dreaded the hour. Here we have had the same high aspirations for the future. School has not been all sunshine. There have been failures, some days have been dark and dreary, discouragement has often followed our best endeavors, but we were not crushed nor would we admit defeat for we remembered the words of our motto—"Non Palma sine labore est," "No victory is without labor." Our little trials in the class room have not separated us but united us. We

have taken a little time to jest along the way; to pluck a flower; to enjoy the sunshine. We have been frank and generous with each other and the cheering words we shall not soon forget.

We have tried not to notice that the road we have been traveling was nearing the end, but tonight we must stop at the foot of the mountain, each one must take a path alone. Some paths will be bright and cheery, some dark and sad. For some there will be college with its many opportunities. For others the burden of real life will be assumed. We must make our lives cheerful and happy, we must try to carry sunshine into the lives of others, and we know that the memories of the associations here will tend to brighten our way. May the rougher life that awaits us be rich in usefulness and affections.

In all the varied languages of the earth, there is one common word—a word that draws down the curtain upon the brightest scenes of life—a word that we must speak tonight, tenderly, earnestly, the sad, sweet word. Farewell.

While our High school days are at an end, it is but the closing of a brief chapter in the book of life. The opening of larger, broader opportunities await us.

Thelma M. Randlett

An Excursion Into the Future

My husband and I had planned to go to New York on a visit, as he was going to have a vacation of two weeks. So one pleasant morning in December we started off for a good time to take in all the sights. As we boarded the train a tall man in a conductor's uniform helped me up the steps, and as I glanced at him, I thought he looked

familiar, but I could not place him. But when he came around for the tickets I looked at him again and just a glance told me that it was one of my old school mates of Hartland academy, Clyde Brooks. He did not recognize me until I spoke to him and told him who I was. It had been fifteen years since we had seen each other. We had a nice long chat until we had to change cars.

When we reached New York, we went to our hotel and registered. Then we started out for a little walk. All the stores were decorated with Christmas goods, for it was just two weeks before the holidays. We went into one of the large stores to purchase a few articles and who should come toward us as a clerk but Iola Chipman? She said she had been head clerk there for over five years and liked very much. She did not have much time to talk for it was a very busy time and more customers were coming in who must be waited on. But we promised to call again and talk over old times.

We went back to the hotel for lunch and afterward we decided to go to the "Star" theater to the famous play "The Midnight Bride," which we saw advertised. As the leading lady came on the stage I was struck with wonder and surprise for who should it be but Eva Withee, another of my school mates. It was a wonderful play and we went away well satisfied.

The next day we went to visit "Hunter's College." We inquired for the president and we were taken to his office. As I went in I saw, sitting in his office chair a large muscular man. I was so amazed that I could not speak for a moment for there before me was Evan Martin as the president of this college. He recognized me at once and

began to talk of our old school days. He took us through the building and we visited some of the classes. When we went to the French class we found the teacher to be Herman Higgins. I talked with him and congratulated him on his good success. We were sorry not to be able to accept his invitation to call at his house, for I'd have been delighted to talk with Jeanie again. Then I inquired for Lynwood Burbank. Evan said that the last he had heard from him was that he had gone out West seeking for gold and a wife.

The day before Christmas we went for a visit at the convent. We got there just as the monks and nuns were going to mass. We entered the chapel with them. They all looked as strangers to me except one of the monks who, as he marched up the aisle, looked familiar. As he turned to go into the pew, I caught a glimpse of his face and I actually stared to make sure that my eyes did not deceive me. But it most certainly was another classmate of H. A. and no other than Harry Dore. Among, of all things. Do you wonder that I was surprised? We spent the afternoon strolling about the grounds. It was Christmas Eve. As we came out of the convent and started for home, I happened to glance up at a window in the building as I passed through the gate and there sat Mildred Brawn in the garb of a nun, listening to the "carols" that were being sung throughout the city.

The next day was Christmas day and we decided to eat our dinner in a quiet inn in the suburbs of the city. We started about ten o'clock so as to get there at noon. As we got out at the station, my husband inquired the way to an inn and we were directed to a

small white house on the top of a hill a short distance away.

When we arrived and knocked at the door a little girl answered the call and told us to come in and she would call her mother. We had no more than got inside the door when a stately looking lady came toward us and there before my very eyes was my dearest chum at school, Cassie Fisher. I was too happy for words in seeing her again. We were served with a most delicious dinner and after that we had a nice long chat until train time. I am sure I could not have spent a more enjoyable Christmas anywhere.

As we were going to the station we met an old farmer hauling milk to the creamery. As he got nearer to us I saw that it was George Thompson. We talked with him as long as time would allow. He told us that he had bought a farm and had gone into business. He said he had fourteen cows, six pigs and two hundred hens and that he was having the time of his life, hauling in more money every year from his crops. While we were talking the train whistled so we had to hurry to get to the station on time.

When we got back to the city we called on Iola at the store once more and while there I asked her about Mahlon Gray. She told me that he was a noted lawyer in Chicago.

We started back home next day, I being pleased with my visit, for I had seen all my schoolmates except two, Lynwood and Mahlon, who were too far away to see, but I had heard from them all and of their successes and I was happy to hear how all of them had prospered.

M. L. H. '23

Billy's Awakening

Billy Sands was 10 years old, at the age when boys think that girls are only bothers, and will spoil all the fun for a fellow that they can, the main reason for this, being because they are always "scared."

Perhaps you can imagine his disgust, when he was told that his older sister was going to have a girl friend at the house for a week. A whole week! What would he do? Sister had had company before, and that meant keeping his face and hands clean, wearing shoes and stockings all the time, being polite, not making any extra noise, and—well, about everything a boy hates to do, especially when its on account of a girl. But that was not all. The night before the girl was to arrive Billy and his older brother, who had been to college two years, were sitting on the veranda.

"Gee, Don," said Billy, "Don't you hate to have that girl come here? We won't have any fun until she leaves."

"Why, no," said Don. "I think it will be rather nice, sonny. You will like her I'm sure."

"M—, Well I'm sure I won't, and, say, what's struck you to think I'd like that girl? You have changed awfully since you went away to college."

That night before he went to bed he informed his folks that he had about given up the idea of going to college.

Helen Sands' friend, Ruth Summers, arrived the next afternoon. Of course there were the usual greetings, questions, etc. Billy did not present himself until supper time. Then he was more than surprised, when Ruth took hold of his hand, and as he was telling about it to the boys, he said, "She shook it just like a man." And then she asked if there was any good fishing around

there, because she was intending to go.

But Billy wasn't going to be fooled like this. Oh no. "Probably that's the first thing she thought of to say," thought Billy. "I'll bet she wouldn't dare to bait a hook." So he said,

"Oh, there's places where the boys go."

"A place for the boys! Well, isn't there a place for the girls?" inquired Ruth.

"Oh, the girls can go where we do, but they don't care much about it. They are too frightened."

"Oh, I see," said Ruth, with a smile, and a queer little look at the rest of the family, which Billy didn't understand at all.

Ruth didn't bother Billy any more until the fourth day of her visit. Then he was more than surprised when she informed him she wanted him to take her fishing.

"Well, I don't know er-er-just—"

"Now, Billy, don't you tell me you don't know where to go, because I heard you telling some of the boys about fishing last night, and you knew just the place to go."

"Oh, well, then wear some old clothes and a large hat, and you'd better take some crackers along. When sis goes she always gets hungry."

"Oh, I'll look after that," said Ruth. "And I'll be ready in fifteen minutes. Will you have the worms by then?"

In the allotted time they were ready to start. Billy decided he wouldn't take her to the pond, that he had been telling the boys about, but to a little stream that ran into the pond. He picked out the path that was the most difficult. If she thought she was such a sport he'd show her. Oh yes, and he mustn't forget Parson Webb's pasture. There would be some cows

there and he hadn't seen a girl yet who was not afraid of a cow. But Ruth did not seem to mind them at all. She could climb rocks and hills as well as he could, and was laughing and joking all the way, just as if they were walking on the best sidewalks in Littleton. By the time they reached the stream Billy was certainly puzzled. This was a new type of a girl for him.

Ruth didn't wait for Billy to bait her hook, but did it herself, and started right in fishing. Billy watched her out of the corner of his eye. He was surprised at the ease with which she handled her line. And his pride took a sudden fall when she caught the first fish. He didn't expect her to catch any, and for her to get the first one was a surprise and a disappointment for him.

They fished along the stream the most of the morning. Then after they had had their lunch Ruth wanted to go fishing in the pond. Billy said, "No, guess its all right here." But Ruth was so persistent that at last Billy said, "Well, I suppose we might." "Probably she will think she can jump around in that boat just the same as she does on these rocks, but I guess she'll find she can't," he said to himself.

Ruth, however, had no intentions of it. After rowing a little while they found a pleasant little cove, where it was fine fishing. And they were having a great time, when they were suddenly interrupted by a loud crash of thunder. They had been so interested fishing that they had not noticed the approaching storm. They started for home immediately. "We will have to row over to the landing," said Ruth. "That's only a little way from home,

we can't go back to the stream with the wind in this direction." The storm was approaching rapidly, and there was a heavy wind. Ruth took another pair of oars and helped Billy. But it was slow work even with them both. The further they went the higher the waves grew. In fact, Billy began to grow a little frightened, but he wouldn't have admitted it for the world. If it hadn't been for Ruth's skillful hands, they would have been tipped out several times. Billy glanced at her often, but there was not a trace of fear in her face. Once she looked at him and said, "You're doing fine Bill, keep it up!"

The storm became more terrific, the thunder roared and cracked overhead, the lightning seemed to be everywhere and the rain just poured from the clouds. The water came in over the sides of the boat. At last they were nearly there. They could see the landing when—crash!—a roar of thunder and a gust of wind, and the boat turned over! Billy knew how to swim, but after the hard fearsome row, and the sudden shock, his strength left him. All he knew was that he was pulled toward the shore by some one, and later there were a lot of people working over him.

The next morning when Billy awoke his brother was standing by his bed. The first words that Billy uttered were, "How's Ruth, Don, Gee! did you ever see a girl like her, She and I are pals forever."

"No, there's not another girl in the whole world like her, Billy boy" said Don, but Billy was too tired then, to realize exactly what Don meant.

F. V. I.

An Extract from Freshman English
Class Work

The Separator Ghost

It was a crisp, cold night in the autumn. I was walking rapidly across a large grain field when I caught a glimpse of a black object which seemed to be moving across the field. Just at that time the moon went under a large cloud.

My heart turned twice over, then jumped into my throat, and a cold chill ran down my back. I stopped short and stared at the object which seemed to stop with me. I could not imagine what it was as I did not believe in ghosts. (But a ghost was my first thought after seeing the object.)

I waited and stared and thought all the time that my heart would thump a hole through my chest.

After a few moments (which to me had seemed hours) the moon again shone brightly upon the mysterious object. My heart sank back to the proper place when I saw that it was only my father's old, worn-out cream separator that he had set out in the grain three weeks before for a scarecrow.

J. F. H. '25

Iola's Dream

(Caused by reading Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" all the evening and then lunching upon mince pie just before retiring.)

Paris, France,

Dec. 20, 1930

Dear Mary:

I have heard from nearly all the graduating class of '22 and I am writing to tell you what happened to the whole of them. Thelma R. married Bud to begin with and I will relate their experiences in married life.

It seemed that Bud and Thelma had

been living in England. If you remember Bud had an uncle, William Moore, living near Paris, who was a wealthy old noble. After his death Bud fell heir to the property, being the nearest heir living. Mauseigneur Moore had accumulated all this property by starving and unjustly taxing the poor people. So Bud wouldn't accept the property. When the revolution broke out, the mob put the manager of the property in prison and he applied to Bud for help.

Quite unbeknown to his wife and wife's father (Donald Newell) he came to France. When he arrived they put him in prison also. As soon as Thelma and her father found out that he had gone they started for France too, (you remember that Thelma's father was imprisoned in France for eighteen years and nearly lost his senses.) He has completely recovered now and is doing quite a business at doctoring. After Mr. Newell arrived here, he told the story of his imprisonment. The people nearly went wild over him and would do nearly everything he wanted them to. He helped the mobs by doctoring those that got hurt, and all the poor people and by doing this he gained a great reputation. After about fifteen months he got them to give Bud a trial and he was freed, but only for a few hours. To leave Bud and Thelma for awhile. I'll tell you how he came to be put back in prison.

As you remember Ethel's sister, Ena was ruined by Bud's father and their brother, "Fish" Wyman, was killed outright by him also. No wonder she was so dead against nobility. Ethel was one of the most famous leaders of the revolution. She was so dead against Bud's father that she wanted revenge on Bud I guess, at least she had him put back in prison and finally when they had a new trial he was sent to the guillotine.

Everything was done to save him but he would have lost his head if it had not been for Clair Lewis. Mahlon Gray was in Paris at the time doing business for the Banking House of London. He has always been a good friend of the family so he helped them to save Bud, but no use. Mahlon had Evan Martin, (Jerry Cruncher,) with him. He occupied his time looking after the good Miss Seekins. After everybody had given Bud up as lost, Clair set out to make use of his worthless life.

You remember the night so many of the boys and girls went to Newport to see the basket-ball game, well Clair promised Thelma he would do anything to save a life she loved. The reason he promised her that was this. He fell in love with Corrine Evans years ago and Corrine skipped out with that Lemman Luce that used to be around town. Clair was heart-broken and this is what he did and all because Thelma resembled Corrine.

About three or four hours before Bud was to go to the guillotine, Clair went into Bud's cell and swapped clothes with him. Then he drugged Bud and had him carried to a carriage which was waiting for him to come. The carriage contained Mahlon, Thelma and Thelma's only child Evis. They were going to start for home as Clair had warned them that the situation was getting desperate for them.

When Bud was fetched to the wagon on a stretcher, they supposed Clair had fainted at his parting with Bud. They didn't suspect a thing, Bud and Clair so closely resembled each other. The plan worked to a T. Bud and Thelma went on their way home and Clair to the guillotine. I believe the plan would have failed then if it had not been for

Miss Seekins, who is still in Thelma's employ. She is just as devoted to her as ever. After Thelma and her folks had been gone for three or four hours Ethel declared that she would call on Thelma and her baby. (I don't know her intentions, but I believe they were bad). When she had reached the Fisher place, the house was nearly deserted but Miss Seekins wanted her to believe that everyone was there, so she banged a door shut and planked her noble frame in front of it.

They argued for some time (Ethel in French, Maybelle in English, neither understanding the other) They clinched and somehow they got to disputing over a revolver. The thing exploded and killed Ethel. It had been planned that Miss Seekins and Evan should start a while after the rest of the family had gone. So Maebelle simply locked the door. then she and Evan started for London. Sweet-natured Laurice gained the name of Vengeance and was Ethel's companion during the revolution. I suppose she will miss Ethel. Many a one will miss Clair. He has worked for Robert Picken for many years. Robert is a lawyer and he knew Clair's weak point was wine. He used to keep Clair drunk and he would do all Robert's work for him. Robert doesn't have to be a lawyer any more as he has married Frances Pennell a wealthy widow with two sons. As for the rest of the girls, Gertrude Brawn, Lena and Ena Emery, they married nobles and had to flee when the revolution broke out. Ena Emery married Evan Martin and is very happy. Ever since he saw so many things go on in Paris he has allowed her to flop any time she wishes to and he doesn't go fishing any more. Mildred Chipman I haven't seen, she found attractions in America, I guess.

I have told you all that will interest you and Harry, so Goodbye from your old friend,

Iola

AN ADVENTURE FULL OF GERMANS

Colonel Stacy pushed a button near his side. A moment later an orderly came into the room and after saluting, stood at attention.

"Orderly," said the Colonel, "Tell Captain Goodrich to report to me at once."

"Yes sir." The orderly saluted and withdrew.

About five minutes after, a young American, wearing the uniform of the Flying Corps and the chevrons of a Captain came and saluted, awaiting the Colonel's orders..

The Colonel spoke immediately.

"From information that I have received, I know that there is a munition plant in Muntz, which you know is thirty miles northeast of here. But the truth is that I do not know the position of it. If I did, I would send some planes to destroy it, but it is so carefully camouflaged and it looks so much like its surroundings that it cannot be seen from a thousand feet up. And if you went down farther than that, their anti-aircraft guns would blow a plane sky-high. Now what I sent for you for was to see if you would attempt to go there by night, disguise yourself as a German and get a picture the next day. You speak German fluently and you should have no trouble in making your way. Of course, if you are caught you will be shot as a spy. Will you try it,"

Capt. Goodrich hesitated a moment and then said: "Yes, I will try it."

"Very well," said the Colonel, "be

ready at dark tomorrow. Select your own machinist and secure some German uniforms to use when you get there. Report to me at six o'clock tomorrow night."

Captain Goodrich, or Jack, as we will call him went at once to the quarters of his friend, Richard Strong.

"Dick," he said, "our gracious commander has chosen me as the one to go to Muntz and find a munition plant. I am going tomorrow night in a plane and you are going with me as my machinist."

The following day they prepared for their journey. At six o'clock they reported at Colonel Stacy's quarters.

"Are you ready, gentlemen," the Colonel asked.

"Yes sir, all ready."

"Good, go to hangar 51 and you will find a plane awaiting you. Good luck."

The boys saluted and withdrew.

They went at once to hangar 51 and found the airplane. It was a Nieuport, with two Maxim machine guns mounted near the machinist's seat and had four parachutes and plenty of food. They immediately put off from the field and inside of five minutes were among the clouds. The night was pitch dark and from the earth it had looked like a storm, but the occupants of the plane were in no danger of getting wet above the clouds.

Jack, who was pilot, headed the plane due north-east and they sped along for some time. All of a sudden Jack said:

"Go as slow as you can and don't let the engine make much noise, for I see a light ahead."

Dick did so and waited for the next order. It came immediately.

"Stand by the guns. It is a Zeppelin going to bomb the camp, but we will see that it doesn't." It was now but a few

yards from them and Jack said, "Fire!"

The commander of the Zeppelin could do nothing to protect his craft but to search the sky with his searchlight. A moment later it had discovered the plane and had not Jack descended quickly one of its bullets would have ended their trip.

"Put that searchlight out of commission," ordered Jack, and in a minute Dick succeeded in hitting it with a bullet, extinguishing it. After firing a few more shots he hit the gas bag and that was the last of the Zeppelin.

"One less," remarked Dick.

They then resumed their course and in less than an hour were above Muntz. They landed, aided by their searchlight and hid the plane the best they could. Donning the uniforms that they had brought with them, and arming themselves, left the plane. Jack with a small camera in his pocket.

They soon came to a German house, and asked for food and shelter for the night. They were cordially received and partook of a fine supper. After they had eaten their fill, Jack began, casually, to inquire about the town. Finally he found out that the munition plant was but a hundred rods from their abode.

Before retiring, Jack asked the man of the house if he would call them at four o'clock the next morning, and with his promise they went to bed. Jack said: "We will start early in the morning and you will go back to the plane and have it ready for us to go in a hurry if need be. I will go to the plant and get a picture of it.

In the morning they were called by the man and after breakfast, gave him ten marks for the night's lodging. Dick went at once to the plane and Jack started toward the plant. He got be-

hind a tree and got a picture of it and was returning towards the plane when a sentry challenged him. Jack ran as fast as he could and arrived at the plane quite out of breath. Dick held off his pursuers with the machine guns until they got under way.

They arrived home safely and were promoted, having been successful in their quest.

J. M. '24

MY TIMID AUNT

It was a lovely, bright evening and as there was to be a basket-ball game I persuaded my aunt to attend.

My aunt was thirty-eight years old but had never been to see the boys play basketball, or any other athletic sports. I knew I wouldn't have another chance to take her this year so I asked her to go.

"Go to a basket-ball game," she said, rather excitedly.

"Sure, Aunt Cordelia, you'll have the time of your life," I told her. I knew if I didn't tease she would say she could not go, so I tried my best.

"Well, now, I don't know. Do other young ladies like me attend them?"

"Sure they do, why, there's Bess Jenkins, who's forty next November, and she wouldn't miss one for the world."

This was enough, as Aunt Cordelia would not think of being behind the times, otherwise than the short skirts and the ear-puffs, which she declared she "couldn't see no sense in nohow."

At half-past seven we started. Aunt Cordelia had on her best go-to-meeting sailor, her smelling salts in her pocket, in case some of those poor boys should faint, she could assist them.

When the whistle called the boys to begin, and they began to take off their

sweaters, Aunt Cordelia placed her glasses on her nose, and uttered an exclamation of surprise followed by—

"Why, my gracious, look at those boys. If I'd a knowed they was goin' to play in their pajamas I'd never come. Oh, look at him try to get that ball!"

"Yes Aunt Cordelia, don't get so excited. That's the way they play, one tries to get the ball from the other."

"Well, I should say their ma's never taught them any manners, 'cause no gentleman will knock anything out of another fellow's hands, or strike, like he is."

"Sh, keep still, you're causing all kinds of comments. Everything is all right."

Somehow, she couldn't keep back

those excited exclamations which caused so much laughter by those near us.

After the game was over I asked, "Auntie, dear, do you want to go home now or stay to watch the dance?"

"Dance?" Ch, Lord, take me home! My poor head is splitting from the excitement, and I never will look those boys in the face again after their appearing in public with nothing but their pajamas on, and short-legged too! Why I don't know how I've stood it as long as I have. My poor smelling salts is all that gave me strength."

I never have been able to convince Aunt Cordelia those were the suits they were supposed to wear, nor could I ever get her to attend another basket-ball game.

E. W. '23

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and some lunch counter supplies. They were certainly appreciated by those that took their dinners.

According to their agreement the Kit Kat Komedey Klub gave a play this winter for the benefit of the piano fund. It was very good and over \$70 was realized after the expenses were paid.

On our return to school after our Christmas vacation, we were very glad to find our new piano, that we had been trying to get for three years. It is a great improvement over the piano we did have, and is certainly appreciated by all.

Our energetic Junior class has found a new way to get our money. They have a counter where they sell candy every recess. We believe and hope they are doing very well with it.

On Friday afternoon Jan 10, we were all pleased to hear we would not have any studies after recess. Some of the pupils that were to take part in the first Preliminay contest were to speak. Everyone enjoyed the afternoon very much.

One Friday, if the people on Academy street had been listening, they would heard much whistling and shouting.

About forty of the boys and girls of Hartland Academy were comfortably settled in covered wagons and were soon on their way to Corinna. A great game was anticipated and all were confident that our boys would win the basketball game.

We were very merry for a while but a little before we got to St. Albans, one of the boys complained of being very hungry. We took up a bit of collection among the crowd and when we reached St. Albans, a couple of girls got out and went into the store and soon returned with enough lollypops, peanuts, and

gum to go around. These were quickly devoured, then someone asked for a song, and we sang all we could possibly think of.

About seven o'clock we reached Corinna and in about an hour the game commenced. It was a very good game, both sides played very well, but, as hard as Corinna tried, luck seemed not to favor them for the game ended in our favor 86 to 20. After the game everyone enjoyed a short dance.

Half past eleven came and the crowd broke up. After a slow ride home in which the merriment of the trip over was conspicuously absent, for although we were proud of our victory we were very sleepy.

Friday evening April 28th, a speaking contest, given by the school, was held in the High school room and prizes were offered. The best speaker received three dollars, the second two dollars, and the third one dollar. This was the program for the evening:

Music	Orchestra
Utterly Utter	Vera Haseltine
Cuttings from "Diary of a Bad Boy"	Donald Newell
Courtin'	Iola Chipman
Spartacus to the Gladiators	Donald Cole
News from Home	Fred Stern
The Football Game	Corinne Evans
Gettysburg	Clair Lewis
Mrs. Mulkittle	Mary Haseltine
Music	Orchestra

The judges decision was given and the three following people were awarded prizes:

1st prize	Donald Cole
2nd prize	Corinne Evans
3rd prize	Iola Chipman

After the contest the school Orchestra played for a short dance, which was held in the gymnasium.

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St. Albans, Maine

ATHLETICS

Football

Hartland Academy was handicapped in football for the lack of a coach. There was good material in the school, but, unfortunately, we could not get everyone out. (We played three games during the fall term. Newport at Hartland, Newport at Newport, and Oakland at Oakland. In the first game Fisher, our full back, was forced to leave the game with broken ribs. In the last game, Dore was rendered unable to play in the second down.

The following men won letters:

Clair Lewis R. E.
Kenneth Burlock R. T.
Harry Finson R. G.
Daniel Connelly C.
Lynwood Burbank L. G.
Eddie Brown L. T.
Carleton Deering L. E.
Harry Dore Q. B.
John Getchell R. H. B.
Newton Smith L. H. B.
Frank Fisher F. B.

Fisher was captain and Crandlemire, manager.

Basketball

The basketball season opened with

H. Higgins, manager; Harry Dore, captain; and Gorham, coach. The games played were:

H. A. 12	Foxcroft Academy 33
H. A. 16	Newport H. S. 20
H. A. 86	Corinna Academy 20
H. A. 37	Corinna Academy 27
H. A. 56	Brooks H. S. 20
H. A. 61	M. C. I. 2nd 13

Dore, Fisher, Getchell, Higgins, Libby, Smith, Brown, Lewis played for the school.

Baseball

Prospects are very good for this year. Lewis has been elected manager and practice has begun.

Athletic Association

After the foot ball season was over we organized an athletic association for the purpose of encouraging athletics in the school and also of aiding in the finances. The following officers were elected: Harry Dore, president; Mary Haseltine, vice president; Thelma Randlett, secretary; Maebelle Seekins, treasurer. The dues are one dollar per term, and members of the association receive free tickets to the school games.

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Pittsfield, Maine

EXCHANGES

We have enjoyed your papers very much and sincerely hope that you will continue to send them. Our exchange list has increased this year, and we hope next year we will have still more.

We have received the following papers since our June issue:

The Red and White, Sanford.

The Nautilus, South Paris High school.

Oak Leaves, Vassalboro, Me.

The Naulaka, Pittsfield, Me.

The Lancastonian, New Hampshire.

The Live Wire, Newport, Me.

The Signet, Dexter, Me.

The Clansman, East Corinth, Me.

The Spud, Sherman Mills, Me.

The H. C. I. Scroll, Higgins Classical Institute.

The Messalonskee Ripple, Oakland, Me.

We find the Red and White a very

pleasing paper as it has many good stories, and editorials which show good work.

We were very glad to receive the Nautilus and The Live Wire.

The Oak Leaves has a very good literary department.

The Clansman has good cartoons. Why not print a few good stories?

The Naulaka had some very fine stories, but we think the number of jokes could be increased.

The Lancastonian. Your jokes are splendid and you also have a long list of exchanges.

The Signet is a fine paper and has some very good jokes.

The Spud has many well-written poems.

The Scroll has a fine literary department. A few more jokes would be appreciated.

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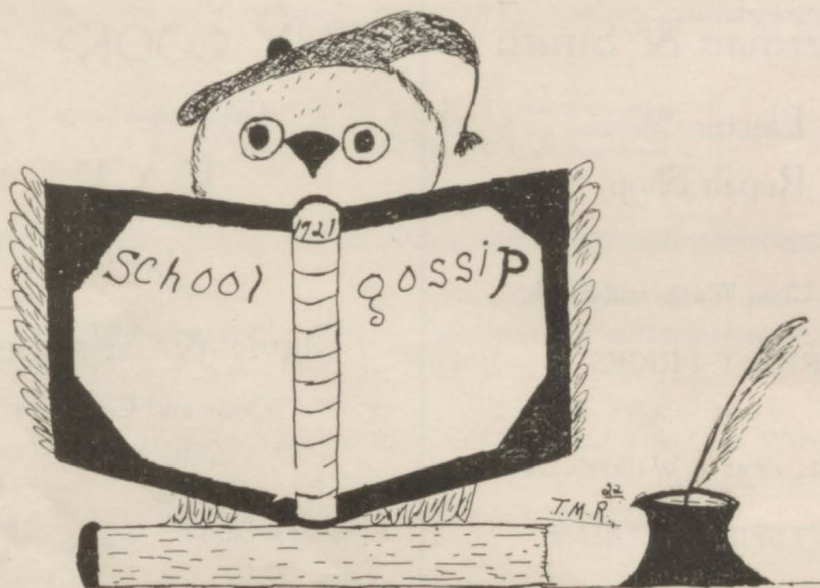
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CLASS ECHOES

Miss P.—“Why isn’t it proper to say ‘He wanted to go to the circus very bad?’”

J. Haseltine—“It sounds as though he wanted to be very bad when he went to the circus.”

Mary Haseltine (translating French)—“Il me tend la main. (He extends his hand to me) He held my hand.”

Of course Mary would think so, being so used to holding hands.

George T. (in Junior French)—“Il etait sur uncheval lumiere (He was on a light horse) He had on his light hair.”

We wonder what other kind of hair he has.

Mr. Crandlemire to Mr. Norcross—“What are you laughing at,”

Mr. Norcross—“I wiggled my seat and Mr. Whitney hit me on the head and broke the laugh.”

The class putting sentences into French.

Miss P.—Now lets go to see the flowers, Mr. Thompson.”

Mr. Gorham (in Latin class after taking up the declension of the pronoun is, ea, id in its regular order.)—“Now I’m going to skip all around.”

D. Newall—“Gee, he must be kinky!” key!”

E. Ward (in Geometry class)—“What do you do after you prove the opposite angles equal?”

Prof.—“Ring the bell.” (Prof’s mind was somewhere else)

The first division of Junior French class has often wondered what Mlle meant when she said “Qui peut dire.” (Keep her dear,) to the second division, which consists of boys.

Harry Dore (translating French)—“Il voulut trouver sur la mer des

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chemins pas ou personne n'avait passe. (he wished to find some roads over the sea, where no one had passed.) But Harry translated. "He wished to find some dogs on the sea which no one had passed."

Miss P.—"What was one thing that George Elliot wrote besides "Silas Marner?"

Fat. Finson—"Scott's 'Marmion'"

H. A. NEWS

We do not wonder that our school varies in temperature with six feet of snow on one side of the main building and a (Cole) coal fire on the other.

Students of H. A.

We notice several of the freshmen wearing red ties to brighten the class up a bit, as they lack red heads.

It is necessary that the geometry class have their lesson in the back of the room to give more front seats for the rogues.

We think that Frances Bane will change her hair from a Dutch cut to gray soon.

They have started a new orchestra in town. Frances Ingalls plays the piano and Merrill Moore the second fiddle.

There has been introduced in the past year a course in nature studies—Fields and Brooks.

Frances' latest colonial possessions are the Land of the Moors and Smithfield.

PERSONALS

Mr. Randlett to Mr. Connelly—"Your mouth has been open for fifteen minutes."

Mr. Connelly—"I know it, I opened it."

D. Cole was laughing.

Prof.—"Cole, I want to see you busy. What do you come to school for,"

Cole—"To get rid of work."

Prof., announcing that there was to be a rehearsal of the play, "Our Awful Aunt." "There is a rehearsal of my awful aunt to-night.

Mr. G. to Miss Merrick:

G.—"What's the difference between a vamp and a flirt?"

Miss M.—"A vamp vamps, and a flirt flirts."

H. A. Library

Jean Corson	The Hearts Kingdom
Mathalie Lewis	
	Adventures in Friendship
Lela Steadman	
	The Star in the Window
Rebecca Pennell	
	The Girl by the Roadside
Elmer Ward	The Woman Hater
Newton Smith	Daddy Long Legs
Mabel Drew	Love's Labor Lost
Dwinell Wescott	The Daredevil
Carlton Deering	The Hundreth Chance
Philip Higgins	
	I've Married Marjorie
Joseph McGee	A Son of the Hills
Donald Cole	The Great Inspiration
Eddie Brown	The Melting of Molly
Melvin Wyman	Branded
Agnes Woods	Wildfire

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Jean Corson	Forget-me-not
Nathalie Lewis	Black eyed Susan
Ola Hight	Sunflower
Lela Steadman	Marigold
Rebecca Pennell	Pinks
Eva Withee	Bachelor's Buttons
Newton Smith	Trailing Arbutus
Mabel Drew	Prim Rose
Dwinell Wescott	Baby's Breath
Iola Chipman	Golden Glow
Carlton Deering	Snowball
Joseph McGee	Poppy
Donald Cole	Evergreen
Eddie Brown	Jack-in-the-Pulpit
Melvin Wyman	Lily-of-the-Valley

A pomologist discovers in our school several pears (C. B. & I. F.), (N. S. & F. I.), (H. D. & M. H.), (F. B. & M. G.); a lemon (M. O.); a prune (T. R.); a date (M. B.); a large number of peaches, (L. N., (E. E.), (M. H.), (M. B.), (V. H.), and the following apples:

Snow	Edward Snow
Crab	Donald Newell
Maidens Blush	James Dundas
Greenings	D. Cole and D. Wescott
Nodhead	Newton Smith
King	Daniel Connelly
Porter	Mildred Chipman
Cider	Bob Picken
Nonesuch	Fish Wyman
Mann	Ola Hight
Northern Spies	Faculty
Red Astrican	Joseph McGee
Black Oxford	Corinne Evans
High Top	C. Kimball
Belle Flower	Maybelle Seekins
Twenty Ounce Pippin	Fatty Sterns
Discard Apple	The Morning Singing
Early Harvest	Ina Fields
Duchess	F. Bane and R. Pennell
Wolf River	Clyde Brooks
Early Sunrise	Gertrude Brawn

Some Favorite Songs of H. A. Students

Ain't We Got Fun	R. E. P.
Oh, See the Little Angels	G. E. T.
I'm a Jazz Baby	E. W.
I Used to Love You, But Its All Over Now	J. C.
Ch, Harry, Harry	M. H.
Caroldi	M. B.
Bobbie	C. E.
When Frances Dances with Me	N. S.
Humpty Dumpty	F. S.
I ain't Nobody's Darling.	M. W.
Margie.	E. M.
I've Lost You So Why Should I Care	L. N.
Johnny's in Town.	R. P.
Long Boy.	C. K.
What's What in Our Town	Hartland Academy

Freshman Class

A is for Annie, a sweet little lass,
Who saves all her questions for Latin
Class.

B is for Bessie, although she's not
small,
She never plays—O no, not at all.

C is for Corinne, who can foxtrot her
way,
Through Latin and English class any
day.

D is for Daniel, and when "Prof's"
away,
He and Winston are sure to play,

E is for the Egg that the doctor found,
When he entered the room to look
around.

F is for Frances, so jolly and gay,
How will she look when she becomes
grey (Grey)

H is for Howard, whose greatest aim,
Is to be a copyist of renowned fame.

I is for Iky, who stands at the head?

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J is for John, who likes all the girls,
Especially if they have nice brown curls.

K is for Kimball, Clarence by name,
If he studies hard he'll surely get fame.

L is for Linwood, he's cool you know,
For he sits beside six feet of snow
(Snow)

M is for Maynard, who, in the end,
Finds the waste-basket his best friend.

N is for Newell, whose notes should be
Addressed to "Dinty" from "Bebe D."

O is for O'Reilly who, with all her wiles,
Has captured someone by the name of
"Smiles."

P is for Percy, a sweet little lass,
She always gets her History, the best in
class.

Q is for questions the freshmen always
ask.

Especially in General Science class.

R stands for Rules, that "Prof." often
makes

Though only a few of them ever "take."

S is for Stanley, the smartest in our
class,

Although he's slim, he can study so
fast.

T is for teachers, some have grown
dear,

Others we change most every year.

U who are reading this paper

Remember we depend,—

On you—the people of Hartland.

This "Ripple" to defend.

V is for Vera, who at a glance you
would know,

For at the academy, she is the whole
show.

W stands for Winston, Norcross by
name,

To go to college on Latin is his great-
est aim.

X, Y and Z we are always lacking,
Although we've always got "Young."

So now I'll close this alphabet,

To let you enjoy the fun.

A. W. 25

Advice to the Class of 1926, Given by the Class of 1925

Establish a postoffice so that the
notes may be delivered faster than they
were last year.

Don't have paper, pencil, erasers, or
ink unless you want them borrowed and
never returned.

All Freshmen take shorthand so to
be ready when the History notes come.

Beware of sitting in the seat behind
H. Dore. For information ask F.
Sterns.

Try to resist the temptation to chew
gum in school. The waste basket is
always in existence.

The Freshmen should take an in-
terest in their school and help out
with the opening exercises in the
morning, and should also go in for
athletics.

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An Athletic Jingle

We'd a basketball team last winter,
And in many games we did well;
Of the fellows that won their letters,
Now to you the truth I'll tell.

Capt. Dore was the best of our players,
In all of the games he starred,
Basket shooting was his specialty,
Next year he ought to be barred.

Next was Getchell, our freshman forward,
He showed a great deal of wit.
But sometimes he was out-witted,
But was tough and full of grit.

Now came Fisher, our burly center,
And he was gritty and game,
As quick and fast as lightning,
Throughout, he was ever the same.

Brown was our Sophomore sub,
He was very rugged and tough.
After they'd played five minutes,
He always had had enough.

Smith was our gallant six-footer.
He got in each game of the year.
On our trips away from Hartland,
The girls thought that he was a dear.

Lewis was as fast as lightning.
He ever began with a "crack!"
He circled the hall so quickly
That he met himself coming back.

"Blondy" Higgins hails from Washburn,
A school of basketball fame.
When he landed here in Hartland
He was posted about the game.

F. F. '22

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ALUMNI NOTES

1901

Eva (Libby) Jordan, Portland.
Inez (Vickery) Mendall, Greene.

1906

Mary (Anderson) Butterfield, Madison.

Marion M. Baird is private secretary to the sales manager of the Samoset Chocolate Co.

Ralph Cook is a salesman for the Libby & Skinner Co., Bangor.

Julia M. Libby is manager of the Libby Candy Kitchen, Hartland.

Adrian Ward is a druggist in North Conway, N. H.

1908

Elmer M. Burton is in business with his father.

Effie (Coston) Worth lives in Washburn.

John Johnson lives in Ottawa, Canada.

Ina (Thompson) Coolidge is living in Palmyra.

1909

Crystal Bowman is a stenographer in Bangor.

*Ethel (Baird) Bell.

Arthur Baird is living on a farm in Wellington.

Frank Burton is a salesman for the Certainteed Products Corp., Bangor.

Bernice (Pinkham) Billings is living in Bangor.

Leslie Waldron is living at 316 Huntington avenue, Boston, Mass.

1910

Edna (Humphry) Ames, is living in West Hartland.

Frank Hollister is living on a farm in St. Albans.

Fred Baird is manager of the T. F. Grant store in Syracuse, N. Y.

Freda (Bowman) Deering is living in Orono.

1911

Augusta Baker is a nurse in Bar Harbor.

Marion (Buzzell) Stedman is living in Skowhegan.

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

Mollie (Harding) Seekins is living in Hartland.

Myrtle Everett is teaching in Massachusetts.

1912

Elmer Baird is living on a farm in St. Albans.

Eva (Burton) Jones is living in Augusta.

Harry R. Libby is an employee of the American Woolen Co.

Horace Packard has a position as carpenter in Lawrence, Mass.

Clifton Steelbrook is a foreman in the shoe factory at Auburn.

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Newport

Leland Gray is employed as a finisher by the American Woolen Co., Old Town.

1913

Iva Furber is at home.

Annie Fuller is teaching the Grammar school in town.

Mildred (Webb) Baird is a music teacher in St. Albans.

Edna (French) Salls is living in Kenduskeag.

Fred A. Clark, is living in New York.

*Carroll Richardson.

1914

Goldie (Lander) Randall is living in Hartford.

Ella (Seekins) Getchell is living in Hartland.

1915

Herbert Seekins is in the employ of the American Woolen Co., Hartland.

Ruth Young is employed in the office of the Hamilton & Young Shirt factory.

Harry Henderson is employed in the office of the General Electric Co. of Schenectady, N. Y.

Edward Walker is living in Hartland.

Leta (Merrick) Libby lives in St. Albans.

Wilma (Wilkins) Burton is living in Boston, Mass.

1916

Alice F. Packard, a graduate from E. M. G. hospital, 21' is a school nurse in Springfield, Vt.

Isabelle C. Packard is a grade teacher in Springfield, Vt.

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

*Frank J. Lander.

Joseph Buker is at home in St. Albans.

Florence (Manson) Reed is living in Harmony.

Evelyn I. Furber is teaching in Sanford.

1917

Lida (Merrick) Cookson is living in Hartland.

Carroll Webber is clerking in the Hartland Drug Store.

*Chester Ward.

Vernon Webber is a weaver in the American Woolen mills.

Ruth (Cook) Chapman is living in Farmington.

Beatrice Worth lives in Hallowell.

Bernice Steeves is clerking in the C. I. Currier's Store.

Madeline Young is employed in the Hamilton & Young Shirt Factory.

Carl A. Baird is living on a farm in St. Albans.

Anna (Head) Cooley lives in North Hartland.

Donald Robinson is studying to be an electrical engineer.

Laura (Davis) Bradford is living in Newport.

*Caroline (Johnson) Staples.

Ruby Burlock is teaching in Limestone.

1918

Ardis Lancey is a student at the U. of M.

Ethel Gray is an employee of the American Woolen Co.

Stuart Baird is working for the T. F. Grant store, York, Pa.

Hallis Buker lives in St. Albans.

1919

Iva (Huff) Ames lives in Hartland.

Lois (Wilkins) Worthen is living in Bangor.

Ray Burlock lives in Hartland.

1920

Winfred Finson is attending Cayne Electrical school, Chicago.

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Marion Heath lives in St. Albans.

Mildred Latty is employed in the telephone office in Hartland.

Fred Libby is working for L. E. Libby, St. Albans.

Clyde Martin is a freshman in Bates college.

Crystal McPheters is studying to be a nurse.

Willis Nichols is a cutter in the Hamilton & Young Shirt Factory.

Doris Parkman is employed in the Hamilton & Young Shirt Factory.

Beatrice Randlett is attending Shaw's Business college, Bangor.

Nina (Seekins) Webber is a clerk in the Hartland postoffice.

Ethel Ward is a student at the Farmington Normal school.

Doris (Whitney) Austin lives in St. Albans.

Frederick Wright is working in Griffith's Repair Shop.

1921

Ray Spaulding is living in Hartland

Madeline (Gray) Allen lives in Hartland.

Clyde Emery works for the American Woolen Co.

Bertha (Johnson) Bragg lives in Hartland.

Alta Tracy is employed in the Hamilton & Young Shirt Factory.

Thelma (Tracy) Carr lives in Holliston, Mass.

Frank Withee is teaching the Webber school in Hartland.

—
*Deceased

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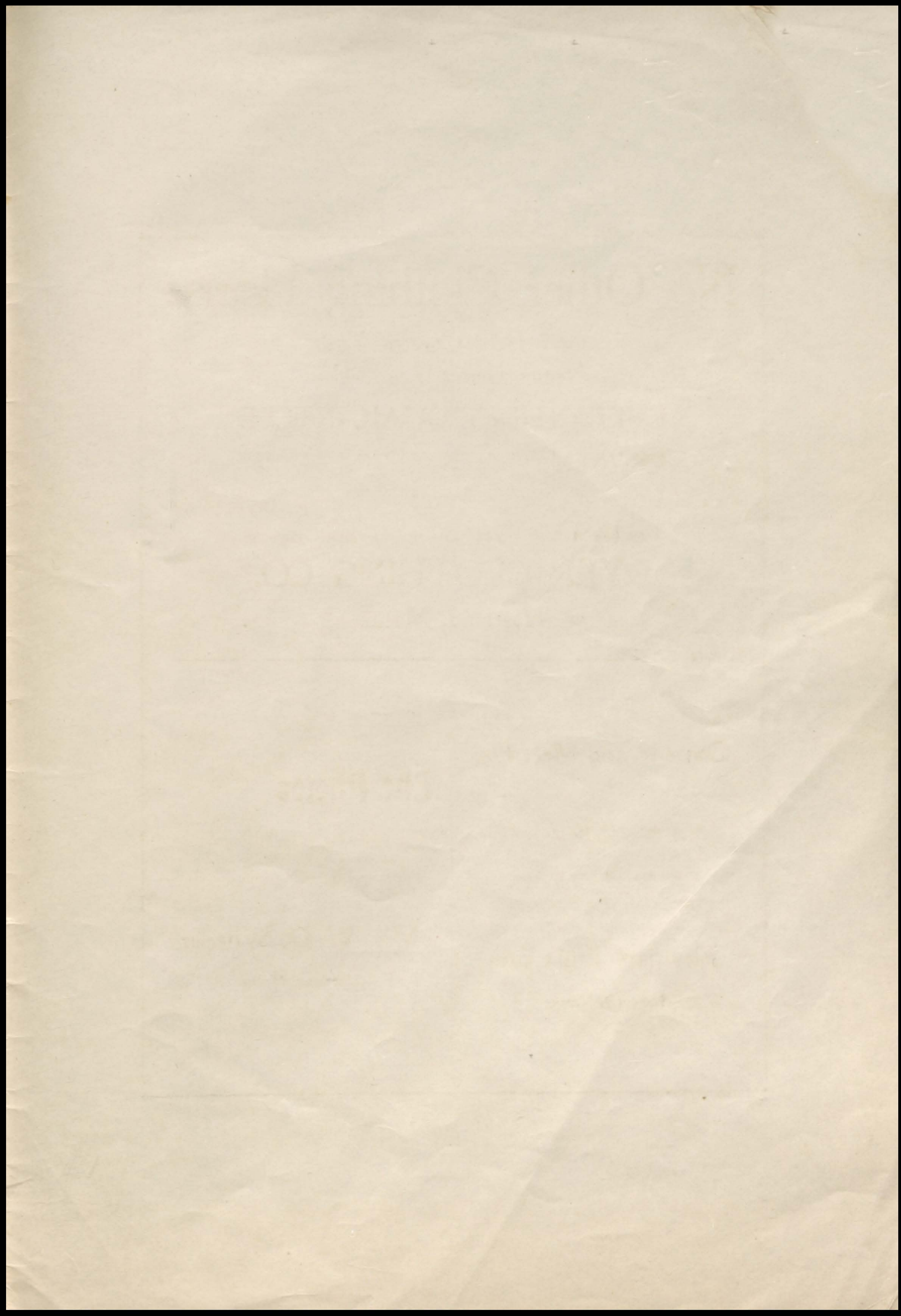
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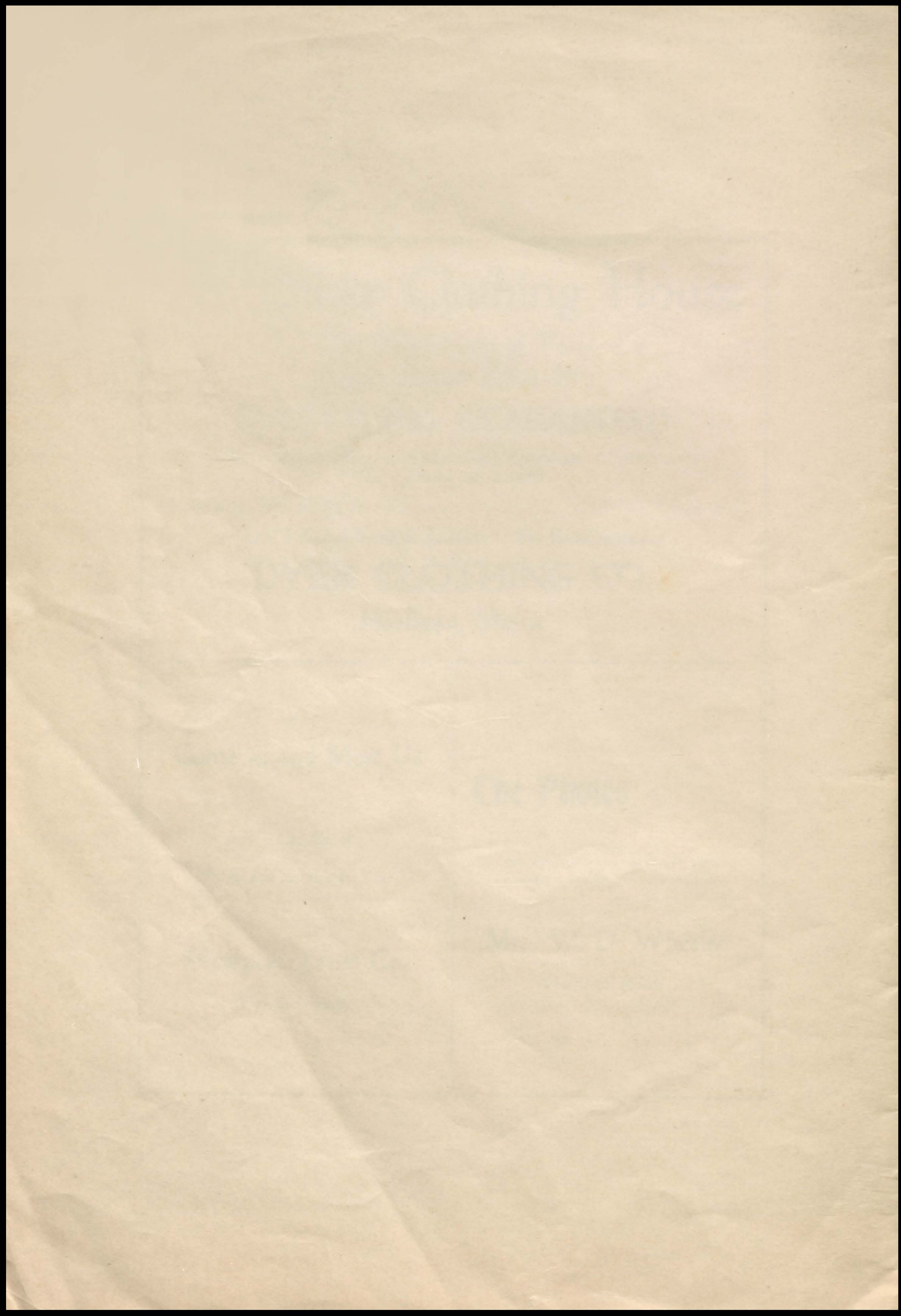
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Sincerely yours,

MANAGEMENT,

Hartland Opera House