

# The Ripple



FOR GRADUATION  
GIVE HIM OR HER A  
BULOVA WATCH

If you want to present some loved one a graduation gift that will be prized and cherished, give a fine BULOVA WATCH. It is the ideal gift because it combines everlasting beauty with enduring usefulness. We also have a complete line of GIFTS THAT LAST for graduation.

W. F. ROBERTS, Jeweler

Tel. 19-12

Pittsfield, Maine

Compliments of  
O. M. CARR  
OPTOMETRIST

Phone 27

Pittsfield, Maine

"EASTERN QUALITY FEEDS"

EASTERN GRAIN CO.

Tel. 57-3

Pittsfield, Maine

Compliments of

PITTSFIELD NATIONAL BANK

"THE SPORTING GOODS STORE"

BASEBALL, TENNIS, GOLF, TRACK SWEATERS, SWEAT SHIRTS, RAIN COATS, TRENCH COATS, SPORT CLOTHING.

HEADQUARTERS FOR SCHOOL ATHLETIC SUPPLIES

THE JAMES BAILEY COMPANY

264 Middle St.

Portland, Maine

Telephone—Preble 2230

# *N. J. KARAM*

NEW DODGE BROS. SIX

DODGE BROS. EIGHT

NASH SINGLE IGNITION SIX

NASH TWIN IGNITION SIX

NASH TWIN IGNITION EIGHT

100 Horspower—9 Baring Motor Chevrolet Pleasure Cars

A Complete line of Chevrolet Six, Dodge Bros. Trucks, 1 to 3 tons

USED CARS, ALL MAKES, SPECIALS UNDER \$99

Phone 212, Pittsfield

5 Main St.

J. O. Humphrey, Representative

Hartland,

Maine

Compliments of

## W. C. HUMPHREY

DRY and FANCY GOODS

Pittsfield,

Maine

## A. R. Burton & Son

Agents for

## WHITE STAR LAUNDRY

Pittsfield,

Maine

*INSURANCE*  
*for*  
*STUDENTS*

ENDOWMENTS AT LIFE RATES

*SIDNEY F. JONES*

Pittsfield,

Maine

Compliments of  
*E. W. WALLACE*

Dealer in  
GROCERIES  
CANNED GOODS, Etc.

Pittsfield,

Maine

Compliments of  
*HANSON'S STORE*  
DRY GOODS

Hartland,

Maine

Compliments of  
*SEEKINS' LUNCH ROOM*

Hartland,

Maine

*C. I. CURRIE*  
FANCY GROCERIES

Hartland,

Maine

Compliments of  
*P. A. GOWEN*  
FANCY GROCERIES

Hartland,

Maine

*C. E. NORCROSS*

WILLYS SIX

WILLYS KNIGHT

WHIPPET AUTOMOBILES

PHILCO RADIOS

Copeland Electric Refrigerators

All Sizes

Hartland,

Maine

Compliments of

*GOODWIN CLOTHING CO.*

Pittsfield,

Maine

*G. M. LANCEY*

INSURANCE

Hartland,

Maine

*SCOTT & HEBB*

FANCY GROCERIES

FRUITS and MEATS

Hartland,

Maine

*E. L. GREENE*

BOOT and SHOE

REPAIRING

Hartland,

Maine

SCATTER SUNSHINE WITH  
GREETING CARDS

Always find a good line at

*MRS. W. D. WHEELER'S*

Hartland,

Maine

## Dedication

---

This edition of *The Ripple* is dedicated  
to our Faculty who have so faithfully  
contributed their services to our class—

Mr. T. A. Murray

Mr. J. L. Turner

Miss E. E. Turkington

Miss J. L. Cobb

Mrs. J. L. Turner

## THE RIPPLE



Front Row—M. Whittemore, H. Baird, D. Pelkie.

Second Row—M. Gray, E. Turkington, M. Buker, H. Buker.

Third Row—A. Burbank, T. Thorne, G. Ford, G. Merrill, G. Webber, R. Young.

Back Row—C. Merrow, D. Currie, R. Thorne.

---

## EDITORIAL BOARD

---

Editor-in-chief, Margaret Buker; Assistant Editor, Thelma Thorne; Literary Editor, Geneva Merrill; Exchange Editor, Marguerite Whittemore; Copy Editor, Doris Pelkie; Sport Editors, Clarence Merrow, Ralph Young; Assistant Literary Editor, Marion Gray; Business Manager, Raymond Thorne; Assistant Business Manager, Darrell Currie; Faculty Adviser, Miss Turkington.

### CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Senior, Gwendolyn Webber; Junior, Hilda Buker; Sophomore, Glenice Ford; Freshman, Helen Baird.



### SCHOOL SPIRIT

It has long been a well known fact that the pupils of Hartland Academy do not display the spirit toward the activities of the Academy that might be expected.

A social is held in the Academy, and no one attends; Mr. Murray makes a plea for everyone to pay their athletic association dues, and no one pays. A baseball game is played between Hartland and Harmony, and the gate receipts do not amount to enough to pay the umpire his small fee. The editorial board work had to bring a school paper from the press, and the only ones who are interested enough in the Academy to purchase a copy at the small price of thirty-five cents are some of the Alumni, and a few of the townspeople.

It is "high time" that something be done to remedy this state of affairs. The only ones who can really help the situation out are the present students of the Academy. So students show you are alive! Go to the next baseball game and try to yell your head off. I'll wager that you cannot do it. Surprise Mr. Murray by dashing into the office with fifty cents to pay your athletic dues. Finally surprise the editorial board even more by persuading each of your friends to purchase a copy of your school paper.

R. T. '30.

### BLUFF! BLUFF! BLUFF!

Teacher: "Who was Walt Whitman?"

Student: "Will you please repeat that question?"

Teacher: "Certainly. Who was Walt Whitman?"

Student (rising slowly): "Ahem, Walt Whitman is a famous orchestra leader. He writes poems and puts them to music. His orchestra plays it." (The last doubtfully).

Let us draw the curtain on the painful

scene. It may be exaggerated somewhat, but is highly characteristic of a certain type of student. It is a proceeding known to all as bluffing. A student comes to school unprepared. He is asked a question. His mind races hither and thither to find the "connecting link", he "stalls for time", and finds an answer. Sometimes he "gets away with it," more often, as in the illustration, he doesn't. Oftentimes he has no idea as to the answer, so he makes a grand guess. He writes, "squallor is one who squalls". He translates, "Ils ont l'intention de croiser le fer demain", as "They intend to cross the railroad tomorrow".

We pity him and hope he will do better next time.

However there is another side to this question. What is more discouraging to a pupil than to get up and recite and then be told by the teacher that he is bluffing, that she "can read him like a book." He is told to study his lesson and stop the bluffing or he will never get anywhere. Then the next time comes; he bluffs and "gets away with it."

Of course the story of the Boy and the Wolf holds true here. Once a person bluffs he is always suspected when he hesitates.

Bluffing when developed and practiced in the right way by the right person is a fine art, but for us who have not the art, it is best to admit we do not know and let it go at that.

T. T. '30.

### WHAT WE OWE THE ADVERTISERS IN OUR SCHOOL PAPER

It can be said without exaggerating in the least that the school paper owes its success to its advertisers. The advertisers are the financiers of the paper, the true backers. Without them the paper could not possibly exist. Time and again they pay a liberal sum for an advertisement in a paper

with a very strictly limited circulation, which will probably mean no gain whatever to them, and they will have only the satisfaction of knowing that they have freely contributed to a cause which, although at the most not very far reaching, reflects upon their town, their school, and their prosperity.

The store-keepers of this town are all citizens. All are interested in the welfare of our Academy, and many of them have children attending. They realize that few read the advertisements, yet for the sake of showing their loyalty to their town and their children, they buy something which is of little use to them, and truly is not a bargain.

R. T. '30.

#### A BEAUTY SPOT ON

##### THE SEBASTICOOK RIVER

Looking up-stream from a certain point often called "Nigger" bridge, one can get a beautiful scene of nature. In the midst of the swirling currents, where the river bends slightly, one sees a small island covered with waving green grass and with one slim sapling swaying in the wind.

The shore on either side is covered with fragrant pine trees sloping down to the deepest blue, and in the sunshine sparkles like tiny gems on a bed of blue satin.

At evening when the sun is slowly sinking in the west, this spot is especially enchanting as the radiant beams of the sun reclothe the world anew in wondrous beauty.

G. D. '30.

#### TO THE SENIORS

Oh, noble seniors of dear H. A.  
Your faces always with us will stay.  
Many have fought for a victory,  
Each one to win the valedictory.

Some of you dull, some of you bright,  
All putting up a hard, hard fight.  
Some of you may on the last grand day  
Shed tears of regret when you leave H. A.

There may be housewives; there may be  
teachers;

There may be also, eloquent preachers,  
Some may write poetry or express senti-  
ments,

Maybe one will be our U. S. President.

We doubt this last, but it may be true,  
You never can tell what will happen to you.  
But whatever you do, whatever you say,  
Always remember dear old H. A.

Charlotte Waldron '32.

#### A CRIPPLED SOLDIER

Look at me! You, who think that war is bravery! Here I am, dragging this wooden leg around. I fought in the war—it was I who was willing to die. Now, I wish that I had died! People think I'm brave, patriotic, and yet, they pity me. Yes, pity me! If only people would realize how much better it is to live for one's country instead of dying for it. I could have given a life's service to my native country, but now I'm to die indebted to her name.

M. A. W. '30.

#### A SPRING DRAMA

Cal.: "Caesar! Julius Caesar!"

Caes.: "Yes, Calpurnia."

Cal.: "You have got to help me clean house, no chance for fishing to-day. Drop that fishing tackle and take this cloth."

Caes.: "But Calp—"

Cal.: "No buts about it."

Caes.: "Now please, Calpurnia, this season opens to-day. This forenoon Brutus caught a trout a foot long."

Cal.: "I don't care if he caught one a yard long. If you don't begin washing that picture I'll put a bump on your head that will look like an egg."

(Caesar begins washing the picture)

"Oh, don't drop it."

(Picture falls and breaks).

"Now look, you broke my best picture that was given to——"

Caes.: "Quick! Hold that chair, I am falling!"

(Crash hits table and breaks lamp).

Cal.: "Why, Julius, you've broken my table lamp."

Caes.: "Oh, my head!"

Cal.: "It serves you right. Now pick up the remainder of that lamp. That's right—put it on the table. Look out for the cord,



you will trip on it."

(Caesar falls with lamp and hits the stand, breaking the vase).

"Now you had to fall down and break the vase."

Caes.: "But I didn't mean to."

Cal.: "You get out and stay out, and walk easy, so's not break anything else."

Caes.: "Oh, bully, won't I go fishing?"

J. W. L. '33.

### PURGATORY

As I entered the fair grounds I heard the various cries of the fakers: "Get a baby doll!" "Pitch till you win!" "Right here, girlie"—"Step up and get a dolly!" After wandering around the tents for a while, collecting various bits of collateral—dolls, balloons and canes, I came upon the queerest sight I had ever seen.

Standing on a black platform raised many feet in the air stood a hideous shaped devil. He seemed half man and half snake or dragon, with a long red tail, flaming and smoking like a torch. I shrank back in horror. But the eager crowd, always on the alert for a new thrill, pressed me forward until I found myself and my chum hedged in on either side by black masked, black robed beings, as large as men, but shaped like strong, vicious wolves.

I nudged my companion, only to find her staring with horror-stricken eyes at the huge beasts. One stepped nearer and pawed at her arm with his filthy, black claws. She gave a moan and fell back in my arms. She had fainted dead away. What was I to do? I felt myself and saw my swaying friend seized by black robed monsters. The crowd evidently thought it was part of the performance for they paid absolutely no attention to us as prisoners, nor did they heed our panic-stricken cries.

Up to now I had not noticed the black and red canvas tent behind the devil-man, nor had I heard his words—for he talked—yes, talked like a man but with a deep guttural tone that pierced the moody depths of your heart strings. It made you feel solemn. It made you feel sad. What magnetism he had! His black eyes roved restlessly to and fro, while his fiery, scaly tail twitched back

and forth. He seemed to be actually hypnotizing a thousand people. The queerest thing about it was that he made them believe they wanted to die! Painlessly, nothing to dread—a chance of a lifetime. Oh! What fools we were! We really thought we wanted to die!

We were to jump off a platform raised a thousand feet in the air. We were to jump off this, blindfolded. When we landed, we were dead—not hurt the least bit! Deep down in a black tunnel I could see thousands of bodies lying lifeless already. It was so romantic, too! We decided to jump, never thinking that we might never come back and tell our experiences to our friends. We climbed into the embroidered Oriental carriage which climbed perpendicularly from the ground into the air about 500 feet. The excavation was dug down in the earth 500 feet, making a total jump of one thousand feet.

Suddenly our reason returned to us. We didn't want to do this! Why—what were we thinking of? Miraculously (I don't know how) before the carriage commenced its fatal climb, we escaped from it into the crowd. We discussed it, and decided that the red devil profited by rifling the victim's pockets! Suddenly, as I was talking, I turned to find my companion had disappeared! Where? I knew not.

Then hurrying through the crowd I saw my sister. She told me that she was going into this purgatory. She wanted me to go with her. With tears streaming down her face she said that her husband had already taken that frightening plunge into Eternity, and was waiting down below for her, and oh! she didn't want to go alone!

So again I went back to the red and black tent. I saw my lost companion among the dead and mangled bodies, down in the abyss. What was there left for me? In my wretched unhappiness I thought friends, relatives, everything had gone forever from me. Into the Oriental coach my sister and I climbed. This time I knew I would not escape. The dark glances bestowed by the wolf shaped monsters made this plain. They remembered me!

Then 500 feet in the air, I donned a black

blindfold and jumped! Such a sinking feeling, and then numbness! Not oblivion, for I sensed that I was lying among the mangled bodies! I could see friends and relatives lying around me. Then suddenly a voice near me said, "Come, are you wholly dead to the world? It's time to get up." I laughed, and my disturber of slumber wondered why.

Edna Withee '30.

SUMMER

The sun is high in the heavens;  
 Warm winds gently blow  
 To the land of fear and shadow,  
 Toward the land of ice and snow.  
 The girls are under the oak trees  
 Sewing, and playing with dolls;  
 The boys are down by the mill stream  
 Answering nature's call.  
 The farmer rests for a moment,  
 His back is weary with toil,  
 He works from daylight to darkness  
 In the hard, sun-baked soil.  
 The hay is yet to be gathered—  
 Hark—it thunders again!  
 Get up there, Bessie and Mollie,  
 We've got to be done by the rain.

Robert Stedman '30.

CLOUDS

We bring many showers  
 Through the summer days,  
 To water the flowers  
 That bloom in our ways.

We gain our drops  
 From brooks and streams,  
 Then down they fall in lots,  
 Just like magic dreams.

We are cool and refreshing  
 When we fall so fast,  
 We really are a blessing  
 When people think of the past.

Sometimes we are disappointing  
 When we come in the sky,  
 For every one's pointing  
 To show others are nigh.

D. B. '33.

THE HIRED MAN'S MANNERS

Ding! Dong! The dinner bell! People places at the long table, stretched the length of the kitchen. A splash of soap and water, come from various situations to take their a brush of the comb and there stands the hired man already to eat. He is always first at the washbowl, and first to sit down at the table. With napkin under his chin and knife in his hand, he helps himself to the mashed potato before the rest of the family finish saying grace.

At the first opportunity, he stretches his vocal muscles and cuts in on the story being told by the young son just home from college. Now and then he places his large foot solidly down on the aristocratic housewife's corn, making her cry out in pain.

With his mouth full of sauce and a piece of bread in his hand, he hurridly leaves the table, making no excuse whatsoever. As he disappears through the door everyone sighs in relief.

G. M. '30.

SPRING IN MAINE

High in the heavens, dainty little white clouds, float to and fro against a beautiful blue background. The glittering rays of the sun shine through on the stretches of green fields and woods. The leaves are starting to come out on the trees and the breeze keeps them continually waving back and forth. Running slowly down its course, the water in the little brook near my window seems almost at a standstill.

Down the long road, curving into the distance, a car is whizzing to its destination, leaving a dense cloud of dust behind. In a nearby field a man is plowing. The horses seem to be weary and move slowly up and down the field, never ceasing their steady, onward motion.

About a quarter of a mile away a large, rambling farm house adds to the scene. Painted white, it certainly is a brilliant contrast to the green of the fields and the blue of the sky. There does not seem to be much stirring about, but two small children are lying under the large shade tree at the front of the house, reading.

Birds dart to and fro, lending their songs

to tell the world how grateful they are for such a beautiful day.

D. P. '31.

#### THE EPIDEMIC OF MUMPS

Our classroom is empty,  
The streets and schoolyard too;  
For everyone in our town  
Has the mumps, but me and you.

They bar us from her house,  
And they bar us from his, too;  
For everyone in our town  
Has the mumps, but me and you.

Miss Turkington, Miss Cobb and Mr. Murray,  
Mr. Turner and his wife, too;  
It's funny that everyone in our town  
Has the mumps, but me and you.

The classroom is no longer empty,  
The streets and schoolyard, too;  
For no one in our town  
Has the mumps, but me and you.

Beulah Frost '31.

#### HEARD IN A CAMP AT NIGHT

Did you ever stay over night in a camp surrounded by dense forests near a lake? At first you hear the crazy notes of the loon. To one lying awake in camp the loon call sounds almost human. Even more startling is the crying of the gull. On certain nights in the early spring, a few gulls gather at the chosen pond and cry almost like a child. To one who has never heard a gull cry at night that person has missed a pleasant scare. A whip-poor-will is a nocturnal bird that is pleasing to hear, although small children are sometimes frightened by its song. One who has never heard a bob-cat scream within seventy-five yards of the camp, does not know what it is to "be jumped". A piercing scream cuts the night air, a scream exactly like that of a woman in distress. When one hears a bob-cat for the first time at night, that person sits up-right in bed, or lies rigid with fear, and it is not until the guide or some other person explains, that his nerves relax. Strange are the sounds of wild life when heard in a wilderness camp.

#### A MUSICAL AMBITION

Hundreds of boys and girls have been

through childhood without ever finding out their ambitions. It is true that some young people never have opportunity to find out what they are capable of doing.

There are others who are slow to grasp their work at school, some who are natural athletes and still others who would turn to nature.

If music can be discovered in a boy or girl then his future will surely be filled with joy and happiness. Music rests a weary soul and turns a mind away from the sordid facts of life. A musician can change the thoughts of people as no other person can. He can take one out of himself and turn his mind from sadness to pleasure.

The joy of practice, the sociability of the art and the satisfaction of bringing cheer to a lonely friend will help in aiding a musician to practice.

What is finer than a musical education? To attain this education we have musical institutions which offer courses for the musician.

Have you some music in you? If you have, endeavor to utilize your ability and perhaps you will win your share of renown.

D. C. '32.

#### MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

My parents ran a tavern, "The Limrick" by name, in a small town near Glasgow in Scotland. Here in this tavern I was born on the fifteenth of February, 1913.

Here also I spent my childhood days, and peaceful are the recollections of the thrifty Scotch boys with whom I spent my last nickle at the show house on the corner. At the age of twelve, an uncle in America offered to pay my way to the new country if I would come and live with him. I accepted and with the money in my pocket, I bade all my friends farewell and took the stage to Edinborough.

On arriving at this city I decided to save my money because I thought something might happen so that I would need it for something else. Therefore I "beat my way" from Newcastle Bay to Oxford and thence on to Dover. At Dover I climbed aboard the "Transoecania". On this worthy vessel I started for America, the promised land. On this same vessel I was taken with a wicked attack of seasickness, which lasted

for a week, during which time I spent all the money I had saved by "bummary", to pay for patent medicine.

After a long spell of homesickness and seasickness, I arrived at New York harbor where my uncle was to meet me. The throng hurried past me but still no uncle greeted me. A ragged boy asked me for a match, and when I told him I was not allowed to carry them, he burst out laughing. Of course a battle ensued in which I got the worst "drubbing" of my life, although the only scars of battle left on my opponent were on his knuckles, and were caused by pounding me.

One has only to cuff a New York street boy to find out how tough the class is.

A stiff old lady came forth with the quaint words, "I can't believe to conceive that anyone could be so diabolical as to anticipate such grievances," and strode away from the scene of action.

My uncle met me a little later and I went with him to his farm in New Hampshire. There I passed that winter going to school and the next summer in farming. The next fall my parents came to America and settled in Hartland, Maine. I came to live with them then, and from that time to this I have been attending Hartland Academy.

T. G. '30.

#### A "GOOD BOYS" REBELLION

The reason for my writing this is really very good. For people's always praisin' me for doin' just what I should. My school-mates call me "mama's boy", and my best girl calls me "daddy's joy".

But I'm just tired of being good, and all that sort of stuff. I want to be a real bad boy and like my pa, chew snuff. I've tried so hard to act out bad, but my best attempt turns out quite sad.

One day I made a "spitball" and threw it, yes, I did, and then I slunk down in my seat and behind the next boy hid. I tell you this to show you, I'm a real boy, too. But when teacher asked who threw it all cried they didn't do it. So I owned up 'twas me. But teacher smiled and said 'twas Bobby Brown. She knew I wouldn't do it for all the toys in town. So Bobby got a whipping while I

looked on with shame, but everything I do turns out about the same.

I do wish I could be bad, and I'm going to,—wait and see. I, hereby, warn the whole darn town to look right out for me. Next one that calls me "mama's boy", is goin' to be fixed, yes siree. An' if my best girl tells me I'm good I even will show her.

I'm going to be so bad, jus' bad as I can be. I'm going to be a real he man, or pirate, you wait and see!

E. W. '31.

#### AN UNCROWNED HERO

Beside the open fireplace she sits, dreaming of her son who left so long ago—just a mother.

Just a mother indeed, but in her smile is the unspoken love which for years has known no outlet, and has kept the lonely spirit living in the broken body. Beautiful she is in her old age with her mother-love beaming from the wrinkled face. Before her there arises a flame, higher than the rest and vivid with green and gold, purple and red. Slowly she stretches her hands toward it. Hands which are hideously deformed by the work and pain that they have known. Above the flame she perceives the face of her son—the beloved one of the past. She becomes visibly stronger as she extends her careworn hands toward her loved one, and a picture of him when a baby in long dresses arises, soon to be replaced by that of a small boy joyfully playing in the mud with dirty face and hands. Still later she sees him, a boy in high school, coming home to tell her enthusiastically of the events of the day. Then came the last. A picture which brings pain to her heart. It was the day when he had kissed her good-bye and departed for the unknown. He had acquired the wanderlust, that force which has ruined so many homes. A little joyfully she thinks that soon he will be there beside her, and as the fire crackles merrily her spirit rises in hope, for hadn't he promised to come back soon?

Slowly the fire dies down, but still the vivid flame remains. Like a living thing it rises, and as she reaches toward it she smiles and mumbles audibly, "Lee—my baby—my boy—you have come—at last

—Lee!" (This last was spoken quite loudly, and as the last coal in the grate died, the soul of a martyr bid good-bye to the world and took its flight to the Great Beyond.

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly, but happily he comes up the walk towards the tumble-down dwelling of his youth. As he comes he wonders vaguely at the silence which is almost oppressive, but lays it to the fact that probably she has not seen him coming, and he smiles to himself as he thinks of the surprise due her.

As he opens the door he sees her there—before the fireplace. Strange that she is so quiet. He thinks, perhaps she is asleep. He goes to touch her but refrains as he recognizes the eternal sleep from which she will never awaken.

In her lap are pictures of him at different ages, and her fingers are clasped around them lovingly.

The coals in the fireplace have turned to ashes, and the soul in the armchair has departed, leaving behind just the body which sheltered it.

In spite of his hurry he had come———too late.

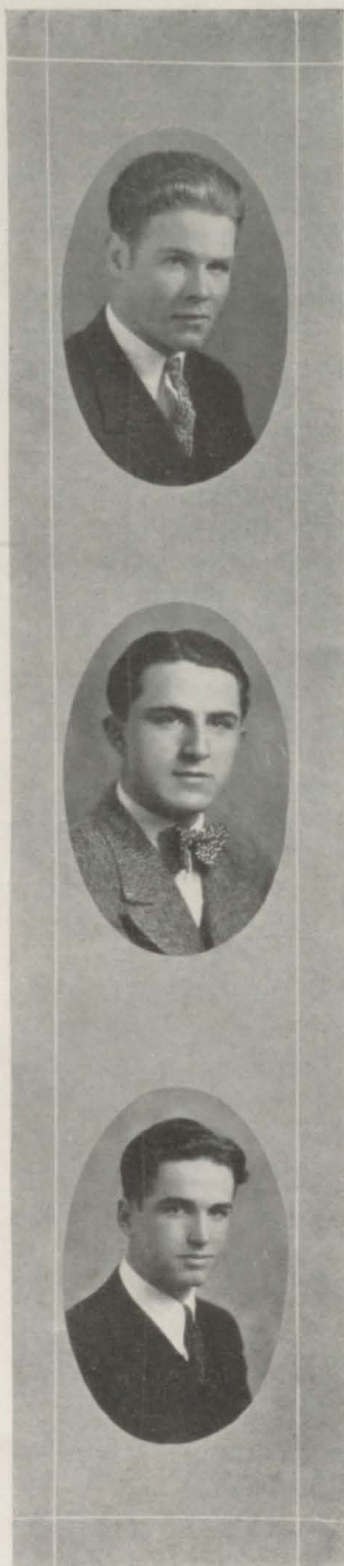
G. I. F. '32.

A SENIOR'S LAMENT

As the last days of May  
 Pass quietly away,  
 We too, pass on from our school.  
 While apparently sad,  
 But undoubtedly glad  
 Sits a schoolmate learning a rule.  
 Little he cares that the time draws nigh  
 When he shall be leaving behind  
 All the joy and the fun of a day at High;  
 And those that were helpful and kind.  
 Little he thinks of commencement day  
 When with cap and gown he will stand  
 Before all his friends and his parents, who  
     may  
 Be present to give him a hand.  
 But soon he'll awake  
 From that carefree dream,  
 And think of those that he leaves.  
 And those happy days that seem as play,  
 And finds it's not a mere dream.  
 As the last days of May  
 Pass quietly away  
 He too, will pass on from his school.  
 While apparently sad,  
 But undoubtedly glad,  
 Sits another learning a rule.

A. B. '30.

OUR GRADUATING CLASS



CLARENCE MERROW

Bullets

Born Feb. 12, 1912; Entered H. A. 1926; Football 1; Basketball 1-2-3-4, Capt. 3; Baseball 1-2-3-4, Capt. 4; Track 2-3; Capt. 3; Member of Latin Club; French Club; "H." Club; Orchestra 1-2-3-4; Editorial Board 4; Senior Play; Athletic Association, 1-2-3-4; Debating team 3.

One of the best musicians of our class, he can make his cornet fairly talk. He is always humming a tune and is a very happy-go-lucky fellow. We expect that some day Clarence will be a well known musician.

MALCOLM CARR

Mac

Born Feb. 21, 1912; Entered H. A. 1926; Basketball 1-2-3-4; Baseball 1-2-3-4; Football 1; Track Team 2-3; French Club 3-4; Latin Club 1-2-3; Class President 1-2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Orchestra 1-2-3-4; Member A. A.; Senior Play 3-4; Wearer of an "H."; Editorial Board Chauffeur 3-4; Member of "H." Club.

Hail fellow,—well met! An affable disposition plus a well groomed appearance, and a sport roadster will wreck the hearts of the U. of M. girls next year.

RAYMOND THORNE

Ray

Born Dec. 22, 1913; Baseball 3-4; Orchestra 2-3; Track 3; Senior Play; Business Manager of Ripple 4; Valedictorian; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Latin Club 1-2-3; French Club 3-4; Debating team 3; Wearer of an "H".

From side to side he swings down the hall in pursuit of a Bassett, or one of the Big Three. A veritable "Old Reliable" is he—no matter what the class may be. We prophesy the career of an inventor for our class genius.

RALPH YOUNG

Acey

Born May, 1913; Entered H. A. 1926; Basketball 1-2-3-4; Captain 4; Baseball 1-2-3-4; Cross Country 1-2; Member of Latin Club 1-2-3; French Club 3; Sport Editor of Ripple 4; Chorus 1-2; Burton Prize Speaking; Senior Play; Wearer of an "H".

Jabber, jabber,—a joke or two. When it's a question of athletics, Ralph is there with speed, clapping hands and plenty of pep.

AUBREY BURBANK

Gib

Born July, 1913; Entered H. A. 1926; Treasurer of Class 1-2-3-4; School Orchestra 1; Editorial Board 3; Candy Salesman 2-3-4; Ticket Salesman 4; Magazine Drives 1-2-3-4; French Club 2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3; Manager of Baseball 4.

The best natured soul in Hartland, we do believe. Little wonder that you made such a good salesman of A. A. candy bars. Aubrey is charter member of Willing Workers.

ROBERT STEADMAN

Bob

Born Sept. 11, 1911; Burton and Hamilton Prize Speaking; Baseball 2-3-4; Basketball 3-4.

Give him plenty of time and Bob will orate like a second Patrick Henry. We'll hand it to him—he has more real manners than many a man. We admire his earnestness and endeavors.





MARGUERITE WHITTEMORE

Whit

Born November 7, 1913; Entered H. A. in 1926; Basketball 1-2-3-4; Latin Club 1-2-3; French Club 3-4; Burton Prize Speaking (prize); Hamilton Prize Speaking; Senior Play; Exchange Editor; Capt. of Volley Ball 3; Girls' Health League; Chorus 1-2-4.

A tiny miss with curls, she seems the baby of our class. What she lacks in size she makes up in intelligence and application. A true student.

FLORICE GREENE

Born Oct. 8, 1913; Entered H. A. 1926; Orchestra 1-2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Latin Club 1-2-3-4; French Club 3-4; Basketball 2; Prize Speaking 2-3; Hamilton Prize; Girls' Glee Club 3; Senior Play 4.

Florice has musical talent which has been beneficial to our class and we feel that it surely will bring success to her in the future. Here's to your future Florice!

EDNA WITHEE

Entered H. A. 1926; Salutory '30; Chorus 1-2-3-4; French Club 3-4; Latin Club 1-2-3-4.

Edna is quiet and studious. She has won many friends at H. A. because she lets other people talk. She always sticks to her convictions and can prove any statement she makes. This will surely aid her in the future. Good luck to you, Edna.



THEODORE GRIFFITH

Buster

Born Feb. 15, 1913; Entered H. A. 1926; Member of A. A.; Track 2-3; Baseball 3; Orchestra 1-2-3-4; Prize Speaking 2-3 (prizes); Class Prophecy; Senior Play; French Club 3; Chorus 2.

Theodore, you have kept us laughing with your droll remarks and your unfailing sense of humor. May it last you through the toils of life.

GEORGE MARKHAM

Georgie

Born May 12, 1913; Entered H. A. 1926; Orchestra 1-2-3; Senior Play 4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; School Pianist 1-2-3-4; Latin Club 1-2-3; French Club 3-4.

If Paul Whiteman should ever hear Georgie "tickle the ivories", Hartland would be minus a musician. All the dancing beauties of A. A. will miss George's playing.

FLOYD EMERY

Shorty

Born December 27, 1911; Football 1; Baseball 1-2-4; Basketball 1-2-3-4; Track 2; Prize Speaking 2-3; Member of A. A.

Slowly he untwines his legs and rises to recite. He drawls out the words like a real Southerner. But he can mix a good soda, and mix in a crowd.





PAULINE BAKER

Polly

Born Jan. 24, 1913; Entered H. A. 1926; First Team Basketball 1-2-3-4; Member of Latin Club 1-2-3, Secretary 3; Member of French Club 3-4; Treasurer 4; Vice President of Girls' Health League 3; Volley Ball 3; Tennis 2-3; Chorus 2-3-4; Glee Club 3; Debate 3; Secretary of Class 1-2-3-4; Burton Prize Speaking; Captain of Basketball 4; Senior Play.

"There are smiles that make us happy!" Polly has been the life of the class for four years. We hope you'll always keep your "Sunny-side Up".

GWENDOLYN WEBBER

Gwen

Born May 22, 1913; Entered H. A. 1926; Basketball 1-2-3-4; Editorial Board 4; French Club 3-4; Health League 3; Chorus 1-2.

What will H. A. do for a jumping center next year? She has hung right on to that basketball for four years now. She, who is faithful in a few things, will be faithful in many.

THELMA THORNE

Born April 16, 1912; Entered H. A. 1926; Vice-president of Class 1-2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Latin Club 1-2-3; President of Latin Club 3; French Club 3-4; Senior Play; Assistant Editor of Ripple 4; Historian.

Thelma has been the literary light of our class. This ability has aided our school paper much. Happy days to you, Thelma.

GRACE DAVIS

Gracie

Born March 6, 1913; Latin Club 1-2-3; French Club 3-4; Chorus 1-2-3; Girls Health League; Class Essayist.

Give this quiet miss an armful of books, and the out-of-doors, and the world means naught to her. We admire her conscientiousness and diligence.

GENEVA MERRILL

Ginger

Born October 24, 1912; Entered H. A. 1926; Orchestra 1-2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Glee Club President 3; Member of A. A.; Latin Club 1-2-3; French Club 3, Secretary 4; Representative of Class on Editorial Board 3; Literary Editor 4; Play 4.

Biff at Ray's jaw. Then "Stop"! Toot, tootle, toot on the sax or clarinet. A trip to Portland; a laugh at Theodore's "diabolical" wit—why that's Geneva!

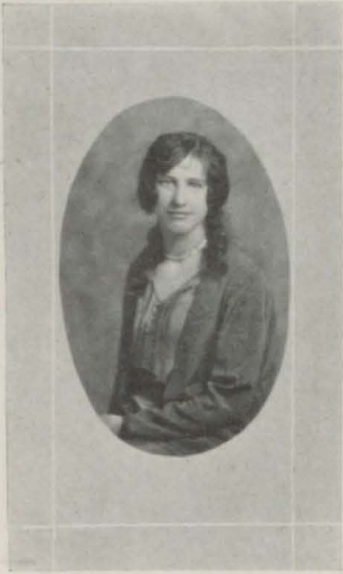
MARGARET BUKER

Marge

Born July 16, 1912; Entered H. A. 1926; Editor-in-chief 4; Sport Editor 3; Class Representative Girls' Health League 3; Basketball 1-2-3-4, Capt. 3; Tennis 2-3; Volley Ball 3; French Club 3-4, President 4; Capt. Magazine Drive 4; Wearer of "H."; Senior Play Specialty; Address to Undergraduates; Member of Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"Won't somebody hurry and write up the B. B. banquet! We've just got to get this paper to press." "Come on now girls, get into the game for old H. A.! Just one more basket!" When it comes to managing and school spirit, Marge is right there.





DOROTHY BUTTERS

Dot

Born 1910; Entered H. A. 1926; Glee Club 3; Chorus 1-2-3.

Your gayety has done much to brighten the dark spots along the way. We know that in the future you will gain many friends because of your sunny nature and patience in dealing with all your problems.

GRACE CHIPMAN

Chippie

Born July 25, 1912; Entered H. A. 1926; French Club 3-4; Latin Club 1-2-3; Glee Club 3; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Girls' Health League 3.

What would the graduating class do without Grace? She knows how to order and if she were a man we are sure she would be a commander in the U. S. army, but as it is she will take her stand among the nurses.

HAZEL CHIPMAN

Hazie

Born Aug. 8, 1913; Entered H. A. 1926; Latin Club 1-2-3-4; French Club 3-4; Girls' Health League 3; Chorus 1-2-3-4.

Hazel has always contributed her services in our chorus and glee club. She is very quiet but if asked a question she is more than anxious and willing to answer it. We will certainly miss you and wish you all success at Mt. Holyoke.


**In Memoriam**

**To Beatrice Frost**


our former classmate, called to the  
Land of the Great Beyond

**Died February 28, 1928**

**Class of 1930**



# EVENTS



The students of Hartland Academy are enjoying the essays delivered by the Seniors, three days a week, in assembly. The types of subjects they have chosen are varied and have indeed proved interesting.

The titles are as follows:

- Raymond Thorne—Byrd's Trip to the North Pole.
- Floyd Emery—Rubber.
- Pauline Baker—Lumbering.
- Edna Withee—In the Footsteps of Napoleon.
- Dorothy Butters—An Insight into the Mormon Religion.
- Thelma Thorne—The Passion Play of Oberammergau.
- Grace Davis—Our Foreign Born Citizens.
- Margaret Buker—Our Coastal Maine.
- Hazel Chipman—The History of Thunderstorms.
- Marguerite Whittemore—The Presidency vs. Hoover.
- Malcolm Carr—Conquest of the Air.
- Clarence Merrow—Our Maine Journalists.
- Grace Chipman—Delaware Peaches.
- Theodore Griffith—Charles A. Lindbergh.
- Ralph Young—Thomas A. Edison.
- Gwendolyn Webber—Maine, My State.
- Geneva Merrill—The Manufacture of Woolen Cloth.
- Aubrey Burbank—The Life of Wilson.
- Florice Greene—Theodore Roosevelt.
- George Markham—The Musicians of Maine.
- Robert Stedman—The Boyhood of Roosevelt.

### LATIN CLUB NEWS

Down the road we swung, balancing our picnic boxes under our arms. Dressed in our hiking clothes, the keynote of which was our red berets, characteristic of the Latin Club, each of us, seven in all, was ready for a good time.

After hiking a couple of miles, we decided to stop to enjoy our refreshments consisting of sandwiches, cake, cookies and hot cocoa.

While eating, Miss Turkington read us a modern tale of Rome, which was greatly enjoyed by all.

Having spent about two hours of enjoyment we started home, walking briskly and eating Easter eggs.

### FRENCH CLUB

Thursday, May 8, the French Club members surprised their French instructor by hanging a May-basket to her. Afterwards, a meeting was held and a general good time was had by all. There were sixteen present. The refreshment committee had provided sufficient eats so that all left contented and happy.

### HAMILTON PRIZE SPEAKING

Before our Easter vacation Mr. Murray announced in assembly the selection chosen to learn for the Junior preliminaries of the annual prize speaking contest.

A little different arrangement for the finals was used this time. Due to the irregularity of the class, two groups consisting of two girls and a boy each were chosen. The contest will be held on May 22.

#### Declamation

- Marion Gray—The Vegeance of the Flag.
- Varland Greene—The Southern Negro.
- Priscilla Annis—Not Guilty.

#### Recitations

- Thelma Davis—The Little Fellow.
- Kenneth Carr—The Boat Race.
- Hilda Buker—The Arena Scene from "Quo Vadis".

### ARBOR DAY

Arbor Day was celebrated in Hartland again this year. Once more the students of H. A. welcomed the chance to slip away from classes and help brighten up the town.

It was a very picturesque scene to see the girls in their overalls, with rakes over their shoulders, and the boys in their nondescript clothes, trudging along from one place to another, seeking a new spot to clean.

## HARTLAND ACADEMY



### HARTLAND ACADEMY

#### BASEBALL SCHEDULE

- May 7—Harmony at Hartland.
- May 10—Anson Academy at Hartland.
- May 14—Newport at Newport.
- May 17—Harmony at Harmony.
- May 21—Anson Academy at North Anson.
- May 24—Newport at Hartland.
- May 27—Unity at Hartland.

The baseball team, under the direction of Mr. F. L. Turner, is shaping up well and the prospect looks good for a successful season.

#### BASEBALL

H. A. lost its first game to Guilford on Saturday, May 3rd. This game was H. A.'s first game and Guilford's fourth, so the outcome is not surprising at all. The final score at the end of the ninth and final inning was 9-6 in favor of our opponents. H. A. had the game on ice. At the end of the fourth inning we led by the score of 5-1. How these boys did hit! Young, Hatch, and D. Carr "poled" out two "baggers", while others followed with singles and sacrifices. But the team just went up and Guilford began placing the hits to win in respectable fashion.

#### Hartland Acad. vs. Guilford High

H. A.	ab	r	h	a
Young	5	1	1	2
Buker	5	0	1	2
Merrow	5	1	1	2
Hart	4	1	1	3
Hatch	4	1	3	0
Thorne	4	1	0	1
Estes	4	0	0	0
D. Carr	4	0	2	0
M. Carr	3	1	0	0
Totals	38	6	9	10
Guilford	ab	r	h	a
Buckford	5	2	2	4
Littlefield	5	1	3	0

Pearson	5	0	2	0
Cobb	5	2	0	3
Skillings	5	1	1	0
Wilson	3	1	2	6
Ridley	5	1	2	0
Galusha	5	0	1	0
Orff	4	1	1	1
Totals	42	9	14	14

### HARTLAND TRIUMPHS

#### OVER HARMONY

On May 7, Harmony boys came to Hartland to play baseball with the Hartland boys. Although the Harmony boys have won from Hartland during the basketball season, H. A. boys have shown that "they are coming into their own" this baseball season. They won from Harmony with a score of 21-6. Game was called at the end of the seventh inning.

#### Hartland Academy vs. Harmony High

H. A.	ab	r	h	a
Young	4	4	3	4
Buker	8	3	6	2
Hart	6	5	5	0
Hatch	4	3	4	0
Merrow and Baker	6	2	2	0
D. Carr	6	0	3	3
K. Carr and Currie	3	2	1	0
Estes	5	1	2	0
M. Carr	5	1	2	0
Totals	46	21	28	9
Harmony	ab	r	h	a
Deering	3	2	2	0
M. Reed	3	1	1	2
Rawding	3	0	0	1
Marble	3	1	1	2
Linnell	4	0	1	1
Greene	4	2	3	0
C. Herrick	4	0	2	0
Fowlie	4	0	1	0
K. Reed	4	0	1	1
Totals	32	6	12	7

ANSON ACADEMY AT HARTLAND

Hartland boys played a successful baseball game against Anson Academy on May 10. The game proved to be a good match on both sides. There was just enough competition to make it interesting. Most of the scores were gained in the first four innings and the remaining five innings were an even fight. The game ended with a final score of 9 to 6 in favor of our boys. "Hip! Hip! Hurray!"

Hartland Academy vs. Anson Academy

Hartland	ab	r	h	a
Young	5	3	3	0
Buker	5	1	3	0
Hart	5	1	4	4
Hatch	5	1	3	3
Merrow	4	1	2	0
D. Carr	5	1	1	4
Currie	4	1	3	0
Estes	4	0	1	1
M. Carr	3	0	0	0
Totals	40	9	20	12
Anson	ab	r	h	a
Mayo	6	1	3	0
Porter	4	0	0	0
Horan	4	1	2	0
Rand	5	1	3	0
Chase	4	0	0	3
Shaw	5	1	1	4
Spaulding	5	0	2	1
Quint	5	1	3	0
Haines	5	1	2	1
Totals	43	6	16	9

THE BASKETBALL BANQUET

The fifth annual basketball banquet was given March twentieth, by the B. B. Girls to the B. B. Boys. It was served in the Grange Hall, where a long table was set

for thirty-eight people.

The menu and program were artistically arranged and printed in small booklets which will be kept by many of us as a souvenir of one among the many good times at H. A.

The menu consisted of peaches and red cherry cup, mock soup, saltines and pickles for the first course. Delicious chicken pie, mashed potatoes, gravy, hot rolls, jelly and waxed beans were then served and eaten with great relish. After the last bit of chicken pie had been eaten, our very adept waiters and waitresses served "the last the best of all the rest"; ice cream and sponge cake with demi-tasse.

Miss Turkington proved to be a very pleasing toastmistress by "springing" jokes suitable for the speakers.

Ralph Young, the first speaker, talked "To Our Girls". Pauline Baker gave the address to the opposite sex. "Our Season's Record" was capably given by Clarence Merrow, after which a cheer was given. Then Darrel Currie occupied our minds for a few moments with "The Value of Athletics to Our School and to the Student Body".

George Estes then talked of "Our Prospects", and I am sure some of his hints will be well carried out. Marguerite Whittemore told us "How to Show School Spirit" and Hilda Buker gave the address "To Our Coaches".

Between the speeches the school song was sung and the letters were awarded to the girls by Miss Cobb, and to the boys by Mr. Turner.

Miss Cobb and Mr. Turner were the recipients of gifts given by the two basketball teams.

After the banquet a dance was enjoyed by all who participated. Music was furnished by school talent, except the pianist, who was an alumna.



HARTLAND ACADEMY

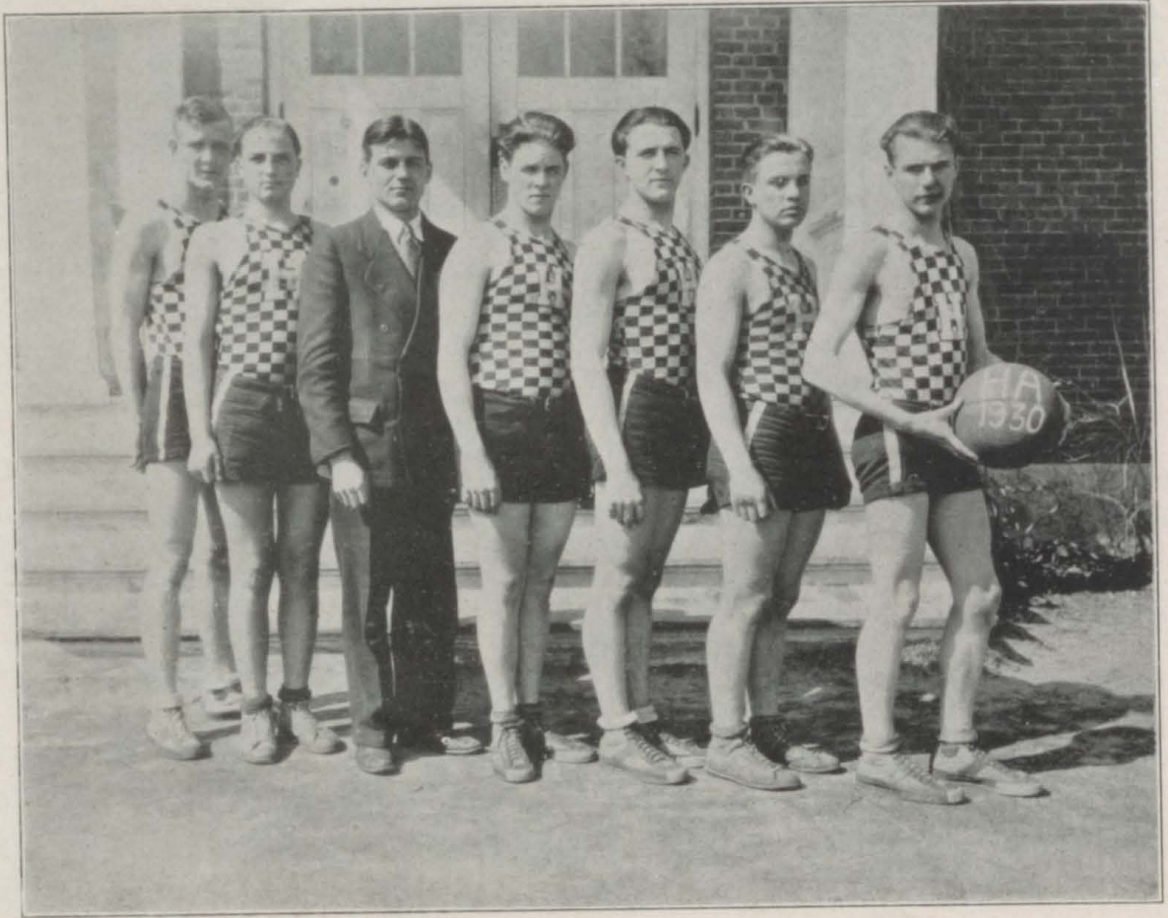


GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back—Miss Cobb, Coach; M. Hart, G. Webber, E. Butters, E. Currie.

Front—C. Webber, H. Buker, P. Baker, Captain, M. Whittemore, M. Buker.

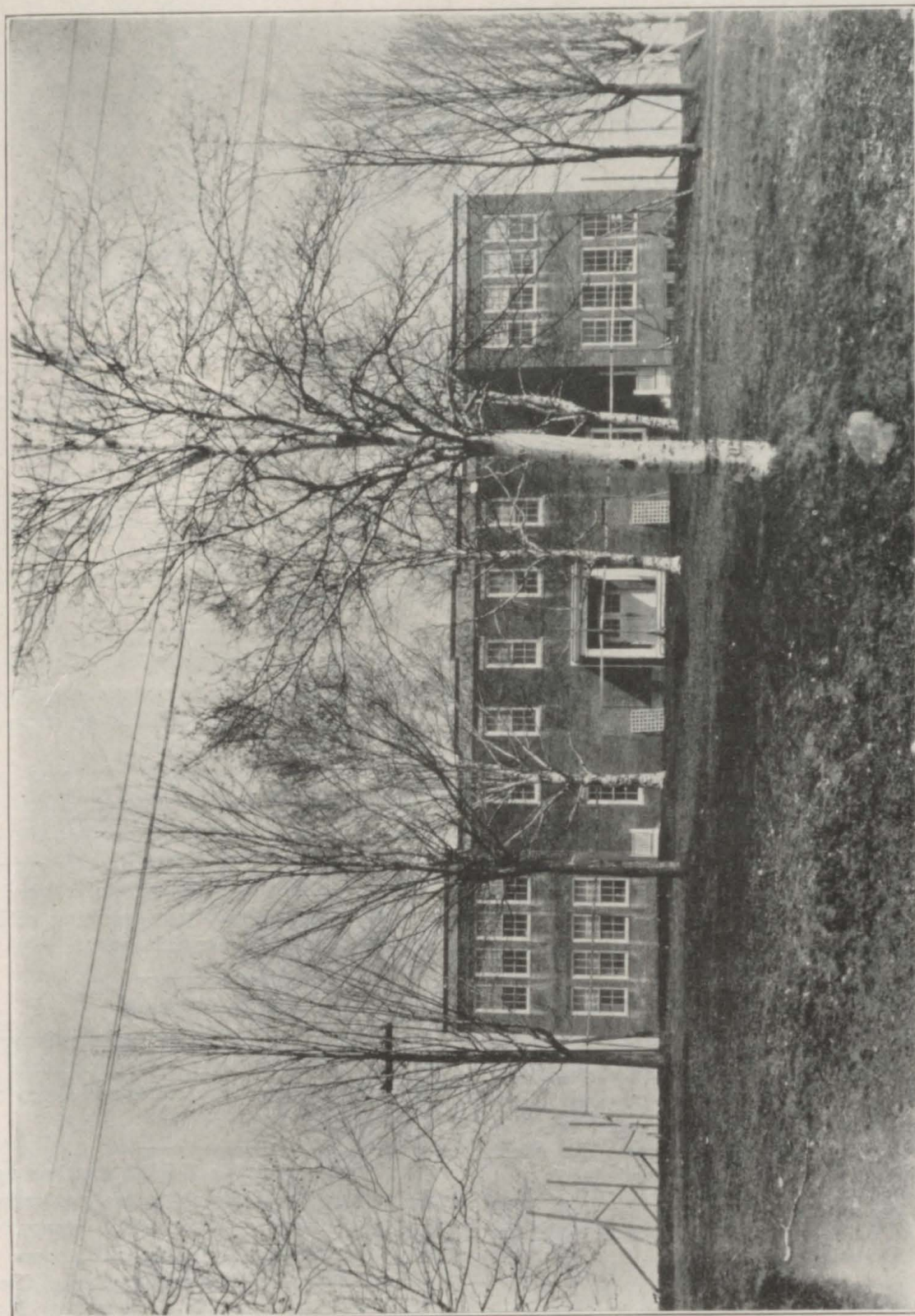
This team has won seven out of eleven games played during the basketball season of 1929-30.



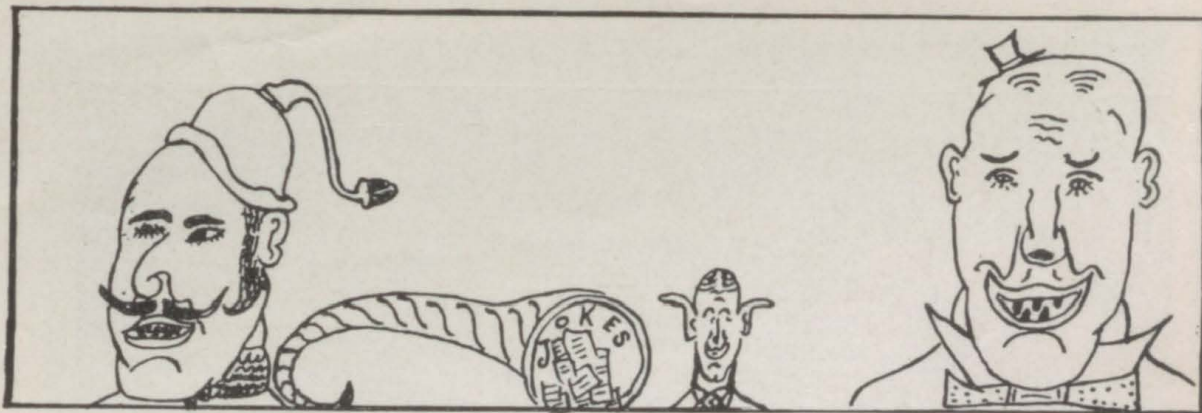
BASKETBALL TEAM

F. Emery, R. Baker, Mr. Turner, Coach, C. Merrow, M. Carr, R. Hatch, R. Young, Captain.

The boys' team won five games out of ten played during the basketball season of 1929-30.



HARTLAND ACADEMY



A Martian's opinion of H. A. Sophomores:—"Why the meaningless babble?"

M. T.: "Did you hear of the wreck up at the Academy?"

M. T. R.: "No,—what happened?"

M. T.: "Two Carrs collided in the corridor."

A course in appreciation of the Amendments to the Constitution will soon be offered. Apply to Ralph Young for information.

#### In Latin I

Drill and the class drills with you; silence, and you drill alone.

On clean-up day the statue of Venus was being washed. From the hall came a voice: "Did you scrub behind her ears?"

#### Kan

Kin you imagine Ken answering "Kant"?

#### What's Wrong With This Picture?

As graduation approaches, the Seniors are getting serious minded.

#### Talent

"Caesar was a wonderful man. He could ride, write, orate, fight, and had fits."

Can you imagine "wee" Ardis with the mumps on both sides?

We can think of only one reason why Young has had a change of spirit for the good.

#### Silence!

Miss T.: "What does 'nec' mean?"

Baker: "Nor."

Miss T. (meaning the correlative): "What especial meaning has two 'necs'?"

#### Sad, But True

The MEANEST boy on earth, in our estimation, is the one who jips a hungry person's only bar of candy, and leaves a nickel with the wrapper.

#### Who is She?

Always has an excuse; stays away when she so wills, and "wills" it on days for exams, themes, and essays.

(First prize—one peanut. In case of a tie, two nuts will be awarded).

#### Who is He?

"Of course I'm a good athlete, a good debater if no one else knew anything either."  
(No prize offered for this one).

#### Serious Epidemics

Ever since the Juniors have discovered that peppermints are a substitute for cough drops they have all come down with colds.

Miss Turkington (to Griffith cutting up in class): "Griffith, it seems to me you've worn out enough pens writing extra essays this year. You may go into the next room and write an essay on the value of the Constitution."

Griffith (sweetly): "May I borrow your pen?"

Senior Student (on receiving gifts):  
 "Gee,—I wish commencement came every  
 year,—like Christmas."

**What Next?**

One certain Freshman has a novel cover  
 for his Gray and Jenkins,—a mother and  
 child both wearing moustaches.

**Etiquette**

Margaret (at board meeting): "Well, I  
 know what I'm going to do. I'm going to  
 copy 'Hired Man's Manners'."

**Cops and Cobbs**

The district speed cop occasionally visits  
 Hartland to pinch those whom Miss Cobb  
 hasn't already pinched.

Miss Turkington (at board meeting):  
 "Aubrey, were you ever really serious?"

Aubrey: "Why-er—aren't you getting  
 personal?"

**Mitt vs. Mouth**

Buker's fielding is showing up in good  
 form during study periods. He even catches  
 flies there.

**Likeness**

Howard Manson won his fame during his  
 siege with the mumps. He now sports the  
 nomen—Paul Whiteman.

Miss Turkington: "Braley, what are you  
 laughing at?"

Braley: "Look at Hatch's face. Tee! hee!"

Music Teacher: "You are all high school  
 students, aren't you?"

Bright Student: "Yes, some of us."

Miss T.: "Floyd, would you like to trans-  
 late the next passage?"

Emery: "Yes, I'd like to all right, but I  
 can't."

**Extravagance**

Can a person be truly Scotch, and yet  
 have Bullets spit out his life-saver while in  
 History class?

**The Alphabet of Hartland Academy**

A is for autos, which Malcolm runs,  
 B is for Bullets who is so full of fun.  
 C stands for Cora, who is quite fond of  
 sports,

D sure means Darrel, a judge of all courts.

E is for Evelyn, the largest in school,

F sure fits Florice, who can't obey rules.

G is for Geneva, we all know that girl,

H stands for Hilda, whose head's in a whirl.

I is for Inman, our little "Tom Thumb",

J stands for Juniors, whose English is bum.

K is for Kenneth, we'll let him go by,

L is for Latin, the language most high.

M means Margaret, a hard working child,

N stands for newest, I think this means  
 style.

"O" is a breathless word said in all classes,

P stands for "Polly", the prettiest of lassies.

Q means to quicken, as I must this story,

R is for Ralph and his athletic glory.

S means statistics, we have them right here,

T is for Thelma, who entered this year.

U means Unity, a rival of ours.

V means Varland, a pest at all hours.

W fits willing, which we'll aim to be,

X seems a needless letter to me.

Y stands for youngest, I'm sure that's D.

Carr,

Z is for zealous, he exceeds us by far.

M. G. '31.

**"N"**

All Miss Turkington wants of spring is a  
 "sprig" for that antique vase.

**The Class Will**

Buster (at Burbank's): "I wish I had some  
 will power."

Aubrey: "Why such a stupendous wish?"

Buster: "So I'd go home and write my  
 class part."

**Green Yet!**

The Freshmen would make good forest  
 fire fighters. The Sophomores could help.

**Try This One!**

1st.: Seat the following in one row: Ken,  
 Lank, Baker, Currie and Randlette.

2nd.: Don't laugh!

Best All Round Fellow—Floyd Emery.  
 Most Handsome—??????  
 Most Musical—George Markham.  
 Best Natured—Kenneth Carr.  
 Most Original—Theodore Griffith.  
 Brightest—Doris Pelkie.  
 Smoothest—Donald Randlett.  
 Best Athlete—Ralph Young.  
 Worst Rough-houser—Raymond Thorne.  
 Biggest Bluff—Clarence Merrow.  
 Biggest Farmer—Carl Withee.  
 Biggest Grind—Hilda Buker.  
 Biggest Crab—Leroy Hatch.  
 Works Least—Earl Hart.  
 Worst Pest—George Webber.  
 Noisiest—Roger Baker.  
 Boys who get away with the most (popular opinion)—The Carr Brothers.

Mr. Turner (drill in Biology class): "Now, I'm going to skip all around."  
 Student: "Gee, he must be kinky."

Miss Cobb (in Commercial Geog.): "What is the greatest water power known to man?"  
 Student: "That's easy—women's tears."

Bob: "What are you going to study when you finish H. A., Floyd?"  
 Emery: "Pharmacy."

#### Senior Food Sale

Appreciations are tendered by the French Club, which held its annual meeting on this same noted eve.

Nemesis—goddess of righteous anger—Thelma Thorne.  
 Phosphor—morning star—George Markham.  
 Ceres—goddess of earth—Pauline Baker.  
 Bacchus—god of wine—Ralph Young.  
 Proserpina—queen of Hades—Gwendolyn Webber.  
 Pluto—King of Hades—Malcolm Carr.  
 Hecate—goddess of witchcraft and sorcery—Edna Withee.

#### A Wonderful Handicap

Miss Turkington: "Now, copy these jokes, please."  
 Aubrey: "Can I write well enough?"  
 Miss Turkington. "Oh, my, no! Excuse me!"

#### Replica of Famous Men

Sir Roger de Coverly—Varland Greene.  
 Will Honeycomb—Robert Stedman.  
 Sir Roger's Widow—Marion Gray.  
 The Spectator—Carl Withee.  
 King Henry—Donald Randlette.  
 Fair Katherine—Althea Merrow.  
 William Shakespeare—Charles Braley  
 Anne Hathaway—Charlotte Waldron.  
 Queen Elizabeth—Elizabeth Butters.  
 Robert Louis Stevenson—Darrel Currie.  
 Modestine, the Donkey—Elmer Stanhope.  
 Sir Lancelot—Clarence Merrow.  
 Elaine—Marguerite Whittemore.  
 Queen Guinevere—Florice Greene.  
 King Arthur—Mac Carr.  
 Gareth—Billy Webber.  
 Lynette—Thelma Thorne.

#### Senior Class as Gods and Goddesses

Jupiter—supreme ruler—Raymond Thorne.  
 Juno—splendor of the heavens—Geneva Merrill.  
 Minerva—goddess of skill—Florice Greene.  
 Mars—war-god—Floyd Emery.  
 Vulcan—god of fire—Robert Stedman.  
 Apollo—god of the sun—Clarence Merrow.  
 Diana—goddess of ideal modesty—Hazel Chipman.  
 Venus—goddess of love and beauty—Marguerite Whittemore.  
 Mercury—swift as the winds—Theodore Griffith.  
 Vesta—goddess of hearth—Dorothy Butters.  
 Cupid—mighty god of love—Aubrey Burbank.  
 Hebe—goddess of youth—Grace Davis.  
 Themis—goddess of justice—Margaret Baker.

SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS

Name	Known As	Failing	Highest Ambition	Favorite Expression	Comment
Pauline Baker	"Polly"	Boys	To be able to sing the Scale	Sho! Sho!	Happy Go Lucky
Grace Davis	"Chick"	To get her lessons	To have her lessons	H-m-m	Too Quiet
George Markham	"Georgie"	Water waves	To be able to get away from the girls	(Variable)	(Out of the Ordinary)
Robert Stedman	"Bill"	Girls	To be a cowboy	"I mean to say"	"Tough Guy"
M. Whittemore	"Whitt"	Crying	To be a teacher	I forget	Babyish
M. Buker	"Marge"	So much work	To have something to do	That's right	Busy Woman
F. Emery	"Shorty"	Soda Fountain	To grow tall	"Is that so"?	Sleepy
T. Thorne	"Thelma"	Gossiping	To be a lady	Nonsense!	Good Sport
A. Burbank	"Gib"	Stamps	To be a farmer	I'm game!	Grimacing
F. Greene	"Florice"	A steady	To be a toe dancer	"I don't know"	Flirt
M. Carr	"Mac"	His face	To be U. S. President	"Dog-gone-it"	Too good to be commented on
G. Merrill	"Genevieve"	Diet	To have a beau	Your Happy Right!	Cute
R. Thorne	"Ray"	Geneva	To know as much as the rest of the class	Oh No!	Superior
E. Withee	"Edna"	Hasn't any	To be an aviatrix	"No! No! That's not right"	Talks Too Much
D. Butters	"Dot"	Talking	To own a nursery	I can't think!	Domestic
H. Chipman	"Hazel"	Being so small	To grow up	Don't be like that!	A Little Too Large
Ted Griffith	"Griff"	Being popular	To skip school and not get caught	"Sez you?"	Comedian
C. Merrow	"Bullets"	Playing in class	To play in Whiteman's band	The latest movie wise-crack	Bluffer
G. Webber	"Gwen"	Joe	To get married	Gracious	She's Right There
G. Chipman	"Chippie"	Barbers	To be a nurse	"Is that nice?"	Stubborn
R. Young	"Acey"	Talking fast	To be wise	(unprintable)	Inferior

ALUMNI DIRECTORY

Any reader who knows of a change in name or address, please notify Miss Ardis Lancey, Hartland, Maine.

- |  |      |  |
|--|------|--|
| Walter H. Moore, Hartland, Maine         | 1874 | Libby, Minn.; Adrian T. Ward, North Con-     |
| Harry Williams, Hartland, Maine          | 1875 | way, N. H.; Ralph F. Cook, care of Libby,    |
| Alice Waldron Seekins, Hartland, Me.     | 1877 | Skinner Co., Bangor, Maine; Eunice L. Linn,  |
| Joseph Ford, Pittsfield, Me., R. F. D.   | 1877 | Hartland, Maine; Frances Lancey Donahue,     |
| G. M. Lancey, Hartland, Maine            | 1878 | 11 Grove Street, Belfast, Maine; Lela Snow   |
| Annie Linn Lancey, Hartland, Me.         | 1880 | Howard, N. Brooksville, Maine; Amanda        |
| Nettie Williams, Hartland, Me., R. F. D. | 1880 | Ames, Canaan, Maine; Amelia Ames,            |
| Hattie E. Baird, Hartland, Maine         |      | Canaan, Maine; Clyde Griffith, Saco, Maine;  |
| Star Route                               | 1880 | Elmer E. Libby, 19th St., 30th Ave., St.     |
| Ord K. Fuller, Hartland, Me.             | 1885 | Petersburg, Fla.; Selden E. Libby, 178       |
| Edward Webber, Hartland, Maine           | 1886 | Massachusetts Ave., Portland, Maine.         |
| Carl Randlett, Hartland, Maine           | 1886 |  |
| John W. Norton, Levant, Maine            | 1890 | 1908   |
| Clyde H. Smith, Skowhegan, Me.           | 1893 | Effie Coston Worth, Washburn, Maine; El-     |
| Georgia Parkman Pennell, Hartland,       |      | mer M. Burton, Hartland, Maine; John John-   |
| Maine                                    | 1895 | ston, Box 501, Gramby, Quebec, Canada;       |
| Robert W. Linn, Jr., Hartland, Me.       | 1896 | Jean Smith Moore, Hartland, Maine; Blanche   |
| Allison P. Howes, Pittsfield, Me.,       |      | Merrow Moulton, Hartland, Maine; Ina         |
| R. F. D. No. 2                           | 1898 | Moulton, Hartland, Me.; Forest Baker, Hart-  |
| Elizabeth A. Linn, Hartland, Me.         | 1900 | land, Maine; Gertrude Anderson Humphrey,     |
| Fred Steelbrook, Hartland, Me.           | 1900 | Pittsfield, Maine; Roscoe W. Spaulding, Lud- |
| Mary Annis Connelly, Hartland, Me.       | 1900 | low, Vt.; Ina Fisher Spaulding; Helen Smith, |
|  |      | 419 Cumberland Ave., Portland, Maine;        |
|  |      | Jesse Farnum; George Page, Ben Brown.        |
|  |      |  |
|  |      | 1909   |
|  |      | Arthur A. Baird, Hartland, Maine; Crystal    |
|  |      | P. Bowman, College Ave., Orono, Maine;       |
|  |      | Frank W. Burton, Melrose, Mass.; Bernice     |
|  |      | Pinkham Billings, Bangor, Me.; Leslie I.     |
|  |      | Waldron.                                     |
|  |      |  |
|  |      | 1910   |
|  |      | Edna Humphrey Ames, South Windham,           |
|  |      | Maine; Frank L. Hollister, Detroit, Mich.;   |
|  |      | Fred T. Baird, Lewiston, Maine.              |
|  |      |  |
|  |      | 1911   |
|  |      | Mary Packard Johnson, Barre, Vt.; Mol-       |
|  |      | lie Harding Seekins, Waterville, Me.; Mar-   |
|  |      | ion Buzzell Stedman, Butternut Valley, N.    |
|  |      | Y.; Myrtle Everett Waite, N. Baldwinville,   |
|  |      | Mass.; Augusta Baker White, Bangor,          |
|  |      | Maine; Wallace Worth, Washburn, Maine;       |
|  |      | Otho L. Linn, Bangor, Me.                    |



HARTLAND ACADEMY

1912

Eva Burton Jones, Augusta, Me.; Elmer L. Baird, Pittsfield, Maine, R. F. D. No. 2; Harry R. Libby, Star Route, Hartland, Me.; Leland Gray, Old Town, Me.; Clifton O. Steelbrook, Portland, Maine; Horace C. Packard, Denver, Col.; Doris Dyer Nutting, Hartland, Maine; Gladys Ward Knowles, North Conway, N. H.; Vanonia Gesner Leighton, Portland, Me.

1913

Iva M. Furber, Hartland, Me.; Mildred Webb Baird, Pittsfield, Maine, R. F. D. No. 2; Edna French Salls, Kenduskeag, Maine; Annie M. Fuller Linn, Hartland, Me.; Fred A. Clark; A. Irene Libby Perkins, Portland, Me.; Gladys Leadbetter, Hartland, Maine; Isabel Scott Hebb, Hartland, Maine.

1914

Ella Seekins Getchell, Hartland, Maine; Goldie Lander Randell; Lura Libby Crocker, St. Albans, Maine, R. F. D.; Pearl Merrow Emery, Hartland, Maine; John Seekins, Hartland, Maine; Ray Gourley.

1915

Leta Merrick Libby, Star Route, Hartland, Maine; Ruth Young Steeves, Hartland, Me.; Wilma Wilkins Bouton; Harry Henderson, Augusta, Maine; Edward N. Walker, Pittsfield, Maine, R. F. D.; Herbert L. Seekins, St. Albans, Maine; Cecil McNally; Vera Emery Hanson, St. Albans, Maine; Myron Martin, Jefferson, Maine; Elmer Goodwin.

1916

Evelyn Furber Hogan, 88 Church St., Berlin, N. H.; Alice Packard Lurvey; Florence Manson Reed, Harmony, Maine; Isabelle C. Packard, Lander, Wyoming; Joseph S. Buker, Pittsfield, Maine; Olney S. Wilbur, Hartland, Maine; George Lewis, Hartland, Maine; Merrill A. Moore, Hartland, Maine; Stella Salisbury Seekins, Hartland, Maine; Harold Wheeler, Hartland, Maine; Jesse Russell, Hartland, Me.; Elmer Burrill, Hartland, Maine; Harry McDonald, Hartland, Maine; Ivory McNally; Wilson Linn, Boston; Emma Vorney Micharls, 1342 S. Burlington Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.; Ruth Finson Robertson, St. Albans, Maine.

1917

Anna Head Cooley, North Hartland, Me., R. F. D.; Lida Merrick Cookson, Hartland, Maine, Star Route; Ruth Cook Chapman, Farmington, Maine; Laura Davis Bradford, Pittsfield, Maine; Madeline Young Sawyer, 101 Silver St., Waterville, Me.; Beatrice Worth, 114 Second St., Hallowell, Maine; Ruby Burlock, Limestone, Maine; Carroll H. Webber, Hartland, Maine; Vernon E. Webber, Hartland, Maine; Carl A. Baird, Hartland, Maine, Star Route; Donald Robinson; Ralph Merrow, Fort Fairfield, Maine.

1918

Ardis E. Lancey, Hartland, Me.; Ethel L. Gray, Hartland, Maine; Hollis Buker, Hartland, Maine; Stuart S. Baird, Hartland, Me., Star Route; Mrs. Hope M. Spaulding Burnee, Hartland, Maine; Harold L. Burrill, Cambridge, Me.; Ethel Welch Libby, St. Albans, Maine.

1919

Lois Wilkins Worthen, 32 Coomb St., Bangor, Maine; Iva Huff Ames, Hartland, Me.; Ray Burlock; Harold Getchell, Hartland, Maine.

1920

Winifred I. Finson, 19th St., 30th Avenue, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Marion V. Heath, Hartland, Maine; Mildred B. Latty, Hartland, Maine; Fred W. Libby, Hartland, Maine; Clyde P. Martin, St. Albans, Maine; Crystal (McPheters) Goforth, Hartland, Maine; Willis M. Nichols, Hartland, Maine; Doris W. Parkman, Hartland, Maine; Beatrice (Randlette) Pelley, Maple St., Skowhegan, Maine; Nina (Seekins) Webber, Hartland, Maine; Ethel M. Ward Quimby, Waterville, Me.; Doris (Whitney) Austin, Hartland, Me.; Frederick J. Wright, Hartland, Maine; Ethel Manson Hopkins, Vassalbore, Me.

1921

Clyde Emery, California; Madeline (Grey) Allen, Bar Harbor, Maine; Bertha (Johnson) Bragg, Hartland, Maine; Alta Tracy; Thelma (Tracy) Carr, Massachusetts; Ray Spaulding, Hartland, Me.; Frank Withee, Hartland, Maine.

1922

Robert Picken, New York; Laurice Nevens Fisher, Hartland, Maine; Mildred Chipman, Hartland, Maine; Gertrude Bennett, Dover, Maine; Mabel (Seekins) Nichols, Hartland, Maine; Ina (Emery) Foss, Corinna, Maine; Frank Fisher, Hartland, Maine; Ena (Emery) Plummer, Berlin, New Hampshire; Thelma Randlett Small, Lewiston, Maine; Clair Lewis, Springfield, Mass.; Frances Ingalls, Hartland, Maine; Lena (Emery) Lovely, St. Albans, Maine.

1923

Cassie Fisher Spaulding, Hartland, Maine; Mary Haseltine Dore, Hudson, Maine; Harry Dore, Hudson, Maine; Mildred (Brown) Patten, Massachusetts; Iola (Chipman) Blaisdell, Springfield, Mass.; Geo. T. Thompson; Mabel (Drew) Cannon, Tilton, N. H.; Linwood Burbank, Waterville, Maine; Eva (Withee) Hall, Hartland, Maine.

1924

Rebecca Pennell, Waterville, Maine; Carleton Deering, Springfield, Mass.; Elmer Ward, 2200 Chelsa Ferris, Walbrook, Maryland; Jennie Hubbard, Hartland, Maine; Joseph McGee, Boston, Mass.; Clyde Brooks, Hartland, Me.; Edwin Waterman, Hartland, Me.; Nathalie (Lewis) Williams, Rhode Island; Melvin Waterman, Palmyra, Maine; Newton Smith, Hartland, Maine; Edward Brown, Hartland, Maine; Milton Morrison, Portland, Maine.

1925

Donald Newall, Waterville Motor Co., Waterville, Maine; Howard Ames, Pittsfield, Me., R. F. D. 2; Francis Baine French, St. Albans, Me.; Bessie Buker, Hartland, Me.; Ada Cyr Randlette, Hartland, Me.; Howard Estes, Pittsfield, Me., R. F. D. 2; Ina Field Brown, Hartland, Me.; John Getchell, Hartland, Me.; James Dundas, Hartland, Me.; Daniel Connelly, Beta Theta Phi, Orono, Me.; Vera Haseltine, Ripley, Me.; Molly Johnson, Union City, Conn.; Annie Merrick, Pittsfield, Me., R. F. D. No. 2; Evelyn Maxwell, Colby College; Winston Norcross, Brookline, Mass.; Marguerite O'Reilly, Pittsfield, Me.; Lin-

wood Randlette, Hartland, Me.; Fred Sterns, Colby College; Agnes Waterman?; Marjorie Young Kerstead, 223 Main St., Whethersfield, Conn.; John Haseltine, Dexter, Me.

1926

Maynard Austin, Hartland, Me.; Ola Brooks, Bangor, Me.; Lucille Braley; Wm. Brawn, Hartland, Me.; Lucretia Butters Young, 14 Florence St., Dover, N. H.; Warren Butters, 1612 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Leona Chipman Pelkie, 541 Main St., Lewiston, Me.; Elmer Fisher, Hartland, Maine; Harold Ford, Lewiston, Me.; Earl Heath, Hartland, Me.; Norman Huff, Hartland, Me.; Olive Johnson, Union City, Conn., Edith Millett, Naugatuck, Conn.; Thomas Mills, St. Albans, Me.; Ruth Moore Mills, St. Albans, Me.; Wm. Page, Ipswich, Me.; Richard Picken, Union City, Conn.; Edward Snow, Hartland, Me.; Weston Stanhope, Hartland, Me.; John Tibbetts, Pittsfield, R. F. D. 2; Bernice Young, Boston, Mass.; Ruth Plummer, Westboro, Mass.

1927

Lloyd Cookson, Hartland, Me.; Clarabelle Curtis, Hartland, Maine; Lillian Drew Violet, Hartland, Maine; Robert Estes, Pittsfield, Maine; James Fuller, Phi Gamma Delta, University of Maine; Lloyd Hubbard, N. Y.; Edward Hubbard, Hartland, Me.; Fanny Griffith Humphrey, Hartland, Me.; Frank Matthews, Hartland, Me.; Mabel Murphy, Skowhegan, Me.; Myrtle Ordway Smith, Pittsfield, Me., R. F. D. 2; George Sterns, Colby College; Eileen Seekins Mellow, Hartland, Maine; Norman Webber, Alpha Tau Omega, Orono, Maine; Lyrall Webber, Hartland, Me.; Grace Griffith, Hartland, Me.

1928

Lenora Brooks, Hartland, Me.; Isabelle Baine Snow, St. Albans, Maine; Bernadette DeRaps, Waterville, Me.; Velma Greene, Long Beach, Cal.; Howard Grey, Hartland, Me.; Everett Holt, Hartland, Me.; Gerald Page, Dedham, Mass.; Edna Peterson, Hartland, Me.; Edythe Philbrick Libby, Hartland, Maine; Harry Peasley, St. Albans, Maine; Hilda Tibbetts, Hartland, Maine; Edgar Woodman, Hartland, Me.

HARTLAND ACADEMY

---

1929

Edna Hatch Ellis, Hartland, Me.; Theresa Merrick Mills, St. Albans, Me.; Thelma Ray, Hartland, Me.; Charles Estes, Palmyra, Me.; Edith Lewis, Belfast, Me.; Marie Turner,

Weeks Mills, Me.; Blaine Webber, St. Albans, Me.; Perry Furbush, Hebron, Maine; Millard Page, Hartland, Me.; Hilda Furbush, St. Albans, Me.; Susie Miller, Bangor, Me.; Thelma Neal.

# Novelty Slices in Brick Ice Cream

Neapolitan or other fancy bricks, all ready to slice and serve, each slice varigated in color and flavor and uniform in quality and purity. A nice thing to have in the home for dessert. Pint bricks or quarts.

## Hartland Drug Store

R. C. HAMILTON, Prop.

Main and Commercial Sts.

Hartland, Maine

Justice of Peace      Notary Public

**Vincent C. Goforth**

LICENSED EMBALMER

and

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Hartland

Maine

Telephone 47-K

Compliments of

**R. E. Nutting**

CLOTHING      FURNISHINGS

SHOES and RUBBERS

Hartland

Maine

Compliments of

# Bijou Theatre

Pittsfield

Maine

Compliments of

BULLETS '30

RAY '30

MAC '30

Compliments of  
Gwen '30—Dot '30

Compliments of  
Darrel '32—Roger '32

Compliments of  
Becky '31—Polly '30

Compliments of  
Ken '31—Vardy '31

Compliments of  
Almeda '30—Madeline '32

Compliments of  
Don '32—Howie '32

Compliments of  
Dot '33—Kitty '33

Compliments of  
Doug. '33—Charlie '33

Compliments of  
Midget '30—Bunny '30

Compliments of  
Ralph '30—Roy '33

Compliments of  
Edna '30—Marguerite '30

Compliments of  
George '30—Aubrey '30

Compliments of  
Sis '31—Evelina '31

Compliments of  
Bob '30—Shorty '30

Compliments of  
Elsie '33—Jennie '33

Compliments of  
Glen '32—Kims '31

Compliments of  
Mr. and Mrs. Turner

Compliments of  
Babe '32—Dick '31

Compliments of  
Doris '31—Tubby '31

Compliments of  
Snookems '32—Red '32

Compliments of  
Marion '33—Nita '33

Compliments of  
"N. C."

Compliments of  
Vivian's Beauty Parlor

Compliments of  
OUTLOOK CLUB

W. H. MOORE & SON  
Quality Building Materials  
Phone 59-31

Hartland

Maine

Western  
**Red Cedar**

**INSULITE**  
the Wood-Fiber Insulating Board



**Balsam-Wool**

*Rolscreens*  
The Ideal Screen For Casements



**FRIGIDAIRE**  
THE AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR

Pondosa Pine

**U.S.**  
STANDARD BUILDING  
MATERIALS



Compliments of

Hartland Grain and Grocery

In

Hartland

Maine

Compliments of

CHURCH'S GARAGE

GASOLINE

OILS

REPAIRING

Pittsfield Avenue

Hartland

Maine

*THE TICONIC  
NATIONAL BANK*

OF WATERVILLE

offers a complete banking service  
under the direct supervision of the

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Commercial Department

Trust Department

Savings Department

Safe Deposit Department

Accounts may be opened and busi-  
ness transacted by mail with safety  
and dispatch.

Compliments of

**NED & JOE'S**

BARBER SHOP

LADIES' HAIR CUTS

Our Specialty

Hartland, Me.

WRITE FOR QUOTATIONS ON  
**Programs, Folders, School Annuals  
and Catalogues**

The PITTSFIELD ADVERTISER, Inc.

PITTSFIELD, MAINE

*Compliments of*

H. C. Baxter Brothers

Canners of

**FRESH VEGETABLES**

Grown on Maine Farms—Canned in Maine Shops

BRUNSWICK, MAINE

