

# The Ripple



JUSTICE OF PEACE

NOTARY PUBLIC

Vincent C. Goforth

Licensed Embalmer and Funeral Director

Telephone 47-K

HARTLAND,

MAINE

The Home of Good Entertainment

Bijou Theatre

PITTSFIELD,

MAINE

INSURANCE For STUDENTS

Endowments at Life Rates

FIRE

LIFE

LIABILITY

Sidney F. Jones

PITTSFIELD

*C. I. Currie*

FANCY GROCERIES

FRUITS and MEATS

HARTLAND

Compliments of

Seekins Lunch

HARTLAND

Compliments of

*H. C. Baxter Bros.*

CANNERS OF

*Fresh Vegetables*

GROWN ON MAINE FARMS CANNED IN MAINE SHOPS

BRUNSWICK, MAINE

Hartland Grain  
And Grocery

IN  
HARTLAND

Compliments of

A. & P. Tea Co.

HARTLAND

W. H. Moore & Son

BUILDING MATERIALS

Phone 59-31

LUMBER and MILL WORK

Compliments of

*O. M. Carr*

OPTOMETRIST

Phone 27

Pittsfield

## I F

If Osteopathy can feature in or determine a world championship—  
If it can take a "cast-off" and put him back in the box to twirl out  
a big leaguer—

If you can put a high school lad back in the game quick enough  
to reach a winning goal—

If you can take the "near breakdowns" and soon have them back at  
their tasks with increased efficiency—

If you can take under privileged children with serious mental and  
physical handicaps and change health and behavior to normal—

If OSTEOPATHY can take tiny tots and the aged and save them  
in pneumonia—

If it can take operatic stars and prima donnas and keep them fit  
through the years and save them an otherwise cancelled date—

If OSTEOPATHY is a great paraphylactic measure against a host  
of conditions from colds to the most dreaded—

Then the rest of us make no mistake in giving this later scientific  
school of healing a first, rather than last, consideration in health and  
illness.

DR. OLGA H. GROSS

Pittsfield,

Maine

## A. R. BURTON & SON

HARTLAND,

MAINE

HARDWARE

Du Pont Paints

Certained-teed Shingles

ROOFING

Farm Fencing

Nails

Poultry Netting

Distributors of Shell Products

## Dedication

---

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

Mr. Thomas Murray

Mr. Harold Louder

Miss Bernice Green

Miss Ruth Daggett



EDITORIAL BOARD

Front Row—G. Ford, H. Baird, J. Pelkie, D. Pelkie, E. Withee, V. Belle,  
H. Buker, P. Annis  
Back Row—C. Perry, R. Hatch, H. Jamieson, D. Currie, B. Greene

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-chief  
Assistant Editor  
Literary Editor  
Exchange Editor  
Copy Editor

Sport Editors

Hilda Buker

Doris Pelkie  
Glenice Ford  
Emma Withee  
Priscilla Annis  
Jennie Pelkie

Roy Hatch

Business Manager

Assistant Business Manager

Faculty Adviser

Senior

Junior

Sophomore

Freshman

Darrell Currie

Howard Jamieson

Miss Greene

Class Representatives

Hilda Buker

Glenice Ford

Helen Baird

Virginia Belle



**SCHOOL SONG**

Oh, here's to dear old H. A.  
 The noblest school of all;  
 Beneath her flying colors  
 We'll answer to her call.  
 It matters not the hardships  
 The studies or the work,  
 Not one of H. A.'s students  
 Will ever quit or shirk.

Academy's bright record  
 Will ne'er by us be marred;  
 Academy's athletics  
 Her standard ne'er has scarred  
 For we are all behind her  
 Supporting one and all  
 And our boast is forever  
 Old H. A. shall not fall!

**FALSE MAKE-UP**

What is school spirit? Nobody knows so probably someone really ought to elucidate. The dictionary, my unique and individual dictionary, defines school spirit as pride in one's school and a willingness to do whatever possible for it. Now that everyone knows my idea of the meaning of school spirit, I expect to hear many criticisms of my meaning, for everyone in Hartland Academy professes to have a great deal of school spirit hidden somewhere in their make-up. (Yet from observation I should judge that make-up was decidedly out of style).

There was a ball game the other day. All of thirteen H. A. students attended. There was a weak sound from the stand which might have been taken for the buzz of gossip, but which was probably the cheering of those few who had been gamblers enough to risk the quarter entrance fee in hopes of getting their money's worth, or those who had been plucky enough to squeeze in without any money at all, hoping to get a little free entertainment.

Once upon a time the people in Hartland Academy took a great interest in the school paper. They would put all their best work

into an article for the school paper and not feel their time at all wasted if only a short article of a few lines was published under their name. But time changes. It's much more profitable—students now think—to spend their spare time writing epistles to their neighbors across the aisle, telling them about latest fashion in neckties or perhaps the latest joke. No doubt keeping one's neighbor entertained is a kindly act—maybe that is school spirit. Who knows?

Thus we gather that in most minds the word "school-spirit" takes in a large variety of meanings. I see now that my definition of school spirit is rather narrow minded. I apologize! H. A. must know the meaning of school spirit much better than I.

**TO OUR ADVERTISERS**

We, the students of Hartland Academy are deeply grateful for the very liberal patronage given our advertising section this year. We certainly appreciate the fact that our merchants have so kindly contributed to our paper. It is plain to be seen that a paper cannot be supported without the aid of advertisers, and it is largely to them that we owe our financial success. It is sometimes very difficult to break even on an edition of the paper and it is then that even a small advertisement is greatly appreciated. However, this year, through your kind support, we have managed to make a little money which assures us of something to begin with another year.

D. C., '32.

**PROSPECTIVE IMPROVEMENT**

The one fault I have to find with old H. A. is that it hasn't enough activities to satisfy the individual needs of the student.

We have students in the school who are gifted with musical ability. They have in times past shown interest and ability in vocal and orchestral music. Wouldn't a glee club, made up of those fine singers be a real asset to our school? And the orchestra—where is

that going? Think of the needs of a school orchestra. Remember the contests you have attended when the orchestra was a large and interesting one. Would it not be fine to carry off laurels along that line for Hartland Academy?

Morning exercises would be another interesting factor in our school life. At least three times a week we should hold an assembly. Vocal or instrumental selections, one act plays, readings, etc., would furnish much entertainment and would be educational as well, during that twenty minute period.

Sports of course constitute a very important part in the curriculum. We already have basketball teams and a goodly number usually turn out for practice in the fall. However they continue to drop out and at the end of the season there is scarcely enough for two teams. What is the reason? To be blunt—it is, distinctly, a lack of school spirit. The boys have a baseball team which is rapidly improving and they seem to be interested. Possibly the girls would be interested in something besides basketball, too. How about hockey? In many schools of this size and in even smaller ones, the girls play field hockey in the fall. It furnishes wholesome fun and an incentive to fair play and team work. Why not try it this fall since we have the necessary equipment?

Frequently circumstances do not permit students to partake in any of the above mentioned activities. Perhaps, however, some of them might become more interested in school work if French clubs and Latin clubs were again established in H. A.

All these extra-curriculum activities are suggested, not for a few alone, but for everyone, in order that they may be able to show their individual talents in bettering Hartland Academy.

Eleanor Currie, '32.

#### THE HOBO

Hobohemia, or more familiarly known by all the hobos as "the home of the homeless man", is situated in Chicago. About two-thirds of all the inhabitants of this city are Hobos—here today and gone tomorrow. Chicago is not the only city that contains such people. They will be found in nearly

every city of any large size. It also will be found that in every city there are "main stems" which mean a home to the hobo. There, each man whether he be tramp, hobo, bum or crook—will find some one to console himself with, someone to tell his experiences and troubles to—in other words—a friend.

Chicago seems to be more thickly settled with these tribes than any other city. The wandering occupants on being questioned why they choose this city, only reply that it seems to be the labor exchange for men out of work, for "the Jack-of-all-trades", or one who doesn't want to work. Other hobos say a greater variety of jobs is found there. But it is found as Chicago is the largest railway center in the world, homeless men come here for shelter in the winter, also for inside winter work. The railroad is one of the most common ways for tramps to reach their destination. They ride in empty freight cars, on the bumpers and any other possible place to bum a ride. Walking has no charms for them now that they have the railroad fever.

There is a great change in the number of hobos in a city in winter and in summer. There can always be found in Hobohemia thirty thousand in summer, and double that in winter, making about seventy-five thousand. Of course these are not scattered throughout the city, but are mostly close to the center of transportation and trade.

The Hobohemia of Chicago, or the "jungles" of other cities are divided into two classes, the temporary and the permanent or continuous. The temporary are just stop-over places, where men on the road pause. The continuous or permanent jungles are always inhabited by someone to keep the fires burning, cooking, washing or boiling clothes, shaving, sewing, and often reading. Speaking of all these duties it is surprising how clean most vagabond men are. There are very good cooks found among some of these men. And it might be interesting to know what the tramp really eats and wears. The tramp is the hungriest fellow in the world. We sometimes wonder why, as he does no work to cause an appetite, but simple idling is enough to make anyone hungry. There are two famous diets in vagabondage called the "hot" and the "cold". The first or "set-downs" are good solid meals three times a



day or oftener. The second consists of "handouts", which are nothing but bundles of cold food handed out the back door.

One who joins the "set downers" is considered a true hobo and his enemies dare not speak ill of his gift of begging. If one contents himself with "handouts" he loses all prestige of a genuine hobo and falls into the lowest grade of tramp life.

Success in gaining these titles depends on diligence, patience, nerve and politeness. If a tramp lacks any one of these he is handicapped; as he needs diligence to keep his winnings to a certain standard, he needs patience to help him where charity is below par, he needs nerve to give him a reputation among his crowd, and politeness is needed to win his way with strangers to get their sympathy and help.

A hobo is fond of coffee, meat and potatoes. He calls it a necessity to have one of these three each day.

His clothes are not much better than his food; trousers, a shirt, some old shoes, and a battered hat are the needed articles for summer. Tramps are somewhat extravagant. They all drink and eat daily somehow. They go to jails if necessary to eat and drink. Most of them use tobacco.

Nearly everything goes by rule in Hobohemia and there are always new ones to take the place of the old ones. Although the laws are unwritten they are known by all and must be obeyed. These are some of the strict ones:

1. Robbing men at night when asleep.
2. Making fire at night subject to raids.
3. Wasting food or destroying it.
4. Leaving cooking dishes dirty.
5. Cooking without first providing fuel.
6. Destroying jungle property.

Usually if these rules are disobeyed the outcome is forced labor or physical punishment. Hobohemia is also a lodging house area where rooms are found ranging from fifty cents to ten cents a day. There are also cheap hotels with different prices. You will find, too, just bare rooms where the men sleep on the floor and get their meals in restaurants near the parking quarters. Here the food is usually of the cheapest sort. Surrounding the eating houses are pawn shops, barber shops, book stores, saloons and

soft drink houses. For the men who don't work there are very poor lodgings. For those who "get by" with odd jobs, a fair lodging may be earned. The city tramps or hobos might be classed into four divisions as (1) house beggars; (2) office beggars; (3) street beggars; and (4) old clothes beggars, all struggling for existence. Tramps usually prefer the city to the country, as the country is so large that a beggar is not sure he can obtain a living there. So the city is completely overrun by worthless men of all types. To the inhabitants of the city it is an ordinary occurrence to see men begging for money and such, but to a new-comer it is uncommon and they immediately take pity on the bums and help them out. In some cities there are "joints" where they live night and day, never leaving except to look for a few pennies on which their next mouthful depends.

There are three types of homeless men, namely the tramp, hobo and bum. The tramp dreams and wanders, the hobo works and wanders, and the bum drinks and wanders. Usually these all are under one name, "the hobo". They often work at odd jobs, some called "skinners" who drive horses or mules, "dinos" who handle dynamite, "beach combers" or "plain sailors". There are also others.

All these many men have reasons for leaving home. Many younger men who quarrel at home start leading the life of a non-worker and can't leave off.

In looking up some of the records of these men we find the following reasons for their choice of vagabond life: (a) seasonal work and unemployment; (b) industrial inadequacy; (c) defects in personality; (d) crisis in the life of the person; (e) and wanderlust. Another reason not named above, but which proves to be as serious, is drinking, which leads to laziness.

Bad health is the most frequent found cause of all, which starts men wandering. Often loss of mind causes well-educated men to leave their home, wives and children to go on the road. Mrs. Alice W. Salenberger, a woman interested in these people, found two-thirds of every thousand homeless and wandering men were due to defects in health. Most of these men are unmarried

and very few have anything but interest in the opposite sex.

These hobos might be called the children of the road, and from the smallest boy to the toughest tramp this road never has been found to lead to happiness.

Reasons why men come to lead the life of a tramp have been enumerated above. There are also four distinct ways by which boys and girls may be forced to "take the road".

First, some are born there; others driven there; some enticed there; and still others go voluntarily. Those who are born on the road are in other words gypsies. The second group, those who are there because of lack of sufficient means of livelihood are forced to beg and steal to get a living, as for those being enticed there, these all sooner or later come to the conclusion that they have been swindled—that the road is after all only a tantalizing delusion. For the last group those who go voluntarily—there is little to be said except they are seeking crime and vagabondage. A few words might be said about the boys after they have reached Hoboland. They are ruled by a "jocker"—one who travels and trains boys to beg. If by chance a boy disobeys his jocker his penalty is severe, sometimes it is cruel, physical punishment, or he may be traded and even sold.

Is it not a good plan to check the number of children going on the road as hobos? Reformatories, planned, officered and conducted correctly, should be stationed not at the end of this road—but at all the paths that lead to it.

If the localities frequented by the tramp or hobo were to be considered we would name Canada as the most northerly district. The hobo goes there for travel and as he says "a desire to see them fellers up in Canady. Most of the tramp clans in Canada are called "Frenchies", and to be a successful tramp here one must be able to speak French. The East seems to represent the intelligence and respectability of tramp life. All mostly beg, and begging is a poor living in New England, due to jails and places for the purpose of locking up beggars. However some manage to escape these places. The West contain such tramps that are called "Westerners". The cities are further apart here and not as

many railways are found; also the people are poorer than in the East, so fewer wanderers are found. Lastly in the South, their class consists mainly of the "shinies" or negroes. These go on the road voluntarily and because of laziness. There are few white tramps or hobos found in the South for they do not appreciate the lack of change in weather.

As the hobos go by town regulation they wish to be regarded as citizens. Some are not naturalized, so cannot vote, others are not eligible. All tramps dislike policemen, mostly because of having had previous experience with them.

Hobohemia, like a city, has its important persons, they are not all poor, lazy and good for nothing men. Some are religious and attend church each Sunday. Others have money and help the poorer "bo". You may find many educated men here. One of the most important is Dr. Ben L. Rittman, or "The King of the Hobos". He is highly educated and his profession is that of a physician who often helps sick tramps. Another is A. W. Urogstidb, or "The Hobo Intellectual", the secretary of the "college". There are many others of equal importance. It is found that nearly all homeless men know how to read and write, most of them are extensive readers and often pick up cast-off papers on a railway track. More "bo's" would do further reading in libraries than they do, if they did not think the law prevented them. After much reading, this leads them on to have interest in writing. Among them are some very good poets and authors. A poem which appeals to me was written by one of these vagabond authors—Bell Quirke.

"One day, some day, I'll make a stake.  
For years I've drilled the rough pathway  
And weathered many a wintry blast.  
I'll make another stake some day  
For luck must turn my way at last  
I'm far too old for working, too  
They say my work is almost through.  
My one assess is never a flake,  
But still I hope to make a stake."

This is only the heart of the poem but it gives one the outlook and sadness of the homeless men.

While speaking of hobos having privileges in society, it has been suggested that to forbid them to enjoy the common rights of citizens is one of the worst punishments possible to inflict. In the end a man so treated will establish a society of his own if possible just as definite and exclusive as the one from which he was turned out. In the opinion of some people, these social outcasts do not have privileges enough, to lead a better life, since decent society bars its doors to the low-down tramp. After being denied these desired privileges these men gather to exchange news and enjoy the fellowship of their equals. The "Kangaroo Court" is one of the gathering places where regular meetings are held and their officers elected. Some think the hobos do not care to enter respectable places, for instance, a reading room of some club. The fact is they do not go there to read for some actually sit with their papers up-side down. It is no use to try to revise the standard of the life for tramps, they have fixed their ways and will cling to them.

As we have heard much about the hobos that do not work, we wonder how they do spend their leisure time. It is a problem to them how to "kill time". Many who can afford it, go to the movies, others wander around the streets, reading price lists and "window shopping". Often religious ceremonies are held, as the "soap boxers" or the "Klu Klux Klan".

As I said before not all these men are worthless. Some we know today are in social and political work. The I. W. W. is one of the noted organizations of these men which means Willing Workers. The U. B. W. A., or International Brotherhood Welfare Association, is an important one, the rules of it taken from Article III of the Constitution. There are other organizations but these have not met with the success of those just mentioned.

Mission work has appealed deeply to these homeless men and many are made converts. This has a great effect on their future life. Others stand by the motto—"to make one's self right with God."

H. B., '31.

#### CLEAN-UP DAY

Clean-up day is now past  
And Hartland is clean at last.  
Both boys and girls with a rake  
Jauntily in the sun do bake.

Mr. Louder assigns a task to each,  
And gives each one a goal to meet.  
Then off they start with a shout and a yell  
And down the street they go pell-mell.

Near noon they appear again.  
And each with a different pain,  
With blisters on their hands and feet  
And hands and faces not too neat.

Everything now is nearly done  
We leave our places, one by one,  
And thank the gods there is no more  
For surely each one has done his chore.

Virginia Bell, '34.

#### MY VISIT TO THE MOON

Now days scientists are trying to invent a machine which will go to the moon. Probably, they are very anxious to learn the ways of its inhabitants. And since I have had the luck to visit that shining planet, I venture to volunteer some information. It all came about this way.

One day when I had nothing to do, I decided that I would go to the moon, anything for excitement. I wasn't long preparing to go for it took only a little while to gather up all the twine strings I could find about the place. When I had tied them end to end I attached them to a big balloon and sent it flying into the heavens. The balloon which was specially treated so that the temperature of the moon attracted it, struck on the left curve of the sphere and there it hung. I was sure that it had stuck fast. I made myself as light as possible and began to climb up the strings. It was a long and toilsome journey. After many hours of travel I reached the end and I stepped on to the moon.

Of course I began to look around for shelter. I walked many, many miles before I came to the residence of the man in the moon. I was hungry and weary. I pounded at the door and a man so tall that I could hardly see his head, came to the door. Of course, he could not hear what I said so he

stooped and picked me up on his finger, carried me into the dining room and sat me down on the table. Then he stretched himself out on the floor so that his head would be near me. I then screamed in his ear until he understood that I wanted something to eat.

He went into the kitchen and brought me a loaf of bread, so big that I couldn't begin to lift it. I ate some off one corner and my hunger left me.

Then I began to look around to see how the house was made. I spied a huge opening in one corner of the dining room, and asked the lady of the house, who appeared in the doorway, what it was for. She was just getting her children ready for school.

She grabbed one of the children by the collar, and the seat of the pants and energetically hurled him into the tunnel. She told me that it was three hundred miles to the school house, and that was the only way of getting them there. She asked me if I didn't want to visit the school, but as she made a grab for me I scuttled for the balloon and began to descend the string as rapidly as possible. It was far easier than going up. The wind had blown the string way out over the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Scientists may be yearning to know more about the moon, but I am yearning to know how to drop a thousand feet and land on a rock where I usually sit.

Ethel Kimball, '31.

#### SPRINGTIME

Listen to the bluebird singing  
When the day has hardly dawned.  
See the trees their leaves unfolding,  
See the ripples on the pond.

It is springtime in the country,  
Nothing tends to spoil the glowing  
Of the green and growing grasses  
And the flowers to blossoms blowing.

One can see a hundred brooklets  
On a country drive this season,  
One can hear a hundred blackbirds  
Singing gaily without reason.

E. B., '31.

#### COMPANY MANNERS

There are two kinds of company manners, namely, being good, and showing off. I am keen on "showing off". When I was a child I was taught to be seen and not heard. Hence came the desire to "show off". This began one day when I heard the doorbell ring. I hurried to the door, kicking up a rug in my haste to get there before someone else did. I opened the door and talking politely I led the visitor to the parlor. After talking a few minutes—mostly about myself—I excused myself to call mother. As soon as she was safely seated on the divan talking—I mean, the visitor was talking, as he was a book agent—I slipped out the door, turning a handspring on the way, and not quite succeeding. After cautiously shutting the door, I crept surreptitiously up the stairs. You know it is the habit of the conspirator to act as if he had already committed the crime.

Therefore I started. It so happens that the hall upstairs echoes loudly throughout the house. As I had already told the visitor that I was the only child, I surmised that he would know who was making all the racket. I put on some baseball shoes and clamped back and forth, knowing very well, what the sound must be like in the next room.

The shoes kept slipping off so I discarded them—on mother's polished floor, by the way—and went to the attic. I rummaged in an ancient trunk and found a flaxen wig which must have been used back in 1600, or whenever they were in style. I found the necessary knee-breeches and donned them. An old mirror told me that I was a typical gentleman of the seventeenth century. I hurried, rather than crept, down the stairs, fearing that the gentleman would be gone. But as I neared the door I heard laughter which allayed my momentary fears. French doors opened onto the porch from the parlor. There was my chance! I paraded back and forth playing or trying to play, a Jew's harp. Soon I began to whistle, then for some unaccounted reason, to sing and dance. I was progressing famously when lo!—I found myself on the floor, having lost my balance. I looked up, blushing, to find my mother furiously regarding me and to my amazement there stood the judge for the good-behavior

contest sternly looking on. I made a vain attempt to laugh, but only succeeded in getting in deeper. Suddenly a shadow darkened the doorway. My father appeared.

All little boys who try to show off—sometimes big boys, too—know what came next. In case you don't, let me give you some good advice! Next time a visitor comes to your house put on your company manners and use the "Be Good" type.

E. C., '32.

### A NEW CAR

I had an old, tired car  
Worn with long years of travel,  
A bus with many a scar,  
And stained with pitch and gravel;  
And all within our city  
Upon the wreck took pity.

Nothing could harm it more,  
Long since was gone its splendor,  
And all who looked it o'er  
With it, were, oh, so tender!  
Truck drivers passing there  
Watched out for it with care.

And then I turned it in  
And bought a shiny new one.  
Glistened its side of tin,  
I'd picked a Royal Blue one.  
Then a lady in her car  
Gave it its first day's jar.

I left it on the street  
In all its regal splendor,  
A boy, delivering meat  
Crumpled the forward fender.  
The next day it was struck  
By one who drove a truck.

Safe is the man who wears  
His face well-trimmed with plaster,  
Safe seems the car that bears  
The scars of grim disaster.  
But all the reckless crew  
Pick on the car that's new.

H. J., '32.

### HENRY FORD

In the year 1863, on July 30, at Dearborn.

Michigan, a boy was born who is today one of America's great men.

Henry Ford was born on a farm. His parents were prosperous Michigan farmers, but since at this time there was little farming machinery in use, there was much hard work to be done by hand. He felt that, considering the results, there was too much work, and even when very young, he suspected that much might be done in an easier way. This idea is what first took him into mechanics. All through his boyhood he had a workshop with odds and ends of metal for tools. In his later years he has said that his toys were his tools and still are.

The event of his early years which seemed to have impressed him most significantly was meeting a road engine on his way to town. This engine was used to drive threshing machines and sawmills. The second most important event was getting a watch. He often took a broken watch and tried to repair it. When he was thirteen he managed for the first time to put a watch together, so that it would keep time. By the time he was fifteen he could do most anything in watch repairing, although his tools were of the crudest sort.

He left school at seventeen and became an apprentice in the machine shops of the Drydock Engine works. He passed his apprenticeship without difficulty and having a liking for fine work and for watches he worked nights repairing watches in a jewelry shop. He nearly started in the business of making watches at one time, for he thought he could make a serviceable watch for about thirty cents, but because he figured out that watches were not universal necessities and therefore people would not buy them, he did not start in that business.

Just about that time the standard railroad time was being arranged. Formerly, trains had run on sun time, and for quite a while the railroad time differed from the local time. This seemed inconvenient to him, so he succeeded in constructing a watch that kept both times.

About four years after he saw his first road engine, he managed to get a chance to run one and later worked with a local representative of the Westinghouse Company of Schenectady as an expert in setting up and

repairing their road engines. These machines could make twelve miles per hour on the road and were used as tractors to pull heavy loads. What bothered Ford was their weight and cost. Even before that time he had the idea of making some kind of a light steam car to take the place of horses, for people had been talking of horseless carriages for many years. However, Ford thought that an engine to do the farm work, like ploughing was a more practical idea than a horseless carriage used for pleasure, because the roads were poor and people had not acquired the now almost universal habit of "going places".

Later, when he was a full-fledged machinist and had an excellent work shop on his farm, it was not difficult for him to build a steam tractor. He wanted this tractor to be light enough to pull a wagon or a plough. He built a steam car that had plenty of power, but the engine ran under too great a pressure. After this attempt he decided that tractors run by steam were too big and heavy because of the boilers and gave up the idea of running tractors by steam.

He did not, however, give up the idea of a horseless carriage, and while an apprentice in the Drydock workshop a few years before, he had read of a publication of the "Silent Gas Engine", which was then coming out in England. It was called the Otto Engine, and ran with illuminating gas. It had a single large cylinder and a very heavy fly wheel. He used to read also of the possibility of replacing the illuminating gas by a gas formed from vaporizing gasolene. The gas engine interested Ford and he followed its progress, with interest from curiosity, until about 1885. In 1885 he repaired an Otto engine and that gave him a chance to study the new machine, so in 1887 he built one on the Otto four-cylinder model. The model worked well, and he gave it away to a friend.

Ford was then on the farm, more because he was interested in experimenting than because he liked agriculture. His father offered him forty acres of timber land, if he would give up being a machinist. He agreed and built up a sawmill and fitted it out with a portable engine. He cut and sawed the timber, some of which he used to build a cottage and it was at this time that he began

his married life. He added to this cottage a workshop, and during his spare time he experimented. He studied gas engines, how they worked, and how they acted.

In 1890 he began work on a double cylinder engine. In the meantime he was offered a job with the Detroit Electric Company as an engineer and machinist, at forty-five dollars a month. He accepted and left farm life. He rented a house in Detroit and brought along his workshop. Through the day he worked in the electric light plant, and nights he experimented on his double cylinder engine. In 1892 he completed his first motor car, which looked very much like a buggy. It had two cylinders and developed four horsepower. There were two speeds, one at ten and one at twenty miles per hour. At first, there were a few adjustments to make, but in 1893 the machine was running to his satisfaction.

This gasoline motor car was the only automobile in Detroit for a long time. It was considered a nuisance, for it made a great racket, scared the horses and blocked traffic. When he parked it on the street people would climb in and try to run it, so he chained it to a lamp post when he left it. He had to have a special permit from the Mayor to run this car and therefore was the only licensed chauffeur in America. He ran the machine about one thousand miles during 1895 and 1896 and then sold it in order to get money to begin on another model.

He started a second car in 1896 which was much like the first only lighter, and later he built a third car. All three ran for years in Detroit. It is of interest to note that he bought back the first one, which he still has.

August 15, 1889, is a memorable date in Ford history, for it was on this day that he gave up his job and went into the automobile business. From 1902 until the formation of the Ford Motor Company was a period of practical investigation. Ford had rented a one story brick shed where he worked on the development of a four cylinder motor.

The people of those times thought that cars were nothing but fast toys. The inventor built a two cylinder engine, fitted it into a skeleton chassis and raced with Alexander Winton of Cleveland, then the track champion of the country. They met on the Grosse

Point track at Detroit and Ford beat him. This was good advertising for Ford's few cars. The ambition to build the fastest car in the world led him to plan his four cylinder motor. Ford and a man named Tom Cooper completed two of the four cylinder cars which developed 80 horsepower. These cylinders made a great noise. Barney Oldfield, a professional bicycle rider, who would try anything once, was persuaded to drive one of these cars in a race. Ford's car came in half a mile ahead of any of the others.

Nine weeks after this race the Ford Motor Company was formed. Ford was vice-president, designer, master mechanic, superintendent and general manager. He rented a carpenter shop and the first year they built the Ford car, model A. This model had two cylinders developing 8 horsepower, and the first year they sold 1,708 cars. The cars gained a reputation for durability and for being tough, simple and well built.

Ford continued to experiment with different models, and eventually found it necessary to enlarge his establishment, for each successive year found a larger sale for his cars. In 1910-1911 the model T was the most recent development, and 34,528 of these cars were sold. In 1911, 14,060 Fords were sold in England alone.

The Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railway owns 343 miles of track and has fifty-two miles of branches and 45 miles of trackage rights over other roads. It goes from Detroit almost due South to Ironton on the Ohio river, thus tapping the West Virginia coal deposits. This railroad Ford took over in March, 1921. The railroad runs near his factories and thus he saves much money and time.

Henry Ford's activities have not been solely in the line of experimentation and manufacture. He has clear-cut ideals for the betterment of the conditions on this earth. He is essentially a helpful man rather than a money maker, although I doubt if he has financial embarrassments. His concern for common people is shown in several ways.

The more economical methods of production did not begin all at once, but developed gradually just as the company began making their own parts. First they began to put a car together at one place on the floor and

workmen brought the parts together as they were needed. More efficient ways of doing things and of assembling the cars were discovered. Hardly a week passed but some new improvement was made somewhere in the machine or in the process, something perhaps saving thousands of dollars, until his shops have become models of efficiency in every way. For example, radiators were complex affairs because the ninety-five tubes had to be soldered by hand, now these are all made by machine.

Individual responsibility was made complete. The workman in Ford's factories is absolutely responsible for his own work. To insure interest, a workman may change his job when it becomes too monotonous. The factories of Ford employ all men even if they are blind or crippled. There is always some kind of a job for everyone. The buildings are well ventilated and well lighted and safeguards of every kind are used to prevent accidents to the employees. Ford believes that the sales depend in a measure upon the wages paid to the workers. If they can distribute high wages, then that money is going to be spent and it will serve to make storekeepers, distributors, manufacturers, and workers in other lines more prosperous and the prosperity of these workmen will be reflected in his sales.

At Northville, near Detroit, Ford has a factory making valves. It is a little plant and the machinery is so simple that skilled workmen are not needed, therefore the people of the countryside can work in the plant part of the time and on their farms part of the time, as the plant is situated close to their farms in the country.

It is not generally known that the Ford tractor called the "Fordson", was put in the market about a year before intended because of the lack of food in England during the war. Ford sent in all, five thousand tractors across the sea. These tractors, run mostly by women, ploughed up old estates and fields of England to be planted and cultivated. Thus no men were taken from the armies and factories. The lack of food during the war was the reason that the tractors were being used in England long before they were really known in the United States.

The Henry Ford trade school, which was

incorporated in 1916, was built to fulfill the boy's educational possibilities, and at the same time begin his industrial training along constructive lines. The school is open to boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen. Each boy is awarded an annual scholarship of four hundred dollars at his entrance. When the boys graduate places are open for them in the shops at good wages.

The Ford Hospital is on West Grand Boulevard in Detroit and the flat covers twenty acres so that there will be plenty of room for expansion. This hospital is designed to be self-supporting and to give a maximum of service at a minimum cost and without the slightest sign of charity.

Although the education of this great man, so far as attendance at school was concerned, was limited, yet we find him a man of supreme usefulness. He understands human nature, he has visions for the future, a cleaner, happier, busier future, he desires; he knows the value of hard work with enough variety to maintain interest, and finally, he is aware of the importance of the individual.

Much has been said about his recent attitude toward his employees, and he has been severely criticised for the last wage cut, but all men make mistakes. Only time can evaluate the greatness of a man, but it seems safe to assume that the name of Henry Ford will go down in history as that of a philanthropist as well as that of the inventor of the first automobile.

K. C., '31.

### THE WONDERFUL PENNY

In the mint at Washington, where gold and silver and copper are made into money, a gold dollar and a penny lay side by side.

"Get out of my way, you are only a dark brown copper penny, and I am bright gold. Does it not dazzle your eyes to look at me?" said the gold dollar.

"I do not look at you," said the modest penny, without lifting up its eyes.

"You will soon become black and rusty and nobody will look at you. But I am made of costly gold. I shall go out into the world, everybody will want me and I shall pass into the hands of lords and ladies and do great deeds; and at last, by the side of diamonds

and rubies, I may shine in the crown of an emperor."

"You are bright and beautiful and are worth a hundred times as much as I am, but I shall be content with a meek and lowly station."

Before the gold piece had time to reply a miser came into the mint, took the gold piece and thrust it into a bag with others. He took it home and buried it in the cellar and very soon he died. From that time to this the gold piece has never been seen.

Now let's turn to the penny. The man in the mint gave the penny to a poor boy for helping a poor old woman. He carried it home, and because his little sister liked its new, fresh look, he gave it to her. She ran into the garden to show it to her mother. Just then a beggar man came along and she gave it to him to buy some bread with.

The beggar went to the baker's shop and just as he was going to hand the penny to the man a friend of his came in and told him that his brother was held captive by Turks and that he was selling pictures to get money to buy his ransom. The poor beggar was greatly moved with pity. He handed him the penny saying, "Here, take my mite, also". The pilgrim took it and after wandering through many lands came to Jerusalem. He went to the Turkish sultan and offered a large sum of gold for his brother's ransom, but the sultan wanted more. "This is all I have except one copper penny, which a hungry beggar gave me."

When the sultan saw how bright the penny's face shown he gave back all the gold and let the brother go free, for the one penny which he kept next to his heart.

Not long after this a king of another country made war on the sultan, and the sultan came near being slain. An arrow hit him in the breast but it glanced off without hurting him. It had struck the penny and thus saved his life.

The grand sultan came to visit the sultan and he told him about the penny. When he saw it he said, "It is wonderful". The sultan seeing how delighted he was with the penny, gave it to him. After the grand sultan returned to his own country he fastened it on his scimitar. One day when he was about to drink some wine the penny fell off into



the goblet. When it was taken out it had turned to a green color. This showed that poison had been mixed with the wine, and thus the grand sultan's life was saved.

The grand sultan had the penny set high in his crown, surrounded by the most brilliant diamonds and jewels of great value.

Thus the poor, despised penny had given joy to a child and beggar, it had brought ransom to a captive, and had saved the life, not only of a sultan, but of one greater than a sultan.

—P. P., '34.

---

#### APPEAL TO FATE

We cannot all be first, but Doris can—  
May Fate arrange your life in happy plan.  
We cannot all be wise, but Emma can—  
May Fate just favor you as it began.

We cannot all have wit, but Kenneth can—  
May Fate ne'er place on wit a fatal ban.  
We cannot all be sweet, but Hilda can—  
May Fate present a man that face to scan.  
We cannot all be fair, but Prissy can—  
May Fate just give to you a coat of tan!  
We cannot all be good, but Ethel can—  
May Fate pick out for you a model man.  
We cannot all be great, but Stanhope can—  
May Fate make out of you a baseball fan.  
We cannot all be plump, but Bishop can—  
May Fate reveal a sure reducing plan!  
We cannot all be calm, but Seekins can—  
May Fate help you to wash the pot and pan.  
We cannot all be Frost, but Beulah can  
May Fate be kind when Huff's a married  
man!



OUR GRADUATING CLASS



HILDA BUKER

Becky

Born January 2, 1914; Entered H. A. 1927; Basketball 1-2-3-4; Vice President of Class 1-2-3; Class President 4; Capt. of Basketball 4; Manager of Basketball 3; Tennis 1-2-3; Volley Ball 1-2; Wearer of an "H" 1-2-3-4; Girls' Health League 1-2; Magazine Drives; Member of A. A.; Editorial Board 2-3-4; Sport Editor 4; Class Representative 2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Hamilton Prize Speaking; Class Will 4; Senior Play.

Hilda Buker has been during her four years in Hartland Academy a leader in our class. We also recall the wicked arm she had in basketball. We trust and honor her as does everyone who knows her. Our best wishes for happiness in the future go with you, Hilda.

PRISCILLA ANNIS

Prissy

Born July 31, 1914; Entered H. A. 1929; Chorus 2-3-4; Class Representative 2; Basketball 2; Hamilton Prize Speaking; Member of French Club 3; Member of A. A.; Senior Play; Exchange Editor 4; Magazine Drives; Presentation of Gifts.

A member of our class for three years, Priscilla's vivacious character has caused us many a laugh. We notice that her thoughts often stray to her home town.

DORIS PELKIE

Born August 13, 1913; Entered H. A. 1927; Basketball 1; Latin Club 1-2-3; French Club 3; Secretary of Class 1-2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Girls' Glee Club 2; Girls' Health League; Magazine Drive; Member of A. A.; Editorial Board 2-3-4; Senior Play; Editor-in-chief 4; Valedictorian.

Conscientious and energetic, our brown-eyed valedictorian has lead us in scholastic fields thru our high school days. We appreciate your loyalty and service, Doris, and we know that your pleasant personality will make friends for you wherever you go.

EMMA WITHEE

Born Oct. 29, 1914; Entered H. A. 1927; Chorus 1-2-4; Latin Club 1-2-3; Vice-President 4; Editorial Board 4; Salutatory.

We often wonder what Emma's pastime really is. Though tiny in size, our salutatorian is capable of accomplishing the most difficult tasks. Thanks to her ready wit she is able to hold her own on all occasions.



EVELYN BISHOP

Born May 4, 1912; Entered H. A. 1927; Chorus 1-2-3-4.

We realize that you have traveled some distance in order to be with us these four years. With your jolly spirit and generous nature, no one could take your place. We feel sure that your patience will be a great aid to you in your future profession as a nurse.



EVELYN SEEKINS

Born June 5, 1914; Entered H. A. 1927; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Senior Play; Address to Undergraduates.

Will there ever be a more punctual and persevering student than Evelyn? During her years here we have never known her to lose her foot-hold in any subject. Trusting in such a character we are sure she will come out on top.





ETHEL KIMBALL

Born August 26, 1913; Entered Stetson High 1927; Came to H. A. 1931.

Though we have only known you for a short time, Ethel, we certainly feel that your presence is a great addition to our class. We wish we had known you longer.



BEULAH FROST

Born August 31, 1913; Entered H. A. 1927; Treasurer 1-2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Glee Club 2; Girls' Health League 2; French Club 3; Senior Play 4; Historian.

They say that red-headed people have a temper, but it is very seldom that we see Beulah get "Huffy". Indeed her disposition has gained her many friends.



KENNETH CARR

Ken

Born Nov. 24, 1913; Entered H. A. 1927; Baseball 2-3-4; Basketball 2-3-4; Prize Speaking 3; Wearer of an "H"; Member of A. A.; Class Prophecy.

Ken, you have been the light of our class. With your witty remarks and expressions you have helped to brighten our hours in school. We wish you success.

**In Memoriam**

—  
**To**

**Agnes J. Merchant**

our former schoolmate  
called to the Great Beyond

**Died June 27, 1930**

**Class of 1931**



# EVENTS



## CLASS PARTS

The class parts were awarded to the class of 1931 as follows:

Valedictory	Doris Pelkie
Salutatory	Emma Withee
Honor Essay	Beulah Frost
Presentation of Gifts	Priscilla Annis
Class Will	Hilda Buker
Address to Undergraduates	Evelyn Seekins
Class Prophecy	Kenneth Carr

## SENIOR ESSAYS

Each year it is the custom for each member of the senior class to write and deliver an original essay of 2000 words in length. This year the following essays are being delivered in assembly:

The Criminal	Priscilla Annis
The Hobo	Hilda Buker
Lafayette	Evelyn Bishop
Henry Ford	Kenneth Carr
The Panama Canal	Ethel Kimball
Booker T. Washington	Beulah Frost
Two Modern Maine Poets	Doris Pelkie
History of Money	Evelyn Seekins
Life and Work of Edison	Elmer Stanhope
Famous Women	Emma Withee

## BASKETBALL BANQUET

On Thursday, April 16th, the Girls' Basketball Team of Hartland Academy gave the sixth annual banquet to the boys. With the aid of some of the ladies the girls were able to put on a successful banquet. At six o'clock a goodly number of each squad and the members of the faculty assembled at the Grange Hall. A grand march was played and all marched down to eat.

The tables were prettily decorated and arranged. The menus were in the form of basketballs with the school colors of black and white. They consisted of fruit cup, mashed potato, brown gravy, meat loaf, peas, pickles, jelly, hot rolls, ice cream, sponge cake and coffee.

After this fine supper, Miss Green, a member of the faculty, who was the toastmistress, told some fine jokes on the following who gave toasts: "To Our Boys", Hilda

Buker; "To Our Girls", Darrel Currie; "To Our Coaches", Cora Webber; "Next Year's Prospects", Leroy Hatch; "Our Season's Record", George Estes; "Value of Athletics to the School", Eleanor Currie; "Value of Athletics to the Student", Howard Jamieson; "How to Show School Spirit", Barbara Linn.

There were many impromptu speeches given by other members of the squad besides an interesting talk by Mr. Shibles.

Immediately after the speeches, every one went upstairs where a social and dance was held. Music was furnished by members of the Alumni.

## SOPHOMORE PRIZE SPEAKING

On April 23, 1931, the Sophomore Prize Speaking Contest was held at the Opera House. The program was as follows:

Music	Academy Orchestra
March of the class of '33	
Prayer	Miss Adams
The White Hands of Telham	Jennie Pelkie
The Dog of Flanders	Juanita Brown
The Lost Word	Dorothy Varnum
The Telltale Heart	George Webber
The National Flag	Leroy Hatch
The Constitution	Douglas Carr
Decision of the judges	

Everybody waited patiently because the speakers all spoke so well. The audience was held in suspense as to whom should be awarded the prizes. The judges finally agreed to award the prizes to Dorothy Varnum and to Douglas Carr.

Helen Baird, '33.

## THE SENIOR PLAY

The Senior Class of Hartland Academy presented its annual play on Thursday, April 30th. The name of this year's play was "Climbing Roses". It proved to be a marked success.

The story had its setting in the town of Mayesville. Maggie and Jim Rose, with their niece, Peggy Rose, came to Mayesville to live next door to the town's "swells". A prince is expected to pay a visit to the

town's aristocrats. He is finally delayed and by the crafty work of Watson, a hired man, three princes are found to play his part.

America's foremost author is also coming to town, and as the plot develops he is found to be Watson, the hired man. Watson promptly falls in love with Peggy which in turn complicates the plot.

The parts were exceptionally well played by a few Juniors.

"The Trumpet", M. C. I., Pittsfield, Maine.

"The Nautilus", Waterville High School, Waterville, Maine.

"The Ferguson", Harmony High School, Harmony, Maine.

"The Livewire", Newport High School, Newport, Maine.

"The Rostrum", Guilford High School, Guilford, Maine.

Priscilla Annis, Exchange Editor.

#### PERSONALS OF THE CLASS OF 1934

Several boys of the Freshman class are out for baseball this year and are making a good showing.

On the twenty-eighth of April Miss Daggett suggested to the Freshmen that they organize and elect officers. After due deliberation the meeting was called and the following officers elected:

President	Claude Fisher
Vice President	Harriet Baird
Secretary and Treasurer	Eleanor Thorne

Two Freshmen girls, Florice Steeves and Charlotte Currie, played basketball on the first team and earned their letters.

We are very proud to announce that several members of our class received a rank of eighty-five in all their subjects and were excused from the mid-year examinations. We are also anxious to be excused from the final examinations so we are all studying industriously.

#### OUR ACQUAINTANCES

Our exchanges this year have been very small. We greatly appreciate the exchanges which we have and hope to increase our list next year.

Due to the fact that nearly all schools do not publish their papers until the end of the year makes it almost impossible to exchange with them.

The following have asked for exchanges with Hartland Academy:

"The Broadcasts", Sangerville High School, Sangerville, Maine.

"The Crisis", Greenville High School, Greenville, Maine.

#### JUNIOR PRIZE SPEAKING

Every year for the last few years Mr. Ralph Hamilton has offered a prize to the two best speakers in the Junior class. Mr. Murray arranged for the boys to speak in the preliminaries first.

The boys went in with trembling knees and a firm determination not to be selected for the final contest. For two days they wandered around the building with a look of suspense on their faces.

Then the girls took their turn. Whispered conversation concerning seats greeted the entrance of the faculty, who were to judge the first attempts.

The next Friday Mr. Murray announced that Howard Jamieson, Donald Randlett, and Earl Buker had been chosen to speak for the boys, and Bernice Harding, Charlotte Waldron and Pearl Sabine for the girls.

The contest is to take place the evening of May 27, which is the night before graduation.

Howard Jamieson has chosen for his selection, a cutting from "His Soul Goes Marching On".

Earl Buker is to speak, "The Masterful Man of the Ages, Abraham Lincoln".

Donald Randlette is to speak, "Dead Upon the Field of Honor".

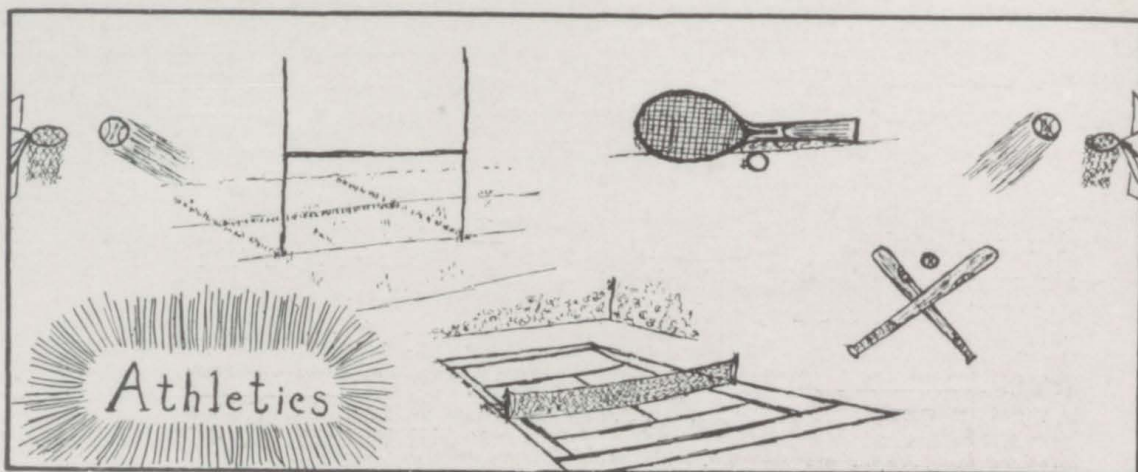
The girls are to speak as follows:

Bernice Harding, "In Defiance of the Kaiser".

Charlotte Waldron, "A Second Chance".

Pearl Sabine, "Daddy Doe".

Miss Green, Miss Daggett and Mr. Murray are coaching the speakers.



SUMMARY OF ATHLETIC SEASON

The past season in basketball has proved to be very successful, both from games won and financially. The boys' team won seven out of twelve games played while the girls won four out of seven.

We have been very fortunate in having the help of Mr. Louder and Miss Daggett as coaches, and we certainly hope that they will be back next year.

Our basketball season was much more successful financially than in former years.

Our baseball season has hardly started but we hope to have several games before school closes. Because of the Senior Play and Prize Speaking Contests some of the squad have been unable to play baseball regularly, but the past week has brought out the whole team and everybody is trying to make a pleasant season. Due to the fact that we have had much difficulty in arranging games with other teams, we have no definite baseball schedule.

HARTLAND LOSES TO NEWPORT

Hartland Academy started its baseball season with a defeat at the hands of an old rival, Newport, on May 6.

Paul Gardiner started on the mound for H. A., and was credited with thirteen strikeouts.

H. A. 4	Newport 7
Stanhope, rf	Haapanen, ss

K. Carr, cf  
 Buker, 3b  
 Hatch, c  
 D. Carr, 2b  
 Currie, 1b  
 Estes, ss  
 Baker, lf  
 Gardiner, p

Hanson, 2b  
 Williams, 3b  
 Holt, p  
 Adams, 1b  
 J. Arno, c  
 Martin, lf  
 Levansur, cf  
 B. Arno, rf  
 Karry, cf  
 Chore, rf

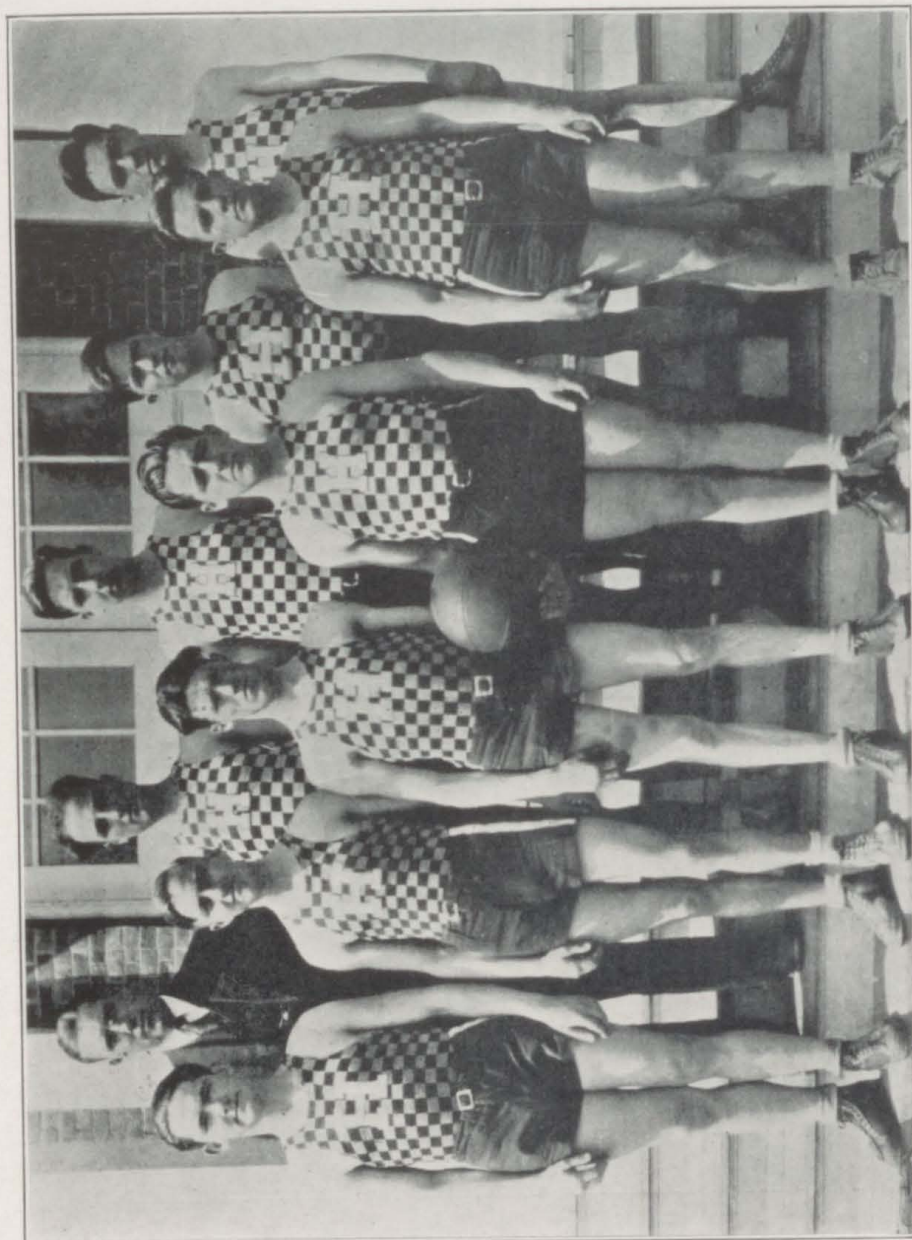
H. A. LOSES TO GOOD WILL

H. A. lost its second baseball game of the season to Good Will 11-1, May 9.

Douglass Carr started on the mound for H. A. but gave way to Gardiner in the seventh inning. H. A. played good ball until the fourth inning when Good Will with a burst of fine playing rushed ahead and won the game.

H. A. 1	Good Will 11
Estes, ss	Kurtooth, ss
K. Carr, cf, 2b	Chandler, cf
Buker, 3b	Wheatly, 3b
R. Hatch, c	Davis, c
D. Carr, p, 2b	Fuller, p
McDonald, cf	Klanes, 2b
Currie, 1b	Marsh, 1b
Baker, lf	Sanborn, lf
M. Hatch, rf	Van Drake, rf
Gardiner, p	





#### BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row—D. Carr, H. Jamieson, G. Estes, K. Carr, R. Hatch  
Back Row—Coach Louder, R. Baker, J. Leadbetter, E. Buker, D. Currie

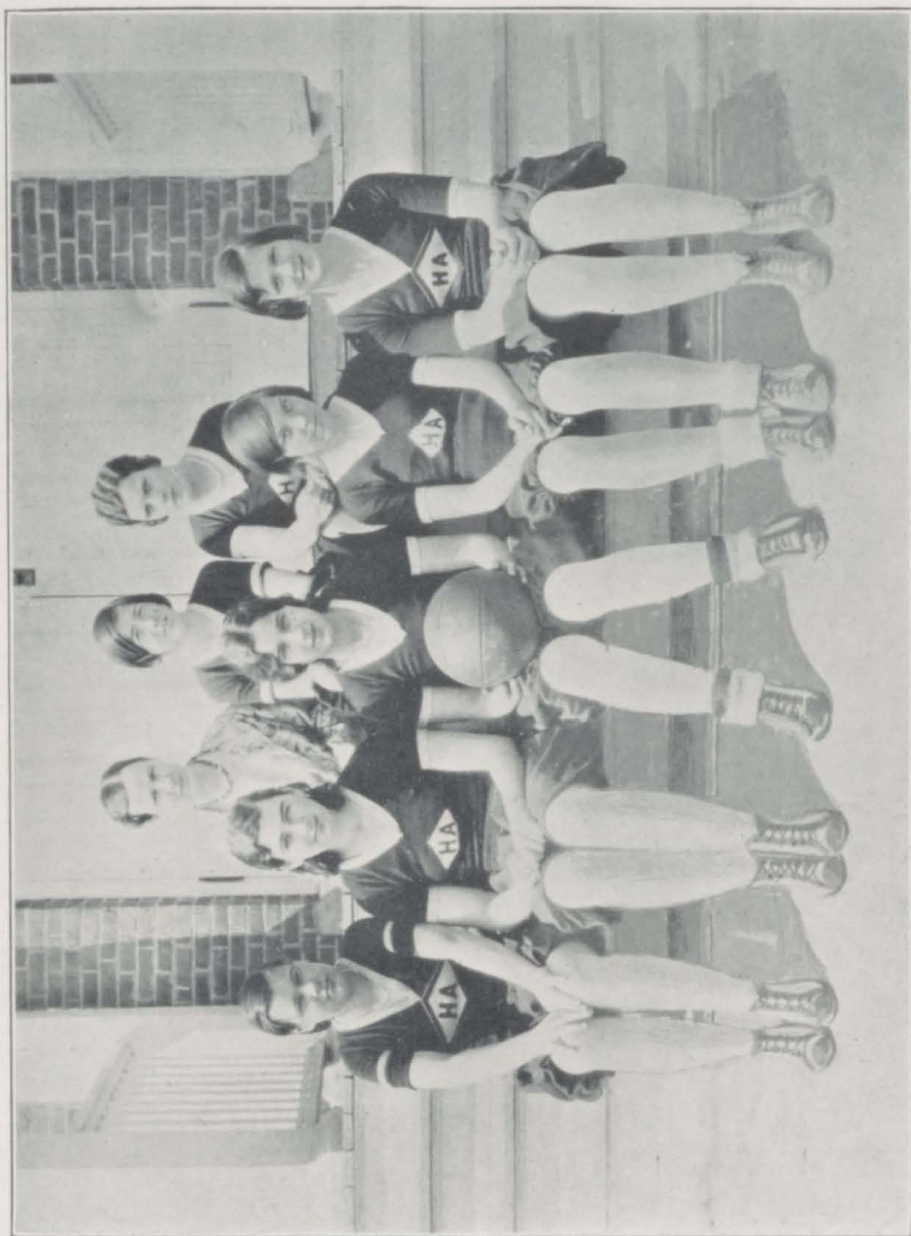
This team won seven games out of twelve played during the basketball season 1930-31.



BOYS' BASEBALL TEAM

Front Row—D. Carr, E. Stanhope, R. Hatch, D. Mills, M. Hatch, K. Carr,  
W. McDonald

Back Row—Coach Louder, C. Fisher, P. Gardiner, R. Baker, D. Currie,  
E. Buker, G. Estes.



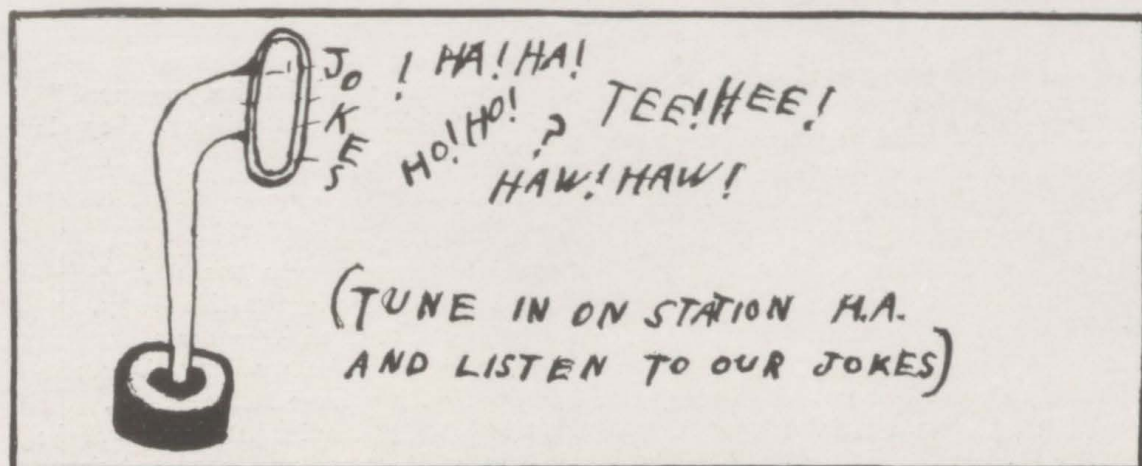
GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row—C. Currie, E. Currie, H. Buker, Capt., C. Webber, F. Steeves  
Back Row—Coach Ruth Daggett, C. Waldron, B. Linn

This team won four out of seven games played during basketball season  
1930-31.



HARTLAND ACADEMY



"A little merriment and fun  
Is mighty good for everyone.  
It breaks the clouds of somber hue  
So sunshine comes a-shining through.  
If laughter does us good, I vow  
It's time to take a dose right now,  
So settle back, relax a while  
And give H. A.'s Ripple a smile."

Miss Daggett (in Freshman History class):  
"Wilkins, what was the favorite game of the nobles?"

Freeland (the brilliant): "Cheese". (chess)

Harriet (to Miss Green): "Is 'I shall be perfect', future tense?"

Miss Green: "No, I should call it a 'never to be' tense."

Randlett: "You said that if I should put a seashell to my ear I could hear the waves roaring."

Miss Daggett: "Perhaps it came from the Dead Sea."

#### ECHOES FROM SENIOR LATIN CLASS

"I recognize the footsteps of my old flame!" Charlotte Waldron.

"Oh, husband, with the dignity of Venus!" reads Esther Griffith.

"And three-fold Hecate", D. Pelkie.

K. Carr: "He-cat."

Baker (translating in French): "And you wish to marry?"

Miss Greene: "No, no——"

Baker: "Why not?"

"I had become too rich, and how——"  
translation in French by Francis T.

Miss Withee: "May I borrow a pen?"

Mr. Louder: "Here is mine."

Miss Withee: "But I wanted a good one!"

Baker: "Chalk is made from liquid asbestos."

#### WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE FOR:

Junior Buker's laugh?

Evelyn Merrow's shyness?

Roy Hatch's boldness?

Winston Hanson's slowness?

Jimmy Leadbetter's height?

Miss Daggett's cough?

Nita Brown's smile?

Eleanor Thorne's manners?

Junior Estes' girls?

Roger Baker's ability to sleep?

Mary Hart's new beau?

Donald Randlett's ability to act out and get away with it?

Roland Wade's excuses?

Douglas Carr's hard luck?

Billy Webber's common sense?

Emma Withee's adjectives?

Eileen Baird: "Oh, dear, I hate the thought of growing up!"

Buker: "Don't worry, my child. That time is many years distant."

Miss Green: "I've got to get rid of my chauffeur; he's nearly killed me four times."

Mr. Louder: "Oh, give him another chance."

WHEN LUCY CRANE GOT MARRIED

When Lucy Crane got married  
 Everyone was shocked.  
 She'd been an old maid all her days  
 And how the town folks talked.

They said she must be crazy  
 Or she'd never caught a beau,  
 For just how old this Lucy is  
 No one seems to know.

Her hair she dyes, she's got glass eyes,  
 Her teeth and nose are false;  
 And every time she takes a step  
 All the house just jolts.

V. B., '34.

Miss G.: "Keep quiet, Whitney is going to say something."

Philip Rice: "Will wonders never cease!"

There was a young man named Ken Carr  
 Who drove a red Dodge fast and far,  
 He grinned with large smiles  
 As he covered the miles,  
 And many a post did he mar.

Miss Green: "How do you like my rank book in class?"

Miss Thorne: "Closed."

WHAT WOULD WE DO IF—

Mac Carr took the fire truck to college?  
 Cars, bicycles and horses were out of order  
 on Arbor Day?

Roger Baker stopped clowning?

Donald Randlett lost his whistle?

The piano was taken out of the main room?

Mr. Murray lost his loud voice?

Mr. Louder had rubber soles?

Candy was taken away from Doris Buzzell?

The girls left their bobby pins at home?

Miss Green: "Conjugate 'portatus'."

Eleanor Thorne: "Well! Well! Being the daughter of a farmer I've seen the planting, cultivating and digging of 'portaters', but I've never even heard of conjugating them."

Whitney: "What made you blush so at the banquet when you made your speech? It was all right and everybody clapped."

Mills: "Huh! That's nothing. They clapped for Mr. Louder."

A RIDDLE

Something came to me one day  
 That helped to take my life away,  
 Something that I wish to come  
 With many gifts from all my chums;  
 I know that you have had one, too,  
 And it lasts you only one day through;  
 How often it comes you need not fear  
 For it will come but once a year.  
 Vacation or Christmas, some will say,  
 But they guess wrong, it's my birthday.

C. W., '34.

"Somewhere in Old Wyoming"  
 "When the Moon Comes O'er  
 the Mountains"

"Girl of My Dreams":

You've given me those "St. Louis Blues".  
 Now "If I Had a Girl Like You", "We Could Live On Love". I'll be "Whistling in the Dark" unless "You've Said It" by "Apple Blossom Time". "Honey", "You're Driving Me Crazy". To hear you say those "Three Little Words", "Here In My Arms Would be Paradise".

If you won't "Give Me Something to Remember You By", or "Dream a Little Dream of Me", "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone". If you do I'll have to stay "All by Myself in the Moonlight", while, if you'd "Fall In Love With Me" we'd go "Where the Lazy Daisies Grow" "In the Good Old Summer Time".

"Oh Lady Luck", "It All Depends on You".

"Beloved", if you won't "Tiptoe Thru the Tulips With Me" I'll "Join the Navy" and be like "Bronical Bill the Sailor". "I'm Alone Because I Love You", but if you'd let me be "With You", "Blue Ridge Mountain of Virginia", you'd be my "Sweet Jenny Lee". So just say "I'm Yours", "Then I'll be Happy".

In closing I'm "Sending a Message of Love to You".

From the  
 "Sweetheart of Your Student Days."

Miss Daggett (referring to essay written by Pratt): "Do you think they could cross the English channel in a rowboat?"

Pratt: "They ought to have been able to. They swim across it now."

Mr. Murray: "I wish you'd keep the floor picked up."

Leadbetter: "What does he think I am, a second Hercules?"

Mother: "Donald, how does it happen that your report card has no marks in deportment?"

Donald R.: "I'm not taking deportment this year."

M. Merrick: "You used to say that I was all the world to you."

E. Buker: "Yes, but I've learned my Geography since then."

Miss Green thinks it is strange that the Freshmen don't know when to be seen and not heard. Is it so strange?

#### OUR PUZZLING AMERICAN LANGUAGE

It seems that the brakeman and conductor could not agree as to the pronunciation of the town along their line called "Eurelia".

When the train reached there the passengers started to hear the conductor from the front end of the car call: "You're a liar! You're a liar"! While the brakeman at the rear end shouted: "You really are! You really are!"

Mr. Carr: "Where were you last night?"

D.: "Just riding around with the boys."

Mr. Carr: "Well, you'd better return this vanity case that one of the boys left in the car."

Principal Murray laid his head down on his desk dejectedly. Mr. Louder sobbed aloud in despair. Miss Green and Miss Daggett set

the color deeply into their embroidered handkerchiefs with their salty tears. Mr. Shibbles wearily peered in through the open door as back and forth he paced the corridors.

What a problem lay ahead of H. A.'s faculty! It would have tried the mind of the President. And what a time for it to happen! For several weeks the faculty had been busy on the commencement exercises. They had thrown themselves into their work so whole-heartedly that it had been well nigh impossible for them to keep anything else in mind. But they had not noticed anything peculiar in the actions of the students and it would have seemed that in so great a crisis, they could not have helped noticing some signs of mutiny.

For it was half past nine o'clock and not one pupil had appeared within seeing distance of the Academy grounds. There didn't seem to be anything that could be done about it. It was a desperate case! The whole faculty were at their wits' ends.

Mr. Murray, at varied intervals, cried again and again, "What shall be done? What can we do?" And a close observer would have noticed that his disheveled hair had turned a shade grayer. The female professors were now wailing in each other's arms. Mr. Louder's sobs grew wilder and wilder. He was very near to hysteria. "After we have worked so hard", he babbled, "to help them" (this was interrupted by a fresh burst of wailing) "on their graduation exercises that we have been hardly able" (another sea of sobs) "to keep run of the time". Here his salty tears so filled his mouth that there was no hopes of his continuing and his wild wailing filled the air.

Suddenly the front door was heard to open and a heavy treading up the stairs. All looked up to see the town constable staring at them in amazement. In incoherent sentences, Principal Murray explained the situation.

"Well of all things"! the constable groaned with suppressed laughter. "Of course they wouldn't come to school. This is the Monday after graduation!"

SENIOR STATISTICS

Name	Commonly Known As	Pet Phrase	Favorite Song	Ambition
Priscilla Annis	"Prissy"	"Glory be!"	"I'm Yours"	To be a "mason"
Hilda Buker	"Beccy"	"What's this???"	"Dancing With Tears in My Eyes"	To live in "harmony"
Kenneth Carr	"Ken"	"Well!"	"Hello Beautiful"	Be president
Ethel Kimball	Ethel	"A-hem!"	"Memories"	Be a nurse
Beulah Frost	"O-Tillie"	"Land Sakes!"	"Norman-dy"	To get married
Doris Pelkie	"Dot"	"Gosh!"	"My Ideal"	To grow tall enough to match "Shorty"
Evelyn Seekins	Evelyn	"Ek! My pills"	"Put Your Arms Where They Belong"	To be an old maid
Evelyn Bishop	Evelyn	"Gracious"	"I'm Alone Because I Love You"	To go to West Point
Emma Withee	"Emmeline"	"Oh, I don't know"	"Three Little Words"	To catch her man

Name	Comment	Failing	Opinion of Opposite Sex	Favorite Pastime
Priscilla Annis	Talks Too Much	Vanity	Great	Trips to Harmony
Hilda Buker	Quick-temper	Male Sex	There are exceptions	Flirting
Kenneth Carr	Stubborn	Filibustering	Woman-hater	Dodge-ing
Ethel Kimball	Quiet	To be discovered	Can't find out	Riding a bicycle
Beulah Frost	Boisterous	Heavyweights	One will do	Eating ice cream
Doris Pelkie	Busy Woman	Tall People	He's all right!	Drinking soda
Evelyn Seekins	Steady	Colds	Fair	Being a "chamber"-maid
Evelyn Bishop	Stout	Weight	One at a time	Studying Algebra
Emma Withee	Sarcastic	Killing Time	A question!	Teasing Louder



## ALUMNI DIRECTORY

And reader who knows of a change in name or address, please notify Miss Iva Furber, Hartland, Maine.

- |  |      |   |
|--|------|---|
| Walter H. Moore (deceased)   | 1874 | Vickery Mendall, Greene, Maine; Edda Seek-<br>ins Annis, Hartland, Maine. |
| Harry Williams, Hartland, Maine  | 1875 |   |
| Alice Waldron Seekins, Hartland, Maine   | 1877 |   |
| Joseph Ford (deceased)   | 1877 |   |
| G. M. Lancey, Hartland, Maine  | 1878 |   |
| Annie Linn Lancey, Hartland, Maine   | 1880 |   |
| Nettie Williams, Hartland, Me., R. F. D.   | 1880 |   |
| Hattie E. Baird, Hartland, Maine   |      |   |
| Star Route   | 1880 |   |
| Ord K. Fuller, Hartland, Maine   | 1885 |   |
| Edward Webber, Hartland, Maine   | 1886 |   |
| Carl Randlett, Hartland, Maine   | 1886 |   |
| John W. Norton, Levant, Maine  | 1890 |   |
| Clyde H. Smith, Skowhegan, Maine   | 1893 |   |
| Georgia Parkman Pennell, Hartland,<br>Maine  | 1895 |   |
| Robert W. Linn, Jr., Hartland, Maine   | 1896 |   |
| Allison P. Howes, Pittsfield, Me., R. 2  | 1898 |   |
| Elizabeth A. Linn, Pine Manor House,<br>Wellesley, Mass.   | 1900 |   |
| <b>1874-1900</b>   |      |   |
| Edward Latty, Hartland, Maine; Wendall<br>Annis, Hartland, Me.; Susie Baker, Bangor,<br>Me.; Thomas Walker, Manchester, N. H.;<br>George Walker, Warren, Me.; Allie Cook, N.<br>Attleboro, Mass.; Bessie Walker Eastman,<br>Warren, Me.; Dorothy Elliott, Skowhegan,<br>Me.; Malora Furber, Hartland, Maine; Ger-<br>trude Hamilton, Hartland, Me.; Victor Jordan,<br>Hartland, Maine; Bertha Linn Joy,<br>Lewiston, Me.; Fay Lucas and Fred Lucas,<br>St. Albans, Me.; William Mellow, Skowhe-<br>gan, Me.; Harry Mellow, Bangor, Maine;<br>Grace Henderson Thompson, Waterville, Me.;<br>Selden Waldron, Madison, Me.; Edda White-<br>house Whitney, Fitchburg, Mass.; Edna Wil-<br>liams, Auburn, Me. |      |   |
| <b>1900</b>  |      |   |
| Fred Steelbrook, Hartland, Maine; Mary<br>Annis Connelly, Hartland, Me.  |      |   |
| <b>1901</b>  |      |   |
| Eva Libby Jordan, 1769 28th Ave., N., St.<br>Petersburg, Fla., R. F. D., Box 192; Inez   |      |   |
| <b>1902</b>  |      |   |
| Mary Coston Smith, Hartland, Maine;<br>Roger Q. Williams, Augusta, Maine.  |      |   |
| <b>1903</b>  |      |   |
| Merle Davis Worth, Portland, Maine.  |      |   |
| <b>1904</b>  |      |   |
| John L. Fyshe, Skowhegan, Maine.   |      |   |
| <b>1906</b>  |      |   |
| Mary Anderson Butterfield, Lewiston, Me.;<br>Marion M. Baird, 73 Sterns Road, Boston,<br>Mass.; Julia M. Libby, Minnesota; Adrian<br>T. Ward, North Conway, N. H.; Ralph F.<br>Cook, care of Libby, Skinner Co., Bangor,<br>Maine; Eunice L. Linn, Hartland, Maine;<br>Frances Lancey Donahue, 11 Grove St., Bel-<br>fast, Maine; Lela Snow Howard, N. Brooks-<br>ville, Maine; Amanda Ames, Canaan, Me.;<br>Amelia Ames, Canaan, Maine; Clyde Griffith,<br>Saco, Maine; Elmer E. Libby, 19th St., 30th<br>Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla.; Selden E. Libby,<br>178 Massachusetts Ave., Portland, Maine.  |      |   |
| <b>1908</b>  |      |   |
| Effie Coston Worth, Washburn, Maine;<br>Elmer M. Burton, Hartland, Maine; John<br>Johnston, Box 501, Gramby, Quebec, Canada;<br>Jean Smith Moore, Hartland, Maine; Blanche<br>Morrow Moulton, Hartland, Me.; Ina Moul-<br>ton, Hartland, Maine; Forest Baker, Hart-<br>land, Maine; Gertrude Anderson Humphrey,<br>Pittsfield, Maine; Roscoe W. Spaulding, Lud-<br>low, Vt.; Ina Fisher Spaulding; Helen Smith,<br>419 Cumberland Ave., Portland, Maine; Jesse<br>Farnum, Lewiston, Maine; George Page;<br>Ben Brown, Oakland, Maine.  |      |   |
| <b>1909</b>  |      |   |
| Arthur A. Baird, Hartland, Maine; Crystal<br>Bowman Deering, College Ave., Orono, Me.;<br>Frank W. Burton, Melrose, Mass.; Bernice<br>Pinkham Billings, Bangor, Me.; Leslie I.<br>Waldron.   |      |   |

THE RIPPLE

1910

Edna Humphrey Ames, South Windham, Maine; Frank L. Hollister, Detroit, Mich.; Fred L. Baird, Bedford, Mass.

1911

Mary Packard Jackson, Barre, Vt.; Molly Harding Seekins, Waterville, Me.; Marion Buzzell Stedman, Butternut Valley, N. Y.; Myrtle Everett Waite, N. Baldwinville, Mass.; Augusta Baker White, Bangor, Me.; Wallace Worth, Washburn, Maine; Otho L. Linn, Bedford, Mass.

1912

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

1913

Iva M. Furber, Hartland, Maine; Mildred Webb Baird, Pittsfield, Maine, R. F. D. No. 2; Edna French Salls, Kenduskeag, Maine; Annie Fuller Linn, Hartland, Maine; Fred A. Clark, River Forest, Ill.; Irene Libby Jenkins, Woodfords, Maine; Gladys Leadbetter, Hartland, Maine; Isabelle Scott Hebb, Hartland, Maine.

1914

Ella Seekins Getchell, Hartland, Maine; Goldie Lander Randell, Hartford, Maine; Lura Libby Crocker, St. Albans, Maine; Pearl Merrow Emery, Hartland, Maine; John Seekins, Pittsfield, Maine, R. F. D. 2; Ray Gourley.

1915

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

1916

Evelyn Furber Hogan, Westbrook, Maine; Alice Packard Lurvey, So. Portland, Me.; Florence Manson Reed, Harmony, Maine; Isabelle Packard Brock, Lander, Wyoming; Joseph S. Buker, Pittsfield, Maine; Olney S. Wilbur, Hartland, Maine; George Lewis, Dexter, Maine; Merrill A. Moore, Hartland, Maine; Stella Salisbury Seekins, Pittsfield, Maine, R. F. D. 2; Harold Wheeler, Hartland, Maine; Jesse Russell, Pittsfield, Maine; Elmer Burrill, Hartland, Maine; Harry McDonald, New Haven, Conn.; Ivory McNally (deceased); Wilson Linn, Boston; Emma Varney Micharls, Wrightwood, Cal.; Ruth Finson Robertson, St. Albans, Maine.

1917

Anna Head Cooley, Hartland, Me.; Lida Merrick Cookson, Pittsfield, Maine, R. F. D. No. 2; Ruth Cook Chapman, Farmington, Maine; Laura Davis Bradford, Palmyra, Maine; Madeline Young Sawyer, Waterville, Maine; Beatrice Worth McCurdy, Gardiner, Maine; Ruby Burlock, Brewer, Maine; Carroll H. Webber, Hartland, Maine; Vernon E. Webber, Hartland, Maine; Carl A. Baird, Skowhegan, Maine, R. F. D.; Donald Robinson, Cambridge, Mass.; Ralph Merrow, Fort Fairfield, Maine.

1918

Ardis E. Lancey, Hartland, Maine; Ethel L. Gray, Hartland, Maine; Hollis Buker, Hartland, Maine; Stuart S. Baird, Hartland, Maine, Star Route; Hope Spaulding Burrill, Hartland, Maine; Harold L. Burrill, 84 School St., Concord, N. H.; Ethel Welch Libby, St. Albans, Maine.

1919

Lois Wilkins Worthen, St. Albans, Maine; Iva Huff Ames, Hartland, Maine; Ray Burlock; Harold Getchell, Hartland, Maine.

1920

Winifred I. Finson; Marion V. Heath, Hartland, Maine; Mildred B. Latty, Hartland, Maine; Fred W. Libby, Hartland, Maine; Clyde P. Martin, Hartland, Maine; Crystal McPheters Goforth, Hartland, Maine; Willis M. Nichols, Hartland, Maine; Doris Parkman

HARTLAND ACADEMY

Prevost, Skowhegan, Maine; Beatrice Randlett Pelley, Maple St., Skowhegan, Maine; Nina Seekins Webber, Hartland, Maine; Ethel Ward Quimby, Cambridge, Me.; Doris Whitney Austin, Hartland, Maine; Frederick J. Wright, Hartland, Maine; Ethel Manson Hopkins, Vassalboro, Maine.

1921

Clyde Emery, Long Beach, Cal.; Madeline Grey Allen, Bar Harbor, Maine; Bertha Johnson Bragg, Hartland, Maine; Alta Tracy; Thelma Tracy Carr, Massachusetts; Roy Spaulding, Hartland, Maine; Frank Withee, Hartland, Maine.

1922

Robert Picken, Long Island, New York; Laurice Nevens Fisher, Hartland, Maine; Mildred Chipman Goodwin, Hartland, Maine; Gertrude Brawn 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, College St., Lewiston, Maine; Clair Lewis, Norwood, Mass.; Frances Ingalls Smith, Hartland, Maine; Lena Emery Lovely, Hartland, Maine.

1923

Cassie Fisher Spaulding, Hartland, Maine; Mary Haseltine Dore, Hudson, Maine; Harry Dore, Hudson, Maine; Mildred Brawn Patten, Pittsfield, Mass.; Iola Chipman Hardwick, Springfield, Mass.; Geo. T. Thompson, Fairfield, Me.; Mabel Drew Cannon, Tilton, N. H.; Linwood Burbank, Waterville, Maine; Eva Withee Hall, Hartland, Maine.

1924

Rebecca Pennell Stewart, Corinna, Maine; Carleton Deering, Hartland, Maine; Elmer Ward, Walbrook, Maryland; Jennie Hubbard Elliott, Hartland, Maine; Joseph McGee, Boston, Mass.; Clyde Brooks, Hartland, Me.; Edwin Waterman, Lewiston, Maine; Nathalie Lewis Williams, Brockton, Mass.; Melvin Wyman, Palmyra, Maine; Newton Smith, Hartland, Maine; Edward Brown (deceased); Milton Morrison, Portland, Maine.

1925

Donald Newall, Waterville, Maine; Howard Ames, Pittsfield, Maine, R. F. D. No. 2;

Frances Baine French, St. Albans, Me.; Bessie Buker, Hartland, Maine; Ada Cyr Randlett, Hartland, Me.; Howard Estes, Pittsfield, Me., R. F. D. 2; Ina Field Brown, Hartland, Maine; John Getchell, Pittsfield, Maine; James Dundas, Hartland, Me.; Daniel Connelly, Biddeford, Me.; Vera Haseltine Felker, Ripley, Me.; Molly Johnson, Union City, Conn.; Annie Merrick Gordon, Pittsfield, Me., R. F. D. 2; Evelyn Maxwell, Colby College, Waterville, Maine; Winston Norcross, Brookline, Mass.; Marguerite O'Reilly, New York City; Linwood Randlett, Hartland, Maine; Fred Sterns, Skowhegan, Maine; Agnes Waterman, Lewiston, Me.; Marjorie Young Kerstead, 47 State St., Wethersfield, Conn.; John Haseltine, Dexter, Maine.

1926

Maynard Austin, Hartland, Maine; Ola Brooks, Bangor, Maine; Lucille Braley, Augusta, Maine; William Brawn, Pittsfield, Mass.; Lucretia Butters Young, 14 Florence St., Dover, N. H.; Warren Butters, 1612 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Leona Chipman Pelkie, Hartland, Maine; Elmer Fisher, St. Albans, Maine; Harold Ford, Lewiston, Me.; Earl Heath, Hartland, Maine; Norman Huff, Hartland, Maine; Olive Johnson Picken, Hartland, Maine; Edith Millett Bryant, St. Albans, Me.; Thomas Mills, St. Albans, Me.; Ruth Mower Mills, St. Albans, Maine; William Page, Houlton, Maine; Richard Picken, Hartland, Maine; Edward Snow, Hartland, Maine; Weston Stanhope, Hartland, Maine; John Tibbetts, Pittsfield, Maine, R. F. D. 2; Bernice Young, 47 State St., Wethersfield, Conn.; Ruth Plummer.

1927

Lloyd Cookson, Hartland, Me.; Clara Curtis Tibbetts, Norwood, Mass.; Lillian Drew Violette, St. Albans, Me.; Robert Estes, Pittsfield, Me.; James Fuller, Phi Gamma Delta, University of Maine; Lloyd Hubbard, Hartland, Maine; Edward Hubbard, Hartland, Maine; Fanny Griffith Humphrey, Hartland, Me.; Frank Matthews, Hartland, Maine; Mabel Murphy, Skowhegan, Maine; Myrtle Ordway Smith, Pittsfield, Me., R. F. D. No. 2; George Sterns, Waterville, Maine; Eileen Seekins Mellow, Hartland, Maine;

## THE RIPPLE

---

Norman Webber, Alpha Tau Omega, Orono, Maine; Lyrall Webber, Hartland, Maine; Grace Griffith, Hartland, Maine.

### 1928

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

### 1929

Edna Hatch Ellis, Hartland, Maine; Theresa Merrick Mills, Westminster Station, Vermont; Thelma Ray, Hartland, Maine; Charles Estes, Palmyra, Maine; Edith Lewis Stevens, Belfast, Maine; Marie Turner, Weeks Mills, Me.; Blaine Webber, St. Albans, Me.; Perry Furbush, Newport, Me.,

R. F. D. No. 1; Millard Page, Hartland, Me.; Hilda Furbush Bishop, St. Albans, Maine; Susie Miller, Bangor, Maine; Thelma Neal Partridge, Milo, Maine.

### 1930

Pauline Baker, Business College, Augusta, Maine; Margaret Buker, Palmyra, Maine; Dorothy Butters Smith, Hartland, Maine; Aubrey Burbank, Hartland, Maine; Malcolm Carr, Kent's Hill; Grace Chipman, Springfield, Mass.; Hazel Chipman, Hartland, Me.; Grace Davis, Hartland, Maine; Floyd Emery, Hartland, Maine; Florice Greene, Mercer, Maine; Theodore Griffith, Hartland, Maine; Clarence Merrow, U. of M., Orono, Maine; George Markham, Hartland, Maine; Geneva Merrill, Hartland, Maine; Robert Stedman, Hartland, Maine; Raymond Thorne, U. of M., Orono, Maine; Gwendolyn Webber, Hartland, Maine; Edna Withee, Farmington Normal School, Farmington, Maine; Ralph Young, Boston, Mass.; Marguerite Whittemore; Farmington Normal, Farmington, Maine; Thelma Thorne, Farmington, Maine.

Compliments of  
Snookums '32—Becky '31—Prissy '31—Doris '31

Compliments of  
Freckles '32—Glen '32

Compliments of  
Marion '33—Nita '33

Compliments of  
Dot '33—Kitty '33

Compliments of  
Roy '33—Doug '33

Compliments of  
Righty '33—Huffy '31

Compliments of  
Billy '33—Jimmie '33

Compliments of  
Esther '32—Wallie '32

Compliments of  
Sis '31—Evelina '31

Compliments of  
May '33—Hope '34

Compliments of  
Frances '33—Stella '33

Compliments of  
Paul '33—Jimmie '34

Compliments of  
Billie '32—Alf '34

Compliments of  
Fish '34—White '34

Compliments of  
Red '34—Bobbie '32

Compliments of  
Don '32—Howie '32

Compliments of  
Juliet '31—Stevie '34

Compliments of  
Thorne '34—Tiny '34

Compliments of  
Gin '34—Bantam '34

Compliments of  
Wink '34—Charlie '34

Compliments of  
Mary '34—Gladys '34

Compliments of  
Parsnip '34—Velmen '34

Compliments of  
Flo '33—Henry '33

Compliments of  
Madeline '32—Bunny '32

Compliments of  
Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Marr

Compliments of  
Mose '34—Fido '34

Compliments of  
Polly '34—Kitty '34

Compliments of  
Phlip '34—Fat '34

Compliments of  
Bump '34—Lindy '34

Compliments of  
Annie '34—Dot '34

Compliments of  
Peggy '34—Doris '33

Compliments of  
Pure and Simple

Compliments of  
A Friend

# CHURCH'S GARAGE

GOOD GULF GAS

SUPREME OILS

REPAIRING

PITTSFIELD AVENUE

HARTLAND, ME.

## Bank's Boot Shop

SNAPPY SHOES For GRADUATION

*Enna-Jettick Shoes for Comfort and Style*

PITTSFIELD

## SHELL SERVICE STATION

PITTSFIELD, MAINE

SHELL PENN OIL

The Team-mate of Super Shell Ethyl

ALEMITE GREASING

GOOD YEAR TIRES

A. R. BURTON & SON

Compliments of  
**SCOTT BARNES**

HARTLAND

**THELMA RAY**

*BEAUTY SHOPPE*

**SCOTT & HEBB**

FANCY GROCERIES

FRUITS and MEATS

HARTLAND

MAINE

Compliments of

**Gibson's Barber Shop**

HARTLAND

# N. J. KARAM

PITTSFIELD

5 MAIN ST.

MAINE

CHEVROLET TRUCKS

DODGE BROS. TRUCKS

CHEVROLET CARS

DODGE BROS. CARS

NASH 6's

NASH 8's

Prices and Literature on Request

# E. A. Withee & Son

DEALER IN

## GRAHAM - PAIGE

PITTSFIELD

WHEN IN PITTSFIELD

Call at

**Dodge's**  
*ICE CREAM PARLOR*  
*and GIFT SHOP*

Compliments of

*P. A. Gowen*

FANCY GROCERIES

HARTLAND

You will find a complete line of  
GRADUATION and  
DANCE FROCKS  
SILK UNDERWEAR and  
DEXDALE HOSIERY

Special Attention Given to  
Graduation

**GOODE SHOPPE**  
PITTSFIELD

Compliments of

**Dr. C. S. Coffin**

DENTIST

Pittsfield,

Maine



HANSON'S  
"THE BEST PLACE TO  
TRADE AFTER ALL"  
Tel. 44-2

Compliments of  
R. E. NUTTING  
HARTLAND

L. H. BARDEN'S  
ECONOMY STORE  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE  
HARTLAND

Compliments of  
DR. C. E. NORCROSS  
HARTLAND

W. C. HUMPHREY  
*Dry and Fancy Goods*  
PITTSFIELD

WALKER FLOWER SHOP  
FLORAL DESIGNS  
For All Occasions  
Telephone 171-2  
PITTSFIELD

Telephone When in a Rush

Whenever you are in a hurry, don't attempt a trip to our store, but telephone. That's the best way to tell us what you want and our prompt delivery tells you how willingly we meet your requirements. Quick work over the telephone means quick work on our part in delivery. This service adds nothing to the cost of the goods.

HARTLAND DRUG STORE  
R. C. HAMILTON, Prop.  
Main & Commercial Sts.  
Hartland, Maine

Compliments of

*E. W. WALLACE*  
GROCERIES  
CANNED GOODS  
PITTSFIELD

We have had a very good trade from Hartland on  
TIRES and TUBES  
There must be a REASON—ASK US WHY  
HUBBARD'S GARAGE

WRITE FOR QUOTATIONS ON  
Catalogues, Books, Circulars  
and Folders

*The Pittsfield Advertiser, Inc.*

PITTSFIELD, MAINE

Compliments of

*Pittsfield National Bank*

*Pittsfield Gas & Fuel Oil Co., Inc.*

Pittsfield

