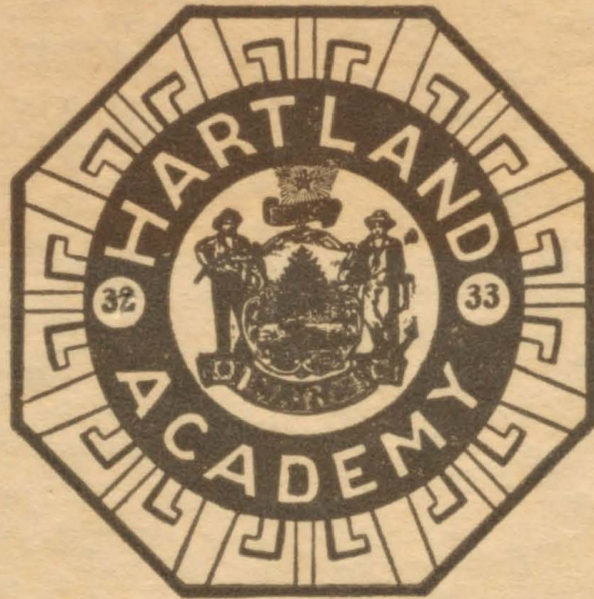


The Ripple



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PITTSFIELD NATIONAL BANK

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Pittsfield, Maine

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Tablets

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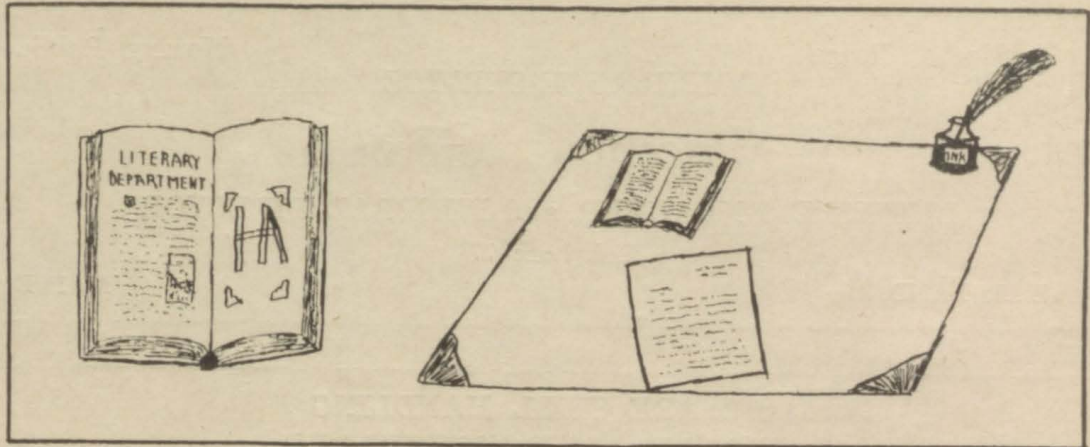
Compliments of

Dr. C. S. Coffin

DENTIST

Pittsfield,

Maine



EDITORIAL BOARD, 1932-33

Editor-in-Chief	Jennie Pelkie
Assistant Editor	Virginia Bell
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Sport Editors	Roy Hatch, Florice Steeves
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Senior	Leona Whitten
Junior	Walter Rideout
Sophomore	Clyde Griffith
Freshman	Kathleen Pelkie

GETTING OUT A SCHOOL PAPER

Getting out a school paper is no picnic.
 If we don't print jokes, folks say we're too serious.
 If we do they say we're silly.
 If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.
 If we publish articles from other papers, we're too lazy to write.
 If we don't print contributions, we lack the proper appreciation.
 If we do print them folks say the paper is full of "junk".
 Like as not someone will say we swiped this from some other paper.
 So we did!

Two

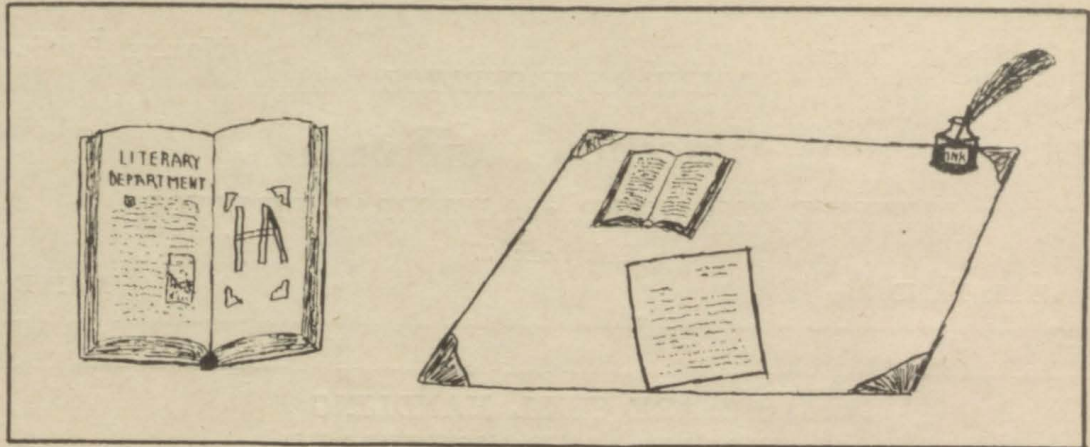
STRICT HONESTY IN

ALL SCHOOL WORK

I have chosen this topic because I think it is the one great thing we should live up to, not only in school work, but in everything.

Many times we sit down to study our lessons for a few minutes perhaps reading them through once then put our books aside, thinking we have learned them when back in our minds we know we haven't. We come to class; the teacher has a test prepared unknown to us. She puts it on the board; we sit and study on it for a few minutes thinking, "I don't know this. I'll ask John". And then we nudge the fellow that sits in front or beside us. Is it right to use the brains of some one else who has worked hard to get the required lesson? Is it honest to yourself or to your teacher? It is going to help you any in later life? Stop and think of these things before you start. For it is much better to get low rank than to copy. If you get low rank and have to make it up it is not a disgrace but a help. Sit down for a little while, put your mind upon your lesson and you will find at the end of that time you usually have learned your lesson. See how much better off you are for studying that extra few minutes. When the teacher or any one asks you a question which you did not know before, you will be able to answer it without asking Tim, John or Mary.

Strict honesty in all school work and in everything should be everyone's motto.



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SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

"Sweeng low, Sweet Char-ee-yut!
Comin' fo' t' kyah me ho-o-o-ome,
Swee-eng low, swee-et char-ee-yut!
Comin' fo' t' kyah me home."

Thus sang Diana Ray as she swung along the sandy river road toward the blackberry patch. Her rolling eyes and swaying body revealed her uncontrolled emotion as she sang her favorite song. She made a colorful figure against the drab road. Knotted loosely about her head was a bright red handkerchief with rebellious wisps of kinky black hair peeking out from under it. Her skin shone like polished ebony above a bright yellow blouse fastened at the throat with a huge cameo pin? A light blue skirt, held at the waist by a green ribbon, flapped about her unstockinged ankles. Her grotesque appearance did not seem to bother her; for her mind was on the coming evening, when Mrs. Simmon's John was accompanying her to the movies. The noon heat had passed and the world was again arousing from sleep. It was late May and the blackberry season was almost ended, but Diana was only after enough for supper. The patch was a public berrying ground and the negroes from the surrounding plantations usually gathered there in the late afternoon to talk over the latest news.

"Whar yo' gwine dat makes yo' so happy?" queried an inquisitive old negro over his garden fence.

"Don't ye done see me basket? Where d' ya 'spect I'se gwine wid a basket if it ain't to de berry patch?"

"Yo' better look out for de snakes Diana, chile. Dem ole snakes will grab yo' pretty ankles and won't let go. Yo' better watch out."

"Ah rekon ah kin look out fer ma self, thank ya. Diana Ray don't neber need no one trapsin' roun' after her to kill de ole snakes."

"Yo' done better take ma warnin'. Dem ole snakes is sho poisinus."

With a toss of her turbaned head, Diana passed on. It was true, as Unc' Jim had said, that the snakes were altogether too plentiful for comfort and the berry patch seemed to be their favorite rooming place.

A short jaunt across the pasture brought

Diana to the berry patch. Seeing no one, she immediately began to drop the juicy berries into the basket on her arm. The patch was over run by small paths and from above it looked like a crazy quilt. It was too dangerous to step into the grass but the heavily laden bushes hung over the path enabling the pickers to get all the fruit they wanted.

The crimson sun swung lower and lower in the sky while Diana's basket got fuller and fuller. The berries were plentiful along the paths but Diana was not satisfied. When she saw a bush weighted to the ground with the blackberries, she resolved to get them at any cost. After peering under the bushes, she stepped boldly in and stooped over to pick the berries. A sudden rattle was her only warning before a brown triangular patterned reptile struck for her throat.

A short time later a thrashing in the bushes attracted the attention of some passing negroes. Armed with stout clubs, the negroes drew aside the bushes and with a single blow killed the writhing rattlesnake which was trying to withdraw his poisonous fangs from the soft throat of Diana Ray.

—E. T., '34.

THE TOURNAMENT OF ROSES

In the last year of Arthur's gracious reign,
The Tournament of Roses was ordained,
For all brave knights to joust and prove their skill.

The prize for the best knight to be a rose.
And all the knights of Arthur's court rejoiced,
And burnished all their arms until they gleamed,
And ground their glaives and spearheads to an edge.

So thus it was that on a blooming day,
King Arthur and his court went to the lists,
And Launcelot rode proudly to the joust.
Then Arthur dropped his silken badge of law,
And forth from both the sides sped one tall knight,

With couche'd spears and helmets bending low
O'er shining shields of iron and of brass.

Their galor plumes tossed to the summer breeze
As they like iron mountains thundered on,
With spearpoints glimmering up to the sun.

They met with sock of lance and thud of hoofs,
And spears were cracked and splintered thru and thru.

And one of the two knights was borne to earth.

THE RIPPLE

As day wore on to somber evening's shade,
Not one of Arthur's knights remained un-
horsed,

Save Launcelot the knight of all the knights,
But he had sent five horsemen to the earth
When slowly to the lists a stranger rode,
And lad in sable armor was this knight,
And from his side rode forth a gray-haired
page.

An aged steed with harness old and worn
To cast unto the king a written scroll.
King Arthur read the faded parchment
sheet,

And spake unto Sir Launcelot a speech:
"O Launcelot, the greatest of my knights,
Will you consent to trial of arms with him?"
Sir Launcelot then looked and bent his helm.

Brave Arthur gave the sign and dropped his
glove,
And from one side the sable knight rode
forth,
And sped towards Launcelot with ready
lance.

He thundered forth with no bewitching
plumes,
And no device upon his shield bore he,
And black were all his arms and like his
shield,

The pair met at the center of the lists.
With spears layed over heavy saddle-bows,
And both the spears were bent but did not
break.

But to the startled crowd's astonishment,
Bold Launcelot was from his saddle hurl'd;
With thud of earth and clang of arms he
shocked,

And Arthur rose from his high seat struck
dumb,

And gave the prize to him who rode alone.
But as the roses, red and white and pink,
Which blushing passed from Arthur's mighty
hand,

Were placed upon the sable victor's helm,
With withered petals fell they to the sword,
And crumbled all to dust as though past time.
And then the silent horsemen spake the
words:

"From dust to dust shall all things go at
last."

Then raised the sable knight his doleful helm,
And grinning forth appeared the face of
Death.

W. R., '34.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

"But, Marvin, you know Miss Bennett told us that this house has been haunted for several weeks."

"Yes, dear, but don't let neighborhood gossip bother you. You know Miss Bennett, the old fussbudget doesn't want us to live here because of the children.

Four

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey were the new tenants in the Bradshaw farm house which had been vacant for several years. Recently strange noises had been heard by passersby—not shrieks or wild cries but loud, heavy rattlings, like a huge chain, and faint groanings followed by steps, and echos of the rattling chains.

Mrs. Lindsey, having finished her unpacking, was seated on the porch talking with her husband.

"How happy Bob and Sue are with this place."

"It is an ideal spot. That lovely big barn loft for them to play in on rainy days and—"

"Sue will want to play in the attic, you know", quickly spoke Mr. Lindsey. "By the way, Ida", he continued, "have you seen the attic? Do you think it is all right for the children to use?"

"I haven't been up there yet, but I shall look it over to-morrow. I've been so busy to-day with all this settling to look after."

"Here comes the children. Ha! ha! How happy they are."

"Oh, Dad", cried Bob, "there must have been a circus here just a little while ago, 'cause Sue and I found some paper 'n' chains, 'n' picture boards 'n'—"

"And I found this whip and in one corner of the field I found a place where the band played, 'cause I know", chimed in Sue, who wanted to tell her share.

"Yes, and I saw the place where the elephants stood, Dad, Oh, boy! I wish they had left some animals for me to play with."

"Well, old Pal, perhaps there will be another circus here soon."

Dinah, the colored maid, appeared in the doorway and announced supper, after which Mrs. Lindsey took the children up to their room and lovingly tucked them into bed. Then she joined her husband in the living room.

She picked up a magazine and contentedly turned the pages reading, here and there, articles which interested her. Mr. Lindsey, smoking, sat reading the evening paper.

"An hour passed. Only the ticking of the old grandfather clock and an occasioned remark by the husband or wife broke the silence.

"Marvin, did you hear anything?"

"Why, er, no dear. What was it?"

"I don't know. Probably it was Dinah", the wife replied and they resumed their reading.

"Marvin, did you hear THAT?"

"No, dear, you must be nervous", he consoled. Silence again reigned until several loud thumps were heard. Husband and wife looked questionally at each other for an explanation. Mrs. Lindsey said, "It may be one of the children. I'll go quietly up stairs and see if they are all right."

Half way up the stairs she heard a door open and a steady thumping followed by loud rattlings.

"Ida", called her husband, "what is that noise?"

"I d-don't know," she answered in a frightened voice. The noise continued and Mrs. Lindsey thinking first of her children, ran up the stairs. She uttered a piercing scream as she reached the top. "Marvin", she screamed and staggered against the wall. Mr. Lindsey who by this time had reached her side, shoved her into the bathroom, which was near by and in horror they watched a horrible, huge gorilla coming slowly down the attic stairs with a long chain fastened to his foot. "Oh, Marvin, he will go into the children's room, I kn-know he w-will," she moaned.

"Hush", he whispered, half convincingly, praying that the gorilla would not enter.

The gorilla paused directly in front of the children's room. Mrs. Lindsey watching him, fainted. While Mr. Lindsey was trying to revive her, the gorilla passed down the stairs and out into the night.

In the meantime Dinah appeared and while she waited on Mrs. Lindsey, Mr. Lindsey telephoned the police, saying that a huge gorilla was at large.

Later it was learned that the gorilla had escaped from the circus, recently held there, and had entered the vacant house, hiding in the attic during the day, and at night seeking his food.

—H. B., '34

THE DOWNFALL OF TROY

One night as I sat in front of the fireplace, Reading of heroes and the sad fate of Troy; There seemed to appear before me Heroes and gods and warriors, sedate

Who spoke each in turn with a voice so grave,

Of his deeds in the days of yore. The first who was clad in armor of bronze Spoke to me thus:

I am Aeneas, so godly but yielding, Who fled from the ruins of Troy.

Then in the firelight I saw graceful Dido, Founder and ruler of Carthage, so great Who held in her arms little Julus, the Prince The son of Aeneas, so joyful and glad.

Lastly there came to my sight, cruel Pyrrhus,

Who slaughtered King Priam, the ruler of Troy.

Suddenly I was aroused from my dreaming To find that the visions had faded away, Leaving me gazing with wonder and awe, At the books which contained such great stories of yore.

KENT RODNEY MEETS HIS MATCH

Kent Rodney was about the meanest man that the sun ever shone upon. His aim was to get the best of people, including his neighbors.

For nearly twenty years he had run an inn called "Traveler's Rest-Awhile". The meals weren't any too good, because as soon as Kent got a good cook she either left or died. But he made his own corn liquor, which brought brisk trade for him.

In his mind a "get rich quick" plan had been developing for some time, when a peddler came to "Traveler's Rest-Awhile". Kent had run out of customers and thought the peddler would make a good one. The men around the keg of corn liquor saw the minute he came that he was a man for fair game. The odds were nine-to-one that Kent would take him in.

Standing on the door-steps, Kent and the peddler talked briefly then Kent led him inside. Without speaking the peddler picked up a tin cup which held half a pint and drained it.

"Good morning, Mr. Rodney", he said, setting down the cup.

Kent scowled and replied, "Where did you learn my name?"

"Oh, around about. And for one thing I heard that you was poison mean", said the peddler.

"Yes", said Kent, "and proud of it. There wasn't anybody meaner than my father".

"And he's dead", said the peddler.

"How did you know that?" growled Kent.

The peddler rubbed his eyes and whispered, "Hit's a gift". As he turned to leave somebody on the far side of the bar room let out a roar of laughter.

Kent kicked open the door and went out in time to see a gigantic dog rise up from beneath the peddler's wagon.

"What's that?" asked Kent, pointing to the dog under the wagon.

"Oh, that? That's a cross between sudden death and blue lightning", said the peddler. "But I have got another one which is some dog."

"What kind?" asked Kent. As he looked at the hulk beneath the wagon he shivered.

"Hunting dog."

"Where's he at?" asked Kent.

The peddler turned and began to dig under the wagon seat.

"Right here", said the peddler. In one arm he held the most forlorn looking hound in the state.

"What?" queried Kent, "can he hunt?"

"Sure! Coons," said the peddler.

"And badgers?" asked Kent.

"And badgers", went on the owner. Kent motioned to the barn.

"I got me a badger he can't hunt."

The men in the room went out for they knew about the badger. At a bank near the barn a barrel had been sunk into the ground on its side. The peddler kneeled down and there he saw the badger's bright eyes in the darkness of the barrel.

"I'll bet fifty bucks your prize dog can't get him out," said Kent.

"Bet", said the peddler.

Kent's face clouded. "You wouldn't wish to make it a hundred?"

"I am sort of out of cash," said the peddler. "But I got a good horse and wagon and my stock is worth four hundred." Kent hurried to examine the horse and returned from the house with a leather wallet in his hand.

"Eight hundred", said Kent.

The peddler looked at the badger again.

"My pup has to get him out of there?" he asked.

"Clear over this line", said Kent dragging his shoe two feet from the barrel.

"Count your money," said the peddler.

Kent laid down the sorted bills and straddled the barrel.

"When I pull the wire you let your dog go," he said.

The wire shot up, and the peddler pushed the pup in tail first. Then he planted one huge foot on the money and gripped a broken ax handle in his right hand. There was a bellow from Kent, a yelp and a snarl from within the barrel and the dog came sprawling out in leaps like a frightened jack rabbit with the badger on his back. As they passed the peddler he swung the ax handle and hit the badger between the eyes. The blow knocked him unconscious. The peddler turned in time to face Kent rushing toward him. He brought the ax handle against Rodney's teeth. Kent sat down rather suddenly, spitting out molars and wisdom teeth.

The peddler picked up the money and turned to look at the surprised Kent. Rodney tried to get up, but he sat down again rubbing his aching head. The peddler pointed to his own shattered cheek.

"Ever seen that before?" he asked. Kent didn't say a word, "which goes to show what a memory you got. You gave me that the time you knocked me off father's old mule. I am your brother Claude, and I'll be glad to tell the folks you're not doing so well." He was in the wagon before anybody could speak.

"Hey, Mister, you forgot your dog", someone sang out.

"You can keep him for a souvenir. I just borried him from a fellow down the road who told me about the badger business."

—L. C., '36

SINON'S STORY

The Trojans, while dragging the horse to their city,

Exultant with gladness that war was now ended,

Were met by the high priest of Neptune the sea-god.

Laocoon rushed from walled Troy to halt them,

"What madness is this", he cried, "that you're attempting?"

Take not this deceit into Troy I beseech you, For I fear all Greeks bearing gifts."

Then Sinon appeared with his hands bound behind him,

So craftily told them his sorrowful story. How he was so hated by cruel Ulysses,

And sentenced to death by the soothsayer
Calchas,
To satisfy Jupiter for all wrong-doings.
How he had escaped from the horrible altar,
And hid 'till the Greeks sailed away.

"To Pallas this horse as an offering is given
To right the great wrong made by savage
Ulysses.
For he and Tydedes with hands red from
slaughter
Have stolen an image of Pallas from Troy.
But if the great horse into Troy is taken,
Then Greece will be conquered by Priam and
Hector,
And Argos will fall by the sword.

—W. R., '34

THE FLAME OF LIFE

Roselle Norton had served six months' imprisonment for theft. After her term was up she answered an advertisement for a job as a stenographer. The name of the person for whom she was working seemed familiar. After a moment's thought she remembered what a girl had said who was in the cell next to her. This girl had been caught stealing the emeralds of Carter Gordon; the man for whom she was working. This girl had also told where she put these precious gems. Roselle intended to get them and put them in Gordon's safe without telling how they got there. The night she chose to get them was a night when Gordon was to be away all night on business.

At twelve o'clock she opened the door of his room. Looking up and down the hall to be sure no one was there, she entered. After she found the emeralds, and had them in her pocket, she started for the door. But hark! What was that! Footsteps, and a moment later Gordon himself entered the room.

"I would like to know why you are in my room, Miss Norton", he said in a stern voice. "Is anything wrong?" She did not answer.

The door quietly opened and in stepped Fred Blake a very shrewd and rather sneaky type of man. He belonged to the famous "Emerald Eye" gang that carried on a reign of terror in the city and among the elite. He is interested in Roselle Norton, but not for her own good. "It would be interesting to know why Miss Norton is in your room," he said. Then he went on to tell why she was in Gordon's room at the same time telling

lies. But Roselle would not explain why she was in the room.

"So it is blackmail", said Gordon. "Go both of you."

They both went. Blake insisted upon going to her room with her. She tried to make him go away but he only laughed. He walked as far as the door with her. When she entered her room and had locked the door she put her hand in her pocket. The emeralds were gone. Blake had taken them.

Later, Gordon held a party so as to announce his engagement to Roselle. To this party Fred Blake brought Patsy Morgan, the woman who had put Roselle in prison. Patsy told Gordon all about Roselle being in prison and why she was there.

The next day Roselle went to the post office to get her mail and then went home. When she reached home she opened her letter and to her surprise it was from Fred Blake. How dare he write to her after using her the way he did? The letter read:

Dear Roselle:—I had meant to come and ask forgiveness for the wrong I did, because I love you. I am ill—the doctor says I won't live long. Come to the above address. I will restore the emeralds so you can return them to Carter Gordon. For the sake of your happiness do not ignore this letter.

Fred Blake.

Should she go? She finally made up her mind and started out.

As Roselle reached her destination she noticed the windows were curtainless and the place looked deserted.

Blake met her at the door. He led her through a long hall and into a small room. As the door of the room shut, she felt herself going down. She screamed but all in vain.

Blake started to speak but she interrupted him. "Please do not speak to me. Get the emeralds so I can take them to Gordon."

"They are here but you can't have them now. We have to talk about our future", he said.

"You cad", she cried, "Open that door and let me go. I won't stay here any longer."

"I'll keep you here as long as it pleases me", he said. "This is the meeting place of the Society of the Emerald Eye".

Suddenly a gong sounded. Blake gripped Roselle's arm and led her forward to a glass panel in the wall.

"Look", he said.

At the top of a flight of stairs was a bronze idol with the emeralds around the head.

"Anyone who steps on the top step will die", said Blake.

Just as he finished speaking a door flew open and in walked Carter Gordon. On seeing the emeralds, he started up the steps.

Roselle screamed but he could not hear.

"If you promise to marry me, I'll let you warn him", said Blake.

"Yes-yes, I'll do anything, but I don't want him killed", she cried.

Blake slid back the glass panel and Roselle cried, "Take care! There is death in that idol."

Gordon stumbled back down the stairs. As he did another door opened and in came Patsy Morgan.

"You'd better go. It isn't safe here. It is for me because I belong to the Society of the Emerald Eye", she said.

He stood there a moment; a door opened and two men came in with great long glittering knives. Patsy screamed. Gordon took a revolver from his pocket and fired. The great lamp in the ceiling fell to the carpet with a crash.

Patsy started up the steps. As she reached the top step the hidden machinery came down upon her and the sound of breaking bones was heard. A moment later the body of Patsy Morgan lay at the foot of the stairs.

"Come here", she said. "I have something to tell you."

As Gordon bent over he heard her say: "It was I who sent Roselle Norton to prison. I stole the money and laid the blame on her shoulders. She is innocent—" and she was gone.

After many difficulties Carter Gordon found Roselle, the girl who had saved his life.

"Carter—oh, thank heavens you have come," she cried.

She never remembered what happened after that. She felt herself carried to a waiting car—the car of Carter Gordon.

Gordon told his story to a policeman.

"We'll deal with them and guard the emeralds", he said.

Eight

When they were together in the car Roselle said, "The night I was in your room, I had planned to restore the emeralds to you. I did not explain how I knew where they were because I would have to tell you what I had heard in prison."

"That is all past now," he said in a voice of tenderness. As their lips met the anguish of the past was forgotten.

—K. P., '36

THE DOWNFALL OF TROY

Ah, distinctly I recall
It was just before the fall
Of Troy our own beloved native land
We were crowded at the shrine
Of Minerva so divine,
Protected, or to perish hand in hand.

Suddenly there comes a crashing
As of someone swiftly dashing,
Dashing through the long abandoned rooms.
As the runners rush before us
We perceive the raging Pyrrhus
Eager to thrust upon my son more wounds.

Came the blow that caused the end
Ah, the sight our hearts did rend
As our noble son sank lifeless to the floor.
And yet this is only one
Of the deeds that had been done
In the downfall of the Troy that is no more.

THE GHOST ROOM

I had often boasted, in the presence of Aunt Beth, that I was not afraid in the dark and I had emphatically declared that I did not believe in ghosts. When she invited me to spend part of my vacation with her in her rambling old mansion, I, of course, was delighted, but I was unaware of the horror in store for me.

Upon my arrival, I was immediately informed that during my visit I was to occupy what was well known at Aunt Beth's to be the "Ghost Room". The negro servants would role their eyes in terror when this room was mentioned in their presence, but I believed the stories which I had been told to be nothing more than the products of someone's well cultivated imagination.

The "Ghost Room" was situated on the second floor at the extreme back of the old house. A large pine tree stood majestically just outside the window and its whisperings

were audible from within. In appearance the room was no different from hundreds of others all over the countryside. Curtains blew softly back from the open windows, letting in the sweetness of summer.

However, as I surveyed it from the threshold, I felt an ominous dread of it, but I proceeded as merrily as possible to make myself at home. I unpacked my suitcase, trying all the while to put the crazy thoughts that lingered in my mind, far back where they would be forgotten.

After this task was done I went downstairs and joined my aunt for the evening meal. She kept close watch of all my movements and I became more nervous than ever, but I decided that no one should ever know of my agitation.

Aunt Beth believed in the old adage, "early to bed, early to rise", so we retired early.

I bade goodnight to Aunt Beth as lightly as possible and went to my room. Strange shadows played hide-and-seek about me as I tried, with shaking fingers, to light a candle.

It didn't take me long to get ready and into bed but it took an hour or more for me to become sleepy. As this hour dragged slowly by, my imagination, too, began to function. Once I heard a board crack and in my nervous state of mind I nearly died of fright. I thought of the ghost which was supposed to come stalking down the hall and into the room. I peered through the darkness toward the door fearing every minute that it would slowly open and admit the ghost.

As I was about to sleep, at last, the door did open slowly, silently, and a white form floated softly into the room. I was not wide awake enough to see what it really was and I screamed as loudly as I could and I heard, though not consciously, the echo of it as it

rang out through the many empty rooms of the house.

It seemed as if it were ages before the figure at last approached my bedside. As I waited with bated breath I heard the pine outside sigh and moan, a mouse run up the wall, and always the soft rustle of the oncoming figure.

I could stand it no longer and jumping out of bed, I tried to slip past the "ghost" and into the hall, but it reached out with its long white arms and caught me. I think I must have fainted because when I regained consciousness Aunt Beth was bending over me. She was robed in white, and like a flash of lightning I realized that she must have been the "ghost".

D. L., '34

CHEMISTRY

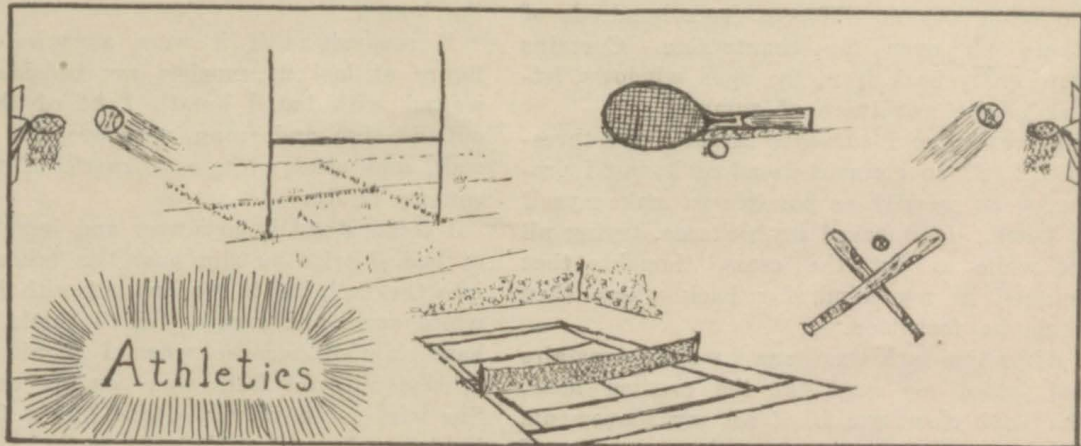
(With Apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never see
A subject hard as chemistry,
A lesson which I do detest,
And which I know I should like best.
And, though I burn the mid-night oil,
My brain just works into a coil.
I wish that I might live in peace—
I know I surely will decease,
For poems are made by fools like me,
But only Louder knows Chemistry.

—A Junior.

THE DOWNFALL OF TROY

One night while all Troy was sleeping
The ghost of sad Hector appeared,
And he told of the downfall of Troy
Bidding me fly from the slaughter he
dreaded.
Suddenly I was aroused from my slumber
By the sounds of a terrible strife.
Quickly I climbed to the roof of the temple
And I saw all the city in flames.
Then I remembered Cassandra foretelling
Of the fate of my native land, Troy.



ELIGIBILITY RULES

Section I

Par. 1. No pupil shall be eligible for any interscholastic athletic contest who is not maintaining for the current semester, and who has not carried successfully for the preceding semester, the minimum scholastic requirements for athletic eligibility of the school of which he is a member, provided however, that the minimum scholastic requirements for athletic eligibility shall not be less than fifteen periods of prepared work a week or its equivalent.

Par. 2. The words "preceding semester" shall be interpreted to mean the semester in which the pupil was last in attendance, two weeks being sufficient to establish a pupil's attendance for the semester, but no interscholastic work for which the pupil has received athletic credit shall count toward the minimum requirements of fifteen periods of prepared work.

Par. 3. A pupil who falls below the required standard at any time during the current semester may continue to represent his school for one week from the time he receives his notice and shall be ineligible for the succeeding week. He may be reinstated thereafter provided he makes up his deficient work before the close of the current semester.

Par. 4. The school playing pupils not regularly enrolled in high school is open to protest and games played with such pupils participating are subject to protest and will be ruled as forfeited.

Par. 5. Except in the case of a failure

due to unavoidable absence, a pupil who has not completed the minimum scholastic requirements for athletic eligibility at the close of a semester will be ineligible for the next semester even if he makes up the work after the semester has closed. In case a student fails to complete the minimum scholastic requirements for athletic eligibility at the end of the semester, due to unavoidable absence, the pupils shall be ineligible for the next semester until these requirements of the preceding semester are made up.

Section II

Par. 1. Pupils in order to be eligible for football enter a school within three weeks of the opening day; in order to be eligible for basketball and indoor track, shall enter before or during the first week after the Christmas vacation; in order to be eligible for baseball and outdoor track, they shall enter before March first.

Par. 2. A pupil leaving school and transferring to another school shall establish his eligibility strictly according to the rules.

Section III

Par. 1. A pupil is ineligible to participate in any interscholastic athletic contest who has represented in athletics a class A secondary school or schools for four years; who has competed under an assumed name; who has attained the age of twenty (20) years; who has been graduated from a four year course in a class A secondary school; or who has played as a member of any college team.

Par. 2. A pupil who has represented his school in one whole or part of two interscholastic games or taken part in any interscholastic athletic meet in any school year shall

HARTLAND ACADEMY

be regarded as having represented his school in athletics for that year.

Par. 3. "Class A Secondary Schools" shall be interpreted to mean Class A Secondary Schools of Maine or those of corresponding standing in other states.

Par. 4. In all interscholastic contests each principal shall include in his contract an agreement to abide by the Eligibility Rules of the Association and shall furnish to the principal of the opposing school, or his accredited representative, a certified list of approved players.

Section IV

Par. 1. Any secondary school subscribing to the interscholastic eligibility rules may be eligible to participate in all interscholastic meets, tournaments, and elimination contests among the secondary schools of the state. All athletic contests arranged with non-members shall be considered exhibition games.

Section V

Par. 1. Any pupil who plays on any outside team to which objection is made by the school authorities becomes ineligible to participate in school athletics for the rest of the season.

Amendments

Amendment A. When second teams in the various branches of athletics are organized in a school belonging to this Association, the method of determination of athletic eligibility of the members of these teams differs in no respect from the methods and rules used with the first team members. Ratified October 26, 1928.

Amendment B. The practice of playing pupils enrolled in the ninth grade in the Junior High School, although condoned, is not recommended inasmuch as it tends to disrupt the athletic program of the Junior High school organization. Ratified October 26, 1928.

Amendment C. In order to make possible the formation of a baseball team in small high schools, a student may be drafted from the eighth grade (grade next under the Freshman High School class of the same school system), provided that said student is in good scholastic standing, that he has not reached his sixteenth birthday, that his physical condition is satisfactory and that the high school using this boy does not have an

enrollment of boys greater than twenty-seven. It is further understood that this extra year of athletic competition does not penalize this eighth grade boy under the four-year ruling. Ratified May 10, 1931.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

This year physical education has been carried on by the boys for the first half year. Some fundamentals of football were illustrated and carried out in the game "touch" football. Later as the weather was not suitable for out-door play the "gym" was used for other forms of physical education.

Marching, calisthenics, games and fundamentals of basketball are among the forms of recreation presented. Each boy is required to take physical education one period a week.

The last half year, the girls will take physical education. During the winter term they will have marching, calisthenics, games and fundamentals of basketball as the boys. In the spring if the diamond is suitable, they will play baseball during this period.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

There was no panting and puffing at the first basketball practice this year. This fall's hockey practice on the rough ninety foot field behind the Academy had strengthened each girls' lungs; hockey sticks swung by sturdy lasses had taught them to keep at a safe distance from jams and knocks as well as to watch for the chance to knock the ball across the goal line.

There seems to be some very good material left for this year's team in spite of the fact that Barbara Linn, Eleanor Currie, Charlotte Waldron, Cora Webber and Bernice Harding were graduated. However, Charlotte Currie, Florice Steeves, Eleanor Thorne, Virginia Bell, Juanita Brown and Eileen Baird remain from last year's team. Some others know the essentials of the game and many are showing signs of developing into reliable players.

The squad has a new coach this year, Miss Stevens, who has worked very conscientiously with the girls and is whipping into shape a team of which we feel sure the Academy and its friends will be proud.

THE RIPPLE

The girls opened the season by meeting Fairfield's team at Hartland, December second. Altho Fairfield went home victorious, the Hartland squad showed that there would be a very good chance of winning most of their games during the coming season.

The black and white lasses of Hartland Academy journeyed to Guilford, Friday, December 16th, with the hope of conquering the Guilford team but much to their disappointment Guilford won with a score of 25-12. The girls did their best and we hope that they will have better luck in the other games.

The schedule for the season of 1932-1933 is as follows:

- Dec. 2—Fairfield at Hartland
- Dec. 9—Open
- Dec. 16—Guilford at Guilford
- Jan. 6—Oakland at Hartland
- Jan. 13—Wassookeag at Dexter (Boys)
- Jan. 18—Fairfield at Fairfield
- Jan. 20—Newport at Newport
- Jan. 27—Wassookeag at Hartland (Boys)
- Feb. 1—Newport at Hartland
- Feb. 3—Dexter at Dexter (Pending)
- Feb. 10—Harmony at Harmony
- Feb. 17—Oakland at Oakland
- Feb. 24—Dexter at Hartland (Pending)
- Mar. 3—Harmony at Hartland

BOYS' BASKETBALL

On November 16, Coach Louder gave a call for basketball candidates. Due to the new point system, about thirty-five boys who were eager to play basketball answered his call.

The graduation of five lettermen made it necessary for Coach Louder to build a new team. The services of the "big five" will be greatly missed during the winter's campaign. Those who graduated were Currie, Estes, E. Buker, Jr., Jamieson and Baker. The following men who are still in school and have been experienced on the court are Whitney, Fisher, F. Webber; Edson Buker and L. Hatch.

Coach Louder has been driving his men hard to get them in trim for their first game of December 2. The prospects for a winning team look very bright.

Boys' Basketball Schedule

Through the cooperation of the faculty and Manager Webber, the following schedule has been completed for 1932-33:

Twelve

- Fri., Dec. 2—Fairfield, Hartland
- Fri., Dec. 9—Alumni, Hartland
- Fri., Dec. 16—Guilford, Guilford
- Fri., Jan. 6—Oakland, Hartland
- Fri., Jan. 13—Wassookeag, Dexter
- Wed., Jan. 18—Fairfield, Fairfield
- Fri., Jan. 20—Newport, Newport
- Fri., Jan. 27—Wassookeag, Hartland
- Wed., Feb. 1—Newport, Hartland
- Fri., Feb. 3—Dexter, Dexter
- Fri., Feb. 10—Harmony, Harmony.
- Fri., Feb. 17—Oakland, Oakland
- Fri., Feb. 24—Dexter, Hartland
- Fri., Mar. 3—Harmony, Hartland

H. A. vs. Lawrence High

Hartland Academy opened its basketball season with Lawrence High of Fairfield on December 6. Lawrence with a veteran line-up proved to be too strong for the Academy boys. When the final whistle blew, Lawrence had earned a victory by a score of 25-16.

H. A.

R. F., Buker	1	1	3
Webber	0	0	0
L. F., Hatch	4	3	11
Williamson	0	0	0
C. Whitney	0	0	0
Strout	0	0	0
R. G., Seekins	0	0	0
Worth	0	0	0
L. G., Fisher	1	0	2
Rideout	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	6	4	16

L. H. S.

L. G., Powell	2	0	4
Gould	0	1	1
R. G., Begin	1	0	2
C. Bašford	3	0	6
L. F., Wing	0	1	1
Theurlow	0	0	0
R. F., Burrill	2	0	4
Shibley	3	1	7
	—	—	—
	11	3	25

H. A. vs. Alumni

The boys played their second game Dec. 13, with the Alumni. This game was fast and rather rough. Due to the height of the Alumni the Academy was again beaten, 34-23.

HARTLAND ACADEMY

H. A.

R. F., Buker	4	0	8
Williamson	2	1	5
L. F., Webber	2	2	6
Merrow	0	0	0
C. Whitney	0	1	1
Strout	0	0	0
R. G., Worth	0	1	1
Baird	0	0	0
L. G., Fisher	0	1	1
Rideout	0	0	0
— — —			
	8	6	22

Alumni

L. G., Lewis	2	0	4
Estes	0	0	0
R. G., Baker	6	0	12
C. Deering	5	0	10
L. F., Jamieson	0	0	0
Connelly	0	0	0
R. F., Buker	2	2	6
Hubbard	1	0	2
— — —			
	16	2	34

H. A. vs. Guilford

Hartland Academy played its first game away from home December 20, with Guilford. This proved to be the first real test of the year. Guilford with a smooth passing attack completely outclassed the Academy boys. When the game had ended we found that Guilford had won by a large score, 45-25.

H. A.

R. F., Hatch	4	1	9
L. F., Buker	2	0	4
Williamson	0	0	0
C. Whitney	3	1	7
Strout	0	0	0
R. G., Worth	1	0	2
L. G., Fisher	1	1	3
Rideout	0	0	0
— — —			
	11	3	25

G. H. S.

L. G., Jones	0	0	0
L. G., Brown	0	0	0
C. Page	5	1	11
R. F., Nesbit	8	1	17
L. F., Ogden	8	1	17
— — —			
	21	3	45



EVENTS



THE FACULTY

Two members of last year's faculty were with us again this year. They are Miss Dagget who teaches English, History and Civics, and Mr. Louder who is our Chemistry, General Science, and Biology teacher. We were very glad to have them return with us again and were sorry not to have the other two members, Mr. Murray and Miss Wood. Yet in their places we have Miss Stevens the French and Latin teacher, and Mr. Cutts, the principal, who have quite filled the vacant seats of the missing members of our last year's faculty.

Miss Stevens was graduated from Bates College with an H. B. degree in the class of 1932. While in college, she was active in musical clubs and in athletics. In addition to her college training, she has studied French in St. Peters Convent in Lewiston. For the past two summers she has had charge of children on the playgrounds in Lewiston.

Mr. Cutts is a graduate of the University of Maine with an A. B. degree, in the class of 1925. For two years he coached athletics and taught mathematics at Brewer High School. In the fall of 1927 he became a member of the Morse High School faculty at Bath where he has taught the same subjects for the past five years.

This union is fortunate in securing the services of Superintendent Walter J. Rideout, A. B., to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Superintendent Perry F. Shibles. Mr. Rideout was graduated from Higgins Classical Institute in Charleston and from Colby College at Waterville. He is a member of the honorary scholastic fraternity Phi Beta Kapper. For several years after his graduation from college, Mr. Rideout served as the principal of high schools in Maine and Vermont. During the last fourteen years, he has been superintendent of schools in the Dover-Foxcroft Union. Mr. Rideout has taken graduate work in Education both at Columbia University and at Harvard University. As a direct indication of his integrity and industry Mr. Rideout was recently elected treasurer of the Maine Teachers' Association.

Fourteen

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

A Student Council is being attempted this year at Hartland Academy. The council, consisting of eight members, discusses matters of direct concern to the students. With such a small group representing the entire student body, questions can be settled much easier than in class meetings. With an older advisor from the faculty, a council becomes a great help in managing the school.

Each class sends as representatives, its president and one member elected by them to this office. The members are as follows: Freshman Class, Charlotte Grant and Thelma Cookson; Sophomore Class, Clyde Griffith and Harold Williamson; Junior Class, Florice Steeves and Walter Rideout; Senior Class, Leona Whitten and Leroy Hatch.

At the beginning of the year, each member signed the following pledge:

I. I pledge loyalty to Hartland Academy above myself or class affiliation.

II. I agree to conduct myself above reproach at all times so that my evident leadership as a member of the Student Council may be an example for the rest of the student body to follow.

III. I agree to give whole hearted support, in so far as I am able, to all activities of the school.

IV. I agree not to divulge information, when advisable, on matters acted upon by the council.

All meetings are conducted according to parliamentary law. The officers are: president, Walter Rideout; vice-president, Leona Whitten; secretary-treasurer, Florice Steeves.

At a later date, the council intends to draw up a constitution for its use.

The council is acting as a committee for assembly programs. So far, it has put on among other programs for Thanksgiving, Christmas, Basketball Rallies.

But remember, students of Hartland Academy, that without your support, the council can't get ahead. Get behind and PUSH.

FRESHMAN CLASS NEWS

There were twenty-nine pupils who entered high school as freshmen this year. Those from outside schools were as follows: Margaret Ash, Marion Ash, Leland Cunningham, Charlotte Grant, Vivian Greene, Clyde Lewis, Lillian Lewis, Kathleen Pelkie, Herbert Peterson, Bryant Richardson, Clyde Staples, Althea Tobie, Barbara Weymouth, Don Wiles and Roland Wiles. The remaining fourteen attended the eighth grade at the Academy last year.

A class meeting was held at the first of the year to elect class officers. They were chosen as follows: president, Charlotte Grant; vice-president, Marion Hollister; secretary-treasurer, Otis Worth. As Miss Hollister left us Lennis Harris was elected to take her place.

Freshman Reception was held Friday evening September 16, in the Auditorium of the Academy. The freshmen, dressed to represent the inmates of a nursery and carrying dolls were turned over to the seniors as they entered the school building and duly initiated. When this ordeal was over they were headed upstairs into the assembly hall where they entertained with songs, stunts and dancing.

After the other members of the school and their guests had followed the freshmen through the receiving line games and dancing were enjoyed. Punch and cake were served during the evening by the senior girls.

Thelma Cookson was chosen to represent the class on the Student Council.

We are proud to be able to announce that Otis Worth and Lennis Harris, both members of the class of 1936 are seeing action on the basketball floor and are bringing credit to their class and to their school. Three girls are also learning the game. They are Barbara Weymouth, Charlotte McCrillis, and Thelma Cookson.

Philip Baird was one of the soloists with the orchestra at the cabaret presented by the Musical Clubs.

Freshmen who have been on the honor roll during the semester are Margaret Ash, Thelma Cookson, Bryant Richardson, Don Wiles, Kathleen Pelkie, Lennis Harris.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NEWS

On September 6, school started at Hartland Academy. Thirty-two Sophomores attended the first morning and regularly after that until two girls left us, decreasing our number to thirty. Since then one boy has left, this being Frank Hollister, whom we all know as the best Latin "Bluffer" and joke writer the school has ever known.

Our class is showing a much keener interest in extra activities this year than the preceding year, for among our members are several of the first team in basketball and hockey. We hope this interest will grow as the years pass. Fully half of this year's orchestra, consisting of about twenty-five members, are Sophomores. At a late drive for A. A. dues our class came in third, being defeated only by the Juniors and Seniors. Of course we hope to make a better showing in the coming years if a drive is held.

Soon after school opened we had a class meeting and elected the following officers: president, Clyde Griffith; vice-president, Frank Hollister; treasurer, Stephen Miller; secretary, Eva Hanson. After Frank Hollister left us we had a class meeting and elected Howard Williamson to take his place. Williamson has also taken Hollister's place as class representative on the Student Council.

C. Griffith, '35

JUNIOR CLASS

The class of 1934 are now Juniors. They have lost four members, namely, Evelyn Merrow, Frank Kelley, Philip Rice and Natalie Pease. Harriet Baird and Walter Rideout have entered the Junior ranks. The class roll is as follows:

Eileen Baird, Harriet Baird, Annie Barnes, Alfred Bell, Virginia Bell, Mary Brown, Edson Buker, Charlotte Currie, Derwood Emery, Claude Fisher, Dorothea Green, Winston Hanson, Dorothea Litchfield, Derward Mills, Alfreda Neal, Kenneth Parsons, Mertie Parkman, Lyndon Pratt, Marion Rancourt, Walter Rideout, Gladys Salisbury, James Seekins, Eleanor Thorne, Florice Steeves, Freeland Wilkins, Charles Whitney, Harry White.

President, Florice Steeves; vice-president, Edson Buker; secretary-treasurer, Eleanor Thorne; Student Council Representative, Walter Rideout.

THE RIPPLE

Walter Rideout has been elected president of the Student Council and Florice Steeves, secretary-treasurer.

Many of the Junior boys and girls are out for basketball. The class is also well represented in the orchestra.

The class rings have been purchased from Bastian Brothers.

SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class of Hartland Academy started the year with every member of the preceding year present, fourteen in all.

We were all looking forward to occupying Miss Wood's home room, but now we are anticipating a pleasant year with Miss Stevens as our home room teacher. Although we have only known her a short time we know that if we all behave ourselves as befits the Senior class, that we will have no trouble.

Shortly after school opened, two meetings of the Senior class were held. The first, to elect officers for the ensuing year and the second, to make plans for Freshman reception. It was decided to maintain the officers of the preceding year, who were: president, Roy Hatch; vice-president, Paul Gardiner; secretary and treasurer, Marion Thorne. Suitable plans were made for the Freshman reception.

Three meetings have been held in regard to graduation invitations and class photographs, but nothing has been definitely decided upon.

MUSIC

This year we have with us again our musical supervisor of last year, Mr. Walker. Under his direction the orchestra has increased in size until now there are twenty-six members. At the first of the year the orchestra played at the St. Albans Grange. Later they intend to go to Bangor and broadcast as they did last year.

Because there were so many girls in the Glee Club this year it was found necessary to divide the club into two groups. There is also a quintette which intends to broadcast at Bangor. This consists of Juanita Brown, Harriet Baird, Florice Steeves, Marguerite Robertson and Eileen Baird. A new arrangement has been made by which those in the

Sixteen

glee club, orchestra or quintette are not required to take chorus. This is done so that the pupils may gain their extra curricula points. There are thirty boys in the chorus.

Friday night, December 9, a cabaret in the form of a radio broadcast was presented by the musical clubs under the supervision of Mr. Walker. This was held in the gymnasium of the Academy. The decorating was done by Mr. and Mrs. Walker, assisted by Walter MacDonald and Oliver Babnaw. The decorations were in black and gold. An imitation "mike" faced the audience before which the announcers, Maurice Hatch, Winston Hanson and Walter Rideout announced the program which was as follows:

March Militaire	Orchestra
Mignonette	Orchestra
I Pass by Your Window	Girls' Quartet
Estudiantina	Girls' Quartet
Dance	Charlotte McCrillis
Barefoot Trail	Glee Club
Ah Sweet Mystery of Life	Glee Club
Dance of the Crickets	Orchestra
Robert Reese, a reading	Gladys Salisbury
Parody on "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"	Boys' Quartet
Bells of St. Mary	Juanita Brown
Assisted by Girls' Quartet and Glee Club and Orchestra	
Stony Point	Orchestra

BRIDGE PARTY AT ACADEMY GYM

On Friday night, September 30, a bridge party was held at the Academy Gymnasium for the benefit of the hockey girls. There were about eight tables at play throughout the evening except for a few minutes when lunch, consisting of ice cream and cake, was served by the girls. It is thought that everyone enjoyed a pleasant evening and we hope that we shall have a still larger number at our next party.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

On December 16, the Senior French class of seven girls had a Christmas party which was carried on in French. Previously the girls had exchanged names and each had bought a small gift to go on the Christmas tree. The girls also presented Miss Stevens, the French teacher, with an appropriate gift. The French program was given as follows:

HARTLAND ACADEMY

La Naissance de Jesus Christ	Mme. Whitten
Song, Marche des Rois	Mme. Brown
Le Jour de l'An-Noel	Mme. Pelkie
L'Histoire de Noel	Mme. Libby
Poem, Noel	Mme. Jepson
Le Bon Noel	Mme. Parsons

Mme. Hubbard was "Santa Claus" and proceeded to distribute the gifts, talking in French as she did so. Everyone laughed over their gifts as they were very comical and wishes were expressed very appropriately.

HONOR LIST, 2nd RANKING PERIOD

November 23, 1932

Seniors—Honors

Frances Jepson
Jennis Pelkie
Marion Thorne
Dorothy Varnum
Leona Whitten

Juniors—Highest Honors

Walter Rideout

Honors

Eileen Baird
Virginia Bell
Dorothea Green
Dorothea Litchfield
Gladys Salisbury
Florice Steeves
Elinor Thorne

Sophomores—Highest Honors

Clyde Griffith

Honors

Eva Hanson

Freshmen—Honors

Thelma Cookson
Lennis Harris
Kathleen Pelkie
Bryant Richardson
Don Wiles

WE WISH TO EXCHANGE WITH—

"The Signet", N. H. Fay High School, Dexter, Maine.

"The Breeze", Milo High School, Milo, Me.

"Lener", Skowhegan High School, Skowhegan, Maine.

"The Gatherer", Deer Isle, Maine.

"Our Glass", Brownville Jct. High School, Brownville Jct. Maine.

Criticisms and Compliments—

"The Rostrum", Guilford, Me. Excellent! Literary, athletics, jokes, exchanges, pictures. What more can you ask for?

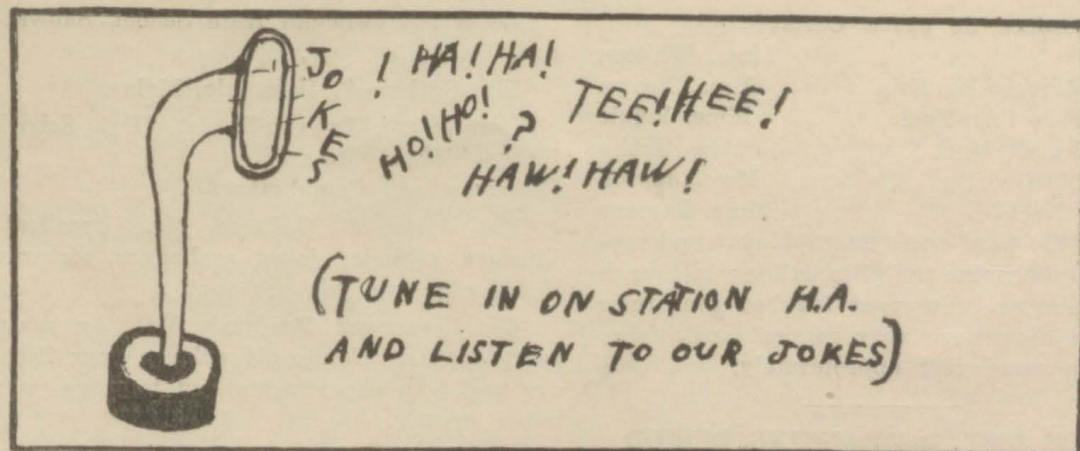
"The Ferguson", Harmony, Me. An interesting paper. You could enlarge your literary and joke departments and improve your paper greatly.

"The Muse", Corinna, Me. Your literary department is interesting. More "hits" in the joke department is our advice.

"The Sandtonian", Sand Springs, Okla. A novel paper.

ALUMNI OF 1932

Baker, Roger, Hartland, Maine.
Buker, Earle, Jr., St. Albans, Maine.
Currie, Darrel, U. of M., Orono, Me.
Currie, Eleanor, F. S. N. S., Farmington, Maine.
Estes, Althea Merrow, St. Albans, Maine.
Estes, George, Pittsfield, Maine.
Griffith, Esther, Hartland, Maine.
Harding, Bernice, Eastern Maine General Hospital, Bangor.
Hart, Lillian, Hartland, Maine.
Jamieson, Howard, M. C. I., Pittsfield, Me.
Linn, Barbara, Eastern Maine General Hospital, Bangor.
Merrick, Madeliene, St. Albans, Maine.
Moody, Mary Hart, Hartland, Maine.
Randlett, Donald, Hebron Academy, Hebron, Me.
Sabine, Pearl, Guilford, Maine.
Stanhope, Elmer, Shell Station, Hartland, Me.
Thomas, Francis, Hartland, Maine.
Waldron, Charlotte, St. Albans, Maine.
Webber, Cora, Hartland, Maine.
Webber, Pauline, South Weymouth, Mass.



New ideas on old subjects taken as expressed by some of our contemporaries—

Barbarians are things put into wheels to make them run smoothly.

A mosquito is a child of black and white parents.

Grit is given to fowls to make them heavy so that they can't fly away.

A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian.

A buttress is a woman who makes butter.

A coroner is the man who crowns the king.

If you have any vacancies, go at once to the dentist.

The Mediterranean and the Red Sea are connected by the sewage canal.

Esau was a man who wrote fables and sold his copyright for a mess of potash.

The Minister of War is the clergyman who preaches to the soldiers in the barracks.

A lockout is a man who comes home too late.

The mechanical advantage of a long pump handle is that you can get somebody to help you pump.

ECHOES OF THE PAST

Senior: "Why are freshmen like real estate?"

Junior: "Why?"

Senior: "They are a vacant lot."

Miss Daggett: "Define philanthropist."

Student: "A person that changes his or her name is a philanthropist."

Fond Mother: "Will my boy learn to drink at school?"

Professor: "Sorry, but we can hardly find enough for the faculty."

Otilda was helping the Domestic Science teacher can some peaches. The fruit jars were in a pan of hot water, with the rubbers on the top, suddenly the girl saw one with something lacking—

"Oh dear!" she cried, "There's a jar that hasn't any garter on it."

"Somewhere in Old Wyoming",
"Ten Thirty Saturday Nite"

"Hello Gorgeous":

How is everything "In the Dreamy Hills of Home Sweet Home"? "I'm So Alone With the Crowd". "If I Could" be "One Hour With You", I'd be "Kicking a Hole in the Sky". But "As It Is" I've got the "St. Louis Blues".

"I Love You Because I Love You", and "It Isn't Any Fault of Mine". "If You'll be Mine in Apple Blossom Time", by the "Blue Heaven", I'll come to you on the "Sleepy Town Express", and "Neath the Silvery Moon", I'll "Tie a Little String Around Your Finger", so you'll "Remember" me.

And "Fifty Years From Now", we'll live "In a Shanty in Old Shanty Town", like "Fools in Love". Now "How Can You Say No"?

Your "Lonesome Lover",
"Goofus".

—M. T., '33

HARTLAND ACADEMY

Mr. Cutts (rather disgusted with Stewart's adding ability): "What are you going to do, Stewart, when you get out of school and have a lot of money to count? You won't want to make any mistake in adding that up will you?"

Stewart: "You never saw a Scotchman yet that couldn't count his money straight did you?"

A is for Annie a petite little lass,
B is for Barbara, a girl who has class.
C is for Charlie, who stays quite remote,
D is for Dorothy, a senior of note.
E is for Eleanor, endowed with much "pep".
F is for Freeland with a perfectly good "rep".
G is for Gladys with a cute little curl,
H is for Helen, a storekeeper's girl.
I is for Inman, Miss Daggett's man Friday,
J is for Jennie, a miss neat and tidy.
K is for Kenneth, the worst imp of all,
L is for Louder, who knows basketball.
M is for Marion, who leads the school yells,
N is for Nita, who dances so well.
O is for Otis, you know that tall blond,
P is for Paul, of whom we are fond.
Q is for cues, which we lack in this school,
R is for Roy, who lays down the rule.
S is for Stella, so demure and shy,
T is for Thelma, who ne'er tells a lie.
U is for You—you know who you are,
V is for Virginia, our musical star.
W is for Walter, whose name we dare not
mar,
X, Y, Z—only look and you'll see are the un-
known elements of the faculty.

ECHOES FROM LATIN I CLASS

As Jane and Betty walked down the street a pair of rough hands grabbed them and pushed them into a car. When Jane found her voice she asked, "Are you going to 'stilus mister'?"

One day two children were playing in the yard with a rope. After some time another came to play and wanted to know what to do. The two children told him to climb "unda" the rope.

One day a man got a deer. His son came out and asked what it was and his father said, "It is a 'do'."

A small girl and her mother were traveling on the train. As the train began to leave the station the little girl said "Au navigo".

Mr. Louder: "Show how a knowledge of biology is valuable in pruning trees."

Student: "Cut off all dead limbs, remove dead bark, cement up all holes so bugs can't get in and the trees will bear prunes."

E. Libby: "What are you taking the back off your cupboard for?"

A. Barnes: "The doctor told me to stop bolting my food."

Miss Stevens (in French IV): "Describe Gavroche."

L. Whitten: "He wore his father's trousers, a hat that had belonged to someone else's father that came down over his heels."

And then there was the absent minded professor who made the students write the questions while he answered them.

FAVORITE SONGS

J. E. B. "Danny Boy"
P. G. "Down Lover's Lane"
L. C. H. "Sweet Alice"
H. E. H. "He's Got Me in the Palm of His Hand"
L. A. I. "Drifting and Dreaming"
F. A. J. "I'm Looking for a Sweetheart
and I Think You'll Do"
E. M. L. "Hello Rex!"
F. W. P. "I Wish I Had Someone to Love Me"
J. M. P. "Isn't That Romantic"
M. E. T. "Charlie Boy"
D. L. V. "The Little Old Ford Rambled Right Along"
G. W. W. "They Go Wild Simply Wild Over Me"
L. M. W. "I'm Longing for You"

Mr. Louder: "Your history is bad and you were supposed to have written it out twenty times. You have only written it seventeen times."

L. Harris: "Yes, sir, my arithmetic is also bad."

Robert Louis Stevenson got married and went on his honeymoon. It was then he wrote "Travels With a Donkey".

They don't raise anything in Kansas but Alpaca grass and they have to irritate that to make it grow.

AS WEALLARE

"Hibill, gottacigaret?"
 "What, dayasmoke?"
 "Oh, annithin, camelsis da kine i uslly smoke. Isyou goinoud fer basket balldis yer?"
 "I dunnoisewill."
 "I amif proflouder doud fluncmen chemestrie."
 "Yuh passin?"
 "Donthinkso?"
 "Howsyoleman like dat?"
 "Notsogoud, mainglis isn't sogoodeider."
 "Yusegointa college?"
 "Nope mafinansez isto lo."
 "Whatsya gointado?"
 "Gotaholiewould."
 "Whatfer?"
 "Soikin playopposit Merna K anieday."

—E. T., '34

LATIN JOKES

"What did the little girl do when she heard the lion roar today at the circus?" Mary's father asked.

The small girl answered, "She ran 'in terra'."

A small animal ran across the barn floor. A little girl out in the barn playing with her pet lamb, asked her mother what it was.

She answered "erat".

A mother was scolding her daughter whose name was Ella. She said, "You act very badly my girl".

Ella answered, "Duai?"

A girl had fallen down and hurt herself. She was asked what she was going to about it. She answered, "I am going to 'bella'."

One afternoon a child could not find his two cats. When he found them his mother asked him what he was going to do with them. He said "I am going to 'bellum'." (Meaning he was going to put a bell on them).

Riddle: What Latin word represents a four wheel vehicle with rusty sides?

Answer: "Rustica". (rusty car).

Twenty

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN—

If Helen Hubbard didn't put up her hair in English class?

If Mr. Louder didn't say "By the way" and "Please bear in mind"?

If Billy Webber should behave himself?

If Leland Inman's "Shining Light" should dim?

If Leona Whitten should stop sending letters south?

If Miss Daggett would give a history exam on any other day but Monday?

If L. Hatch passed one day without quarreling with someone?

If we couldn't have Pratt and his truck in time of need?

If Hanson should stop buying candy for the girls?

"THAT'S DIFFERENT"

Rideout (to Miss Daggett): "I've written a whole page of blank verse."

M. Daggett: "Are you sure it's blank verse?"

Rideout: "I am quite sure. You see, I put my mind on it."

Miss Daggett: "Wilkins, what is gender?"

Wilkins: "Gender tells whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter."

Miss D.: "Wilkins, what is the present tense?"

Wilkins, (pointing to himself): "I am."

Somebody: "What time did the electric clock stop?"

Anybody: "Take a look."

Mr. Cutts: "Emery, what are alternate angles?"

Emery: "They all-turn-at the same point."

R. Hatch: "She is all softness, sweetness, peace, love, wit and delight."

P. Gardner: "That doesn't mean all women, does it?"

Miss Stevens (in Sophomore Latin): "What does the volative subjunctive express?"

Bright Soph.: "The volative subjunctive expresses canability or mayability."

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