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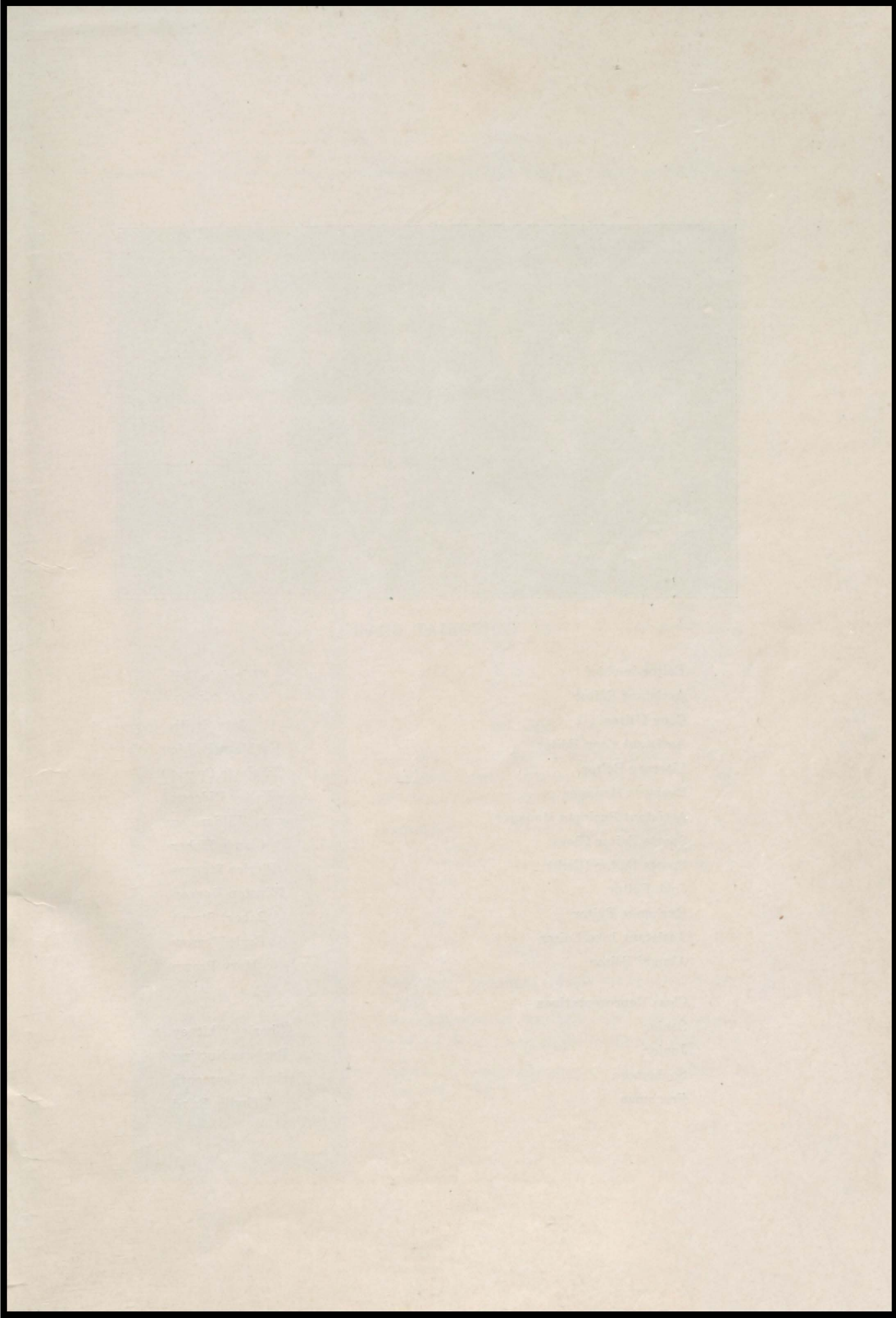
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Charles Whitney
 Barbara Nutting
 Barbara Weymouth
 Phyllis Baird

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}
 Class of 1934
 Hartland Academy



EILEEN BAIRD

Quotation: "It's the little things in life that count."
 Favorite Occupation: Looking at one "that way".
 Ambition: Bigger and better excuses.

Orchestra 1, 3, 4; Quartet 3; Basketball 4; Vice President 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Vice President Latin Club 4; Debating 4; Class History.

HARRIET BAIRD

Quotation: "Laugh and the world laughs with you."
 Favorite Occupation: Asking intelligent (?) questions.
 Ambition: To be the "only one".

Orchestra 1, 3, 4; Quartet 3; Basketball 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Latin Club 4; Senior Play Cast; Secretary 4; Vice President 1; Member of All-Conference Basketball Team.

ANNIE BARNES

Quotation: "Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly."

Favorite Occupation: Deciding what subjects to take.
 Ambition: To find a canoe which cannot be tipped over

Glee Club 4; Basketball 4; Reporter 4; Candy Committee Senior Play 4.



VIRGINIA BELL

Quotation: "Oh, why should life all labor be?"
Favorite Occupation: Playing the piano.
Ambition: To be nonchalant.

Orchestra 1,2,3,4; "Ripple" Board 1, 2, 3; Editor 4;
Glee Club Pianist 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Manager
3, 4. Quartet Pianist 3; Student Council Secretary 4;
Prompter Senior Play 4; Vice President Glee Club 4;
Presentation of Gifts.

MARY BROWN

Quotation; "But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle
time to grieve."
Favorite Occupation: Singing.
Ambition: To acquire volume of voice.

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Quartet 3; "Ripple" Board 4; Pub-
licity Committée Senior Play 4.

EDSON BUKER

Quotation: "Thinking, of all employments, is the
worst."
Favorite Occupation: Beating around the bush.
Ambition: To be a big business man.

Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; Vice
President 3; Student Council 4; Business Manager
Senior Play 4.

CHARLOTTE CURRIE

Quotation: "She has a way about her, some act of
subtle grace."
Favorite Occupation: Trying to avoid questioning.
Ambition: To be noisy.

Orchestra 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4;
"Ripple" Board 3, 4; Treasurer 4; Secretary Latin
Club 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Treasurer Glee Club 4;
Address to Undergraduates.



CLAUDE FISHER

Quotation: "Though vanquished, he could argue still."
Favorite Occupation: Going out on Monday evenings.
Ambition: To get enough to eat!

President 1, 2; Basketball 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3,
"Ripple" Board 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Glee Club 3;
Orchestra 3; Student Council 4; Senior Play Cast 4;
Debating 4; Class Will.



DOROTHEA GREEN

Quotation: "Be silent and safe—silence never betrays you."

Favorite Occupation: Studying.
Ambition: To go to business college.

Librarian 4; Properties Committee Senior Play 4.



WINSTON HANSON

Quotation: "A town that boasts inhabitants like me,
Can have no lack of good society."

Favorite Occupation: Doing Business Training in History Class.

Ambition: To be just two inches nearer Heaven.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 4; "Ripple" Board 4;
Senior Play Cast 4; Cheer Leader; Property Manager Senior Play.



DOROTHEA LITCHFIELD

Quotation: "Sedate and tall, well liked by all."

Favorite Occupation: Primping.
Ambition: Just to "get by" (?)

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Properties Committee Senior Play 4;
Reporter 3; Class Ode.



ALFREDA NEAL

Quotation: "What I lack in stature, I make up in noise."

Favorite Occupation: Talking—anywhere, any time, to any one.

Ambition: A life of leisure and opulence.

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Publicity Committee Senior Play 4; Reporter 4.

MERTIE PARKMAN

Quotation: "We see her from day to day,
Always the same in her quiet way."

Favorite Occupation: Writing letters.

Ambition: To change her name.

Glee Club 3, 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Candy Committee Senior Play.

LYNDON PRATT

Quotation: "Brevity is the soul of wit."

Favorite Occupation: Sleeping in study periods.

Ambition: None (because Caesar was ambitious and look what happened to Caesar).

Latin Club 4; Senior Play Cast 4.

WALTER RIDEOUT

Quotation: "'Twould be endless to tell you the things he knew."

Favorite Occupation: Swaying an audience with his eloquence.

Ambition: To tear Wordsworth's philosophy of life to pieces.

Baseball 3, 4; Glee Club 3; President 4; Student Council President 3; Winner Prize Speaking 3; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Basketball 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Debating 4; Winner of Essay Contest 4; Valedictory.



GLADYS SALISBURY

Quotation: "Friendliness is a virtue."

Favorite Occupation: Flirting.

Ambition: To be a second Garbo.

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Winner Prize Speaking 2, 3; Senior Play Cast 4; Latin Club 4; Class Essay.



FLORICE STEEVES

Quotation: "Play up, play up, and play the game."

Favorite Occupation: Going "Barrows-ing".

Ambition: To learn how to "act out".

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Class President 3, 4; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Alumni Award 3; Quartet 3; Student Council Secretary 3; President 4; Member of Fairfield All-Tournament Basketball Team 3, 4; Member of All-Conference Basketball Team 4; Latin Club 4; President of Glee Club 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Salutatory.



ELEANOR THORNE

Quotation: "Some think the world is made for fun and frolic."

Favorite Occupation: Getting the last word.

Ambition: To acquire dignity.

Basketball 3, 4; Orchestra 1; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Secretary and Treasurer 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 3; Student Council 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Member of All-Conference Basketball Team 4; Class Prophecy.



CHARLES WHITNEY

Quotation: "I am no orator as Brutus is."

Favorite Occupation: Taking his time.

Ambition: To climb a mountain.

Basketball 3, 4; "Ripple" Board 4; Class Marshal; Stage Manager Senior Play 4.

CLASS ODE

Like soldiers standing all armed for the strife
 Ready to march or to fight or to stand
 We're waiting here at the threshold of life
 Eager with courage for the captain's
 command
 There will be trials, O Captain be near
 There will be pleasures, O smile on us then
 Proudly our motto we'll keep through the
 years
 Always to "Seize the Opportunity."

Though active service we always may crave
 Though oft with heartache we're called to be
 strong
 Though oft in failure we're called to be brave
 Yet on our lips shall be found still a song
 Let us with joy tread life's path with content
 Forevermore to the same goal we're bent
 Proudly our motto we'll keep through the
 years
 Always to "Seize the Opportunity."

Dorothea Litchfield '34
 Mertie Parkman '34



AMBITION

What is ambition? The dictionary gives this meaning: "Ambition is an eager desire for preferment, honor, superiority, or power." Our interpretation of ambition is that it is an ever-increasing desire within oneself to strive harder, to push ahead to a goal farther along the road of life.

How many of us are really ambitious? How many of us actually try to do better than before? So often one hears this remark, "I'm passing. Why should I spend all my evenings studying when there are so many more interesting things to do?" Maybe one out of ten will say, "I got only B+ in that last test. Next time I'll get A if I have to study all the time." That isn't bragging; that's ambition. Moreover, if you have ever tried hard for something and received it, you realize the satisfaction gained from the knowledge that you have successfully carried one of your ambitions through.

Is ambition an asset? Yes, if it is honest and sincere. Not all ambitions are for honest gains, and then they are not assets. Remember the sadness resulting from Macbeth's ever-increasing desire to become king. Remember the

terrible punishment dealt him by Macduff. Remember Lady Macbeth, crazy from fear and horror even after she had realized her greatest ambition, to be queen.

A common saying is: "There is a happy medium for everything." Let us as students and graduates strike the happy medium of ambition and "hold our own" with our progressive school, town, country and age.

A QUESTION OF EMPHASIS

This year Hartland Academy has been exceptionally successful in its extra-curricular activities. Our girls' basketball team placed first in the Somerset County Athletic Conference. Later, from the tournament held at Fairfield, they proudly brought back the trophy given them as third-place winners. Our debating team, the first in several years, won both local debates and enjoyed a trip to Bates College. Even there, it took the Portland High School debating squad to defeat them. We have high hopes for our baseball team and expect it to place near the front in the Somerset League.

However, in the rush of our school life, we sometimes forget the real purpose for which we are attending school. **Although extra-curricular activities** have their place in building the student physically and morally, such activities can be carried too far. When students make a business of sports or social life, studies inevitably take second place. To the students of Hartland Academy we say, "Attain education, both mental and physical, but guard against over-emphasis."

ESSAY CONTEST

This year, Hartland Academy entered an essay contest sponsored by the Maine Teachers' Association. This contest required each Senior and Junior to write an essay from six hundred to one thousand words long on the subject, "Maine Education and Its Needs". The faculty was much pleased with the splendid essays received. The six best essays were chosen as follows: first, Walter Rideout; second, Mary Smith; third, Barbara Nutting; fourth, Charlotte Currie; fifth, Virginia Bell; and sixth, Florice Steeves. Walter Rideout's, as first-place winner at Hartland Academy, was submitted to the president of the Maine Teachers' Association for the final judging contest.

AFTER GRADUATION

When one has reached that point in his career where he is about to graduate from preparatory school, he cannot help wondering what the future has in store for him. This is the time when the first great change comes for many of us. Part of the class will continue their education while others will set out to find work at once. In either case they may be drawn away from former friends and environments. An important question which faces us all is, "What shall I make my life work?" There are many things to take into consideration before this can be answered. It has been made especially difficult during this economic crisis when so many people with years of

experience cannot find work. I suspect there are many seniors like myself, who hesitate to come to any very positive conclusion.

Many times older friends have told me that now is the enjoyable part of my life, but like all youth, I cannot believe them. Youth is optimistic, looking upon life as long and filled with chances of great success, always later. How many are sadly disappointed.

Although we feel a certain thrill of joy over the prospect of a change, we also have a feeling of remorse when we think, "I shall never do this again." We experience a vague fear when we realize that although we shall still have many of our friends, they may never seem quite the same as they have during the intimacy of school life.

There is another way to look upon our new-found independence. It will seem good to have a place of our own in the world and to try to advance for our own sakes and the sake of our people.

DOROTHEA GREEN, '34.

THE SUNSET

I like to watch the sunset
The ever-changing hues,
From gold to shell and from shell to red
And red to greens and blues.

Long after the sun has gone to rest
Its light tints up the sky;
And then it fades, the shadows come,
Another day gone-by.

The stars peep out, one by one,
The moon with his mellow glow
Sails across the sky on his solitary watch
O'er the sleeping world below.

I often think of the folks in the city
And wish they too might see
The glories of the sunset
As the picture looks to me.

Gladys Salisbury '34

MAINE EDUCATION AND ITS NEEDS

Education is the means by which future citizens are informed of the country in which they must spend their lives, and of the best means by which

its standards may be maintained. In prosperous times the schools are an absolute necessity. In times of an economic crisis such as is confronting the world today schools are even more vitally important. Children of the unemployed need opportunities for various outside activities which are wholly denied them at home. Shall today's citizens of Maine fail the growing citizens of tomorrow? Shall we say that we cannot afford to pay taxes for the maintenance of our schools? Our public school services, in proportion to their importance, are probably the least expensive services we pay for. The money spent for running the schools flows directly into the channels of other activities. Every increase in school support is a boost to general prosperity.

Education costs more at the present time than it did in pioneer days because schools are better and more children attend them for longer periods. The cost of education has increased in all civilized countries along with the advancement in prices for other needs in life. Yet the average cost for each school child ranging from kindergarten through high school is only fifty-one cents per day. This is really a small amount when one considers what it accomplishes. It helps create love of home, respect for law, and a life-long desire to improve our minds. The American people have asked for and obtained better homes and clothing, better means of transportation, and better schools. The modern school is safer, more sanitary, and more comfortable than the school of pioneer times. The modern school has expertly trained teachers, and a much wider curriculum than ever before. Do the people of Maine wish to reduce and limit the educational advantages afforded their children? No, rather do they desire to elevate them to higher standards by giving them the studies they need to develop their own talents.

The world has never been more bewildering. Attitudes clash, and changes in the political, economic, and artistic pattern of our times take place. If the student is to live sensitively in this

changing world, he needs the best educational advantages possible. He needs that independent attitude acquired only through education. He needs an acquaintance with the universal and permanent things of yesterday and today, that he may wisely deal with the problems of tomorrow. Out of all he has learned he will select those things which seem to his judgement the most valuable.

That each student may have an opportunity to develop his special talents and fit himself for his life work, more vocational training is needed. Among those courses needed to complete our student's education are manual training, music and art, home economics, mechanical drawing, and commercial courses. The way in which the creative artists of America are at present being ignored will mean that the cultural life during the next fifty years will be less beautiful and less inspiring than it might be if those students interested in these courses were encouraged and put to work. Now, perhaps, the question arises in our minds, "How can we afford to furnish instructors to teach these various courses?" This thought brings us to the subject of consolidated schools.

Consolidated schools are maintained by towns within a certain radius. This gives the boys and girls of these towns educational advantages far superior to those which they now receive, due to the fact that they have a broader choice of studies, thus enabling each to find the niche in life to which he is best suited.

Not all of our political and business leaders are short-sighted on the subject of education. Far from it. But too many of those in power can see only this year's profits, or lack of profits. School budgets and school services are being slashed far more drastically than any other public services, and at a time when enrollment in high schools everywhere is increasing tremendously. Many students of the educational problem agree that there is grave danger that the greed of politicians and many others will undo most of the results achieved by modern education in the

past thirty years.

To maintain the standards of Maine schools the teachers must not be dismissed, school services must not be abolished, and the school year must not be shortened. These are all blows at us and our generation.

Education is a necessity, not a luxury. The growth of a boy or girl cannot be postponed during an economic crisis. Bridges and roads can wait, but the future citizens of our state must be trained now. Let our motto be, "The best education for the future citizens of the best state, Maine."

BARBARA NUTTING, '35.

**AN ADDITIONAL SCENE FOR
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"**

Portia and Nerissa at Bellario's house, getting legal advice for the trial.

Portia: "I tell thee Nerissa, attend sharply the advice of this learned Dr. Bellario."

Nerissa: "Is he informed of the bond?"

Portia: "Fret not. I have informed him fully of the bond and of my husband's debt to Antonio."

(Enter Bellario)

Bellario: "Good morrow! Bring you other news of the case?"

Portia: "We do. I have just learned that unless Antonio has the strongest of legal evidence in a very brief time, all will go against the Merchant."

Bellario: "Let us haste. I shall arm you with legal advice. The bond declares that if Shylock is not paid his **due in three months' time from the** dating of the bond, he may, by the laws of Venice, exact a pound of flesh to be taken off nearest the Merchant's heart, does it not?"

Portia: "It does, my lord."

Bellario: "Set thyself to appease Shylock."

Nerissa: "And what hope is that, I pray thee?"

Bellario: "To put him in humor. Tell him that the pound of flesh is his by the laws of Venice, at which he will rejoice exceedingly. Then of a sudden, remind him that the bond allows no

jot of blood and exactly a pound of flesh. Advise him, therefore, to beware. Beg of him to accept the money; if he will not, tell him then that if, in taking the forfeiture, he exact one jot of blood, or an ounce more than his rightful pound of flesh, his property is by the laws of Venice, half the State's and half Antonio's, and his very life is at the mercy of the Duke for having plotted against the life of a citizen."

Portia: "Prepare the evidence while Nerissa and I habit ourselves. Then we shall repair to the trial."

Bellario (aside): "Portia shall appear as a lawyer and Nerissa as her clerk." (To Nerissa): "Take this scroll and precede Portia to the trial with this letter of commendation. Haste now, and away to the trial.

(Exeunt Portia and Nerissa)

MARY SMITH, '35.

A SENIOR'S RECOLLECTIONS

It had been a splendid spring day during the latter part of March, and the heat from the sun had melted the snow that had fallen during the severe winter, causing tiny rivulets to run down the road. As the sun sank beneath the western horizon, tinting the clouds a reddish hue and giving the world an air of peacefulness, I stood admiring Nature's work of beauty, dreaming as I gazed, of my childhood.

I thought of my first day at school and then, as my eyes wandered toward the ditch which is a short distance from our house, I vividly remembered the boyish joy I had constructing dams from blocks of frozen snow, then loosening them to watch them float majestically down the narrow ravine. I then recalled my days at the old village schoolhouse, for the good times I had there I shall never forget. Next, to my mind came my first day at high school and the dissatisfaction I had with myself when I received that lovely C+ on the upper right-hand corner of my first quiz paper. I thought of how I had left school, after one semester, to join the multitude of manual laborers.

Then there flashed to my memory

the vision of that cold day in January, three years ago, when because of the scarcity of work I again became a student at Hartland Academy. Soon the people began talking of "hard times" as the depression became a reality.

As I thought of the last three years and of the enjoyment I had had during them, I also thought of the friendships I had made and of the personal benefit I had received from the instruction at dear old H. A. Although many people have suffered tremendously during the financial crisis from which we are now emerging, I have gained something which cannot be taken from me—three and one-half years of education at Hartland Academy.

LYNDON PRATT, '34.

CALIBAN UNCHAINED

There!
 That time-clock's punched at last.
 What a life!
 Work all day in steel.
 See steel, hear steel, think steel, breathe
 it.
 See the molten flame come slobbering
 Like broth from out a goblin's cauldron.
 Symphony in steel, the poet calls it.
 Faugh!
 It's slavery in steel.
 Hot as Hades!
 As though we're down with Nick
 And all hisimps and brimstone,
 Stoking 'fore our time.
 So hot it tears the muscles from your
 chest
 And chars the blue bandanna on your
 neck.
 And sears your eyes
 If you don't shade them with your
 gauntlet.
 Everything's steel,
 Hard and blue and shimmering.
 And hot!
 Everything's steel.
 Life is steel.
 Well, I'm through.
 This grass looks good.

WALTER RIDEOUT, '34.

FAMOUS GHOSTS

It was the night after a strenuous day. In English class we had held a rather prolonged discussion on the scene in "Macbeth" where Macbeth visits the witches' cave. This scene had made a vivid impression on my mind; and as I looked out the window on this still, dark night my imagination traveled back to that cave. There sat three, thin, wicked-appearing witches stirring up a gruesome mixture in the large black kettle hanging over the fire. I watched, enchanted, and finally to my dazed and somewhat fearful vision there appeared a sight which made me bend nearer, for in the vapor which arose from this kettle I saw a picture forming. I waited breathlessly and finally saw a man sitting on his stool in a market-place. Beside him sat a boy. Father and son, extremely like each other, were looking silently on the busy traffic with their two heads near one another, bearing a considerable resemblance to a pair of monkeys. The older man was chewing on a piece of straw as he watched. I instantly recognized them as Jerry Cruncher, Sr., and Jerry Cruncher, Jr., two of Dickens' interesting characters of "A Tale of Two Cities."

As this picture faded, another replaced it in the vapor. This time it was a queer spectacle on which I stared. A very pompous, over-fat man was walking hesitantly down a street, both sides of which were lined with lamp posts. He paused before each individual post and touched it gently before going on. If he forgot one, he wearily returned and dutifully touched it.

The next picture seemed pathetic to me. A middle-aged man was half-sitting, half-lying in his chair before a table. His long, white fingers played nervously with the pencil which he held. Several times I saw him pass his hand over his eyes. He seemed pre-occupied, almost moody. Then back in the shadow I noticed a beautiful girl sitting with a tablet opened before her and her pen poised in her hand. Only then did I realize that this was blind

Milton dictating "Paradise Lost", to his daughter.

The next was a scene which I recognized immediately. A tall, slender woman was pacing back and forth down the length of a long room. She seemed to be muttering to herself. As she walked, she would wring her hands and look down at them piteously. It was Macbeth's wife, repenting her cruel plottings and vicious deeds.

Next came an altogether different type. I saw the balcony of an imposing building on which stood three men, evidently performing some sort of ceremony. One of these stately gentlemen had just placed his hand on the Bible, and I realized that it was Washington's inaugural day.

At last there appeared the vision I had been hoping to see. A tall man was stooping over something on the ground. As he arose I saw a small bird fluttering in his hand. This he placed gently on the nest above his head. I recognized the homely sympathetic features of Abraham Lincoln. His eyes of soft brown seemed to be looking into and seeing the future, and from the smile that played about his lips, I guessed that it was a pleasant one. At this time the vapor cleared, the witches arose from their crouching position, and one turned toward me. I could see more plainly the ugly face with its green, glassy eyes, its long, hooked nose, and its thin lips. My gaze never left her face as, horror-stricken, I looked into it, but I imagined the long, thin, bony fingers reaching out to seize me. With a start I heard a voice say, "Virginia, stop that screaming and go to sleep!"

It had been only a dream.

VIRGINIA BELL, '34.

CICERO MEETS CATALINE

"Ump, beg pardon, Sir, why—why—if it isn't my old—old, well there! My infernal vocabulary has failed me again, what I meant to say was—"

"Well, if your vocabulary has failed you, it's the first time, I believe the last time I had the misfortune to hear your vocabulary, you were most fluent

in denouncing me before the Senate. I gather from your flushing countenance that you recall the incident. Well, well," flicking a bit of dust from his shoulder, "feature the orator, Marius Tullius Cicero, begging the pardon of the insolent Catiline! Where's my pencil? I must jot that down. It's too rich!"

"Oh now, I say, Catiline, old boy. You don't have to hold that against me. You know we all have to make a little bluster in the old world now and then. Didn't it go over bully though! Ha, ha, ha! I chuckle yet, when I think how those Senators fell for my gab, hook, line and sinker!"

"Yeah! It strikes me funny too. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh now, Catiline. I'll make it up to you. Now let me see—I've got it! We'll go have a round of golf and then you'll come up to the house for dinner."

"Not on your life. Unless your tastes have changed. No corned beef and cabbage for me!"

"Well—I believe the Old Girl was having some for dinner. I'll have her order some chop suey if that will tempt you. And get this—I've just had three cases of fine Italian wine brought in. Now will you come up, and forget your old grudge against me? Why I can't understand your feeling so grumpy! I always was a pal of yours. Come on, I say! Snap out of it."

"Oh well—chop suey, fine Italian wine—and you always did have snazzy parlor maids and waitresses." And Catiline slung his arm over Cicero's shoulder, saying carelessly, "Sure, let's go!"

EILEEN BAIRD, '34.

KNIGHTS OF OLD

When knights of old in accents bold
rode forth to fight the foe,
They rode along on horses strong,
quite sturdy, although slow.
With lance in rest they forward pressed
to puncture dusky rivals,
Then on with sword and naughty word
expecting no survivals.

ELEANOR THORNE, '34

JUST A BET

Down a quiet country road, covered by dust, sped a small but shining roadster. A pretty girl of eighteen was seated behind the wheel. She wore a bright blue turban from under which her permanent-waved yellow hair swept back from her face. Her little scarlet mouth was set in determination. If one had been seated beside her, one could not have failed to notice the smartly and expensively clad foot, steadily pressing the accelerator nearer and nearer the floor.

Swerving around a milk truck, she failed to notice a burly policeman, talking with his friends on the street corner of the town through which she had just passed.

"That Blondie is certainly setting a fast pace," remarked a harmless-looking citizen, stopping in his criticism to sermonize on the generation of today.

A few feet from the farmer, two policemen were making a bet. "We'll soon know," the first cop flung over his shoulder as he jumped astride his motorcycle.

About fifteen minutes later, Jacqueline heard the chugging of the motorcycle which was steadily gaining on her. "Hope it isn't a cop," she thought to herself, setting her mouth in an even more determined line.

But luck was against her for, choking and coughing, the once blue-clad policeman, now covered with a film of dust, drew up beside the car. Yelling at the top of his lungs, he succeeded in making the girl bring her roadster to a sudden halt amid the screeching of brakes.

"Well, you certainly led me a merry chase. What do you mean speeding like that, endangering people's lives?"

The girl removed her sun glasses and wiped the dust from her eyes.

"My name is Jacqueline Penington—and here is my license," she added, giving him the slip. "My father will pay the fine, so please let me go. I'm in a great hurry."

"What fine?" exclaimed the policeman dryly. "How did you know but

what I wanted you to go back to court with me?"

Tears welled up in the girl's eyes. "Please, Mister, let me tell my story," she pleaded.

"Go ahead," the gruff voice answered.

"You see," said Jacqueline, "my father is a lawyer whose office is in New York. At our summer cottage where we spent last week end, he had some valuable papers. This morning I received a telegram stating that he must have those papers, which he had forgotten, before 3:00 this afternoon; furthermore, an innocent man's life may depend on those papers, and I have only fifteen minutes in which to go twelve miles."

A half hour later a tired, dusty cop drew his motorcycle up by the curb and faced his smiling friend, "You pay me, Dick; her eyes *were* blue," he said.

ALFREDA NEAL, '34.

A STORM

It was during the latter part of July. The newly-mown hay was not quite ready to be raked when the storm came up.

The farmers watched the darkening skies with anxious eyes, fervently hoping that the wind would carry the threatening clouds away. But the skies grew darker and darker, the wind increased, the thunder rumbled and rolled, and the distant hills were wrapped in a blanket of rain.

Then one by one the big thumping drops fell, increasing in rapidity until a torrent of water seemed to be leaving the heavens. The thunder shook the earth, and the lightning darted across the sky in fiery flashes. The wind rushed close to the ground, gathering the leaves and light refuse in its mighty arms, whirling and tossing them. The tender limbs of the young apple trees snapped beneath its merciless pressure and the growing corn and peas bent low to the ground.

But suddenly, as swiftly as it had come, the storm departed. The sun shown warm in the heavens and the

air was full of shining moisture. The growing things of earth had been washed fresh and green. A rainbow arched the eastern sky.

ELMER FORD, '36.

APRIL—1934

The month of rain is here again
A month of mud and melting snow;
The water from the streets will drain
And rivers will their banks o'er flow.

Some April-fool day stunts we see
The children pack their sleds away,
And buckets on the maple tree
Will be brim-full at the close of day.

The Easter suits are on parade
And ship-ropes twirling here and there;
All memories of winter fade
It is the time when lovers pair.

Charles Whitney '34

NAUTA RENATUS

It is a recognized fact that we are now living in a highly cultured era. Ask the Average Man who Nietzsche was or Spencer, Euripides or Savonola, and what would he immediately answer? "I don't know," or "I don't follow the horses." But step up to that same Average Man, take him by the button hole, look him in the eye and ask him what Little Orphan Annie or Mickey Mouse is doing. You'll get a detailed account of the adventures of those well-known personages for the last month at least. Just one more question to be asked. Does the A. M. know of anyone who answers to the democratic, although somewhat inelegant cognomen of Popeye the Sailor? Any schoolboy, and most schoolgirls can tell you the answer to that.

Yes, Popeye is very well known. I might say that he is an outstanding national figure, which is doubtless true. I might even say that the uncouth and wild tribes of Africa follow Popeye's adventures, and then again I might not. I don't know whether or not the comic strip has penetrated Darkest Africa, but you never can tell.

Now, what about the great American pastime of following Popeye through the daily paper and the Sunday "funnies"? Some may claim that Popeye is "low-brow." Well, they thought that of Dickens' characters. Why not analyze the situation?

First, let us discuss the mercenary side of the question. Think of the boon that this comic strip is to the dealers in Cod Liver Oil and spinach. In the last few years, consumption of these healthy, vitamin-abounding foods must have doubled. Now the daily spoonfuls of piscatorial lubrication go down youthful throats without a hitch. Now papa does not have to force his offspring to eat his helping of the notorious weed. Why? Because Popeye takes large quantities of both Cod Liver Oil and spinach, and, furthermore, likes it. Thus, the red-headed sailor has indeed become a benefactor of the human race.

But this is not the only point in favor of Popeye. Although he is crude on the exterior, beneath that rough sailor blouse and manly bosom there beats a great heart. Would an oath or unseemly word pass those unsullied lips? Could a false thought be born beneath that sailor's cap? No, never. And again the youth of America are protected. Furthermore this sailor is kind. He would give the shirt off his back to some poor unfortunate, and he has done it, too. He would even lend his omnipresent pipe. Why shouldn't such a virtuous gentleman become the idol of the nation? After all, outward appearances are like a Kentucky Colonelship. They may look nice, but they mean nothing.

And lastly think of Popeye's famous affirmation, "I yam what I yam." It is stated crudely perhaps, but think of it for a moment. "I yam what I yam." Why, this isn't a mere laugh-getter, it's a philosophy, a philosophy of life. We are what we are. And for us all, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, Popeye takes a puff at his deadly pipe, relieves himself of a verbal gem, and leaves us ready for another twenty-four hours of life.

WALTER RIDEOUT, '34.

**COMPLAINT OF THE
WASTE-PAPER BASKET**

'Twas on the kind of summer day
That draws one's thoughts far, far away
I thought I heard the waste-basket say
In such a sad and plaintive way.

"Why must I sit here all the day
To catch such things as come my way,
For people never give to me
The things they wish again to see?"

"Now look at what I've gained today
A chew of gum first came my way,
Then came a boy who seemed displeased
And flung at me his set of D's."

"Then next there came an apple core
And after that were many more;
Some orange peels, a piece of wood,
A fountain pen that was no good."

"So this is what I have to do
Sit here for this my whole life through;
And here's the thought I leave with you
We all can't have fine tasks to do."

Virginia Bell '34

ROMANCE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE

The house was haunted, though you would not have thought so at first sight. It was a pretty little home, nestling among sweet-briar and a beautiful garden of roses. The house, which was white with green doors and blinds, stood within Squire Ashburton's grounds, down at the lower end of Squire Ashburton's pretty garden; and, of course, Squire Ashburton was its owner.

Yes, this pretty house was haunted. A few years ago a tramp had killed all the occupants and then had cut his own throat. Untold gold could not have induced the people in that little town to pitch their tent in the garden, let alone live in the house. So it had gone on from year to year with a "To Let" sign in the window.

Squire Ashburton stood in the window of his mansion, looking frowningly at the sunshine. His troubles, he thought, were many; for just then he could see coming up the walk the slender, graceful figure of Mona Ashburton, his daughter, just home from a

school in Massachusetts. She had been there for four years and during this time had become a beautiful young lady. While there she had met a poor young man to whom she had become engaged. Now the Squire had other plans for his pretty daughter. Why, he had given her everything a girl could wish for, and still she wished to throw herself away on an empty-headed fortune hunter.

At this moment a servant came in and said, "A lady, sir, asking to see you."

"Who is she? What does she want?"

"I think, sir, she wants to rent the haunted house."

The Squire opened his eyes in surprise. A tenant at last!

"Show her in at once, James."

A lady, tall and stately, stood before the Squire. She seemed to be in mourning. Her widow's cap was covered with a long black veil and her black gown nearly brushed the floor.

"I heard at the hotel, Mr. Ashburton, that you had a house to rent. I called to hear your terms. I assure you I do not believe in ghosts." Her voice was brisk.

The last statement pleased the Squire. He already liked this stately widow, as he admired courage in women.

"It is furnished, is it not? Will you show it to me now? I wish to move in at once. My name is Mrs. Wilton, and I hope to be very happy in this little town."

Side by side, Squire Ashburton and the young widow entered the haunted house. Mrs. Wilton talked vivaciously, and appeared heartbroken over the late Mr. Wilton's death.

On the way home the Squire kept thinking of the widow. He liked tall women as he was tall himself.

"If I ever marry again," thought the Squire, "I should like a woman exactly like Mrs. Wilton."

A week passed. The ghost of the haunted house never once disturbed the young widow. Of course the Squire was there almost daily, and one day he said, "I didn't intend to speak so soon,

but I'm bewitched when I'm with you, Mrs. Wilton. Marry me and I'll make you as happy as possible."

"It's so sudden, so unexpected," faltered the widow. "I don't know what to say."

"That's the answer, my dear. We'll have the wedding this week."

"But your daughter," murmured the lady. "She may object."

"Oh, no, she won't object," answered the Squire. "We both do as we like."

"Let me talk with your daughter," requested the widow. "I shall not be happy if she does not love me."

"All right. I'll send her right down." With this he left.

All his daughter said when he told her was, "I'll be happy to go and talk with her."

The town got a big shock when they heard the Squire was to be married, but they got another one when they learned that Mrs. Wilton refused to marry him until after his daughter had married the man she loved with her father's blessing. This he promised gladly, so the daughter's wedding day was set for Sunday.

Sunday came—the wedding day. The widow excused herself from attending the wedding because she wished to go to Boston to get herself a full trousseau. So the Squire gave his daughter to the man of her dreams.

Sunday evening came, and with it a telegram from the widow asking the Squire to meet her at the haunted house. As he entered the house, she waved him back before he could say a word.

"Just a moment, Mr. Ashburton. I have just a few seconds before I go on my honeymoon and I wanted to explain."

Good gracious! Had the widow gone insane? She took off her black veil, her long black dresses—and there stood his daughter's husband.

"All's fair in love, you know, and I wanted your daughter because she loves me, as you thought you did, Squire. I've married her, so I can't marry you, but we can all live together and be happy."

The Squire was a good sport, so after the surprise was over he chuckled to himself. "Yes, my son, we shall be happy. And for a wedding gift, I'll give you the haunted house."

ELIZABETH HART, '35.

THE STUDY HALL AT 4.15

A general quiet pervaded the study hall at 4:15. There was no one in the room and it seemed deserted and empty. The red and white stage decorations rustled softly in the breeze that came through the open window. The electric clock on the wall ticked the minutes away with monotonous regularity. From the office across the corridor issued the sharp decisive click of a typewriter. From down stairs came the dull sounds of basketball practice. A shrill humming told that a car turned outside.

Suddenly the door opened and the janitor came in. He set down the pail and dust pan. For some time the only sound was the swish of the broom as he swept, then a chair scraped on the floor as it was moved, and the swishing continued. A few minutes later the dust pan clanged as the dirt was emptied into the pail. The door opened, then closed behind the janitor, and silence reigned once more.

MARGARET ASH, '36.

MY TIMID AUNT

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

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

"Go to a basketball game!" she said rather excitedly.

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

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

"Sure they do. Why Mrs. Penny, who's forty next May, wouldn't miss

one for the world."

This was enough, as Aunt Jane wouldn't think of being behind the times, otherwise than high-heeled pumps and bobbed hair, which she declared she "couldn't see no sense in no how."

At half past seven we started. Aunt Jane had on her best go-to-meeting dress, and her smelling salts in her pocket in case some of those poor boys should faint.

When the whistle called the boys and they began to take off their sweaters, Aunt Jane placed her glasses on her nose and uttered an exclamation of surprise, followed by—

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

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

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

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

But somehow she couldn't keep back those excited exclamations which caused so much laughter by those near us.

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

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

I never have been able to convince Aunt Jane that those were the suits they were supposed to wear, nor could I ever get her to attend another basketball game.

ALFRED BELL, '35.

OUR SCIENCE CLASS

Our Science Class had started fine
And all was going well,
When someone in front began to laugh
And broke the peaceful spell.

Our teacher said, "This must be stopped
For I must have attention;
If we can't have quiet in here
You all will stay for detention."

Lyle Martin '37

SPRING

When you hear the brooks abubbling
And the robins start to sing
The world seems filled with sunshine
And the frost no more will sting.

Then skip-ropes, and shining marbles
Prove to us that winter's passed
That's why everybody's happy
Good old spring is here at last.

Edson Buker '34

MODERN MADNESS

(Heroes of "Monte Cristo" in the twentieth century)

"7:15 and all's well in Sing Sing," came the echoing cry of the retreating guard, as he swung along the wall of that notorious prison.

"Okay," came a harsh whisper and two forms rose mystically from beneath the wall and glided stealthily into the darkness.

It was a very dark night. The fog from the harbor had crept in and muffled the city of New York in a dark mantle. However, Broadway was crowded with the swank of the city, for it was the opening night of "The House of Rothschild" in which George Arliss was starring. The musical horns of passing limousines filled the air and mingled with the staccato peeps of taxis. Jewels glittered on shining heads as the city's darlings entered the theatre.

Dantes and Faria were jostled along by the hurrying mob. "One's as good as another, thinks I," said the youthful Dantes to his older companion. "Let's take the black."

In unison the two left the pavement

and fingered with the door, which opened as by magic. The careless owner had neglected to push the lock.

With Dantes under the wheel the car was soon under way, lost in the crowd and fog, bearing the convicts away to freedom.

"Have we really escaped?" asked Faria of his companion. "Are we not followed?"

To throw off this possible trouble the car passed down through the glare of Harlem. Then, swinging about, Dantes nosed the car up the Bronx and was soon roaring up the Bronx Parkway. On the open road at last!

But all was not well. The car soon began to sputter and cough for want of gasoline. It chugged a little farther and stopped with a dying wheeze.

"What shall we do, Dantes?" inquired the terrified Faria. News of our escape will have passed around, we shall be pursued, and our garlic is a dead give-away."

To make matters worse the lights of a car loomed upon the horizon.

"We are lost," groaned Dantes. "But wait." He hurried to the back of the car and there found a young man's sport overcoat, which he hastily donned.

"But your hair!" wailed Faria, "you have no hair."

"No matter," said Dantes. "Perhaps this will help." And he pulled a woolen duster from the back of the car. Its fringy top might be mistaken for his hair, and with his coat collar turned up—

The car slowed up and stopped. Faria's heart bounded as he writhed in his seat. Sure enough, it was the state troopers.

"Have you any gas on deck?" asked Dantes in a polite voice. "The girl friend," with a nod toward Faria, "and I were out for a ride, but my chauffeur forgot gas, so here we are."

One glance seemed to have satisfied the police; and after handing Dantes a can of gas they disappeared into the blessed fog, while the convicts drove away to liberty.

ELEANOR THORNE, '34.

EARLY MORNING ON THE FARM

It had been a crisp, moonlight night; the sun was now slowly mounting to the heavens. There was a rash caw-caw-caw as a crow called to its mate from a neighboring tree top. Soon the whole place was wide awake. The cackle of the hens, as the sun shone in the window and lighted up the interior of the pen, came from the hen house. Below stairs one could hear the rattle of stove covers, and from the chimney could be seen the curling of the smoke through the still morning air. From the barn came the grating of a door, and the clamor of pails as the hired man made ready to milk the cows. The smell of bacon and coffee drifted through the kitchen door, and the whistling and singing of the teamster, as he harnessed the horses, came from the stable. A dog barked and chased a friendly cat around the house. Barn swallows were flying gayly and stunting in the sunlight. Now there is a sound from the garage and the rolling of wheels as the milk is driven off to town. Next a stamping of feet, a word from the teamster, and the horses start to the field.

All is still save the monotonous cackle of the hens and the noises from the kitchen as the housewife does her daily work.

PHILIP BAIRD, '36.

THE FACULTY

This year we have had almost the same faculty as last: Superintendent, Mr. Walter J. Rideout; Principal, Mr. Cecil J. Cutts; Teacher of Chemistry, General Science, and Biology, Mr. Harold W. Louder; Teacher of English, History, and Civics, Miss Ruth Daggett; and Teacher of French and Latin, Miss Frances Stevens.

At mid-year's Miss Selah Richmond came to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Miss Daggett. Miss Richmond is a graduate of Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana. For the past six years she has taught English in Barre, Massachusetts, and in Manchester, Connecticut. She has studied

at Harvard Summer School and spent the summer of 1932 in England, France and Switzerland.

Our music teacher is Miss Gertrude Thorne, who replaced Mr. Walker. She graduated from M. C. I., studied four years at the New England Conservatory in Boston, spent five summers at

the Institute of Music Pedagogy, North Hampton, Massachusetts, and studied one summer at the Eastman School of Music, Rochester, New York. She is an experienced teacher, having taught nine years in the Newport district and nine years in Augusta. We were indeed fortunate in securing such a fine music teacher at Hartland Academy.



STUDENT COUNCIL

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council, entering its second year of service at Hartland Academy, was made up of fourteen members: four from the Senior Class, three from the Junior Class, two from the Sophomore Class, and one from the Freshman Class in addition to the four class presidents. The members are as follows: Seniors — Florice Steeves, Virginia Bell, Edson Buker, Claude Fisher and Eleanor Thorne; Juniors—Clyde Griffith, Mary Smith, Floyd Webber, and Howard Williamson; Sophomores—Margaret Ash, Leland Cunningham and Lennis Harris;

Freshmen—Phyllis Baird and Frances Fellows.

The principal purposes of the Council are:

1. To aid in the internal administration of the school.
2. To foster sentiments of law and order.
3. To promote the general activities of the school.
4. To promote in all ways the best interests of the school.

Officers of the Council were elected as follows:

President Florice Steeves
 Vice-President Claude Fisher

Secretary Virginia Bell
 Treasurer Mary Smith

Committees were appointed to draw up a Constitution, take charge of study-room supervision, aid deficient students and assist in community welfare.

Some of the important projects sponsored by the Student Council for the benefit of the school were the publication of the "Hasco News", a magazine

drive for the benefit of athletics, a Hallowe'en social, the presentation of moving pictures of the World's Fair, the awarding of certificates to letter winners, a Christmas barrel for the poor, and the insignia award for orchestra members.

Remember, students of Hartland Academy, the Council needs your support. Show us you're behind us with a friendly push.



SENIOR PLAY CAST

On Friday evening, April twenty-seventh, a Senior play entitled, "Patty Makes Things Hum" was presented at the Opera House. The entire Senior Class co-operated, those who were not players taking part on various committees. A large and appreciative audience of parents and friends attended the play, helping to make it a success, both from a financial and from a dramatic standpoint.

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

The Senior Class of 1934 entered Hartland Academy with an enrollment

of twenty-one; however, by mid-year's we had lost two of our members: namely, **Durward Emery** and **Elizabeth Maddocks**.

Shortly after school opened we held a class meeting to elect officers, who were as follows: president, Florice Steeves; vice-president, Eileen Baird; secretary, Harriet Baird; treasurer, Charlotte Currie.

Plans were made for the Freshman Reception, which dealt much more leniently with the Freshmen than in previous years. We hope the Freshmen appreciate the fact.

The latter part of March a photographer visited school and set up his apparatus in the gymnasium, where he took the individual pictures of the Seniors. They were very satisfactory.

Three of the debaters are members of the Senior Class: namely, Eileen Baird, Claude Fisher and Walter Rideout.

The class parts for graduation have been assigned. The three honor parts are as follows: valedictorian, Walter Rideout; salutatorian, Florice Steeves; and historian, Eileen Baird.

The following parts were chosen by vote of the class: Essay, Gladys Salisbury; Address to Undergraduates, Charlotte Currie; Prophecy, Eleanor Thorne; Presentation of Gifts, Virginia Bell; Will, Claude Fisher; Ode, Mertie Parkman and Dorothea Litchfield; Marshal, Charles Whitney.

The Senior Class is well represented in athletics and the following boys and girls have won letters: Eileen Baird, Harriet Baird, Virginia Bell, Edson Buker, Charlotte Currie, Claude Fisher, Walter Rideout, Florice Steeves, Eleanor Thorne, and Charles Whitney.

During the Boy's Day held at Hartland Academy, Claude Fisher and Walter Rideout of the Senior Class acted as the principal and submaster, respectively.

The class motto was chosen by a majority vote. It is "Carpe Diem,"

Seize the opportunity.

The following Seniors have appeared on the honor roll during the year: Walter Rideout, Florice Steeves, Eileen Baird, Charlotte Currie, Claude Fisher, Dorothea Green, Dorothea Litchfield, Gladys Salisbury, Eleanor Thorne, Virginia Bell and Alfreda Neal.

JUNIOR CLASS

The class of 1935 are now Juniors. We have lost two classmates this year: namely, Walter Wood and Derwood Mills. In addition to our regular enrollment, we have three new members: Freeland Wilkins, Marion Rancourt, and James Seekins. The class roll is as follows:

Howard Baird, Alfred Bell, Mary Greene, Clyde Griffith, Eva Hanson, Elizabeth Hart, Earle Merrow, Barbara Nutting, Meredith Parkman, Vinson Phillips, Marion Rancourt, Marguerite Robertson, James Seekins, Mary Smith, Robert Strout, Alden Stedman, Frances Waldron, Floyd Webber, Aubrey Whittemore, Erwin Whittemore, Howard Williamson, and Freeland Wilkins.

Soon after school opened the Juniors elected officers for the year. They are as follows: president, Clyde Griffith; vice-president, Mary Smith; secretary, Robert Strout; and treasurer, Barbara Nutting.

The Junior Class was well represented on the boys' and girls' basketball teams.

There are also many Juniors in the orchestra.

The Hamilton Prize Speaking was held on March 8. The program was as follows:

- Processional Academy Orchestra
- Joy Riding in a Second Hander
Howard Williamson
- A Christmas Present for a Lady
Mary Smith
- The Prisoner's Plea Clyde Griffith
Boys' Glee Club
- Cutting from "The Prince Chap"
Barbara Nutting
- Engineer Connor's Son Earle Merrow
- At the Swimming Pool Frances Waldron
Music

Frances Waldron and Clyde Griffith were awarded the prizes. The class marshal was Robert Strout. Frances Waldron was chosen to speak in the preliminaries at the Spear Speaking Contest at Waterville, and Clyde Griffith was chosen to speak at the Lyford Contest at Colby College. Griffith survived the preliminaries and became the first H. A. student to enter the finals for a number of years.

To date, the following Juniors have been on the honor roll: Clyde Griffith, Barbara Nutting, Mary Smith and Eva Hanson.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NEWS

This year the Sophomore Class has been well represented in the activities of the school. At the beginning of the year a class meeting was held and the following officers were elected: president, Otis Worth; vice-president, Margaret Ash; secretary, Charlotte McCrillis; treasurer, Thelma Cookson. When Otis Worth left school, Margaret Ash succeeded him as president.

The annual Burton Prize Speaking for Sophomores was held January 11. The program presented was as follows:

- Processional Academy Orchestra
- China Blue Eyes Barbara Weymouth
- Engineering and Its Place in the Sun
Bryant Richardson
- Teachers are Funny Charlotte McCrillis
Girls' Glee Club
- Jimmy Jones Studies Geography
Leland Cunningham
- The Littlest Orphan and the Christ Child
Margaret Ash
- The Forgotten Witness Lennis Harris
Music

The prizes were awarded to Margaret Ash and Leland Cunningham. Francis Buker was elected class marshal. The stage was decorated in green and white by Maurice Hatch, assisted by Thelma Cookson and Kathleen Pelkie.

Margaret Ash and Barbara Weymouth were chosen to represent H. A. in the University of Maine prize speaking contest.

Marion Hollister, who was a member of our class last year, returned from Detroit, Michigan, soon after mid-year's. A new member, Margaret McDonald, entered the class this spring.

To date the following members of the Sophomore Class have appeared on the honor roll: Barbara Weymouth, Thelma Cookson, Lennis Harris, Kathleen Pelkie, Lillian Lewis, Frank Ford, Margaret Ash, and Bryant Richardson.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The class of 1937 proved to be somewhat larger in numbers than Freshman classes of past years. At the end of the first ranking period there were thirty-seven members, and soon after two new pupils entered; namely, Donald Hollister and Opal Wiers. The end of the fourth ranking period showed a slight decrease, the number being thirty-four.

At the beginning of the year the class elected its officers as follows: President, Phyllis Baird; Vice-President, Donlin McCormack; Secretary, Ralph Baird; Treasurer, Arthur Baird.

On the 22nd of September the Seniors gave the annual Freshman Reception to the class. The first social affair of the entering group was judged most successful.

Frances Fellows took an active part on the girls' basketball squad and several of the boys played baseball during the fall term. Most of the girls played field hockey. There are seven who are members of the orchestra, and a large percentage of the class belongs either to the Boys' or to the Girls' Glee Club.

The following members of the Freshman class have been on the Honor roll: Phyllis Baird, Ralph Baird, Lyle Martin, Arthur Baird, Donlin McCormack, Bertha Smith, Donald Hollister and Crystal Hubbard.



Athletics

BOYS' BASKETBALL

At the end of an eventful season, the Hartland basketball team found itself in the third place in the Somerset League. This league was formed at the beginning of the season, and consisted of Clinton, Anson, Hartland, Harmony, Norridgewock, and North New Portland. This league aroused intense interest and large attendances were secured. Besides the ten league games, Hartland played four others. These resulted in losses for the Academy. In the league our boys won five games, and lost five, giving them a percentage of .500.

THE SUMMARY

Hartland..... 26	Alumni..... 29
Hartland..... 11	Guilford..... 11
Hartland..... 24	Anson..... 31
Hartland..... 27	Harmony..... 15
Hartland..... 30	Newport..... 41
Hartland..... 30	N. N. Portland..... 23
Hartland..... 15	Clinton..... 32
Hartland..... 21	Newport..... 23
Hartland..... 33	Norridgewock..... 41
Hartland..... 49	Harmony..... 25
Hartland..... 2	N. N. Portland..... 0
Hartland..... 22	Clinton..... 37
Hartland..... 23	Norridgewock..... 22

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Well, basketball fans, do you regret the money and time spent in watching H. A.'s Girls' basketball team rolling up the scores during the past season?

The Black and White lassies, under the splendid coaching of Miss Frances Stevens, has completed the most successful season ever witnessed at Hartland Academy. They won their ten Somerset League games with very decisive scores;

and at the close of the season when the All-Conference team was chosen, Hartland Academy was represented by the following girls: Harriet Baird, Florice Steeves and Eleanor Thorne.

In the tournament held at Lawrence High School in Fairfield, they came through with two out of three games to their credit, losing a hard game to the fast Brownville Junction team. In spite of this loss, our girls won the third-place trophy, and Charlotte McCrillis was awarded the position of side-center on the first All-Conference team, while Florice Steeves was chosen as center on the second team.

Besides these games, the H. A. Sextet defeated the Alumnae, Guilford, and Newport teams.

Although several of the girls' squad are graduating this year, there seems to be sufficient material to promise a fast team for the season of 1934-1935.

SUMMARY 1933-1934

Dec. 8—H. A. 21; Alumnae	14
Dec. 15—H. A. 29; Guilford	17
Jan. 5—H. A. 30; Anson Acad.	17
Jan. 12—H. A. 42; Harmony	14
Jan. 16—H. A. 42; Newport	33
Jan. 19—H. A. 57; New Portland	29
Jan. 26—H. A. 52; Clinton	17
Jan. 30—H. A. 34; Newport	23
Feb. 2—H. A. 35; Norridgewock	25
Feb. 9—H. A. 45; Anson Acad.	19
Feb. 16—H. A. 34; Harmony	22
Feb. 23—H. A. 2; New Portland	0
Mar. 2—H. A. 53; Clinton	25
Mar. 21—H. A. 39; Norridgewock	7

TOURNAMENT GAMES

Mar. 9—H. A. 41; Unity	22
Mar. 10—H. A. 32; Brownville Jct.	65
Mar. 12—H. A. 41; Erskine	32



BOYS' BASKETBALL



GIRLS' BASKETBALL



BASEBALL

BASEBALL

During the spring term regular baseball practice was resumed. The Somerset County League aroused the same interest in baseball as in basketball. The schedule of games, including League games, is as follows:

Apr. 28	Harmony at Harmony
May 2	Newport at Hartland
May 5	North Anson at Hartland
May 12	Norridgewock at Hartland
May 16	Newport at Newport
May 19	N. New Portland at N. New Portland
May 26	Clinton at Clinton
May 30	Goodwill at Hartland

As THE RIPPLE goes to press three games have been played with the following results: Hartland 11, Harmony 1; Hartland 12, North Anson 4; Newport 16, Hartland 8.

In addition to these two victories, the Hartland boys won a game from Norridgewock by default.

Thus, with three victories and with but one defeat early in the season, we feel sure our boys will keep up the high stand-

ards H. A. has maintained in all its activities this year.

TRACK NEWS

For the first time since Mr. Fuller's year with us, Hartland Academy has supported a track team. Mr. Cutts, Principal, has willingly given his assistance in turning out a team that has shown up well against fast competition.

The first meet was held May 12th with Farmington Normal and M. C. I. Hartland's team showed excellent ability, although they were able to score only four points. Three of these points were scored by Lennis Harris in the mile, while Lyndon Pratt gained one in the shot put. Mahlon Merrow, although not scoring any points, pushed through to fourth place in the mile. The following Wednesday, Hartland again went to Pittsfield to compete with Higgins Classical Institute and M. C. I. This time the team met much faster competition and was able to score only one point. This was scored by Lennis Harris in the mile.



DEBATING TEAM

DEBATING NEWS

This is the first time for several years that Hartland Academy has supported a debating team. After Christmas vacation the call for candidates was issued, and four speakers and two alternates were chosen. The affirmative team was made up of Claude Fisher, Walter Rideout and Barbara Weymouth; while the negative team was composed of Eileen Baird, Barbara Nutting and Clyde Griffith.

Two practice debates were held, one with M. C. I. and the other with Foxcroft Academy. On March 16th the preliminary debates of the Bates College Debating League were held. The affirmative team of Hartland opposed the negative team of Goodwill, and a unanimous decision was won by Hartland Academy. Walter Ride-

out was chosen best speaker in the debate. On the same evening Hartland's negative team won a 2-1 decision at Harmony High School.

As a result of their victories, Hartland had the privilege of entering the semi-finals at Bates College. Here the Hartland affirmative team drew Portland High School as their opponents while Hartland's negative drew Stearns High School of Millinocket. Our negative team won by a 3-0 decision, but the affirmative lost to Portland, who later won the state championship.

In each of the debates entered by the negative team, Eileen Baird was chosen as best speaker.



ORCHESTRA

MUSIC

The boys and girls who have taken part in musical activities have had an interesting year under the leadership of our music supervisor, Miss Thorne

The orchestra has twenty-nine members. Clyde Griffith was elected Business Manager and Harriet Baird, Secretary.

The Girls' Glee Club has thirty members. The officers are as follows: President, Florice Steeves; Vice-President, Virginia Bell; Secretary, Mary Smith; Treasurer, Charlotte Currie.

The Boys' Glee Club has fifteen members. Walter Rideout is the President and Robert Strout is Secretary and Treasurer.

On the evenings of May 8th and 9th the Newport High School and Hartland Academy orchestras played in joint festivals, first at Newport, and the following night at Hartland. The orchestras had practiced together several times. Besides the orchestras, the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs sang, and a trio from Newport gave a selection. The festivals were a great success and were greatly enjoyed by

the listeners. The program was as follows:

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Come Spring *Petiher*
 Mother MaCree *Bell*
 Katy *Wilson*

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Sweet Genevieve *Tucker*
 Stars of a Summer Night *Woodbury*
 Proudly as the Eagle *Spoaher*

ORCHESTRA

Selections from "Carmen" *Bizet*
 Exaltation *Coerne*

NEWPORT HIGH SCHOOL TRIO

Serenade *Bolzer*

ORCHESTRA

Intermezzo from "L'Arlesienne" *Bizet*
Hungarian Dances, Seven and Eight
Brahms
 Selections from "Tanhauser" *Wagner*



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



BOYS' GLEE CLUB



LATIN CLUB

LATIN CLUB NOTES

This year, for the first time in several years, a Latin Club was organized at Hartland Academy. The members of the Senior Latin Class received charter membership. At the opening meeting the following officers were elected for the remainder of the school year: President, Mary Smith; Vice-President, Eileen Baird; Secretary, Charlotte Currie; Treasurer, Barbara Nutting.


Late in September several Sophomores having a rank of 85 per cent or over were admitted to the club and initiated at a weenie roast at the Fuller Cottage at Moose Pond. Later the rest of the class was admitted informally.

On Wednesday evening, December 13th, a Christmas party and invitation dance was held at the Academy at which

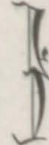
time high-ranking members of the Freshman Latin Class were initiated. The initiation was followed by a Christmas tree. Claude Fisher as Santa Claus presented gifts and refreshments to the faculty, members of the club, and guests.

At a recent meeting the remaining Freshman Latin students were taken into the club. Each Latin student now has the privilege of holding membership in the club if he maintains a passing rank.

On Friday evening, May 4th, an invitation party was held at the Academy. Freshmen and Sophomore members of the club presented a Latin play entitled "The Conspiracy of Catiline." A dance followed, and at intermission a program consisting of several musical numbers was given. After this, refreshments were served and dancing continued until eleven o'clock.



Exchanges



This year it is the privilege of THE RIPPLE to play host to many schools through the medium of their school papers.

If you will let your imagination spirit you away, you will find yourself looking at a large imposing building. Over the front entrance hangs a sign reading, "H. A. Hotel, T. H. E. Ripple, Proprietor, Welcome." As you enter you will see a notice, "Register Here." The Exchange Editor, acting in the capacity of desk clerk in this unusual hotel, will try his best to give to each of his patrons a pleasant greeting.

Our first guest is *The Live Wire* of Newport High School. As this guest enters we are impressed with his originality, which is especially apparent in his mention of the Alumni.

Our hotel door again opens and we step forward to greet another guest, *The Milo Breeze*. The most notable of his fine points are the fine drawings which he displays and his inexhaustible quips and jests about the graduating class.



Another patron now enters our inn, *The Strathcona* of Outremont, Quebec. Our proprietor wishes to thank this school for the copy of its paper, which is the finest we have received.

We next find on the register *The Ripple* of Williams High of Oakland. This guest is especially interesting because of his complete and varied discussions of many sports.

We now acknowledge the privilege of greeting *The Signet* of N. H. Fay High School of Dexter. The collegiate appearance of this guest merits our praise.

As we again look up, we see a dapper young man coming through the door. We step forward to welcome *The Sandtonian* of Sand Springs, Oklahoma. This guest is always welcome as he brings us many new ideas.

The clock strikes; we glance up and find that it is closing time, and as we lock up for the night, we wish to thank all our patrons and hope to have the pleasure of meeting them again in the near future.


Alumni


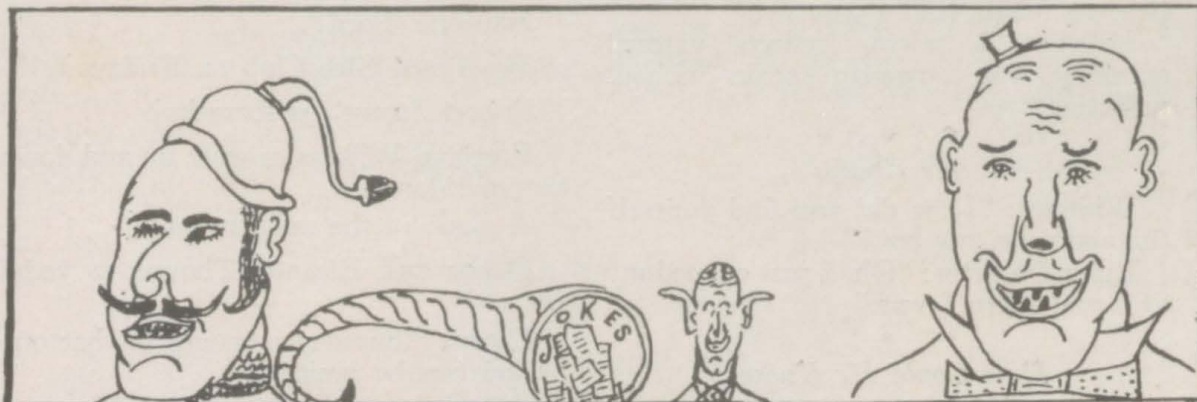
CLASS OF 1932

Roger Baker Hartland
 Earle Buker, Jr. St. Albans, Maine
 Darrell Currie is a sophomore at the
 U. of M. in Orono, Maine
 Eleanor Currie is at Normal school in
 Farmington, Maine
 Althea Merrow Estes Palmyra, Me.
 George Estes Skowhegan, Maine
 Esther Griffith is taking a correspon-
 dence course in Business Training
 at Millinocket
 Bernice Harding is in training at the
 E. M. G. Hospital in Bangor
 Lillian Hart Hartland
 Howard Jamieson Hartland
 Barbara Linn is in training at the
 E. M. G. Hospital in Bangor
 Madeline Merrick St. Albans, Me.
 Elmer Stanhope is working at the
 Shell Station in Hartland
 Ardis Philbrick St. Albans, Me.
 Pauline Webber St. Albans, Me.
 Cora Webber Hartland

Charlotte Waldron is employed in
 Hallowell, Maine
 Pearl Sabine Bickford Guilford, Me.
 Mary Hart Moody is employed in
 Holden, Massachusetts
 Donald Randlett Hartland
 Francis Thomas Hartland

CLASS OF 1933

Jaunita E. Brown Hartland
 Jennie Pelkie Barden Providence
 Rhode Island
 Dorothy Varnum Deering Hartland
 Helen Hubbard Harris New Sharon
 Maine
 Leroy C. Hatch is a clerk in Barden's
 Store in Hartland
 Leland I. Inman Pittsfield, Me.
 Frances A. Jepson St. Albans, Me.
 Estella M. Libby is employed in
 Presque Isle, Maine
 Marion E. Thorne is attending
 Normal school at Farmington
 George W. Webber St. Albans, Me.



Howard Williamson (to Charlotte Currie): "I'm just a tiny pebble in your life."

Charlotte: "Well, I do wish that you were a little boulder."

* * *

Mr. Cutts: "Griffith, prove that the square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle equals to the sum of the squares of the other two sides."

Griffith: "I don't have to prove it. I admit it."

* * *

The other day Wilkins gave an oral theme which proved to be rather good, and Richardson said, after commenting on it, "I should like to know why Wilkins chose that topic for a theme."

Wilkins: "Wa-a-ll, I just opened the World Book and that was the first thing I saw."

* * *

Mr. Louder: "Miss Rancourt, define a caterpillar for me."

Miss Rancourt: "Oh, that's easy. It's an upholstered worm."

* * *

Mr. Cutts (to Merrill after prolonged wait for an answer): "Merrill, you haven't lost your voice, have you?"

Merrill: "I guess so."

* * *

Mr. Cutts (in Algebra class, while the class is at the board): "Miss Burton, did you get that example?"

Miss Burton: "Yup."

Mr. Cutts: "So that's what the English teacher tells you to say, is it? I thought the younger generation were saying, 'Oh, Yeah!'"

Mr. Louder: "What's the formula for water?"

Strout: "It's H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O."

Mr. Louder: "Why all the letters, Strout?"

Strout: "Well, I heard you say yesterday that it was H. to O."

* * *

The Freshmen were studying, "Lincoln, the Man of the People."

Miss Richmond: "What is meant by the sentence, 'The color of the ground was in him?'"

Albert Hart: "He had a lot of grit."

* * *

Bob Baird: "You say you flunked in Latin? Why, I can't understand it."

Pelkie: "Neither can I. That's why I flunked."

* * *

Something That Will Never Happen

Hanson: "Hello, Kiddo, tired of walking?"

Pretty Girl: "Yes."

Hanson: "Why don't you try sitting on the curbstone?"

* * *

Griffith: "Let me see now, what was it that Sir Walter Raleigh said when he placed his cloak at Queen Elizabeth's feet?"

Strout: "Step on it, kid, step on it."

* * *

Charlotte McCrillis: "Thinking of me, Freeland?"

Wilkins: "Oh, was I laughing? Pardon me."

* * *

Miss Richmond: "What is the penalty for bigamy?"

Pratt: "Two mothers-in-law."

Phillips: "What's the difference between a mirror and a woman?"

Miller: "A mirror reflects without speaking, but a woman speaks without reflecting."

* * *

He Knows

Whitney: "How did you find yourself this morning, my boy?"

Russell Martin: "Oh, I just opened my eyes and there I was."

* * *

How Could He Know!

Mr. Cutts: "Here, Baird, here's where you write your name on your paper."

Baird: "All right, I'll tell Dick."

* * *

What Would Happen If—

Hanson didn't have his truck?

The girls would leave Russell Martin alone?

Mr. Louder should replace his time-worn expression, "Please bear that in mind," by a new one?

Clyde Griffith didn't argue so much?

Strout didn't walk to St. Albans every Saturday?

Vando Spaulding should study a little?

The school bus were not available for basketball trips?

More students read "Manners for Millions?"

Pratt were not so timid?

Certain Senior girls should stop trying to vamp the boys in the Newport orchestra?

Eleanor Thorne should behave herself?

Bob and Dick looked more alike?

Clayton Merrill's collection of dry remarks should be exhausted?

Charlotte McCrillis couldn't dance?

Buker kept a girl?

Freda Neal wore her hair the same way twice?

Rideout didn't know his lessons?

Wilkins couldn't tease the girls?

Fisher couldn't go calling Monday nights?

Whitney didn't like to climb "Mountains?"

What Would We Do Without—

Hanson's Ford?

The Boys' Glee Club on Fridays?

Robert Strout's wisecracks?

Freeland Wilkins to walk up and down the corridors?

A piano in the main room?

Fisher and Eleanor Thorne to yodel for us?

Chorus Thursday morning so that one period can be omitted?

The bulletin board to cause some excitement?

Clyde Griffith to manage things?

Miss Stevens to give long assignments?

Blackboards to write announcements on?

Vivian Greene to play ball with the boys?

* * *

What the Ideal Senior Must Have—

Virginia Bell's ability to play the piano.

Eileen Baird's laugh.

Claude Fisher's tactfulness in classes.

Harriet Baird's hair.

The dependability of Dorothea Litchfield, Mertie Parkman and Dorothea Green.

Winston Hanson's height.

Charlotte Currie's luck in "sinking" fous.

Walter Rideout's vocabulary.

Gladys Salisbury's ability to speak in public.

Freda Neal's rank in Business Training.

Florice Steeves' skill in playing basketball.

Mary Brown's talent for singing.

Lyndon Pratt's drole remarks.

Charles Whitney's way with the girls.

Edson Buker's "pull" with the teachers.

Eleanor Thorne's gift of *initiation*.

Annie Barne's ability in reading aloud.

LIMERICKS

Jim went to a ball game one day,
That was held in a field where we play,
The ball it went high,
Hit him smack in the eye
And then he stopped feeling so gay.

Lyle went to the dentist one night,
For his was a very sad plight,
Doc sat on his chest,
His tools did the rest
While Lyle kicked with all of his might.

DONLIN McCORMICK '37.

Gladys Salisbury
Edson Buker

Charles Whitney
Virginia Bell
Winston Hanson
Mertie Parkman
Florice Steeves

Eleanor Thorne
Dorothea Litchfield

Dorothea Green
Harriet Baird
Eileen Baird
Walter Rideout
Charlotte Currie
Mary Brown

Alfreda Neal
Lyndon Pratt
Claude Fisher
Annie Barnes

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1861	Jan	2	...
1861	Jan	3	...
1861	Jan	4	...
1861	Jan	5	...
1861	Jan	6	...
1861	Jan	7	...
1861	Jan	8	...
1861	Jan	9	...
1861	Jan	10	...
1861	Jan	11	...
1861	Jan	12	...
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1861	Jan	14	...
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1861	Jan	26	...
1861	Jan	27	...
1861	Jan	28	...
1861	Jan	29	...
1861	Jan	30	...
1861	Jan	31	...

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