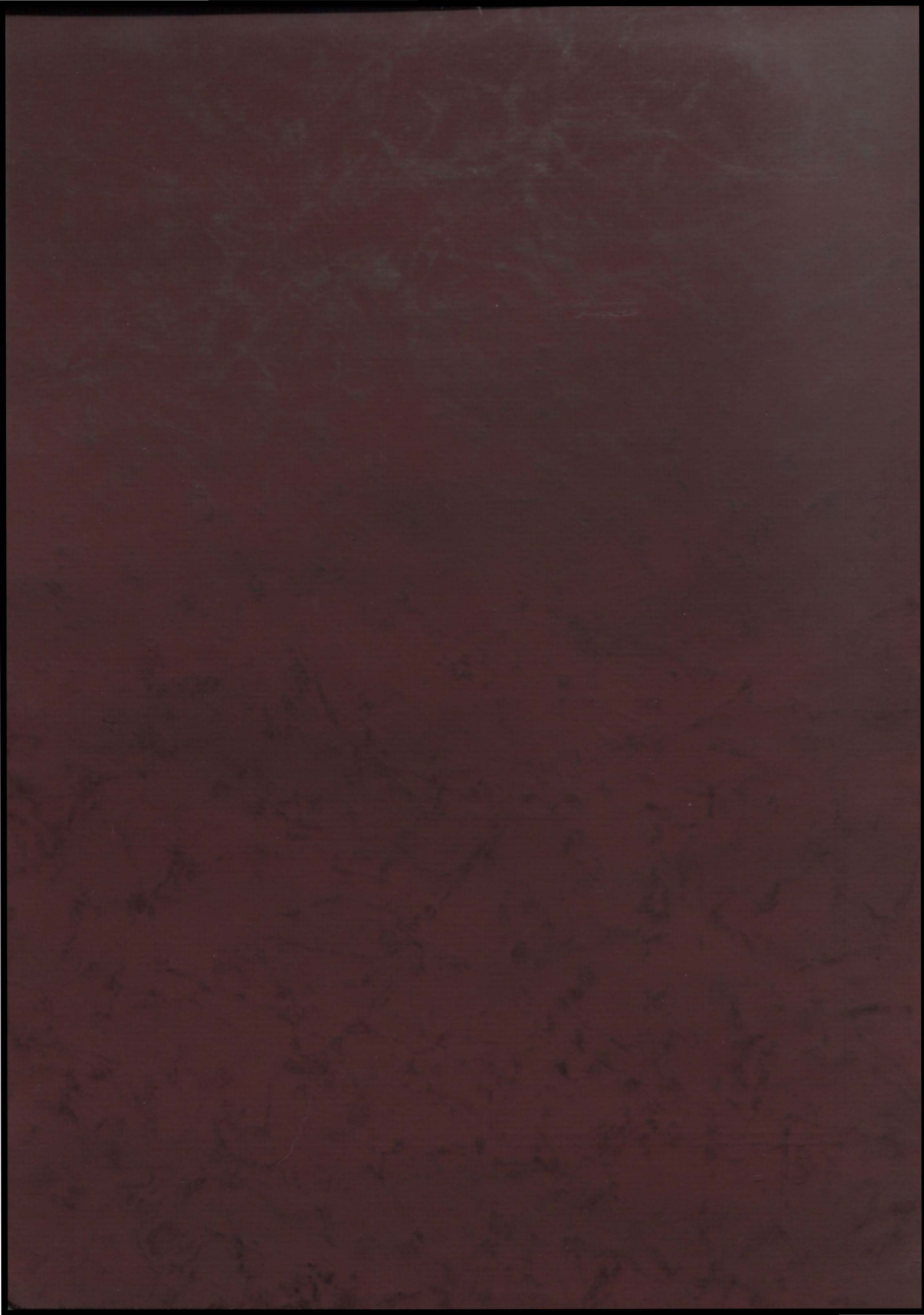
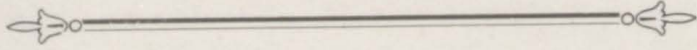


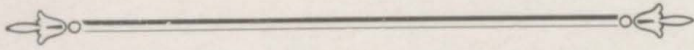
The Ripple







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*"The never ending flight
of future days."*



HARTLAND ACADEMY

The Ripple

Vol. XXI

Hartland, Maine, 1935

No. 1

Published annually by the students of Hartland Academy

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CECIL J. CUTTS

Dedication

We respectfully dedicate
this issue of
The Ripple
to
Cecil J. Cutts

who, as our principal and counselor for the past three years, has done much to improve the curriculum of Hartland Academy, and has displayed an untiring interest in our further education.



FACULTY

Left to Right: Miss Selah Richmond, Mr. Harold W. Louder, Mr. Cecil J. Cutts, Miss Frances E. Stevens.

THE RIPPLE



RIPPLE BOARD

Front Row: Left to right—Marion Hollister, Mary Smith, Lennis Harris, Robert Strout, Lloyd Webber, Eva Hanson, Frances Waldron.
 Second Row: Barbara Weymouth, Clayton Merrill, Clyde Griffith, Howard Williamson, Bertha Smith.
 Third Row: Phyllis Baird, Kathleen Cully, Earle Merrow, Charlotte McCrillis, Kathleen Pelkie.

Editor-in-Chief	Mary Smith	Joke Editor	Earle Merrow
Assistant Editor	Barbara Weymouth	Assistant Joke Editor	Clayton Merrill
Literary Editor	Clyde Griffith	Exchange Editor	Charlotte McCrillis
Copy Editor	Kathleen Pelkie	Alumni Editor	Eva Hanson
Assistant Copy Editor	Phyllis Baird	Class Representatives	
Sports Editors		Seniors	Floyd Webber
Howard Williamson	Frances Waldron	Juniors	Marion Hollister
Business Manager	Robert Strout	Sophomores	Bertha Smith
Assistant Business Manager	Lennis Harris	Freshmen	Kathleen Cully
		Faculty Adviser	Miss Selah Richmond

HARTLAND ACADEMY

Class of 1935
Hartland Academy

HOWARD BAIRD

Quotation: "Moderation, the noblest gift of Heaven."

Favorite Occupation: Fishing.

Ambition: To tell the biggest bear story.

Orchestra 1, 2; Track 2; Glee Club 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary 3; Student Council 4; Stage Manager Senior Play 4.

ALFRED BELL

Quotation: "Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast."

Favorite Occupation: Hitch-hiking.

Ambition: To find a bush loaded with Thornes.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Track 2; Library 2, 3; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Study Room 4.

MARY GREENE

Quotation: "Silence is more musical than any sound."

Favorite Occupation: Drawing pictures.

Ambition: To get her bookkeeping done in time.

Glee Club 1, 2; Office 3, 4; Candy Committee Senior Play 4.

CLYDE GRIFFITH

Quotation: "Nay, I shall have my say."

Favorite Occupation: Starting arguments.

Ambition: To be a second Demosthenes.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class President 1, 2, 3, 4; Spear Prize Speaking 2; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 3; Lyford Prize Speaking 3; "Ripple" Board 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Alumni Award 3; Debating 3, 4; Library 3; Manager of Basketball 3, 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Montgomery Prize Speaking 4; University of Maine Prize Speaking 4; Valedictory.





EVA HANSON

Quotation: "Vanity is a natural object of temptation to a woman."

Favorite Occupation: Dancing.

Ambition: To live in Corinna.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Class Secretary 2; Reporter 2, 3; Study Room 3; "Ripple" Board 4; Office 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Class History.



ELIZABETH HART

Quotation: "What I think, I must speak."

Favorite Occupation: Studying French.

Ambition: To be a nurse.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Reporter 2; Library 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Prophecy.



EARLE MERROW

Quotation: "A Scout is cheerful."

Favorite Occupation: Sketching.

Ambition: To grow just a little.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; Glee Club 3; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Publicity Committee Senior Play 4.



MEREDITH PARKMAN

Quotation: "From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, she is mirth."

Favorite Occupation: Laughing.

Ambition: To own a car.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Office 4.

VINSON PHILLIPS

Quotation: "Oh, for three acres and a cow."

Favorite Occupation: Arriving at school before 7:30.

Ambition: To beat the "round-the-world" speed record.

Glee Club 4; Library 4; Senior Play Cast 4.



MARION RANCOURT

Quotation: "It's love, it's love that makes the world go round."

Favorite Occupation: Writing to her boy friends.

Ambition: To be an actress.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Latin Club 4; Senior Play Cast 4.



MARGUERITE ROBERTSON

Quotation: "Women are never so likely to settle a question rightly, as when they discuss it freely."

Favorite Occupation: Beating around the bush.

Ambition: To be a hair dresser.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Quartet 2; Glee Club 3, 4; Reporter 3; Office 3, 4; Study Room 4; Specialty at Senior Play 4; Prompter at Senior Play 4; Class Ode.



JAMES SEEKINS

Quotation: "Bashfulness is an ornament to youth, but a reproach to old age."

Favorite Occupation: Playing baseball.

Ambition: To acquire nonchalance.

Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Class Treasurer 4; Business Manager Senior Play 4; Member of Second All-Conference Basketball Team 4; Class Marshal.





MARY SMITH

Quotation: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Favorite Occupation: Driving a Ford truck.

Ambition: To study a "little harder".

Orchestra 1, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; Student Council 3; Study Room 3; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Latin Club 3, 4; Office 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Salutatory.



ALDEN STEDMAN

Quotation: "Ambition caused Caesar's downfall, So I shall live on forever."

Favorite Occupation: Reading novels in school.

Ambition: To win an argument.

Vice President 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 3; Specialty at Senior Play 4; Library 4.



ROBERT STROUT

Quotation: "Assurance is two-thirds success."

Favorite Occupation: Filibustering.

Ambition: To spring a new joke.

Cheer Leader 1; Orchestra 1, 2; Class Secretary 1, 2, 3; Mixed Glee Club 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; "Ripple" Board 2, 3, 4; Secretary Boys' Glee Club 3; President Boys' Glee Club 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Member of Second All-Conference Team 4; Address to Undergraduates.



FRANCES WALDRON

Quotation: "Cheerful company shortens the miles."

Favorite Occupation: Walking.

Ambition: Seekin' to change her name.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner of Prize Speaking 3; Spear Prize Speaking 3; Study Room 3; Basketball 3, 4; "Ripple" Board 4; Office 4; Specialty at Senior Play 4; Essay.

FLOYD WEBBER

Quotation: "Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?"

Favorite Occupation: Cutting up during the fifth period.

Ambition: To find a "perfect woman".

Glee Club 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3, 4; Vice President 4; Member of Winslow All-Tournament Basketball Team 4; Stage Manager Senior Play 4; Member of Second All-Conference Basketball Team 4; "Ripple" Board 4; Class Will.



AUBREY WHITEMORE

Quotation: "What's the use of worrying?"

Favorite Occupation: Swapping yarns.

Ambition: To have one.

Library 3, 4; Student Council 4; Senior Play Cast 4.



ERWIN WHITEMORE

Quotation: "Little said is soonest mended."

Favorite Occupation: Forgetting his fiddle.

Ambition: To read as much as Stedman.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Ticket Committee Senior Play 4.



HOWARD WILLIAMSON

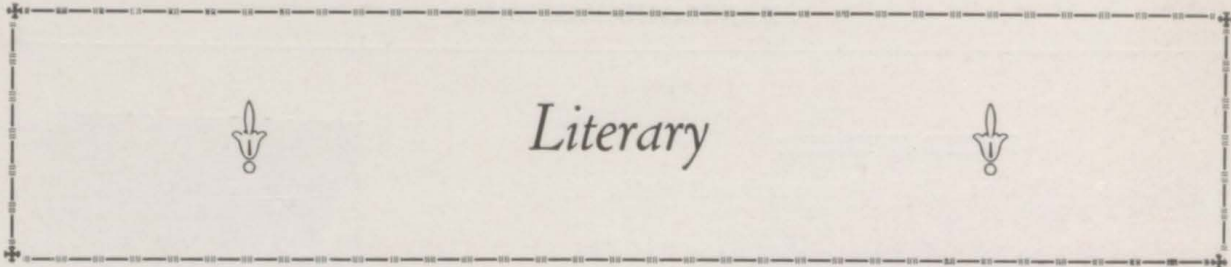
Quotation: "Bluffing is an art which few accomplish."

Favorite Occupation: Teasing the girls.

Ambition: To prove just once that Mr. Louder was wrong.

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Class Secretary 4; Member of Somerset County First All-Conference Basketball Team 4; Member of Winslow All-Tournament Team 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Presentation of Gifts.





Literary

EDUCATION

Education in its broadest meaning has reference to the development of all the powers of man; in the restricted sense in which the term is ordinarily used, it means the training of children, youth, and adults in educational institutions—common schools, colleges, universities, and professional schools. In the broader application of the term, education extends throughout life; in its restricted application, it is confined to the school age.

There are many definitions for education, but they can all be reduced to one or two general statements: first, education may be looked upon as the process of directing or controlling the natural growth of the child; second, it may be thought of as giving the child some of the knowledge and skill that the race has acquired in its long experience.

The only method by which we may hope to gain the knowledge and training necessary for success and national life is **education**; it is also the only method by which the country is able to pass on to each succeeding generation, the knowledge and skill which centuries of experience and progress have enabled it to accumulate.

Education has many benefits. It enables us to read and write; it helps us to make a living; it teaches us to enjoy life more fully; it makes us better citizens.

The purposes of public education are to adjust a growing citizen to a growing world and to protect the investment in culture and civilization.

If the student in these bewildering times is to be a good citizen, he must have a keen, active, and clear mind; a feeling of independence; and the courage which comes with a firm solid youth. Where is he able to find the material to make his mind keen and active? Where may he acquire the feeling of independence or self-assurance? Our schools offer the solutions to these questions.

We wish our government and our culture to be fine and strong. Let us get all the education we can!

THE TERCENTENARY

This year we are celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the American High School. Perhaps a consideration of the purpose of this celebration will help us understand its significance.

The objects of the celebration are to bring to light the aims and work of education in the high school, to emphasize the necessity of public secondary education in a democracy, to acquaint the public with developments in high-school instruction, and to strengthen the opportunities for every boy and girl to benefit from the program of the high schools.

The public education, without which our democracy could never have grown, was established three centuries ago, in 1635, in the Boston Latin School with severe masters at its head. Year by year this school system has improved and expanded, so that the schools have now become a real **home**. But do we wish for our schools to stop here? May they not improve in the future? We know that education will change because our customs and our entire social life change. Education is merely a reflection of our social life. Yet changes may not mean improvement; they may mean exactly the opposite.

Therefore, we believe that every citizen in this country should support the schools to the uttermost. The greatest possible emphasis should be placed upon the celebration of the Tercentenary of the American High School this year.

H. A.

As I gaze at H. A. in the distance,
I have a feeling I cannot explain,
As a steel is drawn to a magnet,
Reluctant to be released again.

You hold me unbelievably captive;
Memories, illusions and hopes

HARTLAND ACADEMY

Seem to rise from I know not where
And rest on your well-known slopes.

But lo, when the spell is broken,
I'm tackled with heartache and pain;
I long to remain in your presence,
Where athletics and studying reign.

Howard Williamson, '35.

THE HISTORY OF HARTLAND

Hartland, located in the southeastern part of Somerset County nineteen miles east of Skowhegan, is drained by the Sebasticook River, a tributary to the Kennebec. It is uneven in surface, but is generally without high hills. Hartland was purchased from the state of Massachusetts in 1799 by Dr. John Warren. At that time it was owned in common with Palmyra and St. Albans and contained thirty thousand acres. The original name of the village was Warren's Town No. 3. It was first organized as a plantation in 1811 and in 1820 was incorporated as the two hundred and thirty-fifth town in Maine.

Until 1846, the part of the town which contained the present Hartland village was within the limits of St. Albans and was known as St. Albans village, but on that date the line was moved and the present village was then included within the town limits of Hartland. Formerly the town line ran through the "Merrow" house, now occupied by W. D. Wheeler. At present the line passes through the A. K. Libby house. The population of Hartland according to the 1930 census was eleven hundred and fifty-five.

In discussing the early settlers of Hartland, we must give the Indians first consideration. It is believed that the "red men" who roamed the fields and streams of this vicinity were a branch of the Abenakis. Many Indian relics have been discovered to confirm this belief. The first permanent white settler in Hartland was James Fuller. He came from Exeter, New Hampshire, earlier than 1802 and erected the Fuller's Tavern at Fuller's Corner on the old country road extending from Norridgewock to Bangor. This tavern for a long time enjoyed the reputation of being one of the few prohibition public houses in the state of Maine. When Mr. Fuller arrived, this region was an utter wilderness with very few inhabitants for miles around. While clearing land for his tavern

he was obliged to travel ten miles to have his ax ground.

Among the familiar figures often seen on the streets of Hartland in the early days were "Squire" Warren with the tall silk hat which distinguished him as a member of the aristocracy, and Dr. Blake, one of Hartland's earliest physicians, who traveled the forest trails on horseback to visit his patients, with his medicine case in the great saddle bag by his side. Among the prominent early lawyers of the town were Levi Merrick, William Folsom and Enoch Brown. Mr. Moor, one of the most important early settlers, came as one of the earliest from Goffstown, New Hampshire in 1802. Hauling his wife and child on a sled, he crossed Moose Pond on the ice late in the autumn.

Soon after his arrival here, he built a log cabin on the river bank not far from the site of the present American Woolen Mill office. Soon afterwards he erected and operated the first and only saw mill for miles around. The original mill was built entirely of wood. In fact, it has been related that the mill was all wood except for the saw. Mr. Moor also built a dam across the Sebasticook by piling logs into the stream. This dam was located not far from the site of the present lower dam. It has been said that so little disturbed was the wilderness by the encroachments of settlers that at times Mr. Moor allowed the machinery in his mill to run all night in order to frighten bears and other forest prowlers from the cattle pen, located on the river bank below the house. Mr. Moor had four children. They were James, Benjamin, Robert and William. They later became prominent as town officials, surveyors and as mill owners.

Other early settlers who were instrumental in Hartland's development were Isaiah Elliot, Ambrose Finson, the Withee family, Calvin Blake, William Hopkins, Benjamin Magoon, Solomon Ricker, James Hinton, Daniel Ham, Charles Littlefield, David Mitchell, Hobbs Perkins, Sewell Prescott, John Starbird, Peleg Thompson, Thomas Tripp, Solomon Stafford, Isaiah and Israel Woodbury, Ebin Ordlin, Joseph Bowley and Seth Webb. Most of these early settlers came to Hartland from New Hampshire and bought land for settlement from Dr. John Warren.

Hartland, during the years of its growth,

THE RIPPLE

has supported several churches, the first of which was of Baptist denomination. The records of the earliest Baptist organization are lost but it is known that a church of this faith existed in the town as early as 1825. The present Baptist Church was erected in 1842 by Shermom Stone of Ripley. It was organized in 1847 and remained the only church in the village until 1864. Later the whole property was deeded to the Baptist State Convention. The membership at present is approximately forty.

The present Methodist organization observed its fiftieth anniversary in 1934. The original Methodist building was erected and dedicated through the efforts of Mrs. Archibald Linn in 1883 at a cost of twenty-eight hundred dollars. The first pastor was Samuel Baker. Other pastors to follow were A. C. Anderson, George Hamilton and Elisha Skinner. During the summers for several years grove meetings were held on the east shore of Morrill Pond in West Hartland under the auspices of an organization that called itself "The Christian Band". Meetings were held the first and third Sundays of every month from June to September with an average attendance of from two to three hundred. Rev. J. Dysart officiated.

Many secret orders have found their homes in Hartland and prospered. The foremost of these was the Hartland Lodge, I. O. O. F. This organization was instituted in February, 1883. Their first meetings were held in the original Academy building, although later gatherings were held in a building erected in cooperation with the Masons and interested townspeople. This building, destroyed by fire in 1883, was replaced in 1888. A very unusual organization was for several years located in Hartland under the name, "Modern Woodmen of America". The purpose of this order was to further the interests of the woodsmen and woodworkers in the community. Meetings were held the second Tuesday of each month with an average attendance of nearly twenty. Other organizations that from time to time have been supported in the community are the Masons; the Twilight Rebekah Lodge, No. 60; the Sebasticook Lodge, K. of P., No. 141; the Grange; the Eastern Star; and the Boy Scouts of America. Many literary clubs and church organizations have also been

established in the village.

The government of Hartland is probably of the purest democracy found in the world. Like other early New England towns, the community was established on the principle of political equality for all. All town affairs were carried on in a town meeting, held in April of each year. Three selectmen were elected by the voters for a single-year term to carry on the town affairs. At present exactly the same form of government is conducted by the townspeople.

Citizens of the town have always provided the best school facilities possible for their children. Elementary schools have been available since the birth of the community. Through the efforts of public-spirited citizens, an academy was incorporated on February 11, 1832, at Hartland and the first secondary school was erected upon the site of the present A. K. Libby house. The original trustees included Henry Warren, Sewell Prescott, Augustus Brown, George Lancey, Ambrose Finson, Calvin Blake and Nathan Douglass. In 1854, because of the increase in attendance, a brick edifice was constructed on the site of the present building. This edifice was destroyed by fire in 1923 and later replaced by the modern spacious building now located on the same site.

Until 1911 the school was called St. Albans Academy, but in that year the name was changed to its present form. Many men who have obtained prominence have, at this institution, laid the foundation of successful college courses or completed useful academic or normal courses which have enabled them to become leaders in communities where they have become honored and respected citizens. Among the graduates may be listed eight doctors, five ministers, eleven lawyers, two poets, one author, and one missionary. Two governors of the state of Maine received a portion of their secondary education at this academy. The first principal to officiate at the Academy was William Corthell.

The industrial history of Hartland tells of a romantic development from the first crude log mill with its dam of poles to the extensive woolen and canning industries which for years have supplied the town with labor and capital. The woolen business was begun in Hartland in 1862 by Archibald Linn, a Scot-

HARTLAND ACADEMY

tish immigrant. Among the first clothing produced by him was a large quantity of blue cloth goods for soldiers' uniforms during the Civil War. At this time wool was very expensive, the price at times reaching \$1.25 per pound. Mr. Linn died in 1889, and since his death the business has continued to develop. Under Mr. Linn's descendants the property was sold to the American Woolen Company, who operated the mill until 1932. Late in 1934 interested citizens of the town purchased the property from the American Woolen Company to rescue it from destruction. Baxter Brothers have recently located the largest fresh vegetable canning factory east of the Colorado River in Hartland. Their output for the year 1934 exceeded one hundred ninety thousand cases. Various other manufacturing enterprises have been located along the water rights at different times, among them several sawmills, box factories, grist mills and tanneries.

Telephone facilities have long been available in Hartland through the efforts of Dr. C. A. Moulton, who organized the Hartland-St. Albans Telephone Company in 1903. For many years a branch of the Waterville Trust Company flourished here, failing about 1910. The Hartland Power and Light Company was formed in 1911, with Dr. C. A. Moulton as the leading spirit, to furnish electric power and light for Hartland and St. Albans. The Hartland Water Company was organized twenty-six years ago with Mr. J. C. Taylor from Massachusetts as president. Since that time the company has changed hands several times. The Hartland Public Library, founded December 30, 1903, largely through the efforts of Mrs. Anne Osborne, contained nearly a thousand volumes in 1904.

For more than fifty years successful fairs were presented to the residents of Hartland and vicinity by the East Somerset Agricultural Society, but the very organization of the corporation worked to defeat its aim, for through a ten dollar fee one could secure life membership to the company and a life ticket to the fair for himself, his family and his relatives. The end was inevitable.

Hartland now offers to its residents fine schools, good churches, a library, mills, extensive water power, telephone, telegraph, railway, and electric power service, and many other blessings on which a new and

better Hartland may be founded. The depression can be but temporary in a town of public-spirited citizens. The present may not be promising, but the future should hold much in store for this town, once so industrious, once so prosperous.

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Clyde Griffith, '35.

A SCHOOLBOY AT HOME

What does a schoolboy do
When he goes home at night?
As he sits down with his mother and
Dad for supper, do they ask
Him how everything went today, or perhaps
If the baseball team had a good practice?
Do they ask him how he likes a
New teacher, and whether or not she is
Going to be O. K.? Can it be they embarrass
Him a little by talking of a girl he is known
To like a great deal? What if his face does
get red?

Maybe he is pleased they think his choice
Was so good. Maybe his sister asks
Him to help her with her books.
Her books—Does he say smilingly, "Aw gee
Sis, I've done enough for today. Let's go to
a movie, huh?"
Maybe he says abruptly, "Naw, do yer own
work."

Then he is sorry for it, and as he
Lies in bed he hopes his gruff words will be
Forgiven. To a man like me, a schoolboy
Has no great cares and woes. At least,
I hope not.

Robert Strout, '35.

RECENT BOOKS ABOUT MAINE

It would seem that Maine has really come into its own this year with the publication of several excellent novels of Maine life written by Maine people. That these novels

have become best sellers is most gratifying. We at Hartland Academy have enjoyed these stories of our own state, and we here include three reviews, written by members of the Senior class.

Mary Peters, by Mary Ellen Chase

This novel is an absorbing story of Maine life during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Miss Chase has portrayed the simple Maine life so vividly and she has made it so realistic that the reading of the novel impresses one deeply.

The story has for its chief character a girl named Mary Peters. Mary's father was a sea captain, and she herself was born on board a ship. Her first fifteen years, spent on the sea, formed a fine background for her strong life. When she was about fourteen, she saw Cadiz from her father's clipper ship, and she never forgot its whiteness and its beauty as long as she lived. When she was fifteen Mary's father died, and Mary and her mother returned to the little coast village which was the family home.

Mary's love for the sea was matched by her love for study. She graduated from Castine and taught three years in a little school not far from her mother's farm; then she taught in an academy. After a few years she resigned and married Jim Pendleton, the son of a schoolmate of her mother's. Her life was brave and admirable. The many sorrows which it was her lot to bear served only to increase the strength of her character.

I enjoyed reading "Mary Peters", and I would not hesitate to recommend it to a person who wished for an accurate picture of Maine life. Miss Chase has shown unusual ability in giving her readers a wholesome and thrilling account of life in this hardy northeastern state.

Mary Smith, '35.

Lost Paradise, by Robert Tristram Coffin

"Lost Paradise" is a realistic biographical sketch of boyhood on a Maine coast farm near East Harpswell. It is written from the viewpoint of a boy who has completed the work of a small rural school, and has been sent to school in town. Now, as he lives in town with his older brother and sister, Peter wishes that he were back on the farm. He

hates the cramped, narrow quarters of the town and longs for the free acres of the farm to roam about on with his dog, Snoozer. As he looks back, he thinks that he would welcome the hard work of harvesting marsh grass, building water fences or picking apples, if only he could be on the farm again.

Such is the life of Peter, living in town during the week and returning home for the week-ends. How he looks forward to those week-ends at home with his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, and his dog.

The story centers around Peter's love for his father, his mother, his Uncle Thomas, and his faithful old dog. He likes his father best of all because he is so strong and kind, and because he understands Peter so well. He idolizes his mother for her cooking, her songs at evening, and her thoughtfulness. His Uncle Thomas has once been a sailor, and Peter likes to hear his stories of the sea and pirates.

Peter has been in town two weeks before they go home for the last time. It is a rainy night. Everything is dark, and it is then that Peter finds out that his father has killed his dog, grown old and helpless. His mother sympathizes with him and tells him that they are all going to move to town. This is their last week on the farm. Thus, just after Peter has grown old enough to appreciate the free life of the farm, he loses it, his "Paradise".

For a good picture of boy-life in Maine, I can recommend no better book than "Lost Paradise".

Vincent Phillips, '35.

Shipmates, by Isabelle Carter

Elizabeth Sparrow was a young school teacher before her marriage to Jim Brown, an adventurous sea captain. After her marriage, she lived a large part of her life at sea, the very thing she had always said she would not do.

On her second trip the ship was struck by lightning. The mast conducted the lightning to a store room which contained bales of cotton. When the cotton caught on fire it set the ship aflame, and it had to be abandoned for life boats where the crew lived

for a short time and where rations were very sparse. Afterwards Elizabeth went ashore while her husband found work on another man's ship. Soon he was made captain, and she and the children again went to sea.

On her return from this trip, Elizabeth learned that her uncle was very ill and wished her to come to him. She went ashore to nurse him back to health and to send her children to school. After several months, news came that her husband had been shipwrecked and would never return.

In the face of this tragedy, Elizabeth courageously bore the burden of supporting her children. She returned to teaching in order to send her two boys and her girl to college, as their father had planned, and to forget her sorrow.

I am sure that "Shipmates" would interest everyone, but it would especially interest those who love sea life. The mixture of humor and pathos makes it an appealing story. It causes one to forget everything but the book itself and makes one feel as if he actually knew the characters.

Students of Hartland Academy are particularly interested in this novel, for at one time its author, Miss Isabelle Carter, was an instructor at our school. Parents of this year's Seniors remember her as a friendly and well-loved teacher.

SPRING FEVER

As I sit in the main room gazing
At the landscape far away,
I marvel at the changing colors
As the springtime comes to stay.

The shades of green are like velvet,
And the evergreens, most beautiful of all,
Whisper and sway in the breeze
As they stand there straight and tall.

I think of the little birds
As they shape their nests with care;
They are happy to be alive
In a world so bright and fair.

Then I think of the Mayflowers sweet
That bloom beside patches of snow;
They call to my mind the Mayflower
That crossed the sea long ago.

Nature beckons and beckons
And I wish that I could go;
But I realize I'm still in school
With my studies yet to do.

Mary Greene, '35.

THIRTY YEARS LATER

A young man paused before Tellson's Bank in London. He looked up at the sign and his high, intelligent forehead puckered itself into a frown. Turning, he pushed open the door and descended the two steps leading into the dark interior. Just inside a man sat in a chair tilted comfortably back against the wall.

"Good morning, Jerry," said the young man smiling. His voice was pleasant and well modulated.

"Why, good morning, Mr. Darnay!" Jerry rose respectfully. "You're the new manager, aren't you?"

"Yes", replied Sydney Darnay pleasantly. "I shall have some messages to send out soon." With these words he passed into the musty old office which contrasted so sharply with his own neat appearance.

As he glanced around the ugly interior, a semblance of that frown which had greeted the sign outside a few minutes before returned to his face and he muttered to himself, "Uh! a nice refreshing place to do business in!"

Outside the office he surveyed the ancient boxes used to hold the money. Funny that he should have worked here for six whole months and never noticed how painfully old and musty the place was; perhaps it was the fact that he had suddenly become the manager of this branch of the reputed Tellson's Bank that gave him such a lively interest in it and made him take notice of every detail.

Noon found him in a quiet street corner not far from Soho Square. He sat at dinner with his mother and father, Lucy and Charles Darnay, now rather advanced in years.

"How did our new manager get along at the bank this morning?" asked his father.

"Oh, pretty well," Sydney replied. "Went through the mail all right and dictated answers to the letters, but that was about all; the rest of the time I thought and planned. I never realized before how ugly and dark and inconvenient the place is; furthermore, it's too small for the amount of business Tellson's is doing. I suppose if I suggest any changes I shall get my head just about snapped off for my pains, but I'm going to make a try. The whole place and system needs remodeling."

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"Be careful," warned his father. "You are the youngest manager Tellson's ever had, and you must be careful for a while and prove that you are a good manager before proposing anything radical."

His mother broke in quietly, "We heard from Lucy this morning. She and her husband are in Paris and are enjoying themselves. She writes that the city is much changed and that there are many improvements. She expects to be at home in about two weeks."

"That's good, Sydney replied. "We miss Lucy."

Just then the dessert was brought in.

"Do you plan to teach after this year?" Sydney asked, addressing his father.

"I think not," his father returned. "There should be someone younger in my place, and I've saved up enough to retire on."

Father and son arose from the table, the father to return to his classes, and the son to his office.

As they were going out Sydney said, "There is a meeting of the bank directors at two o'clock; I'm going to propose a plan for rebuilding Tellson's".

Margaret Ash, '36.

JUST DREAMING

I am dreaming of my schooldays
How I love them, one and all;
I am picturing the sunlight and the shadows
As they creep on through the hall.

I am dreaming of the schoolhouse
Of my teachers, of each friend;
I am thinking of the sunset
And the colors that all blend.

I am dreaming of the beauty
That bids all the world rejoice;
Of the hush of summer twilight
And the song of many a voice.

Elizabeth Hart, '35.

THE MISLABELED PACKAGE

About Christmas time when people are receiving numerous packages, it is not strange to see many with different labels. As is usual at this time of year, I am one of the first to be at the post office.

One bright December morning I went to the post office to await the arrival of the morning mail. When it came, I was over-

joyed because I knew it must contain a package for me. But I must have been too anxious, for all I found in my box was some Christmas cards. This did not make me very joyous and I rode home on my bicycle, muttering to myself about how dumb the mail clerks must be. I was sure they had misplaced the package.

When it was time for the afternoon mail to arrive, I was in my usual place. I waited anxiously, watching my box to see if the clerk would put into it a yellow card which would tell me that I had a package. Finally I was rewarded for my watchfulness by seeing a card appear. I quickly took it out and gave it to the postmaster, who passed me a parcel saying, "Be careful of it because it is light and may have something in it that will break."

The package was addressed to my sister, but I was so happy over any kind of parcel that I didn't care who it was for. It was very light and was marked "fragile" in big red letters. Thus it seemed necessary to handle it with care. I got on my bicycle and started for home, being very careful not to bump the package. As the road was icy and slippery, I rode cautiously. When I was nearly home, my bicycle skidded and, thinking first of the package, I held it up and let my bicycle crash to the road. On picking it up, I found the handle bars bent and a support for one of the mudguards snapped off. Mindful of the damage, I decided to walk the rest of the way home.

Upon seeing the package, my sister danced with glee. I gave it to her, expecting some beautiful piece of glassware; but to my amazement she pulled out—the latest style in hats. From that moment I have been disgusted with myself for letting my bicycle fall, just to save a silly hat from being crushed.

Floyd Webber, '35.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

What mean those lights
Up in the sky?
First they're wavering
Now they're flickering
Changing places in the sky.
What mean those lights
Up in the sky?
They mean—God's eye
Is over all.

FROGS

The frogs are croaking
In the brook.
A thousand voices
In syncopated rhythm
Tell us
Spring is here.

TREES

O trees,
I love your towering majesty
As you sway
As you swing
In the evening breeze.
O trees,
I love your lulling whisper
As you hush the world to sleep.

Mary Smith, '35.

A LITERARY NARRATIVE

One day as I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud I met The Ancient Mariner who told me a Tale of Two Cities, which I enjoyed very much. Soon we parted and I continued my journey. As I walked In a Country Churchyard, I met The Man Who Was. He was Spreading the News and he told me about some strange Cargoes. I listened attentively and when he had finished I thanked him for telling me and strolled along by a sparkling stream.

I had not gone far when, hearing sweet strains of music, I stopped to listen and to look. I could see no one; but, creeping stealthily along the bank, I discerned something white in the distance. The music seemed to grow louder. Coming closer, I saw that it was The Solitary Reaper singing the sweet refrain, Flow Gently Sweet Afton. It came to me then that this was that beautiful stream. I remained silent until she had finished; then I approached her. She asked me to walk with her and I readily agreed. As we strolled we talked of Gareth and Lynette and others whom we knew. Suddenly she stooped and picked A Red, Red Rose which was growing on a bush beside the Loveliest of Trees.

It was now only mid-afternoon, but we were tired and hungry. She said, "Let us go to my home and rest awhile; then we will have supper. In the evening we can talk as long as we like." I accepted with pleasure and was very glad when we arrived at the little cottage. Her mother, a kind old lady, met us at the gate with A Greeting of welcome.

During the latter part of the afternoon when my hostess was busy, her dear mother told me of The Soldier whom her daughter had loved. She said he had written to them about an Incident of the French Camp.

After supper we went for a walk under the stars. The girl said, "It Is a Beauteous Evening; let us walk in the garden." Here we strolled in silence for some time. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls played Auld Lang Syne. We were thrilled and waited to hear more, but it was getting late and the music ceased.

My friend begged me to stay all night, and we went back to the cottage where her mother awaited our return. This concludes my story except for One Word More—I hope this has been As You Like It.—Mary Greene.

PERILS OF SPRING

The day dawned dull, misty and altogether tiresome. The weather didn't look very promising for Monday's grind at the Hall of Knowledge.

As I sloshed along to school, getting my feet damp and groaning every time I slipped while trying to get up the hill, I received grumpy "Good mornings", and answered them just as grumpily. Behind me I heard someone say, "I could sleep a week", and in my weary mind I agreed with my fellow sufferer.

I noticed the dirty, damp-smelling snow with its edging of mud and wished I would never have to look at it again.

The morning passed slowly with its two boresome periods of elements and gases and a period of droning French translation. At last the noon dismissal bell rang. I went out to have a tussle with my galoshes and yank on my sports jacket as I half-walked, half-ran down the one flight of stairs. As I reached the door I squinted at the still slate-gray sky and pondered about going to the post office. Looking at a puddle I was about to fall into, I decided not to face the danger of getting drowned but to go straight home to lunch.

That afternoon I couldn't understand what made all of us yawn and feel so tired, but suddenly the sun burst into its full glory and I felt my spirits brighten with it.

At the sound of the last bell every one seemed over anxious to get out-of-doors. The

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sun was still spreading its dazzling light over the campus when one hundred voices gave out jubilant yells of "Spring is here!"

Charlotte McCrillis, '36.

HOME-COMING

"John Bley is coming home
He's been gone for more than
Five years. He has never done
Anything for his mother in all
That time. You know, I can't
See where she got enough money
To keep that house in such fine
Condition." "Nor I either, and
Those dresses she wears. I didn't
Think her husband had left her
So much money."
Thus the gossips, on and on.

A car, beautifully streamlined,
Drives up to the cottage door.
A tall lithe young man
Slides from the seat, and advances.
The door opens. "Mother!" "My boy!"

A party is held at Mrs. Lytte's.
John attends. Someone says,
"Telephone for Mr. Peter Thompson".
John reddens, excuses himself and
Leaves the room, which immediately
Buzzes with conversation.
"Peter Thompson. Why, isn't that the
Boston merchant that made that large
Woolen mill possible here?"

"But you know, I always had
A feeling he was doing something
Worth while. Didn't I tell you
That John Bley would be a"
Thus the gossips, on and on.

Robert Strout, '35.

LETTERS FROM ALGERIA

The members of the junior and senior French classes have been corresponding with French students in Algeria. The letters have proved so interesting that we are including two of them in this issue of "The Ripple."

Oran, Algeria
November 10, 1934

Dear Mary,

A great surprise was waiting for me yesterday evening. As I came back from school,

I found, with an evident pleasure, a letter from you at home. I am charmed to be acquainted with you, and I hope our correspondence will be long.

I am fifteen years old. My hairs are curly and brown. I stop there, promising to send you my picture when I have it.

I go to the Lyceum of Bray. It is an important building, including about 3000 pupils. There is no girl in it. There are four years I frequent that Lyceum and now I am in the class of Second A's. Next year I shall present myself at L'examen du Baccalaureat. I learn English and Latin. I found English very interesting and I study it very hard. When I am in English class I am very attentive to take the more knowledge I can.

My father was the director of the three hospitals of Bray; there are about five years that he is dead. Now I live with my mother and brother who is younger than me.

Winter is very agreeable season for us, while summer is very hot and unsupportable.

I am going now to describe Bray in the best manner I can. Bray is a town of 180,000 inhabitants which are divided in several places. The most numerous are Arabs; after them French come; at last Spanish and Jews. Although Alger is the chief town of Algeria, commercial traffic makes of Bray the first port of North Africa. Bray can be divided in three parts: the low town, the high town, and suburbs.

The low town is the older part. Its houses have been blackened by the smoke of steamers. In it lived sailors, fishermen, and their families. It is picturesque but not beautiful. The high town is more attractive and interesting. This part of the town is modern, with large streets bordered with large houses and beautiful shops. Cinemas, which are in the widest avenues, are the most luxurious of North Africa. I go every Sunday to the Cinema. Do you like it? Suburbs continued the high town. They are like little towns around the very town. I live in the most beautiful and healthy of them. West of Bray there is a mountain called the "Murdjadjo." At the top of it a fortress is seated. It was built in 1846 by Spanish who were then occupying Algeria.

Now I suppose that you can imagine how is Bray. I'll close my letter after praying

you to accept my homage.

Your friend,
Edouard.

Oran, Algeria,
April 7, 1935.

Dear Althea,

At last as you tell of possible war, I want you to see at this card before reading what I answer. How right are you! In Germany and in France, they should remember of the last war. And then nobody should want to go again to the slaughter-house.

You see a great French town of world requite, both for its marvelous Cathedral and for its lively wine. Of course in America you have heard of "Champagne Wine" from Reims or Lycernay. Well, this very prosperous town has been smashed and battered down to the cellars. What it has suffered no man can tell. In France they call it the "Martyred Town." Amidst the ruined town one only monument was left, for they dared not to batter down this marvel of world requite, the "Reims Cathedral". But during a strange attack they dared and airplanes set the cathedral afire. The French soldiers put the fire out, but the great steeple had got many an unmendable wound. Thenceforth they protected the great gates and walls with sand sacks. Thus it remained until 1920.

Such horrors make you hate war. Germans did worse in Belgium and Northern France. Some former prosperous villages have vanished. Millions of soldiers have found death in fight on both sides. Many more millions civilians, in towns and inside countries have perished with hunger, poverty and diseases.

So that we, the youngsters, in France, we don't want to hear of war, although we have not suffered in the trenches. And sometimes we become angry when thinking that all has not been done to prevent the coming back of war. In my opinion, the "Allies" after their victory had to choose between two gaits towards Germany.

Either to consider them as everlasting enemies, and watch o'er their country with a brutal curiosity, or to give them faculty of becoming peer by rights or duties, and ask, in turn, for solemn obligations.

When they were too weak a nation to resist the allies' will, what would have been

easier than to make them enter into a general disarmament league? Well, neither this nor that has been done or rather, without any fore-idea or plan, the diplomatists have, by turns, faced both ways. Now they allowed Germany to double its army in order to resist Communists. Last, they said, it would become a dangerous anarchic center in Europe. And now they remembered that they had won war. They said they were the masters and wanted to rule everything beyond the Rhine. But, don't mind, I think that war can be avoided, and, I tell you that no doubt it will be. The best way, in my opinion, is not, as they do in France, instituting military service and keeping in barracks the young soldiers till July 14. It is not by preparing war that you'll get peace. Peace is peace and it has nothing to do with war. You always gather what you have sown. This week the three governments of France, Italy, and England are to meet at Stresa and to deliberate about ways of keeping peace by common energetic action. There is the good way. The new leaders in Germany with their backers want war, but the masses do not. Why should they want war for? Nowadays they no more win than nations that are vanquished. Misery and death appear on both sides, and even a conquest is but an economical burden.

Yours truly,
J. Barre.

I LONG FOR THE SEA

A life for me
Is a life on the sea
Where man is always free.

Where the sea-gulls fly
And the fish leap high
Above the rolling sea.

Where the wind-blown ship
Is battered, as it dips
In the grip of the raging sea.

And when I die
My soul will be
In my ship on the rolling sea.

Howard Baird, '35.

MUDDY REFLECTIONS

Squish! squash! squish! squash! So sayeth the mud beneath my feet. How familiar the sound is to me. For four years I have heard that sound as I plodded along to school.

Walking along, I sometimes sink almost to my ankles when I step in the wrong place. Though I think the ground is solid, all of a sudden down I go, appearing at last with shoes that are no longer distinguishable and stockings of a new style, speckled as they are with mud.

Relieved at the knowledge that I might have sunk farther, I let my imagination play with me, thinking how terrible it would be to have kept on sinking, maybe going far below the earth to some new unheard-of land.

Then I begin to think that all this isn't so unpleasant after all. For, watching the mud, I marvel at the different shades and colors. Some are light brown, some dark. Now and then there is a copper color, and occasionally a deep dark shade, which is almost black.

Following my thoughts, I imagine scenes suggested by the shape of the mud. I see cities and highways, forests and mountains. The little pebbles and sticks help to form the miniature houses and buildings, the larger pebbles and sticks forming the trees and mountains.

Yes, everything is muddy, but delightfully so when there is nothing to do but saunter along, taking my time and thinking such amusing thoughts. Even before I know it I am at home, meeting the exclamations of my mother as she sees my muddy shoes.

Once I said that the sound of mud beneath my feet was unwelcome, but that isn't true any more. After thinking all these thoughts, and then remembering the lovely things which follow the mud—spring with its green grass and birds, and summer with the good times it brings—I find myself enjoying the steady squish, squash of the mud beneath my feet.

Frances Waldron, '35.

"THE LITTLE MINISTER" IN THE FILMS

Barrie's "The Little Minister" is one of the most appealing love stories that the films have produced this year. Three important factors make it so.

The most distinctive of these is the selection of characters. The part of a serious and sincere minister to the simple-minded people of Thrums seems most natural to John Beal; and Katherine Hepburn is well-fitted for the

role of the pretty gypsy coquette, Babbie.

The second essential is the use of artistic and fitting scenery. The town square and the buildings appear to me much like those described in Barrie's novel. Third in importance are the costumes. The long dresses, made with simple lines, and the bonnets are typical of those worn at the time of the story. The rude garb of the men is also appropriate.

Other features of the picture that add to its dramatic value are the simplified use of Scottish dialect and the fine acting of such characters as Wearyworld, Tammas, and Rob Dow. Wearyworld lends humor, Tammas shows sternness and Rob Dow, loyalty. I enjoyed the movie very much and thought it just as delightful as the story.

Phyllis Baird, '37.

FISHING AND SUCCESS

Suppose the fish don't bite at first,
What are you going to do?
Throw down your pole and dump your bait
And say your fishing's through?
Of course you're not;
You're going to fish and wait,
Until you've filled your basket
And used up all your bait.

Suppose success don't come at first,
What are you going to do?
Throw down your hook and hate yourself,
And say your work is through?
Of course you're not;
You're going to start again,
Until success shall come your way
And you can say, "I win".

Earle Merrow, '35.

THE PRIZE

A slender girl of sixteen looked at the setting sun as it threw its last rays over the green landscape.

"Oh, how grand and beautiful! How I wish I could put it on canvas, just as it is. If I could paint like that, the prize of the contest would be mine, but it's almost impossible. Even the great art masters can't do that. I think I'll paint that large lady's slipper down in the swamp, with those snow-white lilies of the valley peeping through the green moss for a background."

She was so absorbed in this June picture that she did not notice a pair of black eyes watching her. Thus when she slowly turned

and saw Estelle Murry, she was startled and stuttered, "Why-er, hello, Estelle."

"Well, Helen Rogers, what have you to say for yourself? I've hunted the village over for you. Hurry up and come home to entertain your guests. The club have been there an hour looking at their thumbs, and getting nervous while their fair hostess was out here sky-larking."

"Oh dear, what was I thinking about? I forgot that this was club day."

"Oh, never mind, dearie." This was hardly audible, but Helen detected the sarcasm and her face turned crimson. She opened her lips as if to speak but closed them again, and there was silence all the way home.

When they reached home her ten-year-old sister, Jean, met her at the door and exclaimed, "Why Helen, where have you been? Mamma has had an awful time entertaining all those girls. And say, can't I take Rover in and show the girls that bite that the fox gave him?"

"Mercy, no dear! It's all raw and half of them would faint. Run along now, I have to go in." She entered, greeted the club, apologized, and then turned the attention from herself by asking Estelle what picture she was going to enter in the contest. Estelle was one of the best painters and all were curious to know what she would say, but she evasively replied, "I'm not sure. I know of two or three that I could enter."

They were then called for refreshments. All were enjoying themselves when Jean came in bubbling with laughter.

"Oh, mamma! The c-the c-at has lapped the cream off the cream cake." She then looked around to see how they took it and was disappointed because they wouldn't laugh. Mrs. Rogers excused herself and went to the kitchen. As it was getting late the rest soon went home.

The next day was Saturday and Helen took her easel, canvas, paints and lunch and went to the swamp. She painted all day, stopping only to eat her lunch. So interested was she in her work that she did not notice that it was growing dark until she heard her Uncle Henry and Jean romping down the hill. She was just putting on the finishing touches when they arrived and Uncle Henry exclaimed, "Why Helen, that lady's slipper is wonderful."

"My yes!" put in Jean, "that is awful pretty. It looks like candy, and I'd like to eat it."

"Jean! You should be ashamed of yourself, you little imp," said her uncle.

At school Monday everybody was very much excited, for that afternoon the prize for the best picture was to be awarded.

That noon while all were at lunch, Estelle cautiously entered the main room. She went to the desk where the pictures lay and took her own and Helen's from the rest to compare them. They were both painted from the same flower, but what a contrast! Estelle, who before had been sure of the prize, knew now that it was impossible to attain. She was so intent upon her thoughts that she did not see the janitor who stood at the door and watched her exchange the names on the two pictures. The janitor then went into another room, and Estelle quietly left the building and went to lunch.

The town clock struck two. Everyone in the room was watching Professor Clinton as he held up Helen's picture and said, "I am proud to say this picture is the best. Miss Murry, please come forward and receive the prize."

Helen was stunned. Before she could realize what had happened, Estelle had the prize and the crowd was dispersing.

Suddenly Johnny Earl, the janitor, stepped forward and cried, "Hey, Professor, that prize picture was painted by Helen Rogers. I saw Estelle Murry change the names on those two pictures this noon."

All eyes were turned toward Estelle. With bowed head she admitted that it was true and returned the prize to Mr. Clinton, who presented it to the real winner, Helen Rogers.

Lillian Lewis, '36.

THE SAILOR

Oh, I'm a jolly sailor old,
I loved the bounding sea;
I always shouted and sang with joy
When I saw a storm blowing up my lea.

I loved to run with the raging wind
And hear the billows roar,
And stand on my deck, glass in hand,
Watching for rocky shore.

But now my sailing days are done,
I'll sail the seas no more;

THE RIPPLE

Last time I ran with the raging wind
I hit a rocky shore.

Now I'm taking one last sail,
I'm going to my last home;
And there, alone, with the wind and tide,
O'er God's great sea I'll roam.

Vincent Philips, '35.

THE EPIC OF AMERICA, BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

"The Epic of America" is not a mere history of America from the landing of Columbus to modern times. It is more than that; it is, as its title suggests, an epic. Because it is an epic, this book contains, in addition to a straightforward picture of the events in American history interpreted in terms of an advancing frontier, a particular study of the psychological causes and effects of the abiding influences upon American character and thought.

Throughout the epic, the political military, diplomatic, social, and economic aspects of our civilization are all interwoven into three main backgrounds: first, sectional prejudices; second, the American concept of "bigger and better" business; and last, the American dream of a Jeffersonian world with Hamiltonian profits.

Two characteristics of this chronicle are outstanding: Adam's unbiased interpretation of personalities; and his elucidation of events.

Among the personalities dwelt upon in "The Epic of America" are Jefferson, Hamilton, Samuel and John Adams, Washington, Jackson, Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt. Since the author makes each character a real individual, each personality seems to live in the pages of the book as he seldom does in our histories.

Among Adams' explanations of events may be listed our attitude toward all our wars, our lawlessness and muddled morals after the Civil War and today, our panics, our sectionalism, the breaking down of our economic democracy, the rise of the profit motive in America to the virtue level, our imperialistic expansion under McKinley, the battle between greedy capital and exploited labor that began with the ending of our frontier, and the improvement of our public morals under Theodore Roosevelt.

The author of this book adopts many devices to make it interesting as well as instructive. Among these are foreshadowing, comparison, contrast, metaphor and simile.

At times, the author becomes cynical in his explanation of incidents. Yet the critical attitude that he takes is one of a conservative thinker, and "The Epic of America" can be the result only of careful planning based on an understanding of the forces which have shaped the destiny of our nation.

Clyde Griffith, '35.

WILDS OF AFRICA

If I had to live in Africa
Where the saber-toothed tiger roams,
I'd surround myself with elephant-guns,
And tiger-proof shoes and clothes.

But as I live in America
Where no such creatures have homes,
I can live in peace and happiness
And never fear to roam.

Howard Baird, '35.

THE MAN IN THE FUR COAT

Near a dense forest about half a mile from any house, there stood a mysterious-looking cabin. No one knew its owner, nor were many people interested to find out. The house belonged to Shirley Rogers.

Ever since Shirley had been old enough to realize that she was the owner of a house, she had been eager to visit it. One day she went to her Aunt Ellen and begged her to accompany her there.

"But, my dear, you don't know anything about this old house," her aunt said, "You might..."

"But Aunt Len," Shirley interrupted, we could go and find out about it—and if we didn't like it we could come home."

Aunt Ellen pondered a moment then replied, "Very well, if your mother and father are willing for you to go, I will accompany you."

Shirley ran to her parents and finally received their reluctant consent.

Two weeks later Shirley and her aunt set out for the estate in the woods. Upon reaching the station they asked a boy where they could find someone to take their baggage to their residence. He looked at them queerly, then replied, "Huh? you ain't

g'wina ter move inter thet ha'nted house, be ye? Well, ef y'air, I warn ye to be keerful!" And with this he stalked away.

Aunt Ellen sat down on the trunk and shook her white head thoughtfully, "I knew it, Shirley, I think we'd better go back as fast as we can." But glancing up she saw that she was alone.

Down the street she glimpsed Shirley, running as fast as her slender legs could carry her, her blonde curls flopping and her white dress blowing in the breeze.

She stopped in front of a small boy and asked, "Will you carry some baggage for me to that small house in the woods?"

Quickly he responded, "Sure."

The luggage having been deposited, Tom Jenkins, the boy who had helped Shirley, waited and straightened things up for the night. As he turned to go he said, "If you folks want anything, come over and get me. I live the first house up on the left."

Being fatigued from the journey, Shirley and her aunt went to bed early. About twelve o'clock Shirley awoke with a start. Aunt Ellen was calling her. Putting on her slippers, she hastened to her aunt's bedroom to find her sitting rigid and white on the edge of the bed. Her voice quivered as she said, "Shirley, there's someone in the cellar! Listen!"

There was a moment of tense silence, then soft padding feet were heard from below. Shirley dragged her half-frantic aunt downstairs and, barring the cellar door, called, "Who's there?" Silence. Then the outside cellar door banged, announcing the departure of the intruder. Shirley tried to induce her aunt to go to bed but her efforts were of no avail. Aunt Ellen firmly insisted upon sitting up the rest of the night.

The next morning Shirley went to the cellar for some cookies. Looking on the shelf she found that the gingerbread and the cookies, which they had made the night before, were gone.

Several weeks passed but they had no other interruptions. One day Aunt Ellen went to the cellar. As she reached the bottom step, Shirley heard her scream. She hastened to her aunt.

"Why, what's the matter?" she cried.

"A m-man wearing a f-furry c-coat just

brushed by m-my arm."

Shirley and her aunt hurried upstairs. Having oiled her gun, Shirley determined to sit up that night and catch the intruder. About midnight she heard the cellar door open and close softly. Then came the padding of feet on the cellar floor. Shirley crept down to the second step of the cellar stairs, flashed her flash light and saw—not a man—but a big bear lumbering toward the shelf of sweets. When he saw the light he stopped, sniffed the air, then rather hurriedly ambled out through the doorway.

The next morning Shirley told her aunt that the intruder had been nothing but a gentle little bear.

But Aunt Ellen retorted, "I'm sure that if it was a bear, it was anything but little and gentle, and I insist that we go home on the first train we can get."

Bertha Smith, '37.

THE PARK

As the veil of evening quietly encircles the city, crowds of people, young and old, start down the gray ribbon-like paths to the park by the seashore where the soft breezes whisper that day is ending.

Little children are running and playing through the shrubbery and on the benches, while the older ones watch the ships floating lazily at anchor in the bay. Others are strolling in the twilight making plans for the morrow. Business men and women come to rest their weary brows, and occasionally an automobile is visible among the trees.

As the sun peeps over the horizon we again see the park, but now it is deserted. The crowd that occupied it the evening before may now be found in the busy streets and offices eagerly at work.

Mary Libby, '37.

WRITING POETRY

Why should I of poetry write
When other things are better?
Why am I asked to do the like
Regardless of the weather?

Yet this poetry is to me
Far better than bad weather,
For things of pleasure I can see
When scholars are together.

Alfred Bell, '35.

MY FIRST SPEECH

It was at the last annual banquet of the Hartland Academy basketball squads. Everyone else seemed to be enjoying the delicious supper, but I couldn't eat as much as usual because a day or two before someone had told me that I had to make a speech. The knowledge seemed to affect my stomach, as I had never had the opportunity of making a speech before, and I knew that the fatal moment was drawing near.

We had been enjoying a few very effective speeches, when suddenly the person who was speaking sat down. The toast-mistress arose and gave a fitting joke, and then the storm broke. It struck like a bolt of thunder when she said, "I think Mr. Seekins has a few words to say to us." I arose and the audience gave me a hand. My knees felt rather shaky and I had a peculiar feeling in my stomach. Although I had my speech all learned and had been saying it over many times to myself during the supper, I nearly forgot to address the toast-mistress and the audience. This startled me, and I forgot the first of my speech. After a few moments' hesitation, during which I was thinking furiously and looking about, trying to make it appear as though I were a great orator, my face began to get heated, and I knew it was very red.

At last the words of my speech came to me. I remembered the first part clearly, but suddenly I became dazed; my eyes were no longer roving around looking over the faces of the audience, but were fixed on one spot on the table in front of me. I came to the last of my speech but left off the most interesting and important part. Finally, I stammered through the last sentence, said "Thank you", and sat down with a sigh of relief.

It was after the banquet was over and we were gathered around in a group that I got a great surprise. Someone tapped me on the arm and said in a low voice, "Well, Jim, you made an excellent speech."

James Seekins, '35.

THE FATE OF POLYDORUS

Polydorus, son of King Priam, to the Thracian King was sent with gold,
That he might escape the toils of war
So horrible they were of old.

But when the great fortune of Troy turned,
Polydorus, by the Thracian King was
spurned.

Now Aeneas chanced upon a place when
Italy he was seeking,
And while unknowingly he was gathering
myrtle

Above his grave he heard Polydorus weep-
ing.

No records have we of the date

But knowing of Polydorus, helped Aeneas
to

Follow better his own fate.

Lillian Lewis, '36.

JIM SAVES THE DAY

"One hundred dollars reward will be given by the owners of the cottages located on Indian Pond for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the party stealing from the above cottages."

This was the notice that Jim read posted in the St. Albans post office on that beautiful May morning when he called there to see if there was any letter for his mother.

The letter was there, and with it clutched tightly in his hand he hurried home.

"Oh, Mother, it's here," he cried as he breathlessly reached the steps and anxiously waited for her to make known the contents.

He did not need to ask her, for the anxious disappointed look on his mother's face told him that it was not good news.

"He won't give us another month, Jimmy Boy," she said. "He says that, if he doesn't get the hundred dollars that we owe him on the house by June 10, we will have to get out, and I hate to do so. Why Jim, it's the only home you ever had," and with these words she folded her arms around her little twelve-year-old boy and wept tears of sadness.

"Perhaps your eyes will be better, Mama," he said, "and summer is coming so that I can work out, and then we can get along somehow. I'm going to the shore of the pond, down by the cottages, and see if I can get some of those perch you like so well for our dinner. If we have to move, perhaps we won't be so near the pond next time." With those words Jim took his pole and can of bait and started gloomily down across lots to the shore of Indian Pond.

He took a short cut through the woods in order to get there as soon as possible, and as he noiselessly trudged along through the moist leaves, he was bitterly thinking of the

Squire and how selfish it was of him not to let his mother have more time in which to pay for their small home. The Squire was rich and did not need the money. Yet that was the way in which he had gained his wealth; he had heaps of money, but no friends.

For four years since his father had died, Jim and his mother had tried to get along as best as they could, unassisted. His mother had taken in sewing and done other work for the neighbors and had managed to keep up the payments on their little home. But during the last few months her eyes had failed her, and now she was about to lose the home she had tried so hard to keep.

With these thoughts in his mind, Jim was suddenly startled by the sound of voices. They were not familiar to him, and he slowly crept closer through the dense underbrush to see who the men were. Soon he came to the edge of a small clearing about fifty feet across; and in the center of it, sitting on the trunk of a blown-down tree, were two men, both strangers to Jim. He did not like their looks and was distrustful of them and so remained concealed behind the clump of cedar bushes.

"Well, we're all set for those other two cottages tonight. We can get rid of this stuff at the same place that we did the others," remarked the larger of the two men as he lit his pipe and put the match out with his foot.

"Soon as this night's work is over, I'm getting out of here for good and trying my luck somewhere else," said the other.

Jim waited to hear no more, but as quietly as possible he crept out of hearing distance of the outlaws and then ran home as fast as his legs would carry him.

He told his mother what he had heard and they at once called the sheriff.

That night when the thieves were hard at work removing their plunder from the two cottages, they were surprised and overpowered by the sheriff and his deputies.

Ten days afterward Jim again entered the post office at St. Albans and was told that there was a registered letter for him. He could not understand it at all and hurried home at once to his mother. In the letter was the reward of one hundred dollars. Their home was saved.

Clayton Merrill, '37.

WALKING

If while trudging along a lone highway
With a blister on each heel
You look with envy at each car that passes
You know just how I feel.

With never a thought of the walking,
The cars whizzed by on their way
And to ease my mind I kept saying,
"I didn't want to ride anyway."

Of all the cars that came
Not one, either large or small,
Ever stopped for me as it passed;
So I didn't ride at all.

Erwin Whittamore, '35.

AGENTS

In my opinion a good salesman is one who gets to the point of his sale without "beating around the bush". Some agents never think of the person who hears the door bell ringing constantly all day, for they think only of themselves. Most agents have looked into a book of etiquette; but some, I am inclined to believe, have never seen the cover of one.

I recall one incident when an agent came to our home in Detroit. He was supposed to be a peddler of Kelvinators, but before he left I thought he was a census taker.

The most beneficial of all agents, I believe, are those who demonstrate vacuum cleaners. One may get his art-square cleaned free of charge by letting a peddler exhibit his piece of machinery. Of course, I gladly allowed the peddlers of vacuum cleaners to enter our house, even though we owned a vacuum cleaner ourselves; for, as the saying is, "Why work when someone else is willing to do it for you?" Of course this maxim does not hold true in all walks of life.

Soon after we arrived in Detroit, we bought two new batteries for our door bell. Strange as it may seem, these batteries were worn out within twelve days. We bought new batteries, and every day after that there was a steady ring-ring-ring from daylight until dark. All of us tried in vain to think of a way to keep the agents from our home. We disconnected the batteries; but, after the peddlers had tried unsuccessfully to ring the bell, they used their knuckles. Finally about two months before we left Detroit, my brother told us that he thought

THE RIPPLE

he could effectively stop the canvassers from annoying us. The next day my brother inserted a common pin near the button of the door bell. After that the agents never bothered to press the button more than once.

Marion Hollister, '36.

IN A CIRCUS TENT

Beryl Trevors was nervously peeking through a loophole of the big show tent. "What a large crowd. Goodness, I never can do it. Oh, why can't I be as other girls are?" She gasped as she looked at the wrist watch on her arm. In fifteen minutes she would be out there with a large net under her ladder trapeze. She ran back to her dressing tent, where she grabbed a photograph from the dressing table.

"Daddy Bill. O Daddy Bill. Help me tonight, do." Then she flung herself on the bed and sobbed.

Beryl was the daughter of a trapeze performer. Her father had been killed in a train wreck three weeks before; and Beryl, a girl of fourteen, who loved outdoor life and hated the circus, found herself very much alone; for Kitty, her mother, had run away from circus life over five years before. Beryl was now under the care of Car-

los, the clown, her best friend.

As the crowd clapped away the trick dogs, a girl in a crisp suit came out and got upon the ladder trapeze.

She climbed higher and higher, gasping as she gazed down at the crowd below. She couldn't understand this feeling, for never had she had it before, although she had done the same stunt over and over again.

At last she was lowered from her high perch, bowed, and ran from the tent to her dressing room. But at the door she stopped. A man stood back to, looking at one of her pictures.

She stepped into the tent, and the man turned.

"Daddy Bill." Beryl's lips formed the words, but she stood as if turned to stone.

"Yes, Beryl," he said tenderly. "I know what you think, but it is not true. Another man was taken to be me, and I was hurt only a little." For the first time Beryl noticed the bandage near the temple. "And so they took me to the hospital where I was unconscious and unknown. My, kitten, you're shivering."

"From excitement, Daddy Bill. Oh, I'm happy, so happy."

Ardis Moulton, '38.

Class Ode

Tune: "Aloha Oe"

As we think of school days at H. A.
Where we have worked with all our might
To accomplish our desired goal,
We now proudly greet Commencement night.

Chorus:

O hail to thee, with loyalty,
We praise our Alma Mater ever dear.
Reluctantly, we say a fond adieu
Until we meet in future years.

We will always keep our purpose high,
Bravely, the future we will meet;
Upheld by thoughts of friends sincere
We go forth new duties now to greet.

Marguerite E. Robertson, '35.

HARTLAND ACADEMY



STUDENT COUNCIL

Front Row: left to right—Aubrey Whittemore, Howard Baird, Clyde Griffith, Howard Williamson, Floyd Webber.
Secnd Row: Phillip Baird, Miriam Steeves, Frank Ford, Leland Cunningham, Beatrice Mills, Donald Hollister.
Back Row: Margaret Ash, Cherrie Thorne, Phyllis Baird.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council is 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—Clyde Griffith, Howard Baird, Howard Williamson, Aubrey Whittemore, and Floyd Webber; Juniors — Leland Cunningham, Frank Ford, Philip Baird, and Margaret Ash; Sophomores—Donald Hollister and Phyllis Baird; Freshmen—Miriam Steeves and Cherrie Thorne.

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.

The officers are: President, Clyde Griffith; vice-president, Howard Williamson; secretary and treasurer, Margaret Ash.

Committees superintend such Council activities as taking charge of study rooms, aiding deficient students, and assisting in community welfare.

Important projects sponsored by the Council are the publication of the "Hasco News", a magazine drive for the benefit of athletics, a Hallowe'en social, the awarding of certificates to letter winners, a Christmas barrel for the poor, and the insignia award for orchestra members. The Council has also taken charge of several assembly programs during the year.

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

The class of 1935 returned to Hartland Academy this fall with an enrollment of twenty-one; however, shortly after mid-year's one of our honor members, Barbara Nutting, moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota. Before her departure we gave her a surprise party at the home of Mary Smith. There we presented her with an attractive picture as a farewell gift.

Soon after school opened we held a class meeting to elect officers. They were as follows: president, Clyde Griffith, vice-president, Floyd Webber; secretary, Howard Williamson; treasurer, James Seekins. Plans were made for the Freshman Reception, and Robert Strout was chosen as chairman to conduct the activities of the Freshmen in assembly.

During the latter part of March, a photographer visited school and set up his apparatus in the gymnasium, where he took individual pictures of the Seniors besides many group pictures.

The class parts for graduation have been assigned. The three honor parts are as follows: valedictory, Clyde Griffith; salutatory, Mary Smith; and history, Eva Hanson.

The remaining parts were chosen by vote of the class: essay, Frances Waldron; address to undergraduates, Robert Strout; prophecy, Elizabeth Hart; presentation of gifts, Howard Williamson; will, Floyd Webber; ode, Marguerite Robinson; marshal, James Seekins.

The Senior class is well represented in athletics, seven having won letters this year in basketball.

Many of our class participate in the orchestra and glee clubs, while Clyde Griffith has taken part in debating.

The class motto, chosen by a majority vote, is Etians Altius, Even Higher.

The following Seniors have appeared on the honor roll during the year: Clyde Griffith, Eva Hanson, Elizabeth Hart, Marguerite Robertson, James Seekins, Mary Smith, Robert Strout, Frances Waldron, and Howard Williamson.

Floyd Webber.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior class started the year with an enrollment of twenty members. Since then

Francis Buker has left us. The class roll is as follows: Margaret Ash, Philip Baird, Thelma Cookson, Leland Cunningham, Elmer Ford, Charlotte Grant, Vivian Green, Lennis Harris, Maurice Hatch, Marion Hollister, Lillian Lewis, Charlotte McCrillis, Stephen Miller, Kathleen Pelkie, Althea Tobie, Barbara Weymouth, Kenneth Wiers, Freeland Wilkins, and Donald Withee.

A class meeting was held at the first of the year to elect officers. They were chosen as follows: president, Leland Cunningham; vice-president, Lennis Harris; secretary, Stephen Miller; treasurer, Maurice Hatch.

Our class is showing great interest in extra-curricular activities, for we are well represented in the orchestra and glee clubs. Many of the Junior boys and girls are actively engaged in basketball.

Barbara Weymouth and Lennis Harris have been outstanding members of the debating teams, while Charlotte McCrillis served as an alternate.

The Hamilton Prize Speaking Contest was held March 29 in the Academy auditorium.

Processional	Academy Orchestra
"Crimson Rambler"	Margaret Ash
"Confessional"	Elmer Ford
"Gift to the Bride"	Thelma Cookson
	Girls Glee Club
"Strongheart"	Lennis Harris
"Laugh, Clown, Laugh"	Charlotte McCrillis
"Tommy Stearns at the Library"	Leland Cunningham
	Boys' Glee Club
"The Cat Came Back"	Barbara Weymouth
"Pid and Porky"	Philip Baird
Recessional	Academy Orchestra

The prizes were awarded to Barbara Weymouth and Lennis Harris.

With the entire Academy, we are especially proud of Barbara's record at the public-speaking contest held April 26 at the University of Maine, where she received second prize among fifty-six contestants in the department of humorous readings. Many of us enjoyed hearing her speak over the radio the following day.

Juniors who have been on the honor roll this year are Thelma Cookson, Elmer Ford, Lennis Harris, Marion Hollister, Lillian Lewis and Barbara Weymouth.

Marion Hollister.

HARTLAND ACADEMY

SOPHOMORE NEWS

Rested by their summer vacation and glad to be back to their studies were the twenty-five pupils who returned to school on September 4 as the Sophomore class of 1935. About the middle of the year Irma Lord entered, making a total enrollment of twenty-six.

The first event of importance was the election of class officers. They are as follows: president, Donald Hollister; vice-president, Frances Fellows; secretary, Bertha Smith; treasurer, Lyle Martin.

On January 31, the annual Burton Prize Speaking Contest was held in the Academy auditorium. The stage was decorated with the class colors, gold and white. Maurice Hatch was in charge of the decorating. The program was as follows:

Processional	Hartland Academy Orchestra
"Commencement"	Bertha Smith
"Laddie"	Lyle Martin
"S'liny Jo Gets Reformed"	Marie Libby
	Music
"The Blue-Eyed Shiek"	Donald Hollister
"When Willie Takes a Bath"	Eleanor Dundas
"Have Faith in America"	Norman Steeves
	Music
"Ardelia in Arcady"	Frances Fellows
"How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost"	Donlin McCormack
Recessional	Hartland Academy Orchestra

The prizes were awarded to Frances Fellows and Donald Hollister.

The class has been well represented both in the sports and in the musical organizations of the school.

Phyllis Baird, Donald Hollister, Crystal Hubbard, Mary Libby, Eva Lowell, Lyle Martin, Donlin McCormack, Bertha Smith and Clara Woodbury have been on the honor roll this year.

Bertha Smith.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman class this year proved to be the largest that has ever entered Hartland Academy, the number being forty-two.

These officers were elected by the class: president, Miriam Steeves; vice-president, Kenneth Baird; secretary, James Moore; treasurer, Cherrie Thorne.

The Seniors gave the annual Freshman Reception and, as we expected, everything went off successfully.

Nearly all the girls played field hockey. Five Freshman girls have taken an active part in basketball: Cherrie Thorne, Kathleen Cully, Miriam Steeves, Marguerite Wheeler, and Eleanor Libby. Kenneth Baird has proved his ability in basketball. Several boys are interested in baseball. The class is well represented in the musical organizations of the school. The following are members of the orchestra: Mildred Cooley, Eleanor Libby, Miriam Steeves, Erlene Hughes, Wendell Marr and Roland Cook. A large number belong either to the girls' or to the boys' glee club.

Freshmen who have been on the honor roll are Lona Clark, Mildred Cooley, Joseph Ford, Ardis Moulton, Andrew Peterson, Miriam Steeves, and Cherrie Thorne.

Kathleen Cully.

THE RIPPLE



ORCHESTRA

Front Row: left to right—Marguerite Robertson, Mary Smith, Erwin Whittimore, Stephen Miller, Lyle Martin, Marie Libby, Phyllis Baird.
 Second Row: Charlotte Currie, Barbara Weymouth, Meredith Parkman, Eva Hanson, Althea Tobie, Charlotte McCrillis, Mildred Cooley.
 Third Row: Eleanor Libby, Miriam Steeves, Alden Stedman, Clyde Griffith, Clayton Merrill, Erlene Hughes.
 Back Row: Earle Merrow, Roland Cook, Donlin McCormack, Philip Baird, Wendell Marr.

THE ORCHESTRA

Continuing under the competent leadership of Miss Gertrude Thorne, the orchestra has had valuable experience.

In September the officers were elected as follows: manager, Clyde Griffith; assistant manager, Donlin McCormack; librarian, Mary Smith; and assistant librarian, Eva Hanson.

When Citizens' Night was held in the fall, the orchestra rehearsed one selection before a large audience of parents and friends. At the winter carnival in Newport, the orchestra joined with that of Newport and supplied music for the entertainment. They have played marches and special selections for

both the Burton and the Hamilton Prize Speaking Contests.

On May 27 and 29 the Newport High School and Hartland Academy orchestras joined and played the following selections at the festival:

"Prelude" to Third Act of the Opera "Kunihild"	Kistler
"Menuet in G"	Paderewski
"Country Gardens"	Granger
"Prelude"	Rachmaninoff
"The Sleeping Beauty"	Tschaikowsky
"Londonderry Air"	Granger
Selections from "The Bohemian Girl"	Bolfe
	Phyllis Baird, '37.

HARTLAND ACADEMY

THE SENIOR PLAY

Among the chief events of the year was the Senior Play, "Clover Time", a three-act comedy, which was presented Thursday evening, November 22, at the Opera House before a large and appreciative audience. The play was directed by Miss Richmond.

The cast of characters follows:

Peter West	Aubrey Whittemore
Sally West	Marion Rancourt
John Flint	Clyde Griffith
Fanny Flint	Mary Smith
Harry Flint	Howard Williamson
Katherine Flint	Barbara Nutting
"Stumpy" Smith	Robert Strout
Tim McCullough	Vinson Phillips
Emmaline	Eva Hanson
Caroline	Meredith Parkman
Margoline	Elizabeth Hart

"Stumpy" Smith will long be remembered as a Civil War veteran who enjoyed nothing more than relating his "Yarns of the Old Days". Humor was also furnished by the old-fashioned costumes and quaint mannerisms of Emmaline, Caroline, and Margoline, the three sisters who walked, spoke, and apparently thought with one accord.

Peter West, whose love of flowers was as keen as John Flint's love of money, readily won the sympathy of his audience. His grand-daughter, Sally, will be remembered as the winsome young proprietor of the Clover Tea Room.

Entertainment between the acts, in the form of reading and music, was furnished by Frances Waldron, Alden Stedman and Marguerite Robertson. Proceeds from the play were used to defray Commencement expenses.

Marion Rancourt, '35.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

During the year 1934-35 the girls' glee club has accomplished much under the supervision of Miss Thorne. At the first of the year there were twenty-four members. In February, Barbara Nutting, one of our best sopranos, moved to Minnesota. When the club was reorganized, it elected officers for the year. They are as follows: president, Mary Smith; vice president, Lillian Lewis; secretary, Thelma Cookson; and treasurer, Phyllis Baird. At the Hamilton Prize Speaking Contest they sang two numbers: "Come Spring" and "The Land of the Sky Blue Water." Spring festivals were given by Newport High School and Hartland Academy, May 27 and 29. In these the girls' glee club

sang:

"Who is Silvia"	Schubert
"Serenade"	Toselli
"Dear Land of Home", from "Finlandia"	Sibelius

Phyllis Baird, '37.

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The boys' glee club has shown much improvement this year. When the club was organized last fall, these officers were elected: Robert Strout, president; Clyde Griffith, vice president; and Alden Stedman, secretary and treasurer. Following are the other boys in the club: Philip Baird, Leland Cunningham, Frank Ford, Joseph Ford, Morris Hatch, Lyle Martin, Donlin McCormack, Clayton Merrill, James Moore, and Vincent Phillips. At the Hamilton Prize Speaking Contest they sang three numbers: "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes", "Integer Vitae", and "Vive L'amour."

At the music festival given at Newport and at Hartland, the boys sang the following selections:

"On the Road to Mandalay", Speaks; Two Negro Spirituals, "Nobody Knows" and "Climb Up Ye Chillun Climb."

Philip Baird, '36.

LATIN CLUB NOTES

This is the second year of the Latin Club at Hartland Academy. At the first meeting in the fall the following officers were elected: president, Phyllis Baird; vice-president, Lillian Lewis; secretary, Donlin McCormack; treasurer, Barbara Nutting. As Barbara Nutting left in January, it was necessary to elect another treasurer, and Lennis Harris was chosen.

At the second meeting the club voted to hold meetings once a month on Wednesday evenings.

Late in September the club hiked to Great Moose Lake where a weenie roast was enjoyed at Fuller's cottage.

On Tuesday evening, December 11, a Christmas party was given with Donlin McCormack as King Christmas. Each member was allowed to invite one friend to this party. A play entitled "Vacuum" was given by the Freshman members.

After this Robert Strout, as Santa Claus, presented the gifts. Games and dancing were also pleasant features of the evening's entertainment.

Lennis Harris, '36.



DEBATING

Front Row: left to right—Donlin McCormack, Clyde Griffith, Miss Stevens, Barbara Weymouth. Second Row: Ardis Moulton, Lennis Harris, Charlotte McCrillis.

DEBATING

The Debating teams have had a very successful season under the direction of their capable coach, Miss Stevens.

The affirmative team was composed of Clyde Griffith and Barbara Weymouth as speakers, with Ardis Moulton as alternate; while Lennis Harris and Donlin McCormack were speakers with Charlotte McCrillis as alternate for the negative team.

The question for debate was: "Resolved: That the Federal Government should adopt the policy of annual grants to the several

states for the purpose of equalizing educational opportunities."

Practice debates were held with Dover-Foxcroft and Newport. On March 15 the Bates preliminary debates were held. The affirmative team of Hartland debated with the negative team of Pittsfield, and the negative team of Hartland with the affirmative team of Good Will. Our affirmative team won over M. C. I., but the negative team lost to Good Will. Lennis Harris was chosen as the best speaker in the Hartland-Good Will debate. Donlin McCormack, '37.

HARTLAND ACADEMY



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Front Row: left to right—James Seekins, Howard Williamson, Robert Strout, Floyd Webber, Howard Baird.
 Second Row: Coach Louder, Donlin McCormack, Freeland Wilkins, Clyde Griffith, Manager.
 Third Row: Earle Merrow, Alfred Bell, Lennis Harris, Kenneth Baird.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The basketball season for 1934-1935 was the most successful Hartland Academy has ever had. We won fourteen games and lost only five, three of the latter to Clinton.

During the entire season we defeated Harmony High School, New Portland, Central High School, Anson Academy, Corinna, and Wassooskeag twice; and Newport, New Sharon, Oakland and the Alumni once. Hartland lost close games to Clinton on their floor, and to Newport at home.

Robert Strout, the six-foot, two-inch center, made many spectacular plays, and gained many points for the team. "Pete" Webber, our left forward, played consistent basketball both defensively and offensively. These two members held positions on the second all-conference team of Somerset County. "Dib" Williamson, right forward, was always in the scoring line, and made the first all-conference team of Somerset County. The guards, James Seekins, Howard

Baird and Lennis Harris, played strong defensive games. Seekins and Baird also made the second all-conference team.

The schedule is as follows:

Dec. 7, Hartland 44—Alumni 36
 Dec. 14, Hartland 37—North Anson 21
 Dec. 15, Hartland 28—New Sharon 23
 Dec. 16, Hartland 35—Oakland 21
 Dec. 16, Hartland 10—Clinton 42
 Jan. 4, Hartland 44—Harmony 23
 Jan. 11, Hartland 52—New Portland 16
 Jan. 18, Hartland 34—Clinton 41
 Jan. 22, Hartland 30—Wassooskeag 11
 Jan. 25, Hartland 12—Newport 21
 Feb. 1, Hartland 38—North Anson 32
 Feb. 5, Hartland 46—Corinna 21
 Feb. 8, Hartland 49—Harmony 8
 Feb. 12, Hartland 42—Corinna 18
 Feb. 15, Hartland 52—New Portland 11
 Feb. 22, Hartland 25—Clinton 40
 Feb. 26, Hartland 40—Newport 25
 Mar. 1, Hartland 27—Wassooskeag 26
 Mar. 3, Hartland 18—Bucksport 34

Howard Williamson, '35.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front Row: left to right—Frances Fellows, Barbara Weymouth, Charlotte McCrillis, Frances Waldron, Kathleen Cully, Alice Chipman.
 Second Row: Kathleen Pelkie, Margaret Ash, Arlene Stedman, Marguerite Wheeler, Eleanor Libby, Coach Stevens.
 Third Row: Phyllis Baird, Beatrice Mills, Cherrie Thorne, Miriam Steeves, Marlon Rancourt, Clara Woodbury.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

As the girls' basketball season comes to a close, we hope that our basketball fans are not disappointed with our season's record.

Though we lost the greater part of our 1934 team at graduation, this year's team has been outstanding this season, ending by winning third place in the Somerset League.

We owe much to our coach, Miss Stevens, whose friendly understanding and encouragement have done much to build up a strong team.

The loss of our center, Barbara Nutting, in the middle of the season was strongly felt. However, Alice Chipman filled her high-scoring position and ranked as third highest scorer in the League.

Since only two of the basketball squad graduate this year, next year's prospects are bright. The experience gained this sea-

son should aid much in the success of future teams.

Summary of the season's record:

Hartland 39	Alumni 52
Hartland 32	Anson Academy 26
Hartland 25	Harmony Academy 44
Hartland 42	Central High 20
Hartland 21	Clinton High 36
Hartland 35	Newport High 17
Hartland 42	Anson Academy 40
Hartland 37	Corinna Academy 33
Hartland 21	Harmony High 28
Hartland 33	Corinna Academy 18
Hartland 22	Central High 35
Hartland 44	Newport High 39
Hartland 35	Clinton High 25
	Frances Waldron, '35.

HARTLAND ACADEMY



BOYS' BASEBALL

Front Row: left to right—Howard Williamson, James Seekins, Floyd Webber, Howard Baird, Robert Strout, Donlin McCormack, Earle Merrow.
Second Row: Coach Louder, Kenneth Baird, Alfred Bell, Andrew Peterson, Donald Hollister, Wendell Marr.

BASEBALL

Immediately after school opened in September, Coach Louder called out the baseball squad for fall training. Two captains, Floyd Webber and Howard Williamson, were chosen by the squad. Each captain then chose a name for his team, Webber choosing "The Tigers", and Williamson "The Giants". In the tournament that followed, the Tigers won five out of the nine games played.

This spring the regular team is made up of the following players: "Dib" Williamson, catcher; Howard Baird and "Jim" Seekins, pitchers; Donlin McCormack, first base; Kenneth Baird, second base; Earle Merrow, short-stop; "Pete" Webber, third base; and

Robert Strout, Alfred Bell and Seekins or Baird, fielders.

As the "Ripple" goes to press, the only game played has been one with Harmony, which ended with a score of 16-2 in Hartland's favor.

The schedule for the season is as follows:

Sat., May 4, Harmony at Hartland
Wed., May 8, Good Will at Hartland
Sat., May 11, Hartland at North Anson
Wed., May 15, Newport (pending)
Sat., May 18, Hartland at Bingham
Wed., May 22, Hartland at Good Will
Sat., May 25, N. N. Portland at Hartland
Wed., May 29—Newport (pending)
Sat., June 1, Clinton at Hartland

Howard Williamson, '35.

TRACK MEET

On May 13, Hartland Academy was represented in a triangular track meet between M. C. I., Wassookeag, and Hartland. Lennis Harris tied for individual point honors by taking first place in the mile and first in the half-mile. Mahlon Merrow added to Hartland's total by placing third in the mile.

THE BASKETBALL BANQUET

The tenth annual banquet of the basketball teams was held at the Grange Hall April 5. The hall was attractively decorated, and a delicious banquet was served by mothers and friends of the teams.

Robert Strout, in his inimitable manner, served as toastmaster and introduced the speakers with appropriate jests.

Mr. Louder and Miss Stevens presented letters to the following: Alice Chipman, Charlotte McCrillis, Frances Waldron, Barbara Weymouth, Beatrice Mills, Kathleen Cully, James Marion, Howard Baird, Robert Strout, James Seekins, Howard Baird, Howard Williamson, Floyd Webber, Lennis Harris and Manager Griffith.

Awards were presented by Mr. Cutts to players who had been outstanding in the Somerset County League. They were awarded in the following manner: Alice Chipman for her record as third high-scorer, Robert Strout as first high-scoring center, Howard Williamson as a member of the First All-Conference Team, James Seekins and Floyd Webber as members of the Second All-Conference Team, and Howard Baird for making the least fouls for the season.

Mr. Louder and Miss Stevens received gifts from the basketball teams in appreciation of the fine work they had done.

After the banquet music for dancing was furnished by the "Royal Troubadours" of Hartland. The banquet marked the close of another successful basketball season.

Frances Waldron, '35.

EXCHANGES

Have you ever seen that attractive and busy landing field at Hartland Academy? It is the ideal place for a stray magazine plane to land and receive new ideas as well as to deposit good suggestions. If you have never been there, it would be a pleasure for you to spend a day watching these up-to-date planes land and take off. You might even have a chance to see the inside of one or two. Suppose I describe several of them.

The first plane bears the name, THE BREEZE, and comes from Milo, Maine. It has a literary section that deserves praise. We liked especially well the essay A HINT. As you seem to be well up in sports, why not write more articles on your athletics?

Next we see a large cabin plane called THE ORACLE from Quebec, Canada. Your article WOMEN THROUGH THE EYES OF LITERATURE is unusual. Your athletics are very interesting as they differ from ours in names and in several of their rules.

Next out of the air is THE MESSALON-SKEE RIPPLE of Oakland, Maine. Your magazine is well arranged and presents an attractive appearance.

Aha! Here comes a snappy little monoplane. This one hails from Newport, Maine, and is called THE LIVE WIRE. We noticed that your exchange exceeds that of other schools with whom we have exchanged. Our advice to you is to have more jokes.

Our next visitor is THE SIGNET from Dexter, Maine. Your magazine has a large literary section. We like to see such a large number of students contributing to their school paper.

This year we have enjoyed exchanging with the schools nearby, and we hope to continue these exchanges in the years to come.

Charlotte McCrillis, '36.



Alumni Notes



1925

Howard Ames is living in Pittsfield.
Frances Baine Hammon is living in Springfield, Massachusetts.
Bessie Buker Libby is living in Pittsfield.
Ada Cyr Randlett is living in town.
Howard Estes is living in Palmyra.
Ina Field Brown is a telephone operator in town.
John Getchell is living in Pittsfield.
James Dundas is employed in Humphrey's Drug Store in Pittsfield.
Daniel Connelly is first selectman in town.
Vera Haseltine Felker is teaching school in Ripley
Molly Johnson Nutting is living in town.
Annie Merrick Gordon is teaching school in Mt. Vernon.
Evelyn Maxwell Bubar is living in Monticello.
Donald Newall is employed in Waterville.
Winston Norcross is a dentist in Boston, Massachusetts
Marguerite O'Reilly, no report.
Linwood Randlett is living in town.
Fred Sterns is in business in Skowhegan.
Agnes Waterman is a nurse in Portland.
Marjorie Young Kerstead is living in Wethersfield, Connecticut.
John Haseltine is living in Dexter.

1926

Maynard Austin is living in town.
Ola Brooks is employed in Bangor.
Lucile Braley Hanson is living in town.
William Brawn is living in town.
Lucretia Butters Young is living in Dover, New Hampshire.
Warren Butters is living in Cactus, Arizona.
Leona Chipman Pelkie is living in town.
Elmer Fisher is living in St. Albans.
Harold Ford is employed in a bank in Lewiston.
Earl Heath is at home in town.
Norman Huff is at home in town.
Olive Johnson Picken is living in town.

Edith Millett Bryant is living in Palmyra.
Thomas Mills is postmaster in St. Albans.
Ruth Mower Mills is town treasurer in St. Albans.

William Page is employed in Pittsfield.
Richard Picken is living in town.
Edward Snow is living in Waterville.
Weston Stanhope is employed in St. Petersburg, Florida.
John Tibbetts is living in Palmyra.
Bernice Young, deceased.
Ruth Plummer Corgan is living in New York.

1927

Lloyd Cookson is postmaster in town.
Clara Curtis Tibbetts is living in Norwood, Massachusetts.
Lillian Drew Violette is living in Corinna.
Robert Estes is employed in Boston, Mass.
James Fuller is employed at the State House in Augusta.
Lloyd Hubbard is employed by the Telephone Company in town.
Edward Hubbard is at home in town.
Fanny Griffith Dyer is living in town.
Frank Mathews is living in town.
Mabel Murphy Wheeler is living in Skowhegan.
Myrtle Ordway Smith is living in Kittery.
George Sterns is in business in Waterville.
Eileen Seekins Merrow is living in town.
Norman Webber is employed in Hartford, Connecticut.
Lyrall Webber is living in town.
Grace Griffith Weymouth is teaching school in St. Albans.
Susie Miller is employed at the State House in Augusta.
Thelma Neal Partridge is living in Millinocket.
Thelma Ray Brooks is living in Pittsfield.
Edna Salley is a telephone operator in town.

1928

Lenora Brooks Morgan is living in town.
Isabelle Baine Snow is living in St. Albans.

THE RIPPLE

Bernadette DeRaps is in Waterville.
Velma Green is employed in Long Beach, California.
Howard Grey is employed in Old Town.
Everett Holt is living in town.
Gerald Page is employed in Portland.
Edna Peterson Cates is living in Thordike.
Edythe Philbrick Libby is at home in town.
Harry Peasley is living in St. Albans.
Hilda Tibbetts is at home in St. Albans.
Edgar Woodman is at home in town.

1929

Edna Hatch Ellis is living in town.
Theresa Merrick Mills is living in town.
Charles Estes is living in Palmyra.
Edith Lewis Stevens is living in Belfast.
Marie Turner is in Weeks Mills.
Blaine Webber is employed in Boston, Massachusetts.
Perry Furbush is attending law school in Boston, Massachusetts.
Millard Page is at home in town.
Hilda Furbush Bishop is teaching school in St. Albans.

1930

Pauline Baker Jamieson is living in town.
Margaret Buker is teaching school in Pittsfield.
Dorothy Butters Smith is living in town.
Aubrey Burbank is employed in Waterville.
Malcolm Carr is attending the University of Maine.
Grace Chipman Austin is living in town.
Hazel Chipman is a nurse in Springfield, Massachusetts.
Grace Davis is employed in Worcester, Massachusetts.
Floyd Emery is living in town.
Florice Green Davis is teaching school in St. Albans.
Theodore Griffith is at home in town.
Clarence Merrow is employed in Boston, Massachusetts.
George Markham is employed in New York.
Geneva Merrill is living in Pittsfield.
Robert Stedman is at home in town.
Raymond Thorne is attending the University of Maine.
Thelma Thorne is teaching school in Palmyra.

Gwendolyn Webber Philbrick is living in town.
Edna Withee Gordon is living in Fairfield.
Marguerite Whittemore Southard is living in Pittsfield.
Ralph Young is at home in town.

1931

Evelyn Bishop Emery is living in St. Albans.
Hilda Buker is a registered nurse in Bangor.
Kenneth Carr is employed in Dexter.
Beulah Frost Huff is living in town.
Priscilla Annis Nason is living in Dexter.
Doris Pelkie Emery is living in town.
Evelyn Seekins Prescott is living in St. Albans.
Emma Withee is at home in town.
Ethel Kimball Stubbs is living in town.

1932

Roger Baker is at home in town.
Earl Buker, Jr., is employed in town.
Darrel Currie is attending the University of Maine.
Eleanor Currie is teaching school in Palmyra.
George Estes, Jr., is employed in town.
Esther Griffith is at home in town.
Bernice Harding is at home in town.
Lillian Hart is employed at the home of Ervin Martin in town.
Howard Jamieson is attending the Maine Central Institute in Pittsfield.
Barbara Linn is employed in Augusta.
Madeline Merrick is at home in St. Albans.
Althea Merrow Estes is living in Palmyra.
Mary Hart Moody is living in Pittsfield.
Ardis Philbrick is at home in St. Albans.
Donald Randlett is at home in town.
Pearl Sabine Bickford is living in Guilford.
Elmer Stanhope is employed at the Shell Filling Station in town.
Francis Thomas is at home in town.
Charlotte Waldron is at home in St. Albans.
Cora Webber is in training at the Eastern Maine General Hospital in Bangor.
Pauline Webber is employed in Boston, Massachusetts.

HARTLAND ACADEMY

1933

Juanita Brown is employed in Washington, D. C.

Paul Gardiner has enlisted in the United States Navy.

Leroy Hatch is at home in town.

Helen Hubbard Harris is living in New Sharon.

Leland Inman is at home in Pittsfield.

Frances Jepson is at home in St. Albans.

Estella Libby is at home in town.

Florence Parsons Webber is living in town.

Marion Thorne is attending Farmington Normal School.

Dorothy Varnam Deering is living in town.

George Webber is at the C. C. C. Camps in Millinocket.

Leona Whitten Page is living in town.

1934

Eileen Baird is attending business college in Augusta.

Harriet Baird is at home in Hallowell.

Annie Barnes is at home in town.

Virginia Bell is attending Gorham Normal School.

Mary Brown is employed in Washington, D. C.

Edson Buker is at home in St. Albans.

Charlotte Currie is taking a post-graduate course at Hartland Academy.

Claude Fisher is employed at H. C. Baxter's Canning Factory in town.

Dorothea Green is in Burnham.

Winston Hanson is taking a post-graduate course at the Maine Central Institute in Pittsfield.

Dorothea Litchfield is at home in town.

Alfreda Neal is employed in St. Albans.

Mertie Parkman Allen, deceased.

Lyndon Pratt is employed in St. Albans.

Walter Rideout is attending Colby College.

Gladys Salisbury is at home in town.

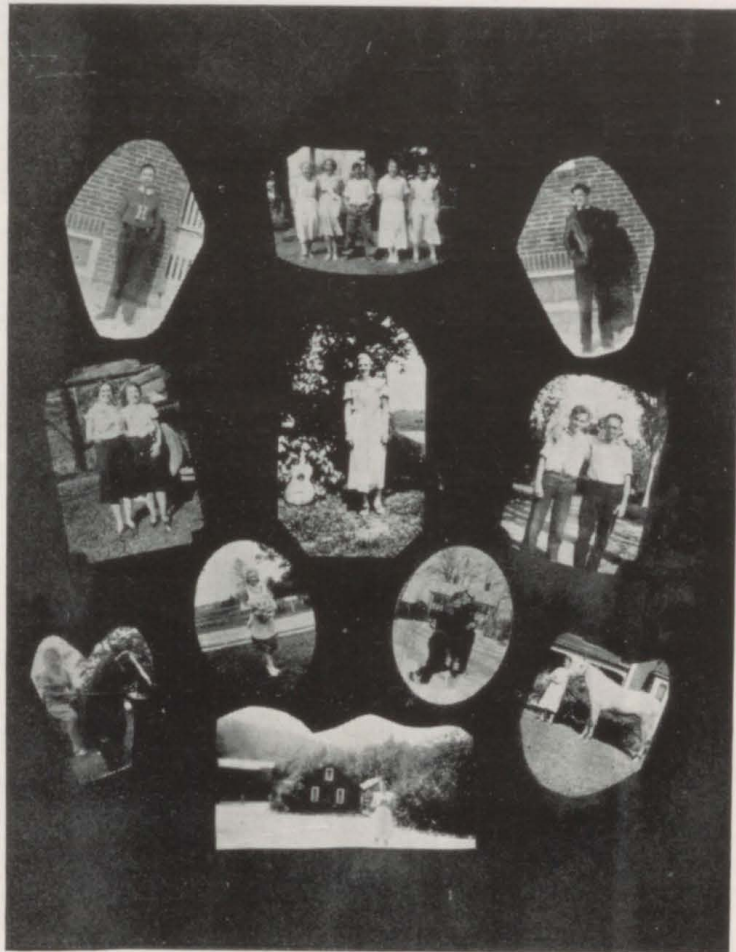
Florice Steeves is employed at the home of Mrs. Elmer Burton in town.

Eleanor Thorne is at home in St. Albans.

Charles Whitney is taking a post-graduate course at Hartland Academy.



Jokes



DO YOU RECOGNIZE US?

(The sentence to be corrected: A doctor, interne, and nurse stood by my bed).

Miss Richmond: "Stedman, will you correct the sentence?"

Stedman: "A doctor and a nurse stood by my bed in turn."

Teacher: "Give me three collective nouns."

Hollister: "Fly paper, wastebasket, garbage can."

Teacher: "Why did the Americans lose the Battle of Bunker Hill?"

Pupil: "It wasn't on the level."

Dramatic Actor: "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Stedman (from balcony): "How will a donkey do?"

Actor: "Fine! Come right down."

Williamson: "I'm going to be in this hospital for a long while."

Friend: "Why, have you seen the doctor?"

Williamson: "No, I've seen my nurse."

V. Greene: "What is love?"

O. Bobnaw: "I don't know, but it's **nothing** in tennis."

"It's a fine day", said the barber.
 "It is," agreed the man about to be shaved.
 There was a long silence, then the barber tried again.

"What is your view on the situation in this country today?"

"The same as yours," said the man.

"Look here!" exclaimed the barber. "How on earth do you know my opinions?"

"I don't", replied the man, "But you have the razor."

Spaulding: "Could you give me a dime to get where my family is?"

Mr. Cutts: "Sure. And where is your family?"

Spaulding: "At the movies."

Tommy was running an errand for his sister. Among the requirements was some powder from the chemist.

"Do you want some that will go off with a bang?" asked the chemist.

Tommy, however, was equal to the occasion—"No", he replied brightly, "the kind that goes on with a puff."

Mr. Louder: "Neal, do you know you haven't any spunk?"

Neal: "Yes."

Mr. Louder: "What is the meaning of spunk?"

Neal: "It's the past tense of spank."

The French class were studying names for parts of the body.

Miss Stevens: "What have you in your mouth, McCormack?"

Donlin, (in a dazed manner): "A piece of paper."

Miss Stevens tried again: "What do you eat with in your mouth?"

Donlin: "I can't think of the word for spoon."

Griffith took a little drink,
 He'll never take any more,
 For what he thought was H₂O
 Was H₂SO₄.

Mr. Cutts: "Tell me of your early struggles."

L. Cunningham: "There isn't much to tell. The harder I struggled the harder my father laid it on."

Lyle Martin dropped his watch on the floor.
 F. Ford: "Did it stop?"

Martin: "Of course it stopped. You didn't think it would go through the floor, did you?"

Miss Richmond: "The man who took our pictures gave each of the home-room teachers a strip containing the entire class."

Elizabeth: "You didn't get much, did you?"

The Civics class was having a mock trial. The jury consisted of Elmer Ford, Floyd Webber, Donlin McCormack, and Howard Williamson (foreman). The judge was Aubrey Whittemore and the lady, Charlotte McCrillis.

"Your honor," said the foreman to the jury, "this lady is suing this gentleman for ten thousand dollars for a stolen kiss."

"Correct," said the judge. "You are to decide if it is worth it."

"That's the point, your Honor. Could the jury have a sample?"

Mr. Cutts in Junior Business class: "Well, Miss Parsons, if you were going to write to a business firm composed of men, how would you begin the letter, Dear Sirs?"

Miss Parsons: "No".

Mr. Cutts: "Well, why not?"

Miss Parsons: "I don't like that word dear."

Mr. Louder (Biology class): "Do we eat the flesh of the whale?"

C. Merrill: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Louder: "And what do you do with the bones?"

C. Merrill: "Put them beside my plate."

Mr. Cutts: "Do you know what Chase & Sanborn advertise?"

Miss Parsons: "No, but I think it's crackers."

Miss Stevens (In French class): "Merrill, I take great pleasure in giving you 75."

Clayton Merrill: "Why not give me 100 and have a good time?"

Mr. Louder (during Chemistry experiment): "If the contents of this bottle should explode I would be blown up through the roof." (To give the students a better view he said:) "Come closer so that you may follow with me."

THE RIPPLE

R. Strout: "I have an idee."
 Williamson: "Beginner's luck."
 Strout: "Sir, I am a Socialist. I have nothing and I want to divide with everyone."

Miss Richmond: "Define the Middle Ages."
 Webber: "It used to be from 30 to 45, now it is from 50 to 70."

Griffith: "I've got a ring in my head."
 A. Whittemore: "That's because it's empty."
 Griffith: "I don't suppose your head ever rings."
 Whittemore: "No, of course not!"
 Griffith: "That's because it's cracked."

WHY DOESN'T

Wesley Neal ever sit up in his seat?
 Norman Steeves stop trying to tell a bigger story?
 Opal Wiers learn to write legibly?
 Donlin McCormack lend us some of his intelligence?
 Charles Whitney buy an automobile?
 Vinson Phillips forget about flying high?
 Eva Lowell put her mind on her work?
 Eva Hanson move to Corinna?
 Vando Spaulding stop cutting up?
 Joseph Ford stop trying to bluff in Algebra?
 Herbert Hubbard wipe that grin from his face?
 Kathleen Cully stop pestering the boys?
 Donald Hollister try to reduce?
 Stephen Miller let Madeline go home alone once?

MOVIES WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE

Ardis Moulton in "Bright Eyes".
 Eva Hanson, Meredith Parkman and Elizabeth Hart in "Little Women".
 Mr. Louder in "The Iron Duke".
 Arthur Littlefield in "David Copperfield".
 Boys' Basketball Team in "Heroes for Sale".
 Robert Strout, Maurice Hatch and Charles Whitney in "Here Comes the Navy".
 Floyd Webber in "Up Pops the Devil".
 Marion Rancourt in "Naughty Marietta".
 Marguerite Wheeler and Kathleen Cully in "The Cuckoos".

Lyle Martin in "The Little Minister".
 Miriam Steeves in "Here Is My Heart".
 Mr. Cutts in "The Little Giant".
 Beatrice Mills in "Princess Charming".
 Clyde Griffith in "The Man Who Knew Too Much".
 Bertha Smith in "Little Sister".
 Charlotte Currie in "Enter Madame".
 Howard Williamson in "Lover Divine".
 Leland Cunningham in "Bachelor of Arts".
 Donlin McCormack in "The Count of Monte Cristo".

THE LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWER GARDEN

Tulip—Boldness	C. McCrillis
Buttercup—Wealth	R. Strout
Cowslip—Youthful Beauty	M. Parkman
Evergreen—Hope	V. Spaulding
Forget-me-not—True Love	K. Wiers
Goldenrod—Encouragement	M. Smith
Laurel—Fame	C. Griffith
Lotus—Forgetfulness	M. McDonald
Moss—Old Age	A. Stedman
Narcissus—Vanity	M. Greene
Oak Leaf—Power	L. Clark
Palm Leaf—Conquest	B. Weymouth
Rose—Love	T. Cookson
Snow Drop—A Friend in Need	C. Hubbard
Sweet William—Gallantry	H. Williamson
Yellow Rose—Jealousy	D. McCormack

LOST AND FOUND

Lost—Hubbard's snicker.
 Found—All of Hollister's weight.
 Lost—Martin's love for French. Finder please return as quickly as possible.
 Lost—Wilkins' ingeniousness.
 Lost—Stedman's laugh. Finder please give it to Charlotte McCrillis.
 Found—Frances Fellows' way with the boys.
 Lost—Eva Lowell's ability to take care of children.
 Lost—Two inches of Robert Strout's height.
 Found—The secret of Mr. Cutts' way of doing Algebra. Finders—keepers. Losers—weepers.
 Lost—Marr's walk; finder donate it to Miss Richmond, so that the Seniors can hear her coming.

HARTLAND ACADEMY

FRESHMAN FUNNING

There was a young Freshman named Marr
Who flew around town on a star.
One day as he flew
Someone shouted "Who-o--
Is riding the new-fangled car?"
Marguerite Wheeler, '38.

Pick husbands out like cantaloupe
With care your choice decide;
It is not wise to take the ones
That are too smooth outside.
Norman Strout, '38.

There once was a great big fish
That swam with a swash and a swish,
But along came a man
With a hook and a pan—
Now the fish is flat on a dish.
Joseph Ford, '38.

There was once a young man from Calcutta
Who stole a whole pound of nut butter.
He put it in his hat
But along came a rat
And stole that whole pound of nut butter.
Grace Parsons, '38.

I know a girl named Kathleen,
She's neither too fat nor too lean.
She likes basketball
And takes many a fall,
And we'll soon see her face on the screen.
Miriam Steeves, '38.

There was an old man named Grey,
Who had a little blue jay,
The bird shouted, "Thief",
When the man stole some beef,
And he shot the blue jay with dismay.
Cherrie Thorne, '38.

WE ARE CAREFREE SENIORS

HoWard Baird
Alfred BELL

MARy Greene
Clyde GRiffith
Eva Hanson

Marion RanCourt
ElizAbeth Hart
Earle MeRrow
MarguErite Robertson
Frances Waldron
MaRy Smith
Alden StEdman
RobErt Strout

James Seekins
Floyd WEBber
Meredith ParkmaN
VINson Phillips
Aubrey WhittemOre
ERwin Whittemore
Howard WilliamSon

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Comes

When You Phone Us For
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all like ordinary salted nuts merely
cooked in oil.

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