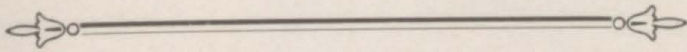


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*"Finimus coepturi"*  
*"We finish to begin"*

# *The Ripple*

Vol. XXII

Hartland, Maine, 1936

No. 1

Published annually by the students of Hartland Academy

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FRANCES E. STEVENS

## Dedication

We respectfully dedicate  
this issue of  
The Ripple  
to  
Miss Frances Stevens  
in appreciation of her many acts of kindness,  
loyalty, and devotion to the students of  
Hartland Academy

THE RIPPLE



RIPPLE BOARD

Front Row: left to right—Bertha Smith, Lyle Martin, Lennis Harris, Clayton Merrill, Leland Cunningham, Thelma Cookson, Phyllis Ford.

Second Row: Eva Lowell, Kathleen Pelkie, Miss Richmond, Marion Wyman, Lillian Lewis, Marion Hollister.

Third Row: Barbara Weynouth, Philip Baird, James Moore, Donald Hollister, Phyllis Baird.

EDITORIAL BOARD 1935-36

Editor-in-Chief	Marion Hollister	Assistant Joke Editor	Lyle Martin
Assistant Editor	Phyllis Baird	Exchange Editor	Thelma Cookson
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		Freshman	Marian Wyman
Sports Editors			
Lillian Lewis	Philip Baird	Faculty Adviser	
Joke Editor	Clayton Merrill	Miss Selah Richmond	

*Class of 1936  
Hartland Academy*

MARGARET ASH

Quotation: "A never-fading serenity of confidence."

Favorite Occupation: Driving a Ford.

Ambition: To learn to be concise.

Winner of Prize Speaking Contest 2; Class President 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Senior Play Cast; Essay.

PHILIP BAIRD

Quotation: "A bundle of mischief, an ocean of smiles."

Favorite Occupation: Cutting up.

Ambition: To be a "regular" farmer.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; Student Council 3, 4; Vice President 4; Cross Country 4; Manager of Basketball 4; Baseball 4; Track 4; Senior Play Cast; "Ripple" Board 4; Presentation of Gifts.

THELMA COOKSON

Quotation: "Nothing is so difficult but it may be found out by seeking."

Favorite Occupation: Going "Hey-Wier"-s.

Ambition: To be a stenographer.

Student Council 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President of Girls' Glee Club 4; Latin Club 2; Reporter 2; Senior Play Cast; Prize Speaking 3; Class Secretary 4; "Ripple" Board 4; Valedictory.

LELAND CUNNINGHAM

"Lele"

Quotation: "To his young heart everything is fun."

Favorite Occupation: Whistling.

Ambition: To talk more slowly.

Cheer Leader 1; Student Council 2, 3; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Treasurer of Glee Club 3; Class President 3; Class Vice President 4; Baseball 3, 4; Manager of Baseball 3; Senior Play Cast; "Ripple" Board 4.





FRANK FORD

"Elmer"

Quotation: "I will have my own way in everything."

Favorite Occupation: Standing in the corridor with\_\_\_\_\_.

Ambition: To be able to handle electric wires intelligently.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 2; Montgomery Speaking Contest 3; Student Council 3; Baseball 3; Basketball 4; Senior Play Cast; Address to Undergraduates.

CHARLOTTE GRANT

"Mickey"

Quotation: "A mighty spirit fills that little frame."

Favorite Occupation: Trying to look sober.

Ambition: To grow just an inch or two.

Class President 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play Cast; Class Ode.

VIVIAN GREENE

Quotation: "The unspoken word never does harm."

Favorite Occupation: Smiling.

Ambition: To play on a big-league baseball team.

Glee Club 1, 2; Librarian 4; Latin Club 4; Candy Committee Senior Play; Class Chaplain.

LENNIS HARRIS

Quotation: "A student and a smile are a good combination."

Favorite Occupation: Riding on the bus.

Ambition: To learn to sing and dance.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Vice President 1, 3; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 3; Track 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2, 4; President of Student Council 4; Alumni Award 3; Debating 3, 4; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Senior Play Cast; Class President 4; Class History.



MAURICE HATCH

"Pest"

Quotation: "My right eye itches; some good luck is near."

Favorite Occupation: Teasing the girls.

Ambition: To win an argument.

Boys' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheer Leader 3; Class Treasurer 3; Manager of Baseball 4; Stage Manager of Senior Play; Basketball 4; Class Will.

MARION HOLLISTER

Quotation: "It is tranquil people who accomplish much."

Favorite Occupation: Hiding her bookkeeping journals.

Ambition: To live in Fort Fairfield.

Cooley High School, Detroit, Michigan, 1; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Editor of "Hasco News" 4; Prompter at Senior Play; Class Treasurer 4; Student Council 4; Secretary of Student Council 4; Editor-in-Chief of "Ripple" 4; Presentation of Gifts.

LILLIAN LEWIS

"Lil"

Quotation: "Be slow in choosing a friend,  
Be slower in changing."

Favorite Occupation: Giggling.

Ambition: To grow a voice big enough to be heard.

Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 2, 3, 4; Vice President of Latin Club 3; Vice President of Glee Club 3; Basketball 4; "Ripple" Board 4; Prompter at Senior Play; Reporter 4; Salutatory.

CHARLOTTE McCRILLIS

Quotation: "If you are in doubt, act as if you knew."

Favorite Occupation: Trying to appear bored.

Ambition: To be a second Nordica.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 3; Lawrence High All-Tournament Team 2; Prize Speaking 2, 3; "Ripple" Board 3; Violin Trio 3, 4; Senior Play Cast; Prophecy.





STEPHEN MILLER "Stevie"

Quotation: "Reserved, not haughty, calm, not sad,  
A thoughtful, worthy, quiet lad."

Favorite Occupation: Driving a Chevy.

Ambition: To have a Cook.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Treasurer 2; Class Secretary 3; Business Manager of Senior Play.

KATHLEEN PELKIE "Kay"

Quotation: "The sort of girl you like to meet,  
any time, and any place."

Favorite Occupation: Making wise-cracks.

Ambition: To have one.

"Ripple" Board 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4;  
Latin Club 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3; Treasurer of  
Glee Club 4; Property Manager of Senior Play;  
Class Marshal.

ALTHEA TOBIE "Chickie"

Quotation: "On with the dance!  
Let joy be unconfined."

Favorite Occupation: Studying history.

Ambition: To become "Small".

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Publicity Committee Senior Play; Class Ode.



### SENIORS

For our class, high-school days are over. We are glad that we have had the opportunity of attending Hartland Academy. As we look back on our work here, we wish to express our sincere appreciation to the members of the faculty for their many courtesies and encouragements, which have made our school life more pleasant. It is fitting at this time that we should thank our parents for their cooperation, for by their sacrifices they have made it possible for us to complete our high-school education.

Our four years of school work will surely reward us according to the amount of honest effort that each of us has put into them. Years of study and recreation have been character building and have enriched us with a host of pleasant memories to carry throughout our lives.

Our school life is the foundation upon which we shall build our future. Our hope is to so live that we shall be a credit to our parents and to the school that helped to educate us. If our school life has developed character and a true spirit of sportsmanship, we have the two most necessary fundamentals for the founding of a useful life.

Soon some of us will enter college; others will go out into the industrial world to find work in which we are interested and which we expect to make a future occupation. Under present conditions many of us will, without doubt, encounter hardships and disappointments. If we can keep our faces toward the front with absolute faith in the future, tackling each job as it presents itself, always working toward something better, with kindest regards toward our fellowmen, we shall have justified our education.

### SELF-RELIANCE

Self-reliance is a quality which we admire very much in any individual. It seems that we, who are students at a school of high standards, might try to develop that quality

in our characters even more fully than it is now developed.

In esteeming such men as Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Edison we are appreciating the worth of men who relied upon their own resources to reach their goals. If these great men had expected someone else to solve their problems for them, they would never have reached the high place in the world's estimation that they now hold.

We, too, will be respected by those who know us, if we cultivate the ability to think for ourselves. But we shall win not merely the respect of others. We shall create confidence in ourselves—such confidence that we need never fear that we cannot depend upon our own clear thinking at a time of crisis.

In resolving to become self-reliant it would be well to remember that cheating does altogether too much in making us form the habit of relying upon others.

Let us, in the future, derive the satisfaction of doing our own thinking; then we may be assured that we have taken one big step toward attaining self-reliance.

### BETWEEN THE BOOK-ENDS

"Books are keys to wisdom's treasure,  
Books are gates to lands of pleasure;  
Books are paths that upward lead,  
Books are friends. Come, let us read."

### SPRING CAME ON FOREVER

By Bess Streeter Aldrich

This novel is a vivid panorama of pioneer life in America, beginning in the year 1886 and ending in 1935.

"Spring Came On Forever" has two main characters, Amalia Stolz, the heroine, and Matthias Meier, her girlhood sweetheart. Amalia was forced to marry a man of her father's choice and found a family in the new land in Nebraska.

The story gives alternate scenes from the lives of Amalia and Mattheis. Amalia lived to see the prairies turn into rich, fertile

fields and towns dot the horizon. She watched three generations of her family grow up, meeting hardships and disasters with the courage that most pioneer women displayed.

Matthais followed her west in the hope of marrying her; and, although he was too late, he settled in the new country. He built up a successful business in Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, and the paths of the two families did not cross until Matthais' granddaughter married Amalia's great-grandson. Matthais had died, but Amalia had lived to see this union although she never knew that Neal's wife, Hazel, was the granddaughter of her former lover.

For persons wishing a good picture of the life and the courage of pioneers, I recommend this book as one that will be an inspiration to anyone in these times.

Thelma Cookson, '36

#### NORTH TO THE ORIENT

By Anne Morrow Lindbergh

"North to the Orient" is a book of travel written by Mrs. Lindbergh after her trip to the Orient by plane in the year 1931.

Anne and Charles Lindbergh left New York in July after months of careful map study and thought in preparation for the trip. They flew by way of North Haven, Maine; Ottawa; and a small trading post on Baker Lake in northern Canada. From there they flew to Alvarik, then to Point Barrow, a small settlement at the northern tip of Alaska. Their next stop was to be Nome, but because of dense fogs they were forced to land at Seward Peninsula. The next day they continued on to Nome. They left here for stops in Karaginski, a small town in Siberia, and Petropavlovsk. They were forced to land again off the shore of one of the many islands of Japan, and after considerable trouble succeeded in reaching Osaka, where before taking off again, they discovered a stowaway on the plane. At Nanking, China, the Colonel spent several days in helping give aid to flood refugees. Shortly afterwards, their plane was overturned in the churning waters of the Yangtze River when it was lowered from the British airplane carrier, Hermes. The Lindberghs returned to the United States by rail and steamer.

Mrs. Lindbergh wrote the book in a simple, descriptive style. Her sense of humor is shown throughout. The following is an example: When she was forced to jump into the muddy water of the Yangtze, she thought only that for the last two weeks she had been washing her teeth in boiled water.

Because of her democratic spirit and her genuine understanding of people, she was sympathetic and friendly toward everyone she met.

Kathleen Pelkie, '36

#### TRAIL-MAKERS OF THE MIDDLE BORDER

By Hamlin Garland

This wholesome novel chronicles the life of a pioneer family between the years 1830-1864.

Richard Graham, the hero, who was the father of Hamlin Garland, left the barren, stony farm in Maine and with his parents proceeded westward by canal and stage coach and the Great Lakes to found a home in the Wisconsin wilderness.

The struggles of the Graham family were the struggles of every pioneer family against poverty, against sickness, against the elements, and against the Indians.

Richard Graham's experiences in logging camps, piloting on the rivers, farming the virgin soil of Wisconsin, his courtship and marriage, and finally his service to the Union Army, scouting at Vicksburg during the Civil War, can be interpreted as a challenge to modern youth.

The characters are for the most part of the hardy, rugged, pioneer type, and are portrayed in such a manner that they leave a vivid impression in the mind of the reader.

Garland's style is clear and vigorous, and the story is full of suspense. The outstanding feature of the book is its powerful, dramatic presentation of the typical frontiersman and of pioneer life, inspiring because of the hardships and sorrows necessarily undergone by courageous and persevering men and women, establishing civilization in the wilderness.

Marion Hollister, '36

#### THE LAST PURITAN

By George Santayana

This book is a memoir in the form of a novel. The story tells of several generations

of Puritan stock which failed to widen its beliefs or progress with time. Oliver, the principal character, strove to find something material to which he could attach himself and find happiness; but he failed miserably without even making a small mark in the world, despite the fact that he was very wealthy.

Many incidents in the novel contain a certain restrained humor as well as mild satire, but as a whole the story is very serious. It makes the reader think, demands digestive reading, but holds one's interest throughout.

Although Oliver sojourned briefly in nearly all corners of the world, he never experienced home in the truest sense of the word. During the latter part of his short life, he resided in England. He had few friends, but those he possessed loved and admired in him the qualities which they themselves did not have.

Mr. Santayana, the author, tries to convey to us the traits of the early Puritans cropping out in the generations of today.

A professor at Harvard University from 1889 to 1911, he has written many interesting books of high intellectual standard dealing mostly with philosophy, the subject which he taught. He is now a retired professor and lives a secluded life in his beloved native country, Spain.

I do not recommend this book to the average student of high-school age unless he is deeply interested in instructive, thoughtful reading.

Charlotte McCrillis, '36

### THE WAYSIDE MEADOW

Sea of daisies bending slenderly,  
Slenderly bowing to a fairy rhythm,  
Over they go, and turn their small green  
hoods  
And frills away from me.  
Round them the wind is spreading ripples,  
'Mid the long fingers of the swaying grasses.

Golden-red of hawkweed, sweet rose-red of  
clover,  
Lifting through the grasses as the wind  
streams over,  
Turning back the daisies,  
Turning up their gold to the summer sun.  
Round them the wind is spreading ripples,  
'Mid the long fingers of the swaying grasses.

Lillian Lewis, '36

### BEYOND THE RIVER

"Like it?" he asked.

"Love it!" she answered.

"Frightened?"

"Not a bit, with you."

A newly married couple were spinning along an open country road in a new, bright blue roadster. The speedometer was steadily creeping higher and higher. It registered 60—62—65—69—72! The young man grinned down at the girl beside him, and she flashed him a happy smile in return.

"Isn't she wonderful? I've never let her go like this before."

"She's beautiful. Just like a large bird, whirring through the air", the girl replied.

The day was ideal! A soft breeze stirred the air. The sky was cloudless except for three or four silvery clouds in the west.

As they sped along, the blue roadster resembled a large blue bird, its rich blue nearly matching the darkest hues of the sky. The wind ruffled the girl's hair into a tumbled mass of chestnut brown curls.

The man looked down at her and found her studying the scenery. How beautiful she was, her white profile against the bright blue of the sky. How he loved her. The innocent look on her face sent a shiver of happiness over him. As he turned his head back to the road, he heard her humming a phrase from a familiar hymn—"There's a land beyond the river."

In a moment she brought her gaze back from the distant hills. She had been thinking of her husband. It seemed like a dream that the handsome man beside her really was her husband. How proud she was of him.

Each of them was so engrossed in his own thoughts that neither noticed the curve on the hill just ahead until it was too late.

The automobile was going nearly 70. As it reached the curve it met a car coming from the opposite direction. Both cars swerved dangerously, trying to avoid a collision. The oncoming car dodged the blue roadster and landed in the ditch.

The blue roadster, however, staggering dizzily from left to right, finally left the road, struck a huge rock, and was hurled backward by the force of the impact. Its occupants were hurled through the windshield.

Before long the road was crowded with people and other automobiles. Ambulance

whistles screamed and the only two people hurt were hurried to a near-by hospital.

When the young man gained consciousness, he saw only white walls and a white figure bending over him.

He started up in the bed, the eager question on his lips—"Is she all right?"

He was gently pushed back and silenced with, "She's fine. Now lie down and try to get some sleep. She'd want you to."

He seemed satisfied with this answer and relaxed. The nurse bent over him as she heard him whisper something, his last sentence, "Thank God she's safe."

In a room down the corridor two doctors and two nurses were standing beside the crushed figure of a beautiful girl of twenty-three. Suddenly the girl's eye-lids flickered, and her breathing grew easier. She mumbled an inaudible phrase. Twice she tried to say the same thing but was exhausted by each attempt. The doctors and nurses stood calmly awaiting the crisis. Finally the girl opened her eyes and stared dazedly at her surroundings. Then she asked lowly but quite clearly, "Is my husband hurt badly?"

"He's sleeping now," was the reply.

She closed her eyes again and whispered in broken phrases, as though she were talking to someone far away, "There's a land—beyond—the—river."

Then with a tired sigh, she quietly slipped away to join her husband.

Bertha Smith, '37

#### A CLEVER DEAL

The Florida land boom was at its height. Far up on the twentieth floor of the James building in Miami was situated the elegant suite of offices of John Sharp, who, as the large gold letters on the entrance door proclaimed, was a land promoter.

Inside the main office bookkeepers and typists were busily engaged in the work connected with a large and flourishing business of buying, developing, and selling Florida real estate.

In his private office Mr. Sharp, a large man of middle age with a keen and shrewd expression, reclined comfortably in his swivel chair and, placing his feet on the top of his \$250. mahogany desk, sat at peace with the whole world.

Why shouldn't he be happy? Had he not succeeded in this latest and greatest devel-

opment scheme of transforming six-hundred and forty acres of the salt marsh south of Miami into five hundred excellent house lots, by the simple method of dredging up dirt from the bottom of the ocean? Already four-hundred and sixty of these lots had been sold at prices ranging from one to three thousand dollars, despite the fact that they were still covered with water and that the dredgers would not start work until the next week. The prospects were good for at least a two-hundred thousand dollar profit to add to the million Sharp had already accumulated in former deals.

The office girl, entering at this time, announced the arrival of a prospective customer and was told to show him in at once.

He proved to be a young man of about thirty years, slight of build and with a pleasant smiling expression. His name was Abbott. He stated that he had only a few hours to stay in Miami and that he was much impressed with the great real-estate developments around the city. In the conversation Sharp learned that he had twenty-five hundred dollars which he would like to invest in a lot.

Taking Mr. Abbott to one side, John Sharp showed hanging upon the wall a large map of the new development with streets and houses as in his imagination it would look when completed and settled.

Then started such a wonderful demonstration of high-pressure salesmanship as only a real-estate salesman can give. With his mind on Abbott's twenty-five hundred dollars, Mr. Sharp apparently convinced Abbott that he was buying one of the greatest bargains ever sold in Miami.

When Abbot left the office, he left a retaining fee of one thousand dollars and promised to call in an hour when he would pay the balance of his twenty-five hundred dollars and receive in exchange the deed to a lot 100 feet square on the third street back from the ocean, bounded on one side by a church lot and on the other by the lot of a Pittsburgh millionaire.

He was back in an hour, and after carefully placing the recorded deed in his pocket announced that he was not leaving town as soon as he had expected and asked if he could please look over his new lot, if it was not much trouble.

## HARTLAND ACADEMY

A guide was sent with him, and in a boat Mr. Abbott was rowed out to the development where, after consulting a small map and moving through a mass of stakes driven into the mud, the guide stopped between four stakes that marked the corners of Mr. Abbott's lot.

The guide then started telling Abbott what a beautiful lot it would make when dredged and developed, only to be interrupted by Mr. Abbott, who said that he owned the lot and the water on it and that no person in the world could force him to develop it or keep the ocean from flowing over it. When asked what he was going to do with it, Abbott replied that perhaps he was going to fish.

The guide hastened at once with Mr. Abbott back to Sharp's office where the situation was explained. Coaxing, threatening, and pleading fell alike on the deaf ears of Mr. Abbott, who firmly declared that the lot was his and that it should not be developed. Sharp explained to him that this crazy notion of his would ruin his whole development, only to be informed by Abbott that he was not interested.

Sharp then asked him if he would sell and was told that no amount less than thirty thousand dollars would induce Abbott to part with this wonderful lot in such a grand location.

Sharp raved and threatened, but Abbott was so insistent that in the end he left Sharp's office with a certified check of thirty-thousand dollars in his pocket, a profit of twenty-seven thousand five-hundred dollars in a few hours.

After he left, Sharp slowly leaned back in his office chair and gazed vacantly at the ceiling, a sadder but a wiser man.

Clayton Merrill, '37

### NIGHT

Night comes.  
The shadows over us pass;  
We feel the reality creep away  
Into the dusk.

Closer comes this shroud of darkness.  
Slowly it surrounds us,  
Moves on to the next,  
Covers all.

It's night.  
What lies beneath this infinite blackness?  
What stirs, yet makes no sound?

Silence clings to everything.  
The world lies motionless,  
Quiet reigns throughout;  
Night conquers.

Charlotte McCrillis, '36

### JIMMY BLAKE

I had just reached for my hat and was on my way home from a busy day at the store when someone lightly touched my coat sleeve and said, "Wait a minute, Mr. Hall, wait a minute."

Turning quickly, I beheld a little boy, ragged and dirty. Two large blue eyes were shining from the dust smeared face as he stood there, looking eagerly up at me. Tightly clutched in his hand was a ten-cent piece.

"Ma wants some bread for supper, and make it a big lot too, fer us kids ain't had nothing to eat all day. How much can I get for ten cents? Do you s'pose I can squeeze out a penny to buy a stick of candy? Boy, don't them cakes look swell?" These were the questions the little fellow was asking.

"Going down my way now? If you are, maybe you'll let me walk beside you," he said as he reached for the bread.

After we had walked a short distance, I inquired who the lad was, his age, and where he lived. "My name's Jimmy Blake, I'm ten years old, and I live down the back alley in the lower part of the town."

"Have you many sisters and brothers, Jimmy?"

"Oh, yes, there's six of us. I'm the oldest and Mary comes next to me," he said with a deep sigh. "You know, Mr. Hall, I wish I was growed up like you are. Say, I'd have a swell house, a nice big car, and lots of dough. Ma wouldn't have to scrub so hard then to get bread and milk fer us to eat."

"Don't you go to school, Jimmy?"

"Nope, my father died last winter, and Ma can't send me to school 'cause we ain't rich enough."

Somehow the attitude of this little chap touched my heart, and made me feel that I'd like to know more about him.

"Would you like to come to my store and help me every day, Jimmy?" I asked.

"Aw, gee, Mr. Hall, do you really mean it? Can I wait on people, sweep floors—and maybe have a piece of candy once in a while?"

"We'll see in the morning but I must leave you now. Good night, Jimmy. Remember, be there in the morning at eight o'clock."

That night the little family circle was made very happy as Jimmy told the good news about his job.

And Tuesday morning the new helper walked into the store with a broad grin on his face. "Hi, there," he called. "Am I on time?"

Dorothy Lermond, '37

### CAT FIGHTS

Cat fights usually take place under your bedroom window on nights when you are extremely tired. For the cats, the time most suitable (or at least the time usually chosen) is from twelve at night until four in the morning.

One of our cats leaves the house each night at six, meets his opponent, and has everything in readiness for a battle by midnight. On many moonlight nights I have seen him in action. At the beginning of the first round his tail increases to twice its normal size; the hair on his back stands on end; and he starts hissing and growling. After circling the other cat a few times with his back arched, he makes a dive and the fight is on. No spectators are needed to cheer them, for all necessary noise is furnished free of charge.

Our cat holds his own for the first four rounds; but the remaining six, as well as the championship, generally go to the battle-scarred warrior from across the street. The next day our cat has a tattered ear to show for the night's bout.

I do not recommend the use of a shotgun for ending these fights. However, if you are a marksman, even a poor one, and your bedroom window opens quietly, you may be saved many sleepless nights by using this method. When you retire, take with you the following: a ten-quart pail of water; any cooking utensils you can find; and an armful of stove wood. If you have never thrown stove wood before, take two armfuls instead of one. Now then, if you have followed instructions carefully, you are prepared for anything resembling a cat fight.

At midnight when strange sounds awaken you, open the window as quietly as possible and locate your visitors. If five feet away,

give them the water. When they retreat some twenty feet, select a stick of wood that can be handled easily; take careful aim; and throw with all your might. Don't be discouraged if you miss them—I have thrown thirty sticks without hitting so much as a tree. When they are thirty feet away, it is time to use the cooking utensils. When throwing a frying pan, grasp it by the handle and throw it as you would a large can cover.

If you are unfortunate enough to use all your ammunition without scoring a hit, don't try to frighten them by shouting. If you are married, your neighbors will get the idea that you are fighting with your wife. Close the window; return to your bed; and think about the priceless value of that little animal—the cat.

Donald Hollister, '37

### NEVER SATISFIED

In winter when the cold winds blow  
And all the roads are piled with snow,  
I like the warm sun upon my face  
Or the gentle heat from the fireplace.  
I like to spend time in reading a book  
And leave my studies in some hidden nook.

But in summer when the day is hot  
And time goes slow, I like it not;  
Then I long for a cool brisk day  
Of skating, skiing, and winter's play.  
I think of the time when the school-bell  
rings  
And the hours rush by on fleeted wings.

Elmer Ford, '36

### THE PRINCIPAL ERROR

Harold Roe, recently returned from a trip in France, and handling his cane in a graceful manner, strolled carelessly down the avenue. The day was fine and clear, and Harold was carefree as he loafed along waiting for his friend. He was a fine-looking young fellow with dark hair and eyes. In the course of his wanderings he passed a large brown building, plainly a school. The stir about it showed that it was almost time for the beginning of the school year.

Harold stopped and gazed thoughtfully at the building. Almost instantly the door opened and a little bald-headed man rushed out. He hustled up to Harold saying, "No doubt you are Mr. Simms, the new principal. I certainly am delighted to see you, Mr. Simms. Come right in. What this school



needs is a young man to liven it up a bit. But I must introduce myself. I am Mr. Small, Sylvian D. Small, the superintendent of schools."

Immediately Harold was rushed into the building. "This is your office, Mr. Simms. Here you will conduct the school when you are not occupied in the class room. Now we shall inspect the building and meet the teachers."

They went through the building and met the teachers, after which Harold, back in his office alone, fell to studying the schedule. He was to teach Latin and mathematics. Oh yes, he would! School began the next day, so no wonder they were beginning to worry about the new principal. Just then the telephone rang. "Telegram for Mr. Small."

Without a moment's hesitation Harold answered, "I'll take it." The message read: "Unavoidably delayed. Will arrive by noon tomorrow. Have all ready." Signed "Simms."

It was not long after that Mr. Small came in, but in some way or other the telegram was entirely forgotten. The superintendent had come to say that there would be a teachers' meeting in an hour. This made Harold a trifle nervous, but he decided to carry it through as well as he could.

The time passed quickly before the meeting. Harold went with Mr. Small to the office where the others were waiting. Outside the door there was quite a buzz of talk, but it all stopped when they entered.

Mr. Small was not long in getting down to business. "Mr. Simms," said he, "We have, of course, heard of your original methods as a principal and would like to have you explain them to us. We can cooperate very well, I am sure, if you will but tell us your methods of procedure."

That nearly upset Harold. What was his original method? He looked toward the door, but escape at this moment was impossible. Consequently he arose and began, "I am—ah—delighted to find that some murmur of my methods has reached you. Yet I feel that—er—the facts have been overstated. My methods are briefly stated; they are—er—, in short I feel that I must state that probably they will need much modification; they are—er, in short I feel that too much restriction is imposed on the scholars."

A gasp of surprise ran around the room, and Mr. Small looked about to speak, so Harold judged that he had taken the wrong track. He went on, "That is, I give the pupils a little more freedom in small matters; but when I oppose an action, it does not take place. The scholars appreciate the few small liberties enough to cause them to obey the regulations I do impose." A murmur ran around the room. He continued, "Now in the matter of examinations. I think that their number should be diminished by at least a half, and that the passing mark should be lowered." Finding that this shocked the teachers, Harold hastened to add, "That is, more ground should be covered by an examination proper—I do not speak of quizzes—and ranking should be more strict. The student should never be given the benefit of the doubt, as that causes him to think that he is getting something for nothing. To offset this, a lower passing mark should be chosen, I think—"

But here Mr. Small interrupted. "Our time is short, and I think we understand you very well although you express some ideas differently from what we had expected. I think we agree with you perfectly. This meeting stands adjourned. School begins at eight, Mr. Simms."

During the night Harold made a noble resolution. He told his friend Joe that he had a good position and was staying awhile in town.

In the morning Harold, a trifle sleepy, arrived early at the school building. In front of the assembled school, which consisted of about two hundred and seventy-five students, he was a bit nervous, but after his introduction by Mr. Small, he repeated his statements of the day before with such additions as had occurred to him overnight.

The first period Harold spent in his office alone. The second, he taught first-year Latin. Before the class he assumed a dignified expression and commanded: "Study this introduction. I guess you can pronounce the things. They look—that is, they are easy. Take as far as the first lesson. Class dismissed."

Back in the office Harold found a big man waiting. The stranger walked over to him with hand extended saying, "Mr. Small? Here is my card. I am Mr. Simms, the

principal. I found the office and came in to wait. I see you have begun the session. I am ready now to take charge."

"Quite right," said Harold, taking his hand. "I am the superintendent. If you will pardon me a moment, I will find some of the unoccupied teachers."

But as soon as he was out of the office Harold rushed for the door. And soon he was complacently seated in a taxi and looking as if school had never existed.

Lillian Lewis, '36

### FISHIN'

Some people fish for a living, and others for sport; but the real fisherman fishes for the thrill, a thrill which only the true fisherman knows.

What is better than to spend a rainy afternoon fishing a brook? You will probably come home wet, tired, and hungry. You may have some fish and you may not; but the tramp and exercise have taken you away from your daily cares, they have rested you, and you are satisfied.

I enjoy this type of recreation; I like the feeling of a fish rod in my hand, the feeling of damp earth beneath my feet, and the deep quiet pool beneath an overhanging tree. As the bait sinks slowly to the bottom, I say, "There's surely a trout here." A twitching of the line, a snap, and the rod bends up double. What a beauty! The line tangles in an alder, and before I can untangle it the trout breaks away. I try again, hoping for better luck. I catch him; it is a thrill to find that I have succeeded in what I set out to do.

I continue either down or up the brook. It stops raining, and I watch the clouds slowly disappear, to leave a blue sky and a beautiful red sunset.

A partridge flies up with a whirring of wings. A red squirrel chitters from a neighboring tree.

I go on, patiently fishing the deep holes, careful to keep out of sight, letting my line drift down through the shallow swift places. My shoulders ache, my legs are weary, but my mind is rested.

The rainy days don't come often enough for me—the days when I can say, "Let's go fishin'."

Philip Baird, '36

### A WILL AND A WAY

Richard Lane whistled as he delivered the papers. It was Thursday again and his time to stop in at the Old Master's. Three times a week he stopped at the Old Master's. People had wondered why a young lad like Richard should visit an old man. But after a time they got used to it, just as people do in towns the size of Oxford.

Here he was at last. Richard knocked, and a cheery voice told him to come in.

"Well, well, Dick, I've been waiting for you. How's school?"

"Just fine, Dad." Richard always called the Old Master Dad.

No one seemed to know why he was called the Old Master. The story was that before he had come to Oxford he had been a famous musician; however, he never let anyone in Oxford know anything about it, except Richard.

"Well, Dick", the old man was saying, "only a few more weeks and you'll be through school."

"Yes, and then if I could only earn enough money to put myself through college."

"Well, sit down, my boy. We've got a lot of work to do tonight." The Old Master pulled out a shabby leather case and opened it slowly. He always opened it that way. Then he reached down and gently picked up his old brass cornet. "Just as good as the day I first played her in Symphony Hall." He always said that to Richard.

"Good thing I live so far from the road, isn't it, Dick? We wouldn't want anyone to know about us and what we do. Have you been whistling the exercises as I told you?"

"Sure have, Dad. Every night on my route I whistle. Only once in a while I get off on our song. You know, 'The Carnival of Venice'."

"I'll never forget the first time I played it." The old man's face glowed with memories of the past. "Well, we have plenty to do. Come on."

The next day a class meeting was held to make plans for Class Night. Everyone had to do something. Richard was startled. There was only one thing he could do. Would the Old Master let him? When he was asked what he could do, he said, "Put me down for a cornet solo."

Everyone started, for no one had heard him play. Some told him to stop fooling them. "I'm not joking," he said, "I won't disappoint you—you have my word for that."

When he reached home and told the news, the Old Master's face beamed. "Well, my boy, so at last you are going to play. Yes, it is time you showed the world how a cornet should be played. But come—practice."

Finally the night came. The auditorium was packed. Richard looked proudly at his new trumpet, a present from Dad. Dad had given it to him that afternoon. Gee, what a present. Dad must have sacrificed plenty to get it. He'd just have to make good now.

The program had been under way for some time. His eyes found the Old Master cut in front. He was dressed in a new suit with a new tie. He was smiling.

Then the announcement came: "Next we will have a cornet solo by Richard Lane." There was a rustle throughout the room. Everyone there knew about Richard and how he had insisted on playing.

Richard arose and picked up his trumpet. He nodded to the pianist.....

A gasp of amazement went through the crowd when they saw who it was at the piano. The Old Master—why he couldn't play. This was getting queerer every minute.

Richard raised his trumpet to his lips. He fingered the valves once and hit the first tone right on the head. The note reassured him. Before the first measure was over he was miles away from Oxford. He was in Venice at Carnival time. His heart rose and fell with the music. He was at a booth now. Look at the children playing around. Vendors! Flowers! Music! Richard's heart sang. This was the life.

Now he was close to the end of the movement which he had selected. He was traveling back from Venice; and as he took his cornet from his lips, he was again in Oxford.

He looked out over the crowded auditorium, but could perceive no movement. The crowd sat as though electrified. Then almost as one person it broke forth into the greatest volume of applause the Oxford High School had ever heard. It wasn't because Richard had played well—it was because he had

played better than anyone the people of Oxford had ever heard.

The Master! Richard looked for him at the piano and found his eyes beaming proudly. Dad had lived for this moment.

After the program, Richard recognized one young man as John Mallery, who had gone to B. U. two years before. Mallery wanted to speak with him.

"Lane", he said, "have you ever played in a dance orchestra?"

"No," Richard replied.

"Well, it wouldn't take you long to learn, with your tone and technique. My name is Mallery, and I'm putting myself through college with my music. I'll have a place next year for you if you want it."

College! The world was swell, all right.

Outside Richard found the Old Master, and they walked home together.

Donlin McCormack, '37

#### A VIVID EXPERIENCE

What a beautiful day for a swim! We donned our bathing suits and pushed the boat into the water. It was so warm and the air so refreshing—what fun it would be to have an early swim in the bright sunshine.

We reached the newly pebbled beach and built our fire. After supplying it with enough wood to last a while, we dived into the water. How refreshing it felt to our warm bodies. We swam and raced around together until the rest decided they had had swimming enough for a while.

Left alone, I chased the water-ball around, swimming farther and farther all the time. Not realizing how tired I was, I started across the pond. Then all at once I felt exhausted, as if I couldn't take another stroke. I screamed for help, but no one heard me. Frantically, I screamed again, but still there was no response from those who were left on shore.

At last, so weak I could no longer call for help, I lay still, trying to float, but I could not hold my breath. I was going, sinking. I didn't feel quite so tired. It wasn't so bad as I thought it would be—just to sink in the quiet depth of the water.

Could I hear someone calling to me? No, it was only a dream. I was content; why must they disturb me?

When I regained consciousness, I was lying on the beach. Everyone stood around me. All had worried expressions on their faces. What had happened? I was so tired. Wouldn't they let me sleep, let me believe it was only a terrible dream?

Since then, I have never swum out over my head. It makes me feel as though I were being pulled down by some fierce and ugly monster. Will this feeling never leave me?

Mary Libby, '37

### CHAMBER OF HORRORS

Bob had almost forgotten his French friend, Pierre Laneau. Schoolmates one has not seen for thirty years are likely to be like that. Pierre was a pleasant sort—larger than Bob, and always somewhere in the school building when the school bullies picked on him. In one way his friendship was a little embarrassing. Bob was the only boy in school whom he appeared to like. His other friends were toads, frogs, snakes, and lizards. The other boys said that Pierre wouldn't have made a friend of Bob if he hadn't had the ways of these pets. They even tried to make the noises that these animals made to indicate that Bob was like them. Not when Pierre was around, however.

"I seeek me a raddlesnake on you if you bodder my friend," he would say, and for a time Bob would be left in peace.

Later Pierre went to live in Montana. He wrote about his adventures in the new country where he said he was running a farm. Each of his letters told of his desire for Bob to visit him. Ten years later Bob was planning to make a western journey and he wrote Pierre that he would try to pay him a short visit.

A letter came by return mail. "Come for as long as you like" it said. "Send me a telegram and I will meet you. I think you will like my farm. Maybe you will go into business with me. It is a very interesting farm and it makes money. It will be good to see you."

Pierre was at the station in a little old car when Bob arrived. Bob was unable to ask him questions about his farm as Pierre did the talking for both. It was late when they reached his house, and after a cup of

coffee and some ham and eggs he politely suggested that Bob must be tired.

Three or four times in the night Bob awoke, as one is likely to do in strange surroundings. Each time he thought he heard peculiar rustlings and other noises which he tried in vain to identify. Once or twice he sat up in bed and listened, but each time drowsiness overcame him, and he went to sleep again.

It was daylight when he finally opened his eyes and looked about him. He caught his breath. On a shelf behind a small chest of drawers opposite him sat a queer animal. It moved. To make sure he had some more strength left, Bob reached down, picked up one of his shoes, and aimed it at the animal. It made a curious squeak, and leaped from its perch, heading for Bob's bed.

His first thought was to pull the blankets over his head and try to remember some of the prayers he had learned at his mother's knee. His second thought was that such an animal could not be kept away by any blankets. He got up and stood in the center of the bed, calling loudly to Pierre for help.

Pierre came running into the room. "Ver' sorry he got away on me last night," he said. He won't bite unless he gets scared, but almost anything will scare him. Coom".

This was spoken to the strange animal, who came creeping swiftly to his owner. Pierre caught him by the neck and tossed him lightly out the door.

"What was that thing?" Bob demanded.

"Only a lizard," said Pierre.

"What a monster," said Bob.

"But monster means big. He is not so big, eh? Leave him alone and he don't bite—but make him mad, trouble maybe. Now let's have breakfast."

As the meal progressed Bob noticed that Pierre kept tossing small pieces of food in this direction and that, where they were caught by the lizards, field mice, rabbits, and different varieties of snakes. He noticed that the snakes did not swallow the food thrown to them.

"Snakes ees funny", said Pierre. "They hae to hae their meals alive. But they ees greedy, and they don't want no other animals to get nothing, so you can't keep them out of the house at meal time. You like to see the biggest rattler in Montana?"

"Is he alive?" Bob asked, looking cautiously around him.

"Yes".

"Where is he?" Bob demanded.

"You shall see soon enough. Now maybe we go see the wildcat. He is perhaps more interesting as snakes".

"Pierre," Bob said, "I thought this was a farm."

"Sure it ees a farm. The biggest snake and reptile farm in Montana. Coom. I show you. Nobody need be afraid of snakes."

Before Bob could stop him, he had picked up a four-foot serpent, which sang a merry tune with its tail as it whirled through the air. "By the neck you hold him a while", said Pierre. "You will soon learn, when you and me ees partners here."

Bob declined the out-stretched offering "What do you do with these creatures?" he asked. "There surely can't be any demand for such snakes and lizards."

"Yes," said Pierre, "many scientists buy them for the poison."

"Pierre," Bob said, "I like you and I admire you. I hope you succeed in this business and make a big reputation for yourself. But I can't help you."

"I am ver' sorry. I am ver' disappointed. In school you were the only one I liked, and I was so looking forward to your coming, and so sure you would like it here. I know you would love them if you knew them better", said Pierre. "Ver' well, it is then au revoir, but maybe when you go home you think it over?"

"I'll do my best, Pierre", Bob replied.

And he did. But Pierre is still conducting that Chamber of Horrors by himself.

Charlotte Grant, '36

#### A LA MODE

Many people are of the opinion that burning the breakfast pancake is no longer a domestic tragedy, as it provides the young bride with a fashionable black hat. After this revelation many boys will most likely make their girl friends take up cooking, or else play safe and take a course in cookery themselves.

From now on, the life story of a tuft of wheat will be something like this: "I am a stalk of wheat out in a fine, sun-shiny field." (Space for a week or ten days.) "Now I am

flour. How rude of that farmer to have me ground into this meally white shape. Wonder what this feller has in this bag? Ugh!! He threw it on me. Why, it's my old cousin, buckwheat. Hi, pal, what kind of place is this anyway? What a mill? And what are we doing here? Great guns, who would ever have thought I would be made into pancake flour?" (Space of ten days.)

"Imagine me packed away in a stuffy box in this store. What's that man saying? Oh, he wants some pancake flour. Gee, I wonder if he'll take me? No, there goes the carton right next to me. Oh, boy, look who's here. Isn't she pretty? Wonder if she wants any pancake flour? Yes, she does. Oh, joy, here I go. Well, so long, friends."

(Next morning.) "Aha, I'm being let out of this stuffy box. Why, what's this I'm being mixed with? Whew, is this pan hot! Ah, just such a lovely cook. What's that? Oh, just the telephone." (A half hour later.) "Help!! help!! This burns me up! Will she ever get off that phone?"

(Enter the wife.) "Oh, dear, I've burnt the pancake. Why, look, it's just like a new hat!" (Wife picks it up.) "Oh, goody! It will make a perfectly good new hat; right in style, too."

Marion Hollister, '36

#### WHEN SPRING IS IN THE AIR

When days get balmy and the sun gets hot  
When we ought to study but had rather not,  
We sit and think of shady nooks  
When we should be thinking about our books.  
You ask me why this is so,  
Why our rank descends and our minds get slow?

Why, Spring is in the air.

'Tis Spring that makes our rank get low,  
That makes us nod as the hours go,  
And makes us wish for the swimming pool  
And long for the day when there'll be no school.

But still our lessons we must abide  
While we sit and wish for things outside,  
When Spring is in the air.

We should be glad for the hours spent  
In school, and we should be content  
To study our French and Latin rules  
And forget about the swimming pools.  
Now, if you can, will you please tell me  
How to keep your mind where it ought to be,  
When Spring is in the air?

Maurice Hatch, '36

## SPIKES

"On your mark!" barked starter Bill Newcoln.

The state inter-scholastic track meet was on. It was 10:30 A. M. and sixteen eager youths were toeing the starting line for the 100 yard dash.

Tall blonde Jim Snowden knelt third from the left. He was one of the three experienced runners of Cedar High School. Jim was captain of his team and a favorite with all the boys.

"Get set!"

The boys come up on all fours, leaning forward tensely. The crowd is silent, holding its breath in expectation of the mad rush of flying legs to follow.

Bang—They shoot forward in a frantic dash for that white tape one hundred yards down the track.

Jim makes a good start and at the 25 yard line is running second. At 50 yards he is even with the leader. At 75 yards they fight desperately, still holding even. A third man is one stride behind them, and the rest of the pack are jammed together a few yards in the rear. In the last few yards Jim's opponent produces a spurt of speed which carries him across the finish in the lead by a very small margin. Time: 10.5 seconds.

Second place, however, was sufficient to qualify Jim for the finals, as the first three men in each heat were allowed to run in the finals.

In the two following heats for the 100 yard dash two of Jim's team-mates, Pug Anderson and Shorty Emery, qualified for the finals.

At 11:45 the try-outs for all the events were over, and the boys left for Hamlin's Restaurant where dinner was to be served to the athletes. The Cedar High boys arrived at the restaurant before the other teams, and they immediately took three tables in the corner nearest the kitchen.

Close behind them came the team from Hanesville High, who took tables near them. Jim noticed that one of the Hanesville boys was Howard Nelson, who had defeated him in the 100 yard dash trials. Howard glanced toward Jim, who nodded courteously.

"Where are you from?" asked Howard as he sat down at the table directly opposite Jim.

"Cedar High School," replied Jim. "You're from Hanesville, aren't you?"

"Yep, and we plan to win this meet today. You wait until the finals of the 220 this afternoon, and I'll show you some real running. I wasn't half trying this morning when I won the trials."

The finals began at one o'clock. At three o'clock the meet was nearing its end, and Hanesville had a total of 43 points while Cedar High School had 42. The 220 yard dash was the only remaining event. First place in this event would mean state championship for either team, as the next closest team had only 30 points.

"Next and last event, the 220 yard dash," sounded across the field. "Last call for 220 yard dash men! This race will start out of the chute! The finish line will be directly in front of the judge's table!"

With his spikes Jim dug a small hole in the cinders at the starting line. Then about sixteen inches behind and a little to the right of this, he dug another. He tried the holes. They seemed to be perfect for a quick start.

"Well, buddy, here's where Cedar High School takes only second place in this meet."

Jim looked up. Three holes from him stood Howard Nelson of Hanesville. Jim set his feet firmly in the holes but made no reply.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this event, as well as being the closing race of the meet, will decide the winning school of today's events. Hanesville is now leading Cedar High by one point, and it stands a good chance of winning as one of its dash men, Howard Nelson, holds the record for the 220 yard dash at the present time. Cedar High, however, has two fine men, Jim Snowden and Pug Anderson. First place by any one of these individuals will mean victory for his team."

"On your mark!"

The boys slide into their holes. Jim's knuckles press into the cinders at his sides.

"Get set!"

Jim comes up to all fours, every muscle tense, ready to leap forward and obtain that precious lead of perhaps only a few inches. Then someone near the right end of the line breaks and shoots out, to stop himself after several steps. At this the whole line comes up to a standing position, to relieve the

## HARTLAND ACADEMY

tenseness of their muscles.

"All right, we'll try it again," announces the starter. "Now let's hold down and not start until I give you the gun—All ready?—On your mark!"

The boys slip to their holes again.

"Get set!"

A tense quietness hangs over the field.

Bang! The instant the hammer of the gun clicks down, they are off. Jim makes an excellent start and at the 50 yard line is several feet in the lead.

At the 100 yard mark Howard Nelson is gaining rapidly on him. It looks as though he will pass Jim. Both have their heads

flung back to breathe more easily. They are putting every ounce of their strength into this race. Now they are close to the finish. Howard is almost even with Jim and seems still to be gaining. The cinders fly up behind them as their spikes tear up the track. They're across!

But who won? No one in the audience was quite sure, they were so close together.

"Results of the 220 yard dash," the announcer's voice sounded over the field, "First place—Jim Snowden of Cedar High!"

"Victory for Cedar High!" rose the cry from Jim's team-mates.

Lennis Harris, '36

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## Class Ode

Tune: The Bells of St. Mary's

Farewell to our school-mates; it seems but a  
day  
Hath passed since we first came to dear old  
H. A.  
Oh, sweet are the mem'ries that 'round thee  
do cling,  
With grateful affection our tribute we bring.

Chorus:

With hope in the future, our class now are  
parting  
May our school continue with fortune to  
dwell,  
To follow new pathways our footsteps are  
starting  
Now as tonight we say our last, our last  
farewell.

And now as we finish our years at H. A.  
We're ready to begin another new day;  
We've come to the cross-roads, and now we  
must part,  
And there is much sadness in each loyal  
heart.

Althea Tobie  
Charlotte Grant

## THE RIPPLE



STUDENT COUNCIL

Front Row: left to right—Lona Clark, Lyle Martin, Clayton Merrill, Irvin Stedman, Phyllis Ford.  
Second Row: Bertha Smith, Lennis Harris, Mr. Cutts, Margaret Ash, Marion Hollister.  
Third Row: Selden Martin, Eva Lowell, Barbara Weymouth, Wendell Marr, Philip Baird.

### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council was formed at Hartland Academy four years ago with the aid of Mr. Cutts, who for four years has been its adviser. The following individuals have been president of the Council during this period: 1933, Walter Rideout; 1934, Florice Steeves; 1935, Clyde Griffith; 1936, Lennis Harris.

There are today fourteen members on the Council although when it was first organized, there were only eight. The members are as follows: the four class presidents, one representative from the Freshman class, two from the Sophomore class, three from the Junior class, and four from the Senior class.

The officers of the council are president, Lennis Harris; vice president, Philip Baird; secretary, Marion Hollister; treasurer, Bertha Smith.

The Council has the power:

1. To make and enforce any rules necessary for the betterment of the school, its life, or interest.
2. To recommend the appointment of necessary committees.
3. To investigate and report on matters especially referred to it by the faculty.

Some of the important projects sponsored by the Council this year were the publication of the "Hasco News", the awarding of certificates to letter winners, a Christmas barrel for the poor, and a benefit movie. The Council also took complete charge of the "Ripple" drive this spring.

Marion Hollister, '36



## HARTLAND ACADEMY

### SENIOR CLASS

The class of 1936 started its last year at Hartland Academy with sixteen members.

In September the class was organized under the able leadership of the class officers: President, Lennis Harris; vice president, Leland Cunningham; secretary, Thelma Cookson; treasurer, Marion Hollister.

The traditional Freshmen Reception was planned, and Barbara Weymouth was chosen as chairman with the assistance of Marion Hollister, Philip Baird, and Maurice Hatch, to arrange the activities of the Freshmen in assembly on September 20.

Individual Senior pictures and several group pictures were taken in March.

The class parts for graduation have been assigned. They are valedictory, Thelma Cookson; salutatory, Lillian Lewis; history, Lennis Harris.

The remaining parts are presentation of gifts, Marion Hollister and Philip Baird; address to undergraduates, Elmer Ford; will, Maurice Hatch; ode, Althea Tobie and Charlotte Grant; marshal, Kathleen Pelkie; prophecy, Charlotte McCrillis.

Four members of the class received letters in basketball this year, and two members were awarded letters in track.

Most of the class is represented either in the glee clubs or in the orchestra.

Seniors who have been on the honor roll are Margaret Ash, Thelma Cookson, Elmer Ford, Vivian Greene, Lennis Harris, Marion Hollister, Lillian Lewis, Charlotte McCrillis, Kathleen Pelkie and Barbara Weymouth.

Leland Cunningham

### THE JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior class began the year with an enrollment of twenty-three; but the number was reduced when Francis Buker, Charles Pelkie, and Norman Steeves left us.

At the first class meeting of the year the following officers were elected: president, Clayton Merrill; vice president, Donald Hollister; secretary, Charles Pelkie; treasurer, Donlin McCormack. As Charles Pelkie left school, Bertha Smith was chosen to take his place.

On March 27 the annual Hamilton Prize Speaking Contest was held in the Academy Auditorium. The program was as follows:

Processional	Academy Orchestra
"A Woman's Work"	Marie Libby
"My Account With the Unknown Soldier"	Donlin McCormack
"The Wood-Gatherer of Versailles"	Crystal Hubbard
Music	String Quartet
"Romance Comes to Betty Ann"	Frances Fellows
"Tommy Stearns Scrubs Up"	Donald Hollister
Music	String Quartet
"The Lost Word"	Bertha Smith
"Let Brotherly Love Continue"	Clayton Merrill
Recessional	Academy Orchestra

The prizes were awarded to Bertha Smith and Donald Hollister.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Stevens as our home-room teacher, and we hope that she will be back again next year; however, we are glad to have Miss McIntyre take her place.

The Junior class is well represented in the extra-curricular activities of the school.

The following Juniors have appeared on the honor roll this year: Phyllis Baird, Alice Chipman, Donald Hollister, Crystal Hubbard, Mary Libby, Eva Lowell, Lyle Martin, Clayton Merrill, Bertha Smith, and Clara Woodbury.

Eva Lowell

### SOPHOMORE NEWS

After the summer vacation the Class of 1936 returned to Hartland Academy. The class was composed of twenty-five pupils, all of whom apparently were eager to return to their studies.

The first event of importance was the election of the class officers. They are as follows: president, Wendell Marr; vice president, Kenneth Baird; secretary, James Moore; and treasurer, Andrew Peterson.

Just before the Christmas vacation the class tried out for prize speaking. Eight persons survived the preliminaries. The Burton Prize Speaking program was as follows:

Processional	Academy Orchestra
"Dance Date"	Erlene Hughes
"Listen Pop"	Joseph Ford
"Anne of Green Gables"	Ardis Moulton
Music	

## THE RIPPLE

"Freshman Fritterings" James Moore  
"Joint Owners in Spain" Marguerite Wheeler  
"The Unseen Witness" Andrew Peterson

### Music

"The Herb Lady" Phyllis Ford  
"Bread Line" Wendell Marr

The prizes were awarded to Phyllis Ford and Andrew Peterson. Robert Perkins was the marshal.

The Sophomore Class has been well represented in the school's musical and sports organizations.

Sophomores who have been on the honor roll are Marion Ash, Lona Clark, Mildred Cooley, Phyllis Ford, Erlene Hughes, Ardis Moulton, Robert Perkins, Cherrie Thorne, and Marguerite Wheeler.

James Moore

### THE FRESHMAN CLASS

As the end of our Freshman year draws near, we look back and think of the good times we have had during our first year at Hartland Academy.

On September third, school began with the largest Freshman class in the history of the school. Forty-seven Freshmen assumed the role of beginners and were later joined by six others.

Class officers are Irvin Stedman, president; Ellen Werthen, vice president; Leila Merrow, secretary; and Madeline Cook, treasurer.

Shortly after our entrance Freshman day was held. On this occasion the girls wore green hair ribbons and dresses backside to, while the boys wore green hair ribbons and white bibs.

In the evening at the formal reception given by the Seniors, the following program was presented by members of the Freshman class: chalk drawing, Charles Inman; guitar solo, Madeline Cook; guitar solo, Shirley Neal; clarinet trio, Irvin Stedman, Burton Jones, and Seldon Martin; song, Burton Jones; harmonica duet, Hilda Emery and Mary Seekins.

Our class is well represented in the musical and sports organizations of the school. Anita Laird, Myron Chipman, Robert Getchell, Burton Jones, Seldon Martin, and Irvin Stedman play in the orchestra.

Arlene Hollister and Janet Ellingwood, the representatives from our class in the final inter-class spelling match, carried off the prizes. Miss Hollister is now recognized as the champion speller of Hartland Academy.

Madeline Cook, Hilda Emery, Viola Hillman, Freeland Hubbard, Burton Jones, Bernice Litchfield, Seldon Martin, Shirley Neal, Jean Felkie, Irvin Stedman, and Ellen Werthen have been on the honor roll this year.

Marion Wyman

HARTLAND ACADEMY



ORCHESTRA

Front Row: left to right—Althea Tobie, Wendell Marr, Lyle Martin, Stephen Miller, Donlin McCormack, Clayton Merrill, Irvin Stedman, Alice Chipman.

Second Row: Eleanor Libby, Miriam Steeves, Burton Jones, Robert Getchell, Anita Baird, Marie Libby, Charlotte McCrillis, Barbara Weymouth.

Third Row: Selden Martin, Mildred Cooley, Phyllis Baird, Roland Cook, Philip Baird, Ardis Moulton, Myron Chipman.

ORCHESTRA

Due to the untiring efforts of Miss Thorne the orchestra has progressed rapidly this year.

In September the following officers were elected: business manager, Donlin McCormack; assistant business manager, Philip Baird; librarian, Miriam Steeves.

The orchestra's first public appearance was at Citizens' Night, which was held in the fall. At that time we rehearsed before a large audience of friends and citizens. The orchestra played at both the Hamilton and Burton Prize Speaking Contests.

The Newport and Hartland orchestras rehearsed together several times during the

year in preparation for the annual Music Festival. The following selections were played:

Festival Overture	Taylor
Pensée	Manney
Bourree	Bach
Evening Breeze	Langey
Largo, from the Opera "Xerxes"	Handel
America	Carey

Stephen Miller, Charlotte McCrillis, Althea Tobie, Philip Baird, and Barbara Weymouth, who have been members of the orchestra for four years, will be greatly missed next year.

Mildred Cooley, '38



LATIN CLUB

Front Row: left to right: Vivian Greene, Ellen Worthen, Cherrie Thorne, Bertha Smith, Lennis Harris, Donlin McCormack, Eleanor Libby, Thelma Cookson, Kathleen Pelkié, Barbara Weymouth, Alice Chipman.

Second Row: Donald Pelkie, Beatrice Mills, Anita Baird, Mary Libby, Joseph Ford, Bernice Litchfield, Miriam Steeves, Lillian Lewis, Jean Pelkie, Wendell Marr.

Third Row: Arthur Smith, Goldie Fields, Eva Lowell, Clara Woodbury, Crystal Hubbard, Marian Wyman, Phyllis Baird, Ardis Moulton, Leila Mellow, Selden Martin.

LATIN CLUB

This year, being the third year after its organization, the Latin Club had thirty members. At the opening meeting the officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: president, Lennis Harris; vice-president, Bertha Smith; secretary, Alice Chipman; treasurer, Donlin McCormack.

Late in the fall twelve Freshmen having at least a passing rank were admitted to the club and initiated.

On Friday evening, November 15th, Citizens' Night was held at the Academy. At that time Freshman and Sophomore members

of the club presented a Latin play entitled "A Roman Wedding".

On Monday, December 2, our Latin teacher, Miss Stevens, was seriously injured in an accident and was unable to return to her teaching. A Round Robin letter and flowers were sent to her by the club.

On Friday evening, May 8th, an invitation party was held at the Academy. Refreshments were served and dancing was enjoyed until eleven o'clock.

Crystal Hubbard, '37

## HARTLAND ACADEMY

### THE SENIOR PLAY

The Senior play, "The Youngest", an unusually appealing comedy of family life by Philip Barry, was presented at the Opera House, Friday evening, December 6. The play was given by special arrangement with Samuel French of New York.

The cast of characters follows:

Mrs. Winslow	Margaret Ash
Oliver Winslow	Elmer Ford
Mark Winslow	Leland Cunningham
Augusta Winslow Martin	Thelma Cookson
Alan Martin	Philip Baird
Martha Winslow	Charlotte McCrillis
Richard Winslow	Lennis Harris
Nancy Blake	Barbara Weymouth
Katie	Charlotte Grant

We remember the youngest boy of the Winslow family, Richard, as an ambitious young writer who has not been very successful. Oliver and Mark are constantly nagging him, trying to persuade him to give up his writing and work in the pin factory with them.

Oliver, the oldest son, has taken over the duties of caring for the family since the death of his father.

A change comes about soon after the arrival of Nancy Blake, an attractive young friend of Muff's. Realizing the situation, she treats the youngest as though he were the most spoiled member of the family. He in turn rises to meet the occasion by becoming more and more assertive, much to the surprise of all the other Winslows. Everything is finally settled when Alan, a lawyer, convinces Richard that he is sole owner of the pin factory.

Augusta will be remembered as the proud older daughter who sympathized completely with the aristocratic ideas of the older brothers.

Mrs. Winslow was a sweet little lady who enjoyed having matters decided for her by her children.

The entire class cooperated with Miss Richmond, the director, and produced a play that was a decided success. The proceeds of the play were used to meet Commencement expenses.

Kathleen Pelkie, '36

### THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

A pleasant and profitable year has been the result of Miss Thorne's efforts and the cooperation of the members in the girls' glee club. At an early date the officers were chosen as follows: president, Thelma Cookson; vice-president, Bertha Smith; secretary, Phyllis Baird; and treasurer, Kathleen Pelkie. There are twenty-three members including eight sopranos, seven second sopranos, and eight altos. On Citizens' Night in the autumn the girls' glee club sang one selection, "Who is Sylvia".

At the musical festival sponsored by the musical organizations of the Newport High School and Hartland Academy, May 14 and 15, the girls' glee club sang, "Morning", "Glow Worm", "Two Little Stars", and "Ride Out on Wings of Song".

Phyllis Baird, '37

### THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The boys' glee club under the leadership of Miss Gertrude Thorne has shown a marked improvement this season. The following boys were elected as officers last fall when the club was reorganized: Lyle Martin, president; Clayton Merrill, vice-president; and Maurice Hatch, secretary and treasurer. Other members of the club are Arthur Smith, Philip Baird, Donlin McCormack, Robert Getchell, Elmer Ford, Donald Pelkie, Leland Cunningham, Wendell Marr, Myron Davis, Vando Spaulding, Herbert Hubbard, Norman McCormack, Irvin Stedman, Kenneth Baird, and James Moore.

The club sang the selection "Who Did" at the Hallowe'en Social given at the Academy. Four selections were sung at the Festivals at Newport and Hartland: "Swinging Along", "Passing By", "Song of the Open Road", and "Blow High, Blow Low".

The glee club took part in the Eastern Maine Music Festival at Rockland, singing two selections, "Swinging Along" and "Blow High, Blow Low". This is the first glee club from Hartland Academy ever to compete in this event.

Lyle Martin, '37

### DEBATING

The Hartland Academy debating teams have met with fine success this year as they discussed the question: "Resolved: that the several states should enact legislation provid-

ing for a system of complete medical care available to all citizens at public expense." Their success is due to their own hard work and to the assistance of the debate coach, Miss Richmond. Margaret Ash and Barbara Weymouth with Phyllis Baird as alternate made up the affirmative team; and Donlin McCormack and Lennis Harris with Ardis Moulton as alternate comprised the negative team.

Studying and reading up of the question was started in the fall, but not until after Christmas vacation did the real work begin, when the teams decided to enter the Practice Tournament in Bangor, February 15. Here Phyllis Baird, the alternate, took Barbara Weymouth's place as the first speaker of the affirmative. Both teams debated twice, each losing one and winning one debate. All the speakers enjoyed this opportunity of testing their skill and of meeting other debaters from northern and eastern Maine.

Being members of the Bates Debating League, the teams then began to improve their speeches for the preliminaries. Two practice debates were held with M. C. I.

The preliminaries were scheduled to be held with Good Will and Newport, March 20. Lennis Harris and Donlin McCormack won the debate at Newport by a unanimous vote. On account of flood conditions Good Will withdrew from the league. Thus, on April 13, Margaret Ash and Barbara Weymouth debated Newport's negative team, winning by a decision of 2 to 1.

Having won these two debates, our teams were eligible to enter the semi-finals at Bates College on April 24. Here the negative won from Houlton and the affirmative lost to Lincoln Academy, each by a decision of 2 to 1.

Phyllis Baird, '37

#### THE BASKETBALL BANQUET

The eleventh annual banquet of the basketball teams was held at the Grange Hall, April 2. The hall was attractively decorated and a delicious banquet was served by mothers and friends of the teams.

Donlin McCormack served as toastmaster and introduced the speakers with appropriate jests.

Miss McIntyre and Mr. Lowell presented letters to the following: Alice Chipman,

Kathleen Culley, Marguerite Wheeler, Charlotte McCrillis, Barbara Weymouth, Frances Fellows, Phyllis Baird, Eleanor Libby, Philip Baird, Lennis Harris, Leland Cunningham, Francis Buker, Kenneth Baird, Donlin McCormack, and Andrew Peterson.

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 high scorer; Frances Fellows, all-tournament player; Barbara Weymouth and Charlotte McCrillis, graduates; Lennis Harris, all-tournament player; and Leland Cunningham, high scorer.

After the banquet dancing was enjoyed. The banquet marked the close of another successful basketball season.

Lillian Lewis, '36

#### THE RAMBLING REPORTER

We note the rise of a generation of aspiring young dramatists in our academy. Freshmen and Sophomore English classes with their club meetings and their mysterious letters (the T. E. N. A. Club, the S. E. V. Society, and the Four E. Club) whatever they signify!

We understand that they hold regular meetings nearly every week and that they present plays, pantomimes, and radio programs; that they take their audiences on world cruises; and that one ambitious chairman brought a birthday cake with candles n' everything. What for? Why for a stage property, the Sophomores thought. But no! To the surprise and delight of all concerned, it was cut; and its flavor, as well as its eye appeal, was appreciated by the club.

Rehearsals for the Musical Festival were quite a task at first, but after a little trouble getting transportation to Newport everyone really began to work and all was soon over. At last the great night arrived. Except for a slight nervous tension among the performers, no case of stage fright was experienced.

We are still hearing about the Latin Club Dance, which, it seems, was quite an affair. The audience was highly entertained by the professional dancers, Leila and Selden doing a tango, and Ardis a tap dance. Then of course our crooner, Leland Cunningham, did his best to charm the ladies.

The speakers who went to Colby seem to

have had a fine time listening, as well as speaking themselves. Donlin said he liked Hocker Ross's talk on Olympics in Europe and informed us that we were to hear him speak—that is, if it can be arranged.

The debaters who were fortunate enough to go to Lewiston for the finals at Bates College came back with smiling faces. They walked and talked and ate and rode about the big city and didn't even get lost once. We understand that Lennis got up at five o'clock to play billiards and that both he and

Donlin used their now-famous charm on two "sweet young things" from Houlton and thereby won their debate.

Arbor Day came this year before anyone realized it was time to clean house. Several Seniors were placed in charge of various cleaning projects and the freshmen worked willingly. At the close of school the corners had been swept and the trophies were shining. An aroma of soap-and-water prevailed in every room.

Charlotte McCrillis, '36

### *Exchanges*

Once more we have enjoyed interviews with other high schools, for we find that our exchange department is one of the most convenient means for this purpose.

We acknowledge the exchange of "The Ripple" with the following schools: "The Live Wire" from Newport High School, Newport, Maine. We can see by your editorial and athletic departments that the students of Newport High have plenty of school spirit.

"The Breeze" from Milo High School, Milo, Maine. We noticed an improvement in your athletic department. Your literary section is interesting and original. The cover of "The Breeze" is unique.

"The Oracle" from Quebec, Canada. Yours

is the finest magazine we have received. The original drawings deserve special praise.

"The Signet" from N. H. Fay High School, Dexter, Maine. Your magazine has an excellent literary department, but why not have a dedication page?

"The Carrabasset Ripple" from Central High School, New Portland, Maine. Your paper is newsy, but brief. We wish you success in your attempt to enlarge your exchange department.

"The Echo" from Belgrade High School, Belgrade, Maine. Your magazine has some fine poems and jokes. Why not comment on your exchanges?

Thelma Cookson, '36



CROSS COUNTRY

Front Row: left to right—Robert Wade, Myron Merrow, Lennis Harris, Maylon Merrow, Kenneth Baird, Wendell Marr, Philip Baird.  
 Second Row: Coach Lowell, Herbert Hubbard, Robert Perkins, Andrew Peterson, James Moore, Maynard Moore.

CROSS COUNTRY

The first cross country team supported by Hartland Academy for some time was organized this year. Much of our success was due to the excellent coaching of Mr. Lowell.

In our first meet at New Sharon we won over New Sharon and Farmington Normal School. Maylon Merrow and Lennis Harris made first and second places respectively, while Philip Baird came in fifth.

Our second meet was at the University of Maine with the Freshmen B team. Here we received a perfect score of fifteen. Maylon Merrow, Lennis Harris, Myron Merrow, and Philip Baird tied for first place; and Wendell Marr came in second place.

At Lee Academy we lost our third meet by eleven points, to one of the state's best cross-country teams.

In our fourth meet Stetson Academy was defeated by us. Maylon Merrow received second place; and Lennis Harris, Myron Merrow, and Philip Baird tied for third.

Due to the team's splendid record they competed in the state meet at Orono against eight of the state's best teams.

Summary

Hartland	33	New Sharon	38
		Farmington Normal	41
Hartland	15	U. of M. Freshmen	43
Hartland	35	Lee Academy	24
Hartland	20	Stetson Academy	39

State Meet—Fourth Place

Philip Baird, '36



HARTLAND ACADEMY



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front Row: left to right—Barbara Weymouth, Frances Fellows, Alice Chipman, Marguerite Wheeler, Charlotte McCrillis, Kathleen Culley.  
 Second Row: Mary Seekins, Phyllis Baird, Eleanor Libby, Beatrice Mills, Clara Woodbury.  
 Third Row: Lillian Lewis, Miriam Steeves, Arline Stedman, Cherrie Thorne.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL 1935-1936

The girls' basketball team had an exceedingly successful season this year, winning the county championship. This is the second time in three successive years that we have received this honor. By graduation we lose Barbara Weymouth and Charlotte McCrillis.

We owe much of our success to our principal, Mr. Cutts, who greatly aided us in the building up of a strong team.

In all, the girls played thirteen games and won twelve. Following is a summary of the season's record:

Hartland 53	Anson Academy 23
Hartland 39	Alumnae 12

Hartland 39	Harmony 22
Hartland 28	Central 23
Hartland 21	M. C. I. 14
Hartland 35	Clinton 5
Hartland 41	Newport 20
Hartland 35	Anson 16
Hartland 36	Harmony 17
Hartland 40	New Portland 29
Hartland 29	Clinton 22
Hartland 28	Newport 23

Festival Play at Fairfield

Hartland 30	Winterport 35
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Lillian Lewis, '36



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Front Row: left to right—Leland Cunningham, Lennis Harris, Donlin McCormack, Kenneth Baird, Francis Buker.  
 Second Row: Stanley Peterson, Elmer Ford, Coach Lowell, Andrew Peterson, Maurice Hatch.  
 Third Row: Wendell Marr, Philip Baird, Manager Donald Hollister.

BOYS' BASKETBALL, 1935-1936

The basketball season for 1935-1936 was quite successful, for although only one letterman was left after the graduation of last year's team Hartland was able to win nine of its fourteen games.

The Hartland boys were all small, but they were fast! They made some of the big teams step to keep ahead. Donlin McCormack and Andrew Peterson were the centers; "Pud" Buker and Leland Cunningham, forwards; and Lennis Harris and "Weasel" Baird, guards.

Harris and Cunningham were on the list of high scorers in the county. Harris also made the all-conference team.

The schedule is as follows:

Hartland 28	North Anson 30
Hartland 24	Alumni 13
Hartland 29	Harmony 11
Hartland 44	Central 13
Hartland 29	Wassookeag 19
Hartland 11	Clinton 35
Hartland 14	Newport 27
Hartland 24	North Anson 19
Hartland 18	Merrill 31
Hartland 21	Harmony 20
Hartland 26	Wassookeag 21
Hartland 41	Central 11
Hartland 17	Clinton 47
Hartland 36	Newport 20
	Philip Baird, '36



BASEBALL

The baseball squad was called out for fall training. Two practice games were played with Newport. Hartland won both games.

This spring the regular team is made up of the following players: Vando Spaulding, catcher; "Weasel" Baird and Leland Cunningham, pitchers; Donlin McCormack, first base; "Betz" McCormack and Philip Baird, second base; Russel Dunlap and Donald Hollister, short stop; Baird or Cunningham, third base; and Kenneth Wiers, Wendell Marr and Andrew Peterson, fielders.

As the "Ripple" goes to press, five games have been played. Although Hartland lost all

but one of these games, the boys hope to receive winning scores hereafter.

The schedule for the remainder of the season follows:

- May 13 Newport—pending
- May 15 Bingham at Hartland
- May 20 Corinna at Hartland
- May 23 Central at New Portland
- May 27 Good Will at Hartland
- May 30 Clinton at Clinton

Philip Baird, '36



## Alumni Notes



### 1925

Howard Ames is living in Ellsworth, Maine.  
Frances Baine Hammond 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 Hubbard is a telephone operator in town.

John Getchell is living in Pittsfield.  
James Dundas is employed at 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, Maine.

Evelyn Maxwell Bubar is living in Monticello.

Donald Newell is living in Norridgewock.  
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 at a bank in Lewiston.

Earl Heath is at home in town.

Norman Huff is living in town.

Olive Johnson Picken is living in town.  
Edith Millett Bryant is living in Palmyra.  
Thomas Mills is living 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 employed in Boston, Massachusetts.

Weston Stanhope is in town.

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, Massachusetts.

James Fuller is employed in the State House at Augusta.

Lloyd Hubbard is employed by the telephone company in town.

Edward Hubbard is living in town.

Fanny Griffith Dyer 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 Sanford, Maine.

Norman Webber is employed in Hartford, Connecticut.

Lyril Webber is living in town.

Grace Griffith Weymouth is at home in St. Albans.

Susie Miller is employed in the Welfare Department in Augusta.

Thelma Neal Partridge is living in Derby, Maine.

Thelma Ray Brooks is living in town.

Edna Sally Goforth is living in Palmyra.

## HARTLAND ACADEMY

### 1928

Lenora Brooks Morgan is living in town.  
Isabelle Baine Snow is living in St. Albans.  
Bernadette DeRaps Muzerall is living in Waterville.

Velma Greene is employed in Long Beach, California.

Howard Grey is employed in Old Town.

Everett Holt is living in town.

Gerald Page is employed in Massachusetts.

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 Soper is living in Waterville, Maine.

Blaine Webber is employed in Boston, Massachusetts.

Perry Furbush is employed in Augusta.

Millard Page is in Pittsfield.

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 employed in Skowhegan.  
Grace Chipman Austin is living in town.  
Hazel Chipman is a nurse in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Grace Davis is at home in Pittsfield.

Floyd Emery is employed at Hamilton's Drug Store in town.

Florice Green Davis is teaching school in Pittsfield.

Theodore Griffith is living in Pittsfield.

Clarence Merrow is employed in Boston, Mass.

George Markham is a nurse in New York City.

Geneva Merrill is living in Pittsfield.

Robert Stedman is living in town.

Raymond Thorne is at home in St. Albans.

Thelma Thorne is teaching school in St. Albans.

Gwendolyn Webber Philbrick is living in town.

Edna Withee Gordon is living in Fairfield.

Marguerite Whittemore Southard is at home in town.

Ralph Young is employed in Boston, Massachusetts.

### 1931

Evelyn Bishop Emery is living in St. Albans.

Hilda Buker is in the Kennebec Valley Hospital in Skowhegan.

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 employed in Fairfield.

Ethel Kimball Stubbs is living in town.

### 1932

Roger Baker is in Augusta.

Earle Buker, Jr., is employed in town.

Darrell Currie is attending the University of Maine.

Eleanor Currie is teaching school in St. Albans.

George Estes, Jr., is living in Palmyra.

Esther Griffith McConnell is living in Pittsfield.

Bernice Harding Morgan is living in Pittsfield.

Lillian Hart is at home in North Hartland.

Howard Jamieson is at home in Pittsfield.

Barbara Linn Bryant is living in Augusta.

Madeliene Merrick Smith is living in Oakland, California.

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 employed in town.

Charlotte Waldron Seekins is living in St. Albans.

Cora Webber is at home in town.

Pauline Webber is employed in Dexter.

## THE RIPPLE

### 1933

Juanita Brown is at home in town.  
Paul Gardiner is in the United States Navy.

Leroy Hatch is employed in town.  
Helen Hubbard Harris is living in New Sharon.

Leland Inman is living in Pittsfield.  
Frances Jepson Salley is living in St. Albans.

Estella Libby Smith is living in Presque Isle.

Florence Parsons Webber is living in town.  
Marion Thorne is teaching school in St. Albans.

Dorothy Varnum 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 attending business college in Augusta.

Annie Barns is at home in St. Albans.

Virginia Bell is attending Gorham Normal School.

Mary Brown is employed in Washington, D. C.

Edson Buker is employed in town.

Charlotte Currie is attending the University of Maine.

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

Dorothea Green is in Burnham.

Winston Hanson is attending Northeastern University in Boston.

Dorothea Litchfield is at home in town.

Alfreda Neal is employed in Arcadia, California.

Mertie Parkman Allen, deceased.

Lyndon Pratt is at home 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 at home in town.

### 1935

Howard Baird is at home in town.  
Alfred Bell is employed at Elmer Baird's in St. Albans.

Mary Greene is at home in North Hartland.

Clyde Griffith is attending Boston University.

Eva Hanson is attending Bliss Business College in Lewiston.

Elizabeth Hart is employed in town.

Earle Merrow is at home in town.

Meredith Parkman is employed at the home of Mrs. Lloyd Cookson.

Vinson Philips is studying radio in Englewood, New Jersey.

Marion Rancourt is in training at the Elm City Hospital in Waterville.

Marguerite Robertson is employed in Augusta.

James Seekins is at home in St. Albans.

Mary Smith is attending Farmington Normal School.

Alden Stedman is at home in town.

Robert Strout is attending Northeastern University in Boston.

Frances Waldron is employed in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Floyd Webber is at home in town.

Aubrey Whittemore is living in town.

Erwin Whittemore is at home in town.

Howard Williamson is attending Bliss Business College in Lewiston.

HARTLAND ACADEMY



AS THE CAMERA CAUGHT US



## Jokes



Mr. Lowell: (In biology class): Perkins, why do you use fertilizer?"

R. Perkins: "To make the grass grow."

Miss Richmond (In English class): "McCormack, what is the plural of sheep?"

N. McCormack: "Lambs".

Mary Libby: "Why is Elmer so sleepy?"

Eva Lowell: "He isn't. That's just his way."

Jones: "No woman ever made a fool out of me."

M. Wheeler: "Did you do it all yourself?"

Mr. Lowell: (Discussing the prehistoric age in biology): "Littlefield, who ruled over the prehistoric animals,"

Littlefield: "Alley Oop."

Mr. Cutts (Speaking of business letters): "Peterson, when do you make a new paragraph?"

Peterson: "When I get a new idea."

Mr. Cutts: "You don't make a new paragraph very often, do you?"

Mr. Lowell: "Why are the days longer in the summer?"

Littlefield: "Because the heat expands them."

D. McCormack: "It doesn't take much to turn a woman's head."

Myron Davis: "You're right. That one just turned and looked at you."

K. Culley: "I suppose you're very much annoyed by me."

Cunningham: "I never allow myself to be annoyed by trifles."

L. Harris: "On the street today a very handsome young lady smiled at me."

R. Perkins: "I wouldn't feel badly about it. There are some men who look even funnier than you."

Two boys coming home from a ride with Mr. Cutts.

First boy: "I don't believe this is the way we came. There was a snow fence along the road."

Second boy: "That wasn't any snow fence. Those were telephone poles."

McCrillis: "Where did the anthracite coal strike take place?"

Baird: "In a coal mine."

Miss Richmond to some idle Freshmen: "If you haven't anything to do, you may stay tonight and do it."

Mr. Cutts: "McCormack, what does 'demurrage' mean?"

McCormack: "I used to know."

Mr. Cutts: "Why don't you answer me?"

Wilbur: "I did shake my head."

Mr. Cutts: "Well, did you expect me to hear it rattle?"

A Freshman in class: "The feminine of monk is monkey."

A Sophomore on a mid-year exam: "I comes before e when e comes last."

A Junior girl, writing a theme: "We preceded in adorning bathing suits."

A Senior on a mid-year exam.: "One of the weaknesses of our government under the Articles of Confederation was the Townsend Plan."

### MOVIES WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE

"Curley Top"	Lyle Martin
"The Thin Man"	Donlin McCormack
"The Nuisance"	Maurice Hatch
"Show Them No Mercy"	Mary Libby
"The Working Man"	James Moore
"This is the Life"	Stephen Miller
"Here's to Romance"	Kathleen Pelkie



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"Little Big Shot"	Donald Hollister
"Too Busy to Work"	Julian Wilbur
"Redheads on Parade"	Shirley Neal
	Emily Knowlton
"King of Burlesque"	Clayton Merrill
"Little Man, What Now?"	Myron Davis
"Up Pops the Devil"	Norman McCormack
"The Old-Fashioned Way"	Margaret Ash
"As You Desire Me"	Jean Pelkie
"The Gallant Defender"	Kenneth Wiers
"Freckles"	Colby Emery
"Mr. Dynamite"	Leland Cunningham
"I Live for Love"	Crystal Hubbard

WE HAVE

McCormack—but no Reaper.  
 Woodbury—but no Face powder.  
 Smith—but no Anvil.  
 Tillie—but no Mac.  
 Fields—but no Meadows.  
 Ford—but no Stream.  
 Marr—but no Pa.  
 Martin—but no Robin.  
 Frost—but no Ice.  
 Thorne—but no Rose.  
 Cutts—but no Bruises.  
 Moore—but no Less.  
 Wiers—but no Fence.  
 Ash—but no Oak.  
 Miller—but no Butterfly.

SCHOOL ALPHABET

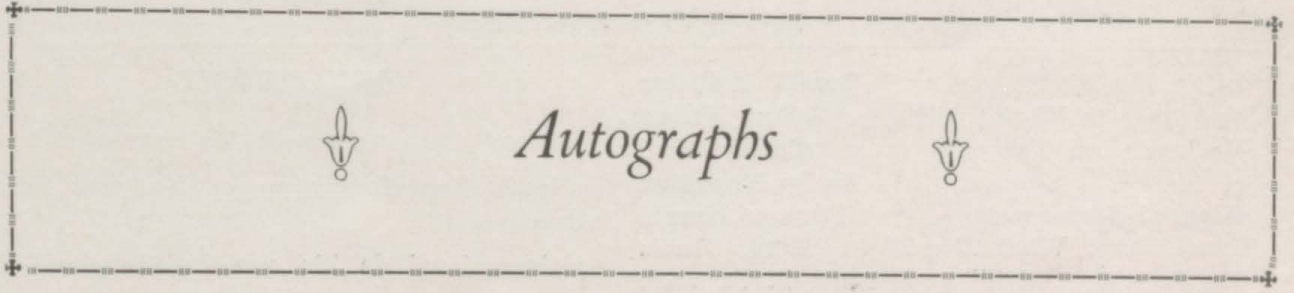
A is for Andrew, who is now very tall,  
 B is for Beatrice, who plays basketball.  
 C is for Charlotte, who sings and dances,  
 D is for Dorothy, who wins the boys' glances.  
 E is for Emily—there are two in our school,  
 F is for Frank, who ne'er breaks a rule (?).  
 G is for Goldie, who dislikes to shout,  
 H is for Herbert, who is always about.  
 I is for interest we take in our work,  
 J is for Jean, who is never a shirk.  
 K is for Kenneth, both Wiers and Baird,  
 L is for Lillian, who never is sad,  
 M is for Marie, who has many a date,  
 N is for Norman—detention's his fate.  
 O is for Orchestra—a cause for our pride,  
 P is for Philip, whose smile is so wide,  
 Q is for questions the Freshmen do ask,  
 R is for Robert, to make him study's a task.  
 S is for Seniors, to heights may they soar,  
 T is for Teachers, of whom we have four.  
 U is for useful, which all of us are,  
 V is for vim we spread near and far.  
 W is for work, which we all enjoy??  
 X found in Algebra, plagues many a boy.  
 Y is for yesterday—gone forever,  
 Z is for zero—ever get one? Never!

WHY DOESN'T

Leland Cunningham do his own work?  
 Vando Spaulding stay in his seat for a whole period?  
 Elmer Ford do his own bookkeeping?  
 Lillian Lewis stop giggling?  
 Maurice Hatch stop teasing the girls?  
 Mary Seekins keep her temper?  
 Vesta Frost count her calories?  
 Miss McIntyre let us take her picture?  
 Emily Crocker forget the expression—"You make me blush"?  
 Charlotte McCrillis give someone else a chance to talk?  
 Robert Getchell learn to add and subtract?  
 Mr. Cutts wear leather-heeled shoes?  
 Viola Hillman grow taller?  
 Vivian Green give up her boyish traits?  
 Wendall Marr learn to walk more quietly?  
 Marie Libby move to Newport?  
 Thelma Cookson stop talking baby talk?

GOODBYE TO SENIORS

Charlotte Grant  
 Thelma CoOkson  
 Elmer FORD  
 LelanD Cunningham  
 Philip Baird  
 Barbara WeYmouth  
 MargarEt Ash  
 Maurice HaTch  
 MariOn Hollister  
 Lillian LewiS  
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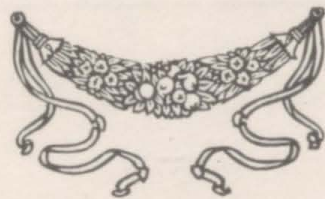
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