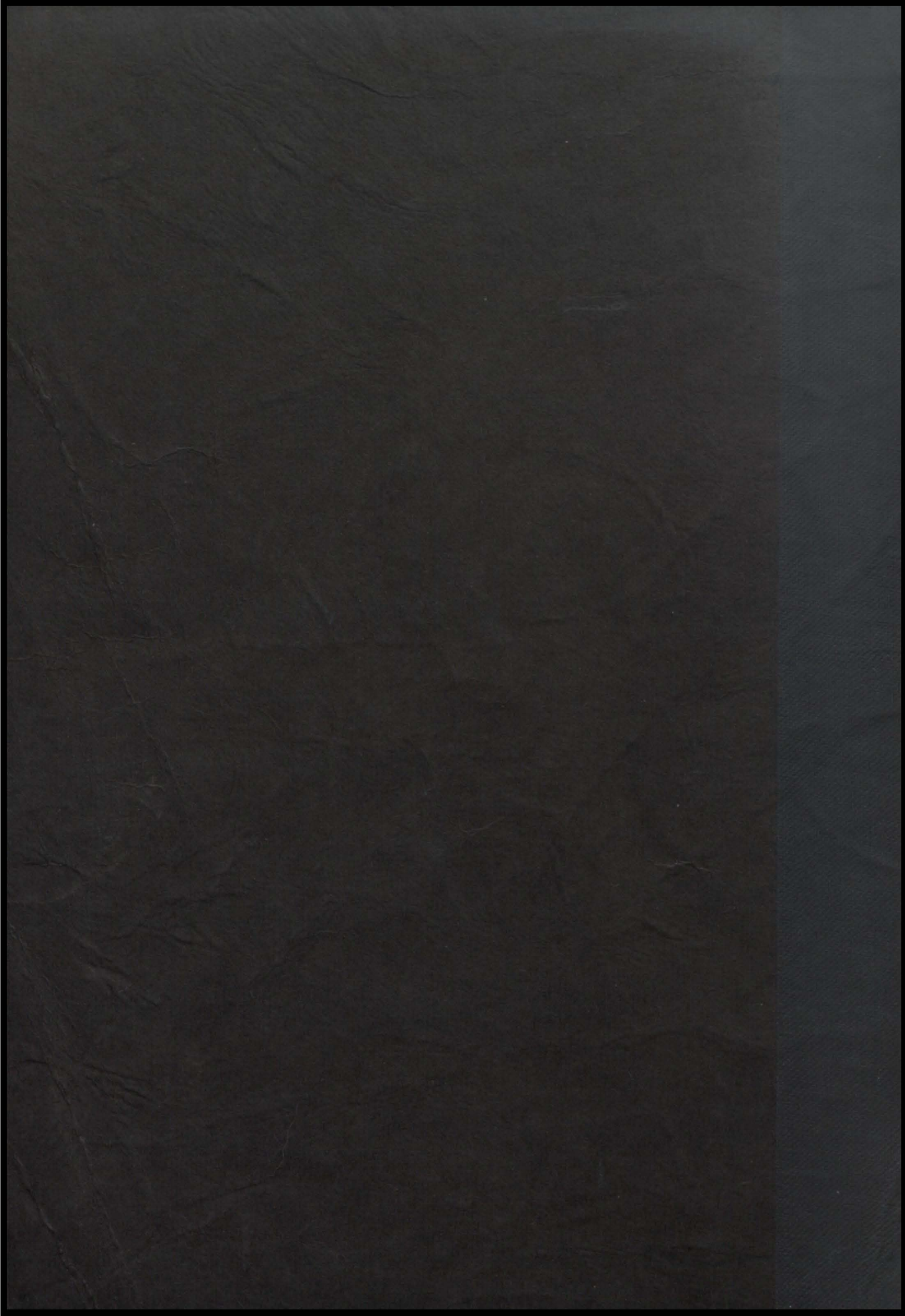


The Ripple



1937





The Ripple

Commencement 1937



SELAH RICHMOND

Dedication

We respectfully dedicate this
issue of "The Ripple"
to
Miss Selah Richmond
whose kindness and wisdom, not
only as a teacher, but also as a friend,
have at some time helped every
one of us.

The Ripple

Vol. XXIII

Hartland, Maine, 1937

No. I

Published annually by the students of Hartland Academy

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THE RIPPLE



RIPPLE BOARD

Front Row: left to right—Lyle Martin, Bernice Litchfield, Bertha Smith, Clayton Merrill, Donlin McCormack, Marguerite Wheeler, Miriam Steeves, James Moore.

Second Row: Phyllis Baird, Frances Fellows, Jean Pelkie, Edith Cooley, Miss Richmond, Eva Lowell, Mary Libby, Erlene Hughes.

EDITORIAL BOARD 1936-37

Editor-in-chief	Phyllis Baird	Exchange Editor	Bertha Smith
Assistant Editor	Miriam Steeves	Alumni Editor	Eva Lowell
Literary Editor	Mary Libby	Class Representatives	
Business Manager	Donald Hollister	Senior	Donlin McCormack
Assistant Business Manager	James Moore	Junior	Marguerite Wheeler
Copy Editor	Erlene Hughes	Sophomore	Jean Pelkie
Assistant Copy Editor	Bernice Litchfield	Freshmen	Edith Cooley
Sports Editors		Faculty Advisers	
Frances Fellows	Lyle Martin	Literary	Miss Selah Richmond
Joke Editor	Clayton Merrill	Business	Mr. Cecil J. Cutts

Senior Portfolio

H.A.



1937

PHYLLIS BAIRD

"She doth little kindnesses
Which most would leave undone."

We all admire Phyllis because she can always be depended upon to do her best. She is planning a musical career in which we know she will be successful. Best Wishes, "Phyl".

Class President 1; Student Council 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; "Ripple" Board 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 3, 4; Alumni Award 3; Debating 3, 4; Letter Winner 4; Publicity Committee, Senior Play 4; D. A. R. Award 4; Valedictory.

ALICE CHIPMAN

"One of the greatest pleasures in life is conversation."

Who was that flash after the ball? Why, that was Alice, one of H. A.'s best basketball players. In the game or out, Alice is right there. Keep it up, "Chippie." We're for you and wish you luck for the future.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3; All-conference Team 3; Class Secretary 4; Senior Play Cast 4.

MYRON DAVIS

"Men are not measured by inches."

There are lots of good things done up in small packages. Even though Myron has been with us only two years, he has made many friends. Myron plans to be a teacher of history and mathematics. We wish him success.

Skowhegan High School 1, 2; Glee Club 3, 4; Senior Play Cast 4.

FRANCES FELLOWS

"A merry heart that laughs at care."

Frances is our "all-round" girl. Her cheerful manner and sympathetic nature will aid her along life's way. We wish you the best in the future, "Fran".

Student Council 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Manager 4; Letter Winner 2, 3, 4; Class Vice President 2; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 2; University of Maine Speaking Contest 3; Latin Club 4; Finalist in Spear Speaking Contest 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Winner of Sportsmanship Cup 4.

DONALD HOLLISTER

"Here is the devil—and—all to pay."

"Don" is one of the wittiest members of our class. He has been outstanding in prize-speaking contests and sports and has also furnished his part of the jokes. Good Luck, "Don".

Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 2, 3; Student Council 2, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 3, 4; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Class Vice President 3; Senior Play Cast 4; Presentation of Gifts.

DOROTHY LERMOND

"A dainty girl from head to toes
With dancing eyes and lots of beaux."

"Dot", during your two years with us you have become one of the most popular members of the class. Your mischievous ways and humor have won you many friends. As you go forward in your career as a beauty culturist, we know you will succeed.

Hermon High School 1; Basketball 1; Editorial Board 1; Gardiner High School 2; Basketball 2; Hartland Academy 3, 4; Publicity Committee, Senior Play 4; Class Ode.

MARIE LIBBY

"Sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart."

Marie is a faithful and loyal student of H. A. She has shown dramatic ability in prize-speaking and in the senior play, in which she took the humorous part of the maid. With her courage and ambition she will be a success in life.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Cheer Leader 3; Senior Play Cast 4; Presentation of Gifts.

MARY LIBBY

"Happy am I, from care I'm free
Why aren't they all content like me?"

Another of H. A.'s shining lights is Mary. Her wit and friendly personality have won her many friends. For four years we have derived much entertainment from listening to her emphatic outbursts and arguments. Her future work is undecided.

Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Property Manager, Senior Play 4; Cheer Leader 4; Class Prophecy.

H. A.



1937

H.A.



1937

EVA LOWELL

"She is not noisy, loud, or gay,
But enjoys life in a quiet way."

Eva is the kind of person whose friendship is well worth having, for she possesses a quiet nature and a loving heart. Eva is planning to become a nurse. Good Luck, Eva.

Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3, 4; Secretary 4; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Librarian 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Class History.

LYLE MARTIN

"A merry heart that laughs at care."

Lyle, who is the noisiest member of our class, has plenty of wit stored beneath that mass of unruly hair. May his life always be filled with pleasure as it has been at H. A.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Treasurer 2; Prize Speaking 2, 3; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Cheer Leader 3, 4; Assistant Manager of Baseball 3; Manager of Baseball 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Salutatory.

DONLIN McCORMACK

"My idea of an agreeable person
Is one who agrees with me."

"Mac" is our tall man who lives above the clouds but is always ready for an argument. He has been a true supporter of H. A. during his four years here and has gained many friends among the student body.

Class Vice President 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Manager 3, 4; Debating 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 3, 4; Alumni Award 3; Montgomery Prize Speaking 3, 4; "Ripple" Board 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Address to Undergraduates.

CLAYTON MERRILL

"He hath much wit and is not shy in using it."

Clayton, with his sparkling smile and warm greeting, seems to have a way with school work. He was an outstanding success in our Senior play and made a big hit, not only with the audience, but with his leading lady as well. Best Wishes, Clayton.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; Class President 3; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Class Vice President 4; Basketball Manager 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Class Will.

MAHLON MERROW

"He is capable of imagining all,
Arranging all, and doing everything."

As head of the class this year Mahlon has managed things very well. We are proud of his excellent record in cross-country. He has a good job awaiting him in Boston. Good Luck, Mahlon.

Basketball 1; Track 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 3, 4; Cross Country 3, 4; Letter Winner 3, 4; Class President 4; President of Student Council 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Class Chaplain.

BEATRICE MILLS

"Youth, eager, lusty, loving—
Youth, full of grace, force, fascination."

Who is that charming miss tripping so lightly down the corridor? Of course it must be Beatrice. At present she is undecided about her future. In whatever you do, "Bea", we wish you success.

Basketball 2, 3; Letter Winner 2, 3; Manager 3; Student Council 2, 4; Latin Club 3, 4; Student Council Vice President 4; Glee Club 4; President 4; Prompter at Senior Play 4; Class Ode.

BERTHA SMITH

"A sweet attractive kind of grace."

Bertha is one of our studious, serious girls. She is usually seen holding conversation with a certain classmate. We wonder! She plans to become a librarian. Good Luck, "Smithy".

Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Reporter 2; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 3; "Ripple" Board 2, 3, 4; Spear Speaking Contest 3; Class Secretary 3; Student Council Treasurer 3; Senior Play Cast 4; Honor Essay.

ARLENE STEDMAN

"A companion that is cheerful is worth gold."

Idle words cannot express her charms, but we'll try these: energetic, vivacious, amiable, and just—nice.

Latin Club 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 4; Reporter 3; Property Committee, Senior Play 4; Class Marshal.

H.A.



1937

H.A.



1937

KENNETH WEIRS

"'Tis alas his modest, bashful nature,
That makes him silent."

Kenneth is a quiet boy who blushes very easily. His favorite diversion is teasing the girls. "Ken" has many friends and we know he will be missed at H. A. next year.

Haynesville Junior High; Baseball 1, 2; Manager of Senior Play 2; Hartland Academy 3; Baseball 3; Letter Winner 3; Class Treasurer 4; Senior Play Cast 4.

DONALD WITHEE

"When joy and duty clash
Let duty go to smash."

This quotation fits Donald to perfection. We believe that he would rather sleep than eat candy. He can usually be found taking some girl's picture with his midget camera.

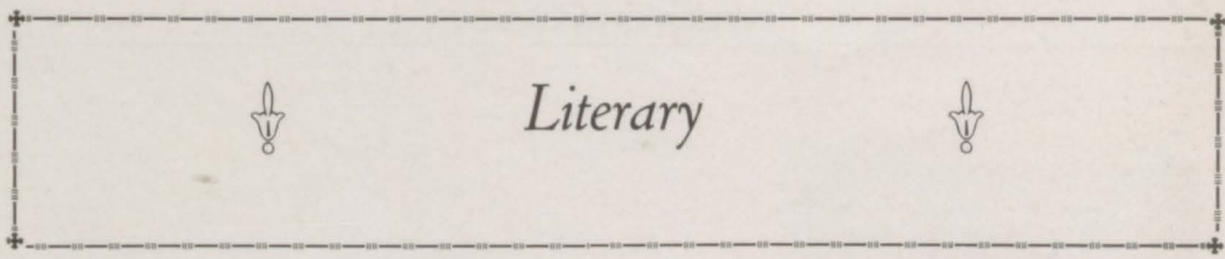
Winner of Horseshoe Tournament 4; Business Manager Senior Play 4.

CLARA WOODBURY

"Variety is the very spice of life and gives it all its flavors."

Clara is most happy when she is seated upon her horse's back and cantering about the countryside. The efficiency which she has shown in school makes us confident of her success when she has left Hartland Academy.

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



Literary

WHAT SCHOOL SPIRIT MEANS TO ME

School spirit is an indescribable feeling which urges me to do my best. Like my conscience, it tells me to do what's right so that the reputation of the school will not be marred. School spirit has the characteristics of joy. Who doesn't feel happy when he has done something that makes the school better? School spirit resembles pride. Do you not feel proud of your school when it wins over another school in a contest? School spirit is a combination of these things which urges me to do my uttermost for the best school in the world.

Cherrie Thorne, '38

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

The library forms an important part of Hartland Academy, for it is of educational value to every student. It not only furnishes us with a reference shelf, but it also gives us a chance to forget our school studies for the moment. We pick up a magazine and with a glance at the cover are soon deeply absorbed in the material inside.

A good example of how our library is educational is through oral themes. Every student tries to select a subject that will be of some value to his listeners.

During the last two years there has been a great improvement in our library, for many books of fiction have been added, which now furnish us with excellent books for book reports. Among the magazines are "American Boy", "American Girl", "National Geographic", "Nature", "Scholastic", "Readers' Digest", "Etude", and "Popular Science", all of which we enjoy.

We cannot help being grateful for this addition to Hartland Academy; and if everyone does his part in keeping the books and magazines in good condition, there will be an even larger and more modern library as a result.

Mildred Cooley, '38

RANK CARDS

Every six weeks there comes a day which nearly all students dread. This is the day when someone remembers that rank cards are due. At this news the students become nervous; and by the time the cards are distributed, every one is in a very bad state of mind.

If rank cards were done away with, there would be a more friendly feeling among students and teachers. And I know that the majority of the student body would be relieved of six severe shocks a year.

What benefit are rank cards to us? The purpose of studying is not to cause us to fear what will happen if we don't, but to help us acquire knowledge. I ask this question: Of two students—one who bluffs and receives "A's" by various unfair means, and one who studies and learns but receives "B's"—which will be the first to reach the desired goal? The answer is evident.

So why don't we forget about attaining rank and start thinking about attaining knowledge?

Bertha Smith, '37

PING PONG

Ping, Pong!—Ping, Pong! A little ball of incredible lightness taps the long green table in the basement. What fun and excitement that tiny white ball seems to cause! To an on-looker the game seems rather simple and childish for "grown-up" high-school students to be engaged in. But he should try playing against some of the stars, and then he would learn that alertness, speed, cleverness, skill, and accuracy—all are involved in this little game. If he still thinks the game is childish, he should try returning a "slam" or a ball which has landed in a wholly unexpected place. Actually the game gives us a wonderful chance to practice and excel in at least one sport.

Thus, who can say that we obtained no definite reward for our hard work in that mag-

azine drive last autumn? Certainly none of us who have enjoyed the exciting game of ping pong.

Phyllis Baird, '37

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The birth of the Student Council was announced shortly after Mr. Cutts' arrival at Hartland Academy. Its purpose in our school may be compared to that of the House of Representatives in our United States Government; that is, the Council represents the students of the school as the House represents the people. It takes some of the minor responsibilities from the teachers and makes us feel that we are of some use to our school.

This year the monitor system was introduced in our council, making it unnecessary for a teacher to remain in the room all of the time to keep some "unruly child" from disturbing those who wish to study. In line with this system is the demerit system. When anyone is caught going against any rules of the school, he receives a demerit. Two demerits mean one night's detention; and four, a visit to the Student Council.

If all those who are prejudiced against the Student Council or any of its systems would place themselves in the position of its members, we feel that they would agree that we are working for the welfare of the school.

Eva Lowell, '37

WHO IS SHE?

She sweeps along as a shadow does,
In fact she seems to fly.
She wears a lovely white lace dress
As soft as the clouds in the sky.

Her hair is a golden color
And it grows so very long;
It seems to wave out behind her,
Keeping time to her happy song.

Her feet and hands are so dainty
And she is so very small,
She reminds me of a fairy
Dressed for a fancy ball.

To us she brings new hopes and joys,
She causes our hearts to sing,
And now I know you all have guessed
That this beautiful lady is spring.

Marguerite Wheeler, '38

Book Review

THE "RIPPLE" RECOMMENDS

"There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any courser like a page
Of prancing poetry."

A FEW FOOLISH ONES, by Gladys Hasty Carroll

Have you ever been a Miniver Cheevy and wished that you could go back and live during the time of your great-grandparents? If you have, then you can't afford to miss reading Gladys Hasty Carroll's "A Few Foolish Ones," a story about life in Maine during the years between 1870 and 1920. The story centers about the character of Gus Bragdon and covers his life and the lives of his children and grandchildren.

Throughout the story there is a comparison of people to a few foolish birds that have been left behind when all the rest have flown to a place where the picking is easier. The "foolish ones" stay just because they do not like to leave the place where they were born.

By showing the reader the hardships that were endured in the time of our great grandparents, the author makes us realize how lucky the present generation is in having the privilege of living in this twentieth century.

Frances Fellows, '37

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK, by Willa Cather

"Shadows on the Rock" is a realistic novel of early days in Quebec, the little capital

and the goal of so many fantastic dreams. Miss Cather's style is well adapted to her theme, for the story is written as a simple narrative.

The story centers around the family of Euclide Auclair, the philosopher apothecary of Quebec. Euclide, his wife, and their only child, Cecile, have come from France to work in the service of the Governor, Count de Frontenac.

Euclide's wife has died two years before, leaving the household to her twelve-year-old daughter, Cecile, who is very capable. Many pages are devoted to Cecile's friendships with Jacques Gaux, an unfortunate child, the Bishop, and the Sisters at the cathedral.

For eight months during each winter the little colony is entirely cut off from the Old World. No supplies, letters, or communications of any kind go back to friends across the water. When the first ship of the season arrives in July, all the townspeople are at hand to welcome the captain and the crew to Canada.

I thoroughly enjoyed this book because it gave me a clear understanding of the hardships endured by the early settlers of Quebec.

Arlene Stedman, '37

RABBLE IN ARMS, by Kenneth Roberts

"Rabble In Arms" is an historical novel, dealing with Benedict Arnold's supreme leadership of the American army and the turning back of the two invasions of the British led by Burgoyne. It is written about the Revolutionary War, and is told from the viewpoint of an army scout.

The story centers around the hardships of the American troops, the stupid obstinacy of the Congress of the United States, and the life of a scout and his brother. The brother is lured to the British side by a beautiful woman spy, who throughout the story represents the lowest and most contemptible form of womanhood. The story is an exciting narrative of how the brother realized his mistake and came back to the American side.

In this book is found, perhaps, the true side of Arnold's nature. It is made clear that, even though Arnold did betray the

United States, he thought he was working for the good of America.

The book is realistic and educational. Humor is supplied throughout by Cap Huff, a friend of Arnold's. "Rabble In Arms" shows Kenneth Roberts' vigorous style of writing and is considered one of the best books ever written on the period of the Revolutionary War.

Lyle Martin, '37

FOREVER FREE, by Honore Willsie Morrow

Treachery! Love! Death! All are portrayed in this historical novel about Abraham Lincoln during the trying period of Civil War days.

Miss Ford, a beautiful young Southern spy, is a menace on Lincoln's life during her days at the White House and even after her dismissal. On top of the burden of the war Lincoln has to bear the death of his son, Willie, who is one of his dearest possessions. He daily lives under the threat of assassination and is at all times accompanied by a heavy guard.

In this story is also shown the love of the negroes for "Massa Lincum", in whom they have every faith, and Lincoln's grief at his inability to act more quickly in their behalf.

For all those who love Lincoln I know of no novel that gives his characteristics and personality in a clearer way.

Eva Lowell, '37

RIVER SUPREME, by Alice Tisdale Hobart

In this novel Miss Hobart tries to give us some understanding of that baffling phase of our American life, our contact with the far East. She bases her story on the achievements of Eben Hawley's family, who did their best to conquer the rapids of the untamable, violent Yangtze River by steam.

Eben Hawley, who was determined to conquer the river by steam, made his first trip up the Yangtze by junk. He was accompanied by his wife, whom he couldn't leave elsewhere because she was a foreigner. Just before Eben started up the river with his new boat, his son was born.

The Hawleys had to flee from Ichang at the time of the Boxer Rebellion; but undaunted, they returned the next year to finish their project of taming the Yangtse.

Eben Hawley, Jr. received his education in America and returned, with his wife, Eileen, to take up his father's work. Later, during another Chinese uprising, Old Eben's wife died. Eileen, who was an American, did not like Chinese life, so she divorced Eben and returned to America. Eben now married Quita Hoffman, the daughter of his father's ship-mate. Not long after, old Eben quietly slipped away to join his wife, crushed—defeated by the beautiful River Supreme.

To one who desires to read of the effect of industrialism upon such an old and thickly populated country as China, I recommend this novel.

Clara Woodbury, '37

WATER

Water that goes trickling down
Between the mossy-covered rocks
In the brooks,
Rippling, sparkling, bubbling wetness,
Where the anglers with their rods
Throw their hooks.

O you calm majestic river,
Slowly moving on your way,
Ever flowing.
On your banks the campers picnic,
But you do not tarry for them,
Ever going.

Rough and rugged ocean waters,
Splashing over decks of freighters,
Ever tumbling.
Monsters in your dark green bosom
Hide. But you, O Sea, keep going,
Ever rumbling.

Beatrice Mills, '37

THE FUTILITY OF WAR

I read in a history (Beard and Beard) that in 1907 an international assembly was held at The Hague. One of the results of this conference was an agreement upon a few rules for the conduct of "civilized warfare." This is the most absurd statement in reference to war that I have ever heard. To me, war is the most barbarous method of settling disagreements. If some of you believe

war is not barbaric, allow me to quote an infantry officer: "I can remember a pair of hands which protruded from the soaked soil like the roots of a tree turned upside down. Floating on the surface of a flooded trench was the mask of a human face which had detached itself from the skull." Yet someone calls warfare "civilized."

In some of our history books, we are led to believe that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. We are shown the shining example of Nathan Hale who said, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." But in modern war there is nothing sweet or fitting in our dying. If wars were fought by those who wanted to fight and knew what they were fighting for, then it might be defensible. But those who want to go to war are killed off in the first few months, and the rest of the men who have to bear arms are conscripts. That fact reveals something terrific about modern war. Countries cannot get soldiers—not enough of them—without conscripting men to fight.

One might ask, "What is accomplished by war?" Well, let us look at the last great war. If we fought to save what was due us, we lost, because not only did we spend twenty-two billion dollars, but we also lent eleven billion dollars which has never been paid back. If we fought to hold the respect of Europe, we lost, because since the war we have been damned as a Shylock because we supposed the debts due us would be paid back. If we fought to make the world safe for democracy, we lost, for all we got was a world-wide movement against democracy with Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, Franco, and a host of lesser dictators. If we fought to end war, we lost, because the "specters of the next war are marching along the highways of the world." Surely nothing can be accomplished by warfare. No one wins a modern war, because it is fought to such a point that everyone must lose. In a modern war there is no victory, for after the peace treaty we cannot be sure who won the war, so sunk in the same disaster are victors and vanquished alike.

In Europe war is again brewing, and it is believed that we will be brought in if propaganda and greed can swing us in. We

all realize, however, that wars are fought by people. Therefore the refusal of all people to fight will keep all countries out of war.

Consequently, as forward-looking citizens of this country we should renounce war and never again, directly or indirectly, support another.

Donlin McCormack, '37

MY MOTHER

Who is this kindly person at my home
Who works from morn to night to aid us
all?
And helps us bear our burdens, shares our
joys,
And always is the same from spring to fall?

Who can this be who loves us so,
Who guides us over the rough paths in life,
With never a thought for her own dear self
And ever a word to cheer us in strife?
I know—it is my mother.

Clayton Merrill, '37

GHOST INDIGESTION

As I sit here this evening and find it hard to study or read, my mind keeps wandering back to the time when my father took me to the little town of Alies to finish my education.

We arrived in the town very late Saturday night. We were both hungry and tired after the long day's travel. They were having a lobster dinner at the hotel. My father, being very fond of lobsters, ordered a generous supply. We ate our fill and retired immediately.

I have since learned that Alies was a beautiful place; but to me, that first night, it seemed very weird and spooky. When in the spooky mood, nothing pleases me more than to go exploring. I kept thinking of what I could do in the morning and finally I dropped off to sleep with those little creepy feelings still about me.

However, I did not sleep long, for soon I arose and sauntered slowly toward an old mill that I could see in the distance. This spot—the old mill and the silvery mill pond, a beautiful scene as I see it now—would be a pleasure to any artist's eye; but then all I could see was the shadows in the pond and the dark corners in the mill.

As I gazed into the very depths of the shadowy water, I shivered. What I saw was

the most horrid, gruesome tableau the human eye could gaze upon. A young man of about my own age was lashed to a tall post and there, dancing around him, seemed to be ten or twelve of the most horrid, unheard-of looking figures, poking him, pulling his hair, pinching and frightening him in every way possible. They were moaning and groaning and making numerous other hideous noises. Finally they all formed in a line and began a death march around him. They seemed each to be dragging a long chain, for I could hear that terrible clatter continuously.

All at once my mind cleared. I would help him! I would jump in, and between us we could drive those ghostly figures away! I gave a leap! Shall I ever forget it? I seemed to go miles into space, then crack! What a thump on the head. Then my father's voice, "Doctor, is he—is he dead?"

"No, sir, not dead, he's coming fine," was the doctor's reply. "This is the first time I ever heard of a lobster dinner's causing "Ghost Indigestion". I hope your son will enjoy our little town, but if all his delirious talk about the mill pond is true, he'd better stay within the campus grounds."

Selden Martin, '39

THE FIRST SNOW

The sky is closing in,
The snow is coming down,
The trees are gently swaying
Their veiny arms of brown.
There's a puddle in the path
That eats up every flake;
The children merrily romp and laugh
And leave snow ruffled in their wake.

Frances Fellows, '37

A WINTER EVENING

I had just finished my studying and was ready to go to bed. My face was tired and hot and as I opened my bedroom window and felt the cool crispness of the evening air, I pulled my chair up to the window and sat down. The stars were shining brightly, and the steady glow of the winter moon added peacefulness to the scene before me.

I could hear a dog barking in the dis-

tance, and my own dog in the yard below pricked up his ears and listened too. Across the road a river was rippling over rocks and chunks of broken ice. It resembled a long silver snake as it stretched out in the moonlight. Except for these sounds, the night was calm and quiet. I could see smoke ascending straight into the air from the neighboring chimneys. "It will be a fine day tomorrow," I thought as I watched it lazily. For I had often heard my father say that when the smoke went straight up into the air, it was sign of cold, fair weather.

As I got ready to return to bed, I saw something move in the field below the lawn. I waited and looked to see if it had been my imagination, but presently I saw it again, and recognized the graceful figure of my white cat, gliding across the road into the dark shadows of the trees. I called softly to her—"Petrix." She stopped, partly hidden by the shadows, and looked toward my window. I spoke again. This time she responded in her usual way: a lift of one of her front paws, and a low cry from the back of her throat. Then she started back toward the house. I had spoiled her evening, and perhaps had saved the life of an innocent mouse.

Rising from my chair, I stretched, yawned, and crawled to bed. I lay there enjoying the coolness of the clean linen sheets, my soft pillow, and the feeling of freedom from cares. And immediately I slept.

Bertha Smith, '37

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Glimmering across the sky
Greenish and sometimes gold,
Flickering, ever flickering
As heat meets with the cold.

Starting at the horizon,
Streaming into the night,
Reversing, beginning over,
Trembling as if with fright.

A phenomenon of nature
Observed as darkness falls,
Admired by all who see it,
A sight we like to recall.

Eva Lowell, '37

THE LITTLE RUNAWAY

The sharp screeching of the siren broke the stillness of the quiet evening as the Memorial Hospital ambulance came rushing in through the private entrance.

The night nurses gazed in wonder at the small motionless form being hurried in on the stretcher to the operating room. Not a word was spoken and Miss Berry, the head nurse, quietly watched Dr. Brown as he skillfully applied each of his instruments to the small crushed body of ten-year-old Joey White.

"Do you think he will live?" asked Miss Berry, brushing away the tears that had come into her eyes, as she stood there looking down upon the death-like face of the boy who, only a few hours before, had been playing happily with his dog.

"There is little hope," replied Dr. Brown, as he sadly shook his gray head. "His lower limbs are so utterly maimed that he will never be able to walk again, and he has received a serious concussion of the brain. But I will do all that is in my power to save the poor little fellow's life.

The hands of the big clock in the corridor pointed to seven forty-five the next morning, and still no one had come to identify the lad who lay in a coma. When the nurse appeared in the doorway of the ward, she noticed a faint flicker of the child's eyelids. Quickly she went to his bed-side and bent forward to make sure that she had not been mistaken. The curly yellow head moved to one side, and two large brown eyes looked questioningly up at her. Then the boy, raising himself slightly, whispered in a faint voice, "Pal! Where's my dog Pal? Oh, stop that truck! They'll hit him!" And then his frail little body fell back upon the white bed. He would never call to his pet again.

The evening paper held a touching story about a little boy who had run away from the orphanage, had been struck by a hit-and-run driver while trying to save his dog's life, and had died in the hospital calling for his Pal.

Dorothy Lermond, '37

IN THE SPRING

"In the spring a young man's fancy"—
That's the way it starts, I know.
It's then that Lovers' Lane's enchanted
And all the flowers start to grow.

Trees and birds, mill-streams and brooklets
All join in with merry song.
While clouds so small and white and fleecy
Now slowly, now swiftly, drift along.

Scenes like these make life worth living
At this time of year, it seems.
It's then that all things seem to waken
From winter's hibernated dreams.

True lovers' spring is being witnessed;
Nature's beauty seems to glow.
"In the spring a young man's fancy"—
That's the way it starts, I know.
Francis Buker, '38

A DAY ON THE R. F. D.

"It's going to be muddy on the route to-day, Son, so I think you'd better go with me." These were the words that my father greeted me with as I sat down to breakfast one Saturday morning. I knew what a day on the route meant, and so I asked no questions.

At 11:30, with a linoleum that will just pass parcel-post laws strapped to the side of our car and several other packages, we started on our journey.

We first tried the north road that leads over the mountain. A pair of automobile tires to the last family on that road. Although they could not use them for weeks, the mail must go through. All went well until we spied a set of ruts that would certainly stick us if we stopped for a second. Only by giving the car all the gas possible were we able to overcome them. The car jolted crazily from side to side like a canoe on rough water, but amid fierce rattles and squeaks we safely arrived at a less muddy section. A little farther on, the road was utterly impassable, and so I had to walk the remainder of the way to the last house on the road.

As I trudged along with a tire over each shoulder, I thought how nice it would be to have flying automobiles that could skip over ruts and ditches.

My package delivered, I returned to the

car and we retraced our way to the village. The next five miles were gravel road, and nothing happened of any importance. My father spoke about a new automobile improvement and the disadvantages of the newer types of cars.

This conversation was suddenly interrupted by our making a left-hand turn and finding ourselves on one of the worst roads in the country. If we got over this, we would be lucky. As we proceeded slowly, my father quoted a few of his prize rules on mud driving and I tried to follow them. "Keep all four wheels in one set of ruts. Above all, don't stop if you can keep going," and so on. I accepted these suggestions gratefully, realizing that he ought to be an authority on the subject.

We continued cautiously along the rutted path until just ahead we noticed a washout that would have ended our journey if I had made one mistake. We finally conquered this spot, but ahead we stopped with a soft thud. No amount of thrashing or pushing would dislodge us. This position was soon remedied by a long cedar rail from a nearby fence to act as a pry, and a large rock. By filling the ruts with rocks we finally got the car to a higher level. We then replaced the rail and were soon on our way to battle numerous other roads.

Although the job of driving a route in mud time is not one of pleasure, it is not without its humorous incidents. I found this out when a woman came out to the mail box carrying a large pasteboard box wrapped in tissue paper. She asked how much it would cost to send it to her daughter in Boston. In taking the package into the car I tipped it to one side, and she instantly informed me that it must be held right-side up and not thrown about, as it contained a birthday cake. My father explained to her that it would probably be handled with less care than she wished before it reached its destination. She finally decided not to send it and to send something else in its place.

And so we continued as the day lengthened. We often got stuck and had to walk, but half-past four found us at the post-office again.

Clayton Merrill, '37

NATURE AGAINST MANKIND

Eating its way onward,
Crackling and hissing,
The fire is after its prey.
In spite of all human strength
It continues its way.

Leaping across the fields
Toward the woods,
The fire is after its prey.
Towering and blazing,
It continues its way.

Dying as it meets its foe,
The river itself,
The fire is conquered now.
Conquered by nature
But not by human power.
Clara Woodbury, '37

MY HEART TURNED OVER

If you have ever had the feeling that there was something radically wrong inside you, you can imagine how I felt one evening in the fall of 1936.

Ever since I was very young, I have imagined from sensations within me when frightened, excited, or extremely happy, that my heart turned completely over. That was what happened upon the night just mentioned. The Senior class of Hartland Academy was presenting the annual class play. As my dramatic abilities scarcely qualified me to play a role in "Big Hearted Herbert", I was asked—and how many times I have regretted my consent—to play a violin solo between the second and third acts.

Suspecting strongly that there would be an audience large enough to justify a little practice, I set to work. First I selected a piece which I believed would be liked by nearly all regardless of their tastes. I made up my mind that I would make a success of that solo if it was the last thing I did. I took each measure separately and practiced it; then I put it together and memorized it.

Upon the night of the great event I became very temperamental—as some who are not geniuses are known to do. The play was well presented, but I didn't enjoy it very much. When the time for my solo arrived, my heart had already started its somersault. Perhaps it had a premonition of what was to come.

The solo was going quite well and I had nearly finished when—snap!—my E string broke. And thump!—my heart turned over. All my hard practice—and this result. The embarrassing situation was partly saved when an orchestra member gave me his violin to finish the selection, but my heart remained out of place for a long time.

Phyllis Baird, '37

SPRINGTIME

Spring has come!
There are songs in the trees that are new
And a flash of wings of heaven's own hue,
A coat of green on the near-by hills
And rushing water down by the mills,
While in the meadows here and there
One smells the scent of flowers rare.
There are drops of rain falling down from
the sky,
But the glistening hillsides soon will be dry.
Spring has come!

Arlene Stedman, '37

MAYBASKETS

What is more surprising, when I have just settled down with a good book, than to hear a loud rap on the door and a shout of "Maybasket!" I jump at the sudden noise and run to the door.

Too late.

No one is in sight; the darkness has swallowed everyone; but I can hear the thud of running feet. I start running in the direction of the fading footfalls. How uneven the ground is! It makes my leg crack when I step into an unexpected hole.

I can no longer hear the running feet, and I pause to listen. The only sound is the shrill peeping of the frogs accompanied by the base notes of the bull frog. How soft the breeze is and how sweet it smells, of green buds and apple blossoms and the trailing arbutus. At last I hear a long low whistle. It seems as if I should never be able to catch anyone. I no sooner get in one place than someone shouts from the opposite direction.

Suddenly I make a discovery. What is that outlined against the sky? It is on the top of a building. It can't be a person—but it is. I cut off all means of escape and my friend doesn't dare to jump. Now we hunt together for other victims.

THE RIPPLE

What is that that flashes by us? It is only a small black bat who hides himself all day under a shingle of the barn and comes out at night to accompany the witches on their journeys.

Away off in the woods I can hear the cheerful chirpings of two tree toads. First one will call and then the other will answer.

Is that someone calling? No, it is only a loon on the lake, sending his lonesome call through the still night air.

We are coming upon somebody's hiding place because we can hear him talking with his companion. How startled he is when we suddenly rush upon him and catch him.

We all walk along together, talking and laughing. It is easy to catch people now. They come from all directions. As we pass a tree, I glance up and see someone perched in its limbs. When I climb up one side of the tree, he comes down monkey-like and runs away, leaving me far behind. But someone else is chasing him and soon he will be caught.

There is nothing so merry as a group of boys and girls hanging a maybasket. We are all happy and carefree. We live for the present only, let what will happen tomorrow. Whether it be good or bad we are confident that we will survive.

We make a great deal of noise now. Laugh, sing, and be merry is our motto. Perhaps we are disturbing the neighbors, but life is too short. It won't be long before we are bowed down with the great burden of earning our own living. We must make the most of life while we are young. At least that is the way we feel about it.

All too soon the evening passes and my friends must leave me. After they are gone. I stand alone under the soft spring sky and think that after all this isn't such a cruel world.

Cherrie Thorne, '38

DETENTION HOUR

(With a nod to Longfellow)

Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower
Comes a pause after the day's occupation
Which is known as "Detention Hour".

I hear in the hall behind me
The tread of a monitor's feet,
The sound of a door when it's opened,
And the sigh when he takes his seat.

From my desk I see in the twilight
Coming from the broad hall stair
Grave Alice, and laughing Beatrice
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To make some great surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall—
By the two doors left open
They respond to the council's call.

We are now held fast in this fortress
And are not allowed to depart
Till the hands of the clock strike four,
When we feel a lightening of heart.

I'll always remember this hour,
Yes, forever and a day,
And I resolve that never again
Will I be made to stay.

Bernice Litchfield, '39

PETS

If you don't like pets, see a doctor, for there is something decidedly wrong with you. A pet is not only fun to watch, smart to have, and a grand pal; but he is also someone to whom secrets can be told with the assurance that everyone in town won't know by tomorrow morning.

In general one's ideas of pets change, as do his ideas of clothes as he grows older. For example, when I was only about "so tall", I had, every summer, a collection of field mice, turtles, and crows. In the winter there were goldfish and just plain mice, which were caught in a little wire trap without harming them.

A lottery ticket purchased for us the first really permanent pet of the family. This newcomer was Kazan, a darling little brown-and-white English bulldog who, as he grew to doghood, was completely spoiled. He, like many children, was usually given his own way and to this day has to be coaxed rather than scolded. During the summer most of his time is spent in catching bullfrogs, which he proudly exhibits to all who are interested, by holding them with only their big hind

legs sticking out of both sides of his mouth, his ears pointing toward heaven, and his big brown eyes rolling mischievously back and forth. He has been known to catch not only frogs but also hens, doves, and one day a pickerel. He also greatly enjoys swimming and is never so happy as when he has someone to throw a stick for him so that he can run and dive from the end of the wharf.

Of all my pets Bobby Jinks holds first place. Bobby is a most affectionate bob-tailed kitten whose love for Kazan is most unusual. There is just one thing as far as I could ever find out that Bobby doesn't like, and that is to have me write letters; for whenever she sees me at my desk she promptly hops upon it and lazily reclines upon my work. Nothing less than steak, or maybe fish, could induce her to move.

Snookie, a cosset lamb, was next to join our family. He had a personality all his own. Wherever I went, Snookie could usually be seen about a rod behind, bleating his woolly head off to be waited for. Daily he went swimming with me, and after he had been rubbed with soap he was dropped, much to his discomfort, off the end of the wharf. Instantly his head would turn shoreward, and all that could be seen peeking through the billowy white clouds of soapsuds were a pair of tiny shining brown eyes and a little pink nose. After he had been washed, blued, and dried, he would scamper off to get dirty again.

Next came Skeezi, who, after my mother and I had chased him through the woods for about half an hour, was captured in a corn box. But Skeezi's history is very short, for although he was only a tiny little thing he had a great big mind all his own and went on a no-food strike for a week. Finally I admitted that he had won and let him go. And as I watched his little black-and-white body go waddling off into the bushes, I couldn't help feeling ashamed. I guess I forgot to tell you that Skeezi was a skunk.

The next addition to the family was Polly, a bright green parrot whom no amount of coaxing will tempt to talk. Although Polly has a rather vicious look upon her green-and-red face, she really is quite good-natured and will even let you feel of her big, soft black tongue. The bridge lamp is Polly's

private property, and her evenings are spent sitting high on the top of it, warming her funny little three-toed feet by the heat of the light.

Last but by far not least comes Traveler, a small black saddle horse whose good nature and beauty capture the hearts of everyone. He is always fairly bubbling over with vim and vigor, and nothing short of a handful of sugar pleases him more than a good hard run.

So please, the next time you see someone making of a pet, don't make fun of him, but remember that every animal and bird has a personality all its own and has just as much right for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" as you have.

Frances Fellows, '37

MURDER IN THE ATTIC

It was a perfect summer night. The bright, round moon sailed through the sky like a streamlined chariot. Joan Garrett and her young husband, Bruce, stopped on the little cedar bridge that crossed the stream just above the old gristmill.

The mill was joined to the house her father had built when he was first married. Her mother, although having only a little money, had managed to make a cozy home for her husband. Joan had been born and had grown up in this house. She often recalled how in her girlhood she had watched the fish in the stream dart to and fro in the sunlight, and how she had tried to catch the rabbits and squirrels that played in the surrounding trees. It was here that Bruce and Joan cared for her mother and father.

Tonight the moon had urged the young couple to take another of their frequent walks. They seemed entranced in the beauty of the night, the rippling of the brook, and the strange noises of the woods.

Bruce slowly slid his arm about Joan's waist. She looked up and smiled at him and then turned to gaze at the thin clouds passing before the moon's face.

An owl hooted in the distance. Then a loud crash broke the stillness of the night air. Joan jumped. "What was that?" she asked.

Bruce straightened and tried to recognize

THE RIPPLE

the direction from which the sound had come. "I don't know," he said slowly, "but I'm going to find out. It sounded as if it came from the old mill."

He took her hand and they started for the mill. He opened the door quietly and they stood inside for a moment, waiting to see if any further sound might give them another clue. They were rewarded by a pitiful scream of pain that came from the store-room above the mill. Joan shuddered and hung to Bruce's arm for protection. Her thoughts swung to the many mystery stories she had read in books and newspapers. Could it be they were about to trap a murderer?

They approached the stairs and cautiously climbed them, one at a time. When they reached the door, a path of moonlight made its way across the floor. They stopped and listened. No sound came from the darker corners. What could have made that noise? Their question was answered immediately when Peggy, Joan's maltese kitten, climbed over an old chair she had just upset from a pile of old furniture and proudly stepped into the rays of the moon with a nice big rat that she had just succeeded in catching.

Beatrice Mills, '37

THE BUFFALO BUG

This bad little bug
That sleeps in a rug
And feasts on woolen and furs
Has six little legs with which to crawl
And two little eyes that flash.

This bad little bug
That sleeps in a rug
And prowls for food at night,
Three-eighths of him is tummy
And five-eighths appetite.

Dorothy Lermond, '37

SUNRISE IN THE MAINE WOODS

Yesterday morning, as I lay asleep in my cabin in the upper regions of Maine, I was awakened not by birds, for the birds were not awake, but by a single ray of light which peeked through a crack near the eaves of the log and bough roof. I raised myself on one elbow and, not wishing to arise just then, tried to see what time it was. It must

have been very early, for when I did finally get up, the sun's rays had shifted, and just the top of a molten disk was looking over the brow of a nearby mountain.

After dressing, I went down to the spring for a pail of water. The pail was cold, and a thin scum of ice had frozen over the spring for it was still quite early in the year. I listened attentively to a sound in a nearby tree. I was startled. The sound was quite unlike anything I had ever heard, but it was something like a cross between the hinges on a rusty gate and a dull bucksaw. I went over to the base of the tree, and there in a blaze of glory sat a large fat animal looking down at me from his task of chewing bark. In the northern woods this animal is known as a sliver kitty, but probably you know him as a porcupine. What he was screeching for was more than I could find out, for he looked perfectly contented.

During this short time, the sun had risen to a nearly perfect circle, and the birds had begun singing. There were many birds around the cabin, and as I sat on the step two rose-breasted grosbeaks grated and rasped at each other from their perch on the roof.

The sunlight had transformed me from a wide-awake person to a lazy creature who delighted in sprawling on the step in a stupor of ecstasy. If there is a more beautiful picture in the world than a Maine sunrise, I have yet to see it.

Lyle Martin, '37

THE SAME ROUTINE

At seven-thirty you arise
And wash your face (it opens your eyes).
Just another day ahead—
How you hate to get out of bed.

Now your day has just begun,
At first school seems a lot of fun.
You see your teachers and your friends,
But how happy you are when the day ends.

When the school closes and vacation comes,
You miss your friends, you miss your fun.
But in September, oh, it seems,
It always is the same routine.

Kathleen Cully, '38

COMING HOME LATE

The worst part of going to town in the summer time is trying to get back. The minute I come over a steep hill about a third of a mile from home, I stop feeding the engine. I let it idle all the way from there to the garage. When I have the car, I have no trouble, but the truck has high sideboards which rattle all the time unless it is standing still. It also roars if you get it up above thirty-five miles an hour.

From experience I have learned that the hall-way door squeaks violently, especially if you don't want it to. So I take a firm grip on the door-knob and start to turn slowly to the left, all the while pushing gently in. Sometimes I can get in without making much noise, but nine times out of ten the hinges make a loud nerve-racking squeak.

Most nights after I have been to town I am hungry, and so I visit the kitchen for a short time. Usually there are two or three chairs to tumble over so that I can measure my length on the floor. Then I have to grope around for the match-box. Now comes the time to prepare a quiet lunch. Generally I leave crumbs on the sideboard, but if I get

into something that I am not exactly supposed to, I clean up the crumbs.

After I have paid my visit to the kitchen, I have some stairs to climb. For no reason at all they are very fond of creaking. At the top is a door which I have bumped my head on before, but after having the same experience several times in a row, I have learned to go upstairs hand first. Then there is a low beam to go under. In years gone by I have been able to go under it without stooping. Now I am just tall enough to get a good thump on the head if I don't stoop. I still have memories of the goose egg on top of my head, for forgetting I was too tall. Thus, when I come upstairs, I have my hand above me.

The next job is untying my shoes. Sometimes the strings are in a hard knot, especially if I am tired and want to get to bed in a hurry. Sometimes I fuss with the knot awhile in the dark. It is always in the dark because if there is a lamp on the bureau there are no matches; and if there are matches, the lamp is gone. Sometimes, if I can, I pull the shoe off without untying it. When I'm in the right mood, I break the string; and more than once I have been tempted to go to bed with my shoes on.

Joseph Ford, '38

Class Ode

Tune: "Stars of the Summer Night"

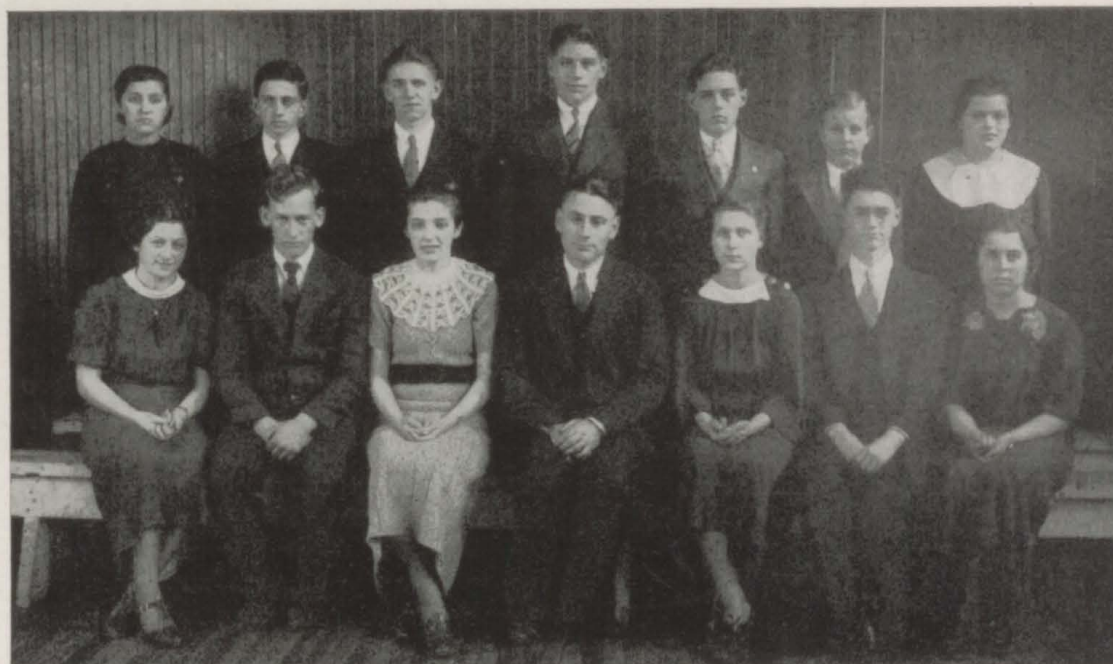
Tonight we've gathered here
With sadness in our hearts.
Our farewell now is near;
New ventures we must start.
H. A., we now bid thee adieu.

Four years within your walls
We've studied, worked, and played,
Won friends, and loved it all,
And faced tasks unafraid.
H. A., these days we'll not forget.

Onward we go tonight
Facing the future days,
Filled with a hope that's bright
Valiant to be always.
H. A., we now bid thee adieu.

Beatrice Mills

Dorothy Lermond



STUDENT COUNCIL

Front Row: left to right—Beatrice Mills, Robert Perkins, Ellen Worthen, Mr. Cutts, Miriam Steeves, Lyle Martin, Eva Lowell.

Second Row: Elsie Ford, Norman McCormack, Mahlon Merrow, Joseph Ford, Wendell Marr, Howard Brown, Anita Baird.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council was formed five years ago by Mr. Cutts, who has been its supervisor ever since. The following individuals have been president of the council during this period: Walter Rideout, 1933; Florice Steeves, 1934; Clyde Griffith, 1935; Lennis Harris, 1936; and Mahlon Merrow, 1937.

There are fourteen members or representatives chosen from the four classes. 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 this year are: president, Mahlon Merrow; vice-president,

Beatrice Mills; secretary, Eva Lowell; and treasurer, Wendell Marr.

The purpose of the council is:

1. To make laws for the betterment of the school.
2. To recommend the appointment of necessary committees.
3. To investigate and report on matter especially referred to it by the faculty.

Last fall the council sponsored a magazine drive, and the proceeds were used to purchase a ping-pong table, which has supplied plenty of enjoyment to the students. The Monitor System, a new form of student supervision, was introduced this year.

Mahlon Merrow, '37

HARTLAND ACADEMY

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The class of 1940 entered its Freshman year at Hartland Academy with forty-seven members.

Shortly after school began we elected class officers. They are: Howard Brown, president; Geraldine Wilbur, vice-president; Wilmont Grant, secretary; and Irma Amero, treasurer. Elsie Ford was elected representative to the Student Council.

On September 18 the Seniors gave the Freshmen the annual reception. In the morning the girls wore their hair in at least six braids tied with ribbons, and wore aprons backside to. The boys wore big bow-ties around their necks and their trousers above their knees.

In the evening a formal reception was given to the Freshmen by the Seniors. Games and dances were enjoyed. Readings and musical selections were presented by various Freshmen between the dances. During a short intermission the Seniors served refreshments consisting of punch and cake.

The class is well represented in the musical organizations of the school. Edith Cooley, Muriel Crocker, Gareth Hanson, and Clifford Merrill are in the orchestra; and Elsie Ford, Vivian McGowan and Elmer Smith are members of the glee clubs.

Howard Brown and Gerald Burns have taken an active part in baseball, and Gerald Burns is a letter winner in cross-country.

Members of the class who have won highest honors are Florence Bishop, Howard Brown, Isabel Cook, Edith Cooley, Muriel Crocker, Patricia Gee, Edward Nichols, Lorraine Pye, and Doris Seekins.

Those who have won honors are Elsie Ford, Eunice Millett, and Elmer Smith.

Edith Cooley, '40

SOPHOMORE NEWS

When the class of 1937 assembled last fall, it was very proud of its number, for there were 39 pupils, making it one of the largest Sophomore classes ever to enter Hartland Academy.

Norman McCormack was elected president; Jean Pelkie, vice-president; Bernice

Litchfield, secretary; and Burton Jones, treasurer.

The Burton Prize Speaking Contest came in February. Eight persons participated. This is the program:

Processional Academy Orchestra
"The Little King Finds Peace"

Ellen Worthen
"Bill McGee's Weapon" Robert Getchell
"Cigarette's Ride" Bernice Litchfield

Orchestra
"I Am His Son" Irvin Stedman
"Gerty Gets Going" Arlene Hollister
"Hating War" Selden Martin

Orchestra
"Kitty Goes Adopting" Leila Merrow
"Blue-Eyed Sheik Prefers Blondes"

Norman McCormack

Everyone did exceptionally well. The prizes were awarded to Ellen Worthen and Irvin Stedman.

The Sophomore class has been well represented in the musical organizations, in debating, and in sports.

Bernice Litchfield, Jean Pelkie, Anita Baird, Leila Merrow, Shirley Neal, and Arthur Smith have received highest honors; Viola Hillman, Arlene Hollister, Ellen Worthen, Mary Seekins, Dorothy Spencer, and Hilda Emery have appeared on the honor roll.

Jean Pelkie, '39

THE JUNIOR CLASS

In September, twenty-six Juniors assembled in their home room. Francis Buker and Charles Pelkie, who returned later in the year, brought the enrollment up to twenty-eight.

At our first class meeting we elected Wendell Marr as our president; Kenneth Baird, vice-president; James Moore, secretary; and Marguerite Wheeler, treasurer.

The annual Hamilton Prize Speaking Contest was held April 12 in the auditorium. An interesting program was enjoyed.

Processional Hartland Academy Orchestra
"The Eavesdroppers" Miriam Steeves
"Ropes" Wendell Marr

"The Substance of Things Hoped For"
Erlene Hughes

Orchestra

"David Harum's Horse Trade" James Moore
 "Little Sister Snow" Ardis Moulton
 "I Am a Jew" Joseph Ford

Orchestra

"X Marks the Spot" Marguerite Wheeler
 "Robert Emmet's Last Defence" Andrew Peterson

The prizes were awarded to Ardis Moulton and Wendell Marr.

Extra-curricular activities are well represented, as many are taking part in sports and musical organizations.

Four of our class have received highest honors during the year. They are Phyllis Ford, Miriam Steeves, Cherrie Thorne, and Marguerite Wheeler. The honor roll has held the names of Mildred Cooley, Joseph Ford, Ardis Moulton and Lona Clark.

Marguerite Wheeler, '38

SENIOR NOTES

The Senior class returned from the summer vacation with nineteen members. They elected Mahlon Merrow as president.

One achievement of the class was the successful presentation of the Senior play, "Big Hearted Herbert", which was directed by Miss Richmond.

In speaking contests this year, Frances Fellows, Donald Hollister, and Donlin McCormack have represented the class. In the Spear Speaking Contest at Gardiner, Frances' talent gained for her entrance into the finals, which took place at Augusta in the House of Representatives. Donald spoke at the University of Maine and Donlin in the Montgomery Contest at Colby College.

As awards for their fine sportsmanship in basketball, Frances Fellows and Donald Hollister received cups; and Donlin McCormack won a trophy for making the all-conference basketball team in the county league.

The D. A. R. medal, offered this year to the Senior girl who was judged by the class and faculty to excel in good citizenship, was awarded to Phyllis Baird.

The class is especially proud of the feat performed by Mahlon Merrow when he won the state championship in the cross-country meet held at the University of Maine.

Members of the class who have won highest honors are Phyllis Baird, Lyle Martin, Bertha Smith, Eva Lowell, and Donlin McCormack. Those who have been on the honor roll are Mary Libby and Clayton Merrill.

The class is planning to go to Cadillac Mountain and Acadia National Park for a class trip.

Donlin McCormack, '37

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

Our first special assembly was an entertaining and amusing Hallowe'en program presented by members of the Junior class. It began with a play entitled "Enormously Yours" in which the parts were taken by Phyllis Ford, Marguerite Wheeler, Wendell Marr, James Moore, and Arthur Littlefield.

Joseph Ford gave a reading entitled "When de Folks Am Gone", Ardis Moulton danced a ghost dance, and Eleanor Libby read "The Origin of Hallowe'en".

November 6

We were glad to welcome Dr. Moulton, who came to give the results of the annual medical examination. His witty and kindly way of giving his report makes everyone glad to see him each year.

November 13

Armistice Day was observed by a program prepared by the Boy Scouts under the direction of Mr. Lowell. Several appropriate demonstrations were presented.

December 4

The boys who had gone to the Older Boys' Conference gave several reports on the various meetings which they had attended. By the reports we could easily guess that the delegates had enjoyed themselves throughout their stay in Waterville and had gained many new ideas.

At the close of the program the boys sang the conference song accompanied at the piano by Mr. Rideout.

December 18

An appropriate Christmas program was prepared by the Senior Class. Clayton Merrill, the chairman, introduced Frances Fellows, who as Mrs. Santa Claus took several boxes from a beautiful Christmas tree, which decorated the stage. Each package suggested a particular part of the program, one being

HARTLAND ACADEMY

a Christams carol by Myron Davis, Donlin McCormack, Clayton Merrill, and Lyle Martin. During the program the audience sang several carols.

January 18

We had heard that on January 18 there would be an assembly sing, and everyone ate a good breakfast and was prepared to lend his voice to those of the rest and to forget his first-period class for the time being. With Donlin McCormack as leader, the auditorium was filled with the strains of "My Blue Heaven", "Chapel in the Moonlight", and other familiar songs.

February 5

The Latin Club presented the program with Donlin McCormack as chairman. Ellen Worthen introduced several members of the club who represented the twelve months of the year. Phyllis Baird accompanied each scene with appropriate music.

A humorous play entitled "A Day Without Latin" was given by Joseph Ford, Marion Wyman, Lorraine Pye, and Wendell Marr.

February 19

The Freshmen English Class did its part towards the year's assembly programs by presenting a Washington program. Elsie Ford as Betsey Ross displayed the flag she had made for the new government. The characters with their white wigs and colonial costumes made the play very picturesque.

March 12

Upon arriving in the auditorium we found the stage to be well populated by junior business students. This was entirely a student assembly, each having been assigned a chapter from his text-book to summarize. The plan was carried out in the form of a radio program with Florence Bishop acting as announcer. All went smoothly until Wesley Ham's turn came—in order to reach the microphone he had to get a box to stand on. Humor was also added when Donald Wyman came on the stage with a bell and, in his deep voice, identified the station.

March 26

For several days before the scheduled style

show, girls were bringing all sorts of mysterious bundles to school. These aroused our curiosity, and on the appointed Friday morning everyone was eager for the program to begin. Leila Merrow and Bea Mills opened the show by coming to the front of the stage dressed in military apparel. Together they introduced the models by appropriate verses. The entire program, from "Dot" Lermond's portrayal of the old-fashioned sports-suit to the modern wedding gown modeled by Jean Pelkie, was enjoyed by everyone. Songs by Mary Seekins, Wilma Cheney, Arlene Stedman and Madeline Cook added much to the program. This assembly was prepared under the direction of Miss McIntyre.

April 9

Before school we saw several of the alumni. Later we found that they had come for a purpose. With Earle Merrow as chairman they presented a varied and entertaining program, which included solos by Charlotte McCrillis and Leland Cunningham, papers read by Frances Waldron and Thelma Cookson, and an unusual and clever chalk talk by Annie Barnes. Mr. Cutts closed the assembly by reading letters written by Clyde Griffith and Walter Rideout.

May 6

We were privileged by having a special assembly at which Mr. E. E. Roderick, Deputy Commissioner of Education, spoke to us. Many stimulating ideas were presented by him, one of which was that the world looks toward education for a solution of its problems.

May 13

Conservation Week was observed by a program presented by the Sophomore English Class. With Bernice Litchfield as chairman several members gave reports on various days which are observed during conservation week, such as flower day, bird day, and the day for the conservation of wild animals. Poems were read by Shirley Neal and Robert Getchell, and appropriate music was provided in the form of a violin solo by Anita Baird and a song by other members of the class.

Miriam Steeves, '38



ORCHESTRA

Front Row: left to right—Erlene Hughes, Edith Cooley, Phyllis Baird, Anita Baird, Mildred Cooley, Miriam Steeves, Ardis Moulton, Alice Chipman.

Second Row: Muriel Crocker, Clifford Merrill, Gareth Hanson, Lyle Martin, Clayton Merrill, Donlin McCormack, Irvin Stedman, Robert Getchell, Eleanor Libby.

Third Row: Myron Chipman, Roland Cook, Burton Jones, Wendell Marr, Selden Martin.

THE ORCHESTRA

Under the direction of Miss Gertrude Thorne and Mrs. Mary Smart, the orchestra has had valuable experience this year.

In September the following officers were elected: business manager, Donlin McCormack; assistant business manager, Clayton Merrill; and librarian, Phyllis Baird.

Under the leadership of Miss Thorne the orchestra furnished music for Citizens' Night and for the Burton Prize Speaking Contest.

In March we were sorry to learn of Miss Thorne's illness. On March 25, Mrs. Smart came from Dexter to work with us in preparation for the Hamilton Prize Speaking Contest.

Through graduation the orchestra will lose Phyllis Baird, Donlin McCormack, Alice Chipman, Clayton Merrill, and Lyle Martin, members who have done much to make it a success.

Mildred Cooley, '38



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Front Row: left to right—Viola Hillman, Eleanor Libby, Alice Chipman, Beatrice Mills, Miriam Steeves, Arlene Stedman, Elsie Ford.

Second Row: Phyllis Baird, Grace Parsons, Vivian McGowan, Bernice Litchfield, Bertha Smith, Marie Libby, Marian Wyman, Madeline Cook.

Third Row: Anita Baird, Mary Seekins, Jean Pelkie, Velma Neal, Leila Merrow.

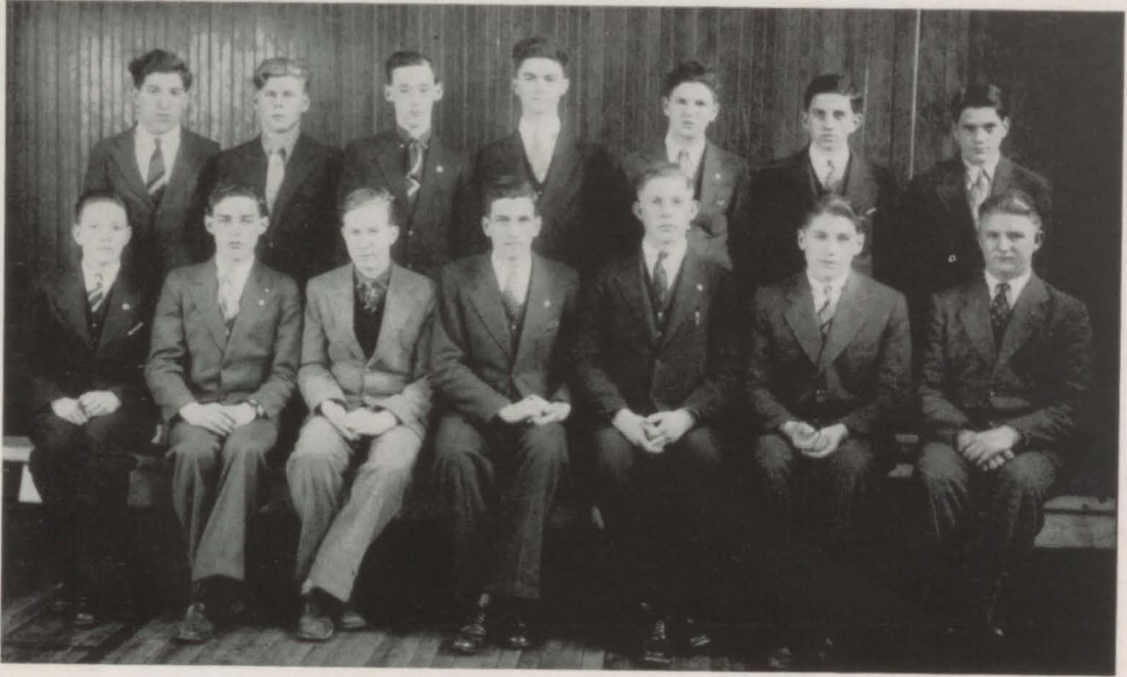
THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

When school reopened in September, twenty-two enthusiastic girls met to organize the Girls' Glee Club. Beatrice Mills was elected as president; Jean Pelkie, vice-president; and Miriam Steeves, secretary and treasurer.

The club was glad to have the opportunity

to sing in a chorus with other clubs at Fairfield this spring at the Eastern Maine Music Festival. Several numbers, two of which were "The Waltz of the Flowers" and "Sleepy Hollow Tune" were sung.

Erlene Hughes, '38



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Front Row: left to right—Selden Martin, Wendell Marr, Gareth Hanson, Donlin McCormack, Clayton Merrill, Joseph Ford, Irvin Stedman.

Second Row: Kenneth Baird, Elmer Smith, James Moore, Lyle Martin, Robert Getchell, Norman McCormack, Myron Davis.

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

There has been a decided improvement in the Boys' Glee Club this year. At the beginning of the season the following officers were elected: Lyle Martin, president; Wendell Marr, vice-president; and James Moore, secretary and treasurer.

At the Eastern Maine Music Festival at Fairfield the club sang two selections, "Softly a Serenade" and "Song of the Main".

The glee club also participated in the program on Citizens' Night by singing "Softly a Serenade."

Clayton Merrill, '37

THE SENIOR PLAY

About the middle of October copies of "Big Hearted Herbert" arrived. Tryouts were begun immediately, and the following Seniors were chosen to take part in one of the "big events" of the year:

Herbert Kalness	Clayton Merrill
Robert Kalness	Donald Hollister
Elizabeth Kalness	Bertha Smith
Martha	Marie Libby
Herbert Kalness, Jr.	Lyle Martin
Alice Kalness	Frances Fellows
Andrew Goodrich	Donlin McCormack
Amy Lawrence	Clara Woodbury
Jim Lawrence	Myron Davis
Mr. Goodrich	Mahlon Merrow
Mrs. Goodrich	Eva Lowell
Mr. Havens	Kenneth Wiers
Mrs. Havens	Alice Chipman

Herbert Kalness was a simple business man and endeavored to bring up his family in a plain manner. "Big Hearted Herbert," who in his youth was not able to attend college, raged and humiliated his family when he discovered his daughter engaged to a Harvard man. The next evening his kind and loving wife gave a very plain dinner, which consisted of Irish stew and apple pie, to a prospective business customer Kalness had brought home with him.

After a brief argument in which his wife threatened to leave him, "Big Hearted Herbert" agreed that his family could not be managed as he managed his office.

Besides the cast, much credit should be given every member of the production staff, especially the publicity committee, who spent much time in securing advertisements; and the property committee, who succeeded in finding the many properties needed for the play.

At the close of the play the class showed its appreciation to Miss Richmond, the director, by presenting her with a beautiful bouquet of roses. The play was much appreciated by the audience, as was shown by their applause and frequent laughter. The profits have been used to pay for class expenses.

Beatrice Mills, '37

DEBATING

This year, eleven students attended the first

debating meeting. Plans were discussed and material was given out for reading. The question for debate was: Resolved: That all electric utilities should be governmentally owned and operated.

Special debates were held in order to judge the ability of the speakers and to choose the first team. Those selected were Ardis Moulton and Phyllis Baird for the affirmative and Andrew Peterson and Donlin McCormack for the negative. The second team was composed of Marion Wyman, Janet Ellingwood, Lorra'ne Pye, and Viola Hillman.

After school in the auditorium three practice debates were held in preparation for the Bates League triangular debates. Friday, February 5, Mr. Cutts drove the first team to Bangor, where a practice debate was held with the first team of Bangor High School. On the following Monday, Waterville High School's first team debated with us at Hartland.

The semi-final debates were held at Dover-Foxcroft and Newport. The negative debated at Dover-Foxcroft and won, but the affirmative lost its debate with Newport. Donlin McCormack was best speaker in the debate with Foxcroft Academy.

Ardis Moulton, '38

THE LATIN CLUB

For the fourth year the Latin Club was organized with an enrollment of thirty members.

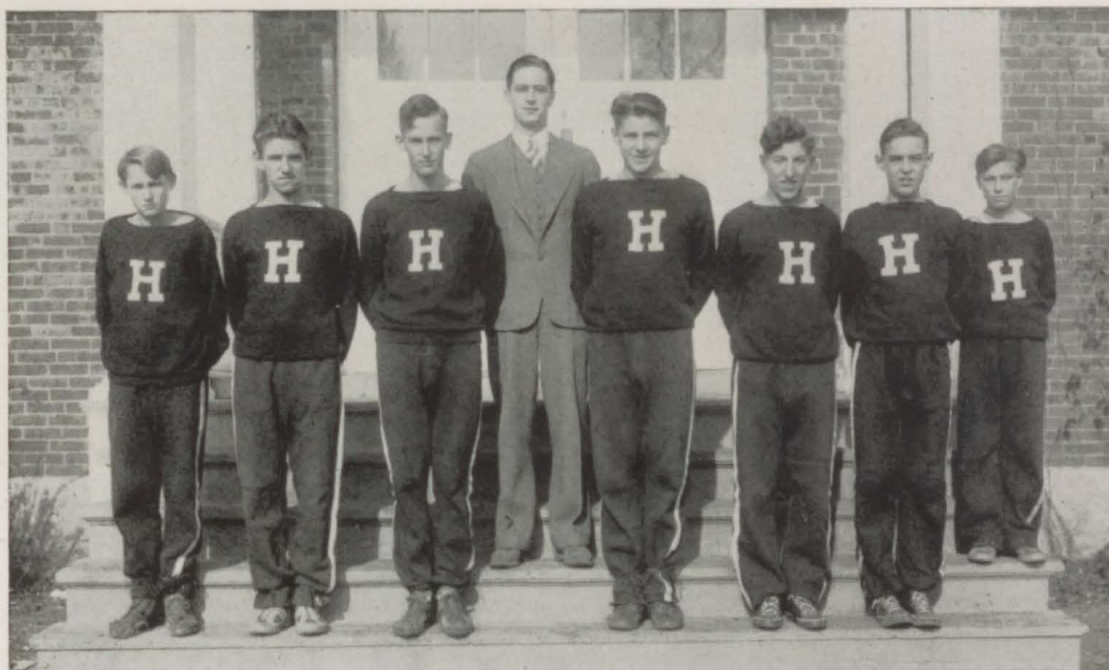
At the opening meeting all new members were initiated and the following officers were elected: President, Donlin McCormack; vice-president, Wendell Marr; secretary, Leila Merrow, and treasurer, Eva Lowell.

On December tenth a Christmas tree and dance were held in the Senior room. Refreshments were served and dancing was enjoyed until eleven o'clock.

The club members enjoyed a Valentine party in the auditorium on February fifteenth. After the Valentine box and refreshments we played ping pong.

Later in the Spring, the club is planning to have a weenie roast on the shores of Great Moose Lake.

Wendell Marr, '38



CROSS COUNTRY

Front Row: left to right—Myron Chipman, Mahlon Merrow, Robert Perkins, Coach Lowell, Joseph Ford, Kenneth Baird, Wendell Marr, Gerald Burns.

CROSS COUNTRY

Hartland Academy's second cross-country team was organized this year under the supervision of Coach Lowell. Although we won but one meet, we were proud of Mahlon Merrow who got first place in the state cross-country meet held at the University of Maine. His time was less than that of any other participant either in the high school or in the prep-school meet. Letter men are Mahlon Merrow, Kenneth Baird, Myron Chipman, Wendell Marr, and Gerald Burns. Joseph Ford and Robert Perkins were also members of the team.

On October 3 the team went to Farmington Normal School on its first trip. Here we were defeated 20 to 35 in spite of the fact that Mahlon Merrow came in first.

October 11 we were again defeated by the University of Maine Freshman team "B" 28 to 29. Merrow came in first and Chipman second.

October 17 we were more successful at Lee Academy where we won 27 to 29, Merrow again coming in first, Chipman third, and Baird fifth.

On October 23 we raced Higgins Classical Institute and New Sharon at Hartland. H. C. I. was first with 28, H. A. second with 34, and New Sharon third with 55.

We participated in the state meet at Orono on October 30 where we got fifth place.

Summary:

Farmington Normal 20	Hartland 35
Maine Freshman 28	Hartland 29
Lee Academy 29	Hartland 27
Higgins Classical Inst. 28	Hartland 34
New Sharon 55	

State Meet—Fifth Place

Wendell Marr, '38

HARTLAND ACADEMY

THE BASKETBALL BANQUET

What a significant date was April 2 to the members of both the girls' and boys' basketball squads! On this date their twelfth annual basketball banquet was held at the Grange Hall.

The dining room and tables were attractively decorated in pastel shades. A delicious supper was planned by basketball members and prepared by several mothers. Kathleen Cully as toastmistress introduced the gentlemen speakers, while Donlin McCormack as toastmaster introduced the ladies.

Principal C. J. Cutts awarded sportsmanship cups to Frances Fellows and Donald Hollister, who had been chosen by the letter winners on their respective teams.

Letter winners were Frances Fellows, Phyllis Baird, Arlene Stedman, Marguerite Wheeler, Miriam Steeves, Kathleen Cully, Eleanor Libby, Mary Seekins, Donald Hollister, Donlin McCormack, Clayton Merrill, Andrew Peterson, Stanley Peterson, and Kenneth Baird.

Music for dancing was provided by a local orchestra.

Arlene Stedman, '37

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Well, fans, the girls of Hartland Academy have tried to give you your money's worth this year, and they beg of you to forgive them for losing the last three games. Although they have had rather hard luck, due to illness, they managed to win ten of their thirteen games.

This year two of the players, Marguerite Wheeler and Kathleen Cully, were chosen as members of the all-tournament team of Somerset County. The sportsmanship cup, offered for the first time, was won by Frances Fellows.

Since only three members of the squad will be lost by graduation, the girls, under Miss McIntyre's guiding hand, should have a successful season next year.

Summary of games:

Hartland 49		Alumni 12
Hartland 41		Anson 8
Hartland 44		Harmony 6
Hartland 30		Albion 13
Hartland 44	New Portland 22	
Hartland 24	Clinton 20	
Hartland 19	Newport 8	
Hartland 28	Anson 27	

Hartland 25		Albion 19
Hartland 33		Harmony 15
Hartland 19		New Portland 36
Hartland 16		Clinton 24
Hartland 16		Newport 17

LETTER WINNERS

KATHLEEN CULLY

Kay Cully is full of vigor and vim,
Her motto is, "We're out to win."
And much to her misery, we all enjoy
To tease her about her Newport boy.

MARGUERITE WHEELER

The handiest maid in all the land
Is Peggy, who always lends a hand.
She is the gayest of our crowd,
And of her wit we are all proud.

ELEANOR LIBBY

Eleanor Libby, a spry little player,
When against a good guard is all the gayer.
Her last two shots at a Clinton game
Should place her name in the Hall of Fame.

PHYLLIS BAIRD

Although she's Baird, she's very good
And always acts as a player should.
She worries her forwards nearly to death
By chasing them around till they're out of
breath.

CHERRIE THORNE

The referee was stunning to see,
So Blossom fell and hurt her knee.
The referee rushed to her rescue so bold—
The rest of the story need never be told.

FRANCES FELLOWS

Fran Fellows, beloved by us all,
Is never known to fumble the ball.
She plays left guard with the greatest of skill,
Her place, next year, will be hard to fill.

MIRIAM STEEVES

She never was the least disturbed,
To describe her, "mum" is the word.
The referees never at her got riled,
Because at them all she always smiled.

THE RIPPLE



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front Row: left to right—Frances Fellows, Mary Seekins, Cherrie Thorne, Marguerite Wheeler, Eleanor Libby, Kathleen Culley, Phyllis Baird.

Second Row: Arlene Hollister, Anita Baird, Dorothy Spenser, Coach McIntyre, Arlene Stedman, Miriam Steeves, Leila Merrow.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Front Row: left to right—Wendell Marr, Donlin McCormack, Stanley Peterson, Andrew Peterson, Kenneth Baird, Selden Martin.

Second Row: Coach Lowell, Norman McCormack, Liston Inman, Vando Spaulding, Maynard Moore, Manager Clayton Merrill.

HARTLAND ACADEMY

MARY SEEKINS

Nettie, a comedian to her inmost heart,
Provoked our laughter from the start.
But when on the floor, she wasn't the same,
She forgot her jokes and played the game.

ARLENE STEDMAN

She held her forward while on the floor,
Helping us keep an ascending score.
Her disposition makes her tops,
We know H. A. will miss her lots.

Frances Fellows, '37

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The boys came out in fighting trim with all the players on the first team last year's lettermen, except D. Hollister and S. Peterson. Mr. Lowell, our coach, has done much to improve the team. The boys have all cooperated and have worked out some splendid plays and some exceptionally good passing. The score rolled up will express better than words the efforts of the team during the season.

Summary of games:

Hartland	26	Alumni	21
Hartland	13	Anson	18
Hartland	44	Harmony	6
Hartland	34	Albion	21
Hartland	39	N. Portland	15
Hartland	12	Clinton	32
Hartland	35	Newport	12
Hartland	28	Anson	36
Hartland	60	Albion	21
Hartland	44	Harmony	7
Hartland	23	Corinna	16
Hartland	57	N. Portland	21
Hartland	24	Clinton	30
Hartland	25	Newport	29

Lettermen

DONALD HOLLISTER

"Squint" has been a great asset to the basketball club this year. He was awarded the sportsmanship cup for his fine, unselfish playing. The team will miss this scrappy forward next year.

KENNETH BAIRD

"Weasel" is noted for his ability "to get tough". His nose will testify to his basketball battles. The team is fortunate to have the services of this fine guard next year.

DONLIN McCORMACK

"Mac" has long been our mainstay in many a game during the season. He was high-scorer and a member of the all-conference team. It will take a good man to fill his place.

ANDREW PETERSON

Andrew has been the pivot man of the team. Due to his ability to "slit the net" he has helped us to many victories. Great results are expected from him in the future.

STANLEY PETERSON

"Pete" has been a great help this year. His humor and antics have kept the team in high spirits. With his basketball ability, the team should "go places" from now on.

Lyle Martin, '37



BASEBALL

Last fall the baseball squad started out to work up a better team than ever before. During the fall season we played two games with Corinna, winning one and losing the other.

This spring the regular team was organized. The players held the following positions in the first game: D. McCormack, first base; S. Martin, second base; A. Peterson, third base; Hollister, shortstop; Baird, pitcher; Buker, catcher; L. Inman, left field; Marr, center field; and Dunlap, right field. The players have changed their positions occasionally, Buker, Hollister, or Peterson pitching; Spaulding catching; Baird in left field or on third base; and Dun-

lap playing shortstop part of the time. As the "Ripple" goes to press, we have won one game out of four. However, that one was the only league game played so far.

Following is the schedule for the remainder of the season:

- May 14 Clinton at Hartland
- May 18 Somerset Academy at Hartland
- May 22 Hartland at Anson
- May 29 New Portland at Hartland
- June 1 Good Will at Hartland
- June 5 Hartland at Bingham
- June 7 Hartland at Somerset Academy

Lyle Martin, '37

HARTLAND ACADEMY

FROM FALL TO SPRING

"Hartland Academy, here we come." And we trooped gaily into the long hallway of the large brick building.

Everything ran along in ship-shape order until a stranger presented himself at Mr. Cutts' office door. This was the start of a week's excitement. The magazine drive was on, and everyone did his part. At its close, the race was nip-and-tuck between the Juniors and Seniors, but the latter managed to win by a slight margin. Selden Martin and Ardis Moulton had the best records for individuals.

The parents greatly enjoyed the Citizens' Night program. There were several plays by various groups, experiments in chemistry, and a review of extra-curricular activities. At the close of the program two educational moving pictures were presented.

Our moving picture machine was purchased last fall to be used in different classes, as well as for special programs in the auditorium. It has made the work in chemistry, history, biology, and other classes much more interesting. We are sure that James Moore is never happier than when he is officiating at the camera.

The Seniors were delighted at the chance to prove their stage ability, and they were well rewarded by the large crowd that attended the Senior play. Many rehearsals were held, and two members of the cast still keep up the idea.

A popular feature of our school life is the dancing at recess and noon. The boys have to stand out of the way while the girls jiggle the floor up and down as they practice the new steps.

On one afternoon in January, we gathered in the auditorium and enjoyed a half hour of music by Mr. Nye, a tenor singer, and his accompanist, who played several selections on the piano. During the program, Mr. Nye sang several Negro selections, and after dismissal bell students could be heard in all rooms singing, "Mammy's little baby loves short'nin' bread."

The Easter fashion show was well presented by the girls, and all of us are now waiting eag-

erly for the day when the boys will put on their show—when Stanley Peterson and Kenneth Baird will "trip lightly across the stage."

And now we conclude our rambling account

We'll have to start on another year;

The class of '37 won't be with us,

But there'll be plenty of Freshmen, never fear!

Erlene Hughes, '38

EXCHANGES

We have enjoyed making the following exchanges this year:

"The Live Wire," Newport High School, Newport, Maine. Your literary section is interesting and you have some fine poems. Your joke department is entertaining, but why not have a few more original classroom jokes?

"The Strathcoma Oracle," Strathcoma Academy, Quebec, Canada. Your year-book is the result of much hard work. The senior pictures are well arranged and attractive. The French section is interesting and your jokes are cleverly written.

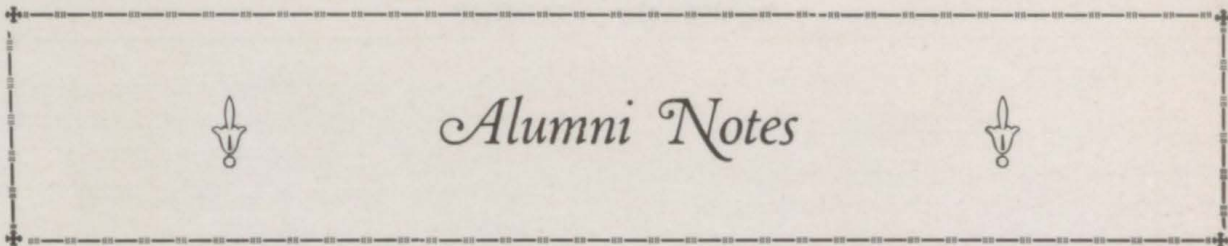
"The Sokokis Warrior," Limington Academy, Limington, Maine. A fine mimeographed paper! We enjoy your literary department and also the "Red Letter Days." You have an original joke section. May we suggest that you put all your advertisements together in the back of your paper?

"The Signet," N. H. Fay High School, Dexter, Maine. You have very good alumni notes, and your literary section is well done. We also enjoyed your jokes. Thank you for commenting on our "Ripple".

"The Reflector," Caribou High School, Caribou, Maine. We enjoyed your year-book very much. The "School Calendar" is original and interesting. You have a fine music department but where are your jokes?

"The Breeze," Milo High School, Milo, Maine. You have some excellent poems and editorials. Your jokes are humorous and entertaining. We enjoyed the snapshot page. Try putting all your advertisements in the last part of your magazine.

Bertha Smith, '37



Alumni Notes

1930

Pauline Baker Jamieson is living in Hartland.

Margaret Buker is teaching in Pittsfield.

Dorothy Butters Smith is living in Hartland.

Aubrey Burbank is employed in Burbank's Filling Station in Waterville.

Malcolm Carr is employed at Enfield, New Hampshire.

Grace Chipman Austin is living in Hartland.

Hazel Chipman is employed in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Grace Davis is employed in Pittsfield.

Floyd Emery is employed in the Hartland Drug Store.

Florence Green Davis is teaching in Pittsfield.

Theodore Griffith is at home in Hartland.

Clarence Merrow is employed in Boston, Massachusetts.

George Markham is employed in Boston, Massachusetts.

Geneva Merrill is at home in Pittsfield.

Robert Stedman is at home in Hartland.

Raymond Thorne is employed at Pickwick Dam, Tennessee.

Thelma Thorne is teaching in Palmyra.

Gwendolyn Webber Philbrick is living in Palmyra.

Edna Withee Gordon is living in Fairfield.

Marguerite Whittemore Southard is living in Hartland.

Ralph Young is employed in Boston, Massachusetts.

1931

Evelyn Bishop Emery is living in St. Albans.

Hilda Buker is living in Pittsfield.

Kenneth Carr is employed in Skowhegan.

Beulah Frost Huff is living in Hartland.

Priscilla Annis Nason is living in Harmony.

Doris Pelkie Emery is living in Hartland.

Evelyn Seekins Prescott is living in Dexter.

Emma Withee is employed in Fairfield Sanatorium.

Ethel Kimball Stubbs is living in Yarmouth.

1932

Roger Baker is a member of the State Police. Earl Buker, Jr., is at home in St. Albans.

Darrell Currie is an insurance adjuster in Boston, Massachusetts.

Eleanor Currie is teaching in Canaan.

George Estes, Jr., is at home in Palmyra.

Esther Griffith McConnell is living in Pittsfield.

Bernice Harding Morgan is living in Pittsfield.

Lillian Hart is employed in Hartland.

Howard Jamieson is employed in Pittsfield.

Barbara Linn Bryant is living in Augusta.

Madeline Merrick Smith is living in Oakland, California.

Althea Merrow Estes is living in Palmyra.

Mary Hart Moody is living in Pittsfield.

Ardis Philbrick is employed in Hartland.

Donald Randlett is employed by the Baxter Canning Company in Hartland.

Pearl Sabine Bickford is living in Guilford.

Elmer Stanhope is employed at Burton's Filling Station in Hartland.

Francis Thomas is employed in Hartland.

Charlotte Waldron Seekins is living in St. Albans.

Cora Webber is employed in Hartland.

Pauline Webber is employed in Dexter.

1933

Juanita Brown is employed in Hartland.

Paul Gardner is in the U. S. Navy.

Leroy Hatch is employed in Hartland.

Helen Hubbard Harris is living in New Sharon.

Leland Inman is at home in Palmyra.

Frances Jepson Salley is living in St. Albans.

Estelle Libby Smith is living in Presque Isle.

Florence Parsons Webber is living in Hartland.

Marion Thorne is teaching in Sidney.

Dorothy Varnum Deering is living in Hartland.

George Webber is at home in St. Albans.

Leona Whitten Page is living in Palmyra.

HARTLAND ACADEMY

1934

Eileen Baird is employed in the State House, Augusta.

Harriet Baird is employed in Augusta.

Annie Barnes is at home in Hartland.

Virginia Bell is attending Gorham Normal School.

Mary Brown is employed in Hartland.

Edson Buker is at home in St. Albans.

Charlotte Currie is attending the University of Maine.

Claude Fisher is employed by the Baxter Canning Company.

Dorothea Green is employed in the Novelty Factory in Guilford.

Winston Hanson is attending Northeastern University in Boston.

Dorothea Litchfield is at home in North Hartland.

Alfreda Neal is training in the Eastern Maine General Hospital in Bangor.

Myrtie Parkman Allen is deceased.

Lyndon Pratt is living in St. Albans.

Walter Rideout is attending Colby College in Waterville.

Gladys Salisbury is at home in Hartland.

Florice Steeves is employed in Hartland.

Eleanor Thorne is attending the Maine School of Commerce in Bangor.

Charles Whitney is employed in the State Hospital in Bangor.

1935

Howard Baird is in the employment of the Central Maine Power Company in Hartland.

Alfred Bell is employed in Portland.

Mary Greene is at home in Hartland.

Clyde Griffith is attending Boston University.

Eva Hanson is employed in the Novelty Factory in Guilford.

Elizabeth Hart is employed in Clinton.

Earl Merrow is at home in Hartland.

Meredith Parkman Wood is living in St. Albans.

Vinson Phillips is studying radio at Englewood, New Jersey.

Marion Rancourt is employed in Waterville.

Marguerite Robertson is employed in Augusta.

James Seekins is employed in St. Albans.

Mary Smith is attending Farmington Normal School.

Alden Stedman is at home in Hartland.

Robert Strout is attending Bliss Business College in Lewiston.

Frances Waldron is at home in Hartland.

Floyd Webber is at home in Hartland.

Aubrey Whittemore is employed in Hartland.

Erwin Whittemore is employed in Hartland.

Howard Williamson is attending Bliss Business College in Lewiston.

1936

Margaret Ash is employed at Randlett's Hardware Store in Hartland.

Phillip Baird is at home in St. Albans.

Thelma Cookson is employed in Hartland.

Leland Cunningham is at home in Hartland.

Frank Ford is employed in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Charlotte Grant is employed in the Harmony Yarn Factory.

Vivian Greene is employed in Skowhegan.

Lennis Harris is attending Boston University.

Maurice Hatch is employed at Burton's Filling Station in Hartland.

Marion Hollister is at home in Hartland.

Lillian Lewis is taking a post-graduate course at Hartland Academy.

Charlotte McCrillis is at home in Hartland.

Stevie Miller is at home in St. Albans.

Kathleen Pelkie is living in Lynn, Massachusetts.

Althea Tobie is employed in Medford, Massachusetts.

Barbara Weymouth is employed in the Harmony Yarn Factory.

FROM A LOYAL ALUMNUS

U. S. Astoria, Long Beach, Calif.,
April, 15, 1937

Dear H. A. Students:

It was just four years ago this spring that I graduated from "Old H. A." Since then I have traveled a great deal and have seen many strange sights, but these last four years can never be compared to those four happy years that I spent at Hartland Academy. There is no thrill so keen as when fighting for victory on your school's athletic teams, or no enjoyment such as that of acquiring knowledge with the help of such an excellent group of teachers as those at H. A. I always think of them as the best friends I ever had.

I think Hartland Academy far surpasses any other school in its class. I know that I spent four of the happiest years of my life at H. A., and I am for her one hundred per cent.

Sincerely,
Paul Gardner, '33.

"Happy Days"





Jokes



"The aunt, two children, and a bachelor were the only occupants of the story."—F. Bishop.

"We were but a hair's breath from the edge of the cliff."—D. Withee.

"A long jury is a verdict that a person must be hung."—L. Clark.

"Their love affair departed into quarrels."—L. Merrow.

"To die intestate means to die in a State."—G. Parsons.

"A person who is opposed to any and all forms of government is a hypocrite."—D. Withee.

Miss R.: "What is meant by 'Ulysses' bark'?" (Burns waves hand eagerly).

Miss R.: "Yes, Burns?"

Burns: "His dog?"

P. Baird: "What is the French word for cow?"

Miss M.: "Vache."

P. Baird: "Is it masculine or feminine?"

Mr. Lowell: "When the Bible was first printed in Hebrew, it was written in very good English."

Miss McIntyre: "Are you studying?"

Hubbard: "No, I'm trying to see how long I can keep my eyes closed without falling asleep."

(Chemistry Class Studying Formulas)

Mr. Lowell: "Miss Cully, do you know what N O means?"

K. Cully: "Yea, no."

Mr. Lowell: "Why is it that snow does not stay on the ground the year around?"

B. Wilbur: "It must be the climate."

Parkman: "I thought the Pope lived in Italy."

Mr. Lowell: "Well, where's Rome?"

Parkman: "I don't know, but 't ain't in Italy."

Mr. Cutts: (in algebra class) "This problem was proved in the 15th century."

"If we are now in the 20th century, how many years ago was it proved?"

M. Wyman: "Five years."

Arthur Littlefield, translating a sentence meaning "everything went smoothly," said, "Everything went on roller skates."

Mr. Lowell: "What adaptation has the stork?"

S. Peterson (with his usual drawl): "A long bill to carry babies with."

McCormack: "Do rats turn white because of old age?"

Mr. Lowell: "Well, they might grow a few white whiskers."

Mr. Lowell: "What kind of rats are in this country now?"

Parkman: "Muskrats."

Miss McIntyre: "What is one disadvantage of publicly owned lands?"

Littlefield: "Walking on the grass in national parks."

Mrs. Lewis: "What is the starboard deck on a ship?"

D. Hight: "It's a place on a ship where you may look at the stars."

Mr. Cutts: "What is a rubber check?"

G. Burns: "A check that is made from rubber?"

Mr. Cutts: "What day is this, Grant?"

W. Grant: "March."

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Miss Richmond (coaching Senior play) "Sit on the end of your speech."

HUMOR FROM OUR EXCHANGES

Physics Student: "Why has my hair got so much electricity in it?"

Classmate: "Because it is connected to a dry cell."

Teacher: "What is the Cuban language called?"

Student: "Cubic."

Teacher: "Name the constituents of quartz."

Student: "Pints."

Customer: "I want a couple of pillowcases."

Clerk: "What size?"

Customer: "I don't know, but I wear size seven hat."

Judge: "Have you ever appeared as a witness before?"

Witness: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "In what suit?"

Witness: "In my blue serge."

Student: "I read an article that said that the French ate 200,000,000 snails a year."

Teacher: "Maybe that's why they're so slow in paying their war debts."

Student: (getting hurried information before a test) "Tell me one of the causes of the Revolution."

Classmate: "The English put tacks in the tea."

Teacher: "What is the spoils system?"

Student: "The place where spoils and wastes are kept."

Student: "I think I have a cold or something in my head."

Classmate: "Probably a cold."

Lady of the house: "Has the furnace gone out?"

Maid: "I don't think so, mum. It hasn't gone by me."

Physics Student: "Professor, how do you calculate the horsepower of a donkey engine?"

WOULDN'T IT BE QUEER IF:

Donlin McCormack were nervous in public speaking?

Stanley Peterson should omit his drawl?

Donald Withee should refuse a bet?

Eimer Smith couldn't play a harmonica?

Mahlon Merrow forgot how to run?

Gerald Burns were six feet tall?

Arthur Littlefield couldn't talk with the teachers?

Vando Spaulding took life seriously?

James Moore couldn't play with the motion-picture projector?

Dorothy Lermond were shy like Muriel Crocker?

Beatrice Wilbur weren't so "bashful."

Mr. Lowell forgot to give his Friday morning chemistry test?

Kenneth Weirs were to stop trying to tell a "bigger one."

Miss McIntyre should stop praising her Plymouth?

Wendell Marr forgot the way to Newport?

FROM OUR BOOK SHELVES

Lively Lady

Anne of Green Gables

Maid in Waiting

Ramona

The Virginian

Mr. Midshipman Easy

A Few Foolish Ones

The Moon Maid

The Mysterious Rider

The Red-Haired Girl

The Romantic Comedians

So Big

The Song of the Lark

David Harum

Man from Maine

Vanity Fair

The Native's Return

Age of Innocence

Crowded Hours

Gone With the Wind

Miss McIntyre

Edith Cooley

Marie Libby

Phyllis Baird

Andrew Peterson

Stanley Peterson

Beatrice Wilber, Vivian Mills

Bernice Litchfield

Frances Fellows

Shirley Neal

Cherrie Thorne, Eleanor Libby

Gerald Burns

Jean Pelkie

Clayton Merrill

Mr. Cutts

Miriam Steeves

Francis Buker

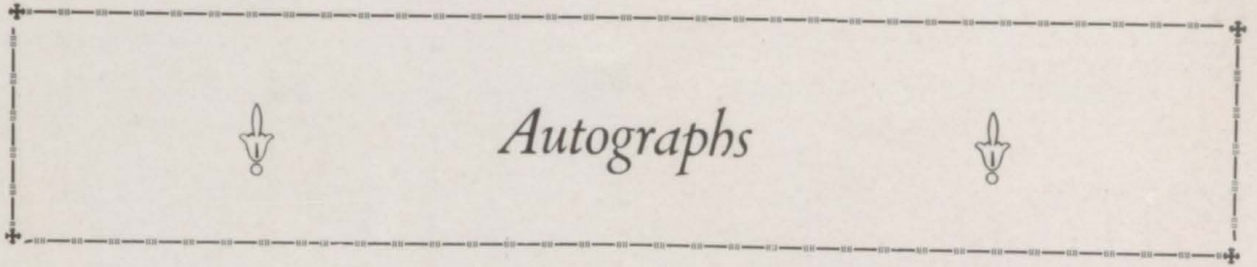
Freshman Days

School

Senior Year

INS AND OUTS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

Name	Nickname	Favorite Pastime	Greatest Failing	Favorite Expression	Ambition
Phyllis Baird	Phil	Playing the piano	Sailors	Heck!	To be a concert artist
Alice Chipman	Chippie	Staying out of school	Musicians	Horse feathers!	To own an orchestra
Myron Davis	Kabitzer	Whispering	Losing books	Oh, my goodness!	To be a statistician
Frances Fellows	Fran	Horse-back riding	Saying "I can't"	Piffle	To join the circus
Donald Hollister	Don	Cracking jokes	Blushing	Eureka!	To play big-league baseball
Dorothy Lermond	Dot	Teasing	Lack of size	Good night!	To keep things humming
Marie Libby	Ree	Entertaining	Getting disgusted	Goodness!	To marry an Earl
Mary Libby	Lefty	Talking	Peas	I wouldn't be knowing	To be a house-wife
Eva Lowell	Angel	Giggling	Butler	Oh, nuts!	To become a nurse
Lyle Martin	Lizzy	Airing his views	Over-working?	You bet yer	To prove that the Student Council should be abolished
Donlin McCormack	Mac	Sleeping	Filibustering	Let's go to town	To be a politician
Clayton Merrill	Katy	Keeping score	Parties	Oh, Bertha! (plaintively)	To be a second Mark Twain
Mahlon Merrow	Pat	Settling class disputes	Student Council	Now, I'll ask C. J.	To be a great runner
Beatrice Mills	Bea	Dancing	Out-of-town boys	Er.....	To be a beauty culturist
Bertha Smith	Smithy	Studying	A big bashful boy	Oh, G'wan!	To study dramatics
Arlene Stedman	Steddy	Motor cycling	Men	Skip-it!	To keep house in Skowhegan
Kenneth Weirs	Ken	Telling stories	One girl	Yeah, but listen to this one	To be a family man
Donald Withee	Pick	Playing horse-shoes	Red-headed school marms	That's what you think	To be a pool shark
Clara Woodbury	Clarabelle	Riding horse-back	Her Ray	Don't!!!!	To be a bus driver



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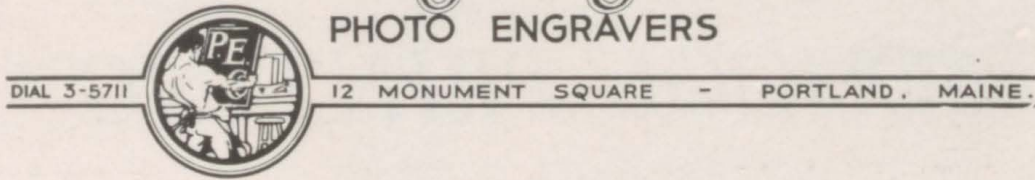
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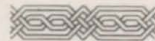
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