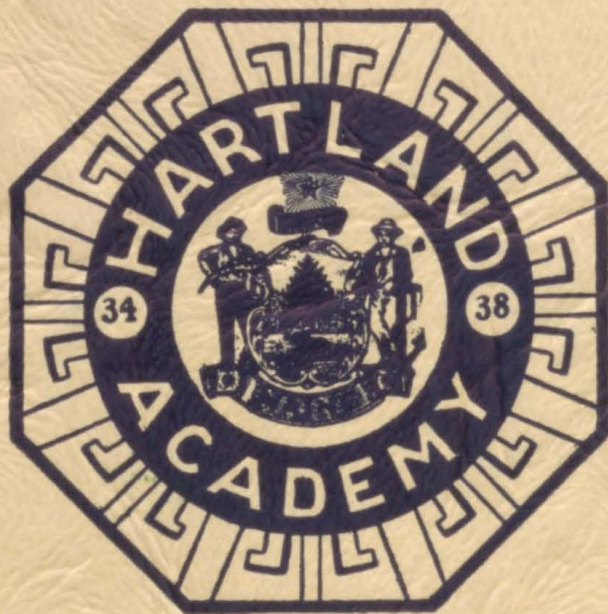
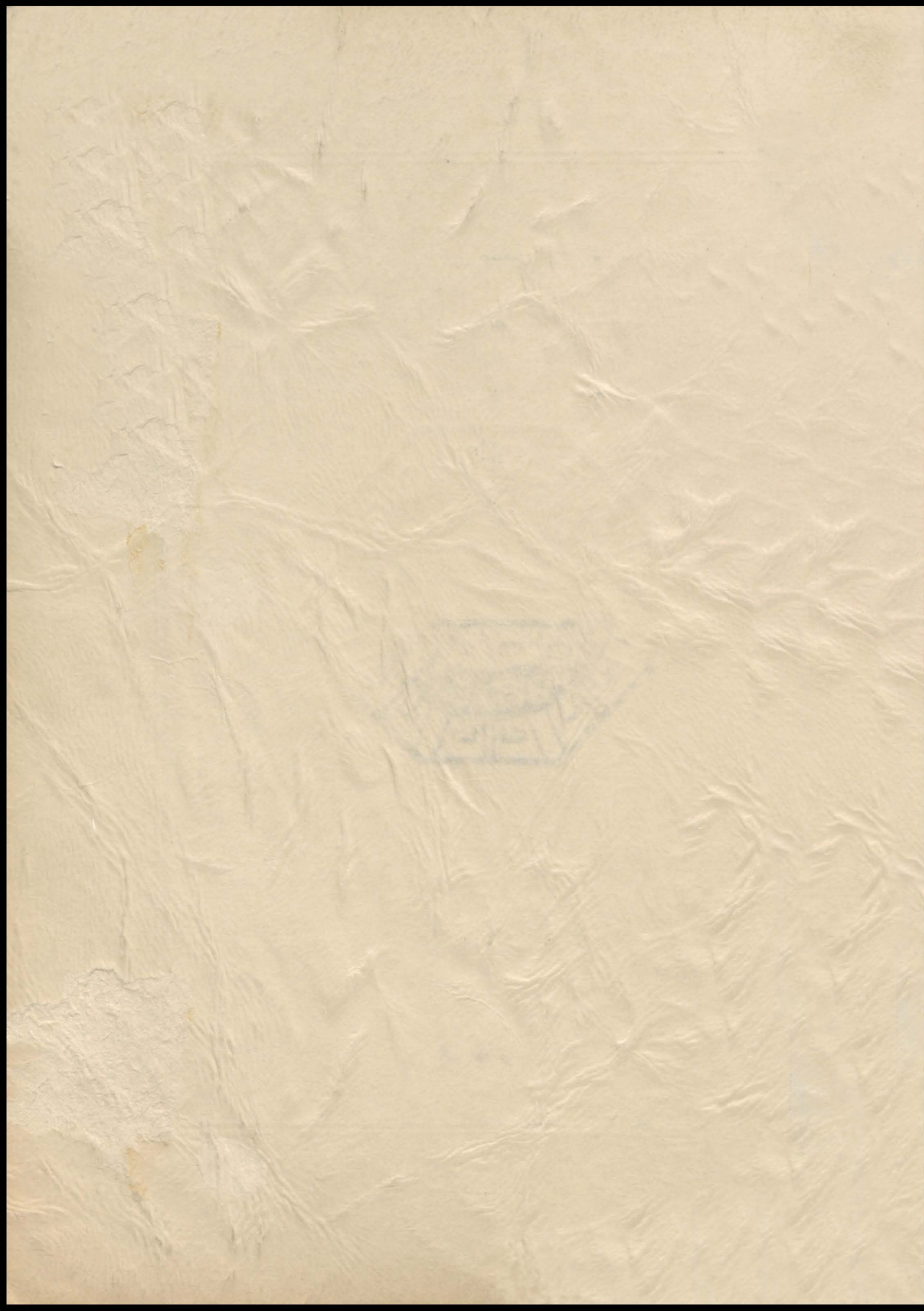


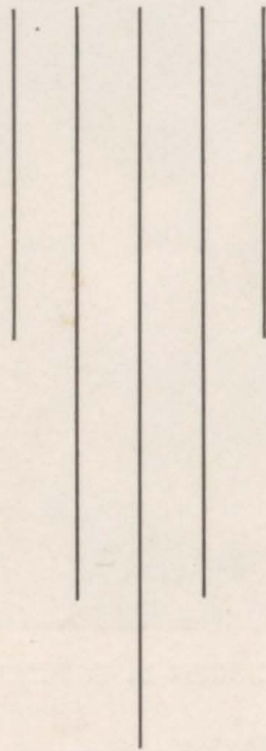
The Ripple



1938



The Ripple
of
Hartland Academy



Commencement
1938



MR. ROGER D. LOWELL

Dedication

We respectfully dedicate
this issue of
"The Ripple" to
Mr. Roger D. Lowell
who, at some time or other
has been of assistance to each and
every one of us as science
instructor, coach and friend.

The Ripple

Vol. XXIV

Hartland, Maine, 1938

No. I

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THE RIPPLE



RIPPLE BOARD

Front row: left to right—Hilda Emery, Miriam Steeves, Cherrie Thorne, Mildred Cooley, Miss Laughton, faculty adviser, Bernice Litchfield, Marguerite Wheeler, Eleanor Libby, Marion Ash,
 Middle row: Joseph Ford, Anita Baird, Howard Brown, Jean Pelkie, Selden Martin, Glenis Cunningham, James Moore.
 Back row: Lois Baird, Erlene Hughes, Leila Merrow, Patricia Gee.

EDITORIAL BOARD 1937-38

Editor-in-chief	Miriam Steeves	Assistant Joke Editor	Howard Brown
Assistant Editor	Bernice Litchfield	Exchange Editor	Mildred Cooley
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Assistant Literary Editor	Jean Pelkie	Class Representatives	
Business Manager	James Moore	Senior Class	Eleanor Libby
Assistant Business Manager	Selden Martin	Junior Class	Leila Merrow
Copy Editor	Erlene Hughes	Sophomore Class	Patricia Gee
Assistant Copy Editor	Anita Baird	Freshman Class	Glenis Cunningham
Sports Editors	Cherrie Thorne	Sub-Freshman Class	Lois Baird
	Joseph Ford	Faculty Advisers	
Joke Editor	Hilda Emery	Literary	Miss Laughton
Senior Portfolio	P. Young, A. Moulton J. Moore, A. Peterson	Business	Mr. Cutts



Senior Portfolio

MARION ARLENE ASH

Prototype: Amelia Earhart

Quotation: "You look wise. Please correct that fault."

Less easy-going than she appears... driver of the Ash taxi... secret passion to own a Lincoln Zephyr... interested in sports... witty... good sport... ambition—to attend business school... but, above all, to drive a Lincoln Zephyr.

Girls' Glee Club 1, 2; Basketball 2; Publicity Committee, Senior Play; "Ripple" Board 4.



KENNETH HAROLD BAIRD

"Weasel"

Prototype: Dizzy Dean

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

Our baseball star... good basketball player... loves to tease the girls... who admire his lovely waves... follows his car to Palmyra... it knows the way now.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1; Senior Play; Cross Country 2, 3, 4; Boys' Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Presentation of Gifts.



LONA ADELL CLARK

"Lonie"

Prototype: Helen Jacobs

Quotation: "Where there is a will there is a way."

One of the jolliest... H. A.'s tennis champ... a good pillar in the Glee Club... we note she likes Cowboy Music... her hobbies are tennis, radio, and chewing gum.

Student Council 2; Girls' Glee Club 4; Librarian 4; Prompter at Senior Play.



MILDRED BLANCHE COOLEY

Prototype: "Hoosier's School-'Marm'"

Quotation: "For nature made her what she is and never made another."

One of those rare persons who enjoy studying... honor student... drags down A's by the handful... future career a secret... but plans next year to be Dad's assistant... unsurpassed at croquet.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Latin Club 4; "Ripple" Board 4; Prompter at Senior Play; Salutatory.

KATHLEEN MARY CULLY

"Kay"

Prototype: Juliet

Quotation: "My heart is ever at your service,—"

Demure and petite miss who scored at H. A.'s hoop games...wearer of two gold basketballs...38's expertest short story writer...likes a good sport...even on the other side...Newport, for example....

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 1, 2, 3, 4; "Ripple" Board 1; Basketball Manager 4; Property Manager Senior Play.



RUSSELL EUGENE DUNLAP

Prototype: Joe Cronin

Quotation: "Thinking is but an idle waste of thought."

Baseball fan...likes sports...likes the city, too...seems to like Fords...wishes to be an aviator some day....

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Stage Manager Senior Play; Orchestra 1.



JOSEPH CARROLL FORD

"Buster"

Prototype: Glen Cunningham

Quotation: "That tower of strength which stood four square to all winds that blew."

Another all 'round sport...track, basketball, and tennis...our class farmer...with a Yankee wit...and hereditary knack for writing...We hear he's headed for B. U....

Glee Club 1, 3, 4; Student Council 3; Cross Country 3, 4; Letter winner 4; Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; "Ripple" Board 4; Winner of Tennis Tournament 3.



ERLENE VIOLET HUGHES

"Cupid"

Prototype: Ann Barclay

Quotation: "There is but one man in the world for me."

H. A.'s musical stand-by...pianist and violinist...ambition—nursing career...expects to sympathize with lame horse-back riders...booster of home town...St. Albans will miss her....

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Class Ode.



HARTLAND ACADEMY



LISTON HORATIO INMAN

"Joe"

Prototype: A doorman at the Hotel Statler.

Quotation: "I tank I go home now."

Wearer of ring bearing initials H. A. on inside... not standing for Hartland Academy, either... also a big basketball guy... likes to walk home from school... or does he?

Baseball 1, 3, 4; Letter winner 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Letter winner 4; Boys' Glee Club 4.



ELEANOR MARIE LIBBY

Prototype: Katherine Rowls

Quotation: "And name and fame and great men's praise, but love, oh! love I have it not."

She's tall, blonde... shows special prowess on tennis court... speed on the basketball floor... wearer of a gold basketball, by the way... special interests in town...

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Latin Club 1, 2; Debating 2, 4; "Ripple" Board 4; Senior Play Cast; Prophecy.



ARTHUR LITTLEFIELD

Prototype: Charlie McCarthy

Quotation: "Sometimes I sets and thinks and sometimes I just sets."

Our candy salesman... a humor questionnaire... seeking just two more inches... awful pest... never very busy... quite a dreamer...

Track 2; Senior Play Cast.



WENDELL ALBERT MARR

Prototype: Romeo

Quotation: "She should never have looked at me if she meant I should not love her."

Our curly black-haired Romeo... special interests in Palmyra and Newport... wearer of gold basketball... Senior room nuisance... big little track star... also talented orator and actor... nice smile...

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 4; Cross Country 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 3; U. of M. Prize Speaking 3; Montgomery Prize Speaking 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play Cast; Citizenship Award 3; Address to Undergraduates.

JAMES HENRY MOORE

"Jimmy"

Prototype: Samuel Goldwyn

Quotation: "I'm ever at your service."

Our school business man... with a business career ahead of him... plans to study at Washington, D. C.... mad about movies... H. A.'s theatre manager... busiest man in school... but never too rushed to be obliging....

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; President of Senior Class; Student Council 4; President; Prize Speaking 2, 3; "Ripple" Board 2, 3, 4; Business Manager of "Ripple"; Senior Play Cast.



ARDIS ELINOR MOULTON

"Pee-Wee"

Prototype: Judy Garland

Quotation: "Who can foretell for what cause, this darling of the gods was born?"

Debater, prize-speaker and actress... always on the go... expert at fancy dance steps... incurable whisperer... admired for her varied wardrobe... favorite color—blue... future—hazy... but address mail to Nasson College....

Debating 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 3, 4; Glee Club 1; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; U. of M. Prize Speaking Contest 3; Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 3; Senior Play Cast; Presentation of Gifts.



GRACE IDA PARSONS

Prototype: Pollyanna

Quotation: "I am not a politician and my other habits are good."

Rather quiet... not too much so... scared of spiders... but likes their Web(ber)s... good natured... future address... Machias Normal....

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Reporter 4.



ROBERT HOWARD PERKINS

"Pop"

Prototype: Gene Autrey

Quotation: "When I feel like exercising, I just lie down until that feeling goes away."

Incorrigible tinkerer of old clocks and Ford motors—saves his strength for doing something BIG... never hurries or loses his temper... expertly managed H. A.'s Tri-County Champs on their road to victory....

Cross Country 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Student Council 3; Basketball Manager 4; Senior Play Cast; Marshal.



HARTLAND ACADEMY



ANDREW JOHN PETERSON "Pete"

Prototype: Joe Di Maggio

Quotation: "He lights one argument on the stub of the last."

Shoots a mean foul...and not bad at stealing bases...will argue on any subject...can get B's in spite of himself...we prophesy a coaching career...via Farmington Normal...admired by the fair sex...but refuses to comment...owns silver cup for sportsmanship...

Class Treasurer 1; Student Council 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 2; Debating 3; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 2, 3, 4; Senior Play Cast; Class Will.



MIRIAM PAYSON STEEVES "Mim"

Prototype: "Betty Co-ed"

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

A most popular senior... good at writing letters, we hear... particular interests in Pittsfield... headed for a business career... has a hand in many activities... never whispers... but listens when Andrew does...

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1, 3; Prize Speaking 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 3, 4; Alumni Award 3; Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Advertising Manager of Senior Play; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Editor-in-Chief of "Ripple" 4; Essay.



NORMAN WOODLIEGH STROUT

Prototype: Abe Jenkins

Quotation: "He's a pilgrim on the path of least resistance."

Likes to drive fast...interested in sports... makes a good business manager...full of fun... speedy...well dressed...nice car...nice guy...

Baseball Manager 4; Business Manager of Senior Play; Class Ode.



CHERRIE MADELINE THORNE "Blossom"

Prototype: Madam Frances Perkins

Quotation: "Mischievous thou art afoot."

Nice name, isn't it?...Nice girl...wearer of gold basketball...scholar and athlete...likes them tall and handsome...creative talent expressed by making many clothes for herself...winner of gold sportsmanship cup...bound for U. of M....sweet smile and pleasant dark eyes...

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 2, 3, 4; All League Team 4; Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1, 4; "Ripple" Board 4; Property Manager of Senior Play; Valedictory.

MILDRED LILLIAN WENTWORTH

Prototype: A companion to a rich lady.

Quotation: "Oh come;—give us a taste of your quality."

The "Don's" have it with Mildred... expects to teach kiddies... quiet, but not uninterestingly so... nice to talk to... pleasing manners... she's going to Normal....



MARGUERITE BERTHA WHEELER "Peggy"

Prototype: Katherine Hepburn

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

Tall... our basketball center... she's got speed... heaps of fun... winner of 1937 good Citizenship Medal... enjoys riding in a Terraplane... wearer of gold basketball... ambition physical instructor....

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; "Ripple" Board 3, 4; Senior Play Cast.



OPAL LOUISE WIERS

Prototype: Minnie Mouse

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

Quiet as a mouse... demure, shy little lass... lovely complexion... hails from Palmyra... rides in the Ash taxi....

Librarian 4.



PAULINE MARY YOUNG

"Polly"

Prototype: Scarlett O'Hara

Quotation: "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."

Blond commuter from the wilds of Palmyra... M. C. I's gift to H. A.'s social circle... flirtatious whisperer and distracter of study periods... but a talented and popular addition to Hartland's debating and dramatics....

M. C. I. 1, 2, 3; Editorial Board 1, 2, 3; Editor-in-Chief 2; Freshmen Prize Speaking 1; Senior One-Act Play 3; Girl Reserves 2; Hartland Academy 4; Senior Play Cast; Debating 4; Class Treasurer 4; Latin Club 4.





MAKING THE MOST OF OPPORTUNITIES

It is very easy for a student to copy his classmate's paper and pass it in. When he has done this a number of times he thinks he has "put one over on the teacher".

But is it the teacher who is being fooled, or is it the student? The teacher can usually tell by recitations, tests, and exams whether the student has been doing his own work or not.

This kind of person is the one who says: "I don't care as long as I pass", and "all I worry about is getting by."

But is "getting by" and "passing" all that a student needs to worry about? No! One should make the most of his opportunities for education. Nowadays very few people can get good positions without a high school education. Still better positions are open to college graduates. Now doesn't this prove that the persons with the best educations are the ones who get the highest salaries?

The careless student says, "Oh, well, tomorrow will take care of itself"; but when the next day comes he often wishes he had made a few plans the day before.

So why not play fair and make the most of the opportunities that we have?

Elsie Ford, '40

Dear Ripple Editor:

We, the pupils of Hartland Academy, can not maintain our high standards as the best athletes competing in the Tri-County League, if we are not supported by the student body.

We are thinking in particular of our basketball teams, who are struggling to win, and of their low-priced games which are open to everyone! Come cheer them on!

We are losing many of our good basketball players this year in our present senior class. Who will take their places? They took many hard knocks to gain those gold basketballs. They were not born basketball players.

We are proposing that more of the freshman boys and girls go out for this game next year. Have school spirit. Those who can't play can cheer on the teams.

Come on, Freshmen! We can always gain another cup. You have only three more years to work for H. A.

Sincerely yours,
Florence Bishop, '40

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

A girl can't be a gentleman. A boy can be and some are. A gentleman isn't a sissy. Some boys say, "I don't care whether I do act like a gentleman. Gentlemen are sissies." This is not so. Boys who speak in this way are too lazy to find out what a gentleman really is.

No one who pulls a girl's hair, steps on her feet, and walks in front of her is a gentleman. A girl doesn't want someone to be forever bowing, and saying, "pardon me", but a boy who does act like a gentleman makes things nicer.

But merely an occasional "excuse me" does not make a boy perfect. A real gentleman is not polite in one respect and rude in another. He resists such temptations as pulling girls' hair, deliberately tripping his class mates, and slouching down to his shoulder-blades for fear of being called on in class.

School is not the only place boys forget their manners. Although most of them are courteous to their mothers, I hope, some do forget themselves when an old maid aunt comes to visit the family. Teasing an aunt about the boy friends she hasn't had is like putting cold water on a burned finger.

All this leads up to what a gentleman is. Here's a definition: A gentleman is a boy who doesn't.

Hilda Emery, '39

FAN FOLLY

To Robert Taylor it was I wrote
Begging him for just a note,
For he, a dark and handsome hero
Can raise my temperature from zero.

The heart-throb lies upon the mat
And passes out with gesture sportin'
While I am laughing with and at
The antics of E. E. Horton.

J. M., '38

Book Review

The "Ripple" recommends books as "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn".

"NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER"

by Richard Halliburton

"New Worlds to Conquer" tells about a sea-loving boy who ran away from home when he was ten years old and returned ten years later laden with knowledge and experience.

However, instead of merely traveling to the historic spots which he wished to see, he made believe to himself that he was re-discovering new lands by going over the same route that many famous men had gone before him. He traveled through dense jungles, climbed snow-bound mountains, and crossed hundreds of miles of oceans to see if he could get the same thrill that had been experienced by famous men before him.

Some of his accomplishments were swimming the Panama Canal, visiting Devil's Island where France's most desperate criminals are put, traveling over the same route that Pizarro, Cortez, and Columbus had sailed, and living for a month on the island where Robinson Crusoe is supposed to have been isolated.

Richard Halliburton, who tells this story of his own life, is the most colorful and descriptive writer of any whose studies I have ever read. The humor of his writing makes the story a delightful one to read.

Joseph Ford, '38

"UPLANDS"

Mary Ellen Chase

"Uplands", one of Mary Ellen Chase's earlier books, has for its setting the sea coast of Maine.

With the coming of spring something new and strange came into Martha Crosby's life. As she sat on the doorstep with the pale moonlight gleaming on the white pear trees that bordered the pasture fence and the frogs in the pasture swamp making the still air resonant, she suddenly became aware of the

strange longing she did not understand. What did she want? To go away from North Dorset, with its barren upland farms and its grey close-tongued people, to Dorset village where there were movies twice a week? To be freed from kitchen things and have time for pear blossoms and sunlight? To find someone somewhere who was feeling as she felt and could help her understand it?

The story deals with Jarvis Craig and Martha Crosby, who before becoming conscious of each other, feared North Dorset, its rocky soil, its silent winter, their six months' fight each year against it, and their overcoming this fear. Miss Chase tells of the deep feeling they had for nature and of Martha's grief when Jarvis was crushed to death beneath the wheel of a wagon. The book records how Martha bore her grief in silence and how at last she found comfort beneath the roof of Jarvis' parents.

Mary Ellen Chase knows how the struggle against the soil kills the happiness of the people, and overshadowing all the beautiful and cheerful things around them, causes them to live a life of drudgery.

Cherrie Thorne, '38

NORTH TO THE ORIENT

Anne Morrow Lindbergh

This story is a travel narrative describing the events of the flight which Charles Lindbergh and his wife made in 1931, from Long Island north to China.

In a simple style Anne tells of the preparations for the flight and of her numerous difficulties in learning to operate a radio. After giving these details she devotes one chapter to telling of each stop that she and her husband made during the flight. Mrs. Lindbergh has a sense of drama and she tells of her experiences at these stops with animation and feeling.

Having merely read her story, one can easily discern some of the characteristics of the author. She is a fine sport. Grace, sincerity, a queer sense of humor and modesty are other outstanding features in her likeable character.

Her method of putting in parentheses her own reactions to things which happen pleased me. To anyone who likes travel stories, here is one containing either humor or clear, accurate description on each page.

Eleanor Libby, '38

“AS THE EARTH TURNS”

by Gladys Hasty Carroll

“As The Earth Turns”, by Gladys Hasty Carroll, is a thoroughly American novel—the story of a year in the life of a large New England family dependent upon the soil for its existence.

In this one year the Shaws experience birth, death, marriage, revolt within the family, success for one of the sons in the outside world and the coming of foreign neighbors to mingle their ways and blood with the native Yankee.

Jen, the central figure of the group, stands forth as an unforgettable character, a true daughter of the soil. She is serene, fine-fibered and plucky. Jen moves from task to task, through good fortune and bad with a deep content in the land, the seasons, and finally in her own romance.

The author is consistently firm in her characterization, so that every member of the Shaw family becomes a distinct individual. Her writing is also rich in humor.

The fact that Miss Carroll is from Maine where she watched the four seasons swing round as a child in the house her grandfather built and in which her father was born has given her a firm and true foundation for her book, “As The Earth Turns”.

Mildred Cooley, '38

SEASON'S SIGNALS

Frogs are chirping in the pond;
I love their cheery notes.
Birds are singing at the dawn
As if to burst their throats.

Grass is growing under foot
A rich and brighter green.
By the farmer at his plow
The wild geese have been seen.

Soon the lilacs will be blooming
Glowing a purple haze.
The sky is of a dreamy blue,
Clouds a fleecy maze.

Get your seeds and hoe and spade.
Here's no time for rest.
Of all the seasons of the year,
Springtime is the best.

Vivian McGowan, '40

A PEACEFUL AMERICA

(Extract from senior essay)

America! What is called to your mind when you hear this word? It reminds you of a free and independent country in which the people can live their own lives, speak their own thoughts without fear of governmental intervention. Every loyal American considers a peaceful and democratic country the best in which to live. How can America avoid the disaster of war?

Let us consider the problem. To-day we have many organizations that deal with peace. Youths by the thousands rise militantly to subscribe to “Anti-War Pledges”. To the enthusiastic approval of every plain citizen, radios blare forth the national determination to keep clear of the European and far Eastern mass murders and suicides. But regardless of this, war is by no means licked. History has shown us that these organizations for peace can be effectively turned, by a twist of the wrist, into propaganda-machines for war. Only once before have we seen such sentiment for peace. That was just before the World War. The American Peace Society was riding high, and war, in the eyes of this organization, was too horrible for men to face.

The first Nobel Peace Prize was given in 1901, and Andrew Carnegie donated several million dollars to “hasten the abolition of international warfare.” In fact everyone thought war an impossibility—public opinion was so much against it.

Suddenly war was declared in Europe between Germany and France. The knowledge that America might be drawn into the conflict was very discomfiting; nevertheless an undercurrent of pleasant excitement began to dominate certain Americans. Citizens were getting a thrill from their fear of war.

What happened to all the peace societies? They merely gave that slight twist of the wrist which I mentioned and began printing propaganda in favor of war. In fact, the American Peace Society declared that judicial set-

tlement of international disputes was for the first time impractical and that the only way to stop the war was to win it. Hence, we see that so-called peace organizations are likely to prove very ineffective when the moment of war actually arrives.

The only way in which the United States can hope to keep out of foreign wars is by declaring a complete neutrality toward warring countries and having nothing whatsoever to do with them. What does it matter if corporations lose a few thousand dollars in trade? What is that compared to the many lives that might be lost? How important are a few paltry dollars when, in war, the youth of the warring countries is completely demolished—either killed outright or disabled mentally and physically?

This country is crippled until the next generation grows up; and then the few men who took no part in the last conflict, who stayed at home and made their blood money, are prime for another war.

One of the faults of the America of today is her interference in foreign affairs that do not concern her for the purpose of defending the money-making rackets of a few vested interests. The only way to prevent this practice and yet not detract from the honor of so great a nation as ours is, putting it bluntly, to mind our own business. In other words, we should not go to war unless it is in defense of our own country and on our own soil.

Andrew Peterson, '38

A NEW ENGLAND ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

A New England apple orchard in the spring
Is beautiful to see.
Every little breeze brings the fragrance
Of each pink and white apple tree.
And often from the leaves in some secluded
spot
A robin may be heard.
Singing and chirping to some far-off bird.
You may talk about famous movies, coming
parties,
And your new spring hat,
The most popular songs, the latest dance
steps,
And all other things like that.
But for all these jazzy pleasures that you
crave
I wouldn't give a dime.
Take me to an old New England orchard in
apple blossom time.

Shirley Neal, '38

THE LITTLE ORPHAN'S PRAYER

Dannie, in a blue denim orphan's suit, was slowly trudging back to the large, towering brick building. As Dannie came to the gate, he looked up and gazed thoughtfully at the sign above, "The Orphan's Home." Dannie's heart sank and two big tears rolled down his cheek while he bit his lip harder and harder to keep it from trembling. Presently he proceeded up the walk, pushed open the swinging door of the building and clambered up the stairs.

His room, dreary and grey, hardly gave the comfort he wished for so he knelt at the window-sill, with his hands folded and his eyes gazing up at the stars. Softly and fervently he began to pray:

"Dear God, please look down from those stars up dere. I knows YOU'LL understand what I wants to say. I'se so lonesome, all alone—please Lord—I wants—I wants a mama to kiss me goodnight. I wants—a daddy to play with me—like in my story books. Please, please send me a mama and daddy—to love me."

His voice choked and he pitifully sobbed and murmured, "Amen."

Almost instantly he scrambled to his feet, for sharp, clicking footsteps could be heard in the corridor. The door opened and the stern matron was revealed.

"Be in the dining room, at once," she said.

As he entered the room, a brilliant Christmas tree greeted his eyes. Santa Claus handed him a large teddy bear; Dannie clutched it in his grimy hands and slid from the crowd, back to his room again. On a stool before the clock, he watched the hands of the clock as they moved—ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock. So absorbed was Dannie that he did not hear the door as it opened; likewise, he failed to see the handsome middle-aged man and a lovely gray-haired woman until they murmured, "Dannie."

He turned and looked in awe. Could he believe the words he was hearing? Were these lovely people really his father and mother? Had God answered his prayer?

While trying to understand he found himself being bundled into a luxurious, shiny car.

He couldn't understand that his father and mother had been hunting for their little gold-

en-haired son for years, but he did know that God had answered his prayer, even though he had been an uncared for orphan boy.

Bernice Litchfield, '39

A SCARE

Have you ever spoken in a prize speaking contest? I have, and the ordeal that one must go through before-hand is no picnic.

It was one Wednesday morning before prize speaking that Mr. Cutts informed me that I was to speak in Mrs. Connelly's room in the middle of the third period. From that minute on, I shook with fright. I didn't mind the fact that I was getting out of civics, which came the third period, but the thought of speaking before the third and fourth grades made my blood run cold.

The middle of the third period came too soon, and I found myself walking the last mile toward Mrs. Connelly's room. Mr. Cutts was waiting in the hall for me, and we entered the room together, as would the victim with the chaplain on his way to the electric chair, the latter praying in order to give the victim courage.

Mr. Cutts announced the name of my piece and I began to speak. My mouth felt dry, but I struggled on. My knees made a noise like the steady tattoo of a drum, my mouth quivered, and I felt hot, then cold. I was nearly finished when my nerves got the best of me, and I skipped a paragraph. I stopped, looked embarrassed, and waited for Mr. Cutts to correct me. He did so, and I continued.

In the next to the last paragraph, something happened to my throat, for my voice came in a whisper. I said the first word of the sentence several times, but I had to cough before I could get the second word to come.

By that time I was red in the face and all the more frightened. I finally got to the end, however, bowed, and made my exit as quickly as possible.

Never is there such a scare as when one speaks before an audience.

Leila Merrow

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

As the thundering train came to a halt, a lovely lady dressed in an ermine wrap descended, grasped me in her arms, and kissed me.

"My darling nephew," she cooed, "to think that I have not seen you for five years seems almost impossible. How is auntie's little sugar bun?"

"I-er-you," I tried to gasp, but she cut me off.

"You cunning little thing, you have hardly changed since I saw you last—those same dancing brown eyes and the same jet black hair. Where is your mother, dear?"

"She, er-I-ah-you—" I just couldn't say it. My tongue seemed to cling to the roof of my mouth.

"How are your father, sisters, and all your family? Why don't you answer me, honey?"

"You've made, er—," I tried to say.

"Didn't you miss your auntie all the time she was in Europe?"

"I'm not your nephew, you blundering female." I managed to bellow at her at last.

"You're not my nephew?" she gasped in amazement.

"Why, no," I admitted, "I'm just Tom Brown. I came here to meet my brother and here he comes now."

The lady turned and walked unassuredly into the station.

Bertram Thorne, '41

SPRING SADNESS

I'll never see this spring again. This year Spring is not beautiful. I find it sad. The bare trees make me think that I will be So soon alone like spring to face a world Yet wintry. But I know that spring brings good.

With her this year she's bringing promises— Promises of a future held for me. And yet I'll never see this spring again.

Ardis Moulton, '38

THE LITTLE GOLD BOX

A friend of mine owned a big farm about ten miles from the main highway. In order to cut the hay he was obliged to get a crew of men to stay in the old abandoned house, situated just below the barn.

As a friend of his, I was invited to spend a week of our vacation with him. At one time, probably a hundred years ago, this house was someone's beautiful old home. The house was very well built. Even in its old age it was very substantial. The rooms were high posted

THE RIPPLE

and many of them still held the mirrored-in walls and ancient pictures.

One of the rooms held a great fascination for me. Each day that I watched the men in the fields or in the great barn I would soon lose interest and wander back to this room. It was exactly as the old gentleman, Mr. Roncello, had left it. Some of his papers were lying on the big desk. This room must have been his study. It contained a fireplace, rows and rows of beautiful old books, easy chairs, and what seemed to hold my interest most, the lovely grandfather clock over in one corner of the room.

My friend, Ralph Roncello, had told me about Mr. Roncello's strange will. It read something like this:

To my beloved grandson, Ralph Roncello, I will my home, land, and entire furnishings. Also, to the person who is lucky enough to find it, I will a small, gold box with my life's savings. There may, and again, there may not be a fortune in this box, but the person who finds it, I hope will prove himself worthy of my trust.

Signed,

Alexander H. Roncello

Witnessed by:

Lawyer Robert Hamilton
Lucy L. Foster (a maid)

Now this old home had been searched from top to bottom no less than a hundred times by different members of the family. At last, after many years of search, they had given up and decided that the old gentleman must have been just queer.

It was the last night of my visit in this beautiful old house. The men were all gathered in the servants' quarters, telling of their weird experiences, ghost stories and later relating again the almost forgotten story of Mr. Roncello. I listened to every word. The story always held me as though an unseen hand was gripping me.

I could see that Ralph was also very much interested by the story. This was his first year at cutting the hay and these men were all big, burly fellows, who, because their stories were so weird had Ralph and me very much in their power. I felt almost as though I were being hypnotized. I tried to throw off the feeling but could not.

The men finally suggested retiring for the night, their day in the hay field had been a hard one. After they were all gone, Ralph decided that we had better lock up and get a little sleep too, as I had to catch the early train the following morning.

At last the house was in utter darkness and so very, very quiet that it gave me a feeling that someone was watching me from every corner. I am sure that I fell asleep immediately. What seemed hours later, I was suddenly awakened by the feeling that someone was moving in the room. I felt on the other side of the bed and Ralph was gone. I slid out of bed and followed this moving form out of the room; down the winding stairs, through the large hall, and into the beautiful study that had so fascinated me during my vacation. This room was aglow with moonlight and I could see clearly that the form I had been following was that of Ralph. He went straight and unhesitatingly to the grandfather clock in the far corner of the room. He opened the big glass door in the front of the clock, stopped the clock and opened a little door in the huge pendulum. He then took out a round, gold box. This, I realized, was Mr. Roncello's box containing his life savings.

Ralph smiled a satisfied smile and put the box back. He started the clock again and preceded me back to bed.

I was awakened early the next morning, but Ralph was up ahead of me. The men were all eating breakfast as I entered the dining room. I watched Ralph intently, but he did not show a trace of guilt so I decided he must have been walking in his sleep and, therefore, knew nothing of what he had done during the night.

I waited until the men were in the field and then told Ralph of what I had watched him do. We rushed to the great clock, opened the huge glass door in its front and can you imagine our amazement when we found that the huge pendulum was perfectly flat. Ralph looked at me with a twinkle in his eye and said, "Your supper and the old Roncello story got the best of you, sonny."

Although this incident happened two years ago, I always feel embarrassed whenever I think of revisiting the old farm at haying time. Thus, "The Mystery of the Little Gold Box" still remains unsolved.

Selden Martin, '39

FOOTBALL

Were you ever at a football game?
 Well, I was once.
 I watched the game for the two first quarters.
 Then I studied the people sitting around me.
 College is a grand thing.
 And all the people around me were from college,
 Dressed warmly in fur coats or heavy polos,
 Plaid steamer rugs wrapped around them,
 Blonde dolls clinging to their escorts,
 Brunettes waving their banners and cheering,
 A player with the ball darts down the field.
 The band plays, the crowd rises and cheers wildly.
 A few may know what for; some do; most don't.
 The boys wear raccoon coats.
 They jump around and hug the girls when scores are made.
 Everyone is eating—
 Popcorn, candy, ice cream, hotdogs, and peanuts,
 They make me hungry.
 And then it's over and they're yelling:
 "Hurrah!" "We won!" "Great game!" "Some playing, wasn't it?"
 Next time you go to a football game,
 Watch the crowd.
 It's part of the game.

Ardis Moulton, '38

HOW TO BE A BORE

To be a successful bore you must have continuous practice. This means twenty-four hours a day of finding fault and telling stories about yourself. There are many programs for becoming a bore but I find the following one the most effective.

Rise early in the morning and eat breakfast; then find fault about it. Tell your hostess about what good biscuits your mother used to make. Then say, "If I were you, I'd put in a little more salt. They tasted rather flat. I'll never forget the day that I made my first biscuits. Yes, sir, they were surely good. I remember the recipe said to use sour milk but I says, 'no, sir, nothing's too good for me', so I used sweet milk."

When you meet your friends, if any, bring fishing into the conversation. Since everyone can tell big fish stories, to become a real bore simply tell the biggest one.

You must also be careful in choosing your career if you do not want it to interfere with your being a successful bore. The following vocations might help you in your hobby: be a radio comedian like "Amos" or "Andy"; write

a book, for example, "Manners for Millions" or teach school like

Arthur Smith, '39

THE RAIN

Like a gentle joy descending,
 Comes the pleasant rain;
 Fairer now the flowers are growing,
 Gladder waves the grain;
 Children's voices now are ringing,
 And their beaming eyes shine brighter,
 While inside their hearts a-singing
 Makes their feet grow lighter.

Oh the rain! It is a blessing
 On the forest, field and mountain;
 Sweeter than the sun's caressing
 To birds bathing in the fountain.
 Beautiful and bright and chill,
 Comes the rain down with a patter
 To watch it fall gives me a thrill
 For there's music in its clatter.
 The sky is growing lighter;
 And the rain will soon be over,
 Now, as the heavens grow brighter,
 The sun shines on the clover.

Donald Goodwin, '40

WATER IN SPRING

Little silver brooklet rushing over the rocks
 Tells a tale of happiness at it trickles by;
 Its course doesn't end by the distant docks,
 It keeps moving free as the birds in the sky.

Big majestic river ever flowing on
 In the tide of flood-time raging full and free—
 It never ceases flowing from evening until dawn
 Houses, trees, and humans crushed by its high-tide spree.

Rugged ocean water flooding decks and bows
 Waves of great capacity driving ships below;
 Leaving in their wake stillness all around,
 Here end the brooks and rivers in the ocean's constant flow.

Marguerite Wheeler, '38

INTERVIEW WITH MR. DEERING

Mr. Albert Deering, who has served so long as janitor at H. A., consented to answer a few questions put to him by our staff reporter.

When Mr. Deering paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow and to pick up some papers (dropped there by the worthy Freshmen) from the Auditorium floor, our reporter began to question him.

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"Mr. Deering, just how many years have you been with us?"

"Eighteen," answered Mr. Deering, preparing to sweep some more.

"Just a moment please, Mr. Deering, I have a few questions to ask you if you don't mind," replied our reporter.

"Very well," consented Mr. Deering, as if glad to rest for a moment.

"During these many long years what do you consider your most exciting experience?"

He scratched his head thoughtfully at this and then said, "Well, I guess it's keeping the students quiet, keeping them from tearing down the building."

"Mr. Deering, do you think the boys or the girls cause you more hard work?"

Mr. Deering looked around him and then grunted, "Ump, what a foolish question to ask me!"

"Very well, Mr. Deering, if you don't want to answer that one it will be all right. Now, how do you feel Saturday morning when you enter the main room after a Friday night social?"

"Oh, I feel good, but when I come out I feel better," replied Mr. Deering dryly.

"How will you get along after the present Senior Class has left you?"

"Oh, the Seniors don't bother me," he replied. "Now go along and let me get my work done."

"Sure, in a minute, just a few more questions. What changes have you seen in the school since you came here?"

"Umm, I've seen a lot of them, um," replied Mr. Deering starting to get up.

"Oh, come, sir, just a couple more questions, please. Does it seem to you that the pupils act worse than they did a few years ago?"

"Don't ask me such foolish questions. I've got work to do," exclaimed Mr. Deering impatiently.

"Just one more, Mr. Deering. Don't you think it would be advisable for the United States Government to consider an eight hour day for Janitors?"

"No, I don't think so. Couldn't do the work in eight hours. Would need three janitors here to do the work."

"All right, Mr. Deering. Thank you," said our reporter making as graceful an exit as possible.

But as he departed, Mr. Deering was still muttering under his breath, "Humph! Foolish questions"

Howard Brown, '40

I WONDER WHY

I wonder why I have to write a poem anyhow
It ain't in me, and I just don't know how.
To hear teacher talk, you'd think 'twas funny;
That all you got to do is put some stuff together
and you've got a honey.
But I tell ye now, she just don't know
It's ever so much worsen'n a sore toe.
I had to set down and meditate
I chawed my nails till they all was ate
I almost decided not to hand one in
But if I didn't she'd ask to hear it sure as sin.
Finally I got a book of poems by "Tater",
If I could just find one, I wouldn't set up
much later.

There was poetry from cover to cover
But they didn't none of 'um sound like me so
I had to write another.

I thought and thought and wrote and wrote
Till my head and my hand was just about
broke.

Teacher said twarn't so awful good,
But I tell ye, I done the best I could.

Marion Ash, '38

A RIDE WITH MIDNIGHT

"Bob, I do wish we could ride Midnight. He would be the fastest runner in the country if only someone could break him in", Dick was saying to his older brother.

"Dick, there is no one here. We are alone. I'm going to ride Midnight. Mother is gone and she'll never know."

"You can't," replied Dick. "You'll get hurt. He'll kill you, Bob. You can't ride Midnight!"

"Come, I'm going to the barn," the older boy answered assuredly.

Dick said no more but horrid pictures were racing through his mind as he followed his older brother to the barn; the beautiful black horse squealing, rearing, jumping sickeningly, and Bob on his back. It was terrible! Once more he pleaded.

"Please, Bob, don't do it. Riding Midnight would break Mother's heart."

"Mother won't know because I'll be just as O. K. when I get through with Midnight as I am now."

No more was said. Midnight was tied, ready for Bob to mount. Very calmly Bob climbed the rails and settled easily on Midnight's back as the horse squealed and reared, realizing the weight on his back.

"Untie him, Dick." As soon as the horse was untied, Bob and Midnight were out in the yard like a flash of lightning. It seemed to be days while Bob was out there. Dick was no longer frightened. Bob was conquering Midnight. "Stick to him, Bob. Don't let him get the best of you. You're doing fine, old boy!"

Just then Midnight gave a great leap and with a snort and hurried back to his stall and Bob lay on the ground very still. He soon recovered and picked himself up.

"One more little ride will bring him to his senses. He is as much as broken now, Dick I knew I could do it."

"You haven't done it yet, boy," was the younger brother's reply.

One evening about a week later the boys came in from the barn and found their mother very sick with a heart spell. It was after dark. What were they going to do? The car had no gasoline, there was no telephone and it was five miles to town.

"Bring the lantern, Dick. Don't tell Mother. I can ride Midnight to town. I've got to. Mother is almost gone."

The boys slipped quietly to the stall of the beautiful black horse.

"Midnight, you've got to let me ride you tonight, ol' boy. Mistress is very sick. It's up to you to help her. You will, Midnight, I know you will," Bob whispered through the crack at the front of Midnight's stall.

Midnight pranced, snorted, and reared three or four times, but finally gave in as Bob turned him from the drive into the long winding road that led to town.

Dick made his way back to the house. "Mother," he said, "Bob has gone after the doctor. He's riding Midnight. They have gone. Be quiet and they'll soon be here."

Dick's words were proved to be right. It was soon, and Bob had the first ride on Midnight.

Jean Pelkie, '39

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

In this school I've gained some knowledge
And now I've come to know
Alas, what seems so simple—
That erasers aren't to throw.

As I sit in this room alone
I've thought and thought each day
If we'd listen to our teachers,
We'd rarely go astray.

I cannot tell you so in words,
But hope you'll understand
I'll try to cause less trouble;
On this I'll give my hand.

I'll discard selfish motives
And think thoughts clean and high;
I'll make a little Eden
Of this room I occupy.

It has taught me one grand lesson,
So I'll make a good fresh start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrapbook of my heart.

Selden Martin, '39

FALL

The cold winds shriek through the trees;
The skies are grey;
The hills no more are green;
They are brown from the frost.
The sun seems cold in its pale light.
But in our hearts there is cheer,
So we gather the harvest;
Then we sit around the fireside;
Cracking nuts and spinning yarns.

There are shadows on the wall;
All the children are in bed;
Everything is quiet as one starts up stairs;
The flame on the candle flickers;
As if to go out.
The cold winds still shriek outside.

Kathleen Cully

WHO'S CRAZY?

The following conversation is what a person might hear, standing in the corridors of H. A. In room 3 is Miss Laughton's English class, in room 4 is Mr. Cutt's algebra class, in room 5 is Mr. Lowell's biology class, and in the auditorium is Mr. Qualey's history class. Listen!

Miss L.: "Now in the next scene, Miss Gee, you may be . . ."

Mr. L.: "a horned toad that . . ."

Mr. Q.: "hung King John II until dead."

Miss L.: "Brown, please continue being. . ."

Mr. L.: "a seacow that ate. . ."

Mr. C.: "Phinney and fell twenty feet. . ."

Miss L.: "into a nest of frog's eggs."

Mr. C.: "Now, Parkman, don't say 'ain't'.

Miss Laughton teaches you how. . ."

Mr. L.: "to catch bullfrogs in the winter."

Mr. C.: "I don't see why Emerson doesn't show Rice how to . . ."

Brown (reading): "kiss the fair lady like. . ."

Mr. L.: the mudturtle that. . ."

Mr. Q.: "started the French and Indian War."

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Mr. C.: "Chipman, you remind me of a . . .
Mr. L.: "wild pig which lives in. . .
Mr. Q.: "President Roosevelt's home. Now, Miss Wilber, can't you ever pay attention to. . .
Brown (reading): "an idiot like me. . .
Mr. L.: "what is the animal that. . .
Mr. C.: "just learned to add and subtract, like Phinney. . . ."
As the world goes around and around, so does this.

Patricia Gee, '40

MAKING A TIMELY ACQUAINTANCE

A tall, be-whiskered and stately looking gentleman entered and handed James Moore, Hartland Academy's gate-keeper at basketball games, a two dollar bill in payment of his fare to see the game. He was accompanied by a man whom he addressed as "Captain." With a "keep the change" directed at James, he and his companion began a quiet, unhurried survey of their surroundings, strolling about apparently oblivious to the attention that he was attracting. And he was attracting attention, for he was garbed in the style of dress worn by the country squires in England during the early part of the eighteenth century. He had a smile and a word for everyone, although in many cases a cold stare in return was his only reward.

As I passed James' station by the door he stopped me with, "Hey, Marion, do you know who that ancient looking guy is?" Now I knew that I had never seen him before, but I felt that he was vaguely familiar, that I had either heard of him or read of him, but I could not tell which. So I answered, "No. Do you?" He said no, but that the man's characteristics reminded him of someone that he couldn't place.

The game was now started and I rushed down stairs. There was the gentleman sitting in as dignified a position as possible, considering that he was perched up in the back row of one of the bleachers.

The game was fast and exciting and soon he clambered to a standing position that he might see better. The referee and players now saw him for the first time and while they were recovering from the sight of this apparition, Marguerite Wheeler and "Kay" Cully—they had seen him previously—took ad-

vantage of the opportunity, sailed down the floor with the ball, and we had no sooner shouted, "We want a basket," than we had one.

At times when the game lagged a little we would find the gentleman inspecting such trivialities as the water fountain. One would think that he had never seen such things before. I found out later that he hadn't. In fact it seemed to be the little things, rather than those of greater importance that attracted his attention. Occasionally he would take his stand on one of the bleachers where he could view the crowd. He appeared deeply interested in the game and, although very dignified, he could shout with the best of us.

Well, just before the last game was finished he took the vacant seat beside me and immediately started questioning me enthusiastically on basketball technique. When the game was finished he expressed a desire to go to the floor and try a shot, and asked me to go on and give him a few practical hints as to shooting baskets. As we passed Mr. Lowell, my companion wanted to know who it was and I answered, "That is one of my teachers, Mr. Lowell—Roger Lowell." His face beamed. "Do you suppose that he was named after me? Sir Roger de Coverley is a name quite well known, I think." Of course, I didn't let on that I hadn't known who he was, but his remark gave me an opportunity. Before we parted company that night I had enough information pertaining to his life and surroundings so that I felt confident that I could pass that test over the Sir Roger de Coverly paper on Monday morning.

Marion Ash, '38

IN THE MORNING

Silence reigns.
Night remains.
Stars are clear.
The moon is near.

Silence reigns.
Silver skeins
Mark the wings
Morning flings.

Darkness wanes.
Daylight reigns
On our sphere.
Morn is here.

Norman Strout, '38

THE OLD APPLE TREE

The night was dark and rainy
 And my room was very cold;
 So I heaped the fire in the fireplace
 With apple-tree boughs so old,
 I sat before the fire
 And watched the embers glow
 And I dreamed of that old apple tree
 As it grew so long ago.

I saw a fair maiden stroll slowly
 Beneath the blossoms white
 As she waited for her lover
 Under the stars so bright;
 For he was to leave in the morning
 To fight for his country dear,
 And she vowed as they kissed in parting:
 "I'll be true to you, never fear."

I see them next in the orchard.
 Their hair has turned to grey;
 For many and happy have been the years
 That have passed along their way.
 This old tree has shared the secrets
 Of many a happy pair,
 And I watched it turn to ashes
 As I sat there in my chair.

Cherrie Thorne, '38

MY FIVE TRIALS

I have so many trials
 They never will be done;
 For instance, there is history,
 That's Trial Number One.

And when it comes to keeping books
 I never shall get through
 Because we get so far behind;
 That's Trial Number Two.

And as for taking English
 I really can not see
 Why we take "The Reader's Digest"
 Making Trial Number Three.

Spelling and Writing are mixed in,
 They both have made me sore;
 It's hard to get a paper right,
 Here's Trial Number Four.

French is another trial
 But as sure as I'm alive
 If I could dodge translation
 There'd be no Number Five.

Erlene Hughes, '38

THE SENIOR ROOM

(Before the Fire)

After two weeks' vacation I expected the senior room to look a little different. But as I stepped through the door the same old sight was before me. Five uneven rows of desks

sprawled the length of the room; they looked even harder than they had two weeks before. The bare walls seemed to stare back at me. The only ornaments in the room consisted of a single picture at the front of the room and a withered Christmas wreath hanging in the center window. As I stepped farther into the room the two radiators hissed forbiddingly as if warning me of some impending evil. I shuddered to think of the five, long, weary, months that lay before me.

Andrew Peterson, '38

MY FRIEND

I could sail the waters of all the world,
 Bitter and wild and blue,
 And never find a friend to love.
 Like the friend I've found in you.
 I could walk down all the roads of the world,
 And knock on the doors forever,
 And never I'd find a friend like you,
 Never, Never, Never.

Eleanor Libby, '38

THUMPS AT MIDNIGHT

Thump, thump, thump! In the middle of the night, I awoke with the strange thought that I was alone in the house. Mother and Dad had gone out to play cards. Everything flashed through my mind, a ghost, a burglar. Oh! Oh! Why hadn't I gone with them? Yi! What touched me? Oh! I hit the bed post. Suppose the burglar heard me?

Thump, thump, thump! That weary sound again. Having enough courage to look at my clock, I saw it was half past twelve.

"What's t-h-a-t? S-p-e-a-k or I'll shoot." I was about to scream for the police for I really had no gun, when I realized I was addressing my white shirt that I'd left last night on the chair back. Where was my pop gun, to make the ghost or whoever it was think I had a real gun?

Slowly, I got up, hardly daring to move. "Yiii! Oh! Oh! I give up. Aha! Then I gasped in relief at only bending my toe in the register.

After getting back to bed, I saw slowly, slowly, the door opening. I picked up my gun, gave a good aim, and I hit Dad plum square in the eye, for I didn't know who or what it was.

"Burglars nothing!" father shouted angrily, rubbing his eye. "That's only a loose board banging on the barn!"

Elbert Duncan, '42

HOW THE OSTRICH GOT ITS LONG NECK

"Now, Oscar, child, you may go out and play with Donald Duck," said Mama Ostrich to her youngest son. "I'm going to bake some rattlesnake bread and I don't want you bothering me."

It was a very hot day in Jungleville, so Oscar decided to go to the river to get a drink of water. Putting his head below the surface he took a great big drink. "My, but that water is refreshing," he mused.

"Ha, ha, ha," wickedly laughed old Cora Crocodile to herself as she silently approached Oscar. "I'll make a nice supper out of that foolish young ostrich!" Snap! Cora grasped Oscar's head in her jaws and pulled with all her strength.

Oscar was so surprised that all he could do was cry, "Mama, mama." He braced his feet on a rock and tried to pull his head out of Cora's mouth. "You let go of my head. I'll tell my Papa on you," screamed frightened Oscar.

"Ha, ha, foolish one, you can't get away!" laughed old wicked Cora. So she pulled and pulled and pulled, and Oscar pulled and pulled and pulled. Neither made any headway.

Sheriff Grizzly Bear was taking his noon-day nap when he heard the commotion down by the river. "Wonder who's trying to eat each other up now," he grumbled as he hurried down Palm Street to the waterfront.

Seeing Sheriff Bear, Cora Crocodile quickly released poor Oscar, who had fainted from fright. Sheriff Bear blew his whistle, and Cora was taken to the Grapevine Jail on the charge of attempting murder, disturbing the peace and disorderly conduct.

Oscar was carried home and put to bed. His neck was very sore, for it had been stretched about two feet. He felt much better after Doctor Dove bathed his neck with coconut salve and nutmeg ointment.

To-day in Jungleville, all the animals envy Oscar Ostrich for his long, handsome, graceful neck.

Patricia Gee, '40

There is a young girl we call Pollie.
Sometimes we are bored by her folly.
We know it's not sin
But to quiet her din
We've brought her a gay-colored dolly.

H. W.

SAVED BY A DOG

Dick, the air mail pilot, and Sandy, the flying dog, were winging their farewell flight. Sandy was to stop flying. The new field manager didn't believe in dogs. Everyone in the service would have given up his wings for Sandy, but now Sandy was being made to give up his own.

The weary Airedale seemed to know it, too. He was fidgety and restless. He kept nosing Dick's hand and whining low.

"What's the matter, old fellow? Hate to say goodbye to it all, or is something wrong?"

There was a wag of his stubby tail that sent Dick's eyes flashing to the gas gauge. It read nearly zero. Gas leak! That was what Sandy had smelled. Dick's jaws clamped. He was in the heart of the forest. There was a snapping of limbs and a sudden sea of foliage. The airplane lurched and fell over. Dick was caught in a vice-like press. When he opened his eyes there was mail scattered everywhere. Sandy was pawing at his face, barking.

It was true, Dick would never be seen—never be found—unless— He handed the frantic dog one of the letters. "Take it, Sandy, take it in." Then his head sagged.

He didn't learn until many days later that Sandy had traveled nearly thirty miles through the forest for help. The day he found out was when a tiny package came to the village hospital. The package contained a tiny pair of gold wings, and a simple card saying, "From the new field manager, for Sandy, the flying dog."

Isabel Cook, '40

STORM THOUGHTS

Oh, hear the howling wind,
And hear its low moaning sigh,
And see the rainclouds, gray and thin,
Like sheep go passing by.
Oh, hear the mighty roar of thunder,
The wailing wind, the gloomy day,
And see the flashing lightning under
The dark clouds play.
It is God, who has control and power
Over man and main,
Who makes the lightning and the thunder
And the pouring of the rain.

Charlie Inman, '40

In baseball a fellow named Pete
At pitching sometimes is neat,
But when he pulls puns
And their team makes home runs,
His alibi's, "Well, it's the heat."

J. F.

Notre Edition Francaise

UNE FAUSSE ALARME

O-n s-s-s-onne! Sonne! Un son aigu à travers la maison Nadeau à minuit a dérangé Paul d'un sommeil profond dans sa petite chambre.

La première pensée qu'il avait, était qu'il était seul. Sa seconde était que le bruit était le téléphone qui sonnait. Mais quand il s'est éveillé pleinement il savait que c'était l'alarme de cambrioleur.

Paul était un garçon brave qui avait onze ans mais ceci à minuit était assez pour effrayer quelqu'un.

Après avoir encore écouté il s'est promené vers la fenêtre pour conduire une enquête. Il est parti pour la chambre de son père. Ici il a trouvé que son père avait laissé ouvert la fenêtre.

Subitement il a entendu un bruit dans la cuisine qui était près de cette chambre. Il n'a pas bougé.

Pan! Pan! Alors le son de quelqu'un qui courait suivi d'un grand silence.

Alors, Paul devenait plus brave et il est entré dans la cuisine. Ici il a trouvé qu'on a écremé le lait qui était sur le rayon et toutes les boîtes de gâteau étaient sur le plancher.

Il pensait, "pas de cambrioleur ferait ceci", et quand il cherchait plus loin il a vu dans le coin de la cuisine le chat noir avec la figure couvert de crème. Quel chagrin! Le cambrioleur n'était qu'un chat.

Anita Baird

Voici une lettre qu'un membre de notre classe de français a reçue de France.

Bordeaux le 14.2.38

Chère Ellen

Veillez me pardonner de mon indiscretion, Mais mon camarade André Parnis n'habitait plus Bordeaux, je me suis permis de décaucher la lettre, et suis, si vous le voulez-bien, votre nouveau correspondant.

Mon nom est Jhan Lagrave. J'ai les cheveux bruns. Je vais toujours en classe et prépare mon certificat d'aptitude professionnelle comptable. Mon école est très vaste 700 écoliers y viennent prendre des cours. Je n'habite pas très loin et y vais à pied.

Bordeaux est une grande ville de 300,000

habitants si vous désirez la connaître vous n'aurez que me le demander, je me ferais un grand plaisir de satisfaire à vos désirs.

Vous me parlez du patinage, c'est mon sport favori, et je fais du rink-ockey (patinage à roulette).

Je voudrais être en Amérique dans cette région où l'on trouve la neige, pour faire du ski, car moi je suis obligé d'aller à 200 km. (kilometres) environ (100 milles) pour pratiquer les sports d'hiver je joue aussi comme vous au tennis, et fais des courses.

Mes parents sont négociants en vins et liqueurs, car Bordeaux est un grand centre de production vinicole en France.

J'ai cherché sur des cartes sur des mapes mais n'ai pas trouvé l'endroit où est situé votre ville. Tout ce que je crois savoir c'est qu'elle est située je crois dans la région des grands lacs.

En attendant de vos nouvelles, recevez—
chère Ellen une cordiale poignée de main.

Votre ami français,

Jhan Lagrave

UNE TRAGÉDIE

Huit assiettes, six tasses et soucoupes, vingt-quatre morceaux d'argent et douze verres, des assiettes de cuisine, deux bouteilles et une grande bouilloire.

J'aime à laver les assiettes, les belles tasses et les soucoupes. Comment je vous aimé. Mon âmi est dans mon lavage de vaisselle. Je ne peux pas attendre jusqu'à c'est à moi à vous laver. Si quelque chose vous arriverait, mes belles assiettes, ma vie serait triste.

(Mai foi, j'ai laissé tomber une tasse) Oh, petite tasse, mon coeur s'est cassé (comme votre manche), mais vous aurez une place d'honneur sur le rayon et vous n'aurez encore dedans le thé chaud.

Oh, voici le facteur avec un grand paquet. Il est possible qu'il a des autres assiettes.

Au revoir, au revoir. Je dois vous quitter avec des regrettes, bien entendu, et avec un coeur qui s'est cassé encore une fois.

Mais il n'y puit rien. Le facteur a apporté une machine à vous laver.

Hilda Emery, '39



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Front Row: left to right—Andrew Peterson, Kenneth Baird, Cherrie Thorne, James Moore, Wilma Cheney, Wendell Marr, Oscar Dyer.
 Back Row: left to right—Robert Emerson, Selden Martin, Arlene Hollister, Jean Pelkie, Margaret Moore, Arthur Smith, Allen Jones.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

In September, 1938, the Student Council of Hartland Academy started its sixth year of existence with the following officers: president, James Moore; vice-president, Andrew Peterson; secretary, Jean Pelkie; and treasurer, Selden Martin.

There were fourteen members in the Council to represent the four classes. The members are as follows: Seniors—James Moore, Andrew Peterson, Cherrie Thorne, Kenneth Baird, and Wendell Marr; Juniors—Jean Pelkie, Arlene Hollister, Arthur Smith, and Selden Martin; Sophomores—Robert Emerson, Oscar Dyer, and Wilma Cheney; Freshmen—Allen Jones and Margaret Moore.

The purposes of the council are:

1. To make laws for the betterment of the school.
2. To promote the general activities of the school.
3. To appoint all necessary committees.
4. To investigate and report on all matters referred to it by the faculty.

The council has appointed committees for fire drills, insignia awards, Christmas barrel for the poor, lost and found department, Hasco News, assembly programs, improvement of school grounds, study room supervision, and tennis court and library committees.

Important projects sponsored by the Student Council are the publication of the Hasco News, at least twice a ranking period, awarding of certificates and letters to various organizations of music and public speaking, the annual magazine drive, selling of Hartland Academy banners and emblems, and the arranging assembly programs.

James Moore, '38

JUNIOR CLASS

The Juniors assembled in their home room in September with thirty-three pupils present. Wilmer Hussey registered later making the enrollment thirty-four, but he left soon after, along with Bert Tapley, Janet Ellingwood and Colby Emery.

At the first class meeting the Juniors elected the following officers: president, Jean Pelkie; vice-president, Anita Baird; secretary, Burton Jones; and treasurer, Irvin Stedman.

The Junior class is especially proud of the trophy cabinet that they bought with the proceeds from the poverty ball, which they sponsored at the Academy on March twenty-fifth.

The Hamilton Prize Speaking Contest was held April eleventh in the auditorium. The following program was enjoyed:

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| Processional | Hartland Academy Orchestra |
| Marshal | Anita Baird |
| "Mercedes" | Bernice Litchfield |
| "The Tell-Tale Heart" | Irvin Stedman |
| "The Sign of the Cross" | Leila Merrow
Orchestra |
| "A Way of Life" | Norman McCormack |
| "He Who Laughs Last" | Arlene Hollister |
| "One Hour After Midnight" | Burton Jones
Orchestra |
| "Mary Stuart" | Ellen Worthen |
| "We Must Fight" | Selden Martin |
| Recessional | Hartland Academy Orchestra |

The prizes were awarded to Arlene Hollister and Selden Martin.

The Junior class has been well represented in sports, debating, and musical organizations this year, as in previous years.

Ellen Worthen has appeared on the highest honors this year, and Anita Baird, Hilda Emery, Viola Hillman, Arlene Hollister, Bernice Litchfield, Selden Martin, Leila Merrow, Shirley Neal, Jean Pelkie, Mary Seekins, Dorothy Spencer, Irvin Stedman, Eleanor Towle, and Marian Wyman have appeared on the honor roll.

Leila Merrow, '39

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

The class of 1940 entered its second year at Hartland Academy with forty-two pupils.

We elected Robert Emerson, president; Donald Rice, vice-president; Donald Wyman, secretary; and Doris Seekins, treasurer.

On February 3, the Burton Prize Speaking

Contest was held. Following is the program:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Processional | Academy Orchestra |
| "Buddy and Waffles" | Edith Cooley |
| "Let Us Return to Americanism" | Edward Nichols |
| "The Spirit of Christmas" | Elsie Ford
Orchestra |
| "The Burgomaster" | Donald Wyman |
| "Visiting With Vesta" | Patricia Gee |
| "Play Is Practical" | Howard Brown
Orchestra |
| "They Grind Exceedingly Small" | Eunice Millett |

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| "Members of the Jury, I Demand a Conviction" | Douglas Height |
|--|----------------|

The prizes were awarded to Eunice Millett and Donald Wyman.

The Sophomore Class is well represented in extra-curricular activities.

Members of the class who won high honors are Isabel Cook, Edith Cooley, Elsie Ford, Patricia Gee, and Doris Seekins. Those who won honors are Florence Bishop, Howard Brown, Muriel Crocker, and Edward Nichols.

Patricia Gee, '40

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

On September seventh the Freshman Class entered Hartland Academy with forty-nine members. This number has been reduced to forty-two.

Shortly after school began class officers were elected as follows: Allen Jones, president; Glenis Cunningham, vice-president; Linwood Perkins, secretary; and Rendall Phinney, treasurer. Margaret Moore was elected as the representative to the Student Council.

On September 24 the annual reception was given. During the day the girls wore skull caps and lumbermen's rubbers while the boys wore aprons and shirts back-side-to.

In the evening a formal reception was held. Dancing and games were enjoyed. Refreshments were served during a short intermission.

Our class is well represented in the musical organizations. Margaret Moore, Verne McLean, Donald McLean, and Clyde Cookson are members of the orchestra. Rendall Phinney is a member of the Boys' Glee Club and Beverly Cheney, Margaret Moore, Jeannette Smith, Meredith Knowles, Glenis Cunningham, and Marguerite Walker are members of the Girls' Glee Club.

In sports we are represented by Philip Libby, Ernest Inman, and Omar Wheeler. Philip Libby won a letter in Track.

Those who have been on the honor roll this year are Phillip Bradford, Beverly Cheney, Clyde Cookson, Ernest Inman, Allan Jones, Geraldine Knowles, Gene-Marie Lucas, Philip Libby, Virginia Millett, and Margaret Moore. Linwood Perkins, Jeanette Smith, Bertram Thorne, Marguerite Walker and Glenis Cunningham.

Glenis Cunningham, '41

SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

The Sub-Freshman class started the year with a class composed of twenty-six pupils. Gloria Steuban moved in the fall leaving twenty-five of us.

Sometime in September we elected class officers. Doris Libby, president; Robert Steeves, vice-president; Thelma Giberson, secretary; and Herbert Baird, treasurer.

In February, we had a short class party. We danced and sang, and different members of the class provided cocoa, candy, cakes and ice cream. Mr. Qualey, our home-room teacher showed us a few short movies.

If there had been no Sub-Freshman class this year, Hartland Academy would have had a small orchestra. Doris Libby, Murray McCormack, Elwood Greene, Francis Cook, Malcolm Chipman, Marjorie Goforth, Ned Austin, and Thelma Giberson are all members of the orchestra.

Marjorie Goforth, Doris Libby, Thelma Giberson, Lucile Nichols, Lois Baird, Bernard Austin, and Robert Steeves have been on the honor roll this year.

Lois Baird, '42

SENIOR CLASS

The class of 1938 started its last year at Hartland Academy with twenty-three members.

Our first class meeting resulted in the election of James Moore, president; Miriam Steeves, vice-president; Marguerite Wheeler, secretary; and Pauline Young, treasurer.

On September twenty-fourth the Seniors sponsored the annual Freshman Reception and dance in the evening.

The senior class this year presented a very successful play: "Tweedles". The following

people took part: Adam Tweedle, James Moore; Winsora Tweedle, Ardis Moulton; Mrs. Albergone, Eleanor Libby; Julian Castlebury, Wendell Marr; Mr. Castlebury, Andrew Peterson; Mrs. Castlebury, Marguerite Wheeler; Mrs. Ricketts, Pauline Young; Philemon Tweedle, Robert Perkins; and Ambrose Tweedle, Arthur Littlefield.

The fall and winter passed rapidly and before we realized it we were on our way to Newport to the Winter Carnival. The three standbys of the senior class won 65 of 85 points that won the cup for the school. On February twenty-fifth, this group had their pictures taken.

The honor parts were awarded to Cherrie Thorne, valedictory; Mildred Cooley, salutatory; Miriam Steeves, honor essay; and Marguerite Wheeler, history. Other parts were given to Wendell Marr, address to undergraduates; Andrew Peterson, class will; James Moore, chaplain; Eleanor Libby, prophecy; Ardis Moulton and Kenneth Baird, gifts; Robert Perkins, marshal; and Norman Strout and Erlene Hughes, class ode.

Those receiving high honors this year are: Miriam Steeves, Cherrie Thorne, Pauline Young, and Marguerite Wheeler.

Those seen on the honor roll this year are: Mildred Cooley, Marion Ash, Joseph Ford, Erlene Hughes, Eleanor Libby, Wendell Marr, Ardis Moulton, and James Moore.

This year two track letters were given to seniors and at the Basketball Banquet five more letters were awarded. Mr. Cutts gave three senior girls and two senior boys gold basketballs.

Eleanor Libby, '38

IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE YEAR

September 7

The academy opened its one hundred and sixth year with an enrollment of one hundred and sixty-five pupils.

September 24

The annual Freshman Assembly was held with Wendell Marr conducting it. Much fun and enjoyment was supplied for everyone. This was followed, in the evening, by a formal reception which was attended by many parents and friends.

September 28

The students were entertained by Col. Harry K. Eustace, an African explorer, who told of

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his personal experiences in the African jungle. He illustrated his talk with moving pictures which he had taken throughout his journey.

September 30

The officers were elected for each class and the Student Council and baseball team were organized. The tennis tournament winners were announced to be Joseph Ford and Edith Cooley.

October 5

The student group assembled to listen to an address given by Congressman Ralph O. Brewster on "America in Relation to War."

October 15

A Friday morning assembly was given by the Student Council. At the close of the assembly it was announced that the Academy cross-country team had won over New Sharon with a score of 26-27. Later in the day meetings were held for the purpose of organizing the Glee Clubs and gym classes.

October 22

An appropriate Hallowe'en program was given in assembly. The Academy cross-country team competed against Lee Academy and won with a score of 27-28. In the evening a Hallowe'en social was given by the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs.

October 25

The Juniors enjoyed an ice-cream party as a result of their victory in the inter-class competitive sales contest in connection with the magazine drive.

October 29

The Hartland Academy cross-country team competed in the Inter-Scholastic Cross-Country Meet at the University of Maine. But in spite of their many efforts they were defeated.

November 5

The basketball schedule for 1937-38 was discussed in assembly. Wendell Marr gave a summary of the cross-country meets at U. of M. and Colby College.

November 12

Parents' Night was observed at the Academy. It was attended by the largest audience ever known at a Hartland American Education Week observance.

November 19

The Academy was represented at the Boys' Conference at Augusta which lasts for three days from November 19 to November 21.

November 24

A Thanksgiving program was given with Kathleen Cully as chairman.

December 3

The annual Senior Play was presented. The cast included: Pauline Young, Eleanor Libby, Ardis Moulton, Marguerite Wheeler, Wendell Marr, Andrew Peterson, James Moore, Robert Perkins, and Arthur Littlefield.

December 10

An assembly program was presented by the Sub-Freshmen. They enacted a play entitled, "In The Library."

January 14

Both basketball teams won over Clinton with the following scores: Boys, 36-35; Girls, 38-29.

February 3

One of the most exciting nights of the year—Burton Prize Speaking!!! The prizes were awarded to Donald Wyman and Eunice Millett.

February 5

Hartland Academy won several honors in the annual Newport Winter Carnival. The score was 85 points for Hartland and 77 points for Newport.

February 11

Many students were grieved to learn that the west wing of the academy had been nearly destroyed by fire.

March 15

The affirmative debaters won unanimous decisions over the Foxcroft team, with Ardis Moulton as best speaker. The negative speakers won at Newport with Selden Martin and Ellen Worthen tying for best speakers.

March 25

For the purpose of raising money so that they might present to the school a trophy cabinet, the Junior Class sponsored a poverty ball.

March 27

The Tri-County basketball league trophies were awarded to both the boys' and girls' teams of Hartland Academy.

April 1

Annual basketball banquet was held.

April 11

The Hamilton Prize Speaking contest was held at the academy in the evening. The winners were Arlene Hollister and Selden Martin.

April 29

The honor parts for the Senior Class were announced in assembly by Mr. Cutts. Cherrie Thorne, valedictory; Mildred Cooley, salutatory; Miriam Steeves, Essay; Marguerite Wheeler, Class History.

May 7

Selden Martin won second prize at the Montgomery Speaking Contest held at Colby College.

Bernice Litchfield, '39



ORCHESTRA

Front row: left to right—Gareth Hanson, Donlin McCormack, Wendell Marr, Selden Martin, Burton Jones, Irvin Stedman, Donald Wyman, Clifford Merrill.

Second row: Clyde Cookson, Marjorie Goforth, Doris Libby, Margaret Moore, Edith Cooley, Murray McCormack, Bernard Austin, Miriam Steeves, Anita Baird, Mary Seekins, Marion Wyman, Norman McCormack.

Back row: Thelma Giberson, Nellie Baird, Francis Cook, Erlene Hughes, Muriel Crocker, Myron Chipman, Ardis Moulton, Leila Merrow, Wesley Ham, Verne McLean, Donald McLean.

ORCHESTRA

This year the orchestra, under the capable leadership of Mrs. Mary Smart and Miss Gertrude Thorne, has progressed rapidly.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

Business Manager, Selden Martin; Assistant Business Manager, Irvin Stedman; Librarian, Anita Baird; Assistant Librarian, Edith Cooley.

The orchestra has given the public demonstrations of their ability on Parents' Night, and at both the Burton and Hamilton Prize Speaking Contests.

By graduation this year we will lose the following members: Erlene Hughes, Wendell Marr, Miriam Steeves and Ardis Moulton.

Edith Cooley, '40



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

First row: left to right—Marguerite Walker, Muriel Crocker, Elsie Ford, Vivian McGowan, Wilma Cheney, Mary Seekins, Marian Wyman, Anita Baird, Eleanor Libby, Bernice Litchfield, Grace Parsons.

Second row: Jeanette Smith, Margaret Moore, Miriam Steeves, Lona Clark, Jean Pelkie, Velma Neal, Marvis Green, Madeline Cook.

Third row: Glenis Cunningham, Nellie Baird, Beverly Cheney, Leila Merrow, Beatrice Wilbur, Erlene Hughes.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

In September, twenty-six girls assembled for their first Glee Club meeting. They elected Jean Pelkie as president; Miriam Steeves, vice-president; Bernice Litchfield, secretary and treasurer.

The first social was held at Hallowe'en for the benefit of raising money for the club. The girls also participated in the Parents' Night Program.

Bernice Litchfield, '39



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Front row: left to right—James Moore, Joseph Ford, Robert Perkins, Irvin Stedman, Wendell Marr, Donlin McCormack, Clifford Merrill, Liston Inman.
Back row: Arthur Smith, Selden Martin, Gareth Hanson, Rendall Phinney, Donald Wyman, Myron Chipman, Robert Moore, Howard Brown.

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Hartland Academy Boys' Glee Club that has been under the direction of Miss Gertrude Thorne and Mrs. Mary Smart has received valuable experience this year.

At the first meeting of the club the following officers were elected: president, James Moore; vice-president, Wendell Marr; and secretary-treasurer, Irvin Stedman.

The following boys have proved active in this year's boys' glee club: Selden Martin, Howard Brown, Gareth Hanson, Joseph Ford, Irvin Stedman, Myron Chipman, Robert Moore, James Moore, Clifford Merrill, Ren-

dall Phinney, Wendell Marr, Donald Wyman, Arthur Smith, Norman McCormack, Liston Inman, and Robert Perkins.

The glee club has used "Lullaby", "Drifting", "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair", "Short'nin' Bread", and "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" as selections this year. The club rendered "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," and "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" at the Eastern Music Festival held this year at Dexter, Maine, on May 14.

James Moore, '38

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DEBATE

Front row: left to right—Ardis Moulton, Marian Wyman, Pauline Young, Eleanor Libby, Eleanor Towle.

Back row: Coach Laughton, Selden Martin, Irvin Stedman, Ellen Worthen.

DEBATING

Hartland Academy's debating squad assembled in Room 3 shortly after Christmas vacation to discuss the question confronting the Bates League teams for 1938: Resolved—That the several states should adopt a unicameral system of legislation.

From this group two teams were selected to attend the practice tournament at Brewer on February nineteenth. The negative speakers were: (1) Selden Martin, Ellen Worthen; and (2) Irvin Stedman, Marian Wyman. The members of the affirmative were: (1) Pauline Young, Ardis Moulton; and (2) Eleanor Towle, Eleanor Libby.

In addition to attending the Brewer tournament, these teams also participated in practice debates with Corinna and Waterville. On March fifth they attended another practice tournament—that at Dover-Foxcroft. (The debaters are still wondering why Mr. Cutts has not mentioned this trip in assembly. Could it be that he lost the way home between Dexter and Hartland?)

On two occasions Bernice Litchfield acted

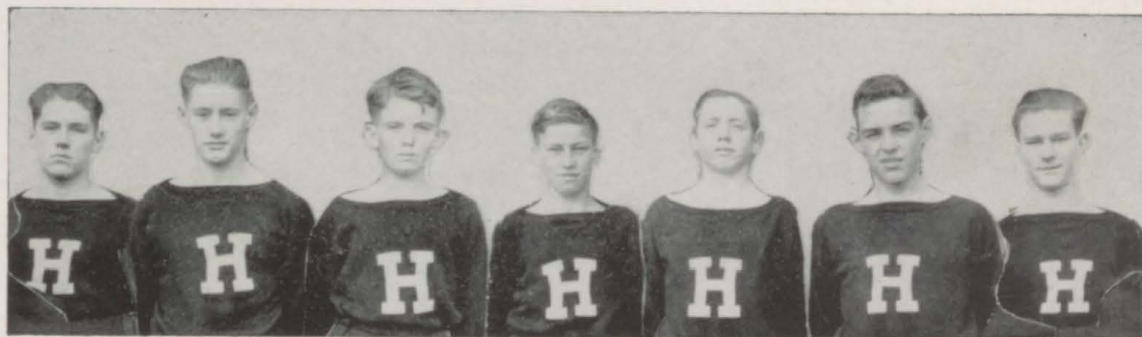
as alternate for negative speakers who were unable to attend debates.

On March fifteenth the Bates League preliminaries took place. Hartland's affirmative defeated Dover-Foxcroft at Hartland with a 3-0 decision. Ardis Moulton was chosen best speaker. At Newport that same evening, Hartland's negative won by a 2-1 decision with Ellen Worthen and Selden Martin tying for best speakers.

This dual victory won Hartland the coveted award of a trip to Lewiston to participate in the semi-finals on April fifteenth. Here each team debated twice, losing to such opponents as Phillips, Ellsworth, Bangor, and Edward Little.

This trip provided not only an opportunity to enjoy the hospitality of Bates College, but also a chance for Hartland to hear the state champions and runners-up in the final round. With this year's trip to remember, Hartland's several veteran debaters are looking forward to even better success in next year's debating season.

Ardis Moulton, '38



CROSS COUNTRY

Joseph Ford, Rendall Phinney, Herbert Davis, Gerald Burns, Ernest Inman, Wendell Marr, Phillip Libby.

CROSS COUNTRY

Hartland Academy's third cross country team was organized this season under the supervision of Coach Lowell. This year there were three victories whereas last year we had only one. We are very proud of the showing that Joseph Ford and Phillip Libby made this year. These two men led the team on the additional victories over last year.

The letter men were Joseph Ford, Phillip Libby, Rendall Phinney, Wendell Marr and Ernest Inman.

The first trip was to Higgins on October 2, where we lost our first meet. October 9, we were again defeated by the University of Maine Freshman "B" team. Ford made a good showing in this meet. Our next two meets were more successful; October 15, we defeated New Sharon 26-27, and October 23, we defeated Lee Academy, 27-28.

We participated in the state meet at Orono on October 29, where we made fourth place.

Summary:

Higgins	23	Hartland	35
Maine Freshman	15	Hartland	45
New Sharon	27	Hartland	26
Lee Academy	28	Hartland	27
Colby	28	Hartland	27

State Meet—Fourth Place

Robert Perkins, '38

TRACK THOUGHTS

By Joseph Ford, '38

Bang! You're off in a cloud of dust, cinders and mud. Starting off with feet working like

a scared hen's, you gradually settle down to a steady pace. The hollow, light feeling in your stomach has vanished or at least you are too much occupied to notice such a trifle. The first mile isn't half bad. But as you plod along during the second, your breath begins to quicken, begins to sound like a leaky organ, while your legs take on that rubbery feeling.

Before the race, you say to yourself that no matter how tired you are you will come in first, but as you jog along, puffing and panting, that "I don't care" feeling comes over you. Looking at the runners ahead, (and usually there are plenty) you say to yourself, "If only I were up there, I'd give those gentlemen a nice clean pair of spikes to look at."

But getting up there is no cream puff. It takes pure grit and determination to pass a runner who says, "No, you won't."

On the other hand if you are lucky enough and good enough to be up there in the lead, there is usually somebody else who wants to make you look as if you were hitched or even going in reverse.

Coming down the home stretch, you feel as though you had both of your feet in the grave. If your team wins, however, everything is great—you may think the sun is out even if it is raining. But if you don't come in as well as you think you ought to, you never want to see a pair of track shoes again, never want to see a long steep hill ahead just waiting to be climbed.

But in the next race you never think of losing. You are out there, puffing and panting, wearing out shoe leather, maybe sixth or seventh, but still trying to make one of those records that every runner dreams about.

HARTLAND ACADEMY

"ROUND ABOUT WAY" OF THE SENIORS

NAME	HOBBY	AMBITION	SAYING
"KAY" CULLY	Cooking for Pete	To live in Newport	For Pete's sake!!
"POLLY" YOUNG	Whispering	To join Mac!!	Pardon?
ARDIS MOULTON	Hairdressing	To keep her figure	Riot no end
KENNETH BAIRD	Going to Palmyra	To ride over the Knoll(es)	Unexpressable!!
ANDREW PETERSON	Entertaining Jerry on the steps	To please "Gram"	Now, Geraldine—
CHERRIE THORNE	Driving	To learn to cook	Now, Eleanor—
MARGUERITE WHEELER	Training her voice	To become Week(s)	Fiddlesticks
JAMES MOORE	Putting notices on the board	To donate a trophy cabinet	My godfrey mighty
MILDRED COOLEY	Studying	To become a teacher	Never heard it
LONA CLARK	Eating candy	To become a tennis champ	No, you can't
JOSEPH FORD	Boasting	To learn to dance	Bosh!!
ERLENE HUGHES	Entertaining Francis	To change her name	Well, 'tis
ARTHUR LITTLEFIELD	Winking	To grow up	Hello, Cutie!
MILDRED WENTWORTH	Giggling	To go to Farmington	Oh, Lona
OPAL WIERS	Dressing up	To preserve silence	None whatsoever
LISTON INMAN	Going to Pittsfield	Up-to-date farmer	I'll bet!
NORMAN STROUT	Tinkering	To be an engineer	Can't remember
RUSSELL DUNLAP	Walking with Elsie	To own a Ford	Suffering saints
WENDELL MARR	Taking pictures	To go to Norwich	Let's go to Palmyra
ROBERT PERKINS	Building radios	To manage a "Big-League"	Huh? What say?
GRACE PARSONS	Walking	To become a Web(ber)	Oh, boy!!
MIRIAM STEEVES	Writing letters	Go to Maine School of Commerce	G-o-r-s-h- - -
ELEANOR LIBBY	Supervisor of Main room	To add figures	Whee-e-e-e!!
MARION ASH	7th period Driving a Ford	To own a farm	Oh, yeah?

THE RIPPLE



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Front row: left to right—Selden Martin, Joseph Ford, Stanley Peterson, Andrew Peterson, Liston Inman, Wendell Marr, Norman McCormack.

Back row: Coach Lowell, Julian Wilbur, Kenneth Baird, Maynard Moore, Robert Perkins, Manager.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front row: left to right—Anita Baird, Edith Cooley, Cherrie Thorne, Marguerite Wheeler, Eleanor Libby, Mary Seekins, Kathleen Cully.

Back row: Geraldine Wilbur, Dorothy Spenser, Coach McIntyre, Miriam Steeves, Beatrice Wilbur.

BASKETBALL BANQUET

On April 1, 1938, the basketball teams held their thirteenth annual banquet.

After having a good supper which was enjoyed by all (except perhaps the speakers), Miriam Steeves and Andrew Peterson, acting as toastmasters, called upon members of both teams and faculty.

During his speech, Mr. Cutts presented the sportsmanship cups to Cherrie Thorne and Andrew Peterson. He also named those who were on the All Tri-County League Conference Teams. They were Kathleen Cully and Cherrie Thorne; Andrew Peterson and Stanley Peterson. Awards for the most improvement in basketball during the season went to Eleanor Libby and Wendell Marr.

Miss McIntyre presented letter certificates to Kathleen Cully, Marguerite Wheeler, Eleanor Libby, Cherrie Thorne, Mary Seekins, Miriam Steeves, Edith Cooley and Anita Baird; and Mr. Lowell to Andrew Peterson, Stanley Peterson, Selden Martin, Wendell Marr, Liston Inman, Kenneth Baird, Joseph Ford, Norman McCormack, and Manager Robert Perkins.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing to the music of a local orchestra.

Anita Baird, '39

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Hartland Academy this year has enjoyed one of the best basketball seasons since this sport was introduced, being victorious in fourteen of eighteen games. The result of six of these victories was the capture of the Tri-County League Championship Cup. The most thrilling games of the season were with Clinton High School, games which resulted in two victories for Hartland Academy for the first time in six years. As a result of their victorious season, the boys journeyed to Hebron to participate in the small schools tourney. Here they were defeated at the hands of South Paris, 43-36.

The players on the first team were Andrew Peterson, center; Selden Martin, left forward; Wendell Marr, and Joseph Ford, right forwards; Stanley Peterson, left guard; Kenneth Baird and Liston Inman, right guards.

Andrew Peterson won a place on the all conference team of the Tri-County League;

through his spectacular playing he chalked up score of 316 points for the season. He also received the sportsmanship award which was given to the player showing the cleanest and best playing.

Selden Martin, although small, showed his opponents that he could hold his own. Though he did not gain a place on the all conference team, he was acclaimed as being a very aggressive player.

Wendell Marr played a good brand of ball throughout the season. He was awarded a gold basketball as the senior making the most progress during the year.

Joseph Ford, though this was his first year at the sport, showed the fans that he could play basketball. Ford made himself famous when he sank the winning basket in the Clinton game.

Stanley Peterson, who handled his job like a veteran, played a consistent game throughout the year. He, like his brother, received a place on the all conference team. The dry humor of his habitual drawl relieved many a tense situation.

Kenneth Baird was just starting to play basketball when the season ended. Although an operation early in the season made him late in joining his teammates, his nickname "Weasel" was well-earned by his quick work in the final games.

Liston Inman and Norman McCormack likewise helped their teammates to victory by playing clean and consistent basketball.

The players to receive letters are: Andrew Peterson, Selden Martin, Wendell Marr, Joseph Ford, Stanley Peterson and Kenneth Baird. The graduating players are: Andrew Peterson, Wendell Marr, Joseph Ford, Kenneth Baird and Liston Inman. These players will be missed next year, but we hope to have another winning team.

Boys' Basketball Schedule

Hartland	25	Alumni	22
Hartland	30	Williams	12
Hartland	44	Norridgewock	30
Hartland	39	Newport	31
Hartland	36	Clinton	35
Hartland	44	Wassookeag	21
Hartland	33	Corinna	15
Hartland	26	Newport	42
Hartland	41	Norridgewock	25
Hartland	34	Clinton	23
Hartland	43	Williams	35

THE RIPPLE

Hartland	29	Corinna	43
Hartland	40	Wassookeag	12
Hartland	28	Bliss	53
Hartland	74	Harmony	10
Hartland	54	North Anson	32
Hartland	36	South Paris	43
Hartland	40	North Anson	37
		Norman Strout,	'38

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The whistle blew, the crowd cheered and out dashed the Hartland girls to battle against their first rivals in the Tri-County League. It was a valiant fight but Newport won 29-22. This was a serious set back in reaching the goal that the Hartland girls wished to attain, that of winning the league championship.

After this defeat the girls got together and settled down to business. The next league game, played at Clinton, proved to be a trifle rough, three of Hartland's players fouling out. However, our team came out on top.

The following week the girls practiced faithfully and observed all training rules in preparation for their second game with Newport. The girls kept up their courage throughout the game and during the last quarter managed to forge ahead of their rivals.

When at last all the league games had been played it was found that Hartland and Newport were tied for first place. In order to determine the winners, the two teams met at the M. C. I. Memorial Gymnasium for battle. It was a thrilling game, the score being very close throughout the game. But when at last the final whistle blew, Hartland was ahead with the score standing 22-18.

Hartland had a very strong team this year. With Marguerite Wheeler, Kathleen Cully, and Eleanor Libby skillfully handling the ball on the forward end and Nettie Seekins, Cherrie Thorne, Edith Cooley and Anita Baird taking every precaution possible to prevent any scoring on their end, the team was able to end the season with twelve victories and four losses. Kathleen Cully and Cherrie Thorne were selected for the all league team. Invaluable to the team as stand ins were Miriam Steeves, Dorothy Spencer, and Geraldine and Beatrice Wilbur.

As a result of its successful season, the team was accepted in the Lawrence High Bas-

ketball Festival but was defeated by Unity in its first conflict.

Through graduation the team will lose Eleanor Libby, Kathleen Cully, Marguerite Wheeler, Cherrie Thorne and Miriam Steeves making it necessary to rebuild its team next year. Following are the scores of the season:

Hartland	19	Alumnae	2
Hartland	39	Williams	25
Hartland	34	Norridgewock	18
Hartland	22	Newport	29
Hartland	38	Clinton	29
Hartland	34	M. C. I.	25
Hartland	33	Newport	28
Hartland	43	Norridgewock	23
Hartland	47	Clinton	18
Hartland	42	Williams	44
Hartland	18	M. C. I.	16
Hartland	29	Bliss College	33
Hartland	52	Harmony	7
Hartland	22	Newport	18
Hartland	29	Anson	11
Hartland	19	Unity	29
		Cherrie Thorne,	'38

BASEBALL

The baseball squad under the direction of Coach Lowell got under way last fall and during that season they had two practice games with Corinna.

Although the team hasn't played a game so far this spring, the positions will probably be played by the following players: Ernest Staples and Wendell Marr, first base; Selden Martin, second base; Russell Dunlap and Donald Rice, shortstop; Oscar Dyer and Andrew Peterson, third base; Kenneth Baird, Liston Inman and Andrew Peterson, pitchers; Norman McCormack, catcher; and Liston Inman, Donald Goodwin, Robert Emerson, and Stanley Peterson, outfielders. These positions will probably be changed somewhat before the season is over.

Following is a schedule for the season:

April 30	Hartland at Newport
May 7	Corinna at Hartland
May 14	Hartland at East Corinth
May 21	Newport at Hartland
May 28	Hartland at Corinna
June 4	East Corinth at Hartland

Joseph Ford, '38

HARTLAND ACADEMY



BASEBALL

Front Row: left to right—Selden Martin, Russell Dunlap, Stanley Peterson, Andrew Peterson, Norman McCormack, Kenneth Baird, Wendell Marr, Donald Rice.
Back Row: left to right—Coach Lowell, Donald Goodwin, Ernest Staples, Robert Emerson, Oscar Dyer, Liston Inman, Maynard Moore, Manager, Norman Strout.



WINTER SPORTS

Front row: left to right—Clifford Merrill, Phillip Bradford.
Second row: Anita Baird, Cherrie Thorne, Robert Moore, Clara Woodbury, Maynard Moore, Eleanor Libby, Howard Brown.
Back row: Bertram Thorne, Rendall Phinney, Phillip Libby, Donald Wyman, Wendell Marr.

THE RIPPLE

THREE GUESSES

A. M. B.	Anita's Most Bashful
R. E. D.	Rushes Elsie's Dates
A. E. M.	Attracts Every Man
M. A. S.	Mary's Always Singing
B. E. J.	Big Enough Jonah
P. A. L.	Prefers Adorable Ladies
L. M.	Lovable Maiden
V. A. N.	Velma's Always Naughty
M. P. M.	May Prove Modest
W. A. M.	Wants All Misses
W. A. H.	Wants A Husband
M. S. W.	Marian's Sole Wish
K. H. B.	Knowles' Handy Boy
C. B. T.	Certified Baird Tamer
M. B. C.	Maybe Boy Crazy
S. J. M.	Smooth Junior Man
S. W. P.	Samaritan Without Poise
A. J. P.	Always Jerry's Pet
B. H. W.	Battling Her Wrongs
E. M. L.	Every Man's Lover

SENIOR STATISTICS

Best sport	Eleanor Libby
Most popular	Miriam Steeves, Andrew Peterson
Best dispositioned	Marion Ash, Kenneth Baird
Best dressed	Ardis Moulton, James Moore
Best looking	Andrew Peterson, Ardis Moulton
Best mixer	Marguerite Wheeler
Best dancers	Kathleen Cully, Wendell Marr
Most athletic	Cherrie Thorne, Baird and Peterson
Class pessimist	Russell Dunlap
Class optimist	Norman Strout
Class clowns	Lona Clark, Arthur Littlefield
Most likely to succeed	Cherrie Thorne, James Moore
Most studious	Mildred Cooley, James Moore

Most talented	Erlene Hughes
Most bashful	Grace Parsons
	Mildred Wentworth, Liston Inman
Noisiest	Kenneth Baird
Quietest	Opal Wiers
Wittiest	Joseph Ford
Class bluffer	Wendell Marr
Class shirk	Robert Perkins
Class flirts	Ardis Moulton, Pauline Young

HARTLAND ACADEMY'S HOLLYWOOD

Burton Jones	"Yank at Oxford"
Donlin McCormack	"Perfect Specimen"
Shirley Neal, Ernest Staples	"Second Honeymoon"
Wendell Marr, Irvin Stedman, Selden Martin	"A Day at the Races"
"Betz" McCormack	"Ali Baba Goes to Town"
Grace Lord	"Bride for Henry"
Four Years at H. A.	"Thrill of a Lifetime"
Kenneth Baird	"Talk of the Devil"
Jean Pelkie, Irvin Stedman, Marion Wyman	"Start Cheering"
Pauline Young	"After the Thin Man"
Skipping School	"Illegal Holiday"
"Bea" Wilbur	"Little Miss Roughneck"
Mr. Cutts	"Speed to Spare"
Velma Neal	"Mad about Music"
8th Period Wednesday	"Everybody Sing"
Norman Strout, Kenneth Baird	"Daredevil Drivers"
Senior Girls	"Women are like That"
Freshmen	"Wild Innocents"
Henry Parkman	"Sh! The Octopus"
The Juniors	"They Won't Forget"
Senior Boys	"Men are Such Fools"
Freshman Latin Class	"Latin Rhythm" or "Let's go Latin"
Sophomore Class	"Bored of Education"
Howard Brown	"Mechanical Handy Man"
The Office	"Danger—High Voltage"
Eugene Cooley	"Little Me"



Alumni Notes



1931

Evelyn Bishop Emery is living in St. Albans.
Hilda Buker Rawding is living in Pittsfield.
Kenneth Carr unknown.
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 a patient in Fairfield Sanatorium.
Ethel Kimball Stubbs is living in Yarmouth.

1932

Roger Baker is a member of the State Police.
Earl Buker, Jr., is employed in Hartland.
Darrell Currie is an insurance adjuster in Boston, Mass.
Eleanor Currie is attending the University of Maine.
George Estes, Jr., is employed in Hartland.
Esther Griffith McConnell is living in Pittsfield.
Bernice Harding Morgan is living in Newport.
Lillian Hart Hall is living in Hartland.
Howard Jamieson is attending Boston University.
Barbara Lynn Bryant is living in Augusta.
Madeline Merrick Smith is living in St. Albans.
Althea Estes Merrow is living in St. Albans.
Mary Hart Moody is living in Boston, Mass.
Ardis Philbrick is living at home in St. Albans.
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 working in Connecticut.
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.
Marian Thorne Furbush is living in Hartland.
Dorothy Varnum Deering is living in Hartland.
George Webber is employed in Boston.
Leona Whitten Page is living in Palmyra.

1934

Eileen Baird is employed in the Health and Welfare Department in Augusta.
Harriet Baird is employed in the Social Security Department in Augusta.
Annie Barnes is at home in St. Albans.
Virginia Bell is teaching school in Gray.
Mary Brown is employed in Corinna.
Edson Buker is living in Palmyra.
Charlotte Currie is attending the University of Maine.
Claude Fisher is employed by the Baxter Canning Company in Hartland.
Dorothea Greene is living in Unity.
Winston Hanson is at home in St. Albans.
Dorothea Litchfield is deceased.
Alfreda Neal is in training at the Eastern Maine General Hospital in Bangor.
Myrtie Parkman is deceased.
Lyndon Pratt is at home in St. Albans.
Walter Rideout is attending Colby College.
Gladys Salisbury is at home in West Hartland.
Florice Steeves is employed in Biddeford.
Eleanor Thorne is employed in Bangor.
Charles Whitney is employed in the State Hospital at Bangor.

1935

Howard Baird is employed by the Baxter Canning Company in Hartland.
Alfred Bell is employed in Portland.
Mary Greene is at home in North Hartland.
Clyde Griffith is attending Boston University.

THE RIPPLE

Eva Hanson is at home in St. Albans.
Elizabeth Hart is employed in Rumford.
Earl Merrow is at home in Hartland.
Merideth Parkman Wood is at home in St. Albans.

Vinson Phillips is employed in Englewood, New Jersey.

Marion Rancourt is at home in Winterport.
Marguerite Robertson is practicing hair dressing in Augusta.

James Seekins is living in Hartland.

Mary Smith is teaching in St. Albans.

Alden Stedman is employed in town.

Robert Strout is attending Bliss Business College in Lewiston.

Frances Waldron Seekins is living in Hartland.

Floyd Webber is employed in Hartland.

Aubrey Whittemore is employed in Hartland.

Erwin Whittemore is employed in Hartland.

Howard Williamson is employed by the Timberland Incorporated in Dixfield.

1936

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

Philip Baird is at home in Hartland.

Thelma Cookson is attending Auburn Maine School of Commerce.

Leland Cunningham is employed at the Hartland Drug Store.

Frank Ford is employed in Philadelphia, Pa.

Charlotte Grant is at home in St. Albans.

Vivian Greene is employed in St. Albans.

Lennis Harris is attending Boston University.

Maurice Hatch is at home in Hartland.

Marion Hollister is secretary in the Hartland Academy office.

Lillian Lewis is employed in Waterville.

Charlotte McCrillis is employed in Flora Ham's Beauty Parlor in Pittsfield.

Stevie Miller is at home in St. Albans.

Kathleen Pelkie is at home in West Hartland.

Althea Tobie is at home in St. Albans.

Barbara Weymouth is at home in St. Albans.

1937

Phyllis Baird is employed in the Scott-Webb Hospital in Hartland.

Alice Chipman is at home preparing to practice hair dressing.

Myron Davis is living in Boston.

Frances Fellows is at home in St. Albans.

Donald Hollister is employed in Hartland.

Dorothy Lermond is living in Rockport.

Marie Libby Buker is living in Hartland.

Mary Libby Pease is living in Bangor.

Eva Lowell is at home in St. Albans.

Lyle Martin is at home in St. Albans.

Donlin McCormack is taking a Post Graduate course at Hartland Academy.

Clayton Merrill is at home in St. Albans.

Mahlon Merrow is employed in Cape Cod, Mass.

Beatrice Mills is employed in Pittsfield.

Bertha Smith is at home in St. Albans.

Arline Stedman Southards is living in Skowhegan.

Kenneth Wiers is employed in Skowhegan.

Donald Withee is living in Hartland.

Clara Woodbury is taking a Post Graduate Course at Hartland Academy.

EXCHANGES

This year we have enjoyed making the following exchanges.

"The Live Wire," Newport High School, Newport, Maine. Each year our neighbors of Newport High give us a chance to try our wit on their French section. Your literary section is interesting and also your poems. Let me suggest some class room jokes.

"The Strathcoma Oracle," Strathcoma Academy, Quebec, Canada.

You have a large splendid magazine with many excellent pictures. We know your well-organized and carefully edited magazine is the result of much hard work. Your cross-word puzzle is unusual and interesting.

"The Reflector," Caribou High School, Caribou, Maine.

A large and well arranged magazine. Your school calendar is very amusing. You have fine musical and athletic departments, but where are your jokes?

"The Carrabasset Ripple," Central High School, New Portland.

You have an interesting book with a good literary section and amusing poems. We wish you luck in your attempt to enlarge your exchange department.

"The Rostrum," Guilford High School, Guilford, Maine.

A large and fine literary section. You have an excellent poetry department. I think more classroom jokes would make your joke section more interesting.

"The Muse," Corinna Union Academy, Corinna, Maine.

You have a well arranged magazine which presents an attractive appearance. Your magazine also has some fine jokes.

HARTLAND ACADEMY





Jokes and Quotes



Nellie Baird: "What is the little plant that looks like an onion, tastes like an onion, and has little green shoots like an onion?"

Mr. Lowell: "Probably it's an onion."

Donald Rice: "Do I have to read that story that I wrote?"

Miss Laughton: "I guess you'll have to. I wouldn't undertake it."

Margaret Lord (writing): "When I die, I don't want to be buried in the ground, I want to be created."

Mr. Cutts: "Are you learning anything, son?"

Sub-Freshman: "No, I'm listening to you."

Mr. Cutts (to Eunice Millett who was drawing out an example): "You'd better shift to second, Miss Millett."

Mr. Lowell in Biology Class: "I hope none of you girls will marry a man who has a snuff habit."

Miss Laughton in English Class: "McCormack, give me a definition for a 'daisy'."

Murray Mc.: "A pretty girl."

Miss McIntyre: "Speak a little louder, Miss Crocker. Can you hear what she's saying, Brown?"

Howard Brown: "I can hear a faint rumbling."

Miss Laughton: "Does anyone know anything about the Camp Fire girls?"

Murray Mc. (in a whisper): "Yes, they go camping."

Mr. Qualey: "Is there anyone here who owns a boat?"

Vivian Mills: "I do."

Mr. Qualey: "Where do you keep it?"

Vivian Mills: "In the water."

Teacher: "I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?"

Pupil: "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher: "Why is it wrong?"

Pupil: "Because you ain't went yet."

"Now, Harry," asked the teacher, "to what family does the whale belong?"

"I don't know," replied Harry. "Nobody in our neighborhood has one."

The Teacher is Taught

"I is—" began Joan.

"I am—" promptly corrected the teacher.

"I am the ninth letter in the alphabet," Joan finished.

Mr. Lowell (just before vacation): "What are you doing, Miss Moore, reading the morning paper?"

Margaret Moore (looking up from her note): "No."

Mr. Lowell: "You'd better listen to me. You won't be hearing me for a week."

Mr. Cutts (to James Moore): "When did you get back? I didn't see you when you came in."

James Moore: "I came in just as Miss Wiers passed out."

Believe it or not, but last year Joseph Ford raised an umbrella in his garden.

Marion Hollister: "Mr. Cutts, did you break the glass in that picture frame?"

Mr. Cutts: "Yes, why?"

Marion Hollister: "Well, I was just wondering how you happened to do it."

Mr. Cutts: "I was looking at it."

Pat Gee (translating in French): "It was very cold yesterday night."

Miss McIntyre: "Anyone that hasn't his French done now, may come back and do it after school tonight."

B. Emerson (expostulating): "But, I can't stay after school tonight. I'm going to the movies and I've got to get home early."

Mr. Cutts: "Where did you get that equation, Ham? Out of your head?"

W. Ham: "Yes."

Mr. Cutts: "You'd better have it examined."

R. Phinney: "When you have an X in the denominator, how do you take it out?"

Mr. Cutts: "With a shovel."

Miss L.: "Miss Walker, who was Cicero?"

M. Walker: "Brutus' wife."

Miss L.: "What does patriot mean, Jones?"

A. Jones: "One who goes to church."

Miss McIntyre: "Dessicated means dried. So it would be dried eggs in that sentence."

D. Mc.: "Dried eggs! What are they like? Do hens lay them?"

Miss McIntyre: "Yes, they turn them into a powdery form."

D. Mc.: "Hmmm. I wonder if cows give dried milk?"

Miss McIntyre: "Does anyone in this room know what a canthook is?"

Moulton: "It's a bald-headed cow, isn't it?"

Miss Mc.: "I don't know."

An optical illusion: When Shirley sees Ernest's tracks she thinks that it's a "dear" track.

G. Cunningham: "Jeanette, do you think that hens are profitable?"

J. Smith: "Yes."

G. Cunningham: "Why?"

J. Smith: "Because for every grain that they eat, they give a peck."

Miss L.: "Moore, would you take a woman's advice on business matters?"

J. Moore: "I should say not!"

Miss Mc.: "Grant, wake up and pay attention."

W. Grant: "Am I asleep?"

P. Gee (translating a word in French that meant either "trip" or "journey").

"They tripped all over the country."

Miss McIntyre: "Why are you limping?"

M. Wheeler: "My foot is sore and I have to flavor it."

Mr. Q.: "Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton University."

N. McCormack: "I thought he was president of the United States."

Emerson: "How did you go home last night, Pat?"

P. Gee (snappishly): "How do you suppose? By putting two feet ahead of the other."

P. Gee (to Luther Nichols): "You must have been behind the door when the brains were passed out."

Nichols: "Well, you must have been passing them out and forgot to save some."

Scientific Discovery

M. Moore (on physics paper): "Molecules in solids are closer apart than those in gas."

C. Inman (writing on "As You Like It"): "Jacques was very tenderhearted and didn't like to kill the poor dears."

Increase your Vocabulary!

"I saw a pretty woman wearing a tycoon."

"I despicable you."

"It is your obligatory."

"He has exquisite it."

Pass the Lemon!

Littlefield (in English class): "So Lady Macbeth drugged the guards by putting something in their tea."

Miss L.: "We can't hear you, Miss Thorne."

Cherrie (in a loud voice): "I have a cold and can't speak above a whisper."

With a Nod Toward Shakespeare

All's Well That Ends Well

Basketball Season

The Tempest

Mr. Cutts

Much Ado about Nothing

Mr. Qualey

As You Like It

Senior Class

The Merchants of Venice

Junior Class

Midsummer Night's Dream

A Long Assembly

Comedy of Errors

French II Class

Anthony and Cleopatra

Philip Libby and Edith Cooley

Julius Caesar

Joseph Ford

Love's Labour's Lost

Jacqueline Buker

Romeo and Juliet

Ernest Staples and Shirley Neal

Two Gentlemen of Verona

Wesley Ham and Howard Brown

Anita Baird, '39

THE RIPPLE

Mr. Cutts: "What did you say, Emerson?"
 R. Emerson: "I don't know."
 Mr. Cutts: "That's what I expected."

Miss L.: "Would it be all right to say, 'The boy was erudite', Miss Cully?"
 Kay: "I shouldn't think so. Erudite means scholarly."

Lona Clark: "I thought that you were going to give us a rest after the mid-year."

Mr. Q.: "Well, I am. I'm going to give you the rest of the chapter."

First student: "Can you tell me how to make succotash?"

Second student: "Yes. Just sit on the floor and bend over until the bean and corn come together."

Time, tide and tardy-bell waits for no man.

Mr. Cutts to Marion Hollister: "Which do you know the most about, a chicken or a goose?"

M. Hollister: "Well, I don't know so much about a chicken as a goose."

Mr. Q.: "On what date did this take place, Miss Ash?"

M. Ash: "I don't know; I didn't memorize the date."

Mr. Q.: "Well, I don't blame you. I don't go out for dates, myself."

Mr. Q.: "Take special note of this 'Lewis and Clark' picture. Notice the coonskin caps; some of them are made out of buffalo skins."

Miss L.: "Marr, are you studying together?"

Mr. Q.: (trying to get someone to say "carrier"): "Suppose I went out here and carried someone across the street, what would I be called?"

A. Littlefield: "A kidnaper."

There is a young fellow named Marr
 Who delights in travelling afar,
 But Newport is near
 And from Hartland we hear
 There's room for two girls in his car.

H. W.

Songs Popular With the Seniors

I Love(d) Your Sister	Wendell Marr
Sailing Home	Marion Ash
I'm In My Glory	Pauline Young
A Little Chap With Big Ideas	Arthur Littlefield
I Wanna Be In Winchell's Column	James Moore
It's Easier Said Than Done	Ardis Moulton
The One Rose	Cherrie Thorne
I Like To Make Music	Erlene Hughes
Every Day's A Holiday	Andrew Peterson
I Live The Life I Love	Mildred Wentworth
Afraid To Dream	Lona Clark
Satan Takes a Holiday	Kenneth Baird
Whistle While You Work	Norman Strout
Between The Bookends	Mildred Cooley
I'd Rather Be Right	Joseph Ford
Sweet Someone	Liston Inman
Ten Pretty Girls	Robert Perkins
Where or When	Opal Wiers
I Miss You When You're Gone	Kay Cully
Thanks For The Memories	Miriam Steeves
My Topic Of Conversation	Grace Parsons
I'm Like A Fish Out Of Water	Eleanor Libby
She's Tall, She's Tan, She's Terrific	Marguerite Wheeler
Take Me Out To The Ball Game	Russell Dunlap

LE PRINTEMPS

Le ciel est très bleu maintenant;
 L'herbe est vert sous nos pieds.
 Et comme nous nous promenons
 Les gens semblent très gais.
 Erlene Hughes, '38

LES SAISONS

Les terre est blanche
 Au mois de janvier
 Et l'herbe est vert
 Au mois de juillet.
 Doris Seekins, '40

MA FAMILLE

Je suis un jeune garçon;
 Ma soeur est allemande;
 Ma mère est française
 Mais mon père est anglais,
 Et moi, je suis autrichien!
 Howard Brown, '40

HARTLAND ACADEMY

Miss L.: "If a girl was born for a career and was sure of it, I don't think that she should give it up for a mere man."

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HOLYOKE

MASSACHUSETTS

HARTLAND ACADEMY

Miss L.: "Marr, are you studying together?"

*"Many of my dearest recollections bring me
back to Hartland Academy.*

*Like all others, I wish I could live it over
again.*

With every success to the institution."

Clyde H. Smith

THE RIPPLE

Mr. Q.: "For what were the Phoenicians famous?"
Bea W.: "Blinds."

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E. Staples: "Eskimos."

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The father wired back: "How sad, too bad, your dad."

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"Batz" Mc.: "What do you mean by black and white? Spotted?"

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