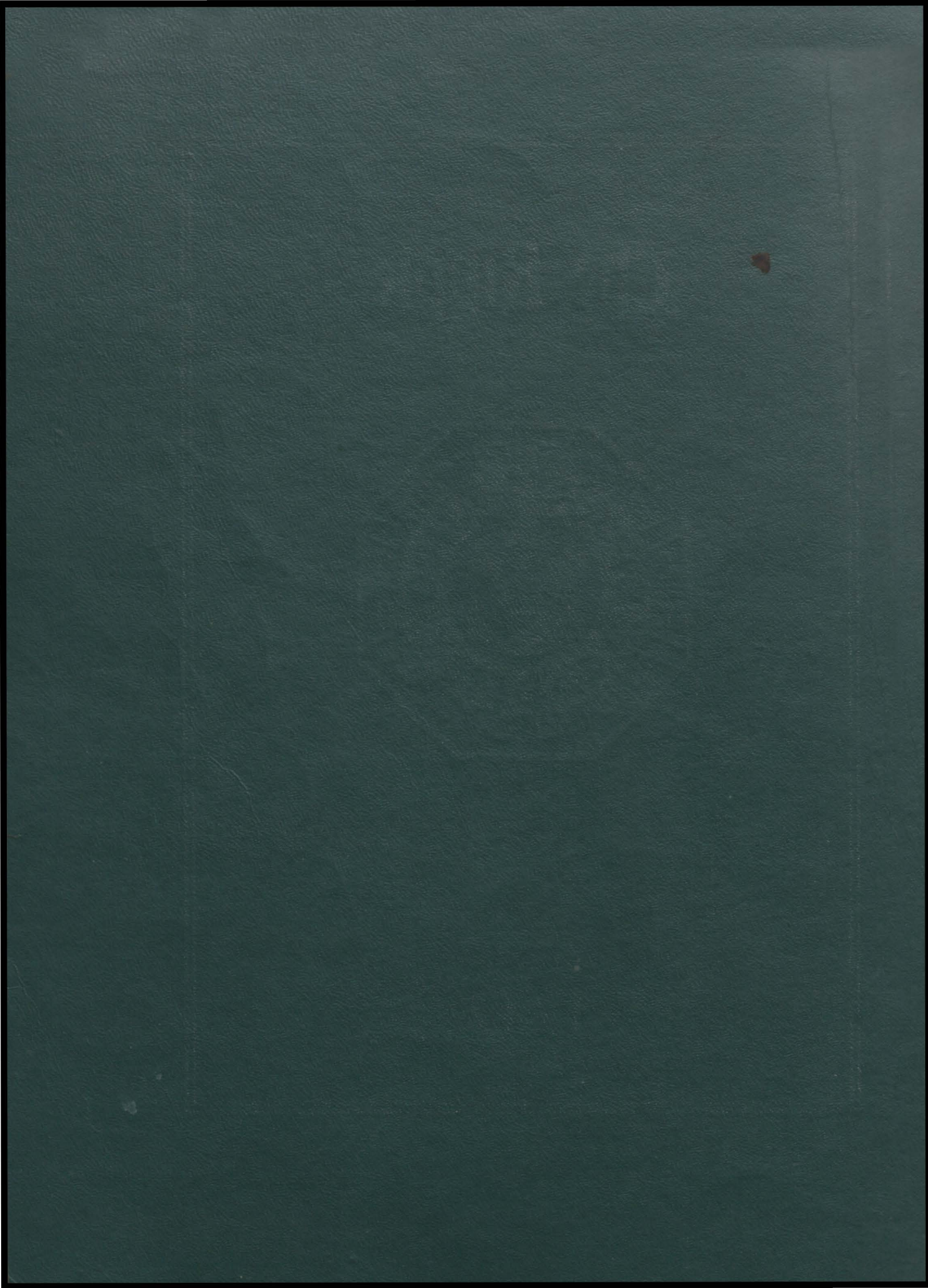


# The Ripple



1942



# *The Ripple*

Volume XXVIII

Number I

Hartland, Maine, 1942

Published by the Students of Hartland Academy

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# HARTLAND ACADEMY



1942

## FACULTY DIRECTORY

### Principal

Mr. Cecil Cutts

### History Instructor

Mr. Richard Dunn

### Science Instructor

Mr. Roland Wilkins

### Foreign Language Instructor

\*Miss Marjorie Towle

### English Instructor

Miss Stella Clifford

### Home Economics Instructor

Miss Rena Allen

### Agriculture Instructor

Mr. Preston Whitaker

### Music Director

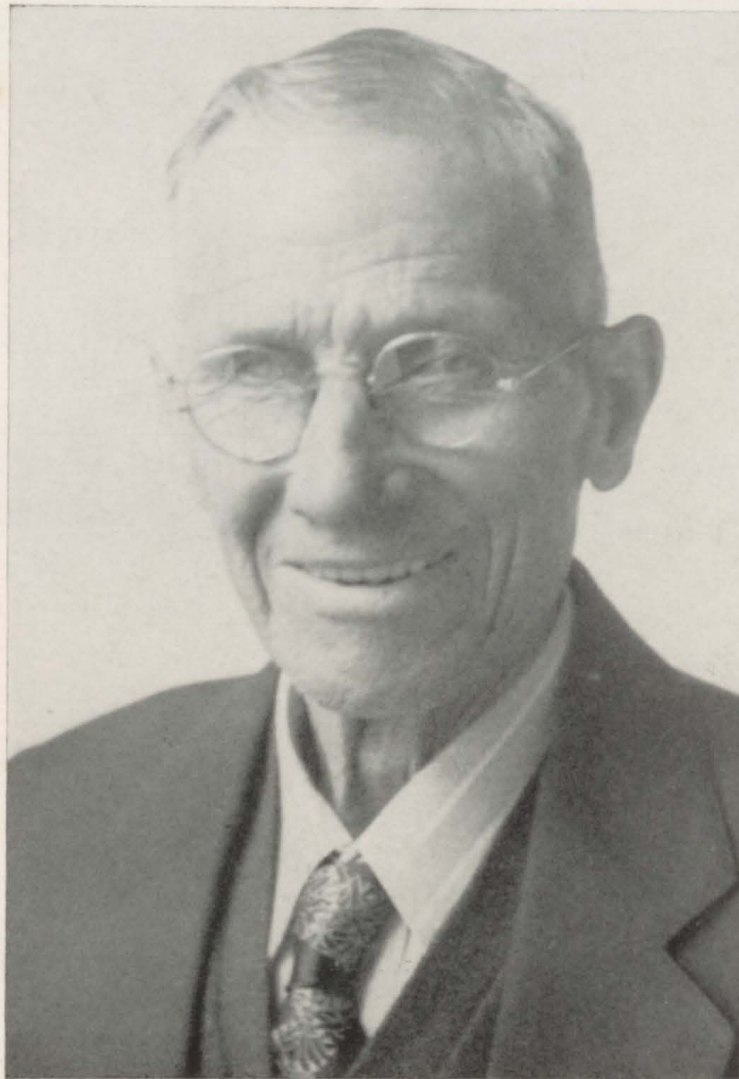
Miss Gertrude Thorne

\*After March 20, Miss Towle was replaced by Mrs. Hope Dunn.

[Two]



1832



BERT DEERING

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## Dedication

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We, the Senior Class of Hartland Academy,  
affectionately dedicate the 1942 Ripple  
to  
BERT DEERING  
in appreciation of his faithful service  
as our school janitor for twenty-two years.



WENDALL ALBERT MARR

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## In Memoriam

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The many friends of Wendall Albert Marr were saddened last fall by his untimely death.

While attending Hartland Academy, he took a very active part in all school activities, and was particularly skillful in athletics.

He will be long remembered and missed, not only by his classmates, but also by his many friends and acquaintances.

Wendall Marr was a member of the class of 1938.



### RIPPLE BOARD

Front Row, left to right: L. Baird, J. Gee, T. Birkmaier, D. Ford, T. Giberson, D. Libby, E. Duncan, J. McGowan, G. Neal.  
 Back row, left to right: C. Gordon, V. Hewins, L. Barden, B. Fuller, Miss Clifford, D. Lancey, R. Steeves, R. Rediker, E. Hinton.

### EDITORIAL BOARD 1941-42

Editor-in-chief .....	Thelma Giberson
Assistant Editor .....	Dorothy Ford
Literary Editor .....	Lois Baird
Ass't Literary Editor .....	Virginia Hewins
Business Manager .....	Bigelow Fuller
Ass't Business Manager .....	Lewis Barden
Copy Editor .....	Doris Libby
Ass't Copy Editor .....	Evelyn Hinton
Ass't Copy Editor .....	Charlotte Gordon
Sports Editors .....	June Gee, Robert Steeves
Ass't Sports Editors .....	Joyce McGowan, Donald Lancey
Joke Editor .....	Elbert Duncan
Ass't Joke Editor .....	Rebecca Rediker
Exchange Editor .....	Geraldine Neal
Alumni Editor .....	Theodore Birkmaier

### CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Senior Class .....	Francis Cook
Junior Class .....	Merle Withee
Sophomore Class .....	Nettie Withee
Freshman Class .....	Myrtle Lovely
Sub-Freshman Class .....	Rae Jean Randlett

### FACULTY ADVISERS

Literary .....	Miss Clifford
Business .....	Mr. Cutts

H A

Senior Portfolio



BERNARD HARRY AUSTIN

VOCATIONAL

"Barney"

"Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret".

Debating 1, 2; F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Business Manager Senior Play; Student Council 4; Fourth Honor Commencement Part.



MALCOLM EDMOND AUSTIN

CLASSICAL

"Ned"

"There is no great genius without a tincture of madness".

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4.



HERBERT JAMES BAIRD

CIVIC

"Herby"

"Ah, why should life all labour be?"

Cross Country 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Letter Winner 3, 4; Basketball 1, 4; Letter Winner 4; Hi-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; F. F. A. 1, 2, 3; Winter Sports 3; Stage Manager, Senior Play.



LOIS INA BAIRD

CLASSICAL

"Be wiser than other people if you can; but do not tell them so".

Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 2, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 4; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Senior Play Cast; Ripple Board 1, 3, 4; Carnival Queen Candidate; Student Council 1, 3; Secretary 3; Citizenship Award 1, 2; Class President 1; Debating 3; Alumni Award 3; Winter Carnival Team 3; First Honor Commencement Part.

1 9 4 2



H A



THEODORE AUSTIN BIRKMAIER

CIVIC

"Teddydore"

"A man am I, crossed with adversity".

Prize Speaking 2, 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Ripple Board 3, 4; Student Council 4; Treasurer 4; Basketball Manager 4; Debating 3, 4; Letter Winner 4.



ENA ELLEN BUBAR

CIVIC

"Love is not in our choice, but in our fate".

Latin Club 1, 3.



FRANCIS HAROLD COOK

CLASSICAL

"He that hath knowledge spareth his words".

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Treasurer 3; Citizenship Award 2; Ripple Board 4.



EVA VIOLA CULLY

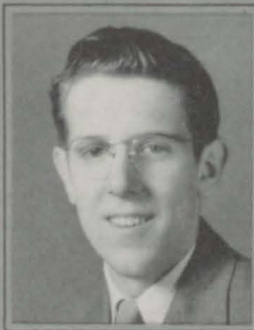
VOCATIONAL

"'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark our coming, and look brighter when we come".

Basketball 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Debating 2, 3; Latin Club 3, 4; Class Secretary 3.

1 9 4 2

H A



ELBERT HOMESTEAD DUNCAN, JR.

CIVIC

"Abbie"

"A town that has inhabitants like me  
Can have no lack of good society".

Hi-Y 1, 2, 3; Debating 1, 2, 3; Chaplain, Hi-Y 3; Latin Club 3, 4; President 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Play Cast; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Dinner 2, 3; Class President 4; Student Council 4; Senior Play Cast; Ripple Board 3, 4.



WILLIAM BIGELOW FULLER

CLASSICAL

"Wiggie"

"Mastery often passes for egoism".

North Quincy High

Rifle Club 1, 2; Hi-Y 1, 2; Gym Team 1, 2.

Hartland Academy

Hi-Y 3; Montgomery Prize Speaking 3; Debating 3, 4; Letter Winner 3, 4; Boys' Glee Club 3, 4; Senior Play Cast; Prize Speaking 3, U. of M. Extemporaneous Speaking 3; Ripple Board 3, 4.



JUNE SHIRLEY GEE

VOCATIONAL

"Bug"

"They sin who tell us love can die."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 3; Carnival Queen Candidate 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Junior Play Cast; Senior Play Cast; Student Council 3; 4-H Club 1; Class Secretary 2, 3; Ripple Board 4.



THELMA ELIZABETH GIBERSON

CLASSICAL

"I am sure care's an enemy to life".

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Debating 3, 4; Letter Winner 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 2; Junior Play Cast; Senior Play Cast; Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Ripple Board 2, 3, 4; Editor-in-chief 4; Citizenship Award 3; Queen Candidate 2; Class Treasurer 4; Second Honor Commencement Part.

1 9 4 2

H A



EMILY WING GOFORTH VOCATIONAL

"Small-Fry"

"Life is a great bundle of little things".

Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Senior Play Cast; Class Secretary 4.



MARJORIE PEARL GOFORTH VOCATIONAL

"Margie"

"It mayn't be good luck to be a woman: But one begins with it from a baby; one gets used to it."

St. Petersburg High School 3  
Hartland Academy

Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 1, 2; Prize Speaking 2.



ROBERT FRANKLIN GOFORTH, JR. VOCATIONAL

"Slim"

"The multitude is always in the wrong".

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 1, 2, 3, 4; F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 4; Glee Club 1; Basketball 1; Assistant Stage Manager Senior Play.



ELWOOD WITHEE GREENE VOCATIONAL

"Tugboat"

"Every man is as heaven made him and sometimes a great deal worse".

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2.

H A



DONNA EVELYN HINTON

VOCATIONAL

"Snooky"

"A beautiful face is a silent commendation".

Dexter High School

Secretary and Treasurer 1; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3; Chairman Freshman Reception; English Club 1; Assistant Joke Editor 1, 3; Popularity Contest Candidate; Home Economic Club 1, 2; Secretary and Treasurer 1, 2; Prize Speaking 3; Junior Prom Committee Board; One Act Play 3.  
Hartland Academy

Class Vice President 4; Glee Club 4; Ripple Board 4; Candidate For Carnival Queen 4; Home Economics Club 4.



HAROLD FREEMONT HUGHES

VOCATIONAL

"Mike"

"Everything that is worth thinking has already been thought before".

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 2, 3, 4; F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.



SHELDON CORAL HUTCHINSON

VOCATIONAL

"Tim"

"Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new".

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2; Cross Country Track Manager 4; Candidate for Carnival King 2; Assistant Manager Baseball 3.



DORIS ETHELYN LIBBY

CIVIC

"Dot"

"When joy and duty clash, 'tis joy must go to smash".

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Manager 4; Letter Winner 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; All Star Team 4; Glee Club President 4; Orchestra 1, 2; 4-H Club 1; Latin Club 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; Junior Play Cast; Senior Play Cast; Ripple Board 3, 4; Third Honor Commencement Part.

1 9 4 2

H A



MURRAY LAWRENCE McCORMACK

CIVIC

"Speed"

"Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts".

Basketball 1; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Carnival King Candidate.



GERALDINE GERTRUDE NEAL

CIVIC

"Gerry"

"She is a maid of artless grace, gentle in form and fair in face".

Basketball 1, 2, 4; Letter Winner 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Carnival Queen Candidate 3; Student Council 4; Latin Club 3, 4; Ripple Board 4.



GERALD OSGOOD ROBERTSON

VOCATIONAL

"Better late than never".

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Reporter 2; Secretary 3; Vice President 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Baseball 1, 2; Student Council 2.



ROBERT JAMES STEEVES

CIVIC

"Bob"

"Men blush less for their crimes than for their weaknesses and vanity".

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 1, 2, 3; Ripple Board 4; Class President 3; Student Council 3; Foul Shot Contest Winner 4.

1 9 4 2

H A



ARLAND VERNARD STEDMAN

VOCATIONAL

"George"

"And when a lady's in the case,  
You know all other things find place".

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 1, 2; Vice President 3; President 4; Hi-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; Class President 2; Senior Play Cast; Coronation Ball King.



KEITH REES TAPLEY

VOCATIONAL

"John"

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market".

Track 1, 2, 3; Letter Winner 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; Junior Play Cast; Senior Play Cast; Cross Country 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 2, 3, 4; Winter Sports 2, 3; Class Treasurer 1; F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer 4; Hi-Y 2, 3; Vice President 3; Candidate for King 3, 4.



LINWOOD ROY VANADESTINE

VOCATIONAL

"And remember that after all, I am merely a spectator in life: nothing more than a man at the play in fact".

Assistant Baseball Manager 3; Baseball Manager 4.



CLARENCE EDWARD WALKER

VOCATIONAL

"Charley"

"Beware the fury of a patient man".

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter Winner 4; All Star Team 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Officer 3, 4; Hi-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3; President 4; Junior Play Cast; Winner of Foul Shooting Contest 3.

1 9 4 2



## Editorials



### Questions of the Year:

1. Shall Hartland Academy adopt compulsory physical education?
2. Shall Hartland Academy adopt the one session plan?

#### SHOULD HARTLAND ACADEMY ADOPT COMPULSORY PHYSICAL EDUCATION?

Yes, Hartland Academy should adopt compulsory physical education. It is a benefit to every pupil, no matter what his views on the subject may be.

Is not a school a place where one is supposed to develop his character, his person, and his knowledge? One would not think of going to school without at least attempting the last, but is not Physical Education but a form of education and knowledge? Some people think that if they continually have their noses in a book and become more learned, they are doing all that is necessary. That is not true. What good will a person be in after years if he has not developed his body as well as his mind? He will become soft, have no muscle, and will not be able to stand hard work.

Some people bring to point the fact that they do not like physical education. They do not see why they should be made to exercise and tire themselves for something they do not enjoy. To this I say that everyone has to do things that he does not like.

In joining athletic groups, one mingles with others like himself and gains fellowship. One is able to find out his good points and his weak points. Perhaps you did not know you could play basketball or baseball. One day your coach or one of your teammates congratulated you for "the swell game you played!" Suddenly you wake up to the fact that you really enjoy the sport; you feel pretty good inside and play all the harder.

Occasionally an individual is handicapped by physical defects. For such there are less strenuous activities designed to help them

overcome the defects. More often, however, the person is just too lazy to get out and exert himself a little.

Pupils would not enjoy their school nearly so much if they did not have athletic games to attend. So many of them like to watch others work for the school; then why don't they get out there and earn a little of the glory themselves! Then they can say enthusiastically, "We won!"

Of course joining an athletic team of one sort or another is not the only way to obtain physical instruction. There are many milder, non-competitive activities which will do everyone a great deal of good; and for which the person would be thankful for later. Therefore, I say, let's have compulsory physical education!

—Helen Moore, '44

\* Take it and like it, eh?—Ed.

#### COMPULSORY PHYSICAL EDUCATION

"Oh, why didn't I take basketball?" How many times have you heard someone ask such a question as this when he realizes, now too late, that he has missed a great deal by not participating in some sport.

Many young people, when they are high school freshmen, do not go out for sports because they believe they are inferior to others. This inferiority complex makes them fear competition; and therefore, they shrink into the background and take part in only the few activities that are absolutely required of them.

Under a system of compulsory physical education, say for the first two years in high school, each pupil will be tried out in each sport; and in this way, he will be placed in activities for which he is best

suited. Those who are not qualified to take part in sports will find interest in other activities.

One often hears a pupil say, "I am in debating and in the musical clubs, and I feel I'm doing my part for Hartland Academy without taking any sports." This statement may be true, but is the speaker giving himself the best training his opportunities afford? In most cases, no! Although the mind is getting well-trained, his body is weak, the muscles flabby, and the individual is short-winded. A strong mind in a weak body!

Besides correcting all these health deficiencies, sports give the participant a well-rounded personality, teach him good sportsmanship, self confidence, and self control.

Do we want the pupils of Hartland Academy to have strong minds and weak bodies? Do we want to adopt a system of compulsory physical education in Hartland Academy? The answer to these questions ties them together. Compulsory physical training would eliminate the danger of weak bodies. America needs a strong youth.

—Thelma Giberson, '42

\* Sports, yes; but did you ever get excited over a gym class? —Ass't Ed.

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### COMPULSORY PHYSICAL TRAINING AT H. A.

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Compulsory physical training should not be enforced at Hartland Academy. Those who are interested in sports, which develop us physically, will volunteer for training without being forced.

We today understand that we live in a democracy. A democracy is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. The students of Hartland Academy are the people, also part of the Academy itself, and also the personality of America. In a democracy, people are not told exactly what to do and what not to do; when this happens democracy becomes a dictatorship.

Our school is part of a democracy, and the students do not wish to be forced to do anything. We have our choice of subject matter; why should we not have a choice regarding physical training. We may be losing out in one way; but on the other hand, we may be benefited more by spending time on our subjects. Enforcing people to do things is a good way of insuring that it

will be done with very little benefit to the doer.

—Theodore Birkmaier, '42

\* Freedom ceases when the rights of others have been disturbed.—Ed.

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### ONE-SESSION PLAN

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A question, and a big one, has arisen at Hartland Academy.

Shall we, or shall we not, have the one-session plan?

After thinking things over very carefully, and understanding clearly that our country needs every bit of help we can give, I feel that every student in our school and the teachers should cooperate and adopt the one-session plan.

The farmers need help to plant the necessary crops to help keep our soldiers fed in order that they may fight. If we are allowed the afternoon off, especially on our fast time, we will have at least four hours of daylight for plowing, harrowing, or aiding in the barns. All this should mean a great deal to the farmers who are having difficulty getting labor.

Such a system would provide an opportunity for our teachers to take the various defense courses offered and to help with Red Cross instructions. Miss Clifford will have at least two more hours a day to knit, and this is a factor not to be overlooked, for our soldiers must be clothed.

Every young man and woman will find that he will have a great many sacrifices to make before this war is over. I, for one, say that if we can help by adopting the one-session plan, that we should do it.

—Gerald Martin, '43

\* More time to study, too.—Ass't Ed.

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### SHALL HARTLAND ACADEMY ADOPT THE ONE SESSION PLAN?

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At a time such as this, when every minute of every day counts, I think that this is a very important question, and one that should be answered affirmatively.

Of course, it would mean that everyone would have to get up earlier in the morning—why, it would have to be a whole half-hour earlier! But that problem can easily be solved by putting that half-hour on the other end of our nightly bedtime hours.



Problem number two is—the necessity of shortening the noon hour; it wouldn't even be at noon under the proposed plan. Our noon hours are not so exciting that a loss of half of that hour would be too much of a sacrifice. If it came too early for some to eat dinner at that time, why not wait until after school? Then you would really do justice to Ma's home cooking!

Last, but the easiest question to answer is, "Will anyone make use of the remaining afternoon hours?" The farm boys can certainly be kept busy; and if the rest of us are at all patriotic, we are not going to let the farmers get ahead of us.

If you have any more arguments, won't you please lay them aside for the present and give this plan a fair trial? A few weeks under the plan should prove whether or not there is anything to be gained.

—Lois Baird, '42

\* If this system is good for many large schools, why not for others?—Ed.

#### THE HIGH SCHOOL AND THE DEFENSE PROGRAM

Every day we hear requests for thousands of young men for defense jobs. Electric welders can earn high wages; men are needed in shipyards. This is a great temptation for many of the high school boys, especially those who are not over-enthusiastic about school.

I wonder if these boys ever stop to think about their future. What are they going to do after the war is over? What are they going to do without a high school education, to say nothing about going to college? If all of our young men stop school and go into these positions, who is going to be left to carry on the work of our government in the future?

This is really a serious problem. Few of our boys stop to think about all of these things. They do not seem to realize that it will be their job to carry on the government of this country in the future. Without a high school education, people in modern days can hardly get work at all. In order to be really successful, one usually needs a college education. After the war is over, these thousands of boys will be loafing and hanging around the street corners, unable to find work because of their lack of education. I think these boys would agree if they

gave more careful thought to this vital question. It is better for the boys to stay in school to gain a whole high school training. Many should be willing to go on to college, in spite of the interesting call of industry. I believe that industry and the government can really find enough men for these jobs without taking them from the high school.

—Keith Cunningham, '44

\* "Education is the first line of defense."

—Ed.

#### HARTLAND ACADEMY AND THE DEFENSE PROGRAM

As high school students, we naturally have spent many hours studying the history of wars. While we were memorizing the outstanding dates, names, and places of these wars, I doubt if any of us ever dreamed that one day we would be involved in the most tragic, destructive, inhuman war the world has ever seen.

We realize our limitations; and yet we know that every little bit we can do will contribute to the "all out" effort being put forth by the United Nations.

In our school, the earnest desire of the pupils to help in this war effort is shown by the large number of war savings stamps they have purchased. Our list of contributors is so long; it extends the complete length of the bulletin board.

Our Glee Clubs are giving up their annual trip to the music festival in order to save gas and tires.

The Home Economic Girls have added many articles of clothing to the Red Cross supply. Our desire to help this worthy organization is further shown by the display of Red Cross Pins on practically every lapel during the annual drive.

The Agriculture Boys have demonstrated their eagerness to help by constructing several air raid alarm boxes which they have stationed in all parts of the town. Those of them who so desire are learning welding in the evening classes.

In the way of improving our health and building up morale, we have, with the aid of Surplus Commodities supplied by the Government, served nutritional, well-balanced meals at minimum cost; practiced air raid drills, and put on patriotic assemblies.

We have taken seriously these tasks which we are expected to perform and, although

we cannot play a major part on the battle front, we can conscientiously do our bit on the home front.

—Dorothy Ford, '43

\* Don't forget the two night school classes in shopwork held this winter.—Ass't Ed.

### SHOULD THE HIGH SCHOOLS BOTHER TO TRAIN ATHLETIC TEAMS IN TIMES OF WAR?

As the situation now stands, athletic teams will have no means of transportation next year. This, however, is no reason for the discontinuation of these teams; in fact, I believe that it would be better to put more emphasis than ever on their training. This question, like so many others connected with schools, has two sides; that of the pupil, and that of the school.

Looking first from the viewpoint of the school, we find no increase in the expenses. It is just the reverse, a decrease, for there is no transportation expense. What school doesn't like to cut down on expenses. It is true that the cost of upkeep would be about the same. There is another point in favor of athletics as far as the school is concerned. It is an honor to a school to win a championship; we have one to protect, and another to regain, so why not train for the future? Take pupils lower in the grades and train them. Set up a schedule of games, inter-class, inter-club, and yes, perhaps even inter-team games. It would not hurt either baseball or basketball teams to run against the track team, or vice versa. Possibly a great runner might be picking the wrong sport and will find himself in such a contest.

Now what has the pupil to say about the question? In the first place, it is fun—a chance to relax, exercise, and rest the brain after a hard day in school. I wouldn't be surprised but what it would benefit the teachers, too. Although college and professional teams are losing many players they are going to continue throughout the war. Their schedules are shorter in some cases. These sports are considered part of our morale. I believe that we in high school should use this as an example.

—Ned Austin, '42

\* Let's have more athletics instead of less.

—Ed.

### NEXT YEAR'S ATHLETIC PROGRAM

I do not think that we should have athletic practices at Hartland Academy next winter. If we cannot have the usual games and meets, there is no sense wasting precious time and energy that might be more appropriately used in the defense effort.

Everyone knows that the only reason a student participates in sports is the pleasure of the trips and the satisfaction of the rewards; if he can't get these, it's obvious he won't waste his time practicing.

You may say that we could have class games in basketball; class meets in cross country and track; or first against second teams in baseball. However, I think you'll find that the participants in such games would soon become bored and give up when they had played game after game with no audience to cheer them on. Inter-class competition may be of interest for a short time, but it soon loses its vitality. All too often one class is so vastly superior to another that interest lags immediately. It's too much of the same old thing.

There is a great deal of practicing necessary for a good team in any sport. But such exertion isn't worth walking home three or four miles for, if we can't have interscholastic games. If the tire and gasoline shortage is so bad that we cannot compete with neighboring schools, it will, also, be bad enough to keep boys with cars at home, not at late afternoon or evening practices. To me, it seems ridiculous to train teams when there is no interscholastic competition in the offing.

—Joyce McGowan, '43

\* Isn't there any value to participation and joy in physical exercise?—Ass't Ed.

### "BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS"

Where have you heard that before? It's found its way into old H. A., too; and all for the best. On October 29, 1941, it was decided that Hartland Academy would do its part to "Keep 'Em Flying". Under the leadership of Mr. Dunn, we began to sell defense stamps every Tuesday, our Stamp Day. Edwin Mower was appointed Postmaster General. The following class representatives were chosen to assist him: Senior, Lois Baird; Junior, Maynard Deering; Sophomore, Kathleen Bragg; Freshman, Donald Nichols; sub-freshman, Shirley Stedman.

Members of the different classes who wish to purchase stamps leave their orders with the class managers, and they bring the money to the postmaster-general. It is he who purchases the necessary stamps directly from the post office. He delivers the stamps to the class managers, who, in turn, distribute them to the buyers. Five hundred dollars was set as our goal for the year. On April 14, \$300.05 was the total sales.

—Edwin Mower, '43  
Postmaster-General

\* "Get on the bond wagon".—Ass't Ed.

### "SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED"

I have, among my possessions, a snapshot of my older brothers and sisters on their way to school, carrying lard pails which contain their lunches. No doubt they relished their cold sandwiches, and they certainly didn't look as though their health had been the least bit impaired by the tiresome sameness of their noon fare; still I can just imagine how their eyes would sparkle if they could have sat down to an occasional lunch such as I have daily at school.

Shortly before Christmas, Miss Allen suggested that we serve hot lunches at school. This suggestion was met with our whole-hearted enthusiasm. At first, we prepared only one hot dish—the necessary vegetables and milk being furnished by the pupils, who

were credited for the market price of same.

As our surplus commodities increased, and we were receiving from the government apples, raisins, canned milk, flour, prunes, apricots, and cases of tomatoes, we felt that we could serve complete balanced meals.

The meals are prepared by several of the Home Economic girls during their study periods and served, cafeteria style, in the auditorium. As each pupil is served, his name is checked off by the two girls who do the clerical work and marketing as an extra-curricular activity. Those who help prepare twenty meals receive one-half an extra-curricular credit for their tasks.

An example of the lunches which we have enjoyed is as follows:

Chop Suey

Banana Milk Shake

Stewed Prunes

This project has, we are happy to say, been a success, and by the payment of only five cents per person per meal or the equivalent in home produce, we are able to pay all our bills.

A connoisseur could, without a doubt, find plenty to criticize in our culinary efforts. However, we feel—if we can judge by the way the pupils have come back again and again for a second helping—that our hot lunch has been a great success.

—Dorothy Ford, '43

\* The mice in the auditorium have also enjoyed this new activity.—Ed.



## *What They Said Yesterday*



"If we do not do our work in school that is assigned to us, we are not only neglecting our school, but we are also lessening our ability to do work after we leave school.

—"Ripple", 1922

\* Where have we heard this before?

—Ass't Ed.

"Although extra-curricular activities have their place in building the student physically and morally, such activities can be carried too far. When students make a business of sports or social life, studies invariably take second place. To the students of

Hartland Academy, we say, 'Attain education, both mental and physical, but guard against over-emphasis'."—"Ripple", 1934

\* As wise now as then.—Ed.

"Prospective teachers, the greatest problem of the superintendent of schools is to build a staff of loyal, dependable teachers; teachers of enthusiasm, initiative and thorough training. Are you preparing to be that kind of a teacher?"—"Ripple", 1916

\* Well, faculty, how about it?—Ass't Ed.

"A boy or girl does not need to have

some rich ancestor to be able to get a good education."—"Ripple", 1931

\* No, but it helps!—Ed.

"Now I lay me down to rest,  
To study hard I've tried my best;  
If I should die before I wake  
I'll have no history test to take."  
—"Ripple", 1932

\* What! We thought history tests began with Mr. Dunn.—Ass't Ed.

"The curtailing of our cane and beet sugar supplies during the war and the many half successful attempts we made to make up for that loss by the substitution of syrups and other forms of sweetening, render the study of sugar and sugar products of double interest to us today."—"Ripple", 1919

\* You never said a truer word.—Ed.

"It can be said without exaggerating in the least that the school paper owes its suc-

cess to its advertisers. The advertisers are the financiers of the paper, the true backers. Without them the paper could not possibly exist. Time and again they pay a liberal sum for an advertisement in a paper with a strictly limited circulation, which will probably mean no gain whatever to them, and they will have only the satisfaction of knowing that they have freely contributed to a cause which, although at the most not very far reaching, reflects upon their town, their school, and their prosperity."

—"Ripple", 1930

\* You said it!—Bus. Manager.

"If the student in these bewildering times is to be a good citizen, he must have a keen, active, and clear mind; a feeling of independence; and the courage which comes with a firm solid youth!"—"Ripple", 1935

\* Yes, times were bad then; but, brother, look at them now!—Ed.





### DARKNESS

It was dark where I sat, very dark for a June night. I sat very still in the darkness, for there was not a sound, and I did not wish to be heard. I thought I felt a draft, but I scarcely noticed it. I sat tense, gripping the arms of my chair or digging my fingernails into the palms of my hands.

There would be a stream of light, then a flash; again I would be surrounded by darkness. Then there was a sound. It was something like a moan, similar to the wind. It became louder and louder, almost deafening me. Then like thunder breaking, there was a crash and then a silence except for a few men talking softly.

It was still dark and I still felt that draft. I pulled my coat tighter about me. The stream of light still flashed dimly. After another half hour, I was plunged suddenly into bright lights. There was much clapping and shouting. A girl sitting near me said, "What a perfect movie!"

"Yes," I sighed.

—Joyce McGowan, '43

### A WINTER NIGHT

Two figures trudged up a narrow white country road. One drew a sled behind him. As they neared the long steep hill, and began climbing it, their steps lagged.

These two were going sliding. Finally they reached the top and sat down. From here they could look down upon the small town below. There were bright lights shining, and here and there one would go out.

All around was calm serene beauty. The full moon glistened on the soft snow like thousands of tiny fairy lights. The night was clear and cold, and the stars in the heavens twinkled merrily. The trees stood tall and still except for a soft murmur which passed through the stately pines.

From nearby hilltops came the voices of other sliders, laughing and shouting. Their dark silhouettes stood out against the bright moon. In the distance on a large lake were

skaters. Their voices were too far away to be heard, but every now and then a shout drifted to the ears of the two listeners.

This night seemed perfect in all ways, as though nothing could surpass it. All the good things of nature seemed blended together to form one beautiful picture. The murmur in the pines grew louder, and the tall trees swayed gently in the breeze like giant animals moving to and fro.

The two figures on the hilltop still sat, drinking in the beauty around them. They had not moved once, even to slide. Suddenly, they became conscious that they could hear no more noises. They looked at each other and a smile passed over their faces. The other sliders and skaters had gone home, how long before, they did not know. They pulled themselves to their feet, turned the sled around, and seated themselves on it. With one last look around, they gave a little push and slowly started down the long white hill before them.

—Helen Moore, '44

### WAR MEMORIES

It was a rainy, dreary night in the middle of April. Old Mr. Reardon was sitting before the fireplace sadly watching the embers die away. The sound of the wind beating the rain against the side of the house made an uncanny noise. He was thinking of his son, Carl, his only child, and the pride of his life. He had not heard from him for weeks. It wasn't like Carl not to write. He knew his father was old and alone. Surely something must be wrong. Maybe he had been sent to Australia. Maybe at this very moment he was fighting—fighting for the America he knew and loved. Perhaps he was dying, alone!

As these thoughts flashed across the old man's brain, other thoughts came to him. These were thoughts of another war, the first world war. He had suffered, too, but he had come back and found Virginia waiting for him.

A soft smile wreathed his face as he

thought of that day, after his safe arrival in America. The topsy-turvy world had seemed right again. America was free; there would be no more war, and he and Virginia were together again. And then—Carl! What a beautiful youngster he had been. The thought of the time he had fallen downstairs and bumped his head; how hard he had cried, and how frightened Virginia was! Carl's first Christmas—his first words—his first day at school.

The summer after Carl's high school graduation, he had lost Virginia. Something within John had died with his wife. He almost wished that he might go with her, but he still had his son to live for, and hope for.

And now Carl was gone. Would he ever see him again? A tear came into his eye as he thought of all these things. Oh, why was life so much care, misery, and regret? If he could only reach out and touch some of these visions which he saw before him. Unconsciously, the old man stretched out his hand, calling, "Virginia, Virginia."

An exhausted feeling overcame him he relaxed in his easy chair, and his eyes closed. When the housekeeper came, John was at rest. He would never suffer from the message she brought him. Carl had been killed in action!

—Thelma Giberson, '42

#### "BOOK REPORT MONDAY"

You must have a book report for Monday, and today is Friday. Oh! That's awful because you haven't even got the book, and it has to be a classic this time.

Of course there isn't the right kind of classic in the school library, so you have to wait until Saturday afternoon to get some book from the town library. You just hate classics; so it is a hard job to pick out the right one. The Librarian shows you classics by the dozens, but you "just can't decide".

After about an hour, you emerge with a classic, and that gorgeous creature you meet at the door is a friend from last Saturday night. And before you uttered that lingering "Good-by", you had a date for Saturday night.

The book quietly rests on the table until you spy it Sunday morning—er—afternoon, rather. As you are buried in the pages of chapter one, there is a knock at the door.

Some friends ask you to go with them. Sure, you would go, the old book can be read to-night.

When you get back, the clock shows the early hours of the morning. The book still rests until morning when you rush it to school to read the study period before English.

As you enter the English room, you have a vague idea of a character or two; that's about all. But you want to be with the crowd, so you write yours with the rest. That's O. K. now; but wait, wait until it comes back. The mark will show you aren't with the crowd! Or, maybe, everyone else is like this too.

—Lewis Barden, '43

#### ENGINEERS OF THE FOREST

Upon the moonlit stillness came suddenly a far-off muffled crashing. Jim glanced up at his companion, who was seated on the other side of the campfire, contentedly smoking his pipe. Answering the boy's questioning gaze, the old woodsman muttered, "Old tree fallin'." The silence that followed was so supreme that a few seconds after the noise, it seemed almost impossible to think it had ever happened. Jim's companion broke the stillness, "I'm turnin' in now," he said.

Jim picked up his gun and started out. He had walked but a half-mile when he came upon a swampy marsh. A dam separated it from a small shining pond on the other side. Jim was enough of a woodsman himself to know that this was the work of beavers.

Suddenly the cause of the falling tree dawned upon him. He made out two dome-shaped structures near the opposite shore of the pond. He had heard that each house served two to a dozen beavers.

Not wanting to be seen, Jim cautiously approached the dam. He had to bend low, for it was only about three feet high. It was built of poles, brush, and earth, and appeared to be very substantial, a wonderful piece of workmanship. The crest of the dam, Jim noticed, was built more loosely than the bottom. He gathered that this was for allowing the water to go through. At this level he saw that the water was escaping without violence. The force of the overflow was thus spread so that the destructive effect on the dam was almost nothing. Jim marvelled more and more at the beavers' workmanship.

Among the trees and in the water, it was very still. Suddenly a swirling sound caught Jim's ear. The form of a beaver took shape from out of the water. The animal climbed on the dam, not ten feet from where Jim was crouched. For several moments it stood motionless upon its haunches questioning the stillness with eyes, ears, and nose.

"I've heard that beavers are near-sighted; he must have thought I was a stump," thought Jim, as the beaver, satisfied, dropped on all fours and headed for the shore to work. He was cutting a birch which was already partly gnawed through. Jim observed that one side was cut deeper than the other and lower so that the tree might fall as they wished it to. More beavers climbed to the shore and to their work.

Jim grew so excited he unconsciously moved, and a twig broke. So soft was the sound it hardly reached the ears of the boy. To the sensitive ears of the beavers, it was sufficient warning. The leader jumped into the pond followed by the others. Their broad flat tails hit the water with a cracking slap. Then all was silence again.

—Joyce Plumer, '44

### GRANDMOTHER'S TRUNK

Grandmother's trunk sat in a secluded half-hidden corner behind the wide chimney. A small section could be seen protruding from its hiding place. The outside was covered with dust, for no one had been in the attic for some time. Under the protecting dust were small engravings. Some carried the initials of Gramma's children, and some had the names of her friends beside little sonnets that the children in by-gone days had merrily composed. The heavy hooks of the trunk seemed almost too sturdy to open; but after several attempts, we opened the lid, and an array of interesting articles lay ready to be examined.

First was a gallery of family portraits. They were neatly arranged according to ages. Grandfather's was the first eye-catching specimen. He was dressed in his best "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes with a small black derby in his hand, along with his prized cane. Of course the cane was never needed; nevertheless, it did help the appearance somewhat. This article was always included on special occasions. This was one

of those important occasions and dear old Grandpa posed in his most stiff position, looking like a straight board scarecrow in a corn patch.

Next came Gramma's special. She had donned her finest petticoats, numbering about fifteen, her stiffest shoes, the hat having the most plumes, and a dress that was her own creation. It must have contained all of twenty yards of print gingham. She was very proud and did a nice little task of showing it. She sat there pertly. She moved neither eye left nor right. Her hands were gently clasped. A perfect picture for anyone; that is except one little part that Gramma never called to attention—the position of her feet. They were conspicuously spread, with her full skirt falling in all directions about them. The whole display made her feet look like kittens battling in the family wash.

The children's picture was really a laugh. The oldest boy stood on the left, with the next oldest behind him, and so on, descending like stairs with a few skips in between. The youngest fellow stood on a soap box because his sister "had shot up like a weed"—to use Gramma's own expression.

After the portraits was a prized collection of costumes. These included her wedding dress; Grandpa's Sunday clothes; the children's first shoes and toddling clothes; a dress that Gramma had proudly made for her honorable number one son; and last but not least, Grandmother's first striped bathing suit.

Under the clothing were pieces of china that had been collected throughout the years. Among these was Grandfather's shaving mug, gaily painted with saloon scenes and happy, singing people. The most interesting was a small tea set which was composed of two cups, one minus a handle and the other chipped badly and minus its saucer. The teapot had survived the ravages of time and was still intact. Grandpa's pipe was carefully placed with the china, for it was always transported with care whenever its owner was present. It was always treated like a crippled child who could neither walk nor talk.

Among the personal relics was Grandfather's diary. In it were little ditties that he and his friends had composed. There were some poems of his college days and some about his family. One began:

"Of us there were ten  
Oh, a happy family then,  
And then something new—  
It was increased by two.

Another little poem was written about Grandfather's marriage. The first lines went:

"By the time she swears she's his  
Shivering and sighing;  
And he vows his passion is  
Infinite, undying—  
Lady, make a note of this:  
One of you is lying."

In the back of the diary was a set of old proverbs which were supposed to be strictly enforced; but, as you know, "the good of old proverbs is that they allus hit the other fellar".

—Myrtle Lovely, '45

### HORRORS

"Here I am at last; I've walked hours. I think I can get through that door. My, it is a small one. Listen carefully! Hush! There, that is much better. Oh, you must sit with your back toward the wall, not toward the window.

"I'll pull the shades. Yes, I've barred the doors. Ooooooh! This candle light is weird; that little flame seems to want to tell us something. Gosh, I wish I had brought the lantern!

"Why don't you say something? I have talked steadily. Why, you actually seem frightened. Sh! What on earth! Did you feel that sticky stuff on your face? It was just a spider's web, of course. This place is terribly damp. I am sure I feel lizards crawling!

"How long have I been here? Why did they want me to wait for them in such a horrid spooky place? At last! I think I hear someone coming! We've waited hours. Why, it sounds as if they were murdering someone. It's coming nearer and nearer. Horrors! The candle is out. I haven't a match, have you? This is outrageous. Say, they are opening the door, and I am sure I locked it and slid the bar across. Goodness! I can hardly talk above a whisper. My voice is going, going, and going. What will we do if I can only whisper? My voice! What will we do? I believe you have lost your voice, too. Oh! Come to think of it, I haven't seen you yet. I'm not even sure you're here. I've been around dismal places before. All I can feel is spiders, bones and lizards.

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"Take me by the hand, quick! Oh! I'm in some mud, quick sand! Help! Help! Ugh! Here I go!

"Say, what is all the fuss about? Why are you here, Doctor? Am I sick?"

"You'll be O. K. now, little lady. I guess when you are left alone another time, you'd be better off if you wait until supper is ready and not get your own."

"Thanks, doctor. I will never make Welsh rabbit again; I promise you."

—Geraldine Sawyer, '46

### THESE SCHOOL DAYS

A familiar sense of oppression possesses me as my mother's customary shake on the shoulder wakens me at 6:30 A. M. Bravely I force myself to drag one eye out from beneath the warm covers. Brrr! No one need tell me anything about Greenland! And dark! No blackout is blacker than my bedroom at this hour Eastern War Time!

Gingerly I lower one foot to the cold linoleum, while I gather courage enough to don my icy clothes. I find, after entering the lamp-lit kitchen, that my dress is inside out and back-side-to.

Ho hum! Yawns cramp my jaws in continuous succession. These school days! I force down a glass of orange juice and try to dodge the egg my mother has prepared for me. Nothing doing! The egg must be consumed. Then follows the hustle and bustle of gathering together my books, my pen, my gloves, my lunch kit, and the dozen and one other impediments that must be dragged to the bus.

Having planned to get help on my geometry before class time, we arrive at school on the dot of 8:30, and the morning exercises have already begun.

The day is taken up by our usual quota of unexpected quizzes for which I am not prepared; study periods in rooms that render studying impossible because of the recitations and discussions of my schoolmates; and theme-writing interrupted by the jiggling of my desk due to the restlessness of the occupant in the next seat.

Finally the school-day is over and there follows an hour's wait for the bus that carries me home. It is quite dark as I enter the kitchen, just in time to sit down to a supper eaten by lamplight.

What a day!

—Dorothy Ford, '43



## FREEDOM FOR A NIGHT

Christmas! No one can really express in words how one feels at Christmas. Christmas makes the heart feel joyous. The songs of "Peace on Earth" ring through the cold frosty air. The ground is covered with snow, and everyone has the feeling of "Good Will Toward Men".

There was a downtown flat in New York City. It was also Christmas there, but the flat's single occupant did not feel the joy of "Peace on earth, good will toward men", for by daylight, he would be captured. He'd be returned to prison. He had been a good prisoner until today, but today, the feeling of wanting freedom more than he wanted life, overcame him.

This man was innocent! He had been in jail for a crime he had never committed. But the only person who could have cleared him was dead; all hope was gone in the convict's heart. It would not take much courage to kill himself, for one thought ran through his mind: "It does not take courage to kill oneself; one does it when courage is gone." Beside him stood a small gas burner. The handle was turned, but there was no flame. A warm sweet smell was spreading through the darkened room. It would be hours before the gas fumes would overcome him. Hours of freedom!

He placed a pillow by the bed and knelt down on it. In broken phrases, he prayed: "I am innocent! Dear God, I am now committing a sin, but I swear I am innocent of any other!"

For hours he kept on, sobs wracking his strong body. The room grew cold and his sobs became mere murmurs. His head dropped on the bed, and still the night went on. Christmas night! Full of joy and happiness outside.

Before the sun had risen, while it was still dark within, the apartment was flooded with light. There in the cold gray of Christmas morning, the police found the cold dead form of a man who had taken his freedom for a night.

—Kay Bragg, '44

## HOW TO BE MISERABLE

Some happy individuals of this universe have never had the good fortune of being able to devote an entire day to being miserable. The reason may be that they don't

know how to make themselves unhappy. I have had much experience in this art and have prepared a formula which should be a success even in the most difficult cases.

Take one rainy day, combined with much mud, a black sky, and a very cold and damp house. Add one unheated room with only one window, no curtains, and one-straight-backed chair. Early in the morning one should enter this dreary room, shut and lock the door, and sit down in the only chair. Next, the victim should place his feet squarely on the floor and fold his hands in his lap. Then he should close his eyes, but he should be sure that he does not fall asleep. Now he must think of all the people he dislikes and of everything dreary and sordid of which he has ever read or heard. It is necessary to remain in this position all day without sleeping, eating or speaking to an outsider.

If, after a day spent in this manner, he does not feel rather gloomy, the subject is a hopeless case and must remain entirely happy throughout the remainder of his life. Of course, most people can be unhappy without so much work; my formula is only for unusual cases.

No one should be happy. If it weren't for gloom and discontent, there would never be quarrels among school children, divorces would be unheard of, and there would be very little history without wars. In fact, life would be unbearable if everyone were happy. Gossip about your neighbors; tell lies about your sisters and brothers; steal from your storekeepers; never pay your bills; do everything spiteful and mean that you can manage. Ask your enemies to do the same, and the world should soon be full of grouches; the United States will be waging war on Germany or any other country, and everyone will live unhappily ever after. For the sake of your country, your community, and all other institutions, try your hardest to promote unhappiness.

Don't you feel a little grouchy now ?

—Lois Baird, '42

## ADVISABLE REFORMS

This magnificent, luxurious, and restful article to which I refer, is not within the school building itself. It is what the townspeople graciously call the "Academy Bus", but I shall call it just "crate". The "crate" is really a streamlined affair with a blunt

[Twenty-three]

engine and a battered body which the academy has had in its possession since the year one. The "crate" is always on time except when it is late. It comes precisely at 7:20 o'clock, U. S. War Time, 6:20 o'clock standard time. On some mornings when it is extremely cold or some valuable part drops out, the "crate" does not come until a little later, sometimes an hour or two. Of course, none of the brave boys and girls mind being left in the frosty air before it is light, waiting for this warm and comfortable means of transportation.

I shall come directly to the point, dear reader; I propose that we have a new school bus. The "crate" has no springs except in the front seats, and these are always occupied. The one small heater is installed under the feet of the driver so he can keep them limber enough to work the gas. I also think it might be well to have a new driver as well as a new bus. The present driver always insists on having the front seat; he

is very selfish with it, never sharing it with anyone else.

This new bus shall be of a brilliant orange color with lavender trimmings. The bright colors will be attractive in winter. If the faculty think it advisable, we shall change the school colors to match the bus. The bus shall have seats with inner springs and a heater for everyone. It shall be capable of such speed that there will be no need of starting for school until the sun is fully up—let us say 8:15. Likewise we students shall no longer have to wait for the bus at the post office, for it shall call for us directly at our homes. There will be a steering wheel at every seat in case the students do not like the way the driver is handling the vehicle.

The result? Obvious. We shall arrive at school rested and ready for a refreshing day at the academy.

—Kay Bragg, '44

## Poets' Corner

### AIR RAID

'Twas the night before Easter, and all  
through the town,  
Not a person was stirring; there wasn't a  
sound.  
The curtains were drawn o'er the windows  
with care,  
In hopes that old Hitler would not be there.  
I in my nightgown, and I in my cap,  
Had just lain down for a small cat-nap,  
When atop the town hall, I heard quite a  
clatter;  
When the siren blew sharp, I knew what  
was the matter.  
I leaped from my bed, and peeked by the  
shade,  
And heard the warden shout 'twas a raid.  
"Up and to arms!" he loudly cried,  
"'Tis Hitler's planes that we have spied."  
So into the cellar I went with a bang,  
Using a lot of unprintable slang.  
I sat still for an hour, my hands on my  
knees,  
Praying to God to spare us, please!  
As I was recovering from my fear,  
I heard the siren blow, all-clear;  
And that was the end of all my fright,  
The air raid was over for another night!

—Pauline Neal, '43

### LULU BELLE

I once owned a car named LuLu Belle,  
Now and then it would run real well;  
But just as sure as Sunday would come,  
The engine stopped her us'al hum.

So h'ist the hood and tinker around,  
And lay the parts out on the ground.  
Rebuild it then as it was before,  
And she might run for a week or more.

One day while gaily riding along,  
She stopped the rhythm of her song;  
And into her band a drummer came—  
But Lu went forward just the same.

Louder and louder the drummer'd play,  
'Til LuLu Belle don't run today.  
She's gone where all the good autos go—  
Perhaps above, more like, below!

—Sheldon Hutchinson, '42

## ALGEBRA

Which study do I hate the most,  
Get marks of which I cannot boast,  
For which I'll soon "Give up the ghost"?  
It's Algebra!

They told me 'twas so easy, yes,  
I soon found out. I must confess  
It's just to me an awful mess  
That Algebra!

Sometimes while lying in my bed,  
And dreams go dancing through my head,  
I hear, "Get up, you sleepy head,  
And study Algebra!"

But there's one thing I'm glad about,  
And it's the time when school gets out;  
Then I with joy can almost shout,  
"Good-bye, Algebra!"

—Camilla Chute, '44

## WAR

Now we hear the sound of marching feet,  
Friend and foe will soon in combat meet;  
A gun is fired, and someone falls,  
For him life holds no more calls.

Guns will flame and cannons loudly roar,  
Stillness will be shattered evermore;  
The smoke and fog hang in a haze,  
Caused by a village set ablaze.

War is done—a mother waits in dread;  
No one knows if her dear son be dead.  
Must always death and strife there be,  
For us to keep Democracy free?

—Donald Lancey, '43

## SPRING

When winter snow has left the sky  
And the sun shines brightly down,  
Spring enters slowly every day  
And changes every town.

The melted snow flows down the roads,  
The rivers rise each day.  
The birds return from the sunny south  
Once more to sing their lay.

I love the smell of the air in spring,  
The trees when buds are new;  
But I love the best the thought in mind  
That school is almost through.

—Francis Cook, '42

## WAR THOUGHTS

As I sit and think  
Of the many days to come,  
I wonder where I'll be  
Before this war is done.

Will I be a soldier,  
And in Australia be;  
Or will I be a sailor,  
And fight them on the sea?

Or if I'm not a fighter,  
I'll help to give the raps,  
I'll help produce the weapons,  
And we'll lick those dirty Japs!

—Francis Cook, '42

## THE VIEW BEYOND

There grew once a Wonder Tree,  
So grand, so tall, so great.  
It cast its whole reflection  
Across a limpid lake.  
This stately Elm I grew to love,  
I watched it all the year;  
And when the ax-man made it fall,  
I shed full many a tear.

Then finally I looked without,  
My heart was very sad;  
For I would miss this monarch tree,  
I knew I'd miss it bad.  
I looked, and then I held my breath;  
For while the tree was gone,  
I saw a view so wide and fair  
Outspread to greet the dawn.

And then I thought how foolish  
To mourn about the change  
That life brings to us daily.  
For changes widen out the view  
Until we see to what's beyond  
That hides behind the tree,  
There's always broader vision  
That one must learn to see.

Let's wait a bit when changes come,  
And see what's hid beyond,  
When our life's trees are felled .  
Our hearts are sure to mourn;  
But after all, the broader view  
Is what we're here to see.  
And that's the lesson that I learned,  
When the ax-man fell that tree.

—Joseph Page, '43



## Ex Libris



### "THE WHITE CLIFFS"

by Alice Duer Miller

This short story has more in it than many novels with hundreds of pages. It is very beautiful and means very much to patriots and to people striving to be patriotic. In the few pages of reading, the well chosen words describe life, companionship, surroundings, and faith and loyalty in both England and America. The description is superb. The story includes a little romance, hardships, and pleasures, along with humor.

"The White Cliffs" is written by Alice Duer Miller who calls herself Susan Dunne. The story is written in first person, which gives it much reality. Perhaps I am exaggerating some in my description of the story, but in my opinion, it is a marvelous book. The book is written in blank verse. The first and last paragraphs are practically the same, and the whole thing sounds like music.

In the next few paragraphs, I will attempt to write down on paper a few of the facts about the poem, as they are written on my mind.

Susan Dunne had a feeling of kindness toward England and made a trip there in 1914. The first impression of the real country came to her when she cast her eyes upward to the white cliffs of Dover.

She later fell in love with an Englishman named Johnny. Because of him, she stayed longer than she had intended. After several weeks of his companionship, she feared that she wasn't the one for Johnny, so she started for the boat. John caught her in time and made her stay. Eventually the couple married. The first introduction to her mother-in-law proved to be unsuccessful; but later they learned to appreciate and love one another.

Susan's father, who was a staunch American and hated England because of the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, wrote letters to Susan which clearly showed his fondness for "jolly old England". They add-

ed humor to the story because of the expressions the father uses.

Soon after their marriage, John was called to the front and left Susan with his mother. While he was away, a son was born to them. John was killed in action and left Susan to decide whether Percy, their son, should be an American or an Englishman.

Susan made a trip back to America, but the sights she saw disagreed with her former memories. She returned to England, glad to be back there, and decided that her son must be an Englishman like his father. She gave heart, soul, and mind to England. Now her son is fighting in the present World War. Susan herself has proved to her satisfaction that England is worth dying for.

—Charlene Stedman, '44

### "LAND BELOW THE WIND"

by Agnes Newton Keith

Mrs. Keith is an American woman, once a journalist, who tells us vividly of her experiences in Borneo. Mrs. Keith married an Englishman, and they sailed to North Borneo, a British Protectorate, where Mr. Keith was a civil officer connected with conservation. The book tells us of tropical life as the Keiths lived it.

The Keiths love Borneo in spite of the inconveniences that they must bear—intense heat, mosquitoes, leeches, pig ticks, and numerous other insects, to say nothing of the period of the monsoon rains when the rain drenches everything on the small island. The author tells us in an amusing way of her difficulties in keeping efficient and honest native servants. In the Keith household one may find several pet apes, monkeys, simpalilies, and otters.

During the third summer of the Keith's life in the tropics, they made a river trip into the jungle of central Borneo. This was an especially dangerous expedition because of the flooded rivers, rapids, leeches, jungle mud, malaria fevers, and lack of food and proper shelter.

I was especially interested in the author's accounts of customs and characteristics of the natives. The story is true, yet the author has told it in such a way that one thinks he is reading fiction. I admire Mrs. Keith's courage, determination, good sportsmanship, and wonderful sense of humor. In 1939 the Keiths visited the United States, and although they enjoyed their vacation immensely, they both expressed their eagerness to return again to Borneo, or as the natives call it, "the land below the wind".

—Dorothy Ford, '42

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### "DRY GUILLOTINE"

by Rene Belbenoit

About 1923 Rene Belbenoit was convicted of theft by the French government. For a punishment he was put on a ship and sent to French Guiana, a small, swampy, hot country in South America. Very few people live here except prisoners, for the place is primarily a penal colony. Here Rene must live to work and work to live. He knew that few prisoners had ever escaped, for behind them was a deep and broad jungle, and before them lay the deep ocean.

He had not been there long before he chose five other prisoners and tried to escape in a canoe but the men were caught by native Indians who returned them for the reward. As a punishment for this he was put in solitary confinement in a chamber that had only one window, a foot square. Here he had to stay for twenty-three hours a day. He could see nothing; he could do nothing; he could hear only the lonesome sea breakers. Twice more he tried to escape, but was beaten back by the mighty waves of the ocean.

At last, with another troop, he succeeded in leaving the country in a canoe. They sailed and sailed, day after day, their water supply exhausted, their food gone, their compass lost. Finally after fifteen days and nights, they sighted land. It was an island. Here all except Rene were returned to the penal colony, never to be heard from again. The people of the island gave him a canoe and some food, and once more he was on the sea, alone this time.

Again he landed; this time he was in Colombia. From here he walked through the never-ending miles of Panama swamp and jungle. At last he reached the city of Pana-

ma where he stowed away on a ship. Where it was going, he did not know. At night he would come on deck and eat the dog's food.

After long, weary days the ship landed. Each man was searched before he could leave the ship. Rene happened to have with him a bundle of papers—a diary. He showed these and passed without question. Where was he? In a few moments he knew he was safe in California. His teeth were gone; his eyes were very bad; and his body was fever-racked. But—he was safe at last

I consider this book one of the best I have ever read. It shows the adventures a man can go through and still live.

—Francis Cook, '42

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### "EUROPE IN THE SPRING"

by Clare Boothe

Clare Boothe is describing Europe in World War II. She wanted to see for herself what was happening, so she went abroad in February, 1941, and returned in mid-June. She tells the full story of what she saw. Her purpose is to tell her readers what was actually happening.

She travelled in Italy, England, France, Portugal, and the Low Countries. She took the pulse of the people. She talked with diplomats, soldiers, taxi-drivers, waiters, shopkeepers, socialites—anyone and everyone she could find. She visited the Maginot Line before the blitzkrieg; she endured bombings in Paris and Brussels. She was in Paris while the Battle of Flanders raged in the north, and watched swarms of refugees flee before the German advance. The Battle of France took shape while she was in England.

Anybody who reads this book would certainly enjoy it and would love America more than ever because we have some peace and liberty left here.

—Doris Libby, '42

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### "THE WOUNDED DON'T CRY"

by Quentin Reynolds

This is one of the most inspiring books of World War II that can be read. If you want excitement, read it; if you want tragedy, read it. There is everything one could ask for in these 249 pages: humor, grief, gaiety, friendship. It isn't a monotonous book because the scenes change so often. It

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gives the life of many people in France, Ireland, and England during this war, as witnessed by the author, a news-writer for "Collier's".

This book, with its serious vital point of view, should shame many of us because of the way we behave when we have mock air-raids and talk of bombings. The main emphasis of this book is laid on the fact that the wounded of Europe don't cry. We of the United States may well learn their motto.

It is well worth the time of a person to read this book. It has a message for America in our war crisis.

—Charlene Stedman, '44

### "AS THE EARTH TURNS"

by Gladys Hasty Carroll

The story "As The Earth Turns" is a story of life as a family lives it on a New England farm. It is placed in Kezar Falls, Maine. The plot is simple, and yet so well written that one can hardly wait to reach the climax. Jen Steward, the main character, is a young girl who is different. By "different", I mean that she was shy and unattractive in appearance; and yet had a sweet and gentle nature which was first appreciated by a young Polish boy. This is a heart-warming story of a large family governed by a step-mother. "As The Earth Turns" cannot but be a favorite among the people of Maine because it was written by a well-known Maine author, and the story is concerned with the beautiful things of Maine that we seldom notice, and also a pleasant family living among these beauties "as the earth turns".

—Kay Bragg, '44

### "CHILE, LAND OF PROGRESS"

by Earl P. Hanson

"Chile, Land of Progress" gives a lively, accurate survey of the Chilean nation of today. It also tells of the hardships and struggles which the people went through before their country became one of the most advanced nations in the western hemisphere. This book tells of the Chilean people, the government, the culture, the occupations, the education, and the characteristics of the land itself.

The life of the Arancanian Indians, who are proud to say they are citizens of Chile, is also most interesting. These people still

believe in medicine doctors, and they hold their ceremonies just as they have in the past. They live in hidden villages; and although they are ignorant in world affairs, they are very intelligent.

This book helps one to picture the past, present, and future of Chile through an accurate, sympathetic, and understanding account. "Chile, Land of Progress" will attract anyone who enjoys reading about the history, people, and culture of a land.

—Virginia Hewins, '43

### "AMAZON THRONE"

The author of "Amazon Throne" is Bertita Harding. In this book she gives to us the biographies of Brazil's three Braganza monarchs. She not only presents them to us as rulers, but she also gives us an insight into their characters in private life.

In 1808 when Napoleon's army was creating havoc in Europe, Dom Joao, King of Portugal, fled to Brazil, then part of the Portugese empire, with his wife, family, and court. The ruler loved this new country; but after Napoleon was crushed, he felt that his duty required his presence in the homeland. Brazil was no longer satisfied to be ruled from Portugal, so the Brazilian throne was given to Dom Pedro I, the son of Dom Joao.

This new ruler had a brilliant career, both as a ruler and as a lover. In the latter part of his life, he was forced to abdicate in order that he might attend to his daughter's inheritance of the throne of Portugal itself. He did win back the throne for Isabel, but he died shortly after, still a young man.

His successor was his son, Dom Pedro II. Dom Pedro II liked to travel, and he frequently left Brazil in the hands of his daughter, who served as regent. During his lifetime the country was going through a period of political upheaval, nothing uncommon on this continent. Brazil emerged a republic, and Dom Pedro realized that he must abdicate. He did so; and like his father and grandfather before him, he returned to Portugal. Thus Brazil threw off its yoke of foreign rule.

I thought that "Amazon Throne" was very well written. The author presented true facts in a way which makes the story as fascinating as fiction.

—Thelma Giberson, '42



## French and Latin Notes



### MYTHOLOGY

The term mythology is now used appropriately for that branch of knowledge which considers the notions and stories, particularly among the Greeks and Romans, respecting gods and demigods, their pretended origins, their actions, names, attributes, worship, and images.

The principal deities of each were common to both, and we can include them all in one system of classification.

The ancient Greeks believed their gods to be of the same shape and form as themselves, but of greater beauty, strength, and dignity. They also regarded them as being of much larger size than men; for in those times, great size was an attribute of divinities to whom they ascribed all perfections. Ichor supplied the place of blood in the veins of the gods. They were immortal, but they might be wounded or otherwise injured. They could make themselves visible or invisible to men, and could assume the form of men or of animals. Like men, they stood in daily need of food and sleep. The meat of the gods was called Ambrosia; their drink, Nectar. The gods, when they came among men, often partook of man's food and hospitality.

To make the resemblance between gods and men more complete, the Greeks ascribed to their deities all human passions, both good and evil. They were capable of love, friendship, gratitude, and all affections. On the other hand, they were frequently envious, jealous, and vengeful. They were particularly careful to exact all due respect and attention from mankind, whom they required to honor them with temples, prayers, costly sacrifices, splendid processions, and rich gifts of all kinds; likewise, they severely punished insult or neglect.

—Keith Cunningham, '44

### CAESAR AND I

Well, friends, this is a difficult topic to write upon because Caesar knows nothing about me, and I know all too little about

him. If anyone had told me that a man who lived hundreds of years ago could cause me so much trouble, I wouldn't have believed it. Here, my friends, I will try to relate to you some of the pages (wars to him) Caesar and I have been through.

We marched to "vastimus" the town. I took a detour to the dictionary in the back of the book to find out what in thunder we were doing in the town. I found out; it was "to lay it waste". I hurried back and joined Caesar again, to find we could not reach the town because of the "paludes" which lay between our army and the town. What lay between our army and the town only the dictionary could reveal. Which meant another detour for me.

Well, friends, this is the way "Caesar and I" got along until I finally quit the march for the day, being all worn out by the detours I am everlastingly taking.

Caesar is really a nice person, and I would not object to him if he didn't march on always victorious—while I take all the detours.

—Jacquelyn Hogan, '44

### ROMAN FAMILY LIFE

The family was the center of Roman life. The Romans placed great stress on relationship, and attached more importance to it than did any other ancient nation.

The Latin word "familia" had a wider meaning than our word "family". It included the father, the mother, the unmarried children, the married sons and their wives and children, and the slaves. So "familia" corresponded more closely to "household" than to "family" as we know it.

All "familiae" that could trace descent from a common male ancestor, however remote, were members of the same "gens", or tribe. Romans of distinguished families took the utmost pride in their ancestry, and through stories of the glorious deeds of their forefathers, tried to inspire their children to uphold the family traditions. The spirits of departed ancestors were believed to guide and protect the living, and cere-

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monies in their honor were performed annually by the descendents at the family tombs.

The "pater familias", or father of the family, had absolute authority over all the members of his household. He controlled all the property, arranged the marriages of his sons and daughters, and was even allowed to punish his children with penalties as severe as banishment or death. But in actual practice, this power was not used so tyrannically as we might imagine, for affection for his wife and children, the custom of calling a family council, and general public opinion restrained the father from harsh or arbitrary actions.

While marriages were not arranged by the young couples concerned, but by their parents—a system very different from our own, but similar to what prevails in some European countries today—the results seem to have been generally good, and affection and harmony between husband and wife seem to have been the rule. Roman women occupied a higher position in the home than the women of any other nation of antiquity. A Roman wife was not confined to certain secluded women's apartments, as in Greece and the other oriental nations, but the whole house was hers, and she was absolute mistress of it. Roman women supervised their children's education, were their husband's comrades and advisers, and were practically on a plane of equality with them.

It was in this closely knit family circle that the children received their first training in those characteristic virtues which we associate with the early Romans: patriotism, courage, endurance, obedience to authority, honor, a sense of duty, respect for the gods, pride in their race and in worthy achievements.

The Roman religion was closely connected with home life. In every house there was a shrine where images of the household gods, the Lares and Penates, were kept and where Vesta, the spirit of the hearth, was worshipped. Likewise worshipped at home was the Genius, or the guardian spirit of the "pater familias". The father acted as high priest, and presided over the religious ceremonies of the household.

—Helen Moore, '44

## CAESAR, THE COWBOY

I represent the second year of Latin class. There are four of us, all bright shining stars. We are always able to do our translating. In fact, we know so much that sometimes my mind wanders away from the subject to a Cowboy movie.

The One who is starring in this picture is Julius Caesar. Now I want to make it clear to you that Julius is a good cowboy. He is strong and clean-minded, and he and his pals never get tired of fighting because they always catch the rustlers. The rustlers are the bad men who live on the ranches surrounding Citerior Gaul, which is the ranch Caesar lives on.

Almost every day Julius and his buddies go out on their horses and chase some bad men over the plains. Snap! Snap! go their slingers. Zing! Zing! go their archers. And within a few hours, Caesar's men have beaten the foe and have returned to celebrate, only to do the same thing next day.

I really think Caesar is quite a remarkable cowboy; the only thing is, I'd like to see someone catch him for a change and beat him to a pulp! Then they couldn't write any more stories about how he always won. I don't blame his pals for bumping him off after awhile. The only thing I have to say is, they should have done it long before they did!

—Kay Bragg, '44

## NOTRE MAGASIN

Mon père a un magasin. Il vend tout; des nourritures et des vêtements. Maintenant il ne peut pas vendre beaucoup de sucre parce que nous sommes dans une guerre. Tout famille peut avoir seulement deux livres de sucre par semaine. Les vêtements sont chers aussi, mais mon père vend beaucoup de robes et beaucoup de chapeaux. Quelquefois quand j'ai besoin d'une robe nouvelle ou d'une paire de souliers, je vais dans le magasin et je prends un paire de souliers que j'aime ou une robe que je veux. Je prends souvent une pomme, une poire, ou une pêche quand les paniers de fruits sont apportés d'abord dans le magasin. De temps en temps il y a des abricots ou des cerises dans le marché, surtout quand ces fruits sont de saison.

Nous vendons des légumes frais, beaucoup de fruits frais, et du lait frais tous les



jours. Je pense que les femmes achètent plus de choses et dépensent plus d'argent que les hommes qui viennent dans notre magasin.

—Dorothy Ford, '43

216 Brun Rue,  
Paris, France  
Fevrier 20, 1930

Cher Père,

Nous sommes ici à Paris maintenant. Mère aime cette ville beaucoup. Elle ne connaît pas la place très bien encore mais nous irons aux magasins demain si nous pouvons.

Avant que je vous raconte de nous, je raconterai de notre voyage. Quand nous sommes partis de London, nous avons commencé marcher à la gare mais à cause de la pluie nous sommes allés dans un magasin et nous avons téléphoné pour des réservations sur l'omnibus. Nous sommes arrivés à Calais environ huit heures le soir. Nous aimions le vaisseau beaucoup. Nous sommes restés à Calais pendant le soir.

Le matin Frère a dit, "Allons en route!" et nous avons commencé passer un magasin quand nous avons vu une gravure de Mona Lisa et Mère l'a achetée. C'est très jolie. Quant à moi, je me suis assise pour étudier la gravure malgré Mère. Mère a dit ce n'est pas gentil mais j'étais très courageuse et je suis restée là sans faire un mouvement jusqu'à ce que Mère et Frère avaient fait leurs emplettes.

Père, vous disiez que vous n'aimez pas de nourriture française et ni moi non plus.

Mère aussi a dit que ce n'est pas gentil parce que je dois manger toute ma nourriture et elle a dit que je ne dois pas dire rien.

Nous sommes arrivé chez Tante Marie cette après-midi.

J'écrirai plus tard et je vous raconterai des magasins à Paris. Mère ira chez le dentiste demain.

Votre fille,

Jeanne

—Charlene Stedman, '44

### JOAN D'ARC

Joan était une jeune fille française qui demurait à France. Elle est née environ 1420.

Il y avait un arbre dans son jarden. Joan aimait l'arbre très bien. Elle restait sous lui pendant des heures.

La France était dans "la guerre de cent ans" avec l'angleterre et elle avait besoin de quel'un la mener.

Un jour Joan était sous son arbre. Elle entendait une voix. Elle lui disait, "Joan, votre France a besoin de vous, menez-la." Joan entendait la voix et elle racontait au roi qu'elle allait mener sa France. Il lui donnait la permission.

Joan d'Arc menait La France à beaucoup de victoires. Des soldats anglais la captivaient et à cause de ses victoires ils la tuaient. Cependant Joan menait La France à la victoire. Tout le monde l'aime pour son travail.

—Joyce Plumer, '44

## Organizations



STUDENT COUNCIL

Front row, left to right: T. Birkmaier, R. Rediker, C. Stedman, A. Stedman, G. Neal, M. Lovely, D. Nichols.  
 Back row, left to right: J. Gee, E. Mower, L. Barden, K. Chambers, E. Duncan.

### STUDENT COUNCIL

The first meeting of the Student Council was called to order October 6, 1941, with Arland Stedman, the president, presiding. Officers for the year were elected. They are: Vice-president, Rebecca Rediker; secretary, Myrtle Lovely; and treasurer, Theodore Birkmaier. The various standing committees for the year were drawn up and chairmen were chosen.

The following are some of the topics that have been brought up for discussion.

1. A blanket tax to cover admission to all athletic events. A plan of a 50c tax with a small admission charge for basketball games was evolved.

2. The elimination of a week's vacation in order that the school may be closed a week earlier. The plan was accepted and put into practice.

3. A score board to be purchased with money earned by the annual magazine drive. The idea was unanimously accepted and the score board was bought.

4. A one-session plan. The plan to have a shorter school-day was discussed by the council.

5. A contribution to the Red Cross. The council voted to give \$5 to the organization.

6. A coronation ball to substitute for the annual winter carnival. The idea received immediate approval by the council and the necessary plans were made.

7. Action on the awarding of letters to the letter-winners in extra-curricular activities. The lists of names was presented and accepted; it was decided to award service letters to Herbert Baird and Edmond Austin for their efforts in basketball.

Representatives of the council attended a conference of Student councils held at Cony High School in Augusta. Those who went were: Kenneth Chambers, Theodore Birkmaier, Rebecca Rediker, Myrtle Lovely, Geraldine Neal, and Arland Stedman.

—Arland Stedman, '42  
 President

## SENIOR CLASS

When school opened last September, only half of the Senior Class was present. Two weeks later when the boys who had been working returned, (giving Miss Clifford a morning of horror) we assembled ourselves and prepared for the work that lay before us.

The election of officers was as follows: President, Elbert Duncan; Vice president, Evelyn Hinton; Secretary, Emily Goforth; and Treasurer, Thelma Giberson.

On December 11, the class presented the three act play, "Skidding"; this is the original Andy Hardy play. The cast is as follows:

Aunt Milly	Doris Libby
Andy Hardy	Elbert Duncan
Mrs. Hardy	Lois Baird
Judge Hardy	Bigelow Fuller
Grandpa Hardy	Theodore Birkmaier
Myra Hardy Wilcox	June Gee
Estelle Hardy Campbell	Emily Goforth
Marion Hardy	Thelma Giberson
Wayne Trenton, III	Arland Stedman
Mr. Stubbins	Keith Tapley

Arland Stedman was voted King of the Coronation Ball; other senior candidates for king and queen were: Lois Baird, June Gee; Evelyn Hinton, Murray McCormack, and Keith Tapley. The proceeds of the ball were divided chiefly between the junior and senior classes. The seniors decorated the auditorium in red, white, and blue.

Members of the orchestra are: Bernard Austin, Edmond Austin, Marjorie Goforth, Lois Baird, Elwood Greene, and Francis Cook.

Members of the Student Council are: Arland Stedman, Elbert Duncan, Bernard Austin, Theodore Birkmaier, and Geraldine Neal.

The following are in the Boys' Glee Club: E. Duncan, M. McCormack, B. Fuller, K. Tapley, G. Robertson, T. Birkmaier, E. Austin, A. Stedman, B. Austin, and F. Cook.

In the Girls' Glee Club are: D. Libby, M. Goforth, T. Giberson, G. Neal, L. Baird, and E. Cully.

Members of the boys' basketball team are: C. Walker, K. Tapley, R. Steeves, E. Austin, H. Baird.

Members of the girls' basketball team are: J. Gee, G. Neal, D. Libby, L. Baird.

In the debating club, the senior class is

represented by: T. Birkmaier, T. Giberson, B. Fuller, and A. Stedman.

Members of the baseball team are: B. Austin, E. Austin, C. Walker, R. Goforth, R. Steeves, H. Baird.

The honor parts, as announced by Mr. Cutts, were: First honor, Lois Baird; Second honor, Thelma Giberson; Third honor, Doris Libby; and Fourth honor, Bernard Austin.

Members of the Cross Country Squad were: K. Tapley, H. Baird, and S. Hutchinson, Manager.

The class voted the following class day performers:

Class Marshals

E. Hinton and M. McCormack	
Class History	E. Austin
Class Prophecy	K. Tapley
Address to Undergraduates	B. Fuller
Gifts	J. Gee and S. Hutchinson
Class Will	E. Duncan
Chaplain	A. Stedman
Class Ode	G. Neal and H. Baird

Seniors whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll are: L. Baird, T. Giberson, B. Austin, E. Austin, S. Hutchinson, D. Libby, A. Stedman, M. Goforth, T. Birkmaier, B. Fuller, and F. Cook.

—Francis Cook, '42

## JUNIOR CLASS

It's eight-thirty on the eighth day of September, 1941. About seventeen enthusiastic students enter room four, the junior home room, to find themselves greeted by a new teacher. A new teacher and a new room! How good to have a room all to ourselves! Because of the local labor problem, a large number of the class did not return to school for some time. Those who did come were occasionally asked to spend days working on the farms. Our final fall enrollment was an even 30; 25 of this number have finished out the year—a pretty good average.

We elected the following class officers: President, Kenneth Chambers; vice-president, Donald Lancey; secretary, Joyce McGowan; and treasurer, Gerald Martin. Edwin Mower, Kenneth Chambers, Lewis Barden, and Rebecca Rediker were chosen as junior representatives to the student council.

The Junior play, entitled "The Undoing of Albert O'Donnell", proved to be a great suc-

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cess, due largely to the patient efforts of our coach, Miss Allen. The characters were thus:

Albert O'Donnell	Kenneth Chambers
Colleen	Charlotte Gordon
Shielah	Pauline Neal
Karl	Lewis Barden
Sally	Estelle Page
Betty	Rebecca Rediker
Tom	Errol Austin

A junior, Rebecca Rediker, was chosen queen of the coronation ball which occurred the same night as the play.

The Postmaster General in charge of the sale of Defense Stamps is Edwin Mower; another achievement chalked up by the junior class. After all, where else could H. A. find more competent students than in room four? Also there's the Dean S. Fenderson Candy Co., another success created by the aid of a junior. Estelle Page was selected as the school librarian.

Our class is well represented in extra-curricular activities.

Cross Country: Kenneth Chambers.

Boys' Basketball: Gerald Martin, Errol Austin, Maynard Deering, Donald Lancey, Kenneth Chambers, and Edwin Mower. The junior boys won the intramural boys' basketball championship.

Girls' Basketball: Rebecca Rediker, Joyce McGowan, and Lillian Kimball.

Boys' Glee Club: Arthur Walker and Lewis Barden.

Girls' Glee Club: Barbara Martin, Mary McLean, Virginia Hewins, Dorothy Ford, Estelle Page, Joyce Church, Charlotte Gordon, Joyce McGowan, and Mildred Bishop.

F. F. A.: Errol Austin, Kenneth Chambers, Dean Fenderson, Arthur Walker and Bernard Hart.

Hacomec Club: Doris Ames, Dorothy Ford, Charlotte Gordon, Lillian Kimball, Pauline Neal.

Latin Club: Dorothy Ford, Mildred Bishop, Mary McLean, and Estelle Page.

Debating: Barbara Martin and Estelle Page.

Orchestra: Gerald Martin, Mary McLean, and Barbara Martin.

Hi-Y: Errol Austin, Maynard Deering, Dean Fenderson, Donald Lancey, Gerald Martin, Edwin Mower, and Merle Withee.

Prize Speaking:

Kenneth Chambers

"Tommy Stearns at the Library"

Rebecca Rediker	"Polly Plays Priscilla"
Errol Austin	"Midshipman Easy"
Charlotte Gordon	"Beauty Is Skin Deep"
Dean Fenderson	

Estelle Page	"The Bishop's Candlesticks"	"Elizabeth"
Donald Lancey	"Sound and Silence"	
Barbara Martin	"The Least of These"	

K. Chambers and E. Page were the winners.

Aren't the juniors impressive? If you don't believe it, just ask us!

—Merle Withee, '43

### SOPHOMORE CLASS

The sophomore class started its second year of school on September 8, 1941, with 26 members present. We were all glad to welcome back our old home room teacher, Mr. Dunn; a familiar face certainly helps when one has to go back to school again. We sophomores are an independent class even though we do have to share our room with the freshmen. Our superiority is unquestioned, of course.

Our class has certainly contributed many members to the extra-curricular activities as the following list will demonstrate.

Girls' Basketball: Camilla Chute, Jacquelyn Hogan, Helen Moore and Gladys Deering.

Boys' Basketball: Earl Cully.

Orchestra: Charlene Stedman, Keith Cunningham, Ivan Crocker, Pauline Davis, and Jackie Hogan.

Girls' Glee Club: Charlene Stedman, Joyce Plumer, Barbara Ross, Pauline Davis, Kay Bragg, Hazel Devereaux, Virginia Inman, Gladys Deering, Jacquelyn Hogan, and Helen Moore.

Boys' Glee Club: Ivan Crocker, Earl Cully, and Keith Cunningham.

Debating: Charlene Stedman, Keith Cunningham, and Joyce Plumer.

Hacomec Club: Ethlyn Young, Virginia Inman, Joyce Thompson, Hazel Devereaux, and Nettie Withee.

F. F. A.: Ivan Crocker, Leslie Sherburne, Walter Page, Ernest Hughes, John Gee, and Byron Wiers.

The sophomores were responsible for one of the best Burton Prize Speakings in years. The speakers and selections were as follows: Helen Moore

"The Littlest Orphan and the Christ Baby"

Jacquelyn Hogan "China Blue Eyes"  
 Kathleen Bragg "Edith Economizes"  
 Charlene Stedman "The Perfect Tribute"  
 Ernest Hughes

"Jimmy Jones Studies Geography"  
 Keith Cunningham

"Ask And It Shall Be Given"  
 Joseph Millett "A Letter To Mr. Togo"  
 John Gee "A Soldier's Reprieve"

Helen Moore and Ernest Hughes were the winners of the \$5 prize.

The following class officers were elected: President, John Gee; vice-president, Earl Cully; secretary, Helen Moore; treasurer, Joyce Plumer. Our student council representatives are: Charlene Stedman and Joseph Millett.

The following have been on the honor roll:

High honors: Charlene Stedman, Keith Cunningham, Ina Cook, and Helen Moore.

Honors: Camilla Chute, Pauline Davis, Virginia Inman, Joyce Plumer, and Gladys Deering.

—Nettie Withee, '44

### THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The jolly children who enrolled in the freshman class in September, 1941, numbered 36. This number was eventually reduced by three, leaving us with 33 to finish out the year.

After a short while the class became acquainted with regulations and teachers. All students found their seats and were very kindly informed that the seats could remain their property throughout the year. Mr. Dunn had some difficulty trying to make the little dears understand that they must not pass gossip around in such quantities and loud tones.

In the lives of all freshmen come that memorable day which the upper-classmen have designed for the edification of the youngsters—class day. Our class easily entertained the other students with our abundance of talent, and no serious casualties resulted, although Madeleine Hughes did do a nice job of making Raymond Ames the laugh of the hour. Celia Roberson, Joyce Fenderson, Harlow Powers, and James Gordon were outstanding with their contributions.

One day after school had been in session for quite some time, the class happened to

think that it might possibly be appropriate to have some class officers. Mr. Dunn started the procedure but became bored at the tedious task of trying to get us to "kindly decide whom we wanted for officers". Finally, Donald Nichols was elected president; Elwood Grey, vice-president; Virginia Wheeler, secretary; and Ivy Rediker, treasurer. Our representative to student council is Myrtle Lovely.

Some of our classmates showed outstanding ability in cross-country. We had basketball teams, too. Our girls had some success and our boys, none. However, we are confident that success will eventually come our way. The girls were able to defeat the juniors and seniors in our interclass meet.

Our class also has members in these organizations: orchestra, glee club, Hi-Y, Latin club, Dramatics club, Hacomec club, and F. F. A. Four boys represent us on the debating squad.

A freshman girl won distinction by winning the girls' division Foul Shooting Contest. We certainly were holding our breath for a while, Virginia, when the second round ended in a tie, and the third seemed rather close. But Virginia Wheeler soon shot ahead and won by seven shots that found their marks and slid beautifully through the hoop.

Various members have contributed to our assembly programs, and have proved themselves interesting entertainers. Incidentally, Donald Nichols didn't seem too ready to play Santa Claus. Neither did he feel fit for the Lincoln's birthday assembly, and poor Mr. Wilkins had to play the role; to say nothing of the play that the English class needed Donald for.

The Freshmen haven't as yet won the spelling contest, but keep your chins up, kids! We've got three more years for that. After all, we don't want to be too much competition for the seniors because this is their last year to have the banner.

—Myrtle Lovely, '45

### SUB-FRESHMEN

Nineteen inexperienced pupils entered the sub-freshman class last fall with Miss Towle as home room teacher and guiding star. It looks as if we were too much for her, for she left us in March, and Mrs. Dunn is finishing out the last ten weeks. Several weeks after school started came the election of officers. They are as follows: President, Shirley Stedman; vice-president, Arlene Mc-

[Thirty-five]

Pherson; secretary, Rae Jean Randlett; and treasurer, Eleanor Allen.

Ruth Pearson, Achsah Farrell, Eleanor Allen, Geraldine Sawyer, and Rae Jean Randlett are members of the girls' basketball team. James Moore, John Moore, Charles Sherburne, and Earl Dyer aided and abetted the freshman boys' basketball team.

All of the girls are members of the Freshman Glee Club. We also have two members in the orchestra; they are Rae Jean Randlett, 'cello, and Geraldine Sawyer, violin.

The class has enjoyed its first year as a part of Hartland Academy. The superiority of the seniors does not bother us—Achsah Farrell can sharpen pencils as well as anyone!

—Rae Jean Randlett, '46

#### IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE YEAR

September 8—Hartland Academy began its one hundred and tenth year, with three faculty changes to replace Miss Ford, Mr. Milliken, and Mr. McGraw.

September 25—The annual magazine drive began at 2:30 when Mr. Kempton spoke to the student body.

October 3—The traditional Freshman Day was observed at Hartland Academy. June Gee acted as chairman of the Assembly. A large attendance enjoyed the reception and dance in the evening.

October 10—An interesting Columbus Day program was presented at the Assembly with Barbara Martin as chairman.

October 17—The Home Economics Club and the Future Farmers of America sponsored a party. Refreshments included ice cream and hot dogs.

October 24—The Sophomore Class entertained the school with a Hallowe'en program.

November 7—Chairman Lewis Barden and faculty adviser, Mr. Wilkins, presented a very interesting Armistice Program in the form of essays and poems.

November 14—A large number of parents and friends attended the Parents' Night Program held at Hartland Academy. The Home Economics classes served light refreshments at the Annex at the close of the program.

November 19—A Thanksgiving Assembly was presented by the Sub-Freshman class.

November 27—Hi-Y members, Earl Cully, Ivar Pearson, George Weinberg, Maynard Deering, and Errol Austin, attended the an-

nual YMCA conference at Waterville.

November 29—Members of the Hartland Academy student council went to an all-day session held at Cony High School, where group discussions were carried on throughout the day.

December 14—The senior class of Hartland Academy presented a three-act comedy, "Skidding", in the Avon Theater before a large audience.

December 19—We were entertained with a unique Christmas program. Virginia Wheeler was chairman and Miss Clifford, faculty adviser.

January 16—Several students displayed their talents at the amateur program conducted by Emily Goforth.

February 6—A humorous program was presented by none other than the faculty! Mr. Cutts served as chairman of the Assembly.

February 12—The annual Burton Prize Speaking contest was held in the auditorium. Helen Moore and Ernest Hughes were awarded the prizes.

February 17—Hartland Academy won the Central League Championship by defeating Hermon High School 29 to 23 at Hartland.

February 19—Hartland Academy won the small schools championship basketball crown at Skowhegan, defeating Anson Academy, 35 to 18.

March 6—A constructive talk on Temperance was given by Reverend Staples at Assembly.

March 13—The Junior-Senior Coronation Ball was held in the Hartland Academy auditorium. Rebecca Rediker was elected Queen and Arland Stedman, King.

The annual Junior play, entitled "The Undoing of Albert O'Donnell", was put on before a large and appreciative audience.

March 27—An open forum program was held in Assembly with Mr. Dunn leading the discussion. Several members of the debating team gave their viewpoints on the subject from the stage platform.

April 3—The F. F. A. boys entertained the teachers and student body with a widely varied program.

April 24—Mr. Dunn, assisted by George Weinberg and Harold Hughes, presented an interesting baseball program.

"Hamilton Prize Speaking! The prizes were awarded to Estelle Page and Kenneth Chambers.

—Dorothy Ford, '43



#### GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

First row, left to right: E. Cully, J. Church, P. Davis, C. Stedman, G. Neal, D. Libby, K. Bragg, V. Hewins, D. Ford.

Second row, left to right: J. Plumer, C. Gordon, J. McGowan, M. Lovely, M. Bishop, M. Goforth, G. Deering, T. Giberson, H. Moore, E. Page.

Third row, left to right: H. Devereaux, B. Ross, M. McLean, P. Neal, B. Martin, V. Inman, J. Hogan, L. Baird, V. Wheeler.

#### GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club was organized this year with thirty members. We chose the following officers: President, Doris Libby; Vice-President, Lois Baird; Librarian, Delma Smith. When Miss Smith left school, we elected Charlene Stedman to fill her place.

Two members left, leaving a number of twenty-eight to finish out the school year.

We were unable to have a social this year,

but we combined with the senior and junior classes and had a Coronation Ball. We used the proceeds for new music.

The Club meets every Wednesday noon for a short rehearsal.

It is undecided whether the Glee Club will be able to go to the music festival or not this year, due to the present world conditions.

—Marjorie Goforth, '42



#### BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Front row, left to right: G. Robertson, E. Austin, F. Cook, K. Cunningham, M. McCormack, J. Gordon, E. Gray, E. Cully, D. Nichols.

Back row, left to right: I. Crocker, E. Duncan, A. Walker, L. Barden, K. Tapley, A. Stedman, B. Fuller, R. Ames, T. Birkmaier, D. Austin.

Absent: B. Austin, E. Austin.

#### BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club met with twenty-four members attending. The officers for the year were elected as follows: President, Arland Stedman; Vice-President, Ivan Crocker; and Secretary and Treasurer, Keith Cunningham. The club lost only one member during the year.

The boys furnished part of the entertainment at the Parents' Night Program.

Some of the songs that the glee club have sung this year are: "On The Blue Danube",

"Pickin' Cotton", "My Heart is in America and America is in My Heart", "Water Boy", "On The Road To Mandalay", "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming", "Home on the Range", and "Song of the Open Road".

Due to tire-rationing and the expense of travelling, the annual music festival, which was to be held in Bar Harbor, has been indefinitely postponed.

Nine members of the club will be removed by graduation.

—Arland Stedman, '42





#### ORCHESTRA

Front row, left to right: R. Randlett, F. Cook, P. Davis, M. Goforth, L. Baird, B. Martin, C. Stedman, K. Cunningham, G. Sawyer.

Back row, left to right: I. Crocker, I. Pearson, M. McLean, E. Greene, M. Lovely, E. Austin, J. Hogan, G. Martin, H. Emery.

Absent: B. Austin, J. Wahtera.

#### ORCHESTRA

The Hartland Academy Orchestra commenced last fall under the supervision of Miss Gertrude Thorne with twenty members present.

Six new members were taken into the orchestra this year: P. Davis and G. Sawyer, violins; J. Wahtera, I. Pearson, and H. Emery, clarinets; and R. Randlett, 'cello.

The orchestra played at the Burton and

Hamilton Prize Speakings, Coronation Ball, Parents' Night, and it will play at graduation.

The orchestra has had a rehearsal every Wednesday morning this year.

At graduation the orchestra will lose five members: Lois Baird, piano; Bernard Austin, Edmond Austin, Francis Cook, and Elwood Greene, violins.

—Charlene Stedman, '44



#### HACOMECLUB

Front row, left to right: L. Kimball, H. Devereaux, V. Inman, P. Neal, D. Ames, D. Ford, I. Giguere.

Back row, left to right: C. Gordon, M. Hughes, I. Patten, Miss Allen, V. Neal, N. Withee, E. Young.

#### HACOMECLUB

The Hacomec Club, the Home Economics Club at Hartland Academy, started the year with fifteen members. Officers are: Pauline Neal, president; Dorothy Ford, vice president; and Doris Ames, secretary.

We held our club meetings every Wednesday morning at the Annex. The first half of the year we enjoyed meals prepared by

various members of the club. The last half we spent making clothing of some sort, such as dickies, jerkins, skirts, blouses, belts, and dresses.

We have not had as many socials as planned, but we did have a Christmas tree and a social on Valentine's Day.

—Pauline Neal, '43  
President



#### FUTURE FARMERS

First row, left to right: E. Greene, H. Hughes, C. Walker, K. Tapley, A. Stedman, G. Robertson, R. Goforth, E. Austin, K. Chambers.  
 Second row, left to right: B. Hart, S. Hutchinson, M. Withee, D. Fenderson, Mr. Whitaker, J. Gee, E. Hughes, B. Wiers, C. Chambers.  
 Third row, left to right: W. Page, O. Neal, L. Sherburne, I. Crocker, P. Hughes, R. Knowles, D. Austin, J. Gordon, H. Ballard, W. Bubar.

#### FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA

The Hartland Academy Future Farmer organization has experienced another successful year of activities under the guidance of the following officers: President, Arland Stedman; Vice-president, Gerald Robertson; Secretary, Robert Goforth; Treasurer, Keith Tapley; Reporter, Clarence Walker; Assistant Reporter, Merle Withee; Watchdog, Walter Page; and our new adviser, Mr. Whitaker.

This year eleven new members were initiated as Greenhands. We held again our Father and Son Banquet. It was held at the Grange Hall with many members and guests present. Our organization sponsored exhibitions at local Grange fairs. We are responsible for two enjoyable assembly programs. Our annual seed-selling contest is enjoying its usual success; our sales had amounted to more than \$42 by April 12. The organization made and sold Christmas wreaths again this year; the enterprise was successful.

The chapter is planning a spring project

consisting of the planting of one acre of potatoes and corn in the orchard behind the academy. The boys have purchased an incubator costing \$175. We are looking forward to the use of our new machine as a help in our poultry classes.

All in all, the chapter has carried on its regular activities and added several new ones this year. The year's program has been of distinct value to the members.

—Keith Tapley, '42

#### HI-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y Club for the year 1941-42 was composed of twenty-two members. The officers were: President, Clarence Walker; Vice President, Keith Tapley; Secretary, Maynard Deering; Treasurer, George Weinberg; Chaplain, Herbert Baird; Faculty Adviser, Mr. Dunn.

Meetings were held twice a month and were followed by sports and entertainment in the gym. The officers performed one initiation during the year by the formal Hi-Y



#### DEBATING CLUB

Front row, left to right: C. Stedman, K. Cunningham, T. Birkmaier, T. Giberson, B. Fuller, I. Pearson, B. Martin.  
 Second row, left to right: E. Page, H. Powers, E. Gray, A. Stedman, R. Knowles, H. Emery, J. Plumer.

procedure. This was followed by an informal program drawn up by the initiation committee. They also entertained the school by presenting an interesting program at a Friday morning assembly. Last fall the boys held a hotdog roast on the shore of Great Moose Lake.

Plans will be made very shortly for the annual Hi-Y banquet, at which new officers for the coming year will be chosen.

—Clarence Walker, '42  
 President

#### DEBATING CLUB

The first meeting of Hartland Academy's Debating Club met in December to discuss the question of the year. "Resolved: That as a Permanent Policy, Every Able Bodied Male Citizen in the United States Should Be Required to Have One Year of Full-Time Military Training Before Attaining the Present Draft Age". During the following weeks, many discussion periods were held with our coach, Mr. Cutts.

Three teams were organized. The affirmative speakers were: Thelma Giberson, Theodore Birkmaier, Barbara Martin, Joyce Plumer, Estelle Page, Ivar Pearson, Robert Knowles, and Harlow Powers. The negative speakers were: Bigelow Fuller, Keith Cunningham, Charlene Stedman, Elwood Gray, Arland Stedman, and Harlan Emery.

Hartland debaters from two teams participated in the debating tourney at Dover-Foxcroft. We also had practice debates with Pittsfield.

On April 3, the Bates League preliminaries took place. The affirmative team, Thelma Giberson and Theodore Birkmaier, debated Newport, losing by a 2-1 decision. Thelma Giberson was the best speaker. The negative team, Bigelow Fuller and Keith Cunningham, won from Dexter by a 2-1 decision.

This year the following members of the debating team will be graduated: Bigelow Fuller, Thelma Giberson, Theodore Birkmaier, and Arland Stedman.

—Keith Cunningham, '44

# Athletics



## CROSS COUNTRY

Front row, left to right: H. Reopelle, J. Gee, G. Nichols, M. Burrell, K. Tapley, D. Nichols, H. Baird, L. Sherburne.  
 Back row, left to right: Mr. Whitaker, H. Emery, I. Pearson, C. Harrington, K. Chambers, E. Patten, Manager, S. Hutchinson.

### CROSS COUNTRY

The Hartland Academy Central League Championship Cross Country Team consists of the following members: Donald Nichols, Howard Reopelle, Herbert Baird, Keith Tapley, Leslie Sherburne, John Gee, Gerald Nichols, Malcolm Burrell, Edward Patten, Kenneth Chambers, Ivar Pearson, Harlan Emery, Clayton Harrington, and Manager Sheldon Hutchinson. The team was glad to add one more trophy to our cabinet, and more laurels to our school.

Under the guidance of our new coach, Mr. Whitaker, we had a fairly successful season with eight wins and four defeats. With the loss of only two of the first team members, H. Baird and K. Tapley, the team has excellent prospects for another year.

The schedule:

Opponents	Hartland
36	Foxcroft 24
46	East Corinth 19
36	U. of M. Freshmen 19
22	Lee 34
26	Foxcroft 31
50	East Corinth 15
46, 50	Hebron, Colby 38
36	Lee 26
50, 58	Newport, Monson 25
State Meet	Second Place
Central League Meet	
40, 74, 94 Newport, Carmel, Corinna	24
Bates Interscholastic	Fourth Place

The following are letter men in the order in which they ran most of the season: Donald Nichols, Howard Reopelle, Herbert Baird, Leslie Sherburne, Keith Tapley, Gerald Nichols, Malcolm Burrell, and Manager Sheldon Hutchinson.

—Herbert Baird, '42



### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

First row, left to right: J. McGowan, J. Gee, G. Neal.  
 Second row, left to right: J. Hogan, D. Libby, Miss Towle, L. Baird, H. Moore.  
 Third row, left to right: R. Rediker, C. Chute, G. Deering.

### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Eight victories and four defeats! The Hartland Academy girls' basketball team came in second in the Central League, winning eight of their ten league games. They boast double victories over Newport High School, Hampden Academy, East Corinth Academy, and Hermon High School. In spite of the fact that the girls' season was not such an outstanding success as the boys', their efforts are not to be belittled. The girls could crow over their successes several times.

This year's letter winners are: Doris Libby, June Gee, Joyce McGowan, Lois Baird, Rebecca Rediker, Geraldine Neal, Helen Moore, and Jacquelyn Hogan.

We are looking forward to another successful season next year although we will suffer the loss of four senior players (Lois Baird, June Gee, Doris Libby, and Geraldine Neal) and our coach, Miss Towle.

Hartland players chosen for the All-Star Game, held at Hartland this year, were Lois Baird, Doris Libby, Joyce McGowan. Substitutes were: Rebecca Rediker, Jacquelyn Hogan, and Helen Moore.

The scores of the games played were as follows:

Hartland		Opponents
40	Newport	19
42	Hampden	33
25	East Corinth	23
30	Hermon	27
23	Carmel	35
33	Newport	13
22	Carmel	30
42	Hampden	23
29	East Corinth	26
22	Hermon	17
13	Norridgewock	37
15	Norridgewock	32

—Joyce McGowan, '43



### BOYS' BASKETBALL

Kneeling: Manager, T. Birkmaier, and Coach, Mr. Dunn.

Standing: R. Steeves, E. Cully, E. Austin, C. Walker, K. Tapley, D. Lancey, G. Martin, E. Austin, H. Baird, M. Deering.

### BOYS' BASKETBALL

The whistle blows and a mighty cheer rings out as the varsity boys gather around Coach Dunn for their first game of the season with Corinna. As the boys received their instructions from the coach, they glanced at each other's faces and saw the same players that made up the Freshman team four years ago. They were determined to give the other teams a grand fight for the Central League Cup.

"Bob" Steeves, "Gerry" Martin, "Charley" Walker, "Red" Austin, and "John" Tapley displayed their ability to good advantage, winning thirteen out of the sixteen scheduled starts and being defeated only by a strong Alumni team and two of the strongest teams of the League, Hermon and Hampden.

It is now nearing the last of the season and the boys have to clinch their record all ready established. This is accomplished in a polished form as the mighty Black and White ran over Hermon, and captured the Central League Championship. The next night the boys journeyed to Skowhegan and added the County Championship to their

list which qualified them to meet Greenville in order to compete in the Small Schools tournament. It was at this game that Tapley, Steeves and Walker played their last for the school.

Hartland was represented by Martin, Steeves, Walker, and Tapley on the All-Star team.

The teams boast the following record:

		Opponents	
Hartland	40	Corinna	10
Hartland	21	Alumni	35
Hartland	20	Newport	19
Hartland	33	Hampden	22
Hartland	34	East Corinth	19
Hartland	16	Hermon	27
Hartland	37	Norridgewock	12
Hartland	49	Corinna	31
Hartland	35	Carmel	25
Hartland	29	Newport	12
Hartland	35	Carmel	23
Hartland	20	Hampden	23
Hartland	26	Norridgewock	10
Hartland	38	East Corinth	25
Hartland	29	Hermon	23
Hartland	35	Anson	18
Hartland	16	Greenville	40
		—Clarence Walker, '42	

## FRESHMAN GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Nine girls from the freshman and sub-freshman classes composed the freshman girls' team this year. Freshmen were: Estelle Randlett, Myrtle Lovely, Ivy Rediker, and Virginia Wheeler. Sub-freshmen were: Ruth Pearson, Rae Jean Randlett, Geraldine Sawyer, Lillian Robinson, and Achsah Farrell. We played games with Pittsfield Grammar school and defeated the Pittsfield team twice. We were not so fortunate at Skowhegan, for we lost both games.

The freshman team made a very good showing in the inter-class games by defeating the juniors 28-20 and the seniors 29-7. Of course the other teams were not made up of members who have been practicing regularly, but we still think the freshman team is going to be able to play some day! In fact, we're doing all right, right now!

—Virginia Wheeler, '45

## FRESHMAN BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The five freshman players came out of the huddle, stalwart and ready for their first game with Pittsfield, leaving Coach Wilkins still talking to himself. The team kept starting out with vigor through a season of four defeats. It was fun, anyway.

The following games were played:

At Pittsfield:			
	Pittsfield	20	Hartland 4
At Hartland:			
	Pittsfield	21	Hartland 8
At Skowhegan:			
	Skowegan	35	Hartland 29
At Hartland:			
	Skowhegan	18	Hartland 12

The freshman players were: Donald Nichols, Floyd Austin, Oren Neal, Howard Reopelle, Harlan Emery, Clayton Harrington, Ivar Pearson, Carroll Chambers, and Raymond Ames. The sub-freshmen on the team were: John Moore, James Moore, Earl Dyer, and Charles Sherburne.

—Donald Nichols, '45, Captain



## BASEBALL

This year at the annual call of Coach Dunn for baseball players, the following veterans returned: R. Steeves, R. Goforth, C. Walker, H. Baird, and B. Austin. We have lost many members from last year's team, but we are training a capable group of underclassmen to take their places. The team

[Forty-six]

is molding together nicely, and so far the prospects are bright. Our major accomplishment at this time is an assembly program.

Because of the rubber shortage and the gas rationing, Hartland Academy's schedule includes only six games this year. We hope to bring to Hartland the Central League Championship Cup in baseball to add to the two already received this year by the cross country and basketball teams.





## Exchanges



Another year has passed and again we exchange year books. We hope that our comments and criticisms have been of as much value to others as theirs have been to us in our determination to produce a bigger and better yearbook. We wish to thank all the schools for exchanges, and we hope to continue our large amount of correspondence.

—Geraldine Neal, '42  
Exchange Editor

"The Ferguson", Harmony High School, Harmony, Maine.

This is a very attractive book. The "Personality Column" is a very good idea. May I suggest a page of snapshots?

—Geraldine Neal, '42

"The Live Wire", Newport High School, Newport, Maine.

You have a very interesting yearbook; wouldn't a few more jokes help out?

—Geraldine Neal, '42

"The North Star", Houlton High School, Houlton, Maine.

The candid shots add interest to your yearbook. I would suggest a quotation or a sentence about each senior beside his pic-

ture. I think a Dedication Page would be an addition.

—Geraldine Neal, '42

"The Broadcaster", Sangerville High School, Sangerville, Maine.

I think a quotation about each senior would add interest to your book. I like the stories in your paper, but I think more editorials and pictures would improve it.

—Doris Libby, '42

"Maple Leaf", Mapleton High School, Mapleton, Maine.

Your literary section is very good. May I suggest you add more pictures? Why not put the seniors by themselves with the write-up connected to its individual picture? This is an excellent mimeograph job.

—Elbert Duncan, '42

"Sokokis Warrior", Limington Academy, Limington, Maine.

I like your "Classification of Recent Alumni", and I also enjoyed your "Chronology in Rhyme" very much. The large joke section is amusing. I think the senior portfolio should be nearer the front of the book. I also suggest more pictures.

—Eva Cully, '42





## Jokes



Mr. Dunn: "Where is the great theatre of war this week, Stedman?"

A. Stedman: "R. K. O. Pathe News, down at the Avon."

J. Gee: "Keith Tapley, cross country star, is said to be a genius for getting on a trail."

R. Rediker: "I believe it; he stepped all over mine at last night's dance."

There was a discussion of air raids underway in the American History class. One of the intelligent students says: "What should I do if there should be an air raid?"

Mr. Dunn: "If you should happen to be a victim of a direct hit, don't fly to pieces; lie still; you're dead."

Miss Towle: "Sing, Cook. I mean conjugate the verb, sing."

H. Sally (describing a catch): "The trout was so long—I tell you I never saw such a fish!"

Miss Allen: "No, I don't suppose you ever did."

D. Lancey: "I am as tall as you are."

D. Fenderson: "You are not."

D. Lancey: "Well, I am as tall the other way; my feet go down as far as yours."

E. Mower: "Hello! Any improvements in your town?"

Mr. Whitaker: "Why, I left there; I moved away a month ago."

E. Mower: "Yes, but are there any other improvements?"

M. Deering: "Why did you lose your temper at last night's game?"

G. Martin: "It was the only thing I had left to lose."

F. Austin: "I think you are the finest young man I have ever seen."

W. Bubar: "I'm sorry I can't return the compliment."

F. Austin: "You could if you told as big a lie as I did."

Mr. Cutts (in Algebra): "If you think these problems are hard, wait until you have three unknown numbers."

J. Gee: "Aw! That's nothing; I've got six now!"

R. Knowles (reading aloud in Junior Business): "What might your name be?"

Mr. Dunn: "It might be Tom Mix or Joe Louis, but it isn't."

Mrs. Dunn: "Page, spell 'frog'."

W. Page: "F-R-F-R—" Cook, sitting in back of him stuck him with a pin, and Page yelled, "Oh, gee!"

Mrs. Dunn: "Correct."

M. McCormack (talking on the telephone): "My son has a severe cold and won't be able to attend school today."

Mr. Cutts: "That's too bad. Who is this speaking?"

M. McCormack: "This is my father speaking."

Herbert Baird was very interested in a half a hog which he saw hanging by the foot at Barden's store. He examined it closely, then said: "Mr. Barden, when do you plan to kill the other half?"

Miss Allen: "Miss McLean, please follow the work on the board."

M. McLean: "Where is it going?"

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

E. Jordan: "I did; I shook my head."

Mr. Cutts: "You don't expect me to hear it rattle way down here, do you?"

Mrs. Dunn: "What is a saw horse?"

H. Emery: "The past tense of sea horse."

Mr. Cutts: "What is a circle, Burrell?"

M. Burrell: "A circle is a bow-legged square."

Mr. Wilkins: "Tell us something about oysters, Bubar."

W. Bubar: "They are lazy; they are always found in beds."

We found this letter written by Jerry Neal:

Dear "Lolly",

If this letter does not reach you, put your right address on it and send it back.

Mr. Whitaker: "Duncan, have you had any experience around horses?"

E. Duncan: "Sure. I used to have charge of a merry-go-round at a carnival."

Miss Clifford: "Harry, use the word 'fascinate' in a sentence."

H. Ballard: "There are twelve buttons on my jacket, but I can only fascinate."

Mr. Dunn, discussing insurance: "If I should fall downstairs and break my neck, my wife would collect my insurance. By the way, don't tell her; she might give me a shove some day."

E. Dyer: "So you boys are taking first aid in Boy Scouts. How is James doing at it?"

J. Moore: "A little hasty at times. A man was nearly drowned yesterday and the first thing James did was to throw a glass of water in his face."

Mr. Dunn: "So you're another Wiers. Which one of the boys are you? I seem to have my Wiers crossed."

B. Wiers: "I'm the hot one."

T. Birkmaier: "Can I exchange this roast beef for something else? This is so tough I can't cut it."

N. Withee (head of noon lunches): "Sorry, pal, there is nothing I can do about it now. You've bent it."

Mr. Wilkins (in lab.): "How much energy would you use going up the stairs today, Fuller?"

B. Fuller: "None. It's so cold down here that I could blow up."

R. Steeves: "What's the matter with that girl you had out last night; isn't she nice?"

K. Tapley: "Sure, she's nice; but her mother makes me sign a 'Good Conduct Resolution' every time I take her out."

Miss Allen (raising the window): "Now if anyone feels a draft, just tell me."

G. Weinberg: "I'm not in the draft."

Miss Allen: "Well, I really didn't think you were old enough."

Miss Clifford: "Late to class again. What's the matter this time, Austin?"

D. Austin: "Class began before I got here."

E. Holt: "Would you like to go to heaven?"

E. Young: "Yes, but Mama told me to come home right after school."

Mr. Wilkins (giving test): "Well, I've saved the best until the last—the problems."

D. Lancey: "I won't have any dessert this noon, thank you."

A. Farrell: "Goodness! Isn't Keith Tapley thin?"

H. Moore: "I'll say he is. Why, when he drinks tomato juice, he looks like a thermometer."

Miss Clifford (quoting a passage from "As You Like It"): "A Fool! A fool! . . . A motley Fool!"

Mr. Cutts (dashing in from the corridor): "What's going on in here?"

D. Fenderson (in home room): "I imagine it is a pretty serious offense to bounce a ping-pong ball on the floor."

Mr. Wilkins: "It certainly is; it might bounce on somebody's toe."

Mr. Dunn: "When were you born?"

B. Austin: "April second."

Mr. Dunn: "Late again."

Miss Towle: "Pearson, why don't you wash your face? I can see what you had for your breakfast this morning."

I. Pearson: "What was it?"

Miss Towle: "Eggs."

I. Pearson: "Wrong, teacher, that was yesterday!"

Mr. Dunn: "Miss Pearson, where is the Swanee River?"

R. Pearson (after much hesitation): "Far, far away."

Miss Allen: "You have ten potatoes and you wish to divide them among three people; what would you do?"

C. Chute: "Mash them."

Mr. Wilkins: "I hope I didn't see you looking at Miss Hinton's paper."

H. Powers: "I hope you didn't too, sir."

Mrs. Dunn: "Good grief, man! Why don't you peel the banana before you eat it?"

Mr. Dunn: "What for? I know what's inside."

E. Cully (handing some references to a prospective employer): "Here, sir, are my resurrections."

R. Randlett: "Why was the period between A. D. 500 and A. D. 1200 known as the dark ages?"

G. Sawyer (sleepy): "Because those were the days of the knights."

Mr. Dunn: "Miss Giberson, if the president, vice-president, and all the other members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?"

T. Giberson (speechless for a few moments, then inspired): "Probably the undertaker."

P. Neal: "Why do you wear your stockings wrong side out?"

D. Ames: "Because there is a hole on the other side."

Mr. Whitaker (in Agriculture): "McCormack, what are you having for your project this year?"

M. McCormack (slowly): "Mowing the front lawn; I guess that will be enough."

Mr. Wilkins: "What letter in the alphabet comes before 'J'?"

C. Chambers: "I am sure I don't know."

Mr. Wilkins: "What have I on both sides of my nose?"

C. Chambers: "Freckles."

Miss Towle: "Gray, use defeat, deduct, defense, and detail in one sentence."

E. Gray: "De-feet of de duck went over de fence before de tail."

Miss Clifford put the following notice on the board in the senior room: "Eleven senior boys are badly incomplete!" It didn't take her long to find it out, did it, boys?

Miss Clifford: "Does your new dress fit you well, Barbara?"

B. Martin: "Oh, splendidly! I can hardly move or breathe in it."

#### CAN YOU IMAGINE:

June Gee without a Mercury to ride in.  
Mildred Bishop quiet for one period.  
Barbara Martin without a "Pattern" to follow.

Dorothy Ford with a "D".

Virginia Hewins being an optimist in algebra or anything else.

James Moore without dimples.

Jackie Hogan without her salamander.

Robert Knowles without his books.

Bigelow Fuller without bluffing.

Donald Nichols in an assembly program.

Achсах Farrell without pencils to sharpen.

Estelle Randlett without "Tapley".

Lois Baird wearing a size twelve dress.

"Abbie" if they "freeze" jitterbugging.

Arland Stedman without his "cuddles".

Gerald Martin without his hair combed.

Hartland Academy without noise.

—Rae Jean Randlett, '46

#### CAN YOU IMAGINE THIS IN THE FACULTY:

Mr. Dunn without "Jiggs" for company.

Mr. Cutts wearing clips on his shoes to warn us of his approach.

Miss Clifford singing "jazz".

Mr. Wilkins being married.

Miss Allen keeping her temper for one period.

Mrs. Dunn raising her voice above a whisper.

NAME	AGE	WEIGHT	FIRST IMPRESSION	MOST ADMIRABLE QUALITY	REASON FOR BEING
Bernard Austin	Gosh, you've got me there!	Heavier than his cousin	Husky-looking kid!	Good-naturedness	To tease little girls
Edmond Austin	Older than that!	Nothing	Looks wise	Unusual memory	To talk to "Wiggie"
Herbert Baird	Has stopped asking mama if he may go out	Lighter than Lois	Quiet (I wonder)	Dependable	To hand the absent list to Rowena
Lois Baird	Younger than you'd think	Too much!	Healthy!	Hasn't any	To play the piano
Theodore Birkmaier	He hasn't decided yet	None too much	Don't get one!	Ask Kay!	Just to argue
Ena Bubar	Doesn't matter	Wishes it were more	Nice to know	Housekeeping ability	To make clothes
Francis Cook	Too young to stay up late	Have no idea	Studious	Good manners	To set an example for Freshmen
Eva Cully	Bet you couldn't guess!	It's O. K.	Efficiency	Willingness to help	To help Miss Clifford
Elbert Duncan	Shaves twice a week	143	Looks talkative	Personality	To make us laugh
Bigelow Fuller	Not as old as he thinks	Hard to figure	City Slicker!	Speaking ability	To argue with Mr. Cutts
June Gee	Old enough to know better	Just right to hold	Not bad	Sparkle	To drive away the blues
Thelma Giberson	Age of Innocence	Light as a feather!	Little runt!	Cheerfulness	To compile the "Ripple"
Emily Goforth	Looks are deceiving!	The scales won't register	H'mm. Kinda small!	Dozens of them	To share the "Bangor Daily News"
Marjorie Goforth	Chatterbox Age	About like Doris'	Underweight	Ingenuity	To give anyone a ride
Robert Goforth	Still has growing pains	They call him "Slim"	Can't remember	Hereditary gift of gab	To play baseball
Elwood Greene	All grown up	At least one ton	Fresh from the farm	He can take it	To help fill up the world
Evelyn Hinton	Old enough	Maybe Larry knows	H'mm! Nice!	Charming personality	To supply the seniors with candy
Harold Hughes	Actions speak louder than words	Oh, dear, must we bring that up?	"Looks" serious	Wit	To bother Miss Clifford
Sheldon Hutchinson	Over twelve, I think	Not as much as Greene's	Makes one want to laugh	Good farmer	To tease Eva
Doris Libby	Just as old as she acts	Suits her	Very neat	Agreeable	To uphold the dignity of the class.
Murray McCormack	Too weary to recall it	Can hardly stand up beneath it	Well-dressed	Entertaining	To chatter continuously with his neighbors
Geraldine Neal	Sweet sixteen, I think	Just about right	Cute!	Liveliness	To write letters
Gerald Robertson	He's wearing his first long pants	In the featherweight class	Efficient, like Eva	Conversational ability	To be late to school
Arland Stedman	Just at the giggling stage	Destined to be heavy-weight champ	Jolly	Ambition	We sometimes wonder
Robert Steeves	A little older than Tapley	Gaining	Bashful (?)	Pretty blue eyes	To get baskets for the boys' basketball team
Keith Tapley	Just out of kindergarten	Losing	Looks happy	That infectious laugh	To keep things humming
Linwood Vanadestine	Doubtful	Approximately	Good natured	Quietness	To keep Francis company
Clarence Walker	Old enough to have a girl friend	Just right	He-man	Always happy	To keep Charlotte happy



## Alumni Notes



The 1942 "Ripple" takes great pleasure in printing letters from two Hartland Academy graduates who are now in the armed forces of the United States. We wish to thank Aviation Cadet Donlin McCormack (H. A. 1937) and Corporal James Moore (H. A. 1938) for their letters.

Maxwell Field, Alabama  
April 14, 1942

Dear "Ripple" Readers,

It was just five years ago that I was spending my last happy days as a senior at Hartland Academy and looking forward to college. Little did I realize at the time, however, that a world situation was developing which would reach out and take hold of every individual in this country; a situation which would disrupt one's ideals, philosophies, and carefully laid plans for the future.

Suddenly aware that a spark had set off a second world war, I decided to leave college and become a flying officer in the United States Army. In January, I came to Maxwell Field, Alabama, to start my pre-flight training as an aviation cadet. This pre-flight training period consists of instructions in navigation physics, code, identification of aircraft and naval vessels, airforces, ground and naval forces, military law, and courses which aid one in becoming a commissioned officer. A rigid athletic program is also included in the curriculum.

In a very few days I am leaving for primary flying school where, after the first breathtaking solo, the embryo pilot seeks new worlds to conquer and looks forward to the time when he can pilot a larger airplane.

From primary, I will go to basic training and finally to advanced training school where nothing is quite so interesting to the aviation cadet as the moment when he first retracts the wheels of his advanced training plane and flies on hopeful that he will remember to lower his wheels when coming in for a landing. Upon completion of the advanced training course, I will receive my

"wings", and be commissioned as a flying lieutenant in the U. S. Air Corps.

Of all the wartime training activities of the U. S. military services, making a trustworthy, competent, and soldierly flier out of the material of American civilian life is at once the most expensive and most exacting. It costs about \$75,000, counting salaries and the fixed investments of the army in fields, their installations and airplanes to turn out one pilot. The job is exacting because the standards are high for one must prove himself to be an apt young man to handle the thousands of dollars' worth of lightning-like pursuit plane or a high-altitude bomber.

As officer material, the men seeking admittance to the air corps training are of the highest calibre and are selected by carefully scrutinizing examining boards. These men are selected because of their physical and mental fitness and inherent ability to lead other men.

One comes in contact with many and varied personalities, but all have one common objective in mind, and that is to make themselves better men and leaders for the struggle which is to come. Winston Churchill said, in reference to the Royal Air Force, "Never have so many owed so much to so few," and we of the United States Air Force hope that we, too, can live up to that statement.

Among the men with whom I associate daily are Polish boys with thousands of flying hours and who have been in battle against German war planes. One of my roommates is a former All-American end from Mississippi State University. Other associates include radio announcers, lawyers, doctors, track stars, musicians, and young boys fresh from college.

There is a certain degree of glamor and adventure in flying, but all of us who are engaged in this business of air warfare are looking forward to the time when we can again resume our quiet civilian ways—start living the life we had planned before it was interrupted by lusty militarists. We are not

fooling ourselves in this war as we did in the last, for we are not fighting "to save the world for democracy", and engaging in a "war to end wars". We are merely fighting to preserve our "American Way of Life". I hope the time is not too far distant when we can go back to our own communities, on our farms, write our books, and teach English in some little high school.

Sincerely,  
Aviation Cadet Donlin McCormack

---

Company "I",  
69th Armored Regiment,  
Camp Chaffee, Arkansas  
April 21, 1942

Dear Alumni Editor:

Received your letter last week and am very pleased to hear from you. Such letters bring back memories of my school days at H. A. I wish it were possible to be back there this year, but Uncle Sam has different ideas on that subject, so I must be content with conditions as they are.

You asked about the branch of service that I am in. I am a member of one of the newest organizations of the United States Army, and am now stationed at one of the new camps. The Armored Force was formed in the spring of 1940. The purpose was to motorize all units of the army, thus creating a faster moving unit of fighting force. Under the leadership of General Devers, the First Armored Division was formed at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Soon afterwards Camp Polk, Louisiana; Pine Camp, New York; and Camp Cooke, California became homes of new armored divisions that were formed at Fort Knox and then sent to the various camps. The middle of February, the 6th Armored Division was activated and sent to the newest and most modern camp to be built for the armored force, Camp Chaffee, Ark. There were only a few thousand men to come out here, but now there are many thousands. These men are all hand-picked. Some came from regular "line" outfits and have been in the army for a good long while. Most of us were graduated from the Armored Force School of Fort Knox on February 28, and joined the Division on March 1. At school we put in three or four months of continuous study so as to qualify for the tasks that we are now asked to perform. Most of the courses were rushed through because of the time element, and the students were required

to do the same amount of work as though they were not being rushed through.

Camp Chaffee was started last September and is almost complete. At present there are crews of workmen putting the finishing touches on the buildings. In many places the camp looks like a college campus. The various companies have planted shrubs and made flower gardens around the buildings, and lawns are being made to take the place of the mud and loose dirt left by the contractors.

The Camp is located just nine miles from Fort Smith, and ten miles from the boundary line of the state of Oklahoma. Fort Smith was once an army town. It was Christmas Day, 1817, that troops first landed there. After the Civil War, because the Fort had been a rendezvous of that famous Robin Hood, or Guerrilla, take your pick, William Quantrell, the Union Army closed Fort Smith. That was in 1871—just seventy-three years ago.

On Army Day, from Camp Chaffee moved the 6th Armored Division to parade its might along Garrison Avenue, once the parade grounds of Fort Smith, that echoed to the marching feet of men in moccasins, men in coonskin caps, and men of the Confederate Army. An epoch was ended, another began.

Thanks for writing and hope you have the best of success in this year's publication.

Very truly yours,  
Corporal James Moore

---

#### ALUMNI NOTES

1935

Howard Baird is in the army at Camp Shelby, Miss.

Alfred Bell is employed in Portland.

Mary Greene Stafford is at home in Hartland.

Clyde Griffith is in Washington in the Marines.

Eva Hanson Lindsey is living in Corinna.

Elizabeth Hart Fisher is living in Hartland.

Earl Merrow is employed in New Haven, Conn.

Meredith Parkman Wood is living in St. Albans.

Vinson Phillips is in the army air corps at Camp Edwards, Mass.

Marion Rancourt Thompson is living in Waterville.



Marguerite Robertson Sherburne is living in St. Albans.

James Seekins is employed in Hartland.

Mary Smith is teaching in Livermore Falls.

Alden Stedman is a corporal in the U. S. army at Panama.

Robert Strout is teaching in Brooklyn, Maine.

Frances Waldron Seekins is living in Hartland.

Aubrey Whittemore is at home in Hartland.

Erwin Whittemore is employed in Hartland.

Howard Williamson is employed in Dixfield.

#### 1936

Margaret Ash is attending Maine School of Commerce in Bangor.

Philip Baird is living in Hartland.

Thelma Cookson Moulton is living in East Kingston, N. H.

Leland Cunningham is employed in Hartland.

Frank Ford is employed in Philadelphia, Penn.

Charlotte Grant is at home in St. Albans.

Vivian Green Dyer is living in St. Albans.

Lennis Harris is employed in Boston.

Maurice Hatch is in the army at Fort Devens, Mass.

Marian Hollister is at home in Hartland.

Lillian Lewis is employed in Guilford.

Charlotte McCrillis is training in the New England Hospital in Boston.

Stevie Miller is at home in St. Albans.

Kathleen Pelkie is employed in Hartland.

Althea Tobie is at home in St. Albans.

Barbara Weymouth is employed in Pittsfield.

#### 1937

Phyllis Baird is attending the Crane Institute of Music in Pottsdam, N. Y.

Alice Chipman Humphrey is practising hair dressing in Pittsfield.

Myron Davis is living in Boston.

Frances Fellows Garcelon is living in Dover.

Donald Hollister is employed in Hartland.

Dorothy Lermond Baird is living in Hartland.

Marie Libby Buker is living in Hartland.

Mary Libby Pease is living in St. Albans.

Lyle Martin is employed by the government in South America.

Donlin McCormack is in the army air corps at Maxwell Field, Ala.

Clayton Merrill is employed in Tylerville, Conn.

Mahlon Merrow is in the army in Cuba.

Beatrice Mills Small is living in Hartland.

Bertha Smith is employed at the Sisters' Hospital in Waterville.

Arlene Stedman Southard is living in Skowhegan.

Kenneth Wiers is in the army at Camp Blanding, Fla.

Donald Withee is in the army.

Clara Woodbury is employed in Boston.

#### 1938

Marion Ash is employed at the Bangor State Hospital.

Kenneth Baird is in the civil service in Hawaii.

Lona Clark Lethers is employed in Hartland.

Mildred Cooley is at home in Palmyra.

Kathleen Cully is employed in St. Albans.

Russell Dunlap is in the army at Camp Croft, S. C.

Joseph Ford is at home in Hartland.

Erlene Hughes Buker is living in St. Albans.

Liston Inman is at home in Palmyra.

Eleanor Libby Joy is employed in Ellsworth.

Arthur Littlefield is employed in St. Albans.

Wendall Marr is deceased.

James Moore is in the army at Camp Chaffee, Ark.

Ardis Moulton is training in the New England Hospital at Boston.

Grace Parsons Stubbs is living in New York City.

Robert Perkins is employed in Hartland.

Andrew Peterson is teaching in Calais.

Miriam Steeves is employed in Hartland.

Norman Strout is employed in Buffalo, N. Y.

Cherrie Thorne is attending the University of Maine.

Mildred Wentworth McKinney is living in Etna.

Marguerite Wheeler is living at home in Palmyra.

Opal Wiers is employed in St. Albans.

1939

Anita Baird Allen is living in Hartland.  
Madeline Cook Reardon is living in Skowhegan.  
Hilda Emery is employed in Hartland.  
Norma Emery Nutter is living in Hartland.  
Marvis Greene Grant is living in St. Albans.  
Phyllis Ford Mitton is living in Dexter.  
Viola Hillman McDougal is living in Hartland.  
Arlene Hollister Baker is living in Mississippi.  
Burton Jones is employed in Pittsfield.  
Emily Knowlton Parsons is living in Palmyra.  
Bernice Litchfield Woodman is living in Hartland.  
Selden Martin is at home in Hartland.  
Leila Merrow is employed in Bangor.  
Maynard Moore is employed in Portland.  
Norman McCormack is in the N. Y. A. School at Dexter.  
Shirley Neal Rideout is living in Palmyra.  
Henry Parkman is employed in Hartland.  
Stanley Peterson is attending the Maine School of Commerce in Bangor.  
Edith Rediker George is living in Kittery, Maine.  
Mary Seekins is employed in Palmyra.  
Arthur Smith is at home in St. Albans.  
Dorothy Spencer Staples is living in Skowhegan.  
Ernest Staples is in the navy.  
Irvin Stedman is at home in Hartland.  
Eleanor Towle Hollister is living in Palmyra.  
Julian Wilbur is in the army at Albrook Field, Panama.  
M. Ellen Worthing Cooper is attending the University of Maine.  
Marion W y m a n Laughton is living in Hartland.

1940

Irma Amero is attending Gordon College in Boston.  
Nellie Baird is at home in Hartland.  
Florence Bishop Briggs is living in Dover.  
Howard Brown is employed in Dexter.  
Gerald Burns is employed in the South Portland shipyard.  
Wilma Cheney is employed in Waterville.  
Isabel Cook Lawrence is living at home in Palmyra.

[Fifty-six]

Edith Cooley is attending Farmington State Normal School.  
Muriel Crocker is employed in Massachusetts.  
Marion Davis is employed in Dover.  
Oscar Dyer is employed in Pittsfield.  
Elsie Ford Smith is living in York, Maine.  
Patricia Gee is employed in Winston, Mass.  
Donald Goodwin is in the army at Albrook Field, Panama.  
Wesley Ham is employed in Hartland.  
Gareth Hanson is employed in Hartland.  
Kathleen Harding Bubar is living in Boston, Mass.  
Douglas Hight is employed in Fay and Scott Machine Shop in Dexter.  
Charles Inman is employed in Hartland.  
Clifford Merrill is employed in Hartford, Conn.  
Eunice Millett is in training at the Sisters' Hospital in Waterville.  
Robert Moore is employed at the Hartland Drug Store.  
Edward Nichols is at home in St. Albans.  
Donald Rice is at home in Palmyra.  
Doris Seekins Ballard is at home in St. Albans.  
Beatrice Wilbur Lowell is living in Lubec.  
Geraldine Wilbur is employed in Massachusetts.  
Donald Wyman is employed in Hartland.

1941

Sheldon Ballard is at home in St. Albans.  
Jacqueline Buker is employed in Skowhegan.  
Beverly Cheney is at home in Hartland.  
Clyde Cookson, Jr., is in the air corps at Santa Anna, Calif.  
Glenis Cunningham is attending Bliss Business College.  
Herbert Davis is employed in Hartland.  
Edward Hilton is employed in Plainville, Conn.  
Ernest Inman has joined the Marines.  
Allen Jones is at home in Hartland.  
Geraldine Knowles Bishop is living in St. Albans.  
Meredith Knowles Hollister is living in Hartland.  
Grace Lord is at home in St. Albans.  
Margaret Lord is employed in Lynn, Mass.  
Jean Lucas is in training at the Sisters' Hospital in Waterville.  
Mary McDougal is working in Old Town.

Valti McDougal Merrow is living in New Haven, Conn.

Donald McLean is at home in St. Albans.

Verne McLean is at home in St. Albans.

Virginia Millett is attending Maine School of Commerce at Bangor.

Margaret Moore is attending the University of Maine.

Priscilla Mower is attending Bliss Business College.

Luther Nichols is employed in Newport.

Evelyn Nutter is at home in St. Albans.

Leon Patten is employed by his father.

Linwood Perkins is at home in Hartland.

Rendall Phinney is in the army medical corps at Ft. Benning, Ga.

Bertram Thorne is attending the University of Maine.

Marguerite Walker Whittemore is living in Hartland.

Omar Wheeler is at home in Hartland.

## *Uncle Sam's Honor Roll*



We dedicate this page with much pride to the Hartland Academy Graduates who are in the service of the United States Government.

Howard Baird  
Roger Baker  
Clyde Cookson  
Russell Dunlap  
Donald Goodwin  
Clyde Griffith  
Leroy Hatch  
Maurice Hatch  
Ernest Inman

Donlin McCormack  
Mahlon Merrow  
James Moore  
Vinson Phillips  
Rendall Phinney  
Alden Stedman  
Kenneth Wiers  
Julian Wilbur  
Donald Withee

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