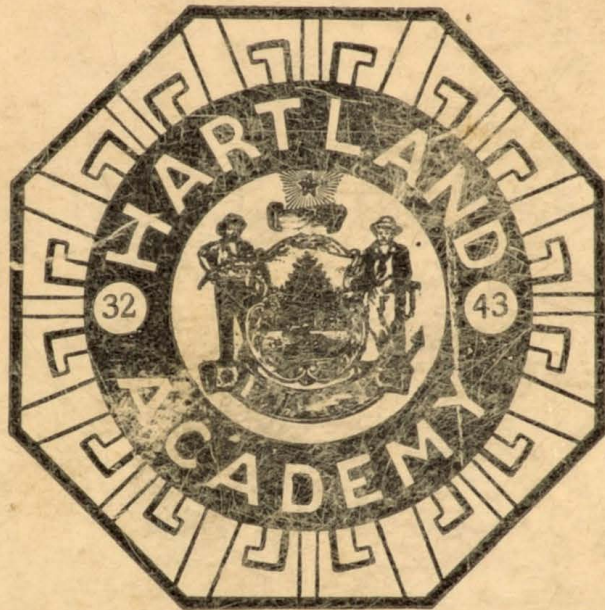
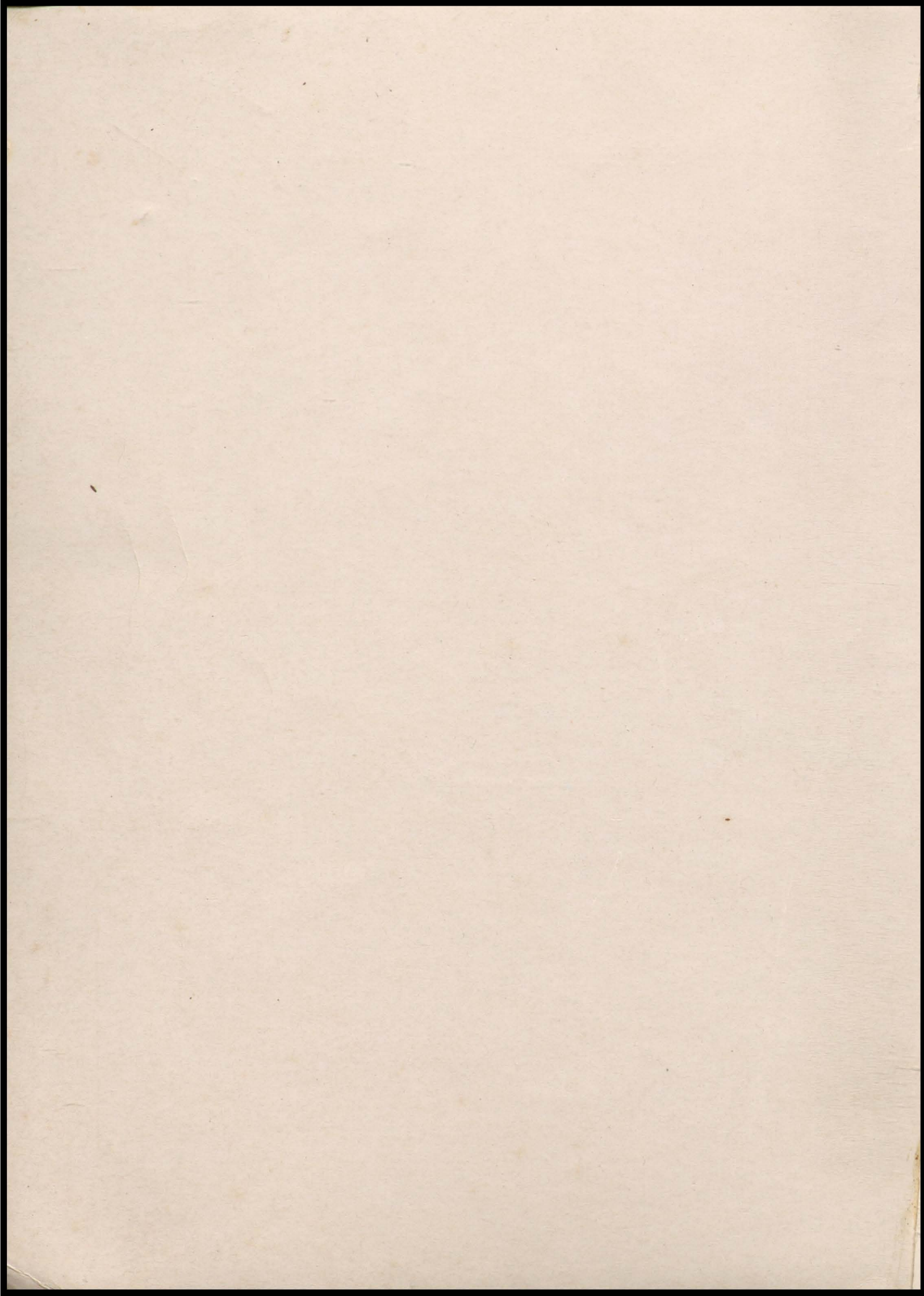


# The Ripple



1943



# THE RIPPLE

Volume XXIX

Number I

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*We, the Seniors of*  
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with deepest  
the Graduates of  
who are serving in  
of our

Hartland Academy

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te of "The Ripple"  
 appreciation  
 to  
 Hartland Academy  
 n the armed forces  
 country



RIPPLE BOARD

First row, left to right: Edwin Mower, Helen Moore, Ann Cutts, Elizabeth Bunker, Lewis Barden, Barbara Martin, Keith Cunningham, Pauline Neal, Charlotte Gordon, Gladys Deering.

Second row, left to right: Kenneth Chambers, George Weinberg, Jacquelyn Hogan, Mildred Bishop, Donald Lancey, Miss Clifford, Dean Fenderson, Virginia Hewins, Ina Cook, Elwood Gray, Ernest Hughes.

EDITORIAL BOARD 1942-43

Editor-in-chief .....	Barbara Martin
Assistant Editor .....	Keith Cunningham
Literary Editor .....	Virginia Hewins
Ass't Literary Editor .....	Joyce Plumer
Business Manager .....	Lewis Barden, Jr.
Ass't Business Manager .....	Jacquelyn Hogan
Copy Editor .....	Charlotte Gordon
Ass't Copy Editor .....	Ina Cook
Sports Editors .....	Pauline Neal, Donald Lancey
Ass't Sports Editors .....	George Weinberg, Helen Moore
Joke Editor .....	Edwin Mower
Ass't Joke Editor .....	Ernest Hughes
Exchange Editor .....	Kenneth Chambers
Alumni Editor .....	Mildred Bishop

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Senior Class .....	Dean Fenderson
Junior Class .....	Gladys Deering
Sophomore Class .....	Virginia Wheeler
Freshman Class .....	Elizabeth Bunker
Sub-Freshman Class .....	Ann Cutts

FACULTY ADVISERS

Literary .....	Miss Stella D. Clifford
Business .....	Mr. Cecil J. Cutts



#### FACULTY DIRECTORY

---

Principal

Mr. Cecil J. Cutts

History Instructor\*

Mrs. Jessie M. Freeman

Science Instructor

Mr. Mason D. Shaw

English Instructor

Miss Stella D. Clifford

Foreign Language Instructor

Miss Olive E. Smart

Home Economics Instructor

Miss Aileen M. Boutilier

Agriculture Instructor

Mr. C. Preston Whitaker

Music Director

Miss Gertrude Thorne

During the year, the following have also taught temporarily: Mr. Richard Dunn, Mrs. Ada Norcross, Mrs. Nancy McFarland.

# SENIOR PORTFOLIO



DORIS MAE AMES

Civic

"Pinky"

"Just because I've got red hair, I don't have to have a temper."

Girls' Glee Club 1; Hacomec Club 3, 4; Dramatics Club 3.



ERROL ROBERT AUSTIN

Vocational

Errol

"Why hurry? Each minute is worth living as it comes."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter 3; Prize Speaking 3; F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 4; Hi-Y 3; Senior Play; Junior Play.



LEWIS HENRY BARDEN, Jr.

Civic

"Buddy"

"Why have I been wasting my time when life is so worth living?"

Glee Club 3, 4; Hi-Y 4; Secretary 4; Junior Play; Senior Play; Class President 4; Student Council 1, 3, 4; Ripple Board 3, 4; Third Honor Part.



MILDRED DOROTHY BISHOP

Civic

"Millie"

"Well, why shouldn't I talk? I've got to live up to my reputation."

Hacomec Club 1, 2, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Ripple Board 4; Latin Club 3; Dramatic Club 3; Cheer Leader 4; Fourth Honor Part.





PAULINE ELIZA BOWLEY

Civic

"Polly"

"What! Homesick? In spite of that diamond?"

Transferred from Fryeburg Academy: volleyball, basketball, archery, softball; home nursing.  
H. A.: Hacomec Club 4.



KENNETH ELMER CHAMBERS

Vocational

"Ken"

"My responsibilities are great; my heart even greater."

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; State Vice-president; Cross country 2, 3, 4; Manager 4; Baseball 1, 2; Track 2, 3; Basketball 3, 4; Student Council 3, 4; President 4; Junior Play; Senior Play; Class vice-president 2; president 3; Prize Speaking Winner 2, 3; Citizenship award 3; Carnival King 2; Winter Sports Team 2; Ripple Board 3, 4; Hi-Y 4; Treasurer 4.



JANIE JOYCE CHURCH

Vocational

Joyce

"One can get around; even from a farm."

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



MAYNARD WHITTEN DEERING

Civic

"Slugger"

"Gee, I like my seat this year!"

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Letter 4; Hi-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3; President 4; F. F. A. 1, 2; Senior Play.



DEAN SANFORD FENDERSON

Vocational

Dean

"Another assignment like this, and I'll join the Marines."

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-president 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Sergeant-at-Arms 4; Baseball 3; Track 2; Cross Country 3, 4; Letter 4; Senior Play; Prize Speaking 3; Glee Club 4; Ripple Board 4.



CHARLOTTE MAE GORDON

Civic

"Flash"

"I get a letter nearly every day."

Transferred from Mattawanacook Academy: Glee Club; President of class 1; Commercial Club; Athletic Association Committee; Prize Speaking 2.

H. A.: Glee Club 3; Prize Speaking 3; Junior Play; Carnival Queen Candidate 3; Senior Play; Ripple Board 3, 4; Hacomec Club 3, 4; Class Treasurer 4.



BERNARD SAMPSON HART

Vocational

"Sam"

"I have a yen for a yodel."

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Manager and Letter 4.



VIRGINIA ELDORA HEWINS

Civic

"Ginny"

"With all the woes I have, who wouldn't complain?"

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; vice-president 4; Latin Club 3; Prize Speaking 2; Student Council 4; Secretary 4; Ripple Board 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3; Second Honor Part.



DONALD MANSON LANCEY, Jr.

College

"Stocky"

"With legs like mine, what hasn't the Navy to look forward to?"

Transferred from M. C. I.: Track 1, 2; Letter 2; Prize Speaking 1, 2.

H. A.: Basketball 3, 4; Student Council 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play; President Junior Red Cross; Ripple Board 3, 4.



BARBARA HELEN MARTIN

Civic

"Barby"

"Of course, I'd be glad to help."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; President 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; 4-H 1; Debating 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 2; Class Treasurer 1; Class Secretary 4; Secretary Junior Red Cross; Alumni Prize 3; Senior Play; Editor-in-chief Ripple 4; First Honor.



EDWIN HEATH MOWER

Civic

"Professor"

"Be sure you express your opinion first, so I can disagree."

Orchestra 1, 2; Basketball 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Cross Country 1; Student Council 1, 2, 3; Treasurer Junior Red Cross; Class Vice-president 4; Senior Play; Ripple Board 4.



MARY EUPHEMIA McLEAN

Civic

Mary

"A tomboy? Well, what can you expect with three brothers?"

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



PAULINE JOYCE NEAL

Civic

"Polly"

"I got my diamond first."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Hacomec Club 3, 4; President 3; Basketball 1; Junior Play; Senior Play; Ripple Board 4.



ELIZABETH ESTELLE PAGE

Civic

"Stell"

"Oh, I just couldn't miss that dance!"

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Debating 3; Latin Club 3, 4; President 4; Junior Play; Prize Speaking Winner 3; Student Council 4; Vice-president 4; Librarian 3; Senior Play.



JOSEPH DANIEL PAGE

Civic

"Joe"

"I find life very hard at times."

Baseball 2, 3.



ARTHUR EARL WALKER

Civic

"Asie"

"Why join the boys, when I can stay in Room 2 with the girls?"

Cross Country 1, 2; Track 1, 2; H-Y 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.



MERLE NELSON WITHEE

Vocational

Merle

"Twelve miles is insignificant when there's something going on at H. A."

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Ripple Board 3; Senior Play.

## EDITORIALS

### *What They Are Talking About at H. A.:*

- 1. Should High Schools have compulsory military training after the war?*
- 2. Should High School boys be compelled to finish school before they enter military service?*

#### LET'S KEEP TRAINED!

Military training should be compulsory for many reasons. To begin with, it is important as a conditioner to the youth of America. Not only boys should have military training, but girls as well.

With the coming of machinery, life began to get easier for people. As machines improve, life becomes easier and easier until all labor will be reduced to a minimum of effort. If we are to continue to be a powerful and healthy nation, we are going to need all the physical strength we can get.

Some people may argue that we can get along very well without having compulsory military training in high schools. These people feel that athletics will supply the training necessary for keeping people in good condition. What they say about athletics being a good conditioner is true; only there is not, and probably will not be, a very large number participating. If we had compulsory military training, everyone would have to take part in various sports, thereby improving in health. Compulsory military training would not only help build muscles, but it would teach one to be alert, to be able to take orders, and above all, teach us to work together.

Probably the biggest benefit from military training would be that every American would be trained to meet any emergency that might arise. If all students would train, we would have enough available men to make an army that no country would dare attack. In this way, we would encourage peace.

After the war in 1918, most of the soldiers

and sailors had had enough of army and navy life to suit them. It was only fair that after peace had been established that they should return home. After these boys left, it made us pretty vulnerable for an attack because there weren't enough trained men to take their places. That is the reason for our unpreparedness. We didn't have anywhere near enough trained men. We need skilled men to teach untrained men. Compulsory training might start some men to a career in military life.

The above reasons are why I believe that America should have compulsory high school military training. Remember Pearl Harbor! America must not be caught unprepared again.

—Kenneth Chambers, '43

\*Military training alone does not build muscles.—Ed.

#### SHOULD HIGH SCHOOLS HAVE COMPULSORY TRAINING AFTER THE WAR?

No, High Schools should not have compulsory military training after the war.

At the end of this war we hope we shall have the conquered nations so well defeated that we shall need only a small standing army. The men for this army could be supplied by voluntary enlistments. There would be no need for compulsory military training in high schools.

After the war there will not be such an urgent need of trained men in arms. Today it is a different problem altogether. We need men and boys who are able, when entering

the army, to take over positions without a great deal of basic training. It is a good idea for the boys in high schools today to learn the fundamentals of military marching and maneuvers.

But, after the war, when we need an army only large enough to control the defeated nations, it would be unnecessary for compulsory training on the high school level. However, it would be a good idea if we still continued our physical education program.

Let's keep this military training out of our schools as much as possible. Let's not train our boys from the beginning of their school career in military marching and principles of war. Let us try to keep the thought of war from the young people of tomorrow as much as possible. I am sure we do not want to be a militaristic nation and educate our children as Hitler has educated his youth. We cannot allow this to happen here.

—Keith Cunningham, '41

\*A trained fighter is seldom attacked.

—Ass't Ed.

### FINISH SCHOOL, BOYS!

High school boys should finish school before entering the army. Of course, there are exceptions to this statement, as there are to all such statements; but let's consider the main fact—the importance of an education.

Today, as always, a young fellow needs an education to be successful in his future. A high school education is important in this field of life to "top off" his grammar school teachings which certainly are not sufficient in this prosperous nation of ours. This is the idea which should be stressed to these boys who are too easily convinced by advertisements about the army, navy and marines. They do not stop to realize that education is necessary to make good soldiers for Uncle Sam. It takes men who are skillful in mathematics and science to combat with the modern warfare. These skills cannot be attained by the boys leaving high school before graduation. Very few will ever return to school after being out for such a long period of time.

Nothing more is necessary to say about the importance of an education as long as every young man realizes its significance in his life. If a boy's mentality is not high enough to meet high school requirements, our country doesn't want him at the fighting

front where the understanding of technical terms is necessary. An uneducated fellow would have a disadvantage with an educated companion. He might have been able to overcome his deficiencies if he had stayed in high school.

Why not be as secure as possible now when a chance is offered you, boys? Can't you all understand the necessity of a high school education?

—Charlene Stedman, '44

\*Security for all now may mean insecurity later.—Ed.

### SHOULD HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS BE COMPELLED TO FINISH SCHOOL BEFORE ENTERING THE ARMY?

My answer is yes. Our boys are fighting to make this a better life in which to live. If they are going to leave school before their education is finished (or should I say partly finished, for a high school education is only a beginning of what they could get from schools) how is it going to help the world of tomorrow? A nation's strength is not based on its manpower in arms, but on its percentage of educated people. They make up the backbone of industry and the whole country. The world of tomorrow certainly won't be better by lowering this percentage. We have prided ourselves on being a highly educated nation. Why then should we lose our pride now? It is very evident that that is what we are doing. It seems that we don't value education very highly where the glamor of the uniform appears. If we are to let these boys leave high school before they are through, it will take years to build up our educational standard again. When they come back, they won't finish their courses, but will go into industry or something similar.

In the second place, it is to the value of our army that our boys be educated. There are many things in army life that will be based on high school subjects. Also, there is the fact that the boys will be more mature if they wait, and will be going to obtain a goal, not simply for the adventure.

There is no need yet to risk our nation's future by diminishing the education of its youth.

—Mildred Bishop, '43

\*A defeated nation will have no pride.

—Ass't Ed.

## THINK OF AFTER THE WAR

High school students should finish school. In the first place, a high school education will help students to work up much faster when they do get into armed service. In most branches of the service, a certain amount of mathematics and other subjects are essential to advancement. If the student has already acquired this knowledge in high school, he can advance much more rapidly.

In the second place, a high school education will be very valuable after the war. Right now anyone can get a job because of the labor shortage. When this war is over, however, things will be different. The industrial world will be changing back to normal and will not require nearly so many workers. The service men will be returning to their old positions and employers will become particular about whom they hire. They will want only the best of the many workers available; and the best will be those with an education.

In the third place, the average junior or senior boy would be much more valuable at home helping his parents and neighbors and getting his education while he can, than struggling in a military environment for which he is not yet prepared.

—Virginia Hewins, '43

\*Education is essential but not critical.

—Ed.

## DRAFTEES AND DIPLOMAS

There has been a great deal of talking concerning high school boys who have gone into the army without being graduated from school. Should these boys who have not completed the required subjects receive regular diplomas?

I think that every high school student should finish the prescribed courses in school before being granted a diploma. However, if a boy enters the army, and under military life, undertakes schooling equivalent in value to his high school training, he should receive a diploma or some certificate of equal value. If a boy is drafted and cannot obtain a deferment, some means should be possible so he can receive a diploma or some symbol of achievement. In many cases, students do not leave from choice; they should be treated with consideration by the school authorities. If a boy, even at high school age, feels that

he has a skill which the country needs in the army rather than at home—if he truly believes this and can prove it satisfactorily—he, likewise, should be rewarded.

Anyone who leaves school to get away from it, to follow the adventurous lure of the armed forces, or in a self-satisfied belief that he will get his diploma anyway—that sort of individual does not deserve the consideration.

The army and the other branches of the armed forces want intelligent young men. That is why they are willing to defer almost anyone who wishes to finish his high school education, particularly anyone completing his senior year. In fact, their demand for well-trained youth is responsible for their offer of college educations to high school graduates who can prove themselves able and intelligent and healthy. These boys will have the chance for a government paid education to train them as officers. Such officers, trained from our best high school youth, will help build our country's forces into something always bigger and better. So, Senior boys, wait for that diploma!

—Barbara Martin, '43

\*A diploma will be granted in this state on evidence of an equivalent education.

—Ass't Ed.

## MILITARY MARCHING

The boys formal military training started shortly after Thanksgiving. We have twenty minutes of training on alternate third periods. Mr. Cutts is our leader. At first we were taught to face right, left, and about correctly. Next came marching forward, backward, column left and right, and dress right.

Next came close order by the right and left flank, columns two, single column, half right and left, and left and right oblique marching.

We are divided into three squads. The seniors are squad one with Lewis Barden as corporal. The juniors are squad two with Corporal Leslie Sherburne. And last, but never least, are the sophomores with Earl Cully, acting as corporal.

We have not had much individual chance at drilling the platoon, but we are hoping that more opportunities will be given for this part of drilling, for when we give the orders ourselves occasionally, we learn more quickly and thoroughly.

—Earl Cully, '44

## WAR EFFORT OF HARTLAND ACADEMY

It is realized by all that the winning of the war does not depend entirely upon the fighting done by men on the many battle fields. Victory would be impossible without the work done by us, the people on the home front. Besides doing work in defense plants, there are many other things that we must do. Red Cross work and contributions, civilian defense courses, victory gardens, and just plain "desk work" are a few examples of essentials at home.

To a nation at war, a sound physical condition of the people is necessary in order that they may put forth their best efforts. In case of invasion, we must be prepared to meet anything. Hartland Academy has a fine athletic and physical training program. These activities include: cross country, basketball, baseball, winter sports, gym and military training. Cross country and gym have become compulsory for junior and senior boys. Military marching is offered for boys and girls both of the two upper classes. These activities are optional for the other classes. Military training drills are maintained twice a week; close and extended drills are practiced. The group is organized into a platoon of three squads. This training is, of course, very beneficial to those who will soon enter the armed forces.

The students turned in 22,500 keys during the key drive last fall. These keys did their share in building a large bomber.

A First Aid Course was taught to members of the Home Economics Club. The Home Ec girls are active in Red Cross sewing and the making of bandages. Hartland Academy is an official member of the Red Cross.

We sent our personal check to the president during the Infantile Paralysis benefit drive.

Every Tuesday is known here as "Stamp Day". So far we have bought over \$2,000 worth of stamps and bonds. Our goal for the year is \$3,000.

A large percentage of the students have completed a three weeks' course in Civilian Defense stressing civilian preparation against bombings and gas attacks. We received official Civilian Defense certificates for our work.

A course in Pre-Flight Aeronautics has been introduced this year. The object of the

course is to provide important basic information needed before active flight.

Hartland Academy believes it is doing its part in the war effort.

—Joyce Plumer, '44

## JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross is a newly organized unit at Hartland this year. Its purpose is to help the Red Cross—to do the minor but important things, and in our small way, to help our country and our boys in the service. It includes all the schools in Hartland village and it is under the supervision of Mrs. Olaf P. Pierson.

Last fall, the students of the Hartland schools were asked to contribute to the Junior Red Cross. Upon giving a sum within their limits, the students were enrolled and received membership cards. A large percentage of the students became members.

Early in the winter, the club became active and officers and class representatives were elected. They are as follows: President, Donald Lancey; Vice-President, Shirley Stedman; Treasurer, Edwin Mower; Secretary, Barbara Martin. Class representatives: Senior, Maynard Deering; Junior, Jacquelyn Hogan; Sophomore, Virginia Wheeler; Freshman, Achsah Farrell; Sub-Freshman, Patricia Murphy; Sixth and Seventh Grades, Mary Howell and Arvene Ham; Fourth and Fifth Grades, Harold Carson and Linea Pearson; Second and Third Grades, Peter Pierson and Clark Connelly.

Many interesting projects were suggested and some of them have already been carried out. A book drive to collect books for the boys in the service has been completed and fifty-four books were turned in. The members have been valuable assets in the drive for the waste fats and tin cans. The younger children have been given such projects as the making of stationery folders and games for army hospitals. The high school student projects include the making of bed-tables and other things which they are capable of doing. These things may seem small, but it is surprising how they may help. By the cooperation of the students, the Junior Red Cross has been very successful. In the meantime, we of the Junior Red Cross, wish to remind you that only by doing your bit can you help Uncle Sam march to victory, so why not get into line and do it now?

—Shirley Stedman, '46



## FOR THIS WE FIGHT

The graduation topic for 1943 will be one in which every American is interested, "For This We Fight". In order to facilitate the year's work, this topic is also the main heading for the annual senior essays. The graduation speakers will base their speeches on their essays. This program means less work for the commencement speakers and also a better motive for the essay writing.

Our topic is sub-divided into six parts, listed as follows with excerpts from several essays which illustrate how the various topics were discussed.

### I WE FIGHT TO PRESERVE

"We are fighting to keep secure the friendship and respect which our neighbors feel for us as a nation. This friendship has made it possible for us to live with three thousand miles of unfortified border . . . We are fighting to sustain our world wide acceptance as a great power, gained because we successfully engaged a European power in war and defeated it. That Spanish American War, however, was fought because of our interest in the freedom of others, not for bloody and bitter conquest."

—Virginia Hewins

"Look at what happened to the German people. They once had Freedom of Press, of Religion, of Speech, and of Petition; but they accepted those privileges so complacently that they gradually slipped through their fingers into the hands of men like the Kaiser and that detestable ex-paper-hanger, Adolf Hitler! This, fellow Americans, can, and will happen to us unless we stop being so complacent. It is time we stopped fooling around and took this war seriously. We will be able to preserve our great nation only by using our utmost ability."

—Kenneth Chambers

### II WE FIGHT TO PROTECT

"When our forefathers came to this continent, there were no beautiful cities; there was no government; there were no homes; but there was freedom from debt and imprisonment. Our forefathers had nothing but their bare hands and courage to start with. They had to clear land in order to build

homes and cities. They did their work and labored hard at it, but they were rewarded after many years of struggle by the right to worship in their own way, the right to work where they wished, the right to speak what they believed true, and the right to govern themselves. Are not the results of their struggles worth protecting?"

—Bernard Hart

### III WE FIGHT TO DEFEND

"We fight to defend our homes, our personal environment with memories dear to us alone. Yet we must defend more than our own immediate surroundings to assure us of those personal memories. . . It must be remembered that our little community can mean nothing to us unless its protector, the United States, is defeated also.

". . . Achievements are not miracles. They are results of work—of work intelligently planned by independent minds and capably performed by trained hands—the concerted work which free men alone seem able to apply effectively to the improvement of life and the defense of freedom."

—Lewis Barden

"In the attainment of that victory, we must be alert that we do not lose the liberties which have made America and have kept her free. Of equal importance to winning the war is the preservation within America of constitutional democracy—a pattern for the rest of the world in the soul-testing years of reconstruction ahead. For if we defeat the enemy abroad only to lose our liberties at home, victory will be sterile."

—Mary McLean

### IV WE FIGHT TO DESTROY

"Ever since the beginning of time people have banded together to protect themselves against brute force. From the days of the caveman up to our modern era, people have had to fight for survival against some vicious power. . . The French Revolution is a good example of people fighting to destroy despotism. They did just that, but the people got out of control and forgot the principles for which they were fighting. The result was the Reign of Terror. We must not forget the things for which we fight or the same thing may happen again."

—Donald Lancey

"We want to destroy the chance for the creation of a world-wide dictatorship when all freedom is crushed and the masses are enslaved, and the death toll rings steadily. . . because of the greediness and hatred of one man and his desire to become supreme."

—Mildred Bishop

V

WE FIGHT TO PREVENT

"Never in history has the world seen such a bloody and costly wide-spread battle as is now being fought. We, the people of this great nation, are fighting to prevent the screaming of women and children as an air raid siren wails its song of death and destruction. Nor shall children go to bed hungry to dream of feasts. No more shall people quake and shudder as they hear the tramp of invading Axis armies. We fight to prevent another dream of depressed and crazed fascist dictators from coming true."

—Dean Fenderson

"To prevent another slaughter in years ahead we must educate the common people of these countries as well as ourselves, not in the arts of warfare, but in the democratic

forms of life so necessary in maintaining a free and peaceful world. This type of education will give these people an initiative to want to carry on the constant international trade, necessary for the future prosperity of those nations instead of causing them to desire to attempt conquest by force."

—Merle Withee

VI

WE FIGHT TO ESTABLISH

"In a world so filled with unwholesome national problems, we must make ourselves invincible. We can accomplish this by making our lives so secure and content in our democracy and our Americanism that we will have no thought of Socialism, Fascism, or Tojoism; that we will have no room for propaganda; that there will be no disloyalty in our beloved country. But we must not stop there. We must be public spirited to the extent that we have a sincere interest in our friends, town, state, and nation. . . . We must carefully choose our laws and execute them. Yet, we must not become so secure and self-satisfied that we lose interest in world affairs."

—Barbara Martin

## *What They Think*

In the past it has been customary to express the opinions of the student body on many topics which have been prominent during the school year. This year, as a variation, and in addition to the usual procedure, we present the opinion of the faculty on some of our outstanding matters of interest.

What will H. A. do without the honorable seniors?

Our efficiency will improve to a greater or lesser degree, according to the quality of the members of the junior class. H. A. looks to its seniors for leadership. The present senior class has distinguished itself at both ends of the leadership scale, with probably heavier emphasis on the upper level. We'll miss their good natures, but not their mathematical ability.

Bearing in mind that any given situation will probably get along better without our presence; in other words, since there are none of us who cannot be replaced, we really

feel that the greatest loss is that of the friendships which we have established within four or more years of close association.

—Mr. Cecil J. Cutts, A. B., M. A.  
University of Maine

Of what value do you consider our assembly programs?

I believe that assembly programs are very beneficial. They give students experience in a wide scope of fields which they will be able to use later on in their lives.

It gives the student body who are listening a larger education and unites them in their thoughts on some subjects. All of the students get a chance at being in an assembly some time during the year. This training gives them confidence, a confidence which the student would not have had unless he has participated in other speaking activities and dramatics.

It is enjoyed by everyone, and certainly is valuable in helping students to become ac-

quainted with teachers outside the classroom.

—Mr. Mason D. Shaw, A. B.  
University of Maine

What is your opinion of our new six-hour class day?

If the six-period schedule is used for a few weeks to shorten the school year, it is all right. But to have six-period days throughout the year is too strenuous and tiring for both students and teachers, unless provision is made for more frequent vacations.

—Miss Olive E. Smart, A. B.  
Bates College

How do you feel about the many slurs that are cast upon your figure in the course of the year?

I feel that I at least have a figure which draws some attention. And, of course, there is one job I can always depend upon—I can play Santa Claus any time with a figure like mine. In fact, I'm proud of my figure.

—Mr. C. Preston Whitaker, B. S.  
University of Maine

Do you think our shortened basketball season was worthwhile enough to pay for the effort?

Although our basketball season was shortened and we could play only a few schools, I believe it was very worthwhile. The girls have not only gained skill in playing the game, but have also had a chance to learn to work together in a group, to develop sportsmanship in winning and in losing, and to have the satisfaction of feeling they have an important part in Hartland Academy's athletics!

—Miss Aileen M. Boutilier, B. S.  
Farmington Normal School

Do you feel that a person's interest in music increases or decreases during a period of war?

It increases. The boys yearn for classical music. It is the good things they want. The boys write home, begging for recordings of Beethoven and Tschaiikowsky. Many artists are now in the forces with the boys playing the good things. After the boys hear them play, they no longer want "trash". They call more and more for the music the great

play.

They are going to school and improving themselves scholastically, and when this happens, music follows with them.

—Miss Gertrude Thorne, B. M.  
New England Conservatory of Music

What is your opinion of the percentage of students who keep up with the war news?

There are about eighty percent of the high school students here who keep up on the news reasonably well. Probably the other twenty percent listen to radio news from one-third to one-half of the time. An eighty percent average for a group is good. However, it is hard to understand why all intelligent boys and girls, as well as men and women, do not keep up with current events when they are so easily obtainable through the newspapers and radio.

—Mrs. Jessie M. Freeman, A. B.  
Brown University

What is your opinion of the drafting of high school boys before their schooling is complete?

Far be it from me to criticize army policies in a time of war; but I think it most unfortunate to force boys to leave high school before they have completed the four years, particularly boys to whom an education means something besides a building to attend for several years because Mother or Dad says so.

Today, a high school education is merely a stepping stone to wider education fields; it seems too bad to deprive the boys of even this basic instruction. Of course, young men will learn much when they enter the army. The experience of training and traveling is an education in itself. However, those last few months of high school are of sufficient value to warrant the retaining of them in the educational program of our youth. Even such a short period of time is a factor in maturity, and the army wants its men as intelligent and skilled as possible for their years.

It hardly seems fair that boys whose eighteenth birthdays come in the last of their high school career should have to relinquish those final months while others, with no greater abilities, should finish just because they are slightly younger.

—Miss Stella D. Clifford, A. B.  
Bates College

## LITERATURE

### DELAYED SPRING

When late February winds rush through towns deserted beneath a cold white moon, the trees moan and cry until they are touched by the faint warmth of the sun at dawn. Time may pass this way until one morning a more golden sun appears to light the frozen world. With a brightness dazzling to the eyes, the rays of fire clothe every pool of ice and each stretch of snow with a sparkling coverlet.

The trees no longer moan and cry for they are caressed by a softer air which is clean and cool. It has something new and stimulating about it, too. Could it be that, at last—but, no, the northern sky is clouded with a dark ominous mass which hovers threateningly near the azure and the gold. The earth is robbed of her new robe as the storm descends.

The soft air is rushed away as cold, biting winds again tear at tree branches causing them to wave madly. There is no warmth now as the sun and bright sky are blotted from view by darkness and flurries of swiftly falling snowflakes from above. The dream of spring has faded with the day.

Tomorrow's sun may not rise or the next day's, but one morning will find the east again flaming with splendor. Next week may not find the grounds uncovered from drifts of snow, but just as morning always comes, so too, does spring.

—Delma Smith, '45

### VIKING FUNERAL

Herr Grudge, the German officer in charge of a garrison of men in a small town of occupied Norway, was walking along a shore road which followed the twistings of a tiny cove. Observing closely the activity about him, he gazed with satisfaction at the loaded troopship anchored off the shore. Some weeks before Herr Grudge had sent to Berlin for three hundred troopers to reinforce his garrison; now the men had arrived, and waited there for conveyances to shore. By prodding them hard, the officer could get the po-

key Norwegians to use their small boats for landing barges.

As he continued his stroll, he saw a young boy puttering about in a skiff hitched to a sturdy tree that jutted out over the water. The German boisterously shouted to the boy and asked what he was doing. The reply was brief.

"I prepare to give my dog a viking funeral." The dog had been shot, but the owner did not say that he had set the dog upon the officials.

"Have you official permission to use that boat?"

"It is merely tied to the shore, sir."

"See that it does not leave the shore without my approval." And Herr Grudge paraded on, proud of his severity.

After a safe interlude, the lad ran to a clump of bushes where his father lay waiting and watching. "Everything is all right now, father; he is past."

"Nice work, son; he cannot suspect."

Cleverly the two set the sail and tied the rudder firmly in place. Then the youth loosened the boat from its mooring. Quietly the boat was eased from the shore and out into the cove. Behind it, swimming and pushing in the cold water were the Norwegians. At last the father reached into the boat and lit a long fuse. Giving a final push, he fell back, shouting to the boy.

"She's all right; she's aimed fine! Now if the wind holds right, we've done our bit!"

A short time later, Herr Grudge was dumbfounded to hear a deafening thunderous explosion. He had given no order for a bombardment! Rushing back to the shore, he saw the floating debris and tangling, thrashing bodies, all that remained of the troop ship.

—Harlan Emery, '45

### JUST SCARED

"Watch out! Duck! It's coming right at us."

We both ducked as the missile came hurtling toward us, barely missing our heads. We grabbed it and threw it back with all the

force we could summon, but the odds were against us, and our strength was a poor match for the strength of the two who were racing down upon us.

Again we saw it coming toward us. It was low this time and nearly took my feet from beneath me. I managed to keep my balance, but only to be knocked down by another blow.

"Grab that one beside you and throw it before they can get theirs again," yelled my companion. At the same time she let one go and—smack—a direct hit! One of the opponents went sprawling and my well-aimed throw caused the other to make a three-point landing.

We now had the upper hand, but not for long; for they were on their feet again and were picking up their weapons. The fight progressed as before. They were always just one jump ahead of us.

Whiz! That one was so close I caught my breath. I put myself on guard for another such, but no matter how fast I dodged, I always seemed to be in the path of the flying missiles.

Suddenly, all four of us stood up and fired at the same time. Each one was a direct hit, and all of us went tumbling over the sides.

"Children!"

We jerked our heads toward the door and there stood Mother. She looked at us sitting on the floor where we had landed on either side of the two beds.

"How do you kids expect me to have any willows left if you keep fighting with them like that? Now get dressed and come down to breakfast while it's hot."

With that she left us, and we looked sheepishly at each other and grinned. "Gee," I exclaimed, "that pillow fight was swell while it lasted—even though I was scared most of the time."

—Shirley Stedman, '46

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## THE WAR

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Most of us here in the United States do not realize exactly what kind of a war we are fighting. We do not know the brutality and confidence of our opponents. We cannot imagine what it is to stalk an enemy that we can't see, one who lurks in the shadow of the jungle. He is a brutal, fearless, and cunning antagonist.

The setting of this story is any one of the war-devastated areas in the South Pacific: Bataan, Corregidor, Manila, the Solomons, where blood has been shed by Americans.

In the hot and infested jungle, right in the middle of a no man's land, lurk two hungry, unshaven men. The sun is just setting over the black mountains. Who are they wandering alone at such a time of day? Are they Japs or Americans? As they stagger closer, we can distinguish their equipment as that of American soldiers. Both men are wounded. The first, a short, slim man, dirty and hungry, probably not more than twenty-two, has a deep gash in his forehead; while the other, somewhat older, with a fierce determined expression to his eyes, has a bullet wound in his leg from which a steady stream of red flows like water from a faucet.

These men know that they cannot live much longer in this disease-infected place. But, as one may suspect, their greatest hope is not that they may live, but that they may kill just one more Jap or wipe out one more machine gun nest. Then would they gladly die.

Suddenly the intense quiet of the jungle is disturbed by a stream of machine gun bullets. The two Americans drop to the ground. It is a machine gun nest, cleverly camouflaged in the jungle terrain. Here is the final chance for these men to strike their last blow for victory. They are outnumbered and must be cautious. One soldier must attract the attention of the enemy and receive the full brunt of the onslaught, while the other attacks from behind.

Then like an abrupt flash of lightning, the stillness of the jungle is for a second time annihilated. This time the bullets find their mark, for the soldier serving as decoy, his body riddled with bullets, drops to the ground. Almost simultaneously with his fall, come the piercing cries of the Japs as human flesh makes contact with the hot bloody steel of the bayonet. That machine gun nest will kill no more unsuspecting American doughboys.

The older soldier staggers out to the body of his fallen comrade, and topples face first to the soft muddy ground. These two boys have died for us. By some strange coincidence, their dead bodies, lying in the depths of the jungle, formed that symbol which is uppermost in every American's heart—V for Victory.

—George Weinberg, '44

## SUCCESS—WHAT?

"Mama, look, I can skate!" I cried very loudly. "I can skate and twirl. See me?"

I was laughing and started twirling as fast as anything could possibly go. A boy came up to me, but I kept going faster, faster, faster! Couldn't I stop myself? I wasn't the least dizzy, but it got monotonous. I tried to stop, but failed; I was on my toes spinning. I thought to myself, "Sonja Henie can't do it as long as this."

All of a sudden I landed on the ice. The man nearby laughed at me. He started to help me stand erect, but I said, "No, thanks," and gracefully got to my feet again. I felt very light now. What had happened to me this afternoon?

A gang of children came out on the ice. Mother was still in the window watching. I could hear the boys and girls talking but without paying any attention I started twirling again. The voices became very queer. Their words were broken now and only part of them were audible. Could I never stop twirling? Ah! Now it was as if no one was near. Mother's face had disappeared from the window. The children could not be seen. The ice was much smoother. Now I wasn't twirling. I was gliding across the ice without any effort. I could skate after all these years of trying! "Do you hear me? I can skate!" I shouted. "Skate! Skate! Skate!"

I said this many times. Each time my breath became shorter until finally I fell. I opened my eyes and a man and a woman dressed in white stood over me.

"All right, Charlene; did you have a nice dream? It's all over now and you can go home," the dentist said.

What a relief it was to know that I had only taken gas and was in the dentist's chair!

—Charlene Stedman, '44

## PATTERN AFTER PATTERN

As I sit in my chair surrounded by brightly colored flowers, the breeze that playfully rumples my hair darts in and out among the stems, making the blossoms sway rhythmically and gracefully like dancers. Now and then a flower lifts its head toward the sun to be bathed in the warmth of its caress. As I watch the flowers sway at the command of the wind, their faint aroma soothes

me and I feel drowsy, almost as if I were being lulled to sleep by some unseen, magical, mystical power.

After what seems like a few moments, I awaken; but in reality, I have slept for hours. The moon has started to rise; the wind has died down to a breathless whisper; and the flowers stand with drooping heads, like children tired out by their play. Once in a while a flower sways restlessly as if troubled by a discomforting dream. All appear asleep and content in the soft moonlight following the heat of the day.

Stiffened from my cramped position and from sitting in the night air, I rise to go, stopping now and then to caress the velvety petals of a flower. Afraid that I might disturb them from their deep slumber, I creep stealthily by, like an animal stalking through the night, to leave them in peace.

Almost out of the garden, I realize that someone is watching me. It is Danny, my best and dearest friend. He has come to tell me that tomorrow he must go to camp and leave for an unknown destination. Why does this war have to continue? Why can't we live in peace once more? There aren't any of us who can possibly answer these questions. But I hope, as all others hope, that some day soon our friends may sit in our lovely gardens with us and watch the moon rise over the beauty of the fragrant blooms.

—Charlotte Gordon, '43

## A WARTIME SKATING PARTY

Did you ever go on a wartime skating party? Well, take it from one who knows, they are swell. Especially if you live on a farm and have a horse and sleigh at your disposal. If you are patriotic, you won't use your car and gas. There aren't any old tires to burn up for bonfires this year either, but we can build a satisfactory fire just the same.

Of course, it's a fairly cold moonlight night. The moonlight shimmering on the snow makes it twinkle as if it were covered with a million tiny diamonds. The ice on the pond looks like a great mirror out of fairyland. As we jump out of our sleigh, we hear the faint sound of bells. They grow louder by the minute. Soon we see some of our friends. Their arrival is a fascinating sight for the frost makes white streamers from the horse's nose and covers his harness and mane. The snow flies out from under the

runners like water from the bow of a ship. They are soon beside us.

Now there is a wild scramble to gather wood for a fire. Soon the fire is raging, throwing great streamers into the air, as though trying to match those of the northern lights. We soon have our skates on and are gliding around over the ice. At first we play tag, darting in and around each other. This does not last long because we all get tired; it is hard to breathe fast in the cold air. So someone brings up the subject of roasting our marshmallows, and we troop greedily to the fire.

It doesn't take long to gather there, and the delightful odor of toasting marshmallows fills the air. We tell stories and jokes and listen breathlessly to the rumbling of the ice as it cracks up and down the pond.

Then again most of the boys and girls are skating anew, swirling and swinging along arm in arm, like dancers in a graceful minuet.

At last the time has come to go home. The boys take the skates and put them carefully into the sleds. Everyone piles into the sleighs and is covered up with the warm robe. The horses stamp their feet and give an impatient snort; then they are off with the faint echoes of good nights resounding across the hills.

—Dean Fenderson, '43

### GOD'S WAY OF HELPING

Janice was happy that morning. She seemed fairly to fly around the rooms as she cleaned and dusted her apartment. Suddenly the doorbell rang. Janice answered it; and as she stood there signing for the mail, the sun dropped behind a cloud. All was a cold dismal gray.

She opened the envelope with fingers that trembled, to find the following message:

Dear Madam:

The United States Army is sorry to inform you that your husband, Harold L. Washburn, was killed when his plane crashed and burned. Details . . .

For a moment Janice stood there, hardly able to comprehend the meaning of the words before her. Then she stumbled to the bedroom, and sobbing wildly, flung herself upon the bed.

She went around in an aura of unreality for two days, asking herself over and over again what would become of her. "I know

I'm not brave; I know I should go on as thousands of other brave women do, but he was all I had. What shall I do? I'm not brave; I'm frightened; I'm all alone."

Later, as she sat staring blankly ahead, a line from the Bible came to her, and she realized that God was giving her advice in His way.

The next day, with her suitcase and a few of Harold's treasured belongings, she headed for her father's abandoned hunting lodge in the mountains, to try to adjust her mind to the blackness that assailed and oppressed her.

During the night, a few days later, she was awakened by the crashing of glass. Grabbing her bathrobe and a flashlight she crept out to see what was happening. A man was just hoisting himself over the window sill. She screamed; he turned to show an unshaven, haggard face. He seemed faintly familiar even in the darkness. She turned on the flashlight. It was Harold!

"How did you get here?" he gasped.

Almost fearing that he was an illusion created by her distressed mind, she whispered, "How did you?"

"I've been trying to make my way through the woods ever since our plane crashed as we tried to get through the storm."

"But they said you had been killed," stammered Janice, "the remains of the bodies of all the crew were there when they finally got to the plane."

"So they did find it, eh? I didn't dare wait. They must have taken the fellow we rescued for me. We picked him up near the border. Why, he even had on my watch: I loaned it to him because his was broken. I didn't need it in my work. Oh, God! It's good to see you!"

Hours later, as they sat on the steps waiting for the dawn, Janice said, "I shall always remember the line of my Bible that brought me here: 'Go up into the hills from whence cometh your help.'"

—Barbara Martin, '43

### THE LITTLE LADY

There she stands, usually in the very center of things. She has no manners whatsoever, and is the messiest thing imaginable. She never has anything to say, although her mouth is open all the time.

Among her many desirable characteristics that make her outstanding are her ruddy,

red complexion, and her sleek curved body which slopes gently from her long neck, making the observer lick his chops with anticipation.

She frequently wears a white cap, and is indecently clad in shorts with bare midriff. She has no conception of privacy, and her attraction is such that she can always appear thus informally in public, as well as in private, without causing too much disturbance.

In size, she is so small that people caress her with one hand. In spite of her size, they flock around her and forget their worries, especially at mealtime, when her popularity is at its height.

Many arguments and family quarrels occur when she leaves her scarlet brand on husbands' vests, and sometimes, even on their faces!

She is still loved by many people for her distinctive peculiarities even though her presence is rarer than of old. For she's rationed you remember. It takes fourteen points for a bottle of catsup, you know!

—Leslie Sherburne, '44

#### GOOD-BYE!

"Ring-aling-ling," sang the telephone from the hall.

"Telephone, Mom," shouted fifteen-year-old Johnny, who was comfortably perched on the arm of a chair in the living room. He was intently engaged in a book, "How to do the Conga". Snappy jazz music was coming from the radio beside him. He was swinging his hat in time to the music and humming, "Tum tedy, tum, TUM; tum tedy, tum, TUM."

"Johnny," called his mother from the hall, "Will you turn off that noise and come here? You're wanted on the phone."

Johnny made a dash for the radio and skipped into the hall. "I bet it's Buzz. And boy! Have I got something to tell him." "Halloo," he crooned into the mouthpiece, "Johnny Baballo, live wire, but good-looking and intelligent son of Professor Henry Baballo, retiring principal of Gouleth Academy, speaking."

"Button your lip, drip, and catch what's brewing," came the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Oh, it's you, Buzz. I was just reading up on some snazzy jazz. But I've got it in the bag now, a perfect masterpiece!"

"But I've . . ."

"Oh, don't be so serious, delirious. I've got

plans for Friday night. How about . . ."

"But, Johnny," Buzz tried again, "I've got something that throws your plans out the window. Listen, dope, I've got word directly that the new principal has struck town. You know what that means?"

"Yea, it means we've got to make an impression on the dear old chap. And just think, he'll be sticking around this house for a whole week. And I'll have to reform. I hope he's a good egg, but Dad says he knows his business, so probably he's an old stuffed shirt. Most of them are.—Say, Buzz, I've got an idea. Let's make his stay here so hot for him that he'll want to clear out."

"Well, hush mah mouth and call me gabby! Do you really dare to do that? What about your folks?"

"Of course I dare to, but I'll hafta fix it so nobody'll know who's at the bottom of it. When did he get here?"

"Oh, about an hour ago."

"That means he'll be here any minute. Wait'll that old goat gets a load of what's cooking and he'll pull in his feathers and hit the road—pronto! Gosh, there's the doorbell now. Sit tight and wait to hear from me. See you soon, goon. Johnny signing off."

"Okay, be seeing ya."

There was a click of receivers and Johnny straightened his tie and went to the door.

"Young man, I am Professor Archibald."

Johnny had a hard time to restrain his giggles, for there before him was the funniest looking specimen of a man he had ever seen.

"Yessir, come right in. I'll call Mother."

After the dear old chap was comfortably seated, Johnny went to call his mother. But Mother had heard Johnny's telephone conversation.

"Johnny, you call up Buzz, and tell him the plan is off! You're going to 'reform', as you call it."

"But, Mom . . ."

"No buts, call him up now!"

Johnny went to the phone and dialed. "Hello, Buzz. Look I can't do what I said. Mom heard me. But you ought to see the guy. He's baldheaded and got funny little teeth that stick out like stairs. He must be five yards around his dainty torso, and boy! what a profile! His nose makes you think of London Bridge, and Buzz, he waddled just like a duck, and . . ."

"Young man, were you talking about me?" a voice interrupted.

Johnny turned and gulped.



"Why," continued the professor, "it's an outrage, an insult. I'll not stay in this house another minute." With this he picked up his bag and slammed out of the house.

Johnny grinned into the mouthpiece. "Buzz, he's gone and no more to return. It was kinda accidental, but all for the best. Hold your horses and I'll be right over with an earful."

—Shirley Stedman, '46

### THE CITY OF PALMYRA

When we entered the outskirts of the city of Palmyra, we were amazed at the number of people on the street. The population is nine hundred and fifty-three—or rather nine hundred and fifty-two since I moved away.

Situated on the banks of one of the largest rivers in Maine is a mill, large enough to keep two men working during the spring and fall.

On both sides of the street were large buildings, some at least two stories high. We stopped, and went into the store (the, not a); in it was everything from a pair of size 50 pants to a can of salmon. Such a display I had never seen.

The train called "The Hartland Squirtgun" provides excellent transportation for all the manufactured goods of this industrial and agricultural area. It also serves for passengers, for at least two persons travel it per day.

The schoolhouse is built on a hill top and will hold all of twenty-five pupils. Other important buildings of this metropolis are the city hall, used once a year, and a huge filling station, which sells approximately twenty-five gallons of gas weekly, and a post office well-secluded with the store. Yet the post office is particularly busy these days with five to ten letters a day.

There is an outstanding piece of architecture which serves as a bridge over the stream. It is not quite so large as the George Washington Bridge, but it fulfils the same purpose.

For such a large place, the community is very clean. It has the name of being one of the most beautiful cities in Maine. (Just ask any native). Unfortunately, its roads have been tarred recently, and its rusticity has diminished.

If you are interested in any further information, kindly locate me, and I will be glad to oblige with more details.

—Clarence Towle, '45

### PRIZE SPEAKING

That day you suffer tortures. All sorts of funny feelings run up and down your spinal column. There are butterflies in your stomach, and your knees are wobbly.

Much more terrible than the physical agonies is the mental torture of it all. You try to concentrate on your lessons, but of course it's no use.

Next you hatch up all the things that could happen—but probably won't. You might lose your voice; your legs may lack the ability to support you. If you get really desperate, you might accidentally fall downstairs and break your neck on purpose. There wouldn't be anything to worry about then. But then, toward the end of that fateful afternoon, you decide to go through with it courageously. You can't do anything worse than drop dead on the stage.

At last, and all too soon, comes the dreaded hour. We suffering ones are shoved into the senior room—away from it all. Oh, that beautiful senior room! It's sheltering walls harbored us from everything for a few sacred moments. Never did that room have such an appeal before.

Now we are lined up! The music starts! The baton strikes downward on the first beat! Do we have to parade to our deaths? Your left foot moves slowly, and you advance slowly toward that threatening throng of people! The poor unsuspecting crowd! If they only knew their fate, they would have stayed at home. How you wish they had!

The journey has begun. "Now, just keep your feet moving," you tell yourself. And you succeed, because the next thing you really are aware of is the fact that you're seated on a chair, facing the expectant multitude.

The light goes out, leaving us alone and exposed in the harsh glare. The first speaker commences. You sympathize with them as they, one by one, face front and take their punishment. Give me a firing squad any day! How relieved they must be! You try thinking of other things. There are eighteen planks between the edge of the stage and where you sit.

Your own time has come. You stand up. The next moment it is you, you, in the center of that stage, and the atmosphere closes in tightly around you. Your mouth opens, and words find their way out. The rest is just a haze. You talk mechanically with a voice quite unfamiliar to you.

The last sentence has ended! You walk back to your chair, wondering if the crowd can see your legs shake, and thankful that

they can't see the expression on your face. Why, they're clapping! Bless their hearts!  
—Joyce Plumer, '44

## POETS' CORNER

### TO OUR TEACHERS

If to the office you should go,  
Mr. Cutts is a man you'll know,  
He hollers much, both loud and strong,  
If you've done anything that's wrong.

In English there's a teacher fine,  
Miss Stella Clifford is divine.  
If to a wedding you would go,  
Just ask Miss Clifford—she will know.

There was once a man called Whit,  
Who couldn't get his clothes to fit,  
About his strength there was no doubt,  
Because his muscles sure stick out.

If by some chance you happen to hear  
A voice that's loud, and strong, and clear,  
Ask the kids and they'll all say  
Miss Smart's the supervisor today.

Now in the junior's hall of fame  
There is a name which will remain.  
And pupils proud can say, "I saw  
The one and only Mason Shaw."

If it's a housewife you would find  
Go see Miss Boutillier, who is kind;  
She teaches girls to cook and sew,  
And that ain't half of what they know.

And if it's history you'd know,  
Then to the history class you go;  
And Mrs. Freeman there will say,  
"I've seen some history in my day!"

To lay all jokes and fun aside,  
They all are swell and on our side.  
For they've stuck by through thick and thin,  
So our diplomas we might win.

Respectfully submitted,

—Dean S. Fenderson, '43  
—Kenneth E. Chambers, '43

### SOPHOMORES' TROUBLES

We Sophomores have our troubles  
With algebra and such,  
But when I think it over  
It isn't quite so tough  
As being in the army  
Where we could make no fuss  
About our plus and minuses—  
Or have no Mr. Cutts.

—Harlow Powers, '45

### THE FROST

It came like a thief thru dead of night  
O'er woods and fields it came like a flight,  
And dashed thru the village and painted  
each pane  
And no one could see him escape thru the  
lane.  
It struck the leaves all quiv'ring below—  
They drop to the ground like swift falling  
snow,  
Then he rushed thru the valley with greatest  
of ease  
And there hid away 'neath the new fallen  
leaves.

—Wendell Bubar, '45

### MY POEM

She asked us all to write a poem.  
I don't know how to start.  
I know there will be left no poem  
When she's picked it apart.

I just sat down and thought in vain,  
For something I could write;  
But no good thoughts came to my brain,  
Original or bright.

I searched from earth up to the sun  
For something that would do;  
But, every time I started one,  
She'd say, "That's not for you."

So I put all the scraps together,  
And teacher'll look and see  
They surely aren't so very clever,  
But original, By Gee!

—Ina Cook, '44

### SINCE OUR BOYS WENT TO FIGHT

There isn't any sunshine,  
And stars don't shine at night;  
The moon has gone beneath a cloud  
Since our boys went to fight.

The days that once were short and gay,  
Have turned to endless years.  
And through the hours of each long day,  
We're filled with grief and tears.

And yet we must keep going on,  
Just smile and do our parts  
To keep Old Glory waving high,  
And freedom in our hearts.

—Camilla Chute, '44

## DECEMBER WINDS

The cold winds blow;  
Covering the ground with crisp white snow.  
This is old December,  
Much colder than the month November.

The nights are cold;  
But nobody minds the wind so bold.  
This is old December,  
Much nicer than the month November.

The moon is bright;  
The Christmas stars are lighting up the  
night.  
This is old December,  
Much nicer than the month November.

The stars shine clear;  
You can hear the sleigh bells near.  
This is old December,  
Much nicer than the month November.

The sounds of happy laughter;  
Live in the mind for one year after.  
This is old December,  
Much nicer than the month November.

—Kenneth Chambers, '43

## THE DEATH OF FRANCE

We all have heard of the fall of France;  
There're some who think it came by chance.  
Secure in the shade of the Maginot Line  
Each Frenchman cried, "This France is  
mine!"

Then came in spring that fateful day,  
When all their hopes were washed away;  
And France by the Germans was speedily  
won

And life for France has no more sun.  
The Free French love their chief, DeGaulle  
Who'll work for Hitler's swift downfall.  
The Yanks and the British and French, all  
the same

When Hitler's done, will make their claim.  
And now our boys have gone across,  
And they'll show Hitler who is boss.

The France of the past may be all lost and  
gone,

But deep within, a new is born.

—Donald Lancey, '43

## EX LIBRIS

This year the students have enjoyed reading the various good modern books, dealing with subjects which interest the people of a nation at war. They have read, and would recommend books describing the war situation and those dealing with Latin American countries such as "Inside Latin America", "The Days of Ofelia", and "Chile, Land of Progress".

Many good books on the war situation in Europe have been read by students in all classes. Some of those enjoyed most are:

"The Land of Silent People"  
"Only The Stars Are Neutral"  
"Tragedy in France"  
"From Many Lands"  
"To Sing With the Angels"  
"The Wounded Don't Cry"  
"The Moon is Down"  
"The Pied Piper"

Other books on the war situation more closely connected to us are the following:

"The Raft"  
"Two Survived"  
"Bombs Away"  
"Sabotage"

"Amateurs at War"

"Battle for the Solomons"

"They Were Expendable"

"Our Navy's Striking Power"

"Fall of the Philippines"

Among the general literature read this year were:

"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay"

"See Here, Private Hargrove"

"Look to the Mountain"

"The Robe"

### THE RAFT

by Robert Trumbull

Early in 1942, three men, Harold Dixon, Gene Aldrich, and Tony Pastula, set out in a scout bomber over the Pacific. As they were traveling, their plane ran out of gas, plunging into the water. The men climbed out as fast as they could and took what little they were able to grab, for the plane sank almost immediately. Their equipment consisted of their life boat, made of rubber, and a few miscellaneous articles.

The men were on the sea for thirty-four

days, without food, without equipment, and part of the time without clothes. It was unbearably hot, and the men suffered severe sunburn. Their skin baked, peeled, then baked and peeled again. They were hungry and thirsty, and the salt water was of no value. One day they shot an albatross and ate some of the raw flesh. The fish were curious and came to the surface of the water to examine the orange-colored craft. The men took turns stabbing at the fish and were successful occasionally, but not often enough to keep them from being desperately hungry.

The bitterest experience came when they heard and saw a patrol plane, perhaps searching for them. It came nearly overhead, but turned away because the ship could not see the raft.

The men would sleep, first one and then another, as best they could. If a rain came, they mopped up the water and wrung the clothes out into their mouths. During the last few days in the crowded boat, the men all but died of starvation, thirst, and exposure.

They kept searching the skyline for land, but none appeared until the thirty-fourth day at sunrise. They drifted to it, telling each other that if there were Japs on that island, they wouldn't see Americans crawling up the beach! Luck was with them; it was not a Japanese outpost. They regained their health and strength there, and were eventually rescued by a navy vessel.

These men showed great skill in using the few articles which they had. They were decorated for bravery, and well deserved the awards. Such courage is worth our admiration.

—Walter Page, '44

#### SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE

"See Here, Private Hargrove" is an interesting and humorous story of army life as written by Private Marion Hargrove. Hargrove, in private life, found himself working at numerous jobs. He was employed as reporter of one hundred and one different subjects on the staff of the Charlotte News, when he drew a number in the Washington lottery and was drafted into the army.

Hargrove describes himself as a dumb, do-everything-wrong, awkward private, with a particular distaste for corporals and top sergeants. In each chapter, Hargrove gives a humorous description of some phase of

army life as he sees it, chiefly through personal experience.

Hargrove flatters himself as the biggest problem the army ever had. While on constant K.P. duty, he asked a sergeant what he had done to deserve so much private attention. The sergeant replied that the only reason was that he had made merely forty-eight mistakes out of fifty drill commands, and that he insisted upon saluting the non-commissioned officers, ignoring the commissioned.

The writer conveys the impression that neither his own inclination nor his friends are conducive to his advancement to real soldiership. Yet, he has plenty of advice for rookies, and explains vividly what happens if they do the wrong thing, using himself as a living example.

In spite of all the exaggerated incidents in which Hargrove is involved, we find him a corporal at the end of the story.

"See Here, Private Hargrove" tends to improve the morale and provide humorous entertainment for civilians as well as men in the armed forces. Every family, after reading this book, will be impressed to find that the army is human, and that their son is working just as much, and in the same way that he would, were he in civilian life—time for work and time for play. The only difference being that he is working for a cause greater than anyone can realize, and for that reason he will have to endure added hardships which should, however, pay off with big dividends when victory is achieved.

—George Weinberg, '44

#### "BOMBS AWAY"

by John Steinbeck

This is a very interesting story by Mr. Steinbeck who went to all the different airports all over the country collecting information for this book. It tells specifically the training that the different members of the bomber crew go through to complete their education. He tells about the bombardier, the aerial gunner, the navigator, the pilot, the engineer, and the radio man.

The pilot is to most people a hero, while the ground crew doesn't amount to much in glamor; but on a bomber they all have the same say. It is necessary that they all work as a unit or their mission will not be a success. When this synchronized crew has finished its training, the men are among the

best trained in the world. They have the finest equipment and planes to do with. The gunner is the cockiest of the crew. He has to be because of the part that he plays in the group.

I thought this book was intensely interesting, for it explains how carefully and well our pilots are being instructed, and how adequately he and his crew can protect us. It is something Americans want to know.

—Donald Lancey, '43

### "TO SING WITH THE ANGELS"

"To Sing with the Angels" is a stirring story of the brave Czechoslovak people written by Maurice Hindus. It centers around the village of Liptowiste in the heart of Moravia.

The story deals principally with the lives of Jozhka Liebergut and Annichka Mrachek. Jozhka is the son of the only German in Liptowiste and has been trained in Bavaria as a Nazi leader. While away, he is influenced very much by a certain Nazi, and he comes to believe that everything the party does is good. Jozhka returns home after the Germans have captured his town and remains there as leader with two other Germans.

Annichka still loves Jozhka, but at first, she doesn't believe in his ways and ideas. She is a Czech and naturally is hostile toward the Germans. However, later she begins to see his viewpoint, and they are married. Annichka believes that by marrying Jozhka, she can help the townspeople, for she has a great influence over him. By her efforts, she persuades him to have mercy for the people.

Jozhka shows considerably more kindness and tries to explain to the people that if they cooperate, things won't be so bad. But soon more Nazis arrive in the village and their orders require Jozhka to use more force and inflict punishments on the people to emphasize their power.

After a while, life becomes so horrible for the people of Liptowiste because of the enforced punishments of her husband, that Annichka becomes afraid. She wants to rid the townspeople of her husband. Although she loves him very deeply and he loves her, she persuades him to shoot himself. Annichka then joins the underground order of the Czechs as she had desired. She is now able to help her people and serve them as she should.

—Helen Moore, '44

### "THE DAYS OF OFELIA"

This book by Gertrude Diamont is a story of Mexico and the Mexican people. It gives a very complete picture of Mexican life in all classes, from the lives of high officials of the government, to that of the poor uneducated Otomis.

Although the author's purpose in Mexico was to give intelligence tests to a group of the native population, she spends most of the book discussing everyday life and customs of the Mexican people. She writes of the trials and troubles of Ofelia Escota's family. Ofelia was a little girl whom Miss Diamont met when she was apartment-hunting in Mexico City. Ofelia, only ten years old, made herself the author's maid. Ofelia's family consisted of thirteen members, all poor.

This book describes Ofelia's home, a small hut with very little furniture. No table was needed since the family never ate at a table; boxes replaced chairs.

It describes the marketplace where peddlers wheel their products through the streets in small carts. There people buy sandals robes, and embroidery from the tiny stalls huddled tightly together. Farmers herd flocks of chickens or sheep ahead of them right through the main thoroughfares.

She tells of the schools which never open or close at the same time; regularity is against the principles of the people. Very few children go to school in Mexico, and those who do have frequent holidays.

The book tells vividly about the strange customs and ideas of the people, about the elaborate fiestas which the people love, about the questionable highways and poor means of transportation, about the country of the poverty-stricken Otomis Indians, and about the Mexican officials who need only an argument to make them happy.

I liked "The Days of Ofelia" very much. One reason for my enjoyment was that the story was so completely real. As I read the descriptions of the marketplace and the churches, for instance, I could almost see the people going into the cathedrals, and hear the cries of "Buy, marchante, choose!" coming from the stalls by the street. Another reason was what I learned concerning the Mexican people. For instance, I learned that the average Mexican subsists chiefly on the tortilla, a corn pancake lacking in any proper nourishment. I learned that Mexican chil-

dren do not have to go to school unless they desire.

"The Days of Ofelia" is easy to read, and interesting to study, particularly for anyone who likes to observe people and their customs; I should recommend it to any student.

—Virginia Hewins, '43

### "LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN"

by Le Grand Cannon, Jr.

"Look to the Mountain" tells of the life of an ordinary young man from Kettleford in New Hampshire province about 1769.

Whit Livingston, the young man of the story, has, as the tale opens, only one possession of value—an exceptionally fine scythe blade, made for him by an old village smith. It is August, and everyone goes into the fields to mow. The best of the workers entertain themselves occasionally with mowing contests.

At this time there lived in the town, Joe Felipe, a Portugese, who, with Whit, was a rival for the affections of Melissa Butler, the taverner's daughter. So a mowing contest was arranged between the two. The award would be a day's work in Butler's field with Melissa doing the raking. Whit won the contest and later Melissa's hand.

After their marriage, they journeyed up country with a canoe to a place where Whit had decided to settle. In the distance stood a mountain which held a fatal attraction for Whit; he almost worshipped that mountain. Melissa saw its beauty, but could not quite understand Whit's devotion to it.

There, some distance from any neighbors, Whit and Melissa settle. They have their hard luck, their good luck, their periods of loneliness and dissatisfaction, just as most families do through the years. But their dogged determination carried them through. Two sons are born, and to them Whit is devoted.

Whit went away to protect his rights along with the other men when the Revolutionary War approached them. While he was fighting at Bennington, he met again his old rival, Joe Felipe. Naturally, they had never been friends, but Joe saved Whit's life at the cost of his own. The book ends when Whit rejoins Melissa and the boys after the war.

This story is not full of intense excitement and adventurous romance. Pioneer days always seem romantic to us as we look back toward them, but the author here tries to

show us a more calm and realistic picture of pioneer life with its daily trials and successes. Yet, the story is fully as fascinating as if it went from one fiercely exciting episode to another. It is well worth anyone's time to read.

—Barbara Martin, '43

### OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY

"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay", by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough, is a story of a trip to Europe, taken in the early twenties. At that time the authors were young, light-hearted, and inexperienced. They were always doing the wrong thing at the right time, or vice versa; and they seemed to have an affinity for trouble.

In their desire to be independent and to be free of parental jurisdiction, they get into innumerable scrapes from nearly drowning a man in an attempted rescue, to a case of measles to be hidden from the health inspector, to a gruesome, yet amusing, experience with bedbugs! Regardless of where they went, they were always in trouble, and never quite got out of one mess before they were tangled in another.

In spite of their comic predicaments, they managed to do some vocabulary studying, and to absorb the usual tourist culture as well as some interesting personal interviews, such as the meeting with H. G. Wells.

They were indeed "young and gay" and enjoyed life immensely. It is a pleasure to read anything so completely light and entertaining among the popular war stories of today.

—Mildred Bishop, '43

### "INSIDE LATIN AMERICA"

"Inside Latin America" is a book written by John Gunther, the world's foremost political reporter.

The book is really a history of the Latin American states, discussing each state and its development individually, and stressing its own characteristics as well as its relationship to its immediate neighbors and to us. Latin America and Pan-American relationships are becoming more and more important in our thoughts. This book forms a fine basis for study of our neighbors to the south.

Among the many interesting facts, and they are facts, not fancies, is the knowledge that almost every country is governed by a

dictator; also most of the countries consider themselves democracies. For example, Guatemala is governed by General Ubico. This dictator calls himself the "constitutional president"; nevertheless, he has supreme authority. Men of similar position rule most of these countries. Yet, Costa Rica has one of the purest democracies in the world.

The economic condition is a very important fact to be considered in inter-American relationships. Our trade is vitally essential to most Latin American states. Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Honduras, the "banana republics" are economically dependent upon the United States. Our friendship with Argentina will be much pleasanter when we reach a happy understanding about the beef situation.

Fifth Columnism is a very prominent feature of Latin American life. Argentina, Guatemala, Peru, and Costa Rica have this problem particularly. In many of these countries, Germans own the chief newspapers, schools, oil wells, and vital industries. Their influence in the airways has declined. Latin America is fighting a winning battle against this German infiltration; but it is still a menace in some places.

The communication system represents a serious difficulty in unification of these countries. This is perhaps the basic struggle in Brazil, Panama, and the Andean states where vast areas can be reached only by plane. Because of the great wildernesses, a plane which crashes is seldom found.

We have thought much of our North American struggle to assimilate the immigrants from all parts of the world. The Latin Americans have a problem of race differences which is far from insignificant. Almost every country has a variety of classes from jungle natives to slaves and serfs on the soil, to educated merchants, townspeople, and officials; extensive intermarriage among white and mixed bloods has created a problem which it is difficult for us to conceive.

This book is not designed to be entertaining; it is a book of true facts about existing conditions and people. It shows clearly the problems of Latin America and urges a more complete and sympathetic understanding on the part of the United States. Such knowledge is vital at a time when hemispheric solidarity is so universally desired.

—Keith Cunningham, '44

## FRENCH AND LATIN NOTES

### OPPIDUM IN PACE

Vesper est et oppidum prope aquam in pace est. Non bellum est et populus non miserus est. Pars populi occasum solem et aquam spectant. Pauce populi ad suas filias suos filiosque vocant. Crebre videtis fratrem et sororem cum amicis ludanti. Navigare in aqua prima luce amant sed ludere in verpero amant. Mox sol occidit et nox est. Finis pulchri diei est in hoc oppido.

—Shirley Stedman, '46  
first year Latin

### LE VOYAGE DE MONSIEUR PERRICHON

par  
Labriche et Martin

M. Perrichon était un bourgeoisie de France très arrogant. Il aimait vanter de

ce qu'il peut faire et aimait toujours être le centre d'attraction.

A la fin de l'éducation de sa fille, Henriette, il a décidé lui pendre et sa femme pour un congé. Ils sont décidé aller à les Alps en Suisse.

Le jour du départ est venu et ils attendaient pour le train à la gare. M. Perrichon les avait pressé si qu'ils seraient à temps mais quand ils sont arrivés, ils ont trouvé à le déplaisir de sa femme, qu'ils étaient en avance.

À la gare, Henriette a vu deux jeunes hommes, M. Daniel Savory et M. Armand Desraches dont elle a fait la connaissance à un bal. Tous deux hommes causent avec lui apprendre où elle ira pour qu'ils peuvent aller à la même endroit. Ils aiment Henriette et essayaient la remparter par son père.

Quand ils sont arrivés, M. Perrichon est

allé sur la mère de Glase plusieurs temps. Une fois Armand l'a sauvé quand il a tombé mais M. Perrichon ne lui est reconnaissant pas. Il n'aime pas avoir la reconnaissance pour quelqu'un. Cependant à un autre temps Daniel lui-même a laissé tomber pour que M. Perrichon pouvait le sauver. M. Perrichon l'a fait et il en a vanté toujours.

Ensuite leurs congés les Perrichons sont retournés à la France. Armand et Daniel sont venus les voir souvent. Encore tous deux faisaient des faveurs pour M. Perrichon et essayaient remporter Henriette. Armand a semblé faire des choses dans le plus agréable moyen, mais le père aime Daniel le mieux.

Madame Perrichon veut que Henriette épouse Armand et il est tout à fait quelque temps avant elle peut faire son mari voit que Armand est le mieux des deux. Après il fait, et Armand remporte Henriette.

—Helen Moore, '44  
second year French

#### ANIMAL NUNDEARUM

I went to the animal Nundearum  
The puellae et pueri go there.  
The big baboon by the lux of the luna  
Was combing his auburn hair.  
The conis he got drunk and  
Incendit the elephanti trunkus;  
The elephantus sneezed and fell on his knees,  
et that was finis of the conis.

—Barbara Ross, '44  
first year Latin

#### LA FAMILLE DE MYSTERE

C'est une drôle histoire française. Elle raconte d'une famille charmante. Dans la famille étaient le père, la mère, et aussi deux enfants. Tous les quatre, étaient jolis et très gentilles.

Un soir le père a reçu un téléphone d'une invitation à la campagne par amies. Ils étaient heureux environ l'occasion. Le prochain jour ils commencent le petit voyage chez amies. Les enfants ont pris le petit chien. C'était le jour dernier qu'on les est vu ni les amies à la campagne ont aperçu les invites. Il a été dans le printemps quand ils ont laissé. L'été est venue mais ils ne sont revenus pas.

Tout le monde espérait pour leur retour

mais ils ne sont venus pas. Maintenant les gens français dans cette villa encore parlent de cette famille. Quel était devenu de la drôle famille?

Un jour en automne le petit chien revient mais il bientôt marche lentement pour la vide maison.

—Delma Smith, '45  
first year French

#### UN VIEUX PROVERBE

Marie est une petite fille française qui demeure près de Paris avant la guerre du monde deuxième. Elle et sa mère et ses frères étaient très heureux à ce pays.

Un jour, un homme horrible venait par le village. Il n'aimait pas des petits enfants. Il a vu des enfants dans la rue avec leurs chiens. Il les montrait un caillou. Il disait, "Si vous êtes bons fils et bonnes filles, vous serez heureux toujours. Mais si vous êtes méchants, je vous donnerai à les loups. Les loups aiment petits enfants très bien."

Une fille regardait l'homme et disait, "Vous êtes très méchant. Ma mère dit aimer tout le monde. Vous n'aurez pas des amis, et vous n'irez pas à ciel."

Le prochain semaine, Marie et sa mère et ses frères allaient à Amérique. Ils restaient à une hôtel et avec sa soeur qui attendait un école dans New York.

Maintenant Marie est une femme. Elle demeure dans une petite maison blanche. Elle est une maîtresse et apprend les enfants Américaines.

"Aimez ton voisin comme toi-même."

—Myrtle Lovely, '45  
first year French

#### LE PAUVRE HOMME!

Monsieur Whitaker: "Je te demande pardon, mais pourquoi est-ce que toutes ces filles me regardent?"

Mademoiselle Boutilier: "Je ne vous raconterais pas mais nous avons pris juste des nourriture de la classe à l'école. Si vous n'êtes pas malade après vous avez mangé du pain, elles sauront qu'elles ont passé leur épreuves."

—Charlene Stedman, '44



## NOTES FROM THE CLASSES



### SENIOR PLAY CAST

First row, left to right: Barbara Martin, Charlotte Gordon, Pauline Neal.  
 Second row, left to right: Miss Clifford, Donald Lancey, Arthur Walker, Dean Fenderson, Errol Austin, Mary McLean, Kenneth Chambers, Estelle Page, Edwin Mower, Bernard Hart, Merle Withee, Lewis Barden, Maynard Deering.

### SENIOR PLAY

On January 19, the class presented a three act comedy, "Ever Since Eve". This was presented at the theater with the following excellent cast.

#### "EVER SINCE EVE"

##### Program Cast

Mrs. Clover	Barbara Martin
Mr. Clover	Donald Lancey
Johnny Clover	Kenneth Chambers
Spud Erwin	Edwin Mower
Betsey Erwin	Estelle Page
Susan Blake	Mary McLean
Martha Willard	Pauline Neal
Henry Quinn	Lewis Barden
Officer Simmons (Cappy)	Dean Fenderson
Lucybelle Lee	Charlotte Gordon
Preston Hughes	Errol Austin
Basketball Players	Merle Withee
	Bernard Hart
	Arthur Walker
	Maynard Deering

### SENIOR CLASS

The class of 1943 entered Hartland Academy for the last year in the last week of September. The enrollment of the senior class at the opening of the school year was twenty-five. Twenty-one members will be graduated at commencement. Our class, as freshmen, had an enrollment of forty-four.

The following were elected class officers for 1943: President, Lewis Barden; Vice-President, Edwin Mower; Secretary, Barbara Martin; and Treasurer, Charlotte Gordon.

There have been many activities this year in which previous classes did not participate. Some of these are civilian defense courses and projects, stamp drive, and scrap drive. Also, we are the first class to have a compulsory review math course. Likewise, there are some activities of former years that we have been deprived of because of the war. Our winter sports and the winter carnival were omitted this year. Only short basket-

ball and baseball seasons were possible. Our class has voted to omit the usual Class Day procedure because the school year has been shortened and there are important war efforts which are more essential at the present time.

The following are some of the activities in which seniors have been prominent:

Student Council: Lewis Barden, Donald Lancey, Estelle Page, Virginia Hewins, and Kenneth Chambers, president.

Boys' Glee Club: Lewis Barden, Dean Fenderson, and Arthur Walker.

Girls' Glee Club: Mildred Bishop, Joyce Church, Virginia Hewins, Barbara Martin, Pauline Neal, and Estelle Page.

Boys' Basketball Team: Errol Austin, Kenneth Chambers, Edwin Mower, Donald Lancey, and Maynard Deering.

Cross Country Team: Dean Fenderson, Kenneth Chambers.

The Honor Parts for commencement as announced by Mr. Cutts are: Barbara Martin, Virginia Hewins, Lewis Barden, and Mildred Bishop.

Seniors whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll during the year are: Barbara Martin, Lewis Barden, Virginia Hewins, Dean Fenderson, Mildred Bishop, Mary McLean, and Merle Withee.

### JUNIORS

The Junior Class started the year with twenty-six members. We were all glad to welcome our new home room teacher, Mr. Shaw. It seemed good to have a home room of our own after two years in the auditorium.

We elected the following class officers: President, Ernest Hughes; Vice-President, Earl Cully; Secretary, Beverly Wood; and Treasurer, Charlene Stedman.

The representatives to Student Council are: Joyce Plumer, John Gee, and Earl Cully.

Members of the Girls' Basketball Team were: Jackie Hogan, Ina Cook, Camilla Chute, Helen Moore, and Gladys Deering. Members of the Boys' Team were: Leslie Sherburne, Earl Cully, Byron Wiers, George Weinberg, and Ernest Hughes.

Jackie Hogan, Barbara Ross, Hazel Devereaux, Virginia Inman, Joyce Plumer, Charlene Stedman, and Gladys Deering are members of the Girls' Glee Club. John Gee, Ernest Hughes, Ivan Crocker, Earl Cully, and

Keith Cunningham are members of the Boys' Glee Club. The following are those in the orchestra: Charlene Stedman, Malcolm Burrell, Jackie Hogan, Keith Cunningham, and Ivan Crocker.

We are represented in Hacomec by Ina Cook, Camilla Chute, Beverley Wood, and Nettie Withee. In the F. F. A. are: Ernest Hughes, John Gee, Byron Wiers, Joseph Millett, Leslie Sherburne, Ivan Crocker, and Walter Page.

The Hamilton Prize Speaking, the best in years, was held April 16. The speakers and their selections are listed below.

Beverley Wood	"That We Might Be Saved"
Joseph Millett	"Fight for Freedom"
Helen Moore	"Chimes of Medina"
Walter Page	"Lafayette, Here I Come"
Joyce Plumer	"Whither Thou Goest"
Keith Cunningham	"The Unseen Witness"
Jacquelyn Hogan	"Fothy's Ego in Revolt"
Ernest Hughes	"Benny Bogle's First Date"

The alternates were Charlene Stedman and Earl Cully. Prizes were awarded to Joyce Plumer and Joseph Millett.

The following names appeared on the Honor Roll during the year: Helen Moore, Jackie Hogan, Ina Cook, Camilla Chute, Joyce Plumer, Virginia Inman, Keith Cunningham.

—Gladys Deering, '44

### SOPHOMORE CLASS

The sophomore class entered its second year of studies on September 28, 1942. We were glad to welcome back our old home room teacher, Mr. Dunn. But we lost him in the middle of the year and he was replaced by Mrs. McFarland.

At our first class meeting we elected the following officers: President, Myrtle Lovely; vice president, Donald Nichols; secretary, Elwood Gray; treasurer, Paul Hughes. Our representatives to the student council are Carroll Chambers and Richard Lucas. Virginia Wheeler is our representative to the Junior Red Cross.

We are also well represented on the extra-curricular activities as the following list will show.

Girls' Basketball: Virginia Wheeler, Myrtle Lovely, and Estelle Randlett.

Boys' Basketball: Donald Nichols and Floyd Austin.

Girls' Glee Club: Myrtle Lovely, Ann Duncan, Phyllis Gould, Joyce Fenderson, Made-

leine Hughes, Estelle Randlett and Delma Smith.

Boys' Glee Club: Harlow Powers, Elwood Gray, Raymond Ames, Harry Ballard, and Donald Nichols.

Debating: Harlow Powers and Elwood Gray.

Hacomec Club: Madeleine Hughes and Joyce Fenderson.

F. F. A.: Howard Salley, Floyd Austin, Carroll Chambers, Donald Nichols, Paul Hughes, Wendell Bubar, Raymond Ames, Richard Lucas, LeRoy Rollins, and James Gordon.

Latin Club: Elwood Gray, Myrtle Lovely, Estelle Randlett, Virginia Wheeler, and Frank Blackden.

Hi-Y: Harlan Emery, Ivar Pearson, Donald Nichols, James Gordon, Clarence Towle, and Clayton Harrington.

Orchestra: Elwood Gray, Harlan Emery, Myrtle Lovely, Ivar Pearson, Clayton Harrington, and Delma Smith.

The sophomore's Burton Prize Speaking was held February 18, 1943. The program was as follows:

Processional Hartland Academy Orchestra  
"Honorable Departure" Myrtle Lovely  
"The Beliefs We Fight For"

"Daddy Doc" Harlow Powers  
Virginia Wheeler

ORCHESTRA  
"What We Must Do With The War  
Criminals" Wendell Bubar

"The Bride And The Broom"  
Madeleine Hughes

"William Speaks His Mind On 'Ants'"  
Elwood Gray

ORCHESTRA  
"White Lilacs" Estelle Randlett

"Let Brotherly Love Continue"  
Carroll Chambers

Recessional Hartland Academy Orchestra  
Decision of the judges awarded the prizes to Virginia Wheeler and Harlow Powers.

The following sophomores have been on the Honor Roll: High Honors: Myrtle Lovely and Elwood Gray. Honors: Delma Smith, Virginia Wheeler, Howard Reopelle, Donald Nichols, Richard Lucas and Raymond Ames.

—Elwood Gray, '45

### FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman class entered Hartland Academy September 28 with forty-eight

members. Since then, our number has decreased by two.

The following class officers were elected: President, Madeline Hinton; Vice-President, Shirley Stedman; Secretary, Marilyn Mills; and Treasurer, Achsah Farrell. Arthur Chadbourne was chosen as Student Council Representative.

Initiation Day was dreaded by nearly everyone; although when it finally arrived, everybody enjoyed it. Both boys and girls wore dresses made of burlap sacks along with mismatched stockings. The girls wore their hair in braids. The Freshmen all enjoyed the reception given in their honor in the evening.

On the Boys' Freshman Basketball team we were represented by: Charles Sherbourne, John Moore, James Moore, Earl Dyer, and Arthur Chadbourne. Arthur Chadbourne was also on the cross country team and won a letter. Geraldine Sawyer, Ruth Pearson, Rae Jean Randlett, and Eleanor Allen are on the Freshman Girls' Basketball Team. Geraldine, Ruth, and Rae Jean are on the varsity too because of a lack of upper class players. Ruth Pearson received a varsity letter in basketball.

Our representatives to orchestra are: Achsah Farrell, Rae Jean Randlett, and Geraldine Sawyer.

The Freshman Class has had the honor of buying more War Stamps and Bonds than any other class at the Academy. Our total by April 15 was \$717.75.

The Honor Roll is as follows: High Honors: Shirley Stedman, Achsah Farrell, Ruth Pearson, Madeline Hinton, Betty Bunker. Honors: Lois Seekins, Marilyn Mills, Jack Neal, Earl McLean, Geraldine Sawyer, Rae Jean Randlett, and Mahlon Gray.

—Betty Bunker, '46

### SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

'Twas in the fall of '42  
That nineteen youngsters, brave and true,  
All gave a run, a hop, a dive,  
To get a seat in Room 5.

Bells rang, and with a start,  
We saw our teacher, new Miss Smart.  
She asked each one of us his name—  
I guess she found no puddin' tane.

When to our classes we all went,  
We found the books which we were lent.  
We found the teachers, good and kind,  
Although they sometimes make us mind.

We like to play at basketball;  
We slip and slide and often fall,  
But still we play on just the same  
This exciting grand old game.

Some of us in orchestra play,  
The lovely music makes us gay.  
We girls in glee club loudly sing,  
And make the highest rafters ring.

And now that school is nearly done,  
We think of all the coming fun  
In summer; and of course the day  
When we'll return to old H. A.!

The pupils who have played on the junior varsity basketball teams this winter were: Girls: Lyda Spaulding, Patricia Murphy, Diana Webber, and Ann Cutts. Boys: Ashley Parker and Lloyd Wood.

The pupils in the orchestra are: John Wahtera, Lyda Spaulding, Barbara Farrin, and Ann Cutts.

The class officers are as follows: President, Lyda Spaulding; Vice-President, Ann Cutts; Secretary, Laura Barden; and Treasurer, Ashley Parker.

—Ann Cutts, '47

#### ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS FOR THE YEAR 1942 1943

September 28—School opened. Because of the need for organization there were no assembly programs for the first two weeks.

October 16—Freshman Assembly, Chairman, Mildred Bishop; Faculty Adviser, Mr. Cutts.

November 6—Radio Play, Chairman, Estelle Page; Faculty Adviser, Miss Clifford.

November 13—Extemporaneous Speaking, Chairman, Ivan Crocker; Faculty Adviser, Mr. Cutts.

November 20—Thanksgiving Program, Chairman, Ann Cutts; Faculty Adviser, Miss Smart.

December 4—Hacomec Club, Chairman, Mary McLean; Faculty Adviser, Miss Boutilier.

December 11—Hi-Y Program, Chairman, Earl Cully; Faculty Adviser, Mr. Holcomb.

December 18—Christmas Assembly, Chairman, Helen Moore; Faculty Adviser, Mr. Whitaker.

January 8—New Years' Program, Chairman, Donald Lancey; Faculty Adviser, Mr. Shaw.

January 15—Miscellaneous Program, Chairman, Rae Jean Randlett; Faculty Adviser, Mrs. MacFarland.

January 22—All Boys' Play, Chairman, Ernest Hughes, Faculty Adviser, Miss Clifford. Latin Club, Chairman, Myrtle Lovely; Faculty Adviser, Miss Smart.

February 5—General Assembly, Chairman, Mr. Cutts; Speaker, Rendall Phinney.

February 12—Lincoln's Birthday Program, Chairman, Beverley Wood; Faculty Adviser, Miss Boutilier.

February 19—Amateur Program, Chairman, Kenneth Chambers; Faculty Adviser, Mr. Shaw.

February 26—Girls' Basketball and Motion Picture; Advisers, Miss Boutilier and Mr. Whitaker.

March 5—Temperance Day, Chairman, Mr. Cutts; Speaker, Miss Kearney.

March 26—Civilian Defense, Chairman, Mr. Cutts; Speaker, Mr. Holcomb.

April 9—F. F. A. Demonstration, Chairman, Dean Fenderson; Faculty Adviser, Mr. Whitaker.

April 16—Quiz Program, Chairman, Estelle Randlett; Faculty Adviser, Miss Clifford.

April 23—Easter Program, Chairman, Mildred Bishop; Faculty Adviser, Miss Smart.

April 30—Radio Assembly, Chairman, Elwood Gray; Faculty Adviser, Mr. Shaw.

May 7—Teachers' Assembly, Chairman, Miss Boutilier; Faculty Adviser, Mr. Whitaker.

May 14—Sub-Freshman Day, Chairman, Lewis Barden; Faculty Adviser, Mr. Cutts.

May 21—Senior Assembly, Chairman, Joyce Plumer; Faculty Adviser, Miss Smart.

## VOCATIONAL PROGRESS



The Home Project, familiarly known as the "Annex" at Hartland Academy, has been in existence for five school years. The property, consisting of a two family house and barn, was purchased by the Trustees in June, 1938, for the purpose of housing a department of Home Economics and a department of Agriculture. While recognizing the obvious need for such courses in their school district; this movement, however, was accepted generally as an experiment.

The teaching of Home Economics and Agriculture in an atmosphere of home conditions, quite removed from formal academic situations, has progressed far beyond the experimental stage. By June of this year, nineteen boys and girls will have graduated under the Vocational Course which requires for them a continual study for four years in their major subject. There has been an average of eighty boys and girls registering for these subjects each year.

Upkeep of this practice home of five rooms and bath has been mainly in the hands of the girls. In addition to many regular home projects as required for each girl, the problem of painting, papering, and preparing of window drapes and curtains has been a part of their work experience.

The girls have enjoyed their association with two instructors, Miss Rena Allen and Miss Aileen Boutilier, who have directed the work in this field. The instructors, in addition, have supervised adult courses in Nutrition and the canning of produce as well as a student course in first aid.

Under the direction of Wesley Oliver, Sewall Milliken and Preston Whitaker, a modern work shop and class room has been constructed in what was formerly the barn. A great deal of practical experience was gained in the renovation.

During the past two years, three federal subsidized courses in metal work and the repairing of farm machinery have been supervised by Mr. Whitaker. These courses have been given at night to adult groups.

Equipment supplied by the government for the promotion of these courses has been at the disposal of the regular agriculture shop boys. Thus experience in the use of a wealth of power machinery has been gained. Each boy has the opportunity of training himself in the art of electrical and acetylene welding.

The experiment has been successful. The "Annex" is a fixture, for Hartland Academy could not afford to lose the house next door.

# ORGANIZATIONS

## LATIN CLUB

The first Latin Club meeting was held December 10, 1942. The following members were elected to hold office: President, Estelle Page; Vice-President, Myrtle Lovely; Secretary and Treasurer, Keith Cunningham. Elwood Gray has since succeeded to the vice-presidency, which was made vacant by resignation. The initiation committee consists of: Myrtle Lovely, Elwood Gray, and Estelle Randlett.

The following students were initiated into the club this year: Velma Vanadestine, Ruth Pearson, Beverley Wood, Mahlon Gray, Geraldine Sawyer, Shirley Stedman, Gene Lee, Marilyn Mills, Rae Jean Randlett, and Barbara Ross. The initiation ceremony was both formal and informal.

Meetings this year have been held the first of every month at the annex. It was decided that we should make a scrapbook of our endeavors and of material of interest, and at least two people must prepare a paper on the customs of the Romans or Roman history for each meeting.

In April, the club sponsored a successful social.

—Virginia Wheeler, '45

## STUDENT COUNCIL

The first meeting of the Student Council was held November 4, 1942. Since the president who was elected last year transferred to another school, the first action was the election of new officers. Kenneth Chambers was elected President; Estelle Page, Vice-President; Virginia Hewins, Secretary; and Lewis Barden, Treasurer.

Important topics discussed this year have been:

1. Election of committees and chairmen for various jobs of the year.

A. War Effort Committee: Chairman, Virginia Hewins, with Donald Lancey and Joyce Plumer.

B. Assembly Program Committee: Chairman, Estelle Page, with Virginia Wheeler and Jackie Hogan.

C. Fire Drill Committee: Lewis Barden and Carroll Chambers.

D. Lost and Found Committee: Chairman, Madeline Hinton.

E. Athletic Award Committee: Chairman, Arthur Chadbourne.

2. Student Council Conference. We discussed the sending of representatives to the state conference held in Augusta. Because of transportation difficulties, we could not attend.

3. Magazine Drive. With the money obtained from our annual magazine drive, we bought a \$100 war bond and paid old debts.

4. Athletic Association. We voted to follow the same procedure as last year in obtaining athletic association dues.

5. Red Cross. The council voted to give a \$10 contribution to the Red Cross.

Members of the Student Council this year were:

Seniors: Lewis Barden, Donald Lancey, Kenneth Chambers, Virginia Hewins, Estelle Page.

Juniors: Earl Cully, Joyce Plumer, Ernest Hughes, John Gee.

Sophomores: Richard Lucas, Myrtle Lovely, Carroll Chambers.

Freshmen: Madeline Hinton, Arthur Chadbourne.

—Estelle Page, '43



#### HI-Y CLUB

First row, left to right: Merle Withee, Donald Nichols, Dean Fenderson, Maynard Deering, Donald Lancey, Earl Cully, Kenneth Chambers.  
 Second row, left to right: Malcolm Burrell, Clarence Towle, Lewis Barden, Mr. Holcomb, John Moore, Clayton Harrington, George Weinberg.  
 Third row, left to right: Earl Dyer, Howard Reopelle, Edwin Mower, Ivar Pearson, James Gordon, Harlan Emery.

#### HI-Y CLUB

This year the Hi-Y Club was composed of sixteen members. The officers were: President, Maynard Deering; Vice-President, Donald Lancey; Secretary, Lewis Barden; Treasurer, Kenneth Chambers; Chaplain, Earl Cully; and Adviser, Mr. Holcomb.

We held our meeting every Wednesday night. These meetings are followed by entertainment in the gym. We have performed

one initiation during the year. We have also entertained the school with a program at a Friday morning assembly.

Plans are being made to attend the Older Boys Conference which is to be held in Augusta.

We will hold our annual banquet very soon at which we elect new officers for the coming year.

—Maynard Deering, '43



#### BOYS' AND GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

First row, left to right: Virginia Hewins, Delma Smith, Joyce Church, Mary McLean, Ann Duncan, Estelle Page, Barbara Ross, Pauline Neal, Myrtle Lovely.  
 Second row, left to right: Elwood Gray, Phyllis Gould, Jacquelyn Hogan, Estelle Randlett, Virginia Inman, Mildred Bishop, Barbara Martin, Madeleine Hughes, Charlene Stedman, Joyce Fenderson, Gladys Deering, Raymond Ames.  
 Third row, left to right: Harlow Powers, Keith Cunningham, Ivan Crocker, Lewis Barden, Dean Fenderson, Arthur Chadbourne, Earl Cully, John Gee, Arthur Walker, Harry Ballard.

#### THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club was organized this year with twenty-six members. The following are the club officials: President, Barbara Martin; Vice-President, Virginia Hewins; Librarian, Charlene Stedman.

The regular weekly meeting is held Wednesday noon when the members gather for rehearsals under the direction of Miss Thorne.

To raise money for new music, a Halloween social was held; this was a combination social and musical program. The program was very successful.

New selections bought for this year are: "The Waltz of the Flowers" by Tschaiowski; "My Task" by Ashford, "Hallelujah Chorus" by Handel, "Rustle of Spring" by Sinding, and "The Invitation of the Bells" arranged by Planquette.

The girls' glee club sang at the Hamilton Prize Speaking in April and were complimented for their contribution to the program.

—Delma Smith, '45

#### THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The glee club this year met under the able supervision of Miss Thorne with fifteen members present. During the course of the year we have lost two members, but the remaining thirteen have worked hard.

The club officers this year are as follows: President, Earl Cully; Vice-President, Ivan Crocker; Secretary and Treasurer, John Gee.

We have a half-hour rehearsal every Tuesday noon from 12:00 until 12:30. Some of the songs that we have sung this year are: "The Open Road", "Sunny Lou", "Ye Hunters", and "Old Creole Boat Song".

Although there will not be any music festival this year because of the tire and gasoline rationing, we are enjoying our work as much as ever.

This year only three members will be graduated. They are Lewis Barden, Arthur Walker, and Dean Fenderson.

—Ivan Crocker, '44





#### ORCHESTRA

First row, left to right: Keith Cunningham, Charlene Stedman, Myrtle Lovely, Rae Jean Randlett, Achsah Farrell, Ann Cutts.

Second row, left to right: Jacquelyn Hogan, Clayton Harrington, Ivan Crocker, John Wahtera, Harlan Emery, Ivar Pearson, Elwood Gray, Malcolm Burrell, Barbara Farrin, Geraldine Sawyer, Lyda Spaulding.

Standing, left to right: Harlow Powers, Mahlon Gray, Delma Smith.

#### ORCHESTRA

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

Seven new members were admitted to the organization this year. Violin: A. Farrell, A. Cutts; Piano: L. Spaulding; Clarinet: E. Gray; Cornet: C. Harrington; Drums, M. Burrell; and Bells: B. Farrin. During the year we lost one player: J. Wahtera.

We have had a rehearsal every Wednesday

morning this year. The orchestra played at both the Burton and the Hamilton Prize Speaking contests.

The orchestra has been working on several new selections this year. Some of them are "Cosi Fan Tutte", and selections from "La Traviata" and "Cavalleria Rusticana".

The orchestra looks forward to next year for a successful year, for we shall lose no members through graduation.

—Charlene Stedman, '44



#### HACOMECLUB

First row, left to right: Charlotte Gordon, Doris Ames, Joyce Fenderson, Pauline Neal, Miss Boutilier, Mildred Bishop, Mary McLean, Pauline Bowley, Beverley Wood.  
 Second row, left to right: Thelma Philbrick, Eleanor Allen, Ina Cook, Camilla Chute, Madeleine Hughes Elizabeth Bunker, Nettie Withee, Maxine Jones, Lois Seekins, Evangeline Powers.  
 Third row, left to right: Pearl Fisher, Gene Lee, Edith Lord, Madeline Hinton, Rowena Harris, June Wright, Dorothy Lawrence.

#### HACOMECLUB

The Hartland Academy Home Economics Club started the year with thirty-three members. The officers were: President, Joyce McGowan; Vice-president, Nettie Withee; and Secretary, Madeleine Hughes.

The club meets every Wednesday morning for an hour. The chief activity of the year has been that of studying First Aid. We feel that by our study we are helping with the war effort of both our school and our community.

It is expected that twelve girls will get their Standard American Red Cross Certificates in First Aid. Those twelve are: Doris Ames, Mildred Bishop, Pauline Bowley, Camilla Chute, Joyce Fenderson, Charlotte Gordon, Madeleine Hughes, Mary McLean, Pauline Neal, Nettie Withee, and Beverley Wood.

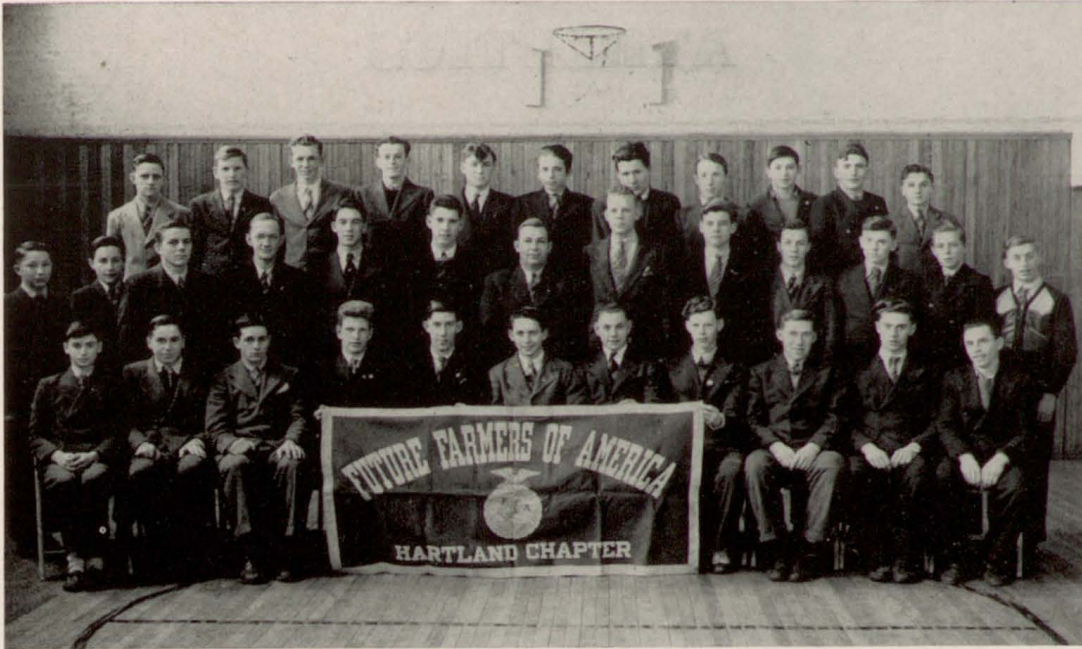
Early in the fall, the Home Economics Club prepared and served a banquet for the

F. F. A.; over one hundred people were served.

The club members of the vocational department have held two box socials. The money was used for material to upholster two chairs, to buy kitchen and bedroom curtains, dressing table skirt, and over-drapes for the dining room. We are also planning to re-paper the class room.

The freshman members of Hacomec formed an organization of their own. The officers were: President, Lois Seekins; Vice-President, Madeline Hinton, and Secretary, Edith Lord. These girls have learned to knit and embroider. Since many of the girls care for children outside of their own homes, they took a few meetings to discuss child care and problems. During the last part of the year, they have devoted their time to the Junior Red Cross sewing projects.

—Doris Ames, '43



#### FUTURE FARMERS

First row, left to right: Wendall Bubar, Jack Neal, Earl Dyer, Errol Austin, Dean Fenderson, Kenneth Chambers, Bernard Hart, John Gee, Byron Wiers, Ernest Hughes, Leslie Sherburne.

Second row, left to right: Lowell Knowles, Richard Lucas, Donald Nichols, Merle Withee, Joseph Millett, Edwin Jordon, Mr. Whitaker, John Moore, Raymond Ames, Kenneth Lary, James Gordon, LeRoy Rollins, Reginald French.

Third row, left to right: Carroll Chambers, Floyd Austin, William Lord, Ivan Crocker, Howard Salley, Charles Sherburne, John Smith, Harry Ballard, Robert Knowles, Paul Hughes, Blake Pease.

#### THE FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA

Another successful year is drawing to a close for the Hartland Academy chapter of the Future Farmers of America. There are forty members this year with the following officers: President, Kenneth Chambers; Vice-President, Dean Fenderson; Secretary, Errol Austin; Treasurer, John Gee; Reporter, Bernard Hart; Watchdog, Byron Wiers; and our adviser, Mr. C. P. Whitaker.

This year we have done as much as we could to help the war effort. We have gathered scrap iron and old newspapers, and we have repaired machinery for local farmers. Our new incubator has been of great help to the community, for we have hatched eggs and sold chickens to the farmers and boys. The money we made went to the chapter. Under the guidance of Mr. Whitaker, our organization has added a new activity this year, one of great help to the poultry farmers. It is that of killing and picking broilers and hens.

We have gained experience in this, and we have made money by charging a fee of fifteen cents per bird.

We held a Father and Son banquet with over a hundred members and guests attending. The chapter has held two box socials with the Home Economics Club. We cleared about \$25 at the two socials.

We are proud of Kenneth Chambers because he is the first boy of the chapter to become a State Farmer, and he was elected state vice-president at the F. F. A. Delegation Conference in Orono last June.

In all, the Chapter has participated in more activities and has been more successful than it has been in any year since the organization was formed. The boys are looking forward to another year of interesting work. We are proud to do our share in the War Effort of our school and community.

—John Gee, '44

# ATHLETICS



## CROSS COUNTRY

First row, left to right: Howard Reopelle, John Gee, Carroll Chambers, Donald Nichols, Malcolm Burrell, Arthur Chadbourne, Carroll Hughes.  
 Second row, left to right: Mr. Whitaker, Maynard Deering, Dean Fenderson, Kenneth Chambers.

## CROSS COUNTRY

"On your mark; Get set go; Bang."

We are off on the final run of the year, the state meet. This was a race worth seeing; it ended in the closest score ever recorded at the University of Maine. The score was: Lee Academy 39 points for first place, and Hartland Academy and M. C. I. tied for second place with 41 points each.

We ended the season winning 4 runs and losing only two, one to M. C. I. by 1 point, and the other at the state meet by 2 points. They are as follows:

Hartland 27	Corinna 28
Hartland 29	M. C. I. 28
Hartland 26	M. C. I. 32
Hartland 16	Corinna 43

Hartland 16	Maine Frosh 43
State Meet	
Lee 39	
Hartland 41	
M. C. I. 41	

The letter men are as follows: Donald Nichols, John Gee, Dean Fenderson, Carroll Chambers, Malcolm Burrell, Arthur Chadbourne, Howard Reopelle, Carrol Hughes, and manager Kenneth Chambers. Other team members were: Earl Dyer, Charles Sherburne, Vernard Vanadestine and John Moore.

We expect to have an even better team next year, if travel doesn't prevent it; for we are losing only one letter man.

—Donald E. Nichols, '45



#### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front row, left to right: Camilla Chute, Virginia Wheeler.  
 Second row, left to right: Jacquelyn Hogan, Helen Moore, Miss Boutilier, Gladys Deering, Myrtle Lovely.  
 Back row, left to right: Geraldine Sawyer, Rae Jean Randlett, Ina Cook, Ruth Pearson, Estelle Randlett, Eleanor Allen.

#### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The 1942-1943 basketball team started practice in November with Miss Boutilier as coach.

Although league championship claims were not possible this year, the team worked hard and made an outstanding record.

The opening was played with the Alumnae, which started the girls' successes. The score was 46 to 27.

The girls lost only one game this season and that by one basket. The game was played on Newport's floor.

The letter winners were: Virginia Wheeler, Camilla Chute, Gladys Deering, Ruth Pearson, Myrtle Lovely, Jacquelyn Hogan and Ina Cook.

Five other girls: Estelle Randlett, Rae Jean Randlett, Geraldine Sawyer, Eleanor Allen and Helen Moore participated in the games.

The games played this year and the scores are as follows:

Hartland 46	Alumnae 27
Hartland 22	Newport 21
Hartland 28	Corinna 18
Hartland 13	Newport 15
Hartland 22	Corinna 11

Hartland 26	Newport 24
Hartland 29	Corinna 13
Hartland 27	Newport 16

—Virginia Wheeler, '45

#### FRESHMAN GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The Freshman Girls' Basketball Team began its year with eight players and Miss Smart as coach. Four of the players were freshmen; they were: Ruth Pearson, Rae Jean Randlett, Geraldine Sawyer and Eleanor Allen. The others were sub-freshmen; namely, Ann Cutts, Diana Webber, Patricia Murphy and Lyda Spaulding.

We had a successful year. Two games were played with Pittsfield Grammar School with Hartland winning once. Because of the acute transportation problem we were forced to limit ourselves chiefly to inter-class games. These were played with the Sophomores and Juniors. The Freshmen have several victories to their credit.

The scores with Pittsfield were:

Pittsfield 20	Hartland 22	at Hartland
Pittsfield 23	Hartland 19	at Pittsfield

—Lyda Spaulding, '47



#### BOYS' BASKETBALL

Front row, left to right: Byron Wiers, Maynard Deering, Earl Cully, Donald Lancey, Donald Nichols, Errol Austin, Leslie Sherburne.  
 Back row, left to right: George Weinberg, Bernard Hart, Edwin Mower, Kenneth Chambers, Mr. Whitaker, Floyd Austin.

#### BOYS' BASKETBALL

The boys' basketball team closed a successful season, winning nine games and losing four.

Four veterans reported to Coach Whitaker at the start of the season. These were Donald Lancey, Errol Austin, Maynard Deering, and Earl Cully. We were very lucky to have Donald Nichols to make up our five men.

Graduation will cut deeply into next year's team. Donald Lancey, Errol Austin and Maynard Deering leave the fold.

Those remaining for a nucleus in 1943-'44 are Earl Cully, Donald Nichols, Leslie Sherburne and Floyd Austin. The latter two won a letter for basketball this year.

Because of the gasoline situation we could not travel very far this year, but we were

glad we could participate in the following games.

The season's record follows,

Hartland	Opponents
Hartland 24	Newport 33
Hartland 17	Corinna 18
Hartland 36	Alumni 21
Hartland 24	Newport 33
Hartland 25	Corinna 15
Hartland 16	Newport 38
Hartland 37	Corinna 23
Hartland 41	Harmony 11
Hartland 27	Harmony 16
Hartland 30	Harmony 10
Hartland 28	Newport 30

—Earl Cully, '44

## EXCHANGES

Because our supply of the "Ripple" was very limited last spring, we were unable to exchange year books with as many schools as we desired. However, we have enjoyed examining books from other schools. We would like to make the following comments on some of the more outstanding books which we have reviewed.

—Kenneth Chambers, '43  
Exchange Editor

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

Your sports write-up was very good. The literary section was interesting.

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

A better joke section would improve your book.

"The Academy Rocket", East Corinth Academy,  
East Corinth, Maine.

I like the idea of your "Department of Study". I also liked the way you entered class parts along with senior pictures. A

joke and literary section would be an improvement.

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

You have a very interesting yearbook. Aren't your exchanges rather brief?

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

Your joke section is particularly good.

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

You have a very entertaining book; but don't you think senior pictures would add?

"The Beaver", Merrill High School, Smyrna Mills, Maine.

This is an excellent mimeograph job and shows careful planning and hard work. Rather different, having ads first. The cover is well done.

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

I like the way your alumni section is arranged.







## JOKES

Lancey: "I call my girl 'grapefruit'."

Chambers: "Why?"

Lancey: "Because every time I squeeze her, she hits me in the eye."

Mrs. McFarland: "What are Mormons?"

Barden: "They are men who have a monopoly on women."

Mrs. Norcross: "Why are you boys moving around so much lately?"

Fenderson: "We don't want 'rigor mortis' to set in."

Miss Clifford: "What is the main point in the method of organization for the North African campaign?"

Withee: "If you know anything, keep your mouth shut."

Lancey: "If you don't know anything, keep it to yourself."

In an Agriculture class, Mr. Whitaker asked Fenderson a question. After Fenderson had remained mute for several minutes, Mr. Whitaker, exasperated, said: "Can you add anything to this recitation, Chambers?"

Mary McLean (the would-be poet): "I put my whole mind in this verse."

Miss Clifford: "Evidently, I see it's blank verse."

K. Chambers preparing sentences for the Thursday spelling lesson: "He shot him with an epistolary. Hey, that doesn't sound right, does it?"

John Moore: "My brother and I know everything."

C. Sherburne: "Is that right? In that case, will you tell me what I did yesterday?"

Moore (scratching his head): "Oh, that's one of the things my brother knows."

P. Neal: "You know whom I pity more than anyone I can imagine?"

M. Bishop: "Whom?"

P. Neal: "Edwin Mower's drill sergeant."

Miss Clifford: "Is William ill, Edith?"

E. Lord: "No, he's sick."

E. Powers: "Is parsonage good for you?"

Miss Boutilier: "Do you mean parsnips or parsley?"

W. Page: "I know a place where the women don't wear hardly anything except maybe a string of pearls once in a while."

J Millett: "My gosh! Where?"

W. Page: "Around their necks."

R. Randlett: "If my kid brother sees you holding my hand, he'll want a dime."

C. Towle: "And what will he want if he sees me kiss you?"

R. Randlett: "He'll want to stick around and watch."

Joe Page was riding in a horse cart. On his back was a heavy bundle.

Bobby Page: "Joe, why don't you put the bundle down in the cart?"

Joe Page: "No, I don't want to; the horse has enough load now."

Estelle Randlett: "You can't believe everything you hear, but you can repeat it."

Ivan Crocker: "You can be mastoid of ceremonies."

Malcolm Burrell: "A mastoid is a pain in the ear."

Ivan Crocker: "Yes, you get what I mean?"

L. Barden: "Let's take a trip around the world?"

D. Lancey: "No, I'd rather go somewhere else."

Malcolm thought he could read Evangeline like a book until he tried to shut her up.

Mrs. Pearson: "No appetite this evening? What's the matter? Late lunch?"

Ivar Pearson: "No, early apples."

Earl Cully: "If I had to live by my pen, I'd starve the first hour."

Evangeline Powers: "If you don't think dancing is good exercise to reduce, what would you suggest?"

Thelma Philbrick: "I'd try moving my head from left to right when the second helpings went around."

E. Hughes: "Did that blind date turn out all right?"

L. Sherburne: "She didn't turn out at all; she was pigeon-toed."

Miss Boutilier: "Please dust the furniture, Maxine."

M. Jones: "I can't find any furniture polish; shall I use the stove polish?"

Quotations from student papers and tests:

M. Withee: A complimentary close is a phrase written before the signature, to keep it from getting lonesome.

B. Hart: Thank you for the letter concerning the change in my odor.

L. Wood: To avoid accidents, keep the stars clean.

J. Hogan (translating): You are a very bad boy. You have lost 7 of the hi-balls.

J. Wright: If you want to be attractive, keep your teeth spick and spruce.

J. Smith: A heifer is a young crow.

E. Neal: TeaBee is a disease which can now be cured.

Lancey in a poetic mood:

Oh, here's to Marilyn Mills!  
The girl with the look that kills.  
She's so tall and bold,  
A look at her, and you're all cold.  
Looking at her eyes so blue,  
They draw you like a pot of glue.

Mr. Shaw: "What would make you SiC?"

E. Hughes: "Any formula will do that."

E. Austin: "What should be done with morons and imbeciles?"

M. Deering: "They should be killed like they are in Germany."

E. Austin: "I'll buy you a ticket right away."

B. Hart: "What's a 'liability'?"

A. Walker: "This bookkeeping test is a liability!"

Miss Clifford: "No matter whether you are a Democrat or a Republican, there is nobody who can step into Roosevelt's shoes right now, if anything should happen to him."

E. Austin: "They might step in, but they wouldn't fit."

L. Barden: "Lancey would."

Lancey: "I like the taste of Miss Clifford's lipstick."

Mower: "Wow, boy! You certainly get around."

Lancey: "It's the same kind Marilyn uses."

Mr. Whitaker: "You hammer nails just like lightning."

P. Hughes: "You mean I'm a fast worker?"

Mr. Whitaker: "No, you never strike twice in the same place!"

Weinberg: "Something's got me sick to my stomach."

Cully: "Well, if I had your stomach, I'd be sick of it, too."

Mrs. Freeman: "What is Boston noted for?"

L. Sherburne: "Boots and shoes."

Mrs. Freeman: "And Chicago?"

L. Sherburne: "Shoots and booze."

Wiers: "Why, I've had this car for years, and I've never had a wreck."

B. Ross: "You mean you've had this wreck for years, and never had a car."

Miss Clifford: "What is anemia?"

K. Chambers: "Isn't it sleepiness?"

Miss Clifford: "Ah, I see. Then you must be anemic."

Mr. Cutts: "Well, Joe, how did you sleep last night?"

J. Page: "Oh, lying down, as usual."

Bubar: "Harlow Powers is so short and Estelle Randlett is so tall, it must be funny to see them kiss each other goodnight."

C. Chambers: "They don't. He just looks up at her and sighs, 'So long!'."

Mr. Cutts: "Now, class, since we have learned about triangles, circles, and squares; I wonder if anyone present can tell me what a rhombus is?"

Towle: "Yes, sir, I can. A rhombus is a square, only it's sort of pushed over."

K. Chambers: "I'm not half good enough for you."

H. Moore: "Why, Ken, you talk just like one of my own family."

Mr. Cutts: "You must think automobiles grow on trees."

Mrs. Cutts: "Silly! Everybody knows they come from plants."

Miss Smart: "Pearson, conjugate the verb *etre*."

E. Gray (who sits in front of Pearson): "Did you ask me, Miss Smart?"

Miss Smart: "No! What, am I getting cross-eyed or something?"

Byron Wiers ran over an elderly lady's cat; and like the gentleman that he is, went to apologize.

Wiers: "Madam, I have killed your cat, and I have come to replace it."

Lady: "Very well; but do you think you can catch mice?"

W. Lord: "I'm as famous as Lincoln?"

E. Lord: "How come?"

W. Lord (extending rank card): "I went down in history today."

Mr. Holcomb: "Where is Solomon's Temple?"

John Smith: "On the side of his head, I suppose."

Mr. Cutts: "We have line AB running through C parallel to BA."

F. Blackden: "I could understand it better if you had it walk through once."

Miss Clifford: "What was the knocking at the end of the murder scene in *Macbeth*?"

E. Austin: "It was Duncan kicking the bucket."

Madeline Hughes: "You say there's no cooking class today?"

Joyce Fenderson: "No, Miss Boutilier has acute indigestion."

Ruth Pearson: "How do you get so many boy friends?"

Eleanor Allen: "Oh, I just sprinkle a little gasoline on my handkerchief."

Mr. Shaw, instructing a class in laboratory experiments: "Now you know I cannot attend to you and my experiments at the same time.

If anything goes wrong, the whole laboratory and we with it will be blown into the air. Come a little closer, boys, so that you can follow me better."

What's that coming down the street?  
Donald Lancey's great big feet.  
They're so nice and big and strong,  
They go out and walk alone,  
While Donald calmly sits at home.

Mr. Shaw: "Deering, will you explain to us the principle of raising dough?"

M. Deering: "Do you mean like robbing a bank?"

Mr. Whitaker: "Why do the farmers build a pig pen on the north side of the barn?"

E. Austin: "To keep the sun out of their eyes."

B. Martin: "Look at that butterfly on my knee. It must thing I'm a flower."

D. Fenderson: "That's no butterfly; it's a horsefly."

Edwin Jordan: "Hello, is this the weather bureau?"

Voice: "Yes."

Edwin Jordan: "How about a shower this afternoon?"

Voice: "If you need it, take one."

Ashley Parker: "What'll we do?"

Lewis Elliott: "I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we go to the movies; if it's tails we go to the dance; and if it stands on end, we study."

#### SEVEN WONDERS OF H. A.

Mrs. Freeman wonders if she will always give those little tests at the beginning of every period. (We wonder, too.)

Miss Clifford wonders if she will be a "Mrs." next year. (We hope not.)

Mr. Shaw wonders if he will ever become a scientist. (Not here, at H. A.)

Miss Boutilier wonders if she is too small to join the WAVES. (Good things come in little bunches.)

Miss Smart wonders if she is heard during study hall every second period. (She needn't wonder.)

Mr. Cutts wonders what he would do if he had any more math classes to teach. (He can omit Review math any time.)

Mr. Whitaker just wonders all day long. (Strong, silent type.)

## SENIOR SCRIBBLES

### WHAT WE'VE GOT

We have Mower,  
But no less.  
We have two Pollys,  
But no crackers.  
We have a Lewis,  
But no king.  
We have a Mary,  
But no queen.  
We have a Church,  
But no steeple.  
We have a Martin,  
But no bird.  
We have two Pages,  
But no book.  
We have a Hart,  
But no key,  
We have a Donald,  
But no duck.  
We have a Bishop,  
But no priest.  
We have an Austin,  
But no gas.  
We have a Deering,  
But no machinery.  
We have a Gordon,  
But no Flash.  
We have a Virginia,  
But no state.  
We have an Ames,  
But no goals.  
We have a Chamber(s)  
But no maid.  
We have a Dean,  
But no Dizzy.  
We have an Arthur,  
But no Round Table.  
We have a Merle,  
But no thrush.

—Estelle Page, '43

### WE WONDER WHY

#### WHY

Donald Lancey has such an interest in Mills?  
Polly Neal rides on Palmyra bus?  
Joyce Church doesn't grow a little?  
Barbara Martin wouldn't play in orchestra this year?

Flash Gordon doesn't take pre-aviation?  
Joe Page doesn't grow up?  
Edwin Mower doesn't settle down to anything?  
Mildred Bishop likes the "cliffs".  
Errol Austin never gets to school on time.  
Mary McLean doesn't give some guy a break.  
Dean Fenderson always teases somebody else's girl.  
Lewie Barden and his gang go to Pittsfield weekends.  
Virginia Hewins writes letters to a certain soldier.  
Merle Withee doesn't improve his penmanship.  
Kenneth Chambers finds Student Council so dull.  
Maynard Deering is interested in Bean's Corner.  
Doris Ames thinks so much of her Deer (ring).  
Polly Bowley rides on the West Hartland bus.  
Estelle Page's favorite song is "Idaho".  
Bernard Hart bought Harris bread.  
Arthur Walker is called "Spat".

—Pauline Bowley, '43

—Doris Ames, '43

### WE, THE SENIORS

A is for Ames and for Austin, too,  
Our red-headed classmates, loyal and true.  
B. is for Barden who really rates.  
And he's just learned how to relish those dates.  
C is for Church, not a place, but a she,  
Who's tiny and spry as a maid should be.  
D is for Deering, he thinks Dot's o. k.  
When the cat's away, the mice will play.  
E is for Edwin, and also Estelle,  
When fun's to be had, they both run pell-mell.  
F is for Fenderson, tease of the class;  
A chance to tease Charlotte he cannot pass.  
G is for Gordon, Charlotte to you,  
And somebody's absence makes her quite blue.  
H is for Hart; oh, he's all right.  
He may not say much, but he's truly bright.

I is for Intelligence, what seniors display—  
Let's not ask Miss Clifford what she has  
to say.

J is for Joseph, but mostly, just Joe,  
Who sleeps all the while, as most people  
know;

K is for Kenneth, with wide friendly smile;  
We'd like to see Moore of him, once in a  
while.

L is for Lancey with great big feet,  
In spite of those nicknames, he's really  
quite neat.

M is for Mary, and Mildred, and Martin  
All from St. Albans those awful smarties.

N is for Neal, our gifted song bird,  
As fair a singer as you ever heard.

O is for Office—or perhaps you know,  
For that's the place where the naughty  
boys go.

P is for Polly, who joined us this year,  
For her good old Hartland may yet be dear.

Q is for Quiet, when Mr. Cutt's in the hall  
Miss Clifford's made it familiar to all.

R is for rules that so few of us heed,  
That's why we get punished for many a  
deed.

S is for Sorrow we all feel to part,  
From all those school thoughts, so dear to  
our hearts.

T is for Tomorrow that comes to us grim,  
When lights of our freedom have grown so  
dim.

U is for unity in our love for H. A.  
And love for our freedom where e'er we  
stay.

V is for Virginia whose luck won't recoil,  
She suffers greatly from excess of toil.

W is for Walker and Merle Withee, too,  
To their personalities I have no clue.

X, Y and Z now lead me astray  
Since I've finished Alg'bra, take them  
away!

—Barbara Martin, '43

### THE SENIORS

- E. H. M. Ever Hates Maidens!!!
- D. M. L. Does Marilyn Love
- P. J. N. Palmyra Just Near
- L. H. B. Love Hath Buddy
- M. E. M. Marriage Ends Memories
- C. M. G. Clarence Marries Girl
- P. E. B. Patience Earns Bonuses
- J. D. P. Just Dumb People
- E. E. P. Eternally Effervescent Peppy
- K. E. C. Kisses Erase Care
- M. N. W. Mind Never Wanders
- J. J. C. Just Jolly Cute
- V. E. H. Very Efficient Humorless
- B. H. M. Bright Honor Merits
- D. S. F. Drip So Fresh
- M. W. D. Marriage Without Doubt
- M. D. B. Mademoiselle Doesn't Blush
- E. R. A. Earnestly Rules Arguments
- D. M. A. Does Maynard Admire
- A. E. W. As Ever Willing
- B. S. H. Bashful Sensitive Heart

—P. J. N., '43

—C. M. G., '43

## ALUMNI

### Class of 1923

- Cassie Fisher Spaulding lives in Hartland.
- Mary Haseltine Dore lives in Ripley.
- Harry Dore lives in Ripley.
- Mildred Brawn Patten lives in Pittsfield,  
Mass.
- Iola Chipman Blaisdell lives in Massachu-  
setts.
- George Thompson lives in Waterville.
- Mabel Drew Cannon lives in Long Beach,  
California.
- Linwood Burbank lives in Waterville.
- Eva Withee Hall, deceased.

### Class of 1928

- Lenora Brooks Morgan resides in Hartland.
- Isabelle Baine Snow resides in St. Albans.
- Bernadette DeRaps, unlocated.
- Velma Greene resides in Long Beach, Calif.
- Howard Gray, Army.
- Everett Holt resides in Hartland.
- Gerald Page is employed in Providence,  
Rhode Island.
- Edna Peterson Cates resides in Unity.
- Edythe Philbrick Libby resides in Hart-  
land.
- Harry Peasley resides in St. Albans.
- Hilda Tibbetts Johnson resides in Hartland.
- Edgar Woodman resides in Hartland.

#### Class of 1933

Juanita Brown Bickford lives in Connecticut.

Paul Gardner, Navy.

Leroy Hatch, Army.

Helen Hubbard Harris lives in Skowhegan.

Leland Inman, Army.

Francis Jepson Salley lives in St. Albans.

Estelle Libby Smith, unlocated.

Florence Parsons Webber lives in Hartland.

Marion Thorne Furbush lives in Palmyra.

Dorothy Varnum Deering lives in Hartland.

George Webber, Army.

Leona Whitten Page lives in Pittsfield.

#### Class of 1934

Eileen Baird is employed in Chicago.

Harriet Baird is employed in Augusta.

Annie Barnes Hartwell resides in Hartland.

Virginia Bell is teaching in Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mary Brown is employed in Bangor.

Edson Buker is employed in Palmyra.

Charlotte Currie Stafford resides in Dayton, Ohio.

Claude Fisher is employed at H. C. Baxter's.

Dorothea Green is employed in Guilford.

Winston Hanson, Army.

Dorothea Litchfield, deceased.

Alfreda Neal is employed in the Miami Valley Hospital, Dayton, Ohio.

Mertie Parkman, deceased.

Lyndon Pratt is employed in Oregon.

Walter Rideout is employed by Naval Intelligence Dep't, Washington, D. C.

Gladys Salisbury is living in Hartland.

Florice Steeves Cunningham resides in Portland.

Eleanor Thorne Sawyer is employed at the Bangor airport.

Charles Whitney, Army.

#### Class of 1935

Howard Baird, Army.

Alfred Bell is employed in Portland.

Marv Greene Stafford is living in Hartland.

Clvde Griffith, Army.

Eva Hanson Lindsey is living in Corinna.

Elizabeth Hart Fisher is living in Hartland.

Earl Merrow is living in Connecticut.

Meredith Parkman Wood is living in St. Albans.

Vincent Phillips, Army.

Marion Rancourt is employed in Waterville.

Marguerite Robertson Sherburne is living in Dexter.

James Seekins is employed in the Hartland tannery.

Mary Smith is teaching school in St. Albans.

Alden Stedman, Army.

Frances Waldron Seekins is living in Hartland.

Robert Strout, Army.

Floyd Webber, Army.

Aubrey Whittemore, Army.

Ervin Whittemore, Army.

Howard Williamson is employed in Dixfield.

#### Class of 1936

Margaret Ash is employed in Newport.

Philip Baird is attending the University of Maine, and lives in Orono.

Thelma Cookson Moulton lives in New Hampshire.

Leland Cunningham is employed in Portland.

Frank Ford is employed in Philadelphia.

Vivian Greene Dyer lives in Palmyra.

Lennis Harris, Army.

Maurice Hatch, Army.

Marion Hollister is attending school in Skowhegan.

Charlotte Grant Ross lives in St. Albans.

Lillian Lewis lives in Hartland.

Charlotte McCrillis is employed in Boston.

Steven Miller is employed in St. Albans.

Kathleen Pelkie is employed in Connecticut.

Barbara Weymouth is employed in Pittsfield.

Althea Tobie lives in St. Albans.

#### Class of 1937

Phyllis Baird is teaching music in Wad-  
dington, New York.

Alice Chipman Humphrey lives in Pitts-  
field.

Myron David is employed in Portland.

Frances Fellows Garcelon lives in Port-  
land.

Donald Hollister is employed in Hartland.

Dorothy Lermond Baird lives in Orono.

Marie Libby Buker lives in Hartland.

Mary Libby Pease lives in St. Albans.

Eva Lowell Butler lives in St. Albans.

Lyle Martin is employed by the govern-  
ment in South America.

Donlin McCormack, Army.

Clayton Merrill is employed in Connecticut.

Mahlon Merrow, Army.

Beatrice Mills Small lives in Pittsfield.

Bertha Smith Oliver lives in Tampa, Fla.

Arlene Stedman Southard lives in Skowhegan.

Kenneth Wiers, Army (Africa).

Donald Withee, Army.

Clara Woodbury lives in Hartland.

#### Class of 1938

Marion Ash is employed in Washington, D. C.

Kenneth Baird is in government service in Hawaii.

Lona Clark Lethers lives in Hartland.

Mildred Cooley is living in Hartland.

Kathleen Cully is employed at Baxter's.

Russell Dunlap, Army.

Joseph Ford, Army.

Erlene Hughes Buker lives in Hartland.

Liston Inman lives in Palmyra.

Eleanor Libby Joy is employed in Ellsworth.

Arthur Littlefield, Army.

Wendall Marr, deceased.

James Moore, Army.

Ardis Moulton is living in Boston.

Grace Parsons Stubbs lives in Hartland.

Robert Perkins lives in St. Albans.

Andrew Peterson, Army.

Miriam Steeves is employed in Presque Isle.

Norman Strout is employed in New York.

Cherrie Thorne is employed by Seagram's in Tennessee.

Mildred Wentworth McKinney is living in Carmel.

Marguerite Wheeler is employed in St. Albans.

Opal Wiers is working in St. Albans.

#### Class of 1939

Anita Baird Allen lives in Hartland.

Madeline Cook Reardon lives in Skowhegan.

Hilda Emery Nutter is employed in the Hartland tannery.

Norma Emery Nutter is living in Hartland.

Marvis Greene Grant lives in Hartland.

Phyllis Ford Mitton lives in Dexter.

Viola Hillman McDougal lives in Hartland.

Arlene Hollister Baker attends business school in Skowhegan.

Burton Jones is employed by Burton's, Pittsfield.

Emily Knowlton Parsons lives in Hartland.

Bernice Litchfield Woodman lives in Hartland.

Seldon Martin, Army.

Leila Merrow Connors is living in Orono.

Maynard Moore, Army.

Norman McCormack, Army.

Shirley Neal Ryder lives in Newport.

Henry Parkman is employed in Hartland.

Stanley Peterson, Army.

Edith Rediker George lives in Belfast.

Mary Seekins lives in Hartland.

Arthur Smith is living in St. Albans.

Dorothy Spencer Staples is living in Skowhegan.

Ernest Staples, Navy.

Irvin Stedman is living in Hartland.

Eleanor Towle Hollister lives in Hartland.

Julian Wilbur, Army.

M. Ellen Worthing Cooper attends the University of Maine.

Marian Wyman Laughton lives in Hartland.

#### Class of 1940

Erma Amero Stedman resides in Hartland.

Nellie Baird Pooler is living in Hartland.

Florence Bishop Briggs is living in Dover.

Howard Brown lives in Dexter.

Gerald Burns, Marines.

Wilhelmina Cheney Grey is living in Anson.

Isabel Cook Lawrence lives in Palmyra.

Edith Cooley is attending Farmington Normal School.

Muriel Crocker Nelson resides in St. Albans.

Marion Davis is employed in Dover-Foxcroft.

Oscar Dyer is at home in Palmyra.

Elsie Ford Smith lives in Kittery.

Patricia Gee is employed in Salem, Mass.

Donald Goodwin, Army.

Everett Wesley Ham, Army.

Gareth Hanson, Army.

Doris Seekins Ballard lives in St. Albans.

Beatrice Wilbur Lowell lives in Pittsfield.

Donald Wyman, Army.

Donald Rice, Army.

Charles Inman, Army.

Kathleen Harding Bubar lives in Massachusetts.

Edward Nichols is living in Massachusetts.

Robert Moore, Army.

Clifford Merrill, Army.  
Eunice Millett is training at the Sisters Hospital in Waterville.  
Douglas Hight is employed in Dexter.

Class of 1941

Jacqueline Buker Stedman is living in Hartland.  
Beverly Cheney is living in Portland.  
Clyde Cookson, Jr., Army Air Corps.  
Glenis Cunningham is employed at Presque Isle.  
Herbert Davis is at home in Palmyra.  
Edward Hilton, Army.  
Ernest Inman, Marines.  
Allen Jones is employed in Hartland.  
Geraldine Knowles Bishop is living in South Portland.  
Meredith Knowles Hollister lives in Hartland.  
Phillip Libby, Army.  
Grace Lord is employed in Salem, Mass.  
Margaret Lord Merrow is employed in Salem, Mass.  
Jean Marie Lucas is training in Sisters Hospital, Waterville.  
Mary McDougal is employed at Baxter's.  
Valti McDougal Merrow is living in Connecticut.  
Verne McLean is employed at Hartland tannery.  
Donald McLean is employed at Baxter's.  
Virginia Millett is employed in Waterville.  
Margaret Moore is attending the University of Maine.  
Luther Nichols, Army.

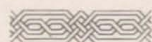
1942

Bernard Austin is living in Hartland.  
Edmond Austin, Army.  
Herbert Baird, Army.  
Lois Baird is attending the University of Maine.  
Theodore Birkmaier, Army.  
Ena Bubar Hilton is employed in Connecticut.  
Francis Cook is employed at Baxter's.  
Eva Cully is employed in Cambridge, Mass.  
Elbert Duncan, Army.  
Bigelow Fuller is employed at the Hartland tannery.  
June Gee is employed in Connecticut.  
Thelma Giberson is attending Colby College.  
Emily Goforth is working in Bangor.  
Robert Goforth, Jr., Army.  
Elwood Greene is living in Hartland.  
Evelyn Hinton Roberson is living in Newport.  
Harold Hughes, Army.  
Sheldon Hutchinson, Army.  
Doris Libby is employed at Hartland Academy.  
Murray McCormack, Army.  
Geraldine Neal is attending Oxford Business School, Cambridge, Mass.  
Gerald Robertson is farming in St. Albans.  
Robert Steeves, Army.  
Arland Stedman is farming in Hartland.  
Keith Tapley, Merchant Marine.  
Linwood Vanadestine is employed in Hartland tannery.  
Clarence Walker, Army.



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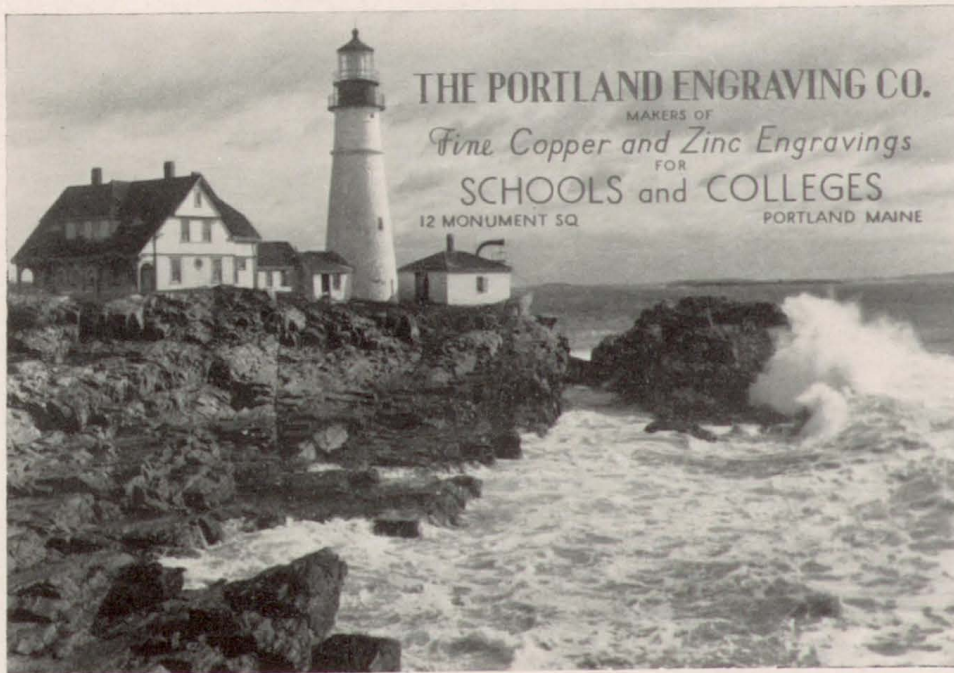
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*Selectmen of Hartland*

RAE RANDLETT

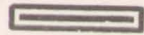
LLOYD HUBBARD

PERCY BUTTERFIELD



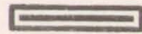
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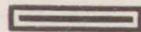


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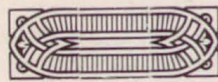
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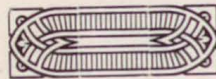
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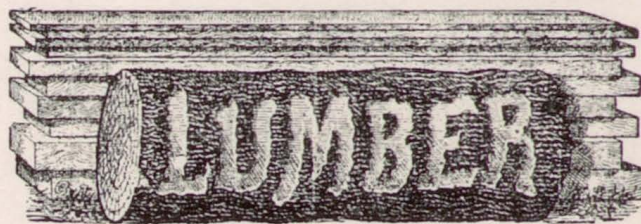
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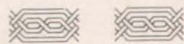
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