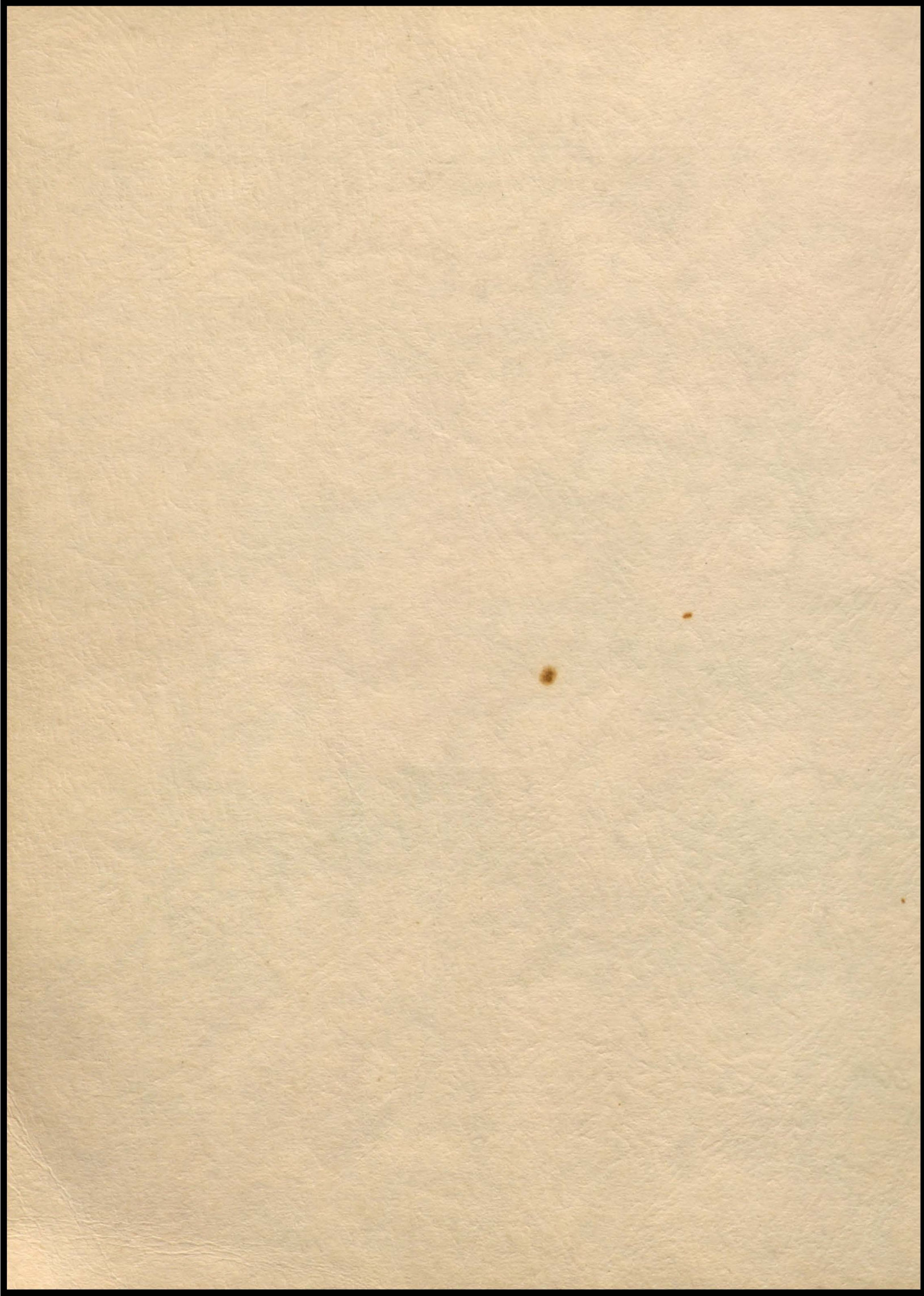


The Ripple



1944



THE RIPPLE

Volume XXX

Number I

Hartland, Maine, 1944

Published by the Students of Hartland Academy

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DEDICATION

THE SENIORS OF HARTLAND ACADEMY TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN DEDICATING "THE RIPPLE" OF 1944 TO OUR FORMER PRINCIPAL, CECIL J. CUTTS, NOW A LIEUTENANT IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

HIS ELEVEN YEARS OF SERVICE HERE WERE YEARS OF PROGRESS AND ACHIEVEMENT. WE MISS HIM GREATLY AND EXTEND OUR SINCEREST BEST WISHES FOR HIS FUTURE CAREER.

IN MEMORIAM

DONLIN FRANCIS McCORMACK

Lt. Donlin F. McCormack, 24 years old.
Graduated from H. A. 1937
Attended Bates College, majored in English
Enlisted in A. A. F. January 17, 1942

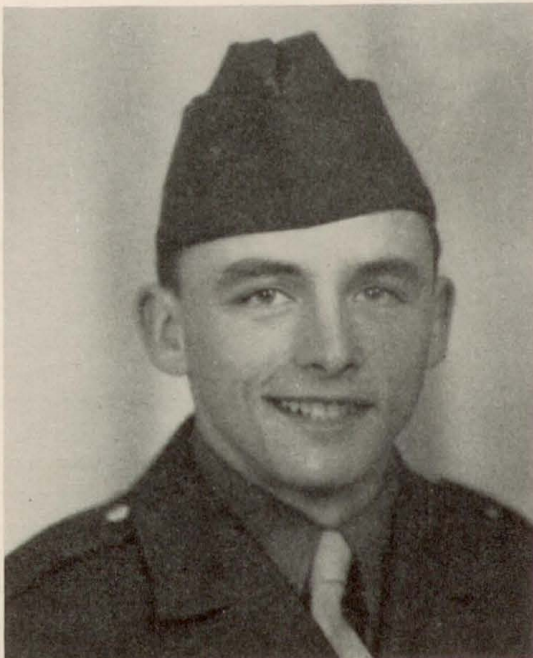
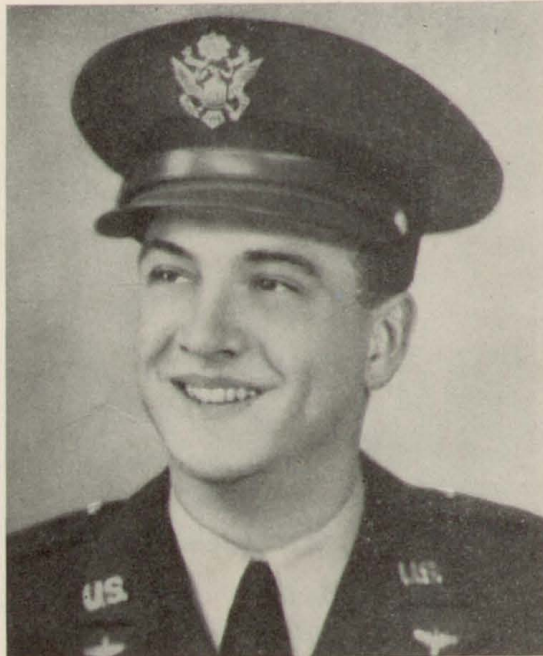
Army Training: Maxwell Field, Ala.
Shaw Field, Sumter, S. C.
Camden, S. C.

Graduated as 2nd Lieutenant, November 10,
1942, at Moody Field, Valdosta, Ga.

Stationed in Latin American country.
Pilot of a C-47 transport.

Shot down while on an authorized flight be-
tween Trinidad and South America,
July 10, 1943.

Awarded air medal twice, once for flying in
difficult weather.



ARTHUR W. SHERBURNE

Pvt. Arthur W. Sherburne, 20 years old.
Attended H. A.
Entered Army March 5, 1943

Trained: Camp Croft, S. C.
Shenango, Pa.

Was in North Africa 3 months before going
to Italy.

Was on special assignment when he was killed
December 30, 1943, in Italy.

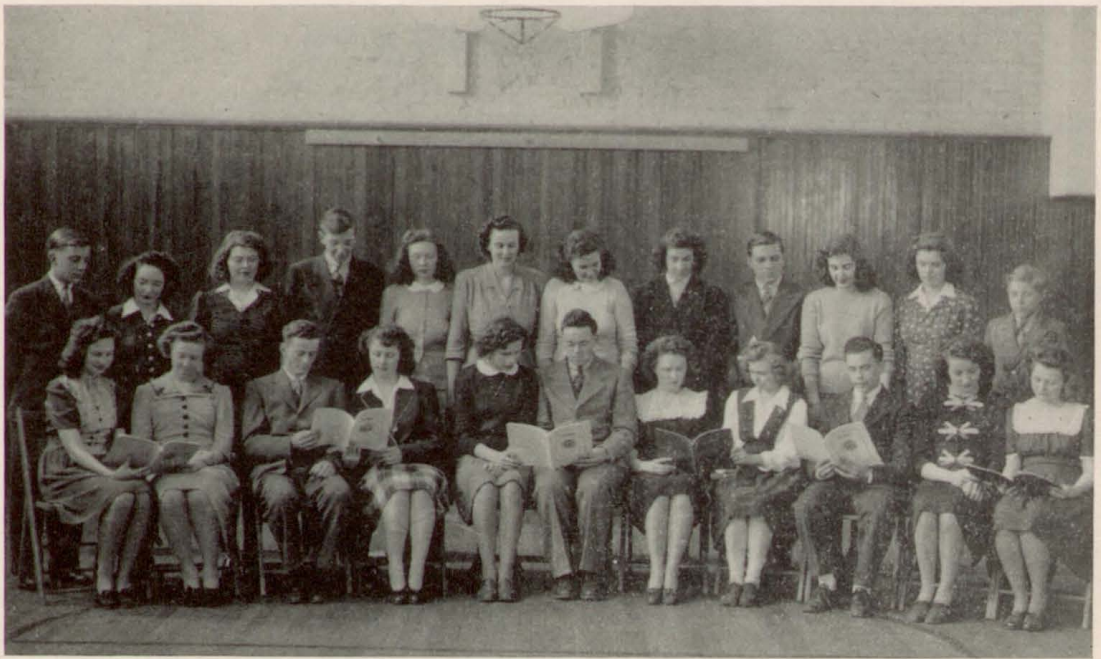
Purple Heart awarded posthumously.

Sgt. Norman Steeves, 22 years old
Enlisted September, 1941, in A. A. F.
Army training: Jefferson Barracks, Mo.
Savannah, Ga.

Overseas, January 30, 1942.

Served as aerial gunner.

Killed January 7, 1943 on routine flight be-
tween Queensland and Fort Moresby.



First row, left to right: Beverly Wood, Ina Cook, Ivan Crocker, Helen Moore, Gladys Deering, Keith Cunningham, Barbara Ross, Camilla Chute, Leslie Sherburne, Virginia Inman, Joyce Plumer.

Second row, left to right: Harlow Powers, Lois Seekins, Lyda Spaulding, Delma Smith, Miss Clifford, Myrtle Lovely, Virginia Wheeler, Donald Nichols, Estelle Randlett, Madeleine Hughes, Linwood Wheeler.

Absent when picture was taken: Charlene Stedman.

EDITORIAL BOARD 1943-44

Editor-in-chief	Keith Cunningham
Assistant Editor	Myrtle Lovely
Literary Editor	Joyce Plumer
Assistant Literary Editor	Delma Smith
Business Managers	Gladys Deering, Beverly Wood
Ass't Business Manager	Harlow Powers
Copy Editor	Ina Cook
Ass't Copy Editor	Madeleine Hughes
Sports Editors	Helen Moore, Leslie Sherburne
Ass't Sports Editors	Donald Nichols, Virginia Wheeler
Joke Editor	Ivan Crocker
Ass't Joke Editor	Estelle Randlett
Exchange Editor	Virginia Inman
Alumni Editors	Camilla Chute, Barbara Ross

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Seniors	Charlene Stedman
Juniors	Elwood Gray
Sophomores	Lois Seekins
Freshmen	Lyda Spaulding
Sub-Freshmen	Linwood Wheeler

FACULTY ADVISERS

Literary	Miss Clifford
Business	Mr. Stone

SENIOR PORTFOLIO



CAMILLA RAY CHUTE

Vocational

"Midge"

"'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admired."

Basket ball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 3, 4; Hacomec Club 3, 4; Ripple Board 4.



INA AVIS COOK

Vocational

"Sud"

"She needs no eulogy,—she speaks for herself."

Hacomec 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2; Basketball 3, 4; Letter winner 3, 4; Senior Play Cast; Ripple Board 3, 4.



IVAN GEORGE CROCKER

Vocational

"George"

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Crop prizes 2, 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter winner, 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Vice-President, 2, 3; Senior Play Cast; Ripple Board, 4; Pre-Aviation Club 3.



EARL PHILIP CULLY

Civic

"He, above all the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 2, 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Winter Sports 1, 2; Cross Country 1; Hi-Y 1, 2, 3; Baseball 2; Senior Play Cast; Class Marshall 2, 3; Student Council 3; Class Vice-President 1, 3.



KEITH WAYNE CUNNINGHAM

Classical

"Every man that I meet is my master at something;
Of him let me learn."

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter 2; Glee Club 2, 3; Librarian 2;
Debating 1, 2; Letter 2; Hi-Y 1, 2; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Latin
Club 2, 3, 4; Secretary and Treasurer 3; Victory Corps 4; Class
President 4; Ripple Board 3, 4; Editor-in-chief 4; Senior Play
Cast; Citizenship Award 1, 2; Alumni Award 3; Violin Trio
1, 2.



GLADYS BELLE DEERING

Civic

"Peanut"

"Life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3;
Ripple Board 3, 4; Senior Play Cast; Dramatic Club 2.



HAZEL MAE DEVEREAUX

Civic

"Dot"

"Not much talk—a great sweet silence."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Hacomec Club 2, 4; Dramatic Club 2;
Latin Club 1, 2, 3.



JOHN EDWARD GEE

Vocational

"Non knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

Cross-country 2, 3; Letter winner 2, 3; F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4;
President 4; Third State Vice-President 4; Glee Club 3; Prize
Speaking 2; F. F. A. Treasurer 3; Crop Prizes 3; Student
Council 2, 3; Victory Corps 4; Class President 2; Vice-Presi-
dent 1.



VIRGINIA EVELYN INMAN

Civic

"Ginny"

"True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice."

Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2; Glee Club 2, 3, 4;
Hacomec Club 2, 4; Assistant Librarian 4; Ripple Board 4.



HELEN LOUISE MOORE

Classical

"Pudda"

"Be thou fair—mankind adore thee!
Smile,—and the world is weak before thee!"

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter winner 2, 4; Glee Club 2, 4;
Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 2; Latin 1, 2; Student Council 1;
Victory Corps 4; Winter Carnival 1, 2; Senior Play Cast;
Dramatic Club 2; Ripple Board 3, 4; President Junior Red
Cross 4; Class Treasurer 3.



JOYCE EYER PLUMER

Civic

"Jodie"

"Write it on your heart that each day is the best day of
the year."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Hacomec Club 1, 4; Student Council 3;
Class Secretary 1, 4; Class Treasurer 2; Prize Speaking 3;
Winner 3; Winter Sports 2; Debating 2; Senior Play Cast;
Ripple Board 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2.



GRACE PAULINE ROBERTS

Vocational

"Gracie"

"Life? 'Tis the story of love and of trouble,
Of troubles and love, that travel together
The round world through."

Transferred from Bradford High School: Basketball 2;
Glee Club 1, 2, 3.
H. A.: Glee Club 4; Hacomec Club 4.



BARBARA LUZERNE ROSS

Vocational

"Rusty"

"We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Hacomec Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 3, 4; Ripple Board 4.



LESLIE OTIS SHERBURNE

Vocational

"Les"

"Let every man be master of his time,
Till seven at night."

Glee Club 4; Winter Sports 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3; Letter 3; Cross Country 1, 2, 3; Letter 1; Track 1, 2; Letter 1; F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 4; Victory Corps 4; Ripple Board 4; Senior Play Cast; Pre-Aviation 3.



CHARLENE CLARA STEDMAN

Civic

"Charlie"

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Librarian 2, 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter 2; Librarian 1; Violin Trio 1, 2; Debating 2; Winter Sports; Prize Speaking 2; Class Treasurer 3; Class Vice-President 4; Student Council 2; Victory Corps 4; Citizenship Award Winner 1, 2; Ripple Board 4; Senior Play Cast; Dramatic Club 2.



JOYCE ESTELLE THOMPSON

Civic

"Jo"

"One thing is forever good,
That one thing is success."

Hacomec Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer 4; Chief Librarian 4; Victory Corps 4; Dramatic Club 2; Pre-Aviation 3.



VERNARD BACON VANADESTINE

Vocational

"Van"

"Manhood when verging into age grows thoughtful."

Basketball Manager 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Cross-Country 3.



NETTIE LOUISE WITHEE

Vocational

"Net"

"Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the course of time."

Hacomec Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Ripple Board 1; Glee Club 4.



BEVERLEY LEONA WOOD

Civic

"Bev"

"Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on."

Transferred from Erskine Academy: Freshman Play; Sophomore Play; Minstrel Show 2; Operetta 1, 2; Chorus 1, 2; Home Ec. Club 2.

H. A.: Latin Club 3, 4; Hacomec Club 3; Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play Cast; Glee Club 4; Ripple Board 4; Class treasurer 4; Class Secretary 3.

EDITORIALS

MEET MR. STONE

Frank Goodwin Stone, who took up the duties of the principal of Hartland Academy in September, 1943, was born in Lisbon Falls, Maine, in 1896. He attended the local schools there, being graduated from high school with the class of 1915. After graduation, he attended Bates College obtaining his A. B. degree in 1919. He now possesses an M. A. from the same institution.

Previous to his arrival in Hartland, Mr. Stone, resided in Jay, Maine, where he was principal of the high school. He has taught science, history, civics, mathematics and various other subjects when the occasion demanded. At H. A. he has several classes in mathematics which he considers his favorite subject. His teaching career has taken him to Dover-Foxcroft, Ellsworth, Turner, Pittsfield, Jay and Hartland.

Mr. Stone has several hobbies, of which traveling and hiking are foremost. He is also interested in photography and he has done some developing in the past.

The Stone family consists, besides Mr. Stone, of Mrs. Lillian Stone, who has assisted in the teaching staff during emergencies; a son, John, in the Naval Air Cadets; a son, Raleigh, and a daughter, Ethel, both attending Hartland Academy.

—Myrtle Lovely '45

TO THE FARMS!

We have recently seen a large part of the boys who were deferred for farm work, reclassified and inducted into the armed forces. A great number of these boys were farmers' sons and others who had taken the agriculture courses in the local high schools. They knew their farming.

Now it is an accepted fact that "an army marches on its stomach", and our fighting men would be a sorry sight indeed, were their food supply to be cut off. Starvation, resulting in defeat, would be the obvious result. If our great military leaders deem it necessary to take the farm boys and turn them into soldiers

and sailors, we on the home front should so modify our way of living that we can give all the aid possible to the farmers. An emergency in farm labor is here now; we must not let it get worse while we are strong and able to help.

A large number of the students of Hartland Academy are from farm homes. They understand the growing and harvesting of crops raised in this part of the state. Many of them can already be classified as skilled laborers. Others from town are taking the vocational courses. Giving assistance to the farmers would be of great value to them in experience.

If we should lose this war, an education would be meaningless. I think that our school program should be modified, if necessary, to permit every one of us to do our full share in the great job of producing food for our fighting forces, for home consumption, and for our Allies.

—Madeleine Hughes '45

SHALL WE MODIFY THE SCHOOL PROGRAM FOR EMERGENCY AGRICULTURAL WORK?

Should the school program be modified to permit pupils to engage in emergency agricultural work? I do not think so. The school program has been modified enough already to permit sufficient agricultural emergency work, at least for this area.

As the program now stands, pupils are dismissed from school to help on farms only as individuals, not as a whole school. That is as it should be. If the whole school were excused, and the pupils were allowed to find their own employment, half of them wouldn't go to work at all. As the program is functioning now, the farmer gets only the number of workers that he wants and no more.

Some school children, even when they do get work, are not worth the bother of hiring them. They usually start working about ten o'clock, after having fooled around getting ready for three hours. Then after two hours of half work and half horseplay, they knock off for lunch. Instead of taking the usual one hour

nooning, they require about twice that time. A half hour of this is spent in eating, and the other hour and a half are accounted for by games of hide-and-seek, wrestling and various similar diversions. At two o'clock they are about ready to work. At three, they start the corn, potato or apple fight—which continues until four when all are anxious and ready to go home. That is one thing that there is no hesitation about doing.

These, in my opinion, are all faults of permitting groups of school children to work together on the farms, particularly under the excitement of freedom from school routine. Speaking as one who has participated in such work, if it can be called that, I think that I speak authoritatively on the subject; although I may be guilty of some slight exaggeration.

Raleigh Stone '45

HOW SHOULD DEMOCRACY FUNCTION IN EVERYDAY SCHOOL LIFE?

As every American knows, the great patriotic speeches made by our famous countrymen have been based on the ideals of self-government. They have inspired our nation with the promise of equal rights. The right "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" was foremost in minds when they fought the battles of the past. Now, in the great battle of the present, the bitterest that has ever fallen upon us, may we show, with all our ability, how much we value our freedoms.

In order to be victorious and to provide security in the years to come, people must be wise. They must be educated. The youth of today will be fulfilling the task of putting this nation back on its feet, and their ability will depend almost entirely upon their amount of education.

To get the most from the time spent in school, it is necessary to have the cooperation of all students. Some students cannot take orders gracefully nor happily. They cannot understand that it is for their benefit instead of a teacher's that they must do an assignment. Since many boys and girls are employed outside of school hours, it is only natural that their attention is not wholly on lessons during school hours. However, in cases such as these, it is all the more essential they concentrate with all their will while in the classroom. A complainer who is finding fault incessantly ought to know he has no place in any society

today. All of those who tend to stir up trouble are definitely not wanted.

Not only is cooperation with teachers stressed, but also the importance of working together as a group. Individuals cannot expect satisfactory results unless each one is willing to work for the good of the class and the school, as well as himself. May the prankster outgrow his childish tricks, the impolite learn to practice good manners, and the uncouth practice treating others with the respect due them. When these faults can be corrected, all can begin to have promise and faith of fine accomplishments.

This is a call to all American students. Among the vast numbers that attend schools daily, there cannot be one who is not touched in some way by this war. Realize your duty now and let your school be an example of a fine and democratic organization.

—Delma Smith '46

DEMOCRACY IN SCHOOL

In Webster's dictionary we find the word "democracy" to mean a government in which the supreme power is in the hands of the people, who exercise it either directly or through their chosen representatives.

That is an ideal way for a school government to work. As most schools are too large for every student to participate directly in the government, representatives should be elected from each class. These representatives would bring forth the varied ideas and opinions of their classes. The ideas would be discussed with the entire group and then voted upon. The whole system should be run in a similar way to our national government.

Many school children, however, have the wrong idea about democracy. Generally they think that as long as this is a free country, they can do as they please. This is the wrong attitude. We all know that if we did as we chose all the time, havoc would result.

Through the system previously mentioned, I believe all school problems such as discipline, school activities, and any other problems which are sure to arise would be settled by representatives of the student body. If the pupils in the schools were taught the principles of democracy and to appreciate the privileges which they have under this rule, I am sure the school would progress much more smoothly.

Keith Cunningham '44

formed Victory Corps Council. Up to the date of March 21, the students and faculty have purchased war bonds and stamps to the total of \$5,141.00.

—Arthur Chadbourne '46

RADIO CODE

Radio Code was introduced to Hartland Academy this year. It consists of learning the International Morse Code. A chart of the letters in the alphabet and numbers 1 to 10 with their phonetic equivalents was supplied to each pupil in the class. Then a record of five letters was played over and over until we were able to distinguish the various arrangements of sounds.

At first it all seemed very strange and difficult, but very interesting. New records with different groups of letters and numbers were played until we learned all of them. Then we began to work for speed. We started with six words a minute, then gradually increased to eight, then ten and twelve words. Of course, the more words per minute, the more difficult everything becomes. One really has to keep on his toes and the pencil literally flies over the paper.

This course is very beneficial to anyone taking it, especially to the boys leaving for armed services. The International Morse Code is used so extensively, that it is an excellent bit of knowledge for anyone.

At the completion of the course, one is supposed to be able to send and receive twenty words per minute. However, since we have had comparatively little practice in sending this year, we are not expected to reach this level in sending.

In the middle of the year, we began studying fundamentals of electricity along with the code. This subject taught us the construction

and functions of the telegraph, batteries, and many other electrical devices. Such knowledge is valuable in itself, and particularly in connection with Radio Code.

—Helen Moore '44

THE HOT LUNCH PROGRAM

The Parents' Community Club, consisting of parents from Hartland and the surrounding towns, was established January 18, 1944. The primary purpose of the club was to introduce and retain a hot lunch program for the school. The following officers were elected:

President: Mr. Merrill Moore

Vice President: Mr. Ray Spaulding

Secretary: Mrs. Pauline Jamieson

Treasurer: Mrs. Lillian Stone

A sum of \$82 was contributed by the employees of H. C. Baxter and the Hartland Tanning Company. On March 2, a box social was held at the Academy to raise funds for this cause. The social was a success and \$50 was added to the treasury.

Arrangements were made to hire the following persons to carry on the actual work: Mrs. Fidela Gowen as cook; Mrs. Bertha Moore, Mrs. Eunice Randlett, and Mrs. Thelma Brooks as assistants.

On Monday, March 20, the first hot lunch was served to the pupils of the Hartland schools. The program at present accomodates 225 students.

Through State Aid, which now amounts to approximately 38 per cent, students may obtain hot lunches at a cost to themselves of 75 cents per week. If possible, the amount will be lowered later.

This new community project is greatly appreciated by the student body; their only regret is that it wasn't done long before.

—Achsah Farrell, '46

WE WISH

FACULTY DIRECTORY

Principal	Mr. Frank G. Stone
English Instructor	Miss Stella D. Clifford
Science Instructor	Mr. Mason D. Shaw
Foreign Language Instructor	Miss Ella B. Philpot
History Instructor	Mr. Charles R. Heddericg
Home Economics Instructor	Miss Aileen M. Boutilier
Agriculture Instructor	Mr. C. Preston Whitaker
Music Director	Miss Evelyn M. Glazer

The editors asked each member of the faculty to submit for publication a list of three wishes. These wishes were to be confined to some phase of their life at H. A. Here are the results.

Mr. Frank G. Stone, A. B., M. A., Bates College

I Wish: "Much happiness and a fair share of success to all H. A. students both now and in the future."

"Again to H. A. students—since a person's chances of successful living depend upon the habits he acquires early in life—a wish that all of you in your school days may be wise enough to acquire habits of diligence in work, courtesy in conduct, uprightness of character, and the cultivation of wholesome pleasure and recreation."

"A final wish for all of us at H. A. remembering that we are now living in a period of history when the future lies in the balance—that we may do our best to be loyal, patriotic American citizens."

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

I Wish: "That all the students of Hartland Academy had the enthusiasm for school and the general zest for living that the sub-freshmen possess."

"That I had an automatic door-closer, preferably some electrical

device which I could operate from my desk at the front of the room."

"That the lives of none of H. A.'s students may be impaired in happiness or service by any deficiency in the training which was received here."

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

I Wish: "For a larger, well equipped laboratory bordering on the classroom."

"For an elimination of the conflict with the bus schedules in working with individuals and groups on extracurricular activities."

"Not so much to have surroundings different, but to be able to meet and adjust them successfully."

Miss Ella B. Philpot, A. B., Bates College.

I Wish: "For a room large enough so that when the Sub-Freshman are present, the doors can be closed without bulging. But if that cannot be

I WISH: For instruction from a sardine packer so that I can pack them in without bulging of doors and walls."

"That all teachers had the experience of being with such friendly and interesting students as those I have found at H. A."

Mr. Charles Heddericg, B. S., Colby College.

I wish: "That the students would live up to the school song."

"That the students would learn to be more cooperative."

"That the students would refrain from chewing gum."

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

I WISH: "That the home-ec department had a furnace that didn't smoke."

"That I could be two poeple second period, so I could teach a class in the gym and one in the annex, without neglecting either one."

"That all the boys and girls in the academy knew how much I enjoyed being with them for two years."

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

I WISH: "That I didn't have to make three wishes."

"That I wasn't always being asked to write things to publish in the Ripple."

"That I was not general handyman and repairman for the whole school."

Miss Evelyn M. Glazer, B. M., Boston University

I WISH: "There could be unearthed in the boys' or girls' glee clubs, a couple of Lawrence Tibbetts or Lily Ponses; I'd even settle for a Frank Sinatra."

"That Hartland Academy would copy the custom of the Mexicans and have a siesta after lunch every day."

"That the conference room had a piano to save wear and tear on the academy's piano-movers every Friday morning."

LITERATURE

THE WINTER SNOWS

The world seems so different after the first snowfall. Snow covers the chilled grass with a new beauty. In the early morning when that first storm is over, you feel as if you were in dreamland or in some far-off wonder-place.

In January the snow weights the naked elms and the green firs; it makes funny white caps on rooftops and fence posts. The trees look as if they were coated with a white southern moss. When the sun rises slowly over their high tops, they begin to glisten like some evening garment covered with silver. The distant hills and valleys look like a land of riches as they gleam with their diamond beauty.

When one thinks of the steaming jungles, the muddy beaches, and the fighting Japs, the snow is like a cold cloth for an aching head. To our boys in Italy and Africa where they toil in the blistering heat and live in muddy foxholes, this is a land of wealth. Over there one does not see his small rooftops heavy with long shining icicles that make one think of the candles at an altar. They miss the windows covered with a heavy frost that pictures designs as intricate as the tracery of antique glass.

You cannot help but drink in all of this beauty that you behold. As I look at those far off hills, my eyes cling there as if in turning away it would all be lost to eternity. Here worries and cares are forgotten temporarily in the ecstasy of a glistening world.

It's pleasant, too, to go to bed at night and listen to the driving snow and howling wind. Here we know that there are still such things as freedom, security and lasting peace.

—Joyce Thompson '44

GIL, OUR SOLDIER

In France there is a grave—one which is marked by a faded cross and serves as a reminder that Sgt. Gil Randall died for us in World War One.

In Africa, a lone pilot circled about. As far as he could see, there were only desert sands

stretched before him like a vast ocean. The sky was very dark with no moon at all, and the stars seemed to be hidden.

Gil dared not attempt to land because he did not know whether he was over friendly or enemy territory. Earlier in the evening, Gil had become separated from the rest of his squadron when they had been attacked by German fighter planes. The ship had been badly damaged, but a skillful pilot kept it in the air.

Communication by radio was impossible since the enemy would pick up the message and learn his position. Gil's only hope was to locate the American line and glide his plane to safety. With the plane in such a condition and the gas supply so low, Gil realized that only a miracle could save him.

Uncertain as to the location of the enemy line, Gil circled about trying to decide which way to turn. The compass had been smashed by a German bullet which pierced the front of the plane, barely missing its pilot.

Suddenly, there came a blinding flash followed by a terrific explosion which seemed to rock the earth below. Cannons roared! Everything below sprang into action. There was so much confusion beneath that no one noticed the plane as it soared nearer the enemy line, now clearly evident.

Dimly outlined against the earth there was a clear cut line of tanks, guns, and other machines of warfare. Directly in the middle of that line was a dark mass which extended for some distance. In fact, it must reach nearly to the American line. This portion of the battlefield seemed to be rather quiet. Then Gil remembered that this was a line of shrubbery. Neither foe had dared use this pathway for fear of a surprise attack. Why! there were lights moving along this pass! What was up?

At once it came to Gil—the Germans were trying to break through the American line! If the Americans advanced, they would split and go on either side of the shrub line, thus giving the Germans a chance to plant machine gun nests in the center of the American line, and by careful planning even attack from the rear.

So that was the scheme! Life meant absolutely nothing to Gil. He was willing to die in order that others might live. If he could just get to the end of that line before his supply of gas was gone or the motor failed. Ah! there were no more moving lights. Gil turned the plane and headed straight for the invaders, giving them a shower of bullets as a warning.

It did not take long to get a reply. The hand machine guns barked; they had spotted him as he turned to face them. Some of the bullets missed, but others found their mark! Gil had carried out his plan—he had uncovered the trap of the enemy which would have likely meant defeat to his fellows.

Now there is another cross in the battlefield—a new cross in a new battlefield. It reads:

“Lt. Gil Randall, Jr.
who, as an American soldier
went beyond the call of duty
is greatly honored as a hero
by his countrymen and will
not be forgotten.”

—Achsah Farrell '46

“Over There”
“Monday Morning”

“Dearly Beloved”,

“No letter today”; “have you forgotten so soon?” “Remember me”, “Mary”? “My heart tells me” “I love you truly”. “Til we meet again” “look for the silver lining”, “because” “when the cruel war is over” “your wandering boy’s returning home”. “Keep the home fires burning” “always”.

“Somebody’s gotta slap the dirty little Jap” “beyond the blue horizon”. “There’ll be some changes made” “right in their own back yard”. “It won’t be long now!”

“Good-bye now”, “I’ll see you in my dreams.”

“Yours”,
“Jim”

P. S. “I love you.”

—Joyce Plumer '44

All in a Day’s Work
OR
By One Who Knows

Have you ever been a telephone operator? Have you ever been in a telephone exchange office? If not, you certainly don’t know what

you’ve been missing. Why don’t you start right now to your nearest exchange?

At the sight of the switchboard, do not be alarmed. It has not been known to bite, although it does give some pretty hot arguments occasionally. The first thing you will notice is the operator constantly repeating, “Number please?” “Have they answered?” “I’m sorry; I’ll ring again.” She probably impresses you as being very polite, but you should hear what the subscriber says to her!

For her politeness she may receive such responses as this: “506 and don’t take all day about it!” Then perhaps after four or five minutes of insistent ringing and no answer, the subscriber will say, “If you aren’t too tired, will you ring again?”

The operator has to take the blame for everything that goes wrong at a telephone exchange. If a person receives the wrong number, it is automatically the operator’s fault. It couldn’t possibly be that the caller gave her the wrong number.

Besides the haughty remarks, which, of course every operator must contend with, she must be a traveling encyclopedia for the surrounding country. Here are a few items which any operator should be familiar with. First of all, she should know the numbers of all the telephones in the state. Then she should know the prices of all the latest hair-dos, who was operated on at the hospital, who has just had a baby, whose father just died, who eloped last Saturday night, and all the rest of the local gossip and scandal.

When the fire alarm rings, everyone within a radius of fifty miles has to know where the fire is. It makes no difference whether they can get to the fire or help in any way, they must call “central” just to be sure. Then, of course, the same alarm is usually sounded at seven A. M. as a no-school warning. The operator then goes frantic telling every child from five to twenty-one that there is no school. Naturally, they are so pleased that they say, “Huh?”, just to hear her repeat the good news. This is all highly entertaining to the busy operator.

Of all the subscribers, the worst ones are those that never know the number. Really there is no excuse for this because every one has a directory or can easily obtain one. It’s just too much for some people to use the directory. Here is what often happens. The operator will say, “Number please?” The sub-

scriber will answer, "I want Mr. Smith's residence, the one that lives in the brown house on that street over there." Of course, that is extremely definite information. The operator feels that perhaps she is a trifle dense this morning so she asks for additional information. The reply is apt to be: "Well, for heaven's sake, don't you know anything? I should think they would get some operators that knew something!" The operator bites her tongue (or sticks it out), but politely says, "I'm sorry; I'll try to find the number for you." In the distance you can hear the subscriber sputtering away about such terrible service.

It is most interesting to be a night operator. You hear the day's gossip hashed over and over again; you can listen in on the long distance calls; you may even find time to call up a friend of your own. But eventually, you decide it's safe to attempt a nap. Whango! the night alarm goes off and some person with no consideration for the operator wants to know the correct time. The easiest answer would certainly be a grouchy "Time for you to be in bed! But very politely, instead, you say, "Exactly 2:07 A. M."

Many conscientious operators are beaten before they begin, but many, even after twenty years of such cruelty, can still say politely, and even enthusiastically, "Number please?"

—Keith Cunningham '44

THE RIGHT TO LAUGH

Laughter in the United States is something that has been fought for through generations. The gurgling laugh of the blue-eyed baby as he sits contentedly in his crib in the early May sunshine; the laughter of school children as they fill the streets in the late afternoons; the cracked laugh of an old, white-haired couple as they look through the old snapshot album,—all are treasures. Laughter is what America is built of. Every day, yes, a hundred times a day, a laugh fills our face and heart. Today the greatest fight of all is being fought for the right to laugh.

The Americans are a sentimental people and they are proud of it. We laugh and cry about things in spite of the scorn of other countries. But it makes us stronger, for should we ever lose the right to our sentimentalities, we would fight with all the soul

for our wonderful country, until that right was regained.

Today from our war-torn world there are homes from which all laughter is gone. People have had the laughter torn from their hearts to be replaced by bitterness and tears. All over the world homes are sad, robbed of joy by the selfishness of dictators or the necessity of sending their loved ones to quell the ambitions of dictators. America is filled with homes like these.

Yesterday at the post office as I glanced over Mrs. Murphy's shoulder and saw the words, "The government regrets to inform you that your son..." I knew that another heart had had its laughter cruelly wrenched from it to be crushed and trampled to extinction. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy had only Johnny, and he was so young, hardly eighteen. But do we realize what a priceless thing was taken from this couple besides their son? The power to enjoy everyday existence, the capability of a smile spreading over their faces at trivial homely things—these are gone with their precious possession, Johnny.

It isn't the people of this generation who are losing their laughter, for the boys will try to smile as they go into battle. It is rather the last generation, who are mothers and fathers now, that are bearing the loss.

Someday the laughter will return to us. Life will be simple and enjoyable again. Parents will see their boys grow to manhood instead of being cut off at the quick of life. This day can come only when the papers and radios scream, "Unconditional Surrender!" The nation will go wild, bells and chimes will fill the still air, people will dance in Times Square and Fifth Avenue. The small towns will be filled again with happiness. The people who have given their sons will think it was almost worth the sacrifice. Then, and only then, will the right to laugh be wholly regained by the American people.

—Marilyn Mills '46

HOMECOMING

The soldier sauntered, if it is possible to saunter with a wooden leg, along a street in Brooklyn. He kept looking about him intently and breathing—deep! He had a look of serene peacefulness on his face!

As he walked on slowly, a trifle awkward-

dy yet, he thought, Gee, it's wonderful to be home. Home! Maybe he hadn't learned the meaning of that word during the past two years of fighting. How quiet it seemed. Why, even the noise of the elevated and the remembered roar of the subway seemed quiet besides the guns' roar that he was accustomed to now.

It's nice to be able to walk securely and not have to keep looking behind, always expecting one of those slant eyed Japs to pop you off. What's the use of reliving that hell? Nights were still full of nightmares. He wondered how long it would be before he could fully realize that he was home, and safe!

Funny, people are so understanding about the leg. They don't pry about with questions of how it happened, and did it hurt, and all that stuff. But then, that's the American people, the people that he gave the leg for. Anyway, it's a help to avoid all those questions because it's hard adjusting to being home.

Ann is swell about it too. In fact, she and Mom are most swell of all. S'pose the people who love you would naturally be.

Here's the corner. Remember the fun with the boys playing marbles here? Golly! How we did hate to go on to school after the noon hour here. It was a perfect corner to play marbles on. The hole for the pot was gone, but memory puts it back completely, right where it belonged.

Well, almost home now. Mom and Ann will be waiting and anxious. Mom said not to hurry, but she'll want him there for dinner. Mom's dinners—another thing worth fighting for, and boy, were they good?

—Beverley Wood '44

MY FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE

Never, if I live to be a thousand, shall I forget my first airplane ride. It held excitement and more sensations than anything I had ever experienced.

Did you ever ache to do something that you were scared to death to do? And did your skin ever get all goose pimples and your teeth clatter on the hottest day of the year? If you've been through that, you'll know exactly how I felt.

I made my first "ascent" in Bangor. The plane was a large one, capable of carrying seventeen or eighteen passengers.

Anyway, I seemed to be all right until I saw two or three people come down. They said

they wouldn't advise anyone to go up just then, so I didn't feel so gay. At that moment of indecision, the "man who opened the door"—I don't know what you'd call him—pointed his finger at me and shouted, "Next!" I hoped that the ground would open up and swallow me on the spot. The ground did tremble a little, or was it my knees? Encouraged by the shaking. I stood a moment waiting to be swallowed up.

No such luck, however, and in another moment I was actually inside the thing, holding hands very tightly with myself. I silently thought I would like to swap places with the lowest creature on earth. I gave one long last look at the surrounding landmarks and thought of all the good times I had had there.

Then we were starting skyward. I distinctly remembered eating breakfast that morning, so I can't account for the hollow feeling in the bottom of my stomach.

To my intense relief, it was great fun after the first few moments of anguish. Nevertheless, throughout the trip I didn't trust myself to let go of my own hands! When we came down, it was too soon for me. An airplane ride is like an olive; you have to learn to like it.

—Ivan Crocker, '44

WAR

Johnny crept as quickly as he could, without taking the chance of being seen, behind a vacant shack. He hoped his enemies hadn't seen him, for it would surely mean destruction of him. It was he against a battery of perhaps fifteen. What chance had he?

He sat down on the damp ground and breathed a sigh of relief. They hadn't seen him! He sat there motionless for five minutes, his gun ready to shoot if he heard the slightest movement. "I gotta go on," he thought. He had run only a few yards farther when the bullets whizzed around him. One struck his leg, and he sank to the ground.

He threw his gun a few feet from him as several soldiers gathered about. They ordered him to march toward a small hut in the distance. He limped ahead of them. They shoved him through the door.

The masked chief made his voice very gruff when he spoke. "Search him for hidden weapons," and then to Johnny, "Have you anything to say before you are courtmartialed?"

"Nothing," he answered meekly; but when

they started to search him, his fists began to fly.

"Tain't fair!" one cried out.

"No sir!," shouted another, "He's supposed to let us shoot him down."

The leader, a red-headed youth pounded his fist on the desk. "Order!" he shouted; "Rat, we're going to do something worse than shoot you. We're going to starve you and then hang you. So there!"

Johnny looked at the old clock on the shelf. "Jeepers, five o'clock! Maw'll kill me if I ain't home for supper on time. I'll see you guys after school tomorrow and we'll play war again."

—Ruth Pearson, '46

A TEST BLACKOUT

"Oh! I must hurry with these dishes," thought poor Mr. Peabody, whose wife is in the WACs, "Or I will be late for the Blackout."

Today was Friday the thirteenth, and Mr. Peabody, who was very superstitious had dreaded the day. Not only had he cut his finger but he had also burned the meat to a crisp. While he was drying the last dish, the Blackout signals blew. He was an air raid warden, and he always responded immediately to the call. He began shaking and trotting around like a hen scurrying after her chicks.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Where did I leave my wraps?" he whimpered.

Everything went well until he had gone three blocks up the street. There he saw a house aflow with lights. He started up the walk boldly when he heard a sudden barking and roaring. Instantly he wheeled and ran like mad. When he reached the security of a distant street corner, he stopped, and thought, "I must put those lights off; it is my duty." Back he went, and sneaked along and out behind the house, when something struck him sharply over the eye. It was a clothesline post.

Giving the task up as an impossible job, he went back to the street and shouted, "Put out those lights!" He stood there and saw them extinguished. With this mission accomplished, he commenced running away because a horrid monster in the shape of a tiny bulldog was chasing him.

He continued his work with a few mishaps, and then saw more lights. He rushed up to the house and shouted for the inmates to put out the lights. With no results he crept up

the walk watching carefully for a dog. He rapped on the door, but got no answer. At last he wrote down the number in disgust, and walked away, swearing at inefficient people.

After the Blackout was over, he went to headquarters to make his report. He claimed loudly that the persons living at 237 Elm Street should be lectured severely as to the rules of a Blackout. "Anyone who takes no interest in a Blackout or forgets and goes away leaving the lights on, should be penalized."

When he had finished, the chief turned to him, and said, "Abner, don't you live at 237 Elm Street?"

—Jack Neal, '46

CALLING ALL STUDENTS

Calling all students! Calling all students!

Wanted! Rosco Roughneck, for violently disturbing the peace in the auditorium and elsewhere. Last seen walloping Cuthbert Meek as he plowed down the aisle. License number not available, but culprit arrested previously on charges of speeding down corridors, sideswiping one and all by the water fountain, destroying public property, and suspected of upsetting the American flag!

Wanted: Miss Demeanor, for defacing school property, chewing gum in assembly, coming hair in public. Last seen wearing a soiled skirt and shrunken sweater.

Wanted: Blewey Bluff of Chatter Corner for trying to take over Miss Blank's study hall. Guilty of: mumbling stupidly, rattling papers, whispering devotedly, dropping anything at hand, sharpening pencils needlessly, adjusting windows and curtains at three minute intervals, and whistling through teeth. Last seen throwing chalk at Mr. Bookworm.

Wanted: Flossie Flirt, for making passes at innocent Freshmen boys, using excessive make-up, speaking in a loud voice to attract the attention of all, interested or uninterested, writing mushy notes in class. Last seen wearing a collection of boys' club pins, class rings, and army insignia.

Wanted: Willie De Wolfe, for stealing other guys' girls, whistling openly on all occasions at girls, giving the dated damsel a line breaking up high school romances. Last seen wearing a light blue tweed jacket and flourishing a gilded cigarette lighter. Under suspicion of monopolizing sophomore girls.

Wanted: (dead or alive, preferably the

former) Kidd Quizzer, not known to be violent, but sly and crafty. Accused of luring teacher off the subject, asking nonsense questions, copying another's assignment, ad-libbing "bright" remarks for the benefit of all, expressing at great length his uninteresting opinions on trivial subjects. Last seen misleading a sub-freshman.

Do YOU fall into any of these categories? If so, get on the ball, fellow students, and strike for a more competent and happy student body.

—Elwood Gray '45

DEATH IN THE PACIFIC

This is a true story of one of Hartland Academy's graduates, Clifford Merrill, of St. Albans.

After his training in this country, he was shipped overseas with his company on December 23, 1943.

Almost at once, Clifford volunteered for reconnaissance duty. Roi Island was the objective. Clifford was put ashore in the night. At once he went forward and hid. At dawn he started scouting the land for roads on which to drive the tanks. It was here that the real excitement began. Ahead, back, and all around were Japanese, ready to shoot at anything moving. Clifford kept on. Finally he spotted three Japs in a shellhole. He threw a grenade; and as the smoke cleared away, he saw that two were dead and that the other had jumped from the hole and was running toward another. Clifford pulled up his rifle and shot. The Jap fell, turned over, and lay still. Clifford ran to him and seized his sword, the elaborate sword of a Japanese major.

When Clifford got back to camp, there was a pressman to whom he told his story. He was immediately offered one thousand dollars for the sword by one of his officers. However, Clifford did not sell it; instead it was forwarded to the Associated Press in Portland, Maine.

Of course the publication of the story caused great excitement in St. Albans. When at last a letter from Clifford reached home, he had written only, "You probably have heard the news. I killed three Japs and got a sword. I am sending it home."

On March 21, 1944, it arrived. The sword is of stainless steel, and sharp as a razor. Its handle is for two hands and is finely woven in the design of string. The scabbard is of

heavy leather decorated with gold. The sword may be seen in a short time at the First National Bank, Pittsfield, Maine.

—Allan Thorne, '47

FOR MY NIECES AND NEPHEWS: MRS. MINK'S HOLLOW LOG NURSERY

If you were just a little mink, it's probable that you would think a hollow log a home as grand as any in the land.

This was exactly the kind of home that Billy Mink had found. It was a very fine shelter and very cunningly hidden. It was so concealed that you and I might have passed it a hundred times without knowing there was anything there. It was no trouble at all for Billy and Mrs. Mink to keep it a secret. Some of the curious neighbors may have suspected that the Minks had a home, but none of them had the least idea where it was. They didn't know whether it was up Laughing Brook or down the stream, and they couldn't get a hint from watching Billy or Mrs. Mink.

It really was up the Laughing Brook, way up almost to the pond of Tommy the Beaver. Just below where the Laughing Brook made a splashing little waterfall was a small pool where trout lived. Just a few steps back from this pool was the bushy top of a fallen tree where a lot of rubbish, such as leaves and sticks brought down by Laughing Brook in the spring, had collected. It was open at one end, and it was warm and dry. There was plenty of room inside for a cozy comfortable residence.

Billy Mink had not thought of it as a home when he showed it to Mrs. Mink; but Mrs. Mink's sharp eyes shone when she saw it. She had been up and down the river for a long distance, but she knew this was to be their home. So she set about making it livable. She made a good bed in the farther end. She spent most of her time there when she wasn't out hunting or fishing, or maybe enjoying an outing with Billy.

Then one morning when Billy poked his head in to see why she didn't come out fishing with him, he found a surprise. Mrs. Mink was not alone; there were five tiny babies, their eyes not even open. The old hollow log had become a nursery. Mrs. Mink allowed him to see the babies, and then she sent him about his business. However, he didn't go far. He was so proud he couldn't bear to leave the hollow log.

Now babies grow fast, especially babies of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, and it wasn't very long before that hollow log became one of the liveliest nurseries in the whole world. At first the babies didn't venture out from under the rubbish and brush that covered the hollow log; but they were contented in chasing each other in and out of the nursery, while their mother kept her eye on them. Billy himself wasn't far off unless he was out fishing.

Just as soon as their mother thought they were big enough she led them to the bank of the pool, a few steps from the pile of brush. Such a wonderful place it was! No wonder their eyes grew big and round. For the first time they saw the laughing brook, the jolly

little sunbeams, blue sky, trees, plants, and flowers. They felt the breezes and heard them whisper in the leaves. They listened to the bird songs and tried to find out where they came from.

Suddenly they began to play, for such lively little fellows couldn't keep still long. What fun those five little imps had! They played tag, hide and seek; they wrestled and rolled and tumbled over each other and over their mother. It was a wonderful day to discover the world. Finally, they were so tired that they went back to the nursery and tumbled right straight into bed.

And this means you, too. Now, scat!

—Marguerite Hart, '47

POETS' CORNER

BUY THOSE BONDS

So that is all that you can spare?
Just think of over there;
They don't quit when the going's rough,
For them it's always tough.

So you work eight hours ev'ry day?
At that war plant you slave away,
And you help at the U. S. O.
You just bought a bond; is that so?

So you think you have done your part?
You feel it in your heart.
I surely hate to disagree,
But that sounds wrong to me!

That boy who used to live next door—
Who lost his life at Corregidor,
He died to keep the U. S. free;
Now what have we done, you and me?

The U. S. A. is out to win,
So let's all pitch right in!
Think over what I had to say
And buy that bond today!

—Achsah Farrell, '46

THE SUNSET

The sunset is a pretty sight.
The sun fades down behind the hills;
It flecks the clouds with golden light,
And it's all done by God's own will.

I like to watch it slowly sink
Like some exhausted human being,
Just going home to rest at last
From his long day of endless toiling.

No man could build such beauteous scenes
With science, art or aught on earth;
He couldn't create that golden gleam,
But God alone proves nature's worth.

—Joyce Thompson '44

HOUSEWORK

Who said 'twas fun to do housework?
They're crazy as a coot.
The pies are tough, the cake like lead,
The steak is like a boot.

The dishes pile up in the sink,
The washing isn't done;

There's ironing from way last week—
Who said housework was fun?

But Ma is coming home tonight,
I'll soon be through this mess.
I'll iron, wash, and cook, and clean;
It's not so bad, I guess.

Ma'll say, "You've done so well, my girl,
I think you need a rest."
And Pa will wink at me and say,
"I think she's earned a dress!"
—Betty Bunker, '46

FRIENDSHIP

When you're in need and do despair,
A friend is certain to be there
To urge you on and share with you
The things that make you feel so blue.

When tables turn, and he grows grim,
Then you can do the same for him;
Thus friendship grows from day to day,
As one helps ease the other's way.

—Ruth Pearson, '46

SCHOOL

From early morn 'til way past noon,
We pass our time at school.
Some children like that way of life,
To live by rod and rule.

Now sissy girls may choose, I know,
To pass their days at school;
But boys who are the liveliest,
Have different things to do.

They'd sit upon the river bank,
To swim or maybe fish,
Or skate and slide in winter time,
Such things they always wish.

Oh! Girls can go to school and read,
But I'll stay home and play.
But boys and girls are not alike,
"Thank goodness!" I shall say!

—Jack Neal, '46

OUR PART

Far away on a battlefield
Over across the sea,

There's a soldier boy who's fighting
Just for you and for me.

Somebody's son or sweetheart
is far away from home;
He's fighting hard for victory
in air, on land, or foam.

If he will make this sacrifice,
we'll help while he is gone;
We'll scrimp and save and work and wait
And buy and buy War Bonds!

Betty Bunker, '46

POETRY

Did you ever have to write a poem?
And only had a minute?
Did you ever have to scratch your head?
And think how to begin it?

Well, that's the task I've got to do,
And try it as I will,
The words won't rhyme or come out right,
It just won't fill the bill.

So I'll resign unto my fate,
Which may be flat D minus;
But there's still one hope to which I'll cling—
In this job they can't fire us!

—Shirley Stedman, '46

HANDS OFF!

His hair is brown; his eyes are too;
His love for me is true.
He gets a thrill when I am near,
When I'm away, he's blue.

I love him too, in rain and sun,
In showers, storm, and fog;
But, girls, don't try to cut me out,
He's just my airedale dog!

Betty Bunker, '46

SONG IN THE NIGHT

It was a moonlit summer night,
When everything was still.
I stood outside to watch the stars,
And shadows on the hill.
I heard a sound deep in the wood,
A sound no one has heard;
It wasn't either man nor beast,

I knew it was a bird.
That bird was small, but full of notes;
It loves to sing, it seems.
It sang a song so smooth and clear,
That took me into dreams.
And in my dreams I heard a whisper;
I know not what it said.
And soon again I heard another,
It went right through my head.
It woke me up, and what I heard,
Was still that same smooth note.
It faded off, so far away,
And I sat down and wrote.
I hear a bird so far away,
It's singing soft and low,
'Twill sing until the break of day,
When he to sleep may go.

—Kenneth Lary '46

SCHOOL

It seems to me,
And it must to you,
Going to school
Is tedious to do.

First a lesson,
Then a big test;
Do you not think
Those teachers are pests?

You cannot talk,
You can't even sing;
Can't say a word,
It's a darned funny thing.

There we must sit,
Studying hard all day;
We'll all be glad
The twenty-sixth of May.

Oh, the teachers
May get tired, too;
They really have
Lots of work to do.

And so I suppose
When the end is near;
The days of school
Will seem very dear.

But as for me,
It still is true
School is most tedious;
Don't you think so too?

—Rae Jean Randlett '46

MY POETRY

To write a poem
I was told to do,
So stubborn me
Must see it through.

First I gazed,
And then I thought;
Its hopeless, yes,
I guess I'm caught.

I said to myself,
"What of my rank?"
But what to do?
My mind was blank!

I tried and tried,
But all for naught;
I find my poem
Is not so hot!

But still I tried
With might and main;
I did my best,
That's surely plain

So if this poem
Lacks rhyme and beat,
It's not my fault,
I still repeat.

—Marilyn Mills '46

EX LIBRIS

"THE ROBE"

by
Lloyd Douglas

"The Robe" was written by Lloyd C. Douglas. Mr. Douglas was the son of a country parson. Since 1929 he has been writing some of the most successful novels of our generation.

Tribune Marcellus Gallio was like any ordinary young Roman. He had a slave, as was the custom in those days, and all the other things which were considered luxuries.

Since Marcellus had made the Prince of Rome angry, he was sent away to Fort Minoa near Jerusalem. Soon after his arrival there, he was commanded to take a legion of soldiers to preserve peace during the Jewish Passover. Marcellus knew nothing about the Passover except that any Jew who could possibly get there went "to eat the Passover". Marcellus began to learn much about these Jews, their customs, faith, and particularly their belief in a Messiah. This information was very puzzling to the youth who had been brought up to believe in all the Roman gods and goddesses. He considered this concept of the Jews a superstition.

During the Passover there was a great disturbance caused by a man who dared to enter the halls and temples of the Roman consulates and defy the officials. His name was Jesus. The rioting centered about this man caused Pilate to condemn him to death by crucifixion. It was Marcellus' duty to see that the official order was obeyed.

At the crucifixion, Marcellus had a very peculiar feeling. The look of peace on the victim's face impressed him and refused to leave his mind. After the death of the stranger, the intoxicated Marcellus tossed dice with his soldiers and won the robe which Jesus had worn.

Even after Marcellus' return to Minoa, he couldn't forget the man he had executed. Now there were stories about Jesus' ability to heal and cure the sick. Certainly it must be superstition; but was it? Always the question ate into his brain.

His term of service at Minoa ended, he returned home, a stranger to himself. His whole life was colored by intense mental anguish, uncertainty and regret. All he could think of was that harmless appearing man. Even his visit at home in Rome did not help him to forget. At last to cure his mind, he decided to go to Athens. The cure came as he began to believe in the Galilean, not in forgetting him.

Gradually his interest led him to travel the country miles around to learn ever more concerning Jesus. He met Miriam, the crippled girl with the lovely voice; he heard stories of how the lame and crippled were healed; he listened fascinated to the story of Jesus' feeding the people with loaves and fishes. At first the tales seemed incredible. Continually, he was asking himself the question, "Do I believe? Is it possible?"

Finally the answer came. Yes, he did believe. He believed so very much that he gave his life for his faith, the faith in Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

In my opinion, this is a marvelous book which brings to our minds a vivid portrayal of the world into which Jesus was born, and his affect on that world, and ultimately, on us.

—Keith Cunningham, '44

"HEADHUNTING IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS"

Caroline Mytinger

A rather strange expedition set out from San Francisco to paint portraits of the primitive negroids of the Southwest Pacific—in other words, to "hunt heads". The artist-author hoped to record permanently the various features and distinctions among the Pacific islanders. The expedition consisted of the author, Caroline Mytinger, and Margaret Warner, the handyman, who played the ukelele and sang to the models and amused them as best she could. The young women were not encouraged by parents and friends, but in spite of the opposition, they started. They lacked money for such an exploit, but hoped

to pay their expenses by painting portraits of the European residents of the islands.

Arriving at Sydney, they took the "Mataram" to Tulagi. Their first model turned out to be the Scottish captain of the boat. He proved an interesting character study for painting and literature.

In the course of their adventures, they encountered many distinct hardships. Their paints were destroyed, so they were forced to concoct their own inferior substitutes. Because of the dampness and intense heat, their shoes quickly wore out, as well as the rest of their clothing. In addition to the constant wearying heat and troublesome insects, there were island sores, measles, and "shanghai feet" to add to their physical miseries. The dreaded malaria was an unceasing fear. The many local "cure-alls" were often as distasteful as the disease itself.

Often they had difficulty in securing the necessary native models because they were distrusted or because of tribal taboos. Occasionally the local white planters were able to help them. Among their experiences were long tramps through the jungles to distant native villages. They witnessed an exciting and almost distressing riot among the natives. They were permitted to accompany the men on a turtle hunt, a custom habitually denied native women. Naturally, they observed and narrated for us many strange, native ceremonies and customs. The two women experienced also shipwreck, fire, and earthquake. The last occurred at Rabaul and destroyed their hotel.

The natives were fascinating as slave labor loading copra, as help on the plantations, as houseboys, as indifferent villagers, as frantic fantastic dancers and warriors, and always as willing and unwilling models.

This book should be of interest to everyone because it presents a pre-war picture of the climate and life on the Solomon Islands, where many of our boys are fighting today.

—Gladys Deering, '44

"CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY"

by

Rosemary Taylor

It is hard to imagine how hilarious life can be until you have read Miss Taylor's account of the many amusing episodes with the boarders at her home. I am sure that a book with sufficient humor could be written of the

family alone. However, when there is a steady stream of strange characters to be taken into consideration too, one can begin to realize the constant turmoil in the family life.

Mother had started in taking boarders a few weeks after she was married for she liked the extra money; father didn't object much because he enjoyed spending the money. Perhaps an outline of a typical day in the household would help in convincing you that there were few boring moments.

In spite of Mother's apparent good nature, she was intent upon having things done her way. Consequently, she was always hiring or firing a cook. Father, a bit inclined to make rash decisions, was usually starting a new business or finishing a not too old one. As for the boarders, there were all kinds and types. Once, a religious elderly couple preached sermons incessantly throughout the day. One woman boarder spent all her time cold creaming herself. A boy who wrote poetry and had been bossed by his mother all his life finally learned to stand on his own feet during his stay at the Taylor's. Much to their excitement, they even discovered that they had had a German spy under their roof at one time.

A fun-loving family, they represent the people who believe in sharing their joys with others and offering help whenever it is needed. Although many difficulties arose, the people who came to board with them always remembered their "stay" at the Taylor's. They had chicken every Sunday and enough laughter to carry them through the rest of the week.

—Delma Smith, '45

"I SAW THE FALL OF THE PHILIPPINES"

by

Col. Carlos P. Romulo

This book was written by Colonel Carlos P. Romulo as he witnessed the fall of each section of the islands. He was called "The Voice of Freedom" in the Philippines. He broadcasted in Manila until the very end. He was separated from his family when he was forced to leave Manila for Corregidor.

The story of his life is typical of all Filipinos. He saw the rise of democracy under President Quezon and General McArthur. He once hated Americans, but the hatreds entirely left him long ago. He was educated in Amer-

ica and adopted its customs, taking them back to his homeland.

He writes the same story of the final surrender of Manila, Corregidor, and Bataan that we have all heard several times; but this is as clearly described as any motion picture could possibly show before our eyes. The agony, hunger, cruel treatment, and the tormenting hells of the peninsula are very vividly pictured in this book.

This book keeps the readers constantly wondering what information was censored from it. There are some sections which are almost meaningless because of the censorship. The parts we do read surely strike home. One can't help feeling that we on the home front are to blame for the destruction of these people and their homes,

All valiant Americans should read this book; history classes should be taught about it. "The Voice of Freedom" there kept the people from quick surrender. Why can't it keep us over here from shirking?

—Charlene Stedman, '44

"BURMA SURGEON"

by

Gordon Seagrave, M. D.

Long before this war of ours was started by the bombing of Pearl Harbor, a surgeon was giving everything he had in the great battle of medicine. Dr. Gordon Seagrave was doing a remarkable job with scarcely nothing to work with. When he and his wife arrived in the North Sham States, they knew scarcely a word of the native language. His surgical instruments and supplies were poor. With no knowledge of the tribal customs, he was compelled to train native nurses to aid him.

However, he was extremely lucky in being able to overcome many of the obstacles and in having luck on his side more than a few times. With his tremendous energy and willpower, he succeeded in setting up a comparatively modern hospital in the wilderness and rapidly decreasing the large number of deaths. Many died from diseases frequently found in hot climates such as in this settlement.

Time passes. The Burma Road is built. An airplane factory is erected near them. Dr. Seagrave learns that he and his medical unit are needed greatly in the army. He is commissioned a major in the medical corps and is appointed to the Chinese Sixth Army.

Through days of terror he and his small unit perform operations among the flaming ruins of Japanese bombs. Each and everyone labors at his utmost skill to save the wounded until they are forced to evacuate. Written on the pages of this book is the doctor's daily account of the hard retreat to India. As he ends his great and fascinating story, he looks forward to giving more of his services in this fight for freedom.

—Elwood Gray, '45

"A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN"

Among the crowded tenements of Brooklyn there grows a tree. No matter where its seed falls, from it there grows another tree which struggles to reach the sky. It survives without sun, water, and seemingly without earth. It cannot be called beautiful, for it is too common; but some call it "The Tree of Heaven". It was this tree which became the inspiration for Francie, the young heroine.

When Francie was a little girl, too thin from hunger, she sat on a broken down step and lost all sight of her dark and poor surroundings. She forgot the cries of hungry children as she watched the tree flourish in the slums. Although her people suffered poverty and misfortune, they were fun loving people and their life holds excitement and color. From them she inherited laughter, tenderness, and a strong spirit. However Francie Nolan possessed something else that was more important. This was a deep craving for knowledge, a love for writing, and a hope to possess finer things.

During her teens, she was compelled to give up school and writing to become a laborer. She became acquainted with the heartaches which fell upon her. For a long time all sense of beauty and warmth are lost from life and she learns to accept the hard things and bear them. When the pain is over and vision is cleared, her eyes fall upon the tree which is grown and aged. With her face uplifted, Francie Nolan looks ahead to meet the years with a stronger heart.

My opinion: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" is one of the most interesting novels I have ever read. Because of its very clear description of the setting and its characters, a greater interest and a finer understanding is given the reader throughout each page of this book.

—Delma Smith, '45

FRENCH AND LATIN NOTES

MYTHOLOGY UP TO DATE

Cast of Characters

Nurse	Special nurse for Maia
Jupiter	Mercury's father
Maia	Mercury's mother
Apollo	A god taking care of cows
Policeman	The officer who aided in the search for Mercury
Mercury	young son of Jupiter and Maia

Act I

Scene: the Olympian hospital. Jupiter is pacing the floor as the nurse enters.

Nurse: It's a boy!

Jupiter: Where is it?

Nurse: Well, I'm not sure. He's gone somewhere.

Jupiter: Gone? What do you mean, gone?

Nurse: He's a very amazing child. He has wings on his feet and shoulders. I was just going into the nursery when he flew out.

Jupiter: Jumping Juniper! We must find him. Send out an alarm at once.

Several hours later. A policeman enters.

Policeman: I think we've found whom you're looking for.

Nurse: Good. I'll send Jupiter right away.

Jupiter enters

Jupiter: Have you found him?

Policeman: You'd better come right away, sir.

Jupiter: Lead me to him.

Act II

Scene: Outside on the hospital grounds. Jupiter and the Policeman have found Mercury.

Jupiter: Mercury, where have you been?

Mercury: Who, me? I've been making an instrument. It's going to be called a lyre.

Jupiter: But this isn't supposed to be. You're only a few hours old!

Mercury: Well? What's so terrible about that?

Jupiter: Oh dear! I wonder what I'm in for?

Later in the afternoon in the hospital room.

Maia: I don't know what we're going to do with Mercury. He's such a little devil. Where is he now?

Jupiter: He's probably up to some mischief.

Loud knocking at the door

Maia: Come in!

Apollo: Jupiter, have you seen any cows go by here? I was tending the cows of Admetis. I fell asleep and when I woke up, they were gone. I must find them! Playing Little Boy Blue at my age!

Mercury come skipping in.

Jupiter: Oh, Mercury! Have you seen any cows this afternoon—the ones Apollo tends?

Mercury: Who, me? What kind of cows?

Jupiter: (sternly) Did you see any cows?

Mercury: Well, I did see some cows.

Apollo: Well, where are they?

Mercury: I-ah-I guess they're in the cave on Mt. Olympus.

Apollo: Well, let's go get them.

ACT III

Scene: A cave on Mount Olympus where the men find the cows.

Apollo: Well, here they are. But . . . ten of them are missing. Do you know where they are, Mercury?

Mercury: Well, I-er-I ate them!

Maia: Ate them? Oh, Mercury! What will I do with you? You'll spoil your appetite.

Apollo: What will I do? Ten cows gone!

Mercury: I'll give you my lyre in payment for the cows.

Apollo: Lyre? What's that?

Mercury: (shows him lyre) See, this is it.

Apollo: Well, now, that's real nice of you, Mercury.

Mercury: Oh, heck! That's O. K.

Apollo: In fact, I'm so pleased I'm going to give you this magic wand called the caduceus. You can use it to conduct the souls of the dead to Hades. You can control the living and the dead and change anything you wish into gold.

Mercury: Gosh! Thanks a lot!

Maia: Come away, Mercury. You're going to take a good dose of castor oil!

—Alice Craig, '47
Latin I

AU RESTAURANT

Personnages

Henri

Alice

Le Garçon

(Henri et Alice entrent dans le restaurant.)

Henri: Garçon, avez-vous une table pour deux?

Le Garçon: Oui, Monsieur; suivez-moi, s'il vous plaît.

Alice: Apportez-nous une carte du jour. Est-ce que nous sommes trop tards pour dîner?

Le Garçon: Non, madame. La cuisinière a le dîner tout préparé.

Alice: Nous désirons des pommes de terre, des carottes, des haricots verts, du pain et du beurre. Aussi du gâteau. Où est la viande? Pourquoi n'est-elle pas sur la carte du jour? Nous aimons la viande pour notre repas. Je demande de la viande, s'il vous plaît.

Le Garçon: Mais, madame, nous n'avons pas de viande aujourd'hui. Je vous demande pardon. Y-a-t-il une autre chose?

Alice: Non. Si je ne peux pas de la viande, je ne mangerai pas ici.

Henri: Ne grondez pas. Le garçon n'est pas à faute. Voulez-vous du café, du thé, ou du lait?

Alice: Racontez-lui que j'aurai une tasse de café à la crème et du sucre. Je ne lui parlerai pas.

(Henri répète les directions)

Le Garçon: Oui, monsieur. (Il sortit)

Alice: Henri, regardez la poussière sur la nappe. Je ne mange pas ici.

Henri: Allons à un autre restaurant.

(Alice et Henri sortent le restaurant. Bientôt ils retournent et appellent au garçon.)

Alice: Je vous demande pardon. Je suis fâchée de perdu mon humeur. Il n'y a pas de viande à aucun restaurant. C'est le mardi

sans viande. J'avais oublié le rationnement.

(Le Garçon part)

Alice: Donnez vingt-cinq sous au garçon. Il est un très bon garçon. Nous mangerons tous nos diners ici.

(Le garçon apportent les diners et ils mangent.)

Alice: (en partant) Vous êtes un très bon garçon. Dieu vous bénisse.

Préparé par: Myrtle Lovely, Delma Smith, et Phyllis Gould, '45—French II

LE CHASSE DE STE. CÉCELIA

Mon pays est une boucherie,

Tous nos trésors sont allés;

La ville est désertée,

Tout le monde est perdu.

Un orage est venu d'en haut,

Mais heureusement il manquait

Le Chasse de Ste. Cécilia.

Chaque jour au déclin du jour,

Où quand je cherche un havre de mon journalier
soin,

Vous me trouverez à son côté.

Il semble si tranquille-là

Je m'a genouille dans ma solitude

Et silencieusement prie

Que Ciel vous défende, chère,

Et que nous veniez jour;

L'orage sera passé

Et que nous reconstruions encore

Au Chasse de Ste. Cécilyia.

—Myrtle Lovely, '45

French II

LES MISÉRABLES

par

Victor Hugo

"Les Misérables" est l'expression d'Hugo de son grand amour pour ceux qui sont humbles. La figure centrale est Jean Valjean, le forçat, le manufacturier et le philanthrope — l'homme qui rembourse le mal pour le bien.

À le commencement de l'histoire Jean Valjean était un forçat qui venait d'être libéré d'une prison. Sa vie était rude et cruel, et il détestait le genre humain jusqu'à ce qu'il ait rencontré l'évêque de Digne. Par ses mots gentils et par ses actions l'évêque a rendu un peu de la bonté dans l'âme de Jean Valjean.

Jean Valjean est erré environ la campagne jusqu'à ce qu'il s'est établi comme Monsieur Madeline,

un manufacturier. Plus tard il a nourri une petite enfant, Cosette, lui chargé à la morte de la mère. Il l'a prise à Paris et ils y'sont restés jusque Cosette est devenue une grande fille.

Jean Valjean et Cosette, en se promenant dans le parc, ont recontré un jeune homme nommé Marius. Cosette et Marius sont devenus épris l'une d'autre.

A ce temps les émeutes de 1832 ont commenc et Marius et Jean Valjean y engageaient. Marius était blessé mais Jean Valjean lui a

apporté a la sûrete par les egouts de Paris.

Avant un long temps Marius s'est relèvé et il s'est marié à Cosette.

Jean Valjean est devenu tres vieux, demeurait seul. Il est devenue très malade et il a désiré voir encore Cosette avant qu'il meurt. Ce desir lui est accordé. Jean Valjean, l'ancien forçat, le philanthrope, et l'ami des humbles est mort en paix.

Helen Moore '44
French III

NOTES FROM THE CLASSES

SENIOR CLASS

Twenty-five of the class of '44 enrolled this year. We all came with the expectancy of having the honor of the "senior room". However, we were soon separated, the boys in the auditorium and the girls in room 2. In the course of the year, we have lost eight of our classmates, three of whom are in the Navy and two in the Army.

The class elected their officers for the year soon after school opened. They were: President, Keith Cunningham; Vice-President, Charlene Stedman; Secretary, Joyce Plumer; and Treasurer, Beverley Wood.

We seniors finally had our turn at officiating at an initiation. The freshman were the victims on October 27. We could sympathize with them with vague memories of our own agonies four years ago. However, they received what was due with no partiality. We repaid them by the annual Freshman Reception in the evening. The proceeds from the reception were \$13.28.

Our class is well represented in school activities. Those participating are:

Victory Corps Council: Keith Cunningham, Helen Moore, Charlene Stedman, Leslie Sherburne, John Gee, and Joyce Thompson.

Boys' Glee Club: Earl Cully, John Gee, Ivan Crocker, and Leslie Sherburne.

Girls' Glee Club: Helen Moore, Beverley Wood, Barbara Ross, Joyce Plumer, Hazel Devereaux, Virginia Inman, Nettie Withee, and Grace Roberts.

Orchestra: Keith Cunningham, Charlene Stedman, and Ivan Crocker.

Boys' Basketball: Earl Cully, Leslie Sherburne, and John Gee.

Girls Basketball: Helen Moore, Gladys Deering, Camilla Chute, and Ina Cook.

F. F. A.: John Gee, Ivan Crocker, and Leslie Sherburne.

Hacomec Club: Barbara Ross, Joyce Plumer, Joyce Thompson, Camilla Chute, Ina Cook, Hazel Devereaux, Virginia Inman, Nettie Withee, and Grace Roberts.

Latin Club: Barbara Ross, Hazel Devereaux, Virginia Inman, and Keith Cunningham.

Keith Cunningham, Helen Moore, and Charlene Stedman have received highest honors in ranks this year. Those who have made the Honor Roll are: Gladys Deering, Joyce Plumer, Camilla Chute, Joyce Thompson, and John Gee.

—Charlene Stedman '44

SENIOR PLAY

On February 10, the class presented a three act comedy, "Adam's Evening". The play was under the direction of Miss Stella Clifford, our English instructor. It was given at the St. Albans town hall, something new for us.

The cast was:

Adam Adams	Ivan Crocker
Anna Adams	Helen Moore
Mrs. Bean	Charlene Stedman
Casper	Leslie Sherburne
Gertie	Joyce Plumer
Dr. Fragoni	Keith Cunningham
Rosita Fragoni	Beverley Wood
Elmer Green	John Gee
Mr. Cokes	Earl Cully
Mrs. Cokes	Gladys Deering

Because of the fact that the audience laughed at several of the right places and that only a few tomatoes made direct hits,

we feel safe in drawing the conclusion that our play was at least a moderate success. In all seriousness, we hope the audience enjoyed the play as much as we enjoyed putting it on.

Flaws can be found in the greatest of works, as the philosophers say. Considering this statement as true, I'm sure the mistakes in our "great work" were disregarded. We did have a few slip-ups, it must be admitted.

Our sound effects were slightly off at times. The play called for the sound of banging water pipes at various intervals. No one, except Miss Clifford, seemed to know just when the pipes began and ended their noise; unfortunately, she was on the opposite side of the stage from the noise maker. So, if anyone noticed the stage properties being heaved back and forth or heard any peculiar noises, it was only Miss Clifford notifying the pipe hammerers that it was time to hammer. The play was so funny, they couldn't be bothered to watch the book!

Broadly speaking, the first and second acts passed off well. I might add that upon the ending of the second act, one half of the audience was observed to be still awake. The third act introduced numerous difficulties which confused us players considerably. We managed to jumble the dialogue so completely that Miss Clifford was in a dither. Using an excess of ingenuity, we adlibbed ourselves into a pretty mess. Frankly, on a few occasions we were left with our mouths wide open, hoping an appropriate sound would form itself automatically. To be truthful it wasn't that bad; we ended on the right beat.

Because of illness in the cast, we had to substitute. Due to this and other circumstances, Cully found himself blessed with three wives and the possibility of a fourth! As much as anyone, Gladys should be complimented for doing so well the part of Mrs. Cokes on just twenty-four hours' notice! We'er still wondering why John fitted into the roll of a "nut" so well. Was it, perhaps, that one last spree before the Navy scrubbed him down? And we were sorry that Ina Cook's illness kept her from appearing in our masterpiece.

Confusion and all, we had heaps of fun presenting "Adam's Evening".

Joyce Plumer, '44

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

The class of '45 entered its third year of studies on October 4, 1943. There were 25

members present, but during the course of time 4 members have left. Much to our surprise the boys were assigned to the auditorium, while the girls were taken to the old senior room.

The first class meeting was held on Oct. 20, 1943, and the class officers were elected: Harlow Powers, president; Raleigh Stone, vice president; Virginia Wheeler, secretary; and Richard Lucas, treasurer.

The following are our representatives in the the Victory Corps Council: Elwood Gray, Virginia Wheeler, Harlow Powers, Donald Nichols and Estelle Randlett.

Junior members on the girls basketball team are: Virginia Wheeler and Estelle Randlett.

Boys basketball: Donald Nichols, Floyd Austin, Wendell Bubar, Raymond Ames, and Richard Lucas.

Girls Glee Club: Virginia Wheeler, Delma Smith, Estelle Randlett, Phyllis Gould and Madeleine Hughes.

Boys Glee Club: Harry Ballard, Elwood Gray, Raymond Ames, Harlow Powers, and Wendell Bubar.

Latin Club: Elwood Gray, Raleigh Stone, Virginia Wheeler, Estelle Randlett, and Frank Blackden.

Orchestra: Elwood Gray, Madeleine Hughes, Harlan Emery and Ivar Pearson.

F. F. A.: Harry Ballard, Floyd Austin, Paul Hughes, LeRoy Rollins, Donald Nichols, Wendell Bubar, Raymond Ames, and Richard Lucas.

Hacomec Club: Virginia Wheeler, Madeleine Hughes, and Phyllis Gould.

The following members are to participate in the Hamilton Prize Speaking contest, which is to be held on April 18, 1944. The names of the members and their selections are as follows:

"Last Day of School"	Madeleine Hughes
"Rendevous With War"	Delma Smith
"Robert Makes Love"	Elwood Gray
"Laughter of Leen"	Virginia Wheeler
"Remembering Pearl Harbor"	

	Harry Ballard
"Rendevous With Destiny"	Harlow Powers
"Crucifixion"	Wendell Bubar
"Homecoming"	Estelle Randlett

Our alternates are Myrtle Lovely and Raleigh Stone.

The names of following class members have appeared on the Honor Roll: Elwood Gray, Virginia Wheeler, Delma Smith, Myrtle Lovely and Donald Nichols.

—Elwood Gray, '45

BURTON PRIZE SPEAKERS



First row, left to right: James Moore, Ruth Pearson, Marilyn Mills, Arthur Chadbourne.
Second row, left to right: Ivan Welch, Achsah Farrell, Evangeline Powers, Robert Page.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomore Class started the year with thirty-eight members. We have lost only two members, and have added three to offset the loss.

This year our class has been divided; the girls share room two with the junior and senior girls with Miss Clifford as the home room teacher. The boys are in the auditorium with the upperclass boys under Mr. Heddericg.

The following officers were elected at our first class meeting. President, Shirley Stedman; Vice President, Robert Page; Secretary, Madeline Hinton; and Treasurer, Ruth Pearson.

The representatives for the Victory Corps are: Shirley Stedman, Arthur Chadbourne, Rae Jean Randlett, and Robert Page.

The members of the Girls' Basketball team are: Geraldine Sawyer, Rae Jean Randlett, Achsah Farrell, Eleanor Allen, Velma Vanadest'ne, and Ruth Pearson.

The sophomore boys on the basketball team are: Charles Sherburne and Arthur Chadbourne.

There are a large number of both girls

and boys in the Glee Clubs this year. In the orchestra are: Shirley Stedman, Ruth Pearson, Mahlon Gray, Ivan Welch, Rae Jean Randlett, Geraldine Sawyer.

The Burton Prize Speaking contest was held in the auditorium March 9, 1944. The speakers and their selections are listed below.

"I Am A Jew"	Arthur Chadbourne
"A Temporary Permanent"	Evangeline Powers
"The Cat Came Back"	Ivan Welch
"Cigarette's Ride"	Ruth Pearson
"The Flea Gang's First Cigars"	Robert Page
"Hannibal's Wedding Belle"	Marilyn Mills
"America—Let's Get Fighting Mad"	James Moore
"Dark Victory"	Achsah Farrell

The alternates were Eleanor Allen and Jack Neal. Prizes of \$5 each were awarded to Achsah Farrell and Ivan Welch.

The honor roll for the sophomore class has consisted of the following:

High Honors: Shirley Stedman, Betty Bunker, Ruth Pearson, and Achsah Farrell

Honors: Madeline Hinton, Marilyn Mills, Rae Jean Randlett, Geraldine Sawyer, Lois

Seekins, Jack Neal, Velma Vanadestine.

At the first of the year, it was decided that dues of ten cents a week would be paid until December when the weekly amount decreased to five cents. This supplied sufficient funds for any initial expenses of the class.

On March 3, a Sophomore Hop was sponsored by the class, and about \$20 was added to our treasury. As there was no immediate expense to be met, it was voted to give \$10 to the Red Cross and \$10 to the Salvation Army.

The sophomores are particularly proud of their part in the weekly bond drive. The total sales within our class on March 21 were \$3,731.50.

—Lois Seekins, '46

—Shirley Stedman '46

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The freshman class started its first year at Hartland Academy with an enrollment of forty-five. We were happy to welcome Mr. Shaw as our home room teacher.

We elected the following class officers: president, Ethel Stone; vice-president, Lloyd Wood; secretary, Lyda Spaulding; treasurer, George Baker. James Mills was selected to represent us on the Junior Red Cross Council.

The dreaded Initiation Day finally arrived. This is the day that all freshmen look forward to with fearful expectation. The boys wore girls' dresses and ankle socks. To complete their costumes, they wore kerchiefs and turbans, fingernail polish, and carried large handbags. Some of them made amazingly attractive girls. The girls wore two sofa pillows with a dress pulled on over them. (A mighty tight squeeze for some of us!) The remaining accessories consisted of curlers, men's stockings and garters, bedroom slippers, and we carried a candle in a candleholder. The climax of the day was the Freshman Reception in the evening. Most freshmen attended and had a much better time than at the morning's assembly for the benefit of the upper classmen. Outstanding performers on that occasion were: James Mills, Marguerite Hart, Basil Brooker, Mildred Carson, Ethel Stone, and Frederick Towle.

Naturally, we are well represented in the extra-curricular activities; the following will explain:

Victory Corps Council: Ethel Stone.

Girls Glee Club: Barbara Goforth, Joanne Ballard, Pauline Murray, Diana Webber,

Laura Barden, Ethel Stone, Alice Craig, Marguerite Hart, Lyda Spaulding.

Boys' Glee Club: Earl Jones, Ashley Parker, Frederick Towle, Lloyd Wood, Allan Thorne, Basil Brooker, Leslie Duran, Barclay Austin, James Mills.

Orchestra: Ethel Stone, Barbara Goforth, Blaine Mower, Richard Mower, Lyda Spaulding, and Frederick Towle.

Girls' Basketball: Ethel Stone.

Boys' Basketball: Stanley Dyer, Dean Wiers, Frederick Towle.

F. F. A.: Dean Wiers, Stanley Dyer, Lloyd Wood, Barclay Austin, Basil Brooker, Leslie Duran, Blaine Mower, Richard Mower, Earl Jones, Carl Pease, and Frank Quimby.

Hacomec: Marguerite Hart, Pauline Murray, Rita Spooner, Joanne Ballard, Barbara Goforth, Myrtle Lawrence, Emily Blackden.

Honor Roll: Leslie Duran, Mildred Carson, Richard Mower, Blaine Mower, Ethel Stone, Hubert Hersey, Lyda Spaulding, Frank Quimby, and Allan Thorne.

We have enjoyed our year at H. A. in spite of the fact that our numbers have dwindled to 34.

—Lyda Spaulding, '47

SUB-FRESHMEN

The sub-freshmen class started the year with thirty-one pupils. If anyone knows the size of room five, he knows that it is practically an impossibility to accommodate that many. We have lost one member, so the crowded condition has not lessened.

The class officers are: president, Ruth Page; vice-president, Charles Russell; secretary, Mary Howell; and treasurer, Kenneth Pelkie.

Both boys and girls have participated in junior varsity basketball. The girls were Jean Holt, Arvene Ham, Coleen Stromback, Ruth Fox, Marie Smith, and Gladys Sherburne. The boys' team consisted of Charles Russell, Justin Humphrey, Harry Dinsmore, and Linwood Wheeler. Students from the seventh grade were also on the teams.

Our class gave an assembly program at Thanksgiving time.

Even though the upperclassmen think us very insignificant, they will be surprised at our future progress in Hartland Academy. We have really enjoyed our first year upstairs under Miss Philpot's guidance.

—Linwood Wheeler, '48

ORGANIZATIONS



VICTORY CORPS COUNCIL

First row, left to right: Leslie Sherburne, Joyce Thompson, Virginia Wheeler, Donald Nichols, Keith Cunningham, Harlow Powers, Helen Moore, Estelle Randlett, Elwood Gray.

Second row, left to right: Robert Page, Ruth Page, Shirley Stedman, Mr. Stone, Miss Boutilier, Mr. Whitaker, Ethel Stone, Rae Jean Randlett.

Absent when picture was taken: Charlene Stedman, John Gee.

VICTORY CORPS

A Victory Corps has been established at Hartland Academy this year. It is similar to the Student Council. The purpose of the Corps is to solve problems connected with the school.

Reports of the progress of the different projects in school are made to the council. Suggestions for improvement are made by the members. Each academy organization elects a member to represent it in the council.

Those elected from the council to serve as officers for the school year of 1943 and 1944 are as follows: President, Harlow Powers; vice-president, Virginia Wheeler; secretary, Elwood Gray; treasurer, Ethel Stone.

Many different projects in school have been backed by the Victory Corps. One important project was the Magazine Drive. This year

the proceeds were used to purchase a plaque. The names of those who graduated from Hartland Academy and are now in the Armed Forces are on it. The dedication was held April 19.

Through the Stamp and Bond drive conducted in the school, a jeep has been bought. In the jeep is a plaque with the name of the school on it. By the end of March we also will have purchased a field ambulance. The schools that have ninety per cent participation in the Stamp and Bond Drive each month are allowed to fly the Minute Man Flag. Our school has been able to fly this flag.

The Junior Red Cross has conducted several salvage drives. Through the Victory Corps committees were elected to make the drives a success.

HACOMECLUB



First row, left to right: Pauline Murray, Madeleine Hughes, Elizabeth Bunker, Virginia Wheeler, Lois Seekins, Joyce Thompson, Camilla Chute, Maxine Jones.
Second row, left to right: Miss Boutillier, Barbara Goforth, Myrtle Lawrence, Eleanor Allen, Thelma Philbrick, Nettie Withee, Madeline Hinton, Barbara Ross, Reta Spooner, Ina Cook, Dorothy Lawrence, Hazel Devereaux, Emily Blackden.
Third row, left to right: Joyce Plumer, Gene Lee, Joanne Ballard, Edith Lord, Rowena Harris, Arlene McPherson, Maxine Brooker, Virginia Inman, Grace Roberts, Phyllis Gould, Evangeline Powers, Marguerite Hart.

A special effort to improve the locker rooms has been made by the Victory Corps. The boy's locker room has been painted and new lockers made. The girl's locker room is to be remodeled in a similar manner.

These projects have been very successful through the efforts of the Victory Corps.

Nine members were able to attend the Maine State Student Council Conference held in Augusta, April 1. All the members feel rewarded for their efforts.

—Rae Jean Randlett, '46

THE HACOMECLUB

The Hartland Academy Home Economics Club started this year with thirty-six members. The officers were: President, Virginia Wheeler; Vice-President, Lois Seekins; Secretary, Betty Bunker; and Treasurer, Joyce Thompson.

The Club meets for an hour every Friday

morning. The first of the year a Planning Board was chosen with Camilla Chute from the senior class, Madeleine Hughes from the junior class, Maxine Jones as the sophomore representative, and Pauline Murray from the freshmen class.

Early in December the Hacomec girls prepared and served the annual Future Farmers' Banquet at the Grange Hall. That evening the boys presented our club with a generous gift of money.

Programs for each meeting were decided upon by the Planning Board. These meetings were varied so that we had some of educational value; some to help others, such as the Red Cross; and some just for fun. At our Christmas meeting, we decorated a tree, exchanged gifts, and sang carols. A fashion show was an important meeting. A group of girls from the club demonstrated proper attire for various occasions and the colors and lines suitable for different individuals. Another

FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA



First row, left to right: Robert Page, Kenneth Lary, Richard Lucas, Wendell Bubar, Harry Ballard, Paul Hughes, Raymond Ames, Richard Mower, Leslie Duran.

Second row, left to right: Basil Brooker, Lloyd Wood, Dean Wiers, John Moore, Edwin Jordan, Kenneth Russell, Blaine Mower, Stanley Dyer, Blake Pease.

Third row, left to right: Carl Pease, Lowell Knowles, Frank Quimby, Mr. Whitaker, Donald Nichols, LeRoy Rollins, Earl Jones.

Absent when picture was taken: John Gee.

highlight was the meeting when Miss Philpot was our guest speaker. She demonstrated glass etching, tooling of leather, and painting designs and pictures on glass and wooden bowls. A Valentine party was amusing, for each girl made a valentine to exchange, writing her own verses. Other meetings have featured a quiz program and the history and manufacture of clothing, a spelling contest including nutritional terms, and amusing skits. A committee from the club served hot chocolate during one noon hour. Another committee carried on a popcorn sale.

In February the F. F. A. and Hacomec organizations had a box social. The boxes were especially attractive this year. The profit was divided equally between the two clubs. The prizes were two door prizes, and one for the prettiest box.

For our annual assembly, the one act play "Have You Had Your Operation?" was presented. The members of the cast were: Patsy Hinton, Rowena Harris, Joanne Ballard, Paul

ine Murray, Barbara Roßs, Dorothy Lawrence and Nettie Withee.. Our new club song which was written by the club members was introduced to the school at this time.

Our club has joined the Red Cross this year and has helped the organization by making a number of utility bags.

—Joyce Thompson, '44

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 thirty-one members this year with the following officers: President, John Gee; Vice-President, Harry Ballard; Secretary, Wendell Bubar; Treasurer, Richard Lucas; Reporter, Raymond Ames; Sentinel, Paul Hughes; and our advisor, Mr. C. P. Whitaker.

We are justly proud of our projects this year, for we won four prizes in the Sears Roebuck State Contest. John Gee won \$20 on a string bean project; Paul Hughes won \$12.50

ORCHESTRA



First row, left to right: Miss Glazer, Keith Cunningham, Rae Jean Randlett, Geraldine Sawyer, Madeleine Hughes.

Second row, left to right: Blaine Mower, Mahlon Gray, Ruth Pearson, Ivan Welch, Ivan Crocker, Frederick Towle, Richard Mower, Shirley Stedman.

Standing, left to right: Lyda Spaulding, Ethel Stone, Ivar Pearson, Harlan Emery, Elwood Gray, Barbara Goforth, Delma Smith.

Absent when picture was taken: Charlene Stedman.

for a pea project; Ivan Crocker won \$7.50 for a corn project; and Raymond Ames won \$5.00 on his poultry project. This is about the best record of any individual school in the state.

We are also proud of John Gee who has reached the degree of State Farmer and is a State Vice-President. He gave the \$20 prize money to the F. F. A. just before he was inducted in the Navy. Harry Ballard was then elected president; Paul Hughes, vice-president; and Kenneth Lary, Sentinel.

As usual, we held our annual Father and Son banquet this year, another success. We divided the honors and the proceeds from a box social with the Hacomec club and cleared about \$19 for our club.

We have been doing D. H. I. A. work for the boys are building over the boys' locker room in the academy.

In all, we are happy about the year for the Chapter. Our assembly was a success. There

are six more boys who are eligible for the degree of State Farmer, a good record for any chapter. The boys are looking forward to another year of interesting work. We continue to do all we can for the school and the war effort.

—Harry Ballard, '45

ORCHESTRA

The Hartland Academy Orchestra began practice this year under a new supervisor, Miss Evelyn Glazer.

It is composed of twenty members, nine of whom were taken into the organization this fall. Those nine are: piano, Ethel Stone; marimba, Barbara Goforth; trumpet, Richard Mowers, Frederick Towle; saxophone, Blaine Mower; trombone, Shirley Stedman; and flute, Mahlon Gray, Ivan Welch, and Ruth Pearson.

The orchestra practices for an hour every Wednesday morning and plays at our Friday assemblies. A weekly appearance is something

new for H. A.'s orchestra. We have played at a meeting of community parents and teachers and at the Burton Prize Speaking Contest. We shall also play at the Hamilton Contest later.

Through graduation, we shall lose the following members: Charlene Stedman, Keith Cunningham, (violin) and Ivan Crocker (trumpet). These three students will be greatly missed because of their many years in our orchestra.

—Ruth Pearson, '46

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club assembled in December under the direction of Miss Evelyn Glazer, who has made our rehearsals very successful.

At our third rehearsal we elected officers who are as follows: President, Donald Nichols; Vice-President, Raymnod Ames; Secretary, Harlow Powers; treasurer, Wendell Bubar.

We held a barn dance on Friday, January 21, to raise money for new music.

—Raymond Ames, '45

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The girls' glee club opened the school year with forty-five members. Although no officers were elected, the club functioned as usual. Rae Jean Randlett was selected to represent the organization in the Victory Council.

The club is planning to have a music assembly in which the various musical groups will participate.

—Hazel Devereaux, '44

LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club held its first meeting on November 15, 1943. The following students were elected as officers: president, Elwood Gray; vice-president, Mahlon Gray; secretary and treasurer, Virginia Wheeler.

At a second meeting the following new members were initiated into the club: Betty Bunker, Madeline Hinton, Ethel Stone, Lyda Spaulding, and Marguerite Hart. Later in the year Alice Craig and Raleigh Stone were also added to the membership.

Meetings were held each month. This year we have insisted upon well-planned and educational meetings, along with the fun. An interesting meeting occurred December 19th in observance of the Roman holiday of the Saturnalis which came at that time of the year. This ancient festival was held in honor of the

god, Saturn, and was usually observed with gaiety, songs, and the giving of gifts. Gifts were exchanged at the meeting, and we sang songs and played games.

Plans are being made to have a Roman Banquet in April. Food, customs, clothing, and entertainment will be as in the days of old Rome. This banquet will close the program for the year.

—Patsy Hinton, '46

HI-Y

The Hi-Y club had a very late start this year, but it finally got under way with the following program committee: Elwood Gray, Mahlon Gray, Raleigh Stone, Dean Wiers, and Harlow Powers. Members in addition to those just named are: Wendell Bubar, Keith Cunningham, Blaine Mower, Richard Mower, John Moore, James Moore, Raymond Ames, Donald Nichols, Harlan Emery, Ivar Pearson, Arthur Chadbourne and Frederick Towle.

This year's officers are: president, Elwood Gray; vice-president, Wendell Bubar; Chaplain, Keith Cunningham; and adviser, Mr. Robert Holcomb.

Kenneth Smith, head of the Maine Y. M. C. A. will be our guest speaker at our banquet, scheduled for May 7.

—Ivar Pearson, '45

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

October 27—Freshman assembly in charge of a senior committee: Ivan Crocker, Earl Cully, and Barbara Ross.

December 1—Thanksgiving Assembly: recitations and group songs and dancing by the Sub-Freshmen. Adviser: Miss Philpot.

December 10—Science in Everyday Life. Experiments by students. Adviser: Mr. Shaw.

December 17—Christmas program, one act play "Just What They Wanted". Cast: Jack Neal, Geraldine Sawyer, Shirley Stedman, Marilyn Mills, and George Goforth. Also letters from Santa Claus impersonated by Ivan Welch. Adviser: Miss Clifford.

December 31—Questions and Answers. Adviser: Mr. Heddericg.

January 7—Future Farmer Assembly. Adviser: Mr. Whitaker.

January 14—A one act play presented by students of Corinna Union Academy. Musical selections.

January 21—Miss Helen Smith gave an in-

teresting talk on the history of Hartland.

January 28—Discussion of the value of a school library, Mr. Stone.

February 4—Cuts from the senior play, "Adam's Evening" were given by the seniors and directed by Miss Clifford.

February 11—Speeches on Lincoln and Edison by Mr. Shaw and a play by the Sub-freshmen. Adviser: Mr. Heddericg.

February 18—Washington's Birthday. Movies of Washington's career. Adviser: Mr. Stone.

February 28—French Assembly. Two short plays by the French classes, the French national anthem sung by Miss Clifford. Adviser: Miss Philpot.

March 3—Temperance Day Educational Movies. Adviser: Mr. Stone.

March 10—Basketball Assembly. Adviser: Mr. Heddericg.

March 24—Travel movies. Adviser: Mr. Stone.

March 31—Home Economics. New Hacomec Club Song. One act play "Have You Had Your Operation?" Cast: Patsy Hinton, Pauline Murray, Barbara Ross, Dorothy Lawrence, Rowena Harris, Nettie Withee, Joanne Ballard. Adviser: Miss Boutilier.

April 7—Religious Assembly with Lenten discussion. Mr. Holcomb and Mr. Scruton.

Plans for the remainder of the year include a faculty assembly, a music program, a senior assembly, and others. —Delma Smith '45

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.

—Virginia Inman, 44
Exchange Editor

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

Your yearbook is very interesting. Why not enlarge your joke section? You have an interesting poetry section.

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

Your year book shows hard work and is an excellent mimeograph job. Wouldn't more pictures add to your year book? Your "Letters from the Boys in the Service and Address Section" were very interesting.

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

Why not enlarge your Literary Department? Your joke section was very good.

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

You have a very interesting year book. Your Exchange Section was particularly good.

ATHLETICS



BOYS' BASKETBALL

First row, left to right: Charles Sherburne, Richard Lucas.

Second row, left to right: Arthur Chadbourne Wendell Bubar, Donald Nichols, Leslie Sherburne, Raymond Ames, Floyd Austin.

Third row, left to right: Stanley Dyer, Mr. Heddericg, Dean Wiers, Manager Vernard Vanadestine, Frederick Towle.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

On the first of December Coach Heddericg asked for boys to play basketball. Twelve boys immediately came out to practice. We played our first game December 7, 1943, at East Corinth, which we lost by five points.

Although we won only five games out of twelve, we thought we gained much valuable practice. Through graduation we will lose one member, Leslie Sherburne.

The scores are as follows:

Hartland 38	Clinton 36
Hartland 25	East Corinth 30

Hartland 13	Fairfield 68
Hartland 22	Hermon 18
Hartland 38	Newport 30
Hartland 16	Alumni 28
Hartland 33	East Corinth 45
Hartland 20	Skowhegan 48
Hartland 24	Newport 15
Hartland 29	Dexter 47
Hartland 22	Corinna 33
Hartland 46	Corinna 26

Two of our members, Leslie Sherburne and Floyd Austin, won places on the all star team.

—Raymond Ames, '44



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

First row, left to right: Camilla Chute, Achsah Farrell.

Second row, left to right: Ina Cook, Estelle Randlett, Helen Moore, Gladys Deering, Virginia Wheeler.

Third row, left to right: Geraldine Sawyer, Eleanor Allen, Mr. Heddericg, Ethel Stone, Rae Jean Randlett.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

At the beginning of the basketball season, it looked pretty dark for us girls. We had no coach! Of course, we had to have a team. H. A. would be lost without it. And after some persuading, Mr. Heddericg agreed to pitch in and take on the responsibility. We all appreciated it and had a lot of fun during the season.

The opening game was a Round Robin at Newport. Hartland played two quarters, winning 6-5 over Hermon, and 14-9 over Newport.

Our season was quite successful, and we were able to play many more games than last year. All of our old team was back with one exception.

At graduation the team will lose Gladys Deering, Camilla Chute, Ina Cook, and Helen Moore. I'm sure the remaining girls will work hard and get along well without us when the time comes.

The letter winners for 1943-44 are: Virginia Wheeler, Estelle Randlett, Achsah Farrell, Gladys Deering, Camilla Chute, Ina Cook, and Helen Moore. Of this group, Virginia and Achsah were chosen to play on the All-Star team at East Corinth.

Following is a schedule of the season's games:

Opponent		Hartland
Skowhegan	39	22
East Corinth	10	24
Fairfield	50	34
Herman	19	19
Newport	18	34
Alumnae	36	28
East Corinth	20	32
Skowhegan	34	23
Corinna	31	30
Newport	8	15
Fairfield	42	21
Hermon	30	15
Corinna	27	36

—Helen Moore, '44

GIRLS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION

No school can be complete without some form of physical activities for its boys and girls. Human beings are so constructed that they are healthier and happier using their bodies as well as their minds.

Physical education is not, however, simply muscular activity. In the gymnasium, students are given experience in self-direction, self control, leadership, fellowship, co-operation, unselfishness and sportsmanship. All these traits lead to a finer democracy.

This year we have prepared a schedule so that every girl in school will have at least two hours of physical education a week. Formerly, we have had very little besides basketball. One group of girls is under the direction of Mr. Heddericg, and another under the direction of Miss Boutillier, while the third group is entirely carried on by junior and senior student leaders with Miss Boutillier as advisor.

During the year our groups have had work in calisthenics, individual stunts, couple stunts, group stunts, relay races, pyramids, and military marching. We have learned to play a variety of new games: volley ball, tennis, and nine court basketball.

—Virginia Wheeler '45

BASEBALL

If the Hartland Academy athletic field ever dries up, the prospects for a successful baseball season appear bright this year. There are only three veterans: Floyd Austin, Raymond Ames, and Vernard Vanadestine. However, the number of promising candidates makes us fairly confident of a good season. Candidates are:

Catchers: Floyd Austin, Paul Hughes.

Pitchers: Raymond Ames, Arthur Chadborne, Harlow Powers, Vernard Vanadestine.

Infield: Wendell Bubar, Harry Ballard, Harland Emery, Charles Sherburne, Earl McLean, Lowell Knowles, Allen Thorne, Marvin Lovely, Fred Towle, Arthur Chapman, James Mills, Richard Mower, George Baker, and Richard Lucas.

Outfield: Ivar Pearson, Raleigh Stone, Leslie Duran, Blaine Mower, Donald Nichols, Robert Page, LeRoy Rollins, Ashley Parker, and Stanley Dyer.

We hope to find transportation facilities to play our Central League games with Hermon, Corinna, East Corinth, and Newport.

Coach Heddericg says that the battery setups are progressing so satisfactorily, that he will soon be able to take them south to Palmyra for training.

—Richard Lucas, '45

FRESHMEN BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Freshmen boys' basketball team has had a full season. We have won all the four games that we have played. Under Coach Heddericg we have been very successful. The games were as follows:

Hartland	Opponents
48	Pittsfield Grammar 26
36	Clinton Grammar 19
32	Harmony Grammar 18
43	Pittsfield Grammar 22

The team is composed of: Linwood Wheeler, Charles Russell, Harry Dinsmore, Richard Nichols, and Clair Russell.

The substitutes were: Halvar Stedman, Lloyd Cookson, Jr.

The highest scorers were: Charles Russell, Linwood Wheeler, and Harry Dinsmore.

—Charles Russell, '48

JOKES

Mr. Heddericg: Bubar, take the globe and point out Australia.

Bubar: (pointing) There it is!

Mr. H.: Who discovered Australia?

P. Hughes: Bubar did.

M. Mills: What kind of husband do you think I should look for?

B. Ross: You'd better look for single men! When you start looking for husbands, you're looking for trouble!

R. Randlett: Did you count with a daisy to see if Keith loves you, Estelle?

E. Randlett: No, indeed! Not me! I used a three leaf clover.

R. Randlett: Why?

E. Randlett: Because I was afraid it would turn out wrong.

Mr. Stone: (in algebra class) If I take a potato and divide it into two parts, then into four, and each of the four parts into two parts, what would I have.

R. Pearson: Potato salad.

D. Moore: Sis, what is a fictitious character?

H. Moore: Why, somebody that is made up, dear.

D. Moore: Then that makes you a fictitious character, doesn't it?

B. Austin: Ma, I got a 100 in my exams today.

Mother: That's splendid. What did you get it in?

Barclay: I got 60 in history and 40 in English.

Miss Philpot: You shouldn't suck that thumb so much, Ruth.

R. Pearson: Why?

Miss Philpot: If you go traveling some day, you may need it.

I. Crocker: Beverley, you have teeth like pearls.

B. Wood: Are you hinting that I have a mouth like an oyster?

W. Bubar (just coming out of the barn as Mr. Whitaker enters) Teaching that calf to drink took me two hours, roughly speaking.

Mr. Whitaker: Maybe that's what you call it, Wendell, but I call it just plain cussing.

Miss Clifford: Whenever I'm in the dumps, I get myself a new hat.

Miss Glazer: I wondered where you got them.

Mr. Heddericg: Who laid out this town?

L. Wood. Nobody. It ain't quite dead yet.

Miss Clifford: What did Milton write?

I. Cook: Milton wrote "Paradise Lost"; then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained".

Mr. Whitaker: What kind of chickens are suitable for this part of the country?

H. Ballard: Fried.

Mr. Heddericg: "I'm tempted to give you a test today.

J. Gee: Yield not to temptation.

Miss Philpot: (writing the comparison of Latin adjectives on the board) Raleigh, what degree is this?

R. Stone: Third degree.

S. Stedman: She told me that you told her the secret I told you not to tell her.

G. Sawyer: The mean old thing! I told her not to tell you I told her.

S. Stedman: Well, don't tell her that I told you she told me.

Miss Boutilier: Name a great time-saver.

E. Powers: Love at first sight.

Mr. Heddericg: Have you ever heard of Julius Caesar?

R. Page: Yes, sir.

Mr. H.: What do you think he would be doing if he were alive today?

R. Page: Drawing an old age pension.

Miss Clifford: Which do you prefer in your man, brains or appearance?

Miss Boutilier: Appearance, and the sooner the better.

Mr. Heddericg: Can you give me a definition of a patriotic orator?

E. Cully: Well, if you ask me, he's the fellow who is always ready to lay down your life for his country.

Father: Who broke that chair in the parlor last evening, Thelma?

T. Philbrick: It just collapsed, all of a sudden, but neither of us was hurt.

Mr. Shaw: What are you looking for?

E. Lord: Life.

J. Gee: Did you ever save a life?

E. Cully: Yes, once when my uncle's house caught on fire. I dashed inside and went all through the downstairs, then upstairs into every room. Nobody home at all, so I jumped out of the window just in time.

Miss Boutilier: What is the difference between white and brown shelled eggs?

P. Murray: White hens lay white eggs and brown hens lay brown ones.

E. Gray: How do I do the next one?

Miss Boutilier: Why Elwood, the second kiss is just like the first, only you hold it longer. (pause). Well, that's all right, but can't you pucker up a little more?

P. S. Prize Speaking.

J. Thompson: Will you please announce that all students riding on the black and white bus must report in the office at recess.

Miss Philpot to class: All students writing on the black and white bus at recess will please go to the office.

Miss Boutilier: List some traits which a baby inherits from its parents.

H. Deveraux: The color of hair, eyes, nose, mouth and ears.

H. Ballard: The new washerwoman has stolen two of our towels.

I. Crocker: The thief! Which ones did she take?

H. Ballard: The ones we got at the hotel in Bangor.

Mr. Whitaker: What do two ducks and a cow remind you of, Richard?

R. Mower: Quackers and milk.

Mr. Heddericg: Vanadestine, if you got in jail, what would you do?

V. Vanadestine: Stay there a while, probably.

Mr. Shaw: (General Science Class) Miss Hart, turn around and stop talking.

M. Hart: I'm not talking; I'm just whispering.

W. Bubar: I'm going to leave the country and move to the city.

P. Hughes: Why?

W. Bubar: Haven't you heard? The country's at war.

Miss Philpot: What made the bus late this morning, Gladys?

G. Sherburne: Oh, it caught cold last night and coughed a little this morning.

Miss Clifford: Floyd, define **buccaneer**.

F. Austin: A high price for corn.

Miss Philpot: What is your favorite flower?

C. Stromback: Chrysanthemums.

Miss Philpot: Spell it.

C. Stromback: I've changed my mind; I like roses better.

Miss Boutilier: Before we conclude this subject I would like to ask one more question. Miss Ballard, if your mother had a rare piece of porcelain, what would it most likely be?

J. Ballard: Broken.

J. Pearson: Don, did you fish with flies?

D. Nichols: Fish with them? We fished with them, ate with them, and slept with them.

Mr. Stone: (after an address in assembly) Lillian, tell me honestly, do you think I put enough fire into my speech?

Mrs. Stone: No, dear. I think you didn't put enough speech into the fire.

Mr. Shaw: Name a great inventor and tell what he was famous for.

E. McLean: Well, Thomas A. Edison was the smartest, I guess. He invented the phonograph and radio so people would stay up nights and use his electric light bulbs.

Miss Philpot: Where is the elephant found?
T. Bryant: The elephant is such a large animal that it is almost never lost.

E. Gray: Why did you beat up that guy?
H. Powers: He insulted my girl.
E. Gray: Well, all he said was that she danced like a zephyr.
H. Powers: Is that what he said? I thought he said heifer.

Mr. Shaw: Give an example of wasted energy.

L. Sherburne: Sure, tell a hair-raising story to a bald headed man.

Mr. Whitaker: (speaking on kindness to animals) If I saw a boy beating a donkey and made him stop, what virtue would I be showing?

P. Hughes: Brotherly love.

G. Lee: I heard that Stanley Dyer and Dean Wiers went down to the station to see the train come in.

M. Brooker: Why, haven't they seen a train come in?

G. Lee: They thought there'd be some girls on it when they heard it say, "Woo, Woo".

Mr. Heddericg: Believe me, it certainly will be great to get down to the seashore this summer where I can rest and look at the waves.

I. Crocker: What's the trouble with the Waes?

Car Dealer: What's the matter? You just bought that car a few weeks ago.

Mr. Heddericg: That's true, but the only thing that doesn't make a noise is the horn.

Mr. Shaw: Wiers, give a definition of home.

D. Wiers: Home is where part of the family waits until the others are through with the car.

Miss Philpot: Make a sentence with the word fortify in it.

G. Baker: I just paid fortify dollars for this suit.

Mr. Stone: Yes, son, I am a self made man.

R. Stone: Gee, Dad, you take the blame for everything, don't you?

Mr. Heddericg: Where have you been the last few years?

College friend: At college, taking medicine.
Mr. Heddericg: And did you finally get well?

Mr. Whitaker: How is your wife getting along with her driving?

Mr. Stone: She took a turn for the worse last week.

Miss Clifford: What do you mean by writing "the house burned up"; you know that a house burns down.

I. Crocker: Yes, but this one caught fire in the cellar.

Miss Philpot: Jordan, can you tell me what a grudge is?

E. Jordan: A grudge is a place where you keep automobiles.

Mr. Heddericg: Give me a well known date in Roman history.

I. Welch: Antony's with Cleopatra.

Miss Boutilier: Spring is almost here. Has anyone seen any signs of it?

M. Hughes: I have; the trees, fields, and meadows and Christmas jewelry are turning green.

Miss Philpot: Will someone please give a definition of the word irreparable?

T. Gee: Unable to rip.

J. Humphrey: Hey, Charlie, what's cookin'?

C. Russell: Heddericg; hear him boil!

Miss Clifford: (first day of school) Now I am going to teach grammar.

C. Stromback: (not paying attention) You mean you want us to call you "grandma"?

Mr. Heddericg: How do you feel tonight, Ivar?

I. Pearson: I have felt better but it cost more.

J. Moore: What's your favorite piece?

J. Gordan: "ChuteChuteChute, baby".

Miss Philpot: (after first period of sub-freshmen gym) Well, Joyce, how did you like gym?

J. Withee: Jim who?

MOVIES OF H. A.

"Hellzapoppin"
"Girl Crazy"

Student Body
Allan Thorne

"The Awful Truth"	Rank Cards
"The Sky's the Limit"	Recess in the auditorium
"For Whom the Bell Tolls"	Mr. Heddericg
"Wintertime"	Room two
"Above Suspicion"	Student Body
"The Women"	Senior Class
"Claudia"	Marilyn Mills
"Edison, the Man"	Mr. Shaw
"Happy-Go-Lucky"	The Sub-freshmen
"So Proudly We Hail"	Our boys in the service
"Old Acquaintance"	School books
"Mr. Big"	Earl Cully
"Holiday Inn"	The office

H. A.'s HIT PARADE

"Pistol Packin' Mama"	Achsah Farrell
"Star Eyes"	Miss Boutilier
"Take It Easy"	Barbara Ross
"People Will Say We're in Love"	Thelma and Buster
"No Love, No Nothin' "	Raleigh Stone
"He's My Guy"	Rae Jean Randlett
"Three O'clock in the Morning"	Leslie Sherburne
"Besame Mucho"	Miss Glazer
"My Heart Tells Me"	Miss Clifford
"That Soldier of Mine"	Grace Roberts
"Cheatin' on your Baby"	Beverley Wood
"It's Always You"	Mr. Stone
"Ooo La La, Oui, Oui"	Miss Philpot
"The Dreamer"	Student Body
"I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night"	Students at Mid-Years
"We've Come a Long Way Together"	The Seniors
"Jim"	Ruth Pearson
"Another One of Them Things"	Exams
"My Shining Hour"	Prize Speaking
"Jute Box Saturday Night"	Gym at noon hour
"My Ideal"	four A's
"The Little Red Fox"	Wendell Bubar
"Take Me Out to the Ballgame"	Mr. Heddericg
"Anchors Aweigh"	John Gee, Earl Cully
"Shoo Shoo, Baby"	Harlow Powers
"I Threw a Kiss to the Ocean"	Estelle Randlett

BITS OF WISDOM

FOR:
Elwood Gray: "Wit is the salt of conversation."

Mrs. Whitaker: "Husbands are awkward things; even keeping them in constant hot water doesn't make them tender."

Gene Lee: "Here's to love—the only fire against which there is no insurance."

Exam time: "Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar."

Harlow Powers: "Come an trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

Ina Cook: "Here's to man: he is like a kerosene lamp; he is not especially bright; he is often turned down; he generally smokes; and he frequently goes out at night."

Delma Smith: "Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life."

Raleigh Stone: "A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gets around."

Emily Blackden: "Of all the parts, the eyes expressed the sweetest kind of bashfulness."

James Moore: "This dinner makes me wish I were a camel-happy animal, it has several stomachs."

Grace Roberts: "I take mine straight without sugar", and that's what's the matter with me."

Mr. Heddericg: "To the men that never steal but one thing—bases."

Douglas Moore: "The winning school boy
with his satchel,
And shining morning face
creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school."

Mr. Shaw: White words of learned length
and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics
ranged around."

MISS H. A.

Eyes:	Charlene Stedman
Hair:	Barbara Ross
Teeth:	Beverley Wood
Figure:	Estelle Randlett
Height:	Ethel Stone
Smile:	Rae Jean Randlett
Wit:	Marguerite Hart

Athlete: Virginia Wheeler
 Dancer: Helen Moore
 Intelligence: Myrtle Lovely
 Disposition: Joyce Plumer
 Complexion: Ruth Pearson

Colonel Potterby and the Duchess
 Edwin Jordan and Rowena Harris
 Donald Duck Lindwood Wheeler

WANT ADS (for the seniors)

Mr. H. A.

Eyes: Ivan Crocker
 Hair: Ashley Parker
 Teeth: Kenneth Lary
 Physique: Earl Cully
 Height: John Moore
 Dimples: James Moore
 Wit: Ivan Welch
 Complexion: James Mills
 Athlete: Leslie Sherburne
 Dancer: Harlow Powers:
 Intelligence: Keith Cunningham
 Disposition: Jack Neal
 Helen Moore and Keith Cunningham '44

WANTED:

more boys for the seniors.
 a steady for Crocker.
 a free round-trip ticket to North Carolina for Helen Moore.
 a serious face for Ina Cook.
 a boy friend for Joyce Plumer.
 a new pipe for Vanadestine.
 a new stick of gum for Beverley Wood.
 a sailor for Gladys Deering.
 a flash Gordon comic book for Camilla Chute.
 a list of menus for Joyce Thompson.
 a real moustache for Keith Cunningham.
 a book on how to argue successfully for Charlene Stedman.
 a ship with a light anchor for Gee.
 a few extra inches for Sherburne.
 a working alarm clock for Cully in code class.
 a little noise for Virginia Inman.
 a jar of freckle-remover for Nettie Withee.
 a good big kiss for Barbara Ross.
 a box of stationery for Grace Roberts.
 a megaphone for Hazel Deveraux.

H. A.'S COMIC SECTION

Rosie and Archie
 Thelma Philbrick and "Buster" Hughes
 Mutt and Jeff "Bobby" Page and John Moore
 Snuffy Smith Ivan Welch
 Barney Google Leslie Duran
 Popeye Raleigh Stone
 Blondie and Dagwood
 Myrtle Lawrence and Harry Ballard
 Myrtle Ruth Page
 The Three Muskateers
 Shaw, Heddericg and Vernard Vanadestine
 Tillie the Toiler Estelle Randlett
 Mac Harlow Powers
 Maggie and Jiggs
 Miss Clifford and Mr. Whitaker
 Superman Arthur Chadbourne
 Supermouse Linwood Wheeler
 Joe Palooka Ivar Pearson
 Moon Mullins Dean Wiers
 Mickey and Minnie
 Ruth Fox and Wendell Bubar
 Jungle Jim Leslie Sherburne
 Orphan Annie Miss Boutillier
 Elmer Mahlon Gray
 Henry Basil Brooker
 Oaky Doaks Keith Cunningham
 Toots and Casper
 Earl McLean and Colleen Stromback

THE SENIORS

H. L. M. Hartland's lovely maiden.
 B. L. W. Blaine's lonesome woman.
 C. C. S. Charlie Cherishes School.
 B. L. R. Boys like Red.
 J. E. T. Just enough temper.
 H. M. D. Has meek disposition.
 L. O. S. Likeable old sock.
 J. E. G. Jokes ever good.
 V. B. V. Virtue becomes Van.
 I. A. C. Invariably always chatting.
 N. L. W. Never leaves work.
 V. E. I. Very energetic indeed.
 G. P. R. Glitters pretty ring.
 E. P. C. Ever prattling crazily.
 I. G. C. In grand condition.
 G. B. D. Gets better daily.
 C. R. C. Cute'n rather cunning.
 K. W. C. Knowledge's wise companion.
 —J. E. P. Jabbering everlastingly persistant

SENIOR STATISTICS

NAME	WEIGHT	AMBITION	BIGGEST FAILING	FAVORITE PASTIME	MOST NOTED QUALITY	BY WORD
Camilla Chute	Pint and a half	To be an office worker	Blond hair	Living on a farm	Always smiling	Hold your shoes!
Earl Cully	I'll tell you after the war	To be an admiral	Too much to say in no time	Visiting neighboring towns	Storage of new ideas	Not me brother!
Keith Cunningham	Less than you think	To be a professor	Too much intelligence	Being a telephone operator	Capability of learning	Gee!
Ina Cook	Plenty	To move out of Palmyra	Giggling	Walking	Good natured	Oh Shoot!
Ivan Crocker	How much do you say?	To be an expert farmer	Too much ambition	Dancing	Well-groomed	Hi chicki!
Gladys Deering	Less than 140	To be a nurse	Pittsfield	Traveling	Smiles	Ain't that pitiful!
Hazel Deveraux	Looks are deceiving	To be a good homemaker	Bookkeeping	Staying on the farm	Quietness	Sure!
John Gee	Less than I should	To be an orator	Too many stories and jokes	Clowning	Stability	That's right!
Virginia Inman	Just enough	To follow her four brothers	Living in the country	Doing bookkeeping	Always the same	Ayah!
Helen Moore	I'll tell you sometime	To be better educated	Too many men	Jitterbugging	Large vocabulary	Well!
Joyce Plummer	Over 100 now	To solve all theories	Power of concentration	Reading	Good disposition	Huh?
Grace Roberts	That's personal	To be a good wife	Weight	Writing letters	Whispering	Gorry!
Barbara Ross	What did you ask?	To hold the admiration of everyone	Red hair	Meeting boys	Able to wear a smile and a scowl at the same time	What was that?
Leslie Sherburne	Enough for Uncle Sam	Just to be doing something different	Height	Smoke cigars	Loyalty to girls	Aw, gee!
Charlene Stedman	You want the truth?	To be of some good some day	Arguing	Staying home	Ability to ask questions	Sugar!
Joyce Thompson	Light as a feather	To get along with the teachers	Temper	Being a librarian	Her walk	No, suh!
Vernard Vanadestine	Not much	To be a wolf	Loquaciousness	Sleeping	Indifference	I dunno!
Nettie Withee	Gets by	To be efficient	Self-consciousness	Working	Dependability	Sugaration!
Beverly Wood	That's not fair	To drive an "Austin"	Sicily	Chewing gum	Personality	Jeepers!

HONOR ROLL

HONOR ROLL *

	1938
1924	Kenneth Baird
Elmer Ward	Russell Dunlap
Newton Smith	Joseph Ford
	Arthur Littlefield
1925	James Moore
Winston Norcross, U. S. N.	
1926	1939
Earl Heath	Burton Jones
Weston Stanhope	Selden Martin
Norman Huff, U. S. N.	Norman McCormack
1927	Maynard Moore
Lloyd Cookson	Stanley Peterson
Robert Estes	Julian Wilbur
	Ernest Staples, U. S. N.
1928	1940
Howard Gray	Howard Brown
Gerald Page	Donald Goodwin
	Wesley Ham
1930	Gareth Hanson
George Markham (discharged)	Charles Inman
Raymond Thorne	Robert Moore
Malcolm Carr	Donald Rice
Hazel Chipman, Army Nurse	Donald Wyman
1931	Gerald Burns, U. S. N.
Kenneth Carr	Clifford Merrill, U. S. M. C.
	1941
1933	Clyde Cookson, Jr.
Leroy Hatch	Edward Hilton
Leland Inman	Philip Libby
Roger Baker	Verne McLean
George Webber	Luther Nichols
Paul Gardner, U. S. N.	Linwood Perkins
1934	Rendell Phinney
Winston Hanson	Bertram Thorne
Charles Whitney	Omar Wheeler
	Ernest Inman, U. S. M. C.
1935	Virginia Millett, Waves
Howard Baird	1942
Vinson Phillips	M. Edmund Austin
Alden Stedman	Herbert Baird
Floyd Webber	Theodore Berkmaier
Aubrey Whittemore	Elbert Duncan, Jr.
Erwin Whittemore (Discharged)	Robert Goforth, Jr.
Clyde Griffith, U. S. M. C.	Harold Hughes
1936	Sheldon Hutchinson
Lennis Harris	Murray McCormack
Maurice Hatch	Robert Steeves
	Clarence Walker
1937	Keith Tapley, Merchant Marines
Myron Davis	
Mahlon Mellow	
Kenneth Wiers	
Donald Withee	
Donlin McCormack	

1943

Maynard Deering
Dean Fenderson, U. S. N.
Edwin Mower
Lewis Barden, Jr.
Donald Lancey, Jr., U. S. N.

1944

Leslie Sherburne
John Gee, U. S. N.
Earl Cully, U. S. N.

* All men listed are serving in the Army unless otherwise indicated.

Hartland Academy is proud of its many graduates in the armed forces of our country. We sincerely hope this record is accurate. If it is not, please notify the Academy office.

C. A. A. F., Box 55
Columbus, Miss.
25 March 1944

Editor of the Ripple
Hartland Academy
Hartland, Maine
Dear Editor:

In answer to your request, I am glad to outline briefly my present work in the Air Corps since May of 1943.

Three days from Hartland via New York, Washington, and Montgomery, Alabama, I arrived at the Columbus Army Air Field classified as an instructor in Navigation. Up to that time, my knowledge of planes and their motion through the air had been confined to one three hour watch on duty as an aircraft spotter on top of the Hartland Tannery. You can imagine that I approached this with almost as much confidence as I used to have when I faced Mr. Dunn over the ping-pong table. But after observing classes in the ground school for a while and spending a couple of months at Randolph Field, Texas, I was made an instructor—the Army way.

Thus, I am doing much the same type of work as in civilian life plus the usual administrative military duties that are connected with each of the hundreds of airdromes which have grown up from Florida to California. While actually the objective of the Training Command is to turn inexperienced cadets into experienced, disciplined men, skilled in the art of killing, my particular job is to help pilots keep themselves and their charges alive while attempting to conduct a plane from one place to another.

C. A. A. F. is an advanced twin-engine training post. This is the last trial for pro-

spective pilots. A pair of wings and lieutenant's bars are awaiting them at the end of eight weeks. The journey through Pre-flight, Primary, Basic, and Advance schools is rather rough but the training is excellent and the work is not beyond the average boy.

I would like the pleasure of having a Hartland Academy boy reach my classes some day. Maynard Moore '39 is on his way and perhaps others will become acquainted with the Magnolia State under a summer's sun. For those who reach this stage, transition school lies directly ahead and a pilot's job on a B-17 or B-24 is not too difficult to visualize.

I expect that each member of the Class of 1944 will have a direct share in the conclusion of this world conflict. My best wishes and hopes are with them. I wish to extend, also, to the faculty and underclassmen of Hartland Academy congratulations for their excellent work under the most trying of times.

Sincerely yours,
C. J. Cutts
1st Lt. A|C

Sampson, New York
March 16, 1944

Dear Classmates,

I have just finished four weeks of boot training here at Sampson, New York. One more week and it will be completed. I will be glad to get back to the good old State of Maine for a few days.

The first week at boot camp is the hardest. When you arrive in Sampson you get a very heavy meal, a glass of milk and a sandwich. All the sailors will be shouting and saying, "You will be sorry". Most of us are sorry anyway.

After you have digested your sandwich, they give you a physical examination, and then you receive your clothes which are thrown at you from all directions.

You are taken next to your barracks, which is your home while in boot training.

The recruits that have been in camp a week ahead of you, call themselves "old salts", and you "barber baits". After your hair is cut, you are called "skin heads".

Another thing that they kid you about is when you are inoculated against diseases. "Wait until you get the "square needle" or the one with the "propeller", they say.

A recruit's training is mostly drilling, going to lectures which are like going to movies. This is an idea of what Navy boot train-

ing is like. They feed us very well and have pleasant barracks. Hope to see you all on my leave.

Wishing you the best of luck.

Your classmate,
John Gee, A. S.

Camp Mackall, N. C.
March 12, 1944

Dear Myrtle,

I was very pleased to hear that the "Ripple" is going to be published again this year.

I wish I was going to H. A. again as do lots of other H. A. graduates, who are on many posts all over the world.

Many fellows are in the Air Force or the Navy, but here I am in the Airborne.

Airborne is a branch of the Army that isn't very well known. We ride in Gliders and C-47 transport planes. The training is along

the same lines as the Paratroopers. It is a hard, rough life, but it is fun anyway.

I have an interesting job as Scout Corporal. Besides leading the Battery, I have a part to play in the surveying. I certainly appreciate the mathematics that I took at H. A.

While I have been in the South I have traveled to several cities and towns. The urban communities seem very poor. There isn't a place in this part of the South that could begin to compare with New England.

On one trip to Charlotte, N. C., I met Max Baer, the ex-champion of boxing. Here in the Army you meet many interesting people from every part of the country.

In closing I wish you all success in the coming edition of the "Ripple".

Yours truly,

Cpl. Lewis Barden

ALUMNI

Class of 1914

Ella Seekins Getchell lives in Dexter.
Goldie Lander Randell living in East Wilton.

Class of 1919

Lois Wilkins Worthen lives in Bangor.
Iva Huff Ames lives at Skowhegan.
Ray Burlock, unknown.
Harold Getchell living in Dexter.

Class of 1924

Rebecca Pennell Steward lives at Corinna
Carlton Deering lives at Hartland.
Elmer Ward, Army.
Jennie Hubbard, deceased.
Joseph McGee, unknown
Frank Wing, deceased.
Clyde Brooks, Army.
Edwin Waterman lives in Lewiston.
Nathalie Lewis Williams lives in Wakefield, Massachusetts.
Melvin Waterman lives in Lewiston.
Newton Smith, Army.
Edward Brown, deceased.
Milton Morrison, unknown.

Class of 1929

Edna Hatch Nadeau lives in Hartland.
Theresa Merrick Mills lives in Hartland.
Thelma Ray Brooks lives in Hartland.
Charles Estes lives in Palmyra.
Edith Lewis Stevens lives in Belfast.
Marie Turner, unknown.
Blaine Webber lives in Massachusetts.
Perry Furbush lives in Hartland.
Hilda Furbush Bishop living in St. Albans.
Susie Miller Kelley lives in Augusta.
Thelma Neal lives in New Hampshire.

Class of 1934

Eileen Baird married and living in Chicago, Illinois.
Harriet Baird lives in Augusta.
Annie Barnes Hartwell lives in Hartland.
Virginia Bell Hoctor teaching in Old Orchard.
Mary Brown employed in Massachusetts.
Edson Buker lives in Palmyra.
Charlotte Currie Stafford lives in Dayton, Ohio.
Claude Fisher is employed at H. C. Baxter & Bro.
Dorothea Green lives in Guilford.

Winston Hanson, Army.
Dorothea Litchfield (Deceased).
Alfreda Neal* employed in hospital in Boston, Massachusetts.
Mertie Parkman, deceased.
Lyndon Pratt, employed at Fay and Scott at Dexter.
Walter Rideout, Army.
Gladys Salisbury lives in Hartland.
Florice Steeves Cunningham lives in Portland.
Eleanor Thorne Sawyer resides in Bangor.
Charles Whitney, Army.

Class of 1939

Anita Baird Allen lives in Hartland.
Madeline Cook Reardon lives in Skowhegan.
Hilda Emery Nutter employed at Portland Shipyards.
Norma Emery Nutter is living in Hartland.
Marvis Green Grant is living in Hartland.
Phyllis Ford Mitton lives in Dexter.
Viola Hillman McDougal lives in Hartland.
Arlene Hollister Baker attends business school in Skowhegan.
Burton Jones, Army.
Emily Knowlton Parsons lives in St. Albans.
Bernice Litchfield Woodman lives in Hartland.
Selden Martin, Army.
Leila Merrow Connors living in Orono.
Maynard Moore, Army.
Norman McCormack, Army.
Shirley Neal Ryder lives in Newport.
Henry Parkman is employed at Baxter's.
Stanley Peterson, Army.
Edith Rediker George lives in Belfast.
Mary Seekins lives in Hartland.
Arthur Smith is at home in St. Albans.
Dorothy Spencer Staples lives in Skowhegan.
Ernest Staples, Navy.
Irvin Stedman is living in Hartland.
Eleanor Towle Hollister living in Hartland.
Julian Wilbur, Army.
M. Ellen Worthen Cooper lives in Bangor.
Marion Wyman Laughton lives in Hartland.

Class of 1940

Irma Amero Stedman lives in Hartland.
Nellie Baird Pooler lives in Pittsfield.
Florence Bishop Briggs is living in Dover.
Howard Brown, Army.
Gerald Burns, Navy.
Wilhemina Cheney Gray living in Anson.
Isabelle Cook Lawrence lives in Palmyra.

Edith Cooley is teaching in Stratton.
Muriel Crocker Nelson is living in St. Albans.
Marion Davis is working in Dover-Foxcroft.
Oscar Dyer is employed at Baxter's.
Elsie Ford Smith lives in Kittery.
Patricia Gee is employed at Lynn, Massachusetts.
Donald Goodwin, Army.
Everett Wesley Ham, Army.
Gareth Hanson, Army.
Dor's Seekins Ballard lives in St. Albans.
Beatrice Wilbur Lowell lives in Pittsfield.
Geraldine Wilbur Brown is working in Pittsfield.
Donald Wyman, Army.
Donald Rice, Army.
Charles Inman, Army.
Kathaleen Harding Bubar lives in Massachusetts.
Edward Nichols, Army.
Robert Moore, Army.
Clifford Merrill, Marines.
Eunice Millett employed at Scott Webb Hospital, Hartland.
Douglas Hight living in Dexter.

Class of 1941

Jacqueline Buker Stedman at home in Hartland.
Beverley Cheney is living in Portland.
Clyde Cookson, Jr., Army.
Glenis Cunningham is employed at Presque Isle.
Herbert Davis at home in Palmyra.
Edward Hilton, Army.
Ernest Inman, Marines.
Allen Jones is employed at Hartland.
Geraldine Knowles Bishop is living at South Portland.
Meredith Knowles Hollister is living in Hartland.
Phillip Libby, Army.
Grace Lord Lary is living in Pittsfield.
Margaret Lord Merrow is in Massachusetts.
Jean Marie Lucas, Sisters' Hospital, Waterville.
Mary McDougal is employed at Baxter's.
Valti McDougal Merrow living at Hartland.
Verne McLean, Army.
Donald McLean is employed at Baxter's.
Virginia Millett, Waves.
Margaret Moore Francis is living in Hartland.
Luther Nichols, Army.
Omar Wheeler, Army.

Marguerite Walker Whittemore living in Hartland.

Evelyn Nutter Peterson is at home in St. Albans.

Linwood Perkins, Army.

Rendell Phinney, Army.

Bertram Thorne, Army.

Leon Patten is at home in St. Albans.

Priscilla Mower is employed in Portland.

Jeanette Smith is at Sister's Hospital, Waterville.

Class of 1942

Bernard Austin is at home in Hartland.

Edmond Austin, Army.

Herbert Baird, Army.

Lois Baird attending U. of M.

Theodore Berkmaier, Army.

Ena Bubar Hilton is living in Connecticut.

Francis Cook living in Hartland.

Eva Cully is employed at Baxter's.

Elbert Duncan, Army.

Bigelow Fuller is employed at Hartland Tanning Co.

June Gee Wilbur living in Arizona.

Emily Goforth is in East Weymouth, Mass.

Robert Goforth, Army.

Marjorie Goforth is in Florida.

Elwood Green is living in Hartland.

Evelyn Hinton Roberson is living in Cambridge.

Harold Hughes, Army

Sheldon Hutchinson, Army.

Doris Libby Fuller is employed at Hartland Academy.

Murray McCormack, Army.

Geraldine Neal is employed at Baxter's.

Gerald Roberston is working at Anson.

Robert Steeves, Army.

Arland Stedman is working in Hartland.

Keith Tapley, Merchant Marines.

Linwood Vanadestine working in Hartland.

Clarence Walker, Army.

Class of 1943

Doris Ames is employed at Baxter's.

Errol Austin is working at St. Albans.

Lewis Barden, Army.

Mildred Bishop Wark is at home in St. Albans.

Pauline Bowley Pelkie is at home in Hartland.

Kenneth Chambers is at home in St. Albans.

Joyce Church Webber is employed at Baxter's.

Maynard Deering, Army.

Dean Fenderson, working in Hartland.

Charlotte Gordon employed at Baxter's.

Bernard Hart is employed at Baxter's.

Virginia Hewins is employed at Baxter's.

Donald Lancey, Navy.

Barbara Martin Patten is living in St. Albans.

Edwin Mower, Army.

Mary McLean attending Farmington Normal School.

Pauline Neal Dyer living in Hartland.

Estelle Page attending Farmington Normal School.

Joseph Page is at home in Ripley.

Arthur Walker working in Monmouth.

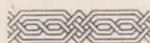
Merle Withee employed in Skowhegan.

Compliments of

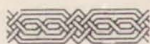
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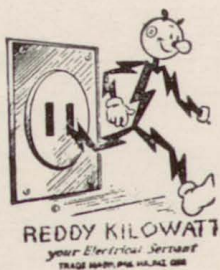
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and
POOL ROOM
HARTLAND MAINE

COMPLIMENTS OF
Percy Butterfield
INSURANCE
OF ALL KINDS
Commercial Street
HARTLAND MAINE

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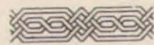
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