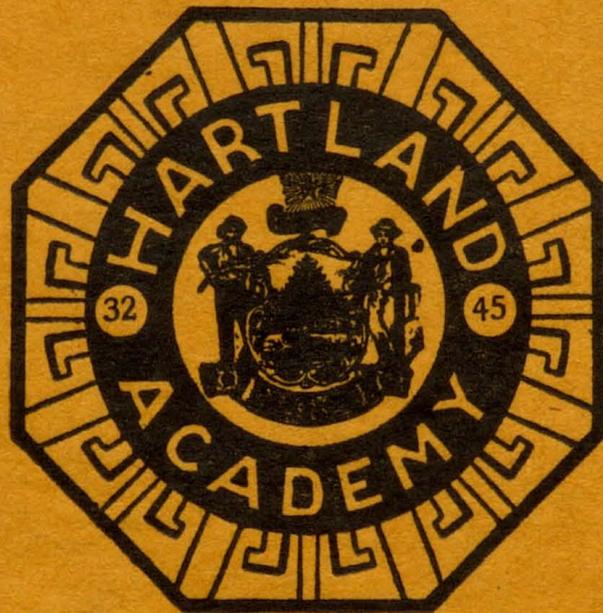
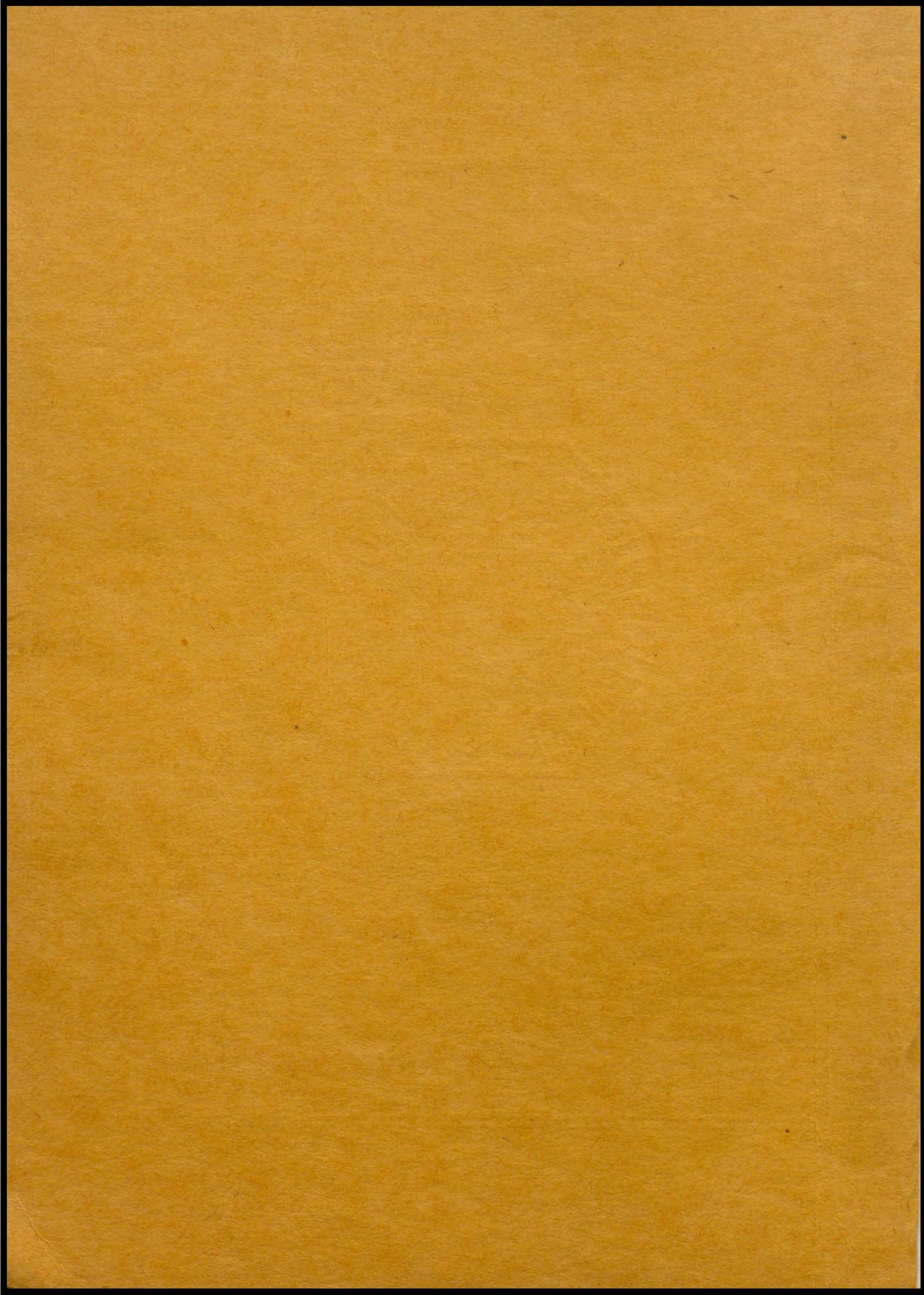


The Ripple



1945



THE RIPPLE

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DEDICATION

THE SENIOR CLASS OF
HARTLAND ACADEMY RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATES THIS ISSUE OF

"THE RIPPLE"

TO ITS HOME-ROOM TEACHER

MISS PHILPOT

WHO HAS BEEN VERY HELPFUL TO US
ALL IN CLUBWORK, ASSEMBLIES AND
CLASS WORK. WE HAVE ENJOYED
WORKING WITH HER AND WE HOPE
THAT SHE WILL ENJOY MUCH HAPPY-
NESS AND PLEASURE IN THE FUTURE.



RIPPLE BOARD

First row: W. Bubar, R. Ames, E. Gray, D. Smith, M. Hughes, M. Lovely, V. Wheeler, P. Gould, R. Lucas, L. Rollins, H. Emery.
 Second row: R. Mower, M. Gray, R. Randlett, G. Sawyer, E. Bunker, Miss Philpot, R. Pearson, M. Mills, P. Wheeler, E. Seekins, A. Chadbourne, K. Lary.

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Sophomores	Richard Mower
Freshmen	Edmund Seekins
Sub-Freshmen	Pauline Wheeler

FACULTY ADVISERS

Literary	Miss Philpot
Business	Mr. Dummer



THE FACULTY

First row: Elizabeth Purkis, Frances Pierson, Amelia Lombard, Ella Philpot.
 Second row: Frank Gentile, Richard Dummer, John Paton.

MR. RICHARD ALBERT DUMMER

Ph. B., Brown; M. A. Columbia
 Math and Science

Mr. Dummer was born in Trinidad, Colorado. His home is in Weld, Maine, where he attended grade school. He graduated from Hope High, Providence, R. I., and is a graduate of Brown University where he majored in economics. He also holds a degree from Columbia University in the field of Secondary Education. Mr. Dummer was principal of Weld High School for five years and was an instructor at Hebron Academy for five years. Mr. Dummer is interested in gardening and raising crops peculiar to the district.

MISS ELLA BOODY PHILPOT

A. B., Bates
 Languages

Miss Philpot's home is in Windham, Maine. She was graduated from Windham High School as valedictorian and majored in French at Bates College. She taught for one year at Pennell Institute in Gray and has been at Hartland Academy for two years. She attended the Bates summer school in 1936 and summer school at The University of New Hampshire in 1944. She enjoys nature studies. Her proverb is "When winter comes, can spring be far away?" Her post-war plans are to travel.

MISS ELIZABETH ANNA PURKIS

B. S., Farmington Teachers College

Home Economics and Coach

Elizabeth Purkis was born in Buckfield, Maine, and attended the public schools there. Later she attended Farmington State Normal School where she majored in Home Economics. She chose to teach Home Economics because of its practicability and chose Hartland Academy because of its homelike laboratory at the Annex. Miss Purkis is interested in athletics and considers sewing her hobby. When asked her post-war plans she said, "Traveling." Her proverb is "If a job is worth doing at all, it's worth doing well."

MISS AMELIA CATHERINE LOMBARD

A. B., Boston University

Mathematics

Miss Lombard was born in Brighton, Mass., and graduated as valedictorian from Medway High School. She is a graduate of Boston University where she received her A. B. degree in 1944. At college she majored in Romance Languages. She was a member of the Spanish Club and Le Cercle Francais. Her post-war plans are to travel abroad. Her proverb is "Cape Diem." She wanted to become a teacher because she enjoys working with people and chose Hartland Academy because the students were so friendly.

MRS. FRANCES HEWITT PIERSON

B. L. I., Emerson College of Oratory

English

Mrs. Pierson was born in Blaine, Maine, and attended the grade schools there. She was graduated from Aroostook Central Institute as valedictorian and from Emerson College of Oratory in 1931. Her hobby is directing plays and her post-war plan is to return to house-keeping. When asked why she had become a teacher, she replied, "Because of the shortage of teachers."

MR. JOHN PATON

Math. and Science

Mr. Paton was born in Renfrewshire, Scotland. He came to Rhode Island at the age of six. He was graduated from Moses Brown and attended Brown University, Rhode Island Normal School, and Norwich University where he majored in physical education. He has been a teacher for eighteen years. Mr. Paton is the father of eight children. His home is in Springfield, Vermont. His hobbies are sports and music and his proverb is "You can't judge a book by its covers."

MR. FRANK DANA GENTILE

A. B., Bates

History and Coach

Mr. Gentile was born in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and attended the grade school at Passumpsic. He was graduated from St. Johnsbury Academy and attended Northeastern University for one year and Bates College for three years where he majored in history. Last summer he attended Union Theological Seminary in New York. He has been in the Ministry for four years—two in Livermore, one at Gloucester and one at Brooks and Jackson. His hobbies are skiing and music. His proverb is "Only the strong shall conquer."

SENIOR PORTFOLIO



RAYMOND PHILIP AMES

"Ray"

"Morns abed and daylight slumber
Were never meant for man alive."

Basketball 3, 4; Letters 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; F. F. A. 3, 4; Reporter 3; Secretary 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Letter 3; Senior Play Cast 4; Student Council 4; Class Treasurer 4; Ripple Board 4.

"Ray" has helped pile up the score for H. A. and we hope you play as good a game in the future.



MADELEINE MARIE HUGHES

"Cupid"

"Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves."

Hacomec 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 4; Chorus 1, 3; Basketball 3, 4; letter 4; Softball 3, 4; prize speaking 2, 3; Winter Sports 4; Studen Council 4; Ripple board 3, 4; Volley Ball 4; Orchestra 3; Physical education 1, 2, 3; Office 2, 3, 4.

"Cupid" is the center of life in the Senior Room and H. A. Because she is stubborn, she and numerous people have petty arguments and keep things moving around school.



DELMA MAE SMITH

"Delm"

"Her voice was like the
Voice the stars had
When they sang together"

Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Accompanist 2, 3; Ripple Board 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play Cast 4; Language Club 1; Chorus 1; Library 3; Physical Education 3, Fourth Honors.

"Delma Mae" has helped lighten the heavy moments with her gift of gab, if you get my point.



RICHARD FRED LUCAS

"Lukie"

"And heaven is all too high"

Basketball 3, 4; Letter 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter 3; Soccer Ball 3; Dramatic Club 2, 4; F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice President 4; Student Council 2, 4; Vice President 4; Debating 1; Ripple Board 4; Class Treasurer 3; Third Honors.

"Lukie" has been appointed official bouncer and has kept the Senior room in order this year.



ELWOOD MAHLON GRAY

"Wood"
Salutatorian

"Anything worth doing
Is worth doing well."

Activity Aid 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, Letter 3; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Debating 1; Latin Club 2; French Club 3; President 3; Correspondt Club 4; Dramatic Club 4; Student Council 3; Secretary 3; Ripple Board 2, 3, 4; Business Manager 4; Citizenship Award 3; Alumni Award 3; Librarian 3; Senior Play Cast 4; Hi-Y 2, 3; President 3.

The classroom would be empty without "Wood's" dry speeches and quaint sense of humor.



VIRGINIA AMBER WHEELER

"Gini"

"Thou lovest and also knew
Love's sad satiety."

Basektball 2, 3, 4; Letter 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 2, 3; Hacomec Club 3; Language Club 4; Glee Club 1, 3; Chorus 1; Physical Training 1, 2, 3; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 2; Ripple Board 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3; Soft Ball 3; Volley Ball 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Winter Sports Team 2, 4; Dramatic Club, 4; Citizenship Award 2; Foul Shot Winner 1.

"Gini", with her sweet disposition, has acquired the friendship of all, and everyone is proud to be a friend of hers.



MYRTLE INA LOVELY

"Myrt"
Valedictorian

"Come—I may—but go I must—and if
Men ask why—
Just put the blame on the sun, moon,
And stars and sky."

Girls Glee Club 1, 2; Chorus 1; Orchestra 1, 2; Letter 2; Physical Training 1, 2, 3; Ripple Staff, 1, 3, 4; Student Council 1, 2, 4; Secretary 2; President 4; Latin Club 2; Basketball 1, 2; Letter 2; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Alumni Award 3; Office 3, 4; Ass't Business Mgr. Magazine Drive 3; Manager 4; Class Secretary 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Citizenship Award 1.

"Mother" has had a busy four years at H. A. trying to keep everyone up on his assignments. It was a long hard struggle but we made it!



WENDELL GEORGE BUBAR

"Booga"

"Up, lad, when the journey's over
There'll be time enough for sleep."

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; secretary 3; president 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Letter 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; letter 3, 4; Glee Club 3; Hi-Y 3; V'ce-president 3; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Winner 3; Physical Training 3; Senior Play Cast 4.

"Booga" is the Senior play boy who goes around digging up ghcsts, but it's usually a little red Fox.



PHYLLIS ELEANOR GOULD

"Phil"

"Let deep silence speak for me."

Hacomez 3, 4; Language Club 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Chief Librarian 4; Office 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Physical Training 2; Ripple Board 4; Dramatic Club 4.

"Phil", here's hoping that you are just as pacific in days to come as you have been here at Hartland Academy.



DONALD ERNEST NICHOLS

"Nick"

"Wherever he dream on mountains
Or stream
The spirit he loves
Remains."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letters 1, 2, 3; Cross Country 1, 2; Letters 1, 2; Track 1, 2; Letters 1, 2; Hi-Y 1, 2; F. F. A. 3; Glee Clubs 1, 2, 3; Physical Education 3; Ripple Staff 3; Student Council 1, 3.

"Nick" was the star tease of the class and we never wanted for excitement when he was around.



LEROY VERNE ROLLINS

"Rollo"

"I strove with none
For none were worth my strife."

Glee Club 3, 4; F. F. A. 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Baseball 3, 4; Ripple Board 4.

"Rollo" is one of those tall, silent types but he did tell me that his secret ambition was "to become a member of Lee's Army".



HARLOW EUGENE POWERS

"Big Boy"

Harlow was with us for only three years and a half but he spent part of one leave at H. A.

During his three years and a half he participated in athletics, clubs, debating, Glee Club and physical education. He was on the Ripple staff, Student Council and Prize Speaking in his Sophomore and Junior Years and won prize speaking for the Sophomores. He was in the Senior Play immediately before he left for the Navy.



HARLAN EARL EMERY

"Ben"

"Ah, make the most of what
We yet may spend
Before we, too,
Into the dust descend."

Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Debating 1; Dramatics 4; Senior Play
Cast 4; Baseball 4; Ripple Board 4; Cross Country 1; Hi-Y 2, 3;
Basketball 1; Physical Education 3.

It was "Ben" who entertained in the rear of the Senior
Room during the eighth period.



FRANK MAXFIELD BLACKDEN

"Frankie"

"Well done is better
Than well said."

Latin Club 1, 2, 3; Language Club 4; Ripple Board 4.

"Frankie" has always been rather quiet but we know that
he does exercise his vocal chords occasionally.

EDITORIALS

WORKING TOOLS

Very few students ever stop to figure out, except in a haphazard sort of way, just why they go to school. Many of them say they are going because they have to or because most of the other boys and girls go or, perhaps, because there is not much else to do. All of these answers and others like them are obviously not adequate. They do not justify the time and expense involved in getting an education.

Education seems to me to be a set of tools which enables a person to do more work in less time, or to do work more easily, or to do a certain type of work which he could not do without it. Today nearly all the types of work are highly specialized. This is as true of the work of a skilled machinist as it is that of a surgeon. The day of the general handiman has gone and anyone who claims to be a jack of all trades is actually master of none. Except for common labor, a person must have a certain amount of education before he can perform any type of work.

In considering education as a tool for better living, one should not take the narrow point of view that education is simply limited to reading books. Education is concerned with all the things which one learns and it most certainly is not limited to the inside of a schoolhouse. We often hear of men who style themselves as "self-made men" but they stand out from the crowd and are very few in number. Experience has shown that any individual who tries to educate himself is working under a terrific handicap. The person who goes to school on a regular schedule, takes up his work in a carefully planned manner and has an opportunity to get help where he needs it, can accomplish far more in less time than anyone trying to work out his own training by himself.

Today, every large corporation recognizes the value of an education as a tool for better work. The employment manager in these corporations is supplied with definite tables and directions for hiring prospective employees

for the various jobs. For certain types of work, a high school education is required before an applicant will even be interviewed for that job; for other types of work, graduation from trade school is required; and for still others an engineering degree.

Obviously no diploma, whether it be from high school, technical school or whatever school you may wish to mention, will ever keep a job for you. However, it is equally obvious that you would never have had an opportunity to get that job had you not first completed the work for the required diploma.

Today, with so many people in the service and with so many war plants operating, getting a job is an easy matter. Employment managers are not concerning themselves too closely with training—for any help, no matter how inefficient, is better than none. This condition is only temporary. When the change comes, and it may be sooner than we think, it will be a rapid one. Today the smart student recognizes this fact. He knows that the good things in this life have to be earned and his share of these things depends on just what he can offer for them.

Unfortunately, the thoughtless student who wastes time in school or leaves at an early age, does not realize this. For when he terminates his education at an early age he may discover that he has closed the door on the very kind of work he would most like to do.

R. A. Dummer

EDUCATION FOR CREATIVE LIVING

Hartland Academy is primarily a place for learning—an institution for educating people to live. It is not a place to indulge in social activities as the main subject of study. If that were our aim, then we could better do it by turning it into a community house for nightly social activities and forget education. Many among our students would enjoy this.

When we use the word "live" we do not mean existing, but instead, creative living or constructive living. We should learn in history that progress is made not by futile

and aimless destruction, but by careful and determined construction. The successful farmer is the productive farmer who does not destroy his crops, his land and his own energy in wasteful and foolish questions around his farm. If we wish a strong, prosperous democratic nation and world then we must direct our living along lines that will add to the world these things and not merely take them away from other people of our own day and the future without replacements.

If Hartland Academy is to be useful to its students and society, then it must educate for 'creative living' among its students and its graduates. Hartland Academy will be respected by men only if it can be instrumental in advancing the progress of mankind. If it can not be, then this school will drop into oblivion and nothingness as many other schools have done before our day. Men respect individuals for this same reason.

How, then, can we make this school one held in high respect by society, higher even than it is now? When I first came to Hartland the school was in chaos. Why? Because there was with the exception of one, a completely new faculty. Administrative methods left by the preceding administrations were few and far between. It was in chaos because we were all new, and had to build from the ground up. There was no foundation for a quick efficient change in leadership. Fortunately the students and the faculty were able to eliminate some of the chaos and disorder. The school is better today than it was in October of 1944, just a few months ago. But if a new administration, were to come here next year the gains made this year, would be lost to the new people next year. This would be so because, like our predecessors, we have left nothing in writing, no general principles or guides on how Hartland Academy can be operated for the best good of all.

To make this school a better school, and every school can be better than it is, I suggest the following plans. Our forefathers knew the United States could not grow on a government of whim and fancy changing with each successive leader, so they drafted a Constitution designed to grant following generations some definite guides and principles along which the government of these United States could be administrated even though presidents and generations were to come and go.

Let us here take a lesson from history. A committee composed of members from the trustees, faculty, student body and graduates

of Hartland Academy could be drawn up for the purpose of drafting a Constitution for Hartland Academy. Such a Constitution would provide a frame work necessary for each new class and administration to grasp, and on which to build. Hartland Academy and its students would then suffer less damages from changes than it does at the present. It would provide a higher degree of organization and orderliness than we have at present. We must remember that students cannot learn in chaos and disorder, and our aim is to educate. But remember it is an ever changing world and like the Constitutional fathers, we must also wisely provide for changes to meet the ever new demands upon education, and to keep Hartland Academy from being out moded and out classed by other schools.

The amount of studying and learning a student does depends upon the attitude and environment of his school, as well as upon the environment and attitude of his home life, for study and education. We cannot control the home, but we can handle the school problems. We must create within the school a respect for study, a respect for learning, and a respect for tolerance and truth. This must be the attitude of the students just as much as it is for the faculty.

When a new class enters the school, they should immediately feel, by the attitude of the upperclassmen that they are here for a purpose namely to learn how to live constructively. If this is not the situation for each new class, then we might as well close our doors, for we are wasting the community's money and energy.

We must, further more graduate from this school people who are fit to live in a democratic nation of representative government. If our students go through five years of faculty dictatorship with no opportunity to try governing themselves in small and even important school matters, then I suggest that they are not fit people for a democracy, but for a dictatorship. Unless students are trained in democratic living then they are dangerous to democracy, and such a school can be considered a failure in our system of living.

To meet the demands for developing a proper school atmosphere and citizens this Constitution must provide for a fully active student government. Just where the line shall be drawn for their activity, I leave to the wisdom of the previously proposed committee. I feel that they should have a chance to administer disciplinary problems of the students that are

infringements of the Constitution. Many things done by the faculty should be delegated to student committees with faculty supervision, as far as efficiently possible. The teacher is here to teach, the student is here to learn, from the teacher, the books, and from experience.

If the school can do these things, then I think we may be able to some day claim as our motto; "Education for Creative Living". And what is more, to have the motto accepted and respected by others as a true motto for Hartland Academy.

F. D. Gentile

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

Let us assume that the most pressing need of youth from the standpoint of the student of high school age is a proper evaluation of life in a world upset by the turmoil of war.

The student very appropriately says, "I am preparing for a productive period which will be approximately one third of my life span. What should I do or acquire during the preparation period of my life?"

Am I developing the required qualities, virtues, outlooks or attitudes from my scholastic and social contacts while in this preparatory period?

My first response is to the impulse evoked by contact with fellow students since I must live with them as a student. I observe how my parents live with and get along with their neighbors. Meeting, dealing with, enjoying and sympathizing with fellow students is routine. This, however, involves respect for my own convictions as well as the convictions of others.

The use of the word CONVICTION implies that not everything that is suggested or done is right. Now, then, personally and socially, it is necessary to choose the right. The proper attitude or outlook is to choose the right but, socially, this is not sufficient. I must surpress the opposite or I am failing in my outlook phase of living. As my parents either condone or censure the neighbors' acts and so have a part in the sentiment of the community, likewise there is no act of my fellow student which is not approved or condemned by me whether I openly express myself or not.

I hold it to be axiomatic that: When local sentiment is in favor of an improvement in a piece of road, that piece of road is improved by the regular process; when the community sentiment is in favor of the improvement of a community service, that service is improved through the regular process; when the national sentiment is in favor of the passage of a law, that law is placed on the statute books through the regular process.

"Now, this nation, our United States of America, is engaged in a Conference with other nations for a discussion OF THE PRINCIPLE regarding the rights of nations in order to prevent future wars. This is the second such procedure within a generation. My part in the new order will be a positive social responsibility.

I am my brothers' keeper. Thus in effect, I make a positive statement—I am my brothers' keeper, out of the old evasive question; 'Am I my brothers' keeper?'

As I assume a proper social responsibility in school activities so shall I take a similar attitude in adult life.

John Patton

LITERARY

MR. DEAN'S ESCAPADE

Mr. Dean put on his dress jacket, set his tie straight, and whisked his greying hair back from his temples. He was whistling a queer ditty (one couldn't call it a tune, and be right). He'd wear the grey hat tonight instead of the black. It was more becoming to him, he thought.

Mr. Dean wanted to make a good impression upon the whole city that night, as it was going to be his new home for awhile. He wished the houses weren't all alike on that street. It would give him more and higher esteem to be living in one that was entirely different. Still that was all they, he and his brother, could afford on their tiny income.

"Now, let's see; there's the Lake View Club, the Stork Club, and that other place where all the actors go." He mused to himself, "I wonder if that young lady that lives on the corner would like to go with me. She would certainly make everyone take notice."

With a few more gestures, nods, and a long sidewise glance in the mirror, he whistled his way out of the house and as he turned the corner he stopped to ring the door bell of his young lady.

"Pardon me m'am, but I was wondering if you'd-er-like to go-er to the Stork Club with me tonight." Mr. Dean fumbled in his pocket and wiped the sweat from his forehead before she could answer.

"Why, yes, I'd love to go," the lady replied, so they were off for a big evening.

When they reached the Club, Mr. Dean introduced himself to everyone as a count (this was much against his brother's better judgment). Oh, his brother was a grouch all right, he wouldn't even come to the club to-night.

"I'll show him," thought Mr. Dean, and strived to get more attention. He was right. Even the waiters showed him their best courtesy and the orchestra asked his request of ballads before playing. The evening went fast and Mr. Dean was soon on his way home dizzy with happiness at his success.

He walked up the steps to his house and reached in his pocket for his key.

"Drat It! Forgot my key," he announced aloud. Being a very considerate man, and not wanting to wake his brother, he went to the back window, lifted it gently, and crept stealthily through into the room. It was very dark inside, but he didn't dare risk lights. His brother might be cross if he was awakened.

"Now, where did I put my pajamas?" he thought as he pulled things from the closet.

"Oh, here they are, right where I put them, on the door knob. Silly of me to forget." Mr. Dean undressed with care and climbed into bed, and was about to relax when a hair-raising screech pierced the darkness of the room. Bed clothes were thrown back and a young lady leaped to the floor. The room was soon flooded with lights and as she picked up a vase, Mr. Dean left the bed, crashed through the window and on to the muddy ground outside all in one leap.

He started running down the street with a large bull dog at his heels. Its barking had awakened many people and heads could be seen poking from every window. They stared in amazement at the person they thought was a "count" and roared with laughter as he opened his own door and left his pajamas in the bull dog's mouth outside.

Safe in his own bed, Mr. Dean sighed and thought, "Better to be one's self all the time, instead of just half the time."

Lillian Robinson '46

A VICTIM OF WAR

In a home in New York were the two parents of a soldier. These parents like many others were anxious for the welfare of their son. No word had been received for some time and they were worried.

One day a telegram came from Washington saying that their son, Jim Collins, was missing in action somewhere in France. Mrs. Collins was brave about it. She said tearfully:

"My son can't be dead. He will show up soon. I know he will. God won't forsake us just like that."

Mr. Collins was quiet and sad. Weeks and months flew. All hopes for Jim had fled. Mrs. Collins believed that Jim had gone to a better home above. The War Department announced him officially dead.

Meanwhile, somewhere in France in a prison camp, half starved and sick with fever, was Jim. One would never recognize him. He had lost weight until he was just skin and bones. His clothes were just rags that barely clung to his back. He looked all of 20 years older than he was.

One day one of his fellow prisoners asked, "How did you happen to get captured?"

Jim told his story as follows:

"I was in the front lines. A group of us was sent to sabotage the enemies supply line. We waited until dark and crept out. The Germans caught us and killed the men around me. I was mad, good and mad. Alone I started after that machine gun. I got him, too, but his buddy brought me in as a prisoner. My satisfaction lies in the fact that that machine gunner who took the lives of my buddies is now dead."

This prison camp as located near the front lines and fierce fighting was going on day and night. Jim's nerves were getting bad. Much more of this and he would lose his mind. One day the fighting seemed to be closer and then the Germans fled. The Americans came in and freed the prisoners.

Jim said huskily, "This is the happiest day of my life."

The General replied, "A happier day is coming, soldier. You're going home."

Home! That word brought tears to Jim's eyes and joy to his heart. How many times he had dreamed of going home.

"Thanks, General, I hope you soon will go home also."

The General said, "I am living for one purpose. When that is completed I'm going home. That purpose is to take Berlin."

Jim said, "I wish you the best of luck and I'm sure that all of America is behind you."

The General walked on talking with one of his men.

Word was sent of Jim's welfare but due to some mistakes his parents did not receive the news. Jim came home on a ship and soon reached New York. He raced toward home and into the house.

"Hi there, mom! Hi, dad!" he shouted.

"Jim! But—they said you were dead," cried Mr. Collins.

"Oh, Jim, my boy," sobbed Mrs. Collins.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins believed their boy dead until he stepped through that door. We pray that when this war is over, many families who have given up hope may likewise be reunited.

Betty Bunker, '46

JEEPS CREEPS HUNTING TRIP

Jeeps Creeps was going hunting. He had read all about hunting in a Krazy Comics; and knew all there was to know about the subject.

He was wearing the choicest hunting apparel. He was wearing a pair of hip boots which he made from tissue paper due to the lack of rubber. On his head was a woman's hat approximately ten feet in height, it being the only red hat available at the time. He was wearing an electrically heated bear skin coat over which he was continually tripping.

After marching 25 hours the first day, he arrived at the "IAMWOOD Forest", and slept through the second day. On the third day, he arose early at 1 P. M. and taking his Sherlock Bones kit went searching for tracks. While he was crawling through the woods on his hands and knees there was also another occupant in the woods.

It was Bambino, the world's only 20-leven point deer. Ambling through the woods in ten foot strides, he came upon Jeeps who was deeply engrossed in his work.

The two were busily engaged in conversation when one half hour later Jeeps noticed something strange about his newly acquired friend.

"My," he exclaimed, "but you look like a deer."

"Think nothing of it old boy, I am a deer," replied Bambino.

"Then hold still 'cause I'm going to shoot you." And so saying he raised his 99 calibre machine gun and loosed a barrage of spit balls.

Bambino then lay down and laughed himself to death. It was then quite apparent he was tickled to death over the matter.

Jeeps Creeps promptly whittled out a sled from a large elm tree with his ten cent jack-knife bought especially for the purpose. After loading on Bambino he started for home. His life long ambition was apparently filled.

Ivan Welch '46

THE SPLOTCH OF RED

Alone in his small room on the freighter, Winslow, Jack Davis cut the stitches from the mattress and drew out a pile of bills. He placed several new ones with these. At last he had enough to quit the sea and join the Army which would be more to his liking.

He'd give the thousand dollars to his mother. With that and his Army pay each month, expenses could be met easily.

As he put the money back into the mattress, he noticed something red on one end. He examined it closely and smiled for it was nothing but some dye which had run over in forming a strip at one end. But he thought it peculiar. Was he getting nervous about the money as it was his last trip across the Atlantic?

When he went on deck, he was still thinking about the red splotch. He noticed that the ocean was rough and that the convoy was not sailing as close to the other ships as usual. He also could not get rid of the feeling that something was wrong.

When the torpedo hit the ship, he was thrown hard against the deck. His first thought was of his money. He attempted to regain his feet, but the tossing of the ship prevented him from doing so. He crawled toward the forecabin on his hands and knees.

The second blast broke the freighter in two and Jack was thrown into the sea. Within a few minutes, there was nothing left but some floating debris as the vessel disappeared from sight. Some distance away were three life boats. But the convoy moved on; its destroyers were ever alert. Somewhere under the surface of the water, the submarine was still lurking.

A raft floated fifty yards away and he swam toward it. Once aboard, Jack relaxed. An hour passed. The sun was casting a shadow across the sea which was now becoming more calm. He thought of his money but it was gone and he'd have to start all over again. He looked at the life rafts which he estimated to be about four hundred yards away. Evidently, the men in the boats hadn't seen his raft.

Suddenly he sat up straight and to his surprise saw not more than a hundred feet away, a mattress. It floated free along with some other articles. As his eyes became accustomed to the sight, he saw a splotch of red. It was his mattress. He tried to remember which end

the money was in but in his dazed condition, he couldn't recall.

A piece of wood hit against the raft and Jack grabbed it. He found that it served as a paddle and with this he maneuvered toward the mattress.

After a short rest, he resumed his efforts and glanced toward the boats. His heart leaped. They had swung around and were headed in the direction of the raft.

He stopped paddling and as he relaxed, something hit against the side of his raft within a foot of his hands. It was the mattress. Quickly he brought it aboard. He examined it. As he did so, his spirits sank, for one side of it was completely gone. The whole thing was water soaked and in a few minutes would have sunk. As he felt the mattress, a bill dropped out. He thrust in his hand at that point and touched another bill. Farther inside he felt the wad of money that he had been saving for so long. He pulled it out and crammed it into his pocket just as the life boats came along side.

Twenty-four hours later, the crew of the torpedoed ship was safe on the freighter Baldwin, heading back to the American coast. As Jack stood at the rail, now comfortable in clean clothes, the money safe in his pocket, he thought of his past experiences and decided that the Merchant Marine was really exciting enough.

Maynard Yakemore '48

SERVICE STAR

The thick, silent fog settled slowly over the busy city. The street lights were a blur of yellow through the heavy air. One by one the crowd which daily thronged the pavements was on its way homeward, for it was Christmas Eve.

There was no sound of horses' hoofs on cold hard snow nor the jingle of merry bells which is usually associated with Christmas for there was no snow. There was the winter fog which lays its blankets every evening over coastal cities of the West.

As December, the last month of another year of war comes into view, many of our hearts are not filled with the usual calmness and tranquility that the Christmas spirit should bring.

Children in America are comparatively untouched by the world struggle. In a brightly lighted apartment in our foggy city a little

lame boy sits looking from the window on the lights in the harbor below where there are ships which carry men to distant places and sometimes bring them back safely.

High above the harbor in the sky the black clouds are parting and one star can be seen in the north. The little boy turns from the window where a silver service flag is hanging and says, "Mommie, is that God's service flag?"

For a moment the young mother gazed at the star and then replied, "Yes, dear, that is a silver star shining because God gave His only Son."

Marilyn Mills '46

AN EARLY MORNING DUCK HUNT

Slipping quietly out the back way at 4:00 o'clock in the morning, I headed straight for the bleak woods. At this hour most of the nocturnal creatures had retired and day-venturing animals had not awakened.

Startled by a short, little bark, I glanced sideways and could barely see in the veiled, half light of dawn a large tom cat and a red fox. They seemed very interested in each other. The cat advanced slowly, and the fox circled around him. With a quick movement I threw my gun to my shoulder and fired! A flash of red and this sly creature of the wilds had disappeared. Not regretting that I had missed, I walked briskly on.

Arriving at my destination, a small pond, I slipped quickly into my blind. A sudden loud splash told me that my appearance had been noticed by one of a nearby colony of beavers. Answering splashes informed me that the alarm had spread. Then all was quiet.

Glancing up I could make out a great blue heron winging its solitary way across the dull grey sky.

Soon I heard the sudden rush of short powerful wings. Gripping my shot gun, excitedly I waited. Then I saw the beautiful blue-green colors of a wood duck. "Too pretty to shoot," I thought, and relaxed.

About ten minutes later I heard the clear call of a flock of black ducks. Crouching lower in my concealed blind, I could see them circling for the landing. Then numerous soft splashes told me that they had landed. Cocking my shot gun I took careful aim at the nearest bunch and fired!

With loud, startled quacks of fright the flock rose in a feathery uproar. Aiming hasti-

ly I fired twice more. By this time the ducks were out of range. "Lucky shots!" I mused to myself as I gathered five plump birds. I was thankful that none had been wounded and escaped to live on crippled and suffering later.

I then started slowly towards home, to leave this little world of peace and solitude to itself.

David Tibbetts '48

I AM AN HEIR

I am an heir. I have inherited the power to fight for my home and country and the people I love.

I will give you an idea of what I mean.

I am a Marine. I was on the Philippine Islands when the Japs were slowly but surely taking over. I was one of the wounded men who had been taken from there before the Japs had conquered all of the Islands.

I was taken to Australia where I was treated for my wounds. It took a long time and a lot of care for me to recuperate but I recovered in time to prepare for the attack on the Philippines—this time by the Americans.

As soon as I was ready for duty they put me in a new marine company fresh from the states. They had had their basic training and were out here to brush up on the rest of it. Experienced men, who had fought the Japs and knew their tricks and traps, tried to tell the young recruits what they would be up against. But these inexperienced boys couldn't realize some of the things the enemy did. They hadn't seen men who had laid down their arms and surrendered, shot down in cold blood, or women and children and wounded men tortured, knifed or shot by bloodthirsty uncivilized creatures, like I had seen. They would realize and I prayed it wouldn't be too late.

Then the time came. We were loaded on ships with all the equipment that was needed for landing. We slipped out of port after dark. About dawn we joined a large convoy which was loaded as we were.

We sailed all that day. A few hours after dark we heard heavy guns firing in the distance. We knew our destination was near. At three A. M. we were told the first wave of marines would land at the break of dawn. Each of us waited, listening to the thundering of the heavy guns bombarding the coast. About 5:30 the sky began to lighten up. We saw the first wave of marines going in. When they were about half way in, all hell broke loose. The all-night bombardment by our air

force in preparation for the landing hadn't hurt the Japs very much.

Then came the call for the second wave. This was when our company went in. As we headed for the beach, landing barges were blown out of the water around us. Already barges were bringing wounded back to the ships.

When we hit the beach we jumped out of the barge and landed in water up to our waists. We waded to the sand and fell flat to catch our breath. Then we made a raid. I was heading toward the edge of the jungle when a slug caught me in the chest, turned me around; everything went black.

The next thing I knew I was in a white room with the bright sunlight streaming through the windows. I was on my way to recovery again.

Thus being wounded, I was awarded the Purple Heart and called a hero. Why should I, a person who was wounded before he could do any fighting be called a hero? What about the men who died after really doing something great? What about their mothers or wives who sacrificed someone they loved for their countries sake? No, I wasn't a hero. They were the heroes.

Yes, I have inherited the greatest power of all. The power to fight for the things and country I love. I inherited this from my American ancestors who fought for liberty. Without liberty there is no civilization. It is the end and aim of all civilization. It is the light toward which we have marched through all the years. We found this liberty in our democracy. Democracy will not survive on its hopes and aspirations only. It is not a secure status—it is a brilliant opportunity. It is not the end, but the means; it is not liberty; it is an agency to attain liberty. It is my heritage to fight for the continuance of this democracy.

George Goforth '46

I AM A SEABEE

I am a Seabee back from twenty-three months in the South Pacific. While the thoughts of most civilians here in the States are on war, my thoughts are far away. All the horrible blood-curdling things I have seen are pushed to the back of my mind. Let them stay there, filed like old papers in a cabinet. My thoughts are all on what lies beyond that stretch of gray water, only a few yards ahead San Francisco. The wonder-

ful soil of the United States looks as good to me as home would.

The falling dusk has brought with it the cold, gray fog and a sprinkling of lights over the city. The air is filled with the excited voices of my mates. We are covered with grime and grease. The stubble of our faces is grotesque, except those who are yet too young to shave. We are as happy as though clean.

The prow of our gray shadow-like destroyer is pushing gently against pier fifty-six. The excitement of the men is almost unbearable. Discipline is difficult to maintain even among the officers. Lined on the pier, almost five hundred strong, we gathered at attention. This will be the last time for a month. For some of those wounded on the lower deck it will be the last time ever.

On some faces are prayers, on others joy, but in the hearts of all happiness.

Many buses take us to our barracks. There new clothes, showers and shaves, food and cigarettes are obtained. Last of all are the Liberty cards. One long month. Many of the men have train reservations in towns near and distant.

Through the barrack gates pour men walking with the jaunty swing of a sailor. Deep-bassed voices swell into the song of the fighting Seabees.

I am proud to be a Seabee, glad of the knowledge war has given me and anxious to fight again for Uncle Sam. Until then, I shall enjoy my month's leave. May we all see each other in a more inviting circumstance some day, but never in a more inviting place than the United States of America.

Marilyn Mills '46

BACKING UP TED

"Buy a paper, Mister?"

No, go along and give me room to get by!" was the disgruntled command of a hard-faced individual as he elbowed his way through the crowd on the station platform.

"Buy a paper, Mister?" a small boy repeated in a hopeful tone. This was addressed to a man standing nearby who had observed the rebuff experienced by the bright-faced youngster on his last attempt.

"Yes, I'll take one," passing over the two pennies.

"Thanks, Mister," returned the boy with a smile of appreciation. Hope I can sell six more!"

"Why six more?" the man asked looking fixedly at the little fellow.

"Cause that'll make ten," was the interested, reply, "and then I'll have five cents."

Here their talk was interrupted by a new customer who bought a paper.

"Only five more," cried the boy in delight.

"But you sell more than ten a night, don't you?" was the next question.

"Sure, I do," was the laughing explanation, "I sold out my regular number half an hour ago. I'm trying to sell ten extra every night now, and it's pretty hard work. One night I didn't do it, and got stuck with four."

"What are you trying to sell the extra ten for?" the man inquired. "Folks at home make you do it?"

"No, sir-ee, Mister, my folks aren't like that. I'll tell you why I'm doing it—

"Here, Miss, don't you want the evening paper? All the latest news; great Allied victory."

"Thanks, Miss," as he made the change. Then turning back to his friend he continued, "As I was trying to tell you, Mister, I've got a brother that's enlisted—and he's a swell brother, too. Well, he's in France. About two weeks ago we had a letter from him. And say, Mister, he wrote a little one to me and sent it in with Mother's. I tell you, Ted's some brother, Ted is."

"But about the extra ten papers," the man inquired again.

"Sure, Mister, I'm coming to that. Well, my brother said that if we didn't all hustle and do our best over here to back up the war they might all be killed, or, what's worse, the Germans and Japs might lick us to a frazzle and then we all would be prisoners."

"But what's that got to do with your selling papers?"

"Why, don't you see, Mister?" was the surprised answer. "I've got to sell so many papers a day to help out at home. We're hard up against it more than ever since Ted went because he earned a lot more money here at home than he gets over there, and you see, father's dead."—— the boy's face took on a sad look for an instant, before he continued.

At this point one more paper was sold, then the boy went on:

"Well, Mister, I haven't but three more to sell, then I can go home to supper. But, as I was telling you, Ted said every last one of us over here has to buy a War Bond. Somehow I guess he didn't mean us—his own folks—

though, because he's buying one himself on the pay so much a month plan. And mother is going to buy one too when the time comes. Course I couldn't buy a whole one by myself, but I'm not going to get left; you bet I'm not! So I'm selling ten extra papers a night, and saving five cents a day—almost every day," he said wistfully, "and I'm putting it into Defense Stamps. And as soon as I get a dollars worth, I'm going to write and tell Ted. He'll be sure to feel safer when he hears that."

"Here, son, give me the rest of those papers," the man suddenly demanded. "Here's a five dollar bill to back Ted up with." Then he strode swiftly away.

For a long time that evening the man sat in his office figuring up an endless number of sheets of paper. Finally he drew a breath of relief as he leaned back in his chair. "Well, I can't see how I'm going to need that ten hundred. If anyone had told me this afternoon that I could spare any more money for this next Victory Loan I would have told him that I couldn't rake up twenty-five dollars, that is, twenty-five I could spare. But I guess most of the things I was planning to do can wait until this job is over. And anyway I've got to back up Ted, I reckon."

Maxine Brooker '46

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

The aged German felt very weary as he sat by his table in the dimly lighted room. The night was cold and the wind howled with a sort of agony. It very well matched his mood. For a few minutes he laid his head down on the table and closed his eyes. Suddenly he lifted it—he must think this problem out now. He would not allow himself to go to bed until he had settled this thing which had hung over him for a long time.

He thought of the mine near the small town of Greenwood which had been swept by a terrible fire years ago. The townspeople had nearly all been burned to death or died of suffocation and no one had bothered to go there since. He had been there and into the mine several times as he had decided soon after the starting of the war, to build his small rough house near there in the woods.

He could let it be known about the possibilities of great war time mining from this region—but why should he? What had this country done for him? He was a German—

not allowed to be naturalized or hold a war job although he was skilled. Children jeered at him "German, German, German," they would say.

He could take it no longer and isolated himself from the people and country he could have loved.

God might have helped him—but no. He lost his faith when—he shuddered to think of it. His dear wife and son had been taken from him at the same time as a result of an epidemic? Why hadn't it taken him, too? God had not heard his pleadings then and would not now.

"What to do, what to do," went over and over in his mind. His thoughts turned to Germany, once his peaceful home. Now it was ruthless and was hated by everyone including himself.

Man without a country. Could that be he? He wouldn't let it be!!! Yes, he would tell them about the mine and its possibilities—the sooner the better. He was determined to make them to see—He would live again!!

Ruth Pearson '46

THE BURGLAR MEETS HIS FATE

"Quiet, men!!" said the 'chief' in a hushed voice. "He's right around the corner, and if we make a sound he'll make a get-away before we get a chance to catch him. All ready. O. K. Let's go!!!"

They went forward, quickly but cautiously, lest by some slip their plan should fail.

The burglar's keen ears easily detected the sound of their hurried footsteps coming nearer and nearer. Furtively he searched for a place to hide, but to no avail. There was no open door through which he might gain his freedom, no crates behind which to hide and no chance to retreat.

Before he could form a plan, they were upon him, beating him with heavy clubs they were carrying. The air was filled with sounds of turmoil. The burglar shrieked with terror and pain, but the 'chief' and his men had no mercy, no pity. They struck at him again and again, until at last he lay still. Blood gushed from his head, painting the cement surrounding it a hideous scarlet.

"Is he dead?" asked one of the 'men'.

"We'll make sure!" the 'chief' answered and added another blow to the head of the burglar. A quivering and then all was still. There could be no mistake; the burglar was dead. Even the 'chief's' face cringed as he looked at the gruesome sight.

They carried the burglar outside and laid him at the edge of the garden. Then they dug an enormous hole with spades they had found in the shed, pushed the burglar in, and shoveled the dirt in on top of him.

"Well, Mrs. Jones," said the 'chief' gravely, when he had completed his report on the case, "if you have any more trouble with mice, just call on the 'Twelfth Street Detective 'Sociation!!! We'll be glad to help you get rid of them."

Harry Ballard '45



POETS' CORNER

THE BATTLE FOR MANILA

It started in nineteen forty-one
The twelfth month of the year,
A war between the Americans
And men we never had feared.

Refrain:
The Yanks are winning, the Yanks are win-
ning
The Japs are on the run.

General MacArthur then sent his men
To fight near Manila Bay;
He got there first and told his men
That the Marines had saved the day.

Refrain:

While MacArthur was leading his weary men
There was also a fight on the sea,
Admiral Nimitz with his ships
Were as strong as the enemy.

Refrain:

Manila was captured this morning
After many long battles before;
The enemy fled in a hurry
And the natives were free once more.

Mary Fisher '48

MY PARTING THOUGHT

Now that duty calls me,
And a parting there must be;
I bid farewell to one and all
As I leave for land or sea.

I trust I have not faltered
As I have tried indeed,
My duties to be faithful
And to each teacher heed.

This parting isn't pleasant
And its sure to cause me pain;
But when this war is ended,
I pray we'll meet again.

Harlow Powers '45

LOVE

We love the fields,
And also the trees;
We love the flowers
That nod in the breeze.

We love our families
And all our friends.
We love all those
Whom to war God sends.

To the young and old,
To the strong and weak,
Love is needed
To make life complete.

Stop and consider
What it would mean
To live a lifetime
With love unseen.

Rae Jean Randlett '46

SNOW IS FALLING

Snow is falling tonight
In a village far away,
But here—by the light
Of a tropical moon I lay

Beautiful snow is falling
On the scenes at home that I love;
But here—only bombs are calling
And screaming from above.

Oh, for the falling snow,
And oh, for faces dear.
I'd give the world to go
To places far from here.

But for now, I must be content
And carry on the fight—;
And dream of days long spent
When snow was falling white.

Some day to all this I'll return,
And I never more will fight.
For my heart forever more will yearn
For soft snow falling at night.

Myrtle Lovely '45

A HAPPY BOY

When I met Mike this morning
He was a total wreck.
And looked as if a cyclone
Had struck him in the neck.
A multitude of scratches,
His looks were adoring,
And his two eyes from sorrow
Had both gone to mourning.

One hand he carried in a sling,
The other held a crutch.
But still those awful injuries
D'd not affect him much.
For his face was bright and happy
And he wore a look of cheer;
And he smiled a smile of gladness
As he came hobbling near.

"See here, young man," I said to him,
"Now tell me what's the matter?
You'd better put your necktie straight
And interview your hatter.
Oh, tell me now what fearful chance
Has torn away your clothes,
And stole the ruby from your cheeks
To put it on your nose?"

"Well," said Mike, in answer, as he
Learned against a post,
"Of all the reasons to be glad, I think
I have the most.
I scarce can speak for joy,
The news is so elating;
My mother-in-law was killed last night,
And I've been celebrating".

Daniel Pease '48

SOLDIER'S RETURN

Birds did sing their songs to ring
Thru all the warm spring air,
She felt so gay this certain day
Her love was coming there.

He'd been gone it seemed so long,
But they still felt the same;
She had dressed and looked her best;
She'd meet him when he came.

His limp was bad; it made her sad,
But love swelled in her heart;
They walked away that warm spring day
And never more will part.

Ruth Pearson '46

A PLEASANT MEMORY

T'was in the year of forty-one,
When rooms were hard to find;
I fixed up my cottage,
And even painted the blinds.

I put up my sign,
And attached a new lock,
Sat down in my chair,
When came a loud knock.

I went to the door,
And to my surprise
Saw two young people
With bright shining eyes.

They asked a few questions,
Then regarded the price,
I lowered my figure
When I noticed the rice.

They took up my offer.
"When can we move in?"
To have haggled an iota
Would have been a great sin.

Their time was so short,
He might be called at the hour.
I left them alone
To enjoy their new bower.

Patricia Perry '48

THE LONELY RIDER

The desert sun was going down,
Behind the purple hills;
The cactus plants stood high and tall,
And all the world seemed still.

The lonely rider paused to gaze,
Upon this beauty grand;
The dusty trail seem very long,
Across the burning sand.

And as the rider rode along,
The moon rose in the sky;
It cast its light upon the trail,
And a water hole near-by.

He made his camp there for the night,
And heard the coyotes howl;
He feels at home away out there,
Where hungry beast all prowl.

Lois Seekins, '46

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills
When all at once, I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodills;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of the bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood
They flash upon that inner eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodills.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

Milton

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless; though my soul more
bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not
need

Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bears His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His
state

Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

CROSSING THE BAR

Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea;

But a tide moving as seems asleep
Too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark—
May there be no fondness of fare-well,
When I embark.

For though from out the bourne of time and
place
The flood shall bear me far,
I hope to meet my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

Kipling

When Earth's last picture is painted and the
tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the
youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
lie down for an aeon or two,
'til the Master of all good workmen shall put
us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy; they
shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with
brushes of comet's hair.
They shall find real saints to draw from
Magadene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and
never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only
the Master shall blame:
And no one shall work for money, and no one
shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working, and each, in
its separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the
God of Things as they are.

EX LIBRIS

THE PASSING OF A HERO

Ellen Glasgow

Adapted to play form by Shirley Steadman.

Characters:—

Dorinda Pedlar, a forty-two year old woman who had married Nathan Pedlar because his first wife had been her friend.

John Abner, Nathan Pedlar's son by a previous marriage and who helps Dorinda run her farm.

Elisha, a negro helper.

Nimrod, a negro servant.

Bob Ellgood, a friend of the Pedlar family.

A stranger and a few men at the station.

Scene I—A winter evening at the Pedlar home.

Scene II—The next morning at the station.

Scene I

In the front room of the Pedlar home the log fire is burning cheerfully in the fireplace. John Abner is standing before a window looking out into the night when Dorinda Pedlar enters. He glances towards her and then back to the window.

John:—The panes are so frosted you can't see your hand before you.

Dorinda:—(walks over beside John and also looks out the window. She pauses shortly before speaking, shaking her slightly in a desolate manner) No, even the moonlight doesn't help you. It must be bitterly cold on the road. I hope the mare got warm again.

John:—(nods slowly) Yes. I covered her up. Nimrod had some whiskey and he was going to make her a hot toddy (He shivers as though cold and turns to face Dorinda) Hadn't you better lie down? It won't be long now.

Dorinda:—(shaking her head slowly) No. The coffee will keep me awake. You lie down on the couch yourself. I'll listen for Elisha. I drew up the shades, so he will know we haven't gone to bed.

John:—(yawning) I really shouldn't but I am so tired it would take something stronger than coffee to keep me awake tonight. (stretching himself out on the couch) If I drop off, will you wake me?

Dorinda:—If there is any news. You will probably hear Elisha when he come anyway.

John:—(drowsily) I believe I could sleep

straight through Judgement Day. (He turns away from the light and lies still. Dorinda unfolds the blanket from the foot of the couch and spreads it over him. She appears to be very thoughtful. Crossing the room she sinks into an easy chair and picks up a sock from a work basket. She turns down the light a little, and puts the sock back in her basket. She ceases rocking and sits looking blankly into space as if deep in thought.

Dorinda:—(looking at the sleeping John) If Nathan hadn't fallen asleep like that on our wedding night I couldn't have stood him. (Rocks silently a minute) Jason—riding home that night with Geneva—a colored farm hand. (Rocks silently) I was a girl then. I am now a middle-aged woman. Suppose I had married Jason and he was on that train, could I sit here like this? Suppose I had married Jason instead of Nathan, could marriage have been different? (Her thoughts were interrupted after a second or two by a noise and she hurries to the door and opens it.) Oh, Uncle Elisha, it's you. I've kept some hot coffee for you. Come in and get something to eat.

Elisha:—(with a negro drawl) Nawm, I reckon I'd better be gettin' erlong home. My ole gray mare, she's had jes't about enuff er dis yeah wedder, en she's kinder hankerin' fur de stable.

Dorinda:—We can keep her here. There's all the room in the world, Uncle Elisha. There's a lantern outside the door there and some matches in the tin box on the wall to take to the stable. As soon as you've attended to your mare, come in and I'll give you something to eat. (Elisha exits and Dorinda goes out and brings in a small table which she places before the fire. She gets the necessary articles to set the small table and busies herself with it. Then she exits. As soon as she leaves Elisha comes in.)

Dorinda:—(from off the stage) All ready so soon Uncle Elisha? Sit down there by the fire. I'll serve you there where it's warm. (Comes in with tray of food. Elisha warms his hands and feet by the fire and then sits down.)

Dorinda:—Were there many people at the station?

Elisha:—Nawm, hit was too cold fur mos'

folks. Marse John Garlick, he was spendin' de night in de sto', en so was Marse Jim Ellgood. Young Marse Bob en his wife wus bofe um on de train.

Dorinda:—Well, make a good supper. Then you can go to Ebenezer's. I saw smoke coming out of his chimney, so it will be warm there. (she turns away from him and walking across the stage she sinks into her chair and begins to darn again. Presently Elisha stands up.)

Elisha:—(strides across floor to door and opens it) Good night, Miss Dorindy. (exits and shuts door behind him) (Dorinda rises, locks door, lowers the light some more and touches John's shoulder).

Dorinda:—You'd better go to bed. You will have to be up again in a little while.

John:—(sitting up and blinking) I could sleep for a week. Did Elisha come?

Dorinda:—Yes, he put his mare in the stable and went up to spend the night with Ebenezer. He didn't bring any news. All the wires are down, Mr. Barlick and James Ellgood are both waiting out there at the station all night.

John:—Then it was Father's train. It must have been a bad wreck.

Dorinda:—(looking weary and drawn) I'm afraid so. This suspense is so baffling. Anything in the world might happen and we wouldn't know until next day. (She walks to the window and gazes out.) I know now how Mother must have felt when she was snowed in for weeks with nobody's company but her own.

John:—(rising) Those days were really bad. How glad I am that I live in the day of the telephone and telegraph. Even now it's bad enough.

Dorinda:—I know John. (Turning from window.) But let's not talk of this tonight. Let's go to bed. (John walks from room as Dorinda turns off light.)

Curtain

Scene II

(It is early morning at the station. Men are working on the side of stage as Dorinda and Nimrod come in from other side.)

Dorinda:—I brought the butter along. If the trains are running again they'll need it in Washingtoi. (looks off toward other side of the stage and in a harsh voice) The trains are running again. They must have got the track cleared. (Turning to Nimrod.) Hitch the norses, Nimrod.

Nimrod:—(Turning to go off stage) Yes'm.

Ah hope dey's gwinter teck dis year budder, ah does. (Exits).

(Dorinda turns once more towards center stage and shivers involuntarily. She beats her chilled hands together and waits for Nimrod to join her. He comes back on stage.)

Dorinda:—Those men, Nimrod. How much human beings are like turkeys, hustling around their work. Here comes Bob Ellgood and a stranger. (They enter on opposite side.) How old Bob looks, as old as his father!

(One of Bob's arms is bandaged and he is very dirty and smoky with his hair rumpled. Dorinda and Nimrod start to meet him and stop abruptly. Bob comes forth and extends his good hand.

Bob:—Father and I were just going over to your place, Mrs. Pedlar. We wanted to be the first to see you. We wanted you to hear of Nathan from us——.

Dorinda:—(quietly) Then he is dead.

Stranger:—He died a hero.

Bob:—(looking fixedly at the ground) Yes, he died a hero. (looking up) That is what we wish you to know and to feel as long as you live. He gave his life for others. He had gotten free, without a scratch, and he went back into the wreck. The train had gone over the embankment. It was burning and women were screaming. He went down because he was strong. He went down and never came back.

Stranger:—(rubbing his head as if to wipe out the sounds) Ugh! Those awful shrieks. I'll hear them all my life. As long as I live, I'll never stop hearing them.

Dorinda:—(stupidly) He got free!

Bob:—(sadly) He got free but he went back. He got an axe from somebody, and he went back because he was strong. He was cutting the car away to get a woman out—when we found him—he was quite dead

Dorinda:—Will they bring him to the farm?

Bob:—If you wish it, but we would like him to rest in the churchyard and have a funeral like a hero. We will take care of everything so you won't have to see him. We hope you won't see him, as you wouldn't ever forget his mangled form although he died a glorious death.

Dorinda:—(dazedly) The funeral of a hero. Yes, by all means. He would have liked that. (Bob turns and walks off with the stranger as Dorinda turns her face toward the heavens.) Yes, he would have liked that. Many people have always regarded him as a little ridiculous and he has always tried to change their

opinions of him,—to show them that in the core of his soul was a goodness that no one knew about. I have never really loved my husband and I cannot grieve over my loss, the way I know I should, but how could I begrudge him in death the thing he wanted most in life? (closes eyes) May you, dear Father, make a place for him in your kingdom and know his true value, which he never quite achieved in life. (Her head drops to her chest as the curtain closes.)

ABOVE SUSPICION

Helen MacInnes

This story starts in the year 1939. It concerns a young couple by the name of Myles. Richard Myles is the owner of a college in England.

One day in June his wife, Frances, goes to meet him at his office and is very surprised to find an old friend of theirs already there. Peter Galt is the young man's name. He had come on a very important mission. His duty was to persuade Frances and Richard to act as spies while on their vacation touring Europe.

Their first stop is in Paris where they receive directions as to where to go next. They have few exciting experiences until they reach the village of Pertisau. Here they go to visit a Dr. Mespelbrunn who collects chessmen. Upon arriving at his house, they are astonished to find the doctor is a German who went to college with them. They suspect something but they don't let on. They are about to leave when they hear a knocking. The German explains that it is only his dog which he keeps tied.

After they are a safe distance from the house they turn back circling around the back of the building. As they reach their destination, they catch sight of the ugly watch dog. He is about to spring on Frances when Richard lashes out at him with a sword which was inside his cane. After killing the dog, they realize that they must get away before the men at the house find them.

They reach the highway and find that their two friends are waiting for them. One is an English lad named Thornley, the other an American news correspondent named Van Cortlandt.

So Richard and Thornley go back to the house and rescue the real doctor, who has been kept prisoner in his house.

Next they go to Dreikirchen where they are

disguised as German peasants. They have to get back to England before they are captured by the Germans.

They arrange to have Thornley bring them enough money for their escape. He is to bring it to a certain place (church) and stay there until Frances arrives for it.

After getting the money Frances returns home, but before she gets there she is picked up by the Gestapo. Thornley happens to be near by to witness this act. He contacts Richard and together he, Richard and Van Cortlandt set out to rescue her.

They are given a tip as to her whereabouts by a young girl named Ann. They finally find her in an old monastery.

After the rescue (having completed their mission) they make their way past the German intelligence officers to get back to England.

Maxine Brooker '46

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

W. Somerset Maugham

This story opens in Chicago. The author is on his way to the Far East and is stopping in Chicago for a visit. While there he receives an invitation to dine with Eliot Templeton, his sister, and her daughter. He accepts with alacrity as Eliot's parties are noted for their success. He invites only those who are famous and who give life to any party. Eliot was very snobbish but was generous and kind hearted to his friends.

Upon completion of dinner, the family starts discussing Isabel's fiance, Larry. This embarrasses the author for he can't help but listen to them. He discovers that Larry is a veteran of this war, who has no ambition whatever, but to loaf around. Isabel decides she won't marry him until he gets a good position and can support her in the style to which she had been accustomed.

The other attraction for Isabel is Gary Maturin, a very wealthy boy. His father is a stock broker. Gary loves Isabel, and Eliot, who thinks marriage should be a profitable affair, approves of him.

The next day, the author sees Larry and has a friendly chat with him. He finds that Larry doesn't know what he wants to do and as they parted Larry announced that he was going away.

Eliot goes back to Paris to live as he dislikes American life. In a short time Isabel and her mother visit him. Isabel has come over to get

Larry to return to America and marry her and obtain a job. However, Larry has different ideas, and Isabel breaks her engagement. Immediately she and her mother go back to America.

Isabel marries Gary and they have two children. They live in luxury. They were planning to go to Paris but the inevitable happened. The Stock Market crashed, Gary's father died of shock and Gary took over the business. He could do nothing and finally became penniless. He and Isabel come back to Paris and Eliot gives them his apartment.

Eliot, in the meantime, has become rich operating a beautiful winter resort hotel on the Riviera in France. The depression does not hit here until about three years later.

Isabel meets Larry again and realizes she still loves him but knows she must remain with Gary.

Larry meets the author in a cafe and begins to tell him of his experiences in a mine and in a monastery in India. Now that he is back, he decides to marry Sophia. She is a cheap girl with a bad reputation. Isabel invites her to visit her at a party and Sophie gets drunk, goes off and is never seen again until she is found dead. Then Larry decides that he is going to New York and work in a garage and later own and operate a taxi service.

At this point Eliot becomes ill and dies. He is buried in his royal robes, as the Pope had given him back the title of "count". He leaves his money to Isabel. With this money Gary and Isabel go back to America where Gary starts a business and becomes wealthy and happy once more.

Lyda Spaulding '47

CO-OPERATION

J. Manson Knox

It ain't the guns nor armament
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.

It ain't the individual,
Nor the Army as a whole,
But the everlasting teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul.

ORGANIZATIONS



SENIOR PLAY CAST

First row: V. Wheeler, A. McPherson, D. Smith, M. Lovely, Mrs. Pierson, P. Gould.
 Second row: R. Lucas, R. Ames, E. Gray, H. Emery, W. Bubar.

THE SENIOR CLASS

This year because of its size the Senior Class was given the rare privilege of occupying Room 5, better known as the 'Sub-Freshman room'. Around mid-years when some of the fellows had gone into the armed forces and others were out for various reasons we were frightened by the fact that we might be moved into the Conference Room. However we insisted that Room 5 was bad enough and demanded to be kept there. And we're still there.

During the course of the year we have had several sets of officers. In order not to eliminate any and perhaps injure someone's feelings I will refrain from listing them here.

Early last fall rehearsals (for senior play) under the direction of Mrs. Pierson, started. On Oct. 12 and 13, the finished product, Galloping Ghosts, was presented to a capacity audience at the Opera House. The cast included:

Elizabeth Barton	Myrtle Lovely
Dick Barton	Elwood Gray
Tom Barton	Harry Ballard
Berkley Barton	Phyllis Gould

Phil Barton	Wendell Bubar
Pat Barton	Crystal Bradford
Madame DuPrey	Arleen McPherson
Albert	Harlan Emery
	Harlow Powers
Melinda Todd	Delma Smith
Marie Farrel	Virginia Wheeler
Steve Dykes	Raymond Ames

The seniors are well represented on the boys' and girls' basketball teams, Dramatics Club, Glee Club, orchestra, baseball and soft ball.

Graduation parts were announced as follows:

Valedictory	Myrtle Lovely
Salutatory	Elwood Gray
Third Honor Part	Richard Lucas
Fourth Honor Part	Delma Smith
Prophecy	Virginia Wheeler
	Raymond Ames
Class Marshal	Phyllis Gould
Chaplain	LeRoy Rollins
Class Gifts	Madeleine Hughes
	Wendell Bubar
	Harlan Emery '45



JUNIOR CLASS

First row: M. Brooker, E. Bunker, K. Russell, M. Gray, E. Jordan, A. Chadbourne, K. Lary, J. Neal, R. Pearson, A. McPherson.

Second row: E. Powers, L. Seekins, M. Jones, E. Lord, T. Philbrick, M. Mills, R. Randlett, G. Sawyer, G. Lee, M. Spaulding, A. Farrell.

JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior Class was glad to be reunited this year in room 4. We were glad to have a room of our own. We have had three different home room teachers this year. They were: Miss Totman, Miss Lombard and Mr. Paton. At the beginning of the year our class numbered 34.

A few members of our class have left and are in the services. They are James Moore, John Moore, Lowell Knowles and Charles Sherburne.

Soon after school started we elected class officers as follows: president, Ivan Welch; vice president, Earl McLean; secretary, Madeline Hinton; treasurer, Velma Vanadestine. We chose the following to be on the student council: Arthur Chadbourne, Shirley Stedman and Marilyn Mills.

The Hamilton Prize Speaking Contest was held April 19, 1945, in the Hartland Academy Auditorium. The program was as follows:

How Jimmy Tended the Baby Robert Page
It's A Wise Brother Who Knows

His Own Sister Ivan Welch
Music "Where'er You Walk" Mr. Gentile
Michael Strogoff, Courier to The Czar

Rae Jean Randlett
Winston Churchill, the Man Earl McLean

Ma's Monday Morning Marilyn Mills
I Am An Heir George Goforth
Exit the Big Bad Wolf Shirley Stedman
Alternates: Arthur Chadbourne and Ruth Pearson

Marshal: Geraldine Sawyer.

The first prizes were awarded to Shirley Stedman and Robert Page.

Our class is well represented on the basketball teams. Boys basketball includes: Arthur Chadman, manager; Kenneth Lary and Kenneth Russell. Girls Basketball: Shirley Stedman, manager; Ruth Pearson, Geraldine Sawyer, Rae Jean Randlett, Lillian Robinson, Maxine Spaulding, Velma Vanadestine, Gene Lee and Dorothy Lawrence.

Our class was equally as well represented in all other activities. We have boys in baseball and girls in soft ball, F. F. A., Hacomec Club, Language Club, Latin Club, Glee Club, Dramatic Club, debating and assembly programs. One member of our class, Marilyn Mills, won prizes at the Winter Carnival. We have also been active in the War Effort.

Arlene McPherson helped the Senior Class by being in the Senior Play.

Elizabeth Bunker '46



SOPHOMORE CLASS

First row: M. Lawrence, A. Caron, E. Blackden, D. Wiers, P. Lord, J. Ballard, F. Quimby, M. Hart, D. Webber, L. Barden.
 Second row: B. Austin, J. Mills, L. Wood, B. Goforth, R. Brittain, L. Spaulding, M. Chapman, A. Chapman, H. Hersey, B. Mower.
 Third row: L. Duran, G. Baker, E. Jones, C. Pease, F. Towle, M. Lovely, A. Thorne, S. Dyer, R. Mower.

The sophomore class entered its second year of studies with an enrollment of thirty. We were assigned to room 2 or the "senior room" which made us quite happy. Mrs. Pier-son was our home room teacher.

At our first class meeting, we elected our officers as follows: president, Frank Quimby; vice president, Dean Wiers; secretary, Joanne Ballard; treasurer, Pat Lord. Our class representatives on the student council are: Frank Quimby, Mary Chapman and Marvin Lovely.

In extra-curricula activities we are represented as follows:

- Girls' basketball: Diana Webber.
- Boys' basketball, Frederick Towle, Dean Wiers, Stanley Dyer and George Baker.
- Cross Country: Allan Thorne, Hubert Hersey, Frederick Towle and Richard Mower.
- Girls Glee Club: Lyda Spaulding, Joanne Ballard, Barbara Goforth, Avis Carron, Myrtle Lawrence, Mildred Carson.
- Boys' Glee Club: Leslie Duran, Dean Wiers, Stanley Dyer and Frederick Towle.
- Hacomec Club: Joanne Ballard, Avis Carron, Myrtle Lawrence, Marguerite Hart, Emily Blackden and Barbara Goforth.
- F. F. A.: Dean Wiers, Stanley Dyer, Blaine Mower, Lloyd Wood, Barclay Austin, Leslie Duran, Carl Pease, Richard Mower, Frank

Quimby and Earle Jones.

Dramatics Club: Marguerite Hart, Lyda Spaulding, Earle Jones, Ruth Ena Brittain, Diana Webber, Barbara Goforth, Emily Blackden and Avis Carron.

A small orchestra organized in March includes Blaine Mower, Frederick Towle and Richard Mower.

There are also a number of candidates for both baseball and track.

The Burton Prize Speaking contest was held in the auditorium. Following is a list of speakers and their selections.

The Soul of Uncle Sam	Blaine Mower
A Football Fan	Marguerite Hart
We, Too, Were There	Hubert Hersey
Alias Gally	Diana Webber
Is This War Real To You	Allan Thorne
As It Happens In Hollywood	Joanne Ballard
The Road to Peace	Richard Mower
Teachers Are Funny	Lyda Spaulding

Myrtle Lawrence and Stanley Dyer were our alternates and Frederick Towle was marshal. Prizes of five dollars each were awarded to Marguerite Hart and Richard Mower.

A semi-formal Sophomore Hop was held in the Auditorium on April 13. The music was furnished by Holt's orchestra.

Richard Mower '47



FRESHMAN CLASS

First row: G. Sherburne, M. Bragg, W. Mower, J. Frost, J. Seekins, G. Martin, M. Martin, R. Fox, G. Neal, M. Smith, L. Hart, E. Coolen, R. Page.
 Second row: G. Quimby, L. Wheeler, A. Ham, M. Austin, A. Smith, E. Seekins, C. Stromback, P. Perry, M. Yakemore, M. Bragg, J. Holt, H. Withee, H. Duran, F. Gould, K. Hughes.
 Third row: P. Neal, C. Howell, P. Estes, C. Learnerd, K. Pelkie, R. Jordan, T. Gee, J. Humphrey, D. Tibbetts, C. Russell, W. Fields, R. Lucas, T. Bryant, D. Pease.

When school started Sept. 19, 1944, the Freshman Class had enrolled 56 students but during the year, 9 members left. The Freshmen claimed the auditorium and Mr. Gentile.

The following officers were elected at the first class meeting: president, Edmund Seekins; vice president, Patricia Perry, secretary, Colleen Stromback; and treasurer, Maynard Yakemore. Linwood Wheeler was elected to the Student Council.

Freshman Day, which we all dreaded, came on October 20. The boys were 'Supermen' with long white underwear, bathing trunks, a cape, a green bow tie under the chin, mis-mated shoes, and a basket for carrying the Seniors' books. The girls wore pants, fringed at the knees, men's shirts, mis-mated shoes, and had their hair tied in a bunch on top with a green ribbon. Everyone wore a sign inscribed on it "We love the seniors."

The Freshman basketball team had the following boys: Linwood Wheeler, Charles Russell, Edmund Seekins, Kenneth Pelkie, Ernest McDougal, Harvey Martin, Roger Jordan and Kenneth Hughes. The girls were: Mary Bragg, Arvene Ham, Gladys Sherburne, Colleen Stromback, Ruth Fox and Jean Holt. The latter two also played on the varsity squad.

The Freshman Class is represented in the Latin Club by Theo Bryant, Mary Fisher, Arvene Ham, Kenneth Hughes, Clyde Learned, Geraldine Martin, Patricia Perry, Edmund Seekins, Colleen Stromback and David Tibbetts.

At the Newport Winter Carnival, the Freshmen were represented by David Tibbetts, Linwood Wheeler and Ruth Fox.

In the boys Glee Club are: Theo Bryant, Charles Howell, Clyde Learned, Kenneth Pelkie and Linwood Wheeler. The girls who are in the Glee Club are: Meredith Austin, Mary Bragg, Eleanor Coolen, Mary Fisher, Ruth Fox, Joyce Frost, Geraldine Martin, Marilyn Martin, Winifred Mower, Gwenith Neal, Patricia Perry, Janet Seekins, Gladys Sherburne, Alta Smith and Marie Smith.

The F. F. A. includes Harold Duran, Philip Estes, Wallace Field, Thomas Gee, Frank Gould, Charles Howell, Roger Jordan, Raymond Lucan, Paul Neal and Kenneth Pelkie.

The girls in Hacomec Club are Meredith Austin, Mary Bragg, Ruth Fox, Jean Holt, Marilyn Martin, Ruth Page, Gladys Sherburne, Alta Smith, Marie Smith and Helene Withee.

Edmund Seekins '49



SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

First row: R. Gordon, M. Bizeau, M. Lewis, P. Wheeler, V. Fox, H. Fenderson, V. Morgan, N. Estes, J. Cookson, V. Salisbury.
 Second row: H. Stedman, R. Mason, R. Temple, C. Russell, R. Randlett, C. McGowan, R. Nichols, L. Cookson, R. Parker, C. White, R. Hall.

THE SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

The Sub-Freshman class is composed of twenty-four pupils and occupies the front of the auditorium this year.

Class officers are as follows: president, Nathalie Estes; vice president, Pauline Wheeler; secretary, Hilda Fenderson; and treasurer, Robert Mason. Meetings are held every second Wednesday at 3:00 P. M.

The Class has sponsored one assembly but some of the pupils have participated in several others.

Honor roll students in the class are: Vivian Morgan, Nathalie Estes, Joan Cookson, Richard Nichols, Richard Randlett, Bruce Dearborn and Clive McGowan.

On the girls' junior varsity basketball squad are: Hilda Fenderson, Merlene Lewis, Virginia Fox, Vivian Morgan, Pauline Wheeler, Margaret Bizeau and Joan Cookson.

The boys' squad includes: Richard Randlett, Richard Nichols, Clair Russell, Lloyd Cookson, Halvar Stedman, Robert Mason, and Courtney Plante. Both teams have played two games with Pittsfield Grammar School; the first at Pittsfield with a score in favor of the Hartland teams; the second played on Academy gym proved favorable for the girls with a score of 28-14, but was a loss for the boys by a tally of 23-14.

Pauline Wheeler '49



STUDENT COUNCIL

First row: R. Ames, M. Lovely, M. Hughes, M. Chapman, N. Estes, A. Chadbourne.
 Second row: L. Wheeler, R. Lucas, E. Seekins, F. Quimby, M. Lovely.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council has once more come into existence at Hartand Academy. At the first meeting, the following officers were elected: president, Myrtle Lovely; vice president, Richard Lucas; and secretary and treasurer, Crystal Bradford. An Executive Committee of three members was appointed to act upon matters of minor importance so that the entire council would not have to assemble. Those on this committee are: Ivan Welch, Madeleine Hughes and Arthur Chadbourne.

The annual Student Council Conference at Cony High School was held on November 18th. We were represented by Crystal Bradford, Myrtle Lovely, Frank Quimby, Edmund Seekins, Arthur Chadbourne and Mr. Dummer, who visited several meetings and obtained much valuable information. After the meeting, we visited the Governor's Mansion for hot dogs, hot chocolate, cookies and ice cream. In the

afternoon, we witnessed an interesting football game between Cony and Gardner.

The Student Council sponsored a banquet for the basketball teams at the Agriculture building on March 20th. Group singing and informal speaking afforded the entertainment. The guest speaker of the evening was Mr. Legge, coach at M. C. I. The president of the Council was toastmistress.

A schedule of activities was proposed for the use of the gymnasium. This was a measure to lengthen the life of the gym and proved to be beneficent.

The Junior Boys' Varsity basketball team was badly in need of some suits and petitioned the Council for them. The Council purchased the materials and the Home Economics classes made the suits.

Myrtle Lovely '45



LATIN CLUB

First row: M. Fisher, M. Jones, G. Martin, Miss Philpot, A. Ham, C. Stromback, A. Farrell, P. Perry.
 Second row: D. Tibbetts, T. Bryant, C. Learn ard, E. Seekins, K. Hughes.

LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club was reorganized in the early part of November to include only the students taking Latin I. The club was named Tridecim Club (Thirteen) because of the number of members.

The following were elected as officers: president, Arvene Ham; vice president, Colleen Stromback; secretary, Patricia Perry; treasurer, Geraldine Martin. Meetings were held every other Thursday at the Home Economics Building during the Activity Period. Once a month evening meetings were held after which games were played and refreshments were served.

The evening meeting of January was made very interesting by the observance of the New Year. And at a later meeting a new member was initiated into the club.

During the activity period we worked on a miniature Roman House furnishing it with articles carved from soap. The house was made of cardboard and the arrangement of the rooms was typical of that in the Roman home.

Plans are being made for a Roman banquet. Customs, clothing, entertainment and food will be as in the days of old Rome. This banquet will close the program for the year.

Arvene Ham '48



DRAMATICS CLUB

First row: E. Bunker, V. Wheeler, M. Gray, W. Bubar, E. Gray, R. Ames, H. Emery, M. Mills, A. McPherson.
 Second row: B. Goforth, D. Webber, R. Randlett, M. Hughes, Mrs. Pierson, R. Pearson, M. Brooker, P. Gould, T. Philbrick, L. Spaulding,
 Third row: R. Fox, V. Vanadestine, M. Hart, A. Farrell, L. Seekins, G. Sawyer, R. Brittain, A. Caron, E. Blackden, L. Barden.

DRAMATICS CLUB

The Dramatics Club was organized March 9, 1945, and at the first meeting the following members were elected to office: President, Geraldine Sawyer; vice president, Achsah Farrell; secretary, Ruth Pearson; and treasurer, Lyda Spaulding.

An admittance committee was also appointed by the president, whose duties are to interview each new applicant before he is accepted into the Club. The following students are serving in that capacity: Virginia Wheeler, Elwood Gray and Rae Jean Randlett.

A constitution was adopted by the club. The club has presented a pantomime, a minstrel show and two plays. After the presentation, the club criticizes the entertainment.

It has been a successful club and its membership is increasing considerably.

Elwood Gray '45



HACOMECL CLUB

First row: T. Philbrick, M. Hughes, R. Pearson, E. Bunker, M. Martin, Miss Purkis, P. Gould, M. Brooker, A. McPherson, M. Mills, R. Randlett.

Second row: A. Caron, L. Hart, M. Smith, B. Goforth, E. Blackden, G. Sawyer, G. Lee, M. Austin, J. Holt, A. Smith, M. Lawrence.

Third row: V. Vanadestine, R. Page, M. Bragg, G. Sherburne, L. Seekins, M. Jones, J. Ballard, R. Fox, M. Spaulding, H. Withee, M. Hart, E. Powers.

THE HACOMECL CLUB

The home economics club of Hartland Academy called the Hacomec Club, started the year with thirty-four members. The following officers presided over the meetings: president, Dorothy Lawrence; vice-president, Velma Vanadestine; secretary, Ruth Page; and treasurer, Lois Seekins.

The Hacomec Club meets every other Thursday in room 3 or the Auditorium.

For its monthly entertainment, the club has sponsored the following:

October—Masquerade Ball

December—Christmas Party

February—Valentine Party

March—Banquet

Members of the Hacomec Club are: M. Austin, M. Bragg, J. Ballard, E. Blackden, M. Brooker, B. Bunker, E. Coolen, M. Carson, R. Fox, B. Goforth, E. Gould, L. Hart, M. Hart, J. Holt, M. Hughes, M. Jones, D. Lawrence, E. Lord, A. McPherson, M. Martin, M. Mills, R. Page, R. Pearson, E. Powers, T. Philbrick, R. Randlett, L. Robinson, G. Sherburne, A. Smith, M. Smith, G. Sawyer, L. Seekins, M. Spaulding, V. Vanadestine, H. Wade, H. Withee.

Marilyn Martin '48



FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA

First row: K. Pelkie, F. Quimby, B. Mower, S. Dyer, R. Lucas, D. Wiers, W. Bubar, R. Ames, K. Lary, L. Rollins, K. Russell, E. Jordan.
 Second row: T. Gee, L. Wood, R. Lucas, P. Estes, P. Neal, C. Howell, F. Gould, H. Duran, W. Fields, E. Jones, L. Duran, C. Pease, R. Mower, R. Jordan.

FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA

The Hartland Chapter of the Future Farmers of America has experienced another successful year of activities under the guidance of the following officers: President, Wendell Bubar; vice president, Richard Lucas; secretary, Raymond Ames; and treasurer, Dean Wiers.

This year nine new members were initiated as Greenhands. The initiation ceremony took place in the agriculture building on October 12, 1944.

Our Christmas wreath project was carried on December 5. We also finished our new shop and have moved our tools into it.

During the past year the chapter has carried on the regular activities as well as adding several new ones to the program of work.

Raymond Ames '45



LANGUAGE CLUB

First row: E. Gray, M. Mills, E. Bunker, G. Sawyer, Miss Philpot, R. Randlett, R. Pearson, V. Wheeler, M. Gray.

Second row: J. Neal, M. Hart, D. Webber, D. Smith, P. Gould, P. Lord, L. Spaulding, M. Chapman, L. Barden, H. Hersey.

Third row: A. Thorne, L. Seekins, R. Brittain, A. Farrell, D. Vanadestine, F. Towle.

The Language Club held its first meeting on October 4, 1944, and elected the following officers: president, Mahlon Gray, vice president Patsy Hinton; secretary and treasurer, Shirley Stedman; and I. I. S. secretary, Geraldine Sawyer. During the year our vice president left and Rae Jean Randlett filled the position.

Meetings were held every other Friday during Activity Period and once a month in the evening at the Home Economics Building.

The following are charter members: Elwood Gray, Lillian Robinson, Laura Barden, Ruth Ena Brittain, Mildred Carson, Mary Chapman, Phyllis Gould, Mahlon Gray, Marguerite Hart, Dorothy Lawrence, Patricia Lord, Marilyn Mills, Jack Neal, Rae Jean Randlett, Geraldine Sawyer, Lois Seekins, Lyda Spaulding, Shirley Stedman, Allan Thorne, Frederick Towle, Velma Vanadestine, Diana Webber, Virginia Wheeler, Ruth Pearson and Delma Smith.

Elwood Gray '45

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES

The following passages are taken from letters received by pupils from their 'pen pals' in foreign lands.

From:

J. C. Vieira,
Brazil

To:

Elwood Gray,

"For two reason I appreciated to much your letter. The first it's because it is just the first I received since I'm associated of the ISS and the second is because it comes from an associate who belongs to a country that I admire very much and so consider you not only a friend but as a friend who is a member of a nation, I think is the greatest in everything. I've a great admiration toward U. S. for its goods, works for mankind's comfort and entertainment, its institutions, its educational, political, economic systems, literature, theatre, movies, magazines, various aspects of American life, some traditions and other particularities that make U. S. the cul-

tural center of the worlds arts and sciences."

"In our school we learn the next subjects this year: Portuguese, English, French, Mathematics, History and Geography. I like especially Geo. and indeed we really have a too developed program about studying all about almost all the countries in the world."

"Although customs here are changing by the influence of the movies, it's still unusual among us the simple association of boys and girls throughout their growing up days; we don't see here a mother permitting her daughter, even if only age six, be mixed with the neighborhood boys or at 17 go with the gang for an ice cream at the corner store!"

From: Marianne Hynes, Ireland
To: Marguerite Hart

"Bangor is the greatest seaside resort in Ireland, and has a population of 20,000 at this time of the year, but it had almost twice as many in summer."

From: Rosemary Buist,
Canada

"I went roller skating last night and this afternoon. Boy, did I have fun! I was laughing so much that I had to sit down. Everytime my girl friend and I went around the corner I would either hit the wall or the big drapes. More fun!"

From: George Setineau, Canada
To: Laura Barden

"I prefer music, great music, concert, opera, operetta. Every Saturday I am listening to the Opera House, of the New York. I love dances too. I find plain and the waltz lovely. I am the oldest at home and I have 6 sisters and 2 brothers."



SOPHOMORE PRIZE SPEAKING

First row: L. Spaulding, M. Hart, D. Webber, J. Ballard, M. Lawrence.
Second row: H. Hersey, A. Thorne, B. Mower, R. Mower, S. Dyer.



BOYS GLEE CLUB

First row: G. Baker, D. Wiers, S. Dyer, Mr. Gentile, E. Gray, T. Bryant, C. Learnard, M. Gray.
 Second row: K. Pelkie, K. Lary, A. Chapman, E. Jordan, A. Chadbourne, L. Rollins, K. Russell, J. Neal.
 Third row: A. Thorne, E. Jones, C. Howell, L. Wheeler, L. Duran, F. Towie, C. Pease.



GIRLS GLEE CLUB

First row, left to right: J. Cookson, J. Ballard, B. Goforth, A. Caron, R. Randlett, M. Austin, M. Jones, M. Smith, V. Salisbury, L. Barden, R. Brittain, G. Sawyer, R. Fox, E. Coolen, E. Powers.
 Second row: L. Seekins, M. Fisher, M. Lewis, M. Mills, G. Martin, G. Lee, J. Seekins, J. Frost, P. Lord, L. Hart, L. Spaulding, P. Perry, G. Neal, A. Smith, M. Hart, D. Weber, G. Sherburne, V. Vanadestine.
 Third row: M. Bragg, V. Morgan, M. Chapman, M. Brooker, A. McPherson, M. Hughes, R. Pearson, W. Mower, E. Bunker, M. Martin, E. Lord, T. Philbrick, M. Lawrence, P. Gould, N. Estes, M. Spaulding.

Scared?



She is tired!



HARTLAND ACADEMY



Youth ↓



Superman →



The dignified Savors



Delma Proc



Joel!



At home!!



Good looks →



Wood



Myrtle

Ben



Ruber



Woody head



Honey Bunny



Don



Oh, Dear!!

ofnc



F.A. D.M. R.L. W.B.



Pat!



M.H.



Home Sweet Home ↓



Kerwin La...



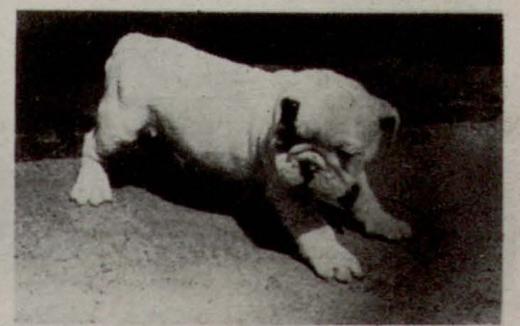
Grass whorl



Wald



Jr.



Our Pet

Who would guess it's a dog.



"Loren" Society



ATHLETICS



GIRLS BASKETBALL

First row: M. Hughes and V. Wheeler.
 Second row: M. Spaulding, R. Fox, G. Sawyer, J. Holt, Coach Purkis, R. Pearson, R. Randlett, D. Webber, G. Lee, V. Vanadestine.

GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAM

With Miss Purkis as our coach, we had a season of close competition and a lot of fun.

We were off to a victory over Corinna. Hermon was next. We didn't win this game but we didn't lose either. It was a tie, 24-24. We won the next game with them.

Newport beat us on their floor, but we came out on top in the league and won the championship. We also defeated the All-Star girls 34-31 at East Corinth.

Winners of the gold basketballs are : Lillian Robinson, Geraldine Sawyer, Maxine Spaulding, Rae Jean Randlett, Ruth Pearson, Madeleine Hughes, Diana Webber and Virginia Wheeler. These eight, with Velma Vanadestine and Ruth Fox are letter winners.

Madeleine Hughes and Virginia Wheeler bid good-by to the team this year as they will graduate.

The scores of the season's games:

Hartland	44	Corinna	11
Hartland	24	Hermon	24
Hartland	34	Hermon	21
Hartland	44	Corinna	30
Hartland	34	Newport	29
Hartland	27	Carmel	9
Hartland	35	Carmel	20
Hartland	29	Newport	36
Hartland	37	E. Corinth	21
Hartland	22	E. Corinth	21
Hartland	34	All-Stars	31

Ruth Pearson '46



BOYS BASKETBALL

First row, left to right: F. Towle, G. Baker, R. Lucas, R. Ames.
 Back row: A. Chadbourne, L. Rollins, S. Dyer, D. Wiers, W. Bubar, K. Lary, Coach Gentile.

BOYS BASKETBALL

We started with a good turn out of boys under Coach Bradford. During the course of the year the following boys left the team because of induction into the armed forces: Donald Nichols, Charles Sherburne, Harry Ballard and Harlow Powers.

The varsity team had as its members: Wendell Bubar, Freddy Towle, Raymond Ames, Richard Lucas, Floyd Austin, Dean Wiers, Kenneth Lary, Stanley Dyer, LeRoy Rollins.

We played the regular League games and lost the Championship cup to East Corinth.

The team will lose the following members because of graduation; Wendell Bubar, Raymond Ames, Richard Lucas, and LeRoy Rollins.

Wendell Bubar '45



GIRLS CUB BASKETBALL TEAM

First row: H. Fenderson, M. Lewis, M. Stillson, J. Cookson, C. Stromback, V. Morgan.
 Second row: V. Fox, P. Wheeler, A. Ham, M. Smith, M. Bizeau, Coach Lombard, M. Bragg,
 G. Sherburne, J. Perry, J. Southards, R. Sherburne.

FRESHMEN GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Twelve girls composed the Freshmen girls' team this year. The Freshmen girls were: Ruth Fox, Jean Holt, Colleen Stromback, Arvene Ham, Gladys Sherburne, Marie Smith and Mary Bragg. Those from the Sub-Freshman Class were: Pauline Wheeler, Virginia Fox, Margaret Bizeau, Joan Cookson and Vivian Morgan.

Jean Holt and Ruth Fox also played on the Varsity Team.

They played two games with Pittsfield Grammar School and one game with the M. C. I. Sophomores. They were victorious in all three games. The Freshmen have not played any interclass games as yet but have played the Girls' Varsity. In scoring, we were not so fortunate.

Mary Bragg '48



BOYS CUB BASKETBALL TEAM

First row: C. Russell, H. Stedman, R. Randlett, R. Nichols, L. Wheeler, H. Martin.
 Second row: R. Jordan, C. Russell, E. Seekins, E. McDougal (deceased), K. Pelkie, K. Hughes.



WINTER SPORTS TEAM

First row: M. Hughes, R. Fox, V. Wheeler, M. Mills.
 Second row: L. Wheeler, D. Tibbetts, Mr. Gentile, D. Wiers, A. Thorne.

WINTER SPORTS

February 10, 1945!! This was the day for the big event. With Mr. Gentile as coach we met at Newport at one o'clock and the race was on.

Those who participated were Madeleine Hughes, Marilyn Mills, Ruth Fox, Virginia Wheeler, David Tibbetts, Dean Wiers, Allen Thorne and Linwood Wheeler. Newport won the meet and Madeleine Hughes won the cup

girls. Entertainment was provided in the evening with a one act play entitled "And the Lamp Went Out", presented by Hartland Academy. A play entitled "The Shooting of Dan McGraw", was presented by Newport High School. A dance followed the plays. A good time was enjoyed by everyone.

Madeleine Hughes '45

EXCHANGES

Because of the war and shortage of paper we were unable to exchange yearbooks with as many schools as we would like to have last year. We hope to exchange with more of the surrounding schools this year.

LeRoy Rollins '45

The Live Wire, Newport High School, Newport, Maine

Your literary section was good. Your snapshot page proved interesting also.

The Muse, Corinna Union Academy, Corinna Maine

Your school news was interesting. A few more snapshots would improve your book.

The Sokokis Warrior, Limington Academy
Limington, Maine

Your book shows a lot of hard work. A few more jokes would help to improve your book.

JOKES

R. Pearson: So you are convinced that sailors are affectionate people.

R. Randlett: Sure! They go sailing around in ships hugging the shore.

G. Lee: If you work hard and study hard, you will get ahead.

L. Rollins: Yeah, and what will I do with the one that I've got now.

Mr. Gentile: Your body can't go to heaven, It's your soul that goes. The soul, that something inside you that you can feel but not see.

E. Powers: Oh! I get it you mean the dinner.

W. Bubar: (Watching Lukie paint a box) Why are you painting it such a light color?

R. Lucas: So it will be light when I have to pick it up.

M. Carson: Hey! Di, you've got your socks on wrong side out.

D. Webber: I know it. There's a hole in the other side.

G. Lee: I'm so happy I could jump for joy.

L. Rollins: (lazily) Aw, let joy jump for himself.

Mrs. Yakemore: (calling Mike to dinner) Come dear, it's time for dinner.

Mike Yakemore: But I'm not hungry, Mom, I ate all the raisins from the fly paper.

Miss Purkis: That guy says his name is Samuel Weiser.

Miss Lombard: Isn't it funny! You may be wise but he will always be wiser.

L. Rollins: I've been sitting so much this year that my pants are worn thin.

H. Emery: Don't worry. You'll come through.

As Maxine and Arline were coming to school on the bus the other morning, Maxine said that she had washed her hair the night before and couldn't do a thing with it.

Arthur C., who had overheard the conversation, stubbed his toe over Maxine's foot as he got off the bus and said, "Excuse me, but I washed my feet last night and I can't do a thing with them."

Mr. Dummer: Robert, what's the idea of making faces at Jocko?

Robert Page: Well, he started it.

Miss Purkis: (in Home Ec. class) If someone handed you a hot dish and you burned your fingers, what would you do first: apply baking soda or salt water?

Pat Lord: I'd drop the dish.

M. Hughes: Did you enjoy spending your weeks on the farm?

R. Fox: Yeah, only the milk there is awful.

M. Hughes: The milk on the farm should be tops.

Miss Purkis was giving a lecture in health class and warned all the pupils against kissing animals or birds, because of the danger of germs.

"Can you give me an instance of the dangers of this?" she asked.

Royce Temple: Yes, Miss Purkis, my Aunt Al'ce used to kiss her dog.

Miss Purkis: And what happened?

Royce Temple: It died.

Ray Ames: (while working on the extension for the Aggie building) Mr. Bradford, we need a pane of glass 9 x 11.

Mr. Bradford: (trying to be clever) We haven't got any that size. Will an 11 x 9 do?

Ray Ames: (scratching his head thoughtfully) Gosh, I don't know. I'll try her. Maybe if we slip her in sideways nobody'll notice.

Dickie Randlett: I was looking out of the window and I actually saw a house fly.

Lloyd Cookson: Indeed! I was under the impression that houses never did that; I thought only the chimney flue.

Mrs. Gentile: What are you pouring whiskey in your garden for?

Mr. Gentile: We planted tomatoes and I wanted them to grow up stewed.

Mr. Dummer: What was the reason for your oversleeping this morning?

Maxine S: Well you see the alarm clock was set for six and there were only five of us in the room.

F. Blackden: When a guy is dead they put a chair in his coffin

D. Smith: What do they put it in for?

F. Blackden: For RIGORMORTIS to set in.

Mr. Bubar: I'm only spanking you because I love you.

W. Bubar: Yeah! When I get bigger I will try to return the affections.

LeRoy Rollins: How did you get the habit of wearing a mustache?

Dean Wiers: Oh, I don't know. I guess it just grew on me.

R. Fox: Yeah, here in town we still get milk in nice bottles from the store. But can you imagine, that on the farm they squeeze it from beastly old cows.

C. Plante: Do you know that every river has a mouth?

R. Temple: Then it's got to have a head.

C. Plante: Yeah, the mouth is bigger than the head.

R. Temple: Gee! That's what teacher says about me.

Mrs. Smith: Marie dear, it's bed-time and you know that all the good little chickens have gone to bed.

Marie S.: Yes mother, and so has the hen.

J. Mills: Smith tried to beat the train.

F. Towle: Did he get across?

J. Mills: No, but they're making one for him.

J. Holt: I hear that all the boys in the army get up bright and early.

D. Webber: Well early anyway.

B. Page: Do you know that the butter gets gray when it is old.

A. Chadbourne: That's new to me. When did you find that out?

B. Page: I found a gray hair in the butter today.

B. Goforth: Did you cry when you fell down the stairs and hurt yourself?

J. Holt: Nope, there was no one there to hear me; so it was no use.

S. Stedman: Why does the river boat make that terrible noise with its horn?

G. Sawyer: That's to let every one know its going to start.

S. Stedman: If I felt as bad as that I wouldn't go.

R. Page: I think I must have hay fever.

G. Neal: Does it run in the family?

R. Page: Naw, in the nose.

Mrs. Randlett: Your face is awful dirty.

Dickie: Well, so is the earth's face and nobody makes a fuss about that.

G. Sawyer: Why did your father take the carpet off the stars?

E. Gordon: Because he said he likes blank stares.

E. Blackden: What's the difference between a dog and a flea?

R. Ames: The dog barks.

F. Blackden: Nope, a dog has fleas but a flea can't have a dog.

K. Hughes: That fellow is a vegetarian.

P. Estes: How do you know that?

Hughes: He has cauliflower ears.

H. Martin: Hey! Stop pulling that cat's tail. Don't you know that he will bite you.

D. Pease: You can't fool me. A cat doesn't bite at that end.

James Mills: Want me to dig you up a girl tonight?

Freddie Towle: No thanks. I like mine alive.

Miss Lombard: (in 8th grade geography), Why is Ireland the richest country in the world?

Dickie Nichols: Because her capital is Dublin every day.

Insurance salesman: Now that you're married and have the responsibility of a wife, you will surely want to take out life insurance.

Mr. Gentile: Insurance? Gracious, no, why she's not the least bit dangerous.

Mr. Paton: (in biology class) Your last report was very difficult to read. Your work should be written so that even the most ignorant will be able to understand it.

Arthur Chapman: Yes, sir. Which part didn't you understand?

Diana Webber: Do you like soup?

Maggie Hart: Now, it's not all what it's cracked up to be.

Tom Gee: How do you like that—my older brother has fallen in love with a girl!

Colleen Stromback: What's he supposed to do fall in love with—a horse?

WE HAVE A

Bunker—but no Hill
 Thorne—but no Rose
 Mills—but no Streams
 Wiers—but no Fence
 Mart(a)in—but no Robin
 Fields—but no Meadow
 Jordan—but no River
 Powers—but no Line
 Ham—but no Eggs
 Pease—but no Vines
 Nickels—but no Dimes
 Gordon—but no Flash
 Wood—but no Trees
 Gray—but no Black
 Smith—but no Anvil
 Page—but no Book
 Jones—but no Inn
 Mower—but no Less
 Hersey—but no Bar
 Towle—but no Bell
 Hart—but no Key

Edwin Jordan '46

COMIC STRIP

Bringing Up Father	Gerry Martin and Stanley Dyer
King of the Royal Mounted	Arthur Chadbourne
Rosie's Beau	Virginia Fox and Dean Wiers
Molecule	Daniel Pease
Popeye	Robert Page
Colonel Potterby and the Duchess	
	Barbara Goforth and Earl Jones
Blondie and Dagwood	Ruth Pearson and Harlow Powers
Myrtle	Ruth Page
Boots and her Buddies	
	Arvene Ham and Maynard Yakemore
Little Orphan Annie	Helene Withee
Tillie the Toiler	Miss Lombard
Toots and Casper	George Goforth and Eleanor Coolen
Ally Oop	Allan Thorne
The Lone Ranger	Betty Bunker
Buz Sawyer	Jack Neal
Little Annie Roonie	Geraldine Sawyer
Moon Mullins	Frank Quimby
Jungle Jim	Edwin Jordan
Elmer	Earl McLean
Little Nancy	Lois Seekins
Walkie Talkie	Jean Holt
Dick Tracy	Ivan Welch
Freckles	Leslie Duran
Shaky	LeRoy Rollins
Gravel Gerty	Maxine Jones
Andy Gump	Kenneth Hughes
Henry	Lloyd Cookson
	Edwin Jordan '46

HUNTING

I like to go a hunting,
 When the snow is coming down,
 I like to shoot a rabbit,
 When he hops along the ground.

I like to shoot a partridge,
 When he flutters in the air;
 But most of all I'd like to shoot
 A GREAT BIG GRIZZLY BEAR!

LeRoy Rollins, '45

SENIOR SCRIBBLES

CAN YOU IMAGINE

W. Bubar, without a Ford and a Fox.
 Gini Wheeler, without a boy friend.
 Myrt Lovely, without something to do all the time.
 Richard Lucas, without a 'Spaulding' to spin.
 Frank Blackden, speaking above a whisper.
 Harlan Emery, without a 'woman, Hudson and Pittsfield.'
 P. Gould, making too much noise.
 Madeleine Hughes, sitting still a minute.
 Elwood Gray, being 'serious'.
 Harlow Powers, growing taller.
 Donald Nichols, without a dime!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THIS IN THE FACULTY

Mr. Dummer, not mentioning 'Weld'.
 Mr. Paton, giving a hundred.
 Miss Philpot, scolding anybody.
 Miss Lombard, keeping her face straight.
 Mrs. Pierson, losing her temper.
 Mr. Gentile, without a 'Lady'.
 Miss Purkis, not having the Home Ec. girls house clean.

Elwood Gray '45

WANTED (for the Seniors)

A few additional members
 A microphone for Frank
 A dancing instructor for "Wood"
 Some tobacco for "Ben"
 A new truck for Ray
 Some Nylons for "Gini"
 A G. I. for Myrt
 A "Fox" for "Booga"
 An easy chair for LeRoy
 A fur coat for Delma Mae
 A sailor for "Cupid"
 A nurse's uniform for Phil
 Some brakes for Lukie

(for the Faculty)

A new discipline book for Mr. Dummer
 An attentive history class for Mr. Gentile
 A "Senior" class for Miss Philpot
 Some perfume gifts for Miss Lombard
 Close attention for Mr. Paton
 A longer noon hour for Miss Purkis
 More student talent for Mrs. Pierson.
 Myrtle Lovely '45

FAVORITE SONGS OF H. A.

Emery	On the Road to Pittsfield
Wood	Song of India
Gini	Anniversary Waltz
Myrt	Always
Rollins	I Dream of You
Ames	My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time
Cupid	Bell-Bottom Trousers
Delma Mae	Stardust
Lukie	I'm Lonely on The Little Side
Bubar	The Little Red Fox
Phyllis	I'm Confessin'
Frank	On a Little Farm

E. M. G.—Ever merry gent
 V. A. W.—Very attractive woman
 H. E. E.—He enjoys eating
 M. M. H.—Murders men's hearts
 D. M. S.—Does much singing
 W. G. B.—Won't grow bigger
 R. F. L.—Really fairly lovable
 M. I. L.—Much intelligence lost
 L. V. R.—Learns various reasons
 F. M. B.—Famous mind beneath
 P. E. G.—Phil's ever good
 R. P. A.—Really pretty active
 H. E. P.—He's ever persistent
 D. E. N.—Does entertain no one

Myrtle Lovely '45

THE SENIOR PORTFOLIO

The senior class of '45
Which is now on review,
Has a few outstanding persons,
Whom I'll present to you.

When Richard's walking down the hall,
He bears a look of dread
Lest grown-up fellows when they pass
Will step upon his head.

The orator of the Senior class,
Who's won H. A. renown,
Is none other than that country boy,
Harry—from St. Albans town.

We could not do the senior class
Without remembering Gould,
She is the mild and gentle type,
And is always very cool.

We have our strong and husky types;
They look intelligent too.
But when it comes to English class,
Well—I'll leave that up to you.

Of course we have our glamour girl,
Who holds a Junior's attractions,
And when she passes from room to room,
She causes quite a reaction.

And then there is our soldier boy,
Who is so very fine.
For when the Sergeant calls, "All out."
He's sure to be in line.

On her we gaze, and our amaze,
Increases every minute,
That Myrtle's skull, which seems so full
Should have so little in it.
The senior class is not complete,
Without it's Smith and Ames.
And then there is our Austin, too,
Who bears a famous name.

A lot of things still puzzle us,
That Elwood's done and said,
But most of all—in history class
Why do his ears get red?

So now we'll close the portfolio,
And remember these honored names,
Which will pass from class to class,
And go down the line of fame.

Elwood M. Gray '45

MOVIES AT H. A.

Janie	Ruth Page
Sweet and Low Down	Daniel Pease
Something For the Boys	H. A. Girls
A Tree Grows In Brooklyn	Vivian Morgan
God Is My Co-Pilot	A. Chadbourne
Thunderhead	Mr. Gentile
Jungle Woman	E. Blackden
Mrs. Wiggs In the Cabbage Patch	E. Powers
Arsenic and Old Lace	Women Teachers
The Shiek of Araby	Edwin Jordan
Claudia	M. Hart
The Princess and The Pirate	Eleanor and George
Tarzan and the Apes	Mr. Dummer and Freshmen
Dragon Seed	Miss Lombard
Gas Light	Miss Philpot
Our Hearts Were Young and Gay	Delma and Achsah
Mrs. Parkington	Mrs. Pierson
The Fighting Lady	M. Bijeau
Two Girls and A Sailor	Ruth, Evangeline and Harlow
	Madeleine Hughes '45
	Elwood Gray '45

SENIORS

Name	Nickname	Ambition	Eye Word	Biggest Failing	Favorite Pastime
Raymond Ames	"Ray"	Farmer	McGee	Staying out late	Teasing the girls
Harlan Emery	"Ben"	Become a jitterbug	Ya know	Smoking a pipe	Keeping "early" hours
Virginia Wheeler	"Gini"	Become a nurse	I'll remember that	Giggling	Dancing
Delma Smith	"Delma Mae"	Lively old maid	Well !!!	Eating onions	Buying sheet music
Elwood Gray	"Wood"	To become a professor	Dear God! !	Missing the bus	Visiting the city
Myrtle Lovely	"Myrt"	To own a small hotel	Fiddle!	Speeling off !!!	Traveling
Richard Lucas	"Lukie"	To be a bachelor	Bet you tell that to all the boys	Blushing	Telling tales of St. Albans
Wendell Bubar	"Booga"	Catch a "Fox"	Yes-s-s!!	Failing (Ford)	Arguing
Phyllis Gould	"Phil"	To be a nurse	Oky-Doke	Chemistry	Going to Boston
Madeleine Hughes	"Cupid"	Learn to whistle	"Caterpillars"	Bell Bottom Trousers	Being stubborn
LeRoy Rollins	"Rollo"	Become a member of "Lee's" army	You don't say	Going out nights	Playing pool
Frank Blackden	"Frankie"	To become a chemist	No!!!!	Staying in nights	Reading
Donald Nichols	"Nick"			Sleeping late mornings	Hunting
Harry Ballard	"Blliard"	To be a pilot	You, Rascal, You	Skipping school	Riding around (not alone)
Harlow Powers	"Eig Boy"	Own a dancing school	Chicken	Blondes	Dancing
Floyd Austin	"Austin"	Hasn't any	Jeepers	Women	Movies
Paul Hughes	"Bus"	Be a farmer	Let's go	Thelma	East St. Albans

ALUMNI NOTES

ALUMNI NOTES

1944

Camilla Chute, going to school in Bangor.
 Ina Cook, living in Palmyra.
 Ivan Crocker, employed in St. Albans.
 Earl Cully, navy.
 Keith Cunningham, attending Bates College.
 Gladys Deering, living in Hartland.
 Hazel Devereaux, living in Palmyra.
 John Gee, navy.
 Virginia Inman, living in Palmyra.
 Helen Moore, attending Colby College.
 Joyce Plumer, living at East Corinth.
 Grace Roberts, employed at Baxters'.
 Barbara Ross, employed at Baxters'.
 Leslie Sherburne, army.
 Charlene Stedman, employed at Baxters'.
 Nettie Withee, living in Canaan.
 Beverly Wood, employed in Washington,
 D. C.
 Joyce Thompson, living in St. Albans.

1943

Doris Ames, employed in Florida.
 Errol Austin, army
 Lew's Barden, army.
 Mildred Bishop Wark, living in St. Albans.
 Pauline Bowley Pelky, living in Menroe.
 Kenneth Chambers, Merchant Marines
 Joyce Church Webber, living at home.
 Maynard Deering, army.
 Dean Fenderson, navy.
 Charlotte Gordon, employed at Baxters'.
 Bernard Hart, employed at Baxters'.
 Virginia Hewins, employed at Baxters'.
 Donald Lancey, navy.
 Barbara Martin Patton, living in St. Albans.
 Edwin Moore, army.
 Mary McLean, attending Farmington Normal School.
 Estelle Page, attending Farmington Normal School.
 Joseph Page, army.
 Arthur Walker, army
 Merle Withee, employed in Skowhegan.

1942

Bernard Austin, navy.
 Edmund Austin, army.
 Herbert Baird, army.
 Lois Baird, attending U. of M.

Ena Bubar Hilton, working in Connecticut.
 Francis Cook, employed in Pittsfield.
 Eva Culley, employed at Baxters'.
 Elbert Duncan, army.
 Bigelow Fuller, employed at Hartland Tanning.
 June Gee Wilbur, living in Arizona.
 Emily Goforth, living in Hartland.
 Robert Goforth, army.
 Marjorie Goforth, WAC.
 Elwood Greene, living in Hartland.
 Evelyn Hinton Roberson, living in Newport.
 Harold Hughes, army.
 Sheldon Hutchinson, army.
 Doris Libby Fuller, living in Hartland.
 Murray McCormack, army.
 Geraldine Neal, employed at Baxters'.
 Gerald Robertson, army.
 Robert Steeves, army
 Arland Stedman, army
 Keith Tapley, Merchant Marines.
 Linwood Vanadestine, army.
 Clarence Walker, deceased.

1941

Jacqueline Buker Stedman,
 Eeverly Cheney, employed in Portland.
 Clyde Cookson, Jr., employed in Bangor.
 Glenis Cunningham, employed in Portland.
 Edward Hilton, army.
 Ernest Inman, Marines.
 Allen Jones, employed at Hartland Tanning.
 Geraldine Knowles Bishop, employed in South Portland.
 Meredith Knowles Holister, living in Hartland.
 Philip Libby, army.
 Grace Lord Lary, living in Hartland.
 Margaret Lord Merrow, employed in Linn, Mass.
 Jean Lucas, R. N., employed in a Portland Hospital.
 Mary McDougal, employed at Baxters'.
 Valti McDougal Merrow, living in Connecticut.
 Verne McLean, army.
 Donald McLean, employed at Baxters'.
 Virginia Millet, Waves.
 Margaret Moore Francis, living in New York.
 Luther Nichols, army.

1940

Douglas Height is living in Dexter
Erma Amero Stedman lives in Hartland.
Nell'e Baird Pooler is living in Pittsfield.
Florence Bishop Briggs is living in Dover.
Howard Brown, Army.
Cerald Burns, Marines.
Wilma Cheney Grey is living in Anson.
Isabelle Cook Lawrence lives in Palmyra.
Edith Cooley is teaching in Harmony.
Muriel Crocker Nelson resides in St. Albans.
Marion Davis is employed in Dover-Foxcroft.
Oscar Dyer is employed at Baxters'
Elsie Ford Smith lives at Kittery.
Patricia Gee is employed in Massachusetts.
Donald Goodwin, Army.
Gareth Hanson, Army.
Doris Seekins Ballard lives in St. Albans.
Beatrice Wilbur Lowell lives in Pittsfield.
Donald Wyman, Army.
Donald Rice, Army.
Charles Inman, Army.
Katherine Harding Bubar lives in Massachusetts.
Edward Nichols, Army.
Robert Moore, Army.
Clifford Merrill, Marines.
Eunice Millett, A. N. C.

1939

Anita Baird Allen is living in Hartland.
Madeline Cook Reardon lives in Skowhegan.
Hilda Emery Nutter is living in Portland.
Norma Emery Nutter is living in Hartland.
Marvis Greene Grant, lives in Hartland.
Phyllis Ford Mitton lives in Dexter.
Viola Hillman McDougal lives in Hartland.
Arlene Hollister Baker lives in Hartland
Burton Jones is in the Army.
Emily Knowlton Parsons lives in Hartland.
Bernice Litchfield Woodman lives in Hartland.
Seldon Martin is in the Army.

Leila Merrow Connors lives in Orono.
Maynard Moore is in the Army.
Norman McCormack is in the Army.
Shirley Neal Ryder lives in Newport.
Henry Parkman is in the Navy.
Stanley Peterson is in the Army.
Edith Rediker George lives in Waterville.
Mary Seekins lives in Hartland.
Arthur Smith is living in St. Albans.
Dorothy Spencer Staples lives in Skowhegan.
Ernest Staples is in the Navy.
Ervin Stedman is living in town.
Eleanor Towle Hollister lives in town.
Julian Wilbur is in the Army.
Ellen Worthing Cooper is living in Bangor.
Marion Wyman Laughton lives in Hartland.

1938

Marion Ash is employed in Washington, D. C.
Kenneth Baird is in the Army.
Lona Clark Leathers lives in Hartland.
Mildred Cooley lives in Hartland.
Kathleen Cully is employed at Baxters'.
Russell Dunlap is in the Army.
Joseph Ford is in the Army.
Erlene Hughes Buker lives in Palmyra.
Liston Inman lives in Hartland.
Eleanor Libby Joy lives in Ellsworth.
Arthur Littlefield is in the Army.
Wendell Marr, deceased.
James Moore is in the Army.
Ardis Moulton lives in Boston.
Grace Parsons Stubbs lives in Hartland.
Robert Perkins is in the Army.
Andrew Peterson teaches school in Hodgden.
Marion Steeves is living in Florida.
Norman Strout is employed in New York.
Cherry Thorne is employed by Seegram's in Tennessee.
Mildred Wentworth McKiney lives in Carmel.
Marguerite Wheeler lives in Hartland.
Opal Wiers is employed in Pittsfield.

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