

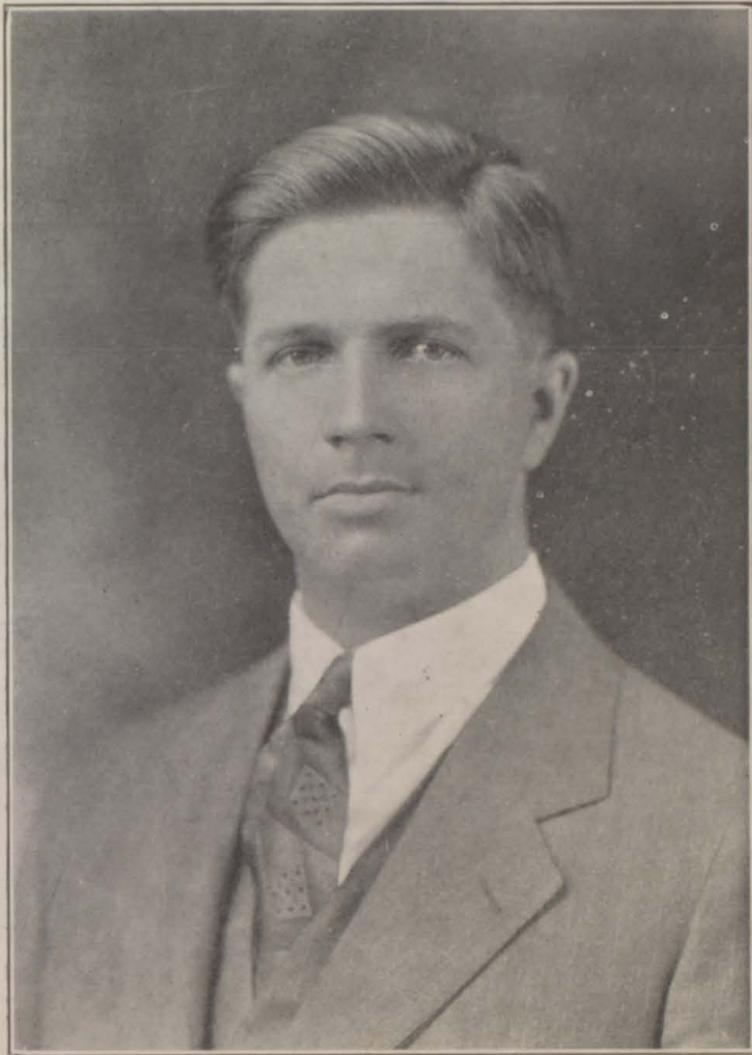
The
Microphone

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HERMON HIGH SCHOOL

1931





E. R. CROZIER, PRINCIPAL

To Principal E. R. Crozier, who has worked untiringly for the success of this paper and for athletics in our school, this issue of "The Microphone" is respectfully dedicated.



EDITORIAL STAFF

The Microphone

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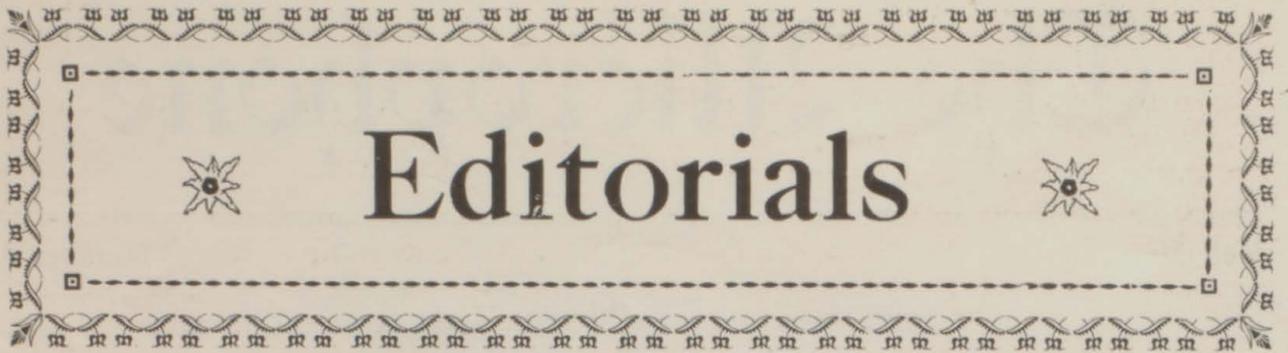
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Principal E. R. Crozier,

Assistant Victorine Bailey



Editorials

GREETINGS

We, the student body of Hermon High School, are very glad to be able to present this edition of the *Microphone*.

We have worked hard to make this edition superior to the other papers that our school has published. We have tried to create interest among all the classes and the alumni, and we hope this book will meet with the approval of our supporters, advertisers, and purchasers.

Each year in the spring term our commencement edition appears. In these issues, we endeavor to record the leading activities of each preceding year, and to show what progress we, as a school, have made.

Our High School is not as large or as well equipped as some others, and we do not get as extensive training in athletics as in larger schools. However, we feel that by the personal supervision given us in the smaller school, and by the more intimate contact with our teachers and, finally, by our own earnest endeavors, we shall be able to maintain a high standard.

We appreciate the assistance we have received and we wish to thank the teachers and school board for the help and advice they have given; the public for its interest and co-operation; and all others who have helped make this paper a success. We especially thank the advertisers, for it is

only through their patronage that the publication of this paper has been made possible.

ON WRITING ESSAYS

I am no writer, never was and never will be. From the time I learned to write till now, I have never been able to read my own script after it was two days old. From early childhood I have always avoided writing letters, answering only the ones that demanded a reply. Compositions and themes have been next to impossible.

My first real experience in essay writing came in high school where I received highest honors for being the poorest writer. The general themes, especially written ones, are very hard for the ordinary student to compose. Essays rank among the foremost in difficulty. First comes the choosing of a topic; this seems to bother most students. Second comes the broadening the chosen topic in such a manner that it shall not contain elements of the narrative. One must continually guard against wandering from the main point. Third and last comes the choice of words to express exactly the idea wished.

The essay, unlike the story, has no climax or, in other words, there is no point from which the writer can gradually decline his story into a beautiful ending. The author of the essay must patiently continue upon his subject until he has carefully and

lengthly expounded upon every phase in which he sees a faint promise of interest, hopefully trusting in the good graces and forbearance of the reader.

Payson Patten, '31.

EXCHANGES

This being only the third issue of our paper, our list of exchanges is quite limited. However, we have received papers from the following schools: Hebron, Carmel, Bingham, LaGrange, Brownville and Monroe. Our school has sent out a large number of papers this year and hopes to have a goodly number in return.

We purpose through our exchange department to gain new ideas and to bring ourselves into close relationship with other schools. Since our paper is only in its infancy, we feel that our experience is too limited to warrant our ability to criticize other papers and more especially since the exchanges which we have received are from larger high schools. However, we hope that the schools which receive this paper will be liberal with their criticisms.

L. G. B., '33.

THE MORE SERIOUS ASPECTS OF LIFE

As we grow older our responsibilities increase. When we were very young our chief responsibility lay in the necessity for us to partially care for ourselves, but at the same time we were largely dependent upon our parents. As time went on, we attended school; there we had to learn to obey the teachers and to mix with others of our own age. Though we relied upon ourselves more and more for our own personal care, still we depended upon our parents for many

things as we did upon our teachers to see that our lessons were well prepared.

When we entered high school we were thrown more on our own resources, although we still depended somewhat upon the teachers for help. Instead of being continually urged and forced to prepare our lessons daily, we got credit for what we did well and blamed for what we left undone. For the success of school activities, we assumed a certain amount of responsibility and in this way tried to show the proper school spirit.

Our days in the fields of higher education will differ, we are told, from these in high school. There we shall have the entire responsibility of getting our lessons. No one will be so kind as to remind us that we haven't written our English or done our history and no one will be willing to spend extra time with us after hours. What we don't do for ourselves will remain undone. The work is offered and we can use our judgment as to taking it or leaving it. The gain or loss will be entirely up to us.

All the things we do and learn while in elementary school, high school, and institutions of higher learning, should be considered the height of a preparation for our life-work. Therefore all tasks should be performed with our utmost ability and care. We should put our all into our education and be willing to devote as much enthusiasm to our lessons as we do to athletics and outside activities.

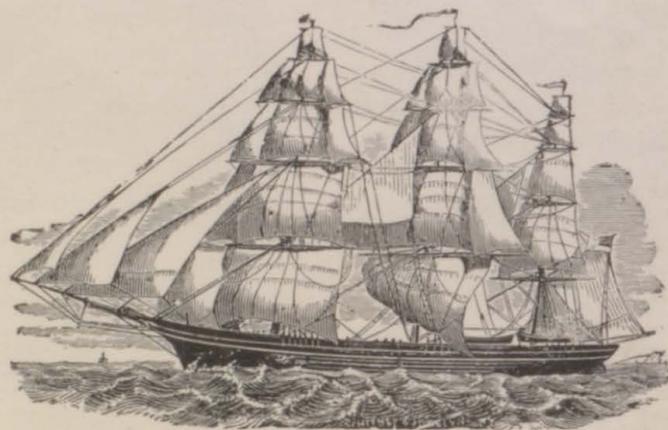
In school, the sports and other outside activities will take care of themselves. Somehow we can, and do find time for them, but it is our lessons that need more attention. Of course athletics are not primarily intended for a good time. Athletics are kept

alive in educational institutions not alone for what enjoyment the participants get from them but because they are thought to develop the body. To keep the body fit is one of the first lessons we should learn, for everything worth while in life depends up-

on good health.

In conclusion then let us be earnest in our work and in our play alike and let us round out our days with a proper proportion of each.

M. S. L., '31.





ANDREWS, LYONIS

*Fierce of name
But not nature,
That's Lyonis.
In the game
He proves a major,
That's Lyonis.*

Basketball (1-2-3-4); Manager (3); Captain (4); Baseball (2-3); School Play (3); Senior Play (4); Editorial Staff (2-3-4); President (2-3-4); Presentation of Gifts.



GRANT, CARLTON

*Carlton meant to have some fun,
He was invited out to dine,
But she handed him a paper
And said "Sign on the "Dot"(ted) line."*

Basketball (1-2-3-4); School Play (3); Senior Play (4); "Old Time" Minstrel (3); Editorial Staff (3); Treasurer (2-3); Class History.



HOMSTED, IRENE

*Irene is a faithful student
In athletics she plays skillfully
She is quite a stage success,
"Acting" is her specialty.*

Basketball (2-3-4); School Play (3); Senior Play (4); Editorial Staff (4); Phophecy.



KIMBALL, CORA

*This is Cora, the "Babe" of the class,
By garden and green house she often doth pass.
She likes the fair rose and the gay poensetta,
But her real joy is found in the sweet Violetta.*

School Orchestra Pianist (1-2-3-4); Senior Play (4);
Editorial Staff (4); Class Essay.



LEATHERS, MARY

*Here is Mary, the joy of her class,
A studious, athletic, and happy lass.
When'er she travels on land or foam,
Her thoughts return to "Holmes" Sweet "Holmes."*

Basketball (2-3-4); Captain (3); Manager (4); Or-
chestra (1-2-3-4); "Old Time" Minstrel (3); Senior Play
(4); Editorial Staff (3-4); Secretary (2-3); Valedictory.



MORRISON, ONA

*Ona carries with her
A bundle of sunshine and cheer,
We've grown to love you, Ona,
Though you've been with us but a year.*

Basketball (4); Captain (4); Senior Play (4); Secre-
tary (4); Salutatory.



PATTEN, PAYSON

*Payson is fond of nursery rhymes,
And this year to our ken.
"Mary, Mary quite contrary,"
Our musician's tune has been.*

Orchestra (4); Senior Play (4); Editorial Staff (3-4);
Vice-President (2-4); Class Will.



RICE, DONALD

*He's a shiek to be sure,
And a born salesman too,
That broad smile we know,
Will carry him through.*

Baseball (2-3); Editorial Staff (3-4); Senior Play (4);
Treasurer (4); Retaliation.



SAUNDERS, ALVAH AND ALBION

*We'll not dispute you're brothers
For you look so much alike,
You couldn't be offended
If we called you "Mike" and "Ike."*

Class Dialogue.



STAPLES, FREDRICK

*If the estimate of value
Were measured as to size,
We are very sure that Freddie
Would never win the prize.*

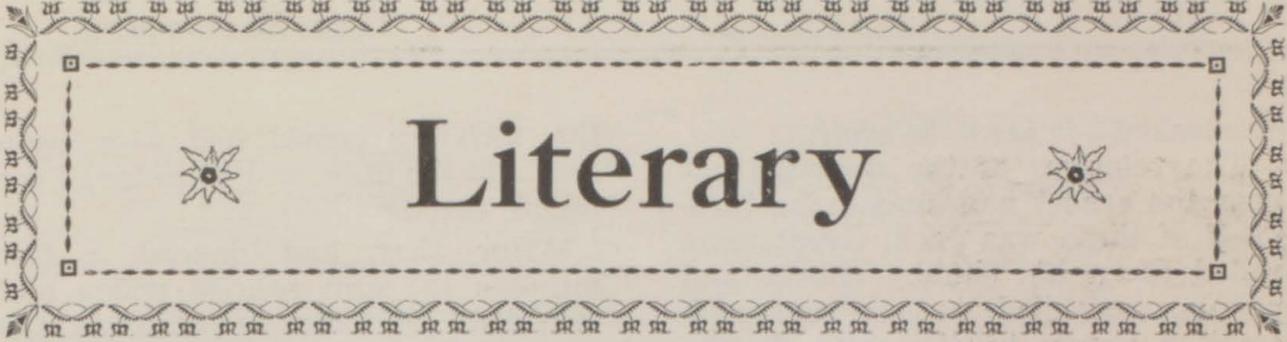
*But estimating value
Is done quite another way,
And that is why our Freddie
Is a prize winner day by day.*

Editorial Staff (4); Senior Play (4); Address to Under-graduates.



JUNIOR STATISTICS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Known as</i>	<i>Favorite Pastime</i>	<i>Age</i>
Andrew Light	"Andy"	Reciting French	Not quite 10
Charles Warren	"Jack"	Being a good boy	Almost 3
Harriet Nowell	"Harrie"	Staying home nights	Sweet 16-1
Alton Richardson	"Alt"	Counting his pennies	124 years old or old enough to count money
Walter Hardy	"Hardy"	Using slang	Old enough to know better
Florian Ellingwood	"Flo"	Looking up words in his pocket dictionary	1 going on 2
Irene Overlock	"Rene"	Tormenting the boys	3 centuries



Literary

THE HERMIT OF PECAN

In the small town of Pecan in Wyoming an old man, by the name of Jonah Tightward, lived on a hill that overlooked the river.

His dwelling was a small grey stone hut. The grounds were old and run down, all over grown with weeds and under brush. In back of his hut was a granite cave which was a source of great wonderment to all of the town's people.

Jonah's personal appearance was in harmony with his surroundings. He was old and wrinkled and walked with slow step and bowed head. The dull drab clothes which he was wont to wear only served further to bring out the lonely carelessness of his existence.

Because of his peculiar manner of living he was commonly termed a hermit and the children of the village, with the usual aversion for the name, never dared go near the stone hut.

One little boy, named Jack, was more afraid of him than the other children. He was a nephew to the old man, perhaps that accounted for his fear.

Although little Jack was afraid of his uncle he was really fond of him. Had he dared visit the hut he would willingly have performed many little acts of kindness, but because of his unconquerable fear he had to remain content to do only such little kindly

deeds as no one would ever know about. No word was ever spoken in regard to the mother to the old man but he sensed the hidden friendly feeling which existed and decided that if he had guessed aright Jack would some day be rewarded.

Accordingly he called his lawyer to him one day and made his will. It read as follows: I, Jonah Tightward, being in a sane mind do give and bequeath all my property, money and personal possessions to the chief mourner at my funeral.

Not long afterwards the news came that the hermit was dead. The will had been found clutched tight in his hand.

The funeral was scheduled three days after his death. All the people of the village came out of curiosity, as they had suspected he had money and wished to see to whom it would be given.

All the aunts and uncles, neices and nephews, cousins—any who could claim the slightest relationship—were present. Could Jonah have seen them thus assembled he must needs have laughed at the idea of ever having been so utterly alone. How much they all loved him after all!

Little Jack had worried considerably for fear that there would be no chief mourners and had carefully turned over in his mind plans by which this funeral might be conducted properly and with no omissions. There was one point at least which must not, according to Jack's idea, be

overlooked—*it must be wet.*

The relatives of the deceased sat near the casket and among the foremost of these was Jack. Great tears rolled down his chubby cheeks and people marvelled to see so much emotion shown by the child. In the meantime the peeled onion carefully stored away in Jack's pocket handkerchief innocently continued to do its service.

After the funeral service the relatives retired to hear the will read. They were all pleased to learn that there was quite a sum of money and were not surprised that it was hidden in the cave behind the hut. However, one feature in the will was most displeasing to all but one of the whole company.

As you have guessed Jack won the money and other possessions without any competition.

I. H.

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION

Richard Haskall, known as "Dick," had first proposed to Faith Fellows, the sweetest girl in the world (for Dick), and had been affectionately accepted. He, feeling in very good spirits, decided to celebrate the affair by taking Faith to the season's largest social event, "The Masquerade Ball," which was to be held June 14th at one of the spacious pavillions.

The great night arrived and Dick and Faith appeared at the ball dressed—he as a devil and she as an angel. As it happened, there was at this dance another couple, dressed in similar costumes.

When Faith stepped out of the door of the ladies dressing room, she got her "Devils" mixed and glided away to the strains of a waltz in the arms of the wrong man. They swayed into

the whirling crowd and were soon lost 'mid the noise and laughter of the happy throng.

After they had danced a few minutes the hall seemed warm and crowded. Drifting in through the open doors came a gentle breeze, sweetly-scented with lilacs, calling them out into the night. Entranced by the beauties of the night they strolled silently on much farther than they had intended. Who is there who has not felt the power of the Queen of the night, as she shines supreme in the heavens, assisted by her myriad jeweled attendants? Now she pours through tall trees a shimmer of mystic light upon a velvety carpet; or dances fairy-like upon a rippling lake. Now she embraces a nearby building and makes of it a temporary castle; or clothes a mere man in royal costume. With the assistance of the soft music floating from the distant hall she found it easy to weave her spell around the love stricken Faith who, happy in the thought of her approaching marriage, suddenly began to think aloud. She told her plans, how she would furnish the new house, how she would plant shrubs around the lawn and make it meet with Dick's desires and wishes in every way. Her escort listened with growing wonder.

To a passer-by Faith would have seemed the ideal wife-to-be but to the supposed-to-be Dick it was quite another matter. Her avowed plans seemed like an outburst of insanity. What was the meaning of it all? He had no intentions of marrying or getting a new house or doing any of the silly things that Faith spoke of. He wondered what in the world had come over the supposed-to-be Helen.

As the real Helen and Dick came

into view unmasked, Faith and Robert noticed their mistake. The scene which followed was both embarrassing and exciting. A very rosy-cheeked Faith remarked, "Well, the next time I celebrate my engagement it won't be at a masquerade."

N. B., '33.

SHIPWRECKED

One morning, as I was sitting in the station waiting for a train, the door opened and two men came in—one an elderly gentleman with gray hair and large expressive blue eyes, the other a short, stout man of a dark complexion.

They were busy talking and finally the elderly gentleman asked his companion to tell a story.

He refused at first but after a while yielded and gave a vivid account of a shipwreck at sea during one of his voyages. He described the stress of the terrible situation with such power that I became deeply interested. He reached the point in his account where only the captain and himself and a half dozen others were left aboard the doomed vessel, after the last of the boats had been lowered.

"And then," he concluded, "a vast wave came hurling down on us. It was so huge that it shut out all the sky. It crashed over the already sinking ship in a torrent of irresistible force. Under that dreadful blow the laboring vessel sank, and all those left on board were drowned."

The story teller paused and there was a period of tense silence. Presently his old companion asked:

"And you—what became of you?"

"Oh, I?" was the reply. "Why, I was drowned with the rest of them."

Albion Saunders, '31.

A VISIT TO VENUS

Not many years ago I visited a fortune teller. Being of a rather curious nature, I allowed him to forecast for me. I learned things about myself which I had never even dreamed of before. Among the most important was the fact that I was a great genius possessing a remarkable brain, and a wizard for adventure. As a result of my adventurous spirit I would early in life, he said, perform a remarkable feat which would result in a wonderful scientific discovery that would be beneficial to the entire race of mankind.

I was, at first, stunned by the revelation and felt heavily burdened with the weight of my responsibilities, but soon came to the realization that the earlier I gave my bit to the world, the better it would be for everyone. I thought of submarine excursions, explorations by airplane, etc., but finally chose a trip to Venus as being the most promising of adventure and scientific research.

The first problem to be solved was, how to get there. There were no balloons or airships that would travel through space and I couldn't walk there by any means.

After weeks of careful thought and study I finally hit upon a bright idea. It was this: Why couldn't I tie myself to a rocket and have some one light the fuse? Then I would be sure to go somewhere!! I had a special rocket made which, when it was put together in my field, towered into the air one hundred feet; the base was nearly fifty feet through. My compartment was in the top part where all necessary articles were stored for my preservation.

With a final look at my oxygen tanks and instruments I hopped up

the rope ladder to the top and pulled up my tanks and food, then the big moment came! The fuse was lighted! Would I ever get to Venus or would the rocket explode and send me no one knows where?

As the explosion occurred I struck the back of the rubber compartment and stayed there until I was out of the earth's atmosphere, then I floated around, striking my head on the rubber floor, ceiling, and walls.

* * * * *

I awoke at five thirty and looked out of the small window. All I could see was the moon shining and something that was coming nearer. It was the planet Venus! I shut off the other powder compartments of the rocket and coasted on our own momentum until we struck the planet. Then a strange thing happened. The whole rocket bounced back into the air. It took nearly an hour of bouncing before it lay quiet on the planet. After I had examined it under a microscope, I found that the ground contained about fifty percent of rubber. It was very cold there, and yet there were small strange looking animals jumping and leaping around. It was dark, but by the aid of my flashlight, I saw that they resembled the rubber toys which the children of the earth play with. I gathered my pockets full to give away as Christmas gifts.

Going back to my rocket ship I sailed to the other side of the planet. There I found myself in sunshine and among rubber trees. Then I guessed the whole truth. The planet revolves around the sun in such a manner that only one side is turned to the sun at any time. The tropical heat on one side causes the rubber sap in the trees to vaporize. The vapor floats in the air until it comes to the cold side

where it condenses and falls like rain. You would naturally think that the planet would be much heavier on one side than on the other but when the weight swings it around, the sun melts the rubber and then trees spring up to furnish more rubber. On the side on which the sun partially shines the trees fall down and the ground hardens.

* * * * *

As there was nothing to eat on Venus, I had to return to earth, but not without having accomplished my purpose. I had made the wonderful discovery; one can not live on rubber.

Florian L. Ellingwood, '32.

LOST IN THE ALPS

In the Alps of Switzerland is a little town called Vallais. It is located at the foot of the Alps and has a very small population. The people there are very quaint but hospitable. In the town is a hotel called "Swiss Inn" where tourists and visitors are accommodated.

About three years ago, late in the summer, some Americans decided to make a tour of Europe. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Treadwell and their two sons, Dick and Bobby. They decided to go to Switzerland and visit the Alps, the beauty of which they had heard so much about. They took the Steamer Asiatic from New York and after a long and pleasant journey landed in Bordeaux, France. They then journeyed on to Switzerland.

Arriving in Switzerland, they went to the town of Vallais and stopped at the "Swiss Inn." Switzerland was in the heart of its summer and was a veritable picture of green valleys and snow-capped mountains.

After having been in Vallais about

a week, they met some friends, among whom were two boys, Bobby and Dick. Their two friends anticipated many adventurous sight-seeing tours.

One day the boys hired a guide and set off into the mountains. They took the path which led across the valley and up the mountain side. After having walked from early morning until noon, they sat down and ate the dinner which they had brought with them. After an hour's rest they started on again.

During the afternoon the sun shone only fitfully, and by three o'clock the sky was entirely overcast. Within half an hour, snow was falling fast and a blustery wind was rising. The guide told the boys it looked like a bad blizzard and that they had better turn back and seek a cabin for shelter. Although the boys were somewhat disappointed that their adventure should be thus cut short; the idea of spending a night in a deserted cabin, especially during a blizzard, appealed to them and they instructed the guide to lead on.

The guide had in mind a cabin somewhat to the left of the trail they had been following and though he was not very familiar with the trail he knew it would be the shortest route to shelter and thought it wise to take the chance. The wind was blowing a gale and the snow was drifting fast. Soon the guide realized that they had wandered from the trail. It was impossible for them to retrace their steps because of the blinding snow. The guide urged the boys to continue walking briskly and not to become afraid.

As they were walking along, they saw a figure moving in the distance; it looked like an animal of some kind. The boys were frightened as the figure kept getting nearer and nearer.

But they soon knew by the expression on the guide's face that there was nothing to fear. As a large St. Bernard dog came bounding forward, the guide explained that when people were lost on the mountains, these dogs were sent out with a bottle of water and a first aid kit strapped around their necks. They were accustomed to be sent off into the mountains and would not return until they had found the lost person and showed him the way back to the valley. Before the guide had finished talking, the dog reached them; he would bark and whine then after running a few steps up the mountain side, he would turn and come bounding back. The guide watched the dog a few minutes and then said to the boys, "Something is wrong; he wants us to follow him; come on." The party started up the mountain again following the dog.

They had walked for quite a distance when suddenly the dog disappeared. They could not see him but they could hear him barking. They hurried to him and there found a dark object lying in the snow; it was the body of a man almost entirely covered by the drifting snow. They noticed that he had a parachute strapped to him. The guide saw that he was not dead and went to work at once. First he took the water bottle from the dog's neck, raised the man's head and gave him some water. This revived him a little and he slowly opened his eyes and moved. Next the guide took the first aid kit from the dog's collar and bandaged the cuts and wounds on his face and head.

As the man slowly regained consciousness, he told them that he was a mail pilot and when he jumped from the plane the wind was so strong it blew him into the mountain tops and he was forced down. He had

come down with so great a force that when he had hit the ground he had been knocked unconscious.

They started back carrying the pilot and by the aid of the St. Bernard, they reached the village safely. The people were glad to see them back as they had been anxious for their return.

In a few days Bobby and Dick with their mother and father bade their friends good-bye and journeyed to France where they were to stay a month before sailing for home.

Lillian Barber, '33.

POET'S CORNER

BASKETBALL

I.

Our basketball league games we began this year,
By playing East Corinth without any fear.
We showed them our skill and played well they said,
And when scores were added we were ahead.

II.

The second game came with Carmel you know,
And in this game too we weren't very slow.
We all did our best and the crowd cheered like fun,
And that gave us courage; we worked and soon won.

III.

The next Friday night we went to Corinna,
And though we played well their team was the winner.

IV.

Our next was in Carmel and though we worked plenty,
Our score was 16 while their score was 20.
We went to Corinna with that team to vie,
But luck was against us; the score was a tie.

V.

The coaches decided we'd play in each hall,
To see who could play the best game of ball.
The first game at Corinna we tried hard to win,
But our hopes were thwarted and so failed again.

VI.

We had one more chance to show them our skill,
But when they came down here we almost stood still.
We all did our best and that's all we can do,
So Corinna we all wish the best luck to you.

D. P., '33.

FRESHMEN

F

F is for Franklin, one of the twins,
Quite a bright boy and without many sins.
He teases the girls and steals bobby pins.

R

R is for rules that should be obeyed,
To enforce these rules our teachers are paid;
Were they not to be kept they'd not have been made.

E

E is for Esther and also Estelle,
Each made her debut in our class as a belle,
Their fame next year will certainly tell.

S

S is for Sears, Ada's last name,
 Stories in English account for her fame.
 We all hope next year 'twill be Sears
 just the same.

H

H is for Homsted, whose nickname is
 Bill,
 He loves to tease and always will,
 He has oceans of time he's anxious to
 kill.

M

M is for Morrison, a cute little lass,
 In all of her subjects she's likely to pass,
 If she's left alone by the boys of her
 class.

E

E is for Edith, our redheaded mate,
 Whose only ambition is staying out late,
 We hope through this she'll not meet
 her fate.

N

N is for notes we're forbidden to pass,
 We're inclined to write them some times
 while in class,
 But when we are caught! Alack! Alas!
 D. R. M., '34.

SOPHOMORE

We're nothing but Sophomores but who'll
 ever guess
 Our class is the largest in Hermon H. S.
 Last year when we started there were
 thirty-two,
 The dumbest and greenest beginning anew.
 The upper class looked with disgust at our
 crew,
 We knew nothing much as just what we
 should do.
 But during the first year we all showed our
 skill

And Hermon High School did by no means
 stand still.

While this year our members have started
 in right,

Both willing and able to study and fight.

Dorothy Pickett, '33.

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

I.

In behalf of the Junior Class of Hermon
 High,

I'll endeavor to tell you of the two years
 gone by.

II.

We entered as Freshmen in 1-9-2-8,
 Carrying nothing, not even a slate.

III.

An even dozen were in that green troupe,
 But seven are left now of that happy group.

IV.

I'll describe them to you as they do in a
 book,

Then maybe they won't seem so green as
 they look.

V.

First comes "Andy" Light, the pride of our
 class,

In 1-9-3-2 he's in hopes he will pass.

VI.

Then comes "Harrie" Nowell, who has the
 same idea,

And she is the secretary of this year.

VII.

The class treasurer is Charlie Warren,
 One look at his hair and you'll know he's
 not foreign.

VIII.

There is "Rene" Overlock, our brunette,
 French shark,

She does the reciting and gets a good mark.

IX.

Then comes "Alt" Richardson, so fat and so
 bold,

Who wears a blue sweater on hot days and
 cold.

X.

"Flo" Ellingwood now who has basketball fame,
Will cause you to smile just to think of his name.

XI.

Then last but not least of this happy array,
Is Walter G. Hardy from Winterport way.

XII.

This is the third year of life in high school,
And we've learned well one lesson—*teachers will rule.*

H. E. N., '32.

M. I. O., '32.

I.

Some go to school to gain knowledge,
And others go just for fun.
Which gets the more out of living,
I ask you, in the long run?

II.

Answering this weighty question
Is very simple for me.
Those who gain knowledge in schooldays,
Always are gay as can be.

III.

They who go there for a good time,
Enjoy themselves for a while
'Till tests arrive and they flunk them,
They find it hard then to smile.

IV.

So go to school to gain knowledge,
Give all that in you lies.
And you'll find a way that will bring you,
Much brighter and clearer skies.

H. E. N., '32.

THE BOYS' CHOIR

Our High School has a choir,
They think they can sing well,
But people in the audience
Said, "It sounded worse than H-ll."

They seemed to enjoy singing—
To them it was not bunk.
It would humble them to know
That some people called it "punk."

Sunny Charlie was the leader,
He started the tunes very well.
The rest followed, one by one,
Some slowly, some pell-mell.

At times they sang together,
Then the rhythm we could catch;
But it was mostly cross-word puzzle,
Enigmatic at the best.

But will not be harsh with them;
With practice, we're sure they'll be
Singing before the microphone—
Coast to coast, viz W-L-B-Z.
Florian Ellingwood,
English III.

— I F —

If all the streets were houses,
And all the houses trees;
If all bushes were branches,
And grew on golfing T's;
If all the people were birds,
And lived in the river beds;
If all the birds were fishes,
And floated over our heads;
If all the children were stockings,
And hung on the line to dry;
If all these things were really so,
I'd laugh until I'd die.

If Mr. Crozier and Miss Bailey
Would let us laugh and play;
And I never had to study
All through the winter days;
If Miss Bailey were blind
And Mr. Crozier couldn't see,
I'd laugh and raise the dickens,
And I'm sure they'd never catch me.
When Miss Bailey wasn't looking,
I'd eat cream cake in school;
I'd write notes to Dwina
But never break the rule.

If Mr. Grant, our superintendent,
Would come to our school and say,
"You're going to have a vacation,
So throw your books away";
If all the books were leaves,

And fluttered 'way off the sea,
I think Hermon High School
Would be the place for me.

Pauline Bickford, '34.



Athletics

Our basketball season began in November with eleven girls out for the team. A meeting was held at which Ona Morrison was elected captain. The first of the season was devoted to practice on shoots, passes and guarding.

The first game played was against Carmel and we were badly beaten.

Then our school joined a league with Corinth, Corinna and Carmel and since then we have shown ourselves a match for any team.

Lillian Barber, Irene Homsted, Ona Morrison and Dorothy Pickett have a high shooting average, while Dwina Morrison, Mary Leathers and Marjorie Snow have played a good de-





fensive game. Others who have played on the squad are Mary Turcott, Virginia McKinnon, Pauline Bickford, Estelle Clark and Wilma Patten.

We wish to thank Mr. Crozier for the interest he has shown in coaching our team and we also wish to express our appreciation to our captain, Ona Morrison, for the effort she has put forth to make our team the best ever.

Although we are to lose three good players by graduation, Ona Morrison, Mary Leathers and Irene Homsted, we hope to do as well next year if not better.

Our schedule follows:

At Hermon, Nov. 3—Carmel 8; Hermon 16.

At Carmel, Dec. 5—Hermon 7; Carmel 7.

At East Corinth, Nov. 21—Hermon 17; Corinth 5.

At Hermon, Dec. 12—Hermon 15; Corinth 9.

At Hermon, Dec. 16—Corinna 15; Hermon 9.

At Hermon, Jan. 23—Hermon 16; Carmel 20.

At Corinna, Jan. 30—Corinna 11; Hermon 11.

At Monroe, Feb. 6—Monroe 20; Hermon 15.

At Hermon, Feb. 24—Hampden 9; Hermon 13.

At Hampden, March 6—Hampden 15; Hermon 14.

At Corinna, March 14—Corinna

11; Hermon 7.

At Hermon, March 17—Corinna 27; Hermon 18.

M. S., '33.

The boys' basketball team was very successful this year; most of the games were to our credit. Having been presented with a cup for winning the West Penobscot League title we have proved ours one of the outstanding teams of competitive groups.

A very small squad turned out for basketball this year. Two players were lost by graduation, leaving only three veterans.

Lyonis Andrews returned to the team and was appointed captain. He has proved himself a very capable left forward during the entire season. Russell Foye has satisfactorily filled his position as right forward, thus proving himself a willing and able team-worker. William Winship and Carlton Grant have shown skill in their respective positions as guards. The center position was filled by Andrew Light who could outjump most all of his opponents. Francis Dole and Florian Ellingwood both played good games also.

Since we are losing only two players by graduation—Lyonis Andrews

and Carlton Grant—we expect to have as good a team next year.

The schedule is as follows:

At East Corinth, Nov. 21—Hermon 19; Corinth 12.

At Brownville, Nov. 25—Hermon 22; Brownville 14.

At Carmel, Dec. 5—Carmel 27; Hermon 20.

At Hermon, Dec. 12—Hermon 15; Corinth 12.

At Hermon, Dec. 16—Hermon 18; Corinna 17.

At Hermon, Jan. 13—Hermon 18; Brownville 12.

At Hermon, Jan. 23—Hermon 22; Carmel 2.

At Corinna, Jan. 30—Corinna 20; Hermon 13.

At Monroe, Feb. 6—Monroe 27; Hermon 17.

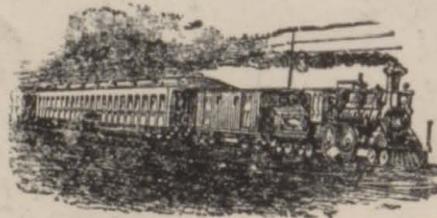
At Hermon, Feb. 24—Hermon 24; Hampden 16.

At Hampden, March 10—Hampden 25; Hermon 8.

At Corinna, March 14—Hermon 26; Carmel 18.

At Hermon, March 20—Alumni 36; Hermon 26.

F. S., '31.



HERMON HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

This year the personnel of the Orchestra has changed considerably although the number of its members has not increased to the extent that we might wish. This year we lost two of our former members, namely, Ronald Morse, who was graduated last June, and Merl Gilks, who is attending Bangor High School this year.

We gained three new members, making a total of seven. The present members are: Cora Kimball, pianist; Payson Patten, cornetist; Mary

Leathers, violinist; Charles Warren, drummer; Francis Dole, saxophonist; Adelle Getchell, violinist, and Richard Winship, banjo player.

The assistant teacher, Miss Victorine Bailey, is our instructor. This year our orchestra has played at the majority of the Parent-Teacher Association meetings, at church, at the Senior Play and on occasion of several other school functions.

The Orchestra has grown slowly each year since it was first organized and we trust that with all the talent now apparent in our school it will, in the succeeding years, develop rapidly, both in quality and quantity.

M. L., '31.



J O K E S



A. Light (taking English Literature test): Miss Bailey, don't we get any scrap-paper?

Miss B—: What did Leneora have in her library?

F. Ellingwood: A book of steel (Steele).

Miss Bailey: Mr. Staples, did you want something?

F. Staples: No, but he does.

Mr. Crozier in History: I didn't see that word until I read it.

C. Grant: Neither did I.

Mr. Crozier, looking at vacant seat: Who sits there?

D. Rice: Mr. Dole.

Mr. Crozier: Is he absent?

Miss B—: Andrews, take your head off that book and stop sleeping.

L. Andrews: I'm not sleeping, I'm waiting to see if it will evaporate into my head.

Mr. C—: Judkins, are you whispering? (A few minutes later)

Mr. C—: Judkins, are you laughing?

F. Staples (a few minutes later): Hey, Red, are you breathing?

In physics class Mr. Crozier states that a booming plane drops booms. (We wonder what he means).

Mr. C—: What would you do Mr. Grant if you had a job working problems like these for some construction company?

C. Grant: I'd quit.

Miss B—: (lecturing in English IV) What were the two forms of literature in the early age?

H. Nowell: (absently) Narrative and arithmetic (rhymic).

Miss B—: Andrews, what would you call the Passing of Arthur?

L. Andrews: The end of a perfect night (Knight).

Miss Bailey to Mr. Swan who was making much disturbance in back of room: "If you can't sit still and stop wiggling you must leave the room."

Mr. C—: Randall, explain that example. (Now class listen).

H. Randall: (in a small voice) I can't.

Winship: (in French I) Leave me alone, Homsted.

Miss B—: Come over here, Mr. Winship, and I'll protect you.

Miss Bailey to Light: The first of the year I told you to sit down front.

Light: I didn't know you the first of the year.

Mr. Crozier in Physics Class: Which would be the warmer, to sleep in, in winter, linen sheets or blankets?

F. Staples: How do I know? I never slept in linen.

Miss B—: Warren, I don't want to speak to you again.

C. Warren: I don't want you to.

Wanted by A. Sears: A couple of borrowed jokes about Mr. Crozier.

Mr. C—: (in Biology Class) Winship have you ever been in a green house?

Winship: No, but I've been in a hot house before.

Miss B—: Who knows the story of the Goose and the Golden Egg?

Patten: That's too premature for me.

Miss Bailey: (in English IV) The morning Star was the first night (Knight).

Mr. Crozier in class: "Juniors and Seniors, don't forget to pass your physics."

Mr. C— in History Class: Saun-

ders, who was the next president after Johnson?

Saunders: I don't know.

Mr. C—: How did you ever get out of Grammar School without learning the presidents of the U. S.?

Saunders: I walked out.

Mr. Crozier in Biology: Mr. Winship, tell us something that you do that is habitual.

W. Winship: Study.

Mr. C—: Yes, that's habitual all right.

The meanest teacher I ever heard of was the one who borrowed Rus' pencil to mark him down a flunk.

Miss B—: Have you ever taken Physics?

A. Richardson: Yes, I took it for two weeks.

Miss Bailey to Higgins, making a noise by rubbing his hand on his desk: Stop that!

Higgins: Well, my hand itches.

When examples are so hard that you really have to labor,

The easiest thing to do is borrow from your neighbor.



Alumni

During the past year several of your number have called to our attention the fact that we are lacking an organized Alumni Association.

The benefits of such an organization are apparent. Its chief purpose would be to extend and keep alive the H. H. S. spirit both among the Alumni and the student body.

We will gratefully receive suggestions. Send your material to the Alumni Editor in care of the principal of the school.

It is with marked sensations of pleasure and pride that we present the following messages which have been so graciously submitted. Due to lack of space we are unable to print letters from all the Alumni but in their behalf have presumed instructions to extend hearty best wishes to H. H. S.

1928

Hubert Bates, at home in Hermon.
Stacy Miller, attending University of Maine.

1929

LaMont Andrews, employed at Arthur Chapin Co., Bangor.

Gardner Philbrook, at home in Brewer.

Mary (Grant) Quigg, living in Sedgwick.

Mavilla Randall, attending University of Maine.

Ervin Saunders, at home in Her-

mon.

Lloyd Sweetser, at home in Hermon.

1930

Stanton Andrews, employed in McLaughlin Warehouse, Bangor.

Fred Emerson, at home in Hermon.

Floramae Homsted, attending Castine Normal School.

George Homsted, Jr., at home in Hermon.

Earl Hunt, at home in Hermon.

Marguerite Heughan, working in Bangor.

Thomas Larkin, at home in Hermon.

Ronald Morse.

Edna Nickerson, at home in Hermon.

Vivian Sweetser, employed in Jonason's Ice Cream Parlor, Bangor.

Irene Homsted, '31.

Castine, Maine,
April 7, 1931

Dear Alumni Editor:

Having been asked by the Alumni Editor to write a letter for the school paper, I am sending the following:

I feel that the school this year is much better in the discipline than preceeding years. Many new students have come from other schools which added to the presence of the small number.

In the fall of 1930 I came to Castine to attend Normal School. I found that the school here was very much different from High School. I like Normal life very much, and have had an enjoyable year.

The school being larger this year than before, a number of the girls are obliged to stay at Pentagoet Hall.

We have had a number of social and athletic functions of interest, which helped to make the school life bright and cheerful.

Through various sources I have kept in touch with Hermon High School and I think that it has improved over other years.

Accept my congratulations and may you still strive to go onward and upward to make the school better for future years.

Sincerely yours,

Floramae Homsted, '31.

Hermon, Maine
March 4, 1931

Dear Alumni Editor:

I feel that each Alumni should consider it an honor to write a letter for the *Microphone*.

I take great interest in Hermon High and its paper, since it was my class that took part in publishing the first and second copies of the *Microphone*.

Since I graduated from Hermon High in the class of '30, my experiences haven't been of the unusual type. Knowing I was needed more at home than elsewhere, I have worked

at home since graduation. I intend to take a course in electricity and thus prepare myself for that certain kind of employment.

Owing to my nearness to Hermon High, I have had several opportunities to visit the school. I find a noticeable change in the school work, methods of teaching, recreation and arrangement of classes, since I entered Hermon High in 1926. These changes are always on the upward trend, a sure sign of advancement in the school.

Education is a word used daily in nearly every walk of life. When applying for a position nearly always the first question is, "What education have you?" If your answer is "None," your chances for the position are reduced to practically nothing.

Trained men and women are needed everywhere in all phases of life and to all future graduating classes I would say this: Do not be satisfied with what education you possess now. Train yourself for some definite profession or business.

To Hermon High School and all connected with it, I extend my best wishes for success and advancement in the years to come.

Sincerely yours,

Earl Hunt, '30.



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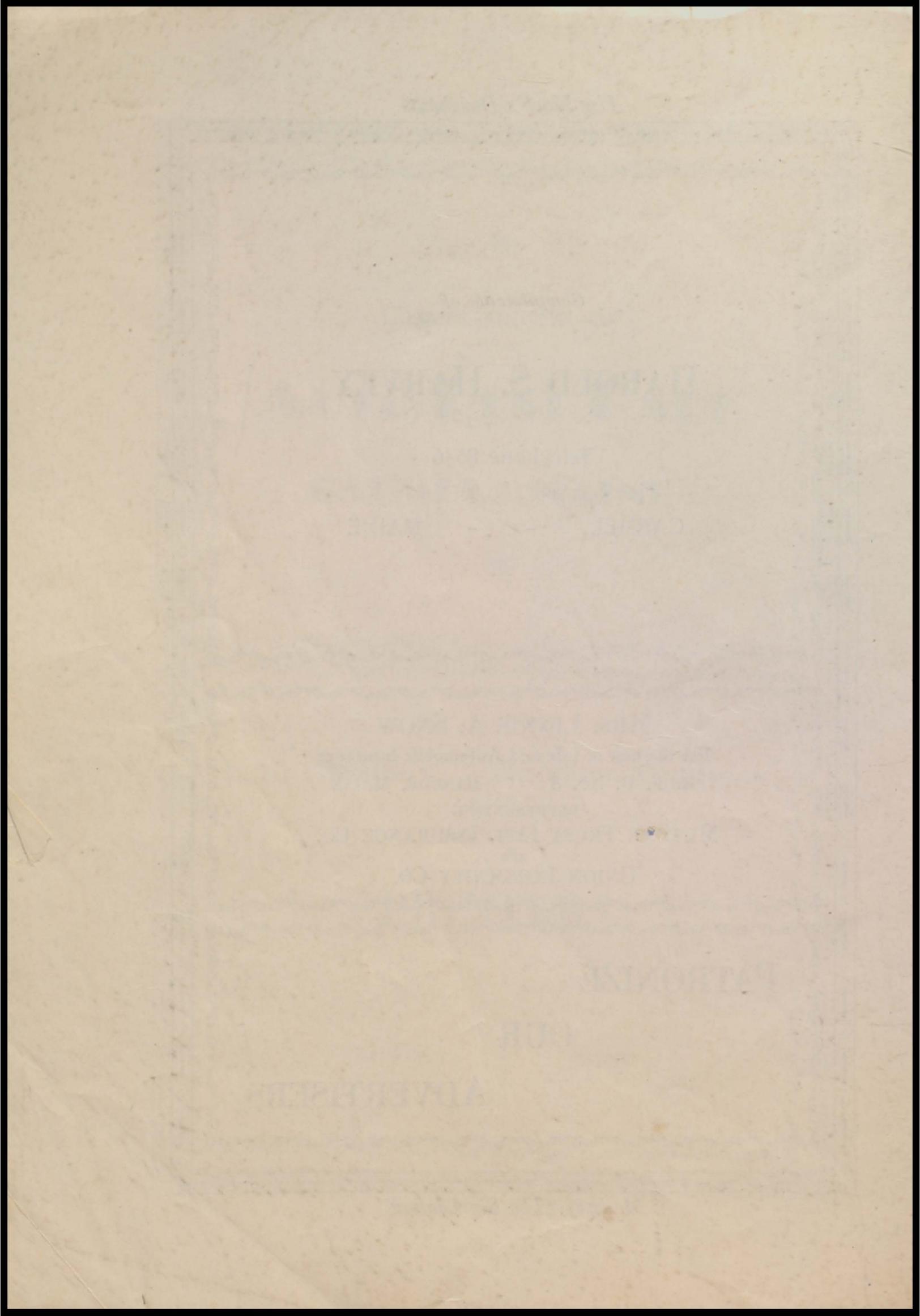
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