

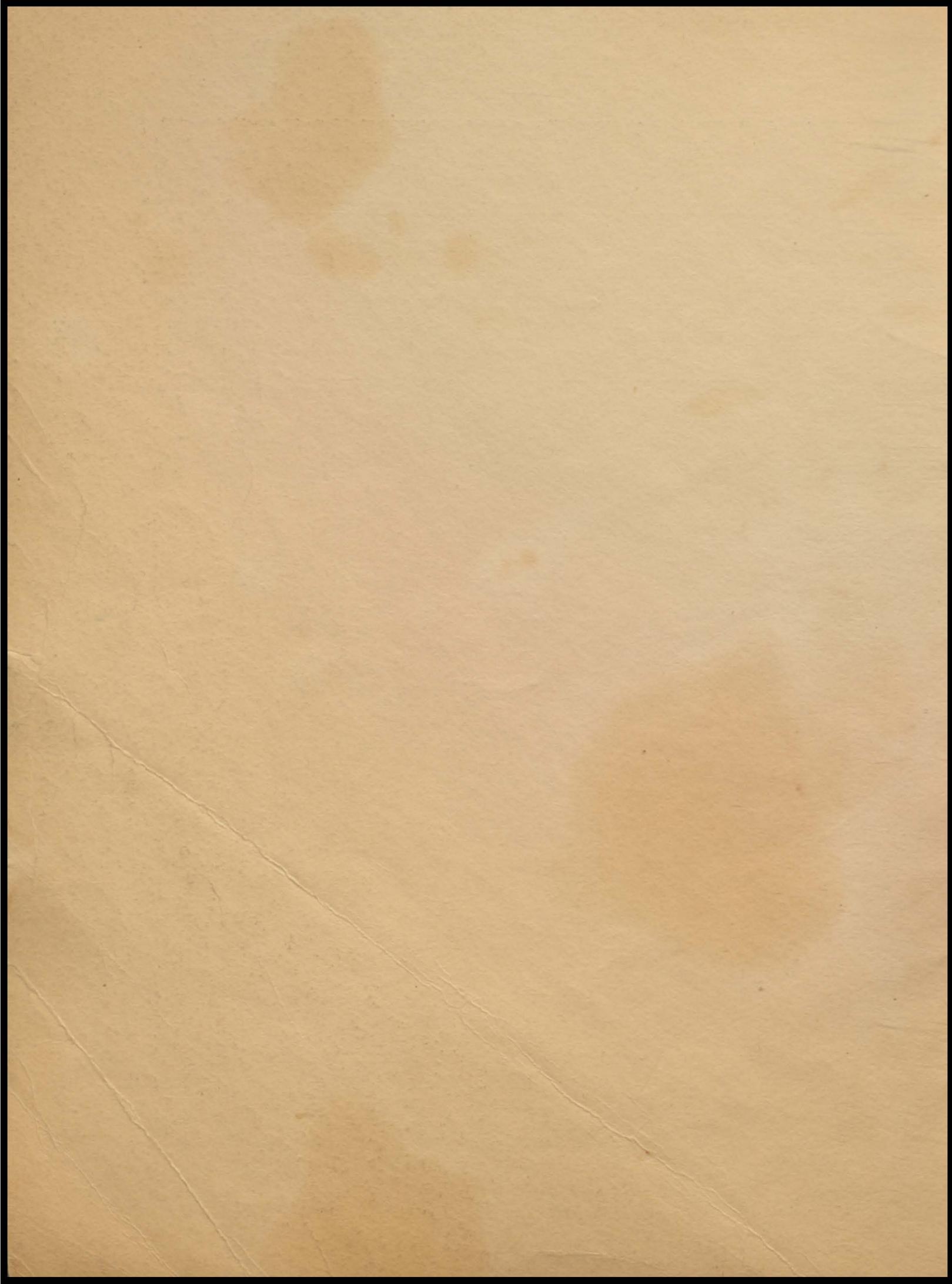
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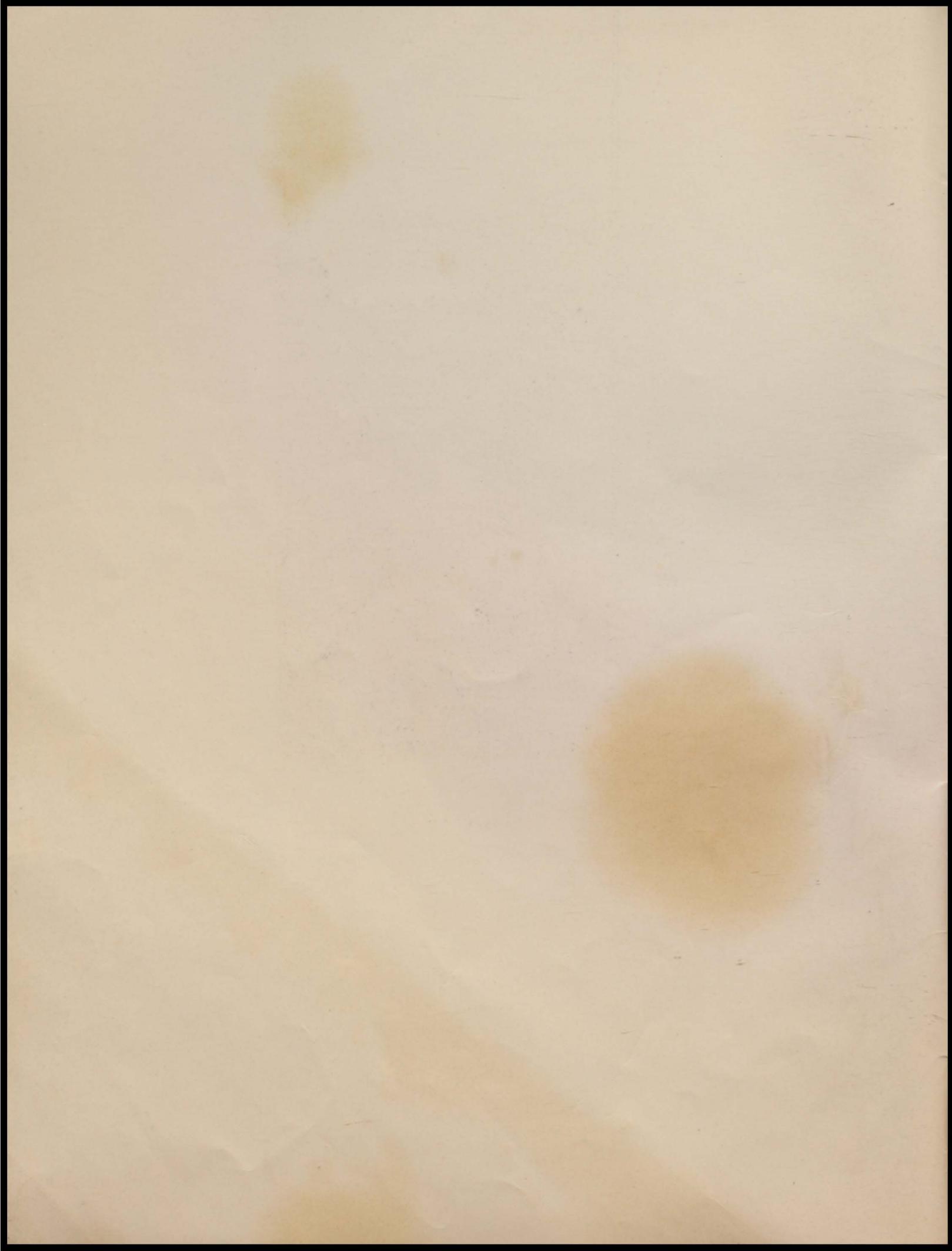
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Hermon High School
1934









... Dedication ...

.... To

PRINCIPAL HARLAND F. LEATHERS

whose conscientious and impartial service during the past three years has won the admiration and respect of all, this issue of THE MICROPHONE is affectionately inscribed.



EDITORIAL STAFF

Front row: Winship, Felker, Prin. Leathers, Morrison, C. Smith.
Second row: Bickford, Luce, Patten, Grant, M. K. Smith.
Back row: Hawes, Vafiades, Lord, Kelley.

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... Editorials ...

EDUCATION IN MAINE

Canute, a king of ancient Britian, had lands and gold and servants; he was all powerful. Therefore one day Canute, the all powerful, took his royal throne down to the sea-shore; here, at lowtide, he took his stand at the water's edge and said, "I am Canute, the all powerful; I will stop the tide from rising." So Canute took his royal seat and raised his royal hand and voice to stop the tide. But the tide rose just the same, until Canute was forced to jump into the water with his imperial feet and was lucky to save his royal neck.

So it is with the tide of progress. We cannot stay it, we cannot hold it back; and the sooner we realize this, the drier our feet will be.

Statistics show that out of the forty-eight states in the union, thirty-six spend more money for schools than Maine. This means that the children of thirty-six states start in the race of life with better equipment than Maine children. This is very unfair. No one would care to watch a race in which some of the contestants were crippled. Yet the Maine child starts in the race of life with the handicap of poor training. And the sad part of it is, these children never have a chance to get advantages for themselves. The men and women who manage the schools and pay the taxes are, of course, too old to benefit by the

school; and often, this means that they take no interest at all.

The parents, you say, where are the parents? Why do they not protect their own children? Frankly, we do not know.

How many parents would stand calmly by while some one crippled a child by cutting off his hand? How many would see a child blinded? Yet these same parents do nothing while the schools, their children's opportunities, are destroyed. What good are hands if you don't know how to use them? What good are eyes, if not used? And the children of thirty-six other states know how to use their hands and eyes and tongues better than those in Maine. Where are the parents and the friends of the children?

Oh, they defend themselves. "We do pretty well," they say. But is "pretty well" good enough? Other states do better than "pretty well"; why not Maine?

"Oh," they say, "they may get along without education." Yes, but also, bear in mind they may *not*. In fact, the chances are high that they will not. If you are going to bet, wouldn't it be better to bet on the side with the best chance of winning? Don't gamble with your children's future.

They have a chance, of course, without education; just as a high school

ball team has a chance against the New York Giants.

But these arguments are obviously weak. Another, and more serious, objection is that we are doing all that we can. Our taxes are already almost too heavy. We cannot bear more tax for schools. This is like saying that we cannot cross the ocean because we don't own a steamship. If your present system is not big enough, get a better one. Don't sacrifice your children. The present legislators realize this problem, and are attempting to devise some method of revenue such as the income tax, the intangible property tax, and the sales tax, to relieve the property owners.

It seems to us to be the duty of every real parent to make it his business to find out about education, to see what advantages his children should be having. In this way, and only in this way, will the children in Maine have a chance with the other children of the world.

D. R. M., '34.

BOOKS

Books! What value has that simple term for you? Do you think instantly of brilliantly colored fiction books, dusty encyclopedias, or volumes for instruction, such as might be found in your desk at school? Perhaps you recall for a moment some book you have treasured and which has a very special meaning for you alone. It may be that you are a lover of books; however, few of the average high school students are.

Few, too few, ever consider the care and patience necessary to make the simplest volume. The text book means little; just another necessary evil. Pupils may study them heedlessly or concentrate on the content; but how many ever stop to visualize the labor that the author has put into the book, to think just what that book means to the one who wrote it?

Though the textbook is, in a sense, unappreciated, still it fares better than the average volume of fiction. This latter is picked up with a careless hand, and pages which took the author months to prepare are skimmed through in minutes. The beauty is all lost to the reader as he hastens to discover if the hero escaped from the chain gang, (as he knew he would) or the heroine really marries the millionaire widower.

Books are so common! But just imagine being transported back to the days when books were known to only a handful of priests and monks. Many believe it would make little difference, but consider it for a moment. Unless you were a monk, you probably couldn't read. Your education would consist merely of what some one had told you. Your knowledge would be comparatively little.

Well, one might write forever on a subject such as this. If you hate to write themes, consider how much more difficult it would be to write a book. But above all, the next time you read a book, give your attention to what the author has endeavored to portray. It is only in this way that you can come in contact with the one who spent a portion of his life to create for you a book.

B. F., '35.



PAULINE BICKFORD

"Polly"

"A beautiful and happy girl
 With step as light as air,
 Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl
 Shadowed by many a careless curl
 Of unconfined hair."—Whittier.

Basketball 1-2-3-4; Orchestra 1-2-3-4; School Chorus 2-3-4; Class President 1; Vice-President 3; "Not Quite Such a Goose" 3; Musical Revue 3; "Pa's New Housekeeper" 4; "Fickle Fortune" 4; Editorial Board 4; Dramatic Club 4; Secretary and Treasurer 4; Manager of Basketball 4; Second Honor Essay.



ESTELLE CLARK

"Stelle"

"The rosebuds open on her cheek,
 The meaning eyes begin to speak,
 And in each smiling look is seen
 The innocence which plays within."
 —Wm. Whitehead.

Basketball 1-2-3-4; Dramatic Club 4; "All On a Summer's Day" 4; "Fickle Fortune" 4; Captain of Basketball 4; Presentation of Gifts to Boys.



LLOYD GOODSPEED

"Hiemie"

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
 The youth replies, 'I can'."
 —Lowell.

Basketball 1-2-3-4; Captain of Basketball 2-3; Basketball Manager 4; Baseball 4; School Chorus 1-2-3-4; "Not Quite Such a Goose" 3; Dramatic Club 4; Class Poem.



FRANCIS HOMSTED

"Bill"

"Getting Rid of Father" 1; Class Treasurer 2; Basketball 3-4; School Chorus 2-3-4; Dramatic 4; Class History.

"It is my joy in life to find
 At every turning in the road
 The strong arm of a comrade kind
 To help me onward with my load."
 —Sherman.

"Getting Rid of Father" 1; Basketball 4; Dramatic Club 4; Presentation of Gifts to Girls.

FRANKLIN HOMSTED

"Tom"



FRANCIS LANE

"Lane"

"Press bravely onward! Not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal will find."

—Whittier.

Basketball 3-4; Baseball 4; Manager of Baseball 4;
Address to Undergraduates.



DWINA MORRISON

"Dwi"

"She shapes her speech all silver fine
Because she loves it so.
And her own eyes begin to shine
To hear her stories grow."

—A. H. Branch.

Basketball 1-2-3-4; School Chorus 1-2-3-4; Editorial
Board 2-4; "Getting Rid of Father" 1; Secretary of
Class 1; "Love a la Carte" 2; "He Liked Them Modern"
3; Musical Revue 3; Class President 3; "Fickle For-
tune" 4; "Pa's New Housekeeper" 4; Vice-President
Dramatic Club 4; Co-Salutatory.



WILMA PATTEN

"Wilma"

"The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to Heaven the rest."

—Cheny.

Basketball 1-2-3-4; School Chorus 1-2-3-4; Editorial
Board 3-4; Student Council 2-3; "Not Quite Such a
Goose" 3; Musical Revue 3; "All On a Summer's Day"
4; "Fickle Fortune" 4; Dramatic Club 4; Co-Salutatory.



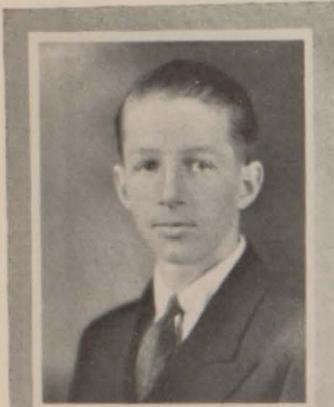
CARLOTTA SMITH

"Charlie"

"Her every tone is music's own
Like those of morning birds
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words."

—Pinkney.

Basketball 3-4; Editorial Board 3-4; School Chorus
3-4; "Engaged for a Month" 3; "Not Quite Such a
Goose" 3; Musical Revue 3; Secretary of Class 3;
President of Class 4; "All On a Summer's Day" 4;
"Fickle Fortune" 4; President of Dramatic Club 4;
Valedictory.



RICHARD WINSHIP

"Dick"

"Cheerily, then, my little man
Live and laugh, as boyhood can."
—Whittier.

Basketball 2-3-4; Editorial Board 2-3-4; Orchestra
1-2; "Getting Rid of Father" 1; "Fickle Fortune" 4;
Dramatic Club 4; Class Prophecy.



WILLIAM WINSHIP

"Bill"

"In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep."
—Freneau.

Basketball 1-2-3-4; Baseball 1-4; Captain of
Basketball 2-4; Class Will.



PAUL WITHERLY

"Paul"

"The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within."
—Whittier.

"All On a Summer's Day" 4; Vice-President of
Student Council 4; Dramatic Club 4; First Honor
Essay.

... Literary ...

THE MONOLOGUE

Egbert reached his home at tea time in a rather doubtful state of mind. He was more punctual than was his habit, and he hoped that Lady Anne would be rather pleasantly surprised. They had quarreled at luncheon and he was uncertain of his reception. He hoped she was in a mood to forego hostilities. Family disputes, Egbert reflected, were very disagreeable.

Lady Anne showed no signs of being impressed when Egbert entered the drawing-room. It was a long room and dim in the rapidly gathering twilight. The tea table was back from the fire, and was now enshrouded in shadow.

Lady Anne, leaning back in her chair behind the tea table, gazed silently at the canary in the window. Her silence continued, and Egbert concentrated on pouring his cup of tea. It was now quite dark, but Egbert enjoyed sitting in the firelight.

Smoky, a gray cat of flawless Persian pedigree, was basking before the fire, indifferent to all human differences of opinion.

Lady Anne was not drinking her tea. Egbert became depressed. If Lady Anne felt well, she would drink her tea. If she didn't feel well, she usually began with, "No one knows what I suffer from indigestion." She was never reticent on the subject.

"Don't you think we are being

rather foolish?" asked Egbert hopefully. "I dare say I am at fault. I am only human, you know." The canary began to cheep forlornly. A chill seemed to fall on the room. Egbert rose from his chair, and, strolling restlessly to the fireplace, stretched out his hand to the blaze.

"I say," he began again, "aren't we being silly? I am willing to assume all blame for our quarrel, if by so doing I can restore things to a happier state." He became at this point uneasy. It was no new experience to get the worst of an argument with Anne, but to get the worst of a monologue was indeed novel and humiliating. Egbert walked from the room with dignity.

The canary began beating his wings, and seemed very much upset. Lady Anne paid no heed. She was dead; had been dead for two hours.

M. K. S., '36.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Green and cool and fragrant—that was the big spruce tree near which we lived; that is nearly all I remember about my early life. I do not even remember how many of us there were.

But I shall never forget the day that I heard the creature with the clang. I was basking in the sun not far from mother, snapping up now and then an unwary fly, when the

monotonous drone of the forest was broken by a crashing, and a most terrible metallic clanging which brought my heart into my bill and sent me scurrying toward mother. As I, with several brothers and sisters, peeked from a point of vantage about two inches behind her, I saw a huge beast, at least a thousand times as large as I, lumbering down upon us, stamping with its four feet so fiercely that the very earth seemed to tremble; and producing at short intervals sounds of a most unpleasant nature. But mother seemed not at all upset. She puffed herself to about three times her normal size, and stood her ground firmly, looking the moving mountain straight in the eye. The beast snorted once, heaved uneasily while the clangor redoubled, then crashed away into the brush.

"What was that?" we all cried as soon as we were able to get our breath.

"That," said mother, disdainfully, "that was only a brindle cow. What fools you are to be scared by a cow bell!"

Not long after this we had a much more dangerous experience; although I must admit that it did not frighten me nearly as much as the cow bell. We were romping about as gaily as little June bugs, when suddenly a twig snapped. Mother, ever on the alert, saw the danger before we children were aware of it, and called, or rather screamed to us, "Get under a leaf! Get under a leaf!" We had been practising this maneuver ever since I could remember; therefore, almost by instinct, we each seized a brown leaf and dropped to the ground. Holding this leaf before us with our feet like a shield, we lay perfectly still. Hardly were we under our leaves, when through the thicket burst another huge being. This one was taller than the cow, but had only two feet and

was not so heavy. His dress was red, a startling brilliant red; much redder than the ivy leaves among which we played; and when the sun struck him the colors leaped and sparkled. Watching him, I almost forgot my fear.

Then, suddenly, I saw mother. My heart sank. What had happened to mother? Mother, so strong, so wise, now had a broken wing which she was trailing with dreadful pain. How had she broken it? This red creature must have harmed my mother. Suddenly I hated this great, quiet brute with all the passion in my little body. He laughed as he said, "What, a partridge with a broken wing?" and went bounding off after my poor defenseless mother. He came so close that I nearly lost my breath. Mother, wailing with an agony that tore my heart, continued to keep ahead of him until they were quite out of sight.

Though I never expected to see her again, she came back later, her wing unharmed, laughing heartily at the trick she had played on man. (For that was mother's name for the red creature).

She took this opportunity to give us a good lecture on safety. She told us to avoid man above all other creatures. Cows you could out-stare; foxes, out-fly; man you must out-wit. And she did not neglect to discourage one of my older brothers who had put his head beyond his leaf, by fetching him a sound cuff with her wing.

The summer went gaily by. When we had learned to fly a bit, we moved to a birch tree in a thicker grove. I soon learned where to find the warmest spots, and where the sweetest beech buds grew.

In the fall came a bitter disappointment. One night mother did not come home. We waited hopefully until long after the last gleam of twilight; then one by one we drowsed off

to sleep. Morning brought us keen appetites, but no mother. One by one my brothers and sisters flew off in search of food. I had always been mother's favorite, so I waited. About the time the sun was over head, two young hen partridges came by. When they saw my long face, they guessed my sorry plight and burst out with cackles of merriment. "Is muvver's 'ittle boy waiting for 'is muvver?" they taunted. After several minutes of uninterrupted taunting, my temper gave way. I flew straight at them. They scattered and fled. I finally caught up with one of them. She didn't seem to be a bad sort, as females go. It must have been her companion who said all the hateful things.

It was not long after this that I came to realize fully how good mother's advice had been. A man came into the thicket where I sat, but I did not feel afraid, for I knew that I could fly away and leave him. So when he finally came too near, I flew out from under his nose with a terrific whirr. But before I had gone far, the man released a terrific discharge of thunder and lightning, with a sinister whistle that I never had heard in thunder before. I felt a tug at my left wing, and nearly lost my balance, but I managed to keep flying, and landed safely. However, I found that two of my most beautiful wing feathers were gone; and for several weeks my flight was difficult and awkward. I determined then and there no man should ever get near me again.

During the winter I got along pretty well. In the daytime I fed on the trees and sat in the sun; at night, I flew into a snow drift, tunneling under the surface a little way, and thus slept warmly and comfortably. But even this was dangerous. One night after a snow storm, I found

that I could not get out of my shelter. The top of the drift was hard, so hard that I hurt myself when I bumped into it, but did not break through. It was like being trapped alive in a huge rock. After two days, the snow rock softened and I made my way out. Though starved and numb from cold, I was glad to be alive.

I think spring is nearly here, for the days are longer and warmer and the buds are beginning to grow. I hope to have a good summer. I think that someday soon I shall look up that hen who called me "Muvver's 'ittle boy."

B. F., '35.

THE COUNTERFEIT

"Oh, Mother, I wish I could go to Laura's party," said Doris Brian. "Everytime there's a party or something, I'm always sick."

"I'm sorry for you too, dear," replied her mother, "but Bob will go over to Laura's and explain to the girls why you couldn't go, won't you, Bob?"

"I suppose I'll have to," answered Doris Brian's brother.

"Hurry, Bob, because the party begins in an hour and a half," answered Mrs. Brian.

"O. K.," answered Bob, hurrying to the door; then hesitating he said, "Oh, Ma, are you going to be gone all of the afternoon?"

"Yes, did you want anything of me?" asked his mother.

"No, I was just wondering," replied Bob, going out the door.

"Yes, sir, you just bet I'm wondering," said Bob to himself, bounding up the stairs to Doris' room. "I'm wondering whether I'll get to that party and back without anybody's finding out who I am."

Now Bob Brian was thirteen years old, just two years younger than

Doris and he looked enough like her to be her twin brother. Bob was a very mischievous boy and was always thinking of a trick to play on someone, and he intended to have a good time at this party.

Five minutes after leaving Doris and his mother, Bob was up in Doris' clothes closet yanking down dress after dress, and leaving them heaped on the floor.

"Now what kind of a rig should I wear?" thought Bob, and then all of a sudden he straightened up, and, walking over to the mirror, gazed at himself. With his head in the air, he said to his imaginary girl friend, "I want to look my best today, Jean, and act real nice because I have never seen Laura's mother and you know they are new people in this town."

At first, Bob tried to find some shoes and stockings that suited him, but to no avail.

"Aw, gee, I can't find nothing to wear," said Bob, throwing a pair of shoes down. "Oh! I forgot; I must practice acting like a lady."

"Come in this room, Jean," said Bob in a rather pleasing girlish voice to his imaginary companion, "The clothes I'm going to wear are in mother's room."

Once in his mother's room he began pulling down more dresses. "Oh, here's just what I want," said Bob, holding up a flowered voile. After rolling up his pant legs and tying a string around them so they wouldn't fall down, he slipped on the dress. Bob, unaware that the gown should fasten in back, made the grievous mistake of getting the dress on "hind side before." The wide white sash he tied in a clumsy bow in front. The neck of the dress was low and his neck looked about two feet long. "Well, I'll put some beads on," said Bob, and, opening a drawer, he brought out a pearl necklace that

he had to wind around his neck about four times. He concealed his muscled arms by a thin blue jacket which he discovered hanging in the closet.

"Now for the shoes and stockings," muttered Bob, throwing shoes out of the closet as fast as he found them.

"Well, I'll try these," said Bob, grabbing a pair of white spike heeled shoes, "and I guess these white stockings will be all right."

At last Bob was ready and as he surveyed himself in the mirror he began to laugh; then taking an old black pocketbook said, "Well, Jean, at last I'm ready."

He had to walk very slowly as he started down the stairs because his ankles were turning everyway in the spike heel shoes.

About halfway down the stairs, Bob got to thinking of how his friend Jim Baker would laugh if he could see him now.

As he proceeded down stairs, he turned his ankle; over the stairs he bounced, somersaulting into the coat rack.

Off flew his broad brimmed hat, which by this time was slightly crushed. His shoes were among the missing, but hearing the approach of the cook, he looked wildly about him, and saw one under the coat rack and the other half-way up the stairs. Scrambling after these and snatching up the hat, he ran out the back door.

Outside he put the hat and shoes on once more, and creeping by the trees on the lawn, soon reached the sidewalk.

Meanwhile the cook found the coat rack down and everything upset. Doris came running to find out what the matter was; then seeing the receding figure, she said to herself, "That dress that lady has on is just like Mother's, and the hat is, too." Doris little knew that the clothes were

her Mother's and were on her mischievous brother. But Bob was not aware of all this observation and was hurrying to the party.

He reached Laura's house and who should come to the door but one of his school-mates, Donald Lane.

"Hello, Doris, you'd better hurry; the party is gonna' begin."

"Many of the girls here?" asked Bob in a girlish voice, his shoes wabbling north, east, south, and west.

"Oh, yes, here they are," replied Donald as a group of girls ran up to Bob and put their arms around him.

"You're awfully thin, Doris, have you been sick?" asked one of the girls.

"Aw, you girls—oh, yes I have, but I feel all right now," answered Bob, remembering his role at the party.

The girls looked at each other with puzzled frowns and said, "Well, come on, Doris, we're going to dance."

"Dance?" echoed Bob. "Heck, what do you girls think? I ain't no—Very well, I'll try it," said Bob, recollecting with a start.

Laura's mother met them at the dining room door, and coming forward said, "So this is Laura's new girl friend. Haven't you got pretty eyes?"

"Pretty eyes, shucks?" answered Bob.

At this speech Laura's mother's eyes widened as she thought of her girl associating with this rough spoken girl.

Then for the first time the other girls noticed that the dress had not been put on properly and thought to themselves that they had never before seen a sash with the bow in front; but then, they thought, Doris might have seen a new style; so they forgot about it.

Soon, everyone began to dance and

one of the boys Bob knew asked him to dance. Bob hesitated, then consented; but of course, he couldn't dance and was wondering how he would get out of it when he thought he would pretend to faint; so with a girlish cry he fell on the floor.

Everyone ran to him, calling "Doris!"

"Get some water!" someone cried.

"Here it is," and the next instant Bob got a dish of water thrown right into his face by Donald Lane.

Bob forgot the party, Doris, and everyone else; he was so mad he jumped up and roared, "Let me at that long-legged galoot!"

Now Bob still had on the spike heel shoes and he he ran across the floor, he stumbled and fell against a plant stand, knocking it down.

"Just let me at him," yelled Bob, rising once more. Pulling up the dress so he could run better, he started again after Donald, who had run out door.

Bob had broken the strings he had around his stockings and when he pulled up the dress he showed his pant legs all tied up; by this time the white silk stockings had fallen down and the pearl beads had broken and were scattered.

"It's Bob Brian," cried everyone. "Oh, what a joke!"

"A joke, let me get that cross-eyed, hawk-nosed . . ." and then Bob saw Laura's mother laughing at him; he ran for home as fast as he could go, with everyone along the streets staring at him and laughing.

When he got home, his mother was there. Well, I'm not going to tell what happened between Mrs. Brian and Bob, but you might be interested to know that he took his meals from the mantle-piece for a week.

WHAT A PRIZE!

I am going to tell you a story that was once told to me. The man's name was not Smith, but it will do in this case.

It was one of those airless, hot days in July, that the baby show, sponsored by the Lilly Hard Coal Co. of Kalamazoo, was to occur.

There was to be only one prize offered, although it had been said by the old gossips that the check would be of a size well worth winning.

In an apartment house, two blocks away, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and little baby Smith were getting ready for the baby show.

In the bathroom Mr. Smith, groaning aloud, is striving with white perspiring fingers to hook his collar button. In the bedroom, Mrs. Smith lies in bed with her right hand done up in bandages.

"I should think you would be ashamed of yourself. Here I lie in bed with a burned hand and just because I ask you to take Henry to the baby show, while I lie here suffering, you act like a crazy man."

"If this blooming heat keeps up I shall be a crazy man," Mr. Smith informed her as he gazed in the mirror at the now buttoned collar with triumph. "I don't want to go to a baby show, I want to go to the beach and cool off."

"Well," said his wife, "if Henry (she kisses the baby) wins first prize, we can all go to the beach and cool off." "Now John," she continued, "all you have to do is wheel Henry past

the judges' stand and line up with the rest of them; it will be over before you know it."

About five minutes later Mr. Smith left the house with little Henry in the baby carriage. As he walked down the street, Mr. Smith avoided as many of the stares directed at him as he could. He also vowed that never again would he have anything to do with a baby show.

As he passed by the three beautiful lady judges his internal emotions caused him to wink at them. It made him glad he had come instead of his wife. Also, needless to say, he changed his vow.

It was soon over. Mr. Smith stood on the sidewalk with an envelope in his hand marked "First Prize." Through its thin fold his perspiring fingers could feel a slip of paper, roughened in one place as if marked by a check writer. As in a dream, with the envelope clutched tightly in his hand, Mr. Smith went home as fast as he could.

"Well," demanded his wife as Mr. Smith wheeled Henry into her presence, "what happened?"

John smiled as he tossed the envelope to his wife. "I didn't open it; thought I'd let you have the pleasure of doing that." With fingers that were none too steady, Mr. Smith looked over her shoulder, as she opened the envelope. There was a rough place on the paper all right, but instead of a check it was the engraving of a letterhead. Beneath in nice, big, black typewritten letters signed by the officials of the Lilly

Hard Coal Co. appeared these words:
"Deliver to winner of baby show four
tons of Lilly Hard Coal."

C. W. L., '36.

THINKING

The teacher says we must think. In an effort to become a good student, I always take his advice and then try to follow it.

Thoughts may occur in any form, such as concentrating on a particularly hard algebra problem, thinking about a declension in the next Latin lesson, or worst of all, just thinking about thinking.

There is one type of thought which we all enjoy; this is a kind of dreaming. It includes many things which give us pleasure such as taking a joy ride on a pleasant summer afternoon or being a heroine in some fanciful story. Possibly more people think about their pleasures than their work.

But the kind of thinking the teacher advises us to use is something that I can't seem to understand. It is deeper than either of the other types. He tells us that it is easy, but I can't agree with him. When I ask him to explain this particular problem, he gives a long, complicated explanation. I try to take it all in but there is so much that my head gets all awlirl. Each time it confuses rather than clears my mind.

Possibly some day I may be doing the very thing which now seems so difficult (but I doubt it).

But for the present just imagine the thinking I have done and then look at what I have thought. Oh! What's the use?

R. D., '36.

SCHOOL GIRLS' SEASONS

Jack Frost's whistle, chill and cold,
Frights the furry bear so bold
Who goes his solitary way
And all the winter sleeps in hay;
But I just laugh, for joy and glee
And gather nuts he's dropped for me
And love the leaves in colors bright
That Jack has painted in the night.

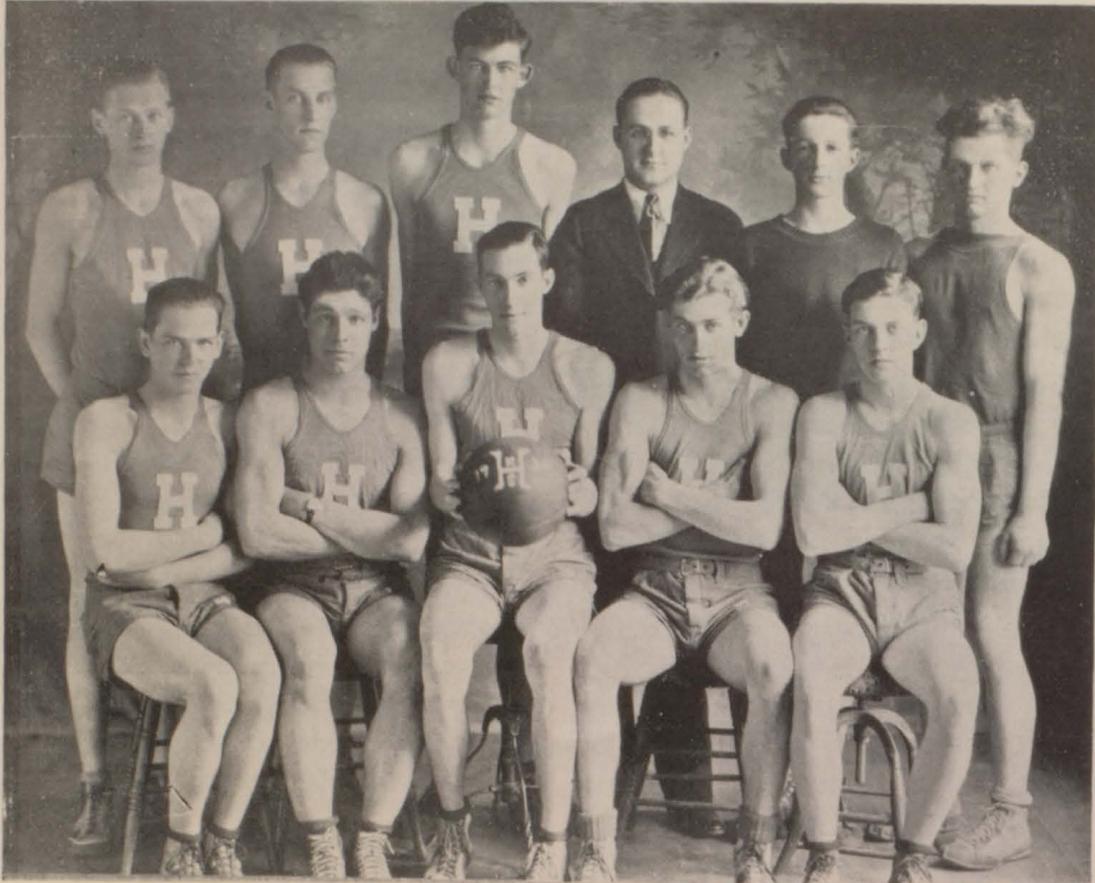
Then come winter's snow filled weeks
With rouge for unprotected cheeks
And lots of fun for girls and boys
Who just don't like to play with toys.
The ice, as smooth as smoothest glass,
Gives back our smiling as we pass
And makes us sure a winter's day
Was made for children just to play.

Still we do not regret the snow
Which, after March, begin to go.
And, what 'ere joy was winter's share,
We smile to see the old earth bare;
And glad we are with April showers
Which we are told will bring Mayflowers
And calling gay, say, "Mother, dear,
Do you think Spring is really here?"

The warm sun climbs a step or two
And turns again the earth to view;
It sees the schoolhouse on the hill
All vacant now, all sad and still,
And knows that children now are free
To swim a brook or climb a tree.
Oh, well, by now you must have guessed
That I for one like Summer best.

C. M. S., '34.

... Athletics ...



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Front row, left to right: Lane, Goodspeed, W. Winship (Captain), Clifford, Kelley.
Back row: Franklin Homsted, Francis Homsted, Robinson, Coach Chaplin, R. Winship, Dole.

BASKETBALL RESULTS

This year we were fortunate in our basketball games, as well as in our practices. When Coach Chaplin issued his call for volunteers, immediately he received replies from 20 or more strong athletic youths bent on attaining perfection, if possible, on the smooth surface.

We were especially favored by having two guards, Lloyd Goodspeed and Earl Clifford, who always turned in good games, both as to guarding and scoring.

The center position was efficiently occupied by "Bill" Winship, who was at all times the rudder of the team. Our forward positions were filled by capable boys, Francis Lane and "Joe" Kelley. The substitutes of the team were: "Cliff" Robinson, Francis Homsted, Franklin Homsted, Arthur Dole and "Dick" Winship. Much credit must be given these boys for their diligence and strict attendance at all practices.

As usual, we joined the West Penobscot League. Although we lost

only two games, we had to be content with second place, the crucial game with the league winners being lost by a score of 21-16.

The following will receive letters: Lane, Kelley, W. Winship, Goodspeed, Clifford, R. Winship, Dole, Robinson, Francis Homsted, and Franklin Homsted.

Francis Lane and "Joe" Kelley have attained the honor of being the highest scorers for the season, Francis Lane receiving 72 points and "Joe" Kelley receiving 73 points.

Following is the list of games:

Date	Opponents	Where Played	Score	
			H.H.S.	Opp.
Dec. 13—	Monroe	Hermon	17	14
Jan. 5—	Carmel	Carmel	30	21
Jan. 12—	E. Corinth	Hermon	18	15
Jan. 19—	Carmel	Hermon	41	10
Jan. 26—	E. Corinth	E. Corinth	18	13
Feb. 2—	Hampden	Hampden	15	23
Feb. 9—	Alumni	Hermon	29	7
Feb. 16—	Corinna	Corinna	40	11
Mar. 5—	Brewer	Hermon	30	23
Mar. 7—	Corinna		Forfeit	
Mar. 9—	Hampden	Hermon	16	21
Total.....			254	158

G. L. K., '35.

BASEBALL REPORT

In the past, a lack of finances has made it impossible for H. H. S. to boast of a baseball team; but we have persisted until this year success has crowned our efforts. The first practice there were fifteen who answered the call. Among those were: Earl Clifford, Clyde Booker, "Bill" Winship, Earl Brick, "Joe" Kelley, Arlington Booker, Winston Judkins, Lloyd Goodspeed, Verl Morrison, Francis Lane, Steven Vafiades, "Dick" Winship, Roger Pinkham, Arthur Dole, Clifton Robinson and Lloyd Witherly.

On April 17, we held a baseball dance, the proceeds of which helped to buy suits and equipment.

At a meeting in March the boys unanimously elected Francis Lane to act as a manager, and Earl Clifford as captain. Mr. Lane is working on a schedule and it seems to be progressing very well. Although this is the first year, the team seems to be progressing rapidly under the eye of Mr. Andrews, and we hope to have a successful season.

G. L. K., '35.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

For lovers of basketball, this has been a very interesting and successful year. About twenty-two girls went out for basketball, a much larger squad than we had last year. Much credit is due to all those girls who practiced faithfully all season, and whose fidelity made possible a successful team. We were also very fortunate in having five veterans who guided their team to victory many times last season.

At a meeting last fall "Polly" Bickford was unanimously elected manager, and in the same way "Stelle" Clark was made honorary captain this spring.

"Dwi" Morrison and "Polly" Bickford were given the positions of forwards which they have occupied all the year. While "Polly" made the baskets, "Dwi" was gracefully playing her part as a quick thinker and a marvelous floor worker. "Charlie" Smith and "Stelle" Clark have surely been great guards and Wilma Patten as side center has given those tall centers plenty of competition, a feature which is a great asset to any girls' team. "Te" Luce, the only new member of the team, has occupied the pivot position. Ruth Brick, Louise Clifford, "Barbie" Felker, Margaret Grant, and Louisa Bickford have played as substitutes.

Again this year we joined the

Western Penobscot League. There were four teams, besides ourselves, viz: East Corinth, Corinna, Carmel, and Hampden. Of course, it was our aim to win the championship cup but we were not successful, although we received second honors. However, there are other years to come and surely at the rate we are progressing, we shall eventually attain first place.

Those receiving letters this year are: P. Bickford, D. Morrison, W. Patten, C. Smith, E. Clark, T. Luce, R. Brick, L. Clifford, B. Felker, M. Grant, and L. Bickford.

A list of games played follows:

Dec. 13—Monroe at Hermon:
Monroe 19; Hermon 32.

Jan. 5—Hermon at Carmel:
Carmel 26; Hermon 36.
Jan. 12—East Corinth at Hermon:
E. Corinth 20; Hermon 15.
Jan. 19—Carmel at Hermon:
Carmel 9; Hermon 35.
Jan. 26—Hermon at East Corinth:
E. Corinth 16; Hermon 16.
Feb. 2—Hermon at Hampden:
Hampden 40; Hermon 31.
Feb. 26—Hermon at Corinna:
Corinna 15; Hermon 34.
Mar. 9—Hampden at Hermon:
Hampden 27; Hermon 42.

Statistics show that our total score was 280, while that of the opposing teams was only 186.

T. L., '36.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Coach Andrews, Grant, L. Bickford, Patten, Luce, P. Bickford, Brick, Smith, Clifford, Felker, Morrison, Clark (Captain).

... Locals ...

*MERRY MASKERS' CLUB*

Front row: Clark, Ricker, Felker, Clifford.

Second row: Bickford, Morrison, Prin. Leathers, Patten, Smith.

Third row: Windship, Kelley, Hawes, Booker.

Back row: Vafiades, Francis Homsted, Lord, Franklin Homsted, Judkins.

THE MERRY MASKERS DRAMATIC CLUB

The Merry Maskers Dramatic Club, which was founded this year, supplies a long felt need at Hermon High School. The Seniors interested in dramatics took the initiative in founding this club, and invited others interested to join.

The officers elected for the year are:

President.....C. Smith
Vice-President.....D. Morrison
Secretary and Treasurer.....L. Clifford

The primary aim of the club is to facilitate and improve dramatic productions fostered by the school. In order to do this, it proposes to keep alive an interest in dramatic work even when no production is actually in rehearsal. Also, a committee has been elected to attend to stage properties and costumes, lighting effects

and other mechanical details of a play. This will allow those who are taking part to concentrate more fully upon the work which they are doing.

In addition to this, we hope that the club may become an enjoyable social institution, which will keep alive from year to year the ambitions and ideals of the founders.

The enrollment is as follows:

Pauline Bickford, Arlington Booker, Estelle Clark, Louise Clifford, Barbara Felker, Lloyd Goodspeed, Stanley Hawes, Franklin and Francis Homsted, Winston Judkins, George Kelley, Alvin Lord, Dwina Morrison, Wilma Patten, Lottie Ricker, Carlotta Smith, Steven Vafiades, Richard Winship, and Paul Witherly.

SENIOR PLAY

The annual Senior Play, was presented March 23rd, in the school auditorium with the assistance of the Merry Maskers' Dramatic Club.

The cast was well picked, and each one took part willingly. Although some of the parts were long and difficult, the play was well presented and successful.

The cast of "Fickle Fortune" is as follows:

Gloria Warren.....	Carlotta Smith
Tony Warren.....	Dwina Morrison
Brant Allen.....	Stanley Hawes
Cuppers.....	Winston Judkins
Mr. Warren.....	Wilma Patten
Roxanna Blossam.....	Pauline Bickford
W. Eliza Warren.....	Barbara Felker
Sadie Tweed.....	Estelle Clark
Maggie.....	Louise Clifford
Lily.....	Lottie Ricker
Emmerson Hawley.....	George Kelley
Stevens.....	Richard Winship

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

This year for the first time Hermon High School has added to its list of activities a Junior Exhibition. This includes each member of the Junior class.

On the day of the try-outs the student body and judges, Mrs. Ruth Hillman, Mrs. Blanche Robbins, and Supt. C. H. Grant, assembled in the main room to enjoy the event. Each Junior took his turn. Some of the parts proved amusing, while others were of a more serious content; but all were well received.

The eight who were chosen to participate in the finals were: Arthur Dole, Steven Vafiades, Kennard Gatcomb, Glennice Overlock, Lottie Ricker, Barbara Felker, Stanley Hawes, and Herbert Heughan.

The program for the Exhibition, which was held April 27, follows:

Out on the Deep.....	Chorus	
"The Prisoner at the Bar".....	Steven Vafiades	Anon
Selection from "Seventeen".....	Barbara Felker	Tarkington
"This Little Piggie Went to Market".....	Lloyd Goodspeed	
"The Raven".....	Herbert Heughan	Poe
"Aunt Sophronia at the Opera".....	Lottie Ricker	Anon
The Man on the Flying Trapeze.....	Chorus of Boys	
"The Schoolmaster's Guest".....	Stanley Hawes	Carleton
"The Highwayman".....	Kennard Gatcomb	Noyes
Moonlight and Starlight.....	Chorus	
"The Day Old Bet Was Sold".....	Glennice Overlock	Anon
"Corporal Joe's Yarn".....	Arthur Dole	Service
	Piano Music	

Judges: Mr. M. M. Erskine, Miss Velma Oliver, Mr. T. A. Knowlton.

The prize winners were: Arthur Dole, first; Barbara Felker, second; Steven Vafiades, third.

The winners of the contest are to be congratulated and should strive to do as well in all other things which they attempt. Every Junior should do his best to make the Junior Exhibition one of the annual activities.

The Editor.

ORCHESTRA

Although by graduation we lost three valued players, Margaret Bragdon, piano, Virginia Overlock, violin, and Francis Dole, saxophone, the orchestra went on briskly in the fall term.

There were seven in this year's group, including the experienced members: Pauline Bickford, piano; Stanley Hawes, saxophone; Adelle Getchell and Rebecca Dole, violins. We had the following recruits from the ranks of the Freshmen: Earl Brick, drums; Robina Gardner, piano; Louisa Bickford, violin.

We were pleased that we were able to continue under the instruction of Mr. Edwin Tewksbury of the Bangor Theological Seminary, who has directed the orchestra for the past two years.

During the winter the rehearsals became so difficult that a moratorium was declared; but with the coming of spring, rehearsals were resumed. Although we are losing one member, Pauline Bickford, we feel sure that we have the basis for an excellent orchestra next year.

A. D., '35.

STUDENT COUNCIL

This year the members of the Student Council were elected as usual by each class; two were chosen from each of the three lower classes and three were chosen from the Senior class.

Those honored by their class by being appointed were as follows:

FRESHMEN

Margaret Grant Kathleen Clark

SOPHOMORE

Winston Judkins Thelma Luce

JUNIORS

Stanley Hawes Arlington Booker

SENIORS

Paul Witherly Pauline Bickford
Dwina Morrison

The nine members of this council convened for the election of officers. The following were chosen: President, Dwina Morrison; Vice-President, Paul Witherly; Secretary and Treasurer, Pauline Bickford.

The object of forming the Student Council was to give the students a voice in school affairs. Any social activity which the school wishes to give is first brought before the Student Council for approval; the council makes rules for the use of the gymnasium; and it also has had the problem of keeping the school building presentable.

We sincerely hope that the Student Council in years to come will be even more successful in its duties and will have more responsibility than in the past. Each member should do his best toward its advancement and strive to use all his ability to prove himself worthy of his position.

The Editor.

SECRET SINS

By Senior Sam

Go West, young woman, Go West!
But "Charlie" Smith got "Smart"
and disregarded this advice; she went
south and left us in the lurch the
week the paper went to press.

The Accurate Angler who covers
the Hermon Pond district informed
Senior Sam that already are "Dick"
Winship and Francis Lane angling
accurately, although catching nothing
but the usual tin cans, old shoes, etc.

Senior Sam says that Pauline Bick-
ford has been watching the mail
rather closely of late; we thought so.
And he also says the envelopes are
marked East Corinth. We guessed
that much, too.

It has been suggested by some of
the wiseacres, that we should start a
boating team. Judging from the looks
of our front yard, this might be quite
an idea.

The school "blondes" seem to be
causing much trouble amongst the
brunettes, which is to be expected be-
cause "gentlemen prefer blondes."
But strangely enough the "blonds"
seem to prefer the brunettes.

Hattie Coffin, Ruth Overlock, and
Barbara Higgins are being seen much
together. Don't they know that to be
attractive to the opposite sex, one
should not be seen too much in a
group of other attractive girls? Be-
cause of their close association, they
have been dubbed "The Three of Us."

There has been much discussion
about a tennis court; we are wonder-
ing how swiftly it would be possible
for us to dash across the court in
rubber boots.

We have been informed that a reg-
ular mail route has been established
between Clyde Booker and Cleora
Ashford.

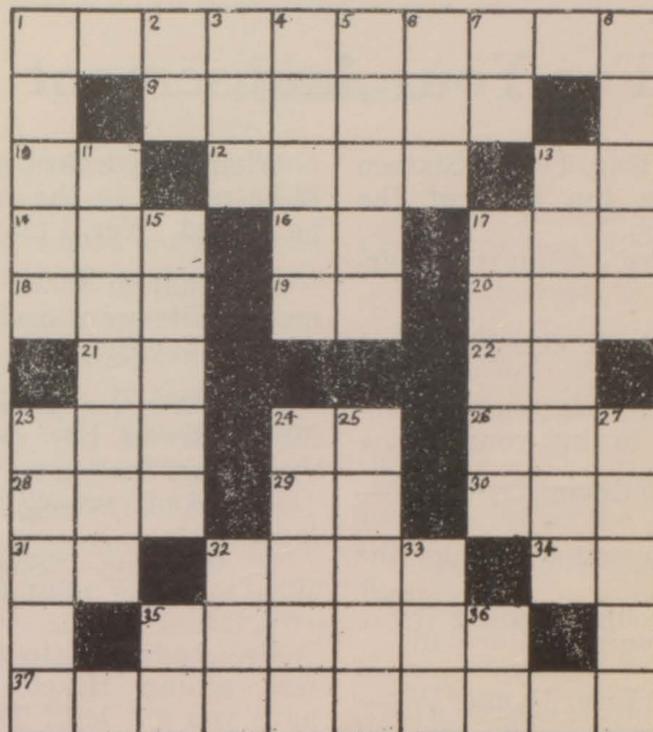
Romance is in the air! Why not?
it's spring. Lottie Ricker is being seen
often with "Stevie" Vafiades. Every-
thing seems to be mutual in this
affair.

On St. Patrick's Day, Thelma Rob-
bins came to school wearing an
orange sweater and a green skirt.
And you can imagine what Wilfred
Leathers said to her for wearing the
Orange above the Green!

We suggest a course in professional
hiking for the benefit of the Northern
Maine Junction pupils be installed.

Senior Sam has presented a petition
that the Swan Road be repaired. It's
too bad to keep Margaret and Bar-
bara in, and Dwina out. For one week
that we know of the road was pretty
well worn down by constant walking
back and forth.

Mr. Andrews thought of getting an
eminent scientist to eradicate insects
that have been causing a lot of noise
around the building lately; but when
he followed up the buzzing, all he
found was Juanita Sinford and Eloise
Higgins.



CLUES

HORIZONTAL

1. The course Mr. Andrews made popular at H. H. S.
9. The kind of language Booker would like to study.
10. Where we'd like to see those grades going.
12. No time more ripe (Abb. for).
13. Cliff Robinson's greeting.
14. Extra Algebra assignment (Abb.)
16. An exclamation frequently uttered by H. Heughan.
17. Title of respect (Turkish).
18. To tote (as we do our books).
19. Rebecca Dole.
20. The singular of a type of underwear.
22. The initials of one of the H. H. S. bus drivers.
23. What Dwina's made with Johnnie.
24. Good luck.
26. Leave no pocket-books (Abb.)
28. All notes examined (Abb.)
29. Rhode Island.
30. Poetic expression for meadow.
31. By Lindbergh.
32. A word foreign to H. H. S. students.
34. Future initials of one of our late alumnae, Dot Pickett.
35. The plural of Maine's official drink.
37. Something we have that Webster didn't seem to know about.

VERTICAL

1. An adjective describing our teachers.
2. What I'm interested in.
3. "He wants but little here below."
4. Chemistry students, it's a salt of the hydro carbon radical.
5. Versified.
6. Initials of _____, and he needs no stilts!
7. Irrepressable Robins.
8. Our masculine song star.
11. One basketball player (forward) who can't stand on *her* feet.
13. An action committed on bread (refer to Mr. Chaplin).
15. A type of marble, Kiddies.
17. Basketball (now guess).
23. Our saxophone player.
24. Pleasing to (for Latin students).
25. General term for sheets, hankies, tablecloths, etc.
27. A certain love song (old favorite).
32. A term that describes Mr. Leather's Ford.
33. A prefix meaning three.
35. The Editorial Staff, referred to as—
36. It stands for sour grapes.

NOTE: Read the adds for key words.

... For Your Amusement ...

Mr. Leathers (Eng. IV)—“Sixteen hundred sixty is the date of the Stuart Restoration.”

Francis Homsted—“Stuart Respiration?”

L. Higgins (late to class)—“I got lost, Mr. Chaplin.”

Chaplin—“We’ll give you ten minutes after school to find yourself.”

Mr. Chaplin (in Chemistry class)—“Who’s absent?”

D. Morrison (coming through the door)—“I am.”

Chaplin—“I wouldn’t admit it.”

D. Morrison—“S’fact.”

Mr. Leathers (Eng. II and IV)—“Underline the word I give you and then write it in a sentence.”

L. Ricker—“Can’t we write it in a sentence and then underline it?”

Mr. Chaplin (to D. Morrison who had just moaned aloud)—“If I didn’t know I should think someone had let a cat into the room.”

D. Morrison—“Well, that’s how I feel.”

W. Patten—“How’s that? Catty?”

Sinford—“Do we have to go to go to school on Washington’s birthday?”

Mr. Andrews—“Yes.”

Sinford—“I’ll bet Washington wouldn’t like that.”

Mr. Chaplin (in Chemistry)—“What is wood metal made of?”

E. Clifford—“Alimony—and—”

Mr. Leathers (who had been telling jokes in the front of the room and causing quite an uproar says)—“Let’s have a little more quiet.” Then with a guilty grin, he adds, “I’ll spank myself in a minute.”

When Lloyd Goodspeed was asked if he played in the school orchestra, he replied, “Yes, I play second fiddle.”

Mr. Chaplin asked one day if women’s suits were coming out in long pants this year.

O. Felker (in penmanship)—“Oh, Mr. Andrews, how do you make the word *love*?”

Mr. Andrews—“Can’t you make *love*?”

V. Morrison—“She wants you to show her how, teacher.”

Mr. Andrews (to C. Booker, who was selling tickets)—“How many have you got left? Two gents and a lady?”

C. Booker—“No, they’re tickets.”

P. Bickford (coming in late)—“Did you mark me down late, Mr. Chaplin?”

Mr. Chaplin—“Yes, of course.”

P. Bickford—“But Mr. Andrews locked me in the typing room.”

B. Felker (in sotto)—“Why did he let you out?”

Mr. Andrews (to K. Gatcomb who had hurt his leg)—“What’s the matter with you? Lumbago?”

K. Gatcomb—“No, bumlego.”

S. Vafiades—“I dreamt, last night that some one was shooting at me, and I got shot through the heart, too.”

C. Robinson—“Did it kill you?”

S. Vafiades—“No, my heart was in my mouth.”

Hush, little “Skinny,”
Don’t you cry,
You’ll be a big boy
By and by.

... Alumni ...

We undergraduates at Hermon High School are very much interested in the Alumni, whose number has now grown to 49. We feel sure that this body of Alumni is really interested in the school from which they graduated. Therefore, it seems to us that some sort of annual "get-together," such as a class reunion or school picnic, ought to be arranged. If any of you Alumni have suggestions along this line, why don't you write them to the Alumni Editor? We should be glad to help put them into effect.

We are pleased to be able to present the following information:

ALUMNI BY CLASSES

Class '28

Hubert Bates, living in Bangor.

Stacy Miller, a graduate of the University of Maine, now working there.

Class '29

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

Gardiner Philbrook, at home in Brewer.

Mary (Grant) Quigg, living in Sedgwick.

Mavilla Randall, teaching high school at Denmark, Maine.

Ervin Saunders, at home in Hermon.

Lloyd Sweetser, at home in Bangor.

Ellen (Snow) Wight, teaching school in Hermon.

Class '30

Stanton Andrews, employed by the Chase Brothers Nursery Co.

Fred Emerson, at home in Hermon.

Floramae Homsted, teaching school in Hermon.

George Homsted, Jr., at home in Hermon.

Earl Hunt, employed at Bradford Lord's store at the Junction.

Marguerite Heughan, working in Bangor.

Thomas Larkin, working at Whetmore & Savage.

Ronald Morse, employed in Wilton, Maine.

Edna Nickerson, working in Hampden.

Vivian Sweetser, at home in Hermon.

Class '31

Lyonis Andrews, working at Townsend's store, in Bangor.

Carlton Grant, employed at Penobscot Coal and Wharf Co., in Bangor.

Irene Homsted, at home in Hermon.

Mary Leathers, teaching school in Hermon.

Ona Morrison, training at the Augusta General Hospital.

Payson Patten, at home in Hermon.

Donald Rice, at home in Hermon.

Frederick Staples, employed at Fletcher's store at Northern Maine Junction.

Cora (Kimball) Violette, at home in Hermon.

Albion and Alva Saunders, at home in Hermon.

Class '32

Hazel Daley, at home in Hermon.
 Florian Ellingwood, at home in Hermon.

Walter Hardy, at home in Hermon.

Andrew Light, at home in Bangor.

Harriet Nowell, at home in Hermon.

Irene Overlock, employed in Bangor.

Alton Richardson, attending the Maine School of Commerce in Bangor.

Charles Warren, at home in Hermon.

Class '33

Nellie Bragdon, working in Grant's Store in Bangor.

Margaret Bragdon, working in Lord's Store at Hermon Corner.

Lillian Barber, at home in Hermon.

Lucille (Hunt) Ellingwood, at home in Hermon.

Virginia Overlock, attending Beal's Business College in Bangor.

Dorothy Pickett, at home in Hermon.

Harland Randall, attending Maine School of Commerce in Bangor.

Stanley Dennis, at home in Mattawankeag.

Francis Dole, a home in Hermon.

Ada Ricker, employed at Scott Brown's in Hermon.

Willard Swan, employed at the Auto Rest in Carmel.

Mary (Turcotte) Light, at home in Bangor.

S. G. H., '35.

... Exchanges ...

Although we expect to receive publications from several high schools later in the season, our list of exchanges to date is very meagre. However, we wish to acknowledge receipt of the following:

Hampden - - - *Sedan*
 Old Town - - - *Sachem*
 Bangor - - - - *Oracle*
 Sedgwick - - - - *Comet*
 Berwick - - - *Navillus*
M. K. S., '36.

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