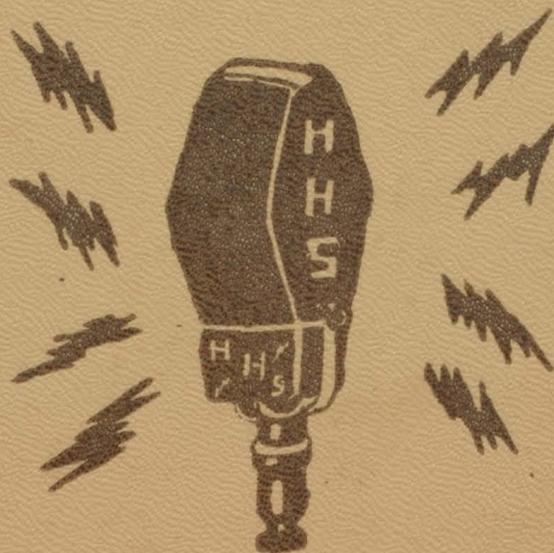


The Microphone



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1944

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Number 1

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The Senior Class of 1944



ROBERT KENNETH BURTON

"Bobby"

Commercial Course; Sportsman Club 1; Dancing Club 1; Spelling Club 3; Future Farmers 1; Aircraft Recognition 3; Radio 3; Intramural Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; "Dad Takes A Rest Cure" 2; "An American Is Born" 2; Junior Exhibition 3; "Henpecked Henry" 4; Editorial Board 3, 4; President 3, 4; President's Address (4th honor part).

*"Bobby" is always full of fun
And always does his share;
But when it comes to Brewer
He is right there.*



FLORA LOIS TIBBETTS

"Flo"

Commercial Course: Sportsman Club 1; Dancing Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Spelling Club 2, 3; Etiquette Club 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Softball 1; "Dad Takes A Rest Cure" 2; "An American Is Born" 2; Junior Exhibition (2nd prize) 3; "Henpecked Henry" 4; Editorial Board 3, 4; Class Treasurer 2; Secretary 3; Vice President 4.

*Flora is the smallest one
To Freddie she is true;
When it comes to cleaning clothes
Modern Cleaners will always do.*



ETHLYN BERRITA YOUNG

"Lindy"

General Course: Hartland Academy 1, 2; Mattanawcook Academy 3; Cheerleader 4; Editorial Board 4; Secretary 4; "Henpecked Henry" 4; Softball 4; Class Gifts.

*Ethlyn is a new student
She hasn't been here long;
But we know that we will miss her
Long after she is gone.*



PAULINE EDNA NOWELL

"Polly"

Commercial Course: Glee Club 1; Spelling Club 2, 3; Homemakers Club 3; Victory Corps 3; Captain of Magazine Drive 4; Editorial Board 4; Class Secretary 2; Class Treasurer 4; Class History (3rd honor part).

*And there is "Polly"
With never a care;
When it comes to good nature
She does have her share.*



MARJORIE D. BIGELOW

"Margie"

General Course; Student at Canton High School Softball 4; Editorial Board 4.

*Now there's Marjorie
Our class joke;
When it comes to studying
She's much provoked.*

RUTH E. BRADBURY

"Ruthie"

College Course; Glee Club 1, 2; Outdoor Club 1; Spelling Club 3; Etiquette Club 2, 3; Junior Exhibition 3; "Henpecked Henry" 4.

*Who do you suppose?
Ruth Bradbury to you (?);
She sure can capture her man
And hang onto him, too.*



FRANCIS E. DAVIS

"Dave"

Agriculture Course; Milo High School 1; "Dad Takes A Rest Cure" 2; "An American Is Born" 2; "Henpecked Henry" 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Intramural Football 2; Spelling Club 2; Aircraft Recognition 3; F. F. A. President 4; F. F. A. Basketball 4; King of "Harvest Ball" 2.

*"Davis" is our class pest
'Cause in History class;
He steals our zest
While the rest of us sit back and rest.*



VIRGINIA DUPLISEA

"Ginnie"

College Course; Salutatory; Dancing Club 1; Hiking Club 1; Sportsman's Club 1; Etiquette Club 3; "An American Is Born" 2; Junior Prize Speaking 3; Victory Corps 3; Spelling Club 3; Editorial Board 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3; Librarian 3, 4; "Henpecked Henry" 4.

*"Ginnie" D. comes second in rank
Of the class of '44;
She's always true to the Navy
Her presence will never bore.*



CHARLES DONALD FOSS

"Don"

General Course; Entered from Hampden Academy second winter term.

*Donald is our new addition
From Hampden town near by;
Rumors are that he's a magician
We think he's a regular guy.*



VIRGINIA MAE FROST

"Ginny"

Commercial Course; Glee Club 1; Dancing Club 1, 2; Spelling Club 2, 3; "Dad Takes A Rest Cure" 2; Homemakers Club 2; Junior Exhibition (3rd prize) 3; Etiquette Club 3; "Henpecked Henry" 4; Defense Stamp Editor 4.

*Virginia Frost is the one
"Ginny" to us all;
When the right one comes along
Just watch Virginia fall.*





ETHEL FAYE GARLAND

"Pop"

College Course; Dramatic Club 2; Dancing Club 3; Athletic Club 3; Etiquette Club 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Softball 1, 2, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; All Star Team 2, 3; "Henpecked Henry" 4.

*When it comes to writing
Ethel is a whizz;
If there was a contest
She surely wouldn't miss.*



PATRICIA B. GARLAND

"Pat"

College Course; Glee Club 2, 4; Dancing Club 1; Hiking Club 1; Dramatic Club 1; Sportsman's Club 2; Tennis Club 2; Spelling Club 2; Etiquette Club 3; Editorial Board 2, 4; Victory Corps 3; Junior Exhibition 3; Aircraft Recognition 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheerleader 4; "Tomboy" 1; "Dad Takes A Rest Cure" 2; "Henpecked Henry" 4; Valedictory.

*"Pat" is our basketball star
Of the many; she is the best;
No matter what arises
"Pat" will always pass the test.*



STANLEY WARREN GARLAND

"Stan"

Commercial Course 1, 2, 3; Agriculture Course 4; Editorial Board 3, 4; "Henpecked Henry" 4; Treasurer of Class 3; Future Farmers' Club 1, 2; Basketball 4; Baseball 2, 4; Spelling Club 1, 2; Future Farmers' Basketball 4; Aircraft Recognition Course 3; Intramural Football 1, 2.

*Tall, dark and handsome
With curly locks so black;
Charm and fascination
He will never lack.*



CLINTON HERBERT HEMBERG

"Clint"

Commercial Course; Sportsman Club 1; Spelling Club 3; Hiking Club 1; Future Farmer 1; Radio 3; Aircraft Recognition 3; Basketball 4; Baseball 2, 4; Intramural Football 1, 2; Editorial Board 4; Presentation of Gifts

*Now there's "Clinton"
The shirk of the class;
When it comes to basketball
Watch him shoot and pass.*



LEON FREDERICK HIGGINS

"Hig"

Agriculture and General Course; Future Farmers' Club 1, 2, 4; Dancing Club 1; Aircraft Recognition 3; Spelling Club 3; Etiquette Club 3; Hiking Club 2; Student Council 3; "Tomboy" 1; "Dad Takes A Rest Cure" 2; Class Will.

*Leon is our farmer boy
His work is seldom done;
But after his work is finished
He is always ready for fun.*

FRANCES E. MOORE

"Frannie"

General Course; Sportsmen Club 1; Dancing Club 1, 2; Etiquette Club 3; Spelling Club 3; "Tomboy" 1; "Dad Takes a Rest Cure" 2; "An American Is Born" 2; Junior Exhibition 3; Editorial Board 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Vice President 1.

*Frances has gone "Naivey"
Her heart is quite true;
But now Dick's a sailor
Her spirits are blue.*



HENRY B. PRESCOTT

"Pressie"

Commercial Course 1, 2, 3; Agriculture Course 4; Sportsman Club 1; Dancing Club 1; Spelling Club 1, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basball 1, 2, 4; Junior Exhibition (1st prize) 3; Editorial Board 3, 4; Future Farmers 4; F. F. A. Basketball 4; Aircraft Recognition 3; Intramural Football 1, 2, 3; Vice-President 2, 3; Class Prophecy.

*Henry is the shortest boy
In the Senior Class;
If mischief is in the making
You can bet he'll always pass.*



HELEN VIOLET SNOW

"Helen"

Commercial Course, Sportsman Club 2 3; Dancing Club 2; Home Economic Club 3; Spelling Club 3; Glee Club 3, 4; Basketball 1.

*"H" is for Helen
Who is very shy;
When it comes to studying
Helen is the one to try*



WILLIAM ALBERT MURPHY, JR.

"Bill"

Agriculture Course; Future Farmers Association; entered U. S. Army November, 1943

*"Bill" is our classmate
Who was called by Uncle Sam;
The Army gained a Soldier
Who'll help them out of many a jam.*

Literary



AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

On a dark, dreary night, almost four, long years ago, a young man, nearly eighteen years of age, makes a final statement of his own true feelings. Yes, on June 17, 1940, this young man stands at the foot of the old wooden bed and gazes at his devoted father and mother and says: "Ma—Dad—I want to join the Army. I want to show my country, America, that I love her." With his parents' consent in his young mind, he tumbles into bed and dreams pleasant dreams of the coming day.

His curly, sandy colored hair, blue eyes, and pearl white teeth give a painted vision of happiness, as he sits down to supper with his family. Speaking with great delight, he says: "From now on you may address me as Private. I'm now a member of Uncle Sam's Great Army. I leave tomorrow for camp."

The little house is full with laughter and fun—yes, a few tears are shed, as things, no longer needed, are packed away and others put into the small, olive-drab colored duffle bag. It's train time now, and hearts are heavy as each bids this "Young Soldier" farewell.

Three days pass—three days in which everyone looks anxiously for a letter. The fourth day comes and, almost as if touched by magic a letter arrives. A long letter which says: "I love every minute of it and I wouldn't swap it for anything else in the world."

is passed by writing and receiving letters. Soon a letter arrives—one that says: "I'm coming home for ten days. Arrive day after tomorrow." Time passes quickly. The door opens and a tall figure, in khaki, stands as straight as sticks in the doorway. How wonderful he looks. He's very proud as he displays his first stripe to his family. Fireside chats and days filled with joy at last come to an end.

Time passes on more furloughs, more letters and small treasured pictures arrive. Now it's December 7, 1941—Pearl Harbor Bombed—thousands killed. Another furlough comes. "This is my last one for some time," he tells his family as he sits beside the fire. "We're in this war now, it's up to us to do the job. We'll probably 'ship out' any time." The furlough ends, maybe the last one, and he travels back to camp. Letters which are full of excitement and work, arrive now and then.

It's the first of June, 1942, and a letter arrives saying: "Don't write until you hear from me—I'm alright and please *don't worry!* June, July and part of August passes. A little blue card is received at home. A card that has these few expected words: "We inform you that your son has arrived safely at his destination—overseas."

Letters arrive now and then with long intervals between them. Messages come at last—I'm in England—"Scotland"—and at last the third one comes—I'm somewhere in North Africa."

Eight weeks elapse. Weeks in which time

Many months of worry, waiting, and anxiety pass. It's been a year now, and cool, distant, letters arrive with a few lines on smooth, white paper—"I'm alright—don't worry," are written neatly at the bottom of every page.

August, 1943, a year since the card stated his safe arrival, arrived at home. Mail is coming more regularly now and full of hopes of coming home. A letter arrives saying: "I'm in the hospital with Malaria." It's the last of December now and another letter arrives saying: "Hoping to see you all before long."

No more letters are received. A telegram arrives on the thirteenth of January. "I'm in West Virginia and expect a furlough very soon."

Our hearts are happy as the 8th of March brings a telephone call from Bangor, Maine. His heart is filled with gladness as he says: "I am ready to come home—come in after me as soon as you can."

We're all very happy and our eyes are filled with tears as once more he returns. Yes—home and alive. His left blouse pocket bears five medals, three yellow stripes on his left sleeve which signifies 19 months of overseas duty, and also one three-year enlistment stripe.

He's well and happy now and after twelve days he will return to another base for special training.

"I'm proud of this 'soldier' and always will be. Yes, I'm proud of him—why shouldn't I be. You see, he's my brother, the only one I have, whom I haven't seen for over two years."

A man, of twenty-two, who has seen almost two years of *hell* and yet he is ready to go back and fight for his loved ones and his country.

A PERFECT WEEKEND

You are met at the station, after a journey just long enough to read the daily paper and an up-to-date *Movie Magazine*, by one of those fast but inexpensive cars. Your host is a quietly intelligent, tender decorated man, with very highly polished brown shoes, and a dislike of scandalous gossip. He takes a pipe from his mouth to point out to you the latest improvements to his new building plans. It is like a "Kipling" story, but not laughable. The house is Georgian and comfortable, no Elizabethan beams to crack your skull and no draughty passages, and on the other hand, no glass cocktail tables and no electric radiators. You join the others, drinking sherry or cocktails, a young actress of genius, a typical colonial administrator, a humorist novelist, a young married couple, and your determined hostess's younger sister. There are no persistent bores, no mention of the immediate sex, no militant women, no clergyman, and no badly behaved children. The food is good and so is the wine. You are not rushed over miles of moor to stumble about damp ruins, or take patients' temperatures, or peer at horses' hoofs. There is a small show at the village tomorrow, but the novelist doesn't wish to be interrupted.

Your hostess is charming and so are her children. Nothing is obviously arranged for you. Pleasant things quietly take place. The men do not stay after dinner, pushing the port wine about and telling stories. Nobody says, "We keep late hours here," just in the middle of the really delightful conversation over the whiskey, at eleven, when you have already revised your dark suspicion of young novelists and actress. Even Monday morning is made miserable by the apparently genuine earnestness with which you are invited to come again soon.

"Literary Editor"

Virginia Frost, '44

MY FISHING TRIP

Brrrrr! Brrrrr! My alarm clock went off like a four alarm fire gong. It was only three-thirty. "Gosh," I thought, "this is too early to get ready for school. Must be a mistake." I had just pulled the blanket over my head for another forty winks, when a happy thought occurred. "This was vacation week and I was going fishing."

An hour and a half later I was tramping over a dew-covered field which was covered with many small fox-holes, into which I kept falling. I stopped under a huge pine tree to observe the beautiful sunrise.

"Ah! Nature, beautiful nature!" I had just uttered these eloquent passages when a limb of that pine tree dropped down for a visit, on my head. For the next half hour, a bevy of celestial bodies circled madly in elliptical orbits. After I had recovered and wormed, jumped and climbed my way through millions and millions of nice thorny blackberry bushes, I finally neared my objective.

Pulling out my trusty fly rod, I stalked the lair of this vicious creature (the trout) with all the stealth and cunning of a Commando after a German sentry. I straightened up and with all my might, hurled the line forward. It shot straight to its mark and became firmly entangled in the alder bushes across the stream. After five endless hours of this sort of thing, I pulled up stakes and returned victorious; proudly holding up for my admiring family's inspection, one slightly used tobacco can.

Charles Gordon, '45

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

Through the downpour of rain and the brisk wind which was blowing, a shadowy figure made its way along the house-top to a window. He pushed the casing up without a creak and slid through. When he stood

on the floor inside, he slid his hand silently beneath his coat, bringing forth a gleaming dagger. His body was a moving shadow as he stole quickly, but quietly, to the door which opened into the hall of the apartment which he had entered. As he opened the door, he heard voices coming his way. He muttered an unintelligible oath and slipped back into the room. From the corner of the room he heard the unmistakable breathing of a person and he leaned back against the wall, not moving a muscle.

The voices passed. Once more he opened the door and stepped out into the hall.

"Got to get to room 18," he muttered to himself.

He looked at the door from which he had just emerged.

"Room 6," it said.

He slid slowly along the hall to the next door. "Room 5."

He cursed to himself and began to retrace his steps for apparently he was going the wrong way. He passed room 6 again, then rooms 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, and finally he came to Room 18. He tried the knob. It opened silently under his guidance.

The room which he entered was pitch black and he stood for a few minutes while his eyes got accustomed to the gloom. To his left he heard the breathing of a person. Slowly, he moved to the bedside, raised the dagger and with a quick plunge, drove it through the throat of the prostrate figure. He started to move to the door. It slammed in his face. With a snap, a brilliant light flooded the room. The killer still with the dagger, turned to look at the person whose voice he had heard. "Raise your hands!" As he looked a .38 automatic pointed straight at his head from beneath the bed. Behind him he heard a giggle. He turned quickly and saw a tall, well built, auburn haired young woman of about twenty-five years of age.

"You—you're supposed to be dead," he gasped.

"I'm not, though," she answered.

The killer, now terrified, quickly threw the dagger which he had kept in his hand. The girl dodged and the knife missed her by an inch. A spurt of flame leaped at the killer. A small hole appeared in the back of his head. He spun around twice and dropped to the floor. From beneath the bed came the man who had fired the shot.

"Well," he said as he spoke to the woman. "Here is what has been haunting you for three years. Now we can live in peace and save the state the expense of a trial. They've been looking for Killer Gordon for three years and at last we've got him. An easy death was too good for him though, after the murder of four people, but we won't have to worry any more about him."

Killer Gordon had almost gotten his revenge on the one person who had been a witness to the last of his many crimes. But now he had found out that crime does not pay.

Carl White, '47

AMERICANISM

America is today a corruptible crisis but to hear our country talk and laugh, you'd think we were never acquainted with trouble. We have fought before and know the hard way of fighting. In the battlefields and in our homes is a keen spirit that is wandering free through our thoughtful minds and souls. This vigorous word is called, at the present time, Americanism. This means that we are being loyal to our country.

Every minute that the clock ticks, Americanism is shown by every faithful American as it was one hundred sixty-eight years ago when the Declaration of Independence was signed. It was first inherited back in history, when America was civilized. In the frontier days our country's people looked

for new ideas and new ways, in order to make this a better country. As flowers sprang up from the earth so did ideals come into our minds. These plans brought us a better democracy which made a government for the people, by the people, and of the people today. Our country has become more patriotic. In 1914 we showed livelong love for our land during the World War I. Our boys struggled to make men free. The battle is marked down as the greatest event in history for we are fighting for the love of our country more than ever. Our cities and soil are still young.

The decision today is what can we do to preserve Americanism? Every true American, of course, is trying to do this. Our brave men and boys, who are in the air, on land and sea are doing their very best to keep our Freedom and Liberty. This is the year in which they are giving a big push toward victory and each of us has our own part in it, whether in the country, city or at the home front. We must consecrate on ourselves. Americans! We can do our very best. Only those in uniform will have to pass through the thundering of bombs and shell-fire, the steel jacketed sleet of machine guns and the reeking slime of the jungles. We know they will do their part. Let the rest of us do our needful hard work. To fight, our boys must have the ammunition and supplies and to have that we, the people on the "home front", must do our part. Come on, "let us all buckle together."

Where is Americanism thought of mostly—on the home front or in the trembling battlefield? In the battlefield, of course. This is my opinion of such a question. Here, in this field a guy is not fighting to cram religion or his ideas down somebody else's throat. When a fellow like this lies thinking in a fox hole, with bombs whizzing over him and flies gnawing his brawny skin, he says, "I am fighting for my home."

Yes! Home is what these boys of "free-

dom and liberty" are fighting for this minute. Home to America where freedom of speech means a man can grouse or praise as he likes—where freedom of worship and and freedom from fear are not just rumors but are taken for granted. They all want to come back to their folks where they were brought up where there is new ideas and new ways of living.

That's home—That's America to them. That's the way they want America and we must keep it that way and have Americanism.

Helen Snow, '44

JERRY

I once owned a horse; he wasn't a very big horse; in fact he was a very small horse for his size. His name was Jerry, Dan, Bill, Pete, Tom and Jim. This is a very peculiar name for a horse but Jerry (that is what I called him for short) was a very peculiar horse. He was six times as strong as he thought he was, so I put blinders on him and yelled all six names at him. He worked six times as hard.

I had Jerry trained very well. One year when we were up in the Canadian bush country, I was chasing a rabbit on Jerry. (I had him trained for a bird dog.) The rabbit jumped over a thousand foot cliff. Without hesitating, Jerry went after him. What a predicament? What to do? At last I recalled Jerry's wonderful training, so when he was about five feet from the ground I hollered "Whoa" and he stopped; and I climbed off without being hurt a bit.

One day the forest near our camp caught fire and there was no one to put it out except Jerry and me. I took my bee bee gun and started shooting at Jerry. He thought the mosquitoes were biting him and started swishing his tail. He swished it so fast that

he put out that fire in no time. Speaking of mosquitoes, they were plenty large up there. I had our supplies sent in by plane; when one day a mosquito came down on the lake for a bath, I put sixty gallons of gasoline into him before I discovered it wasn't the supply plane.

I put five hundred tons of logs on a sled and Jerry couldn't budge them. I then hollered twenty-five names at him, and with that extra help he took the logs out of there so fast we went right by a flight of P-38's which left an hour before we did.

When we came down Miller hill his blinders came off, then he knew he was all alone. His pride was so broken, he just lay down in front of that sled.

Now if you want to see Jerry go down to Kimball's store and ask for a hamburger.

Charles Gordon, '45

WHY JOIN THE NAVY?

My personal reasons for a young man, including myself, to join the navy are to help get the war over as soon as possible, to learn a trade for future life because the Navy offers any young American, who is physically fit, many opportunities.

A young man who joins the navy will be given the opportunity to go to a specialized school and learn a trade. By learning a trade, you help to bring the end of the war closer and you also prepare yourself for future life.

A person who stays in the navy for twenty years can receive a pension for the rest of his life. He can also secure a good position in civilian life because the training that he received in the navy would be the best.

A sailor will have at the present time a lot of adventure in the navy. You will travel

to different parts of our country and to different sections of the world.

The navy offers better living conditions for its men than the army or marines do while you are in battle areas. In the navy you have a clean room in which to sleep, but in the army or marines you sleep in the best place you can find, most always a foxhole half filled with water. When meal time comes you have a clean mess in which to eat, but in the army or marines you eat while you are in mud up to your knees or in a place full of malaria or some other disease.

A man in the U. S. Navy leads a better life, when it comes to healthful conditions, than the other branches do. The navy has also more recreation than the other divisions of the service have. While on board ship you may go to the movies or to the soda fountain and have an ice cream.

The life of a sailor is not easy, by any means. When the Marines take an island in the South Pacific held by Japs, they don't do it alone, the Navy helps them. The Navy transports the Marines to the island, then the Navy shells the island sometimes as much as three or four days before they land the Marines by barges driven by sailors. While the Marines are securing a beachhead, the Navy's big guns keep on shelling the island and the Navy planes bomb the island, after taking off from a "Flat Top." The Marines don't take the island by themselves, the Navy helps them. It is all teamwork and the Navy doesn't have it so easy after all.

The United States Navy is the largest and best in the world. Its men advance to higher ratings quicker than they do in any other service of the country because they receive more schooling. The Navy has the best of equipment.

The boys who choose the Navy, in my opinion, choose the best in the world.

Donald Foss, '44

FAREWELL

The year is nearly over,
The seniors have to part,
But the classes of Hermon High,
Will always be in our hearts.

We have worked and played together
In the school room and out of doors,
To make the class a success
While we were on our school tour.

Cooperation has been among us,
With the teachers, pupils and class,
We have all had a good time,
In all the grades that have passed.

We bid you adieu Hermon High,
Your memories will in us live,
May your future years be progressive,
As we all "Go forth to serve."

Helen Snow, '44

JUNIOR CLASS

J is for Juniors
Our small class of nine,
U is for unity
For which we all pine.
N is for nonsense
I guess we've enough!
I is for intelligence
We sure know our stuff!
O is for order
We all toe the mark?
R is for righteousness
To us it's no lark.
C is for conduct
In that we all pass!
L is for loyalty
Of each lad and lass.
A is for ability
As our rank cards have shown?
S is for sincerity
For this we're well known.
We will not include
The remaining letter,
But be back next year
With something better.

Regina Burgess, '45

NIGHT

When the moon rises high in the heavens
 And the stars come out to play,
 And the brooks they trickle so lightly,
 They are resting for another day.

When you pass by the graveyard at midnight,
 Why do you shiver and shake?
 Is it fear of the souls that it's resting?
 Fear not they shall never wake.

Patricia Wilson, '46

MY POEM

This is my contribution,
 I know it does not rhyme;
 I wish it was against the Constitution
 To this way spend my time.

Now the teacher passed the paper,
 And told us all to write;
 I wish I had come later,
 And missed this awful plight.

Forrest Bragg, '47

AN OLD FORD CAR

Once I had an old Ford car,
 It rattled and squeaked at the littlest jar;
 The paint was red with stripes of green,
 But it was the best sight I'd ever seen.

One day I started up the old tug,
 It spit and sputtered and began to chug;
 It was on its way, on its last long hop,
 For it was headed for "The Old Junk
 Shop."

Donald Foss, '44

RESPECT YOUR ELDERS

I thought that Ma was mistaken,
 I believed that Pa was bent.
 I trusted that I was right,
 So I got up and went.

I started out next morning,
 My fortune for to find.
 I walked along the highway,
 But left my dough behind.

I went into the city,
 The candy store did find.
 Then realized my bad mistake,
 I left my dough behind.

I then did seek a job,
 The hunt was all in vain.
 Then I remembered Dad.
 And started home again.

I arrived home at nine,
 And Boy, did I shake.
 Ma was up stairs
 And Pa was still awake.

He met me at the door,
 A hair brush in his hand.
 He looked like Superman,
 His arm an iron band,

So remember little urchins,
 Don't go hunt in vain.
 For you'll remember meals,
 And come home again.

Donald Robinson, '46

THE RED CROSS

The soldier boy was wounded
As he crawled along the ground.
He'd been fighting Tojo's Hellions
When the three of them were found.

Tom and Joe will never come
From that unholy place.
They gave their lives, that we may live
To carry on the race.

The bullets whistled overhead
He cursed his fatal luck.
His wound was throbbing painfully
When he heard the motor truck.

He tried to hide among the brush
But his strength was leaving him,
He'd heard all about the Japanese
And his chances here were slim.

He fumbled around for his riot gun
The clip was empty, that he knew.
But even so he'd try to bluff
Although it was useless to.

They'd take him away to a prison camp
Torture him, and maybe worse.
His heart stood still, the truck had stopped,
Out jumped a Red Cross Nurse.

She bandaged up his bloody wounds,
Gave him Blood Plasma too.
She took him back to a hospital
He scarce could believe it true.

They shipped him home to the U. S. A.
The home that's for you and me.
The Red Cross saved his useful life
He's fighting now to keep us free.

Give all you can to the Red Cross
And help lick our enemies in this war.
We've got to show them who's the boss
That's what we're fighting for.

Arthur McGinley, '46

TOMORROW

Tomorrow's our future happiness
Our sadness, grief, and pain;
Tomorrow's the path we take
Toward a future lane.

Tomorrow's our hope and prayer
For something more great;
Tomorrow will win through
With revival or fate.

Tomorrow's the prosperity we find
When we work and strive;
Tomorrow will hold much
When it shall arrive.

Bonita Lord, '47

DARK CHRISTMAS

Christmas! The time for rejoicing!
With snow flying in the air.
Why should we be happy?
When they be dying "over there."

Shivering in their foxholes,
Freezing at their posts.
Dying as their comrades died,
While forcing back Hitler's hosts.

Crawling through muddy trenches
With bullets passing overhead.
Dreaming of Christmases gone past
As they stumble o're the dead.

When bells ring out at Christmas time
And we wish each other joy.
Each mother thinks in her secret heart
Of her fighting soldier boy.

So why should we be happy
And think of ourselves alone.
When our boys are out there fighting
And wishing they were home.

Arthur McGinley, '46

YOUR SON

Golden happiness passes onward
 Sadness comes that day;
 For one boy less have you
 Since he went away.

The army's call to colors
 Brought him to the stand;
 And he died bravely
 While fighting for this land.

Bonita Lord, '47

TWILIGHT

What is there in silence?
 In the melody of prayers?
 What is there in love and beauty?
 And of the soft summer air?
 What is there in the snow capped mountains
 With its purplish hue
 What is there in a rainbow
 Smiling through the blue?
 It is like a winged angel,
 Exclaiming o're each delight;
 Forever lingering in its beauty.
 As twilight turns to night.

Rose Mary Garland, '46

CAN THEY COME BACK AND LIVE?

We have men from farms and factories
 Who fight for this country as of yore.
 Can they come back when it's over,
 And live as they lived before?

When they've seen men fall on the
 battlefields
 And killed an enemy or two,
 Can they ever forget those days of strife,
 And live as they wanted to?

When they've been lost on rafts at sea
 And wounded in the strife,
 Can they come back when we are free
 And live a normal life?

When they've seen men piled like cabbages,
 With bodies riddled into a sieve,
 When they've eaten and fought like savages,
 Can they come back and live?

When the fight for peace is over
 And the sun can shine again,
 Will they start in where they left off?
 Will they be happy and humane?

Arthur McGinley, '46

Locals



SUPT. CHARLES H. GRANT

As our yearbook goes to press we regretfully learn of the resignation of Mr. C. H. Grant, who has been Superintendent of School Union Number 131 for the past 24 years.

Mr. Grant's long record has been one of achievement. It has been possible through his interest and untiring effort to put our schools on a basis, that is equal, if not superior, to any of corresponding size.

We, at this time, would like to express our sincere appreciation for his cooperation and genuine interest.

Mr. Earl McGraw, Principal of Mattanawcook Academy, Lincoln, Maine, for the past 11 years, succeeds Mr. Grant as Superintendent of Schools.

MR. WILFORD S. PIKE

It is with deep gratitude and appreciation that we acknowledge the trust fund of seven thousand, five hundred dollars, bequeathed to the High School by Mr. Pike in his will. The interest on this fund will be used for the improvement of the High School. Thus Mr. Pike, long known as one of the staunchest supporters of the schools of Hermon, has provided the High School with his continued support in the years to come.

New Members of the Faculty

There has been a complete change of the faculty this year with the exception of Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Nickerson.

The other teachers were Mr. Kenneth C. Young, Principal; Mrs. Bernice Webster, English and History; Mr. Carl Sawyer, Agriculture; Mrs. Katherine Herrick, Junior High School.

Glee Club

At the beginning of the year, Mrs. Marion Whitmore of Hampden was our music teacher. We heard on arriving back at school after the Christmas holidays that Mrs. Whitmore had resigned.

Mrs. Katherine Herrick willingly volunteered her services, so that our club could function the remainder of our school year.

Gymnasium

The gymnasium has some changes in the past year.

The students of the Agriculture Course, and other boys that were interested, helped sand and varnish the gym floor. They also painted the boys' lavatory. The girls, not letting the boys get ahead of them, also painted their lavatory.

The Senior Class, as a gift to the school, bought twenty chairs and the town of Hermon added one hundred to it.

The students now feel that when their parents and friends come to our entertainments, they will be comfortably seated while enjoying our programs.



JUNIOR HIGH OPERETTA

First row: R. Garland, L. Grant, O. Rogers, G. Leathers, C. Pickard, E. Burgess, F. Frost, E. Frost, B. Robertson, W. Lindsay.

Second row: G. Bates, B. White, E. Hemberg, R. Tibbetts, F. Boudreau, L. Hill, H. Robertson, R. Young, G. Warren.

Third row: Mrs. Herrick, Director; B. Goodell, J. San Antonio, V. Johnson, J. Patten, C. Overlock, H. Smith, P. Goodspeed, H. Voudoukis, P. Bates, E. Grant, Mrs. Nickerson, Director.

Fourth row: J. Lord, F. Gordon, C. Libby, R. Byers, H. Hartley, G. Lyons, F. Boudreau, D. Bowen, N. Garland.

OPERETTA

The Junior High presented a three-act Operetta, "Tom Sawyer," on April 6, 1944.

The cast included all students of the seventh and eighth grades.

Mrs. Nickerson and Mrs. Herrick were the directors.

Miss Marilyn Johnson of Bangor, Maine, a tap dancing artist, was their guest entertainer.

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement week will begin with the Baccalaureate services in the Baptist Church,

at Hermon Corner, on June 4, 1944. June 5, the Senior-Alumni banquet will be at the Bangor House, Bangor, Maine. The Graduation Exercises will be held in the Hermon High School Gymnasium at 8:00 P. M., on the evening of June 8th.

Following the Graduation Exercises the Commencement Ball will take place at the Odd Fellows Hall.

Class Color.....Maroon and Gold

Class Flower.....White Carnation

Class Motto....."Go Forth to Serve"

Class Marshall.....'.....Robert Tapley, '45



SENIOR PLAY CAST

First row: R. Burton, E. Young, E. Garland, R. Bradbury, H. Prescott.
 Second row: Mrs. Webster, Coach; V. Duplisea, P. Garland, S. Garland, F. Davis, V. Frost, F. Tibbetts.

SENIOR PLAY

The annual Senior Play, "Henpecked Henry", was presented in the Hermon High School Gymnasium February 16-17.

The entire action of the play takes place in the living room of the Hyde family, in a small town in California.

The play was directed by Mrs. Webster.

Cast of Characters

- Henry Hyde, Henpecked Henry, a meek and mild fellow.....ROBERT BURTON
- Erilla Hyde, his domineering wife who rules the roost.....PATRICIA GARLAND
- Ellen Hyde, their charming young daughter.....ETHLYN YOUNG
- Lottie Hartigan, the Hydies' maid.....VIRGINIA FROST
- Mrs. Ace Bliss (Edna) a neighbor.....FLORA TIBBETTS
- Ace Bliss, her husband.....FRANCIS DAVIS
- Kurt Little, who is determined to marry Ellen.....HENRY PRESCOTT

- Eda Rogers, a movie star.....VIRGINIA DUPLISEA
- Gladys Rogers, Eda's younger sister.....RUTH BRADBURY
- Pauline Rogers, another sister.....ETHEL GARLAND
- William B. Cripps, strictly a man of business.....STANLEY GARLAND

MAGAZINE DRIVE

The annual magazine contest took place in November, 1943. It proved very successful. The school was divided into day bombers and night bombers.

This great rivalry existed between Pauline Nowell, Majorette of the day bombers, and Henry Prescott, the Major of the night bombers. Robert Burton was the business manager.

The contest was won by the day bombers.



JUNIOR PRIZE SPEAKING

First row: J. Kelleher, E. Erickson, M. McGinley, R. Burgess.
Second row: D. McLain, M. Goodell, C. Gordon, R. Tapley.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

The Junior Exhibition will be presented in the High School Gymnasium, May 25, 1944. The pupils who will participate in the contest are as follows:

<i>January</i>	Eleanor Erickson
<i>The Convict</i>	Douglas McLain
<i>The Calm One</i>	William McCarty
<i>The Kidnapers</i>	Mona McGinley
<i>Ballard of Elkanah-B. Atkinson</i>	Robert Tapley
.....	Charles Gordon
<i>Where Is the Devil?</i>	Regina Burgess
<i>Letter From Australia</i>	Joanne Kelleher
<i>Case of Fits</i>	

Junior High School

FARM ANIMALS

The Horse had worked at the plow all day,
And all he'd asked for was his grain and hay
And a drink of water cool and clear;
A shelter from storm as night drew near.

The Sheep lay under the apple tree
Near the sheep the lambs played gay and free,
And shaded from the noonday sun
They dreamed of meadows where brooklets run.

The Cow had been to pasture all day
She had come up the lane to be milked and hayed.
She had also come for a good night's rest
So as to give of her milk the best.

The animals had worked all day
And all they asked was grain and hay
And water from springs cool and clear,
A roof as night drew near.

Galen Leathers,
Grade 7.

MY TREE

There grows beside my window
A beautiful, beautiful tree,
And every time I look at it
It seems to nod to me.

It was planted many years ago,
By an honest, loving hand.
And now, to pay respect, it grows
And shadows all the land.

All winter long it stands there
And not a leaf does show
And down through all its branches
Lightly falls the winter snow.

But soon the spring will come again,
And the sun will melt the snow
And on those broad, bare branches,
New leaves will once more grow.

Rosalie Young,
Grade 7

STORMING THE HILL

A group of U. S. infantry men were trying to take a hill from the Germans. Leading the group of men was Sergeant Joe Davis. A German machine gun nest was concealed on the hill, that was the only thing that was holding them back. Two of the boys started to storm it but were cut down before they had gone four feet. Another one started crawling through the grass; he was wiped out by a sniper. Sergeant Davis appointed himself and two men to tackle the nest; each man crawled in different directions. Davis crawled through the grass. He got closer and closer. Then he saw it, three Germans were manning the gun. He crawled still farther, pretty soon he was within twenty-five feet of the nest and the men in it. All was clear. That night the Stars and Stripes were waving on that hill.

Clair Overlock,
Grade 8.

JUNIOR HIGH

I like to go to Junior High
I think it's lots of fun,
But when it comes to studying,
I am awful dumb.

I like my teacher very much
She helps me all the time,
But when she makes me write a poem,
She says it has to rhyme.

On Friday school is over
And everything is done,
That is when we have
The best of all our fun.

Duane Lovley,
Grade 8.



FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE PLAY

First row: L. Witherly B. Lord, E. Luce, R. Pendleton, D. Tapley, H. Dole, C. White.
Second row: A. Sherwood, F. Bragg, G. Blake, R. Bowen, D. Robinson, D. Homsted
 A. McGinley, Coach Mrs. Nickerson.
Third row: Coach Mr. Young.

FRESHMAN PLAY

The Freshman play is a one-act comedy, entitled "The Ghostly Passenger," which will be presented at the High School auditorium on May 19, 1944.

OUR SHIPS

My Dad works in the ship yards,
 He works there every day.
 He helps to build the great big ships
 That are winning this war, they say.

These ships are very big and strong
 They carry our boys o'er sea,
 They shoot guns at our enemies,
 To help bring peace and victory.

Pauline Snow,
 Grade 7.

SOPHOMORE PLAY

The Sophomore Play is a two-act comedy entitled "The Red Lamp," which will be presented in the High School Gymnasium on May 19, 1944.

THE BROOK TROUT

I went down to the brook
 And caught a great big trout
 I got a stick
 And put it through his snout.

But when I got home
 I found I shouldn't have gone,
 Because I met a warden
 And he said, "You come along."

Freeman Frost,
 Grade 8.



Athletics

BOYS BASKETBALL

1st Team

C. Myron Goodell
(*Captain*)
L. G. Douglas McLain
R. G. William McCarty
L. F. Robert Burton
R. F. James McCarty

2nd Team

C. Clinton Hemberg
L. G. Stanley Garland
R. G. Francis Davis
L. F. Dickie Lord
R. F. Henry Prescott

Our team finished second in the newly reorganized basketball league which was won by East Corinth.

The members of our team chosen for the All Star team were: W. McCarty and M. Goodell. They were the outstanding players at the All Star game at East Corinth.

HERMON vs. EAST CORINTH

One of the most exciting games of the year was Hermon and East Corinth. Both teams fought desperately, while the audience cheered them on. Each team matched basket for basket until the end of the game was 29-29 and we played over-time and East Corinth won by two baskets.

HERMON vs. HAMPDEN

Here was a thrilling game. During the first quarter, Hermon went out in the lead with a score of 2-1, and at the half, the score was 9-7 for Hermon. At the third quarter Hermon was 14-13. The last quarter of the game Hermon led the score 18-15.

Hermon 14
Hermon 18
*Hermon 22
*Hermon 33
Hermon 34
Hermon 29
*Hermon 31
Hermon 23
Hermon 18
*Hermon 27
Hermon 26
*Hermon 31
*Hermon 38

Orono 54
Hartland 22
E. Corinth 19
Corinna 17
Corinna 19
E. Corinth 33
Orono 49
Bangor J. V. 49
Hampden 15
Hampden 18
Newport 9
Hartland 18
Newport 24

*Indicates home games.

BOYS BASEBALL

This year Hermon High is eagerly looking forward to the baseball season. There is a large number of candidates trying out for the squad, most of which are inexperienced.

This year there is a Central League composed of the following schools: East Corinth, Corinna, Newport, Hartland and Hermon. We hope to do as well in baseball as we did in basketball.

Baseball Schedule

April 28..... Hermon at Hartland
May 2..... East Corinth at Hermon
May 5..... Corinna at Hermon
May 9..... Hermon at Newport
May 12..... Hartland at Hermon
May 23..... Newport at Hermon
May 26..... Hermon at East Corinth
June 2..... Hermon at Corinna



GIRLS BASKETBALL

First row: D. Libby, M. Philbrook, A. Sherwood, E. Garland (Capt.), P. Garland, G. Robertson.

Second row: Coach, Mr. Young, R. Garland, R. Robinson, D. Homsted, M. McGinley, G. Blake, Coach, Mr. Sawyer.



GIRLS' SOFTBALL

First row: R. Robinson, E. Young, P. Garland, F. Moore, E. Garland, M. McGinley, F. Tibbetts.

Second row: A. Sherwood, R. Garland, H. Snow, M. Bigelow, D. Libby, D. Homsted, V. Wilson, M. Philbrook, G. Robertson, E. Huey, Coach, Mr. Young.

Third row: E. Fletcher, G. Blake, G. Willey, A. Burgess, E. Luce, E. Erickson, M. Goodell, E. Thayer, D. Tapley.



BOYS BASKETBALL

*First row: R. Burton, S. Garland, M. Goodell (Capt.) D. McLain, J. McCarty. (William McCarty absent when taken).
Second row: Coach, Mr. Young, B. Lord, F. Davis C. Hemberg H. Prescott, Coach, Mr. Sawyer.*



BOYS' BASEBALL

*First row: H. Prescott, D. McLain, F. Davis, R. Burton, C. Hemberg, S. Garland, R. Tapley.
Second row: J. McCarty, A. Keith, R. Nadeau, C. Gordon, M. Goodell, K. Bartlett, C. White, Coach Mr. Sawyer.
Third row: E. Tibbetts, B. Lord, A. McGinley, H. Wood, H. Kelleher, G. Somers.*

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Girls waited anxiously for Coach Young to issue the first call for basketball practice. This call came in November.

This season of 1943-44 was a very successful year for the girls. Sixteen girls came out for basketball practice, of which twelve went on trips.

The first team was picked as follows: Patricia Garland, Marise Philbrook, Geraldine Robertson, as forwards. Guards were: Ethel Garland, Alice Sherwood, Dorothy Libby. The subs were Mona McGinley and Gloria Blake, forwards; Ruth Robinson, Rosemary Garland, and Dorothy Homsted, guards.

We played ten games, of which eight were in the league; the other two were with Hampden.

*Hermon 23	Corinna 17
Hermon 28	Newport 18
*Hermon 23	East Corinth 11
Hermon 19	Hartland 19
Hermon 21	Corinna 14
*Hermon 28	Newport 23
Hermon 34	East Corinth 11
*Hermon 30	Hartland 15
*Hermon 23	Hampden 20
Hermon 21	Hampden 33

*Indicates home games.

This year we are losing, by graduation, two of our outstanding players, Ethel Garland, Captain, and Patricia Garland.

We also had three cheer leaders who were: Ethlyn Young, Patricia Garland, and Mona McGinley.

The girls received a cup. Seven girls won gold basketballs.

There also was a banquet given by the mothers in honor of the basketball students, March 13.

This year a softball team was formed by Coach Young.

The first interscholastic game of softball ever played by Hermon was at Corinna with a Hermon victory.

Score: Hermon 11; Corinna 4.

SOFTBALL SCHEDULE

April 26.....	Hermon at Corinna
May 3.....	Hartland at Hermon
May 17.....	Newport at Hermon
May 24.....	Hermon at East Corinth

EXCHANGES

With the passing of another year we again exchange yearbooks.

We have enjoyed exchanging books and hope our comments and criticism will be of some value to you.

The Northern Lights—George Stearns High School.

Your title pages introducing each month is very clever. Why not have a page or two of snapshots; they would add more interest to your book.

The Monitor—Unity High.

Your novel idea of Alumni write-ups were superb. But may we suggest a few more pictures.

"The Sedan"—Hampden Academy.

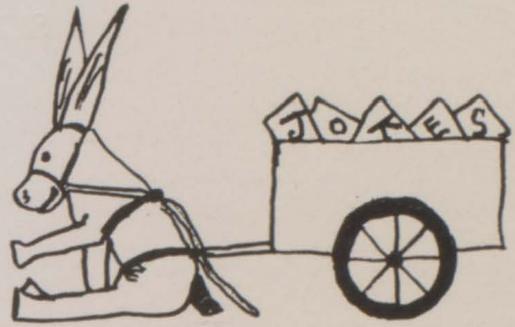
Congratulations on your very fine book, but may we suggest that your Senior write-ups come opposite their pictures.

"The Winner"—Winthrop High School.

You have a very interesting literary section. Why not, however, confine your ads to the back of the book.

Some others we are also going to exchange with are: Corinna Union Academy, East Corinth Academy, Bar Harbor High School, Carmel High School.

Highlights of the Year



SENIORS

S is for the funny, foolish Seniors,
 E is for the efficiency they give,
 N is for the nice way that they study,
 I is for the intelligent way they live,
 O is for the other things they don't do,
 R is for the rights that they possess,
 Put them all together, they spell Senior,
 The word that means the world to H. H. S.

L. F. Higgins, '44

In English Class, Ethel Garland was asked to rearrange this sentence, "When the street car stopped, with a jerk I fell."

Ethel replied: "When the street car stopped, I fell with a jerk."

In History class while discussing Civil War period, Mrs. Webster asked:

"What was very effective in selling Bonds?"

Davis: "Dorothy Lamour."

Farmer: "What's the matter with those eggs I sold you yesterday?"

Rita Bowen: "They're too small for their age."

Mrs. Herrick: "What does the saying, 'Freedom ends where license begins,' mean?"

Kenneth Bartlett: "Do you mean marriage license?"

A Northern Maine Junction resident, with a doubtful look on his face, was watching Francis Davis repair his car. Francis ceased work for a few minutes and asked the neighbor, "What is this, the first car you ever saw?"

His neighbor replied: "No, but it looks something like it."

Bob Burton: "There are fifty-five girls in this school and I haven't kissed one of them."

Henry: "Which one is that?"

Mrs. Webster: "What were the three great difficulties to overcome during Jefferson's administration?"

C. Hemberg: "Women, liquor and gasoline."

In Study hall:

Prescott: "Flora, what do we have in history for today?"

Flora: "Chapter 14."

Prescott: "Way other there? Why the last chapter I read was when Washington was crossing the Delaware and Martha was right behind him."

Mrs. Webster to Francis Davis in English Class: "Change this sentence—'The man in the garden dropped his hoe and ran to assist the stranger'."

Davis: "The man dropped the stranger in the garden and ran to assist the hoe."

SENIOR STATISTICS

Name	Nickname	A Yen For	Identification	Cause of Death
Virginia Duplisea	"Ginnie"	"A Sea Bee"	Short & Stout	Too much gum
Robert Burton	"Bobby"	"Margie"	Giggle	Heavily scented lipstick
Ethlyn Young	"Lindy"	"Al"	Blushing	Trying to talk French
Helen Snow	"Helen"	"Typing"	Quietness	Caught fingers in typing keys
Virginia Frost	"Ginny"	"Walter"	Star Eyes	Run over by '34 Plymouth
Clinton Hemberg	"Sarg"	"Bars"	Stripes	Local Board No. 2
Patricia Garland	"Pat"	"Bud"	Temper	No date with "Bud"
Ethel Garland	"Effie"	"Pop"	Hair Do's	Kidnaped by Merchant Marine
Donald Foss	"Don"	"Lorraine"	Red Hat	Hermon Girls
Henry Prescott	"Pressie"	"A Red Head"	Expressions	Shaving
Stanley Garland	"Stan"	"Paula"	Curly Hair	Low Marks
Leon Higgins	"Hig"	"Germaine"	Freckles	"Glennis"
Francis Davis	"Dave"	"Milo"	Flashy Socks	Drowned while fishing
Marjorie Bigelow	"Margie"	"A car"	Telling Stories	No letters
Ruth Bradbury	"Ruthie"	"Edward"	Nicely Dressed	Loneliness
Pauline Nowell	"Polly"	"A Soldier"	Flirting	Going Out
Flora Tibbetts	"Flo"	"A Ford"	Stealing Tie Clasps	Freddie
Frances Moore	"Frannie"	"The Navy"	Sweater	No dates

Meow! Meow! will you let us in? In case you don't know who this is, well! "Chilluns" lend an ear and we'll reveal our identity as well as a few newsy facts. This is purely confidential, but did you hear about Ruth taking that fatal step; and her one and only has gone over. Why does a Senior lassie prefer Modern Cleaners to the Hillside Dye House? Do they really clean clothes so much better??? What Senior girl was seen riding in a 1939 Pontiac one early Sunday morning. T'sk! T'sk! Frostie. What Senior boy swoons when he hears Priscilla's voice over a mysterious telephone? Get a little closer kids and open up more and listen to what we have to tell you about Regina's mysterious trips to Bangor. Can she be the "Woman in Black"? Now listen all you cat fans. What dark eyed girl takes so many trips to Corinna? Could it be because of the Spiritualist reading? Could that be Bob Burton that we so often

see at Keith's Bowling Alley with a blonde. His ad must have proved successful. Why is Ethel hiding behind doors? Could it be that she is trying to be true to "Pop"? What poor little Junior girl is moaning because she hasn't received a letter!!! Too bad, Mona! What Senior girl is thinking seriously about organizing a girl Seabees unit? Wasn't Joanne's Orchid an eyeful?????? Gather around all and console the girls who have lost their one and only to Uncle Sam. Who are the three Mesquiteros of Hermon High? Flash! Special Bulletin. Why is it that a certain freckled Senior lass likes Weston's? Don't they serve nice ones at the Palace of Sweets, Margie? Well, Chilluns, time for bed. Remember, this is purely confidential and not to be repeated!

Meow! Meow!
Your cat spies.

"H. H. S. HIT PARADE"

"Memories".....Pauline Nowell
 "I'll See You in My Dreams".....Alden Keith
 "Sleepy Time Gal".....Virginia Frost
 "Whispering".....Francis Davis
 "Margie".....Robert Burton
 "That Old Gang of Mine".....Stan, Leon, Henry
 "Here Comes the Navy".....Donald Foss
 "Why Don't You Fall in Love With Me"
Joan Kelleher
 "Three O'clock in the Morning".....
Edith Huey
 "Don't Make Me Go to Bed".....Ethlyn Young
 "Back in the Saddle Again".....Flora Tibbetts
 "When I Lay My Burden Down".....Mr. Young
 "I've Got Plenty of Nothing".....
William McCarty
 "No Letter Today".....Marjorie Bigelow
 "Pistol Packing Mama".....Mona McGinley
 "Coming In on a Wing and a Prayer".....
Senior Play Cast
 "Bye Now".....Graduation Day
 "Maybe".....Mrs. Webster
 "By the Light of the Silvery Moon".....
Students Studying
 "Tears On My Pillow".....Ruth Bradbury
 "No Love, No Nothing".....Eleanor Erickson
 "Just Friends".....Helen Snow
 "Dark Eyes".....Regina Burgess
 "I'm Thinking of My Blue, Blue Eyes".....
Patricia Garland
 "Is It Madness".....Patricia Wilson
 "If You Please".....Charles Gordon
 "Don't Get Around Much Any More".....
R. Garland
 "Put Your Arms Around Me Honey".....
Geraldine Robertson
 "What Do They Do in the Infantry".....
Clinton Hemberg

"Pop' Goes the Weasel".....Ethel Garland
 "Somebody Else Is Taking My Place".....
Dorothy Libby
 "Is This Heaven".....Main Room
 "I Don't Believe in Rumors".....Mrs. Myers
 "Sweet Thing".....Dorothy Tapley
 "Mr. Meadowlark".....Mr. Sawyer
 "Always".....Rita Bowen
 "I'll Be Around".....Dickie Lord
 "Slender, Tender, and Tall".....Ruth Robinson

"Your Gal Sal"

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Helen Snow.....Hopeful Sal
 Frances Moore.....Familiar Maiden
 Clinton Hemberg.....Country Hick
 Ruth Bradbury.....Royal Bride
 Flora Tibbetts.....Forgetful Type
 Robert Burton.....Regular Bum
 Virginia Duplisea.....Very Deceitful
 Pauline Nowell.....Pleasant Necking
 Stanley Garland.....Slick Guy
 Henry Prescott.....He's Pricilla
 Donald Foss.....Doesn't Flirt
 Ethlyn Young.....Earnestly Yearns
 Ethel Garland.....Easy Going
 Virginia Frost.....Very Flighty
 Patricia Garland.....Positively Groovy
 Francis Davis.....Flirty Drip
 Leon Higgins.....Lub-me-Honey
 Marjorie Bigelow.....Mighty Big

JUST S'POSE

The Seniors Boys didn't act out in English and History Class.

"Bobby's" car didn't head in the direction of Brewer.

Henry couldn't find the Coldbrook road.

Joan and Gloria stopped dancing.

Donald didn't have an appealing smile.

Mr. Sawyer had a steady girl friend.

Douglas stopped flirting.

The Senior typist didn't have to type.

That there weren't so many engagements among the Senior girls.

The Seniors couldn't chew gum.

Dotty Homsted acted out.

Edith Huey got in early.

Flora couldn't get her clothes cleaned free.

Helen Snow flirted with the boys.

Henry, Bobby and Clinton lost their girls.

Frederick Boudreau didn't flirt with Junior High girls.

Mona McGinley stayed home.

Arthur couldn't flirt.

Mr. Sawyer didn't have tools in the shop.

Mrs. Myers couldn't keep order.

Mr. Young missed his daily walk.

The Senior boys didn't have to stay after school.

The boys in H. H. S. all could dance.

Virginia Frost, '44

Year of Love
City of Blues
Date of Kisses

Dear "G. I. Joe",

"Here I go again," at "Three O'clock in the Morning," "I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep," and "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," with "Tears On My Pillow." "There's Always a First Time," "You Precious Fool," "Nobody Else Would Take Your Place," "Way Down in Tenn.," "Sunday, Monday or Always." "Are You the One," "My Honey," "I'm Depending on You," from "Twilight til Dawn." "I'll Be Around," "When My Daddy Comes Marching Home." "I'll Let You Know Tomorrow," if, "I Ever Fall in Love Again," "So Thank Your Lucky Stars" that "You're the Love Song in My Heart." "I'll Always Be Waiting for You," "Lonely and Blue."

Pistol Packin' Mamma

Duffy's Tavern.

"Pistol Packin' Mamma",

This is your "Beer Drinking Papa." "It's a Hot Time," "In the Town of Berlin." "I'll Let You Know Tomorrow," "Old Sad Eyes." "You Had It Coming to You," for misleading "A Fellow on a Furlough." "What Is There to Do?" "Whenever I'm With You." "Put Your Dreams Away." "Who Cares?" I'll be around "One of These Days." "I Was Happy Till I Met You," but "Now I Am Heart Sick." "I Can't Do Without Your Love," "Till We Meet Again."

"Yours Until Victory,"

"G. I. Joe."

Ethel Garland, '44
Virginia Frost, '44

Alumni



ALUMNI IN SERVICE

Lyonis Andrews
Paul Bean
Perry Bean
Randolph Beatham
Earl Brick
Floyd Brown
Charles Burton
Norman Burton
Kenneth Clark
Lewis Clark
David Daigle
Stanley Dennis
Arthur Dole
Lawrence Dole
Charles Douglas
Darrell Douglas
Florian Ellingwood
Merritt Emerson
Lawrence Garland
Forrest Goodwin
Robert Grant
James Haskell
Lewis Haskell
Stanley Hawes
Gordon Hewes
Kenneth Higgins
Winston Judkins
George Kelly
Frank Landry
Lawrence Leonard
Gerald Libby

Vernon Libby (Hon. Discharge)
Lloyd Littlefield
Walter McCarty
Carl McFadden
Alberton McLain
George Moore
Ona Morrison
Verl Morrison
William Murphy
Barbara Nowell (Hon. Discharge)
Elmo Nowell
Theodore Perkins
Bertrand Phillips
Harland Randall
Clifton Robinson
Verlie Robinson
Albion Saunders
Alvah Saunders
Douglas Sherburn
Myron Sherwood
Frederick Staples
Willard Swan
Lloyd Sweetser
Kenneth Thayer
Earl Tibbetts
Stephen Vafiades
Charles Warren (Hon. Discharge)
Elwin Witherly

Note:

J. Merrill Carter, Jr., (Agriculture Teacher) 1942.
Lawrence W. Dwyer (Principal), 1938-1943.

1934

Pauline Bickford, (Mrs. Manley Bemis) living in Brewer.
 Estelle Clark, (Mrs. Dean Hayden) living in Hermon.
 Lloyd Goodspeed, working for Cole's Express.
 Francis Lane, employed in Rhode Island.
 Francis Homsted, working in Connecticut.
 Dwina Morrison, (Mrs. Raymond Smith) living in Bath.
 Wilma Patten, (Mrs. William Winship) living in Hermon.
 Carlotta Smith, (Mrs. Frank Smart) living in Bangor.
 Richard Winship, working in Portland.
 Paul Witherly, Webber Motor Co.

1935

Arlington Booker, Minister in Connecticut.
 Arthur Dole, Medical School, Ohio.
 Barbara Felka, nursing at E. M. G. Hospital, Bangor.
 Royce Gray, manager of Gray's Dairy, Hermon.
 Stanley Hawes, in the U. S. Army.
 Herbert Haughton, teaching in Virginia.
 Gordon Hewes, U. S. Army.
 Alvin Lord, employed at Airplane Factory, Hartford, Conn.
 Lottie Ricker, (Mrs. Kenneth Ellingwood) living in Bangor.
 Clifton Robinson, in the U. S. Army, overseas.
 Stephen Vafiades, in the U. S. Army.
 Lloyd Witherly, at home in Hermon.

1936

Perry Bean, Armed Services.
 Clyde Booker, attending Bible School, Providence, R. I.
 Louise Clifford, (Mrs. Lloyd Goodspeed) living in Bangor.
 Harriette Coffin, (Mrs. Stanley Loren) living in Keene, N. Hampshire.
 Rebecca Dole, working in Washington, D. C.
 Barbara Higgins, (Mrs. Francis Watson) living in Bangor.
 Winston Judkins, U. S. Marines.
 George Kelley, U. S. Navy.
 Wilford Leathers, National Guard.
 Thelma Luce, employed at the Bangor Weather Bureau.
 Verl Morrison, U. S. Army.
 Ruth Overlock, (Mrs. Albert Fessenden) living in Bangor.
 Regina Parkman, (Mrs. Roland Ernest) living in Levant.

1937

Louisa Bickford, (Mrs. Clarence Pratt) living in Hermon.
 Earl Brick, in the U. S. Army.
 Olive Felker, (Mrs. Robert Sedgely) living in Portland.
 Robena Gardner, living in Bangor.
 Margaret Grant, (Mrs. Robert Houser) working for General Electric Co.
 Eloise Higgins, (Mrs. Owen Goss) living in Levant.
 Lloyd Littlefield, in the U. S. Army.
 Lloyd Miller, working in Connecticut.
 Ruth Porter, (Mrs. Royce Gray) living in Hermon.
 Jaunita Sinford, (Mrs. Raymond White) Waterville, Maine.
 Arlene Tibbetts, (Mrs. William Kelley) living in Westbrook, Maine.
 Esther Tibbetts, (Mrs. Leroy Bartlett) living in Hermon.
 Elwin Witherly, U. S. Army.
 Muriel Leathers, (Mrs. Daniel McGraw) living in Freeport.

1938

Marion Porter, (Mrs. Wildon Lord) at home in Hermon.
 Perdita Smith, Deceased.
 Annie Witherly, (Mrs. Vernon Dinsmore) at home in Bar Harbor, Me.
 Leroy Bartlett, employed at Harriman's Garage, Bangor.
 Paul Bean, in the U. S. Army.
 Merritt Emerson, in the U. S. Army.
 Theodore Perkins, in the U. S. Army.
 Douglas Sherburn, in the U. S. Marines.
 Barbara Aieta, (Mrs. Edward Rose) employed at Bangor Air Base.
 Shirley Higgins, (Mrs. Shirley Kearns) living in Bangor.
 Norma Miller, (Mrs. Roger Pinkham) at home in Hermon.
 Eleanor Overlock, (Mrs. Roger Stevens) living in Bangor.

1939

Marie Brown, training in Rockland.
 Darrell Douglas, in the U. S. Army.
 Mrs. James Burke, living in Hampden.
 Alice Frazier, working in Bangor.
 Roseleen Hall, nurse, Waldo County Hospital, Belfast.
 Lillian Libby, (Mrs. Frank Crocker) living in Brewer.
 Wildon Lord, employed at Salem Court Garage, Inc.
 Alberton McLain, in the U. S. Air Corps, Wyoming.

Barbara Nowell, employed at W. T. Grant Co., Bangor.
 Josephine Robertson, (Mrs. Ralph Goss) living in Brewer.
 Earl Tibbetts, in the U. S. Navy.

1940

Delta Shortt, training in Biddeford, Maine.
 Clara Bubier, (Mrs. Alberton McLain) nursing in Wyoming.
 Lewis Clark, U. S. Army.
 David Daigle, U. S. Army.
 Rose Daigle, (Mrs. Arthur Allen) at home in Bath.
 Charles Douglas, in the U. S. Army.
 Ellie Emerson, (Mrs. Aurele Levesque) living in Grand Falls, N. B.
 Kenneth Higgins, in the U. S. Army, overseas.
 June Robertson, (Mrs. Thomas Shanley) at home in Hermon.
 Marlys Shortt, nursing in Washington, D. C.
 Phyllis Small, working in the office of Bean & Conquest.
 Bernice Gordon, (Mrs. Wendell Smith) living in Belfast.
 Edwin Grant, employed at Armour & Co., in Bangor.
 Carl McFadden, in the U. S. Army.

1941

Arvilla Thayer, riveting at Dow Field, Bangor.
 Pearl Tibbetts, (Mrs. Roland Hersom, Jr.) living in Somerville, Mass.
 Gertrude Tapley, filing clerk, Ordinance Service Command Shop, Bangor.
 Verlie Robinson, in the U. S. Marines.
 Ella Robertson, (Mrs. Edward Turner) at home in Hermon.
 Virginia Nowell, (Mrs. Edward Hazada) employed in Bangor.
 Shirley Morrill, (Mrs. William Corey) employed at Freese's in Bangor.
 George Moore, in the U. S. Navy, Jacksonville, Fla.
 Eleanor Light, employed in Freese's in Bangor.
 Vernon Libby, employed at the M. D. T., Hermon.
 Lewis Haskell, U. S. Navy Medical Corps, Washington.
 Mildred Goodell, employed by Dr. Bubar, Bangor.
 Lawrence Garland, U. S. Army, Fort Benning, Ga.
 Daniel Frazier, attending the University of Maine.
 Anna Mae Dole, (Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Brown 3rd) Nashville, Tenn.
 Charles Burton, U. S. Army Air Corps, India.

Floyd Brown, U. S. Army, Virginia.
 Clarence Booker, attending Bible School, Providence, R. I.
 Claire Booker, employed at Standard Oil Co., Bangor.

1942

Shirley Blake, (Mrs. James Haskell) working at Dow Field, Bangor.
 Ada Douglas, working at Dow Field, Bangor, Me.
 Grace Emerson, Nature Footwear, Brewer.
 Linwood Littlefield, employed at the M. D. T.
 Clifford Lord, Airplane mechanic, Dow Field, Bangor.
 Kenneth Miller, working at Railway Express, Bangor.
 Phyllis Morrill, (Mrs. Shirley Cummings) Bridgeport, Conn.
 Eleanor Overlock, working in Portland.
 Vera Overlock, (Mrs. Ralph Ross) living in Florida.
 Irma Tingley, working in Bangor.
 Beverly Willey, clerk at Claude Kimball's, Hermon.
 Estelle Witherly, working at Air Base, Bangor.
 Helen Witherly, at home in Hermon.
 James Haskell, in the U. S. Navy.

1943

Robert Grant, in the U. S. Navy, England.
 Roberta Hill, working at Dow Field, Bangor.
 Nellie Huey, working in office at WAC recruiting station.
 Arline McCarty, working at Viner's Shoe Factory, Bangor.
 Walter McCarty, U. S. Army, Camp Devens, Mass.
 Gloria McGinley, working in the office of Employment Agency, Bangor.
 Sylvia Pendleton, attending the University of Maine.
 Gerald Pickard, working at home.
 Ethel Porter, working at Lord's store, Hermon.
 Duncan Robertson, Jr., employed at Nissen's Bakery, Bangor.
 Mildred Rush, employed at Viner's Shoe Factory, Bangor.
 Phyllis Silk, (Mrs. Barryon Turner) living in Greenwood, Miss.
 Eldred Smith, living at home.
 Helen Smith, living at home.
 Kenneth Thayer, U. S. Navy Seabees, Hawaiian Islands.
 Gladys Tibbetts, employed at Viner's Shoe Factory, Bangor.

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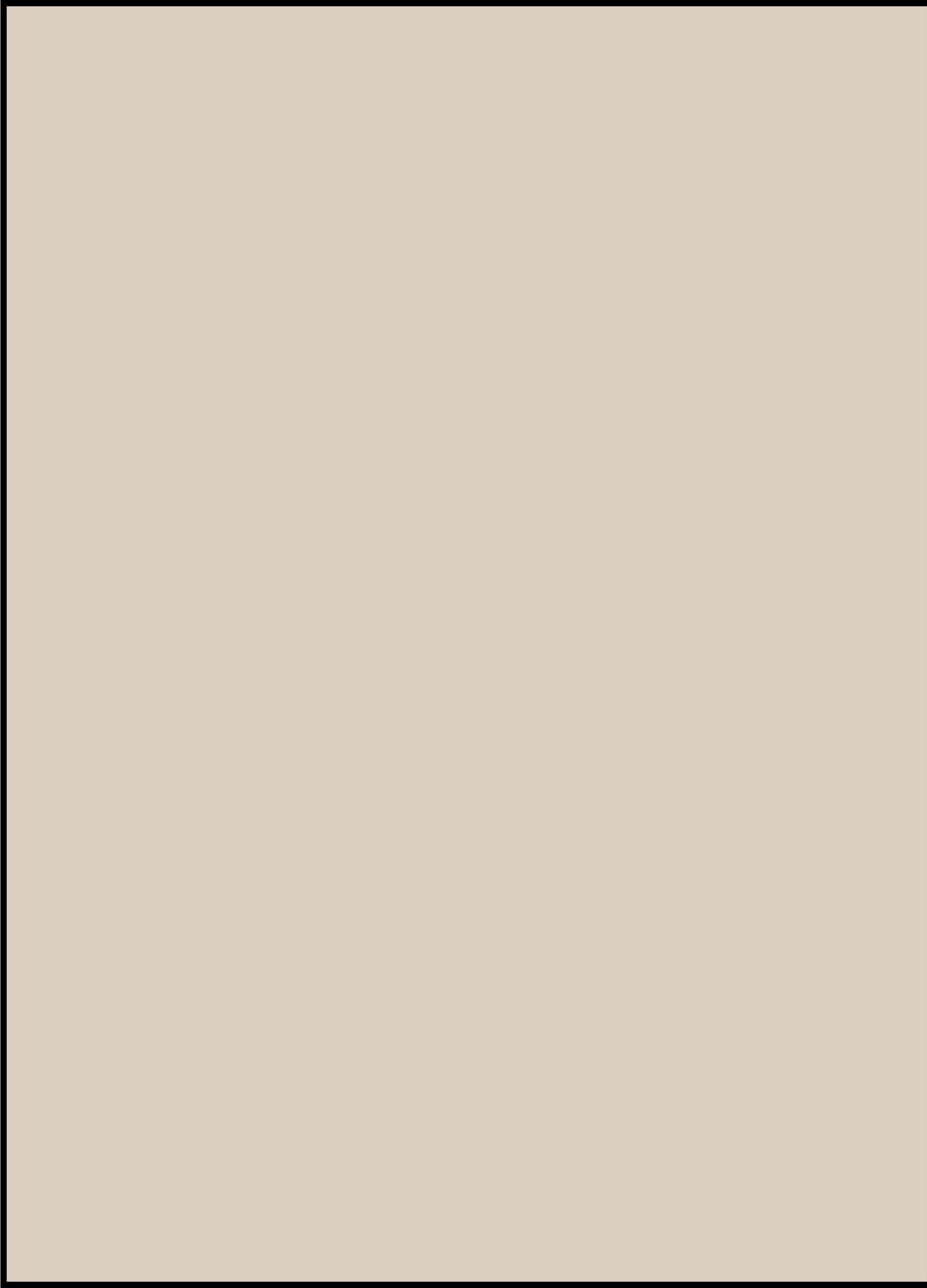
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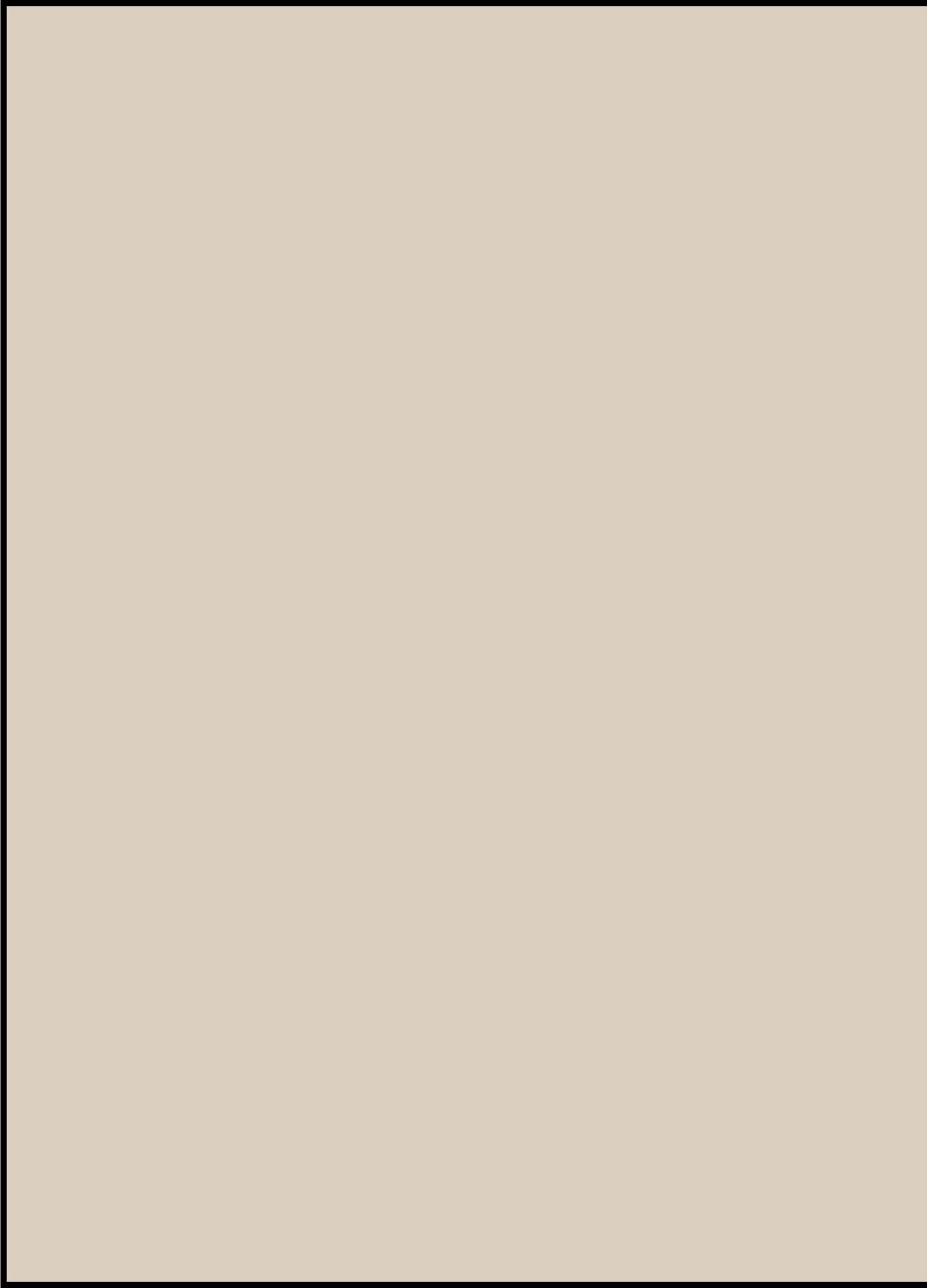
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