

The Microphone



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1942

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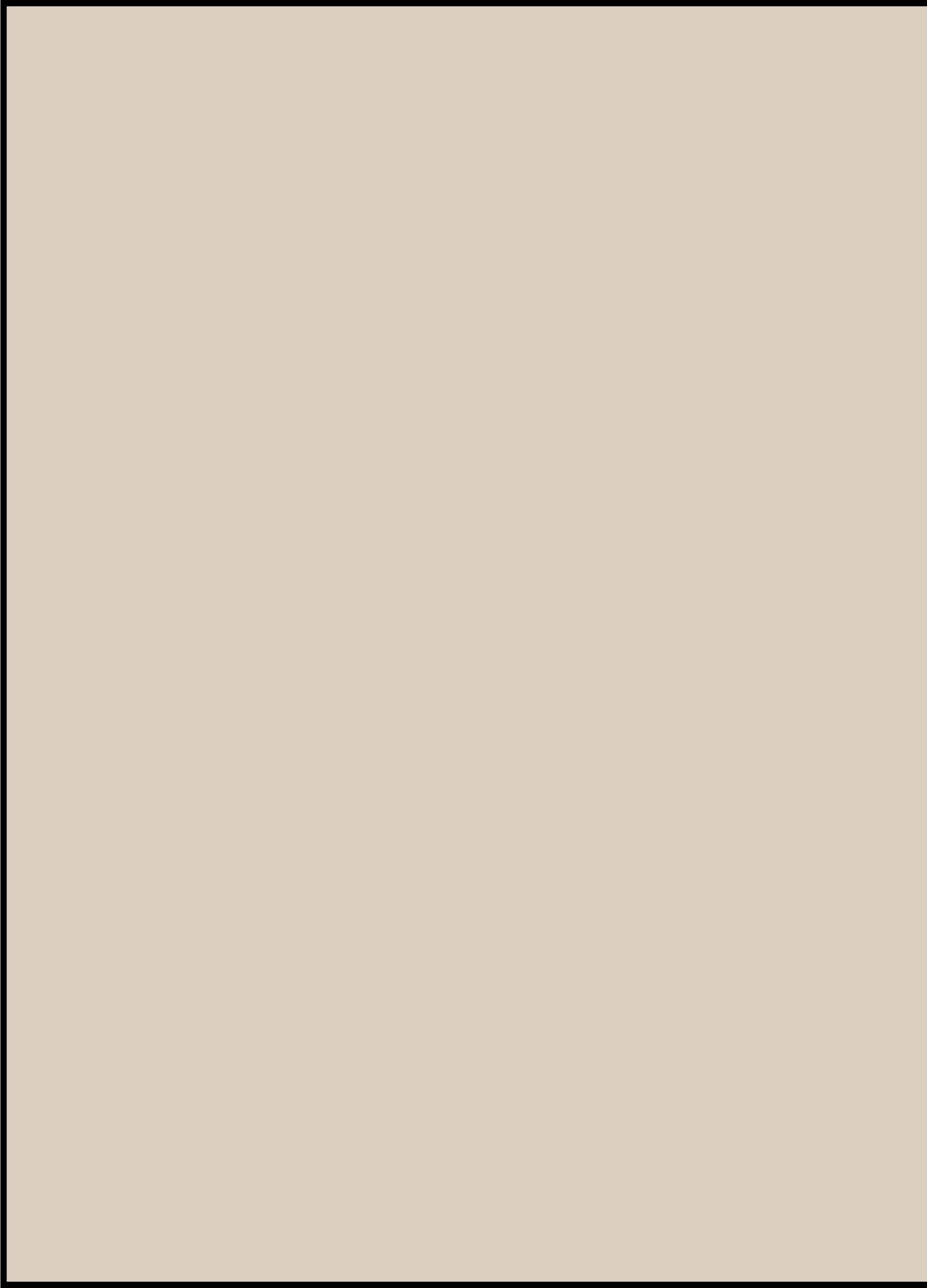
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It is with pride and pleasure that we dedicate this issue of "The Microphone" to Ray T. Luce. For many years he has been a prominent citizen of our town and a loyal and capable member of our school board.



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CURRICULUM—1942-43

Hermon High School was founded in the year 1921. It has rapidly progressed in its twenty years of existence and is now classed as a Class A Secondary School by the Maine Department of Education.

The four courses offered in the school are: College, General, Commercial, and Agriculture.

COMMERCIAL	COLLEGE	AGRICULTURE	GENERAL
<i>First Year</i>	<i>First Year</i>	<i>First Year</i>	<i>First Year</i>
English I Com. Arith. Citizenship (Electives) Agric. I Algebra I French I Biology	English I French I Algebra I (Electives) Citizenship Agric. I Biology	English I Agric. I Biology (Electives) Citizenship Algebra I (or any other elective)	English I Citizenship (Electives) Biology Algebra I Agric. I French I
<i>Second Year</i>	<i>Second Year</i>	<i>Second Year</i>	<i>Second Year</i>
English II Bookkeeping 1 Geog. and Law (Electives) Agric. II Biology	English II French I Geometry (Electives) Agric. II Biology	English II Agric. II (Electives) Citizenship Algebra I (or any other elective)	English II (Electives) Biology Geometry Agric. II French II World History
<i>Third Year</i>	<i>Third Year</i>	<i>Third Year</i>	<i>Third Year</i>
English III Bookkeeping II Type. & Sten. I (Electives) World History French I Physics	English III Physics Geometry French II (Electives) Agric. III Biology	English III Agric. III (Electives) Typing Physics (or any other elective)	English III (Electives) Physics Geometry Agric. III Biology World History
<i>Fourth Year</i>	<i>Fourth Year</i>	<i>Fourth Year</i>	<i>Fourth Year</i>
English IV Am. History Sten. II Off. Practice and Type. (Electives) Physics Geometry	English IV Am. History Physics French III	English IV Am. History Agric. IV (Electives) Physics (or any other electives)	English IV Am. History (Electives) Physics Geometry Bookkeeping I Agric. IV

Editorials



PROPAGANDA

The American public has passed through a number of crises in the course of its history. It has known days that were dangerous as well as days of peace and progress. It is doubtful, however, whether the American people have ever stood face to face with a more dangerous crisis than the one which now confronts us.

The whole world is in the midst of war and revolution. We are now fighting the enemy on a foreign soil, but it may even spread to our shores eventually. If democracy is to endure, we must make up our minds in America to be honest, sportsman-like, and tolerant, and to give thoughtful consideration to facts and issues before us.

One of the most familiar techniques of Hitler and his colleagues is spreading propaganda. This technique has proved very successful in many nations which now lie prostrate under his heel. Hitler's spring offensive of propaganda is now directed at the United States.

We, the American people, must be on guard against this propaganda campaign, lest it serve to undermine our faith in the cause for which we are fighting. There are numerous broadcasts being prepared in this country by Axis spokesmen. Another device of dividing the people is to stir up racial conflicts which might lead to disunity. There are also many newspapers in circulation in this country which are pro-Axis. These are

just a few of the many devices used by Hitler for spreading propaganda.

Hitler has frequently said that it would be an easy matter to disrupt the United States from within. He has pictured America as a nation of weaklings and softies readily susceptible to Nazi propaganda. Let us show that we are not. To be alert, intelligent, discriminating, and broadminded is to prove this false.

Editor-in-Chief.

SUMMER PLANS

What do you plan to do this summer? The question is one that may be asked to a considerable extent this spring. Some few students will be able to answer this question, but others will have to admit that they don't know, but that they will probably say at home and do what they absolutely have to, and loaf around the rest of the time.

This is perfectly natural in ordinary times. But times are not ordinary, and any student who is old enough to attend high school is certainly old enough to be of some help, somewhere. If you haven't anything to do this summer, why stay around home and do nothing when there are plenty of opportunities to work? If you work, you will earn what money you need for your clothes and other articles that will be necessary for the coming school year. By doing this, you will not only be helping your par-

ents by securing your own clothes; you will also be contributing to the war effort.

But now, still another problem arises. What can we do? If you live on a farm, and are helping your parents or working for someone else, stay there, because you are needed there more than anywhere else to produce food for America. But if it is impossible to find work anywhere, go to your Federal Employment Agency and inquire about positions. They will place you somewhere where you can contribute your work to the good of our nation.

Assistant Editor.

DOING YOUR BIT

What are we doing to help win the war? Perhaps the question should be, Are we doing anything? Most of us know that there's a war going on, that America is preparing for, as well as taking part in it. Our families are being rationed on sugar, tires, etc. Some of us have relatives in the service. Yet, in spite of all this, or perhaps because of it, the American youth of Hermon High sits back and says "Let George do it." At least, we appear to be saying that.

We all must know that one way to help America is by buying defense stamps. In fact, there is a defense stamp campaign going on right here in the school. How many of us bought any? Of course some of us had already purchased some, but this doesn't mean that we should be exempted from buying more. One defense stamp isn't going to win this war.

It seems to be more important to us that we can still go to dances, movies, etc., than that America comes out victorious. Of course, there are some who are doing all they can to help. Due credit to them. But these few cannot swing it alone. It requires united effort on everybody's part.

Other schools are doing their bit. Why can't we? Wake up, Hermon High!

Assistant Editor.

WHAT IS TRUE PATRIOTISM?

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."

—Daniel Webster.

Generally speaking, patriotism has been defined as: "Love of, and devotion to, the welfare of one's country." True patriotism, I think, has a little deeper meaning. It is a symbol of something fine and noble. It is the spirit of loyalty and self-sacrifice which inspires men and women to place their personal preferences, social pleasures, money, and leisure time in the background during a national emergency such as exists today.

Patriotism is not something new that has been developed within the last few years, or even in the last few centuries. History tells us that it has been in existence as far back as five hundred years before the Christian Era when the Spartans fought at Thermopylae, giving their lives to save Greece and a new civilization from a Prussian despotism.

It has been in evidence throughout the years in the men and women America has been proud to call its own. History hands down to us tales depicting a love of country that spurs men on to sacrifice their lives that America might live.

We all remember the patriots of past history who are present in memory:

Nathan Hale—"I regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

Paul Revere and his midnight ride.

Joan of Arc—A Soldier of France.

Ethan Allan—The Green Mountain Boy.

Patrick Henry—"Give me liberty, or give me death."

Betsy Ross and the American flag.

George Washington—Leader of a Nation.

Robert Bruce—Scotland's liberator.

There are scores of others whose names have gone and will go down on the pages of history.

But the list of patriots doesn't end in the history books or in famous art galleries. It extends into the street, into the highways

and byways of every city, town, and hamlet.

Their names aren't remembered, neither do they receive any individual recognition. They are the common people; Joe Smith and John Brown; they are the workers in defense jobs; the members of Red Cross Organizations; the workers in civilian defense; air raid wardens; Home Guard units; the men in the factories; the boys in the armed forces. These are the true patriots. They'll never see their names in print, but their glory will be reflected in the eyes of God, and their reward shall be the salvation of humanity.

Assistant Editor.

THE WAR CALL

A cheer for the soldiers,
The sailors, and marines!
And give a shout for all the men
Who make our big machines.

There's lots of work that must be done,
But these fellers can do the job;
Give 'em a chance to try it,
And you'll see every Sam, Dick and Bob.

We won't fall like France did;
We're armed and ready to fight.
Besides we've got the spirit—
We're the folks who will do it right.

So come on, you Americans,
Let's help these men win;
Fight for a lasting Victory;
Let's be free from the battle din.

Betty Call, Grade 8.

MY DREAMS

I'd like to be in the Navy
And have a pretty blue suit,
Or better still the Army,
Where they'll teach me how to shoot.

Oh, I'd like to own a pony,
A little one you know,
One that would go when I tell him to
And stop when I say "Whoa!"

I'd like to be a Pirate, too,
Like in the books I've read,
And sail so close to the people on land
'Twould fill their hearts with dread.

And I'd like to be a President,
But of course this cannot be,
For I'm lying here in this hard old bed,
Just a boy with a twisted knee.

Arthur McGinley, Grade 8.

Literary



JOHN DOE, AMERICAN

John (Cassanova) Kelleher, although a new arrival in Hermon, is a prominent member of the Sophomore Class. This year he took part in the Senior Play and in basketball. At present he is interested in track. Ice-skating is his main hobby.

As the air raid sirens whistle their unearthly pleadings, our hero springs from his bed and rushes to his plane, an American made Hendee Hawk, and the plane climbs to meet the foe. He is just another soldier of the A. E. F. in Australia, fighting to stop a certain race not worthy of being mentioned here.

As he and his pals slip away into the night, he realizes that he is going forth to possible capture or death at the hands of a ruthless enemy.

Suddenly, before him he sees the flaming streaks of tracer bullets as they cut through the night on their mission of death. Almost immediately the sky is lighted, as one of his pals dies for the freedom he held so dear. As the ocean reflects the rosy hues of dawn, the planes take on a ghostly look, and the emblem of the "Rising Sun" can easily be distinguished. He is fighting with Yankee recklessness and daring to rid the skies of those men who are trying to destroy his way, trespassing on his freedom.

In his sights suddenly appears the fuselage and wing of a Mitsubishi 96, and as he presses the gun button, he feels the kick of his sixteen Brownings as they drill away.

Pinkish flames spout from the mid-section of the bomber as it whirls about, sliding off on one wing with flames, now red, belching out of it. The last thing he sees is the crew bailing out.

He feels the plane quiver as bullets rake the fuselage; the liquid spray feathers out and blankets the fire.

In his earphones he hears the order, "Hawks come in. Hawks come in. Enemy dispersed." He returns to his base with his bullet-ridden plane and sighs relief as he realizes that once more the enemy has been cheated of its prey.

This is one of the John Does who are piloting our planes, sailing our ships, driving our tanks, and shooting our guns to protect our "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness."

John Kelleher, '44.

THE IRON CLAW

Joanne Kelleher is a transfer from Garland Street Junior High School. She has already demonstrated outstanding literary and dramatic talent.

"Another one of those mysterious murders," Captain McMillan tells his fellow officer with despair. "Not even a clue!"

"Well, we've got to do something," ex-postulates Lt. O'Brien, "or we'll *all* have to resign at the rate the people are complaining about it now."

"It's a funny thing," mused the captain, "that all these men are sailors from the old

whaling schooner, 'The Blue Shark', and all killed in the same manner, a torn jugular vein."

Let's change the scene back fifteen years to an episode that took place on the "Blue Shark" one late Saturday afternoon. In the crow's nest of the port-bound whaler stands a sailor and the cabin boy. They are apparently having a heated argument. From below comes the chorus, "Throw him to the deck." In a flash, not realizing that his mates only meant it as a joke, the burly sailor grabbed the small boy and threw him with tremendous force to the starboard. This terrible accident left the boy with a hunch back and a handless arm which was stiff in the elbow joint. It could be used only with great difficulty.

Now, back again. This time we go to the home of the last sailor to survive this series of murders.

In the whaling days, the name of "Spearhead" was given him because of the striking resemblance of his head to that of a spearhead, so we'll call him that, too. He resigned shortly after the incident just related, for he is the very sailor implicated in the affair, and settled on the land, an unusual thing for a born sailor to do. The night is a moonlit one. The sailor restlessly turns and twists. Finally, in desperation, he gets up and takes a look around the house and grounds. Then he starts back to bed, satisfied that he is alone, for he, too, has heard of these strange murders, and although he is a burly man, he remembers the threat of the cabin boy as the ship struck shore and he left it, never to return again. The words were like flaming arrows—"I will return someday and you all shall know the curse of the iron claw." With that he had disappeared into the shadows. Thinking of this, Spearhead extinguishes the light. His hands have hardly left the switch when it snaps on again, and before him stands the cabin boy. A flash of recognition passes

over Spearhead's face, and he cringes as he looks at the body which is disfigured until the head seems to be emerging from the humped back. The right hand almost touches the floor, and the other, the maimed one, is concealed in his pocket. His only words are, "Remember my threat, Spearhead?" He extends his hand, the one not in his pocket, as though beckoning Spearhead to come to him, and as Spearhead watches it as a cat does a mouse for some sort of treachery, suddenly, with lightning-like speed and force, the iron claw concealed in the pocket swings deftly up and out, expertly tearing the jugular vein, his stiff arm lending force to the blow. The last sailor involved in his cruel accident sent to his doom, and his revenge complete, he stealthily shuts the light off and slinks away into the shadows of the night.

The next morning McMillan curses and paces about his office, as he gets the report of the crime. He starts for the telephone, but before he can reach it, Lieutenant O'Brien, bursting with excitement, storms hurriedly into the room, an unusual occurrence for this slow moving, happy-go-lucky officer. Hardly has the door shut behind him when the story is out.

"Well," began O'Brien, "after leaving the scene which, as usual, furnished no clue to the murder other than the torn jugular, I stumbled over the body of a gruesome hunchback in the garden. He apparently had been set upon by a vicious dog, as his throat was badly mangled. From all appearances he had been dead for several hours. His left hand had been cut off and replaced with an iron claw which after close examination, showed signs of dried blood stains. I guess we won't have to resign after all, because it looks as if we have not only found the solution to this, but all the *previous* jugular murders, and retribution has caught up with him, without any help from the law."

Joanne Kelleher, '45.

GOING HOME

Clyde Morrill is an outstanding athlete of the eighth grade. He plays basketball, baseball, and football. This year he took part in the Christmas program sponsored by the Junior High. His chief hobby is building model airplanes.

It was dawn in the summer of 1918. Flight Lieutenant Otto Von Bolde smiled grimly to himself as he reflected on his past. Four years at the front had done a lot to his blond Teutonic features. Four years. He sighed as he looked at the tired and drawn reflection of his face on the polished surface of the bar. Today he would go home; today was the payoff. His superiors had taken into consideration the loss of his leg, and deciding 47 enemy aircraft were enough, had granted his request to be released from active service.

He was tired of it all—burned planes, bullet-riddled comrades—tired of all this killing. He was not a quitter, he told himself. He had served the "Vaterland" well. Yes, he had done more than his share.

Gathering his few personal belongings, he walked out to say farewell to a group of fliers and mechanics tinkering around the 220 h. p. motor of a captured French "Spad" standing in the shade of one of the sagging hangars. It was hard to leave his friends, but they would understand. Turning around, he sighted his battered old Halberstadt. His plane, the plane that had served him so well. It was to be his last ride in it, but, he thought, was he not going home to his wife and children?

Climbing into the cockpit, he thrust hard upon the throttle. The idling Mercedes roared in response and raced down the runway. Pulling it into the air, he skimmed the tree tops and headed for the interior.

But fate had yet to be reckoned with. Out of the billowing clouds flashed a full flight of five French Newports. Suddenly, with motor roaring wide open, one of the leading allied pilots peeled off in a screech-

ing attack on the unsuspecting "Boche" below. The flier pressed the trips of his twin Vickers machine guns. Two rows of tracers stabbed up the back of the fuselage, then off into space. A slight pressure on the right rudder bar, and the streams entered the cockpit. The instrument panel dissolved in a shower of glass. He felt a sharp, white hot pain in his side, his chest. Then, as steel jacketed slugs battered into the laboring motor, it burst into flames.

Flight Lieutenant Otto Von Bolde had gone home.

Clyde Morrill, '47.

A GOOD TURN

Sylvia Pendleton is a member of the Junior Class. During her first two years at Hermon High, she was one of the class officers. She took part in the Freshman-Sophomore play during her Sophomore year. This year she has a part in the Junior Exhibition. She is interested in sports of any type.

A small child of seven trudged one of the busiest streets of Chicago. She tightly grasped in her little hand a wilted bouquet of daisies and ferns. One could tell at a glance that she was a beautiful child, in spite of her ragged dress and worn shoes.

Stumbling on, very near to tears, she remembered her sick mother, quietly weeping at home. She had recently mentioned money and food. It wasn't quite clear in the child's mind, but she did know there was a great need for money. Possibly there was no more food for any of them; that had happened before, or perhaps the rent was due again. Now, as never before her mother's words kept ringing in her ears.

"Flora, promise me that you will never accept money as charity."

"Now, surely, if I sold my posies for a few pennies, that would not be charity," she thought.

The sunny haired seven-year-old, with head held high and eyes brimming with

tears, struggled on. Suddenly, she gazed into the kind face of a middle aged gentleman. Both stood entranced with each other, until the stranger noticed the shabby clothes and wilted flowers. A glance told him the whole story.

"Would you sell me your posies, little girl?" questioned the stranger.

"Oh yes, sir," the child replied with a grateful smile.

With kindly interest the man asked, "Where do you live, dear?"

As if she had come from the richest section of the city, she proudly replied, "Mamma, the babies, and I live over on Baker Street."

Guessing the rest, the stranger filled the small worn purse with new shining coins. Such quantity she had never seen before.

Exchanging smiles, they departed, the child hurrying toward home. Surely, her mother would be pleased with both the money and her little daughter.

The stranger, one of Chicago's leading and richest citizens, beamed as he thought of the poor mother and her large family exclaiming over the ten dollars her young daughter had so proudly collected.

Sylvia Pendleton, '43.

ZEB

Phyllis (Red) Morrill is the Valedictorian of the Class of '42. She has held different offices on The Microphone Board during her entire four years. She has been active in sports and dramatics. She is responsible for the permanent cover on our year book. In the Junior Exhibition she won third prize. Her greatest interest is roller-skating.

He was a quaint but lovable character, Zeb. You'd like him, I think, because there was an irresistible attraction about him. I couldn't define it; it went beyond the powers of definition.

It wasn't his imposing stature, because one could hardly call five feet-four a gigantic

height. His appearance, too, was even less imposing. He dressed usually in old faded blue trousers, thinly worn leather jacket, boots which could take care of themselves and their inhabitant in any storm, and a hat which fitted the contours of his head through long and close association.

I don't know, maybe it was the deep blue of his eyes, sincere and honest, which lit up when he talked and resembled the blue of the sea upon which the sun shines. Perhaps, too, it may have been—yes—I think that was it—his power of conversation. He was the only person who could talk to me for hours at a time and convince me that he knew what he was talking about.

And why shouldn't he know about sailing the seas? Hadn't that been what he had lived for, and gladly would have died for in those days when—

Now I know that was it when I recall that reminiscent, faraway, gaze as he told me of "those days", as if he were trying to bring them back by power of the imagination.

I'll miss him—they told me this morning that he had set sail for his home port. A port called Heaven, where God guides the ships safely into Harbor.

Phyllis Morrill, '42.

WRITING AN ESSAY

Gloria McGinley is the president of the Junior Class. During her three years at Hermon High she has been interested in sports and dramatics. In her Sophomore year, she took part in the Freshman-Sophomore play. She is interested particularly in outdoor sports.

To me, writing an essay has always been one of the most difficult things in the world to do. When I hear the teacher pronounce the sentence of two or three hundred words, I suddenly wish I were in Alaska. I know that two hundred words isn't a very long essay; I also know that I use many more

than that in my daily conversation. Yet, when it comes to setting my thoughts down on paper, my mind, strangely enough, becomes as barren as the Sahara desert.

I always get this task over with as soon as possible. First, I clear my desk of all books and papers. Then I take a sheet of paper and a pencil and start thinking. I usually spend most of a period in this manner. To save my life I couldn't put on paper even ten consecutive words that would look worth reading. If there were a shortage of paper and we were only allowed one piece per person, I am sure that the teacher would have a difficult time correcting my literary masterpieces. I know the old saying, "A good essay isn't written, it is re-written"; but that isn't the reason that I re-write mine.

In my opinion, it should be included among the seven wonders of the world that Bacon and Lamb and others like them should have actually wanted to write essays.

Choosing my subject is my first problem. Even though I often choose a good subject, I am never able to find enough to write about it.

When, at long last, I have completed my work and passed it in, I go back to my ordinary routine, wondering why such things as essays were ever put in the world to trip the stumbling feet of high school students.

Gloria McGinley, '43.

BIOGRAPHY OF A GUY

Shirley Blake is one of our outstanding seniors. She is an honor student, whose main extra-curricula activities interest has been dramatics. She is business manager (Good work, Shirley!) for *The Microphone*.

This guy was born in the ordinary manner, sometime in the spring around seventeen years ago. I guess he grew in the ordinary manner, too. You know, from short to tall—

about six feet now. He always was sort of scrawny and has plenty of space between the ears. He had a rather annoying habit of throwing boulders and such stuff at all stray dogs and girls entering his range of vision. I've seen him break countless pokers over the heads of his sisters, but I think he meant well most of the time.

He started for school when he was around five years old with a book, a pencil, a slingshot, two frogs, and a snake. Thus armed, he began his education in the usual boy fashion. He got along pretty well and got only about two C's every ranking period. When he was approximately fourteen, the teacher got sick of his ugly mug and shipped him to Hermon High School to give the teachers a headache. He arrived at H. H. S. and was received with open arms by the Sophomore hecklers. They turned his clothes wrong side out, made him wear girls' hair ribbons, and, in return, he beat 'em all up at the Frosh reception.

He kept up his good work, and when he became a Sophomore, he decided it was time for a man to acquire some social education, so he proceeded to step on all the pretty girls. Their feet, I mean, for he was learning to dance. He bumped along like this for quite a while and was finally rewarded by being able to pilot a girl around the floor without more than three casualties.

Well, now our guy is a Junior and has a couple of other guys for pals who are a lot like him. Poor fellows! So the three run around making nuisances of themselves, and yet they are loved by everyone despite their failings. They are all quite adult now they think, so they play cards and dance like veterans. World War veterans! May the Lord bless this guy and his pals, and may they live happily all their lives, if someone doesn't murder them at an early age. Any relation to any school boy is definitely intended.

Shirley Blake, '42.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

A sail boat was gliding across the bay,
On a warm and breezy summer day,
The sun was shining, and the moon was
bright,
And it rained all day that Saturday night.

We rode the waves and went on the tide,
But there was a hitch hiker thumbing a ride,
We put on the brakes and gave him a ride,
And continued to ride the waves and the tide.

The day was so hot we thought we'd roast,
So I let down the sails, and we began to coast,
But all of a sudden the wind began to blow,
And, believe it or not, it began to snow.

Walter McCarty, '43.

FEETSBALL

I lika da playa da football—
I thinka eets lotta da fun;
I thinka I feela much better
When I know that our team has wun.

Da boys get into da huddle.
Dey try a da double referse.
Und I tell ya, ef ya never did seen it,
Nutting could bea much worse.

I geta downed ona forty yard line,
But I'se up anda maka touchdown;
Da udda da team isa beaten.
Da boys sure wenta da town.

So we wenta and boughta refreshments;
We eats till our hearta's content.
Da boys sure wasa da hongry,
So alla da money we spent.

I hata da quita da playing;
Eet sure ees a lotta de fun.
I willa regretta da day
When the feetsaball season is done.

Leon Higgins, '44.

LOSING THE CUP

The most popular sport in Hermon High
Is already come and now gone by;
Although we had a successful season,
For losing the cup there wasn't a reason.

"But wait for next year!" is now the cry,
"We'll bring the cup back to Hermon
High!"

Our coaching now perfect, all our alibis lame,
But for losin' the cup, we've only ourselves
to blame.

But winning or losing, we tried to act the
same,

And always remember that basketball's
just a game.

And we all agree that is a grand, old game,
But for losing the cup we have only our-
selves to blame.

Walter McCarty, '43.

TIRES

If you have a tire, you are lucky today.
But you can never tell when the government
will say:

"We want your tires and right today,
To put on our trucks to keep the Japs away."

If you have good tires, you ought to be glad.
But if the government wants them, don't be
sad.

So if for them the government someday
comes,
They'll only be used to wipe out those bums.

Rubber, as you all know, is scarce,
So if the government asks if you have any
tires,

Don't lie, say "Yes".
So when the government comes, don't be
saps,

Give up your tires and lick the Japs.

R. Burton.

THE STARS LOOK DOWN

The stars look down and weep
 With pity for nations that dare not sleep
 For fear of the sirens shrill
 And the sight of planes beyond the hill.

The stars look down and may they soon
 See peace and quiet beneath the moon,
 A pair of lovers whispering sweet,
 And not the sound of the war drums' beat.

Shirley Blake, '42.

KEN THE ROMEO

Kenneth Thayer, so they say,
 Calls up Levant every day;
 And if the call does not go through,
 Out he goes for an interview.

Ken goes up and knocks on the door,
 And from the dog house he hears a roar,
 The dog's teeth get a very good grip,
 And Ken hears an awful rip.

He doesn't look to see the damage done;
 Boy! O Boy! can Kenneth run!
 Jumping into his little car, he heads for
 home.

Never again will Kenneth roam.

Ken Thayer, so they say,
 Calls up Levant every day;
 And if the call does not go through,
 He stays at home, and so would you.

Henry Prescott, '44.

OUR HERO

Who is hero of the day?
 General MacArthur, I would say.
 A man of courage and of might,
 He'll drive the Japs far out of sight.

To Australia he went by air,
 To be chief of all the forces there;
 As long as he is in command,
 We will have the Japs in hand.

Vera Overlock, '42.

MEMORIES

Memories are priceless gems—
 You wear them 'round your soul;
 You place them in a shining heap
 In a gold and silver bowl.

So many things make memories—
 A rose, a kiss, a tiny stream
 That slips along a wooded glade,
 The nicest place to sit and dream.

The world is full of sad-eyed folk
 Who are not what they wished to be,
 Doomed to live forever
 In the land of Memory.

Shirley Blake, '42.

PEACE WILL COME

He had traveled in England
 From the mountains to the sea;
 He had visited sunny Italy
 With its merriment and glee;
 He had seen the Balkan peasants
 Laughing as they toil;
 And heard old folk songs
 Sung on rich Irish soil;
 He had gazed on renowned scenery
 In bonny France and Spain;
 Visited homes both rich and poor
 With happiness and some with pain;
 There are war-clouds over Europe now,
 These works of man destroying.
 Germany is raining death
 With bloody hand o'er flowing.
 In some distant tomorrow,
 We know that he again will see
 A people with strength and courage,
 And a land filled with sunshine and free.

Sylvia Pendleton, '43.

I'm writing this poem for the *Microphone*,
 It doesn't seem to rhyme;
 But I can tell you one sure thing;
 It's taking me plenty of time.

Arline McCarty, '43.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1942



SHIRLEY BLAKE

"Blakie"

*Shirley is a good sport
We must all admit
With her popularity
She makes a big hit*

"Aunt Tillie Goes to Town" 1; "Laughing Gas" 2; Junior Exhibition 3; First Prize, West Penobscot Speaking Contest 3; Treasurer 1-2; Secretary 2-4; Minstrel Show 1; Librarian 4; Editorial Board 2-3-4; Basketball Manager 4; Dramatic Club 4; Commercial Club 2; Dancing Club 3; "Imaginary Invalid" 4; Cheer Leader 4; "Comin' 'Round the Mountain" 4; Current Events Club 4; Glee Club 1; Commercial Course; First Honor Essay.



ADA DOUGLASS

"Ada"

*Ada is the smallest girl in the class
But no job is too much for this little lass.
We share the opinion of Albert, her beau,
If Ada were gone we'd all miss her so.*

Glee Club 1; Commercial Club 2; Dancing Club 4; Handicraft Club 3; "Imaginary Invalid" 4; Dramatic Club 4; Spelling Club 4; "Comin' 'Round the Mountain" 4; Commercial Course; Presentation of Gifts.



GRACE EMERSON

"Gracie"

*To serve her country is Gracie's delight.
She writes to her doughboys every night.
She cheers their hearts while they must roam
With lengthy letters from her at home.*

Glee Club 1; Minstrel Show; Dramatic Club 4; Dancing Club 3-4; Spelling Club 4; Commercial Course; Hiking and Camera Club 3; Prophecy.



LINWOOD LITTLEFIELD

"Lin"

*An orator, (Let's right the wrong),
Linwood shouts to the throng.
He waves his arms, his eyes flash fire,
"To save the world is my desire."*

Minstrel Show 1; "Laughing Gas" 2; Basketball Manager 3-4; Baseball Manager 2-3-4; President 3; Junior Exhibition 3; Dancing Club 3; Dramatic Club 4; Current Events Club 4; Editorial Board 3-4; Editor-in-Chief 4; F. F. A. Club 2-3-4; Intramural Football 3-4; "Imaginary Invalid" 4; "Comin' 'Round the Mountain" 4; Hiking and Camera Club 3; Handicraft Club 3; Agricultural Course; Salutatorian.



CLIFFORD LORD

"Mex"

*Cliffy's antics full of glee
Often get him up a tree.
Fun, laughter, jokes and play
Keep him busy every day.*

"Phantom Bells" 1; Basketball 1-2-3-4; "Aunt Tillie Goes to Town" 1; "Laughing Gas" 2; Junior Exhibition 3; Baseball 1-2-3-4; Editorial Board 2-3-4; "Imaginary Invalid" 4; "Comin' 'Round the Mountain" 4; Future Farmers 2-3; Vice-President Future Farmers 3; "Ghostly Passenger" 2; Intermural Football 3-4; Intermural Basketball 4; Treasurer 4; Dramatic Club 4; Current Events Club 4; Sportsman Club 3; Dancing Club 3; Agricultural Course; Class Will.



KENNETH MILLER

"Ken"

*Ken's our brawny pitching star;
His baseball fame spreads very far.
He also likes to catch big fish.
To catch a girl is his chief wish.*

Basketball 1; Baseball 2-3-4; Sportsman Club 3; Current Events Club 4; Dramatic Club 4; College Course; Presentation of Gifts.



PHYLLIS MORRILL

"Red"

*"Red" is very smart,
Smartest of us all.
She may stumble once
But never will she fall.*

Softball 1-2; Basketball 1-2-3; Dramatic Club 2; Dancing Club 3; Commentators Club 3; Class President 1-2; Treasurer 3; Vice-President 4; "Laughing Gas" 2; "Imaginary Invalid" 4; "Aunt Tillie Goes to Town" 1; Junior Exhibition 3; Editorial Board 2-3-4; Minstrel Show 1; College Course; "Comin' 'Round the Mountain" 4; Valedictorian.



ELEANOR OVERLOCK

"El"

*Eleanor likes her shorthand best,
Though she does not shirk the rest.
To be a stenog' is her ambition,
Which surely is a worthy mission.*

Spelling Club 4; Glee Club 1; Dancing Club 3; Editorial Board 4; Commercial Club 3; Dramatic Club 4; Commercial Course; Softball 1-2; Hiking and Camera Club 3; Address to Undergraduates.



VERA OVERLOCK

"Vee"

*Vera will make a hit
With Beverly in partnership.
A beauty parlor we shall see
As up-to-date as it can be.*

Junior Exhibition 3; Spelling Club 4; Commercial Club 2; Hiking Club 3; Dramatic Club 4; Glee Club 1; Dancing Club 3; Editorial Board 4; Class Prophecy; Commercial Course.



IRMA TINGLEY

"Irma"

*Irma's our class president;
A better one you can't find.
When it comes to work
Irma's always behind.*

"Aunt Tillie Goes To Town" 1; Editorial Board 4; "Laughing Gas" 2; "The Imaginary Invalid" 4; "Comin' Round the Mountain" 4; Dancing Club 3; Secretary 3; President 4; Dramatic Club 2-4; Current Events Club 4; Tennis Club 3; Commercial Course; President's Address.



BEVERLY WILLEY

"Bev"

*Beverly is a quiet girl,
Her work is always well done.
She seldom goes for a whirl
'Cause boys she has shunned.*

Softball 1; Junior Exhibition 3; "Imaginary Invalid" 4; Editorial Board 4; Dramatic Club 2-4; Glee Club 2; Current Events Club 4; Commercial Course; Hiking and Camera Club 3; Commentators Club 3; Second Honor Essay.



ESTELLE WITHERLY

"Stelle"

*We all like Estelle
For she is so jolly;
Making mistakes in typing
Is her only folly.*

Basketball 1-2-3-4; Captain 4; All Star Team 3-4; Softball 1-2; Junior Exhibition 3; Vice-President 2-3; Editorial Board 3-4; Dramatic Club 2-4; Sportsman Club 3; Current Events Club 4; Hiking and Camera Club 3; "Imaginary Invalid" 4; "Laughing Gas" 2; "Hearts and Flowers" 2; "Comin' 'Round the Mountain" 4; College Course; Class History.



HELEN WITHERLY

"Helen"

*In history Helen is a whiz—
She hardly ever flunks a quiz.
Many places Helen will go,
But best of all she likes a show.*

Dramatic Club 2-4; Hiking and Camera Club 3; Dancing Club 3; Current Events Club 4; Editorial Board 4; Junior Exhibition 3; Handicraft Club 3; General Course; Class History.

JAMES HASKELL

"Jimmy"

*Jimmy is the lad we lost
To the Navy as you know.
To us only tears it cost,
But Shirley lost her beau.*

Basketball 2-3-4; Baseball 3; Stage Manager, Senior Play 4; Current Events Club 4; Dramatic Club 4; General Course.

Locals



HOME ROOM PERIOD

Every Monday during our Activity Period, each class has had a home room period. Class officers were elected from each class.

The purpose of these is to get better acquainted, to discuss school problems. Much guidance work has been done in this period.

SPELLING CLUB

A Spelling Club was organized in the fall by Mrs. Myers, our commercial teacher. Each Wednesday a large group participated to help make it a success. Much interest was shown in this club.

DRAMATIC CLUB

A Dramatic Club was organized by each class. The purpose of this was to give each class instruction in public speaking and to put on a one-act play. The classes met every Wednesday to discuss their problems.

Everyone had some work to do. The plays were performed Thursday and Friday, March 6-7.

SOCIALS

One of the outstanding activities that started at the beginning of the year was the socials. They were held every Friday night until the basketball season began. Each class was responsible for some sort of a program. After the program, different kinds of games were played, with dances in between.

ONE-ACT PLAYS

On Friday, March 13, each of the high school classes presented a one-act play. They were as follows:

The Freshman play was "Curse You Jack Dalton." The players: Charles Gordon, Jacqueline Willey, Mona McGinley, Regina Burgess, Richard Curtis, Leona Thayer, Douglass McLain.

The Sophomores presented "Dad Takes a Rest Cure." The players: John Kelleher, Frances Moore, Patricia Garland, Flora Tibbetts, Francis Davis, Lawrence Dole, Leon Higgins, Virginia Frost.

"Hummingbird Hiccups" was presented by the Junior class. The players: Gladys Tibbetts, Arlene McCarty, Phyllis Silk, Ethel Porter, Gerald Pickard, Walter McCarty, Kenneth Thayer, Duncan Robertson.

"Comin' 'Round the Mountain" was the Seniors' selection. The players: Estelle Witherly, Lewis Haskell, Shirley Blake, Clifford Lord, Phyllis Morrill, Linwood Littlefield, Ada Douglass, and Irma Tingley.

These plays were one of our many successful attractions of the year.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a merry time;
It has so many joys;
I think it very, very fine,
To fix up broken toys,
And after I have fixed them
I give them to the poor;
And Santa Claus will distribute them
Around from door to door.

Gordon Somers, Grade 7.



SENIOR PLAY

First row, left to right: A. Douglass, P. Morrill, S. Blake, I. Tingley, E. Witherly, B. Willey.
 Second row, left to right: G. Pickard, Foster Higgins (Director), C. Lord, L. Littlefield, J. Kelleher.

SENIOR PLAY

The annual Senior Play, "The Imaginary Invalid" was presented in the Hermon High School Gymnasium, November 6-7. It was well received by a large audience.

The entire action of the play takes place in the reception room of the Paris house of Monsieur Ardin, the imaginary invalid, on two successive days. Phyllis Morrill and Linwood Littlefield had the leading parts.

The play was directed by Mr. Higgins.

CHARACTERS

Monsieur Ardin.....Linwood Littlefield
 Toinette.....Phyllis Morrill
 Angelique.....Mary Bickford
 Beline.....Shirley Blake
 Monsieur De Bonnefois.....Gerald Pickard
 Cleante.....John Kelleher

Monsieur Defois.....Clifford Lord
 Louise.....Ada Douglass
 Beralda.....Irma Tingley
 Madame Fleurante.....Estelle Witherly
 Monsieur Purjon.....Foster Higgins
 Madame Defois.....Beverly Willey

BAD LITTLE BOYS

Little boys are never really bad,
 Like one small boy I know;
 It's just that some are led to do
 Things that are funny, too, but few.

Every boy can be corrected,
 And even sometimes be elected
 The governor of some large state,
 As well as take a girl on a date.

Gordon Somers, Grade 7.

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement week will begin with the Baccalaureate service in the Baptist church at Hermon Corner on May 31, at 8:00 P. M. The Senior Banquet is to be held in the Masonic Hall on June 1, at 6:30 P. M. The Graduation Exercises will take place in the Hermon High School Gymnasium at 8:00 P. M. on the evening of June 4.

Processional

Invocation

Salutatory.....Linwood Walter Littlefield
 First Honor Essay.....Shirley Marie Blake
 Second Honor Essay.....Beverly May Willey
 Address to Undergraduates.....
Eleanor Estelle Overlock

Music

Class History.....Helen L. Witherly
Estelle M. Witherly
 President's Address.....Irma May Tingley
 Class Prophecy.....Vera Evelyn Overlock
Grace Rae Emerson

Music

Class Will.....Clifford L. Lord
 Gifts.....Ada M. Douglass
Kenneth R. Miller
 Valedictory.....Phyllis Lola Morrill

Class Ode

Benediction

Recessional

Class Motto.....We Can: We Will
 Class Marshal.....Clifford Lord
 Class Flower.....Rose
 Class Colors.....Blue and Gold

The Senior Ball will follow the graduation exercises.

During the Christmas season, the Junior High School presented five original one-act plays. There were many more plays written, but those chosen to be produced were as follows:

"A Typical Christmas Eve", by Dorothy Homsted and Geraldine Robertson.

"Christmas Carol", by Bernice Applebee.

"Louise's Wish", by Betty Call and Rose Mary Garland.

"A Selfish Boy", by Shirley Hatt.

"Christmas Toys", by Harriette Dole.

There was music between the plays. The audience seemed very appreciative of the talent displayed in the writing and production of these plays.

THE JUNIORS

The Juniors are jolly,
 The Juniors are gay,
 The Juniors are silly,
 But mean what they say.

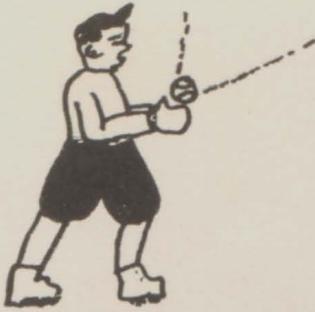
Gladys *T* ibbetts
 Nellie *H* uey
 Sylvia *P E* ndleton

Gerald *P i C* kard
 Phyl *L is* Silk
 Glori *A* McGinley
 Helen *S* mith
 Eldred *S* mith

Kenneth *T* hayer
 Ethel *P O* rter

Robe *R t* Grant
 Lawrence *L E* onard
 Arline *M c*Carty
 Mildr *E d* Rush
 Walter *M c*Carty
 Ro *B erta* Hill
 Eth *E l* Garland
 Duncan *R o*bertson

Eldred Smith, '43.



Athletics



JUNIOR HIGH BASKETBALL

BOYS

The season's basketball began when the Junior High started to practice twice every week. Louis Haskell and Mr. Dwyer were our coaches. We got new suits this year, with blue pants and white shirts with our insignia on them. Return games were played with Carmel and Veazie. We lost 4 games. High scorers were Clyde Morrill and Dickie Lord.

The squad was as follows:

Capt. Dickie Lord, forward; Clyde Morrill, center; Frank Landry, guard; James McCarty, guard; Wallace Tibbetts, forward; Kenneth Bartlett, Alden Keith, Leroy Witherly, Eliot White, Donald Robinson, Arthur McGinley.

Frank Landry, Grade 8

Dickie Lord, Grade 7

GIRLS

The Junior High girls' basketball squad enjoyed a very successful season, playing six major games. We lost one of these, a hard fought game. Our most exciting game was our return game with Carmel, which we won by the small score of 12 to 8.

The main team consisted of: forwards Marise Philbrook, Gloria Blake, Geraldine Robertson and Edith Huey; and guards Alice Sherwood, Bernice Applebee, Dorothy Libby, Rosemary Garland and Ruth Robinson. Dorothy Homsted acted as manager.

We had two games with Brewer, two with Veazie, and two with Carmel. Five of these we won. As usual, we have had a very enjoyable and profitable season and wish to express our appreciation for the opportunity to participate in basketball.

Marise Philbrook, Grade 8

Bonita Lord, Grade 7

VARSITY BASKETBALL

A large squad of boys reported for practice this year, four of them with some experience. Mr. Dwyer was coach for the first time and turned out a successful team. Linwood Littlefield was chosen manager. The squad won twelve games and lost seven. They lost the Central League championship by one game.

Letter winners were: Capt. Walter McCarty, James Haskell, Robert Grant, Duncan Roberston, Thurlo Lord, Kenneth Thayer, Myron Goodell, and Lawrence Dole. We lost one of our letter men, James Haskell, through graduation. With most of the boys coming back next year, we expect a very good team.

The schedule of games as follows:

Alumni	25	Hermon 24*
Orono	29	Hermon 37*
Searsport	29*	Hermon 27
Newport	23*	Hermon 30
Hampden	20*	Hermon 27
Carmel	9	Hermon 39*
Orono	45*	Hermon 16
Hartland	17	Hermon 27*
Corinna	29*	Hermon 23



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Front row, left to right: L. Dole, M. Goodell, R. Grant, W. McCarty (Captain), D. Robertson, T. Lord.
 Back row, left to right: Mr. Dwyer (Coach), H. Prescott, Wm. McCarty, J. Kelleher, F. Davis, R. Burton, D. McLain, L. Littlefield, Mgr.

East Corinth	19	Hermon	53*
Hartland	29*	Hermon	23
Corinna	20	Hermon	57*
Winter Harbor	16*	Hermon	40
Lee	42	Hermon	30
Hampden	22	Hermon	28*

*Indicates where games were played.

SEARSPORT

One of our best games was played at Searsport, a new team on our schedule. With 45 seconds to play, a tie game, a Searsport forward made a long shot from the center and won the game.

HARTLAND

This was the game that decided the Central League Championship, as the teams were tied for first place. It was a hard game, and Hartland won, 29-23.

HAMPDEN

The Hampden game at Hampden was another exciting game. There weren't more than four points difference between the teams throughout the game until the final seconds. Hermon won, 28-22.

ALL STAR ROUND ROBIN GAME

The money for basketball and baseball trophies was raised through a Round Robin game held at Newport. At the end of the season the All Stars beat the coaches in an easy game. The score was 46-15. This makes two wins for the coaches and two for the All Stars. All Stars from Hermon were W. McCarty and D. Robertson.

COUNTY PLAY OFFS

Lee, Patten, Hermon, and Hampden were chosen to play off for county title. Hermon unluckily drew the fast Lee team, which later won the Eastern Maine championship,



BASEBALL

First row, left to right: Wm. McCarty, L. Dole, M. Goodell, T. Lord, W. McCarty, K. Thayer.
 Second row, left to right: Mr. Dwyer (Coach), J. Kelleher, F. Davis, D. McLain, H. Prescott, L. Littlefield, Mgr.

and lost by 12 points. Our boys played a good game despite injuries and sickness some of the boys had contracted before the game.

CONSOLATION GAME

Hermon and Hampden played the consolation game. It was a hard game, and we were behind 24-20 with two minutes to play, when our boys spurred ahead and won, 28-24.

BASEBALL

Because of lack of tires and gas, the league baseball schedule has been cut in half. The following games will be played:

- Apr. 28—Hermon at Hartland
- May 1—Hampden at Hermon
- May 8—Hermon at Carmel
- May 12—Hermon at Corinna
- May 15—East Corinth at Hermon
- May 29—Newport at Hermon

FOOTBALL

Four teams were chosen for intramural touch football, having as captains B. Grant, J. Haskell, K. Miller, and W. McCarty. After a bitter struggle for championship honors, W. McCarty's team won. An all star team formed from the four teams defeated Carmel High, 50-0.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Hermon girls played a hard schedule this year but accepted their losses in as good spirits as their victories. Miss Hood was coach for the second year. Shirley Blake was chosen manager and Estelle Witherly captain. A dance was given in the gym to purchase jackets for both teams. We are losing at graduation one of our outstanding players, Capt. Estelle Witherly.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

First row, left to right: N. Huey, F. Tibbetts.

Second row, left to right: G. McGinley, E. Garland, E. Witherly (Captain), G. Tibbetts, P. Garland, A. McCarty.

Third row, left to right: S. Blake, Mgr., F. Moore, J. Kelleher, M. Rush, M. McGinley, S. Pendleton, Barbara Hood (Coach).

The letter winners are: Capt. Estelle Witherly, Ethel Garland, Gladys Tibbetts, Flora Tibbetts, Arline McCarty, Gloria McGinley, Nellie Huey, Mildred Rush and Patricia Garland. Cheer leaders were Gladys Tibbetts and Shirley Blake.

ORONO

The Orono game was one of the fastest, most exciting games of the season. It was very close, with each team fighting all the way. Hermon, however, came out the victors with a score of 36-20.

HAMPDEN

A meeting with one of our oldest rivals always assures an exciting game, with each side out to win. Our anticipations were correct, and, although the score was in Hampden's favor, 23-20, our girls played a commendable game.

The schedule is as follows:

Dec. 5—Hermon*	16	Alumnae	15
Dec. 9—Hermon*	16	Orono	21
Dec. 19—Hermon	11	Searsport*	14
Jan. 6—Hermon	19	Hampden*	30
Jan. 9—Hermon*	13	Carmel	29
Jan. 13—Hermon	36	Orono*	20
Jan. 16—Hermon*	27	Hartland	30
Jan. 19—Hermon	16	Corinna*	13
Jan. 21—Hermon*	23	East Corinth	39
Jan. 23—Hermon	11	Newport*	9
Jan. 28—Hermon	4	Brewer*	33
Jan. 30—Hermon*	20	Hampden	23
Feb. 3—Hermon*	14	Newport	4
Feb. 6—Hermon	16	Carmel*	37
Feb. 10—Hermon	15	East Corinth*	30
Feb. 13—Hermon*	30	Alumnae	19
Feb. 17—Hermon	17	Hartland*	22
Feb. 20—Hermon*	14	Corinna	12

*Indicates where games were played.

Highlights of the Year



MEMOIRS

Remember the magazine drive with John and Walt as captains and Shirley and Red as secretary-treasurers. It was a draw between the teams . . . Harvest Ball presented us with another tie-up, that of royal couples. The sophomore and junior candidates donned the crowns . . . The morning after the Amateur Fight recalls the sleepy faces on those students who saw Walt and Ken come out of the fray, battered but victorious . . . The Junior High Cabaret, one of the most enjoyable socials of the year . . . The day we went to school at night . . . The Andrews sisters new pianist who plays entirely by ear. What ears!!! When Hermon studes discovered the password "Iss Dot you Chosef?" P. S. It never was . . . Bob and Roberta's off again friendship . . . A new comer and her Canadian accent really slew the laddies. Guess who???? (Ten?) minute stops at the Home Restaurant in Newport on basketball trips . . . Noon dancing periods with the boys out to break all speed records . . . The Lincoln trip via the school bus with everyone vieing for the seat with the heater . . . Long wool stockings, especially red. Ouch!!! Phyllis Morrill's topknot, about six inches tall and climbing all the time . . . Them Main Room jitterbugs stomping it out at noon and recess . . . Intramural football games with a "You kick me and I'll bite you" policy . . . The amazing number of book lovers in the library . . . Cheerleaders for the first time at H. H. S. . . . When two

of our boys left to help smash the Axis . . . Have you noticed the new feather bob on Ginny's fair head? She reminds us of the dolls we see in the department stores . . . Remember the Freshman Reception with the Sophomores smirking where last year they shook in their patent-leather boots . . . By the way, while you're in the business, remember the Seniors, we won't be here next year . . . G-bye now . . .

SCHOOL GOSSIP

It is rather queer, don't you think, that Frances Moore goes for SMALL boys, (or should we make "boys" singular)?? And we *don't* mean "little men".

What young man crashed Hermon High and crashed, smashed, (but miraculously hasn't broken—Yet) the heart of what popular Junior girl??? Here's a hint, chillun', he's always singing "Oh, My Darling Nellie—la te do la la—

Poor Shirley soon will have those "Navy Blues". Too bad, because "blue" isn't exactly the shade that suits her best.

WHEE! Lawrence Dole thinks love is simply GLORIAous!!

EXTRA! EXTRA! Joanne Kelleher is starting a column on "Advice to The Lovelorn". Miss Kelleher says—and we quote—"Experience is the best teacher," so we are confident that her article will be a success.

The accomplishments of the music class (???) are so great that they have often been

complimented on "singing Like the Birdies." If you ask us, those birdies are CROWS.

Wonder why Dunc is always singing "Remember Pearl—Harbor"???. Is it to express patriotic feelings????

GEE! Why doesn't a certain redhead make up her mind and put the local boys out of their misery . . .

QUESTION: What is the great attraction at Brewer?

ANSWER: Ask Kennie Thayer.

Wonder if the Fishermen of Hermon High (Stan, Henry, and Wayne) always catch as many fish as they say???

If you smell smoke, it's probably from that torch that a certain girl is carrying for a certain Freshman boy—We sure wish she would blow the darn thing out and give the local boys a break.

Has anyone been wondering why the local boys have green eyes? Well, the cat's out of the bag, it's because of Walter McCarty's popularity.

The Keyhole Spies.

A bit of nonsense heard by one eagerly searching for a good radio program:

Hurry to your corner grocery store—but proceed with caution—for who knows what evil lurks—deep in the heart of Texas—When suffering from nervous prostration—board the Chatanooga Choo-Choo—and come with us on a one minute trip to—the Bronx Zoo—Stop—Turn out your lights—What is it—It's a bird, it's an airplane, its—Abbott and Costello saying—Jello again folks—this is Fred Allen—with the latest news flash—They love me in Saint Jo—I hope, I hope, I hope—and now for tonight's chapter of Famous Murders—it will put you in a mood to sleep and then—you'll feel like happy days are here again so—Hello Mr. Benny, this is Rochester—saying au revoir.

Virginia Duplisea, '44.

SENIOR STATISTICS

Seniors	Nickname	A Yen for	Favorite Song	We Would Like to See
E. Witherly	"Stelle"	French translations	The Marseillaise	Driving a tank in the U. S. Army
H. Witherly	"Gram"	Woopee Pies	Let's Make Whoopee (Pies)	Walking a tight rope
S. Blake	"Blakie"	Jim	Navy Blues	Without a heart interest
V. Overlock	"Vee"	The Lone Pine Mountaineer	Little Brown Jug	In a cowgirl suit
E. Overlock	"El"	History Quizzes	In My Solitude	Secretary to the President
P. Morrill	"Red"	Roller skating	Oh! Johnny	As a bubble dancer
I. Tingley	"Auntie"	Movie	Not Mine	Playing opposite Victor Mature
C. Lord	"Mexie"	A steady heart throb	I Wish I Had Someone To Love Me	In a ballet dance
L. Littlefield	"Lin"	Public speaking	Somebody Stole My Gal	As a soapbox orator
G. Emerson	"Gracie"	Camp Shelby	I'll Be Back in a Year	A captain in the Army
K. Miller	"Ken"	Talking	Little Darling	Another Ziegfeld producer
J. Haskell	"Jimmie"	A future with ????	Wishing Will Make It So	As an Admiral in the U. S. Fleet
B. Willey	"Bev"	Running errands	Show Me the Way to Go Home	Taking tickets at the State Orpheum
A. Douglass	"Sal"	Pontiacs	Western Union Theme Song	Weighing 200

MICROPHONE QUIZ

1. Linwood Littlefield, after graduating, wants to go to—the Marines, Navy, Army, Levant.
2. Which of the following is true?—"Red" Morrill spends her time—*toe dancing, riding, roller skating.*
3. High scorer on the boys' basketball team was—R. Grant, D. Robertson, J. Haskell, W. McCarty.
4. For whom among the following does F. Tibbetts carry a torch—D. McLain, Mickey Mouse, T. Lord, L'il Abner.
5. What is Mr. Dwyer's favorite dish?—ice cream, French fries, steak, spaghetti.
6. What is Phyllis Silk's favorite pastime?—dancing, being beautiful, reading, having fun.
7. What Senior laddie has become a gob?
8. What Frosh lassie specializes in graceful fainting?
9. What Junior two-some likes the library so well?
10. What Senior gal has taken pipe smoking as a hobby?

If you cannot answer these questions, consult your nearest high school student.

HUT SUT BRAWLA

It's a silly little ditty
 With a silly little name;
 And only silly people sing it,
 But I like it just the same.

Oh this silly little ditty
 With the silly little name
 Is the hut sut brawla soo-it,
 And I like it just the same.

Kenneth Barlett: It's snowing in the window, Mr. Higgins.

Harold Kelleher: That's all right Mr. Higgins, I can shovel it out.

Gloria McGinley: (In bookkeeping class) What do I do now? I've got my pussyfooting done? (meaning pencil footing).

* * *

Mrs. Myers: (In Geography class) As you can see, Section I deals with population, the number of people per square mile.

Mildred Rush: (To a classmate) I never heard of square people. Where do they live?

* * *

Eleanor Fletcher: I can't find the word "manet" in the dictionary.

Mr. Dwyer: Put a "g" in that word, and you might find it. (Magnet).

* * *

Mr. Dwyer: Mr. Littlefield, what would you do in case of an air raid?

Mr. Littlefield: Boy, I wouldn't sit still.

* * *

Mr. Grant: My, that book is worn.

M. Goodell: I didn't do it.

Mr. Grant: I didn't accuse you of studying that hard.

* * *

Teacher hears a group of students whispering and asks if they are trying to draw contraction (meaning attraction).

* * *

E. Witherly: What do you do when you can't hear anything?

Mr. Dwyer: You can't hear it.

* * *

Mr. Dwyer: Miss Overlock, what is a succession of words beginning with the same letter called?

E. Overlock: "Elimination (Alliteration).

* * *

L. Littlefield: (In chemistry class) Have you any ether in the lab., Mr. Higgins?

Mr. Higgins: Yes, why?

L. Littlefield: I want to get some to put in my ear.

H. Witherly: What, are you going to operate on it?

Mr. Dwyer: (hearing a scream from the English room) I hope they don't spill any blood on my desk. (One of the girls saw a mouse).

* * *

Mrs. Myers: Where do fruits and nuts come from?

W. McCarty: There are a lot of nuts in Germany.

* * *

F. Davis: This is a good day for the race.

Mr. Dwyer: What race?

F. Davis: The human race.

Mr. Dwyer: What do you care? You're not in it.

* * *

John Kelleher: (Pointing to a school building) I used to go there twice a week for three days.

* * *

I. Tingley: We don't have any Shorthand today, will us?

* * *

F. Landry: What's the matter, it's so quiet in here? Am I the only one who's going to talk?

A. Keith: You're the only one who does talk.

* * *

I. Tingley: (Has been on ads all day. On the bus she says) I had a quarter today, and I ate it all.

* * *

Mr. Carter: (In Agriculture class) After a cow finishes eating, she goes in a nice cool place and sits down to chew her cud.

* * *

Freshman Girl: I might marry, if I could find a man to look at.

Classmate: Well, there's a man in the moon.

* * *

Teacher: What happens when a body is immersed in water?

Smart Alec: The telephone rings.

Chas. Gordon: Irma, did you lose a yellow pencil?

Irma: Yes.

Chas. Gordon: What color was it?

* * *

C. Gordon: Ugh, I've got some homework to do this vacation.

Miss Hood: Have you, Charles? (As he goes out the door) Happy vacation, Charles.

* * *

Service Station Man: Where's your radiator cap?

L. Leonard: On the front of my car, but please don't call me "Cap."

* * *

Teacher: Who can tell me when the Dark Ages were?

Bright Boy: That must have been the time when they had so many knights.

* * *

Lives of ancestors all remind us,
We give photos to our kin,
And, departing, leave behind us
Relatives who point and grin.

* * *

E. Thayer: Geraldine, are you going to practice basketball tonight?

G. Robertson: I am.

V. Frost: I am, too.

E. Thayer: You am?

* * *

During play rehearsal, Mr. Carter was reading Kenneth Thayer's cues.

Kenneth Thayer: I didn't hear you, but I know what you said.

* * *

Phyllis Morrill: Mrs. Myers, when will we have the vaccinations for smallpox?

Mrs. Myers: Within a few days.

P. Morrill: I just wanted to know, so that I could wash my arm.

* * *

E. Witherly: (Trying to tell Irma a joke) She said, "He wore his corncob—I mean his grandfather—I mean his grandfather's pipe."

DID J'A EVER

Did j'a ever see a penny seranade?
 Did j'a ever see a horse fly?
 Did j'a ever see a cow hide?
 Did j'a ever see a barn dance?
 Did j'a ever see a banana peel?
 Did j'a ever see a kitchen sink?
 Did j'a ever see a barn swallow?
 Did j'a ever see a door step?
 Did j'a ever see a board walk?
 Did j'a ever see a frame work?
 Did j'a ever see a lip stick?
 Did j'a ever see a tree bark?
 Did j'a ever see a hot dog?
 Did j'a ever see an ice skate?
 Did j'a ever see a land slide?
 Did j'a ever see a track meet?
 Did j'a ever see a monkey shine?
 Did j'a ever see a dream walking?
 Did j'a ever see a cigar smoke?
 Did j'a ever see a stove pipe?
 Did j'a ever see a clam bake?
 Did j'a ever see a cow slip?

IN HERMON HIGH SCHOOL

We have a:

Lord but no Plushbottom.
 Clark but no Bar.
 Snow but no Rain.
 Hemberg but no Roll.
 Hill but no Valley.
 Moore but no Less.
 Rush but no Walk.
 Walker but no Rider.
 Applebee but no Honeybee.
 Sherwood but no Cordwood.
 Lane but no Road.
 White but no Black.
 Hood but no Coat.
 Dole but no Pineapple.
 Porter but no Conductor.
 Overlock but no Underlock.
 Landry but no Laundry.

Leon Higgins
Class '44

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Gloria McGinley couldn't translate French?
 Kenneth Miller gave a History report?
 Estelle Witherly couldn't talk?
 John Kelleher stopped bragging?
 Stanley Garland stopped chewing gum?
 Jimmie Haskell joined the Army?
 Mr. Dwyer learned to type?
 Beverly Willey didn't run errands?
 Millie Rush didn't have an accent?
 Shirley Blake didn't flirt?
 Kenny Thayer wasn't champ?
 Walt McCarty lost his dimples?
 Phyllis Morrill had black hair?

Irma Tingley '42.

EXCHANGES

This year we have a fine list of Exchanges. They are:

The Monitor,
 Unity High School,
 Unity, Maine.

We enjoyed your year book. Your literary section was especially interesting.

The Volunteer,
 Carmel High School,
 Carmel, Maine.

The Volunteer shows fine work. We enjoyed the short story, "Heart Trouble", very much.

We also will exchange with:

Boothbay Harbor High School
 Mapleton High School
 Newport High School
 Richmond High School
 Winterport High School
 Hampden Academy
 Madison High School
 Stearns High School
 Corinna Academy
 Stetson High, Randolph, Mass.

"Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength."

HANDS AT MIDNIGHT

My hands had just passed midnight. It was a cold night in December, snow everywhere. Everyone was asleep in my house. I sat on the shelf ticking away, when, suddenly, there was a great roar. I didn't know what had happened at first, but soon I knew that the house was on fire.

Amid the noise and the bustle and hustle, everyone had forgotten me, sitting there on the shelf. Soon I heard the fire trucks coming. They sprayed their hose on our house and presently had the fire out. Alas! I was soaked with water. I will never tick again. Still I sit on the shelf, forgotten, with my hands pointing to just past midnight—never to move again.

Kathleen Bates, Grade 7.

The day is nice and bright outside,
And I sit here in school,
Wishing I could put my books away
And join the wild things in their play.

Estelle Witherly was reading a speech from the Senior Play which read: "I travel from village to village, empire to empire, all over the world, to find patients worthy of my care.

Estelle said: I travel from village to village, umpire to umpire, etc.

Mr. Higgins: Where are the referees?

COMING HOME

Summer soon will come again,
When spring has had its turn;
The war will soon be ended
With more history to learn.
Soldiers returning to their homes,
With parents waiting dear,
Banners flying, music playing,
While a million thousand cheer.

Nellie Huey, '43.

APRIL CAME

April rushed into my heart
With fluttering gown and manner gay,
A wilful, mischievous, naughty child,
And gaily spirited my soul away.

What is your favorite scene—
The heavenly night, the stars, the seas?
Mine is the golden sun
Sinking slowly behind the trees.

Some poems are clever
And some are smart
Most have rhyme and rhythm—
Ain't mine awful!

'Tis well to be merry and wise;
'Tis well to be honest and true;
'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new.

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CLASS OF 1945

Alumni



1928

Hubert Bates, employed at Prentiss & Carlisle, Bangor.

Stacy Miller, Extension Dept., University of Maine.

1929

Lamont Andrews, employed by Arthur Chapin, wholesale grocer.

Gardner Philbrook, employed in Brewer.

Lloyd Sweetser, in the Army.

Mary Grant, (Mrs. John Quigg), at home in Washburn.

Mavilla Randall, (Mrs. Willington Leelan), Portland.

Ellen Snow, employed in Bangor.

Ervin Saunders, at home in Hermon.

1930

Stanton Andrews, employed by Bangor and Aroostook Railroad.

Fred Emerson, employed by Central Maine Power Co., Hermon.

Flora Mae Homsted, (Mrs. Dale Young), at home in Old Town.

Thomas Larkin, employed in Bangor.

Ronald Morse, employed in Wilton.

Edna Nickerson, at home in Bangor.

Vivian Sweetzer, (Mrs. Raymond Batchelor), living in Bangor.

George Homsted Jr., employed by Webber Motor Company.

1931

Lyonis Andrews, employed in Washington, D. C.

Carlton Grant, employed by Arthur Chapin Co., Bangor.

Irene Homsted, at home in Hermon.

Mary Leathers, (Mrs. Webster Fox), living in New Hampshire.

Ona Morrison, nursing in Washington, D. C.

Payson Patten, employed in Portland.

Donald Rice, working for Bangor & Aroostook Railroad.

Frederick Staples, working for Bangor Gas Light Company.

Albion Saunders, in the U. S. Army.

Cora Kimball, (Mrs. George Violette), living in Hermon.

1932

Hazel Daly, (Mrs. Leo Robinson) at home in Bangor.

Floean Ellingwood, at home in Hermon.

Andrew Light, at home in Hermon.

Harriett Nowell, (Mrs. Herbert Tourtilotte) living in Hermon.

Irene Overlock, (Mrs. Harold Littlefield) living in Dexter.

Alton Richardson, at home in Hermon.

Charles Warren, in the U. S. Army.

1933

Lillian Barber, (Mrs. Ambrose Bridges) living in Waterville.

Laura Bragdon, living in Bangor.

Margaret Bragdon, (Mrs. Albert Crocker, Jr.) living in Bangor.

Stanley Dennis, employed at Webber Motor Co., Bangor.

Francis Dole, working for T. V. A., in Alabama.

Lucille Hunt, (Mrs. Harold Ellingwood) living in Hermon.

Virginia Overlock, (Mrs. Leland Hanson) living in Maryland.

Dorothy Pickett, (Mrs. Carlton Grant) living in Hermon.

Alumni in Service



Alberton
McHain



Vernon Libby



Charles Burton



Albion
Saunders



Earl Brick



Verlic Robinson



Lloyd
Littlefield



Merritt Emerson



Charles Warren



Willard
Swan

OTHERS

James Haskell

Lloyd Sweetser

Bertrand Phillips

Harland Randall, employed at Boston Navy Yard.
Ada Ricker, (Mrs. Lewis Judkins) living in Hermon.

Mary Turcotte, (Mrs. Andrew Light) living in Hermon.

Willard Swan, in the U. S. Army.

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 Bangor.

Francis Homsted, employed by Belfast Motor Express.

Dwina Morrison, (Mrs. Raymond Smith) living in Rockland.

Wilma Patten, (Mrs. William Winship) living in Bangor.

Carlotta Smith, (Mrs. Frank Stuart) living in Bangor.

Richard Winship, employed at Roundy's Oil Company, Bangor.

Paul Witherly, employed by Webber Motor Co., Bangor.

1935

Arlington Booker, Minister in Bradford.

Arthur Dole, attending the University of Maine.

Barbara Felker, employed by the Eastern Maine General Hospital, Bangor.

Royce Gray, employed at Gray's Dairy, Hermon.

Stanley Hawes, employed in Carmel.

Herbert Heughan, teaching in Virginia.

Gordon Hewes, at home in Hermon.

Alvin Lord, employed in Hartford, Conn.

Lottie Ricker, (Mrs. Kenneth Ellingwood) living in Bangor.

Clifton Robinson, employed at M. D. T.

Stephen Vafiades, manager of Julienne Ices, Bangor.

Lloyd Witherly, employed at the Webber Motor Co., Bangor.

1936

Perry Bean, employed in Colorado.

Clyde Booker, attending Bible School, Providence, Rhode Island.

Louise Clifford, (Mrs. Lloyd Goodspeed) at home in Dixmont.

Harriete Coffin, (Mrs. Stanley Loren) living in Providence, Rhode Island.

Rebecca Dole, attending the University of Maine.

Barbara Higgins, (Mrs. Francis Watson) living in Bangor.

Winston Judkins, in the Marine service.

George Kelley, employed by Armour Co., Bangor.

Wilford Leathers, employed by Louis Kirstein & Sons, Bangor.

Thelma Luce, employed at the Court House, Bangor.

Verl Morrison, employed in Lewiston.

Ruth Overlock, (Mrs. Albert Fessenden) living in Hampden.

Regina Parkman, (Mrs. Roland Ernest) living in Levant.

1937

Louisa Bickford, (Mrs. Clarence Pratt) at home in Hermon.

Earl Brick, in the U. S. Army.

Olive Felker, (Mrs. Robert Sedgeley) employed at the Kenduskeag Valley Creamery, Bangor.

Robena Gardner, at home in Levant.

Margaret Grant, working for the General Electric Company.

Eloise Higgins, (Mrs. Owen Goss) living in Levant.

Lloyd Littlefield, in the U. S. Army.

Lloyd Miller, an electrician in Newfoundland.

Ruth Porter, (Mrs. Royce Gray) at home in Hermon.

Juanita Sinford, (Mrs. Raymond White) living in Waterville.

Arlene Tibbetts, (Mrs. William Kelley) living in Portland.

Esther Tibbetts, (Mrs. Leroy Bartlett) employed by F. W. Woolworth, Bangor.

Elwin Witherly, employed in Bath.

Muriel Leathers, at a Bluehill hospital.

1938

Marion Porter, (Mrs. Wildon Lord) living in Bangor.

Perdita Smith, employed in Rhode Island.

Annie Witherly, employed in the Office Division, Washington, D. C.

Leroy Bartlett, employed in a garage, in Bangor.

Paul Bean, attending the University of Colorado.

Merritt Emerson, in the U. S. Army.

Theodore Perkins, employed at the First National Stores, Bangor.

Douglas Sherburn, living in Brewer.

Barbara Aieta, at home in Hermon.

Shirley Higgins, (Mrs. Donald Kearns) at home in Bangor.

Norma Miller, (Mrs. Roger Pinkham) at home in Hermon.

Eleanor Overlock, (Mrs. Roger Stevens) living in Bath.

1939

Marie Brown, training at a Rockland hospital.

Darrell Douglass, employed in West Bangor.

Frances Emerson, employed in Hampden.

Alice Frazier, employed by the Bangor Service Bureau, Bangor.

Rosaleen Hall, training at Waldo County Hospital, Belfast.

Lillian Libby, (Mrs. Frank Crocker) at home in Bangor.

Wildon Lord, employed at R. B. Dunning & Co., Bangor.

Alberton McLain, stationed at Langley Field, Virginia.

Barbara Nowell, employed at W. T. Grant's, in Bangor.

Josephine Robertson, employed at the Eastern Corp., Brewer.

Earl Tibbetts, employed in Portland.

1940

Delta Shortt, training at Portland.

Clara Bubier, training at Waldo County Hospital, Belfast.

Lewis Clark, at home in Hermon.

David Daigle, at home in Madison.

Rose Daigle, (Mrs. Arthur Allen) at home in Madison.

Charles Douglas, employed at the M. D. T.

Ellie Emerson, (Mrs. Aurele Levesque) living in Grand Falls, New Brunswick.

Kenneth Higgins, employed at Wilder's, Bangor.

June Robertson, employed at The Bangor Box Co.

Marlys Shortt, training in Washington, D. C.

Phyllis Small, at home in Hermon.

Bernice Gordon, (Mrs. Wendell Smith) living in Belfast.

Edwin Grant, employed at Armour's.

Carl McFadden, employed at the State Hospital.

1941

Claire Booker, at home in Hermon.

Clarence Booker, employed in Hermon.

Floyd Brown, employed at the M. D. T.

Charles Burton, in the U. S. A. Air Corps.

Anna Mae Dole, attending the University of Maine.

Daniel Frazier, employed at Laconia Needle Co., New Hampshire.

Lawrence Garland, training at Houlton Aviation Base.

Mildred Goodell, at home in Hermon.

Lewis Haskell, employed in Portland.

Vernon Libby, U. S. Army, Portland.

Eleanor Light, employed in Brewer.

George Moore, employed at N. H. Bragg's.

1941

Shirley Morrill, attending Maine School of Commerce, Bangor.

Virginia Nowell, (Mrs. Edward Hazuda) employed at the Russell Hospital, Brewer.

Ella Robertson, employed at Bangor Box Co., Brewer.

Verlie Robinson, stationed in South Carolina.

Gertrude Tapley, employed in Bangor.

Pearl Tibbetts, employed at F. W. Woolworth's, Bangor.

Arvilla Thayer, attending the Eastern Hair-dressing Academy, Bangor.

QUOTATIONS

"In time of war, the first casualty is truth."—*Boake Carter*.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."—*Francis Bacon*.

"Everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects."—*Will Rogers*.

"Sittin' and wishin' won't change your fate—The Lord provides the FISH but you must dig the bait."

"Speech is silver, silence is golden; speech is human, silence is divine."

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