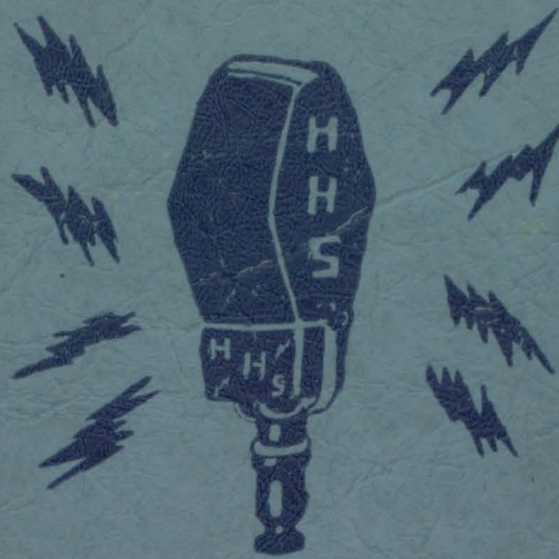


The Microphone



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1943

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Dedication



*To those of our Alumni who are in the
Service of Our Country we, the Class of '43,
dedicate this—our Microphone.*

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Barbara Nowell	Carl McFadden
Earl Brick	George Moore
Floyd Brown	Alberton McLain
Charles Burton	Verl Morrison
David Daigle	Theodore Perkins
Charles Douglass	Bertrand Phillips
Darrell Douglass	Harland Randall
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Merritt Emerson	Verlie Robinson
Lawrence Garland	Douglas Sherburne
James Haskell	Albion Saunders
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Stanley Hawes	Willard Swan
Gordon Hewes	Lloyd Sweetser
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The Microphone

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Hermon High School

Vol. 14

Number 1

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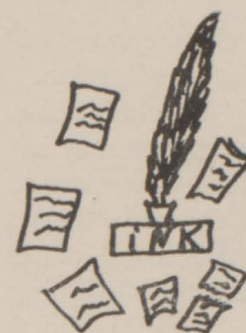
CURRICULUM

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

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

COMMERCIAL	COLLEGE	GENERAL
<i>First Year</i>	<i>First Year</i>	<i>First Year</i>
English I	English I	English I
Com. Arith.	Latin I	Citizenship
Citizenship	Algebra I	(Electives)
(Electives)	(Electives)	Biology
Algebra I	Citizenship	Algebra I
Latin I	Biology	Latin I
Biology		
<i>Second Year</i>	<i>Second Year</i>	<i>Second Year</i>
English II	English II	English II
Bookkeeping I	Latin I	(Electives)
(Electives)	Geometry	Biology
Biology	(Electives)	Geometry
World History	Biology	Latin I
	World History	World History
<i>Third Year</i>	<i>Third Year</i>	<i>Third Year</i>
English III	English III	English III
Bookkeeping II	Physics	(Electives)
Type. & Sten. I	Geometry	Physics
(Electives)	Latin II	Geometry
World History	(Electives)	Biology
Latin II	Biology	World History
Physics	Basic Math.	Basic Math.
Basic Math.		
<i>Fourth Year</i>	<i>Fourth Year</i>	<i>Fourth Year</i>
English IV	English IV	English IV
Am. History	Am. History	Am. History
Sten. II	Physics	(Electives)
Off. Practice and Type.	Basic Math.	Physics
(Electives)		Geometry
Physics		Bookkeeping I
Geometry		Basic Math.
Basic Math.		

Editorials



WE, THE BUILDERS

The future of tomorrow depends on the younger generation of today. We are the builders of tomorrow's world. We, the students, the dreamers, the workers, are the carpenters of the future. From our numbers will come the law-makers, the rulers, the leaders, of tomorrow.

Hundreds of generations past have prepared the foundation, have built and rebuilt it. Now we must build upon that base. It is a solid foundation built of loyalty, sacrifice, the heart's blood of nations. Will the structure that we raise upon it be as solid and lasting? It must! All the unborn generations of the future are depending upon us. We cannot fail them.

We must prepare now for the time when we will take our places in the diverse affairs of the world. We must be ready then to pick up where our fathers leave off. No alibi will be good enough, no reason credible enough to excuse us for shirking our task, difficult though it may be. We cannot claim that those who have gone before us have done a poor job merely because the world that they place into our keeping is in a momentary state of chaos and destruction! We must look farther; we must see that they have bettered the world that was placed in *their* care. Now we must do as well.

The peace and happiness of the new world lies in our hands. It is up to us to bring order out of the chaos, prosperity out of the destruction. This task is ours. We must face

it as such. We must see to it that the world which we give into the keeping of the next generation will be the better because of our care; that it will be as shining and wonderful as all our dreams and ideals of it. Only by putting forth our best efforts can this be done. Only by doing our best can we accomplish the task before us.

We, the dreamers, the workers, of today, must prepare now so that we may be the carpenters and builders of a better tomorrow.

Editor-in-Chief.

A GLORIOUS VICTORY

In times like these everyone must do his part to make this a better world in which to live, in the future.

We should make Uncle Sam proud of us, proud of our ability to work, cooperation, and our accomplishments of great things. Today men and women are striving to prove this point.

They are working overtime to turn out more planes and ammunition. They are doing this so the soldiers will have plenty, and far better equipment than the Axis.

We must not sit back and wait. What would we be waiting for? Are we waiting for a bombing on our homeland to make us realize just how serious this war is and just how deep we are in it? No, never must this happen. We must and we will be prepared for anything that comes our way.

Yes, we'll be ready, and before they have

a chance to get at us we'll be at them, causing plenty of action.

"We shall not fail our country." Each and every person in America knows that the future depends on those who are victorious in the end. We know that we must win if we want to go on living peacefully, which we are used to doing.

If we should fail to conquer our enemy, going our own way and planning our future would be a thing of the past. But with Americans behind the guns we will win.

Assistant Editor.

Problems of Juvenile Delinquency

You often hear of juvenile delinquency. Today it is fast becoming World War Number Two's most serious problem. It is possible for people in this section of the country to be unfamiliar with it, because it is a problem largely associated with cities such as Pittsburgh, New York, and Chicago. Any city, regardless of size, that has a manufacturing plant or war factory in it is apt to be troubled by juvenile delinquency.

Before the war, juvenile delinquency was on the downgrade. Since the war began, the crimes committed by delinquents have increased on an average of twenty per cent and in some districts they have jumped to as high as fifty-eight per cent.

There are many causes of juvenile crimes, but probably the most important ones today are the tension caused by the war, fear of bombings, blackouts and air raid drills, and lack of parental supervision of young people.

The war has caused a breaking up of homes by fathers going into the armed forces and mothers into war factories, leaving the children to themselves, before and after school hours. Some form into bands who go about stealing and destroying property. Due to the lack of social workers, supervisors, probation officers, and welfare workers, the delinquent child cannot be properly supervised and gets into trouble.

But even this problem can be cared for by doing something similar to what England and Russia are doing. They are solving this problem by building nurseries, children's homes, and securing foster parents for the children. For the older boys and girls, institutions, farms, and factories hire the children to keep them from growing up as criminals.

No child is born a criminal. This is the main reason why we must spend more time and energy to combat the growing menace to our young people, which is fast becoming the nation's number one problem.

Assistant Editor.

BUY FOR OUR BOYS

Yes, his room is empty now. It's been nearly a year since he went away to do his part for America. His clothes, his fishing pole and his rifle are lying unused in his room. Of course, we, his friends, hated to see him go, but we realized that millions of boys just like our friend Tom, Bill, or Charlie, were leaving their homes to help gain victory. He did not want war, nor did we; but war did come, and he volunteered his services.

War is not pleasant for anyone. Sleeping in a foxhole isn't like the comfort of home, but it is necessary. We civilians can see to it that this boy and all our boys, has guns, ammunition, and proper equipment. We can buy War Bonds and Stamps to help smash the Axis and bring a speedy victory.

Our boys may one day return to the unused room, and the fishing pole and rifle. We cannot know when. These boys are doing their best for us, that we may always live in a free country: free from want, fear, and oppression. Let's all resolve to buy more Bonds and Stamps!

Assistant Editor.

Literary



SARAH AT THE MOVING PICTURES

Arline McCarty has been a student at Hermon High for the past four years. She has been active in various sports. She took part in the Senior Play. Her hobbies are bowling and dancing.

Seems like I've had a turrible time recently with Josiah, he likes to be on the go all the time. When the snow come t'other day, Josiah sez to me, "Sarah," sez he, "this would be a great chance for us to git to town with this snow come."

I tho't at first I wouldn't go, but he looked so sort of wishful like that I sez, "All right Josiah, we can go just well's not, I'd lives' go now as later anyway, and I'll take that crazy quilt over to Mis' Parsons."

Well, as I was sayin', I got on my duds and fixed up best I could, so as we'd look decent over in town. And after we had swallered a bite we set off.

Our old Bill is kind of slow so we didn't get over there till eleven. They seemed real glad to see us. As they was so sort of nice we stayed and et there and had some real good victuals.

After dinner we sot right out to do our shoppin', but we hadn't no more and got started, and I just bought me some flannel and Josiah some hose when we run onto a new place. It was one of these new fangled moving picture shows and it had "Opera House" wrote on it in gold letters over the door.

Of course Josiah was sot on going in, so in we went and bought two tickets. Sakes,

it was the darkest hole I ever set my nose in! Not a window in the whole place, and there wasn't even a candle so as you could see where you was settin'. Finally Josiah found a seat to set in. I was a little scairt at first we'd been gotten into a trap, but when I saw the pictures I knowed it was all right.

The first picture was real nice. It was about two lovers who was in love and wrote awful touching letters to each other. I could see Josiah was real affected by it, and he asked the girl setting next to him how she thought it was going to turn out. I couldn't see her face in the dark but I knowed she was some young hussy trying to get Josiah. I gave him some punchings but he didn't seem to notice much and kept on talking about love.

I couldn't hear much they said but I did hear Josiah say that it made him think of a poem he heard once about, "Roses is red, violets is blue, sugar is sweet, and so be you."

That was about as much as I could stand so I sez, "Josiah this ain't no place for decent folks and I'm going."

He was turrible sot on seeing the end of them pictures, but it made him jump when I got up and started out alone. It was so dark I tripped several times getting out, but I didn't mind as I was sot on getting Josiah out of that hussy's clutches.

I had talked quite awhile about different things, when Josiah discovered his best watch gone. We went back to that miserable

place but that girl was gone, of course. Couldn't make Josiah believe she stole it anyhow, but he did feel heart-sick about losing that watch and after all the talk I done I guess he won't go to no more picture places for a spell anyway, even if they do have gold letters on the door of them.

Arline McCarty, '43

WANTED: ONE INTRODUCTION

Gloria McGinley is Valedictorian of the Class of '43. She took part in the Senior play this year. During her entire four years at Hermon High she has been active in sports and dramatics. Her interests rest chiefly in outdoor sports.

"Excuse *me*, Toots, but does this pencil belong to you?"

"Pardon me?"

"Oh! Don't look so surprised, Toots. I knew the pencil wasn't yours. But you know, I had to have some excuse to speak to you."

"Really!"

"Well, you see, I'm rather new here. This is my first year at this high school. I'll be a senior. I spent my other three years over to Stanton. But I daresay I'll like it here. I've met quite a few of the students and I guess I'll like it all right. I rather hated to come this morning though. You know how it is. New school, new classmates, new surroundings. And, gosh, even a new teacher. That's the worst of it. I met all the other teachers. They seem to be a pretty swell lot. Especially the principal, Mr. Adams. He seems to be a right guy. But this new teacher—Have you heard about her?"

"Why, no, I can't say that I have, but—"

"Oh, well, I guess you haven't missed much. I'll tell you though, she won't last long here. Her name's Marlborough. Sounds snooty, doesn't it? And a Miss at that. You might know, they'd get an old maid here to

teach us. She's probably skinny and fortyish. One of those old hens that always go around preaching. Wears her hair pulled back in one of them funny-looking pugs, wears horn-rimmed glasses. Dresses almost clear to her ankles and warns all the girls about the dangers of allowing young men to become friendly with them."

"Well, I *really* think—"

"Now don't use that tone of voice, Angel. I suppose you don't speak to strangers. Well, that's okay. We'll soon be good friends. Moms told me to be careful about making chance acquaintances the first day, but this is different. She said you never can tell what kind of people you're going to meet on the first day and you might make friendships that you'd be sorry for later. Aw, but she's all wet in this case. You know, Beautiful, I couldn't regret meeting you. Say, by the way, what're you doing tonight?"

"Oh, I rather think I'll be busy tonight. You see—"

"Oh, come on, Toots, don't be like that. I *like* you. Gosh, now, don't snap them big blue eyes at me. We don't sit on formality here. Gosh, formal introductions are as rare around here as pink elephants. I'll tell you what. My name's Ted Brant. There now, we aren't strangers any more. So how's about a date tonight?"

"Why, I don't think—"

"Okay, then, Babe, how's about walking home with you tonight?"

"Why, I really believe—Wait a minute, I think that's a good idea."

"That's better, Babe. You oughta smile more often. Shows your dimples. You know, honey, I think I'm going to like you. Oh, by the way, what's your name? I gotta know who I'm taking home."

"My name? Oh, Jane Marlborough!"

"Marlborough! You mean—"

"Yes! That's right. I'm the new teacher!"

Gloria McGinley, '43.

A SLAVE TO BALLET

Virginia Duplisea in the past year has been active in various subjects. She is President of the Victory Corps, Vice-President of the Student Council and has a part in the Junior Exhibition. Her chief interest is skating.

Granna Marani was born in the little old fashioned dressing room, engaged for minor performance at the theater. The ballet troupe had once been very popular but now was losing its welcome in the modern American shows. Granna received little attention at first, for the show had to go on. But now the show was over and the proud father came to view his little daughter.

All the old troopers visited the dressing room, smelling of grease paint and filled with the atmosphere of the bustle and hustle of theater life. Granna's mother in former days had been the toast of the Russian Ballet, but now she was aging and her muscles were growing weak. She could no longer engage in the more strenuous dances, but still she loved ballet. It was this love of ballet that roused her determination that her daughter, too, should be in it.

Granna's life was very different from that of other vigorous, healthy children of her age. She knew no life other than that of the theater. She must always do exercises to make her body flexible that she might dance well.

The day's routine was visiting her mother and father while they rehearsed their acts in the morning, and staying with the friendly old wardrobe mistress during the night performance.

When Granna was six years old she was sent to her mother's old dancing master in Italy. There in the home of the old master, Granna led an unhappy life. Still the same dull routine, but she worked well.

Granna was an immediate success. She had mastered ballet, but in her mind there still burned a resentment of the theater. She

had accomplished her goal. Now she thought of the life she might enjoy outside the theater, but her mother had set a still higher goal. She must learn adagio, the most difficult and nerve-straining of all dances. Granna willingly accepted the years of seclusion which were required to learn the dance.

She mastered adagio and now was ready for her debut in the royal palace with the king and queen as guests. The audience was comprised of the greatest celebrities in the land. Before the performance, Granna viewed her audience from the wings. She saw her mother and father beside the king and queen in the royal box, bristling with pride for their daughter.

For her debut, Granna was doing the Allibate, the most difficult Adagio arrangement. It had been attempted by many, but mastered by few. Granna felt no excitement before the debut, but rather a feeling of depression and fear as she sat in her dressing room before curtain call.

Granna faintly heard the music which introduced her dance. She entered the stage from the wings amid thunderous applause. With the first part of the music Granna danced about the center of the stage. Then she suddenly leaped into the arms of a young man and was tossed about, the while resembling a butterfly in motion. Granna searched for her mother while in mid-air; she spied her just as a startled expression appeared on her face.

Then suddenly the audience saw the beautiful girl fall in a crumpled heap on the floor. A shocked stillness came over the theater. Granna would never dance again for she was dead. She had not seen the steel rod which held the scenery. Yes, Granna Marani was the greatest ballerina of all times. Granna's mother had loved ballet and that love of ballet had influenced her daughter, and now ballet had taken Granna from her.

Virginia Duplisea, '44

RECALLING THE PAST

Regina is a member of the Sophomore Class. She has been outstanding in the literary department of our school. For the past two years she has been President of her class and has also held literary offices on the *Microphone* Board.

A white haired, misty eyed woman sits in an old fashioned rocking chair before an open fireplace, crooning softly to the curly headed lad in her arms. She is lost in memories of time gone past.

It was back in 1914. John Daw returns home with a happy, blushing bride. Happiness reigned in the Daw household for two years and was increased by the birth of John, Jr.

But happiness could not last forever. In 1916, John, Sr., was called to the service of his country. After little training he was sent to the front. Months passed and no word was heard from or about him. The suspense of waiting was pure agony. At last a letter from the government found its way to Mrs. Daw, but the news it contained was not good. It plainly stated that her husband was back in this country, at a hospital in a distant state, being treated for shellshock and was not expected to live. She went to him but it did no good. He was delirious and recognized no one, not even his wife and child. He was always in agony; he endured two weeks of endless torture before he came to rest in peace.

Now another war is raging and John, Jr. has gone to join the father he never knew. It is now John III who confronts and eases the sharp cutting pains in her breast. What is the use of living, thinks Mrs. Daw, when there is nothing to live for, but recalling her son's parting words she knows she must and will go on.

"Don't grieve for me, Mother. A lot of other boys are dying, also, but I don't mind, not as long as I die to keep this, the blessed God-loving country, free and independent, as it always has and always will be."

Regina Burgess, '45

ONE OF MILLIONS

Joanne Kelleher is a member of the Sopomore class. In her Freshman year she took part in the Freshman-Sophomore play. She has shown interest and talent in dramatics and literature.

The evening shadows moved slowly down from the hills and cloaked the Valley of Randre in darkness.

On a nearby hill stands a small cottage. Drawing closer one can observe that a tall man is standing in the shadows and is whispering softly to his wife in the cottage door. He moves stealthily down the road and blends into the dark curtain of the night.

Madam Renoir, realizing that he may never come back from his mission of sabotage, longs to call him back. Tears fill her eyes and her heart aches but she restrains herself knowing that the freedom of her beloved country is more important. Shutting her eyes as if to impress upon her mind his image, she turned and quickly entered the house.

As she sat knitting, time passed swiftly and when her eyes wandered to the clock she found to her surprise that it was 11:58. Shortly afterward there sounded from the distance a sound as that of thunder. She stiffened in her chair for a moment but soon relaxed—happy that Jan had done his work well.

When the hours passed and he did not return, Madam threw a shawl over her bent shoulders and hurried from the house. As she neared the village, a small girl stepped from the shadows of a tree and informed her that Jan was dead. She wept! Yes, we all weep when we lose loved ones.

She was proud to take his place; to carry on his work. He was one of the millions who are giving their lives that their country may be freed from Naziism. It is but one example of the stamina of a nation of great people: the French!

Joanne Kelleher, '45

GETTING OUT THE "MIC"

Oh, what a headache this has turned out
to be!

I've worked on material 'til I just cannot see.
Don't you think that at home, I could let
it be?

But no, I have to take it to bed with me.
By half-past eight I'm tired; to myself I said,
"I'll get a good night's sleep," and so I went
to bed.

Oh, what a terrible night I spent!
On getting out the "Mic" I sure was bent.
All night I twisted and turned,
All my prayers for peace were spurned.
I talked when asleep; I talked when awake,
"Oh, what shall I do, for Heaven's sake?"
"Oh, Gerald, don't you think it better—"
"And, Nellie, I know you're tired, but—"
"Ginnie, here's some more stuff to be read."
"And Sylvie, don't you think this should be
cut?"

Oh, how wonderful 'twould be to go to sleep
so sound

That I'd not wake at morning, but remain
in slumber profound!

I know what in school today I'll be: just a
cross 'tween dead and alive.

As a limit, to top it all off I wrote this poem
at half-past *five*.

Now my condolences I offer (in this I know
I'm not alone)

To the next Editor-in-Chief of the Hermon
Microphone.

Gloria McGinley '43

LUKE

In the great hills of Maine
There usta live a fella,
And he was a-courtin' of
A gal named Suza Bella.

Now this fella's name was Luke,
And he was a charm.
He went to Sundy meetin'
With Suza Bella on his arm.

Luke dwelt in a log cabin,
Way up on the bluff,
And of brothers and sisters
Luke sure had enough.

Luke went to the village school
Clearn up to the fourth grade,
But the school-marm finally decided
Brains ran short, when Luke was made.

Luke always usta hunt
With his double barreled gun.
And of skunks around that village
You'd never see a one.

It was a happy day now,
The fiddlers was all pitched;
And everybuddy gave their blessin'
When Suzy and Luke was hitched.

Virginia Duplisea, '44

A THEME

My goodness gracious me,
What a school it would be:

Mr. Wright has asked us girls
To write a theme on boys;
The boys will have to tell him
What makes the girls make noise.

Now I have got a pencil,
And I have got to write.
Oh, heaven, won't you tell me,
What makes my hand so tight?

I think it is much easier
To try to write a poem
Than making up a whole long sheet
About the tube called "Phloem."

It is fun to try to make
Words rhyme with every line,
But I've got to write a theme
About the boys who "pine."

Mona McGinley, '45

FRESHMEN

F stands for Freshmen,
 The class that's so gay.
 R is for rules
 That we have to obey. (?)
 E is for everyone
 In our large class.
 S is for studies,
 In which we all pass. (?)
 H is for helpful,
 And we all give a lift.
 M is for memories
 Of those who have left.
 A is for an answer
 And we all have one to give.
 N stands for our Nation,
 For which we all live.

Dorothy Homstead, '46

POEM

One day I started out to town;
 I had an awful load.
 I packed my trunk and lit my pipe
 And started down the road.
 The rain came down, the wind it blew,
 It was a sunny day.
 While up above the murky clouds,
 The birds came out to play.
 The day was hot, the bees they hummed.
 The boats dried up and sank.
 The dogs and cats slept in the pool,
 And the fishes slept on the bank.
 But all the time the rain came down;
 Water was everywhere.
 And underground it was so dry,
 The worms came up for air.
 But on and on and on I trudged,
 Not thinking of the past.
 But now I see the city lights;
 I've got to town at last.

Leon Higgins, '44

LITTLE BOYS

Some little boys started off to school,
 But stopped by a wayside brook.
 The croaking frogs, the leaping trout—
 They wished they had a line and hook.
 Wishful thinking does no good,
 So they continued on their way.
 Soon they met some more little boys
 And decided to stop and play.
 They arrived at school one half hour late,
 Teacher asked for an explanation.
 One smart alec piped up and said:
 "Why! This is a free nation."
 That remark was out of place.
 The angry teacher cried:
 "All of you must write a theme;
 By my rules you must abide."
 How mothers wish they would return,
 Those figures in overalls clad.
 Don't worry, folks, those boys are here,
 For they're our Senior lads.

Regina Burgess, '45

SAWN OF A GUN

I cranka da car,
 But she won't run.
 These automobile;
 She's a sawn of a gun.
 Shesa stop da middle
 Of da street upa town.
 I look in da carburator,
 But shesa no drawn.
 I pusha da clutch,
 Shaka da wheel,
 Knocka da brake;
 Da horn I feel.
 I look in da tank—
 What I see—yas!
 Sawn of a gun!
 Shesa outa da GAS!

Clinton Hemberg, '44

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

An only son went off to war
 Once, long ago, in spring,
 All the world was gay and bright,
 Yet war broke out—in spring.
 Mothers of sons through all the ages
 Had kissed their boys good-bye,
 Had managed to smile and wave,
 Had suppressed even the tiniest sigh.
 (History repeats itself.)

Could this mother do less?
 Now when her country demanded
 All her loyalty, devotion and love?
 No—all her reserves of courage she
 commanded
 As her son strode away down the lane
 Under trees that had watched him at play
 When a toddling tot with ringlets of gold:—
 A mother's heart was broken as footsteps
 faded away.
 (History repeats itself.)

Over twenty years ago, this son went off to
 war
 To fight, to keep our country free;
 To fight (he thought) the final battle
 In the struggle for democracy.
 Now once again the war drums roll
 And sons go off to fight the enemy
 And mothers smile through tear-filled eyes
 And whisper: "God, keep my son—my
 baby!"
 (History repeats itself.)

Gloria McGinley, '43

YESTERDAY'S LITTLE BOY

Remember the little boy at the table, with
 the twinkle in his eye?
 Remember how he grinned, when you gave
 him his second piece of pie?
 Remember after breakfast, how you combed
 the golden curls,
 And how thankful you were that he was not
 a little girl?

And now you remember the letter you
 received the other day,
 That said: "Hello, Mom, I'll be seeing you
 right away."
 Your eyes are full of tears for, now you see
 Yesterday's little boy grown up and dressed
 in khaki.

Bernice Applebee, '46

MY SON

My son, he left for war today,
 He went across to fight.
 "Dear God, please guide him safely,"
 This prayer I say each night.

A tear drops every now and then,
 When I think of him over there.
 Fighting to save his country,
 And no one knows quite where.

I set his plate at dinner,
 And when I see that vacant chair,
 I pretend that he is late,
 And will soon be sitting there.

When I saw him off at the station,
 I did not shed a tear.
 I left him with a happy smile,
 Though my heart was full of fear.

Phyllis Applebee, '44

WOMEN OF OUR NATION

They've thrown aside silks and laces,
 These women of our nation.
 In uniforms and overalls
 They'll serve for the duration.

They who used to grasp bouquets,
 Reach out for them no longer.
 They're making weapons, working hard,
 To make our forces stronger.

Ruth Bradbury, '44

THE GAMBLER

He was slick—that gambler.

His fingers were long and thin,
His cards were marked with little lines,
So that he'd be sure to win.

His head was small and round,
Perched on a long thin neck.
He was both crafty and shrewd,
And he dealt from the bottom of the deck.

One night as he was playing poker,
A stranger strode through the door.
All eyes turned and centered on him
As he walked across the floor.

He sat down at the table
And asked for a pile of chips;
He took from his pocket a roll of money
Fastened with golden clips.

He said to Jake, the gambler:
"I want to play with you.
If you can beat me with your deck,
I'll give all this to you."

"But if you lose
You'll give to me
This saloon you own,
And all your property."

"It's a deal," cried Jake.
"I'll shuffle the deck."
His fingers flashed in the lamplight
As he dealt from the bottom of the deck.

Jake drew two queens, the stranger an ace.
The crowd drew up quite near.
A flicker went over the stranger's face
That Jake mistook for fear.

Jake laid down three kings and a queen;
The crowd drew back three paces.
The stranger looked at them and laughed
As he threw down four aces.

Arthur McGinley, '46

DANCING AT HERMON HIGH

My dinner is over.
I go down to dance.
The music has started;
I'm put in a trance.

Now Milly floats by;
I ask for the next dance.
Her next one is taken—
I'm left in my trance.

I then see Arline;
She is standing alone.
I ask her politely
In a very nice tone:

"Will you dance with me,
If I lead you around?"
She says, "Yes, yes, yes,
If you'll stay on the ground."

Then something happened;
What can it be?
The music stopped playing;
I uncurl my knee.

Has anyone a nickel
To put in this thing?
"No," Walter replies,
"And so I will sing."

Then the bell rings;
It sounds very loud.
But just you wait,
I won't be "cowed."

For there comes another day,
Just wait and you'll see;
I'll dance after all.
A nickel is the fee.

Mona McGinley, '45

Make up a poem
Chief editor said;
So that we'll floor 'em,
The Mike is so dead.

The Senior Class of 1943



ROBERT WILSON GRANT

"Bobby"

*Bobby is always full of fun.
He always does his bit;
And where Roberta is concerned,
He makes a great big hit.*

Commercial Course; Science Club 1; Sportsman's Club 2; Dramatic Club 3; Dancing Club 3; Etiquette Club 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Vice President 1; Treasurer 4; Editorial Board 4; "Laughing Gas" 1; "Murdered Alive" 4.



ROBERTA MARIE HILL

"Berta"

*Roberta is a little girl
With vim enough for two.
No matter who chances to come along
To Bobby she'll always be true.*

Commercial Course; Commercial Club 2; Etiquette Club 4; Dancing Club 3; Glee Club 3; Spelling Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3; Basketball 2, 3; Secretary 4; Editorial Board 4; "Tomboy" 2; Delivers President's Address.



NELLIE PEARL HUEY

*Nellie isn't very big,
Yet she'll pass as fair.
When it comes to aiding
Nellie does her share.*

Commercial Course; Commercial Club 2; Spelling Club 3; Dancing Club 3; Glee Club 3, 4; Etiquette Club 4; Basketball 3; Secretary 3; Vice President 4; Editorial Board 3, 4; Junior Exhibition 3; "Murdered Alive" 4; Second Honor Essay.



ARLINE EDITH McCARTY

"Mac"

*Arline is very ambitious,
We know she will succeed
If she listens to her elders
And their advice take heed.*

General Course; Commercial Club 2; Spelling Club 3; Outdoor Club 2; Dancing Club 3; Dramatic Club 3; Glee Club 3, 4; Homemaking Club 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Editorial Board 4; "Hummingbird Hiccups" 3; "Murdered Alive" 4; Address to Undergraduates.



WALTER JAMES McCARTY

"Dimples"

*Walter is the star
In our athletic field.
An amateur boxer, too;
Credit to him we'll yield.*

Commercial Course; Sportsman's Club 1; Dancing Club 2; Glee Club 3, 4; Future Farmers 1, 2; Etiquette Club 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 3; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Intramural Football 2, 3, 4; Vice President, Future Farmers 2; Vice President of Class 3; President of Student Council 4; Editorial Board 3, 4; "Murdered Alive" 4; "Hummingbird Hiccups" 3; "Tomboy" 2; Class Prophecy.



GLORIA ESTELLE MCGINLEY

"Glo"

*Gloria is the Editor,
And Valedictorian, too.
Never will she shirk
Work she'll have to do.*

Commercial Course; Commercial Club 2; Outdoor Club 2; Spelling Club 3; Dancing Club 3; Dramatic Club 3; Etiquette Club 4; Basketball 2, 3; President 3, 4; Editorial Board 3, 4; Student Council 4; "Tomboy" 2; "Murdered Alive" 4; Valedictorian.



SYLVIA ELLEN PENDLETON

"Sylvie"

*Sylvia is quite a girl
And full of fun we know,
But when it comes to Bayside,
There she loves to go.*

College Course; Dramatic Club 1; Dancing Club 3; Etiquette Club 4; Basketball 3; Secretary 1; President 2; Editorial Board 2, 3, 4; Junior Exhibition 3; "The Haunted Passage" 1; "Tomboy" 2; Glee Club 3, 4; First Honor Essay.



GERALD CARL PICKARD

"Jerry"

*Gerald will be Governor some day;
Of that we're almost sure.
He'll take whatever comes along;
All hardships he'll endure.*

Agricultural and General Course; Hiking and Camera Club 2; Commentators Club 2; Dramatics Club 2, 3; Dancing Club 2, 3; Airplane Club 4; Future Farmers, Secretary 1, 2—President 3; Editorial Board 3, 4; Treasurer 3; Junior Exhibition 3; "Tomboy" 2; "Hummingbird Hiccups" 3; "The Imaginary Invalid" 3; "Murdered Alive" 4; Salutatorian.



ETHEL MABELLE PORTER

"Blondie"

*Ethel is a golden blonde,
With eyes of heavenly blue;
She thinks of a soldier boy
To whom she'll always be true.*

General Course; Bicycle Club 3; Dramatic Club 3; Dancing Club 3; Athletic Club 4; Commercial Club 4; Home Making Club 4; Glee Club 3; Editorial Board 4; Junior Exhibition 3; "Hummingbird Hiccups" 3; "Murdered Alive" 4; Class Gifts.



DUNCAN ROBERTSON, JR.

"Dunc"

*Dunc is quite a lad
We must all admit;
And when excitement comes his way
He'll very seldom sit.*

Agricultural Course 1, 2; Commercial Course 3; General Course 4; Current Events Club 1; Glee Club 2, 3; Dramatic Club 2; Dancing Club 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2; Intramural Football 2, 3; Future Farmers 1, 2; Junior Exhibition 3; Editorial Board 3, 4; "Laughing Gas" 1; "Tomboy" 2; "Murdered Alive" 4; Class Will.

MILDRED EILEEN RUSH

"Millie"

*Millie is one of the best sports
In our Senior class.
We will always remember her
As an active lass.*

Commercial Course; Dramatic Club 3; Dancing Club 3; Glee Club 3, 4; Home Making Club 4; Basketball 3; Editorial Board 4; Junior Exhibition 3; "Murdered Alive" 4; Class History.



PHYLLIS VIOLA SILK

"Silkie"

*"Silkie's" all out for the Army,
With its boys in khaki clad;
She keeps letters flying daily
To some lucky lad.*

College Course; Science Club 2; Dancing Club 3; Editorial Board 3, 4; "Laughing Gas" 1; "Tomboy" 2; "Hummingbird Hiccups" 3; "Murdered Alive" 4; Class Prophecy.



ELDRED LIONAL SMITH

"Smithie"

*Eldred is a quiet boy;
He does his work right well.
Although he's always rather shy,
We think that he is swell.*

General Course; Sportsman's Club 1, 2; Handicraft Club 2; Hiking Club 2; Future Farmers 1, 2, 3; Junior Exhibition 3.



HELEN WINONA SMITH

"Winnie"

*Helen is a serious girl,
Although she likes some fun.
She'll never have to worry,
For work she doesn't shun.*

General Course; Commercial Club 1; Sewing Club 2; Glee Club 2; Spelling Club 3; Home Making Club 4.



KENNETH HAMMOND THAYER

"Kennie"

*Kennie is a regular guy,
I'm sure we'll all agree.
The only thing that sticks him
Is H-I-S-T-O-R-Y.*

Agricultural Course 1, 2; Commercial Course 3; General Course 4; Future Farmers 1, 2, 3; Dancing Club 2, 3; Dramatic Club 2; Current Events Club 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Intramural Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3; Editorial Board 4; "Tomboy" 2; "Hummingbird Hiccups" 3; "Murdered Alive" 4; Presentation of Gifts.



GLADYS WINONA TIBBETTS

"Gladie"

*Gladys shows talent in dramatics;
A star she'll be some day;
Either in famed Hollywood,
Or on old Broadway.*

Commercial Course; Science Club 2; Sportsman's Club 2; Dancing Club 3; Glee Club 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheerleader, 3, 4; President 1; Secretary and Treasurer 2; Editorial Board 3, 4; Junior Exhibition 3; "Laughing Gas" 1; "Tomboy" 2; "Hummingbird Hiccups" 3; "Murdered Alive" 4.



Locals



AIRPLANE RECOGNITION COURSE

An Airplane Recognition Course has been organized at Hermon High School to instruct the students in the identification of both American and foreign aircraft. These weekly classes conducted by Principal Wright have proved equally interesting and worthwhile to both boys and girls. This course has been made considerably clearer by the aid of a movie projector and pamphlets published by the Army Air Force.

SCRAP DRIVE

Last fall a very successful scrap drive was held by the students of Hermon High. Several citizens about town cooperated with the school in lending their trucks for the scrap drive. Fifty tons of scrap iron, rubber, tin, etc., were collected, exceeding our quota by ten tons. Part of the money received was given to the church, charity, and the remainder went to the schools of Hermon.

OMISSIONS

The Agriculture Course was omitted this year, much to the regret of many Hermon boys. This omission was inevitable, however, because of the scarcity of Agricultural teachers. Our former teacher, Mr. Carter, of Newport, Maine, enlisted in the U. S. Air Corps, early last fall.

The Freshman-Sophomore Play was omitted this year and will be replaced by three one-act plays, produced by the girls of Hermon High.

The weekly socials that were so popular last year have also been omitted, to conserve for National Defense.

THE VICTORY CORPS

The Victory Corps of Hermon High is an organization that is made up of girls and boys who want to do their part in the war effort. At the present time there are twenty-six members. Active members are given a red "V" to signify their corps. Extra duties are awarded with patriotic designs on arm shields.

THE OBSERVATION POST

The Observation Post, a small building erected on the roof of H. H. S., and sponsored by the U. S. Army, is for the purpose of reporting planes. The students of H. H. S. occupy the post during the day, while the citizens of the town take over the responsibility at night.

Arm bands and the Hermon letter are given to those who have been on duty twenty-five and fifty hours, respectively. Many have received these rewards.

CLUBS

The Home Making and Sewing Club was organized in the fall under the supervision of Mrs. Myers. There was an enrollment of twenty students.

The club members made a drop curtain for the stage, from the funds received by the scrap drive. Their excellent workmanship has been highly complimented, and is deeply appreciated by the school.

The Etiquette Club of Hermon High was new this year. It was sponsored by Miss Perry. A large percentage of the school attended it. It has proved an interesting and valuable subject.



SENIOR PLAY CAST

Back Row: K. Thayer, M. Rush, W. McCarty, A. McCarty, G. Pickard.
Front Row: G. Tibbetts, P. Silk, D. Robertson, N. Huey, G. McGinley, R. Grant, E. Porter.



JUNIOR PRIZE-SPEAKING

Back Row: V. Duplisea, R. Bradbury, P. Applebee, F. Moore.
Front Row: V. Frost, H. Prescott, F. Tibbetts, R. Burton, P. Garland.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

With the exception of Mrs. Myers, there has been a complete change in the faculty of Hermon High.

Mr. Wright, our principal, has introduced many new ideas and methods into our school, all of which have been successful and popular.

Miss Perry, our English teacher, has joined the students' "Favorite Teachers List", also. She is a resident of Hampden, where she taught previously. She is the girls' basketball coach this year.

The former Junior High teacher, Miss Barbara Hood, who left us at Thanksgiving, has been replaced by Mrs. Jessie Proctor. Mrs. Proctor has acted as coach for the Senior High's dramatic activities.

Mrs. Mollie Nickerson replaced Mr. Day at the beginning of the fourth quarter.

SENIOR PLAY

The annual Senior Play, "Murdered Alive" was presented in the Hermon High School Gymnasium, December 17. The usual two nights were cut down to one due to transportation problems.

The entire action of the play takes place in the living room of Hillcrest, on the estate of Marvin Ryder.

The play was directed by Mrs. Proctor.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Libby Ryder, *a society matron*.....Nellie Huey
 Arden Ryder, *her charming daughter*.....Phyllis Silk
 Warner Melton, *in love with Arden*.....Gerald Pickard
 Tillie Meek, *a maid*.....Mildred Rush
 Irish Alda, *a medium*.....Gloria McGinley
 Luverne Speed, *from Creston Corners*.....
Arline McCarty
 Stella Backus, *who rules the roost*.....Gladys Tibbetts
 Frank Backus, *her weaker half*.....Kenneth Thayer
 Acton Chance, *an amateur detective*.....Robert Grant
 Otis Marvin, *a lawyer*.....Walter McCarty
 Arline Ivans, *a lady*.....Ethel Porter
 The Mysterious Stranger, *who is*.....Duncan Robertson

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

The Junior Exhibition will be presented in the High School Auditorium on the eve of May 7. The pupils who will participate in the contest are as follows:

At Home to His Friends.....Phyllis Applebee
 Scrapper Halpin.....Robert Burton
 Immune to Flattery.....Ruth Bradbury

Music

Soul of the Violin.....Virginia Duplisea
 The Last Leaf.....Virginia Frost
 Soldier of France.....Patricia Garland
 A Day in the Country.....Leon Higgins

Music

Hagar.....Frances Moore
 Country School Program.....Henry Prescott
 Strongheart.....Flora Tibbetts

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council was a new addition to Hermon High this year. The officers are as follows:

President.....Walter McCarty
 Vice-President.....Virginia Duplisea
 Secretary.....Alice Sherwood
 Treasurer.....Leon Higgins

A MESSAGE TO HITLER

We are strong
 And mighty too.
 So that we
 Can conquer you.
 And when we come
 You'll want to run.
 Alice Sherwood, '46.

VICTORY

One Jap, two Japs
 Three Japs, four
 Every time we get a Jap
 Makes another score.
 Arline McCarty, '43.

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement week will begin with the Baccalaureate services in the Baptist Church at Hermon Corner on June 6, 1943. The Graduation Exercises will be held in the Hermon High School Gymnasium at 8:00 P. M. on the evening of June 10.

Processional

Invocation Minister
 Salutory Gerald Pickard
 First Honor Essay Sylvia Pendleton
 Second Honor Essay Nellie Huey
 Address to Undergraduates, Arline McCarty

Music

History Mildred Rush
 Robert Grant
 President's Address Roberta Hill
 Prophecy Walter McCarty
 Phyllis Silk

Music

Class Will Duncan Robertson
 Gifts Ethel Porter
 Kenneth Thayer
 Valedictory Gloria McGinley

Presentation of Awards

Presentation of Diplomas
 Principal F. Clair Wright

Class Ode

Benediction Minister

Recessional

Following the graduation exercises will be the Senior Ball at the Odd Fellows Hall.

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

Two and two add up to four,
 Four and four make eight.
 You and you can win the war
 These figures indicate.
 For it's not the large amount,
 But the little things that count.

Esther Harris, '46.

English Class: Francis Davis went to the board to write a compound sentence.

He wrote: I went to the game but didn't get a ride.

Miss Perry: "Is that compound?"

Francis: "Yes."

Miss Perry: "All right, tell why."

Francis: "You said so."

Gladys (bringing a picture in to show Flora) "Doesn't this look almost like Arthur Kelly?"

Flora: "Not Arthur—George."

Gladys: "Well, I meant George, anyway the one in Boston."

Flora: "Not Boston—Portland."

Gladys: "Well, I meant Portland."

Arline (in History Class): "What does that word 'cataclysm' mean?"

Miss Perry: "We've just finished with that word."

Arline: "That's what I thought."

Sophomore History Class:

Mr. Wright: "What did Cyrus McCormick do?"

Roger: "Cyrus McCormick founded the theological cemetery (seminary)."



Athletics



VARSITY BASKETBALL

A fairly large squad of boys reported for practice this year, several of them with experience.

The new Principal, Mr. Wright, was the coach and turned out a successful team. The squad won 4 games and lost 4. The team had no regular captain for the year but had a different one for each game.

Letter winners were: Walter McCarty, Kenneth Thayer, Myron Goodell, Robert Burton, Douglas McLain, William McCarty, and Robert Grant.

The schedule of games was as follows:

Hampden	31	Hermon	26*
*Bangor J. V.	38	Hermon	25
*Hampden	18	Hermon	19
*Carmel	18	Hermon	34
*John Bapst J. V.	32	Hermon	21
Carmel	30	Hermon	35*
*M. S. C.	31	Hermon	24
M. S. C.	26	Hermon	27*

*Indicates where games were played.

BANGOR JAYVEES

One of the best games was at the City Hall against Bangor Jayvees. It was close from beginning to end. At the quarter the score was tied 8-8, at the half Hermon led by one point, 15-14, and the third quarter Bangor

led 24-18. The game closed with a Bangor victory of thirteen points.

MAINE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

This game at home was another very close one. Hermon was behind all the way until the last seconds. With two minutes to play and a drawback of four baskets. Hermon forged ahead to win by a score of 27-26.

BASEBALL

For patriotic reasons the league baseball schedule this year has been cut, but we hope to get a few games. Practice will be held.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Hermon girls played only interclass games. Transportation difficulties prevented any outside games. Miss Perry, who succeeded Miss Hood, was coach. We are losing at graduation some of our outstanding players, Gloria McGinley, Mildred Rush, Arline McCarty, Nellie Huey, Sylvia Pendleton, and Gladys Tibbetts. Other members of the squad are Frances Moore, Patricia Garland, Marise Philbrick, Geraldine Robertson, Gloria Blake, Alice Sherwood, Dorothy Libby, Mona McGinley, Flora Tibbetts, Ruth Robinson, Bernice Applebee.

Junior High School

THE EIGHTH GRADE

There's Albert San Antonio, who's very tall
And Betty Luce who is good at basketball.
Bonnie Lord who is alert
And Carl White who likes to flirt.
Donald Bradbury who seldom speaks
And Dorothy Tapley a good time seeks.
Eleanor Fletcher who has brown hair
And Elliot White does his work with care.
Everett Tibbetts who talks very loud
And Forest Bragg is liked by a crowd.
There's Gordon Somers who writes good
themes,
Harold Kelleher to get out of work, often
schemes.
Harriette Dole who does her best
And Kenneth Bartlett our class pest.
Kathleen Bates whom we like to tease
And Martha Goodell who tries to please.
Raymond Bowen has a mischevious look
And Richard Kelley has read many a book.
Robert Garland who likes to fight,
Rosanne Pendleton who doesn't like to write
And Shirley Hatt who is a popular lass.
With this we end the Eighth Grade Class.

Rosanne Pendleton, Grade 8.

TO THE SENIORS

Onward, onward, mighty seniors!
How I wonder where you'll go,
Out into the world so far
Ever ready, for the foe.

When the storms of life you meet
And hardships' course you strike
Then you'll show your courage true,
Onward, upward, all through life.

Grace Warren, Grade 7.

A QUICK GOOD-BY

It's hard for me to reason why
You wish to bid a quick good-by.
Two times a week and sometimes four
My knock is heard aside your door.
When you have tickets for a show
I never once refuse to go.
That's why I promised in '43
No one would make a fool of me.

Shirley Hatt, Grade 8.

"LET'S HELP OUR COUNTRY"

Let's help our Country, in every way
And buy War Stamps every day.
Let's save our scrap, iron, and tin;
Before they know it, we will win.

If you and I will do our part,
It will help the soldiers get a start.
Let's help every one in every way;
And it will save the "U. S. A."

Evelyn Snow, Grade 7.

MY KITTY

I had a little kitty
Who was always full of fun;
And every time I went after him,
Away from me he'd run.

Now that little kitten
Whom everybody liked;
Was always called Snowball,
Because he was so white.

But one day something happened
Little "Snowball" was sick and died;
If you'd known him like I did
I know you would have cried.

Elaine Hemberg, Grade 7.



GRADE SEVEN

Back Row: B. Goodell, F. Frost, C. Overlock, H. Hartley, R. Byers, W. Lindsey, M. Sabin.

Center Row: E. Grant, F. Turner, P. White, F. Bragg, M. Brown, H. Robertson, J. San Antonio, E. Snow.

Front Row: C. Pickard, E. Hemberg, R. Shortt, G. Warren, P. Goodspeed, G. Bates, J. Patten.



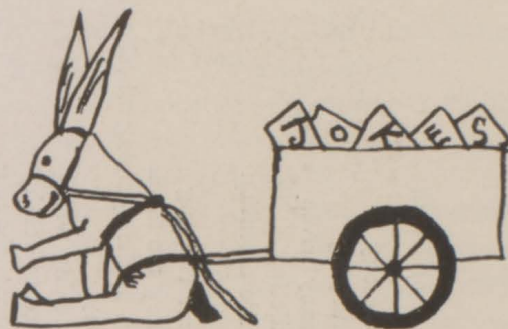
GRADE EIGHT

Back Row: E. White, F. Bragg, K. Bartlett, R. Kelley, H. Kelleher, D. Bradbury.

Center Row: R. Garland, M. Goodell, H. Dole, R. Pendleton, E. Luce, E. Fletcher, G. Somers.

Front Row: E. Tibbetts, R. Bowen, K. Bates, S. Hatt, B. Lord, C. White, D. Tapley.

Highlights of the Year



IN OUR LIBRARY YOU'LL FIND

The Thin Man.....	Duncan Robertson
Little Men.....	William McCarty and Douglas McLain
Tish.....	Gladys Tibbetts
The Harvester.....	Arline McCarty
Gone With the Wind.....	Marise Philbrick
Information, Please.....	Gloria McGinley
Seven League Boots.....	Kenneth Thayer
Navy Blue and Gold.....	Virginia Duplisea
Just Patty.....	Patricia Garland
Cimarron.....	Myron Goodell
Who Rides in the Dark.....	Frances Moore
My Sister and I.....	Eldred Smith
The Three Musketeers.....	Henry Prescott, Wayne Duplisea, and Stanley Garland
Emily Post.....	Dorothy Homsted
Old Fashioned Girl.....	Nellie Huey
The Young Pitcher.....	Francis Davis
Partners.....	Alice Sherwood and Dorothy Libby
Seventeen.....	Clinton Hemberg
Ink on My Hands.....	V. Patricia Wilson
The Yearling.....	Clyde Morrill
Freckles.....	Leon Higgins
Wilderness Ways.....	Jacqueline Willey
The Innocents Abroad.....	Roberta Hill and Robert Grant
The Deerslayer.....	Robert Burton
A Tamer of Beasts.....	Charles Gordon
Sherlock Holmes.....	William Murphy
Out of the Night.....	Phyllis Silk

Sylvia Pendleton, '43.

HERMON HIGH HIT PARADE

I've Heard That Song Before.....	To Miss Perry's frequent tests
Two in Love.....	Roberta and Robert
Please Think of Me, Dear.....	Rita Bowen
Why Don't You Do Right.....	H. H. S. faculty
All Alone (and lonely).....	Phyllis Silk
Happy in Love.....	Gladys Tibbetts
There'll Come a Day.....	Nellie Huey
Careless.....	Geraldine Robertson
Juke Box Girl.....	Gloria Blake
Green Eyes.....	Sylvia Pendleton
My Beloved Is Rugged.....	Marise Philbrick
I'm Looking for a New Love.....	Gloria McGinley
Touch of Texas.....	Flora Tibbetts
Happy Go Lucky.....	Bobby Burton
I Get the Neck of a Chicken.....	Douglas McLain
I Had the Craziest Dream.....	Joanne Kelleher
I'm Doin' It for Defense.....	Ethel Porter
Please Leave My Girl Alone.....	Henry Prescott
A Sweater, a Sarong and a Peek-a-Boo Bang.....	Frances Moore, Jackie Willey, Phyllis Applebee
We're All In It.....	Pupils of H. H. S.
Can't Get Out of This Mood.....	Eldred Smith
Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy.....	Bubsie McCarty
Just Lazy.....	Senior Boys
You're Pretty Terrific Yourself.....	Gerald Pickard
On the Swing Shift.....	Walter McCarty
Breathless.....	Helen Smith
Juke Box Saturday Night.....	Mildred Rush

Roberta Hill, '43

Phyllis Silk '43

SENIOR STATISTICS

Senior	Nickname	A Yen For	Identification	Cause of Death
P. Silk	Silkie	Barry	Manners	Boogy-woogy
W. McCarty	Dimples	One-Gun Walt	Dimples	Overstudying
E. Smith	Smithie	The girls	Bashful	Too many wives
N. Huey	Tim	A Southern drawl	Expensive clothes	Over-dieting
G. Tibbetts	Gladie	Dale	Hair-do experiments	Too little attention
E. Porter	Blondie	Uniforms	Blonde curls	Murder
R. Grant	Bobby	Flirting	Loving looks	Physical training
G. McGinley	Glo	A new boy friend	Vocabulary	She knew too much
H. Smith	Winnie	Sewing	Glasses	Caught in the spinning wheel
R. Hill	Berta	Bobby	Sweater girl	Jealousy
K. Thayer	Kennie	Boxing	Big ears	Hen-pecking wife
S. Pendleton	Sylvie	Bayside	Giggles	Laughed to death
G. Pickard	Jerry	Brunettes	Polka-dot pajamas	Cut throat, shaving
A. McCarty	Mac	Farming	Gossiping	Fell off the hay mow
D. Robertson	Dunc	Old cars	Long legs	Caught in the draft
M. Rush	Millie	Bowling	Canadian accent	Fell down bowling alley

LOST AND FOUND COLUMN

Lost—High bowling average in vicinity of the Bowling Academy. If discovered by some lucky beginner, please return to Arline McCarty.

Lost—'43 H. H. S. class ring with initials R. H. Lost near Kennebec River. If found, please notify Roberta Hill.

Lost—Edition of the "One Gun Walt" series somewhere in the neighborhood of H. H. S. If anyone has any information as to the whereabouts of this serial, please notify Walter McCarty. Reward! One copy of this serial.

Lost—A novelty pin with one service star. If seen, please notify Virginia Duplisea at Hermon High School.

Lost—War stamps belonging to Gladys Tibbetts. Reward for their safe return.

Lost—Excellent ranks belonging to the Senior American History Class. If another class has discovered these brilliant ranks, please return them to the Seniors at Miss Perry's request.

Lost—Tall yarns, private property of Henry Prescott, Stanley Garland, and Wayne Duplisea. Please return to their owners if discovered.

Lost—Pair of red and purple polka dotted pajamas. Disappeared from one of the back desks of the Commercial Room. If found, please notify a member of the faculty or Gerald Pickard. Reward.

Lost—Young tender heart belonging to Phyllis Silk. Lost in the vicinity of Amherst, Mass. Anyone with information concerning this subject, phone Hermon 5-2.

Lost—Students' ability to act out in school and not get extra homework. Pupils wish this privilege retained.

Found—Several pair of gaudy earrings. Will Freshmen please inquire at the Lost and Found Dept.

Hello! May I slip thru the keyhole and join you for a chat? In case you don't recognize me, I'm that "Keyhole Spy" that has the students at H. H. S. on their ears. Why, they *love* me so they have posted a reward for anyone who can identify me!!

I was just told some military secrets and told to "let it go in one ear and out my mouth," so I'll tell you folks. Don't forget their highly confidential, tho'.

Ethel Porter's A-1 heart-throb is now a "Private First Class" and he has been in the Army only four months.

I wonder what Junior girl was practicing nameovering a car (not to mention its owner) one *light* March night!!? . . . If it hadn't been nearly dark we might have seen *Moore* or less . . . accurately.

Why doesn't some kind hearted friend tell Gladys that the synonym for "Dale" isn't "Honey" and "Darling", but "valley" and "lowlands"? You'd think that a Senior would know that, wouldn't you? Love does those things to some people. They get all "Turn(er)ed around. (Around town!)"

Flash! Flash! The students of Hermon High are contributing to a Dentist Fund. You guessed it! We miss Walter's dimples so that we are supplying the money *and* an *escort* to insure the extraction of that tooth!

I hear Bobbie Grant's wandering days are over. Will miracles never cease!?! But, then, one has to admit that Roberta is *quite* a miracle!

Remember that little Junior girl who was carrying a torch last year? Well, it burnt her fingers so she blew it out. Hurry, hurry, boys, and avoid the *rush*, so you can conduct a private one of your own.

WANTED: A beautiful blue-eyed blonde for Robert Burton. Apply for position at his private office, Commercial room, Hermon High School. No recommendation needed.

Isn't it fortunate that Phyllis doesn't go in for "berries" the way she does for

"Barry"? If she did, she would have some other sickness beside "love-sickness"!

Arline and Millie have been giving bowling lessons to the Army lately, so a little bird told me today. Lucky Army!

New Bulletin, hot off the "grapevine wires"! Roberta Hill and Frances Moore are getting instructress licenses in the very near future and are starting a dancing course here at school. So, gather 'round, you unsuccessful jitterbugs. For a reference to Roberta's ability at instructing, take a gander at that graceful dancer, Mr. Robert Grant.

Poor Mrs. Myers hasn't been feeling so well, lately. You see, the Senior Class attendance was perfect two days in succession and Mrs. Myers hasn't been able to stand the shock.

What glamour girls of the Freshman Class are hailed as the "three girls about town"???

I think that an investigation of the summer resort at Bayside would prove *very* interestin'!! Maybe Sylvia and Virginia could tell us a few bedside stories about *it*!! (IT being the *male* population). *I guarantee* that they wouldn't be able to tell you anything about the *scenery*.

"Keyhole Spy"

NAMES FOR BABY PICTURES

1. M. Rush—Scared.
2. S. Pendleton—So sleepy.
3. G. McGinley—Steady, there.
4. R. Grant—Cry, baby, cry.
5. P. Silk—Bright eyes.
6. N. Huey—Sitting in the sun.
7. W. McCarty—Protesting.
8. K. Thayer—Destructive.
9. G. Pickard—I'm bashful.
10. A. McCarty—Tiny tot.
11. G. Tibbetts—Please don't.
12. E. Porter—Happy.
13. E. & H. Smith—My Sister and I.
14. D. Robertson—School days.

SENIOR INITIALS

Robert Grant.....	Romantic Guy
Roberta Hill.....	Ridin' High
Nellie Huey.....	Never Home
Arline McCarty.....	Awful Modest
Walter McCarty.....	Woman Mad
Gloria McGinley.....	Gay Mood
Sylvia Pendleton.....	Sweet Person
Gerald Pickard.....	Gallant Pill
Ethel Porter.....	Excellent Partner
Duncan Robertson.....	Does Right
Mildred Rush.....	Many Riches
Phyllis Silk.....	Pretty Sight
Eldred Smith.....	Ever Smiling
Helen Smith.....	Heartless Sister
Kenneth Thayer.....	Kinda Tough
Gladys Tibbetts.....	Glamorous Type

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Sylvia Pendleton skipped school?
 Gloria McGinley failed in English?
 Phyllis Applebee grew fat?
 Virginia Duplisea's hair was a mess?
 Mona McGinley stopped talking outloud in
 Miss Perry's study hall?
 Jacqueline Willey had a steady boy friend?
 Marise Philbrook had black hair?
 Gloria Blake didn't lose her temper?
 Walter McCarty grew up?
 Eldred Smith chewed gum in school?
 Clinton Hemberg couldn't boast?
 Wayne Duplisea lost his fishing license?
 William McCarty sat in the same seat for
 more than two minutes at a time?
 Douglas McLain behaved himself?
 Clyde Morrill had a rasping voice?
 Wallace Tibbetts grew very tall?
 Miss Perry gave an English test occasion-
 ally?
 Mrs. Myers taught Physics?
 Mr. Wright lost his discipline?
 Hermon High School was painted black?
 Edith Huey acted out?
 Regina Burgess grew 6 ft .tall?

EXCHANGES

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

The "Islander,"
 Bar Harbor High School,
 Bar Harbor, Maine.

We liked your year-book and the pictures,
 but how about the literary section?

The "Rocket,"
 Carmel High School,
 Carmel, Maine.

We enjoyed the year-book and the joke
 section was tops. But the literary section
 was in a deep vein. How about a lighter one?

The "Monitor,"
 Unity High School,
 Unity, Maine.

We liked your year-book very much. The
 literary section was excellent. We also en-
 joyed your humorous section.

We also will exchange with:

Winterport High School
 Hampden Academy
 Madison High School
 Corinna Academy

BABY BROTHER

I have a little baby brother
 Who is a trial to my Mother.
 He runs across the kitchen floor
 To the dining room and closes the door.
 Then into the living room he goes;
 Stubbs his toe and bumps his nose;
 Jams his finger and hurts his chin,
 Then up he gets with a great big grin.

V. Patricia Wilson, '46.



SENIOR CLASS

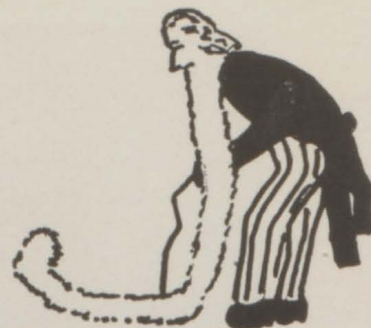
Back Row: K. Thayer, G. Pickard, H. Smith, M. Rush, A. McCarty, S. Pendleton, W. McCarty, E. Smith.
Front Row: G. Tibbetts, P. Silk, D. Robertson, N. Huey, G. McGinley, R. Grant, E. Porter.



JUNIOR CLASS

Back Row: V. Duplisea, H. Snow, F. Moore, R. Bradbury, W. Murphy, P. Applebee, P. Garland, V. Tardiff.
Front Row: C. Hemberg, V. Frost, H. Prescott, F. Tibbetts, R. Burton, S. Garland, P. Nowell.

Alumni



1928

Hubert Bates, employed at Prentiss & Carlisle, Bangor.

Stacy Miller, Extension Dept., University of Maine.

1929

Lamont Andrews, employed by Arthur Chapin, wholesale grocers, Bangor.

Gardner Philbrook, employed at Doyle & Carter, Brewer.

Lloyd Sweetser, U. S. Army, Texas.

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

Mavilla Randall, (Mrs. Willington Leland) living in Portland.

Ellen Snow, employed in Bangor.

Ervin Saunders, at home in Hermon.

1930

Stanton Andrews, employed by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad Co.

Fred Emerson, employed by Central Maine Power Company.

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

Thomas Larkin, employed by Maine Central R. R.

Ronald Morse, employed in Portland.

Edna Nickerson, at home in Hermon.

Vivian Sweetser, (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, Bangor.

Irene Homsted, at home in Hermon.

Mary Leathers, (Mrs. Webster Fox) living in Bath.

Ona Morrison, Overseas Nurse.

Alvah Saunders, in the U. S. Army.

Payson Patten, employed in Portland.

Donald Rice, working for Bangor & Aroostook R. R.

Frederick Staples, Bangor Gas Co.

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.

Florea Ellingwood, in the U. S. Navy, R. I.

Andrew Light, employed in Portland.

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

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

Alton Richardson, working for Cole's Express.

Charles Warren, in the U. S. Army, Florida.

1933

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

Laura Bragdon, living in Bangor.

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

Stanley Dennis, working for Shell.

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

Lucille Hunt, working at Paul's Beauty Salon.

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

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

Harland Randall, in the U. S. Navy, Portsmouth, N. H.

Ada Ricker, (Mrs. Lewis Judkins) at home in Hermon.

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

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 Bath.

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

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

Richard Winship, working in Portland.

Paul Witherly, Webber Motor Co.

1935

Arlington Booker, Minister in Bradford.

Arthur Dole, Medical School, Ohio.

Barbara Felker, hospital in Fairfield.

Royce Gray, manager of Gray's Dairy, Hermon.

Stanley Hawes, in the U. S. Army.

Herbert Heughan, teaching in Virginia.

Gordon Hewes, U. S. Army.

Alvin Lord, employed at Colt's Munition Factory, Hartford, Conn.

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

Clifton Robinson, in the U. S. Army.

Stephen Vafiades, in the U. S. Army.

Lloyd Witherly, employed at Webber Oil Co., Bangor.

1936

Perry Bean, attending the University of Colorado.

Clyde Booker, attending Bible School, Providence, R. I.

Louise Clifford, (Mrs. Lloyd Goodspeed) living in Bangor.

Harriette Coffin, (Mrs. Stanley Loren) living in Providence, R. I.

Rebecca Dole, attending the University of Maine.
Barbara Higgins, (Mrs. Francis Watson) living in Bangor.

Winston Judkins, U. S. Marines, overseas.

George Kelley, employed at Armour Co., Bangor.

Wilford Leathers, employed by Kirstein & Son, Bangor.

Thelma Luce, employed at the Court House in Bangor.

Verl Morrison, Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Va.

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 Levant.

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, England.

Lloyd Miller, at home in Hermon.

Ruth Porter, (Mrs. Royce Gray) living in Hermon.

Jaunita Sinford, (Mrs. Raymond White) Waterville, Maine.

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

Esther Tibbetts, (Mrs. Leroy Bartlett) at home in Hermon.

Elwin Witherly, employed at Bath Shipyards.

Muriel Leathers, (Mrs. Daniel McGraw) living in Bluehill.

1938

Marion Porter, (Mrs. Wildon Lord) at home in Hermon.

Perdita Smith, employed in Hartford, Conn.

Annie Witherly, employed in Washington, D. C.

Leroy Bartlett, employed at Harriman's Garage, Bangor.

Paul Bean, attending the University of Colorado.

Merritt Emerson, in the U. S. Army.

Theodore Perkins, in the U. S. Army.

Douglas Sherburn, in the U. S. Marines, Tampa, Florida.

Barbara Aieta, working in Vermont.

Shirley Higgins, (Mrs. Donald Sedgeley) living in Portland.

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

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

1939

Marie Brown, training in Portland.

Darrell Douglas, in the U. S. Army.

Frances Emerson, working in Hampden.

Alice Frazier, working in Bangor.

Roseleen Hall, training in Portland.

Lillian Libby, (Mrs. Frank Crocker) living in Brewer.

Wildon Lord, employed at T. W. Cunningham, Inc., Bangor.

Alberton McLain, in the U. S. Air Corps, overseas.

Barbara Nowell, in the WAAC's, Fort Devens, Mass.

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

Earl Tibbetts, in the U. S. Navy, Florida.

1940

Delta Shortt, training in Springfield, Mass.

Clara Bubier, training in Portland.

Lewis Clark, employed in Portland.

David Daigle, aviation mechanic instructor, Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.

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

Charles Douglas, in the U. S. Navy.

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

Kenneth Higgins, in the U. S. Army, overseas.

June Robertson, (Mrs. Thomas Shanley) at home in Hermon.

Marlys Shortt, training in Washington, D. C.

Delta Shortt, training in Biddeford.

Phyllis Small, working in the office of Bean & Conquest.

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

Edwin Grant, employed in Groton, Conn.

Carl McFadden, in the U. S. Army, Texas.

1941

Arvilla Thayer, riveting at Dow Field, Bangor.
Pearl Tibbetts, (Mrs. Roland Hersom, Jr.) living in Somerville, Mass.

Gertrude Tapley, filing clerk, Army Hdq., Dow Field, Bangor.

Verlie Robinson, in the U. S. Marines.

Ella Robertson, employed at the Bangor Box Co.

Virginia Nowell, (Mrs. Edward Hazada) working for Sears, Roebuck & Co.

Shirley Morrill, (Mrs. William Corey) Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

George Moore, in the U. S. Navy, Bainbridge, Maryland.

Eleanor Light, employed in Brewer.

Vernon Libby, the U. S. Army, Portland.

Lewis Haskell, U. S. Navy Medical Corps, Virginia.

Mildred Goodell, employed at F. W. Woolworth, Bangor.

Lawrence Garland, U. S. Army, Camp Pickett, Virginia.

Daniel Frazier, attending the University of Maine.

Anna Mae Dole, (Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Brown 3rd) Washington, D. C.

Charles Burton, U. S. Army Air Corps, Billings, Mont.

Floyd Brown, U. S. Army, Camp Edwards, Mass.

Clarence Booker, attending Bible School, Providence, R. I.

Claire Booker, employed by the M. D. T.

1942

Shirley Blake, (Mrs. James Haskell) at home in Hermon.

Ada Douglas, at home in Hermon.

Grace Emerson, employed by the Medwed Shoe Factory, Bangor.

Linwood Littlefield, employed at the M. D. T.

Clifford Lord, attending airplane mechanic school, Brewer.

Kenneth Miller, at home in Hermon.

Phyllis Morrill, (Mrs. Shirley Cummings) Bridgeport, Conn.

Eleanor Overlock, at home in Hermon.

Vera Overlock, (Mrs. Ralph Ross) employed in Bangor.

Irma Tingley, attending radio school, 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, Long Island, New York.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Back Row: E. Erickson, R. Tapley, R. Dole, M. Goodell, C. Gordon, J. Kelleher.
 Front Row: R. Goodell, D. McClain, R. Burgess, J. Willey, W. McCarty, M. McGinley.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Back Row: A. McGinley, L. Witherley, R. Nadeau, R. Small, D. Robinson, R. Beatham, J. McCarty, W. Tibbetts.
 Center Row: G. Overlock, E. Harris, G. Willey, V. Wilson, D. Homestead, D. Libby, R. Robinson, G. Blake, C. Norton, A. Sherwood.
 Front Row: E. Huey, E. Thayer, M. Philbrick, F. Lainsbury, R. Bowen, B. Applebee, A. Keith, G. Robertson.

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