

*This is Station*

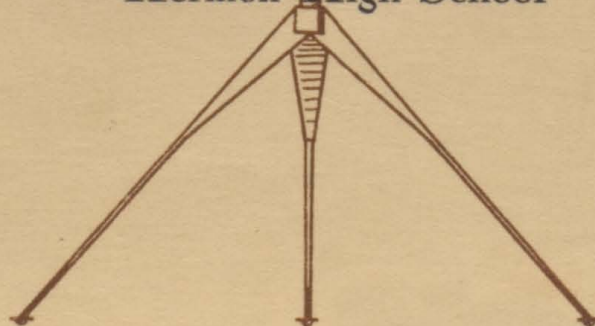


*Speaking to you  
through*

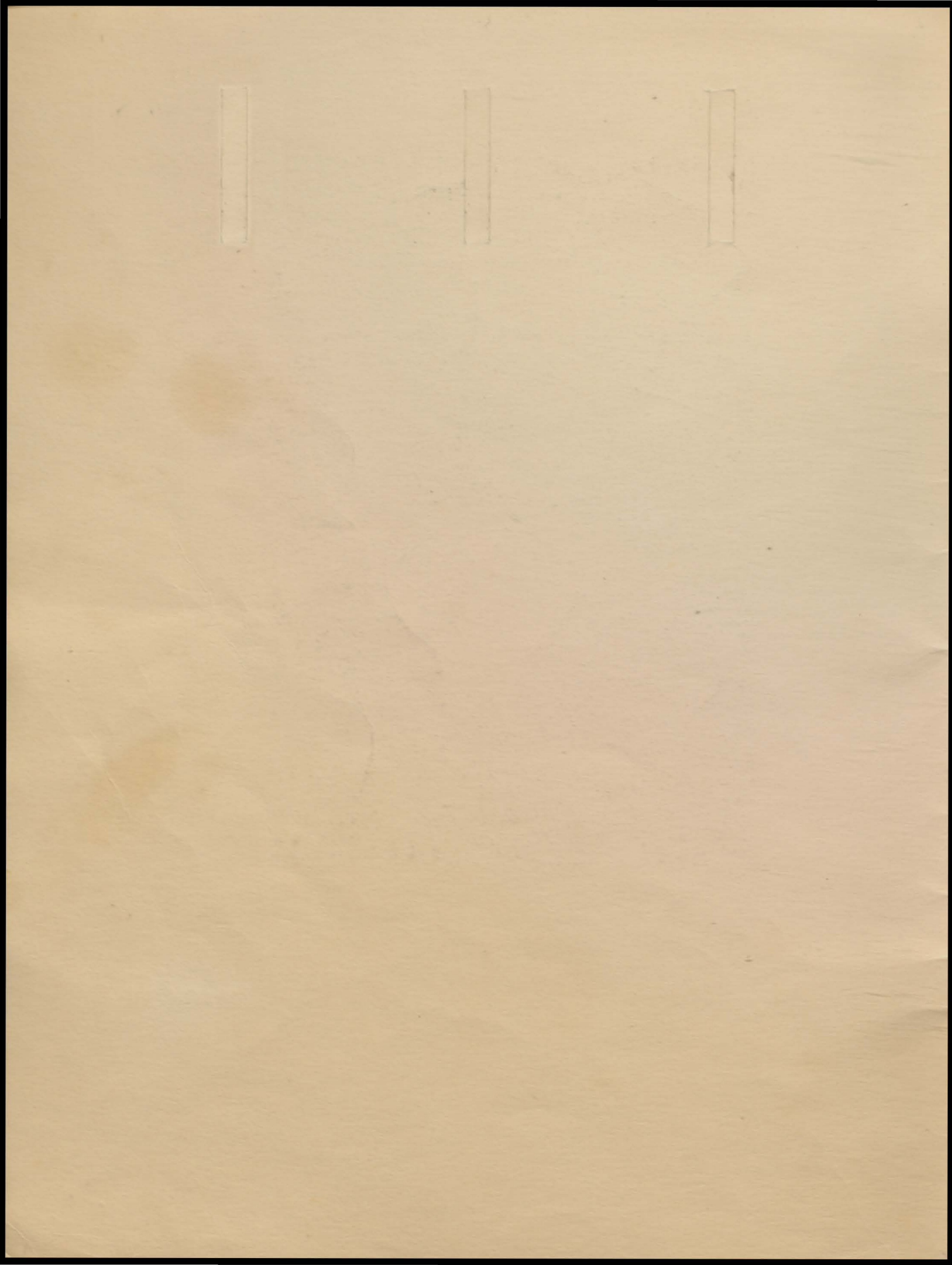
# **The Microphone**

Brought to you annually, at this time,  
by the students of

**Hermon High School**



Hermon, Me.  
1937





We respectfully dedicate this issue of  
**THE MICROPHONE**

to

**Ralph Stanley Smith**

*for his never failing confidence in the students of Hermon  
High School during the past year.*



*EDITORIAL BOARD*

Front row, Left to right: S. Higgins, P. Bean, J. Sinford, M. Leathers, E. Higgins, M. Grant.  
Second row, Left to right: N. Miller, B. Brown, E. Witherly, A. McLain, Miss Bertha Garland.  
Third row, Left to right: O. Felker, E. Tibbetts, L. Littlefield, D. Sherburne, M. Brown, A. Tibbetts.

# THE MICROPHONE

Published annually by the students of  
HERMON HIGH SCHOOL

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Vol. 9

Number 1

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## Changing Scenes

Sept. 8—The first glimpse of three new teachers: Mr. Gray, principal; Mr. Smith, Assistant; Miss Garland, Commercial.

Sept. 23—"Come and See!" "Chair-Planes." "Merry-go-rounds." We all attended Hermon Fair.

Sept. 25—Experience is well to have. Freshmen Reception.

Oct. 2—Class officers for Senior Class elected.

Oct. 14—Sophomore Class officers were elected.

Oct. 21—We raised the roof. Organization of the Glee Club.

Oct. 22—Junior Class officers were elected.

Oct. 24—Elections were held for the Editorial Staff of THE MICROPHONE.

The Volley Ball and Basketball Courts were finished outdoors.

Oct. 29-30—Teacher's Convention—Vacation.

Nov. 3—Boys' Basketball Manager and Captain elected.

Nov. 4—Aches! Pain! Rheumatism! Physical Training.

Nov. 5—Girls' Basketball Manager elected.

Nov. 9—Dramatic Club officers elected.

Nov. 11—In memory of Vacation Days. Patriot's Day.

Nov. 12—Free for all! The Crowell Publishing Co. plan was presented to the school.

Nov. 16—Victory! Basketball practice.

Nov. 26-30—Turkey! Chicken! Thanksgiving Vacation.

Dec. 4—"A Henpecked Hero" was presented by the Senior Class.

Dec. 18—First Basketball game.

March 17—Went to town for Basketball and Dramatic Club pictures.

March 21-28—Easter Vacation.

March 30—Class meeting held to award class parts.

April 1—Meeting held to elect Boys' Basketball Manager.

Editorial Staff pictures taken.

May 7—Junior Exhibition.

May 20—Grammar and High School project display in gymnasium.

May 30—Baccalaureate Sermon.

May 31—Banquet.

June 3—Graduation and Senior Ball.

June 4—School Closes!

# EDITORIALS



## FASCISM—THE RISING POWER?

*By Juanita Sinford*

Fascism! Do we really realize the definition of this word when we speak for or against it?

Fascism is a government by a self-appointed dictator or group who by their judgment, and not the will of the people, undertake to subject all private interests to the good of the state.

Fascism first originated in the country of Italy. Here were depression, strikes, and discontent in all classes of people, what could be done? A strong leader was needed. A leader, powerful and with a determination to restore prosperous times and to bring back the old Roman Glory.

Groups of young men marched through the streets, spreading terror through the land. At the head of this group was one man who intended to restore order and Roman Glory. Benito Mussolini, a man known in all corners of the world. This man had been a strict Socialist, but now he wished to suppress Socialism and established Capitalism, under a dictator.

By 1923, these Fascists (a name derived from the bundle of sticks of fasces which used to be the symbol of unity) had completely established Fascism in Italy.

Everything for the good of the state! Work for the good of the state was the cry! Mussolini, dictator! Duce!

Fascism was supposed to supply a strong government. It abolished factions. Factories were owned by private people, but were subject to rigid state

regulations. The government also fixed the wages. The whole idea of Fascism is to preserve Capitalism. Has Fascism been successful? This is a question that is debated over and over again.

Facist dictators have built up strong armies. War! War! The enemy is pounding at our gates! Be prepared! While people are fearing war their minds are distracted from internal affairs. They look upon their dictator to protect them.

The Fascist countries have not built up their industries, they have lost, rather than regained foreign trade. Standards of living and wages both have fallen.

The success of a country depends upon education and ideas of the people. Is this a barrier in Fascist countries? There is not freedom of speech, teaching, or press. The people are not allowed to express their opinions or exchange ideas. These barriers discourage thinking, political, scientific, or economic. Can wise policies be carried out without the aid of the natural gift of thought?

After reading this article, and giving thought to this form of government, ask yourself "Will Fascism develop in other countries?"

The United States has, and is proud to boast of a government of, by, and for the people from the time of its existence, but for how long?

It appears today that we must turn to some other form of government. Depression is the leader of unrest of the people. Sit-down strikes immediately began in Italy during this siege. At the

present time, are not sit-down strikes increasing?

Is it wise to say that the United States is showing the spirit of Fascism? Strikes are raging throughout the country, the question of government regulation of wages is still very popular. Trouble in the management of our large and most important industries is increasing. It seems that the only way out of these problems is to have the government regulate them. Could this be the road to Fascism? Time, and the development of education, changes the ideas of any nation, bringing new ideas of government into view. Shall we try to revise our present government or turn to——?

### THE FUNDAMENTAL FOUNDATION

*By Muriel Leathers*

If youth were not so brief and time were not so fleeting we would not be so much concerned about the way in which youth is spent.

A day gone can never be recalled—a youth misspent can never be redeemed. The high school age is therefore a very important time in the life of a boy or a girl.

It is during the years of high school that boys and girls build their foundations for life.

All children from the ages of thirteen to eighteen are too young to work in factories; this if not spent in learning is a period of idleness.

Elbert Hubbard has stated in his autobiography: "Hoodlumism is born of idleness; it is useful energy gone to seed. Hoodlumism is the first step in the direction of crime. Hoodlums are young boys that have gone astray."

The child of to-day has an opportunity

of a free education. With this access to a high school education at his hand it seems needless for any child to be denied the opportunity of spending these years which we may term for convenience the dangerous age or the danger zone in the rather sheltered harbor which is hereby offered.

Juvenile crime has reached an appalling proportion. It is not unusual to read or learn of boys of high school age being connected with armed robberies and other misdemeanors equally nefarious.

It would seem that to be able to keep these youths in school under the tutelage of good men and women; to open to their hearts and minds the visions of self-respect, honesty, and desire to live better lives should be the aim of all parents; and that the schools throughout the land should receive the co-operation and support of all citizens that are interested in boys and girls of to-day who will inevitably become men and women of tomorrow.

### RESTORATION OF FISH AND GAME

*By Paul Bean*

Undoubtedly every sportsman who loves the out-of-doors wishes he could go out and find ample supplies of fish and game, just as the first settlers did when America was young. That day is gone and civilization with its industries and its agriculture has swept before it the old frontiers of natural hunting and fishing.

The pressure of thousands of sportsmen has brought the natural supply of fish and game to a point where it no longer meets the demand. We are living today in an age of outdoor recreation and our national future depends much on how we spend our leisure time.

Many sportsmen like fishing. The American public has found it to be an exciting and healthful sport. The equipment is inexpensive and all we need to carry on and expand the national sport is more places to fish, and more fish to catch. This land has just so many brooks, ponds, lakes, and streams, and each is the natural harbor for a certain number of fish. But if there are more people who want to fish than can find a place to go (as the situation now exists), then something must be done before the sport can be enlarged and the situation taken full advantage of.

Maine is still one of the great fish and game states, but like all others, sees its supply slowly losing ground because of the steadily increasing demands. If every sportsman who could, would help take part in protecting and restoring our fish and game, we may look forward to many years of joyous sport.

The idea of fish and game restoration is young, but it has made rapid progress. Most of us know about this, but the idea is that the people do not realize that their support is what is needed to make these efforts effective.

Each autumn sees millions of people legally authorized to hunt game, but there is no one to check on whether they have proper equipment to do the job they

undertake; or whether they have reasonable knowledge of how to use this equipment.

Peppering away with small bore rifles or shooting at big game with weak hitting bullets, would seem to prove that a great number of game animals and birds are crippled and later die through the careless sportsman.

For this same reason many different kinds of birds and animals have disappeared from the country never to return, until they have been restored by man's own efforts.

There still remains miles upon miles of open country where the whistle of the Bobwhite, and the call of the Pheasants could yet be heard if only game restoration were put into practice. We know that the past generations have not needed to practice this, but the present generation should be made conscious of the impending doom of wild life, and should help all they can towards the protection of it.

Until our license-holders and sportsmen get the idea that crippled game represents a wicked and unnecessary waste, and until they are better educated in all ways of "how" to reduce this waste and destruction; we have a problem before us which will take a long time and much patience to solve.

The following list of students' names appear upon our honor roll as receiving rank of eighty percent or more during the year:

**Seniors**  
Muriel Leathers  
Juanita Sinford  
Margaret Grant  
Olive Felker  
Arlene Tibbetts  
Esther Tibbetts  
Eloise Higgins  
Robena Gardner

**Juniors**  
Theodore Perkins  
Shirley Higgins  
Annie Witherly  
Perdita Smith  
Douglas Sherbourne

**Sophomores**  
Barbara Nowell  
Wildon Lord  
Alberton McLain  
Marie Brown

**Freshmen**  
Robert Seamans  
Kenneth Higgins  
Rose Daigle  
David Daigle  
Arlene Gordon  
Bernice Gordon



LOUISA BICKFORD

*"Bickford"*

She is a very quiet girl,  
You never hear her sigh;  
You'll find her on the piano,  
Or any place that's high.

Basketball 1-2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; "All on Account of Polly"; Orchestra 1; Treasurer 4.



EARLE BRICK

*"Brick"*

Here's to our drummer man,  
The best one in the land!  
When he starts to go to town,  
Everybody gathers 'round.

Basketball 1-2-3; Chorus 1-2-3-4; "All on Account of Polly"; "A Henpecked Hero"; Baseball 1-2; Dramatic Club 3-4; Orchestra 1.



OLIVE FELKER

*"Ollie"*

She is our little dancer,  
And likes to entertain;  
We're sure in this vocation,  
A fortune she will gain.

Chorus 1-2-3-4; "All on Account of Polly"; "A Henpecked Hero"; "Clothes Line Gossip"; Dramatic Club 4; Basketball 4; President 3; Secretary 4; Editorial Board 3-4.



ROBENA GARDNER

*"Robena"*

A LITTLE MITE OF A PERSON  
With a great big smile—  
Keeps the classroom sunny.  
Joking all the while.

Orchestra 1; Chorus 1-2-3-4; School Pianist 4.

## MARGARET GRANT

*"Margie"*

Romance may come,  
Romance may go;  
But to Margaret there's none  
Just like her "Joe!"

Basketball 1-2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Editorial Board 1-3-4;  
"All on Account of Polly"; "A Henpecked Hero"; "Auntie";  
Junior Prize Speaking; Dramatic Club 3-4; Musical Comedy.



## ELOISE HIGGINS

*"Higgins"*

She is another senior  
So happy all the day,  
And like the other members  
Spends most her time in play.

Basketball 2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; Editorial Board 4;  
"All on Account of Polly"; "A Henpecked Hero"; Third  
prize, Junior Prize Speaking; Dramatic Club 3-4; Presi-  
dent 1; Musical Comedy.



## MURIEL LEATHERS

She has a *serious nature*,  
And doesn't care for boys—  
She writes beautiful poetry,  
Which fills our hearts with joys.

Chorus 1-2-3-4; "All on Account of Polly"; "A Hen-  
pecked Hero"; Dramatic Club; Basketball 2-4; President 4;  
Editorial Board 2-4; Musical Comedy.



## LLOYD LITTLEFIELD

*"Littlefield"*

This boy has a way with him,  
Especially with the girls—  
Is it his French vocabulary,  
Or is it his glossy curls?

"A Henpecked Hero"; Editorial Board 1-3-4; Baseball  
Manager 4; Junior Prize Speaking; Dramatic Club 4; Vice-  
President 4.





LLOYD MILLER

*"Miller"*

He's the s'hero of the school,  
And known near and far;  
The center of his attraction  
Is his ever modern car.

"A Henpecked Hero"; Basketball 3-4; Chorus 4.



RUTH PORTER

*"Ruthie"*

She's a new member to '37,  
And friendly with everyone;  
Though she arrived a little late  
We're glad that she has come.

Glee Club 1-2-3-4; Class Cheer Leader 2; Chorus 1-2;  
Public Speaking; Track 1.



JUANITA SINFORD

*"Sinnie"*

Here's the pest of H. H. S.,  
Her wits beyond compare—  
And in a game of basketball,  
The audience shouts, Beware!

Basketball 2-3-4; Chorus 1-2-3-4; "A Henpecked Hero";  
"All on Account of Polly"; "Auntie"; "Clothes Line Gos-  
sip"; President 2; Treasurer; Musical Comedy; Dramatic  
Club 4; First Prize, Junior Prize Speaking; Medal, West  
Penobscot Prize Speaking; Alternate, Spear Speaking Con-  
test; Editorial Board 2-3-4.



ARLENE TIBBETTS

*"Arlene"*

A bird has a "Bill,"  
So does this girl;  
When he's around,  
Her mind is in a whirl.

Chorus 1-2-3-4; "All on Account of Polly"; "A Hen-  
pecked Hero"; Dramatic Club 3-4; Basketball 2-3-4; Editorial  
Board 4; Junior Prize Speaking.

## ESTHER TIBBETTS

*"Tibbetts"*

Her fondness for "Peanuts",  
Seems rather outrageous!  
These new likes and dislikes  
Are really contagious.

Chorus 1-2-3-4; "All on Account of Polly"; "A Henpecked Hero"; Dramatic Club 4; Basketball 3-4; Junior Prize Speaking; "Clothes Line Gossip"; Editorial Board 3-4; Musical Comedy; "Crashing Society"; Vice-President 3; Secretary 4.



## ELWIN WITHERLY

*"Withe"*

"Withe" is the pet of our class,  
And doesn't mean to shirk;  
He's really not to blame,  
If his eyes are caught by a skirt.

Basketball 2-3-4; "A Henpecked Hero"; Baseball 2-3-4; Editorial Board 4; Manager of Basketball 4.



## THE GRAB BAG

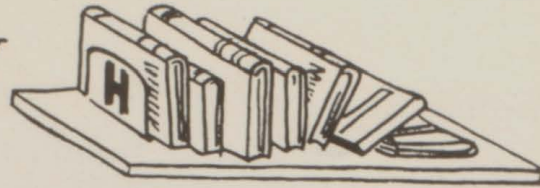
*By Editors*

A is for Arlene little and bright  
B is for Barbara who does things right  
C is for Carl the babe of the school  
D is for Darrell who disobeys rules  
E is for Eleanor laughing all day  
F is for Fannie always at play  
G is for Goodspeed a big brawny lad  
H is for Higgins in red flannels clad  
I is for Ink we use now and then  
J is for Juanita sputtering again  
K is for Kenneth who lives on the hill  
L is for Lloyd who never sits still  
M is for Miller the red-headed sheik

N is for Norma whose shoes have a squeak  
O is for Olive about so high  
P is for Perkins who thinks he's the pie  
Q is for "Qupid" hanging around  
R is for Rosie a regular clown  
S is for Shirley a lover of cats  
T is for Tyler a likeable chap  
U is for Useless the books of H. S.  
V is for Vincent his brother's pest  
W is for Witherly does he like to roam  
X is for Future which to all is unknown  
Y is for Yap open all the time  
Z is for "Zellophone," "Music and Rime."

Finis.

## LITERARY



## THE HORRORS OF SHANGHAI

*By Perdita Smith*

Gloom, mystery, tragedy—spells an August night in Shanghai. After my father's death, I decided to travel on the small fortune he had left me. The Orient had been my dream since childhood, so why not see it while I was young? It did not take me long to make up my mind that I would go. I had the address of a Mr. Errick whom my father had known and had gone through school with as a boy.

Mr. Errick, whom we shall call Bazel, left the small town in Southern California when he was in his late twenties to go as a missionary to the ignorant, heathen Chinese race of Shanghai. I would go on a visit to this missionary friend, who I knew would be an old man in his seventies by now.

It was now about the middle of July. If I packed and left within a few days on one of the fast ocean steamers, I could be in Shanghai during the prettiest month in the year—August.

What a thrill I found in making ready for this trip! I dreamed of it by night and worked out those dreams by day. At last the clothes I had purchased for the trip were packed and I was on my way to learn the mysteries of the Far East.

In a wireless sent from the boat, I asked Bazel to meet me at dock seventeen. My boat was due at 6:30 P. M. the following Tuesday, August 2. I stepped off the boat at just 6:45 and my

baggage was piled on the wharf beside me. I opened my purse and took out the small snapshot with (Bazel Errick) written in fine masculine hand across the bottom. He was dressed in a long black robe and a tiny round black cap that fitted close to his head. I looked around me again and again but could see nothing of such a man. I was ill at ease in the soft twilight with this strange eastern race hurrying around me. As the beautiful evening faded into the dark, cool night and a damp fog settled over the city, I was almost panicky. I dared not go to a hotel for fear of missing Bazel, so I waited in a small dimly lighted waiting room at the end of the wharf. There seemed to be a death-like chill in the air. A small Chinese boy came into the waiting room several times during the evening, eyed me suspiciously, talked to the clerk in Chinese and left hurriedly. (Although I felt uneasy, I felt quite sure I was safe.)

At 9:30 P. M. I decided to go to the address that I had with me of Bazel Errick. I called a hack and the driver I recognized as the same boy who had come into the waiting room so many times that evening. I gave him the address and my luggage was piled on the seat beside me. What a strange city, from the one I had dreamed about. It seemed as if hours had passed before the hack finally stopped. This could not be the residence of Bazel Errick. Why the place looked like a cheap night club in the New York underworld! I got out

of the hack and plainly told the driver that this could not be the right address. He answered in very poor English that the missionary for whom I was looking lay dying in this building. I paid him and my luggage was taken inside. As I followed close behind I noticed something peculiar about the place. Could this be an opium den?

There was a long narrow hall that went the whole length of the building. On both sides of this hall were doors about ten feet apart over which hung long black velvet curtains. What a terrible looking place! My guess was right; this was exactly the same as the opium den in Chinatown, New York.

Two very nice looking young Chinamen came up to me dressed in beautiful Chinese robes. I asked them if they knew of anyone in the building by the name of Bazel Errick. One of them answered that there was a missionary there by that name and offered to take me to him. I thanked him and he led me down the long dimly lighted hall. He opened a door at the lower end and we passed through a richly furnished suite of rooms. Following him down a long winding stairway to what seemed like a dungeon I imagined I saw figures moving along the wall and thought I heard cries of agony. Before I could scream my escort put his hand over my mouth and pushed me quickly through a side doorway at the foot of the stairs. I tried to open the door but it must have locked automatically. What a fool I had been to put my trust in the hands of this cool, sly, mysterious race!

Well here I was. There must be some way to escape from this dungeon-like prison. Looking around the room, I saw a door at the other side. I tried it, it

wasn't locked so I stepped inside and found myself in a room full of dying men, women and children; all of which were of my race. A horrible agonizing cry went out from the women when I entered, while the men just lay and mourned. Babies and older children lay in pools of their own blood. Long cuts and lashes were made on their bodies, by leather whips, when they had tried to escape from their captors.

I observed the persons in the room closely; at the far end I saw a priest kneeling beside a dying man and trying at the same time to comfort a small, well dressed woman whom I took to be the dying man's wife. I went up to the priest, whom I recognized as Bazel Errick, introduced myself, and asked him if he had received my wire. He said he had, but that he had been captured on his way to the wharf by a young Chinese hack driver.

I related to him how I had been captured and asked him if there wasn't some possible way to escape. He told me the story of how the police were searching for a gang of men in Shanghai that were the cause of so many white people disappearing.

These captives, he indicated the people in the room, were all being held for ransom. Thousands of dollars were due on them and if they did not die of starvation before the ransom was paid, they would then be returned by night, through a secret passage, to the outskirts of the city.

Days passed with only a small portion of rice to eat and a limited amount of water. I was beginning to feel so weak that I could no longer help Bazel care for our sick companions.

On the fifth night, I was awakened from

a restless sleep by someone shaking me violently and a loud commotion was going on in the room. Then I heard Bazel saying in a distinctive voice.

"Come, my little friend, the police are raiding the building and the doors are open for our escape."

I lost no time in complying with his wishes and as we were passing through the upper hallway, which I had entered on my arrival, a horrible thing happened. This time passing through under very different circumstances than previous; for now my escorts were two armed police.

Even now I cannot relate the incident without feeling again the horror of it all. I had approached the entrance of the building when from behind one of the curtains I sensed rather than saw a moving figure. I was too bewildered to make an outcry and the police did not notice it in their struggle to bring us to safety.

The door behind the curtain being opened revealed the shadow of the Chinese proprietor with a knife raised to strike me as I passed. I saw the weapon coming down to seal my doom in the fraction of a second; but that second never came, for Bazel came to the rescue; throwing himself against the curtain he received the full impact of the driving blow. He died within a few minutes after the long keen stiletto was removed from his breast.

Whenever I think of my experiences in that country a feeling of horror and sorrow overcomes me. Always I am vaguely afraid of encountering a man of that race.

## GONE TO THE SEA

*By Annie Witherly*

It was a dull autumn day. The ominous clouds were telling their tale of coming trouble. Indeed, the rain was already coming down in tiny drops, each drop seemingly larger than the one which preceded it.

From her cottage window, which looked out over the ocean, Ann failed to see what her anxious eyes searched the horizon for. "Could it be? Oh, no!" Having cast a ghastly thought from her troubled mind, Ann went bravely about her household duties.

When these were finished, she stood again at the window. From it she could see faintly a rocky and weed-covered beach, the long wharf, a dory tied to the shore end and a vast expanse of water. Ann trembled as she watched the waves leaping and chasing in an angry whirl.

She had prepared supper an hour ago. Her father and Michael were usually home with the day's catch before five. It was their custom to mend their nets after supper in preparation of the coming day.

Pacing from one end of the tiny kitchen to the other, Ann sighed, looked out the window and was greeted by the same sight she had just seen. She watched the flying hands of the clock tick swiftly away the hours! Oh, how fast they went! At five she had expected them; at six she had decided that the fish were biting exceptionally well. Of course, they would soon be home with enough fish to satisfy all her worries.

A fisherwoman's life was, as Ann's mother said, "No joy ride." There were no changes, it was so monotonous. Besides her duties as household manager,

there was very little that Ann could do to help either Michael or her father. It was the realization that she was the sunshine of Michael's life which kept her going, always in hopes of the change which he had promised her.

Seven o'clock had passed; it was now nearly eight. Suddenly she heard a cry. Distant as was the sound, Ann knew that it was Michael and that there was trouble.

Her heart throbbing wildly, Ann grasped the lighted lantern and dashed out the door. Having neither hat nor coat she was soon drenched. Heedless of this, however, she rushed along the wharf. It had never been so long before, but finally she was at his side. She suddenly felt weak and excited. Her only words were, "Oh, Michael! Oh, Michael!" In his arms he held a wet bundle. Ann recognized the boy who rowed for Michael and realized the horrible truth about her father. Before they reached the door Michael had related the tragic events of the afternoon.

As the old captain stood up to toss a fish into the barrel in the stern of the boat, a sudden gust of wind had turned the boat sideways to the waves. The result had been a hasty overturning. The boy was not strong enough to hold the boat against the waves.

Because his friend had mentioned, earlier in the day, a pain in his chest, Michael's first thought was for him. Looking around he failed to see him, seeing instead the bobbing form of the boy. They had been going slowly homeward, trolling their lines in hopes of belated fish, when the wave had overtaken the boat.

After searching vainly for Ann's father, with the unconscious boy in his arms, Michael finally started for home. He

hoped that the other man had swum for home while he was looking for him, but deep in his heart he knew that the captain would not do anything like that. He was too thoughtful of others. Some luck had been with them, for the tide was going in. If it had not been for this fact, Michael knew that he never could have reached the wharf. The boy was a strapping lad of thirteen and Michael was scarcely nine years older.

Amid their tears, as they were now certain of the fate of their beloved captain, they worked over the boy. He presently regained consciousness, having suffered only from a few mouthfuls of water and a bruised head which he had hit against the side of the boat.

The next few days for Michael and Ann were terrible. Each was comforted by the presence of the other to some extent, but this did not suffice to shut out completely the thought of the captain's watery grave. They were both aware that they could not live in this way, Michael and another man went in search of the best spot to get a living from their enemy, the sea. This was on the fourth day from that terrible day, and it proved to be another of the same kind. As dusk fell, and still no Michael, Ann grew frantic. She rushed to a neighbor fisherfolk's cottage and there found peace in the arms of an elderly and sympathetic woman. Her fears quelled and new hopes stirring, she ran gladly home expecting to be gently reprimanded for leaving with no supper prepared.

As she entered her home a familiar thought came to her. Without being conscious of it she uttered these words, "Could it be, Oh no, but yes! It was! It was! There is no Michael. He is gone, too, gone to the sea."

Nothing could have been more horrible. Ann had always feared the sea. Now it had robbed her of everybody who was dear to her. Oh, wicked sea!

With one impulse she fled from the house. Where she went she neither knew or cared. What mattered now? She was conscious of only one thing. She must have her father and Michael. Without hesitating and with only the words, "Michael, Daddy," she fell from the wharf.

The green billows closed greedily over her head. These occurrences had made no changes in the sea, but what a change the sea had wrought in the lives of these three people! As the waves churned seaward they seemed to rumble, three lives—three lives—gone—gone—gone to the sea.

## INDIAN JUSTICE

*By Esther Tibbets*

The steady beat of tom-toms, the special feasts prepared by the Indian Squaws, the flames leaping from the burning fires marked the night of Indian Sacrifice. Only one night in every twelve moons did the Elk River tribe spend for sacrifice to the Great Spirit. Thus, this night was looked forward to and planned for, for many weeks ahead. At each sacrifice the prettiest maiden of the tribe was offered at the stake. After this, great feasting, Indian dancing, and sports for the braves were to be held.

In her tent by the river, Moon O'er the Water sobbed bitterly. She was to be the offering. Her father, Big Chief, had decided that she was old enough to please the Great Spirit, and that she was by far the prettiest of the tribe. So tonight the hardest and best sacrifice he had ever made was to be offered. All the

other maidens envied Moon (as she was called) for it was a great honor to be sacrificed. Moon would have borne this honor if it were not for her great love for Fleetfoot, a young brave. Big Chief would not listen to her pleas.

When the maids came in, Moon would not let them dress her. It was only with the help of two others that they succeeded. Beautiful she was when they had finished. Surely no princess was ever more beautiful than Moon in her nuptial robe of the finest white deerskin. Her long blue-black hair was brushed until unseen lights glistened in the two long braids fastened with priceless gems. Jewels were clasped to her arms and around her neck. What a striking personage!

But sadly did she look upon herself, how could she endure being parted from Fleetfoot. She thought of him now, alone in his tent, trying to forget her. She knew he would not come to see her die, nor would he enter any sports. If they could only think of some plan!

Before the festival time approached, a half hour was given to Moon to compose herself. As she was sitting on the bank by the glistening water, with the moon shining down upon her and the trees whispering above her head, she heard a footstep. "Fleetfoot!" Sobbingly she threw herself into his arms. "Come quickly," he said, "I have a plan for our escape." Without a word she followed him to the cliff above the camp.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ruddy glow of the fires lent coloring to the faces of the tribe as they waited the approach of the Chieftain's daughter. Slowly she walked through the throng that opened before her. Each footstep nearer the stake was a barrier

placed between her and her sweetheart. But never faltering she steadily neared the goal that was piled high with cedar splinterings.

Calmly she took her place. She could feel the cold surface of the stake as her arms were clasped to it. Big Chief was in communion with the Great Spirit. For several moments the tribe was motionless. "My daughter," said the Chief, "this is the last service you will ever render to this tribe, may your body rest in peace for the Great Spirit is waiting."

The torch was held to the pile of wood. With a crackling sound the flames licked around her body. The beautiful robes soon caught. From the rear of the tribe among the old squaws a horrible scream broke out.

"White Dove! White Dove! My daughter!" Then another scream was heard. "She is not Moon O'er the Water! She is White Dove."

The old chief shouted for the flames to be extinguished, to no avail. With a smile on her lips White Dove perished, gratified that she had given her life for her mistress.

The tents were ransacked by a white-faced chief and his many warriors. Moon was gone, and with her Fleetfoot. "To your ponies!" rang out the cry, then Big Chief's voice faltered, "Indian braves, bring back my daughter or die."

It was long past midnight, the moon cast long shadows from the trees. Fleetfoot and Moon stumbled from their horses that were too tired to move another step. They were alone, on foot with only a Bowie knife for protection, in a rough country. If they could only hold out until they could reach the tribe of Tibo.

They had forded the Elk River, and

had entered the wild country of Nickabo. Wild animals were plentiful in this country. Fear of being pursued and taken back to the tribe also endangered their lives.

Fleetfoot, realizing that they must have food, left Moon in a small opening surrounded by rocks. As he ascended to the trail above, he noticed horsemen coming. Thinking he could get help he waited for them. As they approached he recognized some of his old mates. His first thought was of Moon. She was in danger! He must save her. He rushed to where she was.

"Moon, they're coming! We must leave here at once!" While they were talking, the braves had surrounded the opening. Escape was impossible.

"Fleetfoot, look!" cried Moon, pointing to a small crevice in the wall. Running to this they entered a cave, almost concealed to their view. Following the dark passage they came into a beautiful valley. They rolled a great stone in front of the passageway, thus shutting off all chances of pursuit for the wall could not be scaled.

The suffering and agonies Moon and Fleetfoot had endured during this cross-country flight, no one shall ever realize. Half-starved, even though they ate small game, and exhausted from lack of sleep, they fell at the feet of the Chief of Tibo.

Here Moon's jewels were traded for food and supplies, and here the two lovers were united in marriage. From Tibo they rode back to the valley they had first seen when they had entered the passage. They set up their tent in the Hidden Valley, and from that day on a new tribe was known as the Hidden Valley tribe, where love and peace predominated.

## BLACK HAIR AND WOODEN LEG

*By Robena Gardner*

"Well, alright, you can try it for a while if Dad agrees but remember, I don't favor it any too much, and I know it won't work out the way you think it will, but go ahead. I suppose you'll have to learn your own lesson."

At last Zelda's mother had given her consent. Zelda was "just a book writer" as her father teased her. She had been coaxing her mother for the last six months to let her go to some far-off place where she was unknown and continue her writing. At first she would not think of it, but now, wonder of all wonders, she consented; it was now up to her father. She would soon have his permission in this as in all other things. She was their youngest daughter and they all thought a great deal of her.

After the evening meal Zelda led her father to the easiest chair in the living room, arranged the cushions behind his back, and brought his pipe and the evening paper. Her next move was to the piano. First she played "That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine" and next her father's favorite song, "Me and the Moon." Breaking off in the middle of it, she asked abruptly as though it had just occurred to her, "Dad, could you afford to let me take a vacation?"

"Why, yes dear, but you just got back from visiting Peggy last week."

"Would you like me to be an authoress Daddy," she inquired, changing the subject suddenly.

"Well," he laughed, "you enjoy it don't you?"

"Very much and I'd like to go away for a little while, Daddy, where I could write without being disturbed," Zelda

said, coming over and sitting on the arm of his chair. Of course he protested, but his protestations became weaker and weaker until at last he consented.

The next day saw Zelda speeding toward Mapleton, a small town on the seashore. It was raining and the wind was blowing a gale. At last the train stopped. She could see nothing, but she was told it was the village. There was a dirty-faced youth standing nearby. Zelda asked him if he knew of a taxi. The youth laughed and said he "guessed likely Zeke would take you where you wanted to go." Zeke turned out to be a small man of about forty-five. He dumped her baggage into the back of the thing he called a car. Zelda then climbed into the front seat beside him. He smiled and introduced himself as Zeke Ross. She told him she wished to locate a boarding place. He started the car and shouted above the roar of the engine:

"I guess likely my wife Jane can take yer if yer ain't too pertickerlar."

"I'll try not to be. Do you live on a farm, Mr. Ross? You know I've never stayed on a farm before?"

"I dew declare," exclaimed Mr. Ross. "Oh yes Miss, me and Jane have Betty, the cow, a horse and twelve hens." After a silence he remarked:

"Don't mind, Miss, if Jane seems a little bit upsot 'cause yer see she really is upsot, for that matter I'm rather that way myself." Zelda didn't know what to say, so she didn't say anything.

The house which could be seen dimly through the torrents of rain was large and badly in need of paint. Jane came to meet them.

"You know what, Zeke? I've just thought of something. It must have got lost some way when uncle Pete was—"

"Jane," Mr. Ross spoke for the first time, "do you suppose Miss Blaine could have a room here?"

"But Zeke, all there is is that room that—that—"

"Alright, Jane, don't worry now. Miss Blaine ain't afeared of ghosts, air ye?" Zelda remarked that she wasn't.

After a supper of creamed codfish, mashed potatoes and Jane's really marvelous biscuits, Zelda retired. Jane showed her as far as the door and said she guessed she wouldn't bother to go in.

"If—if you want anything just holler and make yourself at home, Miss. Good-night."

She was awakened at ten the next morning by a light rap on her door.

"Are you alright, Miss Blaine?" It was Jane's voice. "Zeke, he said not to bother you but I just had to know if you was all right being as you was in this room." Zelda set her mind at ease by saying she was alright and would be down presently.

After a breakfast of pancakes and old-fashioned syrup, throughout which Zelda noticed Mrs. Ross' eyes upon her constantly, Jane spoke.

"Did you hear anything that would make you shivery-like last night?"

"Why, no, was I supposed to?"

"Well, you see," here she looked anxiously out of the window where she could see Zeke's back growing smaller in the distance, "he said not to say a word about it to you, but I can't stand it any longer. I'm so upshot about it all, Miss."

"Please call me Zelda, Mrs. Ross, and if you are troubled, tell me about it."

"Zelda—I like that name. Well, you see, my uncle Pete was supposed to have quite a little money and he was a sea captain and was on his way home when

he—he—he—died." She dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief and went on, "He sent us, Zeke and me, his trunk. It was all locked up like it was important but there wasn't anything much in it. Nothing but old things and a couple of pictures and a long envelope." Here her voice lowered, "and it said in it, in his writing, mind you, 'Black Hair and Wooden Leg.' So now do you wonder that I'm troubled, and sometimes in your room on windy-like nights we hear queer sounds and scrapings and squeakings. And I tell Zeke over and over again, I says 'Zeke, that's his ghost. He knows we're bothered and is a-trying to tell us about it.' Do you know ghost language, Miss—er—er—Zelda. Old Miz' Busbee usta' but she's away now."

"No I don't," Zelda said, trying hard to keep from smiling. That afternoon she and Jane looked over everything, but found nothing of any importance. The trunk contained an old black suit, scrapbook, ship barometer, sea shells, thermometer, and two pictures, one of a dog and the other one of three men. Each picture was framed in an old-fashioned brown frame. They found plenty of dust but no money.

"I dew declare, Zeke." Jane said at supper two weeks after Zelda's arrival, "we two have been a-thinkin' and a-figurin' 'til we're plain played out. I'm goin' to go over and see old Miz' Busbee, she's home now. She'll tell me all about the money."

The next day, true to her word, she got Zeke to drive her over. She was gone the whole afternoon. On her arrival she told Zelda:

"You know, right along I thought there was something funny about it. Well, Miz' Busbee, she put a blindfold over her

eyes and went into a dark room alone and tried to get in touch with uncle Pete's ghost. Seems he was away or something, she couldn't get him but she saw a frame-like thing so she figured Zeke and me must-a been framed and he didn't have any money a-tall."

Things went along in their natural way for Zelda. She ate, slept and wrote. One afternoon she went up in the attic to find a book and she found herself again looking at the old trunk. She picked each thing up one by one again for at least the hundredth time. At last she looked at the picture of the three men.

"Nothing but an old picture," she said half aloud, "but it's got a frame." Here she fell to musing. An idea! An idea!

"Mrs. Ross, oh Mrs. Ross," she shouted, running down the stairs. She half whispered and half shouted her news to poor Mrs. Ross who was standing by the stove cooking. Together they ascended the stairs.

"My sakes alive, Suz'," exclaimed Jane her fingers trembling and eyes shining, "let's take it apart but do let's be terrifically careful on account of it's such a purty frame. Don't you think so, too?"

Zelda made no answer as she took the frame from Jane's hand.

"Goodness, gracious, what a place to put money," continued Jane all a-twitter and one hand rumpling her kid-curler curled hair.

"We don't even know it's there yet, so don't be so excited."

"Oh, I'm sure enough. Uncle Pete was always that kind. I always said he'd be a great man and I still think he would of if he hadn't died. He was always a hand to do things at the wrong time though, just like his dying. If he'd only hev waited until he got home it

would hev made things considerable easier for us." She joyously watched as Zelda with a hammer took the frame apart. She examined each part but found no money. "It must be there. Oh, I *know* it's there." But her voice belied her words. Zelda sat down on an old box to think.

"Bless my soul, oh, goodness gracious." Jane jumped up with as much quickness as her fifty-odd years allowed. "I left my molasses cookies in the oven and can't you smell the meat burning. Sakes alive suz', the dinner'll be burnt to a crisp." She started for the stairs but she was not to go down just then for—her sudden outburst had caused the picture, frame and all to slide to a lower box and a piece of folded paper fell to the floor.

"The money! The money!" screamed Jane. She pounced upon it as a cat would a mouse. On the paper was written, "TRY, TRY AGAIN." Disappointment plainly showed on Jane's wrinkled face.

"I'm going to tear this old picture to skrids just to satisfy my curiosity," stated Zelda. She immediately began. She took the glass out, the layers supporting the back of the picture, and—in a soft little roll was the long sought-for money.

"That's what he meant by 'Black Hair and Wooden Leg,' that the money was under the picture of the man with the black hair and wooden leg. We never would hev found it if you hadn't come here to stay. And old Miz' Busbee saw a frame, but she got it all wrong when she told me about it. I'm going right back tomorrow and tell her to tell uncle Pete's ghost that we found the money and we are going to pay off the mortgage next spring." Then she went

down-stairs to take from the oven her burnt cookies and to give the scorched meat to the dog.

The winter passed and Zelda's book is completed and a fictitious Mr. and Mrs. Goss play an important part therein.

### MOTHERS KNOW BEST

*By Arlene Tibbetts*

"It seems as though we have known each other all our lives," whispered Patsy as she trotted her Calico mount beside that of her friend, Robert Free, "but we met just four weeks ago. Soon I will be going home, leaving this Golden West for the East. I will miss this wonderful outdoor life I have led here, and you, but as you know, Mother is waiting to marry me off as soon as I am home and it is no use to argue with her, she will have her way."

By now they had reached a trickling brook and sat down to rest. "Patsy, would you give up your city life and come here to live?"

"Yes, but it's no use, mother would object and she always has her way."

"But how do you know what kind of man your mother will pick for your husband?"

"I don't, but it will be all right, for she always knows best. Even if he is the ugliest, and cruelest man on earth I will have to marry him. You see, when father died he left a will and his fortune all went to mother to give to me when she is through with it, but with a clause attached. I should be married before I was twenty and mother should approve of the young-man thoroughly. Mother has not shown any liking for the men I had brought home, so I told her to pick the man for me. I will have to marry the one she picks."

"Oh! I see," said Robert, smiling widely and showing his even white teeth, "then we might as well make the best of your vacation while you're here. I see that lets you out with any of the young men around here if you should care for any of them. Your mother must be a hot headed—"

"Robert!" Patsy leaped to her feet, her dark curls flying and tossing in the wind, her face hot with anger. "You cannot talk about my mother like that! Take that!" And Robert's face had a small red hand-mark across it. Robert was dazed, he sat there for a moment bewildered and before he could rise to his feet Patsy had gone. Nor did he see her again, for she went to her room, packed and left for home.

"Well, mother, have you the right suitor for me yet?"

"No, my dear, but I am very busy looking for one just now. I tell you what, darling, we will set the date a month from today. You surely will have had plenty of time for shopping and getting ready by then."

"Yes, mother, you could have it tomorrow for all I care."

"Now, honey, you just lie down here and rest, you are tired after your long trip on the train. I'm sure you will feel better about it all tomorrow. Maybe you even met some nice, young gentleman out there whom you would prefer to marry."

"Absolutely not! I would not go out there to live and none of the men are gentlemen. Not even polite."

"Well, my dear, you just rest. I am sure a month from today you will be happily married."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Gee, Marie, I feel happy this morn-

ing," cooed Patsy, as her maid was helping her to get dressed for the wedding. "Maybe I was right after all in letting mother pick the husband. Maybe I'll be happy now. I can almost feel it in my bones that mother has some one who is tall, has dark hair, grey eyes, medium build and someone I'll be happy with. Oh, this is the happiest day of my life. The house is full of flowers, gifts and guests. Hurry! There, that is the last."

"Oh! Mademoiselle, you are gorgeous, beautiful." She surely was, dressed in pure white silk crepe with her dark curls showing from under her white hat and veil, with a bunch of orchids at her shoulder.

As she was escorted across the room by her mother, she dared not look up to see who her suitor might be. As she raised up her eyes they told her that her husband-to-be was more than she had dared hoped for. He was tall, dark and of medium build, and he offered Patsy his arm. She leaned on it with a sigh of contentment. She could not bring herself to look into his eyes. She knew she must face her future husband and she must know who this wonderful man was who had given himself so completely to her without having met her or known her before.

The organ had struck up the march and the flower girls were moving into position, everyone was waiting for Patsy. With a determined smile she lifted her eyes and looked straight into those, so far and yet so terribly near to hers. The smile faded from her face, "Robert," she cried, then remembering that long ago day, she turned on her mother, "I cannot marry this man. I will not marry him!" With this she stamped to her room and locked herself in. The rest of that day no one

was admitted to her room. She got very little sleep that night. She made one resolution after another. She loved Robert but how could she go to him after what she had done? What would her friends think? No, she despised Robert, she never wanted to see him again! When the pale streaks of dawn were rising on the horizon she made a decision that she still loved Robert in spite of what her friends would say and think.

The next morning Patsy got up a changed girl. She had made a decision that she would go back to Robert, if he would still have her. "Mother, where's Robert?"

"Gone home, my dear."

"Oh, dear! Then I'm going after him!" Mrs. Day smiled after her daughter. A few hours later in Robert's mansion Robert and Patsy were talking happily.

"Your mother came for me. I told her about our quarrel and she said it made no difference. She knew how you felt, because she had watched you around the house and knew that you had met someone you could not forget. She followed up her hunch, found me; brought me back with her and you know the rest."

"Yes, dear, and here I am, and I guess 'Mothers Know Best'."

## THE PRICE OF GLORY

*By Muriel Leathers*

If you had been present at the Elite Theatre in the City of Ohima on the eve of October sixth you would have been among those who were thrilled by the splendid voices of that Matchless Couple, Thessa and Larone, Vaudeville Stars. Always superb, Thessa and Larone seemed to be even more delightful than usual tonight. Ohima was Thessa's na-

tive city. Whenever their bookings brought them here, they tried to give their finest repertoire.

As Larone looked at his wife, he marveled at her youthful beauty. Her beauty was enhanced by her yellow evening gown, which set off her olive complexion and emphasized the dark shadows of her hair and eyes. Watching from the wings Larone saw her hand go gracefully to her throat to linger with a caressing touch on the magnificent pearl necklace that was the surmounting glory of her appearance.

This necklace of finely matched pearls was a gift of an admirer. Owing to its great value, it reposed in the vault at the bank. It was only on the brief visits of the couple to their home city that Thessa dared take the pearls from the safety box. A cleverly constructed string of paste pearls had to serve her elsewhere. Only a few people knew of the necklace and yet its history and value were well enough known to make its owner a little conscious of its presence.

Thessa and Larone had visited the vault at the bank during the afternoon and had brought from the recess the precious necklace. Thessa had compared the two, as they lay there in the dim light of the vault, and as much as she admired the lustre and beauty of the genuine pearls she had been forced to admit that men had very skillfully constructed paste jewels.

Larone busied himself by looking over several papers and documents that were in the safety box; and by planning a new will as soon as he had more property to dispose of, a joke of long standing between them.

Thessa passed the beads from one slim hand to the other. She held them

to the light while she called Larone's attention to their glamour. She placed them momentarily on her neck. Then it was time to go.

She slipped the beads into her purse—replaced the case in the vault and walked out into the late afternoon sunshine. As they were detained here and there by a few of their old acquaintances, it was nearly time for them to go to the theatre when they reached their hotel.

Thessa called Larone to her dressing room early in the evening and had cautioned him to remain near. "Are you afraid, my dear?" he asked as he fastened the diamond clasp that held her necklace. "No, Larone, I am not afraid, but your presence is always comforting." Larone admired her as she stood there in the light of her dressing room. Others who were on the bill, as they finished dressing, drifted from their own rooms and came in where Thessa and Larone held open house in the cramped quarters. Praise and compliments for this older pair fell from every lip and Thessa lost her feeling of fear and sparkled as brightly as her jewels.

The acts which Thessa and Larone presented were entirely musical. Sometimes they sang duets in which Larone's rich baritone supported Thessa's rich soprano. Sometimes he played an obligato on a fine old violin while she sang an aria from some grand opera. Larone sometimes said he was the silent partner; but he formed a picturesque background for her art, as trees form a magnificent setting for a fairy-like garden.

The theatre was filled early on this evening. It wasn't often a native daughter came to them in so brilliant a role. For Thessa and Larone were famed, both in their native country and in Europe.

Round after round of applause greeted their numbers and they were generous with their songs. Time after time they came back to bow, but the audience would not be stilled. For a closing number they presented "The Rosary" with the violin echoing and sustaining the vocal part and blending so skillfully that a breathless hush pervaded the house; as though each person were trying to discern between the voice and the violin.

At the close of their act the pair returned immediately to their hotel stopping only long enough in their dressing room to pack and put on their street clothes. A taxi left them almost at the door of their hotel. The street was dimly lighted and entirely deserted. As they started to enter the door a bulky figure stepped forth, pointed a revolver and whispered, "Hand 'em over sister and don't ask no question less you want me to drill ya. No use to try to run. We got both ways covered. Pass 'em right over. We know the whole story. No stalling now." There seemed to be nothing else to do. Thessa opened her bag and passed over the necklace.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Ohima Daily made much of the brief visits of Thessa and Larone. It was most liberal in its praise of both the ability and appearance of these noted people. Thessa's evening gown was mentioned, as well as the stately appearance of her handsome husband.

This paragraph was added as a climax.

"It was rumored that the beautiful necklace which Madame Thessa wore, was the famous necklace given her by one of her teachers several years ago. It is worn only on special occasions."

A heavy set man in a dingy room read that paragraph several times. His eyes

narrowed. A grim smile came over his face. He threw the paper across the room. His only words were, "Dat's wot you think—rumored is right."

## THE SHOOTING STAR

*By Alberton McLain*

One minute left to play, Northport was five points ahead. Buddy King, Northport's right forward, made a beautiful basket bringing the score seventeen to ten. Suddenly the gun went off and the game was over with Northport defeating Kent City. This meant that Northport would play Lincoln in the final game of the tournament the following night.

The Northport boys were in high spirits as they marched triumphantly to the dressing room. Buddy King had four field goals and two foul shots to his credit. The rest of the points were obtained by Northport's tall, lanky center, Fred Moore, and left forward, Ray McDonald. The boys were soon dressed and on their way to the hotel where they were staying during the tournament.

The following day the boys spent most of their time resting. About four o'clock the coach went to see them. They were all present except Buddy. In answer to his questions the coach learned that Buddy had gone to a nearby store for something and that he said he would be right back. A half hour passed by but no Buddy. Another half hour passed and soon the boys were at the supper table. There was one vacant place, which belonged to Buddy. Supper was soon over but Buddy did not return. The coach was very independent but he finally called the police.

The time soon came for the boys to

leave for the hall. Buddy had not returned nor had they received any word concerning his whereabouts. The boys soon found themselves on the floor warming up. It was not long before the game started.

During the first quarter Lincoln got three points, Northport didn't score. The second quarter passed quickly and at the half the score stood seven to nothing in Lincoln's favor. The coach's face was clouded with discouragement and worry. His team was playing well but Lincoln's defence was working perfectly. If only Buddy were there to put through some fast passes. Little did the coach know that Buddy was on his way to the hall at that very moment.

After Buddy had left the hotel he started through an alley which made the distance somewhat shorter. As he entered into the alley several boys saw him. Some had large L's on their sweaters. They immediately recognized him and ducked behind some boxes and as he passed they sprang upon him. Out-numbered he was quickly subdued and tied. They left him in a deserted warehouse. The only thing they said was that they would release him after the "Big Game."

For what seemed to Buddy as almost eternity he struggled to release himself. Finally to his great joy he broke loose. Upon finding out the time he raced to the hall.

The third quarter had begun when he got there. By the time he had changed his clothes the third quarter was over and the score stood none to four in Lincoln's favor.

Having Buddy with them the boys regained their confidence. Fred got the tap and the ball came down in Ray's

possession. He passed to Buddy, Fred cut, received the ball from Buddy, and passed to Ray, who was in position to shoot. The ball fell short and Fred took it from the backboard. Buddy cut in, received the ball and scored, bringing the score nine to six.

Fred again got the tap but the ball came down in Lincoln's possession. Ray committed a foul, but the foul shot was missed. Bill got the ball and passed down the hall to Ray who was waiting for a sucker shot. Lincoln had their eyes open and were there before he was able to shoot, but like a flash Buddy cut, received the ball, and shot. The basket was missed but a follow-up shot proved good for two points. Lincoln was just one point ahead and there was three minutes left to play. Two of these three passed by with still no change in the score which was nine to eight.

Northport had possession of the ball. Bill was working down the floor. Seeing that every man was closely guarded, Buddy came out and relieved Bill of the ball. From the corner of his eye he saw the timekeeper pick up the gun. There was just one thing to do and that was to try a long shot.

The ball passed neatly through the basket and had no more than struck the floor when the gun went off. The game was over! Northport had won the tournament by one point!

The bell rang  
And in we trooped  
65 of us all in a group  
The fog horn blew at H. H. S.  
We all ran in to do our best  
When we got in we did say  
Hermon High School, where are they?

*At the End of Sunset Trail  
Way Out West in Texas  
On the Night of June the Third*

*Sweet Sue,*

*When the Moon Says Good-Night to the Mountain and it's Moonlight Down in Lover's Lane it is then I long to ask you Do You Miss Me Tonight? Do Moonlight and Roses bring Memories of Me? I'm so Lonesome and Blue when the Louisiana Moon is shining just longing to see you Sweetheart Darling.*

*You are My Wild Irish Rose. You're the Girl of My Dreams and I'll always remember you Just the Way You Look Tonight.*

*When the Bloom is on the Sage I'll think of those Laughing Irish Eyes and the first time I saw you In a Little Gypsy Tea-Room.*

*There'll be a Hill-Billy Wedding in June after which we'll go Ridin' Down the Old River Road, and I'll take you to my Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane.*

*M-o-t-h-e-r the Pal of My Cradle Days and that Silver Haired Daddy of Mine will welcome us Home.*

*I may be just An Old Cow Hand but you know I Love You Truly and so now Good-Night Little Girl of My Dreams.*

I am yours *Forever,*

*Cowboy Jack.*

P. S.: *I Love You and Did I Remember to tell you We'd Make a Peach of a Pair?*

BY ROBENA GARDNER

## MOVIE TOWN

*By Editors*

I saw *That Girl From Paris* in *San Francisco* walking *On the Avenue, One Rainy Afternoon.*

*The Holy Terror* and *David Copperfield* were with her.

*When's Your Birthday?* asked *Pepper of David Copperfield.*

He did not answer this question but said *Jane Ere* is *One In a Million.*

When its *Maytime* I will look up your *Private Number.*

*Swing High! Swing Low,* the crowd hailed the little dancer.

Colleges will welcome a *College Holiday.*

*The Plainsman* hurried and helped *The Texas Ranger.*

*The Gorgeous Hussy* was seen with *John Meades' Woman* visiting the *Lloyds of London.*

*The Great O'Mallory's, Private Secretary* is ill.

*Can This Be Dixie* asked *Camille?*

*Three Smart Girls* saw *The Last of Mrs. Cheney* on the *Stowaway.*

The Moving Picture Producers have come to the conclusion that *Sinners Take All.*

## SCHOOL GOSSIP

Yes they were *real* gossips. Miss B had come over to call on Miss R and many remarks had been made about the pupils of Hermon High when Miss B remarked:

"That Juanita is a scream and—

"If she was mine" quickly put in Miss R, "she'd be a different kind of a girl. I don't approve a bit of the way these modern kids act!"

"Me neither and the way Eloise tries to mock her!"

"Isn't it just too disgusting. And such foolish talk! After they've talked all day it doesn't amount to anything."

"And it seems funny that Rosaleen is always waiting for someone and it always turns out to be Dick."

"Course he's a nice enough fellow, but now for me, I kinda took a fancy to Vincent McFadden. He's so polite and oh, just so—and—so."

"And that little brother of his is an awful flirt. They say he's taken a real shine for Delta Shortt."

"And the way that girl puts on airs is enough to sicken a well person."

"I've visited school and seen Theodore walk down the aisle so slow, I'd just like to get behind him with a pin."

"Folks say Beverly's quite a good boy. At least Arlene Gordon seems to think so; doesn't that burn Ruth up. But as I hear it he hasn't got eyes for anyone but her, so why worry?"

"Elinor Overlock and Sherburne will walk anytime but Shirley is all worked up 'cause Robert hasn't got his Hudson licensed."

"Cars! They say Barbara Nowell had a long talk with Mr. Gray. She wants him to have a slipper race. Goodness gracious! I can't see why, but she said she knew who'd win."

"I think its a shame for them to nickname June, Freddie, course Fred doesn't seem to care, but I still think there's something funny about the way he's always around when she falls down."

"That senior girl Muriel lives over near Wallace Humphrey and so I've heard it takes nearly all Barbara Aieta's time to watch them."

"Of course we know that Robena is hot at typing but when Elwin puts snow down her back it has more of a meaning than is known to the other students."

"Those Tibbetts girls are real smart, they say, and Esther is nuts over "Pea-nuts."

"Talking of nuts! Bertie is nuts over Clara but he'll think the nuts have cracked when he finds out she's cut her curls."

"Have you heard the latest news about Marion Porter? Well, as the story goes, everyone expected a budding romance till Wildon had the misfortune to have the mumps."

"As for that Dingle Grant he is a bashful boy; he never bothers the girls. He devotes all his time to French."

"I hear that Margaret is smart in American History but I can't see when she finds time to study, she's out all the evening with those boy friends of hers. But then you know, Miss B, girls will be girls."

"Yes, and not only that, but Josephine is all taken up in Kenneth Higgins. He offers to walk home with her, but, I suppose she feels as though it would start gossip. In which it would, because there are so many gossipers."

"Now, in my mind I think it's anything but nice to gossip about school children especially, but sometimes I do wonder what's going to happen to this world, the girls are getting so bold. Why Fannie Ricker tries to date every boy she can. Oh, I'm so sorry you have to go, Miss B. We got a lot of work done, why, you nearly got that pair of socks darned and I took the hem out of this dress and in only three hours. Do come again.

*Barbara Nowell and  
Robena Gardner.*

●  
**VARIETY**

*By Marie Brown*

Adrift, upon this sea of life,  
In a boat for many years;  
The harbors often in sunshine,  
And now and then in tears.

A life will taste of luxury,  
But have its troubles at times;  
And it will hear sad dirges,  
As well as mellow chimes.

Sometimes the waves are calm,  
One forgets his trouble and strife;  
In a moment the billows rage,  
This is the way of life.

## RULES

Do not whisper,  
 Don't ask to speak,  
 After trouble,  
 Never seek.

Keep your eyes  
 Glued on a book;  
 Don't give your neighbor  
 A sidelong look.

When you glimpse a girl  
 Coming down the aisle;  
 Keep one eye on teacher,  
 Then return her smile.

No courting on the school grounds,  
 Not even a wink;  
 Unless you, in rank  
 Forever wish to sink.

Rules, rules, and more rules—  
 Oh well! Away with tears;  
 We're only going to be here  
 For four short years.

●

 SENIOR CLASS

JuaniTa Sinford  
 Elwin WitHerly  
 OlivE Felker

EloiSe Higgins  
 RobEna Gardiner  
 ArleNe Tibbetts  
 Earle BrIck  
 Ruth POrter  
 Lloyd MilleR

Louisa BiCkford  
 Lloyd Littlefield  
 MargAret Grant  
 Muriel LeatherS  
 ESther Tibbetts

## WHY CAN'T I?

*By Esther Tibbetts*

Come all you folks and listen in,  
 I'd like to ask you why—  
 If other mates get by with tricks,  
 Why can't I?

Now there is Elwin chewing gum,  
 He does it on the sly,  
 And he gets by with it O. K., so  
 Why can't I?

And there is Barbara writing notes,  
 She's sending them to "Ty";  
 The teacher's back is turned now, so  
 Why can't I?

Just take a look at Fannie now,  
 And here's another sigh.  
 If she eats cake in school each day,  
 Why can't I?

See, there is Ollie, and Sinnie, too,  
 'Twas late, they could not lie;  
 Now they're catching up on sleep, so  
 Why can't I?

But just as I start doing things,  
 It's always "do or die";  
 The teacher starts right up the aisle,  
 And that's, Why can't I?

●

Violets are blue,  
 Roses are red,  
 And so is the hair  
 On Miller's head.

●

Ashes to ashes,  
 Dust to dust,  
 If English won't kill us  
 Gymnastics must.

norTh dakota  
 oHio  
 kEntucky  
  
 Utah  
 iNdiana  
 mIchigan  
 monTana  
 nEw jersey  
 Delaware  
  
 kanSas  
 massachuseTts  
 mAryland  
 souTh carolina  
 nEw mexico  
 wiSconsin  
  
 new Hampshire  
 nevAda  
 louiSiana  
  
 alAbama  
  
 oreGon  
 cOlorado  
 Vermont  
 tEnnessee  
 viRginia  
 washiNgton  
 Maine  
 nEw york  
 illiNois  
 norTh carolina  
  
 missOuri  
 caliFornia  
  
 neBraska  
 wYoming  
  
 georgiA  
 arkaNsas  
 rhoDe island  
  
 Florida  
 iOwa  
 aRizona  
  
 connecTicut  
 idaHo  
 minnEsota  
  
 Pennsylvania  
 wEst virginia  
 sOuth dakota  
 mississiPpi  
 okLahoma  
 tEXas

## HILL TOP TREES

*By Muriel Leathers*

There they stand on the brow of the hill,  
 Trees like sentinels stately and still,  
 Watching the valleys lying below,  
 Guarding the hillside covered with snow.

Guarding the men at work and at play,  
 Watching the people all the long day;  
 Knowing the doings both the wrong and  
 the right,  
 Being God's watchers all thro' the night.

Lifting their branches up to the sun,  
 Laughing with children enjoying the fun,  
 Calling the earth their great lonely toy,  
 Where it is filled with laughter and joy.

Longing and sadness hold the trees all in  
 sway,  
 When the world changes from sunshine to  
 gray,  
 And while our teardrops fall as the rain,  
 The trees softly echo our sorrow and pain.

●

 TOMORROW

*By Barbara Aieta*

When the shades of evening slowly fall  
 And sleep gives its low drowsy call,  
 It is then we forget our troubles, worries,  
 cares, and sorrows,  
 And rest our tired heads and dream of the  
 tomorrows.

Oh, we intend to do so much when that  
 tomorrow comes.  
 Gram, she'll sit and rock and mend and  
 hum,  
 Sis, she'll throw to the birds small crumbs,  
 Mother, she, after the work is done  
 Will take the sweater which yesterday she  
 spun  
 And try it on brother.  
 Just what would we do if it weren't for  
 Gram and Mother.

This is what we dream will happen on  
 that busy tomorrow,  
 But will the dawn bring these pleasant  
 things  
 Or will it bring more harsh stings and  
 sorrows?  
 Ah! We will know—Tomorrow.

# SPORTS

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The year of 1937 found Basketball at its highest peak. The call of sports was answered by an endless string of girls. With the result that the team was carefully chosen and consisted of all Seniors with the exception of one Junior. The schedule was quickly made with neighboring schools. Under the careful supervision of Coach Smith the team showed great skill, school spirit, and sportsmanship.

### Schedule:

		H.H.S.	Opp.
Dec.	18.	Carmel at Hermon	16 24
Jan.	8.	LaGrange at LaGrange	37 15
Jan.	12.	Monroe at Monroe	22 9
Jan.	15.	Beals at Hermon	40 23
Jan.	22.	LaGrange at Hermon	25 8
Jan.	27.	Eastern Academy at Hermon	14 25
Feb.	12.	Monroe at Hermon	30 7
Feb.	17.	Maine School Commerce at Hermon	17 16
Feb.	19.	East Corinth at Hermon	22 13
Feb.	23.	Carmel at Carmel	11 8
Feb.	26.	East Corinth at East Corinth	17 23
Mar.	10.	Bangor Independents at Hermon	23 20

### Letters were awarded to:

Juanita Sinford	Eloise Higgins
Arline Tibbetts	Margaret Grant
Esther Tibbetts	Olive Felker
Louisa Bickford	Norma Miller
Shirley Higgins	Marie Brown
Muriel Leathers	

## CARMEL AT HERMON

H-E-R-M-O-N Rah! Rah! Rah! The game is on! As the girls ran onto the floor, cheers and hand clapping greeted them. With this encouragement the first basket was dropped in by Juanita Sinford. But this was followed by two baskets from Carmel. Hermon was steadily losing ground. With unvariable changes the game continues until the

fourth quarter is at last ended. Even though Hermon lost (16-24, in favor of Carmel) they surely can't say the girls didn't go down fighting.

## MAINE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE AT HERMON

What a game! What a team! What a crowd! Because of the heavy bets laid down on this game, H. H. S. was determined to go over the top. The quickness of our team surely saved for us this game. At the beginning of the fourth quarter Maine School was in the lead. Esther gets a field shot. WE'RE EVEN! IT'S A TIE! Unfortunately Maine School makes a foul. Arline brings the final score to 17-16, Hermon.

## BEALS AT H. H. S.

The night of the Beals game was looked forward to for several weeks. At last it arrived and what a victory!! Hermon started out with a series of baskets, with Beals coming close behind. In the last two quarters the guards did their best to keep Beals from scoring. The game ended with Hermon 40, Beals 23.

## EAST CORINTH AT HERMON

Being the last home game the gym was packed for the East Corinth Game. The H. H. S. girls in blue and white and the E. C. A. girls in red and white furnished a striking effect as they waited expectantly for the whistle to blow. They're off! Juanita calls into play all the signals of the year. East Corinth takes the lead at the end of the third quarter. Now Arline gets one of those beautiful long shots!! With the result that Hermon's luck changes, for the game ended with Hermon 22, East Corinth 13.



#### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Left to Right: Captain, A. Tibbetts, M. Leathers, O. Felker, E. Tibbetts, M. Brown, L. Bickford, J. Sinford, E. Higgins, S. Higgins, M. Grant, N. Miller. Coach, Ralph S. Smith.

#### PHYSICAL TRAINING

The Maine Department of Education requests that Physical Training become one of the subjects in the high school curriculum. That one period should be set aside for Physical Training at least once a week.

Wednesday was the day appointed for Physical Training in our school. The girls are required to have blue suits, white socks, and sneakers. The boys are dressed in white suits, socks and sneakers.

Mr. Gray and Mr. Smith are the in-

structors for both boys and girls. As we progress in the exercises we shall be accompanied by music. Mr. Gray is planning to have photos taken of each group in action at some future date.

#### OUTDOOR SPORTS

*By LeRoy Bartlett*

On October 1 we began our first work on our outdoor equipment for sports.

With the aid of Mr. Gray's flivver we succeeded in acquiring the material with which to equip a favorable playground.

*(Continued on page 43)*



### BOYS' BASKETBALL

Left to Right: Capt. L. Bartlett, L. Stevenson, W. Lord, R. Seamans, E. Witherly, A. McLain, B. Brown, L. Miller, Coach Gray.

### BOYS' BASKETBALL

What a day! First basketball practice! The first day brought eighteen members rushing for the gymnasium. After days of hard work from both the coach and the boys, the team was selected by Mr. Gray as follows:

Leroy Bartlett	Left Forward
Wildon Lord	Right Forward
Elwin Witherly	Center
Alberton McLain	Right Guard
Tyler Stevenson	Left Guard
Robert Seamans	Guard and Forward

Kenneth Higgins	Guard
Lloyd Miller	Guard
Edwin Grant	Forward
Beverly Brown	Guard

Those receiving letters this year were:

Alberton McLain	Wildon Lord
Tyler Stevenson	Leroy Bartlett
Robert Seamans	Beverly Brown
Edwin Grant	Elwin Witherly
Kenneth Higgins	Lloyd Miller

The schedule for the year was as follows:

(Continued on page 44)

# LOCALS



## DRAMATIC BOARD

Front row, Left to right: O. Felker, J. Sinford, D. Stevens, P. Bean, B. Aieta.  
 Second row, Left to right: L. Littlefield, M. Grant, E. Brick, T. Perkins, E. Higgins, D. Douglas.  
 Third row, Left to right: A. Tibbetts, L. Bartlett, E. Tibbetts, M. Leathers.

## MERRY MASKERS DRAMATIC CLUB

Many new members were elected into the Merry Maskers Dramatic Club at the close of the school year in 1936, but due to the absence of many from school at the beginning of this school year we had to elect new members.

During the last two or three years the Dramatic Club has been very active and

has had at least one social gathering during the year.

This year the Dramatic Club had in progress an Irish Program to be given March 17, 1937. Everyone was requested to wear something green to fit in with the green decorations of the gymnasium. The program consisted of five one-act Irish plays, Irish recitations, Irish dances,

Irish songs. An old-fashioned barn dance was to follow. Due to most of our members having the mumps we were not able to present it.

As is the custom to have some emblem to show for the work or sports that you have taken part in, we are having either letters or pins for the members of the Dramatic Club.

### JUNIOR EXHIBITION

As it is the usual custom at Hermon High school, there is to be a Junior Exhibition in the Hermon High School Gymnasium on the eve of May 7th. The members participating in this speaking contest are as follows:

"One Niche in The Highest". Theodore Perkins  
"The Black Horse and His Rider"

Beverly Brown

"Jimmie Butler and the Owl" James Emerson  
"A Comforting Caller" Eleanor Overlock  
"The Declaim Contest" Barbara Aieta  
"Helping Drive the Car" Marion Porter  
"The Quaker Wedding" Norma Miller

Music will be sung at intervals. The prizes will be awarded after the speaking.

### FRESHMEN RECEPTION

Have you ever had the experience of being a freshman? If you have, you will, no doubt, have a heart full of sympathy for all freshmen entering high school.

September 25, 1936, brought the Freshmen Reception to Hermon High School Gymnasium. What a time!

The girls were dressed in knee-length dresses, men's stockings, and their shoes on the wrong feet. The boys wore short pants and attractive bow-ribbons. Each and every freshman was called upon to entertain the upper classmen and teachers.

The many feats included on the program were: eating a lemon, boxing

match, rolling a piece of paper across the floor with the nose, harmonica playing, demonstration of a farmer's life, a marriage proposal, tap dancing, guitar music and singing, demonstration of the present day waltz and foxtrot, speaking, and a bedtime story was read.

The freshmen showed great talent which helped them in becoming members of our school. The evening ended with a dance and refreshments.

### GLEE CLUB

This year for the first time, a Glee Club was organized in our high school. There was a large group of both boys and girls who volunteered to help in making our Glee Club a success.

The girls had always tried to make our chorus work progress, but, with the development of this club, the boys showed increasing interest and talent.

The members of the Glee Club are as follows:

#### GIRLS

Louise Bickford	Olive Felker
Robena Gardner	Margaret Grant
Eloise Higgins	Muriel Leathers
Juanita Sinford	Arlene Tibbetts
Esther Tibbetts	Ruth Porter
Barbara Aieta	Shirley Higgins
Norma Miller	Eleanor Overlock
Fannie Ricker	Perdita Smith
Marion Porter	Frances Emerson
Rosaleen Hall	Josephine Robertson
Lillian Libby	Clara Bubier
Rose Daigle	Bernice Gordon
Cathleen Moore	Phyllis Small
Delta Shortt	Marlys Shortt
Barbara Nowell	

#### BOYS

Earle Brick	Lloyd Miller
Paul Bean	Theodore Perkins
Douglas Sherburne	Fred Goodspeed
Alberton McLain	Earl Tibbetts
Lloyd Overlock	Robert Seamans
Leroy Bartlett	

**SENIOR PLAY**

**YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A HEN-PECKED HERO!** Murder! Police! William!

These are highlights from the annual Senior Play presented December 4, at the high school gymnasium before a large and anxious audience.

"A Henpecked Hero," a hilariously funny three-act farce, revolves around the misfortunes of a meek, little man with a romantic-minded bride and a strong-minded mother-in-law. His studious nature and unathletic physique makes him a victim of domestic tyranny; until the bride's longing for a cave-man type causes him to become one with nearly fatal results.

Before it is over, Dame Misfortune pays call after call upon the unhappy husband in the guise of various veiled persons dressed in widows' costumes.

The play ends with the henpecked hero an angel in the eyes of both bride and mother-in-law though it caused serious misunderstandings in the identities of the rest of the cast.

The group of amateurs chosen from the Senior Class except for Leroy Bartlett, a Junior, were:

Helen Hallmark.....	Muriel Leathers
Doris Darlett.....	Olive Felker
Botsky.....	Earle Brick
Lily.....	Arlene Tibbetts
Barker.....	Lloyd Miller
Ted Slocum.....	Elwin Witherly
Mrs. Holden.....	Juanita Sinford
Iantha Brown.....	Margaret Grant
Prof. William Brown.....	Leroy Bartlett
Bud Cedman.....	Lloyd Littlefield
Countess Kolmanoff.....	Eloise Higgins

The play, which was coached by Mr. Smith, proved to be successful and was again presented at the North Bangor Grange Hall. Though we were unfor-

tunate to lose Miss Grant for this showing, we obtained Esther Tibbetts, who kindly substituted. The play was even more successful than before.

**FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE PLAY**

"The Bat in the Belfry," a riotous three-act farce to be presented by the Freshman and Sophomore classes of Hermon High, we hope it will be the talk of the town! The cast is chosen and will be coached by Mr. Smith. It is to be given on the eve of May 14, in the Hermon High School gymnasium at 8:00 P.M.

We hope the public will rally to this play as never before, and fill the gymnasium to the doors. It is sure to be a great sensation! Everyone come!

Those chosen to take part in this play are as follows:

Rev. William B. Westcott, D.D.....	Pastor
Ronald Smith	
Wayne Westcott.....	His son
Alberton McLain	
Dr. Gilbert Henry.....	Old friend of the Wescotts
Edwin Grant	
Amy—Means as much to the Wescotts as the	Pulpit to the church
Rose Daigle	
Jean Faelton	} Sisters and nextdoor neighbors of the Westcotts
Marjorie Faelton	
Arlene Faelton	
Helen Faelton	
Burnice Gordon	Josephine Robertson
Lillian Libby	Marie Brown
Lorina Loring—Well-known Hollywood writer	of mystery thrillers
Clara Bubier	
Bill Brown—Ace detective of the United States	Secret Service
Darrell Douglass	
The Duke of Picadilly—A strange visitor to	Sleepy Valley
Carl McFadden	
Madame Nona—A Gypsy queen who can tell the	past, present and future
Dorothy Stevens	
Ulysses Farragut Chattle Wattle—Star sleuth of	the Barnes Detective Agency
Vincent McFadden	
The Red Robe.....	???
Mr. X.....	???

## COMMENCEMENT

Commencement Week will begin with the Baccalaureate service in the Baptist Church at Hermon Corner on May 30, at 10:00 A. M.

The Senior Banquet is to be held in the Odd Fellows Hall at Hermon Corner on June first at 6:00 P. M.

The graduation exercises will take place in the Hermon High School gymnasium at 8:00 P. M. on the eve of June third.

Processional	
Invocation	Rev. Benjamin Beatty
Salutatory	Esther Mae Tibbetts
Oration	Juanita Willis Sinford
Class History	Margaret Elizabeth Grant
First Honor Essay	Muriel Leathers
Music	
Class Prophecy	{ Ruth Melissa Porter Earle Sumner Brick Robena Ada-Agnes Gardner
Second Honor Essay	Eloise Marguerite Higgins
Class Will	{ Hazel Arlene Tibbetts Lloyd Albert Miller
Music	
Presentation of Gifts	{ Florence Louise Bickford Elwin Clark Witherly
Address to Undergraduates	Lloyd Roscoe Littlefield
Valedictory	Olive Mary Felker
Presentation of Diplomas	Superintendent C. H. Grant
Class Ode	
Benediction	Rev. Benjamin Beatty
Recessional	
Class Motto:	Here's Heading for Success
Class Flower:	Gardenia
Class Colors:	Royal Blue and White
Marshall:	Paul Bean

The Senior Ball will follow the graduation exercises in the Odd Fellows Hall.

●

POEM

The boys at last had pitched their fill,  
Where they had practiced on Hermon  
Hill.

END.

## EXCHANGES

"*The Tattler*"—Rockport High School.

You have an interesting paper. Congratulations.

"*The Pine Cone*"—Cornish High School.

Your magazine is enjoyable, but why not a poem?

"*Besse Breeze*"—Albion High School.

We consider your paper one of the best. We liked your poetry and jokes.

"*Pine Needle*"—Mattanawcook Academy, Lincoln.

You have an excellent paper. We liked your drawings.

"*Jester*"—Ellsworth High School.

Your paper is attractive. Congratulations to those who planned and typed it.

"*The Observer*"—Lagrange High School.

We think that your book is well organized. Much credit is due your Literary Editor.

"*The Academy Rocket*"—East Corinth Academy.

We liked your paper but a few jokes would improve it.

"*The Sachem*"—Old Town High School.

You have a very good paper. We hope to be able to exchange with you next year.

"*The Signet*"—N. H. High School, Dexter, Maine.

Your Music Department encourages our Glee Club. It is with pleasure that we look forward to exchanges with you.

"*Academy Review*"—Foxcroft Academy, Dover-Foxcroft.

Pictures and drawings are your main features.



# JOKES



B. Aieta: Was that the bell, Tyler?

T. Stevenson: No, I just hit Shirley on the head.

O. Felker: Miss Garland, I haven't bought my notebook yet.

Miss Garland: Olive, what am I going to do with you?

O. Felker: Give me ten cents.

Mr. Smith: Why was it popular to be a good fighter in Greece?

E. Grant: One reason was because they could have their choice of women.

Mr. Gray: Give the names of some business men who get over \$50,000 a year.

P. Bean: Mae West.

F. Emerson (In English class): He came while I was studying my lessons.

Mr. Smith: Why did you make that change?

F. Emerson: Well, I stopped studying when he came.

W. Lord: May I borrow a pen?

Miss Garland: Yes.

F. Emerson: May I borrow a pencil?

Miss Garland: Yes.

(B. Nowell's hand in the air).

Miss Garland: Well, Barbara, what do you want to borrow?

B. Nowell: I'd like to borrow you for a minute.

Mr. Smith: What is the comparative degree of the word ill? If he were ill today what would he be tomorrow.

W. Lord: Sick.

We've all heard about the cat that came back, but guess what happened Oct. 28? The "Hamn" came back.

Mr. Smith: What was the Rosetta stone valuable for?

K. Higgins: The alphabet was on the outside so "kids" could learn to write.

We wonder what Mr. Smith is thinking about when he writes on the board "The poor little louse." instead of "The poor little house."

Mr. Smith: What kind of an adjective is threatening?

E. Grant: I think it is descriptive. I'm not sure, but I'm positive.

Mr. Gray: Define a polygon.

Geometry Student: A broken clothes line.

Juanita: Mr. Smith, are the senior pictures going to be in the paper?

Mr. Smith: (Sitting at his desk) I don't know. I'm not in the position to say.

Olive: Stand up and say, then.

## Curriculum

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

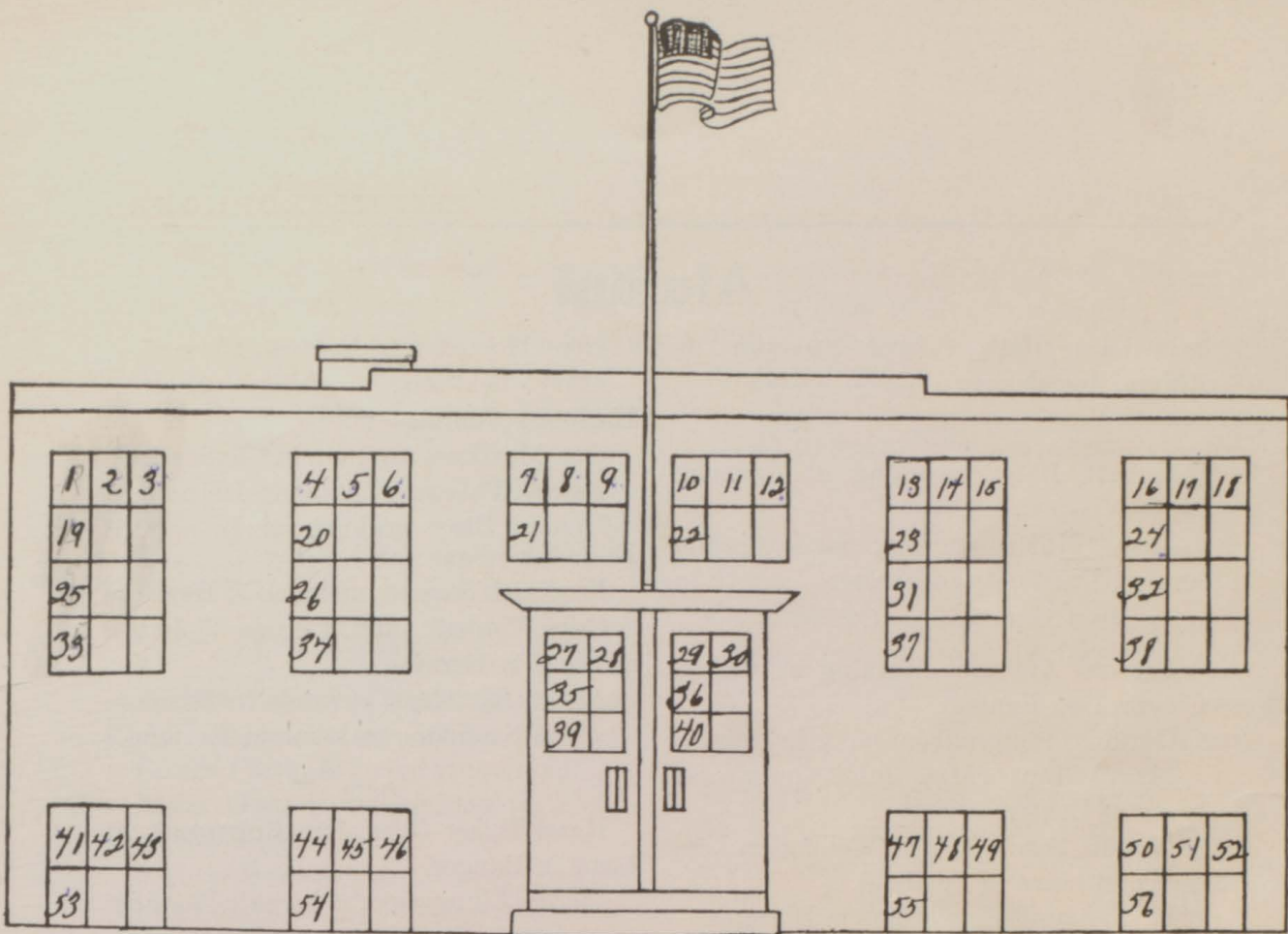
The three courses offered in the school are: College, General and Commercial.

Commercial	College	General
<b>1st Year</b>	<b>1st Year</b>	<b>1st Year</b>
Algebra I	Algebra I	Algebra I
English I	English I	English I
Ancient History	Ancient History	Ancient History
Business Arithmetic or Business Forms	French I or Latin I	Biology or General Science
<b>2nd Year</b>	<b>2nd Year</b>	<b>2nd Year</b>
Business Arithmetic or Business Forms	Latin or French I	English II
English II	English II	Algebra II
Bookkeeping I	Biology or General Science	Modern History
Jr. Business Training or Modern History	Algebra II or Geometry	General Science
<b>3rd Year</b>	<b>3rd Year</b>	<b>3rd Year</b>
English III	English III	English III
Shorthand I	Geometry or Algebra II	Geometry or Algebra II
Typing I	Chemistry	Physics
Com. Law and Geo.	French or Latin II	Jr. Business Training
Bookkeeping II		
<b>4th Year</b>	<b>4th Year</b>	<b>4th Year</b>
English IV	English IV	English IV
Shorthand II	Physics	Physics
Typing II	American History	American History
American History	French or Latin II	French II or Bookkeeping

The commercial course offers awards in its different divisions to any student who is interested in obtaining them.

There are seven forty-five minute periods each day. Each student has two or three study periods out of the seven.

Every student entering Hermon High School is cordially invited to become one of the happy group and to take part in athletics and all other activities.



PUZZLE FOR SUCCESS

Vertical

1. What we like to get Esther into.
2. What we say just before Physical Training.
3. What we look at with wonder.
4. The leader of a team. (Abbr.)
5. What we'll lose when the Tibbetts graduate.
6. Something which is most generally upset.
7. French article.
8. A's companion.
9. "Watch the Fords go —."
10. Abbreviation for a southern state.
11. Where we all hope to go.
12. One's greatest friend.
13. One of Higgins' favorite words.
14. What usually goes on a shopping list.
15. Parking place for gum.
16. Something we play with.
17. The best dancer in the school.
18. Obtains.
27. An adjective describing the lights on a Ford.
28. The number of cylinders in Miller's car.
29. The House of Horrors.
30. What we'd like to do to the schoolhouse.
41. English article.
42. Not yes.
43. Abbreviation for street.
44. Initials of Hermon High's belle.
45. Synonym for in.
46. A student of Gilman's Commercial School. (Her nickname.)
47. Initials of Hermon High's smartest girl.
48. An exclamation.
49. Best guard on the boy's team. (Initials.)
50. Initials of the tallest girl in school.
51. That other Tibbetts girl. (Initials.)
52. Abbreviation for postscript.

Horizontal

1. Don't forget to do this before you enter.
4. What little freshmen must wear.
7. The hiding place of Hermon's future scientists.
10. "Littlefield, put that — into the wastepaper basket."
13. Possessive pronoun.
16. The town dump.
19. American Legal Association. (Abbr.)
20. The whole of us.
21. Some.
22. What we are descended from.
23. What comes after seven.
24. What Miller never drinks.
25. Peanut's lost friend.
26. A Monday night meeting place.
27. Teacher's most used word.
29. Initials of former Hermon High School teacher who is now studying law.
31. An old lady's beverage.
32. A position in which we must never get.
33. Something which is out of date. (Abbr.)
34. 2000 pounds.
35. When you're not out.
36. Masculine hero.
37. The best girl forward on the team of 1937. (Initials.)
38. One of the best teachers H. H. S. ever had. (His nickname.)
39. Who I'll miss when I die.
40. Where the freshmen go roller skating.
41. That which is hard to find.
44. What Mr. Smith will soon be using.
47. Higgins' nickname.
50. What Juanita and Olive do in school.
53. What a tree is full of.
54. Past tense of eat.
55. Hermon's greatest rival.
56. Abbreviation for mountains.

## Alumni

Hermon High School presents its Alumni by classes:

### 1928

Hubert Bates, working at Lincoln, Maine.

Stacy Miller, working for extension service, University of Maine.

### 1929

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

Gardiner Philbrook, at home in Brewer.

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

Mavilla Randall (Mrs. Wellington Lee-man), at home in Portland.

Ervin Saunders, at home in Hermon.

Lloyd Sweetser, at home in Hermon.

Ellen Snow, teaching school in Hermon.

### 1930

Stanton Andrews, working at Vinal L. Smart Co., Bangor.

Fred Emerson, working for Central Maine Power Co., Hermon.

Floramae Homsted, teaching school in Hermon.

George Homsted, Jr., at home in Hermon.

Earl Hunt, attending Bible School at Providence, Rhode Island.

Marguerite Heughan, working in Portland, Maine.

Thomas Larkin, working at Wetmore Savage Co., Bangor.

Edna Nickerson, at home in Hermon.

Vivian Sweetser (Mrs. Raymond Bachelder), working at Freese's Store, Bangor.

### 1931

Lyonis Andrews, working in New York.

Carlton Grant, working at Arthur Chapin Co., Bangor.

Irene Homsted, at home in Hermon.

Mary Leathers, teaching school at Harmony, Maine.

Ona Morrison, training in Connecticut.

Payson Patten, at home in Hermon.

Donald Rice, working for B. and A. Railroad.

Frederick Staples, at home in Hermon.

Cora Kimball (Mrs. George Violette), at home in Hermon.

Albion Saunders, at home in Hermon.

Alvah Saunders, at home in Hermon.

### 1932

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

Florian Ellingwood, at home in Hermon.

Andrew Light, working for Gray's Dairy, Hermon.

Harriett Nowell, working at State Hospital, Bangor.

Irene Overlock, working for Earl Kimball, Bangor.

Alton Richardson, working for Weyerhaeuser Timber Co., Vail, Washington.

Charles Warren, working at Freese's Store, Bangor.

### 1933

Lillian Barber (Mrs. Ambrose Bridges), at home in Hermon.

Laura E. Bragdon, working at W. T. Grant's, Bangor.

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

Stanley Dennis, working for P. R. Webber, Hermon.

Francis Dole, attending the University of Maine.

Lucille Hunt (Mrs. Harold Ellingwood) at home in Bangor.

Virginia Overlock, working at Eastern Furniture Co., Bangor.

Dorothy Pickett (Mrs. Carlton Grant), at home in Hermon.

Harland Randall, working for Cole's Express, Bangor.

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

Willard Swan, working in the C. C. C. Camps.

Mary Turcotte (Mrs. Andrew Light), at home in Hermon.

#### 1934

Pauline Bickford, secretary to Frank Foster, lawyer, Bangor.

Estelle Clark, at home in Hermon.

Lloyd Goodspeed, working for Cole's Express, Bangor.

Francis Homsted, at home in Hermon.

Franklin Homsted, at home in Hermon.

Francis Lane, working in Bangor.

Dwina Morrison (Mrs. Raymond Smith), at home in Rockland.

Wilma Patten (Mrs. William Winship), at home in Bangor.

Carlotta Smith (Mrs. Frank Smart), at home in Bangor.

Richard Winship, at home in Bangor.

William Winship, at home in Bangor.

Paul Witherly, at home in Hermon.

#### 1935

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

Arthur Dole, at home in Hermon.

Barbara Felker, training at Eastern Maine General Hospital, Bangor.

Royce Gray, at home in Hermon.

Stanley Hawes, attending Beal's Business College.

Herbert Heughan, attending the University of Maine.

Gordon Hewes, at home in Hermon.

Alvin Lord, working at a Granite Quarry in Stonington, Maine.

Lottie Ricker (Mrs. Kenneth Ellingwood), at home in Kenduskeag.

Clifton Robinson, at home in Hermon.

Stephen Vafiades, working for Juliene Ices, Bangor.

Lloyd Witherly, at home in Hermon.

#### 1936

Perry Bean, attending the University of Maine.

Clyde Booker, at home in Hermon.

Louise Clifford, working for Bangor Hydro-Electric, Bangor.

Harriett Coffin (Mrs. Stanley Loren), at home in Carmel.

Rebecca Dole, at home in Hermon.

Barbara Higgins, working for Dr. Clement Harrigan, Bangor.

Winston Judkins, working for M. D. T. Co., Hermon.

George Kelley, at home in Hermon.

Wilford Leathers, attending Beal's Business College, Bangor.

Thelma Luce, attending Gilman's Commercial School, Bangor.

Verl Morrison, working in Fairfield.

Ruth Overlock, at home in Hermon.

Regina Parkman, at home in Levant.

### OUTDOOR SPORTS

*(Continued from page 33)*

Volley Ball, Basketball and Tennis Courts were constructed.

Many enjoyable days were spent here by all the students.

As the winter season drew near, we were forced to abandon this playground for several months.

April 1 we found the largest part of the students rushing for the playgrounds. It is desired by the students that a baseball diamond be constructed near the school-house.

**BOYS' BASKETBALL***(Continued from page 34)*

Hermon 12	— Carmel	15
Hermon 11	— LaGrange	28
Hermon 31	— Monroe	8
Hermon 26	— Y.M.C.A.	6
Hermon 7	— LaGrange	17
Hermon 5	— Corinna	18
Hermon 10	— Monroe	7
Hermon 14	— Brewer	19
Hermon 8	— Corinth	20
Hermon 15	— Carmel	19
Hermon 11	— Corinth	23

**BASEBALL***By Lloyd Littlefield, Manager*

Two score and two months ago our boys brought forth to Hermon High School a new baseball team, conceived in good construction, and dedicated to the proposition that all boys leaving Hermon High will become star ball players.

Last year we were confronted by the problem of having no diamond near school; therefore, we did not receive necessary practice. However this spring we hope to obtain a field nearer the school building.

Although the graduation of '36 took from us both pitcher and catcher, we feel confident that we have boys equally capable of filling these positions.

Boys who have been on the squad previously are: Elwin Witherly, Leroy Bartlett, Lloyd Littlefield, Alberton McLain, Wildon Lord, Earl Tibbetts, Tyler Stevenson and Merritt Emerson.

With Burton Newcomb as coach and with the aid of Mr. Smith we are looking forward to a successful season.

**ENROLLMENT**

Class 1937	Class 1939
Bickford, Louise	Brown, Marie
Brick, Earle	Douglas, Darrell
Felker, Olive	Emerson, Frances
Gardner, Robena	Goodspeed, Fred
Grant, Margaret	Hall, Rosaleen
Higgins, Eloise	Libby, Lillian
Leathers, Muriel	Lord, Wildon
Littlefield, Lloyd	McLain, Alberton
Miller, Lloyd	Nowell, Barbara
Porter, Ruth	Parkman, Pauline
Sinford, Juanita	Robertson, Josephine
Tibbetts, Arlene	Sawyer, Charles
Tibbetts, Esther	Stevens, Dorothy
Witherly, Elwin	Tibbetts, Earle

**Class 1938**

Aieta, Barbara	Bubier, Clara
Bartlett, Leroy	Clark, Lewis
Bean, Paul	Daigle, David
Emerson, James	Daigle, Rose
Emerson, Warren	Douglas, Charles
Hamm, Lorene	Emerson, Ellie
Higgins, Shirley	Gordon, Arlene
Miller, Norma	Gordon, Bernice
Overlock, Elinor	Grant, Edwin
Perkins, Theodore	Higgins, Kenneth
Porter, Marion	Libby, Irven
Ricker, Fannie	Libby, Robert
Sherburne, Douglas	McFadden, Carl
Smith, Perdita	McFadden, Vincent
Stevenson, Tyler	Moore, Cathleen
Witherly, Annie	Overlock, Lloyd
	Robertson, June
	Seamans, Robert
	Shortt, Marlys
	Shortt, Delta
	Small, Phyllis
	Smith, Ronald

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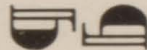
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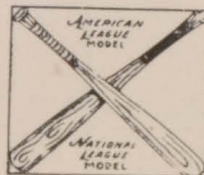
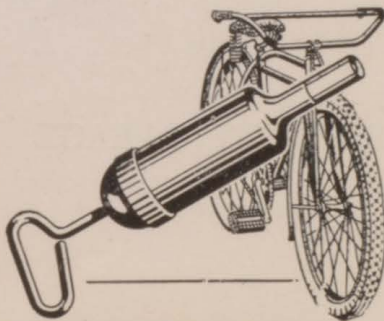
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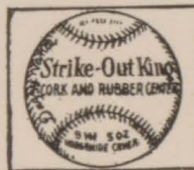
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