

# BESSE BREEZE

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BESSE HIGH SCHOOL, ALBION, MAINE

JUNE, 1923

Volume I

Number 1

# HOME OF GOOD VALUES

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in Maine

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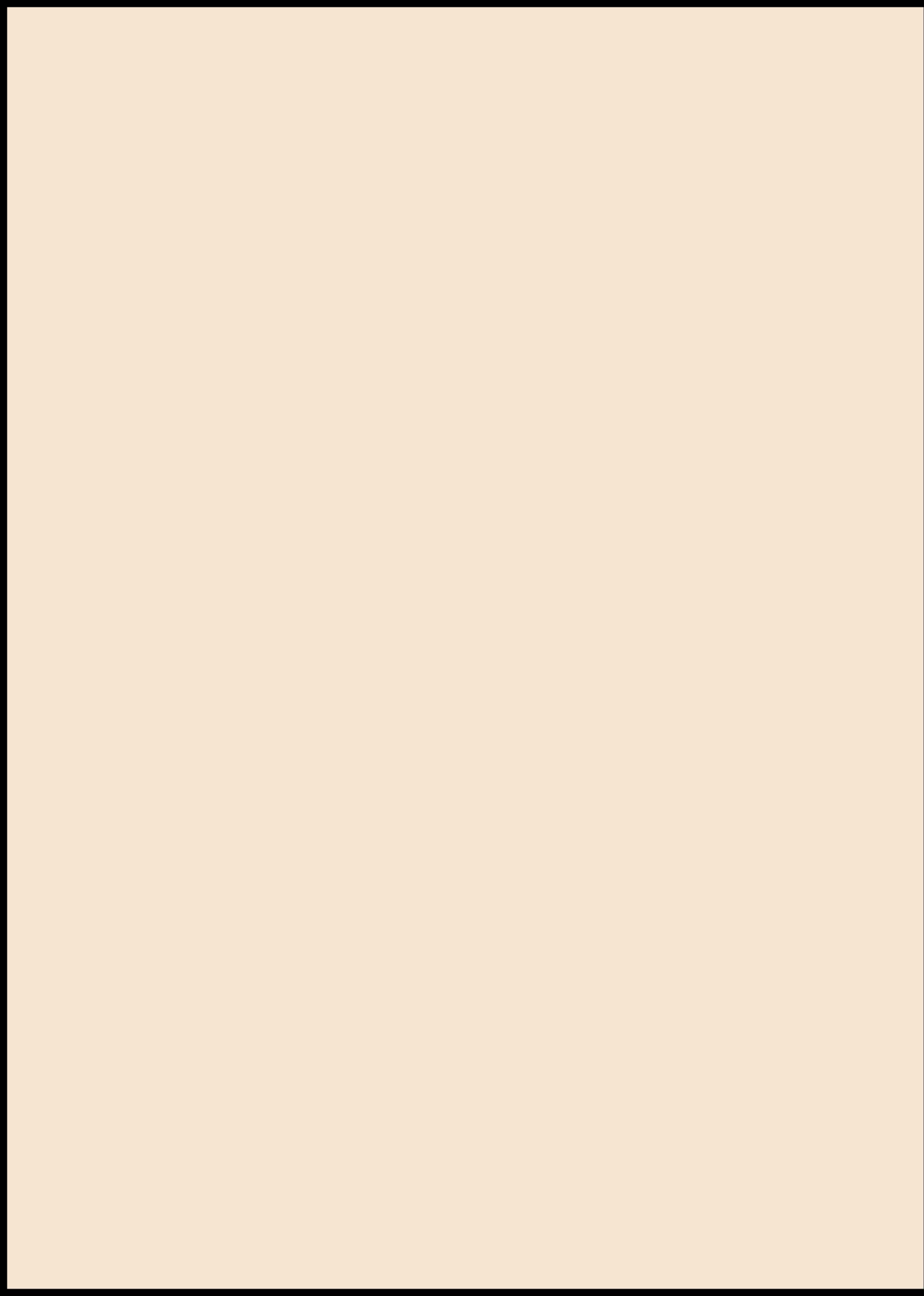
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FAIRFIELD, MAINE

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HON FRANK L. BESSE

TO

Hon. Frank L. Besse, our community benefactor we respectfully dedicate this first issue of the *Besse Breeze*



# BESSE BREEZE

Published by the Students of Besse High School

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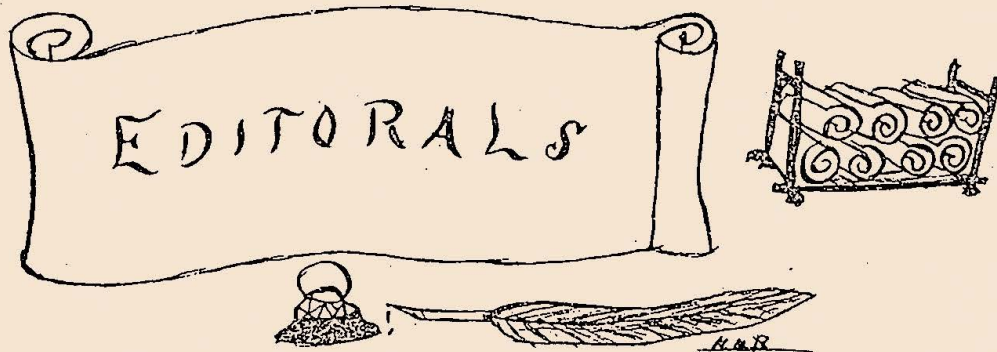
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"BESSE BREEZE"

As this is the first issue of the BESSE BREEZE, the editors consider it necessary to make a few explanatory remarks in its behalf. This being the first time that Besse High School has ever presented to the people any record of her duties and ambitions, we have had to build the foundation. But we have tried to choose material that would please the public, get them interested in our school, and to let the people know some of the daily happenings of our school life. We hope that you will think our paper worthy of our efforts. We have been able to publish only one issue of the BESSE BREEZE this year, but are in hopes that next year a copy can be put out each term. We have tried to have every department interesting and pleasing. The material in the literary department was produced by some of our most talented young men and women—some even by the Freshmen.

F. E. B., '23.

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BESSE HIGH

If one should look back ten years upon Albion, and especially upon her schools, he would not find the same conditions as exist today. Instead he would see a small wooden building, whose pupils followed the dull routine of their school life with few athletics or social times to enliven the monotony.

But this was not to continue, for one of Albion's former residents, Hon. Frank L. Besse, felt the need of improvement in the

## BESSE BREEZE

school system of his home town. So in the year of 1913 Albion was presented with a two-story brick building, which from that time has borne the name of Besse High School.

This building is more than a high school. In the last story there is a laboratory, equipped to meet the requirements of a high school course. On the floor below this is the high school room, the recitation room, the grammar school and a corridor, all of which are well lighted and ventilated. On the first floor, beside the primary and intermediate rooms, there is another corridor. There are two large basements for the boys and the girls—the girls' basement being used also for the hot lunches. The building is heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

Besse High is well known and her ideals are respected by many. May she always prove worthy of her name!

L. A. C., '24.

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## NECKTIES

How do you suppose these words would affect the high school boys if they should read them on the bulletin board some morning? "Hanging has been done away with as a form of punishment in the United States." Who knows but what with this knowledge in mind, there might appear about the school-room a few neckties, firmly and nicely tied with collars turned down over them.

"Say, fellows, get 'em out."

L. K. A., '23.

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## BESSE'S NEED OF A BASEBALL AND BASKETBALL COACH

Athletics is coming to be a great factor in school life. People are realizing as never before that a boy's or girl's body should be trained as well as the mind. Where Besse High offers such a limited curriculum, athletics become a vital necessity. The five boys who were members of the Class of 1923, and who have

dropped out one by one, might have been held by one thing—athletics. There is a certain type of boy to whom school is like a prison, and it is often this same boy who later makes the best citizen. If he needs an education and athletics will hold him in school, then athletics are more than justified. The school needs the boys, and the boys need the school. Therefore athletics should be encouraged for this reason if for no other. Another benefit of athletics is, that a chance of getting rid of surplus energy is given. This brings about a clear, true view of studies as they ought to be.

But if we are to add zest to school life, and hold our red-blooded lads down to school grind by means of athletics, we want to do the thing right and have our teams stand on equal ground with the surrounding schools. Do we want Besse High School to be represented by anything that has not and is not being undertaken and pushed forward, unless it can be of the best? No! How can the boys be put on more advantageous ground? They need a "coach." They have spirit, grit, energy and a school to back them, now they need a coach to push them.

Other schools have professional coaches who train the boys in the art of athletics. A coach is a professional man these days, one who has trained himself for that purpose. They have coaching as their life work. Therefore we can see where our boys are handicapped.

Of course we live in a small community, but still means should be provided for the maintenance of our school and its pupils.

People expect our boys to win laurels, and know the fine points of the games in which they participate, yet they do not stop to think of the disadvantages under which they are working. Can a manufacturing plant of any kind operate without a chief at the head? Can *any* business be carried on unless it has a high overseer, one to keep close counsel over all the minor sections? No, for where would the manufacturing sections of the United States be today if they had been unguided, left to drift, with every man, every workman, his own boss?

Where will our boys drift, what will become of our school if they are not provided with a coach—a man who has the ability to

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teach them properly, keenly, surely, mannerly the keen points of athletics?

If other schools and towns can do this for their school, why can't we?

Give the school a helping hand.

Give the school a lift.

Keep old Besse's banner up.

Don't give up the ship!

F. E. B., '23.

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### WHAT OF OUR BUILDING?

The statutes of our state make the defacing of public buildings a crime, punishable by fine and imprisonment. According to the psychologist, if you have the habit of writing your name or of carving your initials in public places you are weak-minded. Society says that if you wilfully destroy the good appearance of public property by defacing the same you are low-minded and reflect your misguided bringing-up—this is sometimes unfair to your parents, but they should not neglect to punish severely any act of their child which shows a tendency toward the petty, ruthless destruction of the property of others. For if the home does not correct, the school or the court must.

Here at Besse, where we have a beautiful school building, the school is willing to do its part and to see to it that all acts of vandalism toward school property are corrected or punished. But depreciation arising from use and wear can and should be remedied by our school officials. Will they please see to it that the duties of the janitor are outlined by them, and will they please see to it that the ventilator is repaired, that the toilets are made somewhere near sanitary and that the frost-heaved concrete of the walks is righted up? Let them set the example.

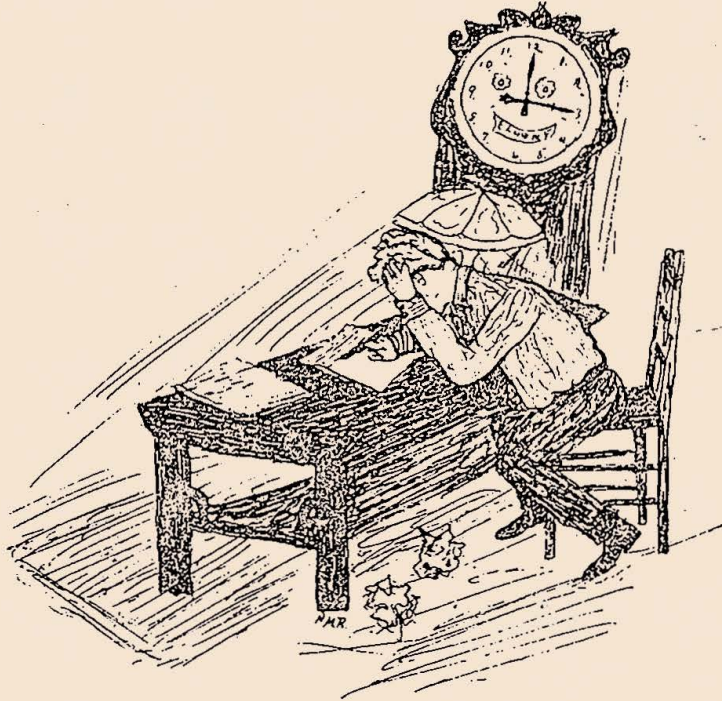
We thank you.



**EDITORIAL STAFF**

**First Row:—Libby, Rood; Second Row:—Glidden, Taylor; Third Row:—Robinson, Bagley  
Fourth Row:—Crosby Meader, Besse, Ross, Abbott**

BESSE BREEZE



## LITERARY

### FARMER JONES BUYS A CAR

"Why didn't ye blow yer horn?" shouted old Jones, picking himself up out of the wreck of his wagon.

"I did," retorted the diver.

"Wal, yer hadn't ought to blowed it so hard, see what you done—broke my harness 'n wagon and 'bout broke my neck. If I was as big as I was once I'd knock the tar out of you."

"Dry up, you old hayseed; you ought to have been looking out, but I will pay half the damages."

"You're just right you will. That wagon cost me twenty dollars when I bought it, and that harness was one my father had, never been broke only nine times and I fixed it with strings so 'twas good as new. Say, where'd you get that car? Right smart to look at, one of them Fords, hain't it?"

"Yés, brand new, just started out to sell it, how will ten dollar be for that harness and wagon?"

"Brand new? I thought so, self commencer and everything. Say, how much do you ask?"

"Five hundred fifty. Let you have it for five twenty-five, seeing it's you."

"Tell yer what, give yer five ten and yer learn me to run it."

"I'll make it five twenty, not a cent less."

"Tell yer what, give yer five hundred fifteen and this watch,—only been run eight years."

"No, I don't want your watch, got two."

"All right, I'll give you your price, but ought to make it seventeen, get in 'fore I change my mind; Sally always wanted a car ever since them Browns got theirs, they feel so stuck up."

N. M. R., '25.

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#### ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY

Elijah Parish Lovejoy was born at Albion, Maine, November 8, 1802. His father, Daniel Lovejoy, was a minister. His mother, whose name was Elizabeth Pattee, was a woman of considerable mental attainments and great force of character.

The early life of Elijah Lovejoy was passed on the parental farm. The old-fashioned farmhouse was situated upon the hillside on the west side of Lovejoy pond in Albion. Here, amid these peaceful surroundings, Lovejoy's early life was marked by nothing beyond the ordinary round of New England life. He was the oldest of nine children. He seems to have shown almost from infancy an earnest desire for knowledge; when he was four years old he could read the Bible with perfect ease and correctness. As he grew older, all the time that could be spared from labors, of which he was required to perform his full share, was employed in study and being blessed with talents far above the average and an unusually retentive memory, his work progressed rapidly, both in elementary and higher branches of study. After a short session at Monmouth and China Academy he entered as



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a Sophomore at Waterville College in September, 1823, and graduated with highest honors in 1826.

Lovejoy was of medium height, broadly built, muscular, and dark of complexion. His black eyes had a certain twinkle, betraying his sense of humor, and his countenance expressed great kindness and sympathy. His demeanor among friends manifested meekness and patience, which nothing short of the controlling power of the Christian religion could produce in one possessed of a will so strong and a nature so energetic.

For seven months after leaving college Lovejoy taught school in his native state and like thousands of others in this section of the Union he left home and turned his face westward and landed in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1827, where he began teaching school. He wrote for the press a great deal and in 1829 he became editor of a Whig newspaper, which supported Henry Clay for the presidency. He entered Princeton Theological Seminary in 1832, and in 1833 was licensed to preach. Then he returned to St. Louis and took charge of a religious paper, the "Observer," which became an influential Presbyterian paper. At first he refrained from taking any part in the anti-slavery agitation, but as time went on he began to insert occasional paragraphs in his paper, which evinced a moderate opposition to slavery, and finally, aroused by the burning of a negro murderer, he wrote an editorial that excited the wrath of the pro-slavery element. He was asked by letter to moderate his views regarding slavery, but he repeatedly refused, and at last a mob threatened violence upon him, and he removed his press in 1836 to Alton, Illinois, where it was seized by a mob and thrown into the river. Some of the citizens of Alton presented him with another press, and on September 8, 1836, he began the publication of "The Alton Observer." During the following year he became an outspoken abolitionist and advocated the formation of a State Anti-Slavery Society in Illinois. The direct result was a visit in August, 1837, from another pro-slavery mob, which wrecked the "Observer" office and destroyed the press. A third press was then bought, only to be at once destroyed upon its arrival. By this time Lovejoy got weary of the persecution and tried to sever

relations with the "Observer," but did not succeed. A fourth press was then procured and placed in a warehouse under guard of twenty or more armed citizens. At about midnight on November 7, 1837, the place was attacked by thirty or forty men, who, after being warned, were fired upon, and one man was killed. Undismayed by this fatality one of the assailants attempted to set the warehouse on fire, whereupon Lovejoy, with three others, stepped out of the door. They were greeted with a volley, and Lovejoy fell dead with five bullets in his body. The garrison was then surrendered and the press was destroyed.

The next day, November 8, 1837, the thirty-fifth anniversary of Lovejoy's birth, his body was removed to his residence and the following day the funeral occurred, with Rev. Thomas Lippin-scott officiating. There was no inquest.

Lovejoy's death was the torch which lighted the fires of liberty in thousands of Northern hearts, it intensified the Anti-Slavery feeling throughout the North, and determined Wendell Phillips and others to devote their lives to the abolition of slavery, and widen the crevice between the North and South to an impossible chasm, which nothing but Civil War could close.

At the west side of the chapel at Colby College is a bronze tablet inscribed to the memory of Elijah Parish Lovejoy. It is placed upon a granite rock which was taken from his old home in Albion.

Elijah Lovejoy was a poet, philanthropist and martyr. He was also the first great apostle of American Freedom. He is best known as "The first martyr to the right of free speech" in this country. Some of his sayings were "as long as I am an American citizen, and as long as American blood runs in these veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to speak, to write, to publish whatever I please on any subject being amenable to the laws of the country for the same." "I have sworn eternal opposition to slavery, and by the blessing of God I will never go back."

In 1894 the Illinois legislature appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars for a monument to his memory. It was erected in 1896-97 by the State of Illinois and citizens of Alton. This monument is ninety-three feet tall. The base consists of a cir-

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cular plaza forty feet in diameter, elevated four feet above the ground. It is approached by a broad flight of steps and the rear semi-circle is formed into a exedra wall and seat, which terminated against the pedestals supporting immense tripod urns. The steps are terminated by buttresses and flanked by two sentinel columns supporting great bronze eagles. The central or grand column supporting the statue of Victory, representing the triumph of free speech and a free press, is of solid granite and it is elevated upon a pedestal, the four panels of which bear bronze insignias illustrative of Lovejoy, which was made from the only likeness in existence, a silhouette. This monument overlooks the Mississippi River.

Every country has its national heroes; every state of our Union has had its men of renown; but comparatively few country towns have produced at once a national hero of renown and a martyr, one of the first to die that all men might live in freedom. The obscure country lad that lived on the west shore of the pond now bearing his name in this, our town of Albion, had the metal in his make-up which rang true when tempered by years of study and effort. We are only remembered by what we have done, and when long decades have come and passed, when those of Albion who form the rank and file have long been forgotten, one name shall still be honored with reverent memory, a living monument of deathless love for the farmer lad who dared to do his best—Elijah Parish Lovejoy.

B. P., '25.

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## A MYSTERY SOLVED

Amelia Gibbs sat in the big bay window of her front parlor. She did not sit in plain view of the street, but was screened from it by a curtain and a few potted plants. One on the outside, looking in, could not see Amelia, but there was little that passed in front of her residence that she did not see or hear. With a telephone near this window, and with no moral scruples against "rubbering" she always knew as much, if not more, than any other person in the neighborhood. In short, Amelia Gibbs was

an old maid gossip. In this line she shone as a star. She was tall and scrawny; sharp-featured and prim. She was just a typical New England spinster.

With her, everybody's business was her business. And when the new family moved into the house across the street, she kept a constant eye upon their doing. She knew every piece of furniture that was carried into the house—watched it so closely that she could tell whether it was new or old. Particularly she watched the doings of the young couple, who made up the family. She had learned in her own way that their name was Clark. But that was all she could find out about them. Indeed, they baffled her at every turn.

One thing that she didn't know was that they had caught a glimpse of her in the window. And to them one glimpse was enough to tell them her kind. They were now on their guard.

When Amelia made her first call intending to find out their life history, and particularly if there had been any scandal in it, I am safe in saying that she found out nothing. She got as good as she sent. If there was any hidden mystery in their lives she did not find out about it. Indeed she really knew less when she went away than she did when she came. This alone was enough to make any old woman curious. We might say that she was on fire with curiosity. But that night when she was suddenly awakened by a slight noise in the street in front of her home and going to the windows saw an automobile stop before the house across the road and from it a number of boxes being carried into the house, her curiosity knew no bounds.

Through the rest of the night she lay awake imagining to herself what the boxes might contain. But strive as she would, all the possible explanation, all the mystery contained in those boxes, did not seem to satisfy her fickle mind. But nevertheless, it did not stop her on going the rounds of her personal friends the next morning and expressing to them her explanations as to what the boxes might contain.

"Why," she said, "it might be a German spy, a bomb maker, an I. W. W., or some other such personage." By the time she had made her rounds, the story of the boxes and their arrival at night

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was all over town. And the excitement could not have been greater had the village been endowed with a public library, or had another war broken out with Germany.

The week passed slowly away, the newcomers were seen doing their usual duties only. The second week had started when the villagers began to see certain mysterious movements on the part of the Clarks.

From the front peak of their house to the peak of their barn a number of wires were stretched. They were so attached to arms that they moved freely in the air. From the barn they were stretched to one of the tall shade trees in the yard. These wires were connected with a single wire that entered the house. The people here had never seen anything like it. Much as they wondered about the wires, it was Amelia Gibbs who finally found out what it all meant. Although the Clarks had not returned her last call, she made them another, with a determination to find out all she could about those wires, if she had to ask outright.

She seated herself in a high stiff back chair, near a table in the center of the room. Her hostess seemed very cordial, and the first half hour passed pleasantly enough. Then she was suddenly called from the room. Now was Amelia Gibb's chance. She meant to see where that wire led to. She walked over toward the bookcase and with her hand on the knob was about to open the door when from behind her a loud voice seemed to speak, Amelia jumped, who had spoken? There was no one in the room. She listened, for the voice kept on. It seemed to be announcing a programme. When it stopped Amelia sank limply down into her chair, hardly daring to look behind her. Then a voice began to sing, and such music Amelia Gibbs had never heard. It did not seem possible that such a song could come from a human throat. In fact, it was Geraldine Farrar, who was famous for her vocal gymnastics. Just then Miss Clark entered the room.

"Oh," she said, "the radio has started, and Miss Farrar is singing. I don't suppose you have ever heard her sing."

"And is that a radio, did you say? Why, that's what my sister's husband's brother's boy, Joshua Kellogg, has made."

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And before she went home Amelia knew the ins and outs of a radio phone, as far as her rattled-top head could understand it. And I think it is safe to say that the Clarks did not lack callers in the coming months.

The End.

E. L. K., '26.

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### YE OLDEN SCHOOL

The young people who attend the modern schools would know how to appreciate to a far better degree the advantages they now enjoy if they could visit a school such as our great-grandfathers attended.

I have in mind the story my mother tells about how my great-grandfather, the late Judge Joseph Warren Knowlton, established and taught the first school in the town of Liberty.

Mr. Knowlton was born in Damariscotta in the year 1808 and lived there until he was a young man, when he moved with his parents to the shore of Lake St. George, about a mile from what is now Liberty Village. Only a few settlers lived there then, but each had a large family of children to be educated and there were no schools for them to attend.

This was a deplorable state of affairs, for many of the parents were ignorant and the children had no way of becoming any better educated than their forefathers. So Mr. Knowlton, then about eighteen years of age, almost one hundred years ago, set out to establish the first school in that section.

What sort of a building do you think he had for this school? Did he have a brick building with different rooms for the different grades, electric lights, and steam heat? Not a bit of it! This first school was kept in Mr. Knowlton's father's sheep pen.

There were only two short terms a year, one in the early summer, or spring, the other in the early fall. There was no way of heating the school-room, and the pupils were widely scattered, which made it difficult for them to attend unless the roads and weather were favorable. But these were not the greatest reasons for so short a school period. The young men and girls were

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needed at home, to work in the fields and woods, and in the homes, spinning, weaving, and cooking, for these were the pioneers of our illustrious state.

Thus the school was established. The sheep were turned out to pasture, the pen was swept and cleaned. Seats and benches were provided, the teacher rang the bell and school began.

There were between twenty and thirty pupils, ranging in age from lads of twenty years or more to little tots of four, all in the same room, which was lighted only by one small window and the open door.

They had only a few books, very quaint as to pictures and stories. There was a Bible and a dictionary, perhaps a copy of "Poor Richard's Almanac." Copy books were at a premium and slates were used for their "sums" and other work.

These boys and girls of long ago were ignorant of books, but they knew many things which were very important to know. And while a big boy could yoke up his oxen and make a good day's drive in the woods or fields, he felt very awkward in the school-room and it must have looked and sounded equally strange to see a large boy of eighteen beside a little tot of six spelling out his A-B ab and B-A ba, which was the way they learned to read in the long ago. But some of our smartest men came from just such conditions and schools.

Our beloved Lincoln and James A. Garfield were educated in much the same manner as these children who attended the first school in Liberty.

There was no basketball in those days, neither was there baseball or football, but these folks had their fun just the same, for there were the spelling matches, the huskings, and the apple parings, and they probably went sliding and skating, for there were the same hills and rivers there as now.

It was from these pioneers with all their hardships and few pleasures that our modern scholars originated. Moreover, from these pitiful schools, with their rough benches, poor lights, and few books, have developed and progressed our modern schools.

I once heard a minister say that he would like to see St. Paul's face when his eyes should first behold a modern church. I would

like to have the pleasure of introducing my great-grandfather and the pupils of his sheep-pen school to one of our modern schools. And just for a guess I would wager that they would not seem as indifferent to our modern advantages as some of us do.

A. P. D., '24.

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COUNTRY LIFE

Jonney Wilson was rudely snatched from the wilds of Africa, which he was exploring with the help of "Tarzan of the Apes," by the voice of his mother.

"Jonnee! Jonnee Wilson!"

"What you want, Ma," shouted Jonney in return, sticking his head out of the wood-shed door, where he had been reclining on the chopping block.

"What do I want? You know I told you to bring in an armful of wood," said Mrs. Wilson, coming down the path from the back door.

"All right, I'll get it for you," said Jonney, as he shoved "Tarzan" behind a pile of kindling wood and began to load up his arms with the wood that came handiest, which happened to be coarse.

"Put that wood down and find some finer. Good land, I forgot those cookies!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, appearing in the door and then disappearing with equal rapidity.

"Cookies! Guess I'd better get up there in a hurry, mebby I get a couple," thought Jonney, as he picked out a fine armful of wood and started for the kitchen on the run.

"Did they burn, Ma?" asked Jonney, dumping the wood into the wood-box.

"No, they didn't, but that wasn't your fault," replied Mrs. Wilson, poking the wood into the stove.

"Can't I have one, Ma, I'm awful hungry?" pleaded Jonney, going to the side-board where they lay.

"No, you can't, it's too near dinner time. Did you feed that calf your father told you to?"



ht out  
ht out  
BESSE BREEZE

"Gosh, no. Say, Ma, don't tell Pa, will yer? I'll go right out and feed the pesky thing."

"Oh, dear," said Jonney, as he went into the barn. "All a fellow has to do on a farm is to lug wood and feed calves. Such is the life of the country boy. Wish I was a monkey."

N. M. R., '25.

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OPIUM—ITS MENACING ASPECT TOWARD THE UNITED STATES

Not until recent date has the habitual use of opium been regarded as really alarming. True, there always have been more or less measures taken toward the crushing of this habit, and I am inclined to think less.

The fact that Wallace Reid's death was due to drugs has helped to awaken the public to full realization of its harmful capabilities. Since he died his wife has carried on a ceaseless war against this vice.

Opium is grown in many countries and exists in many different forms—chiefly morphine and heroin.

In India, whence comes the greater part of the world's output, it is taken from red poppies. Three or four weeks after planting the flower develops a "head" or "capsule" about the size of a hen's egg. This bulb is wounded with an instrument used especially for that purpose, called the nashtur, a fork-like affair.

This is done in the afternoon and in the early morning, when the juice thus exuded is dried, the resulting substance is scraped off into vessels carried for that purpose. The product is then placed in shallow dishes, where it is dried evenly in two or three weeks.

Afterwards it is thrown into a huge vat, kneaded, and moulded into bricks or balls, in which forms it is placed on the market.

The morphine and heroin that reach the United States are used in alarming quantities for both smoking and chewing. In fact, United States is ranked as first in its consumption. Estimates state that there are over one million addicts in America and

enough opium consumed yearly to furnish thirty-six doses for every man, woman, and child in this country.

Mrs. Helen Howell Moorhead, Secretary of the sub-committee on narcotics of the Foreign Policy Association, writes:

"Not opium, but the derivatives—the little white powders, morphine and heroin—are smuggled into the country from Germany, Switzerland, and Japan via Canada, the Gulf of Mexico, New York, Seattle, and the Mexican border. Sometimes the powders are concealed in the folds of linen collars, in hatbands, linings, shoeheels, etc. But only small quantities are brought in this way. The wholesale smugglers have more ingenious methods. To mention just one instance: Not long ago a shipload of dried fish arrived at the port of New York from Barcelona, Spain. There was nothing suspicious about the cargo and the ship was being unloaded when one of the stevedores fell on the slippery pavement of the quay and dropped a case of fish. The case burst open and revealed to the eyes of an astonished revenue agent, who happened to be standing by, packages imbedded among the layers of fish. One of the packages was opened and found to contain heroin powders. The ship carried enough dope to drug the inhabitants of a whole city.

"Once the powders are safely in the function of the retail distributor, the 'peddler' begins. There are peddlers for all classes of addicts and there is no fixed price for the drug. Rather, the peddler levies a tax on the earning capacity of his customer. If an addict earns twenty-five dollars a week the peddler will supply him with 'snow' for twenty dollars a week, allowing him only enough to keep a roof over his head and thus out of the policeman's way. Drug addicts require very little food and the peddler sees to it that they get less. If the addict has a wife and children to support that is none of the peddler's business, he takes the addict's income just the same. And so upward on the social ladder. The highest type of peddler is the disreputable doctor who establishes himself in sumptuous offices and supplies 'legitimate' prescriptions for drugs to wealthy addicts."

Medical authorities assure us that three and one-half tons of opium a year would fill the needs of the entire world for all med-

ical purposes. It is estimated that one thousand five hundred tons are produced every year. A grain of any of the white powders constitutes one dose. A grain—and one thousand five hundred tons! Where does the surplus go? It goes to the upkeep of the drug evil—to supply the opium smoker and chewer in the Far East; to provide the drug addict and to produce new addicts in the United States and elsewhere, but chiefly in the United States.

“Self-interest alone, therefore,” says the Atlanta “Journal,” “would admonish our Government to employ its best powers of counsel and of co-operation to check, not simply the traffic, but also the production of drugs, the abuses of which present a terrible and ever-growing menace.”

C. F. R., '24.

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### THE MYSTERY GIRL

If, on a certain day in January, you had been walking down Main Street, in the town of Colebrook, you would have seen hurrying along the sidewalk, Betty Allen.

The reason why Betty was hurrying was very simple. Early that morning there had arrived at the boarding-house where Betty stayed a very innocent looking letter. (Maybe it wasn't as innocent as it looked, who knows?) After reading it, Betty quietly slipped out of the house.

Before she returned she was missed by one of the boarders, who worked in the same store that Betty did, and who usually walked down with her in the morning.

“It seems funny to me,” he (yes, it was a “he”) said to himself, “that every once in a while she goes out, telling no one where she is going, and stays an hour or so. Of course she's got a right to, but it's getting mysterious.”

If he could have seen Betty then he would have thought it all the more mysterious. For Betty was standing outside an old tumble-down shanty, which was on the outskirts of the town. Before going in she glanced hurriedly around and making sure that no one was looking she entered.

The room into which she went was warm and looked as though someone lived there. Evidently Betty felt quite at home for she took off her coat and hat, all the time humming a little tune to herself.

Soon there came sounds from outside and someone tried the door. Betty, hurriedly catching up her hat and coat, glanced around, as though looking for a chance to escape. Noticing a small door on the other side of the room she opened it, and saw much to her amazement a closet, into which she disappeared.

Just then the outside door opened, admitting an oldish man. After throwing his overcoat on a chair he began to open bundles which he carried. Apparently they contained food, for after opening them he put more wood on the fire, and began to get breakfast. Poor Betty, how would she get out of the closet? Who was this man, anyway? How did Betty happen to be here?

"Hello, Dad," a frightened voice cried, as Betty stuck her head out of the door.

"I was afraid," Betty continued, "that that horrid old boarder, Mr. Jenks, had followed me, for I think he's beginning to wonder where I go so often. I thought it was too early for you to be back."

"I've just been up to the store to get some things I needed," explained Betty's father.

The old man was not really Betty's father. When Betty was two years old her mother died, and as Mr. Allen was the nearest relative that she had left, for her father had been killed in a railroad accident when Betty was a year old, he took her to live with him, so of course to Betty he seemed just like a father.

Mr. Allen had been staying nearly a month in this old shack without being discovered. About twice a week Betty came to bring him supplies, and this morning was the first time he had been to the store.

"But, Dad, you ought not to go to the store, you'll surely be discovered," protested Betty.

"I guess," answered Mr. Allen, "that it will be all right now, for this morning I hired out as gardener at the 'Gables'."

"Really?" cried Betty. "Say, that will be great, but I wish

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you'd tell me how that old miser ever thought he could afford a gardener?"

The old miser that Betty meant was the owner of the "Gables," a large estate on the outskirts of the town. He was known by the people of that neighborhood as "Old Man Hunt." No one knew much about him only that he was very, very, stingy where money was concerned.

"Well, Betty, the truth is that Old Man Hunt began to suspect the old gardener that he had as being too interested in his affairs. I think that gardener would be more interested if he knew that the 'Gables' didn't belong to Mr. Hunt at all, but to Betty Allen."

"I bet he'd go poking around the garden some for that lost deed, if he knew about it," laughed Betty.

One Sunday morning Mr. Jenks and Betty were sitting on the porch discussing the weather (not a very interesting topic.)

"I think it's going to—" Betty suddenly broke off the sentence and exclaimed joyfully, "Here comes Dad."

It had been nearly a week since Betty's visit to the old shack, and during those seven days Betty had not heard a word from her father. So it was only natural that she should be pleased to see him.

Mr. Allen came up to the porch, and after greeting Betty turned to Mr. Jenks and looked at him a few minutes, then said, "Why, if it isn't Bill Jenks' son."

After Mr. Allen had asked the young man about his father he said to Betty, "Let's tell Jenks what we are trying to do, and maybe he can suggest something that will help us."

Betty agreed, and they proceeded to tell Mr. Jenks about how Betty's father had bought the "Gables" a few days before his death, how Old Man Hunt claimed that he had never sold it and continued to live there. Then the year before Betty had found, while looking over her father's papers, a letter saying that he had not had time to have the deed recorded, and had hidden it somewhere around the "Gables," but the friend that he had meant to send the letter to had never received it, and knew nothing about the deed. Then Mr. Allen explained that he had stayed in an old shack, going up to the Gables every night, hoping that

he could find some clew, but not having any success had hired out as gardener to Old Man Hunt, so as to be there all the time.

"Oh, I see now where you went so often," said the young man as he looked at Betty. "To myself I had begun to call you the 'Mystery Girl,' but it isn't very mysterious when you know all about it."

And as Mr. Jenks was a very smart and witty young man he soon thought of a way in which to help Mr. Allen and Betty.

Mr. Jenks turned out to be quite a detective, he even went into the matter so far as to think of Bradley, the former gardener of Old Man Hunt.

"Bradley certainly must have known something about Mr. Hunt or the Gables, or he wouldn't have been fired," the young man said seriously.

"There are hundreds of other reasons why Old Man Hunt might have discharged him, why, he might have stolen things, or asked too high wages," argued Betty.

"Yes, of course there might have been other reasons, but I think we had better see Bradley and find out if he does know anything about the deed," said Mr. Allen.

So it was arranged that Mr. Jenks and Betty would call to see Bradley the next day, and Mr. Allen would resume his work as gardener.

After work the next day we find Betty and Mr. Jenks interviewing Bradley.

"Wall, t' tell yer the truth," said Bradley, "I got kinda sick of the ol' man an' I guess he thought I wa'nt nothin' extra, so he jist fired me."

After much cross questioning Mr. Jenks was satisfied that Bradley knew nothing about the deed. Betty and the young man were both disappointed and walked back to the boarding-house in silence. Here Betty found this note from Mr. Allen, "Meet me at nine o'clock at the old shanty."

At the appointed time Betty and Mr. Jenks were at the old shack. They had not waited long when Mr. Allen arrived.

"I have great news for you," he exclaimed.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Betty.

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"Well, I've found the deed," he announced.

Jenks cried, "Hurrah for Mr. Allen."

"Tell us how! where! when!" Betty almost shouted.

"Come on into the shack and I'll tell you all about it," answered Mr. Allen.

"Well," he began, after they had all found seats, "yesterday Old Man Hunt told me to tear down an old stone-wall that runs across the end of the garden. I had torn down about half of it when I came across an old pocket-book. Of course I really didn't have any right to open it, but I knew that your father had hidden that deed around there somewhere, and as he was always kind of queer about hiding things, I knew that he would put that in a place where no one else would think to look. So I opened the pocket-book and sure enough on the inside was your father's initials and in it was the deed."

"Oh, I'm so glad, and does Old Man Hunt know about it?" asked Betty.

"He certainly does. This afternoon I had a lawyer fix things up and he told Old Man Hunt that he would have to be leaving the Gables."

Four months later the engagement of Miss Betty Allen to Mr. Robert Jenks was announced, and when Mr. Allen was told of it he said to Betty, "But I thought you used to call him a 'horrid old boarder'."

"Well, he used to call me 'The Mystery Girl'," laughed Betty, "so we're even."

B. C. L., '26.

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THE SECOND ROMANCE OF MOUNT VERNON

Beneath the great dome of the Invalides France entombed the dust of Napoleon; in the Arc de Triomphe is enshrined the great heart of Gambetta; in Saint Paul's Crypt Lord Nelson sleeps in the hollowed mainmast of the French flagship which yielded to his thundering guns at Aboukir. But where else in America

should rest the ashes of the people's hero than in the tomb of his own planning, on the grounds of his own estate, standing today almost precisely as he left it more than a century ago?

The home which General and Mrs. Washington occupied for forty years, and which for one hundred and sixteen years was owned and occupied by a Washington, exists as near as possible in most every detail as the General last saw it and would have maintained it had his body, like his soul, lived on.

Thousands of pilgrims to Mount Vernon-on-the-Potomac seem incapable of realizing that for all the stately beauty of the estate, not one improvement greets the eye. Its guardians have fulfilled no obligation as faithfully as that summed up in the parting injunction of Ann Pamela Cunningham, first regent of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, for sixty-three years now the keepers of our national shrine. When in 1870 Miss Cunningham resigned, she said in her farewell address:

"Ladies, the home of Washington is in your charge; see to it that you keep it the home of Washington. Let no irreverent hand change it; no vandal hands desecrate it with the fingers of progress. Those who go to the home in which he lived and died wish to see in what he lived and died. Let one spot in this grand country of ours be saved from change. Upon you rests the duty."

This frail little lady of South Carolina, the "Southern Matron" by whose efforts Mount Vernon was saved from decay, seemed to have felt the call to this task as the Maid of Orleans heard her summons to Arms for France.

A photograph taken of the mansion in 1875 shows the roof of the east portico sagging, the entire structure sadly in need of repairs and paint. The lawns show worn and weedy.

John Augustine Washington, its owner, was unable to bear the financial burdens of its upkeep. So he offered it to the United States government. The offer was declined. His father, too, had offered it with like result. Then the last owner turned to Virginia. She also declined. But Mr. Washington indignantly refused to sell it to a man for private gain.

Miss Cunningham conceived the idea of rescuing the old home, and she was faithfully aided by Edward Everett, Unitarian min-



## BESSE BREEZE

ister, statesman and patriot, who toured the country as far west as St. Louis, sounding the call.

At the end of another two years the sum of two hundred thousand dollars had been contributed by thirty-three states and the Sandwich Islands, and this was the amount paid Mr. Washington, with interest, for the mansion, outbuildings and two hundred acres of original estate. Little Rhode Island stood third among the states contributing. Washington Irving made the largest individual subscription, five hundred dollars. After paying for the mansion the association still had twenty thousand dollars, with which they made a few repairs.

Mount Vernon was self protected during the Civil War, because both General Scott and General Lee complied with Miss Cunningham's request that both armies would protect the home and grave of Washington.

With few exceptions every feature of restoration within and without the mansion was attributed by vice regents or by one or more states contributing. Once, on three different occasions, a lady visited the mansion to find each time a different bed in the room in which the General died. She made absurd comments on this. But on her third visit she did see the actual bed, which was loaned to Mount Vernon by its owner, General George Washington Curtis Lee, and soon after he deeded it permanently to the association.

More than thirty years ago Superintendent Dodge was wrestling with the old spinning-house at Mount Vernon, which then was absolutely empty. Nor could any one say where the old wheels and looms had gone. Visiting relatives in Massachusetts, one rainy day, he climbed into the attic of their home and began to investigate the lumber. There he found the parts of old spinning wheels and looms, reels and even a flax break.

His curiosity aroused, he began to inquire into their origin, and thus the original equipment of the Washington spinning-house was restored.

The home atmosphere is so well restored that anyone going in will instinctively experience the sensation of having stepped into a private home whose occupants had suddenly been called away.

For the old clock ticks on the stair landing, the parlors and bedrooms look as though just put to rights by house-maids. There on the harpsichord lies the yellow-ivoried flute as though left there last night at the breaking up of the family gathering.

Many people seem shocked when they discover that an admission fee of twenty-five cents is charged at the Mount Vernon gate. They seem to suspect that the estate has been acquired by some syndicate and is being managed for private gain. The association does not derive a farthing of personal gain, every dollar goes to the restoration and maintenance of the estate.

The home of Washington stands on this hundred and ninety-first anniversary of his birth well nigh exactly as it did when he left it one hundred and twenty-three years ago, the most unique memorial to a great man which any nation can boast, and likewise a living memorial to the purposeful patriotism of the "Union" which rescued it from decay.

The integrity with which they have kept alive the old time stateliness of the home, likewise keeps alive there the very spirit of the great man who trod those halls, walked those grounds and viewed those magnificent vistas. One can not fail to sense his nearness, feel the calm dignity of his presence at every turn in the old bass-wood hedges he himself planted along the walks in the gardens he loved, and one finds himself listening for a footfall, the sound of a voice of another day.

N. E. C., '24.



## LOCALS

Mr. Knowlton (to Freshmen English History Class): "Anne, the daughter of James II, was a very weak king."

"I'm very glad, George," said the teacher, "to see that you are polite enough to offer the oranges first to your little sister."

"Yes'm," responded George, "'cause then she's got to be polite, too, and take the little one."

"Look here," yelled the bridegroom dashing wildly into the editor's room of the country weekly, "what do you mean by such infernal libel on me in your account of our wedding?"

"What's the matter?" asked the editor, calmly, "didn't we say that after your wedding tour you would make your home at the 'Old Manse'?"

"Yes," answered the newly made benedict, "and just see how you have spelled it."

And the editor looked and read.

After their wedding tour the newly married couple will make their home at the "Old Man's."

Teacher: "Well, Mr. Wilde, give us your speech."

Mr. Wilde: "You've shot my speech all to pieces."

Teacher: "Well, give us the fragments."

Lost: My heart again. Will finder please return same at once as I have forgotten to whom I gave it, and I have promised it to another in the near future.—"Kath" Abbott.

Motorist: "Where does this road go to?"

Wise Man: "It goes nowhere, Sir. It remains right here."

Freshie (attending a movie and watching the captain of a ship weigh the anchor): "Oh, see the great big fish hook."

A Senior (reading history): "This trail extended two thousand miles across the plains and mountains from Independence, Missouri (pronounced) Mrs. Ouri."

Teacher (interrupting): "When did she get married?"

Student: "Why do you call your horse tobacco?"

Farmer: "Because he's a plug."

#### DID YOU EVER.

Did you ever see a girl without some powder?

Did you ever see a ball-player swallow his dinner?

Did you ever see "Kath" Drake sit still, a thinking?

Did you ever see "Skinny" Turner when she wasn't winking?

Did you ever see a composition write itself?

Did you ever find an "Independent" on the shelf?

Did you ever hear the girls singing bass?

Did you ever come from the hall dinner with any space?

Did you ever know of a recess without the piano going?

Did you ever stay in bed Saturday and wish it was Monday morning?

Did you ever hear of anyone enjoying Oral Composition?

Did you ever see "Barb" Libby lose her pleasant disposition?

Did you ever see "Glad" Glidden when she wasn't ready to laugh?

Did you ever see "Dean" Besse floating like a raft?

Did you ever see "Bub" Taylor entirely out of debt?

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Did you ever go in swimming without getting any wetter.  
Did you ever know of Besse,  
When the challenge of battle was heard,  
Go hide herself in a corner.  
Without saying ever a word?

Teacher: "You say a child born of foreign parents is an American citizen."

Student: "Yes."

Teacher: "Then if kittens are born in an oven are they biscuits?"

LATIN

Everybody died who wrote it,  
Everybody died who spoke it,  
Everybody died who learned it,  
Happy death, they surely earned it.

Is Ernest Rood?  
Does Edwina Bag?  
Is Kenneth Black?  
Does Ruth make Marks?  
Does Bertha have a park?  
How often does Thelma turn?  
Will Sybil be a Sennet—or?  
How many miles per hour can Bill Rowe?  
Will Flora make a Taylor?  
Will Eveiyn Ketchum?

Skinny is very-musical. She even finds notes in keys never thought of before. She finds them in the base (ment) key (hole.)

Conundrum: "If walking is reducing why isn't 'Kath' D. a shadow?"

Miss P. in English, declining (Sheep)

	Nom.	poss.	obj.
Sing.	sheep	lamb	mutton
Plu.	Sheeps	lambs	muttons

"There's a little room," the Senior said, as he  
Placed his hand on the Freshman's head.

Flora Taylor, although a bright little sophomore, cannot manage herself financially, she is always accompanied by a "Bill."

"I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me Libby-tea or give me death.—Doc.

Student: "How does it happen that Presbyterians so often get run over?"

Teacher: "What makes you ask that question?"

Student: "Well, I see a lot in the papers about Presbyterians being run down by automobiles."

2nd Student: "He means those folks who go around on foot."

Teacher: "Oh! pedestrians."

The girls are wondering who is with 'em (Witham.)

It takes a lot of space to turn a Chalmers—(Turner-Chalmers.)

#### FRESHMAN ALGEBRA DOING QUESTIONS ON THE BOARD

Teacher: "Miss R., I want you to do your own work."

Miss R.: "I am, she didn't tell me right."

#### CLASS IN PHYSIOLOGY STUDYING POISONS

Knowlton: "What does your father put on his potatoes?"

Student: "Sometimes butter and sometimes gravy."

She looked into the mirror,

Her eyes were shut up tight.

She wanted to see just how she looked

When she was asleep at night.

K. H. D.

Teacher: "Did Malcolm run to Ellen's father and embrace him as Ellen had done?"

Student: "No, he went in a boat."

#### WHAT THE FRESHMEN THINK

The high cost of living is being keenly felt by the "Senior Students," who are saving up money for their trip to Washing-

## BESSE BREEZE

ton. In doing this they seem to be living on pastry for they keep puffs in their desks and doughnuts in their hair

Miss Drake, one of the active members of the Freshman Class, has left off being earnest (Ernest) and is now continually with 'em (Witham.)

### I

Fresh are they who newly come  
Ready to work and tackle a "sum."  
Easily scared when they come to know,  
Severe trials they must undergo.  
Hearing and seeing, as they journey on,  
Makes them bigger, more confident, and strong.  
Arriving at last at the end of these tasks,  
Now ready to begin as a Sophomore class.

### II

Second in rank, they come along,  
Our hope in them is now more strong.  
Perhaps before long this hope will crackle,  
Here's to the belief tho that they'll stand the battle.  
Only a few more years and you'll see  
Married, two of these bright young lasses.  
Of course this is only what we imagine,  
Right now things tread in that direction,  
Every now and then such things do happen.

### III

Joking are they and less given to worry,  
Unless in a case of proving some theory.  
Nothing too big for them to tackle,  
"Imagine us losing," they said with a chuckle.  
Others have found that they sure are jolly  
Right at the foot of all trouble and folly.

### IV

Say, folks, attention, and now behold,  
Every eye is focused on them, you know.  
Now they are about ready to go  
Into the world to hoe their own row.

BESSE BREEZE

Of all the school troubles they've ever had,  
Right now flung aside are such worries and cares.

L. K. A. and F. H. T.

"Glad" has ease, and she has health,  
But more than these, and more than wealth,  
She has a heart that laughs at care,  
And is always ready to do her share.

The Senior girls favor their laugh,  
And say with a smile "be happy."  
The Junior class look in disgust,  
And reveal their motto "be snappy."  
The Sophomore boys are for untold joy,  
While all the girls want a Junior boy.  
The Freshmen, altho jolly and bright,  
Their knowledge hasn't yet come to light.

To the barbers, to the barbers,  
To buy a heavy wig.  
No, no! To the school-room,  
Where they sure are big.

"THE BOY'S PLEA"

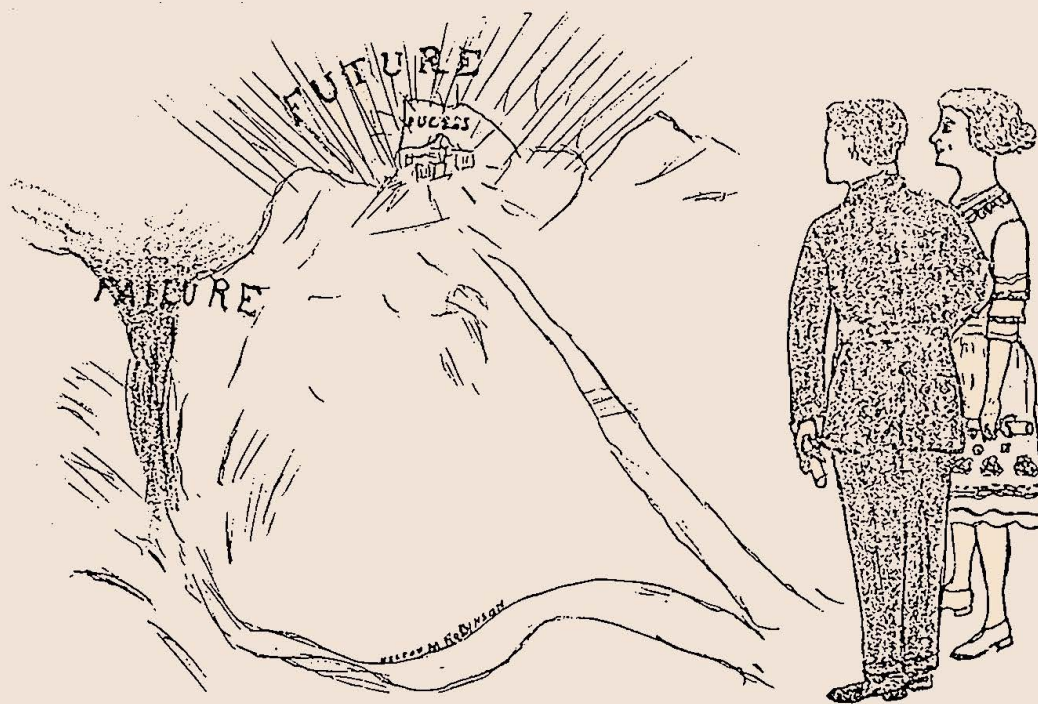
In the gloaming, oh, our girlies,  
When the lights are dim and low,  
That your faces are powder painted  
How are we, your friends, to know?  
Twice this month Fat had to bundle  
All the coats that he possesses  
To the cleaner's—Won't you girlies  
Like us more and powder less?

Most of the Besse High School boys are live wires, but Ross is  
a BARB-ed wire.





**B. H. S., '23, OFF FOR WASHINGTON**  
Taylor, Bagley, Abbott, Besse, Glidden



### CLASS DAY EXERCISES

The Class Day Exercises of the Class of 1923 were held at the I. O. O. F. hall on Wednesday evening, May 16, before a large and appreciative audience. The hall was simply but tastefully decorated for the occasion, and music for the exercises, as well as for the ball which followed, was furnished by Douglas' of Augusta.

The following program was most ably carried out:

- |                                       |        |                         |
|---------------------------------------|--------|-------------------------|
|                                       | March  |                         |
|                                       | Music  |                         |
|                                       | Prayer |                         |
|                                       | Music  |                         |
| Salutatory—Address to Undergraduates, |        | Florence Harriet Taylor |
| Class Prophecy,                       |        | Lilla Katherine Abbott  |
|                                       | Music  |                         |
| Class Will—Presentation of Gifts,     |        | Gladys May Glidden      |
| Class History,                        |        | Edwina Day Bagley       |
|                                       | Music  |                         |

## BESSE BREEZE

Class Essay—Valedictory,  
Singing—Class Ode,

Barbara Erdine Fesse

Conferring Diplomas

Music

Benediction  
Music

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## CLASS PARTS

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### SALUTATORY

Friends, Citizens of Albion, Parents: We welcome you here tonight with gladness. As you know the earth relentlessly turns toward the East each morning in its vast sweep about the sun, so we, true Satellites of Besse High School, have faced the mornings these four years. Now, like Joshua of old, we ask even our sun to stand still and look with us over our years of endeavor. We have been a kindly family of planets with a close association and warm interest in each other, all held in proper place by our central sun. Now, perhaps, we shall be comets; each in his own peculiar and far reaching course; yet ever returning, long though the period may be, drawn by the attraction that radiates from Besse High School. But you, our friends, who have gathered here tonight, stand fast in the faith that we will never fail in our efforts to achieve.

Teachers, Superintendent, Members of the Superintending School Committee: Without your presence our graduation would indeed be incomplete. To you we offer our grateful thanks. We realize how earnestly you have worked with us that we might attain this goal for which we have been striving. We appreciate how truly you have had our welfare at heart, and if we have seemed unmindful of all you have done for us be sure that with each year which separates us from you, our gratitude will grow stronger.

Schoolmates: For four happy years we have worked and played together. As parts of the same system, revolving around

our Sun, our orbit, have been so closely related that separation will be difficult. Welcome.

... Beloved Classmates: We realize that with the joy of accomplishment has come the sorrow of separation. For four years we have worked together, looking forward to this evening. It has come; and, with joyous anticipations, I extend to you my greetings.

Friends all: Facts and information gathered from books are, of course, highly necessary and play a most important part in modern education. Indeed, the prominence which book knowledge necessarily has in education is accountable in large measure for the idea, which many have, that book knowledge is education. The objectives of modern education, however, embrace much more than mere book learning. In addition to the information he has gathered from books, the student is helped to develop the ability to apply that knowledge to practical every-day problems of life.

School is indeed a little world, a community, a body politic in itself, where we have produced in miniature the various problems of personal relationship and social contact that make up life in the world outside. Our class organizations, our school societies, our team work, our celebration of patriotic occasions, our recreations, our little social affairs—all these things go to make up an excellent preparation for the duties of social and civic contact which will soon be ours. It is true that they constitute the higher and perhaps more enjoyable side of school life and school work, but they are, nevertheless, an invaluable part of our education.

Tonight's exercises are an expression of the human, personal side of our school life—the phase which will spring most quickly to mind when in later life we turn memory back to review these happy years we have spent together.

Tonight's program might well be described as the final bubbling over of our youthful enthusiasm in the mere joy of being alive. During these years we have spent together there has grown up among us an affectionate comradeship, which has expressed and manifested itself in a happy, joyous harmony in

## BESSE BREEZE

work and play. This is the spirit of our exercises of this evening, the spirit of the high tide of youth.

Such, then, is the character of the exercises to which we welcome you. Sincerely do we hope that you may become imbued with the spirit of joyousness which is ours this evening, for our happiness is of the kind that multiplies in the sharing.

F. H. T., '23.

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### ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES

Undergraduates: Our association with you as students of Besse High ceases tonight. But before the last word is spoken I wish to call your attention to a few things that you should remember during your high school career.

Many times changes take place in life and nature, so slowly and gradually that we hardly notice them. But when we do notice them we are surprised and startled.

Oftentimes a town experiences such a surprise when a young man or woman, who a few years before was known simply as a school boy or a school girl, has been chosen to fill some prominent position and has become an energetic citizen. So you see how necessary it is to prepare yourselves for citizenship and the tasks of the future during your school days. For it will not be long before you will step from the commencement platform into full pledged citizenship.

The school of today has broken away from the "dry-as-dust" ways of a generation ago. The modern school makes education a living, interesting thing. It looks ahead to the situation that will face the student when he takes up the work of life. The up-to-date school teaches one to analyze, to dig beneath the surface of things, so that when he leaves school he can grasp problems more easily and quickly. This system of education which has been built up springs from a realization of the fact that the student of today is the citizen of tomorrow.

As the result of the World War the citizen of tomorrow will face conditions unknown in history. A war always makes changes; it means the destruction of wealth, and the World War

has been more destructive than any other. Therefore it will be one duty of the citizen of tomorrow to rebuild the country. And more important still will be the duty of you and others to make war unthinkable and to bring about lasting peace through the education of the people of all nations.

Yet as the problems of the age increase, so will the opportunities multiply in proportion. Although great and important problems will have to be met, you will find the opportunities to accomplish things for yourself and maybe for the world. As the law of life says, "the greater the issue, the greater the chance for success on a large scale. The very subject matter of the problem will provide the opportunity."

If it is true that the citizen of tomorrow will meet greater tasks than ever before, it is equally true that he is being prepared for his work in the schoolrooms all over the world. And before many years you will surprise the people who have not kept in touch with modern education. For education does not stand still, it must keep ahead of the times in order to train today's pupil for tomorrow's work.

Undergraduates: You will do well to remember this for it is the purpose of your school life. Let me also remind you to be faithful to your teachers, your schoolmates, and yourselves; and to take advantage of the opportunities offered you and to prepare yourselves for worthy citizenship and real service to the world.

F. H. T., '23.

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#### CLASS PROPHECY OF 1923

Friends, nearly every day holds something pleasant and interesting for us, and one day, August 16, 1931, I think I received more than my share.

I was walking down Washington Street in New York City on my way to work when I saw a crowd of people coming up the street. Rather than be pushed about by that shouting mob, I decided to step into a doorway and wait until it had passed. Seemingly against its will, the crowd finally passed and I stepped briskly out of the doorway only to find my way blocked by the

## BESSE BREEZE

causes of this moving-on of the mob. It was not a policeman as you might suspect, but a policewoman.

When I looked at her face I was so surprised that even a mule couldn't have kicked me from my tracks. It was Erdine Besse. I finally managed to gasp, "Dean." She looked at me and instantly the man-killing look left her face and she extended her hand in greeting. She said that she would be off duty as soon as she went back to court and reported and that we could then spend the day together, talking over old times. I was so glad to see her and so curious to learn what she had been doing since we had lost track of each other that I quickly gave up the idea of working on that day and started for the court-house with her.

"But Dean," I said, "I'm surprised to find you in your present occupation. The last I heard of you you had graduated from U. of M. and was planning to marry an old schoolmate."

She answered that she *was* married but that she liked this kind of work so well that she spent three days of each week making people "toe the mark." She also told me that she had three children who were cared for by a maid when she was on "cop" duty, and she exclaimed, "Oh, Kath! I'm so glad you can come to see my children. Not one of them is bow-legged."

At the court-house we had to wait for people to come out and then pushing open the door which led to the court-room we were greeted by a ringing laugh, such as we had often heard at dear old Besse High School. "Glad. Glidden," Erdine and I both shouted at once. Right we were. Sitting there and laughing as tho she were seeing one of Mack Sennett's greatest comedies instead of being held on bail in the sum of five hundred dollars, was Gladys Glidden. Was she glad to see us and were we glad to see her? Well, maybe not, but in the next few moments the air was full of jabbering.

"How did you happen to get 'pulled,' Glad.? Have you been speeding?"

Speeding was a correct guess. She had been caught while returning home from a performance at Madison Square Garden, where she had captivated her audience by singing her two favorite songs, entitled, "The Husking Bee," and "The Bulldog." She

had only recently had installed in her apartment one of the new telephones with which it is possible to see the person speaking at the other end. She was anxious to get back to try this out and intimated that if she were not being held there in court she would like to have us go with her to see it. Dean's influence with the judge came in handy here and Glad. was discharged.

"My car is outside," she said, "I have my bull-dog in it, waiting and watching for me."

"Oh, are you and—er—" here I was cut short by Glad's remark to the effect that this bull-dog was the same that had won the prize last fall at the New York annual dog show. My question did not need to be finished.

By this time we had reached the car, which proved to be a luxurious sedan of the most modern make. We climbed aboard and a sharp command of "Home, James" started us on our way rejoicing.

We were speeding along when suddenly Gladys jammed on the brakes. A suitcase had been thrown out of a boarding-house door and had landed in the street. The front wheel stopped within a hair's breadth of it. Just then came another followed by a young man—but he came down the steps. No sooner had he reached the street than a young woman rushed out and thrust a threatening fist in his face.

Florence Taylor! Of all persons, and being that harsh to a man. After she had calmed down somewhat she told us that she was running a boarding-house and that she was finding some of its tasks none too pleasant. "Much more pleasant, tho, than living with a man whom you wouldn't have a right to order out of the house when you wished," she said. That was *her* idea.

She was not too busy to come with us and, lacking only one member, the class of 1923 was now reuniting.

Gladys' apartment was cute and homey and showed that she had been successful in her singing. Only one making considerable money could be able to keep up such a place. But the greatest curiosity to me was her new telephone. Years before we had heard of such a thing being possible, but only lately had they come into general use.



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"That's my ring now, Kath. There is your chance to try it."

Being rather doubtful, I took down the receiver and said "Hello." With the sound of the "hello" from the other end of the wire a veil quickly moved aside, or so it seemed, and I was looking squarely into the face of Edwina Bagley.

"Winey Bagley! and where are you?"

The surprise in my voice made her throw back her head and laugh. In that instant I took in the room she was in. It was a cool, comfortable, and pleasant drawing-room. By a fireplace in the corner was Buster.

She told me that she was in her home in the west where she had agreed to a compact to live with a man the rest of her life and to be his wife. She said that Buster was making such a noise that she could hardly hear my voice and that she believed she would have to send him home to her people as the climate out there wasn't very good for dogs and especially one as old as he. Winey used to like whirling around with a West so I was not surprised to learn that she was now whirling around *in* the West. She had started out on her wild ambition to perform in the movies and had been waylaid by a wild and woolly westerner.

That day seemed to be complete. In it I had seen and talked with every member of my class of dear old Besse High. And that night, as I closed my eyes to go to sleep, I thot of that short poem, entitled, "Old Friends Are Best."

Old friends are best!

Old forms, old hearts, old faces

That haunt the memory of the passing years,  
And seem to dwell among deserted places,  
Reproving us for all our nameless fears.

Old friends are best!

The roses softly blowing

Close by the door, they always seem to say  
"Old friends are best," altho we're never knowing  
Where they are faring at the close of day.

Old friends are best!

Somehow the memory clinging

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Brings back the faces that we used to know,  
And in the winter of the heart are ringing  
The songs we loved so many years ago.

Old friends are best!  
When autumn twilight falling  
Brings respite from the daily toil and care,  
I seem to hear their vibrant voices calling,  
Altho I know—I know they are not there.

L. K. A., '23.

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#### CLASS WILL

Knowing full well that we are fast approaching our end and realizing that our vast and valuable possessions may lead to bitter contentions among those, who may aspire to be our heirs, we have concluded to dispose of our large estate by this, our last will and testament.

*First:* The largest and most important part of our estate being "advice," we wish this to be equally divided among the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen. Our advice to all of them is that they keep ever before them the shining example of the illustrious Class of 1923. We hope they will strive in every way to copy the example of this the most brilliant class that ever has or ever will pass through the doors of Besse High.

*Secondly:* To our teachers we leave our sincere thanks for all they have done for us, and lavishly offer our congratulations for their wonderful success in developing such an illustrious class as ours. We also leave them our sympathy in the struggle before them, when they shall attempt to rear to lofty manhood and womanhood the present Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes.

*Thirdly:* To the school board and superintendent we bequeath our thanks and sincere esteem for all the benefits and privileges they have extended to us during our four happy years at Besse High. We also leave them the custody and guardianship of the rats and mice at the schoolhouse.

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*Fourthly:* To the school itself we leave our brilliant record, and we recommend that there be set up in the school-yard a large stone monument on which shall be carved our names. The purpose of this is not to advertise ourselves, but to honor the school. Everybody who sees the monument will know that Besse High School is the institution which produced the great class of 1923, and thus the school will become renowned throughout the world.

*Fifthly:* To the school books which tormented us so long and so persistently, we leave our heartiest maledictions.

*Sixthly:* To the shrieking bells which summoned us to class so often, we bequeath our scorn. Let them ring. Often, with Poe, have we cried:

“Here the loud alarm bells—brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!  
Too much horrified to speak  
They can only shriek, shriek  
Out of tune.”  
Nevermore.

*Seventhly:* We make the following personal and specific bequests:

To Kathleen Drake we leave our unclaimed powder-puff.

To Albert Denaco we bequeath a megaphone with the understanding that Lucy Glidden be permitted to share in its use.

To Evelyn Chalmers we give the schoolroom clock with a notice thereon, reading, “School begins at 9 A. M. and 1.00 P. M.”

To Charles Ross we leave a capital “B,” which does not stand for Besse High.

To Bill Spearrin and Flora Taylor we leave their customary window-sill for recess and noon-hour use.

To Annie Harding we leave an opportunity to grow to be as large as anybody.

To Kenneth Newenham we bequeath the keys to the laboratory, with and without our compliments.

To Roger Witham we leave the right to speak to any member of the fair sex.

To Sybil Sennett we leave a step-ladder for use at the movies.

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To Dan Spearrin we give the right to interrupt any conversation at any time and place.

To Forrest Meader we bequeath a key to the Senior Algebra.

To Barbara Libby we give a pair of stilts to enable her to carry on a conversation with Charles.

Herein endeth the reading of the last will and testament of the class of 1923. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands this sixteenth day of May, A. D. 1923.

KATHERINE ABBOTT,  
EDWINA BAGLEY,  
ERDINE BESSE,  
FLORENCE TAYLOR,  
GLADYS GLIDDEN.

Signed, published and declared by the said class of 1923 to be their last will and testament, in the presence of us who, at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of one another, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto, this sixteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord 1923.

LENA CROSBY,  
HARLAND BESSE,  
ERNEST ROOD.  
G. M. G., '23.

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PRESENTATION OF GIFTS

I have completed the task of disposing of all the possessions of the class of 1923 except a few class heirlooms, which by right belong to my classmates. Many years ago these were chosen from the catalogues of Charles Williams and Sears-Roebuck and from the counters of Woolworth and Green Bros. On account of their age and fitness it is a very pleasant task to present to the members of my class these simple but seemingly appropriate keepsakes.

Katherine: For four years now I have heard you tell of your many ambitions. I have heard you say that you wished to teach school, that you might enter upon a business career, that you

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would like to be a teacher of gymnastics, that you would like to go to college and although, perhaps, you have never said outright that you wished to be a botanist, there have been many indications that you might become one some day. We all know that you love the birds, the bees, the flowers, and that for some time you have seemed to take comfort in other works of nature. So after much consideration and earnest pondering, I decided to present to you this book. You note the subject is "Nature Study and Life." Within its pages you no doubt will find many interesting passages. Especially would I call your attention to the chapters entitled "The Forrest."

Florence: I have before said that it was my chief ambition to present to my classmates something useful. But what was there in this assortment of allotted gifts which would be acceptable as well as useful to you? At first I thought since all indications seemed to betray the fact that you were having serious trouble in finding the right man, that I would give you a magnet. Even then I thought you might not be pleased with your catch. You know that most old maids have a forlorn and lonesome look. Be considerate of this present and you will avoid such a look, for in it you will find constant companionship as you slowly wander down the path of life as an old maid. Please accept this cat!

Erdine: The selection of your gift was most difficult. Many were the thought-of selections that entered my head. I thought of giving you a Jersey cow, I thought of giving you a kitchen spatula, but all to no avail. After pondering over the subject and scratching my head in deep thought, I recalled instances of your great love for music, and of the joy you take in hearing it. I have done my best to give you something which will make you happy, for I am giving you the most important part of a victrola. From time to time you may gather records which please you and buy you a machine, but it will be necessary even then to have this gift of mine to make it work. Wind it up with this crank. It is a Turner.

Edwina: I am afraid in giving you this present that you will be greatly disappointed for I feel certain that you really expected me to give you a man. But after considering the matter I

thought this would be better, although to you not quite so acceptable. Edwina, everyone has noticed by this time that you are quite talkative. Those of us who are personally and deeply interested in your welfare are oftentimes worried, because we fear that you will not be able to overcome this handicap and that some day you will be struck dumb or some worse catastrophe will befall you. By using the present which I am about to give you, you may rest the weary muscles of your tongue and prevent any calamities. As your friend and well-wisher I wish to present to you this talking machine.

My classmates: I trust that each of you is pleased with her allotted gift, and that it may prove helpful to you in the days to come. But should it not prove useful I am asking that you keep it as a souvenir of our happy school days.

G. M. G., '23.

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#### CLASS HISTORY OF '23

Tonight as we assemble here for the last time as a scholastic body, to celebrate with theme and music the completion of our high school days, I feel that it is a time with you as well as with us for looking forward into the future, and an occasion for self inquiry as to what place each of us may best fill in life; but to me it is also a time of retrospection, and a fitting and appropriate occasion to review the past four years,—years of work, of progress and of happiness.

In the fall of 1919 eighteen green but growing Freshmen, with shaky knees, glaring eyes, and toes turned inward, sought the doors of Besse High and began their historic record-breaking career. Besides the five who, here tonight, are the representatives of the class there were: Roland Hall, Elinor Metcalf, John Farris, Thelma Carlton, Vivian Abbott, Beatrice Harding and Colby Harding from the district schools, and Stanley Gould; Russell Libby, Carl Knight, Minnie Norton, Lena Crosby and Merle Glidden.

Before the end of the first day our number was diminished by

## BESSE BREEZE

Roland Hall, who either became discouraged or frightened at the prospects. His example was soon followed by Elinor Metcalf who left at the close of the fifth week on account of illness, and Thelma Carlton and Beatrice Harding, who returned to their homes to resume their previous occupations of washing clothes and slinging dough. Then John Farris and Colby Harding, having learned the fundamentals of scientific agriculture, left us to become "tillers of the soil." At Christmas time Stanley Gould, who had made himself the present of a pig pen, left to devote his future life to hens and pigs. At the close of the spring term Russell Libby caught the social agricultural mania and left to devote his future to high society and dairying. At the beginning of our Sophomore year the class was saddened by the death of Carl Knight, which occurred during the summer vacation. It was also in this year that we lost three more of our number. Vivian Abbott moved to Massachusetts, where she has graduated from business college and at the present time has a fine position. Minnie Norton moved to Wiscasset, and Lena Crosby was forced to leave us on account of illness, but having the pluck of Horatius Lena returned the next fall to finish her course. We started our Junior year with six members and held our number throughout the year. At the beginning of our Senior year we still kept our number six, but before the mid-term Merle Glidden, much to our sorrow, heeded the call to a more active life. This left five out of our once large class of eighteen. Small as our class has been we have taken a very active part in athletics.

It was not until our Junior year that athletics had become prominent in the school, it was then that a girls' and boys' basketball team was formed. We furnished our only boy, Merle Glidden, for both baseball and basketball, and the girls of the class have also played a very active part in the sports. During the present year athletics have boomed as never before, the boys have carried off great honors and won the silver cup presented by the Sentinel League. Going out, as we are in the future, our class begins in part to grasp the significance of such brilliant achievements, which, among other things, has put Besse High on the map and made it known and respected all over the state. But

while our wonderful athletic victories have been only the breath of life, breathed into the monotony of school grind, yet tonight we realize the bigger things that we have made our own by good, hard, study.

And as we look back it is now that we feel very grateful to think that our four years have been conducted by a most excellent faculty. We began our Freshman year with Mr. Parlin and Miss Lillian Hurley to guide our faltering steps. What need to recall Mr. Parlin's efficiency and faithfulness to us? In our hearts he has a generous corner for all times. As for Miss Hurley, ripening acquaintance with her brought us a fuller realization of her true worth, until, just as we had learned to appreciate her, she left us to fill a better position. We started our Sophomore year with Mr. Parlin and Mr. Norman Knowlton as assistant. We found Mr. Knowlton to be an efficient teacher and true friend, and were very sorry to learn that in the first term of our Junior year his place was to be filled by Miss Grace Russell. Miss Russell was a thorough and experienced teacher, her only fault was her short stay, for at the beginning of the winter term we were more than glad to welcome back Mr. Knowlton, who has stayed until the last minute. At the beginning of our Senior year we were forced to give up Mr. Parlin, whose place has been filled by Mr. William F. Jude, of Ellsworth, whose broadening touch has wrought such pleasing miracles in our school. Such has been our faculty, master weavers who have woven the woof and fabric of an immortal knowledge—the priceless gift we hold.

But there is another phase of school life into which we have entered with enthusiasm. In the give and take of modern life not only brain and brawn are needed but a more subtle knowledge with makes us pleasing associates with those about us. This social part of our education has not been neglected, altho we have as yet no clubs or societies we have been able to present a number of plays to help enliven our school and town.

Two dramas, "Deacon Dubbs" and "Our Folks," have been staged, the proceeds from which have been used to defray the expenses of the hot lunch, our trip to Washington, and graduation. For these our class has furnished five of the unequalled actresses.



## BESSE BREEZE

Our trip to Washington has been a subject of great interest in the school this year, and it is only by the aid of the underclassmen and the townspeople that we have been able to acquire our money. Together as a class we cannot express our appreciation and gratitude to these people who have so willingly helped us and made our trip possible. As we look forward tonight our anticipations of the wonderful sights which our eyes shall see overshadows the sorrow of parting from our Alma Mater and sends us forth with happy hearts.

In concluding the faculty sketch of the past four years I wish to call your attention to the fact that out of our illustrious class of five we have: a Latin shark, an animal charmer, and a vumper.

It was during our first few weeks as Freshmen that one of our Latin students, while conjugating the Latin verb "Amō," informed us that the second person plural of the future active indicative was "A-ma-bit'-us," at this, of course, the whole class received the applause of the upperclassmen and Mr. Parlin was heard to remark, "No, Miss Besse, 'Our-Ma-didn't-bite-us'." At this the poor child collected her thoughts and with a blush corrected her statement to "Amābitis." This is only one of the interesting things she has taught us out of her full knowledge of the dead but dreaded language.

Our animal charmer is one of that round, rosy, and jolly type, such as all good people like. She has a smile and a twinkle in her eye that charms the fiercest of animals, recently she has captivated and soothed the ruffled feelings of a "Bull-Dog," who, until he became under her spell was roaming perfectly free.

Kind friends, if you have tears to shed prepare to shed them now, for I am about to tell you a very sad story. It was during our career as Freshmen that we discovered that our class contained a vumper. Through fond acquaintance and companionship she won the heart of the jazz boy of Tozier's jazzless jazz orchestra. Of course we thought nothing of this, but later it was learned that she had become tired of him and had thrown him over for those of a higher rank, such as "Deans" and "Doc-tors," by having one so far away and the other so near she found that

she could not remain faithful to both and became delirious in deciding what to do, her mind wandered, her brain was in a whirl, and at last being submerged by the painful throes of a bleeding sorrow she has deliberately sought and found a secluded after-math in the heart of a "Quaker Hill Forrest."

Of the one remaining there is little to tell, she is one of that large, loud-spoken, boisterous type and I can not corrupt my reputation by the telling of her faults, but I will pause a moment to say—that when it comes to romantic negotiations with the adoring gentry hereabout, Florence is not a crank but a self-starter.

This completes the souvenirs I have to offer. The past is past and in the present, that ever-changing point of time, let us hold and cherish the treasures of the past achievements as seeds which we have sown, to harvest in the future the fullest yield of greater things; and if past skies seem bright with golden deeds the dawning of the great tomorrow must shed a glow of richer hue, for in the budding days to come we humbly hope to do that little part which shall be our best—a tribute to our Alma Mater.

E. D. B., '23.

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### "LIFE LIES BEFORE US"

To those who are far out on the sea of life, graduation from school seems perhaps like a minor incident in comparison with the vital things that follow. But to us of the Class of 1923, who stand before you as aspiring candidates for worthy, useful citizenship in the world of affairs, the exercises of this evening are by far the most important and most significant experience through which we have so far passed.

This commencement of ours is the first milestone of our lives. Life itself has often been compared to a book in which the pages represent the years or the epochs of the individual's existence. To us this simile seems particularly appropriate this evening, for we are now in the very act of turning over the first page in the great book of life. The record of happy days at school has filled to the last line the first page of this wonderful book. At the bot-

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tom of this page we have written "The End," and now, with eager expectancy, we are turning over to where the page of life in the world of action lies fresh and clean and untouched before us.

With the confident enthusiasm of youth, we welcome the opportunity to write large and bold on that great page a record of worthy achievement. Wonderful visions, ambitious plans, limitless possibilities rise before us as we contemplate this new page of our existence. From our study of the lives of the great men and women of history, as well as from our observation of the work of contemporary leaders in the various walks of life, we realize full well that a worthy record on the page of life can be written only with toil and hardship and unselfish service to our fellowmen. Yet, knowing all this, we do not flinch or falter.

Our courage in facing the problems of life is not due, therefore, to any lack of appreciation of the difficulties to be met and the hardships to be endured. It arises from a confidence born of the splendid training which has been ours. We go forth armed with knowledge—and not merely that sort of knowledge which begins and ends with the accumulation of facts and information. The training we have had has given us facts and figures, to be sure, but, more than that, it has developed in us the faculty of thinking and reasoning for ourselves, of applying the facts and principles to the problem at hand.

Would that we could linger a bit longer over that dear first page in the book of life—the page of school days! Would that we could enjoy those happy associations a little while longer! But those days are gone forever, to be cherished in loving memory as long as life shall last.

In Life's Mirror we read:

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true;  
Then give to the world the best you have  
And the best will come back to you.

"Give love, and love to your life will flow.  
A strength, in your utmost need;

Have faith and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

“Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,  
And honor will honor meet,  
And a smile that is sweet will surely find  
A smile that is just as sweet.

“For life is the mirror of king and slave,  
'Tis just what we are and do,  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.”

F. E. B., '23.

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#### VALEDICTORY

Besse High, tonight we bid thee farewell. It is with feelings mingled with joy and sorrow that we say good-by—with sorrow because we are forced to break the ties which have so securely held us for four happy years, and because we are forced to leave the happy, sheltered school days which you have afforded us—with joy—because we have been able to successfully accomplish the tasks which you have set before us. May the Class of 1923, as it enters Life's School, prove itself worthy of you.

Superintendent, and Members of the Superintending School Committee: We realize that great responsibilities lie upon your shoulders, for the welfare of Besse High and its students depends much upon your keen judgment and decision. We, as a class, are grateful for the help which we have at all times received from you. Farewell.

Teachers: We wish to thank you for the interest that you have always had, not only in our studies, but also in our social and athletic affairs. When we needed assistance we called upon you and you always answered that call in good-will. And you have given much time and energy to promote the welfare of our school as well as that of our class.

Perhaps we have not performed our duties as successfully as

## BESSE BREEZE

we should have done, perhaps we have not been as faithful as students ought to be toward their studies, yet you have borne with us patiently. Always count among your friends and well wishers the members of the class of 1923, who truly desire for you the best the world has to offer.

Schoolmates: It is with sadness that we sever our school ties. When recalling the many pleasant hours that we have spent together, let us remember only the delightful happenings. Let the others, which have been few, be forgotten.

Tonight we are leaving to you the work which has been ours. We hope that you can prosper by our mistakes and carry on the work far better than we.

Always remember that upon your shoulders lies not only your own honor, but the honor of Besse High School as well. Her banner has floated proudly on high for nine years. It is your duty to keep it gloriously afloat. Life lies before you and Besse High's life lies before her. She will greatly depend upon your obedience to her laws, and your devotion to her principles and her traditions. Let no task in her behalf discourage you. You will receive your just reward, and our hearts will be with you always.

Classmates: Our days of preparation are over, our school life is drawing to a close. Tomorrow we go forth into Life's Great School, each one of us to follow a different vocation. But whatever duty we undertake, do not let us forget the careful training that we have received at Besse High School.

We can no longer rely upon the ready aid of each other. We are withdrawing ourselves from the kindly interest of our teachers and friends, but classmates—the habits they have made a part of us; the principles they have given us, and the atmosphere of loyalty and sacrifice with which they have surrounded us, must guide and influence us through all our future life.

The time has come when I must speak the words which will break the ties, holding us as an active class of Besse High School. We shall never again enjoy days so happy as those which we are leaving forever, we shall never again form friendships more dear and lasting than those formed in our school days. Never

again as a class shall we answer the call of the bell; never again as a class shall we listen for the word of dismissal, for never again as a class shall we enter those familiar classrooms.

A feeling of sadness comes over each one of us—My classmates, do not be sad, for though:—

“Thou goest thy way and I go mine  
 Apart yet not afar.  
 Only a thin veil hangs between  
 The pathways where we are.

“And God keep watch 'tween thee and me  
 This is my prayer.  
 He looks thy way, He looketh mine  
 And keeps us near.

“I sigh sometimes to see thy face  
 But since this may not be,  
 I leave thee to the care of Him  
 Who cares for thee and me.”

F. E. B., '23.

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CLASS ODE, '23

Tune: *“The Cottage On The Hill.”*

So dear friends we must be going  
 And we wish to bid adieu  
 As we launch upon life's highway  
 Ent'ring paths to us yet new.  
 In our hearts we'll always cherish  
 Pleasures we would fain recall  
 Of our days at dear old Besse  
 And your kindness to us all.

Now our weary work is ended  
 And we've reached the goal at last,  
 Toward which we have now been struggling  
 During these four short years past.

BESSE BREEZE

As from hence we seek our lot  
  Though the way seems long and drear  
Yet it always will be brightened  
  By the mem'ries clustered here.

Chorus.

Life lies before us  
We must face it  
  With a purpose staunch and true  
Parents, teachers,  
Friends and schoolmates,  
  To you now we bid adieu.

G. M. G., '23.

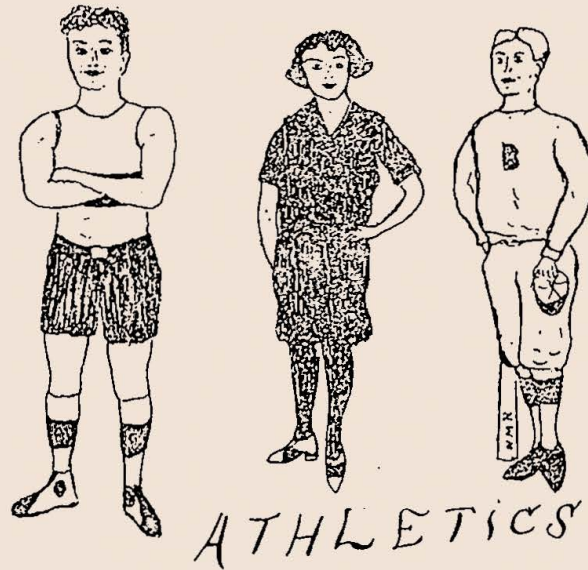
Library of Congress



BESE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Meador, rg.; Rcod, lf.; Besse, rf.; W. Spearrin, c.; D. Spearrin, lg.





### BASKETBALL

At the first call for basketball candidates by Coach Knowlton, eight men out of the total fourteen male students in the school responded. Considering the handicaps of so few with which to work, Besse High did well to go through the season with only two mishaps out of eighteen starts. Early in the season Brooks High defeated us by eleven points. However, we were considered weakened by the loss of two regulars. In a game played at Albion before our defeat Brooks was buried under the score 46-23. The Coburn Prep. school lads were the only five to defeat the locals in the Sentinel League, in which Besse won the trophy, winning six out of seven starts. In the account of postponement of games Besse was forced to play three games in one week of the spring vacation. Tuesday night we went to Clinton to play the high school there, defeating them 47-11. Wednesday night we played the hard playing Coburn five. Besse started in well leading the prep. school boys to the end of the first half, but grew slow in the final stanza and lost 33-29. The following Friday night we journeyed to Clinton to play the fast Oakland team. The two teams had not met before and a defeat at the hand of the Oakland lads would have meant the loss of the Sentinel honors

to Besse. But superior playing won the game and the Sentinel cup. This is the first trophy that has ever been captured by the school.

Among Albion's long string of wins five aggregations of hoop tappers from Colby College were conspicuous. Among them were some of the stars from the Blue and Gray. In Albion's travels they gathered 661 points to opponents 354.

It seems unnecessary to report on each of the seventeen games that we have played, therefore we will simply mention those played outside of the Sentinel League before we report the League games in full.

Besse High played five games with as many different teams from Colby College. The Independents came out first and were easily defeated. They went back to organize a better team. This team, called the Colby Aces, came a little later and were slaughtered worse than the first team. They were beginning to realize that the Albion boys were a lively bunch. We tried to give them a good time and they wanted to play us again. It did not seem right to them to be smashed up by a bunch of high school kids. They no doubt received the compliments of their campus friends when they reached home. But like all true Yankees they were no quitters and reorganizing the team again by the addition of picked players they came up confident. They were not a match for us. Sometime later they asked us for another game. Sure of success they put a piece in the paper to the effect that Abbott's Iron Five would rip great holes through our tender outfit. The day after the close and exciting game that followed this announcement, there appeared in the paper the news that the Iron Men had melted. They had not measured the stuff of which our team was built. Some weeks passed. Finally, nearly at the end of the season, they determined to come again. At this time our "rep" was abroad. They figured that what we needed was a fall. No doubt we did. They took a picked team and came up. The game that was played must have pleased the gods. The players were so fast that the spectators complained that they could not follow the course of the ball. The brilliant passing and the lightning speed of both teams was such as never

## BESSE BREEZE

to be forgotten. The score was nearly a tie all through the game. It was at the very last moment that we gained the necessary lead and for the last time sent the boys home convinced that Colby had nothing that could hold us. They were fine men, every man of them—always clean and pleasant. We hope that they will come up next year and take the conceit out of us.

Besse High played four A. A. teams—two with Albion A. A., and two with Clinton A. A. We were victorious in them all.

In the two games that we played with Brooks High we received our first defeat. They came here first and lost. When we returned the game they returned the compliment—with interest. We wish to thank them for it was what we needed in preparation for the Sentinel League series.

Besse High opened the Sentinel League with a flash of speed by defeating the Coburn Seconds in the Coburn Gym. W. Spearrin starred for Albion, being ably supported by Rood.

Besse High's floor work cinched the game for them.

BESSE HIGH			COBURN 2nd				
Besse, rf	1	0	2	Trefethen, rf	3	0	6
Rood, lf	3	0	6	Wescott, lf	0	0	0
W. Spearrin, c	7	2	16	Ingraham, c	1	0	2
Meador, rg	1	0	2	Brown, lg	4	2	10
D. Spearrin, lg	0	0	0	West, rg	0	0	0
				Drummond,	0	0	0
	—	—	—		—	—	—
	12	2	26		8	2	18

The team work of Besse High won the game from Unity High, Jan. 26th. The first period was very close, 5 to 4 in Unity's favor. Unity placed a five-man defense that proved to be a great trouble. In the last half the havoc began and it was a steady fight to annex more points to Albion's score.

BESSE HIGH			UNITY HIGH				
Besse, rf	4	0	8	L. Graffam, lg	1	4	6
Rood, lf	2	0	4	Ham, rg	1	0	2
W. Spearrin, c	9	4	22	Murch, c	4	0	8
Meador, rg	2	0	4	Reynolds, lf	0	0	0
D. Spearrin, lg	4	0	8	S. Graffam, lf	0	0	0
	—	—	—		—	—	—
	21	4	46		6	4	16

## BESSE BREEZE

Protesting the refereeing of Chalmers, Clinton forfeited the game to Albion in a League game of Feb. 2nd. Besse high led throughout and was never in danger. In the third period the Clinton team left the floor.

BESSE HIGH				CLINTON HIGH			
Besse, rf	3	0	6	Holt, rf	0	0	0
Rood, lf	5	0	10	W. Witham, lf	0	0	0
W. Spearrin, c	11	0	22	R. Witham, c	1	1	3
Meador, rg	1	3	5	Kent, rg	0	0	0
D. Spearrin, lg	2	3	7	Adams, lg	0	0	0
Robinson,	1	0	2				
	23	6	52		1	1	3

The Albion-Unity High game of March 16th, at Unity, was a close and a fast fought game. Neither team did any scoring until the last period. In the last three minutes Albion piled up most of its points. Besse and Rood starred for Besse, McPherson and Sadowske for Colby.

BESSE HIGH				UNITY HIGH			
Besse, rf	2	0	4	L. Graffam, lf	0	5	5
Rood, lf	2	0	4	Jones, rf	1	0	2
W. Spearrin, c	4	0	8	Murch, c	0	0	0
Meador, rg	0	1	1	Reynolds, rg	0	0	0
D. Spearrin, lg	0	3	3	S. Graffam, lg	1	0	2
	8	4	20		2	5	9

In a one-sided but fast contest at Clinton, March 20th, Albion was victorious over Clinton High.

BESSE HIGH				CLINTON HIGH			
Besse, rf	5	0	10	Holt, rf	1	0	2
Rood, lf	4	0	8	Kemp, lf	4	0	8
W. Spearrin, c	12	0	24	Adams, c	0	1	1
Meador, rg	1	0	2	Brachette, rg	0	0	0
D. Spearrin, lg	0	3	3	Shivers, lg	0	0	0
	22	3	47		3	1	11

The Coburn Sentinel League came to Albion the following night and triumphed over the League leaders in a hard fought contest. Albion outplayed the visitors in the first period but grew slow in the last stanza.

## BESSE BREEZE

BESSE HIGH			COBURN				
Besse, rf	2	0	4	Simpson, rf	5	0	10
Rood, lf	2	0	4	Wescott, lf	1	0	2
W. Spearrin, c	5	0	10	Ingraham, c	4	0	8
Meader, rg	2	3	7	Hadley, lg	0	0	0
D. Spearrin, lg	0	2	3	Brown, rg	4	5	13
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	12	5	29		14	5	23

By defeating Oakland High at Clinton the following Friday night, Besse High won the Sentinel League cup, running six games out of seven starts. Rood was the high point scorer for Besse, Stinniford for Oakland.

BESSE HIGH			OAKLAND HIGH				
Besse, rf	2	0	4	Riley, rf	1	0	2
Rood, lf	6	0	12	Smith, lf	1	0	2
W. Spearrin, c	3	0	6	Stinneford, c	3	2	8
Meader, rg	2	1	15	Sullivan, rg	0	0	0
D. Spearrin, lg	0	2	2	Pierce, lg	1	0	2
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	13	3	29		6	2	14

Besse High ended a very successful season by defeating Oakland High at Clinton. We had a well balanced machine in Besse and Rood at forward, the rangy center, W. Spearrin, and the two heavy guards, Meader and D. Spearrin. While playing a strong offensive we had a strong defense which kept would-be scorers in check. When we came back from the spring vacation and saw the cup that we had won, we felt a growing pride because of our champion team. As we thought the matter over we realized the deeper importance of winning the trophy. Besse High, which is a class A school, had before this time been but little known. Because of the winning team put out this year it has put us on the map. Now we are known all over the state, and by some of the best schools in Maine. Therefore we feel that the honor won by our little school will have a deeper significance than a hard fought victory made possible by a handful of loyal men, for the winning of this cup will exert an influence that will be felt as long as Besse High shall welcome future generations to its doors.



OUR SHOOTING LASSIES

First Row:—Bagley, c., Glidden, lg., Knight, rf., Turner, rg.; Second Row:—Taylor, Besse, substitutes  
Back Row:—Abbott, lf.

THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Although the girls had never played basketball by girls they decided to organize a team, and as Mr. Jude, the principal, knew the game, he was chosen as coach. On the first night of practice nearly all of the twenty-five girls in school turned out in uniform. They say that practice makes perfect and it was not long before Besse had a girls' team of which to be proud.

The line-up was as follows: Katherine Abbott, lf; Abbie Knight, rf; Edwina Bagley, c; Gladys Glidden, lg; Thelma Turner, rg; with Erdine Besse and Florence Taylor as substitutes.

Mr. Jude, who came to us last fall, worked hard and diligently in order to make the season successful. The clean, hard playing which was displayed was due mainly to his fine coaching. With a team composed entirely of green material he certainly did wonders.

We played only five games, for we used five players and the other nearby schools played with six or else had their schedule full. But during these few games we kept Besse's colors flying and came out victorious.

The first game of the season was played at Brooks, November 24. It was a clean and interesting game, with Besse leading from the start. The game ended with Besse soaring over Brooks by a score of 28-4.

Some tall scrambling was witnessed by the crowd that gathered at Carmel Hall, November 29, to see a game between the Carmel and Besse High School girls. Although the game was rather rough, Besse did her best and defeated the "Big Five" of Carmel by a score of 45-8.

December 15 a crowd gathered at the Odd Fellows' Hall to see the return game with Carmel. Again we came out ahead with the white and red of Besse flying over the heads of the defeated five.

Abbott, lf	14	1	29	O. Newcomb, lf	2	0	4
Knight, rf	11	0	22	White, rf	4	2	10
Bagley, c	0	0	0	Kimball, c	0	0	0
Glidden, lg	0	0	0	Cogswell, lg	0	0	0

## BESSE BREEZE

Turner, rg	0	0	0	Smith, rg	0	0	0
				E. Newcomb, sub	0	0	0
	25	1	51		6	2	14

The fastest and hardest fought game was played between the Besse and Unity underclass girls. Many times they gained on the seniors, but the oncoming team was finally crushed by the "Jolly Jugglers." The score ended 36-35.

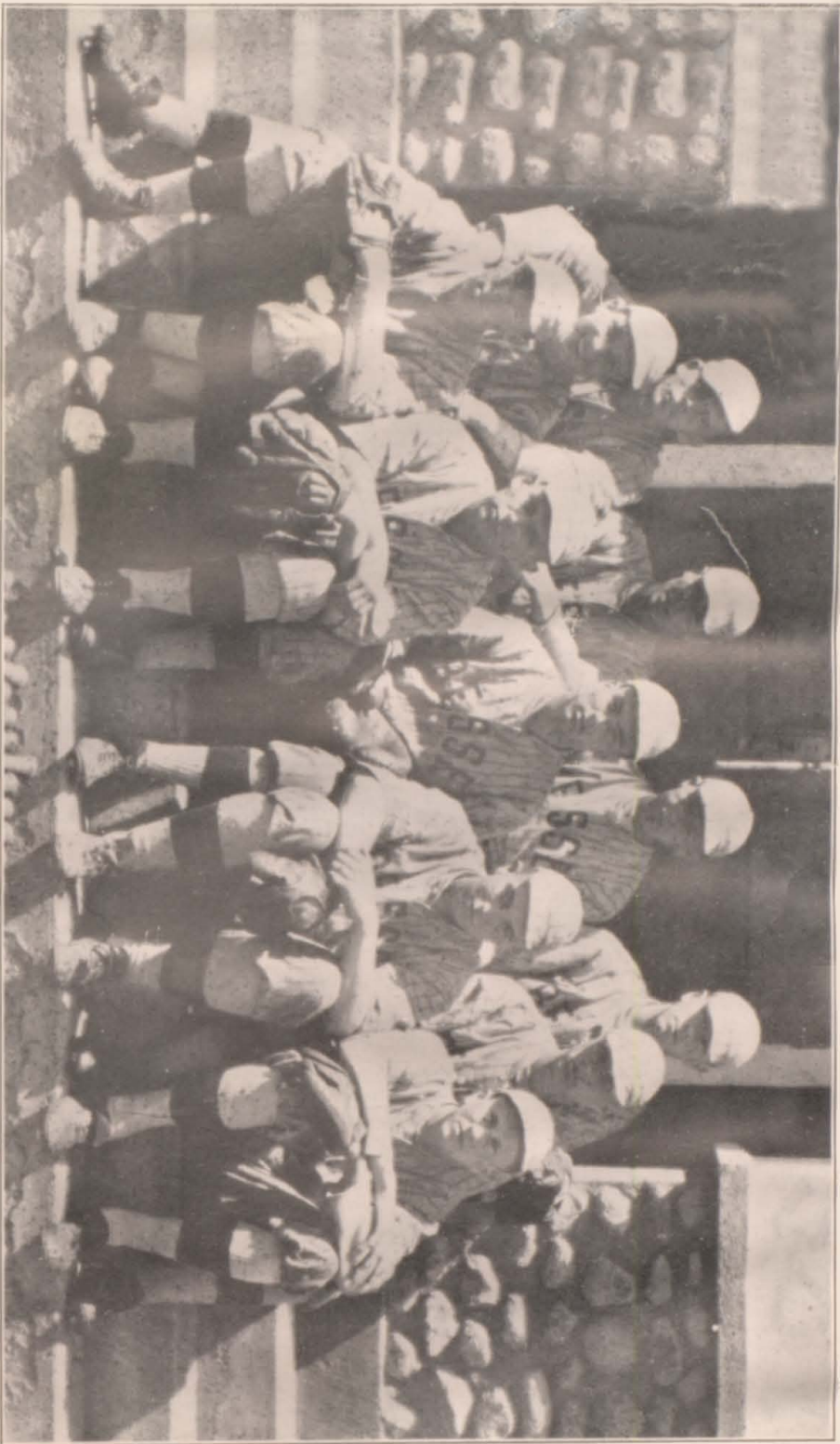
The game played at Unity, March 16, was the last, but not least. This game was considered the cleanest and most interesting of the season. Although both teams worked hard to defend school honors, it was Besse that went off with the laurels. It was the wonderful teamwork of both teams that held the score so low.

Abbott, lf	13	1	27	A. Walton, lf	2	1	5
Besse, rf	0	2	2	S. Jones, rf	1	2	4
Bagley, c	0	0	0	M. Walton, c	0	1	1
Glidden, lg	0	0	0	M. Jones, lg	0	0	0
Turner, rg	0	0	0	Ward, rg	0	0	0
				T. Leadbetter, rf, sub	0	0	0
	13	3	29		3	4	10

## BASEBALL

With five lettermen as a nucleus Besse High started the baseball season by crossing bats with Unity High on the home field. Eleven candidates were fighting for coveted positions. These men were veterans in their positions: Captain Rood on the receiving end, Ross, the reliable second sacker, and W. Spearrin and "Monk" Besse, who captained the championship basketball team, are joint heirs to short and the pitcher's mound. Meader, the star outfielder, was injured in the first game of the season. Thus we lost a good man and his absence was felt for the remainder of the season. Fortunately at the opening of the spring term Wallace and Roger Witham, two Clinton students, came to Besse High, which proved a great aid to our squad. Being in





BESSE HIGH'S BASEBALL TEAM

Front Row:—Rowe, Meader, D. Spearin, Robinson; Second Row:—W. Witham, Rood, Besse  
Third Row:—W. Spearin, R. Witham, Denaco, Ross

BESSE BREEZE

need of a first baseman, the lanky Roger filled the bill, while Wallace holds down the opposite corner.

With only eleven candidates out for positions Besse High managed to win second place in Class B of the Sentinel League.

April 21.—Staging a hard hitting game throughout Besse High defeated Unity at Albion, 10-7; Besse ballsters overcoming a four run lead in the first two sessions.

BESSE HIGH							UNITY HIGH						
	ab	r	bh	po	a	e		ab	r	bh	po	a	e
W. Witham, cf, 3b	6	2	2	0	2	1	Gannet, ss	5	1	3	0	3	2
Besse, p	5	3	2	0	1	0	Murch, p	5	3	1	6	0	0
W. Spearrin, ss	5	0	0	3	3	0	L. Graffam, c	5	1	0	11	1	1
Rood, c	5	2	2	9	0	1	C. Waning, 1b	5	0	1	4	0	0
Meador, 3b	3	1	0	2	2	1	Woods, 3b	5	0	0	0	2	3
R. Witham, 1b	5	0	1	11	0	1	Chase, cf	5	0	0	0	0	0
Ross, 2b	5	1	1	1	2	0	E. Waning, 2b	4	0	0	0	1	0
D. Spearrin, rf	4	1	0	0	0	0	Reynolds, lf	4	0	0	1	0	1
Robinson, lf	4	0	0	0	1	0	Ham, rf	2	1	0	2	0	0
Rowe, cf	2	0	0	0	0	0	S. Graffam, cf	2	1	1	0	0	0
	43	10	8	27	11	4		42	7	6	24	7	7

May 2.—During the poor weather that followed the schedule was set back. The next game was played at Unity, Unity winning, 4-2. It was a pitchers' battle between Spearrin and Murch.

BESSE HIGH							UNITY HIGH						
	ab	r	bh	po	a	e		ab	r	bh	po	a	e
W. Witham, 3b	4	0	0	0	0	2	C. Waning, 1b	4	0	1	4	0	0
Besse, ss	4	0	1	0	1	2	Gannet, ss	4	2	1	3	2	2
Ross, 2b	4	0	0	1	6	1	Murch, p	4	2	1	1	4	0
Rood, c	4	1	1	14	1	1	L. Graffam, c	4	0	1	15	0	0
R. Witham, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	0	Harding, lf	3	0	0	2	1	0
W. Spearrin, p	4	1	2	0	1	0	Chase, cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Robinson, cf	3	0	0	0	0	1	Woods, 2b	3	0	0	2	1	0
D. Spearrin, rf	1	0	0	1	1	0	E. Waning, 3b	3	0	0	0	0	1
Denico, lf	2	0	0	0	1	0	Reynolds, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Rowe, lf	2	0	0	0	0	0	Ham, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
	32	2	4	27	10	7		33	4	4	27	8	4

May 5.—The following Saturday we journeyed to Winslow to play the last year's champs. Besse got a bad start and Albion

## BESSE BREEZE

was defeated, 16-3. Mercer, the opposing moundsman, hurled in fine style.

BESSE HIGH					WINSLOW HIGH				
	bh	po	a	e		bh	po	a	e
W. Witham, 3b	1	1	3	2	Tacombe, c	4	19	1	0
Besse, ss, p	0	1	2	0	McCausland, 3b	1	0	1	0
Ross, 2b	2	1	4	1	Hapworth, ss	2	0	2	0
Rood, c	1	4	0	1	Roy, 2b	1	1	2	0
R. Witham, 1b	0	12	1	0	Mercer, p	2	0	1	0
W. Spearrin, ss, p	2	2	4	2	Reynolds, cf	4	0	1	0
Robinson, lf	0	1	0	0	Taylor, lf	2	1	0	0
D. Spearrin, rf	1	0	1	0	Papolas, 1b	3	6	0	0
Rowe, cf	0	2	1	0	Glidden, rf	1	0	0	0
	8	24	16	6		20	27	8	2

May 9.—Besse High defeated Hartland in a featureless contest at Albion, 10-3. The local team was never in danger with Spearrin twirling in an invincible manner. R. Witham led with the bludgeon for Albion, connecting for three hits; Getchell led for Hartland with two hits.

BESSE HIGH							HARTLAND						
	ab	r	bh	po	a	e		ab	r	bh	po	a	e
W. Witham, 3b	5	2	1	2	2	0	Connelley, cf	4	0	1	1	0	1
Besse, ss	5	1	2	0	1	0	Simpson, 2b	4	1	1	4	1	1
Spearrin, p	5	2	1	1	1	0	Webber, ss	4	0	1	1	1	4
Rood, c	5	2	1	11	1	1	Lewis, lf	4	1	0	2	1	0
Robinson, cf	5	2	1	2	0	1	Getchell, 3b	4	1	2	2	0	0
R. Witham, 1b	5	0	3	10	0	1	Smith, 1b	3	0	0	5	0	2
D. Spearrin, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0	Waterman, p	1	0	0	1	0	0
Ross, 2b	4	1	1	1	1	0	Snow, p	1	0	0	1	2	0
Denaco, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0	Ross, c	3	0	0	5	1	0
	41	10	10	27	6	3		28	3	5	24	6	8

May 12.—Besse High defeated Freedom Academy in a one-sided battle, 15-0. Taylor, the visiting moundsman, was driven to the showers in the early part of the game. Colby, who succeeded him, pitched a good brand of ball. This was not a league game.

May 19.—Besse High won from Hartland High at Hartland in a Sentinel League game by the score 6-2. Snow fanned 15, but

BESSE BREEZE

hit two and passed five, which aided a Besse win. Capt. Rood shone with the stick, collecting two hits for Besse, Finson for Hartland got two.

BESSE HIGH							HARTLAND						
	ab	r	bh	po	a	e		ab	r	bh	po	a	e
Witham	3	0	0	1	1	0	Connelley, cf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Besse	4	0	1	0	2	1	Tinson, 3b	4	0	2	2	2	1
W. Spearrin	3	2	1	0	5	0	Smith, 2b	3	0	0	0	0	1
Rood	4	2	2	8	3	0	Leins, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Robinson	5	1	0	0	0	0	Getchell, ss	4	1	1	4	1	0
R. Witham	4	1	0	13	2	1	Webber, 1b	4	0	1	6	0	0
D. Spearrin	3	0	0	0	0	0	Deering, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Ross	2	0	0	3	4	1	Dore, c	3	1	1	15	0	1
Rowe	4	0	1	2	0	0	Snow, p	4	0	0	0	1	0
	32	6	5	27	17	3		32	2	5	27	4	3

May 21.—In a driving rain-storm, and by a batting rally in the ninth inning, overcoming a 10-5 lead, Erskine Academy won over Besse High. Besse, the Albion twirler, had things all his own way the first eight sessions, but in the ninth the balloon went up. A few errors mixed with hits won the game for Erskine. Capt. Rood led the Besse stickers, while Lowden was the star for Erskine.

BESSE HIGH							ERSKINE ACADEMY						
	ab	r	bh	po	a	e		ab	r	bh	po	a	e
W. Witham, 3b	4	2	1	1	2	1	Shaw, 2b	5	1	1	0	3	0
Besse, p	5	0	1	1	6	0	Turner, ss	4	2	2	3	1	1
W. Spearrin, ss	5	0	0	3	2	2	Lowden, 3b	5	2	3	3	0	1
Rood, c	5	2	3	1	0	0	Morrill, cf	5	1	2	4	0	0
Robinson, cf	3	0	0	2	0	0	Gray, lf	4	2	1	3	1	0
R. Witham, 1b	5	1	0	14	0	0	Elliott, 1b	4	0	0	9	0	2
D. Spearrin, lf	4	2	2	2	0	1	N. Jones, c	4	1	0	4	1	1
Ross, 2b	4	1	1	0	1	1	Jackson, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Rowe, rf	2	2	1	0	0	0	D. Jones, p	4	2	2	0	5	0
	38	10	9	27	12	5		39	11	12	27	11	5

May 23.—In one of the most interesting games played at Albion in some time, Besse High defeated Good Will, 2 to 0. Good Will had three men on but failed to produce the scoring punch. In the eighth inning Morrell, who was on third base,

## BESSE BREEZE

darted for home but was nipped at the plate by Rood. However, the Good Will boys claimed Spearrin balked and after a little discussion left the field.

BESSE HIGH						GOOD WILL							
	ab	r	bh	po	a	e		ab	r	bh	po	a	e
W. Witham, 3b	3	0	1	1	0	0	Powley, ss	4	0	0	1	1	
Besse, ss	3	0	0	1	4	0	Morrell, c	4	0	1	8	2	
W. Spearrin, p	3	1	0	0	8	0	Caponigro, lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Rood, c	2	1	2	8	1	0	Agardi, cf	3	0	0	3	0	1
Robinson, cf	3	0	1	1	0	0	Mosher, 3b	3	0	1	2	2	0
R. Witham, 1b	3	0	1	13	0	1	Ziesel, rf	3	0	1	0	1	0
D. Spearrin, rf	3	0	0	10	0	0	Brown, p	3	0	1	0	0	0
Ross, 2b	2	0	0	0	2	1	Twaddle, 1b	2	0	0	6	0	0
Rowe, lf	2	0	0	0	0	0	Sullivan, 2b	2	0	0	0	0	0
Denaco, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0							
	<hr/>							<hr/>					
	26	2	5	24	15	2		28	0	4	21	6	1

May 26.—Fighting hard Besse High went down in defeat before Mansfield's charges here Saturday. This was a hard fought battle though. Roy of Winslow led the hitters with three and Captain Rood shone with the stick for the losers. Robinson bagged four difficult flies in centerfield.

BESSE HIGH					WINSLOW				
	bh	po	a	e		bh	po	a	e
W. Witham, 3b	1	3	2	0	Lacombe, c	2	6	3	0
Besse, ss	0	0	4	2	McCausland, ss, p	1	1	4	0
W. Spearin, p	1	0	6	1	Hapworth, p, ss	1	0	3	1
Rood, c	2	4	2	1	Roy, 2b	2	3	3	0
Robinson, cf	0	4	1	1	Mercier, 3b	2	2	1	0
R. Witham, 1b	0	15	0	1	Reynolds, cf	0	2	0	0
D. Spearrin, lf	0	0	1	1	Papolos, 1b	1	11	0	0
Ross, 2b	0	1	0	1	Taylor, lf	1	1	0	0
Meader, rf	1	0	1	0	Glidden, rf	0	0	0	0
	<hr/>					<hr/>			
	5	27	17	8		10	27	14	1

Score: Winslow, 10; Besse, 5.

May 26.—Besse High split even in its double-header Saturday by defeating Erskine Academy 13-3 in the afternoon. Besse, the Albion moundsman, twirled brilliant ball, and until the eighth held the visitors scoreless. Capt. Rood walloped the pill for four hits, while Shaw for Erskine connected safely twice.

BESSE BREEZE

BESSE HIGH							ERSKINE ACADEMY						
	ab	r	bh	po	a	e		ab	r	bh	po	a	e
W. Witham, 3b	4	0	0	1	3	2	Shaw, 2b	5	1	2	3	3	1
Besse, p	4	1	2	0	2	0	Turner, ss	4	0	1	3	5	0
W. Spearrin, ss	5	1	1	2	2	1	Lowden, 3b	5	1	0	1	1	1
Reed, c	5	3	4	9	1	0	Morrell, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Robinson, cf	5	2	2	0	0	0	Gray, rf	4	1	1	0	0	1
R. Witham, 1b	4	2	3	10	0	0	Elliott, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	2
D. Spearrin, lf	4	2	1	0	0	0	M. Jones, c	5	0	1	6	0	0
Ecwe, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0	Boynton, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Ross, 2b	1	1	0	4	4	0	B. Jones, p	4	0	0	1	0	0
	37	13	13	26	12	3		40	3	5	24	9	5

Besse High has passed a very successful season, winning six games out of ten starts. We joined the Sentinel Baseball League and at the present time we stand in second place. We have not yet played Coburn, who is also fighting hard for second berth. With the aid of Coach Chalmers, a graduate of Besse High, we have gone through the season with creditable results.

## Alumni and Alumnae Directory

NAME	Now	ADDRESS
1908 Dwight Chalmers	Married, and works in Lewiston Buick garage	Augusta, Maine
1909 Clarence Chalmers Gladys (Wiggin) Hussey Ethel (Taylor) Miller Ernest Cookson	Mill owner Teaching at Ricker Classical Institute Stenographer Married	Albion, Maine Houlton, Maine New York, N. Y. Cleveland, Ohio
1910 Sadie Blake Verna Gould	Teaching Teaching	Waterville, Maine Good Will, Maine
1911 Jennie Skillin Earl Libby	House-keeping Prof. of pulp and paper chemistry at New York State College of Fores- try	Albion, Maine Syracuse, N. Y.
Arthur Chalmers Willis Hussey Everett Kimball	Farming Teaching Married	East Benton, Maine Good Will, Maine Wayne, Maine
1912 Charline (Abbott) Berse Virgil Gould Fredy Hussey	A house-wife Working Married, and teaches school	Clinton, Maine Portland, Maine Newtonville, Mass.
1913 Lena (Kimball) Overlock Ona Kimball Winifred (Webb) Lamb Martha Parkhurst	Teaching school In a publishing office A house-wife Working	Winslow, Maine Augusta, Maine Lisbon Falls, Maine Bangor, Maine
1914 Kenneth Meader	Married, and works in Hollingsworth & Whit- ney Mill	Waterville, Maine
Vera Chalmers Mary (Barnes) Stacy Jessie (Gould) Brown Lucy (Wood) Fuller	Working at home A house-keeper A house-keeper A house-keeper	Albion, Maine Springfield, Mass. Riverside, Maine Freedom, Maine

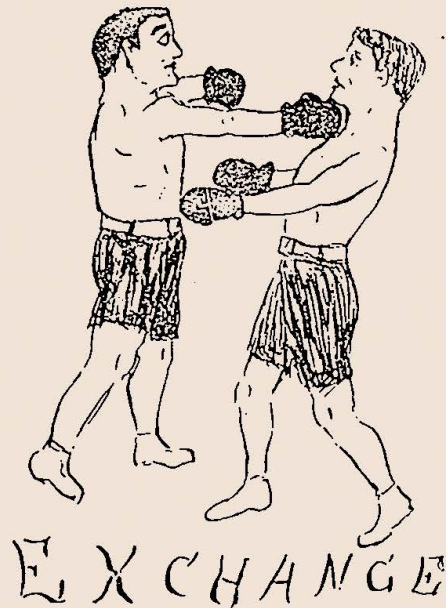
BESSE BREEZE

NAME	Now	ADDRESS
Gertrude Davis	Teaching	Norfolk, Mass.
Iola Allen	Working	Waterville, Maine
Viola (Knight) Pillsbury	A house-keeper	Gardiner, Maine
Edith (Weston) Shay 1915	A house-keeper	Mattapossett, Mass.
Mildred (Hussey) Reynolds	House-keeping	Burnham, Maine
Irvin Weymouth	Working for Waterville Motor Company	Waterville, Maine
Homer Gould 1916	Working for Swift & Company	Augusta, Maine
Freda (Libby) Sceigers	A house-wife	Augusta, Maine
Helen Davis	Teaching at Sockanos- set School	Howard, R. I.
Norman Knight	Working in Clark's garage	Albion, Maine
Harold Davis	Working	Providence, R. I.
Frank Besse	Working in the tannery	Albion, Maine
Clarence Bessey	Farming	Albion, Maine
Millard Sennett	Farming	Albion, Maine
Clyde Perry 1917	Married	Hartford, Conn.
Heien (Fowler) Edgerly	A house-wife	Unity, Maine
Vivian Joy	Teaching the Primary School	Albion, Maine
Lizzie (Dow) Cookson	House-keeping	Albion, Maine
Florence (Norton) Knights	A house-keeper	Hartford, Conn.
Mildred Sennett	Works for Central Me. Power Company	Augusta, Maine
Willis Clark 1918	Farming	Albion, Maine
Rosa Dow	Teaching school	Grindstone, Maine
Marguerite Drake	Works for Nash Pub- lishing Company	Augusta, Maine
Inez Kimball		Unknown
Eunice (Richards) Beale	House-keeping	Farmington, Maine
Pearl (Richards) Strickland	House-keeping	Mass.
Louise Stratton	Works for State Supt. of Schools	Augusta, Maine
Esther Tilton	Attending Boston Con- servatory of Music	Boston, Mass.
Milton Turner	Married, and works in Hollingsworth & Whit- ney Mill	Waterville, Maine
1919 Natalie Cole	Milliner	Waterville, Maine



BESSE BREEZE

NAME	NOW	ADDRESS
Dorice (Crosby) Higgins	A house-keeper	Albion, Maine
Ruth Gould	Working at Edwards Mfg. Company	Augusta, Maine
Mildred (Libby) Meader	Works in "The Fashion"	Waterville, Maine
Charlotte (Norton) McFarland	House-keeping	Hartford, Conn.
Gladys Weston	Works in Hayes' Market	Fairfield, Maine
Iva (Fuller) Bachelor	House-keeping	Liberty, Maine
Allen Knight	Attending U. of M.	Orono, Maine
1920		
Gladys Allen	Doing housework	Albion, Maine
R. Hazel (Baker) Mace	House-keeping	Oakland, Maine
James Chalmer	Attending U. of M.	Orono, Maine
Lindsay Chalmers	Teaching Besse Grammar School	Albion, Maine
Rebecca Germon	Teaching	Burnham, Maine
Therese Hall	Teaching Lawrence High	Fairfield, Maine
Susie Hussey	Teaching school	Shawmut, Maine
Evelyn Sennett	Teaching school	Waterville, Maine
1921		
Floyd Abbott	Attending U. of M.	Orono, Maine
Edna Barnes		
Arline Besse	Attending U. of M.	Orono, Maine
Dorothy (Frye) Jones	Keeping house	Unity, Maine
Albert Knight	Working in Clak's garage	Albion, Maine
Harold Meader	Farming	Albion, Maine
Lincoln Sennett	Attending U. of M.	Orono, Maine
Claude Tozier	Attending U. of M.	Orono, Maine
Wilbert Wentworth	Teaching school	Albion, Maine
Roy Wolcott	Working at home	Albion, Maine
1922		
Marion Moore	Teaching school	Liberty, Maine
Eryena Clark	At home	Albion, Maine
Dorothea Waldron	Teaching school	Troy, Maine
Irene Coffin	Asst. post-mistress	Albion, Maine
Lura Baker	Doing housework	Oakland, Maine
Gayland Turner	Working in Hollingsworth & Whitney Mill	Waterville, Maine
Seth Fuller	Farming	Albion, Maine
Vaughan Ketchum	Teaching	Buckfield, Maine
Harold Sennett	Working in a store	Augusta, Maine



BESSE BREEZE, the first school paper of Besse High, wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges and express its appreciation for the same:

- Oak Leaves*, Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Maine.
- The Aquilo*, Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Maine.
- The Morse Mentor*, Morse High School, Bath, Maine.
- Academy News*, Hartland Academy, Hartland, Maine.
- Messalonskee Ripple*, Oakland High School, Oakland, Maine.
- Nautilus*, Waterville High School, Waterville, Maine.
- Comet*, Brooks High School, Brooks, Maine.
- Lawrence Lyre*, Lawrence High School, Fairfield, Maine.
- Monitor*, Unity High School, Unity, Maine.
- The Maine Campus*, University of Maine, Orono, Maine.
- The Pinnacle*, Erskine Academy, China, Maine.

#### WHAT WE THINK OF OTHERS

*Oak Leaves*, Oak Grove Seminary, is a very fine paper. Your editorials show some splendid work. We also find much interest in your "personals," through the very smart manner in which they are written.

BESSE BREEZE

*The Aquilo*, Ricker Classical Institute, is a paper of which to be proud. We liked the style of your paper very much and find much interest in your editorials.

*The Morse Mentor*, Morse High, for a weekly paper the *Mentor* is hard to beat. Call often.

*Academy News*, Hartland Academy, very good. We like your spirit.

*Messalonskee Ripple*, Oakland High. Your editorials and literary departments are worthy of mention. We surely find you interesting and will welcome you again.

*Nautilus*, Waterville High. A very enjoyable paper, your "personals" are fine. Remember, you are always welcome.

*Comet*, Brooks High School, is a very interesting paper. Your editorial and literary departments are clean cut and worthy of your efforts. We think that your local department would be more enjoyable if you had left out all unclean jokes and slams.

*Lawrence Lyre*, Lawrence High School, is a paper worthy of the school. We took much interest in your different departments and congratulate you on your fine achievement. Call again.

*Monitor*, Unity High School, is a very fine paper. We consider your local department excellent. The snapshots are a great improvement to your paper. Call often.

*The Maine Campus*, U. of M., a newsy and witty weekly, is regularly and gratefully received.

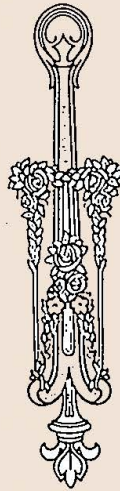
*The Pinnacle*, Erskine Academy. We enjoyed your paper very much. The whole paper is certainly worthy of your efforts. Call often.

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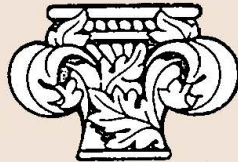
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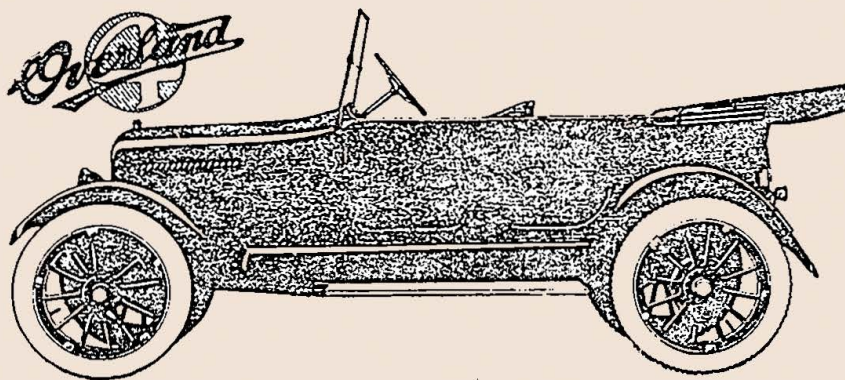
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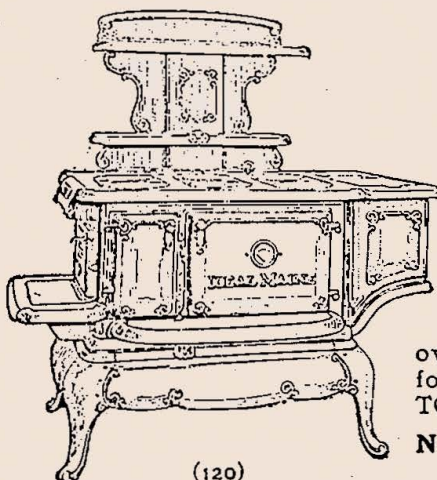
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