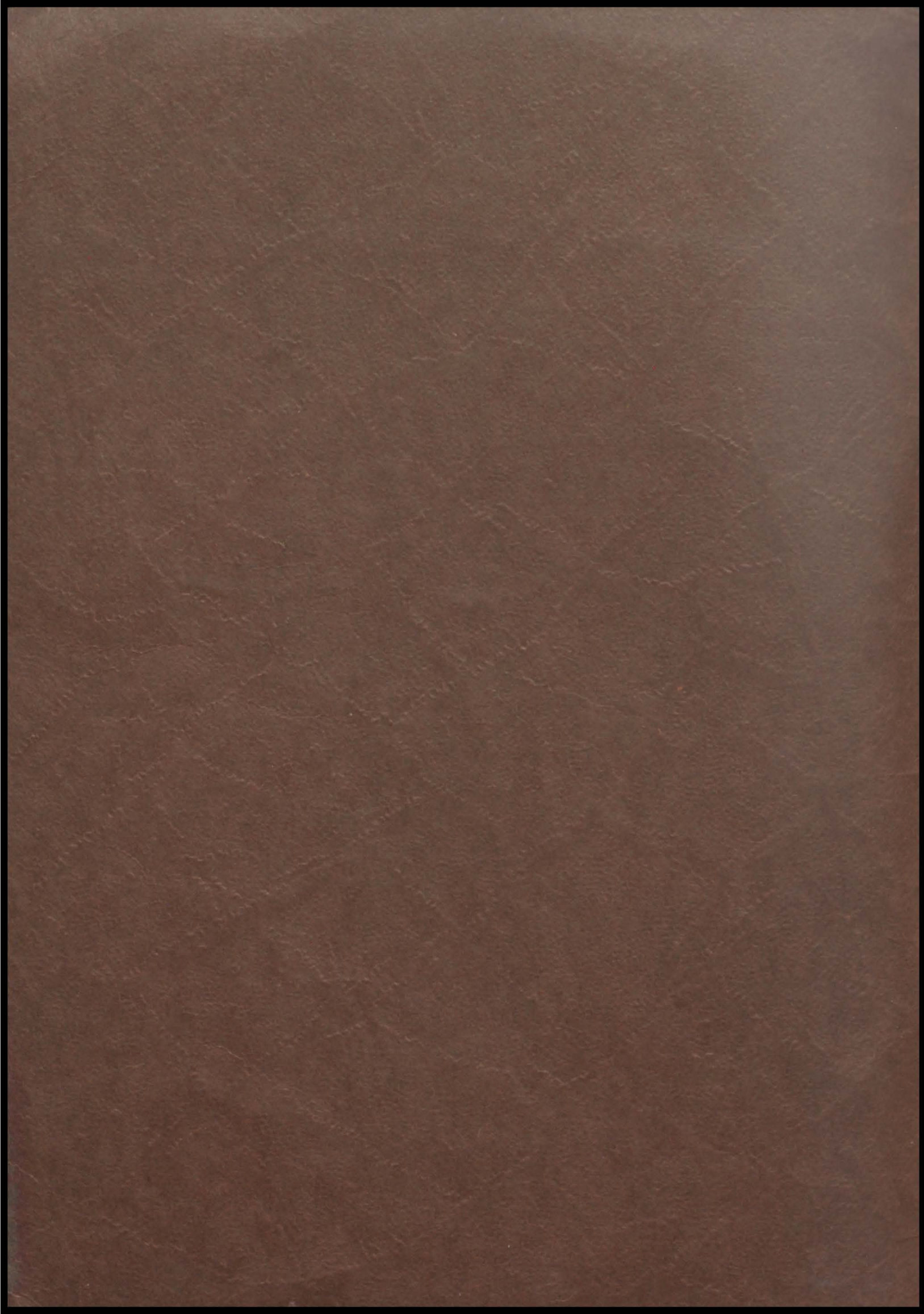


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**JUNE, 1925**







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# BESSE BREEZE

Published by the Students of Besse High School, Albion, Maine

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Vol. II

JUNE, 1925

No. 1

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BESSE BREEZE



*We respectfully dedicate this issue of the Besse Breeze to the  
memory of Allen Knight, '19*



BESSE BREEZE

Having omitted one year, we are now publishing the second issue of the BESSE BREEZE. We were proud of our first paper which was put out in 1923. It was worthy of the school. But as it was our first effort, through lack of experience, we made many mistakes. We found that our paper was larger and more expensive than a school of our size was capable of producing with expenses clear. So profiting by our mistakes we are, this year, publishing a smaller issue, but one which we hope will be as satisfactory if not more so than our last.

---

SCHOOL BOOKS

It is not that we do not know better than to mark and tear our school books, it is only that we forget. I say, only, but I should not for we are certainly old enough not to injure other people's property.

The fact that it looks bad should not be the only thing to count. Think for instance, of the number of new books each year the town has to buy, then consider the number that we unnecessarily destroy. Then again: Would we use our own books as we do those at school? No, certainly not. Every boy and girl has a certain amount of pride, and a shiny new book all one's own looks too good to cover with pictures.

So hereafter not only in the High School but in the grades as well let us show our parents and the citizens of Albion that we



appreciate the books they buy for us. And let us keep them nice and new for the next year's class.

---

### SCARLET FEVER

Surely this is a very unpleasant subject but one that has been very much in the foreground this year. Not only has the scarlet fever epidemic been decidedly disagreeable to everyone, but it has also hindered our school work in many ways.

During the winter term we were obliged to close school for four weeks. This has made a very long and tiresome year for us as we lost our spring vacation and the school term had to be extended late into the summer.

Then there were those unlucky ones who were victims of the much-dreaded disease. Of course it is very hard for them to come back after seven weeks' absence and make up their work. Also it has been very difficult for the teachers who have had to remain each night after school for make-up work. Certainly they deserve our appreciation and thanks for the outside as well as regular school work which they have done.

Then we must not forget athletics. Our basket-ball teams were not given half a chance, for almost as soon as they started practicing they were obliged to stop on account of scarlet fever.

In short this disease has been a menace to the town. We hope that during the summer months it will entirely disappear so that next year we may start in school without this great handicap.

---

### CARE OF THE SCHOOL BUILDING

Much has been written in the last decade about our beautiful school building and the generosity of Mr. Besse, who gave it to his native town. The building is beautiful and was a splendid gift to the village. but if it is still to remain beautiful in the years to come it must not be used as it has been the last two or three years. The treatment the building has received at the hands of the student body in this last-named period is not only a



## BESSE BREEZE

disgrace to the school itself, but also to the students who perpetrate these crimes against the building. Most of these so-called crimes against the school are carried on in the absence of school officials—teachers and janitor.

Now it seems to me that something ought to be done, and done soon, to remove this menace to the building. There are one or two ways which, I think, might work out. In the first place, no one teacher can be expected to have full charge of the building at one time, even if in constant attendance during the day. One teacher, if present, can look after the lower floor where the young children of the first and intermediate grades are taught, but the upper floor needs some other means of control.

As the example set by the High School will be followed by the grades, it is well to begin with that school. I think that some form of student government might work to advantage. I would suggest that the High School as a whole be organized as a "League" to have for its aim the improvement and control of the school. In this connection a set of laws should be drawn up providing for the election of the proper officers, and especially for a committee made up of the "real" leader from each class. This committee would have for its aim the control of the school. Special rules of conduct must, of course, be made by the combined forces of faculty and student body. In short make it a real social organization with the pupils as the society.

Much more might be said in regard to this plan, but I have intended only to give an idea that could be enlarged and worked out in detail by the students. And I do think that something should be done at once, for we can truly show our appreciation of Mr. Besse's generosity by keeping intact what he has so liberally given us. Shall we do it?

---

### ALL SET FOR IT.—FAIR MOTORIST

"Really, I didn't hit you intentionally."

Irate Victim—"What have you got that bumper on your car for if you aren't aiming to hit someone?"





"BANDIT MAC."

"Hurry up Eva," cried Alton, climbing into the car and waiting for Eva, who was putting on her coat and hat, to do likewise "Got to make good time and get to Aunt Fan's in time for supper you know."

In a minute they were off and all went well until they were about four miles from home and going through a long stretch of wood about a mile in length.

"What's that there?" cried Eva catching hold of Alton's arm as the form of a man appeared under the powerful headlights in the road before them. "Why, Alton he is standing right in the middle of the road and seems to have no intention of moving."

She had to guess his motive no longer for just then the man straightened up, aimed a large Colt revolver at them, and forced them to come to a halt. His next move was to strip Alton of his watch, money, and favorite Egyptian stick pin and to relieve Eva of what money and other valuables she possessed. Then he allowed them to go on their way once more. Much to the grief of Alton he disappeared quickly into the woods leaving no mark or anything which might be of service to them later.

Alton started the car at full speed and although greatly handicapped by the rough country roads made good time in trying to get to the nearest town, which was five miles off. And to get the police before their bandit could gain enough headway to escape from the hands of the police entirely. Just as they were closing in on the last two miles and their excitement was at its greatest they were greeted by a noise which notified Alton of a

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blow-out. Oh, what a time to have a blow-out, just when one hates to have one most! and they must be as quick as possible for every minute's delay was giving the hold-up man just so much more headway. So out Alton jumped to fix the tire.

After an interval of nearly half an hour which seemed to Eva who was doing the heavy looking-on like half a day, they got started on their way once more. In only a few minutes they had a squad of policemen gathered and were speeding back to the place where the hold-up had occurred.

Upon reaching the scene it was so dark that not much could be done in the line of taking up the chase. But nevertheless the police acquainted themselves with the particulars of the case which might be of great service to them later on. The police squad soon returned to Fairfax and notified the police in all the neighboring districts only to find that a man of the same description was wanted in connection with several other hold-ups and robberies.

The police were out on his trail early the next day and for many days after but to no avail. Finally they almost gave the case up although still keeping watch for any further clue, which they felt sure they must find sometime.

About a month later Alton and Eva visiting with one of their friends at the lake went to a dance at a neighboring dance pavilion one evening. During the course of events at the dance Eva was introduced to a big nice-looking man by the name of Harry Jones whom she recognized at once as their long-sought-for bandit. The first thought that entered her mind was how that she might identify him and turn him over to the police.

At the first opportunity she escaped from the hall without attracting notice and jumping into her car made for the police of Dover, the nearest town. Upon arriving there and after several inquiries she found at last the home of the constable. The next move was to notify the policemen of Fairfax of her find and wait for them to arrive with the warrant.

After a wait of nearly an hour Eva began to get uneasy for fear that their man would escape while they were waiting. Besides it was nearly time for the dance to end and it was not



probable that he would stay for the last waltz. Thirty minutes before closing time the police had not shown up, but only five minutes later Eva saw them coming down the road. She had the car started ready to go when the squad appeared around the last curve and she surely led them a merry chase to the dance pavilion.

Upon arriving at the hall they could not find their bandit anywhere but after quite a search Eva saw him just hastening through one of the side entrances. She at once notified the policeman nearest her and he followed him out to his car which he got into and drove away before the policeman could hinder him. The rest of the squad was not far behind and started out in their car at once in hot pursuit. For a time the police made little or no headway on their bandit but at last they began to gain on him little by little until they were almost upon him. Then he stopped and opened fire on them; they responded only as was necessary for self-defence. Finally the shooting on his part ceased and when they approached him they found him dying from a bullet-wound through his head. Whether he shot himself or was shot by one of the policemen was not known but anyway the state was rid of "Bandit Mac." for then and forever more.

The articles of his different thefts were finally recovered and the world rolled on just the same without him, although his death put an end to all robbery in that vicinity for a time.

R. C. B., '26.

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#### MAINE'S ATTRACTIONS

Maine is the paradise of the tourist, the haven of the seeker after health and rest. In summer and fall it has one of the most pleasing climates known to the United States, while in winter its clear, invigorating atmosphere is ideal for the enjoyment of winter sports. Its springs are a source of great delight, for there is no more beautiful sight anywhere, than Maine in apple blossom time, when the whole country-side is bursting forth with its fresh green and brilliant floral coloring. And speaking of color-



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ing, no pen or spoken word can give the faintest conception of the gorgeous picture which the Pine Tree State presents when the frost has turned the leaves in Autumn.

Maine is a state of almost innumerable attractions, whose variety is unrivalled by any area of equal size in all North America. It has its 2,500 miles of superb coast lines, which an official government publication says is "the most beautiful and interesting in eastern North America." A few important points of interest are the Navy Yard at Kittery, Old Orchard Beach, the two Promenades and other historical and beautiful features of Portland, the shipyards at Bath, and the mountains and lakes of Camden. Bar Harbor is recognized as one of America's greatest summer resorts. Mt. Desert Island on which it is located is almost equally as renowned. Other famous resort towns on it are Northeast Harbor, Seal Harbor, and Southwest Harbor. The only national park east of the Mississippi River and the only one located on the seacoast in the United States is Lafayette National Park on Mt. Desert Island possessing some of the finest scenery in this hemisphere. The Park is wonderfully conducted by the Federal Government with guides and trails and motor roads for visitors. It has many beautiful lakes, high Mountains and a marvelous seacoast.

The seacoast is only one of Maine's attractions. The vast forests of Maine, stretching for miles in an unbroken sea of green, save for the natural divisions of lakes, ponds, and streams, are attracting the attention of the seeker of big game. The woods of Maine have deer, and black bear. The moose are protected by law and can be hunted only with the camera. Partridges are plentiful in the deep woods. These woods, which comprise sixty-five per cent of the total area of the State are dotted with lakes and streams filled with trout, salmon, bass, and other fish.

Maine has approximately 2,500 lakes and ponds the majority of which are gems of brilliant beauty. The only way for anyone to see and fully appreciate the beauty of the Maine lakes and ponds is to take the Maine Lakes Tour. This tour is intended to cover the Rangeley Lakes, which have an international repu-



tation for beauty and for fishing: Moosehead Lake, largest of all fresh-water basins wholly within the boundaries of the United States; the Sebago Lake chain; the Belgrade Lakes; and some other individual bodies of water which are familiar to all.

Now come the many beautiful rivers, that feed the lakes of Maine. The Allagash river has wonderful scenery and fine fishing. The Allagash canoe trip is the finest one of the continent. Then there is the Kennebec, noted for its many falls; and the West and East Branches of the Penobscot which affords the vacationists unexcelled joys of fishing and canoeing.

One of Maine's beautiful features is her mountains. Maine has mile high mountains—something the majority of people fail to realize,—and it has hundreds of smaller peaks and wooded hills scattered throughout almost every one of its sixteen counties. The highest mountain in Maine is Mt. Katahdin. It is also one of the highest east of the Rock Mountains. The dignified beauty of Mt. Katahdin has laid its hold upon the many visitors until despite its isolation its fame is beginning to be broadcast.

Maine's agricultural lands are nearly as beautiful to look upon as her mountains. Her farms are fertile to such a degree that they produce the finest apples, sweet corn, potatoes, and blueberries known to the Western Hemisphere. There are well kept, comfortable farmhouses on the farms, whose occupants are always willing to give a helping hand or a cordial greeting to the stranger who passes their way.

Maine is ideally situated to handle an immense tourist traffic. It is tapped by two transcontinental railroads and five great railroads penetrate almost every section of its immense territory. Every point accessible by water is reached by excellent steamers. Even the lakes and rivers have the best of water transportation. Finally, Maine has good roads for the automobilist. One is amazed to encounter virtual boulevards penetrating to the very heart of the great Maine wilderness and to discover that the state has over 25,000 miles of highway.

Maine has also the distinct advantage of being close to the great centers of population. Therefore it is possible for the

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inhabitants of the surrounding cities to enjoy the wonderful recreational opportunities of the Pine Tree State at a minimum of expense.

Altogether Maine is the ideal playground of the Nation. It offers every variety of entertainment, from the life and gayety of the popular watering places like Bar Harbor, Old Orchard, and Portland to the solitude and quiet of the vast forest tracts of the North. It has the inn and boarding house for the person of moderate means and it has the stylish and expensive hotel. Maine has bathing, boating, motoring, fishing, hunting, mountain climbing, golf, theatres, and similar forms of amusements, hiking, horse back riding, in fact, everything that can be desired, and it extends a cordial, whole-hearted welcome to all.

B. I. P., '25.

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## HONOR AND DISHONOR

What was there wrong about it and why should her conscience trouble her? Why today of all days, when the flush of pride mingled with shame still burned her face? For today was the day when the valedictorian of the class of Meekville High School was announced and she, Barbara Darwin had defeated Gilbert Wade by five points. Where was the feeling of exultation she had expected to feel? Why did she shrink from Gilbert's hearty hand-clasp, that bespoke the stern joy that warriors feel?

Too well, she and she only knew. If she could feel as she felt two years ago, before that horrible temptation came to her. And Gilbert Wade had been the cause of it.

Self-confident and sure, the first two years of her high school life had brought her the highest rank of her class. But at the beginning of her Junior year Gilbert had entered from a distant school and proved himself from the start to be a scholar and deep thinker. Hope like a fallen star disappeared from sight. Little by little, honors that should have been hers were conferred upon him. Teachers began to smile upon him and to praise his decided mental ability; pupils with one accord prophesied him their future valedictorian. Much as Barbara admired him both



as a boy and as a pupil, a feeling akin to hate sprang up in her heart against one who unwittingly had usurped her position in class and bids fair to snatch away her future place of honor.

But how was she to hinder him? Yes, how indeed? There was only one way. Could she take it?

At first it seemed impossible to whisper that awful word "cheat" even to herself but as each day brought new laurels for Gilbert, the word lost its repulsiveness and took a new form. "All's fair in love and war." This was not love but it certainly resembled war.

Slowly at first but nevertheless with a fixed purpose she gained upon Gilbert. No one guessed the reason. Only the tiny well bound books tucked away—oh! so carefully—in one corner of her bureau drawer could tell the story.

She had now used those books for the last time and the smouldering heap of ashes in the parlor fireplace should have carried with them all disagreeable memories of the past. The memories however, asserted themselves long after Barbara had gone to bed. They trailed off among a group of white-robed girls and dark suited boys on a large platform. It was graduation night.

One by one the class parts came and went in a rather misty fashion. At last it was her turn and she was facing the audience.

"Friends, classmates," she heard herself saying and then—merciful Heaven, what was she saying now?

"I wish to tell the people here tonight that you now see before you the worst cheat in Meekville and that you have been harboring in your midst a feminine Judas." Oh that she might stop, but no—"Benedict Arnold betrayed no greater trust than I in cheating to gain rank, for that is my sin and he deserved no greater punishment. It is late now to atone but I can at least tell that another deserves my present place. From him I expect no pity, much less do I deserve it. I only ask that I may be given some task to do that I may in a measure cancel the great wrong. I had no intention of telling this but some unseen power directed me. Gilbert, forgive me," and turning to beg forgiveness from the one most wronged, the stage seemed to give way with a crash and she awoke.



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Never before had her sin assumed such a form. Barbara had looked upon herself as the receiver of a wrong; admitting that she was now the doer of one she considered herself partly justified in her fault for an outsider had no right to take her place. During her senior year she had taken it as a matter of course and had scarcely given it a thought until—in that awful dream she acknowledged facts that she had not allowed herself to think about in her waking hours. Nevertheless she now realized them to be true. Somehow she must make good the wrong done to Gilbert.

The course of action was obvious. As there had been only one way to gain there was but one way to lose, namely to confess her wrong to Mr. Evans the principal. At first such a way seemed impossible, but as her sin weighed upon her more and more heavily she knew she must tell him all.

With faltering words and burning cheeks Barbara told her story, not daring to lift her eyes to the stern face before her. "That's all," she said at last. "What are you going to do with me?"

"That is a question which six weeks ago would have been hard to answer, had I discovered for myself what you have just told me. I admit you deserve a public punishment, but the fact that you have owned up to your faults proves you possess the "Corner Stone of Honor"—a troubled conscience. No one need ever know the story and they never will through my telling. I think the best thing is simply to announce to the school that a mistake has been made in reckoning the ranks. I shall say that the mistake was made in your favor and the valedictory belongs to Wade. How is that Miss Darwin?"

"I never can thank you," she replied in a trembling voice.

\* \* \* \* \*

The great and final class meeting of the seniors at M. H. S. is nearing an end. Barbara's eyes are wet with tears, but with tears of joy. Her heart gives an exultant leap as Gilbert faces the audience. She does not envy him now. Instead she feels a sort of pride in knowing that she was counted worthy to rival him. Everything that happened after he had finished the valedictory



dictory seemed almost a dream. Something in her life had snapped.

Mr. Evans came to where she was standing and said, "Miss Darwin, I have not yet congratulated you." Lowering his voice he added, "When you came to me with that story six weeks ago, you gained the honors of a lifetime. You have made firm the solid foundation for a noble womanhood. Guard well that foundation, Miss Darwin, and keep in mind "that an honest man is the noblest work of God."

A. E. Y., '28.

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### SUCCESS

Twenty clerks in a store; twenty hands in a printing office; twenty apprentices in a ship yard; twenty young men in a village—all want to get on in the world, all expect to find success. Perhaps one of the clerks will become a partner and make a fortune; one of the apprentices will become a master builder, one of the young villagers will get a farm and live like a patriarch but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky! there is no luck about it. In general, the young fellow who out-distances his competitors makes it his chief aim to master the details of his business; his business hours are devoted to the acquisition of practical knowledge. He wins true friends not by a showy popularity but by the sound qualities of his heart and mind. Above all the young man making his way in life remembers that a very accurate measure of one's prospects of success is one's capacity to save money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old dirty highway—but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something worth having, all travel this road.

Let us refer to the question of luck again. We hear a good deal about "good luck" and "bad luck". If a person has prospered in business he is said to have had "good luck." If he has failed he has had bad luck. Likewise good or bad health generally a matter of individual care, is often considered a question of luck. In most cases good or bad luck is a synonym for good

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or bad judgment. The prudent, industrious, cheerful man who has a broad outlook in life seldom complains of bad luck.

There is one matter that many men seem to trust to luck, and that is the all-important question of marriage. Very often a young man with his fortune still to make does not take the right attitude toward marriage. Instead of seeking one who would be a helpmate in the true sense of the term, he selects a giddy, improvident creature with nothing to recommend her but the face of a doll and a few showy accomplishments. Such a wife, he discovers though late, neither makes home happy nor helps to increase the family income. At first, thriftless, extravagant, and careless, she gradually becomes cross and reproachful. While she envies other women and reproaches her husband because he cannot afford to maintain her like them, she is really the principal cause of his ill fortune. The selection of a proper companion is one of the most important concerns of life. A suitable marriage assists, instead of retards, a man's prosperity. Select a sociable, agreeable, amiable woman, and you will have secured a prize "better than riches." If one fails to do this, he is indeed unfortunate.

The secret of one's success or failure in nearly every enterprise is usually contained in the answer to the question: How earnest is he? Success is the child of confidence and perseverance. The talent for success is simply doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. Fame never comes because it is craved. Success is not always a proper standard for judging a man's character. However it is true that success in life consists in the proper development of those faculties which God has given us, naturally it confirms us in a favorable opinion of ourselves.

Who are the successful men? In many cases they were boys who had to work hard either to help themselves or their parents. When a little older probably they were under the stern necessity of doing more than their lawful share of labor. As young men they sharpened their wits devising ways and means of making their time more available than it would be under ordinary circumstances. In reading the lines of many eminent men we find



their youth passed in self-denial. They sat up late and were early doing by daylight the work of one man, and by night that of another. Let no youth be discouraged if he has to earn his own living or even support a widowed mother, sick sister or unfortunate relative. This has been the road to eminence of many a proud name. This is the path which great artists and statesmen have often trod—thorny enough at times often so beset with obstacles as to be almost impassable. But as the result of superhuman effort and perseverance the way was cleared, sunshine came and success followed.

K. H. D., '26.

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THE SNOB

To the world Howard Martin was broke, but to himself he was as rich as ever. What if he had lost a fortune in speculation, did he not still have youth and strength? Howard Martin, a medium sized fellow of twenty-five years and only heir to the Robert Martin fortune, was not the kind to give up. Although possessed of a cowardly disposition, he was nevertheless energetic. On hearing that he had lost everything he had invested in oil stock, Martin immediately set out to look for work. As the city afforded no chance for employment, the only place to go was to the country. Taking what little money he had, Martin bought a railway ticket for Kineo, Maine. From there he went to one of the lumber camps in the northern part.

Soon he was working nine hours a day eating three square meals and sleeping when he found the time. Until this time he had always gone around with many girls, but had never cared for any of them. Martin regarded girls as just a source of amusement to spend money on. The Lindstrom lumber camp It was not to be wondered at when the boss's daughter came up was as destitute of the feminine sex as the Gobi desert of water. to the camp from the city for a visit, that shoes were polished, trousers pressed, faces shaved and the shacks cleaned up.

Margaret Lindstrom, the daughter of Kirkwood Lindstrom the boss of the Lindstrom lumber camp, was what anyone would call



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a veritable snob. Although remarkably pretty her snobbishness offset her beauty. Men to her were just mints. The first time that Martin saw Miss Lindstrom was when he was on his way to the boss's office. She was just opening the door to depart as Martin mounted the steps. Doffing his cap he greeted her in an amused tone. Ignoring him Margaret ran down the steps to her car which was parked in front of the office. Martin and Miss Lindstrom met many times in the next few days. Margaret always had the same cold stare; anyone but Martin would have eluded her. However this sort of thing pleased him and he set out to win her affection.

One bright warm morning Martin on his way to work walked into the kitchen of the Lindstrom shack. Before the stove stood Margaret wearing a white apron and holding a long handled spoon in her right hand.

"Good morning Miss Margaret. I thought probably that you would enjoy taking me down to Bear Creek this morning in your sporty roadster," Martin greeted her.

"I thank you for the opportunity Mr. Martin. I appreciate your kindness, but I do not intend to take my roadster out this morning. I am afraid you will have to walk."

"I am sorry that you are so rushed with domestic affairs Miss Lindstrom, but if I help you with the dishes, will you take me down?"

"Yes," Margaret replied, having no intention of taking Howard down to the creek, but glad to get rid of washing the dishes.

Howard set to work washing dishes and Margaret stood looking on. She rather admired his quickness but tried to conceal her thoughts. All the time watching him out of the corner of her eye, she pretended to be looking out the window toward a group of men trying to steal some cake from the cook's shack. Howard turned just in time to catch one of her sidelong glances. Walking over to her he took hold of her hand and looked at her with a serious expression.

"Margaret I love you," he pleaded.



"Do you really?" she replied smiling. "Why how perfectly thrilling."

"But this is no time for joking, Miss Lindstrom. You are the first girl I ever met that I cared anything about."

"Am I? You certainly are very interesting, Howard Martin. I am sorry to break up this splendid meeting but I make the motion that we adjourn."

Without a backward glance Howard left the kitchen and walked toward Bear Creek. When he gradually went over the hill out of sight, Margaret ran to the shack where her car was kept and backing it out rushed through the camp in sight. Stepping on the gas Margaret shot passed him leaving a trail of dust behind.

That night was pay night and also the night when drinks were passed around. After getting their week's pay the men went to a nearby town to load up on old cider soaked in raisins, beefsteak and yeast. By twelve the camp was anything but merry. Brawling drunken men prowled the grounds, cursing and fighting. It was on this particular night that the men got a little more than was good for them and the camp in general. Fighting and yelling, some made their way to the Lindstrom shack with the intention of "seein' his gal." Martin on hearing of their plans hastened to warn Lindstrom and Margaret. He had no sooner arrived at their door than the mob approached the shack. Seeing that it was too late to do anything and having a cowardly disposition, Martin climbed to the roof of the shack. On came the drunken men and running up the steps of the shack, pounded on the door. The door opened, the mob rushed in. Before long they came out dragging Margaret with them. At first Martin made up his mind to go down to help her but his coward nature held him back. At last when he saw a man half crazed with drink strike her over the head with his fist, Martin's fighting blood came to him like a surge. Jumping from the roof he plunged into the mob and fought them all like a madman. Just as soon as he knocked one man down another took his place. One time Martin thought of trying to escape but as he saw the men closing in on him he had to give it up. Taking his last ounce

## BESSE BREEZE

of strength he renewed his attack. Finally the last man lay groaning on the ground with the others. Looking around for Margaret Martin was surprised not to see her. Running into the shack he found her bending over her father who was lying unconscious on the floor. Going over to her side he put his arm on her shoulder. A tremor ran through her body. Without speaking to him she threw his arm off her shoulder and gave him a cold stare. After Martin had helped put her father on the bed in his room he left the building. Going to his shack, he threw what few belongings he had into a suitcase and departed in the direction of Bear Creek. He had not gone far before he heard footsteps behind him. Turning he saw Margaret coming toward him.

"Oh Howard dear, I love you. Please forgive me," she gasped throwing her arms about him.

And in the delight of that moment Martin forgot the stinging wounds, the smart of the blows he had received in Margaret's defence, and above all the pain caused by her coldness.

F. B. C., '27.

---

### SENIOR CLASS POEM

*(Modeled on Longfellow's Hiawatha)*

In the dear old town of Albion,  
In its celebrated high school,  
In the charge of Mr. Hodges,  
Dwells the class we call the seniors.  
Few they are perhaps in numbers,  
But in deeds they're not deficient,  
For you often hear folks telling  
Of the things they have accomplished.  
First in English, they're hard workers;  
Next they learn the facts of History.  
And they master all their subjects,  
Whether they be hard or easy.  
Many are their aspirations  
Few the seniors are in number



BESSE BREEZE

You'll soon see as o'er I name them.  
First, Raymond, our mighty chieftan,  
Only warrior in the class.  
At the end of every lesson  
Like a shiek, he seeks the maidens,  
Talks with them and blushes awful.  
Then, tall Flora, whose placid manner  
Quickly changes if a mouse  
Only throws its tiny shadow  
Within sight of her blue eyes.  
Next comes Bertha, our slow mover  
Who is always late for classes  
Wishes that they would wait for her  
Wait until she is already.  
Then Abbie, the famous lover,  
Who loves first one and then another,  
Loves them all and keeps them guessing.  
Next Sybil, the stately moving,  
With her grave and solemn mien.  
When she talks about her hero  
All the class are filled with interest,  
Just to hear his mighty deeds.  
This completes the characterization  
Of the famous senior class.  
All our books and all our virtues,  
May they use them and increase them  
As the time rolls swiftly on,  
Till they scale the height of knowledge  
Following us where we have gone.

B. I. P., '25.

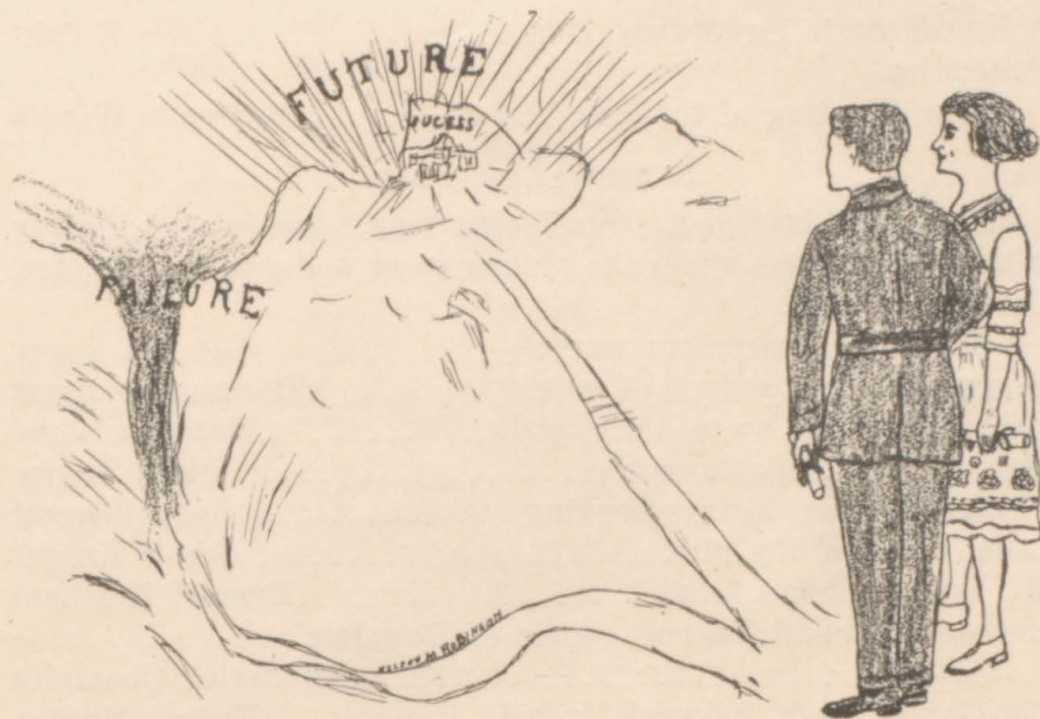
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IN SOPHOMORE ENGLISH CLASS

Miss Friel: Frederick you may read the next paragraph.

Frederick: Shall I stand up?

We would all like to know what attraction Gertrude Abbott finds in picking on fish (Fins).



SENIOR CLASS NOTES

CLASS DAY

This year we are introducing a Senior Class exercise which we hope will be continued by the classes following. The cultivation of a spirit of pride and loyalty to the school may well be started by the planting of a tree, which will serve as a lasting and living remembrance of the joys of school days. We are beginning a custom that will in time greatly add to the beauty of our campus. What is there more beautiful than velvet lawns surrounded by tall and stately oaks, elms, and maples? Each tree having for a certain class of boys and girls memories that will last forever.

This year on Friday afternoon, June 12 at two o'clock the class of 1925 will give the following Class Day Program:

Prayer

Maine's Highways .....Sybil Sennett  
Maine's Attractions .....Bertha Parkhurst  
An Ideal Maine Farm.....Flora Taylor



## BESSE BREEZE

A Sturdy State for Sturdy Men.....Abbie Knight  
Dedication

The Planting of the Tree.....Raymond Wiggin

### SENIOR CLASS PLAY

The senior class play, "No Trespassing," was played in May with much success under the management and coaching of Mrs. Cordelia Abbott.

The cast of characters were:

Peggy Palmer, not fond of work.....Bertha Parkhurst  
Barbara Palmer, an ordinary girl.....Barbara Libby  
Mrs. Palmer, Peggy's mother.....Flora Taylor  
Almeda Meader, always begging.....Sybil Sennett  
Lisle Irving, a city girl.....Abbie Knight  
Mr. Irving, Lisle's father.....Everett Ketchum  
Herbert Edmund Raynor, owner of Deepdale.....

.....Frederick Champlin  
Cleveland Lower, Raynor's friend.....Ernest Meader  
Mr. Palmer, Peggy's father.....Raymond Wiggin  
Bill Meader, a solicitor.....Daniel Spearin  
Jim Meader, Bill's son, a chip of the old block.....Paul Frye

The play was presented first at home on May 5th and was very successful. It was followed by a dance. A sum of about sixty-five dollars was cleared. At Unity, on May 8th the class made very little; but at Freedom May 15th they were welcomed by a good crowd. On May 22 they played at Branch Mills. Tozier's Orchestra furnished the music for each entertainment.

### BACCALAUREATE

The regular baccalaureate sermon will be given at the Albion Christian Church, June 14th at the same time as the regular morning service. The local pastor Rev. F. R. Champlin will deliver the sermon, and music will be furnished by some of our local talent.

### GRADUATION

The graduation of the class of 1925 will be given on June 18th, 7:30 o'clock at the I. O. O. F. Hall. After the exercises a recep-

BESSE BREEZE

tion and Senior Ball will be enjoyed. Music, McKeene's Orchestra of Belfast. Program:

Music  
Prayer  
Music  
Salutatory—Address to Undergraduates.....Flora Taylor  
Class History .....Abbie Knight  
Music  
Class Prophecy .....Bertha Parkhurst  
Class Will—Presentation of Gifts.....Sybil Sennett  
Music  
Valedictory—Class Essay .....Raymond Wiggin  
Presentation of Diplomas.  
Benediction  
Music

---

OH KATHLEEN

Kathleen we wonder,  
Does Monk know  
That you look at Piggy  
And flirt with him so.

How Piggy helps you  
To powder and paint,  
Most every afternoon.  
We hope Monk won't faint.

How you ask Piggy  
From the corner of your eye  
"Do you love Piggy?"  
And "If you don't, I'll cry."

How you wiggle around  
And say "Oh Gee  
I love you Piggy  
Now don't you love me?"





BOYS

This year has been very unsatisfactory in athletics. The school has always been well represented on the basket-ball floor but this year it was unable to show up very well on account of the ravages of scarlet fever.

We played two games, one with Unity which was easily won by Besse; the other with the strong Brooks team which we dropped by one point.

Last year Besse High had the same team that won the Sentinel League cup two years ago. They did not taste defeat in the whole season 1923-24. However the members of this team graduated last June, but Besse had a second five that could fill their places, as was shown by the only two games played.

Rowe at center appeared to have the edge on his opponents both at jumping and shooting. Russell and Meader did good work as forward, as did Knight and Skillin as guard.

Following is the score and line-up for the two games:

Won by Besse 32-34 at Albion.

BESSE H. S.	Goals	Fouls	UNITY H. S.	Goals	Fouls
Meader, L. F. . . . .	3	2	Gregoire, L. F. . . . .		2

## BESSE BREEZE

Russell, R. F. ....1	1	Fernald, R. F.....2	1
Rowe, C. ....8	5	Gregoire, C. ....3	7
Knight, L. G.....		Cates L. G. ....1	2
Skillin, R. G. ....		Palmer, R. G.....	

Won by Brooks 31-30 at Albion.

BESSE H. S.	Goals	Fouls	BROOKS H. S.	Goals	Fouls
Meader, L. F. ....4		3	Goddard R. F. ...6		
Russell, R. F. ....2		1	Bowen, L. F.....6		1
Rowe, C. ....4		4	Bradford, C. ....2		
Knight, L. G.....			Deering, R. G. ....		
Skillin, R. G. ....1			Goodwin, L. G. ..1		

## GIRLS

Our Girls' team was not very successful this year. They played only two games, one with Unity and one with Brooks losing both games. The Besse girls are rather small and mostly sophomores and juniors so give them time and see what they will do. We hope that next year without the inconvenience of sickness we can put out a team that will measure up to any of its size. Following is the line-up and score of the two games played.

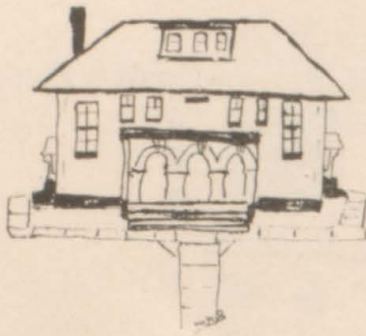
Won by Unity 64-11 at Albion.

BESSE H. S.	Goals	Fouls	UNITY H. S.	Goals	Fouls
Libby, L. F. ....		3	Walton, L. F. ...18		2
Knight, R. F. ....2		2	Jones, R. F. ....10		2
Bradstreet, C. ....			Rowe, C.....		
Drake, L. G.....			Farwell, L. G. ...		
Sanborn, R. G. ...			Moulton, R. G. ...		
Harding, R. F. ...		2	Leadbetter, R. F.. 3		

Won by Brooks 31-13 at Albion.

BESSE H. S.	Goals	Fouls	BROOKS H. S.	Goals	Fouls
Knight, R. F. .... 2			A. Patterson, R.F. 2		1
Libby, L. F. .... 1		1	M. Patterson, L.F. 6		
Bradstreet, C. ... 3			Austin, C. .... 7		
Drake, L. G. ....			Grant, L. G.....		
Sanborn, R. G. ..			Bowen, R. G. ...		





LISTENING IN

---

#### WE WONDER WHY

“Barb” Libby is so fond of “Toads”  
“Kath” Drake admires a “Monk”-ey  
“Ruby” Bickmore looks anxiously for the Hebron mail.  
“Eben” Ketchum goes to Oak Grove occasionally.  
Annie Harding is fond of “Harriman’s jewelry  
Lura Gilley is always “Bob”-ing around.  
“Clo” Bradstreet has a “Will” of her own  
Irma Parkhurst doesn’t “Ketchum”

I love pumpkin  
I love squash  
I love Frederick.  
I do, by gosh!

#### SENIOR SALE

For Sale,—Anything for a “Bill.” Call 7-11. Flora Taylor.  
For Sale,—The art, “How to capture Men.” Call 12-27. Sybil Sennett.  
For Sale,—A Car, carries *only four*. Call 16-13. Raymond Wiggin.  
For Sale,—All my old beaus. Call 16-28. Abbie Knight.  
To Let.—Eight of my fellow correspondents, thus giving more time for other duties. Call 16-19. Bertha Parkhurst.

BESSE BREEZE

ALL STUCK-UP AND HUNGRY

Teacher: "Give an example of an absent-minded man."

Pupil: "The fellow who poured molasses down his back and scratched his pancakes."

We are wondering why Kath D. and Barbara L. don't join hands and run a circus. They already have the "Monkey" and a rare specimen called "Toad."

"Give back the heart I gave you,"

Ab to Meader cried.

But Ernest told her he'd be true

And Ab was satisfied.

WHAT SOME INITIALS MEAN

A. E. Young—"Always exclaiming "Yells."

F. M. Jones—"Finds Maurice Jolly."

G. E. Drake—"Get Everson Dickey."

M. Skillin—"Most Sincere."

M. Young—"Mischievous Youth."

E. Gerald—"Extra Good."

R. E. Whitaker—"Remains eagerly watching."

P. W. Frye—"Plans with Faye."

W. Larrabee—"Will Laugh."

H. M. Dyer—"Happy my Dear."

I. E. Thompson—"Impudent 'et' True."

H. C. Fuller—"Her Conscience Fails."

WE CAN'T IMAGINE

The Sophomores getting geometry.

Everson Dickey sitting still.

Frederick Champlin not talking.

Helen Dyer dancing.

Avis Cain flirting.

"Kath." D. without "Monk."

Marion B. not trying to catch a beau.

Gertrude A. without a fellow.

Dora B. not studying.

Inez T. singing.



HEARD IN JUNIOR CIVICS

There is a department which provides for irritating (irrigating) lands.

JUNIORS

They call the seniors noble,  
And all the freshmen green.  
But of us poor juniors  
Hardly a word is seen.

So just to let you know  
That we're still on the map,  
Our own horn we're going to blow  
And pat ourselves on the back.

We're smart, we're good, we're lively,  
We're full of pep and fun  
And next year when we're seniors  
We'll put the others on the bum.

I guess they'll feel bad and miss us,  
When graduation comes,  
And they'll wished that they had praised us  
Instead of only making fun.

IN SOPHOMORE FRENCH

Miss Bragg (Reading): "Nous voyons plus de chevres que chez nous."

(Translating): "We see more goats than you."

Correct translation: We see more goats than at home.

HEARD IN GEOMETRY CLASS

Dickey: "Draw the radio." What were you doing last night?

IN JUNIOR ENGLISH CLASS

Miss Friel: "What became of Guinevere?"

Miss Ketchum: "She became a knight." (Meaning a nun).

Miss Friel: (to class in English having difficulty with metaphors) "There flutters up a happy thought self-balanced on a joyous wing." Well, what would you think of us having wings?"

Miss Young: "Angels."

BESSE BREEZE

My dear doctor:

My heart has bothered me for the past year. Please give me your only remedy.—Ernest M.

Inquisitive Donny: "Daddy what do you do all day long at the school house?"

Father (busy reading) "Oh, nothing."

Donny (not easily discouraged): "Well how do you know when you are through?"

Miss Friel (collecting papers): "All in?"

Kath Drake: "Yes, I am."

Sweet are the lilies that bloom in the water.

But sweeter for me (Frederick) is "Bill" Sennett's daughter.

Is Alberta, Young?

Is Kathleen, a drake?

Is Dora, a baker?

Does Paul, frye?

Is Avis, a cane?

Will Everett, ketch 'em?

Is Abby, night or day?

Is Annie, hardening?

Is Flora, a tailor?

Is Sybil, in the senate?

Is Helen, a lyer?

Does Marion brag?

I should think that Kath D. would do some monkey shiaes. She's got a monkey.

I should think Ernest would get tired, he is out nights (Knight) so much.

I. M. Hodges: "Bertha, why are you always late for school?"

Bertha: "On my way I have to pass a sign, 'School ahead: Go slow!'"

Miss Friel: Wake up, Mr. Larrabee and answer my question.

Mr. Larrabee: You might as well ask some one else I am asleep.



BESSE BREEZE

A is for Abbott; it's Gertrude you know.  
She's sometimes quite fast and never real slow.

B is for Bragg. Marion. Yes Sir!  
She lets no one get ahead of her.

C is for Champlin, the girls' man quite fine.  
At the piano you'll find him most any time.

D is for Dora, a sophy, quite right!  
To keep up with her needs some one quite bright.

E is for Everett; I think it quite mean  
To say that with Irma he seldom is seen.

F is for Flora a senior sincere.  
She'd be all set if Billie were here.

G is for Gertrude a freshy worth mention.  
No one has yet paid her much attention.

H is for Harding, Annie I say.  
She always is still and not in the way.

I is for Irma a junior quite slow  
What makes her ketch 'em no one can know.

J is for Jones—her name is Fay.  
She's making a hit with new ones each day.

K is for Kath who makes us all laugh  
She powders and paints and that isn't quite half.

L is for Lawrence, I mean Lawrence Ruth.  
He's very ladylike and that is the truth.

M is for Mildred, a sweety quite keen  
Who so often with Dan Spearrin is seen.

N is for Norene, she's a sophomore too.  
We wonder why sometimes she's looking so blue.

O is for Old Besse so staunch and so grand.  
Let's all give her a good strong helping hand.

P is for Paul our Freshman dandy.  
He always is here and sure is handy.

Q is for quality. We have it here  
Come give us a try at Besse old dear.

R is for Raymond the lone senior boy.  
He's made our hearts jump out with joy.

S is for Sennett, always wanting a beau.

BESSE BREEZE

Let's introduce her to Rastus or Bill Rowe.  
T is for Taylor our senior fine.  
Supplies plenty of heat and sweeps clean all the time.  
U is for Us, The Besse High crowd.  
Give us one rousing cheer, long and loud.  
V is for vacation, the joy and the fun  
We wonder sometimes, will it ever come?  
W is for Whitaker, Ruth is the girl.  
She is so quiet it makes your head whirl.  
X, Y and Z the troublesome things  
I've left them out; they've taken wings.

A sweet little girlie named Drake  
Knew a guy she thought took the cake  
When he went to school  
According to rule  
She sure thought her heart it would break.  
But now she's quite happy they say  
And has been ever since the day  
That her Monkie came back  
Hanging on to his back  
Saying he was too sick to stay.

I should like to see:

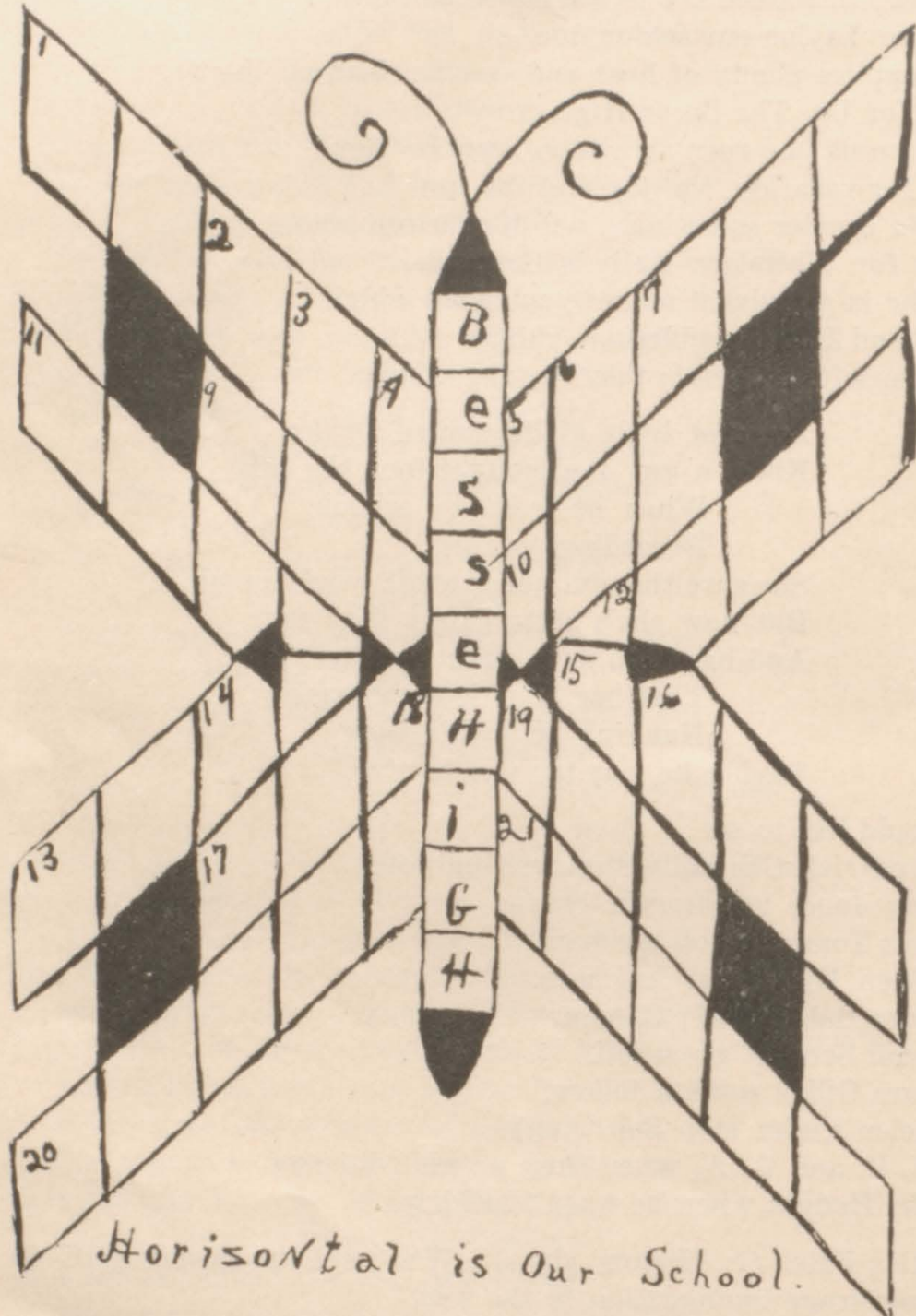
Frederick Champlin stop writing notes.  
Fay Jones use freckle cream.  
Inez Tompson bob her hair.  
Helen Dyer wear knickers.  
Dora Baker read "Caesar."  
Sybil Sennett grow tall.  
Lura Gilley catch a fellow.  
Helen Fuller stop Bob (bing).  
M. B. and G. A. when they weren't dancing.  
Mr. Hodges when he wasn't looking.

Miss Friel (in History class): What did the government do  
to encourage immigration in the west?

Miss Knight: They *sold free* land to the settlers.



BESSE BREEZE



## BESSE BREEZE

### HORIZONTAL

1. Set forth explicitly
5. Our State
9. A seed-vessel
10. Even. Poetic expression
11. Opposite from shallow
12. Garden implement
13. To cover
15. Assert; declare
17. The lettering on a stop-light
19. Part of eat
20. A small candle
21. Topics; themes

### VERTICLE

2. A man like monkey
3. Totter and fall
4. Abbreviation for Editor
5. Pron. 1st per. sing. objective case of I.
6. Change with air or gas
7. A girl's name
14. A venomous serpent
16. Provoke; agitate
18. Either
19. Denoting closeness or nearness

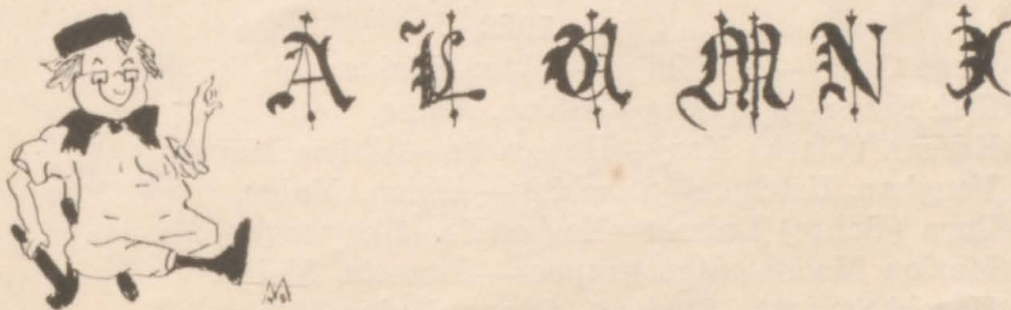
The great Thurston was producing eggs from a hat. With his characteristic humor he addressed a boy in the front row:

"Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"

"Oh, yes," quickly replied the boy.

"How's that?" nervously asked the magician.

"She keeps ducks," chuckled the youngster.



The Alumni Association of Albion and Besse High School combined, is an organization still in its infancy. It was organized in the year 1921, and has an enrollment of ninety-two members. The annual banquet will be held some time in June at the I. O. O. F. Hall.

The officers are: President, Vivian Joy, '17; First Vice-President, Louise Stratton, '18; Second Vice-President, Floyd Abbott, '21; Secretary and Treasurer, Arline Besse, '21.



BESSE BREEZE

1920

Gladys Allen—Housework—Waterville, Maine.  
Therese (Hall) Carroll—Housewife—Bridgewater, Mass.  
Lindsay Chalmers—Student—Orono, Maine.  
James Chalmers—Chemist—Chicago, Illinois.  
Rebecca (Germon) Lovejoy—Housewife—Benton, Maine.  
Hazel (Baker) Mace—Housewife—Oakland, Maine.  
Susie (Hussey) Rideout—Housewife—Albion, Maine.  
Evelyn (Sennett) Wolcott—Housewife—Albion, Maine.

1921

Floyd Abbott—Student—Orono, Maine.  
Arline Besse—Student—Orono, Maine.  
Dorothy (Frye) Jones—Housewife—Unity, Maine.  
Albert Knight—Garage—Albion, Maine.  
Edna (Barnes) Lenfest—Housewife—Woburn, Mass.  
Harold Meader—Hollingsworth & Whitney—Waterville, Me.  
Lincoln Sennett—Student—Orono, Maine.  
Claude Tozier—Student—Orono, Maine.  
Wilbert Wentworth—Student—Orono, Maine.  
Roy Wolcott—Farming—Albion, Maine.

1922

Irene Coffin—Post Office—Albion, Maine.  
Seth Fuller—Farming—Albion, Maine.  
Ervena (Clark) Keay—Housewife—Albion, Maine.  
Vaughan Ketchum—Teaching—Albion, Maine.  
Lura (Baker) Loomis—Housewife—Skowhegan, Maine.  
Marion Moore—Stenographer—Augusta, Maine.  
Harold Sennett—Student—Orono, Maine.  
Gayland Turner—Hollingsworth & Whitney, Waterville, Me.  
Dorothea Waldron—Teaching—Troy, Maine.

1923

Katherine Abbott—Teaching—Albion, Maine.  
Edwin Bagley—Teaching—Vienna, Maine.  
Erdine Besse—Student—Orono, Maine.  
Gladys (Glidden) Fuller—Housewife—Albion, Maine.  
Florence Taylor—Teaching—Albion, Maine.

BESSE BREEZE

1924

Harland Besse—At Home—Albion, Maine.  
Evelyn Chalmers—Tozier's Orchestra—Albion, Maine.  
Lena (Crosby) Keay—At Home—Albion, Maine.  
Albert Denaco—Libby Bros.—Albion, Maine.  
Forrest Meader—Student—Orono, Maine.  
Kenneth Newingham—Farming—China, Maine.  
Lucy (Glidden) Quimby—Housewife—Albion, Maine.  
Ernest Rood—At Home—Benton, Maine.  
Charles Ross—Student—Waterville, Maine.  
Daniel Spearrin—Farming—Albion, Maine.  
William Spearrin—Farming—Albion, Maine.

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BESSE BREEZE, the second school paper of Besse High, acknowledges the following exchanges and would welcome any criticisms or suggestions:

*The Oak Leaves*, Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Maine.

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

*The Aquilo*, Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Maine.

*The Messalonskee Ripple*, Oakland High School, Oakland, Maine.

*The Gatherer*, McKinley High School, Deer Isle, Maine.



BESSE BREEZE

*The Northern Lights*, Millinocket High School, Millinocket, Maine.

*The Waukomis*, Stockton Springs High School, Stockton Springs, Maine.

*The Academy Echo*, Freedom Academy, Freedom, Maine.

*The Nautilus*, Waterville High School, Waterville, Maine.

*The Comet*, Brooks High School, Brooks, Maine.

WHAT WE THINK OF OTHERS

*Oak Leaves*, Oak Grove Seminary, is a splendid paper, of great interest in all its departments.

*Monitor*, Unity High School. We consider your paper fine for its size. Call often.

*The Aquilo*, Ricker Classical Institute, is an excellent paper, one to be proud of. Your Literary Department is exceptionally good.

*Messalonskee Ripple*, Oakland High, is a very interesting paper.

*The Gatherer*, McKinley High School, is a very interesting paper. Your photos make your paper very attractive. Call often.

*Northern Lights*, Millinocket High School. Your editorials are fine. We like your style. You are always welcome.

*The Waukomis*, Stockton Springs High School. A fine graduating number. Call again.

*The Academy Echo*, Freedom Academy. We like to hear from our neighbors. Call again this summer.

*The Nautilus*, Waterville High. Your personals and editorials are excellent.

---

Bright Freshman: "My Grandfather built the Rock Mountains."

A brighter Soph: "That's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea? Well my Grandfather killed it."

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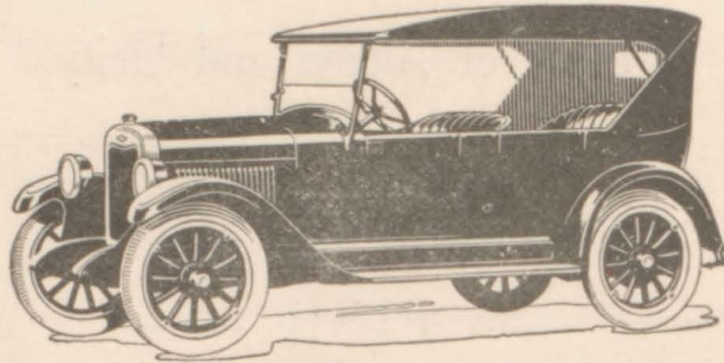
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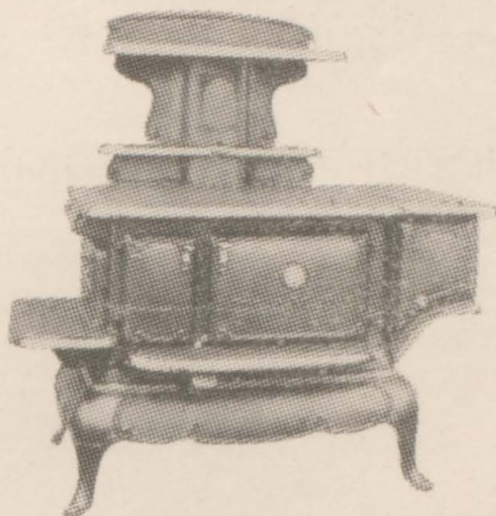
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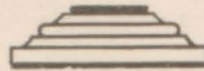
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175 Main Street



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Loans on Real Estate .....	1,320,299.50
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