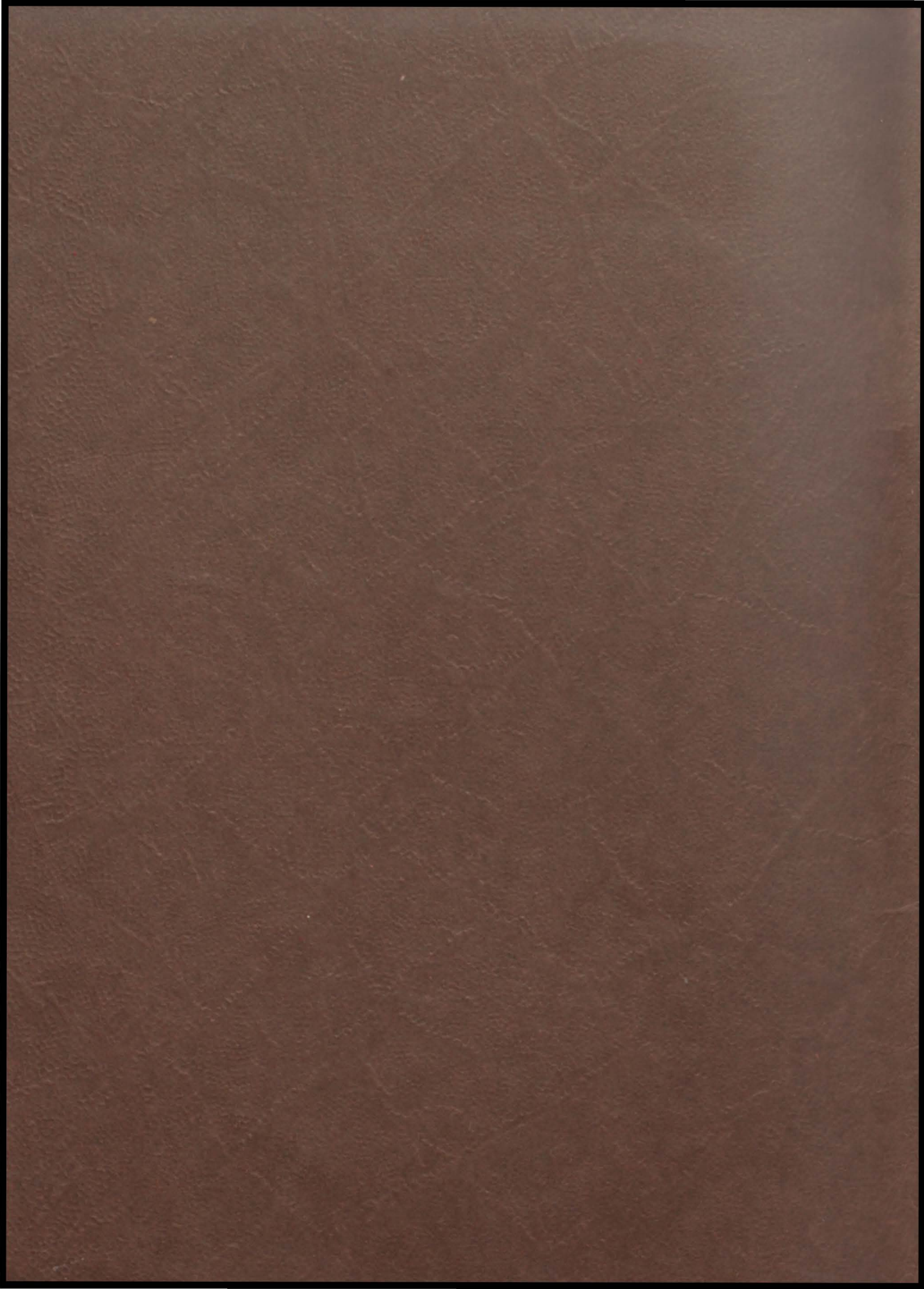


**BESSE  
BREEZE**

**JUNE, 1926**



Besse Breeze

DEDICATION

TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION OF ONE WHOSE  
SERVICES, FRIENDSHIP AND MEANS HAVE BEEN SO  
GENEROUSLY RENDERED

WE, THE STAFF

OF

BESSE HIGH SCHOOL

DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF "THE BESSE BREEZE"

TO THE MEMORY OF

OUR BENEFACTOR AND FRIEND

FRANK L. BESSE



HON. FRANK L. BESSE



## Our Faculty

Samuel J. McLaughlin, A.M.  
PRINCIPAL

*History, Social Science, Latin*

"The keen spirit  
Seizes the prompt occasion—makes the  
thought  
Start into instant action, and at once  
Plans and performs, resolves and ex-  
ecutes."

Mrs. S. J. McLaughlin

*English and French*

"I count life just a stuff  
To try the soul's strength on."

Norman E. Knowlton

*Mathematics and Science*

"His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that nature might stand  
up,  
And say to all the world; this was a man!"

# BESSE BREEZE

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

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Vol. III

JUNE, 1926

No. 1

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PROGRAM

*Of Annual Commencement*

BESSE HIGH SCHOOL

June 10, 1926

2.00 P. M.

March ..... Orchestra  
Invocation ..... Mr. Champlin  
Overture ..... Orchestra  
Salutatory—Essay—Conservation ..... Evelyn Ketchum  
Mileage Madness ..... Irma Parkhurst  
Valedictory—Essay—Democracy ..... Barbara Libby

Orchestra

Crime Prevention ..... Lura Gilley  
Last Will—Senior Class of 1926 ..... Annie Harding  
The Farmer's Turn ..... Clora Bradstreet

Orchestra

Class Prophecy ..... Kathleen Drake  
Valedictory—Taking Stock of the Schools ..... Ruby Bickmore

Presentation of Diplomas

Benediction ..... Rev. F. R. Champlin

4.00 P. M.—Baseball Game—Unity vs. Besse.

7.30 P. M.—Commencement Address—Henry E. Dunnack,  
State Librarian.

Following Address—Senior Ball and Reception.





### THE NEED OF A GYMNASIUM

Besse High School stands in great need of a gymnasium. Under present conditions we have not any place for the exercises that build up our bodies, when the weather is not such that we can have them out-of-doors. This is especially hard for us during the winter months and through the basketball season.

During this season we have no place of our own to practice in and although we have the use of the Odd Fellows Hall, this is a great expense to us. We pay on the average \$11.00 per week for practices and games and even then we do not get the practice needed, as our teams show. The amount expended each year would in time pay quite a sum toward a gymnasium and with a little help from the townspeople would work wonders.

We probably all know the need of athletics in a school, but for the benefit of those who do not I will give a brief explanation.

Sports are not alone for the benefit of each individual; they help the school. When we play a game away from home and take with us not only good minds but also good, sturdy bodies, we are making a good advertisement for our school. When people see a nice bunch of players come from our school they will say to themselves, "I think I will send my children to Besse next year. Those fellows appear like nice fellows. They must have a good school at Besse."

Then, too, it helps us a great deal; when we go to other schools and are received and welcomed there it gives us a sense of pride. We learn what they are doing in other schools and in that way it inspires us to bring some of those good ideas back

home. There are many other things also that show that good, honest, winning teams are the best advertisement for a school.

What will Besse High be in ten years from now if this is not given sufficient attention? Are you willing to let it remain just as it is today or will you give your earnest support to make it flourish and become a large, popular school that everyone from the surrounding towns will want to attend?

---

### SAFETY FIRST

Must such a fire happen at Besse High School before adequate fire equipment shall be provided?

A year ago last December, in a small town of Oklahoma, two hundred persons were killed and many injured in a fire that started from a Christmas candle. When the fire broke out, everyone started toward the door to escape. The doors were of the type that opened inward and the pressure of so many people trying to get out made the opening of the door impossible. No fire escapes were on the building and not a fire extinguisher within it. The result was the loss of two hundred lives and the fatal injury of many more.

It also had another result: In building the next schoolhouse they took the proper fire precautions; fire escapes were erected on the building and doors that opened outward, also in every room and in all halls fire extinguishers were placed and the students were taught how to use them.

In our school there is not a fire extinguisher nor any other means of stopping a fire. If a fire should break out in the boiler room of the basement, it would trap those persons upstairs with no means of escape, for no fire escapes are on our building. There is no fire gong or electric bell to be sounded in case of a fire. No fire drill can properly be given without the use of a fire gong, and pupils cannot be taught self-restraint in time of peril without a drill at least once a week.

Our own Besse building, in order to be a safe place for the boys and girls of Albion, should be equipped At Once with a fire

## BESSE BREEZE

extinguisher in each room and hallway, at least three real fire escapes and an electric bell that may be sounded from any room, from basement to garret.

Any building, however beautiful and well-equipped, without adequate fire apparatus and means of fire prevention, shows a lack of thoughtfulness on the part of a town for its children.

---

## THE IDEALS OF A GOOD CITIZEN

The ideals of a good citizen should be such that the country is better for his having lived in it. He should educate himself in the affairs of the Government, so that when election day comes he will not be ignorant of whom and of what he is voting and vote the way his father did before him, but should act intelligently. He should never stay home on voting day, for it is each little vote that goes to make up the whole number of votes cast. If he has any fault to find with the laws he should offer good suggestions for their improvement and should never refuse to obey a law just because he does not like it. The laws are made for the good of the people and each must sacrifice a little for the benefit of the other fellow. He should not only be loyal and patriotic in times of war, but in times of peace as well. He should have respect for all public officers, regardless of his personal dislike, and he should keep his buildings clean and neat around him, thus adding to the appearance of the whole community in which he lives.

BESSE BREEZE

# SENIOR NOTES



EVELYN KETCHUM ..... *President*  
ANNIE HARDING ..... *Vice-President*  
RUBY BICKMORE ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

## CLASS MOTTO

*Life is what we make it*

## CLASS COLORS

*Green and Gold*

## CLASS FLOWER

*Yellow Rose*

## CLASS ROLL

Evelyn Louise Ketchum  
Barbara Crosby Libby  
Annie Louise Harding  
Ruby Crosby Bickmore  
Irma Marguerite Parkhurst  
Clora Mildred Bradstreet  
Lura Eva Gilley  
Kathleen Hayhurst Drake

BESSE BREEZE

## SENIOR STATISTICS

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BARBARA LIBBY

"BARB"

Busy: Studying the idiosyncrasies of toads.

Always: Ready for anything.

Takes delight: In Chemistry exams.

Hopes to be: Mrs. Toad.

"Barb," capable and willing,  
A true sport through and through,  
In everything you attempt to do,  
We're wishing well for you.

KATHLEEN DRAKE

"KATH"

Busy: Writing letters.

Always: Powdering and grumbling.

Takes delight: In reading letters.

Hopes to be: A member of the Besse family.

"Kath," a vivacious, active lass,  
A course in "painting" she sure could pass,  
She's neat and pleasing to the eye,  
Do you wonder why the birds and "Monkies" sigh?

EVELYN KETCHUM

"EBEN"

Busy: Studying.

Always: Trying to excel.

Takes delight: In doing geometry problems.

Hopes to be: A schoolmarm.

"Eben," we call her, we think she's fine.  
She's our class president, busy all the time;  
In studies she sure does some work,  
The whole of our class says she never has shirked.

LURA GILLEY

"LURA"

Busy: Dreaming.  
Always: Yawning.  
Takes delight: In dancing.  
Hopes to be: Married.

A carefree miss is she,  
Whose likes are not for books,  
But bright and happy looks,  
She's as busy as a bee.

CLORA BRADSTREET

"CLO"

Busy: Teasing Gwen.  
Always: Laughing.  
Takes delight: In calisthenics.  
Hopes to be: Thinner.

"I like fun and I like jokes  
'Bout as well as most o' folks."

IRMA PARKHURST

"IRMA"

Busy: Glancing Dickeywards.  
Always: Chewing gum.  
Takes delight: Passing away the time.  
Hopes to be: A lady of leisure.

"Stand for the right,  
Though you stand alone;"  
And she comes to socials,  
Though she comes alone.

BESSE BREEZE

RUBY BICKMORE

"RUBE"

Busy: Arguing.

Always: Says "What about Russ?"

Takes delight: In going to Grange.

Hopes to be: A spinster.

As day by day, and year by year,  
The time fleets quickly by,  
Builds up herself to do her best,  
Her goal is but the sky.

ANNIE HARDING

"ANNIE"

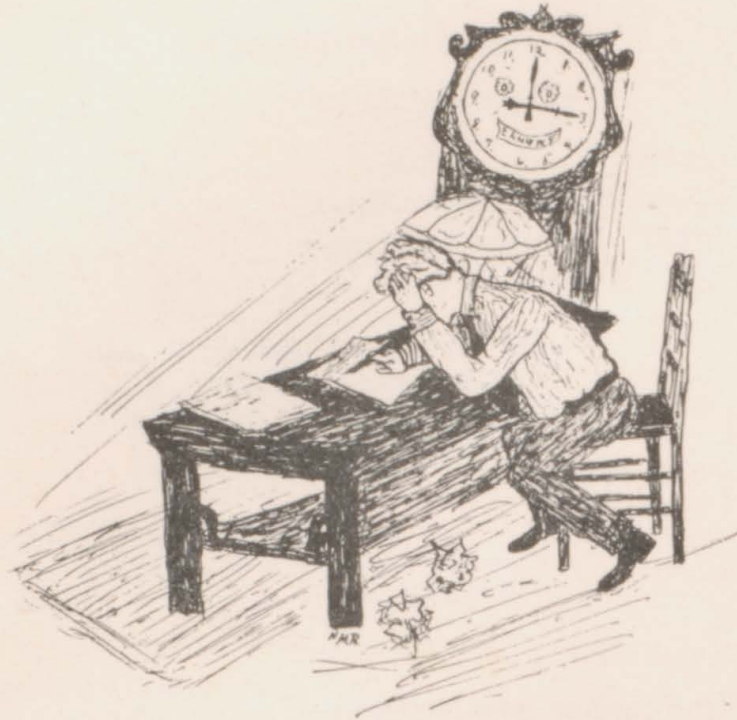
Busy: Minding her own business.

Always: Bashful.

Takes delight: In giving oral compositions.

Hopes to be: A public speaker.

Bobbed-haired "Annie" with her jaunty head,  
Ann, we often hear it said,  
You don't care for any boy,  
For basketball is your sole joy.



## LITERARY

### LETTING PUSSY OUT

When I got into bed after reading "Twenty True Ghost Stories," my feet were very cold, and my head was correspondingly hot, and sparks flashed before my eyes with nervousness. I turned and tossed and could not sleep. The clock struck twelve when I heard the cat in the hall below, mewing to get out-of-doors.

I ought not to have been any more afraid of ghosts out of bed than in, yet I did feel averse to going down the dark stairway into the dark hall to let Maria out.

I think I said some very unpleasant things to her. Had I been less annoyed with her, probably I should have remembered before allowing the inner door to slam behind me that I had no pockets in my night-shirt, and consequently no latch-key.



## BESSE BREEZE

As I opened the street door, the hall door banged to, and there I was—shut out.

Shut out! in my night shirt, with not even slippers on my feet, right on a principal street in a city and no one in the house to let me in. I thought of the back door, but how was I to get around there? My house was with but one rear entrance through a high gate at the very end of the short street.

At the moment I resolved to open the door quick footsteps came along the pavement. They stopped in front of my house. Goodness; was the man coming in? Then a voice said:

“Poor pussy! poor kitty! Does her want to get into de porch?”

The meddler pushed open the door and let her in, then went off down the steps.

Perhaps Maria felt guilty and desirous to apologize to me. At any rate, she purred loudly and rubbed herself against my legs, and got tangled between my feet, and threw me headlong down the steps to the sidewalk.

Just then I heard a policeman whistle, but I did not wait for him to come along. I started running.

I found the gate locked. Maria easily scratched her way to the top of the seven-foot gate. In following her I soon had splinters in my feet, and elsewhere. I got over the fence nearest my house, and into another yard just as somebody's alarm clock whirred so loudly that I thought it was a burglar alarm. From a narrow pulpit I fell upon an ash barrel, and off that across a ladder and a wash tub. The next fence was a low one, and I cleared it at a bound. But unfortunately I landed on a dog that I knew very well. Although I was his neighbor, he seemed to have forgotten our acquaintance. I shall ever remember the consequences, which are not healed over yet. I got over the next fence with some loss of the length in the hinder part of my night-gown. At last I got into my own back yard.

I knew this was my own back door because I scraped the remaining skin off my right ankle on my own coal scuttle, which I had been mending that afternoon. I then sat down to think. The stone step was cool, so it seemed best to think standing. I

tried to force the door open, but it would not yield. Maria jumped up to the side window. As I looked at her, I noticed that there was a hole in the glass. Happy thought! I pulled out more pieces, got my arm in, and unlocked my own back door.

Thankfully I went upstairs, careless of ghosts, and washed and got into bed. Maria went with me and said nothing more about going out.

When I told my wife about it, she said, "But, Ezra, why didn't you break a side light in the front door, and unlock the hall door from the inside?"

That is the question. "Why didn't I?"

G. A., '27.

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#### MARDI GRAS

"At last!" I breathed ecstatically as, standing on the observation platform, a curve in the track gave us a panoramic view of the "City of Dreams."

"Wonderful," burst from a fellow passenger, who was more interested in the scenic possibilities than I.

"Dreams fulfilled," another murmured, and thus from each Pilgrim on that car we heard some favorable comment or half-expressed exclamation of pleasant surprise and wonder. Each had had his dream picture, somewhat obscure, perhaps, but nevertheless possessing for him his ideal of what the perfect city held for him. And there wasn't one in that group of Maine citizens, were he a practical business man or idealist, who was disappointed at what he saw.

I belonged neither to the practical business class nor idealistic, but was, perhaps, a half way measure combining professionalism with idealism, the technical with the visionary. These attributes are needed in the commercial advertising business, on which account I happened to be journeying with the Maine party on its pilgrimage through the South. Surely, the entire trip had thus far exceeded our fondest expectations and dreams. The cordial welcomes, the variety of entertainment, the novelty of new and strange surroundings, combined with the meeting of so

## BESSE BREEZE

many sympathetic people, friendly to Maine and her mission, could not help but make us feel the success of our trip. Much as I realized what a bond this was to become between Maine and her sister southern states, and appreciated the whole-hearted effort and enthusiasm of each member, there was a lurking suspicion in my mind that some of us younger members, with the characteristic spirit of youth, were looking forward to the big event of our stay in New Orleans—the Mardi Gras.

Therefore, it is little to be wondered at, that as soon as the formal greetings were over and we were stationed in our several hotels, that this younger group soon was seen upon the quaint old Spanish balconies, gazing upon the colorful scene below. The old Castilian market place, gay enough in its customary routine of busy shoppers and suave merchants and pedlars, was hung now with the gayest of banners, pennants and flags, portraying with all certainty the nature and scene of the carnival. Looking upon the gorgeous display of old world life and action, entirely from above, was not our plan and as soon as the parade, which opened the event as formally as such an event would allow, had passed below us, we immediately dressed in costumes that we had spent much time upon back home when making our first preparations for the journey, and joined the merry-makers.

I had taken for my masque the costume of a senorita, which seemed to be very popular among the others also, and truly, the flowing garments of such a costume added the finishing touch of remote Spain to the festival. I shall not attempt to describe the other costumes, either those worn by the men or women, because the attempt would be disastrous to the effect. But imagine the gayest display of color and quaintness with the Spanish background in the rear, that seems at all imaginable, and then twice double that, not forgetting the irrepressible youth, merriment and light-heartedness of the thing, and you will have a clear idea of what an event it was.

Our party tried at first to keep together, but it was impossible. Each saw some particular attraction which he wished to follow, or, being claimed by an unknown escort, was led on to the scenes of greatest amusement. I found myself much at-

tracted to the lithe young prince who had appeared at my side soon after I had broken from my companions, and together we sallied forth for adventure. There was street dancing to the accompaniment of mandolins, played by wandering musicians; picturesque water sports beyond the park where the canal was gay with gondolas; way shops, with their intrinsic curios to view; Spanish tea-rooms, in which to refresh ourselves, and last of all, the Mardi Gras ball.

This proved a fitting climax to the event and surely was most largely attended of all. The thrill that I left on entering the enormous ballroom still lingers with me and will for years to come. The brilliant lights, shaded by hanging festoons of gay colors, the masqued figures overhanging the balconies and stair railings and the music, such as I had never heard before, makes a picture which has been indelibly impressed upon me. The showers of confetti and throwing of serpentines added to the charm and gaiety, and the continual winding and unwinding in these whirls sent the throngs into gales of laughter and amusement. This lasted until well into the morning, even after the unmasking, which completed the whole affair. And I tell this with absolute sincerity, not expecting you to feel the thrill I felt when we unmasked. My partner and I had scarcely exchanged a dozen sentences while we had been together, and neither possessed the least idea as to whom the other was. What would you have felt if you had been in my place and found yourself looking into the eyes of the—Governor of Maine?

E. L. K., '26.

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MY IDEAL MAN

My ideal man doesn't have to be rich. Money doesn't make a man. I expect him to work and save his money. I do not mean by that he has to be stingy. I want him to be generous and kind-hearted. He does not have to be handsome. Looks are deceiving. He keeps his hair combed, shoes polished, and clothes brushed. I expect him to mind his own business and not talk about his neighbor. I want him to be honest and not lie.

My ideal man does not have to be president of the United States, nor a second George Washington or some great general. If he does not get more than a dollar and a half a day, I will be satisfied, if he gets it honestly. He must be brave, and face what comes. He does not smoke, swear, chew tobacco, nor drink.

R. J., '29.

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### THE CHURCH

The Church deals primarily with individual character through its direction of human relationship to God. Both directly and indirectly the Christian Church has from the first exercised a great educative influence on society, inspired man to heroism in great causes, and dictated his ethical ideas.

Man is incurably religious. We find individuals, of course, in whose lives religion seems to play no part, but we never find such people making up a whole group. Religion is man's idea of his relation to a Power or Being higher than himself. It differs therefore with morality, which is dealing with our fellowmen, and with our compliance with the accepted standard of right and wrong. Religion stimulates morality, but it is more than morality.

The religion of primitive people was chiefly of superstition and fear. Some believed that by tearing their flesh or by holding an arm in one position until it became useless would please the higher powers. But these ideas no longer appeal to us. Love and faith have entered religion. We look upon God as a father, not simply a cruel Supreme Power.

Many will say that the prime duty of churches should be to teach or spread religious doctrine, to try to explain God and His ways to those who do not understand them, and to develop the right attitude toward Him. Many a church has at times seemed to make this the sole object of its religious teaching. We all expect churches to teach the principles of ethics and morality, and to instill in the minds of their followers a desire for the right. Not only this, but the churches also should find deep inspiration in the social motive. They seek to help both individuals and

committees. They teach the square deal and plain honesty in business, politics, and daily life. They strive to care for the sick and unfortunate, to make living happy here as well as hereafter, to give men enlightenment as well as utter the command for obedience. In short, they not only teach "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God," but also, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Whatsoever ye would that men do unto ye, do ye even so to them. The True Church is where one hand meets another helpfully.

What are the influences that the modern Church has on the community? The influences of the religious services of the Church in making good citizens is immeasurable. Most of us, some one has said, are like clocks; we need to be wound up occasionally to keep true to our good intentions. Busy at play, school or work, day after day and week after week all through the year, our desire to help others frequently becomes dull and feeble. At such times the Church renews and strengthens our ideals; like an elevator it raises us to higher levels. More systematically, more perseveringly and effectively than any other institution, it emphasizes the higher, nobler, purer things in life. Its inspiration to right living is probably its greatest contribution to the community.

What would the world be like without the Church? Chaos would reign in all parts of the civilized world. Your business wrecked. Your property would be worthless. Your home would vanish. Your family would be unsafe. Whatever progress we have today, we owe to the Church. Religion rules mankind. It is the backbone of our laws; it is the corner-stone of our faith in one another. It is the plain duty of every citizen to support the Church. The Church wants you, not just your money, but your presence at Church services. Prove yourself a good citizen by going regularly to some Church.

A. L. H., '26.

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#### A POOR COMPANION

"Come here, Maud. What in the world do you think I am keeping you around here for; just to eat me out of house and

## BESSE BREEZE

home? When I first saw you down by the hitching post in front of the dance hall of Mike's, I sure thought you would be a singer for a companion. So I just hustled right around and found out where you made your headquarters.

"I found it was down to the Williams' you were staying; so I hurried up a bargain for you. You were the most likely looking of any of your set I had seen since Mary died three years ago. Well, I made a bargain with Ike right off. He was all excitement when he found you were wanted. Seems he was going to give you away if he couldn't git rid of you any other way. If I hadn't been a fool I sure wouldn't have taken you and given him what I did. I sure got trimmed some in that deal, for you're the most shiftless and good-for-nothing thing I ever saw, not much like Mary. But what in the world can you ever expect from an old ten-dollar mule?

E. E. D., '24.

---

## HOW WE WENT TO THE CIRCUS

We were shown to our seats by an usher and had a few minutes in which to view the surroundings before the first act of the "Hagenback-Wallace Circus" began. A woman with a small child in her arms was seated beside me and the child was eating candy floss. To my great dismay, a sticky hand was laid on my arm, and the candy brushed against my shoulder. A clown with a peculiar costume was walking around the audience, stopping this one and that, and trying to talk with them. A large dog was in one of the rings running with a monkey on his back. These are only a few of the sights we saw before we heard a "Bang! Bang! Bang!" and a man dressed in red with high plumes on his head rode around the ring on horseback, firing a revolver. Everyone was watching him, when in a large cart drawn by elephants came the Goddess of Liberty. Next came many horses with beautiful headdress and pretty girls on their backs. In the ring, each horse in turn knelt on their knees to allow their rider to alight. This was a very clever act.

About this time I felt someone nudging my elbow and on

turning, I saw a red-haired, freckle-faced clown, dressed in a white suit, and grinning from ear to ear. Apparently he was intending to have a little fun with me, but I only moved over, making room for him; so he moved on to find someone who was not so willing.

The lion cages were now brought in, and the man who trained them entered the pen. They roared and struck at him with their paws, but still he cracked his big whips and made them perform some wonderful tricks. After seeing these and many more performances we went into another tent to see the negroes washing dishes for the circus crowd. They were black and greasy, but nevertheless, they had a contented smile on their faces, and some were singing.

I then expressed my desire to visit one of the so-called side shows, so by the consent of the people I was with, I entered a large tent where girls were dancing and singing and the dearest little pony was keeping time to the music. There were many interesting things in the hut, from fortune telling to magic working.

By this time I was beginning to feel hungry. I went to the nearest hot-dog booth and purchased one of the animals. I walked on chewing it when all at once I heard a child crying pitifully. I turned and went up to him and found by asking that he was hungry. I took him back to the booth and purchased a "dog" for him and saw him seated safely on a box before leaving him.

I noticed some trained white horses before a tent getting ready for the next act, and as I was very fond of horses, I followed the crowd inside the tent. This was as good as anything I had seen. The stunts those horses performed were worth while. For example, two of the horses balanced themselves on a spring board. The next thing I witnessed was the famous fat lady, five hundred fifty pounds and as pretty as a picture. These are the words that were printed outside the door. She was certainly a side-show all by herself. As I was leaving this tent, I smelled smoke and saw everyone rushing in the same direction. I fell in with the crowd. We soon reached the spot of the con-



flagration and found it to be a tent that had accidentally caught fire from a stove within. The people soon scattered, and I found my folks waiting for me at the car. We went home to think over the events of the circus.

R. E. W., '28.

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### HOW I RAN AWAY FROM HOME

At the age of thirteen years I had completed eight grades of grammar school and had graduated. I wanted to go away to high school the next fall, but my mother decided I was too young to send away from home. To me this was a bitter disappointment. Something whispered to me to run away—"Run away to Fairfield and get work in the pie plate factory and in the fall you can go to Lawrence High." At first the idea frightened me, but the more I thought about it the better I liked the idea. Yes, that was what I'd do—run away, then my folks would be sorry, but they could never find me. When I had graduated from Lawrence High, I would return home for a visit.

I began my plans at once. I got from the attic a small suitcase and carried it to my room without discovery. Here I packed some of my clothes. After finishing my packing, I first looked to see where the family was and then carefully took my suitcase and started down the back stairs and out the back door. I hid the suitcase in some bushes beside the road. That night when I helped my mother clear up the supper table, I took half a dozen cookies left from supper, a piece of cake, and made a sandwich. These I put into a paper bag without discovery, although my mother did remark that she thought there had been more cookies left from supper than that. I had about five dollars that I put in my coat pocket. Promptly at eight I went upstairs to bed. I blew out the light and sat down beside the window to wait.

When I was sure that the rest of the family were asleep, I crept down the back stairs and out the back door. By the time I had gone half a mile that suitcase seemed to weigh a ton and seemed to grow heavier every step. I sat down beside the road to rest. Soon I heard the rumble of a wagon coming down the

road. I waited fearfully, but soon recognized the team of old Jake Perkins, a farmer who lived about seven miles farther on my road. He asked me where I thought I was going at that time of night. He tried, but failed, to persuade me to return home. So he said I'd better go along with him and stay overnight. I climbed up to the buckboard seat beside him. For two hours we jolted along the country road. At last we came to a farmhouse. Jake opened the kitchen door and hollered, "Hey, Betsy, see who's here." Mrs. Perkins was a kind old lady who soon made me feel at home. Jake Perkins inquired into my plans the next morning and when he found I intended to take the electric car at East Vassalboro, he said, "Now, little girl, I've got to get a load of grain at East Vassalboro, so you can ride along with me just as well as not." I soon said good-bye to my kind friend and rode on the electric car to Fairfield.

I felt rather lonesome to find myself in an unfamiliar town so far from home. I went into the pie plate factory and asked for work. They said I could nest pie plates at two and one-half cents a dozen for a week. I inquired of the girls where I could find a place to stay and they told me that Mrs. Haines kept a boarding house a few blocks from the factory. I found that board there was seven dollars a week. I stayed there that night and the next. But on the third night I began to think seriously of my financial affairs. I had only four dollars and five cents and I found I could nest only about forty dozen pie plates a day, thus earning about a dollar a day. I saw that if I stayed there I could barely earn enough to pay my board. This running away to work wasn't a bit of fun as my dreams had been. I began to make inquiries for other and cheaper boarding places. To my inquiries one person answered, "Well, now, there's the red-headed Mrs. Flynn. She would take you for five dollars." This was evidently the place I wanted.

Saturday came and when I handed the five dollars to Mrs. Flynn I got this reply: "Young lady, where is the rest of my money?"

"Why, er—er, isn't that right? They told me at the factory that you asked five dollars for board," I managed to answer.

## BESSE BREEZE

"Well, then they told you wrong. I must have eight dollars for board," said she.

"I can only give you seven dollars. I've only seven dollars." I was thoroughly frightened now.

"You give me that other dollar or get out of this house."

I turned and hastily started for the door, but who did I see at the door but my mother. Oh, how good she looked to me. She found me perfectly willing to return home with her. I was willing to stay there, too, and I never ran away again.

A. E. C., '28.

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## MY IDEAL WOMAN

My ideal woman is always kind, gentle, affectionate and charitable. She always looks on the bright side of life and the beam in her eyes sheds brightness, beauty and joy upon it. Everyone around her is made cheerful by her presence. She is honest and truthful to herself and her fellowmen. Work is her chief occupation and without it she would be unhappy, for she always wants to be some help in the world. Trials and vexations never tempt her to get angry or in a rage and "yap" out at people. She has a regard for people's feelings, and courage and patience force back her anger. She is sympathetic with her friends and forgives them for their wrong-doings. If she ever becomes jealous she tries to overcome it by love. Her pride does not keep her friends from telling her her own wrongs and she doesn't appear better than she really is. The clothes she wears are neat and fashionable, but she doesn't look conspicuous by overdressing. Love of nature causes her to seek outdoor life and while indoors she concentrates her mind by the reading of good books. She possesses a knowledge of the Bible and tries to be one of God's followers.

M. E. L., '29.

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## THE MAN IN THE BROWN SOMBRERO

It had happened thirty years before, but she still liked to remember it. An adventurous, fun-loving lassie of twenty she had been, ready for anything that spelled adventure and risk. She

sometimes wondered if the lady fast acquiring silvery locks, who stared back at her from a full length mirror in her expensive boudoir, had ever really been the slender, golden-haired blonde of those early days.

She didn't wish those days were back. She had married well and was satisfied with life. But as a person likes to sit before a fireplace and read hair-breadth escapades, so she liked to look back and remember those past adventures. She often wondered with a smile of what John would have thought if he could have known of her adventurous and dangerous risks. Most of all she liked to remember, as the most romantic episode in her life, the man in the brown sombrero.

She was not disloyal to John. He was different. John was her husband and the only person she had ever wished to marry. She had first met him in a western church, where he had casually dropped in one Sunday. She liked his quiet and conventional ways, and had immediately fallen in love with him. This marked the change in her adventurous career to the domestic life she led now. The only side of her life John had known. She sometimes wished he could understand. But he was so entirely placid that she could imagine his disgust if he knew of her past.

The man in the brown sombrero, now—he had been of a spirit matching her own. He was a handsome, wild, daredevil youth, quite a different person from John. She smiled when she thought how her cool voice had startled the burglar, who was robbing her home. What she said was, "Hands up!" Then as he wheeled about she added, "I have a revolver and know how to shoot. If I aim in the moonlight, I may hit a vital spot."

His calm laugh astonished her, and she dropped her weapon.

"My dear girl," the burglar replied, "really you have pluck, but lack experience with burglars. If I had been the usual rascal you would have ended your pretty speech quite a while before."

He picked up her revolver and gave it back to her. "Really, you ought not to take such risks. Not even a light?"

She found her voice.

BESSE BREEZE

"What would a burglar have been doing while I was finding a match," she wanted to know.

The man in the brown sombrero looked at her in the moonlight and smiled. "As a reward for your valor I am going to leave you without touching a thing."

"Wait a moment," she told him suddenly. "I can get protection. But you are in no danger."

"I like adventure," she continued. And sitting upon a table, she pointed to a chair for the burglar.

They talked a long time. He asked her to let him strike a match and see her face. But she refused, saying, she always wanted this to be a mysterious, exciting, wonderful adventure.

The burglar, stirred by the excitement in her voice, the perfume from her hair, and mostly from the strange situation, drew nearer and laid his hand on hers. As she had not resisted he drew her to him and kissed her.

"This is good-bye," she told him, and putting her arms about his neck she returned his kiss. She handed him her revolver with her own initials on it and told him to keep it in memory of this night.

She kept this dream of the man in the brown sombrero many years, but it was shattered when John was killed in a train wreck.

Later, when going over his things, she opened up a small cedar chest. In the bottom of the chest she found a silver heart with the date June eighth, eighteen hundred eighty. In one corner was written: "The night I won her confession of love." That was when she had become engaged to John. Next she found a brown sombrero, and a suit such as the cowboys in the west wear. While inspecting the sombrero she found in the band about the hat a slip of paper with the date, August eighth, eighteen hundred seventy-nine. And below the date: "A romantic episode with the loveliest girl I ever met." Was it possible that John had a past, too? He had told her that she was the only girl he had ever loved. With heart beating madly she mechanically picked up a holster and took out a small revolver

with initials on it like her own. Then she remembered what had happened on August eighth, eighteen hundred seventy-nine!

A. L. H., '26.

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### HOW I RAN AWAY FROM HOME

It was on my sixteenth birthday that my mother politely informed me that I must begin taking music lessons. Imagine a boy or rather a man of sixteen years taking music lessons! Why, the girls would think I was a sissy, and the boys would nag me to death.

Everything that I could say to my mother was in vain, and the teacher was coming the next Saturday. By Friday night I was nearly crazy. There must be some way to save me from this disgrace. I decided to talk with my father. Of course he would understand why a boy couldn't take music lessons.

After supper I went into his study and talked it over with him. I never knew until that night how truly henpecked my father was. Why, my mother had actually convinced him that it was proper for me to take lessons.

After this interview I slowly made my way to my room. I must think of some way to escape that terrible calamity that was about to befall me. Suddenly a bright idea struck me. I would leave home!

I packed my bag, and counted my hard earned savings. They were only \$1.32, but that was something. I tearfully looked for the last time at my room filled with everything that was dear to me.

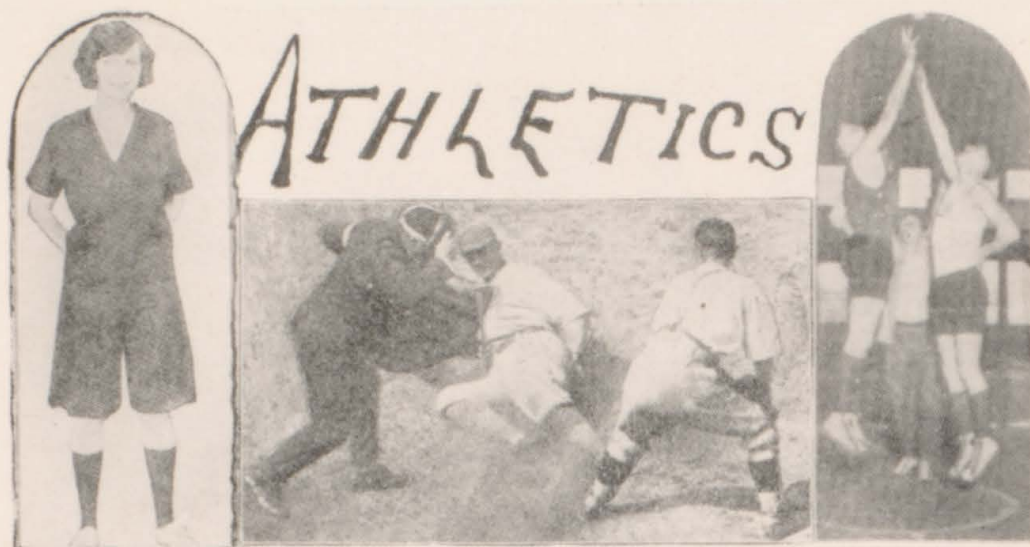
Carefully I felt my way downstairs, but stopped suddenly as I heard my mother talking over the phone. Horrors! it was the music teacher. Maybe she was coming tonight. But hark!

"I'm sorry you are ill," I heard my mother say.

Hurrah! that was enough for me, and I bounded back into the room which only a moment before I thought I had left for the last time. The rest of the night I spent in the land of dreams, seeing music teachers and traveling bags all in a jumble. And that was the nearest I ever came to leaving home. B. C. L., '26.

BESSE BREEZE





### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

If Besse High School is to put out a winning girls' team in the future she must study the weaknesses and defects of her present teams and remedy all their shortcomings.

In all of the games this year the Besse girls were always in the lead at the end of the half, but lost the greater share of the games played. What are the reasons for this? The girls for the first half had enough natural vitality to weather the storm and come out with honors. But, during the last half of the games, certain physical reactions took place, undue fatigue, signs of heart embarrassment, such as pallor, breathlessness or weakness. Why, you ask, do the Besse girls weaken quicker and easier than their opposing teams? To keen observers this is an easy answer. Answered in three words: Lack of Practice. But why in the name of good common sense then don't they practice? My dear reader, this is a conundrum!

Basketball is the most popular indoor game for girls. The opportunity it offers for vigorous activity meets a demand for recreation of an adventurous type. When played by girls' rules and under the proper conditions, it is adapted for use by the girl of average strength and vitality. There are certain physiological



## BESSE BREEZE

facts with which we are all familiar. We know that in order to achieve proper physical conditions a long period of gradual training is necessary. (We do not expect untrained horses to win races.) In training we begin with a small amount of exercise and increase it gradually, until our tolerance work is at its height. We don't try to crowd all of our training into one practice of two hours once a week. The chief of the Physical Education Bureau of the New York Department of Education says, "Girls should never be permitted to participate in interschool contests until they have an extended period of practice in intergroup games within the school. Without this experience and training the average girl is subjected to an intense nervous strain, which is likely to have harmful after effects."

All of the teams against which Besse has played have been able to practice Everyday. Why Can't We?

Basketball under proper conditions contributes: organic power, body under alert control, emotional balance, self-control in trying emergencies, poise in victory or defeat, self-subordination for the good of the team, co-operation, leadership and loyalty, and an attitude of innate good sportsmanship. Not properly controlled creates weak women.

### LINE-UP

Left Forward—Barbara Libby.  
Right Forward—Gwendolyn Bradstreet.  
Center—Edna Wolcott.  
Right Guard—Mildred Sanborn.  
Left Guard—Gertrude Abbott.  
Right Forward—Annie Harding.  
Center—Marion Bragg.  
Right Guard—Kathleen Drake.  
Left Guard—Clora Bradstreet.

### SCORES

Besse .....	19	Brooks .....	23
Besse .....	18	Brooks .....	37
Besse .....	19	Oakland .....	31

BESSE BREEZE

Besse .....	20	Oakland .....	19
Besse .....	16	Clinton .....	18
Besse .....	13	Unity .....	25
Besse .....	15	Unity .....	12

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Considering the fact that we started the season with practically the entire squad green men, we feel that seven games won against two lost is as great an achievement as the winning of the Championship Cup in 1923-24. In the year just mentioned we lost the whole championship team through the graduation of the Senior class. In the following year, 1924-25, owing to the rage of scarlet fever, Besse was not represented on the polished surface. Therefore we had to start new this year.

Pessimists predicted failure for this season. We did not hear them for Besse High crossed that word out of all its dictionaries long ago, and we do not know the meaning of the word. At the first call for practice the following bunch of real go-getters responded: Meader, Russell, Rowe, R. Skillin, H. Knight, E. Knight, Dickey, Frye, McLaughlin, Larrabee and C. Skillin.

Russell and Frye held down the right forward berth, Meader the left forward, Rowe at center, and H. Knight, R. Skillin and McLaughlin at guard positions. This made a smooth working combination.

Besides our regular high school games we played the Vassalboro Five Aces, composed of ex-high school stars, to a 23-25 score and won from the Albion A. A. twice.

The following is the line-up and scores of the high school games:

BESSE VS. UNITY AT UNITY

(Won by Besse, 36-29)

BESSE HIGH				UNITY HIGH			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Meador, lf .....	6	0	12	Cates, rf .....	6	0	12
Frye, rf .....	3	3	9	Dodge, lf .....	1	1	3
Rowe, c .....	6	0	12	Fernald, c .....	6	0	12

BESSE BREEZE

McLaughlin, rg .....	0	0	0	Pillsbury, rg .....	0	1	1
Champlin, lg .....	1	1	3	Palmer, lg .....	0	1	1
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Total .....			36	Total .....			29

Return game won by Besse, 70-13

BESSE VS. OAKLAND AT OAKLAND

(Won by Besse, 38-30)

BESSE HIGH				OAKLAND HIGH			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Meador, lf .....	6	2	14	Blake, rf .....	2	2	6
Frye, rf .....	4	0	8	O'Reilly, lf .....	4	0	8
Rowe, c .....	7	2	16	Gilbert, c .....	1	0	2
Skillin, lg .....	0	0	0	Lindvalle, rg .....	4	0	8
Knight, rg .....	0	0	0	Livingston, lg .....	2	0	4
	—	—	—	Wendell, rg .....	1	0	2
Total .....			38	Total .....	—	—	30

BESSE VS. OAKLAND AT ALBION

(Won by Besse, 83-35)

BESSE HIGH				OAKLAND HIGH			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Meador, lf .....	20	1	41	Blake, rf .....	3	0	6
Frye, rf .....	3	6	12	O'Reilly, lf .....	4	1	9
Rowe, c .....	13	1	27	Gilbert, c .....	9	2	20
Skillin, rg .....	0	0	0	Wendall, rg .....	0	0	0
Knight, lg .....	1	1	3	Lindvalle, lg .....	0	0	0
McLaughlin, rg .....	0	0	0	Livingston, lg .....	0	0	0
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Total .....			83	Total .....			35

BESSE VS. CLINTON AT CLINTON

(Won by Besse, 41-34)

BESSE HIGH				CLINTON HIGH			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Meador, lf .....	9	0	18	McKenney, lf .....	2	0	4
Frye, rf .....	1	0	2	Adams, rf .....	8	1	17
Rowe, c .....	9	3	21	Gerald, c .....	5	0	10
Skillin, rg .....	0	0	0	Stevenson, lg .....	1	1	3
Knight, lg .....	0	0	0	Lassell, rg .....	0	0	0
	—	—	—	Stevenson, lg .....	0	0	0
Total .....			41	Total .....	—	—	34

BESSE BREEZE

BESSE VS. ERSKINE AT ALBION

(Won by Besse, 82-30)

BESSE HIGH			ERSKINE ACADEMY				
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Meadar, lf .....	15	2	32	Jackson, lf .....	9	1	19
Frye, rf .....	3	0	6	Boynton, rf .....	1	2	4
Rowe, c .....	22	0	44	Lowden, c .....	0	3	3
Skillin, lg .....	0	0	0	Austin, lg .....	0	2	2
Knight, rg .....	1	0	0	Quinnin, rg .....	1	0	2
McLaughlin .....	0	0	0	Kitchen, rg .....	0	0	0
Dickey .....	0	0	0		—	—	—
	—	—	—	Total .....			30
Total .....			82				

Return game won by Erskine, 11-13

BESSE VS. BROOKS AT BROOKS

(Won by Brooks, 44-48)

BESSE HIGH			BROOKS HIGH				
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Meadar, lf .....	4	1	9	Bradford, rf .....	11	0	22
Russell, rf .....	5	1	11	Deering, lf .....	8	1	17
Rowe, c .....	10	2	22	Goodwin, c .....	1	0	2
Skillin, lg .....	0	0	0	Goddard, lg .....	0	1	1
Knight, rg .....	0	2	2	Ryder, rg .....	2	0	4
	—	—	—	Maddock, rg .....	1	0	2
Total .....			44	Total .....			48

BESSE VS. BROOKS AT ALBION

(Won by Besse, 41-17)

BASEBALL

With an almost entirely green team we have been very successful thus far. We won our opening game from Freedom, 28-0, and lost to the strong Erskine team, 4-2. Our pitchers, Rowe and Frye, have twirled fine games. Our line-up for spring season is as follows:

Frye, first base  
 C. Skillin, second base  
 McLaughlin, third base  
 Meader, shortstop  
 Rowe, pitcher

M. Hall, catcher  
 Champlin, left field  
 Knight, center field  
 Marks, right field  
 Dickey, H. Hall, subs

# LOCALS



## OUR SCHOOL CALENDAR

- Dec. 31. Miss Dyer went sliding downstairs, but on New Year's Day she will resolve never to go sliding again.
- Jan. 1. Mr. Bickmore has been studying so hard during the first part of the school year that on New Year's Day he came to school with his head patched up.
- Jan. 2. Mr. McLaughlin: "All boys on the basketball team please bring your suits this afternoon."  
Rowe: "Shall we wear our clothes or bring them with us?"  
Mr. McLaughlin: Well—er, I'd advise you to wear them."
- Jan. 5. Mr. Knowlton (in Biology): "When we are fatigued, after we rest a while we feel like a new man, do we not?"  
A Student: "Not if we're girls."
- Jan. 8. Just after Mr. Frye reached the top of the hill Friday night, he suddenly landed in a "Sand" bank.
- Jan. 9. Everyone was surprised at the "Blues" getting beat Friday night playing basketball.

BESSE BREEZE

- Jan. 11. Everyone glad to see Mr. Larrabee back to school again. We'll all be glad to see Mr. ———— return from Rhode Island, then Miss Drake will help us entertain at the public times again.
- Jan. 12. Miss Cain is watching for the mailman every day. Expecting a letter from the "sunny South," I suppose.
- Jan. 13. Miss Dyer and Miss Jones talking about French. Miss Jones: "Do you know we have a 'congregation' of a new verb for tomorrow?"
- Jan. 14. Mrs. McLaughlin: "Mr. Jones, what seems to be the matter?"  
Mr. Jones (looking all around the room): "I don't know. I was looking to see if anyone was upstairs."
- Jan. 15. Grange supper was held at the Hall and Mr. Jones certainly got up a good appetite.
- Jan. 16. Besse boys and girls went to Clinton tonight.
- Jan. 17. Mr. Knowlton (in Biology class): "What is the use of the seed coat of the bean?"  
Miss Young: "To keep 'em warm."
- Jan. 18. Mr. McLaughlin (in English): "What is serge?"  
Mr. Harding: "Some kind of drink."
- Jan. 19. We had three visitors.
- Jan. 20. Mrs. McLaughlin (to Sophomore English, giving some sentences): "A deer came silently to the brook."  
Mr. Russell: "What kind of a deer (dear)?"
- Jan. 21. Mr. Knowlton (to Miss Young): "What can you say about adulteration of foods?"  
Miss Young: "It is food like milk which we can put water in to make it go farther."
- Jan. 22. Mr. Knowlton: "How were the different kinds of cereals adulterated?"  
Pupil: "By putting sawdust and peanut shells in them."
- Jan. 23. Mr. Knowlton (telling a story in class): "One time a man fed his hens sawdust and when he set some eggs they hatched out wooden chickens."

BESSE BREEZE

- Jan. 24. Mrs. McLaughlin: "What are you thinking about, Mr. Skillin?"  
Raymond: "Nothing."  
Mrs. McLaughlin: "Stop thinking about yourself and get to work."
- Jan. 25. Mr. Knowlton: "Who was the first man?"  
Miss Young: "Adam."  
Mr. Knowlton: "And how did we come by Eve?"  
Miss Young: "Adam planted one of his ribs."
- Jan. 26. Miss Howard could hardly spare her heart given her by nature, so she has purchased another for her friend of the fair sex.
- Jan. 27. Mr. Elwood Knight says "variety" is the spice of life.
- Jan. 28. Mr. McLaughlin: "If a miser had a lot of gold, and he didn't spend any, how many think he would be economical?"  
Mr. Dickey: "I should think he would be miserable."
- Jan. 29. Mr. Knowlton: "Of course you have all had the experience of some of your food going down hard."  
Miss Jones: "And sometimes it gets stuck, too."  
Mr. Knowlton: "Yes, and what do we do then?"  
Miss Jones: "Wait till it starts on again."
- Jan. 30. Mr. McLaughlin: "Who was the first man to found economics?"  
Miss Bradstreet: "Adam er—er—er—"  
Mr. McLaughlin: "No. Nor Eve either. Who was it, Miss Baker?"  
Miss Baker: "Adam Smith."
- Jan. 31. Miss Drake (declining tuus): "Tuus, tui." Tehee (tibi).
- Feb. 1. Kath Drake: "I feel good mentally and physically, but I don't feel good lovely."
- Feb. 2. Raymond: "Oh, I have an idea."  
Marion Bragg: "I know how to sympathize with the poor thing. It must be lonesome."

BESSE BREEZE

- Feb. 3. Mr. McLaughlin: "Does America have more men or women?"  
 Miss Harding: "More men."  
 Mr. McLaughlin: "Why?"  
 Miss Harding: "It shows that America is prosperous."
- Feb. 4. Miss Jones: "Where is the 'plumage' of corn?"  
 (Instead of plumule.)
- Feb. 5. Mrs. McLaughlin: "What is pastoral poetry, Miss Libby?"  
 Barbara: "Poetry written while sitting out in the pasture with the sheep."
- Feb. 6. Heard in Freshman English class.  
 Mr. McLaughlin: "Give the plural of appendix."  
 Mr. Gould: "Appendicitis."
- Feb. 7. Mr. McLaughlin: "Use 'bellows' as a noun."  
 Mr. Jones: "The cow bellows."
- Feb. 8. Wanted by the Sophomores:  
 Someone to love me—Helen Dyer.  
 Room for my feet—Wilbur Larrabee.  
 To gain flesh—Faye Jones.  
 Something harder to study—Gertrude Drake.  
 Someone to laugh besides "Russ Jones"—Marjorie Skillin.  
 A partner for dancing—Avis Cain.  
 A megaphone—Elwood Knight.  
 A new harmonica—Henry Knight.  
 Eyes in the back of my head—Maurice Hall.  
 A tongue—Paul Frye.  
 A girl—Albert Russell.
- Feb. 9. Lost: Between yesterday and today, a bright idea.—  
 Alberta Young.
- Feb. 10. Who thinks too little and talks too much? Freshmen.
- Feb. 11. Lost: My brain, between here and somewhere.—  
 Maurice Hall.



BESSE BREEZE

- Feb. 12. Overheard: "I never dare to be as funny as I can."  
—"Russ" Jones.
- Feb. 13. Overheard: "I hate to have haying time come, for the  
stubbles hurt my feet."—Helen Dyer.
- Feb. 14. Mr. Jones (coming in class late): "Oh! is this my  
class?"
- Feb. 19. Mr. Knowlton: "Where do the eyes get their nourish-  
ment?"  
Miss Jones: "From the brain."
- Feb. 20. Gwendolyn: "Clyde, do you know why you are so  
thin?"  
Clyde: "No, why?"  
Gwen.: "Because you are in love. People that are in  
love are always thin."  
Clyde (a few minutes later): "Gwen., would you like  
to be thin?"  
Gwen.: "You just bet I would."
- Mar. 30. We all wish Kath. Drake had the making of the weath-  
er for Friday nights.
- Apr. 1. Wilbur likes to wrestle with everything but his les-  
sons.
- Apr. 5. Johnny Gould: "Can you write your name with your  
eyes shut, Father?"  
Father: "Certainly."  
Johnny: "Well, shut your eyes and sign my report  
card."
- Apr. 10. Mrs. McLaughlin: "Can anyone tell me what a myth  
is?"  
Miss Gilley: "It's a female moth."
- Apr. 15. Mr. McLaughlin: "Miss Bradstreet, what is the mean-  
ing of 'intrigue'?"  
Miss Bradstreet: "It means a love affair."  
Mr. McLaughlin: "You must have had something  
else in mind."
- Apr. 18. Mr. Jones: "If you lie to me again, Russell, I'll  
thrash you on the spot."  
Russ: "Which spot, Dad?"

BESSE BREEZE

- Apr. 19. We wonder if all the Drakes court a Monkie?
- Apr. 20. Following conversation overheard:  
Man to his neighbor: "I went home last night and got San Francisco on a two-tube set."  
His neighbor: "That's nothing. I went home last night and got grease on my vest."
- May 1. We beat Freedom, 28-0, in baseball.
- May 7. We gave our play, "Bashful Mr. Bobbs," to a full house. Obadiah some pumpkin.
- May 8. Baseball game, Erskine vs. Besse, 2-4.
- May 12. Teacher: "Johnny, how much will two pounds of butter at 60c per lb. cost?"  
Johnny: "\$1 20."  
Teacher: "Correct, sit down."  
Teacher: "Now suppose you give me an example."  
Johnny: "If two yards of silk weigh two pounds, how much will a cord of wood cost?"  
Teacher: "What do you take me for, a fool?"  
Johnny: "Correct, sit down!"
- May 13. Miss Bickmore (while at work on school paper): "What shall I do now? I'm all out of dates."  
Mr. McLaughlin: "Well, I suppose you'll have to make some more."
- May 15. Baseball game, Oakland vs. Besse.
- May 16. Mr. Knowlton (in Biology class): "Now, class, you may look at the paramecium under the microscope."  
A Student: "It looks like a play house that a bunch of kids have been in."
- May 18. Mr. Knowlton: "What is the taste of sweet cider, Mr. Skillin?"  
Mr. Skillin: "It tastes salty."
- May 19. Mr. McLaughlin: "What is the earth shaped like, an apple, a ball, or a pear?"  
Mr. Harding: "A pear."
- May 20. Wanted: A favorite spot for Mr. E. Knight and his friend.

BESSE BREEZE

WHO'S WHO AT BESSE

MOST

Timid .....	Annie Harding
Intellectual .....	Ruby Bickmore
Optimistic .....	Irma Parkhurst
Popular Boy .....	Henry Knight
Popular Girl .....	Barbara Libby
Humorous .....	Russell Jones
Polite .....	Harvey Hall
Dignified .....	Evelyn Ketchum
Conscientious .....	Bruce Marks
Capable .....	Barbara Libby
Studious .....	Gertrude Drake
Agreeable .....	Henry Knight
Brilliant .....	Paul Frye
Pessimistic .....	Kathleen Drake
Friendly .....	Clora Bradstreet
Ambitious .....	Mildred Sanborn
Original .....	Annie Harding
Refined .....	Clyde Skillin

BEST

Athlete (boy) .....	Francis Rowe
Athlete (girl) .....	Gertrude Abbott
Singer .....	Kathleen Drake
Musician .....	Leota Howard
Orator .....	Francis Rowe
Worker .....	Edna Wolcott
Writer .....	Annie Harding
Talker .....	Kathleen Drake
Helper .....	Ruby Bickmore
Disposed .....	Catherine Thompson
All-Round Boy .....	Paul Frye
All-Round Girl .....	Barbara Libby
Joker .....	Russell Jones
Artist .....	Marjorie Skillin
Looking Girl .....	Marjorie Skillin
Looking Boy .....	Henry Knight

WHAT THE CLASSICS SUGGEST

To Us

The Heavenly Twins .....	"Barb" and "Kath"
Won by Waiting .....	Our Diplomas
Peck's Bad Boy .....	Everson Dickey
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde .....	John Gould
The Man Without a Heart .....	Mr. Knowlton
Honorable Sir Peter Stirling .....	Harvey Hall
Keeping up with Lizzie .....	Kath. Drake
Much Ado About Nothing .....	Seniors
Contrary Mary .....	Gwen. Bradstreet
A Comedy of Errors .....	Our Geometry Papers
Tarzan the Terrible .....	Wilbur Larrabee
The Copper Head .....	Faye Jones
The Deliverance .....	June 10
Daddy Long Legs .....	Clyde Skillin
Rip Van Winkle .....	Albert Russell
The Old Curiosity Shop .....	The "Lab"
As You Like It .....	Albion
The Eleventh Hour .....	Night Before Exams
Never the Twain Shall Meet .....	Leo and Helen
A Connecticut Yankee .....	Herman Carlton
A Dog of "Slanders" .....	Leo
The Newcomers .....	The Freshmen
The Tin Soldier .....	Paul Frye
Wild Animals I Have Known .....	Junior Class
Vamps of Besse .....	Senior Class

---

WE WONDER

What Elwood Knight would do in a school just for boys?  
 If internal combustion would take place if Kath. Drake had  
 lock jaw?  
 How Clifford's geometry book got down to the creamery?  
 When Russell Jones studies?  
 If Irma chews gum in her sleep?

BESSE BREEZE

If Mildred likes Paul?  
Why Bill Rowe goes to Palermo?  
When Clyde will stop growing?  
Why Helen doesn't play basketball?  
Who will be Leota's next beau?  
If Lawrence is still "thirstin'?"  
If Ruby likes "Russ?"  
Why Seth Bradstreet's horse unconsciously stops at Godwin's?  
If Annie likes the boys?  
Why Paul walks back from the front of the room so slow?  
How much Catherine Thompson weighs?

---

WHEN WE SING

Wilbur Larrabee ..... "Sing Me to Sleep"  
Clifford ..... "I Was Seeing Nellie? Home"  
Raymond Skillin ..... "Smiles"  
Maurice Hall ..... "K-K-K-Katie"  
Faye Jones ..... "Oh, Where Are You Going, Billy Boy"  
Irma Parkhurst ..... "She Sleeps, My Lady Sleeps"  
Mr. Knowlton ..... "Daddy"  
Kath. Drake ..... "Keep the Home Fires Burning"  
Leota Howard ..... "Let Me Call You Sweetheart"  
Herman Carleton ..... "I Ain't Nobody's Darling"  
"Barb" Libby ..... "Oh, How I Miss You Tonight"  
Marion Bragg ..... "Someone Loves You After All"  
"Russ" Jones ..... "Gotta Getta Girl"  
Clifford ..... "Isn't She the Sweetest Thing?"  
Seniors ..... "Leaving School Blues"  
"Kath" and "Monk" ..... "Sweeter as the Years Roll By"  
Lura Gilley.... "He's My Man, Your Man (Somebody Else's, Too)"  
Elwood Knight ..... "Tell Me, Dreamy Eyes"  
Helen Dyer ..... "Why Couldn't It Be Poor Little Me?"  
"Bill" Rowe ..... "Oh! That Red-Headed Girl"  
"Hen" Knight ..... "The Other Fellow's Girl"  
Gertrude Abbott ..... "Roll 'Em, Girls"

# ALUMNI

The alumni of Albion and Besse High combined held their last banquet at the Grange Hall, June 26, 1925.

During the regular business meeting various committees were appointed to decide about a scholarship and also about buying some new books for the school library. As yet, nothing of much importance has been done toward it, but it is hoped at our next meeting, which comes the last of June, that an effort will be made to carry out some of these plans.

---

## CLASS OF 1925

Abbie Knight—Telephone operator, Albion.  
 Bertha Parkhurst—Teaching, Montville.  
 Sybil Sennett—Attending business college, Auburn.  
 Flora Taylor—At home, Albion.  
 Raymond Wiggin—At home, Albion.

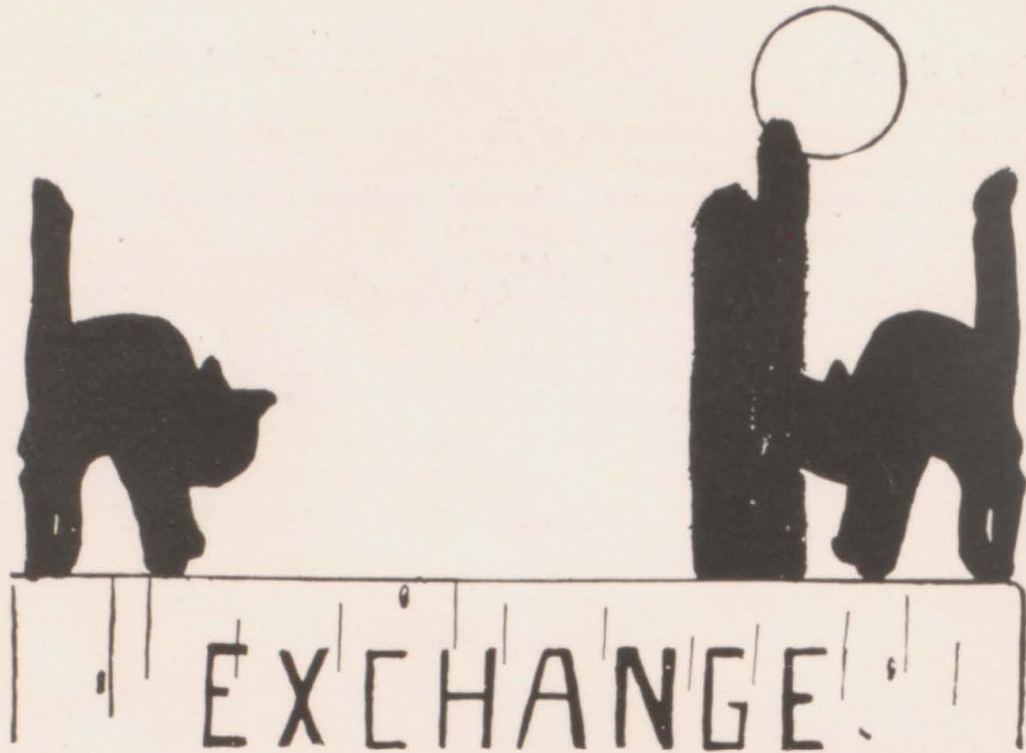
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## REPRESENTATIVE ALUMNI

NAME	NOW	ADDRESS
Earl Libby	Prof. of pulp and paper chemistry at New York State College of Forestry	Syracuse, N. Y.
Willis Hussey	Teaching	Good Will, Maine.
Fred Hussey	Teaching	Newtonville, Mass.
Vivian Joy	Teaching	Augusta, Maine
Louise Stratton	Working for State Supt. of Schools	Augusta, Maine
Esther Tilton	Teacher of music	Islesboro, Maine
James Chalmers	Chemist	
Floyd Abbott	Teaching in Hartland Academy	Hartland, Maine
Arline Besse	Teaching	South Paris, Maine

BESSE BREEZE

Lincoln Sennett	Teaching in Machias Normal School	Machias, Maine
Claude Tozier	New England Telephone & Telegraph	Lowell, Mass.
Wilbert Wentworth	Attending U. of M.	Orono, Maine
Vaughan Ketchum	Teaching	North Wayne, Maine
Katherine Abbott	Posse-Nissen Physical Culture School	Boston, Mass.
Erdine Besse	Attending U. of M.	Orono, Maine
Harland Besse	Attending Coburn Classical Institute	Waterville, Maine
Forrest Meader	Attending U. of M.	Orono, Maine
Charles Ross	Attending Bowdoin	Brunswick, Maine



We wish to acknowledge the following school papers and express our appreciation of the exchanges:

*The Gatherer*, Deer Isle, Maine.—You have an excellent paper for the size of the school. Your photographs make your book interesting to outsiders. All departments are well-balanced except your athletics.

*The Nautilus*, Waterville, Maine.—We enjoy the papers of our neighbors. Your personals are fine.

*The Aquilo*, Ricker Institute, Houlton, Maine.—Your football number is interesting. A few cuts and cartoons would make your paper better.

*Oak Leaves*, Oak Grove Seminary.—Is a very interesting paper. Your exchange list is very broad. A few cuts or cartoons would make your paper more interesting to outsiders.

*Messalonskee Ripple*, Oakland, Maine.—We are always anxious to see the paper of our neighbors. You are always welcome.



BESSE BREEZE

*The Monitor*, Unity, Maine.—We consider your paper fine for its size. Where is your exchange section?

*The Academy Echo*, Freedom, Maine.—We are always glad to get your paper. Your literary department is fine. Where are your pictures?

*The Waukomis*, Stockton Springs, Maine.—You issue a fine graduation number. Your personals are fine. Call often.

*Northern Lights*, Millinocket, Maine.—You have a fine paper. The sections are well proportioned. We enjoy your locals. Call again.

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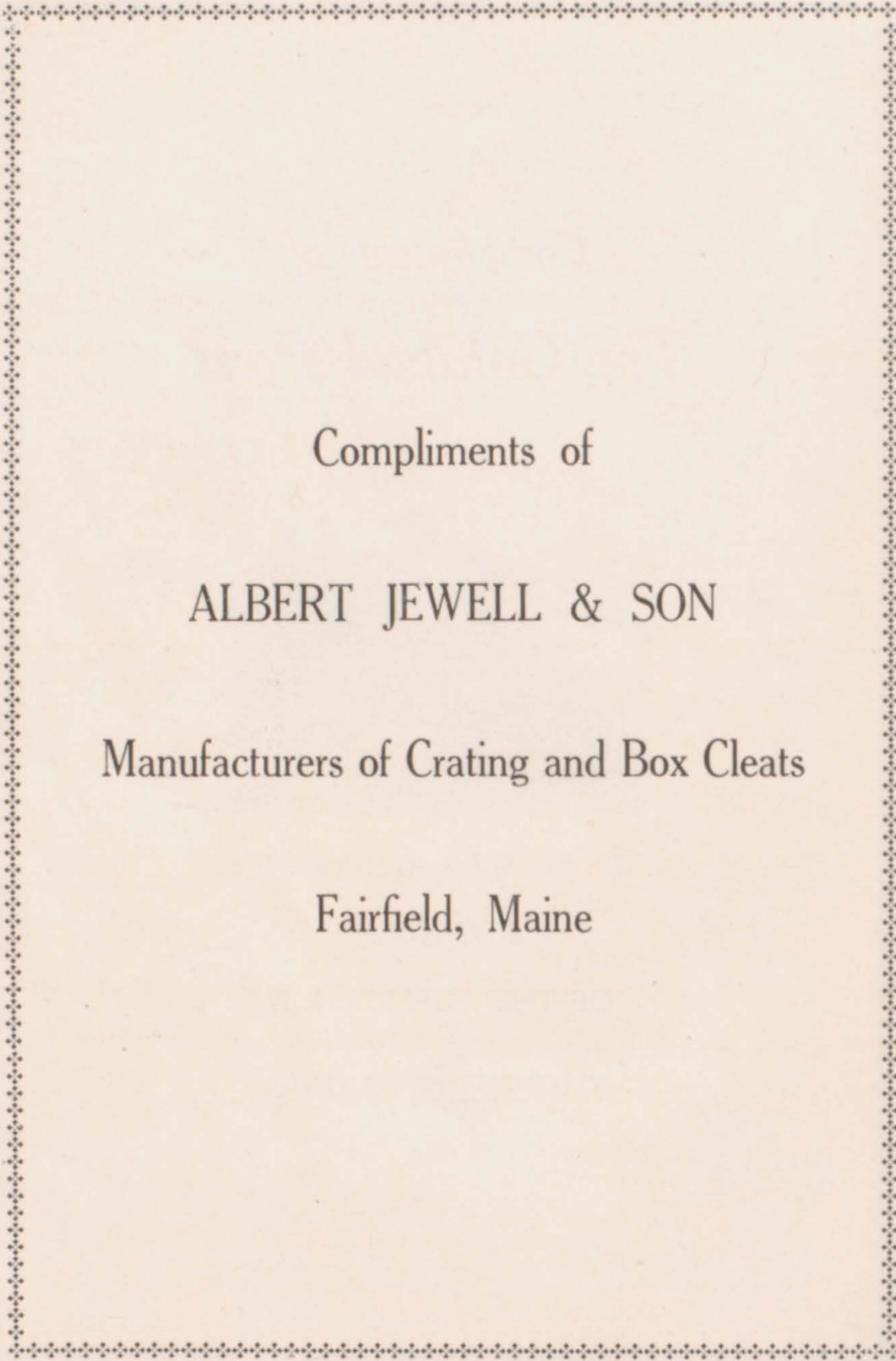


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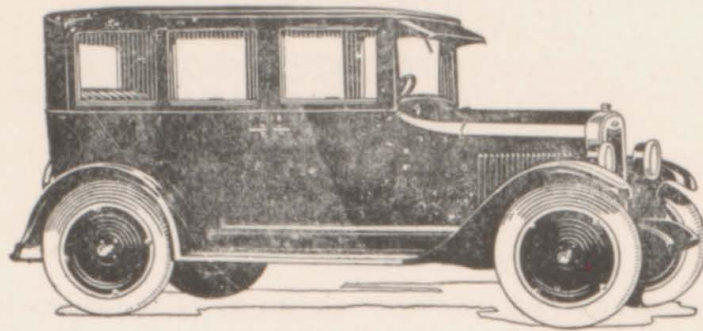
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