



Besse Breeze

DEDICATION

TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION OF THOSE WHOSE
SERVICES AND FRIENDSHIP HAVE BEEN SO
FAITHFULLY RENDERED

WE, THE STAFF

OF

BESSE HIGH SCHOOL

DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF "THE BESSE BREEZE"
TO OUR ESTEEMED FRIENDS AND TEACHERS
MR. AND MRS. S. J. McLAUGHLIN



MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL J. McLAUGHLIN

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BESSE BREEZE

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THE NEED OF A CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL

"What does Albion need of a consolidated school when it has four rural schools along with the village grades and high school? Are these not sufficient for any town of this size?" many optimists will ask. Yes, they are sufficient for a town that does not desire to raise the educational standard of its future generations. However, I am certain that this is not what the majority of the citizens of this town desire; and since the nation's standard of education is advancing steadily, I am sure they will see the need of a consolidated school.

At the present time we have four rural schools. Each has a one-room building which is not sufficiently equipped to meet the needs of the present day pupils. There are no playgrounds except the front yards and the pupils while amusing themselves by playing ball or in some similar way have a tendency to break windows and damage their school building. In both the rural and village schools the pupils receive no physical training or medical attention. This is one of the greatest detriments that our schools have. In the rural schools many pupils lose much time from school due to bad roads and no conveyances. Furthermore, the average grade teachers are high school graduates who have had only one or two summers' training at normal school. Such teachers are not qualified to teach successfully. The rural school teachers, even if they were fully qualified, could not possibly put the necessary work into their different grades, which range from the first through the eighth, on account of the lack

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of time. The complaint has been made that the pupils are not being properly prepared to enter high school, but with such conditions in our schools what can we expect? Citizens of Albion it is your duty to see that these bad conditions are overcome by providing a consolidated school.

Many will wonder why a consolidated school would have so many more advantages than our present school system has. For these people I will explain some of the advantages. In a consolidated school it is possible to have better textbooks and equipment since there is only one building to provide for, and therefore much more money is available to be used for this school. There can be better sanitary conditions in one school than when there are several to look after and the expense is much less. Good playgrounds can be provided for all pupils as well as practical physical training and medical attention. It is possible for the school to have better supervision for the superintendent can spend the time in this one school that he now spends going from one school to another. In a consolidated school better teachers can be employed, for it is not necessary to employ as many as with the present system. These teachers can give the students better training, for they do not have to teach as many grades. Another advantage of the consolidated school is that the pupils can be better graded than they are now. A consolidated school makes it necessary to have better transportation of scholars, and this does away with much loss of time in school by pupils who have no conveyances provided for them during a period of bad roads. Besides, a consolidated school building can directly benefit the citizens of the town; for it may be opened in the evenings, on Saturdays and Sundays, and during vacations for lectures, entertainments, gymnasium work, and community socials.

Many people will consider it impossible for a town of this size to build and maintain a consolidated school, but this is not as impossible as it may seem from a hasty conclusion. Taking into consideration the money expended annually for the upkeep, fuel, and janitor work of our four rural schools, we realize that in a few years we would have saved enough money to build an ade-

quate and complete building and gymnasium for a consolidated school. The expense of a few extra conveyances and of higher teachers' salaries would hardly be felt at all when the citizens throughout the town knew that their children were receiving excellent training for their future life.

WHY GO TO COLLEGE

Blind-alley jobs for the most part are the only positions open to the untrained boy or girl. Occasionally, as in war times, wages may be high for a while, but they seldom remain so. In ordinary times—according to government statistics—a laborer in such a job finds that his earnings increase slowly until he is about twenty or twenty-five years of age; up to thirty or thirty-five they are at their highest point; then after thirty-five his earning power generally declines. The educated man, on the other hand, after a steady advance receives his highest income usually between the ages of forty and sixty years.

Of course the chief aim of education is not to make money. One writer has said, "The most valuable result of right education is the broadening, deepening, and refining of human life. This result can no more be measured by dollars and cents than truth, self-sacrifice, and love can be made out of pork and potatoes." You can utilize your abilities, broaden your vision, increase your earning power, and greatly extend your opportunity for service by education. The chief value of an education is in the broadening and strengthening of mental powers. These things can no more be measured than can the increased capacity for self development and for service to others, which education gives; but they are very real.

While this is all true the money value should not be ignored. Certainly it should not be overlooked by boys and girls who are tempted to leave school for blind alley jobs. The door to financial success is the school. Nowadays practically all occupations have their own body of information, the knowledge of which is necessary to success and the ignorance of which leads to failure.

Dr. Lord of Boston University figures the effect of education on average life earnings as follows: The unschooled man between fourteen and sixty years earns \$45,000; a man with a high school education between eighteen and sixty years earns \$78,000 or \$33,000 more than the unschooled man; the college graduate between the ages of twenty-two and sixty earns \$150,000 or \$72,000 more than the high school man.

From these figures how can any person truthfully say that an education doesn't pay?

HOW TO STUDY

Good work habits are quite as important as subject matter. Your aim should be to do the job in less time and do it better. To do this the following are essential:

1. Form a time-and-place habit by studying the lesson in the same subject, in the same place, at the same time each day.
2. Have proper study conditions and equipment: a quiet room not too warm, good light at the left, a straight chair and a table, the necessary books, tools and materials.
3. Study independently. Do your own work and use your own judgment, asking for help only when you cannot proceed without it, thus developing ability to think for yourself and the will-power and self-reliance essential to success.
4. Arrange your tasks economically; study those requiring fresh attention, like reading, first; those in which concentration is easier, like written work, later.
5. Sit straight and go at the work vigorously, with confidence and determination, without lounging or waste of time. When actually tired, exercise a moment, open the window, change to a different type of work.
6. Be clear on the assignment and the form in which it is to be delivered. In class take notes when the assignment is made; mark things to be carefully learned. When in doubt, consult the teacher.

7. In committing material to memory, learn it as a whole; go over it quickly first, then more carefully, and then again until you have it. In learning forms, rules, vocabularies, etc., it will help to repeat them aloud.

8. In studying material to be understood and digested but not memorized, first go over the whole quickly; then carefully, section by section, if possible, then review the whole quickly.

9. Use judgment as well as memory: analyze paragraphs, select important points, note how minor ones are related to them.

10. Study an advance lesson promptly and review before going to class; recall memorized matter by repeating it, aloud if necessary; think through a series of points to see that you have them in order in your mind.

11. Use all the material aids available: index, appendix, notes, vocabulary, maps, illustrations in your textbook, as well as other books and periodicals.

RELATIONS OF MARKS TO SUCCESS IN LATER LIFE

At times young people and even adults feel that it makes little difference to one's later success in life whether he gets a "high grade" in his studies or just "passes". What are the facts in the case?

In Wisconsin University a few years ago a comparison of the records made by hundreds of the students in high schools and the University showed that above 80% of those who were in the first one fourth of their high school classes remained in the upper half of their classes during the four years of their University course, and that above 80% of those who were in the lowest one fourth in their high school classes failed to rise above the line of mediocre scholarship in the University. A comparison of the record of college graduates with the graduates of professional schools revealed a like situation; students who did poor work in college almost invariably did poor work in medicine, law, etc.

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Similar results appeared when records made by students in college were compared with their success or failure in later life—whether measured by fame, salary or other distinctions. There were exceptions, but as a rule students who did poor work in high school and college, or professional institutions failed or attained mediocre success in life. So close is the relations between achievements in school and achievement in later life that a careful student of education finds that those that achieve most before graduation are likely to achieve most after graduation.

Of course “marks” should not be your only aim in school work. On the contrary, the mastery of knowledge for its own sake and for the increased service it will enable you to give to others should be your goal. Although marks are unimportant in themselves, they should not be disregarded; for they are mileposts which show you the progress you are making in your journey, and it doesn’t pay to be too thoughtless about progress, especially in youth.

HOW OUR SCHOOL PREPARES FOR GOOD CITIZENSHIP

What does good citizenship call for? It calls for a good understanding of the problems which confront a democracy such as ours. It calls for a good knowledge of past governments as well as of the present government. And it also calls for a knowledge of earning a living so that a citizen may become prosperous himself and also be able to contribute to the prosperity of his nation and state.

During the last two years Besse High has been aiming to give its students a broader knowledge of these essentials of good citizenship than ever before. There has always been a course in American History and Civics in its curriculum, but during the last two years two new courses have been added—a course in Economics and Problems of American Democracy for the upper classmen and a course in Citizenship for the lower classmen.

These courses present a thorough means of preparing the students for good citizenship. American History gives the students

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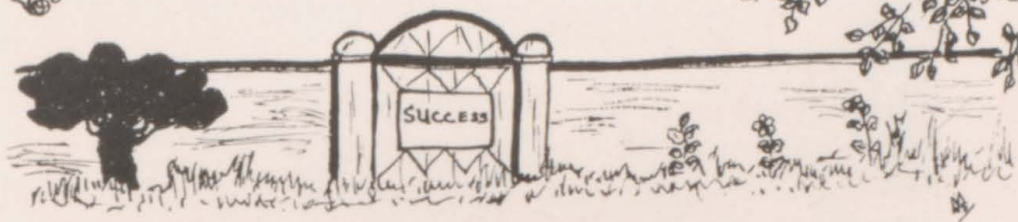
a knowledge of past American government, the problems which they had to face, and how they met them, while Civics gives them a complete knowledge of the present government. In the course in Problems of American Democracy the nation's problems are presented to the students, giving them the conditions and reasons for these conditions. The problems are discussed and the students try to find some solution for them. Thus, they are not only well informed in the affairs of the country, but they are also trained in trying to solve its problems so that when they enter their future citizenship they will be able to vote and act intelligently. In the study of Economics, the students deal with the means of earning a living, with the business side of life. This gives them a fine knowledge of living conditions and influence them to become prosperous citizens having a high standard of living and thus raising the nation's standard of living. Citizenship is similar to the course in Economics and Problems of American Democracy in that it teaches the ideals of good citizenship. This is a simpler course than the other and paves the way to a good course in Economics and Democracy.

If you desire your children to become good American citizens send them to Besse High!

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SENIOR NOTES

HONOR LIES AT LABORS GATE



MILDRED SANBORN.....*President*
GWENDOLYN BRADSTREET.....*Vice-President*
MARION BRAGG*Secretary-Treasurer*

CLASS MOTTO

Not at the top but climbing

CLASS COLORS

Blue and Gold

CLASS FLOWER

White Rose

CLASS ROLL

Mildred Bertha Sanborn
Charles Herman Carleton
Dora Christina Baker
George Ernest Meader
Gwendolyn Irene Bradstreet
Clifford Marvin McLaughlin
Marion Fuller Bragg
Lawrence Elmer Ruth
Gertrude Irene Abbott
Edna Rose Walcott
Francis Charles Rowe

SENIOR STATISTICS



MILDRED SANBORN

"MIL"

Busy: Talking with Clifford.
Always: In a hurry.
Takes delight: In physics exams.
Hopes to be: Mrs. McLaughlin.

Activities:

Basketball 4 years; Senior Drama '26; Secretary-Treasurer of A. A. '26; Secretary of Junior Class '26; Manager of Basketball '27; Vice-President of A. A. '27; Associate Editor of BESSE BREEZE, '27; President of Senior Class, '27.

HERMAN CARLETON

"HERM"

Busy: Cracking jokes.
Always: Playing ball.
Takes delight: Making home runs.
Hopes to be: Big league player.

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DORA BAKER

"DODE"

Busy: Grumbling.
Always: Riding in the Oakland.
Takes delight: In horseback riding.
Hopes to be: An engineer.

Activities:

Treasurer of Junior Class, '26.

ERNEST MEADER

"MEADER"

Busy: Writing letters.
Always: Up at "Knights."
Takes delight: In going after Abbie.
Hopes to be: A great speller.

Activities:

Basketball, 3 years; Manager of Basketball team, '25; Captain of Basketball team, '26; Baseball, 4 years; President Sophomore Class, '25; Captain of Baseball Team, '25; Athletic Editor of BESSE BREEZE, '25; Local Editor of BESSE BREEZE, '26; Senior Dramas, '25 and '26.

GWENDOLYN BRADSTREET

"GWEN"

Busy: Giving reports in Democracy.
Always: Talking.
Takes delight: In Paul.
Hopes to be: A stenographer.

Activities:

Basketball, 4 years; President of A. A., '27; Vice-President of Class, '27; Captain of Girls' Basketball Team, '27.

CLIFFORD McLAUGHLIN

"CY"

Busy: Writing notes.

Always: Going after the milk.

Takes delight: In giving Geometry problems.

Hopes to be: A good husband.

Activities:

Baseball, 2 years; Basketball, 2 years; Associate Editor of BESSE BREEZE, '26; President of Junior Class, '26; Manager of Baseball, '27.

MARION BRAGG

"MAE"

Busy: Being curious.

Always: Has some news.

Takes delight: In Philip.

Hopes to be: News reporter.

Activities:

Basketball, 4 years; Vice-President of Class, '24, '25, and '26; Senior Drama, '26; Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class, '27; Literary Editor of BESSE BREEZE, '27.

LAWRENCE RUTH

"BABE"

Busy: Adjusting his spectacles.

Always: Talking to Dora.

Takes delight: In giving book reports.

Hopes to be: A public speaker.

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GERTRUDE ABBOTT

"BOBBY"

Busy: Riding horseback.
Always: Dancing.
Takes delight: In playing basketball.
Hopes to be: Mrs. "Fat".

Activities:

Basketball, 3 years; Secretary-Treasurer of A. A., '27.

EDNA WALCOTT

"AUNTIE"

Busy: Driving her Ford.
Always: Looking for letters.
Takes delight: In going to movies.
Hopes to be: A nurse.

Activities:

Basketball, 2 years.

FRANCIS ROWE

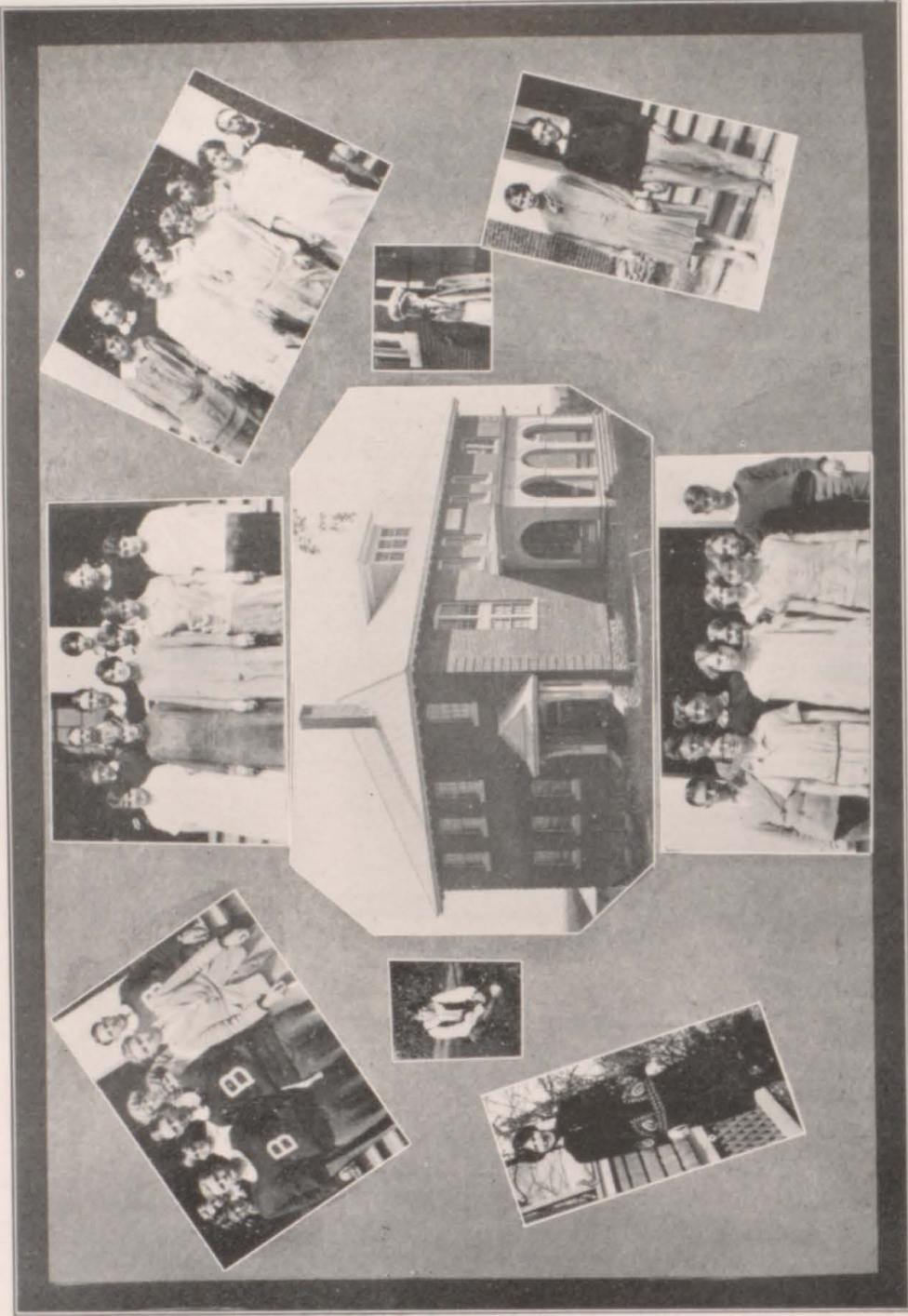
"BILL"

Busy: Going to dances.
Always: Keeping up with the "Joneses."
Takes delight: In tête a tête.
Hopes to be: An English teacher.

Activities:

Basketball, 3 years; Baseball, 3 years; Manager of Basketball, '25; Captain of Baseball, '26; Athletic Editor of BESSE BREEZE, '26; Manager of Basketball Team, '27; Captain of Baseball, '27.

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LITERARY

A CAMPING EXPERIENCE

Vacation time! Isn't it jolly? Betty and I skipped down the driveway to where Mr. Dorrian was cranking up the "Lizzie". In a few minutes Mrs. Dorrian joined us bringing a box of fudge and a camera that we had left on the kitchen table in our excitement. With a splutter, "Lizzie" rattled down the road toward Pembroke, while Mr. Dorrian described the place he had chosen for our vacation party.

It was sunset when we turned from the highway into the long, pine-shaded lane leading to the shore of the lake. Far ahead through the dark vista of giant pines we could see the silvery surface of Wonote lake now tinted with the colors of the setting sun.

The men folks at once set about gathering wood for the fire and bringing water from the spring on the hillside east of the

cabin, while Betty and I helped Mrs. Dorrian unpack the provisions and set the cabin in order.

Supper over and the camp chores completed for the night, we gathered around the fire to toast marshmallows and pop corn. Betty had brought her banjo and Mr. Dorrian rescued a fiddle from somewhere among the baggage. They were soon carrying us away with them to distant countries among the air castles.

By eleven o'clock the fire had burned low, and Mr. Dorrian suggested that we retire for the night and get rested for an early start to climb Mt. Brian on the following morning.

Soon we were all sleeping soundly. I was having a glorious horseback ride out in the open prairie, when crash! Then bumpity, bump! I thought for a moment my horse had stumbled. Then again that sound like splintered glass, and I sat up in bed. A whispered question told me that Betty was awake. We thought we would do a little investigating. So dressing hurriedly we crept down the creaking stairs toward the back porch from which the noise had come. Quietly lifting the latch we looked out. Not a thing could be seen. Then—out of the shadow of the porch railing came a clumsy, fuzzy object, wobbling awkwardly along, bumping into the wall and reeling back, overturning a lantern in its headlong career. It seemed to be headless, but as it came out of the shadow the moonlight shone full upon it. Betty giggled. On closer inspection of our burglar I joined her; for he was no other than Mr. Ground-hog, who having seen his shadow in the sunlight of February wished to compare it with the same silhouette in the moonlight of June, and in his wanderings had come upon an empty salmon can and thinking he had found a dainty dish proceeded to try it and was now unable to withdraw his head. *M.N.S.*

THE RIVER

I stood on the banks of a river,
 On a beautiful morning in May.
 And I wondered where it came from,
 And whither it made its way.

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I glanced at the water beneath me;
And listened to its song.
It sang on its way to the ocean,
Like the birds that sings in the morn.

It starts way up on a mountain,
And flows down over a hill;
Somewhere up on the hillside,
It turns the wheel of a mill.

It flows across the country,
And empties into the sea.
The river is always singing,
And happy, it seems to me.

C. W. S., '29.

Albion, Maine, January 1, 1927.

Dear Tom,

I have just had one of the strangest experiences of my life, and I am going to tell you about it before I forget any of the details.

The adventure, if you would call it that, was taking a trip to the moon.

It happened about a week ago. An inventor—I'll not bother to tell his name—had made a giant of a rocket, and he expected to send it to the moon. He valued his own neck too highly to want to go himself, so he asked me. You will probably remember that I was always a sort of dare-devil; so after thinking it over a while, I persuaded one of my old schoolmates, John Gould, to go with me. I chose him because I didn't dare to take any heavyweight along. If it hadn't been for that, I should probably have taken Catherine Thompson.

So one morning we said farewell to our friends and relatives and climbed aboard. Then the rocket went off.

I cannot remember much about the first part of the journey; it took all of my time and strength to hang on. We could see

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that the earth was becoming smaller and smaller, and at last it disappeared altogether. Once in a while we would go whizzing by a star or a planet, but mostly it was just space.

At last we saw far ahead of us the moon. I began to wonder if we would land all right or not. But in a few minutes the rocket came up beside the moon and stopped. We had reached the moon!

We got out and began to look around. I expect that the first question you would ask me would be whether the moon really was made of green cheese or not. Well, it is. The cheese was yellow at first; but during the few thousands of years that it has been up there it has begun to mould and is changing color.

Suddenly John saw a sign that said, "Moonshine Valley, three miles." That caught John's attention at once; so we started in the direction that the sign pointed. We found the valley and the moonshine, too. It was in barrels and cans and kegs; and it was real moonshine, John said. He even declared that if the fellow who was the cause of prohibition could have tasted of it, the eighteenth amendment would have never been heard of. Of course you understand that I didn't try any. I let John have my share and he helped himself.

Soon I saw a sign that read: "This Way to See Man in the Moon." We started in that direction at once, but luck was against us this time. I slipped on something and grabbed John's arm, but I couldn't stop and the first thing I knew we were both sliding over the edge of the moon. It seemed as though we were falling for days, and then the earth came in sight. I expected to have a hard landing and I did. I seemed to hear bells ringing, and the next thing I found myself on the floor beside my bed and the alarm clock was buzzing. Evidently I had been dreaming.

I hope that sometime you and I can make a trip to the moon and see if there really is a man in it.

Sincerely yours,

CLYDE SKILLIN.

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MY HARDEST TASK

A teacher in our school one day,
Looked at our class and said:
"I want you all to write a poem."
We turned our eyes with dread.

Now some can write a verse that rhymes,
And make the meaning clear;
But I might sit up half the night,
Just rhyming "far" and "near".

I think it wise to spend my time
In work, that seems more dear.
For making up a verse that rhymes
Is my hardest task, I fear.

M. E. L., '29.

THE CURSE OF GOORU

The warriors gathered around. The medicine man beat a drum, and up the line came Sico, his head bent low. Sico must be punished. He had spoken disrespectfully to the chief of the tribe, Mano. The medicine man must pronounce his sentence.

Sico stood with head bowed as the medicine man had his slaves bring a large box from his hut and put it on the ground. They were about to remove the cover, but were told not to touch it again until commanded. Approaching the box with slow, solemn step, the medicine man, chanting a low song, removed the cover. Exposed to view was the most terrible object Sico had ever seen. It was very large, with great, twisted legs and with great arms hanging at its sides. Sico shuddered and, hiding his face in his hands, groaned aloud. The medicine man told him to uncover his face and look up. Sico did so.

The medicine man spoke, I have been commanded by the great chief, Mano, to sentence you, oh, most disobedient of men. You have, not long ago, spoken disrespectfully to His Highness. For

this you must be punished. Listen carefully for I am about to sentence you. This image, called Gooru, has most powerful magic. See how strong he is. See his long arms. He is very powerful. He must be touched by none, except me, his high priest. Here is your sentence: You shall be cursed by the everlasting curse of Gooru, and until he is overturned before the whole nation this curse shall not be broken. You must live apart from our nation in those caves over toward the rising sun. I have spoken. If our chief approves, you may go.

There was a hush for a few minutes, but soon the chief's voice was heard, echoing far and near through the crowd, so that all heard it and all were afraid.

"Our all-wise medicine man has spoken well. So be it. Let no man speak to Sico. Let him go by himself until the curse is broken."

A low murmur ran through the crowd, but no one dared oppose the decision, and all feared the strange Gooru, who had such a large body and such strong magic.

Sico made his way through the crowd and turned toward the caves, and no man saw him for many moons. Life at the camp went on the same as before, except there was some fear and many prayers to the great Gooru, who was put in the medicine man's hut, and who had such strong magic.

Sico lived in the caves. It was a hard life at first, but gradually he overcame his loneliness, and thought only of overcoming the curse of Gooru. He dreamed of the monster at night and thought of him in his waking hours.

One day as Sico worked he heard footsteps, and a tall stranger appeared in the mouth of the cave. His skin was not like the skin of Sico's people, for Sico's people had black skins while this stranger's skin was white. Thinking the curse had fallen, Sico prostrated himself before the white stranger. To his surprise nothing terrible happened. The stranger, laying his hand on Sico's shoulder, in his own language told him to rise. When the stranger was told of the curse of Gooru, he promised to help

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Sico, but not until he had instructed him concerning a new Gospel which he was going to teach the warriors.

For many moons the stranger lived in the caves with Sico, and taught him the white man's religion until Sico began to believe in it.

At last the stranger said he was ready to overthrow the curse of Gooru. Going to the huts, he told all the people he would set Sico free from the curse of Gooru.

The whole camp assembled to see the destruction of one who would attempt the overthrow of such a monster. The stranger stood a moment with bowed head then approached Gooru, lifted his hand slowly, and struck it down. The warriors held their breath, but nothing happened. The white stranger turned and with uncovered head told them of a God who ruled the whole world and who was so much stronger than Gooru that he would not allow his servant to be harmed. The warriors were greatly impressed. Truly this must be a great God, who could withstand the strong magic of Gooru. Soon the white stranger, or missionary, won many warriors to his religion. The wicked medicine man soon lost all power in the tribe he had once so nearly ruled. Sico was at once returned to the chief's favor, and he soon became one of the chief warriors of the tribe.

G. C. K., '30.

TOMMY'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

I'm going to be like Washington
And never tell a lie.

Be always brave and steadfast
And not afraid to die.

I'm going to be a general
To fight in all the wars.

I guess I'll be the President
And make a lot of laws.

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I'm going to have a powdered wig
And all those doodads too.
I'll have to have some satin pants
And a buckle on my shoe.

P. W. F., '28.

THE SURPRISE OF MY LIFE

One year just before Christmas I began telling my parents what I wanted for presents. Among the things which I mentioned was a pair of skiis. My sister had a pair and I wanted some also.

A few days before Christmas, mother and dad went to the city to buy presents. When they got home at night they brought all of the packages into the house, and there was nothing resembling skiis among them. I was very much disappointed, for I thought of course that they didn't get them.

Early Christmas morning mother called my sister to get up and go up to grandma's on an errand for her. She told me that I hadn't better get up as it was still quite early. I began to mistrust a little then, for they wouldn't tell me what my sister's errand had been.

We were going to have our Christmas dinner and tree at grandma's; so we picked up all of our presents and went up there. After we arrived mother and grandmother put the presents on the tree and told my sister and I that we might take a peek at it after they had finished if we would help with the dinner. We worked busily until they told us we might look. I expected to see my skiis standing beside the tree, but they were not there, and I felt more disappointed than before.

After dinner we all went into the parlor to find what the Christmas tree had in store for us. My sister, my cousin and I were elected to be Santa. After the presents were distributed I noticed a little tag with my name on it hanging all alone on a bough. There was also a string attached to it which led through

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a door behind the tree. I was told to follow the string. Well I did, and I don't believe that I ever undertook a more discouraging piece of work. It led me into nearly every room overhead. It was wound around chairs, beds, bureaus and every sort of thing. I thought I would never come to the end of it, but I did finally away up in the attic; and there I found behind some boxes the skis which I had so longed for. If you had been in my place at that moment you would have said, as I did, that it was the surprise of my life.

T. A. N., '30.

WHAT WOULD A GENTLEMAN DO?

It was with a sigh of relief that Harlan Meredith, wealthy New York railroad magnate, settled down to enjoy the somewhat frosted scenery as the western bound Limited speeded out into the country. His childhood home was on a large ranch in North Dakota. He and his cousin, Dick Wade, had come east to college. Dick had returned to the Dakotas to live the life of a farmer. Harlan went to South America where he made a fortune in wheat in Argentina; later he returned and bought interests in the Western railways of the United States. It was in their interests that he was now journeying westward.

As the day wore on it began to snow and the track was nearly obliterated. When at seven o'clock P. M. the train pulled into the smokey little town of Candelaria, a blizzard was raging and word was received that the road from Candelaria to Hawthorne was already impassible. So Mr. Meredith set out to find a night's lodging in the little town.

Mr. and Mrs. McCully having gone to visit a neighbor who lived several miles away, Virginia was getting supper.

"Ginny," asked little five year old Bobby, "isn't supper mos' ready?"

"Yes," said Virginia, as she finished setting the table; and making sure that neither Bobby nor Ted were looking, she

slipped from her apron pocket another bun and put it on the plate with the rest. (It was a time worn custom to flavor one bun with red pepper, and who ever got this Jonah, as a forfeit must get under the table while the others finished their meal.) Just as they were sitting down to eat, Rex bounded up from where he was sleeping near the stove and barked savagely. "Who can it be at this late hour?" thought the children.

On opening the door they were met by a tall genial stranger who introduced himself and explained his errand there. Living up to the famed Western hospitality, Virginia invited him in and told him he might spend the night there.

Mr. Meredith entered into the fun with such enthusiasm that he seemed like an old friend. He told them many interesting stories of his adventures in South America. So interested were they that no one particularly noticed when Ted passed him the buns until he stopped in the midst of a thrilling experience with a condor, and began to laugh. In the excitement Virginia had forgotten to remove the bun and the stranger had got the Jonah. What would a gentleman do? Well, this one immediately assured the very embarrassed Virginia that having once been young himself he was well acquainted with this custom, and he insisted on paying his forfeit. Down on his knees and under the table he went, to the delight of Bobby and Ted who would never have believed that a dignified railroad magnate could be such a ripping good sport.

M. N. 6.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

I'm sure you'll like the Junior class
 If it you chance to see
 In full array on some school day
 With eyes so full of glee.

It's President is Friar (Frye-r) Paul.
 In sports he's very fine.
 It's Vice is Miss Alberta Small
 Who smiles most all the time.

BESSE BREEZE

It's artist is Miss Marjorie
Who always looks so nice.
We're sure our Knight would happy be
Would he but break the ice.

There's Abbie, Faye, and Helen left,
Who from Palermo came
To be dear Besse's scholars blest
And share in all its fame.

G. E. D., '28.

THE LUCKY RING

"Well I hope I get along well with that after dinner speech of mine, Mary," said Alfred the afternoon before he was to make a speech at the club.

"So do I", replied Mary. "Say I have an idea." So saying she ran upstairs leaving Alfred to wonder at her sudden thought.

She came back with a little box out of which she took a ring resembling a snake with two little red stones for eyes. She placed this on his finger and said, "This is a ring my grandmother used to wear for luck, and she always had good luck when she wore it too."

"Aw! I don't believe it," scoffed Alfred.

"Well you just try it; you'll find out that it's so," replied Mary.

"Alright, sis, I'll try it, but I shall not hold any faith in it."

Alfred started for the club at about 5.00 P. M., and arrived there just as they were starting the business meeting. The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted; also other problems were cleared up. After that they enjoyed a well served dinner. After the dinner came Alfred's speech. He delivered it without one single mistake, and ended without any embarrassment.

The smokes were then passed around and a general good time was enjoyed by all.

Alfred went home in high spirits to find Mary sitting up to

hear of his success. "Did the ring bring you good luck, Alfred"? asked Mary.

"Yes, I believe it did," answered Alfred, "and I want to apologize to you for saying it would not."

Mary went to bed leaving Alfred to lock the doors and fasten the windows.

The next morning at the breakfast table Alfred told Mary that his boss was going to put him in as salesman. He also asked her if he might wear the lucky ring on his trips. She told him that he could.

Alfred thought he would sell the goods fast, but he tried at many stores only to get a refusal.

That night he told Mary of his hard luck and also said that he was going to try it tomorrow without the ring.

This he did on the morrow. He sold the goods at nearly all the places he tried and some besides. As he neared his home he concluded that he would get that superstition of the lucky ring out of Mary's head forever.

It was easy to convince Mary after Alfred's experience that the luck of the lucky ring was false.

M. D.

A SLIDE

I reached the top of Spearin hill,
 With that big sled of mine.
 The sun was bright, the air was still
 How brightly it did shine.

The sled sped swiftly down the hill,
 On the white gleaming snow.
 It slipped into a rut so deep
 That made me headlong go.

As I got up and looked around,
 I scarcely knew my name.
 For I was white with fluffy snow
 Oh! what a dreadful shame.

H. A. H., '29.

AN ADVENTURE OF BENJAMIN HANSON

Benjamin Hanson was the son of Squire Edward Hanson, the wealthy banker at Freemont. Benjamin was fourteen years of age with blue eyes and brown hair. He was very lively and mischievous. There was hardly a person in Freemont who had not been the victim of at least one of his practical jokes. As his father was very wealthy he did not have to do very much work, and therefore he had plenty of time to look around for something with which to amuse himself.

The unfortunate victim of most of his practical jokes was Mrs. Johnson, who ran the town poorhouse. Her husband was lazy and shiftless; so she had to work hard to support them both. She was a tall, stout woman, very nervous, and possessed a very hot temper combined with a sharp tongue. Her husband often received the full benefit of the combination; but, as he was talk-proof, he was not very much disturbed by this.

One Monday morning she was doing her week's wash; and, as everything seemed to have gone wrong, she was very much out of sorts.

On this morning Ben was sauntering down the road looking for someone to play a joke on. As he came in front of Mrs. Johnson's house, he saw her washing clothes. He tried to devise some means of annoying her but could not think of any.

Looking down the road, he saw his father, the squire, coming towards him. As his father was the overseer of the poor, Ben surmised that he was coming to confer with Mrs. Johnson about matters concerning the poorhouse.

Ben had had an argument with his father that morning over money matters, which had ended disastrously for Ben. Consequently, he was harboring resentment and wished to think of a way to get even.

Suddenly an idea formulated itself in his brain, and fitting action to thought he ran to her door, knocked, and scurried around the corner of the house out of sight. Mrs. Johnson wiped her hands on a towel, opened the door, looked out, and seeing no one she closed the door and resumed her work.

Ben waited a moment, then knocked at the door and ran around the corner again. Mrs. Johnson repeated the same procedure as before, and seeing no one began to suspect that she was being made the victim of a joke. And now thoroughly angry, she took a pail, dipped it in the hot soapsuds and stood ready for a third knock.

The squire had just come to the door and had not seen what had taken place. So he knocked on the door and in a moment received the surprise of his life.

After Mrs. Johnson heard the third knock at the door, she opened it and threw the suds with all her might straight into the face of the squire before she had recognized who it was. She hastened for a towel, and the squire wiped his face.

"Oh, Squire," said Mrs. Johnson, "I beg your pardon. I thought it was some boy playing a trick on me."

"Well, Mrs. Johnson," replied the squire, "you should be careful whom you throw soapsuds at." Then the squire, much discomfited, went home to change his clothes.

Ben had been a witness to his father's discomfiture and laughed heartily.

C. H. C., '27.

THE MAGIC SKELETON

As John Merrill walked along in the moonlight his heart was very heavy. Why had he been sent down into these jungles of South Africa to convert the natives. It was impossible. He had been here almost a year and only a few people had been made to believe in our God. Oh, it was so discouraging.

That very day he had found the testaments and pictures that he had worked so hard to get all torn up in a heap in front of an old hut. He asked one of the natives how they came to be there. He replied that the medicine man had commanded them to be put there and that was all he would tell.

Tonight as he walked along he thought how eager he had been to come down here never dreaming that things would turn out as they had. At a late hour he reached his little hut and was

BESSE BREEZE

very soon in bed thinking of what luck the morrow might bring.

The next morning he got up and went about his tasks trying to be as happy as possible. When he went out to meet the natives they all ran from him. But finally he got near enough to one to ask what the matter was. He stood dumb and would not reply.

Now Mr. Merrill surmised that something was up, but he couldn't find out what it was. At times the natives would disappear, and when they came back they seemed very much frightened about something. The medicine man was always very cross and never came near him.

The days went slowly by and things didn't change much. John's friends hoped that he was enjoying himself as he had always wanted to become a missionary. With all his might he wished that he had never come to this country, but he kept on trying. He told the native stories about Jesus and helped them in every way that he could. At night when he left them he felt encouraged, for some of them seemed really interested. But in the morning they were as indifferent as ever. Once or twice he had seen two or three of the natives start toward his hut and then turn and run as fast as they could back into the village.

About every day when John was coming home from the little mission, he met the medicine man coming from the direction of his hut. He wondered what he could be doing out here; so he decided to find out.

The next day he started for the mission, but he didn't go there at all. He turned around and took a path which led through the woods and back to his hut. He arrived there and looked around but saw nothing. He waited a while and pretty soon heard a noise which sounded like some one coming. After stepping behind a tree so that he couldn't be seen, he looked in the direction where he had heard it. The medicine man was just coming out of the bushes. He carried something on his back, a very queer looking thing. He set it down on a box and spread it out. The missionary saw that it was made of bones

BESSE BREEZE

fastened together making the form of the skeleton of a man. After the thing was arranged to suit him, the medicine man stepped back into the bushes muttering something to himself about this magic figure keeping his people away from that old missionary's house and obeying his orders as they should.

The missionary stood thinking what he could do. Another noise startled him and looking down the path he saw a whole crowd of natives coming toward the hut. They seemed very much excited about something and some carried testaments. Suddenly they saw this dreadful figure and stopped. Now was his time. The missionary stepped from behind the tree and knocked the skeleton all to pieces in spite of the protest of the medicine man. The natives were so pleased they didn't know what to do. To think that that old thing would be there no longer to scare them away from their dear missionary's hut, for they had come to love him and now would believe in the white man's God as they called it. The old medicine man disappeared entirely, and John Merrill was happy with his new Christians.

T. A. N., '30.

BESSE HIGH HELPS

From nine o'clock in the morning
'Til ten minutes of four at night
The pupils of Besse High School
Study with all their might.

To be good and honorable people.
When once they get out in the world
To earn their own fair living
There is neither boy nor girl—

That would be ashamed to say
That Dear Old Besse High
Was the one that helped
Them on their way.

C. A. T., '29.



ATHLETICS



GIRLS' BASKETBALL



The Besse girls had a very successful season this year. They made an average of .888 points out of a possible 1000. They scored 237 points to opponents 115. Due to distance they were unable to secure as many games as they wished but no doubt had one of the best teams in the section.

LINE-UP

- Right Forward—Winnifred Bradstreet.
- Left Forward—Gwendolyn Bradstreet.
- Center—Edna Walcott.
- Side Center—Marion Bragg.
- Right Guard—Gertrude Abbott.
- Left Guard—Faye Jones and Mildred Sanborn.
- Coach, Mrs. McLaughlin

SCORES

Besse	39	Alumni	14
Besse	35	Oakland	8
Besse	16	Oakland	9

BESSE BREEZE

Besse	37	Unity	24
Besse	9	Fairfield	12
Besse	27	Fairfield	11
Besse	20	Unity	19
Besse	31	Winslow	8
Besse	23	Winslow	10

BOYS' BASKETBALL



Considering the fact that we do not have a gymnasium at Besse we think that our team has had a very successful season. Out of fourteen games we won ten and lost four. Two of the games lost were to Colby Cllege teams. We won from two of those teams in return games. We lost no games but by a very small margin. Out of a possible 1000 we made 714. We scored 420 points to opponents 341.

LINE-UP

Left Forward, Meader, Champlin.
 Right Forward, Frye, McLaughlin.
 Center, Skillin, Rowe.
 Right Guard, Knight.
 Left Guard, Marks, Hall.

SCORES

Besse	42	Oakland	31
Besse	29	Oakland	44
Besse	39	Unity	13
Besse	33	Brooks	16
Besse	38	Clinton	30
Besse	31	Lawrence	33
Besse	32	Lawrence	19
Besse	26	Unity	15
Besse	26	Coburn 2nd	21
Besse	32	Thomas Business College..	21
Besse	28	Getchell St. S. S.....	16
Besse	34	Kappa Delta Rho, Colby..	20
Besse	16	Lambda Chi, Colby.....	23
Besse	14	Alpha Tau Omega Frater-	
		nity, Colby.....	39

BOYS' BASEBALL



We had a very successful season last year considering the fact that we started with an entirely green team. We won all

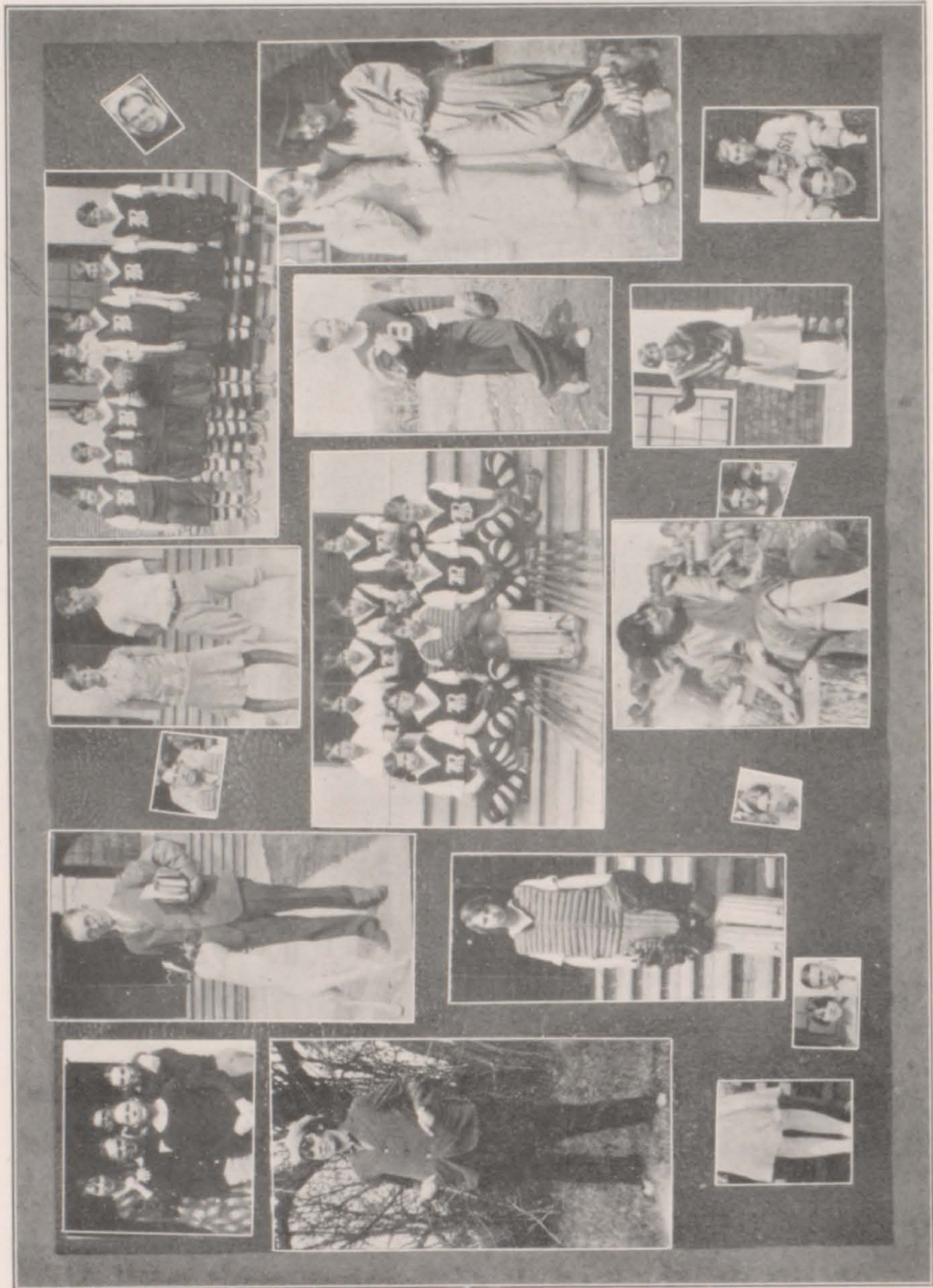
BESSE BREEZE

but three games and closed the season in triumph by trouncing the successful Hartland Academy team 7-4. But we expect to have a much more successful season this year.

LINE-UP

Pitcher, Rowe, Frye.	Third base, McLaughlin
Catcher, Marks	Left field, Knight
First base, Frye, Knight	Center field, S. Rowe
Second base, Skillin	Right field, Littlefield
Shortstop	Subs, Gould, Hall, Robinson

Games	Besse	Opp.
April 16 Freedom Academy	20	2
April 23 Williams H. S., Oakland	4	11
April 27 Freedom Academy	38	4
April 30 Williams H. S., Oakland	7	6
May 3 Fairfield		
May 6 Coburn 2nd		



LOCALS



OUR SCHOOL CALENDAR

- Sept. 6. Labor Day: Every one working to get back to school.
- Sept. 7. Dickey (looking at Aquilo): "Where is Ricker?"
Mr. McLaughlin: "In Florida."
- Sept. 8. Miss Dyer (in debate): "People who are out of their heads aren't crazy."
- Sept. 9. Miss Bradstreet: "Is it going to be a true or false test?"
Mr. McLaughlin: "Yes, either one or other."
- Sept. 10. Miss Dyer: "Fires caused by lightening are nothing but carelessness."
- Sept. 11. Mrs. McLaughlin (in Eng. class): "What kind of verse did Dryden write?"
Mr. Carleton: "Diative Stanza."
Mrs. McLaughlin: "That must be a new one."
- Sept. 12. Miss S. Bradstreet (in Democracy): "The capital of Norway is Angora."
Mr. Carleton: "I thought Angora was a cat."

- Sept. 13. Mrs. McLaughlin (in French class): "Did you bring Colombe with you Mr. Bickmore?"
Mr. Bickmore: "No, but I brought the Ancient Mariner."
- Sept. 14. Mrs. McLaughlin (in Latin class): "What is the gender of animals?"
Miss Nelson: "Oh, that's neuter." (snooter)
- Sept. 15. Mrs. McLaughlin (in English): "Correct this sentence: Listening to the radio, my foot went to sleep."
Mr. Hall: "My foot went to sleep while listening to the radio."
- Sept. 26. Mrs. McLaughlin (in English): "Correct this sentence: The newspaper contained this notice: Found, a red cow on the highway with brass knobs on her horns."
Mr. Rowe: "The newspaper contained this notice: On the highway I found a red cow with brass horns."
- Oct. 1. Mrs. McLaughlin: "Fill in the blank in this sentence —'Henry has ——earned a dollar this year'."
Mr. Knight: "I think it ought to be, 'Henry has *not* earned a dollar this year'."
- Oct. 2. Mrs. McLaughlin: "Faye, have you read any of Scott's works?"
Faye: "No, not any."
Mrs. McLaughlin: "What have you read?"
Faye: "I have red hair."
- Oct. 3. Miss Walcott: "I wish I had lived three hundred years ago."
Miss Baker: "Why?"
Miss Walcott: "I shouldn't have had so much history to learn."
- Oct. 4. Miss Bragg: "They say she married her first love."
Miss G. Bradstreet: "Poor thing! It must be awful when one's first love turns out to be permanent."

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- Oct. 5. "Paddy" Harding: "You say this is your gun. How long have you had it?"
"Hen" Knight: "Yes, sir I've had that gun ever since it was a pistol."
- Oct. 6. Francis Rowe: "Uncle, when does your football team play?"
Uncle: "Football team, what do you mean?"
Francis: "Why I heard father say that when you kicked off we'd be able to afford a big automobile."
- Oct. 7. Wanted: Someone to open the laboratory door for Mr. Wentworth. Apply: Junior girls.
- Nov. 1. Mr. McLaughlin: "Warren, why was Columbus look for a new world?"
Warren: "I think he was looking for a place to park."
- Nov. 11. John Gould: "Do you know why Herman parts his hair in the middle?"
Harvey: "No, why?"
John: "It's a state law. You've got to put an alleyway in every block."
- Nov. 18. Mr. Wentworth: "Miss Nelson, is fresh air wealth?"
Miss Nelson: "Yes."
Mr. Wentworth: "How much of it could you can and sell?"
- Nov. 20. Mr. Wentworth: "Is the earth flat or round?"
Stephen: "Neither."
Mr. Wentworth: "Then what is it?"
Stephen: "It's crooked."
- Dec. 7. Meader: "What do you mean by telling Abbie I'm a fool?"
Henry: "I'm sorry. I didn't know it was a secret."
- Dec. 10. Mr. McLaughlin to Lawrence H.: "What was the first war we had?"
"Paddy": "World War."
- Dec. 24. Edna All Stars beat Albion Scrubs 12-21.
Dec. 26. Walcott's Professionals beat Scrubs 8-13.

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- Dec. 28. A Senior stood on the narrow-gage track,
A train was coming fast,
The train got off the railroad track,
And let the Senior pass.
- Dec. 29. Hubby to wife: "Do you want anything at the store
today? I am going into town."
Wife: "Yes, Cy, you might get me three quarts of
that traffic jam that we're hearing so much about."
- Dec. 30. Teacher: "Boy, some people are ignorant, but you
abuse the privilege."
- Jan. 3. One girl: "She never keeps her nose out of other
people's business."
Other girl: "No, not even long enough to apply her
powder puff."
- Jan. 4. Father to his son: "Warren, when Abraham Lincoln
was your age he was working his board."
Warren: "Yes, Dad, and when Abraham Lincoln
was your age he was President of the United States."
- Jan. 15. Mr. McLaughlin: "Miss Bradstreet can you tell me
if Noah had a wife?"
Gwendolyn: "Certainly; Joan of Arc."
- Jan. 26. Mildred: "Clifford I don't believe you love me any
more."
Clifford: "Why's that?"
Mildred: "Why, you've left every night lately before
Cleve threatened to throw you out."
- Jan. 27. Bruce: "Would you like to buy a jug of cider?"
Dickey: "Well-er-er is it ambitious and willing to
work?"
- Jan. 30. Thresa Nelson (in debate): "If a person spills fat on
the stove I don't think he should be imprisoned for
causing a fire by carelessness."
Helen Dyer (quite a size): "Well I don't think fat
is carelessness."

BESSE BREEZE

- Feb. 2. Mr. McLaughlin (in Democracy) : "What is the capitol of Turkey?"
Carleton: "Constantinople."
Miss Bradstreet: "No, it's Angora."
Carleton: "Angora, I thought Angora was a cat."
- Feb. 7. Herman: "Did you know Marion was playing in an orchestra, Gwen?"
Gwen: "No, how's that?"
Herman: "She's playing second fiddle."
- Feb. 19. Miss Jones: "I think people who cause forest fires through carelessness should be imprisoned."
Helen Dyer: "Many of them are caused by lightening. You'd have some job putting that in prison."
- Feb. 25. Philip: "I shall never marry until I meet a girl who is my direct opposite."
Henry: "Well, Phil, there are a number of intelligent girls in this town."
- Feb. 28. Edna All Stars beat Braggarts.
- Mar. 1. Herman: "I got a hunch."
Meader: "Really, I thought you were just round-shouldered."
- Mar. 5. Mrs. McLaughlin (in Sophomore English class) :
"Give me the parts of the verb to fly, Mr. Gould."
John: "Fly, flea, flyed."
- Mar. 14. Cleve: "Shall I cut your hair close?"
Gertrude: "No, stand off as far as possible."
- Mar. 20. Kelsey: "George, what is a taxidermist?"
George: "He skins animals."
Kelsey: "Well, what is a taxi-driver?"
George: "He skins humans."
- Mar. 22. Mrs. McLaughlin: "Meader, give me a sentence using the word 'satiated'."
Meader: "I took Marion to a restaurant last week and I'll say-she-ate quite a lot."

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- Mar. 24. Miss Stanley: "In science we are going to make a radio."
Miss Young: "Last year we cooked a dog."
Miss Stanley: "What in?" (Meaning what study)
Miss Young: "The dish pan."
- April 3. Mr. McLaughlin got so fresh out to Oakland that they had to put salt in his coffee.
- April 10. Mr. Wentworth: "Phil, what is a peninsula?"
Phil: "A long narrow neck, just a-stretchin' out to sea."
- April 14. "Mr. Gould can you name a city in Alaska?"
Johnny: "No, m'm."
Mrs. McLaughlin: "Correct. That's fine."
- April 21. Dora: "Mr. McLaughlin told me to tell all the girls in the class that we would not meet tomorrow. I wonder why he didn't tell me to let the boys know."
Lawrence: "Why, he knew that if you told the girls it would spread to the boys very quickly."
- April 25. Johnny: "Bruce, I've lost my little dog."
Bruce: "Put an ad in the paper."
Johnny: "Well, the poor little pet can't read."
- April 28. Stephen Rowe: "I know a fellow who works in the navy and gets \$150 a week."
Mr. McLaughlin: "What does he do Stephen?"
Stephen: "Oh! he isn't working there now."
- April 29. Mrs. McLaughlin (in English III and IV): "What does typical mean? ridiculous, important, or representative?"
Mr. Dickey: "It is ridiculous."
- April 30. Warren: "My girl has a beautiful handkerchief which she claims cost twenty dollars."
"Paddy": "Twenty dollars! That's a lot of money to blow in."
- May 2. Robinson (in Citizenship class telling about Internal Improvements): "Monroe took millinery possession of Louisiana."

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- May 6. Gwen. "I like algebra. I wish I had taken solid algebra this year."
- May 8. Edna said they killed a pig and a half down to her house the other day. We wonder if the other half is fat enough to kill yet.
- May 16. Henry: "Elwood ate something last night that made him sick."
Paul: "Croquette?"
Henry: "Not yet but he's pretty sick."
- May 20. Marion: "Why is Paul like a cowboy?"
Gwen: "I'll bite. Why is he?"
Marion: "Because they both throw a good line."

GREAT IMPOSSIBILITIES AT BESSE

WHAT IF:

- Clyde Skillin should use stilts.
Catherine Tompson should come on time.
Faye Jones should dye her hair.
Gertrude Drake should flunk a test.
Paul Frye should scorch.
Edna Walcott weighed two hundred.
John Gould should marry Catherine.
Bruce Marks should worry.
Paddy should lick Steve Rowe.
Marion Bragg should be an old maid.
Gwendolyn Bradstreet should lose her voice.
Catherine should forget her powder puff.
Dickey should be a policeman.
Robie Bickmore should forget to study.
Alberta should get the rheumatism.
Gertrude Drake should be free from care.
Philip should forget his comb.
Clifford should major in Latin.
John Gould should sit still ten minutes.

Helen Dyer should get excited.
Thresa Nelson should use slang.
Lawrence Ruth should get mad.

BESSE ECCENTRICITIES

WHY DOES:

Gwendolyn talk so much?
Herman think himself a thinking man?
Clyde look down on Dickey?
Abbie Nelson seem so peaceful?
Dickey take life so easy?
Dora Baker have so little time for leisure?
Ernest Meader remind us of Abbie?
Francis Rowe laugh so vociferously?
Lawrence Ruth keep so sweet?
Phil Knight act so ladylike?
Winifred act so childish?
Herman never run down?
Elwood always talk with the girls?
Ruth Whitaker keep so quiet?
A. Young read the Clinton news?
Everson Dickey always take the seat behind M. Stanley in
Math. class?

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

"Gosh" Clifford McLaughlin
"Hurry for Ireland" Herman Carleton
"Lizards eyebrows" Marion Bragg
"Will you?" Gertrude Abbott
"So there" Paul Frye
"Maybe" Edna Walcott
"Who said you did?" Mildred Sanborn
"Gee" Everson Dickey
"Honest" Dora Baker

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"Laugh that off" Faye Jones
"Well' Henry Knight
"Is that so?" Warren Champlin
"Hey You" "Bill" Rowe
"Oh—" Gertrude Drake

SOME MODERN BOOKS

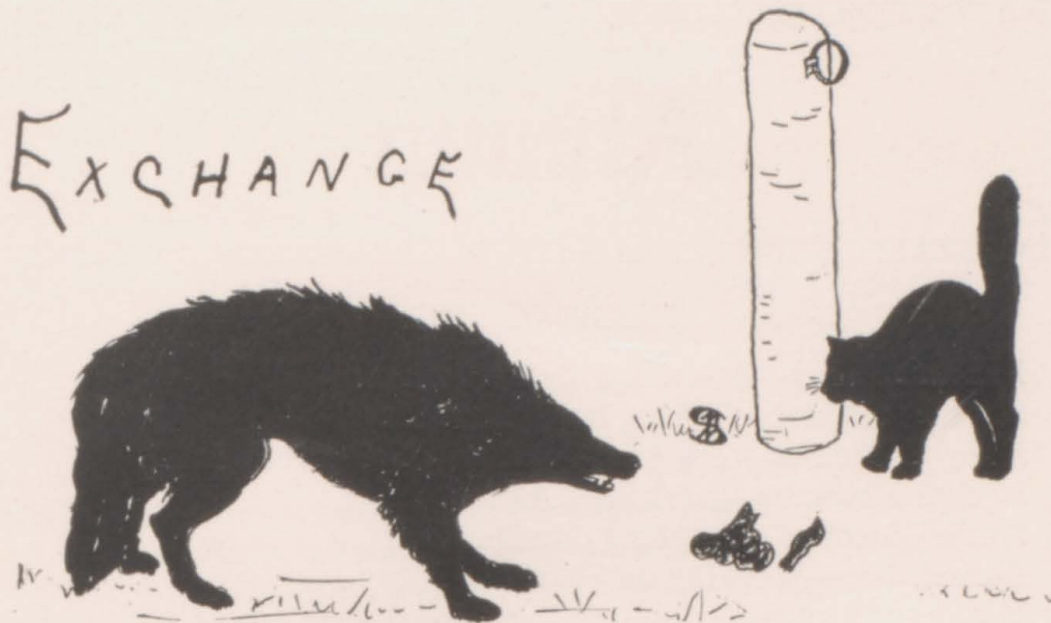
Iron Heart Clifford McLaughlin
Her Prairie Knight Thresa Nelson
Six feet four Clyde Skillin
The Boss of the Lazy Y Mr. Wentworth
So Big Katherine Thompson
Freckles George Wentworth
Wild Animal at Home Freshmen in B. H. S.
The Flirt Faye Jones
The Able McLaughlins Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin
Man Size Stephen Rowe
Missing Catherine Thompson at nine o'clock
Limpy Paul Frye in a baseball game
The Lion and the Mouse Catherine and John
Smilin' Through Kelsey Robinson
Ladies-in-Waiting Mildred Littlefield and Edna
A Royal Tragedy American History Exams.
The Back Woodsman George Wentworth
Three Scallywags Alberta, Winifred, Margaret
The Prodigal Village Albion

WHEN WE SING

"Somewhere with Someone" Marion Bragg
"Tonight's My Night with Baby" Herman Carleton
"Every Night" Clifford McLaughlin
"A package of old love-letters" Edna Walcott
"Don't wake me up, Let me dream" Everson Dickey
"Breezing along with the Breeze" Our Salesmen

BESSE BREEZE

- "I'm Calling on Phoebe Tonight".....Phillip Knight
"Let me call you sweetheart".....Marguerite Stanley
"I Ain't Nobody's Darling".....Lawrence Ruth
"When We're Gone You'll Soon Forget".....Seniors
"Paddle Your Own Canoe".....Dora Baker
"The Farmer".....Alberta Young
"Once I was Happy but Look at Me Now".....Paul Frye
"When Johnny Comes Marching Home"....."Win" Bradstreet
"Old Time Pals" "Phil" and Champ
"Hum Your Troubles Away".....Robie Bickmore



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

The Rostrum News, Guilford, Maine.

The Monitor, Unity, Maine.

The Gatherer, Deer Isle, Maine.

The Nautilus, Waterville, Maine.

The Aquilo, Ricker Institute, Houlton, Maine.

Oak Leaves, Oak Grove Seminary.

The Academy Echo, Freedom, Maine.

Northern Lights, Millinocket, Maine.

Waukomis, Stockton Springs.

The Go-Getter, Bliss College.

The Sign Board, Baypath Institute.

The Hebronian, Hebron, Maine.

Call again—All of you.

Alumni

CLASS OF 1926

Barbara Libby—Attending Colby College.
Irma Parkhurst—Taking business course.
Ruby Bickmore—Teaching—Attends Colby this fall.
Evelyn Ketchum—At home, Albion.
Annie Harding—Teaching, Quaker Hill.
Lura Gilley—Working in Fairfield.
Kathleen Drake—Attending business college.
Gloria Bradstreet—Teaching, Unity.

WHAT SOME OF OUR ALUMNI ARE DOING

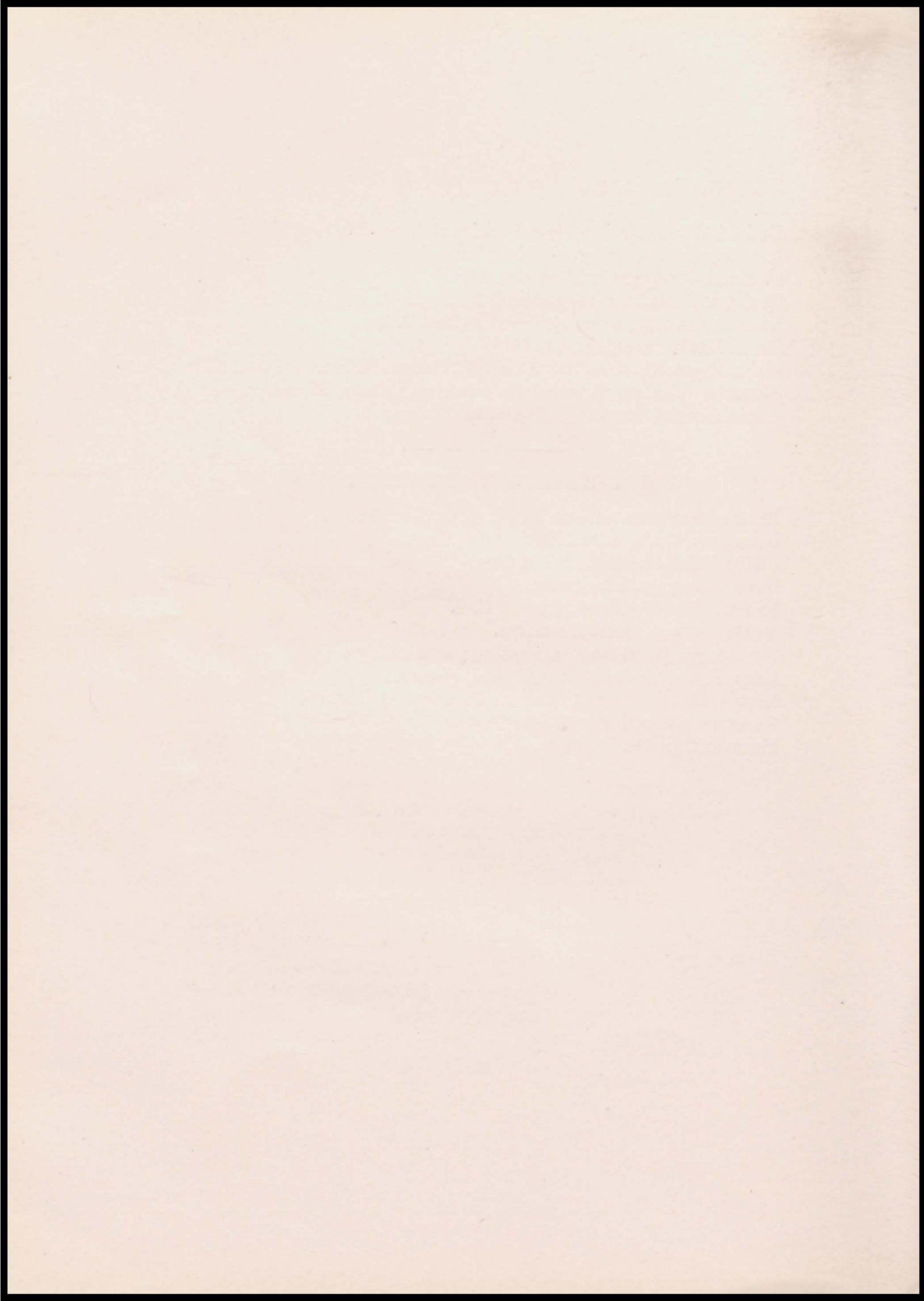
Earl Libby, Prof. Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
James Chalmers, Chemist, South America.
Floyd Abbott, Prin. Patten Academy, Patten, Maine.
Lincoln Sennett, teaching, Machias Normal School, Machias, Me.
Claude Tozier, New England Telephone Co., Lowell, Mass.
Wilbert Wentworth Assistant, Besse High School, Albion.
Vaughan Ketchum, teaching, No. Wayne, Maine.
Katherine Abbott, Posse-Nissen, Boston, Mass.
Erdine Besse, attending U. of M., Orono, Maine.
Charles Ross, attending Bowdoin, Brunswick, Maine.
Forest Meader, attending U. of M., Orono, Maine.
Harland Besse, attending Coburn, Waterville, Maine.
Esther Tilton, teaching music, Islesboro, Maine.
Arline Besse, teaching, So. Paris, Maine.
Vivian Joy, teaching, Augusta, Maine.
Willis Hussey, teaching, Kingman, Maine.

BESSE BREEZE

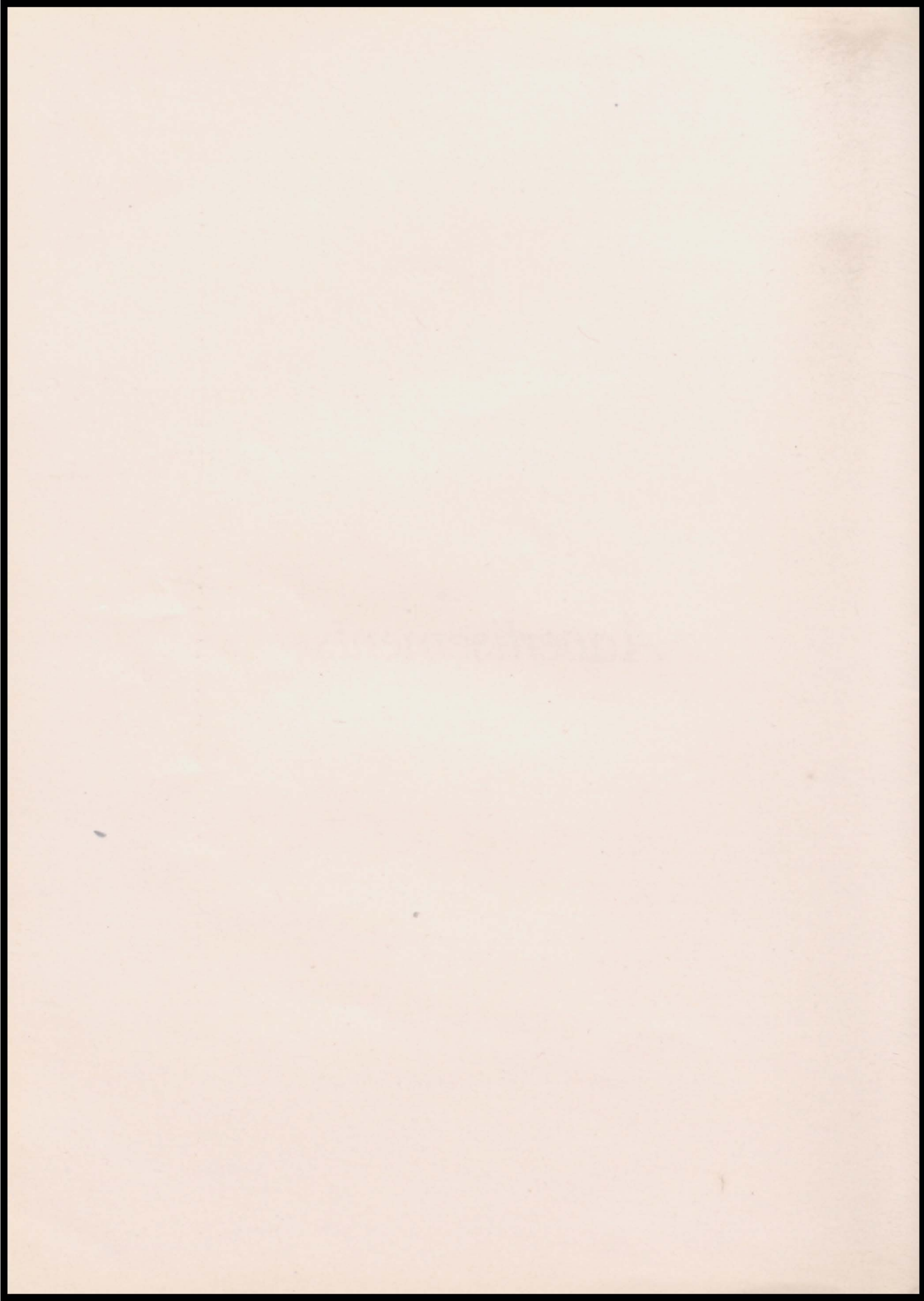
Dwight Chalmers, teaching, Michigan.
Fred Hussey, teaching, Newton, Mass.
Clarence Chalmers, mill owner, Albion, Maine.
Gertrude Davis, teaching, Norfolk, Mass.
Irvin Weymouth, salesman, Waterville, Maine.
Helen Davis, teaching.
Harold Sennett, attending U. of M., Orono, Maine.
Florence (Taylor) Wentworth, teaching, Albion, Maine.
Abbie Knight, teaching, Montville, Maine.

WHAT CLASS OF '27 INTENDS TO DO

Mildred Sanborn, attend Farmington Normal.
Lawrence Ruth, attend business college.
Clifford McLaughlin, attend Colby College.
Dora Baker, train for nurse.
Francis Rowe, attend Higgins C. I.
Marion Bragg, train for nurse.
Gwendolyn Bradstreet, attend business college.
Edna Walcott, attend Farmington Normal.
Ernest Meader, attend Higgins Classical Institute.
Gertrude Abbott, attend Oak Grove.
Herman Carleton, to farm.



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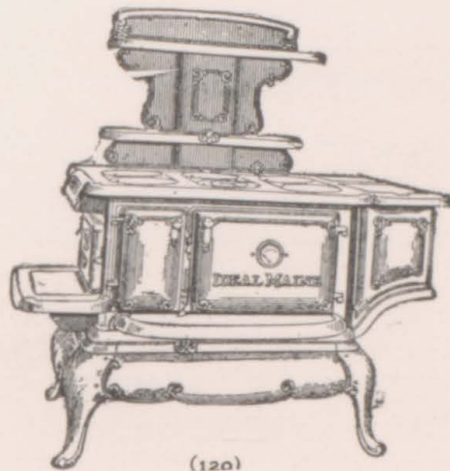
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invest in business real estate; and

TO TEACH AND PROMOTE THRIFT in this com-
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VACATION CLUB, SCHOOL SAVINGS, IN-
DUSTRIAL SAVINGS, and by other means

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