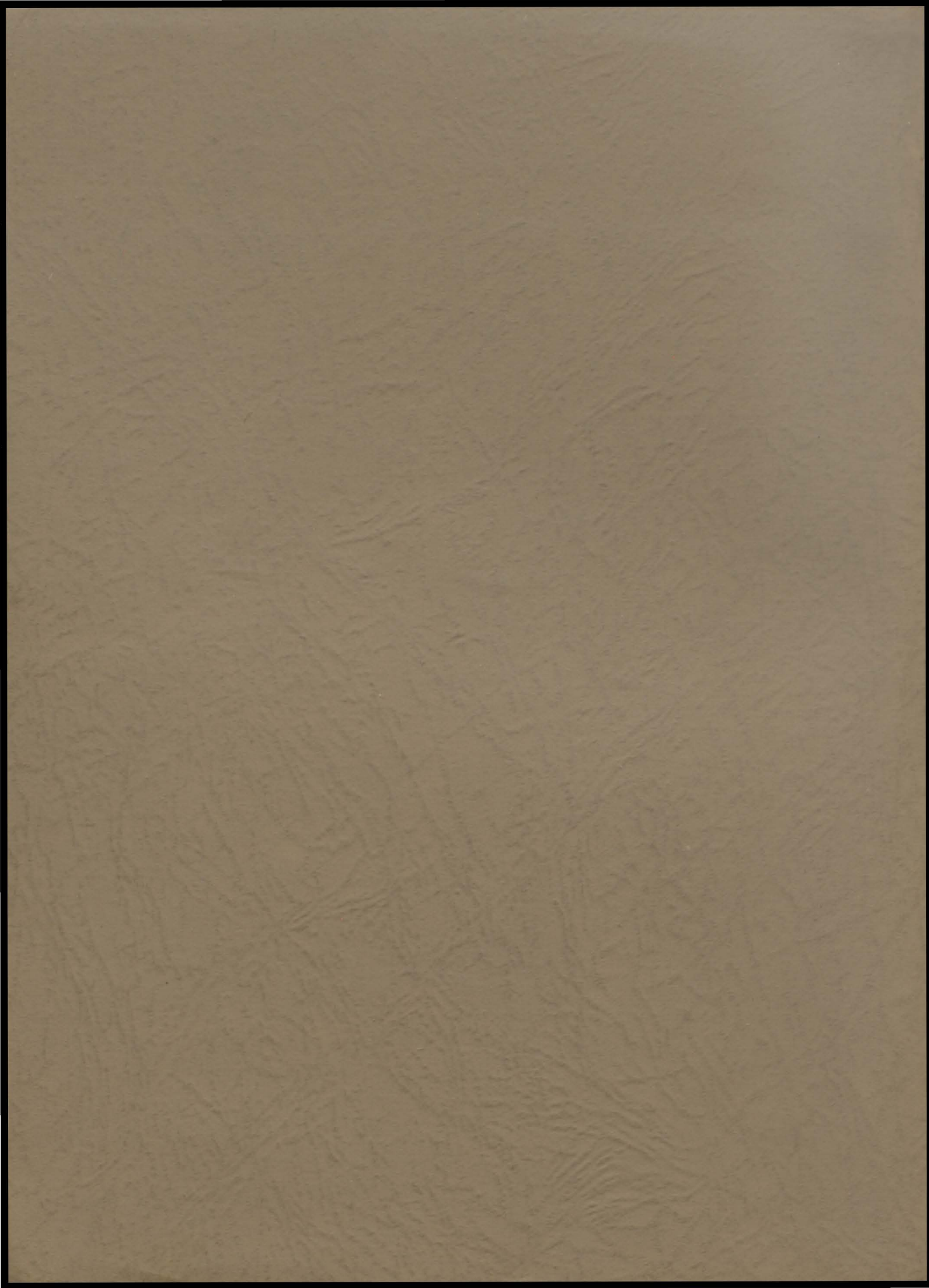


**BESSE
BREEZE**

JUNE, 1928



BESSE BREEZE

DEDICATION

WE, THE STAFF

OF

BESSE HIGH SCHOOL

DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF "THE BESSE BREEZE"

TO THE

ALUMNI

FRIENDSHIP

Friendships are windows—all the day long
They let in the sunlight of laughter and song,
They banish the gloom from the house of my heart,
And Oh, the good cheer that those windows impart!

Friendships are windows—life's joy cannot fade
From the house of my heart 'til I pull down each shade,
So I'll fling them wide open each morning anew,
And one first of all—the window toward you!

Our Faculty



Samuel J. McLaughlin, A. M.

PRINCIPAL

(Syracuse University)

Social Science and History



Mrs. S. J. McLaughlin

(Boston and Syracuse
Universities)

English and Languages



Lauren H. Gilbert

(Bates College)

Mathematics and Science

BESSE BREEZE

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

Volume V

JUNE, 1928

Number 1

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CONTENTS

Dedication	-----	2
Faculty	-----	4
Editorials	-----	6
Senior Notes	-----	13
Literary	-----	16
Athletics	-----	31
Locals	-----	37
Exchange	-----	51
Alumni	-----	52



OUR MERIT SYSTEM

It is the custom in most high schools to award the students only for their work in athletics. However, Besse High has taken an onward step during the last year by adopting a merit system by means of which its students receive credit for their work in the four fields: physical, mental, social, and moral. Such a system is very new and our school is one of the first to adopt it.

The purpose of this system is to build up the individual physically, mentally, socially, and morally and to give him a square deal while in school. In order to accomplish this purpose the school offers its highest honor, the letter "B", eight inch, two-tone, maroon and white, to all students receiving 280 points in this system evenly divided among the four fields mentioned above.

The method of receiving these points is not difficult for the student who desires to live wholesomely and be a help to his country.

In the physical field credit is given for making one or more class or school teams, for receiving an average of A in physical culture, for taking hikes, bicycle rides, snowshoe trips, etc., and for correcting or improving any improvable physical defect. Thus the student is encouraged to keep himself physically fit.

In the past a student never received much credit for his mental work but under this system he receives a certain number of points toward the two-tone "B" by being on the honor roll, for composing a class or school play, yell or song, accepted by the class or school, and for receiving no D during the semes-

BESSE BREEZE

ter. Three points are given for every A received, two, for every B, and two points are lost for every D. Each pupil in the class winning the scholarship banner is given five points and credit is given for the advancement in scholarship over the record of the previous year. A student receiving an average of A in four subjects for a year receives the letter "B", six inch, in white.

In the social field credit is given to the student who acts efficiently as a class or association official or does efficient committee work. Credit is also given for showing proper respect for the flag at all times, for helping other students toward marked physical, mental and moral improvement, for perfect attendance, and for being a member of the editorial staff of the BESSE BREEZE.

Last and most important of all comes the credit given in the moral field. Everyone realizes that the school is a fine place to build up a good set of morals for an individual to use through life; and Besse High aims to do this by giving its students credit for receiving A in deportment, for regular attendance at Sunday School, church, or young people's meeting, for excellent membership in the Boy Scouts or Camp Fire Girls, for being instrumental in doing away with such practices as swearing, unclean speech, and other evil practices, and for maintaining good habits of character.

Thus, one must realize that the student who leaves Besse's doors at the end of the school year wearing a two-tone "B" is a person to be respected by all and a student for Besse High to be proud of. Let us hope that many of these "B's" may leave Besse's doors in the future.

G. E. D., '28.

WHAT WE NEED AT BESSE

Besse High is a splendid school but there are still improvements to be made. A school should progress to meet changing social needs. A school cannot be static; it must be dynamic. It must fit boys and girls to live today and tomorrow, not yesterday. The world advances. Inventions and discoveries transform our lives. We see things today; we only dreamed of yesterday. The school must meet the challenge of this changing

order. Schools have been so busy handing out medieval art and ancient lore that they have in many ways neglected to provide for the present and future.

We want our boys and girls to receive the best and most practical education they can have. Is there anything more necessary or more practical than that our boys and girls be educated to become good, economical, trained homemakers? No! You agree! But you immediately say without logical thinking, "They can receive that at home from their parents." Are you right? How many do? How many parents are qualified to teach them the best? How many girls can make their own clothes, get a well-balanced meal, arrange a room artistically, or do the household buying intelligently? How many of your boys can fix an electric socket, fix the faucet, mend the porch floor, or paint the house? You agree with me. Not many!

We positively need a year's course in General Home Economics for girls and a General Shop course for boys. These courses should be a year in length and should compose all the general necessary items that would make the girl an intelligent homemaker and the boy able to do the necessary repairing around a home. The Home Economics course would include such things as cooking, sewing, decoration of rooms, harmony of colors, laundry of different grades of material, etc. The General Shop course would include simple electricity, plumbing, carpentry, painting, decorating, etc.

This seems costly, but the state and national government will cooperate to the extent of about three fourths of the cost.

We need these courses! Shall we have them?

G. C. K., '30.

H. F. C., '31.

STUDENT PARTICIPATION

The success of our democratic government depends upon the intelligence, the conscience, and skill with which our people attack our political, social and economic problems. The best place for the pupil to receive information and practice that will enable him to take his place as a leader in democracy is the school. In order to make such a program possible for the pupil, the Besse Student Association was organized last year.

BESSE BREEZE

“Man learns to do by doing” is one of the educational principles underlying student participation. Student participation aims to teach the student self-control and self-reliance, which is the basis of achievement; to encourage initiative and discover leadership, developing it when found, by responsibilities. It aims to encourage cooperation among students and to establish high citizenship ideals, giving them respect for the laws of the school, thought for the rights of others, and creating a love for fair play. Student participation tends to develop a sense of groups and personal responsibility, and not the least of its aims is the development of school-spirit, which is a state of mind that reveres the ideals of the school. School spirit is coöperation and enthusiasm for the welfare of the school.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

There is no intelligent person in the world who will truthfully deny that good living is or, at least, should be life's chief concern. Yet, how many of us make it such? It is an utter disgrace for a nation, as well educated as ours is, to have to admit that good living is more of an incident in the lives of its citizens than life's chief concern. Why let our nation suffer any longer from the disgrace? We can easily cast it aside by developing in those who are to become future citizens a more definite regard for the underlying principles of human happiness through the introduction of physical education in our schools.

For a hundred years the school has dealt only with the intellectual child, the presence of the body being considered an unavoidable evil to be endured. If the mind could have been segregated from the body, the school-room would have been a true heaven in the mind of the teacher. However, today we are coming to realize more and more that the school-room is just as much the place for the body and its education as for the mind and its education. Yes, more, we know that morality is affected by both mind and body; therefore, the school is the place to cultivate knowledge and habit which will increase human dynamic power through the symmetric development of body, mind, and soul.

When we speak of physical education, most people take it to mean the physical training and building up of the body through gymnastics and athletics. This is true, but physical education also aims to build up the character of the individual and train him for good citizenship by providing the opportunity for him to act in situations which are physically wholesome, mentally stimulating and satisfying, and socially sound.

Many will wonder how physical education can possibly, provide such an opportunity. If they study into this, they will find that slight defects in children may be overcome through the development of people's health habits and desirable mental attitudes. Proper functioning of the vital organs may be brought about by suitable activities, such as, stunts, wrestling, active games, etc. Social service may be taught through the use of plays, games, and contests with competent officials, and by the use of the sportsman's code. Last and most important in the program of physical education stands athletics, which not alone builds up the individual physically, but what is more important, builds him up spiritually and mentally.

Athletics in the senior high school includes those sports carried on in interscholastic competition; and if the individual goes through by the course that leads to success, he cannot fail to come out captain of his soul and master of his fate. The rules which the athlete must observe in competitive sports are similar to those of life, for in them you get knocked down again and again. You get tripped up time after time. Somebody steps on your face or gives you a slam in the eye. All these things happen in the game of life. And if you are going to win, you don't go off and cry about it; nor do you get mad and fight. You just get to your feet, wipe the mud from your face, grit your teeth, and dig in again.

Furthermore, the athletic student stands a better show toward having a successful life. A prominent St. Louis manufacturer recently said, "Business men prefer to employ the athletic to the non-athletic student for the reason that the most desirable qualities that make for success in life are not acquired in the class-room but from association with and from "rubbing up against" one's fellow-men. These qualities the athletic student has in a greater proportion than the non-athletic student

BESSE BREEZE

together with poise, self-confidence, determination and character. That's why big business men prefer the student who has taken part in athletics."

Now, after considering all the advantages derived from the teaching of physical education in the school, who can deny that this should be a part of our educative force?

G. E. D., '28.

SOCIAL SCIENCES IN THE CURRICULUM

The success of our democratic government and social order depends upon the intelligence, conscience, and skill with which the mass of our people attack the political, social and economic problems. The high school is the one institution where society can most directly and purposefully attack the problems of developing these characteristics which are so essential to successful democracy. Clearly the high school's first duty is to make its charges intelligent concerning the history, the philosophy, and the problems of democracy. It must secure the personal devotion of our young people to the welfare of democracy by showing them how their own happiness is involved in this welfare.

We consider the good plumber the man who can skillfully perform the many jobs a plumber must perform. Likewise a good citizen is the one who can perform sufficiently well the many things required of him by his social situation.

We say that a good citizen is the man who by his own choice is diligent in doing the things which promote the welfare of his social group.

Some of the objectives of the social sciences are to give the student ability to use general principles in considering political, economic and other social problems; ability to use social facts in arriving at conclusions, and the ability to protect one's self from social, and economic illusions, misrepresentation, petty mindedness, and selfish prejudices, by a reliance upon facts and principles. The social sciences strive to enable the student, by a clean understanding of social relations, to discern the duties and the rights of others, both individual and groups. Also to give him a sufficient knowledge of the laws he is expected to obey, and a full sense of membership in the large social group, and to

develop in him a sense of brotherhood of man and of human interdependency.

Our curriculum includes the following social sciences: History, Problems of Democracy, Economics, and Citizenship.

The matters that history reveals are studied for the purpose of discerning the forces and influences at work in the world, and how the actions of these forces are governed. It enables the student to see the events as manifestations of the various influences that have been working throughout history.

Citizenship trains the student as a junior citizen to perform his duties as a citizen. It does not tell him what senators or governors should do, but what he himself should do. One of its chief functions is the development of right public opinion. This course is especially outlined for freshmen and aims to develop in him in his first year a love for the right, an intense school spirit, and to aid him in developing a worthy aim in life.

Economic deals, not with human beings as mere physical objects, but with their relationships as they exist in organized society.

The course in Problems of Democracy not only considers the problems of government, but also the question of social and industrial relationships, which is just as essential. Good citizenship calls for an understanding of the problems our democracy must face.

M. N. S., '28.

SENIOR NOTES



PAUL FRYE.....President
MARJORIE SKILLINVice-President
EVERSON DICKEYSecretary-Treasurer

CLASS MOTTO

"With the ropes of the past we will ring the bells of the future."

CLASS COLORS
Purple and White

CLASS FLOWER
White Rose

CLASS ROLL

Paul William Frye
Gertrude Evelyn Drake
Marjorie Nye Skillin
Everson Edward Dickey
Abbie Ella Nelson
Faye Madeline Jones

BESSE BREEZE

PAUL WILLIAM FRYE

"PAUL"



Busy: Driving the "Knight".
Always: Looking for new worlds to conquer.
Takes delight: In teasing the girls.
Hopes to be: A business man.

Paul—willing, ambitious and capable too,
We'll hope for success in whatever you do.
In sports, in studies, and in making friends true,
Or in winning fair hearts—no one excels you.

Activities:

President, 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4;
President A. A., 4; Business Manager
BESSE BREEZE 3, 4; Council 4; Drama 2, 3, 4.

FAYE MADELINE JONES

"FAYE"



Busy: Taking joy rides.
Always: Flirting.
Takes delight in: Talking with the boys.
Hopes to be: Married.

Faye, one might say,
Is pleasingly plump;
But the boys all declare
That she is a trump.

Activities:

Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Senior Drama, 4.

ABBIE ELLA NELSON

"ABBIE"



1928

Busy: Teasing Madeline.
Always: Smiling.
Takes delight: In telling jokes.
Hopes to be: Slender.

As full of fun and kindness
As anyone could be,
Abbie has a pleasant smile
For whomever she happens to see.

Activities:

Basketball, 4.

BESSE BREEZE

MARJORIE NYE SKILLIN

"MARJ."

Busy: Drawing.
Always: Quiet.
Takes delight: In writing to "Herm."
Hopes to be: An artist.
When someone wants a picture drawn
To Marjorie he rushes.
And though she's an artist of renown
With modesty she blushes.

Activities:

Art Editor BESSE BREEZE, 1, 2, 3 4; Class Treasurer, 1, 2; Senior Drama, 3; Vice-President Class, 4; Council, 4.

EVERSON EDWARD DICKEY

"DICKEY"

Busy: Writing notes to "Win."
Always: Winking at the girls.
Takes delight: In dancing.
Hopes to be: A man of leisure.

A bright happy fellow is Dickey,
And though he is smaller than most,
He is always ready to do a good turn,
And of friends, he sure has a host.

Activities:

Baseball, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Council, 4; President A. A., 3; Senior Drama, 4; Athletic Editor, 3; Manager Baseball, 4; Secretary-Treasurer Class, 4.

GERTRUDE EVELYN DRAKE

"GERTRUDE"

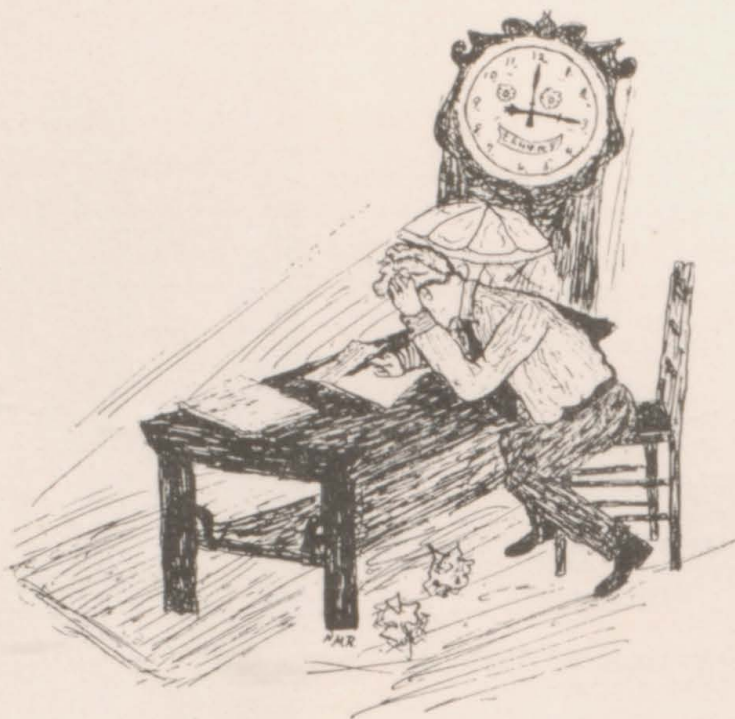
Busy: Thinking of her "Beau Guest".
Always: Studying.
Takes delight: In solid geometry.
Hopes to be: A school teacher.

Gertrude is a pleasant maid,
And in studies she takes the cake.
Till midnight she works industriously,
While others stop promptly at eight.

Activities:

Editor of BESSE BREEZE, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Senior Drama, 4; Vice-President Class, 1, 2; Exchange Editor, 1.





LITERARY

UNCLE HIRAM'S WILL

On a lovely spring day the first of April, in 1803, "Billy" Dawson, whose father was a doctor, and "Steve" Anson, his chum, might have been seen walking along the main road in the little town of Pendleton.

"You know the letter Dad got from the lawyer at Boston telling him Uncle Hiram was dead, and asking him to come up for the reading of the will," Billy was saying. "Dad hadn't heard from Uncle Hiram," Billy went on without giving Steve time to answer, "since he went to South America as a missionary more than twenty years ago; and you can just bet he was surprised when he heard what that lawyer had to say."

"It seems Uncle Hiram had made a lot of money some way down there, had a square-rigged schooner built, manned by a native crew. Anyway he arrived in Boston a few days ago sick with the yellow fever. He knew he couldn't live long; so he went to Lawyer Smith and made his will, after telling him to

BESSE BREEZE

take some of the money to get the ship ready for another trip. In the will he left \$500,000.00 to Dad on the condition that he take his family and go among the Indians, to whom he had given the ship, inside of three months and stay a year. The captain of the ship is an Indian chief and is to show us the way after reaching the mouth of the Amazon river. Just now Dad is undecided whether to go or not," he concluded.

"Will you go too?" asked Steve.

"I don't know, but it said the family in the will. I wish you could go too, if we go; we'd have a great time. Well, so long, see you tomorrow," Billy replied as he turned into his dooryard.

"So long," called back Steve, "I wish I had your chance."

The next day Billy appeared at the Anson house and wanted to know if Steve was at home. Mrs. Anson said he was out splitting wood. When Billy appeared around the end of the wood pile his first words were:

"Say, Steve, I'm goin' and so are you, too, if your folks 'll let you!"

"What!" exclaimed the amazed Steve.

"Yes, Dad came right over behind me to see your folks about it. They thought I ought to have someone a little older than I am to keep me out of mischief. You know you're seventeen and I'm only fifteen," explained Billy.

After talking it over a few minutes, they went into the house, the woodpile forgotten. When Steve caught sight of his mother he asked anxiously, "Can I go?"

"Yes, I suppose so," she replied, "but I hate to have you terribly."

"Hurrah!" shouted Billy and Steve.

In a few weeks, having settled everything at home, they started for Boston. Immediately on their arrival they went aboard the ship, as they knew they must hurry to get there before the time stated in the will. The next day they were off for South America.

During the first days at sea, the boys had great fun exploring the ship and making friends with the crew; but soon time began to hang heavily on their hands.

Nearly a month after their departure, a bad storm overtook them, carrying away the main mast and several of the smaller

sails, raising such huge waves that they swept entirely over the deck, and took two men overboard before they could haul in the sails and come down. Everybody, even the Indians, became seasick. The storm lasted three days, and when it was over Mr. Dawson "took the sun" and found it would take them a week to get back on their course again.

In three weeks more they came in sight of land and soon were sailing up the Amazon river. All went well the first few days on the river, but not knowing it well so far down, the captain ran the boat aground. They did not know how long it would take to get it off, nor did they dare to stop because the three months were almost up. All but five men were left on the ship, while the rest continued upstream in canoes.

After four days, the chief told them they were passing through a hostile country and would have to travel by night and hide by day. But in spite of all their care the Indians rushed out of the bushes one night as they were eating supper and had bound them securely before they thought of seizing their arms.

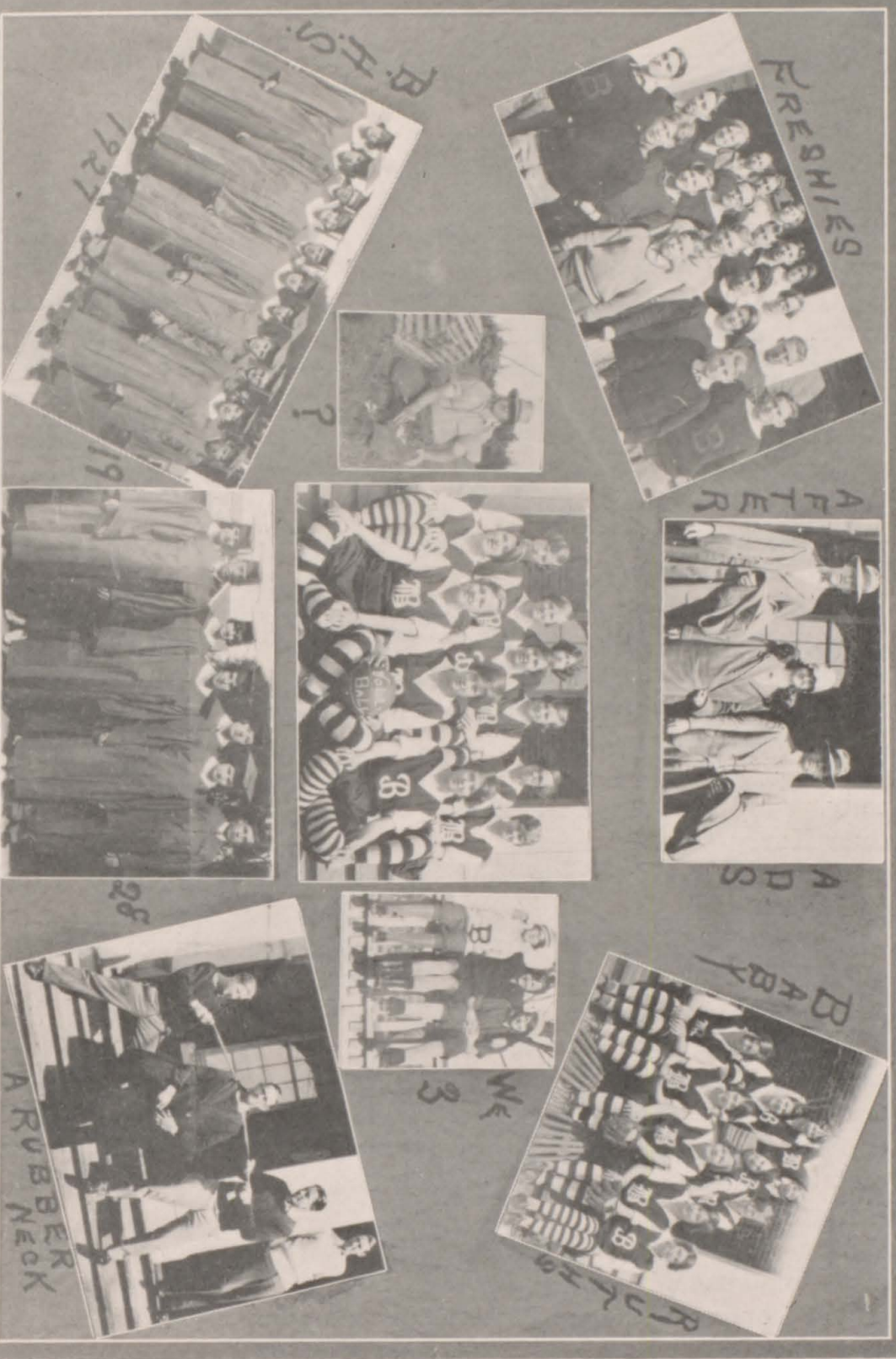
Billy and Steve were after water when they heard a loud noise from the direction of the camp. Guessing what had happened they crept quietly up to the camp and waited until they were sure the Indians were all asleep; then they quietly cut the prisoners' bonds and all crept down to the canoes. Just as they were getting into these, there came a loud yell from the camp showing that at least one of the Indians had waked up. The canoes were hastily pushed off, and they escaped unharmed, although they had been forced to leave many valuable things behind. After another three days they arrived safely at Uncle Hiram's camp, as they called it.

Their stay was uneventful except for the sickness of Chief Waraqua's daughter, whom Billy's father cured with some simple remedies, and the recovering and repairing of the ship.

At the end of the year they started for Boston, only to find on their arrival that the money had been lost by some unfortunate investments. They returned home much disappointed, but imagine their surprise when they opened their suitcase and scrawl: "Chief Waraqua pays his debts."

R. F. B., '29.

BESSE BREEZE



LOST DIAMONDS

The diamonds were gone! Nellie Harvey lay and thought over this astounding thing for a long time. She could hardly believe it.

Nellie Harvey was a young lady of eighteen years, who lived with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harvey. She was engaged to a young working-man, a plumber, named Jack Manly. Her father and mother were rather disappointed that she picked a working-man. They would rather she had loved one of the better class, Harry Carson, for instance, a young man of good prospects, who seemed to be very much interested in her. But Nellie thought differently and that ended it.

Nellie had received her diamonds from her Uncle Ben, and she prized them very highly. Now they were gone, but where—? What troubled Nellie most was that a handkerchief of Jack's had been found near the safe and he had not been at the house the evening before.

A detective, Mr. King, arrived that afternoon. He was a quiet, reserved man, not telling what he knew, but asking questions. He had a long conversation with Nellie, and when he heard that she was engaged to Jack, he asked her what kind of man Jack was.

"He is an honest young man", Nellie answered enthusiastically. "He wouldn't be a thief. I would trust him even more than Harry Carson."

"Who is Harry Carson, and why would you lay this crime on him?"

Nellie explained that she did not mean anything; but the detective asked questions until he drew from her that Harry was jealous, and on several occasions had threatened Jack.

A week went by. The diamonds were not to be found. Jack called on Monday. He begged that Nellie would believe in him, even if circumstances were against him; for he had no evidence of where he had been the evening of the robbery, saying only that he had been at home. Nellie said she would never think him guilty.

A few days after this Mr. and Mrs. Harvey were away. Nellie was alone, except for the servants, who were in the other part of the house. She was thinking of many things—of the lost

BESSE BREEZE

diamonds—of Harry Carson, who was coming regularly to see her and begging her to marry him—of Jack's fidelity and suspected guilt—when there was a knock on the door and Harry Carson entered.

Harry began asking why she would not marry him, since Jack had proved worse than faithless. He was telling how faithful he would be and how happy he would make her, when there was a second knock on the door; and when it was opened there stood a policeman! When asked what he wanted, he replied that he wished to see Harry Carson. Harry went out and went away with the policeman.

The next day there appeared in the paper the announcement that Harry Carson had been arrested for the theft of the Harvey diamonds. His trial was to be the following week.

Nellie was perplexed. Why had the prosperous young society man stolen her diamonds? She could think of no reason unless it was to try to lay the blame on her Jack; and she would not believe this of Harry Carson, for he had always been a very proper, well-behaved young man.

The day of the trial dawned bright and clear. The birds sang gaily in the trees and the man awaiting his trial wondered bitterly why he had made such a mistake as to be caught. He wondered what evidence they had. He yet maintained that he was innocent.

As he entered the courtroom, Harry saw Nellie looking at him. In her eyes was pity, but no love. He felt like crying out, "It was to win you that I did this," but he did not.

The detective, Mr. King, said that the burglar had had on gloves, but had taken them off when he unlocked the door; thus his fingerprints were on the knobs. He also said that the initials J. M., which were on the handkerchief, had been put on only lately.

One of the servants at Harry's home gave the information that he had not returned home until very late, although she had not noticed the exact time, as he often returned late.

Harry's lawyer pleaded long and earnestly but there were several convincing facts brought up by other witnesses, and he was pronounced guilty. Harry was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Although Harry maintained that he was innocent, the public opinion was against him. Even Nellie believed that he was guilty.

After Harry had been in prison about a month he fell sick. He called for Nellie, and she was allowed to see him. He begged her to forgive him, and, when she did so, said that the diamonds were all safe, being placed in a secret cupboard in his room. He told Nellie how to get them; and, after his having begged her again to forgive him, she departed.

The diamonds were restored to Nellie, and a few weeks later she and Jack were married. There was a large gathering of friends present, and they departed on their honeymoon amid the best wishes of all.

G. C. K., '30.

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR

Young Professor Gladwin of Towanda Art School, and his nephew, Conrade Bryce, were to spend a few months in Venice studying and exploring the fine art galleries of that city.

They were to go by boat to Bordeaux, taking an overland route from there to Treviso, a city a few miles distant from Venice, enjoying their trip as fully as possible as they went along, and visiting the more famous of France's and Italy's Art galleries.

It was late afternoon when Conrade ran up the steps to his Uncle's home and whistling gaily, his hat at right angles, sought the professor in his study. Arriving there he saw that studious individual busily engaged criticising the drawings of some of his pupils. He did not look up nor show in anyway that he was aware of Conrade's presence until aroused by a voice close at his elbow.

"All packed?"

"All packed? What packed? Oh, those paintings. No, they don't go 'till next week." And the professor returned to his work, the matter dismissed from his mind.

"Say", ejaculated the impetuous young Bryce as he placed a Tourist's Guide on the desk, "do you realize Uncle, the Olympic sails at 5:15 tomorrow, necessary engagements are all made, and that Venice awaits us? Why I hear the gondoliers shouting

BESSE BREEZE

now, but you remind me of the Bridge of Sighs." This brought the professor to his feet with a bound and the packing was done in record time.

Two shrill whistles and in the rosy dawn the Olympic glided away from the wharf amid the shouting and waving handkerchiefs of those who had come to wish them bon voyage. And the five days that followed were glorious days for Conrade and the dreamy professor, who spent them reading, strolling the decks, and sketching the sunsets.

A month later and the two caught their first glimpse of the Gulf of Trieste. From up the canal came the whistle of the gondolas, while from across the water floated the notes of a violin. They beckoned to the nearest gondolier and in a few minutes were gliding over the blue waters of the canal, coming to a stop at the entrance of a large hotel where the gondolier left them and sped off to join his comrades.

Through winding hallways and arched doorways, with Italian plants on either side, they followed the hotel boy to their room, the professor taking in the various land-marks as they went.

Then came the summons to dinner.

"Come on, Uncle. Wish they had some sign boards though," and Conrade started down the long hallway, but stopped in indecision, as to which door to take, when he came to a double-doorway. The professor pointed to a certain plant, conspicuous by its difference from the others, and led the way to the right, terminating his brief walk in the kitchen, whence came the gruff voice of the chef extending an impromptu invitation for him to vacate, much to the unconcealed delight of Conrade and the bewilderment of Gladwin, who now called a boy to lead the way.

Dinner over, they ventured to explore a little and soon settled themselves on the balcony to talk over their plans and draw up a program for their visit.

It was a warm night and Conrade retired early. He had just fallen into a restless dream, in which he visioned himself a modern Romeo, when he was awakened by a cry for help and a great splashing of the water, seemingly just below his window. He sped to the balcony. Leaning over, an understanding smile came to his lips as he saw the professor scrambling over the side of a gondola.

Professor Gladwin had gone to the entrance to gaze at the mystic moonlit splendor of this strange land and in his absent-mindedness had walked—but wouldn't "plunged" describe it better?—into the street.

M. N. S., '28.

HOW THE DEBT WAS PAID

During the stormy month of January, a severe siege of influenza fell upon the little town of Lubec. Among those suffering from the dread disease was the Horneck family. Consequently, James Horneck a sixteen-year-old school boy, who was fortunate enough to escape the epidemic, found himself in the difficult position of providing for his father's family and of paying off a huge doctor's bill contracted by the sickness.

As there was very little work about town for a boy attending school, the townspeople began to rumor it around that James would have to leave school and go to work in the woods. James, a very plucky boy, had no intentions of doing that. He continued faithfully in school and did what work he could out of school hours. However, the neighbors noticed that there was a light in the kitchen of the Horneck home very late every night. What James could be doing was more than they could imagine. They also noticed that he appeared to be constantly in a deep study about something. The hard-hearted doctor was continually dunning for his pay, but apparently this did not worry James.

At last, on a beautiful morning in February, James was seen boarding the eastbound train. It was learned that he had purchased a ticket for Washington, D. C. The universal question about town was, "What can James Horneck be thinking of to go off and leave his parents with a large debt and his father not able to work?"

Nothing was heard of James until a month later when he stepped off the train in his home town and directed his steps toward the doctor's office. As he entered, he greeted the doctor in his carefree manner thus: "Good afternoon, Doc. Just dropped in to pay off that debt which has seemed to be worrying you for the last two months." James then placed the money

BESSE BREEZE

before the doctor in a businesslike manner. The doctor was so surprised at seeing the money laid before him that he dropped into his chair and exclaimed in amazement, "Why, James Horneck, where did you ever get all that money?"

James merely smiled and related the following story: "You see, Doc, I've always had a great liking for chemistry and have been determined to produce some compound sooner or later which would be useful. When the sickness attacked our family, I determined that I should do this and in that way earn money to pay off our debt. I worked for one month; and on the night before I left for Washington, I discovered a compound which would clean the waterpipes and not cause any injury to anything. When I told my parents of my discovery, they advised me to get a patent immediately. I departed for Washington the very next day, and soon after my arrival there I had received the patent. In Washington they referred me to a large business concern in New York, where I succeeded in getting a contract to supply them with my newly discovered compound. They were so interested in having the sale of it that they gave me an advanced payment of five hundred dollars. Now I hope you understand how I am able to pay the debt so soon. Thanks for being so patient about the bill. Good day, Doc."

James was outside in a moment and hurrying home to tell his folks of his good luck, while the doctor sat in his office thoroughly surprised to learn that a mere schoolboy, whom he had always considered dumb, should turn out to have the ability of James Horneck.

G. E. D., '28.

REUNION

As Jack Weston sat alone in his cabin he thought of the day just six months ago when he had left New Jersey, and his sweetheart, Marjorie, in anger. He had vowed he would not write to her for, although it was only a lover's quarrel, he felt he was in the right, and, besides, Jack had all his stubborn Weston ancestors behind him.

He had left New Jersey in the last of July, shortly after a large social affair, which Marjorie had attended and which had led to the quarrel. It was now the last of January. It would

soon be Valentine's Day. This would be the first Valentine's Day for many years that he would not receive a valentine from Marjorie. Jack sighed, rose to his feet, and went to bed.

The next morning Jack resolved to think no more of Marjorie; and he kept his resolve until a few days previous to Valentine's Day, which came on Monday.

In the meantime back in New Jersey Marjorie was going into society. She went to all the social affairs and soon became the beauty of the season. At first she was very happy, but as time went on she began to wonder where Jack was and what he was doing. Was he taking good care of himself? Was he happy? Did he miss her? She had no way to answer any of these questions. At last she found, to her intense surprise, that Jack was right: society alone cannot make anyone perfectly happy. Marjorie now began to wonder how she would let Jack know that she had changed her mind.

On Saturday, Jack began again to think of Marjorie. He could not help himself for all the young people around his neighborhood were preparing valentines for their sweethearts.

He usually went after his mail on Monday, but as Monday was Valentine's Day he decided to stay at home; for the joy of others over their valentines would only make his loneliness more severe.

He ate a small dinner and then settled down to enjoy (?) a magazine when there was a rap on the door; and one of his neighbors, Mr. Brighton, entered. Mr. Brighton was a jolly, good-natured man and, after talking a short time, rose to go. He drew from his pocket an envelope and handed it to Jack saying that he had been to town and had brought Jack's mail with him, as he saw Jack was not in town.

After Mr. Brighton's departure Jack looked over his envelope. It was addressed by Marjorie! Why had she written to him?

He opened the envelope and inside found a valentine. On one corner was a dove, which carried in its mouth an envelope. In this envelope was a paper containing the words, "I was wrong. Please forgive Marjorie."

The very next day Jack set out for the East. He arrived in his home town, went directly to Marjorie, and they had a real reunion. When Jack again arrived at his cabin, he brought his wife with him. The whole countryside wondered how they

BESSE BREEZE

had met and become engaged; but only Mr. Brighton knew that they had been united through a valentine, and he did not tell.

G. C. K., '30.

NOVEL RUNAWAY ON MAIN STREET

One afternoon, a few days ago, as I was walking down Main street I was attracted by a sudden confusion on the opposite side of the street. The people were scattering in all directions some running into the stores and others into the street.

At first I couldn't see anything unusual to cause all the excitement, but suddenly I saw a cat come running down the sidewalk and about five or six rods behind Mr. Tom came a large collie dog dragging a cart behind him. The dog was whining and barking, but he was hindered a great deal by the cart which he was hauling.

As the cat raced on he saw a fence nearby and changing his course he soon disappeared through an opening in the fence. The collie following closely after Mr. Tom jumped over the fence. Mr. Collie went over all right; but the cart, not being as good a hurdler as the dog, refused to jump and there Mr. Collie stopped. He was on one side and the cart on the other.

Seeing that the chase was all over I now looked back along the track that Mr. Tom and the collie had made. There a funny sight met my eyes. Some people, not being as lucky as others, had failed to get out of the way, and from one end of the street to the other bundles were strewn and in some cases the owners of the bundles had fared no better than the bundles themselves.

One sight especially amused me. Near the lower end of the street was a large man with an unusually large waistline who had started for the road; but, sad to relate, he had not gained the safety of the street in time. As he reached the edge of the sidewalk, the cart, which the collie was hauling, careened into him neatly removing his legs from their accustomed position; and he was seated very nicely in the gutter with several bundles and parcels lying on the ground nearby.

P. W. F., '28.

BETTY'S LUCK

Throwing herself down discontentedly on her bed, Betty wept violently. Many things were running through her mind. She thought to herself, "What is the use of living anyway." Because every day she had to follow the same old schedule. Day in and day out there was the same walk on the hot, dusty pavements, being bumped into and pushed along by everyone. There was the same discontented feeling that no one cared what became of her.

This particular morning it really seemed that nothing could force Betty to go to her work. She wished that she had different associates, for she got so tired of the girls where she worked. They were forever giggling over nothing.

Things were much better when Betty came to Chicago; as her mother was with her and as they both were earning money, conditions were much different. Betty's mother lived three months after she came to Chicago and then she died leaving Betty alone to face life's problems.

Betty's position was that of a clerk in a five and ten cent store. As she only received ten dollars a week she was forced to live in a rather out-of-the-way, remote dwelling, far from her work.

After she had stopped crying and had thought things over, a sudden realization dawned upon her that she could be in worse conditions than she already was; and she decided that she would go to work feeling better satisfied in the future.

On passing to her work that morning Betty paused long enough to watch the ocean liners leaving dock. As she was gazing at them she thought what she would give if only she might sail on one just once. But she realized that she was only an unskilled worker and that the opportunity would never be hers.

One very hot, summer day as Betty was watching the crowds go to and fro, her attention was drawn towards an elderly, motherly woman. In spite of the woman's shabby clothes she had a very trustworthy look, which especially attracted Betty's eye. The woman came to Betty's counter to buy some articles when her eyes fell on a newspaper that Betty had been reading. As Betty was wrapping up a bundle she heard the strange woman

BESSE BREEZE

gasp and sigh; then Betty looked up. She was just in time to keep the woman from falling. When the woman felt like talking she showed Betty a picture on the front page under which was the title "Arthur Newton, first commander of the Navy," who had accomplished some big task. The woman told Betty that the man was a perfect image of her boy who had gone from home twenty-five years ago. She also told Betty that if she only had some money she would go to see if he really was her long-lost son. Betty, as poor as she was, quickly agreed to give the woman all of her savings, although she needed the money herself in the worst way. The woman gave her one long grateful look.

That night, after Betty had given the woman all of her precious savings, she thought that perhaps she had done a very unwise thing; but somehow she had great confidence in the woman.

Months passed before Betty saw or even heard anything concerning the woman to whom she had given all of her money. But one day as she was glancing over a newspaper she saw in large headlines: "Long-lost Son Found." Betty was startled. Could it possibly be the son of the woman to whom she had given her money?

One day in the winter Betty once more watched the ocean liner leave the port. And to her it really seemed as though her castle of dreams was leaving her forever.

The winter months were very hard for Betty, as she was sick much of the time and poverty was very slowly closing in on her.

The next spring came in with its wonderful warm days and Betty was still working in the five and ten cent store.

This particular day was a wonderful one. The trees were beginning to bud, everything was giving forth new life, and the most humble person felt better. About noontime this day a hush came over the room, where Betty was working. A very well dressed man and woman advanced up the aisle toward Betty. Betty could have cried, for surely it was the same woman that she had done the favor for.

Betty soon heard the whole story about how the woman's son had left home and traveled around, how he had been in very nearly every occupation from chimney sweep to his present one.

He had tried to locate his mother for many years, but as she

was forced to go from one place to another neither he nor any of the detectives had ever found her.

What followed was like a dream to Betty as she passed from poverty to wealth.

One beautiful morning a shrill blast was heard over the city. It was the ocean liner, "Promise", leaving the dock for a trip abroad. On the deck stood Betty waving her hand. She was off for a trip to the Old World.

H. F. C., '31.

MYSTERIOUS RUBIES

In South Africa a small village was situated at the head of a small lake near a high bluff. On the side of this bluff could be seen stones that were thought to be rubies. It was said that when anyone did wrong in the village the stones changed colors. This was the gods' way of warning the people that wrong was being done. The saying was, that in olden times a man who climbed up to get these stones was instantly killed. Consequently, no one dared climb up to get them.

As years went by and people moved into the village they began to say that the gods had nothing to do with the changing of the colors. They said it was due to the large birds of that country flying to the bluff and trying to pick up the stones. While doing so they cast a shadow on the other stones causing them to look different to the people below.

One day an old American soldier arrived in the village. He soon heard the stories of the mysterious rubies. Being adventurous he decided to find out what he could about the stones changing colors. He hired a company of natives and set out to climb the bluff. The climb was a steep one. Oftentimes the trail went almost straight up. All but one of the natives deserted him. Due to his Yankee determination the soldier kept on.

When at last the two arrived at the field of rubies, they beheld a very beautiful sunset. Examining the stones they found them to be only specimens of granite with a small amount of quartz crystal. The changing of the colors was due to the sun's shining on this rock at different angles.

W. W., '31.

BESSE BREEZE



27 JULY 1902

GIRLS' BASKETBALL



Back row: Left to right, M. Nelson, Mrs. McLaughlin, F. Jones, T. Nelson
 Second row: E. Studley, M. Denaco
 First row: A. Nelson, H. Champlin, W. Bradstreet, G. Drake, M. Rowe

As we knew at the beginning of the season that our team would be composed of at least four freshmen we didn't expect to win any of our contests. But to our surprise we found that we were able to hold our own with our opponents. We won four of our games and held the majority to a very close score. In two of our games away from home our freshmen became stage-struck and didn't do so well as they could. These two opponents found a far different team in the return engagements.

LINE-UP

- Right Forward—Winnifred Bradstreet (Capt.).
- Left Forward—Faye Jones.
- Center—Abbie Nelson and Meta Rowe.
- Side Center—Edith Studley and Thresa Nelson.
- Right Guard—Meta Rowe and Madeline Nelson.
- Left Guard—Helen Champlin and Gertrude Drake.
- Utility—Mildred Denaco.
- Coach—Mrs. McLaughlin.

SCORES

Besse ---16	Alumnae ---32	Besse ---21	Oakland ----25
Besse --- 6	Fairfield ----17	Besse ---18	Oakland ----40

BESSE BREEZE

Besse ...14	Brooks -----12	Besse ...22	Winslow ----23
Besse ...17	Alumnae ---- 6	Besse ...26	Unity -----15
Besse ... 6	Winslow ----18	Besse ...11	Winslow ----23
Besse ...23	Unity -----12	Besse ...11	Fairfield ----41

BOYS' BASKETBALL



Back row: Left to right, E. Dickey, M. Stearns, Mr. McLaughlin, K. Roobinson, H. Hall. Front row, P. Knight, G. Littlefield, B. Marks, E. Glidden, S. Rowe

The Besse boys have so habitually beaten their opponents in previous years that the past season was far from satisfactory in a comparison of victories. But at second thought, with a squad of the greenest of the green as material, one considers the season a fortunate one indeed. The two Besse forwards were freshmen, the center and right back were sophomores, and the left back was a junior. In the majority of our games we were ahead until the last few minutes of play, but inexperience proved unable to cope with experience. Besse should have the outstanding team of the section next season.

LINNE-UP

Right Forward—Earl Glidden and Everson Dickey.

Left Forward—George Littlefield.

Center—Stephen Rowe.

Right Back—Philip Knight.

Left Back—Bruce Marks.
Coach—Mr. McLaughlin.

SCORES

Besse -----	26	Lambda Chi (Colby) -----	29
Besse -----	11	Lawrence -----	24
Besse -----	20	Oakland -----	32
Besse -----	17	Kappa Delta (Colby) -----	27
Besse -----	15	Oakland -----	28
Besse -----	18	Brooks -----	19
Besse -----	24	Brooks -----	34
Besse -----	19	Celtics -----	10
Besse -----	35	Albion A. A. -----	44
Besse -----	15	Unity -----	14
Besse -----	19	Unity -----	35
Besse -----	26	Coburn -----	36
Besse -----	22	Waterville B. C. -----	49
Besse -----	11	Fairfield -----	25
Besse -----	25	Winslow -----	79

BOYS' BASEBALL



Back row: Left to right, G. Wentworth, Mr. Gilbert, Second row, H. Hall, K. Robinson, P. Frye. Front row, G. Littlefield, S. Rowe, B. Marks, C. Skillin, E. Dickey

Although we have only four letter men as a nucleus for this season's nine the squad seems to be shaping up well and indica-

BESSE BREEZE

tions point to a rather successful year. A great deal of the burden this year will be on the battery as the majority of the other players are inexperienced. However, Frye, Skillin, and Marks appear equal to the occasion.

LINE-UP

Pitcher—Paul Frye and Clyde Skillin.

Catcher—Bruce Marks.

First Base—Stephen Rowe.

Second Base—Kelsey Robinson.

Short Stop—George Littlefield.

Third Base—Clyde Skillin.

Right Field—Harvey Hall.

Center Field—Everson Dickey.

Left Field, Earl Glidden.

Substitute—George Wentworth.

Coach—Mr. Gilbert.

MINOR SPORTS

For the past two years the girls have had a baseball team that would have been able to hold its own with many boys' teams. They have also had a very snappy volley ball squad.

This is the first year that we have done anything with the hammer, shot and discus but we have some boys who are potential stars in some of these activities.



SOPHOS



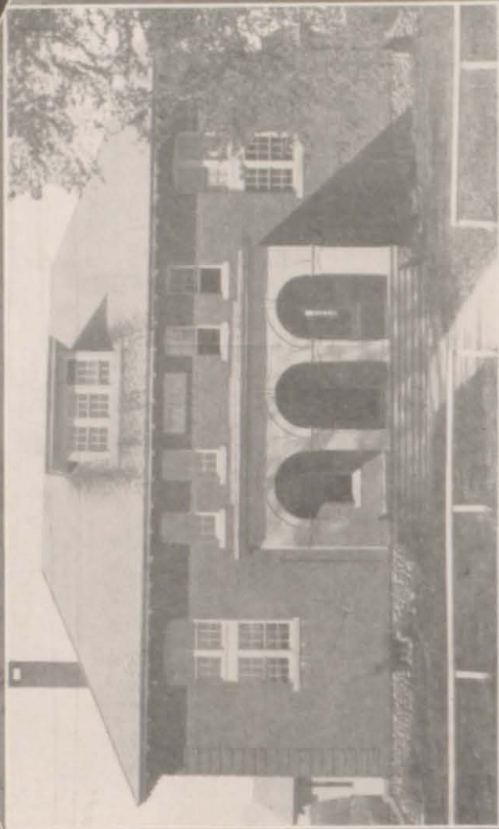
EXTREMES



PREF-X



JUNIORS



COUNCIL



SENIORS



STUDENT COUNCIL

STAFF

BESSE BREEZE

LOCALS



Faye: "I like this dress but it's too tight here, here and here. You could alter it?"

Salesgirl: "No, but if you care to visit our beauty department, they'll alter you to fit the dress."

John (singing) "When the sun has gone to rest, that's the time that I love best."

Winnifred: "Well, the sun set an hour ago."

Marjorie: "I will never marry."

Abbie: "Perhaps not, but nobody can say you haven't put up a gallant fight."

Paul: "The horn on my car is broken."

Garageman: "No, it's not. It's just indifferent."

Paul: "What do you mean?"

Garageman: "Why, it doesn't give a hoot."

Mr. Gilbert: "What do elephants have that no other animals have?"

Phil: "Little elephants."

Mr. McLaughlin: "What do you mean by saying that Benedict Arnold was a janitor?"

Clyde: "The book says that after his exile he spent his life in abasement."

Earl (hiring out): "Is there an opening here for an ambitious young—?"

Employer: "Yeah, close it as you go out."

Mrs. McLaughlin: "Where is your penwiper today?"

Maurice: "Oh, I'm wearing my white sweater now."

Professor: "Do you know that I began life as a barefoot boy?"

Pupil: "Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either."

Mr. Gilbert: "What do you associate with the word 'mutton'?"

Harvey S.: "Jeff."

Husband: "My wife has run away with a man in my car!"

Friend: "Good heavens! Not your new car?"

Dickey: "Women are fools. I never knew but one really sensible one."

Ruth W.: "Well, why didn't you marry her?"

Dickey: "I asked her but she wouldn't have me."

Clyde (at restaurant): "I absolutely refuse to pay for this milk. Look there's a hair in it."

Waiter: "Well, what do you expect for a dime—a wig?"

Edgar: "My nerves are so bad that I have not been able to close my eyes for a week."

Roy: "Better try boxing. I couldn't open my eyes for a week after my first experience."

Doctor: "Has there ever been any insanity in your family?"

Wife: "Well, my husband thinks he's boss."

Talkative Barber: "Would you mind closing your mouth?"

Customer: "No, would you?"

George Wentworth: "Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

Waiter: "Well, after all, a fly can't drink much."

Agent: "But, my dear fellow, how much gasoline are you putting in your car? That is the fifteenth gallon."

Autoist: "I know. I heard that my wife intends to elope tonight in this car."

BESSE BREEZE

Dickey (singing) "And for Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die."

Lawrence: "I'm sorry I can't find her for you."

Thresa: "Phil, this ring is too large for me."

Phil: "That's peculiar. I never had any trouble with it before."

Geraldine: "In New York a man is run over by a car every twenty minutes."

Carroll: "Poor fellow!"

Marjorie: "Gertrude swears that she has never been kissed by a man."

Abbie: "Well, isn't that enough to make any girl swear?"

Doctor: "Why didn't you set a limit for yourself?"

Drunk: "I did; but I got drunk before I reached it."

George (oral composition): "I went fishing in a small brook behind the house, but it was quite a large one."

Thresa (translating): "And the ship was filled with waves."

Mr. McLaughlin: "I don't imagine it was a permanent wave."

Mr. Gilbert: "Did anyone get a different answer?"

Geraldine: "Yes, I got five."

Helen: "Madeline, have you a fountain pen that these pencil leads will fit?"

Mr. Gilbert: "What is a parasite?"

Madeline: "A man who goes through a revolving door without doing his share of the pushing."

Warren: "Do you carry B—eliminators?"

Store clerk: "No, but we have roach powder and fly swatters."

Patient: "Doctor, don't you find it inconvenient to travel miles to see me?"

Doctor: "Oh, no; I have another patient near here, so I get the chance to kill two birds with one stone."

BESSE BREEZE

Farmer: "Come right on in, Steve. He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

Steve: "Sure I know that but I don't know how soon he's going to stop barking."

The prisoner: "There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

Cop: "Phwat? Run away and never come back again? You stand here and I'll run after your hat."

John Gould: "Dad, you remember you promised to give me five dollars if I passed in my subjects."

Dad: "Yes, and I hope you make it by a good margin."

John: "Well Dad, I've decided to save you that expense."

Employer (putting boy to a little test): "Well, my boy, what would you do with a million dollars?"

Delmont: "Gee, I didn't think I would get so much at first."

Lawyer (examining witness): "Do you drink intoxicating liquors?"

Witness (indignantly): "Please, that's my business."

Lawyer: "Have you any other business?"

Catherine: "I've just had my face lifted."

Eleanor: "Nonsense! Who'd steal such a thing?"

Marjorie: "Do you think it is wrong to love before twenty?"

Abbie: "Oh my, that's too many to love before."

Phil: "Mister, er—that is, I would like to, er—that is I mean I've been going with your daughter for five years."

Her father: "Well, whadda you want—a pension?"

Robie: "I think Paul must have been drinking last night."

Bruce: "Why, how's that?"

Robie: "He sat in his car for three hours last night in front of an excavation waiting for the light to turn green."

He: "Yes, my father has contributed very much to the raising of the working class."

Marjorie: "Is he a socialist?"

He: "No, he makes alarm clocks."

Mr. Gilbert: "Desmond, name three kinds of nuts."

Desmond: "Chestnuts, peanuts, and for-get-me-nuts."

BESSE BREEZE

Harvey: "Thanks to modern improvements I have far less trouble finding my collar buttons."

Robie: "That so?"

Harvey: "Yes, I go to the vacuum cleaner."

Phil: "It says that the newest fad is to adopt a chicken for a pet."

Helen: "Just let Thresa catch you doing it."

Meta: "I thought that boy who just passed looked well, didn't you?"

Edith: "Yes dear—and he's still looking."

She: "This dining-room table goes back to Louis XIV."

He: "That's nothing, my whole sitting-room set goes back to Sears Roebuck the fifteenth."

George: "Our minister is so kind that he won't even perform marriages."

Meta: "What's that got to do with his being good?"

George: "He says his conscience won't let him participate in any game of chance."

Gertrude: "Julius Caesar didn't take a haircut for ten years."

Margaret: "I didn't know he was eccentric."

Gertrude: "He wasn't; he was bald."

Kelsey: "What's the lump on the front of your car, Steve?"

Steve: "Oh, the radiator just had a boil."

Paul (giving report): "These aren't my figures I'm quoting. They're the figures of a man who knows what he is talking about."

Minister (to his Scottish congregation): "We will now sing that old familiar hymn, 'Old Hundred'."

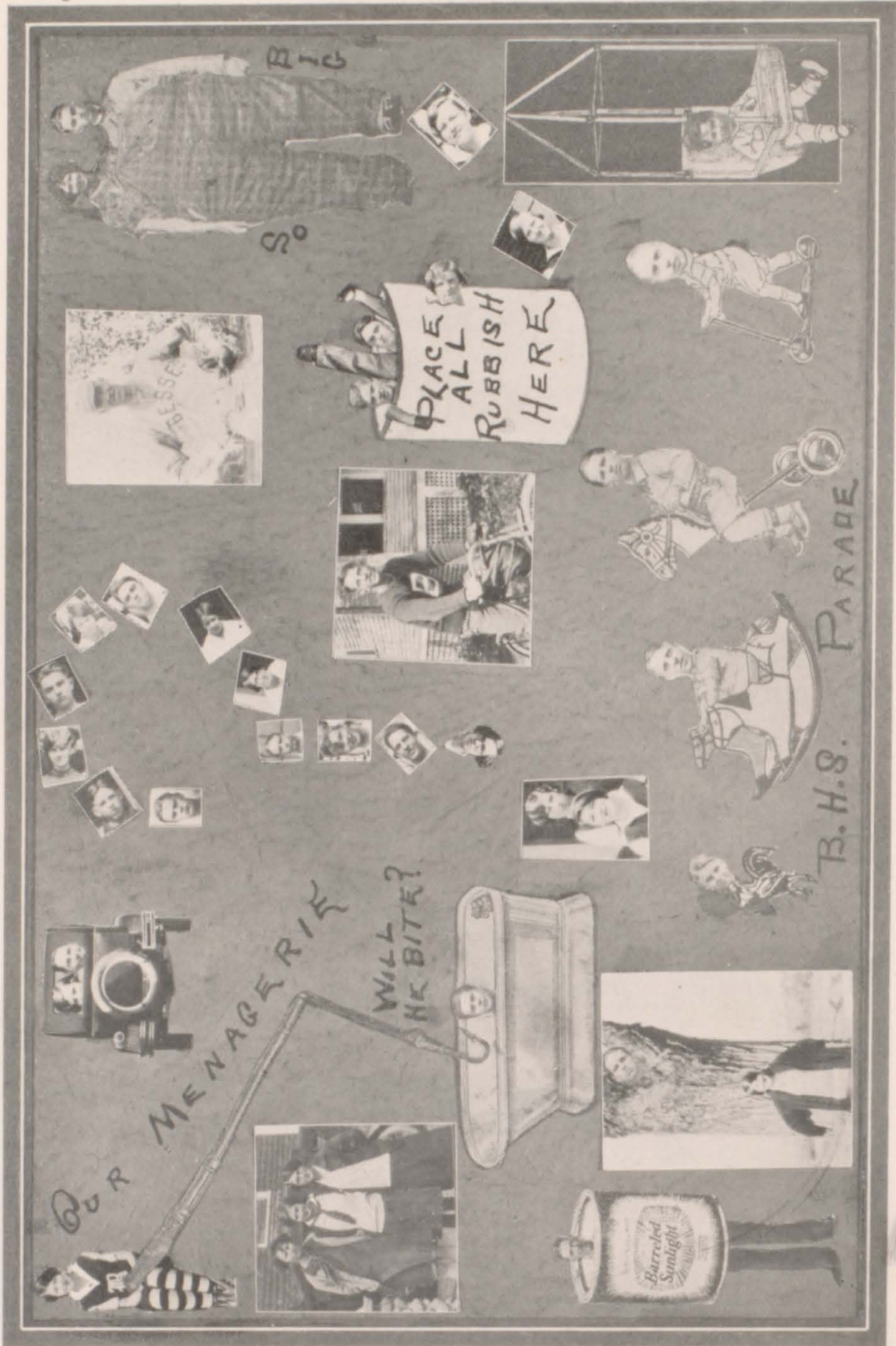
The choir got up and sang "The Ninety and Nine."

Sherwin: "Do you care for dancing?"

Catherine: "No, it's merely hugging set to music."

Sherwin: "Well, what is there about that you don't like?"

Catherine: "The music."



BESSE BREEZE

Lady: "Have you been successful in your search for employment?"

Dickey: "Yes, very, I couldn't find any."

Mrs. McLaughlin: "What is the future of 'I love', Sherwin?"

Sherwin: "I divorce."

Fond mother: "Do you detect any signs of genius in my son, professor?"

Professor: "Madam, I'm not a detective."

Paul: "A sensible man doubts everything. Only a fool is certain of what he says."

Walter: "Are you certain of that?"

Paul: "Positive!"

Maurice: "What did I learn today, teacher?"

Teacher: "Why do you ask?"

Maurice: "They'll want to know at home."

Teacher: "Can any of you tell me why they call one part of the church the altar?"

Philip: "Because it's where girls alter their names."

Mildred: "So many men marry for money. You wouldn't marry me for money, would you, Everson?"

Dickey: "No, I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world."

Boy: "You say your sister makes up jokes; then she's a humorist?"

Chum: "No, she works in a beauty parlor."

Steve: "I tore up the composition I wrote."

Kelsey: "Tore it up? Why, that was the best thing you ever did."

Mr. Gilbert: "Edgar, spell banana."

Edgar: "—darn it, I know how to spell it but I don't know when to stop."

Abbie: "Why do you put powder on your face, Faye?"

Faye: "To make me pretty."

Abbie: "Then why doesn't it?"

Salesman: "This book will do half your work."

Dickey: "Then give me two quick."

John: "If you keep looking at me like that I am going to kiss you."

Catherine: "Well, I can't hold this expression much longer."

Steve: "Congratulate me. I've just thought of something clever."

Harvey: "Beginner's luck, old chap."

Meta: "My but he's a good pitcher—he always hits their bats no matter where they hold them."

Helen: "That surely was a whale of a story Jonah took part in."

Teacher: "I have went. That's wrong isn't it?"

Johnny: "Yes, ma'am, because you ain't went yet."

College Dean: "Do you know who I am?"

Motoring Student: "No sir; but if you can remember your address I'll take you home."

Teacher: "Can you give the derivation of the word auditorium?"

Clyde: "Yes—from Audio-hear, and Tarus-bull, a place where you hear bull."

Minister: Little boy, do you love your teacher?"

Harvey S.: "Yes sir."

Minister: "And what is it makes you love her?"

Harvey: "The Bible says, 'Love your enemies'."

Dad: "Well, son, now that you are through school I hope you will go out and look for a job."

Dickey: "Not much, Dad. Let 'em come to me and bid for my services."

Teacher: "Robie, here is an example in subtraction. Seven boys went down to the river to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go in the water. Now, can you tell me how many went in?"

Robie: "Yes'm; seven."

BESSE BREEZE

Teacher: "Name a relative pronoun."

Bruce: "The word 'cousin'."

Teacher: "Why is the word 'cousin' a relative pronoun?"

Bruce: "Because it expresses a relation."

Teacher: "What kind of a pronoun is 'I'?"

Bruce: "A proper pronoun because it's written with a capital letter."

Teacher: "Name the five senses, Lawrence."

Lawrence: "Sneezing, sobbing, crying, yawning, and coughing. Some folks have an extra one called snoring."

Salesman: "What's the name of this town?"

Wide Trousers: "I couldn't say, I just go to college here."

A city school teacher, who had spent her vacation in the country, was showing her class some photos.

"And this one," she said, "was taken while I was helping to milk the cows. It will show you where the milk comes from."

"Hully chee," exclaimed little Tommy, who lived upstairs over a garage. "Do you have to drain their crankcases to get it?"

A coal merchant had advertised for a boy. A red-headed, red-faced boy applied for the job.

"Do you like work," asked the merchant.

"No sir," said the boy.

"Then you have the job. You're the first boy here today who hasn't told a lie."

Mr. Gilbert: "Let 'X' equal 'W' divided by 'S'. Now solve that equation for 'Y'."

Professor: "See here, my man, who in the devil told you to plant all that new shrubbery in my front yard."

Gardener: "Why, your wife, of course."

Professor: "Mighty pretty, isn't it?"

Mr. Gilbert: "Edith, if I swallowed a mouthful of food without chewing it what would happen?"

Edith: "It would go hard."

Mr. Gilbert: "What animal lives on the least food?"

Meta: "Moths, they eat holes."

Mr. McLaughlin: "The trouble with most American housewives is that they don't know the difference between nine and ten cents."

A. Nelson (in a whisper): "I do."

Mr. McLaughlin: "Well, Miss Nelson, you are fortunate."

Mrs. McLaughlin: "Now let's look at the Ancient Mariner for a while."

Margaret (looking around): "I don't see him anywhere."

Sophomore (to bright freshman): "How old are you my boy?"

Freshman: "Fourteen."

Sophomore: "What are you going to be?"

Freshman: "Fifteen."

Mr. McLaughlin: "One day we went all through Hollingsworth and Whitney's mill."

Maurice: "Was that children's day?"

Mr. McLaughlin: "No, it was Mother's Day."

Mr. Gilbert: "Mildred, give me an example of reflex action."

Mildred: "Well, if you sat on a pin there would be reflex action."

Teacher: "Johnny, spell bum."

Johnny: "B—m."

Teacher: "That doesn't spell bum."

Johnny: "Sure it does but I left you out."

Steve: "Say, but that Dickey is lazy."

Bruce: "How's that?"

Steve: "He cuts his cigarettes in half so he won't have to draw so far."

Wifie: "That woman has the meanest and spitefullest nature in the world."

Hubby: "My, my, aren't you forgetting yourself, my dear?"

Robie: "That Clyde is a big, good-natured, loose-jointed sort of a chap. Ought to have lots of fun with himself."

Harvey: "Have fun with himself, why?"

Robie: "There's so much play in his joints."

BESSE BREEZE

Paul: "I wear no man's collar."

Dickey: "Neither do I, but I get it in the neck just the same."

Winnifred: "You've certainly taught me to love you."

Dickey: "Oh, well, I've had lots of lessons myself."

Harvey: "How does it happen that you had to stay for spelling?"

Roy: "Well, I put too many Z's in scissors."

Helen: "How are those biscuits tonight?"

Mary: "We—ll, they make good stepping stones to something else."

Professor: "Why didn't you answer me when I asked you a question?"

Pupil: "I did shake my head."

Professor: "Well, you can't expect me to hear it rattle clear up here."

WHO'S WHO AT BESSE

MOST

Popular Girl	-----	Madeline Nelson
Popular Boy	-----	Paul Frye
Intellectual	-----	Robie Bickmore
Timid	-----	Mildred Littlefield
Optimistic	-----	Everson Dickey
Humorous	-----	John Gould
Polite	-----	Harvey Hall
Conscientious	-----	Bruce Marks
Capable	-----	Paul Frye
Dignified	-----	Harvey Hall
Studious	-----	Gertrude Drake
Agreeable	-----	Edith Studley
Pessimistic	-----	Roy Harding
Brilliant	-----	Robie Bickmore
Friendly	-----	Philip Knight
Ambitious	-----	Gertrude Drake
Original	-----	Gertrude Karcher
Refined	-----	Thresa Nelson

BEST

Sport (boy) -----	Philip Knight
Sport (girl) -----	Edith Studley
Debater -----	Marjorie Skillin
Dancer -----	Everson Dickey
Athlete (girl) -----	Winnifred Bradstreet
Athlete (boy) -----	Paul Frye
Singer -----	Helen Champlin
Orator -----	Abbie Nelson
Worker -----	Robie Bickmore
Author -----	Gertrude Karcher
Talker -----	Philip Knight
Disposed -----	Harvey Hall
All-round Boy -----	Paul Frye
All-round Girl -----	Thresa Nelson
Helper -----	Philip Knight
Artist -----	Marjorie Skillin

SOME BELATED RESOLUTIONS

To sleep longer and sounder in school -----	Dickey
To get a ninety-five average in all subjects -----	Lawrence
To spend a week-end at school -----	Earl
To take up smoking to stunt his growth -----	Maurice
To purchase a pair of boxing gloves -----	Roy
To use sage tea -----	Phil
To get up a baseball schedule -----	Dickey
To take up wrestling -----	Steve
To grow a Van Dyke -----	Delmont
To buy them ready made instead of rolling his own -----	Maurice
To have breakfast served in bed -----	John
To become a high diver -----	Catherine
To buy an aeroplane to fly to Washington -----	Gertrude
To become a math. professor -----	Helen
To find a girl his size -----	Edgar
To reduce -----	Mildred Littlefield
To not go out "Knights" -----	Thresa
To never be tardy -----	George
To grow taller -----	Desmond

BESSE BREEZE

To like Latin ----- Margaret
To not whisper to Sherwin ----- Geraldine
To become a chemistry professor ----- Abbie
To become a prize fighter ----- Walter

WE WONDER

If Harvey Scribner will ever be as big as Steve.
If Abbie ever dieted.
If Catherine ever gets excited.
Where Madeline got her smile.
If Phil ever gets peeved.
What makes Faye's hair so red.
If Roy can sing.
Where Dickey got the black eye.
If Thresa likes Phil.
When Faye's freckle cream is going to take effect.
How Eleanor would look moving fast.
What a couple Harvey Scribner and Catherine would make.
What Phil would do if Thresa looked cross at him.
Why Dickey goes up to Denaco's.
Why Kelsey doesn't go home until after the Thompson school team.
If Sammy is going to be a scientist.
If Winnifred talks in her sleep.
Why Mildred watches for the China mail.
What Mr. Gilbert would do if the freshmen all had their Math done.
How Steve looked when he was small.
Why Roy always looks so down-hearted.
If Catherine would make a success at track.
Why someone don't adopt Delmont as a pet.
How long a bed Clyde sleeps in.
If Marjorie likes the boys.
If Earl will ever be ambitious.

AMBITIONS

To become a baseball player ----- Roy Harding
To be a big man ----- Harvey Scribner

BESSE BREEZE

To win Madeline	Paul Frye
To find a girl his size	Edgar Fowler
To make the baseball team	Stephen Rowe
To get a fellow	Mildred Denaco
To cultivate her voice	Winnifred Bradstreet
To gain weight	Meta Rowe
To become ambitious	Lawrence Coffin
To pass in French	Philip Knight
To become a dancer	Robie Bickmore
To grow tall	Mildred Littlefield
To get a diploma	The seniors
To become sophomores	The freshmen

SOME NICKNAMES AT BESSE

"Farmer"	Clyde Skillin
"Hen"	Helen Champlin
"Paddie"	Madeline Nelson
"Stelthy"	Stephen Rowe
"Denny"	Mildred Denaco
"Senator"	Paul Frye
"Pheb"	Thresa Nelson
"Peanut"	Lawrence Coffin
"Grammy"	Edith Studley
"Sammy"	Warren Russell
"Maggie"	Margaret Stanley
"Shorty"	Harvey Scribner

EXCHANGE



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

- The Gatherer*, Deer Isle, Maine.
 - Northern Lights*, Millinocket, Maine.
 - Mussul Unsguit*, Strong, Maine.
 - The Nautilus*, Waterville, Maine.
 - The Pinnacle*, South China, Maine.
 - The Academy Echo*, Freedom, Maine.
 - The Four Corners*, Scarborough, Maine.
 - The Aquilo*, Houlton, Maine.
 - Oak Leaves*, Oak Grove Seminary.
 - The Hebronian*, Hebron Maine.
 - Lawrence Lyre*, Fairfield, Maine.
 - The Messalonskee Ripple*, Oakland, Maine.
 - The Rostrum*, Northeast Harbor, Maine.
- Call again—All of you.



This volume of the BESSE BREEZE is dedicated to YOU.

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Annie Harding
Lura Gilley
Kathleen Drake
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Flora Taylor
Sybil Sennet
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Bertha Parkhurst
Abbie Knight
Mildred Sanborn
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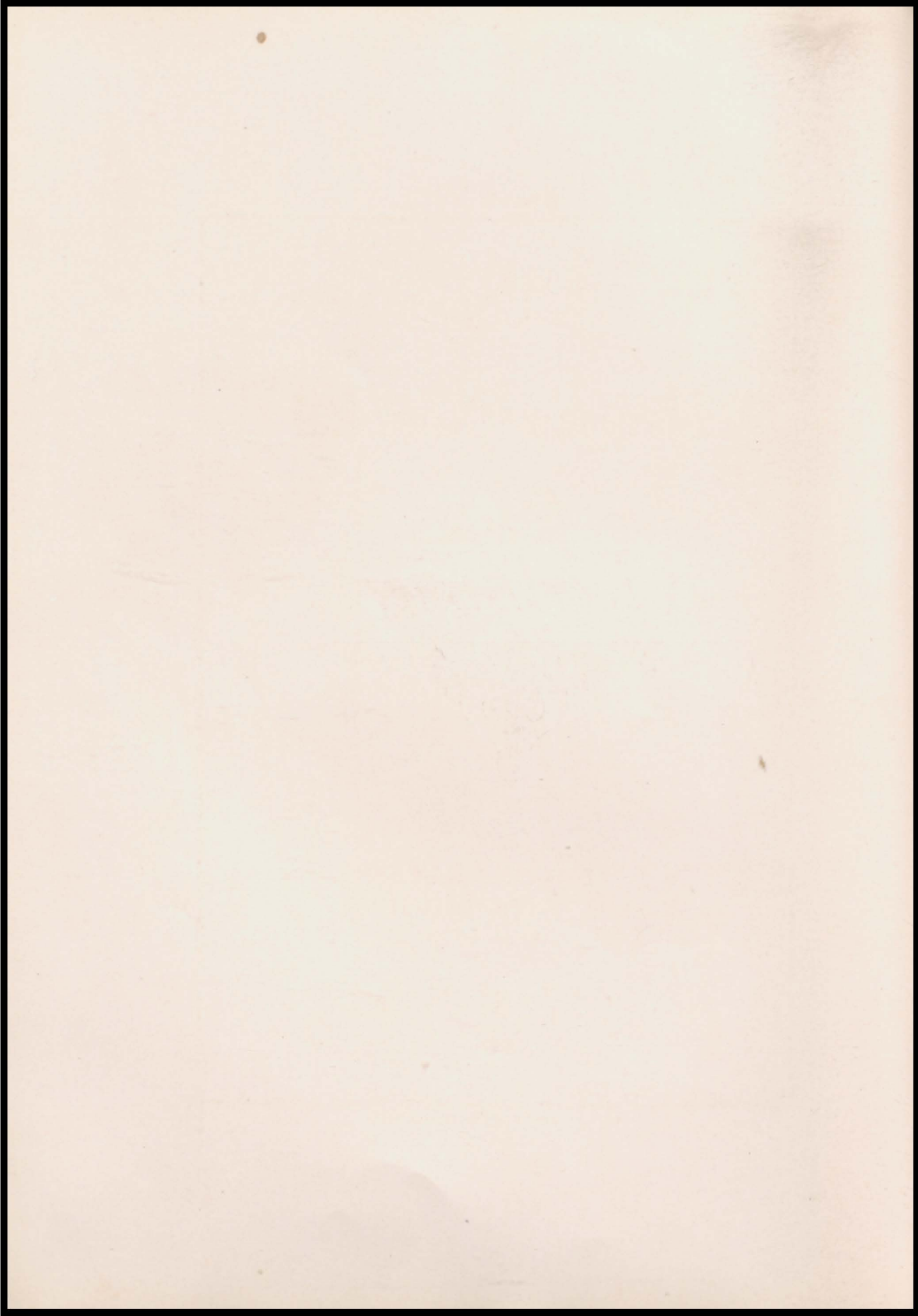
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OLD FRIENDS

There are no friends like old friends,
And none so good and true;
We greet them when we meet them,
As roses greet the dew;
No other friends are dearer,
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We treasure more the old. —*Sickles.*

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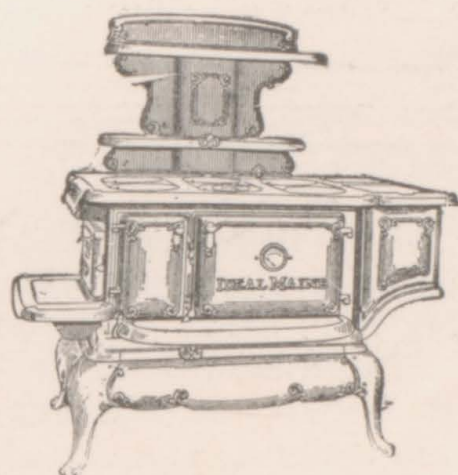
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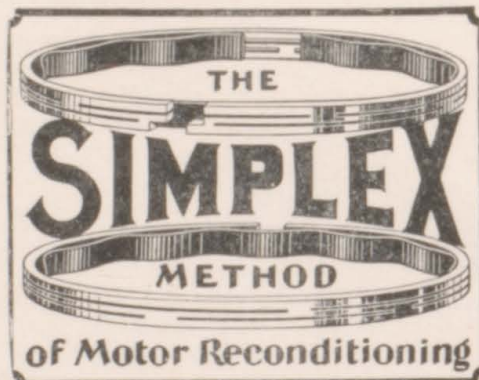
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