

The background is a deep blue color with a subtle, embossed floral pattern. The pattern consists of repeating, stylized flower-like motifs that are slightly raised from the surface, creating a textured effect. The flowers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, with each flower centered within a square or rectangular frame.

**BESSE
BREEZE**

JUNE, 1929



BESSE BREEZE



DEDICATION

WE, THE STAFF

OF

BESSE HIGH SCHOOL

DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF "THE BESSE BREEZE"

TO THE

CITIZENS OF ALBION

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BESSE BREEZE

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

Volume VI

JUNE, 1929

Number 1



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THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

A library is an essential in any school. Besse has long felt the need of one very much.

The sum donated by the town this year, although seemingly too small to produce an appreciable result, will make a very fine beginning. It is needless to say that the students are very grateful to the townspeople for it.

Besse is a good preparatory school and a good library will go far toward making it better. Reference work in any subject is an advantage lacking in a great many schools which otherwise would be of much higher rank.

ATHLETICS IN THE SCHOOL

The idea that schools are merely for the development of the mind is a mistake. The mind cannot be developed without a sound body and a sound body cannot be assured where sufficient exercise is lacking.

We all know that most of the pupil's time during the school year is spent in the study room. Thus he is deprived of his proper share of outdoor exercise and the good derived from the sun's rays. Something, obviously, must be incorporated into the daily program to give the pupil what he otherwise would lack.

There is another side to the problem, too, which is best expressed in the old adage "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." If the pupil associates with the word "school" nothing but ceaseless study, he must at an early stage in life become disinterested in his work of obtaining an education, when this is the case deplorable is a not too strong word to describe it.

BESSE BREEZE

These two conditions, then, first, lack of physical exercise during school hours and, second, no source of mental diversion, should be eliminated from the daily program of the school. Calisthenics is one source of remedy, but this form of physical exercise soon develops into a tedious monotony and thus defeats its own purpose.

Athletics is a second source. The student who participates in sports and he must not necessarily be "on the team"—derives a double active mental action, but which at the same time does not take up the student's mind in the same way as does studying. A sport calls for initiative on the part of each participant, a benefit not found in any other form of exercise.

Athletics is profitable not only to the student but also to the school as a whole. It promotes a school spirit which is genuine and lasting. It is an advertisement for the school. Many schools in this country exist solely by virtue of their athletic prominence. No school exists because of their lack of sports. The moral of this is self-evident.

Keeping these facts in mind, then, must we not feel it our duty to sanction a definite program of athletics within the school? Must we not endeavor to put BESSE HIGH on a footing equal to that of a school just a little larger? Let us raise our ideals and thereby raise our standard.

SPEAK ENGLISH?

Our language is the most popular language in the world and is spoken by more people than speak any other. How much better it would be if we all spoke it correctly!

But how is one to cultivate the habit of correct speech? Perhaps we have become so accustomed to the use of incorrect words and expressions that it will be hard to break the habit. Hard, yes, but not impossible.

The first step is to recognize errors when they are made. Every time you hear one of your associates use "git" for "get", or any of the common errors, notice it and impress your mind with the fact that a mistake has been made. Notice your own mistakes and soon you will be anticipating them. This is the final step, for when one anticipates his mistakes he never speaks incorrectly.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit is a tonic in the existence of any school. Nothing good and great can be accomplished if coöperation is not practiced. Every student must work with every other student, each doing his part and having for his aim the welfare of the school and student body. As one stick may be more easily broken than a bundle, so may one person be more easily discouraged than a group.

Everyone likes and is willing to reap the benefits of something someone else has done, but a few are inclined to help. For example, if a class is trying for highest rank perhaps a few members may do their best, while the others say that it requires too much effort on their part, and they probably wouldn't win anyway. That, no doubt, is the reason why the rank of that class is low. If, however, the number of students who are earnest in their efforts, happens to be in the majority and the class comes out ahead, then these very ones who had walked along with slackened tugs will thumb the arholes of their vests, throw out their chests, and proclaim to the world, "I told you—!"

It may be human nature to do that. Perhaps Adam had a little streak of it in him and perhaps the next generation will possess much the same thing. Nevertheless that does not prevent us from looking at the poor fellow pityingly.

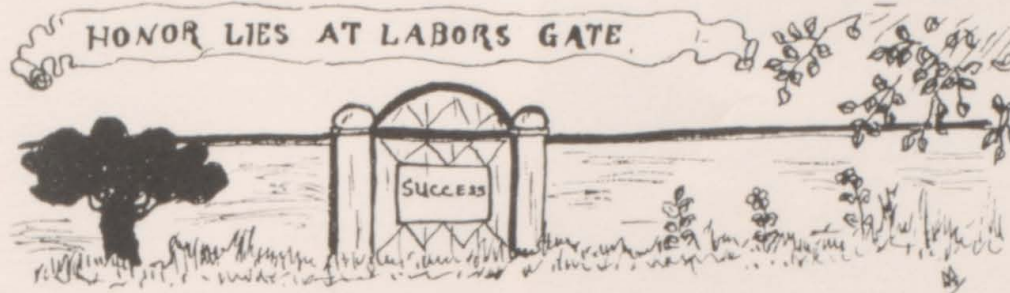
In athletics much the same condition can exist. It does. It exists when ten or a dozen are out daily for practice while others go off with the excuse that they must be getting home for this reason or that, and then "dilly-dally" around the store and talk about the big team "we've got this year."

Perhaps this element is not present in the school to any alarming degree, but it may be if it is present in the slightest degree. You know how one rotten apple will spoil a whole barrel.

But you may ask "Why put so much emphasis on school spirit? High school is only four years."

True, high school is only four years long, but its effects are lifelong. We are building a foundation for life now. Let's use a good grade of cement, 100% School Spirit!

SENIOR NOTES



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President-----ROBIE BICKMORE
Vice-President -----CLYDE SKILLIN
Secretary-Treasurer-----BRUCE MARKS

MOTTO

Build for character not for fame

CLASS COLORS

Blue and Gold

CLASS FLOWER

White Rose

CLASS ROLL

Roby Bickmore
Harvey Hall

Bruce Marks
Clyde Skillin



ROBIE FRYE BICKMORE
"ROBS"

Busy: Talking to the girls.
Always: Joking.
Takes delight: In taking exams.
Hopes to be: A professor.

Activities.

President of Class, 4; Senior Drama, 4; Prize Speaking, 4; Student Council, 4; Secretary and Treasurer of A.A., 4; Locals Editor, 4; Exchange Editor, 3.

HARVEY ALGER HALL
"HARV"

Busy: Studying.
Always: Very quiet.
Takes delight: In reciting history.
Hopes to be: A dutiful husband.

Activities.

Class President, 2; Baseball, 3, 4; Treasurer of Student Council, 4; Basketball, 2; Prize Speaking, 4; Senior Drama, 4; Athletic Editor of BREEZE, 3; Exchange Editor, 4.





BRUCE ELMER MARKS
"BRUCE"

Busy: Grinning at Johnny.
Always: Smiling.
Takes delight: In singing.
Hopes to be: A second Babe Ruth.

Activities.

Class President, 3; Manager of Baseball, 4; Captain of Basketball, 4; President of Student Council, 4; President of A. A., 3, 4; Senior Drama, 3, 4; Prize Speaking, 4; Athletic Editor, 4; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4.

CLYDE WHITAKER SKILLIN
FARMER

Busy: Looking for mail.
Always: Very dignified.
Takes delight: In talking with Win.
Hopes to be: A little taller.

Activities.

Class President, 1; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Manager of Baseball, 1; Basketball, 2, 4; Manager of Basketball, 2; Business staff BESSE BREEZE, 2, 3, 4; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, 3; President of Student Council, 3; Senior Drama, 3, 4.



SALUTATORY ADDRESS

The garden of the world is a paradise of miracles and wonders which may be recognized only by those who have their inner sight wide open to the countless mysteries of life. In every tiny seed is the eternal glory of creation; in every blossom the promise of greater possibilities of which the fruit is the perfect fulfillment. Someone has written: a poppy seed—it lies in the hand, a grain of dust, motionless, unlovely, dead. Yet think what it holds! The cool green of upward springing stalks and leaves; the compact calyx; and within, crumpled like a baby's hand, the exquisite, shining silk of gorgeous petals—all this in a particle of dust.

The human being passes through many of the stages of life that the plant does. Tonight, we, as a class, are just pushing out from the tiny seed to grow upward into a more mature life. All these years we have been sheltered in the sphere of the seedling, protected by the shell from the rougher elements of the soil and air, and played upon by every nourishing force that was necessary for our unfoldment. Within ourselves has lain dormant every possibility our future may be able to manifest.

For these few years we few human seedlings have been nurtured in this one fertile spot in the universal garden, acted upon by the same elemental influences, cared for by the same painstaking gardeners who have aided our growth because of the possibilities they could see within the rude husk that concealed the inner value from any but the understanding eye. The same soil has given to each the necessary portion of its sustaining force; the same streams have contributed their moisture to our larger growth; the same warm rains have fallen upon us, bringing into active life the tiny seedling within us and coaxing it to grow upward into the sort of a plant for which each of us was designed. Now comes the spring time of life's eternal change. The present limited sphere has been outgrown. We have absorbed from it all the life force it is able to bestow upon us. We no longer need the protection of the enfolding hull. We must push forth into the open air and put forth individual stalks of the vigorous, useful planthood that is to be our life's expression.

This, then, is the hour of our transplanting, when we must test in other soil the theories we have gathered; and it is to this

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—the celebration of the great moment of our first pushing forth into the full sunshine and air of life's infinite expression—that we welcome you tonight.

The honor has been conferred upon me of bidding you welcome to these exercises. I truly appreciate this honor, but it seems to me as I look around and see many faces so much more clearly marked with the lines of experience and wisdom that ours can hope to be for many years yet to come that the welcome should come from you. Is it not we who are passing forth from our sheltered garden where all lifegiving necessities have been furnished, into the open world to join you in the larger school of progress? Is it not we who are entering into your pursuits and pleasures, and becoming one of you in the social and business centers that make up active life?

And so, while we do most heartily welcome you here tonight, we feel that you are showing your welcome to us by attending our commencement exercises. And as we go forth into your midst we crave from each of you the firm handclasp and friendly smile that will assure us of your pleasure at bidding us welcome.

CLYDE W. SKILLIN.

CLASS HISTORY 1929

The good ship Besse High stood at anchor at the wharf of a new school year. It was the seventh day of September, 1925, —a calm, peaceful, autumn day, radiant with the sunshine of hope, cheer, and joyous promise. It was the same old ship that had carried many passengers to safe harbor in the Land of Great Wisdom. But this day was a gala day in its history and many people gazed in wonder as they saw three beautiful and charming young ladies and seven bold and dashing young gentlemen as they happily stepped aboard, for they were about to set sail over new and untried waters in a quest for the Fountain of Perfect Understanding.

As the ship stood at anchor on that eventful morning the passengers began to arrive; as I was the first to be enrolled upon the list of passengers, to me was intrusted the important task of writing the log of the voyage—the voyage that all realized was to be the most important of their lives. I had scarcely

placed my signature upon the ship's register when an old companion, Clyde Skillin, joined me. He had decided to sail on the same ship as I. While we were talking, another pal, Robie Bickmore, joined us. He had always been very brilliant in his studies among the Islands of Smaller Learning. The fourth to register his name was Harvey Hall, a very quiet and up-to-date fellow who was a distant cousin of Bickmore. The next comer was of the opposite sex, a neat, attractive young lady who was gladly admitted because of her studious character, her name being Mildred Littlefield. John Gould, who was not overly fond of studying, was the next to be welcomed because of his jolly nature. The seventh to be admitted was Catherine Thompson, who was neither the flyweight of the class nor one who thinks it pays to worry over examination questions. Leota Howard, a charming young lady, was the next to arrive. She was very active and intelligent and was well liked by everybody, especially the opposite sex. The ninth to register his name was Russell Jones, who had come from the distant land of China to make the voyage with us. He was the joker of the whole ship so was gladly admitted to brighten up the crew in distress. The last to be admitted was Lawrence Harding, who had just decided to try the voyage with us, although he hated to leave China where he had been visiting.

We were very enthusiastic and asked many questions of our Captain, Mr. McLaughlin, as to the incidents of our voyage and its length. He assured us that if we were persevering and diligent in our duties we should easily reach our destination in four years. So with very hopeful hearts and smiling faces we bade farewell to our parents, friends, and those in the lower grades as we steamed away from the wharf, embarked on a four years' absence on our Voyage of High School Life.

As we were young and socially inclined, it did not take us long to become acquainted with our fellow passengers, nor to feel at home with our Captain, Mr. McLaughlin; the Steward, Mr. Knowlton, and the Stewardess, Mrs. McLaughlin. Our fears of shipwreck were entirely wiped away by the assurance that so able a staff of seamen had us in their charge.

We had been aboard but a few days when we were given a reception by the Sophomores. They pacified us by giving us lollypops and by making us do stunts for the amusement of the rest of the crew.

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The first meeting that was held in the cabin, we elected as the leader of our class, Clyde Skillin; vice-president, Harvey Hall; secretary and treasurer, Leota Howard.

As time wore on we became less ignorant and awkward. The usual intimacy sprang up among us and we have been loyal shipmates ever since. We sailed over Freshman Sea and received our checks of identification while we were hardly aware of it.

As we sailed through the Sophomore Channel we were very sorry to lose a member of the staff, Mr. Knowlton, a kind and true friend who left us to take up business elsewhere. The vacancy was quickly filled by Mr. Wentworth, a graduate of the good old ship, Besse High. We also lost three members of the class, Leota Howard, Russell Jones and Lawrence Harding. Miss Howard boarded another ship, Winslow High, which she had sighted in the distance. Russell Jones and Lawrence Harding grew weary of the way and returned to China—there to start a more active life. In turn we were glad to pick up Ruth Whitaker and Henry Knight, to make the journey a more pleasant one.

When we again assembled in the cabin, we elected Harvey Hall, president; John Gould, vice-president; Robie Bickmore, secretary and treasurer to guide us through the year.

Being mindful of the reception given us the year before, we considered the Freshmen and found them rather green. The reception given them was similar to the one that had been given us.

Our Sophomore year passed quickly with the occurrence of very few incidents worthy of mention. As we entered the Junior Channel with our class colors, blue and gold, flying so valiantly at the masthead we began to realize what an important voyage we were on and settled down to real work. At this point we were very sorry to lose Mr. Wentworth, who left us to run his farm. In turn we welcomed Mr. Gilbert, a tried and experienced teacher. Here we lost two more members of the class, Henry Knight and Catherine Thompson, who left us to help carry on the work at home.

The class officers elected for the Junior year were: Bruce Marks, president; Mildred Littlefield, vice-president; Clyde Skillin, secretary and treasurer.

A student association was founded and four of our members were elected to the council, Clyde Skillin, Mildred Littlefield,

Harvey Hall and Bruce Marks. Clyde Skillin became the first president of the association.

Our class won a scholarship contest for which each class had been striving and we were given a fine banquet which we enjoyed very much.

As we entered the last and greatest sea we were greatly disappointed to lose our complete staff, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, who had been with us three years, and Mr. Gilbert, who had been with us one year. Each went to some other vessel. We did not have long to grieve over our loss before we became greatly attached to our new staff. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and Miss Hutchins. We lost also three more members of the class at the same time, Mildred Littlefield, Ruth Whitaker, and John Gould. Mildred and Ruth went home to help carry on the housework, while John lingered in port to gather a bouquet of blue Bells. In just a few weeks we were sorry to lose Miss Hutchins on account of sickness. The vacancy was ably filled by Mr. Ross, who has continued with us to the end, along with Mr. and Mrs. Andrews.

It was a small class that gathered in the cabin for the last time—only the four that are here tonight. Robie Bickmore was elected president; Clyde Skillin, vice-president; Bruce Marks, secretary and treasurer, while all of the members were elected to the student council.

At last with only these four members left, we land tonight at Commencement Wharf. The voyage has been a very pleasant one and we have accumulated many souvenirs from every port. We have not faced any gale that we were not able to withstand. We have not been wrecked upon the shoals of any threatening task. The tides of average have continued to ebb and flow; the waves of mathematical problems have kept up their ceaseless motion and commotion; the billows of examination questions have tried their worst to overwhelm us, but none of them have succeeded. We have been able to procure the necessary passports at every sea, and have been able to pay the price in good hard work for very part of the voyage. We have sympathized with the seasick passengers; we have enjoyed the successful experiences of those who have landed on other shores.

Now we look at the larger, more majestic ocean ahead and

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feel that our experiences have fitted us to withstand every storm and weather of every force with no fear of disaster, saying with Byron,

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep o'er thee in vain!”

But not in vain the class of 1929! We will go on writing new logs of adventure, and yet more wonderful discovery, for while the voyage of High School Life is at an end, the Voyage of Real Life is, just now and here, at its triumphant Commencement!

BRUCE MARKS.

PROPHECY

Classmates, it is a well-known saying, often found to be true, that “coming events cast their shadows before.” Therefore, it is not so hard as many people suppose to study the comings and goings of fellow-beings, to be something of a prophet, and to form some idea of what their future will be.

Having for some time been possessed of a strong ambition for the brilliant career of a detective, I have kept a sharp eye on all of you when you were perhaps unaware that you were being observed or studied at all. So I feel that I can judge with some degree of accuracy the lives into which your personal characteristics and inclinations will lead you in the years to come.

The pleasure and satisfaction of looking into the future is always liberally mixed with pain. We long to know what lies before us, and yet when the knowledge comes to us we tremble, fearing that we may not be able to bear our part in the ordeals to come as faithfully as we should. The one question in our minds is sure to be: “Shall we be prepared for these honors and these duties?” It is in this connection that I, even as I prophesy, shall bring you a word of hope.

Seeing so clearly what is in store for you all, I have taken pains to gather such remembrances as will best help each of you to meet the duties of life as they come to you. I shall proceed to distribute them to you, feeling thrilled with the thought that “it is more blessed to give than to receive.” I trust that each little

gift may be received not for its value, but for the thought behind it—my wish to help each one of you, in my small way, toward the success you are in the future to achieve.

I am sure you will each accept the simple offering in the same spirit as I present it. May it remain throughout the years, as every keepsake should, the bond of union between you and me, as well as a real practical help in your life work. As I call your names, one by one, will you please come forward to receive these trifling tokens of my interest in your future?

Bruce Marks: It is not easy to live without work. We usually have to earn all that we get in this world. I don't see you as a tramp, Bruce, but in some nice, soft-snap of a place, and I am going to give you this cushion, in memory of the Class of '29, to make your many rest hours as comfortable as possible.

Robie Bickmore: Across the years of the future, Robie, I see you as a professional boxer. Take this pair of boxing gloves. Practice with them diligently a certain number of hours each day for "success lies at labor's gate."

Clyde Skillin: My dear classmate, the signs indicate that you are to be a dancing master. Accept this pair of flexible shoes, for I am sure they will aid you in doing many of the latest steps.

Now, classmates, trusting that these little gifts will assist you all in facing the future fearlessly, that they will give you the same pleasure that making the selections has afforded me and, most of all, that each will be received in the same spirit of fun with which it is presented, as well as the same warm-hearted appreciation of its significance, I will close with the hope that each token may prove like mercy in its ability to bless him who gives and him who receives.

VALEDICTORY

"As other classes have their creed, so have we ours."

Theodore Tilton first voiced this thought, and we, the Class of '29, repeat it. We agree with him that a man without some belief as a standard will surely miss the highway that leads to Success, and flounder in the Swamp of Failure for the rest of his life.

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In our future lies progress; in progress lies the certainty of change. This applies, too, to our creed, although its principles, for which we have elected to stand, are well founded. And so, if we wish to speak them at all, we must do it now while they are the truth of all truths to us.

I

As a child believes most of all in its mother, we, the larger children of a larger maternal principle, must first of all possess a faith in our high school. We do not pretend to believe that there is none better. We do believe in doing our bit in making her better, and hope all other classes will follow our example. We will always look back upon this school as one of the most hallowed memories of our growing days and believe in it as sincerely as we do tonight.

II

Believing in our school as we do, we hardly need to tell you how deeply we believe in those who have labored so faithfully in our behalf. We have done our best to understand all they have taught us and all they have shown us by the force of their example.

III

We believe in our Nation, represented by our National Flag, the glorious Stars and Stripes of union and liberty. Next to her we believe in our state and town, but she comes first. As we watch its folds of red, white, and blue wave above our heads, we pledge ourselves again to its allegiance, and feel within ourselves a renewal of American citizenship.

IV

We believe in our motto, "Build for Character, not for Fame." Everyone, whether he knows it or not, has one predominating principle, one inspiring force in his life, by which all his acts are shaped and arranged. Therefore we have chosen this as our motto through life and we truly believe in it. Surely it will help us over the rough places in life.

V

We believe in our colors. We believe that everyone should show his colors bravely and boldly that the world and his friends may know exactly where he stands. We believe in having class colors because in later life whenever we see our "blue and gold"

we shall be reminded of our whole creed and shall strive anew to live up to its ideals.

VI

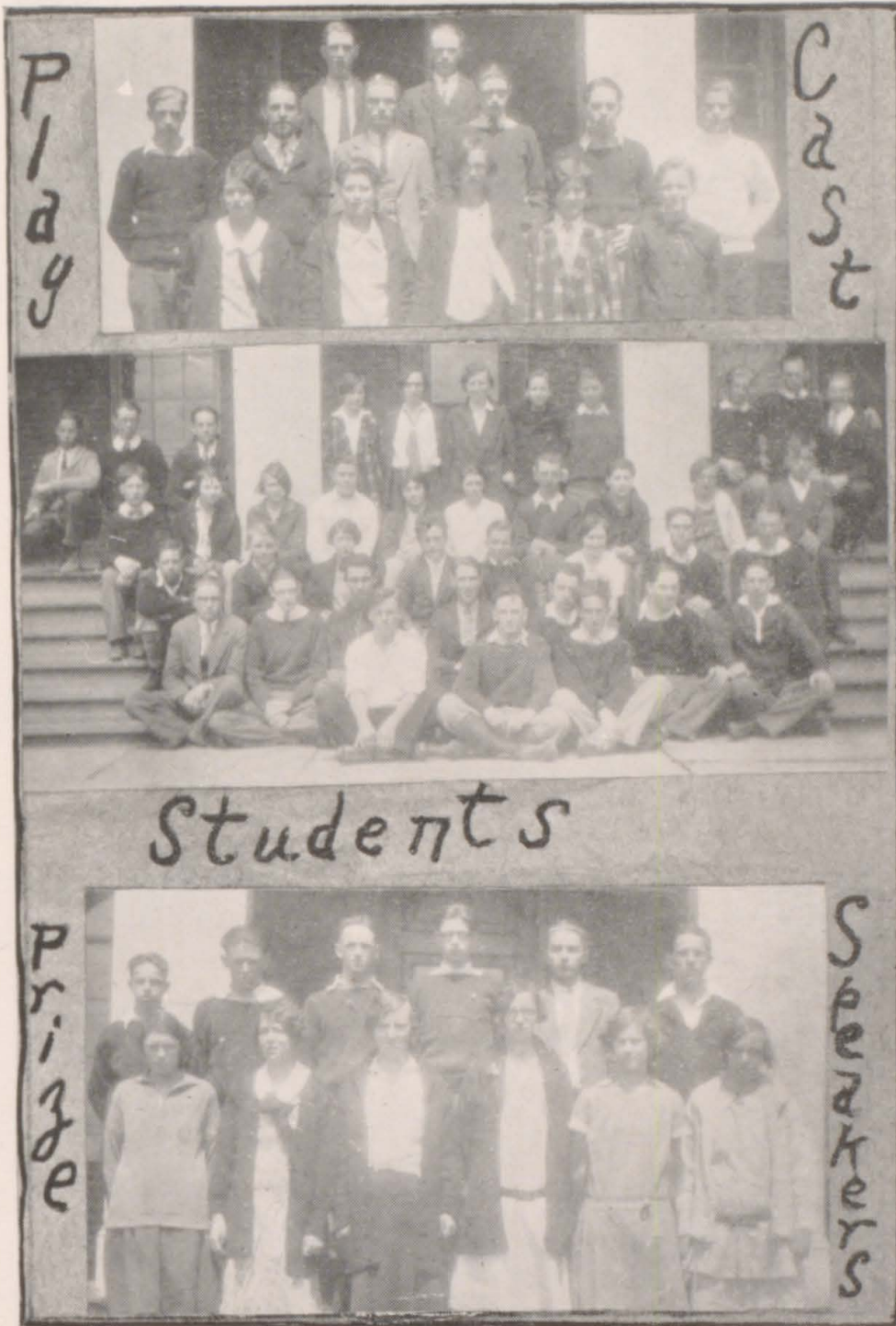
Last of all, friends, we believe in ourselves. We must or nobody else will. But our faith is not because of anyone else's lack of faith, but in spite of it. We believe in ourselves because we think we are beginning to know ourselves; while this means that we must have a full knowledge of our weaknesses, it also means that we must know equally well our capabilities, and be prepared to develop them to the fullest extent. With this belief in ourselves, we step across the boundary line that divides school life from Life's great school, feeling no fear of the future; but, inspired by our motto, and sustained by our colors, we feel certain of success as long as we offer the world nothing less than our very best efforts.

Friends, this is our creed—not much of a creed, perhaps, to those who have learned the lessons of life, but much, indeed, to us who have only begun to master our A B C's.

To our parents and friends, then, we extend our sincere thanks for all the privileges they have made it possible for us to enjoy here; to our teachers we speak words of enduring gratitude for what they have done in teaching us the principles of this creed, which are essentially those of any truly American creed; to you who have come to listen to us, we must voice our thanks for your attendance. Even though our efforts to entertain you may have failed, you may be sure that we have lived up to our creed, and, at least, have done our best.

Classmates, what shall I say to you? We part tonight to enter each a separate world of work. We have been such close friends and companions that we shall miss each other for all time to come, and we shall feel a lack that nothing can quite fill. But if we meet at some future time let us make sure that each one shall find the other loyal to his creed.

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JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President Thresa Nelson
Vice-President Phillip Knight
Secretary-Treasurer Gertrude Karcher

CLASS ROLL

Winnifred Bradstreet	Phillip Knight
Mildred Denaco	Thresa Nelson
John Gould	Stephen Rowe
Gertrude Karcher	Margaret Stanley
George Wentworth	





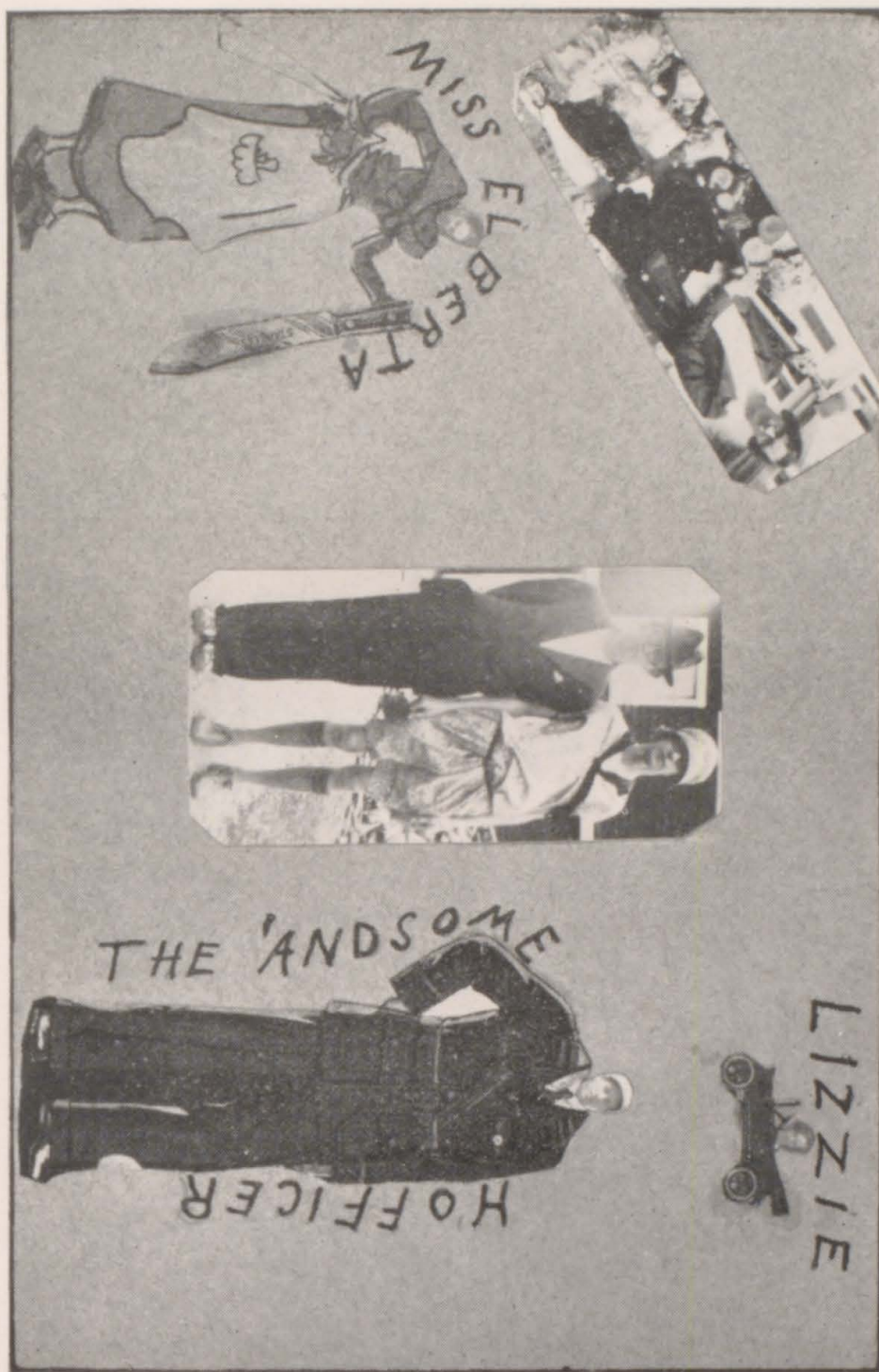
SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

President Helen Champlin
Vice-President George Littlefield
Secretary-Treasurer Walter Worthing

CLASS ROLL

Helen Champlin	George Littlefield	Kelsey Robinson
Geraldine Crommett	Eleanor McKenney	Meta Rowe
Earl Glidden	Delmont Meader	Harvey Scribner
Alice Haskell	Madeline Nelson	Edith Studley
	Walter Worthing	

BESSE BREEZE



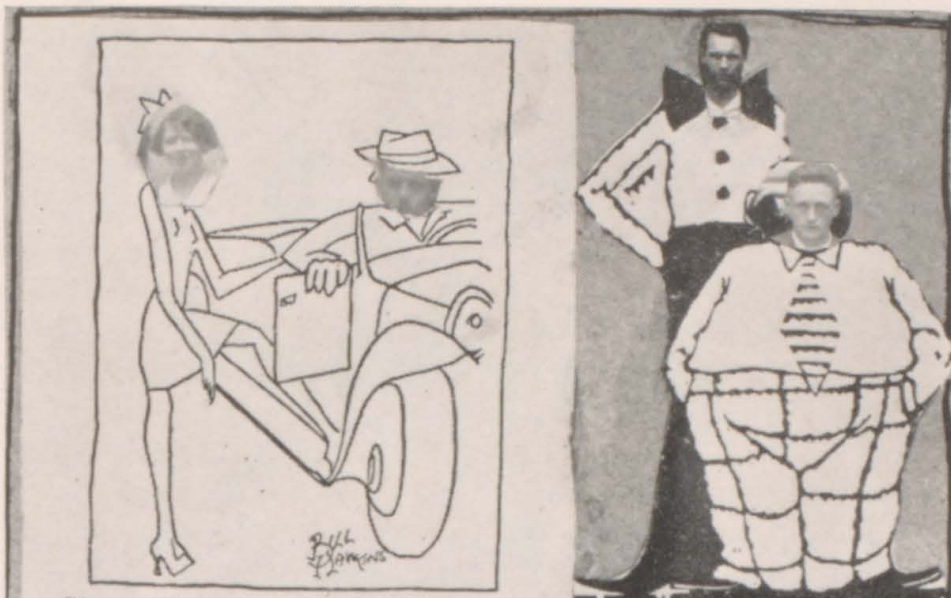


FRESHMEN CLASS OFFICERS

President Leona Marks
Vice-President Ervin Dow
Secretary-Treasurer Sherwin Crosby

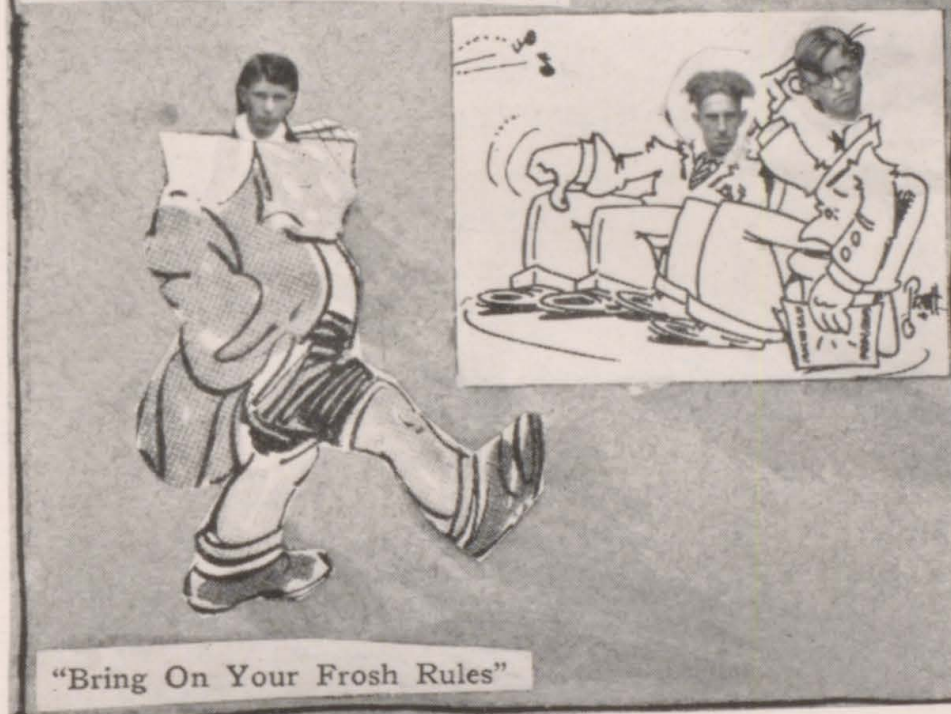
CLASS ROLL

Frederick Bradstreet	Desmond Oakes
Lawrence Coffin	Carlswood Ross
Sherwin Crosby	Warren Russell
Ervin Dow	Merle Stearns
Roy Harding	Roger Waugh
Leona Marks	Leslie West
Carroll Meader	Donald Young



She: I have said no to lots of men.
He: I never patronize peddlers either.

Extremes



"Bring On Your Frosh Rules"



LITERARY

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS

Frank Hatch, seventeen, entered the hall of his home and slammed the front door behind him.

"Mother!"

"Yes, dear. What is it?" answered a patient voice.

"Is dinner ready?"

"Yes, dear," and a woman came from the dining-room into the hall. She was an elderly woman. Her hair was gray and her face was wrinkled, but there still remained enough gracefulness in her step to show that once she had been a handsome girl.

"Don't you love your mother anymore, Frank?" asked his mother wistfully as he made a dive to the kitchen to wash.

"Of course," he called back through the door, "but I'm in such a deuce of a hurry—"

During the meal Frank talked excitedly of the great event which was soon to take place—the speech by Mayor Williams.

"Of course, all of us can go," he finished, "but those who get

especially good rank get decorated seats out in front, and I must be one of them."

After the dinner was over Frank glanced anxiously at the clock.

"Exactly twenty minutes left," he exclaimed, "ten for studying this geometry lesson and ten for getting back to school."

Mrs. Hatch watched her son a moment and then, sighing softly, went to the kitchen, closing the door quietly behind her lest the rattling of the dishes disturb her boy. She loved him deeply, this son of hers, but sometimes she feared that his school and its work were luring him from her.

In a few moments the door slammed and Frank had returned to his beloved school.

At last after much anticipation and impatient waiting the day of the great event came at last. Frank was sitting in one of the special seats, and was prepared to enjoy himself to the fullest extent.

Mayor Williams advanced to the front of the platform. He was not very imposing, but Frank experienced a thrill as the piercing blue eyes met his.

"I have come here tonight, as you all know, especially to talk to you young fellows, and doubtless you expect me to talk on an absolutely different topic from the one I have chosen. It is this: Remember the old folks. Many of you youngsters, in your desire for knowledge and good times, have entirely overlooked the old folks. 'They understand,' you say, 'they know I still love them and respect them. I am in such a hurry that I don't have much time for them, but they understand!' Are you sure of this? Are you sure they do not think you have changed? Remember you cannot always have them with you, and while there yet is time, show that you appreciate them."

At the conclusion of the Mayor's speech there was much applause. Many of the boys were deeply moved, and when they said good night, each looked rather sheepishly at the other.

Frank Hatch went home slowly. He wanted a little time to think. Had he changed, he wondered? No, surely not! He still loved his mother as truly as a parent could wish, but did she realize this? He resolved that, in the near future, she would do so.

The next morning when Frank came downstairs, his mother was busily engaged in getting breakfast. He tiptoed up behind her, and, spinning her around quickly, kissed her wrinkled cheek.

"Why, Frank, you dear boy!" she exclaimed, and a pleased smile crossed her wrinkled face.

G. C. K., '30.

THE LOST DIAMONDS

"Oh, mother, just look here!" called Marion Gray as she gazed in astonishment at the headlines of the morning paper.

Mrs. Gray came quickly from her work in the kitchen, and locking over her daughter's shoulder, read: "Million Dollars' Worth of Diamonds Stolen from Mrs. Ada Clemont of Deering. No clues found."

"Why, mother, that's the rich lady who stayed here last summer," said Marion.

"So it is," replied her mother.

"She showed those diamonds to me once when I was up in her room," added Marion. "They were in a square ivory-colored box. She said she was very choice of them and kept them hidden most of the time. She said they had been her great-grandmother's."

"Well, it surely is a shame, but I don't see how we can do anything about it," said her mother and she went back to her work.

Marion soon forgot it, too, and began studying.

She was a senior at Cranford High in the little town of Cranford where she lived with her mother and her father, who was president of the National Bank there. Marion was a favorite with the other girls of the school and she had shared the luxuries of her home with them in the past.

Most of her time on Saturday was spent with Jeanette Clifford, who lived next door and who had grown up with Marion. On this particular Saturday, after dinner Marion announced to her mother that she was going to ask Jeanette to go horseback riding with her.

"All right," said her mother, "that will be fine. You need the exercise after staying in to study all the week."

It was a fine afternoon and the horses were in a lively mood. They trotted along briskly while the girls chatted gaily.

The girls were so busy talking that they did not pay much attention to where their horses were taking them. They had come to a place where the road was thickly wooded on both sides.

Suddenly Marion thought of the diamond robbery and started to tell her chum about it.

"Jeanette, did you see in the morning paper about that lady's losing—" she began, but got no further.

Two men stepped abruptly from the bushes into the middle of the road and seized both horses by their bridles. They were both quite tall and were masked. One wore blue drilling overalls, a jumper and a slouch hat; the other, an old gray suit, a blue shirt, and an old cap pulled down well over his eyes.

Marion and Jeanette became frightened and screamed.

"Shut up, kids," growled the fellow with the slouch hat. "Don't git nervous. We ain't goin' to keep you only a few days and then send you back to 'Daddy.' Git down off them hosses!"

Both girls dismounted. The fellow with the slouch hat came toward Marion with a rope in his hand.

"Now, me little beauty, I'll jest make sure that ye can't git away," he said and tied her hands together behind her, instructing his companion to do likewise to Jeanette.

When the girls had been securely trussed up, they were ordered to precede the men down a cleverly hidden path to a thick growth of cedars. Here the men halted, tied the horses to some trees and then turned to the girls.

"Better untie 'em, hadn't we, Bill?" said the fellow in the slouch hat. "I don't believe they's any danger uv their goin' very fur."

Bill agreed that they might as well untie them and Buddy started to carry out his own suggestion. Marion looked meaningfully at Jeanette as Bill began to untie her.

Just as Bill untied the last loop she struck him full in the face with all her might. The blow was so hard that it sent him reeling to the ground.

"No, ye don't!" said the other, grabbing her quickly before she had time to gather herself to resist. "You're not so much of a boxer as ye think ye are. Git up, Buddy. Don't be a kid and let

that baby git the best of ye. Here, take care of this one and I'll look after her."

Both girls saw that it was no use to try to escape then, so they made no resistance to their being led farther into the thicket where to their surprise they saw a tent had been erected.

"Go in there and stay until ye're called fur," ordered the one called Buddy. "Don't go to trying any funny stunts neither, 'cause it won't be the wisest thing fer ye."

The girls looked around themselves and found the tent was furnished with two cots and a camp chair. The back of the camp chair was littered with old clothes and under one of the cots was a suitcase.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Jeanette. "How will we ever get out of this mess?"

"Oh, there'll be some way," Marion said encouragingly. "Our folks will be terribly worried about us, though. I wonder what time it is."

"My stomach says about supper time," informed the other.

Both girls were silent for a while. Suddenly Marion announced:

"I'm going to see what those men are doing."

She got up and peeped through a crack in the doorway. The men were working around the fire getting supper. Bill was very much interested in what Buddy was telling him.

"Now we'll take these kids and the diamonds," and he tapped the pocket of his coat, "and make our gitaway at midnight before the cops git here."

Marion's mind became a bit clouded.

"Make our gitaway and the diamonds here" rang through her ears again and again. Was it possible that these were the men who had stolen Mrs. Clermont's diamonds? She waited to hear no more but rushed back to her chum's side and told her all about it in a low tone.

"What'll we do?" whispered Jeanette excitedly. "Isn't there something we can do?"

"I don't know," replied Marion, "maybe there is. I wish I had a club. Perhaps I can find something in that suitcase."

She pulled it out from beneath the cot and began to rummage around among the clothes in it. Down in one corner her

hand came into contact with something hard. She pulled it out; it was a revolver. She could hardly believe her own eyes.

"Oh, Jeanette, see what I found," she said softly. "It's loaded, too. Now we're O. K."

"They'll be bringing us supper before long and when they do you be ready to surprise them. I'll tie them up with the rope they had on us."

In about ten minutes they saw Buddy go to the fire, take something from it, and start toward the tent. As he entered the flap Marion poked the revolver in his ribs and told him not to move. Jeanette quickly seized the rope from his pocket and tied his hands back of him.

All this had been done so quietly that Bill had not suspected any treachery and still stood before the fire with his back to the tent. Softly Marion crept up behind him. She stopped about fifteen feet from him and commanded in a steady voice:

"Put up your hands and don't turn around. Put your hands behind your back."

But Bill had no reason for obeying what she commanded, for he did not know that she had the means to force her orders. Slowly he started to turn around to investigate.

"Bang!" Marion sent a shot into the fire to warn him. Up went Bill's hands. He was convinced.

Jeanette made quick work of tying him up. Then they went back to the tent and deprived Buddy of the package in his coat pocket.

"Let's open it," suggested Jeanette.

"No. Listen! Can you hear horses coming? That shot must have attracted somebody. Shall we hallo to them?"

"But we don't know whether they are friends," was the reply to Marion's questions.

Just then a shrill whistle sounded and a sharp command was given in an authoritative manner.

"It's the police!" shouted Marion. "Now, let's look in this box."

T. A. N., '30.

BESSE HIGH

Besse High! Besse High!
Wisdom's Halls for you and me!
See how stately there she stands
And with triumph holds her hands,
Serving knowledge in our lands.

Besse High! Besse High!
How she welcomes you and me!
Welcomed many ones before
Who have left her dear old door,
Reaping fame with Honor's Oar.

Besse High! Besse High!
As staunchly stand may you and I!
With grateful pride to grasp the oar,
As many others have done before,
We lay our trophy at her door.

G. A. C., '31.

THIS OLD WORLD

This old world is progressing,
It's growing everyday.
Something is always happening,
Things being done some new way.

What's the old world coming to,
Having so much that's new?
Discoveries are being made so fast,
How long's this progress going to last?
The world goes on and we must keep pace;
If we fall down we're out of the race.
So let us strive to do our best,
To keep up with the world like all the rest.

M. N., '31.

BESSE BREEZE

TO A MAYFLOWER

Delicate grows the mayflower
Concealed on woodland hills,
Or o'er in sunny pastures,
Or down by shady rills.

Both pink and white they're painted
And some are rather mixed;
But they are prettier where Nature intended
Than clutched in someone's fist.

H. H., '29.

FORDITIS

Going along in my Ford
"Bang" went a tire!
Maybe some like it,
But I don't admire
Getting down on my knees
—in the mud—
Patching a tire.

Another time—gas lever unhooked
Right in the middle of a hill!
Backed her down to the foot again;
There she stood—stock-still!
Hooked it up again
—with haywire—
And made the hill!

Then the brake wouldn't take;
That's often serious trouble!
And there was a tree in front;
Made quite a hub-bubble!
Smashed my lights out
—out anyway—
Caused considerable trouble.

But can't blame the Ford
For such minor mishaps!
Y' see 'twas made for
Just us human saps
—'specially me—
And not for pleasure—perhaps!

S. C., '31.

MY CHOICE

I'd rather have a horse
Than all the cars in line;
One thing about a horse,
He's ready anytime.

A car is fine for summer;
All you do is jump right in,
Turn the switch, push the starter,
And you're ready for a spin.

All too soon the summer's passed
And comes the winter's cold and blast.
The roads are all covered with snow;
'Tis then that the cars refuse to go.

From the cold and snow of winter
To the heat of mid-July,
A horse is always ready;
He's a faithful old stand-by!

H. C., '31.





BASKETBALL TEAM

Front row: Bradstreet, Haskell, Studley (Captain), Rowe, Champlin. Second row: T. Nelson, M. Nelson. Back row: Denaco, Mrs. Andrews (Coach)

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The first basketball practice was October 29 with fifteen girls, including five grammar school girls. With hard practice under our coach, Mrs. Andrews, we played our first game with Erskine, November 23, at Albion. The line-up for that game was: r. f., W. Bradstreet; l. f., H. Champlin; c., A. Haskell; s. c., E. Studley; l. g., M. Nelson; r. g., M. Rowe. It was an easy game with the score at the end 49-21 in our favor.

Our next game was with Erskine at Erskine, November 30. Our s. c. was not with us and T. Nelson took her place. We won with a score of 58-40.

The next game was at Unity with Unity, February 8. Because of sickness we were obliged to go without our high point forward and suffered a defeat of 28-18, although our passing was very good.

BESSE BREEZE

Brooks came to Albion, February 13. Our whole team was with us and we won with a score of 33-15.

February 15 found us in Coburn's gym at Waterville. At the half chances looked very slim for Besse, but the last half every player was playing her hardest and the game ended 30-28 in our favor.

We played Brooks, February, 18, at Brooks without our c. and l. f. M. Ross and M. Denaco filled the vacant places and when our s. c. and l. g. got fouled out M. Scribner and M. Littlefield took their places, but the result was 27-11 in Brooks' favor.

Our last game was with Unity at Albion, March 1. Although the championship of Waldo County is claimed by them we found them a very easy team, beating them 79-23.

We made 278 points this year while our opponents got only 181. We outscored them by 117 points. Our star forward, Bradstreet, shot 189 points out of the 278.

Next year we expect to have a fine team as we have all our old players and our same coach.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

In spite of all of the sickness of the past winter Besse High School has put out a very successful team this year. Much of this has been due to our coach, Mr. Andrews, and for the great teamwork which the individual players have shown.

Although we were unable to cope with Brooks this year for first place in the Waldo County League, we held second place throughout the season. In this section of the league, there were four schools: Brooks, Unity, Freedom, and Besse. We lost both games to Brooks, but in turn defeated Unity and Freedom two games each.

We have practically the same team as last year, plus an additional year of experience. While we were unable to pull the pinches last year on account of inexperience, we were not handicapped this year. With another year of experience, we should be able to place a splendid team on the floor.

Out of thirteen games played we have won nine and lost four, thus winning seventy per cent of the number played. While



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row: Hall, Robinson, Glidden. Front row: Rowe, Littlefield, Marks (Captain). Knight, Skillin

our opponents were scoring three hundred and thirty-nine points, we scored three hundred and eighty-four. Littlefield was high scorer of the season, scoring one hundred and thirty-seven points, while Rowe was scoring seventy-nine points.

LINE-UP

Right forward Earl Glidden
 Left forward George Littlefield
 Center Stephen Rowe
 Right back Philip Knight
 Left back Bruce Marks
 Substitutes.....C. Skillin, H. Hall, K. Robinson, J. Gould, L. West
 Coach Mr. Andrews

LEAGUE GAMES

		SCORE	
		Besse	Opponents
Nov. 21.	Besse vs. Freedom at Freedom	18	13
Nov. 27.	Besse vs. Freedom at Albion	27	16

BESSE BREEZE

Feb. 8.	Besse vs. Unity at Unity	31	24
Feb. 13.	Besse vs. Brooks at Albion	19	40
Feb. 18.	Besse vs. Brooks at Brooks	20	40
Mar. 1.	Besse vs. Unity at Albion	36	25

NON-LEAGUE GAMES

Nov. 23.	Besse vs. Erskine at Albion	45	8
Nov. 30.	Besse vs. Erskine at South China	50	13
Jan. 15.	Besse vs. Albion A. A. at Albion	32	56
Jan. 18.	Besse vs. Clinton at Clinton	25	19
Jan. 22.	Besse vs. Independents at Albion	28	25
Feb. 1.	Besse vs. Clinton at Albion	27	26
Feb. 15.	Besse vs. Independents at Waterville....	26	33



BASEBALL TEAM

Back row: Wentworth, Hall, Rowe, Crosby, Robinson, Oakes. Front row: Harding, Meader, Skillin (Captain), Marks, Littlefield

BASEBALL

Last year we had a very successful team considering the fact that we had only four lettermen to start the season with. We lost only three games (two of those in the tenth inning) and closed the season in triumph by defeating Unity High 15 to 1.

This year with six lettermen we expect to have an even better team. With the aid of our coach, Mr. Andrews, the team is shaping up quickly and all indications point to a very successful season. We hope that we may be victors in the Waldo County League, which is composed of Brooks, Unity, Freedom, and Besse.

LINE-UP

Pitchers	Clyde Skillin, C. Meader
Catcher	Bruce Marks
First Base	Stephen Rowe
Second base	Harvey Hall
Third base	Kelsey Robinson
Shortstop	George Littlefield
Left field	Roy Harding
Center field	Carroll Meader, C. Skillin
Right field	George Wentworth
Substitutes	S. Crosby, D. Oakes, M. Stearns
Coach	Mr. Andrews

GAMES

		SCORE	
		Besse	Opponents
May 4.	Besse vs. Erskine at Albion	29	4
May 8.	Besse vs. Lawrence at Albion	0	7
May 11.	Besse vs. Williams at Albion	2	5
May 15.	Besse vs. Freedom at Albion	5	1
May 17.	Besse vs. Brooks at Brooks	6	5
May 22.	Besse vs. Erskine at South China	17	4
May 25.	Besse vs. Lawrence at Fairfield		
June 1.	Besse vs. Unity at Unity		
June 5.	Besse vs. Unity at Albion		
June 6.	Besse vs. Brooks at Albion		
June 8.	Besse vs. Williams at Oakland		
June 12.	Besse vs. Freedom at Freedom		

MINOR SPORTS

This is the first year that we have ever practiced football. We have not competed with any teams because we have not men and equipment enough for real work. It is hoped that in the future we will be able to have a football squad. We have done very little with other sports, such as throwing the hammer and putting the shot.



WHAT THE CLASS OF 1929 INTEND TO DO

Harvey Hall	Attend College
Robie Bickmore	Attend College
Clyde Skillin	Attend College
Bruce Marks	Attend College

CLASS OF 1928

NAME	OCCUPATION	PLACE
Paul Frye	Business College	Springfield, Mass.
Everson Dickey	Home	Albion
Gertrude Drake	Teaching	Leeds
Abbie Nelson	Teaching	Liberty
Marjorie Skillin	Working	Waterville
Faye Jones	Home	Palermo

CLASS OF 1927

Mildred Sanborn	Normal School	Farmington
Clifford McLaughlin	Normal School	Farmington
Lawrence Ruth	Training for a nurse	Bangor
Dora (Baker) Kief	Housewife	Albion
Francis Rowe	Home	Albion
Gwendolyn Bradstreet	Business College	Bangor
Earnest Meader	Home	Albion
Herman Carleton	Working	Waterville
Marion Bragg	Teaching	Thorndike
Edna Walcott	Normal School	Farmington
Gertrude (Abbott) Drake	Housewife	Albion

BESSE BREEZE

CLASS OF 1926

Ruby Bickmore	Colby College	Waterville
Barbara Libby	Colby College	Waterville
Evelyn Ketchum	Teaching	Buckfield
Annie (Harding) Thoppe	Home	Albion
Irma Parkhurst	Normal School	Farmington
Clora Bradstreet	Teaching	Albion
Kathlene Drake	Normal School	Farmington
Lura Gilley	Working	Waterville

CLASS OF 1925

Abbie (Knight) Meader	Housewife	Albion
Bertha Parkhurst	Teaching	Roxbury
Sybil Sennet	Working	Auburn
Flora (Taylor) Spearrin	Housewife	Albion
Raymond Wiggin	University of Maine	Orono

CLASS OF 1924

Harland Besse	Home	Albion
Evelyn Chalmers	Teaching	Fryeburg
Lena (Crosby) Keay	Housewife	Albion
Albert Denaco	Working	Albion
Forrest Meader	N. Y. Telephone Co.	New York
Lucy (Glidden) Quimby	Housewife	Albion
Earnest Rood	Colby College	Waterville
Charles Ross	Teaching	Albion
Daniel Spearrin	Working	Albion
William Spearrin	Working	Albion

CLASS OF 1923

Erdine Besse	Social service work	Auburn
Katherine Abbott	Teaching	Belfast
Edwina Bagley	Teaching	Vienna
Gladys (Glidden) Fuller	Housewife	Albion
Florence (Taylor) Wentworth	Housewife	Freedom

BESSE BREEZE

LOCALS



Mr. Ross: "What does this line mean: 'He must not float upon his watery bier, unwept.'"

Miss Littlefield: "The only kind of beer I know is the kind you drink, but I don't think it means that here."

Mr. Ross: "That must mean that someone cried in his beer then, doesn't it?"

Mr. Knight: "Well, Win, how does it feel to have the mumps?"

Win: "Swell, Phil, very swell."

Mr. Ross: "Which state first ratified the Constitution?"

Mr. Rowe (who was leaning back in his chair, head against the wall) hesitated a moment, cleared his throat loudly, and said: "I dunno."

Mr. Ross (after a moment): "I don't think you would snore so much if you should lie on the other side awhile."

Mr. Andrews: "According to Newton, once a body starts moving it will keep on of its own accord. Why is it then, Mr. Robinson, that horses have to pull after they once start a load?"

Kelsey: "Well—er—there isn't enough friction between the wheels and the ground to keep it moving."

Mr. Andrews: "If there's not enough friction, why do we put grease on the wheels?"

Kelsey: "So they won't squeak."

Mr. Ross: "Give the principal parts of 'cut.'"

George: "Cut, cut, cut."

Mr. Ross: "Cardarcut."

Miss Rowe: "I'm going to get me some new shoes."

Robie: "You are, what kind?"

Meta: "Well, I think I'll get Brocaded Latin this time."

Mr. Andrews: "What is necessary to produce a calorie?"

Kelsey: "Er—heat."

Mr. Ross: "In the sentence 'His heart was unsympathetic,' what is unsympathetic?"

George W.: "Well, it means the same as heart."

Mr. Ross: "Does it? How's your 'unsympathetic' beating this morning?"

Mr. Andrews: "The attraction of two opposite poles is measured by lines of force."

We wonder how many lines a pole like Meta has.

Mr. Andrews: "What happens to a piece of iron when it is jarred between the poles of a magnet?"

Kelsey: "It will become magnified (magnetized)."

Mr. Ross: "Is it right to say, 'I pulled up the three first hills of corn.'"

Bruce: "Sure, you pull up one and the next one is first and so on."

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball.

Mr. Ross: "In what ways is an infinitive used?"

Merle: "In every way but the possessive case."

Mrs. Andrews: "What do insurance agents sell?"

Roger: "Money."

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

Miss Karcher (correcting sentence): "Shall I find you at home this evening?"

Mr. Ross: "Yes. The next one, Mr. Knight."

BESSE BREEZE

Mr. Andrews: "Fear stops the action of the salivary glands. For example, a dog eating a piece of meat in the presence of a larger dog gobbles it down quickly; so he doesn't get half the value of it."

Mr. Stearns: "I should think a pig would have indigestion all the time. They're always afraid the others will get more than they do."

Farmer: "I've been thinking of hiring that Clyde Skillin. Is he pretty steady?"

Phil: "Steady! Why, when he opens his mouth, you can hear his false teeth rattle a mile away."

Mr. Ross: "Could you say, 'All black men are geniuses?'"

John: "No."

Mr. Ross: "Why not?"

John: "Because they aren't all geniuses."

Miss Hutchins: "What rights did the first Virginia Charter give the people, Mr. Rowe?"

Steve: "All they had was one right and that was they had to go to court."

Loud whisper from back of room: "Court whom?"

Mr. Ross: "Who was nominated for vice-president in 1881?"

Bruce: "Why—er—Chesterfield, I guess."

Mr. Ross: "Who was president?"

Bruce: "Garfield."

Mr. Ross: "Lucky Strike?"

Robie went into a store to buy a fuse. Just as the clerk started after it, Meta came in.

The clerk asked: "What size?"

Robie said: "Fifteen."

"What are you buying," Meta inquired, "a pair of shoes?"

Mr. Ross: "Recreation depends on what a person's work is. To a man who works 16 hours a day, an eight-hour day would be recreational, while the work we do would be heaven."

Why don't they let a man try that, then he could tell us what heaven is really like. We also wonder if the opposite is true.

Frederick: "Your sister is good-looking, Roger."

Roger: "She doesn't take after me much, then."

Fred: "You're lucky, mine takes after me with a broomstick every once in a while."

Miss Hutchins: "What kind of food did Samuel Johnson like best?"

Steve: "Well, he was very fond of vealpig (pie)."

Mr. Gould: "A sailboat isn't a machine because the sail doesn't do anything."

Mr. Ross: "It sails the boat, doesn't it?"

Mr. Wentworth (in English): "If a fellow is blind and can't see nothing, he can't see anything."

Maggie (reading): "I know you better than I do Joe or Jack."

"Maybe, but we doubt it."

Mrs. Andrews: "There is one more thing you are likely to forget. What is it?"

Evin: "I've forgotten."

Mr. Andrews: "If an engine which you were using stopped, what would you do?"

Donald: "I'd look and see if the cylinders were there."

A friend: "You went through Besse High, didn't you?"

Young man: "Yes."

Friend: "What did you take up?"

Young man: "Space."

Mr. Andrews: "How many bones are there in both feet?"

Sammy: "Fourteen."

Mr. Andrews: "You had better take stock once in a while."

Mr. Ross: "Correct this sentence, 'Americans have for dinner a Christmas turkey, cranberries, and one or two servants who wait on table.'"

Win: "On Christmas, Americans serve for dinner turkey, cranberries, and one or two servants who wait on table."

BESSE BREEZE

Mr. Ross: "What is the singular of ashes?"

Phil: "Ash—one ash tree."

Mr. Ross: "Give the principal parts of 'swim.'"

John: "Swim, swam, swum."

Mr. Ross: "Good, now give the principal parts of 'dim.'"

John: "Teacher, I'd rather not."

Johnny was told to use anecdote which meant "short tale" and trickle which meant "run down" in a sentence.

His sentence was: "A little dog trickled down the street with a tin can tied to his anecdote."

Harvey S.: "Why is a small boy like a canoe?"

Delmont: "I guess I don't know."

Harvey: "Because they both behave better when paddled from the rear."

Ding: "I had an awful fall last night, I was unconscious for eight hours."

Dow: "Where did you fall?"

Ding: "I fell asleep."

Mr. Ross: "I want you all to look up 'tribunes' and know the meaning tomorrow."

Fred: "Will it be in the dictionary?"

Mr. Andrews (in Biology): "Do all glands have ducts (ducts)?"

Mrs. Andrews: "What happened in Ireland to make England more lenient toward her?"

Kelsey: "They had a feminine (famine) there."

Earle: "I'd like the afternoon off. My grandmother is dead."

Mr. Andrews: "But didn't I give you a day off a month ago because your grandmother was dead?"

Earle: "Yes—she's still dead."

Ding: "I see you've got a horse with a wooden leg. Don't you shoot horses with wooden legs?"

Dow: "No, we shoot horses with a shotgun."

Mr. Andrews (in Physics, trying to make a tune on a disk) :
 "I'll bet that's the way I sound when we sing in the morning."

"Why are men bald-headed and why do women have no beard?"

"Men are bald-headed because they use their brain a lot, and women have no beard because they use their jaw a lot."

Mr. Ross: "Where is the District of Columbia?"

Mildred: "In Washington."

Mr. Ross: "Correct this sentence, 'I've busted my pencil lead.'"

Earle: "I've burst my pencil."

Manager: "Do you know anything about Carmen?"

Edith: "Well, I was out with a couple of conductors last night."

Bruce: "I believe I'll go into the lumber business."

John: "Well, you've got a great head for that line."

Harvey: "I snore so I wake myself up, so I went to my doctor."

Robie: "What did he say?"

Harvey: "He told me to sleep in the next room."

Neighbor: "What is your son taking at College?"

Farmer: "All the money I've got."

FAVORITE SONGS AT BESSE

Stephen—"Show Me the Way to Go Home" (from Brooks).

Clyde—"All by Myself in the Moonlight."

Harvey—"I Ain't Nobody's Darling."

Maggie—"Albert, Where Art Thou?"

Mr. Andrews—"You're the Cream of My Coffee."

Freshmen—"Commencement Song."

Meta—"Happy Days and Philip Knights."

School, to Seniors—"Speed Away."

Those Who Went to the Bog—"You'll Never Miss the Water" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Delmont, Desmond, Harvey—"Cradle Hymn."

BESSE BREEZE

Everyone at Exam. Time—"All Through the Night."
Everyone at Vacation—"Battle Cry of Freedom."
Mr. Ross—"Outside."
American History Class—"Charlie, My Beloved."
John—"For She's the 'Belle' of My Home Town."
Walter—"I'll Be Waiting for You (on the Bog)."
Phil—"Sweetheart of All My Dreams."
George W.—"Ten Little Miles from Town."
Bruce—"High, High Up in the Hills."

FAVORITE SPORTS AT BESSE

Peanut—Working.
John—Walking (after dark of course).
Walter—Hanging maybaskets.
Phil—Row(e)ing.
Mr. Andrews—Drinking coffee.
Harvey H.—Clog-dancing.
Clyde—Going after ads (on Exam. day).
Merle—Being funny.
Bruce—Fooling (in P. of D.).
Gertrude—Studying physics.
Win—Backseat (driving?) when hanging maybaskets.
Mildred—Drawing (in school).
Maggie—Flirting.
Thresa—Doing algebra problems.
Meta—Going out (K) nights.
George W.—Telling Charlie all about English.
Kelsey—Explaining laws in physics.
Steve—Dancing (fox trot preferred).
Eleanor—Dancing (lady of the lake preferred).
Alice—Riding on the running-board of Walter's Ford.
Harvey S.—Studying.
Delmont—Growing tall.

WE WONDER:

Why Steve thought he had the mumps.
What Mr. Ross would do if everybody had his history lesson.
What Win would do without her gum.
Where Roy got his glasses.

Why Meta goes easy around the corners.
 Where the Freshmen learned all they know about English.
 Why the boys don't make another trip to the Bog.
 How "long" Clyde is in bed.
 Why Desmond has been "stuck up" lately.
 If Harvey S. will ever be as tall as Clyde.
 If Thresa is T. A. N.
 If girls use a W. E. B. to catch M. E. N.
 If Sammy is ever at W. A. R. with the teachers.
 If Buck ever drives a C. A. R.
 If H. H. stands for Herbert Hoover.
 If W. W. stands for Woodrow Wilson.
 If G. W. stands for George Washington.
 If Phil likes the girls.
 If Harvey was ever discourteous.
 If Mr. Andrews likes coffee.
 If Earle is ever bashful.
 What Meta and Win were hunting for under Sherwin's car.
 Where Mr. Andrews gets his geometry problems at Exam.
 time.
 When Delmont will be six feet tall.
 Why Win doesn't take voice culture.
 What would happen if Roy forgot to stutter.
 What would happen if Harvey H. forgot his necktie.
 What would happen if Eleanor forgot her bobby pins.
 What would happen if Merle forgot to hallo.
 Why Roger is learning to dance.
 How Mr. Ross would look if we all had our English.
 If Phil will ever play baseball.
 How Mr. Andrews' library is increasing.
 Why the Freshmen are so green.
 Why Harvey S. is a runt.
 Why Roy doesn't go to a debating school.

THE FRESHMEN

The Freshmen are very smart,
 They study hard from light till dark.
 They always have their lessons done,
 When it is time for their fun.

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At nine A. M. they're right on hand
To make the best of every stand.
In General Math. all goes fine;
Their papers always are in on time.

In Science class each member is skilled
In the use of steam engines and drills.
As Citizenship is an easy subject,
They have no trouble in making a budget.

In English class they take the cake;
They study hard from eight till eight.
They always have their lessons planned,
They are——so's your old man!

BRUCE MARKS.

OUR BASEBALL TEAM

First of all is our catcher, Bruce,
Who at baseball is very fine.
He doesn't say so very much,
But he can catch on any old line.

Then next comes our pitcher;
Oh, what could we do without Clyde!
Perhaps he hasn't the steam of an engine,
But he sure never lets them slide.

Then Steve, our mighty first baseman,
Has grown so big and tall,
The ball can never get by him;
He stretches and catches them all.

And there on second is Harvey,
With his marvelous power of will.
He shows us by his actions
That we must keep practicing still.

Kelsey R. plays on the third base,
And no better baseman have we.
He is so nimble on his feet,
He gets every ball he can see!

Then Littlefield he plays at short,
And a mighty poor man indeed.
He doesn't miss so very many;
It's the luck of an old hayseed!

Next come our faithful fielders,
George, Roy, and Carroll by name.
Even though they're not much good
They get there just the same!

GEORGE LITTLEFIELD.

EXCHANGES

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

The Mirror, Patten, Maine.
The Academy Echo, Freedom, Maine.
The Quill, Gardiner, Maine.
The Rostrum, Guilford, Maine.
The Northern Lights, Millinocket, Maine.
Nasson Institute, Springvale, Maine.
Coburn Clarion, Waterville, Maine.
The Aquilo, Houlton, Maine.
Lawrence Lyre, Fairfield, Maine.
The Pennant, Monroe, Maine.
The Four Corners, Scarborough, Maine.
The Reflector, Brownville, Maine.

AS WE SEE OTHERS:

The Mirror—Why not a few more jokes and literary?
Academy Echo—Fine paper, but why not a few more jokes?
The Aquilo—Your Odds and Ends are very good.
The Reflector—Fine paper, some good editorials.
The Four Corners—Your paper couldn't be much better.

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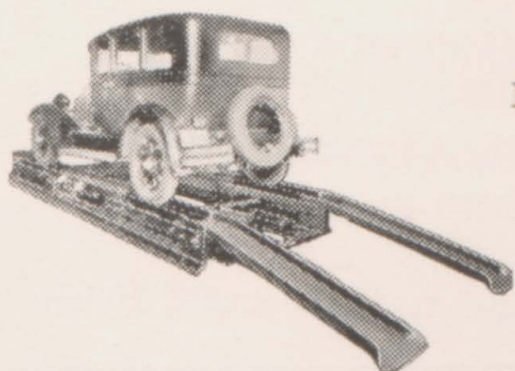
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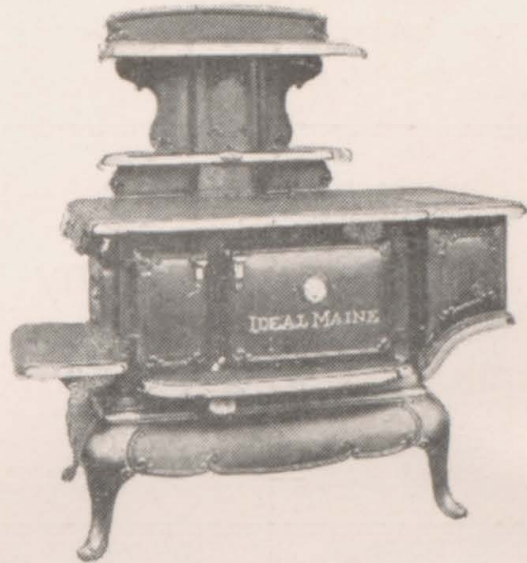
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