

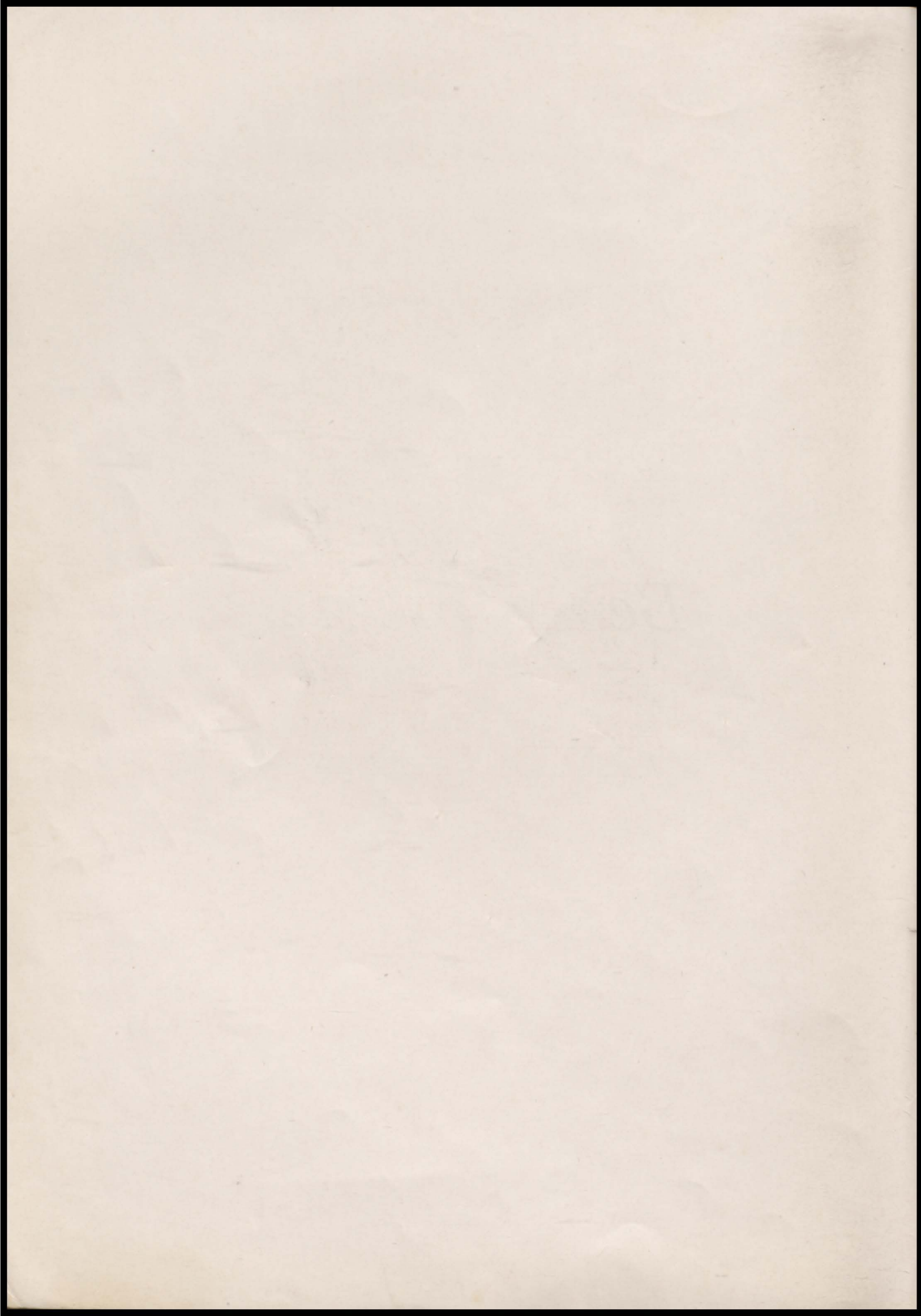


**BESSE
BREEZE**

1935



Besse Breeze





DEDICATION

We, the staff of the

BESSE BREEZE

Respectfully dedicate this issue

To our esteemed friend

and teacher

IVAN C. SHERMAN

CONTENTS

Dedication.....	Page 1
Editorials.....	“ 4
Senior Notes.....	“ 7
Literary.....	“ 9
Poetry.....	“ 28
Dramatics.....	“ 30
Roll of Honor.....	“ 31
Athletics.....	“ 32
Humor.....	“ 38
Alumni.....	“ 46
Exchanges.....	“ 47

BESSE BREEZE

Published by the students of Besse High School, Albion, Maine.

Volume IX

May, 1935

Number 1



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SPARKS

It takes a spark to start a flame. School spirit, the kind we want in our school, is white hot and roaring. It embraces every student. It makes every fellow think that school activities are worth supporting, studies worth keeping up, and teams worth playing on or cheering for. But if our school hasn't that kind of spirit, remember that the mixture in an automobile cylinder won't explode without a spark plug, that dynamite won't go off without a fuse. If our school has a load of dynamite but no one to light the fuse, why don't you do it yourself? But better still, why not organize a group of sparks, and then all explode at the same time. You'll be surprised at the way the flame will spread.

—F. E. D., '35

After a lapse of three years the students of Besse High are trying to create a different atmosphere around the school building by publishing a new issue of the "Besse Breeze." We have made several changes which we hope will improve and add new interest to the paper.

This publication has many departments. First are the editorials. These give students views on certain subjects.

Next, are the senior notes. Since the seniors will graduate this year, we will grow confidential and inform you what to expect from them.

The literary department contains representative stories and poems written by the pupils of the school. It shows the writing talent that some really have.

Athletics form a very large part of the activities during the school year. Although this year we haven't had any outstanding or champion teams, we proudly ask you to inspect our athletic department.

Last, but not least, are the jokes which show the humorous part of school life.

In these different sections there are many incidents which would be forgotten if not printed in this paper.

We hope that this issue of the Besse Breeze will be taken in the same spirit in which it was conceived. May you enjoy our paper.

—F. E. D., '35

SPORTSMANSHIP

Sportsmanship is a term that many people seem to think applies only to athletics. To be sure, it is a very important factor in sports, but that is by no means the only time it is needed. In the classroom, the home, or in everyday life it is essential.

The fact that it takes sportsmanship to win as well as to lose is too often overlooked. A good winner is as much respected as a good loser. For example, in basketball, the winning team that too plainly shows its enthusiasm over the victory is certain to lose the respect of the opponents and all the spectators.

—T. S. T., '34

OUR BASKETBALL TEAM

At center we have Margie Stearns
A sturdy lass with hair so blonde.
To be an Indian she yearns
But all of us of her are fond.

Our right forward is Norma Reed
Who scores the points so very fast.
In our friendships—oh no indeed
Her name is not the very last.

At left forward is Mary Champ
With her long shots she helps the team
We will much miss this mighty tramp
Who's held so high in our esteem.

Alberta Bradstreet is our guard
She seems to be all arms and legs
Her stomach is so hard to fill
We'll soon be feeding her on pegs.

Our other guard is Thelma Taylor
Who is the dreamer of the team.
She wishes to become a sailor
She'd better stay with us it'd seem.

The next in line is Louise Libby
In her school work she's always fair.
When Sherman's 'round she's never fibby
Or else of her we'd all beware.

In case of need we have the subs
Crosby, Cooper, Thurston, and Rowe
They're always willing to take the rubs
And never signs of minding show.

Tho' we came home without a cup
We feel we did our very best,
And at the banquet hope to sup
To wish next year great luck with zest.

M. E. C. '35.

THE CRADLE

Within the cradle lies a china doll.
Her clothes are filled with dust of many
years.

Perhaps her presence graced some chil-
dren's room.

She has been lain away with many tears
By mothers hands when children's voices
o'er,

They've left their homes where once they
used to play

And built their own, where work is play
no more.

P. W. F. '35

THE DREAMER

The dreamer stood by Lake Lamond's
cool shore,

And dream'd of days to come and days
gone by.

He dream'd the few short hours of life
away,

Then wonder'd why, in life's great book
of time,

The name he bore did not appear among
Those men who dealt with deeds instead
of dreams.

T. S. T. '35.

DAWN

The streaks of red in eastern sky
Speak of a day newborn;

In which to try to right the wrong

We did in the day that's gone;

And strive anew to rise above

The fret and cares of life;

And help some other struggling soul

To conquer in the strife.

S. M. B. '35.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President.....Thelma Taylor
 Vice-President.....Norma Reed
 Secretary-Treasurer.....Mervyn Reynolds

MOTTO: Fear Not Failure

Class Colors
 Old Rose and Silver

Class Flower
 Pink Rose

CLASS ROLL

Leon Brann
 Sylvia Brann
 Mary Champlin
 Forrest Coffin
 Mary Cooper
 Freeland Drake Jr.

Julia Dyer
 Pauline Fuller
 Mervyn Reynolds
 Norma Reed
 Thelma Taylor
 Catherine Thurston



SENIORS

LEON FISH BRANN

"Leon"

Busy: Reading jokes.
Always: Pleasant.
Takes delight in: Going to shows.
Hopes to be: A musician.

Activities: Senior Play (4); Address to Undergraduates.

FORREST ELWOOD COFFIN

"Foddy"

Busy: Studying.
Always: Forgetting.
Takes delight in: Going to Winslow.
Hopes to be: A dutiful husband.
Activities: Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4), (Capt. 3); Basketball (3, 4); Senior play (4); Class Will.

SYLVIA MARGENE BRANN

"Sylvia"

Busy: Drawing.
Always: Cheerful.
Takes delight in: Singing.
Hopes to be: At the head of Banks.

Activities: Class Sec. and Treas. (1); Prize Speaking (3); Senior Drama (4); Prophecy.

MARY ELLEN COOPER

"Coop"

Busy: Talking.
Always: Happy.
Takes delight in: Knitting.
Hopes to be: A minister's wife.

Activities: Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4), Manager (4); Class Vice President (2); Athletic Play (3); Speaking Contest (3); Senior play (4); Student Council (2, 4); Feature Editor of the "Breeze" (4); Valedictory.

MARY PEIRCE CHAMPLIN

"Champ"

Busy: Studying.
Always: Talking.
Takes Delight in: Eating peanuts.
Hopes to be: A physical education instructor.

Activities: Basketball (3, 4, 5); All Team at Fairfield Tournament (3); Asst. Captain Basketball (4); Vice President of Student Council (3); Vice President of Athletic Council (3); Class Sec. and Treas. (3); Senior Drama (4); Asst. Advertising Manager of "Breeze" (5).

FREELAND EVERETT DRAKE, JR.

"Ducky"

Busy: Fooling.
Always: Eating candy.
Takes delight in: Teasing someone.
Hopes to be: A successful farmer.

Activities: Student Council (3); Vice President of Class (3); Senior Play (3, 4); Athletic Play (3, 4); Sec. and Treas. of Student Council (4); Manager of Basketball (4); Editor-in-Chief of "Breeze" (4); Salutatory.

JULIA AGNES DYER

"Slim"

Busy: Talking.
 Always: Eating.
 Takes delight in: Dancing.
 Hopes to be: A hairdresser.

Activities: Athletic Play (3); Senior Play (4); Essay.

NORMA MARGARET REED

"Skip"

Busy: Flirting.
 Always: Laughing.
 Takes delight in: "Koffee."
 Hopes to be: A business woman.

Activities: Basketball (3, 4); Captain (4); Class Vice President (4); Jokes Editor of "Breeze" (4); Vice President of Student Council (4); Senior Play (4); Essay.

PAULINE WOOD FULLER

"Polly"

Busy: Hoping.
 Always: Smiling.
 Takes delight in: Children.
 Hopes to be: A nurse in a Ward.

Activities: Athletic Play (3); Prize Speaking (3); Senior Drama (4); Alumnae Editor of "Breeze" (4); History.

THELMA SYBIL TAYLOR

"Ta-Ta"

Busy: Dreaming.
 Always: Thinking.
 Takes delight in: Going to Grange.
 Hopes to be: A cowboy's wife.

Activities: Basketball (2, 3, 4); Co-capt. of basketball (4); Athletic Play (3); Prize Speaking (3); Student Council (2, 3); Class President (3, 4); Ass.-Editor of "Breeze" (4); Senior Play (4); Presentation of Gifts.

MERVYN HART REYNOLDS

"Reynolds"

Busy: Collecting stamps.
 Always: In the post office.
 Takes delight in: Cooper (ating).
 Hopes to be: A business man.

Activities: Class President (1); Class Sec. and Treas. (2, 4); Prize Speaking (3); Student Council (3); Manager of Basketball (3); Basketball (4); Baseball (2, 3, 4); Senior Play (4); Advertising Manager of "Breeze" (4); Athletic Editor (Boys) "Breeze" (4); Presentation of Gifts.

CATHERINE PEARL THURSTON

"Kay"

Busy: Writing notes.
 Always: Talking.
 Takes delight in: Studying French.
 Hopes to be: A stenographer.

Activities: Basketball (3, 4); Prize Speaking (3); Senior Play (4); Oration.



THE WONDER HORSE

A gay little breeze from the south came tripping across the valley where Dusky, a magnificent wild horse, with his band of thirty, dallied. Dusky was in no hurry. He liked this cozy valley where he could rest and roll and be safe from attempts at capture made by ambitious cowboys.

Safety lay in the fact that this valley was enclosed by steep slopes—too steep for either man or horse to climb. The only entrance being a narrow pass, the lower end of which opened into a canyon, Dusky could easily keep watch over it.

Shortly after noon, he and his band were idly roaming about near the end farthest from the opening. Dusky was, nevertheless, on the alert. Every once in a while he would throw up his head and glance toward the end of the valley. A wonderful picture he made as he stood thus, with the dull gray of the background setting off his glossy blackness. His head was proudly set upon a wide, strong neck. His eyes were dark and intelligent. Tossed on the wind, his mane was like a restless dark cloud. His body was well poised on legs so slender they seemed scarcely able to bear his weight. The other horses seemed to put absolute trust in their leader, for they showed no signs of restlessness.

There was one flaw in Dusky's plan. He was so intent upon watching the pass that he forgot that anything could happen behind him.

Jose, a roaming Mexican vaquero, had for many weeks been trying to capture Dusky, and, having failed in all the fair plans he had attempted, now resolved to try foul means. He would fire the grass behind the horses. This would spread rapidly before the stiff breeze and drive them down the valley. His companion, stationed at the gap, would drop a line over Dusky's head as the outlaw led his band through the narrow opening.

The breeze was blowing toward the horses, and everything seemed to be in Jose's favor. He slipped cautiously out of the clump of bushes in which he had been hiding, lighted a match, and touched it to the grass. With a pouff! the fire started and spread in all directions. Down the valley it leaped like a living thing.

About this time Dusky suddenly caught a whiff of the smoke and was instantly in action. With a piercing neigh of warning to the others, he started off toward the canyon like a streak, just as Jose had prayed he would.

But Dusky quickly sensed that the others were not following him. He turned and saw that, panic stricken, they had scattered in all directions before the rapidly advancing flames. Back he raced to the rescue of his fellows, while Jose, behind the clump of bushes, jumped up and down and consigned Dusky to the dark regions most fervently.

With ears laid flat and eyes gleaming, the leader attacked the others with a ferocity that struck terror even deeper into their hearts than did the flames. He sped back and forth driving the stragglers into place. He was none too quick, for the fire was spreading and advancing at express train speed.

Down the valley raced the horses with Dusky at their heels driving them with flailing forefeet and gnashing teeth. Smoke and sparks flew about his head and sometimes nearly blinded him. Desperately he fought to keep ahead of the roaring menace behind him. Finally, the gap appeared just ahead. With a last surge of speed Dusky drove his band through to safety.

When the loop that was meant for the outlaw settled over the head of the first horse that came through the gap, Dusky and his companions, seeing what had happened to one of their number, raced away up the canyon out of reach of the singing rope.

A beautiful black horse was being vigorously rubbed down by a groom when Mr. Edward Blake, Director of the Wild West Film Company, came up and inquired anxiously, "Do you think he strained that leg in the last scene? That fire got a bit out of hand."

"No, boss, of course not. He's just tired. He'll be O. K. tomorrow," replied the groom.

"Well, see that he is, and have him on location at nine-thirty sharp."

"Yes, sir," replied the groom, as he led the hooded and blanketed horse up into a big red truck which bore the sign "Dusky, Movieland's Wonder Horse."

THE SAVING OF THE POWDER RIVER DAM

The arrival of Tim at the construction camp of the Powder River Dam marked the point where the progress of the operations changed from bad to good. Tim was a boy of sixteen with a clear-cut smiling face with blue eyes and topped out with black curly hair. He was something of a genius in almost any line of work. His first showing of this was in starting the huge gasoline engine used to run the crane which lowered the material from the plateau down into the canyon where the dam was being built. This was what won the admiration of the big, young, redheaded boss, Sam Kennedy, and was the reason Tim got his job as Sam's special helper.

Tim immediately became a staunch friend of every member of the crew, and due to the enthusiasm which he created in them, the dam project was speeded up one hundred per cent. Accidents which had been frequent before, now became very rare; the cement blocks and steel girders swung into place at the first attempt instead of bothering for hours as previously; and the prospects of getting done before the heavy fall rains seemed very bright instead of appearing impossible.

The days slid by, and the frame work of the dam grew rapidly amid the rapping of the riveting hammers, the exhaust of the hoist engines, the clang of steel girders being unloaded from huge trucks, and the shouts of the men. Sam Kennedy and Tim, who was his constant companion, seemed to be everywhere at once, both grinning in the face of all danger and encouraging the men with slaps on the back or hearty praise about some piece of work. The men were happy and strove to do their best for their well-liked bosses.

When the dam was about half done, there came the great train wreck on the railroad bridge across the Missouri river, when the special supply train carrying cement, steel girders, gravel loading implements, and several carloads of dynamite was struck by a run away express train at the center of the bridge. The supply train was derailed and part of it thrown into the river. The explosion of the dynamite destroyed the rest of the train and four hundred feet of the bridge.

This great catastrophe cost the dam project several thousand dollars worth of supplies and three valuable weeks of wasted time. During these weeks while waiting for the company to obtain the needed material, Sam had kept the men busy erecting the power house which was below the dam, and installing the huge gates which were to be raised and lowered by electricity from the power house when the dynamos were in operation. The gates were erected in position to save the trouble of installing them in their finished state. Because of convenience, they were built in their lowered position or in the place where the openings were closed so that water could not pass through. Little did anyone think of the trouble this would cause later on.

"You aren't so far behind, yourself, Smarty! Are you two coming with me?"

"I can not go, Beverly, because I must learn this proposition. I think I'll have it in another five minutes," replied June.

"Oh bother, leave it alone, you can finish it"

Just then a knock came on the door, interrupting Beverly. Outside, stood a messenger with a telegram for June. Opening it, she read, "Mother very sick stop come at once."

Amid the sympathies of her friends, she hastily packed her bag and took the next bus home. It was three long weeks before her mother's condition would allow June to return.

During her absence, Mr. Chase, the mathematics teacher, had given the class an original to work out, and everyone had failed to find the solution. After explaining it to the pupils, he said, "I advise you to understand the problem thoroughly, as you may have it in some future test."

When June returned, the year was nearing its close, and she was plunged into the midst of many unusual activities.

The day for the final geometry test drew near. The night before, Beverly dashed into June's room, crying, "Oh June, have you the solution of that original?"

"What original? I didn't know we'd had any."

"Oh, that's right, you weren't here when we had it. Well, I guess I'll have to ask someone else. Dear me! I'm so hungry!" she added. "I must have a bite of something to eat."

There you go again! Nothing but that poor little tummy of yours!" June laughed.

"You had better watch out for the teachers, though, for you are supposed to be at your work."

"Shucks, I'll be all right." With these words she dashed out of the room.

Again June started working on her geometry. Suddenly the door was flung wide open, and there stood Beverly, a disgusted look on her face, which was well smooched with blueberry pie. It looked, to June, as if she had fallen into a dozen pies.

"Hide me quick! Teacher's coming!" With these words Beverly ducked into the clothes closet.

An instant later Mr. Chase appeared at the doorway. "Have you seen a fat girl run by?" he asked.

"No, I have seen no one run by. I've been busy studying," June answered.

At this reply, Mr. Chase withdrew, bidding her good-night.

An instant later Beverly burst out of the closet. "Oh, it was too funny for anything," she gasped. "I was just taking a piece of pie,

when I looked up and saw Mr. Chase. I didn't stay long, believe me! I just grabbed as much pie as I could and left. Here, want some? But the idea of his calling me a **fat** girl!" she added **indignantly**, as she disappeared, pie and all, into the hall.

The next morning, a group of girls were gathered in the study hall, discussing the final tests.

"Say, girls," Margaret broke in, "who do you think will get the geometry prize, June or Beverly?"

"June is more studious, but I'm afraid Beverly will try almost any way to win the prize because she wants it so badly," one of the girls answered. Just then June and Beverly entered, cutting short the discussion.

Then Margaret said, "Beverly frightened me last night, by saying she had a premonition that we would have that original today. I knew I would fail it if we should have it; so I wrote it down on my handkerchief. If any of you girls need it, just wink at me."

At that time the bell sounded, calling them to their seats. Soon they were started on their exams. Sure enough, there was the much dreaded original staring them in the face.

Beverly had all of hers, except the original, finished in a short time. "Why bother with that," she thought. So she winked at Margaret.

In the meantime, June was working out her propositions and corollaries carefully, until she, too, came to the original. When she came to this, she said to herself, "I didn't have this problem; so why shouldn't I wink at Margaret?"

"But that wouldn't be fair," a tiny voice whispered in her ear.

"But you haven't had the original, anyway," the first voice argued.

Then her mother's words came to her ears, "What ever you do, do honestly. Play fair." With these words ringing in her ears, she set to work. After she had done her best, she folded the paper neatly and passed it in.

After Beverly had handed in her paper, she discovered that the handkerchief was gone. "What if the teacher should find it," she thought.

The end of the year came at last, and with graduation, it's excitement, and the flutter of white dresses. At the close of the exercises, came the announcements of the prizes for the year. Among these notices was the following: "The prize for the highest rank in geometry goes to Miss June Lane. I am very glad to give the prize to Miss Lane," the principal added. "During her four years in our school, she has not only shown high scholastic ability, but she has also been outstanding in her moral attainments and character."

"CAVALCADE"

The special drew quietly up to the station platform. So this was Laconia! Allen Wellington was only one of the many strangers to remark this as he walked across the platform to hail a taxi, "Black Horse Hotel," he grunted to the driver, who skillfully guided the car through the station yard and out into a crowded street. Soon they stopped before an immense building. Apparently this was their destination, for there was a large black horse on the door. He bluntly paid the driver and surrendered his bags to a bell boy who led him up to a desk. He registered and glumly asked for a room and bath.

Allen Wellington was one of those unfortunate people who had invested his money rather foolishly during the big years preceding the depression and had fallen to great depths with the historic crash of '29. He had lost all but fifty dollars, part of which had bought his ticket to Laconia and would pay his hotel bills. The remainder he was going to put into a sweepstake's ticket. Allen hadn't quite made up his mind as to a horse yet; in fact, he didn't know much about race-horses. Anyway he intended to keep his ears open for conversations, of which he knew he'd hear plenty between then and Tuesday, the day which would decide his fate. He hadn't thought much about what he'd do if his chosen horse didn't win. He supposed he'd go off into seclusion somewhere and spend the rest of his life being an old hermit.

Allen went up to his room and upon questioning the boy, he found that dinner would be served in just half an hour. After making a thorough job of removing train stains, he descended to find the dining room.

As he was eating his dinner, he overheard an interesting conversation at a neighboring table.

"'Cavalcade' will pull through first all right with Frankie riding her," a distinguished looking lady, who Allen supposed owned the horse, was assuring a young man who seemed to be very much worried about something.

"Well, perhaps so," admitted the man doubtfully, "but I don't like the looks of that leg, Mrs. Whimple."

"Oh, that leg will look as good as ever by Tuesday," reassured the lady.

"Maybe so," came the reply.

Wellington didn't know what made him determined to put all his money on the horse in question, but he supposed it was the name.

The next morning, which was Monday, he staked all his money on "Cavalcade" without even saving enough to pay his hotel bills.

That afternoon Allen became involved in a fiery argument. It started when two men began to dispute as to which was the best horse in the race.

"I know that 'Lady Belle' will win. She's the finest horse alive," declared a large man with a florid countenance.

"She'll place about sixth, 'Betty Blair' will come in first," disputed a small nervous gentleman with a distinctive look about him. Gradually more people became involved in the argument but no mention was made of "Cavalcade."

Allen stood it just as long as he could. Then he jumped up and shouted, "'Cavalcade' is the best horse there in, ever was, or ever will be! **She'll** win the race!"

"She's got a lame leg," cried the fat man.

"Her driver's no good," shouted the little nervous man. Everyone joined hand in putting forth arguments against "Cavalcade." They would have dragged Allen outdoors, if it hadn't been nearly dinner time and a woman hadn't come to get her husband to dress for the evening meal.

Allen was so upset about the dispute that he could eat but little. After dinner he walked uneasily from one circle of conversation to another but said nothing. Finally he decided to stroll down by the stables behind the hotel where the horses were kept. As he passed one stall, he noticed a light and heard voices.

"Well, let's take a look at it. We may as well know the worst now as any time," came a thin, nervous voice. A long pause followed.

"Will you look at this! Did you ever see the beat of it?" exclaimed a loud, husky voice.

"What did I tell you?" This time a woman was speaking.

Allen's curiosity was so much aroused by now, that he couldn't help going up and looking in. The first thing he saw was a beautiful black horse with several people standing around her. Among these people Allen noticed Mrs. Whimple and the little nervous man whose conversation he had overheard. There was also Frankie, the driver, and a veterinary. They had just taken a bandage from "Cavalcade's" leg, but Allen couldn't see where anything had been wrong. It must be all right now because Mrs. Whimple wore a look of triumph on her face. Allen felt a sort of exultant joy at the knowledge that "Cavalcade's" leg would be in condition for tomorrow's race.

He walked slowly back to the hotel and up to his room. After pacing the floor for hours, he went to bed and finally to sleep. He was awake again with the birds, however.

After dressing, he went out into the bright morning and walked down to the stables. He stopped before "Cavalcade's" stall and looking in, he thought he'd never seen such a beautiful horse in all his life. Except for a perfectly formed white star in the center of her forehead, she was a smooth, shiny black. Allen stood gazing at her until Mrs. Whimple came down to the stable. He had taken a fancy to her as

well as to her horse. They carried on a pleasant conversation, and then Allen went up to the hotel for breakfast.

The stable seemed to have a drawing fascination to Wellington, and he went back to "Cavalcade's" stall just as soon as he had finished eating, and remained there talking to Mrs. Whimple until lunch time. He learned, above other things, that she was a wealthy widow, and also that she lived in New York.

The races were scheduled for two o'clock, but Allen was in the grandstand at one fifteen. Finally, the first heat of "Cavalcade's" race began. After two false starts the horses were off. The first time round the track "Cavalcade" was in third place, but was steadily gaining.

The crowd was standing up and shouting, hats were in the air, and a look of amazement was on everyone's face as "Cavalcade" crossed the line just in front of the horse that placed second!

Almost dazed by the victory, Allen sat through the first heats of the other two classes before "Cavalcade's" second run.

Then the horses came out for their second heat. They started off with "Cavalcade" far in the lead, but when they had gone around the track once, "Betty Blair" was swiftly gaining on her. She is gaining! gaining some more! she's ahead! no, she isn't! When the second heat finished, "Betty Blair" had a good lead on "Cavalcade."

Almost as dazed by "Cavalcade's" defeat as by her victory, Allen sat through the intervening heats.

Finally, the horses came out for their last heat. "Betty Blair" broke six times, but on the seventh start they were off. She and "Cavalcade" ran neck to neck around the track the first time. The second time around, "Cavalcade" started out ahead, but fell behind before they were half around. In the last seconds of the heat the two horses ran together; then "Cavalcade" pushed ahead to cross the line one second before the other horse.

"Cavalcade" had won! Allen had won!

Without waiting for the rest of the races, Allen went to claim his money. With no hesitation he then went to the stables and bought "Cavalcade."

Allen, Mrs. Whimple, and the horse all took the same train for home, since New York was Allen's home also. By the time the big city was reached, Mrs. Whimple had become Mrs. Wellington, and by mutual consent "Cavalcade" was retired from racing.

—M. E. C., '35

THE SILVER STREAK

"I tell you Mr. Brandon, the Silver Streak is the only train that can make the run in time," insisted Tom Jackson.

"Sorry," replied Mr. Brandon, "but I can't take the chance. I am going to send them on the fastest steam train we have. You know how your new train failed on the trial run. I'm sorry, my boy, but I can't do it."

"All right then," Tom answered as he opened the door, "but the trouble has been fixed."

"Hello, Tom," said Jack Billings, a manufacturer, "Are you going to make the run?"

"No," growled Tom, "He wouldn't listen to me."

"Wouldn't he? Well, I'll talk to him and let you know the result later."

Tom went outside the building and waited for Jack. Minutes seemed hours while standing there, because so much depended upon the word that was to be brought out. A half hour later Mr. Billings came running out, exclaiming breathlessly, "He is going to send them on the Silver Sreak! Hurry up and get the crew ready!"

"Hey, Taxi," bellowed Tom. "Take me out to the fair grounds and get there just as soon as you can!"

With a jerk, the taxi started for the fair grounds where the Silver Streak was on exhibition.

Meanwhile Yara Strataski, a Russian designer, who had built the engines for the Silver Streak, had just left a theatre and was walking back toward the train. A man came up and grabbed the Russian by the arm.

"You are Strataski aren't you?" the stranger asked.

"Yes," answered Strataski.

"I am a International detective," he said, "You are under arrest for selling your ideas to this country instead of to your own. Come with me."

They started for the police station. Just as they reached a dark doorway, the Russian leaped inside. The detective followed. Sounds of a struggle could be heard. A shot rang out which was followed by silence.

Strataski came out and looked around. Seeing that the shot hadn't attracted attention, the Russian started at a rapid pace for the Silver Streak. He arrived at the train the same time as Tom.

"Get your deisel turning!" yelled Tom. "We're leaving here in a few minutes."

Within fifteen minutes the train slid to a stop at the World's Fair station where it was going to pick up Mr. Brandon, Mr. Billings, and

the iron lungs, which were the cause of all this hurry. These were to be rushed to Boulder Dam, where Mr. Brandon's son had been stricken with infantile paralysis.

In a short time the iron lungs were loaded, and the train started on its record run. The tracks had been cleared all the way to Boulder Dam.

At the Dam, Janet Brandon was in the doctor's office, waiting for a report of her brother's condition. The doctor came into the room and said, "The lungs must be here by twelve tomorrow noon, or it will be too late."

It was then the lonely hour of midnight. A nurse tuned in on the radio. She stopped short as the voice of an announcer was heard saying, "We now give you a bulletin from the Press Radio Bureau. Tom Jackson and his train, the Silver Streak, left the world's Fair Grounds at eleven o'clock bound on an errand of mercy. It is taking some iron lungs to Boulder Dam, where several men have been stricken with infantile paralysis. Thus far the train has not reached a very high rate of speed. To reach Boulder Dam on time, it's speed will have to be greatly increased. News of it's progress will be announced from time to time. This bulletin was from———." The nurse shut off the radio.

"I know he will get here on time! I know he will!" exclaimed Janet.

"I surely hope so," said the doctor kindly.

In the meantime, the train was roaring through the night toward the Mississippi. Beside Tom sat Mr. Rogers, an engineer who knew the track. Mr. Brandon had chosen him to ride with Tom to warn him of the dangerous places. Just a mile ahead was the bridge spanning the great river.

"The draw is open!" yelled Mr. Rogers, "Stop! We'll all be killed!"

"Can't" cried Tom as he reached for the whistle cord. A sharp screech split the night air. The draw began to close slowly. Just as the forward trucks touched the bridge, the draw closed.

"Whew!" gasped Mr. Rogers, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Are we still whole?"

After crossing the Mississippi, the Silver Streak began to pick up speed. Slowly the speedometer crept to one hundred miles per hour. Through towns and over switches that were closed just in time it thundered. Freight trains were missed by a hair's breadth.

While the train was flying across the country, Mr. Brandon, Billings, and Strataski were in the rear car, listening to the radio. The program was interrupted by a news' announcer, saying, "The Silver Streak is now nearing Boulder Dam. It is traveling much faster, but still the speed will have to be increased to reach there in time. Here is another bulletin just received by the Press Radio Bureau. Yara

Strataski, now aboard the Silver Streak, is wanted for the murder of a man in Chicago."

The rest of the report was lost, for Strataski leaped to his feet and shouted, "I am getting off this train and don't try to stop me." He slammed and locked the door, then raced for the engines. On reaching the fuse box, he opened it and blew several fuses. The train started to slow down. Tom sent Mr. Rogers back to see what the trouble was. Hearing Rogers fall, he set the controls, and going back he found the Russian preparing to wreck the deisels. Tom sprang at him, and a fierce fight began. The men rolled back and forth on the floor for a long time.

Meanwhile, the train had struck a down grade and was running away. The speedometer needle crept up to one hundred and forty miles per hour.

Finally freeing himself from Strataski, Tom hit him a wallop that laid him out cold and staggered back to the controls. Just ahead was the dam, and with a feeling of satisfaction that he had been on time, Tom slowed the train to a stop at the station at eleven o'clock.

The lungs were immediately loaded into a truck and rushed to the hospital.

"I knew you would do it!" exclaimed Janet, as she ran up to Tom.

—L. F. B., '35

"THE REAL BRUTUS"

I had an interview with Mrs. Marcus Brutus last week-end in her New York apartment for the purpose of obtaining material for a short story on the life of her husband. The library encyclopedia says that he was born around B. C. 85, but she told me that he was born February 32, B. C. 83. After the long interview, which lasted more than five hours, I decided that I had obtained enough from her conversations for a real long story.

My story begins on a summer day B. C. 59. The scene is in Rome. The employees of the Grayd Manufacturing Company were just leaving their work for lunch hour and were swarming down the street. They walked along lazily, for the atmosphere was very damp and warm. The trolley car conductor acted drowsy as he guided the car slowly over the rails toward the city of Florence. Peanut vendors were sleeping in the shade of their stands, which were laden with eatables.

This was a common scene from the windows of the law office of Brutus on the twenty-first floor of the Bumpire Building. Brutus always watched the workers, for he was co-partner in the firm for which they worked. The door bell rang.

"Come in," said Brutus.

The door opened, and in stepped a man about forty-five years of age. He was wearing the clothes of a middle class citizen. He was the boss at the Grayd plant and the partner of Brutus.

"Good day, Brutus," said Lucius Junius, for that was his name.

"Hello yourself! How's everything at the factory?" replied Brutus.

"Oh, not so hot. Orders are coming in slowly, and we have quite a surplus of material. I've predicted this depression, and I'm going to say that Hoover is the cause of it all! All of us big shots will get what's coming to us, everyone is saying. But I came to see you about something else. You see, I overheard a group of union men discussing the coming election for the Dictatorship in December this year. They don't like the idea of the Republicans trying to put Hoover back in again. It is rumored that Caesar will run on the Democratic ticket, and they, being members of the Socialist party, are racking their brains for a candidate for their party."

Brutus sat up and took notice. Perhaps he could get the job himself as the Dictator of Rome! He wouldn't suggest it to Junius, however, because that gentleman would be sure to tell the Socialists that he was anxious for the position and that would never do.

"I didn't hear of anyone whom they would like, but I'll kinda stick around if you'd like me to," Junius continued.

"O. K. Do that. Now be gone, because my stenographer has some work to do, and she wouldn't do much with you here making eyes at her."

The man departed, and Brutus was left to himself in a thinking mood and in a state of mind very much unlike the one he was in a few minutes before hearing the news.

Brutus went home that night a happy man full of ambitions. His wife, Portia, was away as a guest of the Culbertsons, playing bridge. He had to prepare his own dinner, as the maid was on her vacation, but there was no grumbling, as was usual, when Portia came home. She was surprised to receive a hundred dollar bill after making a fictitious yarn of her losses, as she really had gained seventy dollars. She told me she decided that there was something wrong with him, but that she kept quiet for fear he would ask for the bill back again. It was a week later that she found out.

The next noon Lucius Junius called at the law office again.

"Well, the Socialists held a caucus last night, and the vote was unanimous to have you run for Dictator's office on their ticket," he said.

"Is that so?" asked Brutus, concealing his grin as much as possible. "Here, have a cigar. Boy, will I give Hoover and Caesar a rub for their money. I must go and give the workers the afternoon off with

pay and see Bikeus about putting the news in the Sentinel. Coming back to the plant?"

"Hey, you. Look here. You must remember that I own half the factory and the money that goes to pay for this afternoon off is half mine."

"Aw, be a sport. Here, take this bill and buy yourself a box of cigars. You can take my stenog out to lunch, and I'll give her the afternoon off. You can have a matinee box at the amphitheater. How's that?"

"It's O. K. by me as long as you foot the bills and don't tell my wife."

* * * *

Two months later, in September, the candidates were busily campaigning for their election in December of that year—B. C. 59, Mrs. Brutus said—but I think that she has lost her mind. Brutus was so busy that he spent less and less time at his office, neglected his secret lodge, and also his home. He got angry with his wife because she wanted twenty-five dollars to pay bridge debts. He had already spent two thousand nine hundred and thirteen dollars and thirteen cents for campaigning, and the cash wasn't rolling in very fast from the law firm. He did listen to his wife when she suggested putting a hired lawyer in his office to take care of business and give her a source of income.

In his speeches at the Democratic rallies, Caesar constantly brought up the weaknesses of his opponents. Of course, no one likes this practiced, and Brutus didn't either.

"You wait," said Brutus to Junius in the factory one day. "If that rat beats me in the election, it won't be for long."

"That is quite a threat," replied Junius.

* * * *

Time passed quickly until election day. The employees were given the day off with the understanding that all would vote for their employer, Marcus Brutus. They were all handed ballots which read MARCUS BRUTUS, and which had a long speech on the reverse side. (Note: Mrs. Brutus told me that Cicero had written the speech about shorter working hours and more pay for them, and Scipio Africanus had used his press.)

Brutus was in the "Sentinel" office that evening when the returns began coming in from all the Roman suburbs. Caesar had a large majority, Hoover was second, and Brutus was a close third. In the Senate room Senator Huey Kong inaugurated Caesar as the new Dictator.

Brutus walked home instead of riding in his carriage which was waiting. Many thoughts turned over and over in his mind. He couldn't sleep that night. His final thought was to kill Caesar.

He went to the law office the next week to find that his hired attorney was ill and a very important case was coming up in court that morning. There was nothing left to do but take the work himself. It was a murder case. Three men had gone rabbit hunting. Their names were Hippo, Alexander, and Christopher. Hippo was killed by a shot in the back. Alexander claimed that Chris had fired the shot. Christopher claimed that Alex did. They argued for half an hour, and then the jury left the room. Christopher's final alibi had been that he was lighting a cigarette at the time, and therefore couldn't have fired the shot. This statement proved a lot later.

The jury came back in less than five minutes. Christopher's final statement had been doubted, and every man had said that he was guilty. The sentence was eighteen years in the 'big house'.

Christopher was led from the court room to the jail. Brutus accompanied him. He asked permission to talk to Christopher in his cell. The request was granted.

After a long talk, their decision was to appeal to a higher court. Then Brutus was ready to leave. He offered Christopher a package of cigarettes to enjoy until they met again.

Christopher's reply was, "No, thanks. Never smoked in my life!"

* * * *

During the next fifteen years Brutus' affairs were attended to as they should have been before. Caesar was constantly gaining the hearts of the people by his victories in war and enlarging the empire. Brutus' hatred grew every day. He could have been doing the same thing if only he had been elected instead of Caesar, he thought. Brutus had so much to say that Caesar gave him an office to cool him off. This action was the breaking point, and that evening the assassination took place.

It was ten-thirty that evening when Caesar came out of the government building where his office was situated. He had phoned his chauffeur not to take the chariot out that evening because the April fogs made vision poor, and he wouldn't risk an accident. Brutus was to make an accident of it, however. He stood on a street corner (he told this to his wife later, and she related the same to me) and fired his forty-five twice before Caesar fell. The body of the murdered Roman Dictator was found a while later by the policeman on that beat. Although headquarters was notified immediately, and messages were sent to all police cars in the city by radio, Brutus had escaped.

Unable to win back friends in Rome, Brutus fled to Athens alone. (I found this information in the encyclopaedia, as I left Mrs. Brutus' apartment in a hurry when she started a crying spell.) Evidently he thought that his wife would be in the way; so she stayed home and a few years ago came to New York. In Athens he raised a powerful army,

the majority of whom were gangsters under the leadership of Hal Caponey, who knew how to operate machine guns. The army was defeated a year later. (The gangsters struck for higher wages.) When the search for the defeated leader was made, Brutus had escaped again, never to be found.

Mrs. Brutus claims that he hasn't communicated with her since and she is nearly ready to send to the police department for investigators. She has the idea that he was probably kidnapped!!!

—M. H. R. '35

LOVE CONQUERS ALL

Sandra, with her face cupped in her hands, was sitting on the divan before the fireplace when Bob softly opened the door. She did not look up because she knew that it could be no one else. Bob came quickly over to the divan and sat down beside her, taking both her hands in his.

"Darling," he murmured, "I am so sorry that this unhappiness had to come to you. I was hoping that you could be happy forever."

Sandra looked up with tear-stained eyes, but she was not crying now. She had cried until she was exhausted, and now the tears would not come to bathe her swollen eyes.

"Bob, how can I go on? He was the only one I had in the world—besides you," she softly added.

Dr. D. B. Robard lay in state in the front parlor of the old Robard mansion on Chester Avenue in Pasadena, California. Only two days before, he had bidden his only daughter a fond good-bye and had left with a friend for a deep sea fishing trip. It was reported that Davy, as he was known to his friends—who were many—had been swept overboard the first day out at sea. His body was brought home late the following day.

Sandra, dazed with grief, was living in a dream. Everything seemed o'er shadowed by a hazy atmosphere. She had no relatives; so, with the exception of Bob, she had no one to turn to in her sorrow. Her mother, nineteen years before, had given up her life so that Sandra might live.

Davy and Dandra had been such pals that it seemed a strange and empty world to Sandra with no Davy to run to in the time of need or trouble. What was she to do? This was the trend of Sandra's thoughts as she sat that lovely night beside Bob on the divan.

"Won't you go to bed now and try to get some sleep?" Bob was saying as her thoughts came back to him.

Sandra looked at him in horror.

"I couldn't go to sleep, I'm not a bit sleepy." She shuddered and turned back to the fire.

Bob went into the kitchen and returned shortly with a large glass of warm milk to which a sedative had been added. He forced Sandra to drink every drop and then sat down beside her again.

In a short time Sandra was sleeping soundly with her head pillowed on Bob's shoulder. Thus Robert Van Shaw sat thinking how only a few month's ago he had become acquainted with Davy Robard, a famous doctor at St. Vincent's hospital. He remembered well the first evening he was invited to the Robard mansion to dinner. It had been a sort of home-coming party for Sandra, who had been attending the University of Southern California. That had been just a short time ago, and now Davy lay still and cold in the front parlor, and here in his own arms lay a grief-stricken girl whom he had learned to love in that short time. She seemed like another person to him; her grief had changed her so much, but what could he do for a poor little rich girl when his resources were few, and, since he was an author, his prospects of getting rich quickly seemed very small.

Suddenly Bob's thoughts came back to the present. He laid Sandra back on the divan and then got up and rang for her maid. Hannah, a middle-aged Irish woman, bustled in and while talking softly, as one would to a child, she deftly lifted the girl in her arms and carried her up the wide stairs, but before she reached the top, she turned and said,

"Now, Mister Bob, you ought to go home and get some rest because this young lady will be needing you tomorrow. The funeral is to be at twelve o'clock noon at St. Anthony's."

One week later Mr. Simmons, the family lawyer, called to ask Sandra and Bob to be at his office the following afternoon at two-thirty for the reading of the will. This seemed very strange to Bob because why should Davy Robard make a will when his only living relative was his daughter, Sandra, who would naturally inherit everything. It all seemed very mysterious to him.

At two-thirty the following afternoon Bob, Sandra, and Hannah were seated in Mr. Simmons' private office. Evidently the faithful Irish woman had also been remembered in Davy's will.

Mr. Simmons sat at his desk sorting official-looking papers. Finally, with a smile, he turned to Bob and Sandra, and in a queer voice said,

"I am afraid you youngsters are in for a big surprise. David Robard, as you know, was a very rich man, but the bulk of his wealth was not left to you, Sandra, as, of course, you and every one else expected. He left you the Robard mansion, the summer home in Bar Harbor, Maine, and some stocks which will pay you an adequate income for the rest of your life. To you, Hannah, he left ten thousand

dollars for your faithfulness, but the big surprise comes at the end, when he left three million five thousand dollars to Robert Van Shaw!

"Because I am sure that I know more about it than you do, I am going to tell you the secret. Davy, while in Paris studying medicine, fell in love with the daughter of the American ambassador. Her parents, not wanting her to marry him, sent her to Switzerland.

"Davy came back to California heart-broken, but upon reaching Pasadena, he met Evelyn Ladd to whom he was married two weeks later. They lived together just one year. Your mother, Sandra, sacrificed her life for yours.

A few months ago, Bob, you came to Pasadena. Davy learned from some friends that you were the son of the girl he had fallen in love with in Paris. Being very anxious that you and Sandra become acquainted, he invited you to his house the night of Sandra's return from college.

"Later, realizing that you two were in love and knowing, Bob, that you would never ask Sandra to marry you because of your financial situation, Davy came to me and changed his will. His death was not accidental as, everyone believes, but suicidal."

At this place Mr. Simmons paused and handed Sandra a letter which her father had written just before he left for the fishing trip.

"Don't feel too badly about this because the doctors had given him only a short time to live—his heart was weak." Thus Mr. Simmons comforted Sandra.

The doctor advised Sandra to take a sea voyage because of her nervous condition; so the following week, after having been quietly married at St. Anthony's, Sandra and Bob sailed for Hawaii.

E. A. '35

THE DAWN

'Twas dawn, the brightest part of coming day,
Bright rays of red came streaming down to earth,
Reflecting back from scudding clouds of gray,
And driving mists of hoary textures fine
From valley, glade, and glen into the sky.
The crowing cocks, the farmer's barking dogs,
The slowly upward curling smoke of gray
From chimney tops of gray, of black, and red
Are signs of life returned to country sides
And rural towns of simple folks of old.

F. A. L. '36.

AFTER

Oh, after the day has ended,
And after my work is done,
Oh, after the sun's descended,
And after the night has come,
I turn my thought to mother,
And wish I had never roam'd,
Because there is no other
And no other place like home.

E. A. '35.

NIGHT

When comes the ending of a dreary day,
I close my weary eyes and slowly sigh,
Because I know though rough the endless way,
Though endless seems my day—that by
and by
Will come, the crowning glory of it all,
The night—which always sweetens all
life's gall.

E. A. '35

... Poetry ...

THE SONG OF THE VIOLIN

I found it in an attic dim,
 Hid 'neath the cobweb's lace,
 A violin of old time make,
 Within a battered case.

I picked it up most lovingly,
 With thoughts too deep for words,
 For well I knew, in bygone days,
 It's wondrous tones I'd heard.

"Ah, violin of days long gone,
 Come from your dusty nook
 And sing the songs you used to sing,
 Ere fame your tones forsook."

The violin then seemed to stir
 There in its tattered case,
 And me thought I heard it whisper low,
 "Life's memories I'll trace."

While musing thus, I seemed to hear
 It's tones, both clear and true,
 As heard in far off, sunny days,
 'Neath smiling skies of blue.

Out through the twilight's silent gloom,
 Came melodies divine,
 The Master stood, in fancy there,
 And turned the Page of Time.

A song of joyous spring rang out,
 Of spring, with light and love,
 The tune of youth, of birds and flowers,
 With shining sun above.

Then came a song of summertime,
 With sparkling lakes, and trees
 Dressed all in green (Dame Nature's
 hue),
 That dance in the lilting breeze.

Then sad refrain of autumntime,
 As down came flutt'ring leaves,
 Of crimson, scarlet, brown, and gold,
 And green of Maine's pine trees.

At last a song of wintertime,
 All white with frost and snow,
 That piles in drifts, o'er fence and hill,
 As piercing winds doth blow.

And thus it is on Lifes heartstrings,
 When tuned to the Master's touch,
 Though the song be sad, or the song be
 gay,
 It really matters not much.

For in the Master's touch there's love,
 And the heart that's ruled by this,
 Will weather the storm, will right the
 wrong,
 And few of God's blessings miss.

S. M. B. '35

SONNET OF SPRING

With springtime comes the thot of life
 new born,
 New flowers, green grass, bright foliage,
 and green leaves,
 While birds awake us early in the morn
 By singing near our windows, from the
 trees.
 The brooks that gurgles thru the wood
 nearby
 Has come from hills where soft the
 breezes blow
 And harder winds make stately pines to
 sigh,
 And rock the nests in branches to and
 fro.
 This spring may mean our life begun
 anew
 For we must leave our school—its joys,
 it's woes—
 To profit by small trials we've been thru.
 When in the world we meet our friends
 and foes
 May we choose one right course—by that
 abide
 And not by every breeze be turned aside.

P. W. F. '35.

ON STUDYING

I wonder what's the use of studying
 At history, at Latin or P. D.,
 When nature calls in waking tones of
 spring,
 For you to leave your French and chem-
 istry,
 How can you keep your mind from wan-
 d'ring far
 When birds begin to sing and brooks to
 run;
 Or dreaming dreams that only time can
 mar,
 And wishing that the whole of life were
 fun?
 But then a thought comes fleeting
 through my mind—
 Such tasks as these are needful in each
 life
 To make it noble, thoughtful, gentle,
 kind,
 To make it fit to conquer any strife.
 So, when you'r tempted from your books
 to roam,
 Remember this, ere to your play you've
 flown.

S. M. B. '35.



SENIOR CLASS

Leon Brann
 Sylvia Brann
 Mary Champlin
 Forrest Coffin
 Mary Cooper
 Freeland Drake
 Julia Dyer
 Pauline Fuller
 Norma Reed—Vice President
 Mervyn Reynolds—Secretary
 and Treasurer
 Thelma Taylor—President
 Catherine Thurston

Donald Bradstreet
 Harland Brown
 John Cookson
 Luona Cookson
 Walter Crommett
 Eva Crosby—Vice President
 Phyllis Faulkner
 Lawrence Glidden
 Elizabeth Hammond
 Mandel Harding
 Lillian Hunt
 Betty Knowlton
 Louise Libby—Secretary and
 Treasurer

JUNIOR CLASS

Glenwood Baker
 Randall Baker—Vice President
 Clair Bradstreet
 Bernice Dow
 Kenneth Foster
 Winnie Hall—Secretary and
 Treasurer

Harold Littlefield
 Donald Marks
 Marjorie Stearns—President
 Shirley Stone
 Imogene Young

FRESHMAN CLASS

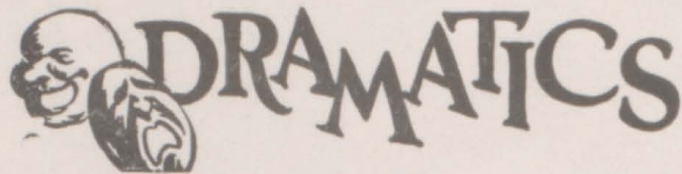
Earle Hammond
 Francis Jones—President
 Frank Lee
 Leone Libby
 Vincent Mason
 Doris Mitchell
 Raymond Willett

Doris Belden
 Richard Bickmore
 Melvin Ireland
 Henry Marden—Secretary and
 Treasurer

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Althea Baker
 Marguerite Bessey
 Alberta Bradstreet

Carlton Parkhurst
 Ruth Perkins
 Virginia Rowe—President
 Archie Sennett
 Lulu Stevens
 Roger Walcott
 Mildred Willoughby—
 Vice President



DRAMATICS

The drama, "Drums of Fury," was presented at the Grange Hall in the fall, for the benefit of the Seniors. It was coached by Mr. Sherman. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Barnett, the mother—Sylvia Brann

Fury Barnett, a daughter of the jungle—Thelma Taylor

Patricia Eggleston, a social butterfly—Norma Reed

Mrs. Wade, Fury's Aune Lynn—Pauline Fuller

Mahaja, the maid—Catherine Thurston

Zuluka, the voodoo woman—Julia Dyer

Tonti, the little half-breed, who happens to be up in a tree—

Mary Cooper

Sir Thomas Barnett, the father—Frank Lee

Eli Cooper, the scientist—Glenwood Baker.

Sir Charles Eggleston, friend of the Barnetts—Leon Brann

Guy Mordaunt, the cause of all the trouble—Mervyn Reynolds

Henry Hanks, in search of a Dinosaur Egg—Freeland Drake

Khalid, native boy, friend of Fury—Forrest Coffin

The play, "Yimmie Yonson's Yob," coached by Mr. Sherman and Miss Page, was presented at the Grange Hall, April 19. This play was given in place of the Junior Prize Speaking. The cast was as follows:

Yimmie, from "Mannosota"—Freeland Drake

Pal, the detective—Harland Brown

Frank, the clerk—Harold Littlefield

Mickey, the farm hand—Mandel Harding

Mr. Kent, the father—Donald Bradstreet

Belle, the foster daughter—Doris Mitchell

Sylvia, the niece—Winnie Hall

Peg, the cook—Leone Libby

Kittie, the helper—Elizabeth Hammond

Mrs. Kent, the mother—Bernice Dow

Freshman Reception

The Sophomores entertained the Freshmen in the early fall at the Grange Hall. The evening started off with stunts by the Freshmen, followed by a short program by some of the upper classmen.

After the refreshments of cake and ice cream, a social was enjoyed during the rest of the evening.



Fourteen names have appeared on the honor roll this year. They have had an average of B (or above) at least fifty percent of the time. They are as follows:

Eulalie Anderson
 Marguerite Bessey
 Mary Cooper
 Freeland Drake
 Pauline Fuller
 Elizabeth Hammond
 Leone Libby
 Louise Libby
 Henry Marden
 Ruth Perkins
 Virginia Rowe
 Marjorie Stearns
 Thelma Taylor
 Imogene Young

Student Council

This year, the Student Council consisted of twelve members—four Seniors, three Juniors, three Sophomores, and two Freshmen. They are as follows:

Frank Lee—President
 Norma Reed—Vice President
 Freeland Drake—Secretary and Treasurer
 Mary Cooper
 Clair Bradstreet
 Francis Jones
 Leone Libby
 Harland Brown
 Louise Libby
 Harold Littlefield
 Virginia Rowe
 Mildred Willoughby

In the fall the Student Council planned Friday afternoon entertainments. The two dramas and socials were also planned by them. All of the athletic business was in their hands.



ATHLETICS



Front Row, Left to Right:
 Stearns; Cooper, Manager; Reed, Captain; Taylor; Champlin
 Back Row, Left to Right:
 Thurston; Rowe; Bradstreet; Crosby; Libby; Coach Sherman

Basketball Season (Girls)

Because Besse was greatly handicapped due to losses from graduation, Coach Sherman was faced with a tremendous task in rounding out a team. Only a few veterans from last year's championship team returned in the fall.

By dropping two league games to Unity we lost our chances of winning the cup which we had so proudly held for the last two years.

For the third time Besse was chosen to compete in the Lawrence small schools' tournament at Fairfield.

The prospects for a championship team for next season are bright because the players will be experienced.

Girls making letters this year are as follows: Captain Reed, Stearns, Champlin, Taylor, Libby, Bradstreet, Thurston, Crosby, Rowe and Manager Cooper.

Here is the summaries of our games played this season:

	Besse	Opponents
Clinton there	21	15
Liberty there	40	13
Lawrence there	19	10
Williams here	23	28
Liberty here	44	19
Freedom there	38	8
Williams there	17	24
Morse here	45	24
Unity here	35	36
Freedom here	36	20
Winslow (seconds) there	32	29
Erskine here	34	26
Morse there	46	27
Unity there	23	40
Lawrence here	29	18
Erskine there	37	32
Williams (Lawrence tourn.)	10	18

Socials

The school held one social around Hallowe'en time with the students of Unity High School as guests. Dancing and games were enjoyed.

Following this, refreshments of cocoa, sandwiches, and cake were served.



Front Row—(Left to Right) R. Baker, Littlefield, Capt. Lee, Jones, Coffin
 Second Row—Reynolds, Foster, Willett, Marks
 Back Row—Manager Drake, Bradstreet, Coach Sherman

Basketball Season (Boys)

The basketball season got under way the first week in November. Prospects for a successful season were bright as seven letter men reported at the first practice. We the title to the Western Division of the Waldo County League, but were beaten by Searsport, the Eastern Division champs, for the championship.

We won 10 of the schedule of 20 games. The number of points scored by Besse was 523; our opponents scored 603 points.

The regular line-up—Jones, right forward; Littlefield, left forward; Coffin, center; Lee, right guard; and R. Baker, left guard. Substitutes were—Reynolds and Willett, forwards; Bradstreet, center; Marks and Foster, guards.

Here is the summaries of our games played this season.

	Besse	Opponents
Clinton, there	10	45
Liberty, there	37	15
Fairfield Seconds, there	23	18
Williams, Winslow Tournament	18	29
Williams, here	40	24
Liberty, here	47	10
Freedom, there	30	22
Williams, there	14	47
Brooks, here	26	24
Unity, here	28	22
Freedom, here	36	20
Winslow Seconds, there	14	42
Erskine, here	33	26
Brooks, there	29	40
Clinton, here	12	57
Unity, there	32	38
Fairfield Seconds, here	25	23
Erskine, there	21	31
Searsport, there	19	42
Searsport, here	29	38



Seated—(Left to Right) Ireland; Jones; Capt. Coffin; Lee; Willett; Brown.

Standing—Reynolds; Sherman. Coach; R. Baker, Marks, Littlefield, Commett, Mason

Baseball Season, 1934

The team of 1934 won four games of the nine played. In the Waldo County League we won only two of the six games. With only one player graduating we are in hopes of having a more experienced team with a championship in view, next season.

In the fall of the year we played games with the teams whom we expect to be our chief contenders for the championship in the spring of 1935.

Here are the summaries of our games:

	Albion	Opponents
Clinton at Albion	2	7
Liberty at Albion	4	3
Brooks at Brooks	10	12
Freedom at Albion	8	4
Liberty at Liberty	12	9
Brooks at Albion	8	1
Freedom at Freedom	1	5
Unity at Unity	2	7

BESSE BREEZE

Unity at Albion	6	10
Fall Games		
Unity at Unity	16	4
Freedom at Albion	7	10
Freedom at Freedom	16	0

BASEBALL SEASON, 1935

Although we have not had much time to shape the team, all signs point toward a successful season. The outlook for a championship is bright.

The schedule is as follows:

- May 3, Brooks, there
- May 8, Freedom Academy, here
- May 15, Unity, here
- May 17, Unity, there
- May 22, Brooks, here
- May 24, Freedom Academy, there



SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Mr. Sherman: "Miss Libby, what is the future of he drinks?"

Leane: "He is drunk."

Eualie: "Gee, Glenwood it's raining hard."

Glenwood: "Yes, it's raining cats and dogs, and there are poodles in the street."

Miss Page: (In Civics Class) "What are the qualifications of a citizen, Miss Libby?"

Louise: "A citizen of the United States may be either male or female upon reaching the age of twenty-one, if of good moral character."

Julia: "Reed broke her ankle last night."

Majorie: "Will she have to carry it in a casket for six weeks?"

Mr. Abbott: (In Biology class) "Miss Young, describe the process of asmosis."

Imogene: "In amosis the fluid moves from the less consecrated to the more consecrated side."

Miss Page: (To Willett who had to remain after school for whispering) "Willett, now you may write four lines of poetry."

Raymond: (After a short time "Here it is,"

As I was laying on the green

A little English book I seen

Carlyle's Essay on Burns was the edition

So I left it lay in the same position.

Mr. Abbott: "Foster, what are the people like in Greece?"

Kenneth: "In Greece they have highly sculpturd people."

Miss Page: (In Civics Class) "Sennett, how has the price of beef varied in the last few years, and when was it the highest?"

Archie: "Well, I gues the price hasn't changed much, but beef was the highest when the cow jumped over the moon."

Mr. Sherman: (Before dismissing school). "Everyone take his rank card and pass out."

Mr. Sherman: "Miss Dyer, what was Jackson's parentage?"

Julia: "He didn't have any; he was an orphan."

Miss Page: "When did Columbus die, Miss Champlin?"

Mary: "I didn't even know he was sick."

Thelma: (During play rehearsal) "Why, Professor, you aren't proposing to me."

Freeland: (Aside) "I'm on the wrong side of the davenport."

Miss Page: (In History class) "Miss Reed, describe a church ceremonial."

Norma: "Well, they had priests who marched around in long, colored robes, and chorus girls—or boys I dunno which."

Miss Page: "Choir boys."

Mr. Abbott: "To what order do beetles belong, Glidden?"

Lawerance: "Cleopatra." (Meaning coleoptera).

Phyllis: "Alberta will you please keep your elbows at home?"

Alberta: "Sorry, but I have to bring them with me."

Mr. Abbott: "What are the three main parts of the tooth?"

Luona: "Stomach, intestines and esophagus."

Mr. Sherman: "Miss Thurston, who was Nero?"

Catherine: "Nero was a cruel tyranny who would torture his poor subjects by playing his fiddle to them."

Miss Page: "What is a wireless telegraphy?"

Sylvia: "Oh, it's the sort of telegraphy you can do with your hands."

Donald Marks: "Walcott, what did Mr. Sherman say the Last Supper is?"

Roger: "The Last Supper is the sacrament administered to a dying Catholic."

Miss Page: "Briefly describe Queen Elizabeth."

Pauline: "Queen Elizabeth swore like a trooper and painted herself and other things."

Mr. Sherman: "Littlefield, can you describe the German people?"

Harold: "The Germans are very queer. Some of their laws are rigid, and some are very laxative."

Miss Page: "What part did the United States Navy play in the war?"

Virginia: "It played the Star Spangled Banner."

Mr. Sherman: "In what circumstances does the Fourth Act of Hamlet begin?"

Frank: "Immediately after the Third Act."

Mr. Abbott: "Name four animals belonging to the cat family."

Harland: "The mother cat, the father cat, and two kittens."

Miss Page: "What should you do if you were sick?"

Betty: "If you were sick you should insult a doctor."

Lillian: "Do you remember what the difference is between a King and a President?"

Della: "The difference is that a King is the son of his father, but a President isn't."

Mr. Sherman: (In History class) "How many wars were waged against Spain?"

Forrest: "Six."

Mr. Sherman: "Enumerate them."

Forrest: "One, two, three, four, five, six."

Miss Page: "Who was king of the United Netherlands?"

Mary Champlin: "William of Lemon." (Meaning William of Orange.)

Julia: "Richard, did you ever hear of Philip Space?"

Richard: "No, but that's what you do."

Mr. Sherman: "Miss Stone, describe the appearance of the gentleman of whom you were just speaking."

Shirley: "He was dressed in the garbage of a Monk."

Mervyn: "There's too much rouge on your lips, Mary."

Mary: "Well, you know what you can do, don't you?"

Randal: "Frye, what did Mr. Sherman say pasteurization meant?"

Francis: "Pasteurization is accomplished by turning the cows out to pasture."

Carlton: "Leon, you know I heard you were going to take your nose apart. Is that right?"

Leon: "Yes, I guess it is."

Carlton: "What for?"

Leon: "To see what makes it run."

Mr. Abbott: "Miss Hall, tell one great duty performed by King Alfred."

Winnie: "King Alfred conquered the Dames."

Miss Page: "What kind of culture did England have?"

Althea: "Agriculture."

Miss Page: "Why was Louis XIV called the 'Sun King'?"

Mandel: "Because he got up early and revolved around all day."

Mr. Sherman: "Mr. Coffin, tell about the parts opened by the United States during this century."

Forrest: "Commodore Perry went to China and opened Japanese ports."

FOUND IN PAPERS

Joan of Arc was a poor pheasant girl.

Anemia is a disease that makes people travel.

Kaiser William invented the revolving phonograph record.

Bishops should wear prelates.

Idiots have a mind of a one to two year old child but are not so good.

BESSE'S THEATER

Hill's Angles—Norma Reed, Julia Dyer, and Mary Champlin.

The Unholy Three—Harland Brown, Vincent Mason and Melvin Ireland

Fat Women.....Julia Dyer

Mickey Mouse.....Richard Bickmore

On The Good Ship Lollipop.....Mary Cooper and Mervyn Reynolds

Oh, For A Man.....Virginia Rowe

Sequoia.....Thelma Taylor

How I Hate Bums.....Mary Champlin

Please Help Me.....Catherine Thurston

Love In Bloom.....Leone Libby

Maybe It's Love.....Althea Baker

Sweet Eulalie.....Glenwood Baker

WHAT WE HAVE IN OUR SCHOOL

Baker but no Bread.
 Brann but no Pep
 Brown but no Black
 Champ but no Cup
 Coffin but no Corpse
 Coop but no Chicken
 Drake but no Duck
 Dyer but no Dye
 Elizabeth but no Queen
 Earle but no Duke
 Forrest but no Wood
 Hall but no Room
 Ham but no Mutton
 Henry but no Navigator
 Hunt but no Game
 Ireland but no Peninsular
 Lee but no Grant
 Littlefield but no Grass
 Marks but no Pencil
 Mason but no Carpenter
 Reed but no Spelling
 Rowe but no Field
 Scates but no Skiis
 Taylor but no Clothes.
 Virginia but no Maine
 Young but not Old
 Park but no Benches

Of all the bums who go to school
 The worst one is a crook
 Who gets his A's by cribbing
 And never cracks a book.

—M. H. R., '35

There was an old man who retired,
 He had all the cash he desired.
 But his taxes were heavy,
 And more did they levy,
 So he turned up his toes and expired.

—C. P. T., '35

SHINING STARS

Bing Crosby.....	Harland Brown
Greta Garbo.....	Doris Mitchell
Claudette Colbert.....	Shirley Stone
Gracie Allen.....	Norma Reed
Zazu Pitts.....	Luona Cookson
William Powell.....	Mary Champlin
Mae West.....	Betty Knowlton
Kate Smith.....	Julia Dyer
Ginger Rogers.....	Mildred Willoughby
Harpo Marx.....	Donald Marks
Kay Francis.....	Mary Cooper
Sterling Holloway.....	Donald Bradstreet
Tim Tyler.....	Marjorie Stearns
Clark Gable.....	Frank Lee
Gene Raymond.....	Glenwood Baker
Janet Gaynor.....	Louise Libby
Olive Oyl.....	Alberta Bradstreet
Katherine Hepburn.....	Winnie Hall
Max Baer.....	Francis Jones
Primo Carnera.....	Forrest Coffin
Miriam Hopkins.....	Sylvia Brann
Jo Penner.....	Freeland Drake

BESSE'S OWN

Refined.....	Pauline Fuller
Original	Vincent Mason
Timid	Doris Belden
Humorous	Freeland Drake
Polite	Francis Jones
Optimistic	Norma Reed
Capable	Leon Libby
Brilliant	Mary Cooper
Studios	Catherine Thurston
Friendly	Julia Dyer
Musician	Leon Brann
Singer	Sylvia Brann
Talker	Mary Champlin
Agreeable	Walter Crommett
Worker	Ruth Perkins
Helper	Henry Marden
Orator	Melvin Ireland
Smart Girl	Marguerite Bessey

WE WONDER IF

Sennett will ever dye his hair
 Alberta Bradstreet will ever grow fat
 Stearns likes Indians
 Walcott ever attends a movie
 Belden will ever be a flapper
 Willett will ever be an artist
 Dow will ever drive a car
 Mitchell will ever talk as fast as Reed
 R. Baker ever blushes
 Mason ever writes to Cherryfield
 Clair Bradstreet will ever grow any taller
 Dyer will ever be slim
 Taylor will ever stay awake in school
 Knowlton like "Bobs"
 Anderson will ever be a Baker
 Crosby will ever see her Johnny again
 Louise Libby ever tells Mr. Sherman what we say about him.
 Reynolds makes Saturday night calls
 Lillian's Napoleon ever won a race
 Harding ever chews tobacco
 Lee will ever find the right girl
 Fuller ever rides in a banana cart
 Dyer will ever join the C. C. C.'s
 Leon Libby will ever get tired of singing "Love Thy Neighbor"
 Stone ever gets letters from Hinckley
 Champlin ever rides in Fords
 Althea Baker will ever tire of the Lee family
 Coffin will ever remember not to forget
 Sylvia Brann will ever be President of Banks
 Reed likes Coffee
 Mary and Mervyn ever walk alone
 Anyone ever gets one hundred in spelling
 Anybody ever misses a dance in Albion

There was a young boy who did sneak
 And 'round the stage wings he did peek.
 By the girls he was caught
 And though bravely he fought
 He couldn't sit down for a week.

—T. S. T., '35

When Glenwood mounts his fiery steed
Right merrily rides he
Upon a muddy country road
Fair Eulalie to see.

—T. S. T., '35

We had an old auto named Lizzie
Which we cranked 'till we all were quite dizzy.
A truck hit her one day
On the ground her parts lay
Now the flowers are in bloom over Lizzie.

—P. W. F., '35

'Tis all so very funny
We cannot understand
Why Norma can't remember long
When did Columbus land.

—M. E. C., '35

Alumni



1928

Carlton, Marjorie Skillin; housewife, Waterville.
 Dickey, Everson; barber, Albion
 Frye, Paul; working for S. S. Kresge Stores, Lynbrook, Long Island.
 Jones, Faye; teacher, Palermo
 Lane Gertrude Drake; housewife, Waterville
 Nelson, Abbie; stenographer, Augusta

1929

Bickmore, Robie; janitor, Albion
 Hall, Harvey; at home, Albion
 Marks, Bruce; farmer, Albion
 Skillin, Clyde; working for McClellan Stores, Portland

1930

Emerson, Margret Stanley; housewife, Albion
 Greeley, Thresa Nelson; teacher, Windsor
 Karcher, Gertrude; at home, Albion
 Knight, Phillip; working, Augusta
 Rowe, Stephen; at home, Albion
 Wentworth, George; working, Albion
 Worthing, Winnifred Bradstreet; housewife, China

1931

Crommett, Geraldine; bookkeeper, Woodstock, New Brunswick.
 Dickey, Mildred Denaco; housewife, Fairfield
 Fowler, Meta Rowe; housewife, Albion
 Knight, Alice Haskell; housewife, Albion
 Littlefield, George; student at Univ. of Maine
 Nelson, Madeline; teacher, Palermo
 Robinson, Kelsey; farmer, Benton
 Scribner, Harvey; teacher, Unity
 Worthing, Walter; student at Colby College

1932

Bradstreet, Frederick; at home, Albion
 Champlin, Helen; working, Clinton
 Crobsy, Sherwin; at home Albion
 Denaco Katherine Mason; housewife, Albion
 Dow, Ervin; working, Albion
 Mason, Leona Marks; housewife, Albion
 Meader, Carrol; at home, Albion
 Meader, Delmont; working, Albion
 Russel, Warren; at home, Albion

1933

Ames, Wilmer; at home, Matinicus
 Brown, Isabelle; training in E. Me. Gen. Hospital, Bangor
 Coombs, Hazel; at home, China
 Gramm, Olive; at home, Burlington, Vt.
 Harding, Carroll; at home, Albion
 Knight, Edward; working, Appleton
 Leeman, Archie; at home, Palermo
 Plummer, Christine; student, Thomas Business College, Waterville
 Plummer, Lois; student at Univ. of Alabama
 Perkins, Fred; at home, Albion
 Stearns, Merle; at home, Albion
 Waugh, Roger; at home, Mt. Vernon

1934

Bailey, Edna; student, Thomas Business College, Waterville
 Belden, Arthur; at home, Palermo
 Crommett, Velma; training in E. Me. Gen. Hospital, Bangor
 Reynolds, Berdina; at home, Jefferson
 Ross, Maxine; student at Oak Grove, Vassalboro
 Rowe, Pricilla; at home, Albion
 Wiggin, Eric; at home, Albion
 Willoughby, Freelan; at home, Palermo

EXCHANGES

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Literature	— R—Readable (worth reading)
Music	— I—Interesting
Poetry	— P—Pleasing
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Jokes	— L—Lively
Locals	— E—Entertaining

THE PINNACLE, ERSKINE ACADEMY, SOUTH CHINA, MAINE

French Department	— P—Peculiar
Editorials	— I—Interesting
Pictures	— N—Nice
Senior Secrets	— N—Nifty
Poetry	— A—All right
Locals	— C—Classy
Exchanges	— L—Lacking
Jokes	— E—Entertaining

THE ACADEMY ECHO, FREEDOM, MAINE

Literature	— E—Entertaining
Jokes	— C—Comical
Senior Secrets	— H—Humorous
Poetry	— O—O. K.

MONITOR, UNITY HIGH SCHOOL, UNITY, MAINE

Pictures	— M—Marvelous
Exchanges	— O—Oh! they'll pass
Jokes	— N—Numerous
Literary	— I—Impressive
Senior Secrets	— T—True
Locals	— O—O. K.
Poems	— R—Rythmic

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