

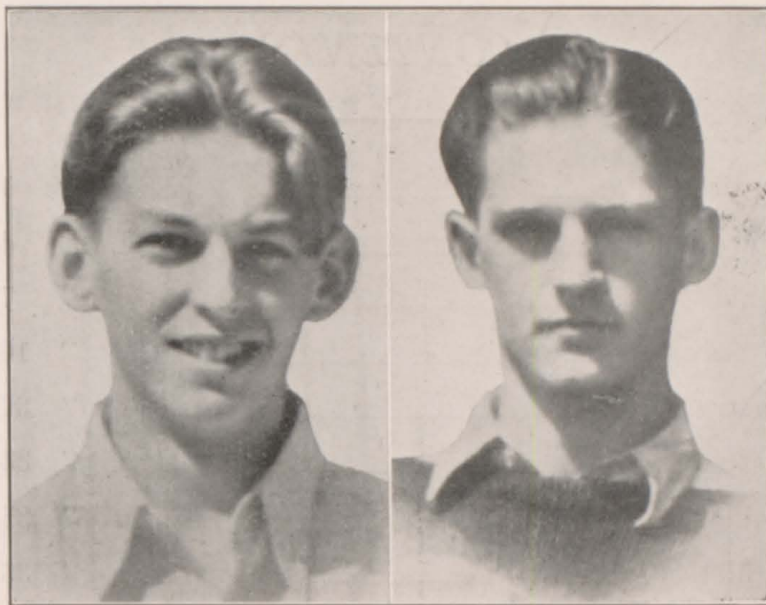


**BESSE
BREEZE**

1936



DEDICATION



*We the students of Besse High School,
respectfully dedicate this issue
of the Besse Breeze to our
deceased classmates,*

RAYMOND WILLETT and WALTER CROMMETT

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The Value of School Spirit

Little does one realize that when he is going to school he is having some of the best times he will ever enjoy along with all the studying which is fitting him for his place in the world, and which he generally looks upon as a necessary evil.

Of course I'm not saying that everything runs along as smoothly as we could wish sometimes, but most of us will agree, after graduating, that we did not take our school days seriously enough. We study, if our studies are interesting, without having to be driven to it; but if the studies are hard or uninteresting, we let them slide until we wake up and find that we are behind. Then we put on an added spurt and attempt to catch up. This is generally sufficient to get us by, but lost opportunities never return.

Many of us are interested in sports and other school activities and try to make a good showing for our school. Not everyone is capable of practicing basketball and baseball; but, on the other hand, everyone, who is able to, goes out and spends a lot of time in practicing. He may not play regular, and he may not even make the team; but when the home team wins he is generally as enthusiastic about it as the players themselves.

This shows a spirit which is essential in all walks of life and which, if absent, would make living dull and uninteresting.

Our school spirit has improved a great deal in the last few years and while it isn't exactly as high as we could wish, we have hopes that in the near future it will rise to a higher standard.

—R. W. B., '36

Sportsmanship

Sportsmanship is something which applies not only to sports but to every thing else in life. If one wins by fair means, he has something to be proud of; but if he wins by being unsportsmanlike, it were better that he had lost. Everyone likes to win, but it is possible to take a

beating and still hold one's head up. Many a winner has been booed for too much show of enthusiasm in a victory over a weaker team.

If the other team wins and you have given them your best, you have nothing to be ashamed of. Perhaps it will do you good to lose. Many good teams after they have been beaten improve a great deal. Where before they were a little "swell headed" and thought they could beat any team, they now settle down to making their team as near perfect as possible.

Without a cooperative spirit, members of a team are likely to quarrel among themselves, and this does not improve their fighting spirit.

Sportsmanship, one of the necessary essentials of clean sports, should be cultivated by all.

—R. W. B., '36

Looking on the Sunny Side

There's something magnetic in a smile, something inspiring in a smiling face, and something worth while in a pleasant spirit. If one goes through school without the sense of humor, he has missed something in life. Take advantage of the sunshine about you and look for the best in others.

Nowhere have we the chance to be as congenial as we have in school. Why carry a long face around, inflicting it upon our classmates when it's twice as easy to smile and help someone else along who is downcast and angry with the world? If you get a "bawling out," take it; it's probably the truth anyway, and if it isn't, it need not worry you. When everything goes wrong, it's worth a lot to catch a glimpse of a sunny spirit shining in the eyes of a schoolmate or teacher.

If you can't be great, you can at least be cheerful; and if you can't be the sun, remember you can be a sunbeam.

—D. N. M., '36

Cooperation

Although cooperation takes place in everyday life at home, at school, in local matters, and in national affairs, we seldom stop to realize the importance and meaning of this word.

In our home every member of the family must work together in order for there to be happiness and content. The duties given to each one must be performed for the benefit of all. If the act of cooperation is not carried on properly, the home is often broken up.

Every school wishing to achieve any importance in the educational field must work for the good of all and not itself alone.

If a pupil who participates in athletics desires success and fame, must not the other members of the team cooperate for the interest of this individual? An ideal of a championship in athletics cannot be obtained if a single person fails to play his part successfully.

Students should also cooperate with their instructors. How can a teacher carry on school activities and his responsibilities if he doesn't have excellent cooperation from his students?

At last it is time for graduation. Everyone in the class has written and learned his part. Ushers have been appointed for this occasion. The committee for ice cream is chosen. The night arrives. Someone has forgotten the ice cream cones. One of the ushers has seated one of the relatives in the wrong row. The graduation ends in an absolute failure, all because of the lack of cooperation among those who should have been responsible.

The act of working together is also essential in local matters. If the people holding town offices do not hand in excellent reports, the citizens lose faith in their ability and honesty. To carry on town business satisfactorily every person must look out for the good of the other fellow as well as himself.

Cooperation is necessary in national affairs. If a nation has prosperity, its workers in industry and business must act and work collectively for the common well-being. Wars between different countries often occur because people refuse to work with one another.

More examples could be shown in regard to the value of cooperation, but I have tried to give you an idea of what it means to us and those near us.

—L. E. L., '36

To the Seniors

You've come a wondrous journey,
 Seniors of Besse High.
 Each day brings forth a dawning;
 The roads before you lie.
 And now you meet at crossroads
 Where as students you must choose;
 One road will be successful;
 The other means to lose.
 Decide, and do it carefully,
 Success is at its crest.
 Lead on and we will follow,
 But Seniors do your best.

—H. B., '37



Senior Class Officers

President.....Francis Jones
Vice-President.....Leone Libby
Secretary-Treasurer.....Doris Mitchell

MOTTO: B what you R

Class Colors

Class Flower

Turquoise Blue and White Pink and White Carnations

Class Roll

Randall Baker	Francis Jones
Clair Bradstreet	Frank Lee
Bernice Dow	Leone Libby
Winnie Hall	Vincent Mason
Earle Hammond	Doris Mitchell

LEONE ESTELLE LIBBY

"Joe"

Busy: Washing dishes.
 Always: Pleasant.
 Takes Delight in: The dawn ("Don").
 Hopes to be: A nurse.
 Activities: Vice President of Class (1, 4);
 Athletic Play (2, 3); Basketball (1, 2); Ex-
 change Editor of "Breeze" (3); Senior
 Play (4); Student Council (1, 2, 3, 4); Sec-
 retary and Treasurer of Class (2); Assis-
 tant Editor of "Breeze" (4); Valedictory.

WINNIE MAE HALL

"Win"

Busy: Writing letters.
 Always: Laughing.
 Takes Delight in: A certain sophomore.
 Hopes to be: A Farmington Normal stud-
 ent.
 Activities: Athletic Play (3); Sec. and
 Treas. of Class (3); Senior Play (4); Lit-
 erary Editor of "Breeze" (4); Essay.

CLAIR SAMUEL BRADSTREET

"Cluck"

Busy: Fooling.
 Always: Talking.
 Takes Deligh. in: Rowe (ing).
 Hopes to be: A business man.
 Activities: Basketball (2, 3, 4); Student
 Council (3); Senior Drama (4); Class Will.

VINCENT CORNELIUS MASON

"Vin"

Busy: Thinking.
 Always: Pleasant.
 Takes Delight in: Noise. (Noyes)
 Hopes to be: A man of leisure.
 Activities: Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Vice
 President (1); Class President (2); Student
 Council (2); Basketball (4); Senior Play
 (4); Presentation of Gifts.

RANDALL WILLARD BAKER

"Red"

Busy: Drawing.
 Always: Blushing.
 Takes Delight in: Going to Unity.
 Hopes to be: An aviator.
 Activities: Baseball (1, 2, 3); Basketball
 (2, 3, 4); Co-Captain (4); Vice-President
 (2, 3); Athletic Play (1); Senior Play (4);
 Art Editor of "Breeze" (3); Editor-in-Chief
 of "Breeze" (4); Salutatory.



BERNICE MATTIE DOW

"Bunny"

Busy: Studying.
 Always: Quiet.
 Takes Delight in: Receiving telegrams.
 Hopes to be: A housewife.
 Activities: Athletic Play (3); Senior Play (4); Class Sec. and Treas. (1); Senior Editor of "Breeze" (4); History.

DORIS NETTIE MITCHELL

"Dot"

Busy: Talking.
 Always: Making wisecracks.
 Takes Delight in: Geometry (?).
 Hopes to be: A schoolteacher.
 Activities: Basketball (4); Athletic Play (3); Class Secretary and Treasurer (4); Student Council (4); Secretary of Student Council (4); Assistant Editor of "Breeze" (4); Presentation of Gifts.

FRANCIS GARDINER JONES

"Professor"

Busy: Teasing someone.
 Always: At the Doctor's.
 Takes Delight in: Going to the movies.
 Hopes to be: A successful business man.
 Activities: Baseball (2, 3, 4); Mgr. of Baseball (2); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Co-Captain of Basketball (4); Class President (2, 3, 4); Student Council (3, 4); President of Student Council (4); Senior Play (4); Business Mgr. of "Breeze" (3); Adv. Mgr. of "Breeze" (4); Prophecy.

FRANK ALDEN LEE

"Frankie"

Busy: Gazing around the school room.
 Always: Out of school.
 Takes Delight in: Blondes.
 Hopes to be: A successful mechanic.
 Activities: Vice-President of Class (1, 2); Sec. and Treas. of Class (3); Basketball (2, 3, 4, 5); Captain of Basketball team (4); Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Manager of Baseball (4); Athletic Play (2, 3); Senior Play (4, 5); Student Council (2, 3, 4, 5); President of Circulation manager of "Breeze" (4); Ex-Student Council (4); Prize speaking (3); say.

EARLE MILLARD HAMMOND

"Ham"

Busy: Collecting stamps.
 Always: At the postoffice.
 Takes Delight in: A certain junior.
 Hopes to be: A postmaster.

Activities: Business manager of "Breeze" (4); Senior Play (4); Treasurer of Breeze (3); Treasurer of Student Council (4); Address to Undergraduates.



LITERATURE

A Bit of Holly

"Look at this letter I received from Uncle John, Dick. He'd like to have us come up to dinner Christmas Eve. He says he has a surprise. Wonder what he means by that?" Ruth looked inquiringly at her brother.

"Oh, it's probably one of his queer ideas," Dick said carelessly. "By the way, I heard that Uncle had let Jack come back home. Gee, there are not many fathers who would let their son come back home to stay, if the son had been put into prison for trying to kill his father, are there?" Dick referred to their cousin, the son of their Uncle John, who had been put into prison for attempted murder of his father in order to inherit his father's millions.

"No, there are not," agreed Ruth.

Uncle John Hargreaves had also sent a similar letter to the other of his nieces, Dorothy. Since he had been told by his doctor that he would not live long, owing to a bad heart, he wanted to see his young relatives before he died and divide his millions to his own satisfaction. He had not made a will because he had a queer idea that it might not be carried out as he would want it; so he had written to his only surviving relatives, two nieces, Ruth and Dorothy, and a nephew, Dick.

When the two nieces and the nephew arrived on the appointed evening, they immediately felt a cold, disagreeable attitude between their uncle and cousin. They themselves had been greeted cordially enough, but looks of hate passed continually between the other two.

After they had talked for a short time, Hargreaves suddenly changed the subject by saying, "And now, I suppose you'd like to know what the surprise is." Before anyone could answer, he continued, "Well, come with me, and you'll soon know." They followed him eagerly to another room, each trying to guess what the surprise would be. As they entered the room, their glances fell on four boxes lying on the table. The largest was wrapped in gold with a bunch of holly at the knot; the second largest, in silver, also with holly at the knot; the next in size, in blue; and the last and smallest, in browning wrapping paper.

"I have here four boxes which I wish to give to you," the old man

paused; then resumed, "I have tried to divide my money as each of you deserves." As he said this, he glanced queerly at his son. "You may choose now."

Jack started to grab the largest one, but Dick pushed him away, saying, "Ladies first." Dorothy, also seeing that the gold one was the largest, seized it eagerly and sat down. Ruth shyly took the one wrapped in brown wrapping paper, since it was the one nearest to her. She was always bashful in the presence of her uncle. Jack then pushed Dick out of his way and said childishly, "It's my turn now." He grabbed the silver one, which was second in size, and looked at it closely. Dick took the blue one, the only one remaining, and sat down.

"Now you may open your boxes," said Hargreaves, who had been watching the choosing of the gifts rather closely.

Dorothy eagerly broke the ribbon on hers and threw it with the holly onto the floor. She opened the box and seeing a gold coin, picked it up eagerly and after looking at it carefully, said disappointedly, "What, only \$100!"

"Read the paper," ordered her uncle.

She seized the paper in the box, which she had not noticed until then, and read, "To my greedy and selfish young relative, I give my \$100 gold piece. It is too much for you, but I must remember you bear the Hargreave name." Evidently the piece of paper had been a surprise to her, for she looked at her uncle wonderingly and then sneered, "So you think I'm greedy, do you? I might have known you couldn't part with your precious old money." With this she disagreeably turned away.

By now Ruth had opened her box and found a small key. She looked at it curiously and then glanced at her uncle. He was watching her rather queerly, she thought. At last he spoke, "That, my dear, is the key to my safety deposit box in the Newport National Bank. The box contains all the valuables I possess. These and the money from the insurance when I die will be given to you at the time of my death."

"Oh, thank you, uncle," gasped Ruth. She evidently had not expected this. Hargreaves nodded and then motioned to his son to open his gift. Encouraged by his cousin's "luck," Jack eagerly broke the string and threw it with the holly onto the floor. Upon opening the box, he found a piece of paper similar to that of his cousin's upon which he read, "My son, I thought I knew the box you would choose, and, as it happens, you draw a blank. Do you think I would give money to a person who had tried to kill me?"

After reading this, Jack turned hatefully toward his father to find his father's gaze intent upon him. "Well," snarled Jack, "What do you think I care about that old piece of paper? You're too stingy

to give anybody any money. But then, I don't want any of your old money anyway," he added.

Hargreaves smiled grimly at his son's words and then nodded to Dick, "I guess it's your turn now, Dick." His nephew unwrapped his box and also found a paper upon which was written, "To you of the less greedy nature, I give this estate and the money which does not go to Ruth." Dick raised his eyes and said respectfully to his uncle, "Thank you very much."

Hargreaves arose and said, "I hope all of you have been pleased with your gifts." As he said this he glanced at his son and Dorothy. Then he continued, "Two of you got more than you deserve, but life is short."

"Wonder what he meant by that," mused Dick. "That sounded queer."

Hargreaves went on, "After we pick up the holly and paper on the floor, we'll have dinner." Turning to Dorothy, "Why don't you wear that bit of holly in your pin?" As Dick stooped to pick it up, his uncle cried sharply, "Let that along. She's able to pick it up." Dick looked with wonder at his uncle but let Dorothy pick up the holly.

As Dorothy did so, she suddenly cried, "Ouch, those pricklers hurt." Hargreaves nodded slowly and then suggested, "Jack, why don't you wear the bit of holly from your gift? I think holly is very pretty in one's pin or button-hole," he added.

Jack picked it up sulkily and grumbled, "Anything to please you." He also pricked himself and throwing the holly down said, "I don't want to wear it. It's made the blood run so quickly," he added childishly.

"Pick that holly up and put it into your button-hole!" ordered his father sharply. All turned to look at Hargreaves, who seemed very much interested in the holly.

Jack obeyed, grumbling as he did so, "Gee, you seem awfully fussed up about that piece of holly. I don't wonder people call you a crank."

Hargreaves, after seeing that his son had obeyed his command, immediately changed the subject by saying briefly, "We'll eat now." Jack complained of a headache and wished to go to his room. Dorothy also wished to go to her room and wash up. But Ruth and Dick followed their uncle to the dining-room, and as they sat down, Dick noticed that Hargreaves' eyes shone with a strange light. Dick made no comment but wondered at his uncle's strange attitude. After a few minutes had passed, Dick remarked, "Wonder what's keeping Jack and Dorothy?"

"Oh, they'll probably be right down," said his uncle briefly.

After another interval Dick became more disturbed. He arose and said, "I'll go up and get them, shall I?" Since no words of opposition were given, he went upstairs and rapped on his cousin's door. As he received no answer, he opened the door and looked in. His glance rested on a still form stretched on the floor. Quickly he walked over to the body and gazed upon the upturned face. He noticed that Jack's coat was thrown open and that the bit of holly lay on the floor. After taking another glance at the upturned face, he went down stairs. As he entered the dining room, he announced briefly, "Jack is dead."

"Dead!" gasped Ruth, "Oh, no!"

"Yes, he is," asserted Dick. "You better come upstairs and see for yourself, Uncle John." Turning to Ruth, "Hadn't you better stay down here, Sis?"

"O. K.," agreed Ruth. "I'll call a doctor, shall I?"

"Yes, go ahead," said Dick. When he and his uncle had reached the top of the stairs, Dick said, "I'm going to see what's happened to Dorothy. "Maybe she's dead, too," he thought grimly. He rapped on her door and receiving no answer, opened the door and entered. A silent, huddled figure met his eyes. He picked up her hand and feeling no pulse, knew she was dead. After a brief inspection of the body, he went into the other room and viewed Jack's body. As he went down stairs, his face wore a grim smile. Ruth and her uncle looked up expectantly when he entered the room. He answered their silent question by saying, "Yes, Dorothy is dead." Ruth gasped. "And to make matters worse they've both been murdered. Yes," he asserted, as he saw their surprised looks.

The doctor's arrival terminated all other talk. He was immediately taken upstairs and after viewing the bodies briefly, said, "I can see no cause for death."

"My nephew thinks it's murder," said Hargreaves. "But I think he's mistaken."

"Oh, yes, of course he's mistaken," affirmed the doctor.

"Oh, no, I'm not," contradicted Dick. "I've been a detective too long and seen too many deaths not to know murder. There have been two murders in this house, and I know the murderer, but I don't know the motive." Gasps of surprise followed this announcement. Dick continued, "Suspicion points to only one person. Ruth or I didn't do it since we had no reason and, since Jack didn't do it and then commit suicide or vice versa, there is only one person left. One . . . person . . . left." As he slowly repeated this, he looked significantly at his uncle.

"You needn't try to pin this dastardly deed on me, because you can't," shouted Hargreaves. "What reason would I have to kill them?"

"One very good reason," said Dick slowly. "You hated your son bitterly, didn't you? And so you killed him. But why did you kill Dorothy?" Receiving no answer, he said shortly, "Call the police, Ruth."

"Oh, no, you don't—you won't get me!" With this Hargreaves wrenched from his pocket a Colt revolver, which had been unnoticed until then by Dick, and placed the muzzle to his head. Dick hurled himself upon his uncle's figure and grabbed the revolver, flinging it to the other side of the room.

"So you admit it, do you?" asked Dick.

"Yes, I killed them," said his uncle weakly; "but how did you know?"

"Well," explained Dick, "Suspicion pointed to the holly from the first. You didn't want me to pick up Dorothy's, and then you forced Jack to wear it. I looked at the holly closely when I was examining the bodies and noticed it had a queer smell. I immediately thought of poison and looked to see how it had entered the body. I found small red punctures in the fingers and knew this was the way. But why did you do it?"

"Well, you see," his uncle's answer was weak, "I hated Jack bitterly, as you said. I didn't want him to seek revenge on you and Ruth for getting the money and property. And Dorothy . . . well . . . I've always hated Dorothy's mother ever since she killed my brother for his money after they were married, and Dorothy was just like her mother—greedy and selfish. And so I put deadly poison on the holly, but I still don't see how you guessed it. Well, that's all. Take me to the jail."

Dick was moved to pity by his uncle's haggard face, and said sympathetically, "Well, I'm sorry, old man. It's too bad it had to turn out like this; but murder is murder!"

E. A. H., '37

The Moonflower

As twilight fell in the Siberian hills, two men trudged toward the mountains. As they walked, they encountered an old priest who greeted them amiably and asked them if they were going into the hills.

"Yes, father," said one, the noted English scientist, Sir Wilfred Hastings, "We are going into the hills tonight in search of a flower said to cure werewolfery. It blooms only in the full of the moon."

"Many men have never returned from those hills," cautioned the old priest.

"Come, father, you aren't superstitious?" The old man shook his graying locks and moved on.

Hastings and his assistant paused and looked at their map.

"It is the time and place, if legend has it right."

"Hard travelling in these hills, almost seems as if unseen forces pull one back," commented the assistant. He stumbled and fell.

Hastings went on, unheeding. Reeling through a narrow gulch, he came upon the moonflower in full blossom, as bright and ethereal as the orb from which it derived its name.

While he bent over the plant to examine it more closely, a hideous form peered over the ridge, and a ghastly howl rent the moon light place. In a moment the beast was upon the scientist. Man and animal struggled in the moonlight by the moon flower. Hastings won, but not before he had received a long scar on his wrist from the poisoned claws of this half-human wretch.

Some time later Sir Wilfred Hastings returned to his London laboratory with the moon flower. Although every known method was used, the flower refused to blossom. Finally a "moon ray" was devised by the scientist, which had all the power of moonlight. This method proved successful, and the plant gradually opened its snow white petals. Slowly Sir Wilfred regarded the flower and then the scar on his wrist—the scar which he had received in the hills of Siberia. They were alike to the smallest detail.

When Hastings was about to leave his laboratory, a foreign looking person detained him.

"Sir Wilfred Hastings, I believe?" As the scientist showed no signs of recognition, the stranger introduced himself.

"I am Dr. Karl Vonsburg. We have met, sometime ago, and under peculiar circumstances in the Siberian Hills——." He paused, it seemed, to give the scientist time to remember, then went on.

"I come to you in regard to an experiment on which you are working. The moon flower, I believe. I wish to buy from you a blossom."

Hastings was amazed at this strange request. "I am afraid, Dr. Vonsburg, that it would be impossible to sell you one."

Dr. Vonsburg argued and pleaded in vain. At last he rose to go, "Oh, well, you will find it in your heart to regret this act many, many times——," again he paused, "The moon is full tonight."

"Wilfred, won't you come with us?" pleaded Lady Hastings, entering her husband's study.

No, my dear, I am rather tired—that experiment you know. Run along with Roger." As she went out, he turned his haggard face toward the sky, where the rising moon could be seen. "And tonight the moon is full," he muttered to himself. He settled himself in his

study, took a book, and prepared to read.

Suddenly the big, black cat hunched her back and slipped out of the door, spitting and hissing. Hastings looked at his hands—the fine white hands of a scientist. Now the nails curled and the backs of his hands were covered with hair, resembling the paws of a wolf. His jaw jutted out, and two fangs sprang up in place of his even teeth; the hair on his forehead grew down, and his face became a hairy mask. His shoulders were hunched, and he walked with the slinking grace of a wolf.

Crouching along, he hurried to his laboratory, crashed through the heavy door with fiendish strength, grabbed the moon flower, and rubbed it on his hairy paws. Slowly they took their natural form. He straightened; he was no longer a hideous creature. The moon flower had saved him, but he had used his only blossom. The bud, alone, remained. If he could but make it blossom before the next night—He shook his head. He knew he wouldn't be able to do this. Saved tonight but tomorrow night and nights after, what then? He buried his head in his shaking hands. He feared also the instinct of the beast always to pursue and harm the best loved of his life.

Before dawn the next day Sir Wilfred was in his laboratory centering all his strength and knowledge on the one small bud of the moon flower. All day he worked tirelessly, but night crept on. Hastings watched the moon rise. Hastily he grabbed an old hat and coat, pulled the hat low over his eyes, and hurried away. He fled to the poorest section of London. Seeing a room for rent, he took it and asked his landlady to lock him in. This she did, wonderingly. Sir Wilfred watched the moon become full and felt himself become a werewolf.

As the beast took possession of him, he burst through the window and slunk along the nearly deserted streets. When he heard foot steps approaching, he crept into a doorway. A gaudily dressed girl strolled by. Scream after scream rent the night air. The howl of a wolf followed the last one.

Scotland yard was baffled. Two murders in two nights. The marks on the bodies were the same. The only clue seemed to be the unearthly howl of a wolf following each crime.

Worn and haggard after his harrowing experience, Sir Wilfred worked ceaselessly on the one small bud of the moon flower.

One night he jumped into his automobile and started for his country place. On arriving, he greeted his caretaker.

"Hello, Hobbs. You needn't bother to make a room ready for me; I am going to stay at the old watch tower tonight."

"It's rather dirty, Sir."

Hastings did not add that he intended to sleep there because of

the heavy doors and iron bars over the windows. God alone knew how he suffered from those ghastly killings.

Sir Wilfred took the key, locked the heavy door, and threw the key through the barred windows. As he watched the moon rise, he became the monster he had been on previous nights.

Suddenly peering through the grilled windows of the tower, he saw his wife and Sir Roger Warren. Using his extraordinary strength, he ripped the bars out of the stone casing and leaped to the ground. His wife was the first to see the terrible figure. She screamed. A hand to hand battle followed. As Sir Roger looked down on this being, the werewolf's features softened, and Sir Roger recognized his friend, Hastings. However, he said nothing.

The next day the papers carried the story of another murder—that of a chamber maid in the apartment of Dr. Karl Vonsburg. The killing had been followed by the howl of a wolf.

Hastings was, as usual, in his laboratory. He worked all day, trying fruitlessly to coax the bud of the moon flower to bloom. Worn out with sleeplessness and worry, he was resting when his assistant called to him excitedly. Rushing to the flower, he perceived it open, slowly but surely. Suddenly he felt as if there was someone else in the room. He turned to find Dr. Karl Vonsburg, who gave him an oily smile.

"Ah, you have made the little bud blossom? But it won't do you any good. Tonight you are to be repaid the kindness you did me." With those words he cut the blossom and rubbed it on his hands. Hastings and Vonsburg, the latter fast becoming a beast, struggled in the laboratory. Hastings straightened and looked at the form on the floor which had been Dr. Karl Vonsburg.

The moon was full now, and the mark of the beast was on Hastings. Crouching, he ran out of the laboratory and across the yard to his house. A howl wailed through the night. The servants saw the beast-like figure approaching and closed the doors, barring them. Always before he had managed to get away before the beast took possession of his soul. Nothing stood in his way. His wife, whom he so dearly loved, stood on the stairs transfixed by horror.

"Wilfred, Wilfred," she breathed, recognizing him. But the beast knew no name, only the lust to kill.

Breathing heavily, he came forward until he stood on the first stair, his wife on the fourth.

Suddenly the police entered through the shattered door. A revolver spoke once, sharply.

The werewolf dropped back, staggered, and fell. While he lay dying, his features softened and again he became Sir Wilfred Hastings.

"It was all for the best," he gasped, then lay still.

Lady Hastings looked on horrified, unable to comprehend her husband's fate.

Sir Guy of Scotland Yard hesitated; then spoke softly, "I shall say in my report: Shot defending himself.

—B. B. K., '37

Camp Fires

There is something about camp fires which stirs the urge to spend your time camping in some distant and little known wilderness. Kipling says, "For the red God calls us out and we must go." Perhaps those aren't the exact words, but anyone who has seen a camp fire gleaming through the trees on the edge of a lake will understand what is meant.

To a weary hunter returning after a hard day, the camp fire means food, warmth, companionship, and rest. To a group of young folks on a picnic, it means weenies, marshmallows, and a general good time for all. But to me the camp fire is more than that—it is something with which to recapture scenes and memories.

Sitting there and gazing into the ever shifting coals I see old camping grounds on lakes and rivers in the forests of Maine and Canada. Then comes the flood of memories. I see the happy carefree faces of pals and friends, and then I think of some of the camping trips taken when all the gang was together. Now it has split. A couple have already made their last camp fires, and the rest are scattered to the four winds. I remember the night Bill staggered into camp with his first buck and the feasting on venison which followed. I can still feel the elation at seeing the moose with the head of heads fall at the crack of my rifle. That trophy along with many others adorns the fireplace of my room.

Thus I sit 'till the glowing coals have long since turned gray and the chill night breeze brings me out of my reveries with a start. My guide has retired hours ago; and I realize that if I make a try for a prize ram in the morning, I must get some sleep; so with a sigh of loneliness, I enter my tent to toss in restless sleep 'till dawn.

—R. W. B., '36

A Bit of Glass

As darkness closed in on the busy courtroom, it found the New York police squad still probing the murder mystery of Mrs. Joan Harrison, wife of a retired millionaire. No clue had yet been found. Joe Rogers, the Chief of Police was getting worried. Now he paced the floors, firing a question here, and snapping an answer there.

"Did you search her room, Bennett?" the chief asked one of his men.

"Yes, Sir."

"Find anything?"

"Nothing at all."

"In what state, Wallace, was the body when you found it?"

"She had been stabbed in the heart with an envelope opener. Her clothes and hair were in bad condition, causing us to believe that she fought hard for her life. The crystal in her wrist watch was smashed. The envelope opener had only her own finger prints. We found small fabric threads on the weapon, which makes us believe that the murderer wore gloves. I questioned all the servants, chief, but none of them seems to betray anything. She was killed about two-thirty in the afternoon. All the servants declared they were away at that time. Mr. Harrison was at his office. He came home about four-thirty and found his wife. That's all we have found concerning this crime."

"You know, boys," Rogers said, "that this is big money, and we've got to solve this case if it's the last thing we do." Who had killed this wealthy society woman? There must be some clue by which to solve this case. These thoughts and a thousand others crowded into the chief's mind.

"Bennett, go get Mrs. Harrison's maid, and bring her into my private office."

"O. K., Chief."

Bennett returned in a few minutes with the maid. She was quite beautiful—maybe too much so for a maid. Her flashy clothes and coal black hair, together with a Grecian nose and dark, deep-set eyes seemed to give the girl a foreign look.

As she came into the room, the chief motioned for her to have a chair. Then came the cross questioning.

"What's the name?"

"Lucy Murray."

"How long have you been working in the Harrison household?"

"About three weeks."

"Did Mr. and Mrs. Harrison have any trouble the day before her death?"

"Some. Mr. Harrison came in late one morning after being out all night. They quarreled about it that morning. I don't know what they said because I left the room."

"What were your wages?"

"I got ten dollars a week."

"How can you dress so well on that amount?"

"I manage to get along by saving."

"Can you in any way give us any information which we don't already know?"

"You know everything about this mystery that I do."

"That's all, Miss Murray. Bennett, send Mr. Harrison in."

The millionaire entered the room. He seemed to be quite upset about the sudden death of his wife. His well tailored suit was now wrinkled and shabby. Twitching muscles could be seen in his pale haggard face. His graceful, military walk was now ungainly.

"Have a chair, Mr. Harrison."

"Thanks."

"Will you answer a few questions?"

"Certainly."

"Why did you quarrel with your wife the morning before she was killed?"

"I had to go out of town on business. My car broke down, and I didn't get home until morning. My wife had a very jealous disposition. She wouldn't believe me when I told her what had happened."

"Where did you go then?"

"To my office at Forty-second Street and Broadway."

"Did your wife have any enemies?"

"None that I know of."

"Mr. Harrison, I have a very dear friend in California. He is the best detective in the West. I have sent for him to come here for this case. His name is Morgan. I'm sure that he can find out what we want to know. That will be all for today, Mr. Harrison."

Three days later Joe Morgan arrived in New York. He had keen, piercing eyes, a sharp nose, and a refined noice. Everything about him seemed to indicate that he was the type that always got what he went after. Rogers met him at the station.

"Hello, old pal, I never was so glad to see anyone in my whole life as I am you," the chief exclaimed, shaking hands with his friend.

"How's the world using you, chief?"

"Just the same. My car is out here, Joe. You can stay at my house while you're on this job." The two men sauntered off together, both talking at the same time like two small school children.

The next day detective Morgan was on the job bright and early. Everybody had given up all hope of finding any valuable information. About noon Joe Morgan telephoned headquarters.

"Hello, Chief Rogers?"

"Yes."

"This is Morgan. I think I've got something. Have everybody that lived or worked in the Harrison household at the courtroom as soon as possible."

At one-thirty Joe Morgan was cross examining a nervous group.

"Everybody take off his right shoe," commanded the detective.

"What in the world are you going to do, Joe?" asked his puzzled friend.

"You will see," replied his western pal as he went into an adjoining room with an armful of shoes.

Two hours later he returned with a satisfied grin on his pleasant face.

"Everybody may go except Miss Murray, whom I should like to see in the private office. Right this way."

This time I'm afraid that you will have to do some explaining. First, let me. On the bottom of your shoe I found a small piece of glass ground into the sole. That glass compares exactly with the crystal from Mrs. Harrison's watch. Now, will you please go on with the story?"

"I didn't kill her! I didn't!" Screamed the maid hysterically.

"Who did?"

"I don't know."

"Why did you do it?"

"I didn't intend to."

"Then you admit that you did kill her? Come on now and confess."

The maid had now lost her last thread of self-control.

"Yes, I did! I killed her! Do you hear? I killed her, and I'm glad of it! She made my brother love her, and then she left him to pine his life away." Now I'm going with him."

Before anyone could stop her, she had drawn a small revolver from her bag and fired a bullet into her breast.

Revenge

To the casual eye John Smith was just a bum as he dropped off the freight when it pulled into yards of Gold Dust, an all but vacant mining town in northern Canada. He wore a week's growth of stubble on his scrawny chin; his clothes were dirty and hung in tatters about his undernourished body.

As he sidled into the saloon, he seemed to be looking for someone. After surveying the motley crowd, he began searching his pockets for change with which to purchase a drink. He seemed to have been successful, for he placed himself before the bar and ordered a glass of whiskey. Coughing and strangling as if unused to such a potent drink, he soon left the saloon.

Had anyone from Lincoln, a busy little town in Kentucky, seen him, he would never have recognized the man for Scott Johnson. Smith as we shall now call him, had been a well-to-do lawyer of an old family, with a beautiful wife and a lively boy of five years. He had become mixed up in a deal with a friend of his to make some easy pickings from a very wealthy old codger. All had gone well until the old fellow began to suspect something. Smith's friend was tipped off by the old man's secretary, who was doing the inside work. Smith's so-called friend went at once to the old fellow and offered to divulge information concerning the deal if he would agree not to prosecute him. His offer was accepted, and Smith was at once arrested on charges to defraud. He was convicted and sentenced to ten years at Atlanta.

His friend, whom I shall call Clare Black for the sake of identity, at once left for parts unknown. Smith's wife was horror stricken at this unexpected turn of events. She became ill and died shortly after Smith was convicted. The child was given into the care of an aunt.

Smith, who still had money, hired detectives to search for Black. They were unsuccessful for five years. Some time in the sixth year Smith received a letter from one of his detectives that he had located Black in the town of Gold Dust in northern Canada.

In the ninth year Smith was pardoned on good behavior. After he had settled his affairs, which had been handled during his absence by his lawyers, he said adieu to the town of his birth, visited the grave of his wife, and headed north.

He didn't go by trains as one would have suspected, since he was the owner of a considerable fortune, but bummed his way from town to town. He wanted time to think of the revenge which he would mete out to his former friend. At last he arrived in Gold Dust. He had changed from a good-looking confident man of the world, to a thin, under-nourished, elusive-eyed bum of the road.

The first night in Gold Dust he spent in an abandoned shack just outside of town. On the second day he began to ask questions concerning a fellow by the name of Perkins, as Black had thought it best that he change his name. Smith found that Perkins, as we shall now call him, owned a placer claim about one hundred miles from Gold Dust and that during the winter he trapped. A friend of Perkins told Smith, on inquiry, that Perkins would be in town shortly after the first snow.

It was now nearly fall, so Smith got a job for room and board at the saloon. He then settled down to nurse his hate and wait for Perkins to appear.

At last his enemy came. On the first night he got wildly drunk, and Smith carried him to his room above the bar. They seemed to take a liking to each other. Perkins offered Smith one fourth of his winter's catch if he would go back with him and spend the winter trapping furs. Smith accepted, and after they had stocked up, the two started for Perkin's camp.

On their arrival they settled down to the task of operating two forty mile trap lines. Smith soon learned the trick of setting traps, snares, and deadfalls with all the cunning necessary to lure the wild denizens of the forests to his sets. By mid-winter they estimated they had a catch of between two and three thousand dollars stored in their fur cellar. Perkins said he had never seen animals as plentiful nor furs as thick as they were that season.

Smith had changed from the poor bum who had arrived in Gold Dust, to a strong-muscled, out of doors man. He seldom spoke unless spoken to, and on his beat over the trap line he would often mutter to himself and seemed undecided on something.

At last he seemed to have made up his mind. The next morning he started out on his regular beat on one of the trap lines. He traveled about a mile from camp. Then, hooking his dog team, he swiftly made a circle back to a curve in the trail of the other trap line and settled down to wait for his enemy.

The latter washed the dishes, and about half an hour after Smith had gone, took the trail over his trap line. When Perkins was about forty yards from where Smith was hidden, Smith's rifle swiftly came to his shoulder, and he drew a bead on the heart of his former friend.

Several times he seemed about to press the trigger, but Perkins passed out of sight, leaving Smith standing there with his rifle aimed at the spot where he had last seen his enemy.

On the second morning and still the third this was repeated, but still Smith couldn't force himself to pull the trigger which would send a bullet through the heart of his former friend.

That evening he arrived at camp before Perkins and placed a week's supply of food on his sled. During the evening he seemed more talkative than usual. He told Perkins he had found what he thought to be gold a short distance from the further end of his regular line. He said he would camp there and make his trips in the opposite direction. He would look over the strike in any spare time he had.

At the end of a week and a half Smith had not returned, and Perkins became worried. The next day he made the trip over Smith's regular route. When he arrived at the cabin, he found a note which read: "Black, I trailed you over three thousand miles just to kill you. When I arrived in God's country, as I call this wilderness, I had only one thought, and that was revenge. After living in this forest where one seems so close to God, I couldn't go through with my plans. You will never know how close you came to dying several times. Nothing but the hand of God saved you, so thank Him."

Scott Johnson

And Perkins, for the first time in his life, did offer thanks to Him, who watches over all.

—R. W. B., '36

Slipping the Leash

The individual who has not felt the urge to break all ties and start on a trail of adventure is not quite human. This dreaming of adventure in foreign corners of the earth is something which nearly—I say nearly because there are a few who lack that important, but in most cases utterly impossible habit—every red blooded person indulges in, but wouldn't have his friends know about, being afraid of appearing ridiculous in their eyes.

Often he dreams of hunting big game in Africa, of sailing the seven seas in search of buried treasures which long forgotten pirates such as Captain Kid and Bluebeard are supposed to have hidden on lonely islands to which they failed to return before being hung from the yardarm of some fast ship; or he may feel inclined to roam the frozen wastelands of the North in search of that fabulous gold mine which is supposed to exist somewhere in the north central part of Canada. Again, after reading a book on eastern Asia, such as Theodore Roosevelt's, "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," he may think that life can never be complete until he has lain half frozen on the drift while the prize trophy is feeding just out of range.

But—there is a "but"—the biggest part of the fellows, if they followed the path of their dreams, would be very dissatisfied with their

lot in life. Of course there are a few hardy fellows who would delight in pitting their strength against nature, but the general run of them would be shown up for the weaklings which they are. Anyone, if the breaks come right and he tries hard enough can succeed in making his dreams come true, to a certain extent, but after he has made a few of his long dreamed of trips, he will either be afflicted with wandering fever in his feet or he will rush back to civilization and resolve to dream no more.

—R. W. B., '36

Silent Sam

For three years Sam Kent had followed the straight and narrow path and had earned an honest living. It had been hard at first to deny himself the luxuries he had enjoyed when he was a safe cracker in the city of Chicago. If he hadn't met the girl who was now his wife, he would never have given up his life of ease to earn the humble forty dollars a month which he now received at Lowell's Real Estate Company, in the little town of Bethel, Illinois.

Although he had moved to a town one hundred miles away from Chicago, for the first year he had dreaded to meet a cop on the street for fear of being recognized as "Silent Sam," the burglar. As time sped along and no questions were asked about his former life, Sam could walk by an officer without fear of being recognized. He knew that if his real identity were revealed, he would be discharged from his position and perhaps be run out of town. He wouldn't have cared for himself, but he knew his wife would be heart broken to leave the little home which Sam had bought.

One night after a hard day's work when Sam was stretched out in his easy chair reading a newspaper, he heard a sharp rap on the door. He laid down his paper, turned on the porch light, and opened the door, expecting to see one of his neighbors who occasionally came over to spend evenings with him. He was very much surprised and equally dismayed to see one of his old pals from the city standing there.

"Kind of surprised to see me, aren't you Sam?" asked the shabbily dressed individual.

"Come in," said Sam quickly, fearing that somebody passing by would see him talking to this man.

After they had entered the house and Sam had pulled down the

shades, he introduced the man to his wife as, "Joe Murry, a pal of mine from Chicago."

"What in the world are you doing in this little town?" inquired Sam.

"Oh, I found out you were living here; so I thought it would be a good place to stay until the excitement caused by my last job blows over," relied Joe.

"But I can't let you stay here," Sam cried. "What do you suppose my boss and friends would think if I kept a thief in my house?"

"If you keep still about it, nobody will ever find it out. Who would look for me in a place like this? If you won't let me stay, I will get out, but don't be surprised if people find out what you were before you came here," threatened Joe.

After Sam had thought the situation over, he decided to run the risk of letting Joe stay at his house, rather than lose what he had worked for so long to obtain.

Everything went along smoothly for three weeks, but Joe was getting restless. One night he asked Sam if his boss did much business.

"He usually takes in about five or six thousand dollars a week," replied Sam.

"Let's you and I rob his safe, divide the money, and then I'll beat it. Nobody will suspect you," suggested Joe.

"No, I couldn't do it, Joe," Sam replied firmly. "I promised my wife that I would give up that sort of life. I couldn't do it and neither could I let you rob the man who has fed and clothed my wife and I for the past three years."

"Well, if you can't let me do it, you know what I will do," threatened Joe.

"I can't help that, Joe," said Sam grimly. "I'm going to tell the boss anyway. I'm going over to his house now, and if you're here when I get back, you will be taking your own chances. I'm not going to let you hold that over me any longer."

Sam went at once to his employer's house and rapped on the door. Lowell came out to the door and after recognizing Sam, asked him to come in.

When they were seated, Sam could think of no way to break the news to Mr. Lowell. He merely sat on the edge of his chair and twirled his cap on one finger. Finally he mustered his courage and blurted out, "I came over here tonight, Mr. Lowell, to make a confession. Three years ago I was living in Chicago, and I got my living by robbing safes. I met a girl who made me give up that life and earn an honest living. We came to this town, and I was lucky enough to

get a job with you. Everything went well until a few weeks ago when one of my former friends from Chicago came to my house, and threatened to expose me if I didn't let him stay with me for a time. Tonight he wanted me to help him rob you. I refused; so he told me that he'd tell you all about my former life. I came over here tonight, and I am telling you about it, rather than let him rob the man who has supported my wife and I for the last three years. Now you can do what you see fit."

Sam felt much relieved now that he had told the story, even though it did mean starting all over again in some new town.

"I've got a confession to make to you, Sam," said Mr. Lowell. "I knew who you were a week after I had hired you. A man came in one day and recognized you, and told me who you were. It made no difference to me what you had been as long as you did your work well and were honest. Now you can go home satisfied and tell Joe to get out of town before the police are notified."

Sam humbly thanked Mr. Lowell and went home. His wife met him at the door and told him, that Joe had taken the eleven-thirty train out of town.

Sam was now free from all cares and worries of having his past revealed.

—V. C. M., '36

Found! A Mother

Rat-a-tat-tat! came the demanding knock on the cabin door. As it was a knock she had been expecting, Ma Steward bustled to open the door. She was glad Pa and Dickey weren't there, as she wanted a chance to talk to her visitor alone. The lady who walked in was tall and very well dressed. Her features were delicately molded, and she would have been handsome but for a look of sorrow in her deep blue eyes.

That night when Richard Steward came home to the little cabin in the mountains, he found in his mother's spotless kitchen a very aristocratic looking lady, whom his mother introduced as Mrs. Livingston. When Dickey questioned Ma Steward about their guest, she gave him no explanation except that Mrs. Livingston, whose health was very poor, hoped that the mountain air in the spring would help her.

"Gee," said Dickey, who longed to go to college, "I wish I had

her money. Maybe I'd spend it trying to regain my health in the mountains." This last was said scornfully.

Six miles down the mountain side, there was a small village, whose pride and joy was its little high school. This was the fourth and last year Dickey was to trudge down the mountain every day to receive his education.

Richard's favorite study was geometry. Many a night after the rest of the household had retired, and while the spring rains were pattering down outside, Dickey would sit by the flickering lamp light and figure out originals—originals that even his geometry teacher couldn't solve.

When at last he did go to bed, he would lie awake and chuckle, thinking how he would keep his college professors in hot water trying to solve his originals—if he could only go to college. Then his mind would come back to his surroundings, to Ma and Pa Steward, who had adopted him when he was two weeks old, how they had always been so good to him, and how they would send him to college if there were any possible way. Sometimes, but not often, he wondered about his real mother. He knew she was still living, but never asked about her for fear of hurting the feelings of his foster parents. More often he wondered about Mrs. Livingston. Why should a woman of her position choose to stay at their poor little cabin, and why was she always watching and inquiring into his affairs so closely?

"She makes me nervous," he would grumble, and then he would fall off to sleep.

One sunny afternoon after the spring thaw had well set in, Mrs. Livingston told Ma Steward that, as it was such a beautiful day, she was going for a walk. Black clouds hung over the top of the mountains, but these she didn't see.

Under some unknown influence, Mrs. Livingston was happier lately. The haunted look had gone from her eyes, and she walked with a quick, brisk step.

So, with her heart singing, Mrs. Livingston followed the trail to the north, which wound among the towering pines. Here was a wilderness in all its austere grandeur—the last frontier in every touch. The mile-high hills rose up in bold, sweeping slants. The great trees upon their skirts roared and sang two hundred feet up in the mist filled air.

At four o'clock that afternoon the black clouds that had been hanging over the mountain top rose up and let forth their torrent of rain. At six o'clock when Dickey arrived home, Ma Steward with a white face and trembling hands opened the door to let him in.

"What's the matter?" asked Dickey, seeing how excited she was. "You weren't worried over me, were you? I've been out in

lots worse storms than this."

"No," said Ma, "but Mrs. Livingston is up in the mountains some where, and I'm worried for fear she is hurt or something. She has had plenty of time to get back."

"Well, I don't think I'd care much if she never got back."

Dickey really had learned to care a lot for Mrs. Livingston, but because of her abundance of money and his lack of it there was a barrier between them that couldn't be broken.

"Oh! please don't talk that way."

"Well, I don't." Dickey was inclined to be stubborn.

"But, b-but—Oh! Dickey, dear, she's your mother!"

"Mother! What d' you mean?" he demanded angrily. His face flushed, then blanched. Then as he realized what she meant, he sank back into his chair with a groan.

A long moment passed while he sat with his tousled head in his hands, pondering what to do. She was his mother. He couldn't let her perish out in this storm.

"But," he thought, "what has she ever done for me?"

He pondered only a short time; then he jumped up, snatched his hat and coat, and stumbled out into the storm. Ma thought she heard him mumble something that sounded like, "Can't stand this—probably on the very top."

Rushing along through the pelting rain, with all his boyish strength Dickey started up the mountain, calling at frequent intervals. When he was half way up the rocky slope he stopped, called, listened, and called again. Surely he had heard something! There must have been an answer! Or was it the thunder of the river in the ravine? Was it the echo of his own anxiety? If he didn't find her——. He must find her! She would perish in this storm! Night was approaching; it had approached. The heavy, dusky, black, a sinister background for the raging river, had closed down around him. He called once more. Ah! Over to the left there had been a very faint answer.

On a couch in the cabin living room a few hours later, Mrs. Livingston was still fighting the storm.

"I can't faint, I must get back and give my Dickey money. He's got to go to college."

Dickey, who had sunk into a chair in a dark corner, jumped up.

"I am going!" he cried, "she is my mother! She does care!"

. . . Poetry . . .

Fishing

On a hazy day 'bout the time of May,
When the sun's in a shroudy mist
To a babbling brook in a shady nook
Let me go where I can't resist.

Where you hear the drone of the lazy flies
See a fish when he comes for bait
And with heart that pounds and with joy
that bounds
You pull up your line too late.

Around the bend where the shadows blend
You come on to your heart's desire
A washed-out bank where the water's dank
With no trace of mud and mire.

With a look that seems not a bit serene
You cast out your line again;
With a fresh new bait you lie in wait
For reward of your toil unseen.

Soon you feel below on the end of your line
There's a nibble your thoughts intrude.
Then he's gone again, and the line is slack,
And you're left in a cursing mood.

You dare not stir or make a noise,
For again he's approaching the bait
Then he strikes the hook and out of the
brook
Comes a trout of most two pounds' weight.

As he flops and twists and attempts to re-
sist,
He's a prize of which you are proud;
And you're sure to fret til he's in the net
And you've shown him to the crowd.

Now you can take all you're Sunday trips
But to me give a day like this.
In a shady nook by a babbling brook
Let me try my skill on the fish.

H. F. B. '37

A Wish

Have you expressed the wish that you were
dead

When everything seemed wrong instead of
right?

You must forget your troubles one and all,
And start anew with courage, cheer, and
strength

To carry out a wish sincere and true.
The thing to do is sing a song for luck,
An end of blues is made by singing songs.
It won't be long before you'll find a change;
The life which seemed so blue will disap-
pear,

And in its place will be a pleasant one,
Not one of grief, distress, and sadness, too.
If things around your home seem out of
tune,

The one to put them back in place is YOU.
If you're the one who has not made a wish,
Wish NOW, and put the whole world into
tune.

D. N. M. '36

The Eagle

The eagle circled o'er the waters blue,
With sharp black eyes upon the rolling
waves,

When suddenly a fish he saw below.
A silver flash, the eagle rose aloft
On mighty pinions far above the clouds
To reach his nest, the young were waiting
there

With open mouths. Unsatisfied they wait
For suddenly, while through the mists he
soared

A startling shot the morning stillness
broke,

And this majestic bird, all lifeless, dropped
A prey to what some people term as sport.

E. M. H. '36

Night

The blustery wind moaned through the
rain-drenched boughs,
And autumn leaves fell sadly down to
earth.
There were no stars to light the gloomy
sky,
The moon was but a distant spectre wan,
And I—I dreamed before the dying coals.
I saw a figure clothed in vesture white
Steal softly through the door and kneel be-
side
The ancient chair where Grandpa used to
sit
So long ago. And there I heard her croon
The old, sweet words of songs he knew and
loved.
And then, her face in smiles of rapture
wreathed,
She rose; and as a log moved on the fire,
I 'woke and saw an eerie figure glide
Into the night.

W. M. H. '36

Dawn

When dawn is breaking o'er the hills of
green,
And sunny morns bring cloudless days of
joy,
I often think of men who lose the thrill
Of hunting deer and lordly moose in fall,
And whipping brooks and lakes for trout
in spring.
Who ne'er have felt the urge to follow
geese,
When they are flying high and honking
loud
On weary trips to North and South each
year;
And wonder why they feel no urge to roam
The forests green where God himself is
near.

R. W. B. '36

Don't Expect

Though you've worked for years in strife,
And you've carried on a life
That would quickly break the ablest of
them all;
Don't expect a rainbow's end
When you've turned 'round life's last bend,
'Cause your share in the fortune will be
small.

Though you've helped out every neighbor,
And you've wielded sword and saber
In a way that ought to win the war alone
Don't think when you get back
That you'll find a poke of Jack,
'Cause you're lucky if you even find a
home.

Though you've stood for days in rain,
And endured the cold and pain
With a pal who has been frozen by your
side,
When your duty post you've left
Of your honor you're bereft
And you're lucky that you didn't lose your
hide.

But there's one thing we can think
When we've crossed o'er life's last brink,
And our name in long forgotten on the roll
There's a place 'way up above
Where they have a word of love
That's put there just to sooth our weary
soul.

H. F. B. '37

**SENIOR CLASS**

Randall Baker
 Clair Bradstreet
 Bernice Dow
 Winnie Hall
 Earle Hammond
 Francis Jones-President
 Frank Lee
 Leone Libby-Vice President
 Vincent Mason
 Doris Mitchell-Secretary and Treasurer

JUNIOR CLASS

Althea Baker
 Marguerite Bessey-Secretary and Treasurer
 Alberta Bradstreet
 Donald Bradstreet
 Harland Brown
 Luona Cookson
 Eva Crosby
 Phyllis Faulkner
 Kenneth Foster
 Elizabeth Hammond
 Mandel Harding
 Lillian Hunt
 Betty Knowlton
 Louise Libby-Vice President
 Harold Littlefield-President

Marjorie Stearns
 Imogene Young
 Donald Marks

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Doris Belden
 Richard Bickmore
 John Cookson
 Lawrence Glidden
 Melvin Ireland
 Henry Mard.n-Secretary and Treasurer
 Carlton Parkhurst
 Ruth Perkins
 Virginia Rowe-President
 Juanita Scates
 Archie Sennett
 Mildred Willoughby-Vice President

FRESHMAN CLASS

Edward Bagley
 Opal Baker-Secretary and Treasurer
 Christine Bessey
 Cecil Bradstreet-President
 Harold Crosby
 Kathryn Noyes-Vice President
 Winston Ross
 Bertha Russell
 Romaine Sennett



DRAMATICS

The drama, "From Shoat Gap to Harvard," was presented by the seniors at the Grange Hall on March 20. It was coached by Mr. Sherman. The cast was as follows:

Emmy Hammett.....	Doris Mitchell
Julia Hammett.....	Bernice Dow
Ed Hammett.....	Frank Lee
Mack Ewers.....	Randall Baker
Lum Martin.....	Earle Hammond
Sammy Smith.....	Clair Bradstreet
Charlene Clark.....	Virginia Rowe
Sonny Burch.....	Vincent Mason
Audrey Sayles.....	Winnie Hall
Miss Palmer.....	Ruth Perkins
Brunhilda Hellmann.....	Leone Libby
Mrs. Oaks.....	Alberta Bradstreet
Archie Thornhill.....	Francis Jones
Miss Burke.....	Alberta Bradstreet

Prize Speaking

The semi-finals of Junior Prize Speaking were held at the school house in the fall. All the members of the junior class took part. Of them were chosen to speak at the finals: Elizabeth Hammond, Marjorie Stearns, Lillian Hunt, Phyllis Faulkner, Alberta Bradstreet, and Louise Libby. At the finals, held at the I. O. O. F. Hall in December, 1935, the prizes were awarded as follows: First, Lillian Hunt; Second, Elizabeth Hammond; Third, Alberta Bradstreet; Honorable Mention, Louise Libby.

The winner of this contest, Lillian Hunt, will participate in the Spear County Contest at Gardiner, April 29, 1936.

Junior Play

The drama, "Out of the Ark Came Noah," coached by Mr. Monroe, will be presented by the juniors at the Grange Hall during Commencement week. The cast will be as follows:

Noah Bennett.....	Harland Brown
Mr. George McElwane.....	Donald Bradstreet
Franz Arnold.....	Harold Littlefield
Terry Malone.....	Mandel Harding
Dawson.....	Donald Marks
Julia McElwane.....	Louise Libby
Billy Bob Vance.....	Elizabeth Hammond
Mrs. O'Leary.....	Alberta Bradstreet
Lenore Maitland.....	Eva Crosby
Martha Lee.....	Betty Knowlton
Madelle Lebow.....	Imogene Young
Maggie.....	Luona Cookson
Basca.....	Althea Baker

Freshman Reception

The sophomores entertained the freshmen in the early fall at the Grange Hall. The evening started off with stunts by the freshmen.

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

Socials

The school held one social in the early fall with the students of Unity High School and Freedom Academy as guests. Dancing and games were enjoyed.

Our school also attended socials at Unity and Freedom.



Ten names have appeared on the honor roll this year. They have had an average of B (or above) consistently. They are as follows:

Lillian Hunt
 Elizabeth Hammond
 Harland Brown
 Marguerite Bessey
 Opal Baker
 Virginia Rowe
 Kathryn Noyes
 Henry Marden
 Louise Libby
 Leone Libby

Student Council

This year the Student Council consisted of twelve members—four seniors, four juniors, two sophomores, and two freshmen. They are as follows:

Francis Jones.....	President
Leone Libby.....	Vice-President
Doris Mitchell.....	Secretary
Frank Lee	
Louise Libby	Mildred Willoughby
Betty Knowlton	Henry Marden
Eva Crosby	Kathryn Noyes
Marjorie Stearns	Edward Bagley

Earle Hammond has acted as Treasurer this year.

The Student Council planned the two dramas and socials. All of the athletic business was in their hands.

Basketball



Basketball Season (Girls)

Due to the fact that three of our best players graduated last year, we were unable to become the championship team this season. However, we won thirteen of the eighteen games scheduled. Further proof of the team's ability is shown by the fact that we had to play the tie

off with Unity for the Northern division of Waldo County. This game gave us the privilege to play with Winterport, the champions of the southern division.

Not only within our league has our team's ability been recognized, but even beyond its limits; for this year Besse was again chosen for the fourth consecutive time to compete in the Lawrence tournament at Fairfield.

With this year's experience, our team, made up of some players who have had at least one year and others with three year's of training, should look forward to the pleasing prospects of a successful season next year.

Girls making letters this year are as follows: Captain Libby, Crosby, Willoughby, Manager Stearns, Bradstreet, Scates, Rowe, Mitchell, Young, and Noyes.

Here are the summaries of our games played this season:

	Besse	Opponents
Liberty (there)	23	8
Freedom (there)	25	31
	Forfeited to Besse	
Fairfield (there)	24	12
Brooks (there)	46	23
Fairfield (here)	15	11
Norridgewock (there)	19	17
Brooks (here)	26	13
Erskine (there)	33	24
Winslow (there)	20	35
Monroe (there)	40	20
Unity (here)	25	17
Unity (there)	10	18
Erskine (here)	26	24
Unity (at Oakland)	13	11
Winterport (there)	26	34
Winterport (there)	21	31
Williams (Fairfield tournament)	10	32
Norridgewock (here)	16	13



Basketball Season (Boys)

Starting our basketball season the last of October with eight letter men, we were in hopes of developing a championship team. By the sudden deaths of Raymond Willett and Walter Crommett our hopes were somewhat lowered. Clair Bradstreet, another strong member of the team, became ineligible to play, giving us another setback. More hard luck followed; we had to forfeit two of our games. Because of this we lost our chance of winning the championship of this end of the league.

Although some of our players are graduating, we hope to build a strong team next season.

A summary of our season's victories and defeats follows:

	Besse	Opponents
Liberty (there)	56	19
	Forfeited to Liberty	
Freedom (there)	26	15
	Forfeited to Freedom	
Fairfield (there)	26	28
Brooks (there)	52	42
Fairfield (here)	30	16
Norridgewock (there)	26	30
Brooks (here)	48	18
Erskine (there)	31	22
Winslow (there)	21	56
Monroe (there)	37	32
Unity (here)	31	16
Unity (there)	26	15
Winslow (here)	36	30
Erskine (here)	31	21
Norridgewock (here)	30	29

baseball



Baseball Season '35

The baseball boys of 1935 romped through a successful season, winning eight of the nine games played. Unity gave us the most opposition, tying us for the championship of the northern division of the league. Choosing Freedom's diamond for the play-off, we came home victorious by a narrow margin. This win gave us the chance to play Stockton for the cup. We beat them at Belfast, our victory making us Waldo County League Champions.

We were successful in our fall games also, winning them all.

Here is our regular line up: Pitcher, Willett; Catcher, Lee; First base, Jones; Second base, Reynolds; Third base, Mason; Shortstop, Brown; Left field, Baker; Center field, Coffin; Right field, Ireland.

Subs were: Marks, Crommett, and Littlefield.

Here is the summary of our 1935 games:

	Besse	Opponents
Erskine (here)	10	6
Brooks (there)	15	9
Freedom (here)	13	1
Unity (here)	1	4
Unity (there)	9	3
Brooks (here)	11	0
Freedom (there)	13	5
Unity (at Freedom)	12	10
Stockton (at Belfast)	21	11

Fall Games:

Freedom (here)	8	7
Freedom (there)	12	6
Erskine (there)	4	1
Erskine (here)	14	5

Baseball Season '36

With so much of the strength of our baseball team depending on the effective pitching of Raymond Willett, we felt hopeful of winning the championship in baseball again this season. Then came the shock of his sudden death a few weeks after school started last fall. This followed as it was by the death of Walter Crommett, another strong member of our team, was our first misfortune. Our hard luck streak was not yet ended, however. Two of the players from last year's championship team are ineligible for competition this season.

This means that we must start at the bottom again and build a team from underclassmen. Although we will not have much time to build an effective team this year, judging from the quality of those working out, we ought to provide strong opposition next season.



Mr. Monroe—"How many make a dozen?"

Henry—"Twelve."

Mr. Monroe—"How many make a million?"

Henry—"Very few."

Millie—"I just got taken in one of those clip joints."

Young—"How much did they get out of you?"

Millie—"Seventy-five cents for a hair cut."

Christine—"Do you believe in capital punishment?"

Winston—"Can't say. You know I don't follow these labor problems."

Romaine—"I heard something nice about you today."

Phyllis—"Yes?"

Romaine—"Yes, a friend of mine said you resembled me."

Bernice—"What's the most common impediment in the speech of the American people?"

Ruth—"Chewing gum."

Elizabeth—"What do you think of my argument?"

Mr. Sherman—"It was sound, very sound-in fact, there was nothing but sound to it."

Opal—"I could have listened to that opera forever."

Belden—"You'd have had to if you wanted to understand what they were singing about."

Principal—"This theme surely is poor. Where did you get your subject matter?"

Vincent—"From your lectures."

Clair—"I write a poem in ten minutes and think nothing of it."

Doris—"Probably everyone else thinks the same."

Harold Littlefield—"I had whiskers like yours once, and when I realized how it made me look, I cut them off b'gosh."

Francis—"Wal—I hed a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew these whiskers, by heck."

Christine Bessey—"Won't you kiss me, dear?"

Vincent—"No, No!"

Christine Bessey—"Goody—Goody. Two negatives make an affirmative."

Miss Longfellow—"Give the definition of a vacant look. For instance, when a girl has a vacant look."

Harland—"When a girl has a vacant look, it means that some man is occupying her mind."

Miss Longfellow—"What is a synonym?"

Christine—"A word you use when you can't spell the other one."

Lonnie—"What are you thinking about?"

Archie—"Thanks for the compliment."

Lillian—"How did you get so round shouldered?"

Althea—"Winding up the phonograph for my daily dozen records."

Winnie—"Shall we waltz?"

Frank—"It's all the same to me."

Winnie—"Yes, I've noticed that."

Mr. Monroe—"You all know that heat causes an object to expand and cold causes it to contract. Now I want someone to give me a good example."

Luona, hesitatingly—"Well, in the summer the day is long, and in the winter it is short."

Foster—"Does your dog chase cows?"

Earl—"No, he's a bull dog."

Carlton—"Hey, you dropped something."

Mandel—"Yeah?"

Carlton—"Well, I'll swear I heard your footfall,"

Willoughby—"What is the matter with you tonight anyway?"

Marden—"I got an awful stomach ache."

Willoughby—"How did you get it?"

Marden—"Trying to put too many square meals into a round stomach."

Virginia—"You're like the Mississippi River."

Clair—"How's that?"

Virginia—"You're narrow at the head and wide at the mouth."

Cecil—"What is it that every young girl wants to know?"

Noyes—"Tell me, I give up."

Cecil—"More."

Marjorie—"Say Eva, there's a splinter in the cottage cheese."

Eva—"What do you want for a dime, the whole cottage?"

Louise—(discussing a basket ball game)—"What did you say they were doing with the ball?"

Alberta—"Jungling," (juggling).

Miss Longfellow—"Mr. Ireland, you may stay 2 hours after school."

Mr. Ireland—(Turning around and writing on the black board)—"I got a feelin' you're foolin'."

Mr. Brown—(earnestly)—"You know if you had two more brains you'd be a _____."

Miss———(eagerly) "A what?"

Mr. Brown—"A half wit."

Mr. Sherman—"Donald Bradstreet, what are the four elements always found in Dicken's stories?"

Donald—"Unfortunate child, horrible character, some characters that fit in anywhere and a melody (medley) of good characters."

Mr. Sherman—"This is the fifth time this week I've had to keep you after school for being tardy. What have you got to say?"

Harold Crosby—"I'm glad it's Friday."

Mr. Sherman—"Why were the early days called the Dark ages?"

Bickmore—"Because of all of the Knights."

Miss Longfellow—"What is the moon made of?"

Bertha—"Green cheese."

Miss Longfellow—"It must be petrified cheese, then."

Mr. Sherman—(History class—"Didn't you know that Christopher Columbus came over 2,000 miles on a galleon. (galleon—meaning a ship).

John Cookson—"Sure, but I don't believe all these stories about these European automobiles."

Littlefield—(being kept after school)—was given the task of writing four lines of dramatic poetry. He wrote:

"A boy was walking down the track,
The train was coming fast.
The boy stepped off the railroad track
To let the train go past."

The effort was returned with the comment that there was no drama; it was too commonplace. After long concentration Littlefield submitted the following:

"A boy was walking down the track,
The train was coming fast.
The train jumped off the railroad track,
To let the boy go past."

R. Sennett—"Is it correct to say that you 'water a horse' when he is thirsty?"

Miss Longfellow—"Sure."

R. Sennett—"Well then, I'm going to milk the cat when I get home."

Mr. Monroe—(in chemistry—"Littlefield, what do you do to find the percentage composition of $K C L O_3$?"

Littlefield—"You take K C and—"

Mr. Monroe—"What's K C?"

Littlefield—"Knights of Columbus, I guess."

Mr. Sherman—"Miss Knowlton, what was the most notable of Dr Johnson's writings?"

Miss Knowlton—(blushing)—"Letter to Lord Chesterfield."

Johnny studied chemistry
But he studies it no more
For what he took for H_2O
Was H_2SO_4 .

WE WONDER

If Stearns ever wears stockings.
If Belden is as shy as when she entered B.
H. S.
If Knowlton ever uses Chesterfields.
If Louise Libby uses cosmetics.
If M. Harding ever chews tobacco.
If Lee ever gets tired of school.
If H. Crosby ever whispers.
If Earle Hammond will ever be President.
If E. Bagley ever wore hair ribbons.
If Young is quiet down to Gould's.
If Brown and Ireland can make up their
minds to go to Unity or Freedom.
How long it takes Lillian to come to school
on Napoleon.
Who copies most in chemistry class.
If R. Sennett likes publicity.
If Besse will miss the seniors.
If Hall needs to wear glasses.
If Harold Crosby will ever propose.
Why J. Cookson is so slow.
Why Mr. Monroe says 'No', when asked if
our papers are corrected.
What D. Bradstreet would do in a school
for boys alone.
Who Winnie's next boy friend will be.
Why Romaine Sennett giggles so.
Why the freshmen are so green.
What Mr. Monroe would do if everybody
had his chemistry lesson.
If Leone Libby ever diets.
If Richard Bickmore will ever weigh 200.
If V. Rowe will ever be an old maid.
If R. Sennett could sit still 2 minutes.
If Miss Longfellow can really talk French.
If Marguerite Bessey will ever be the
champion heavyweight.
If Lillian Hunt ever flirted.
If Earle Hammond ever called on Louise.
If Doris Mitchell ever knows her geometry.
If Louise Libby ever put a tack in Mit-
chell's seat.

What Would Happen If:

- A. Baker should write a letter in school.
- R. Baker should write two letters to the same girl.
- Belden should become somebody's girl-friend.
- C. Bessey should become a pianist.
- M. Bessey should go to a dance.
- Bickmore should study his lesson.
- A. Bradstreet should grow fat.
- Cecil Bradstreet should sit still 5 minutes.
- Clair Bradstreet should lose his speech.
- John Cookson should forget his playthings.
- Harold Crosby should come to school on time.
- Faulkner should get an "A" on a theme.
- Hall should snicker in geometry class.
- Earle Hammond should pay \$.03 postage on a letter.
- Hunt should win a race with Napoleon.
- Ireland should play baseball.
- Jones should call on the doctor.
- Knowlton should reduce.
- Leone Libby should get mad at "Don" Bradstreet.
- Littlefield should not go to the Taylor's" on Saturday night.
- Marks should stay home on Saturday night.
- Mason should keep his temper for a whole day.
- Mitchell should talk as fast as C. Bessey.
- Perkins should miss a barn dance.
- Ross should talk loud.
- Rowe should keep as quiet as M. Bessey.
- Russell should become "French."
- Elizabeth Hammond should stay after school.
- R. Sennett should forget to talk.
- Scates should be seen on the street with Harold Crosby.
- Stearns should stay in nights.
- Willoughby should be seen alone.

Name	Nickname	Age	Favorite Hobby	Ambition
Cecil Bradstreet	"Cece"	? Old enough to know better but doesn't	Fooling Keeping up with the Bradstreets	Hasn't decided To be a housewife
Leone Libby	"Joe"	Too young	Row(e)ing	To be a minister
Clair Bradstreet	"Cluck"	Doesn't worry her	Singing	To be a nurse
Virginia Rowe	"Ginger"	Old enough to graduate	Going to the Doctor's	To be a Doctor's son-in-law
Francis Jones	"Frye"	Can't tell by his teeth	Chewing gum	To learn how to cook
Mandel Harding	"Cook"	Childish	Writing letters	To have an airplane to go to Unity in
Randall Baker	"Red"			
Eva Crosby	"Crosby"	Just the right age	Dancing	To be a musician
Betty Knowlton	"Bet"	Too old to reform	Smoking	To cultivate her voice
Winnie Hall	"Win"	Unsophisticated	Glid(den)ing	To become a Glidden
Donald Marks	"Harpo"	Just a cute kid	Criticizing	To be a great lover
Seniors	"Babies"	Older but no wiser	Whispering	To get a diploma
Ruth Perkins	"Rufus"	Ask Lester	Going to Saturday night dances	To be called "Ma Perkins"
Melvin Ireland	"Mel"	An old bachelor	Flirting	Hard to distinguish
Harold Crosby	"Fat"	Ask mamma	Arriving late	To never be tardy
Harland Brown	"Harl"	Anonymous	Petting	To become a second "Dizzy" Dean
Richard Bickmore	"Bick"	Young and foolish	To grow tall	To be in comic strips
Vincent Mason	"Vin."	Changeable	Writing notes	To have a girl that doesn't chase other boys
Marguerite Bessey	"Greta"	Ordinary	Studying	To gain weight
Doris Belden	"Dot"	Experienced	Keeping still	To be a basketball star
John Cookson	"Johnny"	Age of rest	Sleeping	To pass in French
Mildred Willoughby	"Millie"	Younger than she acts	Being "frank"	To be a Lee
Marjorie Stearns	"Blondie"	Try and find out	Necking	To be a hair dresser
Romaine Sennett	"Tee Hee"	Old maidish (?)	Giggling	To be a Baker
Kathryn Noyes	"Kay"	Not as old as she thinks	Being inquisitive	To keep a man
Bertha Russell	"Bert"	Worth knowing	Writing letters to "Frenchie"	To amount to something
Juanita Scates	"Charlie"	Uncertain	Walking the streets at a late hour	Not much

BESSE'S OWN

Refined	Louise Libby
Original	Vincent Mason
Timid	Harold Crosby
Humorous	Melvin Ireland
Polite	Francis Jones
Optimistic	V. Rowe and A. Bradstreet
Capable	Leone Libby
Brilliant	Opal Baker
Studious	Bernice Dow
Friendly	Kathryn Noyes
Agreeable	Winston Ross
Musician	Eva Crosby
Talker	Romaine Sennett
Singer	Betty Knowlton
Worker	Ruth Perkins
Helper	Elizabeth Hammond
Orator	Harland Brown
Smart Girl	Marguerite Bessey

To the Flapper

Blessings on thee, little dame,
 Bareback girl with knees the same,
 With thy rolled down silken hose
 And thy short, transparent clothes
 With thy red lips, reddened more,
 Smear'd with lipstick from the store;
 With thy make-up on thy face,
 And thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace,
 From my heart I give thee joy,
 Glad that I was born a boy.

(The Pathfinder)

To the Shieks

Blessings on thee, grown up boy,
 Whom to parents seem most coy
 With thy waved and sta-combed hair
 And thy million dollar air
 When thou art at all the dances,
 Slip the flappers cunning glances;
 When we look thee in thy face,
 And behold thy jaunty grace.
 From my heart I tell the world
 I'm glad I was born a girl.

(The Pathfinder)

A is for Alberta,
Althea and Archie
They're very good friends,
But oh! how touchy.

B is for Betty,
So wide and so short,
For Bernice and Bertha,
Who study a lot.

C is for Christine,
Cec, Carlton, and Clair;
They're such good companions,
That their friendship is rare.

D is for the Donalds,
Who their rights assert;
And also the Dorises,
Who are always alert.

E is for Elizabeth,
Eva, Edward, and Earle;
Eddie's such a sissy,
You'd think him a girl!

F is for Francis,
And also for Frank,
Neither of whom
You could call any crank.

G is for Great,
That's what we all are;
Of other schools in games,
We knock out the tar!

H is for the Harolds,
There are two, you know;
And Henry and Harland,
Who work about so.

I is for one girl,
Her name's Imogene,
As quiet a miss
As ever you've seen.

J's for Juanita,
Who plays basketball;
And also for Johnny,
Who never'll be tall.

K is for Kenneth
And Kathryn, too;
The way she and Mas act
Makes one feel blue!

L is for Luona,
Lillian, and Louise,
For Leone and Lawrence,
Oh, boy, can they tease!

M is for Mel, Marj,
Millie and Marg'rite,
With Mandel they make
As good crowd as you'd meet.

N is for Noise,
Most inconceivable;
The amount we make
Is unbelievable!

O is for Opal,
A smart Latin student;
She's a very good friend,
So nice and so prudent.

P is for Phyllis,
So tall and so lanky;
But, despite all this,
She is very swanky.

Q is for Quizzes,
The things we despise;
When the teachers announce them,
They hear groans and sighs.

R is for Randall,
Richard, Ruth, and Romaine;
The latter acts so,
We wonder if she's sane!

S is for Studying,
Which we all do so hard;
The teachers who doubt this
Ought to be feathered and tarred!

T is for the Threats,
Which the teachers all use;
If you ask my opinion,
I call it abuse!

U is for Us
Oh, boy, are we great!
We are the best school,
We think, in the state!

V is for Vincent,
And Virginia, too;
Those who surpass these
Are only a few.

W is for Winston
 So exceedingly tall;
 And also for Winnie,
 Whose last name is Hall.

X, Y, and Z
 Bother me a lot;
 To start a name with,
 They're not the right sort.

E. A. H. '37

This world is full of miracles,
 But strangest of these all,
 Is what makes "Ham" so very short
 And Clair so very tall.

* * *

He who knows and knows he knows, is a
 senior.
 He who knows and knows not that he
 knows, is a junior.
 He who knows naught and knows he
 knows naught, is a sophomore.
 He who knows naught and knows not that
 he knows naught, is a freshman.

* * *

This world is full of funny things
 That young folks may enjoy;
 So why impose on us a task
 And try to make us poets.

The English teacher in our school
 Looked at us all and said,
 "Tomorrow we will write a poem."
 If looks could kill, he'd be dead.
 I sat and puzzled what I'd write
 To make the poem have sense;
 I could not think of a single thing,
 I was truly on the fence.

Then inspiration came to me,
 And this is what I wrote:
 "Of all the things that tire me,
 The teachers get my goat.
 Our English teacher said to write
 A poem five lines or more;
 I'm writing six, 'spose that will do?
 Gee! teachers make me sore."

C. A. H. '37

Alumni



1929

Bickmore, Robie; janitor, Albion
Hall, Harvey; at home, Albion
Marks, Bruce; farmer, Albion
Skillin, Clyde; working for McLellan
Stores, Montpelier, Vermont

1930

Emerson, Margaret Stanley; housewife,
Albion
Greeley, Theresa Nelson; teaching, Wind-
sor
Karcher, Gertrude; at home, Albion
Knight, Phillip; working, Belfast
Rowe, Stephen; farmer, Albion
Worthing, Winnifred Bradstreet; house-
wife, China
Wentworth, George; working, Andover

1931

Crommett, Geraldine; bookkeeping, Wood-
stock, New Brunswick
Dickey, Mildred Denaco; housewife, Clin-
ton
Fowler, Meta Rowe; housewife, Albion
Knight, Alice Haskell; housewife, Albion
Littlefield, George; milk tester, Kennebec
County
Nelson, Madeline; teaching, Palermo
Robinson, Kelsey; farmer, Benton
Scribner, Harvey; teaching, Benton
Worthing, Walter; at home, China

1932

Bradstreet, Frederick; at home, Albion
Champlin, Helen; working, Clinton
Crosby, Sherwin; farmer, Albion
Denaco, Katherine Mason; housewife, Al-
bion
Dow, Ervin; working, Albion
Mason, Leona; housewife, Albion
Meadar Carrol; at home, Albion
Meadar, Delmont; working, Fairfield
Russell, 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; working, Albion
Knight, Edward; working, Appleton
Leeman, Archie; at home, Palermo
Plummer, Lois; student at Univ. of Ala-
bama
Perkins, Fred; at home, Albion
Stearns, Merle; working, Sebec
Waugh, Roger; at home, Mt. Vernon
Plummer, Christine; at home, Albion

1934

Belden, Arthur; at home, Palermo
Crommett, Velma; training at E. Me. Gen.
Hospital, Bangor
Meadar, Edna Bailey; housewife, China
Reynolds, Berdina; at home, Jefferson
Ross, Maxine; student at Oak Grove, Vas-
salboro
Rowe, Priscilla; at home, Albion
Wiggins, Eric; at home, Albion
Willoughby, Freelan; at home, Palermo

1935

Brann, Leon; at home, China
Brann, Sylvia; at home, China
Champlin, Mary; working, Clinton
Coffin, Forrest; at home, Albion
Cooper, Mary; student at Westbrook Jun-
ior College, Portland
Drake, Freeland; working, Albion
Dyer, Julia; working, Augusta
Fuller, Pauline; at home, Albion
Reed, Norma; working, Albion
Reynolds, Mervyn; at home, Jefferson
Taylor, Thelma, student at Thomas Bus-
iness College, Waterville
Thurston, Catherine; student at Thomas
Business College, Waterville

Exchanges . . .

The M. C. I. Pittsfield, Maine
 Your paper is excellent in its variety of stories and its pleasing jokes.

The Scroll Charleston, Maine
 The sports write up of your paper is extremely fine. A few more poems would improve your paper.

The Microphone Hermon, Maine
 Your paper demonstrates teamwork on the part of your editorial board. We think that more jokes would be advisable.

The Messalonskee Ripple Oakland, Maine
 We think your paper is an engaging one with its lively jokes and interesting literature.

THIS AND THAT FOR THE EXCHANGES

Pick Up Your Feet

Pick up your feet, don't shuffle along;
 Raise up your head and sing a sweet song;
 Look up and smile at the people you meet,
 Lift up your head and pick up your feet.

"The Messalonskee Ripple"

* * * *

Miss Randall—(In American History Class)—"You may use this period to work on your outlines."

After a few minutes of silence.

Miss Randall: "Booker, what are you doing?"

Booker: "Listening to class discussion."

"The Microphone"

Herrick: "How do you say 'I do' in French?"

Miss MacIntyre: "You can't say it unless you put it with some other word."

Culley: "What do Frenchmen say when they get married?"

H. C. I. "Scroll"

* * * *

Them Mountaineers

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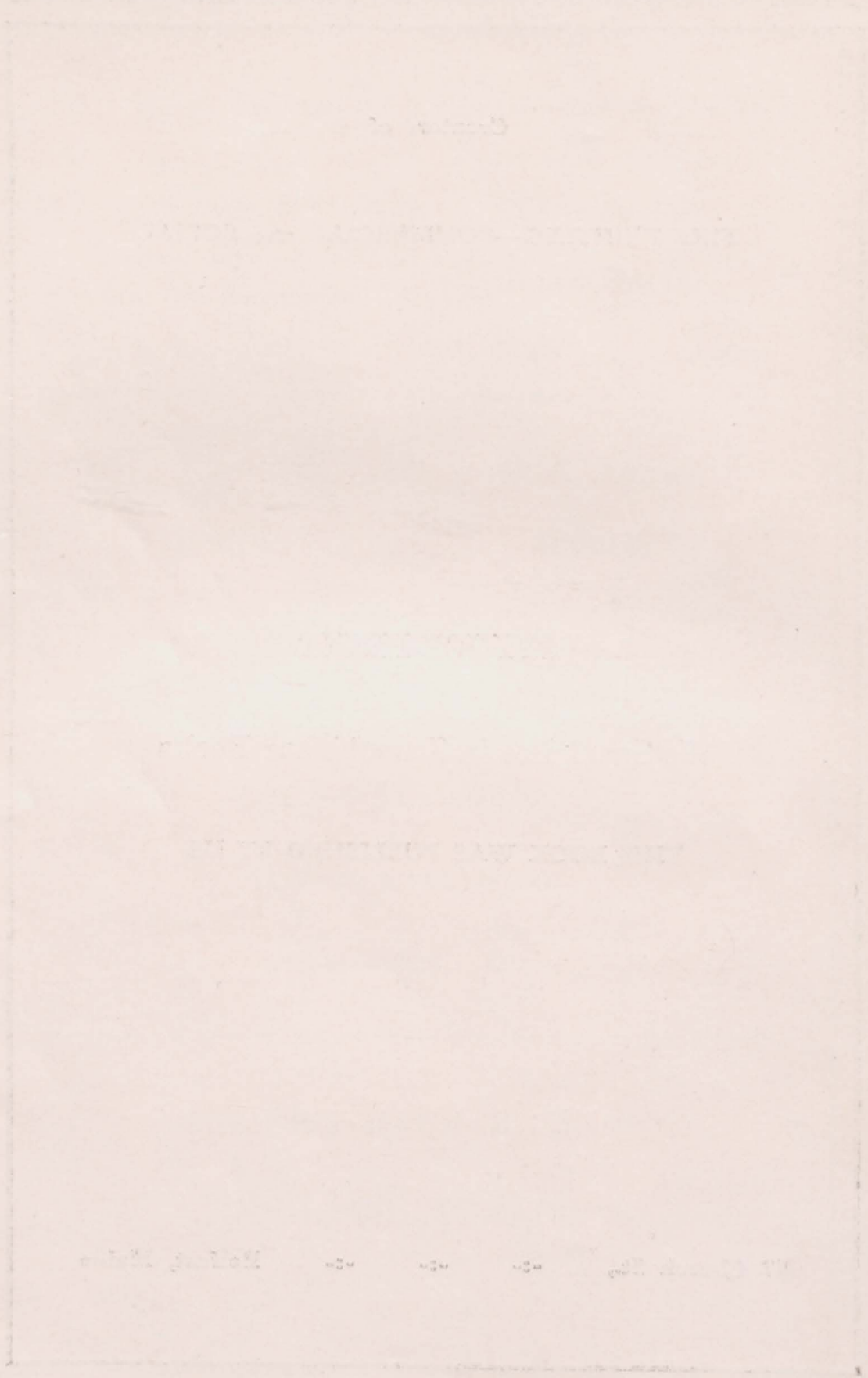
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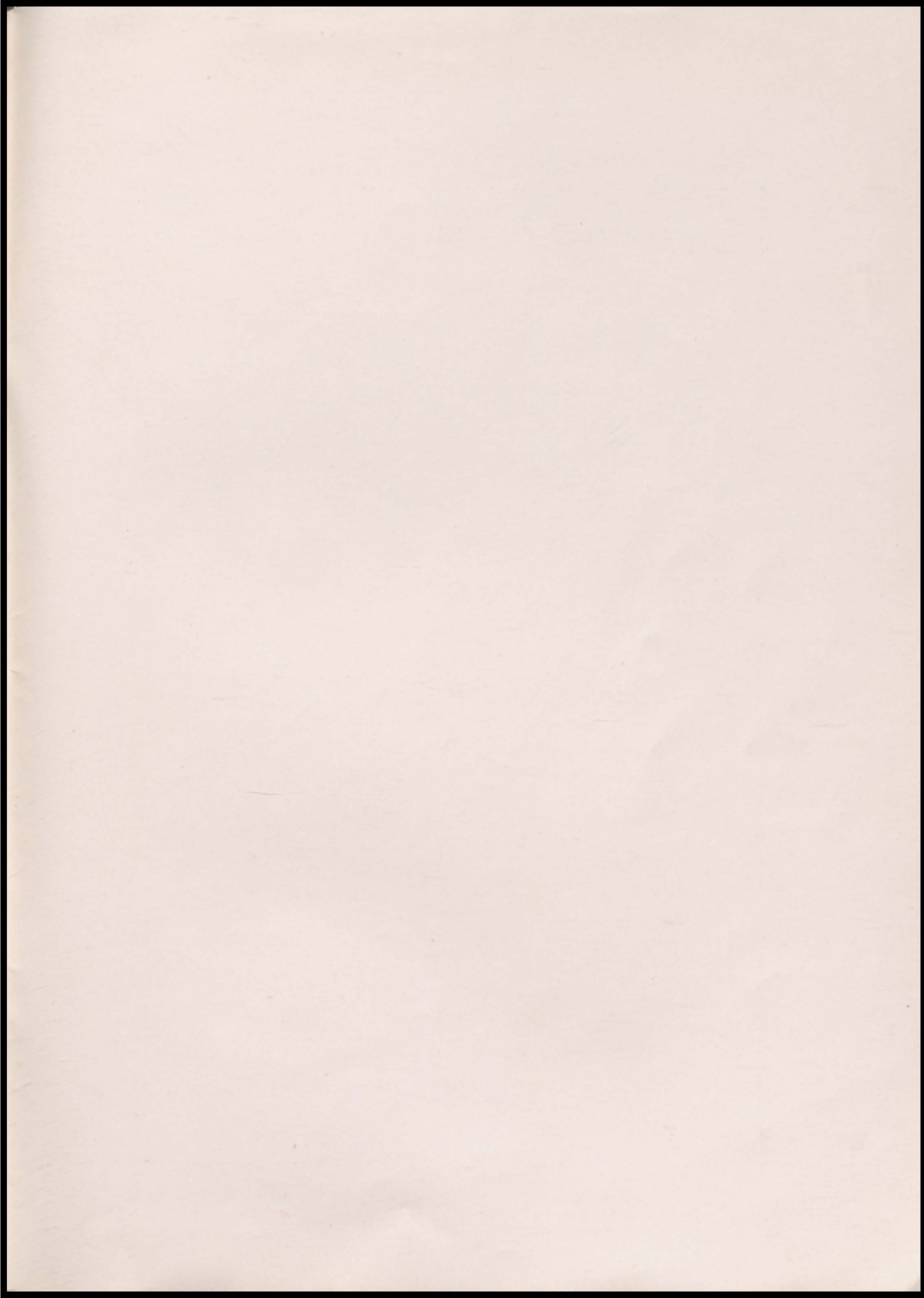
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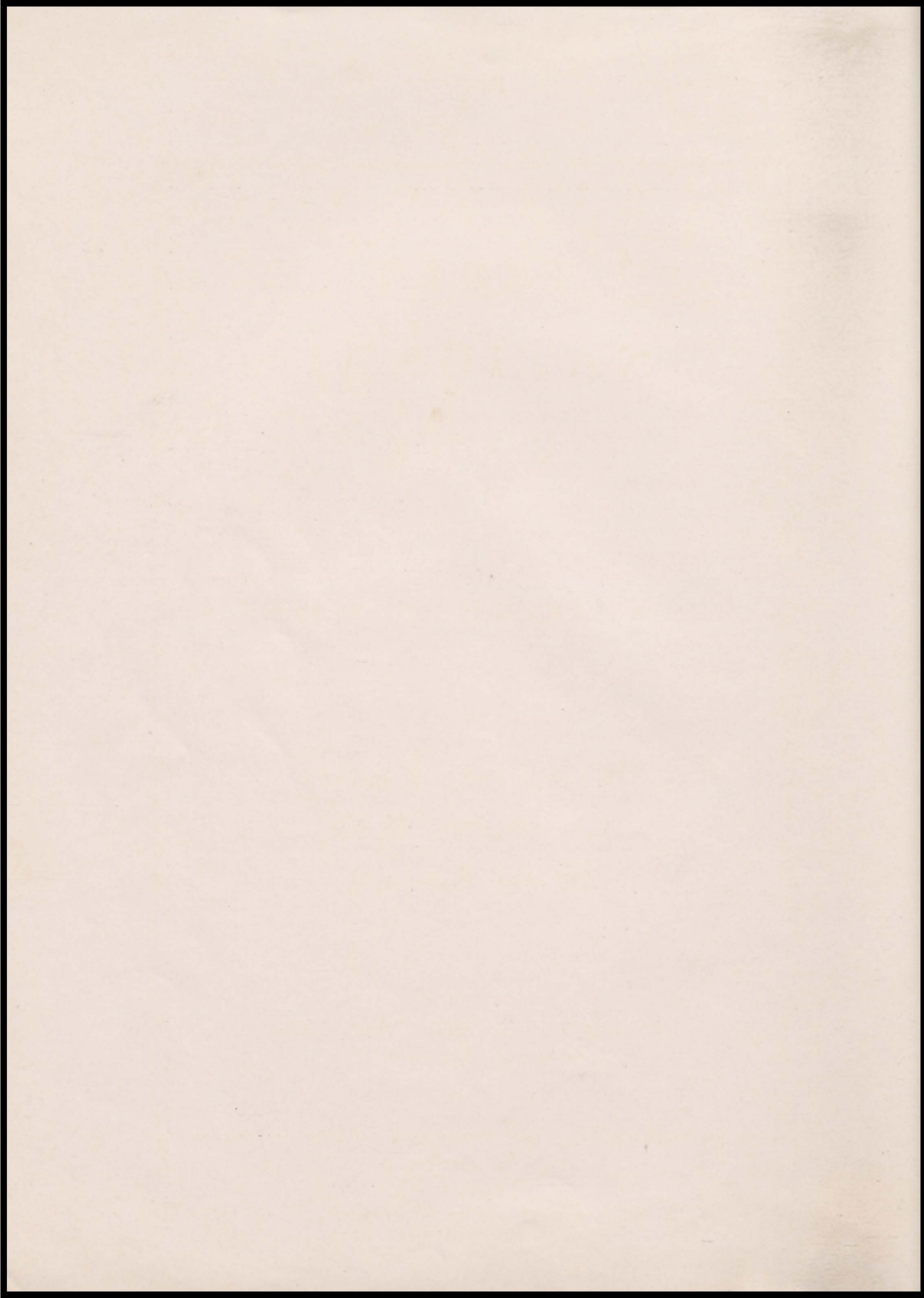
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