



**BESSE  
BREEZE**

*1937*



## *Dedication*



Miss Fuller, Assistant

Mr. Monroe, Principal

Mr. Webb, Assistant

We the students of Besse High School  
respectfully dedicate  
this issue of the Besse Breeze  
to our friends and teachers

MISS FULLER, MR. MONROE, AND MR. WEBB

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# Besse Breeze

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Volume

Number 1



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### What is the Younger Generation Coming To?

The younger people of today are having quite a discouraging time because about all the older people seem to think of us is "What is the younger generation coming to?" But the younger people are not going "to the dogs", as many people seem to think.

The youths of today are living in one of the most progressive times of history. They are witnessing the making of huge buildings, dams, bridges, airplanes, warships, zeppelins, the great increase of machine power, and the growth of great inventions. They are also looking onto one of the most turbulent political and economical periods ever known. The past year holds many exciting historical events such as: the Spanish Civil War, Europe's critical situation, the death of King George of England, the abdication of the throne by King Edward, the smashing victory of Roosevelt over the Republicans, the Peace Conference at Buenos Aires, and innumerable others.

This generation is supposed to be breaking all the morals of their fore-fathers, but the records show that schools and colleges are full of students, eager to acquire the knowledge necessary to make a success in the world.

So, the next time, when somebody asks you, "What is the younger generation coming to?" just answer, "It is headed towards a finer and more intelligent understanding of life".

—E. A. H. '37.

### Class Spirit

Class spirit is essential in every class. It is not a spirit required for only one member in a class, but for each member in each class.

Willingness is a good quality heading for class spirit. A willing person is always ready to do his share and some besides. Also cooperation is needed. Each classman should be willing to do his part and in return receive no extra credit. If he runs for an office and loses, he should congratulate the winner and in every way possible try to help him. If there is a person disliked in the class, a real classmate should

try to overlook his faults and show him how to mend them. The person with real class spirit shouldn't make another classmate's school life miserable, but should do his part in making the class into one big happy family.

If a class undertakes a certain job, a classmate should stick with it and help to make the job a success. He shouldn't be a quitter because the going gets hard.

The last thing I want to say is "Always remember class spirit is necessary in order for a class to carry on successfully".

—V. A. R. '38.

### SPORTSMANSHIP

Sportsmanship is stressed not only in Besse High School, but in every high school in the United States. It is an essential in all ambitious high schools.

But there are some pupils who don't even try to show this characteristic. Those who don't win a place on the first basketball or baseball team may think they don't have as much of a chance, and therefore not try. Those who live far from school and those who have to go directly home from school to work seem to think that there's no part for them to take in school affairs, and so make no effort. But these mistaken ideas can easily be changed if the pupil has the desire and determination and will take his part in school affairs.

Perhaps the best time to show one's sportsmanship, is during the basketball and baseball seasons. Not only by practicing, and trying to win a place on the team, but by attending the games in case one isn't a player and helping in every way possible.

However, sports are not the only place in which to show sportsmanship. In school plays, socials, and even in one's studies, one may show sportsmanship. Take part in everything that you can, and be a good sport in all that you do.

—A. M. B. '37.

### "Don't Lose Your head!"

At the present time we are facing one of the most disturbing periods of history. Every where we hear of the war drums sounding all over the world. People are comparing 1937 with 1916. The grave question before the nation is: "If there is war, can we stay out?" But don't believe all the war propaganda you hear, because some nations sometimes put propaganda in to make a country enter a war on their side. England and Germany did this in 1916.

If you want to do your part in keeping us out of war, don't lose your head. Keep it on your shoulders.

—E. A. H. '37.

— THE CLASS OF —



Senior Class Officers

President .....Harland Brown  
 Vice-President.....Eva Crosby  
 Secretary-Treasurer.....Marguerite Bessey

MOTTO:

Upward and Onward

Class Colors

Green and Gold

Class Flower

Talisman Rose

Class Roll:

Althea Baker  
 Marguerite Bessey  
 Alberta Bradstreet  
 Donald Bradstreet  
 Harland Brown  
 Luona Cookson

Eva Crosby  
 Phyllis Faulkner  
 Kenneth Foster  
 Laurence Glidden  
 Elizabeth Hammond  
 Mandel Harding  
 Imogene Young

Lillian Hunt  
 Betty Knowlton  
 Louise Libby  
 Harold Littlefield  
 Donald Marks  
 Marjorie Stearns





# SENIORS

**ALTHEA ANITA BAKER**

"Thea"

Busy: Writing letters  
 Always: Seeing "Red"  
 Takes delight in: Dancing to banjo music  
 Hopes to be: (Mrs.) Baker!  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Junior Play (3); Athletic Play (4); Senior Editor of "Breeze" (4) Class Will (4).

**MARGUERITE ADELAIDE BESSEY**

"Greta"

Busy: studying  
 Always: Quiet!!  
 Takes delight in: Teasing  
 Hopes to be: A teacher  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Secretary and Treasurer of Class (3, 4); Literary Editor of "Breeze" (4); Salutatory (4).

**ALBERTA MARJORIE BRADSTREET**

"Berta"

Busy: Talking  
 Always: Cracking jokes  
 Takes delight in: The boys  
 Hopes to be: A comedienne  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Junior Play (3, 4); Senior Play (3, 4); Prize Speaking (3); Jokes Editor of "Breeze" (3); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Captain of Basketball (4); Cheer Leader (4); Assistant Editor of "Breeze" (4).

**DONALD SETH BRADSTREET**

"Don"

Busy: Talking  
 Always: Teasing the girls  
 Takes delight in: Going to a certain hospital  
 Hopes to be: A good husband  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Junior Play (3); Senior Play (4); Basketball (3, 4); Manager of Basketball (3); Co-Captain of Basketball (4); Assistant Adv. Manager of "Breeze" (3); Adv. Manager of "Breeze" (4); Student Council (4); Manager of Baseball (4).

**HARLAND FOWLER BROWN**

"Monk"

Busy: Studying French  
 Always: Fooling  
 Takes delight in: English Class!!  
 Hopes to be: A newspaper reporter  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Junior Play (3); Senior Play (3, 4); Student Council (1, 2, 3, 4); Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Sports Editor of "Breeze" (3, 4); Manager of Basketball (4); Class President (4). Class Poem (4).

**LUONA ELIZABETH COOKSON**

"Lu"

Busy: Writing notes  
 Always: Thinking of Norman  
 Takes delight in: Saturday night dances  
 Hopes to be: A housewife  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Junior Play (3).

**EVA ELLEN CROSBY**

"Weva"

Busy: Studying Latin  
 Always: Laughing  
 Takes delight in: Dancing  
 Hopes to be: An Actress  
 Activities: Vice President (2, 4) Freshman Play (1); Athletic Play (2); Junior Play (3); Senior Play (4); Junior Play (4); Alumni Editor of Breeze (3); Jokes (4); Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Manager of Basketball (4); Student Council (3).

**PHYLLIS CREOLA FAULKNER**

"Phil"

Busy: Reading  
 Always: Cheerful  
 Takes delight in: Going to the movies  
 Hopes to be: A dietitian  
 Activities: Prize Speaking (3); Athletic Play (4); Presentation of Gifts (4).

**KENNETH ALVIN FOSTER****"Ken"**

Busy: Gazing Around the room  
 Always: Reading the sports news  
 Takes delight in: Basketball  
 Hopes to be: A bachelor  
 Activities: Baseball (3); Basketball (3, 4, 5).

**LAWRENCE MADISON GLIDDEN****"Lonny"**

Busy: Flirting  
 Always: Laughing  
 Takes delight in: Boxing  
 Hopes to be: An Aviator  
 Activities: Baseball (3, 4); Basketball (4); Senior Play (4); Athletic Play (4).

**ELIZABETH ANN HAMMOND****"Liz"**

Busy: Collecting stamps  
 Always: grinning  
 Takes delight in: Going places!  
 Hopes to be: A Champion Swimmer.  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Athletic Play (2); Junior Play (3); Senior Play (4); Prize Speaking (3); Local Editor of "Breeze" (2); Editor-in-Chief (4); Valectory.

**MANDEL SCOTT HARDING****"Cook"**

Busy: Studying  
 Always: Reforming  
 Takes delight in: Playing Pool  
 Hopes to be: A forest ranger  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Junior Play (3); Senior Play (4); Baseball (4).

**LILLIAN ELLA HUNT****"Lily"**

Busy: Memorizing Current Events  
 Always: Giving Orations  
 Takes delight in: Riding Napoleon  
 Hopes to be: A Nurse  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Prize Speaking (3); Athletic Play (4); Social Editor of Breeze (4); Class History (4).

**BETTY BYTHER KNOWLTON****"Bet"**

Busy: Loving  
 Always: Flirting  
 Takes delight in: Fritzie  
 Hopes to be: An Actress  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Junior Play (3); Student Council (3, 4).

**LOUISE GENEVIEVE LIBBY****"Kit"**

Busy: Thinking  
 Always: Studying  
 Takes delight in: Problems of Democracy!!!  
 Hopes to be: A "White Sister"  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Class Vice-President (1, 3); Student Council (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary and Treasurer of Class (2); Junior Play (3); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Captain of Basketball (3); Prize Speaking (3); Local Editor of "Breeze" (3); Class Prophecy (4).

**HAROLD CHARLES LITTLEFIELD****"Hal"**

Busy: Studying  
 Always: Working  
 Takes delight in: Tailoring  
 Hopes to be: U. of M. Student  
 Activities: Freshmen Play (1); President of Class (1, 3); Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain Basketball (4); Baseball (1, 2, 3); Junior Play (2, 3); Senior Play (4); Editorial Board (2, 4); Student Council (1, 2, 4); Presentation of Gifts (4).

**DONALD ELLSWORTH MARKS****"Don"**

Busy: Arguing  
 Always: Criticizing  
 Takes delight in: Blondes  
 Hopes to be: A Public Speaker  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Junior Play (3); Senior Play (4); Baseball (2, 3, 4); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Cheer Leader (4); Circulation Manager of "Breeze" (3). Business Manager of Breeze" (4).

**MARJORIE MAE STEARNS****"Marge"**

Busy: Writing Notes to Mel  
 Always: Out Nights  
 Takes delight in: Ireland  
 Hopes to be: A Hairdresser  
 Activities: Freshman Play (1); Class Secretary and Treasurer (1); President of Class (2); Prize Speaking (3); Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Manager of Basketball (3); Cheer Leader (4); Senior Play (4); Sports Editor of "Breeze" (2, 3, 4); Student Council (1, 3, 4); Address to Undergraduates (4).

**IMOGENE LOUISE YOUNG****"Imo"**

Busy: Thinking  
 Always: Writing Notes  
 Takes delight in: Walking After Dark  
 Hopes to be: Stenographer  
 Activities: Junior Play (3); Editorial Board (4); Basketball (3, 4); Class Prophecy.

LITERATURE

## TROUBLE

In the suburbs of New York on the eleventh floor of a big apartment house June Meredith lived with her widowed, invalid mother. Her father had been killed while fighting for his country during the World War. Although they had a small payment due each month from the government they often had to pinch and save to make both ends meet.

June was a senior at the Bradford High School. She was an attractive girl of nineteen with brown hair, that had a very pretty natural wave, a pair of honest brown eyes framed with long curly lashes which gave a soft loveliness to her eyes, and a small determined mouth.

One night when she had just returned home from a long day at school, she found her mother not feeling as well as usual.

"When did you begin feeling bad?" June asked with a worried look on her face, as she sat down in a chair by her mother's bed. It was when incidents such as these happened, that June felt her burdens growing too heavy. Ever since her mother had been hit by an automobile, and her hip bone crushed so that she was never able to walk afterwards June had had to take all the responsibilities. But she always tried to keep in mind that something would turn up and make matters better.

"I've been growing worse for quite a while but didn't want to say anything as I didn't want to worry you," she replied wearily.

"You should have told me before you got so bad," June said, rising from her chair, "I'll call Doctor Barnes' office."

"No, don't. It won't do any good," her mother protested, but June was already at the telephone dialing the number.

"Doctor Barnes' office," came the sharp, impatient voice of the girl at the other end of the wire.

"Is the doctor in?" inquired June.

"Yes."

"May I speak to him?"

There was no answer, so June took it for granted that she had gone to call him. After a few seconds a very pleasant voice said, "Hello, Doctor Barnes speaking."

"Hello. This is June Meredith of 33 Oak Street. My mother is ill, could you come over as soon as possible?" June implored anxiously.

"Yes, I'll be over in about fifteen minutes," he returned.

"All right," answered June, hanging up the receiver, then hurry-away to tidy up the house so it wouldn't look quite so disorderly.

"He'll be right over," she said returning to her mother.

"Well I hope he can give me something to stop that awful gnawing pain in my side; but somehow, I don't think anything will help."

"Now Mother, don't be such a pessimist," June replied more cheerfully than she felt. "There's the doorbell."

June opened the door to find a tall large built man of middle age with grey hair and a pair of kind, blue eyes. He wore a pair of nose glasses with a black ribbon over one ear such as doctors occasionally wear. In his hand was a little black bag. Any one would know by his appearance that he was a doctor.

"Good evening," said Doctor Barnes.

"Good evening," June replied. "I'll take your things. Mother is in that room at the right."

So saying, she went to the kitchen to start supper. Not that she was hungry, but because it was a habit. It was a cozy little room, not so nice as it might be, but it served the purpose.

As she got supper, her thoughts roamed, if she passed those tests which would enable her to teach in the lower grades, they could buy a bungalow and have things they could not have now. That made her think. Those examinations came tomorrow. How could she take them if her mother was sick? Someone would have to take care of her. Maybe the girl next door would stay with her. She had just had her tonsils out and couldn't go out as she might catch cold. Just then he called her, "June, may I see you a moment?"

"I'm coming," she returned, running from the kitchen.

They were in the hall, far enough away so that June's mother could not hear the conversation.

"Your mother is seriously ill," said the doctor gravely.

"You, -er-ah-er, you don't mean she's not going to get well?" June asked brokenly almost in tears.

"There, there now," he said, gently putting his hand on her shoulder. "You must be a brave little girl. Your mother needs an operation, but no one around here can do it. I know a German specialist that might be able to. It all depends on luck. You see, when Mrs. Meredith was hit by that automobile, it crushed her hip bone so badly that the bones have never really mended. That's why she's never been able to walk. Now, what I think the trouble is, one of those bones is pressing on her appendix, causing that pain. If she had the operation and it was successful, she would be able to walk again. If she isn't operated on, she will never be any better."

"It would be quite expensive, the trip abroad and everything," June returned thoughtfully, "but if I pass those examinations tomorrow and get a job teaching, then maybe it would be possible."

"I'll trust you to find a way somehow, little girl, but if you need any help, remember to call on me as a friend. Well, I must be going, as I have some more calls to make. I left some medicine for your mother to take to ease the pain. Let me know as soon as you make your plans," and he left, leaving June standing in a daze, not even knowing he had gone.

She came to herself as the door slammed and hurried back to her mother who was resting more comfortably now. June told her that the doctor said it was only indigestion and that she would be better in a few days. She thought it best not to tell her mother about the operation, as she knew her mother would think it was too expensive to take a chance.

After June had finished talking with her mother, she went back to the kitchen humming a tune as she fixed some toast and tea. When she carried it to her mother, Mrs. Meredith said, "You feel happy tonight, don't you dear?"

"Why shouldn't I? It won't do any good to be down hearted, so I might just as well be happy," June replied cheerfully, as she kissed her mother on her forehead. "Now I want you to eat every crumb of that," she said, pointing her finger at her mother as she would a naughty boy in school. Then June went to eat her supper, which consisted of bread and milk. She wasn't very hungry, but she thought she ought to eat something.

That night when her mother was asleep, June sat at the little kitchen table and studied until everything began to look alike. Then she decided she had better stop and get some sleep. But sleep refused to come to her, and she lay there thinking how much depended on her. What if she didn't pass those tests tomorrow and get a job teaching? She would have to! That would be their only chance. Finally, she must have fallen asleep because she awoke the next morning just as the sun was starting on its journey over the horizon to fill the world with all its radiance. There was only an hour for June to get breakfast, arrange for someone to stay with her mother, and get started for school which was two miles away, but she made it with a few minutes to spare.

June wrote faithfully all day with only an hour and a half off at noon. By four o'clock her fingers ached so, that it seemed as though she couldn't write another word. After another hour had passed, which seemed the longest one June had ever lived through, she had finished. Then she hurried home to make up for the sleep she had lost the preceding night.

That evening in the better section of the city, Professor Allen Johnson of Bradford High School sat at his desk, correcting the tests which had been given that day. Now and then, he would mutter words of praise over some intelligent student's paper, but most of the time he would shake his head disgustedly at a wrong answer. When he came to June's paper he no longer had to show his disgust. Who was this person, he thought to himself, that wrote as if she knew what she was writing about and made her answers clear and brief. This was a paper anyone would enjoy correcting, which was something quite unusual. Mr. Johnson looked at the name on the front of it which read, June Meredith. He thought a while in silence, trying to place the girl. Then it came to him. She was the rather pretty girl who never seemed to mingle with the others. He had seen her hurrying home alone, as soon as school was out. Whoever she was, she certainly had ability. He would have to have an interview with her tomorrow.

The next day when June went to school one of the girls in her class by the name of Sally Blake said to her, "June, Mr. Johnson told me to tell you to see him in his office when you came."

"Thank you," June returned politely, and as she was leaving the room, she could hear Sally giggling and talking with some of her friends as they looked after her; but June knew that it was only jealousy getting the best of them. When she reached Mr. Johnson's office, she hesitated a while before going in, because her heart was beating so fast she was afraid he could see it pounding. Then she tapped gently on the door.

"Come in," came a voice from within.

June opened the door and walked timidly into the room. Professor Johnson was sitting behind his desk. He was a tall, handsome man in his late twenties with brown hair and deep set blue eyes. "Miss Blake said you wanted to see me," she stated.

"Yes," he said, clearing his voice, "I wanted to talk to you about those examinations. You did exceptionally well, and I think you deserve a job."

"Oh, really?" June cried, clasping her hands together as she was unable to hide her joy. "You don't know how I've been counting on passing those tests." And she went on to tell him about her mother and what they planned to do. He seemed interested so she told him everything.

"Well," he said, when she had finished, "You can plan on starting teaching in the sixth and seventh grades next Monday if you want to. Let's see. This is Wednesday. Your mother could start for Germany tomorrow couldn't she, if I made the reservations this afternoon?"

"Yes, but I don't want you to go to all that expense, but if you would loan me the money, I would pay you back in weekly payments from my pay check," June suggested.

"That would be all right with me," he said smiling, "Now you run along home and don't worry anymore."

On her way home June stopped in to see Doctor Barnes and tell him her plans. He said that he was interested in the case and that he might gain some knowledge for his practice. Then, June hurried home to tell the good news to her mother, who protested at first, but knowing it was a case between life and death, she was willing to go for her daughter's sake.

After many hours of preparation on June's part, Mrs. Meredith was finally ready to depart. The day promised to be a beautiful one in spite of the dreaded thought which lay concealed in Mrs. Meredith's mind that she might not ever see her daughter again. The same thought was in June's mind, but she did not show it in her mother's presence.

The following days proved to be not so lonely as June had thought they would be, as she was occupied with her work. She saw Mr. Johnson frequently and he often took her to the movies. She had come to like him very much and she hoped that he liked her in return.

One night when he took her home from a lecture, she asked him up to her apartment to have a lunch. While they were eating sandwiches and coffee, Mr. Johnson asked, "Don't you think we've known each other long enough to call each other by our first names?"

"Why, yes," June faltered, "but I feel so inferior to you."

"You are superior to me in intelligence even if not in position," he returned. "That makes us on a level with each other, doesn't it?" "Yes," replied June.

So after making this agreement Allen returned home.

Six months had passed when June received a letter from Doctor Barnes saying that he and Mrs. Meredith would arrive in New York, March 5th. He did not say whether the operation was successful or not, but as long as June knew her mother was coming home alive, it did not matter. She was so overcome with joy that she could hardly wait to tell Allen, for he was the only one she had to tell her good fortunes to since her mother went away.

When March 5th finally came, Allen and June met Mrs. Meredith and the Doctor at the dock. June could hardly believe her eyes when she saw her mother walking down the gangplank leaning on the arm of faithful Doctor Barnes. Mrs. Meredith was a picture of good health, although she was still quite weak. After June had greeted her mother with a shower of kisses, she just couldn't hold her joy within any longer and had to burst into tears. She recovered presently, and they all got

into Allen's car except Doctor Barnes whose family met him, and started for the Meredith apartment. After discussing what had happened in the past six months, Mrs. Meredith said she had better lie down and rest a while as she had had a hard journey.

As Allen and June sat on the davenport in the sitting room talking, Allen said taking June's hand in his and looking admiringly into her eyes, "June, I've got something to ask you." As she said nothing he continued, "Do you think you could love me enough to marry me?"

June knew what was coming, so she had her answer ready, "I wouldn't have to try very hard," she replied in her sweetest manner. Just then Mrs. Meredith entered the room.

"Oh! Excuse me!" she exclaimed wisely and left.

But Allen and June did not even hear her as they were lost in the sublime ecstasy of their newly found love.

—L. G. L. '37.

### WHICH IS BEST—TO KNOW OR NOT TO KNOW

In 1890 Bob Shore and Harry Kennedy started a friendship that never ended. They went to school together and entered the same college together. At the end of their first year, they decided to study medicine.

Graduating from medical school, they went to work in a famous hospital. For two years they did their work respectably and studied hard in their spare time. As the two years came to a close, Bob decided to specialize in surgery. Harry decided to study internal medicine. Here the two boys separated for the first time in their friendship. Bob went to France and Harry went back to the hospital.

For six years Bob wrote Harry all about his work. But never did he mention his personal affairs. Harry read in a newspaper of a very brilliant operation which Bob had performed, but Bob had not written of this to Harry.

One day Harry received a letter from Bob and got rather excited over it. Bob had written that he was arriving on the 9th and was bringing Belle. Who was Belle?

When they arrived, Bob introduced Belle as his wife. They had been married two weeks before. They rode to the hotel and celebrated Bob's and Belle's arrival.

The years rolled by and two sons were born to Bob and Belle. They were named Harry Paul and Charles Dean, Harry Paul being the younger. Until the boys were ten, they spent all their time in the city. After this the whole family went to visit Harry Kennedy during August. On arriving they decided they would all take a picnic dinner



the next Sunday and go swimming. This Sunday proved to be a fatal one.

As they were all swimming by a cliff, Harry Paul climbed to the top of the cliff to make a dive.

"Look, Daddy! I can dive from here, watch!"

"Please, Harry Paul," Belle called, "come down this minute."

"Aw, mom, I can do it."

He gripped the rocks with his toes and dived but too late. He slipped and fell onto the jagged rocks below.

Bob made a dive for his son and brought the lifeless body to the shore. Harry took the still form and placed it on the grass. He took his knife and slit the bathing suit on the side. Across Harry Paul's ribs was a long red mark. The men listened for a heart beat, but there was none.

"Where is the nearest hospital?" raved Bob.

"One mile," muttered Harry.

They arrived at the little hospital safely but to their disappointment found there was no X-ray machine. Tearing out of that hospital, they raced to the next, forty miles away. In this hospital they found an X-ray machine. The examination showed a broken rib pressing the heart. They had to operate immediately, and Bob was the only one there who could perform an operation of that kind. Harry urged him to start.

"I can't, not on my own son," whispered Bob.

"You must! Harry replied. "You've done it before, you can do it now."

Harry and Bob left Belle and Charles in the waiting room. Entering the operation room, Bob set to work. Harry gave Harry Paul the anesthetic. Bob operated and removed the rib. As he did so, the wall of the heart where the rib pressed burst. Blood spurted out; the heart contracted and expanded for a moment, then collapsed. Harry Paul was dead.

Bob blamed himself for his son's death, but Belle and Harry knew it wasn't his fault. Bob kept repeating, "I killed him, I killed him."

Years passed. Bob was not himself, not even a husband. Charles grew to be a young interne, studying medicine.

One night while Bob and Harry were in Harry's hospital, a victim was brought in. Bob was upstairs visiting a patient. Harry took the man into the X-ray room. It was Charles Shore, Bob's other son! X-ray pictures were taken and six ribs were found broken, one rib pressing the heart, and Bob was the only one in the hospital who could perform the operation.

"Tell Bob Shore to prepare for an operation," shouted Harry to one of the floor nurses. "But don't tell him that it's his son."

They rolled Charles into the operation room.

"Automobile accident," whispered Harry.

"I know. I've looked at the picture," Bob answered.

Bob operated. The rib was removed and the operation was a success. Bob went into the next room and sank into a chair.

"Well, I did it. But why couldn't I have saved my own son? Why couldn't I have saved him fifteen years ago?"

"Bob," replied Harry, "all the surgeons in the country couldn't have saved Harry Paul."

"If I could have saved my own son, my own son," murmured Bob.

"You have!" answered Harry.

Then Harry went on to explain who the patient was.

—D. S. B. '37.

### OLD MRS. GRIMSTONE

Back Bay's residents knew her merely as "Old Lady Grimstone." Her beautiful old home of Colonial architecture stood out of its squalid surroundings as a diamond among pebbles of the beach. Back Bay knew little of the stark drama that went on behind the drawn shades of the old mansion on the hill.

For nearly fifty years Catherine Grimstone had held the iron hand over her relatives and her ward, Benita. Majestic as to form and figure, Catherine Grimstone had but one fear, the fear of gossip concerning her old and aristocratic family. Like the mighty monarch of the middle ages, Aunt Catherine's word was law to her relatives.

Benita, whose mother had been a Spanish dancer, had all the dark charm and fire that belongs to those of Latin birth. Because of the wildness in Benita's blue blooded father, Aunt Catherine had always kept Benita away from people of her own age for the lurking fear that the girl might inherit her laughter loving mother's ways or those of her ne'er-do-well father.

Doubtless, domineering Catherine Grimstone, spinster that she was, never heeded the very true words of that oft repeated quotation, **Love will find a way.** But we are to learn that Aunt Catherine's fall was due to the darts and barbs of Dan Cupid, a figure farthest from the thoughts of the austere old lady.

Benita Grimstone was a beautiful girl of fragile health. Because of her health, the old family Doctor suggested a change of environment. The somber old house was surrounded by tall trees, which shut out the sun from this girl to whom the sun was a dire necessity.

Because Aunt Catherine always did the correct thing she made arrangements to take Benita on a tour, which included travel through the West, Mexico and the Central American countries.

Hurried preparations for the journey were made with Benita fairly bubbling with good spirits at the idea of being able to visit a country so closely associated with her own beloved Spain.

Whizzing along over the central plains toward the West, Benita made the most of her time. Her excitement and whole hearted admiration of the beautiful views amused her fellow passengers; especially the males who were more than willing to point out sites of interest along the way, endowed with her natural gift of warm friendliness, Benita made many acquaintances. One of these chance acquaintances caused Aunt Catherine a considerable amount of discomfort. Trouble came in the person of tall, handsome Ramon Kreuger, in whose dark eyes there kindled a flame for the disturbing Benita. Ramon Kreuger was a young Civil engineer on his way to Mexico to work on a government project. Ramon attached himself to the Grimstone party in spite of the disfavor shown him by Aunt Catherine. As the train sped through the Rocky mountain and across Nevada to California, Ramon wooed the dark eyed Benita ardently. To Benita the world was painted in rose colored tints. In her short life there had been very little love or affection and the tender light in the eyes of handsome Ramon awoke in her the passion of her mother's people. After the aged Catherine was sleeping soundly, Ramon and Benita would meet on the observation of the fast moving train to talk in subdued tones of the misty future.

Now Catherine Grimstone was still a woman of iron will, had Benita been older she would have been wiser than to think she could escape the relentless Catherine without some sort of strategy. She had for sometime discovered many duties to keep Benita away from Ramon but had failed miserably. She therefore devised a clever scheme that kept Benita in her drawing room all day. Poor Benita was beginning to show signs of her captivity. Her great dark eyes were shadowed and her skin took on an unearthly pallor. When the fiery Ramon inquired for Benita he was told she did not wish to see him. Puzzled he determined to find out the truth for himself. Late one night he bribed Benita's French maid and asked her to deliver a note to Benita. Benita's reply came back swiftly enough. Her aunt Catherine had kept her locked in her drawing room of their compartment for a week. She told Ramon where she would meet him if he could secure a key from her maid.

The furious Ramon again bribed the French maid, secured the key and met tearful Benita at the place she had designated.

Warm-hearted Ramon stiffened as Benita told him of the punishments her Aunt had inflicted on her.

After much comforting from Ramon, Benita said she must go back before her guardian discovered her absence which would mean a longer imprisonment and more hateful tasks.

"No," Ramon, decided swiftly, "You shall not go back to this Aunt of yours who cares nothing for you. We will go away together. I can not give you as much as your Aunt but I love you a great deal more. In a day we can reach Mexico and then we can get married, Benita. No more Aunt Catherines, no more houses in Back Bay. You will have only me and sunny Mexico."

Catherine Grimstone was awakened in the morning by the excited French maid.

"Ma petite Benita, she is gone and her pretty clothes and jewelry, like they had never been here," she wailed in her broken English.

Haughty old Mrs. Grimstone hired the best detective to be found in San Francisco. But no trace could be found of the truant lovers.

You or I never read of the disappearance of the beautiful Benita and her lover. It was not in the many newspapers of this country. Aunt Catherine saw to it that her name was not smeared across the headlines. Even Back Bay knew nothing of the drama on the hill.

Years passed very slowly for the silver haired Catherine but still she conducts her search. Hard in spite of the softening touch of the years she reigns supreme over what is left of her household on the high hill in Back Bay. If she blames herself for the disappearance of her dark eyed Ward, the world will never know for Catherine Grimstone will hold to the end.

The sun shines down on a pretty spacious home in Mexico. In the colorful garden a beautiful Spanish girl picks the flaming flowers. She sings as she stoops among the blossoms.

Thus we are content to leave Benita Grimstone Kreuger in Mexico among a riot of blossoms in her garden overlooking Mexico city and the celestial blue Carribean.

—B. B. K. '37.

### A BOYS' PRAYER

The Bay State College, the largest and best classical institution in Iowa, was offering a prize of a years tuition and a fifty dollar check to the high school senior who could write the best essay on some educational topic.

Tony Baker, the oldest son of Ottumwa's most popular drunkard, was a very clever fellow with a pen, so regardless of his family background, he was picked as one of the three seniors in Summerville High School to compete in the contest.

Every night afterwards Tony worked until the early hours of the morning on his essay, which was an article on the advantages of a college education to a poor boy from the rough and tumble section of the town. The boy lost weight; his eyes became living coals because he

was so enthused about his work and the thought of what success would mean to him. While Tony was using every ounce of his knowledge and ambition writing away up in his cold attic room, he could hear his drunken father berating the younger children for making no much noise. The boy, heedless of what was taking place downstairs, applied all of his faculties to his work. For three days and three nights the boy worked regardless of cold, hunger, or time.

At last the essay that really was a part of Tony was completed, so, fairly bubbling with joy the young author presented his masterpiece to his teacher for correction and approval. The next morning at assembly Miss Grindle told anxious pupils that she had typed their essays and that she would keep them in her desk so that they would not get wrinkled or torn. Many of the boys and girls were jealous and they showed it, but only one girl appeared to show outwardly how she felt. That one was Tony's girl friend Millie. That same day Miss Grindle complemented Tony on his excellent piece of work. After that the matter had been apparently forgotten by this time, for the exception of Millie and Tony, who were happily planning for the future. Although Millie's father was a millionaire, he had consented for her to enter the Bay State College, rather than a more exclusive one, because every wish had been gratified.

Before assembly Friday morning, Miss Grindle rushed up to Tony and excitedly gasped, "Tony, have you taken your essay?"

"No,-er-oh no! It isn't gone?" stammered the astonished boy.

"It was in my desk drawer last night, but this morning it is gone. If that is lost I can never forgive myself. Where is it?"

"Miss Grindle, if the paper is lost forget it. I probably would not have got the prize anyway. You are not to take the blame in any way." These were the words that the brave boy told his teacher but that night in his room he cried himself to sleep and no living person ever prayed so fervently for anything as Tony did that night. "Oh, God! Help me to find my essay for my dear mother's sake. I could stand it myself, but mother never has had a decent chance, and if I could only go to college I could take her away from the old life and make her last days happy."

All essays were to be at the college at one o'clock Saturday, so that they could be read aloud and judged.

Tear-faced and looking as though he had lost his last friend, Tony trudged into the auditorium Saturday afternoon.

Looking neither to the right nor to the left, the downcast boy fairly dropped into his seat, he was so weak. After sitting motionless for over three hours the boy was brought to his senses by the speaker announcing the title of the missing essay.

From that time on, Tony's mind was a blank and the boy's life was in danger for several days. Over and over the boy kept muttering about

his essay, Millie and going to college. When it was feared that Tony's end was near, Millie, kneeling by her lover's side whispered, "I did it all for you—and see the trouble that it has caused. Forgive me, please, and get well for my sake so that we can go to college together, since you got first prize in the contest."

Instantly the boy became alert, and after that he gained strength daily.

Millie had heard two boys planning to steal the papers from Miss Grindle's desk, but she couldn't save them in time. She spent every spare minute hunting for them, and only Saturday morning did she find them in a torn and dirty condition. Millie had not had time to report her discovery because she had had to retype the essay, and only at the last minute did she get it to the college.

—M. A. B. '37.

### WHEN PARTNERS MEET

He was a new comer to Blueville. He had not been in the town more than three weeks. Nobody knew where he had come from, or what he was to do. He had just dropped in and settled down on the old Danforth place. It was late in the fall and farmers in Blueville were busy harvesting. Probably this was one reason why they had accepted him as one of the community so readily. He worked around at different farms and many of the old-timers mentioned how "that he was a mighty good worker." He seemed peaceable, minded his own business, and was establishing a good reputation for himself until one morning Johnny Alexander found a herd of his best horses missing. News travels fast in a small town, and before noon the whole community was alive with curiosity. Some laid the blame "on some city snoop," others suspected everyone, and then some extra wise personage said something about the new comer. By the time the procession had really gotten under way it was mid-afternoon. As the band of men swarmed into Sam's dooryard, the man came to the door greeting them in a simple perplexed manner. "Wa'll, this is mighty funny, boys. What's up anyhow? Won't you come in?"

Old Alexander as spokesman: "Sam, we don't mean too much disturbance, but I missed a few of my horses last night, and being so, as you are, a newcomer here, ain't it reasonable that the suspicion should fall on you?"

Sam pulled a dirty old grey handkerchief from his hip pocket and proceeded to wipe his sweaty face. As he was about to answer a yell came from the barn. Someone had found the horses! Sam took the matter causally enough, asking only to be allowed to inform his "Partner" of the thing. This request was granted, and a telegram was

sent to a distant town, where, Sam informed them that his "Partner" was staying.

The penalty for stealing horses in those days was tough. Old Sam pleaded guilty, and was sentenced for twenty years in the little prison of the town. In the weeks that passed, Sam said very little, asking occasionally for his so called "Partner." But there was no sign of him. Every night now for a week a crowd would gather by the platform of the little town, watching intently for him to arrive.

Tonight the train was late and the weather being chilly, the crowd had given up hope and gone home. As the train wheezed to stop at the deserted station, a man well in his fifties stepped to the platform. Slightly stooped, his face burned to a crisp red, wearing a buttonless jumper tucked beneath a pair of faded dungerees, he was not an imposing figure. Carrying a small carpetbag in one hand, he made his way for the little jail. From behind half drawn curtains, curious eyes peeped at the odd figure. Unheeding of all this, he reached the office and walked in. He stooped to deposit the carpet bag at his feet, at the same time addressing the sheriff:—"mighty cool, might cool for the time of year."

After the sheriff had cordially answered the "partner," his simple face, slightly changing in expression, asked if he might see the "charged" one.

Admitted to the cell, their meeting was simple. No passionate sighs and speeches—just the simple, sturdy handclasp of two strong men. What their conversation was will probably never be known. The stranger stayed in the cell only a short time and then left. As he was leaving the office he turned and said: "If someone will sorta show me where Sam's layout is I'll kinda straighten things out some." The wish was granted and he was soon on his way to the farm.

At first, of course, this stranger was very popular with town gossips. His name was used so frequently every person knew him from baby to old man. But as time passed on and the folks began to get acquainted with "Old Joe," as they called him, they grew to like him. Only one thing seemed to displease them. He never went to see Sam. That night he arrived in Blueville was the only time that he had gone to see him. Five years had passed since that night "Old Joe had landed in Blueville." During this time the town had used him good. Twice now, he had been elected postmaster, and as election season rolled around, the rumor ran through the town that Joe was being run for sheriff. To some this sounded a little too far, because if Joe was elected sheriff that would put him in complete connection with Sam. But as the season came, Joe was elected. He took his office with the same simple manner, and not once was Sam's name mentioned.

It was in the spring of the year, and the occupations for summer were getting well under way. This particular night Joe was staying

late at the jail. He had been out all day, hunting for a fugitive who had recently escaped jail in another state. Joe, being informed that he was hiding out in his vicinity, had gone in search. And he had got him. Found him at Gull Canyon, nearly starved to death. It was dark when they returned and nobody knew as yet that Joe had captured the fugitive. As the old sheriff sat there, the faint scent of smoke assailed his nostrils. Looking down the corridor, he discovered the lower end of the jail on fire. Old Joe started to call for help and then he changed his mind. Racing to Sam's cell, he hastily unlocked the door. Immediately he hastened to the other cell, where the new comer was locked up. He found the cell empty; this would explain for the fire. Suddenly from the far end of the corridor came the wails of a stricken man. Focusing his eyes to the spot, he saw through the smoke, a man. He was clinging to a half burned rafter. Evidently in escaping he had set fire to his bed clothes, to melt the old lock, and then tried to steal a gun from the Arsenal room. And in doing so, had locked himself in. Before anybody could help him, he released his grip and dropped to the floor, enveloped in smoke and flames.

By this time a large crowd had gathered in front of the jail. They were so absorbed in the spectacular sight before them, they did not notice a slinking form jump from the back windows and creep into the shadows.

The next morning the people of course were alive from the excitement. Joe told them all about it, then he added: "Boys, old Sam died in that fire last night. Being that he was a sort of a buddy of mine, let's see if we can find his bones and give him the sort of a burial he would have wanted."

The bones were found, carefully packed, and deposited in a pine box. There was a regular funeral for him and many people attended. Even to this day one can go to Blueville, and in the small graveyard, find an old moss-covered gravestone—a simple undecorated one—but nevertheless, a mark. On it is printed—"To Sam—In peace he lived, In peace, please let him rest."

A night or two after, about dark, Joe rode out of town. He mentioned to no one where he was going. When he had gone about five miles, he suddenly reined his horse off the road. There, beneath a big pine, a small campfire lighted Sam's face. Their meeting was the same as in the jail, a handclasp. Just one word was uttered, that from old Sam: "PARDNER."

H. F. B. '37.



## LOST ! A FORTUNE

"Gee! Ruth, do you know you're beautiful?" burst out Montie as he lolled by the wide old fashioned fireplace in the McKay home. Ruth smiled, but did not blush; she was used to the frank remarks of her childhood chum. Now if it had been Wayne who had made the remark,—but Wayne would not. Wayne was a sensitive boy who thought a lot and spoke little. Ruth, who continued her embroidering making even fine stitches in white linen, chose to ignore Montie's remark. She said, "Montie, Mary Ann, my cousin from Bedington, is coming to visit me tomorrow."

"Gee! Ruth that beautiful one your always talking about? Still I don't see how she could be much better looking than you," he added loyally.

"Oh! but she is. Ever so much more so than you can think," Ruth replied.

Ruth McKay was beautiful! But would her beauty do her any good? All her life she had lived in Northern Maine, in this little settlement surrounded by mountains. Often she had wished she could see the world, and have the advantage of an education as her cousin Mary Ann. She had seen Mary Ann Williams only once in her life, when they were both young. Then she had admired Mary Ann's tawny colored hair and blue eyes in comparison with her own plain brown hair and brown eyes. How different she looked now! Her eyes and hair were still brown but no longer plain. Her eyes were large and doleful and reminded one of a fawn; her hair, which was long, she wore in a neat little pug at the nape of her slender, white neck, forming a delicate frame for her well molded features.

That night after Wayne and Montie (they both had the habit of stopping at the McKay house in the evening) had left, Ruth sat by the fire a long time trying to picture Mary Ann. Would she still be beautiful? Would she try to put on airs! And with girlish anxiety, above all would Wayne and Montie like her?"

"Oh; Isn't this lovely!" exclaimed Ruth as she gracefully glided on her skates, a week later. She, Mary Ann, Montie, and Wayne were skating on the small lake by the McKay home.

Ruth need not have worried about the boys. They had, from the first, liked Mary Ann with her gay laugh, her witty talk and dancing blue eyes. She had only two faults that Ruth could find. She was greedy for money. All her life she had lived on moderate means and she had resolved that when she married it would be to some body who had money. Her other fault was her temper, this she could control when she wanted to; so Ruth thought little of it.

"I'll beat you to that little island Mary Ann," said Montie, who wanted to see her alone.

"You couldn't, but I am not going to try," was the indifferent reply.

For strange as it seemed, gay, little Mary Ann had a greater liking for quiet Wayne than for Montie. And she chose to remain by his side chatting nonsense and fooling with him. This was something new to Wayne, but he responded in good grace learning to like her more all the time.

"I'm tired and I have had enough. Last one to the shore is the cow's tail," cried Mary Ann, as she started out with long, swift strokes. Montie was off like an arrow from a bow. He got there the same time as Mary Ann and was helping her take off skates when Ruth and Wayne arrived.

"Come on up to the house and we will have some sandwiches and hot coffee," invited Ruth. They very gladly accepted.

While they were gathered around the fireplace eating and laughing Montie was strangely quiet, not joining in with the fun as usual. At last Ruth noticed this and said.

"A penny for your thoughts, Montie."

"You can keep your old penny, but I'll tell you about what I was thinking. I am rich."

"Rich!" echoed the rest.

And Montie told them how that day he had received, from some lawyer in Chicago, a letter telling of the death of his great-aunt, who had willed all her estate to him.

"Well, best wishes," said Wayne. He really was happy at the good fortune of his friend; but he could not help having a tight feeling round his heart. Because he thought, what chance have I for Mary Ann now? All of a sudden it had dawned on him life would not be worth living without Mary Ann.

"Well I should say; best wishes and double best wishes;" cried Mary Ann, and she no longer paid more attention to Wayne than Montie; rather it was the other way around.

Ruth noticed this and her heart cried, both for her self and for Wayne. For living as she had in the back woods she had learned to study people and to look into their hearts. Now she could see that Wayne loved Mary Ann. She realized now, too, that her life would not be worth living without Montie.

May; the flowers were blooming and everyone was glad to hear that Montie had suddenly received a fortune, and that he was to be married to pretty, little Mary Ann Williams. The wedding day was set for June tenth and the days were swiftly flying by. There was to be a large wedding; the largest this little Northern town had seen since Squire Pullen was married, back in the gay ninties. Ruth was very happy for Mary Ann and she worked hard to make the wedding a success. For she thought this would be her last chance to make Montie

happy. Wayne hung around Ruth's kitchen door and tried to appear happy for he knew he had Ruth's heart-felt sympathy.

The soft rain was sprinkling down into the first violet one spring day, when Montie rushed into Ruth's living room all out of breath.

"Oh! Ruth, Ruth what will I do?"

He thrust a much crumpled letter into her hand, and sank down into a chair covering his face with his hands. For a moment Ruth was stupefied and could not think what had happened to him. Then looking at the letter she saw it was from his lawyer in Chicago. It was very politely and briefly written, saying that due to insecure investments, his aunt's estate was now worth only five hundred dollars.

"Oh what will Mary Ann say?" he groaned. Ruth groaned too, and thought, she probably will say little but I am sure she will never marry you now. But out loud she said, "Oh! you poor boy! You poor boy!"

Ruth had thought right. The next morning, having been told by Ruth the night before, Mary Ann left for home. She left only a hastily scrawled good-bye for Montie. Shortly after Wayne went to Bedington too.

Montie did the same as Wayne had done, he came to Ruth for sympathy. It is said that the only way to mend a broken heart is to fall in love again; and that is what Montie did. So one twilight evening while they were strolling by the lake, and listening to the call of the birds to their mates; Montie made this proposition.

"What do you say if we still have a wedding the tenth of June? And Ruth's heart sang with the birds.

—P. C. F. '37.

### "LET'S CELEBRATE!"

"Come at eight o'clock sharp!" snapped Mr. Heatters, throwing some books down on his desk. Ruth Bishop, an attractive girl of twenty-one, lowered her eyes from Mr. Heatters' hard face. She'd never pass the exam with this cruel man as a judge. Why bother to come to take it? She probably wouldn't get the highest mark anyway. But a little flame of hope couldn't be extinguished in her breast. She'd come to-morrow and do her best . . . and there was a small chance that she might win. . . .

Ruth walked out of Mr. Heatters' office and as she went, she met Zonda Chesters, who bumped rather unceremoniously into her. Zonda gave her an "I'm better than you are" look and passed on into the room.

As Ruth walked home, that is, to the place where she had boarded since the death of her parents, she thought of the delight Mr. Heatters'

words had given her. He had told her that the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C. wanted six more librarians. Therefore, they had sent to all the large colleges of the United States the extraordinary offer of giving to the outstanding student in literature the chance to compete for the job of being librarian. In order to compete, the student must have an interest in books and a desire to become a librarian.

Ruth had both of those qualifications. She had always wished to become a librarian. She wondered as she strolled along who else would compete from her district, the New England States. She hoped that she would win but, since the winner would have to get a mark higher than ninety, there was only the barest possibility that she would win.

But she needed the job. The last year of college had ended and she now had to look for a job. She couldn't live with Mr. and Mrs. Black any longer than was necessary. But her mind couldn't dwell on such sad thoughts for very long periods. It kept returning to the possibility of her getting that job. It would be too good to be true!

After supper she sat out on the porch and looked over a small encyclopedia. "I wonder what the exam will be over? Suppose it will be just over fiction or over problems I don't know anything about?" Her heart sank within her as she looked over the books. What a small amount of knowledge her brain contained compared with what was in those books. The more she thought the more down-hearted she grew. She knew nothing when it came to taking that exam.

To get rid of these gloomy thoughts she picked up her books and went into the house. As she was about to go to bed, she heard a knock on the door. Who could that be? Mr. and Mrs. Black had gone out for the evening. Surely it couldn't be them returning at this early hour . . . It might be Jack Bolton, one of her friends. Jack was the chauffeur for the Chesters' family. He had never been to see her except once because Zonda was so jealous of him.

These rapid thoughts were driven from her mind by another knock on the door. Hurriedly she went and opened it. To her surprise and perhaps displeasure there stood Zonda Chesters.

"May I come in?" asked Zonda rather coldly. "I'll only take up a few minutes of your time." She walked in and stood in the middle of the room, looking around rather haughtily.

"I just came to tell you that it won't do you any good to take that exam to-morrow."

Ruth frowned. How did Zonda know anything about the exam?

Zonda smiled knowingly, "Oh, Mr. Heatters told me about the contest and asked me if I wanted to take it. Then he said he thought it was too hard and it would be useless for us to try it. I'm not going to. He said he couldn't pass himself." Turning, "Well, good-by. I just thought I'd tell you not to bother to come. So long."

With this careless remark, she sallied out of the room, leaving a very disconsolate and unhappy girl. What? give up the chance for that job? She couldn't and wouldn't. But wait . . . if Zonda wasn't going to take it . . . and Mr. Heatters had said he couldn't pass it . . . what chance would she have. . . .

Ruth passed a very unpleasant night. She slept fitfully and what sleep she did get was broken by dreams and nightmares.

When Ruth arose in the morning, she felt less like taking an exam than she had ever felt in all her college days. Her mind seemed blank. Well, might as well not bother to go . . . Zonda probably was right . . . no chance of her winning.

As she ate her breakfast, her eyes were riveted on the clock. 7:10 . . . 7:12 . . . 7:15 . . . only three-quarters of an hour before the exam . . . well, no use going. . . .

After she finished her breakfast, she thought and thought. Should she go or shouldn't she? At last she resolved not to. She could go down to the library and return some books. Perhaps she'd see if there were going to be any competitors for the exam, which was going to be given in a room near the library.

She walked down the street in the morning sunshine and thought of what employment bureau she would first go to in search of work. After a ten minutes' walk she mounted the steps of the library and then walked down the long corridor. As she passed the room where the exam was to be given, she hesitated. Should she go in or shouldn't she? No, she decided; what good would it do? Resolving thus, she resumed her way to the library. She put the books in their proper place and stood back, taking a last fond look at them. Now that she had ended her college course, she probably would not come here any more. Gee, wouldn't she miss those books. Oh, what wouldn't she give to be a librarian of some library?

With a fond good-by in her eyes for the library and all those books, she passed hurriedly out of the room. As she neared the room where the exam was to be given, once more she paused. Her last chance . . . She looked at her watch. Five minutes of eight . . . well. . . .

Suddenly her heart stood still. Where had she heard that laugh before? It dawned upon her in a second—Zonda had laughed like that the previous night when she had told Ruth not to bother to come. But hadn't she, Zonda, said that she wasn't coming? What had changed her mind? Maybe Mr. Heatters had told her to come after all. Funny he hadn't let Ruth know. As she stood there puzzling, it came to her slowly that perhaps Zonda hadn't been telling her the truth. Zonda had never liked her. Probably Mr. Heatters hadn't told Zonda any such story, or else why hadn't he told her the preceding afternoon? Resentment burned within her as this thought slowly came to her mind. What a dirty trick to play on any one! She shouldn't have believed Zonda's apparent sincerity.

With blazing eyes Ruth opened the door. She wouldn't let Zonda fool her! She walked in and looked around the room, her eyes stopping on Zonda's surprised face. Mr. Heatter's face also showed surprise.

"I thought you said Miss Hishop was ill, Miss Chesters?"

"I—I—er—understood her to be," Zonda's absolute amazement made her stammer, but Mr. Heatters' surprise was too great to notice her embarrassment.

"I'm glad you were able to come," was Mr. Heatters' brief remark.

During this conversation Ruth's mind had been doing some rapid thinking. Had Zonda told Mr. Heatters that she was ill? What a dirty little schemer she was!

Immediately after her arrival, Zonda and she, the only participants, were given the exam. Eleven o'clock found the girls plodding away earnestly. Once during the exam, Ruth had looked over in Zonda's direction and noticed that she seemed to cover some papers up with her hand. What were all those papers she had? Surely she couldn't have written all that on her exam. Why Ruth had written on only six sheets. Maybe she hadn't written enough. This rather disturbing thought made the problem over Zonda's papers disappear from her mind as she anxiously looked over her own papers.

At last, after a final looking over, Ruth passed in her papers, feeling pretty well satisfied with them. There had been only one question out of the whole fifty that she couldn't answer. She walked up to the desk almost jubilant. Surely she would get better than Zonda.

"Come to-morrow at nine or half-past to get the results, Miss Bishop," was Mr. Heatters' remark as she passed in her paper.

9:10 the next morning found Ruth mounting the steps of the building. Her step was light and her face was joyous. She was sure she'd gotten the highest mark.

She opened the door of the office and walked in. Zonda's lighted face made her heart quake a little. It looked as though she'd lost out.

"I'm very sorry to have to tell you, Miss Bishop, but," Mr. Heatters cleared his throat, "but Miss Chesters received the higher mark."

Ruth's face fell. How could Zonda have gotten better than she? This wasn't a thought of egotism either.

"Wha—," Ruth gulped, "what were the marks, please?"

"Miss Chesters received three points higher than you did—98. You got 95. I'm very sorry that the papers aren't here, but—but I had to send them to the Congressional Library.

"All right. Thank you." As Ruth started to turn, her eyes rested on Zonda's triumphant face. A flame of hatred and jealousy spread over her. She turned quickly to hide the gathering tears, and as she

did so, she almost stood still. She could swear that that was her exam paper sticking out of Mr. Heatters' note book. But no, it couldn't be. He'd said he'd sent them away.

She turned and walked out of the room and home very despondently. All her hopes and ambitions were gone. What would she do now?

That afternoon she went down street in search of a job. She passed a fruitless after-noon in employment bureaus and stores. As she was on her way home, a newsboy came tearing down the street, crying:

"Extra! Extra! Prominent banker's daughter in automobile accident! Grave danger! Extra! Extra!"

Ruth stopped the boy and asked who the girl was. A front page picture of Zonda Chesters' answered her question. Hurriedly she paid for a paper and walked away reading rapidly. Zonda had been out riding alone and had run into a telephone pole. Near death.

When Ruth got home, Mrs. Black remarked, "Too bad about that Chesters' girl, wasn't it? They say she suffered something terrible."

"Is she dea—dead?" gasped Ruth.

"Why, yes, didn't you know?" Mrs. Black looked at the paper and seeing that it still held hope for the girl, continued, "Why, yes, she died a quarter of an hour ago."

As Ruth sat out on the piazza that evening, her thoughts ran over the events of the day. What a terrible thing fate was. Zonda had been so alive this morning and now—dead! Now probably no one would have that librarian's job. Her thoughts were interrupted by a low knock on the door.

"Come in," called Ruth as she rose to open the door. To her surprise and pleasure, Jack Bolton stood there.

"Hello," his face brightened as he saw her.

"Hello," smiled Ruth. "Come on in."

Jack went in and stood by the door bashfully. "I just came to give you a message from Zonda. She said. . ."

Ruth interrupted, "Is there anything I can do?"

"No, she'll be better in the morning," said Jack. "Why, dear, what's the matter?" The word dear came unintentionally as he noticed her look of surprise.

"Wh—why, I heard she was dead!" stammered Ruth. "Mrs. Black told me."

"Oh, on, she almost died though." But Jack continued, "she said to tell you that you got the highest mark on that exam, because she cheated. She made Mr. Heatters give her the answers because he owed her father and couldn't pay it. She tried to stop you from going to take the exam, but she didn't. Afer she smashed up in the automobile accident, she realized how selfish she'd been. So she sent me to

tell you." Jack paused as he noticed how bright and rosy Ruth's face had become during the story.

"Everything's all right now, Jack," she cried. "I felt like celebrating!"

Jack's eyes were on Ruth. Slowly he said, "Everything would be all right, if you—if you, "Jack went up and gently seized Ruth's hands," if you'd marry me. Say you love me. I've loved you all my life."

"But, but, surely you can't love a little nobody like me."

"A little nobody, baloney! You're the greatest librarian-to-be in the world." Then seeing the love-light in her eyes he said, "Come on, let's celebrate."

E. A. H. '37.

### LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

"Well, it's Monday morning, and I suppose that means work again," sighed Angela as she reluctantly crawled out of bed.

It was a hot, sultry day in the middle of August, and it was made worse by the crowded conditions of the city. A breath of fresh air was worth a million to the people of the city, and especially those who seldom if ever got one.

And Angela Hurst was one of those. It was necessary that she work all the time, if she stayed in the city. Her black, shiny hair matched perfectly with her eyes, and both showed the disposition of the girl. No matter what her boss said she must keep her thoughts to herself and keep up her work which she always did. And by no chance was her boss the sort of a person who would soften his heart when he spoke, because he liked nothing better than to see somebody cower at his commanding voice. Another thing which pleased his lordliness was his name. This, Squire Ward, was what people had to call him or else he couldn't hear.

"Miss Hurst, you have been slackening on your work. Today there is a lot of work to be done. First, I want you to type these letters, that I gave you yesterday. They should of been done last night," reprimanded her boss, Squire Ward.

Mustering up courage, Angelia really answered him back, "It was 4:30 when you handed them to me, and I was taking care of the advertising then. And at that I overworked a half hour with no credit."

"Miss Hurst, any time that you don't like this work because you aren't on the street at one minute past five, I can find another stenographer—plenty of them on the waiting list," returned Squire Ward.

"Just as you say," murmured Angela as he left the office slamming the door.



Now, Angela had something to think about. Why had she talked back to that old bugbear? Would she lose her job? What would Raymond think of her now? These thoughts chased each other through her head. Quickly she grabbed her papers and sat down to the desk before the typewriter. Perhaps she could drown her thoughts by the monotony of the click-clack of those old keys. But no. Nothing could. She no longer could suppress her tears. They came fast and furiously. Soon she heard somebody on the piazza. If they only would go to one of the other doors, then she would be alright. But no—they were passing to her door. She waited. There was no knock. She held her breath and tried to powder her nose at the same time. The door opened and in stepped Raymond, the office boy. He was surprisingly taken back by the sight that met his eyes.

"Why, Angela, what is the matter? Has that old buga-boo been harping at you again? Angela, you mustn't listen to him. You can't, or you won't have any news left. I'm going to talk to him," Raymond said, trying to cheer her up.

"No, Raymond, don't. I'll lose my job, please!"

"That's alright. There's plenty more. If you lose yours, I'm leaving mine, and I heard him say the other day that he had the best errand boy he ever had, if I do say it myself."

"But, Ray, what if I can't find another job," sobbed Angela.

"You will. See you later, with some kind of news."

She resumed her position at the typewriter. She'd hurry those letters off before Ray got back. Not a long time had passed before she heard somebody whistling "Happy Days." It was Ray. He came into the office with a bustle and many smiles.

"What's the result, Ray?" Angela asked excitedly. "Is he going to fire me?"

"Fire you? I should say not! You're leaving. I've got a job for you and me too. It's in Walhead. We'll go tomorrow. I'll tell the Squire tonight at five sharp; no overtime."

"But have you really got the job, Ray?"

"Yes, Ange, just telephoned. In the office there'll be four stenogs beside you, and two office boys, counting me."

Raymond left the office and Angela started work again. Five o'clock came in no time, and Ray was waiting for her. They cautiously approached Squire Ward's office and rang the bell sharply. Ray had hope to startle him.

"Come in," he shouted dominantly. To his surprise in stepped "his servants." "What's the matter now?"

"Mr. Ward, we are leaving you. We have found a new job where the wages are better and, and——"

"And, what?" he snapped.

"And Angela will be more contented. It is for her that I've done it," he said boldly.

I usually have a week's notice, any workmen leave. At the very least three days."

"We're leaving now. We would like to draw our pay."

"A week's notice or no pay," he said. "Stay or leave." What was to be done? Ray thought a moment, then said, "we'll leave. Even if we don't get our pay we know you, and the next one's you get will, too, if I have my way about it."

Two weeks later found Raymond and Angela, situated comfortably in a boarding house, and well-acquainted with fellow workmen. She was changing. She had little time for Raymond; her chief interest was Bill. He was the other office boy working for pleasure. He was tall, blond, and apparently had more money than Raymond did. But, however Raymond did not intend to give her up. She was still his friend. Sunday afternoon Ray called on her; she was as happy and gay as ever. Just like herself, and Ray was some pleased again. She must have dropped Bill!

Seven-thirty Monday morning came and there was no Angela at the office. She was never late. What could have happened? Bill was never on time, and Ange had been so happy yesterday that Ray's suspicion was not aroused. Ten o'clock came, but no Angela. That noon he went to her apartment. There was no Angela—but there was a note. It read:

Dear Ray;

I knew you'd come. Bill and I are to be married. If you find this first (and I think you will) please keep it a secret.

Ange.

P. S. We are at North Dail.

Ray stepped back amazed. Why had Ange done this? That afternoon he went to his work more morosely than ever, and the worst of it was she had asked him to keep it to himself. But he must tell his best friend and he did. If Ange was married—then he'd have a new friend, but she was not like Ange. However, she was very affectionate and soon took Ange's place.

Then an idea came to Ray. Why couldn't they just leave a note and go away? This didn't suit their taste and things remained as they were.

One morning about the time Ray was going to work, a car drove up before him. He stepped up closer. It was Ange.

"Hello, Ange, where's Bill?"

"Raymond, forgive me, he was but a fake. He left a note telling me not to wait for him. I saw in the paper, and I came."

"Saw what in the paper?"

"Your wedding, Ray."

"My wedding? This is news. Tell me some more. Sounds good. Must be you and me getting married."

"Oh, Ray, if it had been you instead of Bill. We could have been happy now."

"I'm happy and can make you so. Let's get married and go back to see Squire Ward; perhaps he'd be glad to see us now."

—I. L. Y. '37.

**TROUBLE**

Now every year there is a rule  
That every single one in school  
Shall write a poem or maybe two,  
Nothing less than that will do.

Some sit and gaze and think  
Of what to write; don't sleep a wink  
Until the weary task is done,  
Then start to write another one.

Some sit down and chew their pen  
And hope their troubles soon will end;  
But inspiration will not come,  
They go to class with theirs undone.

Then there are some who do not try  
To make up poems about the sky,  
But gaily to some friend they rush  
And tell their friend to do the stuff.

But I sit down with the greatest of ease  
And dash off poems by two's and three's  
But when to class I go with these,  
I bring them back with great big "E's".

D. E. M. '37

**AFTER GRADUATION**

Today our life begins anew  
Within a world our Bearers made.  
For what are we destined to do  
From what shall our life's base be made?

Let not the footprints that were made  
By pioneers who came before  
Decay and be allowed to fade;  
But follow them and make some more.

And when you come to where they stop  
To find they've left a barren shore;  
Remember that an apple crop  
First starts to grow within the core.

To us the light of all this world  
Is tossed—are we to let it die?  
Marched on with starry flag unfurled  
Within your grasp your honors lie.

H. F. B. '37

**THE FOUR CLASSES**

The Freshmen are very, very green  
Although after almost a year  
They've improved their manners and  
brains somewhat

By watching the adults in the rear  
(Seniors!)

The sophomores are beginning to feel  
pretty bright

Although of course they're quite dumb  
But if they have watched the seniors of  
'37

They've gained Knowledge and then  
some!

Then Juniors are acting? oh, how proud  
Oh, boy, don't they think they're smart  
Well, they'll be honorable Seniors next  
year.

Here's hoping they do their part. (Like  
we did)

And now we come to the seniors  
We don't have to bother to tell  
Of their greatness and bountiful wisdom  
Of everyone knows so well.

E. A. H. '37

How Meaningless Are Words That Garb  
Themselves in nature's dress and lisp  
Her ways of life; how vain is he  
Who works for fame in nature's cause!  
The gifts of God are everywhere;  
But words by men who scratch the pen  
In efforts to reveal her soul  
Are foggy and unclear. A tree  
Or brook and numerous other things  
Are victims of a poet's work,  
But justice is not done. To me  
Whose love for nature knows no bounds,  
Give open skies and forests green,  
In trade for book and such, that guise  
Themselves in nature's gown.

H. F. B. '37

## THE PEACEFUL SEA

It was a day in early June  
 And everything was then in bloom.  
 We sat at the ocean's sandy side  
 While idly watching the coming tide.

There was a ship so far away  
 How wildly it did pitch and sway.  
 It was so very near the brink  
 We thought that it would surely sink.

A man whom we could barely see  
 Was watching fast the rolling sea.  
 At once there came a mighty wave  
 Oh, golly gosh! was that a close shave!

She ran on before the gale  
 With creaking, straining, threadbare  
 sails  
 The waves beside tossed high the foam  
 The sailers that of home and friends.

The rocks are near; the ships come on  
 The sailors only hope is gone.  
 We hear a boom! a splash! a scream!  
 Like some fantastic, vicious dream.

The morning sun came up and shone  
 Upon a quiet sea alone.

The wreck was hidden far below  
 Beneath the ageless waves so slow.

H. C. L. '27

## HOW I LIKE POETRY

"Write a poem bring it to class,  
 This little lesson is all I ask."

These were the teachers words one day,  
 When we longed to linger and to play.

We struggled hard both night and day  
 To write a poem, come what may.

We thought of hills, of wood, of rills,  
 But all of a sudden we all felt chills.

When we appeared in class next day,  
 There were looks of despair and looks of  
 dismay.

"Two hours after school," was all she  
 said.

If looks could kill, she'd now be DEAD.

A. A. B. '37

## MY ENGLISH CLASS

In time of tempest and of flood  
 To this class hither fly  
 Tho all the world will be submerged  
 This class will still be dry.

The teacher is so persistent  
 The kids look dumb and bored  
 But when it comes to cracking jokes  
 The kids by her are floored.

There's Johnny who sits in front of me  
 And wit him we've done our best  
 But in spite of what we've done so far  
 He's still a little pest.

Another of our big bad men  
 Sits very next in line  
 And I can't see why they call him cool  
 Because his poetry is very fine.

In the very front of the room  
 Sits a girl called "Lizzy"  
 And when it comes to handling boys  
 I guess she can make them dizzy.

I hate to give myself a slam  
 But to please the class I will  
 So when it comes to English study  
 It cannot keep me still

This class is far too large  
 So I will not mention all  
 And if you want to see the freaks  
 Visit school before next fall.  
 L. M. G. '37

The shades of night were falling fast  
 When through the upper corridor pass-  
 ed  
 A youth who bore his four large books,  
 As home he went through shady nooks.  
 His face was sad; his eyes were red  
 And over all a look of fret;  
 "Why try the pass," his old man said,  
 "Too hard the work, They'll have you  
 dead.

I. L. Y. '37



# School Roll

## SENIORS

Marguerite Bessey—Sec. and Treas.  
 Althea Baker  
 Alberta Bradstreet  
 Donald Bradstreet  
 Harland Brown—Pres.  
 Luona Cookson  
 Eva Crosby—Vice Pres.  
 Phyllis Faulkner  
 Kenneth Foster  
 Elizabeth Hammond  
 Lawrence Glidden  
 Mandel Harding  
 Lillian Hunt  
 Betty Knowlton  
 Harold Littlefield  
 Louise Libby  
 Donald Marks  
 Marjorie Stearns  
 Imogene Young

## JUNIORS

Richard Bickmore  
 Melvin Ireland  
 Henry Marden—Sec. and Treas.  
 Carlton Parkhurst  
 Ruth Perkins—Vice-Pres.  
 Virginia Rowe—Pres.  
 Archie Sennett  
 Doris Belden  
 John Cookson

## SOPHOMORES

Opal Baker—Pres.  
 Edward Bagley  
 Christine Bessey  
 Cecil Bradstreet  
 Bertha Russell  
 Harold Crosby  
 Elva Monroe—Vice. Pres.  
 Kathryn Noyes—Sec. Treas.  
 Winston Ross  
 Romaine Sennett

## FRESHMEN

Winton Bagley  
 George Belden  
 Burdell Bessey  
 Lucille Bradstreet  
 Thelma Brann  
 Herbert Brown  
 Elsie Cookson  
 Hazel Crommett  
 Eloise Glidden—Vice Pres.  
 Catherine Hill  
 Wallace Milliken  
 Norma Olsen  
 Raymond Parkhurst—Sec. and Treas.  
 Richard Parkhurst  
 Russell Perry—Pres.  
 James Reynolds  
 Earl Rhoda  
 Beulah Willoughby  
 Phyllis Young

*Retiring Superintendent*



*George M. D. Grant*

## GEORGE M. D. GRANT, EDUCATOR

Being a member of the Senior Class, the Editorial Staff asked me to interview Mr. Grant. Although I have known Mr. Grant since I first started my school career, I found I hardly knew just how to approach him on this subject.

One day while he was visiting school, I asked him for an interview. We went into a vacant classroom and, to my surprise, fell into a "chatty" conversation. When I asked him when he was born, he smiled humorously and said, "I was born one hundred years after the Declaration of Independence." I looked at him, hardly knowing whether to laugh or take a note of it. And then he said, "in other words, in 1876."

On asking Mr. Grant about his education, he gave me a full account of his earlier years. He started school at Cherryfield Academy with the intentions of preparing for Harvard and becoming a doctor. Having a brother engaged in teaching, he became interested in that profession and went to Gorham Normal School. He first started teaching at Bristol, resigning that position for one at Columbia High School. At the close of that school year, Mr. Grant was taken sick and was ill for nearly a year. He then went to Milbridge Grammar School, where he taught for five and one-half years. Being elected union superintendent of Milbridge and Harrington, he served seven years. From there he went to the Lebanon, Acton, Shapleigh, and Newfield Union, remaining there until he came to this union in 1925.

Assuming that from his past experience Mr. Grant could probably make a fairly clear comparison of the schools now and those of his day, I asked him to do so. He replied, "We still have the same conscientious cooperation now that we did then." While we were on the subject of schools I asked him what his special school hobby was and was not surprised to find that it was reading. He is also a follower of all sports.

Concerning the future, Mr. Grant said, "I plan to go to my home in Milbridge, where I hope to be of service to my community, county, and state." His special attention will be stressed on fancy gardening in which he has always taken a great interest. When I asked him if he was going to visit our school again, he answered, "I am planning to be at the graduation next year anyway."

For the final question, I asked him if he had any regrets at leaving his position, and his reply was very concise, "No. I am doing it with a smile and leaving it to one younger than he, too, may perform a greater service."

—H. F. B. '37.



### Girls' Basketball

Because there was a great deal of sickness throughout the basketball season, our team played under many difficulties. We won only four and tied one out of the fourteen games played. Many games were lost by one point or one basket. Some of the spirit was missing this year, when we found out that Besse would not be in the league. This year five of the first team players will graduate, yet they are leaving a strong second team. A lot is expected of them in the coming season.

For the fifth consecutive year, Besse High School was chosen to compete in the Lawrence tournament.

Here are the summaries of our games played this season:

		Besse	Opponents
Norridgewock	(here)	26	20
Hartland	(there)	13	30
Winslow	(here)	23	21
Clinton	(there)	24	20
Crosby	(here)	36	38
Lawrence	(here)	17	14
Erskine	(there)	17	18
Hartland	(here)	19	25
Norridgewock	(there)	16	20
Winslow	(there)	30	30
Fairfield	(there)	7	29
Clinton	(here)	23	24
Crosby	(there)	23	32
Fairfield tournament, Clinton		17	36





### Basketball Season (Boys)

With only four lettermen in his starting lineup, Coach Webb found that he had to start from the bottom in building his team. Although there was much sickness, causing the loss of some first-stringers, we had a good time, and the boys were all highly satisfied.

Although our team will consist of mostly new men next year, we are in hopes of a successful season.

Here is a summary of the season's games:

		Besse	Opponents
Islesboro	(there)	4	52
Norridgewock	(here)	16	13
Hartland	(there)	21	34
Winslow	(here)	18	48
Waterville	(there)	13	52
Islesboro	(here)	18	48
Clinton	(there)	12	52
Waterville	(here)	30	34
Fairfield	(here)	30	43
Erskine	(there)	17	15
Hartland	(here)	20	60
Norridgewock	(there)	12	16
Winslow	(there)	10	31
Fairfield	(there)	15	22
Clinton	(here)	13	34

Boys making letters this year are as follows: Captain Littlefield, Manager Brown, Marks, Foster, D. Bradstreet, Carlton Parkhurst, Laurence Glidden, Winston Ross, Cecil Bradstreet, Edward Bagley, Russell Perry and Raymond Parkhurst.



### Baseball Season '36

Starting our season with five letter men in our lineup, we expected a strong team and our expectations were right. We romped through the season with very few defeats chalked up against us. Defeating the opposing teams in the Northern Division, we went to Belfast to play for the Waldo County League Championship with Stockton as our competition. We emerged victorious making us Waldo County League Champions.

Our fall games were not as successful as we were experimenting with our men trying to find the position which best suited them.

### Baseball Season '37

With nearly the same team we had last season, we should provide strong opposition. Profiting from our fall games, our men have been assigned permanent positions, and we expect a successful season.


Our regular lineup shall be:

Pitcher-Sennett; Catcher-Ireland; First Base-C. Parkhurst

Second Base-C. Bradstreet; Third Base-Ross; Short Stop-Brown

Outfielders-Perry, Glidden, Rhoda; Subs-Herbert Brown, Besse, Harding, Ray Parkhurst.

—H. F. B. '37.



# DRAMATICS

## SENIOR DRAMA

In the I. O. O. F. Hall on December 18, the Senior Class presented Oliver Goldsmith's famous comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer". It was coached by Mr. Webb. The cast was as follows:

Mr. Hardcastle.....	Harland Brown
Mrs. Hardcastle.....	Elizabeth Hammond
Kate Hardcastle.....	Eva Crosby
Tony Lumpkin.....	Mandel Harding
Constance Neville.....	Alberta Bradstreet
Mr. Hastings.....	Harold Littlefield
Mr. Marlow.....	Donald Bradstreet
Sir Charles Marlow.....	Donald Marks
Maid.....	Marjorie Stearns
Diggory .....	Lawrence Glidden

Landlords, servants, etc:

Richard Bickmore, Archie Sennett, Melvin Ireland, Henry Marden, Cecil Bradstreet, Raymond Parkhurst, Winston Ross, Russell Perry, and James Reynolds.

## Junior Play

The drama "Romance in a Boarding House" is to be presented by the Junior Class in the last part of May. The cast will be as follows:

Mrs. Smith.....	Ruth Perkins
Mr. Smith.....	Archie Sennett
Mary Ann.....	Virginia Rowe
Mr. Throttlebutton.....	Melvin Ireland
Mrs. Throttlebutton.....	Eva Crosby
Mortimer .....	Carlton Parkhurst
Duke of Sussex.....	John Cookson
Mrs. Benson.....	Alberta Bradstreet
Miss McGillicuddy.....	Doris Belden
Bill.....	Richard Bickmore
Hettie.....	Christine Bessey

## Freshman Reception

The Sophomores entertained the Freshmen in the early fall at the Grange Hall. The evening started off with stunts by the Freshmen. This was followed by refreshments and a social which was enjoyed by all.

### Athletic Drama

The drama "Bashful Bobby" is to be presented by the school for the benefit of the school fund in early May. The cast will be as follows:

Robert Downing.....	Henry Marden
Jim Bradley.....	Winston Ross
Harry Collins.....	Laurence Glidden
Jerry Roebuck.....	Cecil Bradstreet
Helen Norwood.....	Kathryn Noyes
Joan Sanford.....	Elva Monroe
Anne Hawkins.....	Eloise Glidden
Mrs. Matilda Matthews.....	Althea Baker
Miss Odessa Henworthy.....	Phyllis Faulkner
Madame Du Pont.....	Lillian Hunt
Judson .....	Russell Perry
Louise.....	Christine Bessey

### Student Council

This year the Student Council consists of sixteen members—four seniors, four juniors, two sophomores, two freshmen, and four from the school at large. They are as follows:

Marjorie Stearns .....	President
Harold Littlefield.....	Vice President
Virginia Rowe.....	Secretary
Carlton Parkhurst .....	Treasurer
Donald Bradstreet	
Betty Knowlton	
Raymond Parkhurst	
.....	Finance Committee
Harland Brown, Louise Libby, Henry Marden, Ruth Perkins, Bertha Russell, Elva Monroe, Kathryn Noyes, Cecil Bradstreet, and Norma Olsen.	

### Socials

Our school was invited to a Hallowe'en masquerade party by the Freedom Academy. Dancing, games, and refreshments were enjoyed.

### Senior Trip

Last fall the Senior Class voted to go on a class trip to the White Mountains. To finance this trip, they have run Saturday night dances at the Grange Hall this winter, and have made enough to go, thanks to the patronage of the people of Albion and the ones from out of town.

### Junior Prize Speaking

On March 12, 1937, the entire Junior Class, with the exception of Melvin Ireland, who was ill at the time, took part in the Junior Prize Speaking Contest. The program was as follows:

- "Mrs. Preston Visits School".....Ruth Perkins
- "The Traitor's Death Bed".....Carlton Parkhurst
- "A Trade in Millinery".....Doris Belden
- "The Cremation of Sam McGee"....Richard Bickmore
- "My Financial Career".....Archie Sennett
- "The Death of the Hired Man".....John Cookson
- "Jean Desprez".....Virginia Rowe
- "The Execution of Andre".....Henry Marden

The prizes, which were donated by George Hammond, were awarded in the following order; First, Virginia Rowe; Second, Archie Sennett; Third, Carlton Parkhurst.



Nineteen names have appeared on the Honor Roll this year. They have had an average of 85 or above.

- |                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Althea Baker      | Elizabeth Hammond  |
| Opal Baker        | Lillian Hunt       |
| Edward Bagley     | Louise Libby       |
| Marguerite Bessey | Henry Marden       |
| Cecil Bradstreet  | Harold Littlefield |
| Thelma Brann      | Kathryn Noyes      |
| Harland Brown     | Russel Perry       |
| Hazel Crommett    | Marjorie Stearns   |
| Luona Cookson     | Imogene Young      |
| Phyllis Faulkner  |                    |



Mandel: What is propaganda?

Henry: It's a sort of dignified goose.

Althea: What's a prairie?

Marguerite: It's a man who prays?

Miss Fuller: Where is Alaska?

Phyllis: It isn't in Canada.

Mr. Webb: (P. D. Class) Where is the greater part of Europe?

Melvin: In New York.

Mr. Webb: (History Class) What did Paul Revere say at the end of his famous ride?

Archie: Whoa.

Miss Fuller: In what circumstances does the Fourth Act of Hamlet begin?

Laurence: Right after the third act.

Louise: If you loved a rich man and a poor man, which one would you marry?

Aberta: I'd marry the rich one and be good to the poor one.

Miss Fuller: Which is more necessary, the sun or the moon?

Imogene: The moon since it shines when we need light. The sun shines when it is already light.

Mr. Monroe: (Biology Class) What are the functions of the skin?

Cecil: The chief function of the skin is to keep us from looking raw.

Miss Fuller: It gives me great pleasure to mark you 85 on your exam.

Elizabeth: Why not make it 100 and get a real thrill?

Mr. Webb: (Talking about habits) And now, take for instance, the dog. What would someone give for the reason for a dog hanging out its tongue when running? Is the answer force of habit?

Marjorie: No, he does it to balance his tail.

Mr. Monroe: (Biology Class) Name five things that contain milk.

K. Noyes: Butter, cheese, ice cream, and two cows.

Harold: Don, did you have the mumps very bad?

Donald B: Did I have them bad! Say, I was so sick I watched the paper every day to see my own death notice.

Mr. Monroe: (Physics Class) Marks, what does HNO<sub>3</sub> mean?

Donald: Well, er I've got it right on the end of my tongue.

Mr. Monroe: Spit it out; it's nitric acid.

Betty: I'm going away to study singing.

Eva: Good! How far away?

Mr. Webb: (History Class) What happened in 1732?

Virginia: Washington was born.

Mr. Webb: Correct and what happened in 1737? After a pause,

Virginia: Washington was five years old.

Mr. Webb: (History) Marks, what is dry farming?

Marks: Farming without water.

Mr. Webb: (History Class) What does C. C. C. stand for?

Alberta: Civilian Conservation Corpse. (corps).

Miss Fuller: (Eng. Class) Did you call the test hard?

Class: Yes!

Miss Fuller: How does it happen that you got through so quickly?

Harland: So hard we couldn't do any of it.

Phyllis: I don't intend to be married until I'm thirty.

Althea: I don't intend to be thirty until I'm married.

Mr. Webb: Name three collective nouns.

Ireland: Flypaper, dustpan, and wastepaper basket.

Elva Monroe: You know we got Valentine's day off?

Miss Fuller: We have Valentine's Day off!

Elva: Yes, it comes on Sunday.

Winston Ross: You know they've found a new cure for cancer?

C. Bradstreet: No, what?

Winston R.: A drop of sweat from a W. P. A. worker's brow.

Webb: What did Jackson have for a Cabinet when he was President?

Harland: Kitchen cabinet..

D. Bradstreet: Have a nice conversation with your girl last night?

Carlton: No, didn't understand a word she said.

D. B.: Didn't understand what she said!

Carlton: No! It was a French Telephone.

Phyllis F.: You know I fooled Webb in history class today?

Luona: How's that?

Phyllis F.: Well, Webb asked me for Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and I said he never lived there.

## FOUND ON EXAM PAPERS

The Mayflower Compact was a compact of flowers that bloomed in May. Harold Littlefield.

Sixty gallons make one hedgehog. Laurence Glidden.

A millenium is the same as a centennial except it has more legs. Winston Ross.

Columbus was a navigator who cursed about the Atlantic. Imogene Young.

Red Indians emptied the tea into the sea. When it reached England, the port of Boston was closed. Melvin Ireland.

The Cabots were sailing around and saw a piece of land. They thought it was America, but found it did not belong to America, so called it Labrador. Ruth Perkins.

(In spelling) Sciatica is produced by the radio and gives one a pain. Harland Brown.

The spinal column is a collection of bones running up and down your back and keeps your legs from running up to your neck. Bertha Russell.

The vacation (vatican) is the home of the Pope in Rome. Luona Cookson.

Drake was playing pool when he was told the Invisible Armada was in sight. Richard Bickmore.

The different kinds of senses are common sense and nonsense. Edward Bagley.

King Alfred conquered the Dames. Carlton Parkhurst.

Queen Elizabeth was a very wise, good queen; so she never married. Virginia Rowe.

A polygon is a man who has a lot of wives. John Cookson.

Milton wrote, "Paradise Lost"; then his wife died and he wrote, "Paradise Regained." Henry Marden.

Mussolini is a sort of material used for ladies' stockings. Betty Knowlton.



**What Would Happen If:**

Romaine Sennett couldn't talk.  
Donald Bradstreet couldn't look at girls.  
Archie Sennett could sit still 10 minutes.  
Lawrence Glidden should major in Latin.  
Alberta Bradstreet should get rheumatism.  
Marguerite Bessey should forget to study.  
Donald Marks should lose his voice.  
Virginia Rowe should be an old maid.  
John Cookson should weigh two hundred.  
James Reynolds should come on time.  
Donald Bradstreet should use stilts.  
Harold Littlefield couldn't call on Thelma.  
Imogene Young should lose her dimples.  
Elizabeth Hammond should forget to grin.  
Lillian Hunt should talk French.  
Kenneth Foster had a girl.  
Luona Cookson should forget Norman.  
Phyllis Faulkner should have a beau.  
Althea Baker should forget "Red."  
Mandel Harding should get History papers in on time.  
Marjorie Stearns should stop going with "Mel".  
Betty Knowlton should like P. D.  
Eva Crosby should be forced to give up dancing.  
Louise Libby should forget to comb her hair.

**We Wonder if:**

Doris Belden will be a professional dancer.  
Henry ever calls on Elva.  
Althea Baker will ever change her name.  
Wallace will ever be any bigger.  
Harland Brown will ever find the right girl.  
Elva Monroe ever tells her father what we say about him.  
The rest of Besse will do without the Seniors.  
Mandel Harding is ever bashful.  
Wallace Milliken will ever be champion heavyweight.  
Harold Crosby ever flirted.  
Betty Knowlton ever dieted.  
Louise Libby will ever become an actress.  
Every one had the mumps.  
Norma Olsen writes notes.  
Bertha Russell was ever seen with out Ruth.

Donald Marks ever had a real girl friend.  
 A. Sennett ever talks out-loud in school.  
 Elva was ever got caught writing notes to Henry.  
 Harold Crosby likes to be petted.  
 Bickmore ever blushes.  
 Cecil Bradstreet was ever quiet.  
 Kay and Elva ever laugh.  
 Winston Ross ever knew his Alg.  
 Winton Bagley ever wrote a letter to his girl friend.  
 Romaine will ever get married.

### Ambitions

To become Seniors.....The Freshmen  
 To get a diploma.....The Seniors  
 To grow tall.....Wallace Milliken  
 To become a tap dancer.....Russell Perry  
 To gain weight.....Herbert Brown  
 To cultivate his voice.....Edward Bagley  
 To get a boy friend.....Lillian Hunt  
 To be a big man.....Johnny Cookson  
 To become a chemistry professor Marguerite Bessey  
 To whisper.....Elizabeth Hammond  
 To like PD.....Louise Libby  
 To never be tardy.....James Reynolds  
 To not to go out night.....K. Noyes  
 To become a math professor.....Christine Bessey  
 To reduce.....Betty Knowlton  
 To get 95 average in all subjects.Laurence Glidden  
 To stop playing in school.....John Cookson  
 To dislike boys.....Eva Crosby

### What Initials Stand For

John Monroe.....Jolly Man  
 Ruth Fuller.....Ruling Frost  
 John Webb.....Just wonderful?  
 M. A. Bessey.....Marks and brains  
 M. L. Harding.....Making Love Hard  
 L. Libby.....Looking Lovely  
 H. Brown.....Hard Boiled  
 A. M. Bradstreet.....Always making brags  
 A. A. Baker.....Always a Baker  
 B. Knowlton..... Being kissed

I. Young.....	Innocent youth
L. Cookson.....	Love crazy
M. Stearns.....	Most sincere
L. Glidden.....	Looking gloomy
E. Crosby.....	Ever cute
H. Littlefield.....	He's (de) Lovely
D. Bradstreet.....	Doing better
P. Faulkner.....	Perfect failure
E. Monroe.....	Ever meddling
O. Baker.....	odd and bashful
D. Belden.....	Darned bashful

**Favorite Songs of Seniors**

"I'm Head over Heels in Love".....	Donald Bradstreet
"Did your mother come from Ireland?".....	Marjorie Stearns
"Red Sails in the Sunset".....	Althea Baker
"He Ain't got Rhythm".....	Donald Marks
"Parlez-moid' Amour".....	Luona Cookson
"Easy to Love".....	Louise Libby
"Hey Babe Hey".....	Marguerite Bessey
"The Horse with the Lavender Eye".....	Lillian Hunt
"I've got my Love to Keep me Warm".....	Harland Brown
"I'm an Old Cowhand".....	Mandel Harding
"Freckle Face".....	Phyllis Falkner
Smoke Dream.....	Lawrence Glidden
"Boo! Hoo!".....	Imogene Young
"I'm in a Dancing Mood".....	Eva Crosby
"OH! that Red Headed Boy".....	Betty Knowlton
"Let yourself Go".....	Harold Littlefield
"Take me out to the Ball Game".....	Alberta Bradstreet
"Oh! that Silver Haired Daddy of Mine".....	Elizabeth Hammond
"Down on the Old Back Road".....	Kenneth Foster

### The Latest Movies

"Love on the Run".....	Donald Bradstreet trips
"Quality Street".....	Main St. in Albion
"Love in News".....	Senior girls
"Born to Dance".....	Elva Monroe
	Kay Noyes
"The Good Earth".....	Donald Marks
"Three Smart Girls".....	Elizabeth Hammond
	Marguerite Bessey
	Louise Libby
"History is Made at Night".....	Mr. Webb
"Ready, Willin, Able".....	Eva Crosby
	Betty Knowlton
	Alberta Bradstreet
"Three Married Men".....	Harold Littlefield
	Donald Bradstreet
	Melvin Ireland
"After the Thin Man".....	Henry Marden
	Elva Monroe

### Who's who at Besse

#### Most

Timid.....	Wallace Milliken
Original.....	Harland Brown
Polite .....	Winston Ross
Refined.....	Louise Libby
Humorous .....	Melvin Ireland
Optimistic.....	Richard Bickmore
Capable.....	Kathryn Noyes
Dignified .....	Harold Littlefield
Brilliant.....	Henry Marden
Studious.....	Lillian Hunt
Friendly.....	Hazel Crommitt
Agreeable.....	Elizabeth Hammond



# Alumni

**1930**

Emerson, Margaret Stanley, housewife  
Albion  
Greeley, Theresa Nelson; teaching, Windsor  
Karcher, Gertrude; at home, Albion  
Knight, Phillip; working, Belfast  
Rowe, Stephen; farmer, Albion  
Worthing, Winnifred Bradstreet; housewife, China  
Wentworth, George; working, Bath

**1931**

Crommett, Geraldine; bookkeeping, Woodstock, New Brunswick  
Dickey, Mildred Denaco; housewife, Clinton  
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; working, Central Maine, Bath

**1932**

Bradstreet, Frederick; at home, Albion  
Champlain, Helen; working, Clinton  
Crosby, Sherwin; farmer, Albion  
Denaco, Katherine Mason; housewife, Albion  
Dow, Ervin; working, Albion  
Meador, Carrol; at home, Albion  
Meador, Delmont; farmer, China  
Russell, Warren; working, Clinton

**1933**

Ames, Wilmer, at home, Matinicus  
Chamberlin, Isabelle Brown; housewife, Boston, Massachusetts  
Coombs, Hazel; at home, China  
Gramm, Olive; at home, Burlington, Vermont  
Harding, Carroll; working, Albion  
Knight, Edward; working, Union, Maine

Plummer, Lois; at home, Albion  
Perkins, Fred; at home, Albion  
Stearns, Merle; working, Albion  
Plummer, Christine; at home, Albion

**1934**

Belden, Arthur; at home, Palermo  
Crommett, Velma; working, Waterville  
Meador, Edna Bailey; housewife, China  
Reynolds, Berdina; student at Gates Business College, Augusta  
Ross, Maxine; at home, Albion  
Rowe, Priscilla; working, Waterville  
Wiggin, Eric; at home, Albion  
Willoughby, Fred; at home, Palermo

**1935**

Brann, Leon; at home, China  
Brann, Sylvia; at home, China  
Champlain, Mary; at home, Albion  
Coffin, Forrest; working, Albion  
Cooper, Mary; student, University of Maine, Orono  
Drake, Freeland; working, Albion  
Dyer, Julia; working, Augusta  
Fuller, Pauline; at home, Albion  
Reed, Norma; working, Albion  
Reynolds, Mervyn; working at C. C. C. Camps in Westbrook  
Taylor, Thelma; attending Thomas Business College, Waterville  
Thurston, Catherine; at home, China

**1936**

Baker, Randall; training at Honolulu, Hawaii  
Bradstreet, Clair; at home, Albion  
Dow, Bernice; working, Benton  
Hall, Winnie; at home, Albion  
Hammond, Earle; at home, Albion  
Jones, Francis; at home, Albion  
Lee, Frank; at home, Albion  
Libby, Leone; training at Elm City Hospital, Waterville  
Mason, Vincent; at home, Albion  
Mitchell, Doris; student at Farmington Normal School

## EXCHANGES

We will gladly exchange papers with any school that would like to receive our paper.

"The Messalonskee Ripple," Williams High, Oakland.

"The Monitor," Unity High, Unity.

"The Pinnacle," Erskine Academy, South China.

"The Nautilus," Waterville High, Waterville.

### School Papers

"The Hebronian," Hebron Academy, Hebron.

"The Red and White," Sanford High, Sanford.

### THIS AND THAT FROM THE EXCHANGES

#### In A Convent

Coal and bare,  
So quiet and echoing,  
The Nuns, like dumb shadows;  
Glide through those corridors,  
Where time tells nothing—  
Except when one should pray.

"The Nautilus."

Miss Simmons: "Did I hear you talk in study period?"

Gerald Goodman: "No, I never talk in my sleep."

"The Messalonskee Ripple."

Bill Manley: "Would you be angry if I kissed you?"

Cleo Shorey: "Don't you dare suggest such a thing! If you did I'd never speak to you again. Besides, someone might see us here."

"The Monitor."

Robert Kenayer: "John, what do you think of the senior pictures?"

John Quinnan: "Pretty good, those that they can't do justice to they do mercy."

"The Pinnacle."

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