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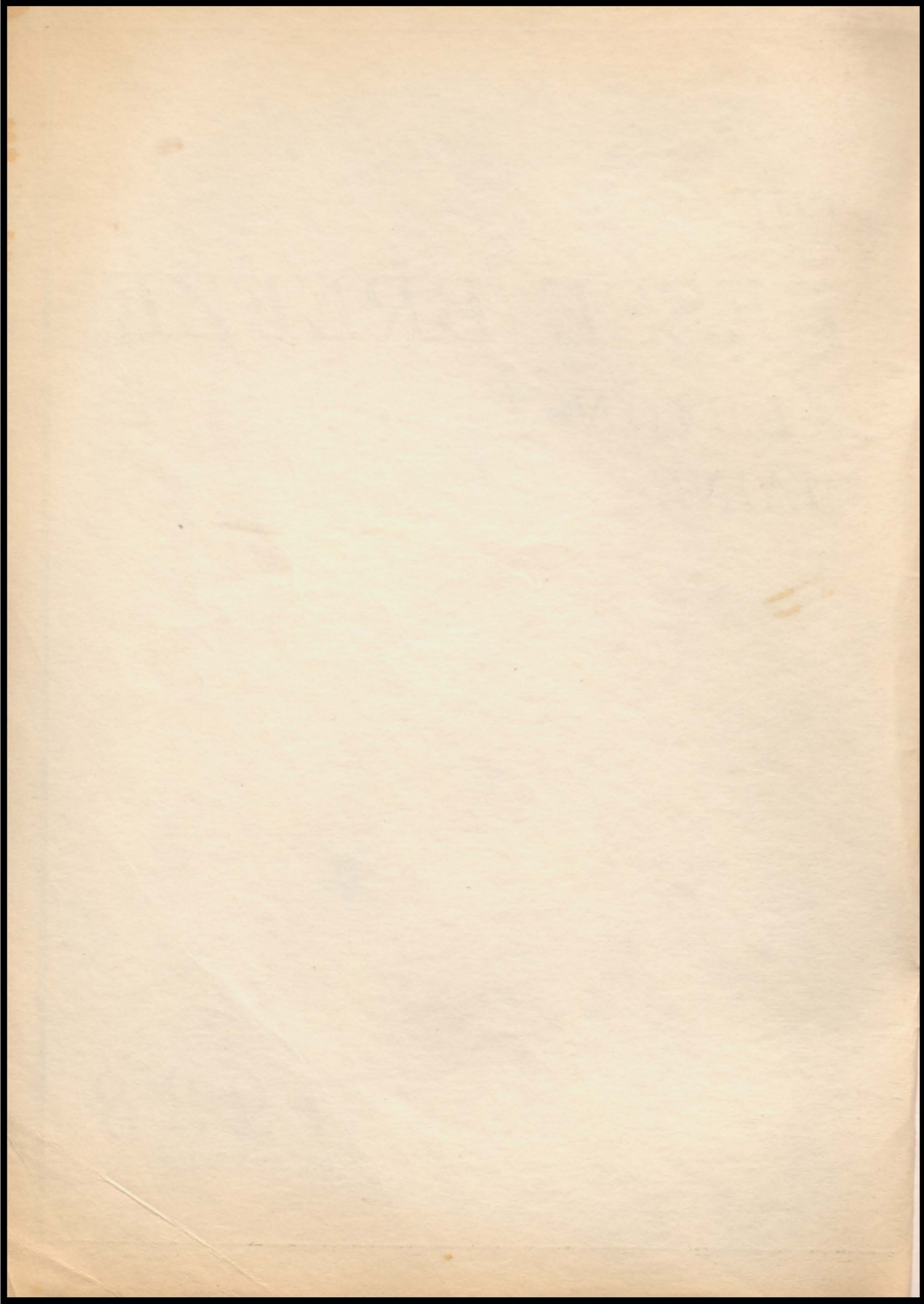
BESSE BREEZE

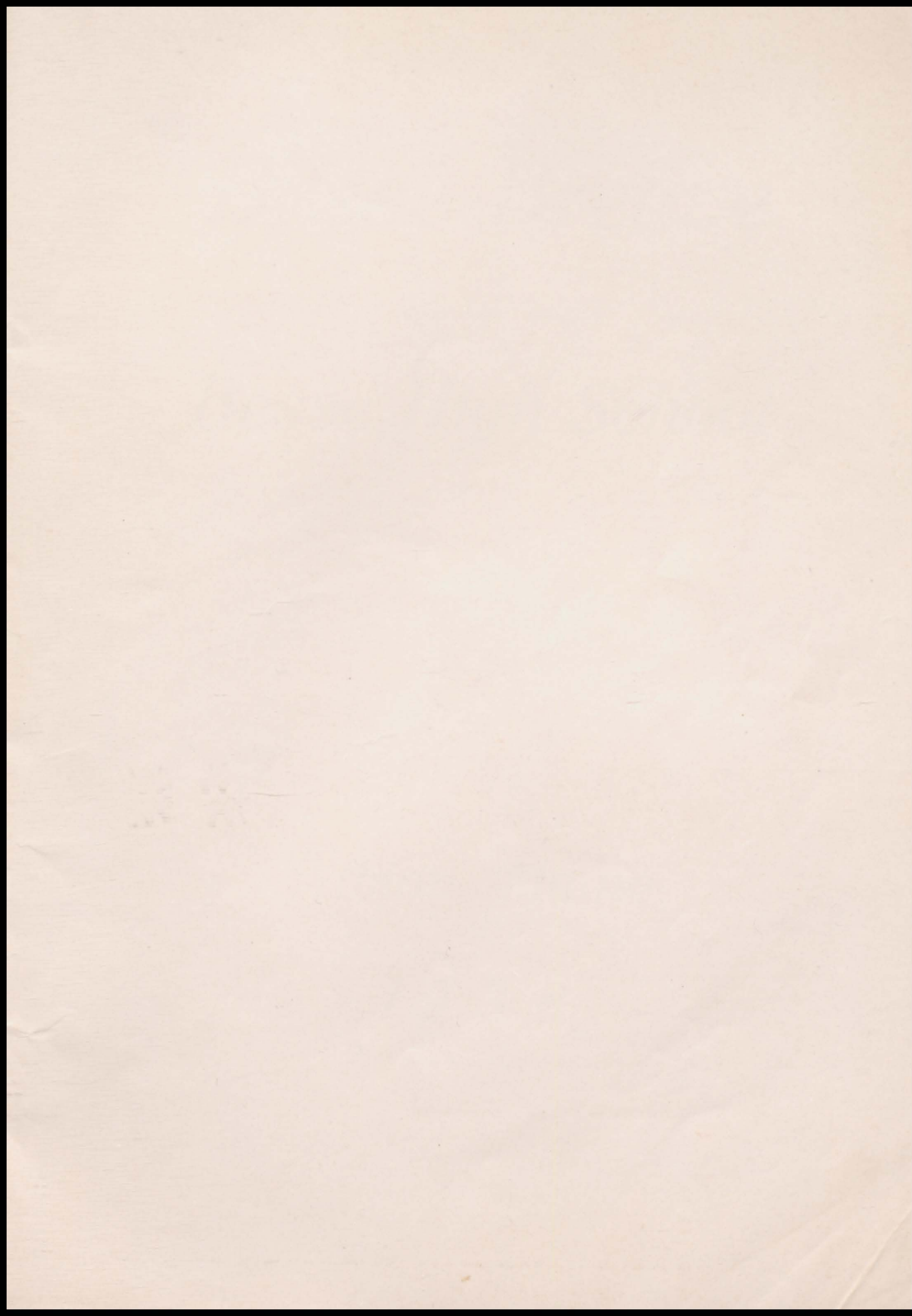
ALBION

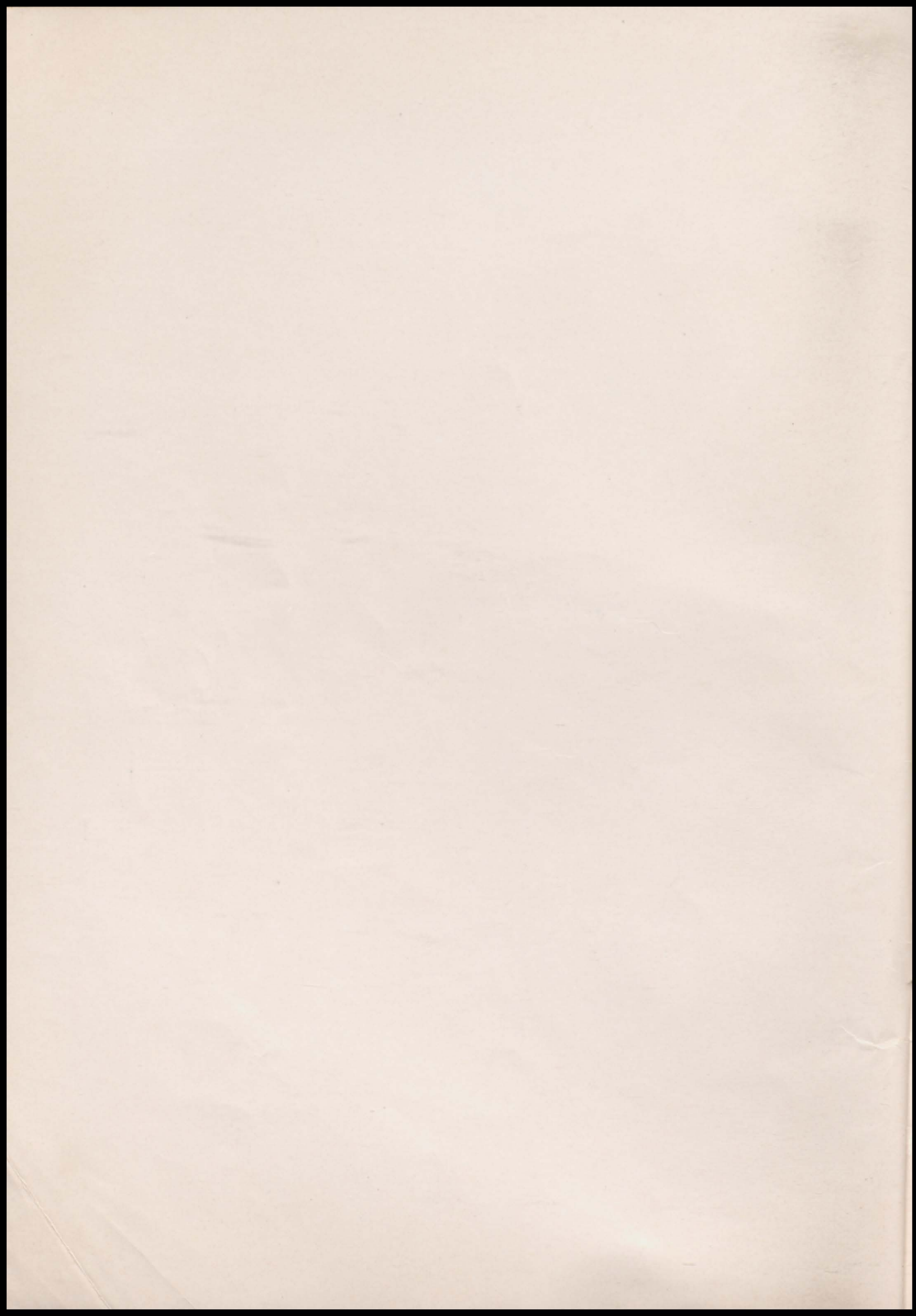
MAINE

1938

BESSE HIGH SCHOOL







Besse Breeze

∞ OF ∞

Besse High School



Albion, Maine

1938

CITY JOB PRINT. BELFAST, ME.



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

MISS HOPKINS, MR. KELLEY, AND MR. WEBB

BESSE BREEZE

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

Volume XII

Number VI



EDITORIAL STAFF

Seated (Left to Right) N. Olsen, R. Perkins, H. Marden, V. Rowe, E. Monroe, K. Noyes.
 Standing (Left to Right) T. Harding, W. Bagley, B. Russell, E. Bagley, C. Bradstreet, D. Belden, W. Ross, H. Crommett, C. Parkhurst, T. Brann, E. Cookson.

EDITORIAL BOARD

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Assistant Editor.....	Elva Monroe
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Advertising Assistant.....	Winston Ross
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Senior Editor.....	Doris Belden
Jokes.....	Norma Olsen Elsie Cookson Bertha Russell Winton Bagley
School Affairs.....	Thelma Brann
Faculty Advisor.....	Mr. Webb



Highest Honors

Myra Skillin	'39
Floyd Harding	'41
Henry Marden	'38
Kathryn Noyes	'39
Thelma Brann	'40
Hazel Crommett	'40
Virginia Rowe	'38
Fanny Copeland	'41

Honors

Edward Bagley	'39
Opal Baker	'39

Student Council Members

Virginia Rowe, President
 Winston Ross, Vice President
 Carlton Parkhurst, Secretary-treasurer
 Donald Libby
 Kathryn Noyes
 Eleanor Hammond
 Henry Marden
 Burdell Bessey
 Ruth Perkins
 Christine Bessey
 Thelma Brann
 Hilda Fuller
 Fanny Copeland



EDITORIALS

Forward

Schools have three directions in which they may go: backward, stationary, and forward. I honestly believe that our school has chosen the latter.

For the first time in the history of our school we have put out a ten page Besse Breeze every six weeks in addition to the annual issue. This paper has been carefully mimeographed containing many 'snappy' cartoons. In order to make the pictures, we purchased at the first of the year a machine to draw them with, which cost about twenty dollars.

Although we have had this additional work on our shoulders, our ranks have not suffered. In fact they have reached a higher level than last. Scholars seem to be taking more interest in their studies. Perhaps this is due to strict discipline, but the students have also put in good hard work.

As for our Senior class, they are beginning to take more interest in national and world affairs. Everything is being done to make their minds broader and less centered. Although they do not show it now, I believe the Seniors will never pick up a newspaper or magazine without thinking of their high school days.

Even if we have not had championship teams in basketball, fine spirit and sportsmanship has been shown. No quarreling or bickering has taken place.

Along with our scholastic progress, athletic achievements and other new interests, we have had to worry about finances. The financial condition of the school is now on a firm basis, perhaps slightly better than last year at this time.

Let us hope that Besse High School will strive on!

—Virginia Rowe, '38.

Why Go To School

Everyone should go to school to get an education and to enable himself to become a good American citizen. In this world where so much is necessary, no one can get anywhere without an education. To get any kind of a job that will get you anywhere in the world, one must have a good education, and the requirements are getting more rigid every year. To be a good citizen you must know what is going on in the world and be able to talk intelligently on any subject.

To be able to understand all the modern movements that are going on in our government today, you must thoroughly understand the

things that have gone on before. This takes in your book learning of various types.

In school you have socials and invite neighboring schools, have dances that crowds attend, have plays in which you have a chance to take part; these all help you to become acquainted with people and to learn to be a good mixer. You want to learn to behave yourself. Yes, everyone does, or should learn manners at home, but it isn't all your manners. It is necessary to learn how to behave yourself in a crowd, and the school parties and dances run by the school teaches these things.

There are sports such as basketball, baseball and football. Of course these are secondary to your studies, but there is time for these activities. In these sports you can learn about games so that you can talk intelligently on any one of them. These sports also teach you to be a good sport. Just because things don't go right, don't quit. Quite often in games things don't go as they should, but you have to value someone else's opinion as well as your own. The gang may want to go to the game; be a good sport and go.

In school one learns cooperation; one has to cooperate with his teachers. If you don't understand something, don't you go to your teacher for help? That's cooperation. If you have any kind of teacher, he will cooperate with you. A teacher is to help, teach and show—and teachers do all these things.

Now for an example; who ever got very far in this world of ours without schooling or book learning? Lincoln? Did he get anywhere without study? No! Maybe he didn't go to school as you or I, but he studied. He made use of everything, remembered what he heard, and by his own work he became a great man.

In conclusion I will summarize the whole. We go to school to learn, make something of ourselves in life, be able to learn how to behave, be a good sport, mix and cooperate with people. All of these things are very vital points in anyone's life, and must be learned when young—you can't teach an old dog new tricks, nor can you live your life twice.

—Elva Monroe, '39.

The Value of Editorials

No one realizes how interesting as well as educational it is to study newspapers, until he makes a determined effort to study them. The editorial section particularly broadens one's mind and helps one to see all sides and angles of questions. The short time that I have been studying newspapers has really taught me more than a six week's study of books.

In my study of newspapers I compared the following papers as

to their editorial sections: St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Detroit News, Boston Evening Transcript, Christian Science Monitor, Los Angeles Times and the New York World Telegram. I found editorials of various lengths on national, state, city, foreign and miscellaneous subjects. From these papers I found that the national and foreign news discuss similar aspects of the same subjects. Naturally the miscellaneous and state editorials would vary. From the eight newspapers, I found fourteen editorials for both national and miscellaneous news, thirteen for the state or city and five on foreign affairs.

From an editorial on national news in the Baltimore Sun, I found a particularly good one on the International Pacific highway. Foreign news in all papers contained various viewpoints on the Sino-Japanese war and the Panay incident, at that time occupying much space in the news. These papers also contained at least one good editorial on state affairs. The Transcript printed one on the Boston Symphony while from New York comes an article on Wall Street.

However important all these others may be, the miscellaneous editorials were by far the most amusing. The Los Angeles Times issued two of the most amusing articles, one concerning the "Singing Cop". They have found a fellow in California whose natural voice is equal to Caruso's. The other was about Luther Burbank, the man who improved the fruits of plants by hybridizing. Burbank suggested that the Los Angeles homes be made to look like Christmas cards.

The little I have just written tells you that an editorial may be about anything under the sun. If you can't write an editorial, you'd better experiment with editorials as I did.

—Kathryn Noyes, '39.

A CAMERAMAN

I'd like to be a camera man
 And go to cover every fire.
 I'd take the pictures of the fun.
 Of work like this I'd never tire.

I'd roam the land, the whole wide world!
 And go to every baseball game.
 I'd take the best of all the scenes—
 A storm in Maine—a fight in Spain.

I'd cover fights and follow floods;
 I'd visit China to shoot the works.
 Then go to Spain and film the war,
 And maybe go to see the Turks.

I'd like to be a camera man
 So I could see things in the world,
 And take their pictures home with me
 To show a universe unfurled.

by HENRY MARDEN '38

THE ROBIN

The robin comes to us each spring
 With breast of firey red.
 He gets upon the window sill
 As if to ask for bread.

He hops around for an hour or so,
 Until the cat spies he.
 He keeps one eye on the old gray cat
 And the other one on me.

He lives in the north the hottest months,
 And flies to the South in the fall
 And spends the cold old winter there,
 And minds it not at all.

And when in March the spring appears
 He is here without delay.
 He spends with us another year
 And leaves the first cold day.

by BURDELL BESSEY '40



SENIORS



ARCHIE SENNETT
President
Class Will



DORIS BELDEN
Vice President
Class Gifts



HENRY SIBLEY MARDEN
Treasurer
Valedictorian



VIRGINIA AUDREY ROWE
Secretary
Salutatorian



JOHN COOKSON
Senior Essay



RUTH MARIE PERKINS
Class Historian



RICHARD PAYSON BICKMORE
Class Prophecy



CARLTON MAYNARD
PARKHURST
Address to Undergraduates

Class Colors
Blue and White

Class Flower
White Carnation

Class Motto
Life lies before us

Who's Who

BELDEN, DORIS

Birth: Palermo, Maine, August 22, 1919.

Residence: Palermo, Maine.

Description: My hair is that shade known as chestnut brown. It is rather straight and cut short. My eyes are hazel.

Schools attended: Center Grammar School, Palermo, Maine for eight years. Besse High School, Albion, Maine for four years.

Activities: Junior Play (3); prize speaking (3); Senior Play (4); Editorial Board (4); Vice President of class (4); Basketball (1), (2); Senior Editor (4); Presentation of Gifts.

Favorite study: Mathematics.

Favorite Amusement: My favorite amusement is dancing because I enjoy meeting and seeing new people.

Favorite Author: I like Gene Stratton Porter for nature stories, and John Fox, Jr. for mountain stories.

Something I do fairly well: The something I do fairly well is hard to decide. I think, however, I cook fairly well. It's just luck I guess, instead of intelligence.

Most interesting experience: I consider my most interesting experience happened the day I went gumming and left my knife at home. I thought I had it until I found a tree where I wanted to dig off some gum. I reached in my pocket, and to my surprise found it empty.

Plans after leaving high school: I haven't any plans for the future yet.

BICKMORE, RICHARD PAYSON.

Birth: Albion, Maine, October 7, 1920.

Residence: China Road, Albion, Maine.

Description: My hair and eyes are of the same color, this being half way between brown and black. My nose and chin are too small to suit me, but I hope they will grow some day.

Schools Attended: Besse grade schools for seven years, Benton Grade school for one year and Besse High School for four years.

Activities: Senior Play (3), (4); Junior Play (3); Prize Speaking (3); Basketball (4); Mgr. Baseball (4); Class Prophecy.

Favorite Study: My favorite study is anything that takes up current events such as P. D. and civics.

Favorite Amusement: My favorite amusement is running motor boats.

Favorite Author: My favorite author is Zane Gray because of the feeling in his stories. He makes you see how the old West must have looked.

Hobby: My favorite hobby is stamp collecting.

Interesting experience: The most interesting experience that I ever had was a trip the class took to Fort Knox.

Plans after leaving high school: I plan to study commercial journalism.

COOKSON, JOHN

Birth: Albion, Maine, July 26, 1920.

Residence: Albion, Maine.

Description. My hair is a medium shade of brown. My eyes are light brown.

Schools attended: Besse Grammar School for eight years and Besse High for five years

Activities: Freshman Play (1); Junior Play (3); Senior Play (5); Prize speaking (4); Essay

Favorite studies: My favorite studies are those related to science or mathematics.

Favorite amusement: My favorite amusement is swimming. I can think of nothing as refreshing or exhilarating as a swim in clear, deep water.

Something I do fairly well: I think that if I do anything fairly well it is carpentry work. I guess I owe this to environment, as I have spent the greater part of my time in a wood and iron work shop.

Most interesting experience: It is hard to think of what my most interesting experience was, but I guess it must have been getting a model "T" to run. One person gave me the engine because they didn't think it would work, and I made an old Jewett rear end fit by hammering down a steel shaft to fit the Ford universal. When I got through, I had a "puddle jumper."

Plans after leaving high school: My plans for the future are uncertain.

MARDEN, HENRY SIBLEY

Birth: Freedom Maine, July 31, 1921.

Residence: Albion, Maine.

Description: My hair is a rather indefinite shade of brown and my eyes are also of a brownish hue. I am a little over six feet tall and have a very slight build. My most prominent feature, or features, are my feet.

Schools attended: Besse intermediate for three years, Besse Grammar for three years and Besse High for four years.

Activities: Class treasurer (1), (2), (3), (4); School play (3); Senior play (3); Senior Play (4); Baseball (1), (2), (3), (4); Mgr. Basketball (4); Besse Breeze (2), (3), (4); Student Council (2), (3), (4); Valedictorian.

Favorite study: Geometry.

Favorite amusement: My favorite amusement is going places, meeting people, seeing new things and having people come to see me.

Favorite author: O. Henry.

Something I do fairly well: I like to work with my hands or head. Now, don't misunderstand me. I never liked manual labor, but I like to build model airplanes, work on radio sets, tinker with machinery and use wood working tools.

Most interesting experience: I consider my experiences all interesting, but one in particular stands out in my mind, a visit to the Waterville airport. There were several planes stored there at the time, and we entered nearly every one of them and sat in the pilot seat of each. During our visit we had more fun than I ever imagined one could have just looking at things.

Plans after leaving high school: I plan to enter Parks Air College in St. Louis where I shall major in aeronautical engineering.

PARKHURST, CARLTON MAYNARD.

Birth: Bath, Maine June 6, 1919.

Residence: Albion Maine.

Description: I have a light complexion, a heavy beard that nobody misses when it is about two days old. My eyes are blue, one of which is partly closed.

Schools attended: Waterville Primary School for two years. Number Four School, Albion, for four years and Besse High School for four years.

Activities: Waterville Boys' Club, Baseball (2), (3), (4); Basketball (3), (4); school treasurer (3), (4); Junior Play (3); Senior Play (4); Editorial Board (3), (4); Prize Speaking (3); won honorable mention. Address to Undergraduates.

Favorite study: mathematics.

Favorite amusement: dancing.

Favorite author: Of all the authors I have studied during my course in English, I have found Amy Lowell's writings on nature subjects to interest me most.

Something I do fairly well: The something I do fairly well is working on electrical and gasoline motors.

My most interesting experience: My most interesting experience was watching the damage done during the flood of '36.

Plans after leaving high school: Attend Maine for four years, studying the agriculture course.

PERKINS, RUTH MARIE.

Birth: Keegan, Maine, September 2, 1920.

Residence: Albion Maine.

Description: My hair is a medium shade of brown. My eyes are a grayish blue. My most outstanding feature is my nose which is long and large.

Schools attended: Kindergarden at Keegan Maine, eight years at Besse Intermediate and Grammar and four years at Besse High School.

Favorite study: Although I'm not especially fond of any study, I consider English as my favorite.

Favorite amusement: Boating in summer and attending basketball games in winter.

Something I do fairly well: I do not do anything extremely well but I can use a needle and thread when it is necessary.

Most interesting experience: One day last summer, while I was working at a summer camp, a fire broke out in the pine needles. Two other girls and myself were washing dishes when somebody called, "Fire." We grabbed pails, dish pans brooms and even a bread pan, and ran toward the fire. For about half an hour everybody in camp who was able contributed towards putting the fire out.

Activities: Senior Play (2); Junior Play (3); Prize speaking (3); Student Council (3), (4); Alumni Editor (3), (4); Exchange editor and senior class reporter. History.

Plans after leaving high school: My plans are still uncertain.

ROWE, VIRGINIA AUDREY.

Birth: Albion, Maine, February 17, 1921.

Residence: Albion Maine.

Description: I am five feet seven inches tall and weigh one hundred and thirty pounds. My eyes are not striking, the color being hazel. My hair is medium brown. All of my features are fairly regular, except, perhaps, my turned-up nose.

Schools attended: Besse High School for four years and eight years of grade school in the same building.

Activities: Class president (1), (2), (3); Class secretary (4); Student Council (1), (3), (4); Besse Breeze (2), (3), (4); Editorial Board (2), (3); Editor (4); Capt. Basketball (4); Senior Play (2); Junior Play (3); Senior Play (4); Prize Speaking (3); First prize, Basketball letter (1), (2), (3), (4); Sec't Student Council (3); President of Student Council, D. A. R. candidate to Wash. (4); Salutatorian.

Favorite study: English I and II.

Favorite amusement: dancing.

Favorite author: no choice.

Something I do fairly well: I can cook and keep house fairly well. My brother says that I can drive a car as well as a man, but of course he says that only when he needs me to drive.

Most interesting experience: I have had several experiences, but my most interesting was a visit to the Sisters' Hospital in Waterville.

Plans after leaving high school: I plan to enter some hospital for training.

SENNETT, ARCHIE W.

Birth: Albion, Maine, February 16, 1919.

Residence: Fine Elm Farm, Albion, Maine.

Description: Six feet tall, light complexion, slightly red hair and blue eyes.

Schools attended: Public school in Albion and Besse High School.

Activities: Baseball (3), (4); Prize Speaking (3); second prize Junior Play (3); Senior Play (3), (4); Class president (4); Class Will.

Favorite study: Science.

Favorite amusement: Comic plays.

Favorite author: Zane Gray.

Something I do fairly well: Writing a composition is about the easiest and best thing I do.

Most interesting experience: My most interesting experience was visiting a neighboring town after a young cyclone, or you might call it a twister. The trees were twisted from the ground, parts of houses torn down, cattle lost and still no one injured in the catastrophe.

Plans after leaving high school: I have thought very strongly of entering some business and learning a trade.



SCHOOL

Bottom (Left to Right) E. Rhoda, W. Ross, H. Brown, W. Bagley, D. Libby, R. Parkhurst, F. Harding, W. Milliken, Richard Parkhurst, G. Belden.

2nd Row (Left to Right) R. Perkins, D. Belden, C. Hill, L. Bradstreet, E. Hammond, B. Willoughby, E. Bradstreet, C. Bessey, P. Young, H. Crommett, E. Baker, O. Baker, S. Cookson.

3rd Row (Left to Right) A. Hamilton, E. Monroe, K. Noyes, R. Reed, N. Olsen, T. Brann, B. Bessey, E. Bagley, R. Lee, M. Skillin, V. Rowe, E. Cookson.

Top Row (Left to Right) J. Cookson, C. Parkhurst, H. Marden, V. Higgins, R. Perry, T. Copeland, C. Bradstreet, E. Glidden, J. Reynolds, R. Sennett, A. Sennett, B. Russell, H. Crosby, J. Hammond, R. Bickmore, H. Fuller.

School Roll

FRESHMEN

Elinor Baker
 Ethelyn Bradstreet
 Shirley Cookson
 Fanny Copeland
 Hilda Fuller
 June Hammond, Sec. and Treas.
 Arnold Hamilton, Vice President
 Floyd Harding
 Clayton Haskell
 Arthur Hendsbee, President
 Violet Higgins
 Ralph Lee
 Richard Parkhurst
 Ruth Reed
 Earle Rhoda

JUNIORS

Edward Bagley, President
 Christine Bessey
 Opal Baker
 Cecil Bradstreet, Sec. and Treas.
 Harold Crosby
 Eleanor Hammond
 Elva Monroe
 Kathryn Noyes
 Winslon Ross, Vice President
 Bertha Russell
 Romaine Sennett
 Myra Skillin

SOPHOMORES

Winton Bagley
 George Belden
 Burdeil Bessey
 Lucille Bradstreet
 Thelma Brann
 Herbert Brown
 Elsie Cookson
 Hazel Crommett
 Elois Glidden
 Catherine Hill
 Donald Libby
 Wallace Milliken
 Norma Olsen, President
 Raymond Parkhurst, Vice Pres.
 Russell Perry
 James Reynolds
 Beulah Willoughby, Sec. and Treas.
 Phyllis Young

SENIORS

Doris Belden, Vice President
 Richard Bickmore
 John Cookson
 Henry Marden, Treasurer
 Carlton Parkhurst
 Virginia Rowe, Secretary
 Archie Sennett, President



Karl McKechnie, Superintendent of Schools

AN INTERVIEW

by Virginia Rowe, '38

One morning before school commenced I asked Mr. McKechnie for an interview. We went to the classroom where we thought we could talk free from interruption. This was my first attempt at an interview, and my very first conversation with Mr. McKechnie. It was somewhat difficult to begin and realizing my distress he started asking questions about our basketball team. Then we fell into a friendly conversation.

Mr. McKechnie gave me a full account of the schools he had attended. He attended Dover Foxcroft common schools and was graduated from Maine Central Institute. In 1924 he was graduated from the University of Maine, receiving the B. S. degree. Since then he has returned to the University to attend summer school.

He told me that he had taught twelve years, this present year making his thirteenth in the teaching profession. He has taught at Ricker Classical Institute, Frankfort, Brewer High School, Brooks High School, and Unity High School.

Upon asking him what he thought our high school standard was compared with others, he replied, "It has a good standard and compares favorably with others of its size." Concerning progress of schools as a whole, he said, "Schools everywhere are making steady progress." Upon asking his conception of the purpose of schools he said that schools should first of all teach and train their students to be useful American citizens.

All of his replies were turned over in his mind carefully before he answered me. Then they were concise and clear.

I was very interested to learn from him that his chief interest was anything to do with education. Next to that he was interested in farming. Golf and fishing are the sports he enjoys most, although he likes sports of all kinds.

Then we had a chat about other interests of our own. He mentioned that he had served in the army during the world war with three years of over sea service. Then the bell rang which closed the interview.

Mr. McKechnie was evidently too modest to mention his musical ability, but while he was at Unity High School he was instrumental in forming an orchestra. We welcome him as our new superintendent and wish him many years of useful service.

THE FARMER SCENE

White smooth snow was everywhere
 On this December morn.
 The sun was rising in the east,
 Shutting off the dawn.

And then from every farmhouse
 Lazily curled the smoke
 Proving to every single one
 That farmers just awoke.

Then to the barn the farmer trudged
 To do his morning chores
 Of milking cows and feeding them
 Their morning meal once more.

And after all his chores are done,
 To the warm house he goes.
 And sitting at his morning meal
 He tells of all his woes.

The dear old farmers all work hard
 Supplying the family needs.
 They prove to all the city ones
 He too works hard indeed.

by ELSIE COOKSON '40

COLUMBUS

Long Long ago in days of old,
 Forth to Spain stepped a sailor bold;
 His theory was that the earth was round,
 But next in line this had to be found.

Then straight to the courts his footsteps
 he turned,
 But there by the king and queen he was
 spurned,

And when he asked for some ships and
 a crew,
 Out of the court the poor man they
 threw.

Then sick at heart from his native land,
 He went to a place where his future was
 planned.

From Genoa he sailed one day
 To a land that was new and far away.

On the twelfth of October in '92
 On America he was the first to view.
 An old and weary man he was
 But sailed again without a pause.

by BURDELL BESSEY '40

Girls' Basketball



Reading left to right: L. Bradstreet, E. Hammond, E. Cookson, E. Bradstreet, B. Willoughby, H. Crommett, E. Monroe, N. Olsen, B. Russell, K. Noyes (Mgr.) V. Rowe (Capt.) Coach Kelley.

Because Besse was greatly handicapped due to losses from graduation, Coach Kelley was faced with a difficult task in rounding out a team. Only a few veterans remained from last year's outfit. For another time Besse was chosen to compete in the Fairfield tournament. The prospects for a championship outfit for next year are good because we will have an experienced team. Girls making letters are as follows: Captain Rowe, Manager Noyes, N. Olsen, L. Bradstreet, B. Russell, E. Hammond, B. Willoughby, E. Monroe, E. Bradstreet and E. Cookson.

Season's Record

		Besse	Opponents
Brooks	(here)	29	16
Winterport	(there)	10	30
Liberty	(there)	24	29
Winslow	(here)	41	18
Unity	(there)	24	44
Erskine	(here)	17	22
Liberty	(here)	25	17
Monroe	(here)	64	13
Freedom	(here)	19	26
Monroe	(there)	44	10
Brooks	(there)	22	9
Erskine	(there)	25	25
Winslow	(there)	18	16
Unity	(here)	33	37
Freedom	(there)	30	15
Hallowell	Tournament	10	48

Boys' Basketball



Front Row: C. Parkhurst, R. Parkhurst, C. Bradstreet, W. Ross, (Capt.) E. Bagley, R. Perry.

Back Row: W. Bagley, R. Lee, E. Rhoda, H. Marden. (Mgr.)
Coach Kelley, R. Bickmore, H. Brown, D. Libby.

As our team was made up of green men, we had a rather unsuccessful season, winning only one game. Since all our regular men will be back next year with one exception, we expect a good team. Ross was elected captain for this season and also for next year. Henry Marden was chosen manager.

Our regular lineup consisted of Ross and Bagley, forwards; Bradstreet and C. Parkhurst, center; R. Parkhurst and Perry, guards. Substitutes were Rhoda, Lee, Brown, W. Bagley, Belden, Bickmore, Libby and Hendsbee.

Letter men were as follows: Ross, Perry, Bradstreet, E. Bagley, R. Parkhurst, C. Parkhurst, Bickmore and Mgr. Marden.

Season's Record

		Besse	Opponents
Brooks	(here)	22	34
Solon	(here)	22	37
Winterport	(there)	19	34
Liberty	(here)	8	6
Unity	(there)	10	31
Monroe	(here)	15	17
Freedom	(here)	13	33
Liberty	(there)	24	29
Cony	(here)	8	37
Monroe	(there)	15	27
Unity	(here)	13	30
Winterport	(here)	24	43
Erskine	(here)	15	31
Erskine	(there)	11	28
Brooks	(there)	24	43
Freedom	(there)	16	29



Seated Front Row (Left to Right) B. Bessey, R. Parkhurst, R. Perry, H. Marden, C. Bradstreet, A. Sennett.
 Second Row (Left to Right) D. Libby, R. Lee, Mr. Kelley (Coach), R. Bickmore, H. Brown, W. Bagley.
 Third Row (Left to Right) C. Parkhurst, E. Rhoda, W. Ross (Capt.), G. Belden, A. Hamilton.


Baseball 1937

Due to absence from school because of spring farming, our baseball team wasn't as successful as expected. A few lettermen came back from the previous championship team, but there were still many gaps to be filled. However we won over our old rival Unity, but were defeated by Freedom and Erskine, formerly easy prey for us. We were not in the Waldo County League this season.

Those receiving letters were: Captain Brown, Ireland, Sennett, Ross, C. Bradstreet, Glidden, Harding, Bessey, R. Parkhurst, C. Parkhurst, Perry, Marden and D. Bradstreet, manager.

Baseball 1938

With a few lettermen and experienced players returning this year, we expect a fairly successful season. Our lineup will consist mostly of underclassmen. The team purchased new uniforms. We are going to enter Waldo County League, and this year the league is to be on a one division basis, one game only being played between teams. The schedule calls for seven games in the league, and other games will be scheduled with Erskine, and possibly Clinton or Oakland.



DRAMATICS

Bazaar Plays—Freshman and Sophomore Classes

Two one act plays were presented at the annual school bazaar, November 24, 1937, under the direction of Miss Hopkins and Mr. Webb. The cast follows:

HIS FIRST GIRL

Chester Cameron.....	Raymond Parkhurst
Dean Powers.....	Arthur Hendsbee
Mrs. J. J. Powers.....	Hilda Fuller
Eleanor Powers.....	Elinor Baker
Marianne Thompson.....	June Hammond

THE STRONGEST

Isabelle Stuart.....	Thelma Brann
Olga.....	Danna Libby
Hilda.....	Elsie Cookson
Mary.....	Hazel Crommett
George.....	Wallace Milliken
John.....	Winton Bagley
Elsa.....	Eloise Glidden
Laura.....	Beulah Willoughby
Nils.....	Donald Libby

Senior Play

December 17, the senior class presented the comedy, **A Ready Made Family** coached by Mr. Webb. The cast follows:

Agnes Martin, a widow.....	Elsie Cookson
Bob, her son.....	Henry Marden
Marilee, her elder daughter.....	Kathyrn Noyes
Gracie, her youngest child.....	Elva Monroe
Miss Lydia, her sister-in-law.....	Doris Belden
Henry Turner, a widower.....	Carlton Parkhurst
Doris, his daughter.....	Virginia Rowe
Sammie, his son.....	Richard Bickmore
Begonia, the Martyn's darky cook....	Christine Bessey
Nicodemus, the Martyn's colored handy man	Archie Sennett
Stage Director.....	John Cookson
Prompter.....	Norma Olsen

Junior Play

The Junior Play with Miss Hopkins as coach will be presented in the I. O. O. F. Hall on the evening of June 3rd. The cast follows:

THE BLUE BAG

Anton McDonald.....Raymond Parkhurst
 George Reynolds.....Cecil Bradstreet
 Chattanooga Elvira Livermoor.....Kathryn Noyes
 Cindy Macklyn.....Opal Baker
 Obadiah Macklyn.....Edward Bagley
 Allan Ross.....Arnold Hamilton
 Enid Lauton.....Elva Monroe
 Jim Keefer.....Donald Libby
 Molly Keefer.....Bertha Russell
 Letty Long.....Myra Skillin
 Bill Harrington.....James Reynolds

CLASS HISTORY

We have made the joyous climb
 In the shortest length of time.
 We are about to leave this school
 Where we learned the golden rule.

When we left the grammar grade
 And looked on youth above our age,
 We had a feeling of pride
 As our hearts beat against our side.

They told us what they would do,
 And we thought the words were true,
 But when the time for us came,
 They used us like they would a cane.

They leaned on us for their fun,
 For in this school we'd just begun.
 But before the year was through
 We'd captured one and injured two.

Now it was for us to see the freshmen
 in.
 What we did to them was no sin.
 That second year rolled by,
 And not a one gave a sigh.

Prize speaking was to come next,
 And we could not use the text,
 But we got by that all right
 And found ourselves in a newer light.

We are now in our fourth year.
 Once in a while there comes a tear.
 From B. H. S. we're stepping out
 To settle down or run about.

by ARCHIE SENNETT '38

WINTER

The days are growing very short;
 We know that fall is here.
 For all the leaves are falling off
 From all the trees so dear.

The snow will soon be coming down
 To cover up the ground.
 And oh the fun we all will have
 To ski and slide around!

A snowman in the yard we'll build,
 To show our skill at art,
 And give to him a pipe of clay,
 But lo! he has no heart.

And after school our skates we strapped
 Upon our feet so tight.
 It is a perfect sport for me
 To skate with all my might.

It gives to one an appetite
 For dishes hot and brown.
 It makes my mother's cakes go fast
 To skate around the town.

And in the eve we gather 'round;
 The fire is burning bright.
 We play some games and sing some
 songs—
 For oh the fire is bright.

But can't you see that winter dear,
 To me is best of all.
 I wouldn't trade it any time
 For summer, spring or fall.

by HAZEL CROMMETT '40

NEWS EVENTS OF 1937-1938

Socials

On October 15, 1937 a joint social was held by Besse High, Unity High and Freedom Academy at the Grange Hall in Albion.

On November 3, 1937 Unity High returned the invitation and held a social in Unity for the other two schools. About thirty were present from Besse.

Freshman Reception

September 17 the Freshman reception was held in the Grange Hall. Each freshie had to do as they were instructed, and they performed many stunts for the amusement of the spectators. The sophomores were in charge of the fun.

Bazaar

November 24, 1937 the High School held a bazaar at the I. O. O. F. Hall. In the afternoon there was a sale, and in the evening entertainment was provided by the Freshman and Sophomore classes.

New Paper

This year we have published every six weeks a mimeographed edition of BESSE BREEZE. It tells of school affairs as well as containing examples of the literary work of the students. The work was under the supervision of Mr. Webb and a student editorial board did the writing and collecting of material.

Our Foreign Correspondence

This year many of the Junior class have started corresponding with girls and boys of foreign lands. This to some of the class has become an interesting pastime that has really grown to a friendship.

Romaine Sennett has become acquainted with a student doctor of England. She has received some friendly letters that show an Englishman's curiosity of America. Opal Baker tried Africa, that land of Jungles, tigers and thrilling cannibals, only to find that that boy in South West Africa has no such thrills in his back yard. Katherine Noyes receives a letter once a month both from Estonia and New Zealand. The ocean is wide and it takes a long time for an answer. Her pen pal in Hastings, New Zealand has a weight of nine and one half stone and the one in Estonia weighs sixty Kg. and is sixty-six Cm. tall. (Figure that out.) Here is a part of a letter from Victoria Lindemon in Tallin, Estonia:

"We must learn in our school eight years before we can finish it. But before our school, the girl must visit four years the elementary school. So in all, a girl who wants to finish the higher school, has to

learn twelve years. We are learning Estonia, English, Germany, Russia, Latin, Algebra, history of Europe, Asia, U. S. A., and singing lessons, gymnastics and scripture." (This girl has taken only three years of English.)

All the letters so far have proved a bit educational, but more entertaining. I understand Bertha Russell and Edward Bagley will have as much fun in writing to Canada and Australia as the rest have, at least we all hope so.

Senior Dances

This year the seniors have run dances in the Grange Hall in order to earn some money to add to their class fund. They have been very successful in doing so, and have planned to give one third of the total amount to the school.

Senior Trip

During their four years the seniors have earned enough money so that they can go on a trip. The class has decided to visit Quebec and the White Mountains.

Hot Dog Sales

Each Tuesday this year the school has held a hot dog sale in order to secure funds for school activities. They have been well patronized and financially profitable.

Special Assemblies

December 10 Reverend James E. Sawyer gave a talk to the students on Palestine.

January 28 Reverend Nelson Hiekes gave a talk to the high school and grammar school on Albion and the World War.

February 11 Reverend Nelson Hiekes spoke to the school on Lincoln.

Moving Pictures

February 28 a movie was presented at the school entitled The Beneficent Reprobate, showing the effects of alcohol upon the human body.

March 25 Carlton Brown from Waterville presented a film entitled The Healer. This was purely an entertainment picture.

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

E. Glidden: "Yes, I got five."

LITERATURE

THE REVOLT OF MOTHER

Quietly she walked for fear of waking her daughters. Mrs. Dally came out of the attic door, for the attic was her chamber, since her daughters occupied all the bedrooms. Lightly she stepped along the hallway and was suddenly surprised by Birdie's voice coming from behind a closed bedroom door. Surely Birdie wasn't up this early, she thought.

"Mother, will you wash my stockings, I haven't got any clean ones to wear?" Mrs. Dally heard the key in the door turn, Birdie always locked her door. The door was opened and she thrust a pair of soiled stockings into her mother's hands. Then the door was slammed and locked. Mrs. Dolly continued her journey down the hallway, and proceeding with light steps down the stairs she went to the bathroom where she started her day.

From the mirror which she gazed in, a reflection of a beautiful but tired middle-aged face was framed by a gilt frame. After refreshing herself by washing her face in cold water, she combed her silvery streaked hair, and carefully brushed all stray hairs from her dress. After she had tidied herself, she journeyed out into the kitchen where she washed out Birdie's stockings and went into the back yard and pinned them on the clothes line. Mr. Banning, a retired sailor, was out weeding his garden. He stopped his work and leaned over the back fence.

"Up slavin' for those lazy girls so early in the morning again, I suppose?" he said.

"Now Mr. Banning, you just mind your own business," she said, "you old bachelors don't know what it is to have a nice family to work for." She finished pinning the stockings and went over to the fence.

"Well, I certainly know one thing; if I had girls like yours, I'd teach them a few lessons in looking out for themselves," he answered with a smile, but meaning every word he said.

"You hadn't ought to work before breakfast, Mr. Banning, it makes you too free with your tongue," she replied.

"Makes my mind clearer too," he chuckled loudly. Mrs. Dally turned to go in the house.

"Here," he said, "is a nice ripe melon for your breakfast, and don't you let those lazy girls, up there in bed, have a lick of it."

"Mr. Banning, why is it that you don't like my girls?" she asked.

"Oh, now, I don't dislike them, but I do hate to see you slave your life away for them," he said, reaching over the fence and enclos-

ing her hand in his big brown one, "but I just know they are keeping you from being my wife."

"Oh, no, they're not, not for a minute would I let my girls keep me from my happiness," she said hastily, as she gazed into his face. "But I do enjoy having you as a neighbor."

"Well, you won't have me for a neighbor long," he replied, "because I'm going to take charge of a fruit transport soon." Mrs. Dally gazed into his sad face. This bit of news shocked her, as he seemed so like a permanent neighbor, and she liked his old fashioned way of making love to her.

"I knew you were too much of a sailor to stay on land long," she said, turning to go in the house, "but we'll miss you terribly, Mr. Banning." She proceeded into the house where she began her day's labors. Immediately she turned on the current in the little electric stove and set the coffee percolator on, for she knew that Hazel would soon be down for her breakfast of coffee and doughnuts.

"Mother, haven't I got a clean dress," shouted Daisy from upstairs, "I ought to have one some where."

"If you'll look in your closet, I think you'll find that blue dotted dress," replied mother.

"O. K., mumsie," answered Daisy, "I'll look."

A clicking of hardwood heels was heard on the stairway. It must be Hazel, mother thought, and sure enough it was. Hazel was such a prudent person. There never was a more intelligent girl. Her job called for neatness, dignity, brains, and trustfulness; she fulfilled all these requirements. She always dressed with such great care and the carelessness of her sisters greatly annoyed her. None of them made fun of her daintiness except Daisy, and she was the youngest. Naturally she was more spoiled than the rest. She greeted her mother with a smile, then her brow wrinkled as she said:

"Mother, Daisy even had the impudence to wear my tan georgette dress last night and she simply ruined it with perfume. She even used my perfume to spoil it with." Mrs. Dally was troubled, but she didn't say anything. Daisy, who was clumping down the stairs with a pair of mules on her feet, overheard her sister's complaint.

"Now isn't that too bad, Hazel. You know you never wear it. Besides, it wasn't such a hit anyhow. Why don't you ever get any other color, like orange, red; even green would be better for that sour mug of yours." Hazel's calm face had now wrinkled with dark anger. Mother offered to clean the dress by sponging it.

"No, it's no use," said Hazel in a commanding voice.

"Well, I can have it then," Daisy spoke up. But Hazel didn't answer; she was so angry that she couldn't. How she would have liked to slap Daisy across the mouth with the palm of her hand. If she

hadn't feared that she would get a sock that would be twice as hard back again, she would have.

"Say, mom, I couldn't find that dress," said Daisy, looking inquiringly into her mother's face.

"I know I put it in the closet last Monday, and you haven't worn it since," replied mother meekly.

"Well, it ain't there, anyhow," she replied promptly.

"Don't say ain't!" snapped Hazel.

"Oh, shut up, I'm not talking to you, Hazey," said Daisy briefly, for this was the nickname that she always used when Hazel was angry with her. Birdie came in the room, barelegged. "Oh, mother, why do you bother with her all the time? Why don't you sit down and eat your breakfast," she said in a careless tone of voice.

"Well, the child has got to have a dress to wear, hasn't she," mother said finally. She rose and went upstairs and found the dress right where she said it was. Then she went in the back yard to see if Birdie's stockings were dry. When she came back, Daisy had finished breakfast and was now upstairs slamming and banging drawers. Birdie, who was still eating, plugged her ears with her fingers. Mother hurried out into the hall.

"Daisy, don't be so noisy," she called upstairs, "you'll make us all nervous wrecks." But Daisy only hooted and began to beat out a jig tune with her heels.

"Mother, will you bring me a clean handkerchief while you're up. You'll find it in the top right hand drawer in my bureau. Don't bring a colored one," added Hazel. Mother wasn't upstairs, but she made a special trip and got the handkerchief and delivered it into the hands of the owner. Hazel tucked it in her handbag.

"Goodbye, mother," she said, "Don't work too hard, will you dear, because it's going to be very hot." She opened the door and then turned, letting in a swarm of flies, and said, "If you find time, you can press out my flowered chiffon." Mother said she would.

"And, mamma, don't start any new business."

"I won't," replied mother, feeling a little embarrassed, for she knew what Hazel meant. In the last four months she had undertaken about five different occupations, anything from making paper flowers to making clothes to order. Not one of her three daughters had ever put any money in her pocketbook, and she was too proud to ask for any. They all detested the idea of their home being turned into a dress or flower shop. It hurt their pride.

With a peaceful mind, Hazel departed to her office job down town. When everything was quiet, Daisy, who was dancing down the stairs, requested the time. This meant just so many more steps to get in the direct angle with the dining room clock.

"It is quarter of eight," she answered. Daisy came in with a red coat and tam to match, the tam cocked on one side of her head. When her mother tried to straighten it, Daisy pulled away from her and said, "Leave me alone. I like it that way. Besides all the girls down at the store wear their's that way too." She asked her mother to get her an appointment for a shampoo at the Princess Pat Beauty Parlor at twelve o'clock.

"But, when are you going to eat your dinner? You are going to be sick," mother protested.

"Oh, mamma, why do you argue. I'll be late for my job. If you won't help me, I'll do it myself then," and she started for the telephone with no intention of calling. Mother said she would call, and she pushed Daisy gently toward the door.

"Gee, mom, you're a dear. Good-bye," she said wiping the tears away. Mother shut the door after her. Two of them were off to their jobs, but Birdie was still to be waited on.

"Mamma, are my stockings dry?" asked Birdie from upstairs.

"No, they're not, I just felt them a few minutes ago," replied mother.

"What'll I do?" asked Birdie.

"You can wear my best ones," mother replied wearily.

"Oh, those black things. I should say not. I'll go barelegged. Besides they won't show behind the counter anyhow," replied Daisy.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," declared mother, "I'll mend a pair."

Mother stood in the upper hall mending the stockings while Birdie sat in her room playing a monotonous tune on her piano. When her mother had finished, she pulled the stockings on and then stepped into her shoes, locked her door, kissed her mother good-bye, and fairly flew down the stairs. Mother wearily descended the stairs.

"Don't forget to bring my stockings in when they're dry," Birdie reminded her mother as she slammed the door. Hazel, Daisy, and Birdie Dally were all at their jobs. But mamma's job had just started. She called the Princess Pat Beauty Parlor and made an appointment for Daisy's shampoo. Then she sat down to finish her breakfast, but she thought of Birdie's stockings. She went into the backyard and took them from the line. Mr. Banning, who was still working in his garden, leaned over the fence.

"Well, did you get them all washed and dressed?" he asked in a sarcastic yet well meaning way.

"Are you still worrying about my children?" she asked.

"No, but I am worrying about their mother," he said with a broad smile. "How did that melon taste?"

"Oh—it was fine," she answered.

"Now, you know that you didn't get a bite of it," the old captain said quickly. Mrs. Dally smiled, as she knew that he spoke the truth.

"Now, I'll give you another, if you'll promise to eat it right here, where I can watch you," promised the captain. But there is work to be done. Hazel's room simply had to be cleaned up, or else there would be a revolution when she found it. But her room wasn't hard to clean because she was so careful. At least it wasn't anything like Daisy's room. And Birdie's room didn't have to be bothered with as the door was always locked. With the worse part of the work done, Mrs. Dally started to do the dishes. The telephone rang. Daisy was calling from the Beauty Parlor, saying that she wouldn't be home in time to take her mother to the show.

"We'll go some other night," she promised. Mamma sat down for a cup of tea to strengthen herself, as she was beginning to feel weak.

Just then the telephone rang again; this time it was Hazel calling, saying that she was bringing Norman home for supper, and that she wanted the house to herself. Mamma told her that she wasn't going to the show, but Hazel said she would give her the money if she would go alone. Surely there was no harm in a poor old mother way up stairs out of sight. But Hazel was queer; she always had to have the house to herself when Norman was around. By the time mother got around to finish her tea, it was cold, but she drank it just the same. I'll iron Hazel's dress while I think of it, she thought, and she climbed the stairs to get it. But the telephone rang, and down she had to come again. It was Birdie calling, and she told her mother she was going to a show after work and wouldn't be home until late.

"I'll go to the show with you if you haven't other plans," mamma said.

"You wouldn't like this show, mamma; we'll go some other night," she said, and hung up. Mrs. Dally felt like crying and seeking Mr. Banning's sympathy, but she wiped away her tears. For once she really thought her daughters to be mean, thoughtless people. She sat down to read the daily paper and glance through the ad section. What was the use; all the ads called for young people. But no—here was one calling for a middle-aged woman as a stewardess on an ocean liner. This is how it read:

Wanted: Woman of middle age for position as stewardess on ocean liner. When applying, call at 420 Harbor Building.

Mrs. Dally thought that she would write at once, but another idea came to her, "I'll go to see them right away," she said half aloud. She hurried up the stairs as though afraid she might change her mind again. She changed her clothes and jammed an old sun hat on her head, took a last look at herself in the mirror, hurried down the stairs, out the front door, locked it and tucked the key under the mat. In

the mail box she found a letter for Hazel; she thought for a minute she would take it in the house, but she didn't; instead she hurried down the street as fast as her feet could carry her.

She found the Harbor Building and pushed open the heavy door. How cool the atmosphere of the building was. She found the elevator and was taken to the fifth floor. Now to find the right room; she had not been in a large building like this for ten years. At last she found room 420. All at once she felt frightened, as though she wanted to cry. She turned from the door, found a deserted stairway at the end of the corridor, and sat down to cry, the tears fairly gushing down her cheeks.

"What's the matter?" asked a kind and familiar voice. She lifted her head from her arms and looked right into the face of Mr. Banning. She tried to rise to her feet, but his strong hand on her shoulder prevented her.

"Oh, Mr. Banning, I know I shouldn't be crying, but I just had to," she sobbed.

"But what are you crying about?" he asked. As an answer she pulled out the section of the newspaper which contained the ad. "I thought I'd apply for this," pointing to the ad, "but I lost my courage, and besides I'm too old to start on a job like this. The girls need me anyway; I never got mad at them before, and I guess the shock was too much for my nerves," she said to him in a troubled tone.

"You should have got mad at them long before, and, if you ask me, I think those girls need to be taken into hand."

"Oh, we shouldn't talk about them," she said, remembering herself, "and besides, I've got to get supper because Hazel will be home soon."

"This is our night tonight, and we're going to eat together," he announced firmly. "I'm going to start on my voyage in two weeks, and I'm going aboard ship for an inspection tonight. You're going with me. We'll have supper or dinner, or whatever you call it, on the ship."

"Oh, but I can't go with you!" she exclaimed violently, "Hazel is coming home and bringing Norman with her, and she'd be in a rage if supper wasn't ready."

"Say, are you going to let those children of yours rule your life? No, you're not, you're going to supper with me, and we'll have a nice long talk. I promise to get you home at your usual bed-time."

Mrs. Dally protested, but she had been ruled by her daughters so long that she gave in to the captain's commands just as easily. He assisted her down the stairs—he always used the stairs, as an elevator was against his rules and regulations—and out into the street. Just a block away was the wharf where a small boat was tied up. He lifted her into it, shoved off, started the motor and skillfully manuev-

ered it out to the large fruit liner anchored out in the harbor. What a beautiful picture she made, silhouetted against the golden sunset.

About eleven o'clock when the captain and Mrs. Dally approached the house, they heard someone calling on the phone; it sounded like Daisy. Birdie, who was sitting on the porch, heard the footsteps of their approach. Daisy came running out with Hazel behind her. Hazel was the first to speak.

"Where on earth have you been, mamma?"

"Now, let's go somewhere where we can sit down and explain the whole matter," Mr. Banning said, stepping into rays of the porch light. The girls stepped toward the living room in wonder, where they all seated themselves around the two.

"I've asked your mother to marry me, and she has accepted. We're going to be married as soon as possible, and you're all invited to the wedding."

"Oh," cried Daisy unconsciously. Hazel's mouth dropped open, and Birdie stared blankly into space.

"You didn't know your mother had a liking for the sea did you?" he asked.

"But mamma, why didn't you let us know that you weren't coming home? We've been calling all over town for you," Hazel demanded.

"Because I wouldn't let her," the captain answered quickly. "I thought it would do you good to worry for a change. I'll be going now, but I'll be back in the morning, and don't you try to change your mother's mind." He rose and went into the hallway with Mrs. Dally following him. She gave him a good night kiss, which was filled with great love. When she came back into the room, she kissed each of them, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I thought Hazel could marry Norman, and since Birdie likes to live alone in a locked room, I thought she could make a studio of her own and live in it. Daisy can live with Hazel and Norman."

"I shan't live with her," pouted Daisy. "I'll live with Birdie in her studio."

"Mamma, how long has this affair been going on?" inquired Hazel. Mamma explained the whole thing from beginning to end, and it was nearly dawn before she could make the girls go to bed. And she climbed up the stairs to the attic door to her room, there to think over her own future happiness.

—Ruth Perkins, '38.

SAFE AND BONE BUSTERS

After four hours behind the wheel of the big sedan, Art Ronson of Walton College was still thinking about his team's downfall at the hands of the state university's fast squad. The sting of defeat did not bother him so much as the loss of self confidence caused by dropping the first two meets of the season. He glanced up at the rear view mirror above the windshild, feeling a captain's responsibility for his team mates. Fortunately the sedan was roomy and comfortable for the five players, and, despite the music of a radio under the dash, all three in the rear seat had fallen asleep.

Looking out upon the gray ribbon of road unwinding before their headlights, Art thought of the many trips the team had taken during the past three years. Every man on the squad was a senior except Red, whose tired head was resting on a rolled-up sweat shirt against the window. Red was dozing, not caring what was around him. As Art gave a hasty glance behind him, he saw a youth who he thought would give intercollegiate champions something to worry about. Red, the "iron man."

Suddenly the sharp note of a police call broke the silence. The musical program was cut off as if by giant spears. A voice spoke out of the night.

"Attention all state and county police officers. Bank robbers shot and killed the night watchman at the Burnham City Savings Bank. Watch all roads within a hundred miles of Burnham City, for a large black sedan carrying license plates number 1-X3. This car must be stopped. Attention all state and county police."

Art's lips tightened. Bank robbers escaping. He reached across Red for the road map in the pocket. The other stirred and sat up, blinking sleepily.

"Where are we?"

"About ninety miles from home," Art replied, shoving the map into Red's hands. "Here, take a look. How far are we from Burnham City?"

Red started to unfold the map. The radio spoke out again.

"Watch all highways within a hundred miles of Burnham City for a large black sedan carrying plates number 1-X3. The occupants are dangerous bank robbers attempting to escape. This car must be stopped."

A soft whistle escaped Red's lips. "Boys, I hope their machine guns jam." He opened the map. "Let's see—slow down Art, so I can read this thing." He traced a red line with a short, stubby finger. "Ninety miles—seventy-two—say! We're only eighteen miles from Burnham City!"

Art's grip tightened on the wheel. "They've probably changed plates by now. Funny, that black sedan description fits us!"

Red unwrapped a stick of gum. "That would be hot—putting us in the jug." He turned around. "It might wake up those guys back there." Twisting the wrapper into a ball, he bounced it off the nose of a blond youth in the corner. "Hey, Dutch, wake up! Some cops are out looking for homely birds like you!"

Dutch opened one eye, rubbed his nose and said, "If we meet, they'll take you first." He dozed off to sleep again.

They passed three cars in the next few miles. "It's hard to see their plates," Art muttered. "Maybe the police are stopping all cars to make sure."

Maybe. The safe busters might be doubling back on them."

"That's right, Red. They might be in Burnham now."

"Hey! Take it easy Art," Red exclaimed, "That sign said, 'Long, narrow bridge,' and a car is coming!"

Pulling over to the side of the road, they stopped so that the other car could come across the bridge.

"He's waiting for us. Let's go," said Red.

When halfway out on the second span, they saw the waiting car swing and come toward them. Art slowed down and tilted his lights several times, but the other car kept coming.

"Why, of all the foolish things to do!" exclaimed Red. "We gave him the first chance."

The sleepers in the back seat were awakened by the rumbling of the plank bridge, and the conversation between the two boys in the front seat.

"Hey! You can't pass anybody on this bridge," shouted one of them.

Red turned. "Get down on the floor, Dave. We'll take care of this road hog."

There was something funny about this. The bridge was old and just wide enough for one way traffic. The other driver had waited for the college boys to get on the bridge, and then started to block their way. What did all this mean?

Red's face was close to the windshield. "Looks to me as if they'd stopped."

"Maybe it is the sheriff from the next town above here."

Red looked at the map. There is only a milk station above here, and then the next town in Burnham."

The other car's lights blinked twice and went out, about thirty yards away.

"Turn on the spot light and let them know we're still here," suggested Dutch.

Art snapped the button and swung the beam of light directly on the other car. Red gasped. "It's the car! Look! 1-X3! The safe busters!" stammered Dutch.

Art hesitated. "Maybe. Remember that other car might have an 1-X."

His words were lost in the crash of shattering glass as the spot light exploded. Everything turned to darkness.

"What happened?" It was Red's voice.

"They are shooting at us!"

Already Art was turning down his window. The shot had struck in the center of the light, tearing it apart and short circuiting all the other lights.

"Hey!" yelled Art in the direction of the other car. "What's the idea?"

The dark form of a man appeared outside the black sedan. Two others soon appeared beside him.

"Where are you guys going?" called one of the men.

Art noticed by his voice that he was one of those tough guys. "Back to college," he replied.

The other men laughed. "College guys." The three forms moved forward. "Don't make any funny moves, you college guys. It might cause trouble between us," warned the tallest fellow.

Art could hear Dutch's fast breathing. Everything was silent except for the footfalls of the approaching men on the plank bridge. He whispered softly, "Fellows, we'll have to bluff these fellows. Act as though you are scared when you get out of the car. Dave and Harold, take the fellow on the right, Dutch and Red, the one in the middle. I'll handle the other. When I say 'Walton,' let them have it."

The tall gangster thumped the front tire with his foot. "Nice car you drive, boys," he said. Then, leveling a sub-machine gun on the boys, he added, "Nice shot, Joe."

The second gangster smiled. "You have to be good in this business."

"Be careful how you talk," growled the tall fellow. "Come on boys, get out of there gently, or else."

Art lost all hope as he and Red stepped from the car. Dutch and Harold climbed out trembling and whimpering as though they had lost their mother. Dave came last carrying a small bundle under his arm. He was scared stiff.

"Hey," growled the tallest fellow, "what you got there?"

"It's only a sweater, mister, I won it in basketball. I'd like to keep it if you don't mind, sir."

"Listen to the little baby, sneered the tallest man.

"Boy, that is some basketball team. Just a bunch of little girls just out of the cradle."

"Do, do—you wish to take our car?" questioned Art in a nervous voice.

"We would enjoy very much being able to use it, if you would like to know," answered the tall fellow who seemed to be their leader.

"Maybe you don't know where we're from," Art said, constantly watching his team mates to see whether they would get the signal and be ready for the word.

The leader lowered his gun. "I bet you're from some place where they only make kids that still wear their baby dresses."

This was a great joke to the three gangsters.

Art still watched his mates, and when he saw that they had caught on, he shouted, "We're from Walton."

Like a bowling pin before a rolling ball, the leader was snapped off his feet, and driven against the bridge railing. His sub-machine gun snapped a few harmless blasts before it fell to the bridge.

"Woof!" grunted the gangster as two cannon balls smashed into him. He landed face down, his nose grinding into planks as Red's headlock seemed to be trying to press the man's ears together.

Art's quick dive took the leader unawares, but he soon recovered. He banged a fist into Art's face and stepped back using a fighting defense. Art bent forward as if to box the man. He led with a left to the man's stomach, and his opponent drove a right to Art's jaw which would have broken his neck if it had connected. He dropped and dove at the man's knees, throwing him over. Art dropped in time to avoid being hit.

Turning in the air, the gangster fell face down, at the same time reach over his shoulder, he grasped Art's head under his arm. His skull seemed to crack under the tremendous pressure. As the bandit rose, his grip tightened still more. Art was powerless. He must break this hold somehow. At last Art's foot found the gangster's. With a quick twist he stepped on his opponent's tendon and turned the ankle half way around, all his weight pressing on the ankle bone. With a yell of pain, the bandit released his grip and threw himself on his back. At the same time Art jumped on him.

A flash of steel pierced the beam of moonlight, and went straight for Art's face. Something hard hit between his eyes. Everything went dark before him, and stars of all colors passed before his eyes. His legs grew weak, and Art fell to the bridge floor, stunned. The gangster rose and stood swaying on one foot while he thrust his revolver forward.

"Get up, you wise guys. One more move like that and you'll be wearing posies," he panted.

Art could hear his team mates getting to their feet, and the murmuring of the other gangsters. This was all his fault. Why hadn't

he given up the car? He was to blame for risking his mate's lives. They had done as he had said without a protest. Something warm began to trickle down his face.

"Come on fellows, we'd better clear out of here before the cops catch up with us."

At this, a beam of light broke the darkness. The gunman gasped. "A car's coming!"

He swung around to Dutch and Red who were getting on their feet. "You kids get over to that railing and jump into the river or I'll shoot and throw you in."

Art began to be able to think a little better. He couldn't let them get away now. He noticed that the robber leader was tending to his men. Art silently swung one foot around the front of the gangster's ankle and pulled, at the same time kicking with his other foot against the back of the man's knee.

With a yell the man dropped like a rock on the wooden bridge. At the same time Art landed a blow just behind the gangster's ear, knocking him unconscious.

The approaching car was now on the bridge. Before it had stopped, four men leaped from the car, heavily armed. The beams from the flashlight covered the scene of the fight.

"What's going on here?" roared a thick set man.

Art rose to his feet, but his knees were knocking so, that he could barely stand. "Handcuff these men if that shield means you're sheriff. They're your Burnham bank robbers. Watch out, they're dangerous."

The sheriff looked about him. "Dangerous!" he laughed. "Why, that fellow's out cold, and these two look as though they had been put through a washing machine."

"Here's the money," called one of the deputy's men from Art's car. "It's all here."

"Good," said the sheriff. "I guess we have sure found our men, that is, what is left of them."

The gangster leader sat up. One arm was helpless and his nose was swelling up. "Oh," he groaned. "My arm's busted, my nose, and my leg."

"You're a great guy," moaned another, "letting your college basketball babies put a little thing like that over on you."

The big sheriff patted Art on the shoulder. "This is the first basketball team I ever knew that could beat up a bunch of armed gangsters. I'm proud of you."

"Well, I don't know who got the idea, but we're not a basketball team," Art replied.

"You've got five men, haven't you?" questioned one of the bandits. Art grinned. "Yes, there are five of us, but it takes eight to make

our team. The others are ahead. This five is the light weight end of the Walton College wrestling team."

"Oh!" shouted the bandit leader. "Now I know my arm is busted."

"Well you boys won't have much trouble winning the championship now. Stop at the bank in Burnham when you drive through. You'll find something waiting for you," suggested the sheriff.

"That's what we were planning to do; the other three members of the team agreed to meet for a check up. They are the heavy weights," replied Art.

"Hey, get us out of here and put us where we belong before we are jelly fish!" shouted the scared robbers. "We've been through enough, and felt plenty."

—Carlton Parkhurst, '38.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

Neil stumbled across the threshold with Irene in his arms. Laughing, he dropped her on the day couch which was in one corner of their newly rented apartment. Today they were man and wife, and Neil followed the old custom of carrying the bride across the threshold. As yet they did not own a home of their own, but this fourth story apartment here in busy New York would do until that time. While Irene was exclaiming over the homelike appearance and the cozyness of their apartment, Neil left to put their battered roadster in a nearby storage.

As Irene sat thinking of her new found happiness, she was startled by the rattling of the fire escape. Thinking it might be Neil trying to play a joke on her, she rose to open the window, when who should step in but Theodore, the forgotten and disappointed suitor for Irene's love. Gathering the terrified Irene in his arms, he began telling of his love for her and begging her to run away with him.

Then Irene heard the elevator door open, there were steps in the hall. She struggled to escape from the arms of this unwanted intruder, but to no avail. He only held her more firmly. The door opened and her husband walked in. Seeing his wife in another man's arms, his anger rose, and before Irene had a chance to explain, Neil turned and walked out. With a ferocious display of strength, Irene broke from Theodore's embrace, and ran wildly after Neil.

"Neil, Neil!" she cried, but it was in vain. Turning on Theodore with tigerish fierceness, she cried, "You are to blame for this!—You—you—Oh!" and she slumped to the floor.

Theodore, who had come to his senses by this time, tried to console her, but to no avail. She only cried for Neil.

"Please, Irene, stop crying. Things will turn out all right. You can file your suit for annulment tomorrow, and then we can be married."

These words brought Irene to her senses, and the realization that Neil had left her, and this contemptible beast had caused it all. Angrily she rose to her feet and started for Theodore.

Get out!" she screamed. "Get out and never come near me again. Do you hear?"

Theodore retreated before this female ball of fury, and quickly shut the door behind him. Irene, realizing now that she had nothing except a marriage license worth nothing now that Neil had left, sunk into a chair.

The next morning after a restless night of tossing and turning, Irene arose and repaired the damage that last night's despair had wrecked upon her face. She had made up her mind during the night as to the course she would take. She must secure a job and go on living as though nothing had happened. After a meager breakfast, she started on the tiresome task of finding work. Knowing she could never stand returning to work at her former position, she gave this office a wide berth. She called at all the offices she had time to that day, but received nearly the same answer from them all. They all had no position vacant and could not take on any extra help. She had spent nearly the whole day walking the pavement, and when she returned home she was ready to drop. Her feet were balls of fire, her head throbbing with pain, and her throat so parched and sore that she could hardly speak.

Determined to rest and make up the sleep lost the night before, she went to bed without eating. But it was of no use. She worried about Neil, her future job and where she was going to live. Rent was high and she must conserve what little money she had left. After what seemed to be weeks, she dropped off into a restless sleep.

The next morning she awoke, slightly refreshed, but still tired from lack of food and proper rest. After a breakfast that was hardly enough to keep a kitten alive, she set about the day's work. During the night Irene had come to a final decision. If Neil did not show up by evening she would sell the car and the few things they owned.

That night she returned, not to her bridal apartment, but to a small "run up" apartment of three rooms. The rent here was cheaper, and she could get her own meals. She was now secure from starvation because she now had a job. An insurance company had employed her as assistant secretary in the office.

Now that she had a job she only had Neil to worry about. She had called the office where he worked, and they had not seen or heard from him since the day he left to be married.

* * * * *

Seven years have now passed, and we find Irene the owner of a large hotel in San Francisco. An eccentric uncle of hers had died, leaving the entire estate to her. Irene, now well over thirty, still resembles the beautiful girl of seven years ago, but now she is more prosperous. She has not yet found Neil, but has not lost hope, although she has neither seen nor heard from him since that fatal night, exactly seven years ago. During these last eventful years she has had several proposals of marriage from prosperous business men, lawyers, and even a motion picture star, but she has remained faithful to her husband. Sometime she would find him—she knew she would.

As we meet her again, we find her sitting in one corner of the darkened hotel lobby thinking of the past. Why shouldn't she marry again? Neil had left her and was unfaithful to their love, but no—she still loved him and would wait until she knew definitely what had happened to him.

Her hotel was well known for its service and fine accommodations. Many prominent people had used its rooms. Right now there was a famous criminal lawyer and a well known concert violinist registered there. The lawyer was a dapper young man of thirty-five and did not spend much time about the hotel. Irene had only seen him once or twice when he had passed through the lobby. The concert violinist had just registered this morning, but he seemed to be different from the rest. He was a quiet sort of fellow, seldom speaking. He was an accomplished musician, known throughout the world, and was now playing at one of the local concert halls.

Irene was suddenly aroused from her thoughts by the sound of footsteps coming toward her. Half arising from her chair, she recognized the musician coming toward her. How like Neil he looked in the semi-darkness, but no, he was taller, much better looking, and his manners were those of a foreigner. He seemed a little uneasy as he bade her "Good evening," but Irene was one who quickly put people at ease.

The hotel manager had referred the musician to Irene, as proprietor, believing that she could assist him out of his present difficulty. The young man was suffering from the loss of his memory. The first thing he could remember was awaking in a hospital bed, swathed in bandages. He was suffering from a shattered skull, a broken leg. His features were mutilated beyond recognition. The doctor told him that he had been picked up from the street, apparently having been struck by some passing vehicle. They had patched his face as best they could, and his bones had healed so he was as good as new except for his memory which was gone completely.

After his discharge from the hospital he had wandered about New York, until one day he secured passage on a freighter bound for Italy.

Working his passage to this port, he skipped the boat and was picked up by an Italian musician who pitied his plight.

While in this man's home Neil demonstrated unusual talent on the violin, an instrument which he had played since childhood. Encouraged by such a display of talent, his benefactor gave him lessons, and he repaid this interest by becoming a celebrated soloist. He came to America where he achieved great success as a concert violinist.

At this point in the story, who should come over but the famous criminal lawyer. Introducing himself, he asked if he could see Irene alone. The violinist arose and excused himself, saying that he had to retire to his room. This left Irene alone with the lawyer.

"I don't know how to start, but it's got to come out sooner or later," stammered the lawyer, "but here goes. I know I acted like a cad, but the night after I left you I wandered the streets 'till nearly midnight. About that time I came across him, walking along the sidewalk, and my temper got out of control. I struck him, and he fell. When he rose, he staggered into the street right in front of a large truck. The corner of the body struck him full in the face and killed him. I have come back tonight to ask you to come back to me."

Irene, recovering from the shock of such a revelation, choked out, "Are you Neil?"

A frightened look crossed the lawyer's face as he exclaimed, "No, I'm Theodore. Don't you remember? Surely, a beard doesn't change me that much. If you can only forgive me—"

"Oh," screamed Irene, "Oh!" Then, half crying, half sobbing, she stumbled across the floor and raced up the stairs shouting, "Neil, Neil, at last I've found you."

—Henry Marden, '38.

THE RANCHMAN

One of the highest priced trick horses ever to graze on a Western ranch was owned by Bill Buzzy of Arizona. It had always been Bill's greatest ambition to have a fine trick horse. His father before had been noted for his fine horses. He often had many hundred colts of his own in training, and also trained colts for others.

In Bill's childhood days he had a pony that his father bought for him to begin training. He did well, soon mastering the art. As he grew older, he helped his father train horses, and in that way easily became acquainted with the ways of horses.

One day a very nice horse was injured in practicing new tricks, and died from its injuries, leaving a very nice colt only a few weeks old. The colt was given to Bill to care for. As soon as the colt was old enough to begin training, Bill started on what he thought he would like to have for his life's work, the training of horses.

The name of Great Glory, which had been given the colt, seemed to encourage him. At the age of sixteen, Bill took his horse to a big show in Austin, where he won first prize of five thousand dollars.

One October day, still in action, Bill's father was instantly killed, his death being caused by a bad fall from a horse. Bill inherited his father's business. With the good training acquired from his father, and his natural love for the work, Bill became the most noted horse trainer in Arizona.

One day Mr. Price from a large ranch in Mexico came to buy a horse for his daughter. After looking over many hundred horses, his eyes still rested on Great Glory, but like all the other offers this one was turned down.

Only a few weeks later the great blow came. One day as Bill had his great prize horse out on exhibition, she slipped and fell, the fall killing her almost instantly. With the loss of his prize horse Bill's career on the ranch was completely shattered. His friends tried to encourage him to carry on. The following month the ranch and the horses were sold at auction, and Bill moved to Texas where he purchased another ranch to start anew and try to forget the past.

On the new ranch his work was different. He raised draft horses to be sold all over the country. Horse dealers began to come from nearly every state in the union, some to buy horses for private parties, some to be placed on large farms, others to be resold. Some days many carloads of horses were shipped to horse dealers in the large farming districts. With two years of success in Texas, Bill thought of a new plan to do more business. He began to establish sales staffs in the large farming districts. Horses were shipped to these stables once each week. Some stables handled only draft horses, while others handled both saddle and pure bred race horses.

One day while visiting one of his sales stables in Illinois, Mr. Buzzy was introduced to a very beautiful young lady who had come to purchase a saddle horse. After a friendly greeting, she remarked that the name of Buzzy seemed familiar. She said that she and her father had visited many ranches and sales stables searching for a saddle horse, and in all their travels they had found only one horse that was the ideal horse, and that one was on a ranch in Arizona. She said that it was a very beautiful and well trained trick horse, belonging to the ranch owner's son who had trained it from a colt, and no amount of money could buy the horse.

"Do you remember the name of the ranch, and the name of the horse?" Bill asked coolly.

"I believe it was the Buzzy ranch, and I shall never forget the name of the horse. It was Great Glory."

After collecting himself and had partly recovered from the shock

of her words, he told the lady that he was the owner of the wonder horse, and that Great Glory had been killed.

"You must be the daughter of Mr. Price of ranch "B" in Mexico who visited my father's ranch in Arizona a few years ago and tried to purchase my horse Great Glory."

"I am," she said, "and I have traveled from one ranch to another searching for another beautiful horse, after learning you had sold the old ranch and moved away."

"Will you train a horse for me?" she asked Bill in an excited voice.

"He replied, "It would be quite hard, since I have taken up raising horses and tried to forget my great loss, but I will think it over and decide later."

Suddenly a cry for help came from nearby. Rushing to assist, he found that one of the horseman had been thrown from a saddle horse, and the horse was still running. After aiding the man, who had not been seriously hurt, he joined the other men to capture the horse. Only after a wild chase was she finally caught, but died a few days later from injuries received in her wild chase. She had been shipped from England to raise colts, and at the time of her death she left a very fine colt which had been named Queen of America.

Completing his business in Illinois, Bill returned to his home ranch. As days passed, Bill yearned to go back to his old trade, training horses. Finally he sent for the colt, Queen of America. The arrival of the colt brought to Bill both pleasant and sad memories.

Horse training began on the Texas ranch, but not on a large scale. Bill thought he would train the colt and some day make someone the proud owner of a well trained horse. The colt proved to be an intelligent animal, and this of course made the training much easier. The most difficult tricks were easily mastered.

When two years old the colt was put through some of the most difficult and hazardous tests of horse training and carried off the highest honors in many shows. As time went on, Bill grew lonely. He traveled some, and one day set out to find the "B" ranch in Mexico owned by Mr. Price.

He had pictured the ranch as a thriving place and was not disappointed when he reached the ranch. Hundreds of Mexican pack horses were in use. Bill was given a very cordial welcome by Mr. Price and his daughter.

After an enjoyable visit, Bill asked Mr. Price if he could take his daughter to his ranch in Texas. He said that he had a surprise for her there. The next day the two set out, and upon arriving at Bill's home she was taken to see the prize horse.

"Do you like her?" Bill asked.

"She's beautiful. What's her name."

"Queen of America, I have trained her for you. You may take her back home."

"How will I ever repay you for a gift like this?" she asked.

"By enjoying the horse as much as I have enjoyed training her," said Bill.

At sunset the next day the beautiful young lady rode through the gate on her way to the "B" ranch in Mexico on the back of Queen of America, and truly she was used like a queen by her mistress.

Life to Bill on the ranch now was the usual routine, selling, trading and buying horses. Every year he visited the Mexican ranch and got great joy in helping others.

—Archie Sennett, '38.

TWO ROMANCES

"Oh, I wish I could forget it just once," sighed Marie deeply from her chair. Marie, a cute, pretty high school girl had never recovered from the night of the Milrose basketball game. At that game, her face beaming delightedly, she had made a new acquaintance. While she was preparing to go to the bus which was waiting outside for the basketball squad, she had been hailed by a couple of boys. Soon a whole crowd surrounded her, seeking her name. In vain she tried to break away from them, when suddenly she saw a good looking boy of athletic figure, sparkling white teeth and cheery smile, coming toward her.

Instantly he commanded, "Move away boys, I've got to talk to her."

Soon a passageway was cleared, and he drew her over to the other side of the gymnasium.

"Your name is Marie, isn't it?"

"Yes, but how did you know? You have never seen me before, have you?"

"Marie, don't you remember the time you visited your girl friend down here a couple of years ago? Remember a young boy who had never enjoyed reading that suddenly took a book under his arm when he saw two girls reading underneath the trees, and started reading directly opposite them?"

"Oh," gasped Marie, "you are the boy who lives opposite Sadie. But how you have changed!"

Then she left because the coach had come in from the bus to see whether she was ready to go home.

She neither saw nor heard anything from him again until about a year later. Marie, looking her best, clad in a becoming blue dress which made her look like a modern Cinderella, dancing gracefully

with a handsome young man, suddenly heard her name called. Looking around, she found herself gazing into the same nice face she had seen the year before.

"Why didn't you speak to me before, Marie?" he asked.

"I didn't see you."

"Will you have the next dance with me, please? I would like to talk to you."

From then on every dance was engaged by him. Anyone seeking a chance to dance with her was strongly refused by him. That evening she found Ralph, for Ralph was his name, to be a charming singer. Longingly he poured out to her the grief he had suffered at the death of his mother. When the dance was over, he informed her that he would write the following Monday.

Tuesday came, but with no letter for Marie. Wednesday and still no letter. Thursday arrived bringing the long sought letter!

"Oh, the postmark is from the same town," she murmured consolingly to herself. Snatching the paper cutter from the table, she furiously tore open the letter, every finger of her hand trembling violently. Then a gasp, "It's from Sadie, not Ralph."

From that day on she abandoned all hope for the promised letter. She plunged into her schoolwork even deeper than before, trying to overcome her sorrows. She finally became convinced that Ralph was just another episode in her life.

Her senior year, Tom, a good looking blond boy, was seen with her constantly, always escorting her wherever she went. Then one quiet, peaceful day in the later part of spring, Marie packed a lunch full of delicious eatables and they went to the lake near-by. All day they swam in the still water, fighting playfully. Evening came, but because it was so warm they decided to go to the village and buy hot dogs, marshmallows and other things for a weenie roast. As soon as they returned to the picnic spot, Tom built a red hot crackling fire, while Marie gathered wooden forks to roast the hot dogs and marshmallows. When they were toasting the marshmallows, Tom suddenly asked, "Marie, will you marry me as soon as I get money enough to support two?"

Earnestly she sought an answer. This was so sudden. She had always thought of Tom as a very dear friend, but not as her husband. Now she was afraid. Had she led him to believe she wished to be his wife? How could she tell him that she loved him only as a friend, without hurting his feelings?

Finally she replied in an anguished tone, "Oh, Tom, please don't make me reply tonight."

Therefore Tom never questioned her again until after graduation. It was exactly one month from the time that he had asked her the important question.

Still she gropingly sought for a solution. Then Tom commanded, "Marie, look at me; is there someone else? Please tell me. It will never hurt our friendship. It has been too beautiful for anything like that to ever sever it."

Tearfully she gazed into his eyes, "Tom, I do not love anyone, at least I think I don't, but neither do I feel as though we should be husband and wife. Please, but I can't explain why. I would have given you my answer last month, but oh, I was so afraid it would break our friendship which I have esteemed so highly. Tom, I don't want to hurt you."

With an effort, Tom, collecting his thoughts, braced up and smiled nobly, "Marie, you're right. You must be right. Let's shake hands on our prospects of having an eternal friendship. That subject is now closed forever unless you wish to reopen it."

That summer Marie left for the town of Milrose to act as a clerk in that town's leading drug store. She lived upstairs in a dingy apartment about two blocks from where she worked. As the summer dragged on, Marie began to grow thin and tired looking from heat as well as from the improper care she was taking of herself.

Then one day while she was fixing an ice cream soda for a man, she saw a well dressed man pass by.

"Oh," she exclaimed.

"Anything I can do for you?" asked her customer as he heard her exclamation.

"Oh no, thank you. Please excuse me," laughingly responded Marie, quickly recovering herself.

After that she started dreaming. Was that he or someone resembling him? She had much difficulty that day to keep her mind off the handsome man that had passed down the street.

That night she had a big surprise. The apartment bell rang, and she went down stairs to answer it. Instantly she was clasped in strong arms. "Well Marie," Tom laughingly inquired, "what have you been doing to yourself this summer? You're as thin as a shadow, although you are as pretty as ever. I was called out here to sell a man a car, so I thought I'd call over to see you. How about going over to Lakehurst tonight to a dance?"

"Oh Tom," she breathlessly exclaimed, "I'd love to."

"O. K. then, Marie, I'll call after you around eight."

That night while she was dancing with him once again, she felt a light tap on her shoulder.

"Your handkerchief, Miss," he playfully murmured.

"Why Ralph, what a stranger you are."

"Marie, will you have the next dance with me?"

Soon Marie was in his arms once again. Tom had gone off to talk with a pretty, petite, laughing, blue eyed girl.

"Marie, why didn't you answer my letter that I wrote you last winter? I looked and looked for a reply."

"Your letter!" exclaimed Marie, "you didn't write to me."

"I did, Marie."

"Stop fooling, Ralph, if you had written, I would have received it."

"Marie, do you think I'm lying to you? Honestly I'm not. It must have been lost in the mail then. I'd never lie to you as long as I live, Marie. Did you come with that blond?"

"Yes Ralph, I did."

"Then Marie, where do you live now? Are you going to be busy Monday night? If not, may I call and see you?"

"I live in Milrose, two blocks from the Milrose Drug Store. My number is 82, and you may call and see me," gasped Marie excitedly.

"Milrose!" exclaimed Ralph, "why that is my home town. Gee, I can see you often then, can't I?"

That night Marie and Tom declared to each other that they had each met someone they liked very much.

"Gee Tom, isn't it fortunate that we aren't married to each other?"

"I'll say," replied Tom, "although I do think we would have lived together O. K."

After that, Ralph, who had been selling cars, got a job in the Milrose Bank. Arriving early one night, he hungrily grasped Marie in his arms, and asked her if she would marry him, for he had been given a steady position in the bank.

In case you wonder what happened to Tom, I'll tell you. He was best man at Marie's wedding, and it looks as though Ralph may be called upon to assist Tom in the same way when Tom's wedding bells ring out in the near future.

—Virginia Rowe, '38.

FROM THE LABORATORY WINDOW

As one looks out the window and sees the things he has seen many times before, he gets a feeling of home. The long range of mountains show their dark color as they stand there with their backs against the sky line. The forests of evergreen, birch, beech and maple that loom up at the bottom of the mountain covering a stretch amounting to many miles of ground, show that there is an abundance of fuel for a while; also that there is enough lumber to build many homes.

Many sets of buildings are scattered over the surrounding landscape. Large fields lie in their fall stage, some plowed, others with the corn crop still on them, and some with the beans not yet harvested. A large windmill stands in one of these fields turning slowly by the wind.

A small pond of water shows its dark blue color against the light blue sky as the sun shines brightly upon it. The old sawmill stands out along with the corn factory and creamery, stone walls, gardens, old rail fences and cattle pastures may be seen along the side of the road.

Horses and wagons with cars speeding by them kicking up much dust, from a part of the scene. Directly beneath the window, the playground, a field of work and health, lies with its coat of frost bitten grass. As a whole, the surrounding country is an industrial and health center for the people who live here, or who may live here.

—Archie Sennett, '38.

MORNING

The evening frost clung to the cars
That sat around the canning shops,
And faint sunbeams shone o'er the hills
And glistened on the car tops.

The dark gray curtain fell in time,
And let the sun heat up the earth,
To move Jack Frost from his hideout,
So people could leave their own hearth.

The new moon faded in the west;
The sun has come to take its place,
And people scurry from the shops
As young birds fly from their night's rest.

by CARLTON PARKHURST '38

TWILIGHT AT SEA

The twilight hours like birds flew by
As lightly and as free.
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea.

For every wave with dimpled face
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

by DONALD LIBBY '40

A HOUSE

A house along a lonely road
Is Waiting just for two—
Awaiting for these two to come
To start their life anew.

The walls are crying for their help.
They need new paper bad.
The woodwork yearns for newer paint
To banish color sad.

The warmth of love—the warmth of fire
Will give this house a heart.
The crackling fires—the booming love
Is needed of this start.

by VIRGINIA ROWE '38

THE FOUNTAIN

Into the sunshine
Full of light.
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night.

In the moonlight
Whiter than snow
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow.

by DONALD LIBBY '40

DEATH

The lad lay on a cot in the cabin
Exhausted from a terrible fight.
The storm from the sea had o'er ta'en
him,

As he ran from the woods in the dark of
the night.

As he breathed farewell to his parents,
Not a star shone in the heavens above.
That night was a night of terror,
Mingled with kindness and love.

by ARCHIE SENNETT '38



THE JUNIOR CLASS

Eddie is our president
And as happy as can be,
He's going down to Washington
June 15th, you see.

Cecil is another boy
In our Junior class.
He knows so much in History
Of course, we know he'll pass.

A little girl we all do like
Is Kathryn Noyes by name
She played for us good basketball
And carried us straight to fame.

A demure lass is Myra
Who hails from Winslow
We're glad to have her with us
And hope she will not go.

Elva takes geometry
And in this gets along fine
She always gets the highest rank
Examination time.

Christine writes us many poems
But they are all so queer
She wouldn't dare to pass them in
For fear she'd lose an ear!!!

Then comes Ross, the doctor's son
He is so very slow
How he gets to school on time
We really do not know.

Harold is a jolly boy
If he would only mingle
With the other boys and girls
Instead of staying single.

Another of the Juniors
Is the gal Romaine
She has **another** boy friend
From the capitol of Maine.

Bertha is a cute little girl
Who likes a Unity lad
She'd like to live there awful well
But we would all feel bad.

And now comes Eleanor Hammond
A new one just this year
She thinks a lot of Jimmy
And sometimes calls him dear.

This is the whole of the Junior Class
Exceptin' one you see
I'll give you just three guesses
To discover it is **me**.

—Opal E. Baker, 39.

Bertha Russell: "You say I'm the most beautiful, divine and gorgeous creature in the world? Are you trying to kid me?"

Pat: "No, I'm trying to kiss you!"

B. H. S. CIRCUS

Boss—Mr. Webb
Barker—Romaine Sennett
Fat lady—Ethyln Bradstreet
Fat man—Harold Crosby
Human skeleton—Edward Bagley
Clown—Archie Sennett
Laughing hyenas—Norma Olsen and Elsie Cookson
Tight rope walker—Richard Bickmore
Love birds—Eleanor Hammond and James Reynolds
Hula-hula dancers—Bertha Russell and Virginia Rowe
Acrobat—Doris Belden
Giraffe—Lucille Bradstreet
Lion—Cecil Bradstreet
Elephant—Fannie Copeland
Octopus—Christine Bessey
Giant—Wallace Milliken
Strong man—Carlton Parkhurst
Parrot—Henry Marden
Dwarf—Russell Perry

WE WONDER IF

- June Hammond ever flirts
- E. Rhoda knows any Unity girls
- H. Haskell's horse ever won a race
- Richard Parkhurst likes to dance
- R. Reed would make a good basketball player
- V. Higgins ever whispers in school
- R. Lee will ever get a girl
- E. Baker ever wrote a love letter
- H. Fuller has a temper
- Ray Parkhurst walked home alone on account of a certain Sophomore
- W. Bagley likes a certain sophomore girl
girl.
- B. Wiloughby ever saw the initials H. L. before
- R. Brown ever writes notes
- G. Belden has a girl in Palermo
- H. Crommett likes to be called Auntie
- R. Perry ever refused to help anyone
- B. Bessey ever lost a green comb
- T. Brann likes the boys
- L. Bradstreet likes to play basketball
- J. Reynolds ever slept overtime
- E. Glidden ever fooled Mr. Kelley
- C. Hill ever writes on desks and chairs

Winton Bagley: "I tore up the composition I just wrote."

Burdell Bessey: "Tore it up?" Why that's the best thing you ever did."

WHAT INITIALS STAND FOR

- Virginia Rowe—Very refined
- Elva Monroe—Enjoys Marden
- Norma Olsen—Neighbors only (with whom?)
- Ruth Perkins—Regular pest
- Floyd Harding—Full o' Honey
- Kathryn Noyes—Knowledge neglected
- Arnold Hamilton—Annoys Hammond
- Ethelyn Bradstreet—Ever bashful
- Shirley Cookson—Surely cute??????
- Winfred Kelley—Waltz king
- Donald Libby—Dem ladies!
- Bernice Hopkins—Banishes hope
- Henry Marden—Happy marriage
- Myra Skillin—Many smiles

B. H. S. ALPHABET

A is for Archie a Senior this year
He's just like a clown and full of good cheer

B is for Beulah and also Burdell
As Sophomores they are known quite well

C is for Catherine and for Christine
Two girls that are noted for being serene

D is for Doris and Donald too
People like these are very few

E is for Eddie, Elsie, and Eloise
We' surely would miss them if they ever should breeze.

F is for Floyd and Fanny so bright
You may be sure they never pick a fight

G is for George a Sophomore boy
He likes very much to pest and annoy

H is for Hilda, Harold, Herbert and Hazel
None of them resemble a weasel

I is for Ignorance something we all share
And that is the reason why we don't care

J is for John, Jimmy, and June
These three seem never to be in tune

K is for Kathryn a Junior so smart
It's going to be hard for her and Besse to part

L is for Lucille a tall lanky girl
Didn't she this year make our basketball whirl?

M is for Myra a bashful young lass
She is so smart most surely she'll pass

N is for Norma known best as a flirt
But she's a good kid and nothing would hurt

O is for Opal so knowing and bright
To her we always look for light

P is for Phyllis a tomboy sure
And you never find her very demure

Q is for questions the teachers all ask
To answer them sometimes is quite a hard task

R is for Russell, Richard and Ray
And we'll stick by them come what may

S is for Shirley so fat and plump
She reminds me a lot of old Mrs. Gump

T is for Thelma so thoughtful and kind
We often know she has Arnold in mind

U is for up, the way we all go
And where we'll stop nobody'll know

V is for Virginia and Violet so true
We just seem to know they'll never be blue

W is for Winston and Winton so quick
And at these two we'll never kick

X, Y and Z we seem to be lacking
And as we leave don't think we are slacking.

—Norma Olsen and Elsie Cookson, '40.

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

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

Porter: "Miss, here comes your train."

R. Perkins: "My man, why do you say 'your' train when you know it belongs to the railroad company?"

Porter: "I don't know. Why do you say, 'my' man when you know I belong to my wife."

Beulah: "Between my sister and me we know everything in the world."

June: "All right then. Where is Cape Vincent?"

Beulah: "That's one of the answers my sister knows."

Mr. Kelley: (Getting a shave) "Barber, will you please give me a glass of water?"

Barber: "What's the matter? Something in your throat?"

Mr. Kelley: "No, I want to see if my neck leaks."

Name	Nickname	Pastime	Bad Habits	Ambition
D. BELDEN	"Dot"	Amusing Johnny	Being noisy	To be more quiet
R. BICKMORE	"Bick"	Fooling	Going to Unity	Hasn't decided
R. PERKINS	"Ma"	Riding in a Plymouth	Staying out nights	To be a Sec. for a Plymouth Dealer
J. COOKSON	"Johnny"	Writing notes to "Dot"	Sleeping in school	To be a debater
V. ROWE	"Giny"	Writing Letters to Bangor	Going to Winslow	To be a beautiful nurse
A. SENNETT	"Bill"	Doing Comm. Arith.	Teasing someone	To be able to do Alg. II
H. MARDEN	"Hen"	Wiping dishes	Hanging around H. L. Keay's	To be a perfect Hubby
C. PARKHURST	"Carlton"	Going to Portland	Going to Unity	To be an electrician
E. BAGLEY	"Eddie"	Comparing Kay with himself	Leaving his mouth open	To be a farmer
O. BAKER	"Opal"	"boys"	Ask one who knows	To get her man
B. RUSSELL	"Pat"	In Unity	Going to the Holy Rollers	To grow taller
H. CROSBY	"Fat"	Thinking	Bashfulness	Not to blush
C. BRADSTREET	"Cec"	Being quiet	Talking too much	To do geometry
C. BESSEY	"Chris"	With Lester J.	Whispering	To be a poet
E. HAMMOND	"Auntie"	Looking across the aisle	Scolding Jimmy	To be an orator
R. SENNETT	"Sennett"	Writing letters	Artificial studying	To be a Good???
M. SKILLIN	"Myra"	Thinking of Winslow	Flirting	To average 100 percent.
E. MONROE	"Elva"	Listening to "Hen"	Laughing at the wrong time	To major in geometry
W. ROSS	"Doc"	Going to Unity	Walking too much	To have much leisure.
K. NOYES	"Kay"	Studying	Getting E's on her rank card	To get all baskets shot for in games

Wallace's mother: (after getting Wallace ready for a party) "What should you do after you have eaten all you want?"
Wallace: "Come home."

Mr. Kelley: "What do elephants have that no other animals have?"
Lee: "Little elephants."

Alumni



1931

Crommett, Geraldine; bookkeeping, Woodstock, New Brunswick.
 Dickey, Mildred Denaco; housewife, Clinton.
 Fowler, Meta Rowe; housewife, Albion.
 Knight, Alice Haskell; housewife, Albion.
 Littlefield, George; farmer, Albion.
 Nelson, Madeline; teaching, Palermo.
 Robinson, Kelsey; farmer, Benton.
 Scribner, Harvey; teaching, Benton.
 Worthing, Walter; working, Bath.

1932

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

1933

Ames, Wilmer; at home, Matinicus.
 Chamberlain, Isabelle Brown; housewife, Boston, Massachusetts.
 Gramm, Olive; at home, Burlington, Vermont.
 Harding, Carroll; working, Albion.
 Knight, Edward; at home, Appleton.
 Perkins, Fred; at home, Albion.
 Plummer, Christine; at home, Albion.
 Plummer, Lois; at home, Albion.
 Stearns, Merle; working, Waterville.

1934

Belden, Arthur; at home, Palermo.
 Drake, Priscilla Rowe; housewife, Albion.
 Jones, Maxine Ross; working, Albion.
 Littlefield, Velma Crommett; housewife, Albion.
 Meader, Edna Bailey; housewife, Albion.
 Reynolds, Berdina; working, Augusta.
 Wiggin, Eric; at home, Albion.
 Willoughby, Freeland; at home, Palermo.

1935

Brann, Leon; at home, China.
 Brann, Sylvia; at home, China.
 Champlain, Mary; working, Waterville.
 Coffin, Forest; working, Albion.

Cooper, Mary; student, University of Maine.
 Drake, Freeland; farmer, Albion.
 Dyer, Julia; working, Augusta.
 Fuller, Pauline; at home, Albion.
 Reed, Norma; working, Albion.
 Reynolds, Mervyn; working at C. C. C., Westbrook.
 Taylor, Thelma; working, Hallowell.
 Thurston, Catherine; at home, China.

1936

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

1937

Baker, Althea; working, Albion.
 Bessey, Marguerite; at home, Albion.
 Bradstreet, Alberta; student at Gillman Commercial School, Bangor.
 Brown, Harland; working, Bath.
 Crosby, Eva; training at General Maine Hospital, Portland.
 Faulkner, Phyllis; student at Farmington Normal School.
 Foster, Kenneth; at home, Albion.
 Glidden, Lawrence; at home, Palermo.
 Hammond, Elizabeth; student at Farmington Normal School.
 Harding, Mandel; working, Matinicus.
 Hunt, Lillian; training at Augusta General Hospital.
 Libby, Louise; training at General Maine Hospital, Portland.
 Littlefield, Harold; milk tester for Kennebec County.
 Marks, Donald; working, Albion.
 Mascn, Betty Knowlton; housewife, Albion.
 Stearns, Marjorie; at home, Augusta.
 Willett, Luona Cookson; housewife, Freedom.
 Young, Imogene; student at Business School, Portland.

Exchanges

We have made exchanges with only three schools, Hermon High School, Unity High School, and Waterville High School, but we will gladly exchange with any other schools that are willing to receive our paper.

"The Microphone"—Hermon High School, Hermon, Maine.

You have a very good paper. We liked your jokes and literature, but we suggest that you have a few more jokes. The cover of your paper is especially attractive.

"The Monitor"—Unity High School, Unity, Maine.

We think you have a good humor and poetry section.

"Panther"—Waterville High School, Waterville, Maine.

We have received several copies of your paper. It is an excellent paper. The sport write-ups and the humor are especially good.

This and that from the Exchanges:

Juanita: Mr. Smith, are the senior pictures going to be in the paper?

Mr. Smith: (Sitting at the desk) I don't know. I'm not in the position to say.

Olive: Stand up and say, then.—The Microphone.

Shirley P: This is an awful small loaf of bread.

Lyle Adams: Well you won't have so much to carry.

Shirley P.: Then here's six cents. You'll not have so much to count.
—The Monitor.

J. Cookson: "How does it happen you had to stay after school for spelling?"

H. Marden: "Well I put too many z's in scissors."

Archie Sennett: "And for Bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die."

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

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