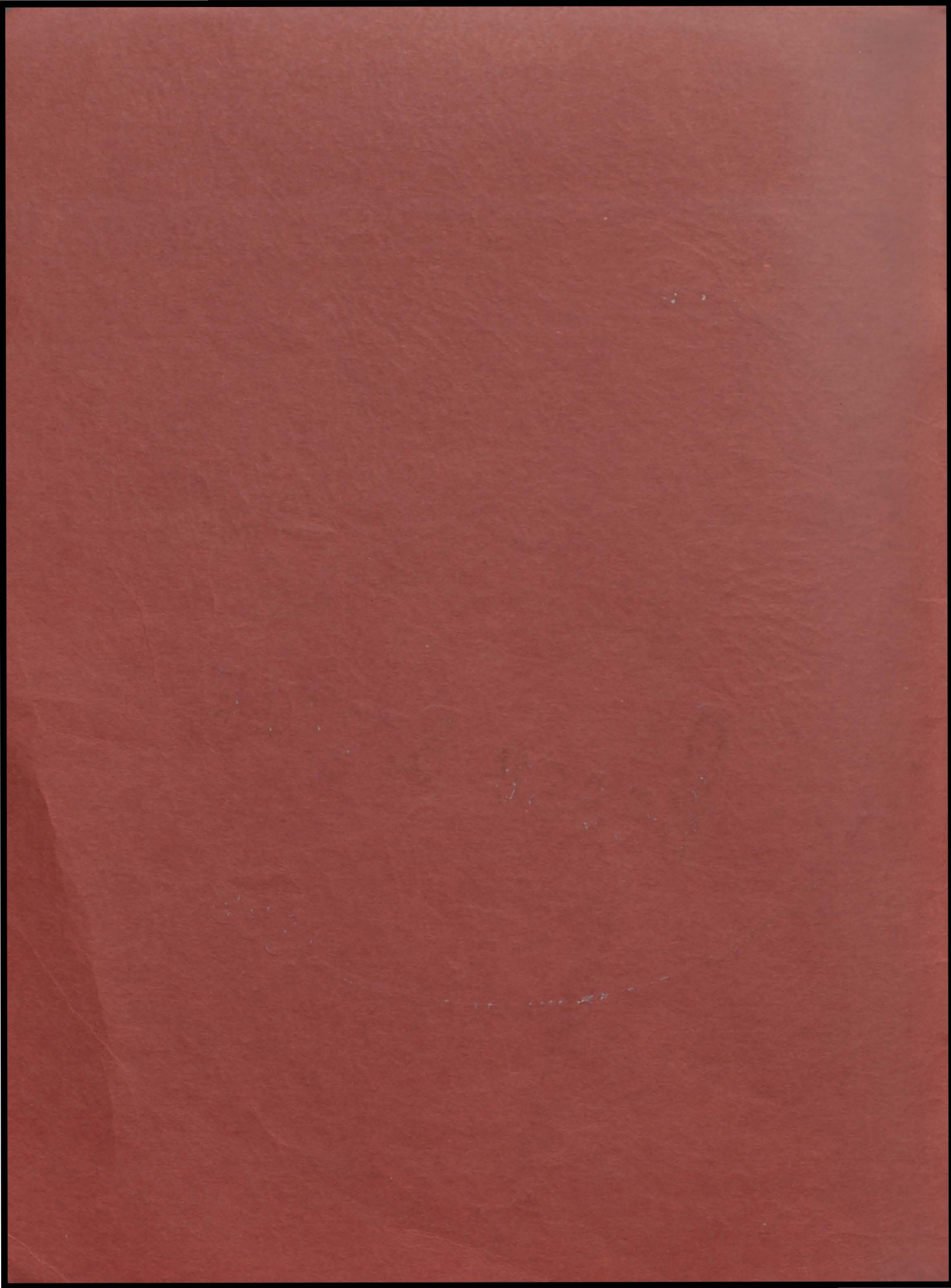


The

Besse Breeze

1939



Besse Breeze

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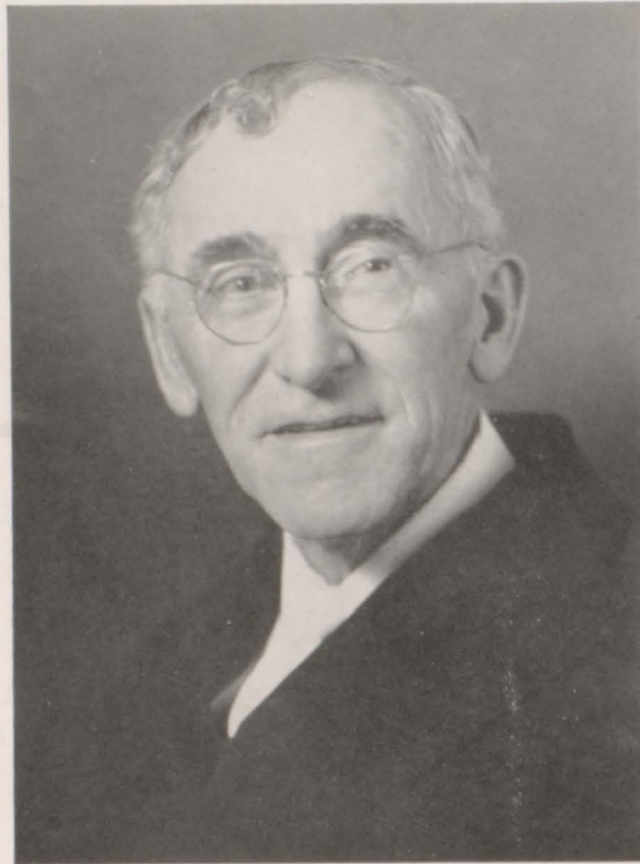
Besse High School



ALBION, MAINE

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CITY JOB PRINT. BELFAST, ME.



We the students of Besse High School
respectfully dedicate
this issue of Besse Breeze
to our friend

REVEREND NELSON M. HIEKES

BESSE BREEZE

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

Volume XIII

Number VI



Seated (left to right) W. Ross, E. Bagley, B. Russell, K. Noyes, E. Monroe, T. Brann, E. Cookson, F. Harding.
 Standing (left to right) P. Day, W. Bagley, O. Baker, C. Bradstreet, D. Libby, E. Rhoda, Hazel Crommett, N. Olsen, H. Fuller.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....	Elva Monroe '39
Assistant Editor.....	Thelma Brann '40
Business Manager.....	Edward Bagley '39
Advertising Manager.....	Winston Ross '39
Advertising Assistant.....	Donald Libby '40
Circulation Manager.....	Raymond Parkhurst '40
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Alumni and Exchanges.....	Opal Baker '39
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Assistant Editor.....	Elsie Cookson '40
Senior Editor.....	Bertha Russell '39
Jokes.....	Norman Olsen '40 Winton Bagley '40 Hilda Fuller '41
Printer (Six weeks paper)	Earle Rhoda '41
Faculty Advisor	Mr. Webb



High Honors

Floyd Harding

Kathryn Noyes

Myra Skillin

Alice Perkins

Honors

Virginia Whynott

Hilda Fuller

Edward Bagley

Mary Bessey

Thelma Brann

Wallace Milliken

Elva Monroe

Harriet Crommett

Hazel Crommett

Richard Fuller

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Kathryn Noyes, Vice President

Elva Monroe, Secretary

Floyd Harding, Treasurer

Opal Baker

Winston Ross

Russell Perry

Hazel Crommett

Catherine Hill

Burdell Bessey

Ethelyn Bradstreet

Mary Bessey

Wesley Basford



EDITORIAL

A Year of Accomplishment

The accomplishments of our school may best be summarized under three headings: education, social life and athletics. A feature of our educational program was the securing of special speakers for our assemblies. The most outstanding speaker was Mr. Drier of Colby, a German refugee student who had previously attended London University, London, England. He was in London during the Munich crisis. He spoke to the school concerning the European situation before Munich. Other speakers were Mr. Frederick Godwin, Waterville architect, and the Reverend Nelson M. Hiekes, both giving worthwhile talks. In addition to these speakers who brought information from the outside, trips have been taken by the students from which much information was gathered. The Physics class took a very educational trip through the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Maine. The class was able to go aboard destroyers still in the process of construction, and watch the electric welding. The Problems of Democracy class took a trip through the Waterville Library and the Colby College Library to learn how the books are catalogued. Plans are being made for the Physics class to take a trip through the Hollingsworth and Whitney mill, and to the Waterville Sentinel. Trips like these make the classes more enjoyable and are of much practical value.

A more severe and extended make-up system has been introduced this year. This has stimulated increased work on the part of the students.

Going from educational accomplishments to athletics, we find much progress in this field of activity. We have added two new sports, Cross Country and Football. Perhaps a word or two about the two sports mentioned above would be of interest. This year four towns, Brooks, Unity, Freedom, and Albion formed Cross Country track teams. Although Besse did not win all her races, she won at Unity at the Four Corner Meet, thus winning the championship. Another new activity sponsored at Besse was a six-man football team. This being a new activity we won but one game.

This year's basketball season was a great improvement over last year's. A greater rally has been seen in the boys' team which jumped from the bottom to a high place in the League standing. Our physical equipment has been increased with new lockers built in both boys' and girls' basements for equipment. These help keep the suits clean and prevent losing articles.

Social activities in our school are very important. We have added the state one act play contest, prize speaking contest between schools, a bigger and better Bazaar, one act play contest between local schools, checker tournament, assembly plays, and exchange assembly programs with Unity and Winslow.

Besse entered this year for the first time the state-wide one act play contest at Winslow, successfully holding her own against much larger schools. The Junior Prize Speaking Contest was held as usual this year, and in addition a Prize Speaking contest between Brooks, Unity, Freedom, and Albion. A one act play contest is going to be held between these same schools. The Bazaar this year was even more successful than last year and is sure to be made an annual part of the school program. A checker tournament has been held at noon to keep a quiet noon hour. This has proved worthwhile and the winner of this tournament will be presented with a medal. Assembly plays have been put on this year at our own school and at the Winslow and Unity exchange assembly programs.

No, everything isn't perfect at Besse, but things are improving. Our most urgent need now is another school room which would allow us to keep the laboratory for the use of the chemistry and physics classes. We also need additional courses of a more practical nature to prepare those students for life who are unable to continue on to other schools. A gymnasium is badly needed, but it can wait until more urgent matters are taken up.

It must be realized, and is realized, that the town is doing all that is at present possible, and is fulfilling these needs as fast as it can. However, these needs are mentioned as an incentive to further accomplishment.

—Elva Monroe '39.

Browning's Philosophy of Life

From the study of Robert Browning's poetry, many bits of philosophy are found, but they all center around two words of especial significance. These two words are "growth" and "progress."

"Man is forced to try and make, else fail to grow,

Formed to rise, reach at if not grasp and gain

The good beyond him—which attempt is growth."

Nothing in life is perfect, and we know there could be no such thing as happiness if there were no sadness. When some obstacle comes in our life, it should give us determination to go on and conquer it. At times of temptation, strength is developed to banish the thoughts of yielding. Learning of the wickedness of life should lead to a greater desire of right living. Whatever sacrifices that are made in this growth

are more than paid for by a gain in courage and resolution.

In all that has yet been done, there is room for improvement. It is human nature that people should be slightly discontented with the present, and strive for a better future. According to Browning, there can be no worse disaster for a man than to attain what he has been pursuing. A very beautiful thought is expressed in Browning's poem **Andrea del Sarto**.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp.
Or what's a heaven for?"

We work hard to accomplish some feat, only to find that it doesn't really satisfy. It is best this way because it is in heaven that our dreams are to be realized. If all our dreams came true, there would be nothing to strive for. This proves that as a man "grows," his ideas of good are broadening, and are never fully achieved.

Applying this philosophy to everyday life, we find that if there had not been any "growth" or "progress," we would always have been where our forefathers were generations ago.

—Myra Skillin '39.

CLASS OF THIRTY-NINE

I

We've climbed the stairs for four long
years;
We've helped the school to give its
cheers.
We've tried for fame in every game,
But some we've lost, and some we've
gained.

II

For Esse High we'll always cry
V I C T O R Y
Look to her banners floating high;
We shed a tear and say goodbye.

III

We must look for learning elsewhere,
Ever strive to do our best,
Always thinking of our standard,
And our days at B. H. S.

IV

Our paths may be in all directions,
But our hearts will always be
Full of joy and gladness,
As we sail out on life's sea.

V

Now that we must say adieu
To our teachers and to you,
Pleasant memories we leave behind
From the class of thirty-nine.

ROMAINE SENNETT '39

EASY AIN'T IT?

Ah hope no one's watchin' me,
An you-all may think ah'm a po' fish,
But ah gotta write uh poem, don'tcha see?
An' 'se gonna start it like this.

Mr. Webb, he says he's gonna fail me for
de day,
Unless ah does muh work jus' once.
Jogonrit, sho' is hard work tuh know
what tuh say,
But ah cain't stan' to be u'h dunce!

Now take dis ol' ribber out front here;
He's run by mah door good many a
year.
But ah don' see nothin' so wunerful 'bout
dat,
'Cept mebbe de droenin' o' mah ol'
Tom cat.

Now dere's somp'in' funny, duh cat ah
mean;
Use tuh set by dat ribber an' purr away
Like nothin' I'se ebber seen.
But one day he got too close, an' fell
in de ribber tuh stay.

'Course dat ain't nothin' tuh write about,
But it's all ah knows tuh say.
It's prob'ly git up big "F", ah don't doubt,
But ah'll have it done anyway.

by DONALD LIBBY '40

SENIORS



EDWARD FORREST BAGLEY

Course: General.

Activities: President of class (3, 4) Student Council (1, 4) President (4) Editorial Board (3, 4) Prize Speaking (3) Junior Play (3) Senior Play (4) Bazaar Committee (3, 4) Basketball (2, 3, 4) Class Historian.



OPAL ELOISE BAKER

Course: College Preparatory.

Activities: Secretary and Treasurer of Class (1) President of Class (2) Prize Speaking (3) Junior Play (3) Senior Play (4) Editorial Board (3, 4) Bazaar Committee (3, 4) Student Council (4) Salutatorian.



CHRISTINE ABBIE BESSEY

Course: General.

Activities: Student Council (3) Prize Speaking (3) Athletic Play (2) Junior Play (2) Senior Play (3, 4) Bazaar Committee (3, 4).



CECIL ROBERT BRADSTREET

Course: General.

Activities: President of Class (1) Sec.-Treas. of Class (3, 4) Student Council (2) Editorial Board (3, 4) Prize Speaking (3) Third place. Athletic Play (2) Senior Play (2, 4) Junior Play (3) Bazaar Committee (3, 4) Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4) Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4) Football (4) Co-captain baseball. Prize Speaking Contest (4). Address to Undergraduates.



HAROLD CROSBY

Course: General.

Activities: Prize Speaking (3) Senior Play (4).

SENIORS

ELVA LOUISE MONROE

Course: College Preparatory.
Activities: Vice President of class (1, 2) Student Council (1, 4) Editorial Board (2, 3, 4) Editor-in-Chief (4) Prize Speaking (3) First Place, Athletic Play (1, 2) Junior Play (3) Senior Play (3, 4) Bazaar Committee (3, 4) Basketball (2, 3, 4) One Act Play Contest (4) Class Prophet.



KATHRYN GRACE NOYES

Course: College Preparatory.
Activities: Vice President of Class (1, 4) Secretary Treasurer (2) Student Council (4) Editorial Board (3, 4) Prize Speaking (3) Athletic Play (2) Junior Play (3) Senior Play (3, 4) Bazaar Committee (3, 4) Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4) Manager (3) Captain (4) Valedictorian.



BERTHA ROSE RUSSELL

Course: General.
Activities: Student Council (2) Editorial Board (3, 4) Prize Speaking (3) Junior Play (3) Senior Play (4) Bazaar Committee (3, 4) Basketball (2, 3, 4) Manager (4) One Act Play Contest (4). Class Gifts.



ROMAINE ELOISE SENNETT

Course: General.
Activities: Junior Speaking Contest (3) Second Place, Senior Play (4) Class Poet.



MYRA CHRISTINE SKILLIN

Course: College Preparatory.
Activities: Junior Play (3) Senior Play (4) D. A. R. Candidate (4) Bazaar Committee (4) Honor Essay.



School Roll

FRESHMAN CLASS

Wesley Basford
 Mary Bessey
 George Bezanson
 Harriet Crommett, Sec.-Treas.
 Phyllis Day
 Alfred Donnell
 Athene Ellis
 Richard Fuller
 Earl Higgins
 Cora Higgins
 George McKenney
 Paul Nelson
 Alice Perkins, President
 Donald Trask
 Virginia Whycott, Vice President
 Waldo Young

JUNIOR CLASS

Winton Bagley
 George Belden
 Burdell Bessey
 Lucille Bradstreet
 Thelma Brann
 Herbert Brown
 Elsie Cookson
 Hazel Crommett
 Elcize Clidden
 Catherine Hill
 Donald Libby, President
 Wallace Milliken, Vice President
 Norma Olsen
 Raymond Parkhurst, Sec.-Treas.
 Beulah Willoughby
 Phyllis Young

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Elinor Baker, Treasurer
 Ethelyn Bradstreet,
 Shirley Cookson
 Hilda Fuller
 Arnold Hamilton, President
 June Hammond, Secretary
 Floyd Harding
 Clayton Haskell
 Violet Higgins
 Ralph Lee
 Ruth Reed
 Earle Rhoda, Vice President
 Harry Ruth

SENIOR CLASS

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



SCHOOL

1st row: F. Harding, D. Libby, R. Parkhurst, J. Hammond, R. Reed, E. Glidden, E. Cookson, L. Bradstreet, A. Ellis, H. Fuller, E. Bagley, H. Ruth, G. Belden, W. Milliken,
 2nd row: R. Fuller, P. Day, C. Hill, E. Baker, T. Brann, A. Donnell, G. McKenney,
 E. Rhoda, W. Ross, A. Hamilton, W. Young, B. Bessey, G. Bezanson, R. Lee, E. Monroe,
 B. Russell, K. Noyes,
 3rd row: N. Olsen, V. Whynott, O. Baker, P. Young, W. Bagley, P. Nelson, H. Crosby,
 R. Perry, C. Bradstreet, H. Brown, C. Bessey, M. Skillin, R. Sennett, H. Crommett,
 4th row: V. Higgins, A. Perkins, Harriet Crommett, B. Willoughby, D. Trask, E. Hig-
 gins, E. Bradstreet, E. Bradstreet, S. Cookson, C. Higgins, M. Bessey.

baseball



Front row: W. Bagley, Bessey, Libby, Parkhurst, Ross, (Capt.) Bradstreet, Belden.
 Middle row: Hamilton, Rhoda, Perry, Ruth, Brown, Lee.
 Back row: Harding, Higgins, Nelson.

Baseball (1938)

Our '38 baseball edition was similar to that of our '37 - '38 basketball team, winning but one game. The Waldo League was a one division affair, the teams meeting each other but once. Brooks won the championship by defeating Unity in a tie-off at Belfast.

As we have a veteran team this year, prospects are very bright. The 1939 team will line up something like this: catcher, Parkhurst; pitchers, Ross, Rhoda, W. Bagley; First base, Bradstreet; Second base, Hamilton; Third base, Lee; Shortstop, Libby; Fielders, Bessey, Perry, Rhoda.



Football



1st row: D. Libby, H. Ruth, R. Parkhurst.
2nd row: Coach Kelley, R. Lee, E. Rhoda, R. Perry, C. Bradstreet, W. Ross, P. Nelson, W. Bagley.

Football

This year Besse inaugurated a new sport—six man football. The boys bought their own suits, and Coach Kelley arranged a schedule for us with the Winslow Jay Vees, Lawrence Jay Vees and Unity. We played five games and won one, that one being over Unity by a 33 to nothing score. When playing in our class, we proved that we were among the winners. Next fall this sport is expected to be taken up in nearby schools, and possibly a league will be formed. The regular line-up follows: Left end, Perry; Right end, Bradstreet; Center, Lee; Quarterback, Libby; Halfback, Parkhurst; Fullback, Ross; Substitutes, Rhoda and Ruth.

Cross Country Besse Wins Championship

This sport was also newly introduced this year. Meets were held at Freedom, Brooks, Albion, and a four cornered meet climaxed the season. Albion defeated Freedom, but lost to Brooks and Unity. We then turned around and defeated the other schools in the four cornered meet held at Unity, thus winning the championship of the league.

Those winning letters were as follows: Libby, Parkhurst, Ruth, Rhoda, Nelson and W. Bagley.



BOYS AND GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAMS

1st row: E. Cookson, N. Olsen, B. Willoughby, L. Bradstreet, P. Young, B. Russell (mgr.)
 K. Noyes (capt.) Hazel Crommett.
 2nd row: Coach Kelley, Harriet Crommett, T. Brann, E. Monroe, J. Hammond, E. Gliden, E. Bradstreet, R. Sennett, V. Whynot, S. Cookson, M. Bessey, F. Harding (mgr.)
 3rd row: P. Libby, R. Parkhurst, W. Bagley, E. Bagley, R. Perry, C. Bradstreet, E. Rhoda, G. Belden, W. Ross (capt.) P. Nelson, H. Ruth, R. Lee.

Basketball



Basketball (Boys)

Our basketball team was a much improved outfit over the one of the previous year. Under the remarkable coaching of Mr. Kelley, we jumped from a cellar position to third place in the Waldo County League. Out of eighteen games played, we won thirteen, losing only one home game.

Those making letters were Ross (capt.) E. Bagley, Bradstreet, Perry, W. Bagley, Parkhurst, Rhoda, Libby, Ruth and Lee. Russell Perry was elected captain for the 1939-'40 season. Prospects are bright for another year as Coach Kelley has some fine reserves.

Season's Record

		Besse	Op.
Brooks	(here)	31	19
Monroe	(here)	55	10
Unity	(here)	28	15
Liberty	(here)	41	30
Carmel	(here)	40	28
Freedom	(there)	19	30
Liberty	(there)	24	28
Islesboro	(here)	32	30
Islesboro	(there)	29	19
Scarsport	(there)	32	29
Winterport	(there)	17	31
Winterport	(here)	25	19
Searsport	(here)	37	28
Monroe	(there)	62	21
Freedom	(here)	24	25
Winslow			
(J. V.)	(there)	18	23
Alumni	(here)	18	12
Brooks	(there)	26	30

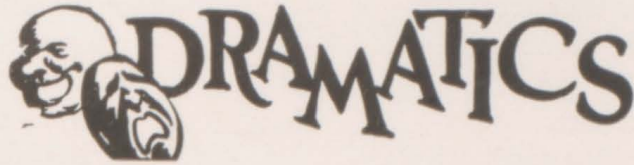
GIRLS *Basketball*

Although Besse girls were not victorious in winning the cup, they have a splendid record to show for the time and hard work given by Coach Kelley. The team will lose three players who will be greatly missed, but with a strong veteran team Besse looks forward to a good season.

Girls making letters are as follows: Captain K. Noyes, Manager B. Russell, N. Olsen, L. Bradstreet, B. Willoughby, E. Monroe, P. Young, H. Crommett, E. Glidden, A. Ellis, E. Bradstreet and E. Cookson.

Season's Record

		Besse	Op.
Alumnae	(here)	39	23
Brooks	(here)	48	35
Islesboro	(there)	35	24
Monroe	(here)	52	15
Liberty	(there)	26	29
Carmel	(there)	34	33
Carmel	(here)	27	28
Freedom	(there)	22	29
Searsport	(there)	24	15
Unity	(here)	38	25
Brooks	(there)	33	25
Liberty	(here)	26	21
Islesboro	(here)	38	10
Winterport	(there)	22	19
Searsport	(here)	39	16
Monroe	(there)	48	12
Winterport	(here)	30	19
Freedom	(here)	32	26



DRAMATICS

BAZAAR PLAYS

Two One Act plays were presented at the annual school Bazaar November 23, 1938, under the direction of Miss Hopkins and Mr. Webb. The casts follow:

HIS FIRST SHAVE

Mr. Morton	Harry Ruth
Mrs. Morton	Athene Ellis
Derek Morton	Raymond Parkhurst
Clara Morton	Phyllis Day
Janet	Mary Bessey

THE SILVER LINING

Martha Kane	Hilda Fuller
Cedric Green	Floyd Harding
Alice	Alice Perkins
Henry	Richard Fuller
Max Meyers	Alfred Donnell
Donna Dreams	June Hammond
Irene Campbell	Virginia Whynott

STATE ONE ACT PLAY CONTEST

March fifteenth, Besse High presented the comedy **SPARKIN** by E. P. Conkle, at Winslow as its entry in the One Act Play Contest. The play was coached by Mr. Webb. The cast follows:

Granny Painsberry	Elva Monroe
Lessie Hanna	Elsie Cookson
Orry Sparks	Arnold Hamilton
Susan Hanna	Bertha Russell

SENIOR PLAY

December sixteenth, the Senior Class presented the three act comedy, **HIGH PRESURE HOMER**, coached by Mr. Webb. The cast follows:

Mrs. Chester Woodruff	Kathryn Noyes
Mr. Chester Woodruff	Edward Bagley
Junior Woodruff	Alfred Donnell

Boots Woodruff	Elva Monroe
Arlene Woodruff	Myra Skillin
Zenith	Christine Bessey
Aunt Cora	Opal Baker
Mrs. Margaret Taylor	Bertha Russell
Bunny Taylor	Romaine Sennett
Homer Hampton Hayward	Cecil Bradstreet
Wade Wainright	Arnold Hamilton
Chetwynde Cluett	Harold Crosby

The Junior Class will present their annual play on the second of June. They have chosen the three act comedy, **AUNT TILLIE GOES TO TOWN** by Wilbur Braun. Miss Hopkins will coach it. The cast follows:

Tillie Trask	Thelma Brann
Lucinda Talbot	Ethelyn Bradstreet
Pamela Marsh	Norma Olsen
Lizzie Parsons	Eloise Glidden
Ellen Neeland	Elsie Cookson
Ronald Howland	Raymond Parkhurst
Luther Lorrimer	Arnold Hamilton
Mervin Tucker	Donald Libby
Charlie One Lung	Winton Bagley
Mrs. Tillie Tucker	Hazel Crommett
Dr. Hattie Bing	Athene Ellis

THE FUTURE

When the afternoon is over,
 And the twilight is beginning;
 When the cows are in the barnyard,
 And the whip-O-will is singing;
 When the stars begin to twinkle,
 And the hens go to bed;
 When the birds all run for cover,
 And the cows their hay are fed;
 When lovers all go wandering
 Down the lane where lovers go,
 And the cool wind seems to whistle,
 Oh, so very low;
 Then I think of my lost childhood,
 And the days I've left behind,
 And I always, always wonder
 If the Future'll be so kind.

by NORMA OLSEN '40

DEAR BESSE HIGH SCHOOL

Dear Besse High we know
 The days will soon be here
 When we must leave these halls,
 And scatter far and near.
 Fond memories we will take
 With us upon our ways,
 Of days together spent,
 Dear Besse High School Days.
 Then we'll remember you,
 Our teachers staunch and true,
 Of schoolmates loyal too
 Of Besse beloved school.

by MYRA SKILLIN '39

EXCHANGES

This is Station B. H. S. opening for the yearly exchange broadcast of 1939. We now wish to announce the following comments on school papers.

Flash! ! Flash! ! —The Monitor, Unity High School, Unity, Maine. Your new cover is very becoming. Your alumni news is especially clever, as are your class statistics.

The Pilot, Mechanics Falls High School, Mechanics Falls, Maine. Your class reports and activities column are interesting.

The Microphone, Herman High School, Herman, Maine. You have a good literary department. Your idea of "In Our Date Book" is unique.

Opeeche Chronicle, Searsport High School, Searsport, Maine. Your sports write-ups are fine. Why not have an exchange department?

The Riverside, Winterport High School, Winterport, Maine. Your cover, too, is very becoming. Your editorial, literary and humor are on a par with each other—excellent, with perhaps added credit for your poetry. But a few more pictures would add to your book, don't you think?

Pinnacle, Erskine, Academy, South China, Maine. Your literary department is especially good, but is a bit short on poems.

The Messalonskee Ripple, Williams High School, Oakland, Maine. Three cheers for The Messalonskee Ripple! ! ! It is the best paper that we have. Your wide variety of pictures is great.

Now we will have a humor parade gathered from here and there.

Bill Moran—I know the man that dug the Mississippi River and threw the dirt out to form the Rocky Mountains.

Kenneth Lowe—That's nothing. You know the Dead Sea? Well, I'm related to the man that killed it.

—The Riverside

Listen, students, what do you think of this?

A typical junior prayer:

Now I lay me down to rest,
Before I take tomorrow's test.
Should I die before I wake,
Thank God, I'll have no test to take.

—Messalonskee Ripple

Another was???

Helen Gerald—Georgie, I heard you have a new hired girl. How come?

Georgie Bennett—Well, the old one handled china like Japan.

—Monitor

This concludes our broadcast for 1939. We wish to thank all schools that have exchanged with us, and we will exchange with others that wish to do so. We'll be back again next year "with a flash." Until then, this is your Exchange Reporter signing off.

—Opal Baker '39.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

- September 6 School opened.
- September 7 Class meetings.
- September 9 First Student Council meeting.
- September 16 Henry Marden speaks on class trip of 1938.
- September 16 Seniors visit Colby and Waterville Library.
- September 21 Cross Country Schedule made out.
- September 23 Freshman Reception.
- September 23 Seniors visit Colby and Waterville Library.
- September 28 Bazaar Committees chosen.
- September 30 Physics class visits Bath Iron works.
- October 3 Talk on Bath trip by Romaine Sennett.
- October 5 First Assembly Play—Nono—K. Noyes and E. Bagley.
- October 5 Cross Country Meet at Freedom.
- October 7 Reverend N. M. Hiekes speaks to assembly.
- October 10 Teachers' County Convention.
- October 12 Columbus Day Assembly—P. Day, A. Perkins, V. Whynott, A. Donnell, M. Bessey, W. Basford, P. Nelson, E. Hendsbee.
- October 12 Cross country meet at Unity.
- October 14 Football—Besse vs. Winslow Jay Vees.
- October 14 Intelligence Tests.
- October 17 Basketball schedule made out.
- October 19 Junior Assembly Play—Strawberry Crush, N. Olsen, Ray Parkhurst, T. Brann.
- October 19 Cross country meet at Brooks.
- October 21 Football—Besse vs. Winslow Jay Vees.
- October 25 Besse Wins Cross Country Championship at Unity.
- October 25 Freedom Social.
- October 26 Football—Besse vs. Lawrence Jay Vees.
- October 27 and 28 State Teachers' Convention at Bangor.
- November 1 First Basketball practice.
- November 1 Mr. F. G. Eaton of State Highway planning board, speaks.
- November 2 Football—Besse vs. Unity.
- November 3 Besse presents assembly at Winslow—E. Bagley, K. Noyes, Ray Parkhurst, N. Olsen, T. Brann.
- November 4 Football—Besse vs. Winslow Jay Vees.
- November 9 Winslow presents assembly program at Besse.
- November 9 Press Club awards made.
- November 10 Armistice Day Program—E. Cookson, N. Olsen, R. Sennett, H. Crommett.
- November 18 Reverend N. M. Hiekes addresses assembly.
- November 22 Basketball—Besse (Boys) vs. Winslow Jay Vees.
- November 23 Thanksgiving Assembly—H. Ruth, V. Higgins, A. Hamilton.
- November 25 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. graduates.
- November 30 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Brooks.
- December 2 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Islesboro.
- December 9 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Monroe.
- December 13 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Liberty.
- December 16 Senior Play—High Pressure Homer.

- December 16 School closes for Christmas vacation.
 December 20 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Carmel.
 December 28 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Carmel.

1939

- January 2 School opens.
 January 6 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Freedom.
 January 10 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Searsport.
 January 13 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Unity.
 January 18 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Brooks.
 January 20 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Liberty.
 January 24 Reverend N. M. Hiekes presents school with Lovejoy gavel.
 January 25 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Islesboro.
 January 27 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Winterport.
 February 1 Prize Speaking Preliminaries Held.
 February 1 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Searsport.
 February 3 Mr. Klaus Drier, German refugee, addresses assembly.
 February 3 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Monroe.
 February 10 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Winterport.
 February 15 Basketball—Besse (Boys and Girls) vs. Freedom.
 February 15 School closes for vacation.
 February 27 School opens for third term.
 February 28 Basketball—Besse Jay Vees (Boys and Girls) vs. Fairfield Center.
 February 28 Besse students entertain the Pomona Grange with two plays—Those Immortal Lovers—F. Harding, A. Hamilton, A. Ellis, E. Rhoda, J. Hammond and Spring Party—M. Bessey and P. Day.
 March 1 Besse entertains at Unity Assembly—P. Day and M. Bessey.
 March 1 Year Book Ads solicited.
 March 13 Town meeting.
 March 14 School closed because of storm.
 March 22 Junior Prize Speaking Contest—Thelma Brann, first; Elsie Cookson, Second; Norma Olsen, Third.
 March 25 Preliminaries of One Act Play Contest at Winslow.
 April 3 Year Book completed.
 April 4 W. C. T. U. presents temperance movie—The Pay Off.
 April 5 Physics class takes trip to Hollingsworth and Whitney.
 April 12 Speaking Contest—Unity, Brooks, Monroe, and Besse.
 April 15 Year Book goes to press.
 April 28 One Act Play Contest—Unity, Brooks, Monroe and Besse.
 May 3 Baseball—Besse vs. Searsport.
 May 5 Year Books distributed.
 May 9 Baseball—Besse vs. Winterport.
 May 12 Baseball—Besse vs. Brooks.
 May 16 Baseball—Besse vs. Freedom.
 May 23 Baseball—Besse vs. Stockton.
 May 26 Baseball—Besse vs. Frankfort.
 May 31 Baseball—Besse vs. Unity.
 June 2 Junior Play—Aunt Tillie Goes to Town.
 June 4 Baccalaureate Service.
 June 7 Last Chapel.
 June 8 Graduation Exercises.
 June 9 Graduation Ball.
 June 9 School closes.
 June 12 Senior class trip.



PA JOHNSON AWAKES

by Christine Bessey '39

"Pa—oh Pa,—Frank Johnson, come here immediately," echoed a shrill voice.

"Yes, my dear," came a weak, hollow, and fearful response from somewhere.

"You get that worthless, good-for-nothing canine out of my parlor, or I'll tan your precious hide and have a rug for my bedroom."

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, get a wriggle into that slow gait of yours."

"Yes, my dear."

"Oh dear, anybody would think that my husband, who used to be the best dancer in town, had one foot in the grave."

With a heavy sigh, Ma Johnson sauntered toward the kitchen to see if the maid had forgotten that the parlor must be dusted after that spiteful mongrel had walked through it.

Now, Mrs. Johnson was really a kind hearted and thoughtful woman. Once she gave her brother's straw hat to one of the neighbor's boys so that he could cover up his red hair when he went by, for she detested red hair. She was never known to give anyone anything unless she received at least twice as much in return. The only thing that she parted with freely was sharp, bitter, sarcastic words. Those flowed as swiftly and furiously as the water over Niagara Falls.

Studying her physically, one finds it is hard to determine her character. She is tall, thin—an angular piece of humanity, with a peaked nose and chin, with eyes that could make the toughest criminal uncomfortable under their stare. Loud clothes and excessive make-up made her stand out in a crowd of normal people. She loved nothing more than popularity. She married poor Frank because he was the best dancer in town, and the girls liked to dance with him. She figured, schemed, and flirted, until much to the envy of the other girls, and her own secret pleasure, the minister made them one.

For twenty-four hours she and her good-looking, good-natured husband enjoyed happiness. Then suddenly she wondered how she could still go to dances and let anyone else have the pleasure of dancing with her Frank. He was her property, and had been for twenty-four hours, and she was determined that she would keep him at home

every night in the week, walk to work with him in the morning and meet him at night. In this way she figured that the girls would be jealous of her for having him all to herself, and that was just what she wanted them to do.

Life went on like this for a number of years, when, one morning after the conversation reported at the beginning of this story, she saw the new car which the Joneses had purchased. Mrs. Jones had learned to drive it, and she took much pleasure in driving slowly by the Johnson home, trying to get even with Mrs. Johnson for stealing the man Mrs. Jones wanted. At least, that's how it appeared to Mrs. Johnson. It wasn't long before Mrs. Johnson decided she would not endure Mrs. Jones' torture any longer.

"Pa, have you noticed that the Joneses have a new car, and Mrs. Jones drives it "

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, you remember that we have a joint bank account, don't you?"

"Er, well—yes, my dear."

"I have a plan; we can buy a car from my half of the account; then, of course, the car will be mine. Don't you think that a good idea?"

"Well, er—I don't know."

"What!"

"I mean yes, of course, my dear."

And so—the Johnson family bought a nice, shiny, blue Packard. Mrs. Johnson paid a "cop" friend of her five dollars a lesson for teaching her to drive. After eight weeks of unsuccessful attempts to keep the car between the telephone poles, she decided it was time she took the car alone and bring Frank home from work. After nearly running the battery down, she decided the car would start quicker if she turned the switch on. This made all the difference in the world, and the engine actually started. Now, to back up. She put the car into gear and let the clutch out with a nervous jerk; crash—the front bumper and wall met. She had it in low instead of reverse. Because of the fact that both the car and the garage were new and strong, no harm came to either. Finally, after many exciting maneuvers, she was at last into the road and headed for her husband's office. The distance of one quarter of a mile was covered in less than sixty seconds.

Many painful expressions have passed Mr. Johnson's face, but none like the one now upon it as he gazed upon his wife. She had made sure his life was insured the same day that she purchased the car. Wise lady. Despite the fact that Frank nearly ruined his digestion by swallowing his false teeth, the ride home was made in safety.

"Well, Pa," Mrs. Johnson calmly remarked after she had squeezed the mud guards between the garage doors, "I'm an experienced driver now, and a pretty good one too, don't you think?"

"Er, well—I dunno."

"What did you say?"

"Er, yes, my dear."

"I'm not going to take any more lessons. From now on I'm going to drive every afternoon. Haven't I improved remarkably since yesterday?"

"Er, yes, my dear."

Mrs. Johnson kept up her driving, and by some miracle seemed to escape passing cars and telephone poles by a fraction of a hair. Finally, she thought she'd spend some time with her sister who lived in New York. She determined to drive there as she wanted to surprise her sister. The moment she mentioned her latest idea to her husband, a relieved expression crossed his face, but so faintly that only a person looking for it would find it. Trying to appear sad at her farewell, he found it difficult to keep back the tears of joy. With a grinding of gears and flying of dirt, she left, to be gone for the remainder of the summer. Never in a whole lifetime had the henpecked husband felt happier.

One evening less than a week after his wife had gone, a stranger drove into the yard and inquired if he could rent the garage for a month or two. Frank decided that this would be one question he would have to answer himself as his wife was absent. He said, "Yes."

"How much shall I have to pay?" the stranger further inquired.

Frank thought seriously a minute, then answered, "If you will teach me how to drive, you can have the use of the garage until my wife comes back; that will probably be in two or three months."

This arrangement was pleasing to both parties concerned, and also it was agreed that Mike (for that was the stranger's name) should board with Frank at no extra expense. You can imagine how pleased Mike was, but Frank was very anxious to drive, and any arrangement that would permit this was agreeable to him. He was tired of being a henpecked old man; he was going to wake up and live. He would show that fast wife of his a few things.

"Where there's a will; there's a way." So it was with Pa Johnson. Being very eager to learn to drive, he needed only a few lessons before he was capable of handling the truck alone. First, he kept the grass from growing on the back roads, and then, a little later, he used only the main streets of the town. It was only three weeks from the first lesson until the time he received his license.

During one of these afternoon adventurous trips, he had a very unusual experience, the result of which was even more unusual than the

experience itself. In the rear of a truck, two boys were apparently wrestling. Suddenly the truck gave a jerk, and one of the boys rolled on to the ground. This was one time when Frank had to think quickly, and do his own thinking, too. Quickly he jammed on the brakes and tried to put the truck in reverse, thinking that maybe the brakes might not take hold in time, as he was only about twenty feet behind. With a sliding of tires, squeaking of brakes and a grinding of gears, the truck came to a stop about twelve inches from the frightened victim who had not dared to open his eyes. Frank and the other truck driver arrived at the boy's side at the same time. The boy's father picked the lad up and found that he was all right, merely badly frightened. When Frank explained to the man how he had stopped his truck, he wanted to see the truck.

"Yes, just as I thought, stripped the gears, but that's O. K. I'm going to fix them up for you. After what you did for my boy, I owe you a lot."

Frank didn't have any idea what "stripped gears" meant, but wanting to act intelligent, he decided not to protest.

The next morning when Frank opened the local newspaper, he was startled to find his name in black letters staring him in the face. He couldn't believe it even after reading the article three times, that he was the one the press was calling the hero of the week. A lot of other nice things were said concerning his ability as a truck driver. By stopping quickly, he had avoided running down the child who had fallen from the truck in front of him. Many other drivers would have hesitated to ruin their gears by jamming them in reverse. Such a hesitation would have cost the life of the child.

Meanwhile, his wife saw his name in the papers, but supposed it to be the name of some other Johnson in town, and thought no more about it.

As the summer faded away into the season of "dog" days, Frank received a letter from his wife saying she would be home in a week. Immediately he told Mike and helped him find a new boarding place in town for a few more weeks that he would be there. Frank tried hard to get back into the same old routine of life before she arrived, but somehow her absence was just what he needed, and it had made a new man of him.

On the very tick of the appointed hour, into the yard swooped Mrs. Johnson with the air of an aristocrat in a foreign country. Frank's false teeth felt loose, and his heart seemed to be sinking as he slowly went to meet her. Poor Alice! She seemed years older, he thought as he gazed at her, wondering what she was talking about. She had acquired the New York dialect, which mixed with her Yankee speech was very amusing, but Frank dared not laugh. He knew by the fire

in her eyes that she had brought her temper home with her.

It is needless to say that Mrs. Johnson was the same as before she left. Frank wanted to prove to her that he could probably drive better than she and after much slow pondering he hit upon an idea.

"Say, Alice, let's have a picnic out in some country place Sunday."

Mrs. Johnson liked the idea, but of course she didn't want to give in so easily so she held off until Saturday night. Then when Frank suggested inviting his brother and family for Sunday dinner, she immediately thought the picnic was the better idea.

They found the next day a large shade tree beside a small stream that looked as if it might make a fine resting place, so the Johnsons stopped here to spend a very eventful day.

While Alice went down to the edge of the water to wash the dust from her face, Frank slyly lifted up the hood of the car, opened the distributor and put in a small wad of paper, so that the connection was broken. After this act was successfully completed, one never saw a happier man than Frank Johnson. He almost enjoyed hearing his wife chatter about the latest gossip of the neighbors. Suddenly, as if out of nowhere, a sprinkle of water hit Mrs. Johnson on the nose. She was furious! It was going to rain and she had no idea of getting wet, so she quickly flew into the car and left Frank to gather the blankets and baskets. He tried to keep his back to her as much as possible to hide a shallow smile that covered his countenance from ear to ear. Mrs. Johnson stepped on the starter, but the motor didn't roar as it usually did at the first attempt. She tried it again. Frank still concealed his smile behind blankets and packages. She kept churning the motor until the battery became weaker and weaker and finally wouldn't turn the motor over. Frank still busied himself cleaning up the leavings. Mrs. Johnson's face was dripping with sweat and was red with anger. She knew that Frank didn't know anything about cars, and she didn't want him to touch her's anyway. She flew out of it almost as quickly as she had flown into it, slammed the door with a few choice phrases she had learned in New York and started up the road.

"I'm going to start for the next house and get in out of the rain, and when you get the car packed you may come up too. Meanwhile I'll call the garage and have them send a man down. Something ails the car; it never acted that way before. I guess I'll have to swap it for next year's model."

"Are you sure it won't start?" Frank calmly asked.

"Of course I'm sure!"

"Maybe I could—"

"You—why, the idea. Don't you dare experiment with my car."

"Maybe I could start it."

"Oh dear, I wish you were a mechanic instead of a dumb book-keeper in an office."

With this, she started up the road again. As she rounded the turn, Frank's smile turned to a broad grin. With mischief in his eyes, he again lifted the hood and removed the piece of paper. Finally he located the crank under the seat. In spite of the fact that the battery was nearly run down, the engine needed to be turned over but once before it started. Frank, still wearing his grin, started up the road in search of his wife.

Rounding a sharp curve he saw his wife standing in the road, waiting for more breath before attempting the hill ahead of her. As Frank approached slowly, he wondered if she recognized him. He did not wonder long, however for as he drew opposite her, she flung up her arms in despair, uttered a loud scream, and dropped in a faint. Frank very calmly picked her up and placed her in the seat beside him. Soon her eyelids fluttered, and she looked at him rather blankly.

"Y-Y-Y—You-d-d-d—driving m-m-my car," she gasped as soon as she had partially recovered.

"Yes, my dear," returned the strong and mellow voice of her husband. The lights burned late in the Johnson home that evening. The next day, and for many days to follow, Frank Johnson was seen wearing a happy and contented expression on his face. As for Mrs. Johnson, well, since that Sunday afternoon she has been a changed woman.

NIGHT FLIES AWAY

Lifting her hovered wings in flight,
Peacefully flying away was night.

So gallantly she soared away
Just at dawn, the break of day.

Up came the sun no sleepy head,
Up so early and out of bed.

The smoke from all the houses curls;
The worldly banner then unfurls.

by ELSIE COOKSON '40

THE SHOOTING STAR

As we were sitting on my porch
Together, one warm September night,
We saw a star like a burning torch,
As down it shot with golden light.

This little shooting star so bright
Left all its shining pals behind,
As gliding by it gave us the right
To make the wish our hearts should find.

by MYRA SKILLIN '39

BRIGHT TOMORROW

Shadows fall at sunset;
Twilight follows soon;
Night with a starry heaven
And a glowing moon.

Midnight rushes on us,
Clouds, with sleet and rain,
Changes the scene to dreariness,
With many a heartache and pain.

Dawn at last in all its glory,
Storms of the night rush out to sea,
Brings a glad and bright tomorrow,
Filled with sunshine, songs and glee.

by ROMAINE SENNETT '39

WINTER

Like an unexpected bombing plane,
The wind zoomed forth as if in pain.
The snow banks look like a bowl of
cream,

Whipped by the hand of a fairy queen.

ELVA MONROE '39

A TRIP TO EUROPE

by Myra Skillin '39

A month's sightseeing trip to Europe will be given as a prize for the best painting of local scenes; these words stood out on the advertising page of The Milford Gazette as Marie Lewis idly picked it up after a busy day washing dishes at the Mayberry Cafeteria.

Her artistic sense was immediately aroused, for Marie had been considered a fine painter in high school. A trip to Europe! Her heart leaped at the thought of it, and in her mind she began turning over the scenery of her home town, trying to imagine what would produce the best picture. Already she saw herself at a canvas laboring over a colorful painting which would be announced the winner! Marie became so excited that when she got off at her street corner she forgot to deposit her dime in the money box until the conductor's rasping voice brought her to her senses.

The instant she reached home she rushed to the closet where her paint and brushes were kept. She found them in much better condition than she expected. With Europe still before her eyes she ate supper in a daze.

"What have you got on your mind, Marie?" asked Mrs. Lewis, a kind faced motherly woman, who had grown old too soon, because of hard work. Her husband had died years before, and she had had a hard struggle to earn enough to care for her three children and put them through high school.

"Oh, nothing much," answered Marie in an airy tone. "I'm going for a walk this evening. I'll be back by the time it is dark."

"Well, if you want to go for a walk, why don't you take your brother Ted along? He always likes to go, too, you know," said her mother, but Marie quickly made it understood that she did not want anyone's company. She slipped quietly away and out of the house, her mother's eyes following her curiously.

As she walked swiftly down the street toward a small park, her thoughts were on the prize which she was yearning to try for. "I suppose I couldn't paint a picture anywhere near good enough to win the trip to Europe," thought Marie to herself. "But I'm going to try hard anyhow. I could come to the park every evening and paint. That rustic bridge over the little pond with the swans, and the flowers along the edge of the bank, would make a lovely picture. I imagine quite a few will try for it. I'll have to work hard, but if I win it, I can go to Europe, and I've always wanted to go there. As soon as school closes, Ted and Arlene will both be earning as much as I am now, so it would be easy enough to get along."

These were Marie's thoughts as she walked along, and when she reached the small wooden bridge and saw the white figures of the swans

gliding along, she was struck anew by the beauty of the spot.

"Oh, this will make a wonderful picture!" she cried, clapping her hand together in joy. "I'll start in on it tomorrow night, and I'm not going to tell anybody about it until it is almost done."

The next day the paper gave more details about the contest. The contestant had to fill out applications at once. The contest was to last for two weeks. That afternoon, Marie carefully filled out her application and mailed it. That night she stopped at a shop and bought the necessary materials for the painting. She found it difficult to secure a certain shade of blue, and as she was examining the colors closely, she saw a stylish young woman come into the store and ask about painting materials. This girl had been a schoolmate of Marie's, and the two had had several disagreements. Her name was Doris Carey, and being quite wealthy, she had been pampered and was used to having her own way.

"Oh heavens," thought Marie, "So Doris Carey is going to try for that prize. Now I'll have to work twice as hard. She is a good artist, and furthermore her father is so influential."

Marie hastily paid for her paint and left for home, determined that she wouldn't let the thought of Doris as a competitor disturb her. In the evening she set out with all her equipment. Her family hadn't heard of the prize, so they didn't take much interest, for Marie was always starting on a painting expedition when something struck her fancy.

Marie had the park to herself and got a good start on her picture. She was completely satisfied with her results and returned home in a happy frame of mind. She hid the beginning of her work in her room, so that her mother wouldn't see it. Every night for the next week she went to the park until her picture was almost done. Still she never mentioned it to her family, and they knew her well enough to realize it was useless to ask any questions about where she went with her painting equipment every evening.

Sometimes there were people in the park who came and looked at her work, taking a great deal of interest in it. One day an elderly gentleman said to Marie, "This certainly is a very popular spot for young artists. There is another young lady who has been coming here every morning to paint this rustic bridge. Her picture is nearly done now, and it certainly is very nice, but she won't let anyone talk to her as you do."

Marie gave a startled cry, and instantly thought of Doris Carey. She questioned the man about the girl, and his description fitted Doris exactly. So she was painting the same scene. Marie felt she might as well give up her picture, because Doris had always obtained what she set out after. Doris would be especially triumphant if she had

the same painting as Marie. That night Marie finished her painting and carried it home, knowing in her heart that Doris' couldn't be much better.

When she reached home, she was quite worried, and finally told her mother who was very sympathetic. The next day the cafeteria owner, Mr. Mayberry, asked Marie to do some errands for him at the Carey home. As she was sitting in the parlor waiting for Mr. Carey to come, Doris walked in with a picture under her arm. Marie eagerly asked Doris if she might see the painting, and Doris, always craving praise, quickly consented to show the picture. It was indeed the same painting at almost the same angle as Marie's. It was very good, but not as natural looking as Marie's.

"I suppose you are trying for this prize too?" asked Doris in her languid tone. "I remember in high school you liked to experiment with a paint brush." This was a sarcastic remark, and Doris was instantly ashamed of herself, for Marie's pictures were far more than experiments.

"I expect to turn in a picture if I can get it done in time," calmly replied Marie. At that time Mr. Carey returned, thus ending the girls' conversation.

That night when Marie reached home, she told her mother that Doris' picture was really a very good one and the very same view. (Then Mrs. Lewis came forth as usual with a very wise suggestion.

"Listen, dear," she said kindly, "There are still five more days before the contest closes. Can't you pick out some other scene and go there each night and take a lunch with you, and not come home for supper? Arlene will help me with the work."

Marie soon decided that this was the only thing she could do, although she was afraid a second one could never be as good as the first, and she had had a great desire to enter this particular scene in the contest. She picked out another view that night, and went there hastily the next day after finishing her work. For three nights she worked feverishly, but somehow the picture didn't produce the same effect as the first one had, and she didn't think it was as good as that of Doris. Also, she was sure there would be others in the contest better than Doris'.

On the third night she finished the picture and showed it to her family. They thought it was wonderful, but she knew it lacked the vivacity of the first. She said she would take it to the judge's office the next day. However, the next day she hastened home to find her mother in tears, and her brother and sister with sorrowful expressions. Demanding to know what had happened, her mother told her of the tragedy. Marie's closet door had been left open, and the dog had got in and knocked over the painting, ruining it as far as a prize was concerned.

"Well, Marie," said Ted, thoughtfully, "I should think you'd take the first picture, even if it is like Doris'. I bet it's better than hers. Gee, I'd be proud to tell people I had a sister who had been to Europe."

After a little thought, Marie decided to do this. She told herself that she would have had the thrill of trying, even if her picture wasn't considered very good.

When Marie reached the large room in the building where the pictures were on display, she saw a large number of people looking at the various pictures which were hung all around the room. She heard exclamations of approval as the pictures found merit in the eyes of the spectators. Marie started to examine the paintings and couldn't help but find extreme admiration for many of them. She heard someone say that it would be a close contest, and the judges would have difficulty in deciding the winner. Her own picture seemed to be very well liked by many, as she was pleased to note. It had been placed beside Doris', and according to the comparisons which she heard, they were about even.

The winner was to be announced in the paper the next day. The paper usually was delivered at five, and at quarter to five she slipped downstairs to wait for it, and found Ted already there.

"Here it is, Marie," he cried. "Read it quick!" The rest of the family had gathered by that time. Marie was too nervous to look at the paper, so Ted lost no time in opening it. He gave a whoop of delight and announced that Miss Marie Lewis had won the trip to Europe. Marie nearly fainted with the joyful surprise.

There was great praise of the natural quality of the picture, and the newspaper account told that it had been hard to make the decision, for there had been so many good pictures submitted.

Marie went to Europe three weeks later. She enjoyed herself greatly, and always thanked the little rustic bridge for her success.

FAITHFUL HANDS

Forty years these faithful hands
Have worked day in and out.
Forty years these same old hands
Have toiled 'till night came 'bout.

How tired they've been is little known;
How sore is never told.
They've been the faithful guardian
Of many young and old.

But now they're weak and wrinkled so.
They no more can be used,
But folded up across a lap,
They will no more be bruised.

—ELSIE COOKSON '40

EVENING ON THE FARM

The sun is sinking rapidly;
The moon is coming up;
We hear the whiny barking of
A new-born collie pup.

The children cease their day of play;
Another day is done.
What future does tomorrow hold
That has to deal with fun?

And Mom and Dad sit by the fire,
So weary are these two,
Because tomorrow brings for them
Some more hard work to do.

OPAL BAKER '39

THE DOLLS' HOUSE

—Elva Monroe '39.

The people of the little town of Gray were very much excited. Today was the day that the new library was to be dedicated. It was a memorial to a well-remembered man of the town, Mr. Keith Morgan. He, for a long time before his death, had been a curiosity to the town folks, in fact until the people could wait no longer, and finally insisted upon an explanation.

Keith Morgan and his bride, Gloria, had moved here about forty years ago. Keith, then a promising young lawyer, had set up practice, and in two years time had built up a good business. He was a dark, smiling young man, and a good mixer. When he was working hard to get through college, he always had the goodwill of his fellow school mates, and in return gave a cheery smile. Gloria was always very much the same. A pleasant smile always adorned the round face, surrounded by chestnut brown waves.

Keith and Gloria, although they were quite poor, took a small apartment, and in a short time had built up quite a group of friends. They were young, jolly, and easy to get along with. In a short time Gloria was attending card parties, clubs, and most of the gatherings of the young married set. Keith was as well liked as Gloria, and through his friends he got cases, and his business progressed. His skill in winning cases soon brought him a substantial clientele.

After Keith began to make good and prosper, he and Gloria kept the same small apartment and the same circle of friends. Three years passed quickly in these pleasant surroundings. A son was born to Gloria and Keith whom they named Keith Jr. Because of this event, Keith bought a small cottage, but this did not change their group of friends, and Junior was adored by all that knew him. Taking after his parents, he exhibited the same sunny smile and agreeable disposition.

The little family in their little house were very happy. Keith was building up a great business. Gloria with her group of friends and son, was never lonesome or unhappy. Everything was perfect.

One Thursday, Gloria and Keith Jr. were going to visit her parents who lived in Appleton. During the years that she had lived in Gray, no one knew about her parents. It seems that they were wealthy and very much opposed to Keith because he was poor and not established in business when Gloria insisted upon marrying him, and they disowned her. Gloria had always kept in touch with them by writing once or twice a year. When Keith Jr. was born, her family relented, and from that time on, Gloria visited her parents quite regularly.

Gloria and her son were starting on another of these visits, but fate overtook them, and they never reached their destination. They

were driving along in heavy traffic when a car attempted to pass them, not seeing an approaching car, and crowded them off the road where there was a high bank. Losing control of the car, Gloria felt herself swerving off the road. Crashing into the steep bank, the car overturned, and before anyone could get to it, it burst into flames, burning both Gloria and her son to death.

Ten years since that fatal day have elapsed. You would not know Keith—he never smiles; he's thin and haggard looking. He has sold the small house and moved to a furnished room, getting his meals out. His old friends tried to get him back to his jolly old self, but to no avail. They stuck with him, but he shunned them, and realizing that they weren't wanted, one by one they left him to himself.

Keith buried himself in his work, more determined than ever to make good. He did. Keith made his fortune as he always said he would, and at the early age of thirty-five was ready to retire, alone, his life ruined since that unforgettable fatal day nearly thirteen years before. He retired in the late fall, and that next spring Keith disappeared from Gray, and was not heard from or seen for about two weeks, when he returned accompanied by a man who was a carpenter, mason, plumber, and everything needed to complete a house, all in one. Keith bought a large estate about a half mile from town, and set the man to work building a large house. This man was as quiet and somber as Keith, so the curious folks heard nothing through him, though many attempts were made to find out what was going on. The crew whom he hired were all equally non-committal.

Building operations started in May, and by cold weather enough was done so that the remainder of the work could be done from the inside. By another fall the house was completed, and contained all modern improvements. The house was furnished with the best of furniture, and when the place was completed no one in town had ever been inside of it, and none knew how it was furnished. The only thing the builder had ever said was that it contained down stairs besides the kitchen, dining room and living room, three bedrooms, and upstairs there were six bedrooms.

Not much was seen of Keith now, except once in a while a native of Gray would see him leaving town, or arriving from one of his many trips away. About two years after furnishing his beautiful home with completely modern furniture and labor-saving devices, he went to one of the best clothing stores, and to the amazement of everyone, bought many lovely dresses for all occasions—enough clothing for two or three well dressed women. Of course this started gossip as it would in any small town.

The novelty of this strange happening wore off, and Keith was seen coming and going, always alone as before. About two years of this went on, and then very little was seen of Keith. He very seldom left his mansion.

One day about nine years later Keith was seen again on the streets. This day, looking much older and grayer, he went down the street unconcerned at all the curious eyes watching him, and into the children's clothing store. He bought clothing for two children, a girl about three, and a boy about five. In addition to the clothing he bought many toys and games. Leaving instructions to have them delivered, he left for home, not to be seen on the street for a long time.

Shortly after this, a stranger came to town. He hadn't been in Gray long, before he heard the prevailing gossip which had been started by Keith's last visit to town. Standing on a corner with a group of men, he made the statement that he would get into that house before he left town. This greatly aroused the people. The next day, the stranger disguised as a census taker, went to the front door of our mysterious man, Keith Morgan.

He knocked; Keith opened the door, and much to everyone's surprise, admitted the stranger. In a few minutes the stranger came out running, and saying he would never go inside that house again. The people couldn't get a word from him, and he immediately left town.

The people, excited to the highest point, decided not to wait any longer. They went up the walk to the front door. They knocked, and quickly Keith came to the door. The spokesman of the group decided to get to the point quickly. "We have decided that it isn't right for you to keep your wife and children shut in, in this way."

Keith looked at him with a quiet, puzzled look. He opened the door a little wider, and there stood a lovely woman holding by the hand a little girl about three years old.

"Oh, h-h- hello," the spokesman exclaimed, "I had no idea you were so near."

The lady didn't move.

He looked at her for a minute. "She's wooden!" he cried, "wooden!"

The whole crowd stood in amazement. Keith spoke to the people. "One of you may come in and look around, and then tell the group with you what you have seen."

The spokesman for the group accepted the invitation. He was taken through the house. In the living room was a woman sitting quietly holding a sleeping baby, and on the floor beside her was a boy with an array of wooden soldiers set up before him.

Here was Keith's story, a house and clothing, all for wooden people. The spokesman left. He was very much taken back by the

thought that right in this town was this man, so much grieved by the death of his wife and baby that he couldn't marry again, but built a house, furnished it, and peopled it with wooden images. The people of Gray were also taken back. Keith hadn't lived a great while after (this day, and when the will was read, they found out that he had left money to the people so that the town might benefit by having a library built.

The library built with Keith Morgan's money was dedicated, and in that little town his life will always be remembered by the people.

THE UPPER HAND

—Kathryn Noyes '39.

Mitzi had filled Jimmy with a thoroughly blissful happiness when she said she'd be his wife in June, but strange as it may seem, he was mournful as he walked from her home down street to his apartment. Mitzi had said he'd have to give up Cynthia! Cynthia, the only girl in the world he knew had never felt another man's lips. "It's between the two of us. You'll have to choose," Mitzi had said.

He paused in his reverie before a bar room; he never indulged, but he faltered and went in. Though he drank several mugs of beer, he couldn't drown his sorrow. He knew he loved Mitzi, but he couldn't bear parting with Cynthia, his faithful servant and devoted follower. Sweet girl, he knew he didn't love her as much as he did Mitzi, but then, didn't she know a fellow had to get married sometime? He loved her children as his own, and he could see Cynthia's large eyes looking at him as she waved when he told her.

He left the bar, finding no solace there. On arriving at his apartment, he vaguely wondered what Cynthia would say about his drinking. Probably she'd remain silent and move away after her first kiss, as usual, without burying her glossy head in his arms.

He looked at once into his bedroom, expecting to see her asleep, but upon going to the kitchen after a drink of milk, he found her eating a midnight snack. She stepped daintily to his arms, kissed him, and moved away as he knew she would when she smelled liquor on him. She said never a word. "You shouldn't kiss me Cynthia. I don't deserve your trust, or your sleeping babes, either."

Mitzi's words rang in his ears. "It's between the two of us—two—two." He either fainted, or fell down from excessive drink, but when he came to, Cynthia was sitting faithfully nearby. "How can I part with you, old gal, but I'll have to. There's no way out. Oh, why must Mitzi hate Persian cats, because she had a dream once about them? Your fate is sealed I guess. You and your three babies shall have the best of care on uncle's farm, though. You understand, don't you? Cynthia said not a word, only looked at him with her soulful eyes that he knew so well.

THE SHOOTING STAR

—Arnold Hamilton '41.

As Jack London drove his rattly old machine up the street and stopped in front of his home, a sandy haired girl of nineteen, who was passing by, stopped to talk a moment. As the two talked about his racer, Alice told him that "The Shooting Star" would be a good name for it. And then she asked, "Do you know what it means, Jack, to see a shooting star?"

"No," he answered absent mindedly, "What?"

"When a boy sees a shooting star he has a right to kiss the girl he loves," was Alice's reply.

"Maybe I will," responded Jack, and started in the direction of Sylvia Morton's home.

Sylvia was Phil Gates' sweetheart, and Phil was a friend of Jack's.

That winter previous, Jack and Phil had applied to become pilots in the army. Late that spring the call came. "Come immediately, pilots are needed badly." And so it happened they were ready to leave the next morning.

Sylvia was preparing a picture for Phil, when Jack dropped in to say goodbye. Thinking the picture was for him, he snatched it from her hands and put it in his pocket, without looking at the back which had "To Phil, from Sylvia," written plainly in ink.

So Phil understood it all, and the two left that day to become pilots in the army.

Several months passed and one day when Jack was examining the picture closely, he discovered the writing on the back.

Phil was sick at the time, and Jack did not see him. To make matters worse Phil was captured a few days later by German soldiers and made a prisoner.

Here he remained for five weeks, then in the darkness of the night he slipped out and made his getaway in a German plane.

Early dawn next morning found Jack London patrolling the skies outside of the German border. As a German plane came into view flying fast and low, Jack wheeled high and unknown to him he forced Phil to the ground. He thought he recognized the figure that climbed out on the wings, but not dreaming that it was a friend, he turned his guns in that direction and shot him down.

That night at mess a commanding officer walked into the room and held up his hand for silence. As the men quieted down he gave the following announcement: "Phil Gates, pilot of plane C541, shot down and killed by Jack London, pilot of plane C542 at 9:30 this morning."

This was a serious blow to Jack; without finishing his supper he went to the side of his friend and remained there until forced to

leave. He was known the next few days as the "terror of the skies" and at last the commanding officer had to compel him to stay on the ground because of his recklessness.

The word came at last that they might return home, so packing his own clothes and those of Phil's he left the army behind. Upon reaching the little town he went straight to Sylvia's home and apologized to her for being so hotheaded, also giving her Phil's "wings" (which are given a pilot for his own) and his clothes. He reached his own home late in the afternoon and was greeted heartily, but Jack had changed from the happy-go-lucky to a sad faced young man. As he treaded his way slowly that evening in the direction of Alice's home he was dismayed not to find her there. Returning quickly the way he had come, he noticed a slim figure seated under the wheel of his old racer, which sat outside the garage where it was constructed. This was where he found Alice, still the sandy-haired girl he had known two years before. As the two sat talking in the quietness of the night, a shooting star passed across the heavens and disappeared.

"Well, Jack, do you remember what it means to see a shooting star?" timidly asked Alice.

"I certainly do," was his solemn reply. This time he did not leave her as he had done once before.

THOUGHTS

What makes the rain come pattering
down
In drops as big as tears?
Why is the sun the color that
It has been all these years?
Why does it snow in winter,
And not in summer too?
These little things I'd like to know,
And I know you would too!

OPAL BAKER '39

WINTER

Deep on the hillside
So downy and soft.
Snowdrifts are piling
To hide the green moss.
Sunshine through the clouds
Melt the drifts away.
For tomorrow may be
A bright sunny day.

ROMAINE SENNETT '39

OUR FLAG

Our flag is flying in the light
To prove that we are free.
Its colors are of red and white
Made far beyond the sea.

We love our flag for what she means;
Its colors are so true.
The stars represent the forty-eight states
On their field of dark blue.

by RUTH REED '41



BESSE'S RADIO PROGRAM

- 8:25 - 8:30 Station B-E-S-S-E opens for broadcasting.
 8:30 - 8:35 Announcements.
 8:35 - 8:45 Miss Hopkins and her Glee Club of the Air.
 8:45 - 9:00 Mr. Kelley's lecture.
 9:00 - 9:30 Besse Hillbillies, starring Donnell and Bessey with their famous guitars.
 9:30 - 10:00 Harold Crosby gives his thought for the day.
 10:00 - 10:15 Harmonica serenade by Phyllis Young.
 10:15 - 10:30 Eloise Glidden and Catherine Hill impersonating Amos n' Andy.
 10:30 - 11:30 The Royal Monroviens led by E. Monroe, starring the original jitterbugs, Athene Ellis and Paul Nelson.
 11:30 - 12:30 Dinnerbox serenade.
 12:30 - 12:45 The "talk it over" Club.
 12:45 - 1:00 News of the Day by the Snooper.
 1:00 - 1:15 **Hunting** by Bertha Russell.
 1:15 - 1:30 **One Big Happy Family** radio skit by Besse High.
 1:30 - 2:00 Doc Ross' Diagnosis of World Affairs.
 2:00 - 2:30 Besse's White Owls vs. Black Owls in Spelling Match.
 2:30 - 3:25 Boxing match—"Rugged" Fuller vs. "Socks" Perry.
 3:25 - 3:30 Station B-E-S-S-E signs off for the day.

BESSE'S MOVIE STARS

Danielle Darieux	Kay Noyes	Fred Allen	Mr. Webb
Bette Davis	Norma Olsen	Hedy Lamar	June Hammond
Martha Raye	Elva Monroe	Jack Benny	Floyd Harding
Dorothy Lamour	Miss Hopkins	Tyronne Power	Cecil Bradstreet
Mitzy Green	Eloise Glidden	Robert Taylor	Arnold Hamilton
Jane Withers	Phyllis Day	Gene Autry	Alfred Donnell
Joe Penner	Earle Rhoda	Shirley Temple	Shirley Cookson
Orson Wells	Mr. Kelley	Joan Blondell	Elsie Cookson
Parkyakakas	Burdell Bessey	Myrna Loy	Beulah Willoughby
Clark Gable	Winston Ross	Jackie Coogan	George McKenney

HERBERT'S FIRST ATTEMPT

Herbert stepped out one moonlight night
 To call on a fair young miss,
 And when he reached the site,
 this.

like
 steps
 the
 up
 ran
 He
 Her father met him at the door.
 Herb did not see the miss,
 And he will no go back any more,
 For

he
 went
 down
 like
 this.

—Christine Bessey '39.

BESSE'S RECIPE FOR A GOOD STUDENT

- 1-2 cup of Alice's ability
- 1 cup of Floyd's brilliancy
- 2 cups Myra's faithfulness
- 4 tablespoons Kay's confidence
- 3 teaspoons Dicky's jollity
- 1 cup Eddie's responsibility

Mix well; mold under Mr. Kelley's discipline, and serve in any high school.

HUMOR

When bananas grow on cherry trees,
 When Sahara sands are muddy,
 When cats and dogs wear B. V. D.'s;
 That's when I want to study.

Miss Hopkins: Now to show you—lets take something to divide in half.

Burdell: (Quickly) A biscuit.

WE WONDER HOW

Burdell Bessey talks so much.
 Herbert Brown came to have red hair.
 Myra Skillin and Christine Bessey get along so well together.
 Boob and Doc are getting along.
 Cecil liked the vaccination.
 Eleanor B. likes her new boy friend.
 Harold Crosby blushes so easily.
 Paul Nelson comes to school late.
 George Belden builds fires.
 Waldo Young got his hair waved.
 R. Fuller buys pants big enough.
 E. Monroe likes sleeping in cars.
 K. Noyes managed to get her seat changed.
 T. Brann got her new name. (Tillie the Toiler).
 W. Bagley will get a new girl.
 N. Olsen gets her boy friends.
 W. Basford keeps so quiet.
 E. Bagley grew so tall.
 Mr. Webb gets all his humor—from experience?
 Catherine Hill will get along without E. Glidden.
 R. Lee likes school.
 Ethelyn Bradstreet got her new crush.

SENIOR ACROSTIC

cecil brads T reet
 harold cr O sby

 christine B essey
 romaine s E nnett

 opal b A ker
 edward bag L ey
 bertha r U ssell
 elva M onroe
 kathryn N oyes
 myra sk I llin

Richard F.: Are they still publishing the Bangor News? We haven't been getting ours.

Mr. Kelley: Do you know why?

R. Fuller: No.

Mr. Kelley: Because it hasn't arrived.

LIMERICKS

By Edward Bagley

There was an old man from the Nile
 Who sat on the point of a file;
 When he jumped from his chair,
 He slipped on a pear,
 And went sliding away for a mile.

There was a young man from Spain
 Who dream't he was going to Maine;
 He awoke in the night
 And found he was right,
 And now he lives there in much shame.

Mr. Webb: George, use "despair" in a sentence.

George B.: We had a flat tire and had to use "despair."

Is Ruth really stupid? Mr. Kelley told her he would give her a make-up test, and she brought her cosmetics.

BESSE'S COMIC STRIP

Tilly the Toiler—Thelma Brann
 Mac—Wallace Milliken
 Popeye—Cecil Bradstreet
 Donald Duck—Donald Libby
 Jane Arden—Myra Skillin
 Little Orphan Annie—Cora Higgins
 Joe Palooka—Raymond Parkhurst
 Charlie McCarthy—Richard Fuller
 Snow White—Miss Hopkins
 Grumpy—Waldo Young
 Doc—Winston Ross
 Sleepy—Paul Nelson
 Dopey—Earl Higgins
 Bashful—Wallace Milliken
 Happy—Clayton Haskell
 Sneezy—Donald Trask

Mr. Kelley: Name some of the daily newspapers that are printed in Maine.

Mary B.: Boston Post.

LIMERICKS

by Myra Skillin

There was a young miss from Savannah
 Who wore a bright red bandana.
 When asked why she wore it,
 She said, "I adore it."
 "I'm out looking for a banana."

There was a young man from the city,
 Who started to write a short ditty.
 He found it no fun,
 And when it was done,
 He tore it up, what a pity.

Waiter: Are you Hungry?

June: Yes Siam.

Waiter: Den Russia to the table and I'll Fijie.

June: All right, Sweden my coffee with a Cuba sugar and Denmark my bill.

WHAT BESSE HAS

Baker but no butcher	Lee but no meadow
Brann but no muffett	Monroe but no Brooks
Brown but no black	Noyes but no quiet
Day but no night	Opal but no pearl
Don but no sunset	Reed but no Rushes
Fuller but no brush	Sennett but no Congress
Hazel but no pecan	Violet but no rose
Hill but no valley	Virginia but no Maryland
June but no July	Young but no old
Webb but no spider	

Mr. Kelley: Alfred, why were you late?

Alfred D.: Because class started before I arrived.

Miss Hopkins: How far are you from the correct answer?

C. Haskell: Two seats.

Mr. Webb: Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?

R. Parkhurst: I thought he lived in Washington.

A. Ellis: Your dress looks rusty.

J. Hammond: Well, the clerk said that it would wear like iron.

Girls are like final examinations—they keep a fellow up all night worrying about them, and then ask the most foolish questions.

Alumni



1935

Brann, Leon; at home, China.
 Brann, Sylvia; at home, China.
 Champlin, Mary; at home, Albion.
 Coffin, Forrest; working, Albion.
 Cooper, Mary; student at the University of Maine.
 Drake, Freeland; farmer, Albion.
 Dyer, Julia; working, Augusta.
 Wiggin, Pauline Fuller; housewife, Albion.
 Reed, Norma; working, Albion.
 Reynolds, Mervyn; at home, Jefferson.
 Taylor, Thelma; working, Augusta.
 Boivine, Catherine Thurston; housewife, China.

1936

Baker, Randall; U. S. Army.
 Bradstreet, Clair; at home, Albion.
 Hall, Winnie; at home, Albion.
 Hammond, Earle; at home, Albion.
 Jones, Francis; at home, Albion.
 Lee, Frank; working, Albion.
 Libby, Leone; working, Elm City Hospital, Waterville.
 Mason, Vincent; at home, Albion.
 Mitchell, Doris; Student at Farmington Normal School.
 Pratt, Bernice Dow; housewife, Clinton.

1932

Bradstreet, Frederick; at home, Albion.
 Champlin, Helen; working, Clinton.
 Crosby, Sherwin; farmer, Albion.
 Denaco, Katherine Mason; housewife, Albion.
 Dow, Erwin; working, Albion.
 Meader, Carrol; farmer, Benton.
 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; working, Union.
 Perkins, Fred; at home, Albion.
 Plummer, Christine; at home, Albion.

Plummer, Lois; Secretary, Waterville.
 Stearns, Merle; working, Winslow.

1934

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

1937

Baker, Althea; working, Waterville.
 Bessey, Marguerite; at home, Albion.
 Bradstreet, Alberta; Student at Gilman Commercial School.
 Brown, Harland; working, Bath.
 Crosby, Eva; working, Albion.
 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; at home, Albion.
 Hunt, Lillian; training at Augusta General Hospital.
 Libby, Louise; training at Maine General Hospital, Portland.
 Littlefield; at home, Albion.
 Marks, Donald; at home, Albion.
 Mason, Betty Knowlton; housewife, Albion.
 Stearns, Marjorie; at home, Augusta.
 Willette, Luona Cookson; housewife, Albion.
 Young, Imogene; at home, Albion.

1938

Belden, Doris; at home, Palermo.
 Bickmore, Richard; at home, Albion.
 Cookson, John; at home, Albion.
 Marden, Henry; working, Waterville Airport.
 Parkhurst, Carlton; at home, Albion.
 Perkins, Ruth; at home, Albion.
 Rowe, Virginia; training at Sisters' Hospital, Waterville.
 Sennett, Archie; at home, Albion.

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