

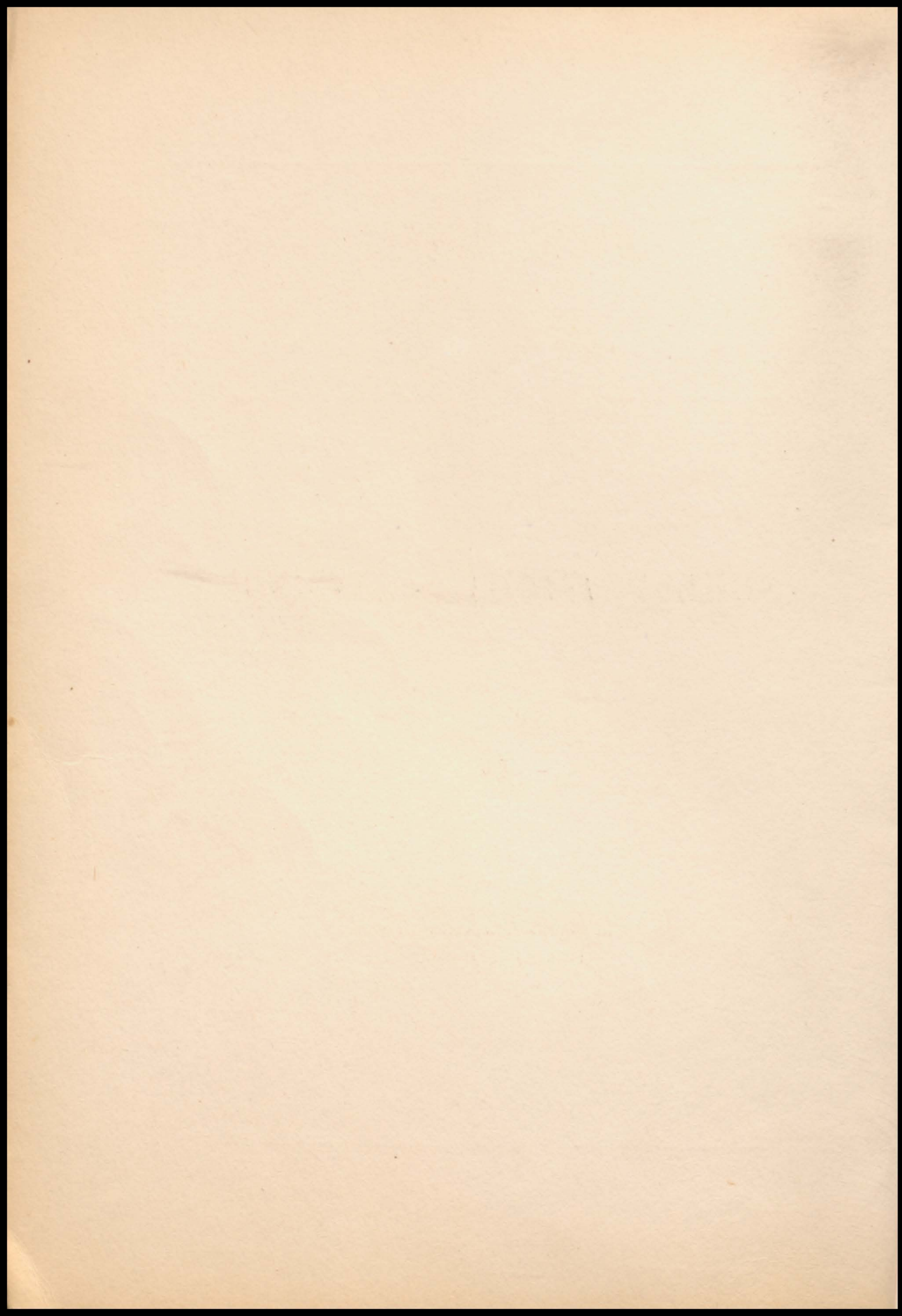


BESSE ★ BREEZE



JUNE 1942





BESSE BREEZE

◇ OF ◇

BESSE HIGH SCHOOL



Printed by: Perry Press Co.

ALBION - MAINE

1941



In Memoriam of
HARRY LESLIE HAMILTON
who passed away so recently.

BESSE BREEZE

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HARRY LESLIE HAMILTON

HARRY LESLIE HAMILTON, son of Percy E. Hamilton and the late Winnie Hamilton, was born in Greenfield, N.B. on Feb. 8, 1926.

Harry attended school for three years at Hoyt, N.B., then came to Albion to live and attend school.

He participated in many school activities and in high school was the Football manager of 1941. He was elected Baseball manager of 1942.

Harry was the president of the Happy Helpers 4-H Club, an officer of the Grange, and a member of the Christian Church Sunday School.

Harry seemed to be in perfect health until a few hours before his death which resulted from pneumonia on March 28, 1942.

He is survived by his father, stepmother, a brother- Arnold, and sisters- Mrs. Allen Antworth, Greenfield, N.B., and Mrs. Leslie Eastwood, Hoyt, N. B., also a half brother- Burton C. Smith, Knoxford, N.B. Other relatives live in Carleton County, N.B.

Interment was in the family lot at Maple Grove Cemetery in Albion.

Besides his immediate family, many friends and schoolmates mourn his departure.

TO HARRY:

You were a swell friend to us all,	We'll miss your merry laughter
You fought through thick and thin--	Those cheery-how-de-dos-
You made the world seem wonderful,	We'll miss those small encouragements
Wiped clean from any sin.	That kept away the blues.
You made the sunshine seem like gold-	We'll miss you in our French class
The light to brighter shine--	In checkers and in sports-
In many of your best friend's hearts	We'll call you often ev'ry day
That love remains enshrined.	When we feel out of sorts.

But we will never quite forget--
Nor cease to shed our tears
You'll be to us a memory
Sweet thoughts thru, coming years.

Virginia Rideout, '43

BESSE BREEZE

Published by the Students of Besse High School

Volume XV Number VII



Seated l to r: Ph. Day, C. Wolcott, M. Bessey, Editor; C. Higgins, P. McKiel.
Standing:- V. Rideout, A. Bessey, Pat Day, W. Basford, A. Perkins, H. Marden,
B. Fuller, R. Marden, R. Fuller, A. Rowe, H. Ireland, F. Clark, B. Brown, D. Trask,
L. Ireland, Absent.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-Chief	Mary Bessey	Assistant	Fred Clark
Assistant Editor	Clyde Higgins	Advertising Manager . . .	Richard Fuller
Literary Editor	Alice Perkins	Assistant	Lloyd Ireland
Assistant	Patricia Day	Reporter	Barbara Browne
Humor Editor	Avonne Rowe	School Reporter	Helen Ireland
Assistant	Arlene Bessey	Senior Reporter	Donald Trask
Boy's Sports' Editor	Boyd Fuller	Exchange Editor	Phyllis Day
Assistant	Harold Marden	Printer	Wesley Basford
Girl's Sports' Editor . . .	Phyllis McKiel	Assistant	Ralph Marden
Assistant	Virginia Rideout	Advisor	The Faculty
Business Manager	Carroll Wolcott		

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EDITORIAL

"AFTER THE WAR"

WHAT does the future hold in store for the high school graduate?

Besides war and destruction, what is there to look forward to?

Many of us will attend college to fit ourselves for different fields of work. Probably we will secure labor in our chosen field upon graduation-- but-- in regard to the war. There is the "re-birth" of the world, which, we, the younger generation, will have to make possible.

Depression will follow the war and it is up to us to make the best of it and get America back on a firm basis. It will require work, labor without cessation, but, we, the youth of today, will show you what we can do.

We really are living in a great historical period. Perhaps our generation will hold a great place in history.





Seniors

"NO VICTORY WITHOUT LABOR"

THE SENIOR CLASS of '42 here at Besse have chosen "No Victory Without Labor" for a class motto.

It seems very fitting at this particular period of our lives.

"Gold and White" represent the class colors.

The Baccalaureate Services are to be held May 31st at the Church. Mr. W.A. Kelley, former principal of Besse, will address the group.

No definite plans have been made for the Last Chapel exercises.

Commencement Exercises will be held June 3rd. The Seniors plan to wear caps and gowns in the school colors of Maroon and White.

The annual Graduation Ball will follow on June 4th with Jamie Baraket's orchestra furnishing the music.



EXCHANGE

"We have enjoyed the issues of year-books from other schools. They were very interesting and we regret that we haven't space to discuss each book separately. However, we wish to exchange with all schools as before."



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Persons qualifying for this Honor Roll must have been on at least four ranking periods.

High Honors (90-100)



Honors (85-90)

Mary Bessey
Virginia Bradstreet
Phyllis Day
Helen Ireland
Lloyd Ireland
Harold Marden
Paul Marden
Ralph Marden
Phyllis McKiel
Alice Perkins
Virginia Rideout
Harry Tuttle

Wesley Basford
Leland Bessey
Durwood Dow
Boyd Fuller
Conrad Harding
Clyde Higgins
Forrest Libby
Harley Reynolds
Carroll Wolcott

HONORABLE MENTION

Persons who have been on the Honor Roll for three out of four ranking periods qualify for Honorable Mention.

Patricia Day
Richard Fuller
Vivian Libby
Janet Waugh

Juanita Faulkner
Harry Hamilton
Avonne Rowe

"SLAP THE JAPS"

We've got to lick the Japs
No matter what they say—
They've stirred our Country's Morale
And trod our peace away.

But we will throw it back at them—
A rejoicing day it will be
When the Japs are given punishment
And all the world is free.

So hurry and help the cause folks
And give em all you can,
Buy war bond and stamps, too,
To help your Uncle Sam.

Virginia Rideout

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STUDENT COUNCIL

Seated: l to r: M. Bessey, H. Ireland, R. Marden, Ph. Day, C. Higgins.
Standing: C. Wolcott, A. Perkins, H. Reynolds, Mr. Laughton, D. Trask, W. Basford, L. Bessey, L. Ireland, Absent.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The governing body of Besse High School known as the Student Council has had a very busy year. This body makes the laws and enforces them. The main issue of the council was the planning of the bazaar held in Nov. School monitors were elected last fall and various other school functions were tended too.

The student council was under the guidance of Prin. Laughton and conducted by the President, Clyde Higgins. The other officers of the council were
Vice President, Phyllis Day.
Treasurer, Carroll Wolcott.
Secretary, Mary Bessey.

The council was made up of the whole school with two members from the Freshman class: Leland Bessey and Harley Reynolds. Two members from the Sophomore class: Helen Ireland and Ralph Marden. Three members from the Junior class: Clyde Higgins, Lloyd Ireland and Carroll Wolcott. The remaining were from the Senior class: Alice Perkins, Phyllis Day, Mary Bessey, Wesley Basford and Donald Trask.

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DRAMATICS



SENIOR PLAY

Seated. l to r: W. Basford, A. Perkins, Ph. Day, M. Bessey H. Marden.
Standing: D. Trask, P. McKiel, R. Fuller, H. Ireland, A. Blaisdell, A. Rowe, C. Higgins, Mrs. McKechnie, B. Fuller.

JIMINY CRICKETS

The evening of December 19th brought to the I.O.O.F. Hall an appreciative audience to watch "Jiminy Crickets," presented by the Senior Class.

Mickey Marden gallantly portrayed the young super-duper boy hero-- companion to a candid camera and Betty.

Betty the charming little heroine was very naturally acted by Avonne Rowe while Vida, the baby vamp and rival brought Helen Ireland into the spotlight.

Peter Crowley, Mickey's chum, was well played by a faithful Senior, Donald Trask and Stanley Willet, another one of the three, was accomplished gracefully with all the flourishes by Clyde Higgins.

Agatha Barnett, elderly Widow, who mothered the flock was brought to life by Alice Perkins. Her youngest as Nan was actively played by Phyllis Day while Mary Bessey did very well as Madge, the eldest.

One of the leading characters in the play, the wily lawyer, Uncle Gib proved Richard Fuller's capable acting ability.

Sheriff McQuillan, with one eye on Uncle Gib was successfully played by Wesley Basford and Arlene Blaisdell deservedly got cheers and applause for her excellent performance as Matilda Smurg, the spinster.

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BESSE'S ANNUAL BAZAAR

SUCCESSFUL AGAIN! On November 19, 1941, Besse held it's annual bazaar in the Grange Hall. The entertainment lasted from two P.M. until twelve. In the afternoon many interesting games were played and attractive booths were in full swing. Some of the most enticing ones were: Fancy Work, Grab Bag Fortune Telling, Penny Toss, Bingo and Dart Games.

In the evening two interesting plays were presented by the Freshmen and Sophomore classes. The Freshman play, "Syncoated Justice," coached by Mr. Delano, had the following cast:

Barbara Browne Judge Harley Reynolds.... Sebastian Moore
Janet Waugh Clerk James Day Officer O'Toole
Conrad Harding Lawyer Skin Ronald Bagley, Reginald Baker, Cros-
Virginia Bradstreet Lawyer Flout by Keay, Leland Bessey, James Full-
Eula Bragg..... Aristotle Thadicus er, were the jurymen.
Juanita Faulkner... Jonathan de Face

The Sophomore Play Cast, coached by Mrs. McKechnie, was as follows:

Leora Martin "Maw" Judkins Boyd Fuller..... "Zeke Bemis
Lendal Taylor "Paw" Judkins Clifford Lee..... Cary Newbold
Thelma Martin Millicent Dora Cookson..... Daisy Judkins
Patsy Day Hortense Marion Stanley..... Dynamite Ann

JUNIOR PLAY

Graphology, or, as it is better known Handwriting Analysis, plays an important part in the plot of "Rarin' To Grow," the play which the Junior class presented May 15th at the Grange Hall. Jackie, one of the characters played by Barbara Brown, was supposed to be studying the subject by mail, and when a crisis arose in her family attempted to solve it by analyzing the handwriting of those involved. Needless to say, amusing complications resulted. Others in the cast of this hilarious new comedy were:

Aunt Liz Arlene Blaisdell Nick Forman Carroll Wolcott
Linda Avonne Rowe Leslie Manning..... Clyde Higgins
Jackie Barbara Browne Helen James Pearle Haskell
Frank..... Lloyd Ireland Props Malcolm West
George Kennedy..... Mavor Clark Lucius Laramie..... Durwood Dow
Mrs. Bease..... Arlene Bessey Mae Southern..... Virginia Rideout

MONTGOMERY SPEAKING CONTEST

The annual Montgomery Speaking contest is again being held this year at Colby College. Besse was represented two years ago at this contest but was not last year. This year the school will be represented by Clyde Higgins. His topic is "Win the war-- or build the St. Lawrence."

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INTERSCHOLASTIC SPEAKING CONTEST

Brooks sponsored the Interscholastic Speaking Contest this year where the four schools of Unity, Freedom, Albion, and Brooks were represented. Besse's representatives were Avonne Rowe and Harold Marden.

"A Lost Sensation" was delivered by Avonne Rowe and Harold Marden brought "Pigs 'n things" to life.

These contests promote friendships. Besse was unsuccessful in bringing home any prize but the good time enjoyed was worth the while.

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JUNIOR PRIZE SPEAKING

March 13th, 1942, was the date of that much dreaded occasion for seven members of the Junior Class. Yes, it was Junior Prize Speaking. It was held in the Grange Hall at Albion. Those taking part were as follows:

Avonne Rowe.	"A Lost Sensation"
Virginia Rideout.	"Movie Mother"
Arlene Blaisdell.	"First Wife to Second Wife"
Durwood Dow.	"The Death of Steerforth"
Carroll Wolcott	"Buck Wins a Wager"
Clyde Higgins.	"His Doctor"
Lloyd Ireland.	"The Old Sissy Party"

The prizes were awarded as follows:

DURWOOD DOW, 1st. Prize

CLYDE HIGGINS, 2nd. Prize

ARLENE BLAISDELL, 3rd. Prize

The speakers were coached by Mrs. McKechnie. A social followed the contest in honor of Mr. Delano, a teacher who left to work elsewhere.

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NAME:- MARY ISADORE BESSEY
ALWAYS:- FLIRTING
ENJOYS:- ARNOLD
INTENDS TO:- GO TO COLLEGE

ACTIVITIES:-

Editorial Board, 2,3,4; Editor, 4; Student Council, 1,2,3,4; Secretary, 4; Bazaar Play, 1; Bazaar Committee, 1,2,3,4; Glee Club, 1,2; Operetta, 3; Minstrel Show, 2,3; Senior Play, 4; Basketball, 1,2,3,4; Manager, 3,4; Softball, 1,2,3; Jr. Prize Speaking, 3; Advertising Committee, 3,4.

SALUTATORY



NAME:- ALICE CARRIE PERKINS
ALWAYS:- BUSY STUDYING
ENJOYS:- WORKING
INTENDS TO:- CONTINUE SCHOOL(P.G.)

ACTIVITIES:-

Editorial Board, 3,4; Sr. Play, 4; Operetta, 3; Minstrel Show 2,3; Softball, 2,3,4; Capt. 4 Jr. Prize Speaking, 3, 2nd Prize. Glee Club, 1,2; Bazaar Committee, Assistant Chairman, 3,4; Student Council, 1,2,3,4; Class President, 1,3; Vice Pres. 2, Sec'y. 4, Bazaar Play, 1,2.

VALEDICTORY



NAME:- PHYLLIS ELAINE DAY
ALWAYS:- BLUSHING
ENJOYS:- YOU GUESS!
INTENDS TO:- GO TO FARMINGTON N. S.

ACTIVITIES:-

Editorial Board, 1,2,3,4; Bazaar Play, 1,2,3; Bazaar Committee, 2,3,4; Student Council, 4; Vice President, 4; Jr. Speaking, 3, 1st, Prize. Interscholastic Prize Speaking, 3; Basketball, 2,3,4; Softball, 1,2,3,4; Manager, 4; Interscholastic 4; Operetta, 3; Tonette Group, 3; Minstrel Show, 2,3; Senior Play, 3,4; Class Pres. 2; V. Pres. 3,4; Glee Club, 1,2.

CLASS HISTORY

BESSE BREEZE

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NAME:- WESLEY FRANCIS BASFORD

ALWAYS:- WORKING

ENJOYS:- HIS AUTOMOBILE

INTENDS TO:- FARM

ACTIVITIES:-

Editorial Board, 3,4; Basketball, 2,3; Prize Speaking, 3; Tonette Class, 3; Senior Play, 4; Student Council; Bazaar Committee.

CLASS WILL



NAME:- DONALD ORRIN TRASK

ALWAYS:- QUIET?

ENJOYS:- DANCES

INTENDS TO:- UNDECIDED

ACTIVITIES:-

Junior Prize Speaking, 3; Senior Play, 4; Student Council; Bazaar Committee.

CLASS GIFTS



NAME:- RICHARD ELDEN FULLER

ALWAYS:- MISBEHAVING

ENJOYS:- NURSES

INTENDS TO:- STUDY ENGINEERING

ACTIVITIES:-

Bazaar Plays, 1,2; Minstrel Show, 2; Editorial Board, 2,3,4; Football, 2,3,4; Student Council, 3; Class President, 4; Senior Play, 4; Junior Prize Speaking, 3rd Prize; Bazaar Committee, 2,3,4; Tonnette Group, 3; Advertising Committee, 2,3,4

CLASS PROPHECY

BESSE BREEZE

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Seated 1 to r: V.Rideout, A.Rowe, Prin.Laughton, D.Trask, A.Perkins, Ph.Day, M.Bessey, W.Basford, R.Fuller, Mrs.Garfield, Mrs.McKechnie, P.Haskell. 2nd row:- H.Ireland, B.Brown, V.Libby, P.McKiel, J.Faulkner, E.Bragg, V.Bradstreet, J.Waugh, M.Stanley, H.Russell, C.Farris. 3rd row:- C.Nelson, R.Higgins, A.Bessey, A.Blaisdell, C.Harding, L.Bessey, J.Day, A.Luce, D.Cookson, Pat Day, L.Martin. 4th row:- A.Higgins, L.Taylor, R.Bagley, E.Hunt, H.Higgins, M.Clark, B.Fuller, H.Hamilton, C.Bagley, C.Keay, F.Libby, C.Wolcott, M.West. 5th row:- C.Quimby, H.Tuttle, H.Reynolds, D.Dow, F.Clark, R.Marden, C.Lee, V.Crosby C.Higgins, L.Ireland, Absent.

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SCHOOL ROLL



FRESHMEN

- Ronald Bagley
- Reginald Baker
- Leland Bessey
- Virginia Bradstreet
- Eula Bragg
- Barbara Browne
- James Day
- Christine Farris
- Juanita Faulkner
- James Fuller
- Conrad Harding
- Ruby Higgins
- Crosby Keay
- Vivian Libby
- Anne Luce
- Cecil Quimby
- Harley Reynolds
- Janet Waugh



SOPHOMORES

- Clifton Bagley
- Fred Clark
- Voyle Crosby
- Dora Cookson
- Patricia Day
- Boyd Fuller
- Albannah Higgins
- Earl Hunt
- Helen Ireland
- Harold Marden
- Paul Marden
- Ralph Marden
- Leora Martin
- Harvey Higgins
- Phyllis McKiel
- Cecil Nelson
- Clifford Lee
- Hattie Russell
- Marion Stanley
- Lendal Taylor
- Harry Tuttle
- Forest Libby

Juniors



- Arlene Bessey
- Arlene Blaisdell
- Mavor Clark
- Durwood Dow
- Pearle Haskell
- Clyde Higgins
- Lloyd Ireland
- Virginia Rideout
- Avonne Rowe
- Malcolm West
- Carroll Wolcott



Seniors

- Wesley Basford
- Mary Bessey
- Phyllis Day
- Richard Fuller
- Alice Perkins
- Donald Trask

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First row l to r:- C. Wolcott, H. Marden, C.Higgins, M.West, F.Libby.
2nd row:- C.Keay, M.Clark, Mr.Laughton, R.Marden, C.Lee, B. Fuller. L. Ireland, Absent.

BOYS BASKETBALL 1941-'42

Although but one of the last year's starting line-up returned, Besse had a very good year in basketball. Under their new coach, Mr. John Laughton, they played twenty games and won ten, placing fourth with Freedom for a tie in the Waldo County League. There were no Seniors on the squad and we will have the same experienced men for next year. This is very encouraging and everyone is in high spirits for the championship team next year.

Besse had two of her men chosen on the all league second team. They were Harold Marden and Forest Libby.

Clyde Higgins captained this year's team and is succeeded by Malcolm West, who is a Senior next year and who saw much service with this year's outfit.

The line-up was as follows:-

- R.F. Carroll Wolcott-- Crosby Keay
- L.F. Malcolm West-- Lloyd Ireland
- C. Harold Marden-- Ralph Marden
- R.G. Clyde Higgins-- Clifford Lee
- L.G. Forest Libby-- Boyd Fuller

BESSE BREEZE

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BOY'S BASKETBALL SCHEDULE 1941-1942

	BESSE	OPP.		BESSE	OPP.
Besse at Unity	75	11	Liberty at Besse	41	16
Islesboro at Besse	18	19	Besse at Winterport	16	28
Besse at Freedom	33	28	Besse at Islesboro	16	18
Besse at Searsport	11	44	Freedom at Besse	29	20
Winterport at Besse	39	18	Unity at Besse	64	5
Besse at Brooks	23	31	Searsport at Besse	21	30
Besse at Liberty	18	19	Brooks at Besse	36	35

NON-LEAGUE GAMES

Besse At Lawrence	20	34
Besse At Williams	16	28
Clinton At Besse	45	22
Williams At Besse	29	18
Besse At Clinton	29	25
Besse At Lawrence	14	47

BASEBALL

● The Besse boys began the baseball season under Principal John Laughton's coaching, as soon as the ground dried off enough to get out onto the field.

It took a few sessions to get limbered up in, then the boys settled down to hard work. The graduating class of '41 took with it four valuable players, but we've found new material in the new class which is determinedly 'working in'.

The following men came out for practice this spring:
Clyde Higgins, Mac West, Lloyd Ireland, Harold Marden, Fred Clark, Harvey Higgins, Lendal Taylor, Boyd Fuller, Forest Libby, Clifford Lee, Ralbh Marden, Carroll Wolcott and Crosby Keay.

Because of the gas rationing, the games will be played differently this year. That is, the boy's baseball team and girl's softball team will play the same day in order to prevent excess driving.

The County will be divided into two sections. The teams of both sections will play, then the winners of each will compete for the cup.

As for our spirit, well, those 'after half past three' hours of practice make the whole day an --event!

BESSE BREEZE

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GIRLS BASKETBALL



Seated l to r: L.Martin, Ph. Day, A.Rowe, V.Rideout, M.Stanley.
 Standing: V. Libby, Pat Day, M. Bessey, P. McKiel, D. Cookson, A. Bessey, E. Bragg, V.Bradstreet, J.Faulkner, H.Ireland.

The Besse girls endured a very unsuccessful season as far as victories go this year. Out of fourteen league games played, there was only one time that Besse succeeded in overpowering their opponent. Although in four non-league games Besse won one and tied one.

The line-up was very varied this year but the teams consisted of V.Rideout, A.Rowe, Ph.Day, L.Martin, M.Stanley, D.Cookson, A.Bessey, M.Bessey, P.McKiel, V.Bradstreet, H.Ireland, Pat Day, J. Faulkner, V.Libby, and E.Bragg.

Avonne Rowe guided the girls as Captain and Mary Bessey served as manager. Next year they look forward to a more successful season. V.Rideout will fulfill the duties as Captain and A.Rowe will assume the Manager's duties with H.Ireland and P.McKiel as assistants.

GIRL'S BASKETBALL SCHEDULE 1941-1942

BESSE OPP.		BESSE OPP.	
Besse at Unity.....	5	27 Liberty at Besse.....	8 29
Islesboro at Besse.....	28	30 Besse at Winterport.....	18 21
Besse at Freedom.....	16	33 Besse at Islesboro.....	13 36
Besse at Searsport.....	23	33 Freedom at Besse.....	23 31
Winterport at Besse.....	25	12 Unity at Besse.....	9 61
Besse at Brooks.....	26	27 Searsport at Besse.....	11 26
Besse at Liberty.....	18	34 Brooks at Besse.....	12 24
NON-LEAGUE GAMES			
Besse at Oakland.....	6	28 Oakland at Besse.....	11 25
Clinton at Besse.....	15	11 Besse at Clinton.....	12 12

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GIRLS SOFTBALL



Front row, l. to r.: D.Cookson, L.Martin, V.Bradstreet, A.Rowe, A.Perkins
Ph.Day, M.Stanley, A.Bessey, V.Rideout.

Back row:- J.Faulkner, V.Libby, H.Ireland, C.Farris, Coach Delano, P.McKiel,
C.Nelson, P.Day, T.Martin.

GIRL'S SOFTBALL

This last fall wasn't much of a softball season for the Besse Owlets, but they are looking forward to a regular schedule this spring. Only two games were played last fall. The team was coached by Mr. Delano and it is unknown at this time who will coach it this spring. Anyway, they hope for a successful season and may their hopes come true.

BOY'S OTHER SPORTS

Coach Laughton has a track team this season. It is the first of it's kind here at Besse. Previously we had cross country races.

Fifty yard dashes, relay races, broad jumps, pole vault, javelin, and discus throwing offer the boys a variety of sports which they have whole-heartedly accepted. We may not break any world record, but --give us time.

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First row:- 1 to r: C.Lee, L.Ireland, F.Libby, B.Fuller, C.Higgins, R.Marden.
Back row:- Mr.Laughton, R.Fuller, M.West, C.Keay, F.Clark, L.Taylor, C. Wolcott, J.Day, H.Hamilton.

BOYS FOOTBALL

The boys of Besse had a very successful year in football under their new coach, Mr. John Laughton. Not many games were played this year because of the late start. The Owls played four games this year, two with Rockland and two with the Fairfield team. Besse came out of the season with an undefeated record. This was pleasing because the squad was made up of two Freshmen, six Sophomores, four Juniors and only one Senior. Therefore we have hopes of another successful season next year.

The Freshmen on the team were:- Crosby Keay, and James Day. The Sophomores: Clifford Lee, Forest Libby, Boyd Fuller, Ralph Marden, Lendal Taylor, and Fred Clark. The Juniors: Lloyd Ireland, Clyde Higgins, and Carol Wolcott, and Mac West. The only Senior was Richard Fuller. The manager was a Sophomore: Harry Hamilton.

RECORD

	Besse	Opponents
Rockland	56	0
Fairfield	29	6
Rockland	19	13
Fairfield	12	6

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LITERATURE



I'LL SHOW YOU

A young man, his cap pulled down over his forehead, its edge nearly covering the line of his eyebrows, hurried from a house in a thickly populated district of one of our Eastern cities. He carried a bundle under his arm which he threw into the back seat of a parked roadster. He glanced up and down the street, leaped into the car and with a roar and clash of gears shot out into the heavy traffic.

The following morning Captain O'Hara of the Police was interrupted in his work by a jangling of the phone.

"This is Mrs. Henry Van Dyke. Captain my son hasn't been home since Wednesday morning. He never stays away like that."

O'Hara called his men. In short, the following days of the week saw the cities' biggest manhunt. They found a note in Henry's bedroom-- only four words: **I'll Show You!**

Three weeks passed. No trace of Henry. Then the east side section was roused by a bank robbery. While the force was investigating that, another bank was robbed in the west side. Each time they had found the same,-- a note: **I'll Show You!**

Letters piled up on O'Hara's desk. Their writers demanded action. "Something's got to be done." O'Hara told his men. "Our public won't stand for this."

Seven days passed. Bedlam hit O'Hara's office. The First National Bank, next door to the police station, was robbed of eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A four word note stared them in the face: **I'll Show You!** Eight hours later another bank was held up. O'Hara's phone jangled. A husky, muffled voice snapped out, "To-night, O'Hara. Watch the Savings Bank." A receiver clicked.

By Harry Hamilton

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"Crank," mumbled O'Hara.

All the same he posted his men. Twelve o'clock came and went. O'Hara raged inwardly. Three minutes passed. A beam of light? Was it, a point? O'Hara caught a glimpse of something white. Not a sound had they heard. Not a human had they seen. And there pinned to the bank door, O'Hara found the note: **I'll Show You!**

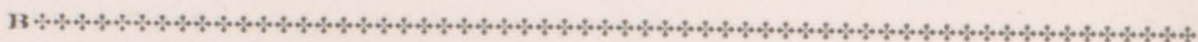
O'Hara's office door opened. A young man, his cap pulled down so that he must raise his head to look from under, gave himself up. He said he had robbed the banks and that he was glad he had done so. He gave the money to the poor people who needed it. He said his name was Van Dyke, Henry Van Dyke, Jr.

"But why?" asked the astonished O'Hara.

"I had it out with my father. He's oppressive; he's cruel; he wouldn't give the people half a chance. They aren't bad. They need help and sympathy. I told him I'd show him; show him what help and kindness meant to them."

Henry Van Dyke, Jr., was not jailed because of lack of evidence. A few years later he inherited his father's millions and with them he built recreation centers for his beloved poor.





**WHY I ALMOST BELIEVE
IN GHOSTS**

By Lloyd Ireland '43

“Would you like a lift, lady?” asked the driver of the car, as he and his wife traveled along the lonely road nearly midnight.

“Heavenly days, yes!” muttered the withered old woman.

“Are you going far?” questioned the wife.

To this the old woman hesitated a moment and then replied, “Only about twelve miles, but I have got to be there by mid-night.”

“Is your destination on this road or on the cross road above here?” asked the driver.

“It’s the last house on the cross road” replied the old woman, “but I had just as soon walk if you’re not going that way.”

“Oh, no!” returned the driver’s wife. “John and I had just as soon take you down there as not.”

Nothing more was said until the car drove into the dooryard of the dark house at the end of the road. Here the driver said- “This must have helped your legs a little, didn’t it?”

Not receiving any answer, he turned and said “This must have hel---Myrtle! Where is she? Where has she gone? Has she fallen out?”

“Quick! Let’s get the people up--- maybe they can identify her and help us find her!” returned his wife quickly.

He rapped on the door several times before he finally got the man up and explained to him.

“What! you gave an old woman a ride and she told you she was coming here to my house at this time of night?” questioned the sleepy middle-aged man. “I don’t know of any old woman that would be coming here. What kind of a looking bird was she anyway?”

“She had three teeth in front,” said the wife who had observed her more carefully than her husband, “a crooked nose, a large birthmark over her right eye, and---”

“Hey wait! That’s my mother,” cried the owner of the house, “and she’s been dead over fifteen years!”



ATTACK!

“Halt! Who goes there? Advance and be recognized.”

“Number 73. Troop 3.”

“You are late. We had given you up for lost. The fighters have been given their final orders. They attack shortly after sundown. Everything is in readiness. You had better report at once.

“I can’t go out to-night. I am tired, very tired. We have moved far back into the bog. I never realized it until my last return.”

“Yes, we had to. The enemy discovered our first hiding place. Many of our old comrades were killed. They’re sending

By Phyllis Day '42

out a bunch of young ‘squirts’ tonight.”

“How are they taking it?”

“Just the same as all of us did our first night out. Some are pretty cocky and have that matter-of-fact attitude, while others have quieted down and seem pretty nervous.”

“Yes, but do you know that in the heart of every single one of those kids they know that they’re going out there to face death; that a lot of them will never return. They know that they are going to see blood---BLOOD! but they

BESSE BREEZE

B*****B

will get satisfaction out of it. BLOOD! BLOOD is what they're after. The blood of our eternal enemy."

"The sun has gone down. It won't be long now. Just a little while longer, just a few more minutes and then we'll hear the whistle to start."

"There! There it is. The time to move

.....

A DREAM REALIZED

"Don't worry, Jane." Dicky squeezed her hand. "You'll get to college. You wait and see. You'll be just as famous a chemist as Dad was going to be."

Dickey had found his older sister in her room a few minutes before, crying, not only over the loss of her father, but her wrecked dreams. A few months before, the father, her closest companion, save, maybe Dickey, had lost his life in the munitions factory. This friendship had led Jane into his study of chemistry, and, together they had planned that someday with Dicky they would form a partnership. They dared even to dream of one day owning their own private laboratory. Father gone. Must all hopes of the future they had planned be crushed?

"Don't cry, Janie. You've got me, and Mom. We're both going to help you. I'm the man of this family now. I'm going to make Mom and you proud of me. I'll find a way so you can go through college. That's what Dad wanted. Only, only---," said the boy, his voice breaking, "in 1950 there'll be only two chemists."

"No, Dicky dear, Dad will be there. Dad will alw- a- ys be th-- ere."

Jane's graduation was only 5 weeks away. To whom could Dick Ellis go to talk over his sister's future? Mr. Johnson. Why not? Mr. Johnson was principal of Bradley High School and also a lifelong friend of the Ellis's. He listened intently to Dicky, to Jane's disappointment at not entering Rockwell Uni-

has come. Ah! how sweet is the taste of revenge. Now it is our turn---- it is our reign of terror. To put ice in our enemies heart. My sympathy goes to those poor unfortunate people who were not wise enough to stay indoors."

The mosquitos flew out of the bog towards the town.

.....

By Virginia Bradstreet '45

ersity in the fall- her hopes and ambitions, Dicky's dreams. He listened to the boy who had so suddenly become a man.

"Dicky, this is confidential. Of course we are never certain of any outcome, until that outcome is passed. Each year Rockwell University gives the highest ranking chemistry student in the State, a four-year scholarship. This year that student from here, is Jane. I may be overconfident, but I think Jane has--- the chance--- of winning."

The boy could stand it no longer. He burst into tears, tears of joy, of gratitude, of love and devotion to a sister, a father, and a dream.

"G- g- g- gee, I- I- I- I'm-- I'm," and Dicky ashamed he was yet a baby- ran from the office.

Graduation day at Bradley High has passed through class parts, and all exercises. The graduates are relaxed to the awarding of prizes and such. Dicky, beside his mother, can restrain himself no longer.

"Mother" he whispered, "just between you and me, and Mr. Johnson, there's the best girl in the world. Mom, Jane's won the Rockwell University contest. Mr. Johnson told me."

The mother looks at Dicky, at Jane. She sees the image of her husband---- hand-in-hand with daughter and son- leading them onto the dream realized.

.....



CUTIE PIE

At first glance he seemed to be a small, mild mannered, henpecked man. He was a very unfortunate man because his wife was one of these two hundred pounders with a hard-boiled disposition. He weighed about one hundred pounds and wore glasses. He parted his hair in the middle, combing it both ways leaving a straight line down the middle of his head. He also had a small mustache, but still a man of his appearance can surprise a person. It seems that his wife had been receiving calls every other evening that Mr. Jones had to work late at the office. This began to get monotonous for the little woman so she decided to remedy the problem once and for all.

One evening when her husband had to work late, she went down to his office. To her surprise she found the window shades down. This aroused her curiosity. She went up to his door and heard voices in his office. These couldn't be burglars because they belonged to Mr. Jones and his secretary. This angered Mrs. Jones but she had a strong will power and resisted from breaking into the little party. Instead she went outside and waited until Mr. Jones and his secretary came. As soon as he passed under the street lights, she saw red and she hadn't been drinking. She hurriedly climbed into the back seat and Mr. Jones

By Boyd Fuller '44

and his helper also got into the car. Mr. Jones surprised Mrs. Jones by the words that poured out of him, he had never talked to her like that. He had called his secretary sweetheart, sugar pie, cutie and other such words that a boy calls a girl. Mrs. Jones couldn't figure this out but it made her very angry. The more he talked the angrier she got. Just as Mr. Jones stopped to let the girl out, Mrs. Jones lost control of her will power. She sprang and made a direct hit. Miss Wilson, the secretary, had gotten out of the firing line and started towards the front door.

The next day when Miss Wilson went to work, Mr. Jones had not yet arrived. Twelve o'clock-- still no Mr. Jones. She happened to glance at the paper and saw, "LOCAL BUSINESS MAN PATIENT AT THAYER HOSPITAL." She read the article and it read thus: "Mr. Jones, a prosperous local business man is a patient at the Thayer Hospital. His ailments are listed as a broken nose, cut eye, and general disorder. He is expected to regain consciousness sometime today. The cause of this accident is unknown but his wife, Mrs. Jones, brought him to the hospital about twelve o'clock last night."

NEARLY A HUMAN GUINEA PIG

Without my touching it, the door opened with a creak. At first I thought I would turn around and start running but on second thought I decided to stay. I had to stay or lose my job and have all my friends laughing in my face.

The reason that I was here to investigate this supposedly empty house is because there had been a series of murders in my town and surrounding towns.

By Forest Libby '44

I was one of the detectives under O'Houlihan and of course it had to be me who was assigned to close this case-- or lose my job. Four days had passed and I had found no clues. Mean while two more murders had been committed. I was getting discouraged when a small boy, whom I had made friends with some-

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time before, came running up to me on the street. He was out of breath and told me that he had seen an old man come out of a house that was supposed to be empty. He said that the man carried a knife and two empty sacks when he went but when he came back the sacks were full. He carried one on each shoulder, he said. The boy added that he seemed to be very large, so he must have been very strong.

Well I didn't waste any time getting out there. As soon as I got there I walk-up to the front door and it immediately swung open. Well, the only way to find out what was in there was to go in. This floor squeaks too much for me. Oh! Oh! what's the noise? It sounds like glass. I'll look thru the keyhole and see if I can tell what it is. I hope the door doesn't open like the other one. Holy Smokes! Look at that! That old man's got about twenty eyes in a glass jar. They're all human eyes too, and have been hardened. I'll take my gun and go in th-- hey! where did that gun go? I must have lost it outside. Let's see, oh, there's a club, I'll use that.

I pulled the door open quick. An old man about five and a half feet tall was sitting in a chair bisecting his two latest victims. As I opened the door he looked up from his work and asked me to come in. I glanced around the room and saw different parts of bodies well preserved in alcohol. I knew now that he was the killer wanted. I lunged at him. He didn't look to me as though he could show much fight. However I hit him on the head with the club as hard as I could and he went down. I thought it was all over, but he just shook his head and got to his feet again. He grabbed the club and broke it in two with his hands. He then slapped my face with his hand. He seemed to hit me easily but if he had hit any harder, as he could have, I wouldn't

be able to tell about it. As it was, he knocked me unconscious. When I came to, I was tied in a chair. The old man must have been in a different room, as I didn't see him. I tried to get loose, but it was no use. He soon came back and told me that he was going to experiment on me if I didn't mind. He said that it might alter my appearance slightly. Enough at least, so that it could not be changed back. Then he let me know what he intended to do. He said he had picked up different parts of the body here and there and was going to try grafting them to other people. He thot he would make money by doing this to criminals so they could not be recognized. I can't let him get away with this, I thought. It didn't look as if I was going to stop him, in fact, I was to be his first victim. I had read before, of people going crazy due to their great strength and craze for money. I thought that this must be what had happened to him. Well, if he goes through with this I'd probably lose my girl friend. And if he changed my face over too much I probably wouldn't get another. He was busy now trying to see what kind of a face he could make with different parts. I guess there's no way of stopping him. I'm afraid that you will have to have your face in bandages about two weeks, he said. I hope you don't mind. Oh, no, not at all, I answered. Go right ahead. He was ready to put one of those beautiful hook noses on me when I heard a noise outside the house. I thot that it might be that boy that got me here in the first place. If he comes in here, I thought, the same thing will happen to him. I had to warn him someway. I thought perhaps if I hollered it would scare him away and he would run away so I yelled-- GET AWAY FROM HERE!!! Well, I guess it did not work because I hear him coming now. He's got the police with him.

B*****B

The old man doesn't see them yet. He thinks I was yelling at him. He's turning around now. Yes, he sees them. He runs towards them. I hollered for them to shoot. They shot four times. Each bullet found it's mark, but still he kept going. They shot two more, and he fell. However, he was not dead, so he was

taken to prison. The police told me that the small boy had come to them and told the same story he told me. I was very grateful to him, as he saved my job and made it possible for me to keep my own face. Although there were six bullets in the old man he lived in prison for seven more years, then strangled himself.

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THE D. A.'s DAY

“If I had known the facts of the case I would never have investigated Mr. Burke in the first place. But Chief O'Rooke had phoned my office about eight in the morning.

“That you, D. A.?” his voice sounded excited.

“Yes, Chief. What's up?” I said.

“A murder down at 5 Front Street. A ten-year-old girl and her mother shot. According to the landlady the old man did it. We're all busy down here on the Bailey case. You and McFarland investigate it,” the Chief of the Police Department commanded.

My assistant and I were at the apartment on Front Steeet in six minutes. The landlady was still blubbering.

“Calm yourself, Mrs. Mason.” McFarland said trying to quiet her.

I left them and went to the murderer's room.

“Are you Jason Burke?” I said in my gruffest voice to the man in the room.

He nodded and wiped his glasses nervously.

“Do you admit that you killed your wife and daughter?” said I.

“Yes, and I'm glad I did.” He never blinked an eye.

That was all I could get out of him. He wouldn't give any reason.

A little while later some boys from the Police Dept., took Burke away. But McFarland and I weren't satisfied with the case.

By Patricia Day '44

“Maybe Mr. Burke's brother might know why he did it. Mrs. Mason sniffed.

I think those were the brightest words the old lady ever said, because John Burke had a pretty good idea why Jason had killed his wife and daughter. McFarland questioned him at his home but he was tight-lipped.

“Were there any other children besides you and Jason in the family?” I asked.

John turned pale and said yes.

“How many” said McFarland, “and where are they?”

“Five younger ones.” John replied, looking casually around. He was trying to act nervous. “They're all dead, he finished.

I swore quietly to myself. His silence wasn't getting us anywhere. “O.K.” says I, “just one more question. Were you and Jason away from home when your brothers and sisters died?”

“Wh-- why, yes. We were in Bowdoin College.” said the murderer's brother.

“What year did you graduate from Bowdoin?” McFarland fired at him.

“In---” he stammered, “in '25. Now listen, you're wasting my time. I don't know why Jason killed them.”

McFarland and I went straight to the City Hall. We looked up the Death Records. We found out that five Burke children had died within three years while

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John and Jason were in Bowdoin. Tuberculosis was the cause. Then we looked up the list of graduates from Bowdoin in 1925. Among those names were John's and Jason's and an Edgar Frye who was from their home town. I got Frye's address and McFarland and I paid him a visit.

When we left Frye's home I went into a telephone booth. As soon as I put my nickel in and told the operator the number, got the chief.

"Hello, D. A. I suppose you've got the motive," O'Rooke sneered.

"You bet I have," I surprised him. "It's this way. While Jason and John Burke were in college, *five* of their brothers and sisters died of T. B. The boys didn't realize how the kids had suffered until one summer they watched their mother slowly die of it. Jason was always kind of weak at the stomach and he

swore he would never marry and have children that might have to die slowly and painfully like his brothers, sisters, and mother. But then he met Rosie Little. They got married. They had a little girl. Mrs. Mason, their landlady, said that lately she noticed that the mother and little girl had coughed a lot, but she just thought that they had colds that they couldn't get rid of. I had Doc Richards perform an autopsy on the kid and her mother, and he said that neither of them would have lived more than four months. The old man had known it and couldn't stand it. So he popped them off," I finished.

The chief laughed. "Glad you got the motive. Did you know that Burke broke his glasses and cut his throat ten minutes ago?"

I hung up. Now wasn't that swell! It is what I call a nice day for killings.

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AMERICA-- LAND OF FREEDOM AND OPPORTUNITY

"**L**iberty! Home of the brave and the free-- land of opportunity! Yes, folks, that is a summary of America.

America is a land whose government is of the people, by the people, and for the people. You can worship God in any way you please here in America which accounts for many of our immigrants. You don't have to go to a church where the leader of the country is worshipped more than God. Oh, no, you worship God who is certainly above any human being. This all brings out our "Freedom of Religion."

Anything fit to be said can be said--- yes--- if you don't like the president, say so. No one will throw you in prison as long as you do him no injustice. Radio commentators certainly say what they think. If they don't like someone's policy, they say so in good plain English. You can criticize the government all

By Mary Bessey '42

you desire as long as it's your opinion and will not hurt anyone. Do you suppose anyone could curse Hitler or his regime and get by with it? Let him try, but nine times out of ten he'll spend many unhappy days in prison. This clearly points out another opportunity of ours, "Freedom of Speech."

Anything can be printed as long as it does no personal harm. News commentators write the facts. If you don't think a man fits his office they say so and everyone has the privilege of reading it. The presses work for themselves and not for the government. We don't have to have the President say what shall be printed and what shall not. Perhaps in war times there has to be a censor of war news but that's for our own benefit "Freedom of the Press."

B ***** B

A MIDNIGHT ESCAPE

By Alice Perkins '42

Slowly the door pushes inward and as usually results, squeaks wierdly in doing so. Loud, irregular breathing coming in gasps and sighs can be heard, and in the doorway, silhouetted against the moon outside, can be seen cautiously advancing into the room, an odd looking figure.

The intruder is small in stature with his hair sticking out in all directions. In his hand is carried a large object and over his arm is flung a huge robe or cloak of some sort. All the while this figure can be heard as he consoles himself in jerks and stutters.

"I- I sure hope they sleep sound to-to night. It s-sure is sp-spooky out d-doors Better close this door softly. H-hope no one f-followed me h-here. A-almost as spooky in here in the dark as it is out there in the m-moonlight. --- Oops--- oh -- my gosh-- oh, just the d-door. Must be a draft to blow it right out of my hand. C-can't be any thing else of c-course. Guess they didn't hear it. ---G-golly it's awfully quiet here."

"Well why s-should I b-be scared --- er-- I mean-- upset here. Heh! heh!--upset- that's a good one. Perhaps I w-will be if I don't stop running into things-- ouch!"

The figure then boldly but none the less carefully marches up the winding stairs.

"Good thing I took off my shoes. It sure was hot running-- I mean walking-- with this overcoat over my arm--- oops! do I h-hear someone c-coming up behind me. --B-better wait. Eeek-oh-oh gosh!

Oh it's you. G-gosh you ought not sneak up on me like that, S-sugar." This is uttered when a soft furry form rubs against the speakers leg and begins to purr in a friendly manner.

"Hey! What's the matter with me? Why should I go so darn slow and q-quiet like. Guess I must have eaten too much ice cream and c-c-ch-oops-pphew-

cake. I'm getting worse s-seems."

Down the hall at the head of the stairs slinks our character, until suddenly he comes to an abrupt halt.

"Oh--w-what in heck is th-this. --Oh what a horrible looking creature! W-walking right along beside m-me. C-can't get rid of him --stops when-I-puff-puff-stop--goes when I g-go too. G-got to-- puff-puff- reach that room. I C-can't s-seem to move fast --eek--aint it awful."

The figure then throws with all his force the object in his hand and the coat over his arm, straight at the apparition.

Immediately there's the sound of breaking glass, a cats wail, feminine screeches and male complaints. Lights flash on and at one end of the hall stands young Jackie Saunders, mouth open, --- in the middle a broken full length mirror with Jackie's shoes and overcoat lying amongst the glass - and at the other end can be seen Mr. Saunders in nightshirt with Mrs. Saunders peeking from behind him.

"For c-crying out loud -- that creature must have been me -- oh, yeah, me! what will Dad say. He looks awfully sleepy and ugly, too.

W-why don't they say something - are they j-just going to stand there and s---oops, w-what?"

The clock that rudely broke the stillness by chiming twelve. Mr. Saunders takes advantage of the silence by calmly remarking, "Well, son, I see you managed to get home *safely* by twelve?"

"Y-yes sir. I r-remember what you told me --- the l-looking glass I- I-."

"That's all right Jackie," his mother interrupts. "I never liked that old thing anyway and your father did that same trick once, if I remember correctly, eh, Dad?"

"Well I'll be darned, "said the cat (clinging desperately to the top of a door) as they all went quietly to bed.

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JUST A LITTLE BROOK

By Marion Stanley '44

As I went walking in a wood
To see what I might see
A little happy, chuckling brook
Called, "Come along with me."

I ran besides it as it sang
And played with light and shadow;
I followed it across a field
And through a sunny meadow.

It stopped awhile and made a pool,
A mirror for the sky;
A bird looked in and saw himself,
So did a butterfly.

.....

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER

Hurrah! Hurrah! for "Old Glory!"
May it's colors ever stand,
And always be remembered
To all through the land.

It has brought us many wars,
Defeat and victory, too.
It'll always stand for liberty
And justice good and true.

.....

BROTHER TROUBLE

"It was early evening. Denny came
tearing up the back walk, tripped
over the top step and landed in a heap
on the piazza.

"Dennis Dilling Danforth! What are
you doing? Haven't you any respect for
older people? You might at least walk
decently into the house this second and
leave us alone!"

"But sis, you-" pleaded Denny.

"No back talk from you. March! be-
fore I call mother. You're late for hash
as it is!"

"Leave you older people alone! Why
you're only a year older than me and be-
sides I got as much right to fall over that
step as you have. If you got a boy-friend
that wasn't so tight you wouldn't have
to perch here on the piazza. Alright, al-

It ran across some golden sand
And pebbles pink and white
It curled around bare rock,
And made it amber bright.

At last it said, "I'd like to have
You all the way with me
But that, alas, would never do-
For I'm going out to sea!"

And off it went and long I watched
The shining way it took
It is a pleassnt thing to me
To be acquainted with a brook.

.....

By Virginia Rideout '43

Much thanks to our forefathers
Who fought with all their might,
That their own country might be saved,
By truth, success, and right.

So friends, to show your interest,
In our flag, red, white, and blue,
Let's all be worthy citizens
And uphold our country, true.

.....

By Phyllis Day '42

right, I'm scrambling. Don't rush me,"
and with these words Dennis Dilling
Danforth promptly wheeled on one foot
headed for the door, fell over the stoop
and made a perfect three point landing
in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"Oh George, don't mind Denny. He's
a little bit rough but he'll like you as
soon as he gets on to you," pouted Ben-
jy, Denny's older sister. "He's all out
for that horrid Timothy Warren and he
doesn't see anything good about other
boys, now."

All Benjy's astounded suitor could
mutter was, "Does he always fall down
like that?"

"Most of the time," groaned Benjy.

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worth the bother," panted an exhausted Timothy.

"You should have thought of that before you started. Remember this hurts me worse than you. While we're sitting here you might as well be practicing your vocabulary."

"I've got that pretty well, although I don't understand what it means."

"That doesn't matter. It isn't supposed to make sense. It's sort of a code for young folks. Give," snapped Denny.

"Lemme see, a dance is a rat-race, jive or hitcher. A lingerer is a fellow who comes to see a girl. A witch is a fellow's girl and a wolf is another fellow who tries to steal a witch. Drips, goons, jerks and pixies are unlikable people. Haven't I said enough, Denny? I know all the rest."

"Swell, you get hep double quick. Let us try the "Jerkin' Jenny" this time, if you're rested."

"Well, if it isn't too dangerous-" Timothy said hesitantly.

"It's easy enough. You take the girl like this and start thusly. Now, one, two sorta wipe your feet like they were dirty. One, two, and wipe. One, two, and wipe. There! you've caught on. Gee, I'll bet you'll be keen by the time of Student Stomp next Sat. Who're you taking?"

"Well I hadn't thought much about going-"

"Of course you're going and you're taking Benjy, too. I'll see to that," asserted Denny. "We ought to do something about your looks, though, if you catch me."

"I don't think much can be done. I was born this way and I can't help it," groaned Timothy.

"Do you have to wear those glasses? Can't your hair be rumped up a little? If you took off your necktie and left the shirt open. There! you look better already. Now show up at our house Saturday night."

Sure enough, Saturday night rolled around and with it came Timothy. Denny hailed him before he got to the house and inspected him thoroughly.

"Gee, son, you sure look keen! If I hadn't known you were coming I would not have recognized you. How do you feel? Jittery? You'll get over it in time" said Denny asking all the questions and answering them all in the same breath.

"Where's Benjy? I'm champing at the bit."

"She's in the hut, dying by inches. Walk right in and good-luck to ya."

Tim burst noisily into the house, rushed over, grabbed an astonished Benjy and shouted, "Come on worm, let's squirm!"

"Man that's groovie! Where did you learn to jive so super?" asked Benjy when she caught her breath.

"Say, kid, I've been taking a correspondence course. Cast your glimmers over this," and upon so saying he executed some of the newest ease. All Benjy could utter was an "Oh my!"

She really didn't have time to say any more because George appeared on the scene. As soon as Tim saw him he sent up a cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" which vexed George greatly.

"Well pipe the pixie, if you can spare a couple of minutes I'd like to ask you to the rat-race tonight," said George indignantly.

"Oh, I'm sorry, didn't you know? Tim is taking me to the juke joint. Bye-debye, I'll see you there," Benjy added sweetly as George slammed from the room. "I'll get my-" she stopped suddenly as she heard the strains of, "A Woman's A Two-face," being whistled by her younger brother who was sitting under the window.

"Dennis Dilling Danforth!" shrieked his sister.

Seconds later a cry of pain split the air. Denny had missed the top step in his escape.

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B*****B



HUMOR

Harvey H.:- I'm just a poor boy trying to get AHEAD.

Mr. Laughton:- That's fine. From your performance so far you certainly need one.

.....

Lloyd:- If I asked you to marry me would you say yes?

Vivian:- Would you ask me to marry you if I said I would say yes if you asked me?

.....

Doctor:- But what makes you think your girl friend is anemic, Harold?

Harold M.:- I told her she was beautiful and instead of blushing she turned white.

.....

Mr. Laughton:- Helen, what is that lump in your cheek? Are you chewing gum in class? You know that is forbidden.

Helen:- No, I ain't chewing gum. I'm just soaking a prune to eat at recess.

.....

Mrs. McKechnie:- What do you think of the boys and men going around in summer without shirts?

Mr. Laughton:- I think when they get older and start paying off New Deal debts, the experience will come in handy.

.....

Clifford:- Suppose you were cast away on a desert isle with only one book; what book would you choose?

Clifton B.:- That's easy. 'Boat Building for the Amateur'.

.....

Mac:- I have been trying to think of a word for two weeks.

Clyde:- How about 'fortnight'?

.....

Earl H. (asking ninety-eighth question) Is a vessel a boat?

Harold M.:- (Boy scout trying to study) Well, yes, you might call a vessel a boat.

Earl:- Then what kind of a boat is a blood vessel?

Harold:- A lifeboat, of course.

.....

Grocer:- Didn't you see that sign saying- 'Fresh Paint'?

Virginia R.:- Yes, but I had seen so many signs hung up around here announcing something fresh that wasn't, I didn't believe it.

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Barber:- Will you have anything on your face when I get through shaving you, sir?

Wesley:- It doesn't seem likely.

.....

Phyllis M.:- I met the most gorgeous young man Saturday night and he told me I was the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

Jaunita:- My land, don't trust a man who starts deceiving you the first time he sees you.

.....

Virginia B.:- Did you hear about the delicate hint Mickey got last night?

Eula:- No, what was it?

Virginia:- Well, I found that by looking at the clock and other familiar devices were of no avail, so I asked for some refreshments and mother sent in a dish of BREAKFAST FOOD.

.....

Mary:- Don't you envy Arlene when she laughs?

Phyllis D.:- Why?

Mary:- Because there seems to be so much of her having a good time.

.....

Mrs. Garfield:- What rights did the first Virginia Charter give the people, Mavor?

Mavor:- All they had was one right and that was the right to go to court. Whisper from back of room-- (Court whom?)

.....

Mrs. Garfield:- Is it right to say 'I pulled up three first hills of corn?'

Ronald B.:- Sure, you pull up one and the next one is first and so on.

.....

Dicky:- I had an awful fall last night. I was unconscious for eight hours.

Alice P.:- Where did you fall?

Dicky:- I fell asleep!



HI YA, BUTCH

Gosh, I could go for you in a big way--you're so cute-- you know--tall, dark and handsome. My heart skips MORE THAN ONE beat when I see you walking along the street or down the corridor at school. Just to see your wavy, black hair trying vainly to stay in place makes me want to caress it to make it lie down. And you are my football hero! With those big, broad shoulders and that wonderful form, you'd be any girl's hero-- and not only in football!

And at dances, is it any wonder that the girls all stand in a group, and whisper nice things about you? They'd give anything to have a dance with you.

You could be my ideal-- you could be my Prince Charming-- and you might be mine forever-- if-- if-- you weren't my big brother!!

B*****B



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF - -

1. Marion Stanley didn't take an aspirin a day?
2. There was a law against sitting too near the driver of the school bus, Anne?
3. Arnold didn't see Mary three times a week?
4. Arlene Blaisdell didn't go up behind the curtain at the dances? What's the attraction, can it be Ken?
5. Arlene Bessey ever held hands with a negro (she said she did) the night of the Oakland game?
6. Mr. Laughton had ANY temper?
7. Phyllis Day got caught swiping silver ware on basketball trips?
8. Mrs. McKechnie approved of girls wearing slacks to school?
9. Someone wasn't always using the school typewriter?
10. Mrs. Garfield should laugh out loud in class?
11. Forrest Libby could get Patsy Day to look at him?
12. Dickie Fuller should get Alice Perkins to "go steady."
13. Pearle should forget Bick?
14. Barbara should run out on Clyde?
15. Mickey and Virginia weren't disagreeing?

.....

How To Manage A Girl By Electricity!



- | | |
|---|-------------|
| When your girl is sulky and will not talk | Exciter |
| If she never wants to talk | Buzzer |
| If she gets too excited | Controller |
| If she talks too long | Condenser |
| If her way of thinking is not yours | Transformer |
| If she loves you | Compressor |
| If she makes a mistake | Rectifier |
| If she tries to deceive you | Detector |
| If she wishes to come half way | Meter |
| If she will come all the way | Receiver |
| If she wants to go farther | Dispatcher |
| If she wants to be an angel | Converter |
| If she wishes to sit on your lap | Booster |
| If she travels in bad company | Arrester |
| If she goes up in the air | Consumer |
| If she wants chocolates | Feeder |

.....

A fathom means literally "an embrace" (from the ancient Saxon "featm") and is defined by an act of the English Parliament as "the length of a swain's arms around the object of his affection."

B*****



By Their Songs Ye Shall Know Them

The more we get together.....	Lloyd and Vivian
You talk too much.....	Students in back of the room
I used to love you but that's all over now.....	Clyde Higgins
I got it bad and that ain't good.....	Fred Clark
This love of mine.....	Avonne Rowe
What is this thing called love.....	Barbara Brown
Somebody's taking my place.....	Virginia Rideout
Rose O'Day.....	Forrest Libby
Who's sorry now.....	Leora Martin
Tonight we love(?).....	Mac West
Jim.....	Thelma Martin
Juanita.....	Carroll Wolcott
Swing me, baby.....	Durwood Dow
Short and sweet.....	Harold Marden
We ought to do this more often..	Students staying after school
Happy go lucky.....	Richard Fuller
Shy, but, oh, my.....	Donald Trask
I'll never fall in love(maybe).....	Alice Perkins
Chatanooga Choo Choo.....	Wesley Basford
Back together again.....	Mary Bessey
Somebody nobody loves.....	Phyllis Day
You, you're driving me crazy.....	Mr. Delano
Be still my heart.....	Mr. Laughton
Don't just stand there, do something (to students that are loafing).....	Mrs. McKechnie

Fifty Years From Now We Expect To See:- -

Cecil Quimby a grown man.	Barbara Brown married to a millionaire
Alice Perkins an old maid.	Phyllis Day a woman of the world.
Mr. Laughton principal of B.H.S.	Besse High School remodeled.
Lloyd Ireland a Ford Dealer.	Mickey Marden working in the Intelligence Dept.
Clyde Higgins a bigamist.	Mrs. Garfield planting joke bombs in cars.
Helen Ireland an Irish House wife.	Patsy Day making eyes at Forrest.
Mary Bessey living in a brick house.	Leland & Jimmy still battling over Anne
Durwood Dow a great violinist.	Leora Martin married to a butcher-boy.
Mac West waking up.	All the girls still flocking after Durwood
Marion Stanley still chasing Boyd.	The Editors of the school papers still trying to get the material in.
Juanita still trying to decide.	Mrs. McKechnie driving a black '41 Ford
Phyl McKiel still writing Claude notes.	Virginia trying to convince us she isn't going with [redacted] Ralph Lee.
Vivian living off an island (Ireland.)	Don & Wesley in partnership farming.
Forest Libby still singing Rose O'Day.	
Dick Fuller still interested in nurses (Nourses.)	
The present Freshmen graduating.	

BESSE BREEZE

B*****B

WHAT OUR INITIALS MEAN:

Wesley Basford..... well bred	Boyd Fuller.....Baby Fauntelroy
Donald Trask..... dandy talker?	Barbara Brown..... bashful beauty
Richard Fuller..... real funny	Juanita Faulkner.....just fooling
Alice Perkins..... always proud	Vivian Libby..... very loveable
Phyllis Day..... pretty dumb	Eula Bragg..... enjoys boys
Mary Bessey..... most bashful?	Janet Waugh..... just wacky
Lloyd Ireland..... Kibby's Idol	Ronald Bagley..... real bright
Clyde Higgins..... cute heartbreaker	James Day..... just dandy
Durwood Dow..... dandy dancer	Leland Bessey..... little baby
Malcom A. West..... mad at women	Virginia Bradstreet..... very batty
Arlene Bessey..... awful brilliant	James Fuller..... just foolish
Virginia L. Rideout. . Virginia loves Red	Cecil Quimby..... costly quality
Avonne Rowe..... always ready	Mr. John Laughton..... just lovely?
Dora Cookson..... darn coy	Irma McKechnie . . . indignant mistress
Harry Tuttle..... hates talking	Ralph Delano..... rather dopey!

.....

CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED:- A lie detector so we can tell when our men lie to us
 Mary Bessey
 Helen Ireland
 Barbara Brown

FOR SALE:- My book on flirting technique. I'm going steady
 Barbara Brown

FOUND:- A way to get to Waterville.....
 Virginia Rideout

LOST:- All chances of getting a girl.....
 Mac West

WANTED:- A girl who wont keep me in doubt. Anyway, a girl.....
 Richard Fuller

WANTED:- A short cut to East Benton so I can see her at night.....
 Mickey Marden

FOUND:- An everlasting friendship with Mr. Laughton.....
 Helen Ireland

WANTED:- Red to come up some night before I've gone to bed
 Virginia Rideout

WANTED:- Somebody to take me to the movies who doesn't ask me to pay
 the fares
 Leora Martin

FOUND:- A lovely way to get acquainted with your teachers. Just act out in
 school so you have to make-up hours of time at night
 Phyllis Day

BESSE BREEZE

B*****B

ONE MAN'S IDEA OF WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF AN AIR RAID!

1. As soon as the bombs start dropping, run like heck (It doesn't matter where, as long as you run like heck.)
 - a. Wear track shoes if possible--if the people in front of you are slow you won't have any trouble getting over them.
2. Take advantages of opportunities afforded you when air raid sirens sound the warning of attack.
 - a. If in a bakery, grab a pie or cake, etc.
 - b. If in a tavern, grab a bottle.
 - c. If in a movie, grab a Blonde.
3. If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it like the dickens. (Maybe the firing pin is stuck.) If that doesn't work, heave it into the furnace. The fire dept. will come later and take care of things.
4. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in the building you are in, throw gasoline on it. You can't put it out anyway, so you might as well have a little fun.
 - a. If no gasoline is available, throw a bucket of water on it and lie down---you're dead.

(P.S.) The properties of the bomb free the hydrogen from the water causing rather rapid combustion; in fact, it will explode with a helluva crack!
5. Always get excited and holler bloody murder. It will all add to the fun and confusion, and scare heck out of the kids.
6. Drink heavily, eat onions, limburger cheese, etc., before entering a crowded air raid shelter. It will make you very unpopular with the people in your immediate vicinity, eliminating any unnecessary discomfort that would be more prevalent if people crowded too closely.
7. If you should be the victim of a direct hit, don't go to pieces; lie still and you won't be noticed.
8. Knock air raid wardens down if they start to tell you what to do. They always save the best seats for themselves and their friends, anyway.

.....

SONG LETTER

TO YOU FROM ME----

Honey-Bunch:

Isn't It Love? Be Honest With Me. I'm Day Dreaming about A City Called Heaven. Who Said Dreams Don't Come True? This Is No Laughing Matter- This Love Of Mine. If You Knew that I Could Go For You and that You Stole My Heart would you say, "It Was You All The Time?"

Do You Care?



I Love You,
Guess Who

BESSE BREEZE

B*****B

Mervyn Reynolds: U.S. Army, Portland
Thelma Taylor Sylvester: Housewife, Eustis
Catherine Thurston Bovine: Housewife, China

1936

Randall Baker: Working, Sears Roebuck, Boston
Clair Bradstreet: At home, Albion
Winnie Hall Young: Housewife, Albion
Earle Hammond: U.S. Army, Illinois
Francis Jones: Garage Proprietor, Albion
Frank Lea: Trucking, Albion
Leone Libby: Army Nurse
Vincent Mason: At home, Albion
Doris Mitchell: Teaching, China
Bernice Dow Pratt: Housewife, Clinton

1937

Althea Baker Baker: Housewife, Mass.
Margarete Bessey: At home, Albion
Alderta Bradstreet: Office Work, Creamery, Albion
Harland Brown: Proprietor, Bath
Donald Bradstreet: U.S. Army, Vt.
Eva Crosby: Clerking, Albion
Phyllis Faulkner: Teaching, Freedom
Kenneth Foster: Working, Portland
Lawrence Glidden: Home, Palermo
Elizabeth Hammond: Teacher, Albion Grammar School
Mandel Harding: U.S. Army, Virginia
Lillian Hunt: R.N. New Haven, Connecticut
Louise Libby: Nurse, M.G.H. Portland
Harold Littlefield: Farmer, Albion
Donald Marks: Working, Union
Betty Knowlton Mason: Housewife, Albion
Marjorie Stearns: Working, Lynn, Mass.
Luona Cookson Willette: Housewife, Connecticut
Imogene Young: Office Work, Farmington

1938

Doris Belding Reed: Housewife, Palermo
Richard Bickmore: Garage Work, Augusta
John Cookson: Garage Work, Augusta
Henry Marden: Boston Airport, Instructor
Carlton Parkhurst: U.S. Army (A.C.)
Ruth Perkins Murch: Housewife, Unity
Virginia Rowe Bradstreet: R.N. Farmington
Archie Sennett: U.S. Army

1939

Edward Bagley: Attending U. of M. Orono
Opal Baker Buker: Housewife, East Benton

BESSE BREEZE

*****B

Christine Bessey: Working, Keyes Fiber, Fairfield
Cecil Bradstreet: Attending U of M Orono
Harold Crosby: U.S. Army, Portland
Elva Munroe: Training, E.M.G.H. Bangor
Katherine Noyes Ireland: Housewife, Bath
Bertha Russell Hunter: Housewife, Portland
Romaine Sennett Colford: Housewife, Waterville
Myra Skillin: Working, Fairfield

1940

Winton Bagley: U.S. Army, Louisiana
Russell Perry: Working, Conn
George Belden: Working, Waterville
Burdell Bessey: Garage Attendant, Albion
Lucille Bradstreet: Working, Augusta
Thelma Brann: Attending Colby College, Waterville
Elsie Cookson Jackson: Housewife, Belfast
Hazel Crommett: Attending F.S.N.S. Maine
Eloise Glidden: Training, W.C.H. Belfast
Catherine Hill: At home, Albion

1941

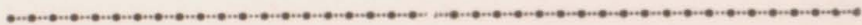
Ethelyn Bradstreet: Attending U of M Orono
Hilda Fuller: Waitress, Lunch Room, Albion
Guy Patterson: At home, Benton
Claude Patterson: Clerking, Albion
Arnold Hamilton: At home, Albion
Earle Rhoda: Working, Conn.
Violet Higgins: At home, Albion
Shirley Cookson Pottle: Housewife, Benton
Elinor Baker Dickey: Housewife, Albion
Floyd Harding: Attending Colby College, Waterville
Ralph Lee: Working, Albion
Herdert Brown: Working, North Vassalboro





Besse's Streamlined Auto Of 1942

Headlights.....Clyde Higgins and Carroll Wolcott
 Parking Lights. Barbara Browne and Mary Bessey
 Back Lights.. Lloyd Ireland & Vivian Libby (always out)
 Exhaust.....Marion Stanley (always blowing off)
 Horn.....Phyllis Day
 Paint..... Avonne Rowe (always looks good)
 Spare Tire Mac West (always flat)
 Nuts..... The Student Body (always in their places)
 Engine..... The Faculty (always having trouble)
 Starter..... Durwood Dow (raring to go)
 Brake..... Mr. Delano
 Body..... Alice Perkins
 Crank.....Mr. Laughton (always up front)
 Steering Wheel.....Helen Ireland (knows where to go)
 Front Bumper..... Mavor Clark (can't dodge)
 Back Bumper.....Richard Fuller (always getting hit)
 Shifting gear.....Juanita Faulkner
 Battery.....Mrs. McKechnie (keeps things running)



DEFINITIONS

Marriage is an institution. Marriage is love.....
 Love is blind.....Therefore, marriage is an institution
 for the blind.



Note to those who were excused from spelling:---
 Have you ever noticed how the busiest gossips have the
 largest vo-GAB-ulary?



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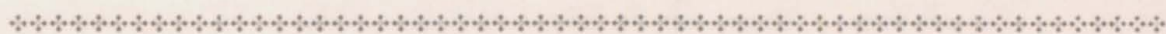
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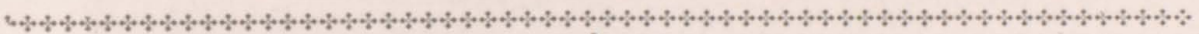
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