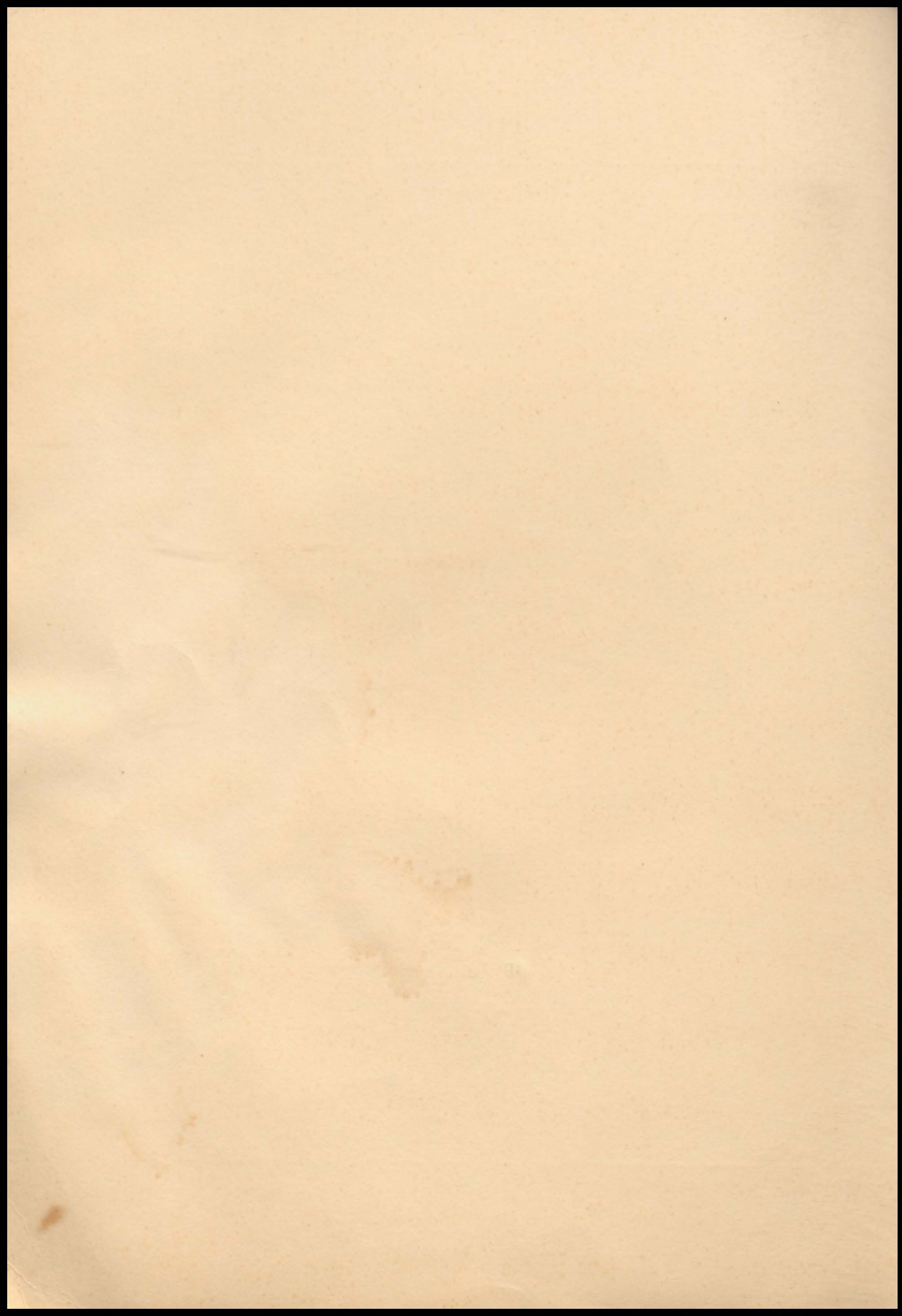


BESSE BREEZE



🏮 MAY 1943 🏮





BESSE BREEZE

of

BESSE HIGH SCHOOL



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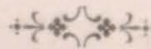
Albion — Maine

1943

B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE 1943 #



We respectfully dedicate this issue of the "Besse Breeze" to former students now serving in the armed forces of our country.



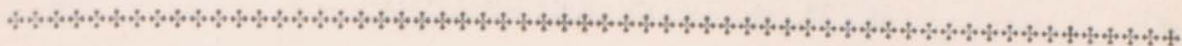
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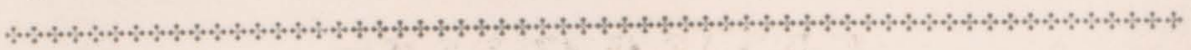
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Standing: C. Keay; F. Libby; D. Dow; P. Day; B. Fuller; E. Marden; H. Marden
 R. Marden; J. Faulkner; F. Clark; A. Bessey; H. Ireland; A. Blaisdell.
 Seated: V. Rideout; L. Ireland; P. McKiel; A. Rowe.

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JUNIORS

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Harry Tuttle

Boyd Fuller
Helen Ireland
Ralph Marden

SOPHOMORES

Virginia Bradstreet
Muriel Harding

Ronald Bagley
Leland Bessey
Delores Crosby
Juanita Faulkner
Conrad Harding
Crosby Keay
Vivian Libby

FRESHMEN

Ruth Bezanson
Arlene Harding
Elizabeth Marden
Beverly Tarbell

Robert Bezanson
Richard Harrison
Glendon Meader
Clyde Tuttle





EDITORIAL

THE WAR EFFORT

by Cecile Nelson '44

IN these times of war we should stop to think things out more clearly than ever before. Probably this has been said before in other wars but we can't stress the subject too much. We are not going all out for war. We do put much of our efforts into other interests. If there were a drive on to get some luxury that we wanted, we would do our utmost. Don't think for a minute that every one wouldn't go out of their way to help. Of course there are some people who are doing their share but there are others who aren't doing anything. May be there are many arguments for their side too, but I can't think of any. We should all stop to think, if we couldn't do just a little bit more than we are now doing.

In time of war we can't sit back and let things ride—even the little things count. In some families, where loved ones have gone, they seem to feel that sacrificing that one boy is a great one, but there is still more to be done. If you do more for the war effort you all can help to bring other boys back home sooner. So to help your brothers, sisters, sweethearts, and in some cases fathers, let's pull together a little harder. Use your heads about every little detail of life in this tragedy. When you put in a dollar or more for some war effort you will bring your loved ones home a day or two sooner. After all, he's over there fighting like mad, to save you. You wouldn't want him to know you shirked even a little bit, would you? So to prove to them we aren't, dig in a little deeper.

FIRST AID

AT BESSE HIGH SCHOOL

by Carroll Wolcott '44

I'M sure that everyone, almost, will agree with me that first aid should be given in this school. With the United States at war with Countries on both sides of both oceans, it is hard telling when we may receive some T. N. T. any day now. This course would not be expensive in any detail. This school could have some person come in and give classes in first aid, once, perhaps twice, a week. It would not be necessary to give a full course in this line but just enough fundamentals on the ideas of first aid to allow the students to know just what to do if any casualties should arise. It would not be necessary for everyone in school to take this course, for a class of ten or fifteen would be better than none. I am sure that if many of the students of this high school gave this matter careful thought, they would agree with me in saying that we should have a class in first aid in Besse High School.





EDITORIAL CONTINUED

THE present world conflict has cut out many of our extra-curricular activities here at Besse High School. There was no football of any kind this year. Also, basketball, which had always been looked forward to, with great enthusiasm, was eliminated as far as competitive games were concerned. The gas and tire shortage has prohibited any dances or socials that might have been held.

Despite these facts, Besse has introduced a course that has created much interest. This is "Military Training." Many questions will probably come into your mind, but the following facts will give you a good idea of what the course is and its purpose.

"Military Training" is given to all the boys. The instructor is Mr. Samuel Farwell of Unity. The State Department of Education has given its approval of the course. All of Mr. Farwell's services are voluntary and he receives no pay whatsoever.

The purpose of this course is to give the boys pre-induction training. Without a doubt, several of the boys in our high school will see Military Service before the year is over. Many people hate to face this fact, because the truth hurts. "Military Training" gives the boys a very good knowledge of several parts of the basic training. In this way they will have a great advantage over the rookies that will be training with them. He will be able to advance much

more rapidly in the lower ranks of the Army.

The training is given in two one-half hour periods a week. During the half hour, all rules of military discipline and courtesy are observed.

The boys are organized in a platoon of four squads. Non-commissioned officers have been chosen to lead the group. They are: First Sgt. H. Marden; Sgt. Boyd Fuller; Cpls. R. Marden; M. West; L. Ireland; F. Libby, and C. Wolcott. These boys had to appear before a board of examiners made up of Legion men. The examiners were: Mr. McKechnie, Mr. C. Jones, Dr. Cary, of Unity, and I. Weymouth, Albion.

The boys have been taught several of the military movements that will benefit them when they are taken into the U.S. Army. Besides this, they have been taught how to identify officers by the insignia which is worn.

Several people that are now in the armed services of this country have stated that they wish they could have had an idea of some of the preliminary training that they received. They said that they could have advanced much more rapidly in getting "stripes." And this is just what the boys at Besse High School are getting. This fact should be greatly appreciated because this is one of the very few schools of the State that is fortunate enough to receive this course.

Many thanks are due Mr. Farwell for his efforts.



Standing, l. to r.: B.Fuller; C.Keay; F.Clark; Mr.Laughton; H.Marden
 G.Meader; J.West
 Seated: V.Rideout; A.Rowe; L.Ireland; D.Crosby

Student Council

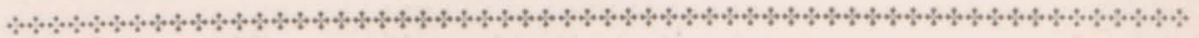
The Democratic governing body at Besse High School -- the Student Council, had numerous issues before it; the chief one being the work on the Bazaar. Other issues were rules regulating the conduct of the students while in school.

The group was guided by Mr.Laughton and Lloyd Ireland was elected president. other offices were held by;

Vice President -- Avonne Rowe
 Secretary -- Boyd Fuller
 Treasurer -- Harold Marden

Besides those holding offices, the following also represented the various classes: Joyce West and Glendon Meader from the Freshman class; Delores Crosby and Crosby Keay were the members from the Sophomore class; Fred Clark as a Junior; and from the Senior class Mavor Clark, Virginia Rideout, and Pearle Haskell.





School  Roll

FRESHMEN—

Arlene Harding
Richard Harrison
Elizabeth Marden
Glendon Meader
Evelyn Quimby
Beverly Tarbell
Clyde Tuttle
Joyce West
Lorraine West
Ruth Bezanson
Robert Bezanson
Carlos Buker
Venora Crosby
Helen Fuller

JUNIORS—

Boyd Fuller
Patricia Day
Dora Cookson
Fred Clark
Helen Ireland
Harold Marden
Ralph Marden
Harry Tuttle
Clifford Lee
Phyllis McKiel
Cecile Nelson
Lendal Taylor
Earl Hunt
Albannah Higgins
Harvey Higgins
Clifton Bagley
Forrest Libby

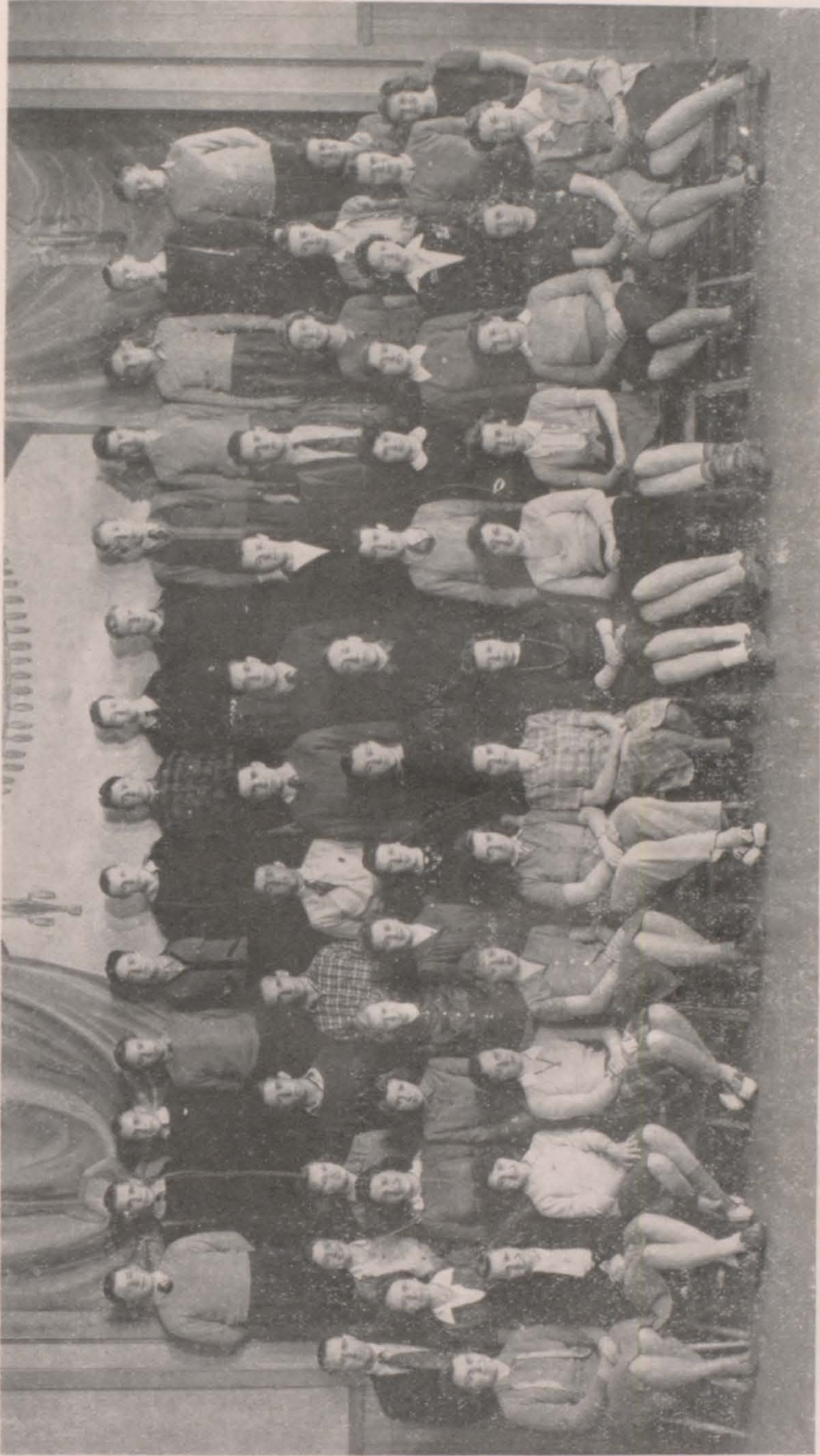
SOPHOMORES—

Leland Bessey
Ronald Bagley
Virginia Bradstreet
Eula Bragg
Delores Crosby
James Day
Christine Ferris
James Fuller
Juanita Faulkner
Muriel Harding
Conrad Harding
Ruby Higgins
Crosby Keay
Vivian Libby
Harley Reynolds
Cecil Quimby
Janet Waugh

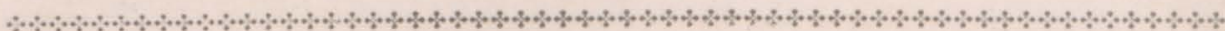
SENIORS—

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

* * B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE 1943 * *



Seated: l. to r. : Miss Beverage, D. Crosby, L. West, D. Cookson, C. Nelson, A. Bessey, A. Blaisdell, A. Rowe, V. Rideout, H. Ireland, P. McKiel, P. Day, E. Marden. 2nd row: Mrs. McKechnie, J. Waugh, C. Ferris, R. Higgins V. Bradstreet, V. Libby, L. Ireland, D. Dow, M. West, J. Faulkner, M. Harding, E. Bragg, H. Fuller, A. Harding. 3rd row: Mr. Laughton, J. West, V. Crosby, C. Bagley, E. Hunt, H. Tuttle, H. Marden, R. Marden, F. Clark, C. Tuttle, R. Bezanson, B. Tarbell, E. Quimby. 4th row: B. Fuller, G. Meader, F. Libby, C. Buker, C. Quimby, A. Higgins, J. Fuller, H. Reynolds, H. Higgins, R. Bagley, R. Harrison, L. Bessey, C. Keay, J. Day.



Senior Activities

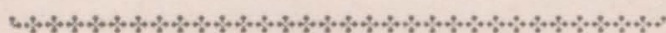


VIRGINIA LOUISE RIDEOUT "Jinny"

BUSY: Typing
ALWAYS: Smiling
ENJOYS: Canadians
INTENDS TO: Become a secretary
ACTIVITIES:

Editorial Board.2,3,4; Student Council.4; Bazaar Play. 1,2; Bazaar Committee.3,4; Jr.Speaking.3; Basketball.1,2,3,4; Captain.4; Assis.Manager.3; Softball.1,2,3; Operetta.2; Minstrel Show.1,2; Junior Play 3; Class Vice Pres.3; Glee Club.1,2; Victory Corp.4; One-act Play Contest.2; Pianist.1,2,3,4; Typist.4.

FIRST HONOR ESSAY

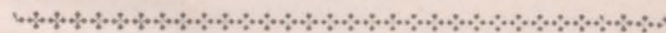


LLOYD ARNO IRELAND "Irish"

BUSY: Studying
ALWAYS: At Libby's
ENJOYS: Sports
INTENDS TO: Enter the armed forces
ACTIVITIES:

Editorial Board.2,3,4; Editor.4; Student Council.1,2,3,4; Pres.4; Bazaar Play.1,2; Bazaar Committee.1,2,3,4; Junior Speaking.3; Minstrel Show.1,2; Jr.Play.3; Baseball.1,2,3; Capt.3; Football.1,2,3,4; Capt.4; Basketball.1,2,3,4; Class Pres.1,2; Victory Corp.4; One-act Play Contest.2; Military Training.4.

VALEDICTORIAN



ARLENE MAY BLAISDELL "Arlene"

BUSY: Playing her guitar
ALWAYS: Singing
ENJOYS: Earl
INTENDS TO: Become a telephone operator
ACTIVITIES:

Edit.Board.3,4; Bazaar Play.2; Bazaar Committee.3,4; Jr. Speaking.3; 3rd Prize. Operetta.2,3; Tonette Group.2; Minstrel Show.1,2; Sr.Play.3; Jr.Play.3; Class Vice Pres.4; Glee Club.1,2; Victory Corp.4; Jr.Red Cross.4; One-act Play Contest.2.

CLASS GIFTS

* * B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE 1943 * *

CLYDE CROSBY HIGGINS

“Hig”

BUSY: Fooling
 ALWAYS: In Clinton
 ENJOYS: the(W)right
 INTENDS TO: Be an engineer
 ACTIVITIES:

Editorial Board. 1,2,3; Student Council. 1,2,3; Vice Pres. 1,2
 Pres. 3; Bazaar Play. 1,2; Bazaar Committee. 1,2,3,4; Chair-
 man. 3; Junior Speaking. 3; 2nd Prize. Basketball. 1,2,3,4;
 Capt. 3; Football. 1,2,3,4; Baseball. 1,2,3; Minstrel Show. 1.
 2; Sr. Play. 3; Jr. Play. 3; One-act Play Contest. 2; Senior Mar-
 hall. 1,2; American Legion Essay Award. 3; Victory Corp. 4;
 Montgomery Speaking. 3; Military Training. 4.



SALUTATORIAN

AVONNE MARILYN ROWE

“Bonnie”

BUSY: Whispering
 ALWAYS: Teasing Fred
 ENJOYS: Dancing
 INTENDS TO: Be a nurse
 ACTIVITIES:

Editorial Board. 2,3,4; Student Council. 4; Class Vice Pres. 4;
 Bazaar Play. 1,2; Bazaar Committee. 1,2,3,4; Jr. Speaking. 3;
 Inter. Prize Speaking. 3; Basketball. 1,2,3,4; Capt. 3; Mgr. 4;
 Softball. 1,2,3,4; Mgr. 4. Operetta. 2; Minstrel Show. 1,2; Jr.
 Play 3; Sr. Play. 3. Jr. Red Cross. 4; Sec’y & Treas. of Soph.
 Senior classes. Pres. of Jr. class. Victory Corp. 4; One-act
 Play Contest. 2; D. A. R. Cand. 4.



CLASS HISTORY

DURWOOD ALVAH DOW

“Dowdy”

BUSY: Thinking
 ALWAYS: Present at school
 ENJOYS: Riding a bicycle
 INTENDS TO: Be a rail-road engineer
 ACTIVITIES:

Edit. Board. 4. Minstrel Show. 1,2; Jr. Play. 3; Jr. Speaking.
 3; First Prize. Military Drill. 4; Victory Corp. 4.



CLASS PROPHECY

* * **B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE 1943** * *



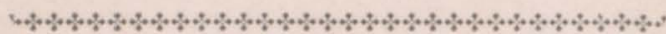
ARLENE GERTRUDE BESSEY "Chummy"

BUSY: Joking
ALWAYS: Writing to Sumner
ENJOYS: Bicycling
INTENDS TO: Marry

ACTIVITIES:

Edit. Board. 3,4; Minstrel Show. 1,2; Bazaar Committee. 1, 2,3,4; Basketball. 2,3,4; Softball. 1,2,3; Capt. 4; Jr. Play. 3; Glee Club. 1,2; Operetta. 1,2; Jr. Red Cross. 4.

CLASS GIFTS



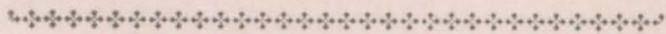
FRANCIS MAVOR CLARK "Rusty"

BUSY: Combing his hair
ALWAYS: Bragg (ing)
ENJOYS: a certain Sophomore girl
INTENDS TO: Be an aviator

ACTIVITIES:

Editorial Board. 4; Student Council. 1,4; Bazaar Committee 4; Basketball Mgr. 2,3,4; Bazaar Play. 2; Jr. Play. 3; Class Marshal. 4; Sec'y & Treas. of Soph. class. Victory Corp. 4; Military Drill. 4; Minstrel Show. 1,2.

HONORARY CLASS MARSHAL



PEARLE MAXINE HASKELL "Purly"

BUSY: Thinking of Bick
ALWAYS: Writing letters
ENJOYS: Soldiers
INTENDS TO: Be a housewife

ACTIVITIES:

Editorial Board. 4; Student Council. 4; Bazaar Play. 1,2; Bazaar Committee. 1,4; Minstrel Show. 1,2; Operetta. 2; Jr. Play. 3; Sec'y of class. 3; Basketball. 2; Victory Corp. 4; Jr. Red Cross. 4.

CLASS PROPHECY

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CARROLL WILLIAM WOLCOTT

“Woody”

BUSY: Doing nothing

ALWAYS: Pestering someone

ENJOYS: Girls in Waterville

INTENDS TO: Join the Navy

ACTIVITIES:

Baseball. 1,2,3; Basketball. 1,2,3,4; Mgr. 2,3. Football. 2,3,4; Student Council. 3; Treas. 3; Bazaar Play. 1,2; Bazaar Committee. 1,2,3,4; Jr. Speaking. 3; Tonette Class. 2; Jr. Play. 3; Dramatics. 2; Editorial Board. 1,2,3,4; Business Mgr. of Besse Breeze. 2,3,4; Ping Pong Champ. 2; Minstrel Show. 1,2; Victory Corp. 4; Class Vice Pres. 1,2; Military Training. 4.



CLASS WILL

MALCOLM AUSTIN WEST

“Mac”

BUSY: Loafing

ALWAYS: On Shores hill

ENJOYS: Delores

INTENDS TO: Be a good husband

ACTIVITIES:

Baseball. 1,2,3; Basketball. 1,2,3,4; Capt. 4; Football. 1,2,3,4; Jr. Play. 3; Bazaar Committee. 1,2,3,4; Editorial Board. 1,2; Military Drill. 4; Minstrel Show. 1,2. Victory Corp. 4; Class Pres. 4.



CLASS HISTORY

The Senior class of 1943 has chosen as its motto, “Launched but not anchored.”

The class flower is the white carnation and the class colors are blue and white.

Last Chapel exercises will be held at the church, Friday afternoon May 7th, at 2 o'clock. Mr. Heikes will be the principal speaker.

Baccalaureate Exercises will be held at the Church, Sunday, May 9th at 2:30 o'clock with Dr. Libby, Colby professor, addressing the group.

Commencement Exercises will be held May 11th, at 8 o'clock, at the I.O. O.F. Hall.

Graduation Ball is scheduled for Wednesday evening, May 12th, with Ken's Swingsters furnishing the music.



Kneeling, l. to r. :G.Meader; M.West; L.Ireland.
 Standing: F.Libby; R.Bagley; R.Marden; H.Marden; C.Keay; B.Fuller.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

War or no war, boys still turn to basketball for their winter-time sport. On Coach Laughton's first call better than two full squads each capable of a starting assignment reported for duty.

Much interest and hard practice was shown by the boys, for time was short and the first game near. Both squads made a good showing on their tryout game although they lost by a single point.

With high spirits the squads return-

ed to practice after having played three games only to be stopped by Uncle Sam and no gasoline.

The spirit still burned for the game and intra-mural teams were started. Four teams competed and as much if not more interest was shown between these teams.

The two squads each capable of starting were: Capt. Mac West, Lloyd Ireland, Clyde Higgins, Forrest Libby, and Carroll Wolcott; the other, Harold Marden, Crosby Keay, Ralph Marden,

Boyd Fuller, and Glednon Meader, or Ronald Bagley.

Prospects for next year are uncer-

tain. Four Seniors will be game and it is hard telling how many the armed forces will claim.

Physical Education

Physical Education was required by the State in high school curricular this year. So Besse High School was required to remodel its schdeule to make room for this new period. It was a half-hour period coming each afternoon during the school week.

For the boys, twice a week, Mondays and Wednesdays, Mr. Farwell of Unity teaches Military Training, and the rest of the week, the boys take part in calisthenics.

The girls also take part in exercises. On days when the weather permits, hikes are taken by the girls accompanied by either Miss Beverage or

Mrs. McKechnie. These hikes have proven very beneficial to the girls.

The girls also felt that they should have a little taste of Military Training so they were divided into three equal squads, each with a capable and chosen leader. The three leaders were: Virginia Rideout, Arlene Harding, and Janet Waugh. Each squad progressed rapidly under the commands of their leaders. The girls showed great interest and capability in the military drills.

Altogether this physical education program has been a great benefit to each student as well the instructor.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

On the eve of Oct. 1, 1942, fourteen Freshman girls and boys appeared at the Grange Hall. The Sophomore class was giving them a reception—perhaps not such a cool one at that.

The Freshman girls wore boys' pajamas, kettles on their heads, and carried a rolling pin.

The Freshman boys wore girls' nightgowns, kettles on their heads, and carried lighted lanterns.

It was as colorful as a fourth of July parade for the spectators on either side

of the hall as they watched the procession. The hall lights were dimmed and the Freshman class marched around the hall and took their places on the stage, following this, the Freshmen entertained the audience with many hilarious stunts.

Our newly initiated members of Besse High School were then given refreshments and invited to attend the social and dances that followed. We are sure that each Freshman will have a memory of this reception as they continue thru high school.



Standing, l. to r.: M.Harding; D.Crosby.
Seated: J.West.

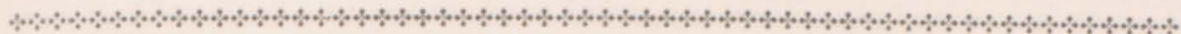
CHEER LEADERS

This year Besse High basketball squads were greatly helped by the three cheerleaders, Muriel Harding, Joyce West, and Delores Crosby.

This is the first time in many years that this high school has ever been fortunate to have cheerleaders to "back us up" and cheer us on to victory.

These girls did a wonderful job and the school as well as the squads greatly appreciate their fine work.

We are looking forward to their help next year and are in hopes that they will return and be as famous as they were this year.



JUNIOR PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST ELIMINATED

Due to the gas shortage, and the omittance of many extra-curricular activities, Junior Prize Speaking will be eliminated from our school program this year. We are in hopes to continue this event in the future.

Tryouts were held as a regular part of the English course, however, and the following would have spoken had the contest been held:

- Phyllis McKiel
- Harold Marden
- Helen Ireland
- Patricia Day
- Boyd Fuller
- Cecile Nelson
- Ralph Marden
- Fred Clark

JUNIOR RED CROSS

This year as an extra-curricular activity, and as a benefit to the members, a Junior Red Cross was organized here at Besse High School, under the supervision of Miss Carolyn Beverage.

Each member was given a card to show that he was a member of that organization.

The girls, in their spare time, knitted squares for an afghan.

On Friday afternoons, two or three girls were selected to take part in the surgical dressings, with the adult class at the Grange Hall.

This organization has been very beneficial to the members and much credit is due Miss Eeverage for her untiring efforts in this issue.

FACULTY AT BESSE HIGH SCHOOL

This year at Besse, we have been very fortunate in having three effecient teachers to guide the students through strife and trouble.

The first of these teachers, Mr. John Laughton, our principal, has been here at Besse High for two years and we have greatly enjoyed his presence and help in all our work. He is at the head of the school and the coach of the boys in their sports.

Mrs. McKechnie is the assistant principal. She has been here with us for two

and half years and her faithfulness and ever-present smile has guided us out of many of our "blue days."

Miss Carolyn Beverage has only been at Besse High for this last year, but we can all say that we have greatly enjoyed this one year with her, and we hope that she will return to be with us.

Much credit is due these teachers for their untiring efforts to make Besse High a place to be proud of at this time.



Back row-1. to r.: J. West; J. Faulkner; E. Marden; D. Cookson; A. Bessey; M. Harding; A. Harding; V. Libby; E. Bragg; Front row: P. Day; H. Ireland. A. Rowe; V. Rideout, capt; P. McKiel; V. Bradstreet; L. West; Miss Beverage, Coach.

GIRLS BASKETBALL

As everyone knows, and undoubtedly understands, the basketball games were canceled this year, because of the scarcity of tires and gas. However, before this matter became a necessity, a few games were played.

Besse journeyed to Fairfield to play against Lawrence High at the beginning of the season. The Besse girls lost to this school 31-18. The large floor was a great disadvantage to our players as we do not get that on many of our trips and do not have one here at home.

Sometime later, the basketball teams from Lawrence came to Albion only to go home with another victory, 44-26.

On Jan. 6, 1943, Freedom girls came to Albion to take part in a game. The Besse girls gave a very good showing of the

team that evening and as this game was the first real league game for the season we naturally were very happy when the final score was 32-27, in Besse's favor. Due to the untiring efforts of our coach, Miss Carolyn Beverage, and to the team work and sportsmanship of the players, we felt highly exuberant on winning this game. However, we were very down cast when a few days later, Mr. Laugh-ton announced that due to the situation in traveling, we probably would have no more games.

We did not let this discourage us and immediately started to make plans for intramural games. These were much fun and took up the spare time after school and gave a little excitement to the rest of the school.

Virginia Rideout guided the girls as

* * B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE 1943 * *



Captain this year with Avonne Rowe as Manager. The following girls made up the rest of the team: Virginia Ride-

out, Avonne Rowe, Phyllis McKiel, Virginia Bradstreet, Lorraine West, Vivian Libby, Eula Bragg, Patsy Day, Helen Ireland, Juanita Faulkner, Dora Cookson, and Arlene Bessey.

If conditions improve next year, there should be a victorious girls' team here at Besse High School.



BESSE held its annual Bazaar at the Grange Hall, this year and again it was successful. All students took an active part in it in an effort to make it a big success.

During the afternoon many came and participated in our entertainment. The different booths were managed by students. Included were such games and booths as fancy work, grab bag, penny toss, dart games, and bingo. There were also many interesting as well as educational exhibits made by the grade schools.

There was also a large refreshment booth which was busy for the largest part of the afternoon and evening.

In the evening at eight o'clock two enticing plays were presented by the Freshmen and Sophomore classes. The Freshman class presented a mock wedding coached by Miss Beverage. The cast included the following students:

- Bride Clyde Tuttle
- Groom Joyce West
- Father of Bride Venora Crosby
- Mother Glendon Meader
- Children Evelyn Quimby
 Carlos Buker
- Bridesmaid Richard Harrison

- Best man Elizabeth Marden
- Water boy Ruth Bezanson
- Flower girl Robert Bezanson
- Ring bearer Lorraine West
- Organist Beverly Tarbell
- Minister Arlene Harding

Between the plays, there was personal talent shown by singers and dancers.

Tickets on the quilts and turkey were drawn and the lucky ticket holders received their prizes.

The Sophomore play, "Ghostly Evening," followed and was composed of the following characters:

- Mrs. Morrow . . . Virginia Bradstreet
- Theodora Morrow . . . Delores Crosby
- Azaleen Muriel Harding
- Florian de Sylvester James Day
- Joan Simms Juanita Faulkner
- Rush Simms Ronald Bagley
- Mrs. Anastasia Penfold . . Janet Waugh
- Kenyon Penfold Harley Reynolds

A dance followed with music furnished by Tozier's Orchestra of Unity. Large proceeds were made from this Bazaar and a large audience proved that Besse High's Annual Bazaar once more had been successful.

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B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE 1943

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LITERATURE

DEAD OR ALIVE

by Dora Cookson '44

Somewhere in the high Alps Mountains of Switzerland, lived a family of four in a little cabin on a cliff. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and their two children, Nancy, age eighteen and Jack, age twenty-one. They lived in a desolate part of the country, with five miles between them and their nearest neighbor. They were always very happy and contented in their work and play, never seeming to have a worry or care.

One night in the spring of the year, the father, with a worried look on his face, came in from the barn, where he had been milking his herd of goats. This was the first time in many years that he had shown any signs of having any worries. As he came in, he set down his two pails of milk on the floor, asking his wife if Jack had come in yet.

"Why, no, he never comes in until you have been in about five minutes," she replied. "Why do you ask that?"

"Oh, I was just wondering. He was bound he was going to saddle his horse and ride through the pass to Martin's. I told him that the weather didn't look very good and that it would be very dangerous if it started raining. It would be sure to start a snow slide." The husband sat down with a heavy sigh. "He's getting so headstrong lately over that Martin girl that I can't show him a little common sense. Oh, well, I guess he will take care of himself."

As he finished speaking, a loud gust of wind blew around the house rattling the windows and shaking the little cabin. Next came the downpour of rain.

Mr. Robinson began to pace the floor. Then he put on his coat and hat and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" cried Mrs. Robinson, who was beginning to get all nerved up.

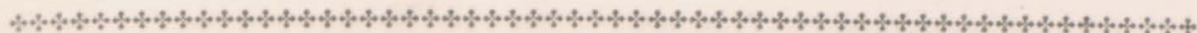
"Oh, don't worry, dear, I'm only going to the barn to see if he has gone. I wouldn't leave you and Nancy here all alone," answered the husband.

As he opened the door a big gust of wind came sailing into the room, almost blowing out the lamp.

Mr. Robinson dashed down to the barn muttering to himself. That darned fool, striking off on a night like this. He never gives his parents a thought. If he would only realize how much we worry over his being so headstrong. I'm afraid I shouldn't have told wife about him, though. She is beginning to worry. Although she would have to know about it when he didn't come in from the barn."

While Mrs. Robinson was on his way to the barn, Nancy had come into the kitchen, to find her mother with her head on her arms, weeping. At the sight of her mother, weeping for the first time in years, she rushed to her side, throwing her arms about her shoulders.

"Why, mother, what is the matter? Why are you crying? Has my foolhardy brother done something, or is it Dad? No, I know it isn't Dad. That would be impossible, because Dad is always making you happy instead of sad. Then it must be Jack. What has Jack done this time?" quizzed Nancy.



"I'm not sure yet, Nancy, but I think he has gone over to Martin's in this terrible storm and there'll surely be a snow slide. If he gets caught in it he will surely be killed. Oh, why, oh, why didn't your father force him to stay at home?" moaned Mrs. Robinson.

"There, there, mother dear. Jack is all right. He can take care of himself. He is too wise to get caught in a snow slide." Nancy said comfortingly.

"Oh, I hope so, but that seems almost impossible!" and as these thoughts rushed through her mind, she burst into fresh tears.

During this little episode, Mr. Robinson had reached the barn and had gone in calling Jack's name. After pausing awhile, receiving no answer, he called again and again. Still receiving no answer, he made his way to the horse stall. Upon arriving, he nearly broke down, because Jack's horse was gone. He could not make up his mind whether to go into the house and tell his wife or to go after his son. Then it came to him that he had promised to stay with his wife and daughter. He started back for the house much slower than he had gone out. Before he had reached the house, his coat was almost soaked through with rain, so he paused to take it off before going in. Just as he put his hand on the door knob, he heard a low rumbling. As he stood there, trying to make out what it was, it commenced to grow louder and louder. He knew then what it was-- a snow slide!! The rain had started it and as near as he could make out, it was somewhere near the pass in the mountains. He stood there between the longing to go and find his son, and the thought that his wife would need him in this present crisis. At last he entered the house. His wife was crying hysterically, but just as he took her in his arms, she went limp. He picked her up and

carried her to their bedroom. There, with Nancy's help, he brought her to.

Then Nancy went into the kitchen and found a sleeping pill. She gave this to her mother. When her mother, after an hour of hysterical crying and mourning had gone to sleep, Nancy pulled the quilts around her and tip-toed from the room, pulling her father with her.

"Now, father, if you want to go out and find Jack, I think that mother and I will be all right. I'm not a bit afraid and I do hate to think of Jack out there, maybe hurt. Just promise me that you will be very careful," Nancy whispered, so her mother might not hear.

This was just what her father had wanted to hear. It didn't take him long to get into his outdoor wraps and start to the barn for the horse. He saddled quickly and struck out for Martin's.

As he reached the pass, which was about two miles from their home, he began to realize that he could not go any farther because the pass had been blocked by snow.

When he drew up to the edge of the snow, he jumped off to see if he could find any trace of Jack. As he was bending over to look at the ground, he heard a noise behind him. He quickly turned around, hoping to see Jack, but instead all he saw in the dim light of his lantern, was Jack's horse. Then Mr. Robinson began to shout Jack's name. No answer!! He shouted and shouted. Still no answer. Once he thought he heard a voice, but after shouting again and receiving no answer, he decided it was the wind.

He began to get scared as time went on. He thought that the horse must have got scared as the snowslide started and reared, throwing Jack off in the path of the oncoming snowslide. He be-



gan to wonder how he would break the news to his wife and daughter. He searched the place as best he could, calling Jack's name, but with no result. At last, weary and tired, he headed for home, only to find when he got there that his wife was very sick from a nervous breakdown.

Although he had not had any sleep, he saddled up a fresh horse and by the time he was ready to start for the nearest house, the sun was peeping over the hill. The clouds had all rolled away and the sun shone brightly. He had to go the long way around the mountain as the pass had been blocked. It took him about four hours of hard riding to get to Martin's. There, as luck would have it, a doctor had just arrived. Mr. Robinson stated his mission and as the person there had only a bad cold, the doctor said he would keep on to Mr. Robinson's home. Then the neighbors all listened to the story of Jack's disappearance. They quickly agreed to help him, although they all thought he must be dead.

They rode around to the other side of the pass where Jack's horse had been found. Mr. Robinson still had hopes of finding his son alive, but even if he wasn't alive, he wanted to find him.

The father was very sad and downhearted as he rode along, but he watched the ground closely. Just as he rounded a bend, he saw something on the ground. Before anyone could speak, he was off his horse. There lay Jack's body. His father was overcome with grief as he gazed down. He spoke softly, "Jack, oh my son, Jack, are you dead? Speak to me." He knelt down beside him quickly and took his pulse. Was there a faint beat? He steadied himself and tried it again. Yes, his pulse was still faintly beating. Mr. Robinson shouted for help

and the other men came quickly. They lifted Jack gently into Mr. Robinson's saddle and they started slowly homeward. When they arrived the doctor examined Jack and announced that he would live. However, he had a few bruises and a broken arm.

With medical aid, Jack soon became conscious and then told of how he had been determined to see Jean Martin. He told them of how the horse had heard the low rumbling of the snowslide and had turned back around the bend. Jack had not wanted to go home so he tried forcing the horse on. It had reared and thrown Jack off. As he landed he must have hit his head on a rock because he didn't remember any more except that he had a splitting headache. Also, he remembered that he had come to enough to shout for help just once before he lost consciousness again.

It was not many weeks after that that the family was the same happy family of the past years; a month later the Martin girl came to live with them as Jack's wife, until he could build a little house for themselves about a half mile from the Robinson home.

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A GHOSTLY EXPERIENCE

by Arlene Bessey '43

One evening my friend came to visit me. We were listening to a ghost story on the radio when my mother asked if we would go to Freedom after a C.O.D. package. We both agreed that it would be fun, so when we got into the car we turned on the radio so we could finish listening to the ghost story.

The story was about a large mansion that was believed to be haunted by ghosts and witches. The ghosts had captured two girls who had gone to the

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mansion to seek shelter from a rain-storm. I wasn't afraid while I was driving, but I got to thinking what I would do if a ghost ever jumped in front of me. I knew my girl friend was doing a lot of thinking, too, because she was very quiet. We both sat there rigid, and scared so much that we didn't know enough to turn the radio off.

Then it happened!! BANG! BANG! BANG! Three flat tires! Oh! What were we going to do? Wasn't that a ghost coming ahead of us? I tried to shout, but my mouth wouldn't even open. That was queer, too, because it always did open easily enough, even when I didn't want it to. I looked at my girl friend. She was slumped over the side of the cushion in a dead faint.

As the ghost opened the door, someone spoke, "Chummy, wake up, or you will be late for school." Gee!! What a relief, to find I was only dreaming. Darn it all, why did I have to eat those peanuts before going to bed?

When I arrived at school I told my girl friend Cecile, what a narrow escape she had, and what a terrible dream I had last night.

THE CIGAR

by Boyd Fuller '44

My friend and I were playing in the sand with our little trucks. I was supposed to deliver a load of gravel to him in exchange for a load of wood (clothespins).

I had delivered the gravel and put my truck up for the night, when my mother, all dressed up in her new spring outfit, and a funny new hat, came around the corner of the garage. She was on her way to a very important

bridge party and couldn't be bothered with me. She told me to be a good little boy and that she had left some cookies on the shelf for Fuzzy and I.

We continued our trucking until a slight pain eased its way through my stomach, up my epiglottus, into my mouth, notifying me that I was hungry.

I gave my consent and the messenger in double quick time went to the mutter in my head and directed me through short wave to the cookies. Fuzzy, all the time wiping the lava, oozing out around the corners of his foaming mouth, followed me into the house.

We had a good meal of cookies and milk. Boy, that was good!

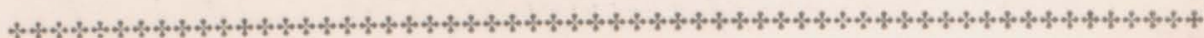
"What does your father do after he eats?" I asked Fuzzy.

"He sits back in his chair and lights a cigarette," Fuzzy told me, still in the dark as to what was running through my mind.

"If we can't find a cigarette, would this cigar do?" I asked Fuzzy, feeling just like Dad.

We relieved the cigar box of one of its occupants, and lit the cigar. With expanded chests we took turns drawing the smoke into our systems. Feeling very proud of ourselves, we continued the pastime, until Fuzzy turned green, trimmed with white. Quitting the pastime, he laid down on the floor, groaning feverously.

"Ha, ha, can't take it," I laughed at Fuzzy. As the sentence left my mouth I could feel the cookies taking its place. I made a dash for the bathroom, but too late—My mother could trail me every step I took. This didn't bother me, however, I was too sick.



I took my place beside Fuzzy and he and I lay there until Mother came home.

She quizzed us as to the cause of our sickness. I told her the cookies didn't agree with me, NOR Fuzzy.

The cigar butt called me a liar. With such evidence against me, what could I do? I was on the receiving end of a good switching on my posterior extremity.

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REUNION

by Arlene Harding '46

THE sweat was rolling from Lt. Jocelyn Marshall's brow as she picked her way among the ruins, dodging bullets as she went. When she joined the WAACS she knew it would be no picnic, but she never fully imagined the horrors of war—but now she knew. There had been times when the Japs had bombed, and it seemed impossible to get the ambulance through in time to save the lives of the soldiers she had with her. Other times when she was driving at night in pitch dark with no light except for the flare of "bombs bursting in air." Again and again, Jap planes had swooped low and machine-gunned her, missing by only inches. Once a bullet went through her hat. But all these things seemed long past now. Her only thought was to get through the barrage of bullets and reach those wounded soldiers—and get them back safely to the hospital center.

On and on she drove-- fearlessly, determinedly, and at last she reached her destination.

Her two helpers climbed out of the ambulance and they all approached the scattered soldiers. Some were dead, others dying, many were minus arms and legs, and Lt. Marshall suppressed

a groan as she thought of the much needed ambulances that had failed to come through.

It was hard work for the three to lift those soldiers but they felt it their task and toiled faithfully. There was only room for one or two more soldiers in the ambulance when Lt. Marshall fell to her knees beside a soldier. Immediately, her two helpers came to her aid and saw the two bright glistening tears rolling down her cheek. They paused----- waiting---- they knew not for what.

After a short while the Lieutenant asked them to bring the stretcher. The women staggered as they loaded him. Each one was so nearly worn out and weary that they could hardly keep going.

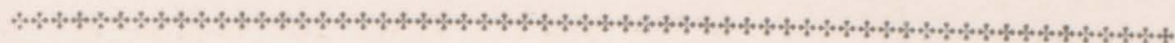
It was a long, hard drive back to headquarters and daylight was approaching when Lt. Marshall reported. After official business was attended to, she went to her barracks and lay down, but not to sleep. She was thinking of the one man she had brought back to the hospital. It looked like Reginald Coney, but yet, could it be? At any rate, she mustn't depend on it now. She needed sleep bad.

The next afternoon, she went to the hospital and her heart skipped a beat as she read--

Reginald Coney
(Simple Casualty)

When he was well enough to have visitors, she went to see him. Her intentions were to walk unconcerned into his room but when she got there, she dashed into his open arms, and after a moment said, "This is our reunion. It'll last from now 'till you're all well and then from the end of this war to ever, darling."

"Yes," was the reply, and the Lieutenant became just Jocelyn, and nestled close.



THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR'S WEDDING

by Harley Reynolds '45

THE telephone rang. Professor Malcolm East, M.A. Ph.D., let it ring. He was trying to finish an article in the two hours before his wedding. Finally, leaving "The Theory of the Cosmic Emotions and Their Relation to the Universe" in a muddle, he went to the phone.

"Malcolm, dear, have you set your alarm clock?" The voice of his bride-to-be was troubled.

"Yes, dear, yes; for 7:15."

"Oh, Mac, if you should forget-- and your own wedding...!" In Dorothy Crosby's voice was something very near a sob.

"I won't forget." Then to himself, "Millie will remind me. She's never failed me yet."

"If you do forget, Mac, I'll marry Dr. Higgins! He said he'd procure a marriage license; a special one, and--"

"Marry Higgins...!" Malcolm waited uncertain.

Dorothy was silent. Only her voice had reached Malcolm, not her smile. Dr. Boyd Higgins had been Mac's friend from boyhood and was to act as best man. He had also been his rival.

"...Higgins!" came Mac's voice again, "Oh, well that's all right. I mean he's to meet me at the house; had a serious case and--." He was trying desperately to hold the important last paragraph of his article in mind while he talked.

"Oh, Malcolm, I don't believe you love me!" Dorothy choked. "You'd forget everything for your work."

"No, I won't... I won't forget anything." He looked down at his formal

attire and felt of his necktie.

Malcolm adjusted his spectacles and returned determinedly to his writing. He had a half hour in which to work, and only the last paragraphs to write. It was 6:45, and the cuckoo clock on the mantel struck the quarter hour.

That was one of the things that a stranger first noticed in the fine old East home-- the number of clocks. For generations, clocks had been true and timely friends of the Easts; from the massive grandfather clock which had stood a hundred years in the hall, to the small shiny alarm clock ticking gaily behind Malcolm.

He kept listening for Millie. Not even his closest friends knew of his loyal helper. With his shy, reserved nature, Malcolm shrunk from the town's knowing of his inherited forgetfulness. Unknown to anyone, Millie had served him faithfully for seven years. He didn't know what in the world he would do without her. Only to Dorothy had he confided something of her helpfulness, but he hadn't repeated her name.

He must tell Dorothy her name. He reminded himself of this sternly. He had withheld from her the name because he feared to lose Dorothy's love if she were to learn of his absent-mindedness, and how he had to depend on Millie. For Dr. Higgins had not been his only rival for Dorothy.

The cuckoo clock struck warningly twice but the sound did not penetrate Malcolm's consciousness. He kept listening for Millie. In the last half hour of the summer twilight his thought had grown quiet. He finished the last troub-

lesome paragraphs as the clock voiced its warning again. This time he looked up, and noticed the time. It was a quarter of eight.

"Great heavens! . . . What has happened to Millie? . . . In fifteen minutes I must be standing with Dorothy before the minister!"

He rushed wildly about the room. "What am I to take?" He thrust his article into a desk drawer and snatched up the alarm clock. For a hundred years the Easts had relied upon clocks. Malcolm always carried his along. "Millie. . . What has happened to you? You have never failed me before."

His big powerful sports roadster shot through the dark streets with the swiftness of an arrow. He went through the traffic lights like a blind man and raced toward the river. Dorothy was waiting. . . He had fifteen minutes. . . He could make it, if the way was clear. . . if the dridge. . . but nothing would stop him! . . . Nothing!

His car fairly hurdled the last two blocks to the river. At the same roaring speed he rounded the warehouse which stood by the draw-bridge and plunged ahead. Before him was a short dark street, two red lights and a rope stretched across an abyss.

The bridge was turned, the draw was open for an incoming boat.

As his car came into view and the impending disaster became eminent, there arose a wild clamor of shouts. Malcolm strained at the brakes. He heard the tires screaming on the road from the sudden pressure, but in another moment he was at the brink.

Malcolm was thrown clear of the car and fell headlong toward a maze of boats, men, mass, and black water. He

caught the Crosby schooner, Morning Star, which was being towed by two tugs up to its wharf.

Water was falling on his forehead. Dorothy's tears, he thought. So, also, did he believe her to be standing near him in her bridal gown, holding her wedding bouquet of lilies close to his face. He caught their fragrance and opened his eyes, to find instead, an ambulance attendant bathing his forehead, and an assistant offering him smelling salts.

"Was anyone with you?" Malcolm blinked hazily at the cool, impersonal voice of a police officer, who was taking notes.

"Millie," he murmured faintly.

There was a stir on the deck. The crowd, keyed up by this new interest and their probable part in solving the mystery, scattered up and down stream to look for her.

"Say, there's a man here who says he knows him," a reporter offered.

"He recognized his ear." The group made way for Dr. Higgins.

"Good heavens, professor, what happened? . . . What miracle!" He exclaimed after a hasty examination. In a few moments a dozen voices told him what little they knew. "Where's the telephone?" he demanded striding away.

When Malcolm opened his eyes again real tears were falling on his face and Dorothy was bending over him. While they were working to restore him to full consciousness, the policeman approached them. "They can't find any trace of a lady who was with him. Do you know—?!"

Dorothy's eyes widened. "Lady with him?"

"Yes, ma'am. They are still looking

for her, and it may be—”

“What have you there?” She pointed at the object in his hand.

“That’s an alarm clock we found in his car.”

Dorothy took it from him and examined it. The alarm hand pointed to 7:15. She turned it over, the alarm key was gone. “Have you the alarm key?” she asked.

“Alarm key?” came a faint voice from Mac as he fumbled in his pocket.

Dorothy took the key, fitted it, and turned it. With a little sigh she turned a smiling face to Malcolm. “It’s just as I thought, dear, you set it and then forgot to wind it.”

Dorothy pondered the meaning of Millie, as she sat atop the heap of canvas with Mac propped up beside her.

At last the men slowly returned to the boat. The search had been fruitless. They had been unable to obtain even a clue to Millie’s whereabouts.

“Are you sure the lady with you did not jump?” asked the policeman gravely. “They can’t find any trace of that Millie.”

The words reached Mac through a mist. “Poor girl,” he lamented confusedly, “I guess she’s gone.”

“We’ll keep searching for her,” the officer promised. “She may have been carried downstream.”

“She was in the car. . .!” Malcolm struggled to emerge from the semiconscious haze which still enveloped him.

“There was nothing in the car but an alarm clock wedged in the seat.”

A smile crept over Mac’s face. “That is her. . . That’s Millie. . . Dear old girl. . . She never troubled me before.”

THE WINNING TEAM

by Harold Marden '44

COACH Perkins walked into the gym with great interest. He had never seen his team practice before for he was the new coach of Richmond. He began giving them a workout and then they had a short scrimmage. The boys took their usual positions—Kelley, center- Libby, r. f.- Smith, l. f.- Lee, r. g.- and Clark, l. g. . . the usual first team players. During these few minutes on scrimmage he noticed the whole team relied on Kelley. He seemed to be a very good player but he was the whole team. The next night he put a boy by the name of Greene in place of Kelley. He had noticed him especially the day before. He was fast, but all he lacked was the spirit to get ahead of Kelley. He kept them practicing this way for about a week. Kelley had to sit on the bench during the scrimmage.

The rest of the team didn’t like it very well. They began talking outside of the school that they would surely have a losing team without Kelley. Some of the town officials went to see Perkins about it but they got nothing out of him. People began to notice that they always saw Perkins and Green together and they thought that perhaps they were old friends and that for this reason Perkins had put him on the first team. About a week before the first game with their greatest rival— Rockport, Perkins noticed very few of the first team attended practice very regularly, so he went to Kelley and asked him if he would get the boys together and get them to come back to practice.

This the boys did, for Kelley’s sake, and by the night of the game, they had quite a good working team, although Greene didn’t star. People who had

never seen a basketball game before, came to see the Richmond teams play and to see what kind of a coach they had hired.

Rockport arrived and when the players heard the news that Kelley was not playing they could hardly believe their ears, for he had been Richmonds star the past two years. No high school in the State had seen anything like him. They thought, of course, they could win very easily if they didn't have Kelley to compete against. The first ten men, which included all six players previously mentioned and four others substitutes, changed up. Coach Perkins read off the starting team as, Smith, Libby, Lee Clark, and Kelley, center. The rest of the men seemed amazed to think that Kelley was going to play but Kelley just grinned and said, "Well, aren't you glad to have me back? Gee whizz, can't anyone speak?"

The rest all stood there saying nothing until Libby said, "You mean to say you have known about this all the time and haven't told us. That's no kind of a captain to have."

"I know it was rather mean but I gave my word of honor to the coach that I wouldn't say anything about it so I didn't. He said he noticed the first night at practice that all of you relied on me too much and there was no teamwork, so in order to make the rest of you be as good as I was, he put someone inferior to the rest of you in there. I was afraid you wouldn't take it any too good but it is going to work out all right— I hope. Oh— oh, there's the starting whistle. Get in there and fight just like you would if Greene was in there and we'll win."

And sure enough, they won with a score of 18-6. All the boys went home

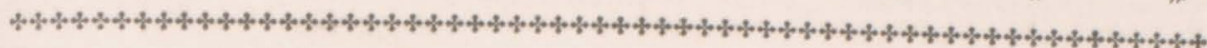
happily. The best was yet in store for them, although they didn't know it at the the time. They won the State cup and took part in the finals in Massachusetts.

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THE UNUSUAL FURLOUGH

by Ralph Marden '44

DONALD arrived in New York Station where he was to get off from his train. He didn't know where he would go or what he would do. He had been given a ten day furlough and he wanted to get out in the world, so he came here. He had no home to go to, and nobody to welcome him, as the other boys on the train had. He went to the nearest and cheapest hotel and ate a good supper. Then he began to feel better. He went out on the street to look around and to his amazement he saw an old girlfriend of his whom he had known before he had been inducted into the armed forces. He had written her two or three times but never had received an answer, so he thought nothing more about her. He asked her if she would like to go to a show with him that evening and she seemed delighted. They talked over old times and asked her why she hadn't answered his letters, she said she never had received a letter from him. She had moved away from Newport after he left and had found employment in a business in New York. By luck, her next day off, was the day after that, and they made plans to spend it together. Don's furlough passed quickly and on the seventh day he had to begin thinking of his return to Army life. Donald hated to part with Elsie and she hated worse to part with him. On the last day, at the spirit of the moment, they decided to get mar-



ried and Elsie would go back to camp with him and set up housekeeping. This is one way to spend a furlough when you have nowhere to go and when there is nobody to go to.

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THE UNKINDEST CUT

SATISFACTION stamped the round features of Peter Crump as he stood gazing across the street at a modern, three-story building of brick red. He told himself that it was a fine building, even if it was his own.

His boyish blue eyes strayed to the vacant lot next door. A week ago he had heard that his worst enemy, Alvin Haig, was going to build there.

Crossing the street, he entered his new building and walked to a large room that was to be his office. He had hardly stepped inside before someone knocked.

"Come in," said the voice of Peter Crump, in a professional tone. The door opened and a thin man with shaggy black eyebrows stepped inside.

Peter scowled; "What do you want," he said addressing Haig.

Alvin Haig picked a thread from his sleeve and looked up. "One hundred thousand bucks!" he said.

"What?"

"You heard me—you see you're an inch over my property, and right now there's a land boom in the town. I figure that inch is worth a hundred thousand and bucks to me."

Peter Crump reached for the phone and called the city surveyor.

The official survey showed the new

brick building to be, as Haig had declared, an inch over on his property.

"I'll pay you a reasonable amount for that inch," he said to Haig, "and if you won't take that, you won't get a cent, I'll have an inch cut off."

Alvin Haig laughed loudly. "A hundred grand's my price," he said, "so you better start cutting."

For a month they chiseled and blew and chipped at the side of the red brick building. Then one day the work ceased,— the job was finished. Immediately Haig began to build. He built right against the freshly hewn wall to prove to Peter Crump and the town that he meant to use that inch.

On the day that the building was completed, Peter met Mr. Haig in front of the entrance and stopped him.

"Well," Haig demanded, "what do you want?"

"A hundred thousand dollars." Peter Crump replied quietly.

"What're you talkin' about?"

"I'm talking about your building," Peter said casually. "It's an inch over on my property."

Alvin Haig's face whitened. "You're crazy."

"Save your breath," Crump said, "I've had it surveyed. You might try to cut that inch off, but I don't think you'd have much luck, because my building is tight up against her. I doubt whether you've got anything like one hundred thousand dollars, so I guess I'll have to be satisfied with your paying the cost of cutting my building, plus a nice bonus for my trouble. You see, instead of cutting off one inch, I had 'em cut off two."



THE LETTER

by Elizabeth Marden '46

JIM was in his office doing his regular office work when his phone rang. He answered with a heavy voice. "Hello, Jim, dear," said the other person's voice. At once he recognized it to be Mary his wife.

"Any news from Henry?" he inquired. Henry was their son who was in the army. They hadn't heard anything from him for a long time and both he and his wife were worried.

"I got a telegram this afternoon saying Henry had gone across," answered Mary. This was what Jim was afraid of.

He answered in the same calm voice, "I'll be home right away," for he knew Mary was worried and perhaps he could help to comfort her. He immediately put away his work and went to his chief to be excused.

"Certainly you may leave early. I know how worried you both must be. I hope he is all right," replied the voice of his boss. When he arrived home his wife met him. He tried to cheer her up and together they went to Jim's study. Jim was a very quiet man and he studied histories of wars. He had large globes of the world there and he pointed out to his wife where Henry might be—Africa, New Guinea, Alaska, and many other places.

Mary listened but her mind wandered away to Alison, a girl whom Henry liked very much. She wondered if she had heard from Henry. She decided to call her and tell her the news. She called after they had eaten their dinner. Yes, Alison had heard.

Mary seemed very quiet that evening. Alison had seemed very hurried, as if

she cared very little for Henry. Mary was disappointed for she knew Henry liked her. She wrote Henry a letter that night. The next morning she told Jim to mail it. He put it in his coat pocket and said he would mail it, but as usual, slipped it into his desk drawer at the office and forgot it. That evening they received a letter from Alison. Mary seemed to like this girl more and more as she read the letter.

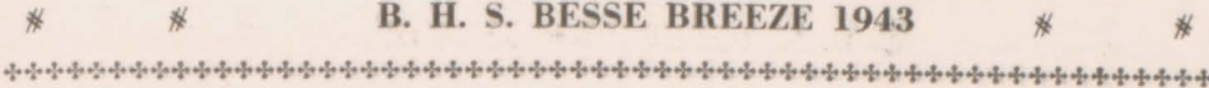
"Jim," she said, "did you mail that letter this morning to Henry?"

"Yes," was the reply, for he knew his wife wouldn't like it if he had forgotten to, and he thought also that she might regret something she had said to Henry about Alison.

"Oh, dear, do you suppose I could get it if I went to the Post Office. I really said nothing wrong in it but Henry might not like what I said about Alison. I have changed my mind now. She must be a sweet girl, don't you think, Jim?" but Jim was already asleep. Life continued as usual until one day they received a letter from Henry. He couldn't tell where he was. As Jim read it over, he suddenly exclaimed—

"He must be in Africa. See the hint when he asked how my plants were growing and said his date palms that he had given to him down there were growing wonderfully. That's a hint where he is!" Both were excited and Jim was proud to think his son was smart enough to give this hint. The letter also said he had won a medal and Jim talked of this often. How he would like to see his Henry.

About a week later, Mary got a telephone call from New York. It was Henry. He had been sent home from Africa to go to officers training school and he



had a two-weeks furlough. He thought he could be home in two days. Everyone was excited and Alison came to visit Mary and Jim so she might be with Henry.

When Mary, Henry and Jim were alone one evening after Alison had gone to bed, Mary said to Henry, "That letter that I wrote you— I really didn't mean those things I said about Alison. I just thought she seemed thoughtless and if she cared nothing for you, I would let you know, but I have changed my mind"

"What letter are you talking about?" asked Henry as if he never knew of such a letter.

Jim laughed and said, "I never mailed that letter, Mary. I knew you would probably regret what you said in it so I never mailed it."

Mary acted disgusted at Jim but she was relieved just the same.

DEAR OLD BESSE HIGH

by Helen Fuller '46

Oh, it's the grandest feeling
When you start to Besse High,
Meeting old friends and making new
Willing to do or die.

The classmates are so friendly,
As are the teachers, too,
Who try to help you all they can
And see that you get through,

And when the four years are ended
You can almost cry,
And how we hate to leave it—
Dear old Besse High..

"FAREWELL TO BESSE"

by Virginia Rideout '43

Parents, teachers, classmates, friends,
We've said our last goodbye,
We're now upon the open road
Where the future triumphs lie.

We've come gallantly through Besse,
Though at times the way was rough;
We've stood the smiles as well as pains,
Not them all willingly enough.

Our teachers have been patient,
Our classmates, loyal, kind,
The friends we've gained will long remain
Forever true in mind.

Our motto expresses very well,
The course we may pursue;
"Launched but not anchored" is the phrase
Through trials we'll come through.

To our parents: we salute you,
Each step along the way,
Without you, life would be difficult,
Each hour throughout the day.

You comforted when troubles appeared
That our future would not be marred;
And cheery smiles brought courage, too,
Many errors from us barred.

So, now, without prolonged adieus,
We take our leave from here;
The doors of the future open wide,
Through them we will disappear.

JUNIOR CLASS ODE

by Helen Ireland & Phyllis McKiel

Our Junior class is famous,
For brains and talent noted;
And our brilliant students
Are, by great men, quoted.

First in line comes Clifton,
Kind-hearted, jovial and gay;
He's usually behind in English class
But he always gets by some way.

Next is our dashing Romeo
Known to you as Fred Clark;
He never is at home, you know;
At Rowe's his car he parks.

Then we see our laughing Dora,
We think she dislikes to study;
Her pastime, we believe, is writing
Letters to her brother's buddy.

Then comes jolly Patsy,
Jokes she does love to tell,
In her work she's never hasty
And we all think she's swell.

Another brilliant Junior lad,
Is a friend to young and old;
He's known as Boyd Fuller
The humorist of our fold.

A little fellow comes next,
He's quiet and sedate;
Albannah is kind to everyone
With us he ranks first-rate.

Then we see our bashful Earl,
As quiet as can be;
He doesn't care for girls, you know,
A very wise boy is he.

Next comes Helen Ireland
A lass with curly locks;
First her heart's in Belfast,
Then she turns to Knox.

Then we see Clifford Lee,
What we can't understand is why,
Always asleep he seems to be,
But nothing misses his eye.

Forrest is a Junior Boy,
A pal to everyone;
He likes the boys, he loves the girls,
He's always full of fun.

A dark lad is next in line,
"Mickey" is known by all;
He's studious in the classroom,
And Virginia is his all.

Next comes "Ikey" Marden
A lad of superior height;
Although famous for his athletic build
He's never known to fight.

Phyllis McKiel is our next lass,
Though in whispering she delights,
She's smart in all her subjects
And stands by all her rights.

Cecile Nelson is our class blonde,
And though she's often late,
She's studious and popular
And enjoys a good debate.

Lendal is our next lad,
And popular it seems,
He's tried in every possible way,
To join with the Marines.

Our next victim is Harry
With dark and wavy hair,
He's liked by all the teachers
For at classtime he's always there.

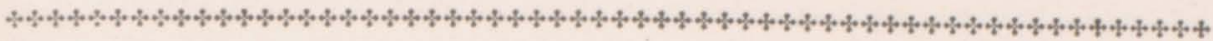
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SENIOR CLASS ODE

by Lloyd Ireland '43

Here is the tale of a wonderful group,
The Seniors of Besse High;
We are known both far and wide
Our banner is lifted high.

Our class is blessed with a Romeo
In sports Clyde ranks first-rate
And when he isn't absent
He always comes in late.

Our little boy is Malcolm
He is liked by one and all;
He participates in all our sports
And stars in basketball.



Carroll is our good boy,
He, too, is short and blonde;
And in any misbehaving
He is never in the wrong.

Our Valedictorian is Lloyd
He's known for going steady;
In sports he too takes part,
And at classtime always ready.

The pride and joy of all the girls,
Is known to us as Durwood;
He never disobeys the rules
In fact he's always good.

Mavor is our red-head,
And our basketball man'ger,
Eula is his heart's desire
No one rates but her.

Our first girl is Avonne
A candidate for the D.A.R.
And usually in her dooryard
You'll find Freddie's car.

Our typist is Virginia
A Canadian is her "all,"
And we really admire her choice
For he's handsome, dark, and tall.

Arlene Bessey is next in line
And soldiers are her pride
And in future years she hopes to be
Sumner's blushing bride.

Ariene Blaisdell, another lass
She, too, is full of fun,
Sne's always gay and jovial
And liked by everyone.

Pearle Haskell is next in line
Her soldier's first name is "Bick,"
But regardless of other boys
She's always true to "Bick."

And so I'll conclude my story
Of my classmates one and all,
And though we graduate in May
We'll think of you next fall.

SPRING FEVER

by Beverly Tarbell '46

He's thinking of spring,
I can tell by his eyes,
He has real spring fever
Though the snow flurries fly.

He's thinking of spring
I can tell by his looks;
He's thinking of fishing
For trout in the brooks.

He's thinking of walking,
'Neath new budding trees
With him'n sheep shuffling
Through last years brown leaves.

He's thinking of swimming
In the old swimming hole,
He's thinking of strawberrin'
Behind Davidson's knoll.

He's thinking of blue skies,
With never a cloud,
And of dozing on hot days,
And in a fragrant hay mow.

No doctor can treat him
For this fever's a thing
That attacks every school boy
At the first whiff of spring.



Humor

- Glendon: "So you are going to propose to Avonne?"
- Fred: "You bet. Wish me luck?"
- Glendon: "Oh, I wish you luck all right — but it won't do you a bit of good because I know she is going to accept."
- Lloyd: "Hungry, dear?"
- Vivian: "Yes, I'd like a bite."
- Lloyd: "Hey, waiter, bite the young lady."
- Mac: "I want some damned ham."
- Clerk: "Sir?"
- Mac: "Excuse me. I meant deviled ham."
- Miss Beverage: "What is a four letter word meaning miss-take?"
- Harold: "W-i-f-e."
- Carroll: "I don't think my girl could tell a lie."
- Mac: "You're lucky. Mine can the minute I utter it."
- Dentist: "What kind of a filling do you want in this tooth?"
- Fred: "Chocolate."
- Mr. Laughton: (In physic class) "What is a foot pound?"
- Forrest: "The distance from an object to its own object."
- Mac: "My girl goes home from office too tired for words."
- Clyde: "Do you suppose my girl could get an office job?"
- Miss Beverage: (U. S. History class) "How long did the Civil War last?"
- Mavor: "Long enough so I will flunk this test."
- Miss Beverage: "Who is head of the food Administration?"
- Phyllis: "Jefferson Davis."
- Fred: "I was just figuring what a big salary my girl gets."
- Mickey: "I didn't know she had a job"
- Fred: "She hasn't, I have."
- Ralph: "What's that girl like that you were out with last night?"
- Mickey: "Everything on the menu."
- Boyd: "Where are we going to eat?"
- Lorraine: "Let's eat up the street."
- Boyd: "No, I don't like asphalt."
- Patsy: "How about taking a ride in the country?"
- Harry: "Not tonight. I'm too tired— How about running out of gas here in town?"
- Miss Beverage: "Clyde, will you please leave Lloyd a lone?"
- Lloyd: "Oh, that's all right, Miss Beverage."
- Mr. Laughton: "What are the effects of tobacco and liquor on the body?"
- Durwood: "It stuns ya growth and head."
- Muriel: "I'm going away to study singing."
- Helen: "Good. How far away?"
- Carroll: "You know I fooled Miss Beverage in History class today."
- Clyde: "How come?"
- Carroll: "Well, she asked me for Lincoln's Gettysburg address and I said he never lived there."



Initials And What They Stand For-----

FRESHMEN:

Richard Harrison Rather hateful
 Arlene Harding Always happy
 Elizabeth Marden Ever meek (?)
 Glenn Meader Great man
 Evelyn Quimby Ever quiet (?)
 Beverly Tarbell Beautiful thing
 Clyde Tuttle Cute thing
 Joyce West Just whacky
 Lorraine West Loves who?
 Robert Bezanson Rather big (?)
 Ruth Bezanson Right believer
 Venora Crosby Very cunning
 Helen Fuller Has fun
 Carlos Buker Cunning baby

SOPHOMORES:

Leland Bessey Little boy
 Ronald Bagley Rather bashful
 James Day Just dopey
 Virginia Bradstreet Very bold
 Janet Waugh Just waiting
 Christine Farris Carroll falls
 Eula Bragg Ever bright
 Harley Reynolds Hates rides (?)
 Delores Crosby Darn cute
 Jaunita Faulkner Just fooling
 James Fuller Jolly fellow
 Conrad Harding Cheery hoodlum
 Muriel Harding Man hater (????)
 Ruby Higgins Romance hater
 Crosby Keay Cute kid
 Vivian Libby Very little
 Cecil Quimby Can't quit

JUNIORS:

Harold Marden Handsome man?
 Forrest Libby Feeling lonely?
 Clifton Bagley Cute boy
 Fred Clark Funny cutie
 Albannah Higgins Always happy
 Harvey Higgins Helen (McFarland's) happiness.
 Helen Ireland Happy (&) innocent
 Patsy Day Pretty dear
 Dora Cookson Darn coy
 Cecile Nelson Coming (at) noon
 Phyllis McKiel Peppy maiden
 Ralph Marden Rugged man
 Boyd Fuller Beautiful fellow
 Earl Hunt Enjoys happiness
 Lendal Taylor Loves talk
 Clifford Lee Constantly late
 Harry Tuttle Hilarious toughie

SENIORS:

Clyde Higgins Clinton's handy-man
 Lloyd Ireland Libby Inc.
 Malcolm West Many women
 Durwood Dow Donald Duck
 Mavor Clark Many colors
 Carroll Wolcott Can't wait
 Arlene Bessey Awful brat
 Virginia Rideout Very ravishing
 Avonne Rowe Always right
 Pearle Haskell Pretty Happy
 Arlene Blaisdell Alone—bashful

Information on Besse High School Students

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE PASTIME
Arlene Harding	"Lena"	Talking
Glendon Meader	"Glen"	Dana
Joyce West	"Jo"	Writing to Reggie
Venora Crosby	"Chubby"	Borrowing a comb
Lorraine West	"Rainy"	Going to the movies
Eula Bragg	"Freckles"	Hen hair
James Day	"Jimmie"	Throwing spit balls
Muriel Harding	"Chicken"	Writing to a soldier
Ruby Higgins	"Blondie"	Her guitar
Harold Marden	"Micky"	Teasing Ralph
Helen Ireland	"Hel"	Changing her mind
Clifford Lee	"Cliff"	Sleeping
Boyd Fuller	"Fuller"	Rainy
Fred Clark	"Freddie"	Preaming
Forrest Libby	"Cheat 1"	Looking for another
Delores Crosby	"Bertha"	Learning to dance
Vivian Libby	"Viv"	Hairdressing & dancing
Juanita Faulkner	"Skeets"	Writing to Helen
Malcolm West	"Mac"	Walking to Owen's
Lloyd Ialand	"Irish"	Staying at Libby's
Janet Waugh	"Jan"	Sputtering
Clyde Higgins	"Hig"	Midge
Carroll Wolcott	"Woody"	Skiping school
Virginia Rideout	"Jinny"	Arnold
Arlene Blaisdell	"Arlene"	Being true
Pearle Haskell	"Purly"	Writing to "Bick"

SONGS AND WHO THEY REPRESENT:

"Barrelhouse Bessie from Basin St."	Arlene Bessey
"A Change of Heart"	Helen Ireland
"Goodbye, My Little Darling"	Arlene Blaisdell
"That Soldier of Mine"	Pearle Blaisdell
"Ain't Got Nobody"	Venora Crosby
"That Brother of Mine"	Ralph Marden
"I'm Getting Tired so I can Sleep"	Clifford Lee
"Give Me a Home in Texas"	Ruby Higgins
"You Can't say "No" to a Soldier"	Muriel Harding

B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE 1943 #

“Why Don’t you Fall in Love Weth Me?”	Forrest Libby
“Be Honest With Me”	Virginia Rideout
“Honest I Do”	Avonne Rowe
“I’ve Got Four New Tires”	???????
“I’m Doing It For Defense”	Clyde Higgins
“My Wild Irish Rose”	Vivian Libby
“F.B.I. (Full Blooded Irishman)”	Lloyd Ireland
“Please Wont You Leave My Girl Alone”	Durwod Dow
“The Woman of the Year”	Mrs. McKechnie
“Three Terrific Guys”	“Mac” West
	Lloyd Ireland
	Forrest Libby
“When Do We Go To Tokyo?”	Harry Tuttle
“Aint Got a Dime to my Name”	“Mac” West
“Are Yuh Spoken Fer?”	Juanita Faulkner
“Dance Me Again”	Delores Crosby
“Sentimental Felling”	Lorraine West
“Baby Girl”	Joyce West
“Big Broad Smile”	Glen Meader
“Take Me Back to Old Virginnny”	Harold Marden
“The Ferris Wheel”	Christine Farris
“There Are Such Things”	Crosby Keay
“Sleepy Hollow”	Earl Hunt
“Mister Five by Five”	Boyd Fuller

IT WOULDN'T BE BESSE UNLESS:

1. Helen giggled and whispered most of the time.
2. “Mickey” did Virginia B’s algebra every day.
3. Phyllis worried because she might not get all A’s on her rank card.
4. Harvey was in Freedom continually.
5. Forrest was late to school each morning.
6. Mavor and Eula were always together.
7. Avonne helped Fred with all his tests.
8. Miss Beverage said “Now, this room is too noisy.”
9. Mac and Delores had their weekly “spats.”
10. Arlene Blaisdell wrote regularly to Earl.
11. Cecile’s bangs were the center of attraction.
12. Pearl skipped school at least three times a week.
13. Virginia was with Arnold on Friday and Saturday night.

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B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE 1943

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- 14. Clyde was in Clinton once a week.
- 15. Boyd and Lorraine were "pals."
- 16. Harry was always fooling in English class.
- 17. Earl was quiet.
- 18. Ralph was constantly arguing.
- 19. Virginia could play the piano.
- 20. Clifford fell asleep during classes.
- 21. Patsy and Dora whispered all the time.
- 22. Phyllis always chewed gum.
- 23. Fred idolized Avonne.
- 24. Clifton loafed all day.
- 25. The Bookkeeping class was noisy.
- 26. Mrs. McKechnie had a temper.



FAMILIAR THINGS AT BESSE:

- Arlene's guitar
- Mavor's red hair
- Clyde Higgin's sarcasm
- Boyd's laugh
- Mac's technique
- Ralph's height
- Venora's singing
- Patsy's jokes
- Virginia's red striped sweater
- Forest's demureness
- Mrs. McKechnie's smile
- Cecile's bangs
- Lorraine's giggles
- Joyce's tinyness
- Durwood's popularity
- Jimmie Day's spit balls
- Phyllis's gum chewing
- Dora's sputtering

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

- Vivian two-timing Lloyd?
- Ralph only 5' 2"?
- Helen going steady?
- Durwood winning an argument?
- Juanita with her Prince charming?
- Forrest and Patsy going steady?
- Pearle not writing to Bick?
- Joyce West three inches taller?
- The teachers getting angry?
- Carroll & Mac getting sent out of class?
- Eula ever forgetting Mavor?
- Avonne and Fred not arguing?
- No Friday night movies?
- Virginia Bradstreet doing her algebra alone?
- Forrest getting his French done by classtime?
- Besse High School remodeled?
- Classes noisy?
- Virginia Rideout not enjoying cowboy music?



Illustrious People

(Juniors & Seniors)



Malcolm West... "Mac" (in the movies)	Harvey Higgins..... "Dinglehoofer"
Avonne Rowe..... "Maggie"	Albannah Higgins..... "Tarzan"
Virginia Rideout..... "Fritzie Ritz"	Boyd Fuller..... "Popeye"
Lloyd Ireland... "The Batman"	Patsy Day..... "Tillie the Toiler"
Pearle Haskell..... Hedy Lamaar	Dora Cookson..... "Rosie"
Clyde Higgins..... "Little Rollo"	Frederick Clark..... "Jiggs"
Durwood Dow... "The Mad Maestro"	Clifton Bagley..... "Jungle Jim"
Mavor Clark..... "Red" Skelton	Clifford Lee..... "Superman"
Arlene Blaisdell..... "Miss Twiddle"	Forrest Libby..... "Jeff"
Arlene Bessey..... Kate Smith	Harold Marden..... "Mutt"
Carroll Wolcott..... "Dagwood"	Cecile Nelson..... "Toots"
Helen Ireland..... "Blondie"	Lendal Taylor..... "Casper"
Ralph Marden..... Donald Duck	Harry Tuttle..... Caesar Romero
Earl Hunt..... "Flash Gordon"	

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SENIORS OF 1943

Arlene Blai	S	dell
Clyde	E	Higgins
Avonne	N	e Rowe
Lloyd	I	reland
Durwood	O	od Dow
Mavor	R	Clark
Malcolm	C	olm West
Carroll	L	Wolcott
Virginia	A	Rideout
Arlene Be	S	sey
Pearle Ha	S	kell

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 Alumni 

1937

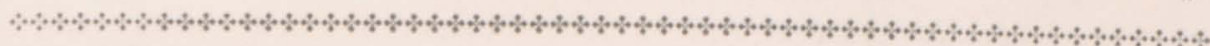
Althea Baker Baker- Housewife, Jefferson
Marguerite Bessey- At home, Albion
Alberta Bradstreet- Working, Thayer Hospital, Water-
ville
Harland Brown- Working, Bath
Donald Bradstreet- U.S.Army, New Jersey
Eva Crosby, Clerking, Albion
Phyllis Faulkner Perkins- Teaching, Freedom
Kenneth Foster- Working, Portland
Lawrence Glidden- Air Corps
Elizabeth Hammond- Teaching, Salem, Mass
Mandel Harding- U.S.Army, Hawaii
Lillian Hunt- Army Nurse, N.Y
Louise Libby- Army Nurse, England
Harold Littlefield- Farmer, Albion
Donald Marks- Creamery, Albion
Betty Knowlton Mason- Housewife, Albion
Marjorie Stearns- Working, Mass
Luona Cookson Willette- Housewife, Portland
Imogene Young Furbush- Office-work, Farmington

1938

Doris Belden Reed- Housewife, Palermo
Richard Bickmore- U.S.Army, N.J.
John Cookson- Air Corps, Illinois
Henry Marden- Aviation Instructor, Arkansas
Carlton Parkhurst- U.S.Army, Overseas
Ruth Perkins Murch- Housewife, Unity
Virginia Rowe Bradstreet- R.N. Thayer Hospital, Water-
ville
Archie Sennett- U.S.Army, Overseas

1939

Edward Bagley- Attending U of M, Orono
Opal Baker Buker- Housewife, Benton
Christine Bessey- Working, Keyes Fiber, Waterville
Winston Ross- U.S.Army, Georgia
Cecil Bradstreet- Attending U of M, Orono
Harold Crosby- U.S.Army, Portland



Elva Munroe Marden- R.N. Arkansas
Katherine Noyes Ireland- Working, Conn.
Bertha Russell Hunter- Housewife, Portland
Romaine Sennett Colford- Housewife, Waterville
Myra Skillin- Attending Thomas Business College, Wat-
erville

1940

Norbert Kelley- U.S.Army, Texas
Winton Bagley- U.S.Army, Louisiana
Russell Perry- Cadet, Air Corps, Tenn
George Belden- U.S.Army,
Burdell Bessey, Farming, Albion
Lucille Bradstreet- Working, Augusta
Thelma Brann- Teaching- Alna
Elsie Cookson Jackson- Housewife, Gardiner
Hazel Crommett- Attending F.S.N.S. Maine
Eloise Glidden- Training for Nurse, Belfast
Catherine Hill- Working, Creamery, Albion
Donald Libby- Cadet, Air Corps, N.J.
Norma Olsen- Working, California
Beulah Willoughby- Training for Nurse, Mass.

1941

Ethelyn Bradstreet- Attending U of M, Orono
Hilda Fuller- At home, Albion
Guy Patterson- Working, Bath
Claude Patterson- At home, Albion
Arnold Hamilton- Farming, Albion
Earle Rhoda- Attending Diesel Engineering School, N.J.
Violet Higgins- At home, Albion
Shirley Cookson Pottle- Housewife, Benton
Elinor Baker Dickey- Housewife, Albion
Floyd Harding- Attending Colby College, Waterville
Ralph Lee- U.S.Army, N.C.
Herbert Brown- Marines, Texas

1942

Mary Bessey- Secretarial work, Mass.
Alice Perkins- Attending Business College, Bangor
Phyllis Day- Attending F.S.N.S. Farmington
Wesley Basford- Farming, Albion
Richard Fuller- U.S.Navy, Florida
Donald Trask- At home, Albion

CENSUS OF SENIORS

BOYS	GIRLS
Mavor Clark	Tallest Arlene Blaisdell
Carroll Wolcott	Shortest Pearle Haskell
Clyde Higgins	Most talkative Virginia Rideout
Lloyd Ireland	Most popular Pearle Haskell
Mavor Clark	Slimmest Arlene Blaisdell
Malcolm West	Cutest Pearle Haskell
Lloyd Ireland	Best looking Pearle Haskell
Durwood Dow	Quietest Arlene Bessey
Malcolm West	Class comedian Arlene Bessey
Clyde Higgins	Most dignified Avonne Rowe
Carroll Wolcott	Most ambitious Virginia Rideout
Lloyd Ireland	Most likely to succeed Virginia Rideout
Lloyd Ireland	Class wit Arlene Bessey
Carroll Wolcott	Class baby Pearle Haskell
Lloyd Ireland	Class elders Arlene Blaisdell
Clyde Higgins	Flirt Virginia Rideout
Malcolm West	Gum chewer Pearle Haskell
Clyde Higgins	Bluffer Avonne Rowe
Lloyd Ireland	Best natured Virginia Rideout
Durwood Dow	Most serious minded Avonne Rowe
Lloyd Ireland	Most helpful Virginia Rideout
Malcolm West	Class pest Arlene Bessey
Clyde Higgins	Darkest Pearle Haskell
Carroll Wolcott	Lightest Arlene Blaisdell
Lloyd Ireland	Best dressed Avonne Rowe
Malcolm West	Best athlete Avonne Rowe
Lloyd Ireland	Best dancer Avonne Rowe
Lloyd Ireland	Most efficient Virginia Rideout
Lloyd Ireland	Cleverest Virginia Rideout
Clyde Higgins	Class wallflower Arlene Blaisdell

EXCHANGES

School closing so early this year has necessitated our printing the year-book sooner than usual. Therefore, we have not made any exchanges with other schools at this time. However, we would be willing to do this later on. We welcome all old exchanges and any new ones.

ATTENTION!

Patronize our Advertisers. Were it not for their generosity "Besse Breeze" would cost \$2.00 or more. Please give these friends your preference in trade.

THE EDITORS.

Classified Ads!

- LOST: Our friends, the Seniors. Rest of the School
- FOUND: Another boy to add to my collection. Janet Waugh
- WANTED: A car of my own so I can take Venora out every Sat. nite
Forrest Libby
- FOR SALE: My claims on the Movie Circuit. Helen Ireland
- WANTED: A new device to prevent Eula from running out on me.
Mavor Clark
- WANTED: A Sunday School party where boys aren't allowed.
Senior S.S. Girls
- LOST: All hopes of our ever graduating. The Juniors
- FORGOTTEN: Our quarrel at the Clinton dance Sat. nite, April 10th
Boyd and Lorraine
- WANTED: Cushions in the balcony seats at Friday night movies
Arlene Blaisdell — Virginia Rideout
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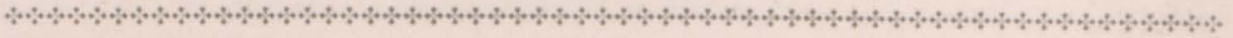
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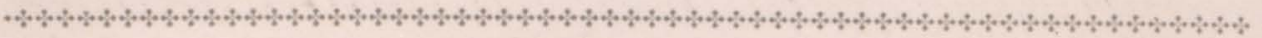
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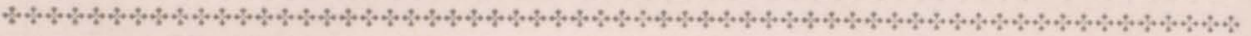
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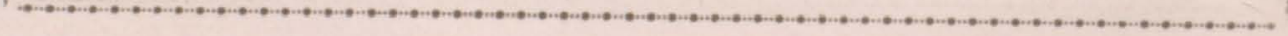
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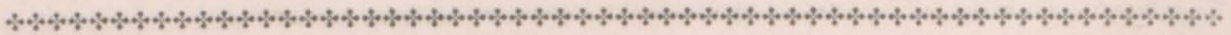
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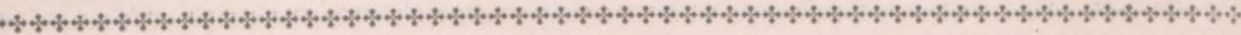
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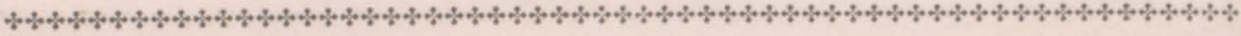
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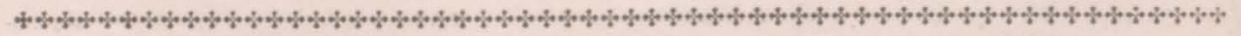


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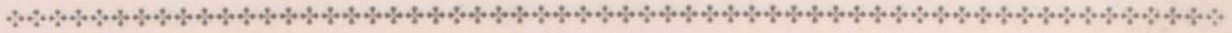
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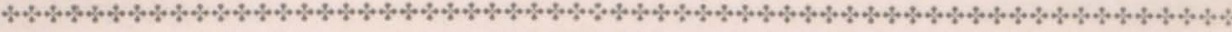
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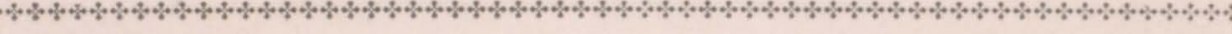
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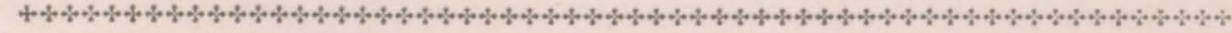
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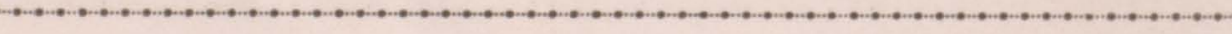
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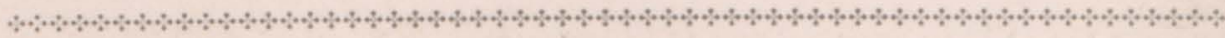
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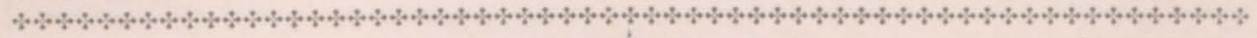
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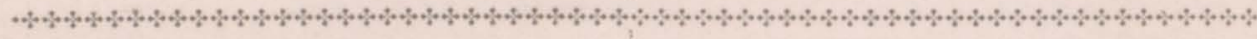
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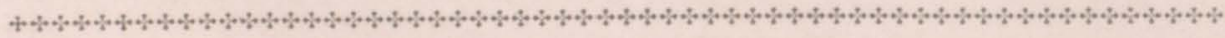
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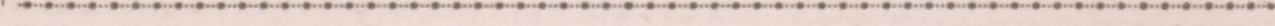
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