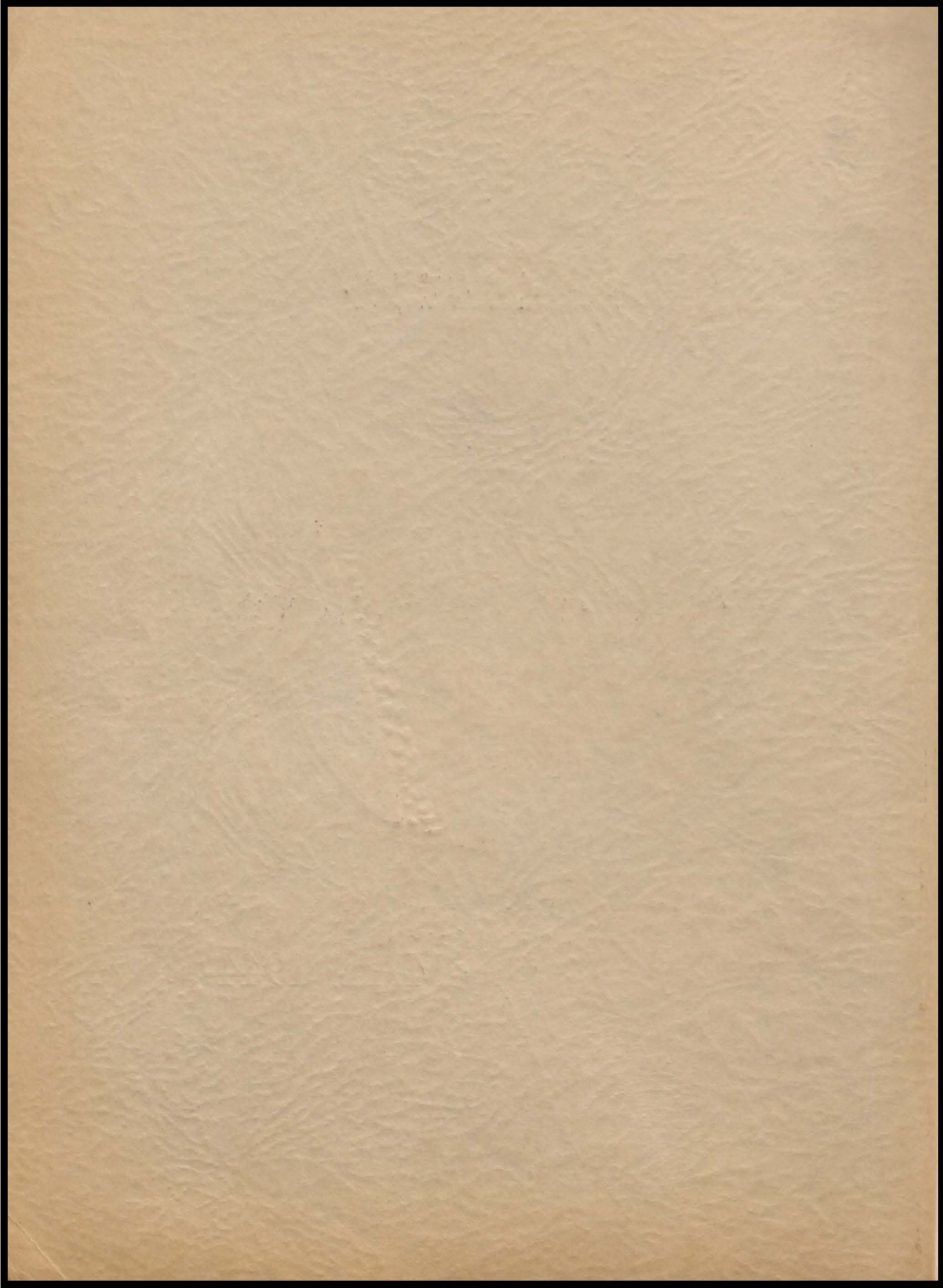


BESSE BREEZE



←-MAY 1944-→



BESSE BREEZE

of

BESSE HIGH SCHOOL



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Albion — Maine

1944



Sgt. Harold Marden



Cpl. Ralph Marden



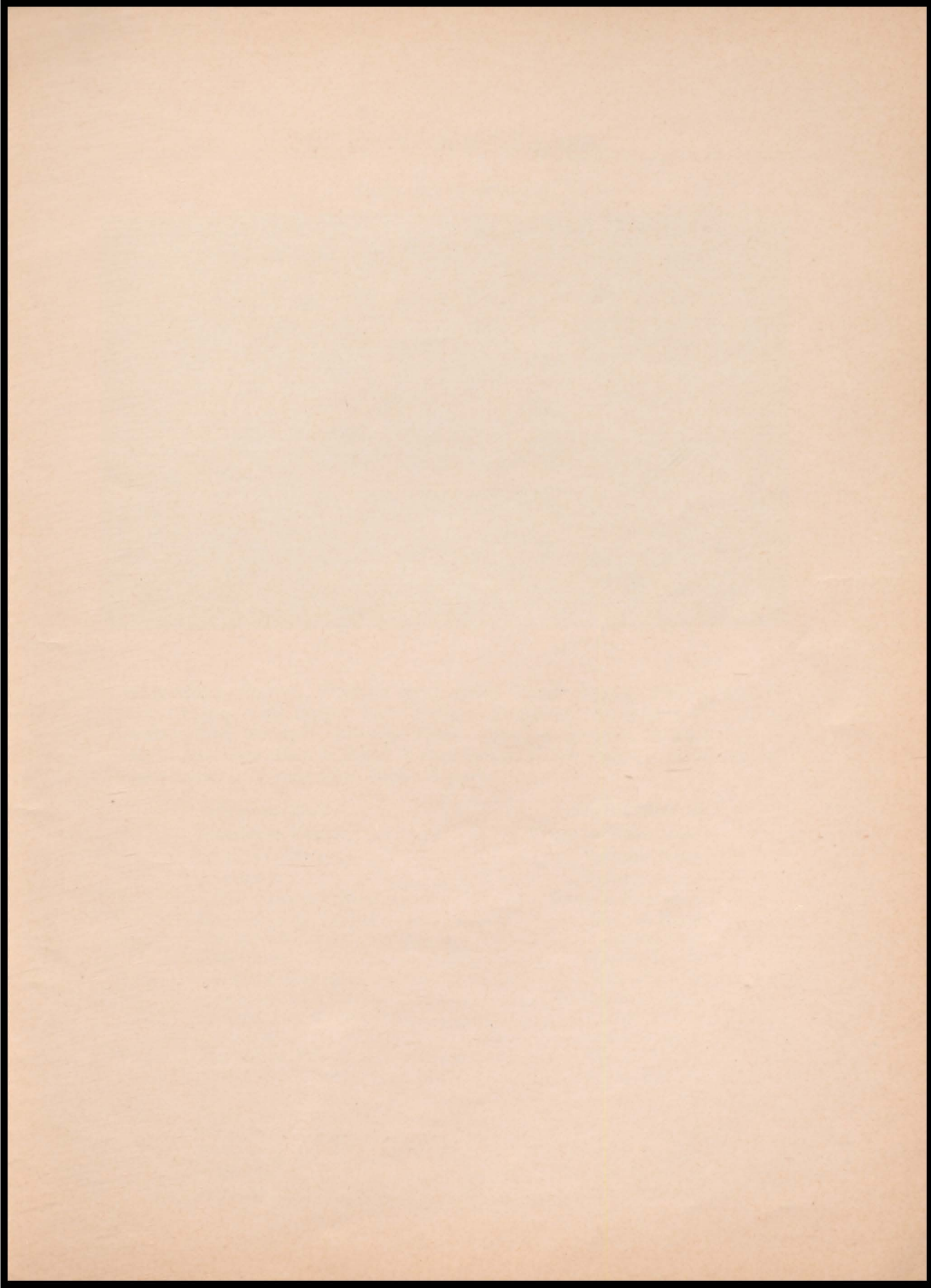
Frederick Clark, T.M.V. 3/c

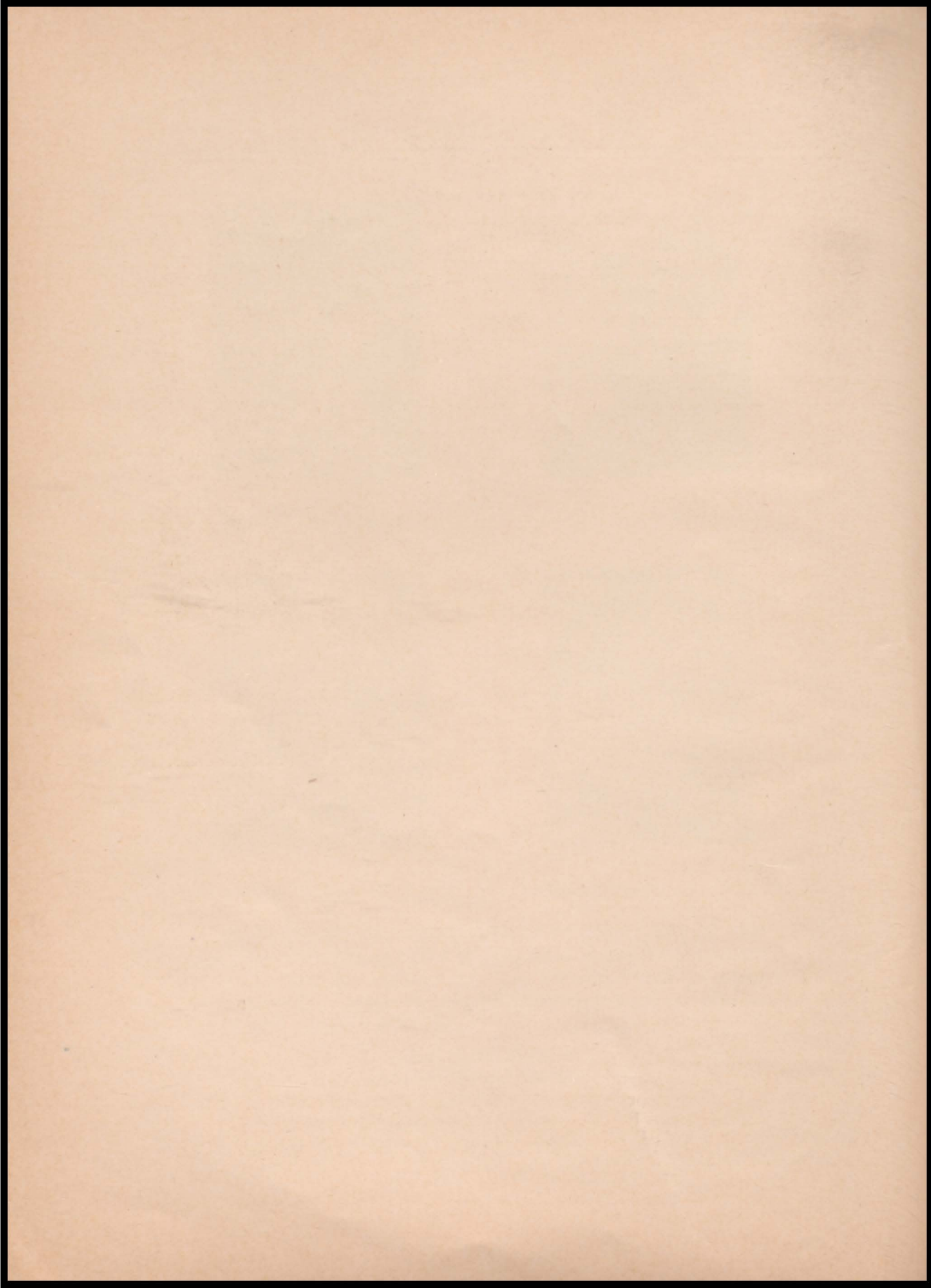


La Forrest Libby, S½ A.R.M

To those boys who were still members of the Class of 1944 when they were either called to or enlisted in the Armed Forces of our country, we realizing that they left school that we might continue school, respectfully and affectionately dedicate this issue of the "BESSE BREEZE."

Corporal Ralph Marden
Sergeant Harold Marden
Forrest Libby
Frederick Clark





EDITORIAL BOARD



Left to right. Seated: Virginia Bradstreet, Harry Tuttle, Phyllis McKiel, Helen Ireland, Eula Bragg, Boyd Fuller. Standing: Anne McKiel, Conrad Harding, Miss Mitchell, Bernice Rood, Glendon Meader, Ronald Bagley, Jaunita Faulkner, Harold Rood, Vivian Libby, Clyde Tuttle, Clifton Bagley, Arlene Harding, James Day, Janet Waugh.

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HIGH HONORS— 90 or over

HONORS— 85 to 90

SENIORS

Phyllis McKiel (5)
Harry Tuttle (5)
Helen Ireland (1)
Bernice Rood (1)

Clifton Bagley (2)
Dora Cookson (2)
Boyd Fuller (4)
Helen Ireland (4)
Bernice Rood (4)

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Virginia Bradstreet (5)
Muriel Harding (1)
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Janet Waugh (4)

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Leland Bessey (4)
Eula Bragg (3)
Conrad Harding (2)
Muriel Harding (4)
Jaunita Faulkner (4)
Vivian Libby (4)
Janet Waugh (1)

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Ruth Bezanson (4)
Arlene Harding (2)
Elizabeth Marden (4)

Robert Bezanson (3)
Arlene Harding (3)
Richard Harrison (2)
Ruby Higgins (1)
Glendon Meader (3)
Elizabeth Marden (1)
Clyde Tuttle (3)
Joyce West (1)

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Anne McKiel (1)

Roberta Bezanson (3)
Anne McKiel (4)
Norman Rideout (1)
Dorothy Robbins (1)
Maxine Sutdley (2)

NOTE: The number indicates the number of times the student has been on the honor roll.

EDITORIAL

NO ROSY DREAMS

In recent years Seniors graduating from high school faced their future with optimism, to say the least. Most of them had very bright and rosy dreams of the future. And in a sense their hopes were justified, in spite of depressions and war clouds pushing their heads above the horizon for those who had searching eyes to see. The future still looked hopeful. Politicians promised a smooth road to plenty and prices were good. There were still automobiles to sell, beauty parlors offered good jobs for girls, as women were busy beautifying themselves. Oh! it was a very nice world for the bright young graduate to enter.

We of the class of 1944 have no such rosy dreams, no shining illusions to take with us as we leave school behind us. In fact many may have a secret longing to cling a little longer to the dear familiar things we have appreciated so little. Already many of our classmates are in the service. Many more will be going as soon as school is over. Those who are left have the grim prospect of doing more than they have done with less to do with and fewer comforts.

Nevertheless, we have the same obligation to ourselves, our parents, and our school that all the former graduates had; namely, to so conduct ourselves as to be a credit to them. How much credit or fame our lives bring to them is our problem. How difficult our problems becomes depends a great deal on our attitude towards our job. We can do just as little as we can get by with, we can be gloomy and crabby and have the feeling that nothing matters much anyhow; or we can manage cheerfully and happily and feel that we are doing our part in our own way towards winning the war, and that the more hardships we face the quicker the war will be over.

If we take the latter attitude our future will begin to look slightly brighter and we will have a great deal more responsibility and perhaps a greater need for clear vision than we have at the moment. Let us hope that our struggles to do our jobs well, to keep our courage and hope, to go forward with no regretful backward looks will give us that vision. I'm sure the capacity of taking the responsibilities is within us and hard work will develop the strength we need, as we go out to face the future. We will have courage, hope, faith, a capacity and fortitude for hard work. But we will have very little laughter and no "Rosy Dreams."

Cecile Nelson

EDUCATION THROUGH RECREATION

Two mottoes that we should always keep in our minds are: "Education and recreation, united they stand, divided they fall," and "Let us have more

joy in life." A great amount of joy can be obtained by uniting education and recreation. If we get more joy we shall get more of the things that are so sadly needed; more music, more clean conduct, more good fellowship, more community spirit, more beautiful cities and more value in our social life.

We should never forget that recreation includes something more than the playing of games. It includes the skills, arts, music, and drama, hobbies and many others, which all human beings are capable of acquiring, if they are given the chance. These arts, crafts, and skills provide the most enjoyable kinds of recreation.

In our school system, I think we should have more activities which bring out the students. Instead of just loading them with book knowledge. Such activities or studies are: music, home economics, manual training, typing and others similar to these.

The greatest service that education can render to any child or adult is to lead him to the discovery of his own powers. It is sometimes said that why so many people don't know what to do with their leisure time, and therefore spend it in dull folly, is that the creative part of them was never awakened when they were young.

Another result which will follow from uniting recreation and education is the diminishing of crime. Most juvenile delinquency takes place in cities or towns where there aren't any play grounds, or other community activities which will provide something to take up the leisure time of young people. Crime begins as juvenile delinquency and develops into adult crime. If juvenile crime can be prevented by having recreation of some sort to take care of leisure time, all sorts of crime will diminish.

A good example of linking together of recreation and education is found in the Boy Scouts. This organization gives the boys a chance to use their love of adventure, keeps them out of mischief; and by teaching them courage, self-control, self-respect, loyalty, discipline, and responsibility it paves the way for citizenship.

Thus we see how important recreation is to education and how education is brought about by recreation.

Bernice Rood

PATRIOTISM

One may define patriotism as the way a person observes the rules of etiquette and shows reverence toward his country, flag, and government. Many known poems have been written about this subject. One of Daniel Webster's famous mottoes is, "Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."

The beginnings of patriotism are very uncertain. In the days of Horace, a Roman poet who lived in the first century before the birth of Christ, patriotism was not new. The people were, even at that time, telling their children about Regulus, a Roman hero, who two hundred years before had luckily convinced his fellowmen not to make peace with Carthage, and then had returned to the home of the enemy, where he suffered torture and finally death. Even farther back than that, a brave band of Spartans held a pass at Thermopylae and died to a single man to save Greece from Persian tyranny.

The inner feeling that makes patriots of men is the staunch belief that life itself is of less importance than the life of the nation. Our famous orator and statesman, Patrick Henry, said at the Continental Congress, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" These words speak for themselves. Joan of Arc, a little French peasant girl, led the armies of France successfully against England. Such, too, was the spirit of Nathan Hale, whose dying statement, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country," expresses the feeling of the patriots of all nations and all ages.

In these times, we shouldn't forget the present day patriots. Certainly a man as daring, self-sacrificing, as Colin Kelly, deserves praise and honor. The Sullivan brothers, too, should be remembered. In their determination to "stick together" while fighting for a common cause, they forgot the importance of their own lives. There are many unknown patriots, who are lying in small graves far across the sea, that deserve a lot of credit, even though their names are not in the headlines of newspapers.

This spirit of loyalty and self-sacrifice inspires all those who practice patriotism in everyday affairs. The greater quality of love for country is that which encourages men and women to be good, respectable citizens; this feeling causes them to want to sacrifice leisure, pleasure, money, and even personal desires to serve their country. To them, voting and an active part in the government is a sacred duty.

The spirit of patriotism to one's country should be started and encouraged in the hearts of children when young, in the home, in the community, and in the schoolroom. There should be available books and magazines, which will inspire noble ideas and heroic living. Above everything, parents and teachers should cooperate at all times and in every way possible to set a good example of patriotic devotion. The son, who observes his father breaking the law and forgetting his duties as a good citizen, while his mother completely ignores this vital problem, is apt to think more about himself than his country. Teachers will find that subjects like history, literature, and especially civics are vast opportunities for advancing democratic feeling. Special programs should be prepared in the observance of historical events and birthdays of our famous men. Every pupil in the schools of the United States should be taught the verses of his country's national anthem, the American's Creed, and the salute to the

flag.

I feel that I can best practice patriotism by trying to be a good citizen in every possible way; by observing rules in relation to respect to the flag, by helping others as far as possible, and by being loyal to the United States and her government.

Here in America, we as good citizens respect our president and other government officials. In Germany the people are forced to respect a tyrant even though his type of government isn't what they desire. Those who love their country, the true patriots, dare to defy this ruler even though it always means death. "Love of country has never been confined to one people or period in history. It is a universal feeling of human heart, and of the noblest to which humanity is heir.

Janet Waugh

JOB ON THE HOME FRONT

Off in the distance a shot is heard, it is coming nearer, it has hit its target. A loud mourning pierces the air, a limp body falls back into a foxhole and lies motionless in the blood and mud. Another Axis bullet has found its objective. Where? Pacific Islands, Africa, Italy, China? Who? Jim, Tom, Larry, Dick? It might be any one of those boys out there, not standing around and waiting for death but fighting to prevent it and praying it won't come.

Out there somewhere in the dark night there are many of those boys lying awake, wondering. Wondering how things are at home now, how "Mom" is and if her hair has turned just a little more gray because of him. He wonders, looking up into the starless sky, how long it will be before he will be going back to the United States. See that country again? What made him think he was going to? Wasn't there an incalculable number of his buddies losing their lives each day in front of his face and eyes?

But where did we leave our first soldier? Dead in a foxhole! Oh, but there is a much sadder situation nearer home. The family next door, you are acquainted with them, aren't you? Now the lady of the house told me only yesterday that she just didn't have enough sugar stamps and that every stamp had been used in her gasoline book, so how was she going to get into town to get her hair waived? "Confidentially," she whispered, "just between you and me, I can't see what all this rationing is for anyway." Well, that didn't set too good with me, and I won't repeat what I said. But we must not take it all out on this one neighbor, as there are plenty more just the same. You know them. It is really too bad what they have to go through!

We must give up a few things for these boys. If not, when will they come home? Every thing we patronize, such as the Black Market, everytime we

travel unnecessarily, we make their return a little farther away.

They need our whole-hearted support. Does it mean anything to us that millions of men are victims of enemy slaughtering? We talk to our neighbors and remark that it is a shame that so many have already fallen into the hands of death, but what do we do about it? Is your next statement: "I'm making good money now and if so many things weren't rationed I'd be sitting pretty right now!" Is that how we're going to win the war? NO! Only by our full cooperation will we keep these men from their muddy graves.

Juanita Faulkner

"STILL CARRYING ON"

As Jane planted a row of bachelor buttons in her flower bed, she was thinking how she and John, together, had done this very thing last year. Yes, she and John had enjoyed planting the flower beds and watching the plants mature into blossoms. The blooms were as beautiful as John's and Jane's own life. The happiness that had reigned over their little white bungalow a year ago was typical of that found in many American homes before the disaster of Pearl Harbor. Jane realized that when John had gone to war she must carry on until he came home; that was why she had gone to work in a munitions plant; that was why she was now working in her yard— like she and John had done each year when spring rolled around.

Virginia Bradstreet

"EDUCATION BEGINS AT HOME"

(Condensed from *School and Society*)

Let us see— just what is there for youth to control— to improve, perfect and fulfill? Is our government at its best? Has the best picture been painted; the greatest poem sung; the mightiest novel written; the divinest music conceived? We have 99% of the knowable yet to be discovered in the field of science. With this idea in mind we can indeed say that there is everything for youth to take over and control.

Charles Kettering says, "The best way we can help our young folks— we who are turning over to them so much unfinished business— is to make sure that they have every chance to develop the three qualities they'll need most as creative pioneers. These are vision, imagination, and courage. Through vision they will see things as they really are. Through imagination they will dream greatly of things that may be. Through courage they will act boldly to make their dreams come true"....

Personal Opinion: — This article proved very inspiring, especially to one about to graduate. It leaves you with the assurance that all the necessary and important factors in life have not yet been discovered, but are to be discovered— perhaps by you or me.

Helen Ireland



CLASS ROLL

Clifton Bagley
Dora Cookson
Boyd Fuller
Albannah Higgins
Earl Hunt

Helen Ireland
Phyllis McKiel
Cecile Nelson
Bernice Rood
Harold Rood

Harry Tuttle

Class Officers:

President- Boyd Fuller
Vice-President: Phyllis McKiel
Secretary & Treasurer Helen Ireland

Class Motto:- "We Accept the Challenge"

Class Colors:- Red, white, and blue

Class Flower:- Carnation

COMMENCEMENT

Baccalaureate-	Professor Libby, Speaker--	Apr. 30, Church, 3:00 p.m.
Last Chapel-	- - - -	May 2, Church, 2:30 p.m.
Graduation-	- - - -	May 3, I.O.O.F. Hall, 8:00 p.m.
Graduation Ball	- - - -	May 3, I.O.O.F. Hall, 9:30 p.m.

Phyllis McKiel

"Phyll"

"Although time keeps growing shorter
And her work is nearing an end,
Friendships will follow her,
And success will be her friend."

Activities: Basketball(1,2,3,4), Capt.(4), Assis. Basketball Mgr.(3), Softball(1,2), Bazaar Play(1), Bazaar Business Mgr.(4), Ed. Board(1,2,3,4), Editor-in-chief(4), Minstrel Show(1), Sec. & Treas. of class(1,2), Girls' Playday(1), Sr. Play(1,2,4), Glee Club(1), Operetta Chorus(1), Victory Corps(3), Jr. Red Cross(3,4), Honorary Sargent of Boys' Military Drill(3), Pres. of Class(3), Vice Pres.(4), D.A.R. Candidate(4), Honor Roll(1,2,3,4).

Valedictory



Harry Tuttle

"Tut"

"Not dashy, not showy, not flashy, not coy;
But ready, and steady, and a mighty nice boy."

Activities: Class Pres.(1), Football(1), Class Vice Pres.(2), Victory Corps(3), Pres. of Student Council(4), Freshman Play(1), Military Training(3), Bazaar Committee(2,3,4), Minstrel Show(1), Editorial Board(4), Honor Roll(1,2).

Salutatory



Helen Ireland

"Skipper"

"Her friends are many, her enemies none;
A very good student and a lot of fun."

Activities: Basketball(1,2,3,4), Assistant Basketball Mgr.(3), Softball(1,2), Girls' Playday(1), Vice Pres. of Class(3), Bazaar Committee(1,2,3,4), Ed. Board(1,2,3,4), Minstrel Show(1), Sec'y & Treas.(4), Sr. Play 1,4, Glee Club 1, Operetta 1, Victory Corps 3, Jr. Red Cross 3,4, Student Council 1,2, Honor Roll 1,2,3,4, Sophomore Play 2.

First Honor Essay





Boyd C. Fuller

"Bo"

"Girls are the root of all evil."

Activities: Basketball(1,2,3,4). Basketball Capt. (4), Baseball(1,2), Football(1,2), Bazaar Committee(1,2,3,4), Chairman-Bazaar(4), Sr. Play(2,4), Freshman Play(1), Sophomore Play(2), Editorial Board(1,2,3,4), Student Council(3), Sec'y of Student Council(3), Minstrel Show(1), Class Vice Pres.(1), Class Pres.(4), Military Training(3), Victory Corps(3), Jr. Red Cross(3),

Second Honor Essay



Cecile Nelson

"Cecily"

"Useless she finds it to hurry and scurry,
She makes haste slowly, refusing to worry."

Activities: Minstrel Show(1), Basketball(2), Softball(1,2), Sr. Play(4), Girls' Playday(1), Operetta Chorus(1), Victory Corps(3), Jr. Red Cross(3,4), Bazaar Committee(4), Student Council(4), Glee Club(1).

Class Gifts



Albannah L. Higgins

"Bane"

"Good nature is one of the richest fruits of mankind."

Activities: Victory Corps(3), Jr. Red Cross(3), Military Training(3), Bazaar Committee(3,4), Sr. Play(4).

Class Will

Clifton Bagley

"Ciff"

"To be free and happy."

Activities: Basketball(1,2), Bazaar Committee(4), Student Council(4), Editorial Board(4), Sr. Play(4), Military Training(3,4).

Class Prophecy



Dora E. Cookson

"Do"

"A light heart lives long."

Activities: Minstrel Show(1), Freshman Play(1), Basketball(1,2,3,4), Softball(1,2), Sophomore Play(2), Sr. Play(4), Girls' Playday(1), Operetta Chorus(1), Victory Corps(3), Jr. Red Cross(3,4), Bazaar Committee(4).

Class History



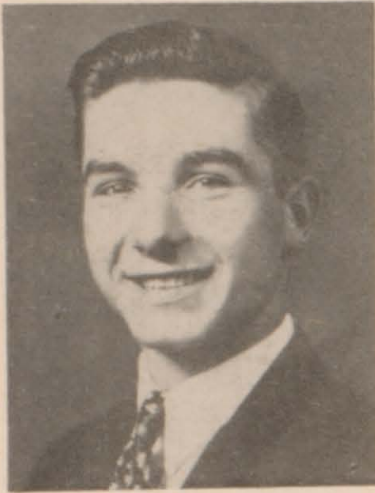
Earl R. Hunt

"Lighthing"

"Silent waters run deep."

Activities: Jr. Red Cross(3,4), Military Training(3).





Harold E. Rood

“Rudy”

“Work and worry have killed many men
So why should I take a chance?”

Activities: Winslow High School(1,2,3), Speaking Contest (1,2), Assembly Programs(1,2,3), Baseball(1,2,3), Football(1,2,3), Track(2), Varsity “W”, Basketball(4), Sr. Play (4), Treas. of Student Council(4), Besse Breeze Board(4), Bazaar Committee(4).

Class Gifts



Bernice E. Rood

“Bunny”

“Forever and a day,
Her friends will linger on.”

Activities: Winslow(1,2,3), Speaking Contest(1,2), Assembly Programs(1,2), Gym Demonstration(2), Honor Roll(1,2,3,4), Basketball(4), Sr. Play(4), Sec’y of Student Council (4), Editorial Board(4), Bazaar Committee(4),

Class Prophecy



School Roll

SENIORS

Boyd Fuller- President
Phyllis McKiel- Vice-President
Helen Ireland- Sec'y & Treas.
Clifton Bagley
Dora Cookson
Albannah Higgins
Earl Hunt
Cecile Nelson
Bernice Rood
Harold Rood
Harry Tuttle

SOPHOMORES

Arlene Harding- President
Glendon Meader- Vice-President
Venora Crosby- Secretary
Elizabeth Marden- Treasurer
Robert Bezanson
Ruth Bezanson
Richard Harrison
Ruby Higgins
Evelyn Quimby
Clyde Tuttle
Joyce West
Lorraine West

JUNIORS

Leland Bessey- President
Vivian Libby- Vice-President
Virginia Bradstreet- Secretary
Ronald Bagley- Treasurer
Eula Bragg
James Day
Jaunita Faulkner
Muriel Harding
Conrad Harding
Cecil Quimby
Harley Reynolds
Janet Waugh

FRESHMEN

Norman Rideout- President
Pearl Rood- Vice-President
Maxine Sutdley- Secretary
Shirley Fuller- Treasurer
Gerald Bagley
Wilmont Baker
Robert Bezanson
Henry Folger
Anne McKiel
Winnifred Merrithew
Jennie Noyes
Dorothy Robbins
George Waugh

STUDENT BODY



Seated: l. to r.: L. West, S. Fuller, R. Bezanson, J. West, H. Ireland, Prin. Wilkins, J. Faulkner, V. Libby, B. Rood, D. Cookson, E. Quimby, A. McKiel. 2nd row: Mrs. Rabenius, D. Robbins, P. Rood, M. Studley, V. Bradstreet, J. Noyes, A. Harding, E. Marden, M. Harding, E. Bragg, J. Waugh, R. Bezanson, R. Higgins, P. McKiel. 3rd row: J. Day, C. Quimby, G. Meader, B. Fuller, N. Rideout, G. Bagley, W. Baker, G. Waugh, H. Folger, Miss Mitchell. Back row: H. Reynolds, R. Bezanson, H. Rood, L. Bessey, R. Harrison, C. Tuttle, E. Hunt, C. Bagley, R. Bagley, H. Tuttle, C. Harding.

LITERATURE

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Can one safely trust to his first impressions? I, for one, no longer feel that it is safe to do so. Let me illustrate my point. This last fall Besse was to have a whole new faculty. It was going to be a complete change all around. The first day at school was one of anxiety. One needed to be on hand early; there were the new teachers to meet; and also there were 101 yarns to spill to one's classmates.

We had all met the new principal, Mr. Wilkins. He was a rather short stern looking gentleman, but we had started a conversation with him and found him thoroughly human. So the boys having their ideas about these other two assistants began to drift to the back of the room.

Harry Tuttle started off with one of his noted yarns about how Miss Mitchell (one of the new teachers) had gotten mad at a boy once and had thrown him into a blackboard, breaking his leg. This startled me. I knew we had a bad name at Besse for "raising Cain," but I didn't think the school board had hired a wrestling lady! To make it even worse Harry told me it was a fact; he told me he was talking with the boy just the other day.

Someone said that Mrs. Robenius came from New York and was a member of the "400" up there. Visions began to ramble through my head. I pictured a tall slender blonde gracefully waltzing into the room. She had an ermine wrap hanging around her shoulders; on her arm there was a solid gold bracelet, inset with a diamond bigger than a double-yolked egg. She had a diamond ring on each finger of each hand. --Suddenly I was awakened by the whisper, "Here they come now."

I began to blink and looked to the doorway, ready to catch my first glimpse of the new teachers.

Mr. McKechnie brought them into the main room, where we were. Everyone just looked with wondering eyes and open mouths. The room was so quiet one could hear a footprint walking up the aisle. There they were--the new teachers, one a lady wrestler, the other a debutante from New York.

We couldn't meet them until after the bell had rung. Mr. McKechnie introduced them to Mr. Wilkins, and they began to talk back and forth in the front of the room. We, in the back of the room, began to wake up one by one. Everyone talked at once--no one listened to anyone, but everyone talked to everybody. Things became so noisy Big Ben couldn't have been heard at his loudest stroke.

Then the bell rang. Everyone took his selected seat and settled down to meet the new teachers. Mr. McKechnie took the presiding seat and gave a short talk on each new face. He told us that Mr. Wilkins, a graduate from the Uni-

versity of Maine (way back in the class before him, Mr. McKechnie) had taught in several schools and that he was a fine science teacher. Then he told us that Miss Mitchell was a former teacher at Higgin's Institute; that she was an athletic director, and a capable English teacher. He next gave Mrs. Robenius an introduction. It seems she was wanted by the Army to go to Persia as an interpreter, but that she had preferred to get married and settle down in China. He also said she could speak and write four or five different languages, including English. He told how she had taught in different sections of the United States. Then he modestly complimented the schoolboard and himself for being able to get such a talented group to teach at Besse this year. After introducing us to the new teachers he turned the school over to our new principal, Mr. Wilkins, and then left the room. We were alone with our new teachers.

Mr. Wilkins gave us a very short talk and asked Miss Mitchell to say a few words. She got up and told how glad she was to be with us and marvelled at such an intelligent looking group. We all blushingly turned red and modestly "gave her a hand" as she sat down. Mrs. Robenius got up and talked to us in English. She was jolly and made a few witicisms with the usual how-do-you-do and took her seat. We all laughed uproariously and clapped with glee. She did not appear to be very haughty, neither did she look at us off the end of her nose. I must have been way off on my vision. She was modestly bedecked—just a wedding ring and a bracelet, not even one diamond. In my new estimation, reality, she was a good natured, jolly, down-to-earth person such as we meet every day. But this Miss Mitchell worried me. She sat upright, legs crossed, and seldom smiled. I began to feel that she would be a typical school marm, sharp, piercing, straight-forth wielder of the stick.

The introduction was over, we were given our books. The schedule for the year had been worked out and we were ready for earnest work in our studies. I found I was to meet all the teachers. I had chemistry to Mr. Wilkins and economic geography to Mrs. Robenius; but, Oh my Gosh, two subjects to Miss Mitchell! I knew English and problems of democracy would be my worst subjects. Well I must do my best and keep my nose clean.

The first day began to move on; I went through chemistry and economic geography. I had a couple of study periods and English came up. "Well, here I go, if I come back alive I will have been blessed by a Greater Power." I carefully crept into the English room and took a seat, set my books in a neat pile, folded my hands and looked straight ahead. We had a nice quiet class with no extraordinary out-burst from the official. One hour was up and everything had passed uneventful. The bell rang and I took leave, very much relieved to have passed one crisis. "Oh my Gosh, next period, problems of democracy." I again gathered my necessary books and faced the threat.

It was a small class; we were a very small group compared to the English class. I felt that all the more wrath would be focused upon each of us.

Miss Mitchell arose and in a kind voice spoke to us. Imagine that—in a kind voice. She told us how P. D. was a study of our government at work and the social aspect of it, and added that this was not an accurate subject, meaning that there was a good chance for argument. She wanted us to discuss everything informally, imagine that—informally. "Huh, she isn't as bad as I thought." We went on with the first lesson, a little discussion came up and everyone had his say. It was a very informal argument. I began to forget my being afraid of the teacher and when it came my turn to talk I said something, not amounting to much but I said it just the same. Finding that I didn't get a book thrown at me, I became interested in the topic and learned a lot about P. D. And what's more, I found in Miss Mitchell a good advisor, one ready for a laugh, and a very good natured person. I had again been way off in my first estimation.

Beware of First Impressions!

B. C. FULLER

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I have appreciated and have been deeply impressed by the works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. One can sense his love for beauty, harmony, and melody, his sensitiveness to suffering, his refined taste, vivid imagination and deep thought.

Tennyson has not only written to give the reader pleasure but to fill his mind with knowledge. His stories are not shallow, but rather have a depth that stirs one's thoughts and emotions.

His stories are filled with many jewels — jewels such as honor, courage, strength, love, faith, humility, truth, and many others. These jewels are virtues and virtues are the ideals which constitute the foundation of a person's character. Tennyson teaches me that I must begin to collect precious jewels and learn to advance as the Knights of the Round Table— from a humble servant of the King until I become a full-fledged knight by His side.

Men are naturally weak, and weakness creates sin. How clearly Tennyson shows what sin will cause— blood, tears, and war! But he also leaves hope for forgiveness in true repentance.

If I had known Tennyson as a personal friend at the time when he was made Poet Laureate, I would have counted it a privilege to be in his presence. Now, since it were not my lot, I can feel as though I knew his character through his works. Through his many quotations, such as: "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield," "The old order changeth yielding place to new," "Man's word is God in man," and many others, I feel as though I know him to be an honorable man whose words are worthy of being repeated.

Then too, I admire Tennyson for the fact that hardship didn't ruin his career, but rather it caused him to be more sensitive to other's suffering.

He lived in poverty, nevertheless devoted to his work, until at last because of his friend's death, he wrote a master-piece thereby becoming famous. Is not the effect of his private life on his writing commendable, also?

Tennyson has made himself very real to me. With the choice of jewels or bitterness I feel as though I can find the strength, courage, honor, love, faith, truth, humility, and purity to walk with the same clear vision as that of Tennyson's King Arthur until I too, "cross the bar."

ARLENE HARDING

FASHION

Fashion is defined in the dictionary as any style of dress in vogue at a given time.

To appear well dressed one must conform more or less to prevailing styles, for clothes not suited to the occasion make the wearer appear conspicuous and ridiculous. A man or woman is dressed well when the complete costume is suited to the wearer and to the occasion and never attracts attention because of extremes in color or styles.

For years men have looked upon the clothiers of London as the creators of correct styles; social leaders among women have accepted Paris as the fashion center of the world. The present war, however, has changed this and New York, Hollywood, and other cities in our country have become the leaders in dictating what the well-dressed person shall wear.

These arbiters of fashion are not, however, the only factors in determining the style of dress. The design of modern clothes can often be traced to styles of earlier days. One who has not specialized in design may not at first see the relation to the ancient garb. An illustration is the smart and chic turban, the modified headdress of the ancient Turk.

New modes of living are reflected in contemporary costume. For example, women's dress has been greatly modified by widespread interest in sports. Events of world wide importance or which gain the attention of large numbers of people are frequently responsible for new styles and fads. The war has caused military styles to be popular in the civilian wardrobe of both men and women. An example is in ladies millinery which has various versions of soldier's garrison caps, sailor's caps, and one in particular, the beret worn by the English General Montgomery. Also the type of shoe worn by airplane pilots caused a new trend in footwear fashion for both male and female, and in the last war full short skirts became popular, a style adapted it was said from the uniform of French hospital nurses.

Interest aroused in our South American friends by the Good Neighbor

Policy, has popularized many new fads and fashions which have come to us from "south of the border."

Fashions have been greatly affected by certain individuals, well known among them being the Duchess of Windsor, Joan Crawford, Bing Crosby, the Duke of Windsor, (when he was Prince of Wales,) and a certain swooner-crooner, Frank Sinatra. From motion pictures, a few years ago, came Shirley Temple dresses for little girls.

Line and form enter into design also, especially in styles for the fairer sex. When slenderizing effects are wanted it is quite important to know that vertical lines lengthen and horizontal lines shorten and broaden the figure, and that oblique lines also tend to slenderize. The eye follows the direction of line, and when the horizontal line is used the eye follows from left to right which causes the figure to appear wider and shorter. When the vertical is used the eye follows up and down the garment, and the figure appears narrower and longer.

The study of color and color harmony in dress is essential. A color scheme is a group of colors that harmonizes. Contrast, which modifies a color combined with an unrelated color, should be used in planning a wardrobe. Bright and flashy color combinations attract attention. They should be used sparingly except by the very young who during the present time may wear almost any combination for sports and informal wear. No set rule can be followed in reference to color as applied to clothing. Shades of coloring of the hair and varying types of complexions reflect color schemes differently.

To be complete, a costume requires that a hat, shoes, and other accessories harmonize with or match the dress material.

Millinery is important. It is to the face what a frame is to a picture. It should not be out of harmony with the contour of the face and general color scheme, and must not attract attention. This last bit of advice is seldom followed. Perhaps it would be, if a woman only realized how funny she looks walking down the street with some idiotic chapeau upon her head.

Many factors determine correct dress. The season and geographical location fix certain limitations in costume. The time of day the outfit is to be worn, the occasions which it is designed and the material of which it is made must be considered. The beach suggests a special type of clothes; formal party, another; while the wedding, home or street suggests a still different outfit. One would look ridiculous appearing at the beach in clothes appropriate for a wedding or vice-versa.

It is the exceptional community in which may be seen year after year an unchanging style. In some countries, however, such as parts of Holland, some mountain sections of central and southern Europe, and many places in Asia,

costumes centuries old are still worn. Thus, fashions depend entirely upon the trend of the people's concept plus the accessibility of materials.

HARLEY REYNOLDS

A WEIRD APPARITION

It was a cold, wet, bleak night, with the wind whistling through the trees; and a torrent of rain was rushing down to make puddles in the country road.

In the distance, two girls could be dimly seen trudging wearily along the road towards a huge, dark form, which, when seen at a closer view, proved to be an old house, deserted and dilapidated. They had already decided to take refuge there from the wind and rain; even though it was common gossip in the village that queer happenings took place in the building every night.

The girls stopped by the road in front of the house, looked at the building, then at each other, and turned to go up the path leading to the front door. They mounted the steps and very slowly opened the door which gave a long, eerie screech as it turned on its rusty hinges. The open door let in a pale shaft of light revealing the inside. The two windows, one on each side of the door, were concealed by dark shades. There were two doors opening off each side of the hall. A stairway was located at the rear end of the hall opposite the main entrance.

The girls had hardly cleared the doorway when the door shut with a bang, that left them shivering in their shoes.

After they had become accustomed to the opaque darkness, they crept along, not uttering a sound, toward the stairs at the other end of the hall. At the first step they paused and looked up, then stood rooted in their tracks as their eyes focused on the figure that suddenly appeared at the head of the stairs.

The apparition was that of a skeleton; its luminous bones sending forth a glaring light. A long, loud, eerie laugh rumbled forth from the figure.

The girls let their gaze linger on the skeleton just long enough to get the full realization of the sight, then, terrified and speechless, turned and raced from the damp, dusty house, down the steps, and out into the pouring rain toward their homes.

They never mentioned their short stay in the decayed house to a soul because they didn't want to be ridiculed and laughed at, and they knew well enough that's what would happen if they told of their adventure. Because of their secrecy, no one ever investigated the "haunted house" or found the reason for the apparition and the laugh. It was probably the work of some old hermit who wished to be left alone and therefore covered a skeleton with luminous

paint and then let his blood curdling laugh echo through the house, scaring away all curious individuals.

VIVIAN LIBBY

REUNION

The first platoon of dogs were going into action. Kappy, a large German Police dog, was their leader and seemed to sense the responsibility that faced him. Lt. Hanold had had a long talk with him that morning and Kappy looked at the strange palm trees now with a new attitude.

The signal had been given by Lt. Hanold. It was time to leave the barge. Twelve well-trained dogs with the sign of the Red Cross strapped to their backs bounded off towards the thick tangle of the jungle to bring aid to the wounded marines who were invading the unnamed Japanese outpost in the Pacific.

Kappy was assigned to the path which led straight into the line of fire of the Japs. He started crawling on his stomach to the dark form just ahead of him. Funny, he wasn't afraid now. He thought of Joe and the fun they had had together on the farm back in Maine. They used to play war then and crawl around in the little cedar grove in back of the barn. But Joe was in the Marines now, too; and Kappy still missed the way Joe used to whistle to him when it was time to get the cows at night or when Joe was going fishing down by the old dam. It was sort of a special whistle which made Kappy feel homesick to think about.

The big dog had reached the black form in the underbrush now. He dragged the wounded comrade behind a tree and went to search for help. The bullets skimmed over his back and thudded into the tree trunks beside him. It was routine stuff to Kappy and in ten minutes another life was saved.

The minutes flew swiftly. Kappy dodged to and fro. His mind went back to that fall before he was given to the Marines. That was the time when Joe had taken him camping. Gosh, but it had been fun tagging the boys around. He didn't like those flopping fish they had pulled out of the lake. When Joe had gone away he asked Ma and Pa to send Kappy to the city to see if the Marines could use him, too.

"We have to keep this in the family, Kappy," Joe had explained to him.

The guns were dying down now. It meant that the fighting was beginning to let up. Kappy crawled toward a group of men who were lying on the top of a little mound. They were all dead, so he stumbled on. He thought he heard someone call his name; he didn't stop; for ahead of him the ground was covered with men. Then he heard the whistle — Joe's old whistle calling him. He turned around quickly and went back to the mounds. "Kappy, old fellow, is it real-

ly you?" asked a weak voice. Kappy sprang to Joe and licked his face and hands. Joe put his arms around his old friend and laid his head against Kappy's. "Guess you got here just in time," said Joe and he slipped into unconsciousness.

As gently as possible Kappy rolled Joe down the little mound to shelter below. Then he lay down beside him to wait for help. They came pretty soon and took Joe away from him, but Kappy didn't mind for he knew they were going to help Joe.

The noise had stopped. Lt. Hanold called the dogs back to the beach and they went quietly into the barges.

Early the next morning Lt. Hanold came to Kappy's kennel and unlocked the door. He led him down many flights of stairs and then into a room that smelled funny and had a lot of men in it. Kappy strained on the leash because he knew he was going to see Joe. Sure enough there he was propped up in bed with bandages around his head. In two seconds Kappy was beside him. "Hi fellow," said Joe, "Hop up, will you?"

Lt. Hanold spoke to Joe, "I understand you are to have charge of Kappy from now on."

"Yes, sir. The C.O. gave me permission this morning. You see, sir, I have had Kappy ever since he was a pup and we can't do anything without each other."

"I am glad for you, Joe," said Lt. Hanold. "Kappy is one of the finest dogs I have ever worked with."

Kappy was curled up beside Joe, snoring loudly. Just like old times.

JAMES DAY

LUCKY "13"

Hardtack was a notorious criminal. He was known to have murdered at least twelve people. It didn't matter who his victim was — man, woman, or child. He was noted for his ruthless system of slowly squeezing them to death with his now famous and dreaded "bear-hug." One glimpse of him and his ability would be instantly recognized. He was six feet three, broad shouldered, muscular, and held his face in a fearful grimace. But the long arms of the law could not pin anything on him; Slick McKesa was his lawyer. Hardtack had been within shocking distance of the chair but his wily student-of-the-law always found a flaw in the state's evidence.

Our modern "Jack the Ripper" committed his thirteenth crime; it was known by everyone that he was guilty, but could the state find sufficient evidence to rid the city of this scourge? A young girl had been found lying in the

park. Her chest had been totally crushed, a trademark of Hardtack.

The police sought and found him drinking in his usual dive. They already had their warrant made out and it was a simple procedure to throw him into the clink. He was given a hearing the next day but the judge had no power to try him, even though he would have given his left eye to have sentenced the death-by-electrocution penalty upon him.

Our dear friend was held until the fundamental arrangements had been made. The attorney drew up the bill charging Hardtack with first degree murder. The bill stated that the system of the crime was well known to be that of the defendant. His fingerprints had been found on a belt she was wearing, and there were witnesses to testify against him.

The day of the trial slowly came. The twelve jurors had been chosen; men who had not formed any definite opinions of his guilt. Hardtack pleaded "not guilty" and the trial began. The state presented its charge and two witnesses testified. The state let its evidence rest. Hardtack's lawyer took the floor; he was a picture of shrewd abilities. The defendant looked confident of being acquitted now that his old standby was having his say.

Slick McKesa began expounding. He appeared to the jury's sense of fair play — of not sending an innocent man to the chair. But— he suddenly dropped to the floor. A doctor rushed to his side, pronounced him dead, from a blown blood vessel.

Our "poor" innocent man began to cry like a baby. His difference between life and death was gone, he was on his way to the chair! Jumping to his feet he ran to the judge, begging for the mercy of the court, pleading for his very life.

The jury retired. In five minutes they returned; they had reached a verdict. "The shortest one in history," some proclaimed.

"Will the foreman rise and give the jury's verdict?" asked the judge.

"The jury finds this man guilty! Guilty of murder in the first degree."

Slowly, but with no hesitancy, the Judge gave the death sentence. A gleam of satisfaction was in his eyes— at last the ruthless killer could be made to pay for his thirteen crimes.

BOYD C. FULLER

"Believe IT or NOT" by Bob.....

One night about three years ago as my Grandfather and I were sitting by the fire he told me a story of an experience which happened when he was a boy. Now I'm not going to say just how true it is but this is what he told me.

"I don't remember the date but it was when I just a young boy. I was

staying in a lumber camp, up near the Great Lakes, with my father, who was boss of this particular camp. I think that it must have been the worst winter that we have had since the white man came here. The snow kept falling until it was twenty-five feet deep and the ice froze on the Lakes to a depth of fifteen feet. The logs that were cut were hauled down the lake to a big mill, to be sawed. They had big rollers which they used in making the roads across the lakes. When July came there was still snow on the ground, but not much. The lumberjacks were still hauling logs over the lake. And when a gust of wind came the ice was gone, but the roads were still left and light traffic was allowed to travel over it.

One morning late in August my father and I hitched up the horse and started over the road to the city. We got about half way over the lake when we looked behind to see the ice being broken up by a strong wind which was blowing with a terrific force. We started whipping the horse to make him go faster! It was a race with death close behind. When we were about five hundred feet from shore there was an extra hard gust of wind which took the road out from under us. But the horse swam so fast that the sleigh just skidded right over the water up to the shore, and we kept right on going to the city. It was a mighty close shave, for your old grandpa, boy, a mighty close shave!"

ROBERT BEZANSON

'Tis the Luck of the Irish

Teacher told us the other day that we had to write something. Right then I started worrying and I haven't stopped since. She said it could be either an editorial, a short story, or an essay. "Well," I thought, "I really ought to be able to do one of those." That very night I chewed the fingernails off three fingers, broke three pencil leads, made a permanent crease in my forehead, and nearly scared my little sister to death because I was so cranky. No result! I couldn't write a word.

Wearily I dragged myself up the stairs to bed. It was then that I had the happiest dream of my life. I dreamed that a great big black bear chased our English teacher far away never to return, "Hurrah!" I thought, "Now I won't have to write that composition after all."

Hopefully I entered the school building the next morning. I knew, of course that my dream wasn't true, but I did hope that it prophesied that maybe—perhaps we wouldn't have to compose any masterpieces after all.

As I passed the door leading into the English room all my hopes burst like a balloon pricked with a pin, as I heard a voice say, "Yes, those stories are due today." It was unmistakably our English teacher speaking. I was doomed.

"Well," I thought, as I sadly ambled up the aisle to my desk, "I guess I'd

better get busy. One of those round things called zeros won't do my English average any good." Calling on all my powers of concentration I thought and thought but to no avail. Finally I had an idea. In on the teacher's desk was a list of over a thousand topics to write about. Endowed with new hope I rushed in, seized it and started looking anxiously down one row of topics and then another. They all looked pretty good at first glance but I soon found out that sitting down and writing about them was easier said than done.

Enviously I eyed my neighbors who didn't seem to be having any trouble at all finding adjectives to go with their nouns and spelling simple words like "don't" and remembering to put in the apostrophe. As for me, my hand shook so from fear and haste that I felt I could hardly write my own name to say nothing of writing a story.

Finally I decided on a topic. About three quarters of an hour later I took out my handkerchief, wiped the sweat off my brow, looked at my watch and discovered that in about two minutes English class would pass. Well, I was safe. I had a composition of six pages on both sides. Proudly starting to read it thru I discovered that I had some of the love topics all mixed up with others, such as "If You Weren't a Human Being. What Animal Would You Like to Be?" I was associating "Post War Planning" with "Perfumes," and "The Lost Letter" with Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Compensation."

I was horror-stricken! What was I to do? Helplessly I heard the bell ring for classes to pass. I marched wearily in, laying my paper on the teacher's desk as I passed by. "At least she'll see that I tried," I thought.

Sitting there pitying myself I didn't realize for a minute that she was speaking to me. She held my composition in her hand. "Oh, glory," I thought, here it comes! "Imagine my surprise when I heard her praising me for writing such a long story. But I felt more than surprised— I felt terror when I realized she was going to read it to the class.

All at once, a bell rang loud and long in the school building. Fire alarm! I was saved! Wicked girl that I was, I fervently wished that it were a real fire and would reduce my composition to ashes and that the wind would scatter it to the far corners of the earth. But of course it was only a practice alarm. In a few minutes we all filed back into the school house. English class would continue! I ran for a back seat to hide my head in shame.

But glory be! The teacher couldn't find my story, high nor low. The window had been open and the wind had blown away three compositions. One of them was my choice one! The school grounds were searched but not a trace of them could be found. The teacher could do nothing else but give us three a's. I could hardly believe it.

Later that day looking at the calendar to determine the date of a letter I was writing I noticed it was March 17, St. Patrick's day. Said I to myself, "Well, Phyllis, me gurl, 'tis the luck of the Irish. Sure and it is."

PHYLLIS McKIEL

THE VOICE

At first it was just a fading voice cutting the darkness as he lay there in the Army Hospital. A voice pleading with Tom Bradford, begging him to fight— begging him to get well. He couldn't understand every thing the nurses and doctors said but between stabs of pain and that awful darkness that surrounded him, one voice stood out from the rest. Something about it seemed familiar, but yet he could not seem to place it. It was this voice pleading with him that he might live.

But what did he have to live for? He couldn't fight again, for blind men do not fight. Get well for whom? Not for Louise, for she had told him that she was going to marry someone else. Not for himself, for what did he amount to, now that he was blind.

"Listen, Tom," the voice pleaded. "You've got to get well. You've got to get well for Louise's sake."

He could remember the roar of planes, above the whining signal, how the men had manned their stations, the falling and flaming of one of the attacking bombers, the burst of flame in front of him and, then, everything seemed to have turned black.

"You do remember Louise, don't you?"

"Yes," he was thinking, "that was in my old world of happiness. Everything is different now. My world is now different from what it used to be when Louise was mine. I have a new life to live but what is there for me to live for?"

"You've been here quite a long time and your mail has certainly been piling up," the voice broke through again.

That voice, so gentle and sweet: it seemed to be a part of that other world. "Nurse, you mean that she's written?" he whispered painfully. "You mean since I've been here? I had some from her that I'd saved in my tent — but"

"Your tent's gone, Tom. These are new and I'll read them."

"It begins — 'Tom darling' — and is dated at Johnson, Michigan, just four weeks ago" — the sweet floating voice continued through several of the letters and all were signed, 'All my love, Louise.' "

How her letters made his memory go back to those blissful days before Pearl Harbor. Maybe there was still hope! But what right did he have to ask a woman to share his life? She would accept him only out of pity and he didn't want to be pitied.

The nurse with the enchanted voice and soft footsteps still continued to care for him. It is surprising how one can almost see through that awful blackness as one listens for those footfalls. He always knew it was she just by the way she walked down the corridor and softly opened his door. She still continued to bring him letters. How peaceful it was to him — for that voice to read

everything about what was happening back in Johnson. Those letters brought memories of the past. Yes, he was now living in the past, the future had nothing to do with his present life.

The doctors came in, removed the bandages. He could feel the warmth of the light on his face.

"Feel like having an operation in the morning?" asked one of the doctors. "I feel fine," Tom ejaculated.

Tom knew that this operation might not be a success, but what had he to lose? Had Louise found out what had happened to him and was she writing just out of pity?

The day the doctor was about to remove the bandages, Tom heard those footsteps, and a swish of uniform, and he knew she was in the room. Would he be able to see this Mrs. Ramsey, the owner of the voice? He had been greatly surprised when he had learned that a married woman was an army nurse. His dreams of a short brunette with dark eyes had not completely vanished but he had begun to wonder.

Something seemed to strike him across the face as the doctor lifted the bandages. As he blinked his eyes he knew that nothing had struck, but that blinding light was coming from the window. As his eyes became adjusted to this glare, he glanced around the room—

"Susan Ames!"

Tears began to roll down Mrs. Ramsay's cheeks— "Yes, Tom, it's me. I knew I was unfair to tell you those letters were from Louise but it helped you, didn't it?" she sobbed.

He thought, what difference did it make whether Louise loved him or not? The trouble was he'd been living too much by those fake letters, living in the past and that was where Louise belonged. He had a new life!

"But, Sue, why did you do that?"

The voice was still sobbing, "Why do you think? Why did I stay by your bedside and plead for you to get well? Do you think it was just because you, Louise, and I were part of the class at Johnson High? Tom, don't you remember how I used to force you to walk home with me after school? Tom, you must remember all those things."

"Yes, I remember them, Sue, and a lot more; but what does this Mrs. Ramsay mean?"

"It means that I've been married. I've been a widow for four years. What else was there for me to do in this crisis but join the Army Nurse's Corps?"

"Sue, you're still full of that old fighting spirit just as you were back in grammar school when you wanted to stay after school to play football with

the boys so I'd walk home with you without interference from Louise. From now on you and I will have no interference from Louise. She's a part of our past. You and I have only the future to look forward to— together."

"Tom, darling," that voice, with which no other could compare, uttered those words that meant so much to their future.

VIRGINIA BRADSTREET

CAMP FIRES

There is something about camp fires which stirs the urge to spend your time camping in some distant and little known wilderness. Kipling says, "For the red God calls us out and we must go!" Perhaps those aren't the exact words, but anyone who has seen a campfire gleaming through the trees on the edge of a lake will understand what is meant.

To a weary hunter returning after a hard day, the campfire means food, warmth, companionship, and rest. To a group of young folks on a picnic it means weenies, marshmallows, and a general good time for all. But to me the campfire is more than that; it is something with which to recapture scenes and memories.

Sitting there and gazing into the evershifting coals I see old camping grounds on lakes and rivers in the forests of Maine and Canada. Then comes the flood of memories. I see the happy carefree faces of pals and friends, and then I think of the camping trips taken when all the gang was together. Now it has split. A couple have already made their last campfires and are scattered to the four winds. I remember the night 'Bill' staggered into camp with his first buck and the feasting on venison which followed. I can still feel the elation at seeing the moose with head of heads fall at the crack of my rifle. That trophy along with many others adorns the fireplace of my room.

Thus I sit 'til the glowing coals have long since turned gray and the chill night breeze brings me out of my retired hours of long ago and I realize that if I try at a prize buck in the morning, I must get some sleep; so with a sigh of loneliness, I enter my tent to toss in restless sleep 'till dawn.

CONRAD HARDING

Clubs and Activities



STUDENT COUNCIL



Front row: l. to r.: Joyce West, Maxine Sutdley, Harold Rood, Harry Tuttle, Muriel Harding, Bernice Rood. Back row: James Day, Harley Reynolds, Clyde Tuttle, Clifton Bagley, Wilmont Baker.

This year the Student Council has been very active and has accomplished a great deal. Some of the major problems concerned our basketball teams and the Bazaar. It also suggested ways of paying old and new bills.

Our first meeting was held Oct. 27, 1943, to select officers for the council. The following were elected:

President- Harry Tuttle
Secretary- Bernice Rood

Vice-President- Muriel Harding
Treasurer- Harold Rood

Besides those holding office the following were chosen to represent each class as follows: Maxine Studley and Wilmont Baker from the Freshman class; Joyce West and Clyde Tuttle from the Sophomore class; Harley Reynolds and James Day from the Junior class; Cecile Nelson and Clifton Bagley from the Senior class.

This Democratic governing body has had a great influence concerning the way the school has been run this year.

RETURNS OF THE BAZAAR

Well, folks our annual Bazaar went off with a bang this year. Our afternoon entertainment included Bingo, dart shooting, fortune telling, and a penny toss. There were fancy work and apron booths, and a few weight and number problems to test one's guessing ability. The committees did a very good job.

Between five and seven o'clock supper was served; it was well attended by both students and townspeople.

At eight o'clock two one-act plays, "BORROWED TAILS" and "THE SHADOW," were presented by the talented pupils of the Freshman and Sophomore classes, respectively.

Between the plays the ticket on the blanket was drawn and the pig was auctioned off by Chinese auction.

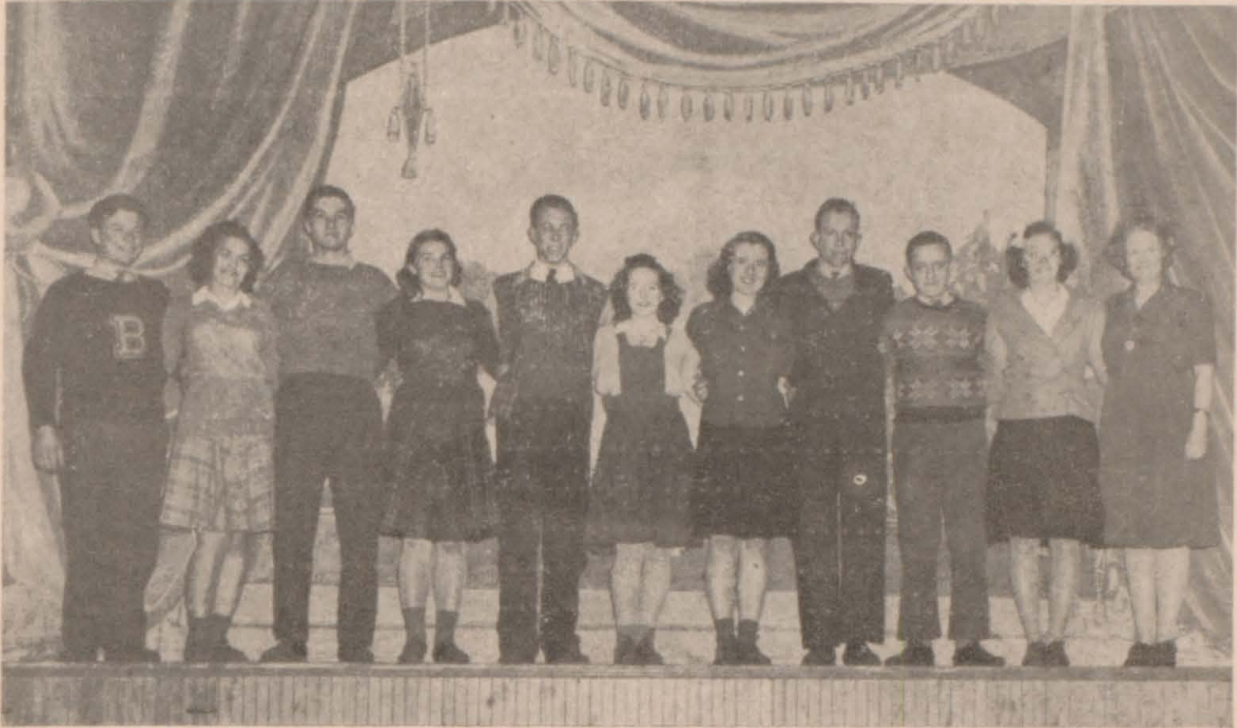
After the plays, a social was held for about two hours; different kinds of games were included.

All in all, the Bazaar was very successful and we cleared a large sum of money.

Since the money earned at this Bazaar makes it possible for Besse High to carry on its athletic program, all members of the school wish to express sincere gratitude to all those who, in any way, made it possible. We especially wish to thank the women who served on the supper committee, the Grange, Mr. Taylor, and Mrs. Banks, pianist.

When one stops to consider the times, it is indeed gratifying to know that students, faculty, and townspeople, all working together for the interest of the school, did make the Bazaar an event of which we can be justly proud.

Senior Play Cast



Left to right: Boyd Fuller, Helen Ireland, Harold Rood, Phyllis McKiel, Clifton Bagley, Bernice Rood, Muriel Harding, Ronald Bagley, James Day, Dora Cookson, Mrs. Rabenius.

SENIOR PLAY

The Senior play went over with great success. With the helpful assistance of Mrs. Rabenius and the efforts of the entire cast an enjoyable time was had by all. We regret that Mr. Fuller was unable to play his part because of illness with the mumps. He was "pinch-hit" by Glendon Meader who did a remarkable job. We wish to thank all the town's people who helped to make our play successful.

The play cast was as follows:

Phyllis, engaged to be married.....	Bernice Rood
Mrs. Curtis, Phyllis' mother	Muriel Harding
Dr. Curtis, Phyllis' father.....	Albannah Higgins
Beachy, Phyllis' brat sister	Phyllis McKiel
Billy, an average young boy	Boyd Fuller
Anastasia, the Irish cook in the Curtis home.....	Dora Cookson
Officer O'Flynn, Irish cop.....	James Day
Natalie, Phyllis' girl friend.....	Cecile Nelson
Lewis, Phyllis' fiance	Ronald Bagley
Sally, a girl next door, in love with Billy	Helen Ireland
Tom Eldridge, young prize-fighter	Clifton Bagley
Dinty Hogan, Tom's manager	Harold Rood

JUNIOR PRIZE SPEAKING

Tuesday night, March 21, 1944, the entire Junior Class took part in the Junior Prize Speaking Contest.

With Mr. Wilkins as master of ceremonies, the program was as follows:

The Black Horse and His Rider.....	Ronald Bagley
Daddy Doc.....	Janet Waugh
Corkscrew vs. Gimlet.....	Leland Bessey
Nocturne	Eula Bragg
Last Will and Testament of a Refugee	Harley Reynolds
The Old Woman and the Clock.....	Virginia Bradstreet
The Monster in the Public Square.....	Conrad Harding
Sub-Deb.....	Vivian Libby
The Missionary Offering.....	Cecil Quimby
Kelly's Dream.....	Juanita Faulkner
The Big Game.....	James Day
The Littlest Rebel	Muriel Harding

Prizes of three dollars, two dollars, and one dollar, donated by the citizens of the town, were awarded to the three highest girls and three highest boys. The prizes were awarded as follows:

GIRLS	BOYS
First Prize- Virginia Bradstreet	Conrad Harding
Second Prize- Eula Bragg	Ronald Bagley
Third Prize- Muriel Harding	Harley Reynolds

Virginia Bradstreet, who was the highest ranking speaker according to the judges has been chosen to represent the school in the preliminaries of the Spear Speaking Contest in Waterville.

Cheerleaders



Janet Waugh Pearl Rood Jennie Noyes Maxine Sutdley Muriel Harding

CHEER LEADERS

This year we have had five cheer leaders here at Besse High. They are: Head Cheerleader Muriel Harding, Pearl Rood, Jennie Noyes, Maxine Studley, and Janet Waugh. Because of lack of transportation, all were unable to attend every game but usually one or two went to games played away from home. With the exception of Muriel Harding, the girls were all new at the job but with hard work and practice they learned the cheers and motions.

It is hoped that this fine work will be continued next year as it gives the basketball teams much courage, and unifies the school spirit of the entire student body.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

This year we are continuing our program of Physical Education for boys and girls under the excellent supervision of Miss Mitchell and Principal Wilkins. These classes are compulsory and each one benefits from them, in spite of the many groans at first.

During the winter, classes were held in the I.O.O.F. Hall twice weekly for the girls and three times for the boys. The girls' program included calisthenics and other drills to keep them in good physical condition. The boys' program was made up of military drill plus exercises. The military drill helped them at the time and, no doubt, will later on. The boys enjoyed it, too.

Now that it is getting warmer and the playground is getting dry, we can play softball and some other games. Some of the boys are interested in track and baseball.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

On the twentieth of October the Sophomores received the Freshmen, giving them a hearty welcome! The Freshmen were arrayed in beautiful clothes, the boys wearing two-piece girls' bathing suits, long stockings, babies' bonnets, and overshoes. The girls wore men's pants size 42, baggy sweaters, hip boots, and carried an overcoat.

The Freshmen proved to be good sports, fulfilling the requirements very well. Description of the teachers were given, a solo was sung, graceful(?) dancing exhibited, pie and marble contests were held and many other enjoyable features were demonstrated.

After the stunts, refreshments were served. Following this a social was enjoyed had a grand time.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The high school has taken a very active part in the Junior Red Cross this year. Many of the girls have made scarfs and utility bags for the boys. At the first of the year some of the pupils and teachers helped to make Red Cross bandages.

On March 25th the Junior Red Cross had a box social and card party. The proceeds were \$43, which went to the Red Cross War Fund.

Athletics

GIRLS BASKETBALL SQUAD



Left to right: Shirley Fuller, Bernice Rood, Anne McKiel, Jaunita Faulkner, Vivian Libby, Ass't. Mgr. Lorraine West, Helen Ireland, Capt. Phyllis McKiel, Eula Bragg, Muriel Harding, Elizabeth Marden, Dora Cookson, Arlene Harding, Mgr. Virginia Bradstreet, Joyce West, Coach Mitchell.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Our basketball season was very successful this year, for out of eleven games played we won seven. Under the supervision of Miss Mitchell, our coach, and our Captain, Phyllis McKiel, we became most successful. The regular attendance of all players at practice and at games helped build up a good team.

Due to wartime conditions we were unable to play many teams that in former years have been played, but all players showed great spirit and we enjoyed our games with neighboring towns very much.

Even those players who weren't put in the games so much were always "rooting" for their fellow squadmates and were ready to go into the game the minute our coach beckoned. Much credit is due to their fine spirit in staying with the team throughout the season.

We are sure much of our success was due to the good coaching and guidance of Miss Mitchell.

Our managers, Virginia Bradstreet and Lorraine West, (ass't.), deserve much credit for successfully getting our suits to and from each game, as well as doing required duties.

The players were as follows: Captain Phyllis McKiel, Managers, Virginia Bradstreet and Lorraine West, Helen Ireland, Dora Cookson, Bernice Rood, Jaunita Faulkner, Eula Bragg, Vivian Libby, Muriel Harding, Joyce West, Elizabeth Marden, Anne McKiel, and Shirley Fuller.

The squad has elected Virginia Bradstreet to be next year's captain; and Juanita Faulkner, Manager; and Eula Bragg, Ass't Manager.

Here is a summary of this year's games.

1944 SCHEDULE	BESSE	OPPONENT	DATE
Unity (here)	50	17	Jan. 5
Williams (here)	19	34	Jan. 15
Unity (there)	31	13	Jan. 22
Lawrence (there)	23	18	Jan. 25
Brooks (there)	22	27	Jan. 28
Erskine (here)	23	18	Feb. 1
Freedom (there)	29	25	Feb. 4
Lawrence (here)	48	17	Feb. 9
Williams (there)	25	24	Feb. 11
Brooks (here)	24(?)	29(?)	Feb. 15
Erskine (there)	18	31	Mar. 3

BOYS BASKETBALL SQUAD



Front row: l. to r.: Clyde Tuttle, Harold Rood, Norman Rideout, Capt. Boyd Fuller, Leland Bessey, Mgr. Richard Harrison, Glendon Meader.
Back row: Henry Folger, Ass't. Mgr. Robert Bezanson, Coach Wilkins, Ronald Bagley, James Day.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The basketball team showed outstanding sportsmanship this year under the supervision of our coach, Mr. Wilkins. Our team played a twelve game schedule of which we lost ten. The boys who no doubt will receive letters this year are: G. Meader, L. Bessey, R. Bagley, H. Rood, B. Fuller, R. Harrison, C. Tuttle, H. Folger, N. Rideout, and R. Bezanson.

1944 SCHEDULE		BESSE	OPPONENT	DATE
Clinton	(there)	15	32	Dec. 30
Unity	(here)	48	16	Jan. 5
Lawrence	(there)	15	53	Jan. 11
Williams	(here)	54	17	Jan. 15
Unity	(there)	23	17	Jan. 22
Brooks	(there)	11	18	Jan. 28
Erskine	(here)	17	52	Feb. 1
Freedom	(there)	5	14	Feb. 4
Lawrence	(here)	28	38	Feb. 9
Williams	(there)	19	39	Feb. 11
Brooks	(here)	21	35	Feb. 15
Erskine	(there)	10	62	Mar. 3

EXCHANGES

Due to the fact that our school closes earlier this year than do other schools we haven't yet exchanged any 1944 year books.

We did, however, receive 1943 exchanges at the beginning of this school year. These books are:

"The Pinnacle"-Erskine Academy, So. China, Maine.

Your alumni section is commendable. Also the letters from those in the Service and old classmates help to make an interesting book.

"The Nautilus"-Waterville High, Waterville, Maine.

Your attractive cover, the introductory designs for the seniors and others, the general set-up of the entire book, make yours all that one could desire. We like it!

"The Pilot"-Mechanic Falls High School, Mechanic Falls, Maine.

Of course pictures would help; otherwise a good book.

"The Northern Lights"-Stearns High School, Millinocket, Maine.

You have an interesting literary department; a fine book.

"The Garnet"-Richmond High School, Richmond, Maine.

Congratulations! The originality of your paper is to your credit. Keep up the fine work.

OUR FACULTY AT BESSE

High-spirited, and full of hopes and aircastles, we met our completely new faculty last October with Mr. Roland Wilkins as principal, and Miss Leola Mitchell and Mrs. Eda Rabenius as assistants.

Looking back on this school year each of the students feels grateful for the untiring efforts, kind friendliness, and aid from each of our teachers. They have been companions as well as guides. Miss Mitchell with her cheery smile, Mrs. Rabenius with her encouraging words, and Mr. Wilkins with his keen interest in each one of us have kept up our spirits, giving us hope for the future, and have strengthened our desire to do our best.

Humor

Shirley: "Do you extarct teeth without pain?"

Dentist: "Not always. I sprained my wrist on one a couple days ago, and it hurts yet?"

"I always believe in weighing my words before speaking," said Mrs. R.
"And you don't give short weight either," replied her husband.

At Grange dinner. "Waiter, take this chicken away. It is actually so tough it seems to be made of stone."

Waiter: "Nothing strange about that, sir. It's a Plymouth Rock."

Hotel Manager: "Do you want the porter to call you?"

Glen: "No. I a wake every morning at seven."

Manager: "Well, would you mind calling the porter, then?"

Father: "Why didn't you shoot that rabbit, Harold?"

Harold: "He didn't have the right expression."

Teacher: "Gerald, name the four seasons."

Gerald: "Salt, pepper, vinegar, and mustard."

Mr. Wilkins: "Define the Middle Ages."

Harry Tuttle: "They used to be from 35 to 45 but now they're from 50 to 70"

Mr. Wilkins: "You're late again. Do you ever use an alarm clock?"

Cecile: "Yes, but I no longer find it alarming."

Clyde: "Did you get your car the same time that Glendon did?"

Dick: "No, why?"

Clyde: "I was writing some historical events."

Father: "Well, son, how are your marks?"

Ronald: "They're under water."

Father: "What do you mean?"

Ronald: "They're below sea level."

Jimmie: "Well, Ma, I got a hundred in my exam today."

Mother: "Why Jimmie, that's marvelous. What did you get a hundred in?"

Jimmie: "I got forty in my English exam and sixty in my Chemistry."

Mother: "How did you make it in your school exams?"

Pearl: "Just like Napoleon."

Mother: "How do you mean— just like Napoleon?"

Pearl: "I went down in history."

Lorraine: "I am continually breaking into song."

Anne: "You wouldn't be if you could get the right key."

Mrs. R.: "Take 11 from 28 and what's the difference?"

George: "That's what I say; what's the difference?"

Teacher: "What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?"

Joyce: "The moth, it eats nothing but holes."

Wilmont: "Have you ever ridden in an airplane?"

Gerald: "No, I'm afraid of airplane poison."

Wilmont: "What's that?"

Gerald: "One drop and you're gone."

Cecil Quimby was asked to define dew. His answer was: The earth revolves on its axis every 24 hours, and in consequence of the tremendous speed at which it travels, it perspires freely."

Mr. Wilkins: "How can you tell the difference between carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide?"

Leland: "Well, you can smell it and if it kills you, it's carbon monoxide."

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTICE: Measles and mumps have joined forces! Besse students doomed!

FOR SALE: Our positions on the Editorial Board, Student Council and athletic teams, with the best of luck to the underclassmen. The Seniors

LOST: All hopes of my being a Naval Cadet. But who cares? The regular Navy is good enough for me. Boyd Fuller

FOUND: My one and only. Albert is the one for me. Muriel Harding

REWARD: \$500. to anyone who can catch the scoundrel that hides those encyclopedias. Mr. Wilkins

LOST: All my interest in the Air Corps. I believe sailors are more loyal. Helen Ireland

WANTED: A one-way ticket to Santa Ana, Calif. Vivian Libby

FOUND: A new way to distinguish "Teddy" from "Freddie." We just call 'em "Sam" and "Mike." Helen and Juanita

WANTED: A new pencil sharpener in the main room. Students at B.H.S.

LOST: All hopes of ever graduating. The Freshmen

FOR SALE: My position as mail carrier for the entire student body. Elizabeth Marden

FOUND: A Casanova in the Freshman class. Who ever tho't that Willie would turn out to be a "wolf" !!??

NOTICE: Any Physical Ed. boys out for track are not to stop in the stores for "pop" and ice-cream. Per order of Mr. Wilkins

WANTED: A pane of shatter-proof glass for the boys' entry! The Boys

INITIALS AND WHAT THEY STAND FOR

Boyd Fuller	big fellow
Harry Tuttle	handsome troubadour
Phyllis McKiel	pretty mischievous
Bernice Rood	beautiful rascal
Earl Hunt	ever hurrying (??)
Clifton Bagley	cute boy
Dora Cookson	dandy cook
Albannah Higgins	always happy
Cecile Nelson	cute number
Helen Ireland	how interesting
Harold Rood	handsome Romeo
Vivian Libby	very lively
Mr. Wilkins	make(us) work
Eula Bragg	enjoys boys
Gerald Bagley	getting big (??)
Clyde Tuttle	cute thing
Virginia Bradstreet	very brilliant
James Day	just dreaming
Ronald Bagley	runs (after) Bernice
Muriel Harding	many headaches
Janet Waugh	just wonderful
Arlene Harding	all here
Leland Bessey	little boy
Henry Folger	how foolish
Pearl Rood	pretty ravishing
Anne McKiel	artful maiden

SONGS AND THOSE WHOM THEY REPRESENT

I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep	Earl Hunt
You Can't Say "No" To A Soldier	Eula Bragg
Sweetheart Or Strangers ..	Boyd Fuller and Lorraine West
No Love No Nothin'	Helen Ireland
Undecided	Joyce West
I Want Somebody	Muriel Harding
I Like to be Loved by You	Janet Waugh
How Do You Fall In Love?	Jaunita Faulkner
I'm Getting Mighty Lonesome For You	Vivian Libby
United We Stand	Besse High School
They Go Simply Wild Over Me	Harold Rood
That Soldier of Mine	Phyllis McKiel
Time Alone Will Tell	Lorraine West

Keep Smilin', Keep Laughin', Be Happy.....	Boyd Fuller
Mairzy Doats.....	Mr. Wilkins
Please, Wont You Leave My Girl Alone?....	Cecil Quimby
Someone To Love.....	Ronald Bagley
Willie, the Wolf of the West.....	Wilmont Baker
My First Love.....	Jennie Noyes
Besame Mucho (Kiss Me A Lot).....	Glendon Meader
I Don't Want Anybody At All.....	Dora Cookson
I'm Wearing Your Star In My Heart..	Virginia Bradstreet
It's Always You.....	Clyde Tuttle
Nobody Else But You.....	Harry Tuttle
This Is It.....	Bernice Rood

FAMILIAR THINGS AT BESSE

Norman Rideout's red hair
Shirley Fuller,s piano-accordion
Loaraine and Boyd "arguing"
Jennie and Harold writing notes
Venora primping
Mr. Wilkins combing his hair
Boyd arguing in Prob.of Am.Dem.class
Muriel Harding's laugh
Dora, Cecile, and Ruby whispering in class
Phyllis twirling her specs
Eula Bragg's bragging
Anne McKiel's lisping
Harry helping Janet with her studies
Harley's red whiskers
Virginia writing V-mail
Venora's high heels
James Day's broad grin
Ronald's class ring around Bernice's neck
Clifton penning notes to Venora
Earl dozing off into sleepyland
Helen whispering after the bell rings
Albannah eating peanuts in school

Pessimist: One who, when he has the choice of two evils,
takes both.

Cynic: One who knows the price of everything and the
value of nothing.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Winifred Merrithew five feet tall?
Pearle Rood's hair five inches shorter?
Dorothy Robbins at school on time?
Gerald Bagley being a "good little boy"
Jennie Noyes without Harold Rood?
Virginia without her work in on time?
Dora getting her Plane Geometry?
A quiet civics class?
Vivian not being able to draw?
Phyllis weighing 98 pounds?
Junior Folger not acting out?
The boys basketball team winning a game?

IT WOULDN'T BE BESSE UNLESS--

Elizabeth had a couple of letters to mail every noon.
Cecil was blushing.
Glenn was writing notes.
Mr. Wilkins started school with a lecture every morning.
Ruth Bezanson was watching Harold.
Clifton was chewing gum.
Helen was talking about Larry.
Cecile was pestering someone.
Vivian was writing to "Irish."
Boyd was pulling Cecile's hair.
Virginia was plagueing Clyde.
Certain Sophomore girls were giggling.

—THE CLASS OF 44—

Phylli S McKiel
Boyd Full E r
Alban N ah Higgins
Helen I reland
Harold R O od
Har R y Tuttle
Berni C e Rood
Ear L Hunt
Clifton B A gley
Dora Cook S on
Cecile Nel S on

WHO	BUSY @	ALWAYS	ENJOYS	INTENDS TO BE
BOYD FULLER	Pestering Someone	Singing, Mairzy Doats	Lorraine	A Sailor
PHYLLIS McKIEL	Writing Letters	Cheerful	Going Places	A Nurse
HELEN IRELAND	Writing to "Larry"	Laughing	U.S.O. Dances	A Beautician
HARRY TUTTLE	Studying	At Waugh's	Some One	A Sailor
DORA COOKSON	Arguing	Writing Notes	Boys	Secretary
ALBANAH HIGGINS	Gazing Around	Quiet	Everything	A Bachelor
CECILE NELSON	Making up Work	Late	Teasing	Stenographer
HAROLD ROOD	Fooling	Jolly	Noise (Noyes)	A Dutiful Husband
BERNICE ROOD	Thinking	Writing Notes	Ronald	Nurse
EARL HUNT	Doing Nothing	Silent	Solitude	????????????
CLIFTON BAGLEY	Just Wondering	Growing	Girls	A Pilot

Alumni

1934

Arthur Belden, U.S. Army
Priscilla Rowe Drake, Housewife, Albion
Maxine Ross Jones, Housewife, Albion
Velma Crommet Littlefield, Housewife, Albion
Edna Bailey Meader, Housewife, China
Berdina Reynolds Ralph, Valdosta, Ga.
Eric Wiggin, Farmer, Albion
Freeland Willoughby, Farmer, Palermo

1935

Leon Brann, U.S. Army
Sylvia Brann Banks, Housewife, China
Mary Champlin, Insurance Office, Waterville
Forrest Coffin, Working, Waterville
Mary Cooper Reid, Working, Boston
Freeland Drake Jr, Farmer, Albion
Julia Dyer Weymouth, Housewife, Farmington
Pauline Fuller Wiggin, Housewife, Albion
Norma Reed Glidden, New Castle, New Hampshire
Mervyn Reynolds, U.S. Army
Thelma Taylor Sylvester, Housewife, Eustice
Catherine Thurston Bovine, Housewife, China

1936

Randall Baker, U.S. Army
Clair Bradstreet, Farmer, Albion
Winnie Hall Young, Housewife, China
Earle Hammond, U.S. Army
Francis Jones, Working, Albion
Frank Lee, Trucking, Albion
Leone Libby, R.N. U.S. Army Nurse Corps, Overseas
Vincent Mason, Deceased
Doris Mitchell Stewart, Teaching, China
Bernice Dow Pratt, Housewife, Clinton

1937

Althea Baker Baker, Housewife, Jefferson
Marguerite Bessey, At home, Albion
Eva Crosby, Working, Albion
Phyllis Faulkner Perkins, Teaching, Freedom
Kenneth Foster, Farming, Albion
Laurence Glidden, U.S. Army Air Corps, Overseas

B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE. 1944.

Alberta Bradstreet, Bookkeeper, Thayer Hospital, Water-
Donald Bradstreet, U.S. Army, Overseas ville
Harland Brown, Working, Bath
Elizabeth Hammond, Teaching, Arlington, Va.
Mandel Harding, U.S. Army, Overseas
Lillian Hunt, R.N. U.S. Army Nurse Corps
Louise Libbey, R.N. U.S. Army Nurse Corps Overseas
Harold Littlefield, Farmer, Albion
Donald Marks, Working, Albion
Betty Knowlton Mason, Housewife, Albion
Marjorie Stearns Wallace, Malden, Mass
Luona Cookson Willette, Housewife, Albion
Imogene Young Furbrsh, Working, Waltham, Mass

1938

Doris Eelden Reed, Housewife, Palermo
Richard Bickmore, U.S. Army
John Cookson, U.S. Army Air Corps,
Henry Marden, At home, Albion
Carlton Parkhurst, U.S. Army, Overseas
Ruth Perkins Murch, Housewife, Unity
Virginia Rowe Bradstreet, R.N. Thayer Hospital, Water-
Archie Sennett, U.S. Army, Overseas ville

1939

Edward Bagley, Farmer, Albion
Opal Baker Buker, Housewife, Benton
Christine Bessey, Working, Fairfield
Cecil Bradstreet, Farmer, Albion
Harold Crosby, U.S. Army
Elva Monroe Marden, R.N. At home, Albion
Kathryn Noyes Ireland, Working, Augusta
Bertha Russell Hunter, Housewife, Portland
Romaine Sennett Colford, Housewife, Waterville
Myra Skillin, Attending Thomas Business College, Water-
ville

1940

Norbert Kelley, U.S. Army
Winton Bagley, U.S. Army
Russell Perry, U.S. Army Air Corps
George Belden, U.S. Army
Burdell Bessey, Farmer, Albion
Lucille Bradstreet, Working, Augusta
Catherine Hill, Working, Creamery, Albion
Donald Libby, U.S. Army Air Corps

B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE. 1944.

Thelma Brann Morseille, Teaching, Alna
Elsie Cookson Jackson, Working, Bath
Hazel Crommett, Teaching, Rangeley
Eloise Glidden, Training for Nurse, Belfast
Norma Olsen, Working, Calif.
Beulah Willoughby Ross, Training for Nurse, Belfast

1941

Ethelyn Bradstreet, Attending U. of M. Orono
Hilda Fuller, At home, Albion
Guy Patterson, Working, Bath
Claude Patterson, U.S. Army
Arnold Hamilton, Farmer, Albion
Earle Rhoda, Seabees, Overseas
Violet Higgins, At home, Albion
Shirley Cookson Pottle, Housewife, Benton
Eleanor Baker Dickey, Housewife, Albion
Floyd Harding, U.S. Army
Ralph Lee, U.S. Army
Herbert Brown, U.S. Marines

1942

Mary Bessey Bryant, Secretarial work, Mass.
Alice Perkins, Attending Business College, Bangor
Phyllis Day, Attending F.S.N.S. Farmington
Wesley Basford, Farmer, Albion
Richard Fuller, U.S. Navy
Donald Trask, U.S. Army

1943

Arlene Bessey, Working, Augusta
F. Mavor Clark, U.S. Army
Pearle Haskell, At home, Palermo
Carroll Wolcott, U.S. Navy
Malcolm West, U.S. Navy
Virginia Rideout, Attending Gates Business College,
Augusta
Lloyd Ireland, U.S. Army Air Corps
Arlene Blaisdell, Working, Augusta
Clyde Higgins, Farmer, Albion
Avonne Rowe Clark, Housewife, Albion
Durwood Dow, U.S. Army, Overseas

CENSUS OF THE SENIORS

Dora Cookson.....	Tallest.....	Harold Rood
Bernice Rood.....	Shortest.....	Boyd Fuller
Helen Ireland.....	Most Talkative.....	Boyd Fuller
Dora Cookson.....	Slimest.....	Albannah Higgins
Helen Ireland.....	Most Popular.....	Boyd Fuller
Helen Ireland.....	Cutest.....	Boyd Fuller
Bernice Rood.....	Quietest.....	Earl Hunt
Phyllis McKiel.....	Best Looking.....	Boyd Fuller
Helen Ireland.....	Class Comedian.....	Boyd Fuller
Bernice Rood.....	Most Dignified.....	Clifton Bagley
Phyllis McKiel.....	Most Ambitious.....	Harry Tuttle
Bernice Rood.....	Most Likely to Succeed.....	Boyd Fuller
Helen Ireland.....	Class Wit.....	Harold Rood
Dora Cookson.....	Class Elders.....	Harry Tuttle
Phyllis McKiel.....	Class Youngest.....	Albannah Higgins
Helen Ireland.....	Class Flirt.....	Harold Rood
Cecile Nelson.....	Gum Chewer.....	Clifton Bagley
Phyllis McKiel.....	Bluffer.....	Harry Tuttle
Bernice Rood.....	Best Natured.....	Boyd Fuller
Bernice Rood.....	Most Serious.....	Boyd Fuller
Phyllis McKiel.....	Most Helpful.....	Boyd Fuller
Cecile Nelson.....	Class Pest.....	Boyd Fuller
Phyllis McKiel.....	Darkest.....	Harry Tuttle
Cecile Nelson.....	Lightest.....	Clifton Bagley
Phyllis McKiel.....	Best Dressed.....	Boyd Fuller
Helen Ireland.....	Best Athlete.....	Boyd Fuller
Helen Ireland.....	Best Dancer.....	Boyd Fuller
Phyllis McKiel.....	Most Efficient.....	Harry Tuttle
Helen Ireland.....	Cleverest.....	Boyd Fuller
Dora Cookson.....	Class Wallflower.....	Earl Hunt

(Classified Ads Cont.)

- LOST: All my interest in Waterville. Dora Cookson
- FOUND: A Romeo in the Senior Class. These first loves can certainly be painful. Jennie Noyes
- WILL LOAN: My man to Uncle Sam for the duration. Janet Waugh

US, AT BESSE

Though we know well, we cannot tell,
No matter how we try,
Of all the students, dear and queer,
At our own Besse High.

We're sure we'll soon be Rich(ard)
With Ruby and a Pearl.
And we have a first rate will
That would please most any girl.

Though some are fat, some Arlene,
And some are in between;
None are Rood, but all are Joyce
And none Maxiny Noyes.

And though we Rideout, far or near;
To Ireland or Lorraine;
And Hunt the whole world o'er
We're glad to come home again.

Of course some things are Hard(ing)
With so many gone to Waugh;
If everything too easy were
We'd not Stud(le)y any more.

Here at Besse we may Bagg
Of our great Norman descent;
'Tis best in all Leland
Its riches can ne'er be spent.

And we can give you, sir, a feed,
What with our Cooks on Baker;

Such a one you ne'er did eat-
'Twill make you Fuller and Fuller.

And if it's fowl you should raise
And lack the proper space,
We've a Hen(e)ry we'd loan
For the good of the race.

Or if of travel you'd get your Phyll,
O'er Cliff or in the Glen;
We'll take you to Virginia,
Then bring you back again.

If it's honey you might crave,
We have three Bez an sons;
Or if you'd like a bit of land
We have two Roods and one,

And then we have an Earl
A title we all say
Is as good as any
You'd find for many a Day,

It wouldn't be Har(d)ley right
And perhaps it wouldn't Be(r)nice
To put Brads in the street
Nor spread glooms in our Joyce

Now if you are not named
And for fame you might "SI,"
Please do not jealous be
Of us, at Besse High.

B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE. 1944.

Your Autograph Please

Thank you

IN CLOSING

A mighty pain to work it is,
A pain to miss that pain;
But of all pain the mightiest is
To work and work in vain.
So, readers of our Besse Breeze,
Whose whims we try so hard to please;
May you see in our work its cost,
Nor count our labors lost,
Nor have reason to complain.

B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE. 1944.

Mr. Owl: Do you know the latest news?

Mrs. Owl: No, I've been awake all night. . . **BUT I WILL AS SOON AS I READ THIS MORNING'S KENNEBEC JOURNAL**



FOR NEWS...of your own town, of other towns and cities in this part of Maine...for national and world-wide news...read the

Daily Kennebec Journal

B. H. S. BESSE BREEZE. 1944.



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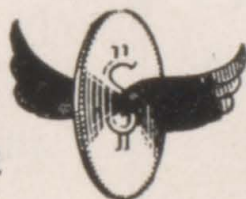
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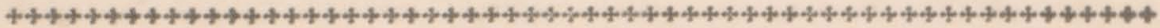
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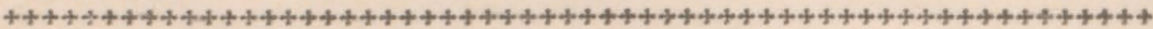
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