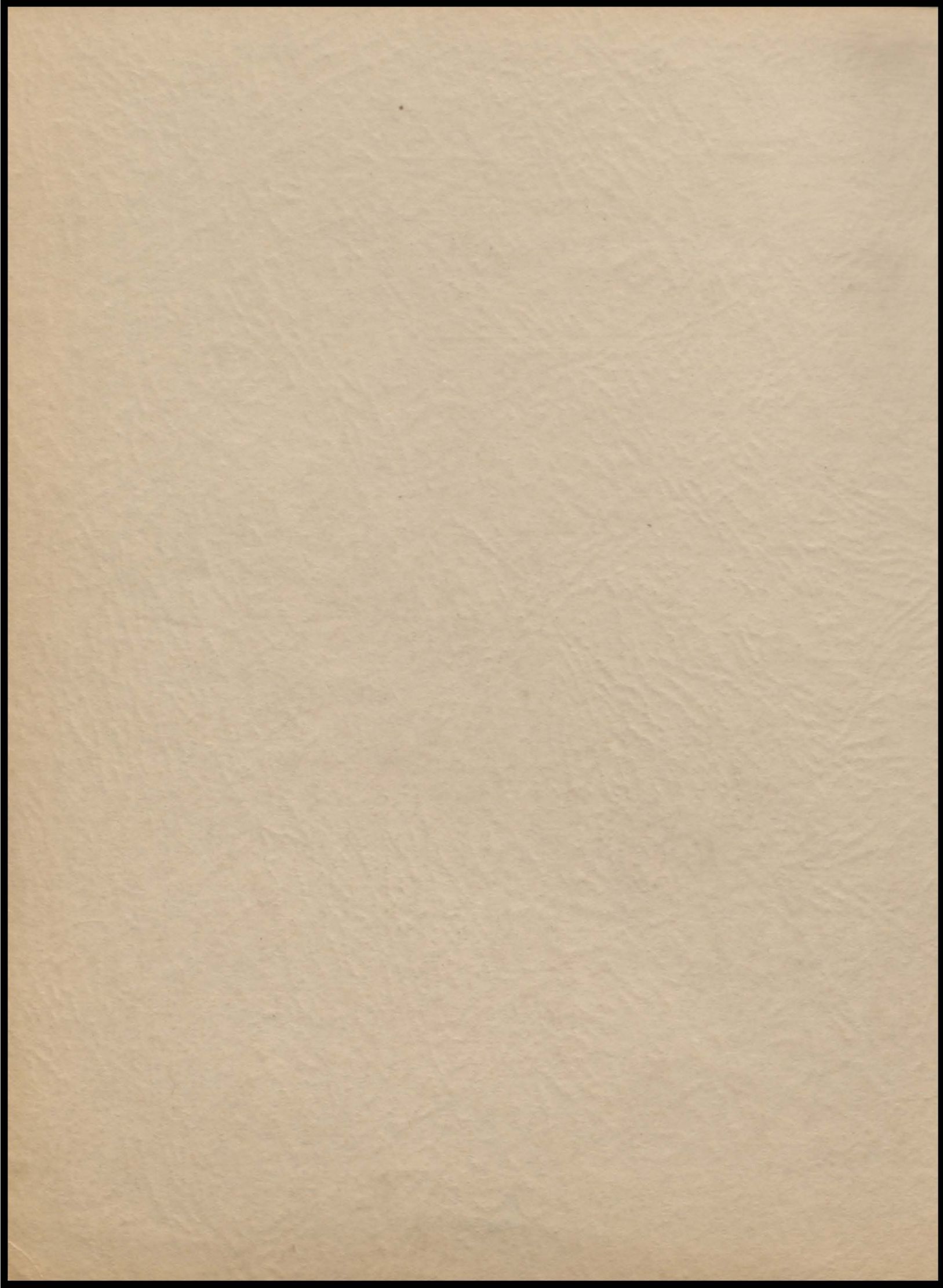




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Besse High School Albion, Maine



BESSE BREEZE

of

BESSE HIGH SCHOOL
Albion, Maine

Published by: STUDENTS of BESSE HIGH

Printed by: Perry Press Co.

Albion—Maine

1945

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DEDICATION

We, the students of Besse High School, respectfully dedicate this issue of the Besse Breeze to our esteemed teacher and friend

Leola Mitchell

whose friendliness, helpfulness, and good sportsmanship during her two years here has won her many friends and much respect.

School Directory

Superintendent of Schools

Mr. Karl McKechnie

School Board

Mr. Steve Rowe

Mr. Llewellyn Robinson

Mr. Clive Bagley

Besse High School Teachers

Prin. Roland Wilkins

Miss Leola Mitchell

Mrs. Eda Rabenius

Grammar.....Miss Edith Mitchell
Intermediate.....Mrs. Cora Braley
Primary.....Mrs. Gladys Knowlton

Rural Schools

District No. 4.....Mrs. Susie Rideout
MacDonald.....Mrs. Alice Knight
Davis.....Mrs. Gladys Hussey

EDITORIAL BOARD



Seated: left to right: A. Sylvester, R. Harrison, J. Waugh, E. Marden, V. Bradstreet, V. Libby, L. Bessey, M. Harding. Standing: C. Quimby, A. Harding, F. Cookson, M. Studley, H. Reynolds, L. West, R. Bagley, J. West, N. Rideout, E. Bragg, Miss Mitchell, J. Faulkner, J. Day.

Editor.....	Virginia Bradstreet
Ass't Editor.....	Elizabeth Marden
Literary Editor.....	Vivian Libby
Ass't Literary Editor.....	Ronald Bagley
Business Manager.....	Muriel Harding
Ass't Business Manager.....	Arlene Harding
Adv. Manager.....	Janet Waugh
Ass't Adv. Manager.....	Richard Harrison
Humor Editor.....	James Day
Ass't Humor Editor.....	Harley Reynolds
Girls' Sports Editor.....	Juanita Faulkner
Ass't Girls' Sports Editor.....	Lorraine West
Boys' Sports Editor.....	Norman Rideout
Ass't Boys' Sports Editor.....	George Waugh Jr.
Exchange Editor.....	Joyce West
Printer.....	Leland Bessey
Ass't Printer.....	Eula Bragg

Freshman Reporter... Faye Cookson

Junior Reporter... Alene Sylvester

Faculty Advisor..... Miss Mitchell

Sophomore Reporter... Maxine Studley

Senior Reporter..... Cecil Quimby

Editorials

THE DEATH OF ERNIE PYLE

The man known as "The Little Guy" by all the G.I. Joes has written his last report.

After being through so many battles and hair-raising experiences, this well-known and honored man met his death on the little, unknown island of Ie, April 18, 1945, took his last ride in a jeep; for a bullet hit him and he went to sleep.

Many grieve the death of Ernie Pyle, especially those G.I. Joes that were personally acquainted with him. Even though he has passed away, his spirit lives on in the hearts of his countrymen and comrades.

ROBERTA BEZANSON

THERE IS ONE LIKE HIM IN EVERY CLASS

Every class has one member who is looked upon by his classmates as being their class "hero" and who is admired by all of his classmates, whether they are boys or girls. This member usually is chosen because he possesses one of the following things: he has an outstanding personality; he is smart and quick in his studies; or he is an excellent athlete and sportsman. This person is usually courteous, kind, and thoughtful of his teachers as well as of his schoolmates. He is not usually the bashful type, even though this characteristic is not disliked, and is often thought of as being an ideal gentleman. He is more of the aggressive type and is not afraid to propose the games to be played, or to choose the song to be sung. He is usually chosen for the most important class office because his classmates have faith in his ability to do the duties required of him. The teachers know they can rely on such a person and that he will follow any given orders. If he have all the characteristics needed in order to completely hold this position in the hearts of his classmates, then he certainly has a right to be called the "hero" of his class.

FAYE COOKSON

COURTESY

It has been said that "Courtesy is the cheapest commodity in the world yet the most far-reaching in its effects."

That is true in school life because it costs nothing to be courteous but courtesy pays big dividends in responses, more friendly relations with schoolmates and teachers, and a pleasant feeling of good-fellowship all around.

It's the little things that count. A courteously spoken "Good-morning!" starts the school day off well. Courteous attention in assembly and classes help make the class work easier for the teachers, and of more benefit to the student.

Courtesy in contact with teachers is only what should be expected but some thing comes up—perhaps a lower mark than was hoped for or a disapproving word or look, and the courteous attitude which should be shown by every student is forgotten.

Courtesy includes, too, being quiet when others are busy, willingness to share books, and research material, in short—thoughtfulness of others and respect for their rights.

Courtesy is, truly, "to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way."

BRENDA BRALEY

CAN VS CAN'T

To my mind the world is made up of two people: those that can or will try to get ahead, and those that can't or wont try to get ahead.

In our High School we have met up with these types of people. Those who try and know they can get their diploma are the type that amount to the most in this world; and those that say, "I can't go any farther, this work is too hard," are left beside the roadside of knowledge and have to go to work on farms or do other unskilled labor.

During all times in our lives, in work or play, we will meet up with these different types of individuals.

If a person had it in his heart that there is no such word as can't and that he can reach his destination no matter what the cost is, he will succeed.

Some of our most famous men were born poor. They had little education—but did they give up when they started in life and met something difficult? I guess not. They went ahead and overpowered the obstacle; they reached their destination. Men of this aggressive type gave the United States what we are fighting for now—freedom of the press and speech and other freedoms. They made the United States a place where there is "liberty and justice for all."

If there were more people in this world that would say, "I can do that, I can go ahead by myself and reach my destination" instead of sayng, "I can't do that, it's too hard, I might hurt myself," think of what a different and better world this would be.

JAMES DAY

THE CLOTHING DRIVE

The call came for America to hunt around and find all the discarded clothing, met with a hearty response. The cause of many deaths in Europe was not always from the lack of food but very often from the lack of clothing. Babies were wrapped in newspapers to keep them warm. But I don't think there is much warmth in newspapers. Tuberculosis brought on by the lack of proper food and clothing is a common cause of death in Europe, and the discarded clothing in America could save many lives there. The drive will last throughout April.

Every person is urged to donate all the clothing that he doesn't need. The clothing can be as old-fashioned as you have but must be clean and whole.

It is the duty of every American to give as much clothing as he can to help alleviate the intense shortage in Europe.

ANNE McKIEL

"IF"

Brakes shrieked, tires burned, a woman screamed then all was silent. A soldier lay broken and bleeding by the side of the street. Jane leaped from her car and rushed to the side of that injured body. She looked down at the soldier, and a look of horror came over her face, then she crumpled slowly beside him.

When Jane awoke she was lying in a hospital room and a nurse was standing nearby. Jane started to speak; then everything rushed back to her and she shuddered and lay quietly. She could still see the tall man in army uniform as he stepped from the sidewalk into the path of her car. If only she hadn't been in such a hurry to reach home before the bus left her soldier husband, Jim, at her door. But she hadn't seen Jim in over two years and she just had to be there to see him the minute he stepped from the bus. Then when she stood over that broken body and looked into the face that she remembered so well and loved so dearly . . . she shuddered again.

If only she had taken her time in driving from the store or if only she had not forgotten to get the strawberries and hadn't had to make a return trip downtown. But that was all wishful thinking.

It was so hard to rouse herself enough to ask the nurse some questions but she must manage it some way. Perhaps Jim was going to be all right, perhaps it was all a dream but deep inside she knew that it wasn't a dream and that everything happened as she remembered it. "Oh, if only!!"

ALENE SYLVESTER

A TRIP TO IMAGINATION VALLEY

Vacation is a period of time in which the usual routine of events is broken by a space of enjoyment or pleasure. One day of our recent vacation will always remain in my memory.

Last weekend I went to Portland to visit a friend. On Sunday afternoon we went to a Student Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra rehearsal in the vestry of the Baptist Church. Being interested in music, I entered the room with both eyes and ears open in order to receive everything offered. The first few selections were played well. However, I didn't see much but a room of people and the music didn't seem to inspire me at all.

Soon the conductor announced the song, "Voices of Spring." I began to pay attention more as they proceeded to play. It was not long before the gray, drab walls of the room disappeared, and a beautiful woodland scene came into view. I walked on a moss green carpet of soft grass and presently a gurgling

brook was added to the scene. Shiny, silver finned fish dodged in and out among the rugged stones of the brook. Some tiny gray squirrels scampered up the brown tree trunks as I strolled along. Bright, gay flowers bloomed at the base of the trees. The overhanging branches began to sway and soon a dark cloud appeared on the horizon. I quickened my pace.

A tap on my shoulder and my girlfriend said, "Pretty, isn't it?"

I disgustedly resumed my imaginative walk in time to discover that I was running toward shelter. After reaching refuge, the storm in all its fury broke outside. But I was safe!

What a beautiful scene I had found myself in. Sweet violins, rich claronets, shrill trumpets and harlike cellos had brought these thoughts.

Truly, music that can bring to one's mind such imagery, without words from anyone, is inspirational.

SHIRLEY FULLER



CLASS ROLL

Virginia Bradstreet	Ronald Bagley
Muriel Harding	Leland Bessey
Janet Waugh	Eula Bragg
Juanita Faulkner	Harley Reynolds
Vivian Libby	Cecile Quimby

James Day

CLASS OFFICERS

President.....	Janet Waugh
Vice-President.....	Juanita Faulkner
Secretary.....	Ronald Bagley
Treasurer.....	Eula Bragg

CLASS MOTTO: "Forward Without Fear"
CLASS COLORS: National blue and white
CLASS FLOWER: Rose

COMMENCEMENT

Last Chapel.....	Friday, June 1, 2:30 p.m.
Baccalaureate-- Rev. Lovering, Speaker--	Sunday, June 3, Church, 3:00 p.m.
Graduation	Wednesday, June 6, I.O.O.F. Hall, 8:00 p.m.
Graduation Ball.....	Wednesday, June 6, I.O.O.F. Hall, 9:30 p.m.

VIRGINIA R. BRADSTREET

"Ginny"

"Those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

Activities Class Pres. 1,2; Class Sec'y. 3; Pres. of Student Council 4; Jr. Red Cross 2,3,4; Victory Corps 2; Softball 1,3,4; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Mgr. 3; Capt. 4; Freshman Play 1; Sophomore Play 2; Jr. Prize Speaking 3, 1st. Prize; Spear Speaking Contest 3; Honor Roll 1,2,3,4; Bazaar Committee 1,2,3,4; Ass't Chairman 4; Editorial Board 3,4; Editor-in-Chief 4; Graduation Usher 3. Valedictory

Ginny, we'll miss your guiding hand and helpful assistance in many ways. Your cheery smile and sociable manner have won you many friends. When facts were wanted in class, you always had the answer. We know you will be as successful in the future as you have been here at Besse. Our best of luck.



RONALD I. BAGLEY

"Ron"

"Watch your opportunity."

Activities: Freshman Play 1; Sophomore Play 2; Victory Corps 2; Military Training 2; Bazaar Committee 2,3,4; Chairman 4; Sr. Play 3; Prize Speaking 3, 2nd. Prize; Class Treas. 3; Class Sec'y 4; Student Council, Vice-Pres. 4; Graduation Usher 3; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Capt. 4; Editorial Board 3,4; Honor Roll 1,2.

Class Will

Ronald, you have won a place in the heart of all your classmates through your fair play and good humor. We are proud of your passing the Radar Test, Ron. Best of Luck.



MURIEL E. HARDING

"Chicken"

"Let thy speech be better than silence."

Activities: Erskine Academy 1; Glee Club, Swing Club; Unity High 1; Glee Club, Operetta, Softball, Pr. Speaking; Besse High 2,3,4; Sophomore Play; Bazaar Comm. 2,3,4; Edit. Board 4; Business Mgr; Student Council 3; Vice-President; Jr. Red Cross 2,3,4; Victory Corps 2; Leader of Magazine Campaign 4; Basketball 2,3,4; Softball 3,4; Head Cheerleader 2,3,4; Jr. Prize Speaking, 3rd. Prize; Sr. Play 3; Honor Roll 2,3,4.

Salutatory

Your three years here at Besse have added much to our class activities. With your help our cheering was organized. Muriel, may the best of luck be yours.



LELAND M. BESSEY

"Bessey"



"Love gives itself; it is not bought."

Activities: Freshman Play 1; Military Training 2; Victory Corps 2; Bazaar Comm. 1,4; Student Council 1; Class Sec'y & Treas. 2; Basketball 3; Class Pres. 3; Prize Speaking 3; Editorial Board 4; Jr. Red Cross 2; Sr. Class Marshall 3; Honor Roll 1,2.

Class Gifts

As an active student and an aid to all, you have won our friendships. You will be missed especially by a certain Sophomore. Best wishes, Leland, for a successful life.

JANET M. WAUGH

"Jan"



"A friend to truth; of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear."

Activities: Freshman Play 1; Sophomore Play 2; Victory Corps 2 Jr. Red Cross 2,3; Bazaar Comm. 2,3,4; Prize Speaking 3; Cheer leader 3; Edit. Board 3,4; Ass't Adv. Mgr 4; Softball 4; Pres. of Class 4; Sec'y, of Student Council 4; Graduation Usher 3; Candidate to D.A.R. 4;

First Honor Essay

Your fine attitude during your four years here at Besse has been a tribute to our school May your Marine return soon, Jan; and whatever your ambition, may you succeed.

HARLEY S. REYNOLDS

"Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast."



Activities: Freshman Play 1; Sophomore Play 2; Bazaar Comm. 1,2,3,4; Victory Corps 2; Military Training 2; Student Council 1,3,4; Business Mgr. Bazaar 4; Prize Speaking 3, 3rd. Prize; Jr. Red Cross 2,3,4; Graduation Usher 3; Honor Roll 1.

Class Prophecy

Your words of wisdom and wit are few but mighty, they have won you the title of "Shakespeare" of the class. May you keep on impressing people. Success to you, Harley.

JUANITA D. FAULKNER

"Skeets"

"Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds;
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words."

Activities: Freshman Play 1; Bazaar Committee 1,2,3,4; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Softball 1,3,4; Editorial Board 1,2,3,4; Sophomore Play 2; Jr. Red Cross 2,3; Victory Corps 2; Jr. Prize Speaking 3; Basketball Mgr. 4; Softball, Capt. 4; Treas. of Student Council 4; Vice-Pres. of Class 4; Graduation Usher 3.

Second Honor Essay

So you're leaving us, Skeets! Your vacancy on the basketball floor is surely going to be hard to fill. So long and good luck.



CECIL D. QUIMBY

"Cec"

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

Activities: Military Training 2; Jr. Pr. Speaking 3; Edit. Board 4
Bazaar Comm. 4.

Class Histoy

Silence is golden, Cecil, so you must be priceless. Good luck through life and never forget those grand ole' days at Besse.



EULA BRAGG

"Lou"

"She played the game with all her might."

Activities: Freshman Play 1; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Jr. Red Cross 2,3,4; Victory Corps 2; Jr. Prize Speaking 3, 2nd. Prize; Bazaar Committee 3,4; Editorial Board 3,4; Ass't Basketball Mgr. 4; Softball 3,4; Treas. of Senior Class 4.

Class Prophecy

Your merry heart has won you many friends. May you never forget the good times enjoyed while at Besse; just as we will never forget you. May success be yours, Eula!





JAMES E. DAY

"Jimmy"

"Wit will shine through."

Activities: Football 1; Freshman Play 1; Bazaar Comm. 1,2,3,4; Victory Corps 2; Sophomore Play 2; Sr. Play 3; Student Council 3; Basketball 1,3,4; Prize Speaking 3; Editorial Board 3,4; Military Training 2; Jr. Red Cross 2; Graduation Usher 3.

Class Gifts

We'd be a very dull class, Jimmy, if it were not for your humor to always cheer us onward. Through reliable sources we have come to believe a certain little miss from H₂O-ville has caught your eye, Good luck and may success forever be yours!



VIVIAN L. LIBBY

"Viv"

"Thoughts are deeper than all speech
Feeling is deeper than all thoughts."

Activities: Edit. Board 3,4; Class Vice-Pres. 2,3; Bazaar Comm. 2,3,4; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Softball 1,3; Jr. Prize Speaking 3; Jr. Red Cross 2; Victory Corps 2; Honor Roll 1,2,3,4.

Address to Undergraduates

Quiet and sincere-- that's Vivian! Her chief ambition is being a beautician and her highest ideal is "Irish." May your future days be happy ones, Viv.



STUDENT BODY

Front row, l to r: J. Faulkner, J. Day, J. Waugh, L. Bessey, V. Libby, C. Quimby, V. Bradstreet, H. Reynolds, M. Harding, R. Bagley, E. Bragg. 2nd. row: J. West, L. West, M. Studley, J. Bagley, Miss Mitchell, Mr. Wilkins, Mrs. Rabenius, F. Flye, R. Bezanson, P. Rood, A. McKiel, S. Fuller. 3rd. row: D. Robbins, R. Rex, M. Shibles, B. Braley A. Harding, H. McKiel, A. Sylvester, J. Noyes, E. Bragdon, R. Bezanson, R. Higgins, E. Quimby. 4th. row: D. Quimby, G. Waugh, F. Keefe, D. Cookson, N. Rideout, R. Harrison, J. Bagley, E. Marden, G. Bagley, H. Folger, M. Fuller.

School Roll

SENIORS

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

SOPHOMORES

Gerald Bagley
Roberta Bezanson
Esther Bragdon
Henry Folger
Shirley Fuller
Anne McKiel- Treasurer
Jenny Noyes
Norman Rideout- President
Dorothy Robbins
Pearl Rood- Vice-President
Maxine Studley- Secretary
George Waugh

JUNIORS

Ruth Bezanson- Treasurer
Arlene Harding
Richard Harrison
Ruby Higgins
Elizabeth Marden- President
Evelyn Quimby
Alene Sylvester
Joyce West- Secretary
Lorraine West

FRESHMEN

Jean Bagley
June Bagley- Secretary
Brenda Braley- Vice-Pres.
Faye Cookson- President
Florence Flye
Mary Fuller
Fern Keefe
Harriet McKiel
Donald Quimby
Marilyh Shibles
Rosella Rex

Honor Roll

HIGH HONORS

HONORS

Seniors

Virginia Bradstreet(5)
Muriel Harding(5)
Juanita Faulkner(3)
Vivian Libby(1)

Seniors

Ronald Bagley(2)
Leland Bessey(2)
Harley Reynolds(3)
Janet Waugh(5)
Eula Bragg(2)
Juanita Faulkner(2)
Vivian Libby(2)
James Day(2)

Juniors

Elizabeth Marden(5)
Arlene Harding(3)
Alene Sylvester(3)
Ruth Bezanson(1)

Juniors

Ruth Bezanson(4)
Alene Sylvester(2)
Arlene Harding(2)
Ruby Higgins(1)
Joyce West(1)

Sophomores

Shirley Fuller(5)
Roberta Bezanson(2)
Anne McKiel(2)

Sophomores

Roberta Bezanson(3)
Anne McKiel(3)
Dorothy Robbins(2)
Maxine Studley(4)

Freshmen

Brenda Braley(4)
Faye Cookson(5)

Freshmen

Florence Flye(3)
Harriet McKiel(1)
Brenda Braley(1)
Rosella Rex(1)
Jean Bagley(1)
Fern Keefe(1)

Number in paranthesis indicates number of times on Honor Roll



EIGHTH GRADE

Seated: l to r: Elma Lee, Elaine Rideout, Lillian Drake, Carlene Waugh, Dana Libby, Hattie Rood, Ruth Farris, Catherine Knights, Dolly Basford. Standing: Clarence West, Carleton Fuller. Daniel Blake, John Hendsbee, Harold Dow, Merlon Wiggin, Francis Johnson.

“In the year of forty-five
We wish to enter Besse High.
While there as students we will try
To be the ones on whom to rely;
Never shirking in our tasks
Always doing what is asked
We’ll keep trying to do our best
And get along with all the rest.”

One outstanding achievement of this class was its participation in the United States Victory Waste Paper Campaign. Although we were outranked for first place by the Besse intermediate pupils we managed to win second in the State.

This honor gave us a banner presented by the War Production Board instead of the much coveted trophy. Also the Waterville Sentinel presented us with a framed group picture of all who took part in this war-time activity.

Literature

THE ADVENTURE OF ADAM AND EVE

(Any resemblance between a person living or dead and a character in this tale is utterly fantastic.)

Adam Apple sat on the tip end of the barrel of a machinegun, with his chin resting in the palm of one hand and an unmistakable expression of displeasure darkening his countenance. "Hmph!" he grunted indignantly. "I, the handsomest Gremlin in the whole Southwest Pacific have been jilted for some mediocre Marine pilot." With these mumbled words, tears for his unrequited love commenced to overflow and trickle down the petite face of this poor heartbroken creature.

Now, to judge from his statement, Adam must have been an unbearably conceited fellow even for a Gremlin, but nevertheless, he was right. He had the handsomest large pointed ears, beady black eyes, and red bulbous nose; and he possessed the most shapely pot-bellied figure of any of his fellowmen at that air field. Besides all that he was a snappy dresser and always well groomed; so of course he considered himself the prize catch of the year for some lucky girl.

To enlighten you with the facts of his woeful story, I'll go back a few weeks to the time immediately preceding the commencement of all his troubles. He was going steady with the beautiful blue haired, pink eyed, hawk nosed debutante, Eve Ning, until the afternoon a new flight of planes came in to make this airfield their base. The squadron leader was a tall, broad shouldered Titan Marine Lieutenant; and the second Eve caught sight of him she promptly fell head over heels in love. Since then Eve had ignored Adam's futile attempts to get a date to go play pranks on these new Marine pilots.

Suddenly Adam jumped up with an evil glint in his eyes, slid down the gun barrel to where it projected from the wing of the plane, clambered up onto the wing and hurried off home. He had a scheme which, if it worked as planned, would win back his fiancée, now or never,

That afternoon the handsome Marine Lt. Roland Hanold climbed into his Corsair and shortly was flying towards his destination to escort some bombers on a raid on Japanese territory. Though he did not realize it, two passengers accompanied him. On his shoulder perched the admiring Eve, and cavorting on the wing tip was Adam, gayly singing "Don't Fence Me In."

Soon the crafty eyed creature became serious and started fumbling around the engine. "Ah ha!" he gloated, "revenge is sweet! Now I shall dispose of my rival once and for all." But alas and alack, at that instant there was a chatter of guns and a whizzing of bullets as a challenging Zero swooped down. Cold beads of perspiration broke out on the frightened lad's forehead as he gazed at the yawning bullet hole, less than one ten-thousandth of an inch from his toe.

His fear turned to rage and he shook his infinite fist and shouted, "Come back here you *!?!* slant-eyed so- and-so and I'll - I'll....."The

desired opportunity came at that particular moment. As the Corsair dived at the Zero, Adam somersaulted off it onto the enemy plane. In less time than it takes to lift an eleven ton block buster he had deftly employed his well learned tactics to disrupt the engine so that the plane was left to the mercy of the Marine Corps. Of course, our hero bounced back aboard the Corsair as it came in for the kill.

During all this action Eve had been excitedly fluttering about the cockpit, watching and cheering for her renounced lover. Back at the airfield, after the plane had landed and the cockpit was opened, she rushed out, threw her arms around the arrogant Adam and cried, "Oh, Archibald Percival Torrence Apple (that was his legal name,) you are my hero! Can you ever forgive me for being so capricious? That was just a silly infatuation I had for that ridiculous Marine."

The next afternoon, if Lieutenant Roland Hanold had happened to glance beneath his plane parked on the runway, he would have seen a most unusual spectacle. There, in the shadow of his Corsair, was a gathering of all the Grem-lins of any importance in that vicinity, witnessing the wedding of Archibald Percival Torrence, alias "Adam" Apple and Eve Ning.

HARLEY REYNOLDS

EVERYTHING TO FIGHT FOR

Joe lay in a fox hole surrounded by mud and water. It was raining hard outside. He had placed a bullet riddled canvas over the top of his fox hole for a little protection, but the water came in just the same.

Off in the distance, he could hear the big guns roaring like hundreds of angry monsters. The rain and the gunfire had been going on steadily for the last two days—they seemed to go together now.

"Oh, if it would only stop and I could get back to the rest camp to a nice warm bed!" Joe's soul cried out to God. He was frozen to the bones and numb all over from lying in the same position for so long.

How he used to like to walk in the rain back home and feel it on his upturned face. Now as the rain beat down on his face it felt like pieces of metal, each one trying to hurt him more than the last.

"I wonder what Mom and Dad are doing? It is evening now back home. I bet they are all in the parlor sitting around the fireplace, Mom with her knitting for the Red Cross, Dad with the Daily News calmly smoking his pipe, and Sis with her school work. Maybe Ellen has dropped in to chat for a while as she used to and inquire if they have heard from Joe since she has. Ellen with her shining blonde curls and clear blue eyes—what a lucky fellow I am. I have so much to fight for," thought Joe.

But in spite of all the lovely thoughts of home that filled Joe's feverish brain, he was sick and he knew it.

Just then there came an ear splitting screech and a tremendous explosion as the ground rocked beneath him. That was the last Joe knew for many days.

About two weeks later Joe slowly opened his eyes. Was he dreaming or were those white walls real?

"Hello there, have you finally decided to wake up? You really have had us worried for a long time, son." Joe turned his head slowly because it hurt terribly. Besides his bed stood a white-haired doctor in a crisp white uniform.

"Don't speak, save your strength because you'll need it all to get well with, for you have been a very sick young man. The piece of shrapnel you caught really did a job on you, but in a couple months or so you will be as good as new. I will go now and you had better get some sleep," said the doctor.

Joe didn't sleep, though, for quite a while after the doctor left. He was busy taking account of what had happened to him.

At last he sighed and said to himself, "Well, at least I'm still all in one piece and have everything to live for!"

EULA BRAGG

THE INCOMPLETE MISSION

It was a bleak day for five hundred American prisoners of war. They marched wearily along towards the German railroad yard, their Nazi captives now and then prodding them with their machine guns. The Americans were silent, for they knew their destination, and their thoughts weren't at all pleasing. In the distance, they could hear the continuous drone of approaching planes, coming closer and closer toward their target, the freight cars of an important railroad center.

The prisoners were herded, like cattle, by grinning German guards to that part of the track. The Nazis knew that the U.S. pilots were making ready to blow up the yards, and because they had not the means to oppose the large B-25's, they had instead, thought of a very sly, murderous way of reeking revenge on the enemy. Their idea was to lead the prisoners to the yard and let them be blown to bits, along with the freight cars—bombed by their own fellow Americans.

The prisoners were finally lined up around the ammunition cars. The roar of the heavy bombers, coming closer and closer to the target, ground out all other sounds. Then, to make sure of their own safety, the guards quickly ran from the scene, certain that they weren't in the aim of fire.

Immediately, after the guards left, the entire body of men spread out, quickly forming the letters "P. W." Above them, in the planes, the bombardiers, ready to drop their first loads, saw the formation and immediately checked their bombs. They understood the message and the prisoners heaved sighs of relief as the pilots gained altitude and flew away, taking their ships to an alternative target.

Once again, the Americans outwitted the cunning, cold-blooded Nazis!

VIVIAN LIBBY

THE ORIGIN OF BUTTER

One bright morning in the middle of the summer, Mrs. Doolittle sent her eight year old daughter, Meeto, to borrow some cream from Mrs. Symore, who lived about a half mile over the hill. Meeto fetched a jar and skipped off to do the errand. On the way, Meeto broke the jar. When she reached Mrs. Symore's house she asked for the cream and told her that the jar had slipped out of her hand and had broken. Mrs. Symore said that was all right and that she had a little wooden keg she could put the cream into. Meeto thanked Mrs. Symore for the cream and started for home.

As she went she shook the cream. When she reached the top of the hill she dropped the keg. It rolled down over the hill with Meeto close behind. Meeto's mother took the keg and opened it. To her amazement she saw a yellow mass with watery-looking milk all about it. She said, "But, her! Whey did she give me this? This isn't cream. But—her whey?"

ROBERTA BEZANSON

GAZING OUT THE WINDOW IN BIOLOGY CLASS

Stretching endlessly way out there clouds form into fluffy vanilla ice cream mixed with cola diluted blueberry juice, making a seemingly delicious ice cream soda. The tall straight limbs of the rigid elms, stretching up into the sky, serve as straws with which to consume our make-believe soda. A God-ruled scene. . . . Then all of a sudden the soda begins to shake, the straws sway about as if sending a warning of a coming storm--Our lesson concerns evolution.

Off in the distance a voice is seriously saying that all life evolved from a one celled being and that the dish that so firmly held our trembling ice cream had spun from the sun. I listened questioningly to facts upon facts that seemed to make my Celestial scene outside the window move with uneasiness. Was it so? It must be so, facts proved it.

I was summoned back to the frozen delight; I noticed that all I had left now was the soda and straws. I wondered if this had any significant meaning to my oppressed state of mind. . . . Then I realized that Miss M _____ had left the subject evolution and was telling us that she didn't want this study to disturb any of our beliefs. But by this time, the damage was already done and I was as mixed up as the reviving fly on the window sill; for like the sun warmed fly, I too was completely baffled. Could the belief in evolution and a belief in the Bible go hand in hand?..

For some people evolution must be a wonderful escape, something that they have been seeking to satisfy the question as to their origin. But I wasn't satisfied—I couldn't seem to settle it in my mind, as the whole story of our first existence. . . . With further discussion with other classmates and with my teacher, I began to see where the two beliefs must be connected. I began to sense that the theory of evolution implies the orderly process God used in fashioning the world, instead of performing a series of distinct, more or less unrelated acts of creation.

Now I can see the clear blue sky resting comfortably and the rigid elm trees giving way to a new-being—a more superior tree—after millions of centuries. The wind has died down now- and all is calm.

JUANITA FAULKNER

MEDALS!

One hot summer day Pete Smith and I were chewing the rag and the conversation ran from one topic to another until I got to showing him some medals I had won in various enterprises. Old Pete, asks me real interested, just how I got that medal. So I goes on to explain:—

“One day just as I was going down to get the mail I heard a loud buzzing in back of me and right away realized that unless I moved mighty fast I would be the victim of a rattlesnake bite. Well, the first jump took me about five feet in the air and after that you couldn’t see me for dust. The worst part of it was I kept hearing the buzzing, so I kept on running.

“About the time I hit town I saw a bunch of fellows lined up for a race but I wasn’t in any mood to watch it so I plows right through and keep on going. About three miles out of town some fellows on horseback caught and told me to turn around. Well, I didn’t consider myself in any position to argue so I turned around and, still hearing that buzzing, roared away. When I reached town some fellows roped and politely informed me that I had won the race.

“They were all pretty surprised that such a lazy fellow as I had run so fast and wanted a reason for the sudden spurt of ambition. As I reached for my handkerchief to mop my sweating brow, I found a good reason. Yes sir, a very good reason. The rattlesnake was still hanging to my pants! I guess on his first jump he missed me and caught his fangs on my pants.”

“Well,” says Pete, “I’ll see you later. It’s too hot weather for many of these stories!”

NORMAN RIDEOUT

AND THEY SHALL WALK

The Life Story of Sister Elizabeth Kenney written in collaboration with Martha Ostenso.

“And They Shall Walk” is the life story of a lone, courageous, and strong woman who fought with all her strength to make medical science listen to her conception and treatment of infantile paralysis. How she won her victory in this field is a great story which only she, herself, could write.

The beginning of her achievements goes back to when she was in her teens living in Australia. Sister (a title which simply means a graduate nurse) Kenney’s brother, William, was a physical weakling when a child; but Sister Kenny wanted that he should be able to play with other children. Through their friend, Dr. Aeneas McDonald, she secured all the books she could on muscle structure. Through this knowledge she developed exercises for her brother, and because

of them he grew into a strong and healthy boy. From this knowledge of muscle structure she developed her treatment for infantile paralysis.

A tall, fine girl at the age of twenty three, she was nursing in the bushland of Australia when she encountered her first case of infantile paralysis. Not having heard much about this disease she did not recognize the symptoms but treated her patient for what she saw - muscle spasms. She used strips of blanket wrung out of boiling water, applied them to the affected parts and massaged the muscles with her hands. By treating the patient in this manner the child's life was saved and Sister Kenny began her struggle to tell the world of her conception and treatment of this dreaded disease.

The medical men of her country were stubborn, some even said she was crazy; but Sister Kenny was more stubborn. She wasn't fighting for her own glory; she was fighting for all the children who would never know the joys of childhood. Many times she would have given up her struggle but her heart broke every time she saw children in splints and metal contraptions, knowing they'd be crippled for life. Her love for children and her desire to prevent suffering in the world led her through those lonely, bitter years of struggle.

When asked to present her theory to the medical men of America she gladly accepted. A plump lady at about the age of fifty, she landed in America and began at once to give demonstrations before medical organizations and hospitals. Her conception and treatment of infantile paralysis was soon accepted by the American Medical Association. Her victory was won. Schools to train nurses in Kenny treatment were started and today many countries are finding the value of this treatment.

No book has inspired me so much as "The Life Story of Sister Kenny." The characteristics of this lady are ones that we all hope for. Sister Kenny's sacrifices are for others and this makes us that much more proud of her. In this book she has written her experiences to show the world that something must be done to aid the unnecessary suffering of so many children. As she tells us this, she talks to us in a friendly way and leaves a challenge for us—"to dedicate the labor of our hands and the devotion of our hearts to the end that healing may be brought to the children of all lands. Only then can we prove ourselves worthy of the heritage of freedom that has been bequeathed to us by those whose banners we bear."

VIRGINIA BRADSTREET

A Book Report

THE APOSTLE

By Sholem Asch

Sholem Asch, born of poor parents on Nov. 1, 1880, in Poland, became interested in literature at the age of nineteen and today is one of the most prominent Jewish authors. His citizenship is in America; his home, at Lanford, Conn. While seeking revelations for a new story, he had traveled to and from Europe several times. The writings of Asch are religious, realistic and unforgettable.

"The Apostle" is a stirring story of Paul—his life as Saul of Tarsus, his conversion on the road to Damascus, and his sacrifices to bring the story of

Christ's coming to both the Jews and Gentiles. The reader is carried back to the time of the crucifixion of Christ and made to realize how His disciples and followers rise up in Jerusalem and all parts of the Roman Empire to begin the slow spread of Christianity.

I believe Sholem Asch has written this story that we might have a deeper, clearer sense of the debt to Paul and a greater understanding of the meaning of Christianity.

His hero is unforgettable. He was strange in appearance—this Paul. His head was pear-shaped, with a high bulging forehead over fiery eyes and a long nose. His disproportionately large ears, the beard, the flushed and radiant face together with his frail body, which shook with convulsions when he was on his Master's missions, gave him an air of exaltation and exclusiveness. The Apostle Paul's body, however, belied his endurance, his will-power and his strength. Other than these three last mentioned characteristics, his strongest trait of character was the courage of his convictions. Once he was convinced of any matter, nothing (not even the thought of death) could make him falter. Summed up in a sentence, Paul was a man to whom God could—and did—trust one of His greatest missions—that of sending the tidings of a New Covenant into a pagan world.

By reading the pages of "The Apostle," one can visualize the burning of Rome so plainly the very flames sear the soul. The second Caesar, great Nero, was as a spoiled child who needs a constant change in amusement. Having not only worn out but overdone almost every source of joy, he at last needed some new amusement. Rome became the new toy. It would burn for the great Nero! For seven days it burned and then the beautiful capital of the Roman Empire lay in ruins. "What caused this disaster?" demanded the citizens. Nero thought the Christians would be good scape-goats for his crime so they were gathered and brought to trial—and condemned immediately. Men, women, and children were thrown into an arena with hungry animals and for days this slaughter continued, for that was what it was. The Christians went to their death with no struggle, only lamentations to God. The cry at last became, "Did innocent babies burn Rome?" Then the murders ceased, but the burning of Rome set in the hearts of Christians a fire whose flame can never be extinguished.

Sholem Asch's style of writing is an impressive one. Through careful choice of words, vivid descriptions, humorous and tragic events set historic surroundings and a profound atmosphere of reverence, he has created in "The Apostle" a panorama of Christian life that will live on in our Classic Literature.

ARLENE HARDING

W B H S

This is Station W B H S, owned and operated by the students of Besse High, broadcasting from high in the school building in the heart of Albion.

The following program will be heard on the Butterknife Network from Toast to Toast,

We are the Freshmen from B. H. S
There's twelve of us in all;
We all have great ambitions
To become Sophomores next fall.

Behold the "Silly Sophies"
We're not what the name implies.
If you think we can't be serious,
You're doomed for a big surprise!

Here we come, the Junior class,
With eight lassies and a lad;
We always do our work on time
And we're almost never bad.

Senior class is next in line
We'll soon bid you adieu;
We hope you'll miss us half as much
As we're going to miss you.

We all go to Besse High
Best in the land.

Howe'er you may be criticized
Still, we think you're grand.

RUBY HIGGINS

FORWARD WITHOUT FEAR

Today we find ourselves going onward;
Onward toward the grim battles of life
Through grief and pain and sorrow
Let us look to the heavens for light.
"Forward Without Fear" is our motto
So onward fearlessly let's go.
Ahead of us is a dark cloud,
To conquer this is our goal,
To take with us the sunshine and sorrow
And the troubles of our soul.
The truth of our soul lies hidden;
But let us trust that God is near
To help us accomplish our task and be happy.
Let's go forth - "Forward Without Fear."

EULA BRAGG

MAY 29

The day the Seniors are waiting for
Is not so far away;
We have looked forward to this day
Which is in the month of May.

For four long years we have worked hard
For this day to come;
So we could get into this world
And have a little fun.

But when we get into the world
And things look dark and gray,
We'll think of the good old times we had
Before that day in May.

JAMES DAY

CLOSE OF DAY

The sun below the clouds has crept
Away from all the world's unrest;
Children, ready for a night's repose,
Offer their prayers for Hitler's foes,
Who on the battlefields must fight
Know not the rest that comes by night.
But who must strive unceasingly
For all the things they love so dearly.
A prayer for them let us say
At the close of day.

VIRGINIA BRADSTREET

A DECISION

'Twas early in September, History, math and English, too,
That a choice I had to make; Were required. But what bothered me
Upon the puzzling question, Was whether to decide on French
"What subject shall I take?" Or try to take biology.

I fin'ly decided on French,
But oft' I've rued the day
When I turned aside biology
For "Parley-vous francais!"

BRENDA BRALEY

A DREAM

I had a dream that peace had come
And all the world was free again;
Our boys come home from wars they'd won
But instead of boys, they now were men.
And some bore wounds, from willingness to give
All in their power so peace could come;
Still thousands would ne'er return to live
In their own homes with their loved ones.
The country joyed in war's surcease,
Forgot its worries of former times,
Once more had hopes for lasting peace,
And painted the future in their minds.
But Soldiers, Sailors and brave Marines
Were marching proudly through all my dreams.

ELIZABETH MARDEN

Activities



STUDENT COUNCIL

Seated: l to r: R. Bagley, J. Faulkner, V. Bradstreet, J. Waugh, H. Reynolds.
Standing: L. West, R. Higgins, D. Quimby, H. Folger, M. Shibles, S. Fuller.

To an outsider, the Student Council might look like a mere club or organization. It has a much larger responsibility than that of just a club, however; it is the backbone of our school. The Council appoints Bazaar Committees, makes athletic regulations, handles financial affairs and sees that there is enough money for school athletic activities. Each officer has a duty. For instance, the secretary must be at games to check on money, and see that bills are paid.

We had a very successful year under the guidance of Mr. Wilkins. Our officers are:

President-	Virginia Bradstreet
Vice-President-	Ronald Bagley
Secretary-	Janet Waugh
Treasurer-	Juanita Faulkner

Besides those mentioned, the other members are: Marilyn Shibles and Donald Quimby from the Freshman class; Henry Folger, Jr. and Shirley Fuller as Sophomore representatives; Lorraine West, Ruby Higgins and Venora Crosby from the Junior class; and Harley Reynolds from the Senior class.

Junior Prize Speaking

The Junior Prize Speaking Contest was held Friday night, April 6, 1945, at the Albion Grange Hall. The entire Junior Class took part, with Mr. Wilkins acting as master of ceremonies.

The program was as follows:

Listen, America.....	Richard Harrison
Home Talent Rehearsal.....	Ruth Bezanson
Lidice Lives.....	Joyce West
The Wedding.....	Evelyn Quimby
The Man With The Hoe.....	Lorraine West
Ma's Monday Morning.....	Ruby Higgins
The Soul of the Violin.....	Elizabeth Marden
The Cat Came Back.....	Alene Sylvester
Into A Better Kingdom.....	Arlene Harding

The prizes were awarded to the four highest speakers, as follows:

- First Prize- Ruby Higgins
- Second Prize- Arlene Harding
- Third Prize- Alene Sylvester
- Fourth Prize- Joyce West

The school is very grateful to the organizations of the town who donated the money for the prizes, and is proud of its Juniors for giving a contest worthy of such patronage.

Ruby Higgins was chosen to represent Besse High School at the Regional Spear Speaking Contest held in Winslow, but due to the scarlet fever epidemic, she was unable to attend.

Freshman Reception

Oh October 4, 1944, we saw a pretty sight at school in the first row. For this was Freshman's Day. The evening performance was a fitting climax. The Freshmen, looking very nice; girls in burlap bags, and the boys in Mother's house dresses, proved to be good sports. The boys who forgot their dust-caps and their one high and one low-heeled shoe, had to suffer the consequences.

The Freshmen have been very good scholars and companions. We know they are looking forward to becoming Sophomores when they, in turn, may avenge themselves on next year's freshies!

Annual Bazaar

Our Bazaar which was held Wednesday, November 29, was a big success. In the afternoon there were games for all, sale of fancy work and aprons, white elephant, and grab bag.

A meat supper was served and was well attended by both students and townspeople. The students of Besse High School wish to thank all those who donated food for the supper; especially, we wish to thank those who served on the committee.

Both Freshmen and Sophomores did very well in presenting their one-act plays, "The Ghost Farm," and "Elmer and the Lovebug." Between the plays the tickets on the quilt and turkey were drawn and a rooster was auctioned off by a Chinese auction. Also, five hundred pounds of grain, donated by the Wirthmore Grain Co., was given to the lucky ticket holders.

The evening came to a close with a dance.

Around one hundred dollars was cleared on the Bazaar which has enabled us to carry on our athletic program and other outside activities.

Besse's students and teachers want to thank all those who helped to make our Bazaar a success.

Athletics



SOFTBALL

Seated: l to r: A. McKiel, Mgr. L. West, V. Bradstreet, Capt. J. Faulkner, A. Harding, F. Cookson, J. West. 2nd. row: M. Harding, F. Flye, E. Marden, Coach Miss Mitchell, J. Bagley, E. Bragg, R. Bezanson. 3rd. row: M. Studley, J. Waugh, F. Keefe, D. Robbins, R. Bezanson, H. McKiel.

Last fall a softball team was organized after not having had one the previous year and it was surprising how many girls went out for it.

We elected Juanita Faulkner Captain and Lorraine West Manager.

Four games were played in the fall; we came out victorious in three of them. Our first game was with Erskine Academy. We enjoyed playing both at home and down there. Our other games were with Freedom Academy; at home we won, but over there they played very good softball and we came home beaten. We had a good time playing Freedom and hope to see them again next year.

This spring we have played Unity High, Erskine Academy, and Belgrade High, and hope to play more games before school closes this spring.

Our game at Unity was only a practice game and a few softball rules were disregarded; our opponents took a slight beating with courtesy.

May 16, we made a very enjoyable trip to Belgrade High whom we found were planning to come to Albion that afternoon, but this mix-up was settled and we played there. They have a very nice diamond and we enjoyed playing there. We came home with another victory, 29- 8.

We are losing some of our experienced players by graduation but we still hope to have a good team for next year.



CHEERLEADERS

Kneeling: l to r: Ruth Bezanson, M. Harding, B. Braley.
2nd. row: M. Studley, M. Shibles, E. Bragdon, R. Bezanson.

There are seven cheerleaders at Besse High this year. All classes are represented.

At least two of them were able to go on each basketball trip.

We are sorry to say that our Headcheerleader, Muriel, will not be here to lead us this fall. We hope next year's leader will do as well as Muriel has done her three years at Besse. "Good Luck" to next year's leader.

We congratulate you cheerleaders on the fine work you have done. Many games were, no doubt, won because of inspiration from you. Keep up the good work!



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Seated: l to r: A. Sylvester, E. Marden, M. Harding, Capt. V. Bradstreet, Mgr. J. Faulkner, L. West, Ass't. Mgr. E. Bragg. Standing: J. West, R. Bezanson, A. Harding, V. Libby, F. Cookson, Coach Miss Mitchell, J. Bagley, F. Flye, A. McKiel, H. McKiel, S. Fuller.

Over half of our girls at Besse were represented this year on the basketball squad and an excellent schedule was arranged in spite of transportation difficulties.

Out of fourteen games played we won eleven of them, losing two to Lawrence and one to Williams High.

Our starting line-up was as follows: forwards- Capt. Virginia Bradstreet, Elizabeth Marden, Lorraine West; guards- Muriel Harding, Juanita Faulkner, Mgr; Eula Bragg, Ass't Mgr. Others receiving letters were: Alene Sylvester, Arlene Harding, Joyce West, Faye Cookson, Jean Bagley, and Anne McKiel.

The credit of the success of our basketball season would be given almost entirely by any one of the girls to our coach, Miss Mitchell. She deserves much credit for her patience, and time spent with us.

We must also mention our high scoring forward "Liz" Marden, she really packed them in there for us. Our Capt. "Ginny" Bradstreet helped win her fame and the game by her beautiful passing. "Lew" West kept up our moral by her continuous keeping on the go. Then there were always the guards, Eula Bragg, "Skeets" Faulkner, and Muriel Harding, at the opposite end of the floor, waiting for their opportunity to hold the score down.

Although we are losing four out of our starting lineup we are still looking forward to a successful team next year.

The schedule was as follows:(x)indicates games played at home.

DATE	OPPONENT	WE	THEY
xDec.12	Williams	37	30
Dec.15	Clinton	42	17
xDec.22	Unity	35	17
Jan.4	Skowhegan	49	46
xJan.12	Erskine	43	29
xJan.19	Morse Memorial	42	36
Jan.24	Lawrence	20	41
xJan.26	Clinton	24	12
Feb.2	Williams	31	37
xFeb.7	Skowhegan	37	35
Feb.14	Morse Memorial	34	22
Feb.16	Unity	32	15
xFeb.28	Lawrence	31	44
Mar.2	Erskine	34	16

The Captain and Managers that have been elected for the next year are, Capt. Arlene Harding, Mgr. Elizabeth Marden, Ass't Mgr. Shirley Fuller.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Seated: l to r: H. Folger, Mgr. R. Harrison, Capt. R. Bagley, N. Rideout, J. Day,
 Standing: G. Waugh, G. Bagley, D. Quimby, Coach Mr. Wilkins.

With a much smaller squad than Besse usually has, we succeeded in capturing only three games out of the scheduled fourteen. Many games found us short of some of our starting lineup, due to sickness and other troubles. Despite these handicaps we bettered our record by one game more than last year. We used many players who had no previous experience, but working with the veterans helped them a lot. We hope for a much more successful season next year. Some of our grammar school graduates look promising.

The schedule was as follows: (x) indicates games played at home.

Williams (Oakland)	56	Besse	13 ^x
Clinton	56	"	24
Unity	13	"	15 ^x
Skowhegan J. V.	34	"	12
Erskine	37	"	15 ^x
Morse (Brooks)	33	"	37 ^x
Lawrence J. V.	52	"	16
Clinton	80	"	35 ^x
Williams	48	"	22
Skowhegan J. V.	29	"	47 ^x
Morse Memorial	36	"	12

Unity	33	Besse	27
Lawrence	86	"	27 ^x
Erskine	56	"	14

Those winning letters or certificate are, R. Bagley, H. Folger, R. Harrison, N. Rideout, J. Day, D. Quimby, G. Waugh, G. Bagley.

Exchanges

The year 1944, we received many books. Editions and comments are as follows:

The Arganout, Ilesboro, Me Your edition was very interesting and enjoyed by all.

Lawrence Diary, Fairfield. Your book contains many interesting things to make it very much worth while.

The Keystone, Belfast. We would have enjoyed more editorials. Otherwise a good book.

Messalonskee Ripple, Oakland. More jokes would help.

Winthrop Winner, Winthrop. The large pictures were very good. Why not more jokes? Dandy book.

The Garnet, Richmond. Don't you think your book would be improved with pictures?

The Monitor, Unity. Why not a larger book and more editorials? School pictures are good.

Bulldog, Madison. An edition that really tops!

Norridgewalk High School. Enjoyed your edition but more editorials would be enjoyed.

We have received many papers printed during the school year of 1944-45 from these schools: Oakland, Richmond, Unity, and Madison.

These periodicals are very interesting and we would be pleased if more of our friends would exchange with us the following school years.

Exchange Editor,
Joyce West

Humor

Jimmy Day: I love you. You are the most wonderful girl in the world. You are the object of my dreams, the light of my life, the hope of my hope, my inspiration and my ambition. I would fight dragons, conquer the world for you. I would give my life for you! Will you be mine?

Coy girl: Do you like me, Jimmy?

"Red" Rideout: Don't you think my driving has improved?

Joyce West: I don't know- this is a pretty wide sidewalk!

Gerald Bagley: Yesterday I built a new doghouse.

Richard Harrison: Well, well, I didn't know you were moving.

Faye Cookson: Do you really think you are a hundred years old?

Mr. Wilkins: Of course I do. Why I can't remember when I wasn't alive.

Ruby Higgins: Shall I go to a mind-reader or a palm-reader?

Miss Mitchell: Try the palm-reader. It is obvious that you've got a palm.

The brain was made to think with, but it's the pocketbook that forms most of the opinions.

Muriel H: How did all the South Sea girls decide on grass skirts?

Ronald B: Oh, they just took a straw vote.

Miss Mitchell: (in English class) Helen Keller was deaf, dumb, and blind. Which one of her senses did she regain?

Virginia B: Her dumbness.

To make a long story short, you put it in the digest magazine.

Donald Quimby: Can you imagine anyone going to bed with his shoes on.

Friend: Who does that?

Donald: My horse.

Alene Sylvester: What's the matter with you. Are you nuts?

Dorothy Robbins: No, why?

Alene: Then, why don't you get the rattle out of your brains.

Evelyn Quimby: Your brother looks just like your father.

Janet Waugh: Now stop making fun of my father.

Cecil Quimby: I once wanted to be a plumber, but it was only a pipe dream.

Mrs. Rabenius: I buried three husbands in my time.

Friend: Really?

Mrs. R: Yes, but only two were dead.

Friend: How did your last husband die?

Mrs. R: I don't know. I was acquitted.

Cannibal Chieftain: So the explorer won't talk? O.K. let's grill him!

Ghost,slapping girl friend on the back, "Well, how's the old ghoul tonight?"

Vivian Libby: I'm the prettiest girl in my house.

Leland Bessey: Oh, still living alone eh?

Daffynitions

Irish diamond—a sham rock

Pen wiper—handkerchief used by William Penn

Dumb girl—one who can't find a hole in a cargo of Swiss cheese

Harley Reynolds: Is it better to have twenty thousand dollars or twenty kids?

Eula Bragg: I'd rather have the kids.

Harley: That's right. If you have the twenty thousand you want more.

Mrs. Rabenius: (in world history) What was the tower of Babel?

Georgh Waugh: It must have been where King Solomon kept his 700 wives.

Leland Bessey: But wait, honey. What can I do before I can crush you in my arms?

Esther Bragdon: Drink milk, and exercise, you weakling!

Mother: Isn't this good chicken.

Juanita Faulkner: It may have been, morally, but physically, it's a wreck.

Modernized Mother goose

No wonder the woman who lived in a shoe

Was all upset and didn't know what to do —

For you, too, would be singing the woes,

If confronted with modern shoes without toes!

Janet Waugh: Well, what is my pulse beat?

Harley R: Normal — that is, it's 82, but I deduct 10 for my personality.

Joyce West: The beautician said I have a lovely complexion, like driven snow.

Eula Bragg: Maybe, but it looks a little slushy now.

Jennie Noyes: I like to sleep twelve hours on end.

Vivian Libby: Don't you lie down occasionally?

Arlene Harding: The doctor said that I needed a stimulant and asked to see my tongue.

Elizabeth Marden: Good heavens! I hope he didn't give you a stimulant for that.

Jimmy Day: "I want food," cried the hungry actor.

Lorraine West: Then what happened?

Jimmy: The curtain came down with a roll.

Heard in _____ class—

Instructor: "What is time?"

Student: "Time- why er- space between two happenings."

Inst: "Space! What is space?"

Stu: "Space- er- let me see- er- space- I can't quite think at present.
But I have it in my head."

“Ah, Woe is me,” she sighs
 “And what a fool I am besides.
 I might have studied and passed that test
 Probably could, had I done my best.”
 Then all who stood near, heard her fiercely hiss;
 “I’d like to find the one who said
 That ignorance is bliss.”

Here’s to all our teachers
 Long may they live
 Even as long as
 The assignments they give.


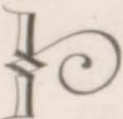
George: “Where does this bus go to?”

Bus Driver: “This bus goes to Boston in ten minutes.”

George: “Gee! That’s going some.”

viv S E ula ja N et virg I nia r O nald mu R iel	J oyce r U by arle N e el I zabeth l O orraine R uth	
+	ri C hard eve L yn A lene S S	Y-oung O-riginal U-nique T-rue H-onest
ce C il le L and h A rley S keets jame S	=	OF
e S ther ge O rge P earl s H irley dor O thy M axine juni O r no R man j E nnie	F erne ma R ylin j E an ro S ella H arriet M ary br E nda ju N e	B-est E-ager S-incere S-uccessful E-xcellent
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Illustrious People

- Mr. Wilkins
Mrs. Rabenius
Miss Mitchell
"Viv" Libby
"Lou" West
Janet Waugh
Eula Bragg
Gerald Bagley
"Dick Harrison
"Liz" Marden
Anne McKiel
Ronald Bagley
Muriel Harding
"Jo" West
George Waugh
Brenda Braley
Ruby Higgins
Maxine Studley
Cecil Quimby
Pearl Rood
Fern Keefe
Leland Bessey
Esther Bragdon
June & Jean Bagley
"Skeeter" Faulkner
Jimmy Day
Virginia Bradstreet
Shirley Fuller
Jenny Noyes
Ruth Bezanson
Junior Folger
Arlene Harding
Harley Reynolds
Faye Cookson
Alene Sylvester
Donald Quimby
"Red" Rideout
-  The Big Three
- Tillie The Toiler
Hedy Lamaar
Mrs. Katzenjammer
Miss Twiddle
Donald Duck
Goofy
Eleanor Roosevelt
Orphan Annie
The Great John L.
Wonder Woman
Dina Shore
Moon Mullins
Kate Smith
Blondie
Cookie
Tarzan
Dragon Lady
Gravel Gertie
Vitamin Flintheart
Snowflake Falls
The Summer Sisters
Judy Garland
Charlie McCarthy
Ethel Barrymore
-  Andrew Sisters
- Alley Oop
Bette Davis
Sad Sack
Olive Oyle
Joan Davis
Van Johnson
Flash Gordon

50 Years From Now We Expect To See:

Dick Harrison, star player for N.Y. Giants
Jenny Noyes chewing the same wad of gum
Shirley Fuller, pianist for Old Fashioned Revival Hour
Eula Bragg, married to a millionaire
George Waugh, a prizefighter
Mrs. Rabenius, blooming as an orchid in Persia
Besse High School, a national shrine
Pearl Rood, still flirting
Ruth Bezanson, getting her first driver's license
Ronald Bagley and Mr. Wilkins, good friends
Muriel Harding, arrested for bigamy
Elizabeth Marden, President of the U.S.
Leland Bessey, still writing notes to Esther
Virginia Bradstreet, an old maid!!!
Brenda Braley, fat lady in the circens
Miss Mitchell, flying a P-38 to B.H.S.
The Freshmen, just graduating
Red Rideout's hair turned snowy white
Ruby Higgins, leading lady in Roy Rogers western movies
Evelyn Quimby, a WAC Sgt.
Faye Cookson, catcher for the Dodgers
Mr. Wilkins, too old to talk
Jimmy Day, not blushing at girls
Arlene Harding, a stump orator
Albion, second largest city in the world

FRESHMEN FOLLIES

NAME	NICKNAME	AGE	FAVORITE PASTIME	AMBITION
Florence Flye	"Peggy"	75	being quiet	stenographer
Marilyn Shibles	"Squeak"	10	looking pretty	"Baby doll"
Jean Bagley	"Jeanie"	12	fooling	farmerette
June Bagley	"Junie"	20	talking French	White sister
Mary Fuller	"Mary"	19	roller skating	to have dreams come true
Fern Keefe	"Ferne"	17	walking	pilot
Rosella Rex	"Rexie"	25	receiving and writing letters	farmer's wife
Harriet McKiel	"Hat"	6	laughing	adventuress
Brenda Braley	"Babs"	45	being dignified	mother's daughter
Donald Quimby	"Don"	4	enjoys being the only boy	a great athlete
Faye Cookson	"Pete"	1 mo.	watching her neighbors	writer

SOPHOMORE SECRETS

NAME	NICKNAME	AGE	FAVORITE PASTIME	AMBITION
Gerald Bagley	"Gerry"	10	Staying out of school	something???
Roberta Bezanson	"Berta"	40	admiring her bracelet	to be Mrs. Copeland
Esther Bragdon	"Brag"	2 mo.	writing notes to ??	to be Betty Grable
Henry Folger	"Bug"	80	playing basketball	to reduce
Shirley Fuller	"Shirt"	16	playing the piano	musician
Anne McKiel	"Anne"	35	doing chores	to do something wonderful
Jenny Noyes	"Jen"	25	Harold	to be a housewife
Norman Rideout	"Red"	21	chewing gum	pilot
Dorothy Robbins	"Dottie"	6	we wonder!!	actress
Pearl Rood	"Poi!"	4	writing notes	"The Fleets In"
Maxine Studley	"Max"	6	gigging	to be a glamour girl
George Waugh	"Georgie"	50	being bashful	to be a success

JUNIOR JIVES

NAME	NICKNAME	AGE	GREATEST FAULT	AMBITION
Ruth Bezanson	"Ruthie"	4	laughing	artist
Arlene Harding	"Crisco"	20	talking	Missionary
Richard Harrison	"Dick"	14	bragging	Professional baseball
Ruby Higgins	"Rube"	11	blushing	beautician
Elizabeth Marden	"Liz"	6	tardiness	laboratory technician
Evelyn Quimby	"Ev"	9	quietness	teacher
Alene Sylvester	"Stinkum"	11	ability to tease	aviator
Joyce West	"Jo"	18	boys	beautician
Lorraine West	"Lew"	12	acting out	nurse

SENIOR STATISTICS

NAME	AGE	FAVORITE PASTIME	NOTED FOR	PROBABLE FUTURE
Virginia Bradstreet	10	whispering in Physics	excellent rank	mother of future President
James Day	2½	playing pranks	big grin	radio commentator
Muriel Harding	45	writing to boy friends	smiling	Miss America
Leland Bessey	13	a Sophomore girl	desire for gas	strong man in circus
Eula Bragg	9	redheads	her dates	secretary to a Sultan
Cecil Quimby	75	eyeing the girls	blushing	superman
Juanita Faulkner	2	being witty	good looks	pilot of B-29
Harley Reynolds	60	wisecracking	his vocabulary	son-in-law of a millionaire
Vivian Libby	16	dancing	drawing	lady wrestler
Ronald Bagley	21	visiting Rood's	fooling	5 star Admiral
Janet Waugh	15	laughing	writing to Harry	Empress of Japan

School Calendar

- Sept. 5. School opens
6. New member of Sophomore class, Esther Bragdon
8. Began practicing softball
15. A visit from a man selling class rings
20. Sophomore class rings were from Loren Murcheson
21. Mr. Wilkins' reception- a blushing Bride and Groom
26. Softball with Erskine- we won!
29. First Student Council meeting
- Oct. 3. Erskine- here- 15 to 9- US!
3. Sophomore Class meeting
4. Freshman Reception
6. Mr. Jackson, a returned missionary of Indo China, called and gave us a speech.
9-13. Test Week !?!
12. No school- Columbus Day- Bless Columbus!
13. Freedom softball game- here- 31 to 12 for US!
16. Bazaar Committee chosen
20. Rev. N.M.Heikes addresses assembly
23. Softball game with Freedom- there- 5 to 6 for Them---
23. Curtis magazine man came. We began the drive for subscriptions
24. Marilyn Shibles was awarded silver dollar for selling the most magazines for the first day.
25-27. Teachers' Convention
30. Began work on Sophomore and Freshman plays for Bazaar
- Nov. 8. Boys began practicing basketball
9. Girls began practicing basketball. What a squad!
10. Armistice Day Program
20-22. Short week- Also test week
23-24. No school- Thanksgiving- Yippee!!!
20. Sophomore's received rings
20. A welcome visitor, Pvt. Harry Tuttle
27. Gave money to Red Cross for Xmas boxes
29. High School Bazaar
- Dec. 6. School took tuberculin test
11. Nurse came back to check our arms. I wonder who had a spot!
12. I.Q. test. A new Freshman, Rosella Rex
12. Basketball game with Oakland- here- Boys 13 - 56. Girls 30 - 37
15. Both teams went to Clinton Boys 24 - 56. Girls 42 - 17
22. Christmas tree- Two victories with Unity

1945

- Jan. 2. Back to school again after a week's vacation. Dear! Dear!
4. One of our longest trips- Skowhegan. Dear! How Unfortunate!
8-12. Test week
12. Game with Erskine- What a Game!!
17. School closed because of storm.
18. Received our rank cards--- some good, some bad!!
19. Basketball game with Brooks- here- Won BOTH!!!
24. Basketball game with Lawrence- there- Lost both—
26. Basketball game with Clinton- here- Lost one, Won One!
- Feb. 2. Basketball game with Oakland- there- Lost both—
7. Basketball game with Skowhegan- here- 37 - 35. Whew!!
7. Mr. Heikes gave us a talk on "Habits"
9. No school- bad snow storm
14. Basketball game with Brooks- there- Girls Won
19-23. No school- One Week Vacation. Hurrah!!!
27. Basketball game with Lawrence- here- Lost both—
- Mar. 2. Basketball game with Erskine- there- Finished Season
7. Had pictures taken- Preble Studio- What a noisy crowd we are !!!
7. Received rank cards. What did you get ???
16. St. Patrick's day program by the Sophomores!!
19. Town Meeting
24. Janet Waugh goes to D.A.R.
28. Basketball game for Red Cross. Town Team vs. Besse Boys
- Apr. 6. Junior Prize Speaking Contest. Congratulations to the Winners!!
9-13. Test Week- Again!!
13. Practice Softball game with Unity- there- We Won
13. School closes for vacation
21. School opens for last term— Thank Goodness!!!
25. -May 1. School closed because of Scarlet Fever
- May 5. Had to go to school to make up a day
8. Softball game with Erskine- here-
11. No school- Snow Storm. Unprecedented in all weather record- as well as Besse's
16. Softball team went to Belgrade. 29-8. Our favor
21. Belgrade softball game here
- June 1. Friday, 2:30 P.M. Last Chapel
3. Sunday, 3:00 P.M.
6. Graduation, 8:00 P.M.
6. Graduation Ball.

Your Autograph Please

Thank You!

Alumni

1935

Leon Brann, Killed in Action
Sylvia Brann Banks, Housewife, China
Mary Champlin, Insurance, Waterville
Forrest Coffin, Working, Waterville
Mary Cooper Nyberg
Freeland Drake Jr. Farmer Albion
Julia Dyer Weymouth, Housewife, Farmington
Pauline Fuller Wiggin, Housewife, Albion
Norma Reed Glidden, New Castle, N.H.
Mervyn Reynolds, U.S. Army
Thelma Taylor Sylvester, Housewife, Eustis
Catherine Thurston Boivin, 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, Working, Waterville
Lawrence Glidden, U.S. Army Air Corps
Alberta Bradstreet, Bookkeeper, Thayer Hospital
Donald Bradstreet, U.S. Army, Overseas
Harland Brown, Working, Bath
Elizabeth Hammond, Attending Boston University
Mandel Harding, U.S. Army, Overseas
Lillian Hunt, R.N. U.S. Army Nurse Corps, Overseas
Louise Libby, R.N. U.S. Army Nurse Corps, Overseas
Harold Littlefield, Farmer, Albion
Donald Marks, Working, Skowhegan
Betty Knowlton Mason, Housewife, Albion
Marjorie Stearns Wallace, Malden, Mass.
Luona Cookson Willette, Housewife, Albion
Imogene Young Furbush, Working, Providence, R. I.

1938

Doris Belden Reed, Housewife, Palermo
Richard Bickmore, U.S. Army Air Corps
John Cookson, U.S. Army Air Corps
Henry Marden, Deceased
Carlton Parkhurst, U.S. Army
Ruth Perkins Murch, Housewife, Unity
Virginia Rowe Bradstreet, R.N. Albion
Archie Sennett, U.S. Army, Overseas

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, Monroe
Kathryn Noyes Ireland, Working, Togus
Bertha Russell Hunter, Housewife, Portland
Romaine Sennett Colford, Housewife, Waterville
Myra Skillins Wallace, Housewife, Waterville

1940

Norbert Kelley, U.S. Army, Prisoner of War
Winton Bagley, U.S. Army
Russell Perry, U.S. Army, Air Corps, Prisoner of War
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, Overseas
Thelma Brann Moricello, Attending Colby College
Elsie Cookson Jackson, Working, Bath
Hazel Crommett Brown, At Home, Vassalboro
Eloise Glidden Kennedy, R.N. Housewife, Gardiner
Norma Olsen, Working, Calif.
Beulah Willoughby Ross, R.N. Waldo County Hospital,
Belfast

1941

Ethelyn Bradstreet, Working, Lake Placid Club, N.Y.
Hilda Fuller, Working, Albion
Guy Patterson, Working, Bath
Claude Patterson, U.S. Army, Overseas
Arnold Hamilton, Farmer, Albion
Earle Rhoda, Seabees, Overseas
Violet Higging, At home, Albion
Shirley Cookson Pottle, Housewife, Benton
Eleanor Baker Dickey, Housewife, Albion

Floyd Harding, U.S. Army, Prisoner of War
Ralph Lee, U.S. Army, Overseas
Herbert Brown, U.S. Marines, Overseas

1942

Mary Bessey Bryant, At home, Albion
Alice Perkins, Working, Albion
Phyllis Day, Attending F.S.N.S. Farmington
Wesley Basford, Farmer, Albion
Richard Fuller, U.S. Navy, Overseas
Donald Trask, U.S. Army, Overseas

1943

Arlene Bessey, Working, Bangor
F. Mavor Clark, U.S. Army, Overseas
Pearle Haskell, At home, Palermo
Carroll Wolcott, U.S. Navy
Malcolm West, U.S. Navy, Overseas
Virginia Rideout, Working, Augusta
Lloyd Ireland, U.S. Army, Overseas
Arlene Blaisdell Parkhurst, WAVES
Clyde Higgins, Farmer, Albion
Avonne Rowe Clark, Housewife, Danic, Fla.
Durwood Dow, U.S. Army, Overseas

1944

Boyd Fuller, U.S. Navy, Overseas
Phyllis McKiel, Attending Colby College
Helen Ireland Cook, Working, Bath
Harry Tuttle, U.S. Marines, Overseas
Dora Cookson, Working, Waterville
Albanah Higgins, Farmer, Albion
Cecile Nelson, At home, Albion
Harold Rood, Working, Albion
Bernice Rood, At home, Albion
Earl Hunt, U.S. Army, Overseas
Clifton Bagley, Seabees

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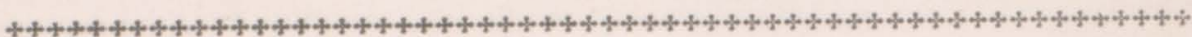
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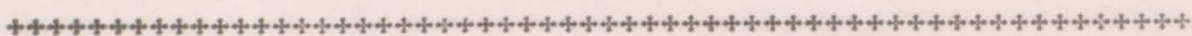


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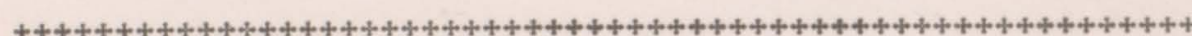
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