

Besse Breeze



BESSE HIGH SCHOOL

1946

Albion, Maine

COMPLIMENTS OF

Hammond's Press

82 College Ave.
WATERVILLE, MAINE

ALBION, MAINE

Besse Breeze



MR. NICKERSON

To a friend and teacher of us all
To Besse High School's principal
We, the students of our high school,
Do respectfully dedicate this issue.

With an encouraging smile, so ever kind,
He helps us cultivate the mind
And in play, as in work, he's always there
Ready and willing to do his share.

The students of Besse have prospered much
From Mr. Nickerson's guiding touch.
Let us remember in future days
His kindly deeds and honest ways.



Left to right: Miss Mitchell, Mr. Nickerson, Mrs. Grant

FACULTY

Clyde B. Nickerson

Chemistry, Commercial Arithmetic,
Economic Geography, Plane Geometry,
Civics

Washington State Normal School
University of Maine, B. S. Ed.
University of Maine Summer School

Leola A. Mitchell

English, Problems of Democracy,
General Science

Boston University
Bates Summer School

Grace S. Grant

General Mathematics, Algebra, French
Solid Geometry

Coburn Classical Institute
Colby College, A. B.
Middlebury College, M. A.



Seated, left to right: A. Sylvester, A. Harding, R. Harrison, E. Marden, S. Fuller, R. Higgins, L. West.
 2nd Row, left to right: M. Shibles, E. Rideout, R. Bezanson, Ruth Bezanson, Miss Mitchell, E. Bragdon, A. McKiel, J. West, M. Studley.
 3rd Row, left to right: D. Quimby, G. Waugh, N. Rideout, G. Bagley, H. Folger

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor--Elizabeth Marden
 Ass't Editor--Shirley Fuller
 Literary Editor--Arlene Sylvester
 Ass't Literary Editor--Anne McKeil
 Business Manager--Arlene Harding
 Ass't Business Manager--Pearl Rood
 Adv. Manager--Richard Harrison
 Ass't Adv. Manager--Joyce West
 Humor Editor--Ruby Higgins
 Ass't Humor Editor--Norman Rideout
 Girl's Sports Editor--Lorraine West
 Ass't Girl's Sports Editor--Maxine Studley
 Boy's Sports Editor--Henry Folger
 Ass't Boy's Sports Editor--George Waugh
 Exchange Editor--Esther Bragdon
 Printer--Donald Quimby
 Ass't Printer--Gerald Bagley
 Freshman Reporter--Elaine Rideout
 Sophomore Reporter--Marilyn Shibles
 Junior Reporter--Roberta Benzanson
 Senior Reporter--Ruth Benzanson
 Faculty Advisor-- Miss Mitchell

EDITORIALS



THE GREATEST CHALLENGE

Today, we, the future voting citizens of America, are faced with the greatest challenge we have ever known. We are living in one of the most critical periods in the history of this country. Our world has been unbalanced by the deep wounds of war, hate and suspicion.

Soon the power of government will rest in our hands. Are we prepared to do our best to restore peace to our country and its citizens? Our years in school should be used for this preparation. Let us take advantage of free education, civic study, and many other opportunities which will enable us to meet this challenge.

Elaine Rideout '49

OPPORTUNITY

There is a whole universe of opportunity around you and a universe of force and possibilities inside you. Try yourself and see what you can do! You have faculties which you seldom, if ever, use, but which will add a great deal to your enjoyment of life if you give them free rein.

So many people go so far and stay there; so many go to sleep just when they ought to be at work. Some settle down when they really haven't even started. Some are restless; many are even tired of life. Most are dissatisfied, but they will not summon up enough energy of their own to give themselves a push. Instead they sit and wait and wish; expecting some kind person will do it for them.

No one ever gets all he can out of life until he puts all he can into it.

Harness your forces and energy and put them to work. Why be content with mere existence? Remember—"Opportunity knocks but once;" and that is the time to reach out and grasp all that you can.

Florence Flye '48

AN IDEAL CITIZEN

An Ideal citizen should put his country before himself and sacrifice a little for the benefit of his fellowmen. He should be loyal and patriotic in time of peace as well as in time of war. He ought to obtain the best education he can afford including the affairs of the government so that he will be an intelligent voter on election day. He should always obey all the laws of the country as these laws are made for the benefit of everyone.

Instead of finding fault with laws he does not like he had better think of ways for their improvement. By taking an interest in community affairs including church and school he could set a good example for others. He should strive always to improve the well being of himself and his fellow-men.

Harriet McKeil '48

CRIME

Crimes have always been numerous within the United States, but the first six months of 1945 showed an 8.4 per cent increase over 1944. A new and serious crime confronted the law-enforcement agencies every 23 seconds.

The majority of the crimes committed were done by juveniles, children under 18 years of age. The criminals were not among the service men, but among the boys at home who were too young or physically unfit for military service.

Why is there so much crime during the war period? Some of the causes are: neglectful parents, housing shortage, under-staffed juvenile courts, unwholesome employment, poor home discipline, too much leisure time, and many other causes too numerous to mention here.

The crimes committed were robberies, burglaries, larcenies, auto thefts, homicide, murder, disorderly conduct and drunken driving.

Something must be done. The most stringent steps must be taken to combat juvenile delinquency. What will these steps be? We must have appropriate religious training in the churches and schools, the parents must also be trained, there should be supervised recreation within the schools, and closer liaison between parents and teachers, If these steps plus many more are not taken, the United States will face the largest crime wave in history — even larger than that which raged during the prohibition era. Let us hope that will never happen.

Dorothy Robbins '47

ONLY A PAINTED SKY

We went to the lake on a church picnic, but feeling sure we would want to be alone, we had brought our lunch. My soldier and I climbed the highest hill nearby. Sitting down to rest we opened the basket and talked about his soldier career. He wasn't sure whether he'd to go overseas or not. We didn't discuss this too much, being so happy at the prospects of his 30 day furlough and our being together.

It was such a beautiful day for a beginning. The sky was clear, the sun shone brightly on the fresh spring flowers and the high rivers. We were in love with each other and with the surroundings.

Who knew but all this might have been the setting for death, not love and happiness? Who knew but after these thirty wonderful days together,

the painted sky would disappear and leave only despair for both?

Thirty days pass quickly and he goes overseas, only short letters. . . . then, no letters. A telegram from the government. . . . lost! Would he come back? Everyone kept asking questions. . . . only refreshing the memory and dread of the future.

This is what America has been facing — a beautiful painted sky turning to despair and hatred. How long it will take to rebuild our faith in this world is still to be seen. Patience is a virtue, let us strive to carry on and to live happily.

Elma Lee '49

THE IDEAL HOME

One day I walked along the highway through a neat and prosperous little community. The streets were clean and billboards were nowhere to be seen. A beautiful and stately church stood out above the school, the community house, the theatre, and the business centers.

One house in particular caught my eye. It was medium-sized and comfortable-looking. The tall maples in front of it seemed to be whispering, "A man's abode is his palace!" Intrigued, I ventured to visit this residence.

At the door I was greeted by a mother's smile and the gay laughter of children was caught up and wafted away by the chill air of autumn.

There was an unmistakable touch of mutual understanding and fellowship between the children and their parents. During the course of the evening, the children had one or two squabbles which strengthened their spirit of tolerance.

What a Co-operative family they seemed to be! The eldest ones helped the little toddlers and the parents seemed to share the responsibilities.

It proved to be a very pleasant evening there in the little home. None complained about not having anything to do. Instead, young friends dropped in and everyone gathered around the piano and sang quite lustily.

I was cordially invited to join the family devotions before the children retired. There was a spirit of reverence, the result of a great deal of training.

After the Bible reading, there were a few comments, each expressed his convictions, and a prayer was offered. I found something in the whole atmosphere very touching.

Soon I took my departure and as I walked away I murmured back to the maples, "I have just visited an ideal home—a home that is founded on convictions that stand: family-life, love, obedience, companionship, and religion.

I retraced my steps through the pleasant little community and I understood that more homes in America could be like that one and would be if only American people would take their responsibility of home-life more seriously.

Even an ideal home must have its "ups and downs". There can't help being problems and disappointments, pain and sorrow. But still the joy and happiness from a real home would well repay the American people for any sacrifices to make it possible. In today's condition, Americans must be made to learn these things.

Therefore, I maintain that if all the lax standards were reconditioned through religion and laws, then we'd have more ideal homes, more ideal communities, and in time, a much better nation.

Arlene Harding '46

ALL AMERICAN

I am glad I am an American for many reasons. Let's consider our advantages or rather priveleges from the physical, mental political and spiritual viewpoints.

First, here in America there is plenty of food for everyone. Those who don't have the means with which to provide their own necessities are cared for and provided for by the town in which they reside. To help prevent the breaking of the health of our youth, they are not obliged or even allowed to do work that is too hard for them, at least not in factories and mills. In addition to the above advantages, there are many hospitals, and local doctors and nurses throughout the country, thus making it easy to contact a medical authority. We also have many clinics where even the poorer class of people can obtain medical treatment.

Education is the next factor to be considered. Every child in the United States of America has the opportunity to attend school free of charge. In somme states the children are obliged to attend school until a set age or grade has been reached. Upon graduation from high school there are many positions for which one is fitted without further schooling. The equipment for science, home economics, and other such classes is very efficient. Our schoolastic standards are high.

Nxet we have the political phase. Every American stands an equal chance of becoming President of the United Statets and all have an equal part in making the laws of the land and in choosing their leaders.

From the spiritual viewpoint, Americans have a privilege which comparatively few nations enjoy—freedom of religion. Many of us Americans do not realize the greatness of this freedom. Here each can worship God as he pleases and can do so without any obligations to his fellow countrymen. Also, if a person so desires, he can change his creed and religion. This is the chief reason why I am glad I am an American.

Being a Christian, in turn, helps me to be a better American. My Christianity helps me to understand the ways, customs, and beliefs of my fellowmen; keeps me from deliberately violating any law; and thus makes me a citizen who is better fitted to be of service to my country.

Roberta Benzanson '47

RUTH E. BEZANSON

"Ruthie"

"Intelligence has a future"

Bazaar play 1, 2; Softball 1, 2, 2, 4; Junior Prize Speaking 3; Cheerleader 3; Junior Red Cross 1, 2, 3, 4; Bazaar Committee 3, 4 Class Treasurer 3; Class Reporter 4; Senior Box Social 4; Senior Play 4; Salutorian 4.

Ruth, we have enjoyed having you as our classmate. You have done a wonderful job here at Besse. Keep up your good work and we're sure you'll always succeed in anything you attempt to do.



JOYCE A. WEST

"Jo"

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

Student Council 1, 2, 4; Class Treasurer 4; Class Secretary 3; Jr. Prize Speaking 3, 4th Prize; Bazaar Play 1, 2, 4; Jr. Red Cross 1, 2, 3, Editorial Board 3, 4; Senior Play 4, Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Bazaar Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Victory Corps 1, Cheerleader 1, Graduation Usher 3; Class Prophecy 4.

Joyce, you have been our "little song bird" always with a snappy tune and cherry smile. Your many friends and sport fans wish you the best of success.



LORRAINE WEST GIFFORD

"Lou"

"A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Asst. Mgr. 2; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4, Manager 3, Captain 4; Student Council 3; Editorial Board 3, 4 Jr. Red Cross 2, 3 Junior Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play 4; Glee Club 2, 4; Graduation Usher 3 Bazaar Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Victory Corps 1; Bazaar Plays 1, 2; Class Gifts.

Lou, it seems hard to realize that you are leaving us. Your position on the championship team is going to be very difficult to replace. May you have the best of luck throughout your life.





AENE L. SYLVESTER

"Stinky"

"A true friend is forever a friend."

Stratton High 1, 2; Class Sec'y 1, Vice President 2; Basketball 1, 2; Class Play 2; Sr. Class Marshall 2.

Besse High School 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Softball 4; Class Play 4; Bazaar Committee 3, 4; Sr. Class Marshall 3; Editorial Board 3, 4; Jr. Prize Speaking 3, 3rd Prize, First Prize, First Honor Essay 4.

Alene, we have enjoyed your being with us and we know you'll be missed by sport fans as well as by friends at Besse High.

RUBY F. HIGGINS

"Blondie"

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Senior Play 4; Bazaar Play 4; Vice President 4; Editorial Board 4; Student Council 3, 4; Junior Red Cross 2, 3, 4; Junior Prize Speaking, 1st Prize 3; Bazaar Committee 2, 3, 4; Senior Box Social 4; Class Gifts 4.

Ruby's friendliness and eagerness to do her part have won her many friends at Besse. May luck be with you, Ruby, wherever you go and in whatever you do.



R CHARD C. HARRISON

"Dick"

"Keep your face always turned toward the sun and the shadows fall behind you."

Bazaar Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Ass't Chairman 4; Bazaar Play 1, 2, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, Manager 1, 2, 3; Military Training 1; Victory Corps 1; Junior Prize Speaking 3; Editorial Board 1, 2, 3, 4; Jr. Red Cross 1; Manager of Magazine Drive 3; Graduation Usher 3; Baseball 1, 4; Class Will 4.

We thank you for staying with our class these four years when all other males deserted us. We really needed your judgment and ideas to make a successful class. If you keep on climbing and looking up, you'll see the stars; doubtless there will be difficulties, but a road is never all down hill.



ARLENE M. HARDING

"Hardin"

"A smile is a flower blooming fair."

President of Class 1, 2, 4; Editorial Board, 2, 3, 4; Jr. Red Cross 1, 2; Bazaar Plays 1, 2, 4; Jr. Prize Speaking 3, 2nd Prize; Senior Play 4 Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4, Manager 4; Captain of Magazine Drive 3, 4; Student Council 4; Graduation Usher 3; Bazaar Committee 1, 2, 3, 4, Business Manager 4; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Second Honor Essay 4.

Arlene, your cherry smile has brightened many a day here at Besse. We will never forget the fine work you did in your studies and on the basketball floor. May the best of luck be with you always.



EVELYN L. QUIMBY

"Ev"

"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

Bazaar Committee 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play 4, Senior Box Social 4, Junior Red Cross 1, 2, 3; Class Prophecy 4.

Evelyn, you have proved to be a willing and a hard worker of our class. May all your future days find much happiness and success.



ELIZABETH L. MARDEN

"Liz"

"The true, strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small"

Class Treasurer 2; Class President 3; Class Secretary 4; Editorial Board 1, 3, 4, Editor-in-Chief 4; Jr. Red Cross 1, 2, 3; Bazaar Play 1, 2, 4; Jr. Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Manager 4; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Manager of Magazine Campaign 4; Student Council 4, Treasurer 4; Bazaar Committee 1, 2, 3, 4, Chairman 4; Graduation Usher 3; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4, Victory Corps 1, D. A. R. Candidate 4, Valedictorian 4.

Liz, you have done a splendid job here at school. In basketball and schoolastic attainment you have shown remarkable ability. May you always be as successful.





Seated, left to right: A. Harding, R. Higgins, E. Marden, J. West
 Standing, left to right: L. Gifford, R. Bezanson, R. Harrison, A. Sylvester, E. Quimby

SENIOR CLASS

CLASS MOTTO: "To the Stars Through Difficultics"

CLASS COLORS: Rose and white

CLASS FLOWER: Rose

An industrious Senior Class of eight girls and one boy have accomplished much this year. We elected class officers as follows:

President — Arlene Harding
 Vice President — Ruby Higgins
 Secretary — Elizabeth Marden
 Treasurer — Joyce West
 Class Reporter — Ruth Bezanson

Many of our class participated in the Bazaar, conducted a box social, organized the Valentine's Ball, and produced the Senior Play. Most of our class indulged in basketball, softball, or baseball. With the aid of our senior stars Besse won the Waldo County League Championship.

Our success this year has been greatly helped by our Class Advisor, Miss Mitchell, and the rest of the faculty, Mr. Nickerson and Mrs. Grant.

COMMENCEMENT

Baccalaureate Sunday, May 26, Church, 3:00 p.m.
 Last Chapel Monday, May 27, Church, 2:30 p.m.
 Graduation Wednesday, May 29, I. O. O. F. Hall, 8:00 p.m.
 Graduation Ball Wednesday, May 29, I. O. O. F. Hall, 9:30 p.m.



Seated, left to right: G. Bagley, A. McKeil, S. Fuller, N. Rideout, M. Studley,
H. Folger
Standing, left to right: P. Hood, E. Bragdon, D. Robbins, G. Waugh, R. Bezanson
J. Noyes

JUNIOR CLASS

We Juniors started our year with a class meeting at which we elected the following class officers:

- President — Norman Rideout
- Vice President — Maxine Studley
- Secretary — Shirley Fuller
- Treasurer — Anne McKiel
- Class Reporter — Roberta Bezanson

Our industrious class members have taken an active part in many of the school activities, including the Bazaar and the plays in the evening; basketball and softball games.

Our plans for a Junior Play were foiled but watch next year for "Tempest and Sunshine".



Seated, left to right: R. Rex, H. McKeil, Jean Bagley, F. Flyne, B. Bradley, M. Shibles
 Standing, left to right: D. Quimby, F. Keef, F. Cookson, M. Fuller, June Bagley,
 C. Hamlin

SOPHOMORE CLASS

This year, with the confidence typical of sophomores, we resolved to become a successful class. Keeping this resolution in mind, we chose who we thought would make the best officers.

President — Brenda Braley
 Vice President — Harriet McKeil
 Secretary — Florence Flye
 Treasurer — Jean Bagley
 Class Reporter — Marilyn Shibles

We wanted to take part in all our school activities; consequently seven of our girls have become good athletes, showing their skill in either softball or basketball, or in both. One became cheerleader. Our boys were ambitious, too; Cecil played on the first team in basketball and Donald did a good job as their manager.



Seated, left to right: L. Drake, H. Rood, D. Blake, C. Fuller, D. Basford, C. Waugh
 2nd Row, left to right: W. Robbins, E. Lee, P. Watson, J. Hendsbee, C. West
 E. Rideout, D. Libby, C. Knight.

FRESHMAN CLASS

One Tuesday morning, Sept. 5, fifteen eager, wide-eyed freshmen entered Besse High School. Without question took the front seats and there we have remained under the scrutiny of Mr. Nickerson all year. We trust, however, that this coming year will find us, as Sophomores, at least a few seats back from the front.

We listened intently to the reading of the school's constitution and resolved that during our four years at Besse we would do everything possible to make it a better school. With this in mind we chose whom we thought would be competent officers who are as follows:

- President — Carleton Fuller
- Vice President — Danny Blake
- Secretary — Dolly Basford
- Treasurer — Hattie Rood



Seated, left to right: B. Bezanson,* A. Bezanson, B. Blake, B. Sylvester
 Standing, left to right: E. Dow, J. Hendsbee, S. Baker, L. Clark, R. Robinson, R. Cookson, C. Robbins.

EIGHTH GRADE

CLASS OFFICERS

President — Betty Sylvester
 Vice President — Leslie Clark
 Secretary — Betty Blake
 Treasurer — Joyce Fuller

OUR CLASS

This eight grade class,
 Of Besse Grammar,
 Have already started-
 To stutter and stammer,
 About what we're going to take
 Next year.
 I hardly dreamed
 It was so near.
 I think I'll take biology,

Or something of the sort,
 Also go out for basketball
 And all the other sports,
 Math. and English, of course,
 We have them anyway,
 But what ever we have
 We're ready to go on our way.

By Betty Blake



LITERATURE

PIN-UP GIRL

Even the Navy could not shake off the shyness of Jimmy Farrell. Everything bothered him, especially girls, whom he avoided like the plague. If he ever came face to face with one, his face would be suffused with furious blushes, and his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth.

When the boys spoke about girls, Jimmy was silent. When the other boys waited expectantly for mail from their families and sweethearts back home, Jimmy sat back patiently, for he knew there was no mail for him. He had no family and no girl! When his buddies talked about their sweethearts and pin-up girls, his ears burned and sometimes deep down in his heart he wished he had a pin-up girl like his buddies. Sometimes his buddies razzed him a little, especially Chuck Stevens, who had not only one but many pin-up girls on the wall at the head of his bunk.

Then one day Jimmy had a few hours leave and he found the picture in the village where it had blown into the gutter. It was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. When he looked at it, something happened to Jimmy that never had happened before.

"You are my pin-up girl," he sighed. "I may never see you but you are mine just the same."

He took the picture back to his barracks and pinned it up on the wall at the head of the bed. Chuck looked a little queer when he saw the picture.

"What's her name?" questioned Chuck.

"Er—" Jimmy hesitated. "Nancy. Yup, Nancy Evans. That's her name."

"Where'd you pick her up?"

Jimmy couldn't very well say "in the gutter" and so he turned on his heel and walked away. There seemed to be a new respect for Jimmy among his buddies, now that he had a pin-up girl.

About a week later, Jimmy was standing guard at the main gate with Chuck when Chuck's family came to visit him. Jimmy got a glance at Chuck's mother and father, and with them was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Jimmy's heart stopped beating. It was the girl of the picture. Chuck called him and although Jimmy wanted to run miles away, he let his feet drag him toward the little group. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; his face turned scarlet with embarrassment.

"Hey, Jimmy," Chuck cried, "I want you to meet your pin-up girl. This is my mother and father, and my sister Nancy."

"You're name's Nancy?" gasped Jimmy, forgetting his manners.

Chuck gave him a little push forward and went to talk with his mother and father. The girl looked up to him shyly and nodded. Jimmy forgot to be shy.

"Gee," he said, "how'd I ever guess it?"

"But—it isn't Evans," she reminded him.

"Huh?—the last name doesn't matter. You can always do something about that."

It was more than he had hoped for, to meet and really know his pin-up girl.

Elizabeth Marden '46

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

Bruce Bryant and Richard Campbell, American college students, had been spending a vacation in Italy, and this was their last week.

Richard was pacing impatiently up and down in the lobby, when the door opened and closed noisily, and Bruce rushed in.

"Richard, you should see her. She's ravishing. Her hair is like spun gold; her eyes are blue—no, they're not blue—they're darker, they're violet—that's it! And she's little with a dimple and a nose that wrinkles and . . ."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute! Let's go up to our rooms and discuss this beautiful creature!" And with that, Richard grasped Bruce's arm and led him upstairs.

"Tell me, can she speak English?" Richard demanded. "I'm so sick of hearing foreigners talk—I'd give almost anything to hear someone talk in the good old American way!"

"She speaks English with a slight accent," Bruce replied. Then he went on to describe how he had met the girl in the park. "It was love at first sight! We talked about everything—from the rosemary she held in her hands to kings and queens. But when I asked her for a date, she told me that she would send me a note telling me when and where to meet her." Suddenly Bruce exclaimed, "Guess I'd better get a move-on if I'm going to make that date. "With that, he rushed for the bedroom.

A few moments later there was a knock at the door, and Richard answered it. A small boy thrust out a dainty blue envelope.

Richard shouted, "Hey, Bruce! Here's your letter!"

The bedroom door was flung open and Bruce strode out. Nervously, he opened the envelope. A piece of newspaper fell out. He opened it, stared at it for a moment, then sank into a chair, holding out the clipping to Richard.

It was a picture from a Paris paper of a young girl in stately attire. Beneath the picture was printed: "The Princess Sophia, young Italian prin-

cess, who arrives in this city next Thursday, to become the bride of a Swedish prince." On the top was pinned a small piece of rosemary, underneath which was written, "Rosemary for Remembrance."

Richard broke the long silence by timidly asking, "Will you always love her?"

After awhile, Bruce turned—"Say, do you remember that girl's name who was on our boat coming over? She's sailing for home tomorrow. What do you say we catch the same boat?"

Brenda Braley '48

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT

The grass was green velvet. The trees, majestic like centurions, arched above the delicate beauty of flowers. A golden soft and radiant glow illumined and crowned the scene. Midst all this splendor and glory the Maker sat upon His Throne. Above Him were seated the noblest of all the angels. Then with no spoken word, God folded up the pure fleecy linen and piercing down through the blue of the Heavens looked upon His universe.

"Rebecca! Rebecca!" he sobbed. "Open your beautiful eyes and then smile once more. My darling, speak to me. . . . tell me once again you love me. . . . Rebecca—" The man fell prostrate beside the coffin of his dearly beloved wife. His curly-haired, blue eyed daughter tugged at his black coat sleeve but to her gentle pleas he wouldn't respond. There loomed only before his saddened spirit a dark and hopeless morrow filled with bitter emptiness.

"Thy journey ends here, good man. Take from him his cloths and valuables and let him see how it doth seem to be like one of us." Two ruffians thus stopped a wayfaring gentleman, robbed him of all his personal wealth, and then beat him with their clubs until he rolled, bruised and dying into a near-by gutter.

"Tomorrow we strike at dawn. The Jews are an ignorant, peace-loving, prayer blabbing race and we'll ride down from the hills upon them, crush them beneath our very heels and all the wealth of Jordan Valley will be ours." And so the greedy, ambitious warrior plotted to sweep down upon an innocent people.

Plump and overstuffed, little Mrs. Corrina rose to her feet, eyes bulging, and breasts heaving. "I won't accept any such foreign belief. Eli is a good man and inspired of God. It surely must be that his teachings of eternity are true." "Well," exclaimed a tall, lanky woman as she replaced her glass, "I recently read a scroll telling of Allah's doctrine and it appealed so much to me, and sounded so reasonable." "For myself," spoke up another member of the weaving party, "I believe if you do the best you can you don't have to worry 'bout eternity. Why, everyone has a different idea—look at Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, and all the others. You can't believe them all!" And so the conversation continued until the

thoughts in their minds were as entangled as the threads of the rugs they were weaving. '.....

"Really, Dianah, you're being a little goody-goody. It won't hurt you any to drink this old wine. And here, just for fun, try a bit of this rich imported tobacco from Egypt. Supposed to be the best. Don't want any? Aw, come on, have some." Dark-haired, beautiful Dianah found herself sliding, yeilding, falling into trap after trap. '.....

'Scream after scream pierced the night. A young dark-skinned native girl tossed and writhed, as burning hot coals were turned upon her body. "This will drive 'um evil spirits away. If it doesn't we will tie her upon boards of nails. Witch doctor fixum."'

"I want so much to be a musician but my hands—my hands!" A young man burst into tears as he gazed at his helpless hands that yearned to weild a bow upon the strings of a violin. "Don't feel so bad, Llewelyn," soothed his plain and hard working sister. . . . "You are smart and can tutor well." "No! No." cried the man—"music or nothing. . . never."'

'I'm innocent! I'm innocent! I tell you I didn't steal the bread. Is this human justice? Hang a man on the gallowss for something he didn't do? No! No! NO-o-o-o.' '.....

"What fools these mortals be!" With that the Ruler of all the great universe turned back to His celestial scene untainted by the sin and sorrow of man. The angels sat in waiting and God spoke, "I would not have man be as dumb, driven cattle. I had thought they would choose for themselves a path of life that winds midst verdant fields and mountain streams. Instead they have only a desert path stretched out indefinitely yith no way to return, for dunes cover their footprints as they fall. If man would learn the hard way in order to prepare his soul for Heaven, his home, then I must prepare for him an oasis in the desert's midst. Always it will be as a bubbling, springing fountain bringing relief, joy, and life everlasting to all who have faith enough to drink there."'

And so it happened many years ago that God sent his Son into the world—an Oasis in the desert of man's ruin.

Arlene Harding '46

LEAP BEFORE YOU LOOK

The door of the school library waltzed open and Bill Tadpole shot through it, slid to a stop just twenty feet north of the English Room, noticed his brother at one of the tables and hurried to his side. "Pete!" Bill howled.

The librarian in charge looked up with a dark frown and hissed a protesting "shh", that in any language meant, shut up.

Pete Tadpole now looked up and gave a welcome, "Hi".

The librarian again added a slightly fiercer, "Hush", and Bill seized his brother by the shirt and tugged until Pete dumbly left the library. "Come on quick," yelled Bill, "I'm desperate."

"Oh, well," said Pete, "It'd better be good as I'm doing research on the atomic blonde and I need silence and I mean a lot of it."

"I'm in a jam that'll jam all jams," said Bill. "I must be mad."

"You are," said Pete. "I've told you that for years. What have you done now, my fine feathered friend?"

Bill gulped, "Sabotaging myself," he said bitterly. That's all, only planning on going outdoors and breaking my neck." Pete said it sounded drastic. "You know Speed King the ski artist."

"Certainly."

"Well, you know the way he goes around telling everybody what a wonderful skier he is?"

"Yep, let 'em if he wants to. It's his own funeral."

"I told him today I could outjump him. I told him I could jump from the water tower. I think my mind left me."

Pete said, "Pal, that was no mind, it was a vacuum."

"Yes, I guess you're right. I told him I'd jump next week."

"Well, maybe you can learn to ski and jump in a week," said Pete doubtfully.

Next day found Bill sitting on a bank of snow looking pale and scared, at the small mound his brother had made for the purpose of a jump. Bill was terrorized and could not bring himself to try it.

Pete said, "Now, remember, there are five parts to a jump, the start, the leap, the flight, the landing, and the finish."

"It's the finish that worries me," said Bill.

"We'll go up on the hill and I'll read the instructions to you. Now listen, you start in a normal position and go into a deep crouch as you gain speed."

"I know, those deep crouches, they end up three feet under the snow."

"Now, go and jump, and if you don't jump right the good book says you'll land in a heap, probably on your head."

"How cheery," thought Bill. "Why can't I carry poles? I want to lean on them."

"You are 'sposed to fly like a bird with the good air holding you up."

At last Bill made his first trial flight only to land on his car with one ski up in the air.

"You didn't keep your nees together," said Pete.

"I couldn't cause they knocked too much."

Within a week Bill could jump two or three times without more than half the winter's snowfall down his neck.

Finally the great day arrived and Pete, Bill and Speed King were perched upon the tower. Bill was a sorrowful looking boy as his skiis were strapped on. His face resembled a sheet with green trimmings.

It was very probable that he wouldn't have jumped voluntarily, but because of the melting snow he lost his balance and plummeted off the tower towards an unknown destination. His mind was blurred as he sailed through the air. His technique was far from adequate but he maintained his balance until he landed in a ten foot snow drift. After much shoveling

he was finally retrieved from the snowy mess and he started home. Although he was bruised and considerable sore, he felt proud because he had jumped from the tower.

"Really," said Bill, "Pete needs a little coaching about skiing."

Speed King replied wisely, "It would take a very good man to beat that kind of jumping. He even has me beaten by a mile. If he can learn that much in a week, who knows?"

Richard Harrison '46

MAIN STREET

Screaming brakes and screaming women added their bit to the usual noise and bustle of Main Street at noonday. A hysterical individual on the walk helped the general confusion by crying, "Oh! He's dead! He's dead!"

But it seems the poor woman was mistaken for the 'dead man', namely Joe Brown, pulled his aching limbs under him and staggered uncertainly to his feet.

"Get me an officer. Hurry up! Call the police! Can't a man even cross the street without some crazy woman driver running him down?" croaked Joe in angry protestation.

As an officer ran up, Joe, who had regained his voice but who was still very, very angry, screamed, "Arrest that woman! Put her up for life! She can't run me down and get away with it."

At that moment a very worried lady hurried into the center of the group. "Is he badly hurt? I——." Here she gave an exclamation of surprise and rushed fearfully to Mr. Brown, crying, "Oh, it wasn't you. It couldn't have been. Oh, I'm going to——." and she promptly did.

"Catch her, she's going to faint," someone cried and someone else automatically obeyed.

"Who is she? Do you know her?" the officer asked the amazed Mr. Brown.

Joe was just finding his illusive voice and he whispered somewhat unbelievably, "Do I know her? She's my wife!"

Alene Sylvester '46

FAR HORIZONS

it was her turn. Juli Marsh, clad in a heavy snowsuit, ski-boots and helmet and with goggles over her eyes to keep the snow out, stood at the top of the enormous ski-jump where, today, she was going to win the championship. She knew she was. She just had to. Her future life depended on it. She might even get a chance to go to Norway to try her luck there if she won. If!

Looking down some two hundred feet she could see the huge crowd waiting for the next contestants. This made the third time she had been

down. And she had been first every time, so far. This was the last time and she knew she would win.

Ah! The contestants were all lined up. Four others besides herself. She waited impatiently for the signal. Why! Her hands were shaking! "I—I'm not afraid, just nervous," she told herself over and over. "Stop shaking, you goose!"

There was the signal. Giving a big push with her ski-poles she was off! The curve? Could she make it without falling? Of course she could! She had done it often. Falling would mean loss of time. And every second was precious.

Still, she found herself trembling as she approached it. That would never do! She tried to hold herself rigid. No, not that either! Then, with no hesitation, around the curve she flew. Just right! She smiled and glanced to see where her competitors were. Two had fallen on the curve and still lay there. The third one was slightly behind her. And the fourth was ahead! Oh, she must hurry! On and on! Down, down, down! The jump! There it lay just ahead. She was approaching the last stretch. If only the one ahead of her would fall! But that was wrong! Out into space she sailed, her arms outspread. Could she land upright? She must! Down she glided. Lightly! Carefully! Relax, girlie! Sighing happily, Juli skimmed the ground. Was she ahead? She could not see her rival. There was the finishing line and the President of the Company with the prize and trophy. Was she the winner? She came slowly to a stop and pushed her snow-covered goggles up onto her forehead. Her rival—? She saw his form up above the jump. He hadn't dared. But she had! and she had won. Smiling, she received the rewards. And looking back up the mountain she saw, not the one she had just come down, but the ones far away in Norway!

Faye Cookson '48

SCARS OF MISFORTUNE

In the far off distance could be heard the piercing drone from the engine of an airplane. To those who feared the airplane, it was insane madness to hear its engines sending out a message of death and destruction. But to those whose heart soared up with it, it was a sweet lullaby. But both types of character watched and listened to the airplane as it made its way onward. It was so beautiful up there with out a soul to touch it or harm it in any way. When it cut the rays of the sun and sent a shadow across the earth it was a silver bird surrounded by pure gold. As it sped on its way, growing dimmer and dimmer to the eyes of those who were taking in the beauty of it, they turned away from the window and some prayed for the safety of the poor pilot and others wished with all their heart that they might be blessed with the knowledge to fly one of those man-made birds.

While these people feared and prayed for him, Johnny looked down on them with an expression of peace and contentment written on his face.

He loved to be up in the air where it wasn't over crowded or stuffed with too many people. He loved to be free where he could ponder. His plane was like his right arm; without it he would be lost. It took the place of the girl he was never lucky enough to meet; it was his escape to paradise, his only friend and companion. Jonny loved his plane as a boy loves his dog. Because he built the plane himself, he knew it inside and out and knew its value. He turned his life over to this mechanical device that meant life itself to him.

Loneliness began creeping into the young heart of Bonnie as she sat among her beloved flowers in the high walled garden surrounding her house. Because misfortune had come to visit her in her infant days, she was left with a deep scar in her heart. After misfortune had left her to live her own life, she began to achieve comfort from the things around and above her. Her little home, not far from Jonny's private air field, showed her character and personality. She was like the sweet morning dew on a warm sunny day. Although she feared life itself, she prayed silently that she might some day meet a soul-mate as lonesome as she. While these thoughts ran through her mind, she heard the sweet melancholy music of an airplane flying low over her private haven. Because this had happened often during the past few years, Bonnie didn't mind, instead she found joy over flowing in her heart as she stood in the garden, waving to the unknown pilot. For in her heart, she felt that she knew this pilot. Although she had never seen him, she loved him and prayed for his safety. She loved his character and his courage to live, she loved his features (those she had pictured in her mind) and hoped someday she would meet him.

Jonny circled over Bonnie's little house several times, as if searching for a place to land. Several minutes passed before Jonny decided to set his plane down about a half mile from her house. From the air he could see her little humble paradise, and longed to visit this part of heaven. Taking a chance with his life, he went into a dive and prepared to land. But what was happening! Something was wrong. Jonny couldn't pull out of the dive. Try as he might, he couldn't prevent the death that fate had planted for him. There was a loud crash and the splintering of wood as Jonny's plane came to its destruction among the huge trees.

Bonnie, seeing the plane try to land, ran toward that direction with fear in her heart for the one she loved. She had almost reached the fatal spot when she heard the whining and screeching of the plane as it made its last flight. Bonnie's feet flew to the spot where Jonny was thrown clear of the plane. Kneeling beside him she saw for the first time the man she loved. She kissed him lightly on the mouth and his eyes slowly opened. Hope soared in Bonnie's heart when Jonny said, "I have been looking for you, beautiful," but died as quickly as it had come when he closed his eyes, forever.

Lorraine West '46

MUTUAL MISFORTUNE

"And, Wayne, I wish you could see the diamonds glittering on the snow blanket covering the hills this morning. The few evergreen trees that there are mingle with the diamonds and present a beautiful scene.

I will close for now as I have so much to do today. I will be looking forward to getting your next letter.

Your unseen friend,
Jean Carson"

Jean wheeled her chair over to the desk and laid the pen down with its matching pencil that Wayne had sent her.

Jean did not think it odd to have to get around with aid. For three years she had been confined to a wheel chair. Her twisted legs, caused by spinal meningitis contracted during her last year of high school, would never be straight again, according to the specialist whom they had consulted. Jean's hopeless condition did not spoil life for her, though. She had busied herself by making scrapbooks and writing vivid poems for others, even less fortunate than she.

In a newspaper, one day last summer, Jean had seen a notice that an orphaned boy, Wayne Stamford, was to enter the service that day. Her tender heart strings were touched and Jean immediately wrote to Wayne. Ever since, they had corresponded regularly.

Since they were both lovers of nature, Jean and Wayne exchanged vivid descriptions of the places where they happened to be.

Jean counted Wayne as a mere friend and expected him to be across for about two years.

Thursday came and Jean must visit Dr. Thomson, her specialist.

"Will he have anything new to tell me this time, mother?" she asked concernedly.

"It's about time he said something different than 'incurable'. The appointment is at four o'clock, isn't it?" replied her mother.

The phone interrupted their discourse. It waws someone who wanted to speak to "Miss Jean Carson."

"Hellow, Jean? I'm Wayne Stamford. I have a few days here in Yonkers and I'd like very much to see the lovely girl to whom I've been writing. When may I call?"

Jean was so overcome by suprise that she could hardly speak.

"Why—why—I guess this afternoon would be all right with me. At 2:30? That will be fine. I'll look for you then."

Jean felt a wave of shame and yet of happiness sweep her body. She had misled Wayne. He believed her to be a fine, healthy young lady in whom he could find a friend and maybe more. She wouldn't have minded it so much if only she had told him about her twisted legs. She really felt like crying.

At two-thirty a tall, thin, young sailor, slightly stooped because of his dependence on crutches, slowly and painfully walked up the cement walk to the Carson home. He felt a bit ashamed of coming this way, ashamed

that he had not told Jean of the loss of his left leg during the battle of Iwo Jima. She would be disappointed and would likely slam the door in his face.

After being let in by Mrs. Carson, he asked the girl in the wheel chair, "Where is Jean? You must be her sister."

Jean felt a twinge of pain cut across her face as she stammered, "I—I'm Jean."

Wayne felt his face growing to match the deep red color of his hair. "I'm sorry," he explained.

Jean's amazed look made him explain his situation and soon they were talking very freely. Each thought the other was all he or she had expected.

The door bell interrupted their chat and Wayne, upon receiving a telegram from a Western Union boy, handed the envelope addressed to Jean to her. Its contents—

"Your present impaired physical condition will be corrected if you report at the Puritan Hospital tomorrow morning at nine.

Signed,

Dr. Thomson"

Tears of happiness streamed down Jean's face as she lifted her happy face to Wayne who said, We both seem to be in the same boat, don't we? I don't know how you feel, but as for me, the future can and will be ours together!"

Shirley Fuller '47

THE BOLD HUNTER

Old Willy Wilt was a regular outdoors-man, hunter, trapper, and fisherman combined, who knew the woods around his camp for a radius of ten miles. The Deacon, the school teacher of the district, liked to think that he was every bit as good as Willy Wilt. They had known each other for years and it seemed Willy had promised the Deacon a moose hunting trip. Willy had come into town for some supplies one morning when the Deacon came into the store.

"How about that moose hunting trip?" he demanded.

"I know I promised," began Willy, "but I ain't got one tied up yet and—"

"Tied up?" hollered the Deacon. "You don't need to tie one up for me. All I need is to get in the same township and I can trick him, sneak up on him and shoot."

"Okay," says Willy, "You an' Charlie (pointing to me) come up Friday nite and we'll hunt on Saturday and Sunday."

"Saturday AND Sunday!" bellowed the Deacon. "Willy, you just get me out there one Saturday morning and we'll have steak for supper. If there's two moose, I'll tie one up for you, too."

Everything went fine and Saturday morning we started out. Willy knew the inside of those woods like his own backyard. About a mile and half from the cabin, Willy started up over a ridge and jumped back quick.

"Look!" he hissed. "A big bull—right over there!" We crawled up and peeked over the ridge and about a half mile over in the willows right under a big fir tree was a big bull, rubbing his horns on the tree.

From there the Deacon took over. "I'll get over back of those first willows and leave my snowshoes and crawl up on him."

"That's the hard way," objected Willy. "It 'd be easier to—"

"Now, Willy," says the Deacon, "just leave this to an old moose hunter."

So the Deacon snooped over back of the willows and left his snowshoes and began plowing through the snow. He kept knocking snow off the trees down into the gunbarrel and it looked like pretty rugged going. Willy pulled out a pair of field glasses and every time the Deacon fell on his face, Willy would laugh as though he was crazy. When the Deacon laid the rifle over a log, Willy handed me the field glasses.

"You watch this, Charlie," he says, "for I sure want a witness."

The moose dropped with the first shot, and Willy said, "Quick, Charlie!" we got webs—we just gotta get there before he does!"

We got there just before the Deacon lunged up, all out of wind, wet, cold, pants full of snow, an' screechin' like a donkey engine whistle.

"I got him—got him—firstshot—knew just how—did'ya see me sneak up—quiet as a injun—ain't he a—what's this thing—looks like—looks—Willy, why you—!"

He started to swing his rifle around to take a shot at Willy but the barrel was full of snow again and by the time he got it cleaned out, he was laughing at himself.

I'll never know how Willy did it but before we could dress that moose, we had to pry loose a big logging chain that had him tied up solid to the tree!

Norman Rideout '47

WANTED AT BESSE

More pupils to come to school, and on time.

More work and less giggling in the sophomore class, especially among the girls.

On nice warm afternoons, less trips to Waterville. Includes all classes.

A "No Trespassing" sign put in front of the barber shop, so the boys won't be tempted to stop in mornings.

Some kind of amusement to keep the boys in school.

A long shaft with which to tap the seniors on the head, when they're raising a rumpus in the back of the room. They all seem to hard of hearing when the principal speaks to them.

Some ways of letting the boys win a few games in sports.

Some way of letting some of the girls know that they are only ordinary high school girls, not Betty Grables!!!

A blind fold to put on the owl in the back of the room, you never can tell when he will start talking!!! "Oh Boy".

Clarence West '49



Seated, left to right: H. McKeil, E. Marden, A. McKeil, S. Fuller, M. Studley, R. Higgins
 2nd Row, left to right: J. West, H. Rood, D. Basford, F. Flye, Mr. Nickerson, J. Bagley,
 B. Braley, A. Harding
 3rd Row, left to right: C. Fuller, D. Blake, N. Rideout

STUDENT COUNCIL

The governing body of Besse High School held its first meeting Oct. 5, 1945. The officers of the four classes make up the members of the Student Council. The officers of the council were as follows:

President—Anne McKeil
 Vice President—Shirley Fuller
 Secretary—Maxine Studley
 Treasurer—Elizabeth Marden

Many important matters have been settled this year. Perhaps the most important was to buy a movie projector, screen, and turn-table. The school has profited much from this purchase so far.

The Bazaar committee was appointed in November and much money was earned for the Treasury.

Following the girl's winning the Waldo County League Cup, the Council voted to give basketball souvenirs to the first twelve basketball players.

We hope that the good work of the Student Council will continue.

BAZAAR

The song, "Let It Snow", wasn't very popular at Besse High last November 30 because the frightful weather made it necessary to postpone our great annual Bazaar. All the folks on the supper committee worried about the chickens spoiling over the week-end. Those in the play casts went around mumbling their parts lest they forget their cues. And all the faculty showed a great deal of concern.

But, even though our spirits were dampened we weren't snowed under. The following Monday, December 3, the booths went up and everything was buzzing with activity. The folks about town dropped in, left their dimes and dollars, and the chairmen of the various committees proudly turned in the proceeds.

As a result of all our ticket and guessing sales, Melvin Harrison received a turkey; Leola Mitchell, a blanket; and Mrs. Spearin, a box of chocolates.

Well, the cold-storage chickens survived the week-end and from all reports, were delicious served with vegetables and covered dishes of all sorts. To the supper committee go all compliments and thanks for a job well done.

Instead of Freshmen and Sophomore plays this year, the play casts were chosen from the school at large. Originally, an inter-school play contest was intended but the school year was too crowded. The plays, "Drums in The Night," coached by Miss Mitchell, and "The Pest Guest," coached by Mr. Nickerson, received a lot of criticism but the general opinion seemed to be that they were "pretty good".

The evening came to a close at midnight when the last waltz ended and the dimmed lights finally blinked out.

Liz Marden proved to be an efficient chairman, and reported that the Bazaar was a financial success, increasing the school's treasury \$130.

We earnestly thank every single person who helped in any way to make our Bazaar a success.

MISS ADVENTURE

"Miss Adventure", the Senior play was held at the I. O. O. F. Hall on March 22. All the Seniors participated and a few of the Freshmen. Josephine Carter, "Jo", the lead, was played by Lorraine West Gifford. Her college mates were played by Joyce West, Ruth Bezanson, Elizabeth Marden, and Elma Lee and Hattie Rood of the Freshmen class. Miss Prim, the strict, straight-laced, old maid teacher was well enacted by Evelyn Quimby. Samson, the janitor, always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, was Carleton Fuller. The country hicks were Ruby Higgins, a scolding housewife, Alene Sylvester with her ideas of romance taken from her large store of dime novels, and Paul Watson who "want no sheik." The male lead, a mordern farmer, was taken by Richard Harrison.

"WHICH SHALL HE MARRY?"

A three act comedy was presented by the Sophomores April 5, at the Albion Grange Hall. The leading part, Mary Jane Randolph, was very well taken by Florence Flye. Mary Jane's four sisters were Elaine, the beauty of the family, Harriet McKiel; Susan, the brains of the family, Faye Cookson; Patience, the angle of the family, Marilyn Shibles; and Frankie, the athletic member of the family, Ferne Keef. The mother of the Randolph girls was June Bagley, who was very fluttery and emotional. Magnolia, the colored cook, was Brenda Braley who received many laughs. Dick Evans, an eligible young man who was to inherit his grandfather's estate, was Donald Quimby. The family lawyer was played by Cecil Hamlin.

JUNIOR PRIZE SPEAKING

The annual speaking contest, presented by the Junior class, was held in the Albion Grange Hall, April 12. Four prizes were awarded: a first to the best boy and the best girl, second and third prizes being taken from the field.

The program was as follows:

Edith Cavell	Shirley Fuller
Crimson Rambler	Dorothy Robbins
The Day of the Big Game	Henry Folger
Don't Telegraph—Write	Ester Bragdon
The Highwayman	Anne McKiel
The Song of the Infantry	Gerald Bagley
The Bath Hour	Jenny Noyes
The Yanks Are Coming	Maxine Studley
The Impasse at the Elevator	George Waugh
I Only Know That Is Is So	Roberta Bezanson
At the Swimming Pool	Pearl Rood

The best boy and best girl speakers participated in the League Speaking Contest held at Brooks.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

On October 5th the freshmen were given a hearty welcome into high school by the sophomores. In the morning the freshmen arrived at school with their clothes wrong side out and back side to. The girl's hair was beautifully arranged in forty nine tiny pigtaileds and the boys wore hair ribbons. Many unique nursery rhymes given in the morning exercises and the painted faces kept the school in an uproar of laughter.

In the evening the new costumes of the freshmen received more laughs. The girls wore men's nightshirts, nightcaps, and large men's stockings and carried a candle, baby's rattle and a cave man's club. The boys wore

women's housecoats, curlers on their hair and carried dolls, baby bottles, and story books.

Each freshman proved to be a good sport, doing all the stunts required. Many new styles of dancing, peanut races, and many other stunts were amusing to the spectators.

After the stunts, refreshments were served; then followed a social which was enjoyed by all.

SENIOR BOX SOCIAL

Our first activity this year was a Box Social where the Seniors presented a short program of Wit and Talent. A blanket was auctioned off by the Chinese method. Many boxes were sold. Ice cream and soda were on sale. The profits were good and we appreciate the cooperation of the town's people.

VALENTINE'S BALL

This year the Seniors sponsored a Valentine's Ball on February 20 with Ken Chase's Orchestra. The Seniors extend thanks to the Grange who were kind enough to give us the use of the Grange Hall for the evening, and also to all those who by their patronage enabled us to increase our class funds.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

The French II and III classes this year have enjoyed writing to French boys in Canada and France.

These correspondents told of the history of their town and also sent postcards showing points of interest.

Amusing parts of the various letters received are: "I received your letter. It was a month of half behind one's time." "I am one hundred and sixty centimeters high." "I have a chestnut and some curly hair."

It is hoped that this correspondence will be continued, as it helps promote better understanding between the countries.

BESSE'S AUTOMOBILE

Ford—Well Advertised
 Frame—Perfect
 Crank—quite necessary
 Tires—sure gets around
 Radiator—blowing off steam
 Steering wheel—good guidance
 Shifting gear—quite changeable
 Head lights—always on the spot
 Upholstery—green
 Paint—loud
 Gasoline—easily exploded
 Spare tire—handy
 Horn—always tooting

Girls Basketball Team
 Dana Libby
 Mr. Nickerson
 Joyce West
 Arlene Harding
 Faculty
 Seniors
 "Liz" Marden
 Freshmen
 Sophomores
 Gerald Bagley
 "Dutchie" Fuller
 Paul Watson



Left to right: M. Studley, E. Bragdon, M. Shibles

CHEERLEADERS

The cheerleaders of Besse were elected by the student body as follows: headcheerleader, Maxine Studley; Asistants, Marilyn Shibles and Esther Bragdon. All three were not able to attend every game away from home due to lack of transportation, however, they did attend every home game and did their best cheering. Much of Besse's success in sports is due to their leadership and ability in arousing school spirit. For their fine work they will be given a school award.

SOME BELATED RESOLUTIONS

To get a diploma
 To grow up
 Too get to school on time
 To stop giggling
 To stop eating peanuts in school
 To grow my hair six inches longer
 To dislike boys

Seniors
 Freshmen
 Sonny West
 Sophomores
 Winnetta Robbins
 Ruby Higgins
 Dottie Robbins



Seated, left to right: F. Flye, B. Braley, F. Cookson, A. McKiel, L. Gifford, A. Harding, H. McKiel, J. Bagley
 2nd Row, left to right: D. Basford, A. Sylvester, D. Robbins, J. Bagley, Mis Mitchell, E. Marden, F. Keefe, J. West, C. Knight
 3rd Row, left to right: L. Drake, D. Libby, C. Waugh, Ruth Bezanson, R. Bezanson, E. Lee, E. Rideout, H. Rood

GIRLS SOFTBALL

Softball proved to be a successful season for us this year—we won all five games played.

Cookson and Brenda Braley; pitchers, Arlene Harding and Liz Marden;

The girls that went out for softball were as follows: catchers, Faye first base, Lou West. The rest of the team alternated playing in various positions.

The scores were as follows:

Opponent	We	They
Erskine	20	8
Freedom	10	5
*Unity	14(?)	6(?)
Unity	8	2
*Freedom	12(?)	3(?)

* Starred indicate the games played at home.



Seated, left to right: F. Cookson, A. Sylvester, E. Marden, A. Harding, L. Gifford
 J. Bagley, F. Flye
 2nd Row, left to right: Miss Mitchell, J. Noyes, A. McKiel, H. McKiel, F. Keefe,
 D. Robbins, J. West, S. Fuller
 3rd Row, left to right: H. Rood, L. Drake, E. Rideout, J. Bagley, E. Lee, C. Waugh,
 D. Basford, C. Knight

GIRLS BASKETBALL

During the 1945-46 schedule the Besse Lassies have showed their worth in basketball, winning 13 straight games and claiming the much coveted title "Waldo County Champs". We really worked hard for the cup on that night of Feb. 15. The score was very close all through the game, in fact so close we were doubtful as to who would win until Liz surprised us all by getting another basket which made the final score 22-23, our favor.

To you, Miss Mitchell, we, the basketball squad, extend our deepest thanks and gratitude for your patience with us and your excellent coaching. We all realize that it was your foresight and time spent with us that enables us to claim the Cup. We are proud to have you for our coach.

We also owe much thanks to our managers, Liz Marden and (ass't) Shirley Fulley, for their willingness to take care of our suits and locker room. You have done a swell job, girls.

And to our Capt. Arlene Harding— we appreciate your cooperation and well earned position on our team.

Our first team line up was as follows:

Center forward, Liz Marden who really did a bang-up job and showed her skill in basketball by being the highest scorer. Right forward Lou West has really been in there pitching every game and much of our team's success belongs to her. Left forward Alene Sylvester has showed her good-sportsmanship and basketball ability on our team this year. Our three guards, Arlene Harding, Jean Bagley, and Fay Cookson, really did a great job of holding the opposite team down and feeding the ball to our forwards.

Also, we cannot forget our subs—those girls that showed their cooperation by staying with our team the whole year. They really gave our first team good workouts at practice and were always ready to go into a game whenever the score allowed.

The officers for next year's team have been elected as follows: Captain, Anne McKiel; Manager, Shirley Fuller; and Asis't Manager, Jean Bagley.

Our schedule and scores were as follows:

OPPONENT	WE	THEY
Brooks	46	20
Freedom	52	24
Brooks	47	23*
Unity	47	19*
Clinton	48	20
Freedom	46	20
Liberty	48	20*
Unity	33	5
Freedom	64	35*
Erskine	34	19*
Liberty	38	27
Clinton	30	16
Brooks (Tournament)	23	22
Erskine	30	23

* indicates the games played at home.

FAMILAR SONGS

Slender Tender and Tall	John Hensbee
Cow, Cow Boogie	George Waugh
Here Comes the Bride	Lew Gifford
I Dreamed of An Old Love Affair	Jo West
My Sister and I	June & Jean Bagley
The Girls I Left Behind Me	Cecil Hamlin
I'm In The Mood For Love	Esther Bragdon
Together	Liz and Alene
Two O'Clock In The Morning	Night before exams
Gobs of Love	Dottie Robbins
I Walk Alone (with the senior girls)	Dick Harrison
Waiting For A Letter	Arlene Harding



Seated, left to right: R. Harrison, G. Bagley, C. Fuller, C. West, N. Rideout, H. Folger
 Standing, left to right: Mgr. Quimby, P. Watson, C. Hamlin, J. Hendsbee, D. Blake,
 G. Waugh, Mr. Nickerson

BOYS BASEBALL

We started last fall to play a few baseball games to get in practice for spring playing. We played two games with Unity, two with Freedom, two with Erskine, and one with Good Will. We had a good baseball season last fall, although we didn't capture a game.

We hope to have a good baseball season this spring. We are having a league, as in basketball.

FAMILAR THINGS AT BESSE

Dick's wavy hair
 Lew's ring
 Esther's primping
 Dotty's pigeon toes
 Elizabeth's A's
 Rosella's hair do's
 Students sitting on their desks
 The Freshman boys sitting in the back row
 Ruby's red comb and long fingernails
 Elma's laugh
 Shirley at the panio
 Norman's red hair
 Donald and Cecil completely surrounded by Sophomore girls



Seated, left to right: C. Hamlin, C. Fuller, N. Rideout, H. Folger, D. Blake
 Standing, left to right: D. Quimby, C. West, Mr. Nickerson, G. Bagley, G. Waugh

BOYS BASKETBALL

When it became too cold to play baseball we all were anxious to start practicing basketball. We played our first game, Dec. 7, and we played sixteen games in all. We didn't win many games but we played one great victory when we won over the un-defeated Freedom boys. We hope for a very successful basketball season next year, as none of our players are graduating.

Season's Record

		Besse	Opponents
Brooks	(there)	25	33
Brooks	(here)	7	42
Unity	(here)	19	28
Clinton	(here)	21	51
Freedom	(there)	15	36
Liberty	(here)	31	60
Unity	(there)	29	18
Freedom	(here)	30	28
Erskine	(here)	37	46
Liberty	(there)	32	47
Clinton	(there)	18	60
Erskine	(there)	20	35
Alumni	(here)	65	38

Faye Cookson	"Cookie"	Olive	Studying	World Traveled
Cecil Hamlin	"Cec"	Moon Mullins	Flirting	Man About Town
Ferne Keef	"Ferne"	Annie Rooney	Writing Letters	Married
Rosella Rex	"Rexie"	Miss Twiddle	Her Hair-do's	Fashion Editor

JUNIOR JINGO

Name	Nickname	Acting Age	Busy @	Probable Future
Norman Fideout	"Red"	20	Digging graves	35th President
Pearl Rood	"Poil"	6	Combing hair	Prima Donna
Maxine Studley	"Max"	18	Giggling	Radio Commentator
Shirley Fuller	"Shirt"	30	Playing piano	2nd Paderewski
Gerald Bagley	"Jerry"	10	Talking	Sheriff
Roberta Bezanson	"Berta"	11	Studying	Dutiful Wife
Henry Folger	"Bug"	8	Pestering	Heavy Weight Boxer
Annie McKiel	"Hotdog"	4	Laughing	Writer
George Waugh	"Dot"	12	Blushing	Lawyer
Jenny Noyes		25	Chewing gum	Old Maid
Dorothy Robbins		2	Acting out	Bubble Dancerr
Esther Bragdon		2 mos.	Writing letters	Athlete

SENIOR SKULDUGGERY

Name	Nickname	Always	Enjoys	Ambition
Arlene Harding	"Hardin"	Talking	Weekends	Soap box orator
Elizabeth Marden	"Liz"	Cheerful	Plymouth cars	Editor of N. Y. Times
Alene Sylvester	"Stinky"	Fooling	Dates	Chauffeur
Joyce West	"Jo"	Flirting	Boys	Boss' favorite secretary
Ruby Higgins	"Blondie"	Blushing	Letters	Hear of W. P. A.
Lorraine Gifford	"Lew"	Laughing	Husband	School teacher
Richard Harrison	"Dick"	Sleeping	Girls	Bachelor
Evelyn Quimby	"Ev"	Quiet	Everything	Rich
Ruth Bezanson	"Ruthie"	Studying	Driving	Movie star

FRESHMAN FRILLS AND FAKES

Name	Nickname	Initials & What They Stand For	Likes	Hopes To be
Lillian Drake	"Lil"	Little Dreamer	Willy	Opera Singer
Hattie Rood	"Hat"	Hates Romance (??)	To write notes	Power's model
Daniel Blake	"Danny"	Danny Boy	Senior girls	Grown-up
Carleton Fuller	"Dutchie"	Cute Fellow	Teasing	Van Johnson II
Dolly Basford		Darn Bashful	Studying	Albion's first Lady
Carlene Waugh	"Teeny"	Constant Worker	Whispering	Tiny
Winetta Robbins	"Netta"	Winsome Rogue	Candy & Peanuts	Lady Wrestler
Elma Lee	"Lee"	Ever Lively	Excitement	America's No. 1
Paul Watson	"Zeke"	Plenty Whacky	Himself	Superman
John Hendsbee	"Johnny"	Justly High	High Altitudes	A weather observer
Clarence West	"Sonny"	Cute Wolf	Girls	Dutiful husband
Elaine Rideout	"Freckles"	Ever Ready	Piano	Maine Congresswoman, 1966
Dana Libby	"Dana B"	Demure & Lovely	Solitude	An airplane stewardess
Catherine Knights	"Cappy"	Coy Kitten	Seventh grade boy	Wonder woman

SOPHOMORE SECRETS

Name	Nickname	Reminds us of	Noted for	Hopes To Be
Florence Flye	"Peanut"	Toots	Being Shy	Stenographer
Marilyn Shibles	"Squeak"	Tillie the Toiler	Laughing	Miss America of 1980
June Bagley	"Junie"	Andrew Sisters	Whispering	Dignified
Jean Bagley	"Jeanie"		Sports	America's No. 1 Basket- ball Star
Mary Fuller	"Rosie"	Mrs. Katzenjammer	Writing Notes	Old Maid
Harriet McKiel	"Hat"	Little Iodine	Acting Out	Lady Boxer
Brenda Braley	"Babs"	Kate Smith	Giggling	Author of Lovelorn Column
Donald Quimbl	"Don"	Tarzan	Being a Shiek	Tarzan's Double

HIGHLIGHTS OF SCHOOL CALENDAR

- Sept. 4. School begins
 5. Sophomore class meeting
 5. Freshmen class meeting
 6. Senior class meeting
 7. Junior class meeting
 21. Hotdog Roast
- Oct. 5. Freshman Reception
 5. Curtis Magazine man here. We began selling magazines.
 10. We played Erskine in softball and baseball. Girls won—boys lost
 11. Played Freedom in softball and baseball
 16. Played Freedom in softball and baseball at Freedom
 19. Try outs for cheerleaders. Congratulations to winners!!!!
 24-26. Teachers' convention
- Nov. 2. Senior Box Social
 16. Magazine Social
 19-23. Test Week
- Dec. 3. Besse High's Bazaar
 7. Our first basketball game with Brooks—Won one! Lost one!
 14. Played Freedom in basketball. Girls won again!
 18. Our first home game—played Brooks
 21. Christmas Program
 24-2. Christmas vacation
- Jan. 3. School commences again
 4. Played our first League game, with Unity. Close Boys game!
- Jan. 8 Clinton played at Albion. Aren't those Clinton girls tall!!!!!!
 11. Albion goes to Freedom to play basketball
 18. Liberty comes to Albion. Girls won again!!!!
 25. Albion plays Unity. What a night!!!!!!
- Feb. 1. Freedom came to Albion. The boys won! 30-28
 4. Played Lawrence in practice game. Lost both!!!!
 6. Erskine came to Albion to play basketball. Slippery traveling!!!
 8. Albion tours to Liberty—last league game. Close games!!!!
 13. Albion goes to Clinton—Girls won
 15. Tournament game for girls. Won Cup 23-22. Whew!!!!!!
 15-25. Vacation week
 22. Valentine's Ball
 25-1. Exam week again
- Mar. 1. Played our last game of basketball. Girls—Undefeated!
 22. Senior Play
- Apr. 5. Sopromore Play
 12. Junior Prize Speaking. Congradulations Juniors!!!!
 15-22 Vacation week!
 25. Baseball game with Unity
 26. Senior Social
 29. Baseball game with Freedom there
- May. 6. Liberty comes to Albion to play baseball
 9. Baseball game with Freedom
 13. Tour to Liberty to play baseball
 13. Unity comes to Albion to play baseball
 26. Baccalaureate
 27. Last Chapel
 29. Graduation and Graduation Ball
 31. Last day of school. Oh, Boy!!!!

HUMOR

Mr. Nickerson: "My wife's gone to the West Indies."

Mrs. Grant: "Jamaica?"

Mr. Nickerson: "No, she wanted to go."

Junior Folger: "Hi, Rideout, where did you get the new red-wall tires?"

Norman Rideout: "Silly boy, those are the tubes."

Carlene: "What's the age limit for sailors?"

Shirley: "Listen, dearie, a sailor at any age is the limit."

"Its the little things in life that tell," said Pearl as she yanked her kid brother from under the sofa.

Maxine: "Did you hear about the ram who committed suicide?"

Florence: "No, how come?"

Maxine: "He heard Frank Sinatra sing, "There'll Never Be Another Ewe."

Catherine: "I swallowed a wish bone yesterday."

Hattie: "What did you wish?"

Catherine: "Wished I hadn't."

Dolly: "What kind of a husband shall I look for, Mother?"

Mother: "Never mind the husbands; you just look for a handsome, young, single man."

Miss Mitchell: "What's the meaning of unaware?"

John: "Unaware is what you put on first and take off last."

Carleton: "Listen, will you get off my foot?"

Arlene: "Why don't you put your foot where it belongs?"

Carleton: "Don't tempt me, sister, don't tempt me!"

Miss Mitchell: "Why did you spell bank with a large "B"?"

Dana: "'Cause Pa said a bank isn't any good unless it has a large capital."

Salesman: "These shirts really laugh at the laundry."

Donald: "Yes, I know, I had some come back with their sides split."

Dorothy: "I spent all afternoon Friday and all day Saturday in a Beauty Shop."

Norman: "That's what you call a 'Lost Weekend'".

Visitor: "Where did all these big rocks on your farm come from?"

Cecil: "They were washed down by the great glacier."

Visitor: "Where is the glacier now?"

Cecil: "Gone back after more rocks."

Esther: "Does the wind always blow this way up here in Maine?"

Anne: "No, sometimes it blows the other way."

Lew Gifford: "I've never been so insulted in all my life."

Joyce: "Why, what's the matter?"

Lew: "I know my cooking is bad but that's no excuse for Don trying to play my pancakes on the phonograph."

Dick was overheard to say to Dotty on one of their dates, "Lay your head on my manly chest and let my heart beat your brains out."

ALUMNI

1940

Norbert Kelley,
 Attending Thomas Business College
 Winton Bagley, U. S. Army
 Russell Perry, Working, Oakville, Conn.
 George Belden, Farmer, Palermo
 Burdell Bessey, Farmer, Albion
 Donald Libby, Working, Togus
 Lucille Bradstreet, Working, Augusta
 Catherine Hill, Working, Albion
 Thelma Brann Morsello, Working, N. Y.
 Phyllis Young Brann Lee,
 Housewife, China
 Elsie Cookson Jackson,
 Housewife Windsorville
 Hazel Crommett Brown,
 Housewife, No. Vassalboro
 Eloise Glidden Kennedy,
 Housewife, Gardiner
 Norma Olsen Rice,
 Housewife, Lakewood, Ohio
 Beulah Willoughby Ross, R. N.
 Housewife, Albion

1941

Ethelyn Bradstreet,
 Working, Concord, Mass.
 Hilda Fuller, Working, Albion
 Guy Patterson, Working, Burnham
 Arnold Hamilton, Working, Augusta
 Earle Rhoda, Working, Conn.
 Violet Higgins Bailey,
 Housewife, Troy, Me.
 Shirley Cookson Pottle, Housewife, Benton
 Eleanor Baker Dickey, Housewife, Albion
 Floyd Harding, Attending Colby College
 Claude Patterson, Working, Burnham
 Ralph Lee, Working, Albion
 Herbert Brown, Working, No. Vassalboro

1942

Mary Bessey Bryant, Housewife, Dixfield
 Alice Perkins, Working, Waterville
 Phyllis Day, attending F.S.N.S. Farmington
 Wesley Easford, Working, Bar Harbor
 Richard Fuller, U. S. Navy
 Donald Trask, Working, Albion

1943

Arlene Bessey,
 Nursing Course, Boston, Mass.
 F. Mavor Clark, U. S. Army
 Pearle Haskell Hamilton,
 Housewife, Augusta
 Carroll Walcott, U. S. Navy
 Malcolm West, Working, Albion
 Virginia Rideout Carver,
 Housewife, Hamden, Conn.
 Lloyd Ireland, Working, Albion
 Arlene Blaisdell Parkhurst,
 Housewife, Richmond
 Clyde Higgins, Farmer, Albion
 Avonne Rowe Clark, Housewife, Albion
 Durwood Dow, Working, Albion

1944

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

1945

Virginia Bradstreet,
 Training at E. M. G., Bangor
 Ronald Bagley, U. S. Navy
 Muriel Harding Adams, at Home, China
 Leland Bessey, U. S. Army
 Janet Waugh, Training at A.G.H., Augusta
 Harley Reynolds, U. S. Army
 Juanita Faulkner, Working, Waterville
 Cecil Quimby, Working, Winthrop
 Eula Bragg Clark, Residing, Albion
 James Day, U. S. Navy
 Vivian Libby Ireland, Housewife, Albion
 Forrest Libby, U. S. Navy
 Harold Marden, Working, Albion
 Ralph Marden, Working, Albion

Colonial Inn

S. Bucchiere, Mgr.

Belfast

Maine

FOR

ICE CREAM - CANDY

TOBACCO or CIGARS

COME TO

Arey's Chocolate Shop

(Mrs. J. P. SYLVESTER, Prop.)

Hoffses Super Cleaners
DRY CLEANING & PRESSING

3 Hour Service if Required

Sanitary, Satisfactory Service

Tel. 34 W 52 High Street

Belfast

Maine

Compliments of

Windsor Hotel

Belfast

Dr. Ernest S. Webber

DENTIST

Masonic Temple

Phone 267

Belfast, Maine

Fred F. Palmer

115 High Street

PAINT

HARDWARE

CROCKERY

Belfast

Maine

Tel. 68

Compliments of

Admor Cleaners & Dyers

156—158 Main Street

Waterville, Maine

Quality Cleaning — Shoe rebuilding

J & B Tire Co.

Recapping and Vulcanizing

U. S. Tires and Batteries

210 College Avenue

Tel. 495

Waterville, Maine

"FAMOUS FOR LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS"

The Preble Studio

O. K. Bradbury

68 Main Street

Waterville, Maine

White's Poultry Farm

H. Parkman White, Prop.

Telephone 8373

Skowhegan

BABY CHICKS A SPECIALTY

REDS, ROCKS, SEX-LINKED CROSS, & BROILER CROSS

MAINE U. S. APPROVED PULLORUM CLEAN

13 YEARS EXPERIENCE PRODUCING CHICKS

HIGH MAINE PEN & HIGH MAINE HEN

at FIFTEENTH MAINE EGG LAYING TEST

315 Eggs — 343.20 Points

ORDER CHICKS EARLY

BUY YOUR SHOES AT

Gallert Shoe Store

51 Main Street

Waterville

Maine

Compliments of

Crescent Hotel

Waterville, Maine

EXCELLENT FOOD

Try Our

SHORE DINNERS

and **DAILY SPECIALS**

Puritan Restaurant

151 Main Street

Phone 201 Waterville, Me.

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Atherton Furniture

Waterville, Maine

Harris Baking Company

Waterville, Maine

HARRIS BETTER FOODS

For Sale by:

YOUR LEADING INDEPENDENT GROCER

Albion

Maine

Elm City Tobacco & Confectionery Co.

DISTRIBUTORS of SCHRAFFT'S CHOCOLATE

25 Main Street

Waterville

Maine

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Compliments of

Farwell's Fabric Shop

Temple Street

Waterville, Maine

Carlton D. Brown

Photographer

Waterville, Maine

**Portrait & Commercial
Photography**

**Streamline
Bowling Alley**

155 Main Street

Waterville, Maine

Open Sundays

2-11

HAGER'S

113 Main Street

Waterville, Maine

**CONFECTIONERY
ICE CREAM**

New England Daries Inc.

A Cooperative Working For Its Members

Albion

Maine

Compliments of

HENRY TAYLOR

**Sales Stable
Sylvester**

Albion

Maine

BAKER

Electric & Plumbing Service

Albion

Maine

Compliments of

West's Lunch

Albion

Maine

Bev's Beauty Bar

Beverly Scribner, Prop.

Tel. 11-21

Albion, Maine

Compliments of

Post Office Staff

Albion

Maine

Geo. M. Hammond

INSURANCE OF ANY KIND

Albion

Maine

FARM BUREAU MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

Auburn, Maine

Willis B. Hussey, Local Representative

Tel. 1-14

Albion, Maine

Chambers Bros. Roofing Co.

Free Estimates

Albion, Maine

Phone 6-21

Burpee's Seeds

LOMA

EVERYTHING for the GARDEN
BROODERS - GARDEN and FARM SUPPLIES
PAINTS - VARNISHES - HARDWARE

Harold W. Kimball Co.

21 Silver Street

Waterville, Maine

DUNHAM'S

Men's and Boys Clothing

Waterville

Maine

Allen's Drug Store

"Prescriptions Our Business"

Meet Your Friends at Our Fountain

For

Service

Dependability

and

Quality

Call

Allens Drug Store

Robert A. Dexter, Prop.

Tel. 2095

118 Main Street

Waterville, Maine

Compliments of

SQUIRE'S

Fine Women's Wear

52 Main Street

Waterville, Maine

W. Warren & Sons

Painter, Decorators and Floor Sanders

Phone 759

114 Common Street

Waterville, Maine

Emery-Brown Co.

Department Store

Always Featuring

BETTER QUALITY

NEWEST STYLES

And Moderate Prices

Waterville, Maine



Bob - In Curb Service

Hotdogs and Hamburgers

Corner Front and Temple Street

Waterville

Maine

Tel. 23-R

Compliments of

Irving A. Moody

JEWELER

Waterville, Maine

Compliments of

Helen Simpson

Beauty Parlor

Waterville, Maine

Compliments of

**H. P. Mason
Music Comprny**

29 Main Street Waterville

Murphy's Taxi

Local and long distance calls

Day and night service

Tel. 2382

20 Front Street Waterville

Compliments of

Hal's Restaurant

6 Silver Street Waterville

Compliments of

**Pomerleau's
Barber Shop**

By Waterville-Winslow Bridge

Summers Fertilizer Co.

Searsport, Maine

Nelson Robinson - Agent

Albion, Maine

Tel. 22

Certified Katahdin Seed Potatoes

Registered Holstein & Ayrshire Cattle

Compliments of

Cleve Knowlton

Compliments of

Roy Copeland

Compliments of

O. G. Rowe

Barber Shop and Pool Room

Compliments of

C. S. Rossignol

Sewing Machine
Repair shop
Service Parts & Supply
11 Front Street Waterville

CYR'S

Waterville Drug Store
35 Main St.
Tel. 966
Waterville, Maine

Stern's Dept. Store

Waterville Skowhegan
**Hart Schaffner
and Marx Clothes**
A Good Place To Trade

L. Tardiff

Jeweler
Expert Watch
and
Jewelry Repairing
Waterville, Maine
133 Main St.

JONES'

111 Main Street

**Barber Shop
and
Beauty Parlor**
Waterville

Tel. 1069.

Rollins-Dunham Co.

HARDWARE

29 Front Street

Waterville

Tel. 239

Maine

**NEWS WHEN
IT IS NEWS**

The SENTINEL

**Always Gives You
The NEWS First**

By Mail - - - \$7.00 Per Year

Yeaton's Garage

General Repairing

Albion

Maine

Harold L. Keay

Quality Merchandise

Tel. 23

Albion

Maine

State Furniture Store

10 Common Street
Opposite City Hall
Waterville, Maine
Tel. 2388

Compliments of

J. C. Penny Co.

Dept. Store
Waterville, Maine

Lawrence P. Barton

WOODWORKING
Special Sash
PLANING — MATCHING
221 College Ave.
Waterville, Maine

**Joe Francoeur's
Barber Shop**

62 Temple St.
Waterville, Maine

T. Hugh Gilman

Thurston A. Gilman

Optometrists

148 Main Street Waterville
Tel. 1612

Compliments of

Victor Robichaud's

BARBER SHOP
Beside the Crescent
Hotel
Waterville, Maine

R. E. Poulin, D.D.S.D.

Office, 26 Main St.
Tel. Office 678—W
" Res. 1378—M
Waterville, Maine

Western Auto

Associate Store
Auto Parts-Sporting Goods
169 Main St., Tel. 2282
Waterville, Maine

Caron's Gulf Service

Corner Front & Temple

Waterville

Maine

Elm City Chevrolet, Inc.

20 Temple Street

Waterville, Maine

**GET YOUR BUSINESS TRAINING
IN AN ACCREDITED SCHOOL**

Thomas Business College

is fully accredited by National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools and by the New England Business College Association. For Information relative to courses, write to the Registrar.

165 Main Street

Waterville, Maine

Compliments of

Dr. C. L. Austin

Waterville, Maine

HART'S

Tailors, Cleaners, Dyers
and Alterations

22 Main Street Waterville

W. S. Pillsbury & Son

COMPLETE FARM EQUIPMENT

PROMPT SERVICE

DELAVAL SEPARATORS and MILKERS

JOHN DEERE IMPLEMENTS

WILSON COOLERS

218 College Ave.

Waterville

BEAUTY AIDS

by

Nannook's Beauty Shop

Tel. 1052 5 Silver St.

Waterville

Victory Lunch

24 — hour Service

20 Front Street Tel. 2382

Waterville,

Maine

Waterville Shoe Hospital

WORK DONE

WHILE U WAIT

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

J. NICOLAS, Prop.

37 Temple St. Waterville

F. E. Toulouse Jr.

DENTIST

Tel. 71-J

50 Main St.

Waterville,

Maine

J. E. McCormick & Son

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

Tel. 36

— Sanger Ave.

Waterville, Maine

AGENT for INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER Co.

Kennebec Savings Bank

Established in 1870

A MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

Augusta

Maine

Compliments of

Goodheart's Cleaner

399 Water St. Augusta

Quality Shoe Store

**DISTINCTIVE-SMART
COMFORTABLE SHOES**

Tel. 1231

234 Water St. Augusta, Me.

Catherine's Candy Shoppe

EAT MORE CANDY

It sweetens the disposition

Kakatsakis. Prop.

186 Water St. Augusta, Me

**RUBBER STAMP and
COMMERCIAL PRINTING**

Augusta Print Shop

Opposite Colonial Theater

150 Water St, Augusta, Me.

J. B. Farrell Co.

**Fine Ready-made Clothing
and MEN'S FURNISHINGS**

Tel. 830 237 Water St.

Augusta Maine

W. A. Archer

JEWELER

Corner of Main Street
and Lawrence Ave.

Fairfield Maine

W. G. Cary

UPHOLSTERING

Fairfield Maine

Compliments of

Modern Beauty Salon

Tel. 85-3 Fairfield

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Compliments of

Libby Bros.

DELAWARE FEEDS

UNITY FEEDS

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Tel. 19-3

Albion, Maine

D. W. Adams Co.

Central Maine's Leading Department Stores

Personal Shopping Service

AUGUSTA - HOLLOWELL - GARDINER

WINTHROP

Turner & Hallowell Inc.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC SERVICE

COMPLETE MOTOR REBUILDING

87 Bangor Street

Augusta, Maine

PATTERSON'R FLOWER SHOP

CUT FLOWERS and PLANTS

SHOP

GREENHOUSES

314 Water St. Tel. 144-W

122 Winthrop St. Tel 144-R

George E. Frye

Watch, clock and jewelry repairing

287 Water Street

Phone 626

Augusta, Maine

Augusta Music Store

Musical Instruments and Sheet Music

233 Water Street

Augusta, Maine

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Compliments of
Mervyn W. Bird, O. D.

OPTOMETRIST

Belfast Maine

"It's a Treat to Eat" at

**Johnson's
Confectionary**

Lunches & Ice Cream

79 High St. Belfast, Me.

The Merrill Trust Co.

MEMBER OF FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

MEMBER OF FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORP.

Belfast Maine

Checkerboard Feed Store

Telephone 115

Foot of Main Street

Belfast Maine

Purina Chows — — Farm Supplies

Judson W. Palmer

GROCERIES

Tel. 272-W Belfast

H. W. Hatch

Wholesale Confectionary

Cliquot Ginger Ale

Moxie and Tobacco

Belfast Maine

Compliments of

**SAGADAHOC
Fertilizer Co., Inc.**

Bowdinhams, Maine

High Grade Fertilizer

**“Made In Maine
For Maine Farms”**

Charles E. Rowe, Agent

ALBION - MAINE

Tel. 3-12

A. L. Weeks
Body & Fender Shop

AUTO DENTS REMOVED
WELDING & PAINTING

Tel. 331
Oakland Road
Waterville, Maine

Compliments of

Dr. P. H. Gould

Belfast Maine

James Pattee & Son

Real Estate & Insurance

Masonic Temple Building

Belfast Maine

Stephenson & Son

Men's, Ladies' & Children's
Furnishings

65 Main St. Belfast, Maine

"The NICHE in the WALL"

Consumer's Fuel Company

39 Water St. Tel. 95 & 96 Belfast, Maine

Fuel Oils — Heating Equipment

Coke and Fertilizers

Anthracite COAL Bituminous

Dennis Clifford

Range and Fuel Oil

Tel. 14-5

Unity, Maine

Poulin Brothers

Garage & Filling Station

Texaco Gas, Oil, & Grease

Bay Street

Tel. 1654-W

Proctor & Bowie Co.

Just Across the Bridge

Lumber, Hardware, and Building Supplies

Phone 456 - 457

Winslow, Maine

Laverdiere Service Station

Garage Work & Blacksmithing

23 Bay Street

Winslow

Maine

LaRochelle's Garage

Used Cars Bought & Sold

General Repairs-Gas & Oil

Tires and Tubes

ARC & Acetylene Welding

Battery Charging

Tire Vulcanizing

39 Bay Street

Winslow

N. G. Woodbury, Prop.

Phone 860

Woodbury Motor Co.

CHRYSLER and PLYMOUTH

Sales and Service

WRECKING SERVICE

76-78 Bay Street

Winslow, Maine

Edwin C. Parkhurst

Fancy Groceries

Unity Maine

Compliments of

Unity Hardware

Unity Maine

Compliments of

E. M. Soule

Unity Maine

Lyle H. Adams

FLOUR, FEED, GROCERIES

MEATS and FISH

HARDWARE

Unity Maine

YOUR NEAREST DRUGGIST

The Rexall Drug Store

JOHN D. REED & SON

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

REGISTERED DRUGGIST

Unity Maine

J. H. Farwell & Son

(Firm Name)

Flour, Feed, & Fertilizer

WIRTHMORE FEEDS

Unity Maine

Mac's Gulf Station

Tires — Tubes — Batteries

Grease & Oil of all Kinds

Tel. 53

Unity, Maine

**Barney's
Hotdog Stand**

Front St. Waterville

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Parks' Diner

Upper Main Waterville

Jerry's Lunch

Seafoods a Speciality

12-14 Main Street Waterville

Compliments of

Charles A. Dobbins, Manager

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

179 Main Street Tel. 56 Waterville, Maine

Dakins Sporting Goods Company

WHERE SPORTSMEN MEET

OUTFITTERS FOR

HUNTER — CAMPER — ATHLETE — FISHERMAN

Repair work on Guns, Bicycles, Camp Stoves, etc.

25 Center

Bangor

67—69 Temple St.

Waterville

Compliments of

D. B. DONNALLY

Hardware

Top-Hat Restaurant

Main Street

Fairfield — Maine

W. S. Simpson

Shoes & Rubbers

Fairfield Maine

C. W. Harding's

Trucking Fleet

Collector for
Oakhurst Dairy

Trucking of all kinds
to All Destinations

12 MapleSt. Fairfield

Compliments of

The Neal Drug Store

160 Main Street

Fairfield Maine

L. P. Veilleux

MODERN

SHOE REBUILDING

191 Main Street
Fairfield Maine

CARS WANTED

Any make, any model, any year. We pay the top ceiling price and every purchase is handled promptly and pleasantly.

IF YOU HAVE A CAR YOU CAN SPARE, NOW IS THE BEST TIME TO SELL IT.

SUBURBAN SALES COMPANY

South China, Maine

Tel. 29-2

P. E. Taylor

DEALER in LIVE POULTRY

Tel. 15-12

China

Maine

Jones & Coombs

DRY BEAN CLEANING

China

Maine

Compliments of

Lafin & Jordan Lakeview Tearoom

So. China

Maine

Compliments of

William H. Wood

So. China

Maine

W. B. Bailey's Store

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

China

Maine

G. W. Achorn & Co.

Dry Goods

Belfast Maine

Hall Hardware Co.

SPORTING GOODS
BUILDERS SUPPLIES
DUPONT PAINTS & DUCO
RADIOES

Tel. 55 Belfast

Cooper & Co. Inc.

Building Material, Millwork

Tel. 262

Belfast Maine

F. C. Wentworth

**Field & Quimby
Insurance**

Tel. 67-W

Chase Block, Main Street
Belfast Maine

Dunton & Morse

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Belfast Maine

Milton B. Hills

BUILDING MATERIALS

Belfast Maine

Compliments of

F. G. Jones Garage

Garage Work of All Kinds

Albion

Maine

Compliments of

Perry Press

Cooper & Marden

Dealers in

FLOUR — FEED — GROCERIES — DRY GOODS

HARDWARE - BOOTS & SHOES - PAINTS & OIL

POTATOES & FERTILIZER

Albion

Tel. 21-2

Maine

Compliments of

A. C. ROSS

Compliments of

Portland Packing Company

C. N. Chalmers

LUMBER & MILLWORK

Tel. 2-13

Albion, Maine

' Headquarters of the Discriminate Dresser''

BILODEAU'S INC.

Men's & Boys' Suits & Furnishings

262 Water Street

Augusta, Maine

Compliments of

Sears Roebuck & Co.

Gates Business College

is operating on a year-round schedule.

Get ready now to take your place by enrolling for a course in this Modern School.

Write for Information!

THE AUGUSTA SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

263 Water Street Augusta, Maine Tel. 1342

CHERNOWSKY'S

STORE for WOMEN

Augusta

Maine

Whitcomb's Cafe

C. J. Whitcomb, Prop.

Air Conditioned For Your Comfort

Atlantic Highway
No. 1

11 High Street
Belfast, Maine

Bryant's

JEWELERS

OF

BANGOR

43 MAIN ST.

Maine's Finer Store

for Diamonds

Watches and Silver


for the past 50 years.


Painstaking . . .

WHETHER IT'S MENDING CLOTHES
OR
MAKING ENGRAVINGS—
THE RESULT JUSTIFIES
THAT EXTRA EFFORT

OUR *USE: ETCHING* COPPER AND ZINC HALFTONES
ARE *painstakingly* MADE TO PRINT BETTER
WITH LESS MAKEREADY

Portland Engraving Company
PHOTO ENGRAVERS

ONE EIGHT
 IS MONUMENT SQUARE - PORTLAND, MAINE
ENGRAVERS - PHOTOGRAPHERS - DESIGNERS



Waterville Hardware & Plumbing Supply Co.

PAINTS and ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

20 Main Street Tel. 413-414 Waterville, Maine

Farrow's Bookshop

Main & Temple Streets Waterville, Maine

Books — Stationery — School Supplies

Music — Photographic Supplies

Carter Your Florist

FLOWERS TELEGRAPHED ANYWHERE

Main & Temple Streets Tel. 1061 Waterville, Maine

Heated Cars

We are insured

ANDREW TAXI SERVICE

21 Silver Street

Waterville, Maine

Day and Night Service

Local and Long Trips

Telephone 433-K



All the family need the NEWSPAPER

... first of all, for news of the world, the nation
for news of happenings in your own local community and
nearby places. But your local newspaper is more than a
purveyor of news Mother finds food and household
information in it's pages Dad keeps abreast of farm
matters and business changes that affect him . . . brother
and sister enjoy the sporting news, the comics, pictures.
Then, too, the advertisements are "news" to assist in intell
igent shopping.

To be well informed, your local newspaper is a necessary
and pleasurable factor in your daily life.

Daily Kennebec Journal

STOP AT

Greenlaw's Eats

FOR LUNCH

HOME MADE CANDIES
and **FOUNTAIN SERVICE**

Fairfield Maine

Esso Servicenter

Omar Champagne

GAS - OIL & ACCESSORIES

Tel. 320 Residence Tel. 337

Fairfield Maine

Compliments of

Hayes Market

Fairfield Maine

Lawry Bros. Co.

Complete House Furnishers
Crawford Ranges, Hocsier
Kitchen Cabinets, Perfection
Oil Cook Stove.

RADIOS

"Get Our Prices."

Tel. 33-4

Fairfield Maine

Fairfield Creamery Company

FAIRFIELD, MAINE

DAIRY PRODUCTS

WHOLESALE — RETAIL

HOME of PINE CONE ICE CREAM

Tel. Fairfield 149-2

Compliments of

Bill's Fish Market

FRESH FISH and

SEA FOOD

Tel. 175

Oakland

Compliments of

Dr. C. F. Baxter

DENTIST

173 Main Street
Waterville, Maine

Ray's Taxi

RAY RODERFCK, Prop.

Call 510

Stand and Waiting-room at:
3½ Main Street
Waterville, Maine

Compliments of

Jacob Sayer

Fruits

Confectionery

189 Main St., Waterville

Hannford Hotel

Opposite the Post Office

Waterville, Maine

The Bragdon

Insurance Agency

Dorothy F. Bragdon, Agent

China, Me. 35 College Ave.
Waterville, Maine
Phone 9-6 Phone 571

Compliments of

R. G. Picard

Jeweler

90 Main Street, Waterville

WHERE THE SCHOOL BOYS MEET!

William Levine & Sons

Waterville

Maine

FOLKS IN ALBION
SHOULD CONSIDER THIS BANK
THEIR HOME BANK!

Federal Trust Company

A FRIENDLY INSTITUTION

Waterville

Maine

FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Compliments of

ELM'S RESTAURANT

41 Temple Street

Waterville, Maine

G. Keith Emery

Socony Service Station

DEPENDABLE SERVICE

Tel. 82

2 College Avenue Waterville, Maine

MONEY TO LOAN

This Mutual Saving Bank always has money on hand to loan to those, worthy of credit, who may wish to buy or build a Home.

Inquire About Our Easy Payment Plan

Waterville Savings Bank

182 Main Street

Waterville, Maine

Compliments of

H. C. McCorrison

Dealers in:

PACKARD - PONTIAC - G. M. C. TRUCKS

ALL MAKES USED CARS

New and Used Parts.

Repairs on all makes of cars

Thorndike

Maine

Compliments of

Farwell Bros.

Thorndike

Maine

Compliments of

Thorndike's General Store

Thorndike

Maine

Compliments of

Dr. F. E. Hanscom

Unity

Maine

IT'S ENRICHED

WITH DEXTROSE

FOR ENERGY USE

Bamby Bread

BOLDUC BAKING COMPANY

Maine

Waterville

Hunter-Rhodes Lumber Company

44 Main Street

Waterville, Maine

Warren M. Champlin

GENERAL INSURANCE

Professional Building

Waterville

Maine

"We Sure Do Insure."

Giguere's

**BARBER SHOP
and BEAUTY PARLOR**

Tel. 680

146 Main St.

Compliments of

Lombard Traction
Engine Company

Waterville,

Maine

Stedman's Taxi Service

Stand **ELMWOOD HOTEL** Room 101

Phone 58

Waterville,

Maine

W. B. Arnold Co.

Waterville, Maine

Hardware Merchant for over a century

Plumbing supplies

Refrigation

Green Lantern Inn

Famous for fine foods

Augusta Road

Winslow, Maine

Datsis's Hot Dog Stand

Arnold's parking place

HAMBURGES — HOT DOGS — SANDWICHES

LIGHT LUNCHES

Evelyn Cardin's

Ladies Quality Merchandise

Phone 394 W

42 Main Street

Waterville, Maine

Waterville Steam Laundry

Quality Service

145 Main Street

Waterville

Maine

R. E. DRAPEAU

Everything Electrical

134, 136 Main Street

Waterville, Maine

CHINA INN

Chinese & American Foods

Open from 11-12 Midnight

8 - 10 Main Street

Tel. 878

Waterville, Maine

Harding's Garage

AMOCO Gas and Oil

Auto Repairs and Parts

Unity

Tel. 124-2

Maine

COMPLIMENTS OF

MAX'S CAFE

Unity

Maine

W. "Ted" Vickery

Special Representative of the

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Unity, Maine

Tel. 51

Compliments of

Stone & Cooper Coal Co. Inc.

Augusta

Tel. 21

Augusta Savings Bank

Established 1848

SAVE IN A MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

This bank is a Mutual Savings Bank operated for the benefit of its depositors. There are no stockholders.

BANKING BY MAIL

MEMBER OF FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORP.

Compliments of

Mansur

STATIONERS

and

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Augusta

Maine

Hayden's

TYDOL GASOLINE

CABINS — GROCERIES

ICE-CREAM

Tel. 1936-4 Augusta, Me.

ALLIS CHALMERS

TRACTORS & EQUIPMENT

- CASE TRACTORS & EQUIPMENT
- BOLEN'S GARDEN TRACTORS
- NEW IDEA EQUIPMENT
- HINMAN MILKERS - COOLERS
- SAWMILL MACHINERY - POWER UNITS
- SPRAYERS - RAKES - LOADERS
- SPREADERS - PLANTERS - DIGGERS
- HAMMER MILLS - CORN PICKERS - BEAN PULLERS
- GEHL ENSILAGE CUTTERS & HAY CHOPPERS
- THRESHERS - ALL-CROP HARVESTERS
- MARTIN HAYMAKERS & SILOS

FULL LINE OF REPAIRS AT ALL TIMES

THOMAS PEDDLE

Outer Western Avenue

Telephone 765

AUGUSTA, MAINE

