

# Besse Breeze 

## 1949



Published Annually By

## Besse High School

Albion, Maine

## DEDICATION

Jo the champions of Waldo bounty League in 1948 and the Kenncbec Valley bonference of 1949 and their faithful coach, M Mr $^{\prime}$. Willis Furtwangler, we respectfully dedicate our Base Breeze of 1949.

You are truly entitled to our respect, admiration and praise. We will always remember you as the team who has carfried on with ${ }^{\text {strong determination and team }}$ work through pressing circumstances to win or lose with gallant sportsmanship.

## BESSE HIGH DIRECTORY

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS Mr. K. H. McKechnie

SCHOOL BOARD<br>Eric Wiggin<br>Fred Littlefield<br>Elwood Knight



FACULTY
Left to right: Miss Mitchell, Mr. Furtwengler and Miss. Furtwengler

## EDITORIAL BOARD



Seated, (left to right): Hattie Rood, Elma Lee, Elaine Rideout, Betty Blake, Carlene Waugh.
Second Row: Ethel Carver, Roddy Robinson, Betty Sylvester, Carol Knight, Miss Mitchell, Joyce Fuller, Dana Libby, Carleton Fuller, Catherine Knights.
Third Row: Kenneth Orr, Charles McKiel, James Yeaton, Maurice Scribner, Jr: Danny Blake.
Editor-in-Chief . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Elaine Rideout
Ass't. Editor
Betty Blake Hattie Rood
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Ass't. Literary Editor
Business Manager
Ass't. Business Manager
Advertising Manager
Ass't. Advertising Manager
Second Ass't. Advertising Manager
Humor Editor
Ass't. Humor Editor
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Junior Reporter
Sophomore Reporter
Freshmen Reporter
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Bradstreet, Jr.
Charles McKiel
Maurice Scribner, Jr.
Miss Mitchell

## EDITORIALS

LIVE AND LET LIVE

As little Larry Eastman came out of the school house, he noticed a group of small boys playing hide-and-seek on the lawn. He decided to join the fun and walked over to where they were. For a minute or two they simply ignored him, keeping on with their game, and then two or three boys broke from the rest and started whiskering, at the same time casting cutting glances at Larry. Soon more joined with them saying loudly enough for Larry to hear, "His Dad's a drunkard"-"My Mom told me not to play with him", and so on until Larry walked slowly away.

This is only one of the many similar incidents which take place in some town every day. How cruel children are, but how many times grown men and women do the very same thing under a little different circumstance.

God made no man perfect but it is one of man's weaknesses to look down upon certain other individua!s, to be always ready to pounce upon and ridicule them. One little realizes the harm done to the person whose circumstances may be against him.

A child made to feel inferior to others grows up afraid to mingle in society. He is always afr aid to attempt new things through fear of being laughed at. Often times an inferiority complex leads to crime.

Try to picture the town gossip on trial in a courtroom, having as her jurors people whose homes had been broken up by her malicious talk-socially outcast children and heart-broken parents whose children had been the target of her gossip. Would this not be evidence enough of the harm done by gossip?

Perhaps after thinking all these things over we will better realize that whenever we are told anything hurtful to a person, it is best not to repeat it; that we should talk about others as we, ourselves, would like to be talked about; and that we should put to practice the saying, "Live and let live".

Elaine Rideout, '49

## TRUE COURTESY

What do you think a courteous manner is? Is it "putting on" company manners? Certainly not. True courtesy can not be "rut on", it is a polite and sincere consideration of others every day. Let us explain.

A courteous person is always quiet and does not have affected airs whether on the street or in any public place. A courteous person tries to avoid annoying others.

Thoughtfulness toward others is one way of showing true courtesy. Young people, especially, should be thoughtful toward their elders. To help an elder across the street, to carry packages or luggage, and when riding
on the bus to give the elders one's seat, if no others are available, are certainly ways of showing thoughtfulness.

Courtesy may also be used in speaking. Such words as "Please", "Thank you", and "Excuse me" never hurt anyone.

Every day, manners are used when answering questions politely and giving information as well as one can. Being kind to the poor, sick, or one less fortunate than oneself is very necessary to a courteous manner.

Punctuality is also a form of courtesy. It is impolite to be late thereby inconveniencing others. One is very often judged by his punctuality or by his lack of it.

A test of true courtesy is found in the use of the telephone, a convenience well worth one's best usage of it.

If you live in the country on a party line, you know what bad manners can do in the way of inconvenience. It seems as though neighbors could find out which are the freest hours and gossip on the lines then rather then monopolize them at all times of the day and even night, too.

Many homes are also pestered by the younger members' use of the telephone. The girl friend and the boy friend sit for hours holding the line just crooning to each other. This is fine for them, but what about the person who wishes to put through an important business call? The telephone is not a toy although many people use it as such. Since it is an essentia! means of communication, the hours for play talk should be set so that necessary messages can be given the right of way.

Good manners demand that only polite and gentle words should be used over the telephone. There is nothing so bad as scolding the operato: over the line, yelling at somebody, or saying things that would not be said to the listener if he were present.

It is also bad manners to invade the rivacy of telephone users unless in case of emergency, to talk familiarly or boldly to strangers, or to make unjust demands of anyone, such as reversing charges on calls not rightfully his responsibility.

When talking on the telephone, one should speak distinctly, and of course, "listening on the lines" and impolite remarks are strictly "taboo".

Good telephone manners as well as all good manners, ask for politeness, consideration, and good sense. There is no reason why one's behavior over the telephone should be any different from his behavior in any other association.

The idea of true courtesy is summed up by this well known poem :
"If your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."
Hattie Rood, '49
Carol Knight, '50

## A LESSON IN BLACK AND WHITE

On a bright August morning Francis Joseph, a curly-headed, negro boy was riding his bicycle down Main Street with his only real friend, Gerry Towne.

Franc.s was rather silent as he met the rejudiced glances of the people of Stanton. Gerry, observant of what was happening, tried to get Francis' mind on to something more pleasant by asking, "What are you going to do Sunday afternoon, Fran?"
"Oh, I don't know. I'll go to church Sunday morning. Maybe I'll go for a ride on my bike Sunday afternoon. Why do you ask?"
"I thought maybe we toth could go on a pi. nic Sunday afternoon up on Blue Ridge."
"Sounds like fun to me, Gerry,' Francis agreed, wholeheartedly.
That night Francis went home from school early so he could make his weekly trip to Charleston, a town about seventy miles west of Stanton, to deliver a load of groceries. Usually Francis started on Friday night and returned home Saturday night iut, because of a breakdown, this time he didn't return until Sunday noon.

At church Rev. Hodges was just finishing his sermon. His closing words were: "We might say that when God made man, he did so as if he were looking through a huge rainbow of many different colors".

Church was over and the congregation was silent as they went on their way out of the big, white church into the beautiful, August sun.

Francis was just arriving at the church when the crowd was emerging. He was greeted by nearly everyone there and Gerry's insistent remark, "Fran! We'll have to hurry if we want to get up to Blue Ridge in time for a picnic and a good swim!"
"Okay, be right with you!" Fran replied lowly, trying to make himself unobtrusive.
"Hey! Fran! Can we go, too ?"' was the question asked from several eager teen-agers gathered around the two boys.
"Sure thing, kids." Gerry replied.
Fran didn't know the reason for the sudden change in the people, but he knew that he would never forget this beautiful Sunday, and silently he thanked God for the many blessings bestowed upon him.

Betty Blake, '50 HONOR ROLL

Elma Lee (3)
Elaine Rideout (3)
Hattie Rood (3)
Carlene Waugh (2)
Daniel Blake, Jr. (1)

## SENIORS

Catherine Knights (3)
Daniel Blake, Jr. (2)
Ethel Carver (1)
Carlene Waugh (1)

JUNIORS
Robert Cookson (2)
Bernice Bezanson (1)
Carolyn Keef (1)
Betty Sylvester (1)

SOPHOMORES
Charles McKiel (3)
Nelson Bezanson (1)

FRESHMEN

George Gould (1)
Althea Hendsbee (2)
Carl Robbins (3)
Lawrence Reynolds (1)

Allan Knights (1)
Beverly Cookson (3)
Stephen Fowler (1)
George Gould (2)
Althea Hendsbee (1)
Lawrence Reynolds (2)

# SENIOR CLASS ROLL 

＇In Ourselves Our Future Lies＂

Elaine Rideout<br>Daniel Blake，Jr．<br>Carleton Fuller<br>Dana Bea Libby<br>James Yeaton<br>Ethel Carver<br>Catherine Knights<br>Harold Hotham<br>Carlene Waugh<br>Hattie Rood

Elma Lee

## 参 <br> CLASS OFFICERS

| President | Ethel Carver |
| :---: | :---: |
| Vice President | Daniel Blake，Jr． |
| Secretary | Carlene Waugh |
| Treasurer | James Yeaton |

紭<br>CLASS COLORS：Maroon and White<br>CLASS FLOWER：Carnation

## 繁

## COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

| Baccalaureate | Church，June 5，3：00 P．M． |
| :---: | :---: |
| Last Chapel | ．．Church，June 6，2：00 P．M． |
| Graduation | I．O．O．F．Hall，June 7，8：00 P．M． |
| Graduation Ball | I．O．O．F．Hall，June 7，9：30 P．M． |



## DANIEL BLAKE, JR. "Danny"

Address to Undergraduates
"A man should have a mind of his own"
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4 ; All Star Forward 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Junior Play 3; Sophomore Play 2; Bazaar Play 1; Minstrel Show 2; Student Council 3, 4; Editorial Board 2, 3, 4; Boys' Sports Editor 3, 4; Graduation Usher 3; Class Vice President 4.

Through your four years of high school you have proved yourself a loyal friend to all. Your sportsmanship and good humor have won you a permanent place in all our hearts. We wish you the best of luck in all your undertakings.
" 'Silence is golden', but talking's more fun' Hamden High School 1; Physical Education 1; Dramatics 1; Besse High School 2, 3, 4; Softball 2, 3, 4; Bazaar Committee 3, 4; Editorial Board 3, 4; Humor Editor 4; Class Secretary 3; Class President 4; Student Council 3,4 ; Prize Speaking (1st prize) 3; Waldo County League Speaking Contest 3; Sophomore Play 2; Junior Play 3; Senior Play 4; Graduation Usher 3.

Ethel, although you joined us in your sophomore year, you have made a place for yourself in our class. We know that you will succeed in any task that you attempt. We wish you the best of luck.


CARLETON FULIER
'Dutchie" Class Gifts
"Smile and the world smiles with you"
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Bazaar Play 1; Minstrel Show 2; Senior Play 1; Sophomore Play 2; Junior Play 3; Senior Play 4 ; Editorial Board 2, 3, 4 ; Student Council 1, 2, 3; Class President 1; Class Treasurer 3; Class Vice President 2; Bazaar Committee 3,4 ; Graduation Usher 3.

Dutchie, your pleasing personality and ability to win friends has brought you much success. Here's wishing you much happiness in the future.


Class Prophecy
"Even a single hair casts its shadow"
Freedom Academy 1, 2; Baseball 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2; Vice President 1; Besse High School 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Member of State All Star Tournament First Team, Class S, 4; Graduation Usher 3; Stage Manager of Junior Play 3; Stage Manager of Senior Play 4.

In the two years that you have been with us, Had, you have certainly brought us much fame. You are a great athlete. Good luck to you in anything you attempt to do in the future.

## CATHERINE KNIGHTS

'Cappy
Class Prophecy
"As good luck would have it"
Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; All Star Guard 4; Senior Play 4; Bazaar Committee $1,2,3,4$; Minstrel Show 2; Prize Speaking 3; Honor Roll 3, 4; Editorial Board 4; Graduation Usher 3.

Your sportsmanship and cooperative school spirit have made you many friends. You will always live in the hearts of your class mates.


ELMA LEE "Lee"


## First Honor Eissay

"Even the woodpecker owes his success to the fact that he uses his head and keeps pecking away until he finishes the job he starts"

Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 3, 4; Cheerleader 2, 3; Bazaar Committee 3, 4 ; Student Council 3; President of Student Council 3; Class President 3; Editorial Board 2, 3, 4; Business Manager 4; Bazaar Play 1; Minstrel Show 2; Class Play 2, 3; Senior Play 1, 4 ; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking (3rd prize) 3; Graduation Usher 3.

In sports, studies, and all school and class activities you have been an outstanding leader. We wish you all the success and happiness in the world.


## Class Marshal

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels'
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; All Star Forward 4; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Bazaar Committee 3, 4 ; Minstrel Show 2; Editorial Board 4; Printer 4 ; Graduation Usher 3; Senior Play Prompter 4.

Dana, although you are the quietest member of our class, we will miss your singing and your true friendship. Good luck and happiness to you in the future.

## ELAINE KLIEOいU'I

## Laine

## Valedictory

"The best way to have a friend is to be one"
Editorial Board 1, 2, 3, 4; Editor-in-chief 4; Cheerleader 4; Sophomore Play 2; Junior Play 2 ; Junior Play 3 ; Senior Play 4; Bazaar Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Pianist 2, 3, 4; Minstrel Show 2; Prize Speaking (2nd prize) 3; Mistress of ceremonies at Freshman Reception 2; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4 .

Elaine, due to your unfailing willingness and constant cooperation these four busy years at Besse, we feel sure you will succeed in anything you attempt in future years. Our best wishes for luck and prosperity are yours.


HATTIE ROOD
Second Honor Essay
Life is a beautiful dream
Suftball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Head Cheerleader 4; Class Treasurer 1; Class Secretary 2; Class Reporter 4; Student Council 1. 2, 4; Editorial Board 3, 4; Literary Editor 4; Bazaar Play 1; Minstrel Show 2; Sophomore Play 2; Junior Play 3; Senior Play 1, 4; Bazaar Committee 2, 3, 4; Graduation Usher 3.

Hattie, your friendly smile and pleasant ways have made you popular with all throughout your high school days. May this popularity bring you the best of luck and success in the future.

## Salutatory


'True friends are like diamonds, precious and rare; False friends are like autumn leaves, found everywhere"

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; Senior Play 4; Junior Play 3; Sophomore Play 2; Minstrel Show 2; Bazaar Play 1; Class Secretary 4; D. A. R. Candidate 4 ; Student Council 2, 4; Vice President of Student Council 4; Editorial Board 3, 4; Advertising Manager 4; Magazine Drive Captain 3; Magazine Drive General Manager 4; Graduation Usher 3; Bazaar Committee 3, 4; Class President 2; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4.

Carlene, you have been a great leader in all our class activities. May this characteristic bring you much success and the best of luck.

## JAMES YEATON

"Jimmie"

## Class Will

"I keep a smile on my face, but my big mouth shut"

Freedom Academy 1, 2; Baseball 1, 2; Freshman Play 1; Class President 1; Minstrel Show 2; Besse High School 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Junior Play 3; Senior Play 4; Basketball Manager 3; Graduation Usher 3; Bazaar Committee 3, 4; Editorial Board 4; Assistant Advertising Manager 4; Class Treasurer 4; Student Council 4.

Jimmie, although you have been with Besse's Class of ' 49 for only two years, you have certainly taken an important part in all our activities. With your ability and willingness
 to work we know you will be successful in all your attempts.


Seated, (left to right): Catherine Knights, Elma Lee, Ethel Carver, Hattie Rood, Dana Libby.
Standing: James Yeaton, Elaine Rideout, Harold Hotham, Danny Blake, Carlene Waugh, Carleton Fuller.

The Senior Class has been working very hard this year to earn money to pay for graduation and class trip expenses. We have presented the play, "The Adorable Imp," and plan to give it again in March. January 11, we gave a supper for "The United Farmers of New England", and received $\$ 35$. We have been selling refreshments at basketball games and selling candy in the class room. In December we sold Christmas cards and received $\$ 25$.

We received an invitation to go to Washington, D. C., on a class trip with Oakland in April, and seven have decided to go, accompanied by Miss Mitchell.

We have three star basketball players in the senior class-."Dutchie" Fuller, "Danny" Blake and "Had" Hotham. Those on the girls' team are Carlene Waugh, Dana Libby, Elma Lee and Catherine Knights. Elaine Rideout and Hattie Rood are cheer leaders.

The class officers are:
President-Ethel Carver
Vice President-Danny Blake
Secretary-Carlene Waugh
Treasurer-James Yeaton
end docided to wear caps and gowns for graduation.
Three members, Elaine Rideout, Hattie Rood, and Carlene Waugh, were chosen by the vote of the class and from these three the faculty chose one as Besse High's "School Citizen," or D. A. R. candidate, Carlene Waugh was chosen because of her honesty, high ranks, and leadership in school activities.


Seated, (left to right): Carolyn Keef, Betty Sylvester, Leslie Clark, Carol Knight, Betty Blake, Roddy Robinson.
Standing: Bernice Bezanson, James Hendsbee, Juyee Fuller, Mr. Furtwengler, Robert Cookson, Amy Bezanson, Dan Lawrence.

The Junior Class started this year with therve members. Danny Lawrence, transferred from M.C.I., now boosts the number to thrteen.

Officers for this year are:
President-Leslie Clark
Vice President-Betty Blahe
Secretary-Betty Sylvester
Treasurer-Carol Knight
Class Reporter-Seth Braasucet, J!
Class Adviser-Mr. Furtwenglet
Under the leadership of these officers we have had one of the most successful years at Besse.

Leslie Clark, Roddy Robinson, and Seth Bradstreet, Jr., have taken part in the championship basketbal' team. Almost all the girls have taken part in basketball and softball.

If all is well, we'll see you next year as semor:s


First Row, (left to right): Martha Rowe, Thelma Baker: Dexier Higerins, Eivelyn Bessey, Ida Marks, Kי-pneth Orf. Edna Lewis.
Second Kow: Miss Mitchell, Charles McKiel, Marilyn Kohbmos Kasamond Keef. Virginia Mason, kenty Coffin, William Woodbury.
Third Row: Oswald Cash. Richard Keene, duy Higgins, Erving (2mim),

We students of the Sophomore Class, which consists of nint leen members, elected the following for our class officers:

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { President-Evelyn Bessey } \\
& \text { Vice President-Kenneth Ory } \\
& \text { Secretary-Ida Marks } \\
& \text { Treasurer-Dexter Higgins } \\
& \text { Class Adviser-Miss Mitchol: }
\end{aligned}
$$

We started the year out by having a class meeting to decide what to do with our fellow freshmen. They snowed good sportsmanship by doing everything asked of them at their reception.

Charles McKiel took part in the Senior Play, "The Adorable Imp."
We are proud to say that ten of our members took an active part in basketball. These include Rosamond Keef, Ida Marks, Virginia Mason, Martha Rowe and Marilyn Robbins on the girls' team. On the boys' team were Keith Noyes, Erving Quimby, Oswald Cash, Kenneth Orr and Charles McKiel. Dexter Higgins was the boys basketball manager

Also there were seven members who were on the honot woll in the first two ranking periods. They include Nelson Bezanson, Rosamond Keef, Ida Marks, Kenneth Orr, Marilyn Robbins, Virginia Mason and Charles McKiel.

## FRESHMAN CLASS



Seated, (left to right): Lawrence Reynolds, Beverly Cookson, Audrey Orr, Barba.a Quimby, Althea Hendshee, Agnes Russell, Maurice Scribner, Jr.
Standing: Harold Croshy, Stephen Fowler, Roger Cole, Allen Knights, Keith Spiller, Allen Higgins, Richard Brown, Carl Robbins, Mis. Furtwengler.

We, the Freshman Class, chose to lead us througn our tirst year the following officers:

> President-George Gould
> Vice President-Lawrence Reynold-
> Secretary-Althea Hendsbee
> Treasurer-Barbara Quimby
> Class Reporter-Maurice Scribner
> Class Adviser-Mrs. Furtwengle:

There are both girls and boys participating in softball, baseball, and basketball. We also have two assistant managers of basketball from our class, Carl Robbins and Maurice Scribner, Jr.

We had one Freshman, Stephen Fowler, taking part in the Bazaar Play.


First row, (left to right) : Marilyn Nelson, Beverly Buker, Nancy Blanchard (Vice President), Wesley Drake (Class President), Kathryn Keay (Secrecary), Ernest Rood (Treasurer), Mildred Marston.
Second Row: Ronald St. Amand, Francis Rowe, Virgil Coffin, Edith M. Mitchell (Teacher), Robert Sylvester, Frederick Shores, Kenneth Gould. Beverly Higgins was absent.

## WE WELCOME YOU

To you, the incoming freshmen of Besse High School, we extend a hearty welcome. We, the seniors, wish to advise you to accert every opportunity you can to further your education which will certainly be very beneficial to you. We hope you will accept the cha'lenge of high school and we wish you the best of luck and happiness during your four years.

LITERATURE

IN DESPERATE NEED OF MONEY

It was a cold December night and snow was beginning to fall softly, as Stella Carvin prepared to leave the little Woodlane Inn where she had been employed as a waitress for nearly two years. Stella loved her work at the Inn and her pay helped her meet the large expenses of the care which her father needed since his accident in the logging camps where his legs were crushed when he was caught under a pile of rolling logs.

Stella was in deep thought as she trudged through the snow. She was in desperate need of money for the operation which her father needed. If her father could have the operation, there were chances that he might walk again.

It was nearly a mile from the Inn to the little cabin where she and her father lived alone. There was only one other house between Stella's home and the Inn, and that was an old tumble-down shack in which no one had lived for years.

As Stella was passing by the old shack, she thought she noticed a shaft of light from around one of the windows. Curious as to why there was a light in the cabin, Stella climbed up the small path to investigate. Very quietly she crept to a back window but could not see in because there was something cevering the window. She worked herself around to the side of the building and noticed a crack in the wall where the light was coming through. She got down and looked in through the crack and was shocked to see a man sitting at an old table counting a large pile of bills.

Stella's mind flew back to that morning when she had heard a news broadcast on the radio. Frightened, Stella crept down the path very quietly and when she reached the highway she broke into a run and didn't stop until she reached home, somewhat exhausted. Immediately she went to the phone and dialed the police station and told her story to the inspector. Stella then went to bed and tried to sleep, but her mind kept reverting to the incident she had just experienced. Wondering if the police had found the man, she finally fell asleep.

Stella awoke in the morning to the ringing of the doorbell. She dressed hurriedly and ran down to answer it and was surprised to see inspector Callahan from the police station. He explained how they had captured the man in the shack, an escaped convict from the state prison. Stella was shaking all over at the thought of how near she might have been to death. The inspector saved the best news until last. He asked Stella if she knew that she had just won a five thousand dollar reward for the capture of the convict.

Stella cried with joy and thanked God for the miracle which had just happened, for now her father could have the necessary operation that would enable him to walk again, and she would be lifted from a heavy burden.

Thelma Baker, '51

## GOT HIM

I crouch in the darkness and stare vainly under the shed floor. My eyes burn from staring and my ears ache from strenuous listening. It seems that I've been crouching in this position for hours and I doubt that I will ever be able to stand straight again. I guess there is a flashlight in my right hand but I have been gripping it so hard that my fingers have lost all feeling. I would like to press the button and see the light break the darkness but that would ruin our whole plan. Bob just knelt again to peer into the hole under the floor. I heard his bones snap as he got to his knees. If something doesn't happen soon I'm going to give up and go to bed. Wait! I just heard something. Maybe the time has come! Yes, I can hear it plainly now. He's coming this way. Bob hears him, too. He's lying on his stomach and peering over the edge of the shed floor. Should I turn on my flashlight now? No, I'll wait until he gets a little closer. Goodness, he's slow. I hope he doesn't suspect anything or we're certainly goners. I can see his eyes now, shining in the moonlight. He's almost out from under the floor. Now! The light! Grab him Bob! You've got him! You've got him! Don't let his hind legs touch anything or you'll be sorry. Boy, he's a beaut. Big as a horse. Bet he's the one that caught old Penny night before last. What are we going to do with him? Throw him into the river? O. K. Be sure you get him out far enough into the current so he'll go down stream. There! Good throw. There's one skunk that won't catch any more hens! Betty Sylvester, '50

## THE FAILURE

Harland Oakley, a research scientist in the field of natural resources in the Arctic, had spent six months in Alaska working industriously week after week, month after month, trying to find a certain ore that was supposed to be found there. But try as he might, Harland's attempts were unsuccessful.

Each night, after their return from the fields, Harland, seated at his makeshift desk, wrote of the day's events and outcomes. His technical notes, accurate and to the point, were kept neatly in a ledger.

At last the time was up and now Harland Oakley, native of Idaho and a graduate from one of the best technical institutions in the country, must return home, a failure!

While in high school, Harland had taken song writing and had held a position in the school band and music club. As a source of entertainment, whenever he had a few hours to himself, he jotted down a few notes and words on a paper and then drummed them out on his old, out-of-tune piano. But he kept the paper well taken care of so that no one could find it and tease him about it.

Now, back home again after his Arctic adventures, he wandered aimlessly into his room and seated himself at the piano. He then looked for his
music which he had written. Not finding it he went into the kitchen to find something to eat, thinking that would help cure his mood.

As Harland came into the kitchen he heard the front door bang loudly and the familiar voice of "Romeo", the cook, rang through the house.
"Oakie! Oakie! We done it! We done it! Me knowed we'd do it!" shouted Romeo in his crude language.
"Done-I mean, did what? What in the name of Jehosophat are you talking about?" demanded Harland, stunned by the overwhelming look of joy on Romeo's face.
"De song! De song! Ya know de song ya used ta hammer at every once na while!"
"Song! What about the song ?" questioned Harland, now a bit excited himself.
"Well, a week ago I done sent it to that song publisher in Noo York and they done sent me back a-er-er-telephone wire an' say they'll buy it fer $\$ 10,000$ an' that they want some more. That's what I'm a meaning," Romeo said between excited puffs and heaves.
"What?" That was the only response which could be heard from the amazed Harland, as he dropped into a chair.
"An' I tole 'em about yer diary-maybe I shouldn't 'a knowed about that part-but well, they say they want it fer a book."
"Romeo, how did you know about my diary ?"
"Well, Oakie, I walked inter ya room one night an there 'twas a-laying there on the desk an' well, the first page was so good I had ter read the rest of it."
"Romeo, you old hunk of humanity, I could squeeze the living daylights out of you this very moment," Harland said. "Even if I didn't succeed in one field I did succeed in another, you old meddler-you!"'

Now, the songs of Harland Oakley are familiar to every music lover in America.

## QUICK RELIEF FOR RHEUMATISM

Neighbors of Frank Jones had gathered at his home to assist in sawing a supply of fire wood for the coming winter.

Work progressed well and a fine pile of wood had been sawed when the call for dinner came. The men trouped into the large, old fashioned kitchen and after washing at the kitchen sink sat down to a bounteous meal of chicken stew with plenty of vegetables and several kinds of pie, served by the wives of some of the men.

After dinner and a period of resting, smoking, and swapping yarns, the men went back to sawing wood, for there was a lot remaining to be sawed.

Among the crowd was a man named Fred Hewitt, notorious for his practical jokes.

Another of the men, John McGowan, a man much older than the others,
wasn't too fond of work. Mr. McGowan had a bad case of rheumatism, conveniently painful whenever he needed an alibi for not working.

On this particular day, after dinner, Mr. MeGowan became so lame that he decided he had better go home.

Fred Hewitt with much apparent sympathy pointed out to the older man a short cut across a field and over a fence made of cedar rails.

Thanking him, Mr. McGowan started off, hobbling painfully. Finally he reached the rail fence, climbed upon it, then suddenly sprang out into the road with amazing rapidity, considering his age and his rheumatism.

When Mr. Hewitt recovered his breath after a hearty laugh he confided to the other men that there was a bees' nest in the top rail of the fence, and that he could not resist the temptation to find out once and for all whether Mr. McGowan's "rheumatiz" was real or "made for the occasion."

Althea Hendsbee, '52

## THE DAY I PLAYED HOOKY

It was a very warm spring day in May, and it seemed a shame to me to go to school on such a day, so I decided to play hooky. At 8:30 A. M., I saw Charles McKiel on his way to school and asked him if he would come along, too. His answer was, "No, sir, that new truant officer" (whom we had never seen) "is too good to suit me and if you know what's wise for you, you won't play hooky, either." But in spite of his warning I still went on my rebellious way.

I took my bicycle to the store, bought line, hooks and sinkers, and rode to a stream where I knew there was plenty of fish. After I had assembled my tackle, which consisted of a green alder that I had just cut, with the line wound around the small end, I fished for about two hours. Then, having caught five or six good sized trout, I started for home.

As I was riding my bicycle along the road, watching two deer graze on one side of the road, I failed to see what I later learned to be a car rarked down the road a way, with a middle-aged man patching a tire. The man was lying flat on his back, working. Without knowledge of his presence, I suddenly hit his spare tire that he had taken from the car trunk and landed my fish neatly in the man's face.

I was bruised badly but managed to pick myself up awkwardly only to gaze at that person, none other than the new person just moved into town. There seemed to form a big lump in my throat as he introduced himself as Mr. White, the new truant officer.

After finishing the tire changing he took me to his home where my cuts and bruises were treated. I right then and there decided that I would not play hooky anymore, for though this truant officer was kind, that was no sign that all truant officers are.

THE LOST SHOES
Early in the morning I rose from my bed, Looked for my shoes, I had left in the shed. I looked and looked, I looked everywhere, But I saw no shoes; they just weren't there. I finally gave up and went downstair, There I saw mother, combing her hair. I looked at her and said, "Where are my shoes?" She looked at me and said, "Good morning, Bruce." "Oh mom," I cried, "What shall I do? I can't walk in my stockings, my toes will come through." She had no answer, so I looked some more, I could have bought new shoes, but there was no store.
I went to the barn where dad was working,
"Good morning, son, hear those birds a-chirping?"
I listened and listened and sure enough It now was Spring when the work gets tough. "Oh Dad," I wailed, "have you seen my shoes?"
"No, my son, haven't you?"
"I had them," I said, "before I went to bed."
To me he said,"Son, did you look in the shed?"'
"No, I didn't, but I sure will.
I had them there; may be there still."
I went to the shed, them hoping to find,
Oh dear, I did, but are these things mine?
"Dad," I yelled, "has the dog been here?"
"Don't know, son, why the fear?"
"I've found my shoes all covered with hair. And that's not all-the soles, they're over there."

Dan Lawrence, '50
MY STRUGGLE
Pen and pencil and what shall I write, A poem, an essay, a story 'bout life? I think and I think but what can I do? My mind first wonders and goes askew. My brothers could do it, my sister could, too, Why couldn't they stay 'till I got through? I write and I write, but what good does it do? I just don't have a thing when I get through.
I'm weary and tired from work with no play, But still I must keep on, or after school must stay. I'll go on struggling on one condition, They make this yearbook the last edition.

## A SCENE OUT OF A WINDOW

This morning as I arise and look out of my window I behold the majestic trees. They are red, orange, brown, and several other colors. The sun is glittering on the trees covered with sfarkling frost. The magnificent stag with his harem of does are grazing at the edge of the prevalent woods. A squirrel is sitting on a limb, chattering away to himself. A formation of birds is overhead, zig-zagging back and forth. The porcupine with his quills clacking is slowly wandering out of the forest looking for his oreakfast. Porcupines are queer animals, they tell stories of them - how they snoot their quills when disturbed. Suddenly all of the animals' ears prick upward; they start treading, and then suddenly they hightail it for the woods. A big awesome bear has lumbered out of the woods. The bear is one animal that the rest don't argue with, for he is king of the forest and rules supreme.

> Carl Robbins, '52

## EPITAPH

Went for walk,
Stubbed toe,
Fell down,
Head first, in snow.
Got up,
Wiped brow,
"Get wet?"
"And how!"
Went home, Dried clothes,
Sat down,
Blew nose.
Got sick,
Went to bed,
While there,
Died dead.
Doctor came,
Shook head,
"Too bad she died,
She made good bread."
Catherine Knights, ' 49
Hattie Rood, '49

## STUDENT COUNCIL



First Row, (left to right): Ethel Carver, Carlene Waugh, Betty Blake, Carol Knight, Ida Marks, Betty Sylvester.
Second Row: Lawrence Reynolds, Danny Blake, Evelyn Bessey, Mr. Furtwengler, Althea Hendsbee, James Yeaton, Barbara Quimby. Third Row: Dexter Higgins, Kenneth Orr, Leslie Clark.

For the past school year, 1948-1949, the governing body of Besse High School chose the following leaders from the four officers of each class:

President-Betty Blake
Vice President-Carlene Waugh
Secretary-Ida Marks
Treasurer-(Carol Knight
We, the students, wish to express our appreciation toward our wellchosen leaders of our democratic school government.

We, the student council body, hope we have satisfied and set a creditable example for Besse's student of the on-coming year's.

## SENIOR PLAY



Seated, (left to right): Elaine Rideout, Hattie Rood, Ethel Carver, Dutchie Fuller, Jimmie Yeaton, Catherine Knights, Charles McKiel.
Standing: Had Hotham, Miss Mitchell (coach), Dana Libby, Carlene Waugh, Danny Blake, Elma Lee.
On December 23, the curtain rose on a hilarious, three-act comedy entitled, "The Adorable Imp."

Interest was heightened by the dual personality parts of the cook and butler, played by Jimmie Yeaton and Danny Blake, respectively. Their costumes as well as their dialogue brought many laughs from the audience. The cast was as follows :

Hortense Hostetter, the maid
Betty Lou Gordon, the imp
Mrs. Abby Simpkins, her grandmother
Brian Barclay, a widower
Malvina Barclay, his daughter
Pamela Gordon, a gay widow
Clint Purdy, an old bachelor
Imogene Van Ryndon, with a cat phobia.
Winston Pickrell, a rich old man
Dilworth Pickrell, his grandson $\qquad$
Ross Waldron, another grandson
The play was coached by Miss Mitchell, with Dana Libby and Harold Hotham as prompter and stage manager respectively.

Elma Lee
Hattie Rood Ethel Carver Danny Blake, Jr. Carlene Waugh Elaine Rideout James Yeaton Catherine Knights Carleton Fuller Seth Bradstrect Charles McKiel Charles Marold
$\square$


Seated, (left to right): Betty Blake, Carol Knight, Leslie Clark, Robert Cookson, Roddy Robinson, Betty Sylvester
Standing: Joyce Fuller, Bernice Bezanson (prompter), James Hendsbee, Dan Lawrence (stage manager), Amy Bezanson (costumes and properties), Carolyn Keef, Mr: Furtwengler.
"The Mummy and the Mumps," a three-act comedy, will be presented April 8 by the Junior Class of Besse High School

Parts will be played by :
Seth Bradstreet
who impersonates Hector

Robert Cookson Roddy Robinson Leslie Clark
James Hendsbee
Betty Blake
Carol Knights
Betty Sylvester
Joyce Fuller
Carolyn Keef $\qquad$
.......................... rather beautiful, but very dumb founder of a girls' school in New England reporter for "Daily Deliverance"
Danny Lawrence will be our stage manager.
We hope the play will be a success under the coaching of Mr. Willis Furtwengler.


Seated, (left to right) : Betty Sylvester, Stephen Fowler, Edna Lewis.
Standing: Roddy Robinson, Evelyn Bessey, Mrs. Furtwengler (coach), Joyce Fuller, Leslie Clark.

In the evening after our annual bazaar, a one-act play, "Fixers, Inc.", was presented by a cast chosen from the student body. Mrs. Furtwengler, our coach, helped us to make this play a success.

The cast was as follows:
Leslie Clark .................................... . President of Fixers, Inc. Evelyn Bessey ................................ Secretary of Fixers, Inc. Roddy Robinson ........................ Vice President of Fixers, Inc. Betty Sylvester ............................. . In Love With the President Stephen Fowler $\qquad$ Joyce Fuller A Hen Pecked Husband Who Does the Pecking


Seated, (left to right): Dana Libby, Hattie Rood, Elma Lee, Betty Blake, Catherine Knights, Martha Rowe, Betty Sylvester.
Standing: Ethel Carver, Elaine Rideout, Dexter Higgins, Carleton Fuller, Roddy Robinson, Danny Blake, Joyce Fuller, Carlene Waugh.

The annual High School Bazaar was held Friday, November 19, at the Albion Grange Hall. Among the numerous booths, managed by our students, were penny toss, penny-in-pan, darts, fish pond, and refreshments. The fancy work table was a big attraction, as usual, with much to interest the ladies. The food booth was a main event and our biggen's source of income at the Bazaar. The apron booth also caused much comment and exploration.

A hearty chicken supper, with all the fixings, was served by the Senior Class, the proceeds going toward our school fund.

In the evening a play, "Fixers, Inc.", was presented, the cast being chosen from the entire student body.

Tickets were sold on a fourteen pound turkey, a lovely quilt, and a food basket. The winner of the turkey was Miss Pearl Rood. Bliss Lawrence trom Clinton was the winner of the quilt and Geneva Foss was the winner of the food basket.

A bag of grain was auctioned off by a Chinese auction, Boyd Fuller acting as auctioneer. Danny Blake was the winner of the bag of grain.

Following the play there was a dance with music from selected records. Most of the high school students took part in the mixed dances.

## PUBLIC SPEAKING

The annual prize speaking contest was held last year, May 14, on a voluntary basis.

The program was as follows:
The Lady of the House
Catherine Knights
Nocturne
Elma Lee (3rd prize)
Sizzling Wires Ethe! Carver (1st prize)
Solo-Oh, What a Beautiful Morning
Dana Libby
A Rendezvous With Destiny
Robert Cookson
Exit the Big Bad Wolf
Marilyn Robbins
The Song of Bernadette Songs Elaine Rideout (2nd prize)

Since Ethel Carver was the winner of the first prize, she participated in the League Speaking Contest held in Albion.

This year's program will follow the same setup.

## CHEERLEADERS



Left to Right: Hattie Rood, Harold Crosby, Elaine Rideout.

With the incentive of a championship team this year, our cheer leaders, Elaine Rideout, Hattie Rood and Harold Crosby, chosen by the faculty, led the fans through peppy cheers besides giving them much entertainment.

Our morale was lifted by the purchase of new cheer leading suits in our school colors, maroon and white.

The team's spirits soared when they heard the cheer:
Cheer leaders: How do you like your beef steak?
Fans: Raw! Raw! Raw!
Cheer leaders: How do you like your cabbage?
Slaw! Slaw! Slaw!
(heer leaders: How do you like your sugtr"?
Fans: Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!
Cheer leaders: What are you going to do tonight?
All: Beat! Beat! Beat!


Seated, (left to right): Daniel Blake, Jr., Carleton Fuller, Harold Hotham, Roderick Robinson, Leslie Clark.
Second Row, (left to right) : Mgr. Dexter Higgins, Erving Quimby, Charles McKeil, Coach Furtwengler.
Ihird Row, (left to right) : Seth Bradstreet, Keith Spiller, Keith Noyes.
The Owls of Besse had a very successtul season this year. We played 26 games and won 21 of them. We nave a total of 1500 points to our opponents 825 . This is one of the highest totals of ;oints ever made by Besse.

The Owls from Besse went over the century figure twice this season, once against Erskine and once against Monroe.

One big "feather in our hats" was beating Uakland on their own floor:
We also are Class $S$ champs of the Kennevec Valley Conference; we captured this by beating Clinton in the finais at Winslow:

There were little Owls and big Owls on the squad this year, the biy ones being Had Hotham, center; Dutchie Fuller, l. f.; Danny Blake, r. f.; Roddy Robinson, l. g.; Leslie Clark, l. g. The little Owls and very helpfuı ones, were Charles McKiel, r.f.; Keith Spiller, center; Seth Bradstreet, 1. f.; Erving Quimby, 1. g., and Keith Noyes, 1. 15.

The boys of the first team wish to thank the second team for their
very willing help; if it had not been for them we would not have gone far. Our schedule for this year was as follows:
GAMES
BESSE
Monroe * ................................................ 66
Monroe ................................................... . . . 124
Clinton ................................................... . . 22
22
Searsport * ............................................... 68
50
Walker * .............................................. . . 57
29
opp's

Unity

9Brooks18

110
Erskine * Class M ..... 41

40
Oakland Class M ..... 38

47
Winterport ..... 37

71
Freedom ..... 14

46
Trigger Hill vs. Jr. Varsity ..... 30

48
Searsport - practice game ..... 28

66
Unity ..... 32

60
Walker ..... 32

37
Waterville Junior Varsity - practice game ..... 56

66
Brooks ..... 35

51
Winterport ..... 61

55
Freedom ..... 16

48
Clinton ..... 36
Winterport Playoff at Waterville forWaldo County League . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 4554*-Indicates home games.WALDO COUNTY TOURNAMENT AT BELFAST
Searsport ..... 54
Unity ..... 40
Winterport Finals for tournament; overtime ..... 46PLAYOFF FOR STATE TOURNEY BERTH AT CONY
Litchfield ..... 65 ..... 41
KENNEBEC VALLEY CONFERENCE AT WINSLOW
Solon ..... 26
Anson ..... 37 ..... 28
Clinton - Finals ..... 36 ..... 32
STATE TOURNAMENT AT BREWER
45 ..... 47
Schenck of East Millinocket; two overtimes ..... 45Besse played in three tournaments this year, Waldo County Tourna-ment, Kennebec Valley Tournament, and the State Tournament.

In the Waldo County Tournament, that took place in Belfast Armory, we defeated Searsport in the first round, 76 to 54 . In the semi-finals we were up against our old friends, Unity. We defeated them 72 to 40 .

Then came the finals, and we were to play Winterport. Our opponents took a first quarter lead of 12 to 5 . At half time we had closed the gap between us to three points, 19 to 16 . In a third quarter drive we took the lead 25 to 28 . Winterport came back mad and went ahead again by four points. With fifteen seconds left to go we tied the score up with shots by Hotham and Fuller. In the overtime that followed we lacked the last burst and were beaten in one of the best games of the season, 46 to 42 .

The committee picking teams for the State Tournament ordered Besse to play off with Litchfield. It was decided that the game would be played at Cony. We had a nice time in rolling over them 65 to 41 . The boys of Besse congratulate Litchfield on their clean playing and good sportsmanship.

In our first game in the Kennebec Valley Conference we had an easy victory over Solon, defeating them 51 to 26 . The second game was with Anson, small but having plenty of fight. We worked hard to defeat them 37 to 28.

The final game paired us with Clinton; we had split with them during the regular season. We could not seem to get going until late in the game. At the first quarter it was Clinton 10 to 8 ; at the second quarter, 20 to 15 , Clinton. At the third quarter mark we had closed the gap to four roints. In the last quarter we finally got going and went in to win 36 to 32 . We held them to two points in the last frame.

We received a trophy for winning the championship of the tournament.

## STATE TOURNAMENT

Besse was matched with Schenck of East Millinocket at Brewer. It was really a ball game all the way through. At the end of the first quarter the score was 11 to 10 , in their favor. At the half time they held us by two points, 20 to 22 . At the end of the third quarter we took the lead 32 to 30 . In this torrid third period Les Clark was injured and had to leave the game. The final whistle blew only to find us in a deadlock 37 to 37 . With twenty-five seconds left in the first overtime they held us 45 to 41 shots by Robinson and Hotham tied it up again. Of course something had to be done to end the game so it was decided that a "sudden death" be played, that is the team who makes the first two points wins the game. Unfortunately we were not the one to make it and we went down in defeat 47 to 45. By the way, Schenck took the Eastern Maine Tourney.

Had Hotham, our brilliant center, and Leslie Clark, dynamic guard, received two of the highest honors Maine high school basketball boys could receive. On the Class S All Star Team of Eastern Maine, elected by the coaches, Had Hotham was chosen first team center and Leslie Clark second team guard. Danny Blake also received votes.

Had Hotham was high scorer for the state this year as he snapped
the net for 604 points. His highest total for one night was in the Erskine game when he netted 44 points.

Individual scoring record is as follows: Danny Blake, 324; Dutchie Fuller, 246 ; Charlie McKiel, 95 ; Ozzie Cash, 21; Erving Quimby, 9; Keith Noyes, 9 ; Kenneth Orr, 2.

Besse is expecting a good season next year. They lose three men, Hotham, Blake, and Fuller, but they still have some very good men left.

Many thanks to our coach, Mr. Furtwengler, for building and teaching us to do as well as we did. Good luck next year.

## BESSE OWLS

The basketball team of Albion, Maine, Did well last year, and this year is doing the same.
The cause of it all is "Coach Furt",
Who at all times is very alert.
He tells us to play, and not to quibble.
He says, "Get back in there and steal that dribble".
The team is made up of a fine bunch of men;
Some are fat and others are thin.
First there is "Had", the pride of the team;
He's always in there, and right on the beam.
He hit the measure at six foot, two;
And when he shoots they swish right through. Then there is "Dutchie", he's our left forward;
They say when he hits you it really is horrid.
Then there is "Danny", our other forward;
When he's going he's really torrid.
Then we have "Clark", our guard on the right,
When he plays, he really has fight.
Then there is "Roddy", our other guard;
When he hits them, he hits them hard.
Next we have Spiller, an artist at faking
He puts it to use when a "play" he is making.
Then we have Sethie, the runt of the team;
But when it comes to moving he has plenty of steam.
Then there is Charlie, the king of the corner;
After we played Winterport he was a man of honor.
Then we have Duke, a handsome lad;
But you want to watch out when he is mad.
Then there is Noyes, he's quite a lad;
He made that Brooks team boiling mad.
Well, there's the team named the Besse Owls;
Let's hope they keep up their hoots and howls.


First Row, (loft to right): Betty Blake manager), Rosamond Keef, Elma Lee, Martha Rowe, Carlene Waugh (captain), Coach Mitehell, Dana Libby, Betty Sylvester, Catherine Knights, Carol Knight, Amy Bezanzon.
Second Row: Barbara Quimby, Bernice Bezanson, Marilyn Robbins, Carolyn Keef, Jover F'uller. Ida Marks, Audrey Orr, Virginia Mason, Agnes Russell.

Although we lost our championship team last year, we did not give up hope of winning a few games this year, however, the Besse girls have won only three out of twelve games played. The games won were with Monroe and Unity. When we first tangled with Unity we were victorious, but the second time we met with defeat.

The first team line-up this year was: center forward, Elma Lee; left forward, Captain Carlene Waugh; right forward, Dana Libby; center guard, Carol Knight; right guard, Catherine Knights; left guard, Amy Bezanson.

Those on the second team having taken a part in a majority of the games are: Betty Blake, Betty Sylvester, Rosamond Keef and Martha Blake. Betty Blake is also our manager.

This year four of our basketball players-Captain Carlene Waugh. Dana Libby, Elma Lee and Catherine Knights-are leaving us because of graduation.

To Miss Mitchel! we wish to express our thanks for her patience in working with us during our many defeats, as well as our wins.

Next year we hope our success may be somewhat greater through more practice


First Row, (left to right): Elma Lee, Carlene Waugh, Dana libby.
Second Row: Carol Knight, Martha Rowe, Betty Sykester, Betty Blake, Rosamond Keef, Catherine Kinghts.
Third Row: Thelma Baker, Evelyn Bessey, Joyce Fuller, Miss Mitchell, Althea Hendsbee, Amy Bezanson, Carolyn Keef.
Fourth Row: Virginiá Mason, Barbara Quimby, Audrey Orr, Bernice Bezanson, Marilyn Robbins, Agnes Russell, Ida Marks, Edna Lewis.

Softball was very unsuccessful for the Besse girls this year. Of the six games played, we lost all.

The team was made up of girls who had not played before on the previous teams, and because of this we hope to be more successful this spring.

By graduation we lose Ethel Carver, Captain Carlene Waugh, Dana Libby, Elma Lee and Catherine Knights this year.

Our manager this year was Betty Sylvester.


4 ..... BRIGHT SPOTS IN '48 AND '49
Sept. 7 School begins again! Oh! Dear!
Sept. 7 Sophomores ordered their class rings. Class meetings were ield amidst all the rush!

Sept. 14 Water system had to be fixed! Yippee! A vacation so soon!

Oct. 1 Freshmen took their initiation. What a bunch of green freshmen!

Oct. 12 Columbus Day. Another day off !

Oct. 21 Seniors' pictures taken at Prebles. Now smile for us!

Oct. 28 Teachers' Convention. Oh Boy! A long vacation this time.

Oct. 30 Seniors received their proofs from Prebles. What snazzy looking Seniors!

Nov. 11 Armistice Day.

Nov. 17 Bazaar! The money helps greatly in cur school activities.

Nov. 25 Thanksgiving Recess.

Nov. 29 What excitement! The Sophomore Class rings arrived today.

Dec. 17 Albion at Brooks. Boys won - girls lost. The boys are headed for

                championship again this year.
    Dec. 17 Christmas vacation.

Dec. 22 Senior Play. Hold on to your stomach!

Dec. 31 Our boys played basketball at Oakland. We won by two points. Oh!

            How exciting!
    Jan. 4 Winterport at Albion. Boys won - girls lost. What a thrilling boys'

            game!
    Jan. 6 First ad trip to Waterville. A very successful trip.

Jan. 24 Pictures taken for yearbook. Some very pretty students at school today.

Jan. 25 Brooks at Albion.

Jan. 28 Albion at Winterport. What a crowd!

Feb. 4 Clinton at Albion.

Feb. 11 Week of vacation.

Mar. Senior Play presented again! Good work, Seniors.

Apr. Junior Play.

Apr. 8 Another week's vacation!

May Prize Speaking.

May Junior Prom.

June 5 Baccalaureate.

June 6 Last Chapel.

June 7 Graduation and Graduation Ball.

June 8 Another school year completed! See you next year!:
(IRCUS AT B. H. S.

| Fat lady | elma Baker |
| :---: | :---: |
| Fat man | Dutchie Fuller |
| Thin lady | Evelyn Bessey |
| Thin man | . . Had Hotham |
| Dancers | Elaine Rideout and Ozzie Cash |
| Clowns | . . K Kenny Orr and Keith Noyes |
| Midgets | Edna Lewis and Nelson Bezanson |
| Wild man | Keith Spiller |
| Dog trainer | Richard Keene |
| Lady cow hand | Carlene Waugh |
| Tight rope walker | . Allan Higgins |
| Acrobats | Dana Libby and Danny Blake |
| Announcers | . Elma Lee and Harold Crosby |
| Bosses | Joyce Fuller and Roddy Robinson |
| Magician | . Mr. Furtwengler |
| Hell drivers | Bill Woodbury and Carl Robbins |
| Mind readers | iss Mitchell and Mrs. Furtwengler |

Mrs. Furtwengler (to garageman) : Do you charge batteries here? Garageman: Yes.
Mrs. Furtwengler: Well, put a new one in my car and charge it to my husband.

## IN TEN YEARS WE EXPECT TO SEE

Mr. Furtwengler, a famous retired corch, living in the mountains.
The Senior Class of Besse keeping up the tradition by wrangling.
Albion students still going to this same weary old building, with the prospects of a new one as far away as ever.

Catherine, Superintendent of Nurses at Sister's Hospital.
Elaine, a prominent laboratory technician teacher at the Wilson School in Boston.

Dana, singing in Carnegie Hall.
Dutchie, farming in Albion, raising kids and chickens.
Jimmie, official "Doctor of Motors", Yeaton's Garage, Albion, Maine.
Ethel and Elma, looking expectantly forward to their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Carlene, still trying to keep Cye under her thumb.
Danny, an industrial engineer, completely happy at home.
Harold, raising potatoes at a profit under Harriet's guidance, thanks to the University of Maine's potato-growing course.

Hattie, washing milk bottles for Smiley's Sunny Dairy, Inc.

Elaine: Why don't you answer the phone?
Ethel: It isn't ringing.
Elaine: Must you always wait 'till the last minute?
Mr. Furtwengler: Danny, did you shave this morning ?
Danny: Yes.
Mr. Furtwengler: Well, the next time stand a little bit clo er to the razor.

"A SONG IN MY HEART"

"12th Street (Rag)
"Kokomo, Indiana"
"Dearly Beloved" "Margie",
"Oh, how I miss you tonight". "It's been a long, long time" since we've been "together", tut "I'll be home for Christmas".

I heard "you can't be true, dear," but "I believe" in you. "I'm sending you a big bouquet of roses"; because "I love you truly".

When I get home, rlease "meet me in St. Loui," at "three o" clock in the morning". "Put on your old grey bonnet" and your "red silk stockings and green perfume".
"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning," but my sergeant says, "You're in the army now".

I'm sitting here "all alone" dreaming of those "far away places". "I love you so much it hurts me". I wish I were "near you". "That's my desire"

I "dream" of your "hair of gold and eyes of blue".
I got a letter from "Mammy" "yesterday". She said, that it is a regular "winter wonderland" back in "little old Rhode Island"

I have heen looking "among my souvenirs" and found many of your "love letters".

This is the "end of a perfect day". I'll write to you again, "manana". "Till then", "baby face", my "haunted heart" yearns for you. "Don't blame me" for loving "embraceable you".
"Good night, sweetheart". "Oh, promise me" you'll wait for me. "I dream of you, more than you dream I do". "I'll hold you in my heart 'till I can hold you in my arms".

I'll love you "always".
"Danny Boy"
Miss Mitchell: Richard, you can't sleep in my class.
Richard: I know it; you talk too much.
Wife: There's a mouse in this room ; I can hear it squeaking.
Husband: Well, what do you expect ME to do, get up and oil him?

Keith: We certainly had a good time last night for ten cents. Betty: Yes, I wonder what little brother did with it.

Had (gasping) : Doc, I have trouble with my breathing. Doctor: Don't worry, I'll fix that.

BESSE'S PERFECT STUDENT

Hair<br>Eyes<br>Complexion<br>Nose<br>Dimples<br>Figure<br>Hands<br>Legs<br>Personality<br>Clothes<br>Patience<br>I. Q.

| Girl |
| :---: |
| Carlene Waugh |
| Ethel Carver |
| Agnes Russell |
| Besse's Owl |
| Marilyn Robbins |
| Dana Libby |
| Edna Lewis |
| Hattie Rood |
| Betty Blake |
| Evelyn Bessey |
| Miss Mitchell |
| Mrs. Furtwengler |
| Althea Hendsbee |

Boy<br>Danny Lawrence James Hendsbee Charles McKiel Stephen Fowler Harold Crosby Danny Blake George Gould I eslie Clark Carleton Fuller Harold Hotham Mr. Furtwengler

Jimmy: Can you stand on your head?
Seth: No, it's too high.

Father: I'm only giving you a spanking because I love you.
Harold C.: I wish I were big enough to return your love!

Joyce: My dog is like one of the family.
Betty S.: Which one of the family is he like?

Evelyn: My boy friend spent $\$ 50$ on me last night and I wouldn't even let him kiss me good night.

Hattie: I believe you, and that makes me the bigger liar.

Kenneth O.: Quick, give me a round trip ticket!
Clerk: Where to?
Kenneth: Back here, you fool!

Elma: Do you think this skirt is too long?
Had: Either that or you didn't get into it far enough !


## 1944

Bernice Rood Bagley, Housewife, Albion Clifton Bagley, Working, Freedom
Dora Cookson Blaisdell, Housewife, Albion Helen Ireland Cook, Housewife, Richmond Boyd Fuller, Attending University of Maine, Orono
Albannah Higgins, At home, Albion
Earl Hunt, At home, Albion.
Phyllis McKiel, Personnel Department of New England Tel. \& Tel. Co., Portland. Cecile Nelson, Working in radio plant, Boston.
Harold Rood, Working in Hollingsworth \& Whitney, Winslow; Residence, China. Harry Tuttle, Farmer, Albion.

## 1945

Muriel Harding Adams, Housewife, China.
Virginia Bradstreet, R. N. Eastern Maine General Hospital, Bangor.
Ronald Bagiey, Farmer, Albion.
Leland Bessey, Attending Thomas Business College, Waterville.
James Day, U. S. Navy.
Vivian Libby Ireland, Housewife, Orono.
Juanita Faulkner Joseph, Telephone operator, Boston.
Eula Bragg Knowlton, Housewife, Freedom.
Forrest Libby, Attending Radio \& Television School, Chicago.
Harold Marden, Attending University of Maine, Orono.
Ralph Marden, Attending University of Maine, Orono.
Cecil Quimby, Working at Smiley's Dairy Farm, Winslow.
Harley Reynolds, Attending Northwestern University, Chicago.
Janet Waugh, R. N., Sister's' Hospital, Waterville.

## 1946

Ruth Bezanson, Attending Gordon College, Boston.
Arlene Harding Fenderson, Attending University of Minnesota, St. Paul.

Richard Harrison, Attending Thomas Business College, Waterville.
Ruby Higgins Hanson, West Enfield.
Elizabeth Marden, Attending University of Maine, Orono.
Evelyn Quimby Howell, Housewife, Palermo.
Alene Sylvester, Attending Colby College, Waterville.
Joyce West, Working, Augusta.
Lorraine West Gifford, Working in Hathaway Shirt Factory, Waterville.

## 1947

Roberta Bezanson, Attending Houghton College, Houghton.
Henry Folger, Jr., Working in peanut factory, Mass.
Shirley Fuller, Attending M. T. I., Nyack.
Anne McKiel, Attending University of Maine, Orono.
Norman Rideout, Working in creamery, Albion.
Dorothy Robbins Lee, Housewife, Albion.
Pearl Rood, Working in Waterville Sentinel Office, Waterville.
Maxine Studley, Attending Thomas Business College, Waterville.
George Waugh, Jr., Working at home, Albion.

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1948
$$

Florence Flye Alexander, Housewife, Benton.
Jean Bagley, Attending University of Maine, Orono.
June Bagley, Working at B. F. D., Oakland; Residence, Albion.
Ferne Keef Boivin, Housewife, Waterville.
Brenda Braley, Attending F. S. T. C., Farmington, Maine.
Geraldine Brown, Training at Sisters' Hospital, Waterville.
Rosella Rex Fletcher, Housewife, China.
Mary Fuller, Working, Waterville.
Harriet McKiel, Attending University of Maine, Orono.
Faye Cookson Pottle, Housewife, Benton.
Donald Quimby, At home, Albion.
Marilyn Shibles, Working, Waterville.



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