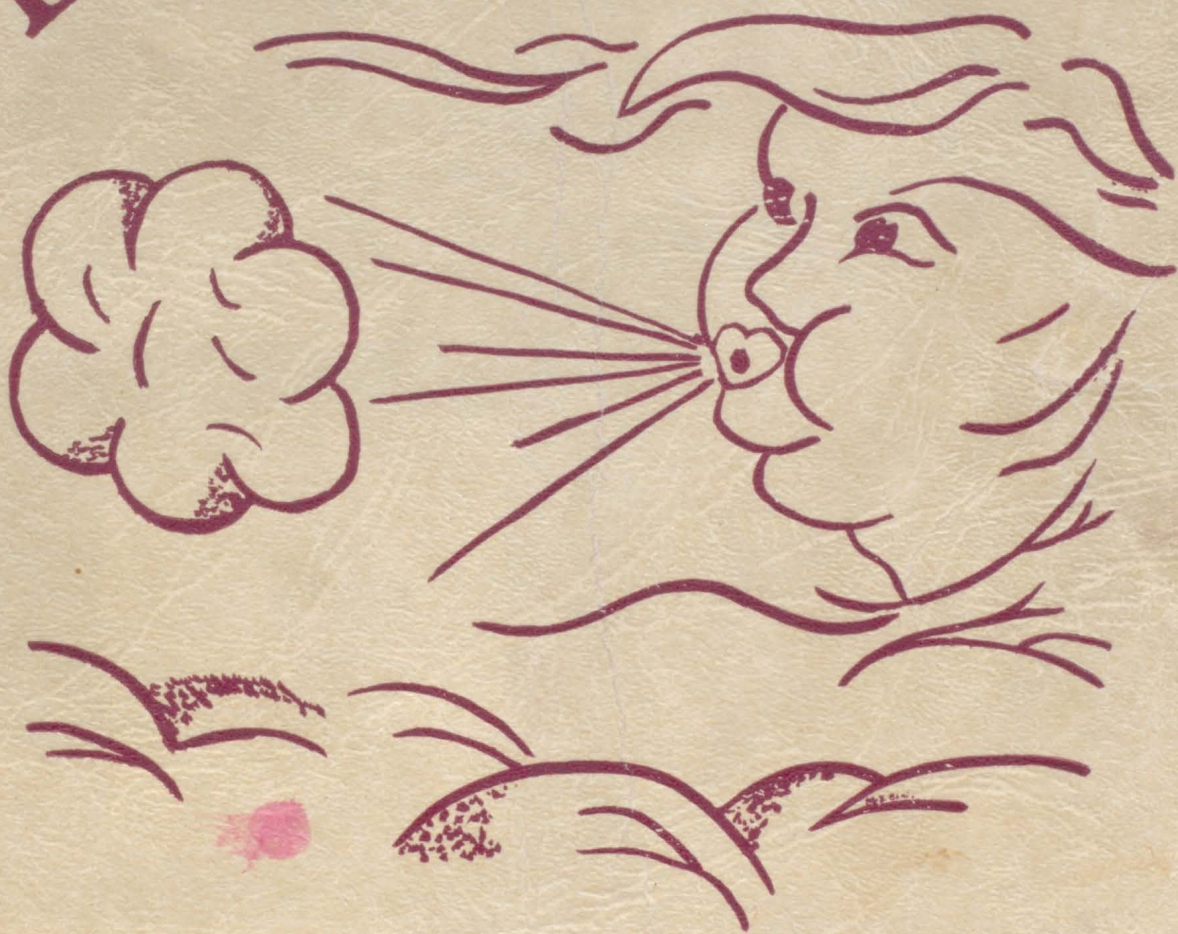
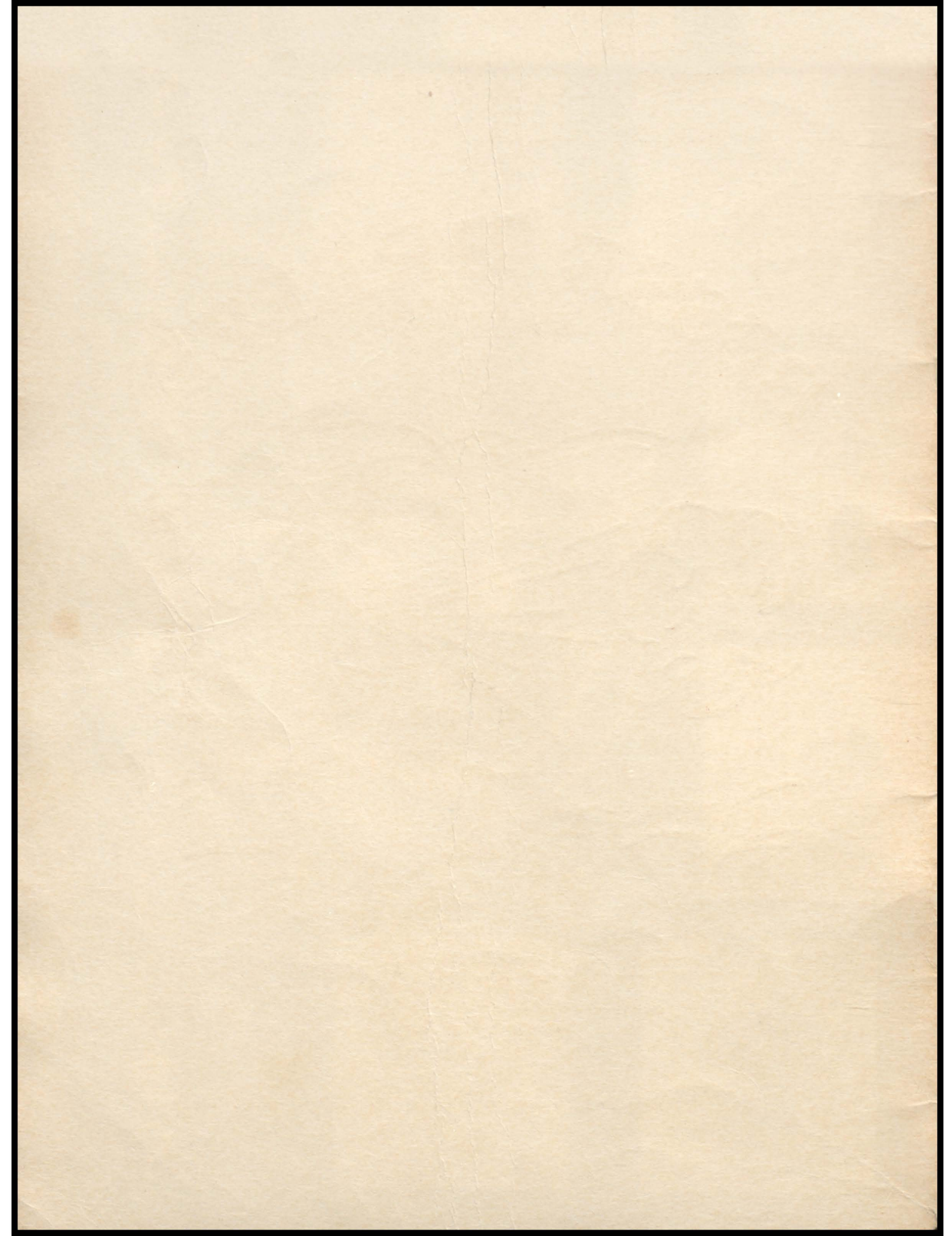


BESSE BREEZE



1950



Besse Breeze

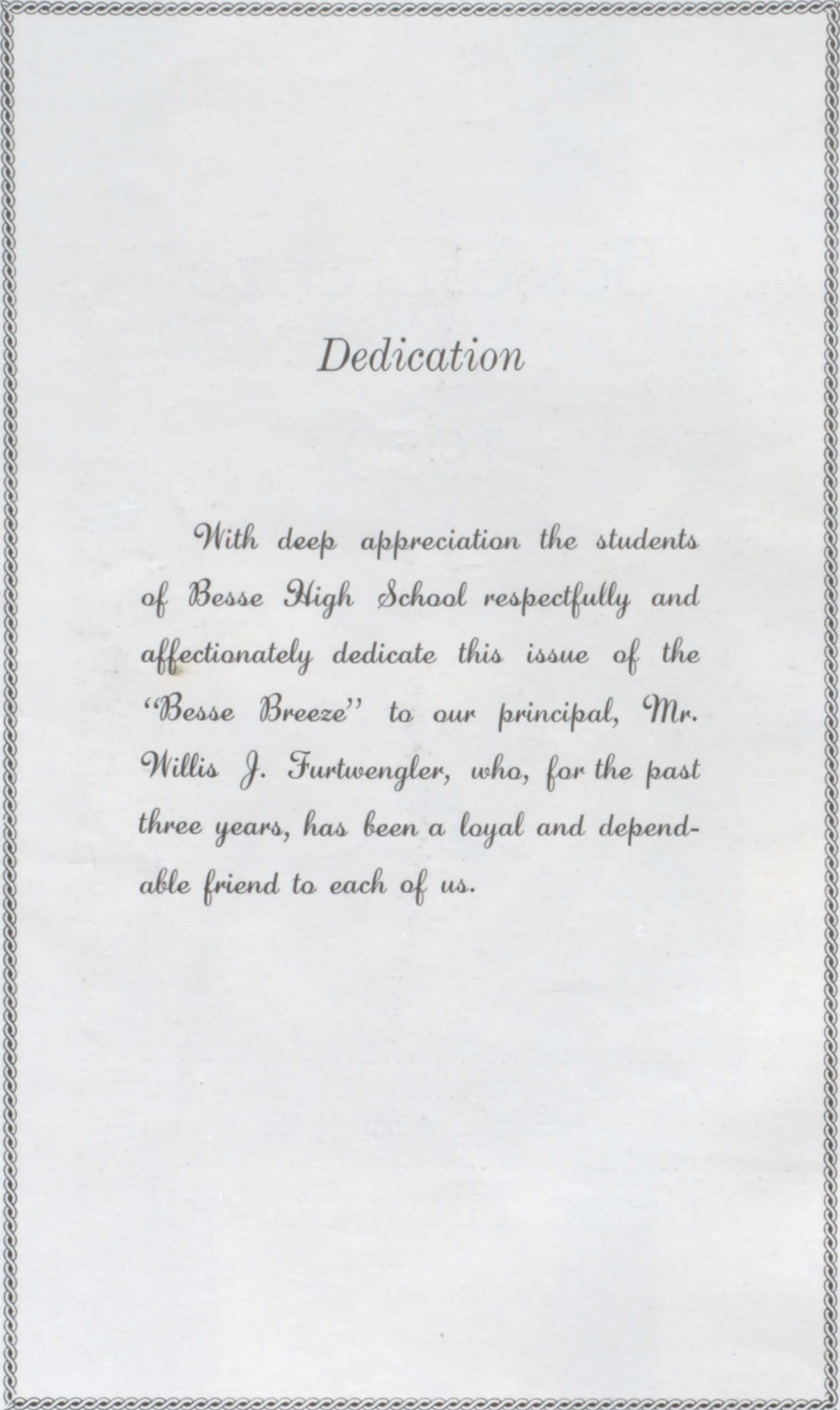
1950



Published Annually By

Besse High School

Albion, Maine



Dedication

With deep appreciation the students of Besse High School respectfully and affectionately dedicate this issue of the "Besse Breeze" to our principal, Mr. Willis J. Furtwengler, who, for the past three years, has been a loyal and dependable friend to each of us.



Besse High Directory



SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

MR. K. H. McKECHNIE



FACULTY

Left to Right: Miss Mitchell, Mr. Furtwengler and Mrs. Furtwengler



Editorial Board

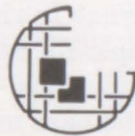


Seated, Left to Right: Betty Sylvester, Joyce Fuller, Lawrence Reynolds, Betty Blake, Charles McKiel, Carol Knight, Althea Hendsbee. Second Row: Dan Lawrence, George Gould, Seth Bradstreet, Jr., Carolyn Keef, Miss Mitchell, Thelma Baker, Ida Marks, Keith Noyes. Third Row: Carl Robbins, Allen Knights, Kenny Orr, Ernest Rood, Berry Coffin.

Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Betty Blake
Assistant Editors	Charles McKiel Lawrence Reynolds
Literary Editor	Joyce Fuller
Assistant Literary Editor	Althea Hendsbee
Business Manager	Dan Lawrence
Assistant Business Manager	Ida Marks

Art Editor Roddy Robinson
Assistant Art Editor Carl Robbins
Advertising Manager Carol Knight
Assistant Advertising Manager Thelma Baker
Humor Editor Kenneth Orr
Assistant Humor Editor Berry Coffin
Girls' Sports Editor Betty Sylvester
Assistant Girls' Sports Editor Rosamond Keef
Boys' Sports Editor Seth Bradstreet
Assistant Boys' Sports Editor George Gould
Printer Keith Noyes
Exchange Editor Carolyn Keef
Senior Reporter Joyce Fuller
Junior Reporter Thelma Baker
Sophomore Reporter Allen Higgins
Freshman Reporter Ernest Rood





Editorials



WHEN MY DOG SAVED ME

I was a messenger boy at the office of Smith Stock Agency. This company at the present time had a difficult problem on its hands. This problem was to transport the payroll to another part of town. The reason this problem was so serious was that the armored truck had broken down. Mr. Smith called me into his office and told me to deliver this package to the office of his brother. He told me there was \$10,000 in the package.

As I went out the door I failed to see my dog who was following me.

Halfway to my destination a strange man asked me for a light. I told him I did not have a match. He then asked me what I had in the package. I told him I was a messenger for a customer. Then, with a gun pointed at me, he demanded the package. I then threw the package into a nearby clump of bushes. The crook cuffed me and that's all I remember. When I came to I was at police headquarters. The police explained to me that my dog had taken the package, when I had thrown it into the bushes, and had run to a policeman standing around the corner.

The crook following the dog had rounded the corner and had run into the policeman. The policeman then arrested the crook.

Kenneth Gould, '53

A SUCCESSFUL HOME

My idea of a successful home is a life in the home which includes happiness, co-operation, and the teachings of true conduct. By true conduct I mean that the parents should teach their children right from wrong and insist that the children do what is right. I believe that a parent should set himself up as an example for his children.

Happiness does not necessarily have to include money and the best of everything. If a family has the bare necessities and friendliness, love, and respect for one another, that family possesses the assets toward a successful home.

Each member of the family should understand and know the reactions and the feelings of every other member of his immediate family. He should realize that work is not all that makes for happiness and success. Each family should have at least one kind of recreation or relationship that each member can enter into and enjoy while being with his best friend, his family.

To start a successful home the mother and father should have a profound understanding and they should have been trained by their parents or in school how to work, how to share responsibility, and how to keep a budget and not spend their money foolishly.

Comfort is an outstanding characteristic of a successful home. By comfort I do not mean that a person must buy and have the latest model and most expensive furniture and other articles. Even antique furniture can be remodeled and be made so comfortable that one could fall asleep sitting up!

I believe that if many families did not think that they needed so much money and riches and would try to talk over and understand their petty troubles, the United States would have far fewer divorces.

Carol Knight, '50

EXCERPTS FROM ESSAYS

Every youth should feel that it is his responsibility to make adjustments in this world not only to suit himself but his fellowmen.

We are not destined to go on in the old ways; right now there are many tasks awaiting accomplishment; there are prophecies of a coming period that will be glorious and happy, so let us prepare for it.

Rosamond Keef, '51

Progress is not made by jumping from one rock to another, but one has to get down between those rocks and wade through the mud.

Charles McKiel, '51

Success is made up of happiness, co-operation, and willingness to help in benefitting mankind. If a person succeeds in doing something which is a great benefit to himself but which subsequently benefits no one else, he is not a success.

Carol Knight, '51

SPRING

Now comes the best season of the year with all its promise of beauty and splendor. The sun rises early with a pale, cold light and as it travels higher it changes the color of the sky to a beautiful azure hue. We enjoy the change in temperature which while still cold feels definitely more enticing. It tempts us to stroll across the fields to find what new marvels Mother Nature has wrought over night. The days increase in length. The sun disappears in a blaze of glory behind the purple hills, leaving a few scattered, fluffy clouds to wander about like stray sheep in the twilight. Crows are proclaiming their return from the south with a sound which is more welcome now than when the corn begins to sprout. Robin Red Breast wakes us in the morning with his merry "Cheer up, cheer up!" Spring is here and "all nature is in tune."

Althea Hendsbee, '52



Honor Roll



HIGH HONORS (90 or over)

HONORS (85 to 90)

SENIORS

Betty Blake (3)
Joyce Fuller (3)
Carol Knight (3)
Dan Lawrence (1)

Carolyn Keef (1)
Elizabeth Sylvester (1)
Dan Lawrence (2)
Seth Bradstreet Jr (1)
Robert Cookson (1)
Bernice Bezanson (1)

JUNIORS

Charles McKiel (3)
Nelson Bezanson (1)

Nelson Bezanson (2)
Rosamond Keef (2)
Virginia Mason (3)
Ida Marks (3)
Thelma Baker (1)

SOPHOMORES

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

Beverly Cookson (1)
Stephen Fowler (3)
Allen Knights (2)
Lawrence Reynolds (2)
Carl Robbins (2)

FRESHMEN

Kathryn Keay (3)
Virgil Coffin (1)

Virgil Coffin (1)
Wesley Drake (2)
Ernest Rood (2)
Mary Lyn Nelson (1)
Mura Shibles (2)
Ronald St. Amand (3)
Nancy Blanchard (1)



Senior Class Roll



Bernice Bezanson
 Betty Blake
 Seth Bradstreet, Jr.
 Leslie Clark
 Robert Cookson

Joyce Fuller
 Carolyn Keef
 Carol Knight
 Dan Lawrence
 Roddy Robinson
 Elizabeth Sylvester

CLASS OFFICERS

President Dan Lawrence
 Vice President Roddy Robinson
 Secretary Betty Blake
 Treasurer Carol Knight

CLASS MOTTO: "Preparation Spells Success"

CLASS COLORS: Blue and Gold

CLASS FLOWER: Yellow Carnation

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Baccalaureate Church, June 4, 3:00 P.M.
 Last Chapel Church, June ~~2~~⁵, 2:00 P.M.
 Graduation I.O.O.F. Hall, June 6, 8:00 P.M.
 Graduation Ball I.O.O.F. Hall, June 6, 9:30 P.M.



BERNICE BEZANSON

"Bernie"

Second Honor Essay

"Tis not by wishing that we gain the prize."

Freshman Play 1; Softball 1,2,3,4; Basketball 2,3; Bazaar Committee 4; Minstrel Show 1; Senior Play 4.

SETH BRADSTREET, JR.

"Sethie"

Class Gifts

"Work fascinates me; I could sit and look at it for hours."

Basketball 1,2,3,4; Co-Captain 4; Baseball 1,2,3,4; All Star Forward 4; Class Vice President 1; Class President 2; Class Reporter 3; Boys' Sports Editor 4; Ass't. Boys' Sports Editor 3; Editorial Board 2,3,4; Student Council 1,2,3; Bazaar Committees 1,2,3,4; Minstrel Show 1; Freshman Play 1; Junior Play 3; Senior Play 3,4; Graduation Usher 3.



BETTY BLAKE

"Bets"

First Honor Essay

"He who does his best does well."

Basketball 1,3,4; Co-Captain 4; Manager 3; All Star Forward 4; Softball 1,2,3,4; Student Council 2,3,4; President of Student Council 3; Editorial Board 1,2,3,4; Editor-in-Chief 4; Ass't. Editor 3; Ass't Girls' Sports Editor 2; Class Reporter 1; Class Vice President 3; Class Secretary 4; Bazaar Committees 1,2,3,4; Minstrel Show 1; Freshman Play 1; Junior Play 3; Senior Play 4; Magazine Drive Captain 4; Graduation Usher 3; Cheerleader 4; Honor Roll 1,2,3,4; English Award 3.





LESLIE CLARK

"Les"

Class Prophecy

"Two heads are better than one."

Basketball 1,2,3,4; Co-Captain 4; All-Star Guard 4; Member of State All Star Tournament, Second Team 3; Baseball 1,2,3,4; Manager 2; Senior Play 1,2,4; Junior Play 3; Freshman Play 1; Bazaar Play 3; Minstrel Show 1; Bazaar Committees 1,2,3,4; Student Council 2,3; Class President 3; Class Vice President 2; Prize Speaking 3; Class Marshal 3.

ROBERT COOKSON

"Lindy"

Class Will

"Why work? Caesar was not ambitious."

Basketball 1; Manager 4; Ass't. Manager 2,3; Baseball Manager 1; Senior Play 4; Junior Play 3; Freshman Play 1; Minstrel Show 1; Bazaar Committees 4; Science Award 3; Laboratory Ass't. 4.



JOYCE FULLER

"Jo"

Salutatorian

"It matters not how long you live, but how well."

Basketball 1,3,4; Manager 4; Softball 1,2,3,4; Freshman Play 1; Minstrel Show 1; Bazaar Play 2,3; Bazaar Committees 2,3,4; Magazine Drive Captain 3; Honor Roll 1,2,3,4; Mathematics Award 3; Junior Play 3; Senior Play 4; D.A.R. Candidate 4; Student Council 1,2; Editorial Board 3,4; Literary Editor 4; Class Reporter 4; Class Treasurer 2; Class President 1; Prize Speaking 3; First Prize for Girls in Local Contest 3.





CAROLYN KEEF

"Keef"

Class History

"I take life just as I find it."

Basketball 1,4; Softball 1,2,3,4; Freshman Play 1; Junior Play 3; Senior Play 4; Bazaar Committees 1,2,3,4; Editorial Board 3,4; Exchange Editor 3,4; Class Secretary 1; Student Council 1.

CAROL KNIGHT

"Car"

Valedictorian

"Study to be quiet."

Basketball 1,2,3,4; Co-Captain 4; All Star Guard 4; Softball 1,2,3,4; Treasurer of Student Council 3; Student Council 3,4; Class Treasurer 3,4; Magazine Drive Manager 4; Honor Roll 1,2,3,4; Freshman Play 1; Junior Play 3; Senior Play 4; Graduation Usher 3; Minstrel Show 1; Editorial Board 2,3,4; Ass't. Literary Editor 3; Advertising Manager 4; Class Reporter 2; Bazaar Play 2; Bazaar Committees 1,2,3,4; Scholarship Award 3.



DANNY LAWRENCE

"Boone"

Class Prophecy

"Must I work? Oh, what a waste of time."

Maine Central Institute 1,2; Track, Cross Country 1,2; Besse High School 3,4; Baseball Manager 3,4; Junior Play 3; Senior Play 4; Student Council 4; President of Class 4; Business Manager 4; Basketball Manager 4.

RODERICK ROBINSON

"Roddy"



Address to Undergraduates

"Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think."

Basketball 1,2,3,4; Baseball 1,2,3,4; Senior Play 2,4; Junior Play 3; Freshman Play 1; Bazaar Play 2,3; Minstrel Show 1; Master of Ceremonies at Freshman Reception 2; Student Council 1,2,4; Editorial Board 1,2,3,4; Art Editor 3,4; Advertising Manager 3; Graduation Usher 3; Class Vice President 2,4; Class Treasurer 1; Prize Speaking 3; First Prize for Boys in Local Contest 3; First in County Contest 3.

ELIZABETH SYLVESTER

"Betty"

Class Gifts

"If you can't be good, be as good as you can."

Basketball 1,2,3,4; All Star Forward 4; Softball 1,2,3,4; Manager 3; Senior Play 4; Junior Play 3; Freshman Play 1; Bazaar Play 2,3; Girls' Sports Editor 3,4; Student Council 1,3; Editorial Board 3,4; Magazine Drive Captain 3; Graduation Usher 3; Bazaar Committees 3,4; Class Secretary 1,3; Cheerleader 2,4.





Senior Class



First Row, Left to Right: Bernice Bezanson, Carolyn Keef, Joyce Fuller, Betty Blake, Carol Knight, Betty Sylvester. Second Row: Seth Bradstreet, Jr., Danny Lawrence, Robert Cookson, Roddy Robinson, Leslie Clark.

The dream that we had when we started high school is now about to become a reality. Soon we will be given our diplomas and will be on our own.

By various means we have been increasing our treasury in order that we may have an enjoyable class trip. We have presented the play, "Hobgoblin House." We have sold refreshments at basketball games and candy in our class room.

We received an invitation to go to Washington, D. C., on a class trip with Waterville in April, and only two have decided to take this trip.

Three members, Joyce Fuller, Betty Blake, and Carol Knight, were chosen by vote of the class and from these three the faculty chose Joyce Fuller as Besse High's "School Citizen" or D.A.R. Candidate, because of her high ranks, honesty and leadership in school activities.

We have three boys from our class on the boys' varsity basketball team—Seth Bradstreet, Jr., Roddy Robinson and Leslie Clark. On the girls' team are Betty Sylvester, Betty Blake, Joyce Fuller and Carol Knight.



Junior Class



Seated, Left to Right: Martha Rowe, Berry Coffin, Dexter Higgins, Charles McKiel, Oswald Cash, Virginia Mason. Second Row: Thelma Baker, Keith Noyes, Rosamond Keef, Erving Quimby, Ida Marks, Mr. Furtwengler. Third Row: Nelson Bezanon, William Woodbury, Kenneth Orr.

We, the students of the junior class, which consists of fifteen members, elected the following for our class officers:

President	Charles McKiel
Vice President	Dexter Higgins
Secretary	Oswald Cash
Treasurer	Berry Coffin
Class Reporter	Thelma Baker
Class Advisor	Mr. Furtwengler

Our class is planning to present a play this spring to raise our class funds. The following committee has been appointed to select a play: Ida Marks, Charles McKiel, Dexter Higgins, Thelma Baker and Ozzie Cash.

We have both girls and boys from our class participating in softball, baseball and basketball.



Sophomore Class



Seated, Left to Right: Audrey Orr, Beverly Cookson, Barbara Quimby, Lawrence Reynolds, George Gould, Stephen Fowler. Standing: Mrs. Furtwengler, Maurice Scribner, Richard Brown, Allen Higgins, Keith Spiller, Allen Knights, Harold Crosby, Carl Robbins, Althea Hendsbee.

We students of the Sophomore Class, which consists of fourteen members, elected the following class officers:

President	Lawrence Reynolds
Vice President	George Gould
Secretary	Barbara Quimby
Treasurer	Stephen Fowler
Class Reporter	Allen Knights
Class Advisor	Mrs. Furtwengler

We started the year out by having a class meeting to decide what to do with our fellow freshmen. When the freshmen reception came they showed good sportsmanship by taking their parts and acting them to the best of their ability.

We are proud to have one of the sophomores, Keith Spiller, on the first team, and are also proud that several other boys took part in this sport.

These include Lawrence Reynolds, Maurice Scribner, Jr., Stephen Fowler, Allen Knights, Richard Brown, Carl Robbins, and George Gould. The girls who played basketball were Audrey Orr, Barbara Quimby, and Althea Hendsbee.

We lost two of our class members, Roger Cole and Agnes Russel.



Freshman Class



Seated, Left to Right: Beverly Higgins, Nancy Blanchard, Wesley Drake, Kathryn Keay, Virgil Coffin, Ernest Rood. Standing: Bobby Sylvester, Fred Shores, Mrs. Furtwengler, Mary Lyn Nelson, Kenneth Gould, Ronald St. Amand.

We, the class of thirteen freshmen, started our year with a class meeting at which we elected the following officers;

- President Wesley Drake
- Vice President Kathryn Keay
- Treasurer Virgil Coffin
- Secretary Nancy Blanchard
- Class Reporter Ernest Rood
- Class Advisor Mrs. Furtwengler

Our ambitious class members have taken an active part in many of the school activities. Two of our class, Kathryn Keay and Wesley Drake, took part in the Bazaar Play. Kathryn Keay, Mary Lynn Nelson, and Beverly Higgins played on the girls' basketball team. Wesley Drake and Ernest Rood played on the varsity team, while Robert Sylvester, Kenneth Gould, and Virgil Coffin, played on the J. V. team. Most of the girls and boys play softball and baseball.

The class sold refreshments at the Monroe and Winterport games. This along with class dues started our treasury fund.

We of the freshman class hope to do our part in keeping up the fame of Besse High School.



Eighth Grade



Seated, Left to Right: Walter Gordon, Charles Scribner, Ralph Fuller. Second Row: Miss Mitchell, Ralph Meader, Arthur Blaisdell, Carroll Harding, Jr.

To you, the future freshmen, we extend a sincere welcome. We wish to advise you to grasp every opportunity you can to further your education with the realization that you will be the citizens of tomorrow. We hope you will accept this advice and will make your four years in high school happy and successful ones.



Literature



TOMORROW'S NEWSPAPER

Butterball Brien was nervously pacing his cell in a small prison in the town of Ervingdale, Texas. Today was to be his chance for freedom. Hadn't he been planning this for two years, how could it fail now? He had every little detail worked out, even to the point of the exact minute he would be free. Yes, how could it fail after all that careful planning? These and many other thoughts were running through the mind of Butterball Brien.

Always there had been just two things that stood between him and freedom. But these were not to be laughed at for they were the prison guard, who was known by everyone as Casey the Cop, and the iron bars that formed three sides of his cell. The other side? Well, it was made of nothing less than cement.

Casey the Cop was well known in town and he was also known for being a good guard. He spent much of his spare time rigging up little gadgets on his car which was always parked out in front of the jail whenever he was around. People were asking him what these little gadgets were for and he always replied, "Maybe you'll find out someday." Everyone doubted this very much but they all kept their opinions to themselves. His car was known as the most dependable car in town, it was never known not to get him where he wanted to go.

Ervingdale was quite a town for its size. It contained a bank, a garage, a daily newspaper, a post office, a restaurant, two stores, and last but not least, a jail which had never been broken out of. Any time of the day that you came into the town you would always find eight or ten people hanging around the garage. The town as a whole was a very prosperous community.

The minutes were moving slowly for Brien this day, but he knew that it would not be long before it would be time to act. First he would pace his cell, then he would sit down on the lone chair in his cell, if it could be called a chair. Really it was a stool without any back. He could hear the shout of the newspaper boy crying out the day's headlines and pictured in his mind the headline of tomorrow's paper.

ERVINGDALE DAILY NEWS

Ervingdale, Texas

October 4, 1929

BUTTERBALL BRIEN ESCAPES FROM JAIL TODAY

Butterball Brien escaped from jail today in the first jail break ever to be successful in Ervingdale. He was put into prison for a

term of ten years, two years ago on charges of making counterfeit money.

Then the time came for him to start to work. It was twelve, noon, and Casey was bringing in his dinner. As Casey entered the cell Brien called, "Look out behind you," Well, Casey fell for an old trick and as he turned his head to look behind him, Brien struck. One stool over the head is all any cop can stand. Within two minutes Brien was out of the building and into Casey's car which was parked outside. He got it going and started through town, but he had not gone more than six hundred yards when the car stopped dead still. It couldn't have stopped in a worse place for Brien, right in front of the village garage. Everybody in the garage came running out hoping to see Casey when his car wasn't working. Well, when they saw it was Butterball Brien they lost little time in subduing him. Why should it take long when he didn't put up a fight?

Nobody knows until this day why Casey's car stopped when it did, except Casey. Some people guessed that it might have been one of Casey's little gadgets, but they never found out for sure. And most probably they never will. Anyway, here is how the next day's paper looked.

ERVINGDALE DAILY NEWS

Ervingdale, Texas

October 5, 1929

UNSUCCESSFUL JAILBREAK BY BRIEN

Butterball Brien was caught within six hundred yards from Ervingdale jail after he had knocked out Casey, the guard, and tried to escape in Casey's car.

Charles McKiel, '51

THE JUDICIOUS MARSHLAND

The high, grey walled, grey ceilinged room was in semi darkness, the shadows playing tricks with each other in the darkened corners. Outside the dilapidated old house the clouds, like ancient galleons, swooped across the amber colored room, which now concealed, now revealed the bright spectre in the dark, presageful sky. The wind was moaning through the gable windows making a sound like that of a wierd animal calling from the swamp, a short distance behind the house. It was a perfect Hallowe'en night.

As the old clock in the square struck 8:30, people began arriving at the old Crosby mansion for the masquerade party. Rollinson was a very influential politician and his invitation to a party was not often turned down.

By nine o'clock everyone was present and stood huddled in groups.

Like a look back through the past, one could see George Washington, somewhat taller than history tells, in his famous uniform with sword at side and cloak swung over his shoulder. Everyone knew John Bellows, the tallest man in Centerville, and another influential politician. The devil, in his brilliant red suit, bulging at the waist and shoulders, outlined the form of George Rollinson, who, holding his tined fork, stood near the center of the room. Many other less conspicuous personages such as Aunt Jemima, Uncle Tom, Abraham Lincoln, Napoleon and even Uncle Sam, could be seen scattered about the room.

By 11 o'clock the wind was still blowing outside, while inside, the punch bowl was exhausted of its contents and all were in high spirits.

Bellows and Rollinson had finally circulated amongst the crowd, coming face to face with each other. Bellows and Rollinson, both having had too much to drink, were boisterous, looking for arguments.

All the situation now needed was a spark to cause the two bitter enemies to explode in each other's faces. The rest of the crowd, anxious to see some real excitement, began prodding the two men about their differences in politics.

Bellows, enraged, snatched the bright red fork from Rollinson and raised it over Rollinson's head, at the same time holding Rollinson's shoulder in a death-like grip with his left hand. The pure hatred in Bellows' eyes could plainly be seen an instant before one of the masqueraders tripped over the light cord, strung along the floor, encasing the room in total darkness.

There was heard a sudden intake of breath and a loud thud, as if a very heavy object had dropped to the floor.

Outside, a large, gruesome looking cloud drifted over the moon, leaving the whole Crosby mansion and Centerville in complete darkness.

A door was opened, permitting someone to leave the old house and the howling wind to enter, only to chase itself around the room and out again.

When the lights were turned on again the once gay masqueraders were now sobered and saddened by the sight of rotund Rollinson's body lying in death, saturated by his own blood. The fork, which his hands had held earlier, was now lodged in his chest.

The party dispersed and the next morning a search revealed Bellows' body in the dismal marsh land, and in his hand was found one of Rollinson's campaign buttons. Bellows had sentenced himself with only the swamp as the executioner.

Besse Breeze

SCHOOL

School begun.
 I attended.
 Lessons started,
 Happiness ended.
 Day's came,
 Slowly passed.
 Vacation!
 Here at last!
 Back again.
 Another try.
 Exams!
 Oh! My!
 Passed exams.
 (By a hair.)
 Got a lecture.
 What a scare!
 Spring came.
 Fever too.
 I skipped.
 Wee-hew!
 Baseball.
 I tried out.
 Bench crew,
 No doubt.
 Graduation.
 Speech? How?
 School's Over!
 What Now?

Seth Bradstreet, '50

HAPPINESS TOGETHER

As the sun was sinking down behind the mountains, a twelve year old boy, who was clad in a large, loose pair of overalls with a grain sack thrown over his shoulder, was sauntering along in a laggard's gait. This boy, Tommy Hunneswell, whose mother had died when he was small, had not been contented since his father left him to go west. So he decided to leave this boarding place and start out west to find his father.

The clouds in the sky were as leaden as Tommy's heart. In an hour it commenced to rain and soon he could hardly see ahead of him. Tommy was beginning to get cold and numb. About a mile ahead he could see smoke rising from a chimney. As he approached the building he noticed it was a small, tarred-paper camp with only two windows.

He knocked at the door and a man, who was in his middle thirties

and who had about a week's growth of whiskers, answered. The moment the man's eyes were laid upon the boy, he threw his arms around him and started to weep.

Suddenly a loud, sharp clap of thunder rocked the earth which caused a terrible catastrophe. The father and son were found clutched in the arms of each other, lying in the remains of the demolished camp.

Rosamond Keef, '51

OUR STATE

The State of Maine, the most beautiful of all,
 Always sends out its welcome call.
 To all its neighbors it opens its gates;
 That's why it's known as a wondrous state.
 With all thy beauty, and spacious land,
 The vacationists welcome thy beckoning hand.
 To travel 'mong thy towering, scented pines
 Is enough to make one's life so full and fine.
 Thy sparkling blue of lakes and streams,
 Are all the answers to a camper's dreams.
 God blessed thee with high mountains and low hills,
 All joined together with thy rocks and rills.
 The Pine Tree State is thy nickname,
 The greatest cause of thy present fame.
 No other state can with thy beauty vie,
 Nor shade the wealth of thy countryside.

Thelma Baker, '51

"WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF"

Harold Crosby didn't talk all the time?
 Joyce Fuller couldn't giggle?
 The main room was quiet during study hall?
 Danny Lawrence's hair lost its curl?
 Lindy Cookson found himself a girl?
 Ronald St. Amand made a lot of noise?
 Leslie got to school on time?
 Keith Noyes had to sit still for five minutes?
 Betty Sylvester knew what she was talking about?
 Charlie's face wouldn't turn red?
 Sethie got too much to eat?
 Berry did some work during study period?
 Kathryn didn't like the boys?
 Nancy should stop flirting?
 Rosamond and Virginia got mad at each other?

Carolyn didn't have a witty answer?
 Duke couldn't find a girl?
 Kenny lost his sense of humor?
 Mr. Furtwengler didn't have something to lecture about?
 Freddy couldn't find a picture book?
 Bobby Sylvester should overcome his curiosity?
 Stephen Fowler should grow up?

THE BESSE OWLS

The basketball squad of Besse High
 Is a great team—I'll tell you why.
 We have Spiller, who is so tall
 He has no job to get the ball;
 He passes to Clark who takes it down,
 Shoots! And makes the shot with no rebound.
 Robinson, who is an excellent guard,
 Inspires his team to fight so hard.
 Bradstreet and McKiel, not so very tall,
 But that doesn't matter much at all,
 Because they make the goals and fouls.
 Now, you know a winning team, "The Besse Owls."

Ida Marks, '51

BESSE HIGH SCHOOL

B—is for boys, basketball, and baseball too;
 E—is for everyone, which includes me and you ;
 S—is for Sophomores—some tall, some short,
 S—is for Seniors—the few Besse's got ;
 E—is for etiquette which we are taught.
 H—is for high school, a thing not so new ;
 I—is for ice proved hazardous for a few ;
 G—is for girls, giggles, grins, also glee;
 H—is for happiness and health, you see.
 S—is for sarcasm, which is not allowed ;
 C—is for characters among this crowd ;
 H—is for height, not so many there ;
 O—is for order, but some just don't care;
 O—is for Owls, our emblem that's true ;
 L—is for laboratory and lessons too.
 The letters together spell Besse High School ;
 Where we go to learn and not to fool.

Bernice Bezanson, '50

FOOTSTEPS IN THE SAND

After so many carefree summers at her little cottage in Seaview Hills, Maine, Alice Briggs never thought she would spend the summer with her doors tightly bolted, or that a step on the porch after dark could cause her to shake with fear.

Alice had arrived at her cottage only a week ago, after a long hectic term of teaching school in Lewiston. She started cleaning up the cottage on her arrival, and it being late when she finished she decided to take a walk down the beach. Alice picked up her flashlight as she went out the door because it was quite dark and she thought she might need it.

As Alice walked along down by the marsh there was a soft breeze blowing and she could hear the water lapping against the rocks. She kept on walking as it was a cool evening and the sand felt firm under her feet. When she turned and started back home the moon hadn't come up yet and she could just make out the pale line of the breakers.

When she first heard the faint sound behind her, she didn't pay much attention to it. Then she heard it again, like a footstep grating on the sand. She decided it was just someone else out for a walk, and she slowed down and called back over her shoulder cheerily, "Hello." The soft splash of the water was all that answered and she started on again.

As soon as she started walking again the footsteps behind her started, too. She was sure it was a person because she could hear the footsteps clearly now.

"Who's there?" she asked sharply this time. Again no answer. Then uneasiness crept over her. She felt terribly alone, with something strange staring at her from out the darkness.

She snapped on the flashlight and swung it around quickly, making a wide arc from the water to the bushes along the marsh, but she saw no one there. Gathering courage she went back a few feet shining the light ahead of her, and about five yards back she saw the footprints on the sand, extra large footprints.

Then she realized "it" had taken to the bushes when she had stopped for that is where the footprints led to. Suddenly she snapped off the light feeling much safer in darkness. Then she started walking back along the beach very fast. The gleam of the lighthouse on the point loomed in sight and she wondered if anyone would hear her if she screamed.

She suddenly broke into a run and then she heard the pounding feet behind her, coming closer and closer. She raced on down the shore faster now, clutching the flashlight. She reached the lighthouse and sped on past to her cottage nearby; still the loud pounding feet came on. She reached the cottage and sped up the yard and flung herself into the living room and bolted the door and windows. Then she remembered the back door and hurried to lock it. Just as she reached for the latch, the door started

to open slowly, and a large burly man, dressed in dark drab clothes, slowly entered the room.

She stared at him as he, laughing a wild piercing laugh, started to advance toward her. She ran back through the living room and tried to unbolt the door, but she was too late—his large, burly, cold hands clutched around her neck. She screamed and then blackness enveloped her.

When Alice came to she found herself in a strange room and then realized it was a hospital room. A tall man dressed in white entered the room and came and sat at her bedside.

The doctor gave her a sedative and told her she must try to rest as she had had a nervous breakdown. Suddenly everything came back in her mind as to what had happened and she started to weep hysterically.

Alice Briggs, the 58 year old school teacher, never lived to hear who the person was that had saved her from the clutching murderous hands of an escaped maniac.

No, Alice died that day in the Central Maine General Hospital from a severe heart attack.

Thelma Baker, '51

CATS, SOLDIERS AND SPOOKS

As I sit beside the fireplace and the cat purrs in my lap, vividly to my mind comes the picture of the night Alice and I spent in the old Lantern Inn in Massachusetts. We had come to this inn as the last resort in our search for a room. The inn was old and dilapidated, but it would be a place to get some rest after our tiresome day of sightseeing.

As we sat around the fire that night, the landlady told us the history of the house. She told us of how the American soldiers had hidden there during the Revolutionary War and of how some of them had even been murdered in the upper rooms. Just before she took us to our rooms, she told us not to be afraid if we heard any noise. Then she put out the old, gray cat and led us up the creaky, old stairs. Alice and I were assigned rooms side by side. The rooms were scantily furnished and looked scary as we entered. As we said goodnight to our hostess, she again gave us her warning that we were not to be afraid of any noises.

After I had tossed and turned on my bed for over an hour, I sat up, determined to do something about it. What was that figure in the corner? Probably just a shadow made by the moonlight. But that looked just like one of those Colonial soldiers. Even his pistol was raised, ready to fire; Where was that creaking noise coming from? Probably just the wind blowing around the corner of the house, but it surely sounded like someone walking down the hall. As I sat there staring, the pounding of my heart grew louder and louder. I couldn't stand it any longer. Alice's room was just down the hall. Was she hearing the same noises? I slipped

out of my room and down the creaking hall to the next room. Something soft and furry touched my leg. I shrieked and jumped back. Then I heard a purring and knew it was only the landlady's cat. But how did he get in? Had some window or door been opened? Maybe there really was someone in my room. Quickly I opened the creaking door to Alice's room. All I could hear was the steady rhythm of her breathing and the ticking of the old clock on the dresser. As I slipped in beside Alice, she woke and asked sleepily, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, only I was cold," I explained. Now I felt safe and went to sleep.

The next morning I told Alice of my experiences and she laughed at my foolishness. Maybe it was all my imagination but I am glad I don't have to sleep in the old Lantern Inn every night.

Joyce Fuller, '50

WHEN THE RAILROAD BRIDGE WASHED OUT

It was a rainy evening in spring and Paul had gone to the bank to withdraw \$50 of his money. Why? Because he was planning to run away that evening.

As he was walking down the road beside the railroad tracks he heard the evening express pull out of the station. As he came to the railroad bridge, he noticed that there wasn't any bridge; it had been washed out by the heavy spring rain. Desperately he searched for some dry material with which to warn the on-coming train. As he searched through his pockets he felt a crumpled piece of paper. Quickly he set fire to it and the flare flagged down the train just in time. There in the light of the train was the remains of a charred and smoking fifty dollar bill.

Virgil Coffin, '53





Student Council



Seated, Left to Right: Betty Blake, Carol Knight, Dexter Higgins, Charles McKiel, Nancy Blanchard, Barbara Quimby. Standing: Stephen Fowler, Virgil Coffin, George Gould, Wesley Drake, Berry Coffin, Mr. Furtwengler, Danny Lawrence, Oswald Cash, Kathryn Keay, Lawrence Reynolds.

The governing body of Besse High School held its first meeting September 8, 1949. The officers of the four classes make up the members of the Student Council. The officers of the council are as follows:

- President Charles McKiel
- Vice President Roddy Robinson
- Treasurer Dexter Higgins
- Secretary Nancy Blanchard

Many important matters have been settled this year. Five dollars was given to the Junior Red Cross. An invitation was extended to the pastor and his wife to attend all school activities at the expense of the school. A clock and a cabinet file was bought for the main room.

The Bazaar committees were appointed and much money was earned for the Treasury.

The Student Council voted to have a Christmas program with Joyce Fuller in charge. The grammar room and high school had a joint Christmas tree in the I.O.O.F. Hall. A group of high school girls led group carol singing. The grammar room presented a play entitled "The Christmas Quiz Program of Hardscrabble County," which was greatly enjoyed by the audience.



Senior Play



Seated, Left to Right: Carolyn Keef, Bernice Bezanson, Betty Sylvester, Carol Knight, Joyce Fuller. Standing: George Gould, Seth Bradstreet, Jr., Robert Cookson, Betty Blake, Roddy Robinson, Danny Lawrence, Leslie Clark.

On March 31st the curtain went up on the mysterious three-act drama entitled, "Hobgoblin House."

The cast was as follows:

Darius Krupp, caretaker of the Hobgoblin House	Robert Cookson
Miss Priscilla Carter, present owner	Joyce Fuller
Marian Carter, her niece	Bernice Bezanson
Jill Carter, Marian's younger sister	Betty Sylvester
Frank Harlow, Marian's fiance	George Gould
Jack Loring, Jill's fiance	Leslie Clark
Susan Parkins, "Henglish 'ousekeeper"	Carol Knight
Henry Goober, darky gardener	Seth Bradstreet, Jr.
Delilah Worts, darky cook	Betty Blake
Bluebeard Bronson, an escaped maniac	Roddy Robinson
Bill Wilkins, his keeper	Danny Lawrence
Patricia Arnold, a victim of circumstances	Carolyn Keef
The Headless Phantom	?????????

The play was coached by Miss Mitchell.



Bazaar Play



Seated, Left to Right: Thelma Baker, Ida Marks, Audrey Orr, Kathryn Keay, Rosamond Keef, Althea Hendsbee. Standing: Dexter Higgins, Wesley Drake, Charles McKiel, George Gould, Lawrence Reynolds, Mrs. Furtwengler, Coach.

The Bazaar play, "Gallopig Ghosts," a three act mystery comedy, was a great success this season under the direction of Mrs. Furtwengler.

The play cast was as follows:

Miss Elizabeth Barton, maiden aunt	Althea Hendsbee
Philip Barton, her fourteen year old nephew	George Gould
Patricia Barton, her sixteen year old niece	Audrey Orr
Richard Barton, successful lawyer	Charles McKiel
Thomas Barton, successful business man	Lawrence Reynolds
Berkley Barton, Richard's wife	Ida Marks
Mrs. Milinda Todd, cousin on a long visit	Thelma Baker
Marie Farrell, Tom's talkative girl friend	Rosamond Keef
Stephen Dykes, neighbor boy in love with Pat	Dexter Higgins
Madam Dupre, a clairvoyant	Kathryn Keay
Albert, Madam Dupre's accomplice	Wesley Drake



Bazaar Committees



Seated, Left to Right: Robert Cookson, Betty Sylvester, Betty Blake, Charles McKiel, Joyce Fuller, Carol Knight, Leslie Clark. Second Row: Seth Bradstreet, Jr., Dan Lawrence, Carolyn Keef, Rosamond Keef, Bernice Bezanson, Berry Coffin, Nelson Bezanson.

The high school annual Bazaar was held Nov. 17, 1949. In the afternoon a fair was held, made up of such booths as the fish pond, dart game, novelty table, and refreshment table.

The Senior Class was on the supper committee, and in the evening the play, "Gallopig Ghosts" was presented.

The proceeds went toward athletic equipment, a school clock, and a steel filing cabinet. It was a very successful Bazaar and we thank everyone who helped make it so.



Cheerleaders



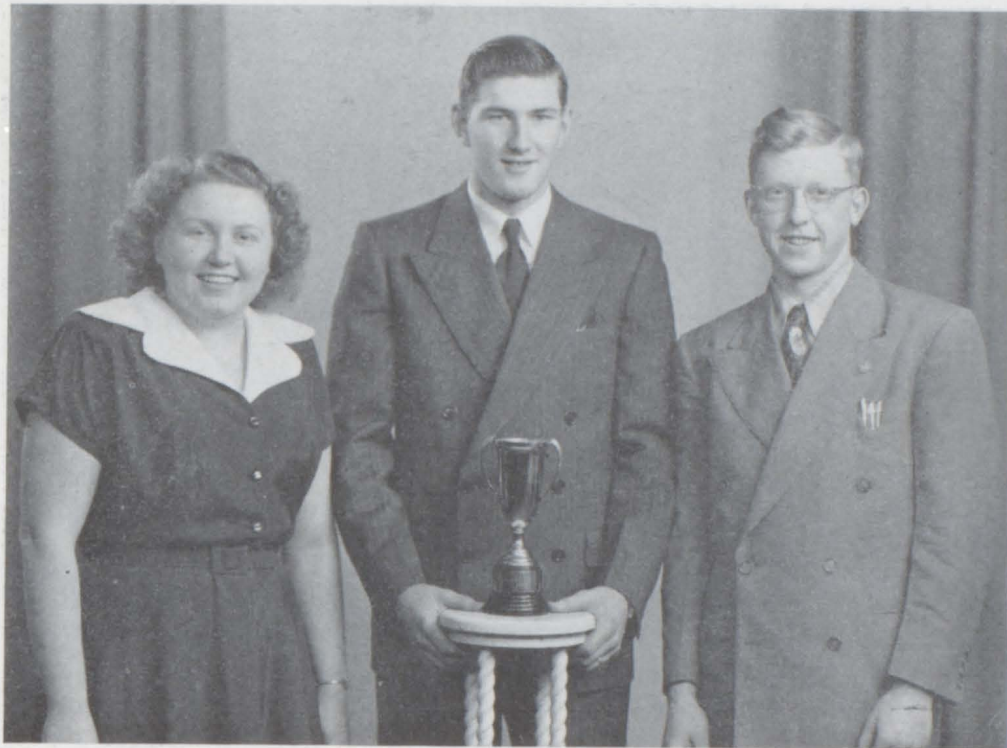
Kneeling, Left to Right: Maurice Scribner, Harold Crosby. Standing: Kathryn Keay, Betty Blake, Betty Sylvester, Audrey Orr, Nancy Blanchard.

We started the first of our basketball season with three cheerleaders, Harold Crosby, Nancy Blanchard, and Mura Shibles. But Mura left to go to Freedom, leaving us with only two. We then chose Audrey Orr and Buddy Scribner to help. When we realized that our team would be going to tournaments, some interested mothers got together and made suits for five girl cheerleaders. Three girls, Kathryn Keay, Betty Blake, and Betty Sylvester were chosen by the student council to help the four cheerleaders we already had. This gave us seven; five girls and two boys. This splendid group of cheerleaders went to every tournament game and did their best to keep up the morale of our team.

Our deepest thanks go to those who helped to make the suits and also to those who have made it possible for our cheerleaders to go to the games.



Prize Speaking



Left to Right: Joyce Fuller, Roddy Robinson, Leslie Clark.

Last year we followed the plan of the previous year, having our prize speaking open to all classes in high school. Last year only four from our school took part in the local Prize Speaking Contest. We held this contest in the high school during morning assembly.

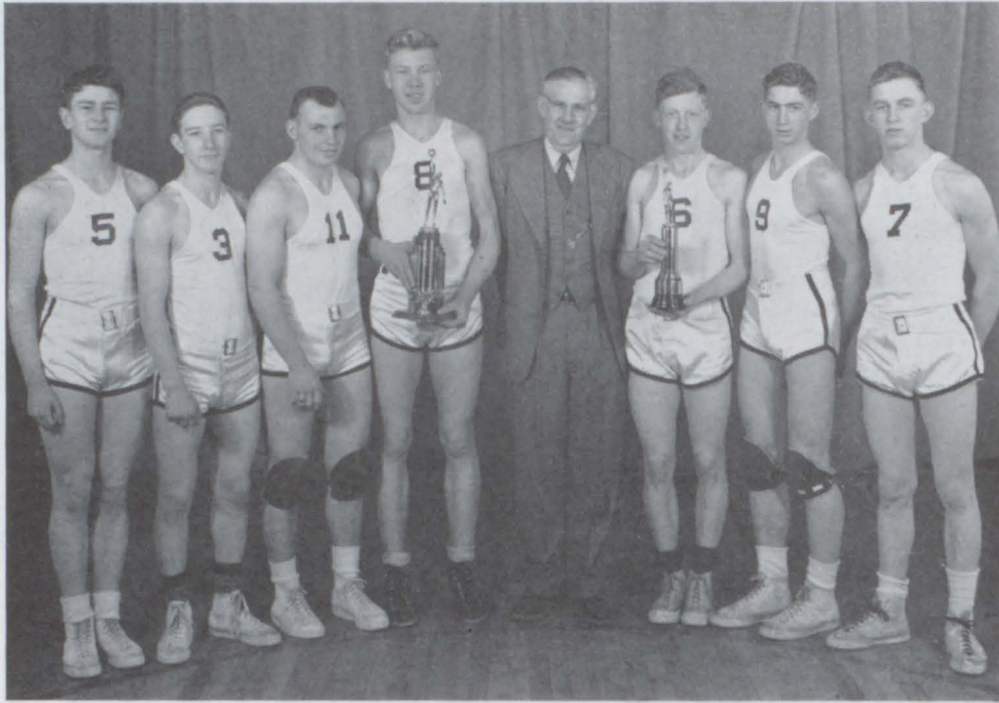
The program was as follows:

Roddy Robinson	Uncle Ben's Morgan Mare
Joyce Fuller	Apple Blossoms
Marilyn Robbins	At The Beauty Parlor
Leslie Clark	Last Will and Testament

Roddy Robinson won first prize for boys and Leslie Clark won second prize. Joyce Fuller won first prize for girls and Marilyn Robbins won second prize. After the local contest, Roddy Robinson and Joyce Fuller entered the Waldo County League Contest which was held at Freedom. Roddy won first prize for boys, an honor that has not been received by our school for a long time. He was presented with a trophy for his achievement in Prize Speaking.



Boys' Basketball



Left to Right: Wesley Drake, Ernest Rood, Dexter Higgins, Keith Spiller, Mr. Furtwengler, Leslie Clark, Charles McKiel, Seth Bradstreet, Jr., (Roddy Robinson, Erving Quimby and Keith Noyes, absent.)

This season Besse High School's Basketball Team enjoyed a very successful year. Under the coaching of Bill Furtwengler, Besse captured the Waldo County League with fourteen wins and no defeats. In other games of the season Besse took two well played games from Litchfield Academy to open its 1949-50 basketball season. On December 20, 1949, we were handed our first defeat by a strong Clinton club on our home floor. This was the first defeat that Coach Furtwengler's boys had received on their home floor since Coach Furtwengler took over coaching duties in 1947. On December 30, 1949, Besse was defeated by Williams of Oakland to give it its second loss of the year. February 3, 1950, Clinton again set Besse back to give Besse a 16-3 record for season play.

In tournament play Besse met Freedom in the first round of the Waldo County Tournament. In one of the major upsets of the year, Freedom became victorious to knock Besse, twice winner over Freedom in season play, from the Waldo County Tournament.

In the Kennebec Valley Tournament at Winslow, Besse won its way into the finals with wins over North Anson and Unity. In the finals Besse went down in defeat, falling again to a strong Clinton team.

Besse gained the right to play in the State Tournament by setting



Boys' Baseball



Seated, Left to Right: Keith Noyes, Oswald Cash, Seth Bradstreet, Jr., Leslie Clark, Charles McKiel, Keith Spiller. Second Row: Wesley Drake, Lawrence Reynolds, Kenny Orr, Danny Lawrence, Allen Knights, Ernest Rood, Mr. Furtwengler, Coach.

Last fall we played but two games. We lost our first game to Unity 12-4. Our next game was played with Brooks. Both teams played superior ball and at the end of seven innings with the game knotted at 7-7 it was called on account of darkness.

Besse High is planning to have a fairly good team this spring with letter men Les Clark, Rod Robinson, Sethie Bradstreet, Jr., Charlie McKiel, Ozzie Cash, Keith Spiller, Berry Coffin, Allen Knights, and Keith Noyes returning to the line-up.

A Waldo County League in baseball this spring will be formed. We are expecting to rate fairly high in league standing when the time for the awarding of the trophy comes.



Girls' Softball



Seated, Left to Right: Thelma Baker, Carol Knight, Betty Sylvester, Kathryn Keay, Ida Marks. Standing: Virginia Mason, Bernice Bezanson, Martha Rowe, Joyce Fuller, Rosamond Keef, Miss Mitchell, Althea Hendsbee, Carolyn Keef, Beverly Higgins, Audrey Orr, Mary Lyn Nelson, Barbara Quimby.

This spring our softball will be set up the same as basketball; that is, we shall play all teams in the Waldo County League once. At the end of the season a trophy will be awarded the winning team.

Our last spring's team was not successful. Out of the three games we played we tied one game with Freedom 12-12, lost one with Unity and the other one to Freedom.

By graduation we lose Carol Knight, Bernice Bezanson, Carolyn Keef, Betty Blake, Betty Sylvester and Joyce Fuller.

Our softball manager this year was Betty Sylvester.





School Calendar



- Sep. 6 School begins again! Oh! Dear!
- Sep. 30 Freshman Reception. What a good group of sports.
- Oct. 12 Columbus Day. We had a swell vacation!
- Oct. 18 Sophomores ordered their class rings.
- Oct. 27 Teachers State Convention. A little longer vacation this time!
- Oct. 28 " " "
- Nov. 11 Armistice Day. Still another day off!
- Nov. 17 Bazaar! A great success!
- Nov. 18 Round Robin at Brooks.
- Dec. 18 Sophomore rings arrived. My what a lot of noise!
- Dec. 20 Clinton at Besse. The boys lost and the girls had a tie game.
- Dec. 23 Christmas vacation started.
- Dec. 31 Boys played at Oakland. Varsity lost by six points. J. V.'s lost.
- Jan. 2 Christmas vacation ended.
- Jan. 3 Besse at Winterport. Our team looks like a championship team
after defeating Winterport.
- Jan. 7 First ad trip to Waterville.
- Jan. 17 Besse at Unity. Game saved in last minutes by Charlie McKiel.
- Jan. 27 Winterport at Besse. The boys have won the Waldo County
League Championship.
- Feb. 3 Besse at Clinton. Boys and girls both lost.
- Feb. 17 Week of vacation.
- Feb. 28 School pictures taken for year book.
- Mar. 31 Senior Play. What a scare!
- Apr. 14 Another week's vacation!
- May Prize Speaking.
- May Junior Prom.
- May Junior Play.
- May 30 Memorial Day.
- June 4 Baccalaureate.
- June 5 Last Chapel.
- June 6 Graduation and Graduation Ball.
- June Another school year completed! See you next year!!



Humor



Mr. Furtwengler: (In Civics Class) What did Paul Revere say at the end of his famous ride?

R. Brown: Whoa!

Mrs. Furtwengler: It gives me great pleasure to mark you 85 on your exam.

Nancy: Why not make it 100 and get a big thrill?

Bobby: Virgil, did you have the mumps very bad?

Virgil: Did I have them bad? Say, I guess I did! I was so sick I watched the paper every day to see my own death notice.

Clark: My girl has a handkerchief which cost twenty dollars.

Seth: Twenty dollars! That's a lot of money to blow in.

Blondie: Wesley, I've lost my little dog.

Wesley: Put an ad in the paper.

Blondie: Well, the poor thing can't read.

A Senior stood on the narrow guage track,

A train was coming fast.

The train got off the railroad track

And let the Senior pass.

Danny: (Getting a shave) Barber, will you give me a glass of water?

Barber: What's the matter? Something in your throat?

Danny: No, I just want to see if it leaks.

Mr. Furtwengler: Keith, when Abraham Lincoln was your age he was at the head of his class.

Keith Noyes: Yes, but when he was your age he was President of the United States!



Automobile At B. H. S.



(Slave) Driver	Mr. Furtwengler
Back Seat Drivers	Miss Mitchell and Mrs. Furtwengler
Steering Wheel	Senior Class
Rumble Seat	Freshman Class
Head Lights	Kenny Orr and Seth Bradstreet, Jr.
Spare Tire	Harold Crosby
Flat Tires	Virginia Mason and Rosamond Keef
Missing Spoke	Allen Higgins
Speedometer	Leslie Clark
Tail Light (Always Blinking)	Keith Noyes
Floor Mat	Robert Cookson
Spark Plug	Bill Woodbury
Framework	Thelma Baker
Crank	Audrey Orr
Reverse Gear	Carolyn Keef
Low Gear	Dexter Higgins
Road Map	Kathryn Keay
Horn	Keith Spiller
Switch Key	Danny Lawrence
Fuel Pump (Keep Things Going)	Betty Sylvester
Choker	Charlie McKiel
Radiator	Duke Quimby
Tire Patchers	Skip Reynolds and Richard Brown
Live Wire	Nancy Blanchard
Battery	Joyce Fuller
Short Circuit	Mary Lyn Nelson
Windshield Wiper	Virgil Coffin
Starter	Seth Bradstreet, Jr.
Coil	Robert Cookson
Springs	Wessie Drake and Ernie Rood
Exhaust Pipe	Allen Knights
Generator	Stephen Fowler
Leaky Valves	Carol Knights and Betty Blake
Muffler	Buddy Scribner
Brakes	Roddy Robinson
Radio	Ozzie Cash

NAME	NICK NAME	PASTIME	AGE (They Act)	LIKES	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	AMBITION
Robert Cookson	"Toni"	His pipe	8	All girls	"I ain't doin' nothin' "	Electrical engineer
Danny Lawrence	"Boon"	Cigars	20	Theresa	"Oh yeah?"	None
Roderick Robinson	"Roddy"	Hattie	15	Hattie	"Hattie"	Hattie
Carolyn Keef	"Keef"	Talking	4	Boys	"What do I do now?"	WAACS
Seth Bradstreet, Jr.	"Sethie"	Entertaining Betty in school	2	Betty B.	"Honest, I wasn't"	To be 6 ft. tall
Leslie Clark	"Pal"	Being late for school	8	Carol	"George!"	To be on time
Carol Knight	"Car"	Studying	20	Leslie	"Tell me something quick"	Private Secretary
Betty Blake	"Bets"	Laughing at Seth	16	Sethie	"Fiddlesticks"	Seth's potato queen
Joyce Fuller	"Jo"	Gazing	25	????????	"Well, I like that"	French teacher, U. of M.
Elizabeth Sylvester	"Betty"	Reading love stories	6	Keith Noyes	"I'm being have myself."	None
Bernice Bezanson	"Bernice"	Giggling	6 or 63	Toni	"T-O-N-I, Toni"	To be a housewife



back Phillips in a play-off game at Farmington ordered by the Maine Principals Association.

February 23, 1950, in the first leg of the State Tournament, Besse crawled into the Semi-finals by ousting Woodstock, a strong Western Maine Club.

In the semi-finals the following day Besse met West Paris, only to be hit hard by them. Besse fell by the wayside, as West Paris handed Besse their last defeat for the 1949-50 season.

In an All-Star game played at Brooks, March 7, 1950, Co-Captains Les Clark and Sethie Bradstreet, Jr., were presented the league trophy for becoming Waldo County League Champs of 1949-50. In this Besse was proud to send three players to participate in the All-Star game. They were Seth Bradstreet, Jr., forward, Keith Spiller, center, and Les Clark, guard.

Keith Spiller proved to be the big gun for Besse this year scoring 498 points. Forward Charlie McKiel had 251 points to his credit with Seth Bradstreet, Jr. having 154 points. Rod Robinson hit for over the century mark getting 105 points with Les Clark, other starting player, coming through with 84 points. Wes Drake and Ernest Rood, both Freshman forwards, had 74 and 42 points respectively. Duke Quimby had 31 points and Dexter Higgins and Keith Noyes 25 each.

In 26 games played, with 21 wins and five losses, Besse scored 1215 points for a game average of 46.7 points per game. Our opponents scored 903 points to have a game average of 34.6 points.

Our schedule this year was as follows:

Games	Besse	Opps.
Litchfield	35	20
Litchfield*	44	29
Monroe	50	24
Searsport	48	28
Unity*	42	20
Liberty	64	15
Brooks*	49	35
Clinton*	35	41
Williams	49	55
Winterport	46	42
Freedom*	52	31
Monroe*	74	21
Unity	35	34
Liberty*	56	23
Brooks	50	42
Winterport*	52	46
Freedom	59	47



Girls' Basketball



Kneeling, Left to Right: Martha Rowe, Betty Sylvester, Carol Knight, Betty Blake, Kathryn Keay, Rosamond Keef. Standing: Barbara Quimby, Virginia Mason, Ida Marks, Althea Hendsbee, Miss Mitchell, Joyce Fuller, Beverly Higgins, Audrey Orr, Mary Lyn Nelson.

Searsport*	71	44
Clinton	41	65

*—Indicates home games

WALDO COUNTY TOURNAMENT

Freedom	36	42
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PLAYOFF FOR STATE TOURNEY BERTH AT FARMINGTON

Phillips	48	40
----------	----	----

KENNEBEC VALLEY CONFERENCE AT WINSLOW

North Anson	58	45
-------------	----	----

Unity	52	34
-------	----	----

Clinton	44	54
---------	----	----

STATE TOURNAMENT AT FARMINGTON

Woodstock	62	50
-----------	----	----

West Paris	36	46
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We all wish the best of luck to the 1950-51 Basketball Team of Besse High School.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls started basketball this season by electing Betty Blake and Carol Knight as Co-Captains and Joyce Fuller as manager.

Twelve girls showed their interest in basketball by turning out for practice.

A new rule was passed this year stating that girls would play only seven league games and that these games would be played on Friday nights.

All the games which we played were hard fought, and we either won or lost by only a few points.

The games that we played were as follows:

	Besse	Opps.
Litchfield	28	25
Litchfield	43	39
Monroe	66	30
Unity	47	32
Brooks	28	23
Clinton	39	39
Freedom	34	36
Liberty	25	27
Searsport	27	37
Clinton	33	50
Winterport	32	34

The team is losing four girls this year with graduation. These girls are Betty Blake, Carol Knight, Betty Sylvester and Joyce Fuller. Even though the team is losing these four girls it looks as if next year's team will still give their opponents a good fight.





J V Basketball



Seated, Left to Right: Lawrence Reynolds, Richard Brown, Kenneth Orr, Allen Knights, Maurice Scribner, Bobby Sylvester. Standing: George Gould, Carl Robbins, Stephen Fowler, Mr. Furtwengler, Kenneth Gould, Virgil Coffin, Allen Higgins.

The Besse High J. V.'s had a fairly successful season this year, winning eight games and losing only two games. Our schedule was as follows:

	Besse	Opps.
Searsport	36	13
Liberty	50	1
Boys Club of Waterville	26	37
Williams	37	47
Winterport	36	9
Monroe	44	2
Erskine Freshmen	37	25
Unity	27	20
Brooks	29	21
Freedom	36	33
Total Points	353	208



Alumni



1946

Ruth Bezanson, Attending Gordon College,
Boston
Arlene Harding Fenderson, Attending
University of Minnesota, St. Paul
Richard Harrison, Attending Thomas Busi-
ness College, Waterville
Ruby Higgins Hanson, West Enfield
Elizabeth Marden, Attending University
of Maine, Orono
Evelyn Quimby Howell, Housewife, Paler-
mo
Alene Sylvester, Attending Colby College,
Waterville
Joyce West, Working, Waterville
Lorraine West McKenny, Housewife,
Clinton

1947

Roberta Bezanson, Attending Thomas Busi-
ness College, Waterville
Henry Folger, Jr., Working in peanut fac-
tory, Mass.
Shirley Fuller Grudda, Attending M.T.I.,
Nyack
Anne McKiel, Attending University of
Maine, Orono
Norman Rideout, Working in Creamery,
Albion. Residence, Waterville
Dorothy Robbins Lee, Working, Albion
Pearl Rood, Working in Waterville Senti-
nel Office, Waterville
Maxine Studley Rideout, Working at Ken-
nebec Building Supply Co., Waterville
George Waugh, Jr., Working at home, Al-
bion

1948

Florence Flye Alexander, Housewife, Ben-
ton
Jean Bagley, Attending University of
Maine, Orono
June Bagley, Working, Florida
Ferne Keef Boivine, Housewife, Albion
Brenda Braley, Attending F.S.T.C., Farm-
ington
Geraldine Brown, Training at Sisters' Hos-
pital, Waterville
Rosella Rex Fletcher, Housewife, China
Mary Fuller, Working, Waterville
Harriet McKiel, Attending University of
Maine, Orono
Faye Cookson Pottle, Housewife, Benton
Donald Quimby, Working, Skowhegan
Marilyn Shibles, Working, Waterville

1949

Danny Blake, Working, Albion
Ethel Carver, Working, Jefferson
Carleton Fuller, Farming, Albion
Harold Hotham, Attending Higgins Classi-
cal Institute, Charleston
Catherine Knights, Home, Albion
Elma Lee, Housewife, Thorndike
Dana Libby, Working, Norridgewock
Elaine Rideout, Attending Wilson School
of Technology, Boston
Hattie Rood, Attending Thomas Business
College, Waterville
Carlene Waugh, Telephone Operator, Al-
bion
James Yeaton, Clerk at Rowe's Store,
Albion

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