

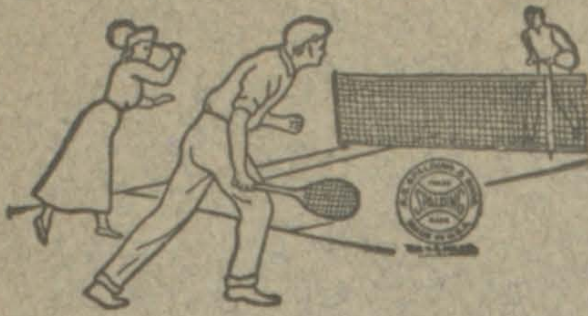
THE ECHO

VOL. IV

COMMENCEMENT

NO. I





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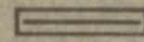


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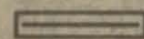
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We dedicate this number of "The Echo"
to our friend and principal,
G. Harold Carl

The Echo

Vol. IV

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER, 1920

No. 1

THE STAFF

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Editorials

“School Spirit”

How many of us realize that one of the most vital assets of a truly fine school, which fulfills its mission both to the student and to the community at large, is school spirit? We have all heard a great deal about this thing called school spirit, perhaps so much that we haven't stopped to analyze what it really means.

We know that it has reference to that feeling which prompts us to back up our base ball and foot ball teams, to attend parties and other entertainments held for our athletic associations, and to talk about the teamwork that is necessary to accomplish anything we attempt in school. This sort of spirit is admirable, and it is bound to add to the efficiency of the school.

There is, however, a deeper significance which lies in the words “school spirit.” It has to do with that feeling which within us makes us jealous of the honors of the school. It lies in back of the feeling which makes us want to keep our school at the very top of the list in scholastic attainments. It is that sort of spirit which creates in us a true sense of honor and a love for real work.

Honest enthusiasm and loyal support to be constructive must be backed by the determination to keep our school above reproach.

Let us continue to support our ball teams and our school affairs; let us continue to enthuse about our school and its merits, and let us add to all this and make our support and enthusiasm of some avail by guarding the honor and scholarship of our school. This sort of spirit, which is, as we have already said, one of the greatest assets of the school, will instill in us two of the most valuable assets for our particular work in the future, namely, a high sense of honor and a love for hard earnest work.—ERNEST HOYT.

In Appreciation.

As the end of this school year draws to a close, a desire that it might last a little

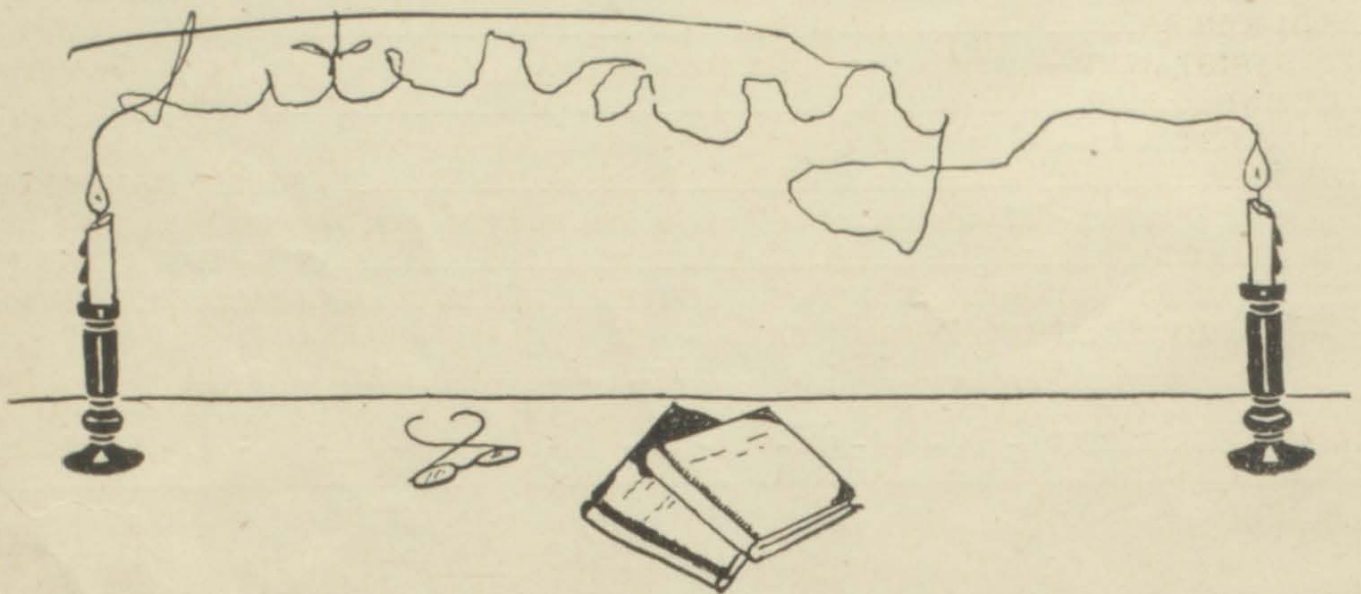
longer creeps over us all.

Our reason for this desire is two-fold this year. As usual we want to lengthen our school-day companionship with those who are about to graduate and leave us. They are taking with them not only one of the most priceless of possessions—a High School education—but also our principal, G. H. Carl.

We lose in him a staunch and sympathetic friend, as well as an inspiration, who has always kept before us the higher and better things of life for which we must strive.

We do hereby express our deep appreciation for all that he has done for the school, and our admiration for the standard he has set before us. Our best wishes go with him. May the future hold for him the happiness and success which he well merits.

—CHANCEY NORTON, '21.



A SCRAP OF PAPER

It was a balmy but breezy day in late April when Borry Selmore got out of his limousine and entered his club. Borry was a silent fellow, but was always good natured, as most young men are when they have plenty of money and a happy home.

He went into his club and chatted with his friends, but he was very uneasy. It must have been the spring air. He said to one of his friends: "I can't stay in here. I'm for out of doors to-day."

He took his hat and went strolling down the street of the business section. Now the city of Bradford was not a large center and one could traverse its streets in a short time. He walked along at a good fast pace, when all of a sudden something came floating down to the sidewalk. Now, Borrw Selmore had a streak of adventure in him as well as any fellow, even if he were wealthy, so he picked up the white sheet and proceeded to read it. "Court Square theter, to-night, Box 115," was all it said. "How mysterious," exclaimed Borry. "I'm going to the theater to-night and see what is up. Perhaps something interesting." The most mysterious part of the message was the fact that this box was next to the Selmore family box.

When Borry arrived home for luncheon his mother immediately asked him, "Will you take your sister and me to the theater this evening?"

"Well, I'm going, but I have to meet a friend of mine there who is an old chum. Sorry; take you some other time." And he hurried away.

Emiline was astonished because her brother would not take them, as he always had been delighted to be her escort. As she looked into his eyes she saw something that had not been there since foot ball days; a gleaming, blazing light, not the usual bored look which we find so often in the eyes of the rich.

That evening Borry dressed in a hurry and went to the theater lobby, where he stood until the people began to arrive.

Two suspicious acting men came in with the crowd and stopping to get their tickets, which had been reserved, went into the theater. Borry stepped to the office window and asked for a box next number 115. There was just one and he jumped for joy. He came in and took his seat as if nothing was going to happen. He found the two men whom he had seen in the lobby in their box talking very rapidly and in an undertone. He could only gather together snatches of their conversation, which ran like this:

"If we could only get an introduction to her,——"

"All would be well."

"It would be easy to get to the house."

Borry wondered what it meant, but jotted the words down for further use. At the end of the second act the men were getting impatient and seeing the lone fellow in the next box, had an inspiration. They got up and went into Borry's box. He was a bit surprised when one of them greeted him with, "Do you know Miss Selmore?"

"Why, e—r, yes; she is——, and then remembering the words about an introduction, he was game.

"Well, we would like an introduction; she looks like a queen."

Now Emiline thought it was odd that Borry did not bring his friends to her to introduce them, as he always did. Later when she found a note dropped in her lap she was still more surprised, for it read:

"Am going to introduce a couple of fellows. Don't say anything about my being your brother. Say when we come in, 'Oh, Mr. Bart.' Leave the rest to me.—B. S."

It worked out beautifully. The "Mr. Bart" brought his "friends" to his sister for inspection as usual and she was very much taken with them. The three men stayed in the Selmore box the remainder of the evening. After the play the two men took Miss Selmore and her mother home. Borry hurried to his car and waited until he saw their limousine disappear in the darkness.

Later, Borry, walking past his home, found the two men just coming out of the house, so he drew into the shadows to evade them. As the men hurried past him he heard one of them say, "Say, but that was slick work; wasn't it? I found the safe in the hall in the wall while you were talking. I know the place."

"We will be ready about one," the second replied.

"Yes; we haven't much time to spare."

Borry got tired of waiting and watching the men, but at a quarter of one he followed the two men back to the house and saw them pick the lock and creep into the hall. He waited for nothing more, but went to the back of the house and entered the servants' quarters and just as the men were ready to leave he rushed in on them and made them surrender. They were too astonished for words when they saw it was the "Mr. Bart" of the theater party. They left their bags and rushed from the house. When it was all over, Borry Selmore laughed himself hoarse. It surely had been a good adventure.

—MARGARET CUSHMAN, '20.

WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY

A smile lighted the face of an elderly man. He sat in one of the happiest homes in the world. The smile was not one of mirth, but from pride in the thought of the future of his son. The boy was very frail in body, but was a brilliant scholar. At that moment he was working with comparative ease one of his most difficult lessons for the following day. As the son of a comparatively wealthy manufacturer of toys and tinware, he was intending to go through college and then enter the manufacturing company as a partner with his father.

Mr. Hawkins went to his business as usual. James, Mr. Hawkins' son, went happily to school. Mrs. Hawkins sat peacefully at home, awaiting the coming of some society friends.

Jimmy was playing an exciting game of tennis when he was told that his mother wanted him on the telephone. She tremulously told him that his father was very ill.

Jimmy reached home in time to see his father while he was conscious. The father's last words were addressed to the boy. He said: "Jimmy, I'm through. Do your best and take care of your mother and yourself."

After all the debts of the company were paid, the balance was insufficient to meet the needs of Jimmy and his mother. This condition of affairs was caused by the war, for Mr. Hawkins had been denied the material on which his factory had prospered. He was on the verge of bankruptcy, but had kept it from his family, so as not to worry them.

Jimmy was forced to leave school and work, in order that the old home might be kept. He started work in a grocery store. His quick mind and willing ways would have given him a permanent position had his health not given out. He left the job and started work in a freight house, thinking that the fresher air might do him good. He was unable to do the heavy lifting required of him and soon lost his position. It was getting late in the Fall and he had no work in view. Jimmy always had a longing for wild life. He soon hit upon a plan of how he could go to the Canadian woods and trap during the Winter.

He went home and acquainted his mother with this fact. She was very much against it. Her main objection was the thought of having her son so far away and all alone in the woods. She finally consented and he set out, equipped with traps, camping supplies and guide books on trapping.

He arrived at a small, peaceful town in Canada. After making inquiries about the surrounding country, he slowly wound his way into the dense forest. He built himself a rude shelter, which served until Winter came. After his camp was finished, he set his traps according to directions given in his guide book. The following morning he had several traps sprung, but only two animals fast. This was very encouraging, but for many mornings afterward he caught nothing. Then he would have the luck to get a few pelts. By this time his supply of food was nearly exhausted and his money entirely gone, so he was forced to sell his skins in order to buy more necessary supplies. He knew that at this rate he could neither send money home nor even break even with his own expenses.

Winter had now set in in all its fury and as Jimmy was coming back to camp he crossed a man's track in the snow. Out of curiosity he followed it. He had not gone far when he saw a dark something in front of him. On going closer he saw a man half buried in the snow. Jimmy noticed that a large limb had fallen from a tree standing near-by and had hit the man, knocking him unconscious. Jimmy excitedly chopped the limb loose which held the man down. Finally he pulled him out and dragged him home. The following morning when Jimmy awoke, he found that the man had regained consciousness and was staring around the hut in a dazed fashion. The stranger spoke first and Jimmy found out that he was a half-breed Indian, and an experienced trapper. Jimmy told him about his troubles and misfortunes. The Indian said very little, but stayed with Jimmy, going out each day with him to look over his traps. One day the Indian disappeared, only to return within a few days, requesting Jimmy to follow and bring his traps. After about a day's tramp, the Indian suddenly asked for some traps and immediately began to set them. He soon had all the traps set, besides some dead-falls which he made himself. The next morning the traps were full of game, which the Indian easily and quickly skinned. The camp goods were soon transported to the new site, which soon became a veritable fur house under the guidance of the Indian.

When Spring came they took their furs to the nearest dealer. They received about a thousand dollars, each taking half. When outside of the fur-trader's place, the Indian suddenly turned to Jimmy, handing him his half of the money, saying "Your pay for saving my life." With that he ran into the forest, leaving Jimmy staring after him.

He returned to his mother, a stronger and healthier boy, making her dull life happy once more.

—STANLEY PRICE, '21.

ATHLETICS



1920

BAINBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

The two athletic associations formed in 1918 continued their organization through the 1919-1920 season.

THE BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

In the first meeting in September the following officers were elected: LeRoy Copley, president; Walter Barnes, vice-president; Arland Pettys, treasurer; Robert Nutter, secretary.

Owing to lack of material, a High School foot ball team was not organized.

No attempt was made to organize a basket ball team because of lack of material and proper place for playing.

But in base ball Bainbridge High School is developing a very promising team. A meeting of the ball team was held in March and the following officers were elected: Captain, Edson Collins; manager, Principal Carl; assistant manager, Arland Pettys.

After weeks of practice, the following candidates were selected for the team: Catcher, Kimball Hamlin; pitchers, Arland Pettys, Elsworth Greenough, Kenneth Landers; first base, Edson Collins; second base, Frank Corbin; short-stop, Ernest Hoyt; third base, Paul Burrows; right field, Kenneth Landers; center field, Harley Race; left field, Elsworth Greenough; substitutes, Earl Veargason, Elliot Danforth, Earl Cook.

The Susquehanna Valley base ball league, formed in 1919, mainly through the influence of Bainbridge High School, reorganized at a meeting held in Afton, April 10th. The teams in the league are the same as last year, namely, Unadilla, Afton, Windsor, Greene and Bainbridge. Principal Coon of Afton was elected president and Edson Collins vice-president; Principal Montgomery of Windsor, treasurer; McGowan, of Greene, secretary.

The following is Bainbridge High School's league schedule:

April 24	-----	Greene at Bainbridge
May 8	-----	Bainbridge at Greene
May 15	-----	Afton at Bainbridge
May 22	-----	Bainbridge at Windsor
May 26	-----	Unadilla at Bainbridge
June 2	-----	Bainbridge at Afton
June 5	-----	Windsor at Bainbridge
June 12	-----	Bainbridge at Unadilla



BASE BALL TEAM 1920

Front Row: (left to right) Pettys, (Ass't M'gr.) Collins, (Capt.) Hamlin, Greenough;
Middle Row: Burrows, Hoyt, Corbin, Landers, Race; Back Row: Veargason, Carl, (Manager)
Danforth

The High School team played two practice games, one with the American Separator, which the High School won, 9 to 8. In the other, Franklin beat us 11 to 5.

The following is the score of all League games in which Bainbridge participated;

Bainbridge, 21	-----	Greene, 13
Bainbridge, 9	-----	Greene, 17
Bainbridge, 28	-----	Afton, 4
Bainbridge, 16	-----	Windsor, 5
Bainbridge, 5	-----	Afton, 6

The following is the standing of the League teams at time of writing:

Team	Won	Lost	Percentage
Greene	2	1	.666
Bainbridge	3	2	.600
Afton	2	2	.500
Windsor	1	3	.250

WALTER BARNES, ARLAND PETTYS.

The Girls' Athletic Association.

The Girls' Athletic Association of this year has been considerably more active than last year.

A meeting was held at the beginning of the year and the following officers elected: President, Adelaide Collins; vice-president, Louise Barton; treasurer, Rosamond Payne; secretary, Theodora Corbin.

Several socials and dances were held during the winter months. The most important of these being the Hallowe'en social and Christmas dance, which were held in the High School building. The event of the year, however, was the Valentine program dance, given in the Town Hall on the evening of February 14th. The hall was very artistically decorated through the management of our school artist, Adelaide Collins. There were about forty couple present. Refreshments were served and a good time was enjoyed by everyone.

At a meeting held in March a cheering section was organized and Margaret Cushman was authorized as "cheer leader." Several new songs and yells have been practiced for the coming base ball games.

At another meeting, which was held later, a girls' base ball team was organized. No official games have yet been scheduled.

Arrangements are being made for some promising "foursomes" at tennis. Also "singles" are getting in practice for prospective matches. The girls are looking forward to some exciting games at tennis.

We also have a great interest in the base ball games, and with the help and influence of our cheer leader, we will do our best in helping the boys to win.

When the base ball team played a practice game at Franklin May 1st, twenty of the High School students on the cordial invitation of Miss Raymond remained for the dance. The dance was a success and everyone enjoyed a good time.

Because of the impassable roads, the girls were entertained all night at the home of Miss Raymond. Some of the boys lodged at the hotel. Others were entertained at the homes of some of the Franklin boys.

The home trip on the following day was made with great pleasure, especially by those who had to walk in. All of this pleasure trip was due to the hospitality of Miss Raymond.

—DOROTHA BANNER.

Valedictory Address

The Necessity for Physical Education.

One of the encouraging signs of the times is that people are coming to recognize that there is no virtue in being sick. Perhaps the best test of the health of the body is a continuous sensation of happiness.

The appearance of men and women as we see them in every-day life as well as the testimony brought in from every source in regard to public schools are sufficient to show us that we have little conception of the real purposes of physical education.

Perhaps if we consider for a moment the definition of physical education and its aim, we may have a better understanding and a more appreciative attitude toward this important science.

Physical Education seeks to fit the child for that practical aspect of life in which mental powers act in conjunction with physical powers in practical action. To this end there must be trained those qualities of intelligence and will, those powers of the body which will make practical action effective and successful in the co-operative and competitive work of life.

The aim of physical education is thus seen to be very complex and is bound up with intellectual and moral training. Its end, as the body alone is concerned, is health and strength; at the same time it seeks to draw out and develop those qualities of intelligence and character which are required for effective and successful practical action.

Physical training is not a new idea. As far back as the supremacy of the Greeks

and Romans in Europe and the East, physical education was a part of the training of each Greek and Roman child.

Nowhere else has there been such personal education as in the Greek schools. Nowhere in Greece was this conception of education through physical exercise carried out so exclusively as at Sparta. The whole training of the youth of Sparta was directed towards developing hardihood of character and hardness of body.

We do not pretend to attain to the level of the Greeks; circumstances will not permit it; but it is conceded that the modern school owes a duty to the health of the adolescent youth of this country as a fundamental element of education.

The schools have been slow to adjust their programs to the changed needs of the pupils and the community. Pupils no longer go to school three months of the year to read, write and cipher, leaving their vocation skill and bodily power to develop during the other nine months. They go to school nine months and are idle the other three because opportunities for developing vocational skill and bodily endurance have been taken away from them with the removal of industry from the home to the factory. The school must accept the new conditions of this industrial age and provide adequate opportunity for bodily exercise related to vocational skill and for the fundamental bodily exercises related to health.

The tendency in some parts of our country to substitute military training for more fundamental activity is a serious mistake. The addition of physical training to military drill for the rank and file of the armies of the world is a significant fact which should make clear the folly of such substitution.

To show the need of the basis for an all-round motor training, look at the thorough physical educational courses at West Point and Annapolis. It is a fact also that the Dutch government sent an army officer over here to take normal courses in physical education at Springfield, in order to prepare himself to take charge of the physical training in the Dutch academy.

In order to insure the preservation of health and the educational point of view in physical exercises, no narrow policy of military drill should be substituted for a program of fundamental health activities.

It is astonishing, in the view of the past, and in the view of the future, that men do not see that in a republican government we must depend upon the strength and power of the men and women who carry it forward.

If we want the best citizens for to-morrow, we must take care of the boys and girls of to-day. In order to develop to the fullest extent the strength and power of the men and women on whom will rest the responsibility of our government in the future, we must start now with the child.

An example of one of the tendencies to be corrected among school children is that of stooping. In time an injurious habit has formed which is not easily corrected. This often leads to the development of serious diseases which impair the health of the future citizen.

It follows, then, that in most cases physical training will straighten and broaden the stooping shoulders; that it will fill out the sunken chests and thus prevent physical defects in manhood or womanhood.

The relation of physical education to the mental and moral development of the child cannot be overestimated. Soundness of brain depends upon the soundness of body. There is no such thing as a sound mind in an unsound body.

We see in school the so-called "backward" child. The cause of the poor work done and the inattention on the part of the pupil is often due to the fact that he is undeveloped physically. Give him an opportunity for adequate physical instruction and recreation, the effects in the attitude toward his studies will be marked distinctly by his teacher.

For nearly two thousand years the subject of physical education lay dormant. The modern gymnasium has revived it. The enthusiasm for bodily training thus created

will be of inestimable value to this and to future generations and to our future as a nation.

The place in which to have social times, athletic meets, a place in which to work off surplus energy, is in the modern gymnasium. This town is in great need of this important institution. It has been necessary for the pupils to take training in a very poorly lighted, ill-ventilated and inadequate room.

It is through the modern gymnasium that we can make normal activity a recognized factor in the mental and moral development of young people not only of our own town, but also of our nation.

This evening we have come together to bid farewell to our high school days. "To the shortest path and longest lane there comes one end." So to these four years of pleasant association has come an end. The pleasure we have often expected to feel at their close is far less keen than the regret at leaving those who have been so patient and kind in their interest for our success. To them we owe a deep debt of gratitude and love, and can best express it by applying their teachings to our lives. We also wish to bid an affectionate farewell to our classmates, of whose loyalty and friendship we can have no doubt. Last of all we say good-bye to our school, our Alma Mater. Let us ever remember her with affection and gratitude, for though life holds untold treasures in store for us, our days will never be happier than those spent here in Bainbridge High School.

—MARGARET CUSHMAN, '20.

Salutatory Address

Art as an Important Factor in the World War.

Board of Education, Teachers, Fellow Students, Parents and Friends:—The pleasure of welcoming you all here has been bestowed upon me.

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, extend to you all a most cordial welcome to this sad yet happy occasion. Sad because this is our last meeting together, but happy because we have completed our High School course.

We hope you are well, we see you are come, and we know you are welcome. To us, this is a red-letter day, but we all realize it is only the commencement of bigger, better things for us.

So, in behalf of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, we appreciate your coming here to-night and say again, you are welcome.

I wonder if one ever stops to think about the art of painting pretty faces, beautiful women and great bronzed men, as having had a definite mission in the late war?

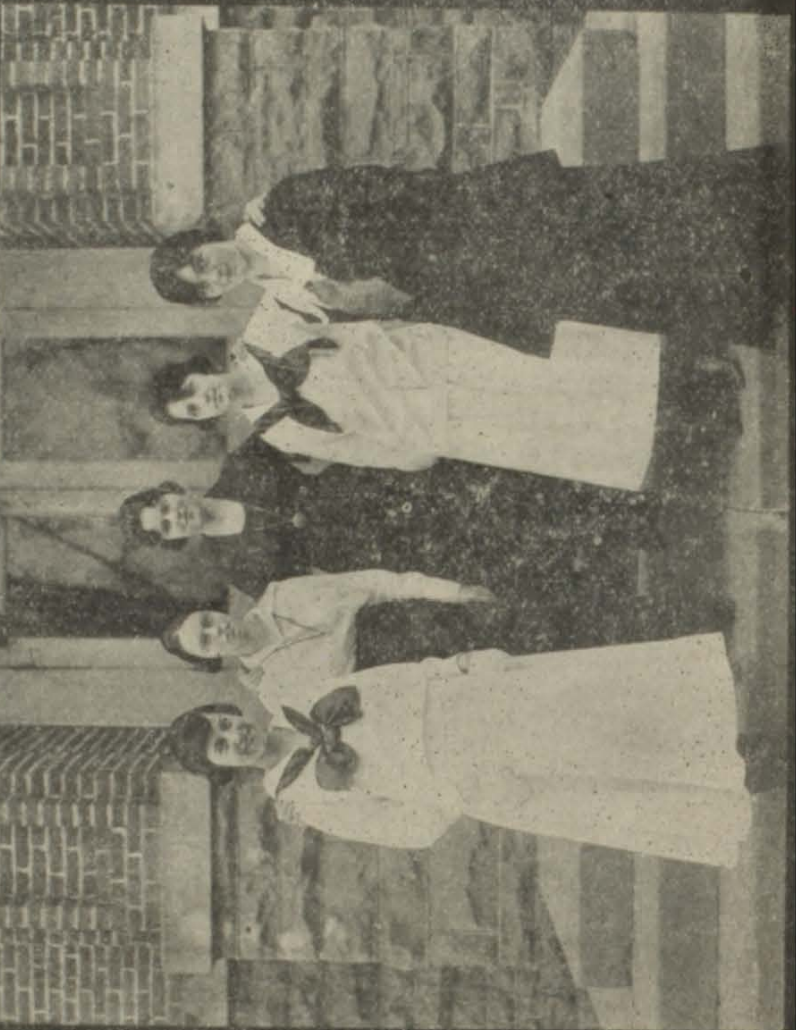
Ordinarily, the work-a-day world has left art and poetry to certain long-haired individuals to misuse as they please. Apart from the momentary enjoyment of insipid magazine covers, people seldom have had time to appreciate the real value of art. At the first trumpet call she sprang into vivid and flaring life in the war posters which incited young men to give their lives and compelled those at home to give their money. She dealt her culminating blow in the camouflage so widely practiced throughout the war stricken lands.

None of us could restrain the emotions aroused by the depictions of starving Belgium and ruined France. What one of us could resist the temptation to reach out and touch and comfort the dying lad as he lay there on the painted battlefields? And, when the time came to "give until it hurt," that pictured agony, so indelibly imprinted in our minds, loosed our purse strings.

Historians may write volume upon volume about the Great War; they may use the most eloquent and fluent descriptions, and we shall simply scan it—just a word here and there. But let any one of us gaze, in future years, at the raging battle, painted in all of its frightfulness, and we will stand before it, until we have looked upon the face of each figure in the picture. It will call to mind each instance of the battle that we had read,

SENIOR CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS



JUNIOR CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS

and future generations will, through the medium of such paintings, more fully realize the splendid sacrifices of the war. Thus art makes deeds of valor immemorial.

We have all seen and studied that wonderful appeal for Red Cross funds which is entitled "The Greatest Mother in the World." The majestic figure with her white flowing robes, holding in her curved arms the figure of a wounded "doughboy."

How familiar to those of us who were interested in the Victory Loan was the figure, bedabbled in the mud, with his rifle in one hand, helmet on one side, and a triumphant grin on his lips, as he shouted, "And they said we couldn't fight!"

"In Flanders' Fields." How that phrase calls to mind that silent meadow, scarred with white crosses and blood-red poppies; the shaft of ethereal light descending from the heavens; the figures riding on this shaft surrounded by a glory of light—a glory which was their heavenly reward.

When we revive these well-known scenes in our memories, and experience once more the thrill which impelled us to noble actions, we must realize the great important position of Art in the past war.

—ADELAIDE COLLINS, '20.

The Charge to the Junior Class

I, the president of the Senior Class, realizing that we have at last, after many long and difficult lessons, and various conflicting circumstances, arrived at the goal of our undertaking and completed the course of our High School education, do hereby name this twenty-second day of June, Anno Domini, nineteen hundred and twenty, as the greatest day of all our student lives.

And from this day we are being sent out from this, our Alma Mater, to meet the world, and we come prepared, for here we have learned some of life's greatest lessons, love of honor, truth, ambition and loyalty to our school.

We want to urge upon you, the Junior Class, and upon all other classes to come, the sense of duty and obligation that we owe our Alma Mater.

Graduation from the Bainbridge High School means something to her sons and daughters, and you, the students of that school have it in your power to say what this graduation shall mean.

We are, of course, greatly indebted to the Board of Education, the Faculty, past and present, and to the town, for the great support which they have always given the school.

Nevertheless, we must realize that it is in our hands alone to make the name. They may give us inspiration and courage, but it is for us to place the flag over the goal.

We are leaving you this banner as a symbol of all that Bainbridge High School means. It is for you to see that it shall never become sullied through neglect or disgrace. It is for you to see that the navy blue of truth, honor and hope and the white of purity always wave above us as honored and as respected as our own "Old Glory."

—SUSAN RAMSDELL, '20.

Response

We, the Juniors of nineteen hundred and twenty, are proud to receive the banner of the Bainbridge High School which you now present. We realize that it is a symbol of attainment, of an honor that comes only after years of effort and work. I assure you, as president of the Junior Class, that we realize our responsibilities and loyalty to our Alma Mater, and we will do all in our power to keep the banner floating as proudly as it ever has before.

—ANNA LENHEIM.

The Class Voyage

It was the ninth day of September, 1916, a calm, peaceful, autumnal day, with the sunshine of hope, cheer and joyous promise, that the good ship Bainbridge High School stood at the wharf of a new school year. It was the same old ship that had carried many passengers to safe harbor in the land of Great Wisdom. On this day many people gazed with wonder as they watched the eight charming young ladies and the two bold and dashing young men as they stepped so happily aboard, for it was rumored that they were about to set sail over new and untried waters in quest for "The Fountain of Perfect Understanding."

As the ship stood at anchor on that eventful morning of September, the passengers began to arrive, and as I was the first to be enrolled upon the list of passengers, to me was entrusted the important task of writing the log of the voyage. I had scarcely finished the task of placing my signature upon the register, when a companion, Adelaide Collins, joined me, a girl who had spent many happy hours with me when we sailed through the Eighth Grade sea, and who, I was glad to learn, was to join in this larger voyage. We turned around and were happy to see Lucille Hedges, a girl who had just arrived from the West. She, too, had decided to make this long voyage with us. In a short time we were joined by our other friends, who had accompanied us through the Eighth Grade, and were to start this long voyage with us. These friends were Theodora Corbin, Susan Ramsdell, Margaret Cushman, Helen Searles, Anna Lenheim, Clifford Case, Glenn Burton and Welland Hitchcock. We were sure of our gloomy voyage being made happy.

We were young and socially inclined, so it did not take us long to become acquainted with our fellow passengers. Our fears of shipwreck were entirely wiped away in the assurance that so able a staff of seamen had us in their charge. There were naturally a few cases of seasickness and various ones were tempted to throw up Algebra, Geometry and other disagreeable dishes and tossed some of their best belongings overboard in times of rough sea, but the stewardess assured them calmly but firmly that they would only have to consume these indigestibles until they were perfectly assimilated, and so they bravely managed to hold them down.

We noticed at the outset of the voyage that the stream upon which we had set sail was comparatively narrow and sheltered. By using our field glasses we could see such a wide vista of water ahead that we were led to inquire of the Pilot the significance of the situation. He explained to us that the High School life was in reality to be over four seas, though the four bodies of water were so closely joined together that they seemed but one immense sea. He informed us, further, that we had just entered upon the first and smallest of these, which was called the Freshman Sea.

The usual intimacy of shipboard sprang up between us voyagers and we have been loyal shipmates ever since. We sailed over Freshman Sea, losing three of our passengers—Lucille Hedges, Glenn Burton and Clifford Case, who took return boats home to take up other kinds of work. The rest of us, seven in number, received our checks of identification and entered the Sophomore Sea.

It would take too long to read a complete log of our eventful voyage and it would be most interesting to tell of all our delightful experiences, but after all it has but little vital significance except to ourselves. So to-night only five remain to land at Commencement Wharf. We must not divulge our shipmates' secrets. We must not forget the loyalty due to our class colors so valiantly floating at the masthead.

It has been a most wonderful voyage and we have accumulated many souvenirs from every port, striving, however, to guard against the dangers of excess baggage and of taking into our lives anything that would not be of help to us on the yet greater voyage of real life upon which we are this day to embark.

We have not faced any gale that we have not been able to withstand. We have not

been wrecked upon the shoals of any threatening task. The tides of our averages have continued to ebb and flow; the billows of examination questions have sometimes tried their best to overwhelm us, but most of them have not succeeded. We have been able to procure the necessary passport at the entrance of each succeeding sea, and have been able to pay the price in good hard work for every part of the passage. We have sympathized with the seasick passengers that made up the various classes. We have enjoyed the successful experiences of those who landed on other shores.

Now we look at the larger and more majestic ocean ahead and feel that our experience has fitted us to withstand every storm and weather any opposing force with no fear of disaster, saying with Byron:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain!"

But not in vain the Class of 1920; we will go on writing logs of greater adventures and yet more wonderful discoveries, for while the voyage of High School Life is at an end, the voyage of Real Life is just now and here at its triumphant commencement.

—CLARA J. THOMAS, '20.

Advise to the Juniors

The time has arrived in our lives when instead of our receiving all the good and bad advice as it may come to us, we are now, as Seniors, going to be very generous in giving counsel to the, perhaps, unfortunate victims, our fellow students, the Juniors, and others:

- 1.—We advise Anna Lenheim to take up as her major subject next year the science of appearing innocent, so that her mischievous actions may not be detected in her face.
- 2.—We advise Stanley Price to preserve Senior dignity and not be found with members, or a member of, the Freshman class.
- 3.—We advise Claire Clark to get a memorandum book, so that she may write down her numerous dates, in order that she will not in the future get mixed up on the nights for which she was made them.
- 4.—Chancey Norton, we advise you to apply for the position of instructor of persuasion next year, because of your unusual ability this year in persuading Mr. Carl in trigonometry that your methods were correct rather than those of your principal.
- 5.—Our advice to Paul Burrows, the next time he is ill, is to have a paper in the study hall, so that the girls may sign up for appointments to visit him. Thus there will not be two or three visiting him at the same time.
- 6.—Ruth Nutter, we advise you to spend at least forty minutes on each lesson, in order that you may have your lessons at least once a week.
- 7.—We advise Richard Ramsdell to get a metronome, so that he will be certain not to make more than one movement a minute.
- 8.—Dorothea Banner, we advise you to cut your confidential notes in one-fourth inch pieces, or smaller, and throw them out of the window during a strong wind, rather than into the waste paper basket. The danger of their being read will thus be eliminated.
- 9.—We advise Owena Crumb and Frieda Freidel to bring written requests from their parents next Fall, stating that they be permitted to sit together, so that they will not be perpetually bothering both their teachers and themselves by changing their seats without permission.
- 10.—We advise Ernest Hoyt and Arland Pettys to change their code which they use in sending notes, for the Morse code is too well known. Some important or confidential notes might be easily intercepted.
- 11.—Dorothea Petley, we advise you to keep all valuable property in the form of confidential notes and diaries at home, for the danger of their being read is great. It has

also been the cause of some pupils staying after school on account of whispering about them.

12.—We advise the Juniors to revere the ideals which we have held up before them that they may set as worthy an example to those who follow as we have done for them.

—MARGARET CUSHMAN, '20.

The Minute Book

While looking through the library the other day I found this book with pages torn and the cover worn. On looking through it I discovered that it was the Minute Book of the Class of 1920. Judging by the minutes, happy hours were spent. I say happy, not profitable, for at the end I find they haven't a cent in the treasury, and still owe the Class of 1919 sixty cents.

They seemed to have had debates. We find one led by Adelaide Collins, advocating dress reform, in which she advocates ballet costumes for school wear. She was opposed by Clara Thomas, who thought prison stripes would be the most appropriate for school girls.

At another meeting the guests were entertained by a contest between Susan Ramsdell and Margaret Cushman, in order to decide who could talk the most. The judges were undecided as to the contest, for Susan was awarded a prize for talking the most and saying the least, while "Peg" carried the prize by her facial contortions and graceful manipulations of her classic feet (meter).

At another meeting we find they have eats (in common parlance food or refreshments). Evidently the girls in spirit and in fun tried to see who could eat the most. Anyone knowing the members of the class could guess the winner of this contest. For our Teddy, keeping slowly at it, managed to eat the following: Six deviled eggs, one dozen sandwiches, three helpings of potato salad (extra large), besides a half loaf of cake, three dishes of ice cream, a few Nabiscos (probably about a box). Needless to say, she was probably sick the next day.

One night we find they entertained the Faculty, and during the evening the Faculty members were called upon to do stunts. Mr. Carl responded by singing the "Star Spangled Banner" (at least what he thought was it, for instead he sang the Doxology).

Miss Arakelian impersonated Macbeth. She gave the famous dagger speech:

"Is this a dagger I see before me,
Its handle towards my hand?
Come, let me clutch thee;
I have thee not, yet I see thee too."

Whereupon Mr. Carl yelled: "You have me; for Heaven's sake let go!" She, mistaken in her dramatic ability, had clutched him by the foretop.

Miss Raymond was determined to show her musical ability by rendering a vocal selection which no one could recognize, accompanying it with the ever remembered snapping of her fingers. It is also reported in the next meeting that the Senior Class voted to present Miss Raymond with a silver key, so that they might hereafter hope that she was in tune at least.

There were lots of other interesting events, but I am sure that this will suffice to show you that class meetings are profitable and are enjoyed by those taking part. This book has some of the happy memories of the Class of 1920.

—CLAIRE CLARKE, '21.

Junior Prophecy

I had the queerest dream the other night, one of those disconnected affairs which are caused by Welsh rarebit. The odd part of it was that our admirable Juniors were

the principal characters. If you like I will describe it.

From between portiers the color of sifted twilight, into the center of the stage illuminated by lights, the hue of dreams, glided a figure so lithe and airy that it seems possessed of a superhuman grace, as it were the very embodiment of the strain the orchestra was playing. As the figure whirled and went through the different phases of a most intricate and difficult dance, I noted the face of the almost immortal being—it was Chancey Norton.

Suddenly my mind was engulfed in a soft fragrance as of incense, and in my dreaming I beheld the glowing lanterns and heard the weird music so enthralling of the Orient. Then into this street so frightfully presided over by a gigantic statue of Buddha, comes the noise and confused murmuring of a dense mob. Above this murmur swells the pure, rich voice of a woman, inciting the almond-eyed throng to establish Woman Suffrage in China. I recognized those tones and inflections. Something truly great and above all marvelous, had induced Claire Clarke to make a public speech.

Next I was transformed to another corner of the land of visions. There, while standing in front of a little rose-covered cottage, I heard a song, trilled in the clearest of voices. Never had purity of tone, such shading of notes, fallen upon my ear. As I peeped in at the window, I saw sitting in a chair in the tiny immaculate room, a calm sweet-faced little old maid, singing as carefree as a lark. As the eyes beneath the cloud of silver hair looked up to meet mine, I saw the still brown and youthful eyes of Anna Lenheim.

My dreams suddenly became confused and when I next came to order I was standing in what seemed to be an office. The whole atmosphere was pervaded with the word "hurry." Messenger boys and stenographers were rushing madly about. Finally the tide of hurrying figures bore me to the door of a private office. Once inside, one became aware that here was some great personality. Its influence was felt before one saw the man sitting at his desk, his face knitted into a brown study as he answers and rings eleven bells. As he glanced up with an impatient movement, a "Get-it-over-with-quick-I'm-in-a-hurry" look, I met the business-like gaze of Stanley Price.

—ADELAIDE COLLINS, '20.

Senior Prophecy

It is a well-known fact that "Future events cast their shadows before." Therefore, it is not so difficult as many of you may suppose for one who studies the comings and goings of his fellow creatures to be something of a prophet and to form some idea, more or less correct, usually less, of what their future careers will be.

Now, I have for some time had a strong ambition to become a detective. So, just for the sake of practice, I have kept a sharp eye on all of you when you were perhaps unaware of being watched at all. With the knowledge of your personal characters thus gained, I now feel quit able to judge with a considerable degree of accuracy of the professions into which your personal characteristics and inclinations will lead you.

The pleasure and satisfaction of looking into the future is always mixed with more or less pain. We long to know what lies before us. Yet, when the knowledge comes to us, we tremble, fearing that we may not be able to fill the positions which Destiny has assigned us in this wide, wide world. That you may do all in your power to prepare yourselves for your future professions, I am going to prophecy your respective careers, or fates.

Seeing so clearly what is in store for you, I have at last succeeded in gathering together at great pains such mementoes as will best help each of you to meet the duties of life which the Fates have decreed shall devolve upon you, and shall immediately proceed to distribute them to you, feeling thrilled with the thought that "it is more blessed

to give than to receive," and trusting that each little gift will be received not for its material value, but for the thought behind it—my desire to help each of you toward the success you are to achieve in the dim future.

SUSAN RAMSDÉLL:—The signs indicate that you will some day be an old maid school ma'am, instructing the poor little ignoramuses in the rural school over which you will have charge. Well, I wish you all success, but I fear for your discipline; so, to enforce your authority and to strike terror to the hearts of such incorrigibles whom you may apprehend in those criminal offenses in which every child of school age loves to engage, I am giving you this fine electric spanking machine. However, if you have any conscience at all, I would not advise you to use it on any little girl—boys never do such things—whom you may "catch" chewing gum, whispering or committing any similar "girlish" offence.

ADELAIDE COLLINS:—Across the years of the future I hear you calling "So-oo, Boss!" and "Sho-o-o!" to the inmates of the cow barn and chicken house, for the Fates have decreed that you will capture the heart of some valiant farmer lad. So I am giving you this fine thoroughbred Holstein cow, with which to help stock your farm. At that time I hope that you may be able to tell Walter Barnes, our benighted P. G., which abbreviation, by the way, stands for "Blind Pig," as well as Post Graduate, that what he calls a red horse (I wonder if he would call a roan "pink")—is a bay.

MARGARET CUSHMAN—I am giving you this fine banner, which you may carry when you make your first speech; for it has been decreed by the Fates that you will some day be an orator and that you will make "Woman Suffrage" your chief subject for oration. I will also give you the benefit of this advertisement, of which I doubt not you will make frequent use: "Orations and lectures on any subject written to order for one dollar each. Would-be orators may pay for same on the installment plan if suitable references are furnished and good security is offered. Address Professor Caius Julius Caesar Demosthenes Cicero Pericles Abraham Lincoln Wiseman, Washington, D. C.

CLARA THOMAS—It is decreed by the Fates that if you have the same success in cutting classes and bluffing recitations which you have had in Bainbridge High School, you may at some time in the far, far future, probably about 1975, graduate from Cornell University. So I am also giving you a banner, of which you will please notice the colors—Cardinal and White—Cornell's colors. The white is for your loyalty to ; and the red for your love for Cornell.

THEODORA CORBIN—After many weary nights of study, following day upon day of tiresome observation, I have at last been able to deduce that, if you can only continue to lose flesh as fast in the future as you have in the last twenty-seven years, and have the good fortune to be super-annuated, you may, at some time in the 'course of time become a star track athlete. To aid you in bringing about the wonderful transformation necessary to prepare you for such a career, I am giving you this little bottle of Anti-Fat. As another excellent method of reducing flesh, I would suggest that you take frequent long walks, were I not afraid that you might not stop before you reached Unadilla in one of them.

And now, trusting that these little gifts will assist you all in facing the future fearlessly, confident in your thorough preparedness, and that each one will be received, together with the accompanying prophecy, in the same spirit of fun in which it has been given, I will close with the hope that each token may prove like mercy in its ability to bless him that gives and them that take.

—CHANCEY E. NORTON, B. H. S., '21.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1920

In behalf of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty of the Bainbridge High School, Town of Bainbridge, State of New York, United States of America, I have called

you together upon this solemn and serious occasion to listen to the Last Will and Testament and to receive from her dying hand the few gifts she has to bestow in her last moment. Cutting so rapidly loose from life and finding so many things of such gigantic proportions to be attended to before the end should come to her, realizing at the same time that she had no longer any time left to spend in the cultivation of her own virtues, she did, collectively and individually, deem it best to distribute these virtues with her own hands to those friends to whose needs they seem best fitted. As a result of this announcement, a wild scene took place amidst most frantic pleading and scrambling among her friends for this or that so long coveted glory. But she has tried to be just, as well as generous and impartial, and to distribute wisely unto those who will make the best use of such gifts as she has in her power to bestow. These are her decisions as at last definitely arrived at through very deliberate consideration.

Listen, then, one and all, while I read the document, as duly drawn up and sworn to:

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, in five individual and distinct parts, being about to pass out of this sphere of education, in full possession of a crammed mind, well trained memory, and almost superhuman understanding, do make and publish this, our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills or promises by us at any time heretofore made, or mayhap carelessly spoken, one to the other as a thoughtless wish of an idle hour.

As to such estate as it has pleased the Fates and our own strong hands and brains to win for us, we do dispose of the same as follows:

FIRST:—We give and bequeath to the dear Faculty, who have been our instructors in all the wisdom of the ages, a sweet and unbroken succession of restful nights and peaceful dreams. Also a full and unrestrained permission to attend each and every dance.

SECONDLY:—To the Junior Class we will and bequeath the glorious and most dignified name of "Seniors," together with all its privileges, and, as we have discovered, certain restrictions. May they hold the Senior dignity with all its seriousness and gravity, endeavoring to realize its vast importance in spite of their natural light-mindedness and irresponsibility.

THIRDLY:—To the Sophomores, our sister class, we give and bequeath our most hearty thanks and gratitude for their untiring devotion and cheerful assistance, which they have ever shown us.

FOURTHLY:—To the Freshman class we will and bequeath any overlooked cuds of gum we may have left adhering to the underside of desks, banisters or assembly seats, or any other likely or unlikely places. We have sometimes had to rid ourselves of these in too much haste to be able to choose the most desirable means of disposal.

FIFTHLY:—To the Post-Graduate class we will and bequeath a dustless duster, that when they enter college the brilliance they have radiated this year will shine in Colgate and Cornell as burnished and glowing as here in B. H. S.

SIXTHLY:—We have marked with a suitable bronze tablet the seat occupied by Edson Collins. We hereby order that the seat shall always be decorated in appropriate mourning in memory of the first "Special" student of Bainbridge High School.

SEVENTHLY:—To Mr. Carl we will and bequeath a periscope, that he may be better able to see over the transoms of the study hall door of any future school, and thus avoid the necessity of making perforations in the panels of the doors.

EIGHTHLY:—To the Board of Education we give and bequeath what we believe a sufficient amount of putty to seal the aforesaid holes bored by the head of the Faculty, and which have greatly injured our Senior dignity.

NINTHLY:—To Miss Raymond we will and bequeath a castanet, so that she need not wear blisters on her fingers by snapping them so much.

TENTHLY:—We will and bequeath to Miss Arakelian a card of buttons, which in

a pinch will serve as ten cent pieces when the collection plate is passed.

ELEVENTHLY:—To Miss Kirtland we will and bequeath a bouquet of "Sweet Williams," together with our best wishes.

TWELFTHLY:—To Chancey Norton we will and bequeath a pair of non-skid rubber heels, that he may preserve both his equilibrium and his Senior dignity next year.

THIRTEENTHLY:—To Anna Lenheim we will and bequeath a real button-hole, together with directions for making the same. We hope that henceforth when Anna makes button-holes they will look like this one, rather than being perfectly round eye-lets, the same size as the button.

FOURTEENTHLY:—To Stanley Price we will and bequeath a crumb tray large enough to hold one "Crumb."

FIFTEENTHLY:—To Claire Clark we will and bequeath a piece of music entitled, "You Didn't Want Me When You Had Me—Why Do You Want Me Now?"

Last comes the one thing from which we dread to part. To our successors we must leave our places in the hearts and thoughts of our principal and teachers. They will love them, unworthy as we feel they are, even as they have loved us; they will show them all the same tender kindness and attention that they have bestowed upon us; they will feel the same interest in their attempts and successes; the same sorrow when they fail. We trust that the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one will appreciate all this as deeply as we have done—that it may be their most precious possession, as it has been ours, and the one we most loath to hand over to them.

Besides these enforced gifts, we leave—not of necessity, but of our own free will—our blessing, tender memories of our pleasant associations together, and our forgiveness for anything that we may not have exactly appreciated in the demonstration of the past, and a pledge of friendship from henceforth and forever.

All the rest and residue of our property whatsoever and wheresoever, of what nature, kind and quality so ever it may be, and not hereinbefore disposed of (after paying our debts and funeral expenses), we give and bequeath to our beloved principal for his use and benefit absolutely, and to be disposed of for the good of the coming classes as he may see fit.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint the said principal sole executor of this, our Last Will and Testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, the testators, have to this our Will, written on one sheet of parchment, set our hands and seal this twenty-second day of June, Anno Domini, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Twenty.

—THEODORA CORBIN, '20.

Advise to the Seniors

Upon me has been conferred the honor of advising our most dignified Seniors. It may seem untimely for me, being a Junior, to advise the Seniors, but as they are going out into the wide, wide world, a little advice should not come amiss.

CLARA THOMAS—We advise you when attending out of town dances to wear non-skid shoes, as dance halls are generally slippery.

SUSAN RAMSDELL—We advise you when entering college next year not to begin bluffing your way through classes, thus raising your professors' suspicions and bringing fear into your heart at examination time.

MARGARET CUSHMAN—We advise you to install a gyroscope that you may better keep your equilibrium while acting as cheer leader.

ADELAIDE COLLINS we advise to institute a private art gallery containing her own

work, so that in future years when her teachers are dead, and their life only a memory, she may still hold them immortal before the eyes of the public, in every position they may have assumed before their classes.

THEADORA CORBIN we advise when hearing of a dance to concentrate her efforts upon the desirable one, that you may not be disappointed in your choice.

—STANLEY PRICE, '21.



Cast of "His Uncle John" and "The Two Dicks"

On Friday, May 28th, two plays were given for the benefit of the Senior Class, under the direction of the Faculty. "The Two Dicks" had been given by the Sophomores in a party to the Seniors earlier in the month, under the direction of Miss Arakelian. It was such a decided success that there was a request to repeat it. Both plays were received well and too much credit cannot be given to all who helped make them a success.

CAST

"His Uncle John"

(In order of appearance)

Jack Sanderson.....	Arland Pettys
Nellie Sanderson.....	Dorotha Banner
His Uncle John.....	LeRoy Copley
Bert Allison.....	Walter Barnes
Lucy Harrington.....	Claire Clarke
"Nubbins" Goodwin, Kenneth Landers	
Mrs. Slatters.....	Susan Ramsdell

"The Two Dicks"

(In order of appearance)

Miles Lambert.....	Robert Nutter
Mrs. Miles Lambert, Arminta Andrews	
Helen Sinclair.....	Dorotha Banner
Marie Brooks.....	Irene Ellis
Dick Jerome.....	Arland Pettys
Dixon Jerome.....	Ernest Hoyt
Anna	Helen Searles

Reports

The grades of the Bainbridge Public School gave a charming operetta May 13 and 14, under the direction of the grade teachers. The first night the entertainment was for the holders of Lyceum tickets; the second for the public. Dorothy Hassert, as queen of the fairies, and Ruth Oleson, her adviser, rendered their parts successfully. Charles Taylor, the Pixie king, had a chance to exercise his boyish dignity. During the play, Mildred Petley and Irene Robbins, both fairies, danced gracefully for the queen. Roland Peckham, Prince Danforth, advisers of the Pixie king; the fairy queen's flower girls, Grace Patchin and Helen Race; the pages, Clarence Hoyt, Wilfred Lyon, deserve honorable mention. The operetta was voted a very decided success and too much credit cannot be given to all those who in any way helped to bring about the success.

—F. COOPER.

A party was held at the school house on Hallowe'en. The chief event of the evening was a minstrel show, given under the supervision of Miss Arakelian. The following took part: Owena Crumb, Pauline Vanderwalker, Dorotha Banner, Anna Lenheim, LeRoy Copley, Earl Veargason, Ernest Hoyt, Paul Burrows, Frank Corbin, Kenneth Landers, Allison Spohn, Walter Barnes, Arland Pettys, Kimbal Hamlin.

Walter Barnes as "Mutt," and Frank Corbin as "Jeff," gave a few amusing sketches as "Mutt and Jeff," with the help of Sylvester Hayes. Another feature of the program was the "Charge of the Light Brigade." The fortune telling booth, conducted by Clara Thomas, attracted many who wished to know their fate. Last, but not least, was the "Hot-Dog" stand, which was the center of attraction for many. There was dancing until about 12:00 o'clock. The party proved to be a success in every way. The Athletic association cleared \$60. All who worked to make it a success felt that their efforts had been rewarded.

—F. COOPER.

During the last quarter the ministers of the village each in turn addressed the pupils in chapel. Mr. Lesh made clear the disadvantage to young people of leaving school. Mr. Alnatt gave an earnest talk about the importance of education. Mr. Scovil pictured Christ as the hero for everyone. At the time of this writing the students are looking forward to Mr. Cady's address.

—RUTH NUTTER.

Dorotha Banner, Irene Ellis, Margaret Cushman and Susan Ramsdel composed the original High School quartet. During the year they have frequently entertained the Parents'-Teachers' association and the school.

—RUTH NUTTER.

The Sophomore Class organized in March, the following officers being elected: D. Banner, president; A. Pettys, vice-president; E. Danforth, secretary; Robert Nutter, treasurer and historian.

On May 7th a party was given at the High School in honor of the Senior Class. "The Two Dicks," a comedy in two acts, was presented, the cast including D. Banner, I. Ellis, A. Andrews, H. Searles, A. Pettys, E. Hoyt and Robert Nutter. Another feature was the topical song written by Ruth Nutter and sung by D. Banner and Sophomore Class. Refreshments were served, after which there were games and dancing.

—ELLIOT DANFORTH, '22.

On March 25 the Freshman Class held a meeting and the following officers were elected: President, Pauline Vanderwalker; vice-president, Thelma Taylor; secretary, Frank Corbin; treasurer, Edgar Hayes; historian, Burritt Haddow.

The Freshman Class held a party on April 16 at the home of Miss Owena Crumb. The guests of the evening were the High School Faculty. The evening was spent in dancing and games. Refreshments were served at 11:30. All present spent a very enjoyable evening.

The officers of the Senior Class for this year are as follows: President, Susan Ramsdell; secretary and treasurer, Clara Thomas.

The Junior Class elected the following officers for 1920: President, Anna Lenheim; vice-president, Stanley Price; secretary, Claire Clark; treasurer, Chancey Norton.



THE FACULTY

Front Row (left to right) Mrs. Stewart, Miss Wood, Miss Farley; Second Row Miss Arakelian, Miss Youmans, Miss Johnson, Miss Ryder; Back Row Mr. Carl, Miss Raymond

Topical Song to Seniors

I.

It's most two years since we all entered dear old B. H. S.
 And we were all so green, of that we truly do confess;
 But we're learning every day, and soon you'll all agree,
 That by the time we're Seniors, we'll have profited well by thee.

II.

How every one does sit up straight, when Teddy does come nigh;
 She is the beauty of the class, as Jimmy testifies.
 She's growing slimmer every day, and soon she will appear
 Upon the stage Commencement night, a graduate dear.

III.

Now every one who is in school, well pass on this one test,
 Of all the flirts we ever knew, our Clara is the best.
 She is a friend to all who enter Bainbridge High School doors,
 And every time a base ball game, she snares them by the scores.

IV.

And then there's graceful Susan, the fairest of the class.
 We all do love her, oh, we hate to have her pass.
 She is the one the teachers scold, while whisper all the rest,
 For they all know she's bluffing, else she'd always pass the test.

V.

Oho, there's Peggy Cushman, the smartest girl in school,
 For she's the Val-dictorian, and no one's little fool!
 And not only in students' ways does this bright girl excel,
 But also on the base ball field, where she does make us yell.

VI.

And there stands stately Adelaide by the chimney place,
 Making bluffs at Mr. Carl, whom she'd like to shake.
 How all the knights do gaze on her, when she the paint brush wields,
 And sigh with longing just to wear her name upon their shield.

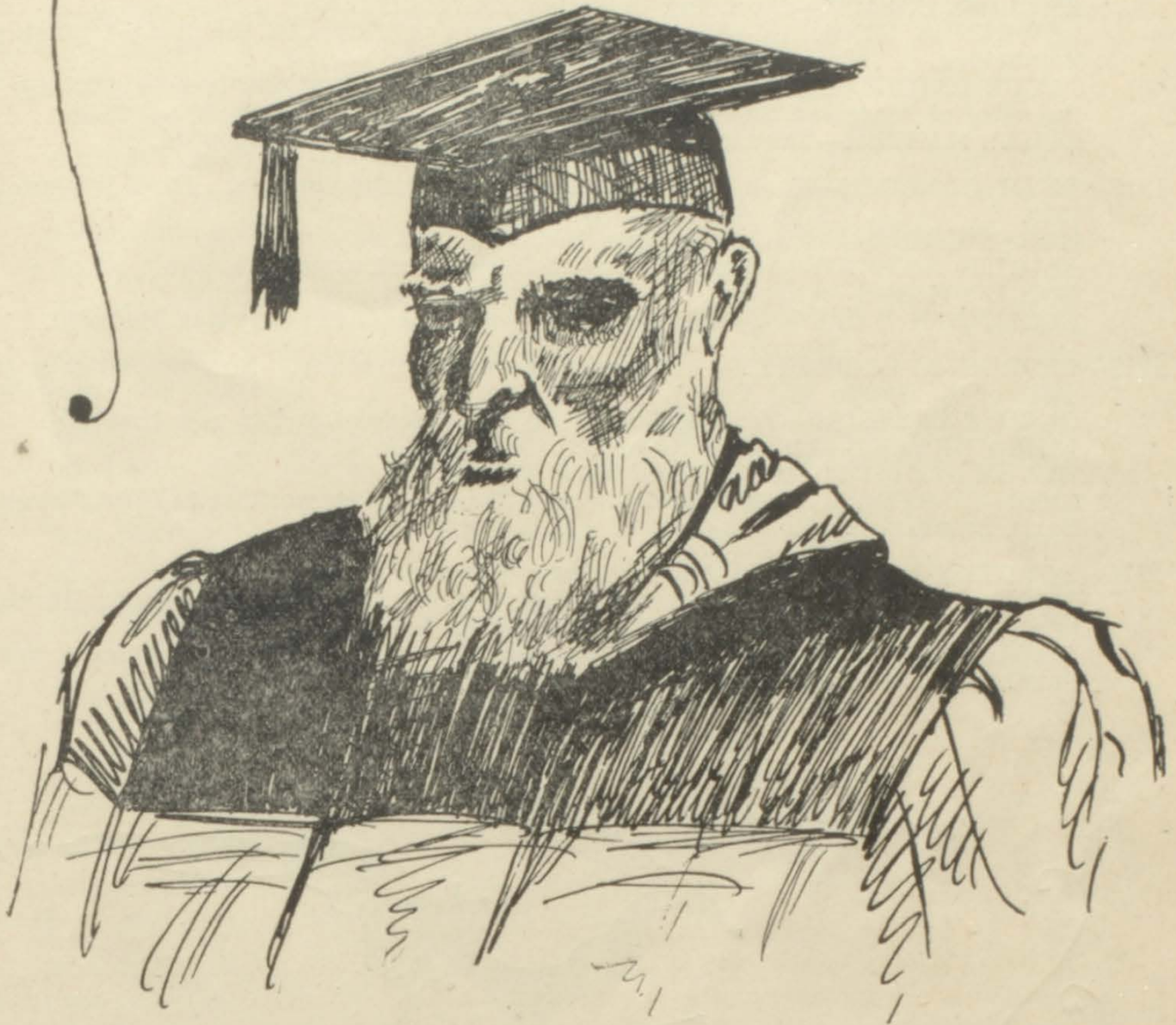
VII.

And here's to Miss Ar'kelian, the helper of us all;
 If she were not our counsellor, empty would be this hall.
 And when exams come rolling 'round, we charge you all to think,
 That if it had not been for her, you'd surely, surely sink.

CHORUS

It's a long time since you were Sophomores;
 It's a long time we know;
 But in a short time you'll all be leaving.
 How we hate to see you go!
 Bye and bye we'll be Seniors, proud and princely too;
 Don't forget that we will always cherish fond memories of you.

ALUMNI



- 1919—MILDRED COLWELL—Attending Albany Business College.
 LOUELLA BARTON—Attended Albany Business College; now working in the office of the Casein Mfg. Co.
 PHILENA DEDRICK—Attended Oneonta Normal. Now teaching at Bennettsville.
 CATHERINE PAYNE—Attended Albany Business College. Now working in Albany.
 WALTER BARNES—Taking a post-graduate course in B. H. S.
 LeROY COPLEY—Taking a post-graduate course in B. H. S.
- 1918—KATHERINE HUMPHREY—Attending Columbia University.
 MILDRED FRENCH—Attended Oberlin Business College. Now working in the office of American Separator Co.
 CHARLAH IRELAND—Attending Syracuse University.
 MILDRED NUTTER—Attending Plattsburg Normal School.
 FLORENCE PRICE—Took a post-graduate course in B. H. S. Attended Oneonta Normal and is now teaching.
 VERNA ROSENCRANTS—Attended Lowell Business College and is now working in the office of American Separator Co.
 EDGAR BANNER—Attending Cornell University.
 IVISON TURPS—Attending Albany Business College.

- 1917—MARGARET ARMSTRONG (Copley)—Attended Albany Business College. Married D. M. Copley and now living in Norwich.
 NORMA CARTLEDGE—Attended Wyoming Seminary and is now working in Unadilla.
 EMELINE CORBIN—Attending Columbia University.
 LAWRENCE DINGMAN—Married, and is now working in the freight office in Bainbridge.
 CLYDE HITCHCOCK—Attended Albany Business College and is now working in the office of American Separator Co.
 ETHEL MANZER—Taking a course in nursing in Bellevue Hospital.
- 1916—RUTH GARLOCK—Took a course in nursing at Binghamton. Died January 1, 1919.
 ERIC NICHOLS—Attended Oneonta Normal and is now teaching.
 ALDYTH NICHOLS—Attended Oneonta Normal and is now teaching.
 IRENE STRONG—Attended Oneonta Normal and is now teaching.
 ELIZABETH WHITE—Taking a course in nursing at the Scranton Hospital.
- 1915—GEORGE AYLESWORTH—Attended Syracuse University. Now working in the office of the Casein Mfg. Co.
 GLADYS CUSHMAN—Attended Westfield State Normal and is now teaching.
 INDRA BRYANT—Attending Columbia Conservatory of Music.
 HELEN STEWART—Attended Oneonta Normal.
 SHIRLEY STEWART—Attended Oneonta Normal. Now working in First National Bank, Bainbridge.
- 1914—DOROTHY DICKENSON—Attended Boston Conservatory of Music.
 THOMAS COLLINS, JR.—Attended Pratt Institute. Enlisted in army. Married, and now working in the office of the American Separator Co.
 DONALD COPLEY—Attended Colgate, enlisted in army, returned to Colgate, graduated, and now is a chemist in the Norwich Pharmacal Co.



She—"Am I the only girl you have ever loved?"

Paul—"Certainly, darling."

She—"Then why have you called me Florence ten times this evening, when my name is Carrie?"

Kenneth—"You are the sole aim of my life."

Louise—"Well, you won't make a hit unless you get closer to the target."

LeRoy—"I had a dream last night and I dreamed I went to heaven."

Edson—"Did you see me there?"

LeRoy—"Yes; that's why I know it was a dream."

Teacher—"Johnny, do you know where shingles were first used?"

Johnny—"I'd rather not tell, teacher."

The Matrimonial Age.

Anna—"I don't intend to be married until after I'm thirty."

Clara—"And I don't intend to be thirty until after I'm married."

Kimbal—"I was calling on a girl the other night and had been there about an hour when she told me she didn't want to see me any more."

Stub—"What did you do then?"

Kimbal—"Oh. I turned off the lights and stayed."

Mr. Carl (in Chemistry)—"Since the freezing point of alcohol is much lower than that of water, it is sometimes used in the radiators of cars during cold weather."

Anna (earnestly)—"I should think it would ruin the carburetor."

Hoyt—"I haven't cracked a book in this course."

Norton—"Heck; I've torn up two."

Teachers are a collective body of wise old fools whose duty it is to teach other fools to become wise men.

Mrs. Carl—"On your way down town will you ask that girl at the store to——"

Mr. Carl—"You mean that maiden with the blue eyes, bobbed hair, ruby lips, deep dimples and graceful carriage?"

Mrs. C.—"Oh. you needn't mind; I intend to go down-town myself to-day."

Doc.—"Are you ticklish?"

Brick—"No; I am Irish."

Heard in French Two Class.

Miss A.—"Give the principal parts of the verb 'to say or tell.'"

Ed.—"Which one, dire?" (Pronounced "dear.")

Heard in Ancient History Class.

Miss A. (Impatiently, after a fruitless effort to obtain the name of a certain philosopher)—"Miss Searles, you tell me the man I'm after now."

Miss A. (in Ancient History Class)—"Speak a little louder, Landers; Miss Barton over there would like to hear all you have to say."

Miss Raymond (in English II)—"Miss Vanderwalker, I want you to stop laughing; I don't see anything to laugh at."

Pauline (looking at Miss R.)—"I do."

Miss Raymond—"Don't sit there staring at me. Why don't you say something?"

Richard—"I didn't know it was my turn yet."

A Practical Astronomer.

A Voice—"Theodora, what are you doing out there?"

Teddy—"I'm looking at the moon, mother."

Voice—"Well, tell the moon to go home and come in off the porch; it is half-past eleven."

Mr. Carl—"What's the matter with your throat?"

Anna—"I've got the 'itis.'"

Mr. C.—"What's that?"

Anna—"The doctor says I've got tonsillitis, but I haven't got any tonsils."

Nervous Fresh—"Meet Miss Er-ah-ah-er-ah."

Young Lady—"Never mind giving your school yell; finish the introduction."

Father (sternly)—"Young man, I saw you put your arm around my daughter last night."

Youth—"I suppose you noticed how she struggled, too?"

Edson—"Ma won't let me use the machine any more."

Waltie—"Why?"

Edson—"I forgot to clean the hairpins out last night."

Earl V.—"I had my nose broken in three places last Summer."

Pettys—"But why do you persist in going to those places?"

Customer (in lunch room)—"Do you serve crabs?"

Waitress—"Yes; we treat all customers alike."

"There is nothing ne wunder the son," sighed the fond mother as she sewed another patch upon the pants of her offspring.

Lecturer on Hygiene—"As a precaution against reoccurrence of fainting, what is the best to do after you have brought the patient to?"

Voice from Rear—"Bring two for myself."

Miss Arakelian—"How was iron first discovered?"

Burritt—"I'm a little rusty on that, but I think they smelt it."

Stub—"I can't find 'airplane' in the dictionary."

Arland—"Have you looked on the flyleaf?"

A green little Freshman in a green little way
Mixed some chemicals up for fun one day.
The green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little Freshman's green little grave.

Why?

Edson—"Why are silk shirts a luxury?"

Le Roy—"Because you pay \$10 for goods worth five and your coat and vest cover up all but a nickle's worth."

Surgical Triumph.

"And shall I be able to play the piano when my hands heal?" asked a wounded soldier.

"Certainly you will," said the doctor.

"Gee; that's great. I never could before."

Pettys—"I haven't the cheek to kiss you."

Hilda—"Use mine."

Father—"Daughter, daughter; hasn't that young man gone yet?"

Susan—"No, father; but I've got him going."

Earl (fiercely)—"I'm going to kiss you before I go."

Mildred (passionately)—"Leave the house at once."

So He Showed Her.

E. Hayes—"You know, I've been taking dancing lessons since I last saw you."

Erma—"Oh, that's wonderful; show me some of the steps you have learned."

E. Hayes—"Well, I haven't learned any steps yet, but I'm practicing on the holds."

Upper Grade Teacher—"What tense is 'I am beautiful?'"

Student—"Why, er-er-, remote past."

There are meters of accent
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is meet her alone.

Teddy—"I thought geometry was your selection last year."

Betty—"It was, but the Faculty encored me."

"The night wore on."

"What did it wear?"

"The close of day, you idiot."

Stub—"After all, I go to school to study."

Miss Raymond—"Yes; after all."

Susan (joke editor)—"Why don't you laugh at our jokes?"

Freshman—"I have been taught to respect the old and infirm."

Miss Raymond—"Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Kenneth—"Well, that covers the ground; don't it?"

Musical Vamping.

Miss Arakelian—"I like your voice, Miss Ellis, but I can't understand your actions at the beginning of your song."

Irene—"My actions?"

"Yes; the business with your shoulders and eyes."

"It is in the music."

"In the music?"

"Yes; right here after the introduction it says 'vamp till ready.'"

He—"Are you deaf to my pleadings?"

She—"I am."

He—"But what if I offer you a diamond ring?"

She—"Oh. I'm not stone deaf."

Mr. Carl—"Why were you tardy?"

Anna—"Class began before I got there."

"Do you like tea?"

"Yes, but I like the next letter better."

He—"What is the shape of a kiss?"

She—"Er- why, I never noticed."

He—"Well, give me one and we'll call it square."

Hotel Clerk—"How much do you sleep?"

Paul—"Eight hours a day."

Clerk—"I thought so. What do you do nights?"

Co-Ed.—"I want to get a skirt."

Clerk—"How long do you want it?"

Co-Ed.—"I don't want to rent it; I want to buy it."

Bob—"I wish I were you."

Bill—"Why? You never get licked like me and you have more money."

Bob—"I know; but you can wiggle your ears."

Madeline—"Why, it is only 6:00 o'clock and I told you to come after supper."

Jack—"That's what I came after."

Mistletoe helps the man who helps himself.

Mary had a cud of gum,
It was as white as snow,
And every place that Mary went,
The gum was sure to go;
It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
The teacher took it away from her
And chewed it after school.

"Which travels faster, heat or cold?"

"Heat; because you can catch cold."

"What is the shape of a kiss?"

"A-lip-tickle" (elliptical).

A horse that likes a loose rain should go out in a thunder storm.

Brain is a commodity as scarce as radium and more precious.

A nation without women is a stag nation.

Study is a scheme invented by the teachers to shorten the life of a student.

Woman is like dough, because she is hard to get off your hands.

Coquet and coy at once her air;

Both studied though both seem neglected;

Careless she is with an artful care:

Affecting to seem unaffected.—Susan.

Attention, 'Stub!

Rain is wet; dust is dry;

Life is short, and so am I.

Never be discouraged by trifles such as fellows hand over their examination papers.

Hoyt—"I press my suit on bended knee."

Irene—"Haven't you got an ironing board?"

Louise—"Are you fond of indoor sports?"

Claire—"Yes; if they know when to go home."

Adelaide is looked up to for more reasons than one.

Johnson—"Heard a queer case tried in court to-day. A saloon keeper charged with beating his wife claimed he had a right to do it."

K.—"Where did he get it?"

J.—"He had a license to liquor."

We'd Like to Know

If Mr. Carl ever tipped over in his office chair.

If Miss Arakelian ever lost her temper.

If Miss Raymond's curiosity was ever satisfied.

If Clara Thomas ever had a cold sore.

If Anna Lenheim ever whispered without getting caught.

If "Brick" Norton ever fell down in school.

Why Laura Skinner blushed.

If Burritt Haddow has to have his shoes made to order.

Why Earl Veargason is always sleepy.

Why Paul Burrows is trying so hard to make a home run.

Why "Fuzzy" Kirkland wanted the typewriter crank.

Miss Kirtland's object in playing tennis so early in the morning.

Why Teddy Corbin is always late to school.

Why Susan Ramsdell's French is always a carbon copy.

Why the boys don't return "Peg" Cushman's affections.

How old Adelaide Collins thinks she is.

Why Claire Clarke couldn't go out school nights for three weeks.

When Stanley Price cried last.

Why Earl Cook is afraid of hens (and chickens).

Why "Walt" Barnes can't whistle in the house.
When little "Eddie" Collins got conceited and learned to boss.
Why Arland Pettys wants to go to New Berlin so bad.
If "Stub" Corbin is raising his mustache for a soup strainer.
If Kimbal Hamlin ever noticed the sign in the dance hall, "DO NOT SHIMMY."
Why Ken Landers had such a good time at the Freshman meeting.
Why Edgar Hayes wears diamonds.
Why Allison Spohn likes brick houses.
Why Frances Cooper makes eyes at "all of the boys."
Why "Dot" Petley looks at all the truck drivers.
Why Hazel Newman likes the Parks.
If Louise Barton and Claire Clark could be separated.
Why "Dot" Banner likes to be in all the plays.
Why Irene Ellis got sent out of Geometry.
If LeRoy Copley ever had to stay after school for misconduct.
Why Peg Skinner spends so much money for stamps.
When Elliot Danforth was old enough to smoke.
Where Pauline Vanderwalker learns so many jokes.
If Helen Searles learned to flirt by correspondence.
If Ernest Hoyt has any "fetchin' up."

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"31 steps from the Post Office."

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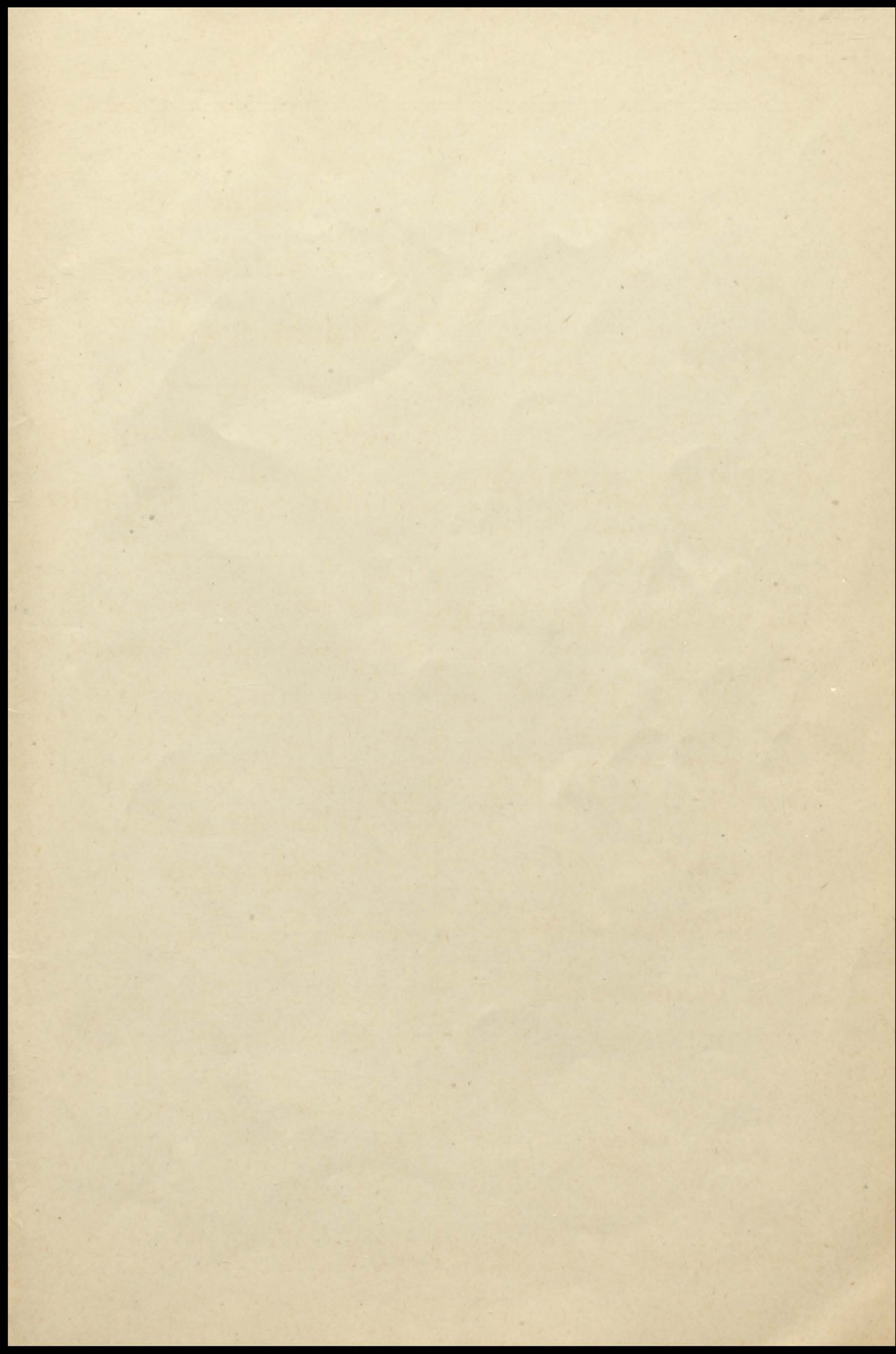
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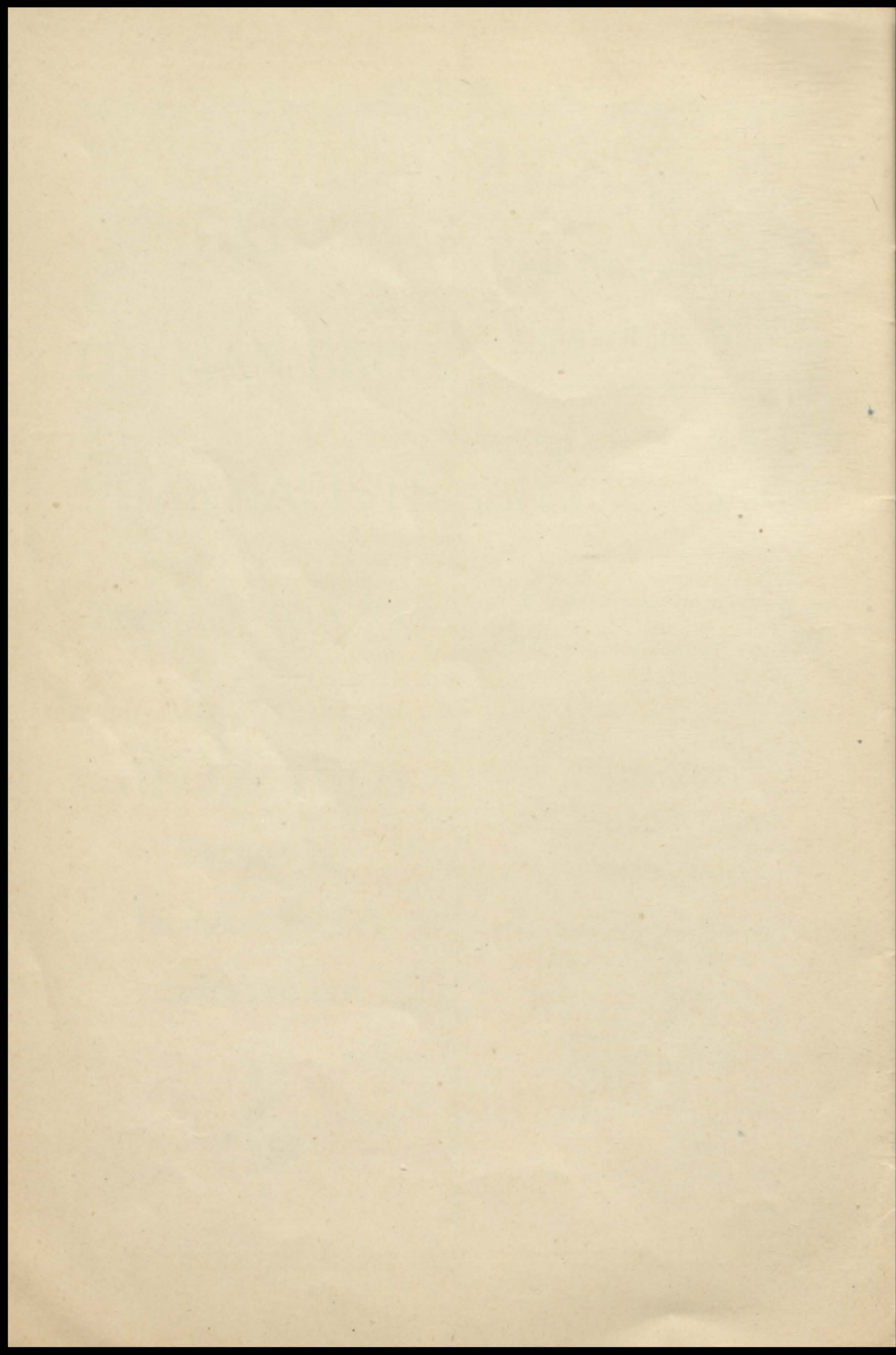
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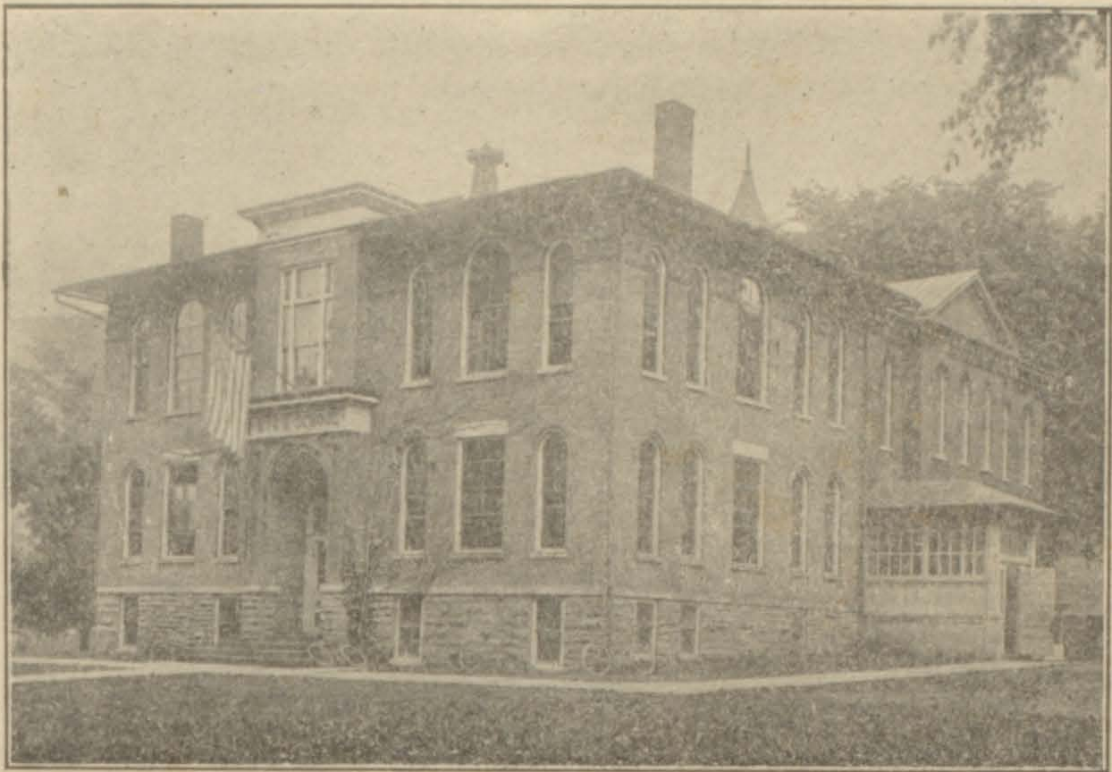
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 ATTORNEY AT LAW
 Bainbridge, N. Y.





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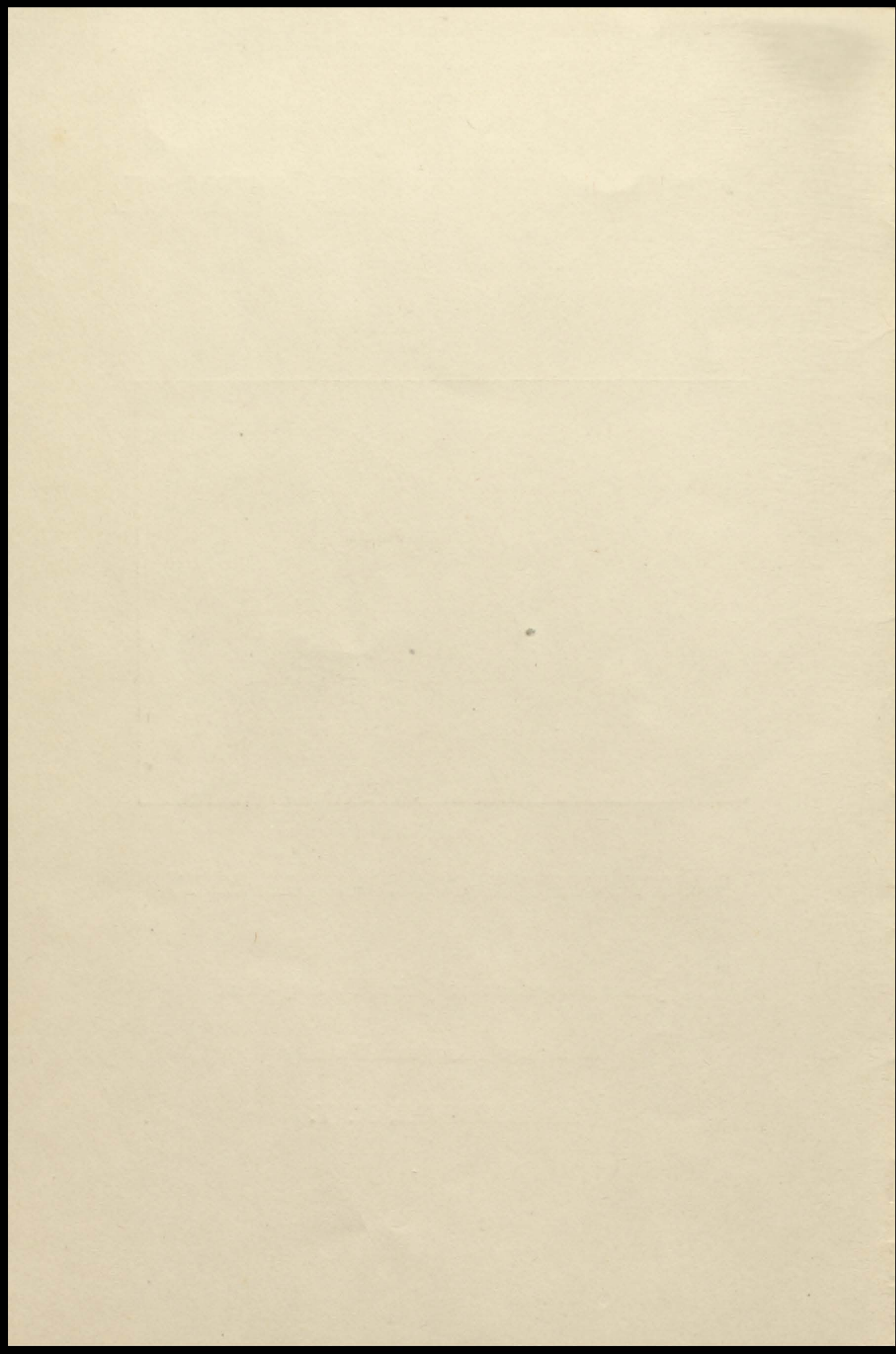


FORTY-THIRD COMMENCEMENT

June Twentieth to June Twenty-third

Nineteen Hundred Twenty

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y.



SUNDAY EVENING
 June Twentieth, Eight o'clock
 BACCALAUREATE SERMON
 METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Voluntary. "Berceuse," Walter Spinney - Organ
 Processional, "Marche Romaine," Gounrod - Organ
 Entrance of Flower Girls with Daisy Chain
 Entrance of Classes
 Hymn, 37, "Jesus Where're Thy People Meet"
 Scripture Lesson, II. Timothy 2:1-15.
Read by Rev. J. deLancey Scovil
 Prayer, Offered by - - Rev. C. H. Allnatt
 Hymn 210, "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken"
 Sermon, "Outward, Onward, Upward" - Rev. R. F. Lesh
 Hymn 701, "While For All Mankind We Pray"
 Benediction - - - Rev. Charles D. Cady
 Postlude, "Festival March," Teilman - - Organ

FLOWER GIRLS

Louise Barton	Dorothea White
Eloise Payne	Ethel Cook
Hazel Newman	Lydia Collins
Pauline Vanderwalker	Erma Colvin
Lacey Campbell	Dorothea Petley
Owena Crumb	Myrtle Getter
Carrie Cheesbro	Rosemond Payne
Claire Montgomery	Frances Kentfield
Irene Robbins	Marjorie Purvis
Mildred Petley	Thelma Taylor

MONDAY EVENING

June Twenty-first

Fifteen Minutes After Eight O'clock

Commencement of the Elementary Department High School Assembly Hall

Musical Selection	-	Erma Colvin and Claire Montgomery
Invocation	-	Rev. R. F. Lesh
Salutatory, "The American Flag"	-	Mildred Petley
Song, "Dannie Boy"	-	Ruth Oleson
Recitation,	-	Margaret Wilcox
Song, "The Wind"	-	Rolland Peckham
Reading	-	Madeline Moore
Duet, Violin and Piano,	Doris Wilcox and Myrtle Kentfield	
Class Prophecy	-	Mary Brennan
Solo	-	Mrs. W. Roider
Recitation, "Extremes"	-	Helen Bluler
Song	-	Grades Two and Three B
Recitation	-	Burr Race
Song	-	Grade One
Address	-	Rev. Charles Cady, Pastor Presbyterian Church, Bainbridge, N. Y.
Valedictory, "A Rising Profession,"	-	Mary Hollenbeck
Presentation of Eighth Grade Diplomas and promotion certificates to the grades	-	Principal G. Harold Carl
Benediction,	-	Rev. J. deLancey Scovil

Class Roll

Marjorie Purvis	Dorothea Petley
Irene Robbins	Willis Miller
Florabel Coates	Edward Partridge
Adah Loomis	George Lesh
Mary Hollenbeck	Kenneth Ireland
Lydia Collins	Roland Andrews
Erma Colvin	Edwin Butler
Mildred Petley	Frank Brown
Claire Montgomery	Carlton Kirkland
Dorita Armstrong	Kimball Hamlin

TUESDAY EVENING
 June Twenty-second
 Fifteen Minutes After Eight O'clock
 Class Night, Town Hall Theatre

Orchestra, Overture	-	-	-	-	C. Coevers
Senior Advice	-	-	-	-	Stanley Price
Junior Advice	-	-	-	-	Margaret Cushman
Selection	-	-	-	-	Men's Quartette
Senior Prophecy	-	-	-	-	Chancey Norton
Junior Prophecy	-	-	-	-	Adelaide Collins
Solo	-	-	-	-	Mr. Leigh Evans
Class Voyage	-	-	-	-	Clara Thomas
Minute Book	-	-	-	-	Claire Clark
Orchestra, "In a Woodland Glade"	-	-	-	-	G. E. Holmes
Class Will	-	-	-	-	Theodora Corbin
Selection	-	-	-	-	Men's Quartette
Charge to the Juniors	-	-	-	-	Susan Ramsdell
Response to the Charge	-	-	-	-	Anna Lenheim
Alma Mater					

Curtain

Orchestra, "Mother's Garden"	-	-	-	-	Hugh Frey
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SCENE:—Garden Party. TIME:—Present.

WEDNESDAY EVENING

June Twenty-third

Fifteen Minutes After Eight O'clock

Commencement, Town Hall Theatre

Orchestra, "Cleopatra Overture	-	Fred Luscomb
Invocation	- - -	Rev. J. deLancey Scovil
Salutatory Address, "Art as an Important Factor in the World War,"	- -	Adelaide Collins
Address,	- - -	Rev. Wilson E. Tanner
Rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, Binghamton, N. Y.		
Valedictory Address, "The Necessity for Physical Education,"		Margaret Cushman
Presentation of Diplomas	- -	Julien Scott
President of the Board of Education		
Orchestra, "The Wood-Nymph"	- -	Wm. Lyers
Benediction	- - -	Rev. R. F. Lesh

Organization of Bainbridge High School for the
year Nineteen hundred nineteen and
Nineteen hundred twenty

Faculty

G. Harold Carl	-	-	-	Principal
Virginia Arakelian	-	-	-	French and Latin
Lucia Raymond	-	-	-	History and English
Rosalie Ryder	-	-	-	Eighth Grade
Frances Stewart	-	-	-	Sixth and Seventh Grades
Ruth Youmans	-	-	-	Fifth Grade
Opal Farley	-	-	-	Third and Fourth Grades
Elsa Wood	-	-	-	Second Grade
Erma Johnson	-	-	-	Kindergarten and First Grades
Eunice Kirtland	-	-	-	Physical Education

Board of Education

Julien Scott, President; Sebert Hollenbeck, Secretary; Georgana
Turnham, Hugh Collins, Mrs. L. B. Fairbanks

Senior Class

Adelaide Elizabeth Collins, 2d honor
Theodora Charlotte Corbin
Margaret Lucy Cushman, 1st honor
Susan Lucy Ramsdell
Clara Josephine Thomas

MOTTO: Jamais Arriere

COLORS: Green and White FLOWER: White Rose

Music furnished by Teachout's Orchestra

BS

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SESSION OF 1920-1921 OPENS SEPTEMBER 20TH

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PRELIMINARY REQUIREMENT FOR THE SESSION OF 1921-22

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For further information address

DR. DANIEL H. SQUIRE, Dean

University of Buffalo, College of Dentistry

25 Goodrich St., Buffalo, N. Y.
