

The Echo

Nineteen Hundred
Twenty-four

"We sincerely wish each student of Bainbridge High School success and prosperity for the coming years."



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THE ECHO

FORWARD

In nineteen hundred and twenty-three, the students of Bainbridge High School, under the direction of Miss Mabel Hill, revived the publication of the school annual, "The Echo," some two years decadent. So successful were the efforts of the pupils and so instantaneous the response of the townspeople in their support of the publication, that this year they have attempted a like project.

A good school paper not only helps to advertise its school, but also permits the students to put their ideas before their fellows, and provides an opportunity for the display of ability outside a classroom. The experience gained by contributing to a school paper is often a considerable asset in later life; it develops a certain confidence which one gains nowhere else.

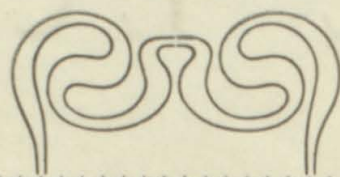
Although this season has brought to us the beginning of higher ideals and more enthusiasm for the things worth while, still one does not expect to find much wisdom in an echo of High School life. However such bits of humor, sarcasim, and history as are here depicted, always prove entertaining, as well as interesting; so enjoy with us, these, the echoes of Bainbridge High School Days.

Prof. F. G. Casey.

Nineteen
Hundred and
Twenty-Four

Vol. VI.

No. 1

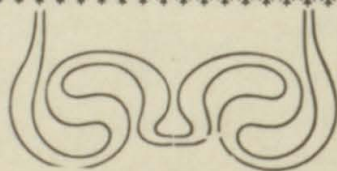


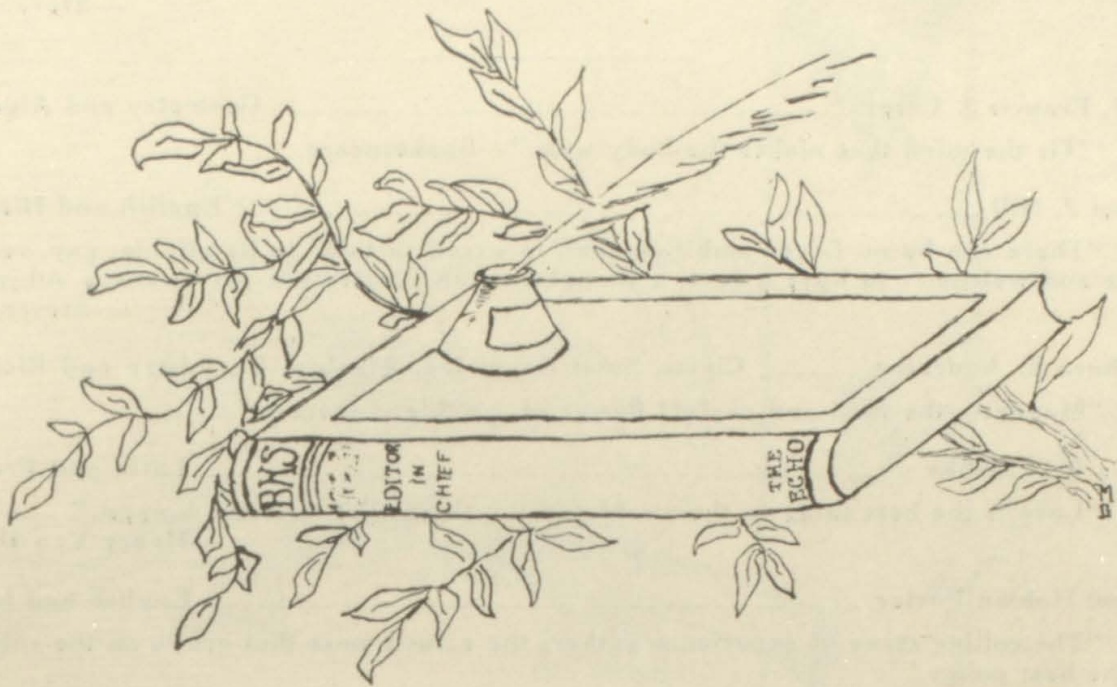
Dedication

We, the pupils of Bainbridge High
School, dedicate this issue of

"The Echo"

to our fond and cherished hopes
of a new school building in the
near future





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FACULTY

"Honor is a diamond cut in a thousand facets and with the true fire in each."
—Stevenson.

Prof. Francis J. Casey ----- Geometry and Algebra

"Tis the mind that makes the body wise."—Shakespeare.

Mabel J. Hill ----- English and History

"There can be no fairer ambition than to excell in talk; to be affable, gay, ready, clear and welcome; to have a fact, a thought, or an illustration pat to every subject."
—Stevenson.

Barbara S. Anderson ----- Civics, Solid Geometry, Algebra, Chemistry and Biology

"Manner—the final and perfect flower of a noble character."

Anna M. Paschke ----- Latin and French

"Love is the best thing in the world and the thing that lives the longest."
—Henry Van Dyke.

Mabel Holden Foster ----- English and Latin

"The rolling stone of experience gathers the valued moss that grows on the surface of the best policy."

Mildred Frank ----- Homemaking

"The best possible illustration of consistent economy is proven by the result of intelligent expenditures."

Margaret Miner ----- Eighth Grade

"An aspiration is a joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune we can never exhaust."—Stevenson.

Rose J. Latham ----- Seventh Grade

"Nullos horas nisi beator numerat."
"She counts no hours but happy ones."

Gertrude Y. Genung ----- Sixth Grade

"A beautiful thought and noble action outvalues all the utilities of a beautiful world."

Ruth C. Youmans ----- Fifth Grade

"It is more blessed to render an idea than to receive a suggestion."

Olive Gould Smith ----- Fourth Grade

"Courage is the principle virtue for all others presuppose it."—Stevenson.

Bertha Dorfler ----- Third Grade

"There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy."—Stevenson.

Ruth H. Davis ----- Second Grade

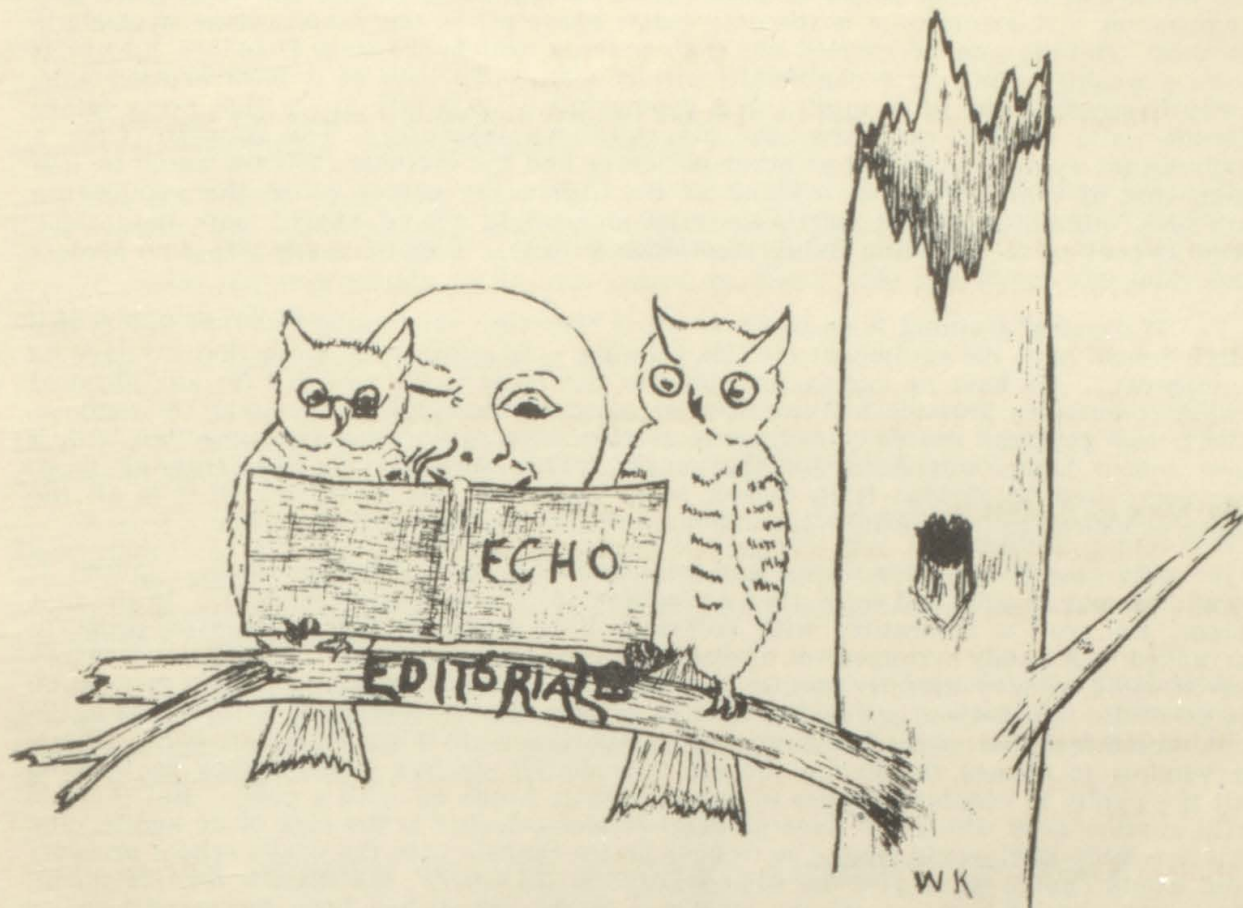
"To speak kindly, wisely and pleasantly is the first of duties, the easiest of duties and the duty that is the most blessed in its performance."—Stevenson.

Anna C. Naylor ----- First Grade

"The essence of love is kindness."—Stevenson.

WHO IS HE?

You see him when you're passing by,
Or running through the halls on high;
Standing in front of his own room,
With his blue eyes on the moon.
Not on the moon they seem to be,
But boring holes through you and me,
Then these words as from a gun
"Report to me when school is done."



A NEW SCHOOL

We feel that there needs be no apology for again bringing this question before the people of Bainbridge. We are filled with this idea and aim ; to put this matter before you so that you may concentrate all your interest in this project. We are certain that the people of Bainbridge have great interest and pride in their children, their High School, and its faculty ; and so we believe that this interest at present needs to be centered in a more adequate school building for them. This is the sole aim and only object of this editorial.

It is almost needless to say that the present school building is inadequate for either mental or physical training. First let us consider the outlook for the mental side of Bainbridge High School. To fight ones way through life now, more than ever needs a developed mind. Your academy is the place where the minds of your children are developed. This development consists not especially in the amount of knowledge the mind acquires but in the training, the mind gets to enable it to use this knowledge freely. You all insist that your children be educated. These illustrations may put it in your mind more firmly. There is a book printed by the name of "Who Who in America." You have to be pretty important to get your name in this book. A boy who goes to Grammar School has one chance out of a thousand to get his name in the book ; the boy who goes to High School has one chance in five hundred ; the boy who goes to College has one chance in sixty ; and the boy who takes Post Graduate work has one chance in four. Is an education worth while? Another illustration might help. Twenty dollars worth of pig iron when made into rails, is worth ninety dollars; turned into knife blades is worth two hundred dollars ; and turned into watch springs is worth one thousand dollars. Hence the boys and girls should go to High School to develop their minds.

If then, mental development means so much to your children, the ability of your school to furnish it is important. There are only two class rooms for the high school in the present High School building proper ; both are too small, neither have adequate black boards, adequate light, adequate ventilation or adequate placement of books. Is it possible for a teacher to do her best work under these circumstances ? Is it possible for twenty-one pupils to be seated comfortably in a room nine by eighteen to say nothing of including desks or other such facilities to help both pupils and teacher. Can a teacher do her best work when she has to hold classes everywhere, in a cold dingy laboratory, in a crowded study hall, in a tucked up room in the Domestic Science building ? I ask you can it be done ?

We feel that physical training must not be overlooked nor underestimated. A school which emphasises only the mental growth of young people is obviously failing in its duty to make manhood and womanhood. The true man or true woman is not waning by any means. This is even more important in Bainbridge since this town has no Y. M. C. A. and there is no place for recreational activities provided by churches or other organizations, especially in the winter. Surely, if we have real interest in the part of

the welfare of the young people of Bainbridge, we can not pass over the importance of a gymnasium. A gymnasium is the only place, above all in the winter where systematic physical training can be carried on, that training which changed Theodore Roosevelt from a weakling into an exceptionally strong man. To look at it from another side, every live boy or girl loves to play in a gymnasium. It is safe to say that every father spends quite a little each year for his children's pleasure. The pleasure from a gymnasium would be as great as other pleasures and the increase in taxes would be less than cost of other pleasures. Think of it. Again the games which the gymnasium provides, stimulates school spirit, the vital element in school affairs, puts Bainbridge High School on the map and Bainbridge along with it. Can we really afford to neglect this thing?

If physical training is so necessary it is therefore very important that Bainbridge High School have the equipment for this training. Of course you know that we have no equipment. We have no gymnasium and our basement is too crowded for any physical culture; our play grounds will not even accomodate the numbers that take the outdoor, short time physical training, inadequate as that is, a gymnasium in connection with a new school house would answer that need. Then, because physical training is so necessary and Bainbridge High School is so lacking in equipment for it, it is all the more expedient to build a new schoolhouse with a complete gymnasium.

Our needs are tremendous, and we cannot afford to overlook them. Indeed, it would take more time and space than I can here devote, to enumerate them. In the first place, we need a laboratory with sufficient light and adequate apparatus properly arranged. A handy arrangement of class rooms is much desired. The time and energy saved could be very usefully applied to lessons. In the third place, proper ventilation is needful. No person can do his best in a room poorly ventilated. And surely, the ventilation facilities in the Bainbridge High School are anything but practicable. When a window is opened to change the air immediately such a draft ensues as to keep all the pupils in constant danger of sneezing their heads off with a cold. But there is still another need which you have perhaps overlooked, that is the lack of an auditorium. An Assembly Hall would enable us to have better chapels with the whole school present; and would enable us to give our school plays at less cost. To digress for a moment, have you noticed how greatly the efficiency of the school has been increased because of the fine heating plant which the Town installed this fall? This is an excellent example of what a better school house does and can do for the welfare of the school.

In this editorial we do not desire to dictate but only suggest. Inasmuch as this town has such thriving industries, fine park, energetic citizens, we feel sure you would be glad to consider this question with us. We have tried to show you the need of both mental and physical training, and the deficiency of our building in both departments and suggest a new school as the only remedy for these conditions. You see how greatly improved is the school work because of a heating plant; how much greater would it be with an entirely new building! Why should we delay? Now, we close this editorial with the sincere hope that this year will see a new school building well on its way.

"A wise old owl sat on an oak,
The more he saw, the less he spoke,
The less he spoke, the more he heard,
Why can't we all be like that bird?"

How true that old quotation is! Although no one really expects an owl to talk, his presence, with his wise looks and solemn dignity, is a constant reproach to the gossips and tongue waggars who never give anyone else a chance to say anything, especially anything which would add to their intelligence. On the other hand, if we meet a person who looks as if he might be a little more intellectual than the average, we do not expect him to remain as silent as a sphinx while we sit around waiting for words of wisdom to drop from his lips. People who have anything to say should say it, and those who do not would do well to remain silent and listen to those who do.

An owl must remain silent if he is to hear anything for his benefit. Yet we often hear of people, especially students, who chatter constantly, and then, when they discover that something important has passed them, begin to complain. If they had not talked all the time they would have found their not wasted.

Now let us consider the practicability of the question. Children in school can follow its precepts to their advantage, for they, by talking less and listening more, can learn the lessons the teacher endeavors to teach them, and, besides, they are not in danger of being kept after school for whispering. The owl is a good example to almost anyone.

—Helen Cuyle '25.

Yes, its coming!

What's coming?

Something the school has been in need of for years. But, it is, to use a much worn expression, exceedingly "backward about coming forward."

You don't know what it is? Do you know what impels men to dress themselves in heavy armor, and sweat and slip and fall, only to arise though it seems well nigh impossible. Do you know what it is that makes men stick to the game in the face of certain defeat, fighting grimly to the last second of play? Do you know why men do all this for our school?

"Sure," a cynic answers, "Look at the glory!"

Glory? There is SOME glory but it is something infinitely more compelling than that, it is in the new life which shoots through their tired bodies as a yell, a real yell, crashes to them; voicing to them the SCHOOL SPIRIT of their school.

And it's coming! Yes, in fact it's here, and its forerunners have appeared in Bainbridge! It is heard in many expressions of approval for the skating team; it is seen in the slightly increased volume of cheers that have spurred our boys to great efforts, and even has appeared in a minute degree in the increase of good material for the school's representative, "The Echo."

The School Spirit is not lacking. It lies dormant, and is being slowly awakened. It's up to YOU, Miss Bainbridgite and YOU, Mr. Bainbridgite, to speed its awakening and participate in its growth! Will you do it? Have you any pride in your school? If so, let it be evident!—L. C. W. '25.

MOST PEOPLE WASTE A VAST AMOUNT OF TIME

It is said that the average person wastes five years of his life in idleness. This statement is easy to believe after watching, for a short time, some of the pupils in the study hall. It is almost impossible to look around without seeing some one gazing fervently at the bust of Julius Caesar or the indentations on the ceiling design.

"People are like corks, some of 'em pop out, and some have to be pulled out; it all depends on the stuff they have in them." The ones that waste time aren't going to be the ones who "pop out"

Stevenson says, "Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things." Nevertheless, there are many little odd times between the bigger jobs when a little attention to the "many other things" helps a great deal toward a real live character which doesn't have to be "pulled out."—Marion E. Nichols '26.

OUR LABORATORY

The laboratory in this school is the most interesting place I ever saw. It's apparatus is so complete that it is not possible for a pupil to work up an experiment without going down town or sending to Chicago. Also it is so well arranged that one has to hunt the shelves over at least six times to find a piece of apparatus. Searching these over and placing numerous articles on the tables, litters them up so, that the upper classmen call a meeting of the Freshmen to clean it up. Occasionally, as the History C class meets there for their daily program, their thoughts are turned from the Economic History of the United States to Biology, as specimens of that subject are liable to appear at any moment. After all it serves a double purpose, laboratory and home for destitute mice.—Willis Miller '24.

RELIABILITY

Of course, we can not all be geniuses, but if we are a bit short on resource, we can all make it up by an extra amount of Reliability. Get a reputation for doing exactly what you say you will do the very minute you have said you'll do it. Then watch the dividends it will earn—dividends in satisfaction as well as dividends in gold.

"Step on the Gas" is a phrase we hear everywhere now. It is our way of saying, "Be on time." There is no better evidence that a boy or girl is of the reliable sort than his or her making it a point invariably to be on time. Get an early start. Caesar's delay in reading a message when he reached the senate house cost him his life. Peter,

the Great always rose as the stars were fading. In the small hours of the morning Columbus planned his voyage of discovery. If you say you will be at a place at three o'clock, be there. If you say you will do something this afternoon, do it this afternoon. A personality without a generous amount of reliability in it is like a pocketbook without a coin in it—it looks all right from the outside, but you can't get far on it.

—Mildred Petley '24

SOME FACTS TO BE CONSIDERED

When parents are seeking a suitable school in which to educate their children, several factors are to be considered. Among these factors are the general character of the school, course of instruction, the efficiency of the teachers, location, building and equipment.

BAINBRIDGE

Bainbridge is a hustling village of 1500 people, located on the Susquehanna river, and situated on the Delaware and Hudson railroad. It has long been noted for its business interests, its thriving people, pretty streets and beautiful surroundings. The many churches, good train service, excellent water system and enterprising inhabitants all tend to make the place most desirable in which to have a prosperous school.

THE SCHOOL

The school has entered a new epoch in its history. The past record of the school has been enviable. A person desiring to know something of this splendid record need only to become acquainted with some of its graduates. Among them are some of the most successful business and professional men and women in the country.

TEACHERS

The efficiency of the school depends largely upon the teachers. It is the aim of the Board of Education to employ Normal School or College graduates. It is also their aim not only to employ teachers who are able to instruct, but who exert a wholesome influence over the students committed to their supervision. Our school is particularly fortunate in this respect. Among its teachers, above all, their principles are the best. Therefore, anyone looking for a prospective school should consider these facts carefully, and after having done so, they will have decided that first of all, a school to be successful must have a strong teaching force.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION

It is the object of the school to provide such instruction as will develop strong, self-reliant young men and women. Also to teach them the common and higher branches of knowledge so that they may be well prepared to solve the problems of life or go on to higher instructions of learning. With this in view, aside from the branches commonly taught, special emphasis is placed on music and Home Economics. Therefore we ask you to carefully consider Bainbridge High School.

SENIOR VIEWS OF ATHLETICS

It is the policy of the Seniors to encourage healthful sports among the under classes. We try to subordinate the mere winning of the game to the ideals of true sportsmanship. Indulging in sport for sport's sake, scorning to win by an unfair advantage over an opponent, supporting the school team by encouraging its members, not by ridiculing or insulting an honorable opponent, are some of the qualities of sportsmanship aimed at and which we believe teach valuable lessons for later life.

The formation and support of teams in several branches of athletics is encouraged and friendly contests with neighboring schools are advised.

A WORD TO PARENTS

Parents should feel that much of the responsibility for the success of their children in school depends upon the attitude the parents take toward school work.

If High School students are permitted to place outside work and pleasure before school duties, it must not be expected that a high quality of school work will result. In order to do satisfactory High School work every student should spend from one to two hours of home study every day. It rests with the parents to see that sufficient time is allowed. Parents having children in High School, who do not study at home, may rest assured that school work is being slighted and teachers should not be held responsible for failures.

To make a student feel that school work is the first and most important thing he has to do and that parents expect the work to be done, goes a long way toward securing successful work from the pupil.

Ruth Throop, '24.

TRY IT AGAIN!

If you fail to do something at sometime or other, don't give up, try again! If you do not succeed in passing an examination the first time you try, try it again.

Others have had to practice this idea in order that they might accomplish what they desired. Abraham Lincoln, for example, had to work away many difficulties and try again and again, before he could acquire an education to do what he did for civilization. Booker T. Washington, too, was another who had to overcome the hard things by trying again and again. By doing this, he made conditions much better for the people of his race. So, if others have bettered themselves and those about them, why can't you? If anything is worth while having, it surely must be worth while trying for.

V. D. Freidenstine, '25.

PLEA FOR NEW SONGS

B. H. S. needs new school songs. We have a few good ones, but they are mighty few. "Hail Bainbridge" is always good, but "Variety is the spice of life." Would that some inspired soul would devise a few more! We would greatly appreciate the aid of the Alumnae in obtaining these songs. If they would only write a few, we can assure them that they will be sung, and sung with a spirit that will make old B. H. S. ring.

When our team lines up on the field for the game, our boys should hear the strains of a school song swelling to them from loyal school supporters. All we need are the songs with which to voice our ever growing school spirit. You song writers and poets among us, dust off your quills, take forth your manuscript for B. H. S. write some rousing school songs to start our meetings with a vim and our social gatherings with a whoop. We're bubbling over ready to sing the praises of Bainbridge High. Give us the words to sing!

ADVANCEMENT

"I don't think very much of a man who does not know any more today, than he did yesterday," is a saying of one of our most famous Presidents. "Lincoln." He well expressed his opinion of a lazy man—a man who does not try to help his country or the progress of civilization. He knew the importance of learning something new each day, because that was the way he obtained his education.

It is the wide awake person that our country wants. Those who are always eager for knowledge soon get so that the more they know the more they want to know. These people do not have to "play second fiddle" to any one. They are always at the head, trying to improve civilization. If we make this our motto and live up to it, we will always find room for ourselves in this world.

P. Danforth, '25.

SHORT CUTS TO HIGH GRADES

"Short cuts," quoth the merry little Freshman. "Do you believe in short cuts?"

"Sure I believe in short cuts to anything providing the destination is desirable, the short cut safe and I don't miss anything by taking a bee line!" said the Senior.

Who doesn't believe in getting the most for the amount spent? If it's money that's spent or time, energy or thought? So short cuts to high grades are most desirable. There are a number of these cuts, but few of them are often taken.

First, there is a short cut that in many cases will reduce the mileage to high grades fifty percent. This cut is "concentration." When you study Int. Algebra don't let your mind wander and, instead of dealing with signs and logarithms, day dream of the signs that indicate a bid to the High School party with its dancing rhythms. Or, if Caesar be the subject, don't spend any time pondering if the pattern for that new dress cuts the material in three parts. The first short cut is the path of concentration.

The second short cut is always taken on Saturday. Get your Monday's work Saturday. The object of Sunday or the Sabbath is to rest and refresh the mind as well as the soul of man, woman and child. You'll have far more sparkle in your work, in your scholarship. The element of brilliancy that often leads to high grades will develop because of the one rest day when you catch your breath and rest and get ready for another week of concentration. The second short cut is Monday's work prepared on Saturday.

The third short cut is the policy of having Monday's lesson whether you have them

on any other day or not. There are two reasons for this. Most students do not have recitations of great brilliancy on Monday. The time for a dim star to shine is when all other stars are a bit low in lustre. A good run is a great help for a leap. Well-prepared work for Monday is a leap in the right direction.

Fourth. Keep your work up, if you have to cut a date occasionally. The tree of high scholarship has not as many dates as the bush of low grades but they are lots bigger and more delectable.

Fifth. It is the extra ten minutes that does the polishing. After you have prepared a lesson, give it an extra ten minutes to take off rough corners.

Follow these five short cuts and see how rapidly you arrive at the gateway of high grades.—Adapted by Mildred Petley '24.

REPORT OF RESOLUTION COMMITTEE

WHEREAS, the nearly past school year has been such a success, displaying in every activity a school spirit that Bainbridge High School has never before known,

BE IT RESOLVED, that we give a vote of thanks to the Board of Education for the many favors they have contributed to us.

FURTHER, that we thank the Bainbridge Republican for their Co-operation in devoting a portion of their front page to our activities.

WHEREAS, the past editions of "The Echo" have been such successful and interesting publications illustrating Bainbridge High School Life,

BE IT RESOLVED, that we express our gratitude first of all to our Senior Class of '24, who have so untiringly given efforts toward giving this publication its merits.

FURTHER: Next we express our gratitude to all of our Alumni Echo Staff, who have started a path for us to follow.
P. Danforth, '25.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF BAINBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL

Today, (Jan. 19th), occurs the fiftieth anniversary of Bainbridge High School. Ought it not to make us stop and think? Let us for a moment review the history of our school during these fifty years.

After some controversy a site for the building was finally selected in 1873. In July of the same year the building of the schoolhouse was let to Mr. Lattimer and the work progressed rapidly. On Jan. 19, 1874, the schoolhouse was dedicated, and school soon opened with, E. W. Rogers as principal and Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Baldwin as assistants. At that time there were only four rooms in the school with the three departments, High School, Intermediate and Primary. Mr. Rogers had charge of the High School Department, Miss Gilbert of the Intermediate, and Miss Baldwin of the Primary. The Regents examinations were introduced almost immediately.

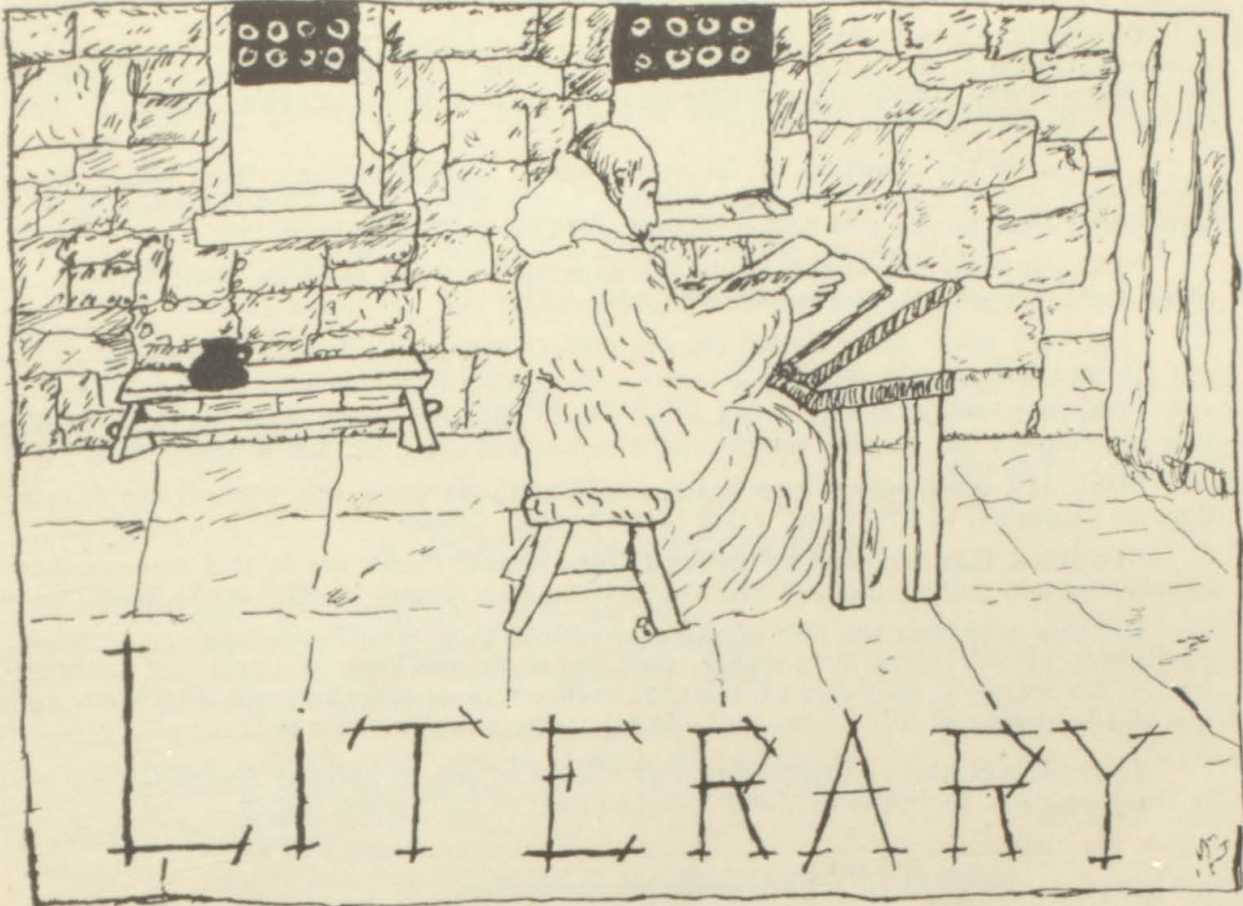
During the earlier years of our school the rules were very strict, much more so than they are now. The students then did not have many of the privileges and opportunities which we enjoy today.

Our school has grown rapidly during these fifty years. The number of the pupils has gradually increased from about 175 in the first year until this year we have 344 students. The course of study has also been enlarged. Then there were no courses in German or French, but Greek and Latin were both taught. Now we have the more advanced mathematics, French, Latin and Spanish (if desired), and a Domestic Science Course.

Twenty-five years ago a part of the building was destroyed by fire and, when that part was rebuilt, an addition was made. Since then a house and barn have been bought in order to accommodate the increasing number of pupils. Is it not time a new school building was built so that the students will not have to chase from one building to another all the time?

The High School students are doing their best to make the history of our school, of which we have a right to be proud, still more glorious. But they need a new school building to show off their achievements. It is embarrassing to have strangers say, when they see our school, "What, such excellent work from that building?" Is it not up to each and every one to do their best to hasten the erection of a new school building?

Mildred Petley, '24.



Editor: Adah Loomis '24

Assistants: Helen Cuyler '25

Marion Nichols '26

Helen Lenheim '27

THE OLDEST BOOK IN THE BAINBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

Bainbridge High School has in its possession one of the oldest books in the town. While looking through the library a short time ago, I found packed away in the dust, a book entitled, "The Historical Accounts of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." Imagine my surprise when I discovered that this book was printed in England in the year 1730, 194 years ago. This book was forty-six years old, when the Declaration of Independence was signed.

It gives an account of the struggle by different factions to Christianize America. The faction that did the most for this purpose was a society called "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." This society was founded in 1700. King William III appointed the Arch-bishop of Canterbury and ninety three others to this society. In this book is the complete charter of the society given by William III on June sixteenth in the year seventeen hundred.

There were very few ministers in America at this time. King William and Queen Mary endowed a college at Williamsburg, Virginia. The purpose of this college was to teach some of the Colonists, Academical Arts and Sciences and for a continual Seminary of Religion. Before the school had advanced much beyond a grammar school it was burned. This was the founding of the present William and Mary University.

Many of the people in the south held slaves. The negro slaves were very hard to christianize. Their masters made them work in the fields every day except Sunday. On Sunday the ministers were busy preaching to the white people and had no time to preach to the negroes. At night, after the work was done some of the preachers would go around to the negroes' homes to teach them, but this did not work out successful because the negroes were tired and wanted rest.

This Society built ten churches in New York State and paid the minister's salary in each case. They established many others in other colonies.

I think that it may be truthfully said that this is one of the most remarkable books in the town of Bainbridge.

—Harry Harmon '24.

OUR ANCIENTS CONVERSE

One night, I forgot one of my books and so returned to the school to get it. As I entered the study hall I heard a low hum of voices. The room, as far as I could see was empty of any human being beside myself. I stood in the doorway trying to pierce the shadows and see who was within.

I looked in the direction of the voices which seemed to come from either side of the room. As my eyes became accustomed to the light, I saw that the speakers were none other than the bust of Julius Caesar and George Washington.

"Did you ever see such scandalous dancing as those children went through the other night?" spoke up George Washington.

"Indeed I never did," sighed the old war veteran. "When I was that age, I was not allowed such liberty as they."

"Oh, me! What is this world coming to?" said the brave Washington. "I hope that the country for which I fought and died has not come to such a pass as this. Oh!"

"Oh! If I could only return to it I would willingly grace the meanest hovel, rather than be disgraced in this way," cried the venerable Caesar.

"To think that the country which I freed should thank me in this manner, but I suppose we are getting old and can't appreciate their young blood," spoke Washington.

Did you ever hear the like of the studies that they take?" cried Julius. "When I was a boy, we were content to cipher, read and write and know the principal language. And as for war, why they don't think that even worth considering, and they know nothing of sword play at all. Dear me! What is the world coming to?"

The voices ceased as I tiptoed quietly from the hall, completely forgetting my book in the wonder of the moment, for I hated to disturb their conversation.

—Helen Lenheim '27.

LATIN

With apologies to Miss Mary B. Jackson.

How dear to my heart is the subject called Latin,
When fond recollection presents it to view.
The clauses, the phrases, all dressed in their satin,
And every loved ending that makes us so blue.
The high sounding doodads, and the outlandish diet,
The slave with a spear, and the Roman who fell,
The deceiving gerundive, the noun crouching nigh it,
Are hidden in Latin which I love so well.
The subject, the verb, and the bow-legged compound,
The flexible gerund and the subjunctive mood,
The clauses of purpose encourage the pronouns
To take full possession and silently brood—
The loose-jointed supine and verbal distensions
Join hands with conjunctions and joyfully dwell
In temporal clauses of Gothic dimensions.
And all this in the Latin that I love so well.

—Exchange.

MY PERFECT DAY

I rose early one fine morning last fall, shouldered my twenty-two rifle and walked briskly to the woods on the hill. As I neared a Chestnut grove I heard the bark of a grey squirrel. I sat down and waited till I could see him. Then I aimed and fired. The bullet took effect, dropping the squirrel to the ground. After wandering about a long time I succeeded in getting another.

It was nearing midafternoon when I started for home. I suddenly ran on to fresh deer tracks, which I followed. They led me into a swamp to a large spring where, by the hoof prints in the soft ground, I could see the deer had drunk his fill. The swamp was entirely surrounded by young hemlocks, which made it secure from all winds and so was a warm place, where deer loved to stay. It was small and just wet enough so that the grass in it made a fine feeding spot for deer.

I carefully peered thru the hemlocks and saw, about one hundred yards from me, a fine buck. He was feeding on tender grass. With trembling hands I raised my rifle, but I could not hold it on the innocent creature to save my life. Kneeling down beside a small hemlock, I put the barrel over a limb, aimed and fired. The deer dropped.

Dropping my rifle I rushed to him. He was not dead and started to get up. I grabbed him by the horns and threw myself on his back. He raised to his feet and started with great leaps out of the swamp and thru the hemlocks. I lay flat, with the limbs tearing along my back, ripping my shirt and making me hatless. Never before had I ridden so fast. I know my hair would have stood on end, had not the wind, caused by the speed, blown it back.

By hanging on his antlers with only one hand, I succeeded in getting my knife from my pocket. I reached down under his neck with the blade and cut a deep gash severing both arteries. His pace slackened and he dropped to the ground dead.

I was bleeding about my face and arms. There was scarcely anything left of my shirt.

As it was now dusk, I built a fire, dressed the deer and roasted a piece of his hind leg. After I had eaten my fill, I, being tired, lay down on some moss and dreamed of the perfect day just passed.

—Howard D. Sands '25.

A PSALM IN GEOMETRY

Whoever is my teacher, I shall not pass.
He maketh me to explain hard propositions,
And exposeth my ignorance before the class;
He restoreth my sorrow.
He causeth me to draw parallelograms
For my class's sake: yea, tho I study till midnight
I shall gain no knowledge,
For originals trouble me,
Pyramids and prisms distress me.
He prepareth a test before me in the presence of the Seniors;
He giveth me a low mark.
Surely, distress and sadness shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I shall remain in the class of geometry—forever.

—Exchange.

IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

The rain still drummed a muffled beat on the roof and the already dark day was drawing to an only slightly darker close. However I, in my warm dry retreat was oblivious to these things for I was lost in the romance and life of over a hundred years ago. In an old trunk in my grandmother's attic I had found some letters and papers, but best of all a diary written in the quaint hand of a belle of over a century ago.

Suddenly there stood before me, barely revealed by my single candle's light, the most entrancing of little old fashioned ladies. Her sleek, shiny, coal black hair was caught in a little cluster of curls over each ear. She was dressed in a tight waisted, full skirted dress of the finest sprigged muslin, trimmed with the rarest of old lace about the neck and sleeves. She gave me the sweetest courtesy and the hand she extended to me was as small as a child's, and perfectly formed. I took it and she raised me from my seat. When I stood up, I discovered to my surprise that I was dressed in an exact replica of hers; and I too wore lace mitts and tiny black slippers.

In a voice low and soft, as a murmuring water, she said, "The carriage awaits us, Marie dear."

Down from the attic she led me, down the big front stairs, past the room where grandmother was resting and to the front door. Outside was waiting the old carriage that I had seen back in grandmother's carriage house, but how changed! It was really beautiful in its stately shiny new blackness.

My companion leaned over to the old colored footman and whispered in her low soft voice, "Is everything ready?"

The footman gave a quick affirmative nod and tuned to help us into the carriage. Already seated there was a severe looking old lady whom I could not recognize, yet whose face seemed vaguely familiar. She did not notice me and only sniffed at my lovely companion.

After a drive of about half a mile, we drew near a gleaming white house of the purest colonial type. Up the driveway between well-cared for lawns we drove to the huge stone steps of the impressively beautiful house. The black footman helped the elderly lady out. Then a handsome, tall, dark-haired young man handed my companion out with the most exquisite show of old-fashioned courtesy. As he drew her arm through his, I heard him say, "Is everything ready?" My companion whispered "Sh" and gave a nod of ascent. Another young man rendered a like service to me.

As I walked up the steps, I asked my companion whose house this was. He gave me a slight glance of surprise at my ignorance and answered "The Holdens." I nearly stumbled up the next step. "The Holdens," I remembered the place now. It was an old house near Grandmother's where I often went in the daytime but never at night for it was now only a strange, picturesque ruin. What a beautiful place had it been in its prime. Never again would I call it "That ruined Old Holden Place."

In the hall ready to receive us was a beautiful courtly old man with a halo of snow white hair, above his beautiful refined face. And I, Marie Breckenridge, a most modern country miss, gave this dear old man as low and graceful courtesy as was ever given by a maid of long ago.

I was turning to murmur some commonplace to my companion when suddenly over the low murmur of well-bred conversation rose an appalling scream followed in quick succession another, and another. Down the long staircase dashed a beautiful red-haired girl to fall sobbing and moaning at the foot. Everyone rushed to her assistance and voices on every side inquired what was the cause of the hysterical outburst on the part of the girl.

She was lifted by willing hands and carried to another room but just before disappearing she leaped from the arms of those helping her and with a merry laugh explained it was entirely a joke.

Suddenly someone called "Where is Marie?"

This cry was echoed by, "Where is Gordon?"

And suddenly I knew that along the pleasant path of dreamland I had been privileged to follow the clever trick played by my great-great-great Aunt Marie's chum to allow my aunt and her true love to escape from the vigilance of a disapproving guardian.

Lydia Collins, '24.

TUNE: "JUST A GIRL THAT MEN FORGET"

You're the kind of a school we can't forget,
Alma Mater, our dear Bainbridge High;
And we'll always remember the years we spent here
And will always remember the years we spent here
With a smile and a sigh of regret that they're gone.
And we'll soon realize we're not so wise,
And that teachers knew best after all,
When we hear "Old B. H. S." we'll say you're the best,
You're a school we can't forget.

—Helen Cuyle '25.

A DAY AT SCHOOL

The Janitor tolls the knell of coming day,
The pupils slowly wind their happy ways,
The teachers, to their urgent duties go;
And the streets are left in loneliness and snow.

When the little bell is rung,
Everyone must stop their fun;
"Prof." then looking, calls the roll
And writes the tardy ones on a scroll.

The whispering ceases at a word,
And in the air a voice is heard—
"Classes pass," is then the command,
And thru the door, there's an awful jam.

Into the class rooms, they slowly file
Greeting the teacher with a "make believe" smile.
During the class, their attentiveness is shown,
By the number of notes that they have thrown.

In the "study hall" some of them sit,
Thinking and thinking, and using their wits.
But all of them have a most studious look,
With their eyes buried in the depths of a book.

Little is known what they are thinking about,
Probably, they are wondering when they will get out.
When four o'clock comes, they are all very glad,
Unless, during the day, they have been bad.

If they have been bad and broken the rule,
It will be five or six when they get out of school.
Of course, none of us get in this awful plight
For we are always good and very bright.

—Pauline Loudon '25 and Harry Harmon '24.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Not far from a small village named Greenville, was a large house situated on a small hill. Every one said this house was haunted and to pass it at night was dreaded by all. The house itself was very dilapidated and looked as all haunted houses do, with one ghostly exception. The lawns in front were cared for, green and beautiful. All the village wondered who kept them so, no one knew. No one had ever been seen about the place day or night.

I had often pondered about the mystery and at last could stand it no longer. Accordingly three of us decided to hike to the place and see if in some way we might solve the mystery for ourselves. So we started one afternoon and in about an hour arrived in sight of the house. Some of our high aspirations failed us at this point but we kept on. We ascended the hill and came to the side door. We knocked thinking, at the last moment there might be someone living there of whom we knew nothing. No reply came. We tried the door and to our great surprise it opened wide. We entered cautiously. The door banged shut after us. We jumped panic stricken. Nothing more happened, but less courageously we resumed our search. We wandered about in the house, sometimes nearly losing ourselves in the vertible labyrinth of dark, damp, unused rooms. Strangely however, among these empty rooms, three seemed to have been in constant use. Did someone really live there, or was it the ghost of ill repute?

While we stood there conjecturing, there came a sudden clap of thunder. To our consternation we found ourselves alone in a haunted house during a thunder storm. The storm came on, the house creaked and groaned, the wind moaned in the trees outside. What were we to do? In truth there was nothing to do except to stay there and wait for the wind and rain to cease.

After a half hour of this the storm ceased, as suddenly as it had come and we decided to go out in the open. Thankful to be alive we went out in the sunlight. As we moved down the path whom should we meet but an old, old man. To our surprise, in reply to our questions, he told us that for years past he had worked in Greenville and lived in this house. He labored by day and cared for the lawns during the late evening. He was mightily amused at our story of the haunted house and begged us not to enlighten the community as to its secret. For the old man dreaded curious visitors. He preferred his life as a recluse. So ended the mystery of another haunted house.

—Elizabeth Finch '25.

GRETCHEN VAN DOOZEN

With her father, the patroon Van Doozen
Just below the Van Rensaleer's
She lived, in the seventeenth century;
Happy, yet oft moved with fears.

Her parents had lived once in Holland.
But now, with their vassals, three score,
They lived by the calm Hudson river
In the cabin they built from the floor.

The Iriquois Indians oft called there
To trade their furs, blankets and game
For the bright beads, cloth and trinkets,
Which were hidden by the door to the lane.

She was the pet of her father,
Of her mother, too, we should guess,
Though of his farm in New Holland
He cared but one whit the less.

Gretchen reached her seventeenth birthday
And sailed across the sea,
With her mother; their purpose—her schooling,
Both were happy as could be.

A year and a day they stayed there;
Then back they sailed to their home,
Her mother's wandering was ended,
But Gretchen would oft again roam.

Soon to the town of New Amsterdam
They moved, and she became
The belle of the city society life;
A meek, pretty, wealthy, young dame.

On the ship that captured New Amsterdam
Came a sailor so dashing and gay,
He won the heart of this maiden,
And carried it with him—away.

He was kept in England on business
While she planned and worked for their home,
And when he returned, they were married
And they both sailed back o'er the foam.

Gretchen pined for her home in the new world
So he took her and hurried away
Back again to her own homeland
Where they lived for many a day.

Mary Hollenbeck '24.

CONCERNING PEGGY

Miss Sophy Smith was just forty-nine and still hopeful. She was the joke of the entire Carter family and was considered by her talented niece as an odd bit of antiquity. Her hobby was — not cats — but Pomeranian dogs, and she had named her little idol after her beautiful niece, Peggy.

Peggy had tramped off to the city at the age of eighteen and hadn't been home since. Now she was suffering a nervous breakdown, and feeling that the fine country air would do her good, she telegraphed her aunt to expect her at once. Aunt Sophy, in turn, telegraphed the entire family that the great singer was on her way home, but would not favor them with a visit owing to her ill health.

In due time she arrived but not the nervous wreck her aunt expected. However, Sophy soon wore out Peggy's nerves with tales of her namesake's doings. How cute he looked when he stole the bit of meat, when she tied the ribbons on his neck and so on endlessly. "But the poor little dear actually looks sick," wailed Miss Carter.

Then one day relatives received another telegram: "Peggy very ill. Is dying. Come at once. Sophy Carter."

The grief stricken relatives packed bag and trunk and came at once to Aunt Sophy's home. As Peggy strolled by the station one day, she noticed the flyer just juggling out. "Guess I'll watch a crowd of real city folks," she said to herself and ambled over to view the stream of passengers that poured out of the gate. To her amazement a group accosted her.

"Peggy Carter, what on earth are you doing, strolling around here when we expected to find you on your dying bed? What does it mean?" demanded one of them.

"Goodness, I'm innocent, replied Peggy, "It's true I haven't been feeling well, but I guess that was mostly homesickness. What made you think that I was dying?"

The telegrams were produced as circumstantial evidence, and then the light began to dawn on the girl. Her Aunt would never show such concern over her. "My dears," she said, "Aunt Sophy is worried to death over her dog, and of course she thinks everyone else should have as much concern as she does. She wanted you all to see her darling before it died."

"Do you mean to say we're here just to see that darn dog?" shouted one old man.

"I'm afraid so, but come on home with me and have one of Aunt Sophy's good meals, that will more than repay you for all your trouble."
Emma Perry, '25.

We were singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" the other morning in chapel. At the end of the verse Miss Miner said, "Remember, only the trebels sing 'down to the gates of hell' and then you all come in."

TO CICERO

Ah! what doleful visions haunt me
When I hear one mention thee!
All my trials of third year Latin
Come, in fancy, back to me.

Words of scorn in tones of anger
From thy tongue to all men soar.
Thou hast worked, but we work harder,
Spare us, prithee, from any more.

—Helen Cuyle '25.

ALWAYS CARRY A REVOLVER

The following experience was the result of too many roasted frankfelters. I never was so thankful as then that I carried an automatic, even if I did not have a permit. If I had not, — it would be hard to tell what would have happened.

"You are a prisoner." A cold hand was laid on my shoulder and I shuddered on turning for what I saw was, judging by my knowledge of Caesar and Ancient History, a Roman soldier with a group of companions behind him. Before I could move, I was bound hand and foot and blindfolded. It was a queer thing that they did not search me, but they probably did not fear a knife and of course they did not know about a firearm. I felt myself carried along the crooked streets of a city, which I assumed was Rome.

When I was unbound and the blindfold taken off, I found myself in what was probably a prisoners' dock. The assemblage around me was certainly unusual, to say the least. I felt rather out of place in the midst of all those bathrobes. There was not a smile in the whole company.

A man took the stand who looked a great deal like the bust of Cicero in our Chapel. That was who it was. He began, of course in much more flowing language than this, "This man," pointing to me, "is held on the serious charge of slander, slander against me, the consul of this most powerful Rome."

"What has he said?" asked the presiding officer.

"What has he said!" exclaimed Cicero, "Why he dared to say that I was egotistical, and my speeches were foolish and dull, said that of me, the man who has saved this country, without whom, Rome would be in ruins, without whom, this city would be in ashes, without whom, you would be dead. He dared to do this thing. Does he not deserve the most extreme punishment? It has been given for lesser crimes."

"What have you to say?" the judge asked me.

Well, I was thoroughly mad by that time and did not care what I said. I blurted out, "That's what I said and I don't care either. I think you are foolish, and your old Latin is the hardest and the most stupid and silly language I ever saw."

The judge gave a signal and the guard surged toward me. I resolved not to die alone. My automatic spoke, — and I woke up to hear the alarm clock ringing lustily.

Roswell Whitman, '24.

MURDER WILL OUT

Jack Dawson walked away from the mail box in his fraternity house at Northern College, with an open letter in his hand and a frown on his brow. The letter was from his wealthy great-aunt, Mrs. Crawford, and contained an invitation to her home in Chicago for the week-end. The frown may be explained by the fact that Jack was on the committee for a fraternity ball to be given the next Saturday. When he reached his room he confided his problem to his roommate, Jimmie Sanders, a likable lad of Jack's class. Jimmie could offer no solution to the problem. Suddenly Jack had an inspiration.

"Jimmie, Aunt Mary has never seen me. Why can't you go in my place? She'll give you a bang-up good time so you won't mind missing the ball."

"Jack, what on earth are you thinking of? She'd be sure to find it out and then you'd be in a mess."

However, Jack managed to overrule Jimmie's obligations, and the following Friday afternoon found Jack at the station giving Jimmie a send-off as he boarded the Chicago train.

Arriving in Chicago, Jimmie was met by Aunt Mary with her elegant limousine and liveried chauffeur. Their meeting was somewhat formal, but they soon became acquainted and were good friends by the time they reached Mrs. Crawford's stately home on one of the loveliest streets of the city. Jimmie was beginning to be glad that Jack had had an important engagement.

That night at the dinner table, however, Jimmie began to feel less comfortable. This was caused by Aunt Mary's persistent inquiries as to various family connections of Jack's. He mentally vowed that he would telephone Jack at the first opportunity and demand a list of his relatives with their family history. The embarrassed boy was very thankful when dinner was over for two reasons. One was that his cross-examination would be ended and another was that Aunt Mary had tickets for a play which Jimmie had long wished to see.

As they were on the point of leaving, however, they heard the peal of the doorbell. The butler entered, announcing, "Miss Barbara Dawson." Jimmie's heart jumped into his throat. Barbara Dawson was Jack's pretty sister, whom he had met the summer before at the Dawson Camp.

"She'll be sure to give me away," were his thoughts as the charming Barbara entered the room.

"Why, howdo you do, Mr. Saunders," greeted Barbara. "What a surprise to see you here!" Jimmie's discomfiture was profound. He blushed and stammered until poor Barbara began to think she had mistaken his name. A deep silence ensued. Aunt Mary was stunned by surprise. Jimmie was too embarrassed to answer and Barbara did not know what to say.

Finally Jimmie made up his mind to throw himself on the mercy of Aunt Mary and tell her the whole story, so he blurted out, "Aunt Mary, I'm Jimmie Saunders, Jack's roommate, and Jack was on the committee for the 'frat' ball tomorrow night and he didn't want to disappoint you, so he sent me, and that's why I'm here, and I hope you won't be angry at him and —"

"Of course I won't be angry at him, you silly boy! I like him all the better for not wanting to disappoint an old lady like me! Most boys wouldn't care whether I was disappointed or not." With this emphatic announcement, Aunt Mary turned to Barbara to help her with her wraps.

"Well, I guess I'd better go and get ready to go back to college. I can just catch the 9:10 train," said Jimmie with a little sigh.

"Nothing of the sort!" returned Aunt Mary sharply. "You stay here until Sunday night. I know Barbara would like to go to the Charity Ball at the Armory, so you two will take these tickets I have here and have a good time."

Needless to say, Jimmie stayed over until Sunday. When he returned to college he recounted his adventures to Jack, especially praising Aunt Mary.

"You can't have everything all your own way now, Jack, old sport. She's adopted me too, so I've got something to say. By the way, if you haven't any really pressing engagement, such as a 'frat' ball for next week-end, Aunt Mary would like to have you come up so she can see what you really look like."

Helen Cuyler, '25.

DREAM BABIES

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there were two very pink cheeked, very plump, and very frowsy headed babies, named Peggy and Polly. Each night when the moon was shining silvery and bright, casting weird shadows over everything, and making fierce goblins out of very harmless looking trees, these babies would come to the old house on the hill and play till dawn. At the first peep of dawn they would frisk away.

The old house had lately been all done over, so perhaps it is wrong to call it an "old house," for it was now very new looking. Did I say all done over? It had all been done over with the exception of one room, the nursery. This had been left the same, for the frail looking, little mother could not bare to see it changed. The old rocking horse still sat in the middle of the room, where Baby Peggy had left it the last time she had been playing. Polly's blocks were still in the same tumbled heap in front of the fireplace where her tiny hands had last touched them. The fat burries still continued to frisk gayly about the golden fringe on the nursery wall, or did they look a bit sadder than before? Perhaps it was the dreamy mother's imagination. There were even yet two small hollows in the lacy pillows on the crib where two tiny heads had lain and which mother hands had never disturbed.

Mother never knew that each night when the moon shone bright, two tiny babies frisked up the stairs into the gay nursery and frolicked about all night. Mother never knew what wild rides Baby Peggy had in the old rocking horse — and what fun Baby Polly had, tumbling the dear old blocks about. Perhaps the odd little noise mother heard sometimes, awakening suddenly in the night sounded singularly like the noise Baby Polly used to make, tumbling her blocks about. But she would turn over uneasily and assure herself it was only her dreamy imagination.

After a wild frolic all night, in the one-time, sunshiny nursery, in which strangely

everything was undisturbed, at the first streak of dawn, Baby Peggy and Baby Polly would sadly trudge down the old stairs, well worn by baby feet, and steal silently in and gaze sadly at mother and daddy; then swiftly press a fleeting babyish kiss on the lips of each, and steal quietly out again.

The parting was saddest of all. Was it really imagination, mother wondered, when at dawn, on a moonlight night she would awake almost feeling Baby Peggy's lips pressed against hers? And as she listened she could almost hear the scurry of baby feet and Polly's joyous gurgle?

After the babies left mother and daddy, hand in hand, with heads down and lagging little footsteps, they would trace their way down the well worn path, this time worn by mother's and daddy's feet to the tiny pink marble slab under the dear old chestnut tree where they had so often played. Here they would each kneel for a moment, and then, as the pink light of the morning began to grow brighter, they would scurry noisily away until another fair moonlight night.

At sunrise, mother and daddy would sadly wend their way to the tiny, pink slab where they would reverently read:

BABY PEGGY
and
BABY POLLY
Aged Two Years
Our Babies
The Light and Joy
of Our Life.

You see it was like this: Baby Peggy and Baby Polly were twins. One moonlight night they were suddenly stricken with typhoid fever. They died as the pink light of dawn was breaking, leaving a heart broken mother and mother.

C. Montgomery, English IV.

Mrs. Foster (in grammar class): "Marshall, name a collective noun."
Marshall: "A vacuum cleaner."

Betty: "How long did it take you to learn to drive?"
Dick: "Only four cars."

It was one September evening
In October last July,
The rain was pouring down in sheets
The weather was so dry;
I strolled along the country lane
With street cars running fast,
And enjoyed there my solitude,
Amid the crowds that passed.
The darkness 'round was black as ink
While the sun shown up above;
And soft sweet anger filled my head
As I hated those I love.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"I don't think anyone would be mean enough to put wood alcohol in it."
"We can beat the train to the crossing."
"I don't think this is the right stuff. I can't see in the dark."
"Aw! I know it ain't loaded."
"Shucks, Nellie—I can drive with one hand."
"It won't go any faster."

Charles Taylor (attending his first circus): "Mother, is that man down in front who is directing everything a ringworm?"

First Stude: "Do you ever allow a man to kiss you when you're out motoring with him?"

Second Stude: "Never! If a man can drive safely while kissing me, he's not giving the kiss the attention it deserves."

"A wise man changes his mind—a fool never."

Miss Hill—"Will you please name the Presidents of the United States?"
Richard—"Sorry, but their parents beat me to it."

Miss Hill—"Name a Greek sculptor."
Willis—"Phidias."
Miss Hill—"Right; now name three Greek writers."
Willis—"Aeschylus, Sophocles and, and-er-Isosceles."

What is the difference between the sun and a pancake? The sun rises in the east and sets in the west, and a pancake rises in the yeast and sets in the vest.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD

An old German farmer's mare got loose. He wished to advertise a \$5 reward, but this is what he had printed: "The other day apout a week ago last night, I heard me a noise in the mittle part of the packyard. I jumped me the bed and runs the vindow out, and sees my mare running mit the stable off. The feller who brincc her back shall pay \$5 reward."

Miss Hill: "What is the plural of mouse, John?"
John Williams: "Mice."
Miss Hill: "Correct. Now the plural of spouse?"
John: "Spice."

O-O-OH GOSH!

The cat that nightly haunts my gate
How heartily I hate her.
Some night she'll come and mew too late,
And then I'll mew-ti-later.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

What is the meaning of the word "flunk?"
It signifies to go to more than one party the week before "exams."

Why has the Study Hall a clock?
To give the pupils something to look at during Study period.

What is meant by Senior dignity?
Never heard of it.

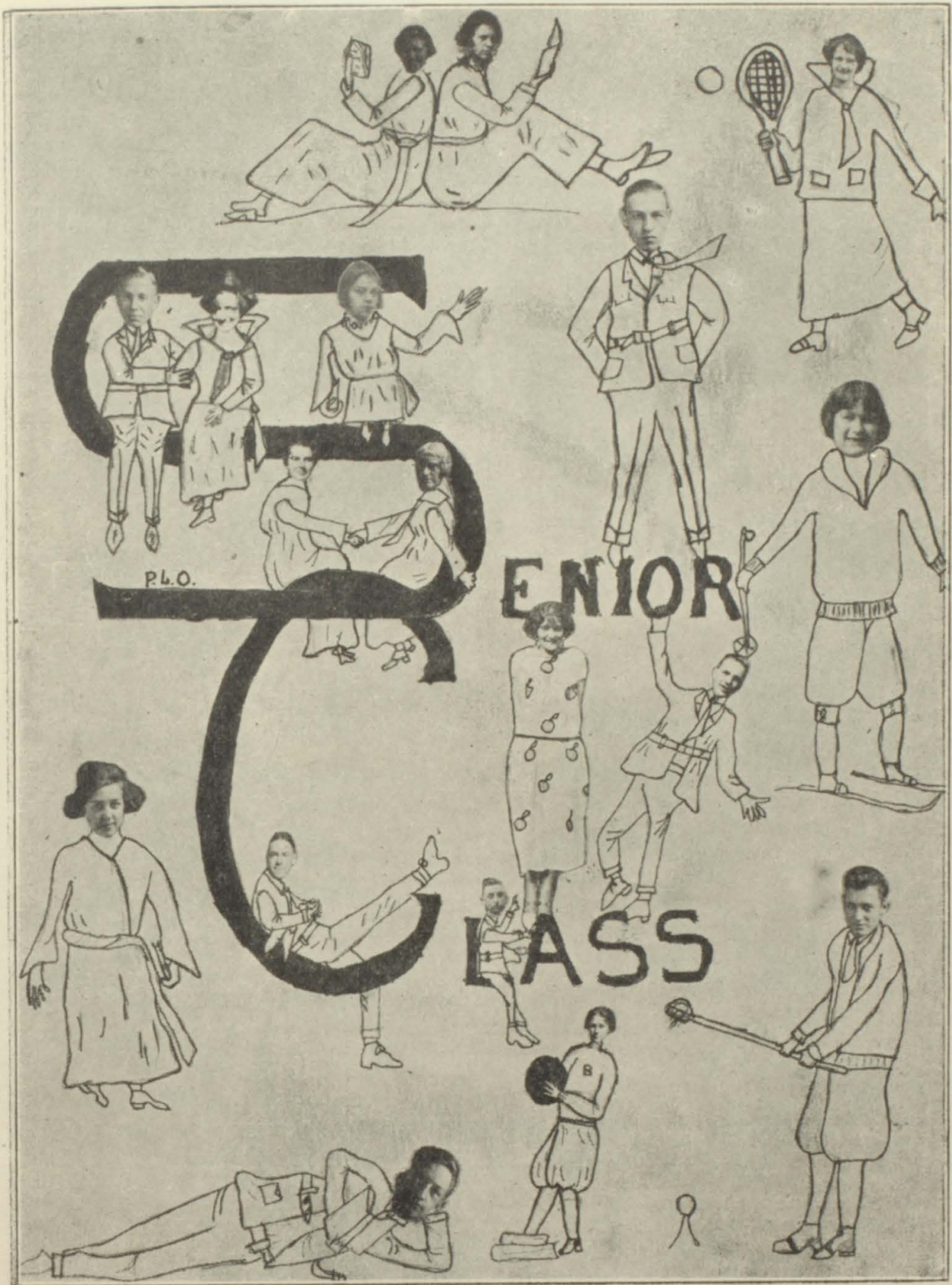
Why is it our marks go down about the beginning of the second term?
Everything is marked down after the holidays, of course.

What is the prescription to avoid flunking?
Take 1 hr. of time, 3 oz. ambition, a quiet room and a thsp. concentration. By mixing well together 1 wk. before exams, one might be able to avoid flunking.

E. M. T. '25.

CHEMISTRY

Apparatus—Six boys in "lab" and one pretty girl outside.
Process—Girl walks into 'lab.'
Result—Boys all turn to rubber.





Roland Bentley Andrews, 16.
 In class his voice is always weak.
 Leave it to Rolland for being a Sheik.

Carrie Alice Cheesbro, 18.
 Imagine a girl who is always neat,
 Imagine a girl who is always sweet,
 That's our Carrie.

Lydia Elizabeth Collins, 16.
 Of our fair town—a life-long resident
 Of the Senior Class—its active president.

Ethel Mary Cook, 16.
 Here she comes, just take a look,
 Our tennis star, Miss Ethel Cook.

Harry Overfield Harmon, 16.
 H stands for Harry, a handsome lad
 Not very good and not very bad.

Mary Angelia Hollenbeck, 16.
 There's our opera singer, and her ready smile,
 For Mary with her singing, wins praises by the mile.

Leon R. Johnson, 20.
 Our Advertising Manager is one to be respected,
 Although he works like everything, he never is dejected.

Adah Mary Loomis, 17.
 A girl like Adah is hard to find
 She is tall in stature and brilliant in mind.

Willis Herman Miller, 16.
 Willis Miller, so they say
 Courts on North Main Street night and day.

Ethel Claire Montgomery, 17.
 Her ways are sweet, she has red hair
 Play the piano? Leave it to Claire.

Edward John Partridge, 18.
 Pat holds forth at the corner store,
 Dusts the shelves and sweeps the floor.

Charles Samuel Perry, 17.
 For fun and loyalty we have "Sam."
 He has big feet but he don't care a—darn.

Nellie Mildred Petley, 18.
 Mildred has starred in all our play,
 Don't you think she has charming ways?

Irene Adah Robbins, 17.
 You've heard of Irene the village queen
 About whom Ernest is more than keen.

Gladys Mae Smith, 17.
 When I look at Gladys, my heart just floats
 Would you know my name? Tis Channing Coates.

Ruth Emma Throop, 18.
 We had a Throop added to our class,
 And we shall be sorry when that Throop doth pass.

Roswell Hartson Whitman, 15.
 Is Roswell bright and studious? Well,
 He's good in reciting, but he cannot spell.

**SENIOR CLASS
 OFFICERS**

President	Lydia Collins
Vice-President	Roswell Whitman
Secretary	Claire Montgomery
Treasurer	Roland Andrews

CLASS FLOWER
 White and Yellow Rose
CLASS MOTTO
 Victoria patientiam cornat
CLASS COLORS
 Green and Gold

WHO LIKES ROASTED CORN?

One by one the Seniors met at Noyes' corner on Sept. 10th. The boys took their cars, into which we all piled. After riding for about twenty minutes, on very rough roads, through the wonderful moonlight night, someone said, "Here" and our cars stopped. Out we all climbed and raced into Carrie Cheesbro's home.

The girls made cocoa at the house, then went down to the river bank. Near the river the boys had built a roaring bon-fire around which everyone gathered. A few entertained with songs while we all roasted marshmallows, corn, weiners, etc. Besides these we had cocoa, rolls and cake.

After we had spent about two hours there we returned to the house, where Miss Hill and Harry entertained us with music. We danced and played games for a while. Then someone started for home and everyone followed. A lovely ride home through the moonlight ended a perfect evening, enjoyed by the healthy, fun-loving crowd of 1924 Seniors.

WHEN THE SENIORS WERE ROBBERS

Is it possible? Well, this is how it happened. Since the girls were so royally entertained by the boys, they wished to return the compliment. So on the evening of October 11th, they invited the whole class to come up to Roberts' cottage to spend the evening.

Lydia, Adah, Ethel and Mildred went up an hour before the rest did to open the cottage and build the fire. When we arrived we discovered that the cottage was securely locked and the key nowhere to be found. At first we were at a loss to know what to do, then Mr. Collins, who had brought us up, found a way out of the difficulty. Sh! — Let me whisper it to you! — We found a loose window and climbed through it. After we had gotten safely inside, we had quite a little difficulty building a fire in the fireplace out of the broken bits of wood we were able to ferret out. We worked hard until at last the rest of the Seniors arrived.

During the very first game of "tag" all remnants of "Senior dignity" completely disappeared and remained in obscurity during the other games, contests and sports which followed in quick succession. The members of the class of '24 will never forget Mr. Casey's impression of a man cranking a Ford.

Later in the evening, run-tum-diddle on saltines, cocoa and candy were served. We ate this while sitting on the floor about the fireplace. Following the refreshments, we told stories and sang until time to go.

THANKSGIVING FROLIC

The night before the Thanksgiving vacation began, the Seniors, turning their minds from weighty matters to fun and frolic, gathered at the Don Eeon for a good time. Games, stunts, dancing and music were the main features of the evening. When it came time for refreshments, the boys were each given a slip of paper and told to follow closely the directions written thereon. They did so, and in unlooked for secluded spots of the rooms they found refreshments which they had to serve to the others. The remainder of the evening was spent in music and story-telling.

THE SENIORS AS SALESMEN

The Seniors have been working very hard to add to their store of wealth (?) for their Washington trip. One of their methods was selling candy at school. The first allotment was sold during December, and the second is being sold this month. The High School students were very prompt in their response to the Senior appeal for aid in disposing of their candy. Another method was the selling of writing paper to their friends. This paper had B. H. S. on it in gilt letters.

THE DRAMATIC TALENT IN THE SENIOR CLASS

As soon as school began in the fall, the Seniors began to plan for their annual fall play. After much discussion and deliberation the play "Forest Acres" was chosen. A try-out, in which every Senior took part, was held and the following cast was selected.

Lemuel Crockett	-----	Leon Johnson
Mrs. Crockett	-----	Adah Loomis
Elizabeth Crockett	-----	Lydia Collins
Hepsibah Crockett	-----	Mildred Petley
Hiram Crockett	-----	Willis Miller
Franklin Arthur	-----	Edward Partridge
Miss Lucy Ruggles	-----	Mary Hollenbeck
Evelina Newcomb	-----	Gladys Smith
Andy Habbs	-----	Roland Andrews
Jeffrey Brixley	-----	Roswell Whitman

Elsie Brixley -----	Ruth Throop
Constance Loring -----	Irene Robbins
Nora -----	Claire Montgomery

On Friday evening, Nov. 16, 1923, our play was presented and proved a great success. Every seat in the Hall was sold and the class cleared about \$125.

The large High School orchestra, which had recently been organized, furnished the music for the evening. It was ably directed by James Hartman and was received with great applause by the audience.

"YIMMIE YONSON'S YOB"

For their spring play the Seniors chose the play "Yimmie Yonson's Yob." We considered ourselves very fortunate in securing Robert Nutter for the leading part and a very difficult role. The following cast was chosen:

Yimmie Yonson -----	Robert Nutter
Mr. Kent, the father -----	Charles Perry
Pal, the detective -----	Willis Miller
Frank, the clerk -----	Roswell Whitman
Micky, the Irish boy -----	Leon Johnson
Mrs. Kent, the mother -----	Adah Loomis
Belle, the daughter -----	Mildred Petley
Sylvia, the niece -----	Lydia Collins
Kittie, the maid -----	Gladys Smith
Peg, the Irish cook -----	Claire Montgomery

We are hoping for as great a success in this play as in our other.

CLASSROOM GOSSIP

Edward Partridge, of dramatic fame says, "I imitate all the great actors, but none of them ever imitate me."

AS TIME GOES ON

Freshie—"I beg your pardon, but I didn't comprehend the question?"

Soph.—"I didn't get the question."

Junior—"What?"

Senior—"Huh?"

Willis Miller recently won the long distance talking contest. All his competitors dropped out at the first fourteen thousand words.

Leon Johnson likes originality. Ask anybody in his French class about his translations.

The Editor wishes to thank the kind hearted soul who, moved by pity and benevolence, so kindly contributed two pennies to "The Echo" box. Keep up the good work, but why stop at small change?

Senior faults are many,
Freshmen have but two—
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

Miss Gladys Smith causes her father a great deal of worry. The other day he said, "I don't fancy that young man of yours; I've looked him up a bit and find he isn't very steady in his calling."

"Steady in his calling," Miss Smith answered, "Why he comes seven nights a week."

Senior—"Oh, it's great to be High School bred!"
Freshie—"What kind of bread is that?"
Senior—"A four year loaf."

WHY?

Mother! Why is the ocean blue?
And why don't fishes drown?
And are there monkey's in a zoo?
What makes the earth go round?

Did you ever see the man in the moon?
Where do the holes in my stockings go?
Why aren't we all black like a coon?
Why isn't my thumb a toe?

Mother! was Dad ever l'il like me?
Why did you marry him anyway?
And mother, why can't blind people see?
Why can't you answer my questions to-day?

Miss Latham (in geography): "What causes the daily revolution of the earth?"
Roland Peckham: "The Bolshevists ma'am."

Willis Miller: "Why all the excitement, Roland?"
Roland Andrews: "Oh, I've just been encored on three of my exams."

Fierce lessons
Late Hours
Unexpected company
Not prepared
Kicked Out.

Mr. Casey: "Give a good illustration of density."
Ethel Cook (reviewing Physics): "I don't know."
Mr. Casey: "A very good illustration."

Miss Hill (in history): "Kenneth, what was Hannibal's great i
Kenneth Eldred: "Size 10 ½."

Miss Anderson: "How many kinds of flowers are there?"
Charles Taylor: "Three."
Miss Anderson: "Indeed? And what are they?"
Charles: "Wild, tame and collie."

"A fool," said the teacher to the student who asked a catch question, "can ask things a wise man can't answer."

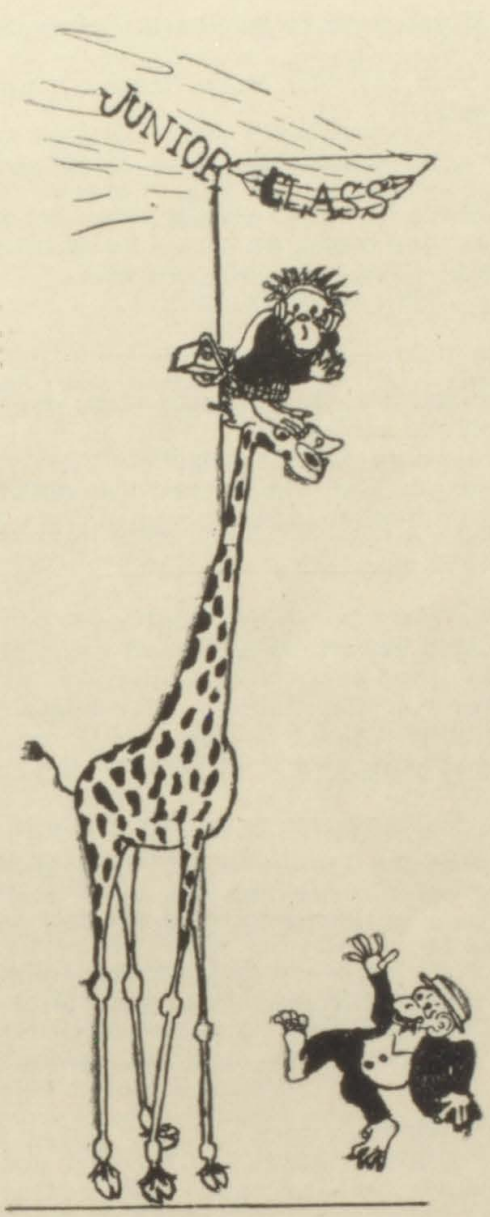
Willis Miller: "Is that the reason I flunked last term in this subject?"

There was a young fellow from Kent,
Whose nose was so long that it bent,
As the old saying goes,
He would follow his nose,
And instead of coming, he went!

Miss Genung: "Give for one year the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States."

Bright Boy: "1492: none."

Edward Partridge: "Why, Harry, you've got your shoes on the wrong feet!"
Harry Harmon: "But they're the only feet I've got."



OH COME ALL YE FAITHFUL! JUNIORS—"WE'RE COMING"

Look at the picture on the opposite page, long and carefully. Study the countenances of each and notice the lines of deep thought. "Knowledge is power!" And here as nowhere else have we this coveted article—knowledge. The following, written by a promising poet of the class, will explain all and prove to you the truth of this statement.

"Our yaller hen has broke her leg,
Oh never more she'll lay an egg;
The brindle cow has gone plumb dry,
And sister Sal has eat a pie
This earth is full of sin and sorrow
We're born to-day and die to-morrow."

Prince: "Say, Mose, if you were to ride on a donkey, what fruit would the two of you resemble?"

Maurice, after thinking in vain for some time: "I give it up."

Prince: "A pear." (pair)

Clarky and Howard Sands had been sitting alone for some time, and things were not coming along as fast as they ought, to keep Clarky interested. So she glanced up at him and said coquettishly—"Say something sweet."

Howard, blunderingly—"Why-er-molasses!"

Helen Cuyle prides herself on asking questions no one can answer. She certainly succeeded when she shot off the subjoined.

"Why was Adam the happiest of husbands?"

Betty: "Oh, I can't answer your far-fetched thoughts."

"Well because he had no mother-in-law," replied the witty Helen.

The knowledge of this class has been mentioned before. Following is another proof as set forth by Elizabeth Taber during Caesar examination.

Question: Describe the dress of a Gallic soldier.

What Tabe wrote: For war the Gallic soldier had a helmet, shield, sword, and sandals. Picture, in your mind, Caesar leading SUCH an army of SUCH soldiers over the vast territories of ice and snow.

It's very hard to tell what the Juniors will do next, so it is better to tell what they have already done. Since "order is heaven's first law" (and we are angels) I will start at their infancy and trace their growth up to their present mature age.

The first thing to do, of course, when they became Juniors was to organize. Then they had to celebrate and immediately planned a party to be held at Danforth's Cottage. About twelve couples attended and lived up to the motto: "Eat, drink and be merry." About nine o'clock when the moon rose in all its glory, they started home singing merrily.

It is second nature for Juniors to work and they settled down to a studious grind at once. Two of Stevenson's Essays, "An Inland Voyage" and "Travels With a Donkey" were read, and if anyone doubts that they were discussed, let him ask some member of the class. Why they didn't know they could think so deeply or express themselves so well!

Then came a gala event wherein Juniors shine in all their glory—a party. Ever since they were Freshmen, they have been famous for their parties—and this was no exception. Christmas seemed the most fitting time for it, so the Town Hall was rented, posters made, invitations sent, and the affair was in full swing. Each class contributed to the evening's entertainment. Willis Miller underwent a very serious operation for appendicitis, gall stones, enlarged heart, and numerous other internal disorders. Drs. Whitman and Harmon displayed great surgical skill in the wielding of their tools—hammer, saw, chisel, etc. Willis survived and, according to reports, is doing nicely. This was the Senior's bit toward the fun.

The Sophomores certainly made a hit that night. To the sweet strains of "Barney Google" in marched Spark Plug, Barney Google, and the train of adoring damsels that always follows Spark Plug about. Barney, none other than Ward Kirkland, in a stove-

pipe hat, claw hammer coat, boiled shirt, and fried collar, carried an umbrella for protection, and led his pet, Spark Plug, consisting of namely: Maurice Colwell, Kenneth Eldred, a rubber boot, a house slipper, one white shoe and one man's shoe, a horse-blanket and a perfect wooden likeness of the animal's head. You couldn't imagine anything funnier. The Sophomore Girls asked Spark Plug questions, and the answers were so witty and humorous that to this day, we well remember them.

The Frosh go in for athletics and gave us an exhibition football game that night. The teams—"Pajamas" and "Night Shirts," played a fast game, goaded on by the cheering Frosh girls. Mr. Casey was referee and rose to the occasion nobly. Perhaps it was the crowd, on the fact that it was the boys' first appearance, that confused them so, and caused them to make so many blunders.

Lastly, but by no means least, came the Juniors. So far, everything had been very modern and up-to-the-minute but now these Jolly Juniors took you back to the "good old-fashioned school days." Pauline Loudon, the school marm, conducted a model school. The little girls wore aprons, and brought their dollies for company. Hand in hand, they shyly marched out at the close of the day's lessons.

With dances and games intermingled, the evening sped on. At about ten thirty punch was served and at twelve the party broke up. Oh, but it was fun, and another successful party added to the Junior credit.

At the beginning of the second semester, everyone went back to work with a will. Real dramatic talent was discovered while dramatizing "She Stoops to Conquer." Now to look at Helen Cuyle, you wouldn't think she could ride horse-back, but appearances are deceitful. That girl galloped across the floor, astride a chair, cracking a whip, as though she was riding horseback. Oh, 'twas a fine impersonation of one of the chief characters in the play—Tony Lumpkin. Other members of the class can act too—as we soon discovered.

The school has continued the Banking System which proved so beneficial before. Here, the Juniors have shone too, keeping well in the leading section. Nearly every week their enrollment has been one hundred per cent.

They have every intention of going to Washington next year, so to help defray expenses they will put on a play sometime later.

The latter part of this year in their English Class they will read "Julius Caesar," and "Idylls of the King." The Juniors have some pleasant hours before them.

This comprises our activities for the past year, and as was said before it's very hard to tell what will happen next, so I won't attempt to tell you of our future plans.

Emma Perry, '25.

PROBABLE REMARKS

- "An Echo in the hand is worth two in the bookstores."
- "It is a long week that has no date in it."
- "More cram, less scholarship."
- It's the early bird who catch the tennis courts."
- "Early to bed, early to rise, the hours for sleep count about five."
- "Many exams make night work."
- "Who keeps company with Freshmen will soon be green."
- "Strong minds are developed in times of "Regents."
- "Pride goeth down before quarterlies."
- "Don't count your credits before Regents."
- "Buy and eat your Senior candy while the teacher is out of the room."
- "There are no perfect Cicero recitations without the consultation of a "pony" or Miss Paschke."
- "To answer questions from stage whispers is unwise."
- "He who carries a note should realize that he is a "partaker" in a very high trust."
- "Most pupils waste a vast amount of gum."
- "Arbitration will eventually settle all disputes and do away with war in the Study Hall."
- "I wandered lonely as a cloud because I could not buy an Echo."
- "The burdened Senior finds no easy job."
- "He that buys an "Echo," let him not buy alone."
- "Frosh rush in where Seniors fear to tread."

REAL KNOWLEDGE

- Peggy: "Do you know my husband?"
- Clella: "Oh yes."
- Peggy: "Well that's more than I can say."



JUNIOR CLASS

Top Row Left to Right: Covelle Winsor, Prince Danforth, Maurice Hayes, Edith Moore, Mary Nutter, Viola Freidenstine.

Bottom Row Left to Right: Helen Clarke, Elizabeth Taber, Emma Perry, Pauline Loudon, Elizabeth Finch, Helen Cuyle.

JUNIORS

OFFICERS

President ----- Pauline Loudon
 Vice-President ----- Elizabeth Taber
 Secretary and Treasurer ----- Emma Perry

CLASS ROLL

Helen Clark	Emma Perry
Helen Cuyle	Edith Moore
Elizabeth Finch	Prince Danforth
Viola Friedenstine	Richard Ramsdell
Mary Nutter	Maurice Hayes
Pauline Loudon	Howard Sands
Elizabeth Taber	Kenneth Ireland
L. Coville Winsor	

THE RAVAGES OF TIME

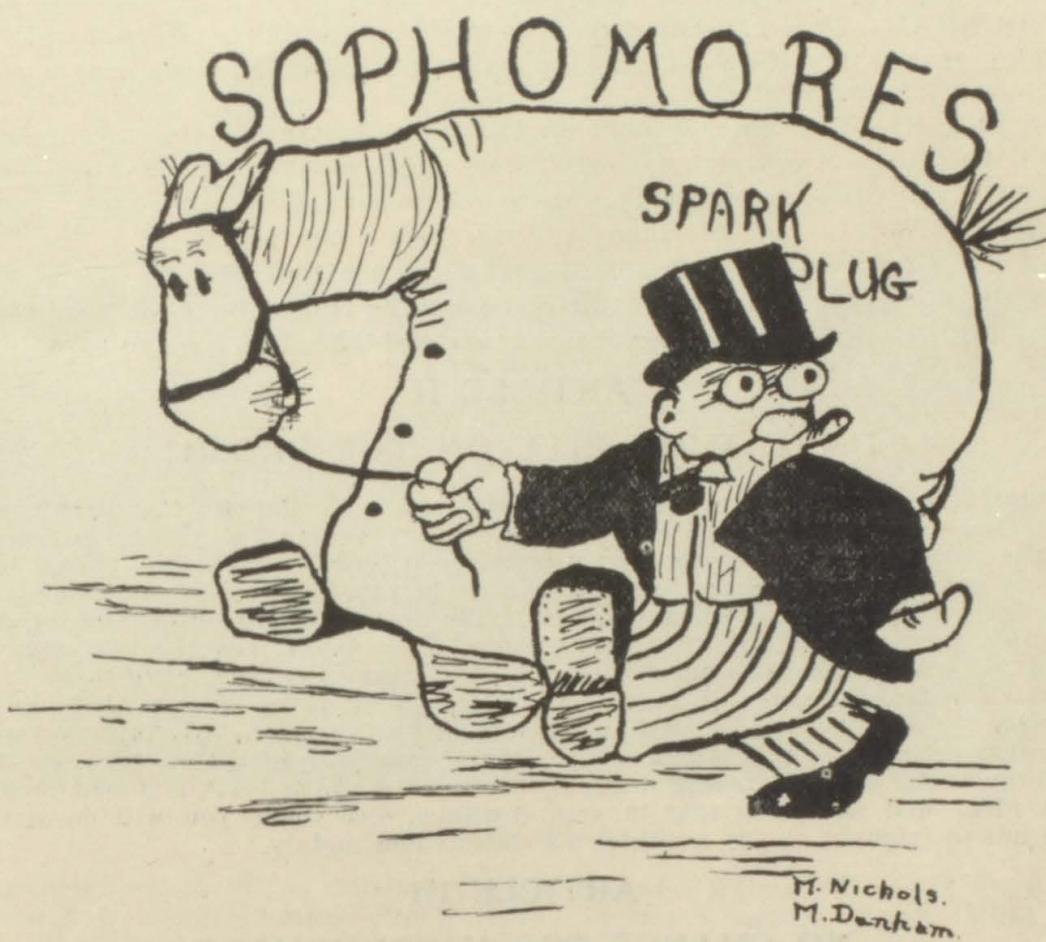
George Heigold has stopped school and gone to raisin' cabbages.

Pauline Loudon has passed nearly all her freshmen subjects, "Cum Laude!"

Betty Finch has had all those beautiful curls cut off and now looks just like a flapper.

Helen Cuyle has written several literary masterpieces and you may look for their appearance in all the "worthwhile magazines" at an early date—according to Helen.

Mary Nutter curled her hair—once!



We, the Sophomores of Bainbridge High School in order to assuage the curiosity of our classmates, establish a footing for our youthful selves, insure faculty tranquillity, provide defense for our seeming frivolity, promote the Sophic "Good Times" movement, and secure the blessings of superiority over the trival Freshmen youngsters as well as the overbearing Juniors, do inscribe and set forth these, our doings.

ARTICLE I

RULES ARE RULES

RULE I. Every gentleman must rise when a lady enters a class, otherwise the classroom is unbalanced.

RULE II. When spelling Heinz's put the apostrophe and s in the right place. Some pupils seem to want to add the "57 varieties."

RULE III. The Sophomores shall not, without the consent of Miss Hill, enter into any agreement or compact with another class, or engage in war, unless actually invaded or in such imminent danger as will not even admit chewing gum.

RULE IV. General.

MARION NICHOLS—Save your eloquence for future use.

MARY DUNHAM—Thoe angelic expressions in History are fine. Keep it up!

DOROTHY HASSERT—Keep polished up on that Algebra and you may make your fortune as a substitute.

LOUISE PETLEY—Your older brother needs a watchful eye or two. 'Nuff said!

WARD KIRKLAND—A few serious thoughts, not quite so much time devoted to art.

KENNETH ELDRED—Avoid arguing with your superiors.

MAURICE COLWELL—No more than two girls for a night, please.

STELLA SMITH—"Learn to smile, it will make it worth your while."

NORMA FISK—Start a school in flirting and show the rest of the class your ruse.

DORIS WILCOX—Give us your receipt for managing high school boys so capably.

ARTICLE II

HAVE THOU PITY ON THE FROSH!

Sympathetic townsmen, we invoke your pity for the Freshmen; they aren't to blame because they're green. Having taken the initiative, we request you to follow. Last autumn we decided to initiate the Frosh properly with some good stiff tricks but after they had been marched around town in the hope of eventually reaching Camel's Hump, they looked so disappointed when they found the destination to be the school grounds, their knees were so trembly, their murmurings so inaudible, that we just didn't know what to do. At length we rushed them into the school building, gave them a dose of jazz which somewhat revived them, and a few mild jokes to get their minds off themselves. Later we Sophs fixed them up with some good hot frankfurts with rolls, roast corn, doughnuts and lemonade, let them play a few games that we secretly decided they must have learned in the first, or second grade at least, and sent them home. This incident will show you that in your dealings with them, you will do well to be careful not to frighten or say anything to alarm them unduly.

ARTICLE III

NO CHANCE FOR IMPROVEMENT

"Oh, hope we'll get to Binghamton on time," exclaimed a Soph just as we were ready to hop into cars and start for that nearby city. "Of course we will," shouted another "Sofa Pillow" halfway into a car. Soon we were spinning along, and so much did we talk that when we reached "Bingo" we could hardly believe that so much time had flown. We purchased tickets at the Binghamton Theatre and entered with our chaperon, Miss Paschke. The vaudeville we dubbed "fine" and "vastly amusing and instructive," while the movie was also good. To finish the evening properly, we betook ourselves to an ice cream parlor. There several of our members preserved Sophomore gayety by ordering "Honeymoon Specials." But alas! On the way home the fog was dense and threatening. Nevertheless, we reached Bainbridge safely, for Mr. Eldred, Mr. Colwell and Mr. Wood, who made our party possible by taking their cars, were excellent drivers.

ARTICLE IV

IT'S GOOD PRACTICE

The Homemaking House, one evening last December, was the scene of a jolly Sophomore Christmas Dinner. The interior absorbed a festive air under the soft glow of red and green shaded lights. A complete and delicious five-course chicken dinner

was served in the dining room. Dancing and games furnished entertainment for the evening. A grand affair it was, and we feel sure that it is only by exercising our brains in like social channels that we shall finally be able to arrive at the proper Senior dignity.

ARTICLE V

YOUR OPINION, PLEASE

Don't you think it is much more interesting to learn if the work is made to seem real? For instance, we enjoyed reading Dicken's "Tale of Two Cities," but it was made doubly interesting for us after we saw the movie "Orphans of the Storm" at Smalley's Theatre. This picture shows French Revolutionary scenes in much the same way that Dickens depicts them in his book.

Planning school social affairs along with our lessons is spicy even if people do say its "impractical and indulging in lightness and frivolity of mind." At present, ideas for our St. Patrick's Party, or rather Freshman Baby Party are revolving in our minds.

Myrtle V. Kentfield, '26.



SOPHOMORES

Top Row Left to Right: Maurice Colwell, Kenneth Eldred, Ward Kirkland.
 Front Row: Louise Petley, Stella Smith, Myrtle Kentfield, Norma Fiske, Mary Dunham, Doris Wilcox, Dorothy Hassart, Marion Nichols.

SOPHOMORES

OFFICERS

President	-----	Marion E. Nichols
Vice-President	-----	Kenneth E. Eldred
Secretary	-----	Maurice A. Colwell
Treasurer	-----	Doris E. Wilcox
Sargeants-at-Arms	-----	Kenneth Eldred, Mary Dunham

CLASS ROLL

Marion Nichols
 Mary Dunham
 Dorothy Hassart
 Louise Petley
 Ward Kirkland
 Kenneth Eldred

Maurice Colwell
 Stella Smith
 Norma Fiske
 Doris Wilcox
 Myrtle Kentfield

NOW AND THEN

The old maid schoolmarm gave a shriek, sat up and bumped her head. What an awful disturbance! She reached out her arms and came in contact with the sides of her coffin. Hastily she thrust aside the mouldering boards and poked her way above ground. Another child slid merrily down her tombstone, shrieking with delight.

"How perfectly shocking," cried the old maid, "In my day if children even dared to even think of such a thing they were given a smack on the side of the head and sent to bed supperless. The school they attend must be something awful. I really must see it."

The old maid's ghost sped school-ward. It arrived just in time to hear a teacher say, "I don't know what I'm going to do, I have three more in my English class. That makes twenty-one in all. I simply can't handle such large classes." The ancient ghost lifted her hands in horror.

"Now isn't that absurd. The fearful laziness, yes, laziness of the present generation. I must say I'm grieved beyond all measure. In my day, when I taught, I had sixty pupils in primer, the first year class, to say nothing of the rest of the grades, and I never had any trouble 'handling them'." The ancient dame then visited the various classes, (but of course the pupils couldn't see her because she was a ghost.) She entered the study hall, and observed that the pupils were sitting in separate seats. The geometry class was reciting. "Well I never saw the like of this before. Separate seats! I suppose the children think they're too good to sit with their neighbors. Such expense!"

Then she glanced at the board. A pupil was saying, "Therefore the triangle A B C equals the triangle M N O having two sides and included angle of one equal to two sides and included angle of the other."

"Why of course they're equal," she snorted indignantly, "anyone can see with half an eye that they are equal. Such tom-foolery! In my day people were content with reading and ciphering and didn't have to have such stuff! I can see that this is no place for me," and she went back to the security of her grave.

Marion E. Nichols, '26.
Washington, D. C..
January, 28 1924.

Dear Seniors :

One of your number asked me if I wanted a copy of this year's "Echo." I surely do, for I have been looking forward to it with the greatest of anticipation ever since I was fortunate enough to receive a copy of last year's "Echo."

I have enjoyed reading "The Echo" and have been particularly grateful that it contained pictures of all of the High School pupils. In every class I have found some of my former pupils. It is well for me that their names are given too, or I would have failed to recognize some of them. Even with that help some of you may remember that I did not know you last summer upon first sight.

I think "The Echo" is a fine school paper, and that it is beneficial to those who get it up; to those in Bainbridge who are interested in the School; and to those who now live far away from B. H. S. but who are glad to be put into closer touch with the life of the school. To me the activities of B. H. S. for 1923-1924, and for a few years to come are especially interesting because many of you were once pupils of mine in the 4th and 5th grades. Through letters I have been able to keep in touch with a few of you but I am interested in the growth and progress of all of my former pupils and "The Echo" does much to fill this need. It is good work and should be kept up. It is something which you yourselves will prize in later years, when the write-ups and photographs will bring back pleasant memories. Why not include photographs of your present teachers also. Surely, they are a part of the Bainbridge High School!

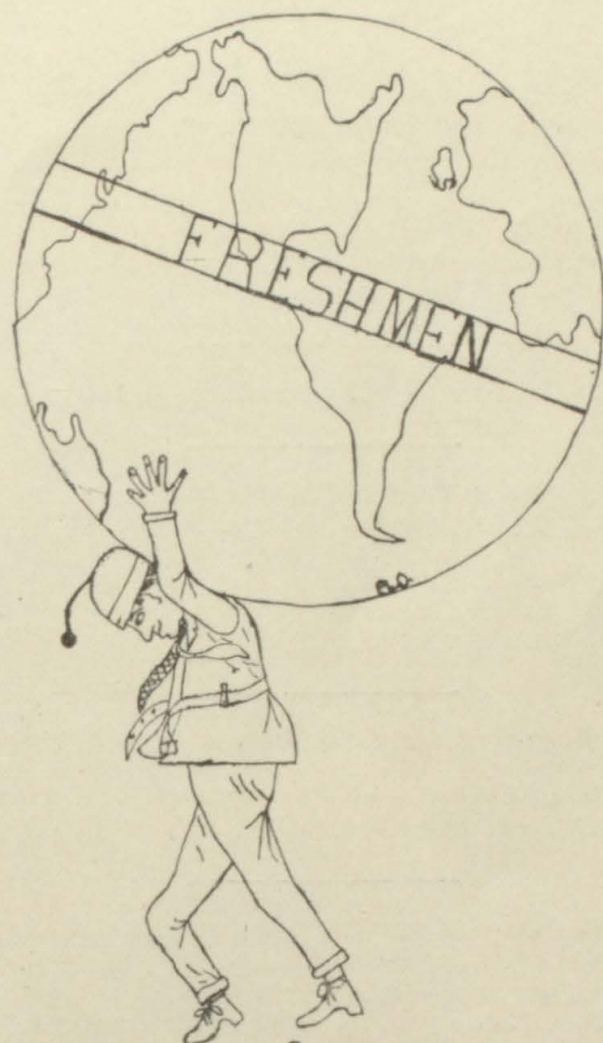
I also think it is fine for the Graduating Class to visit some worthwhile place. I am glad that last year and this year one of the cities chosen was Washington, for it is a beautiful city and one full to the brim of historic interest, both past and present. I am hoping to see you on your trip to Washington this spring.

Yours with best wishes,
MARGARET L. JOHNSON.

"The elevator of success is usually stuck. Try the stairs."

"The less people speak of their greatness, the more we think of it."—Bacon.

"Habit is a cable, we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it."—Horace Mann.



LOOK WHO'S HERE! F.F.

We were all "Freshmen" as we entered High School and very green. A few weeks after school began we received an invitation to a frankfort roast, by fifteen tormentors. We were to meet at the "haunted creamery" at four o'clock sharp or beware! At a few minutes past four we had assembled at the "inviting" place and had a wonderful march around the whole town. We, of course, were very polite and carried the eats. After an hour or so we came to the school house and were very glad to rest our "tired understandings." We rested for a few minutes and then played "pompey" and other exciting games. We were then called to eat. After eating we gave a few of our school yells. This ended a day which the Freshmen will not forget soon.

The Freshman Class has enjoyed many parties this year, one of which was held at Danforth's Cottage. There were about thirty-six people present. Cocoa, salad and sandwiches were served. About nine o'clock the party came to a close. All reported a good time.

We give our highest thanks to the faculty of dear old B. H. S. for their kindness and patience in starting us in the right paths of knowledge.

DOT'S IKEY

Who comes around ven I been out,
Drinks up mine fire and eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in deer mout?
Dot's Ikey.

Who when he gones again this way,
Vill hear what Joseph has to say,
Und mit a black eye goes way,
Dot's Ikey.

Ask Mildred Cheesbro and Stanley Hatton where to study Latin.

Charles Taylor had just been chastised by his father.
"Mamma," he asked "Was Adam the first man?"
"Yes, dear."
"Didn't he have any papa?"
"Of course not," said Charles mother.
"My!" said Charles, "but he was lucky."

Miss Anderson (in Biology Class): "Georgia name one bird that is extinct."
Georgia: "Dick!"
Teacher: "Dick! What kind of a bird is that."
Georgia: "Our canary, the cat extincted him."

Ralph Garrison: "Say Stanley, did you know I had a new job?"
Stanley Hatton: "No, what is it?"
Ralph: "Oh! I'm blacksmith down at the bakery."
Stanley: "I don't understand you. I don't know what you mean."
Ralph: "Just what I say. I shoo flies."

We wonder why Mildred and Stanley had their Latin.

Peggy: "How much does a fool weigh?"
Celia: "Step on the scales and see."

Dorothy: "How much do you expect a dumbbell to do?"
Lena: "To mind his own business."

Miss Hill: "Mildred, what is the plural of mouse?"
Mildred Ives: "Mouses."

Paul Oleson wants to know why you can't graft a milkweed with corn and grow mush and milk?



FRESHMEN

Top Row: Herbert Seeley, Joseph Hobreiter, Elverton, Hoyt, Burr Race, Elmer Archer, Marshall Lawrey, Alfred Hobreiter.

2nd Row: S. Earl Hollenbeck, Junior Corbin, Charles Taylor, Paul Oleson, Mark Sawyer.

3rd Row: Rolf Garrison.

4th Row: Hilda Sargent, Celia Axtell, Margaret Davidson, Gertrude Eggleston, Mildred Cheesbro, Gertrude Palmatier, Georgia Heath, Grace Luther, Clella Drachler, Dorothy Finch, Rose Sands.

Front Row: Florence Lord, Blanche Throop, Helen Lenhiem, Mildred Williams, Marguerite Wilcox, Dorothy Harmon, Florence Seeley, Mildred Ives, Ellen Snitchler, Gladys Sands.

FRESHMEN

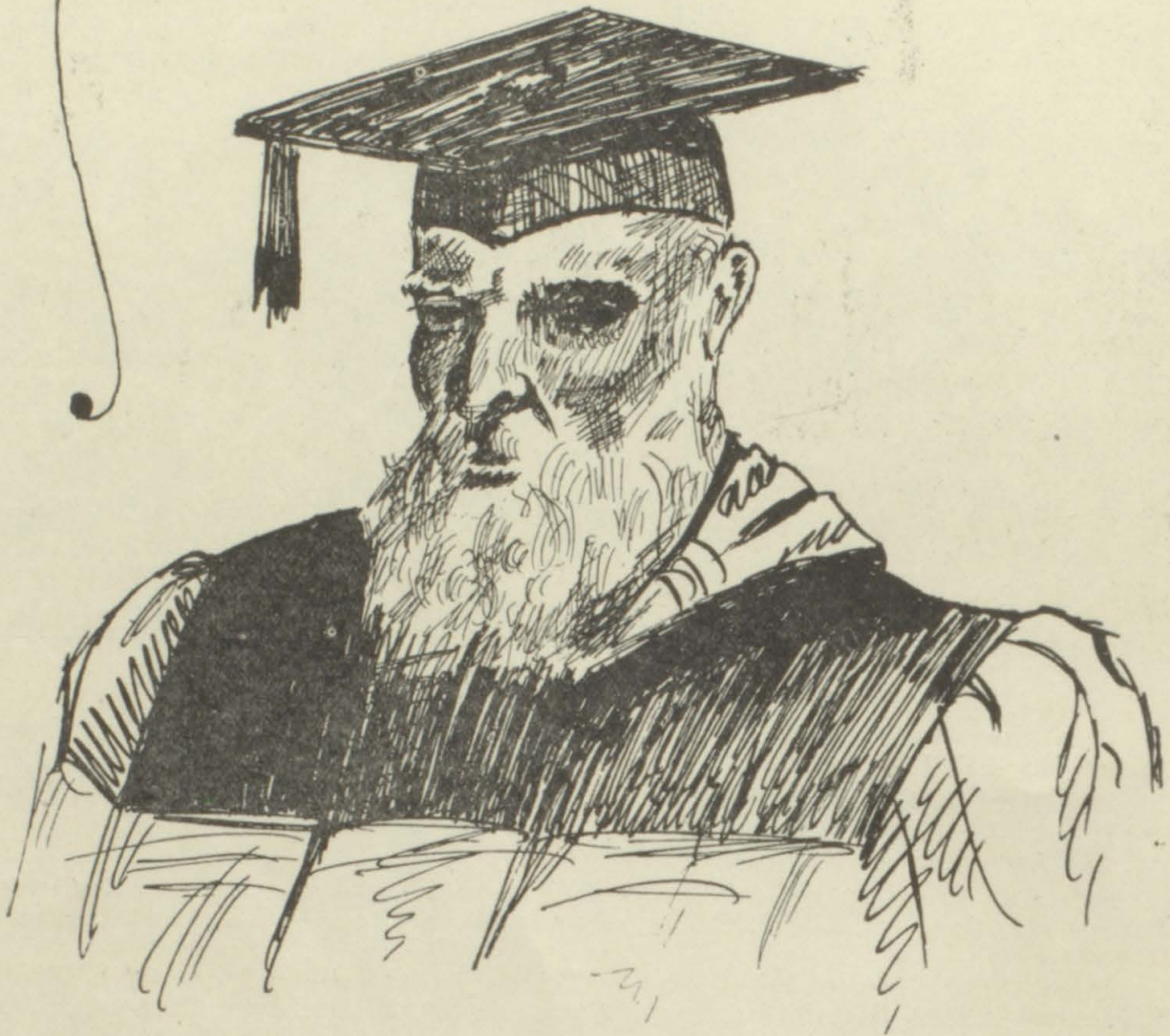
OFFICERS

President ----- Stanley Hatton
 Secretary ----- Margaret Davidson
 Treasurer ----- Mildred Cheesbro

CLASS ROLL

Margaret Davidson	Ellen Snitchler
Florence Lord	Gladys Sands
Lena Lord	Grace Luther
Dorothy Finch	Rose Sands
Helen Lenhiem	Florence Seeley
Mildred Cheesbro	Clella Drachler
Mildred Ives	Gertrude Palmatier
Mildred Williams	Florence Phillips
Dorothy Harmon	Blanche Throop
Hilda Sargent	Georgia Heath
Celia Axtell	Margaret Wilcox
Gertrude Eggleston	Stanley Hatton
Marshall Lowry	Earl Hollenbeck
Burr Race	Alfred Hohrieter
Elverton Hoyt	Joseph Hohrieter
Elmer Archer	Ralph Corbin, Jr.
Ralph Garrison	Paul Oleson
Marcus Sawyer	Charles Taylor
Herbert Seeley	

ALUMNI



Editor: Mary Hollenbeck '24

Assistants: Edith More '25 Mary Nutter '25 Doris Wilcox '26 Dorothy Hassert 26

By way of variety, this year we have letters from various ones of the Alumni of the school. We are glad that the school has Alumni who are still interested in it, and willing to help those who are now in those same halls of learning where they spent their High School years.

The list of Alumni which is published this year is not the complete list, but only the corrections to last year's list with the Class of 1923 added. If anyone who does not possess a copy of last year's "Echo," in which the list was published, desires one, please let me know as soon as possible. I have a few on hand which I will be glad to give to those who desire them.

Mary A. Hollenbeck, '24.

ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1923.

Frances Kentfield	-----	Attending the State College at Albany
Burritt Haddow	-----	Attending St. Lawrence University
Elliot Danforth	-----	Attending Colgate University
Joseph Gunther	-----	At home
Marie Gunther	-----	Attending the Training Class at Unadilla
Frances Cooper	-----	Working in Afton, N. Y.
Thelma Taylor	-----	Attending the Lowell Business School
Frieda Friedell	-----	Crouse-Irving Hospital, Syracuse, N. Y.
Ruth Hollenbeck	-----	Taking a Post Graduate Course at B. H. S.
Vivian Walker	-----	Living at her home in town
Dorothea White	-----	Living at her home at Norwich
Owena Crumb	-----	Attending Oxford College

- CLASS OF 1922.**
 Ruth White ----- In training at the Good Shepherd Hospital, Syracuse
 Arminta Andrews (Haynes) ----- Is living in town
 Robert Nutter ----- Is working in the First National Bank of Bainbridge
 Stanley Price ----- Is working in town
- CLASS OF 1921.**
 Chauncey Norton ----- Is living in Utica
- CLASS OF 1919.**
 Philena Dedrick ----- Is teaching in Jamestown, N. Y.
- CLASS OF 1918.**
 Mildred French (Corbin) ----- Is living in Bennettsville
 Florence Price (Bliss) ----- Is living in town
 Edgar Banner ----- Is working in Akron, O.
- CLASS OF 1917.**
 Clyde Hitchcock ----- Is working in town
- CLASS OF 1916.**
 Aldyth Nichols ----- Is teaching at Hillside, N. J.
 Ruth Garlock (d)
- CLASS OF 1911.**
 Bessie Smith (Kales) ----- Is living in Cobleskill
- CLASS OF 1910.**
 Pearle Decker (Banner) ----- Is teaching in Morrisville, N. Y.
 Erford Banner (d)
- CLASS OF 1908.**
 Olive Kirby (d)
 Estella Shafer (d)
 Louise E. White (d)
- CLASS OF 1906.**
 Frank Croak (d)
 Mabel Smith (Smith) (d)
- CLASS OF 1905.**
 Ivah Kniskern (James) ----- Is living in Prescott, Ariz.
 Hattie Dingman (d)
- CLASS OF 1902.**
 Lewis Kniskern ----- Is living in New York City
- CLASS OF 1901.**
 Alton B. Lyon (d)
 Ralph Sweet (d)
 Coraline Sands (Wilcox) (d)
 Mabel Corbin (Vancott) (d)
- CLASS OF 1900.**
 Arthur Vanderhole (d)
 Alice Bennett (d)
- CLASS OF 1898.**
 Will Fletcher ----- Is living in Parish, Fla.
- CLASS OF 1895.**
 Fred Ashley ----- Is living in Warren, O.
- CLASS OF 1891.**
 John Kirby (d)
- CLASS OF 1889.**
 Josephine Corbin (d)
 Edith West (Bennett) ----- Lives in Rochester, N. Y.
- CLASS OF 1888.**
 Georgia Roberts (Campbell) (d)
- CLASS OF 1887.**
 Amelia Cannon (Ockerman) (d)
- CLASS OF 1885.**
 Arabel Guile (Tillman) (d)
 Carrie Scott (Taylor) ----- Lives in Portland, Ore.

CLASS OF 1884.

Hobart Banks ----- Is in Spokane, Wash.
Ernest L. Bennett ----- Is in Bainbridge
Frank Dreer (d)
Cornelia Stockwell (Williams) (d)

CLASS OF 1883.

Orin Sands (d)

CLASS OF 1882.

Fred Graves (d)
Mary Gilbert (Lyon) (d)

CLASS OF 1880.

Phoebe Yale (Rockwell) (d)

CLASS OF 1879.

John Grant (d)
Mary Akerley (Kilmer) (d)

CLASS OF 1878.

James L. Sill (d)

LAYING THE FOUNDATION

Times change, and systems of education change, but the deep, underlying principles of true education are ever the same. The purpose of schools is to train for wide-awake, informed and efficient citizenship; and as the course of schoolwork develops the mind, so all the various phases of school life develops the character. This being true, the pupil should realize the foundation of his life-structure is being built, and therefore seek to develop those traits of character which will insure a solid foundation essential for the character of the efficient citizen.

The habit of concentration is necessary if the pupil wishes to do or be anything admirable or worthy in the world. The word failure must be excluded from his vocabulary. With the same amount of energy that a ball is bounded and it returns to the thrower, likewise every effort put forth will rebound according to the force back of it. He must go forth knowing he is master of himself and destiny, he can do or be anything in the world he desires if he is willing to put sufficient effort into it. God gives food to the birds, but he does not throw it into the nest.

May Parsons Cairns, 1900.

VALUE OF AN ACADEMY TO A VILLAGE

I remember when the present building was built. My father was at that time a member of the Board of Education. It, at the time, brought to the children of the village the first opportunity for academic instruction. There is no institution in the village that has contributed more to the welfare of the village than it has. All of us who have left the village and who attended the academy realize the great help it has been to us.

Since the establishment of the Academy and the construction of the present building, great advances have been made in the field of education. The school is doing more for the children of the village than it ever did before. The district can well afford to enlarge and improve the building so as to meet modern requirements. It is my hope that the academy will continue long to serve the children of the community.

—Frank B. Gilbert '84.

LAST YEAR'S ECHO

I did so enjoy last year's "Echo." It was a real treat, and I remember showing it to a college friend of mine, and saying, "There, what do you think of that? It's the old school paper back home and I'm rather proud of it.

To which the friend replied, "It's great Kay, you sure can feel proud.

—Katherine Humphrey '18.

WHAT ARE THE THINGS THAT A HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL REALLY DOES LEARN AND REMEMBER?

It is remarkable that after being out of High School but ten years the things that come back to me most vividly are not exactly what one would expect. For instance, I

have a very distinct recollection of one or two delightful escapades that a few of us fellows were mixed up in—of course, they appear—well, perhaps a trifle foolish and quixotic now, but then—then they were decidedly thrilling. On the other hand, I cannot even faintly recall the time when my mark in Latin was 100%—though perhaps it would be better to say 80% as 80 appeared to me then a highly satisfactory accomplishment. Nor do I remember very clearly my recitations in Geometry, English, Physics, etc.

Now this is odd. Certainly one would expect to retain some slight recollection of these things but this does not actually transpire. One finds that these scholastic events composed merely the background of the stage on which the scenes of school days were enacted, and one does not look back at them with any perceptible tug at the heart-strings.

Again; my school comrades, my chums,—how do I remember them? Do I depict them making perfect recitations in class or perhaps solving some problem in Geometry that puzzles everyone else? Oh, no—far from it. I remember them as they were during their unofficial school life—on the Base Ball diamond, the Football field, in High School activities, Hol'oween scrapes and—yes, in fights. It was in these events that their characteristics, their good fellowship, sportsmanship and loyalty shone forth, and it was here that the friendships were formed which make me look back on my High School days with considerable affection.

Yes, beyond a doubt, it is a mighty good thing to study and appreciate the need of Education, but do not overlook the fact that good health and a true spirit of sportsmanship are just as important assets to-day as ever, and the way to acquire both is by mixing in the school life and activities and taking some part in school athletics.

You will find that long after your geometry theorems have secluded themselves in a dusty and hazy corner of your brain that you will still be able to look back and picture clearly and with fond memory many scenes of High School life that would, were one to associate with school life only formal education, be very drab indeed.

I hope that this is not dangerous propoganda. You have my assurance that it is not meant to be, by any means,—merely a reflection.

—Thos. Collins, Jr. '14.

Editor "Echo"

I occasionally take up last year's edition of the "Echo" and glance through its pages; between the covers I find much reading of interest, some funny original jokes; many articles of careful preparation and thought.

The grave old Senior is very cleverly sketched in cap and gown, representing the B. H. S. Alumni, we may feel justly proud of the B. H. S. Alumni; so many of them are now filling places of usefulness out in the wide, wide world, representing all, I think, of the professions of life.

I think it not too broad a statement to say; that few other High Schools of the state can claim so many honored graduates.

The "Echo" is as its name implies; the best reflector of our school, past and present. It is loyal, original and up to the minute.

—Clarence H. Kirby '96.

COLLEGE LIFE

Somewhere in Albany, N. Y.

Dear old B. H. S.,

I often think of the merry times I had, back there, nearly four year ago, within your walls. Many a time I barely escaped the wrath and indignation of those whom you put in places of authority over us there. There were times of course, tho I rarely speak of them, when authority overwhelmed me, and I came out from under it as meek and docile as could be.

Enough of that! You want to hear what I have to say about college life. The impressions which are the freshest and foremost in my memory now, are those which are connected with the ordeal of the past two weeks. Oh, Old B. H. S., you do not know what examinations are, and little did I know as an innocent freshman, until you have sat up night after night and cramed your head so full of "stuff" that you are sure there is no more room in which to "jam" anything more. Then is the time that you realize what an empty place you have, up there in the region of your brains. (All reverence to you, B. H. S.)

But college is not all gloom, for between examinations we make up for all the hard work imposed upon us at that time. College is a place where you grow, in ever so many ways, and the best part of it is, you hardly realize it at first. Oh, yes, the pessimist says we grow bad, but you, old B. H. S., you always look on the sunny side and see the good in all of us. We learn how to walk, talk, dress, and behave properly; tho we do not always, and that is when the pessimist looks on. We learn a lot of things we can not see any use for now, but we learn them just the same. They say, B. H. S., that college is a liberal education. And yes, I must not neglect to say, that here at State we learn what Education is, literally. We study it, and eat it with every meal.

College is a grand place and here is hoping, Old B. H. S., that you let many of your members have a taste of it, the bitter mixed with the sweet.

Best wishes for your future.

Sincerely yours,

Margaret L. Cushman '20
S. C. T. '24.

THINGS TO LEARN

To the Editor of the Echo:

"What are the most important things for a school pupil to learn?" answered in one hundred and twenty-five words—plus. *NOTA BENE*, these are words of mere opinion not of authority.

First, learn to depend on yourself. Your teachers can help but it is your own courtesy and thoughtfulness of others that make you friends, and it is your own care to deserve success that will pave the way to whatever success you may attain. Unfortunately, events do not always occur as you would wish them to do.

"And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift."

Another point to learn, then, is how to be a good loser. Do not complain about your failure. Try again or try something else. Finally, be interested in people—even in people you have never seen. Be interested too, in distant places and in past centuries. For example, study Latin not only for the help it gives you in English but also because men spoke and wrote that language for a period of fifteen hundred years.

The last bell rings. Rely on yourself, be brave in the face of difficulties, develop interest in all of life.

Success to you and to the ECHO.

Nathan Truman '95.

Feb. 1, 1924.

To the Editor of the Echo:

I am very glad to hear that another Echo is on the way. I assure you that a new copy of the Echo is always a joy and it well repays all the work and effort put into it. It provides a lasting pleasure, for what is more enjoyable than to reread your old copy of the Echo? It brings back to you all the pleasures of high school days. You again see yourself in the midst of all the student activities which relieve school days of drudgery and turn them into pleasure.

The Echo, together with other activities, form a very important side of the school life. How utterly dull and lifeless a school would be without them! Every member of the high school should be in some student activity during the year. The person who participates in athletics, dramatics, and the publication of the school paper gets a far broader education than the grind, and has a far happier time during the four years in high school. And remember that the good times which you had in your high school activities will live in your mind long after the binomial theorem and the fifteen decisive battles have been forgotten. Go to it!

LeRoy Copley '19.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 2, 1924.



Our Own Doings



PRIZE SPEAKING

Our school, in the past two years, has inaugurated a system of prize speaking. Every High School student has an opportunity to appear before the High School and grades and give a recitation. The best twelve boys and girls, six of each, are chosen by the teachers. These twelve appear in the Town Hall before the public sometime in the spring. Four prizes are offered, two for the boys and two for the girls. The first prizes are given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark. The Second prizes are given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kirby as the Olive Kirby Memorial Prize. Prize speaking encourages public speaking and brings out talent.

Those who took part in last year's speaking contest were chosen on a basis of their speaking the year before in school and their English standing. These were:

Mildred Petley	-----	First Prize, \$5
Edward Partridge	-----	First Prize, \$5
Irene Robbins	-----	Second Prize, \$2.50
Roland Andrews	-----	Second Prize, \$2.50
Carrie Cheesbro		
Helen Cuyle		
Harry Harmon		

The judges were:—

- Miss Mary Isbell, District Superintendent of Schools.
- Prof. Basil Conrad, Principal of Unadilla High School.
- Prof. John B. Chilson, Principal of Sidney High School.

This year we have again held the school speaking every Friday. We are all looking forward to the Prize Speaking in the spring.

—Helen Cuyle '25.

THE ADVANTAGES OF FIRE DRILL

Those who have been in fires especially school fires, know the advantage of Fire Drill. When our fathers went to school they had no Fire Drill. If a fire broke out in the school, the one who discovered it first would warn the others and they would leave the building as best they could. In this way there was a regular stampede and many more were killed than now where they have a regular Fire Drill. In a recent school fire where Fire Drill had been practiced, every one got out safely and no one was even hurt. In another school fire I have read about, the children all got out safely because of the Fire Drill the children had had. The safest way is to let the smaller children out first. In this way the smaller children are out of the building before the fire gains headway if it has been found soon enough. The smaller are out of the way and do not get knocked down and hurt. In some schools the girls have to be all out of the building before the boys can go. The Bainbridge School has a good, regular Fire Drill so that in case of fire we will be able to leave the building more quickly and safely.

Elizabeth Collar, 7th Grade.

PLAYGROUNDS

Every town or city should have a playground. Bainbridge needs one for little children as well as larger ones. Why? Many people cannot afford to equip their yards with playthings and toys for their children. Other matters are too busy. Some have to work for a living and do not know whether their children are safe or not. Then too, there are some boys who play games in the street. If they had a playground, they would not need the streets to play in. Our school has bought ground back of it where the grades can play and not disturb the High School. Then why not have a playground? It might prevent automobile accidents.

Carol Nichols, 7th Grade.

Little Girl: "Mummy, how do angels get their nighties on over their wings?"

CAMP FIRE GIRLS

The Law of the Camp Fire

- Seek beauty
- Give service
- Pursue Knowledge
- Be trustworthy
- Hold on to health
- Glorify work
- Be happy

SEEK BEAUTY. It is the aim of every Camp Fire Girl to find beauty everywhere; to create beauty in their homes by making beautiful things and to do things for others. The girls are taught to make their possessions as attractive as possible. Sometimes beauty is in far corners, but it is the ambition of the Camp Fire Girls to find it.

GIVE SERVICE. This is the slogan of the Camp Fire. Many refugees of Belgium and France received aid in war time. In our large cities much has been done by Camp Fire, such as visiting hospitals and other public institutions, organizing Civic Centers in the town. Such services as these give to the girl an idea of citizenship.

PURSUE KNOWLEDGE. Education in Camp Fire is not only that of learning by doing a thing but it is that of knowing how they are done. For each task a Camp Fire Girl accomplishes well, honors are awarded. These are classified under various crafts; Home Craft, Hand Craft, Health Craft, Camp Craft, Nature Craft, Business Craft, Citizenship or Patriotism.

BE TRUSTWORTHY. No better words can express the meaning of this than those of Stevenson's, "Honor is a diamond cut in a thousand facets and with the true fire in each."

HOLD ON TO HEALTH. To Camp Fire Girls their health is a very important matter. They are taught by use of Health Charts how to keep their health. Camp Fire is based on the home, yet they hold a love for outdoor life. Outdoor exercise is necessary for health. "To enjoy poor health" is not popular with Camp Fire Girls.

GLORIFY WORK. To many girls, work in the home is a drudgery. But Camp Fire teaches them to do this work and all other work with zeal, and make it worthy of praise for when the task is well done honors are awarded. Camp Fire Girls learn to work together.

BE HAPPY. It is the will of every Camp Fire Girl to overlook all obstacles of life and see joy and happiness. All enjoy the happiness of doing for others, for when we cease to give, we cease to have.

By living the Law of the Camp Fire, the girls develop in spirit and in mind. This law is summarized into the one word Wohelo, made up of the first two letters of Work, Health and Love, which is the watchword of the Camp Fire.

Members

Frances Cooper	-----	Chelo-nebow, I stand up
Lydia Collins	-----	Wiseya, Anchor
Owena Crumb	-----	Winne-taska, Laughing Water
Mary Dunham	-----	Kah no see tuk, Pine Tree
Pauline Loudon	-----	Yallani, Mountain
Emma Perry	-----	Alibaman, I Clear the Thicket
Elizabeth Finch	-----	Uda, Firefly
Doris Wilcox	-----	Agokay, Stick-to-it
Helen Clark	-----	Watanopa, Be Happy
Mildred Petley	-----	Wohsumoe, Shining
Elizabeth Taber	-----	So kit tay, Strongheart
Donna Wilcox	-----	Ahneah, Rose Flower
Mary Nutter	-----	Aki yu ha pi, Carry together
Blanche Throop	-----	Aktatci, Friendship
Margaret Wilcox	-----	Tiamalia, Little Eagle
Marion Nichols	-----	Nyada, Rainbow

Guardian

Mabel J. Hill	-----	Neechee, Needed and Cheerful
		—Elizabeth Taber '25.

B. H. S. ORCHESTRA

The high school needs an orchestra. There are numerous reasons why. One is, to give added life to chapel. Another is, to give the pupils the feeling of owning something. What would a school be without a baseball team or something to keep the school spirit?

Our orchestra started about the first of October. James Hartman was elected director, Doris Wilcox, treasurer. For what would an orchestra be without money? The various members and instruments they play are:

Claire Montgomery	Piano
James Hartman	Slide Trombone
Prince Danforth	Violin
Stanley Hatton	Violin
Helen Cuvle	Violin
Marion Nichols	Violin
Doris Wilcox	Violin
Henriette Nichol	Violin
Mildred Williams	Mandolin
Charles Taylor	Mandolin
George Bennett	Clarinet
Kenneth French	Clarinet
Carl Nichol	Cornet
Helen Wells	Cornet
Howard Williams	Traps and Drums

After having one practise, we played in chapel for the grade pupils to march in and out. We practised once every week after that. You should hear the questions when we didn't answer in the corner by the piano, Thursday and Friday mornings. The Seniors asked us to furnish the music for the Senior play, and we consented. It was a greater success than we expected. When I speak of it, I mean the music. Of course we all knew the play was a success with no fears beforehand. We were asked at another time to play at school one evening for a meeting of the Woman's Club. That also was successful. We have been thinking of giving a recital sometime in the spring. We hope to have a very interesting program.

The history of the B. H. S. Orchestra is brief, but we expect to make it longer.
—Doris Wilcox '26.

SCHOOL SAVINGS SYSTEM

The introduction of the School Savings System in Bainbridge High School has taught the children how to save money. Many of the pennies, which have previously been spent for candy, gum and other frivolities, are now brought to the School Bank. For if they save their pennies now, it will make it easier for them to save the dollars later.

This savings system is generally accepted by the pupils. Out of 320 students in the school there are 300 participants. The total balance of all pupils January 31, 1924 was \$1501.86. Since September 1923 to January 31, 1924, \$661.34 has been deposited.

The idea of saving money is especially helpful to High School students. The extra money deposited each week is welcomed by Seniors, who are planning their Washington trip. In other words those who save a penny realize how true is the quotation, "A penny saved is a good example for the other ninety-nine cents."

—Elizabeth Taber '25.

TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE SPOILS

It is needless to tell much about the campaign for subscriptions to "The Ladies' Home Journal," held recently in High School, for no doubt your home was visited no small number of times, and you were asked—yes, begged to subscribe to "The Ladies' Home Journal." However, it is necessary that you know about the banquet that followed the close of the campaign. The High School and eighth grade were divided into two teams at the beginning of the event. Stanley Hatton and Emma Perry led the "Flivvers," Elverton Hoyt and Pauline Loudon the "Marmons." On the closing day, the score was 108-103, in favor of the "Flivvers," so it was up to the "Marmons" to entertain the winners at a banquet.

On the following Friday night, a delicious four-course dinner was served in the Assembly Room. The Faculty and Mrs. Casey were guests of the evening. The High School orchestra furnished music for school songs and dancing.

This evening will always be remembered as one of the outstanding features of the school year 1923.

RHETORICALS UP TO TIME OF PRINTING

NOVEMBER 16.

Celia Axtell	-----	"At the Stage Door"
Carrie Cheesbro	-----	"The Dead Doll"
Helen Clark	-----	"Trials of School Life"
Elmer Archer	-----	"Fame of Abraham Lincoln"

NOVEMBER 23.

Lydia Collins	-----	"Johnnie's History Lesson"
Ethel Cook	-----	"Mosquito"
Helen Cuyler	-----	"The House With Nobody In It"
Maurice Colwell	-----	"The Office Seekers Platform"
Roland Andrews	-----	"Dreamers"

DECEMBER 7.

Clella Drachler	-----	"Dave Lilly"
Mary Dunham	-----	"The Frozen Grail"
Gertrude Egggleston	-----	"The Courtin'"
Prince Danforth	-----	"Gunga Din"
Kenneth Eldred	-----	"Fault Finders"

DECEMBER 14.

Elizabeth Finch	-----	"Barbara Frietchie"
Viola Friedenstine	-----	"If"
Harry Harmon	-----	"Puritan Principles"

DECEMBER 21.

Dorothy Hassert	-----	"Christmas Hymn"
Mary Hollenbeck	-----	"Christmas in the Heart"
Earl Hollenbeck	-----	"The Three Kings"
Georgia Heath	-----	"Hank Spink's Discovery"
Claire Montgomery	-----	"Results of Christmas Shopping"

FEBRUARY 1.

Pauline Loudon	-----	"When Grandma Was Young"
Ward Kirkland	-----	"In Behalf of the Young Folks"
Helen Lenheim	-----	"Seein' Things"
Myrtle Kentfield	-----	"The Master, Lincoln."

FEBRUARY 8.

Kenneth Ireland	-----	"Number Ninety-One"
Leon Johnson	-----	"Selection from Burke"
Adah Loomis	-----	"The Bear Story"
Grace Luther	-----	"Night Before Waterloo"
Edith Moore	-----	"In the Morning"
Willis Miller	-----	"While the Radio Sings"
Edward Partridge	-----	"Kentucky Dialect"

FEBRUARY 15.

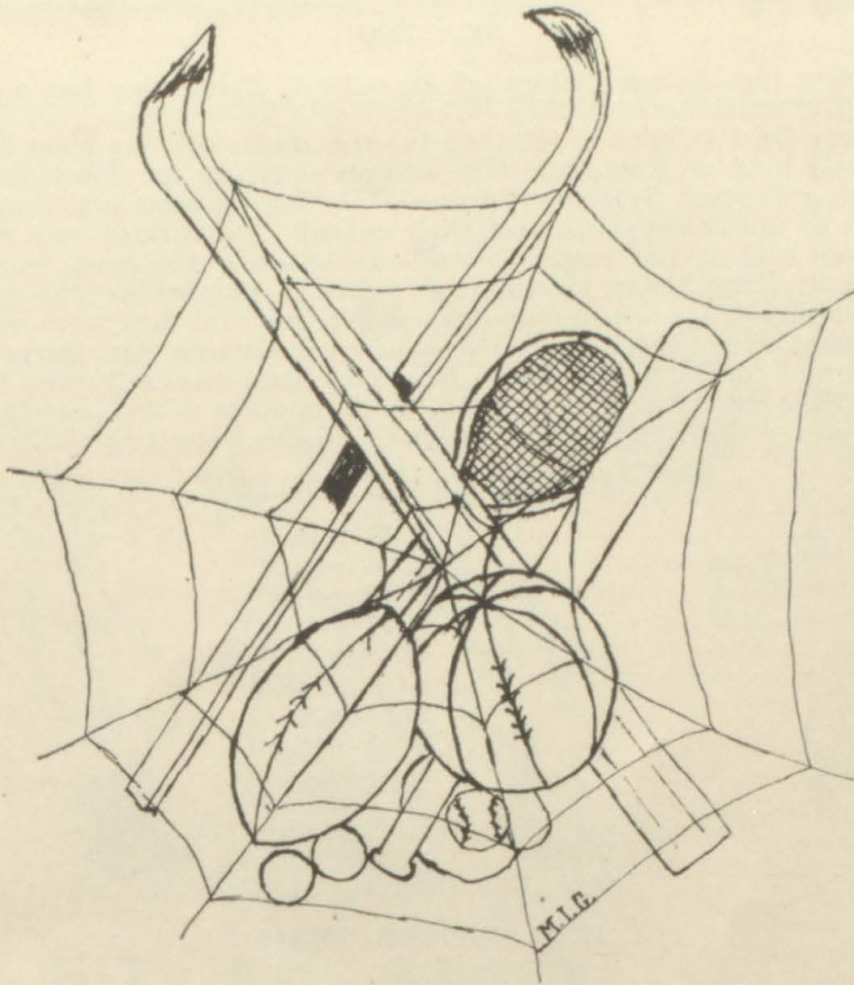
Marion Nichols	-----	"Limitations of Youth"
Mary Nutter	-----	"The Collies and the King"
Gertrude Palmatier	-----	"The Usual Way"
Emma Perry	-----	"My First Recital"
Mildred Petley	-----	"Jeannie Entertains Sister's Beau"
Howard Sands	-----	
Marc Sawyer	-----	

FEBRUARY 21.

Roswell Whitman	-----	"Cicero's Accusation of Verres"
Irene Robbins	-----	"Story with a Moral"

"The poorest shoes, the loudest squeak,
The emptiest heads, the soonest speak;
The poorest cows, the loudest bawl,
The biggest fool knows it all."

When the man in the inner office sends out word he is busy, write across the back of your card, "That's why I am calling. I've no time to waste on loafers." P. S. He'll see you.



BLOWING THE COBWEBS FROM OUR ATHLETICS

A wayfarer, passing by Bainbridge High Schools' doors heard a noise. It was a noise as of someone running a saw or file over a piece of wood. Upon closer examination however, he decided that someone was asleep, and so sound asleep that they were snoring. He entered the building and found out that it was the school giant, Athletics, fast asleep and acting as though he had been asleep for some time.

A little while after that an entirely different sound issued from the building. This sounded like a mighty wind blowing enough to blow over the house. Curious neighbors entered the place and there a different scene met their vision. There, as before, was the giant, Athletics, but now he was wide awake; and good reason why! There was the Student Body with bellows and fans blowing, blowing, blowing, away the cobwebs that had accumulated on the giants body while he had been sleeping.

After the cobwebs had been blown away partially, parts of his anatomy became visible which had heretofore been covered up. Here emerged from the moss, basket ball, there tennis, here again base ball and in another place was skating. One part was given most vigorous attention because that had been asleep longest, that part was foot ball and the Students had succeeded admirably with that.

Although the giant has not yet become altogether free from the encumbering cobwebs, the students have been remarkably successful in their work and soon will have him in running condition.

ATHLETICS

BASE BALL

At the beginning of school, there was much controversy whether or not we should play base ball. Two games were arranged with Afton. The games would have been much better if the teams had had more practice. There is plenty of good material to develop a fine team next spring. I don't think that anything could be better than to have the town people show their spirit by attending some of the High School games. We sure have some games worth seeing.

FOOT BALL

Well, the school has one.

SKATING

For the first time in the history of the school, Bainbridge has a skating team. Under the skillful coaching of Arthur Barnett a fine Skating team was developed in a very short time. On February 2, 1924 the Interscholastic Skating Meet for this section of the state was held at Endicott. The schools entering the Meet for this section were Binghamton Central, Syracuse Vocational, Union-Endicott and Bainbridge. The Meet was won by Binghamton Central High School. Bainbridge was not one of the of the state was held at Endicott. The schools entering the meet from this section meet was won by Binghamton Central High School. Bainbridge was not one of the large winners, although the school team made a showing that they were not ashamed of. The feature event of the meet was a half mile race between Art. Barnett and Harold Beam, champion of central and southern New York, and was easily won by the former. The prize for the winner was a "hot dog." With another year's coaching, Bainbridge ought to have one of the best teams of the state. Let's hope they will.

1924 BASEBALL SQUAD

S. Hatton
C. Winsor
H. Harmon
E. Hoyt
M. Hayes
E. Archer
M. Lowry
W. Tuckey
B. Race
M. Andrews
E. Partridge
P. Danforth

Prof. F. J. Casey—Coach.

1924 SKATING TEAM

E. Archer
P. Danforth
S. Hatton
H. Harmon
E. Hoyt
C. Winsor

Mr. Arthur Barnett—Coach.

ATHLETIC MEET

It really was suprising to note the number of headaches and other ailments that circulated through the girls' department of the High School on Monday and Wednesday mornings—the days we have physical training. It had become such a bore that almost any excuse would do to get out of taking it. Then someone had a bright idea!

Three teams were formed, each with a captain elected by the girls. They were Claire Montgomery, Ethel Cook, and Owena Crumb. Plans were made for an Athletic Meet for an Athletic Contest to be held at the end of the year in which the three groups would compete, and each member of the winning team awarded a "B." The headaches vanished as if by magic, and we turned out fifty thousand strong to drill long and diligently.

One afternoon in June, at the close of school, we gathered down on the play ground; each ready to do her best, and beat the others. The judges were Mrs. Schaaf, (Miss Rosalie Ryder,) Miss Youmans, and Miss Genung. The captains, each in turn, put their groups to the test in marching, running, and setting up exercises. Ethel Cook's group was judged the best and a few days later the members were awarded in chapel their letters. A letter was also awarded to Claire Montgomery for her excellent work in leadership.

The same plans are being carried out this year but on a much larger scale. This is due to the increased number in High School. There are now six different groups. This movement really changed our athletics from a tiresome drudge to a pleasure that all enter into with real enthusiasm.

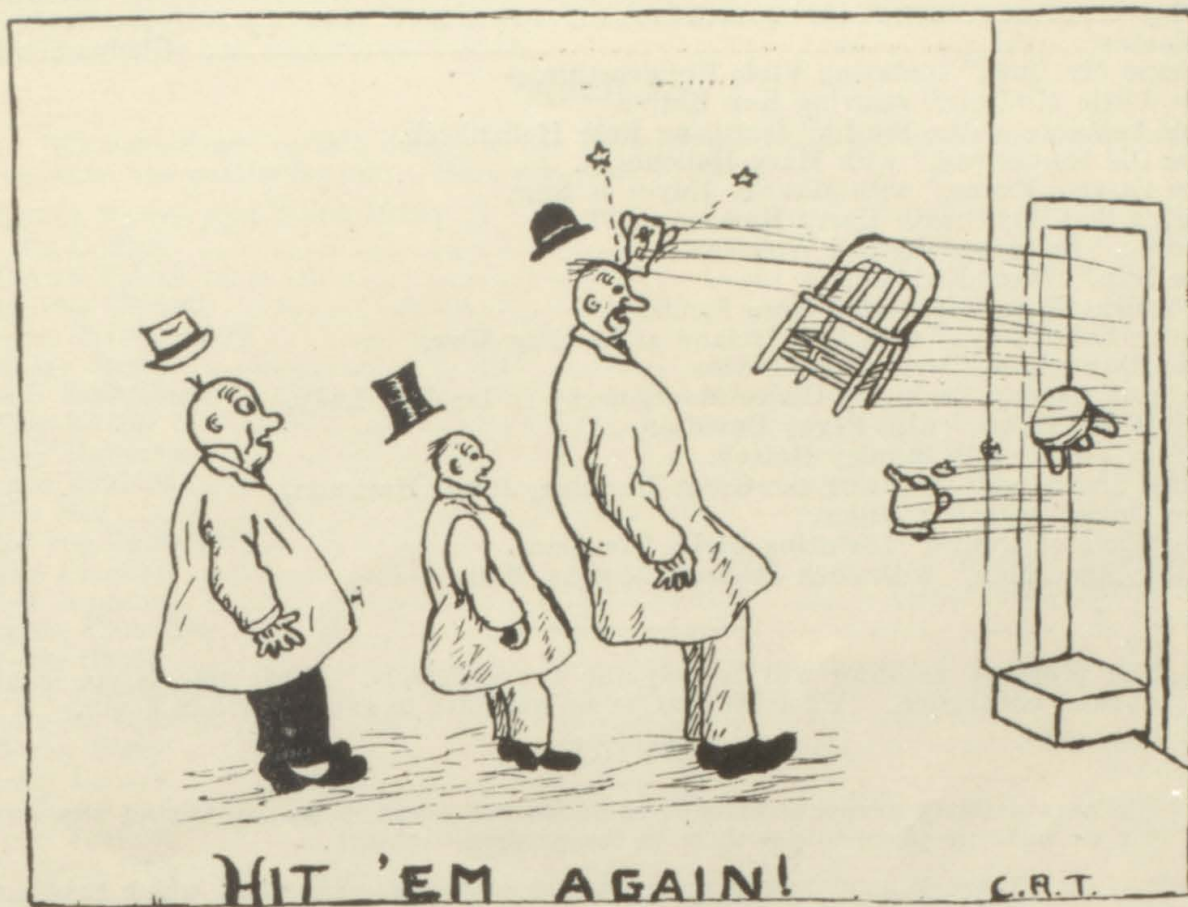
Emma Perry, '25.

The annual meeting of the Bainbridge High School Alumni Association was held in the Town Hall, on Thursday evening, Dec. 27th. There were about eighty present.

A hearty response was brought from all, by the short program given by some of the High School students.

A business meeting followed, during which, reports were read and officers elected for the ensuing year.

Chorus singing was led by Miss Katherine Humphrey, after which a delicious dinner was served. Dancing was enjoyed later in the evening. Mrs. Bert Bliss, Sec'y.



Dirty Digs

A man who can't take a dig, especially when it is poked at him in a spirit of fun, true razzberry fashion, is a poor sport.

Once a year, the members of B. H. S. have an opportunity of poking fun at their class-mates. And once a year the faculty must submit to the slams of the students. Truly, slamming by students is not to be encouraged. But never yet has anyone taken slamming in any but a humorous way.

The Echo finds it necessary to print statements of prevaricative nature in order to sell its paper. Most people don't care as it occurs but once a year.

Be a good sport, Old Man. Your turn will come to-morrow.

NOTICE

Big Hits Coming to Bainbridge

- "The Flirt," featuring Pauline Loudon.
- "Smiling Thru," with Carrie Cheesbro Leading Lady.
- "Vanity Fair," New Fox Production with Mary Dunham.
- "Across the Continent," with all star cast including Ken Ireland.
- "Fifty Four Forty or Fight," with Ralph Garrison.
- "Within the Law," featuring Chas. Perry.
- "Grandma's Boy," featuring Buster Colwell.

"Dream Street," with Roland Andrews.
 "Prisoners of Love," with all star cast including:
 W. Hitchcock ----- Carrie Cheesbro
 E. Hoyt ----- Irene Robbins
 C. Coates ----- Gladys Smith
 "Excuse My Dust," featuring Viola Freidenstine.
 "The Little Minister," starring Ken Eldred.
 "The Applause of the World," featuring Ruth Hollenbeck.
 "The Old Homestead," with Mary Hollenbeck.
 "The Eternal Flame," with Maurice Hayes as Star.
 "Peck's Bad Boy," with Harry Harmon as IT.
 "Penrod," featuring Roswell Whitman.
 "The Imp," Ward Kirkland.
 "Broadway Rose," featuring Rose Sands.
 "Love's Labor Lost," with Ken Ireland as Leading Man.
 "Way Down East," with Chas. Taylor.
 "Burning Sands," featuring Claire Montgomery as Leading Lady.
 "Peg O' My Heart," with Peggy Davidson.
 "Safety First," with Stanley Hatton.
 "Blood and Sand," featuring the Great Musician, James Hartman.
 "The Shiek," with Bill Miller.
 "The Slave of Desire," featuring Clella Drachler.
 "Sailor Made Man," with Jack Johnson Leading Man.

II. The proposed building will remedy the above defects. That this is so, is an obvious conclusion. We trust that we do not have to explain this in detail.

REFUTATION

- I. We have a fairly adequate amount of books and there is no use buying anymore for we have no place to put them in the present "apology."
- (a) There is at present a large number of books in the office which have not been unpacked as there is no place to put them.
 - (b) If we only had manual training for the boys, they could make bookcases for us.
- II. It has been said that if the town people should build a regular building the students would not appreciate it and would destroy it, but this is not true, for
- (a) It has been proven that they did not in the cases of Deposit, Harpursville and Norwich.
 - (b) The people in these town not only gave, but gave to satiety.
- III. People may say that if we wanted ventilation we could open the windows, but this is impossible, since the windows are so arranged that, when opened, there is always a direct draft upon pupils. You must admit that this is the best possible way to catch cold.

CONCLUSION

- I. Therefore, the conclusion is irresistible, since the present system has been shown to be seriously defective and inadequate, in that
- A. The building is too small.
 - B. There is no auditorium.
 - C. There is no room for modern courses for the boys.
 - D. There is no gymnasium.
 - E. There is not proper sanitation.
 - F. The building is unsafe and since the proposed regular building would remedy these defects, the people of Bainbridge should erect a new school building.

IT OUGHT TO BE RIGHT

Maurice Colwell said that Burr Race told Roland Andrews and Charles Perry that Willis and Harry were heard to whisper that Kenneth Ireland and Paul Oleson had said that Kenneth Eldred and Earl Hollenbeck had responded to a question which Ward Kirkland had been supposed to propound to Thomas why Prince Danforth, who seemed to be satis-

fied that Leon Johnson had never thought that Herbert Seeley and Maurice Hayes would be surprised if Elmer Archer and Charles Taylor had heard that Howard Sands and Coville Winsor were under the impression that Junie Corbin had remarked to John Williams that Mike Laury was heard talking to Roswell Whitman about the remark of Dick Ramsdell to a friend in which Ralph Garrison was believed to imagine that Eleverton Hoyt was an insect.

DISLIKES

We have heard certain people of the High School remark that among their dislikes they have one particular one. Here are some of them.

Stanley Hatton and Willis Miller	-----	Girls
Lydia Collins	-----	Bluffing
Mildred Petley	-----	Being in Plays
Maurice Clowell	-----	Dancing
Claire Montgomery	-----	Jazz Music
Gladys Smith	-----	Dates
Ruth Hollenbeck	-----	Olives
Mary Nutter	-----	Candy
Mary Hollenbeck	-----	History
Irene Robbins	-----	Company
Miss Hill	-----	Syracuse
Richard Ramsdell	-----	"Carrie"
Miss Paschke	-----	Perfect Recitations
Miss Anderson	-----	Order in the Study Hall
Carrie Cheesbro	-----	A "Beau"
Helen Cuyle	-----	Powder
Viola Friedenstien	-----	Rouge
Dorothy Hassert	-----	Children
Emma Perry	-----	An Audience
Adah Loomis	-----	Radiators
Pauline Loudon	-----	Popularity
Leon Johnson	-----	Talking
Kenneth Ireland	-----	"A" Girl
Harry Harmon and Prince Danforth	-----	Caesar
Elverton Hoyt	-----	Flirting
Norma Fiske	-----	"Boys"
Ruth Throop	-----	Deposit
Roland Andrews	-----	Camouflaging
Ethel Cook	-----	Selling Candy
Doris Wilcox	-----	"Doctors"
Helen Clark	-----	Hats (Hatton)
Roswell Whitman	-----	"Keeping" a Girl
Edward Partridge	-----	"Special" Caesar Classes
Mrs. Foster	-----	Well Mannered Children
Edith Mooore	-----	Helping "A" Senior
Ward Kirkland	-----	Barney Google
Betty Taber	-----	Campfire
Charles Taylor	-----	Being Smart
Paul Oleson	-----	Being "Cute"
John Williams	-----	Being "Warm"

Not long ago the question was asked me, "What did High School mean to you?" A large question to ask in a few short paragraphs.

Briefly it meant — A real love for the school room — Friendships that have never been broken — And the lasting influence of two of the first teachers in "Bainbridge Union School and Academy."

There were four of "Korner Girls." In four years of our High School life, we always sat in those corner seats. I was the very "Korner" of all. I love that seat to this day. I felt that it was mine. The friendship of those four chums still endures.

Too much praise cannot be given to the teachers who helped to make a name and standing for the school in its beginning. I refer to Miss Eliza Gilbert of Springfield, Mass., and to Miss Addie Baldwin of Oxford, N. Y. The lives of many students have been made better and stronger by the influence and uplifting ideals of those two splendid teachers.

MRS. H. W. DICKINSON.

"Life is a see-saw game at best,
But whether you're up or down,
Do your duty and don't forget
'Tis better to laugh than frown."

Small colleges produce wise and competent instructors. (Syracuse?)

A Bunch of Yarns



Editor: Lydia Collins '24
 Assistants: Maurice Hayes '25 Kenneth Eldred '26 Dorothy Holman '27

To tell a funny story
 Is something of an art
 Most stories are not funny,
 And that's the funny part.

We suggest that the Chemistry dub follow Miss Anderson up the Hill of knowledge and Foster learning in Casey may Paschke in June.

SOME FAVORITE SAYINGS

Mr. Casey	-----	"A word to the wise is sufficient."
Miss Anderson	-----	"Eliminate that whispering."
Miss Hill	-----	"Isn't that lov-e-ly?"
Miss Hill	-----	"That's that!"
Miss Paschke	-----	"No comments necessary!"
Miss Frank	-----	"I dare you!"
Mrs. Foster	-----	"Take an' put like 'at."
Miss Miner	-----	"Report to me at 4:00."
Edward Partridge	-----	"I'll put a tin-ear on you."
Pauline Loudon	-----	"Hit 'im again!"
	-----	"Honest?"
	-----	"Ye Gads!"
Charles Perry	-----	"Oh, shoot!"
Helen Cuyler	-----	"You don't say so."
	-----	"I—I—I—I—I."
Roland Andrews	-----	"Too sleepy to talk."

Edith Moore	-----	"And—and—and."
Harry Harmon	-----	"Well now, I tell ya."
Helen Clark	-----	"Goo'ness"
Kenneth Eldred	-----	"Shavings."
Elizabeth Taber	-----	"Ginger!"
Willis Miller	-----	"Go-sh!"
Doris Wilcox	-----	"Oh, my soul."
Stanley Hatton	-----	"Oh, my yas."
Mary Nutter	-----	"Hope to kiss a pig."
Prince Danforth	-----	"Gosh, it was funny."
		—E. M. T.

POPULAR SONG HITS

"Linger-A-While"	-----	D. Hassert (We hope she will.)
"Down On the Farm"	-----	M. Nichols
"Holding Hands"	-----	P. Danforth
"Mabel"	-----	M. J. Hill
"Till We Meet Again"	-----	L. Collins (Sooner Than Expected)
"The Sheik"	-----	W. Miller (Of course)
"Dream Daddy"	-----	M. Colwell
"Just A Girl That Men Forget"	-----	D. Wilcox
"That Red Head Gal"	-----	?
"My Buddy"	-----	S. Hatton
"Runnin' Wild"	-----	J. Hartman
"Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake"	-----	R. Ramsdell
"Naughty Eyes"	-----	R. Corbin, Jr.
"Hail, Bainbridge"	-----	F. J. Casey
"Oh, You Little Sun-Uv-Er-Gun"	-----	E. Taber
"If I Don't Get the Sweetie I Want"	-----	N. Fiske
"Keep the Home Fires Burning"	-----	E. Cook
"Say It With A Ukelele,"	A Loomis (The Legion concert must have had quite an effect)	
"My Sweetie Went Away"	-----	P. Loudon (Too bad)
"I Love You"	-----	C. Cheesbro (Who?)
"Blue"	-----	E. Hoyt (Cheer up and grin!)
"You'd Be Surprised"	-----	L. Lord
"There's a Long, Long Trail A Winding"	-----	A. M. Paschke
"Not Here, Not There"	-----	V. Freidenstine (Where then?)
"Oh Gee! Oh Gosh! Oh Golly! I'm in Love"	-----	H. Clark
"First, Last and Always"	-----	I Robbins
"Three O'clock in the Morning,"	-----	H. Harmon
	(We thought of S. Hatton, then remembered that was five o'clock.)	
"They All Go Wild Over Me"	-----	K. Ireland
"Long Boy"	-----	L. Johnson
"Angel Child"	-----	C. Taylor
"Keep On Smiling"	-----	B. S. Anderson
"Every Night I Cry Myself to Sleep Over You"	-----	C. Winsor
"An Old Fashioned Girl" (In a gingham gown, has stolen my heart away.)	M. Kentfield (Best in the long run)	
"In the Sweet By and By"	-----	G. Smith
"Look for the Silver Lining"	-----	M. Frank
"I Love Me"	-----	R. Whitman
"Leave Me With a Smile"	-----	Seniors
"One Good Time"	-----	Juniors
"Whispering"	-----	Sophomores
"In the Devil's Garden"	-----	Freshmen

YOUR CHOICE

Caring for a horse and for an automobile are two different things. For instance, if you feed a horse and take good care of him he will follow you around the pasture or meadow, while an automobile will only shine if you clean it off, providing it has recently been painted. If you give a horse candy or an apple, he will become a real pal and will be kind to you. You can give an automobile gas, oil, and water and perhaps it will run and perhaps it won't. When you kick a horse he is likely to return the kick with a little more toe for some time afterwards. If I were given my choice between an automobile and a good horse I believe I would choose the horse, wouldn't you?

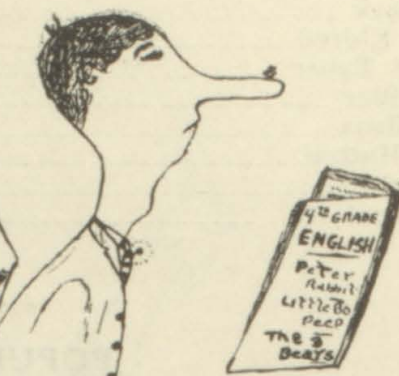
Ward Kirkland, '26.



'MOSES' HAYES



'SLEEPY' ANDREWS



OUR 'HARMONY'



'CURLY' CUYLE



'BILL' MILLER
'THE MOTHS
AND
THE FLAME'



'DICK' RAMSDALL



1944 - ?



ADAH LOOMIS



MARY
HOLLENBECK

'OUR
MARY GARDEN'



PRINCE
DORIS



CLAIRE
MONBOMERY

'AMBITION'

Charles
TRISTAN '27

JUST IMAGINE!

Adah Loomis tongue-tied.
 Richard Ramsdell an athlete.
 Betty Finch angry.
 Ethel Cook smiling.
 A party without a Senior.
 Ellen Snitchler quiet in the study hall.
 Edith Moore sober and quiet.
 Lydia Collins not making eyes.
 Norma Fiske without an anecdote.
 Mildred Cheesbro without a single lesson.
 Dorothy Harmon on time.
 Roland Andrews hurrying.
 Myrtle Kentfield very hilarious.

Kenneth Eldred calm.
 Pauline Loudon not flirting.
 Viola Freidenstine not studious.
 Roswell Whitman with a patent leather hair cut.
 Marion Nichman with a smile for everyone.
 Charles Perry unsociable.
 Charles Taylor a six-footer.
 Mary Nutter kind and considerate.
 Rose Sands very vivacious.
 Maurice Hayes disagreeable.
 Miss Anderson not nagging.
 Emma Perry polite to teachers.
 Prince Danforth getting A+ in Latin.
 Dorothy Finch moving rapidly.
 "Pat" Partridge bashful.
 Willis Miller a woman hater.
 Harry Harmon thinking twice before he speaks.
 Mildred Williams dignified.
 Mary Hollenbeck speechless.
 Mildred Petley inartistic.
 Gladys Smith serious.
 Irene Robbins without her giggle.
 Marc Sawyer looking for a girl.
 Stanley Hatton melancholy.
 Mildred Ives graceful.
 Doris Wilcox not speaking.
 Leon Johnson not patching tires.
 Maurice Colwell not wanting to dance.
 Claire Montgomery not borrowing.

WANT "ADS"

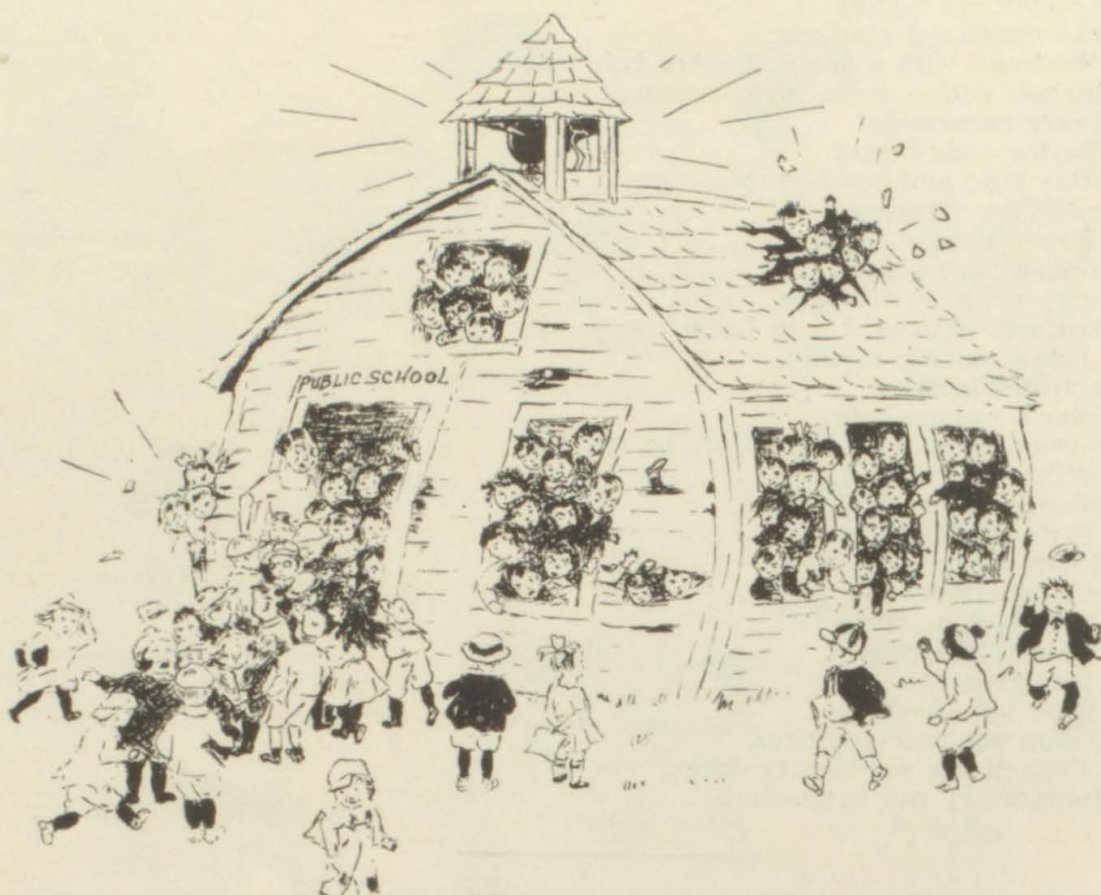
Wanted—A short cut to the door at noon. The Senior Boys.
 Lost—A part of my costume—my powder puff. Clella Drachler.
 Wanted—Topics for Debates. Harry Harmon.
 Wanted—The privilege of making more noise. Ward Kirkland.
 Wanted—"Class Dues!!" Emma Perry.
 Wanted—Some "Larnin" to surpass Roswell. Lydia Collins.
 Wanted—A portable bed. Roland Andrews.
 Wanted—A microscope to find the subject and predicate of my sentences. Edward Partridge.
 Wanted—A copy of the "Speed Laws." Ralph Garrison.
 Wanted—A special permit to write notes in school. Pauline Loudon.
 Wanted—A girl of my own.—Kenneth Ireland.
 Wanted—Puncture proof tires. Leon Johnson.
 Lost—A perfectly good joke in Plane Geometry class. —Mr. Casey.
 Wanted—A Caesar Book with, translations, declensions and conjugations written in. Prince Danforth.
 Wanted—More foolish questions to ask in Caesar class. Harry Harmon.
 Wanted—A safe pocket for holding candy during setting up exercises. Elizabeth Taber.
 Wanted—A dance every Friday night, and every night in the week to be Friday. Emma Perry.
 Wanted—Colder weather for Coates (coats).—Gladys Smith.

The Seniors cry, "Buy Candy."
 The Juniors want, "More Fun."
 The Sophomores crave for "Sleigh Rides"
 While the Freshmen have "Just Begun."

Silently one by one
 In the record books of the teachers,
 Blossom the neat little zeros
 The for-get-me-nots of the Seniors.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Boost and the world boosts with you; knock and you're on the shelf, for the world gets sick of the one who kicks and wishes he'd kick himself.



**RESOLVED: THAT THE TOWN OF BAINBRIDGE SHALL ERECT A NEW
SCHOOL BUILDING**

INTRODUCTION

- I. The question is one which has been daily discussed and debated for many years.
 - A. In 1922 a final culmination seemed imminent.
- II. The type of building structure to be explained are the present "apology" and a regular school.
 - A. In the present "apology" the students have to use the wonderful macadam highways for a gymnasium ; share with the mice a part of the boiler room for a laboratory ; enjoy the benefits of an ancient library, intricately situated in all parts of the "apology."
 - B. In the regular school building the students, safe from wandering vehicles, gain health as well as happiness in a well equipped gymnasium ; concoct evil-smelling gasses under galvanized hoods in an adequate laboratory, (incidentally saving teachers from buying incense burners to save themselves and classes from suffocation ;) economize in time by being able to find the "Life of Burke" in a well-compiled and efficient library.
- V. The plan of argument is to prove :

and classes from suffocation ;) economize in time by being able to find the "Life of Burke" in a well-compiled and efficient library.
- III. We do admit the following facts :
 - A. That the new heating system has actually proved a surprising success to date.
 - B. That we have a fairly adequate library providing one is sufficiently skilled in pursuing illusive books "through the labrynth of intricate and endless negotiations."
- IV. The main issues are :
 - A. Is the present "apology" seriously inadequate ?
 - B. Will the "regular building" remedy these defects ?
- V. The plan of argument is to prove

-
- A. That the present "apology" is seriously defective.
 - B. That the proposed "regular building" will remedy these inadequacies.

BRIEF PROPER

The Town of Bainbridge shall erect a new school building ; because,

- I. The present "apology" is seriously defective ; for,
 - A. The results of the last census of the members of B. H. S. prove conclusively that the building is too small ; for (See picture above.)
 - 1. The classrooms are varied and scattered.
 - 2. Even such classrooms as exist are woefully inadequate ; for
 - a. Soon teachers will be forced to take an I. C. S. course in sardine packing in order to facilitate her task in jamming 21 pupils in a 9x17 classroom.
 - 3. There is no occasion to exaggerate when plain truth is of so much weight and importance ; for
 - a. "Whilest we are dicussing any given magnitude they are grown to it."
 - 4. When one looks for a pupil in tae "apology" proper, one is told to look in the barn ; when one looks for a pupil in the barn, one is told to look in the Dom Ecan, and so on "ad infinitum."
 - 5. As for cloak rooms — where are they. Indeed they are everywhere and nowhere. Day by day, in every way, the banisters, floor and ladder cheerfully extend their appendages to welcome the weight of wearing apparel.
 - a. Said apparel sadly pays for service received.
 - b. If the space actually occupied by the wraps were compactly arranged there would be room for a library or class room.
 - 6. See paragraph in Literary Section entitled "Our Laboratory."
 - 7. There is no place in the "apology" where all the books which we have can be collected so that they will be accessible to all the students.
 - 8. Public of Bainbridge, you should not hurry over this great consideration. Bainbridge High School needs and must have an auditorium which will accomodate the pupils of the whole school as well as their visitors ; for
 - a. At the present time the auditorium will accomodate only the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th grades and High School without any visitors — nearly half the school.
 - b. You demand and we want chapel exercises. Can we have them under these circumstances ?
 - c. There is no place for plays or entertainments in the school.
 - 1. Exhorbitant prices charged for the use of the Town Hall consume a large share of the profits, and make entertainments nearly prohibitive.
 - 9. There is no provision for modern courses such as Manual Training, Commercial Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Shorthand and Elocution ; for
 - a. Part of the Manual Training classes which are held now in the Eighth Grade room, interrupts the Cicero class ; another is held in the boiler room and keeps the janitor from carrying out ashes.
 - 10. The gymnasium of the present "apology" is perhaps its most noticeable feature. Indeed it occupies the four blocks of concrete road in the immediate vicinity of the schoolhouse. Although these same blocks serve their purpose admirably during Physical Training period, we have, as yet, not figured out just how we can construct a basket ball court thereon.
 - a. Money for basket ball equipment has been raised by the pupils during this past year. Will someone kindly volunteer their services in finding a court ?
 - 11. The sanitary and physical conditions in B. H. S. are deplorable ; for

-
-
- a. It is not in accordance with the fundamental principles of ventilation for
 1. The obnoxious gasses generated in the laboratory recently permeated two stories of the building, which necessitated the purchase of an incense burner to keep from asphyxiation the members of the Latin and French classes.
 - b. One may use a time worn expression in describing the air in many of the rooms ; namely, "one can cut it with a knife." If the windows, placed as they are directly behind the pupils, are opened, there is a noticable difficiency in the attendance next day.
 - c. The drinking fountians are places of mystery. There one cleans his fountain pen, washes his hands, and drinks providing the water is running. But its force is both uncertain, and temporary, and often impairs the object when the user has had no experience with it.
 - d. The lighting system is unseemly. Electric lights are either hung so near the ceiling that the resulting illumination is dim and and insufficient, or so near the floor, that dark glasses should be provided to prevent eye-strain.
12. The present "apology" is unsafe ; for
- a. Inspectors have condemned it as a fire trap, for several years
 1. Fire escapes are still inadequate for
 - (a) They are shaky and too narrow.
 - (b) Pupils have to mount a narrow step, and thence though a narrow window. This causes grat delay and loss in efficiency.
 2. The floors, literally soaked with the oil of years, would furnish wonderful fuel to the devastating ravages of fire.

Sunday School Teacher: "Now children, what is the last thing you do before you go to bed at night?"

Little Girl (smiling): "Put the latch key under the door mat for mother."

Adah Loomis (frantically phoning Dr. Danforth): "Oh doctor, I forgot to ask you something about my medicine to-day."

Dr. Danforth: "Well."

Adah Loomis: "Do I put the drops in my eyes before or after meals?"

Elverton (in luncheon): "Waiter give me milk and shredded wheat biscuits."
Waiter (shouting to kitchen): "Cow juice and two straw pillows."

JUST A SLIP

Small youngster (saying prayers sleepily): "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Mother (prompting): "If—."

Small youngster (almost asleep): "If he hollars let him go, eeny, meeny, miny, mo!"

Father was annoyed. His expensive gold watch had failed him. It wouldn't go at all.

"I can't think what is the matter," he complained. "Maybe it needs cleaning."
"Oh, no, Daddy," objected four year old Johnnie, "Cause baby and I had it in the bathroom washing it all day yesterday."

A DIFFERENT POINT

"Sam, your manners are getting worse. To-day at Mrs. Jones' I distinctly saw you take out your handkerchief and wipe your chair before you sat down. And, worst of

all, their darling little boy was watching you."

"Yes, my dear, and I was distinctly watching their darling little boy, too. I'm too old a bird to be caught on that bent pin trick."

Betty Taber: "Have you ever been out with Donald? They say he has money to burn."

Polly: "Yes, but I have never suffered much from the heat."

A BIT OF VIRGIL

TIME: Five minutes before the end of the bell.

PLACE: A Vergil Class.

CHARACTERS: The teacher, a nervous boy, an ingenious girl, and the class.

MISS PASCHKE (Finishing an exposition of Iraján Geneology): Well, Whitman, begin to translate.

WHITMAN (All in, wishing for the bell. He doesn't know a word of the next sentence, slowly rises): May I ask a question first?

MISS PASCHKE: Certainly, if it is urgent.

WHITMAN: Would it be correct, then, to call Romulus a grandson of Aeneas?

MISS PASCHKE: Entirely proper. Since there were, to be exact, 333 years between them, you might call Aeneas a twelfth degree grandfather. You may translate.

WHITMAN, (with a hurried glance at his watch—there were two minutes left): Please Miss Paschke, explain the relations of Venus to Mars. I don't understand.

MISS PASCHKE, (sharply): In the family of the gods Venus was supposed to be the sister of Mars. You seem greatly interested in the gods today. Please translate.

MILDERED PETLEY, by nature sympathetic, raises her hand.

MISS PASCHKE: Well, Miss Petley, what is your question? Be brief, please. and Aeneas the son of Venus, and Romulus the son of Mars, then, Aeneas and Romulus must have been cousins. But you just told us that Aeneas was the twelfth degree grandfather of Romulus. So Aeneas must have been the grandfather of his own cousin. How peculiar!

MILDRED: It sounds funny, but I'm so interested! If Venus were the sister of Mars,

MISS PASCHKE: Yes, Miss Petley, quite. But your logic is correct. Now, Whitman, please translate.

But just then the bell rang and Whitman was spared for that day.

"Never be ashamed to own you were in the wrong, which is but saying you are so much wiser to-day than you were yesterday."

"Fools' names as well as faces
Are often seen in public places."

Miss Anderson: "What is an insect, Kenneth?"

Kenneth, who had just received a pinch from Hoyty (fiercely): "Elverton!"

A MODEL CHILD

Mamma: "Maurice you should always say, 'thank you' when any one gives you candy, apples, cookies or the like."

Maurice Colwell: "All right mamma, lets practice."

Miss Hill: Take this sentence, "Head the cow out of this lot." What mood?"
Stanley: "The cow."

QUESTION (?)

A cabbage, a tomato, a hydrant and a hose had a race. Do you know how they came out?

The cabbage—a head.
The tomato couldn't—ketchup.
The hose—rubbered.
The hydrant—is running yet.

HE FIGURED IT OUT

An officer of the day during the World War was making a tour of inspection of some trenches the German troops had only just vacated. He relates: "I was surprised to find a colored American alone in one of the trenches engrossed in scratching himself vigorously.

"What's the matter, doughboy, Cooties?" I asked.

"No, sah, Ah ain't got no cooties, sah," he replied. "Dem things what I got—math'matical bugs, I calls dem."

"Mathematical bugs! What are they like?"

The negro replied, still scratching with all his might: "Well, boss, a math'matical bug am a bug what subtracts from yo' happiness, divides yo' 'tention, adds to yo' misery an' multiplies like de devil."

Elverton in English Class: "I haven't got my lesson."

Miss Hill: "Please do not use got, Elverton."

Elverton: "Well, it's better than ain't got, isn't it?"

Teacher: "Ralph Garrison, why is the English language called mother tongue?"

Ralph: "Because father never gets a chance to use it."

Dick: "This water may have germs in it. You'd better boil it before drinking it."

Harry: "I'd just as soon be an aquarium as a cemetery."

"THE AWKWARD SQUAD"

Col. Johnson (bawling us out): "Not a man in this squad shall be given liberty this period."

Voice: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Col. Johnson: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Henry."

Doris Wilcox (Just from phone): "He wanted to know if we would go to the movies with him and I told him yes."

Clarky: "Who was it?"

Doris: "Oh, gracious! I forgot to ask."

Miss Anderson: "Name three articles containing starch."

Earl Hollenbeck: "Two cuffs and a collar."

Leon Johnson (demonstrating a Ford): "This controls the brake. It is put on quickly in a case of emergency."

in a case of emergency."

Gladys Smith: "I see now! Something like a kimono."

Roland Andrews had just stopped his car. Mr. Casey came along. "Roland," he said, "Your beacon has ceased its function."

"W-w-what did you say?" asked Roland.

"Your illumination is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

"I don't quite—"

"The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced."

"Yes, but—"

"The transversal ether oscillations in your incandenser have been discontinued."
Just then along came Kenneth Eldred. "Hey, Roland, your light's out."

Prince Danforth: "And after the party I asked her if I might see her home."

Roswell Whitman: "What did she say?"

Prince: "She said she would send me a picture of it."

Mr. Bradley—(absent-mindedly): "Charles, have you seen my hat anywhere?"

Charles Taylor: "You've got it on your head, sir."

Mr. Bradley: "Thank you, but for you I should have gone off without it."

Miss Paschke: "How is your radio working, Richard?"

Richard Ramsdell: "Why, I got Italy so loud last night, I could pick spaghetti off the aerial."

Mr. Casey—"In what course do you expect to graduate, Maurice?"

Maurice Colwell: "Oh, in the course of time."

Miss Anderson: "What is the duty of the lieutenant governor?"

Pauline Loudon: "When the governor dies, it is the duty of the lieutenant governor to follow him."

"Here confound you!" snarled Charles when he bumped into Willis while going around a corner. "Why don't you look where you are going?"

"Why don't you?" replied Willis.

"There is no need of both of us looking."

Miss Paschke: "Who was Homer?"

Harry Harmon: "The Guy that Babe Ruth made famous."

When roses bloom in winter,
And snow flakes fall in June;
When the sun comes out at midnight,
In place of Mr. Moon.
When four times two is six,
And eight times two is ten,
If all my luck is with me,
I'll be graduated then.

—A Hopeful Graduate-to-be.
Edward Partridge.

An introduction to a piece of poetry reads as follows:

"These lines were written by one who has lain in the grave for many years, merely for his own amusement."

Miss Hill—"What do you mean, Harry, by speaking of Bill Shakespeare, Wallie Emerson, and Jack Milton?"

Harry—"Well, you told me to get familiar with those old writers."

RATHER DOUBTFUL

Ethel—"I saw the eclipse of the moon walking up North Main street last night, did you?"

Now—translating in Caesar class—Meanwhile he came together in one place.

Harry—"But, Miss Hill, I'm trying."
Teacher—"Yes, very."

SENIOR RULES

1. All underclassmen must give up their seats in chapel to the Seniors who come in late.
2. All underclassmen must defer their consultations with the teachers until the Seniors are through.
3. All underclassmen must buy all the candy they can afford from the Seniors.
4. All underclassmen must comply cheerfully and willingly with all Senior requests.
5. All underclassmen must follow in the footsteps of the Seniors that they also may graduate with dignity and honor.

—Mildred Petley '24.

You can always tell a senior, he is so sedately dressed,
You can always tell a junior, by the way he swells his chest
You can always tell a freshman, by his timid ways and such
You can always tell a sophomore, but you cannot tell him much.

There was a sign in a city restaurant which read as follows:—"Our silverware is not like medicine, to be taken after meals."

Contributors to the joke department will please put all jokes on tissue paper so that we can see through them.

Motor and the girl motors with you; walk and she's not at home.

Say!
When the Prof.
Gives a ten page
Lesson of translation
And after much burning
Of the midnight oil
You finally get all
But the last one and then
The Prof. who just
Consulted his Ouija,
Picks you and
Yells "You take
Page ten."
Listen!
What should a fellow do then?

The amount of yelping a fellow does about the lowness of his marks varies directly as the square of his distance from the teacher.

Roswell—"I'm well pleased with myself."
Leon—"You're satisfied with very little."

A city lass once heard the moan
Of a sad cow by chance,
She thought it was a saxophone
And started into dance.

Judge: "Prisoner, the judge finds you guilty."

Prisoner: "That's all right judge. I know you're too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."

Nightibus darkibus,
No starorum,
Fencibus climabus,
Pantibus torum
Seizabus hootchabus,
Eyes aglowarum,
Dinkabus hootchabus,
Heavenward soarum.

UPPER OR LOWER?

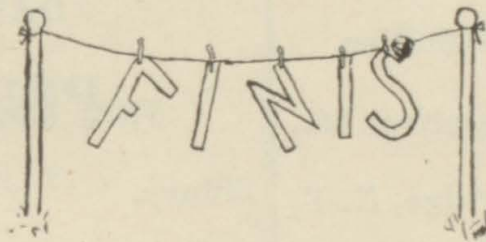
The Senior had just informed the agent that he wanted a berth on the train.

"Upper or lower?" inquired the agent.

"What's the difference?" asked the Senior.

"A difference of fifty cents in this case," replied the agent. "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of its being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower."

But the poor Senior had fainted.



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ed,
But the second merely fussed
While the third was heard to say,
You can't beat it—it's a

"CHEVEROLET"

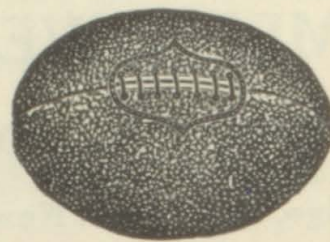


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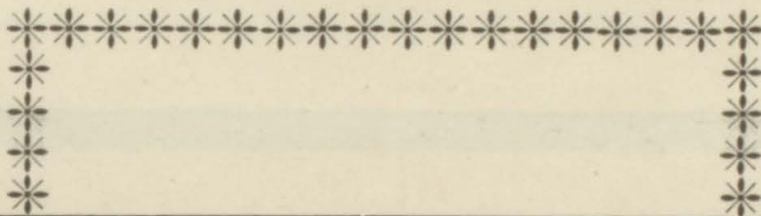
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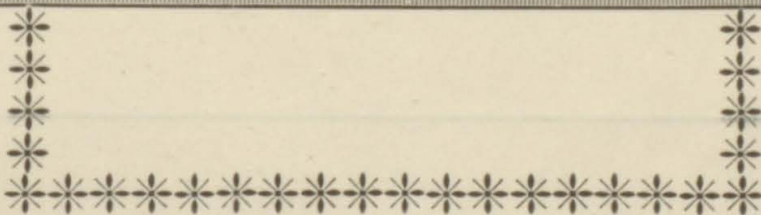
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LAST year, the students of Bainbridge High School realized that one of the most important factors of school life, a school paper, was lacking; that a school paper would help not only to bring the students together but also to bring the school before the public. Accordingly, they revived THE ECHO.

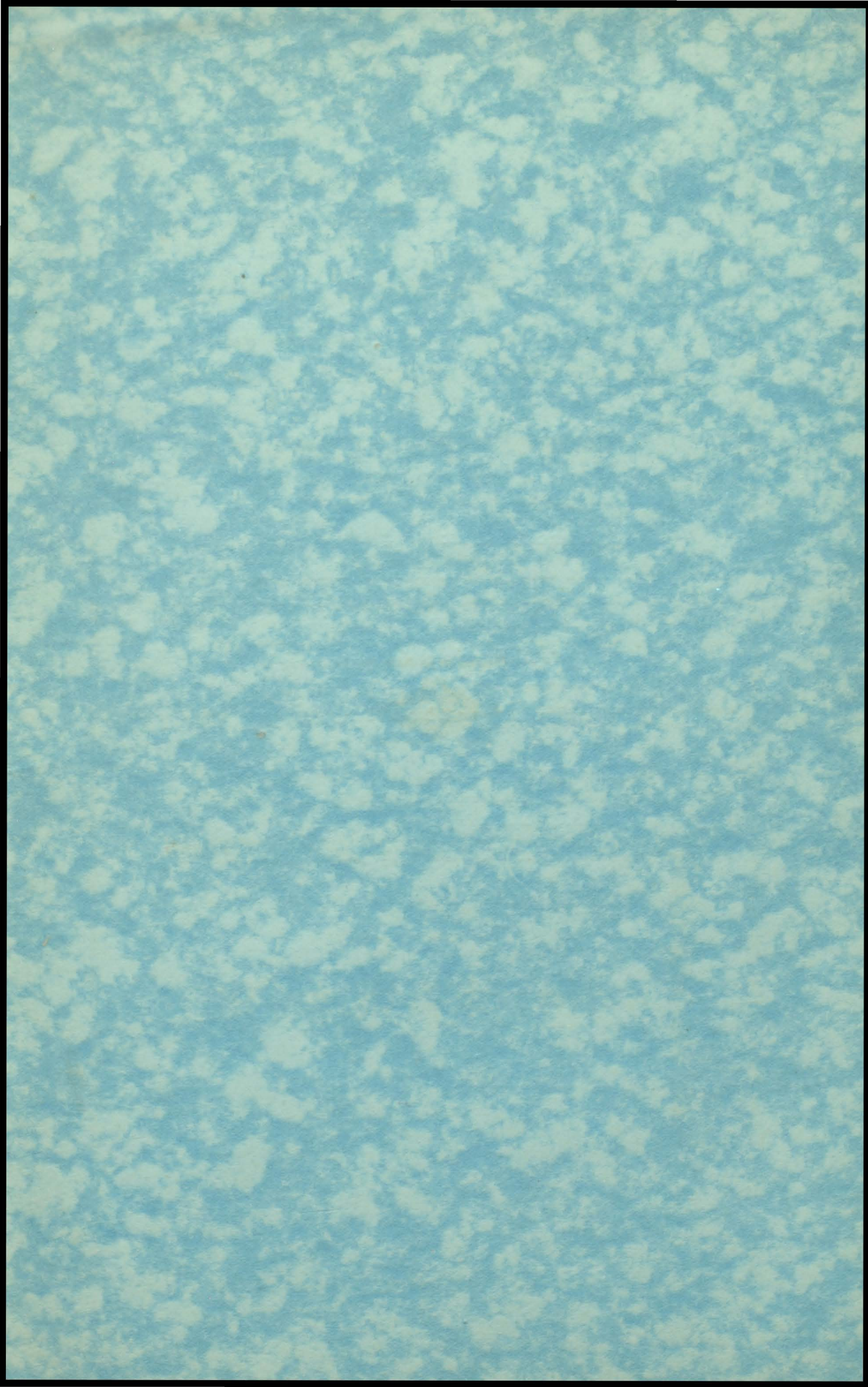
Last year it was a success. This year, our aim is to make a greater success of our paper, which we are editing as a factor of school spirit and not as a money making proposition. However, money is necessary and our only means of getting it is through our advertising department.

We, the students of the school, will attempt to show our appreciation of any aid which the business men give, by trying to put The ECHO in every home.

—The Editor.

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