

E C H O

1925

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



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CUSTOM GRINDING BAINBRIDGE, N. Y.

"Accompany the students of Bainbridge High School on the 16-day
Excursion to Washington, D. C. Round-trip excursion tickets,

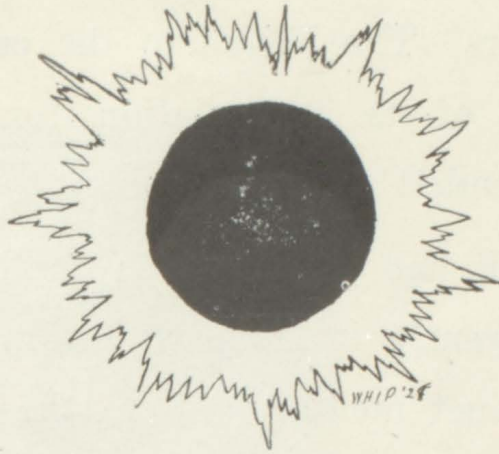
Sidney to Washington, \$16.00

J. E. POWERS

Div. Freight and Passenger Agt., N. Y. O. & W.

Hear Ye!

Hear Ye!



In ye year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five, ye great eclipse did pass o'er ye fair citie of Bainbridge. Which y'eclipse did chase all ye old tyme favorite cross word puzzles from ye minds of ye fayre Seniors. Therefore have ye Seniors made this ye year book of ye town of Bainbridge ye memento of ye great and unforgettable event by ascribing ye publication to ye study of ye heavens.

Foreword

The Class of 1925 of Bainbridge High School offers "The Echo" to the community as an indication of its appreciation for the many advantages extended to the school by the people of Bainbridge.

It has meant much to those who have labored diligently in its composition. Yet, there has been distinct mental gain to the participants in its construction. "Knowledge comes by eyes always open and working hands; and there is no knowledge that is not power."

The patient labor expended cannot fail to impress, ennoble and invigorate the minds of pupils who are willing to devote a part of their time to literary effort, nor can its value in later life be overestimated. The ability to express oneself clearly carries conviction.

It is the hope of the editors that this edition be a source of interest to its readers. A careful perusal of its pages will give you a glimpse of school life and some of you perhaps awaken old memories. Pick it up, read it, and be boys and girls again.

Prof. F. J. Casey.



Dedication

Since the publication of our year book, "The Echo," has met with undiminished success for the past three years, we, the staff, with the support of the student body, wish to express our gratitude to Miss Hill, our faculty advisor, who has guided us cheerfully through the struggles which accompany the appearances of our book.

There are no qualities so admired by High School students as are those of unfailing good humor, cheerful cooperation, firm guidance, and trustworthy advice on the part of a member of the faculty, and our contact with Miss Hill has served to convince us that such qualities are hers

The Astronomers

Editor

L. COVILLE WINSOR

Literary Editor

Emma Perry '25

Helen Cuyle '25

Athletic Editor

Helen Clark '25

Joke Editor

Edith Moore '25

Alumni Editor

Mary Elizabeth Finch '25

Society Editor

Elizabeth Taber '25

Advertising Editor

Herman Peaslee '25

Circulating Editor

Jasper Hand '25

Business Manager

Jasper Hand '25

Assistants

Harry Harman '24

Herbert Seeley '27

Kenneth Eldred '26

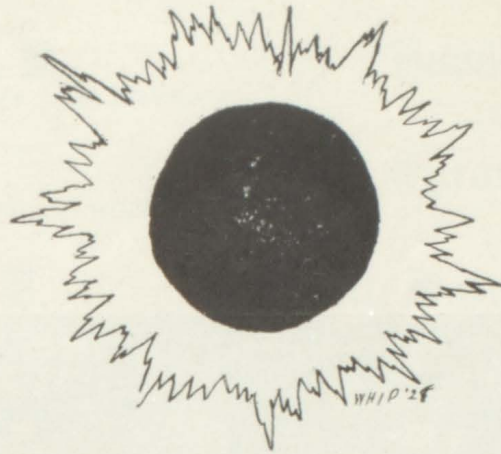
John Loudon '28

Faculty Advisor

Mabel J. Hill

Ye Solar System Bainbridge High School
Ye Divisions

Ye Sun	Faculty and Board
Ye Moon	Classes
First Quarter	1928
Second Quarter	1927
Third Quarter	1926
Full Moon	1925
Ye Eclipse	Editorials
Ye Zodiac	Literary
Ye Constellations	Organizations
Ye Rainbow	Society
Ye Thunder & Lightning	Athletics
Ye Clouds	Our Shady Side
Ye Northern Lights	Jokes



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THE FACULTY —

Top Row (left to right) Laura Newman, Margaret Miner, Mabel Holden Foster, Ruth Youmans, Marion Welcome, Anna M. Paschke, Anna C. Naylor; Front Row Rose Lathan, Mabel J. Hill, Mariam Hayes, Gertrude Genung, Bertha Dorflez, Francis J. Casey.

Faculty

Frances J. Casey, A. B. GEOMETRY and PHYSICS	Hamilton
Mabel J. Hill, A. B. ENGLISH and HISTORY	Syracuse
Mariam E. Hayes, A. B. MATHEMATICS and SCIENCE	Mt. Holyoke
Anna M. Paschke, LATIN and FRENCH	Fredonia Normal, Mich.
Marion E. Welcome, B. S. DOMESTIC SCIENCE	Middleburg
Mabel G. Foster ENGLISH and LATIN	Albany State Normal
Margaret Miner EIGHTH GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Rose J. Lathan SEVENTH GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Gertrude H. Genung SIXTH GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Ruth C. Youmans FIFTH GRADE	Anadilla Training Class
Laura R. Newman FOURTH GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Bertha A. Dorf ler THIRD GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Ethel M. Quackenbush SECOND GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Anna C. Naylor FIRST GRADE	Oneonta Normal

Board of Education



Sebert B. Gollenbeck - President

Roy A. Johnson - - Clerk

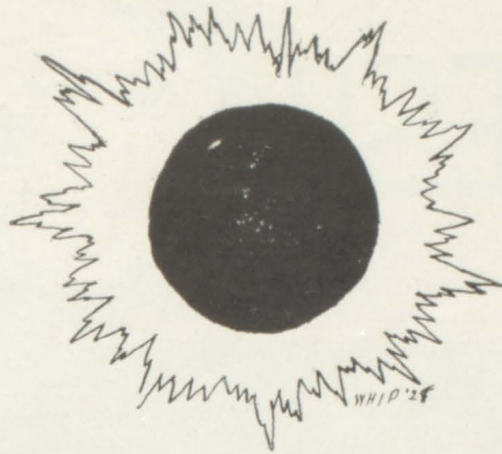
Nelson E. Wilcox

Georganna Turnham

Henry Hill

In Memoriam

Andrew A. Dunham



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W.H.P.
'28

FRESH MEN



Dear Echo,

We want so much to write and tell you what a nice time we are having in school this year. When we came in Sep-tem-ber, a new era be-gan in the hist-ory of our school. We had many, many ideas about the class meet-ing we were told to have. In-stead of a meeting it was a re-bell-ion. De-spite our somewhat dejected spir-its we succeeded in making Kath-ryn Kent-field Pres-i-dent, Hen-ri-ette Nich-ol Vice President, Ot-til-ie Nich-ol Treas-urrer, and War-ren Whip-ple Sec-re-tary. But we advise all green lit-tle Fresh-men in the future to choose a Faculty ad-vi-sor before attempting any great undertaking. We have found that we don't know it all, but must live and learn, for some day we'll be as old as our big broth-ers and sist-ers. We will be sor-ry to say bye-bye to them in June, we love them so.

Lov-ing-ly,

The Fresh-man Class



FRESHMEN

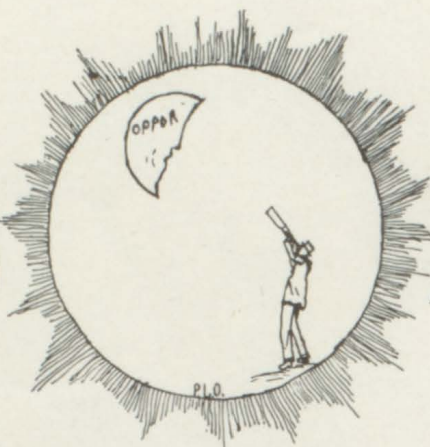
Top Randolph Lewis, Henry Cheesbro, Kenneth French, Milo McGinnis, William Lewis, Albert Kirkland, Warren Whipple, John Loudon, Ivan Hawkins, Clyde Snitchler, Marshall Andrews, George Bennett; 2nd Row Beverly Ostrander, Julia La Mora, Mary Hager, Wilma Gardinier; 3rd Row Marguerite Montgomery, Charlotte Petley, Stella Silvey, Donna Wilcox, Kathryn Kentfield, Helen Howland, Otilie Nickel, Myra Seymour, Irene Kirkland, Betty Stevens, Irene Miller, Milton Dean, John Lord; Front Row Dorothy Brandt, Arlene Petley, Coralyn Whitney, Gertrude Petley, May Hough-taling, Virgie Elliott, Dolores Lloyd, Ruth Comings, Verna Colvin, Henriette Nickel, Madeline Moore.

OFFICERS

President, Kathryn Kentfield
 Vice-President, Henriette Nickel

Treasurer, Otilie Nickel
 Secretary, Warren Whipple

SOPHOMORES



Dear Echo,

Every school must have a Sophomore Class, and this year we are "It." About the first thing we did was to elect officers as follows: Stanley Hatton, President; Blanche Throop, Vice President; Ralph Corbin, Treasurer; Mildred Cheesbro, Secretary.

Our chief amusement during the first term was that of making life miserable for the Frosh. However, we were rather kind, and taught them a few songs such as "Ring-around the Rosy," which they enjoyed immensely.

On Friday evening, Jan. 24th (School nights finding every Bainbridge student diligently thumbing his books) we were entertained by the Sophomores of Afton High School at a party at the Town Hall. Although the mercury dropped way below zero, the Sophs were not daunted in the least. The Afton class came in sleigh loads, and judging by the noise they made, cold nights held no horrors for them. Four members of Bainbridge High Orchestra furnished music for dancing. We all had "a wonderful time," but don't mention the next morning, when we had to get up to view the eclipse, for a Sophomore would never miss anything important.

Our respected superiors, the Juniors, would like to know what we are "up at" now. Just wait and see what the Sophs do next.

Editor, Mildred Cheesbro

Assistant, Florence Phillips



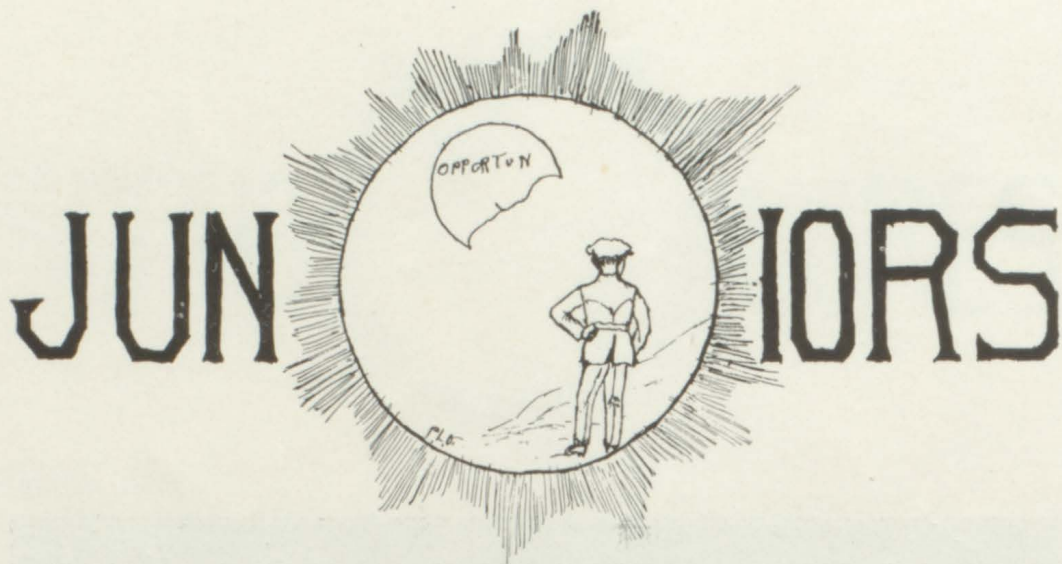
SOPHOMORES

Top Row (left to right): Elverton Hoyt, Stanley Hatton, Elmer Archer, Ralph Corbin, Earl Hollenbeck, Charles Taylor, Marc Sawyer, Alfred Hohreiter, Paul Oleson, Herbert Seeley, Gertrude Palmatier; Middle: Ellen Snitchler, Gertrude Eggleston, Dorothy Hassert, Grace Cole, Clella Drachler, Celia Axtell, Grace Luther, Gladys Sands; Bottom: Mildred Ives, Florence Lord, Margaret Wilcox, Blanche Throop, Florence Phillips, Mildred Cheesebro, Helen Lenheim, Louise Petley, Hilda Sargeant, Florence Seeley.

OFFICERS

President, Stanley Hatton
Vice-President, Blanche Throop

Secretary, Mildred Cheesebro
Treasurer, Ralph Corbin Jr.



Dear Echo,

Did you get that note the Juniors just sent across the Study Hall? We have our doubts, because Miss Hayes has been practicing long distance detection lately. Here is a duplicate:

Most Honorable "Echo,"

Yes, in answer to your inquiry, we will admit that we have started our Washington fund. We made our first deposit from the proceeds of "She Stoops to Conquer." The Juniors certainly did feel proud of that play. It was a classical play written by Goldsmith. The costumes were reproductions of dress worn in England long ago. Did you say "atmosphere?" The quaint furniture, paintings and candle light furnished that. Next year we shall stage another play!

The Juniors

As always, our lessons crave attention. We shall be "Woeful Juniors" instead of "Jolly Juniors" next period if we spend a whole forty minutes writing to you, Echo of 1925. We have a motto to live up to, "Crescat Scientia" "May Knowledge Increase."

Yours in all spice,

Class of 1926



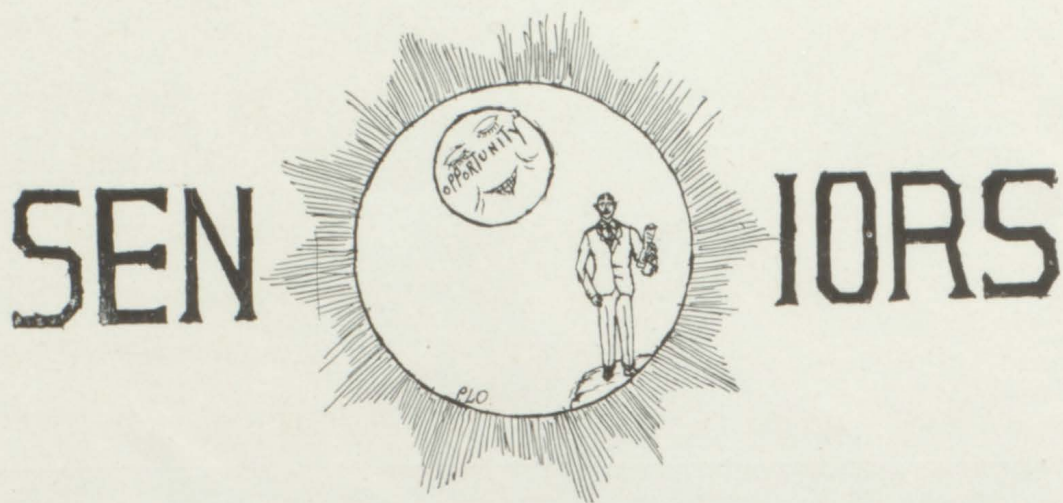
JUNIORS

Top Kenneth Eldred, Ward Kirkland, Mary Dunham, Maurice Colwell, Prince Danforth; Bottom Marion Nichols, Doris Wilcox, Myrtle Kentfield, Dorothy Hassert, Norma Fiske, Stella Smith.

OFFICERS

President, Mary Dunham
Vice-President, Kenneth Eldred

Secretary, Maurice Colwell
Treasurer, Dorothy Hassert



Dear "Echo"

Knowing that this edition could not be complete without a word from the Seniors, we are complying with instructions in so conveying to you this missive. It must, of necessity, be somewhat dignified as befitting a reverend Senior; so too, it must be of extraordinary length in order that we may relate the many and varied experiences of this class, credited with such great renown. It is with a feeling of deep regret and sorrow that we submit this, for we realize that it will be the termination of the joys that we have experienced as Seniors.

Of course, having realized the full responsibility of being a Senior, we felt that we should put away our childish traits, as parties, and take up more serious measures. However, in order that we might not lose all our old reputation, we gave our annual

Christmas Ball at the Town Hall on December 19th. The decorations, dancing and stunts created a Christmas spirit and made it a gala affair. It was well represented by all the classes of High School, and Miss Paschke filled the position of chaperon. This was the extent of our social life; from then on our career was of a much more "business-like" nature.

Money is one of the essentials of happiness (especially on the Washington Trip), so we felt we must do something to help pay our expenses. Therefore, on October 29th, we staged our first play "Professor Pep." It was a success and we realized a good sum of money as a result.

Now, dear "Echo," my paper is becoming scarce, my ink is nearly gone and my arm decidedly tired, so for the last time we must bid you farewell. Our only and last wish is, that you may someday attain the high honors that we, as Seniors, are experiencing, and that all great success will be yours.

Yours, in B. H. S.

"The Seniors"



Helen Clark "Clarkie" Blushing
Tho' I try and try and try,
I just can't help being shy.

Helen Cuyle "Curler" Five dollar words
Tho' oft accused of being too wise
Still, in writing themes, she takes
first prize.

Mary Elizabeth Finch "Betty" Camp-Fire
Our Betty's place we ne'er can fill,
We've always loved her, and always will.

Viola Freidenstine Roscoe
Tho' Viola seems quiet, mild, and shy
There's a deal of deviltry 'neath that
eye.

Jasper Hand "Jap" Girls
Our Business Manager is Jasper Hand
He plays the trumpet to beat the
band.

Pauline Loudon "Polly" Bluffing
Tho' often caught and given the deuce,
Somehow you manage to find an
excuse.

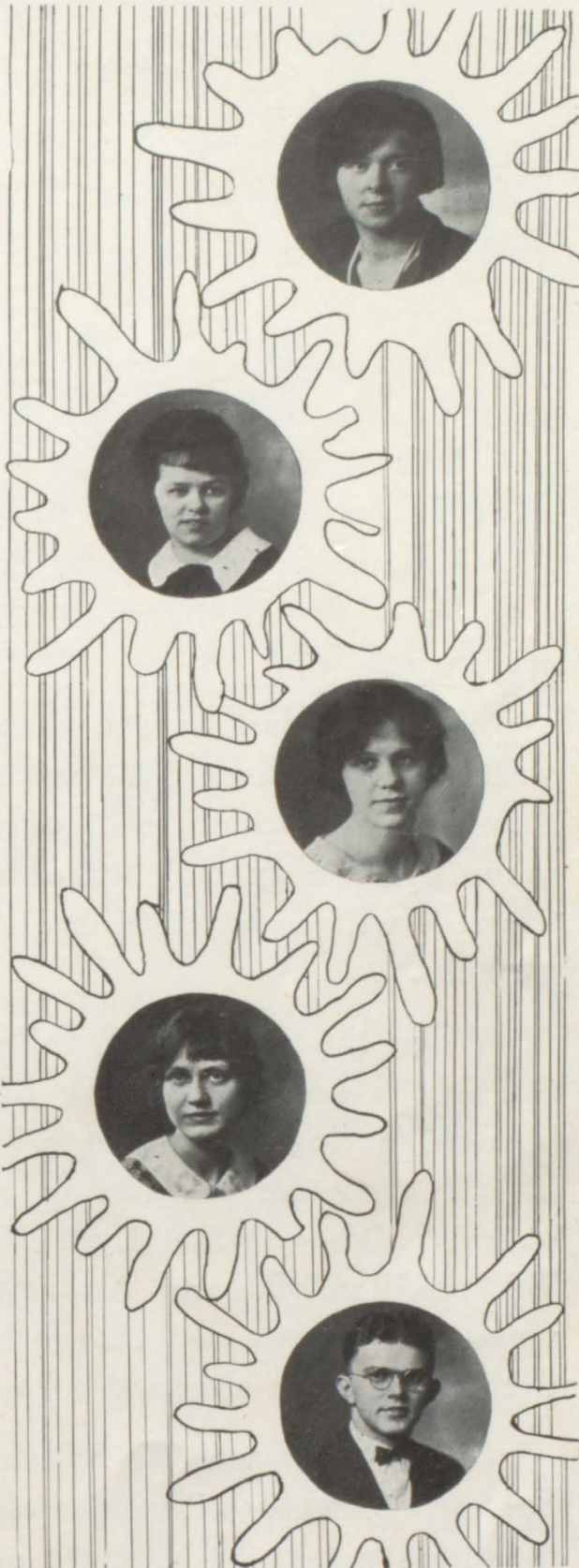
Edith Moore A. and P. Stores
 "Hi"
As for the boys, tho' I scorn and flout
 them,
I can live with, but not without
 them.

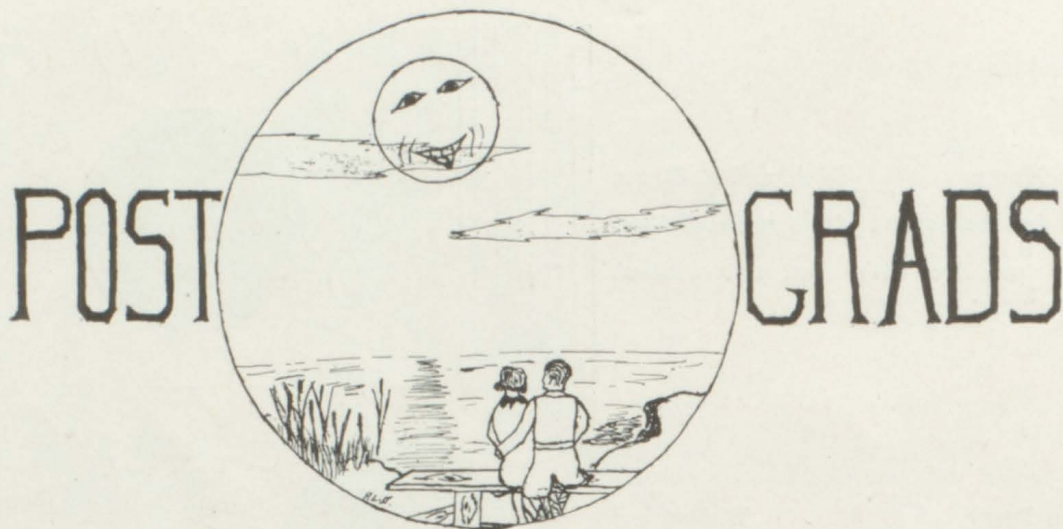
Emma Perry Whispering
 "Em"
Emma Perry is her name
Whispering is her greatest fame.

Irene Robbins W. W. G.
 "Rene"
Willing and cheerful, happy and gay,
A faithful friend the livelong day.

Elizabeth Taber Grinning
 "Tabe"
Elizabeth Taber, so they say,
Smiles and grins the livelong day.

Coville Winsor Baseball
 "Doc"
Always tries to do his part,
And ever ready for a lark.





Bainbridge High School,
Bainbridge, N. Y.

Dear Echo,

We are glad to see that the other classes are watching the sun. We wish to assure them that this is a good idea, although we do find that the moon holds a special attraction. As time goes on the rest will agree with us if they have not done so already.

When the school bell tolled for the first time in ten weeks on the morning of September second, it brought back to Bainbridge High seven of the class of 1924 for the purpose of taking a post-graduate course. They were Lydia Collins, Adah Loomis, Willis Miller, Roland Andrews, Charles Perry, Edward Partridge, and Harry Harman. The remainder of the class decided to go in another direction.

Since there was no Washington trip or play to put on we decided that election of officers and class meetings would be a waste of time. It was rumor-

ed that we were thinking of forming a society and calling it the "Owls." This name because the owls are the wise old birds that like to stay up late at night. The greatest objection to this idea was, since Bainbridge is the center of the society of the world, there would not be much time left to live up to the name.

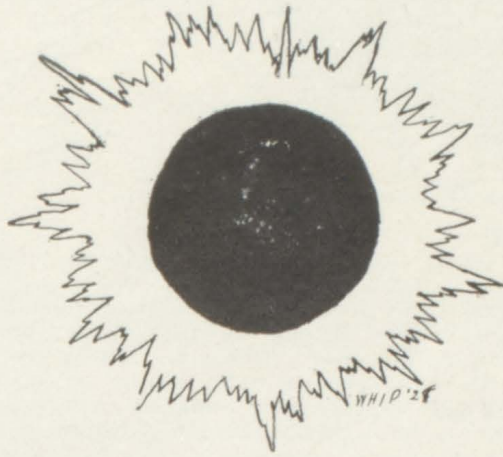
Everything went fine until—the eclipse. It was some time before those who had strayed in the dark could be found. Pat was found in the cellar of the Corner Drug Store drawing malt. We found Willis sound asleep on top of a pile of bags in the Casein factory. Adah was trying to make a tall slender fellow believe that there was no car like the Chevrolet. Lydia had strayed the farthest while the sun was hiding its face. She was found pursuing knowledge at Oneonta Normal. It seems as if it would have been a good idea to have bought a flash light or a box of matches for each one of us so that we could all find our way in the darkness. This was one time that old Sol went back on us.

We have little worry for the eclipse that will happen in the year 2026 for we by that time will be gone but we hope not forgotten.

Ever yours,

Class of 1924

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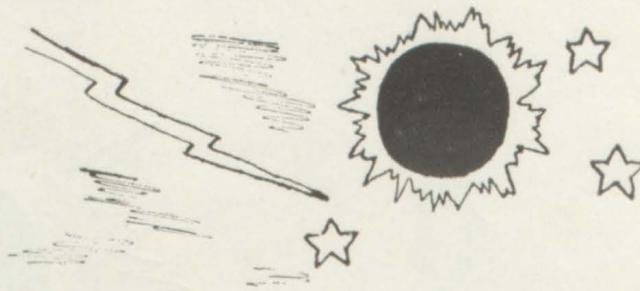
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The school year of 1924-25 has thus far been a year of notable occurrences and happenings. This term has not only been a year of earthly occurrences of phenomenal importance, but also one of exceptional scholastic merit. We have been favored by a total eclipse of the sun, an earthquake, a partial eclipse of the moon, and, in the west, a terrific tornado. It has ranked in the history of B. H. S., the revival of football, the appearance of many of our schoolmates along lines of dramatic ability, and lastly, and by no means least, the publication of our far-famed school annual, "The Echo." Such events may the historian of 1924-25 record in his ledger of time.

When the Echo staff held its first meeting, we vainly cudged our brains for material, and finally admitted that we were somewhat puzzled in our search for originality. After hours of delving into minute niches and crevices of that same organ of grey matter, called by some, the brain, we finally concluded that the most momentous occurrence of importance during the year had been these same issues of Nature. Never again in our life-time will we be able to witness other events of such extreme importance. So, to these strange phenomena, both earthly and heavenly, do we owe the inspirations for these our published thoughts.

While we are considering these issues of nature, let us not forget those of high school days. Students of B. H. S., recall if you will, the opening of school last September and its meaning to you. For some of us, it was the beginning of our last year of school while for others it marked the opening of their High School career. Can the value of the learning and the knowledge obtained during a school year be estimated? Perhaps not, in dollars and cents, but it has a value which can only be reckoned in later life. The value depends entirely upon ourselves. As much as we put into our school work just so much we will gain. Nature, only, is supreme there.

To our friends, we wish to state that our "Echo" is the manner we have chosen in showing what we have gained during our school year and it is an "Echo" of earthly occurrences and phenomena. May it have another successful year.

Editor

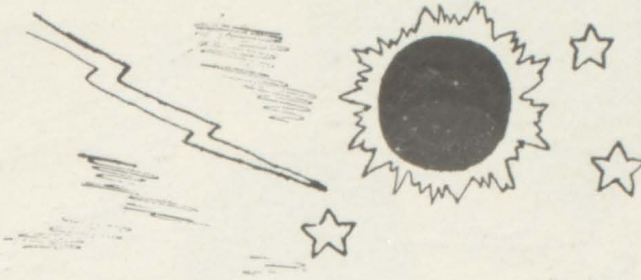
"SHADOW BANDS"

During the total eclipse, scientists noticed many things, among them the "shadow bands." Now, they are puzzling their wise brains to see what caused these bands. When they find the cause, many things, before this unexplained, may be explained and the scientists will have won for themselves new honors.

We are the scientists. Our "shadow bands" are wisdom. We seek not the cause of it but the thing itself. And when we find it, what then? Then, again, like the scientists, we will have won a victory and new honors for ourselves.*

Scientists must work long and hard if they accomplish the end for which they are searching. So must we work and endure many things in our search for wisdom. Often they become discouraged. We, also, get discouraged. But these wise men keep on just the same. Again we must be like them. After all the trouble and work is the end of our search worth enough to reward us? The scientists would say, "Yes." We must also say, "Yes."

Mary Nutter '24



THE CORONA

Just as the moon hid the sun from sight except for the Corona, so does the great and powerful faculty put us, the students, into obscurity, save for a few bright lights. They, the faculty, with their continual upbraidings of our faults and shortcomings hide nearly all our good points from view.

Had it not been for the corona during the eclipse, we would have been in almost total darkness. Accordingly, were it not for some of us with our optimistic views, this school might be a pretty dark and gloomy place sometimes. But we are so large in numbers that the faculty could never conceal us, just as the moon was unable to hide the sun from view.

True it is that the faculty are a great deal nearer the goal all great men set for themselves; and we inspired by what other great persons have done, are encouraged in our unquenchable thirst for knowledge.

We can reach our goal, but the sun will never come in contact with the earth. Perhaps it is just as well that it never can, for, doubtless, there would be a very great deal of commotion and excitement. So will it be when some of us get our fill of learning and go forth into the world. Whole continents will be revolutionized, great scientific theories will be expounded, and countless things heretofore deemed impossible, will be easily and quickly achieved. Then it will be that the teachers will regret that they restrained our impulsive and poo-hoohed our divine inspirations. It will be our one moment of glorious triumph when the whole world stands still and humbly admires what we, the class of 1925 have done. The corona will have burst forth into a glorious sun.

Emma Perry '25.

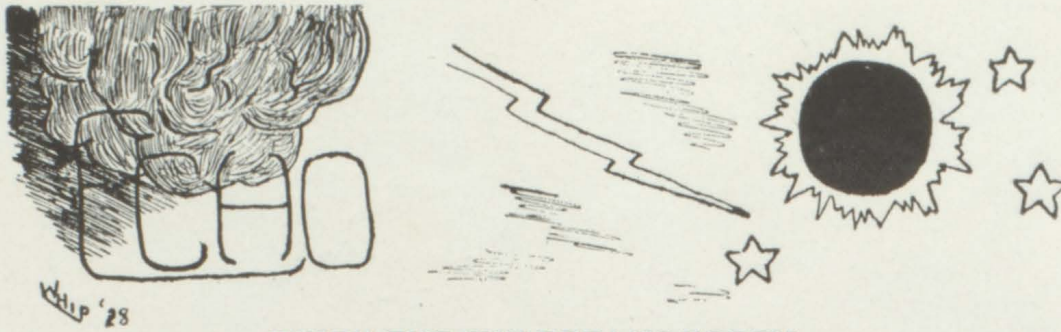
WHEN THE STARS COME OUT

Those of us who were fortunate enough to have been able to observe the great terrestrial phenomenon from a point of vantage, were able to discern, during the period of totality, three of the major constellations, Venus, Jupiter and Mercury. Although faintly visible at first observation, these three heavenly diamonds gradually acquired their usual nocturnal brilliance.

Is there anyone anywhere who passing through this life has not experienced a "period of totality?" Snatched from the beautiful morning sunlight of life to be submerged into the blackness of utter hopelessness, life seems barely worth the living. But did it last? As the three constellations seemed to be lighting the path of the moon, so do three stars unfailingly appear to guide the weary souls of man. These three are, an unfailing trust in God, the unerring judgement of man's own conscience, and a belief in human kindness.

So it is that this three-fold guide we pass through is our "period of totality" and find that before we know it, the radiant sun of self content had escaped its confines of shadow and shines as brightly as it did before. Perhaps brighter, who knows!

Mary Dunham '25



WHEN THE SUN BREAKS FORTH

We are living in a great age. Not long ago we had the opportunity to witness a total eclipse of the sun.

As the moon began to come into the path of the sun, its light was gradually cut off and soon we were in darkness. Let this be compared with our school life. Our first thought is, is there any comparison or similarity? When we first start going to school, it seems that we are in darkness and are working hard to reach the light. Soon we have reached our senior year. This represents the total eclipse. Later in the year comes our graduation. Here the sun breaks forth, and light appears in long streamers on which we seem to see written in golden letters the word "Opportunity." It is indeed a wonderful sight. We have never seen anything like it before. We must now grasp our opportunity and start out in life, filled with new ideas, new impressions and lastly new plans.

Coville Winsor

THE EARTHQUAKE — A MIGHTY TREMBLING

It was a Saturday night, just an ordinary Saturday night. Somewhere, deep down in the earth, mighty masses moved a tiny distance and settled down again. But, that little stir way down under the earth caused great wondering and trembling about nine-twenty, Saturday evening. What was the cause of the move? No one knows. But this is the point where science merges into the horizon.

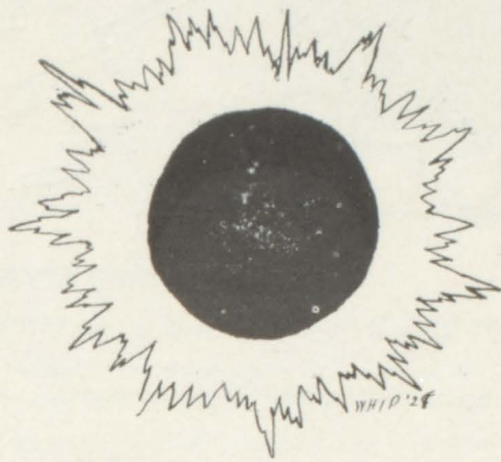
Perhaps too many of us have such tremblings at nine o'clock in the evening. Just for amusement let us change the time to nine o'clock in the morning. The Study Hall door opens and you enter to participate in that Regents examination which is to determine whether you may graduate or not. The building does not shake, but you start to write and your hand trembles, your head whirls; what if you don't pass?

You realize you must do clear, quick thinking. Your mind moves. That knowledge which you scour from some dark department of your brain, does not move you much. No one else hears it, but when written on the paper has great results. If you are able to procure enough of this knowledge, your paper stays.

Elizabeth Finch '25

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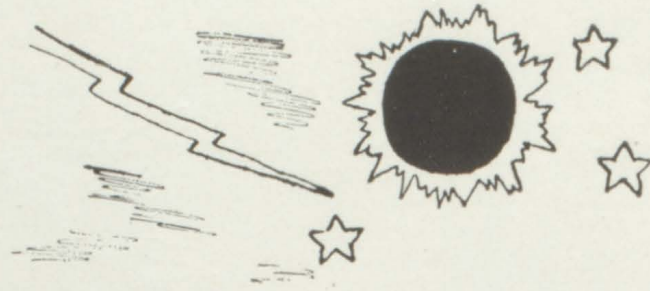
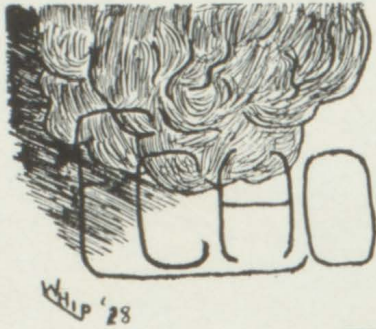
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THE SWAMP MYSTERY

"Henry! Henry! Come and look at this turtle!"

"Hun! Who wants to come back over that swamp just to look at an old turtle? I'm going to stick to the path!" he announced, assuming the bored air of an older brother.

"But this one has a red handkerchief tied to his back. I think there's a note fastened to it, too." Barbara produced a jackknife from her knickers and removed the handkerchief and the note.

Henry stuffed his dignity into his pocket, so to speak, and came over to where she was standing. "What does it say, Barbe?"

"Listen. 'Highly imaginative youth doomed by circumstances to monotonous drudgery at the island. Help, and be quick!' That's all it says. It isn't signed."

They regarded each other in amazement. "What do you suppose it means?" Barbara asked. "Do you really think there is some one over on that island?"

"Well, we can go and see anyway."

They carefully picked their way from hummock to hummock to that spot of firm ground called the island, situated in the middle of the surrounding swamp; a truly advantageous setting for any mystery.

"Henry!" — This from Barbara. "Did you hear that noise?"

"What noise?"

A muffled groan came from the underbrush. Henry and Barbara began to search for its source.

Suddenly she heard her brother exclaim, "Barbe, its Bob Landor. I think he's fainted!"

She hastened to the spot in time to see young Landor turn over and groan helplessly, "Help me get it! Help me get it! It's right there buried! Dig and help me get it. I'll die if I can't get it!"

"Get what?" Henry asked.

"Just get it and I'll show you," he answered, his voice choked with pain.

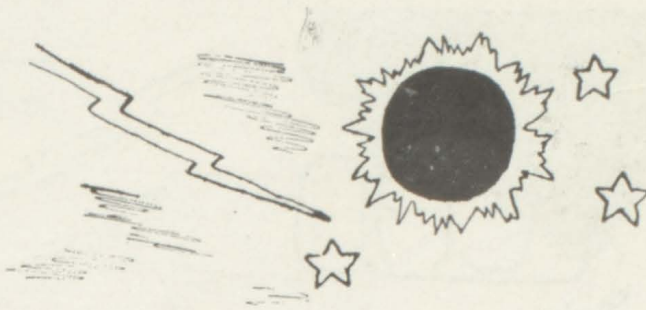
As they started to dig, a smothered laugh reached their ears. They turned in amazement.

"I'll help you," said Bob. "I haven't the heart to make you do it alone. Some of the boys buried my stuff over here, I saw you going by and thought I'd make you useful. So I put that note on the turtle."

"Where did you get that 'highly imaginative youth' idea?" asked Barbara.

"Oh, that? That was a topic our English teacher gave us for a theme. It just happened to come to my mind."

Marion Nichols '26.



THE MYSTERY OF DUNBAR TOWERS

"Yes, madam, he came while you were away and said that he would wait for you."

"And you haven't seen him go away?"

"Oh, no! He wasn't here after I had left the room for just a moment."

"Colette, are you sure he told you nothing of why he came here or who he was?"

"Nothing, Lady Dunbar."

"Very well, you may go, Colette."

Lady Dunbar sank into a chair with a sigh. She was a tall frail woman; her well shaped head was piled high with snowy hair, although her face showed her to be not more than middle aged. One delicate hand rested on the arm of her chair. The other toyed nervously with a locket suspended from a chain which encircled her well shaped neck. Her whole attitude now was one of mixed fear and anxiety.

Dunbar Towers was an ancient edifice in Somerset, England. For years it had been the abode of a family of which Lady Dunbar was one of the three survivors.

There was one tale told about this dwelling. It concerned the loss of some silver plate which had been the family from time immemorial. This plate had been lost ever since the death of old Colonel Dunbar. Where it had gone or who had taken it no one knew.

Now, this added mystery had come to astonish the occupants; the sudden coming of a strange man and his just as sudden disappearance.

On the evening following the arrival of the mysterious gentleman, Carolyne, the niece of Lady Dunbar, was sitting alone in the main drawing room of Dunbar Towers. Only a faint light sent forth its rays and in the darkness it seemed like one star in the vast expanse of heaven. Suddenly she heard a creaking behind the portrait of her great-great grandmother—creaking like the sound of rusty hinges. Then the picture began to swing back like a door, and out stepped a man, the strange man probably, or was it a ghost? But ghosts don't make noises. All these thoughts coursed through Carolyne's brain as she watched him, spell bound.

"Oh! Is there some one here?" the apparition said in quite a natural voice.

"Y-y-y-esss", murmured Carolyne who had now become really scared.

"Are you the young miss who lives in this beautiful place?" came the voice.

"No-o-o-! that is—I mean yes," burst out the astonished girl.

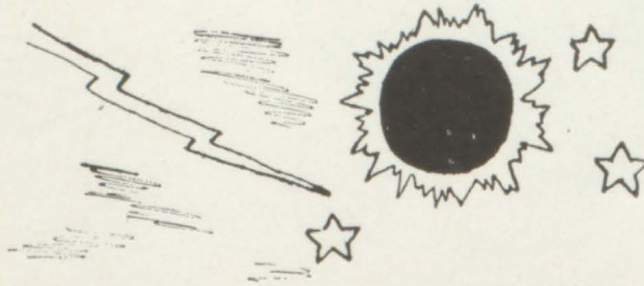
"Well, this is lucky, by Jove, you're the very one I've wanted to talk with for a long time. Can you keep a secret?"

By this time he had advanced far enough into the scope of the light so that Carolyne could see how her uninvited guest looked. He was tall, good looking, with bewitching black eyes and black hair. His clothes were of the latest cut but Carolyne noticed that they were now besmeared with dust.

Carolyne, who now began to enjoy the novelty of the situation, promised to remain true blue to anything the man should tell her. After a whispered conference the two climbed into the opening behind the picture which closed behind them leaving everything as it had been formerly.



KHUP '28



Had anyone been standing in the ancient gardens of Dunbar Towers on that June night, they would have beheld a spectacle not soon to be forgotten. A muffled cry issued from underground and then the earth began to sink—sink—sink! A hole appeared, it was probably three feet wide. Then, out of the hole climbed two bedraggled figures, the girl and the man. Then queerer yet they both sat down and laughed heartily. Each was holding a large silver urn.

The next morning when Lady Dunbar appeared for breakfast, Carolynne introduced Rollo Dunbar, a distant cousin, and she explained how he had found in some family papers the chart of a secret passage and, being fond of adventure, had come to look it over.

Lady Dunbar received him with a warm welcome and now Rollo is installed as one of the family at Dunbar Towers.

Mary Dunham '26.

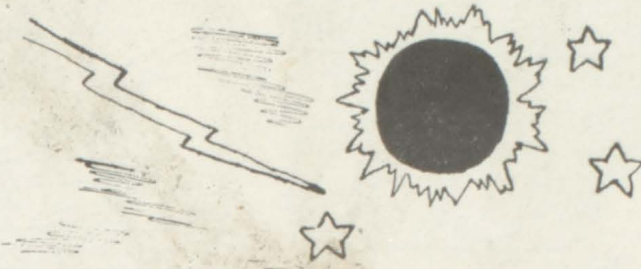
THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF CHARLES HAGER

Showing how he went farther than he intended.

Adapted from "John Gilpin's Ride" by Cowper

Charles Hager was a scholar
Of credit and renown,
A high school Sheik was he
Of famous Bainbridge town.
His greatest aim, in school
Tho' strange as it may seem,
Was to conquer (as a Caesar)
All the ladies that were seen.
Charles Hager with his first day here,
Seized fast the golden reins
And up he got to do his stuff
But soon came down again;
For no sooner had he started
His flirting to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Professor Casey walking in.
So down he came; and down he sat,
Although it grieved him sore
Yet lectures long, right well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.
'Twas long before the watching man
Retraced his steps outside,
And Charlie quickly threw a note
With directions for to hide.
But alas, the note was stopped
In its journey across the wall,
And Professor Casey, who stood in the door,
Had carefully watched it all.
So stooping down, as needs he must
After walking to that place,
He grasp'd the note with both his hands,
And a scowl upon his face.
Charles Hager, who never in that sort
Had lectured been before,
Quickly decided with all his heart
Never to throw notes any more.

Edith Moore '25



A TRIBUTE TO GENIUS

"A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason and traversing its works. The mob is man, voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast", Emerson tells us; and it was to this spirit of the beast that our greatest hero was brought face to face in the camp at Newburgh.

The surrender of Cornwallis had come; the British were driven out; Carleton lay idle at New York, and only a few British troops held western outposts. The treaty of Paris had been concluded, but the news of it had not yet reached America. Our brave men, who had not only risked their lives, but had impoverished themselves for the cause which was dearer than life, were encamped at Newburgh on the Hudson.

Now, their work was completed and they were unable to collect their pay. We know that it is not the nature of rebellious men to inquire into the causes of a supposed injustice. Congress was unable to pay them, as was obvious to the thoughtful. The weary, war-sick soldiers did not stop to consider, that, with Continental money valueless and foreign credit lost, Congress was in a sore state of penury.

To the rebellion of the soldiers was added the agitation from creditors. Our country needed only some leader to focus and direct this dangerous feeling which might be termed disaffection. To fill this place came Washington, calm, clear-minded suspected by some, who thought him to be the cause of the lack of funds, loved by others, but really admired by all.

He met the situation boldly but with his infallible tact. When he learned how great was the disturbance among the soldiers and officers, he called a meeting, with General Gates presiding.

The men were anxiously awaiting whatever the meeting might bring forth, when Washington appeared. He walked to the front amid the tensest silence, and spoke to the assemblage before him.

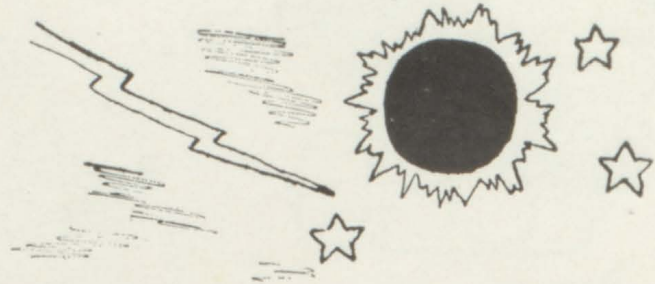
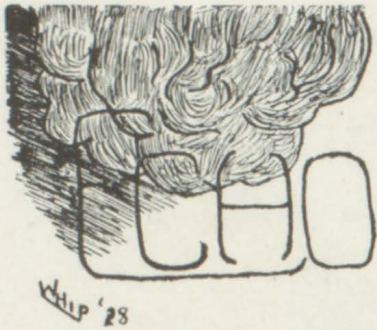
Sympathizer, friend as always before, he realized their claims and appreciated their sufferings; at the same time he petitioned them to weigh equally the tremendous strain under which Congress toiled. His words, full of feeling, eloquent and masterful, immediately put to flight the thoughts of rebellion which only a few minutes before had stirred the hearts of his audience. In their place he inspired a sense of honor, patriotism, and above all manliness.

When at the close of his speech, with every eye upon him, and every ear alert, he drew from his pocket a letter from a member of Congress, assuring the soldiers of the good faith of Congress, he found that he was unable to read it without the aid of his spectacles. He stopped and putting them on, said, in his wonderful manner, "I have grown grey in your service, now I find myself growing blind."

Once more the soul of this great man had led his people through another danger, for the meeting passed the resolution expressing "Unshaken confidence in the justice of Congress."

Thus was the spirit of the beast tamed by him whom we always think of, as "First in war; first in peace; first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Mary Dunham '26.



BAINBRIDGE ACADEMY

1881-82

Among the files of Bainbridge High, was recently found a "Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Bainbridge Academy and Union School," in the year 1881-82. Thinking that some of the facts contained in this pamphlet might be of interest to some who read our annual, the Staff is quoting the following items conned from its pages.

Board of Education

C. M. Priest, Pres.
 Le Roy Bennett, Sec.
 Ira M. Curtis, Treas.
 Elliot Danforth
 Chas. B. Sumner

Charles Briggs
 Clark Butts
 A. J. Wilcox
 A. A. Van Horne
 R. D. L. Evans

Faculty

Academic Department

Willis D. Graves
 Mrs. W. D. Graves
 Carrie A. Beattie, Intermediate Dep't.

Ada Meacham, Primary Dep't.
 Lucy Van Horne, Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Primary Department

Minnie Akerly
 Ida Beatty
 May Bixby
 Maud Bixby
 Susie Bixby
 Willie Bixby
 Harry Bixby
 George Barber
 Charley Boalt
 Emma Blood
 Hugh Burditt
 Harry Briggs
 Fielding Carver
 Thomas Clark
 Willie Clark
 Alton Clark
 Josie Clark
 Thressa Clark
 Edith Haddow
 Willie Hodge
 Mamie Hodge
 Sterling Higley
 Lula Huggins
 Willie Hatton
 Eddie Ives
 Fred Joraleman
 Harry Jameson
 Lena Johnson

Minnie Johnson
 Nancy Jones
 Josie Kelleher
 Willie Kniffen
 Orin Kniffen
 Jennie Leadbetter
 Ida Lawrence
 Laura Marsh
 Charley Palmer
 Hiram Payne
 Etta Pierce
 Grace Payne
 Mell Pratt
 Lulu Pratt
 Anna Prince
 Curtis Priest
 Josie Priest
 Eliza Reymore
 Amy Reymore
 Mamie Robbins
 Howard Salisbury
 Ada Salley
 Milton Salley
 Etta Shaver
 Wallace Sherwood
 Montie Springstien
 Harry Clay
 Willie Clay

Clara De Forest
 Mamie Danforth
 Jay Evans
 Willie Fletcher
 Morris Gilbert
 Archie Gilbert
 Anna Graves
 Lillian Haddow
 Willie Marsh
 Peter Marsh
 Charley Medbury
 Belle Medbury
 George Mc Cormick
 Stella Morrison
 Kittie Newton
 Zell Newton
 Nellie Newton
 Gracie Palmer
 Ross Travis
 Ada Waldorf
 Florence Welch
 Burton Wilkins
 Lavern Wilsey
 George Whitman
 George Wells
 Leeland Yale
 Ferri Bisaini

Dec. 12

The Juniors passed all our expectations by so successfully producing the play "She Stoops to Conquer," which they had been studying. The cast is as follows:

Mrs. Hardcastle	-----	Marion Nichols
Mr. Hardcastle	-----	Maurice Colwell
Kate Hardcastle	-----	Dorothy Hassert
Tony Lumpkin	-----	John Malden Loudon
Constance Neville	-----	Mary Dunham
Sir Charles Marlow	-----	Kenneth Ireland
Young Charles Marlow	-----	Kenneth Eldred
George Hastings	-----	Willie Miller
Diggory	-----	Ward Kirkland
Roger	-----	Stella Smith
Maid	-----	Norma Fiske
Miss Hardcastle's Maid	-----	Myrtle Kentfield
Stingo	-----	Richard Ramsdell
Barmaids	---	Norma Fiske and Stella Smith

Dec. 19

The last day before Christmas vacation will be remembered as the date of the Senior Class party in the Town Hall. Did we have a good time? Did we have refreshments? Foolish questions!

Jan. 2

First sleighload of the year.

Jan. 19

The first Reign of Terror of the year began with English Regents and Algebra and all the rest—Regents Week.

Jan. 23

In order to relieve the strain the Sophs decided to have a party for themselves in the Town Hall. The members of the Afton Soph class were invited also. They said they had a good time. "The Echo" hopes so.

Feb. 22

Bainbridge High School celebrated Washington's birthday with a holiday—it came on Monday too.

Apr. 10

Easter vacation. And the Seniors went all the way down to Washington on the train and stayed at hotels and had a just simply marvelous time.

Apr. 24

Prize Speaking Contest.
Helen Clark, Pauline Loudon, Edith Moore, Mary Elizabeth Finch, Dorothy Hassert, Jasper Hand, Coville Winsor, John Loudon, Elverton Hoyt, Earl Hollenbeck.



Kompassionate Konversations

by

Unc Ebenezer

Many of our readers have complained that in the past editions of the Echo, there is one thing missing. That one thing is the personal element. Therefore, the Echo Staff this year has instituted a family page edited by Uncle Ebenezer. We recommend 'Unc' as a kindly soul, full of solicitous ideas for your welfare. Everyone is bidden to bring their problems to his symphatic, understanding soul.

My dear Uncle Eben,

I would like to have your most kind, considerate, and friendly advice. I have several degrees of temperment but I would like to have a higher degree of life. Would you give me your advice as to how I can get an M. A. degree. Thanking you for your attention.

Lovingly yours,

Miss Hopeful.

Dear Miss Hopefull,

I am sure that somewhere in the school of life you will get your M. A. degree, that is if you use all of your lessons to the best advantage. Here's hopin'!

Uncle Ebenezer.

Dear Uncle Ebenezer,

I have brown hair which is as straight as a poker and curled on the ends. I wear a yellow dress, green stockings, and red sandals. I dance exceedingly well. I go to the post office to buy my barrettes, to the drug store to buy my evening gowns and to the blacksmith's shop to get my love letters. Please tell me why, even in leap year, I can not catch a beau?

Lovingly

Ruthus.

Dear Ruthus,

When you visit the blacksmith's shop, purchase a sheet or two of "Stickum's Patented Fly-paper."

Uncle Eben.

Dear Uncle Ebenezer,

I wish you would tell me some method of hiding my stunts so that none of the teachers will catch me. I hate to be under the disfavor of any of my overseeing teachers.

Hopefully yours,

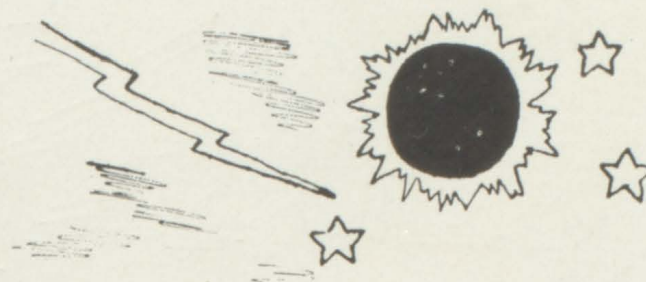
Bobbie Jones.

Dear Bobbie,

I do not wish to convey to you that secret personality, but you might model your actions after those of Ward Kirkland or Paul Olsen. Nevertheless do not be discouraged by failures, for you will learn only by trying.

With tenderest love,

From your,
Uncle Ebenezer.



Dear Uncle Ebenezer,

I am very much confused so am writing to you in hopes that you will give me some advice. I am a young man, hardly more than a boy, who has had the misfortune to lose my hair. As I was hired to teach in the Bainbridge High School, I procured for myself a wig. There is a beautiful young woman, Polly Loudon by name, who is in my class. I had done my best to appear well in her eyes, and had believed I was succeeding. The other day I was explaining part of the lesson to her, when my class began to laugh very rudely. As I am very self-conscious about my wig, I at once placed my hand on my head. To my horror the wig was gone. When I turned to Miss Loudon, she was gazing steadily at my bereaved head, and by a hairpin in her raven black hair hung my auburn locks. Can you advise me as to winning back the respect and admiration of this fair damsel? From a fellow man in deepest trouble.

Ezekiel Hobskiss.

Dear Ezekiel,

I advise you to glue your wig to your head. I am sure she will be willing to forgive this misfortune.

Uncle Eben.

Dear Uncle Ebenezer,

I am a Sophomore now, and of course, am very wise and sophisticated. However, I have found one problem, which, try as I may, I can not solve. Where did our science teacher find her permanent wave?

Doubtful Dolly.

Dear Doubtful Dolly,

I have consulted the Book of Nursery Rhymes and I found that bread crusts are said to curl even the straightest locks. Perhaps the fair-haired damsel came upon a bakery as she strolled down the avenue. Hoping that this will aid you in the solution of the puzzle, I am your friend,

Uncle Ebenezer.

Dear Uncle Ebenezer,

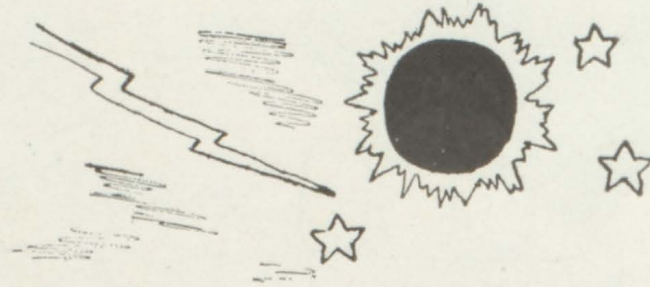
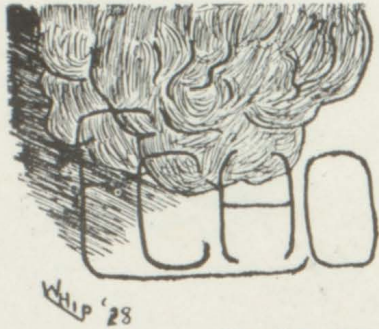
How could I succeed in throwing a note without being caught by a teacher? I would like to learn the latest curves and drops, for I intend to play ball this summer and I could practice during school hours by throwing notes.

Yours truly,
X Y Z

Dear X Y Z,

In reply to your letter, I might say that you could get all the information you want from Elizabeth Taber, Norma Fiske or Helen Clark.

Yours truly,
Uncle Eben.



HAND BOOK OF STUDENT ETIQUETTE

In the Class Room:

What to wear—Wear something startling so that when you enter the class late, the teacher and all the pupils will gasp and everyone will forget that you are late.

What to say—In case you come to class unprepared, talk rapidly when called upon so that everyone will think you know so much you can't think what to say first.

If the class is sufficiently informal, admire the teacher's new tie or marcel. Never try it in a foreign language class.

How to act if you realize that you are to be called upon, drop your pen, or anything else handy, and spend at least ten minutes hunting for it.

Proper posture: Feet on the chair before you. (Manage to squeak the chair occasionally to please the teacher.) Drape your arms artistically around any other chairs near you, allow your head to droop attentively to one side and try to make yourself comfortable for forty minutes.

At a school party.

What to wear: Wear a dress which you know will clash with the one your best friend intends to wear, and if you dare, one without sleeves.

What to say: When a boy asks you if you will dance, always reply rhetorically, "I'll bite—will I?" If he steps on your toes without apologizing, rub powder on his back from your vanity case, while murmuring gently, "Something tells me you have skis on!"

How to act Feminine

At A Baseball Game.

What to wear: Anything that will not be ruined by the excellent grandstand seats; on the grounds; and vice versa, nothing that will mar said benches.

What to say: When anyone makes a home run, never to stop to inquire whose team he is on before you begin cheering wildly, but start at once.

How to act: Always wave your school colors and act enthusiastic when your team scores, everyone else does.

MISS DESIRE ABLE RUSHED TO DEATH

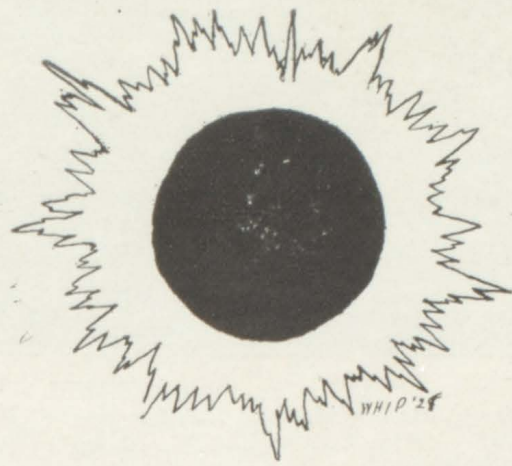
Members of the Arabian Knights Hauled into Court.

One of the most distressing calamities ever accredited to Bainbridge High School happened last night when five very prominent young men, representing the town's best families were hauled into court, charged with the murder of Miss Desire Able, a native of the town of Sidney, N. Y.

Miss Desire Able had accepted conflicting dates with the five mentioned young men. After having promised Monday night, she was seen by Tuesday Night entering Smalley's Theatre with Wednesday Night accompanied by the other two members of the Brotherhood who seemed to be vigorously protesting the act. The young lady, realizing her danger, broke loose from the captors and ran toward Tuesday and Wednesday for protection. The brothers entered the tug of war and in five seconds a gruesome fight ensued. Suddenly a shot was fired. It proved fatal.

An Echo reporter learned that the Judge will not be too hard upon the boys. In the meantime the five are vying with each other over the honor of conducting Miss Desire Able's funeral.

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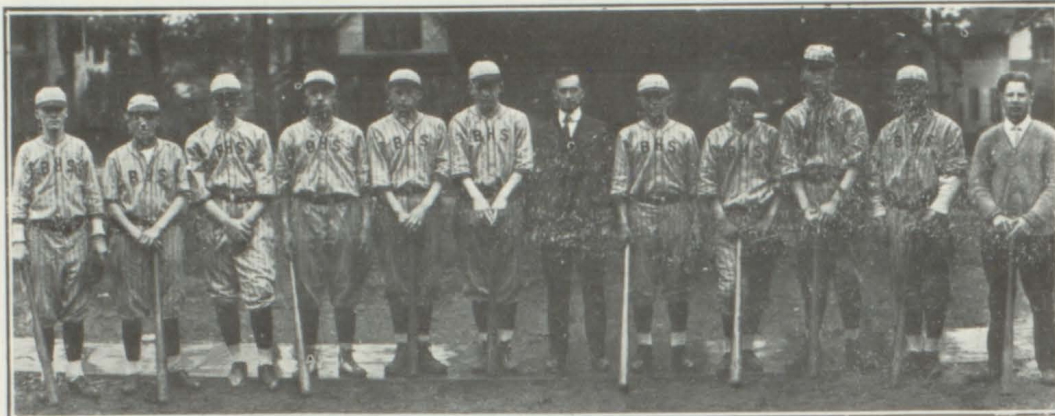
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BASEBALL

Jasper Hand, Stanley Hatton, Maurice Hayes, Harry Harman, Burr Race, Elmer Archer, Prof. Casey, Coville Winsor, William Tuckey, Marshall Lowry, Elverton Hoyt, Ivan Hawkins.

BASEBALL

The Bainbridge Baseball Team of 1924 was a brilliant success. As usual, we joined the Susquehanna Valley Baseball League. This year, the membership comprises Afton, Unadilla, Deposit, Windsor and Bainbridge.

Each player put his very best into the playing and there surely were results. Bainbridge lost but one game, this being played at Deposit, ending with the score 6 to 5.

Two prizes which had been offered the first of the year by Messers Maxon Crumb, and George Roberts, were won by Elmer Archer and Jasper Hand, respectively. The former's reward was a baseball given for the highest fielding average, and the latter's a bat for the highest batting average.

The High School, students, faculty, and team, wishes to thank each and every Bainbridge person for the interest which they evinced in our games.

The Championship Cup

The treasured trophy earned by the winning team of this League is a large silver loving cup, presented by A. G. Spaulding Co. Bainbridge strove industriously for the honor as well as for the accompanying award. The deciding game was played with Deposit, June 11. With what anxiety we anticipated this game on which so much depended, could hardly be imagined. A huge crowd, townspeople as well as students, thronged the side lines. Cheers and yells rewarded each play, until at last the game, championship and cup—all were ours for the first time since 1914.

Baseball Team of 1924

Coach—F. J. Casey.
 Ass't Coach—Ernest Hoyt.
 Elmer Archer
 Jasper Hand
 Stanley Hatton—Manager
 Harry Harman

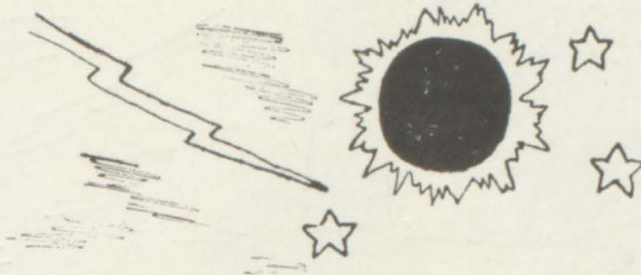
Ivan Hawkins
 Maurice Hayes
 Elverton Hoyt
 Burr Race
 William Tuckey
 Coville Winsor—Captain.

Games

May 6	Bainbridge	15	Unadilla	11
May 10	Bainbridge	8	Windsor	3
May 17	Bainbridge	21	Afton	11
Jun. 3	Bainbridge	4	Unadilla	1
Jun. 7	Bainbridge	5	Deposit	6
Jun. 11	Bainbridge	22	Deposit	12
Jun. 14	Bainbridge	12	Windsor	7
Jun. 21	Bainbridge	6	Afton	5

93

56



FOOTBALL

Coaches: F. J. Casey, Edward Knight, Maxon Crumb.

Roland Andrews '24
 Elmer Archer '24
 Prince Danforth '25
 Stanley Hatton '27
 Harry Harmon '24
 Ivan Hawkins '28
 Elverton Hoyt '27
 Albert Kirkland '28
 Randolph Lewis '28

Marshall Lowry '27
 Willis Miller '24
 Paul Olesen '27
 Edward Partridge '24
 Philip Roberts '30
 Herbert Seeley '27
 William Tuckey '29
 Coville Winsor '25

Regarding our prowess in this game of football, the Staff has decided to allow the story to be told through the medium of the columns of our local newspaper, the Bainbridge Republican. Though we regret that we could not shine in this activity as in others, still we are proud of our beginning.

BAINBRIDGE A COLLEGE TOWN

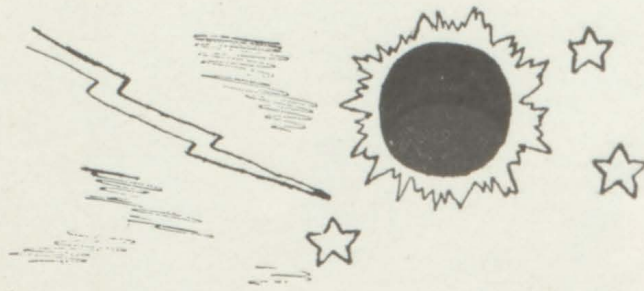
SCHOOL SPIRIT MAKES MERRY OVER FOOTBALL. GREAT GAME

Tourists passing through Bainbridge Friday night were heard remarking, "What college is located here?" Surprised and almost bewildered, they listened to the answer. "That is our High school. They are just having a little demonstration before to-morrow's game."

Indeed, it was a little demonstration. Approximately 150 students assembled around a huge bonfire on the ball diamond to shout, cheer and yell in preparation for Saturday's game. After the demonstration there, the young people, led by their cheer master, Jasper Hand, sang and cheered and snake danced throughout the streets of the village. Before the window of their comrade, Elmer Archer, suffering from a leg broken in the battle with Greene, the previous week, they finally assembled and fairly made the village ring with their cheers for him and for their school. This was not all.

Saturday a large crowd marched through the street to the foot ball field, and there with undying vigor, cheered their team in its conflict with Unadilla. The "eleven" played a noble game and succeeded in holding the heavy Unadilla team to a 20 to 0 score, a decrease of nearly half in the score against Bainbridge of the week before. Such a result came as a great surprise to many people, since this was but the second game the Bainbridge men had played. Two of the players had known nothing of the game of foot ball up to a week ago. Much credit is due to the pep and school spirit of the Bainbridge team and of their rooters.

Saddened somewhat, but not discouraged the members of the school and faculty, met at six o'clock in the school house; there to banquet and to arouse more pep. To this feast, the members of the faculty and foot ball team of Unadilla had been invited, but were unable to be present. Hon. Seymour Lowman in his address to the pupils, praised the every obvious factor of the present Bainbridge School spirit. After an evening's fun, in which dancing to music furnished by their own peppy school orchestra was not a little feature, the party adjourned.



BAINBRIDGE SKATING TEAM

The Bainbridge High School Skating Team of 1924-25 entered two competitive meets, the Tri-City Silver Skates Derby and the Inter-Scholastic Championship Derby held at Recreation Park, Binghamton, N. Y. The cordial invitation extended by the officials of these meets induced part of our team to participate. One week later, at the Southern Tier Interscholastic Meet held at Ideal Park, Endicott, N. Y., Bainbridge once more took part. The following schools, listed according to the number of points won, entered the races: Union-Endicott, Binghamton Central, Syracuse Vocational, Bainbridge High, Cortland High, and Elmira High. We are hoping that Bainbridge will be at the head of the list next year.

Skating Team

Stanley Hatton—Captain; Elverton Hoyt; Harry Harmon; Prince Danforth—Manager; Coville Winsor.

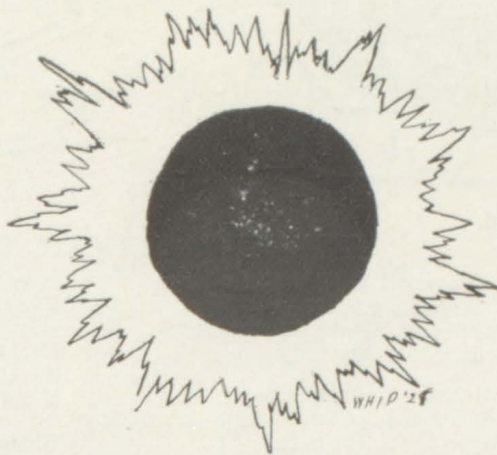
GIRLS' PHYSICAL TRAINING

Although our advantages for athletics are few, we do manage from our own initiative and that of the faculty, to assemble in front and around the school building on Mondays and Wednesdays for Physical training exercises. Groups were formed as last year and put in charge of Pauline Loudon, Mary Dunham, Helen Clark, Doris Wilcox and Irene Robbins, as leaders.

Last year, one day in June, we called it "Field Day," the different groups were given an opportunity to demonstrate what they could do, and what they had accomplished during the year. Each leader put her group through the various exercises. Doris Wilcox's was judged best, and to her and the members of her group, B's were awarded. A large B was also awarded to Pauline Loudon for her ability shown in leadership.

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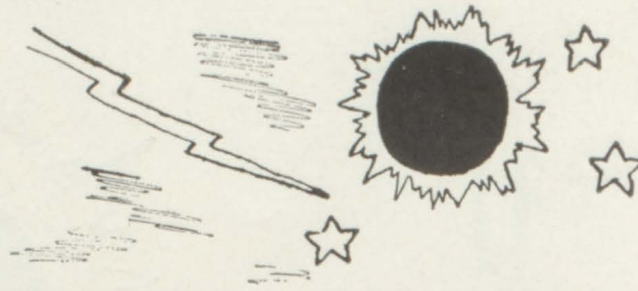
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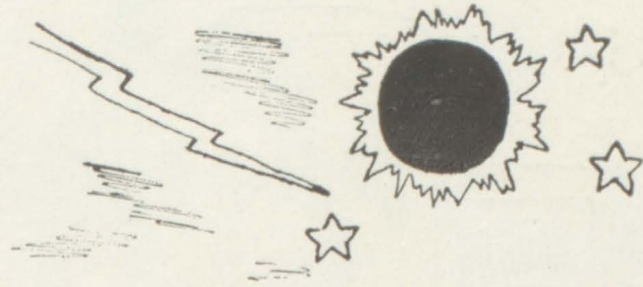
THE HIGH SCHOOL DICTIONARY

- Andrews, Marshall n. Woman chaser
 Andrews, Roland n. Normal
 Archer, Elmer n. Agent for "Fiske"
 Axtell, Celia n. Domesticity
- Bennett, George a. slow, pokey
 Bradley, Willard n. a traffic cop—at noon
 Brandt, Dorothy a. Colorful
- Casey, Francis n. Our helper
 Cheesbro, Henry n. A "Ruby"
 Cheesbro, Mildred n. Given to "French"
 Clark, Helen n. Extreme youth
 Cole, Grace a. Titian haired
 Colvin, Verna a. Happy
 Colwell, Maurice a. Swell
 Corbin, Ralph a. Bashful
 Cummings, Ruth a. Inquisitive
 Cuyler, Helen n. Walking-dictionary
- Danforth, Prince n. Arabian Knight
 Dean, Milton n. A farmer
 Dorfler, Bertha n. Curls
 Drachler, Clella n. "Weeks"—not months
 Dunham, Mary n. Banana Split
- Eggleston, Gertrude a. Prim
 Eldred, Kenneth n. A saxaphonist
 Elliot, Vergie n. The Freshman Sheba
- Finch, Elizabeth a. Trusty
 Fiske, Norma n. Not a bowman—an
 "Archer."
- Foster, Mabel H. n. "Reporter"
 French, Kenneth n. A note dropper
 Freidenstine, Viola v. Prepared???
- Gardinier, Wilma a. Willing
 Genung, Gertrude n. A finger snapper
- Hager, Charles n. The Sheik
 Hager, Mary v. Subdued
 Hatton, Stanley n. Tease
 Harman, Dorothy n. Story teller
 Harman, Harry n. Office Boy
 Hassert, Dorothy v. Revolt
 Hawkins, Ivan n. Sainted devil
 Hayes, Mariam n. Ivory Soap
 Heath, Georgia a. Jolly
 Hill, Mabel J. n. Castile Soap
 Hohreiter, Alfred a. Capable of being
 teased.
- Hollenbeck, Earl a. Studious
 Houghtatling, Mae a. Serene, quiet
 Howland, Helen a. Changable
 Hoyt, Elverton n. Romeo
 Hand, Jasper n. Future Dean of Oneonta
 Normal
- Ives, Mildred a. Mild
 Kentfield, Katherine a. Bossy
 Kentfield, Myrtle n. A plump brunette
 Kirkland, Albert a. Loud
 Kirkland, Irene a. Pertaining to giggling
 Kirkland, Ward n. Genius
- Lathan, Rose n. Palm Olive Soap
 Lenheim, Helen n. Conceit
 Lewis, Randolph n. Imp
 Lewis, William a. Bulk
 Lord, Florence a. Fair
 Lord, John n. The Freshman Whiz-Bang!
 Loudon, John Malden n. Revelry
 Loudon, Pauline n. Juliet (for reference
 see the 15th back)
- Lloyd, Dolores n. Our only "city" student
 Lowry, Marshall n. Babe Ruth II
 Luther, Grace n. Caesar shark—?
- McGinnis, Milo a. Petit
 Miller, Irene a. Loquacious (talkative)
 Miner, Margaret a. Explicit
 Montgomery, Marguerite a. Unconcerned
 Moore, Edith n. Found in A. and P. Stores
 Moore, Madeline n. A "Babe"
- Naylor, Anna a. Cheerful
 Newman, Laura n. Found in Barn
 Nickel, Henriette a. Vigorous
 Nickel, Otilie a. Meditative
 Nichols, Marion n. A new kind of piano
 player.
- Nutter, Mary n. Studious???
- Olesen, Paul n. A "Would-be" advisor of
 Teachers
- Ostrander, Beverly a. Talkative
- Palmatier, Gertrude a. Independent
 Paschke, Anna Inter. pro. "What?"
 "What?"
- Peaslee, Herman a. Cheerful
 Perry, Charles n. Pool shark
 Perry, Emma n. A relater of her(?) Col-
 lege (?) Experiences
- Petley, Charlotte n. Milk-maid
 Petley, Gertrude a. Friendly
 Petley, Louise a. Obedient
 Phillips, Florence a. Turbulent
- Quackenbush, Ethel n. Musician
- Ramsdell, Richard n. Maximum
 Robbins, Irene a. Amiable
- Sands, Gladys n. Methodist
 Sands, Howard a. Gritty



Whip '28

Sargeant, Hilda a. Noiseless
 Sawyer, Marc n. Forgetful
 Seeley, Florence a. Agreeable
 Seeley, Herbert a. Upright
 Seymour, Myra a. Easy going
 Silvey, Stella a. Neighborly
 Smith, Stella a. Accomodating
 Snitchler, Ellen a. Preposterous
 Snitchler, Lewis Clyde n. Froshies' Bright-
 est (?) student
 Stevens, Elizabeth a. Changeable
 Taber, Elizabeth a. Observing



Taylor, Charles n. Trouble
 Throop, Blanche a. Stubborn

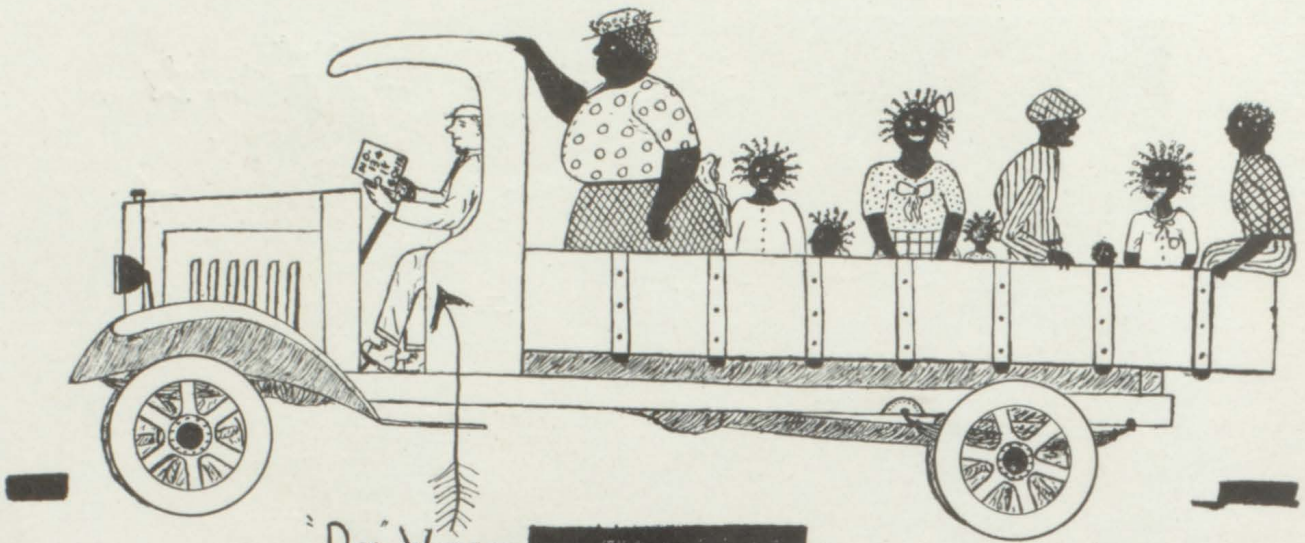
Welcome, Marian n. Home Maker
 Whipple, Warren n. Wanting "Harmony"
 Whitney, Coralyn n. The "House" girl
 Wilcox, Doris a. Arrogant
 Wilcox, Donna a. Exact
 Wilcox, Margaret a. Maidenly
 Williams, Mildred n. Musician (?)
 Winsor, L. Coville n. Neck-tie-wiggler
 Youmans, Ruth n. A Ruler

IMPOSSIBILITIES

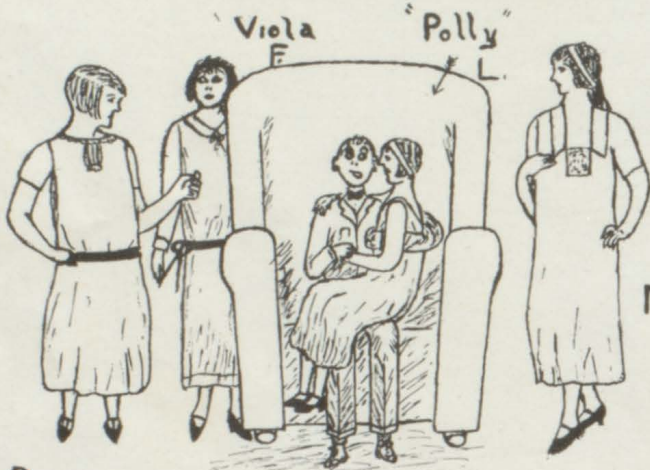
That Nuttie should wear ear-rings.
 That the Juniors should agree.
 That Hoytie get his English on time.
 That Doris and Clarkie be separated.
 That "Sheik" Hager stop vamping.
 That "Herb" Seeley should wear knickers.
 That "Dot" Hassert should teach Caesar.
 That Viola should not be bored.
 That Elmer Archer stop using Fiske tires.
 To see the taxpayers smiling.
 For an Algebra student in Miss Miner's class to be without a tin ear.
 Junior Corbin to smile.
 A place to hang our coats.
 Order in Study Hall without a teacher present.
 For anyone to get 100% in Caesar.
 That "Mike" Lowry pass Spelling.
 Helen Lenheim use brief words.
 That Otilie Nichol should be excited.
 For Harmany to stop arguing.
 That Marc Sawyer get his Algebra without the answers.
 That Beverly Ostrander stop whispering.
 Not to be caught using a vanity case in school.
 That Miss Hill did not find some scheme.
 For Irene Kirkland to keep quiet.

THE B. H. S. AUTO

Headlights—Helen Cuyle, Myrtle Kentfield
 Engine—Teachers
 Steering Wheel—Mr. Casey
 Horn—"Chick" Eldred with his Sax
 Self-starter—Our Janitor
 Accelerator—Miss Hill
 Grinding gears—Lessons
 Exhaust (always sputtering)—Mike Lowry
 Body—Students
 Brakes—Board of Education
 Flat tires—Stanley Hatton and Herman Peaslee.
 Nuts and bolts—Freshman Class
 Spare tire—"Dick" Ramsdell
 Storage battery—Tax-payers
 Red tail light—Charles Taylor
 Number plates—C. O. 1925.



"Doc" Winsor



Viola F

"Polly" L

Mary D.

Doris W.

"Sheik" Hager

AS HE WOULD BE

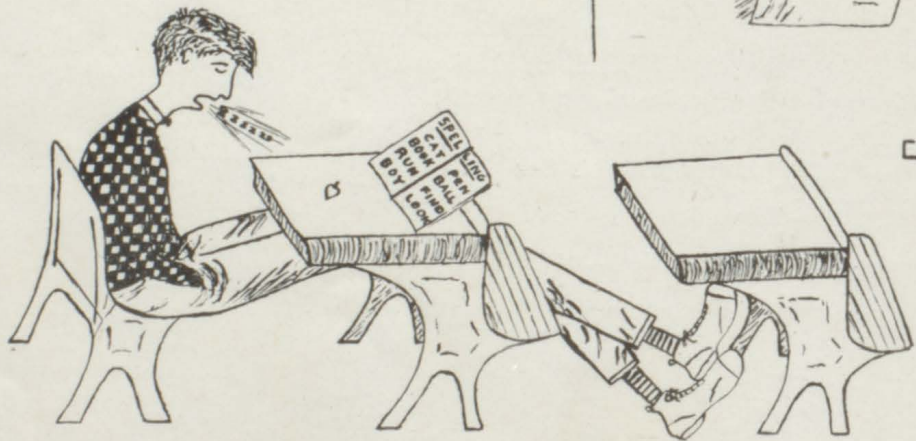


Ward Kirkland



PAUL OLESEN

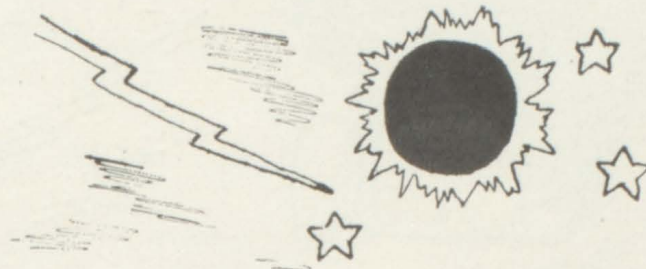
"Mike" Lorry



CHARLES TAYLOR



Whip '28



PERSONAL AND SOCIAL NOTES OF TIMELY INTEREST

Ivan Hawkins may be a super-man in his own opinion but he is not yet able to scratch a match on a cake of ice cream.

Prince, treating his friends in a restaurant, orders "one cup of coffee and two saucers."

Harry can't afford a red neck-tie, so he eats tomato soup.

Howard Sands says that the reason the boy stood on the burning deck is because it was too hot to sit down.

Charlie Taylor says he can see the use of an education. He knows a girl that went thro Chicago University. Now, she is teaching school, getting \$45 a month. The janitor of the building is getting \$75.

Junior Corbin knows why a woman always gets off a car backwards. It's so she can get a last look at the conductor.

TO WALK THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW—?

Too many classes are bad for the student. Can't you remember when you have gone to class after class with a head the size of a water melon? There is one remedy. Stay away from the fatal classes. Your system demands it. Don't tire yourself with the crazy dope if you need sleep. Remember Nature has first call—in the day time.

Chapel is a frost. It is conducted merely to give Prof. Casey and Miss Miner a job. That's the reason.

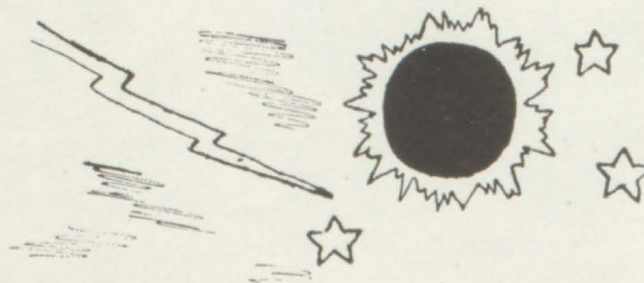
Play ball on the school lawn in the Spring. Don't the folks pay taxes or tuition?

Cribbing is no crime. It is no worse than crabbing. You came here to graduate, to get a diploma for the wall of your home. How do you ever expect to get it without cribbing, unless you're one of those honest people who never exist. Stand up for your rights. Don't be a mollycoddle. Get your cribs ready for the finals.

Walk on the grass. What the deuce do we care for "the" Seniors. Let them lump it if they don't like it. They are no better than you are. In fact, they are not so good. If they were, they wouldn't try to be bossing all the time.

Boys and girls don't worry any more! The dictionary need not be used as a post-office any longer. For the board has resolved to provide one, if the rush continues as in the past.

Youngsters under five years of age should be held down to three cigarettes a day, Otherwise, smoking might become a habit.



SOME HIGH SCHOOL MEMBERS IN 1945

Prince Danforth—First mate on the "New Sidney." This boat is an up-to-date barrel, all modern improvements, makes daily trips up the Susquehanna.

Herman Peaslee—Trainman on the D & H. Has a great habit of opening transoms.

Coville Winsor—Train announcer for the O & W Railroad.

Doris Wilcox—Just a housewife.

Helen Cuyle—First violinist in the New York Symphony orchestra.

Mary Dunham—A noted chemist. Discoverer of "fire proof hairpins." Works in Truman's apothecary shop.

Harry Harmon—Lives in West Pittson, Pa. He has at last invented something that will bring him an immense income—"a plank-stretcher."

Kenneth Eldred—Proprietor of a chicken farm in Bennettsville.

Charles Taylor—His hair is rapidly losing its former ruddy hue. It is now rapidly greying. He is engaged in teaching war-whoops to the Indians.

Ivan Hawkins—Racing escalators in Kalamazoo.

John Loudon—Demonstrating hobby horse riding as a fine art, in a leading toy shop of Denver.

Elizabeth Taber—Selling grins.

Ward Kirkland—Ballyhover for Bingley's Bantam Circus.

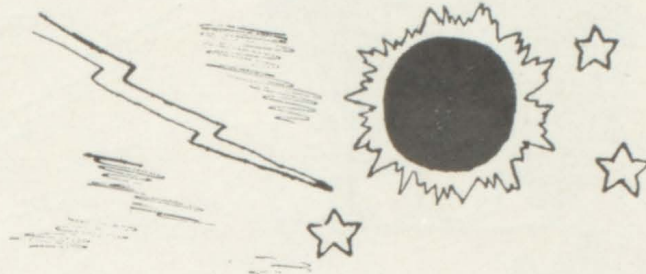
Albert Kirkland—Advocating that silence is golden.

Dorothy Harmon—Campaigning for Senator. Platform—a three hour day.

Elverton Hoyt—While trying to decide between working for Gibson or Foster, he is taking a Correspondence Course in the fine art of "Courage."



Whip '28



Elmer Archer—Working with Fiske Tire Company.

Roland Andrews—The famous "Sleepy," is no longer working. (Can't find where he is buried.)

Gladys Sands—Is now in the movies with Randolph Lewis.

Marc Sawyer—Is dormant.

Alfred Hohreiter—Touring Europe while playing the star part in "The Whole Town is Talking." (ie, the part usually enacted by Mr. Collins.)

Grace Luther—Is no longer walking for her health. Her millionaire husband has purchased a coupe for her convenience.

Herbert Seeley—Enthralls crowds at Coney Island with his appearance as the tallest and slimest man in the world.

Maurice Colwell—Also appears at Coney Island. However, he does not need a sign.

Dot Hassert—Is now in business for herself—shining shoes.

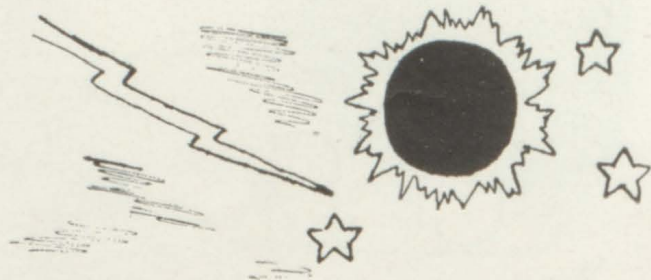
Charles Perry—The famous pool shark is now staged for a game with Willie Hoppe.

Stella Smith—Is now working for the Railroad.

Irene Robbins—Married. 'Nuff said.

Earl Hollenbeck—Farming on the farm of Ramsdell and Co., southwest of the River Bridge.

Helen Howland—Sales lady for the Buick Automobile Company.



OH, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

The Junior graveyard is a terrible place
You lie on your back with dirt in your face.
Stop and look as you pass by—
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so you will be.
Prepare for death and follow me!

ELDRED

From Kennie's grave do these words ooze
"So fair were they, I could not choose."

KIRKLAND

Here lies our Ward,
Hair still uncurled
A youth light-hearted and content
He wandered thro' this world.

NUTTER

Here lies Mary, tall and fair
"Her crowning glory was her hair."

SMITH

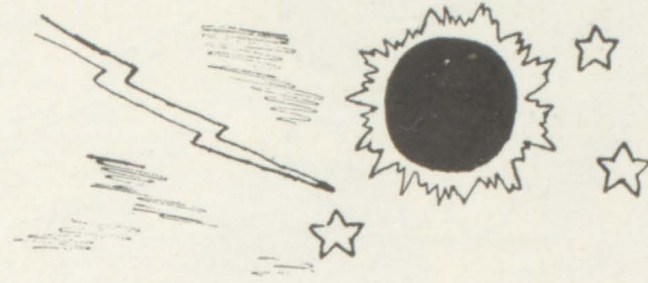
'Neath this sod, rests Stella Smith
In a four man boat, she was fifth.

KENTFIELD

Here lies Myrtle, kind and true
Tho' the good die young, that never worried you.

COLWELL

Maurice Colwell here lies in state,
He stepped on the brake a trifle too late.



DUNHAM

Here lies Dunham, face to the wall
In life, speak of a man for whom she might fall
And the first thing she'd say was "My dear, is he tall?"

WILCOX

A maid she was, always cheerful, always gay,
Full of the fun the live long day.

NICHOLS

Marion Nichols looked like a saint,
But ask us who knew her, we'll say she ain't.

PEASLEE

Zeb was shy in front of a class,
But, oh my, not with a lass.

DANFORTH

Prince lies here
A lad most dear,
Of him is said his "worstest" fault
Was that he always talked and talked.

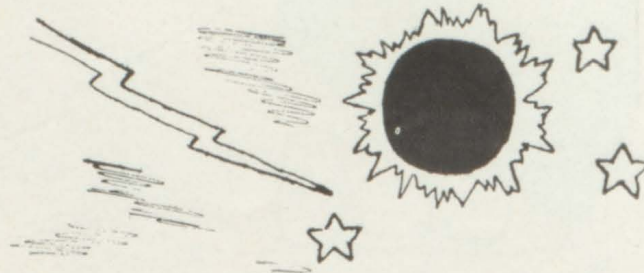
HASSETT

Our Dot lies here, enthroned in state
Who always arrived just before she was late.

FISK

Norma came from Providence town
She lies in splendor 'neath this ground
As the days and months sped speedily round
She whispered on, sound on sound.

Juniors many lie here by the peck
They came to Bainbridge and now—oh, Heck!



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

The sleepers stopped running?
Milo got thin?
We got a new school?
The Sidney bridge should fall?
Dunham should study Winds-----or?
If Mr. Casey caught Mildred Ives passing a note?
Everyone signed up when tardy?
Mildred Williams should be seen and not heard?
Alfred Hohreiter should walk straightly?
Ward Kirkland bobbed his hair?
Paul Olesen came to class tongue-tied?
Blanche Throop should come to class without her lesson?
Teachers could be satisfied?
Dot Harmon arrived on time?
Charles Taylor's hair turned grey?
Prof. forgot to "eliminate that whispering"?
Dick was tickled skinny?
Stanley Hatton came to school every day of the week?
John Lord didn't smile?
Mrs. Foster cast her pearls among the swine?
Mr. Casey lost his voice?

DOPING OUT DUMB '28

Echo Ads., certainly get quick results. The other day, I was just frantic—I absolutely could not get '28's number. As a last resort, I advertised in the "Echo" for help and, believe me, now I'm up on all the dope.

A Junior friend writes that '28 is so dumb she thinks that upper classmen are men who have classes on the second floor.

Our English teacher helped out with: '28 is so dumb she thinks scarlet fever is a book by Hawthorne; an ante is an uncle's wife; Bunyan is a foot ailment; biceps are a kind of teeth; and an encyclopedia is a many legged animal.

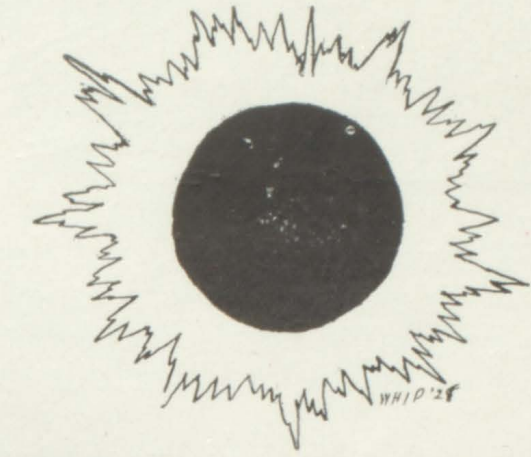
'28 informed Miss Welcome that Omelet was a Prince of Denmark; that rhubarb is a fence; spinach is a pain in the spinal column and spaghetti is young maccaroni.

But '28 really is dumb to ask such questions as these: What kind of a horse is a spark plug? Are tee refreshments served on the golf course? Is Moscow anything like a Holstein Cow? Is the Grand Central Terminal a telephone exchange? Is butter made in a crematory?

Ah, '28 is so dumb she thinks people who wear knickers are under aged, and that one greases the gridiron with a pigskin, and that a tennis racquet is the conversation on the tennis court. In fact she is so dumb she tho't a new school building a possibility and that Juniors and Seniors are wise and Sophomores—oh, well, '28 is just Dumb, at's all.

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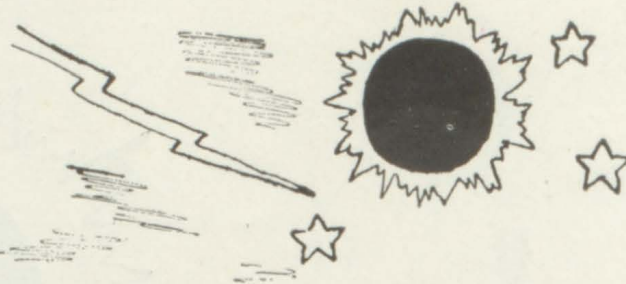


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'28



Whit '28



Ye world be old, yet loveth ye laugh,
Ye new jokes seemeth hard to finde
Ye many new personages on ye staff,
Can not delighteth everie minde.

So, should thou meetest ye ancient joke,
Clothed in ye modern guise
Do thou not frown nor cry "Ye Fake!"
Laugheth thou! Beest not too wise!

CAN YOU GUESS 'EM?

That earthquake surely did shake things up. We think that this list of names was once those of our Senior Class. Now it's "Printer's Pi"

Mame Ryper
Zabilethe Rabet
Leneh Ralck
Vilocle Sirnow
Avoli Dentinrifef
Tybet Nifch
Rasjep Nadh
Chardir Selldram
Neire Rinbobs
Elhen Luyec
Launipe Noulod

FRESHMAN CALENDAR

Monday morning, late for class,
Tuesday, a quizz I didn't pass;
Wednesday, considered a two-hour date,
Thursday, found it didn't rate.
Friday, flunked another test,
Saturday, my day of rest,
Tomorrow, I shall sleep 'till one,
Another week of toil is done.

Dr. Danforth: "Haven't you any ideals,
young man?"
Prince: "You should see them, dad.
They're peaches."

Hoyt: "My girl is just like a song."
Hatton: "What song?"
Hoyt: "Hard Hearted Hannah."

Hawkins: "Heard you had a new radio,
Marc: "What is it?"
Hawkins: "I-o-dine."

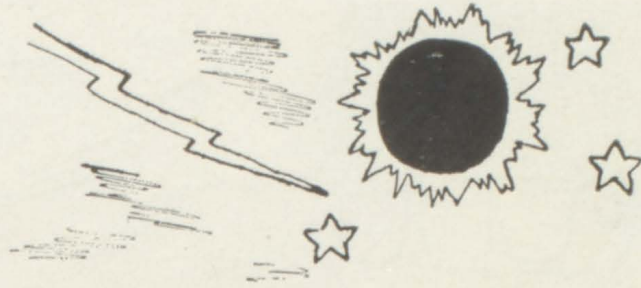
Prof.: "Why are you so late this morn-
ing, Elizabeth?"
Tab: "I beg your pardon, but it was
late when I started from home."
Prof.: "Why didn't you start early?"
Tab: "It was too late to start early."

Prof. Casey: "And what nationality are
you, Paul?"
Paul: "Half Irish, half English and half
Scotch."

Miss Hayes had trouble with the Fresh-
men making the pupils say "put" instead
of "puten."



Whip '28



She had Warren write a sentence on the blackboard which contained the word "put". Warren wrote "puten". John Malden was asked to correct this sentence, and he said: "He went and puten 'puten' where he oughten puten 'put.'"

Elmer: "My big brother's so rough he cleans his teeth with a steel brush an' cuts his finger nails with an axe."

Mike: "Call that rough? Why, that ain't nothin'. My brother is so rough he shaves off his whiskers twice a week with a blow torch."

Who is guilty?

Mr. Casey: "Did anyone here take Shakespeare's life? It's missing."

Marian Nichols: "My ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

Myrtle Kentfield: "Yes! The immigration laws were not so strict in those days."

Zeb: "Didn't I meet you in Washington last year?"

Milo: "No! I was never in Washington."
Zeb: "Neither was I. It must have been two other fellows."

After a long talk on the value of peace, good-will and disarmament, Miss Hill asked her class if they objected to war.

"I do," said Howard.

"Good, now tell us why."

"Because war makes history and I hate history."

Charles Taylor: "What fruit grows on telegraph poles?"

"Bud" Andrews: "Electric currents."

Ken French: "Wanna see sump'in swell?"

Henry Cheesbro: "What is it?"

Ken: "Watch me blow up this balloon."

Dad: "Ward, were you a good boy in school to-day?"

Ward: "My book of health says that the talk at the table should be of a pleasant nature."

Miss Welcome (in cooking class): "These biscuits have a stale taste."

Ruth Comings: "Oh, that's because I used an old recipe."

Elmer: "Jap, here's the dime I borrowed from you last week."

Jap: "Why, I'd forgotten all about it."

Elmer: "Why didn't you say so before?"

Bill Lewis: "I wonder what's the matter with this match? It worked all right a minute ago."

Miss Paschke: "Who was the straightest man in Bible times?"

Marc Sawyer: "Pharaoh made a ruler of himself."

Mary: "What makes your feet wet?"
Polly: "I've been wearing pumps."

Mrs. Foster (in Civics): "Is voting a privilege?"

Ivan: "A privilege."

Mrs. Foster: "What makes you think so?"

Ivan: "It says so in the book."

Miss Hayes (in Biology): "Clyde, name an organ of digestion."

Clyde: "The lungs."

Miss Hayes: "Now, I'm talking to Irene and I want this room quiet. That means you Elverton."

Boob (thinking on an Algebra problem): "Well, I don't see how you figure that."



KHIP '28

Little drops of water
Freezing as they fall
Howard's feet fly upward
Biff! And that is all.
Miss Hill cheers for Syracuse,
Kenneth yells for Yale,
But when we yell for B. H. S.
We simply knock 'em pale.

Hi-diddle-diddle-The boy in the office
The note thrown over the room
The Seniors laugh to see such sport
As the Freshman emerged from the door.

Miss Welcome was sternly reprimanding
the Freshman Class for failing to dust
the furniture properly.

"What do you say to this, Madeline?"
she asked, writing her full signature on
the surface of the desk by way of demon-
stration. Madeline looked at her teacher
admiringly "ain't education wonderful!"
she said quite fervently.

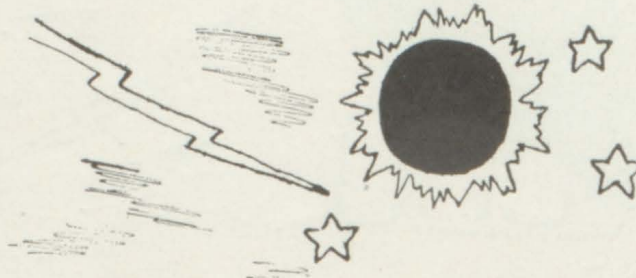
Miss Miner had a little mule;
His hide was white as clay
She named him "Algy" cause she's fond
Of hearing Algy-bray!

Speaking of languages, reminds us of
Mildred's love for French.

In one of the recent tests Miss Paschke
conducted, the following answer resulted:
Polly said that "Pax in bello" meant
"Freedom from indigestion."

Mrs. Gettrichquigg (to visitor): "Yes,
our little son James is learning
French and Algebra, you know.
Jamie, tell the lady how to say 'good
Morning' in Algebra."

A mysterious moaning noise recently
alarmed the residents of Juliand Street at
night. It is presumed that Ken Eldred
had carelessly left his saxophone in a
draft.



Milo: "I just bought a new suit with two
pairs of pants."

Warren: "Well, how do you like it?"

Milo: "Fine, only it's too hot wearing
two pairs."

Paul: "Say, Prof, how long could I live
without brains?"

Prof. "That remains to be seen."

Norma (putting up pictures): "I can't
find a single pin. Where do they all
go to anyway?"

Stella: "It's hard to tell, because they're
pointed in one direction and headed
in another."

Miss Welcome: "Gertrude, another knife,
please. This is not clean."

Gertrude Palmatier: "Not clean? I'm
sure it ought to be. The last thing
I cut with it was soap."

For Rent: One large, beautiful, striped,
plaid tie. Two cents per hour, fifty cents
per day—Stanley Hatton.

Ruth Commings: "Why are you hurrying
so with your theme? It isn't class time
yet?"

Viola: "I know it, but I'm trying to fin-
ish before my pen runs dry."

Burnt orange is one of the new spring
shades. Other new shades for the spring
are strangled onion, hectic tomato, dys-
peptic apricot, sprained squash, rheumatic
cabbage and suffocated bean.

Mary Hager: "What kind of roses are
found in Africa?"

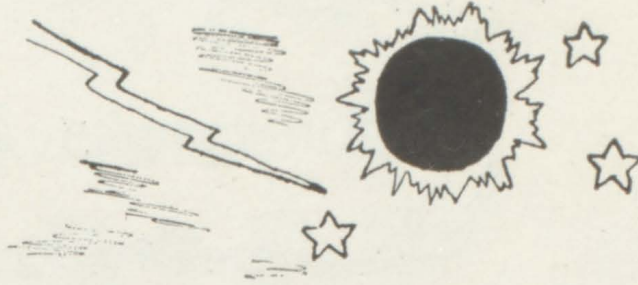
Vergie: "The red rose, the white rose
and negroes."

Prof. Casey: "What raw materials are
imported from France?"

Ward Kirkland: "Plays and novels."



WHP '28



"You seem a bright little boy. I suppose you have a very good place in class."
"Oh, yes. I sit right by the stove," replied John Lord.

First Student: "I wonder how old Mrs. Jones is."

Second Student: "Quite old, I imagine. They say she used to teach Caesar."

"De only thing dat some people gits out of education," said Uncle Ben, "is de ability to talk so's people can't understand 'em."

"Why didn't you study your Latin lesson last night?" demanded Miss Paschke when the hopeful gave no evidence of being prepared in this recitation.

"To tell the truth," said Harry, "my throat was so sore that I could scarcely speak English."

Ward: "I don't think that I should get zero on that exam."

Prof.: "Well, that's the lowest mark we give."

Clarky: "Why did you mail that empty envelope?"

Coville: "I go to correspondence school and I'm cutting to-day."

From our Examination Papers

In the days when Latin was spoken a great deal, they did not have an addulator. Perhaps the incessant noise from them would have annoyed the Latin people.

Malory wrote King Arthur. From studying it we are expected to gain the use of proper grammar.

A deflorescing substance is one which takes on water. For example, a freight train.

Translation of "cur" in Caesar—"dog."
An infantry is made of infants.

On a recent Civics paper, the following definition was given for "re-bating."
"When a fish eats the bait, one has to re-bait the hook."

Poise is the way a Dutchman says boys. Equinox is a wild animal that lives in the Arctic.

"King Arthur's Round Table" was written by the author of Ten Knights in a Bar Room.

Copernicus invented the cornucopia.

Etiquette teaches us how to be polite without trying to remember to be.

In the stone age all the men were ossified.

The climax of a story is where it says it is to be continued.

A gulf is a dent in a continent.

Buttress is a butler's wife.

Conservation means doing without things we need.

If Ponce de Leon hadn't died before he found the fountain of youth, he wouldn't have died.

Milton Dean: "How do you suppose a fellow with two wooden legs can walk."

Albert Kirkland: "He probably just manages to lumber along."

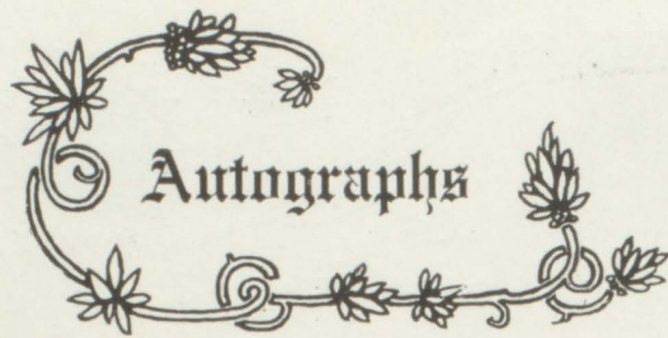
Charles Taylor was stroking his cat before the fireplace in perfect content. The cat, also happy, began to purr loudly. Charles gazed at her for a while, then suddenly seized her and dragged her roughly away from the hearth. His mother interposed.

"You must not hurt kitty, Charles."

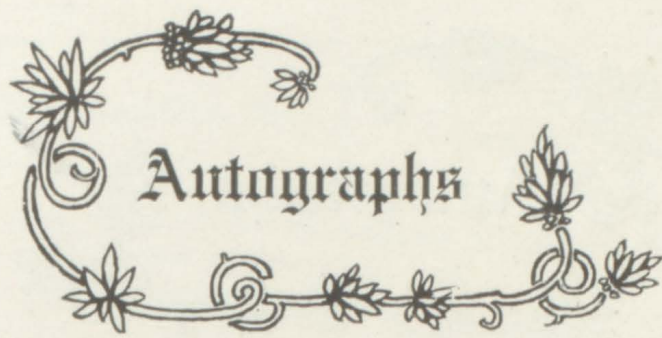
"I'm not," Charles protested, "but I've got to get her away from the fire. She's beginning to boil."

Harry (angrily to waiter): "You've spilled that soup all over my coat!"

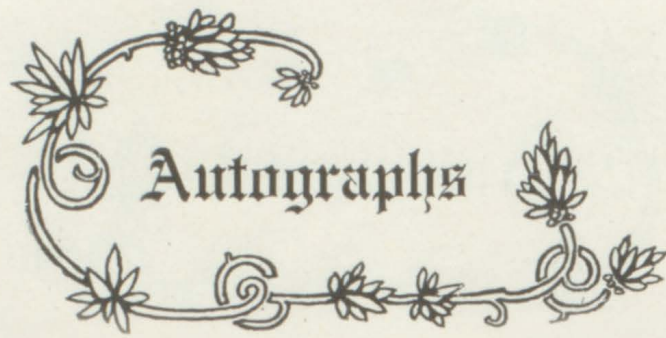
Waiter: "It's all right, sir. I know the soup here; it never stains after six o'clock."

A decorative floral border in black ink, featuring a central scroll and several stylized flowers and leaves. The border is positioned around the word "Autographs".

Autographs

A decorative floral border in black ink, featuring a central scroll and several stylized flowers and leaves. The border is positioned around the word "Autographs".

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A decorative floral wreath with various flowers and leaves, framing the word "Autographs".

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