

The Echo

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

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Accompany the students of Bainbridge High School on the 16-day  
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# The Echo



1926

Published by the  
**Senior Class**

of

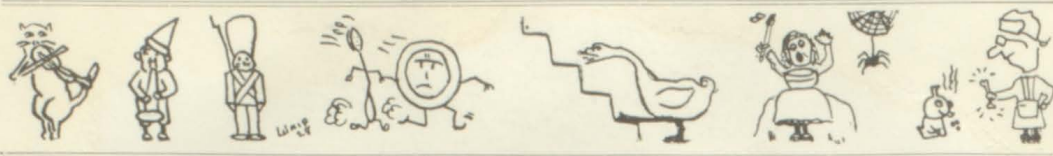
**Bainbridge High School**

Guarded by each Baimbridge son,  
 With affection unbounded, ever surrounded,  
 Laurels new are won;  
 Each day greater glories gaining,  
 Noble halls and campus queen,  
 With her banners proudly floating,  
 Our most gracious green,  
 Hail, all hail to good old Baimbridge,

Chorus:

But her glories are scarce begun,  
 She has had a wondrous history,  
 O'er each loving son;  
 Free from spot and stain her colors wave  
 Fighting many lands,  
 Sheds her rays of learning far,  
 Alma Mater stands,  
 Resting proudly in Susquehanna's vale,

Alma Mater

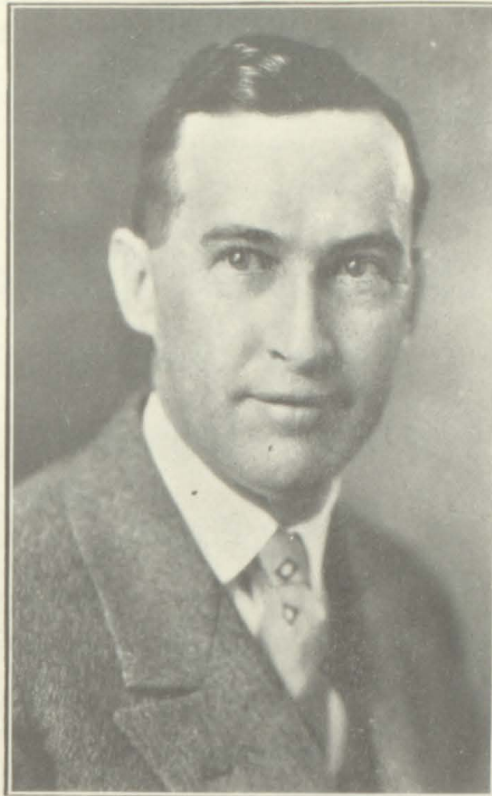


## Foreword

In presenting the 1926 issue of "The Echo," we have attempted to the best of our ability to make it a good one. Some changes have been made from that form which has been followed in the past years, and it is hoped that such changes will meet with your approval. The editors have tried as nearly as possible to make this book an "echo" of the life and activities of Bainbridge High School during the year 1925-1926.

When the class of 1926 is graduated and the members take their several ways along the road of Life, this book will be cherished as a record to which they may turn to live again in memory this school life. May it serve to awaken similar memories of school life in all its readers.

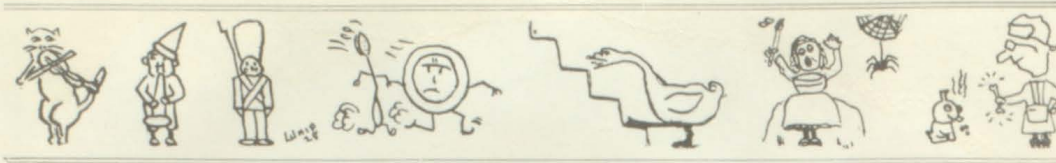
Marion R. Ganby, Faculty Advisor



### Dedication

In all their pleasures, in all their trials, in all their difficulties and unceasing efforts for the completion of this publication, the senior class, through more than one year, has been aided and assisted by one constant figure. Perhaps we, the staff of 1926, and also the entire student body, seem to take too many of the never-ending services which are performed for us, as a matter of course, but now, with what seems almost to be a culmination of these good works, we wish to express our gratitude to Mr. F. J. Casey, who has thus taught and aided us.

An almost incomprehensible understanding of our needs and deficiencies, fearless criticism in the cause of rectitude, constant leadership and guidance, ready cooperation and assistance for our projects, collective or individual, social or scholastic: these are but a few of his attributes. To him we dedicate this book.



## Mother Goose Village Village Officers

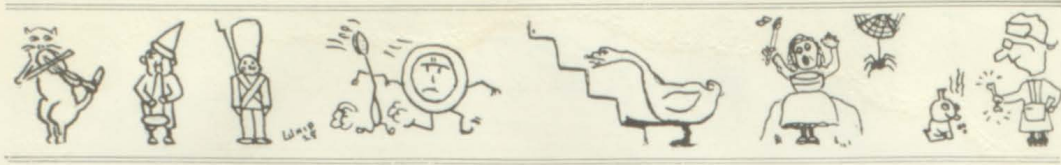
President		Marion E. Nichols '26
	(EDITOR)	
Village Clerk		Myrtle H. Kentfield '26
	(LITERARY)	
Health Officer		Geraldine Dunne '26
	(ATHLETICS)	
Assessor		Stella Smith '26
	(ALUMNI)	
Constable		Mary Nutter '26
	(ADVERTISING)	
Town Crier		Carol Hedberg '26
	(SOCIETY)	
Librarian		Norma Fiske '26
	(CIRCULATION)	
Traffic Policeman		Dorothy Hassert '26
	(JOKES)	
Tax Collector	Doris Wilcox '26	
	(BUSINESS MANAGER)	
<b>Assistants</b>		
Henriette Nickle		Dorothy Harman
Notary Public		Marion R. Ganby
	(FACULTY ADVISOR)	



## Gooseville Theatre Attractions

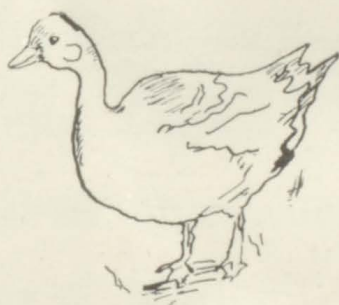
Ye Wise Men of Gotham	Faculty and Board
The Choruses	Classes
Frog Chorus	Freshmen
Goose Chorus	Sophmores
Mouse Minstrels	Juniors
The Owls	Seniors
The Swarm of Bees	Editorials
Tommy Tucker and his songs	Literary
Holly	Society
Jack-be-nimble	Athletics
The Crooked Man	Our Crooked Side
Simple Simon	Jokes





The studious seniors have studied so hard  
That their brains have all been shattered.  
So they're writing this book with  
    the simplest forms  
That Old Mother Goose has scattered.  
In rhyme, or in verse, we have done our best  
To follow the children's favorite  
To give our thoughts and our ideas  
And not make them elaborate.

The  
Wise Men  
of  
Gotham





FACULTY

Top row, left to right: Ruth Johnson, Laura Newman, Margaret Miner, Marion Welcome, Marion Hanby, Anna Naylor, Frances Johnson, Gertrude Genung.  
Front Row: Ethel Quackenbush, Marion L'Amoreaux, Francis J. Casey, Emily Kinne, Dorothy Clark, Leona Clinch.



## Faculty

Francis J. Casey, A. B.	Hamilton
GEOMETRY	
Marion R. Ganby, A. B.	Wells
ENGLISH and HISTORY	
Frances C. Johnson, A. B.	Albany State College
MATHEMATICS and SCIENCE	
Beth H. Johnson, A. B.	Albany State College
LATIN and FRENCH	
Marion E. Welcome, B. S.	Middleburg
HOME ECONOMICS	
Leora Clinch, A. B.	Syracuse
ENGLISH and CIVICS	
Margaret Miner	Oneonta Normal
EIGHTH GRADE	
Gertrude H. Gennig	Oneonta Normal
SEVENTH GRADE	
Marion L'Amoreaux	Oneonta Normal
SIXTH GRADE	
Emily Kinne	Oneonta Normal
FIFTH GRADE	
Laura R. Newman	Oneonta Normal
FOURTH GRADE	
Dorothy Clark	Oneonta Normal
THIRD GRADE	
Ethel M. Quackenbush	Oneonta Normal
SECOND GRADE	
Anna C. Naylor	Oneonta Normal
FIRST GRADE	



Board of Education

Sebert B. Hollenbeck - - President

Roy A. Johnson - - - Clerk

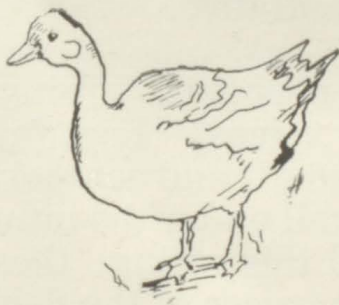
Nelson E. Wilcox

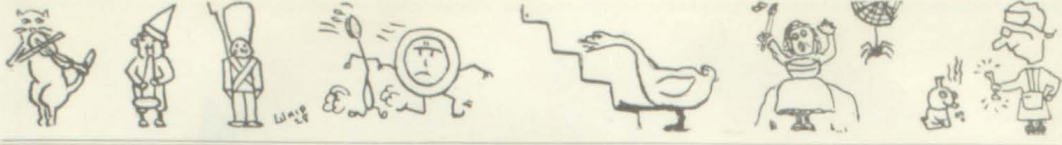
Georganna Turnham

Henry Hill

The

Chorus





## FRESHMEN

Twenty froggies went to school  
Down beside a rushy pool;  
Twenty vests all white and clean;  
Twenty coats all trimmed with green.

Master bullfrog on a log  
Taught them how to say "Ker-chug;"  
Taught them how to live and thrive;  
Likewise how to swim and dive.

Did you ever listen to the peepers in spring and follow the development of their voices? Last fall the peeps from our Freshmen were small and scarcely discernible, but they have thrived well under the influence of their superior classmen, until this spring, those insignificant peeps mingle with the voices of the Seniors.



### FRESHMEN

Top Row, left to right: Louise Whitman, Wilma Lohe, Beatrice Gunther, Evelyn Lawrence, Florence Scofield, Elizabeth Collar, Ruth Le Caro, Carol Nichols.

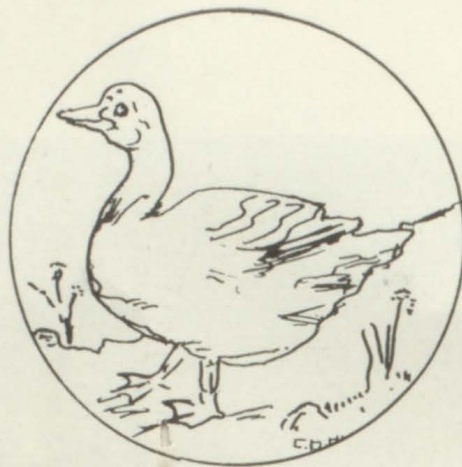
Middle Row: Walter Sherman, Addison Smith, John Davidson, Mildred Wilcox, Virginia Hirt, Lavinda Dedrick, Zelma Wakeman, Ruth Hager, Mary Bennett, Carlton Talcott, Floren Bullis, William Mosher, Roscoe Forsythe.

Bottom Row: Cameron Collins, Robert Parsons, Kenneth Vandenburg, Rolland Peckham, Edward Parsons, Donald Loudon, Lewis Kirkland, Milton Dean.

Addison Smith—President  
Edward Parsons—Vice President

Evelyn Lawrence—Secretary  
Lewis Kirkland—Treasurer

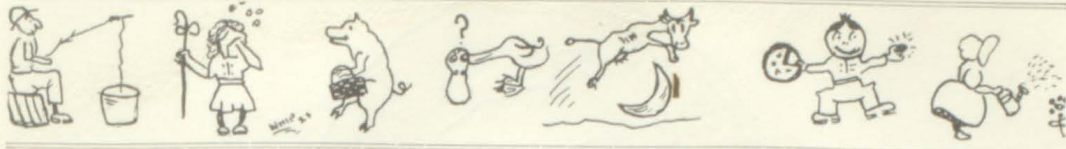




## SOPHOMORES

Goosey, Goosey, Gander,  
Whither shall I wander?  
Upstairs and downstairs  
In my lady's chamber.

Why such a verse for the "gay young Sophomores?" What a question! Did you ever see a Sophomore who could keep still long enough to be asked a question? The "Soph" craves action, (regard their president). Excitement he must have. He lives on pep-but when it comes to lessons—! That's the reason for the first line. But just the same, when we need help, they're there!



### SOPHOMORES

Top Row, left to right: Beverly Ostrander, Irene Kirkland, Otilie Nickel, Helen Howland, Myra Seymour, Gertrude Petley, Donna Wilcox, Kathryn Kentfield, May Houghtaling.

Bottom Row: Arlene Petley, Doris Andrews, Ethel Woods, Delores Lloyd, Charlotte Petley, Marshal Andrews, Betty Stevens, Henriette Nickel, Albert Kirkland, Coralyn Whitney, Henry Cheesbro, Clyde Snitchler, Wilma Gardenier, Marguerite Montgomery, Mary Hager, Irene Miller, Leta Crouch, Mildred Ives, John Lord, John Loudon, Warren Whipple, Randolph Lewis, Ivan Hawkins, William Lewis.

President—John Loudon  
Vice President—Betty Stevens

Secretary—Myra Seymour  
Treasurer—Warren Whipple



## JUNIORS

I have seen you, little mouse,  
Running all about the house,  
Through the hole your little eye  
In the wainscot peeping sly,  
Hoping soon some crumbs to steal  
To make quite a hearty meal.  
Look before you venture out,  
See if pussy is about;  
If she's gone, you'll quickly run,  
To the larder for some fun,  
Round about the dishes creep,  
Taking into each a peep,  
To choose the daintiest that's there,  
Spoiling things you do not care.

Juniors are supposed to be getting quite dignified. And yet, for all their three years of high school, their love for fun is never satisfied. We can't really blame them (the mice) for having a little fun when Mr. Casey (the cat) is at the other end of the building. And how they love to stray all over the building, perhaps just one room behind Mr. Casey, with their eyes wide open so that they don't all get caught.

No, it's no disgrace to be a little junior mouse. We were all there or will be someday, and the High School Junior mousehood never comes more than once, so, dear mice, make the most of your time and opportunity.



### JUNIORS

Top Row, left to right: Hilda Sargent, Marshall Lowry, Alfred Hohreiter, Mildred Cheesbro, Dorothy Harmon.

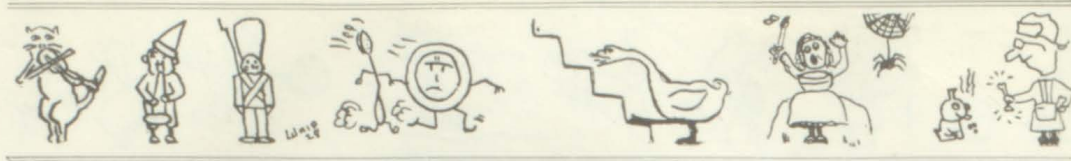
Second Row: Florence Seeley, Gertrude Eggleston, Louise Petley, Elverton Hoyt, Charles Hager, Gertrude Palmatier, Earl Hollenbeck.

Bottom Row: Ralph Corbin, Florence Lord, Blanche Throop, Margaret Wilcox, Florence Phillips, Mildred Williams, Helen Lenheim, Ellsworth Tiffany, Charles Taylor.

President—Ralph Corbin

Secretary—Blanche Throop

Treasurer—Margaret Wilcox



## SENIORS

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?

We are the seniors. We, as befits our dignity, sit aloof, watching, absorbing; understanding all we see. We, like the owl who personifies us are discreet, not telling all we know, yet knowing much, and, because of our cautiousness, learning more. And we have cause to be dignified and proud of our knowledge for we have, in our estimation, reached that time in our lives when our capacity of wisdom and understanding is the highest.

Moreover, there is another honor which has been conferred upon us. We are, both the first class



to graduate from this factory, once the producer of silk, now through our unceasing efforts, a place of education for the youth of the country, and also the last class, as seniors, to bid sad adieu to its lofty halls and green campus. We are one, (and truly the most important one) of the four classes, who are allowed to enjoy the complete, heating and ventilating facilities, the privilege of unlimited space for our many duties and pleasures. Because of this original and splendid educational environment, we have attained an original culture and polish not to be surpassed.

Is it strange that they repeat, only in more respectful language, the last line of the above poem. It would be well if everyone, considering all these things, took note and treated the seniors as their station commands.



WARD KIRKLAND

Perpetual motion machine, that's his jaw;  
He ought to be good at studying law.  
But he won't be a lawyer, although he's not dumb,  
For the perpetual motion is due—to his gum!



GERALDINE DUNNE

My goodness! Have you ever seen  
Our charleston champion, Geraldine?



NORMA FISKE

Norma flits about to beat the band,  
But when there's work she's right on hand.



CAROL HEDBERG

Carol came from Kansas, way out west,  
She beats them all debating and passes every test.



MYRTLE KENTFIELD

Some think Myrtle bashful and shy,  
But oh! She rolls a wicked eye.



STELLA SMITH

Stella means star, she starred they say,  
In "Am I Intruding?", the Senior play.



MARION NICHOLS

Marion plays and dances and sings,  
In fact, she does a lot of things.



DORIS WILCOX

Doris is known as a very apt scholar,  
It's often been said, "She's as bright as a dollar."



MARY NUTTER

Abrupt and blunt is Mary's speech  
Her sentences consist of one word each.



DOROTHY HASSERT

She giggles and whispers and talks a lot  
But if you want a good meal, call on Dot.

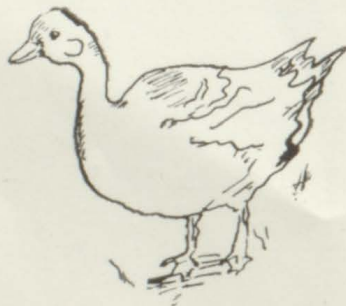


The

Swarm

of

Bees





## EDITORIAL

The year 1925-1926 has indeed been a momentous one for Bainbridge High School. Many, many things have happened. We came gladly to the old silk mill, rejoicing in the fact that our longed-for school building was to become a reality. We began our work with our eyes on high grades and new records of attainment, in spite of the fact that close quarters made studying difficult.

What fun we had with three in one seat, and the "traffic regulations" to avoid collisions in the narrow one-way aisles. We missed two things however, the chapel exercises and a space in which to play. For the loss of chapel, there was no remedy, as no room is large enough for more than half of us at one time. Then, too, it is impossible to get a piano into any room in the school.

For our playground we employed Mr. Hollenbeck's asparagus bed, which he generously donated to the cause, and the road. On the latter place, until cold weather set in, we kept the neighbors amused by our setting-up exercises.

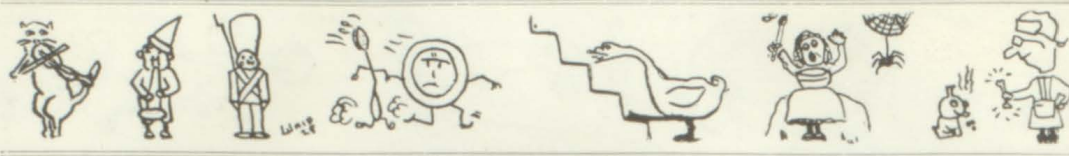
After mid-years however, our minds turned to a more serious problem, the publication of the "Echo." We rolled up our sleeves, applied literary elbow grease and began our work. But how can poor simple Seniors know the rulings of the Fates? We did not see Calamity, black and awful sailing 'round and 'round above us,—did not see her, until swooping, she stole our prop and stay, our faculty advisor, and left us desolate.

Not until then did we realize that we did not know the first thing about "Echo" publishing, or that we had been depending too much on someone else to do our work. Now, however, it was "up to us". No kind, understanding teacher was there to tell us what to do. But our new teacher manfully tried to fill the breach, and on we went.

Calamity again stalked among us, this time in the form of illness. The Society, Athletic, Alumni, Literary, Editors and the Editor were stricken in turn until we felt like the Old Woman in the shoe who "had so many children she didn't know what to do." In place of children however, we had troubles.

But here is the "Echo." We have tried hard to make it good. And if, in future years, it brings back memories of the dear days at old B. H. S., our efforts will not have been in vain.

The Editor.



## "MOTHER GOOSE"

What about the personage of this classic writer, of whom we have heard so much? Was she really Mistress Elizabeth Goose who is said to have lived in Boston more than 200 years ago and crooned her nonsense jingles to a large and happy family of grandchildren?

We are told that their father, Thomas Fleet, who was a printer by trade, thought he would earn an honest penny with his mother-in-law's popular verses, so he published them in a small volume under the title of "Songs for the Nursery" or "Mother Goose's Melodies." A goose with a very long neck and a wide open mouth flew across the title page, at least so the story goes. But we have to believe that this is only a story, for nothing but tradition identifies Elizabeth Goose, the Boston grandmother, with the famous rhymester. The little we know about this beloved patron of childhood is as follows:—

"Mother Goose" is most certainly of respectable French origin, for in 1697, a distinguished French writer published in Paris a little book of familiar stories called "Contes de ma Mere l'Age" or "Tales of My Mother Goose." However he left her identity a mystery, except that in the frontispiece there is pictured an old woman by her fireside telling stories to an eager little family group. This volume contained the only prose tales that have ever been credited to Mother Goose, and they are still among the most popular stories in nursery and school room.

It is through her verses, however, that Mother Goose, has won her well-deserved fame. Oliver Goldsmith edited a volume for John Newbury, and wrote in the preface, "By a Very Great Writer of Very Little Books."

In 1825, Mother Goose was revived by a Boston firm, Murrae and Francis. Since that time her fame has never waned and her melodies have given joy and inspiration to many generations of little children.

Dorothy Hassert, '26

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What would we all do without dear old Mother Goose? She is one of the most precious and indispensable memories of our childhood. Have you ever used your imagination as to how she looked? I have always imagined her as a tall personage with a very strong character, the possessor of an unusual kind of temperament, always smiling and with a jingle for everyone, especially the children. All the youngsters of the neighborhood "flock" about her, listening to her wondrous tales of Mother Hubbard, Jack and Jill, Miss Muffit and scores of others. She wears such a high place in the opinions of the children of long ago that she still lives in the hearts of the grown-ups as well as in the hearts of the kiddies, to-day, the world over.

Norma F. Fiske, '26



## THE NURSERY RHYMES OF THE SENIORS

"Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise."

These few words tell a great deal. What a difference sleep makes in the lives of men, women and children. Crime creeps in late at night. How much less wickedness there would be if all retired early and rose early to work in the sunshine. Sunshine cleanses hearts as well as bodies. So we mustn't forget the last part—"early to rise." The fresh morning air gives us pep and vigor, and that's what we all need. The American race has pep for jazz and petty amusements, but the ambition to keep our national and domestic ideals high is surely greater, so let us remember: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Doris Wilcox, '26

"Ding dong bell,  
Pussy's in the well"

"Who was Clovis?" asks teacher in a sweet tone, looking absently through her victim.

"Er, that is—." It is plain to be seen that "Pussy" is "in the well" swimming around disconsolately in the waters of despair. "Pussy" looks about her. On every hand are the cold, slimy, slippery walls of bluff. Above, far, far above, is the Way Out—but with teacher's head blocking it, and her glittering eyes boring down into you. "Pussy" just knows that if she tries the wrong stone in that wall of Bluff, that she will hear a wild laugh, made demoniac by the echoing walls and pitchy water.

But, "while there is life there is hope." One stone looks as if it might offer a foot hold, and two above look good. Pussy associates ideas, feeling her way. Clovis; cloven hoofs; animals; Sitting Bull;—oh! She thinks she has it.

"Clovis was one of the first Indians to fight against the white men!" She smiles confidently. Slip! Crack! Her stones break. The two eyes scorch, singe, sizzle through her flesh. Oh! To remove those eyes!

"Honestly, teacher, I studied two hours on my History last night!" she cries in desperation.

Wonder of wonders, the eyes remove themselves. A rope is cast to poor Pussy. As she rises to the top, a voice says, "Report to me at four."

The old frog grinned as he saw her go. "Those eyes have sent more than one visitor to my well," he says, and dives to the bottom.

Plash! Plash! The ever widening ripples strike the cold wet walls.

Marion E. Nichols, '26

"Jack be nimble—Jack be quick"

This not only applies to Jack but to all of us. In this day and age we must all "be quick or get left," as the saying goes. In order to get anywhere in the world we must



be quick. To be successful we must be a little faster than the others and stay there. How often do we think that because we are ahead we can stop to rest. That is our great mistake for while we are resting someone is sure to be getting in our former places and we are left behind.

Many times in classes we would get better marks if we worked our brain quickly, but too often we are slow minded. In order to be quick we must have love, health and happiness.

Geraldine Dunne, '26

---

“Come when you’re called,  
Do what you’re bid,  
Shut the door after you,  
Never be chid.”

What a change would be wrought in every life if they were to abide by those four short lines.

“Come when you’re called,” does not alone have reference to your parents calling you at sunrise. You must obey the call of duty as well as pleasure of hardships and of easy tasks.

“Do what you’re bid,” is a command given to us from the early times. No one desires to have someone always bidding and yet don’t you unconsciously ask many favors of friends, and, if they don’t respond to this call, you lose some respect for them? You cannot afford to lose this regard when you, yourself, demand so much.

Last, but not least, do not find fault with others. If you must reprove, look first at yourself, and when you have analyzed that worthy person, you will be all out of the mood, and your friends will escape.

Stella Smith, '26

---

“Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water,  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.”

Through the long ages of human existence man has been striving to get over that long, steep hill to Opportunity. Jack and Jill went up the hill but fell down. So do we fall many, many times in the climb. But through the last four years we have been more able to realize this ambition, for have we not climbed almost to the top? Even then we slightly tremble lest we too, as did Jack and Jill, tumble from our height. Through each of the four years, however, we have gained new strength to hold fast to the position that we have gained. We are nearing the top of the hill, and perhaps we, too, shall some day reach the peak, the goal for which we are striving.

Geraldine Dunne, '26



"Pussy cat, Pussy cat, where have you been?  
I've been to London to see the Queen.  
Pussy cat, Pussy cat, what did you do there?  
I frightened a little mouse under a chair."

What was the most important thing in London? The little mouse, in pussy's estimation. It appealed to her feline mind more than kings and courts, pomp and splendor. She, in her narrowness of mind, thought nothing else important. So, we, carried away by our more personal interests, think of trivial things, letting important events and incidents pass. When we view something of interest, we often see in it only the things which appeal to us most and, thinking of them alone, bring home nothing but an account of this. How many of us, merely because we wish to amuse ourselves, deliberately pick up an exciting book, or wander off for more interesting pleasures, when we ought to be at our work, which in the end, and in moderation would prove more valuable. It is the application of the same principle, incapability of realizing or selecting the most valuable thing.

We are often judged by the breadth of our mind. Let us not be like Pussy, preferring the mouse to a queen.

Carol Hedberg, '26

Tommy

Tucker

and

His

Songs





## FAIRYLAND

The sun slowly rises in the east above the high mountain which is covered with forests. This fairy peak hides the beautiful view of Fairyland from the world. The trees on this mountain are magnificent with their red and gold leaves. Should you possess a magnificent telescope you might see from this mountain the inhabitants who live in the valley below, called Fairyland.

First, I will call your attention to the slim, tall goddess, Zelma Wakeman, who lives in that castle with crystal windows beyond the cathedral of St. Peter. She is the goddess who sprinkles the ground, early in the morning, with sparkling dew. Should you arise early enough in the morning you might see her gliding along while bestowing her precious jewels generously upon all the earth.

Next, I wish to show you the garden of the Marigolds. The Marigolds in this garden excel all others. For instance, in the right corner over there, is Lavinda Dedrick Marigold. She is the overseer of the garden and is very kind to youths who are struggling for more learning. There is a youth named Roscoe Forsythe. He is a very great botanist and seems very interested in Marigolds. Lavinda Marigold also allowed Kenneth Van Denburgh, the nephew of Ichabod Crane, to enter the garden. That is he in the left corner. You will recognize him instantly for he resembles his uncle greatly in everything save height.

There is another very charming young lady in Fairyland who is the dancing-queen. Her name is Elizabeth Collar. She is the second cousin of the Marigold sisters. This dancing nymph with her tresses flowing about her, dances among the trees on Fairy Top Mountain. From this place she sends out her messengers of love to the young people.

If we are not able to gain admittance there, I will take you to the music palace. Here reigns the mistress of Fairy band, Evelyn Lawrence. We shall be sure to find her, for it is not yet twilight and she does not venture out with her music subjects until twilight. Perhaps she will introduce her first cousin to us, who is a very interesting character. He is Milton Dean. He is seldom seen because he spends most of his time in the dining room eating beans. Since it is quite late now, we must leave before the goddess of night, Ruth Hager, puts her veil of darkness over the world.

Donna E. Wilcox, '28

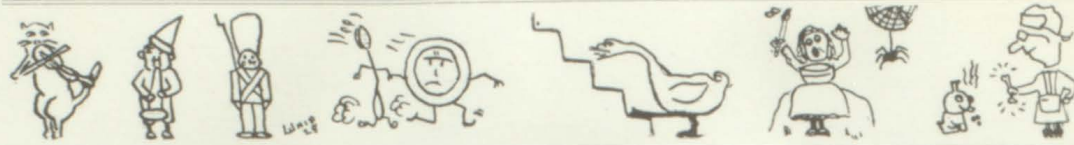
## CABBAGES AND SEALING-WAX

When the dear little brown gnome looked through the crack in the window shade, he had to laugh. He laughed and laughed, for there were the Seniors, but such Seniors! No merry smiles were upon their faces, no friendly grins. Evidently their combination of Senior dignity and Echo-publishing was too great a burden for such frail shoulders. They sighed.

"Ho! Ho!", said the gnome, "I'll soon have them cheered up." He gave one jump and walked through the air toward the class. (He was able to do this because his head was inflated with helium.) He lighted on Miss Hanby's desk and, standing on one foot, he threw his magic shoe at the Seniors to put them all to sleep. This feat was merely for effect. It wasn't necessary as they were nearly asleep anyway.

Then, the fun began. He started first on Ward Kirkland, because Ward was the soundest asleep. He removed Myrtle Kentfield's marcelled locks and draped them gracefully around the sweet face of Ward. He took Benjamin Franklin's countenance from his portrait on the wall and put it on Miss Hanby. Benjamin's grey hair furbished up Carol Hedburg. Norma's blonde curls adorned Geraldine, and Ward's cast-off locks replaced her ringlets. Nutty's and Doris' feet were changed about. For Stella and Dorothy, they were so perfect that he simply turned them wrong side out, and started them going the other way.





When the work was finished, the gnome was so pleased that he lopped off all the heads to put in the Rogues' Gallery.

"And what did the Seniors do for heads?" you ask. Oh, he got some cabbages and put on instead.

"And what did the Seniors do when they woke up?" Oh, they never knew the difference.

Marion E. Nichols, '26

### MARY'S BOOK

Mary had a little book,  
Its print was clear as glass  
And every time that Mary went,  
The book, too, went to class.

Then on one pleasant morning,  
She trotted out with Burke,  
And came into the schoolroom  
Found her lesson she had shirked.

"What is the proposition?"  
The teacher thundered o'er her  
It surely wasn't peace, she thought,  
I—I think it must be war.

Why do we see our Mary  
With that fateful book, no more?  
Oh, Mary sent it to its grave  
Upon the cellar floor.

Geraldine Dunne, '26

### CAMEL'S HUMP CASTLE

Once there lived on Camel's Hump in a magnificent castle a little boy whose name was Prince Charming. He lived alone with a retinue of servants, for his father and mother had been drowned in the far-distant Afton Lake. While the prince wandered desolate about the Castle, the tale of his misfortunes may be reviewed.

It was from crystal clear Afton Lake, that Mr. Charming had amassed his great wealth. But, alas, one day Mr. and Mrs. Charming were cruising in their silver launch on the lake. Mrs. Charming was seated on the silken cushions, her eyes resting on her husband, who was angling for a certain kind of fish that had diamonds on its fins. Suddenly, and without warning, Mr. Charming was pulled violently overboard by a whale. Mrs. Charming uttered one dainty shriek—and threw herself in after him. Thus, it was a water nymph who carried the doleful tidings to the Prince and his servants on the mountain heights of Camel's Hump.

As the Prince grew older, he was just as lonely in the great halls of the castle. He had everything that heart could wish—books, rich raiment, but one thing he lacked, companionship. Day after day, he skimmed over the trees in his airship thru a radius of about a mile, but to him it was thousands of miles. He looked in vain through his field glasses for sight of a human being. However, every sadness must have an end—so did that of Prince Charming. One day he looked down from his castle to the opposite bank of the Susquehanna and saw an unfamiliar white dot. He flew down in his airship and found—a princess. The princess informed Prince Charming that she had accidentally fallen from a cloud. "But," she added, "It was worth the cost, for I have found you." They flew back up to the castle; the Prince showed the princess the priceless abode. Then with magic they placed it for safe-keeping in the depths of Camel's Hump and started to a hidden land on their honeymoon. Sometime they will return and once more the towers of the Castle will sparkle in the sun on Camel's Hump.

Myrtle Kentfield, '26



## MY HUNDRED YEARS SLEEP

When I was half a century old, I went to sleep, the same way old Rip Van Winkle did so long ago. The world was bad enough at that time, but when I awoke it was about one hundred times as bad. To be exact, I slept 100 years, 5 months, 15 days, 7 hours, 59 minutes, and 59 seconds.

When I woke up, I was an awful looking thing with whiskers a mile long. I went and cut my whiskers off, which made fifty sealskin coats for the women or so-called sealskin coats which gave me \$5,000 which provided very well for my short stay on earth.

The world was just the way it was back in 1850; everybody packing guns. There were about 150 killed every day in New York City alone. The people wore very few clothes, even less than they had in 1964. Cars were out of style now, and the airplanes were so thick that they had to use cops in the sky. They ran into each other at the rate of 60 a second. I had been on earth just 2 days when somebody up and shot me. You probably don't believe any of this. Neither do I for that matter.

Milliard Howland, 8th Grade

## WARD KIRKLAND

Ward Kirkland went trotting  
 Upon his roan mare;  
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump!  
 With his sister behind him,  
 So rosy and fair  
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

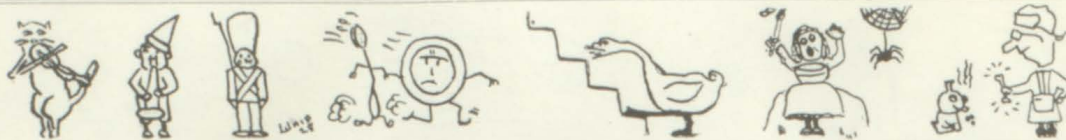
A raven cried "Croak,"  
 And they all tumbled down  
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump!  
 The mare broke her knees,  
 And Ward Kirkland his crown;  
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven  
 Flew laughing away;  
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump!  
 And vowed he would treat them  
 The same the next day;  
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

Norma Fiske, '26

## NURSERY RHYME SCANDAL

One day, "Old Mother Hubbard" went to see "The Old Man Who Lived in a Wood." He asked her, " 'Did you See My Wife' ". She replied, " 'As I Was Going Up Pippin Hill,' 'I Met an old Woman with her Pig,' walking with 'Georgie Porgie.' " The old man said, "My wife, well, 'Birds of a Feather Flock Together and So do Pigs and Swine.' I'll tell you all about it." So she continued, " 'Dickory Dickory, Dare, The Pig Flew Up in the Air' and 'Georgie Porgie' said, 'Ladybird, Ladybird, Fly Away Home, Your House is on Fire, Your Children will Burn.' " " 'Oh, Fiddle Dee-Dee, Fiddle Dee-Dee,' The Elephant Married the Bumble-bee," she replied, and "My Old Man and I Fell Out, He Had money and I had none and that is how the row begun." " 'Won't You Come into My Parlor?' "said Georgie. " 'Speak a Little Louder, Sir, I'm



Rather Thick of Hearing.' ” “ ‘Old Woman, Old Woman, Shall I Love You Dearly?’ ”  
“ ‘Oh, Thank You, Kind Sir, I Hear You Very Clearly.’ ” The old man, disconsolate,  
said, “ ‘Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be,’ ‘For Every Evil, Under the Sun, There is  
a Remedy, or There is None,’ ‘I Would if I could,’ ‘I’d Saddle My Cock and Bridle my  
Hen, and Fetch my Little Dame Home Again’, but ‘If Its and Ands Were Pots and  
Pans, There’d be no Need for Tinkers.’ ”

Carol Hedberg, '26  
Norma Fiske, '26

## THE HALL OF FAME

Junior Corbin has been nominated for the Hall of Fame because he is the only gallant who has scorned the glances of fair teachers; because he is the only person who has never had to listen to broadcasting from the same radio station twice; and lastly because he has immortalized the role of a drummer by his faultless attire.

We nominate Helen Lenheim for the Hall of Fame. A prize of five dollars will be awarded the person who sends in the best reasons for this seemingly foolish move. The answers must be in the hands of the Echo Staff before Christmas and the prize winner and the list of close seconds will be announced in the 1937 issue of this annual.

Miss Mary Nutter has been accepted as a member of the Hall of Fame. She is the inventor of several well known devices for lightning house-hold tasks. These inventions have the approval of the Homemaking teacher, Miss Welcome, who recently went to Washington to apply for a patent in Miss Nutter's behalf. The addition of Miss Nutter to the Hall of Fame is considered a great step forward for the society, and it is expected that the business will be run exactly as she says or else she will withdraw.

Mr. Ellsworth Tiffany is the new president of the Hall of Fame. He was admitted on the basis of his excellent skill in omnibus driving. He received his experience in motoring to and from the Silk Mill while transporting rural school students. A new fifty thousand dollar pillar is being erected in the building itself, "the Hall of Fame" where the meetings are held, and the pillar will bear the name of Mr. Tiffany in printing of beautiful simplicity.

Mr. John Loudon is the only vaudeville artist privileged to be a member of the Hall of Fame. Besides having been famous in vaudeville acting, he has starred in several theatrical productions, notably Miss Margaret Miner's super-presentation, "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Am I Intruding." At first some of the charter members objected to his admission on the grounds that a mere actor would not be able to appreciate the lofty ideals of the Society, but he was finally entered on account of his accomplishments and charming personality.

Carol Hedberg is on the list of pledges and will undoubtedly become a member early next year. The longest essay of this age was written by Carol, and it is said that it was well over a billion words in length, that the technique was perfect, and the contents of the highest order. This remarkable scroll will be placed either in the present Hall of Fame or in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Miss Carol's chair in the Hall is under the course of construction and will be completed in time for her entrance the first of the year.

We especially advocate Ward Kirkland's early nomination to the Hall of Fame. This would be only just, because Ward is the first student that can boast of trying Regents Examinations in English for three successive years without ever having attended a class. He said in a recent speech that since the roads have been uncommonly bad the last twenty years, it was an impossibility to be present at a class which came the first period in the morning. He is at the present time living on a bonus, paid by the United Chewing Gum Manufacturers of America for his testimony of the merits of their respective chewing gums. Yes, he says he's tried them all.

CURTAIN.



## BAINBRIDGE IN 1940

I am not much of a prophet, but I imagine that, fifteen years from to-day, the town of Bainbridge will have attained such a busy state of affairs that the volunteer fire department will be able to get to a fire on the same day it started. Possibly the new school-house will be completed by then, but it is doubtful, since they have not broken any speed records as yet.

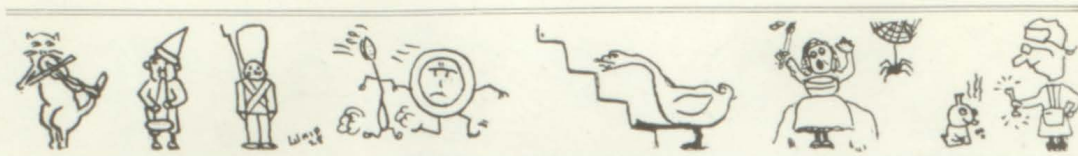
By that time Prohibition will be but a myth, and Bainbridge will be the headquarters of the State Troopers who will inhabit the numerous places where people will carry on a trade that doesn't exactly coincide with the Eighteenth Amendment. Possibly Bainbridge can then offer a better occupation for the younger fry than going to the Lyric Theater and playing baseball in the middle of the street. Bainbridge might decline instead of bettering itself, but being an optimist, I only discuss the improbable change.

Charles Taylor, '27

## HAVE YOU EVER?

Have you ever—  
On a school night  
Left the house  
Planning to study  
At a friend's house,  
And your Mother says—  
"Be home at nine!"  
And you reach this house  
And find she has to go  
To the Post Office—  
As she might have a  
Letter in her box—  
And while you are waiting  
Your and her boy friends come in  
And urge you to go for a ride  
And you plead "Lessons"—  
But they know you have  
Enough study periods in school  
So you go and enjoy yourself.  
And you return to your  
Friend's house just as the  
Clock strikes nine.  
And you sit down and  
Study hard until it is  
Nearly ten o'clock,  
Then you start home  
And Mother scolds you  
For not returning when  
She ordered.  
And she said—  
"I told you that you  
Wouldn't be home when I told  
You to!"  
Well—have you?  
So have I.

Norma Fiske, '26



## HIDDEN TREASURES

Did you ever look for hidden treasures? I'll bet you never found them if you did. Anyway, they weren't as nice as the ones I found. Long, long ago when I was a wee little girl, daddy came home one cold winter evening and asked, "Are you ready for a visit to Fairyland?" Of course I was immediately lost to this world for some time.

The very first person I met was "Old Mother Goose" who took me by the hand and led me toward a group of the queerest looking people imaginable. Seated on a throne before this assembly was "Old King Cole," and we first had to pay our respects to him. "Little Jack Horner" was there and he was eating a pie, too. "Mistress Mary" had the cutest little flower garden from which she freely gave the king his nosegay. Oh! I forgot to tell you about the Queen. She wasn't with the king at all but was in the pantry making tarts. I don't believe "Jack and Jill" had gone after any water yet because they were both there and didn't look a bit as if they had had a terrible fall.

Just then, an old man appeared around the throne with a great big sack on his back. I pulled "Mother Goose's" sleeve and asked who this might be. "That's the 'Sand Man'" she said.

"Well, well, what's this?" dad's voice boomed from his comfy chair by the fire place. My new book had fallen to the floor and the sand man had surely visited us.

Stella C. Smith

## WHAT WE ALL SAY

I am only a school boy,  
A good boy as you see;  
My life loses some of its joy  
When our Prof. speaks to me.

I never try to skip my class,  
For I know it doesn't pay;  
I have my chalk and compass,  
So I never have to stay.

And I do my lessons at twilight,  
Wherever it happens to be;  
For the Prof. is always watching,  
And no chance will he have at me.

Ivan Hawkins, '28

## A MYSTERY

One morning, in late August, a boy, named Samuel, started away from home to go camping. On his back he carried his tent and provisions. Samuel wandered all day until it began to grow dusk. Then he stopped to set up his tent in Miss Juliand's pine grove.

After the camp was up, Samuel built a fire of pine boughs. As he was very tired he sat down to rest by the fire. While he sat there, thinking of his day's journey and his future employments, a pink carnation sprang up in the midst of the fire. The boy was so startled that he only sat in wonderment. Suddenly, the fire died down. Then as the last spark died out, hideous Indians popped out, one by one, from the carnation. While the bewildered Samuel looked on, the brown men formed a battle line. There



was a minute of stillness. Immediately after, the chief appeared from the flower, there was a clash of arms, and poor Samuel was grabbed by the chief.

Samuel was carried through the pine grove. The army followed. The boy saw man after man as the moon cast its beams over them. Finally the procession halted. A great light shone. There in front of him was a huge white idol. The brown men did not utter a sound, but placed the boy on his knees in front of their god. The chief reached for a huge axe. Samuel knew that they were going to kill him. How he wished he had remained at home!

As the axe was about to be brought down, a bomb went off and sailed straight to the idol. The idol instantly fell into many pieces, and, at the same time, the fierce warriors disappeared. When the boy looked up, he saw his deliverer. It was a woman clad in white. She spoke to him and took him away. Perhaps he was taken home—perhaps he was taken to the land of Mirth. No one knows.

Kathryn Kentfield, '28

## A FAIRY TALE

How astonished I was one morning to find my plate the center of a circle of gray ribbons! These ribbons were artistically fastened to the side of the dish and extended a long distance away. Indeed, this seemed like a vision. However, as soon as I thought of something I desired to eat, this particular article would immediately, gently slide down one of the fine fabrics.

It was but a few minutes before I was compelled to try to find out where the ribbons ended. Therefore, I arose and soon found how the courses of my breakfast were conducted to me. Indeed, to my surprise, I saw Henriette Nickel throwing loaves of bread from a truck, on which she was standing, and, when I thought of bread, she would neatly carve off a portion and send it coursing down one of the ribbons. Furthermore, there was John Loudon with a cart of oranges waiting for a buyer. However, when he was sorting them, it happened that, every now and then, one of these would vanish as if by magic and was carried to my table.

My next thought was of meat. Soon in the distance was seen Ivan Hawkins leading a pig to market. It was but a short time before I noticed delicious looking bacon flying to my plate. Thus, with these courses, I had a satisfying breakfast. Even to this day, the mystery of the ribbons has never been solved.

May Houghtaling, '28

## "TWO OLD TIMERS"

"Dick! Ye got those horses hobbled yit? I've something to talk to ye about when ye git through."

Before long Dick was beside his partner whom he had known in his school days at B. H. S.

Dick had lived out in Colorado for three months when his chum Milo had come to make him a visit. Milo had stopped school, because times looked hard in Caesar and English, and when he was old enough to travel, he had come to see someone, (with whom we are all well acquainted), Richard Ramsdell. So we find Milo McGinnis stopping in this lonely desert with his friend, Dick Ramsdell.

"Say, Dick, do you remember those Froshes, those little insignificant ones?"



"Well, I can't say as I just remember all of them, but I do some. Why?"

"I was just wonderin' if Roscoe Forsythe and Florence Scoffield had grown up yit. Say, do you remember Milton Dean? I read in the paper, the other day, that he had won some prizes on his chickens!"

"Gosh! he certainly is a chicken catcher—I think, they used to call him Solomon II."

"But, Dick, those Froshes were lucky to have some smart ones in their class like Ruth Le Caro, Carol Nichols, and Almetta Dunne, but they were lucky to get home from Sidney one night when it was raining pitch-forks"—

"Well, pard, I'm gettin' sleepier than the dickens—you know those Froshes aren't very interesting mammals to talk about—Gee, we've got a long day's travel tomorrow. Good night."

John Loudon, '28

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### A DESCRIPTION OF A BOY

I'm a littel boy about four feet tall,  
All ways good and ne'er get sent to the hall;  
I have blew eyes and light hair  
And a good reputation everywhere.

I have a front seat as all boys should,  
And if there were enough I'm sure they would;  
If you can guess all my name,  
You can win my coveted fame.

Claude Smith, 8th Grade

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### IVAN AND HIS AIRPLANES

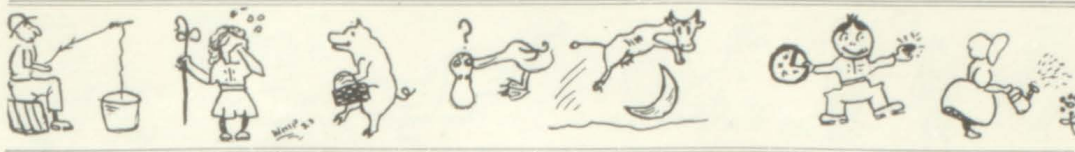
Ivan Hawkins became famous almost over night. One fine day, he got his airplane from New York and started for San Francisco at four hundred and fifty miles an hour. On the way, he saw a huge passenger plane evidently without a pilot. As he landed on the back of the large plane, he noticed another resting there also. Upon going into this one, he surprised two air bandits holding up the occupants. He ran back and broke their plane, then he went down, and, single handed, captured the pair. After tying them up, he piloted the plane to a station and got another pilot for the big ship. He received great rewards and the officials and kings of other lands vied with each other for the honor of his presence at banquets and parties in all countries. Yep, by heck!

Marshall Andrews, '28

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### THE SILK-MILL

Which is the way to the Silk-Mill?  
Any one can tell;  
Up one street,  
To your right;  
Please to ring the bell.



What can you see in the Silk-Mill?

Big folks in white,  
Bobbed heads,  
Brainy heads,  
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in the Silk-Mill?

Study and dream and play,  
Laugh and crow,  
Shout and grow,  
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in the Silk-Mill?

Why, the oddest things,  
Might as well,  
Try to tell,  
What a birdie sings.

Who is the King of the Silk-Mill?

Prof., serene and strong;  
And his word,  
Often heard,  
Guides the feet along.

Norma Fiske, '26

In English II, we all write themes  
'Till we can do them in our dreams.  
Miss Clinch, who is our teacher here,  
Cries. "Study, Study," all the year.  
We chose our motto right off quick  
And had it printed by our "Whip,"  
Now it hangs upon the wall  
Where it is in the sight of all.  
We have to master paraphrasing,  
But nothing oral is all we're asking.

Marguerite Montgomery

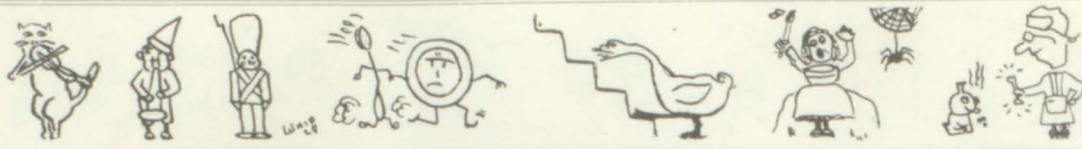
## THE BOOM IN AUTOGRAPH PRICES

"Sing a song of six pence" is what the inhabitants of Silk Mill High are doing. Why, the prices we have to pay for a plain, common signature to a make-up slip is something fierce! Talk about the high cost of living—it can't compare to the boom in autograph prices. The other day a student actually had to pay \$10.99 just to get the signature of Marion R. Hanby on the dotted line of a make-up slip. Of course, although the price was high, the student took into consideration the fact that she wrote a fine free sweep and used three times as much ink in her autograph as in the average. Just as that particular student got the signature for \$10.99, she immediately made a sale price, "Right this way, real values, two signatures for \$5.23!" Nevertheless, to show that autographs for make-up slips are not the only expensive items to buy, notice the following advertisements which have appeared in local newspapers.

### NO. I

A real buy! Opportunity extraordinary! A few choice signatures of Richard Ebenezer Parnassus Cunningham Ramsdell, the first person to sign a "We Aim to Give the Very Best Service Regardless of Expense" statement ever issued by a dry goods store. This is one of the longest signatures ever placed on the market. It runs well over a yard and a half and represents a full quart of high grade ink, to say nothing of Mr. Ramsdell's valuable time.





## NO. II

Some genuine signatures of Mr. Frances J. Casey, signer of the original "I do so declare" proclamation. These signatures are in very good condition considering the terrible weather we have been having and one thing and another. The dot over the "i" in Francis is missing but new dots are obtainable for \$.54 each. They are just as good as the original dots. Some students think they are better. It is suspected that he had an aversion to dotted lines; at any rate, his signature is so scarce that it amounts to a genuine shortage. Those held in captivity will sell for the sum of \$108 each.

## NO. III

A chance for the buyer of modest means! We have a few signatures of Polly Loudon whose name was signed to one of the earliest "Out of School for a Few Days. Leave Name" notices placed on a school desk in Southern New York. Since the name is a short one and took so little time and material, the price is very low. The first buyers will get them for \$.25. As an advertisement, we will throw in a package of life savers with each purchase.

Adapted—Myrtle Kentfield, '26

## A WOULD-BE THIEF

The night was cloudy and unpleasant. The hour was half past ten. In one of the dimly lighted houses a girl awaited the return of her family.

Elinor Gray sat by the hearth in a comfortable arm-chair, drowsily reading a drowsy book. No one was there to keep her company. All the folks were out to the movies. It was almost time for them to return. Elinor snuggled closer to the dying fire. Her thoughts were not centered on the book.

Outside, the rain began to fall. Footsteps were heard on the pavement. Elinor listened. The footsteps died away. She began to shiver. Why didn't the folks hurry? They knew that she disliked to stay home alone. She heard a car and the voices of a man and a woman—she caught her father's name. It couldn't be visitors at this hour of the night, could it? She waited for the ringing of the bell but heard none. She crept to the window, and their conversation reached her ears.

"This is the house where the most prominent lawyer, Gray, lives," said a woman's voice. "He has some papers which are very valuable to me. I must get them at any cost. If I don't, my name will be dragged through court and that will never do. Now you get those papers for me; they must be in his private drawer. No one is home for I saw him go away with his family quite a while ago."

Elinor's heart skipped a couple of beats. Could she believe her ears? It was that notorious Mrs. Lee who had come to steal the evidence. Did she think she could get away with it? Elinor's brain worked fast. How could she prevent this unlawful act? Oh, she had it! Jumping from her chair, she took the key from its hiding place, opened the drawer, pulled out the much sought-for papers, rushed upstairs to her bedroom and tucked them under the mattress of her bed. Back she rushed to her former place, just as the man was coming through the hall. Elinor could hear him opening the drawer. Next, he was rummaging through the papers. Then she heard a grunt. He had evidently found that the papers which he sought were not there. Elinor, with hardly a breath, awaited his next move. She felt the search-light glare in her face. She was discovered! An ugly masked man had grabbed her by the shoulder and was staring down at her with fierce eyes. He was asking for the papers. "Let go—, you'll never get those papers, you would-be thief!"

"What are you raving about, sis?" asked her brother, who was bending over her with a puzzled face.



"Oh, did you kick him out? I surely thought that my last hour had come. Did he go calmly?" Elinor ended with a sob.

Meanwhile, an astonished group began to see light. They had come in and found Elinor sleeping in the arm chair. When Jimmy had tried to wake her, she burst forth into a sudden flow of incomprehensible language.

The answer to this is clear to everyone. Would that all cross word puzzles were as easy! It was merely a dream.

Norma F. Fiske, '26

## REGENTS

The time of the Regents is coming soon,  
 In a few short days 'twill be here,  
 And I wonder why with a sorrowful sigh,  
 I didn't work hard in the year.  
 Oh, the clock strikes out the midnight  
 On the night before the day.  
 While I work and rave, and toil, and slave,  
 And, desperately writing, say:

"Though the angle at x plus the angle at y  
 May equal the angle at n,  
 The angle at e plus the angle at c  
 Won't equal the angle at m.  
 So the triangles won't be congruent,  
 And the lines will be all wrong too.  
 Tho' I work all night till the coming of light,  
 I'll never know what to do.

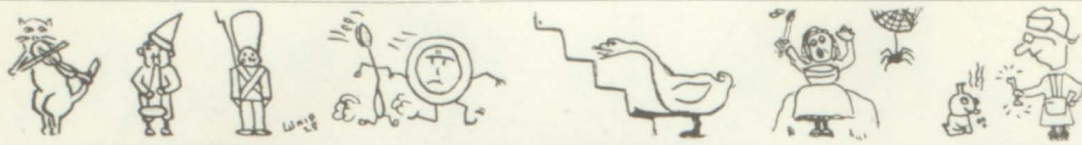
"Are Gerundives the same as Gerunds?  
 Do they come from the present stem?  
 Are they just the same except in name  
 As the nouns which originate them?  
 And then I go on to my English,  
 What was it that Emerson said?  
 What's versification? What's argumentation?  
 And how much comes under that head?

And finally the morning dawneth,  
 The morning of my doom.  
 With knees that are shaking and heart that is quaking,  
 I enter my Cicero room,  
 Why didn't I study harder  
 Before the semester was done?  
 But, alas for my fate! It is too late.  
 The Regents have begun.

Carol Hedberg, '26

Ain't it a Grand and Glorious feeling:

When kid sister plumps herself down on Wednesday night all eyes and ears?  
 When it's 5 to 9 and you have to wait for the freight?  
 When it rains just after you've had your hair curled?  
 When you get up at 8 o'clock on Saturday because you thought you had school?  
 When you answer the doorbell minus that "schoolgirl complexion" to find it  
 is "he"?



When you've passed your tests?  
When "he" breaks the date?  
When you are driving your own car alone and it breaks down fifty miles from nowhere?  
When little brother goes out with his first girl?  
When you have taken music lessons for six years and then find out that you haven't an ear for music?  
When you have your hair cut the new boyish bob and discover that it looks abominable on you?  
When you have to break a date because you have nothing to wear?  
When baby's first tooth appears?  
When you are caught in an April shower with your new spring hat on?

### DAYDREAMS

What fun it is to daydream! One day, I sat in Miss Miner's room trying to study but dreaming more than studying, when I saw through a mist some of my classmates, not as they are now but many years hence. How changed they are; not in face but in actions. Especially is this notable in "Henny", once so lively, but now sitting by the fireplace crocheting. Her hair is gray and she looks very sad. As Henny fades away in the mist Pete comes in sight. She is a stenographer in a dingy office. Her hair is combed tightly back and fastened in a knot. Her face looks very cross, entirely opposite from the happy-go-lucky Pete. But Pete soon vanishes and Donna, the studious girl, comes into view. She is still studying. Evidently it is night, for the dim light sends uneven gleams across the floor. She looks very tired, as though she has been studying all her lifetime. Knowing Donna well, one would suspect so. But she does not linger long as Bud Andrews bursts in upon the scene and Donna fades rapidly away. Bud, is a professor and is now occupied in punishing a small pupil, a very laborious task for Bud. Eventually the pupil is punished and Bud disappears. Eagerly I looked for the next face, but, just as John Maldon came in sight, the bell rang, the mist cleared away, and I saw before me only the kids in Miss Miner's room, and heard them yelling for me to go to class. Alas, another period gone and nothing was accomplished, except a few daydreams, which were really much more fun than lessons.

Coralyn Whitney, '28

### MYSELF IN FAIRYLAND

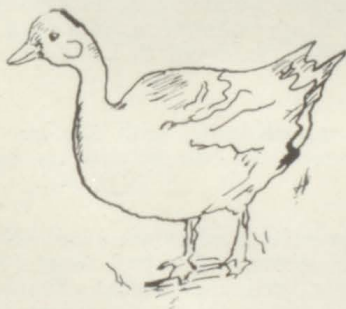
One day, when I was walking through a piece of woods, an old witch met me. She snatched me up and carried me off. Then she threw me into a hole. Down, down, down, I went until I landed, plump, on a feather-bed.

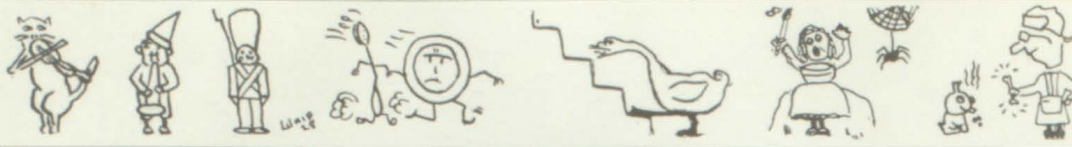
I found that this was at the bottom of the big hole, but I could not get out. I stayed there about half an hour and suddenly somebody else lit on the feather-bed. It was Stanley Darlin. Well, we sat there, and suddenly the side of the pit opened up and left a long, dark tunnel. We crawled through and found ourselves in a large room in which was a wooden pig. Stanley did not know it was wood and asked where he was and what to do. I was as much surprised as he was to hear the pig talk. He said, "Go down that tunnel until you come to a well. There is a big tin dipper there. Bring it back here." We did and he showed us the way to get out.

When we were on the way out, we saw an old woman. The knight went on by, but Stanley and I helped her out and the old woman turned into a king. He said we were good boys and gave us each a million dollars and sent us home. Stanley and I parted and I fell over a cliff. The fall wasn't great and I found I was home in my own little bed.

Olvin Hitchcock, 8th Grade.

“Holly”





## SOCIETY SECTION

Polly, put the kettle on  
Polly, put the kettle on  
Polly, put the kettle on  
And we'll all have tea.

In spite of numerous disadvantages, the various classes of the high school have, during the year, succeeded in having a good time individually and also, in giving the members of other classes enjoyment. Each of them will, in different ways, tell how they have carried on their society life, had tea, so to speak, to refresh themselves from their numerous cares.

The freshmen, being what they are, are first.

Eye tak mi pen inn hand two let evrewon no that the freshmun class is the best Ever. We have had meny good-times, Espeshully on our slay-ride two Sidney. Sum freshmen were detained at the Ice Creme parlor and our shaperone had too send a messenger for them. Butt nevertheless thay were layt. It was a misterius game thay play-ed butt we gesst it. Our class meetings were such a sukces that we cood never transakt eny business. We advize all uther littul green freshmen to never hav any dreems about the wonderfil Meetings thay will have

We wood like evrewon two no that we do nott like to be cawled frogs as we are reely more inteligent than we seem but we suppose we must mak the best of it

the freshmun class

The Sophomore class also, wishes to relate some of the exciting adventures.

To begin the year right, of course we had to initiate the Freshman class. For a week, all the Freshmen were compelled to wear something that was green. Then, Friday night, October 2 we obtained a truck and took them all on a joy ride to Sidney with Misses Ruth and Frances Johnson as chaperons. Half way up, we stopped, ordered the Freshmen to descend, and gave them a choice of either walking back to Bainbridge or going on to Sidney, and doing what they were told. They agreed to go on. In Sidney the Freshmen gave us yells and Roscoe Forsythe was told to go in a store and get one peanut, which he brought back to us. After Elizabeth Collar had unsuccessfully passed the hat, and the Freshmen had been marched up the street a few times, we started for home. Arriving in Bainbridge, we, with the help of the Freshmen, sang the Alma Mater.

Another of our good times was held at John Maldon Loudon's home Friday, September 26, the chaperons being the Misses Ruth and Frances Johnson and Leora Clinch. After eating "hot dogs", punch, fancy cookies, and corn, we went to Loudon's, danced and played games.

Third, came our sophomore sleigh ride, when we attended both the movies and the ice cream parlor. Starting for home, we nearly took the bakery with us, but after a few more hindrances, arrived safely.

On the evening of Feb. 12, the class of 1928 gave its Sophomore Hop. Everyone who attended knows what a thoroughly great success it was. The ball room (the erst-while Town Hall) was trimmed in Valentine colors of red and white. The Rainbow Syncopaters furnished the music, which helped to add to the spirit of the occasion.

The Sophomores worked hard for the success of the dance and the good time that everyone enjoyed was due largely to them.



"An' there were two big black things a-standin' by her side.  
They snatched her through the ceiling 'fore she knew what she was about  
And the goblins'll get **you** if you don't watch out.

Spooks, goblins, and all things pertaining to the supernatural, held reign on the night of Hallowe'en. The Juniors, as hosts of the party, exerted themselves to the extent of their power to entertain the high school at the festival.

A chamber of horrors from which many shrieks emitted, proved it to be effective. The first half of the evening was devoted to games, stunts, and fortune telling. The latter was taken up by dancing.

When the "Vanishing American" came to Sidney, and a blanket of snow covered the ground, the Junior class gathered its various members in an ample sleigh, traveled a few intervening miles, and spent an enjoyable evening, first at Smalley's Theatre, and finally at the Ice Cream Parlor. After sundry minor occurrences, the party reached Bainbridge and home sometime the next morning.

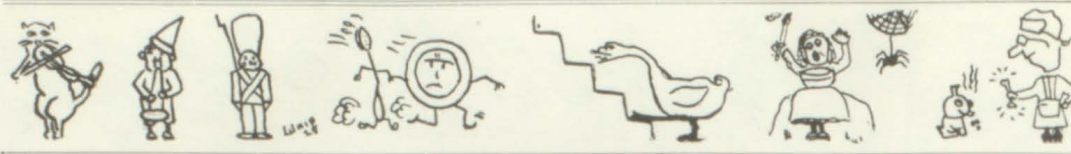
The Seniors, descending from their heights, "put the kettle on" with joy and great success, giving their annual Christmas ball.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the Guild Hall,  
The people were dancing, both short ones and tall.  
The Juniors and Seniors and Sophomores and Frosh  
Were all there with bells on, and stunts? Oh my gosh!!  
Henry and Gertrude and Warren and Dot  
Had just started out on a dreamy fox trot,  
When in through the door there came such a clatter,  
They all stopped dancing to see what was the matter.  
When what did appear to delight all the boys,  
But Santa himself with a packful of toys?  
When he lowered his pack we saw what he was like,  
And we knew in a minute it must be our Mike.  
He sat on the floor and opened his pack,  
Giving presents to all—to each Jill and each Jack.  
As he handed them out, he called each one by name,  
If they disliked their gifts, there was no one to blame.  
He was ready to go; he gave a low whistle,  
And away they all danced like the down on a thistle.  
The party continued with frolic and fun.  
They started home when the clock struck one.  
Each one exclaimed, as he went out of sight,  
"Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night."

#### THE SENIORS' DIARY

Saturday, April 3.

We had to arise early to-day, in order to leave Sidney at 7:36 by the O. and W. for Washington. At Sidney there were three coaches on our train. Every few stations we stopped to let on more people. When we arrived, there were thirteen coaches of young people taking advantage of the excursion trip. We took our lunches and let the other foolish Seniors pay for meals in the diner. We had to walk through the train several times to see if everyone was all right. The observation car was an especially popular place. At New York we switched to the Pennsylvania Railroad.



Imagine our disappointment when at dusk, it began to rain cats and dogs! We were certain that we were in for a rainy time. As we pulled in to Washington, however, at 10:00 P. M., we were relieved to see that it had cleared off and looked lovely.

We stayed at "The Washington" a very fine hotel. Its elevator service was (ahem!) especially excellent.

Not being accustomed to revolving doors, when she first came in, Mary Nutter had the misfortune to catch her head in one. (Her neck looks peculiar even yet.) This was our, or rather her, first accident.

After we were all in bed, we decided we needed more blankets. We called up the management two or three times. They took so long I guess they had to send out and buy more. We didn't get to bed very early as we had to wait terribly long for said blankets.

Sunday, April 4.

After walking around the city, losing ourselves several times, and consulting our maps, we arrived at the Presbyterian church attended by President Coolidge. This Easter we had the opportunity of seeing the entire Coolidge family. At one o'clock we repaired to our favorite rendezvous, Child's restaurant.

In the afternoon we took a sight-seeing bus to Arlington National Cemetery. There we especially enjoyed the immense Amphitheater, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and the Custis-Lee Mansion.

In the evening, after a lovely five-course dinner at Hotel Washington, we visited the Congressional Library, one of the most beautiful buildings ever erected for such a purpose. There we found the original documents of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, with a guard to keep you "off the glass."

Monday, April 5.

To-day we visited the public buildings. We were very much interested in the models of the early bicycles and automobiles which we saw in one of the museums. Of course we had to see the Presidents' wives dresses; we all liked Mrs. Harding's best. We were very much disappointed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where our paper money is made. While we were very honest of course, nevertheless, we had hoped that they would be generous with their money and give us a chance to secure enough cash to at least get us home. The cruel people, however, after keeping us waiting for an hour outside, took us up in Elevators and made us look down on the process from above!

We thought the Pan-American Building, "America's most beautiful small building," truly lived up to its name. We didn't see how anyone could fail to be peacable in such a lovely place, but the guide told us that the parrot in the court swore like a fiend.

After our next stop, where Dot Hassert and Margaret Wilcox nearly got lost among Roosevelt's collection of animals in the New National Museum, we went on to the Capitol. There we saw all the famous rooms, and also the House of Representatives and the Senate in session. The Senators didn't seem nearly as dignified as they are pictured. They sat around and chewed gum and talked and argued like ordinary mortals. Two of them developed a lovely fight just as we had to leave.

Of course the Capitol's whispering gallery, where people can hear what you say a long way away, didn't appeal to us at all. We realized how tragic such a thing can be!

In the afternoon we went to the Egg-rolling contest on the White House lawn.



The children were having the time of their lives, but we didn't see much of a contest about it!

The Lincoln Memorial was our next stop. This was the most impressive and beautiful building of its kind we had seen.

Tuesday, April 6.

We took the 7:45 trolley for Mount Vernon via Alexandria, stopping off at Christ's Church where Washington worshipped, the Masonic Lodge of which he was Grand Master, and the Carlisle House. As for Mount Vernon itself, we never had seen a home more beautiful, more ideal, more absolutely worthy to be the abode of the "Father of his Country." We ate dinner at a lovely Inn where were served chicken and waffles. As we had to catch the boat in just a few minutes, we literally gobbled our chicken, much to the disgust of our stylish neighbors.

In the evening we went to "The Gorilla." Do we want to go to a thing like that again? Why the hair just got up and crawled across our heads! The stage would go suddenly black; guns went off; green skeletons dangled across the stage; women shrieked; strong men clutched their neighbors. Calm? We certainly were—NOT!

Wednesday, April 7.

We saw the white house, or as much as the guards would allow us to see. We then walked up and down the Washington monument, which is 555 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. high and has 869 steps—we know! There is a wonderful view from the top of Washington, with Bainbridge in the distance. We returned to the Hotel and had the doctor for Ward Kirkland, Blanche Thrcop, and Stella Smith. It developed that Ward had grippe, Blanche an infected heel, and poor Stella!—she just fell over a hydrant!

In the afternoon, after the Red Cross and D. A. R. buildings, we visited the National Cathedral. This beautiful building, still in the process of completion, contains the tomb of the late President Wilson.

Some of us went to "Sally Irene and Mary" tonight. This was fair, but we had to stand up most of the time.

Thursday, April 8.

"Why does it have to rain!" was our cry this morning. Ward's illness, however, kept us from moving very far. In fact we skipped seeing Philadelphia so we could wait until he could go with us. In the afternoon he was well enough to travel, so we took the Express for New York. There several boys met us at the train and took us to our hotel, the "Wolcott" at 5th Avenue and 31st Street.

Of course we had to shop. Our relatives would never have forgiven us if we had returned without a present from "New York."

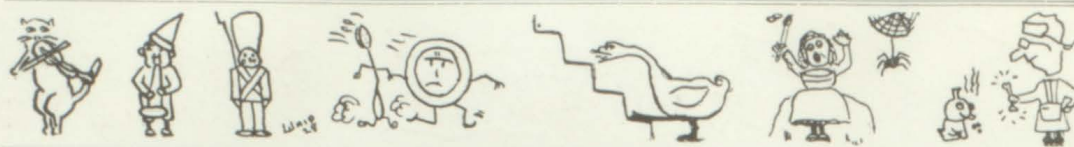
Friday, April 9.

This afternoon was spent in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Then Maurice Colwell, who offered to act as our guide, took us on a ferry to see the Statue of Liberty, and New York's famous sky-line. The evening was passed at "The Vagabond King," a musical production based on McCarthy's romance "If I were King." Everyone pronounced it wonderful.

Saturday, April 10.

To-day we did about as we wished, some going shopping, others to the museum of Natural History, or other places of interest. At night, we went to "The Hippodrome."





Sunday, April 11.

We attended services at the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, making a "pilgrimage" through the chapels of the Seven Tongues after the service. The sermon was good and the music beautiful. Next we went to Grant's tomb. For dinner we went to an Italian restaurant on 10th Street which is planned just like a real Italian villa. There some of our number went through fearful and wonderful struggles with the spaghetti, but we came through with sailing colors.

Our next two visits were at the Church of the Ascension, a really churchly church, and the "Little Church Around the Corner," a friendly church. Both very nice.

Monday, April 12.

Our trip is over. We aren't so sorry to go home either. In the words of, er—Shakespeare, we are "tired and we want to go to bed." But it has been a marvellous experience. We have learned, among other things, that street cars change their signs to go back; that, though a "Navy Yard" car will take you there, you must take something else to get back, or wait all night; that, when taking subways, it is better to take the local rather than the express, especially if you want to get off at a certain street; that it's not the first cost, but the upkeep which is expensive; that places labelled "Health Restaurant" are things of beauty and joys forever; and porters don't like to be tipped with street-car tokens!

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## THE ALUMNI

We thought you might be interested in hearing from some of the former classes of Bainbridge High School. We, the class of '26, wish to thank all those who contributed to this department and sincerely hope you will enjoy the "Echo."

Stella C. Smith, Alumni Editor

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The first graduating class of the Bainbridge High School sends greetings to the Senior class of 1926.

With all the advantages you have for an education over those earlier days—modern languages, domestic Art, and many other studies, I wonder if any of you will go as far as the Valedictorian of that first class.

I refer to James L. Sill who was born in Bainbridge and all the education he received was in Bainbridge High. "Louie" as we called him, was the son of a poor physician. He used to go barefoot in summer and perhaps did not always have enough to eat, but by his own efforts he rose to be captain in the Revenue Marine Service of the United States.

And when he died a few years ago, he was buried with Military honors at Arlington.

Mrs. H. W. Dickinson—1878  
First Graduating Class

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As a representative of the class of 1882,  
I will willingly pen a few lines to you;  
Although with a feeling of sadness because  
May Gilbert and Fred Graves have gone home,  
And we are left their loss to mourn.



When I realize that Anna, Alberto, and I  
 Are the only ones left, I heave a big sigh;  
 Anna, that dear old pal of mine,  
 Married Orin Sands, a Bainbridge boy.

A self-made man, Alberto Bennett is next on the list,  
 And when he left Bainbridge, by his friends he was missed;  
 I think he fulfilled the promise he gave and made a fine man,  
 Who is now a minister and will do good whenever he can.

And now my name is last on the list;  
 If left out, it might not be missed.  
 But, as I belong in the class, I can't pass myself by  
 So to say a few words about "yours truly" I'll try.

I cannot say that I have ever won fame or renown  
 But in this world of care and strife I have led a busy life;  
 And whatever in life to me shall betide,  
 I am thankful I still have my dear husband to walk by my side.  
 All Hail to Bainbridge High School  
 Good Old Alma Mater B. H. S.  
 May honors come to you, success crown you and Heaven bless you;  
 My dear Old Alma Mater B. H. S.

Helen Jeanette (Campbell) Copley—1882

Dear Echo:

The class of 1884 celebrated the tenth anniversary of the change of Bainbridge Academy to Bainbridge High. It consisted of five members, namely; Frank Drew, Ernest Bennett, Frank Gilbert, Cornelia Stockwell (Williams), and myself.

Two from that class of five have passed on to their home Eternal. The remaining three, though widely separated, have watched with much pride the many changes which have been necessary to be made to old B. H. S., denoting its growth and success. Never have we forgotten to honor our Alma Mater, but always have been loyal, for the true man and true woman are always loyal to home, school, friends, and fatherland. We join those who say, and have said many times before—

"There are moments of life we can never forget,  
 Which brighten and brighten as time steals away;  
 They give a new charm to the happiest lot,  
 And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day."

Cora Payne Wilcox—1884

There is an old story told of a meeting where only two men were present—one of whom took it upon himself to write up the affair for the paper. He started in by saying, "There was a large and respectable audience present"—whereupon the other protested that the statement was untrue—"Why," said the writer, "are you not large, and am I not respectable?"

The class of 1887 was composed of two girls,—Millie Cannon, one of the brightest and best ever graduated from B. H. S., and your humble servant

Elizabeth Corbin Lewis—1887

Dear Echo:

It seems but yesterday since the class of 1892 bade farewell to Bainbridge High



School, and stepped across the threshold into the future. The class was small, but lack of numbers did not take away from our importance as far as we were concerned. We had our dreams and ambitions, and hoped to fulfill them.

The years have gone by, dealing to each of us our share of joys and sorrows, teaching life's lessons great and small. Ever looking forward, we enjoy looking backward to that day in June of '92.

Ida Beatty Guilbert—1892

Dear Echo:

It is with much pleasure that I read your pages, noting the many changes in customs since our school days.

Twenty years have passed since we were listening to Prof. Crumb's helpful advice and like you of to-day sometimes heeding, at others careless and preferring our own poor way.

The old building just torn down held memories dear to us. May the beautiful new one you are to have in its place hold for you even dearer memories and prepare you for a life of usefulness among your fellowmen and in service to our Master.

Long live the Echo!

Nina Bennett Montgomery—1906

Dear Alumni Editor:

It certainly gives me great pleasure to represent my class in the Echo. I think the students of to-day are doing wonderful to publish their own school paper. It seems only yesterday, when I look back, since I was one of the students in B. H. S.

Every day I see more clearly the truth of our class motto, "Nihil Sine Labore," for as you go through life, you will find that you must strive hard for the things which are worth having.

With best wishes for the success of the school.

Minnie F. Snyder—1909

Greetings:

I have very pleasant memories of the years I spent in the old Bainbridge High School and wish great success for the new one and each class that graduates from it.

It gives me pleasure to learn of the continued success and educational achievement of the Bainbridge High School.

I am now living in a nice home, on a farm, in the Finger Lake section of New York State. My husband is engaged in educational work.

Mae Andrews Lester—1911

To "The Echo:"

From time to time when I hear what B. H. S. is doing I feel like cheering. I am sure that the class of 1912 congratulates you on your new building and believes that you will make progress in other directions—not all tangible but just as real.

I once had to give "The Chambered Nautilus" at morning rhetoricals. I didn't



enjoy the recitation and it's safe to say that nobody else did. But I remember the lines and am convinced that the truth is in them. You probably have not been required to learn the poem so I'll quote the last lines and see if you don't like the sound and sense.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
 As the swift seasons roll!  
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at length are free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!  
 Gladys Meade Klebsattel-- 1912

Dear Echo:

Greetings from the class of 1893. We were four, and we still remain four. One has made her home in a distant western state; two have always lived within the Empire State and the other has never lived beyond the sound of the old school bell. This bell has engraved upon it, "Bainbridge Union School organized June 19, 1874. To the writer there is more sentiment connected with the old bell and beautiful elms than there was in the crumbling building. All of the shade trees, even the cedar, are to be preserved, but the plans call for a modern gong. Will someone suggest a way in which the half-century old bell can be preserved, to bind the past with the present?"  
 Sebert B. Hollenbeck—1893

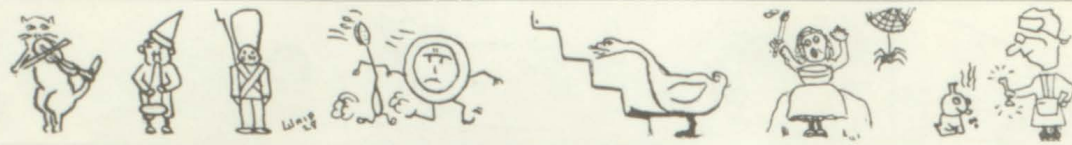
"Ex portu in mare," was the '98 class motto.  
 "With favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas,  
 We sailed for the Hesperides,  
 The land where golden apples grow,  
 But that, ah!, that was long ago."

How apt a symbol of life,—a voyage,—a quest. But whether shipwreck o'ertake, or adversity sweep us from our course to places unintended, or under sunny skies with favoring winds we sail; for each of us, progress and advancement are possible, and by consistent and persistent effort we may approximate our ideal. Always there is a to-morrow filled with hope and opportunity. "Ex portu in mare!"  
 Leon C. Rhodes—1898

As Mother Goose waddled down the street, she heaved a great sigh. She was thinking of her goslings of 1923, and how they had left her. She was proud of them though, and thought what fine models they would make for the little geese of 1926.

Elliot Danforth is attending Colgate University, and Burritt Haddow, St. Lawrence University. Frances Cooper and Marie Gunther went to Oneonta Normal and are now teaching at Stevensville and Valonia Springs respectively. Dorothea White is with the 1900 Washer Company in Binghamton; our dear classmate, Vivien Walker left us in the summer of 1924; Ruth Holenbeck is attending Syracuse University and Frances Kentfield is at Albany State College. Frieda Friedel graduated from Crouse-Irving Hospital a year ago. Thelma Taylor attended Lowell's Business School, and is now working in the First National Bank, and Owena Crumb is attending Oxford University.

Thelma Taylor, '23



A toast to the Class of Nineteen Four that went forth twenty-two years ago from the halls of B. H. S. with the motto flaunted upon its banner "Out of the harbor onto the High Sea," each member feeling that he had gained the first goal in life's work. From that class composed of Mary Sweet Herrick, Rena Lyon Hollenbeck, Jessie Gibson Howland, Hallie Cartledge Howland, Ralph H. Loomis, Earl A. Westcott, Rex H. Randal and Irving D. Tillman it can be said that each was a loyal member of the class and school and at this date cherish fond remembrances of the happy days spent together.

So here's to Nineteen Four  
May each live long and well  
Here's to our beloved B. H. S.  
May she never know any sleep,  
May she live and prosper forever.

Irving D. Tillman—1904

Dear Echo:

There were six members in the class of 1915—Indra Brant, Gladys L. Cushman, Helen C. Stewart, Ernest R. Quackenbush, George R. Aylesworth and myself—a large class. Anyway it seemed so then. I suppose we were just like every other class that ever graduated. Some of us had rather definite ideas about our future work and others did not. But everyone has found something to do. We are scattered now in the four directions, and in four different states. We are almost lost in the wide, wide world. However, we shall still remember B. H. S. as our starting point.

Shirley E. Stewart—1915

The Echo is always a welcome guest. It brings to my mind many happy remembrances of the students, classmates and teachers of Bainbridge High with whom I had many pleasant associations. Not only the pleasant associations which I was permitted to enjoy but also the education and training that I obtained with their assistance.

Altho being permitted to attend other institutions of learning, dear old B. H. S. memories, have the first place in my heart. May her efficiency of the past be multiplied in the future when they are permitted to enjoy the conveniences of a modern school building.

Long Live the Records of Old B. H. S.

E. Irene Strong—1916

Dear Echo:

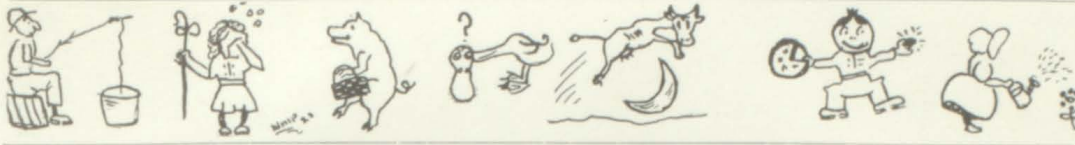
In behalf of the class of '22, I wish to write our appreciation of the "Echo!" It is interesting and shows great loyalty, interest, and hard work on the part of the editors.

Reading the "Echo" brings back vivid memories of dear old days in B. H. S.—when we used to pass notes, be sent up to a front seat, etc. Oh yes, we were all the same!

The Alumni section is a loving bond between "B. H. S." and us and is especially appreciated as years pass on and we lose other communications with old acquaintances.

Here's hoping the "Echo" is perpetual.

Jean Davidson—1922



Dear B. H. S.,

In former days, which many praise,  
When Bainbridge wanted knowledge,  
They sent the "kids" to B. H. S.  
And from there on to College.

In our Freshmen days we planted a tree  
And with it buried treasures.  
We gave the Seniors a banquet free  
Which was one of our Sophomore pleasures.

Our Junior year was best of all.  
We started in dramatics,  
We had a Greenwich Village Ball  
Which excelled all other antics.

Our Senior deeds were widely known.  
And now our cheers we'll raise  
To our "Prof" Casey, the Board and the home  
Of our Bainbridge High School days.

The Class of 1924

“Jack

be

Nimble”





## ATHLETICS

This year it was quite impossible to have a football team, and so it is impossible to say anything about it only that a meeting was held in the school house.

Neither did we have a skating team. Last year's team entered two competitive meets,, the Tri-City Silver Skates Derby and the Inter-Scholastic Championship Derby held at Recreation Park, Binghamton, N. Y. Bainbridge came out fourth. Next year, however, Bainbridge may be more successful.

### GIRLS' PHYSICAL TRAINING

Why sit around during the twenty minute period? You're not as tired as you think you are. You're just in need of some good peppy exercise. They are held during the twenty minute period every day except Tuesdays. They're piles of fun. Just try it instead of hiding.

It isn't drudgery. Collect some school spirit and get your enthusiasm aroused. Just remember that, later in June, as a means of closing the season, a tournament is held. A "B" is usually presented to the leader and members of the winning group. Is your group going to get the honor? Are you going to help your group get it? If so, do not fail to put your pep and vim into your exercises. The leaders are also anxious to have their groups win. This year's leaders are Pauline Loudon, Doris Wilcox, Marian Nichols, Stella Smith, and Henriette Nickel.

Mary Dunham's group won last year, and the other groups are after the chance.

### BASEBALL

#### Outlook for Baseball '26

Baseball! Our favorite pastime again comes into view at the first clearing spring sunshine. As usual our high school plans to have a good team representing us. Judging from the material, old Bainbridge looks as if it is going to have a rosy season of it. But, first of all, to have a good team, it is necessary to have the interest of every girl, boy, teacher, parent and citizen.

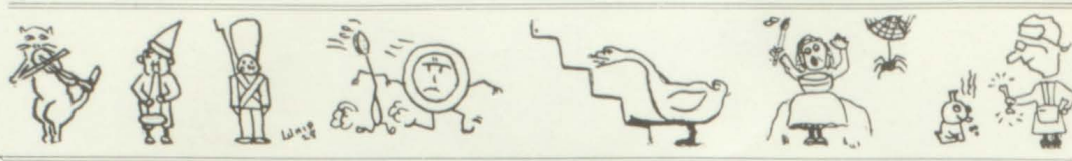
#### Baseball—1925

The baseball season of 1925 was pretty successful, our team winning every game except three. The team consisted of Elmer Archer, Jasper Hand, Marshall Lowry, Marshall Andrews, Ivan Hawkins, Elverton Hoyt, Coville Winsor, Albert Kirkland, Paul Olesen, Alfred Hohreiter, and Kenneth Eldred.

The following are the games played and the resulting scores:

Bainbridge	6	Afton	7
Bainbridge	1	Deposit	0
Bainbridge	6	Winsor	4
Bainbridge	8	Deposit	19
Bainbridge	5	Unadilla	9
Bainbridge	15	Afton	3
Bainbridge	15	Winsor	1
Bainbridge	8	Unadilla	6





### QUOITS

Once upon a time there was an asparagus bed. Fine, oh fine asparagus had grown there! Suddenly there came a troupe of boys running over it, pounding sticks into it, and throwing heavy iron things on it. Then the asparagus bed was no longer an asparagus bed. "Oh!" it moaned, "what is happening to me." Then the asparagus bed lay quiet, and every morning, noon and night the boys pitched quoits. Hearing their happy laughter and shouts, the bed couldn't help being happy. "Why this is better than being an asparagus bed, where everything is so quiet." It watched the boys pitch horseshoes and soon knew who were the most successful pitchers. Some of these it recognized as Charles Taylor, Alfred Hohreiter, Albert Kirkland and others. The little bed grew happier every day in every way at the thought that he provided such great pleasure to the Bainbridge High School boys who without it would have been merely existing and not living.

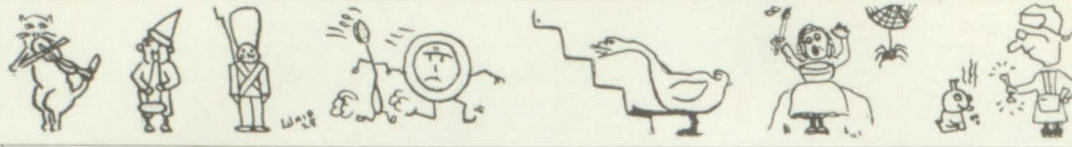
It is well to say here that Mr. S. B. Hollenbeck kindly donated his asparagus bed for the use of the Bainbridge High School boys.

The

Crooked

Man





## RECIPES

### ALFRED HOHREITER'S SAUCE PIQUANT

Ingredients	
1 teacher	1 unprepared lesson
1 boy	Numerous spicy remarks
1 appreciative class	

Carefully select one teacher, high spirited and quick at retort (the stronger the latter flavor in the ingredient, the more interesting and palatable the sauce will be). Let the boy chosen contain a great deal of back talk. To be really tasty, the unprepared lesson should have several elements of misunderstanding. To these gradually add numerous spicy remarks in small quantities and combine all in a slightly warmed schoolroom mixing bowl which should be half filled with class pupils of the same texture but slightly different flavour as boy. Heat all this to boiling point, beat well with a little sarcasm, and serve while hot.

Carol Hedburg '26

### EARL HOLLENBECK'S BACHELOR'S PUDDING

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into the prettiest mixing bowl you can find—a grey one with a border of bluebirds will do very nicely. Next select a box from the cupboard which has a pretty girl pictured thereon—this will undoubtedly contain raisins. Dump the raisins in wholesale. Next put an egg thru the food-chopper—shell and all. Mix with two cups of graham flour and add to the bowl containing the lemon juice and raisins. Seize the stove poker and stir to the right consistency. Probably this mixture will be a trifle too sour for the average bachelor, so add soda to suit the individual taste. Bake 30 minutes in a buttered baking dish, remove, and serve with creamed cigar ashes.

NOTE: Close the kitchen door while putting the egg through the food-chopper so that the rest of the household (if there be any) will not think that you are grinding the best china dishes to a pulp.

Myrtle V. Kentfield, '26

### CRY BABIES

Take 1 qt. strong onions, peel and cut very fine. Do not chop as this destroys the perfect little squares into which onions must be chopped. When finished, if they have not produced the desired effect, they must be thrown away and a larger measure prepared in the same way.

### ROSCOE FORSYTHE'S CLAM CHOWDER

Take one very large kettle (the bigger the better)  
5 bolts and screws  
3 clam shells broken up  
7 light kernels of corn (be sure they float)  
1 cup of milk (less will do if it's too blue)  
1 slice of carrot (that will float)  
3 potatoes (you can't buy any less than that)  
plenty of salt, pepper and flavoring

Take the large kettle, fill it with the water and heat. In the bottom place the



clam shells and the bolts. Cut one potato into large hunks and the other into very small hunks and add. When this has cooked, add the milk and float the corn about on the top. Also float the slice of carrot about. Then add a dash of salt and half a cup of pepper. Heat so hot nobody will want any. You are now ready to serve it. Call all the children in. Charge 5 cents a dish. They will smell the pepper and see the corn floating about, and so assume it is good. Dish the first dish with lots of potato and one kernel of corn, and as much milk as possible. This is a good advertisement. Dish the others then, being careful not to dish out the corn until all have been served.

**CAUTION:** Be very careful not to serve up the bolts, but do serve the shells. They have the effect of making one believe he is eating clams. Every now and then stir the chowder. The bolts will give a pleasant swish and confirm the idea that there is something there. Next, after all the money has been collected, but before anyone's chowder is cool enough to taste, seize the kettle and depart thru the nearest window.

Marion E. Nichols, '26

#### HOW TO CURE BASHFULNESS

1 pretty girl (or good looking boy)	½ davenport
1 electric lamp (dim)	1 quarter for movies for kid brother
1 dime for kid sister	1 lodge night for "pa"

When "pa's" lodge night comes, call him or her on the phone and give explicit directions as to the way to the side door and to the exact hour when "pa" departs (or five minutes after preferred). Then promise Johnny a quarter for a trip to the movies and Susie a dime for a gedunk sundae. Then lead the patient to the davenport, dim the lamp and——the results are usually favorable.

Norma F. Fiske, '26

#### SCALLOPED POTATOES

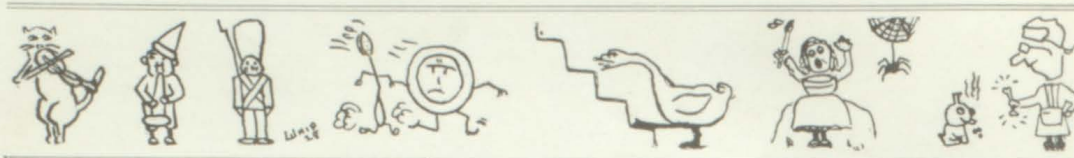
Use a pyrex dish seven inches in diameter and five inches deep. Cut up raw potatoes into slices two inches square. Place 9 squares on the bottom of the dish. Put a piece of butter the size of a small button on each square. Sprinkle daintily with flour, salt and pepper. Put nine more squares on top of this and repeat this process until the mixture comes to within two inches of the top. Pour milk in the dish until each potato square has ample swimming space and liquid. Be sure to light the oven with a match that has never been lighted before and never use a broken match as the potatoes will always burn. Put the potatoes in the oven and bake until they are a beautiful henna brown. Serve hot.

Doris Wilcox, '26

#### CAMERON COLLINS' "LITTLE PIGS IN BLANKETS"

Choose large plump oysters and wrap a thin slice of Dix's bacon around each one. It is most important that each bacon blanket be tied on with a red satin ribbon, for, when the ribbon becomes heated, the dye oozes forth and tints the little pigs a dainty pink. Place them in a row in a heated frying pan as if they were eating from a trough. Now place a tablespoon of pepper at the head of each one. Cook until the blankets become stiff and dry. Serve at once in a little glass pen into which has been thrown a few kernels of corn.

Myrtle Kentfield, '26



### MARK SAWYER'S ELECTRICAL OMELET

Take one good egg. Punch a hole in each end, insert a platinum wire, and proceed with the process of electrolysis. If the egg doesn't resolve itself into its component parts, and go up in air, you will know that it is a good egg, and can proceed with the omelet. Pour it into a dish with wires around it, and pass a current through the wire. This will turn both egg and dish into a magnet. By holding another magnet above it, the combined attractions of dish and magnet will make the egg beat itself to a stiff froth. Lastly, pass a direct current through the beaten egg. This will startle it (in fact quite petrify it, if continued over protracted intervals of time) until it is done. Season and serve.

My friends tell me it is "just like mother used to make." I cannot say as to that however, as I never ate any.

Marion E. Nichols, '26

### JOLLY JUNIOR JINGLES

Mildred Cheesbro (counting her buttons)

A tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor,  
There's no one else like Charlie Taylor.

Ralph Corbin

Junie, come give me thy drums  
If ever thou mean to thrive.  
Nay, I'll not give my drums  
To any man alive.

If ever I should give my drums,  
They'll think that I'm gone mad;  
For many a joyful day  
My drums and I have had.

Gertrude Eggleston (to herself)

His father calls him William,  
His mother calls him Will,  
They used to call him Willie,  
But me—I call him Bill.

Charles Hager

Charley Hager had a girl  
Merely in his dreams  
All other girls he tried to get  
Just filled his ears with screams.

Dorothy Harmon

A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,  
Why did you come so soon?  
You used to come at ten o'clock,  
But now you come at noon.

Alfred Hohreiter

Hush-a-bye, Alfred, on the tree top,  
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,  
Down will come, Alfred, bough, cradle, and all.

Earl Hollenbeck

There was a man in our town,  
He was wondrous wise,  
He jumped into a bramble bush  
And scratched out both his eyes.



Marc Sawyer

Marc built a radio  
He tried Schenectady  
All the station, he could get  
Was S-T-A-T-I-C.

Florence Seeley

Little dabs of pawder;  
Little daubs of paint;  
Sometimes make a freckle,  
Look like what it ain't.

Charles Taylor

Riddle me, riddle me, ree,  
A boy beneath a tree;  
And he says to himself, says he,  
"Oh, dear! what a fine boy I be."

Blanche Throop

Blanche Throop has grown so fine,  
She won't get up to feed the swine;  
She lies in bed 'till half-past nine,  
Ay! truly, she doth take her time.

Ellsworth Tiffany

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh, my darling Evelyn  
I will meet you Monday morning, in the hall at half past nine.

Elverton Hoyt

Hoyty was a paper boy,  
Hoyty was a pest,  
But when he played at baseball  
He played his level best.

Mildred Ives

Mildred Ives could make no noise;  
Others made it all.  
As they jumped around and chattered,  
She calmly bounced her ball.

Helen Lenheim

Helen Lenheim talked and talked  
In the halls and on the walk,  
In the sun and in the rain  
When she stopped she began again.

Florence Lord (resolved:)

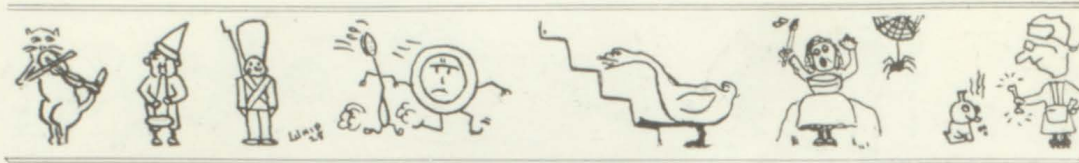
My voice is weak,  
My knees are weaker,  
I'll never be  
A public speaker.

Marshall Lowry (studying spelling)

C-a-t, c-a-t, t-r-e, tree,  
1-2-3, out goes he.

Gertrude Palmatier

What lesson does she like the best?  
Let French be brought to be the test.



Louise Petley

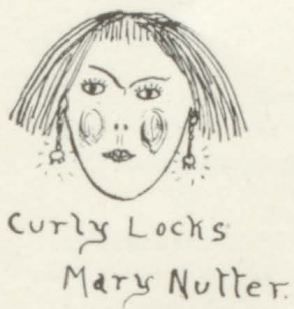
I shan't study all my life,  
I'd rather be a farmer's wife.

Florence Phillips

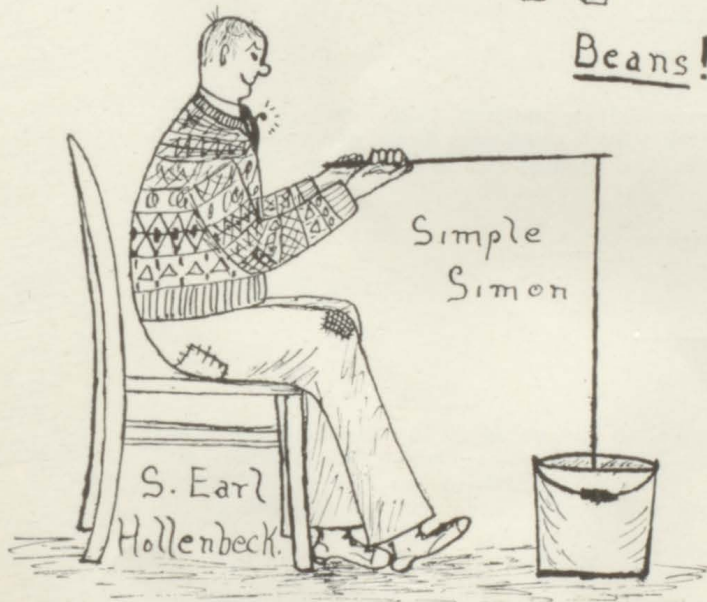
"Where are you going my pretty maid?"  
"None of your business, sir," she said.

Hilda Sargeant

Hilda is a quiet maid;  
Puts all others in the shade,  
Doesn't try to look demure,  
But she is that way, for sure.

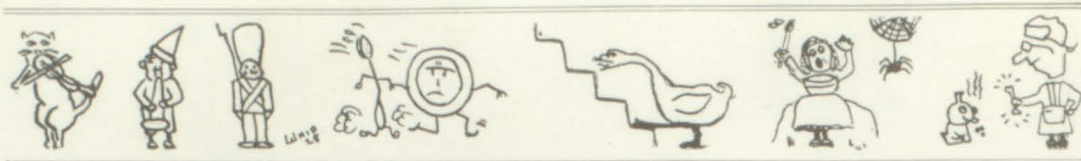


Dick Be  
Nimble,  
Dick Be  
Quick,  
etc.



C.R.T.





## CONFIDENTIAL CHATS WITH MOTHER GOOSE

This year, we can announce an unusual treat for our readers. We have procured the services of kind, understanding Mother Goose herself, who has kindly consented to solve all perplexing problems. Bring your trials to her.

Pauline M. Loudon

Dear Mother Goose,

Through the past months I have been in the deepest meditation and perplexity. In my state of ambiguity, I am appealing to you for the help of elucidating this not only tremendous, but perhaps almost unsolvable question. In you, perhaps, a solution can be found. You know that I hold in esteem, not only your explicitness but your perfect comprehension.

"Do you think Mr. Marshall Lowry will ever pass spelling?"  
Thanking you for your consideration,

Henriette Nickel

Dear Henny,

It certainly affords me greatest pleasure to be able to help you in this, your time of deepest anxiety and worry.

When Mr. Marshall Lowry has the power to revise Webster's Dictionary and use his own code of spelling, he will pass this difficult subject with all honor—no doubt the time will soon be here.

Let me know if you have any more questions of such great importance.  
Mother Goose

Dear Mother Goose,

For many months I have pondered over a serious question, that I am sure you can answer. Of course this will be strictly confidential, I trust and know you can help me. Please consider this from all points of view, and answer me from the depths of your heart.

"Will Dorothy Harmon's hair ever grow out?"  
Thanking you for your kind help,

Coralyn Whitney

My Dear Coralyn,

I can imagine how worried you must be, so I'm going to lay aside all my other work, in order that I may give your answer. I have carefully studied Miss Harmon and have decided that the only thing that will hurry the growth of her hair is "Whipple's Hair Tonic"—If your friend will use this, her hair will soon be at a length where she can use a pretty hair dress.

You're welcome, dear—

Mother Goose



I am afraid that, unless your young boy friend envelopes himself in a heavy veil, or always carries an umbrella, to protect himself from the bright sun which leaves the tell-tale freckles, his beauty will be marred by those horrid brown spots, which worry you so. (You had better warn him.)

Mother Goose

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Dear Mother Goose,

Can you explain this strange phenomenon to me? I'm always puzzled to know **why** it is, that if I have one problem in Geometry, that I'm dubious on, although I have a very intelligent expression on my face, Prof. Casey always calls on me to explain why  $AB:BC::BC:FE!$

Sincerely yours,

Mary Hager

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Dear Mary,

This seems to be a question that puzzles many of our bright students, so I'll answer it.

Our most honorable professor is a wizzard, he can see, hear, understand, and say things that no one else can. Beware!!!

Mother Goose



Dear Mother Goose,

I would like to have you tell me why it is that Caesar didn't die before he learned to write. I am growing old in the attempt of conquering Latin II, so will be anxiously awaiting your reply.

Elverton Hoyt

Dear Elverton,

Caesar was one of those fortunate mortals who had the gift of gab and was born with the ability of writing it on paper. He thought he was being kind to humanity, and I am sure that if he had known how much trouble it is causing you, he would have died long before he had time to write.

Lovingly,

Mother Goose

My Dear Mother Goose,

My girl and I are supposed to attend a party over to Siv Perkins, and our car is broken down, and our horses are cows. And too, it is nasty walking. However, I have a darn good pair of mules but—they kick. Now my girl, Ethel Woods, is awfully stylish, and afraid of all farm animals—so I don't know how to get her to the party. Please help me.

Yours truly,

Alfonzo

Dear Alfonzo,

I think I have a plan!! Blind-fold your lady friend, and put a clothes-pin on her nose—put her in your wheelbarrow, and wheel her to the party.

Anything else I can do to aid you?

Mother Goose

Dear Mother Goose,

As I sat in the study hall this morning, dreaming, what do you think I saw? Not in my dream but in reality. The first robin of Spring. With the sight of the robin, came the joyous thoughts of Spring. As I was happily dreaming of my new spring finery, the awakening of all the little buds and the return of all the beautiful birds, it suddenly occurred to me that we had spring weather, and for a few minutes I was completely lost to the world in my contentment.

Suddenly my thoughts grew dull, my feverish head swam and everything turned black. Oh! Can it be! Do you think, dear Mother Goose, that the bright, warm spring sunshine will bring the freckles out on Lewis Kirkland's face?

Yours very sincerely,

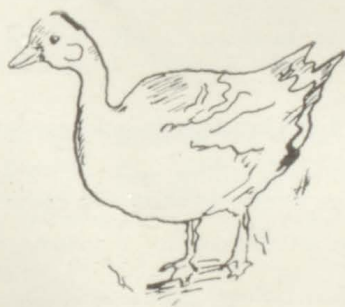
Betty Stevens

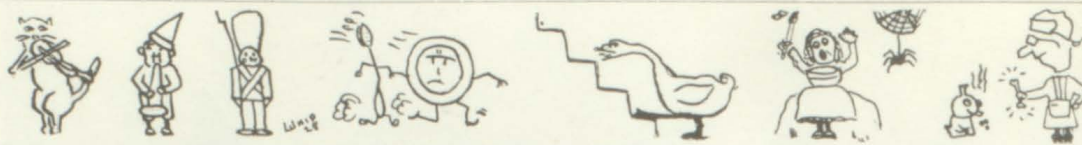
My Dear Betty,

I can tell by your letter, that you are very interested in this young man, and naturally you would be, for freckles always mar even the greatest beauty.

Simple

Simon





### DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN THIS HAPPENED?

Teacher: (after a lecture to history class who have not studied)—Why do I always have to have a row before I can get you to study the Constitution?

Paul Olesen—Didn't they have a row when they made it?

Miss Johnson (explaining square root by logarithms)—Ordinarily, in these logarithms, when you multiply, you add, and when you divide, you subtract. But in square root, you mustn't make the mistake of subtracting when you divide, you must multiply but not add,—” But the poor student had fainted.

Stella Smith, (in play practice)—Here comes ze tabby cat. Me on my way.  
Just then, in walked Mr. Casey.

Miss Welcome (in study hall)—Go to work and start studying or I shall have to separate you all over the room!

Teacher—All take out your notebooks and study something you don't know. None of you have any doubts about your not knowing anything have you?

Casey (in Geometry Class)—Albert, is this line longer than the other?

Albert—Yes.

Casey—Go to the board and prove it.

Albert (after moments of struggle)—I can't.

Casey—Warren, what is wrong with his work? What should he have done?

Warren—He should have said “No” to begin with.

(In English IV Class)—Why did they have Macbeth murdered off the stage instead of on?

Ward—They didn't want to kill him.

According to one History A student, Aeneas was a Greek prince who led the Jews out of captivity into Canaan.

Artistic Freshman (gazing at foot of snow on top of chicken coop)—Oh, just look at the frosting on that chicken coop!

Mary Nutter—I'll be darned if you could get me to eat a chicken coop, even if it was frosted!

Ward, will you get me some running pine?

Ward—I can't catch it!

Ward says he has his gum trained so that it parks automatically when Prof. Casey enters the room.

### JOKES

Miss Clinch-Randolph, will you tell me what a conjunction is, and compose a sentence containing one.

Randolph L.—A conjunction is a word connecting anything, such as, “The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter.” Halter is a conjunction because it connects horse and the fence.

“Oh, say, Latin's easy. I wish I had taken it.

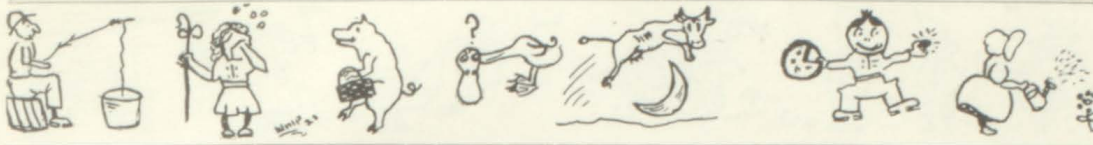
Non-Latin student picking up Caesar

“Look here”—

Pointing to several passages.

“Forte dux in ano”—Forty ducks in a row.

“Passus sum jam”—Pass us some jam—



"Bonis leges C.æsaris"—The bony legs of Caesar.

"Caesar sic de cur egressi lectani"—Caesar sicked the cat on the cur; I guess he licked him.

Charles Taylor—I have a swell job at a confectionary.

Mildred Cheesbro—What do you do?

Charles Taylor—Milk chocolates.

Elverton Hoyt (passionately) I'll be your valentine.

Ottelie Nickel—I was in hopes that I wouldn't get any comics this year.

Ward Kirkland—What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Mike—Polish them.

Cameron Collins—Ever take chloroform?

John Davidson—No, who teaches it?

George Bennett—This is an excellent floor.

Irene Kirkland—Then why dance on my feet.

Miner Cooper—You're a swell dancer.

Henriette Nickel—Thanks, but I'm sorry I can't return the compliment.

Miner Cooper—You can if you lie like I did.

Miss Miner (in History class)—Who was Columbus?

Claude Smith—The gem of the ocean.

Prof (in Geometry)—I want you to draw a circle.

Sebe Hollenbeck—Do you want a round circle?

Miss Johnson (in Latin I class)—"Miss Hirt, decline donum!"

Virginia Hirt—"Donum, ----Dono."

Mr. Casey to Ward Kirkland (in study hall)—"Ward, Ward, wake up!"

Ward—"I can't, I'm not asleep."

We have noticed that Lloyd Johnson likes to tell Miss Miner how to do Algebra in Algebra class.

Miss Clinch (in English II class)—Henry Cheesbro, use cauterize in a sentence.

Henry—"I knew she was mine the minute I caught her eyes."

Lavinda Dedrick (in Biology class)—My father says that we are descended from apes.

Miss F. Johnson—Your private family matters have no interest for the class.

Miss Hanby—Have you done your outside readings?

Ward Kirkland—Naw, it's too cold!

#### He Wasn't So Measly

A small boy called on the doctor, one evening. "Say, Doc, I guess I've got the measles," he said, "but I can keep it quiet."

The doctor looked up puzzled.

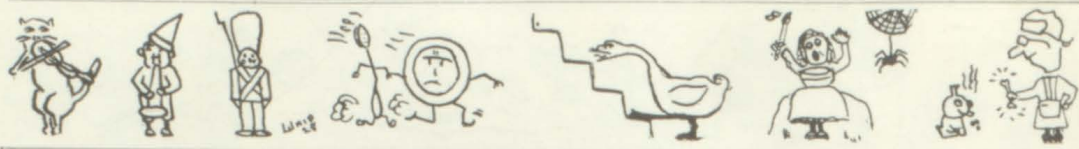
"Aw, get wise, Doc," suggested the small boy, "what'll you give me to go to school and scatter it among all the rest of the kids?"

Captain—If anything moves, you shoot!

Sentry—Yassuh, an' if anything shoots, ah moves!—Drury Academe.

"Where is the manager's office?"

"Follow the passage until you come to the sign "No Admittance." Go up stairs



until you see the sign reading 'Keep Out.' Follow the corridor until you see the sign 'Silence,' then yell for him."

"Mrs. Clansy, yer child is badly spoiled."

"Gwan wid yez!"

"Well, if ye don't believe me, come and see what the steam roller just did to it."

Advertising the vacuum cleaner—Don't kill your wife! Let electricity do the dirty work!

Teacher—State an important fact about Theodore Roosevelt.

Clifford Loudon—He talked in Afton a few years ago.

Little boy—How much are those bullets?

Saleslady—Bullets? Where?

Little boy—Right here.

Saleslady—Why, sonny, those aren't bullets; they are just the new style lip sticks.

Pat (speaking to Mike who has just fallen from a six-story building)—My dear old pal, how did this happen? Are you hurt much?

Mike—Shut up. I don't want to see you. You wouldn't speak to me when I just passed you on the fourth floor.

One guy hands another guy a paper and asks him his viewpoint:

Second—I can't understand it.

First—Can'tchewread?

Second—Can'tcherwrite?

Shiek Hager to Ward Kirkland—Why is it Charles Taylor jumps for the tail end of your sleigh-loads?

Ward—I give up!

Shiek—So you won't have to have a tail light.

John Malden—May I speak?

Miss Hanby—No.

John M.—Will you help me with my geometry, Maen?

Miss Hanby—You may speak!

Ivan Hawkins—Could you tell me in round numbers what I made in the test?

Prof.—Yes, zero.

Miss F. Johnson—Can anyone tell me what an octopus is?

John Lord—An eight sided cat.

John Maldon—Miss Johnson, can anyone be punished for something he didn't do?

Miss R. Johnson—Of course not.

John—Well, I haven't done my Latin.

What kind of a car has George Bennett?

"Pray as you enter!"

Dot Harman—Did you get all those questions in the test?

Pauline Loudon—Yes, but it's the answers I missed.

Mike—Mother, some of the boys in my class didn't know how to spell 'sarcastic'!"

Mrs. Lowry—How did you spell it?

Mike—Me? Oh, I was one of those who didn't know!

Apply to Monsieur E. Hoyt for instructions in losing notebooks in order to avoid classes.



Miss Johnson:—No.

Lloyd J.:—J'ever eat any?

Miss Johnson:—Yes.

Lloyd:—Ever die?

Prof. Casey:—Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides of this triangle?

John Loudon:—I don't have to prove it. I admit it.

Miss Johnson:—What are molds?

Bill Lewis:—Aren't they those things that live in the ground.

Sheik Hager:—I can read my sister like a book.

Ellsworth Tiffany:—I'll bet you can't shut her up as easily.

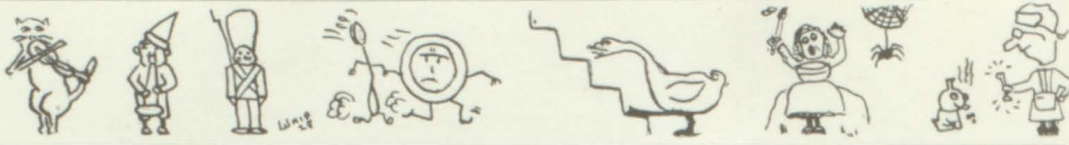
Miss Hanby:—Mildred Cheesbro, can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI?

Mildred:—Mary.

Miss Hanby:—Now, Charles Taylor, who followed Mary?

Charles (absent-mindedly):—Her little lamb.





Miss Johnson—What caused Caesar's death?  
 Ward Kirkland—Intoxication.  
 Miss Johnson—How do you get that?  
 Ward—Too many Roman punches!

Helen Howland—My goodness, every time I hear that tune it haunts me.  
 Junior Corbin—Why shouldn't it? You murdered it!

Henry Cheesbro—Father! Father! The bull pup is chewing up the roll of films I got for my camera and won't let go!  
 Father—Go and get some of that tooth paste that removes the film from the teeth.

Dear Mr. Colgate:  
 I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says no mug required. What shall I shave?

Yours truly,

A Frosh.

"Well, Johnny, how did you like school?"  
 "I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and sat but she never gave me the present."

Grandma:—What do you say when you go to bed?  
 Marjorie (age 5):—Turn off that durn bed-time story.

The minister, ending his prayer, said, "And may the Lord give us good hearts, pure hearts, and sweet hearts."  
 All the old maids said, "Amen."

Miss Johnson:—Give the rule for the months.  
 Ward:—Thirty days hath September  
 All the rest I can't remember.

Miss Clinch:—Explain how Charles Darnay was made unconscious in prison."  
 Warren Whipple:—He was fumigated.

"Do dates contain only sugar?"  
 "No—women!"

Miss Frances Johnson:—How do invertebrates breathe?  
 John Davidson:—They breathe in!"

Charles Taylor:—We call our dog, 'Sandwich'.  
 Roscoe:—Why?  
 Charles:—Because he's half-bred.

Florence Phillips:—Why isn't your hair red?  
 Elizabeth Collor:—Because ivory doesn't rust."

"And garters with fancy borders showed beneath her knees"—Ovid.  
 Thus our conclusion is that we aren't so modern after all.

Miss Johnson in Biology class:—Elizabeth Collar, define to me the meaning of Biology.  
 Elizabeth:—Methinks it is the science of shopping.

Miss Clinch:—Punctuate this sentence, "There is a pretty girl."  
 John Davidson:—Dash after the girl.

Lloyd Johnson in Biology:—Miss Johnson, can you tell the difference between toadstools and mushrooms?



# Autographs





# Autographs





# Autographs



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A cat tied to teacher's desk and  
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