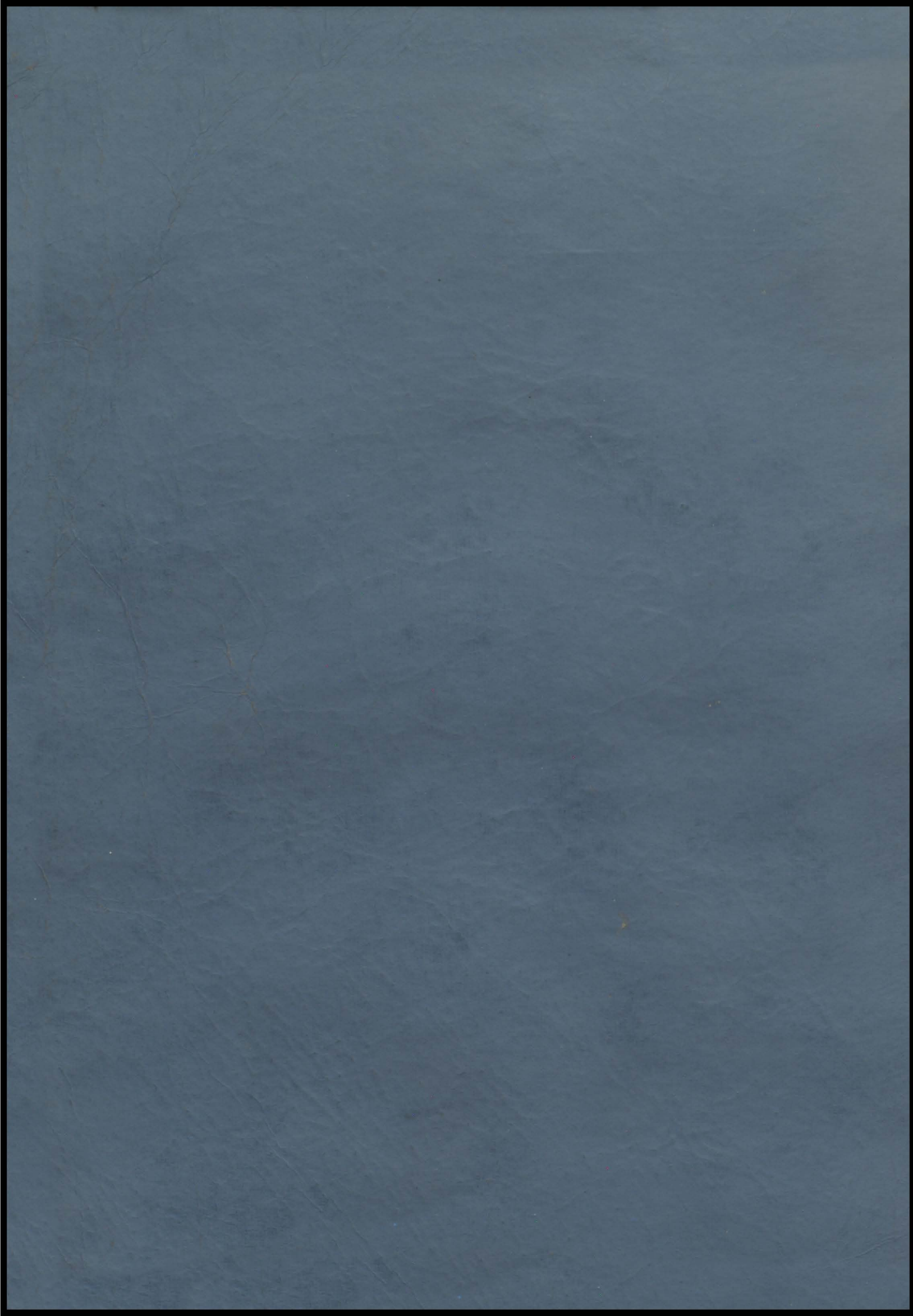


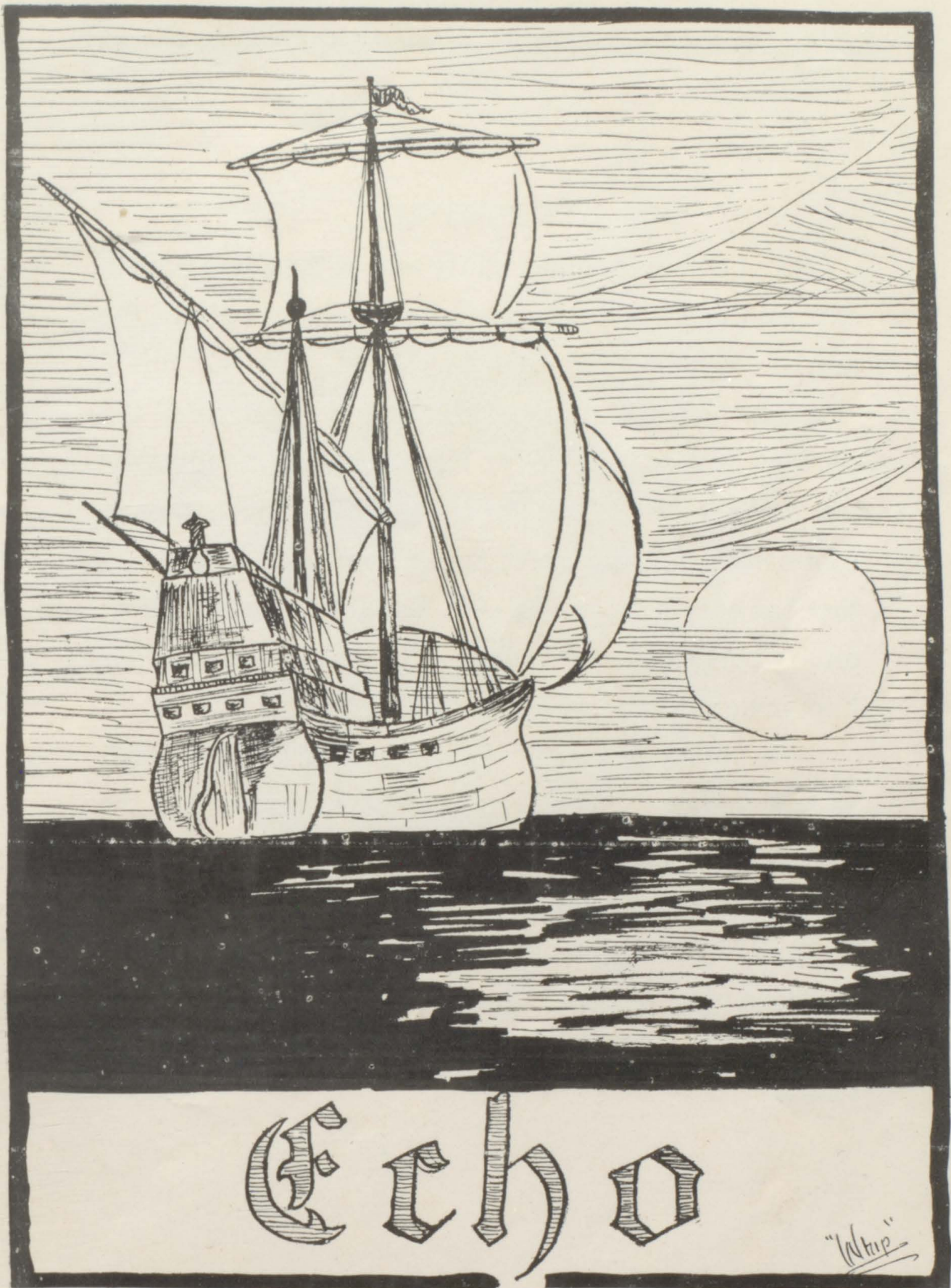
# THE ECHO

1927



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PUBLISHED BY  
SENIOR CLASS  
OF  
BAINBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL  
1927



Echo

"W. H. P."

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## FOREWORD

To be able to think rightly and at the same time to express thoughts clearly and intelligently should be the aim of every boy and girl.

The Echo, the year book of the members of the Senior Class of Bainbridge High School, embodies the training in both of these directions that has been imparted during the four years of high school life. Its completion has entailed considerable thought and great effort on the part of the students. These factors must enter into any enterprise which is worth while:

Be not content with what your publication indicates that you have accomplished, but be mindful of the fact that to think and to execute signify growth, the lack of these qualities signifies stagnation. "Carry on" and, when you come to the reminiscent stage of life, measure your success in terms of happiness and in the contentment which you have created for your fellow beings.

Principal F. J. Casey



TO  
MARION R. HANBY  
OUR FACULTY ADVISOR  
WE DEDICATE THIS ECHO

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**THE STAFF**

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF -----EARL HOLLENBECK

ASSISTANT EDITOR -----FLORENCE PHILLIPS

LITERARY EDITOR -----HELEN LENHEIM

ATHLETIC EDITOR -----ALFRED HOHREITER

ALUMNI EDITOR -----MARGARET WILCOX

ASSISTANTS -----FLORENCE SEELEY, VIRGINIA HIRT

JOKE EDITOR -----CHARLES TAYLOR

SOCIETY EDITOR -----DOROTHY HARMON

CIRCULATION MANAGER -----CHARLES HAGER

BUSINESS MANAGER -----RALPH CORBIN

ASSISTANT -----WARREN WHIPPLE

CLASS EDITORS

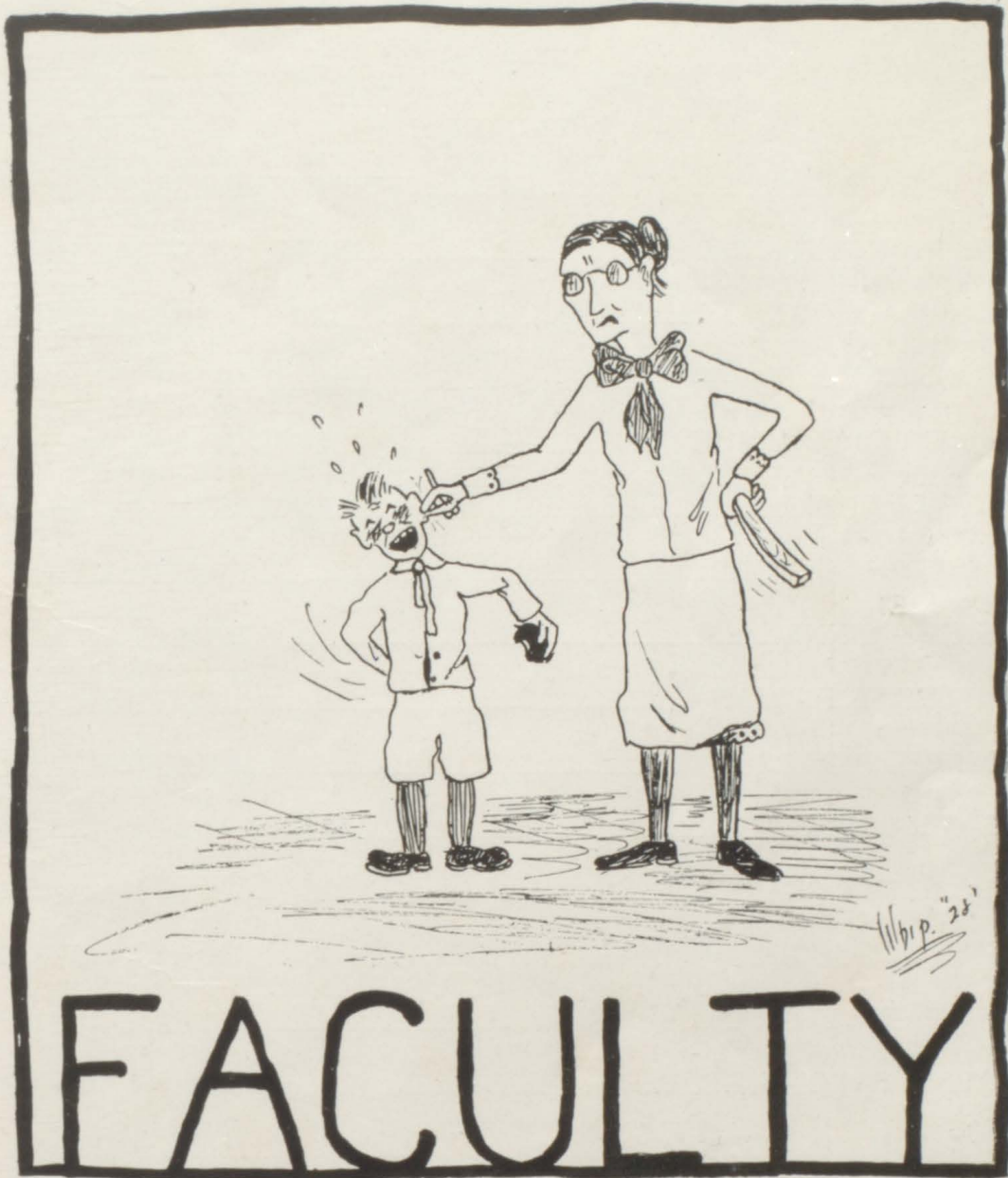
DONNA WILCOX, '28

KATHRYN KENTFIELD, '28

CAROL NICHOLS, '29

MARY COLLAR, '30

FACULTY ADVISOR -----MARION HANBY





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**FACULTY**

F. J. CASEY -----GEOMETRY AND PHYSICS  
MARION R. HANBY -----ENGLISH AND HISTORY  
RUTH V. JOHNSON -----LATIN AND FRENCH  
KATHERINE HANBY -----DOMESTIC SCIENCE  
FRANCES JOHNSON -----SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS  
LEORA CLINCH -----ENGLISH, LIBRARIAN  
MARION L'AMOREAUX -----EIGHTH GRADE  
EMILY KINNE -----SEVENTH GRADE  
HESTER SHERMAN -----SIXTH GRADE  
MABEL PETERSON -----FIFTH GRADE  
LAURA NEWMAN -----FOURTH GRADE  
DOROTHY CLARK -----THIRD GRADE  
ETHEL QUACKENBUSH -----SECOND GRADE  
ANNA NAYLOR -----FIRST GRADE  
ALICE STRONG -----FIRST GRADE  
VIRGINIA BUTLER -----SUPPLY



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**BOARD OF EDUCATION**

SEBERT B. HOLLENBECK ----- PRESIDENT

ROY A. JOHNSON ----- CLERK

NELSON E. WILCOX

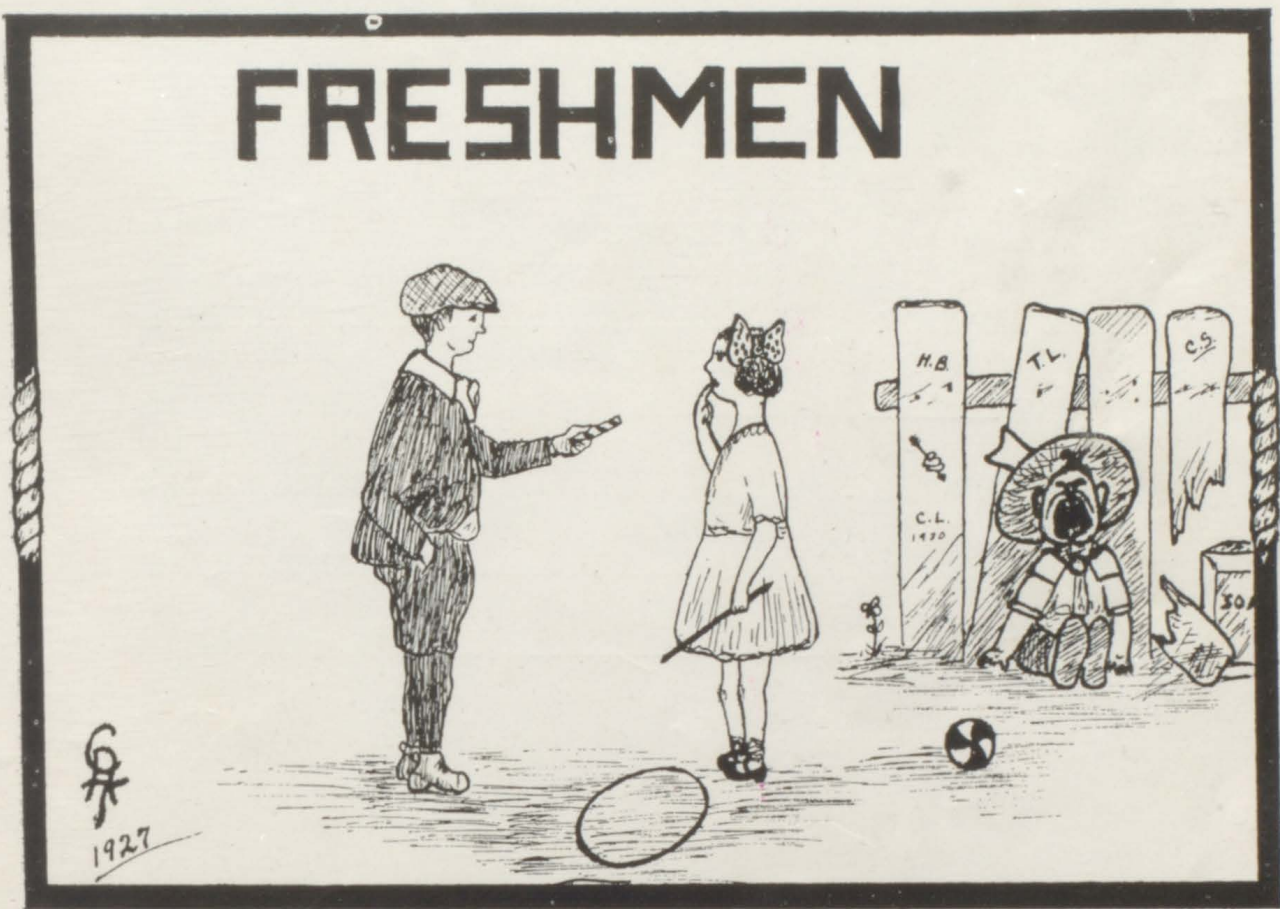
GEORGANA TURNHAM

HENRY HILL

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# FRESHMEN



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**CLASS OF 1930**

FACULTY ADVISOR -----LEORA CLINCH

PRESIDENT -----KARL NICKEL

VICE PRESIDENT -----HELEN BLULER

SECRETARY -----MARY COLLAR

TREASURER -----MARY COLLAR

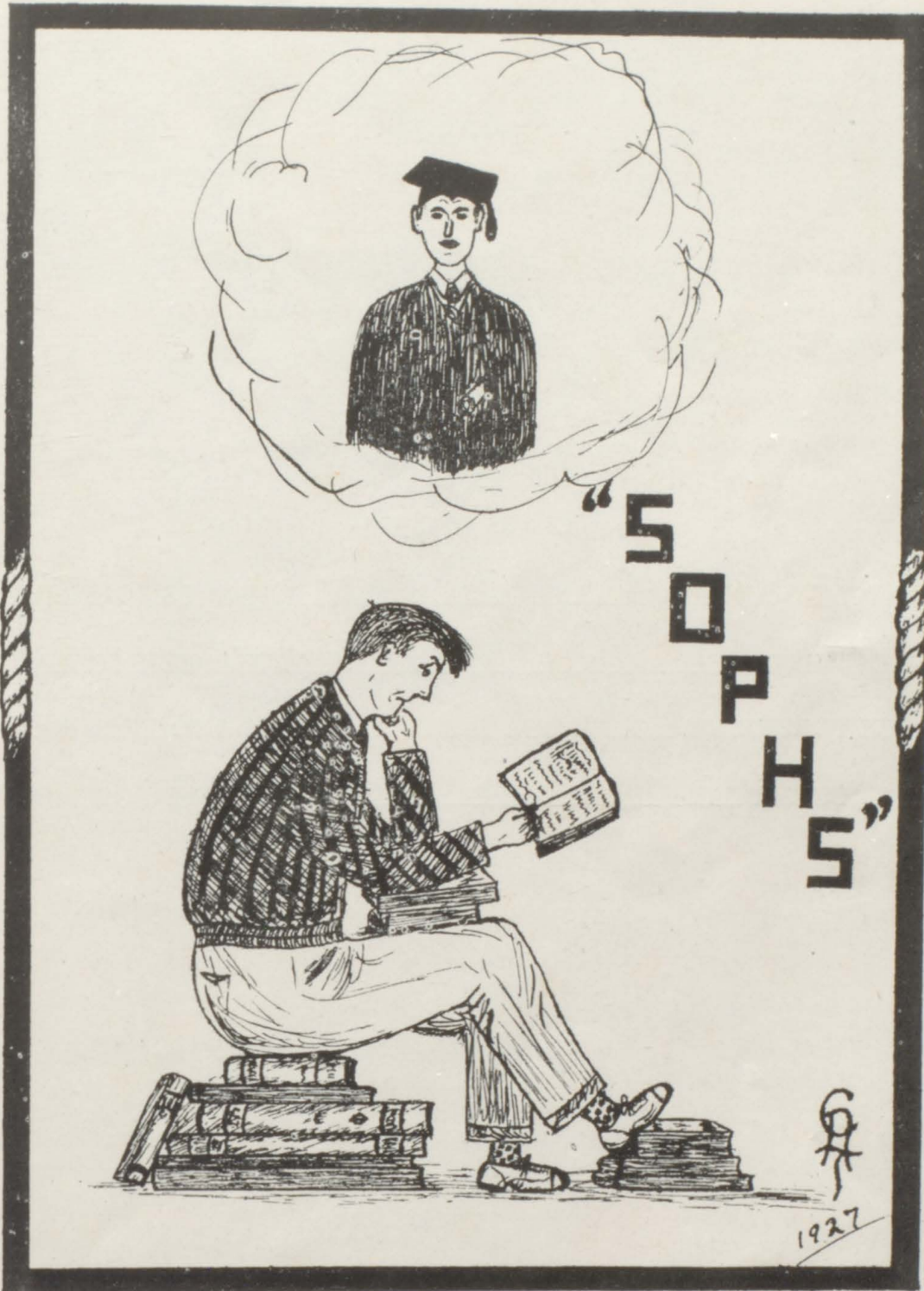


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### FRESHMAN SONG HITS

Baby Face .....	Frances Godfrey
I-I Boy .....	Karl Nickel
She Knows Her Onions .....	Almeta Dunne
Who's Your Sweetheart? .....	Helen Bluler
The Two of Us .....	Claude Smith and Clifford Loudon
Sleepy Head .....	Jennie Figger
I Love Me .....	Millard Howland
Drifting and Dreaming .....	Philip Roberts
Me Too .....	Mary Fairbanks
Crazy Words .....	Alden Wakeman
I Ain't Nobody's Darlin' .....	Stanley Darlin
Ain't She Sweet? .....	Thelma Lyon
You Tell 'Em—I Stutter .....	Frederick Bly
I Don't Want the World .....	Blanche Elander
Precious .....	Carlton Loomis
Sunny .....	Mary Collar
You'd Be Surprised .....	William Hohreiter
Let's Grow Old Together .....	Doris Sherman and Frances Baldwin
Where-do-You-Work-A-Chuck (He doesn't) .....	Charles Armstrong
Me and the Boy Friend .....	Avis Butts
There's Nuthin' On My Mind .....	Walter Sherman
I've Got a Girl .....	Carlton Babcock





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**CLASS OF 1929**

FACULTY ADVISOR -----FRANCES JOHNSON  
PRESIDENT -----ELIZABETH COLLAR  
VICE PRESIDENT -----ROLLAND PECKHAM  
TREASURER -----LLOYD JOHNSON



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### PLAYS OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Rolland Peckham	-----	The Kid Brother
John Davidson	-----	Beau Geste
Louise Whitman	-----	Pollyanna
Albert Kirkland	-----	Big Boy
Leta Crouch	-----	Fog
Robert Parsons	-----	The Beloved Rogue
Donald Loudon	-----	Puppy Love
Zelma Wakeman	-----	Grumpy
Mary Bennett	-----	Come Out of the Kitchen
Carol Nichols	-----	The Importance of Being Earnest
Lloyd Johnson	-----	If I were King
Wilma Lohe	-----	Sunny
Kenneth Hoyt	-----	Grandma's Boy
Elizabeth Collar	-----	The Countess Maritza
Randolph Lewis	-----	The Good Natured Man
Mildred Wilcox, Virginia Hirt	-----	You and I
Evelyn Poole	-----	The Show Off
Verna Colvin	-----	An Old Sweetheart of Mine
Walter Sherman	-----	The Country Cousin



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**CLASS OF 1928**

FACULTY ADVISOR -----KATHERINE HANBY

PRESIDENT -----WARREN WHIPPLE

VICE PRESIDENT -----CAROLYN WHITNEY

SECRETARY -----MARSHALL ANDREWS

TREASURER -----BETTY STEVENS

Class Colors: Yellow and Black

Class Motto: Esse quam videri



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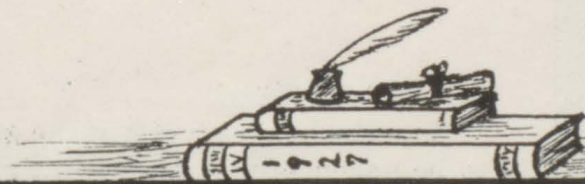
### INITIAL ANALYSIS


Warren Whipple	Winning Ways
Irene Miller	Irate Miss
Marshall Andrews	Many Antics
John Loudon	Junior Leader
Kathryn Kentfield	Knowledge Kompact
Donna Wilcox	Doesn't Worry
Gertrude Petley	Great Pal
Coralyn Whitney	Ceaseless Worker
Beverley Ostrander	Basket-ball Owl
Henriette Nickel	Happy 'N gay
Helen Howland	Hard-Hearted Hannah
Henry Cheesbro	Healthy Child
Charlotte Petley	Chubby Person
Irene Kirkland	Independent Kid
Betty Stevens	Beaucoup de Suiteurs
Dolores Lloyd	Does-a-Lot
Myra Seymour	My Sakes
Mary Hager	Mildly Haughty

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# SENIORS



  
1927





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MILDRED CHEESBRO

Dignified—Like a queen among her subjects, Mildred moves in B. H. S.



RALPH CORBIN

Self-confident—sure of his own ability even in the most trying situation.



LOUISE DONAHE

Imperturbable—a gift of the gods to be unconcerned with what goes on about her.

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GERTRUDE EGGLESTON

Practical—she must know the facts before she learns them.



CHARLES HAGER

Sociable—wherever there is conversation, there is Charles.



DOROTHY HARMON

Indifferent—the troubles of our life affect her not.





EARL HOLLENBECK

Loyal—what will B. H. S. do without him?



HELEN LENHEIM

Loquacious—if Webster could hear Helen in Oral English, he'd tremble for his championship.



FLORENCE PHILLIPS

Busy—always intent upon some task which she usually accomplishes.

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FLORENCE SEELEY

Quiet—she says little but we often wonder what she thinks.



CHARLES TAYLOR

Mischievous—The trial of his teachers, the torment of his school mates.



BLANCHE THROOP

Determined—she possesses one of the qualities most necessary for success.



MARGARET WILCOX

Sincere—in all she thinks, says, and does.



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**CLASS OF 1927**

FACULTY ADVISOR ----- MARION HANBY

PRESIDENT ----- FLORENCE PHILLIPS

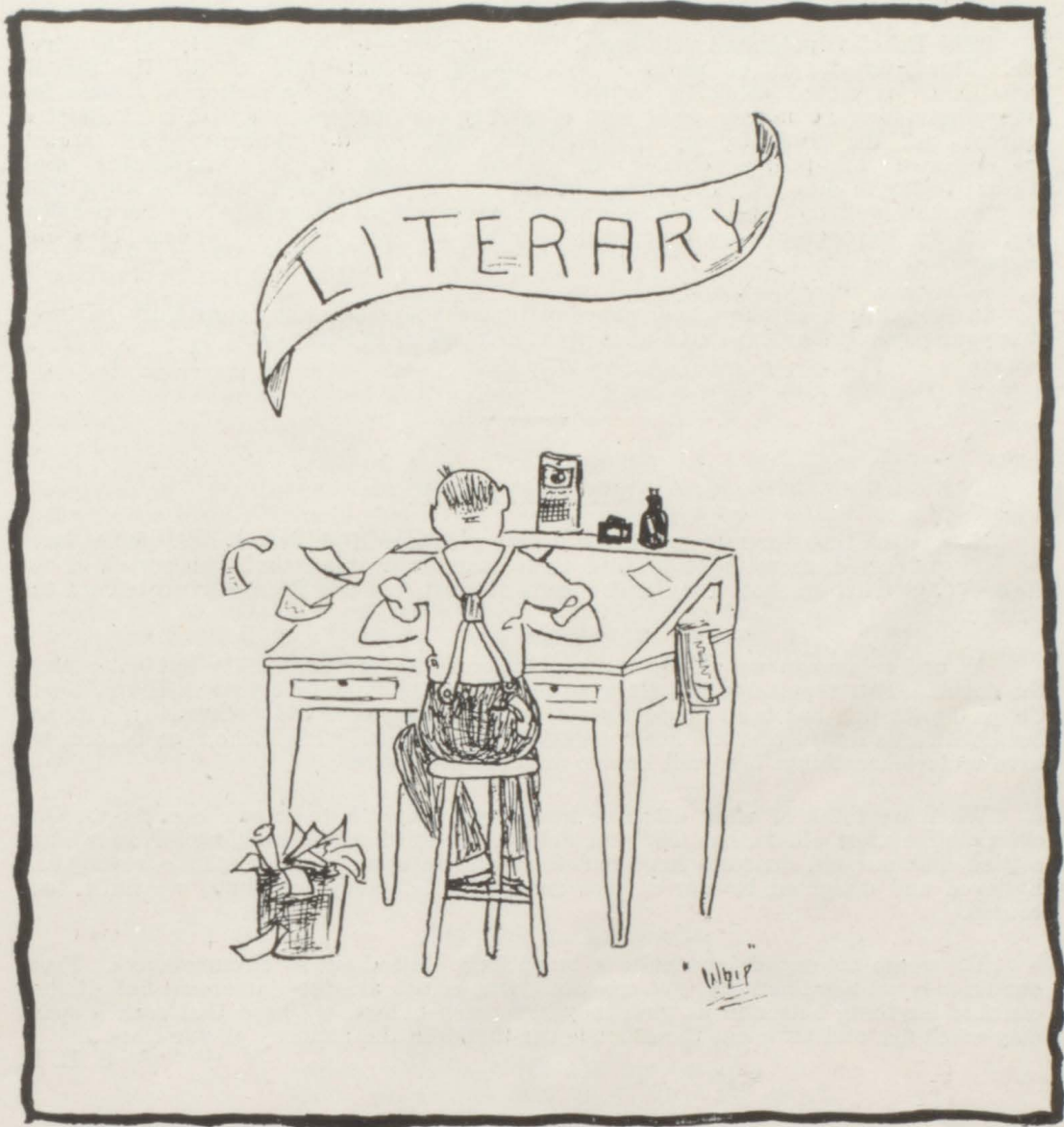
VICE PRESIDENT ----- RALPH CORBIN

SECRETARY ----- EARL HOLLENBECK

TREASURER ----- DOROTHY HARMON

Class Colors : White and Gold

Class Motto : Vincit qui se vincit



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## THE ECHO

A student has recently been heard to remark that "The Echo" was "a lot of work for nothing." To be sure, the publication of "The Echo" does require a great amount of time and care, but we should hate to think that in its publication we have accomplished nothing.

One may, however, consider the value of a school paper. Is its value worth the work which its edition requires? If the paper achieves the aims for which it is edited, it is truly worth the thought and time spent in its publication.

"The Echo" is published with one definite purpose—to stimulate interest in school life. This interest must be aroused both among students and outside the school. "The Echo" is edited primarily for the pupils of B. H. S. In it there is a niche for every individual, no matter what sort of ability one may possess. It is in short a journal "of the students, by the students, and for the students." To arouse the interest of people outside of school is also a very important aim. We are trying to show, in "The Echo," school life in every phase. How we work, how we play, how we laugh and sometimes almost weep, are all brought before the peoples' eye. If the townspeople are concerned with our successes and our failures, then our purpose will be realized.

In this edition of our school paper, we have held these aims constantly in view. It is your paper. Whether its value is great or small rests with you.

F. M. P.

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## OUR OUTLOOK

Now is the time for retrospect, for a review of our High School life. What have we left unfinished, as we have pressed on to more enjoyable tasks? This review of our former days must be short for Commencement must find our faces turned toward the Future.

As underclassmen we gained the reputation of having the ability but not always the desire. This reputation has clung to our class since our first year in High School. Coupled with this has been our desire to do something new and noteworthy. It has been with this desire that we have undertaken to publish "The Echo," as before we have undertaken things less well known and less profitable.

When we think of what little we have done, we seek to excuse ourselves. Our class, unlike most others, has this year entered its third school building. Now we are settled, but our old quarters have had their effects upon us and upon our progress. Relieved and delighted by our release from unsatisfactory buildings, we finish our course.

Yet we do not expect our faults to be entirely blotted out by circumstances. From our friends we ask liberality, not censure. Our critics are too numerous, but, if they can find anything better in us than they have seen before, we hope that such a spark may catch fire and burn out the other lower things in the memory of our class.

S. E. H.

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## WHAT AN OLD LOOKING GLASS TOLD

"Kathrine," said grandmother Wilkins, "we will take this old looking-glass for our story to-day."

Kathrine was spending her Easter vacation with her grandmother, and every day she heard thrilling and romantic tales about different articles which were found in a worn old chest.

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"But, Grandmother," frowned Kathrine, "It's old and cracked! My, how unromantic it looks!"

"Well, we shall see," smiled Grandmother. This is the story she told:

"When I was a girl of fourteen—let's see, you're fourteen, too, I believe?"

"Yes, but do please go on!" answered Kathrine, impatient to be out-of-doors.

"When I was your age, I lived in my father's old lighthouse. It was on an island in a huge harbor. Every night I could hear the breakers roaring against the rocks on the beach. Sometimes my father was called in the night by signals to assist in some wreck. At these times I was ordered to be with my invalid mother all the time to see that her wants were supplied and that she should not be frightened by anything.

One night my father was called to help on the other side of the harbor. He left before dark; so I had the privilege of climbing the steep rickety stairs to the tower, where the great lamp was, the light of which shone out into the harbor. I made sure that there was enough oil in the lamp and lighted it with great care.

After I had done this, I went down to the cheery living room and read to my mother until she fell asleep by the fireplace. Then I put down my book and went to my room where I sat and dreamed by the window. Suddenly I noticed many lights out at sea. 'Another boat in,' I thought absentmindedly. As I watched, I saw that it bobbed and jerked in a very unusual manner. 'Sinking!' I thought and jumped to my feet. 'Yes, it is and signaling for help, I do believe!' I ran to the tower room and watched the red lights play up and down and round and round.

'Why don't the rescuers respond to the signals!' I thought hysterically. Then it came to me that the ship was out of sight of the rescuing station. My father had taught me the signals and now I found my knowledge very useful. They kept repeating, 'Help! Help! Sinking! Sinking!'

Without thinking, I seized a looking-glass of which I was very proud because my father had brought it to me from China. I turned a powerful light upon it and tried to signal the station. I repeated and repeated my message until I thought I would drop from sheer exhaustion. Then to my relief the station saw my signal and responded, help was sent, and the ship was saved."

"Oh, I never dreamed that a looking-glass could be of any more use than to look into!" gasped Kathrine, "Do tell me more."

"Not to-day, my dear," laughed Grandmother, "but some other time maybe."

Thelma Lyon, '30

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### HOYTY'S DREAM

Hoyty fell asleep one day  
And dreamed that he was far away.  
He was in an entirely different nation  
Sailing with Commius, the Atrebatian;  
There were great "sea tides" upon the ocean,  
And the boat was going with frightful motion.  
He knew that, when he reached the land,  
He would be met by a chariot band.  
The fighting soon was taking place,  
And Hoyty leaped with youthful grace.  
First he ran along the poles,  
(Hanging on by rubber soles)  
Then upon the yoke he stood  
And jumped as hard as e'er he could.  
He reached the chariot just in time,



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And then the drivers fell in line.  
Just as he withdrew from battle,  
He heard the other's gentle prattle;  
He then aroused enough to hear,  
"Mary Hager, that was fine,  
Elverton, you take twenty-nine."

M. M. M.

"All hands on the forward deck!"

Hoyty rubbed his eyes and looked about him. "What's that, classes passing?"

"Here, you land-lubber, give us a hand on this rope."

Hoyty gazed at his surroundings in amazement. He was lying on a pile of canvas, and his arms ached as though they had been bound. He heard the splash of water and felt a fine mist spraying his face. Men, dressed in strange clothes passed to and fro. Ropes creaked overhead, and a brisk wind whistled past him. When he had struggled to his feet, his eyes rested upon a stretch of green water. A tapping sound drew his attention, and he saw a man of medium height approach him. He wore a red stocking cap on his head, and the tapping was caused by a wooden leg.

Hoyty endeavored to collect his fast departing wits. He could not recall anything that had happened. The question in his mind was how he could have been brought on board a ship without knowing it. The man with a wooden leg came nearer and nearer.

"Here, you land lubber give us a hand on this here rope," a sailor thundered.

Hoyty limped painfully toward the man and exclaimed, "Who are you and what am I doing here?"

"You should recognize me at once," the sailor cried, "I am the well-known Captain Kidd. I understand that several writers have written about me. Perhaps you have read some of their books."

"I have often heard about you, but I never hoped to have the honor of making your acquaintance" Hoyty replied.

The sailors were hauling down one of the sails, and Hoyty grasped a rope. The wind was blowing at full gale, and the small craft rolled in the heavy sea. He was not prepared for the sudden dip of the vessel and lost his hold upon the rope, crashing against the rail. The rail gave way and Hoyty fell into the sea. As he came to the surface, he heard the Captain say, "saved me the trouble of throwing him in."

Hoyty thought that the water was pleasanter than the pirate company, and, fearing that Captain Kidd might resort to other means of doing away with him, he began to swim away from the ship.

A piece of driftwood floated near him, and he grasped it. He could see land in the distance, and he thought perhaps it was the mainland. He struck out towards it and, after half an hour's swimming, reached it. He was so exhausted, however, that he fell upon the warm sand and was soon asleep.

At the sound of voices Hoyty awoke and found himself in a tent, lying on the cold ground. On the other side of the tent there were two men. One of them, apparently an officer, was very angry.

"You are the worst charioteer that I ever had," he cried. "If I had someone to take your place I would fire you. Caesar will conquer us unless you learn how to obey my orders."

The charioteer did not seem to be disturbed by the officer's anger. In fact he seemed quite accustomed to it.

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"Why, I must be in the camp of the Britains," Hoyty thought. "I wonder if I could hire anyone to take me home." He reached into his pocket, but it was empty. "Those pirates robbed me!" he cried so loudly that the men heard him.

"Be careful there, young fellow, you know that you are our prisoner," cried the leader.

"How do you get that way?" Hoyty demanded.

He felt his hands caught in a tight hold and something put over his mouth. "Cut it out, I'll do anything you want me to do," he begged.

"Perhaps you could take my place," the soldier said sarcastically.

"I don't doubt it," Hoyty replied, "I can drive 'most anything."

"What! you a charioteer! A fine one you would be," the officer cried. "I'd give anything to have someone take his place. I'll try you for a little while and if you are all right, I will reward you. However, if you cannot do it, your punishment will be death."

"Now I guess Caesar will be sorry that he ever wrote a journal" Hoyty said to himself. "I've always wanted to get even with him, and now is my chance."

Hoyty began his work the following day. At first it was rather difficult, but soon he could run along the pole, jump upon the yoke, and from there leap into the chariot, better than any other charioteer. He was delighted to think that at last he had found something in which he could excel.

One day a great battle was won, and Hoyty was the hero. The general called him to his private tent and commended him upon his excellent driving.

"Oh! I have driven Fords a lot, and I guess it was good practice," Hoyty announced.

Thus things went along until midsummer. Then Hoyty was given a team of very high-spirited horses. There was a rumor that no charioteer had as yet been able to control them. Hoyty boasted that he could handle them, but this boast was not taken seriously by the soldiers.

Caesar had drawn up his army in a nearby valley.

In the Britains' camp men were moving about quietly so that the enemy would not know they were preparing for battle. Hoyty decided to drive the new horses, as the very best of everything was wanted for the coming battle.

Charioteers prepared their chariots and horses. All was set for battle. Caesar's army advanced towards the Britains, and the battle began.

At a very critical moment in the battle the Britains' general ordered the charioteers to withdraw. Hoyty tried to turn his horses, but they were frightened by the shouting of the men and the rumble of the wheels and would not turn. He pulled vainly on the reins, but they only ran faster. He was now in the midst of the battle, and it was with difficulty that he remained in the chariot. He knew that if he were thrown from the chariot, he would be crushed by the hoofs of the horses. Just ahead was a steep incline, but the horses continued their flight. From all sides soldiers were staring at the unusual spectacle, but no one dared to go near the maddened horses. Hoyty sought vainly for the Latin equivalent of "Whoa," but his mind was a blank. At last, becoming terrified by so much shouting, he began to scream "Whoa!! Whoa!!"

The horses checked their mad pace so suddenly that he was thrown from the chariot. The wind whistled past him as he fell and it seemed to carry a well known voice to him.

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"Mr. Hoyt will you take the next chapter?"

He had closed his eyes expecting to be killed, but now he opened them. He was sitting in the aisle, and he heard Ward say, "Better stick to Fords, Hoyty, or else learn not to talk in your sleep."

Mary Hager, '28

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### MUMPS

I had a feeling in my neck  
And on the sides were two big lumps,  
I couldn't swallow anything  
And all because I had the mumps.

Mother tied it with a flannel cloth  
And then she tied up Will and John,  
No one else but Her was left.  
Who didn't have a bandage on.

She teased at us and laughed at us,  
And said whenever she went by  
"It's vinegar and lemon drops  
And pickles!" just to make us cry.

But Tuesday she was very sad  
And cried because her neck was sore,  
And not a one said sour things  
To anybody any more.

(Apology to Elizabeth Madox Roberts)

Note: "Her" refers to Marion R. Hanby.

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### UP AND DOWN

Never in my life had I dreamed that such an opportunity would ever be mine. But the inevitable had happened, and in my hand was a letter, inviting me to ride in an airplane. I was indeed thrilled to have this opportunity and could hardly wait until the day arrived.

The day was clear and pleasant and just ideal for the ride. I went to the field at the time the letter stated. Soon I saw a speck in the sky, and in a minute the airplane was landing. Hurriedly I climbed into the seat given me, and, in another minute, we were high in the air. Soon the familiar landscape disappeared.

We started to land, and, looking down, I saw a small village. We first sailed over the town and so low that I could see some of the people. What was that spot of red? Could it be possible? Yes, it was the head of Charles Taylor, but what was he doing in this strange town? Then I saw what he was doing. He was pushing a cart upon which were many pounds of fish and he was blowing a horn. Soon someone came out of a house in answer to it. I looked again, not believing my eyes. It was Mildred Cheesbro. What did that sign in front of the house say? "Bachelor's Hall, Mildred Cheesbro, Prop'r." I saw written in large clear letters. She bought some fish and disappeared into the house.

By this time we had reached the center of the town and the business section. On the Post Office window I saw the name "Seniorville." Coming out of the Post Office was Margaret Wilcox. She had many books in her arms, and there were half a dozen small children tagging after her. I knew at once she must be the school teacher for the town.

I was so interested in the little village that I asked my companion to land. We walked back through the town, and I saw the bank. Through the window I saw Earl

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Hollenbeck sitting at a desk dictating a letter to Gertrude Eggleston. There was one church in the town and I saw on the Bulletin Board that Charles Hager was pastor and Ward Kirkland Sunday School Superintendent. But, as we had no time to linger, we hurried on. We passed the printing office and I saw on the window that Florence Phillips was the editor. Then I saw that lady sitting on a stool at a high desk setting type. She had not changed a great deal, and I knew her at once.

My companion informed me that it was time to return home. I was very disappointed, for there were many other people I should like to have seen. I went, however, as I was anxious to tell my friends at home whom I had seen. We were soon in the air again and home again much too soon. I certainly was thankful for such an opportunity.

Coralyn Whitney, '28

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### ASK ME ANOTHER

How much do you know? A lot, of course, but you'd also be surprised to learn how much you **don't** know. Cross word puzzles tested your vocabulary, the new quiz questions test your knowledge of everyday facts—your I. Q. You probably think that you know all the students in B. H. S., but do you? Find out for yourself:

1. What is an essential of music?
  2. Name a Latin prose composition read in fourth year (provided that you have passed Caesar.)
  3. An equivalent of done.
  4. What caused the ruin of our forests?
  5. Word used to ask permission.
  6. A delicious confection.
  7. Name of a city in Italy.
  8. Who stood at the bat?
  9. Who has been made famous by a recent murder case?
  10. A popular Democratic leader.
  11. What completes a man's attire?
  12. A most saintly person.
  13. What is a part of a squadron?
  14. Why is B. H. S. so wealthy?
  15. The king of beasts.
  16. Name of a Christmas song.
  17. A Canadian river.
  18. Famous candy manufacturer.
  19. In what state is Mt. Vernon. located?
  20. A strong hold.
  21. Name of an apple.
  22. Who keeps the boys so neat?
  23. An instrument used for punishment.
  24. What is seen in spring?
  25. What point is there other than a compass?
- (For answers see page 42.)

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### THE LIBRARY

In 1925 Bainbridge High School was very much in need of a library of its own. Every time anyone wanted to find a bit of information he always had to go to the town library after it. Of course in the old silk mill we had no room for a library, but, having succeeded in getting a new school-house this year, every opportunity was ours.

There were many old books which had been used in the school library in former years that were placed in our new library. Miss Clinch, our school librarian, looking over the books to select the suitable ones for our use, found one on "Natural and Revealed Religion" that was dated 1810. The book was in excellent condition for its astonishing age and has been placed in the shelves with the others. It may not prove

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useful to us but will be valuable because of its age.

To these older books eighty new ones have been added, some fiction and some non-fiction, the majority being non-fiction. Our library is growing. In a few years there will be no information which we will not be able to get in our own library.

The books are arranged according to the Dewey Decimal System of Classification, that is each one is classed under a number according to its subject matter. This system is used in most public libraries and is the most practical method

Of course the books are placed here for the use of the High School students. Many of them do not realize their value and treat them as if they were useless. This should not be done. Each book should be treated as though it were our own personal property. These books, which we are having the advantage of having while new, will some day be appreciated by our under-classmen.

Irene Miller '28

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### A MINE I ONCE VISITED

One night I had a very exciting dream. I dreamed that I was taken by Virgil Bly, a half-breed Indian, to a gold mine. It was very hard traveling on the way to the mine, so, when we arrived at its mouth, I was quite breathless. The Indian told me, in his broken English, while I rested, that he would give me the necessary implements to get all the gold I wanted on one condition, that I would teach him good English when we got back.

I was so excited that I interrupted him, saying, "Yes! Yes!" In doing so I missed what the Indian said.

All that I heard was, "Beware of the Wah-hoo in coming back." I didn't know what Wah-hoo meant, but I took the tools which he handed me and went in.

Inside the mine was glittering gold. I began working at once, and, when I had filled my basket which the guide had given me, I started to return. I had been so excited and eager when I came in that I had failed to notice that there were two entrances. I did not know which one to follow so I chose one at random. It was very dark and I could not see where I was going.

I shouted, "Virgil, here I come," but no one answered me.

Suddenly the floor of the passage ended, and I felt myself dropping through space. Down, down, I went into icy water. Then someone clutched my collar.

When I awoke I was lying on the floor, and Virgil Bly was laughing at me over the edge of my bed.

"What does Wah-hoo mean," I asked.

"Indian for wrong hole," he answered, "and you seem to be occupying it now."

Karl Nickel, '30

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### IN ISLES ABOVE

Soft silvery veils on gowns of blue,  
And lacy skirts play peek-a-boo  
With rosy tinted twinkly shoes.

Thunder clouds for ladies' mourning,  
Lightning chains for their adorning,  
Diamond dew, their all adoring.

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Yes, these are quite the latest styles  
For ladies of those far off isles,  
There's one we call the evening star  
And one that's named for the war god, Mars.

At night we watch the lady's light,  
And if we stay up all the night,  
We see it as it slowly dims,  
And all that's left are wee small glims.

Then we are always sure to know  
The kerosene burned very low,  
And we will look to-morrow night,  
To see if lady filled her light.

Helen Lenheim

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### THE EXPLANATION OF SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit creates fellowship among the school students. The boy and girl who lack school spirit will not make good citizens, because if they do not learn to love their school and the ideals for which it stands, they will never learn to love their country, flag, or the high ideals of Americanism.

Let me present a picture:

It is a rousing football game. The people in the stands are on their feet. The cheer leader is working himself sick. The team of Smithville High is winning and the students of the same school are keyed up with enthusiasm.

It is the next school day. Oh, what a change. The same students who were so keyed up with football are now sitting in Latin Class. Some are talking, some are moping, some are making believe to sleep, and the whole atmosphere is one of inattention. The teacher tries in vain to impart knowledge to them. It seems useless.

These pupils think they are fine students. They think they have great school spirit. They have—but only on the sporting field. They forget that cheering their team to victory shows less school spirit than getting their lessons and being attentive in class, thereby raising the learning standard and working toward a betterment of their minds.

We must have school spirit in everything. This does not mean that we should always think of the school, but that we should always give our very best to any cause or matter which we take up.

Karl Nickel, '30

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Miss Clinch gave as a topic for English composition "None of Us Ever Dreamed of Uncle John Taking Such a Step at his Age." She received the following two compositions:

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon in summer. The family was enjoying itself generally, reading books or just dreaming lazily. John was standing by his chair, looking gravely around with a slight pucker in his forehead, as if he were seriously thinking of something great.

Then suddenly, without warning, it happened. John had taken that unexpected step, and he had taken everyone unawares. "Oh!" mamma cried, "do get the camera, Mary," and so John had his picture taken amid many "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" from the family.

Uncle John still has the picture taken then, autographed by his mamma, "July 20, 1900. Little Johnny's first step. Age eleven months, five days."

Carol Nichols, '29

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It was on a bright, sunny morning in June during the time our Uncle John, a man of about seventy, was visiting us that the thing happened. The old man was rather feeble and we thought that he would never take such a great step. We doubted if he would be able to manage it, being such an old man.

As we saw this thing happen, "we had never dreamed that he would take such a step." He stepped clear across the brook in our back lot.

Claude Smith, '30

### A MOUSE'S POINT OF VIEW

When they built the new school, I heard that it was to be mouse proof. Of course there is no building built which would be proof against me. Just as soon as it was finished, I took up my abode on a shelf in one of the closets. I had chosen the one in the English and History room, because I consider those subjects to be essential to a self respecting mouse.

I had only been living there a few days, when I was awakened one afternoon from my nap by shrieks of laughter. I confess to be the owner of a normal curiosity, and, without thinking of the consequences, I stood up on the edge of the shelf. There are a number of boys in the class, and ordinarily I would have kept out of sight, as they are quite dangerous. There is one boy in particular though, who is almost as smart as I. I am afraid that if it were not for his bright hair, I would be undergoing an "inquisition" as they say in History.

He espied me and very nearly succeeded in capturing me, but I saw his hair just in time. I gave a squeal and jumped to the floor. My one thought was to hide, but all the girls pulled their feet off the floor so there was no hope of getting in one of the desks. I am very small for my age, so, just as the boy drew near me, I slipped under the door. It was a tight squeeze though, and I hope that I won't have to do it again.

I decided that I knew enough English to carry on a conversation, so I wouldn't go back. I think that Life and Limbs are of more value than English and History, anyway.

The office was right across the hall from my former home, and, as it was empty at that moment, I dashed in and hid under the desk. I had hardly got my breath, when two boys entered.

"I'll be 'one-legged' this time all right," one of them said.

"What do you think of me?" the other one groaned. "This is my second time and I'll be 'no-legged.'"

I waited for no more. If pupils got their limbs amputated for misbehaviour, what could a poor little mouse hope for if he were captured. I ran through the door and down the hall. I met a girl and was going to turn around, but she shrieked, and ran into one of the rooms. I haven't any idea why she should have. I am perfectly harmless, and personally I have rather a liking for girls.

Well, I ran down the stairs but there wasn't any way of getting out. Just then, one of the teachers came along and opened the door. I ran out with her. She saw me and shrieked so loudly, that my ears ached for an hour.

When I had recovered from my fright, I looked about me for a new home. Right in front of me was a house. I ran down the walk and hid by the step. In a little while someone opened the door and I slid in.

I was not long in learning that my new home was none other than the famous Domestic Science House. I had always thought the word Domestic referred to cats, and Science to strange odors which come under the laboratory door. I find, however, that it is a place where food is domesticated. By that I mean, that such wild animals as germs are eradicated, and the food is made harmless.

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she could not remember how she came there, and then it all came back to her. "Fui Wong, where am I," she cried.

A curtain parted on the wall and Fui Wong entered. "You are in my father's home, Alli. It has been many days since I brought you here and you have never once awakened."

"But, Fui Wong," Alli interrupted, "have you not heard from him yet?"

"A messenger just arrived, Alli. Your father is very sad because he has lost you, but he will not believe that the Gods wish the children to have their feet unbound. He thinks that I was a messenger from the Under World and that you were carried there."

Alli's eyes slowly closed, the rose leaf hands fluttered gently, and were still.

### III

Wu Chang sat in his favorite chair and looked at Alli's cushion by his feet. His face, which was usually so impassive, was puckered in a frown, and his eyes were dark with anger. Slowly his expression changed to one of sadness, and he leaned over to stroke the velvet cushion which still showed the impression of a small knee.

Suddenly Wu Chang lifted a startled face toward the door. The little canary that would sing for no one except Alli had burst into song. For days the bird had drooped and would scarcely eat. He would not even bathe in his loved pool but would sit in the sun with his little head drooping and would not even notice an ant, which would occasionally scamper by. He thought he had never heard the bird sing as he was now singing. The music had a sweeter and more pathetic note than he usually sang. He trilled and warbled, sang high, and sang low. His little throat seemed to echo each note. Suddenly the song ended in a note that seemed almost a sob.

Wu sprang from his chair and ran down the garden path to Alli's favorite pagoda. As he drew near, he saw a crumpled bundle of yellow feathers lying on the lowest step. Gently he picked up the dead bird and climbed the remaining steps. Wu Chang uttered a startled cry at the sight which greeted his eyes. A strange couch occupied the center of the pagoda, and on it Alli Chang lay.

The delicately tinted flower face, the long curling lashes, the tiny red mouth, and the thick black hair were all the same. Her tiny hands were crossed, and he lifted them to kiss the rosy palms. To his utter amazement the hand was warm and moist. He touched her face, and her hair, and they too were warm. "She lives," he cried.

Then a sweet voice spoke to him, "your daughter lives, but not in your world. Although she breathes and feels warm to the touch, she is dead to you. Alli lives neither in your world nor in mine, but in the hearts of the children. She gave her life that they might be spared great suffering, but it was in vain. Children have the power of understanding such things, so she has not died entirely in vain. Every little girl in China will hold her in a guarded chamber of her heart, and some day she will help them to right the terrible sin which you have committed."

"Oh woman of the under world, I can not see you, but my curse is no less effective. You have stolen my child, but you will not steal my soul. Think not that you can bribe me thus. I love my daughter, but my soul is even more precious. The gods sent her to me as a sign that women should have small feet. Do not think you can thus come between the gods and their plans for they are mightier than your gods of the under world."

"Wu Chang," the gentle voice began. "When I came to you before, you saw me and marveled that the gods of the under world could fashion so perfect a woman. Your sin was not so black then, because you had not been shown differently, but now that you have refused to obey the orders of your gods, they have turned against you. That is why you can no longer see me. Your sin is so black, that you have become blind to all that is pure. Only the pure and untaught are allowed to look upon us."

The voice ceased, and Wu Chang heard the rustle of garments and caught a faint



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odor of perfume as she brushed by him through the door. Then his gaze turned to the sleeping child.

"So she is lost to me," he groaned. "I have lost her and my soul as well." Then his face hardened and became cruel. "No one shall know that I have been humbled thus, and children shall remember Alli by their bound feet."

#### IV

Thousands of years passed, but the custom of the Golden Lillies still persisted in China. There were still Wu Changs who lived on the estate of the first Wu Chang, and they had kept alive the tradition. There was the same pagoda in the garden, and all the Wus, down through the years, had knelt before it to worship the little princess who slept within. It had been the first Wu's custom and the Chinese are not fond of changes, but like to believe and act, as their ancestors have believed and acted for thousands of years. That is what we mean when we say that the Chinese live in the past.

Then there came a day when the emperor passed a law forbidding the binding of children's feet. Messengers sped through the country as they had done so many years before, but this time the message brought happiness.

The story of Alli's brave sacrifice had been told to every little girl, and now they talked of her and wondered how she had helped to win their release.

"I think that I know," one little girl said thoughtfully, "Alli not only entered our hearts but she also entered the heart of the emperor."

Helen Lenheim '27

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### DID YOU KNOW THEM?

- |                 |  |
|-----------------|--|
| 1. Harmony      | 14. So many nickels( Nichols, Nickels) |
| 2. Virgil (Bly) | 15. Lyon                               |
| 3. Dunne        | 16. Carol                              |
| 4. Sawyer       | 17. (St.) Lawrence                     |
| 5. May          | 18. Whitman                            |
| 6. (Oh!) Henry! | 19. Virginia                           |
| 7. Florence     | 20. Clinch                             |
| 8. Casey        | 21. Baldwin                            |
| 9. Stevens      | 22. Taylor                             |
| 10. Smith       | 23. Whip                               |
| 11. Collar      | 24. Bud                                |
| 12. Parson(s)   | 25. Whitney                            |
| 13. Throop      |  |

Bainbridge, N. Y.  
March 3rd, 1927.

Dear Mrs. Garden;

Tuesday, when I came home, I didn't think that I would intend a basket ball game as soon as last nite. You know I promised you that I would tell you the interesting particles of the next game if I went to it. Some of the oppositions of our team were illegible to play for the fact that their marks ascended from the passing grade.

The game started very robustly and it seemed that our opposites would win when suddenly all the players were in a macaroni group. You see they were after the basket ball and in some way it had become hidden from their sight. Soon practicability was restored, and the game preceded. For some reason one of the players had a grudge on one of our team, so he was undermined to take amends. Of course nothing serious happened, but just the same the repartee told him to be more precipitous or he would be impelled from the game. You see this fellow had a superfluous disposition, but nevertheless his factitiousness had to be calmed.

Soon we were very incited over the game for our team had made four baskets while the others had seceded in yanking but one. Their difficulty was that their num-

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bers were inactive when they aimed the ball at the basket, so of course they could not win.

The game was very interesting for both teams played so rapidly. As you know everything about a basket ball game I will not perscribe the rest to you. However, I want you to understand that the agility of our players was incompatible with our oppositions.

I hope that you can visit me soon, so that you can go with me to the next game. You know both of us disapprove of basket ball games for they are luscious to the health of the players and also show good sportsmanship.

Your friend,

Mrs. Malalprop

written by  
May Houghtaling, '28

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### FADS

Did you know that all the fads in New York come from Bainbridge? The first was the mittens. John Loudon's hands were cold one morning while driving his adorable horse so he stopped at the largest department store, namely, Hirts. There he saw some mitts that the backwoods farmers wore. Johnny bought some and wore them to school. Warren spied them first and thought that Johnny was practicing for a prize fight. He promptly rushed down town to buy some so that he might practice too. The next day every one was wearing boxing gloves. I don't mean gloves but great, big wool mittens.

There was a son or grandson, I forget which it was, of an owner of a store who wanted to help his relatives, who were poor country people. These people lived in Bennettsville. Oh! That reminds me of the name of the boy. It was Junior Corbin. These storekeepers had a supply of derbies and didn't know how to get rid of them. Junior said that he would help, so that day he told all the boys that the kids at college were all producing Fads and why couldn't Bainbridge be original. And of course Junior told his ideas. Everyone agreed and the derbies were sold. Call on Junior when you want help.

The girls didn't want to be left behind so everyone began to think, think, think. Then Henny popped up with an idea. She thought that she would like to be a little girl again so introduced hair ribbons. She shortened her dresses a trifle and that was all that was needed to make her a child again. Henny wasn't going to get ahead of the rest of the girls so everyone followed her example.

I forgot to mention that Johnny bought the boxing gloves to fight Caesar. His double might win but he won't, for I'm quite sure of that.

These Fads are old now and have died down but in Bennettsville they are still the rage. Bainbridge High is again thinking and thinking. I think they surely will think of something if they keep it up.

Ruth Le Caro, '29

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### BASEBALL

Baseball, they say, is the American national game and also the most popular game devised by man. Every great city in the United States has one or more professional teams and one or more thousand other teams. We are especially interested in the one or more thousand other teams, for it is by these teams and not by the big leagues that the common people know baseball.

A short time ago I passed by rail through the cities of Newark, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. A train such as that which bore me southward is indeed a traveling

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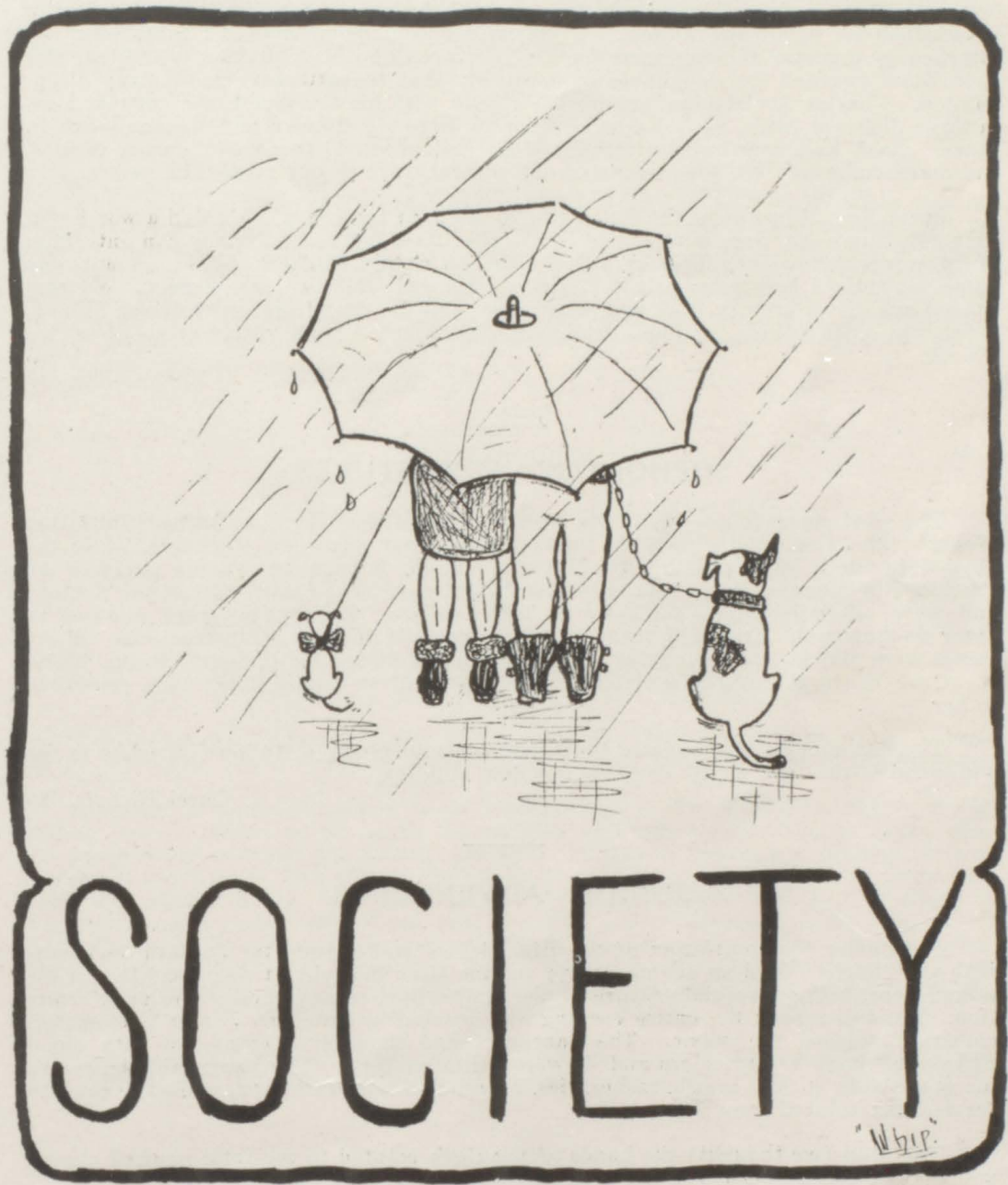
grandstand in the summer months. From this position I witnessed part of the two thousand or more games of baseball which are played in this district every afternoon. Such games are not so renowned as those of the Yankees vs. the Giants but they afford as much excitement surely.

Minor League baseball is the most uncertain of all. Important in this class are the school leagues in which the players have to keep their eyes on their class averages as well as on their batting averages. The games played by this class are fast and interesting and are the developers of the big league players. This is our second step in the descent to the most interesting of baseball games—the amateur games.

These amateur games are the most enjoyable for all the players, the umpire (if any), and the spectators. No grandstand or even diamond is needed. Just give the players a good sized field, some flat stones for bases, and they're all set. No umpire is needed; the players either agree or fight. That's the best way after all.

But just the same, baseball is amusing to uninformed persons and their descriptions are amusing to us. In fact any person might say as one old 'transplanted onion-eater' said that "Some men got out on a pasture with some clubs an' leetle balls an' gloves an' a couple man had on blacksmith aprons an' bird cages an' beeg mitts. Den they began to toss de ball an' run aroun' an' whack it an' try to catch it sometime' an' yell an' swear an' fight wance. Den dree was a man in clean cloes dat stood in de middle an' said 'ball, strike, fair, er out' when he felt like talkin' an' he looked like he was shootin' the men wid his finger an' he called the men names an' wance dey hit heem a leetle. Wal den I got mad an' went home."

S. E. H.



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## THE FRESHMEN ADVENTURES

Last fall we Freshmen planned our first 'get together', the frankfurter roast. Helen Bluler and Thelma Lyon prepared part of the lunch before starting. It seems that the Sophomores, too, had been planning for this as much as we Freshmen. The bearer of the rolls was attacked first while on his way from the Home-Making house to Main Street and was relieved of his burden. There was part of our lunch gone. We bought several loaves of bread and then started for Camel's Hump. Stanley Darlin entertained us with 'gate antics'. While we were being entertained thus, we were attacked by a group of Sophomore boys. The cocoa had been previously hidden, and Avis Butts guarded the doughnuts so heroically that the attackers went away disappointed. Charles Armstrong came to the rescue with his Chevrolet and conveyed us, in three different loads, up the cemetery road. Here we stopped and ate our lunch in peace. Each Freshman relished the hot-dogs and mustard, the bread, cocoa, pickles, and marshmallows. We then departed our several ways to our respective homes.

Secondly and last came the sleigh ride of the year to Sidney. We had a wonderful time going up as we were entertained by the Freshmen boys as only they can entertain. We patronized Smalley's Theater and the Boston Candy Kitchen. While on our way home we noticed how peculiarly the sky was colored; then we saw flames. We persuaded our driver to turn back and so we were able to attend the great fire at Sidney, which was quite a thrill for some Freshmen. We reached home safely at about twelve o'clock.

Mary Collar, '30

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## SOPHOMORE ADVENTURES

The Sophomore class began its history of the year by instituting "Initiation Week." The Freshmen girls were instructed to wear mismated stockings, while the boys wore bands on their hair. On November 6, the Sophomores gave a party to the Freshmen in honor of Miss Frances Johnson's birthday. The classes met at the Rectory and were taken in cars to the home of Ruth Le Caro. Before they were allowed to enter the house, the Freshmen made a solemn promise to obey all instructions. Many games were played, and the climax came when Miss Johnson led the party to the dining room, where she discovered a birthday cake. Two silver candle sticks were presented to her.

The Sophomores also assisted the Junior class in giving a Hallowe'en party in the auditorium—the first party given in the new building.

Carol Nichols, '29

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## JUNIOR ADVENTURES

Soon after the completion of the High School auditorium, the Juniors, in league with the "Sophs," held an opening party for the High School. It was decided that the waxed floor, being a special feature of the auditorium, should receive the most attention. For this reason the entire evening was devoted to dancing. Junior Corbin's orchestra furnished the music. The dancers found themselves entangled with paper ribbons of many bright colors and showered with confetti. The paper ribbons served many purposes such as scarfs, sashes, ties, bracelets, head bands, etc., while the confetti seemed like colored snow flakes.

Too soon (we thought) the hands of the clock pointed to the fatal hour of closing and they had to be heeded if we were to enjoy another party.

Kathryn Kentfield, '28

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## SENIOR ADVENTURES

We came to the new building with high hopes and light hearts, and we expect to

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leave as we entered. We have worked hard, as all good Seniors must, but we have also had lots of fun this year.

In spite of many trials and tribulations we have had some successful adventures. Our first party was at Christmas time. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated with evergreen and red crepe paper. Music was furnished by Joe Palombo's orchestra.

Next came the Senior play—"Clarence." This was the first to be presented on the new stage. The stage was very artistic. Everyone declared the play highly successful. The skits between acts were added attractions.

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### SMILES OF 1926

When work on the gymnasium was finished, the Women's Club devised a plan to earn equipment for it. A director was secured, and the people of Bainbridge set to work. A musical comedy "Smiles of 1926" was produced, with a cast of more than fifty members. There were several choruses and dance selections, as well as a most humorous plot. The scene in slumber-land, where the small children appeared, was very attractive. "Smiles" was presented two evenings, and was one of the most successful plays ever given here. The money was spent for the stage, curtain and other equipment.

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#### "CLARENCE"

Mrs. Martyn	-----	Margaret Wilcox
Mr. Wheeler	-----	Philip Roberts
Bobby Wheeler	-----	Karl Nickel
Mrs. Wheeler	-----	Blanche Throop
Miss Pinney	-----	Elizabeth Collar
Cora Wheeler	-----	Florence Phillips
Della	-----	Coralyn Whitney
Dinwiddie	-----	Earl Hollenbeck
Hubert Stem	-----	Alfred Hohreiter

The Senior play "Clarence" was presented in the High School auditorium, February 2. The play was directed by Miss Marion Hanby, assisted by Miss L'Amoreaux.

Clarence, a wounded soldier, seeks employment at Mr. Wheeler's office. While waiting for an interview, he meets the various members of the Wheeler household, and incidentally becomes the family confidant. Clarence secures a position at the Wheeler country home, as a sort of "handy-man." He captures the heart of Della, the maid, thus saving Bobby from Della's clutches. Cora's affair with Hubert Stem, a grass widower, is ended when Cora, too, is drawn under Clarence's spell. But when Violet Pinney realizes Clarence's presence, Dan Cupid sets to work. In the final scene, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler are reconciled, Bobby is sent back to school, and Violet and Clarence (who is in reality a famous scientist) are leaving for the minister's while Cora is left to sigh "Oh, Clarence," as the curtain is drawn.

There were several skits between acts—a Virginia Reel, singing and musical selections. Music was furnished by the High School orchestra.

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#### "THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE"

The Junior Class of Bainbridge High School presented their play, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," May 13, 1927 in the High School Auditorium.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Master Leonard Botal ----- John Loudon

Master Adam Fumée .....	Harold Lord
Master Simon Colline .....	Albert Kirkland
Master Jean Maugier .....	Randolph Lewis
Master Serafin Dulaurier .....	Millard Howland
Giles Boiscourtier .....	Irene Kirkland
Catherine (the Dumb Wife) .....	Coralyn Whitney
Alison .....	Donna Wilcox
Mademoiselle De La Garandière ..	May Houghtaling
Chickweed Man .....	Lawrence Tetrault
Candle Man .....	Melancton Hoyt
Blind Fiddler .....	Carol Nichols

"The Man Who Married A Dumb Wife" is a comedy in two acts. The wife of Master Leonard Batal is dumb and her husband believes that his one great desire is for her to speak. His friend, Master Adam Fumée, tells him of a famous doctor, who can give her speech. This doctor makes it possible for her to speak and then she talks continually. Leonard, who is a judge, tries to draw up a verdict while she is constantly talking. Naturally, his verdict contains some of her expressions which make the play very humorous. In the end, Leonard is made deaf in order that he might not hear his wife's incessant chatter.

### OECECA CAMP FIRE GIRLS

Camp Fire is not an organization. It is a program for girls' work and play. Its aim is to find beauty, and adventure in everyday life. Camp Fire has a great aim, and we are doing our best to live up to the ideals of this program.

Our guardian is Miss Marion Hanby. Under her leadership we recently learned how to paint parchment shades with sealingwax and to do elementary bandaging. In these lessons we were aided by Miss Katherine Hanby and Miss Jennie Ledbetter. At present many of us are busy making beaded headbands.

A few weeks ago five new members were initiated. We are now trying to give them the same conception of Camp Fire which we ourselves have.

We sold tags on Decoration day. The money derived from this aids us a great deal in our camping expenses. We are again looking forward to camp this summer. We dislike to break our record for we have been camping three years in succession. The first year we camped at Arnold's Lake, the second at Schuyler's Lake, and third on the Unadilla River.

### CAMP FIRE GIRLS

Names	Indian Names	Rank
Marion Hanby .....	Kim .....	Guardian
Donna Wilcox .....	Aneah .....	Fire Maker
Betty Stevens .....	Tanpa .....	Wood Gatherer
Blanche Throop .....	Actacti .....	Wood Gatherer
Carol Nichols .....	Debwewin .....	Wood Gatherer
Gertrude Petley .....	Psuti .....	Wood Gatherer
Irene Miller .....	Osoha .....	Wood Gatherer
Margaret Wilcox .....	Timalia .....	Wood Gatherer
Mildred Wilcox .....	Ihaha .....	Wood Gatherer
Myra Seymour .....	Tanda .....	Wood Gatherer
Virginia Hirt .....	Lexse .....	Wood Gatherer
Dorothy Harmon .....	Okayaika .....	Wood Gatherer
Henriette Nickel .....	Tanni .....	Initiate
Ottillie Nickel .....	Dabawani .....	Initiate
Almita Dunne .....	Munanka .....	Initiate
Geraldine Dunne .....	Killooleet .....	Initiate
Beverly Ostrander .....	Lewa .....	Initiate
Florence Phillips .....	Kokokoho .....	Initiate
Irene Kirkland .....	Alib-Amu .....	Initiate
Mildred Cheesbro .....	Ohsweda .....	Initiate
May Houghtaling .....	Ayan .....	Initiate

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## THE BOY SCOUTS

The Boy Scouts of America is a corporation formed by a group of men who are anxious that the boys of America should be built up in all that goes to make character and good citizenship. The aim of the Boy Scouts is to supplement the various existing educational agencies by helping to develop in boys the ability to do for themselves and for others.

Scouting in Bainbridge has been made possible by the cooperation of the business men and the American Legion, by capable leaders, and last but not least, by the determination of the boys themselves. One can not praise the work of the Boy Scouts too much, because what they do today for the boys of America, will return tenfold tomorrow, for the boy of today is the citizen of tomorrow.

The ranks of the Boy Scouts are as follows—Tenderfoot, Second Class scout, First Class scout, Star scout, Life scout, Eagle scout. The names of the scouts in Bainbridge are as follows:

Scout Master -----Harvey J. Wood  
Assistants -----Ernest Hoyt and Kermet Dix

### Flying Eagle Patrol

Patrol Leader -----Orlin Hitchcock, Life Scout  
Assistant Leader -----Millard Howland, Life Scout  
Lawrence Tetrault, Star Scout  
Rolland Peckham, Second Class  
Karl Nickel, Star Scout  
Bruce Partridge, Star Scout  
Elwyn Hitchcock, Second Class  
Alden Wakeman, Second Class

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### Otter Patrol

Patrol Leader -----Lloyd Johnson, Life Scout  
Assistant Leader -----Carlton Babcock, Sec. Class  
William Foster, Second Class  
Melancton Hoyt, Second Class  
Renwick Walling, Second Class  
Clarence Hoyt, Second Class  
Charles Meyers, Tenderfoot  
Austin Hayes, Second Class

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### Owl Patrol

Patrol Leader -----Robert Houck, Star Scout  
Assistant P. L. --Kenneth Vandenburg, Second Class  
Gordon Burton, Second Class  
Harold Campbell, Second Class  
Wilfred Lyon, Second Class  
Junior Robinson, Tenderfoot  
Richard Lawrence, Tenderfoot

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### Raven Patrol

Patrol Leader -----Stanley Darlin, Second Class  
Assistant P. L. -----Carlton Loomis, Second Class  
Clifford Mott, Tenderfoot  
Harold Smith, Tenderfoot



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Carl Hovey, Tenderfoot  
Clinton Wilcox, Tenderfoot  
Darwin Oakes, Tenderfoot  
Norman Dunne, Tenderfoot

## GIRL SCOUTS

A Girl Scout group was recently organized under the leadership of Mrs. Harvey Wood. It will consist of two patrols.

### Scout Promise

On my honor I will try  
To do my duty to God and my country  
To help other people at all times  
To obey the Scout laws.

The slogan is "To do a good turn daily."

The motto is : "Be Prepared."

The Scouts work for merit badges and better health. They try to accomplish what they begin.

The names of the girls are: Dolores Lloyd, Doris Andrews, Ruth Hagar, Helen Howland, Edna Shofkom, Eva Talcott, Lillian Payne, Jean Westcott, Lillian Shaffer, Harriet Van Buren, Louise Morey, Mildred Hodge, Jennie Figger, Ruth Figger, Charlotte Taylor, Alice Taylor, Louise Petley, Charlotte Petley, Arlene Petley, Evelyn Poole, Doris Sherman, Frances Baldwin, Leta Crouch, Beverly Ostrander, Blanche Elander, Lena Ringelka, Verna Colvin, Zelma Wakeman, Louise Lewis, and Florence Scofield.

## C

Warren Whipple  
John Davidson  
Marshall Lowry  
Junior Corbin  
Henry Cheesbro

Philip Roberts  
Albert Kirkland  
Randolph Lewis  
Edward Parsons  
Donald Loudon

We cannot relate our many adventures as our society is secret. One thing which the townspeople enjoyed was our May Basket hanging. A two pound box of candy will be given to the person who guesses the name of our organization.

## S. S. S.

This law-abiding club (do not try to guess its name for you will die in the attempt) consists of nine characters more or less notorious. The following is the honor roll.

Alfred Hohreiter  
Charles Hager  
Marshall Andrews  
Ward Kirkland  
Robert Parsons

Carlton Talcott  
Earl Hollenbeck  
William Hohreiter  
Charles Taylor

We believe in giving the Devil his due and we believe in the wildest ideas of freedom. Just watch our tracks!



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## ALUMNI

We have attempted to print as complete a list as possible of the graduates of B. H. S. If we have made mistakes or omissions, we should be glad to be corrected.

### EDITORS.

1878

John Grant—deceased  
Mary Ackerley—deceased

1879

James Louis Sill—deceased  
Anna Juliand Dickinson is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Lena Freiot Copley is residing in Albany, New York

1880

Libbie Yale Grant is residing in Utica, New York  
Phoebe Yale Rockwell—deceased

1881

No class

1882

Fred Graves—deceased  
Rev. A. A. Bennett is residing in New Hampshire  
Janette Campbell Copley is residing in Unadilla, New York  
Anna Heidly Sands is residing in Miani, Texas  
Mary Gilbert Lyon—deceased

1883

Joseph Banks is residing in Clifton Springs, New York  
Julian Scott is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Orin Sands—deceased  
M. D. Fletcher Hovey—deceased  
Ralph Corbin is residing in Bennettsville, New York

1884

Hobart Banks is residing in Seattle, Washington  
Frank B. Gilbert is residing in Albany, New York  
Ernest L. Bennett is residing in Bennettsville, New York  
Frank Drew—deceased  
Cora Payne Wilcox is residing in Milford, New York  
Cornelia Stockwell Williams—deceased

1885

Leland Landers is residing in Richmond Hill, New York  
Carrie Scott Taylor is residing in Portland, Oregon  
Arauel Guil Tillman—deceased

1886

No class

1887

Edward Hancock is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Edgar Pearsall is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Amelia Cannon Ackerman

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Lizzie Corbin Lewis is residing in Bennettsville, New York

1888

Sarah Banks Copley is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Georgia Roberts Campbell—deceased  
Eloise Newton Clark is residing in Lake Placid, New York

1889

Grace Brigham Waldorf—deceased  
Edith West Bennett is residing in Rochester, New York  
Josephine Corbin—deceased  
Nettie Wells Ives is residing in Los Angeles, California  
Nellie Scott Beebe is residing in Binghamton, New York

1890

Louise Mandeville Curtis is residing in Bradley Beach, New Jersey  
Helen Priest Barber is residing in Flushing, Long Island  
Mary Longworthy Drowne is residing in Canaan

1891

John Kirby—deceased  
Agnes Haynes is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Emma Graves Newell is residing in Bainbridge, New York

1892

Julian Corbin is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Ida Beatty Gilbert is residing in South Orange, New Jersey  
Eudora Kirby is residing in New York City, New York

1893

Sebert B. Hollenbeck is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Lilla Hollenbeck Weller is residing in Altamont, New York  
Josephine Priest Whitman is residing in Morris, New York  
Philena Fletcher Homer is residing in Pleasant Grove, Utah

1894

James Austen is residing in Savannah, Georgia  
Archibald Gilbert is an architect in New York City, New York.  
Maurice Gilbert is residing in East Orange, New Jersey  
Harry Mosher is residing in New Berlin, New York  
Maud Mosher is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Nellie Newton—deceased  
Grace Perry is teaching at Flushing, Long Island

1895

Julia J. Ashley is teaching in Warren, Ohio  
Albert Wilcox is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Fred Ashley is a lawyer in Warren, Ohio  
Flora Winston Nergatt is residing in Syracuse, New York

1896

Clara Thomas Hirt is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Clarence Kirby is residing in Bainbridge, New York

1897

No class

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1898

Leon Rhodes is residing in Binghamton, New York  
Ralph Curtis is residing at Keeseville, New York  
Samuel Banks is residing at Hood River, Oregon  
John Banks is residing in Rochester, New York  
Earl Bennett is residing at Rochville Center, Long Island  
Will Fletcher is residing in Washington, District of Columbia  
Bessie Hovey Stannard is in Binghamton, New York  
Cora Sackett Wheeler is residing in Mt. Upton, New York  
Kate Priest Demaree is residing at Schenectady, New York  
Carrie Dingman is residing in Bainbridge, New York

1899

C. Arthur Barber is residing in Washington, District of Columbia  
Charles Graves is residing at Providence, Rhode Island  
Hanford Perry is residing in New Jersey  
Martin Harmon is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Jay Hager is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Mary Roberts Hovey is residing at New Hartford, Connecticut  
Velma Hill Banks is residing at Rochester, New York  
Dell Tinkham Newton is residing at Sidney, New York

1900

Arthur Vanderhule—deceased  
Lloyd Northrup is residing in New York City, New York  
William Northrup is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Blanche Haddon is residing in New York City, New York  
Blanche Hynds Conner is residing in Lenox, Massachusetts  
Blanche Lyon is residing at Mamaroneck  
Mabel Perry is teaching at Flushing, Long Island  
Irene Ireland Wilcox is residing in Milford, New York  
May Parsons Cairns is residing in Scranton, Pennsylvania  
May Pinny Tupper is residing in Johnson City, New York  
Alice Bennett—deceased  
Clara Humphrey Bennett is residing in Bainbridge, New York  
Vera Payne Rockwell is residing in Danbury, Connecticut.

1901

Harry Vancott is residing in Albany, New York.  
Alton Lyon—deceased.  
Ralph Sweet—deceased  
Coralin Sands Westcott—deceased.  
Florence Ensworth is residing in Guilford, New York.  
Mabel Corbin VanCott—deceased.  
Olive Freiot Hellmeck is residing in Jamaica, Long Island.  
Mattie Sacket Isbury is residing at Clark Summit, Pennsylvania.  
Mabel Jones is residing in Schenectady, New York.  
Grace Peckham is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Georgia Keller is residing in Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania.

1902

Vernon Houlif is residing in Schenectady, New York.  
Jessie Hicks is residing in Miani, Oklahoma.  
Perry Teachout is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Louis Kniskern is residing in New York City.  
August Jacobson is residing in New York City.  
Verna Monroe Wales is residing in Binghamton, New York.  
Bertha Davis Rhodes is residing in Binghamton, New York.

1903

Howard Whitman is a state engineer at Fairport, New York.

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Lena Toby Hovey is residing in Bainbridge, New York.

1904

Earl Westcott is working in the American Separator Office, Bainbridge, New York.  
Ralph Loomis is a doctor in Sidney, New York.  
Irving Tillman is a lawyer in Norwich, New York.  
Rex Randall is residing in Adams, New York.  
Jessie Gibson Howland is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Hallie Cartledge Howland is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Mary Sweet Herrick is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Rena Lyon Hollenbeck is residing in Bainbridge, New York.

1905

Sidney Bennett is employed in the National Sugar Milk Plant, Bainbridge, New York.  
Olive Briggs is residing in Madison, New Jersey.  
Ivah Kniskern James is residing in Prescott, Arizona.  
Hattie Dingman—deceased.

1906

Frank Crook—deceased.  
P. Clay Wilcox is in New York City, New York.  
Mabel Smith—deceased.  
Mattie Ellis is living in Bainbridge, New York.  
Nina Bennett Montgomery is residing in Bainbridge, New York.

1907

Will Strong is residing in Binghamton, New York.  
Leon Loomis is a civil engineer in New York City, New York.  
Harold Rogers is residing in West Edmeston, New York.

1908

Lewis White—deceased.  
Estella Shafer—deceased.  
Olive Kirby—deceased.  
Margaret Grube Hastings is residing in Elmira, New York.  
Mabel Truman is residing in Bainbridge, New York.

1909

F. Earl Whitman is residing in Youngstown, Ohio.  
Floyd Anderson is a lawyer in Binghamton, New York.  
Minnie Foster Snyder is residing in Bainbridge, New York.

1910

Pearl Decker Banner is teaching in Rochester, New York.  
Monroe Evans is in New York City, New York.  
Irving Horton is in Binghamton, New York.  
Addie Hill—deceased.

1911

Erford Banner—deceased.  
Mae Andrews Lester is residing in East Genoa, New York.  
Tom Roop  
Bessie Smith Kales is residing in Oneonta, New York.

1912

Edith Dingman is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Margaret Johnson is in Washington, District of Columbia.

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Gladys Meade Klehsattle is residing in Cleveland, Ohio.  
Leon Stewart is residing in Bainbridge, New York.

1913

Howard Barthoff is residing in Sidney, New York.  
Luke Hovey is preaching at Maine, New York.  
Margaret Kirby is working in the Casein office, Bainbridge, New York.  
Alberta Mattice Collins is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Grace Lord Monaham is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Grace Quackenbush Green is residing in Starkville, Mississippi.  
Rena Stewart Cudsworth is residing in McGraw, New York.

1914

Dorothy Dickinson is working in the Post Office, Bainbridge, New York  
Donald Copley is a chemist in Norwich, New York.  
Thomas Collins Jr., works in the American Separator Office, Bainbridge, New York.

1915

Indra Bryant is teaching in Akron, Ohio.  
Gladys Cushman is teaching at Springfield, Massachusetts.  
Helen Stewart is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Shirley Steward is working in the bank, Bainbridge, New York.  
George Aylsworth is in Syracuse, New York.

1916

Irene Strong is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Ruth Garlock—deceased.  
Aldyth Nichols is teaching in Hillside, New Jersey.  
Eric Nichols is in New York City, New York.  
Elizabeth White Wand is residing in Naravia, New York.

1917

Clyde Hitchcock is residing in Albany, New York.  
Lawrence Dingman is working in the Freight Office, Bainbridge, New York.  
Ethel Manzer McLove is residing in New York City, New York.  
Emmeline Corbin is teaching in Oneonta, New York.

1918

Mildred Nutter Rowe is residing at Rockcliff, New York.  
Edger Banner is in Binghamton, New York.  
Mildred French Corbin is residing in Bennettsville, New York.  
Kathryn Humphrey Jackson is residing in New York City, New York.  
Charlotte Ireland is teaching in Oneonta, New York.  
Florence Price Bliss is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Verna Rosecrantes Cornell is working in the American Separator Office, Bainbridge.

1919

Walter Barnes is in Binghamton, New York.  
Louella Barton is working in the Casein Office, Bainbridge, New York.  
Mildred Cowell Lord is working in the American Separator Office, Bainbridge, N. Y.  
Leroy Copley is in the Engineering Dept., Kelly Springfield Tire Co., Cumberland, Md.  
Philina Dedrick is teaching at Armond Beach, Florida.  
Catherine Payne is working in Sidney, New York.

1920

Theadora Corbin Stull is residing in the state of Connecticut.  
Adelaide Collins is working in the American Separator office, Bainbridge, New York.  
Margaret Cushman is teaching at Jamesburg, New Jersey.

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Susan Ramsdell is teaching at Liberty, New York.  
Clara Thomas Cornell is residing in Bainbridge, New York.

1921

Chauncey Norton is residing in Schenectady, New York.  
Helen Searles is at Rhode Island State College, Kingston, Rhode Island.

1922

Arminta Andrews Haynes is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Jean Davidson is attending Vassar College at Poughkeepsie, New York.  
Robert Nutter is in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.  
Ruth Nutter is teaching at Amsterdam, New York.  
Stanley Price is residing in Bainbridge, New York.  
Ruth White is a nurse in Binghamton, New York.

1923

Francis Cooper is attending Oneonta Normal, Oneonta, New York.  
Owena Crumb is at the Oxford University at Oxford, Ohio.  
Elliot Danforth is attending Columbia University, New York City.  
Freida Freidell is at the Johnson City Hospital, Johnson City, New York.  
Joseph Gunther is in Binghamton, New York.  
Marie Gunther Michel is teaching at Bennettsville, New York.  
Burrill Haddow is attending St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York.  
Ruth Hollenbeck is attending Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York.  
Francis Kentfield is attending Albany State College, Albany, New York.  
Thelma Taylor is working in the First National Bank, Bainbridge, New York.  
Vivian Walker—deceased.  
Dorothea White is in Binghamton, New York.

1924

Ethel Cook is attending Oneonta Normal, Oneonta, New York.  
Mary Hollenbeck is attending Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York.  
Adah Loomis is at the Crouse Irving Hospital, Syracuse, New York.  
Willis Miller is in Binghamton, New York.  
Claire Montgomery is residing in Cobleskill, New York.  
Mildred Petley is attending Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York.  
Roswell Whitman is attending Colgate University, Hamilton, New York.  
Ruth Throop is nursing in New York City, New York.  
Lydia Collins is attending Oneonta Normal, Oneonta, New York.

1925

Rolland Andrews is attending Pratts Institute, New York City, New York.  
Helen Clark is attending Oneonta Normal, Oneonta, New York.  
Helen Cuyle is attending Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.  
Viola Friedenstine is attending Oneonta Normal, Oneonta, New York.  
Jasper Hand is attending Hamilton College, Clinton, New York.  
Harry Harmon is attending Hamilton College, Clinton, New York.  
Edith Moore Page is residing in Sidney, New York.  
Emma Perry is in Binghamton, New York.  
Irene Robbins Hoyt is working in the First National Bank, Bainbridge, New York.  
Elizabeth Taber is at Mechanics Institute at Rochester, New York.  
Elizabeth Finch is attending Oneonta Normal, Oneonta, New York.  
Coville Windsor is attending McGill University, Toronto, Canada.

1926

Geraldine Dunne is working in the office of Dr. Danforth, Bainbridge, New York.  
Dorothy Hassert is attending Oneonta Normal, Oneonta, New York.  
Norma Fiske is attending Oneonta Normal, Oneonta, New York.  
Myrtle Kentfield is attending Albany State College, Albany, New York.  
Marion Nichols is attending Albany State College, Albany, New York.  
Doris Wilcox is attending Albany State College, Albany, New York.  
Stella Smith is attending Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.  
Mary Nutter Park is residing at Binghamton, New York.



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# ATHLETICS



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## GIRLS BASKET BALL

Coach ----- Miss Frances Johnson      Captain ----- Beverly Ostrander  
 Manager ----- Irene Kirkland      Vice Captain ----- Donna Wilcox

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### LINE-UP

Right Forward ----- Irene Kirkland, Frances Godfrey  
 Left Forward ----- Mary Collar  
 Center ----- Beverly Ostrander, Charlotte Petley  
 Right Guard ----- Donna Wilcox, Ruth LeCaro  
 Left Guard ----- Coralyn Whitney, Florence Phillips

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New Berlin -----	4	Bainbridge -----	13
Guilford -----	5	Bainbridge -----	10
Otego -----	5	Bainbridge -----	6
Otego -----	4	Bainbridge -----	8
Guilford -----	0	Bainbridge -----	9
Worcester -----	9	Bainbridge -----	2
Worcester -----	3	Bainbridge -----	13



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## BOYS BASKET BALL

This school year is a momentous one for B. H. S. in regard to athletics, for it marks the beginning of basket ball in our school. We hope it will be instrumental in bringing honor to Bainbridge High.

It is a game in which the Blue and White don abbreviated athletic garb and come forth to vanquish their opponents by making more baskets than they do.

The team played well, considering that this was its first year. In most instances it played so fast that it was impossible to keep the scores. This accounts for their absence from these pages.

Alfred Hohreiter.

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Coach .....	Mr. Casey	Captain .....	Alfred Hohreiter
Manager .....	John Loudon	Vice Captain .....	Ralph Corbin

---

Right Forward .....	Alfred Hohreiter
Left Forward .....	Marshall Andrews, Lewis Kirkland
Center .....	Marshall Lowry, Earl Hollenbeck
Right Guard .....	Albert Kirkland, Elverton Hoyt, Charles Taylor
Left Guard .....	John Davidson, Carlton Talcott, Philip Roberts, John Davidson

---

The boys played the following teams:

Laurens  
New Berlin  
Senecas (Norwich)  
Guilford  
Otego

Worcester  
Afton  
Sidney  
Oneonta Tournament  
Sherburne



MC ENL  
SIGNTY  
NY

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## BASEBALL

The baseball season is already well opened, but no one does much about it. Every one was enthusiastic about basket ball, because it was something new. Let's remember that the boys need our support on the ball diamond as much as they needed it on the court. Marshal Lowry was elected manager, and Alfred Hohreiter captain of this year's team. Let's find out about the schedule and reserve seats for the season's games.

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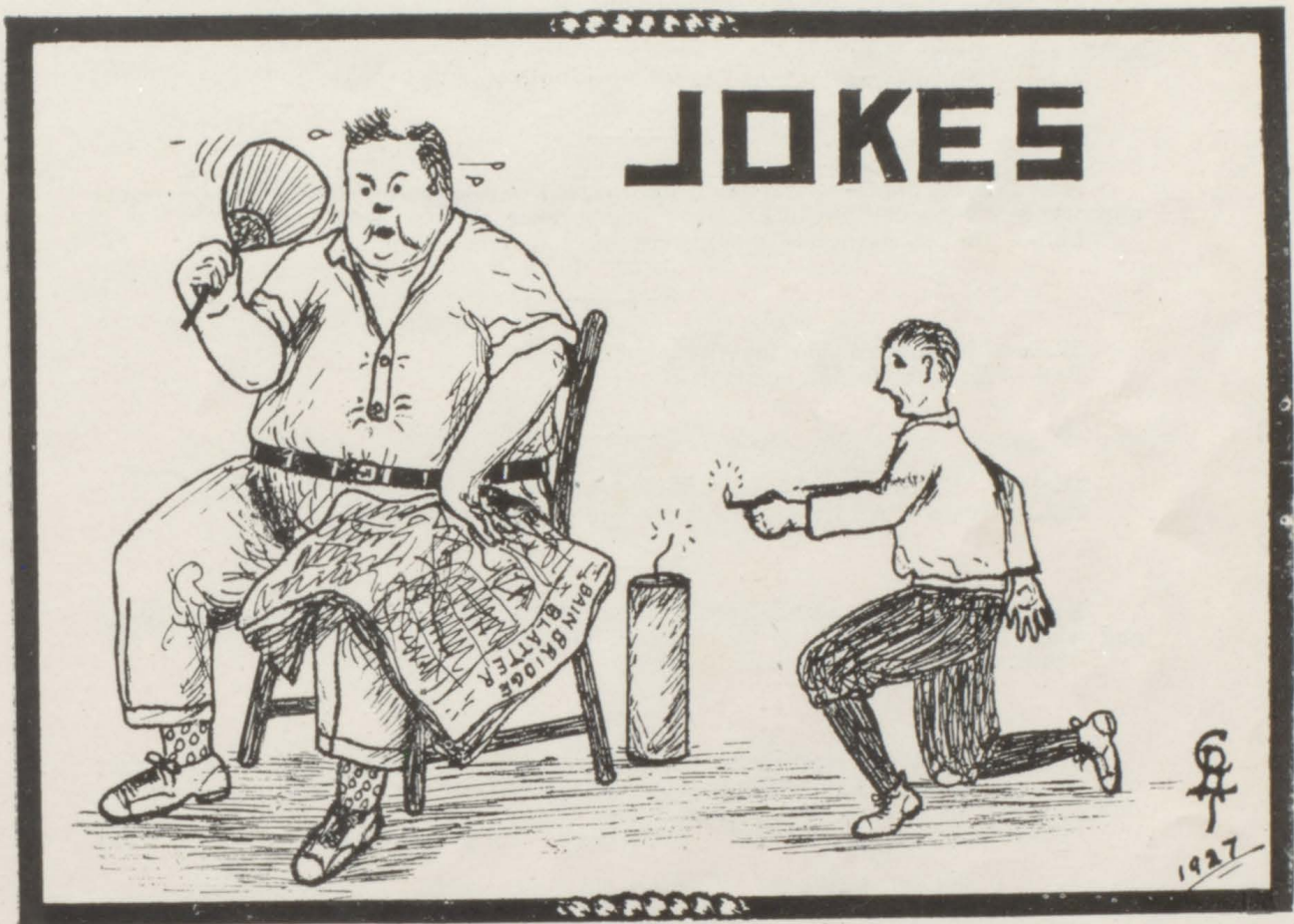
Last fall the girls and boys of B. H. S. organized basket ball teams. The first funds came from the money that the members of Bainbridge High School earned selling "The Ladies' Home Journal" and Country Gentleman." The representative of the Curtis Publishing Company came here and presented a plan. The pupils of Bainbridge, being ambitious, took advantage of his plan.

Each member in High School participated in the selling of these magazines. High School was divided into three divisions, each division trying to excel the other in selling magazines.

Henriette Nickel was the leader of the red side with Miss M. Hanby as advisor. Dorothy Harmon was the leader of the blue side with Miss F. Johnson as advisor, and John Loudon was the leader of the green side with Miss L. Clinch as advisor.

John Loudon's side won with a great many more subscriptions than either of the other sides. The two losing sides gave the other side a party. This party was held in the High School auditorium. A committee planned a very successful party with stunts and games followed by dancing.

The money, earned from selling these papers, was divided between the two teams and was used to start on interesting basket ball season.



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## JOKES

Alfred Hohreiter and his father were hunting ducks one day. At last they espied a flock nearby.

"Shoot!" commanded Mr. Hohreiter to his little son.

"Wait till they come nearer," Alfred exclaimed, "I don't want to strain my gun!"

---

Whip—"Why don't you sit down and take it easy?"

Bud—"I've got to keep stirring. I swallowed a mixing spoon!"

---

Teacher—"If there are any dumbbells in this room, please stand up!"

A pause—then John Davidson arose. "What, do you consider yourself a dumbbell?" asked the teacher.

John—"No, not exactly, but I hated to see you standing all alone!"

---

Miss Frances Johnson—"I would like you all to take more pride in your personal appearance. Now, Phillip Roberts, how many collars do you wear a week?"

Phil—"Do you mean how many weeks do I wear a collar?"

---

Sheik—"Is baseball your favorite game?"

Bud—"No, rabbits and squirrels!"

---

Doctor—"I'll examine you for fifteen dollars."

Randy Lewis—"All right, doc, if you find it, we'll split fifty-fifty!"

---

Donald Loudon had taken a spill on the sidewalk. Just then Mr. Casey came along and said, "The wicked standeth in a slippery place."

"So I see," replied Don, "but I can't!"

---

Elverton Hoyt was starting for Sidney one night, but was stopped by his father who thought it his duty to lecture his son on the opposite sex. "Now remember," he said, finishing his lecture, "beauty is only skin deep."

"That's good enough for me," replied Boob, "I'm no cannibal!"

---

Mildred Cheesbro—"Don't you love driving on such a night as this?"

Ward Kirkland—"Yeah, but I thought I'd wait till we had gone a little farther in the country!"

---

Miss Clinch—"Addison, can you spell 'avoid'?"

Addison—"Shure, what's de void?"

---

First—"They say Henny Nickel is up to her chin in music."

Second—"How's that?"

First—"She plays the violin in the High School Orchestra!"



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In anger, Al Hohreiter burst into the corner drug store carrying a bottle of hair tonic which he had purchased the day before.

"I want my money back," he exclaimed, "the directions say it's for adults and I've never had 'em!"

---

The doctor prescribed an electric bath for Cameron Collins, but he said he didn't want one because he had an uncle that got killed in one of those things.

---

John Loudon—"Where do they get ink, Miss Hanby?"  
Miss Hanby—"Why from incubators of course!"

---

For sale—a second-hand, light-weight mop. Inquire of Ward Kirkland.

---

Miss Hanby—"Don't you think that riding horseback gives one a headache?"  
Bob Parsons—"Oh, no, quite the reverse!"

---

Mildred—"Do you believe in the devil?"  
Dot—"No. It's just like Santa Claus, it's your father!"

---

Bill Hohreiter was sent to the grocery store to get some beans. When the grocer learned of his errand, he said, "We have some fresh string beans to-day."  
"Well," said Bill, "I'll take two strings!"

---

June—"What do you call a man who drives a car?"  
Whip—"It all depends on how reckless he is!"

---

Boob—"Her niece is rather good looking, eh?"  
John Loudon—"Don't say 'knees is,' say 'knees are'!"

---

Florence Phillips—"Papa, does this dress look all right on me?"  
Her Dad—"Yeah, I s'pose so; but can't you get in the thing a little farther?"

---

First Stude—"Gosh, Santa Claus certainly was good to Miss Hanby."  
Second Stude—"Howzat?"  
First Stude—"See what he put in her stockings!"

---

Prof. Casey—"When you become angry count to 100, and then you won't feel like fighting.

Sheik—"If I did that, they would think I was scared!"

---

---

Ruth Whitman had just heard of curing hams.  
"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "how funny it must be to see a lot of hams sitting around getting better!"

---

Claude's Mother—"Don't be afraid, dear; go to sleep. The angels are with you."  
Claude Smith—"Yeah, but gee, they're bitin'!"

---

Doctor—"You have acute tonsilitis."  
Miss R. Johnson—"Yes, so many people have admired it!"

---

Miss Hanby—"Why does Carlyle state that Burn's poetry is graceful?"  
Elverton—"I don't know unless it's because it has such good form."

---

Henny—"What kind of a dress did Myra wear to the party last night?"  
Ott—"I don't remember, I think it was checked."  
Henny—"Gosh, some party!"

---

Mike Lowry came home one night with a black eye, broken nose, and a split lip.  
"Boob Hoyt done it," he told his mother as she began to bathe his wounds.  
"Shame on you," she replied, "being licked by a cockroach like Boob. Why, he—"  
"Nuff said. Don't speak evil of the dead!"

---

Miss Clinch was giving her pupils some pointers on short story writing.  
"To be successful," she said, "the short story should have a touch of reverence, some reference to royalty and just a little of the risqué. See if you can write a little something for me to-morrow which will cover these points."  
The next day June Corbin handed in the following:  
"My God," said the princess, "take your hand off my knee."

---

Mr. Casey (in Physics class)—"What makes the world go 'round?"  
Al Hohrieter—"Cocktails!"

---

Miss Clinch (trying to describe a barrel)—"It's round and if you put it at the top of a hill it will roll down. What is it, Blanche?"  
Blanche—"My brother!"

---

Cameron—"Mother teaches me astronomy."  
Bill—"How is that?"  
Cameron—"Well, when she takes down the razor strop there is sure to be spots on the son."

---

Bill Armstrong entered a post-office to mail a letter to his girl. He saw three places in which to drop letters but was at a loss as to which place he should drop his letter. Over the slots were the signs "Foreign," "Domestic," and "City" respectively.  
"Gosh!" he stammered, "she's foreign, domestic, and lives in this city, but I don't know how to drop it in all three places at once!"

---

Here is Kenneth Vandenberg's composition on "Ducks":  
"The duck are a low, underslung, heavy-set bird, composed mostly of meat, bill, and feathers. His head sets on one end and he sets on the other."

---

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There ain't no between to his toes, and he carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep him from sinking.

The duck has only two legs and they are set so far back on his running gear that they come darn near missing his body.

Some ducks when they get big is called drakes. Drakes don't have to set or hatch; just loaf, go swimming and eat. If I had to be a duck, I'd rather be a drake every time. Ducks don't give milk, but eggs, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

---

Whip, (stopping the car)—"I can't drive any farther for a while. My wrist is asleep."

Donna—"How original!"

---

Henriette—"This book says there are several women in Congress."

Hoytie—"Yea, suppose all the Congressmen became women, what then?"

Henriette—"Why, then it would be a house of Miss Representatives!"

---

The cliff dwellers weren't the only bluffers, by heck!

---

The following is the description of Marc Sawyer's latest thrill in his own words:—  
"No sooner had I stepped across the threshold into the room than I felt myself hurled into the air like a projectile! Everything seemed to swim before my eyes. The floor receded from me with a sweeping speed that made the room about me blur and dance. The ceiling seemed to drop on me, and a horrible, sickening feeling came over me as I saw it would crush me like an egg-shell. One brief instant and I was plunged into water with a resounding splash! Now who left the soap on the bathroom floor??"

---

Miss Hanby (in History C)—"What was the spirit of '76?"

Whip—"Rum!"

---

Carlton Talcott—"What is a flask?"

John Davidson—"A kick in the pants!"

---

Evelyn Lawrence—"Say, Kirk, which are the more destructive—sparrows or worms?"

Albert Kirkland—"Don't know. Never had sparrows!"

---

In Queen Elizabeth's day they didn't ask "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?", but asked "Who was that knight I saw you with last, lady?"

---

No, sir! There's nothing worse than to study the wrong lesson and learn something you're not required to learn.

---

Sebe Hollenbeck—"So that is Washington's headquarters. He must have found it rather inconvenient being so far from the trolley."

---

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Frances Godfrey—"No one can see his own faults, can he?"  
Dorothy Sawyer—"Is that why you're so happy?"

Little Boy (holding up book bag)—"Did any one lose this?"  
Rolland Peckham—"Yes, I did, I did!"  
Little Boy—"Huh, there's a girl's dress in it!"

Mike Lowry—"How do you make cement?"  
Mr. Casey—"Oh! come now, use your head!"

Absequious Waiter—"Lovely weather we're having to-day, sir."  
Absent-minded Ward Kirkland—"All right, bring me some!"

"You are not listening to me," complained Miss Clinch in English II the other day.  
"I didn't know you said anything," said John Davidson.  
"I haven't, but I expect to," replied Miss Clinch.



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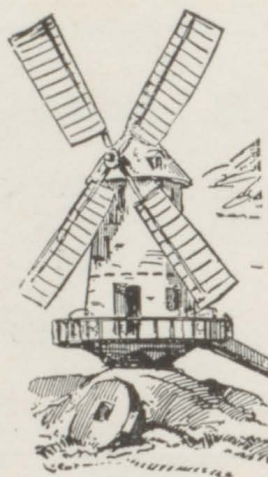
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