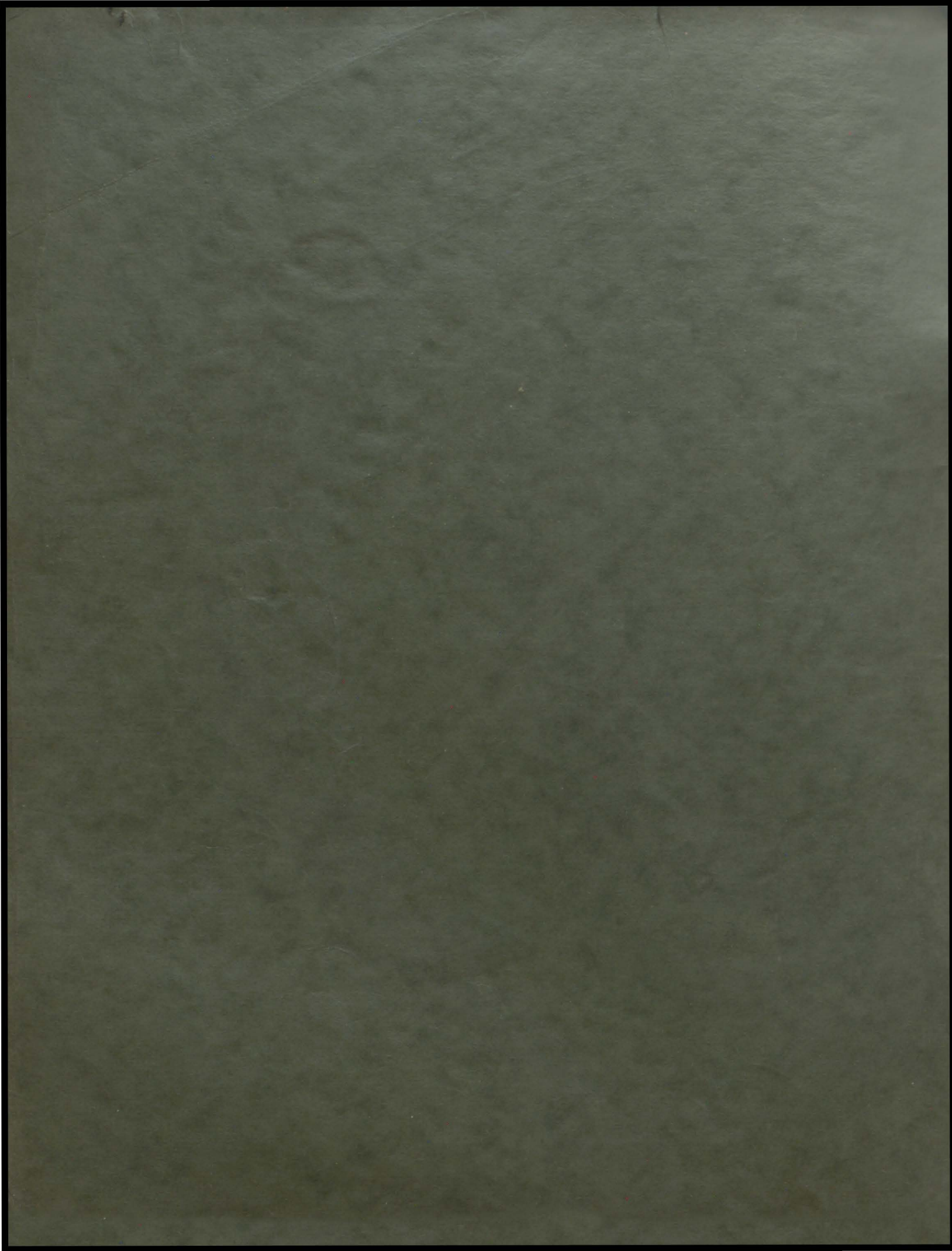
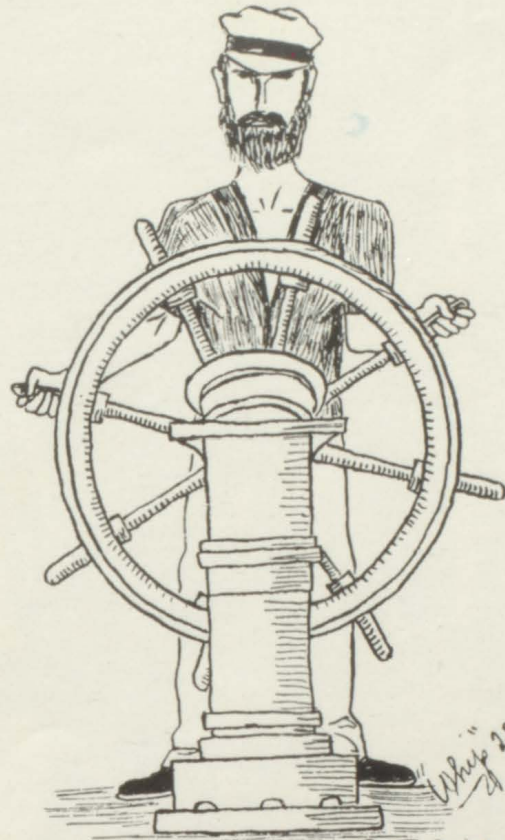
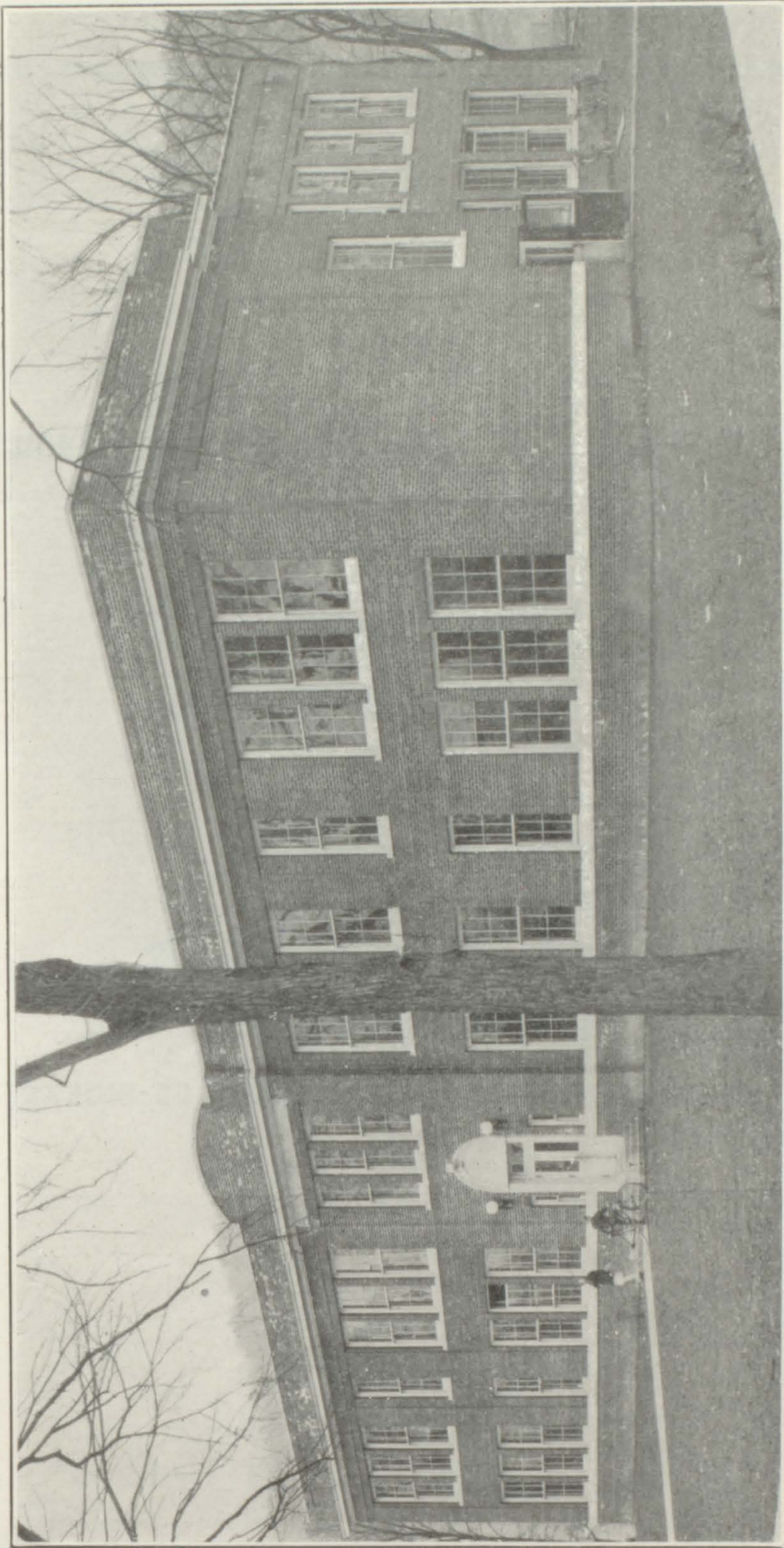


THE ECHO
MCMXXVIII





EDITED BY THE SENIOR CLASS



BAINBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL

We, the Class of 1928, dedicate this issue
of the "Echo" to our parents
whose efforts have enabled
us to make our high
school days a
success.

We also wish
to express our ap-
preciation to Miss Marion R.
Hanby, whom we have always found
our gracious adviser and willing co-worker.

Foreword

It has been the sincere effort of the Class of 1928 to make this issue of the "Echo" one that will be of interest and value to all. We have striven to make it an echo of our school life and of what we have learned in the past years. It lacks perfection but it is the outcome of work and thought, and it is our hope that it meets your approval and may bring back pleasant memories of your school days.

The Editors.

Board of Education

Sebert B. Hollenbeck

Roy A. Johnson

Georgiana Turnham

Nelson E. Wilcox

Alton B. Clark

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SENIORS

Whip 28

HISTORY OF CLASS '28

"A poor beginning makes a good ending." We, the Seniors, feel that this quotation is most appropriate for us. At our first meeting, the purpose of which was to organize the Freshman class, the members differed in opinion regarding parliamentary rules. Surely that very name, Freshmen, given us by fate, was the cause of our difficulties. Even after organization, the class was often subject to quarrels, as most classes are. But now we Seniors have risen above such minor affairs and are about to graduate, we hope, in peace and harmony.

Almost immediately after entering High School, we were ready for activities and triumphed in having a frankfurter roast at the Loudon farm. This was a great success, for parties were one thing upon which we agreed.

Next we ventured to have a sleighride. We were so full of pep and vim that we actually awoke "Reddy," the policeman of Sidney. Miss Paschke and Miss Welcome certainly had their hands full trying to carry out their duties as chaperones.

We were only Freshmen, but nevertheless we were inclined to be tactful. The Juniors are the sister class of the Freshmen; the Seniors are the sisters of the Sophomores. We felt that we should not limit our respects merely to our sister class, so we gave a party in the Domestic Science House for the Seniors. One feature of the entertainment was a spider web, the ends of whose strands led to May baskets for the guests. The latter part of the evening was devoted to dancing. An essential part of most parties is the refreshments and of course the "Sophs" stole our punch. All the doors were locked but they must have had ladders to reach the second story. This was supposed to be our initiation. We were rather disappointed since we had anticipated a real initiation party given by them—not by us.

As Sophomores, we had not lost our Freshmen tendencies to go to Loudon's. With the Misses Johnson and Miss Clinch as chaperones, we started to Loudon's for a party. Everyone had a good time. Next we gave our Sophomore Hop which was a Valentine Party in the Town Hall. This, too, was a great success. Between dances, special features and acts were given by the Sophomores.

Since we had been disappointed in our own initiation, we wished to give the Freshmen a good one. Evidently Mr. Casey knew too much about our pep, for he let us do very little. However, we did succeed in making the Freshmen dress outrageously. A truck was obtained to take the Freshmen class, together with the Sophomores, to Sidney. About three miles out of town we threatened to make the Freshmen walk home unless they promised to yell for the Sophomores in Sidney. They consented to yell for us.

Our last year we bravely bore the name of "Jolly Juniors." The Juniors, together with the Sophomores, put on a party for the High School. This was the first successful dance held in the auditorium. Our class also presented the play, "The Man Who Married A Dumb Wife," in the High School auditorium. This play was different from the type usually presented as a school play.

Our Senior year has been a typical one, that is, one free from multitudinous activities. In order to increase our treasury, the class secured renewal subscriptions for magazines. The Oneonta Violin Ensemble Orchestra was engaged by the Senior class to give a concert in November. It was composed of forty violins under the direction of Mr. Gardner. This entertainment proved a great success.

Our next venture was a Hallowe'en Party. The auditorium was given up entirely to dancing. The rooms adjoining the halls on the first floor consisted of a fish pond, a beauty parlor, a fortune telling booth, and a refreshment stand. The tour of the underworld extended through the entire second floor. We were surprised that so many people were present at our Hallowe'en festivities. It was the largest crowd which has ever attended any school party in the new building.

"It Happened in June" was the title of our Senior play. This was presented both in the Town Hall of Bainbridge and the Municipal Hall of Sidney. Both audiences were very appreciative.

Our class has endeavored to keep up the customs set by former Senior classes. The selling of Christmas wreaths and the Washington Trip were two customs followed.

We have much work ahead of us as yet unaccomplished. However, we are making extensive plans for Class Night and the Senior Ball. We have worked hard and long on this one accomplishment, "The Echo," and we hope that no one will be disappointed in it.

Donna Wilcox '28
Kathryn Kentfield '28

TO TWENTY-NINE

Some poets sing the praises
Of the glories of the past,
And wish that throughout all their lives
The thoughts of these may last.

Some poets always mourn and 'wail
At the parting of a friend,
And use the choicest kind of words
That they can recommend.

We do not seek for weighty words,
In accents loud and clear.
To wish Two-nine the best o' luck
Throughout the coming year!

Marguerite Montgomery '28

CLASS SONG

Tune: "The Orange and the Black."
We are now the joyous Seniors—
At the threshold of this life;
And we leave our dear High School
To fight and win the strife.
Since we have been Freshmen,
We have worked and studied hard,
And we now get our diplomas
'Tis the very best reward.

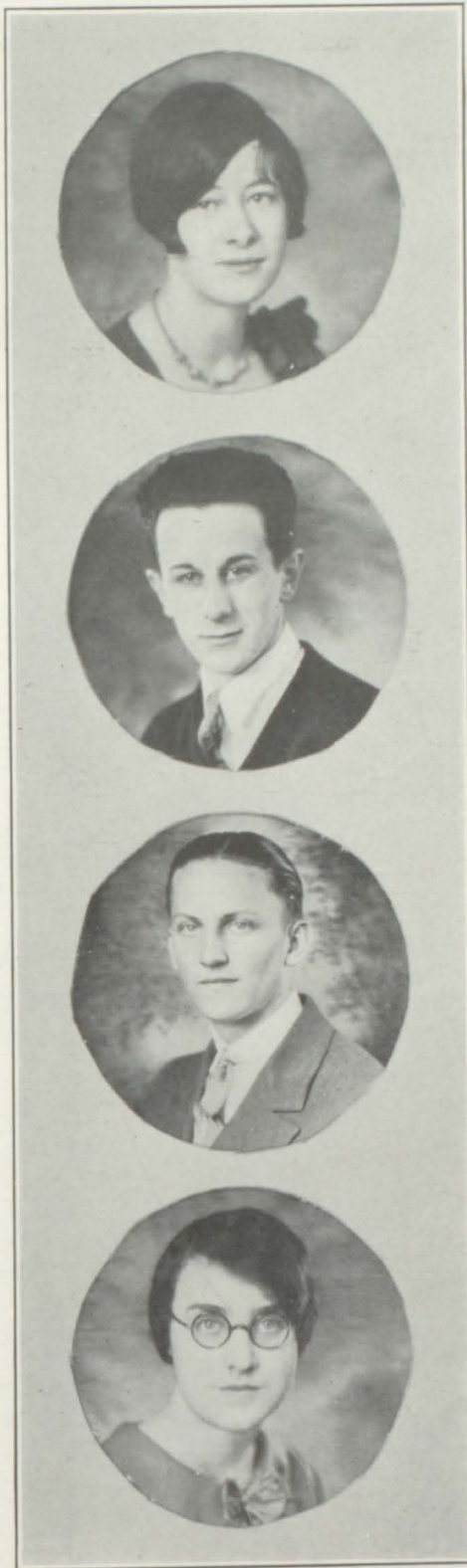
Altho' we leave our High School,
We shall ne'er forget those days
We spent in work together
Before we parted ways.
We may meet many people,
But we'll always remain true
To the friends we made in High School,
Beneath the white and blue.

Coralyn Whitney '28

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT ----- DONNA WILCOX
VICE PRESIDENT ----- MAE HOUGHTALING
SECRETARY ----- KATHRYN KENTFIELD
TREASURER ----- WARREN WHIPPLE

CLASS COLORS ----- BLACK AND GOLD
CLASS MOTTO ----- ESSE QUAM VIDERI



DORIS ANDREWS

"My grief lies onward, my joys behind."

Senior Play Committee, 4

MARSHALL ANDREWS

"Give me leave to enjoy myself."

Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball, 3, 4. Secretary, 3.

GERALD FORD

"Had I been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the Universe."

Transferred from Sherrill. Debating team, 4.

MARY HAGER

"Blushing is the color of virtue."
Literary Editor Echo, 4.



MAE HOUGHTALING

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

Junior Play, 3. Vice-president, 4. Associate Editor Echo, 4.



HELEN HOWLAND

"Oh, why should life all labor be?"

Musical Comedy, 3.



ELVERTON HOYT

"And e'en tho' vanquished, he could argue still."

Captain Football, 2. Football, 2. Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain Baseball, 2. Basket ball 3, 4. Business Manager Echo, 4.



KATHRYN KENTFIELD

"Her knowledge is easily won; a look at a book and it's done."

President, 1. Secretary 4.



IRENE KIRKLAND

"Be gone dull care! Thou and I shall never agree."

Basketball, 3, 4. Junior Play, 3. Orchestra, 1, 3, 4. Leader Magazine Contest, 4.



JOHN LOUDON

"Bid me discourse; I will enchant thine ears."

Junior Play, 1. Prize Speaking, 1. President, 2. Senior Play, 2. Musical Comedy, 3. Junior Play, 3. Senior Play, 4. Circulation Manager Echo, 4. Athletic Editor Echo, 4. Manager Magazine Contest, 3, 4. Manager Basketball, 3, 4. Cheer Leader, 2, 3, 4. Manager Baseball, 4.



MARGUERITE MONTGOMERY

"By the work one knows the workman."

Hallowe'en Committee, 4.



OTTILIE NICKEL

"Still water runs deep."

Orchestra, 1. Treasurer, 1. Musical Comedy, 3. Senior Play, 4.



CHARLOTTE PETLEY

**"God's in his heaven;
All's right with the world."**

Basketball, 3. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4. 4-H Champion, 4. Secretary 4-H Club, 4.



LOUISE PETLEY

"No legacy is so rich as honesty."

Hallowe'en Party Committee, 2.



MYRA SEYMOUR

**"Happy am I, from care I'm free.
Why aren't they all contented
like me?"**

Secretary, 2. Sophomore Hop Committee, 2. Musical Comedy, 3. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4. Senior Play, 4.



BETTY STEVENS

**"Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true;
'Tis well to be off with the old
love**

Before you are on with the new."
Sophomore Hop Committee, 2. Vice President, 2. Treasurer, 3. Musical Comedy, 3. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4. Debating Team, 4. Society Editor Echo, 4.



WARREN WHIPPLE

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

Secretary, 1. Senior Play, 1. President, 3. Orchestra, 1, 3, 4. Treasurer, 4. Senior Play, 4. Art Editor, 4.

CORALYN WHITNEY

"If it were done when 'tis done, Then 'twere well it were done quickly."

Chairman Sophomore Hop Committee, 2. Basketball, 3. Senior Play, 3. Junior Play, 3. Musical Comedy, 3. Vice-president, 3. Cheer Leader, 4. Senior Play, 4. Editor Echo, 4. Debating team, 4.

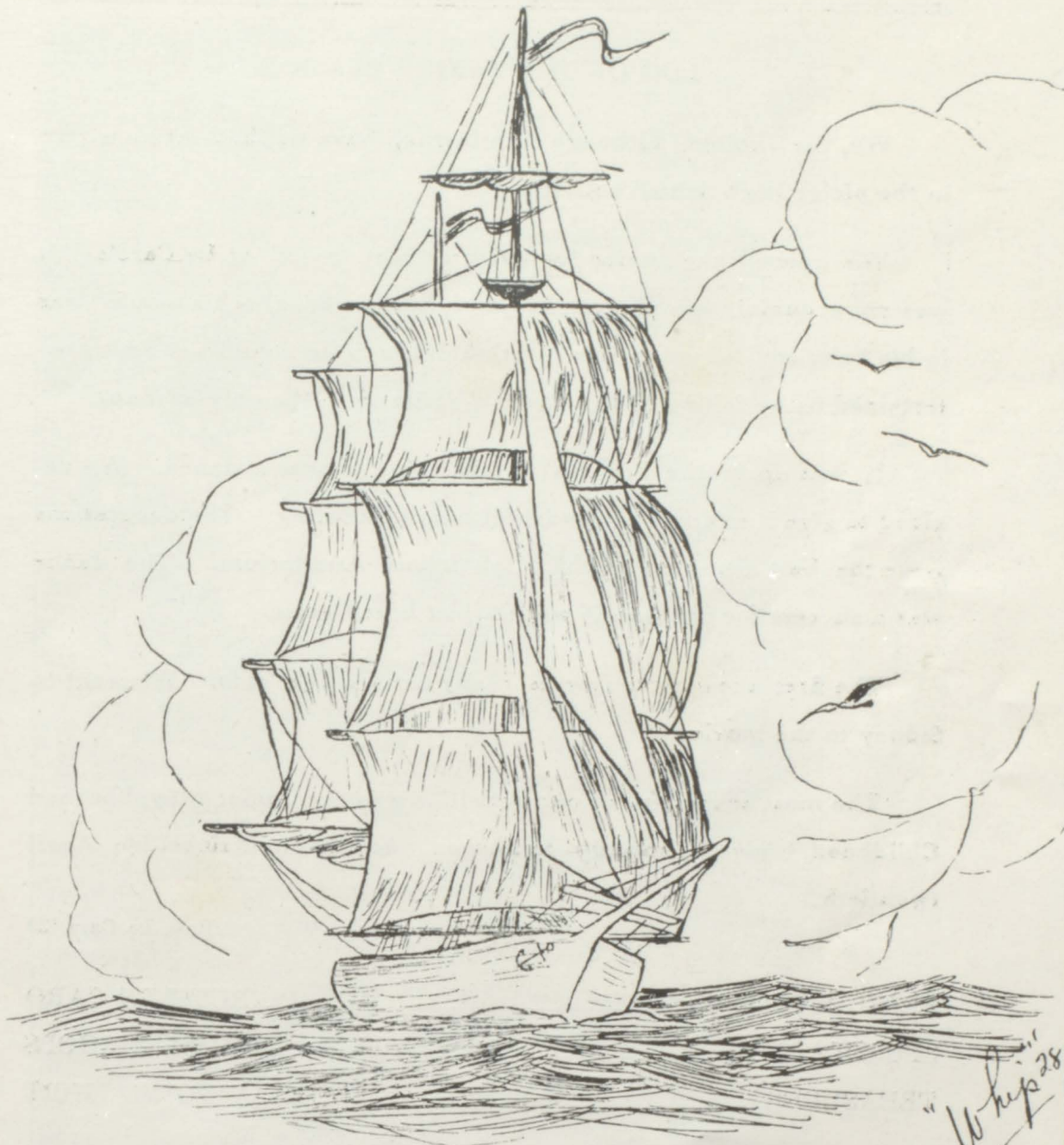
DONNA WILCOX

**"To set cause above renown,
To love the game above the quickly."**

Musical Comedy, 3. Junior Play, 3. Basketball, 3, 4. Captain Basketball Team, 4. Senior Play, 4. President, 4.

SENIOR HOROSCOPE

Name	Nickname	General Appearance	Chief Occupation	Favorite Expression	Usually Found
Coralyn	"Whit"	Neat but not gaudy	Chewing gum	Well I like that	With Betty
Betty	"Bet"	Angelic	Keeping dates	Now we're here. Why are we?	At the telephone
Donna	"Don"	Bored	Campfire	Attention Please!	With Miss Johnson
Marshall	"Bud"	Tired	Working for the class	My Blue Heavens	With Helen
Mae	"May"	Quiet	Laughing	Goodness	In the back seat
Kathryn	"Ryn"	Studious	Studying	Heavens	In a Chrysler
Ottolie	"Ot"	Blushing	Writing Notes	Oh-My Yes	She isn't
Myra	"Pete"	Peppy	Dancing	I'm not that kind of a girl	Shopping
Louise	"Lou"	Tired	Giving Advice	Well!	With Charlotte
Charlotte	"Charley"	Always the same	Cooking	I Guess not	Home Making House
Warren	"Whip"	Aristocratic	Blackboard Art	For Gosh sakes!	Feeding the chickens
John	"Johnny"	Important	Bluffing	Hi-Kid!	Outside of School
Alfred	"Al"	Lifeless	Caesar	Yeah!	In the office
Helen L.	"Helen"	Sleepy	Talking	O-Dam	Late to school
Irene	"Kirk"	Masculine	Giggling	Oh Shoot	With Miss Johnson
Gerald	"Jerry"	Griming	Talking	In Sherill we—	In class
Elverton	"Hoyty"	Important	Arguing	What the—	In that New Car
Mary	Mary	Demure	Studying	Oh———!	On the Main Drag"
Dorothy	"Hi-Hat"	Hi-Hat	Flirting	What is this? A game?	In the Flower Basket
Doris	Doris	Disgusted	Complaining	Oh, Dear!	In the Racer
Marguerite	"Peg"	Sober	Studying	For Goodness sakes	On Bixby Street
Helen H.	Helen	Forbidding	Bossing	Is that so?	With Bud



"Whips"
28

JUNIORS

LOG OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

We, the Juniors, although fun loving, have not had large fingers in the pie of High School activities.

We opened the Junior fun with a "corn roast" at Le Caro's. It was an acquaintance party. Lloyd Johnson thought his mouth was in his hair, and he put a few marshmallows in it. Addison Smith entertained us by falling in the creek. These were the only mishaps.

It was up to the Juniors to give the Christmas dance. We decided to give it and had a wonderful time decorating. The decorations were the best ever seen in the High School Auditorium. The dance was a success for us, even if we did just break even.

The first snowstorm saw us ready for a sleigh ride. We went to Sidney to the movies.

The most successful of our activities was the Junior play, "Second Childhood," given February tenth and repeated in Bainbridge April twentieth.

Ruth Le Caro '29

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	-----	RUTH LE CARO
SECRETARY	-----	CAROL NICHOLS
TREASURER	-----	VIRGINIA HIRT

CLASS COLORS	-----	GREEN AND WHITE
CLASS FLOWER	-----	WHITE ROSE
CLASS MOTTO	-----	CONFICIMUS UT CAPIAT



TOP ROW (Left to Right) Roland Pockham, John Davidson, Henry Cheesbro, Lloyd Johnson, Walter Sherman, Addison Smith.
 SECOND ROW Dolores Lloyd, Evelyn Lawrence, Zelma Wakeman, Evelyn Poole, Wilma Gardinier, Carol Nichols, Ellen Weeks, Louise Whitman.
 SEATED Mildred Wilcox, Elizabeth Collar, Virginia Hirt, Ruth LeCaro, Verna Colvin, Arlene Petley.

JUNIOR JOLLITIES

HENRY CHEESBRO

"A Famous Athlete"

I once saw Henry running,
A running on the track,
And, Oh, he ran so very fast
I thought he'd ne'er come back.

ELIZABETH COLLAR

"Studios"

Elizabeth Collar without a book
Is a sight one never saw.
She's never known to overlook
A single rule or law.

VERNA COLVIN

"Hazy"

Of all things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things both wise and wonderful,
Verna thinks "Hayes" beats them all.

JOHN DAVIDSON

"The Famous Hobo"

Johnny went a long long ways
And saw just lots of sights,
But now he studies very hard
And never goes out nights.

WILMA GARDINIER

"The Home Maker"

In the middle of every class,
We all look towards the door,
And there we see a slender lass
Saying, "Hot Lunch," o'er and o'er.

VIRGINIA HIRT

"Auntie"

Quiet, serene, yet full of fun,
Is Miss Virginia Hirt.
She studies hard and whispers some,
But always is alert.

LLOYD JOHNSON

"Just Doc"

Lloyd Johnson's always present
Wherever one may be;
He studies some but plays much more
When no one's there to see.

EVELYN LAWRENCE

"Precise"

When going to Sidney
Just stop on the way,
And you'll see Evelyn Lawrence
If she isn't away.

ADDISON SMITH

"The Village Apothecary"

Addison Smith has the cleverest way
Of leaving his books at the store;
And then lamenting the fact, next day,
But saying he'll do it no more.

ZELMA WAKEMAN

"Giggling"

You have to laugh—
Well, I should say—
Zelma Wakeman
Looked this way.

ELLEN WEEKS

"Famous B. B. Guard"

Ellen made a basket,
Ellen made a score,
You just ought to see her
Roll across the floor.

LOUISE WHITMAN

"Our Librarian"

Always quiet and wearing a smile,
We see Louise in school.
She studies hard the whole long day
And ne'er forgets a rule.

MILDRED WILCOX

"Blondy"

Speaking of puzzles in B. H. S.—
Mildred is the funniest girl we know.
She keeps us wondering all the while;
Her complex character troubles us so.

ROLLAND PECKHAM

"The Village Pharmacist"

Little Rolland has lost his book
And can't tell where it's hid.
Leave him alone, and he'll come home
Just as he always did.

ARLENE PETLEY

"A Country Maiden"

Arlene is a little country maid,
Though not so very small.
Always jolly, and full of fun,
Liked by one and all.

EVELYN POOLE

"Loquacious"

If conversation's falling short,
Just call on Evelyn Poole.
For she keeps talking all the time,
Both in and out of school.

WALTER SHERMAN

"The Bughouse Sheik"

Here's another Junior boy,
Of whom we sure must speak.
'Cause Walter earned his reputation
As being the Bughouse Sheik.

RUTH LE CARO

"Junior Adviser"

Ruth Le Caro, one who knows,
Answers questions where'er she goes.
One can't keep up in Latin class
'Cause Miss Le Caro reads so fast.

RANDOLPH LEWIS

"A Good Sport"

While Randy was sick and out of school,
We all felt very sad;
But now he's back at school once more,
I'm sure we all are glad.

DOLORES LLOYD

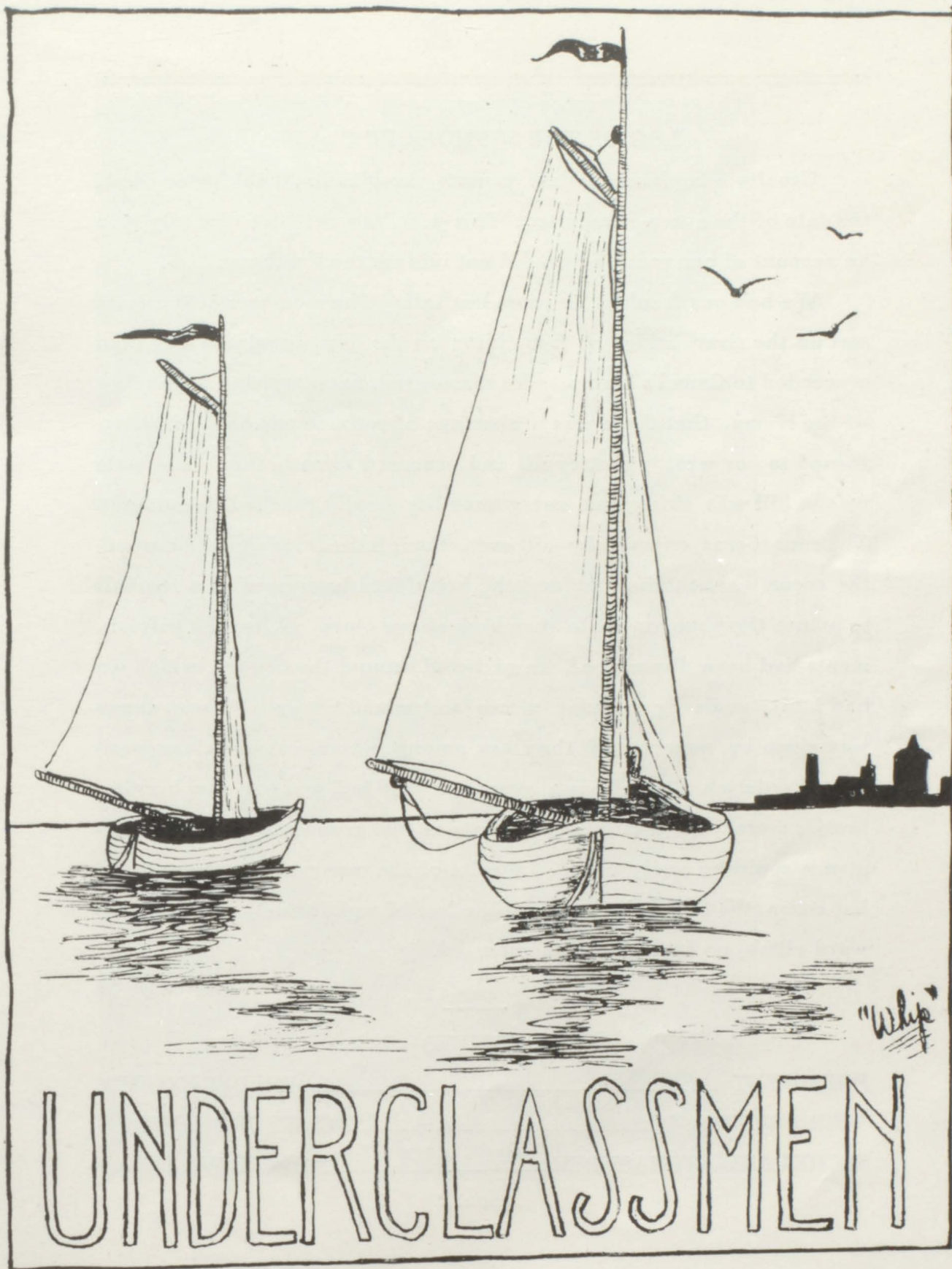
"Determined"

Dolores is a famous name,
A movie star and song,
And, when you choose Dolores Lloyd,
You surely can't go wrong.

CAROL NICHOLS

"The Dictionary Dame"

A little maid, with lots of fame,
Is one we like so well.
Carol Nichols is her name;
With music she casts a spell.



UNDERCLASSMEN

"Whip"

LOG OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Usually a Sophomore class reports, besides its frankfurter roast, the fate of the green Freshmen. This year, however, we can only give an account of our roast, as we did not initiate the Freshmen.

We had our frankfurter roast last fall. The members of the class met on the river bridge at four-thirty on the day appointed and then proceeded to Camel's Hump. We discovered, upon arriving at the foot of the Hump, that there was a shortage of rolls, so one of the boys returned to our worthy metropolis and procured some bread. The walk up the hill was tiring, but every member finally reached the summit. The repast was enjoyed by all, even though the "dogs" were burned, the cocoa was scalding hot, and the bread had been used as a football to amuse the younger male members of our class. After the refreshments had been disposed of, we gathered around the bonfire, which we had built, and sang popular pieces and school songs. A war dance was given by members of the class, among whom was our class president, Frederick Bly, who is a great lover of Indians. A few burning brands were placed in different parts of the group so that the performance could be easily seen. In spite of the many accidents with the hot cocoa, the falling brands, and the loss of equilibriums on the downward climb, no fatalities were reported.

Mary Collar '30

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT -----	FREDERICK BLY
VICE PRESIDENT -----	CLIFFORD LOUDON
SECRETARY—TREASURER -----	RUTH WHITMAN



TOP ROW (Left to Right) William Hohreiter, Milliard Howland, Philip Roberts,
 Clifford Loudon, Frederick Bly, Carlton Loomis, Stanley Darlin.
 SECOND ROW Ruth Whitman, Jennie Figger, Louise Vincent, Frances Godfrey,
 Nina Wilson, Mary Fairbanks, Mary Collar, Ruth Hager, Louise Lewis.
 SEATED Orlin Hitchcock, Alden Wakeman, Doris Sherman, Frances Baldwin, Thelma
 Lyon, Helen Bluler, Mildred Hodge, Karl Nickel, Kenneth Vandenburg.

LOG OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman class had its first meeting soon after school began. At this meeting we elected our officers. We elected Bruce Partridge President, Helen Sawyer Vice-President, Norman Dunne Treasurer, and Wilfred Lyon Secretary. Ruth Figger was elected Vice-President after Helen Sawyer moved away. Mrs. Thomas was chosen faculty adviser.

We had our first corn roast at Harold Smith's in October. We greatly feared our superior class, the Sophomores, would attempt to seize our precious "eats," but, with the exception of two of their prominent members, they failed to appear. Consequently, we had our fill of the corn and other good things.

Our next attempt at celebrating was when "Ben Hur" came to Sidney. After the show, we emptied our pockets of all loose change at the famous Boston Candy Kitchen. Then we all piled into the truck and arrived home about eleven o'clock.

Edna Shofkom '31

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	-----	BRUCE PARTRIDGE
VICE PRESIDENT	-----	RUTH FIGGER
SECRETARY	-----	WILFRED LYON
TREASURER	-----	NORMAN DUNNE



TOP ROW (Left to Right) Russell Elander, Charles Fairbanks, Clifford Mott, Elwyn Hitchcock, Norman Dunne, Harold Campbell.
 THIRD ROW Valentine Weidman, Alice Taylor, Ruth Figger, Edna Strong, Harriet Bennett, William Foster, Kenneth Aylesworth, Glenn Herrick.
 SECOND ROW Alice Weidman, Renwick Walling, Agnete Brandt, Bruce Partridge, Marie Lohe, Harold Smith, Margaret Springsteen, Austin Hayes, Edna Shofkom, Dorothy Sweet, Gladys Hawkins.
 SEATED Howard Williams, Morris Snitchler, William Burton, William Ward, Ralph Axtell, Wilfred Lyon, Kenneth Freidenstine, Barbara Lamphere, Reta Davis.

SOPHOMORE ENCYCLOPEDIA

- BABCOCK, CARLTON—Born in 1890. His parents were unable to send him to college, so he began his career as a paper boy. Gradually, by means of his persistency, he worked up to be the Editor of the "New York Times."
- BLULER, HELEN—Born in 1902. She is a very famous novelist. Some of her works are "The Romance of Youth," "The Jazz Age," and "Advice to the Young." She is not only a noted author, but she is also a famous singer. She has appeared in many great operas of recent date. Helen is really a young lady worth knowing.
- BLY, FRED—Born in 1730. "Heap Big Chief" of the Algonquin Tribe of Indians. He scalped fifty whites and also murdered one Mr. Cornet. He was killed in a battle of the French and Indian war during an act of bravery.
- COLLAR, MARY—Born in 1908. All we know about Mary is that she is both serious and full of fun. Mary is now employed by the yellow cab company driving roadsters.
- COLLINS, CAMERON—Born in 1845. Cameron was a great friend of John Burroughs. He was a famous naturalist, but now he has gone crazy over bugs, and the world is frightened at the thought of his death.
- DARLIN, STANLEY—Born in Bainbridge in 1900. At present he is acclaimed the most famous comedian in the world. He made his first appearance in the Bainbridge theatre in 1928 in "Second Childhood."
- FAIRBANKS, MARY—Born in Bainbridge. From the first her teachers complimented her on her Latin translations. She worked her way through college and is now a teacher in Swarthmore College.
- FIGGER, JENNIE—Born in 1875. Her cook book is now more famous than "Fannie Farmer's." All young people enjoy Aunt Jennie's old fashioned cooking.
- GODFREY, FRANCES—Born in 1905. She is a girl of the jazz age, peppy and full of fun. She never lacks girl friends. Frances is now attending Cortland Normal where great things are expected of her.
- HAGER, RUTH—Born in 1885. She declares that she will always be an old maid and keep a house for poor cats and dogs. Let's hope she lives long, for the poor things need a good home.
- HITCHCOCK, ORLIN—Date of birth unknown. Once his greatest desire was to be a famous pitcher. However he was disappointed in this aspiration. He became a druggist and is happily dealing poison out to the pupils.
- HOHREITER, WILLIAM—Born in 1855. He has been a successful farmer but has now retired.
- HOWLAND, MILLIARD—Born in 1900. At present he is a great criminal lawyer. (He got his training in his father's store, dealing with the customers who didn't pay their bills.) However, the public is putting its trust in him in all kinds of cases. We expect that some day he will be known all over the world.
- HOYT, KENNETH—Born in 1882. As manager of a factory he has gained much wealth. He has a lovely home, and every thing to be desired, but he is still looking for The Wife.

-
- IVES, MILDRED—Born in 1875. She gave her life for poor suffering soldiers during the World War. Many soldiers remember the touching scene when this nurse died near the battle field.
- KIRKLAND, LEWIS—Born in 1869. Lewis was classed as an athletic shark in the gay 90's. He excelled in shooting baskets on the B. H. S. basketball team. But the poor boy knocked his head against the ball and killed himself.
- LEWIS, LOUISE—Records of her life were lost in the big fire of 1897. However, we do know that she devoted her entire life to educating little children. Now we have lost her and the records too. The children do miss her.
- LOOMIS, CARLTON—Born in 1888. Carlton was a famous drummer in Sousa's band. Once he played in the B. H. S. orchestra, and oh, how different the orchestra then sounded. When Carlton retired he was worth millions.
- LOUDON, DONALD—Born in 1901. Donald was a taxi driver for B. H. S. However he never seemed to make much money for he had too much of a preference for pretty girls.
- LYON, THELMA—Born in 1902. Thelma is employed in one of the largest clothing stores in New York City. She is the model for all the latest styles. Thelma's perennial youth won this job for her. She is the shining example for all the thousands of customers.
- NICKEL, KARL—Born in 1891. Karl is a wonderful civil engineer and has accomplished much in this field. He has constructed twelve bridges and has fallen into three sewers.
- ROBERTS, PHILIP—Born in 1909. Phil distinguished himself by traveling across the continent from Bainbridge to California and back again in the same summer. His latest accomplishment is the acquisition of a new language which sounds like the grunt of a pig but is just a bit (?) more intelligent. This in later years will undoubtedly be classed with Latin and Greek in importance.
- SHERMAN, DORIS—Records of her birth and death have been destroyed. Doris was the mother of the Sherman who marched to the sea.
- VANDENBURGH, KENNETH—Born in Punkin Center, April 1, 1898. Ken rose quickly to the heights of a noted lawyer and judge. At one time he was a member of the Supreme Court.
- VINCENT, LOUISE—Born in 1808. Louise was one of the best known artists. Her greatest pictures were drawn in the back of her school books.
- WHITMAN, RUTH—Born in 1910. Ruth was the Sophomore athlete in B. H. S. She excelled many as a guard and, when she had to, she made a basket.
- WILSON, NINA—Born in a manger in Masonville. Nina was a nursemaid and took care of Roger Dix when he was small.
- WAKEMAN, ALDEN—Born in backwoods and received connections with the world by radio. Now he knows the world very well, and the world knows him too.

M. H. D. W.
R. L. C. N.



OUR VOYAGE

We usually compare life to a voyage on the sea. We prefer to say that life is made up of several voyages—according to the different stages of life. In that case we Seniors, in June, shall complete one of the important voyages—our voyage through high school.

This voyage has lasted for four years. The way several times has been rough and stormy, threatening to sink our ship, but as usual "after a storm there comes a calm," and we have sailed along as merrily as ever toward our harbor.

Our harbor is "graduation," and we are scheduled to land there in June 1928. This harbor has been gazed upon and longed for no less than Columbus and his crew longed for a harbor in the new continent. As in all boat races, in the last lap all strength is applied to reach the goal; so we, in our last year, have applied all our facilities to reach our goal where we shall sail in, all colors flying, with the crew the largest ever employed in B. H. S. Is this not a great reward for our labors?

In 1924, when we began our voyage, we, as a crew, were inefficient and ignorant of the sea, but, through the guidance of our captain, Mr. Casey, and his able officers we learned much, and we found ourselves in 1928 a crew, well organized, ambitious, and all better prepared for the greater voyage which will proceed when we shall be the captains. How great has been the task of directing us is only known to the officers and the crew. In later years we shall realize it more and more and be thankful for their guiding influence.

In the log of our ship's voyage will be written that, in 1928, one task was to publish the "Echo." This task has been a hard one but we hope it meets approval to the extent that we may write that it has been a task well done. We also hope that, in our "Echo," which is an echo of our voyage, the underclassmen may find something of value to them.

As we near the harbor of "graduation," we hear the shouts of praise of those waiting on the shore, and we glory in it. We hope that the underclassmen may, in due time, safely land at this harbor to receive likewise the praise of those waiting on the shore.

-Coralyn Whitney '28

DECISION

Among the qualities of mind which conduce to worldly success, there is none more important than decision. History is crowded with examples showing that, in all walks of life, decision either promotes or obstructs an individual's advancement. This characteristic is a delicate and indefinable quality of all successful people.

When one is young, he has many things in mind which he hopes to accomplish. As he grows older, he begins to realize that, if he is to be a success, he must make a decision concerning his future. Now we, who are Seniors, deem it necessary to conscientiously formulate a definite plan to aid in carrying out our plans. Some of us, perhaps, hope to be teachers or nurses, while some are attracted by engineering or buying. Each, however, must make his own choice. The saying, "better aim high and miss it than to aim low and hit it," is a slogan by which we hope to profit.

The accompanist of decision is promptness. Without this trait, decision is practically worthless. Although there are some instances when our conclusions cannot be made promptly, most resolutions have to be formed on the spur of the moment.

In all leaders alertness of thought plays a most important part. This is especially true in a battle field, for perhaps at the crisis a prompt judgement will bring triumph, while tardiness will cause defeat. Napoleon was a leader who sought to carry out his desires. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli the day seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs and instantly decided to try different tactics. He dispatched for a flag to the Austrians with proposals for an armistice. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and, while amusing the enemy with mock negotiations, rearranged his line of battle, changed his front, and, in a few moments, was ready to renounce the farce of discussion for the arbitrament of arms. The result ended in the victory of Rivoli for Napoleon.

We, the Seniors, have our battles to wage, and we hope our decisions will lead us forth triumphant.

"The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion—Makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes!"

We are sure that, if we follow this advice, our hopes will be realized.

Mae Houghtaling '28

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

The much loved spring days are here, and we happily go riding over hill and dale, far into the country. The bad roads and detours become a common joke. In actuality, however, we might pride ourselves on the roads of our country. There are many routes with miles of smooth cement road. We are so accustomed to good roads that we accept them as a necessity. And, indeed, they are necessary in this age of automobiles. As we are traveling along, do we ever think of the building of these roads?

The State surveyors estimate the shortest direction. Perhaps this passes directly in front of some man's door or over the ground on which his house is built. What matters that? The state will pay him a sum, and he must move his house or barn. To the hardened commercialized minds of the government men the right of way for the road is essential. The man's home is of minor importance. A small sum of money will take care of that difficulty. The man perhaps has laboured all of his life to build

this home for his family. They are happy there, and he is proud of his achievement, however humble. Suddenly the realization of his dreams crumbles. His children have the hot cement at their door step, instead of a cool, green lawn; or perhaps a high embankment is built directly in front of the windows.

We must have the roads, but we might offer a plea for the little house by the side of the road. A little sentiment mixed with the business of the government would prevent the destruction of happy homes. It would seem worth while.

Betty Stevens '28

RHETORICALS

The mere word "rhetoricals" implies something to be dreaded. Whenever one thinks of that word he thinks of the horrors of speaking before a large audience. To his mind there comes a picture of a stage. That stage is bare, until, from a side door, a figure appears and advances to the front of the stage. But what is that queer noise? It resembles a knocking and a clicking, but there is no carpenter in sight. It seems to come from the stage, too. That speaker surely looks peculiar. His knees seem to be in two places at the same time, and his teeth are chattering in the most unearthly fashion. Poor speaker! How everyone pities him.

Such is the audience's view and thoughts of the speaker. But the speaker himself is experiencing an entirely different sensation.

When his name is called by the Professor, he wonders if he can ever walk up to the stage. He starts, but he cannot seem to manipulate his feet in the right direction. It seems to him that he is staggering, and he wonders if the audience thinks him a bit tipsy. However his courage rises a little, and he thinks that the least he can do is to make believe that he does not mind it. But, alas, when he opens the door and beholds that vast sea of upturned faces, all his courage leaves him again. Somehow he manages to start his rhetorical, but all the expression and gestures that his teacher has tried to impress on him have fled. His voice is trembling and his knees are knocking together in an outrageous manner. Will the rhetorical never end? He has not realized before that it is so long. His main thought is to finish and leave the stage. At last he has finished, and he makes his way, stumbling back to his seat. Can it be possible that the audience is applauding? The speaker settles back in his chair, quite exhausted. He vows never to speak again.

Why are there such things as rhetoricals when they bring such horrors to the speakers? Whenever one asks this question, he will undoubtedly receive the answer, "Oh, it's good for you," or "Practice is what you need." The speaker then thinks that anyone with any common sense ought to know that it is not good for anyone to be so frightened. He might have heart failure, and for a while he wishes that he might. Nevertheless, customs are doomed to remain the same, and all there is to do is to grin and bear it.

The amateur speaker thinks, "Surely rhetoricals shall haunt me, and I shall live in fear of them all the days of my High School life."

Mary Hager '28

RETROSPECT

Somehow or other, no one knows just how,
We, who were Freshmen, are Seniors now.
For four short years we've done our best,
With many a trial and many a jest.

As Freshmen, we toiled from morn 'til night
In an old school house that was a sight.
The study hall floor had many a squeak,
Which kept growing worse from week to week

The laboratory was dark and cold,
About like some prison, in days of old.
Biology class in this poor room
Was not to be forgotten soon.

Our Sophomore year, which was all upset,
I'm sure we never will forget.
Our old school building was torn down;
So we entered a place of much renown.

This noted place, as you all may know,
Was called the silk mill, long ago.
Here all of the favorite desks were taken,
And our hopes of "passing" slightly shaken.

In the "study hall" visited o'er and o'er,
Some sat on boxes; some on the floor.
A few had chairs around the table,
But he was lucky, whoever was able.

We lived through many awful trials
But also scattered many smiles.
For we could oft' to our minds recall
Thoughts of a new school house next fall.

In our Junior year we moved once more,
Leaving closed the silk mill door.
The nice new building, not quite finished,
All of our downcast thoughts diminished.

Pounding and sawing, common sounds, no doubt,
We often heard in the rooms about.
The smell of varnish about the hall
Soon came to be nothing strange at all.

With workmen going in and out,
The teachers almost had to shout.
But one who caused the greatest clamor
Was the man who carried the ladder and hammer.

We knew he came to fix the clock
And maybe get an electric shock;
So now we all must turn around
And look at him with a gaze profound.

Our Senior year, just since last fall,
Has been the happiest of them all.
Our finished building, so nice and still
We surely love, and always will.

Old B. H. S. and schoolmates dear,
We shall miss them all, at the close of the year,
But we must leave when school is o'er
To see what else life has in store.

So now to all from B. H. S.
We wish the very best success.
And want to thank our teachers, too,
For having helped to pull us through.

M. Montgomery '28

AN APPRECIATION OF BURNS

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?"
What past or faded memories do those lines suggest or recall?

Recently I read of a young fellow, Bunny Halford, who had left Union High School in Great Bedford and was taking his Senior year at Central High School. Bunny, who had played on the foot ball team at Union, was persuaded at Central High to play with them on their team.

Of course Bunny knew all the signals and tricks of Union, and it was hard not to pass them on to Central. At length, Union and Central, bitter rivals, played together; Bunny playing on Central team. Union was unable to accomplish anything, for Central seemed to block all her signals.

Then Gloria Bartlett, a girl from Union, asked the orchestra to play that marvelous work of Burns', "Auld Lang Syne." Immediately every one in the Union section had taken up the tune and was singing the words. Soon "Should auld acquaintance be forgot" came floating out over the gridiron and kept on until it reached the ears of Bunny Halford. Bunny looked up toward the grandstand. There were his old friends singing to him. What had he been doing anyway, using their own signals against them, tricking their old trick plays? He buried his head in his hands.

"Come, come," said the referee, but Bunny mumbled, "Can't play."

Bunny was out of the game. He had not completely betrayed his friends; they would have a sporting chance to win a victory. Union had won a victory, but Bunny, too, had won a victory. Just one song had done it. What strength and force that song must have had!

This is merely an example of what one of Burns' songs had done and can do for the world. This example truly backs up the statement that Burns is the greatest song writer in the English language. No one before him had sung with such genuine feeling, sympathy, understanding and pathos. The songs of humble life of Burns, Scotland's greatest poet, have sung themselves into the hearts of the world. His poems are the most musical in the language; they are music in themselves. His love songs are the very essence of tenderness and will endure long after other love songs have perished. The tenderness, passion, and sweetness of his poems have a universal appeal. Thus every Scotchman regards him with a deep personal love.

Burns' best poems are written in the Scottish dialect. The soil, the air, and the very spirit of his native country are reflected in his verses, so that "you can fair smell the heather." But his humanity embraces the whole world. He writes of the worth of the common man in "A Man's a Man for a' That."

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd (gold) for a' that."

He is a very human writer, for anyone who keeps his eyes open to his surroundings is moved and interested by the same things which form the topic of Burns' poems and which move and interest him.

His sparkling, often rollicking humor, his joyousness, his deep seriousness and tender pathos are some of the many sides of the great heart revealed in his poems. Some of his poems are very simple, while others fairly burst forth radiantly with life and wit. He was honest, proud, friendly, and warm-hearted, with a deep understanding and a vivid imagination. Together with these qualities he combined his high passions which were his ruin. Burns felt that the world was unjust to him. Thus he never found happiness, since he thought the world owed it to him. However, as much of his failure to find happiness was due to his own lack of self-control and his forgetfulness of God, as to his outward circumstances. His strong passions always fought against his good judgement and understanding.

Of its kind Burns' poetry is unsurpassed. He was a poet of nature; and few have approached him in simple, clear, and yet touching descriptions of nature's scenes and objects of life. There is charm in his picture of the simple peasant home. All living things were dear to him, and, when his plow relentlessly uprooted a daisy, he would pathetically pause to mourn in such unsurpassed lines as these:

"Wee, modest, crimson, tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem."

In like manner he would grieve a similar mishap to a terrified little field mouse whose nest he had destroyed. Burns not only felt these things himself; but he spoke forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his heart; so that other men must give heed to him. In other words, his sincerity was so profound that others are amazed and stop to listen.

Burns had his faults as well as we have ours. He would not have been human if he had not had his faults and weaknesses. If he had been too perfect we should not like him. For this reason we should overlook his mistakes, be optimists and agree with others that, in spite of his frailties, Burns was one of the best lyric poets.

Donna Wilcox '28

COURTESY

There is no characteristic as noticeable as courtesy. Courtesy shows respect, love, and thoughtfulness for other people. To be courteous to older people is a necessity; to be courteous to one's friends is an achievement; and to show courtesy to one's family is admirable. In the rush of modern life there seems to be no time to be courteous. Let us think that this is the reason young people are not as courteous as they should be. If a boy or girl is courteous, it never fails to attract attention and comment.

When our parents and grandparents were young, life was not so full that they did not have time to be courteous. They were taught that, if they did nothing else, they should be courteous. Naturally, they expect the young people of to-day to be courteous to them.

There is a story of an old woman on a street car who, when she came to her station, had difficulty in rising.

A young man standing near by said, "Better eat yeast, mother; you'll rise better."

The old lady, not to be out done, answered, "Try it yourself, young man you'll be better bred."

The old lady, not to be out done, answered, "Try it yourself, young man, you'll be courteous thing to do.

It is a rare thing to see a young person courteous to his friends. At a party I recently attended I saw an example of courtesy which is lacking in this generation. A girl stood to leave the room; the young man whom she was with immediately arose also. He was laughed at and mocked by the other fellows. The fellows showed their lack of courtesy and showed the boy's courtesy more. It certainly is an achievement to be courteous to one's friends.

A young person usually is courteous to his father and mother due to parental authority. A young person thinks that to be courteous to a sister or brother is foolish; nevertheless he or she should be courteous, for it shows respect and is appreciated by onlookers.

When one participates in a play, he is directed to be courteous because he is watched by the audience. Life, according to Shakespeare, is a stage, and we are the actors. We should, then, be courteous at all times for we always have an audience.

Coralyn Whitney '28

WITH APOLOGIES TO SHAKESPEARE

To work or not to work;—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to quiver
At the satirical criticisms of outraged teachers,
Or to rise up in arms and face your troubles,
And by stick-to-a-tive-ness overcome them? To work, to grind!
No more foul play, and so we end the heartache and overcome the
knocks
The student is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.
To bluff, perchance to dream! Aye, there's the rub;
For in that dream what visions may come, when we have shuffled off
Without achieving some enormous victory in science or math.
For who could beat the jibes of Miss Hanby
When despised themes and outside readings are handed in;
The killing looks of dear Miss Clinch to the students committing the sin
Of misplacing books and all therein? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a living life with French and Miss Hubbs—
an aching strife—
Not to be outdone by the figures that Miss Johnson teaches to us
wigglers?
No student has yet returned; for by his will he has borne
Those ills we have borne four years.
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.

O. J. Nickel '28

TABLE MANNERS

The family is seated at dinner, mother at one end and father at the other end of the table. On each side are arranged their offspring, from John, a lad of fifteen, to baby aged one year, two months.

The dinner is steaming on the table, and the eating commences with a loud clatter of dishes and various animal like grunts when suddenly mother lifts her hands horrified.

"John, you never washed your hands."

John looks guiltily at his black hands but goes on eating with much noise.

The other children, each in turn, ask for more food and "feed their faces" until one thinks they would surely burst. Father constantly grumbles and makes his spoon jingle in his coffee cup. Then, as if to deaden the sounds, he breaks a doughnut and puts the pieces in the cup.

The tumult and riot cease when William yells that baby is going to sneeze. Baby sneezes as babies will, spewing half digested food over everyone's lap and completely spoiling the bright table cloth. Tom, a young terror, knocks over his water and his brother's milk. The other brothers, seeing this, yell and holler with all their might. Some leave the table.

Suddenly father bangs his fist and asks if his household is made up of Indians or dogs. His repeated banging spills the gravy and causes poor mother to drop her knife and fork, thereby breaking her cup containing coffee.

There is silence again for the children have left, and father is in the front room reading the paper and chewing a toothpick. Mother slowly gets up, but she does not cry; she merely sighs as she is calloused to such things. She takes a plate of scraps and carries it to the dog in the yard.

The dog wags his tail and barks a welcome. He begins to eat his meal. Mother watches. Bowzer eats in doggish fashion, but he licks his plate clean and leaves no refuse. He then looks up at mother with thanks in his eyes, and wags his tail. Mother accepts his thanks with a pat on his head, solemnly wishing to herself that her family had as good manners as Bowzer.

Karl Nickel '30

THE STAR SHINING ON THE HILL OF LIFE

When I was visiting in Bliar Water a few days ago, I chanced to meet Frances Raymond, an old lady of the village.

She stopped me and said, "Why, my dear Emily, are you here for a very long time?"

I told her my father was coming for me in the afternoon. Thereupon she asked me to come up for tea. I accepted her invitation with pleasure.

We then stepped into a limosine which was waiting not far away, and we were driven to her beautiful home by a chauffeur. We went in, and a maid took our wraps. My friend took me at once to her small sitting room. Here she made me comfortable while she went to order tea.

While we were waiting for the tea she showed me her new wardrobe, which she had picked out for fall traveling. Her wardrobe contained more clothes than three people needed.

She said, "Dear, I wish I had a different hat to go with this suit. It doesn't match very well. I don't think that these shoes go very well with this silk dress either, do you?"

I was amazed to think she had all these clothes and still wished for more. While we were sipping our tea and talking, I noticed that her face had a hard look. Just then the maid came and told her there was someone at the door.

"Well, dear me, who can that be? Probably some one wanting money for the Children's Home or some such thing. You see what she wants, Dina."

"Very well madam."

Dina returned in a short time.

"The lady wondered if you would like to give some money for a fund which they are trying to start for the boys and girls who are unable to go to college."

"No! I haven't time to bother around with any such thing as that. I will be very busy all day and I haven't time to bother now."

"Very well madam."

I thought, "Oh what a mistake you are making."

Her every move showed she was living for herself alone. If she would only pass on some of her blessings to others, it would be a blessing to herself, and bring her happiness.

As I sped homeward in my father's car I thought of another home. In this there was an old lady with no riches. She was such a dear, loving creature. There were no maids to take her wraps, no hands to wait upon her. I used to visit her often, just for the joy of seeing her lovely face. She did not have much money. She had had many troubles, for her son and daughter were both dead and she lived alone. I could not see how she could be so happy and cheerful. One day, she told me her secret.

She said, "One day I read a verse that went like this:

If you can't be a highway,
Then just be a trail;
If you can't be a sun, be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail.
Be the best of whatever you are!

That is what I am trying to be—a "star" on the trail of life."

I thought then that that was a wonderful way to spend one's old age, just being a star, shining so as to help some one else who is farther down the hill.

That night in my room I told my mother all the events of the day. I told her that I had resolved that I would try to be a star too, which would twinkle until it learned to shine.

Dorlores Lloyd '29

THE ECHO GARDEN

Sweet William	-----	"Bill" Foster
Jack-In-Pulpit	-----	"Jerry" Ford
Cocksecomb	-----	John Loudon
Goldenglo	-----	Mildred Wilcox
Marigold	-----	"Dot" Harmon
Violet	-----	"Ot" Nickel
Sticktites	-----	The Weidman Girls
Love-in-a-mist	-----	Frances Godfrey
Devil's Paintbrush	-----	"Bill" Burton
Fire Bush	-----	Zelma Wakeman

Bitter Sweet	Evelyn Lawrence
(Son) Flower	Frances Baldwin
Wild Rose	Rena Robinson
Bleeding Heart	Helen Bluler
Pansy	Verna Colvin
Poppy	Dolores Lloyd
Daffodil	Austin Hayes
Snap Dragon	Coralyn Whitney
Gladiolas	Gladys Hawkins
Black Eyed Susan	Beverly Ostrander
Sweet Pea	Dorothy Sweet
(Hy)acinth	Wilma Gardinier
Goldenrod	Donna Wilcox
Adder Tongue	Ruth Le Caro
Primrose	Kathryn Kentfield
Forget-me-not	Thelma Lyon
American Beauty	Betty Stevens
Madonna Flower	Elizabeth Collar
May Flower	Mae Houghtaling
Water Lily	Evelyn Poole
Chick Weed	"Chick" Loudon
Painted Trilium	Barbara Lamphere
Dandelion	Elverton Hoyt
Dutch man's Breeches	"Dutch" Wakeman
Coo-Coo Flower	"Goofy" Vandenburg
Love Vine	Kenneth Hoyt
Smart Weed	Virginia Hirt
Pig Weeds	Warren Whipple, "Phil" Roberts and John Davidson

A NOVEL VACATION EXPERIENCE

Percivale Silver was going to spend four days of his summer vacation with his aunt and uncle at their cottage on Cedar Lake, Wisconsin. His home was in England, but, as he had received an invitation from his aunt to visit them any time he wished, and, as he had always wanted to visit America, he decided to go there.

Percivale's aunt and uncle, as they had no children of their own, had adopted a girl, Jane, who, as she grew older, became a very mischievous person. Jane had planned very much upon the visit of the young man, wondering, as all young girls of her age wonder, if he were handsome, if he were tall or short, and if he could engage in all sports successfully.

When Mr. Percivale arrived for his visit he brought with him, as his only change of garment, a dress suit. He was very much out of place for the informal welcome he received, because he wore striped trousers, a swallow tail afternoon coat, a starched collar, spats, and a derby. To complete the costume he carried a cane.

When greetings had been exchanged, and Jane could have a word with her mother, she stated, "I'll fix him before the day is over."

"Now, Jane," pleaded her mother, "don't do anything rash."

"Don't worry, mother," replied Jane, "I won't kill him, anyway."

Jane was very well trained in the art of handling a sailboat, as she had done so ever since she could remember. So, at about four o'clock that afternoon, Jane, after donning some old clothes, asked the young man to go for a sail with her. At first Percivale was a little skeptical about accepting to go, but finally, after being assured

by Jane's father that she was a competent sailor, he agreed.

There was a fair wind, and, under Jane's skillful guidance, the boat skimmed over the water like a bird. After he had been out for a few minutes, Percivale began to enjoy the ride. Jane decided to amuse the gentleman by pointing out to him interesting places along the shore. As this occupied quite a bit of time, it was six o'clock before they were half way around the lake. Supper had been called for six-thirty, so Jane decided to head directly for home across the lake. Everything went fine until the boat and occupants were about a quarter of a mile from the cottage and then Jane, true to her boast she had made to her aunt, "fixed him." She tipped the boat, Percivale, his spats, afternoon coat, and striped trousers, as well as herself, into the water.

It was a very bedraggled as well as thoughtful Percivale who pulled himself out of the rescuing motor boat at the wharf a few minutes later. He was thinking about the dress suit which he would have to wear to dinner that night, and, because he had a LITTLE sense of humor in his English head, he knew that it would be extremely out of place.

Mary Collar '30

HAIR PINS

"And don't forget the hairpins," called the voice from above.

With this last injunction still ringing in her ears, Suzette hailed a taxi and drove to Vantine's. As she stood before the show window a little gurgle of delight escaped her.

"How clever"— meaning the arrangement of the sparingly clad, green-faced Goddess on a piece of black velvet, who represented the fashionable acme of womanhood. Beside her lay a compact, a pearl chain, and hairpins, both wire and tortoise shell with gems whose scintillating rays under the myriad of electric lights dazzled the eyes.

Suzette was about to enter, but just then she heard someone speaking.

"Oh, how kippy to meet you."

"Oh Reggie, surely I can go, but don't let me forget mother's hairpins."

During the pleasant tete-a-tete Suzette was often reminded of the little wires, for her hand sought the one hairpin that held her own beautiful bobbed hair.

"A-o-h-h-h—!" This wailing shriek came from a fashionable lady whose face was distorted, and her right limb suspended in air. She was hopping on one foot. Some thought she had lost her senses, but Reggie, who acted as samaritan, extracted a three inch hairpin from the expensive slipper. It had evidently penetrated through, causing the woman to cry out.

Reggie, while receiving effusive thanks, did not notice that Suzette had slipped away. It was so late that she barely reached Vantine's before closing. Her purchase made, she called a taxi and hastened toward home, knowing her mother's needs, for that fair lady was dining out.

Suzette suddenly felt a tremendous jolt. She rushed from the taxi and found herself in the midst of a street brawl. No one could ascertain the cause, but all Suzette knew was that she emerged with a waist torn slightly down the front.

"Oh what can I do?"

On second thought she opened the box of hairpins and cleverly applied some so that once more she was presentable.

A pair of eyes were fastened 'on her. She pulled a hairpin, jabbed it into the awful face of the observer, and quickly ran.

Unfortunately, the box of hairpins and contents were dropped and scattered all over the sidewalk. A young girl sauntered by and picked some up.

"Ten new friends ain't so bad, and, as none is bent, no friend is crooked," she exclaimed.

She was followed by a poor child ten years old, who spied the pretty box.

"Oh, now I have something to give Elsie, who has been sick so long, and these hairpins will hold back my dolls' hair."

A tough urchin was the next finder, and, coming upon the scene, he regarded a man digging his ears with what seemed to be a hairpin. Turning away in disgust, his eyes saw many hairpins on the sidewalk.

"Oh gee! Won't da fellers git sore when dey see dis find?" Pocketing all he could see, he said, "I'll give Jirnrie Eugan six big ones if da kid gifs me his pocket knife, and three small ones to Chester Gump if he gifs me dat baby-rattle of his'n for my baby brudder. Lemme see, I guess five is nuff for Puddinhead Duffy if he buys me an ice cream soda. Six to make da teacher mad by making eyeglasses durin' 'rithmetic class. Six to make fish hooks wid next summer and all the small ones to Aggie Riley, if she gifs me a kiss!"

Just then his dreams were disturbed, for he thought the hairpins said, "And to think we came from Vantine's."

Ottilie Nickel '28

BLUE MONDAY

As we enter into the room,
On a Monday morning fair,
Miss Hubbs notices how very soon,
Some usually late, have gotten there.

All goes well, until we hear,
As we sit quietly listening,
The words dictation on our ear,
Then we hear some whistling.

There is a noise and confusion
As we get ready for the fray.
Miss Hubbs tells us without profusion
That after school we may have to stay.

Also, some one has left his pencil
Because he didn't know his fate:
He borrows from a blue-eyed damsel,
With whom he next will have a date.

Finally, after much disturbance,
Some one's pen is dry and filled,

Paper supplied, a noisy performance,
Dictation ended—Miss Hubbs nearly killed.

Then she proceeds with the other lesson.
She asks each one if he has it done.
And many are negative confessions,
No one has finished, no not one!

In this way Blue Monday is ended,
With many confessions, and weak.
Now brace up, with your troubles mended,
And do better the rest of the week.

Doris Andrews '28

HEARD ON THE PARTY LINE

The telephone bell rang two shorts and then rang two shorts again.

"Well," thought Mrs. Jones, "that is Ida Whitney's ring. I wonder who it is that is calling her!"

Soon her curiosity got the best of her, and she took down the receiver. She heard Mrs. Brown say to Mrs. Whitney, "Yes, my son is taking her to the fair."

And she heard Mrs. Whitney reply, "Won't that be nice."

A few more minutes of talk and the two friends hung up their receivers.

Mrs. Jones was the gossip in the small town in which she lived, and she kept watch of what everyone did. When she heard that Robert Brown, Mrs. Brown's son, was taking "her" to the fair she began to rack her brains to find a suitable girl for him. After a while she came to the conclusion that Dorothy White, the prettiest girl in town, must be the lucky "she". She also made up her mind that she would go to the fair to see that they did not do anything out of the ordinary.

The day for the fair arrived, and Mrs. Jones donned her best dress and hat for the occasion. She went to the fair, and, after searching for a few moments, she discovered Robert Brown alone. All day she kept watch but could not find a girl. Robert was always alone.

That night Mrs. Jones went home disappointed. She puzzled over the question of "who Robert Brown's girl was" so hard, that, for four whole days, she did not sense that the telephone kept ringing two shorts, Mrs. Whitney's ring.

Finally, on the fifth day, she heard the two shorts and immediately went to the telephone. She heard that Robert had won the first prize on the heifer calf that he entered at the fair.

"That was fine, and I hope that he will do as well next year," she heard Mrs. Whitney reply.

Mrs. Jones hung up the receiver, and, after a few moments of thoughts, finally decided that Robert Brown's "she" must have been the heifer calf. This was not the first time that she had been disappointed after her curiosity had been satisfied.

Mary Collar '30

A RAILWAY LUNCHROOM BETWEEN TRAINS

"Two shredded wheat please."

"Two bales of hay and a pint of cow juice," echoes the hasty waiter.

The customer, quite relieved, then sits down at the counter. He is a gentleman of about fifty or sixty and is short, stocky, a well built fellow, with a wrinkled brow that matches well his line-drawn mouth and wrinkled chin.

After gazing around the lunch room in a half interested way, pretending to be at ease, he draws forth from his pocket a time-table and busily scans it. He finds that his train leaves in ten minutes and if that "waiter" doesn't hurry he will miss his train. He shifts about on his stool, picks up the salt shaker and examines its contents, turns it up-side down and finds that salt really comes out of the end, sets it down again and remembers he has a morning paper in his coat pocket, pulls it forth, scans the headlines, and discovers that Great Britain has declared war on the United States.

"But what is that?" The train announcer is calling off a number.

"Train number 496 leaves in three minutes."

The customer nearly falls off his stool, for his train is number 496. Picking up his napkin he tucks it in his well filled vest. At last the waiter is coming; he stops, calmly fills a glass with water, goes back and gives it to a young lady who is busily powdering her nose.

"And she didn't even drink it," the impatient customer thinks.

Suddenly the customer glances down. There before him is his breakfast. How long it had been there he does not know, and he cares less. Reaching for a spoon he gobbles down the two biscuits in less than three minutes.

He shoves back his plate, swings back off his stool, grabs his bag and rushes to the gate. He is the first one there. Setting down his bag, he calmly draws a large cigar from his vest pocket and lights it. Suddenly someone taps him on the arm.

"Pardon me, Sir, but you forgot to pay for your breakfast."

With many apologies and awkward movements on his part he pays the waiter. Ten minutes later he is rolling happily on his way in a comfortable smoker, entirely unconscious that he nearly worried himself to death.

Philip Roberts '30

BLACK CLOUDS DURING VACATION

Books are gone and teachers are gone,
And through each cheerful day,
Only hateful memories remain.
Memories are black clouds through
A sky of pearly gray:
Memories are mingled with a pain.—

Days I knew—with books, are
Just a memory,
Just a memory,
That is all that's left to me.
Misery, I guess is

Just a memory,
Just a memory,
Of a hate that used to be.

Will I share the school, the books,
The teacher's looks again?
Will I live—to despair, to grouch,
To study again? Despair again?
In my dreams, it seems,—
Those books are near to me,
Though it's just a memory.

O. J. Nickel

A DEFINITE AIM

Lack of a definite aim is one cause of a wasted life. Everyone must have a definite aim; a golfer must have a definite aim in order to win; a person who starts on a journey of life must have a definite aim or his journey will be a failure.

A military journal tells the story of a sergeant who at target practice noticed a new recruit firing his rifle at random and at the risk of the lives of the others. He asked him where he thought his bullets were going. The man replied that he only knew that the bullets left the gun. This illustration teaches that, by not having a definite aim, one may injure others as well as oneself. A person who starts out without an aim in life soon finds that he is failing in making a success of his life.

Examples of great men teach us the effect of aims and the secrets of success. These examples may show how the world is full of ruts both small and deep, out of which these great men climbed to their success. Those without definite aims remained groveling in the ditch, grumbling at their fate, saying that they wished they had half the chance of someone else, and never once considering the fact that it needed a definite aim to give them pluck to climb out of the rut.

It is important to set one's aim high. There is always room at the top for the person who will succeed. If one is looking for a position, he often finds that there are many others seeking the same work. However, if one works up slowly and carefully to the top, always keeping his aim in view (for it has been written that, if one sacrifices his ideals to his bread and butter, his bread and butter will never taste right again), he will find that there is plenty of room for him at the top. The higher one chooses his goal, the longer and the harder he will have to work in order to "make the grade." It will pay in the end, for there will be little opposition to encounter after the first two or three stories have been reached. Many will go a few steps and then stand waiting for an elevator to take them to the top of the building of success.

If you are thinking of giving up the ship, remember that a little farther ahead on the road there may be a detour to success and the accomplishment of your aim. You cannot miss the detour sign if you only "plug on." It is a great test to be weary, sick and tired of it all, and yet stick to your post. Stand the test. Always face forward; never turn back. Look beyond the cloud and make haste to spy the silver lining.

The sun's bright rays are hidden,
The rains in flood descend;
The winds with angry murmurs
The stoutest branches bend.
A gloom a face of nature
As with a pall doth shroud;
It influences all our feeling:

But look beyond the cloud!
For lo! at length appeareth
A little streak of light,
Increasing every moment
'Til all again is bright.
So, however dark our prospects,
However by grief we're bowed,
It will not last forever,
We'll look beyond the cloud.

As Seniors we have a definite aim and should be able to look beyond the cloud.
Donna Wilcox '28

B. H. S. ITS DIVISIONS AND CLASSES

All B. H. S. is divided into four parts, the first of which is composed of Freshmen, the second of Sophomores, the third of Juniors, and the fourth consists of the worthy Seniors. All these differ among themselves in age, experience and wisdom. The required number of units divide the Freshmen from the Sophomores, the Sophomores from the Juniors, and the Juniors from the Seniors.

Of all these the Seniors are the wisest, because they are farthest from the ignorance of the inferior classes, and they are seldom influenced by those things which tend to weaken the mind. Next to these are the Juniors who inhabit the library. With these the Seniors constantly wage war. For this reason the Seniors excell the remaining students in courage, because they fight in daily battles with under classmen; when they either prohibit them from their own class activities or refuse to enter into other class activities.

With apologies to Caesar
Wilma M. Gardinier '29

To Be or not to Be!
I'd rather be a Could Be,
If I couldn't be an Are.
For a Could Be is a May Be,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are.

(Contributed)

THE STUDENT IN SIX SHIRES.

Come all ye sorrowful students
Who would escape hard work;
Come and I'll teach you the rudiments;
And do not dare to shirk.

The first is the Shire of Math,
And that's no ilde dream—
But a house that is built with mortar and lath,
Without any sugar and cream.

The second is the Shire of Science,
And, if you don't build from the bottom,
You will create a wall of defiance,
No building can spring therefrom.

The third is the Shire of English,
Your own dear Mother Tongue.
If you use language that is abusive
My heartstrings will be wrung.

The fourth is the Shire of Languages,
And, if you would be smart,
You'll speak the French that is the rage
With a most contented heart.

The fifth is the Shire of Homemaking,
Where one learns to sew and bake.
You must keep the fire burning
Just for knowledge's sake.

And now to the Shire of Discipline,
That means the Golden Rule.
Love, honor and respect within
Our dear old Bainbridge School.

O. J. Nickel '28



THE ORCHESTRA

The fame of the present High School Orchestra has not spread very far yet, for it has been organized only a short time. However, under the capable leadership of Charles Lamphere, it has already shown promise of great possibilities. Those in the orchestra are learning the value of music and what it can mean to them. The following students have already joined:

Piano	-----	Virginia Hirt
Violins	-----	Irene Kirkland, Carol Nichols
Cello	-----	Warren Whipple
Cornets	-----	Fred Bly, Kenneth Van Denburgh
Clarinet	-----	Harold Campbell
Trombones	-----	Stanley Darlin, Addison Smith
Drums	-----	Carlton Loomis
Director	-----	Charles Lamphere

GLEE CLUB

Under the capable direction of Mrs. M. V. Thomas interest has been aroused in a Glee Club in the school this year.

The High School Glee Club is a democratic organization. Anyone who is a member of the High School is welcome to join the Club. It meets Monday afternoon for one hour to sing. Some of the members are not wonderful singers, but they make a joyfull sound. "On the Road to Mandalay," "The Holy City," "The End of a Perfect Day," "Smiles," and many other songs are among those sung. Special numbers have been furnished for chapel at various times.



"IT HAPPENED IN JUNE"

Betty Branson, Owner of the Shady Grove Store, -----	Coralyn Whitney
Susie Crundel, Betty's best friend, -----	Ottile Nickel
Nell Crundel, Susie's sixteen year old sister, -----	Betty Stevens
Mollie Jessop, Cook for the Bransons, -----	Myra Seymour
Evalina Scroggs, A girl in the village, -----	Donna Wilcox
Charles Atkins, A young visitor in Shady Grove, -----	Warren Whipple
Randy Stewart, Charles friend who sells insurance, -----	John Loudon
Jim Pritchett, A village character, -----	Philip Roberts
Jarvis Sneed, The meanest man in the country and president of the Shady Grove Bank -----	Henry Cheesbro.

Music was furnished by the High School Orchestra. The audience was entertained between acts by an interpretive dance by Henriette Nickel and a string duet by Charles Lamphere and Warren Whipple.

THE SENIOR PLAY

Due to the conscientious work of the director, Miss Marion Hanby, assisted by Miss L'Amoreaux, the stage was set and everything was in readiness for the Senior play, "It Happened in June" on the night of November twenty-second. Each player was conscious of visiting critics who were judging the ability of the cast to present the play in Sidney. The play proved a very great success, and immediately after the play the men came to complete arrangements. It was given in Sidney on December second. To our great joy a hundred dollars actual profit was added to our bank account.



SECOND CHILDHOOD

Professor Frederick Reglea	Stanley Darlin
Mrs. Wellsmiller ("Auntie"), his sister	Virginia Hirt
Sylvia Reglea, his daughter	Elizabeth Collar
Philip Stanton, his assistant	Rolland Peckham
General Henry Burdick	Kenneth Hoyt
Marcella Burdick, his daughter-in-law	Ruth Le Caro
Mrs. Wivvert, a neighbor	Dolores Lloyd
Mrs. Henderson, her mother	Carol Nichols
Lucille Norton, a neighbor	Mildred Wilcox
Judge Sanderson	Kenneth Vandenburg
Sheriff Johnson	Charles Fairbanks

JUNIOR PLAY

Our play was directed by Miss Frances Johnson and Miss Leora Clinch.

The first performance in Bainbridge Town Hall was on February 10, 1928. The play itself was a success, but the profits were far from satisfactory. The proceeds were \$86.85 and the expenses were \$64.80 leaving \$22.05.

Everyone liked our play so well that we decided to put it on again in Bainbridge on April 20. This time everything was a success. The proceeds were \$94.80 and the expenses were \$49.57 leaving a profit of \$45.25.

DEBATES

After many tedious hours of hard work and study the Seniors and Juniors had a very successful debate on the question, "Resolved that Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished in New York State." Miss Marion Hanby and Miss Leora Clinch gave their untiring efforts in coaching the teams.

The interest in debating was aroused by the study of the same in their respective classes. Also a letter was received from the Norwich debating team asking for a debate with our school on the terms that our Senior team should go over there to debate with the Norwich Senior team on the same night that their Junior team would come here to debate the B. H. S. Juniors. We accepted the challenge and chose the subject mentioned above. The Bainbridge Juniors debated the affirmative, and the Bainbridge Seniors debated the negative. We then decided to first have a Junior-Senior debate.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR DEBATE

The affirmative side was supported by Lloyd Johnson, Ruth Le Caro, and Carol Nichols, with Louise Whitman as alternate. The negative side was upheld by Gerald Ford, Dorothy Harmon, and Betty Stevens, with Coralyn Whitney as alternate.

"Doc" Johnson, as the first speaker for the affirmative, swayed the audience to his side by a very convincing speech. But, when "Jerry" Ford took the floor, the audience was soon for the negative. Carol Nichols, the second speaker for the affirmative ably upheld her side. "Dot" Harmon drew a picture of the horrors of murder and the gentleness of punishment. Ruth Le Caro then told of a better punishment than death to deter criminals. Betty Stevens then presented opposing arguments. The two teams retired for ten minutes to prepare the rebuttal. On returning to the stage, "Jerry" Ford and "Doc" Johnson were each given twelve minutes to deliver the rebuttal speeches.

After a few minutes the judges passed in their ballots and voted unanimously for the negative side.

THE NORWICH DEBATE

After some length of anticipation the eventful Friday of the Norwich debate arrived. The Seniors spent most of the day making up their minds, in order to change them again, about how they would go to Norwich. It finally became imperative to decide on a taxi.

The debate was very well conducted. A student of Norwich High School acted as chairman and two other students of that school as time keepers. The first speaker on the Norwich team spoke for the affirmative in favor of abolishing capital punishment in New York State. His argument was put forth in a very clear and decisive way. Gerald Ford then presented his argument for the negative side, that "Capital Punishment Should not Be Abolished in New York State." The second speaker for the affirmative side swayed the audience to his side. Dorothy Harmon presented yet stronger arguments for the negative. The third speaker on the Norwich team then brought forth her arguments which were met by Betty Stevens. Next, Gerald Ford, the first speaker for the negative, argued right to the point for twelve minutes. The first speaker for the affirmative then forcibly refuted every argument for the abolition of capital punishment in New York State.

The judges cast their votes, with little delay, unanimously in favor of Norwich. The decision met with the approval of all, and the negative team sincerely congratulated Norwich on their fine work. We might say, too, that the Bainbridge team received a due amount of praise for their excellent work without having had former experience.

BAINBRIDGE-NORWICH DEBATE

On March 23, 1928, Norwich High School and Bainbridge High School debated the subject "Resolved that Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished in New York State." The debate was held in the High School Auditorium. The affirmative was upheld by the Bainbridge team composed of Lloyd Johnson, Carol Nichols and Ruth Le Caro with Louise Whitman acting as alternate. The Norwich team took the negative. Members of the Norwich team were Margaret Pringle, Anna Dolan, Albert Smith and Evelyn Judd, alternate. Attorneys Bockes, Byard and Keyes of Oneonta acted as judges and awarded the victory to our team.

The High School Orchestra furnished music.

After the debate the two teams went to the Homemaking House for refreshments. The Homemaking girls served sandwiches and coffee, while the judges discussed the debate with us, and we became better acquainted with the Norwich boys and girls.

THE WASHINGTON TRIP

Although our party was very small, "a good time was had by all" as the paper would say. The members of the party were Miss Hubbs, who acted as chaperone, Irene Kirkland, Mary Hager, Miss Alice Strong, Mae Houghtaling, and I. Below is a diary which contains most of each day's program.

Saturday, April 7

At eight forty-five everyone had assembled at the depot in time to leap (for that's what we did) on the train for Binghamton. At Binghamton we took the train for Washington. The train was so crowded that each one had to take a seat anywhere there was one. At first we all were as quiet as if we were merely riding to Sidney. But then we realized our mistake and sought excitement. This consisted in riding on the platform of the car and running through the Pullman car whose inhabitants seemed almost lifeless. Surprising to say, the train arrived in Washington on time. At the station our host, Mr. Barber, formerly of Bainbridge, met us and took us to his home.

Sunday, April 8

Soon after breakfast we went to Sunday School with Mr. Barber. We didn't try to get in any large church because on Easter it is almost impossible to gain admittance. We then went down to President Coolidge's church and joined the throngs to see him go in. We were fortunate in seeing him twice that day, for we went up to the White House and waited for him to return home. He turned our way when he walked in, and we had a fine view of him. We didn't envy his position, because he looked so tired. In the afternoon our party went to the National Museum. We could have spent all day there, but we felt we should go to the zoo that same afternoon. We were informed that we were going to see our relatives. We hadn't realized that we had so many before. In the evening we went to the Congressional Library which is especially pretty at night. Here were many letters and the Constitution and

Declaration of Independence. The last two are preserved under certain glass to protect them from the light. A letter which particularly interested me is the original letter written by Dolly Madison to her sister at the time of the war of 1812. I have always liked to read this letter and so I was glad to find the original. In front of the library is a fountain over which Neptune, the sea God, seated nearby, reigns.

Monday, April 9

We went down to the Hotel Washington and were nearly lost trying to find it. It is said Washington is an easy city in which to get around. (Yes, after one has lived there ten years.) We then took a tour of public buildings. The White House was closed on account of the egg-rolling contest. The first stop was at the Old Museum. In there are the dresses of the Presidents' wives. We went in the Pan American which is very pretty. Then the tour took us to the New National Museum and finally the Capitol. This building is also very attractive. We were allowed to sit in both the Senate and the House of Representatives during session.

In the afternoon we went to the Arlington Cemetery and Fort Myer. At the cemetery a soldier's funeral was being conducted which made the place more impressive. At the tomb of the Unknown Soldier is a sentinel who walks back and forth in front of it. The sentinel is changed every two hours.

In the evening we went to the theater which has been built about a year. It is a very nice theater. The movie was "Dressed to Kill" with Mary Astor and Edmond Lowe. The vaudeville was very good.

Tuesday, April 10

In the morning we took a tour around the city. The guide pointed out the homes of many Congressmen and also many historical places. We saw the foreign embassies, which are fine structures. Each country maintains its own embassy. We went into the Lincoln Memorial. We had no idea that Lincoln's statue was so huge. His Gettysburg Address is on one side of the building and his Second Inaugural Address on the opposite side.

We hired a private taxi to take us to Annapolis in the afternoon. This drive was quite long but we spent the time in entertaining ourselves with funny songs and remarks.

On returning we went to the Catholic Monastery. A monk showed us around. He took us through the Catacombs. Before going through them, he informed us that no one was buried there and there was no need of rattling our bones. There are many carvings, paintings, and inscriptions beside the flowers and statues. We considered this about the prettiest place we saw. Around the monastery are Roman Catholic schools, monks orders, and a new Roman Catholic shrine is being built. After this we went to the National Cathedral. Woodrow Wilson is buried there. The building is only one-tenth completed.

In the evening we went to Keith's theatre and saw Billie Dove in "American Beauty." The vaudeville was exceptionally long but very interesting. A dress style show was also conducted. Girls dressed in pretty clothes exhibited for special stores.

Wednesday, April 11

We hired a taxi and went to Mount Vernon. We spent some time in looking around and liked it immensely. We went into the Mount Vernon tea room and had Virginia Fried Chicken dinner. We thought we wouldn't want another meal in ages. On the way home we went to Christ's Church, where Washington went to church. When we came back, we went to the White House. A few rooms downstairs and the

East Room, where the public is admitted, were open. It is very pretty and spacious. We then went to the Washington's Monument. Miss Hubbs, Irene, and I walked up and down it in about a half hour. From the top the view of the Lincoln Memorial and the Cherry trees around the water was exceedingly pretty. After that we went to the American Red Cross building where there is a museum and then to the Corcoran Art Gallery. When we came out, it was pouring. We started out but were soaked in a few minutes. That night we stayed in to get ready to leave in the morning. Anyhow our coats and hats were drenched, and we had to hang them in the cellar by the furnace in order to get them dry for our departure.

Thursday, April 12

We set out for Philadelphia. Here we took a bus tour around the city and saw the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall. We also saw where Franklin was buried, the Betsy Ross home, and the executive abode of Washington and Adams. Next we went to the Philadelphia museum, which is near the grounds where the Sesquicentennial was held. In the museum was a large model of the Sesquicentennial. After the tour we rushed to the station and found that our train had gone and so we waited for the next one. When we reached New York we went straight to Hotel McAlpin. In about ten minutes Miss Frances Johnson and Miss Hester Sherman came.

Friday, April 13

We devoted the day entirely to shopping. In the evening Mary Hager went home with a cousin over night. The rest of us went to a theatre. The movie was "13 Washington Square." The maid in the picture employed malapropisms which made the picture very humorous.

Saturday, April 14

This was the day we were to depart. Mary was to meet us at the station. She was half an hour late, and we were frantic. We took the subway to Hudson and then took the D. L. & W. for Binghamton. While we waited for the bus in Binghamton we went shopping. At Afton the connecting rod broke and we waited half an hour for a taxi. The bus was hitched behind. At the Bainbridge garage we took our baggage and walked the rest of the way home. It was "the end of a perfect trip."

Kathryn Kentfield '28

OE-CE-CA

Our Guardian ----- Miss Marion Hanby

Our Watchword

Wo-he-lo

(work—health—love)

SEEK BEAUTY Under the guidance of Miss Bixby we studied the celestial bodies—the history and position of the stars.

GIVE SERVICE At Christmas time we gave a party for several poor children. Everyone received a gift and seemed to enjoy himself at the party. Some of the girls also told Christmas stories to the children at the town library.

PURSUE KNOWLEDGE Under the leadership of Mrs. Perry we have learned many lessons in first aid.

BE TRUSTWORTHY Although we, as a group, have not as yet had an opportunity to prove our trustworthiness, we aim towards that goal. However each one of us is daily proving that she is trustworthy.

HOLD ON TO HEALTH We are keeping health charts. One morning we hiked to Sidney, ate our breakfast there, and came home on the morning train. We hiked down to Carol Nichols one night for a frankfurt roast.

GLORIFY WORK Work can be made play. This is our aim. In the early part of the year we gave two short plays which were a great success. Many of you may remember the mouse episode. We also sang Christmas carols one cold evening to the shut-ins.

BE HAPPY It is great fun to be young, joyful, and happy. We intend to be happy, for not long ago, we had a party at Mildred Cheesbro's. We attended the party in couples. Some of the girls were dressed as boys.

Baldwin, Athalie
Cheesbro, Mildred
Colvin, Verna
Harmon, Dorothy
Hawkins, Gladys
Robinson, Rena
Seymour, Myra
Springsteen, Margaret
Stevens, Betty
Sweet, Dorothy
Hirt, Virginia
Houghtaling, Mae
Kirkland, Irene
Lyon, Thelma
Nichols, Carol
Ostrander, Beverly
Westcott, Jean
Whitman, Louise
Wilcox, Donna
Wilcox, Mildred

D. Wilcox

TUNE IN ON STATION B. S. A.

The Scouting Movement is a locally organized and nationally aided and protected effort on the part of 175,000 men in the United States to enrich the lives of boys. Back of the Troop meetings, the Uniform, the Badge and the Oath and Law, is a great organization of interested men giving their time to heighten the morals of a coming generation of men. The Scout Movement is non-sectarian, non-political, and non-commercial. It has been chartered by Congress as a leisure-time educational program for boys.

The Scout organization was introduced in Bainbridge in the Spring of 1925. The troop formed at that time progressed rather slowly, and it was not until 1926 that the scouts began to work up into the higher ranks.

The Scout Troop in Bainbridge, Troop No. 52, is one of the finest troops in the council. Under the capable leadership of Scoutmaster Ernest Hoyt, assistant Scoutmasters Richard Ramsdell and Kermit Dicks, and Councilmen G. E. Howland and Dr. R. A. Johnson the troop has progressed rapidly until there are six Eagle Scouts in the troop. The rank of Eagle Scout is the highest rank attainable in scouting. An Eagle Scout is a First Class Scout who has earned at least twenty-one merit badges.

The Eagle Scouts are:

Orlin Hitchcock
Milliard Howland
Lloyd Johnson
Karl Nickel
Robert Houck
Lawrence Tetrault

The Life Scout is a First Class Scout who has qualified for ten merit badges.

The Life Scouts are:

Bruce Partridge
Gordon Burton
Ernest Hoyt

A Star Scout is a Scout who has qualified for five merit badges.

The Star Scouts are:

Elwyn Hitchcock
Wilfred Lyon
Carlton Babcock
Clarence Hoyt
William Foster

First Class Scout:

Rolland Peckham

Second Class Scouts

Austin Hayes
Harold Campbell
Junior Robinson
Cameron Collins
Howard Williams
William Burton
Renwick Walling
Stanley Darlin
Carl Hovey
Clinton Wilcox
Charles Fairbanks
Alden Wakeman

The Tenderfoot Scouts are:

Carlton Loomis
Clifford Mott
Norman Dunne
Alfred Mead
Russel Elander
Lawrence Eggleston
Kenneth Davis
Leon Crouch
Carlton Mead
Kenneth Freidenstine



At Your Service



The Bug House



The School Taxi



The Junior Debating Team



The Senior Debating Team



Our Olympic Athletes



The Dizzy Six



From the Junior Play - 1927

JUNIOR PROJECT

"As a true club member I pledge my Head to clear thinking, my Heart to greater loyalty, my Hands to larger service, and my Health to better living for my club, my Community and my Country."

THE 4-H CLUB MOTTO

"Make the better best"

CLUB COLORS

Green and White

This is the first year the 4-H club workers of B. H. S. have been under an organized head, and we are going to try to make it a success.

Our first meeting was held in the auditorium in March. Mr. Case and three 4-H assistants called the meeting. We organized a club for all project workers in the Bainbridge High School. There are five divisions: Cooking, Sewing, Gardening, Poultry-raising and Calf-raising.

The officers elected were: President Dorothy Harmon, Vice-president Harriet Bennett, Secretary Carlton Loomis, and Treasurer Charlotte Petley.

The club holds a meeting on the last Friday of every month. The purpose of these meetings is to keep track of the work being done. A report of each meeting has to be sent to Mr. Case by the secretary.

Announcements were received that our annual project rally was to be held in the High School Auditorium April 18, 1928. The rally consisted of yells from several clubs and of moving pictures. The Bennettsville school won the first prize on the school yell, receiving candy, and the West Bainbridge school yell also won a prize. Mr. Case and Miss Mary Isbell each gave a few minutes talk which influenced the workers as well as their parents. A fine time was reported.

The school fair held each year is a day when the project workers may exhibit their work. There are prizes for each kind of exhibits. The project workers in each town having the highest score at the end of the year is awarded the championship of that town and represents his town at Cornell on Field Day, which is held every June. The score is figured by work done, years in project, and the prizes received on exhibits.

Charlotte Petley '28

ALUMNI NOTES

It has been the custom in the past to list the Bainbridge High School Alumni with their respective residences. We are going to eliminate the complete list this year and simply enter the class of nineteen hundred twenty-seven, as references to former classes can be had in previous issues of the "Echo."

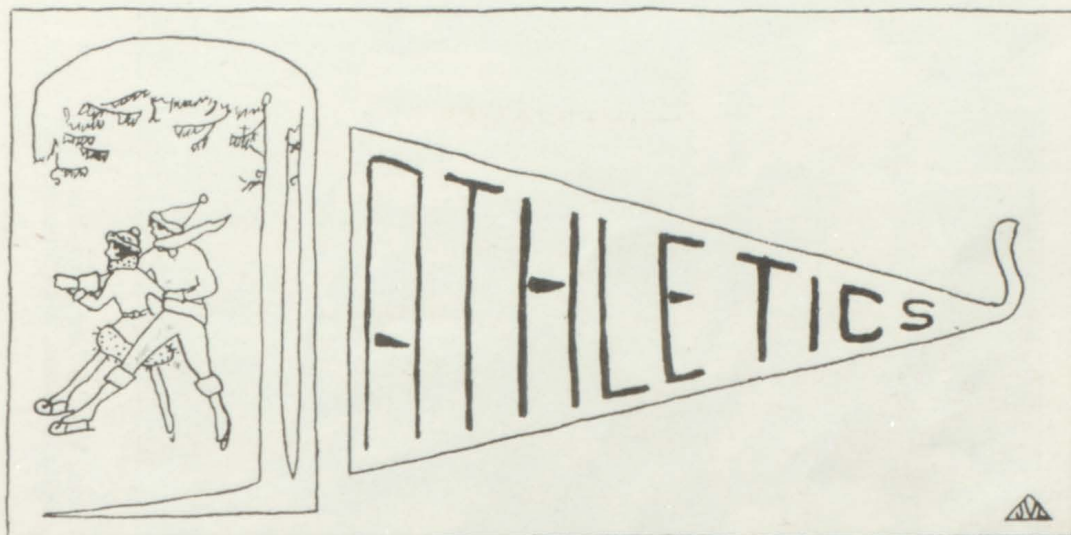
Amy Gertrude Eggleston	Johnson City Hospital
Ralph Corbin, Jr.	Ithaca Conservatory of Music
Charles Ferry Hager	Delhi Agricultural School
Sebert Earl Hollenbeck	Wyoming Seminary
Florence Mildred Phillips	Oneonta Normal
Louise Marie Donahue	Bainbridge, N. Y.
Marilla Florence Seeley	Bainbridge, N. Y.

Charles Ray Taylor ----- Lowell Business School
 Blanche Edna Throop ----- Utica School of Commerce
 Margaret Claudine Wilcox ----- Elmira College

COMMENCEMENT

June 1927

Invocation ----- Rev. L. E. Sanford
 Essay with Salutatory ----- "History of Bainbridge" ----- Florence M. Phillips
 Music ----- "Under Fire" ----- Orchestra
 Essay ----- "The Value of An Ideal" ----- Margaret Wilcox
 Essay ----- "Lincoln and the Constitution" ----- Florence Seeley
 Music ----- "My Wild Irish Rose" ----- Orchestra
 Oration ----- "Finance and Its Past in American History" ----- Earl Hollenbeck
 Essay with Valedictory ----- "Trend of Modern Poetry" ----- Blanche Throop
 Music ----- "Apple Blossoms" ----- Orchestra
 Award of Diplomas ----- Sebert B. Hollenbeck ----- Pres. Board of Education
 Award of Prizes ----- Prin. F.J. Casey
 Music ----- "March Militarie" ----- Orchestra
 Benediction ----- Rev. T. J. Collar



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Our Girls' Basketball team was first organized in the early part of the school year of 1926-1927. Our first year seemed successful, and we again organized a team this year. At the meeting, held in September the following officers were elected:

Captain ----- Donna Wilcox
 Manager ----- Irene Kirkland
 Coach ----- Miss Frances Johnson

The regular team consisted of the following girls:

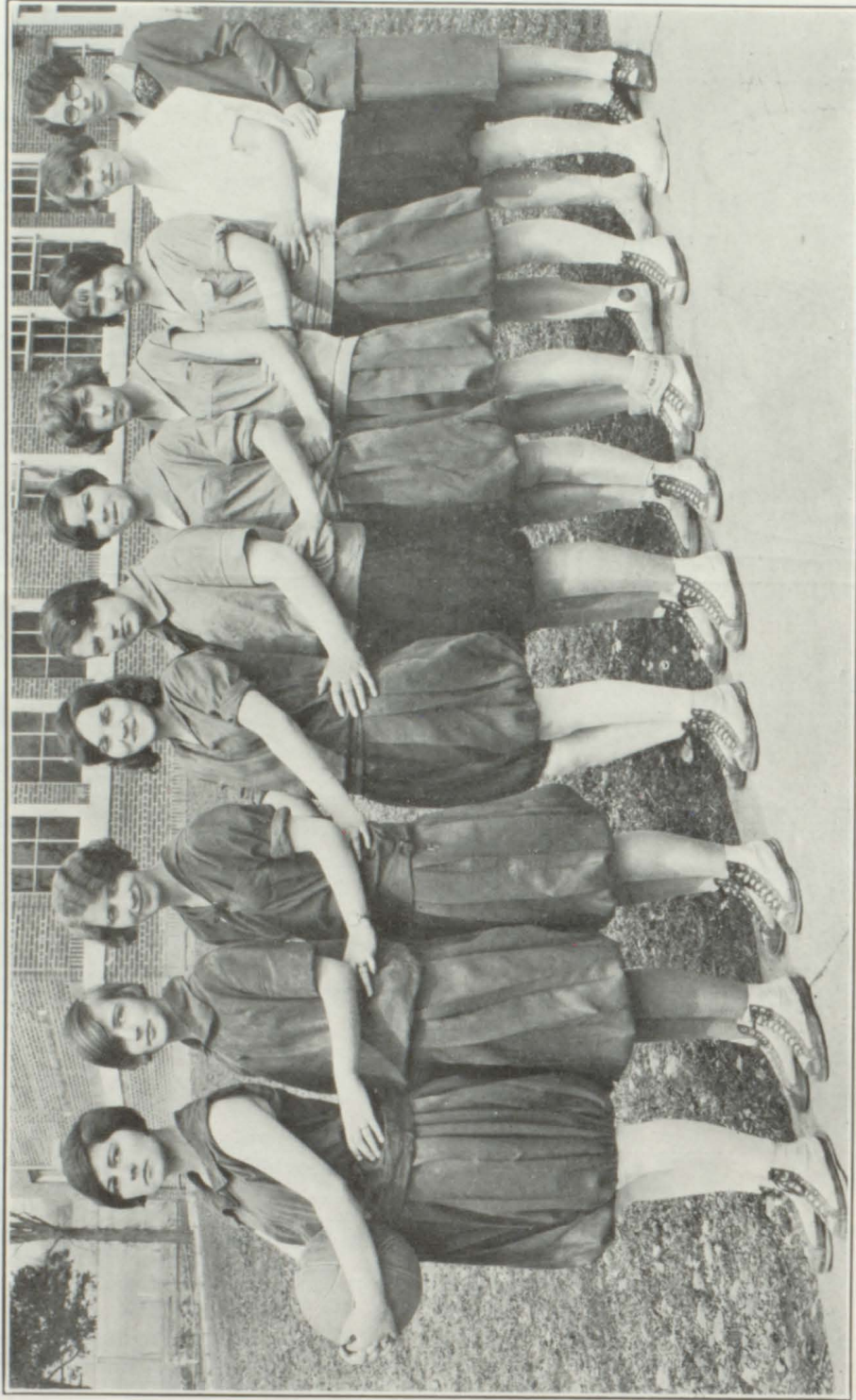
Right Forward ----- Evelyn Lawrence, Beverly Ostrander
 Left Forward ----- Irene Kirkland
 Center ----- Gladys Hawkins
 Right Guard ----- Ellen Weeks
 Left Guard ----- Donna Wilcox
 Subs ----- Louise Vincent, Frances Godfrey, Mary Collar, Ruth
 Whitman, Betty Dunham.

The following were the games played:

2 games ----- Cincinnatus High School
 2 games ----- Tabernacle Methodists, Binghamton
 2 games ----- New Berlin High School
 2 games ----- Oxford High School
 2 games ----- High Street Methodists, Binghamton
 1 game ----- Afton High School
 1 game ----- Chenango Street Methodists, Binghamton
 1 game ----- St. Peters Episcopal, Bainbridge

Although we did not always win, we tried to take our defeat as all true sports should. Most of our games were played with independent teams composed of older girls. Nevertheless, out of eleven games, we won eight, making our average 73%.

Donna Wilcox



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right, Frances Godfrey, Ruth Whitman, Donna Wilcox, Evelyn Lawrence, Ellen Weeks, Irene Kirkland, Gladys Hawkins, Louise Vincent, Betty Dunham, Miss Frances Johnson.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Athletic Association has again played a big role in the life of the Bainbridge High School. For the purpose of organizing a basketball team, a meeting was held in September, and the following officers were elected:

Captain -----	Alfred Hohreiter
Manager -----	John Loudon
Coach -----	F. J. Casey

The following are the first team players:

Alfred Hohreiter -----	Center
Marshall Andrews -----	Right forward
John Davidson, Elverton Hoyt, Philip Roberts -----	Guards

The following are the second team players:

Orlin Hitchcock, Milliard Howland, Renwick Walling, Clifford Loudon, Robert Parsons, Lloyd Johnson -----	Forwards
Henry Cheesbro, Randolph Lewis -----	Centers
Karl Nickel, Donald Loudon, William Hohreiter, Kenneth Hoyt -----	Guards

We are proud of the sportsman manner in which the boys played and also of the spirit and enthusiasm which they showed. Although not always victorious, the support given them by the interested on-lookers more than made up for their loss.

The following are the teams which were played:

1 game -----	Norwich Athletics
3 games -----	Lightning Five of Oneonta
1 game -----	Celtics of Oneonta
4 games -----	Sidney High School (1st and 2nd teams)
2 games -----	Afton High School
2 games -----	Nineveh High School
2 games -----	New Berlin High School
2 games -----	Chenango St. Methodists of Binghamton
1 game -----	High St. Methodists of Binghamton
2 games -----	Oxford High School

Of these, twelve games were won, making the average 60%.

The able coaching of Mr. Casey was greatly appreciated, and let us not forget our Captain "Al" who led the boys so nobly into every game.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM
Left to Right, (Top Row), John Davidson, Henry Cheesbro, Phillip Roberts.
Bottom Row, Elverton Hoyt, Lewis Kirkland, John Loudon, Milliard Howland, Marshall Andrews, Prof. Casey, Coach.

BASEBALL

Once again our "real" sport has started. This year we anticipate a good season for baseball. There seems to be a few veterans left over to help make our team one of the best in this valley. In 1924 a silver trophy cup was won by our boys and even to-day this spirit seems to be with them.

This year Mr. Casey, our coach, with his loyal players, is taking particular pains to put out a good, fast team. In order that this can be accomplished, we must have the support of the town people, who have in the past always done their part by attending our games.

The following are players and their positions for this year's line up:

P ----- Al Hohreiter, Bud Andrews
C ----- Bill Hohreiter
In Fielders ----- Johnny Davidson, Addison Smith, Elverton Hoyt
Out Fielders ----- Randy Lewis, Bob Parsons
Fat Kirkland, Milliard Howland, Lloyd Johnson, Phil Roberts, Chick Loudon, Don Loudon.

Manager ----- John Loudon

This is the schedule that has been arranged for the Baseball season:

May 5 ----- Franklin at Bainbridge
May 9 ----- Sidney at Bainbridge
May 18 ----- Windsor at Windsor
May 26 ----- Franklin at Franklin
June 2 ----- Afton at Afton
June 6 ----- Sidney at Sidney
June 8 ----- Windsor at Bainbridge
June 13 ----- Greene at Bainbridge
June 23 ----- Afton at Bainbridge
July 9 ----- Greene at Greene



THE FACULTY AND OTHERS PERIODICALLY REVIEWED

The Reform Advocate	-----	Mrs. Thomas
The Censor	}	-----
The Judge		
Smart Set	-----	Miss Hubbs
The Bookman	-----	An Agent
Good Housekeeping	}	-----
What to Eat		
Literary Digest	}	-----
Cosmopolitan		
Vogue	-----	Athalie Baldwin
Our Young Men	-----	Mr. Lamphere
Snappy Stories	-----	"Chicker" Loudon
Current Opinion	-----	Miss Clinch
Modern Priscilla	-----	Mildred Wilcox
The Watchman	-----	Mr. Petley
Physical Culture	-----	Jerry Ford
The Ladie's Home Companion	-----	Lloyd Johnson
Farm and Fireside	-----	Charlotte Petley
Western Stories	-----	Kenneth Van Denburg
The Youth's Companion	-----	Rena Robinson
The Well-Dressed Man	-----	Warren Whipple

ALFRED, THE BAINBRIDGE STAR

(Apologies to Leroy W. Snell)

Oh, the crackenest player that ever ripped seam
 On a baseball was star of the Bainbridge team.

His name was Al Hohreiter—a name that ranked high
Among pitchers; for many an umpire's good eye
Would be crippled before any game was half done,
Just watching the curves of this son of a gun.
As for running the bases—now, that was a sight,
He'd sail 'round the bags like a streak of gray light.
And fielding? There wasn't his like in the land.
No drive was too hot to find rest in his hand.
Well, the Bainbridge Braves and the Afton Hounds
Were matched for a breath-chilling clash on our grounds.
But the day of the contest a spread of the track
Derailed the Hound's train, and they had to turn back.
The Braves, when they heard, didn't go to the park—
From batboy to captain they went for a lark;
Left only Al Hohreiter, on the bench all alone
With a murderous mob that was mad to the bone!
They'd come for a game, for a crack of the bat,
"And a ball game we'll have, you can gamble your hat."
When the umpire ag'rievedly tried to explain,
They shrieked and they shouted—he argued in vain.
"Play ball!" yelled the mob—they accept no excuse,
And they showered the ump both with rocks and abuse.
Then out stepped "Al", and the bleachers went wild
As he doffed his blue cap, made a bow, calmly smiled:
"I'm really a pitcher," he said. "Just the same.
You've paid your admission, so I'll play the game.
I'll be both of the teams, both the Blue caps and Brown."
Then he strode to the box, on his brow a deep frown.
He picked up the ball and made signs thru' the air
At what would be the catcher if one had been there;
Tied himself in a knot, made a whale of a throw—
Then dashed for the plate like a dart from a bow!
He arrived at the rubber, (could hardly slow down),
Grabbed a bat, took a brace, changed his Blue cap to Brown,
And swung at the ball—swung a half inch above!
He whirled, dropped his bat and picked up a glove,
Changed his Brown cap to Blue, and leaped back of the base,
There he caught his own curve with the utmost of grace.
So he played the whole game, just one fellow alone—
First as Brown, then as Blue, he impartially shone.
He pitched every ball, he clouted or fanned;
He did all the fielding, each corner he manned.
But the game was so even (since both teams were himself)
That never a score could he lay on the shelf.
When the last of the ninth came, the result was in doubt—
Score nothing to nothing—the fans were tired out
With yelling and shouting for this side and that.
'Twas the Browns in the field and the Blues at the bat.
Good old "Al"—he was dust from his head to his feet,
And he staggered a bit, and reeled with the heat.
But he gritted his teeth, and spit on his mitt,
Then pounded the plate—he sure wanted a hit!
He fanned himself twice, and struck at two curves—
Then hit one a mile (the man had steel nerves!)
It sizzed thru' the air—'twas a beautiful fly—
And "Al" sped to first in the bat of an eye,
Paused at second, changed caps in a flash—and then tore
Out to center—such speed never a man saw before.
But ere he could reach it, the ball came to ground.

He nabbed it with ease as it rose on the bound,
Then paused in his stride and threw like a flash.
What next? Change of caps, off for third in a dash!
He rounded the base and like lightning once more
Came streaking for home while the fans gave a roar.
"Slide, Al, slide"! Dust rose in a cloud
As the runner slid home at the call of the crowd.
But the horse hide came whistling—alas, "Al" was late!
For he caught it and touched himself out at the plate!

Karl W. Nickel '30

Mr. Casey said to Elizabeth upon entering the stage for rhetorical: "If you take a long breath before entering and let it out slowly, your knees will not shake."
Elizabeth (afterwards)—"That's a fake! I shook all over"—
Mr. Casey:—"Well! Your voice trembled a little but"—
Elizabeth:—"And my knees shook, too."
Mr. Casey:—"Well! I didn't er-er-hear them."

Once upon a time there was a young bride who asked her husband to copy off a radio recipe she wanted. The lad did his best but got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting the morning exercises and the other the recipe. This was the result:

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one half teaspoon of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard boiled eggs in a sieve, exhale, breathe naturally and sift into a bowl!

"Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backwards and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel.

Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."

"Dear Editor: Which is the most important—a man's wife or his trousers?"
Answer—"Well, there are lots of places a man can go without his wife."

John Loudon to Charlotte (entering History C. Class late)—
"Charlotte, where is your slip?"

In English III. Class
Louise Whitman: "His health was so poor that he nearly died, but he had a greater aim in life."
(Than dying? We ask you)

Prof. (explaining the percent of efficiency of machines to Elverton Hoyt.)
"Suppose your brains were 80% efficient—of course that is exaggerated a good deal—" Hoyt was crushed under the blow.

We've studied and studied day and night,
Trying to learn our lessons right.
There's Dickens, Shakespeare, Milton and More,
And Algebra and Geometry problems galore.
There's French and Latin and Science, too,
And that's not all we had to do.
After doing all this I'd like to ask,
Don't you think that we deserve to pass?

Coralyn Whitney '28

In a certain city a horse dropped dead on Housatonic Avenue. The cop couldn't spell Housatonic, so he had the horse dragged over to Main Street.

Whip:—"What cemetery is this we're passing?"
Phil:—"That ain't no cemetery. Them's milestones."

She:—"Whats the difference between dancing and marching?"
He:—"I dunno."
She:—"I thought so."



The Hired Man: "Are you the feller who cut my hair the last time?"
Barber: "I don't think so—I've only been here six months."

HOW IS BUSINESS

Our statistician, after interviewing various business people, gives the following reports on business conditions in general:

"Business is dull," remarked the scissors grinder.
"Looking up," declared the astronomer.
"Dead," said the undertaker.
"Fine," said the judge.
"Quiet," said the bootlegger.
"Looking better," said the beauty doctor.
"Fair," said the car conductor.
"Rotten," said the egg man.
"Pretty soft," said the mattress maker.
"Light," said the gas man.
"I have seen the wurst," said the butcher.
"Hard to beat," said the bass drummer.
"Just sew, sew," said the seamstress.
"Bum," said the hobo.
"Looking brighter," said the bootblack.
The preacher who was the last one seen, admitted that he
was working to beat the devil.

Mr. Kirkland: "Well, how do you like Miss L'Amoreaux?"
Fred: "Good".
Mr. K:—And, how do you like Mr. Casey?"
Fred:—"Oh! I don't mind him."
Mr. K:—"Well! You'd better mind him."

TIES WILD

Some may long for the soothing touch
Of lavender, cream and mauve,
But the ties I wear must possess the glare
Of a red-hot kitchen stove.
The books I read and the life I lead
Are sensible, sane and mild;
I like calm hats and I don't wear spats,
But I want my neckties wild!
Give me a wild tie, brother,
One with a cosmic urge,
A tie that will swear
And rip and tear
When it sees my old blue serge.
O, some will say that a gents cravat
Should only be seen, not heard,
But I want a tie that will make men cry
And render their vision blurred.
I yearn, I long, for a tie so strong
It will take two men to tie it;
If such there be, just show it to me—
Whatever the price, I'll buy it.
Give me a wild tie, brother,
One with a lot of sins,
A tie that will blaze
In a hectic gaze,
Down where the vest begins.

NOT IN HIS CLASS

The ocean steamer was steaming slowly up the bay. Directly in its path drifted an old mud scow.

"Hey, down there!" bellowed an officer on the liner. "Get that old tub out of the way!"

The grizzled weather-beaten ancient on the scow looked up.

"Be you the cap'n o' that there vessel?" he asked.

"No, I'm not; but what difference does that make?"

"Waa?"—spitting contemptuously over the side—"I be cap'n o' this here craft, an' I speak only to my equals."

Bud:—"You're an hour late. What do you mean by keeping me standing around like a fool?"

Helen:—"I can't help the way you stand."

The professor was asked to give the definition of a woman.

After clearing his throat he began in his leisurely way.

"Women are, generally speaking—"

"Stop right there, professor," interrupted "Phil" Roberts, "if you talked a thousand years you'd never get any nearer to it than that."

Miss Clinch asked Goofy to give her a sentence using the word "notwithstanding."
Goofy thought a moment and then replied:—"Hoyty's pants are baggy at the knees, but notwithstanding."

"Al":—"Did you hear about the attempted robbery last night?"

Lewis K.:—"No."

"Al":—"A garter attempted to hold up a stocking, but the stocking ran, darn it."

Insurance Agent:—"Don't you want your office furnishings insured against theft?"

Prof. Casey:—"Yes, all except the clock. Everybody watches that."

Miss Hanby:—"What were the conditions in England at this time?"

Bud A.:—"Foggy."

The following is an exact copy of a letter received from a little town in Illinois by a musical instrument house:

Dear Sir:

"Please send me by male a G string for my piano.

"P. S., Please have the G tuned before you send it, so my husband can put it in, as he don't know how to tune them.

"P. S. S. It's the G on the rite side of the piano.

"Mrs. -----"

???



Did you ever
Think you'd never
Work up steam
To write a theme;
Then, in time,
Make up your mind
To leave your fun
And get it done;
Then toil and toil
By midnight oil,
And feel conceited
When it's completed,
But, on the morrow,
Much to your sorrow,
You suddenly think
Quick's a wink
That, on this day,
Prof's sure to say
That English IV
We must skip o'er?
So did I.

M. Montgomery '28

THE FROSH

EXAMINATIONS BEFORE AND AFTER

Before examinations the thought of the students who had not paid attention were:

"Lord God of Hosts, Be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."
But after—oh!
"Lord God of Hosts was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot."

Alden Wakeman (perusing the subject of taxes in Commercial Arithmetic):
"Now they tax everything in Pennsylvania; they even tax farm implements,
people, horses—

"Say! Do they tax calves?"

Alfred Hohreiter—"Well, if they did, you'd never have lived to get up here."

After writing a prescription for a patient, the doctor told him the druggist would probably charge a dollar for making up the medicine. The patient asked the doctor to lend him the money, and the doctor took the prescription and carefully scratched out a part of it, handing it back with the words: "You can have that made up for a quarter. What I scratched out was nerve medicine."

LAMENT

The stream of life is running low
Within the Senior class.
By ones, by twos, they pack and go,
Alas, alas!
The faculty has willed it so,
Oppressors of the mass.

Their Motto is, I would have you know,
A famous cry of long ago—
“They shall not pass.”

Prof. (returning to laboratory after the departure of boys whom he had left to do experiments) :—“Now I’ve said—well where are you all?”

Miss Hanby (in History C.) :—“After Burgoyne’s invasion did the colonies receive aid?”
Stude :—“Yes.”
Miss Hanby :—“Well, what kind of aid?”
Whip :—“Lemonade.”

GOING TO THE DOGS!

My grandpa notes the world’s worn cogs,
And says we’re going to the dogs.
His grand-dad in his house of logs,
Swore things were going to the dogs.
His dad among the Flemish bogs,
Vowed things were going to the dogs.
The caveman in his queer skin togs
Said things were going to the dogs.
But this is what I wish to state—
The dogs have had an awful wait.

A young lawyer, pleading his first case, had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a railway company for killing twenty-four hogs. He wanted to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury.

“Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen. Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen. Twenty-four, twice the number in the jury box.”

For reserved seats in the library see Zelma Wakeman.

Society Matron (looking at drunk thru lorgnette)—“How gauche!”
Inebriate—“Pretty good, how goesh wit yuh?”

Of all the sad surprises,
There’s nothing to compare
To treading in the darkness
On a step that isn’t there.

Miss Hubbs: "I wish that you wouldn't chew gum so much. Don't you know that it is made of horses' hoofs?"

Hoyty: "Sure, that's why I get such a kick out of it."

"Has anyone seen Pete?"

"Pete who?"

"Petroleum."

"Kerosene him yesterday and he ain't benzine since."

The patter of tiny feet was heard from the head of the stairs. Mother raised her head, warning others to silence.

"Hush," she softly said, "the children are going to deliver their good-night message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them—they are so much nearer the Creator than we are, and they speak the love that is in their hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen!"

There was a moment of silence—then—

"Mama," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie's found a bedbug."

—"Don't you think my wife has a fine voice?"

—"Eh?"

—"I say—don't you think my wife has a fine voice?"

—"That woman is making so darn much racket I can't hear a word you're saying."

Over the Phone—"Do you have Prince Albert in a can?"

Service:—"Yes, sir, we do."

O. T. P.—"Let him out."

Miss Hanby:—"Will you please wake Elverton?"

Johnny:—"Wake him yourself, you put him to sleep."

A quick witted man is Michael McQuire.
He spat on his chin when his whiskers caught fire.

She:—"So you think you're the best looking boy in the school."

Johnny L.:—"No, but what is my opinion to that of hundreds of women?"

Bud: "Harold Teen and a-----"

Miss Hanby (in History C.) "Who were the two hearlds of the American Revolu-

DO IT NISE

As you stroll through the werld, think of manners—
Tipping your hat can't hert you,
You can still be polite though your starving,
Or a lady though you look vice a virtue.

Don't yawn a loud yawn wen theres company
Unless you are took by serprize,
Or interupp fokes wile their talking
Unless they won't stop otherwise.

Say "Please to meet you" wen somebody bumps you,
Though you'd mutch rather soak them a shot,
And always treat wimmen like ladies
No matter how pretty their not.

Don't holler loudly "wats for dizzert?"
Or ye ca wen they just start to serve it,
And never give sass to your parents
No matter how mutch they deserve it.

If you must blow your nose out in publick
Try to be seen and not herd,
And though men can sneeze loud if they want to,
A lady should sneeze like a berd.

Host: "Have a cigar?"
Guest: "No, thanks, I don't smoke."
Host: "Have a drink?"
Guest: "I really don't drink."
Host: "Maybe you'd like to go in the ballroom and dance a bit."
Guest: "Sorry, but I don't dance either."
Host (desperately) :—"Well, my wife has a ball of yarn and some needles; perhaps you'd like to knit a little."

Johnny: "My grandfather had a wooden leg."
Mildred W.: "That's nothing, my grandmother had a cedar chest."

Miss Clinch: "Will you give me a sentence with 'triangle' in it?"
Cam. Collins: "Next time you are fishing, try angle worms."

"Say, Rastus, what color is this?"
"Blue."
"No, sir, its Heliotrope."
"No, sir, it's blue."
"Ah says it's heliotrope."
"How does you spell it?"
"H—E— — That's right, its blue."



"B-e-d spells bed," said the teacher for the twentieth time to her backward pupil.
"Now do you understand, Tommy?"

"Yes."

"Well, c-a-t spells cat, d-o-g spells dog and b-e-d spells——what did I tell you b-e-d spells?"

"I've forgot."

"What, you don't know after all I've told you?"

"Well, once more, b-e-d spells what you sleep in. Now, what do you sleep in?"

"My shirt."

—— "I'm thinking of going to Europe. How much will it cost me?"

—— "Nothing."

—— "Nothing, what do you mean?"

—— "Thinking doesn't cost anything."

Her hands are graceful and slender. She has a beautiful round face that rivals an Arabian Moon. Townsfolk think she is a "little off," but that is because she is too fast for the town. Many of the most prominent men in town look up to her. She is the old town clock which maintains her lofty perch over firemen's hall.

Guest at Hotel:—"Does this roof always leak?"

Clerk:—"No, only when it rains."

THE CHIEF AIM OF MEN

- At 4 — To wear pants.
- At 8 — To miss Sunday School.
- At 12 — To be President.
- At 14 — To wear long pants.
- At 18 — To have monogrammed cigarets.
- At 20 — To take a show girl out to supper.
- At 25 — To have the price of a supper.
- At 35 — To eat supper.
- At 45 — To digest supper.

The tramp approached a door marked "Dr. Roberts" and knocked. A lady answered the summons, and he inquired politely: "Has the Doc an old pair of pants, or two, that he would let me have, Missus?"

"No," the lady answered sweetly, "they wouldn't fit you."

"Are you sure?" he questioned.

"Quite sure," was the reply. "You see, I'm the Doctor."

The fresh co-ed was being enrolled at summer school by the handsome young prof. To hide his embarrassment he fired the questions at her in rapid succession:

"What name?"

"Mary Jones."

"What age?"

"Twenty."

"What class?"

"Thanks, prof. You are looking pretty smooth yourself!"

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMEN

The infant.
The little girl.
The miss
The young woman.
The young woman.
The young woman.
The young woman.

I remember, I remember
My Merry Widow hat.
'Twas fastened with a dozen pins
Securely on a rat.

But I don't need those pins
When my modern hat I don.
I have to take a shoe horn, folks,
To get the darn thing on.

Donna, coming down the aisle in English class, happened to step on one of Katherine's rubbers and, through her accustomed politeness, turned to the rubber and said, "Excuse me." Upon seeing her mistake, she quickly gave the rubber a kick and turned forty-seven colors.

WALL MOTTO FOR A GRUCH'S GUEST ROOM

Dear friend: Within this cheerless room
I hope you find the deepest gloom.
I hope the barking of my pup
At dawn will rudely wake you up.
May Hulda's coffee-grinder keep
Your weary eyes from soothing sleep.

And may my wee, annoying son
Come in at six to have some fun.
May frigid winds and sheets of rain
Blow in upon your counterpane.
And may you leave our friendly fold
The sad possessor of a cold.
May doleful dreams and gloom attend
Your night with us, beloved friend.
Three things we wish for you, our guest:
Mosquitoes, mice and lack of rest!

—— “Have you heard about the Scotchman who found a pair of spats?”
—— “No, what did he do?”
—— “Took them to the cobbler’s and had them half-soled and heels put on them.”

Teacher: “What is a better form of “the sap rises?”
Pupil: “The Boob gets up.”

Rena—“Why did you stop singing in the choir?”
Dot S.—“Because one day I didn’t sing, and somebody asked if the organ had been fixed.”

—— “I’ll take you for butter or worse,” said the boarder as he tackled the oleomargarine.

Henry says that the height of optimism is a 90 year old gent buying a new suit with two pairs of pants.

Some pay their dues when due
Some when over due
Some never do
How do you do?

FAMILIAR TERMS DEFINED

Everbody’s — Echo
Four out of Every Five — Lazy
Report Cards — Misjudgment of our abilities
Supplementary Reading — Fruits of other men’s labors
Class Bell — Savior of many souls
Children cry for More — Homework
Fifty-seven varieties — Bainbridge High School Students
Land of Journey’s End — Graduation
What a whale of a Difference a Number can make — 50%-90%

Young College Fellow—"Send me some money, Dad, I'm on the hog."
Dad (back home)—"Ride the hog home, we're short of meat."

BRIGHT SAYINGS IN ENGLISH CLASS

H. Campbell—"Do you spell Scott with two "o"s or two "t"s?"

Kenneth Friedenstine: "Shakespeare was born in 1906."

Prof. (In Physics Class)—"By which would you rather be hit—a large truck going five miles an hour or a small car going 50 miles an hour?"
Lloyd—"The Ford."

Senior: "Why, I get twice as much sleep as you do."
Frosh: "You ought to. You've got twice as many classes as I have."

This month's prize goes to Bruce Partridge. Bruce is the Freshman who thinks only children can get in the infantry.
Over the Phone—"Have you any dry fish?"
Grocer—"Yes."
O. T. P.—"Well, give them a drink."

Squire—"Did you send for me, my Lord?"
Lancelot—"Yes, make haste, bring me a can-opener I've got a flea in my knight-clothes."

It: "Oh, look! What makes that tree bend over?"
Itter: "I guess you'd bend over, too, if you were as full of green apples as that tree is."

"Now remember, my dears," said Mrs. Racocon to her children, "you must always watch your step, because you have the skin the college boys love to touch!"

Jerry: "You know, I'm like that. I always throw myself into any job I undertake."
Betty: "How splendid! Why don't you dig a well."

Miss Hanby: "Johnny, did your father write this essay?"
Johnny L:—"No ma'am. He started it but mother had to do it all over again."

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

Helen Lenheim:—"I don't have to prove it. I admit it."

Chick Loudon (in Physical Geography)—"I can understand how they find new planets, but I can't understand how they get to know their names!"

The gum-chewing girl and the cud-chewing cow;
There is a difference, you will allow;
What is the difference? Oh, I have it now,
Its the thoughtful looks on the face of the cow.

Hoyty: "When I graduate I expect to make a hundred dollars per.

Bud: "Per what?"

Hoyty: "Perhaps."

A freshman doesn't know that he doesn't know;
A Sophomore knows that he doesn't know;
A Junior doesn't know that he knows and
A Senior knows that he knows.

STAND BACK!

The street was thronged with thousands of hurrying pedestrians. Suddenly a woman's cry rose shrilly above the noise of the passing throngs.

"Give me air," she shrieked. The crowds gasped and stood aside—and a woman triumphantly drove her car, with one flat tire, into the filling station.

In geometry class one day when Mr. Casey was trying to explain to Helen Lenheim that $4/6=2/3$, he asked her if she preferred to have $4/6$ or $2/3$ of a pie. Milliard Howland and Karl Nickel said, "All of it," to which Mr. Casey replied, "We weren't speaking of pigs."

Lloyd watched his uncle kill a garter snake. When he returned home he told his mother about it.

"What kind of a snake was it?" she asked.

Lloyd thought earnestly a moment and then replied: "I think—I think it was a little hose—supporter."

Miss Hanby:—"You mustn't say 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going; 'He is not going. 'We are not going; 'They are not going.'"

"Whip":—"Ain't nobody going."

Prof. Casey (in Physics class):—
“A train leaves Buffalo, traveling eastward, at 30 miles per hour. It is followed thirty minutes later by a train traveling 60 miles per hour. At what point will the second train run into the first?”

Phil Roberts:—“At the hind end of the rear car.”

“Is this a healthy town?” asked the newly arrived invalid.
“I should say so,” answered the native.
“When I came here I hadn’t the strength to utter a word. I had scarcely a hair on my head. I couldn’t walk across the room and had to be lifted from the bed.”
“You give me hope. How long have you been here?”
“I was born here.”

Irate Customer:—“I see you have a sign in your store, ‘We aim to please.’”

Stanley Darlin:—“Certainly, that is our motto.”

I. C.:—“Well, you ought to take a little time for target practice.”

“So you graduated from a barber college. What is your college yell?”
“Cut his lip, cut his jaw, leave his face raw, raw, raw!”
“Why,” said Smith, “you don’t know what hard luck is. I have always had it. When I was a kid there were so many of us in the family that there had to be three tables at meal times, and I always sat at the third one.”
“What’s hard about that?” snapped his friend.
“Why,” replied Smith, “it was fifteen years before I knew a chicken had anything but a neck.”

Two small boys had been fighting in the auditorium. They had resorted to throwing the song books at each other. They were being duly reprimanded by Mr. Casey and the following conversation ensued:—

“Well, he tossed one at me so I frowned one back at him,” one small boy said.

“Then you don’t believe in that injunction in the Bible to turn the other cheek to him when he hits you?” said Mr. Casey.

With wide eyes the boy answered. “Well, he didn’t hit me on the cheek. He hit me on the head.”

Teacher—“Do you understand the difference between liking and loving?”

Stanley—“Yes, ma’am, I like father and mother, but I love pie.”

ASPIRINES

(The Bayer Facts)

If your sweetie throws you down,
And she calls you silly clown;
And the ring—she then returns,
And your ardent love she spurns;

When the world is pretty blue,
And your spirit says, "I'm through,"
Just take one, or maybe two—
As-pi-rines

If your school exams are hard,
And annoy you from the start;
If each question is a catch,
And an answer's hard to match;
When your finish is in sight,
And you creep into the night,
Just take two—to ease your plight—
As-pi-rines

If your foot—or if your tooth,
Or your backbone does forsooth,
Start to ache, or start to pain,
And all sunshine turns to rain,
Don't you bawl or don't you whine!
Straighten up your aching spine,
A dose of two the "Genuine"
As-pi-rines

And tho' our story's scarcely o'er;
Yet we can hardly think of more
New words—new thoughts—we try to find;
But somehow Fate is not so kind.
Our memories dull, our pen is dry;
We may as well lay down and die.
Before we do we think we'll try—
As-pi-rines

(WITH APOLOGIES TO JOYCE KILMER)

I think that I shall never see
A thing as impossible as a "He."
A "he" whose gasping mouth holds sway
O'er every show on old Broadway.
A "he" whose gentle cow-like eyes
Do oft up to her picture rise.
A "he" whose Oxford bags do trail
O'er town and city, hill and vale.
A "he" whose bear-greased oily hair
Invokes great wrath from his lady fair.
Poems are made by fools like me
But only a devil can make a "he."



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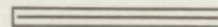
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