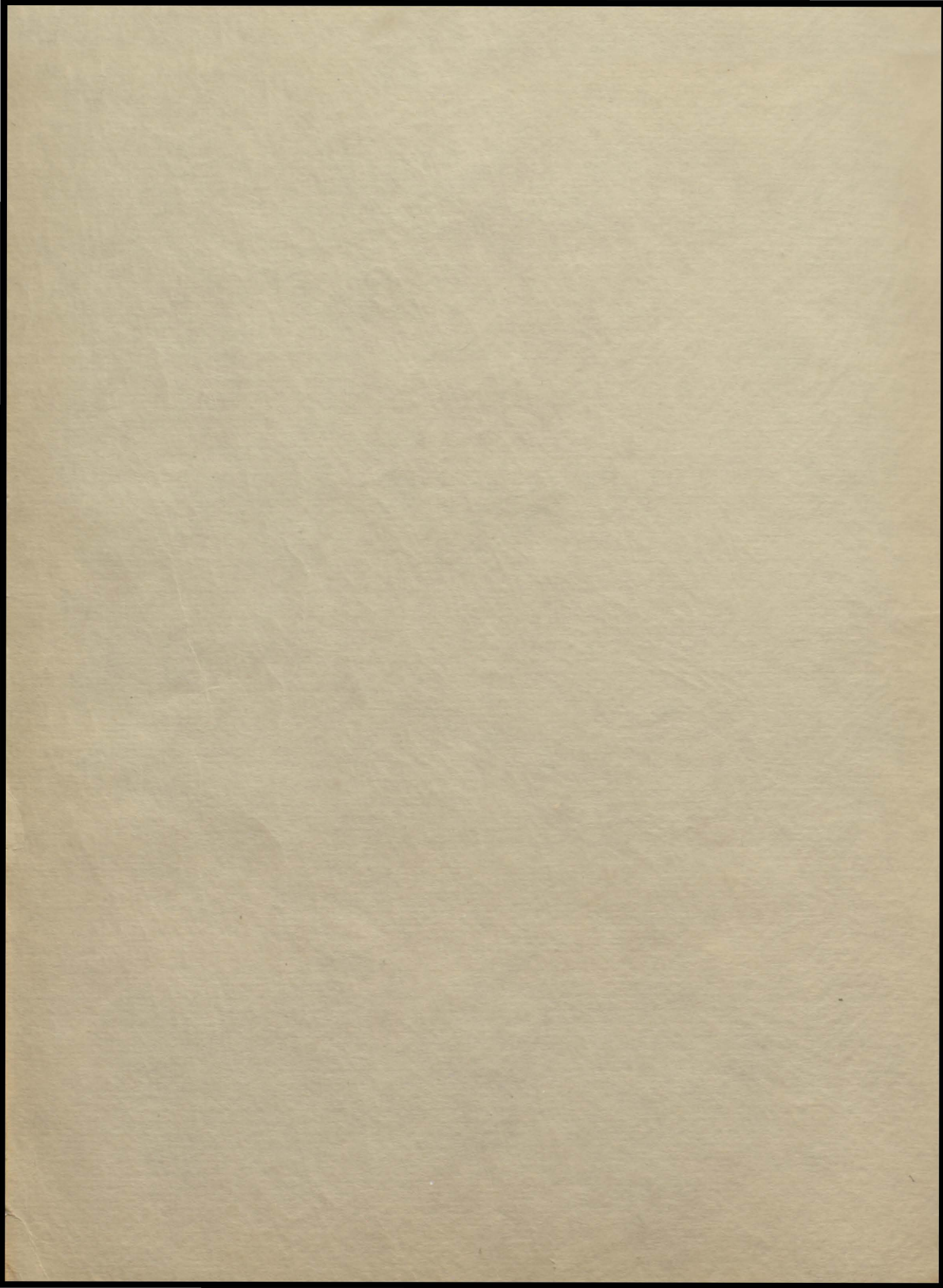


The Echo

1929



The Echo
Edited
by
Senior Class
of
Bainbridge High School
1929

Preface

“But her voice is still living immortal--
The same you have frequently heard-----”

Thus Saxe poetically speaks of Echo, the lovely, talkative nymph whose love for Narcissus was not returned. Because of this she became so melancholy that she pined away until nothing was left of her but her melodious voice.

Likewise we, the Senior Class of 1929, leave this book to be the “Echo” of our High School days.

Dedication
To the
Gods and Goddesses
of Mythology
who supplied the inspiration for
this issue of
The Echo
we,
the Class of 1929,
render this dedication

Forward

No one can tell what one can do until one has tried. With this edition of the "Echo" is handed to you the original work of the Seniors of Bainbridge High School. Calling upon the ancient Muses, they have brought to you a collection of stories, poems and essays which portray the ideals and interests of youth. The work is both humorous and serious. To the people of Bainbridge it affords an opportunity to visualize to some extent the character and scope of literary knowledge which the school is attempting to impart to the boys and girls intrusted to its care. As such, we believe that it should be of vital interest to people of the community.

The Faculty join with the Seniors in inviting a careful and thoughtful perusal of this book.

F. J. Casey, Principal

Staff of the Echo

Editor-in-Chief	Juno QUEEN OF THE GODDESSES	Elizabeth Collar
Assistant Editor	Mercury SERVANT OF THE GODS	Addison Smith
Literary Editor	Minerva GODDESS OF LITERATURE	Carol Nichols
Society Editor	Venus GODDESS OF LOVE	Mildred Wilcox
Girls' Athletic Editor	Diana GODDESS OF THE CHASE	Evelyn Lawrence
Boys' Athletic Editor	Hercules GOD OF STRENGTH	John Davidson
Mirth Editor	Bacchus GOD OF MIRTH	Dolores Lloyd
Alumni Editor	Vesta GODDESS OF THE HEARTH	Louise Whitman
Art Editor	Iris GODDESS OF THE RAINBOW	Ellen Weeks
Assistant	Apollo GOD OF BEAUTY	Carlton Babcock
Business Manager	Janus GOD OF GOOD BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS	Lloyd Johnson
Assistants	Hebe Gonymede CUP BEARERS TO THE GODS	Florence Keeler Milliard Howland
Circulation Manager	Aeolus KING OF THE WINDS	Henry Cheesbro

Board of Education

Dr. George C. Supplee

Dr. Roy A. Johnson

Mr. Nelson E. Wilcox

Mrs. Charles B. Dix

Mr. Alton B. Clark

Mr. Charles B. Dix



The Muses



FACULTY

TOP ROW (left to right): Frances Johnson, Agnes Brady, Ethel Quackenbush, Marian DuBois, Anna Naylor, Florence Bliss, Helen Ogden Wallace, Catherine Benson, Inez Hubbs.

SEATED: Francis J. Casey, Hester Sherman, Cecelia Bliss, Mildred Petley, Alice Strong, Lydia Collins, Frances Townsend.

Faculty

Francis J. Casey, B. A.	PRINCIPAL, GEOMETRY	Hamilton College
Catherine J. Benson, B. A.	SCIENCE	Albany State College
Cecelia M. Bliss, B. A.	LATIN	University of Vermont
Marian DuBois, B. A.	ENGLISH and HISTORY	Syracuse University
Inez C. Hubbs, B. A.	LATIN and FRENCH	William Smith College
Frances C. Johnson, B. A.	MATHEMATICS	Albany State College
Mildred Petley, B. A.	ENGLISH and LIBRARY	Syracuse University
Helen Ogden Wallace, B. S.	HOMEMAKING	Cornell University
Florence H. Bliss	EIGHTH GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Frances L. Townsend	SEVENTH GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Hester E. Sherman	SIXTH GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Alice M. Strong	FIFTH GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Agnes M. Brady	FOURTH GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Lydia E. Collins	THIRD GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Ethel M. Quackenbush	SECOND GRADE	Oneonta Normal
Anna C. Naylor	FIRST GRADE	Oneonta Normal

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

Chorus:

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

Alma Mater



The Graces

DEEDS OF THE GRACES

When the Fates spun their thread for Ulysses' life, what a royal destiny they gave him! His was the life of an adventurer who ever sought new beauty, new danger, greater knowledge.

We have become Graces, and to us, the Seniors, the Fates have also given royal threads that stretch gold and silver into the distance. We have won greater knowledge from our High School life, and it has been a wonderful adventure.

We began adventuring when, in 1925, as mere Pygmies, (which, when translated, means "Freshmen") we went to Sidney for a sleigh ride. Since no mishap occurred, we progressed more boldly. We selected Miss Frances Johnson as our advisor, and the leader of our adventures. Then, unsuspecting, we walked into the trap of the Furies. Now the Furies are a race hostile to the Pygmies. It is traditional that there be war between Sophomores and Freshmen. Thus it came about that the Furious Sophomores suggested that we wear green for a week. As a prize for us who obeyed this subtle hint, we were taken to Sidney for a joyride. On the way Circe, an enchantress, distilled black poison into their minds, and as a result, when we arrived at Sidney, they made us do their bidding, taunted us, and made us walk about with dignity-depriving tricks, to the tune of their maniac laughter!

Circe works havoc with all Sophomores. The next year, we, too, became mad. The Pygmies were compelled to do our bidding for a week, and finally we took them to Ruth Le Caro's home and drowned their sorrows with cider and doughnuts.

After such an initiation, Circe banished the poison she had distilled, and together the Nymphs (alias Juniors) and the Furies presented the first party ever given in the new school building.

The next year, as fun loving Nymphs, during the reign of Bacchus, the God of Revelry, and in the reign

of the Muses, we went again to Ruth Le Caro's home, where we talked about our summer vacations, and "got acquainted" over again. At Christmas time we again invoked Bacchus' aid, decked the auditorium with festal garlands, and presented the Christmas Dance. In memory of our initiation as Pygmies, and in memory of our "joyride," we once more visited Sidney, the scene of our humiliation; but now we went joyfully in a sleigh, and gleefully patronized "Smalley's."

We had realized that some of our number possessed sparks of "poetic fire," and we proved it in the production of our very successful play, "Second Childhood."

Now we have become Seniors. In our adventuring, like Ulysses, we have found new beauty and new inspiration. We have presented our play, "Friend Indeed," which was entirely satisfactory; and we have had two parties in the Guild Hall, to one of which we invited the gleeful Nymphs in order to become better acquainted with them. To entertain us more royally, Zeus (Mr. Casey) ordered that each class present some "skit." We, the Graces, presented a "Barn Dance" with a regular old time orchestra. However, our greatest achievement is the "Echo." We hope that you will not be disappointed in it, and may it remind you, as you read it, of your own High School days.

Carol Nichols, '29.



OFFICERS

PRESIDENT ----- CAROL NICHOLS
 VICE-PRESIDENT ----- ADDISON SMITH
 SECRETARY-TREASURER ----- VIRGINIA HIRT
 ADVISOR ----- MISS FRANCES C. JOHNSON

CLASS COLORS ----- GREEN AND WHITE
 CLASS FLOWER ----- WHITE ROSE
 CLASS MOTTO ----- CONFICIMUS UT CAPIAMUS
 (We Finish to Begin)





ELIZABETH TERRY COLLAR.

"Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely and conciliate those you cannot conquer."

Musical Comedy, 2. Senior Play, 2. Junior Play, 3. Christmas Party Committee, 3. English Play, 3. Junior-Senior Party Committee, 4. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4. Play Committee, 4. Senior Play, 4. Senior Skit, 4. Editor of Echo, 4.



JOHN STUART DAVIDSON.

*"Tho' fate, my girl, may bid us part,
The heart it cannot, cannot sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever."*

Junior Play, 1. Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4. Football, 4. Basketball, 2, 3, 4. Athletic Editor of Echo, 4. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4.



VIRGINIA FRANCES HIRT.

"She who is most slow in making a Promise is the most faithful in the Performance of it."

Musical Comedy, 2. Orchestra, 2, 3. Assistant Alumni Editor of Echo, 2. Junior Play, 3. Operetta, 3. Treasurer, 3. Play Committee, 3. Chairman Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4. Secretary-Treasurer, 4. Senior Skit, 4. Senior-Junior Party Committee, 4. Glee Club, 4.



LLOYD ARTHUR JOHNSON.

"If thou would'st please the Ladies, thou must endeavor to make them pleased with themselves."

Junior Play, 1. Baseball, 1, 3, 4. Cheer Leader, 2, 3, 4. Class Treasurer, 2. Musical Comedy, 2. Basketball, 2, 4. Play Committee, 3, 4. Christmas Party Committee, 3. English Play, 3. Leader of Magazine Contest, 3. Debating Team, 3. Assistant Business Manager of Echo, 3. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4. Manager of Football, 4. Senior Play, 4. Business Manager of Echo, 4.



RUTH AMANDA LE CARO.

"She who can take Advice is sometimes superior to her who can give it."

Chairman Initiation Committee, 2. Basketball, 2. Christmas Party Committee, 3. Junior Play, 3. Debating Team, 3. President, 3. Chairman Play Committees, 3, 4. English Play, 3. Junior-Senior Party Committee, 4. Senior Skit, 4. Senior Play, 4. Secretary-Treasurer of Glee Club, 4. Secretary of Dramatic Club, 4. Leader of Magazine Contest, 4. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4.



RANDOLPH EDWIN LEWIS.

"Kindness in Woman, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love."

Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4. Junior Play, 2. Football, 4.



DOLORES MILDRED LLOYD.

"I'll not budge an inch."

Sophomore Party Committee, 2. Play Committee, 3. Junior Play, 3. Operetta, 3. Christmas Party Committee 3. Senior Skit, 4. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4. Joke Editor of Echo, 4.



CAROL LOUISE NICHOLS.

"Her speech was a fine sample, on the whole, Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call 'rigmarole.'"

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3. Initiation Committee, 2. English Play, 3. Debating Team, 3. Secretary, 3. Junior Play, 3. Christmas Party Committee, 3. Play Committee, 4. President, 4. Senior Skit, 4. Literary Editor of Echo, 4. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4.



ARLENE GEORGANA PETLEY.

"I am myself, indifferent, honest."

Sophomore Party Committee, 2. Christmas Party Committee, 3. Glee Club, 3. Senior Skit, 4. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4. Glee Club, 4.



EVELYN KATHERINE POOLE.

"Talking, she knew why, and car'd not what."

Musical Comedy, 3. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 3. Senior Skit, 4. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4.



ADDISON JUDD SMITH.

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure
meet,

To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."
President, 1. Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball, 1,
2, 3, 4. Secretary, 2. English Play, 3. Vice-
President, 4. Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4.
Senior Skit, 4. Assistant Editor of Echo, 4. Presi-
dent Athletic Association, 4.

HARRIET VAN BUREN.

"Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be
tried."

Transferred from Davenport. Senior Skit, 4.
Basketball, 4.

ELLEN IRENE WEEKS.

"She plac'd on him a bridle and a saddle,
Then on his back she quickly leapt astraddle."

Basketball, 3, 4. Orchestra, 4. Senior Skit, 4.
Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4. Art Editor of
Echo, 4.

MILDRED MARIE WILCOX.

"'Tis one thing to be tempted, another thing to
fall."

Junior Play, 3. Junior Party Committee, 3.
Operetta, 3. Assistant Joke Editor of Echo, 3.
Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4. Senior Skit, 4.
Glee Club, 4. Cheer Leader, 4. Society Editor of
Echo, 4.

"LET US, THEN, BE UP AND DOING,
WITH A HEART FOR ANY FATE;
STILL ACHIEVING, STILL PURSUING,
LEARN TO LABOR, AND TO WAIT."



SCHOOL SONGS

Fight! Fight! Fight for dear old Bainbridge
 With heart and hand, boys, we'll fight for you.
 We will cheer, cheer, cheer for Bainbridge High School
 On to victory we're marching.
 Fight! Fight! Fight for dear old Bainbridge
 With heart and hand, boys, we'll fight for you
 And we will send up a cheer, and banish all fear
 For we are fighting for our old home team.

—

Down, down the court goes old Bainbridge High.
 Just see those forwards make baskets galore.
 Down on the court they are fighting,
 Fighting for the Blue and the White
 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Vict'ry's in sight for old Bainbridge High.
 Each loyal son knows-----will die.
 And we'll fight, yes, we'll fight
 And with all our might
 For the glory of old Bainbridge High.

—

Who's that logy loafing team?
 Do you know the one I mean?
 That's ----- Yes sir!!
 Who's that peppy looking team?
 Do you know the one I mean?
 That's Bainbridge, Bainbridge, bet your life that's her.
 Now years ago the Bainbridge boys used to sit around, you know,
 But now-a-days they fight like -----!
 Oh boy! Just watch them go.
 Who grows faster every year
 Chasing High Schools far and near?
 And who first introduced boys' cheers?
 Just Bainbridge, that's all.

—

Pep it up, pep it up, pep it up some more.
 B. H. S. it is the team that all of us adore.
 They work so hard, they play so hard,
 They certainly know the game;
 They may not win, but that's no sin,
 They get there just the same.





The Nymphs

DEEDS OF THE NYMPHS

The Nymphs, the fun-loving characters of Mythology, were our ancestors. I'm sure we will not have to trace our genealogy, for we have inherited some of our relatives' love for good times, a characteristic by which we are identified.

As the Nymphs cannot work for long without recreation, they planned a fall picnic. This evidently did not meet the approval of the gods, for they poured their wrath down upon the poor Nymphs in the form of rain. But the mischievous Nymphs could not be "squelched," for they changed their plans and held their picnic under shelter. They were properly chaperoned by several of the Muses.

Bacchus, God of Mirth, called the Nymphs to his side just before Christmas, and asked them to help in presenting a party. Of course, they consented, and soon they were busily engaged in preparation for the Fete. Everyone was invited—the Graces, the Furies, the Pygmies, the Muses, Zeus, and all the rest; and the party went off with a "bang."

Later, Zeus, King of the Gods, commanded the Nymphs to prepare a "skit" to break the monotony of hard work. So they "got their heads together" and late in February produced a radio program, a thing quite unheard of centuries ago when our worthy ancestors walked this earth. This, too, met with the approval of the entire kingdom, and won a laugh from the gods and goddesses.

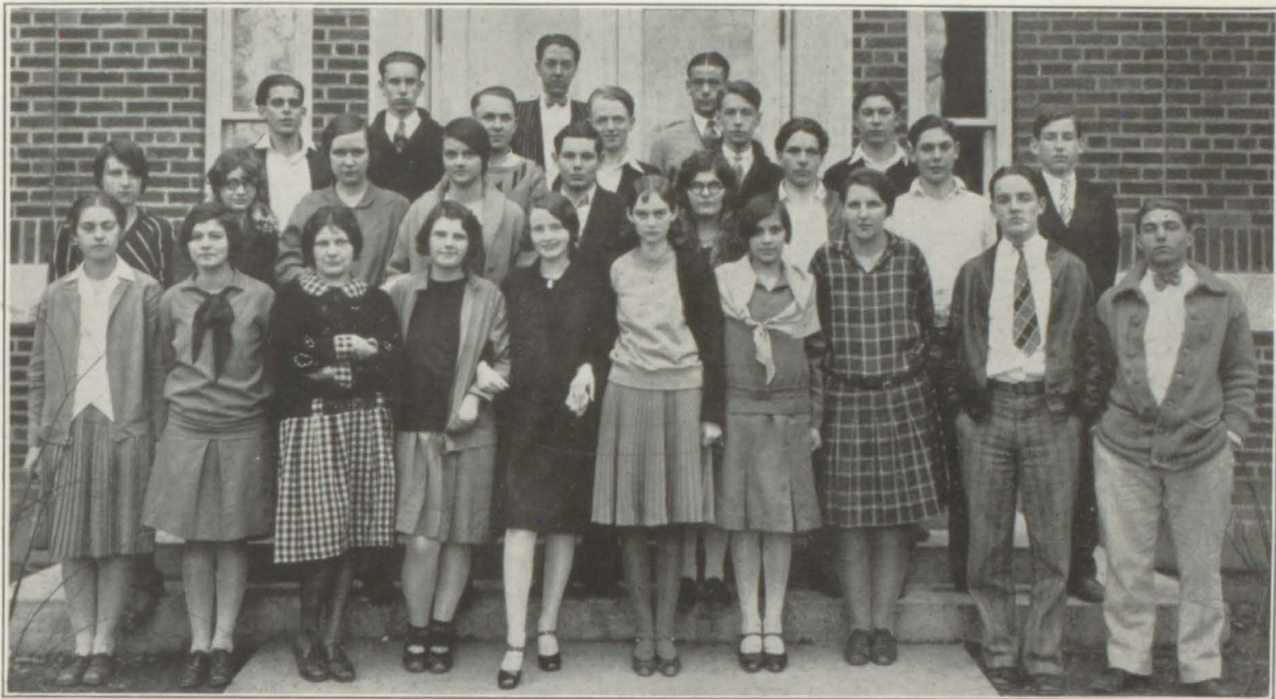
The Nymphs, so mischievous, so fun-loving, are continually planning much mirthful merriment which can materialize only after having received the approval of Zeus or of their favorite Muse.

Mary Collar, '30.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	MILLIARD HOWLAND
VICE-PRESIDENT	CARLTON LOOMIS
SECRETARY-TREASURER	MARY FAIRBANKS
ADVISOR	MISS INEZ C. HUBBS

CLASS COLORS	WHITE AND RED
CLASS FLOWER	ROSE
CLASS MOTTO	POST PROELIUM, PRAEMIUM (After the Battle, the Reward)



JUNIOR CLASS

TOP ROW (left to right): Walter Sherman, Orlin Hitchcock, Carlton Loomis, Frederick Bly, Harold Roberts, Philip Roberts, Milliard Howland, Alden Wakeman.

SECOND ROW: Mary Fairbanks, Louise Whitman, Louise Lewis, Ruth Hager, Donald Loudon, Nina Wilson, Kenneth Hoyt, Clifford Loudon, Karl Nickel.

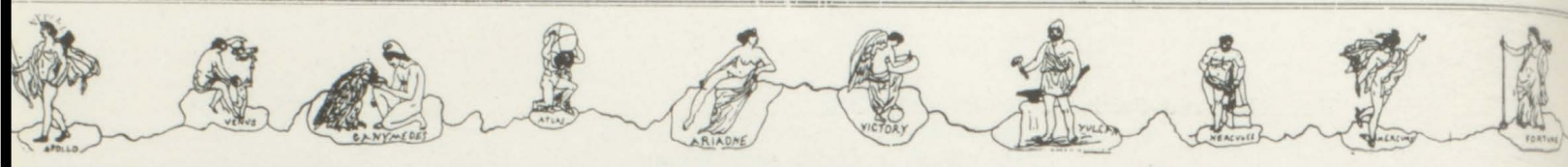
FIRST ROW: Mary Collar, Frances Godfrey, Helen Bluler, Florence Keeler, Thelma Lyon, Mildred Hodge, Doris Sherman, Jennie Figger, Carlton Babcock, William Hohreiter.



THE JUNIOR ALPHABET

- A --- Artist ----- CARLTON BABCOCK
 There are few folk in the nation
 But have some avocation.
 Carlton's in lines of various mixture;
 He scribbles, and soon he makes a picture.
- B --- Bashful ----- CARLTON LOOMIS
 Carlton is very quiet,
 Though in drumming he takes the lead;
 Is he really Bashful?
 That is the question indeed.
- C --- Conscientious ----- NINA WILSON
 Nina has her lessons
 When she comes to school;
 She never leaves a book at home,
 She ne'er forgets a rule.
- D --- Daring ----- LOUISE LEWIS
 Louise is a little Daring
 When she wants some fun.
 She says what she thinks of anything,
 And her Mischief Imp sees that it's done.
- E --- Eloquent ----- MILLIARD HOWLAND
 Never at a loss for a word,
 Eloquent, though it be absurd,
 Milliard's an elocutionist guy;
 With almost anything he'll get by.
- F --- Ford Owner ----- DONALD LOUDON
 'Twas made from two spools and an old tin can;
 "Don" cranked it up, and the old thing ran!
 For "Don" 's a Ford Owner, you understand.
 In B. H. S. he's our taxi man
- G --- Girls ----- KENNETH VANDENBURGH
 Tall, willowy, and full of grace,
 "Ken" VanDenburgh has a handsome face,
 But no Girl's his "steady;"
 They gave him the air;
 It must be he's too particular.
- H --- Hunter ----- KENNETH HOYT
 "Ken" 's a mighty Hunter, always on the go,
 For his game (when he gets it) is something worth a show.
 By dint of much ambition, and use of ammunition,
 He's become a great addition,
 A Hunter, don't you know?
- I --- Iconoclast ----- MARY FAIRBANKS
 She scatters your illusions,
 And shatters your delusions;
 Imagination's featured last,
 For Mary's an Iconoclast.
- J --- Joker ----- WILLIAM HOHREITER
 Merry and jolly and Joking,
 Nobody dares come croaking
 With a gloomy, saddened, cheerless sound,
 If "Bill" Hohreiter and his grin come 'round.

- K----Kindred Spirit ---MARY COLLAR
 She's ready with work, play, or fun,
 Or wherever work's to be done.
 Also, they say, she's a very good scholar;
 A Kindred Spirit is Mary Collar.
- L----Loquacious -----ALDEN WAKEMAN
 You just say a word, and he goes!
 His mouth does both open and close
 In quick succession. In rapid rendition
 Alden gives all sorts of prose.
- M----Manager -----KARL NICKEL
 Here's a boy
 Who loves to Manage,---
 We don't know why,
 But if you've watched our stunts, you'll know
 He's Manager of next year's football show.
- N----Noisy -----CLIFFORD LOUDON
 Here's a boy you know is around,
 The reason is that where he's found
 You'll always find he is one of the boys
 Who's always making plenty of Noise.
- O----Old Maid -----RUTH HAGER
 "I'll be an Old Maid, doing as I please;"
 Thus spoke Ruth, but let us see:
 By the fireside she sits,
 With a parrot, cat, and kits;
 Knitting beside her, dress so staid,
 Why, Ruth IS an Old Maid!
- P----Poet -----ORLIN HITCHCOCK
 He juggled with jingles and rhymes,
 Which told about our good times;
 He rose to sudden fame,
 For he won a Poet's name.
- Q----Queen's Jester ---PHILIP ROBERTS
 In History, Chemistry, or English,
 We are so very ticklish,
 And things "Phil" says are very droll.
 "Phil" qualifies as Queen's Jester,
 When we call Echo Roll.
- R----Ritzy -----WALTER SHERMAN
 "Walt" Sherman's a regular sheik
 With his ties and sweaters so neat.
 Around the halls he looks very nifty
 You see—What you call Ritzy.
- S----Saxophonist -----HAROLD ROBERTS
 With his Sax-ax-ax-ax-ax-ophone
 He makes the very rafters groan,
 With treble and base notes, sharps and flats.
 (We hope you ne'er thought it was a couple of cats.)
- T----Trumpeter -----FREDERICK BLY
 On his Trumpet he doth play,
 And over the hills and far away,
 People come to hear, they say,
 For "Fred" MAY be great some day.



U----Utility Man -----CAMERON COLLINS
 If you need help to do some task,
 Cameron's the man you should ask,
 He knows every "wherefore," "if," and "and;"
 In B. H. S. he's Utility Man.

V----Vivacious -----FRANCES GODFREY
 Black of hair and black of eye,
 Sweet and gracious,
 Very Vivacious.
 (But, oh! how she can make fur fly!)

W----Whiz -----DOROTHY SAWYER
 If you want things to move with a zip
 Just give Dorothy Sawyer a tip.
 She gets her geometry lesson
 Well nigh to perfection;
 At lessons she's a Whiz-bang-Whiz.

XYZ---- and Amperes
 and -----FLORENCE KEELER
 "X Y Z and Amperes and—
 Always with a piece in hand"——
 That's how Florence gets her fun,
 Stretching and snapping and popping her gum!





The Furies



DEEDS OF THE FURIES

The tradition that the Furies are to punish the sinners who leave this world and go to Hades has existed ever since the immortal gods dwelt in the heavens and in that dark region below. Allotted to us, also, was the task of seeking out the sinners of this world and punishing them. At the beginning of this year we found many such sinners among the Pygmies, and attempted to make them suffer for their wrong doing. Our actions were so terrifying to the poor little Pygmies that the immortal Gods took pity on them (they really are young and will probably do better as their knowledge increases) and commanded us to cease our persecution of them. However, we never allow them to forget the ever watchful Furies.

As our guide we have had a fair goddess who has sent her messengers—gentle south wind, babbling brook, soft snowflake, and sparkling raindrop—to us, whispering words of wisdom and counsel.

Zeus, King of the Gods, sent his messengers into all the domain to call the people together. They were to assemble on certain days on a large and beautiful plain where they would be entertained by the four most important tribes—the Graces, Nymphs, Furies, and Pygmies. With much counseling by the fair goddess and with much ado, we, the Furies, fulfilled our part of the command.

While we await further instructions (which come often) from the immortal gods, we are carrying on our work of watching the Pygmies—and they wait in terror.

Helen Sawyer, '31.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	HELEN SAWYER
SECRETARY-TREASURER	WILFRED LYON
ADVISOR	MISS MARIAN DU BOIS



SOPHOMORE CLASS

TOP ROW (left to right): William Burton, Morris Snitchler, Charles Fairbanks, Robert Houck.

SECOND ROW: Dorothy Sawyer, Helen Sawyer, Edna Shofkom, Ruth Figger, Agnete Brandt, Gladys Hawkins, Margaret Springsteen, Harold Campbell, Kenneth Freidenstine, Russell Elander, Norman Dunne, Clifford Mott.

FIRST ROW: Alice Taylor, Rena Robinson, Dorothy Sweet, William Ward, Wilfred Lyon, Austin Hayes, Harold Smith, Renwick Walling.



THE STARS AND CONSTELLATIONS

- KENNETH AYLESWORTH--The Scorpion. The cause of war and discord.
- AGNETE BRANDT -----Coma Berenice. The hair of Berenice.
- WILLIAM BURTON -----Canis Venaticus. The Hunting Dog.
- HAROLD CAMPBELL ----Hercules. For a short time only did he bear the burden of the world.
- RETA DAVIS -----The Great Bear. A constellation noted for its brilliance.
- NORMAN DUNNE -----Tail to the Comet. You always expect the tail of a comet to follow its head, but tails of comets do very strange things.
- RUSSELL ELANDER ----Saturn. He can be seen during the whole night, so you not only have time to locate him, but to observe him as well.
- CHARLES FAIRBANKS --Orion. The brightest constellation in the whole sky.
- RUTH FIGGER ----- } North and South Poles. Since they are positively
ALICE TAYLOR ----- } and negatively charged, they have strong attraction
for each other.
- KENNETH FREIDEN- } Vulpecule. Little Fox.
STINE ----- }
- GLADYS HAWKINS ----- }
RENA ROBINSON ----- } The Pleiades. Sisters.
DOROTHY SWEET ----- }
- AUSTIN HAYES -----Capricornus. The goat.
- GLEN HERRICK -----He sailed the good Ship Argo, but he got lost in the Fog of the Milky Way.
- MILDRED HODGE -----The Moon. Her temperature is from two to three hundred degrees below zero to about the temperature of boiling water.
- ROBERT HOUCK -----Leo, the Lion. He is noted for his valor.
- ELWYN HITCHCOCK ----Neptune. He can be seen only with opera glasses.
- WILFRED LYON -----Regulus. "Little King."
- CLIFFORD MOTT -----Meteor. A dim star, but he raises a lot of commotion.
- DOROTHY SAWYER ----Libra. The balance. She weighs a fault with a virtue.
- HELEN SAWYER -----Auriga. The charioteer. She knows how to guide others.
- EDNA SHOFKOM -----Cassiopeia, who is as often standing on her head as on her feet.
- HAROLD SMITH -----Cetus, the whale. He's little, but what he lacks in size, he makes up in feeling.
- MORRIS SNITCHLER ----Uranus. Frequently mistaken for a fixed star.
- MARGARET SPRING-STEEN -----The Evening Star. A beautiful object in the sky when visible.
- RENWICK WALLING ----Aquarius. Had a lot to do with the weather and everything else on earth, for that matter.
- HOWARD WILLIAMS ----Aries, the ram. He goes with his head down, and bunts his way in.

Now you may ask why the planets do not stop turning on their axes and revolving in their orbits.

The answer is because there is nothing to stop them.

Carol Nichols, '29, Arlene Petley, '29.



The Hymnies



DEEDS OF THE PYGMIES

As we are so small and insignificant, we of course, as yet, have not had much of that which you could call History.

When we first entered High School the Furies greeted us very cordially although I know they hated to. Zeus would not permit the Furies to initiate us, (our thanks to Zeus).

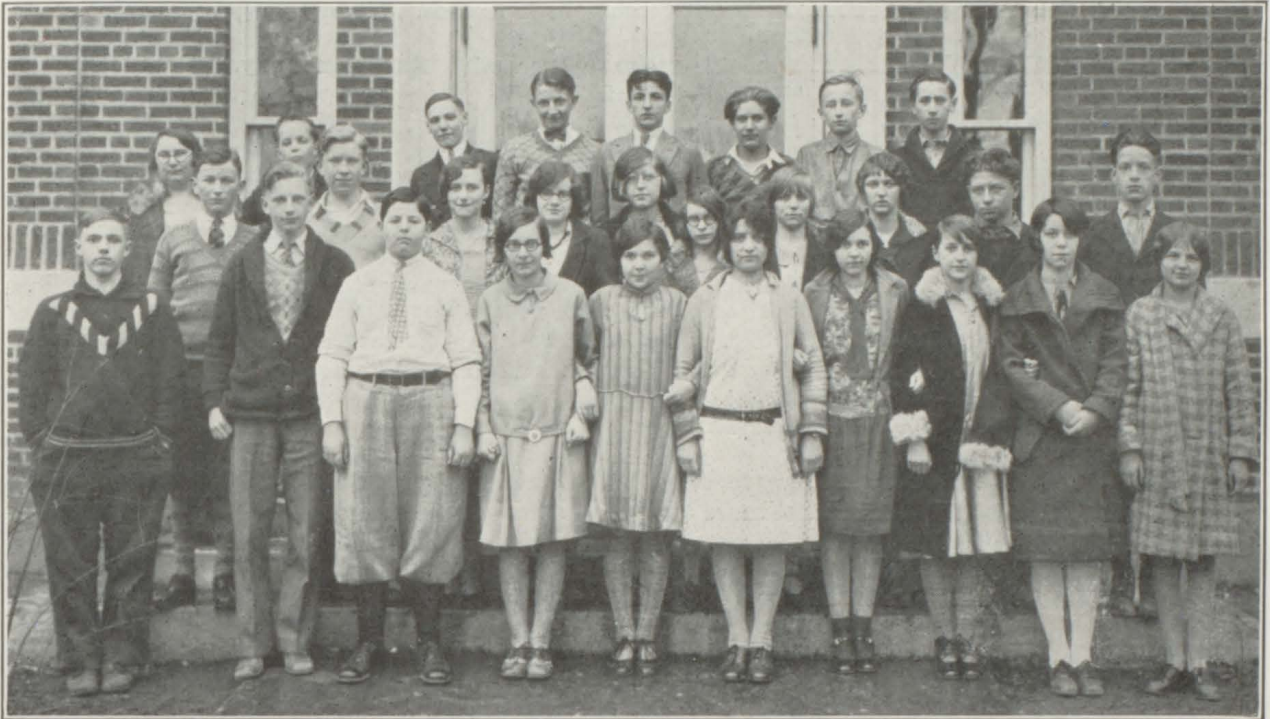
At the beginning of the year, we planned a "Hot Dog" Roast, which we never had, as everything went wrong. Next, we planned a Freshman Party, but Master "Johnny" had other arrangements, and, as we were nothing but Pygmies, our party was shattered; so as yet we have had nothing. But we are living in hopes just the same.

Athalie Baldwin, '32.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	ATHALIE BALDWIN
VICE-PRESIDENT	JEAN WESTCOTT
SECRETARY-TREASURER	LILLIAN PAYNE
ADVISOR	MISS CECELIA BLISS





FRESHMAN CLASS

TOP ROW (left to right): Clarence Hoyt, Lynn Wilson, Melancton Hoyt, Frank Doolittle, Clinton Wilcox, George Hager.

SECOND ROW: Alice Weidman, Kenneth Houghtaling, Fred Kirkland, Lawrence Tetrault, Lucelia Stoddard, Jean Westcott, Thelma Hall, Eva Talcott, Mildred Turtur, Ella Lee, Alvin Giles, LeRoy Hollenbeck.

FIRST ROW: Leon Perry, Ove Munk, Maurice McGinnis, Dorothy Smith, Verna Banner, Lena Caracciolo, Dorothy Bly, Naomi Snitchler, Julia Riley, Sarah Lord.



THE HAUNT OF THE ORACLE

In view of the fact that the Pygmies are so very young and untutored in the ways of the world, the Oracle has thought it fitting to give them some expert advice. The Oracle hopes that this advice will be "read, marked, learned and inwardly digested" and put into practice.

- BALDWIN, ATHALIE ---- Try to do fewer things and do them well.
- BANNER, VERNA ----- Don't roll those eyes too much. It's apt to get you into trouble.
- BLY, DOROTHY ----- You will make a successful flirt some day. Practice makes perfect, you know.
- CARACCILO, LENA ---- With those eyes and that hair
You ought to get some where.
- DOOLITTLE, FRANK ---- Speed up your speech if you want to set the world on fire.
- FAIRCHILD, ARTHUR --- See if you can't make arrangements for the evening train to stop at Belden.
- GILES, ALVIN ----- You had better make an investment in a good brand of hair tonic, otherwise you will be bald before your time.
- HAGER, GEORGE ----- "Children should be seen and not heard."
- HALL, THELMA ----- If you keep on you will make a "crack" librarian some day.
- HOLLENBECK, LEROY -- Act your age.
- HOUGHTALING,
KENNETH ----- Try to increase the curl in your hair; it is very becoming.
- HOYT, CLARENCE ----- Be more kind to the teachers. It pays.
- HOYT, MELANCTON ---- Cultivate your acrobatic tastes and you will make a name for yourself in the future.
- KIRKLAND, FRED ----- If your acts correspond to your size you will never be great. Can you take a hint?
- LEE, ELLA ----- Some day your ambition (coming all the way from Coventry to school) will be rewarded.
- LORD, SARAH ----- Cultivate a bold exterior.
- McGINNIS, MAURICE ---- It would be to your advantage to use Palmolive Soap and retain that school-girl complexion.
- MUNK, OVE ----- Toot your own horn; nobody else will do it for you.
- PAYNE, LILLIAN ----- Strenuous reducing exercises are seriously advised.
- PERRY, LEON ----- It is not good for your health to leave your rubbers on in school.
- RILEY, JULIA ----- Try to be less precise and you will get more fun out of life.
- SMITH, DOROTHY ----- If you try to excell in the remaining three years of your high school course as you have up to now, you will doubtless be Valedictorian of your class.
- SNITCHLER, NAOMI ---- If you keep on as you are, you will come out all right.
- STODDARD, LUCELIA --- Why the ear ring in basket ball? Is it a talisman?
- TALCOTT, EVA ----- You will be better off if you overcome your bashfulness.
- TETRAULT, LAWRENCE -- All great men were little once. Perhaps they, too, delivered milk. Cheer up!
- TURTUR, MILDRED ---- Don't flirt so much.
- WEIDMAN, ALICE ----- Watch that boy friend or you will lose him.
- WESTCOTT, JEAN ----- It would be well to spend more time on your lessons and less on the boys.
- WILCOX, CLINTON ----- We never know you are around. Exert yourself more.
- WILSON, LYNN ----- Better stay forty minutes when you are told; it will save more time later.



Literature



O antique fables! beautiful and bright
 And joyous with the joyous youth of yore;
 O antique fables! for a little light
 Of that which shineth in you evermore,
 To cleanse the dimness from our weary eyes,
 And bathe our old world with a new surprise
 Of golden dawn entrancing sea and shore.

James Thomson.

OUR ELYSIAN FIELDS

Years and years ago, in Ancient Greece, it was the popular belief that when people died they went to the underworld. This was supposed to be on the farther side of the "River Ocean" which surrounded their flat world. Upon approaching the underworld the spirits of the dead arrived first at the land of the Cimmerians. This place was continuously shrouded by a mist so that the sun never shone there. The River Styx bounded this land. At the river there was a boatman, Charon, who carried the spirits across, provided their bodies had been duly buried with the required amount of wealth. If they could not answer to these requirements, they were left to wander about on the river bank until some one on earth took pity on them and buried their bodies.

Those who were fortunate enough to cross the River Styx found themselves in the Infernal Regions which were guarded by the three-headed dog, Cerberus.

Shortly they arrived at a parting of the ways before which sat a judge, Rhodamantus. One path led to the Elysian Fields, a joyful place where people were free to carry on their chosen occupations; the other led to Tartarus, the place of everlasting punishment.

Cannot this myth be applied to our High School life? Let us use our imaginations for a few moments and see if we cannot make the River Styx correspond to the ever-dreaded Regents Week. Charon, the ferryman, impersonates the teachers. They will not allow us to cross the River Styx until we have had the required number of weeks' instructions in a subject and acquired the knowledge sufficient for such an adventure.

The entrance to the Infernal Regions (the weeks following Regents) is further guarded by Mr. Casey. In cooperation with Charon he is ever watchful that no unworthy person enter the region.

The judge enthroned at the parting of the ways represents the department at Albany. After its final judgment the spirits are free to follow their chosen occupations or to suffer in Tartarus according to whether their papers "stay" or are marked down and returned.

Those unfortunate ones remain in Tartarus until, in some way, they redeem themselves and are allowed to enter the Elysian Fields.

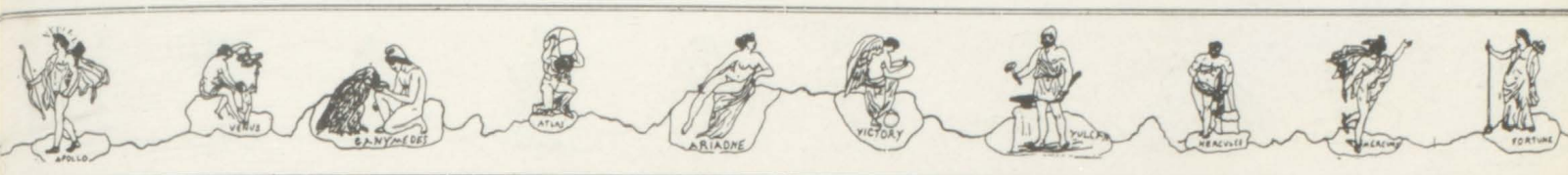
We, the Seniors, fervently hope that when the June Regents come we will be considered worthy to cross the Styx and be judged as deserving of the pleasures of the Elysian Fields.

Elizabeth Collar, '29.

THE CHIMAREA

There was a mythical monster
 And he lived by the little Red Sea,
 He had the head of a lion
 But his tail I could not see.

Projecting from its middle
 A goat's head did appear;
 And every one did try so hard
 To kill it with a spear.



He chanced upon a maiden,
 And marked her as his prey.
 He spate out flames of fire,
 And carried her away.

This maiden was his dinner
 And for his supper he
 Went again into the village
 To get what he could free.

"Ho! Ho!" roared this terrible beast
 As he spied a trembling lad
 "For my supper you'll be the best
 To digest that raging lass."

And now that monster's quiet,
 Asleep in his restful den
 Not knowing that he was soon to be
 The one pursued again.

For, to the place of his destiny
 Achilles was racing fast,
 Where he slew the horrible monster
 Asleep to the very last.

And so the Chimaera was ended
 Upon that fateful day
 When Achilles was the victor
 And the monster was the prey.

The Budding Genius

THE MUSES

The Ancient Greeks, when inspired by some thought, gave credit for the inspiration to the Muses. The Muses were the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. They dwelt on the sacred mountains of Helicon and Parnassus. They were the source of all good things. When the Gods held festivities on Mount Olympus, the Muses were always present to furnish amusement. They praised Zeus, their master. Each Muse presided over some branch of the liberal arts.

In school, we are inspired by our teachers; to them we look for encouragement in our studies and school activities. Each teacher presides over some branch of study. In representing the members of our faculty as the ancient Muses, we have arranged them in the following manner:

Master of the Muses	Zeus	Mr. Casey
Epic Poetry and Rhetoric	Calliope	Miss Petley
History	Clio	Miss DuBois
Love Poetry	Erato	Mrs. Wallace
Music	Euterpe	Miss Benson
Tragedy (Virgil)	Melpomene	Miss Hubbs
Comedy	Thalia	Miss Bliss
Astronomy and Mathematics	Urania	Miss Johnson

TO TEACHERS

I've brought to you the molten treasure
 Of my mind to cast and mold into some currency
 Of greater worth.
 I've bound the wandering ways of youth
 Down to the hard conformity of books.
 I set my eyes upon the words of Greece and Rome



To cipher out the cadences of song that gave
To all the world a flowering lyric heritage.
I learn the myths of Nordic gods and strive to find
A door to high Valhalla.
Euclid's magic mixes with the poetry that cries
A want of one dark lady's love.
But you have promised thus: One day this metal
That you pour all base and crude into the crucible
Of study, shall come forth a precious, glittering coinage.
A loveliness and satisfaction within your weary hands.

Well, mark you this, I've trusted you,
My youth and faith are yours; I keep the pact.
See to it that you've told the truth

Taken from "Scholastic."

LIOFORA'S VIGIL

Many years ago there lived a beautiful damsel whose name was Liofora. She was the most widely loved of all maidens. The whiteness of her skin resembled a lily; her eyes, pools of deep blue; and her hair, golden waves.

One day Jupiter descended from heaven, appeared before Liofora's father, and asked him to go to a certain high tower to toll a bell which was to call the people together for feasting and sacrificing to the gods who occupied the heavens. Jupiter told him the exact time to toll the bell. Now it happened that Liofora, being in the next room, overheard what Jupiter said.

At last came the day when her father was to fulfill the command of Jupiter. As he wanted to go to the home of a merchant that day, he started early in the morning that he might arrive home before the appointed time. But while he was at the merchant's home, he feasted and became so drunken that he forgot his promise to Jupiter.

Liofora, fearing that her father would not return in time, started for the tower. It was situated on a plain where the sun shone down mercilessly. For four hours she stood there pulling the rope that the bell might send forth its clear, silvery notes upon the warm summer air. Just at the end of the fourth hour, she fell to the floor in a faint.

As a reward for her faithful service, Jupiter transformed her into a beautiful, white, bell-shaped flower, and placed her in a cool, shady place where she was never again to suffer from the sun's hot rays. She was called Lily-of-the-Valley.

Helen Sawyer, '31.

ATLANTA

Atlanta was one of the most famous vamps of history. She was beautiful and like most vamps, she knew it.

Atlanta, so it is said, was the swiftest of mortals. She was popular with the members of the opposite sex, but she refused to marry anyone except him who could win a foot race from her.

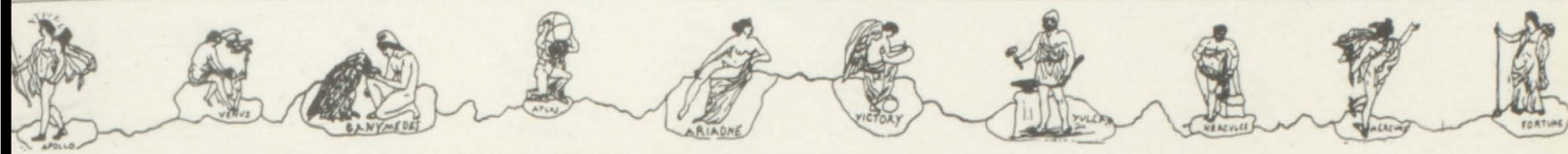
Finally there came one Hippomenes, a beautiful young man, descendant of Poseidon.

Aphrodite had given to Hippomenes three golden apples. By dropping these as he ran along, he won the race. For, alas! woman's eternal adoration for riches caused Atlanta to stop and pick up the apples. Since the prize for winning the race was the fair contestant herself, Hippomenes won Atlanta.

But Atlanta and Hippomenes forgot to thank Aphrodite and she led them to profane a sanctuary of Cybele.

Cybele was angry at them and changed both into lions and now they draw her chariot.

(Re-read the above supplying Gladys in place of Atlanta and Clifford in place of Hippomenes.)



ODE TO TESTS

(Apologies to Poe)

Sing a song of tests, tests, tests,
Urgent tests,
Unpassed tests.
Every week the teachers kill
Any joy in life for us,
By a sordid stack of tests
Ominous in quality.
How they chill
All our fervor, and instill,
With their tests,
Thoughts that sadden, hurt and madden,
Banishing all things that gladden;
Ruminations that array
In a weird, fantastic way,
Schemes to pass.
Oh, you tests, tests, tests!
How much woe your presence brings!
Tests for Math. and History,
Tests for French and Chemistry,
Tests for English,
Tests for Latin,
Tests for every kind of rigmarole,
How you make us sick of soul!
Sing a song of tests, tests, tests,
Urgent tests,
Unpassed tests,
Necessary human ills
By the laws of education.
When we meet 'em,
We must make 'em.
Even this we should not mind
If we were the studious kind.

A NOON-HOUR WITH THE "AUTOMAT LUNCH"

"My kingdom for a stalk o' celery." Thus I mused, and lo, there before me, displayed to the best possible advantage, were all the edibles within my horoscope of hunger. Pie, cake, meat? Did I see clearly? Show me the entrance thereof.

In I hurried, and was drawn into the current of the noon-hour rush. Untutored in the ways of the "Automat Lunch," I stood aside to glean instruction in the manipulation of this mammoth food container.

Fully satisfied as to the extent of my knoweldge, I plunged an exploring hand into my trousers pocket. Nickles and dimes were as distant to me, during that fraction of an hour, as a seat on the Exchange. But this could easily be remedied and was. For a quarter will produce three nickles and a dime anywhere between here and Halifax.

Returning to my former position, I attacked the sandwich slot, armed with a nickel. Then a slight reminiscent of shoot-the-chute days, and two sandwiches slid merrily down a similar chute. One plate filled and one to grow on. "Pie? Mmmmm. Let's see. Raspberry? Nope! Seeds get under my plate. Apple? Much better!" Another coin rang its death-knell as far as I was concerned, only to issue forth in the shape of pie. A veritable reincarnation. "Now for the coffee." And with these futuristic words, my trouble began. I pushed, I pulled, I jerked, I juggled—and finally emerged a dash of hot coffee into the palm of my extended hand. "Blankety!



blank!" And a voice from above, "Say, mister, hay doesn't come in bundles; neither does coffee in cups."

To be sure, I had forgotten the cup—a most essential requirement. A lunch bought and paid for. "But where, oh where, is a seat for this foot-sore food snatcher among this babble of people?"

At last, a corner in which to masticate on a five minutes' repast, and off again to business.

Oh, well, I always did have a hazy realization that bread worked o'er tasted sweeter, but now it is an established fact.

Florence Keeler, '30.

THE VALUE OF CORRECT ENGLISH

The carpenter or the machinist must, first of all, become the master of his tools or instruments, if he wishes to be a success. It is the same with every person who speaks English; he must become the master of his language. A person must be able to say accurately and effectively what he wishes to say.

How all-permeative a force is this same language, this wonder-working grouping together of mere words! It is the vehicle of every thought, the expression of every life; it forms alike the merry prattle of childhood and the ripe comfort of old age; it is the same in cradle-song and battle-cry, and half a dozen sentences may exalt the mind to its utmost height or plunge it to degradation.

In speech, our aim should be to show more wit than words. In the first place, a person should be able to use the right word in the right place; to be effective they must be represented in logical order.

It is as much the duty of an orator to please his audience as it is the purpose of a business man to convince his. Therefore, both of these men must have the power to satisfy.

Speech is considered as the determining element of every human act. A person can usually be judged by the manner and way in which he speaks. It is by the use to which we put the tongue that we are distinguished from other living creatures.

Seneca has said:—"We must feel what we speak before we can speak what we feel."

Virginia Hirt, '29.

"LIFE HISTORY PHOTOGRAPHS"

How do we feel when your folks suggest that "we all go over to Mrs. Jones' this afternoon to call?" If you are like me, your feelings seem to take a sudden "flop." You had planned to take in the afternoon matinee at the "Gaity," but now your plans are ruined. So up the stairs you go and change your clothes.

Mrs. Jones is a kind old soul, and her husband had died many years before, but to hear her talk you would think that he was still roaming this earth and in his prime. As you step upon the porch of the old house, your eyes generally stray to the front windows. You are hoping Mrs. Jones is not in. Maybe someone has taken her for a ride. Pop has already rung the bell. Your eyes take in what is possible through the front windows; the stiff stately arrangement of the furniture in the front room. All this time you are listening for the soft footsteps of Mrs. Jones coming down the hall. They come. And then you prepare yourself for the worst. The door is opened and Mrs. Jones greets you herself with a "Why, good afternoon, all of you. Come right in. Take your things off and hang them on the hall rack. Pop and Mom, to your great relief, think they hadn't better remove their wraps, as they can't stay long. Into the parlor you all go and sit in the cold, stiff-backed chairs. Mom and Mrs. Jones talk about the weather. Pop puts in a word now and then, but you know that he is having about as good a time as you are. Mom is telling about our new family picture we just had taken, and that reminds Mrs. Jones that she must get out her album. She had just had some pictures sent to her from her daughter's family and they are "just



too dear to be true." She rushes away to find them and while you are looking at them she brings in the family album. You all try to appear interested in them while Mrs. Jones tells you that this one or that one was taken when she was eighteen or forty-eight; and this one she treasures above all—the one of her dear husband when he was a young man. She then goes on to explain what went on that very day, as she was with him when it was taken.

About this time the seat is beginning to get hard. You move about, drop your hat, and make all sorts of awkward motions. Then, to your relief, you discover that there are only a few pages left. But Mrs. Jones has just spoken, "And when you have finished this book, I have another one I must show you."

And "boy," when you leave Mrs. Jones' two hours later, you make a secret vow that nothing will ever get you to call on Mrs. Jones again.

X. Y. Z., '30.

HOW WE CONDUCT BUSINESS MEETINGS

To have everyone present is the first and most important requisite of a business meeting. This is a wise precaution which prevents "kicking" after the meeting. To gain this object, you write a notice on the board early in the morning and at the end of the school day you yell at the members of the class: "Class meeting! Everyone come! It is very important!" Then both singly and in groups, you cajole, bully, persuade, and hound everyone into coming.

Immediately, you march into the room where your faculty advisor sits, waiting with a patient, long suffering look, where, in fact, she has waited for an half hour, and you seat yourself on her desk, swinging your feet in an assertive but unconcerned manner to show your superiority. You wait for the next ten minutes while the class members wander, rush, or meander along in, according to their various dispositions, and when, eventually, they have arrived, you grab a book (because that makes the most noise) and slam it with a bang on the desk, which motion causes each member to look at you. This is the psychological moment to call for order. You yell at the top of your voice, and you make them listen. When they listen you can speak once more in the lower register as becomes a lady (or gentleman), and discuss the object of the meeting. Amid many shouts and protests, and after much balloting, important decisions are made.

Finally, someone makes the motion that the meeting be adjourned, they bolt out of the door, and you give a sigh of relief to watch the dignified classmen leave.

Carol Nichols, '29.

ON MILDRED

The unexpected frequently happens, as in the case of my optical illusion. I spent last evening at the home of my friend, Mildred. We were both knee deep in lessons, and so as to obtain a better light on the subject, I stationed myself in a chair directly behind her. On one of my up-glances in the midst of a sight-seeing tour, my glance was caught and held. Since when and how had Mildred learned to crochet? I sat and followed her every movement carefully. As in and out she wove I arose and cautiously approached the rear of her chair. I had decided on an attack from this side so as to get a better view. My head rose to the top of the chair and over I looked. But Mildred was not crocheting! Oh, never, merely absorbed in stretching her gum!

Florence Keeler, '30.

THE IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBLE

In a little, old hut near the sea, lived an old man and his son, Tom.

Tom liked very much to watch the cruisers and ships when they were either coming in or going out of the harbor and sometimes he was allowed to go with them. Tom also liked to read stories of ships and sailors.

One Sunday Tom looked up from a very thrilling tale of a sailor's life, and said, "Father, may I be a sailor and do all the things the one in this book does?"



The father, who had always dreaded the day when his son would ask that question, answered, "No, my son, not until three Sundays come in succession."

Tom sighed and turned back to his book. The father went to look out of the window. He saw his neighbor hoeing in his garden. He turned to his boy and said, "Son, let us go over and ask that man if he does not know that he should not work on Sunday." When they arrived there, the man told them that yesterday was Sunday for him (he was a Seven-Day Protestant).

The father and son went down to the wharf. They asked some of the sailors why they were working on Sunday, and they answered, "Tomorrow will be Sunday for us, when we cross the meridan, and set our calendar back."

Tom looked at his father and a broad smile spread over his face. "There, Father," he said, "what I thought impossible is possible, for there are three Sundays in succession; the gardener's yesterday, ours today, and the sailors' tomorrow."

"Yes, my boy," answered his father. They then went home to talk over the boy's life as a sailor.

Zelma Wakeman, '30.

GOOD ENGLISH

Although it is rather overdrawn, the story which tells about a drowning man who called out as he went for the last time, "I will drown and no one shall help me!" is a good example of the value of correct English. According to the story, the unfortunate gentleman lost his life because he did not use the words "shall" and "will" in their correct places.

The great importance of the use of correct English cannot be impressed too forcefully on the minds of the American people.

How ignorant and unlearned a person is considered who uses such expressions as "ain't," "he don't," and "you was."

Of course, the use of the wrong word would not always change the meaning of a sentence and lead to such misfortune as it did in the story, but many mistakes could result from the misuse of a word.

Many people, even college graduates, applying for positions, have failed because of their lack of knowledge of English grammar. This fact has led to the drive for correct English sponsored by many colleges. In some colleges the students are required to pass a grammar examination before they receive their diplomas, regardless of the course they are taking.

A person who uses correct English and is constantly striving to improve his diction is a person to be respected, for it shows perseverance to be able to speak good English.

How much better it is to say what we mean in a few well-chosen words, than it is to talk for a long time and then not convey our idea clearly.

Would it not be worth while to cultivate the habit of good English?

Elizabeth Collar, '29.

A MODERN SCENE FROM RIP VAN WINKLE

One day last week when I was at the home of a friend, a guest told the following story which is all the more thrilling because it is true.

Mr. and Mrs. Page were motoring a few summers ago through that part of the Catskills made famous by the story of Rip Van Winkle. As they were traveling, they started talking about Rip and all his adventures.

"On such a green as that Rip might have found the little dwarfs playing nine-pins," said Mrs. Page as she pointed to a grassy knoll.

"I can even seem to hear the noise of the balls as it echos through the mountains," replied Mr. Page.



Then, for the first time they noticed that the sky was fast clouding over, and in the distance they surely heard thunder. They realized what a storm in the Catskills meant and hastened to find shelter.

Before them appeared a huge barn which seemed strangely out of place in this lonely spot. The barn door was open and they drove in. Just as they reached safety there came a blinding flash of lightning and a mighty crash of thunder, and the rain descended in torrents.

Mrs. Page was just going to exclaim how thankful she was for their safety when a flash of lightning revealed to them a sight which struck them dumb with amazement. There in one corner of the barn was a little figure grinning up at them.

Mrs. Page clutched her husband's arm, petrified with fear. Another brilliant flash revealed two dwarfs where only one had been before. Wondering if they were seeing visions, they hardly dared move. Next, two more little men came from their hiding place.

The travelers sat in the car for what seemed to them hours, but actually for only a few moments.

When Mr. Page went to investigate, he learned that the dwarfs were professional acrobats who practiced during the summer months in this large barn which was built especially for them.

As they drove on, discussing the queer behavior of the little men, Mr. and Mrs. Page felt that they had, indeed, been reliving the days of Rip Van Winkle.

Louise Whitman, '30.

THE SCHOOL HABIT

At the ages of five or six little Mary and Jimmie are kindly but firmly taken by the hand and led off to kindergarten. To them, these first two or three years at school are something different. Here they receive the individual attention of a person paid to be pleasant and entertaining, whereas, at home, mother was usually busy and sometimes a bit cross.

Nevertheless, even two or three years of something different gradually ceases to entice the child to school. So, as school becomes a duty instead of a pleasure, trouble creeps in. These boys and girls are growing up and they soon discover that certain actions bother "teacher." This disposition augments until, when in about the eighth grade, it is no longer childish fun, but intentional disobedience.

The high school does nothing to alleviate this tendency, and the discrepancies of the pupil are magnified in proportion. It is no wonder, therefore, that few arrive at graduation in the specified four years. Would it not be much better and more to the point to suspend education between the ages of twelve and twenty-one? During these years an out of door life would do much to cement a firm foundation for concentrated study in the years to follow. It is then that one is able to apply the mind and get the best results for compound application.

Florence Keeler, '30.

THE STUDY HALL

The study hall is a noisy place,
It even shows on a scholar's face;
With shout and laughter it does ring.
Some scholars dare do anything.
But when the "prof" walks by the door
The room is very still once more.
If "prof" should enter on the sly
And catch a pupil's wandering eye,
That pupil opens quick a book
And studies with an innocent look.
Sleeping sickness, so they say,



Shows evidence on a summer's day.
With open book and many loud snores
They study the scenes of Caesar's wars.
But now it seems the bell does ring
So I must stop this crazy thing,
And if you don't believe it all
Just visit some day our study hall.

Henry Cheesbro, '29.

A DESCRIPTION OF GARETH

When I first saw Gareth, if I remember rightly, he was in King Arthur's Hall. A friend of mine and I were playing cards over near the entrance. I will have to admit that I was not paying attention to the game; but card playing has always been a tedious pastime for me. However, if it had not been for the fact that my attention was attracted elsewhere, I probably would not have seen The Three enter. It is not an uncommon sight to see three or even thirty-three persons enter Arthur's Hall at once. But this trio especially attracted my attention: the person in the middle was being supported by one man on his right and one on his left. He was a young lad, and, as my girl friend described him, "was large and long and broad in shoulders." He had the fairest and largest hands that man ever saw. When she said that I was very jealous, because I thought that, next to my friend, Sir John Davidson, I had the biggest hands in Arthur's Hall.

I had just finished cutting the cards when I next noticed Gareth. He was not the weak man who had entered, but a man who stood tall before the King. I never knew what went on between King Arthur and Gareth, but I was convinced that whoever the stranger was who had entered the Hall that evening he was of noble birth. And, of course, as I sit here and write, my old age has made me wiser. It was Sir Gareth, and in the words of Sir Tennyson: "The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent, and the tallest."

Phil Roberts, '30.

SOME MORE MYSTERY

"Oh, what a weird sight!"

The words were involuntarily uttered by a young girl to her friend as they drove past the ruins of an old mansion. Blackened by exposure to the weather, a tall brick chimney stood silhouetted against the black, wintry sky. It alone occupied an important position in the large tract of land over which it towered like a mighty ruler. Underfoot remains of last summer's weeds showed through the thin fall of snow, giving the whole scene a look of desolation.

Suddenly Agnes, the girl who had just spoken, again turned toward her companion.

"Marian, I do believe it's the same old place we drove past three years ago. I wonder why no one has rebuilt on that same spot. The view of the valley from here is perfectly marvelous."

But Marian, who was busily occupied in steering the little blue coupe down the icy hill, did not reply at that moment. She waited until the bottom had safely been reached and then offered her opinion.

"Probably the owner doesn't want to rebuild, or maybe he lost his entire fortune when the place burned."

Marian was always so practical minded that her imagination, if she ever had any, was no use to her whatsoever. But Agnes could not be made to believe that anything so commonplace as that could possibly have happened. She would have preferred the ruins to have been of Revolutionary origin, the house having been destroyed by the red skins and all the occupants murdered in cold blood.

The more Agnes thought about the house, the more she wished to hear the story of its destruction. Finally, since she could stand it no longer, she burst out:

"Let's stop down here in town and inquire around. I bet we could find some old fellow who would just love to tell us all about that old place up there."



Again the serious minded Marian turned from her driving to answer an enthusiastic Agnes.

"Your imagination could make up just as good a story as any of the old fogies will be able to tell. Why waste your time?"

"Oh, Marian," pleaded Agnes, "you'll stop, won't you? I'll promise you that you'll hear a good story. I have a feeling in my bones that that old ruin has a romantic background."

At last Marian yielded.

"All right, I'll stop and help you hunt up your history." Evidently some of Agnes' enthusiasm and curiosity had penetrated farther into Marian's serious makeup than she was willing to admit.

She brought the coupe to a standstill outside a ramshackle, ugly, unpainted building, if that term could be applied without permanently disgracing itself. Over the doorway an old marred sign proclaimed the place to be "Pottsville Post Office." The rotting boards of the steps and platform creaked and groaned under the pressure of the girls' feet as they stepped from the car.

Agnes was all excited.

"Now, Marian," she instructed, "you let me do the talking and I'll bet if there is anyone in this town who knows anything about "our mansion" I'll get it out of him somehow. You come along and furnish the moral support and I'll wager you'll get an earful."

"All right, I'm game," Marian answered, with a little more display of spirit than she usually deigned to show.

So the two girls pushed open the door which swung on one hinge and entered the post office. Along one side of the room were several pigeon-holes which served as mail boxes and in these papers, catalogues, and a few letters were carefully arranged. It was a typical country post office run in connection with the general store, where everything from bread to overalls or nails could be purchased.

An old man, evidently the storekeeper and post master, approached them from the back of the store. His hair was snowy white and surrounded his head like a crown. His face was gentle and kind and almost beautiful as the light of the dying day, coming through the dusty windows, struck it.

After the customary greetings had been exchanged, Agnes tactfully began to inquire concerning the man's life.—Yes, he had lived in that part of the country most of his life, and he was now nearing years of age. Did he remember the most of an old place located on the main road about a mile from town? Yes, (cautiously), he did. He remembered it extremely well.

Then Agnes began her story.

"My friend and I were driving along the road and we noticed the ruins. We both wondered why the spot had not been rebuilt upon, and I," here she permitted herself to smile slyly, "am sure there is some exciting, mysterious tale connected with the ruins. I thought perhaps you could tell us about it."

"Well," the man answered, a little hesitant, "of course, I know the story told around here about it if you care—"

Here Agnes interrupted him.

"We'd love to listen to the tale if it wouldn't trouble you too much to relate it."

"Why, no," the old man responded, "it would be a pleasure for me to be of service to you." Then starting to lead the way toward the back of the store, "Won't you join me back here where you can be comfortable while I talk?"

Marian was a little skeptical about getting too near this "old fogy" and was inclined to hold back, but Agnes pulled her on to the waiting arm chairs in the rear of the store. The three seated themselves and the Postmaster began.

"Nearly fifty years ago a young man came into this section with his youthful wife and erected a magnificent mansion on that plot of land to which you refer. They were quite "well-to-do" and always had a stream of company either leaving or arriving at their home. But there was one thing which struck the people around here as very strange and that was that none of the town's folks were ever invited to any of the



parties that they gave. Furthermore, they never mingled with the common people but held themselves aloof.

"Early one morning after an extremely gay party from which the guests riotously departed, a passing farmer discovered flames shooting up from the house like shots from a cannon. He rushed up the drive to the house and tried to arouse the occupants, but it was of no use. So he gave it up as hopeless and came down here to raise the bucket-brigade, for he thought that maybe the place could be saved. But, meanwhile, a strong wind had sprung up and had fanned the flames so that when the bucket-brigade appeared on the scene of action, the mansion was a mass of fiery-red flames, and since fighting the fire would have been a hopeless task, they let the place burn to the ground. It smouldered for days, then, finally, people began to dig in the ruins, but no trace of anything could be found. Everything had been destroyed.

"Of course the news of the fire was published in all the newspapers and an heir for what was left was sought, but nobody ever turned up to claim it. Time after time the town tried to settle the estate, but everytime lawyers stepped in and stopped them before the "for sale" sign had been set up. No one around here knew why the lawyers objected, but none ever took the trouble to inquire." The old man paused as if for a breath and then ended, "Well, girls, I guess that's all of the story that I ever heard."

Agnes breathed a sigh of relief, and after thanking the gentleman for his kindness, she and Marian left the "Pottsville Post Office." They had gotten well under way before Agnes commenced to exult.

"Didn't I tell you there a romantic history connected with that pile of ruins?" Marian pondered a moment before replying.

"Personally, I don't believe half that he told us. I think that he is some "dear" old gentleman whose mind is inclined to wander, especially," contemptuously, "when young folks like you put such ideas into the heads of the poor "dears."

Agnes immediately began to pout.

"You would try to spoil my fun," she said disgustedly and retired to her corner of the car without saying another word.

But let us return to the old gentleman back in the post office. We find him, after the girls had disappeared through the door probably never to darken its portals again, heaving a long sigh and dropping himself into the chair he had just vacated. If we could have pierced through the darkness into his mind we could, without doubt, have read something like this: "That was a narrow escape. If that little minx of a girl had asked many questions I would have had a hard time making my wits keep up with hers in order to stay out of trouble. I wonder if anyone suspects that I'm the owner of that old ruin and that I, alone, escaped from that dreadful fire. It was a lucky day for me when I inherited that money, for it has given me enough to bribe my lawyers to keep that property within my hands. Maybe I'd better find an heir for that estate, for I'll not last much longer."

So we leave the elderly postmaster with his secret thoughts, secret if I can trust you to do your part to maintain absolute silence.

Mary Collar, '30.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A proper autobiography is the death bed confession of one who has lived a successful life, that we may profit by the errors he has made. My life is just begun; I have discovered nothing; I have accomplished nothing; I write because I believe my life typical of that of most boys and girls.

My father and mother count the thirteenth of July among important days, for that was the date of my birth. I turned out to be another girl, and they named me Carol Louise.



There have been times when my acts were not decidedly exemplary. I could never claim kinship with George Washington. My imagination was too vivid. For instance, Gypsies were unwelcome visitors. They were always too eager to borrow things. When they appeared, mother shooed us inside, locked the doors and notified the neighbors of their approach. As I have stated, my imagination was vivid; I seemed to see five vans of gypsies; I rushed in and told mother; she did everything except 'phone the neighbors, looked out of a window, and spanked me for lying. There weren't any gypsies at all!

My childhood is rather vague, but if the "child's characteristics foreshadow those of the man" there are hopes, in mother's estimation, that I may become a laudable citizen. Mother says, "You were such a good baby!" At those times vague memories become clear to me. I remember the chickens I gleefully choked to death, shouting, "Oh, oh, watch his eyes open! See his mouf open wide!"—and the spanking. I remember the broken dishes, when, on an exploration tour, I hauled the cloth from the table,—and being put in the corner 'till dad came in. (Have you ever been compelled to sit still so long? You alone know the horrors of such "still" punishment, just in one chair!)

At the age of six, I was sent to school. Mother started me an hour early, but I was rarely on time. The teacher couldn't understand the thousand things that delayed me. When I am a teacher, I shall know that they stopped to pick flowers, stamp on tar bubbles in the middle of the road, play in the puddles, and float straws along the ditches. At first, school was wonderful play, but teachers gradually taught me that some things must be done. Eventually I learned to "scratch gravel."

This is my life. I have learned various things that everyone learns in contact with other people, chiefly that the world is made in a certain way and I have to live in it. Therefore, I shall get along as well as I can, and be friends with the people I can. Life is like the weather. You have to take it as it comes. Only don't complain.

Carol Nichols, '29.

ODE TO THE WATER BUG

Oh, little bug,
With feet so thin,
My, how I like
To watch you swim!

You skitter forth,
Then back again,
As though, of course,
'Twas but a whim!

The fly's a pest,
The bedbug, too,
But the bug that's best,
I'm sure, is you!

Rolland Peckham, '30.

This is the work from the grades of our school. We think it is very good, both in construction and outline. These compositions are entirely original. We pass them on to you, that you may enjoy them as have we, the "Echo" staff.

SPRING

I heard a robin singing.
I saw a blue bird.
The snow is off the ground.
I wore my spring sweater today.
I don't wear my artics now.
The grass is green.
I saw ten geese.

George Munk, Grade 2.



MY HORSE

My horse's name is Don. He will stand on his hindlegs. He will not balk or kick. He works in the woods. He sometimes works on the farm. You can ride him if you wish. He is a good saddle horse.

Dannie Knapp, Grade 4

MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN

One day a woodman who was felling a tree by a river, by accident let his ax drop into the stream. He was thus so suddenly deprived of the tool with which he gained his livelihood that he sat on the bank of the stream and lamented his fate.

Then, to his surprise, Mercury appeared. He asked the woodman why he was so grieved, and when he had heard the story of his misfortune, he dived to the bottom of the river, and, bringing up a golden ax, he inquired of the woodman if it was the one he had lost. On his saying that it was not, he dived in the second time, returning with a silver ax. He demanded if this was his. This ax the woodman also refused, saying it was none of his. Mercury again disappeared returning with the woodman's own ax. The woodman took this joyfully. For his honesty, Mercury not only gave him his own ax, but the gold and silver ones also.

Returning home, the woodman related to his friends his adventure. One of them resolved to secure his fortune in this way. He deliberately threw his ax into the river, and, as before, Mercury appeared, and when he had heard his misfortune, he dived and brought up a golden ax and asked if it was his. The woodman, at the sight of the precious metal, eagerly answered that it was, and eagerly attempted to snatch it. But the god, detecting falsehood and greed, refused to give him the golden one, and also his own.

Jack Palmer, Grade 5.

THE OLD OAK TREE

I am an old oak tree. I used to stand and listen to the Indians solemnly make their treaties and bury the hatchet. I have watched the buffalo trailing down to drink. I have had many tomahawks buried under my roots. I have watched the Indians raid the white man's settlement and have seen the soldiers of the Revolutionary war marching to battle with their heavy muskets. I have shaded many a weary soldier from the sun. The children of the white settlement used to play under my branches. Now I am very unhappy for the white man will cut me for firewood and lumber. He will drive the Indians away. The white men will fill the country and I shall miss the birds that used to build their nests in my branches and sing on my topmost bough. So I bow my head and die before the wind.

Joseph Throop, Grade 6.

THE WORN-OUT AUTO GOES ON TO HEAVEN

Scene—An old car going up a hill. It is a very old car.

Automobile: Oh dear! Puff, puff! Whew! I wish I had some decent tires on me. Mine are getting so they look like a bed-quilt they are patched so much. There, I haven't got any more gas in me. Hey, you driver! Put on the brakes. We're going down the hill backwards, and mighty fast too. There, he put on the brakes. Ouch! I can't stop. There, I knew those brakes would bust. (The automobile now comes to a bridge at the foot of the hill.) Gee, we're going right into the creek. I have an idea. I will fix my brakes, myself. (The automobile tries to fix the brakes. He doesn't succeed.) I can't fix them. Oh! (The automobile backs into the creek. The whole car breaks. Then, just giving his dying "gasph") My driver wouldn't know any more than to run right into the creek.

Junior Roider, Grade 6.



Society



SENIOR PARTY

It seems to me that the Fates must have decreed that we should never go the The Rocks at Afton, for every time we've planned to go it has rained, snowed or hailed.

As it happened, it rained this fateful day and so we landed at The Guild Hall, which we pretended was the pine grove, and there we built a fire in the stove and broiled the "Hot Dogs." We hauled a table to the middle of the room, and proceeded to set it. A merry time ensued at the dinner, at which there was a "Gimme This" and "Gimme That" game for the various delicacies. After clearing the table and washing the dishes some played cards, while others danced. Nevertheless, we tricked the Fates in that we had a wonderful time in our "Pretended Pine Grove" at our "Picnic."

SENIOR PLAY

"Friend Indeed" was very successfully presented by the Senior Class, December 13th, 1928.

Cast of Characters

Charles Dana, Editor of the "Morning Star"	Wilfred Lyon
Dorothy Hancock, Niece of George Hancock	Elizabeth Collar
Jack Singleton, Business Manager of the "Star"	Stanley Darlin
"Owls," Cub Reporter	Lloyd Johnson
Patricia Bing, Stenographer	Ruth Le Caro
Blackwell, "Star" Reporter	Carlton Babcock
George Hancock, Successful business man	Philip Roberts
Mr. Parker, Banker	Renwick Walling
O'Reilly, Detective	Harold Campbell
Mary, Maid of The Hancock's	Ruth Hager

SENIOR SKIT

"Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! Hee! Hee! Wasn't that good?" "And Oh, boy! funny—nothing could beat it." "It" refers to the Senior Skit which was presented in the Auditorium, Friday, February 15.

Having bereaved many talented minds of their ideas we finally chose to have a Square Dance or to be more exact a Barn Dance. The one most gifted for caller was Zelma Wakeman and the dancers were Dolores Lloyd and Arlene Petley, Ruth Le Caro and Harriet Van Buren, Mildred Wilcox and Addison Smith, Evelyn Lawrence and Henry Cheesbro. Our Orchestra was the finest in New York State: Virginia Hirt, pianist; John Loudon, banjoist; and Carol Nichols, violinist.

The Barn Dance was perfect in all equipment. Even the animals were present. The only one that disturbed our "Stunt" was a young pullet which flew across the stage among the performers.

Among the noted guests was a Follies Dancer, Evelyn Poole, and a Broadway Shiek, Elizabeth Collar, who entertained us with the latest song hit "Listen To The Mocking Bird," and the latest steps of the Tango. Mr. Smith, the leader of the largest orchestra in the world, played a trombone solo.

After our successful performance we had our picture taken which can be found among the snapshots in this book.

As long as there were no judges, we, The Senior Class, believe ourselves capable of judging the skits and our decision is unanimously for the Seniors.

THE SENIOR-JUNIOR PARTY

At the close of school on February 8, 1929, the Seniors held a meeting for the purpose of planning for a party and we were so generous that we condescended to invite the Juniors.



On the evening of February 11, 1929 at about 8 o'clock the Juniors and Seniors were seen entering the Guild Hall for a good time. The evening was spent in dancing and playing cards, the music being furnished by the talented members of the Junior class, including: Helen Bluler, piano, Carlton Loomis, drums and Carlton Babcock, saxophone.

Of course we were well chaperoned for several of the High School faculty were present.

Two interesting features of the evening were special dances. One was performed by Florence Keeler and Milliard Howland, who entertained us with a dance called---- I think you had better ask them the name of it. It was a continuous whirl which caused the young lady (Miss Keeler) to fall to the floor in a faint. The second was a square dance given by various members of the Senior and Junior classes.

Delicious club sandwiches were served to several of our honored guests. They were unusual in that they consisted of bread, then lettuce, sticks, lettuce and bread; another sandwich was of doughnuts, lettuce, stick and toothpick mayonnaise, and red pepper to season.

Everyone present seemed to enjoy themselves so that they kept begging for just one more dance until it began to get rather late and they decided that the best place to go was "Home Sweet Home."

JUNIOR SKIT

The Seniors had just finished putting on a clever "skit" in Chapel and the Juniors were desperately racking their brains to find something equally as clever to do. At the last minute, one of our bright scholars suggested a radio program with television. Miss Bluler planned the program making Florence Keeler the announcer.

The night before March 8 we decided that it wouldn't "go over," so we postponed it. Consequently, the next day none of us brought our costumes or knew our songs. Mr. Casey decided that we must give it. We had just exactly forty minutes for preparation, and we certainly made the best of it. When the bell for assembly rang we had an improvised radio ready for Mr. Casey to turn on and our songs ready to be broadcast.

Florence carried a humorous "line" through her announcing. She really made the "skit" a success. Even realistic static was heard. (Could it have been "Fuzzy?") The boys sang "I Faw Down and Go Boom!" and "Memory Lane." The girls sang a bit of "Carolina Moon."

Imagine our surprise when Mr. Casey praised us, saying that we had actually "beat" the Seniors.

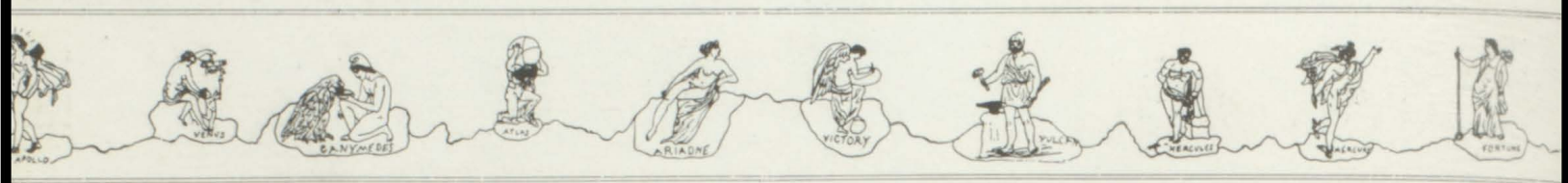
JUNIOR PICNIC

The Jolly Juniors planned a "hot dog" roast to be held at The Rocks, near Afton. It was a beautiful day in autumn soon after school began, when they planned it. But, alas, the day for the picnic dawned gray and rainy! Now, as we all know, the Juniors of old B. H. S. are dauntless, so we were not surprised to hear the announcement that there would be an indoor party at the Guild Hall.

Of course, a good time was had by all present. They ate just as heartily and laughed just as merrily even if the sun did not shine. Dance music was furnished for those who cared to dance, and cards for those whose line did not run to dancing.

JUNIOR CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Juniors had decided that they wanted to show the people of Bainbridge they were still alive. They planned a huge party for the Friday before Christmas.



The auditorium, which is the largest room in the whole school building, was used for this grand affair. Green and red crepe paper was hung artistically through-out the room. Christmas trees were placed on the outer edge and in the center of the auditorium. These trees were very prettily decorated, and at one end of the hall was a miniature fire place to which was hung a hugh stocking, signifying Christmas.

The stage was bedecked with evergreen boughs and red and green crepe paper. Lamphere's wonderful five piece orchestra rendered "jazz". Punch and fancy crackers were served in the middle of the evening. The punch went like "pop," so it must have been good.

Many people attended this dance. Most of our teachers were there. Former Bainbridge High School students also attended.

The success of our party was due to the efforts of Miss Hubbs, our faculty advisor, and to the co-operation of the students.

SOPHOMORE SKIT

In an effort to amuse the youngsters of the Bainbridge High School the Sophomore Class gave a supposedly Irish performance in chapel on March 15, 1929.

The scene took place in Mother Machree's living-room, where Mother Machree (Mildred Hodge) was reading, while her daughter, whose part was played by Dorothy Sawyer, softly played "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." Mother Machree's son (Austin Hayes) came soon after the opening of the act and read "The Birth of St. Patrick."

As Austin was finishing his poem, four girls trooped in and began to tell Mother Machree about the entertainment to be given on the Green to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, after which they danced the Irish Tilt for her.

Glancing through the window one of the girls saw Harold Campbell and Morris Snitchler passing and called to them. They came in and Harold recited "Laurie O, Dee" which he was to give at the celebration. As it was getting late the group decided that they should go, but at Mother Machree's request they tarried long enough to sing "The Wearing of The Green" then they all left except Harold Campbell, Austin Hayes, and Morris Snitchler, who sang "Mother Machree" as a closing number.

CINDERELLA

Presented June 8, 9, 1928

CAST

Yellow Witch	Margaret Springsteen
Dutchess, the cruel step-mother	Myra Seymour
Belinda, a step-sister	Thelma Lyon
Melinda, a step-sister	Athalie Baldwin
Fairy Godmother	Helen Howland
Tom Thumb, a page	Wilfred Lyon
Cinderella	Helen Bluler
Prince	John Loudon
Blue Beard	Clifford Loudon
Little Girl with a Curl	Coralyn Whitney
Jack Frost	Rolland Peckham
Sally Waters	Rena Robinson
Goldilocks	Donna Wilcox
Giant Fee Fi Fo Fum	Henry Cheesbro
Jack the Giant Killer	Donald Loudon
Raggedy Ann	Barbara Lamphere
Three Bears	Jean Westcott, Carlton Babeock, Kenneth Hoyt



Farther Time -----	Stanley Darlin
Twelve Hours -----	Betty Stevens, Evelyn Lawrence, Madeline Shafer, Milliard Howland, Kenneth VanDenburgh, Athalie Baldwin, Thelma Lyon, Gladys Hawkins, Dorothy Sweet, Mildred Hodge, Lucretia Brown, and Lucelia Stoddard.
Moonglow -----	Betty Stevens
King -----	Henry Cheesbro
Queen -----	Mildred Wilcox

After three month's of hard drilling the students of B. H. S., under the direction of Charles Lamphere, were successful in producing this operetta.

It had been said that this was the best entertainment ever produced in Bainbridge. Anyway, it drew such a large crowd the first night that it was given again the next night.

"THE RAG DOLLS"

Here I've been thinking and thinking for something real clever to write for you to read. But, alas, no one will ever know how much talent I have for writing because—it is hidden. I have some of the beautiful imaginary happenings to put on paper, but when it comes to the true things—oh well, just count me out. But just the same I might tell you something about the Girls' Glee Club or the "Rag Dolls." This descriptive name was given to us by our gifted pianist, Virginia Hirt. Oh, you didn't know we had such a thing as a Glee Club? Well, I'm surprised! We sang once before assembly. Little Rena Robinson sang alone. She went clear through the piece and never broke down. Really, some of the girls, I should say most of the girls, that were in the Glee Club are gifted in that line. (I mean of music.) But when it comes time for them to appear before people, why, they get so pale and shaky! If these dear girls could only have the advantage I've had and take vocal lessons of Mr. Lamphere I'm willing to bet they would land in the Grand Opera in a short time.

Really, when we first began meeting for Glee Club those girls were so anxious to get to practice they would push each other down and some of the smaller girls were trampled on in the mad rush to reach the auditorium. We even had to station Professor Casey at the head of the stairs to see that the girls weren't killed or severely injured. We were so excited about this new thing we even went as far as to elect officers. Mary Collar was president and Ruth Le Caro posed as secretary and treasurer. Hope arose in my heart. At last the girls would accomplish something under my leadership and guidance. But as quickly as hope arose, it was cast out. The Glee Club started to die. Gradually it left us. No one reached out to save it. It was terrible. Many nights have I lain awake crying softly to myself over the failure of this one thing which promised to make me famous.

Now, gentle readers, I will close this sad chapter on the birth, death and burial of the "Rag Dolls." Do not weep----we didn't.

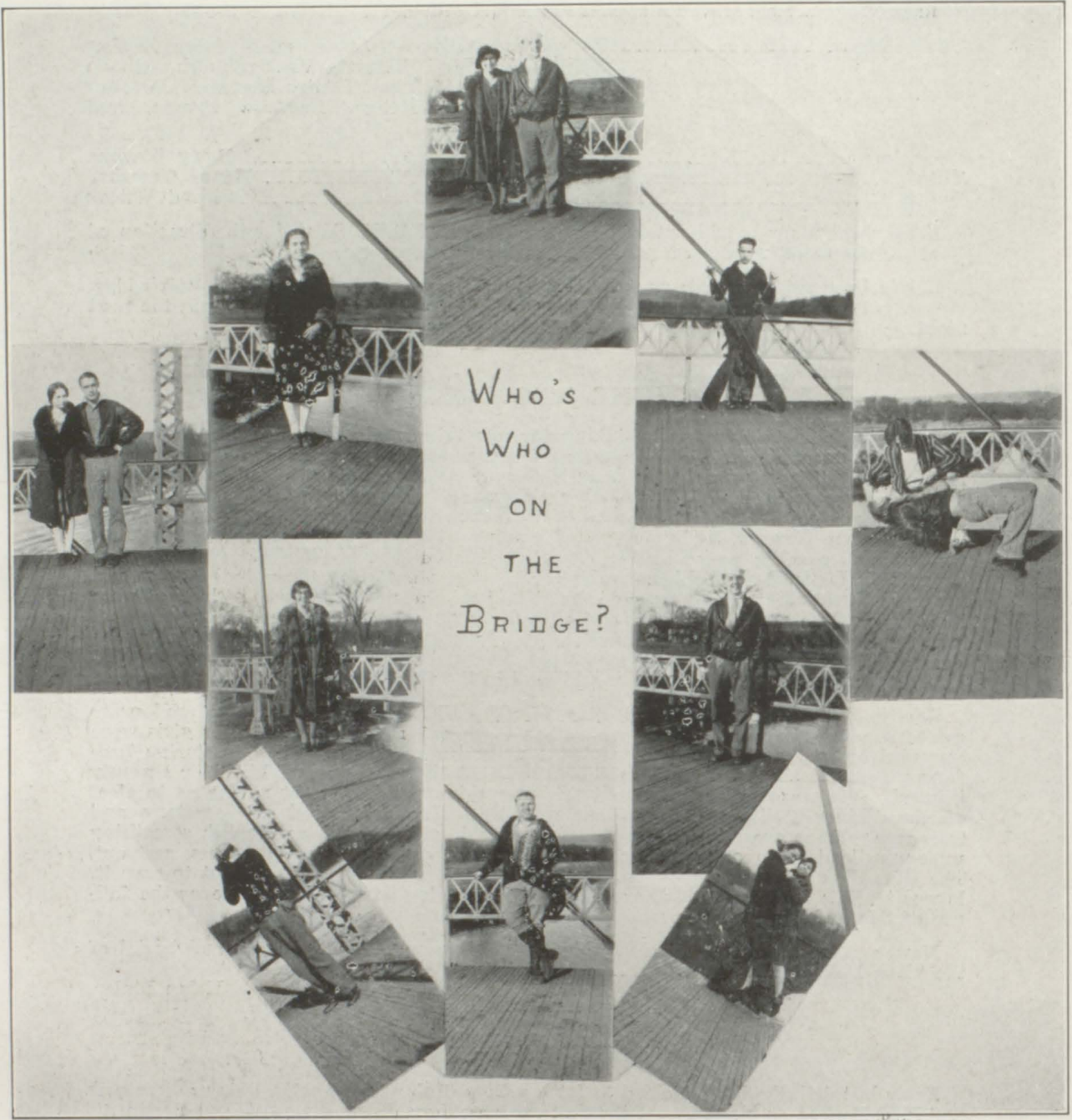
Helen Bluler.

BOY'S GLEE CLUB

Early last fall, the boys decided to form a Glee Club with Miss Du Bois as directress and Miss Benson as pianist. At the first meeting John Loudon was elected President, and Rolland Peckham, Secretary.

After several weeks of practice, a performance was given in chapel.

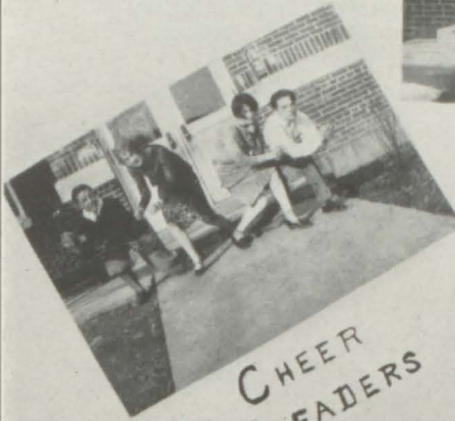
Although talent was not lacking, the activities of this organization gradually lessened till the present Glee Club exists in name only.



Who's
Who
ON
THE
BRIDGE?



SENIOR "SKIT"



CHEER LEADERS



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



"FORTNIGHTLY"



"HUH?"



"?"



"BATHING BEAUTIES"



A TRIO



SENIOR "BAND-WAGON"



CAPT.
ASS'T MANAGER



B. H. S. DRAMATIC CLUB

"Every dog has its day." This mediocre statement, though extremely undramatic, is entirely harmonious when applied to this recently organized club. The beginning was auspicious enough, but after a few meetings the enthusiasm among its members cooled, leaving interest at a smoldering point.

To date the officers are: Florence Keeler, President.
Ruth LeCaro, Secretary.
Carlton Babcock, Treasurer.

Perhaps with the new semester the association will take on a new lease of life and accomplish something along the line of its endeavor. However, Rome was not built in a day, so, late in the day though it be, the B. H. S. Dramatic Club may yet meet the fate of the ugly duckling.

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The High School Orchestra, under the direction of Charles Lamphere, began its activities quite early in the year by playing at Union Valley, October 14. It also played at the Thanksgiving exercises, November 28 and at the Senior play shortly afterward. In addition, on several Friday mornings it has furnished music for chapel, and it accompanied the singing in the Operetta, "The Gypsy Rover," presented on May 3rd.

Piano	-----	Helen Bluler
Violins	-----	Irene Kirkland, Ellen Weeks, Catherine Benson
Saxaphones	-----	Carlton Babcock, Harold Roberts
Trumpets	-----	Bruce Partridge, Fred Bly, Kenneth VanDenburgh
Trombones	-----	Addison Smith, Stanley Darlin, Morris Snitchler
Clarinet	-----	Harold Campbell
Bass	-----	Fred Bly
Drums	-----	Carlton Loomis
Director	-----	Charles Lamphere

THE DANCING CLASS

During the winter and early spring, (when there were not practices or rehearsals to take up our time) one night a week the auditorium was the mecca of all of us who wished to dance or to learn.

Helen Bluler patiently pounded out "jazz" for an hour so that we pleasure and knowledge seekers might enjoy ourselves.

As a result, we hope that our school parties will be more popular than heretofore.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF BAINBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL

This organization has been greatly enlarged during the last year. In October a meeting of all the boys was called and membership in the association was offered in exchange for the sum of fifty cents.

As a result, over thirty members were listed, a very good membership for an institution of this size. Officers were elected and athletics in general were discussed at the first meeting.

The association has very ably backed all the athletic ventures of B. H. S. The cheering sections have been composed largely of its members. As a result, this association had attained one of its primary objectives: to make athletics better, cleaner, and of more enjoyment to the students of Bainbridge High School, and to spectators at athletic meets.



Membership is listed as follows:

President ----- Addison Smith
 Secretary ----- Philip Roberts
 Karl Nickel
 Lloyd Johnson
 Elverton Hoyt
 Fred Bly
 Walter Sherman
 Orlin Hitchcock
 Donald Loudon
 William Hohreiter
 Theodore Hubbard
 William Ward
 Renwick Walling
 Henry Cheesbro
 Milliard Howland

Robert Houck
 Stanley Darlin
 Kenneth VanDenburgh
 Carlton Loomis
 George Hager
 Bruce Partridge
 Lynn Wilson
 Rolland Peckham
 Alden Wakeman
 Elwyn Hitchcock
 Kenneth Houghtaling
 Lloyd Hubbard
 Austin Hayes
 Clinton Wilcox
 Ralph Axtell
 Mr. Casey

CAMP FIRE

"C. F. Meeting" signs are often scrawled across Bainbridge High School blackboards. We translate: "C. F. Meeting" means the Camp Fire Girls of Bainbridge. This is an international organization founded for the aid and benefit of girls. Our watchword is Wo-He-Lo, from the words, "Work," "Health", and "Love."

Miss Lydia Collins is our guardian, and Miss Hester Sherman, assistant guardian. We have advanced in rank, for two girls have won second rank, and several girls, their first. At Thanksgiving and Christmas, we sent out sunshine baskets; we helped in the Red Cross Drive; and we have a membership in the Red Cross. We are looking forward to camping next June, and if we can make a dream come true, we shall get a Red Cross life membership.

Of course each girl tries to live up to the Camp Fire ideals. This is our law: Seek beauty, give service, pursue knowledge, glorify work, be trustworthy, hold on to health, be happy.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

There are thirty-eight Boy Scouts in Troop 52 of Bainbridge under Scoutmaster Ernest Hoyt. The Boy Scouts are under Richard Ramsdell and junior assistants, Gordon Burton, and Lawrence Tetrault. The Boy Scouts are composed of three patrols: the Eagle, the Wolf, and the Wildcat. The patrol system is now used exclusively in the troop.

All the Boy Scouts who went to Washington had such a good time that they cordially helped in the two entertainments recently given. After paying a debt incurred on the Washington trip we have nearly one hundred dollars for our next trip. The plays "Hiawatha" and "The Little Red Mare" were helped out by a skit and the Sea Scout Band.

SEA SCOUTS OF AMERICA

A new era in scouting has been opened for the benefit of the older boys of Bainbridge. This new form of scouting is carried on by a group of young men under the capable leadership of Arland Pettys or "Skipper," as he is termed by the apprentice Sea Scouts. The troop is divided into two patrols under Addison Smith and Milliard Howland. The meetings are conducted under the stern and HEAVY command of Robert Houck (Mate).

So far the activities have been confined to the barn, but with the advent of warmer weather prolonged cruises are being planned by the Scouts and will soon be embarked upon.



A band has also been formed from members of the troop. This organization has progressed very rapidly, being pushed along by the great waves of tone that emerge from the bell of "Virgil's" bass horn.

Charter members are listed as follows:

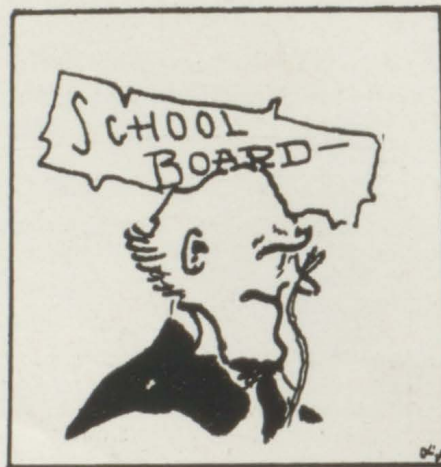
Patrol No. 1-----Addison Smith

Fred Bly
 Carlton Loomis
 William Burton
 Kenneth VanDenburgh
 Bruce Partridge
 Harold Campbell
 Harold Roberts

Patrol No. 2-----Milliard Howland

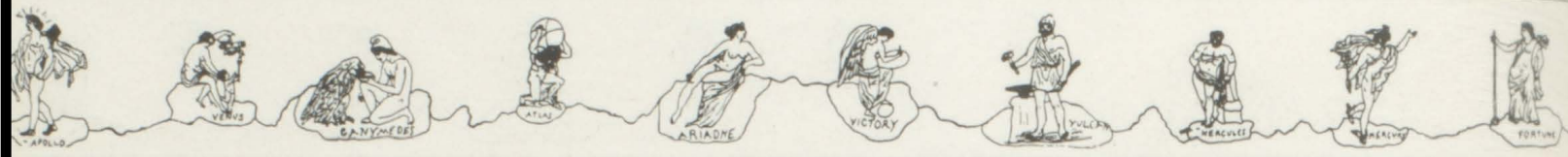
Rolland Peckham
 Orlin Hitchcock
 Carlton Babcock
 Morris Snitchler
 Karl Nickel
 Stanley Darlin

Mate ----- Robert Houck





Alumni



ALUMNI

Following the precedent set by one of the preceding classes, we have asked a few of the former graduates of B. H. S. to send a word of greeting to the "Echo."

It is interesting to note what a difference there is in the way of teaching now and when this school was started many years ago.

That first winter there were but three teachers and about two hundred scholars.

Professor Rogers ruled in the High School, Miss Eliza Gilbert in the Grammar School and Miss Addie Baldwin in the Primary. But where the school lacked in quantity it more than made up in quality. Both Miss Gilbert and Miss Baldwin were far above the average teacher and it is of Miss Gilbert that I wish to write especially at this time.

She was a remarkable Greek and Latin Scholar, and after a few months was transferred to the High School.

After teaching in Bainbridge for four years she was offered a fine position in the High School at Whitehall, New York and later went to Montclair, New Jersey. While there she was given a year's leave of absence and spent the time in Greece perfecting herself in Greek history and language.

Her influence was always for good and many students in these different places owe her a debt of gratitude for her thoroughness, her fairness and her powers of arousing interest in the subjects she taught.

Prof. Rogers, in speaking of the power for good she exercised, said, "Why, as she walks down the aisles in the lower rooms even the children unconsciously breathe more gently."

She was in poor health for several years before her death and spent the last summer of her life at Stamford, New York. Once we visited her there and she said to us: "I am just quietly waiting; I feel that I have my ticket already bought for home."

She will be remembered for many years and her influence for good still lingers and unconsciously influences the lives of her old friends and associates.

Anne M. Dickinson, '78.
First Graduating Class.

Dear Echo,

It is thirty-two years but seems like yesterday since the class of '96 graduated. Although small, the lack of numbers did not lessen the importance and enthusiasm of our graduation.

Any honors and successes of our High School years were greatly due to the influences of our friends and principal the late Professor Frederick Crumb and his associates.

Best wishes for the future of B. H. S., and much success to the "Echo."

Sincerely,
Clara Hirt, '96.

To the Class of 1929 and to the students and friends of Bainbridge High School, greetings from the Class of 1899.

Thirty years have slipped away and another generation fills the places that we occupied then.

As I think back over the years, that which impresses me most is the change in conditions of life. I do not think that the present generation can realize what these changes mean any more than we can imagine what conditions may be in 1959.

We travel back and forth from home to school through snow and mud on foot or behind a horse. There was not a macadam road or paved street between Oneonta and Binghamton. We did our studying by the light of the oil lamp. The automobile, the radio, the flying machine and many other commonplace things of today were undreamed of then. Wonderful advancement in the subject and methods of the sciences has been made. Yet how much of our life and those things affecting our life have not changed. Just as All Gaul is still divided into three parts and Cataline continues to abuse our patience and Virgil still sings of arms and the man, so human nature and boy and girl nature remains much the same.



They still play their pranks, bluff their teachers (or try to), and grind or "get by" in the same old way. And all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding I firmly believe that the youth of today are a pretty fine lot of young folks, ready when their time comes to take their place in the world and carry on its work.

So here is to the students of Bainbridge High School, present and future. May they use to the full their increased opportunities for learning and enjoyment and pass them on in added measures to those who come after.

J. F. Hager, '99.

Dear Echo,

I referred to my school books for atmosphere in which to write a few words to you. In glancing through them, I found numerous slips of paper bearing silhouettes and sketches of nearly all my High School teachers.

They (the sketches, etc.) were not works of art; far from it. In some instances, I could hardly recognize the subjects except for their initials scrawled thereon. The features of each teacher were similar in that they all possessed scowling countenances with protruding noses, craning necks and wicked eyes. One would heartily sympathize with pupils tyrannized by such furies as these appeared to be.

As I now remember these High School teachers, I think of them with much admiration and very much respect, although another sentiment was left in my books. Often we appreciate our teachers most after we have left High School, but why not sooner?

Best wishes for the class of '29 from the class of '23.

Thelma E. Taylor, '23.

April 12, 1929

Dear Class of '29,

When we compared notes and found that we each had been asked to write letters for "The Echo," we decided to collaborate and give our joint opinions on the improvements in B. H. S. since we were "Echoing." We have taken this liberty because we feel that we, perhaps, have the best chance of comparing.

Of course, everyone knows that the greatest improvement is our new building in which many of our trials and tribulations have been eliminated, such as the constant menace of fire, the shaking condition of the floor and the ever-present necessity of chasing mice out of every class. Another aid to '29 is the larger teaching staff. It isn't hard to see how a teacher with fewer classes to teach can give more time to out-of-class aid. They not only have more time to give to the pupils but also better conditions under which to give it. No longer do pupils "trying to study" have to compete with a class or classes which are reciting. There are rooms enough now so that supervised study and classes can be carried on together without interfering with each other. There are many other changes but these seem to us the most vital.

We, who have watched you obtain your present success, wish you even greater triumphs in the future and hope that life has only the best in store for you.

Sincerely yours,

Mildred N. Petley, '24.

Lydia E. Collins, '24.

Chicago, Ill.

March 25, 1929

Bainbridge High School
Bainbridge, N. Y.

Dear Schoolmates:

I am just now occupying a small place in what they call an institution of higher learning. It should be either the quantity or quality of your knowledge, and raises even more fuss about it than the dear teachers back at B. H. S. who were at least our friends.



I have been interested during the entire winter in hearing about the successes—chiefly—of the basket-ball team, and all the other activities of the school still interest all of us alumni.

Best wishes and good luck to all of the school activities, and may even that ancient, though neglected, one of acquiring an education flourish with the rest.

Sincerely yours,
Roswell H. Whitman, '24.

Dear Echo:

There were eleven in the graduating class of 1925—and, as in all other classes, the members are widely scattered now. However, each one seems to have found his or her particular life work.

In behalf of the class of 1925, I wish to express our appreciation of the "Echo." It brings back to mind many happy remembrances of the days, not so long ago, when we ourselves were in B. H. S.

I would also express our appreciation of the various members of the Alumni Association, who act as a loving bond between B. H. S. and us, binding the past with the present and helping us to keep in touch with old school friends.

Best success to B. H. S. and all its activities.

Irene R. Hoyt, '25.

714 Madison Ave.,
Albany, N. Y.
April 12, 1929

Dear Echo:

As I was dusting the library shelves this morning, I saw a bookworm. Since a bookworm is no surprise to a student of library science, I was about to relegate it to the Army of the Squashed when it spoke.

"Hello," said the bookworm. "My, but you look familiar! Just a minute before you render me extinct. Weren't you one of the class of '26? Yes, indeed! I thought so," it continued, noticing with relief that I was interested.

"I was brought here in a dictionary," I went on. "It is the best book I've had since B. H. S. was in the silk mill. Now that the new school has such a good library I just get no peace at all! Every book in the place is used all the time!

Where was I? I remember—the dictionary. It has traveled about a bit and I have had the unusual fortune to see several members of the class of '26. Most of them are studying and weren't much interested in me; so I moved on."

"Did they remember about the good times they had in B. H. S.?" I asked eagerly. "Where are they now? What are they doing?"

But the bookworm, who had been watching for an opportune moment, crept quietly under a shelf brace where an Historical Atlas promised a sure escape. Its answer came faintly through a crack. "If you want to know, you'll have to look in the Alumni section of the Echo."

Best wishes to B. H. S.

Marion E. Nichols, '26.

Oneonta, New York
April 13, 1929

To "The Echo:"

Another spring is here, and with it has come another "Echo." We have been looking forward to it, anticipating a bigger and better issue than ever.

There are several B. H. S. graduates here in Oneonta—working and hoping that we may some day be successful teachers. However, we shall never find another school that will mean to us what B. H. S. has meant. "The Echo" is our greatest aid in



keeping in touch with our Alma Mater. And I'm very sure that when we are all gray-haired school-marms, "The Echo" will still bring us as much pleasure as it does today.

Here's the best of luck to you always.

Sincerely,
Florence Phillips, '27.

State College
Albany, New York

Dear "Echo,"

It was not so very long ago that my class was striving to publish successfully its "Echo"—only last year. Being the most recent graduates we can perhaps extend our wish for the success of this edition more sincerely than any other class.

The annual publication of the "Echo" has continued so long that it is now a tradition of the school. Traditions give prestige to a school. I am glad that the class of '29 has followed the example set by former classes. The alumni are always glad to see an "Echo" not only because it contains the activities of the present high school, but because it recalls to them their own high school experience.

Since some of the members of this year's graduating class are planning to go to State College, they might be interested in some of its activities.

First of all, it seemed quite a coincidence to me that the college chose for the name of its quarterly publication "The Echo." This is mostly comprised of editorials and poetry. Our humor magazine, which is edited monthly, is called "The Lion." We also have a weekly newspaper entitled "State College News."

We are now looking forward to Moving-Up Day. After that the Freshmen will no longer be barred from a front door entrance. Freshman men will discard their caps and toques, and the Freshman girls their buttons. The present Freshman class is thinking of establishing a new tradition for the College. They are planning to burn their caps and toques on the campus Moving-Up Day.

The members of the class of '28 are somewhat scattered, but I am sure they would all like to send their greetings to the "Echo."

The privilege was given to me to do this for them.

Yours sincerely,
Kathryn Kentfield, '28.

CLASS OF 1928

NAME	PRESENT OCCUPATION
Doris Andrews	Unadilla Training Class
Marshall Andrews	Working, Scintilla Co., Sidney
Gertrude Eggleston	Erinoid Co., Bainbridge
Wilma Gardinier	Erinoid Co., Bainbridge
Mary Hager	Delhi Training Class
Dorothy Harmon	Training at Robert Packer Hospital, Sayre, Pa.
Alfred Hohreiter	Syracuse University
Mae Houghtaling	Masonville
Kathryn Kentfield	Albany State College
Irene Kirkland	Erinoid Co., Bainbridge
Helen Lenheim	Ward-Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.
Marguerite Montgomery	Unadilla Training Class
Ottilie Nickel	Oneonta Normal
Beverly Ostrander	Unadilla Training Class
Charlotte Petley	Unadilla Training Class
Louise Petley	Unadilla Training Class
Betty Stevens	Hartwick College
Warren Whipple	Syracuse University
Coralyn Whitney	Oneonta Normal
Donna Wilcox	Cornell University



OUR ATHLETICS

Old B. H. S., in '28,
Now, Sir, that school was coming great.
Athletics? Well, I guess!
Did we have them? I'll say "yes!"
Football we played in the fall,
After unsuccessful fall Baseball.
The team won no honors great,
But tying Sidney was first rate.
Just the first year at it, don't you see;
Tell me, what will the next year be?
And Basketball? We played that, too.
We won some games and lost a few;
We honor our coach and give credit, too,
To those who have helped our team pull through.
In athletics our school wins fame,
And every year it's just the same;
The same spirit and the dash
We carry into every clash.
If the game be fast, and it's sure to be,
B. H. S. is there, as you sure will see.
And does our school have support?
See for yourself on the field or court.
Our athletics are not tame,
For Bainbridge teams can play the game.

Orlin Hitchcock, '30.



Athletics



FOOTBALL TEAM

TOP ROW (left to right): Walter Sherman, Orlin Hitchcock, Robert Houck, Lloyd Hubbard, Elverton Hoyt, Bruce Partridge.

SECOND ROW: Harrison Nelson, Coach; Karl Nickel, Harold Campbell, Renwick Walling, John Davidson, Kenneth Hoyt, Lloyd Johnson, Manager.

FIRST ROW: William Hohreiter, Clifford Loudon, Rolland Peckham, Philip Roberts, Captain; John Loudon, Russell Elander, Donald Loudon, F. J. Casey, Principal.

FOOT-BALL GAMES

Bainbridge	Scores	Opponents
0	-----	New Berlin -----0
7	-----	Franklin -----0
0	-----	St. Patricks of Binghamton -----6
0	-----	Sidney -----37
0	-----	Unadilla -----18
6*	-----	Sidney -----6
20	-----	Franklin -----0

Coached by Mr. Casey and Mr. Nelson
 Manager, Lloyd Johnson.
 Captain, Philip Roberts.

In the fall of 1928 the boys of B. H. S. became interested in foot-ball which had not been played in the school for an elapse of five years. As football had not been played for so long a period it was necessary for new equipment and expert coaching to be exhibited. The money for the suits and necessities was received by the sale of magazines by the whole school, while the coaching was contributed by Mr. Casey and Mr. Nelson. To the latter we own very much credit for our great success. It took very much time and patience to produce such football as was exhibited by the team. Not only did these great coaches produce a winning team for the season of 1928 but for the seasons to come. Who doesn't remember that Sidney game with third down, ten yards to go, twenty seconds to play and Captain Roberts ran thirty yards around Sidney's end for a touch-down? Very much credit was given to the team for their wonderful exhibition in this game.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

TOP ROW (left to right): Orm Kalenburgh, Coach; John Loudon, Manager; F. J. Casey, Principal.

SEATED: Kenneth Hoyt, Guard; Philip Roberts, Guard; John Davidson, Captain and Forward; Henry Cheesbro, Center; Milliard Howland, Forward.

ON GROUND: Orlin Hitchcock, Guard; Renwick Walling, Forward.



BASKETBALL

This year's Basket Ball Team closed a successful season, after a very late start. B. H. S. was confronted with playing team that had been coached for the past three years, and were quite experienced. At times our team played in an invincible manner; at others they played well, but not up to their usual standard. When it was absolutely necessary to win a game they came through. But it seems that overconfidence played an important part in that the fellows lost games that were considered "easy teams."

Bainbridge was tied for second place in the run for the championship cup, being just one game behind the winners. She "nosed out" Schenevus on their own court, a team which had not been beaten for the past two years on any court. Bainbridge's defense could not be beaten!

All of the games were won by narrow margins. Bainbridge making great strides against Otego, Unadilla, Milford, and Schenevus, but "slacking up" on all the return games.

The splendid cooperation of the student body and the town's people made this season a happy one.

Bainbridge	Scores	Opponents
22	-----	Milford
13	-----	Worcester
31	-----	Otego
14	-----	Milford
12	-----	Schenevus
21	-----	Worcester
16	-----	Schenevus
13	-----	Otego

ORM J. KAHLENBERG—Coach

To our coach goes the entire credit for our Basketball success. Without a doubt, he coached this inexperienced team to the best of his ability. Always on the job to help, B. H. S. come out on top. Orm coached untiringly and found mistakes which Orm coached untiringly and found mistakes which when corrected resulted in our success. The school wishes to extend its profound appreciation for his work, and the countless sacrifices he has made to bring a few more honors to the large collection already in B. H. S.

JOHN LOUDON—Manager

"Johnny" was largely responsible for the attendance at the games and the good sportsmanship exhibited by the "fans." His untiring efforts made him one of the best liked members of the squad. The "specialties" during the intermissions relieved the nerve strain which always accompanies a basketball game. "Johnny" was a real worker, and without him the team could not have rated as "good sports." His chewing gum was enjoyed by all. He will be lost by graduation.

JOHN DAVIDSON—Captain

"Johnny" was one of the best players in the Schohanna League. He was a dead shot, a good passer, and could easily shift position with "Kenny" to play guard and fool our opponents. He was a quiet sort of a fellow whose heart was wrapped up in the Championship Cup. As a captain he was always encouraging his team mates. His constant shouts of "Don't play defense, gang, we're losing!" will never be forgotten. His great hobby was to dribble the entire length of the court, or to make a pretty, long distance shot. He was the high score in spite of being closely guarded. By his graduation the school will lose one of the best Basketball Stars ever turned out.

ELVERTON HOYT—Guard

"Hoyty" was one of the fastest and most efficient men on the squad. It was said that once an opponent made a basket when "Hoyty" was guarding him; he never made another. Hoyt's play in the game meant a sure basket. Elverton was lost through graduation.



MILLIARD HOWLAND—Forward

"Gibby" was one of the hardest fellows to guard because of one hand "shots." He very seldom missed a shot near the basket. His untiring efforts to help the team win the cup were evidenced at every practice and in every game. He'll be feared by the opponents next year.

HENRY CHEESBRO—Center

"Hank" had a hard position to fill. It soon became apparent that when he could "out-jump" his opponent the game was won. He was as valuable an offensive as a defensive player. Being the "pivot" of all offensive plays his cries of "1, 2, 3," will never be forgotten by our opponents. Will be back next year.

PHILIP ROBERTS—Guard

When The One Great Scorer comes to place men upon the shield of honor He will not ask "Phil" how many baskets he made, but now he played the game. He had the spirit that wins. His one object was to keep the opponents from "rolling up the score." The guarding of Roberts and the "Hoyts," accounted for the close and "decided in the last minute" game of the Season. He will be back next year.

KENNETH HOYT—Guard

"Ken" was one of the new players this year. He worked great with "Phil," always planning to waylay an opposing forward. His banner game was at Schenevus, when he shifted positions with "Johnny." His well timed shots and fast playing made him outstanding. A very good fellow and well liked by the girls. He will be back next year.

ORLIN HITCHCOCK

"Hitchy" was a dependable man. He could be used as a guard or a center. His rangy physique allowed him always to get the ball off of the backboard. He was one of the fellows who never missed a practice. His outstanding playing was apparent at the Schenevus game. "Hitchy," no doubt, will be one of the star guards in the season to come.

RENWICK WALLING—Forward

"Ren" was a fellow who never missed practice. His fast floor work, clever playing, and accurate shooting in practice gave him a position on the first team. He could be relied upon to take one of the forward positions and make good. The Unadilla game was "Ren's" best game of the season. Will be back next year.

THE SUBS

The substitutes are those who do not, ordinarily, get credit, but are, nevertheless, instrumental in the good showing of the regulars. Among the substitutes showing their abilities and qualities this season are: Fred Bly, William Burton, Russell Elander, William Hohreiter, Austin Hayes, Lloyd Johnson, Randolph Lewis, Clifford Loudon, Donald Loudon, Karl Nickel.

BASE BALL

Base-ball—1929

F. J. Casey—Coach.

John Loudon—Manager.

On April 22, we sent our manager to Sidney High School to arrange for a league in baseball, consisting of the schools in our vicinity, namely: Franklin, Sidney, Afton, and Bainbridge. A championship cup is to be given to the team winning the most games.

Besides these games B. H. S. is scheduled to play at Milford and Windsor.

With the cooperation of the town and school the boys are sure to win the cup.

Below is the schedule:

April 27	-----	B. H. S. at Windsor
May 4	-----	B. H. S. at Sidney
May 11	-----	Franklin at B. H. S.
May 18	-----	B. H. S. at Franklin
May 25	-----	Sidney at B. H. S.
June 1	-----	Windsor at B. H. S.
June 8	-----	Afton at B. H. S.
June 15	-----	B. H. S. at Afton
June 21	-----	B. H. S. at Milford



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

TOP ROW (left to right): Evelyn Lawrence, Manager; Ellen Weeks, Guard; Miss Frances Johnson, Coach; Lucelia Stoddard, Forward.

SEATED: Alice Taylor, Forward; Florence Keeler, Guard; Gladys Hawkins, Captain and Center; Harriet VanBuren, Guard; Rena Robinson, Forward.



BASKEBALL

Some of the Bainbridge skill was shown in the game with Afton at Afton on December 21, 1928. The score was 8-2—Bainbridge's favor of course.

Again we displayed our worth by trimming Otego 12-7 at Bainbridge, January 11, 1929.

Unadilla suffered when we met them on their own court a week later, January 18, 1929. The score made the Unadilla fans wonder what our boys would do to them; it was 6-0.

The second Afton game proved to be a battle. There were fouls made by both sides; it was a fight to the finish with the final score 10-9; our favor, again.

Once more we met Otego, this time on February 22, 1929. This was another well fought game. We had to contend with their "chicken-wire court," but nevertheless trounced them by 16-14.

In our first game with Schenevus we lost by one basket, the score being 12-10. We decided that this must not happen again; when we met them on their own court they had to fight for a victory—which, however, they did not attain. We got our basket, and when the whistle blew, victory was again ours, 8-6.

Our final game with Unadilla at Bainbridge ended the official season, with Unadilla the victor of an interesting game—score, 16-12.

Bainbridge	Scores	Opponents
10	-----	Milford at Milford -----15
10	-----	Schenevus at Bainbridge -----12
8	-----	Afton at Afton ----- 2
12	-----	Otego at Bainbridge ----- 7
6	-----	Unadilla at Unadilla ----- 0
10	-----	Afton at Bainbridge ----- 9
6	-----	Milford at Bainbridge -----23
16	-----	Otego at Otego -----14
8	-----	Schenevus at Schenevus ----- 6
12	-----	Unadilla at Bainbridge -----16

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

We are proud of the sportsmanlike manner in which our girls 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.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

FRANCES C. JOHNSON—Coach

Our team closed a successful year of basket-ball due to her able coaching. Her personal interest proved her to be the best friend of the squad.

EVELYN LAWRENCE—Manager

"Babe," as Manager and player, as an enemy to "crabbing," as a booster of team-work, made a worthy member of the squad.

GLADYS HAWKINS—Captain

"Blondy" was our center. She always out-jumped her opponent, was fast on the floor and never failed to contribute her quota of baskets towards victory.

RUTH WHITMAN

In Memoriam

HARRIET VANBUREN

One of our regular guards was "Harry." This was her first year at basketball but she performed like a veteran and played the Bainbridge style to perfection. Will be lost by graduation.



FLORENCE KEELER

"Figs," our unbeatable guard; one who stopped her opponent from making baskets; was full of fight and pep.

ELLEN WEEKS

"Ted" proved to be a hard fighter, a speedy floorman, who adjusted herself to the position of running guard, playing high class basketball all year. Will be lost by graduation.

RENA ROBINSON

A hard worker and a fast player, succeeding in sinking a basket now and then, helping the team out of many a tight place, this was our "Rene."

IRENE KIRKLAND

When we lost "Kirk" we lost hope. She was the life of our team, a good sport and an all around player. Her favorite hobby was dribbling the entire length of the floor.

ALICE TAYLOR

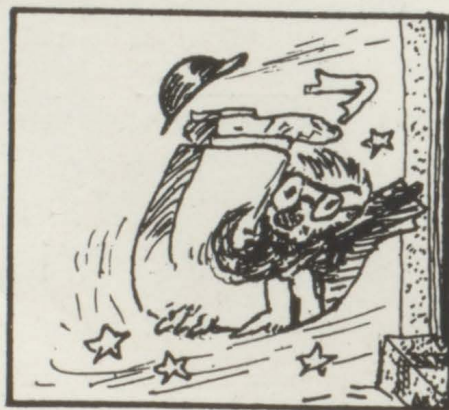
A loyal support to the team, Alice was there to cheer when she could not play. She was still a greater support when playing.

LUCELIA STODDARD

This was "Ciels" first year at basketball, but it proved an advantage to the team.

SUBS.

Mary Collar, Frances Godfrey, Harriet Bennett.





Minerva



BENEFICIAL BIRD

Miss Benson: What is the most beneficial Bird in U. S?
 Lynn Wilson: The Stork.

WHO WINS?

Miss Benson: (while writing a formula on the board in Chem.) What's the proportion?
 Lloyd Johnson: Four to one.
 Miss Benson: In whose favor?



THAT'S PLENTY

LeRoy Hollenbeck: How often does your trolley kill a man?
 Conductor (tartly): Only once.

NO EXPERIENCE

Our Chemistry teacher remarked that nitrohydrochloric acid was the only thing that would dissolve gold. We wonder if this teacher, with all due respect to her knowledge of science, ever heard of men or matrimony.

GIVE HERSELF A REAL THRILL

Miss Bliss (In Cicero): Milliard, it gives me great pleasure to give you 85 on your Cicero Exam.
 Milliard: Why don't you give me 100 and give yourself a real thrill?

IN ENGLISH IV

Miss Du Bois: We shouldn't say this place here. What should we say?
 Rolland P.: This here place.

IN LATIN I

(Unus in Latin means one).
 Florence Keeler: Do you want to decline "unus" in the plural?

ANSWER HIM THAT

Announcement at Concert: Miss Jones will now sing, "Oh, That I Were a Dove, I'd Flee."
 Johnny: Dad, what's a dove-eyed flea?



CAN YOU IMAGINE?

The schedule being arranged easily?
 Anyone getting the best of Mr. Casey?
 Florence Keeler disciplined?
 Lloyd not wanting to argue?
 Mary Collar not blushing?
 Zelma not giggling?
 Edna Shofkom not using long words?
 Don without Thelma?
 Latin I Class with a perfect lesson?
 William Ward not making a nuisance of himself?
 Gladys not playing basketball?
 Austin Hayes not chasing girls?
 Harold Smith without his smile?
 Bruce Partridge not teasing Miss Benson?
 Russell Elander with a lesson prepared?
 Helen not playing jazz?
 Cameron not wanting to know something that has no bearing on the lesson?
 Ruth LeCaro without her Virgil lesson?
 Ellen Weeks ruffled?
 "Peck" not embarrassed?
 Miss Bliss with an unruly class?
 Alvin Giles a shiek?

Don Loudon: I've had this car for years and never had a wreck!
 Thelma Lyon: You mean you've had that wreck for years and never had a car.

Those who get below 50 in their Exams don't know the half of it.

TO THE LETTER

"He threw his slippers at me and told me to go to the devil," sobbed the unhappy daughter.
 "You did right by coming home to me," said her mother.

SOUR GRAPES?

Lives of great men all remind us,
 We can be as great as they;
 And departing leave behind us
 Books on how they got that way.

CAN'T BE PROVED!

Prof (In Geometry Class): Two figures are similar if their angles are equal, and their sides in proportion.
 Jenny Figger: Ruth's and my sides are in proportion, but our angles aren't equal.

LADIES' PREFERENCE

Miss Du Bois: Would you rather have supervised study or recite on the lesson?
 Arlene: Oh, I'd rather recite.
 Phil R.: Of course, women always would rather talk.

EDUCATION UP TO DATE

A keen eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into the country school house.
 "This here boy's after learnin'," he announced, "What's your bill o'fare?"
 "Our curriculum, sir, embraces geography, arithmetic trigonometry,----"
 "That'll do, Load him up with triggernometry, he's the only poor shot in our family."

NOT GOOD STYLE

A horse dealer was trying to sell a horse afflicted with heaves and said to the prospective buyer "Hasn't he a fine coat, isn't he a dandy?"
 "His coat's all right, but I don't like his pants!"



READY TO SERVE

Phil R.: Where is the steak on your menu?
 Waiter (Reading): There, sir, sirloin steak a la carte.
 Phil: All right, wheel it in.

TIME-SAVING PLAN

Harold S.: I hear that some of the "kids" have gone on a strike.
 Ren W.: What for?
 Harold S.: Shorter hours.
 Ren W.: I allus did say 60 minutes was too long for an hour.



DADDY'S EQUAL

Winsor, the Professor's son, had a toy monkey of which he was quite fond. Upon being tucked into bed one night, he said. "Daddy, I'll take THIS monkey to bed 'til you come."

HIGH HAT!

Carol, president of Senior Class, at a class meeting, said to a young lady: "Miss Lawrence, the chair doesn't recognize you, sit down."
 "Oh, you stuck up thing!" she said, "I was introduced to you last week!"

SCHOOL BOY STUFF

1. A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian.
2. A monastary is a place of monsters.
3. Marriage is a sacrament where a priest units man and woman in fatal union.
4. The Bible is against Bigamy when it says as man can't serve two masters.
5. False doctrine is when a doctor gives the wrong stuff to a man.
6. America was discovered by the Spinach.
7. In 1658 the Pilgrims crossed the Ocean and this was unknown as Pilgrims Progress.
8. A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian.

Miss Benson (In Biology): George, how can we tell the age of a river?

George (quickly): "By looking at its teeth."

Lloyd Johnson likes originality—If you don't believe it read some of his Latin and French translations.



RULES FOR HOTEL GUESTS

- I. Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter.
- II. Guests wishing to get up early without being called may have self raising flour for supper.
- III. Guests wishing to do a little driving will find nails and hammer in closet.
- IV. If the room gets too warm open the window and watch the fire escape.
- V. If the light goes out take a feather from your pillow. That's light enough for anyone.
- VI. Anyone troubled with night mare will find halter on the bed post.
- VII. Don't worry about paying your bills, this house is supported by its foundation.



Lloyd J. (In Virgil): "On a lofty throne sat Dido,"—
 Miss Hubbs: Lloyd, where have we had anything like that before?
 Lloyd (using inflection): "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall."

A grammar recitation: the subject was diminutive.
 Miss Du Bois: Now there's a word goatee, Louise, what does it mean?
 Louise W.: Why, I don't know.
 Miss Du Bois: Well, Ellen, what is a goatee?
 Ellen (with raised hand): It's a little goat.

Don't think a train has passed just because you see its track.

Safety first! Let the spark plugs do the sparking.

Johnny D.: "Out in the country where I spent my last summer's vacation they gave me one of those 3 season beds.
 Henry Cheesbro: I never heard of one.
 Johnny D.: No Spring!



Nurse: Professor, a boy has arrived.
 Absent Minded Professor: Ask him what he wants.

Tommy Lyon: Do you use tooth pastes?
 Mildred Hodge: No, none of my teeth are loose.

Dorothy Sawyer: What is your brother in College?
 Ruth Hager: A half back.
 Dorothy S.: Oh I mean in studies.
 Ruth H.: Oh, in studies he's way back.



Carlton Babcock: What's the difference between vision and sight?
 Harold Campbell: That's easy: my girl's a vision, your's is a sight.

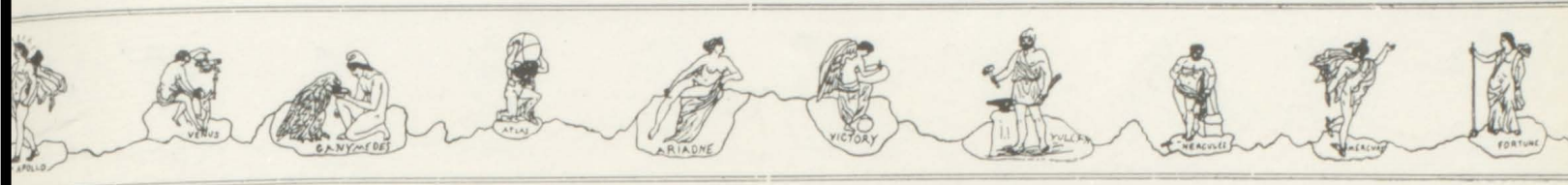
Frances G.: John, what size shoes do you wear?
 John D.: Two and a half.
 Frances G.: Two and a half!??
 John D.: Yes, two cow hide and a half a bushel of tacts.

Mrs. Wallace: Now, dearie, what will I get if I cook a meal like this for you every day this year?
 Mr. Wallace: My life insurance!

Karl N. (Pompously): I work with my head, Sir!
 Mr. Casey: That isn't anything—so does a woodpecker!

Miss Benson (In Physics): How many natural magnets are here?
 Mary Fairbanks: Two.
 Miss Benson: Name them.
 Mary Fairbanks: Blondes and Brunettes.

Rapunzee had the most beautiful long hair, but, in a few years, she will be a person the past and the public eye will be drawn toward the beautiful locks of Alvin Giles!!



SPOSIN'

Miss Ogden hadn't said "yes."
 Doris Sherman made as much noise as Florence Keeler.
 "Doc" Johnson were forced to move up north where a fierce wind doth blow.
 "Cam" Collins were put in reverse.
 A certain party (H. B.) should fall hard.
 Dorothy Smith should be deprived of her books.
 B. H. S. received the sportsmanship cup.

Miss B.: What is a beneficial insect?
 Brilliant Freshie: Cow!

Did you know that Phil Roberts looks for rainbows when it rains and snow bows when it snows?

Write a short paragraph about Ocean Navigation, telling why it is quicker, safer and more reliable than in the early days."

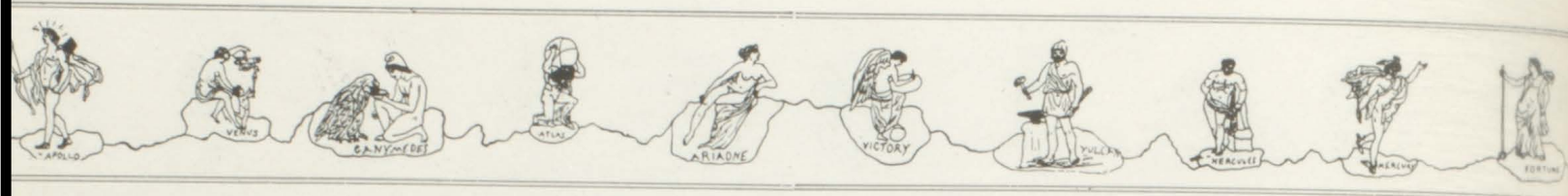
This was the answer one of the teachers received to the preceding question.
 Ocean navigation is more safe now days than it was in older days because in early days they did not have boats as they have now. They had to go by buggy and horse. Since they have invented boats most people go by boats when they want to cross the Ocean.

Lynn W.: "May I speak?"
 Miss Johnson: "To whom?"
 Lynn W.: To some one to get a ruler.
 Miss Johnson (Holding a six inch ruler): How long?
 Lynn W.: All the period.

John Davidson is perplexed by this problem if you multiplied two times one why you wouldn't have three.

Athalie and Mr. Casey were discussing her conduct and at the same time her recent illness. She came out with this remark: "Well, I was better before I was sick." We wonder what her formula is?

What is a right triangle?
 Harold C.: "One that points towards the right."



B. H. S. AN

Greek Name	Characteristics
Achilles -----	Fleet of Foot; Brave; Ambitious.
Adonis -----	Heedless and Rash.
Aesculapius -----	Renowned Physician.
Andromeda -----	Modest and Quite
Argus -----	All seeing.
Atlanta -----	Fair, Fearless, Fleet, Free.
Atlas -----	Ponderous.
Cerberus -----	Friendly to those entering, but inimical to those who would depart.
Ceres -----	Lovable, Worship Inspiring.
Cronius -----	Sly and Reserved.
Daphne -----	Abhorred and thought of love and marriage.
Electra -----	Clever and Wise.
Eros -----	Small in stature.
(The) Graces -----	Splendor, Pleasure, Joy.
Hercules -----	Untiring in strength and patience.
Hyacinth -----	Died in his youth.
Minos -----	Lawgiver and King.
Narcissus -----	Beautiful and Vain and Conceited.
Nemesis -----	Personification of reverence for law.
Pan -----	Good natured, Fond of music.
Pandora -----	All gifted; Inquisitive.
Phaethon -----	Wrecked the (car of) Day.
Pollux -----	Filled with brotherly love.
Promethus -----	Gifted with prophetic wisdom.
Theseus -----	Deserted the girl who loved him.
Vesta -----	Domestic.
Vulcan -----	Good natured, Cause of "inextinguishable laughter."



HOLOGY

	Name
Why Renowned	Phil Roberts
Beloved of Zeus, (Mr. Casey).	Harold Roberts
Beloved of Venus	Addison Smith
Instructed by Chiron	Louise Whitman
Chained to a rock by the Nymphs	Glenn Herrick
Had one hundred eyes of which two only were asleep at once	Gladys Hawkins
Devoted herself to sports	Lloyd Hubbard
Supported the heavens	Bert
Doorkeeper of Hades	Agnete Brandt
Goddess of Agriculture	Karl Nickel
Lord of heaven and earth	Alice Weidman
Beloved of Apollo, changed to laurel	Louise Lewis
Saved a brother's life	Harold Smith
God of love	Athalie, Rena, Thelma
Preside over social pleasures	John Davidson
God of all athletic games	Rolland Peckham
Beloved by Apollo	Milliard Howland
Distinguished for his incorruptible justice	Lloyd Johnson
Fell in love with his own image	Julia Riley
Her office to battle pride	John Loudon
Led the dance of the Dryads	Mary Fairbanks
???????	Alden Wakeman
Son of Apollo	Clifford Loudon
A boxer	Orlin Hitchcock
A creator	Donald Loudon
Noted for strength and valor	Helen Bluler
Remained single by choice	William Hohreiter
Blacksmith	



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