

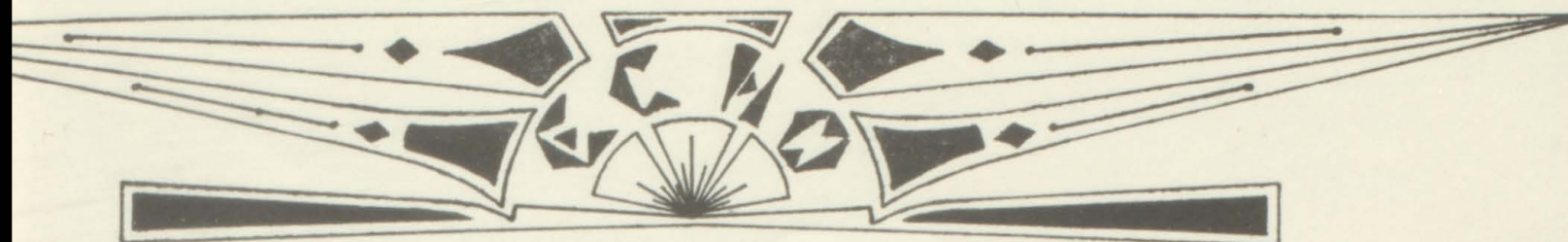
FOREWORD



Braving the rigors and dangers of the Atlantic Colonel Lindbergh on May 21, 1927 dipped from the sunny skies of France to the earth beneath. This epochal flight linked the peoples of two continents together with closer bonds of sympathy and understanding.

Catching the spirit of the age the members of the Senior Class have chosen the Lindbergh method of transporting us from the sublime to the ridiculous. Let's get aboard and experience once again the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments of high school days. May the "Echo" of 1930, as she takes to the air and with throttle open, wings her way in flights of fancy through our community, perpetuate that feeling of sympathy and understanding between home and school, so characteristic of Bainbridge and so conducive to the welfare of both.

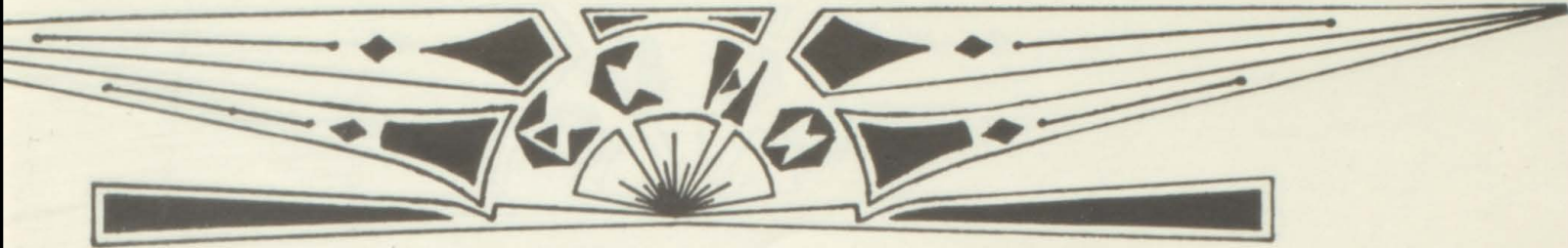
F. J. CASEY



IN MEMORIAM



Ruth E. Whitman



THE AVIATORS



Lindbergh ----- Editor-in-Chief
RUTH HAGER

Mrs. Lindbergh ----- Assistant Editor
MARY COLLAR

Byrd ----- Literary Editor
MARY FAIRBANKS

Chamberlain /
Earhardt } ----- Society Editors
PAUL CARMAN
HELEN BLULER

Dick Grace and /
His Double } ----- Athletic Editors
KARL NICKEL
FLORENCE KEELER

Ruth Elder ----- Joke Editor
THELMA LYON

Wright Bros. ----- Alumni Editors
JENNIE FIGGER
LOUISE LEWIS

Fokker /
Ford } ----- Art Editors
PHILIP ROBERTS
CARLTON BABCOCK

Guggenheim ----- Business Manager
MILLIARD HOWLAND

Wilkins ----- Circulation and
Ass't Business Manager
ORLIN HITCHCOCK



BOARD OF DIRECTORS



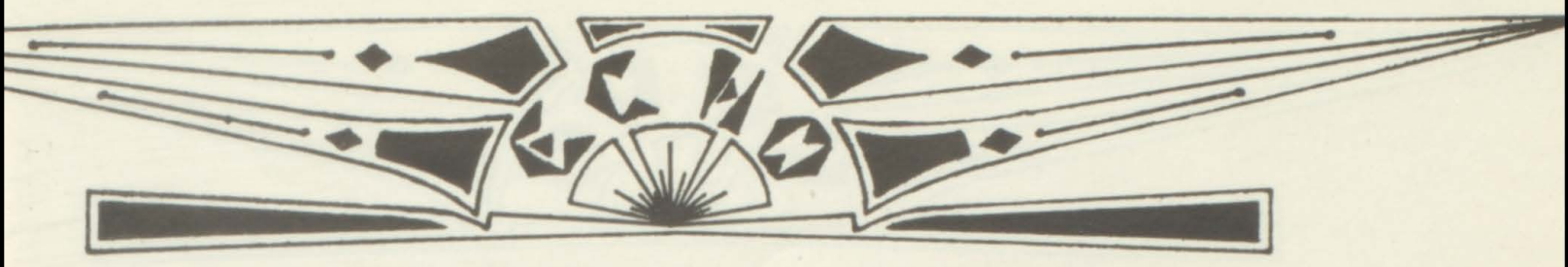
Mr. Alton B. Clark

Dr. Roy A. Johnson

Mr. Nelson E. Wilcox

Mrs. Chas. D. Dix

Dr. Geo. C. Supplee



INSTRUCTORS IN GROUND SCHOOL



Francis J. Casey, A. B. _____	Principal, Geometry	Hamilton College
Cecelia M. Bliss, A. B. _____	Latin and German	University of Vermont
George H. Ilse, B. S., M. S. _____	Industrial Arts and Agriculture	University of Minnesota
Frances C. Johnson, A. B. _____	Mathematics	Albany State College
Gertrude R. Kahlenburg, B. S. _____	Domestic Science	New Jersey College for Women
Helen I. O'Kelly _____	Music	Crane Institute of Music
Mildred N. Petley, A. B. _____	English, Public Speaking and Library	Syracuse University
Mabel W. Smith, B. S. _____	Science	Albany State College
Margaret A. Stansfield, A. B. _____	Latin and French	Cornell University
Eloise A. Williams, A. B. _____	English and History	Elmira College
Florence P. 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
Mildred B. Reeves _____	Third Grade	Oneonta Normal
Ethel M. Quackenbush _____	Second Grade	Oneonta Normal
Anna C. Naylor _____	First Grade	Oneonta Normal



FACULTY NEWS

In September the former ground instructors of the Bainbridge Airport entertained the new instructors at an evening bridge held at the Fueling Station of the Airport. This get-together proved to be such a pleasant occasion that we determined to socialize frequently.

In the meantime the Board of Directors of the Airport relieved our indefatigable labors by royally entertaining us at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Supplee.

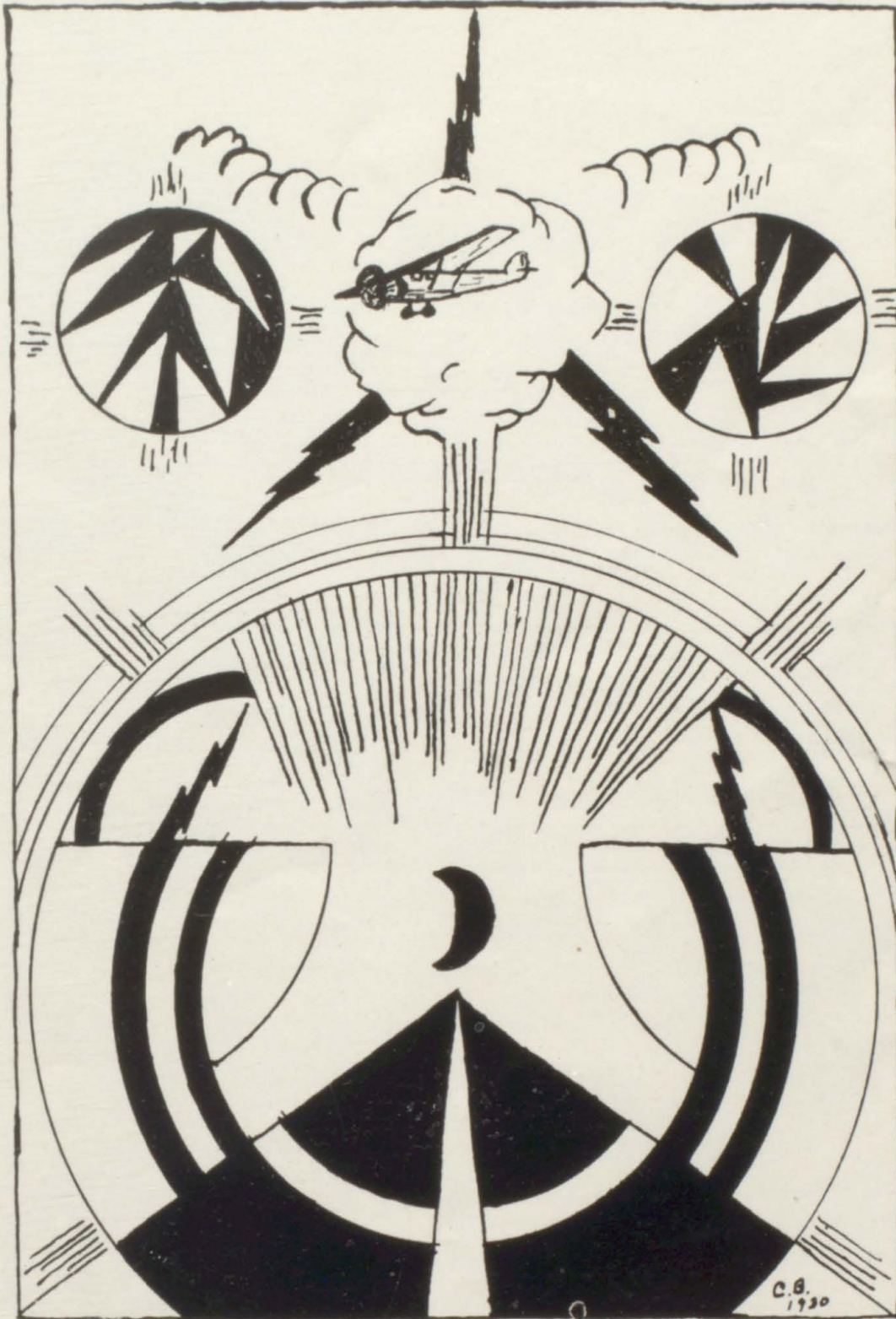
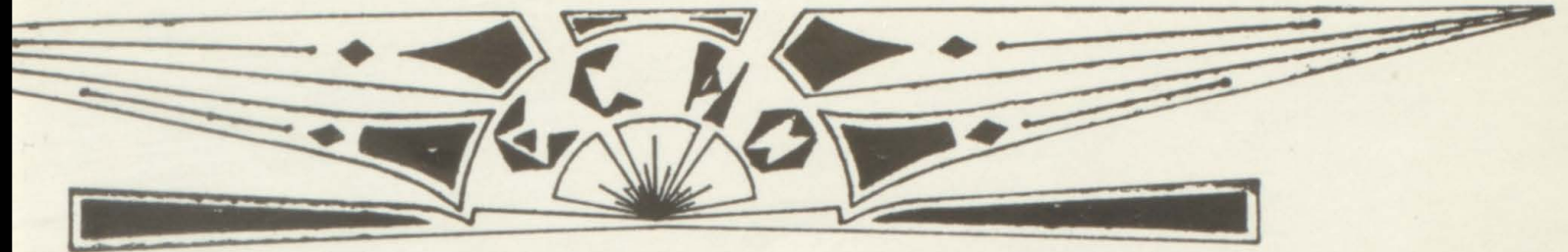
There were so many student pilots that the ground instructors were unable to realize their objective until 1929 had almost dwindled into nothingness at which time the Petley homestead opened its hospitable doors to us. Santa Claus was present with his bag full of goodies.

The student pilots may believe that it is only they who worry at the approach of the test flight but we, the instructors, were pleased to have our anxieties alleviated by a soirée at the commanding officer's home (Casey's). Among the delightful memories of this occasion are the delicious refreshments.

The most novel of our parties was in honor of St. Valentine. Our Saturday morning rest was disturbed by a summons to a unique breakfast bridge at the Swart House. Waffles and sausage varied the menu of the usual bridge.

St. Patrick smiled on us and beckoned us to the Bliss home for an evening of "suppin' an' bridgin'", nor did he forget the Board of Directors. Erin created an atmosphere characteristic of her fatherland, visible in every detail.

At this time we cannot further unroll the scroll of Fate but will leave that for the Future to disclose.



SENIORS

SENIORS



Pilot ----- President

MARY M. COLLAR

Co-Pilot ----- Vice-President

KARL NICKEL

Mechanic ----- Secretary and Treasurer

MILLIARD HOWLAND

Owners ----- Faculty Advisors

MISS FRANCES JOHNSON
MISS MILDRED PETLEY

Passengers ----- Class

Insignia ----- Post Proelium Praemium

(After the Battle, the Reward).



Helen Bluler

HELEN MAE BLULER

**A girl with a will and a charming way,
She grows more popular every day.**

Operetta 2, 3. Musical Comedy 1. Senior Play 4. English Play 2, 3. Junior Skit 3. Glee Club 3, 4. Orchestra 3. Vice President 1. Society Editor Echo 4. Christmas Party Committee 3. Hallowe'en Party Committee 4.



Walter Sherman

WALTER BURTON SHERMAN

**Cheerful, smiling, and gay;
An answer to all that you say.**

Football 3, 4. Baseball 3, 4.



C Paul Carman

CLARENCE PAUL CARMAN

**Our fun loving Paul we surely will miss,
When we go out in the world to meet that one
and this.**

Transferred from Endicott. Football 4. Basketball 4. Senior Play 4. Glee Club 4. Society Editor Echo 4. Manager Boy's Basketball 4.



Henry Cheesbro

HENRY JAMES CHEESBRO, JR.

**Laughing at Fate, playing the game;
Experience teaches these are not in vain.**

Glee Club 4, 5. Football 4, 5. Basketball 2, 3, 4, 5. Hallowe'en Party Committee 5. Christmas Party Committee 4. Operetta 3, 4. Musical Comedy 2. Secretary and Treasurer of Agricultural Class 5. Senior Play 3. Circulation Manager Echo 4.



Mary M. Collar

MARY MARGARET COLLAR

**A beautiful girl and a wonderful friend,
We know she will always be true till the end.**

Basketball 1, 2, 4. Glee Club 3, 4. Senior Play 4. Secretary and Treasurer 1. President 4. Assistant Editor Echo 4. Christmas Party Committee 3. Hallowe'en Party Committee 4. Prize Speaking 3. English Play 2. Junior Skit 3.



Cameron Collins

CAMERON COOK COLLINS

**He knows his stuff and can explain,
His witty puns win loud refrain.**

Glee Club 4, 5. Football 5. Junior Play 3.



Lenore Flummer

LENORE VIOLA FLUMMER

**Kind o' sad and dreamy too
But then you can not say she's blue.**

Transferred from Norwich. French Club 4.



Orlin Hitchcock

ORLIN WILSON HITCHCOCK

**Always working, willing to help,
But never making his presence felt.**

Football 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Circulation Manager Echo 4. Assistant Business Manager Echo 4. Hallowe'en Party Committee 4. Christmas Party Committee 3. Junior Party Committee 3.



Willie A. Hohreiter

WILLIAM AUGUSTAS HOHREITER ✓

**Willing, friendly, true, loyal,
A character that is most royal.**

Football 3, 4. Basketball 1, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. English Play 2. Christmas Party Committee 3. Hallowe'en Party Committee 4.



Karl Mott Nickel

KARL MOTT WILLIAM NICKEL

**Eloquent, witty and learned,
Statesman is the name he's earned.**

Football 3, 4. Manager Football 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. President 1. Vice President 4. Senior Play 1. Musical Comedy 1. Glee Club 3. Operetta 3. President of Athletic Association 4. Assistant Manager Baseball 3. Athletic Editor Echo 4. English Play 2. Prize Speaking 3. Junior Skit 3.



Ruth H Hager

RUTH HARRIET HAGER

**A silent young lass
Who was high in her class.**

Glee Club 4. Senior Play 3. Editor in-chief
Echo 4. French Club 4.



Edna Strong

GERTRUDE EDNA STRONG

**A damsel with a cherry smile
We know she's that way all the while.**

Vice President 2. English Play 3.



Kenneth Hoyt

KENNETH HATHAWAY HOYT

**A loyal friend
With a hand to lend.**

Football 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Baseball 3,
4. Vice President of Agricultural Class 4. Junior
Play 3. Operetta 2, 3.



Mary Fairbanks

MARY HERRON FAIRBANKS

**Learning yet teaching, a teacher she'll be;
With dicipline strenuous, for she can decree.**

Literary Editor Echo 4. President of French
Club 4. Hallowe'en Party Committee 4. English
Play 3. Treasurer 3.



Jennie L Figger

JENNIE LOUISE FIGGER

**At work or at play;
She's the same always.**

Glee Club 3. Christmas Party Committee 3.
English Party 3. Alumni Editor of Echo 4.



Louise Whitman

LOUISE HARTSON WHITMAN

**Wonderfully efficient and cheery too;
She always seems to have work to do.**

Glee Club 5. Alumni Editor Echo 4. Debating team 3. English Play 3.



Alden Wakeman

ALDEN HARVEY WAKEMAN

**A real friend with a ready smile,
He has stood the test of many a trial.**

English Play 3. Glee Club 3. Orchestra 4. President of Agricultural Class 4. Junior Skit 3.



Florence Keeler

FLORENCE LOUISE KEELER

**A good sport, a real queen;
Her tongue is quick but never mean.**

Transferred from B. C. H. S. Basketball 3, 4. Senior Play 4. Athletic Editor Echo 4. Prize Speaking 3. Cheer Leader 3, 4.



Milliard G Howland

MILLIARD GIBSON HOWLAND

**Ambitious, progressive, popular, and true;
Always painting the clouds a beautiful hue.**

Football 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Senior Play 4. Junior Play 1. Operetta 2, 3. President 3. Secretary and Treasurer 4. Business Manager Echo 4. Assistant Business Manager Echo 2, 3. English Play 3. Junior Skit 3.



Philip H Roberts

PHILIP HARMON ROBERTS

**A real friend and a gentleman too;
He really means his "Glad to meet you."**

Football 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Senior Play 2, 3, 4. Art Editor Echo 4. Musical Comedy 1.



F. Virgil Bly

FRED VIRGIL BLY

Can such a spirit kind and mild,
Be with the Indians savage and wild?

Basketball 3. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. President 2.
Hallowe'en Party Committee 4.



Rolland Peckham

ROLLAND CHARLES PECKHAM

Loyal and true, nothing he won't do;
As a friend in need he's a friend indeed.

Football 4. Junior Play 3. Operetta 3, 4. English Play 4. Assistant Circulation Manager Echo 4.



Mildred Wilcox

MILDRED MARIE WILCOX

Enjoying her wheel of life;
Trusting to fortune in the strife.

Junior Play 3. Junior Party Committee 3.
Operetta 3, 4. Assistant Joke Editor Echo 3.
Hallowe'en Party Committee 4. Senior Skit 4. Glee Club 4, 5. Cheer Leader 4, 5. Society Editor Echo 4. Senior Play 5.

Strive for the best that is in you;
Play the game to win;;
If you do the best that you can do
And fail, it isn't a sin.

ORLIN HITCHCOCK, '30



ADVANCED AERONAUTICS

• • •

The annals of this Senior Class
'Tis my fate to relate;
We have made the grade at last,
The rest we leave to fate.

The Senior Class plane "Success" took off gracefully. The plane before leaving was completely overhauled and a new engine, consisting of our class officers, was installed in the ship.

Before long in flight the joy stick demanded attention. The Hallowe'en party was cried as a remedy. Temporarily it was a howling success. Our first fuel was taken on when the joy stick forced us down for repairs. Fuel obtained from magazine sales permitted another take off. From this time on the class began storing up fuel for the non-stop Washington trip to be made during Easter vacation.

As a stunt plane the class produced the Hair-raising Tailspin, "Cyclone Sally," which the "Success" came out of in a zoom, living up to her name and producing a record for taking on fuel in the air. The owners of the "Success" (our class advisors) gave a Christmas Party which further strengthened the joy stick.

Refueling again in the air by presenting "Cyclone Sally" in Laurens, we added to our supply for the great adventure. Two bake sales, the sale of valentines, and a benefit card party tended to raise the reading on our fuel gauge (bank book).

Now we are tuning up the ship for the reading on our day of take off. For Easter vacation nears we will watch the weather reports (as well as the styles) for favorable conditions. Arriving in Washington we shall spend six days and then with a stop at Philadelphia, hop again for New York for a four day stay. Back at the old airdrome we must again overhaul and groom the plane for that greatest of all tests, Regents. Like all famous planes, what is left of the "Success" will be displayed to the public at the annual commencement exercises.

The publishing of this "Echo" gives us great pride and pleasure. We hope it will give you some of the pleasure which we have found in editing it. May it recall happy memories.

THE SENIOR PLAY

"Cyclone Sally" was presented by the Senior Class, first in the Town Hall of this village where it was superbly successful, and then it was taken to Laurens. In Laurens this production was favorably received, and much appreciation was expressed at the talent displayed. Paul Carman played opposite Florence Keeler (Cyclone Sally) and the dramatization was excellent. These leading roles received praiseworthy support from the remaining members of an all star cast.

Paul Carman, as a rich man's son, and Florence Keeler, as a delightful yet spunky orphan girl, did credit to the play and held the admiration of an appreciative audience.

Milliard Howland, as an Englishman, delighted the audience with his "Charmed, charmed, in fact I am more than charmed" said in the way that only he can say it. Mary Collar exhibited to the public a type of acting which met with great approval. Mary has talent which should not be overlooked.

Helen Bluler and Philip Roberts, playing opposite each other, executed their already comic parts humorously.

Carlton Babcock, who was so absent minded as to forget to whom he had proposed, rocked the house with peal after peal of laughter.

Thelma Lyon, as a saucy little maid, and Mildred Wilcox, as the haughty belle of the play, acted their parts well.

THE CAST

Jenny Thatcher	-----	Helen Bluler
Effie Varden	-----	Thelma Lyon
Jim Jerkins	-----	Philip Roberts
Ruth Thatcher	-----	Mary Collar
Jack Webester	-----	Paul Carman
Reginald Manners	-----	Milliard Howland
Sally Graham	-----	Florence Keeler
Vivian Vernon	-----	Mildred Wilcox
Willie Clump	-----	Carlton Babcock

Music by the High School Orchestra
Specialties by Glee Club



PERSONAL TRIBUTES

Friends: I wish to bring to your minds the remembrance of our worthy friend and colleague, Mr. Henry Checsbro. You all, of course, remember the cause of his sudden ending, his valor exposed in the attempt to free himself and fellow-mates from Auburn Prison back in 1929. Our friend, a man without a country, but a man who could offer his life in defense of his chain-mates, I need not further heap laurels upon. His character is one not only to be praised but honored.

Gentlemen; As members of the high order of the Red Scar, may I suggest a tablet placed in memory of one who not only suffered in the hands of a wrong government, but attempted, to the full extent of his power, to lead to freedom, men ground beneath the mailed fist of the said government. I thank you.

Friends: I want to pay tribute to Kenneth (Hairtrigger) Hoyt. I received a telegram two weeks ago telling of the death of our mutual friend. What a flood of pleasant memories his especial recalls!

It is in my mind especially the time he won the All-Western rabbit shooting title, the time he shot fifty-six rabbits, without the aid of a dog, in one hour. He was a true sportsman. Even then he killed the lapins not to gain the title, but to save the Minne-Ha-Has, who were starving.

Many are the mountain-lions and grizzlies he captured single handed, without the aid of gun or knife. Such a man I will always revere and think of with fondest recollections. I move you to a standing tribute.

Friends: I wish to pay tribute to Kenneth VanDenburgh, who was with us about forty years ago as a cornetist in the high school orchestra. As you all know he was called Goofy. Just lately he has invented the Goofophone, which anyone with a small knowledge of playing a cornet can play. These are now being sold by all leading music houses in the United States. He is directing his own orchestra which you may hear at seven-thirty P.M. every Wednesday night from station WJZ. We should be justly proud of our friend.

Friends:

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
The muscles in his brawny arms,
Are strong as iron bands.

No one has forgotten Father Roberts, who was better known as Father Willie, a clergyman and blacksmith.

Father Willie used to preach in church on Sunday but during the week, while shoeing horses, he would leave a nail out of each shoe to make a little extra money. Father Willie used to wear a little high perched hat which was supposed to have belonged to Daniel Boone. When a very old man Father Willie was preaching one Sunday. He was trying to instill a little religion into the country folks when the church caught on fire.

"Holy smoke", the preacher shouted.
In the rush he lost his hair.
Now his head resembled Heaven
For there was no parting there.

But poor old Father Willie passed on into eternity many long years ago. Although he has left this earth in body his kind words linger in the hearts of many.

Friends: The time has now come in our celebration to reveal to you the name of the man responsible for this wonderful building and its great collection of literature. The Honorable Walter Sherman, three years ago, returned to Smithtown, the home of his boyhood. He noticed that the town contained no library, and after



an investigation he discovered that only a few good books could be had in the community. At once he resolved to remedy this condition, to give the boys and girls of that village a better chance to start on the right path to choosing their books. From his own collection of books gathered during the past ten years, he chose the choicest bits of literature with which to fill this library. Then, with occasional advice from his architect, he planned the entire setting of the building. Today we have before us the emblem of this man's love for his old home, and what an emblem it is! One which will withstand the storms for ages to come. Let us use it as we ought to show our appreciation and gratitude to Mr. Sherman.

Friends: As you have gathered from the past few speeches, we are gathered here today as part of Old Home Week to pay tribute to some of the old distinguished people. So it has fallen my lot to tell you about a man you already know very well. This seems a little foolish, but perhaps you do not realize how great he really is. This man, of course, is one of the greatest of all trappers, Karl Nickel. He is a man who has always lived close to nature, understanding the ways of the animals of the forest. Karl has always been a successful trapper, especially in securing skunks and wild cats. He has made his living from nature, asking nothing, needing little. He has always been trusted and honored by everyone. As you know by experience, his stories are a source of enjoyment to everyone. To him, in behalf of all who know him, I offer congratulations on his successful life.

• • •
EPITAPHS
 • • •

MILLIARD HOWLAND

Here lies what's left of dear old Gibby,
 As a forward he shot baskets galore;
 But, whenever he danced
 The girls to him pranced,
 Until he whirled Florence to the floor.

K. M. W. N.

J. PAUL CARMAN

Carman, Carman, that name, that name!
 The women never found you tame.

K. M. W. N.

ORLIN HITCHCOCK

Smiling, courteous, ever brave,
 Always a damsel trying to save;
 As an all right kid I'll say you were there
 With your lanky frame and locks of hair.

K. M. W. N.

CARLTON LOOMIS

You were always happy with your drum and stick.
 When you drum up there do the angels get sick?
 Does Saint Peter beat time and the devil get thin?
 As you rattle away on the old deerskin.
 Has Gabriel ever helped out with a tune?
 And have you spoiled it all by rolling too soon?
 Oh Carlton, Carlton, come back to me,
 I want some good music, can't you see?

K. M. W. N.

KARL NICKEL

Smiling and jolly, bluffing through;
 I wonder, did you bluff Saint Peter too?

O. W. H.

PROF. CASEY

Here lies the bones of our dear Prof.
He tried to teach Latin to a Soph.

O. W. H.

KENNETH VAN DENBURGH

We had a little cornet player and "Goofy" was his name,
He always tried to hit the notes but usually in vain;
But since he's come to practice he's never been the same,
And now he plays on Broadway and has a nice big name:

C. L.

PHILIP ROBERTS

You used to smile when you were here,
You're gone but we remember you.
And how you conquered every fear
When fighting for the white and blue.

O. W. H.

FRED BLY

Under the wide and starry sky
They dug his grave and here he lies.
Glad did he live and gladly died
And he laid him down with a will.

This is the verse we graved for him—
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Surely his spirit was blithe and free
As he took his car for a spin.

With apologies to Stevenson

ROLLAND PECKHAM

Rolland Peckham, a care-free boy,
When upon earth partook of joy.
Since he got hit by the train
We hope that he's doing the same.

O. W. H.

CAMERON COLLINS

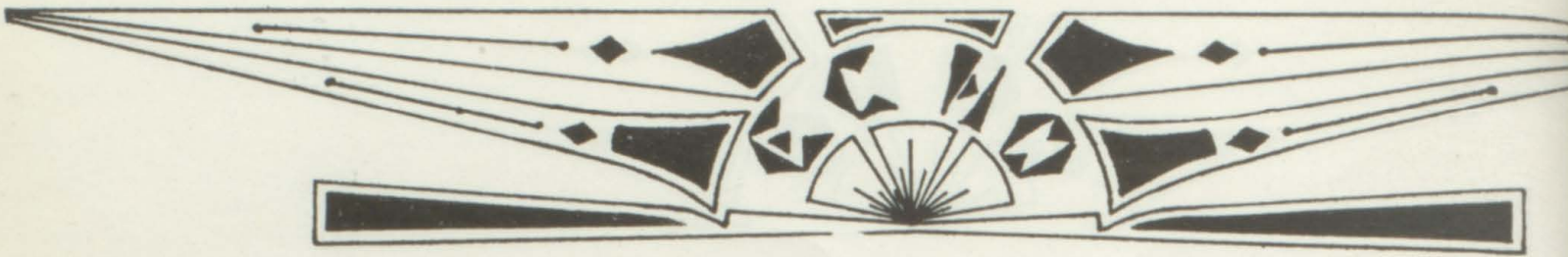
Cameron Collins, a wrestler of fame,
Won for himself a great big name.
In accompaniment to a harp he sings
Because there was no gate to the ring.

O. W. H.

WILLIAM HOHREITER

William Hohreiter, feeling gay,
Took his car for a spin one day.
Another boy with the same intent
Poor Willie up to heaven sent.
St. Peter met him at the gate;
Said William, "Sir, what is my fate?"
"On our exhibition baseball nine
The catcher's place, take it, 'tis thine."
And now he's catching behind the bat.
You've heard his tale and that is that.

O. W. H.



GIRLS

For the girls of our Senior Class
We won't write epitaphs,
They're too full of life and fun for that,
So we'll just tell you the names
Of these lively pretty dames
To whom the senior boys take off their hats:
Helen Bluler, kind o' funny;
Thelma Lyon, always sunny;
Mary Collar, bright and gay;
Florence Keeler, the same way;
Mary Fairbanks, high in class;
Ruth Hager is a silent lass.
Louise Whitman, always laughing;
Lenore Flummer, rather baffling;
Jennie Figger, usually quiet;
Edna Strong creates a riot.
Mildred Wilcox, really pretty.
But here I'll end this little ditty
For I have run out of names.
As my mind the picture frames
Of these charming seniors.

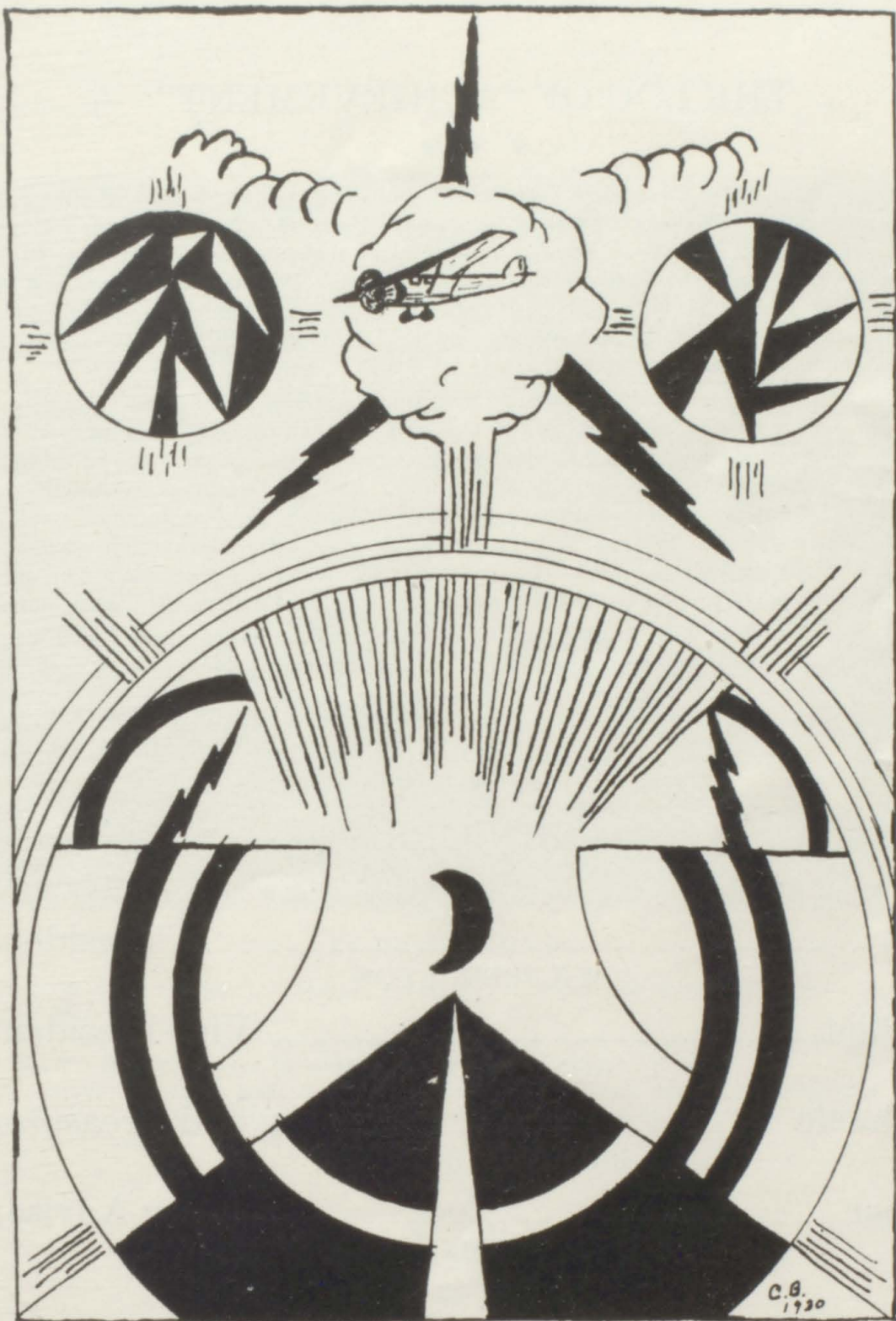
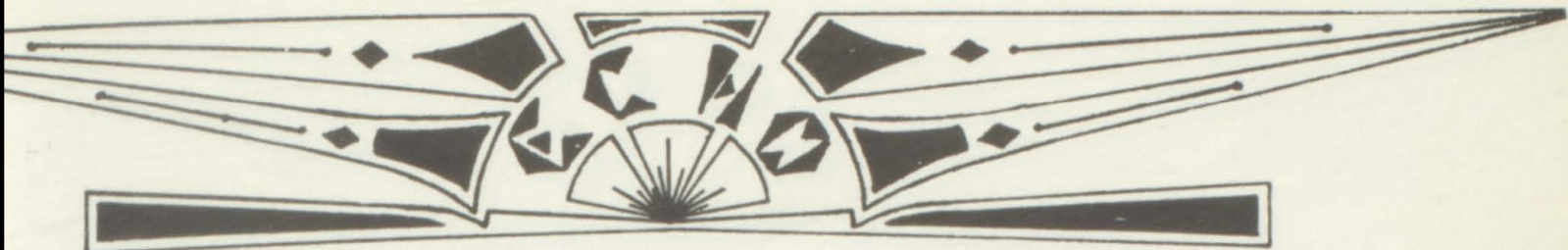
O. W. H.



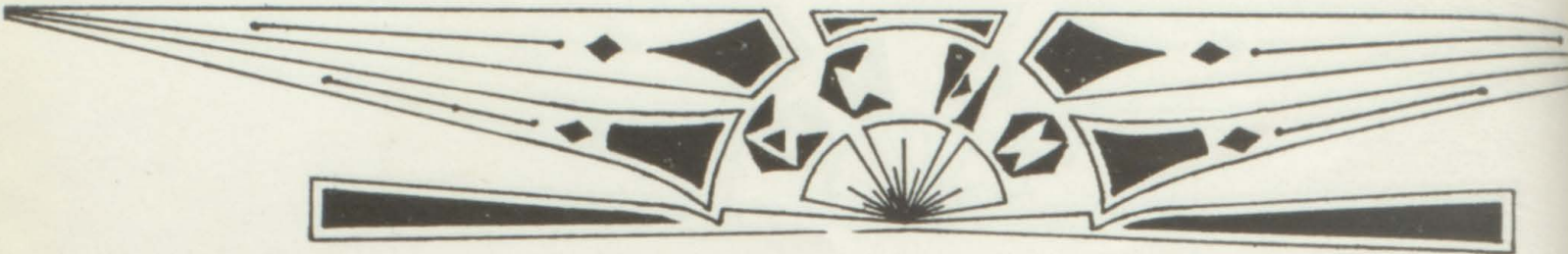
THREE LETTER MEN

The only ones who have won the privilege of wearing their high school letters,
earned in football, basketball and baseball:

Orlin W. Hitchcock
William A. Hohreiter
Milliard G. Howland
Kenneth H. Hoyt
Philip H. Roberts



ACHIEVEMENT



THE LOG OF "ACHIEVEMENT"



The great plane "Achievement" was backed out of the hangar bearing the insignia, "Esse quam videri" ("To be rather than to seem). From the tip of each wing floated banners of gold and old rose. Amid a great deal of shouting and laughter we "Jolly Juniors" climbed into the huge airship. Our pilot was Mr. Wilfred Lyon, and our co-pilot, Miss Agnete Brandt. We also took an expert mechanic along, Mr. Bruce Partridge, in case of trouble. Gladly did we take Miss Cecelia Bliss, the owner of the plane, as our chaperon.

A short time before Christmas our fuel began to get low. Immediately we began to ponder over a way to obtain some of that desired substance. Soon one of the bright members suggested selling holly wreaths. Eagerly we grasped the idea. The necessary procedure over, we began selling them and by December twentieth our business was completed. Our necessity for fuel was gone, and we became frivolous minded. We decided to "put on" a ball. Since we were near Binghamton we landed there to buy our paraphernalia consisting of balloons, confetti, punch, etc. The main features of our party were the moonlight dance, the balloon dance and the circle dance.

We expect to land June twenty-first on the field at Bainbridge where the Senior's plane "Success" will have landed, and we will look with longing eyes at the ship in which perhaps we will embark next year.

HELEN SAWYER, '31

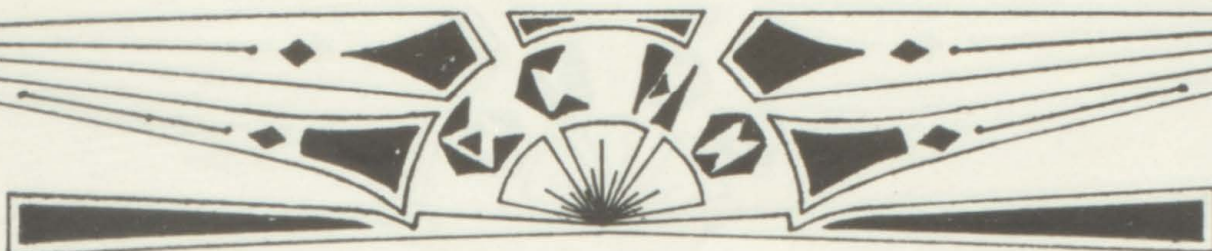
EDNA SHOFKOM, '31



JUNIORS



Pilot	-----	President
	WILFRED LYON	
Co-Pilot	-----	Vice-President
	AGNETE BRANDT	
Mechanic	-----	Secretary and Treasurer
	BRUCE PARTRIDGE	
Owner	-----	Faculty Advisor
	MISS CECELIA BLISS	

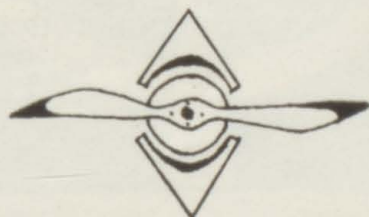


JUNIOR CLASS

TOP ROW (left to right): Bruce Partridge, Charles Fairbanks, Clifford Loudon, Russell Elander.

SECOND ROW: Wilfred Lyon, William Ward, Kenneth Freidenstine, Harold Campbell, Austin Hayes, Robert Houck, Glenn Herrick, William Foster.

FIRST ROW: Cecelia Bliss (advisor), Reta Davis, Edna Shofkom, Helen Sawyer, Alice Taylor, Frances Baldwin, Ruth Figger, Agnete Brandt, Margaret Springsteen, Gladys Hawkins.



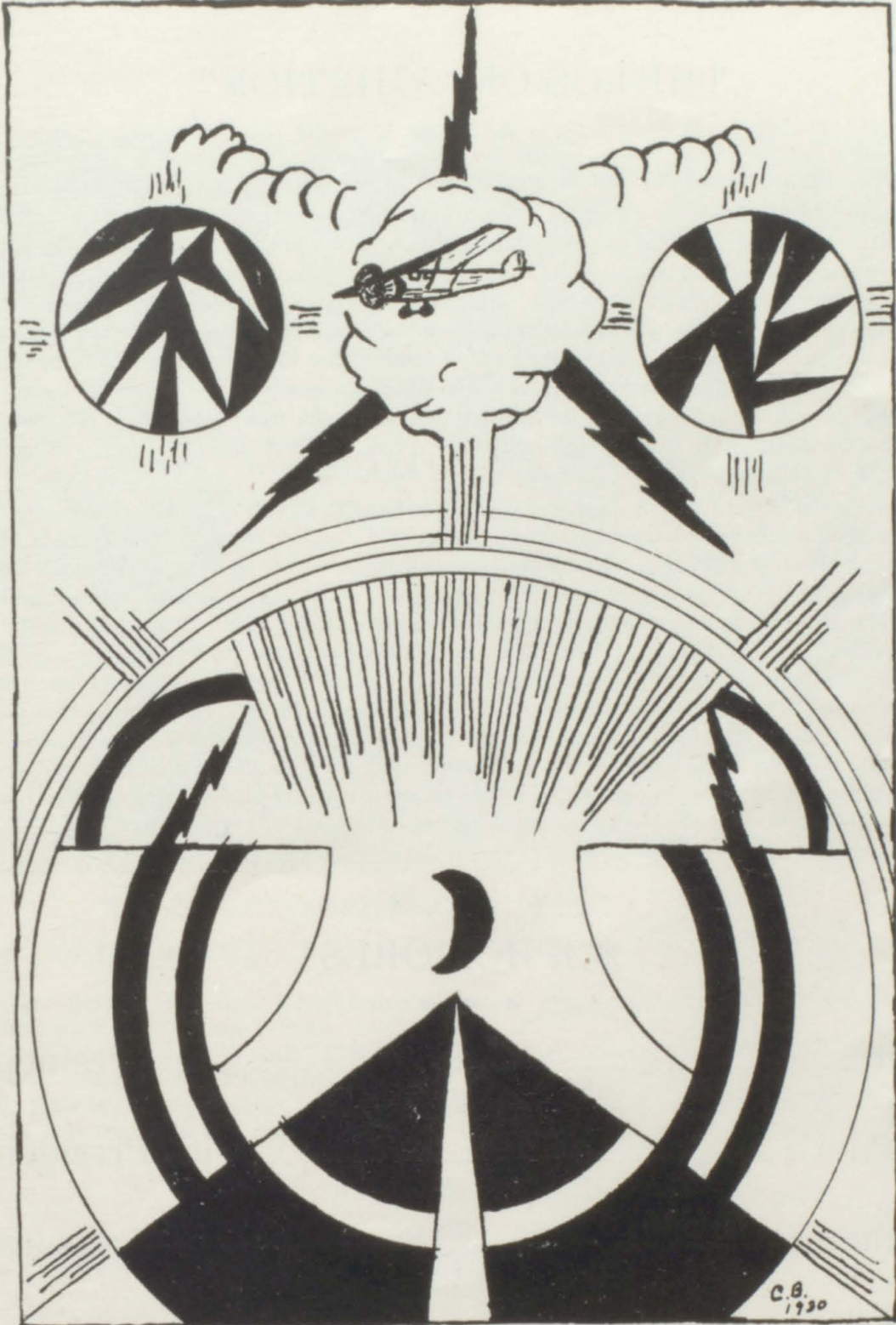
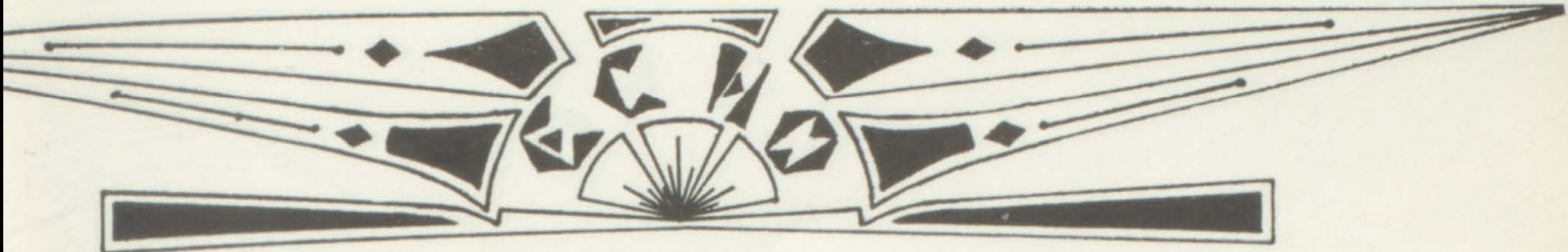


J	----- jovial -----	Robert Houck
U	----- unusual -----	Elwyn Hitchcock and Howard Williams
N	----- naive -----	Margaret Springsteen
I	----- innocent -----	Nina Wilson
O	----- obstinate -----	Mildred Hodge
R	----- reserved -----	Doris Sherman and Dorothy Sawyer
A	----- amorous -----	Austin Hayes
V	----- vivacious -----	Clifford Loudon
I	----- intellectual -----	Helen Sawyer
A	----- angelic -----	Frances Baldwin
T	----- trustworthy -----	Alice Taylor
I	----- industrious -----	Edna Schofkom
O	----- optimistic -----	Harold Campbell
N	----- neat -----	Agnete Brandt
A	----- accurate -----	Ruth Figger
N	----- negatious -----	Clifford Mott
D	----- despondent -----	Bruce Partridge
A	----- ambitious -----	Charles Fairbanks and Morris Snitchler
E	----- energetic -----	Wilfred Lyon
R	----- rustic -----	Russell Elander
O	----- odd -----	William Ward and Glean Herrick
N	----- nonchalant -----	Kenneth Freidenstine
A	----- affable -----	Harold Roberts
U	----- upright -----	Reta Davis and Louise Lewis
T	----- thrilling -----	Gladys Hawkins and Carlton Babcock
I	----- impish -----	Renwick Walling
C	----- coy -----	William Foster
S	----- steadfast -----	Donald Loudon

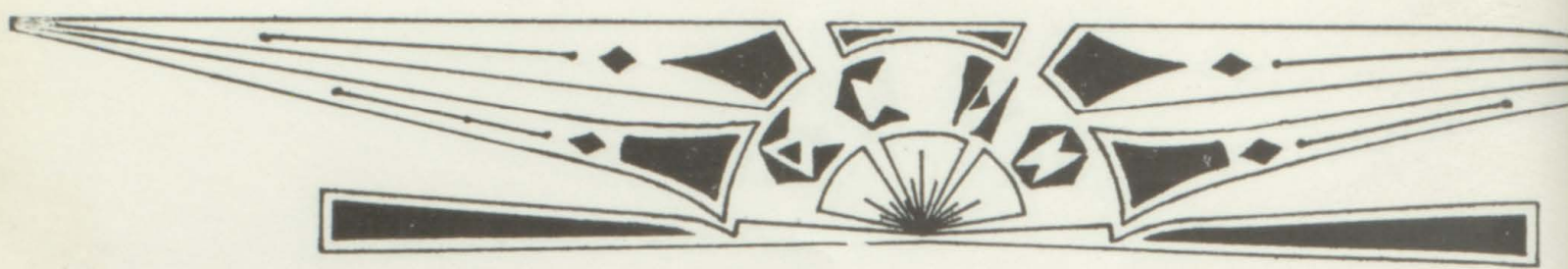
♥ ♥ ♥

If trouble knocks,
 Don't be at home;
 Be strong and persevere;
 Be your own boss;
 Travel and roam,
 But leave your troubles here.

ORLIN HITCHCOCK, '30



AMBITION



THE LOG OF "AMBITION"



Although we're nothing but Sophomores, we were asked to give an account of our party, so here goes.

At the beginning of the year we decided we wanted some kind of social entertainment so we very meekly asked Mr. Casey if we might have it in the airdrome, and he actually consented. We planned a great old time. Miss Stansfield chaperoned us. In the midst of our fun one poor little sophomore became hungry (I won't mention his name but his initials are C. H.). He wanted something to eat so badly that we girls proceeded to get things ready. But alas and alack! when we went to get our doughnuts we found only one box, but we know pretty well who was responsible for the disappearance of the rest. Shall I tell? No! I guess not, it wouldn't be fair. Anyway we had a good time in spite of our scarcity of doughnuts.

Ah! a hot dog roast and how we looked forward to it. But goodness! the day of days arrived clothed in the wettest rain. So guess what we clever "Sophs" did? We again called on Mr. Casey and mustered up courage enough to ask permission to use the airdrome. Wonder of wonders, he consented! That last sentence was mean because Mr. Casey usually consents to anything within reason. Miss Stansfield could not come so we finally got Miss Johnson and Miss Petley to chaperon. About nine o'clock we flew over to the fueling station to cook our "dogs." Lo and behold! our most absent-minded Julia Riley had forgotten the mustard and butter. Horrors! Our poor dogs were rather "frizzly," I guess, but just the same we decided we would soon be "Jolly Juniors," and we came to the conclusion that we'd be "Jolly Juniors" ahead of time. So we dipped our "cold" dogs in mayonnaise, which we found and washed them down with cider and were really happy. "Mind over matter," remember.

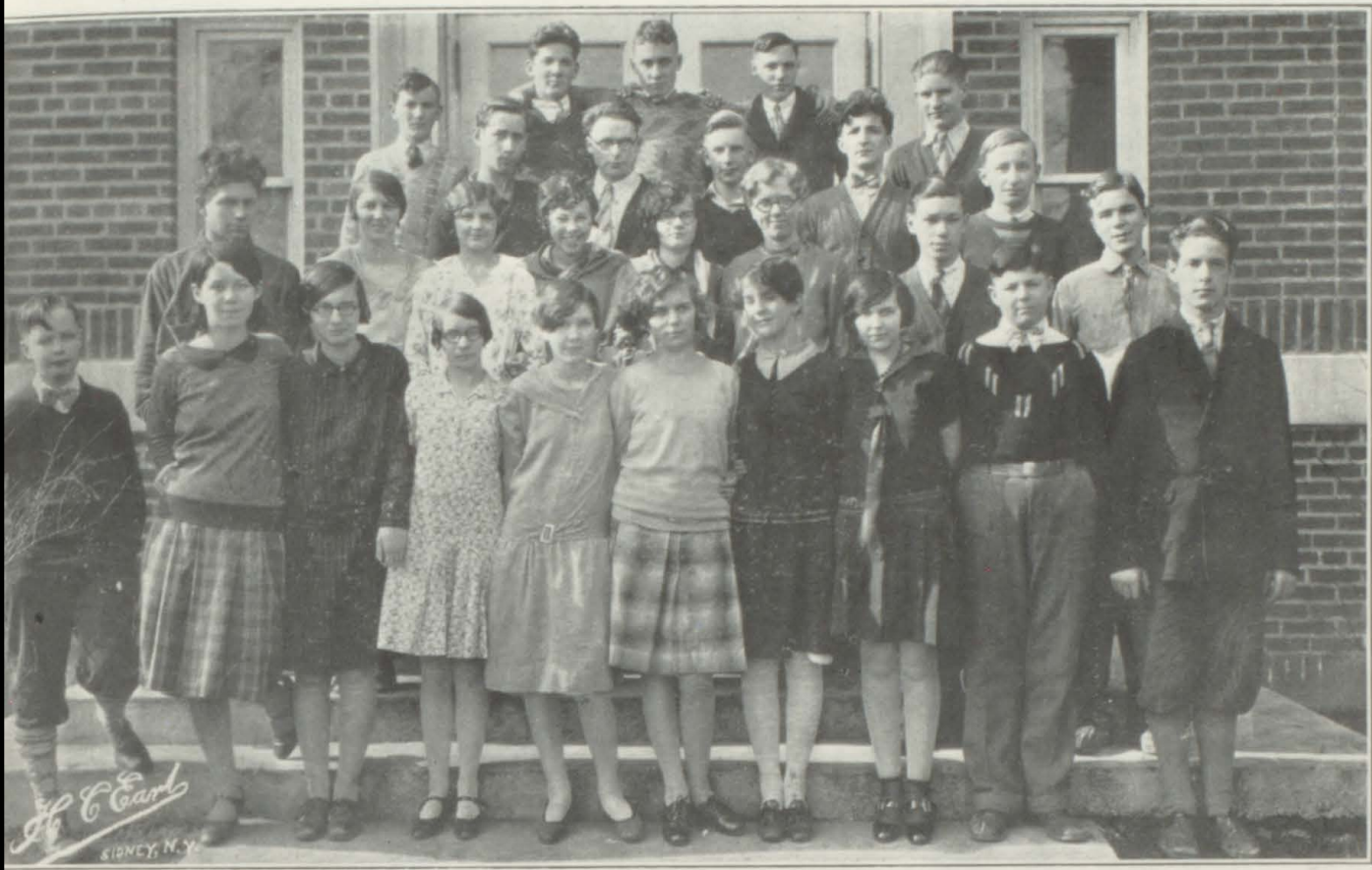
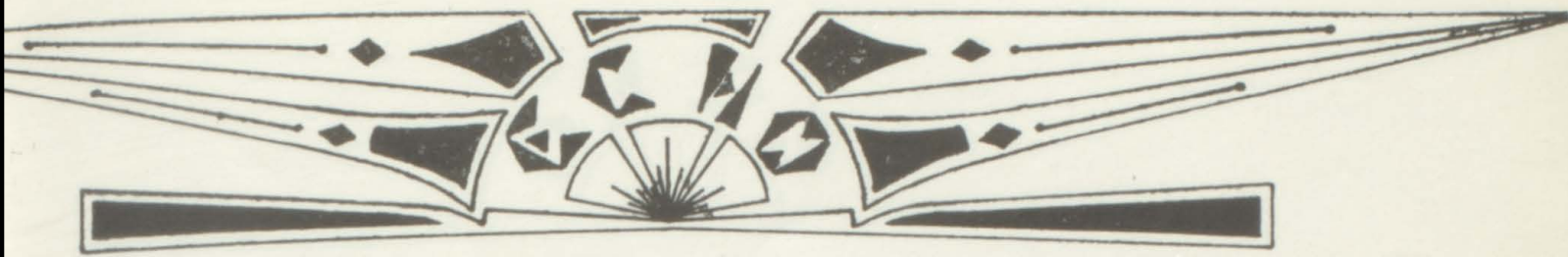
ATHALIE BALDWIN, '32



SOPHOMORES



Pilot	-----	President
	ATHALIE BALDWIN	
Co-Pilot	-----	Vice-President
	JEAN WESTCOTT	
Mechanic	-----	Secretary and Treasurer
	JULIA RILEY	
Owner	-----	Faculty Advisor
	MISS MARGARET STANSFIELD	



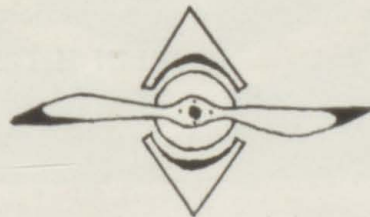
SOPHOMORE CLASS

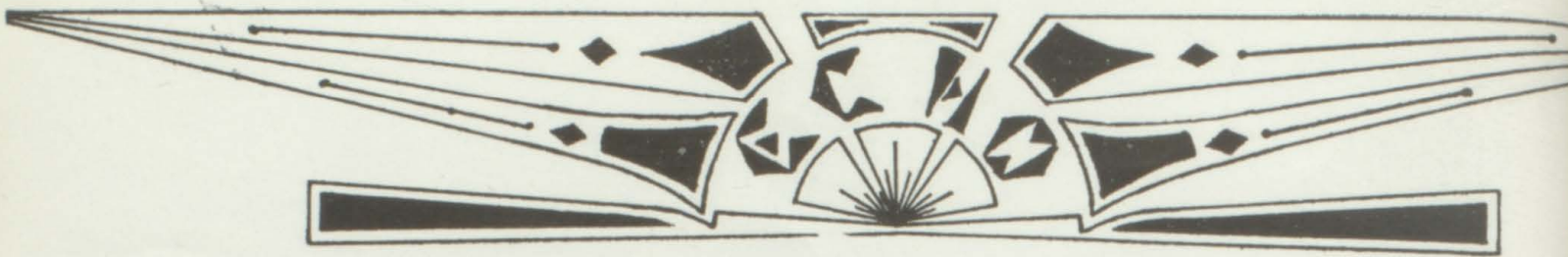
TOP ROW (left to right): Ralph Axtel, William Burton, Clarence Hoyt, Frank Doolittle.

THIRD ROW: Kenneth Houghtaling, George Hager, Roger Franks, Ove Munk, Melancton Hoyt, Clinton Wilcox.

SECOND ROW: Alvin Giles, Ella Lee, Sarah Lord, Athalie Baldwin, Jean Westcott, Margaret Stansfield (advisor), Clifford Mott, Howard Williams.

FIRST ROW: Fred Kirkland, Julia Riley, Dorothy Smith, Eva Talcott, Verna Banney, Mildred Turtur, Naomi Snitchler, Dorothy Bly, Maurice McGinnis, LeRoy Hollenbeck.





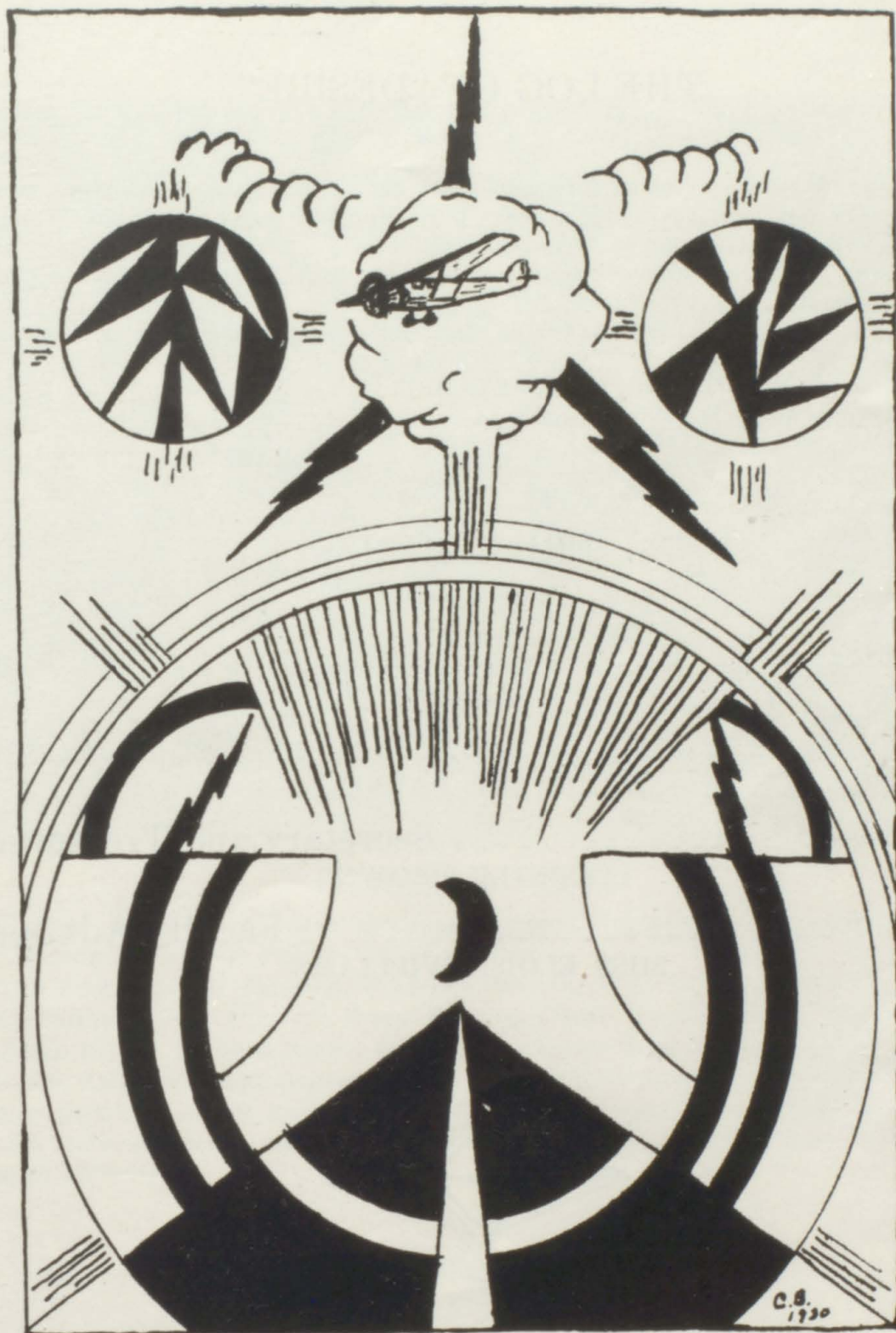
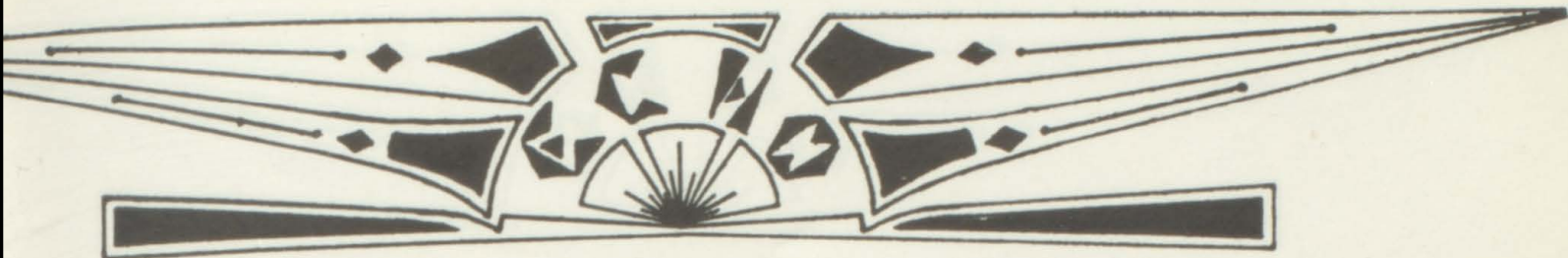
“SOPH” SONG HITS



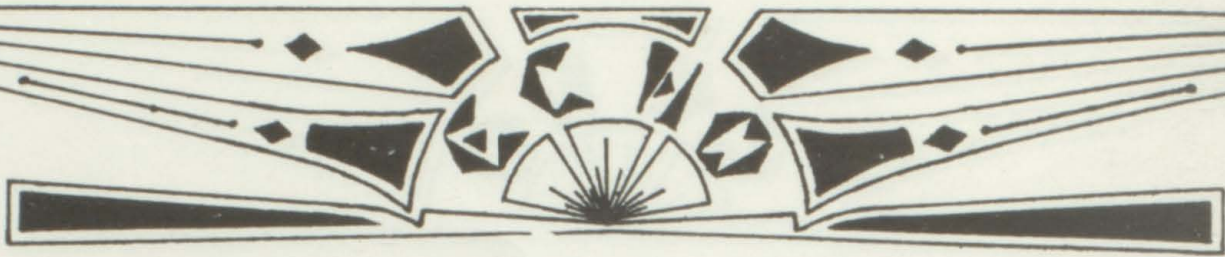
Vagabond Lover	Clarence Hoyt
I Get the Blues When It Rains	Ella Lee
Singing in the Bath Tub	Maurice McGinnis
I'm a Dreamer	Clinton Wilcox
Sunny Side Up	Verna Banner
Following You	Ralph Axtell
My Fate Is in Your Hands	Mildred Turtur
Tip-Toe Through the Tulips	Roger Franks
Am I Blue	Sarah Lord
He's a Great Big Man from the South	Lloyd Hubbard
If I Had a Talking Picture of You	Athalie Baldwin
Have a Little Faith in Me	Melancton Hoyt
Ain't No Sin	Le Roy Hollenbeck
Painting the Clouds with Sunshine	Fred Kirkland
Singing in the Rain	Naomi Snitchler
Turn on the Heat	Dorothy Smith
Mechanical Man	Frank Doolittle
You Were Meant for Me	Dorothy Bly
Making Whoopee	George Hager
Come West, Little Girl, Come West	Eva Talcott
Congratulations	William Burton
Should I	Alvin Giles
The One I Love Just Can't Be Bothered with Me	Jean Westcott
Hanging on the Garden Gate	Julia Riley
Hello, Baby	Kenneth Houghtaling
Old Man River	Ove Munk

Fly high, aim high, be noble and true;
Live clean in the thoughts and the deeds that you do;
Be friendly, and gentle, and brave, and staunch,
If you are you will succeed in the projects you launch.

ORLIN HITCHCOCK, '30



DESIRE



THE LOG OF "DESIRE"



September 3rd — Took off for a four year's flight under pleasant conditions, pilot, Genevra Foster, accompanied by assistant pilot, Margaret Payne, mechanic, Lucretia Brown, with a passenger list of forty-five.

November 15th — Arrived safely at Bainbridge High Airport where a reception was held for the crew of the "Desire."

January 11th — Sickness on board. Sunshine basket thrown over to Wenonah Green.

January 20th — Forced landing. EXAMS!!!!

February — Flight continues quiet and uneventful.

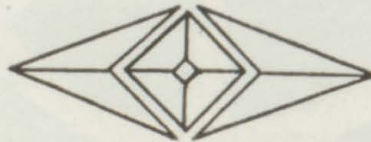
ELIZABETH SUPPLEE, '33



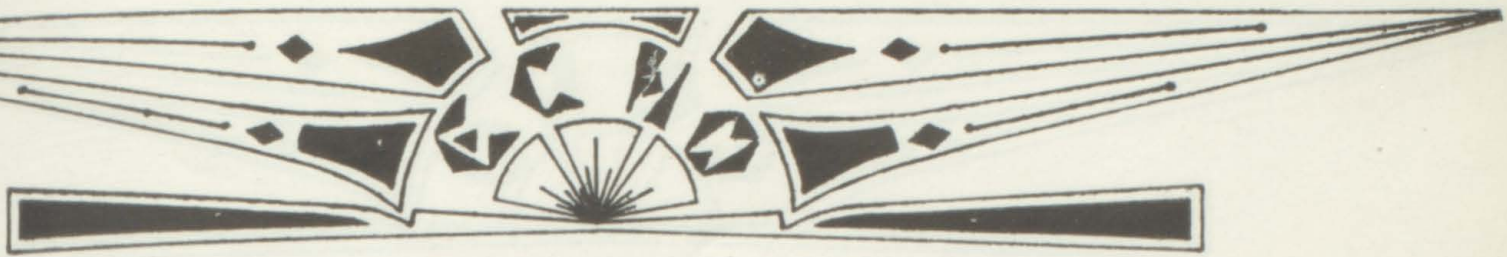
FRESHMEN



Pilot	-----	President
	GENEVRA FOSTER	
Co-Pilot	-----	Vice-President
	MARGARET PAYNE	
Mechanic	-----	Secretary and Treasurer
	LUCRETIA BROWN	
Owner	-----	Faculty Advisor
	MISS ELOISE WILLIAMS	



DESIRE



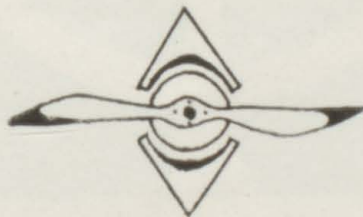
FRESHMAN CLASS

TOP ROW (left to right): Maurice Covey, Elizabeth Christian, Edna Sejersen, Alma Hill, Thelma Hall, Phyllis Palmer, Celia Lee.

THIRD ROW: Arthur Fairchild, Frederick Gunther, Betty Supplee, Nellie Russell, Helen Fairbanks, Ruth Snitchler, Ernest Newman, Charlie Meyers, Richard Covey.

SECOND ROW: Joseph Snitchler, Floyd Webb, Carlton Mead, Lucretia Brown, Ruth Dremack, Kathleen Franks, Genevra Foster, Eloise Williams (advisor), Kenneth Davis.

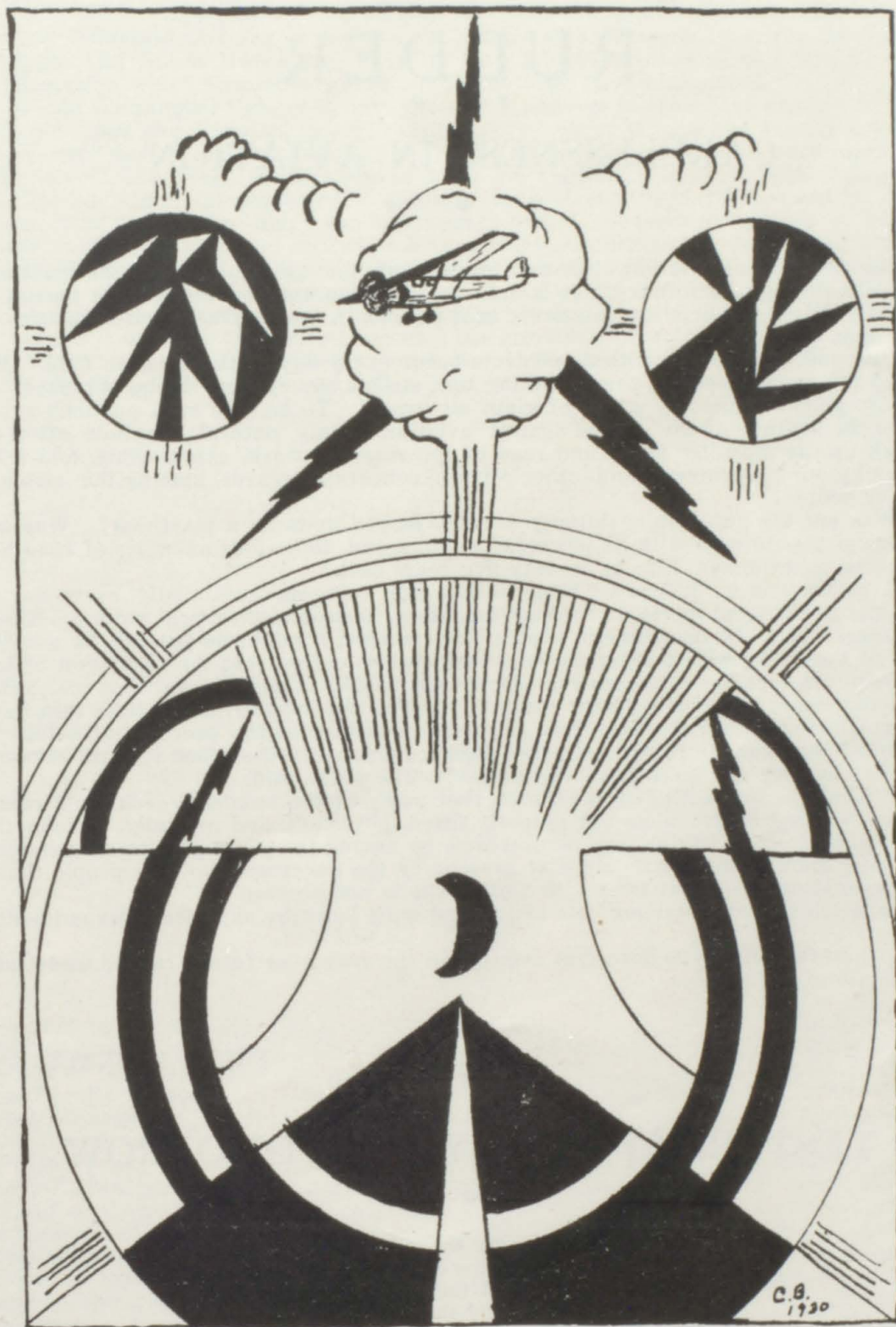
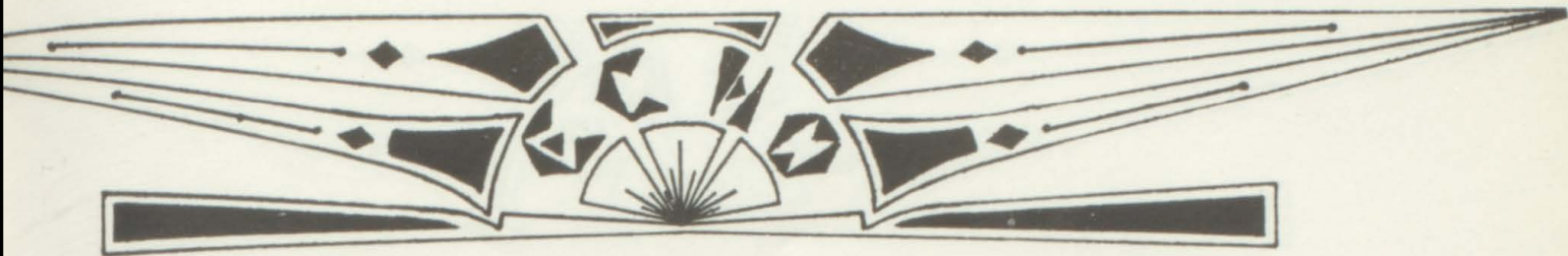
FIRST ROW: Frederick Birdsall, Elton Fletcher, Margaret Payne, Carol Moffler, Evelyn Mulwane, Beth Jacobs, Charlotte Taylor, Thelma Newman, Jesse Nichols, Edward Mulwane.

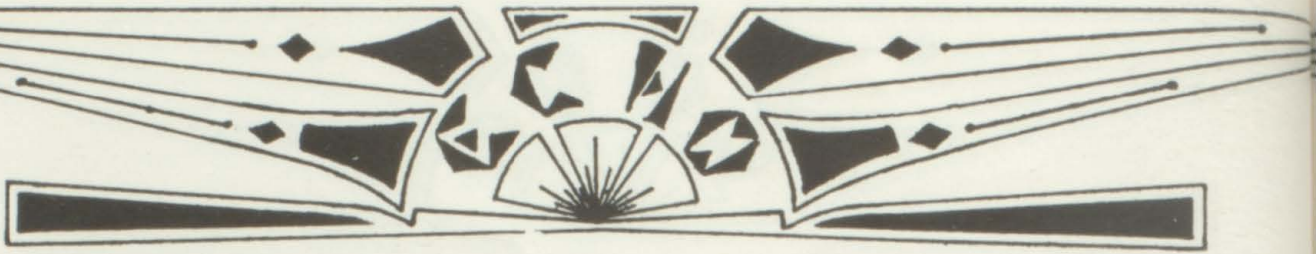




FRESHMEN "DISLIKES"

- M. Covey — girls
- E. Christian — Latin
- E. Sejersen — to write poetry
- A. Hill — to be on time
- P. Palmer — to act like a lady
- C. Lee — boys
- A. Fairchild — everything
- F. Gunther — to go to class without lessons done
- B. Supplee — to giggle
- N. Russell — to keep house
- H. Fairbanks — high marks
- R. Snitchler — curly hair
- E. Newman — Agriculture
- C. Myers — to work
- R. Covey — Geneva
- J. Snitchler — to argue
- F. Webb — to be deprived of the company of girls
- C. Meade — to go hunting
- L. Browne — a certain junior (Wilfred Lyon?)
- R. Dremack — to make dates
- K. Franks — smiling
- G. Foster — Dick
- F. Birdsall — to work diligently
- K. Davis — to admit
- A. Fletcher — to be bold and brave
- M. Payne — to go to school
- C. Moffler — to keep quiet
- E. Mulwane — her watch
- B. Jacobs — to ask advice
- C. Taylor — to torment
- J. Nichols — mechanics
- Ed. Mulwane — to talk
- L. Perry — to ravage junk piles
- C. Hovey — to play a cornet
- T. Newman — new styles
- T. Hall — the garage
- L. Sheldon — to sleep in class





RUDDER

CARELESSNESS IN AVIATION

The progress of aviation, like the progress of the automobile and the railroad, must pass through its infancy. It is only for the ignorant and thoughtless person to make the statement: aviation can never hold its own in the pleasures and industries of the people.

One will have to admit that accidents occur every day in the aviation field. We pick up the morning paper, the first thing that strikes our eye is: "Plane Wrecked" or "Twenty persons killed in wreck of giant air liner." To be sure such publicity tends to turn the attitude of the people against aviation. Only natural, but how often do we pick up the morning paper and read of the research work, experiments, and tests applied by our government and other private concerns towards making the airplane safe for people?

Was not the automobile thirty years ago looked upon as a plaything? Was not the idea of the railway with its powerful engines and thousands of miles of road bed considered superhuman, fifty or seventy-five years back?

Aviation is in its infancy. Experiments are going on continually every day to overcome the natural elements such as fog, sleet, snow and electrical storms. These hindrances will all be overcome in time. For example, it might be possible to coat the wings of the plane with a chemical substance that would prevent the formation of ice, or in some manner the wings may be electrically heated to melt the forming ice. Safer and better engines are being built every day. The non-stop refueling tests that have been conducted within the past year are very important in the progress of safety in aviation. Was not the record refueling flight conducted in the West a battle between human endurance and mechanical endurance? The plane won.

It would be interesting to note, also, that many of the accidents occur as a result of inexperienced flyers, pilots not properly fitted, physically and mentally, to take the responsibility. This I think may be overcome by having the pilots pass an examination even more rigid than that required at present by the government. The people themselves should not risk their lives with a pilot who is not licensed.

Aviation like all great projects of its kind must learn by experience, experiments, and tests.

I, therefore, firmly believe that aviation in the very near future can be made safe for the use of the people.

PHILIP ROBERTS, '30

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

Behind him lay the great Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules,
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on.'"

Now Columbus is being replaced by explorers of a different type, for instead of sailing the tiny Santa Maria, they take off in a tri-motor plane in this age of steel and electricity which Columbus would not in the least have understood.

Would Christopher Columbus have thought it possible to cross that expanse of blue between Europe and America, in say, twenty hours—which it took him twenty days to cross, twenty days of mutiny and fear held down by an admiral with an unconquerable will? Wasn't Lindbergh made more of after his transatlantic flight than Columbus was after his wonderful discovery? Think of the welcome "Lindy" received in Paris and the "fuss" made over him when he returned home! Columbus was met by hostile savages in the new country; and when he reached home after his third trip he was in chains. What a reception for the discoverer of America! But why such a change in manners in 450 years? That I cannot understand, unless it is that we of today are more easily pleased than were our own harsh ancestors.

I doubt it not that 450 years from now machines will be going across the Atlantic in twenty seconds instead of twenty hours, and that some Columbus will have visited Mars, Jupiter, and perhaps the sun, provided it isn't as hot as it is now.

MARY COLLAR, Ass't Editor.

GLIDERS

I think there is still one thing in aviation which the "Echo" has not mentioned. This is the gliders. These always remind me of people without aim.

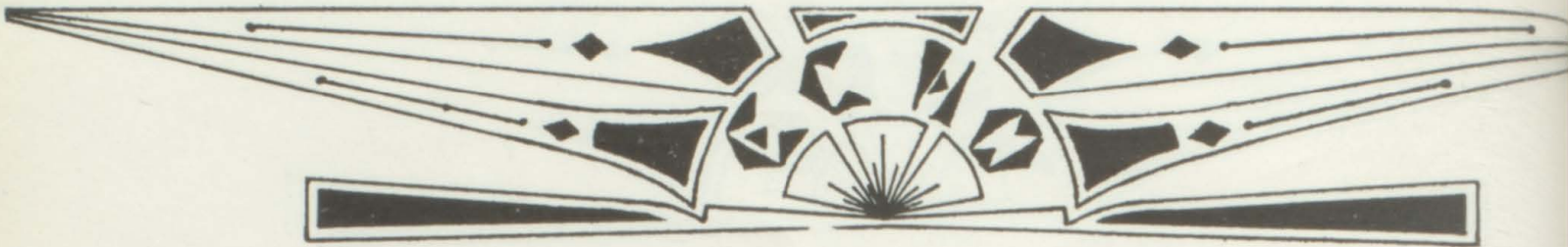
These gliders just glide along, as you easily imagine from their name, with no definite goal in view. They may reach the intended place or they may glide along to some other place. No matter if they have no aim! This all happens because the gliders have no engines to guide them as aimless people have no aim to guide them. Consequently they may go astray. They slide along wherever their environment suggests. Perhaps they may accomplish something and perhaps they may not.

Let us hope that the members of this Class of 1930 do not turn out to be gliders.

RUTH HAGER, Editor-in-chief

WHO'S WHO

Editor of Echo	Ruth Hager
Basketball Captain (boys)	Phil Roberts
President of Glee Club	Helen Sawyer
Junior Faculty Advisor	Miss Bliss
Football Manager	Karl Nicke
President of Junior Class	Wilfred Lyon
Freshman Faculty Advisor	Miss Williams
Basketball Manager (girls)	Florence Keeler
President of Orchestra	Carlton Loomis
Sophomore Faculty Advisor	Miss Stansfield
Football Captain	Phil Roberts
President of Freshman Class	Genevra Foster
Basketball Manager (boys)	Paul Carman
Senior Faculty Advisors	Misses Petley and Johnson
President of Sophomore Class	Athalie Baldwin
Basketball Captain (girls)	Gladys Hawkins
President of "Ag" Class	Alden Wakeman
President of Senior Class	Mary Collar



EVOLUTION



As freshmen first we come to school,
At B. H. S. to learn the rules;
Intricate studies take our time
As the ladder to success we climb.

The teachers help us willingly
And kind cooperation give;
We learn the necessary things
That we must know, on how to live.

Sophomores, studious; Juniors, jolly;
Seniors, round the colors rally;
Out into the world we go
To live and by experience grow.

We work and strive, God meant us to;
And may we render him his due,
As we remember those old rules
Learned, as freshmen first we came to school.

ORLIN HITCHCOCK, '30

STRUTS



BACK ROW (left to right): Morris Snitchler, Clinton Wilcox, Kenneth VanDenburg, Fred Bly, Harold Campbell, Alden Wakeman.

SECOND ROW: Bruce Partridge, Miss O'Kelly, Jean Westcott, Gordon Burton, Kenneth Friedenstine, Carlton Loomis.

ORCHESTRA

Our High School orchestra under Miss O'Kelly's direction began its activities by playing at the Senior Play. Our second appearance was at the Christmas Cantata. Following our vacation we accompanied the Senior cast to Laurens and played there. Our last appearance was at the Camp Fire Play. In addition to this we have played several Friday mornings in chapel.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Public Speaking — how impressive it sounds! And indeed, it is most interesting — our new addition to the numerous classes of old B. H. S. Our course takes up the important art of speech. First we studied tone-production and the proper use of words. It was really surprising to find how little we knew about it.

For awhile it was embarrassing to us to get up in front of the class and "moo" like a cow or "chirp" like a bird or "buzz" like a bee. Nevertheless we all had to do it. Now any of the fourteen brilliant pupils can imitate anything. Paul can be the "winsome lass," and Phil the "Japanese flower girl." It is still more fun to change moods quickly; such as from the "laughing girl" to the "haughty hostess."

We look forward to Tuesday of every week, for then we have the auditorium. We all have speeches or character sketches to give. In this way we practice what we learn in sitting, standing and speaking properly. Miss Petley explains patiently "Breathe deep. Stand and walk as tho' your chest was chained to the ceiling. Hands at your sides. Paul, that means you."

At the end of the year we will display our talent in two or three one-act plays. Doesn't it sound like fun? It is.



CAMP FIRE GIRLS

Seven years ago thirteen girls of Bainbridge High School organized this Camp Fire. To-day those girls are all grown up. Polly Loudon, Frances Cooper, and Emma Perry are no longer of our maiden ranks for they are now dignified young matrons. Betty Taber and Owena Crumb are dietitians, the former in New York and the latter in Niagara Falls. Lydia Collins teaches in Binghamton, Helen Clark in Johnson City, Betty Finch in Sterlington, and Mildred Petley in Bainbridge. Doris Wilcox is in the Albany State Teachers College and Mary Dunham is in Wellesley. Although of those thirteen none are left in active membership, we who are left are striving to obey the law of the Fire as they did.

What is this law of the Fire you may ask. This is it:

SEEK BEAUTY
GIVE SERVICE
PURSUE KNOWLEDGE
BE TRUSTWORTHY
HOLD ON TO HEALTH
GLORIFY WORK
BE HAPPY

We do not say that we live up to this ideal, but rather that we try to do so.

We ended up last year by going camping. Although it rained and rained and did nothing but rain, we were happy as could be. We're going again this year.

When we started up this fall it seemed lonesome with Carol and Ruth gone as well as our guardian. But we've got Miss Sherman and there are some new members too, so we're still "hittin' on all fours."

It would take too long to tell you all the good times we've had, hikes, parties and then our meetings. But we have worked, too, for ourselves and others. Our latest effort was the play "Oh, Kay." One of the charter members was there to help drill us. Some of the High School boys consented to help us too. With Phil as Gramp, with a weakness for accessories for the flivver, Helen as Gram who is always taking pills, Thelma and Gibby as brother and sister, with Mildred, Chick, Don and Paul all disguised as "Black Terrors," with Bunny as the detective and Henry and Mary as Captain and Mrs. Whitman, we feel that we had a pretty good play when we got through. The money which we earned is to help us go camping next summer.

So we go on for we are members of the Occoca Camp Fire and Occoca means — a little better each day.

HOME-MAKING

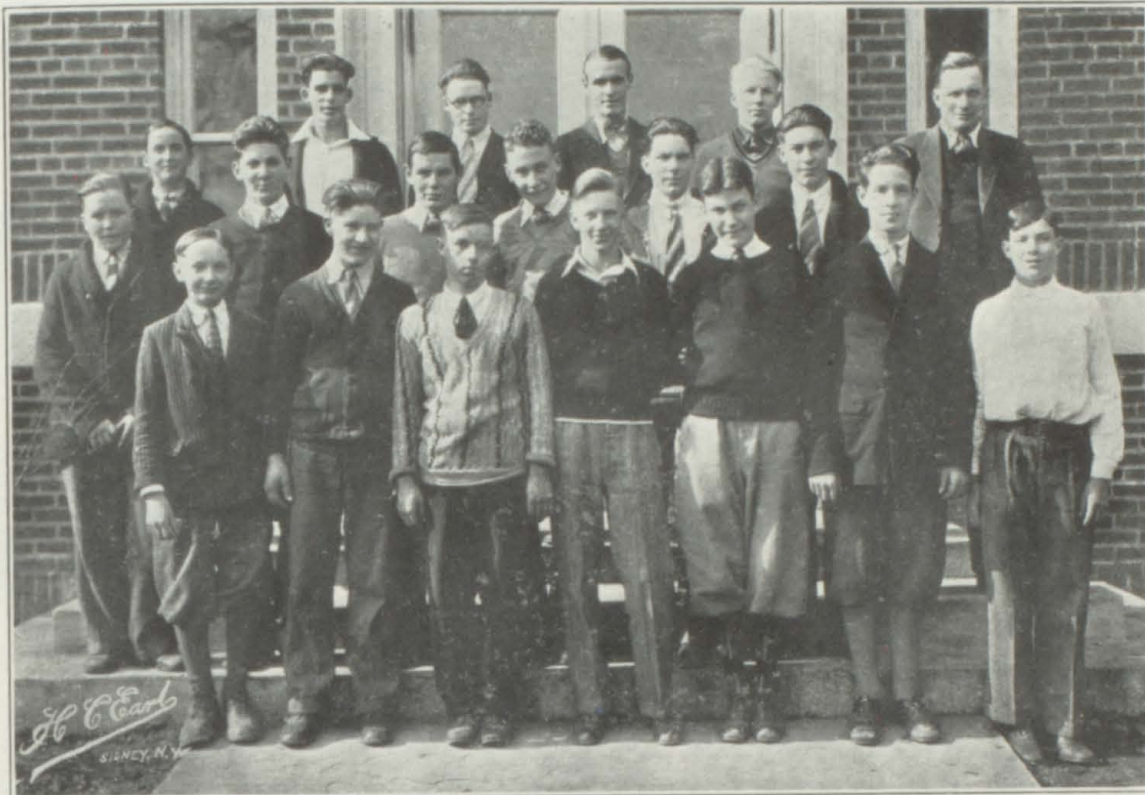
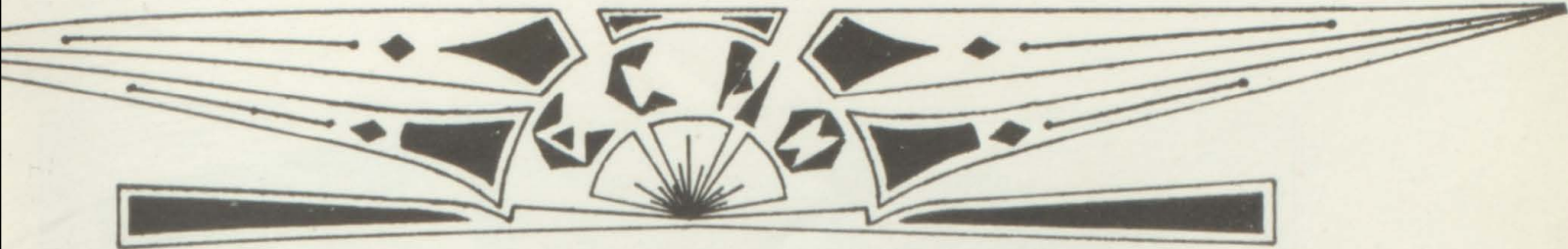
Some pupils in this school may prefer Latin, Greek and every other kind of dead language, but we prefer the sensible thing—HOME-MAKING.

Of course things don't always go so smoothly but we just keep "painting the clouds with sunshine" and everything turns out all right.

At first when we enter home-making we are only inexperienced little creatures. But soon we learn to make nice looking cakes and fluffy biscuits. Then we learn to sew very straight seams and all other rudiments of a seamstress. The second year is practically the same as the first, only of course the work is more advanced than the first. When the third year rolls around we find ourselves taking interior decorating and home-nursing. These aren't half bad and we really do have a good time. Then the fourth and last year of our course comes around. Of course by this time we're such conceited individuals that we think we know everything. But I see after all we have learned quite a little concerning the subject of home-making.

I hope from this you have gathered some idea of what we have accomplished ---- we home-making girls.

Before I begin I be allowed to say a word concerning the teacher? Thank you. Mrs. Kahlenburg is one of the dearest teachers in our high school, and we want her to know we've spent one of our most enjoyable years of home-making under her guiding hand.



BACK ROW (left to right): Walter Sherman, Roger Franks, Henry Cheesbro, Cameron Collins.
 SECOND ROW: Kenneth Davis, Frederick Gunther, Ralph Axtell, Donald Loudon, William Burton, Kenneth Hoyt, Alden Wakeman, Mr. Ilse.
 FRONT ROW: Joseph Snitchler, Frank Doolittle, Leon Perry, Ove Munk, Ernest Newman, Le Roy Hollenbeck, Elton Fletcher.

“AG”

The Agricultural class plane, “Spirit of the Soil”, took off shortly after the students reassembled at the airdrome. By a series of violent explosions chief instructor Ilse turned what was formerly an old barn into an excellent hangar for the plane. Crew quarters (the class room) were established in the back part of the refueling station (the domestic science house).

A short hop to Morrisville was tried to test, not only the crew, but the plane. On returning the plane was decked out in a first prize ribbon and had won fourth place in the state.

Adjustments and installation of the most up-to-date improvements assured the smooth and steady flight of the “Spirit of the Soil”. On February 11 the plane with six of the crew aboard hopped for Cornell. The ship established a fine record and returned to the hangar.

Contact!!! Switch on ?????!! ZZ! ?/;

Off again on an endurance flight. Come along and tear the pages from the calendar.

Pilot	Alden Wakeman
Co-pilot	Kenneth Hoyt
Mechanic	Henry Chesbro
Publicity Man	Ernest Newman
Owner	George Ilse

3 LETTER



MEN

WE AIM



TO SERVE



The



Faculty



Parlez-vous?



Junior



Chiefs



Merry Widows



Hort Lee's Bandits



ROGUES



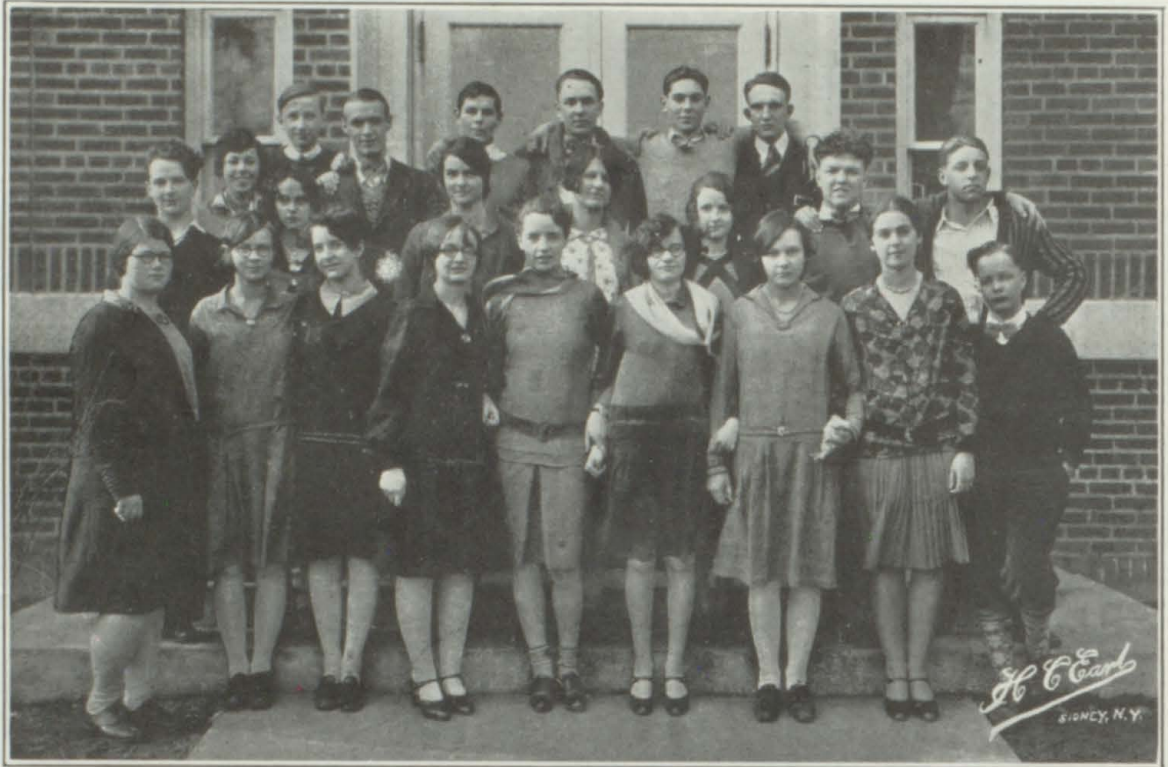
GALLERY



19

30





BACK ROW (left to right): Clinton Wilcox, Donald Loudon, Carlton Loomis, Clifford Loudon, Paul Carman.

SECOND ROW: Wilfred Lyon, Athalie Baldwin, Henry Cheesbro, Ruth Hager, Margaret Springsteen, Thelma Lyon, Harold Campbell, Austin Hayes.

FRONT ROW: Betty Supplee, Helen Sawyer, Lucretia Brown, Naomi Snitchler, Louise Whitman, Miss O'Kelly, Jean Westcott, Dorothy Sawyer, Mary Collar, Fred Kirkland.

GLEE CLUB

Bainbridge High School is coming up fast in the world. Why, it even has a Glee Club, very capably directed by Miss Helen O'Kelly. This now famous group is composed of twenty-five members.

At first practice we elected officers. They are: President, Helen Sawyer; Librarian, Mary Collar; Secretary, Margaret Springsteen, and Jean Westcott, pianist.

In starting we practiced only pieces which were of medium difficulty and as our knowledge of music gradually increased, our pieces grew more difficult. We have five altos, nine sopranos, six tenors and four basses.

Our first appearance was in assembly. We were all very composed, and none received that dreaded "stage fright." Since then we have entertained several mornings in assembly.

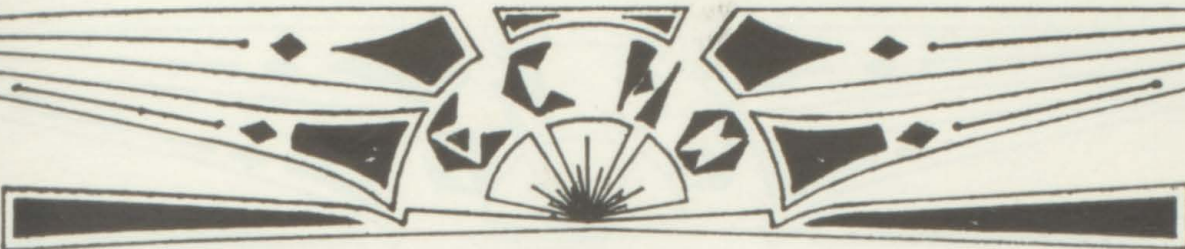
At the Senior Play "Cyclone Sally" on Tuesday evening, November 26, 1929, the Glee Club did their share in entertaining between acts. We sang "A Little Close Harmony" and "Mister Moon."

When the Seniors presented their play at Laurens, the Glee Club went along too, and again contributed two numbers.

On the evening of December 18, the Glee Club presented a Christmas Cantata, "The Child Jesus." We invited the public to this.

Some of the pieces we have sung are: "A Little Close Harmony", "Evening Star", "Lo, Now the Dawn is Breaking", "Roses of Picardy".

We have also sung negro spirituals in chapel. Now, if you don't believe we can sing, we'll prove it, if you will come and visit assembly some Friday morning.



GIRL SCOUTS

The Pine Tree, troop No. 1, Girl Scouts of Bainbridge, N. Y. was organized May 18, 1929. May 30, we assisted in the observance of Memorial Day by having a float and a marching delegation of girls in the parade. December 14, a Mother and Daughter banquet was held in the M. E. Church, which was attended by about seventy-five people. Our meetings are held in the M. E. Church each Monday evening with the exceptions of the months of December, June, July and August.

Girl Scouting means more than a hike in knickers, for it comprises a band of girls and young women who are learning in the happiest way to combine patriotism, outdoor activities, skill in every branch of domestic science and high standards of community service. Eight girls have earned the canners merit badge and ten the photographers merit badge. Others are now working for various merit badges.

The troop, which now numbers nearly fifty girls, is under the supervision of the captain, Miss Grace Peckham, and assistant captain, Mrs. Harvey J. Wood.

♥ ♥ ♥

ENGLISH FOUR "A" BANQUET

At a meeting of the English Four class it was decided, in order that the people of the class might become better acquainted with the whys and wherefores of a banquet, to hold a mock banquet at the Home-making house. The topic of the banquet was Emerson. All the members of the class gave speeches on the different phases of Emerson's life. The speeches were carried out in true banquet style. Mr. Casey generously lent his presence which added greatly to the success of the dinner. Owing to the shortage of time delicious cake and wonderful coffee only could be served.

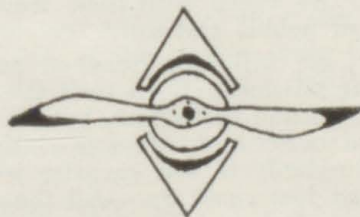
The meeting was of great value to the students as they became acquainted with the routine of the regular banquet. They were impressed more by Emerson's life than they ever had been before.

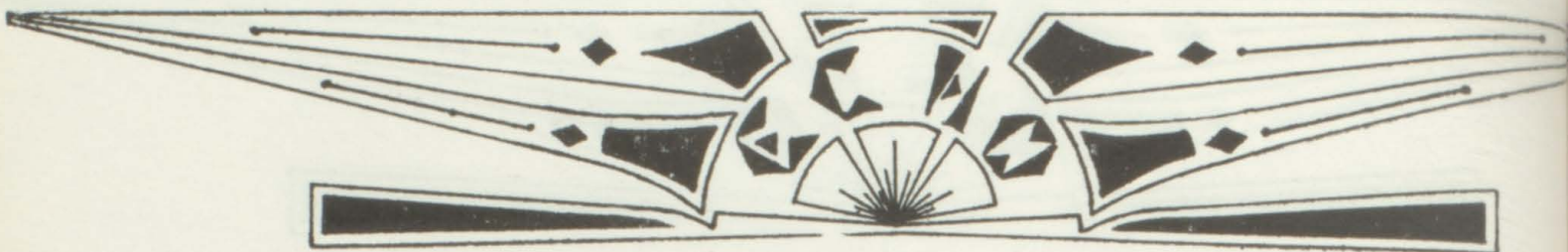
♥ ♥ ♥

ENGLISH FOUR "B" BANQUET

Surely, our English class could never let the other class get ahead of us and they were to have a banquet with after-dinner speeches. Maybe we didn't get high marks as they did in their class, but when it came to eating — well, we were way ahead of them. Now I guess you understand how it all began.

One day during the English four period we held our grand feast, which consisted of Eskimo pies and chocolate cake. After partaking of this sumptuous repast we proceeded to give our speeches, which were on the subject of the life of Emerson. We had such a lovely time we wished we might have a banquet every day. Don't you wish you were taking English in B. H. S? The banquet isn't half of the good times we have had.





VALENTINE'S DAY

Gee Whiz! that's a funny day
When all the lovers, they hold sway.
They send hot cards and sugary notes
Just like love calls froms turtle dove cotes.
It's, "Sweetheart be mine," or, "Please love me true."
Honest to gosh! I don't know what to do.
I'm to send something to my little baby;
Now, how'm I to address this fair young lady?
I want something original — straight from the heart.
How about Cupid sending a little love dart?
No, won't do — though it would be fine
To have Dan Cupid send my Valentine.
But away false hope, - - - get down and slave;
Think up some dope like a regular knave.
Well, here's the stuff. See how it goes;
I hope it'll thrill you to the tip of your toes.

CHORUS

(Shake well before using; play slowly and with expression;
be sure to bring-out all sharps and flats).

Dearest, darling of them all,
Listen to my little scrawl.
There isn't much; there needn't be;
For don't you know you're the world to me?
(Strike this up a little faster)
Every time I look at you
The skies above, they seem more blue.
Now I'm running out of verse,
A few more lines and I will curse!
If you don't like this - - - Here's a dime
Go buy yourself a real valentine.

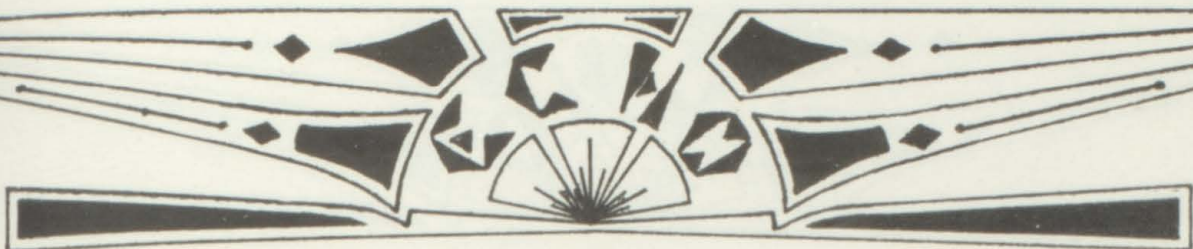
KARL M. W. NICKEL.

IT WAS TOO LATE

For hours we had climbed the winding rock-strewn path. At times it was difficult to distinguish the main trail from the apparently false trails that led off to either right or left. The hour was early, it being nearly three A. M. My three companions, whom I had been camping with the last three weeks were ahead; I took up in the rear of the party. Silently we slipped along the rugged path, at first beneath a canopy of pine and redwood boughs; now we were winding our way in and out among the tall, stately and overhanging cliffs. At times firm rock would be under foot; then we would strike a loose foundation of pebble and sand.

It would not be long now; we will have reached our goal. Few words were spoken, so intent were we on our mission. Each read the other's thoughts would we be there in time. It was a five thousand foot climb, but we were nearly at the summit. The timber line had been passed hours ago. It was chilly now and it was growing light; we hastened our pace. Suddenly to our surprise we had reached the summit, but it was too late. The sun had just come up. All those miles of labor to see the sunrise, and never to this day have I viewed a sunrise from a mountain top.

PHILIP ROBERTS, '30



PROPELLER



THE 1929 FOOTBALL SEASON

Football, which was re-introduced last year, did not reign as a premier sport this year. The loss of three letter men was strongly felt, however. The first game with Deposit, a very heavy team, was a severe set back from which the Blue and White boys never fully recovered. "Phil" Roberts, re-elected captain, was injured, necessitating his removal from football until the last game with Sherburne. The team by losing his leadership became a derelict on stormy waters.

Their spirit was not to be quenched, however, and they fought as best they could in all their games. In many the breaks would not come their way. The vigorous physical training of Mr. Harrison Nelson and the dazzling plays of "Prof" Casey did much to help the boys. Mr. Casey was always on hand to spur them on.

The finances were enough to pay for new jerseys and new equipment. This was due to the fact that the townspeople supported the team.

To close the season, the girls of the Homemaking Classes gave a wonderful banquet at the Domestic Science House. At this time Wilfred Lyon was elected manager for the coming year.

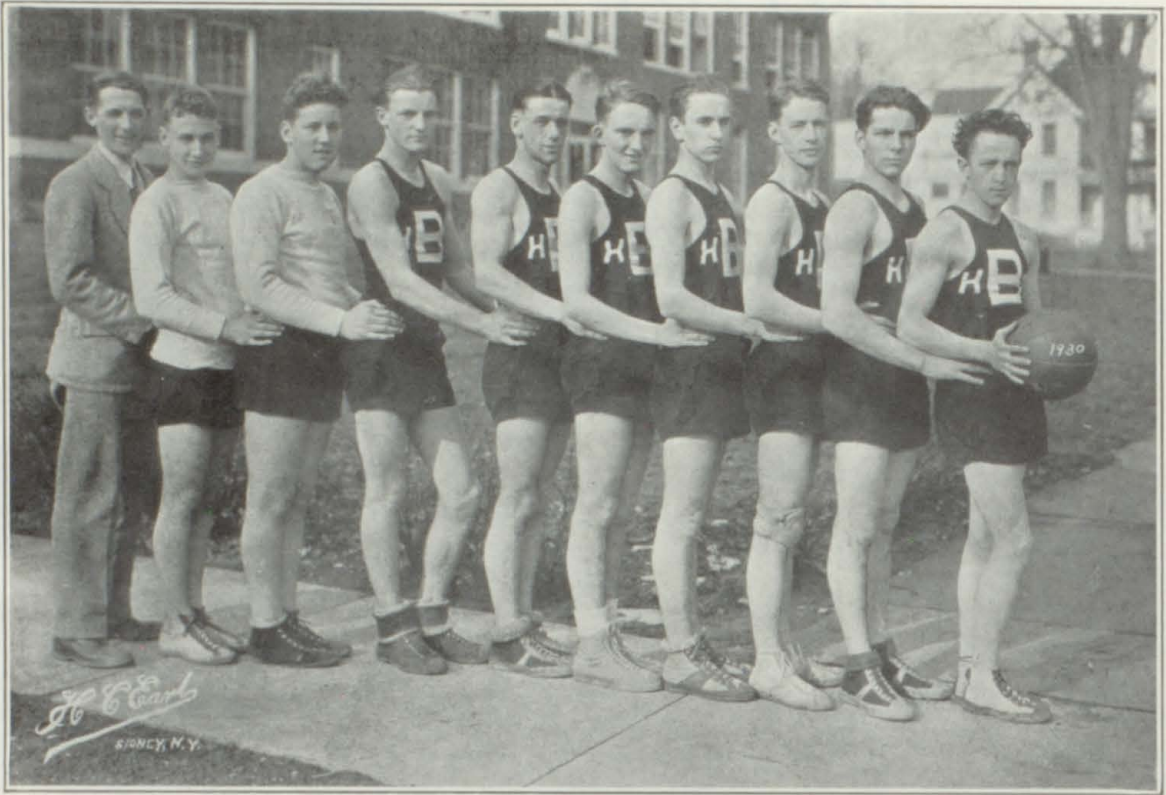
The schedule for next year will be made out by the league of which Bainbridge High School is a member.

The teams played this season were:

Deposit
Oxford
Sidney

Unadilla
New Berlin
Sherburne

Norwich H. S. (second team)



(Left to right): Orme Kahlenberg (coach), William Burton, Russell Elander, Richard Covey, Philip Roberts (captain), Paul Carman (manager), Orlin Hitchcock, Milliard Howland, Kenneth Hoyt, Renwick Walling.

BASKETBALL

BOYS

At the close of the football season, the thoughts of all athletic-minded turned to basketball. The first practice showed two regulars missing, but a host of new blood to make up for the loss. The end of the season found a small sized but peppy squad for due to disability and unforeseen developments many boys had to drop this great indoor game.

The boys played two pre-league games. Some of these were fast games while others did not turn out so well. During this period an opportunity was seized to find a good combination.

The league season opened with a great line up. Covey, at center, proved to be the best since basketball was started in B. H. S. He was without a doubt the highest scorer. "Ken" Hoyt, first at guard and then at forward, was a man who added many tallies to the scores. The other forward was played by "Gibby". Known to us last year as a highly efficient player, he has greatly improved this year. Capt. "Phil" Roberts saved many a game by his wonderful guarding. He was ably supported by "Hitchy" who not only excelled at guarding but pulled some uncanny shots. "Ren" Walling when sent in at forward was bound to pep up the team. He radiated energy. Carman proved valuable as a utility guard or center. Until forced to relinquish the sport, "Bill" Hohreiter was always on hand with his hard and fast playing. Russell Elander proved himself excellent material for next year.

The league games were of great interest to everyone. Although Sidney proved too fast for us, beating us two games, we had the pleasure of winning over Afton on her own court. As the "Echo" goes to press Sidney stands first in the league with Bainbridge second place.

The league scores were:

B. H. S.		Opponents
19	----- Afton -----	16
27	----- Mt. Upton -----	16
23	----- Sidney -----	29
33	----- Unadilla -----	20
32	----- Franklin -----	12
10	----- Afton -----	17
31	----- Mt. Upton -----	30
18	----- Sidney -----	29
22	----- Unadilla -----	10

The state games for state Championship aroused much enthusiasm. The Blue and White reached the final play-off in this section by beating South New Berlin 34-26. At Sidney Margaretsville took section honors in Class B by a score of 43-9. This left Bainbridge second best team in Section 4, Class B, according to the State Ruling.

The boys played hard and always tried to do their best. They were supported well by both the high school and the townspeople.



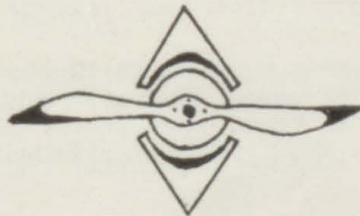
To go on every day when all seems lost,
 To struggle all the way nor count the cost,
 'Tis a virtue that the noblest man may lack,
 That spirit to keep on fighting back.
 Always the same in winning or losing
 That fighting spirit, which comes to the fore
 Though it may be only a game we're playing,
 Helped us to carry on and fight some more.

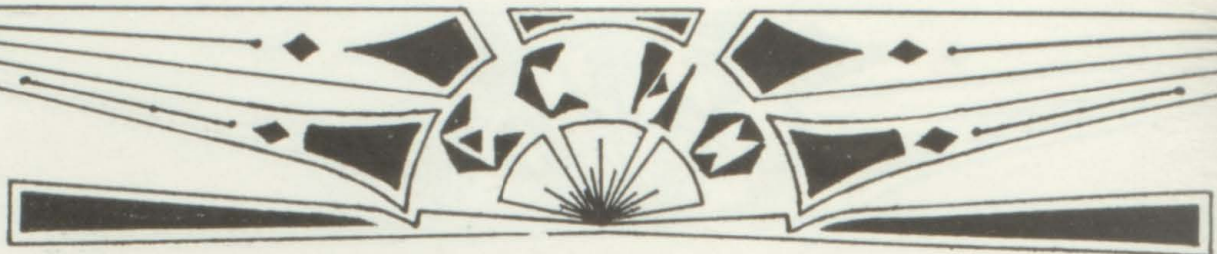
O. W. H.



AN IDEAL BASKETBALL PLAYER

As good a captain as "Phil".
 As good a center as "Dick".
 As good a corner-shot as "Gibby".
 As good a sport as "Ken".
 As good a guard as "Phil".
 As good a long-shot as "Hitchy".





(Left to right): Frances Johnson (coach), Gladys Hawkins (captain), Marcella Lowry, Mary Collar, Lucretia Brown, Florence Keeler, Alice Taylor, Genevra Foster, Rena Robinson.

GIRLS

The Team:

Gladys Hawkins (captain)	-----	center
Mary Collar	-----	left forward
Marcella Lowry	-----	right forward
Alice Taylor	-----	center guard
Lucretia Brown	-----	right guard
Florence Keeler	-----	left guard

The "Subs":

Genevra Foster	-----	guard
Athalie Baldwin	-----	guard
Ellen Weeks	-----	ex-guard

The first two games of the season played with Binghamton and Deposit netted B. H. S. girls scores decidedly in our favor. Then came a lull lasting about six weeks, after which we lost a league game to Afton by one point. Sidney and Mt. Upton were easily disposed of, the last of the Mt. Upton games bringing us a score of 36-14. Franklin defeated us 18-10.

"GLAD" — The answer to a basketball-fan's prayer, a regular wizzard at popping 'em into the basket.

"MIKE" — With her specialty acts lends zest to the girls' games. Our prize specimen threatens to become another wizzard.

MARY — Has a tendency toward dualism. She's a good guard — and she's also a dandy forward. What more could you ask for?

"LU" — First she came to practice; then she played a quarter. Now she plays the whole game, and they couldn't do without her.

ALICE — Another who has recently discovered her proper niche. They tried to make a forward out of her when all the time it was a guard she was meant to be.

"FIGS" — "Foul on number six". Nuff said.

"GE-GE" — Doesn't say much, plays hard, and promises considerable for next year's team.

"BUNNIE" — "Necessity is the mother of invention!" That's how we derived "Bunnie."

ELLEN WEEKS — Who left us this year. We miss her a great deal and wish her back more.



TOP ROW (left to right): Austin Hayes, Kenneth Hoyt, Karl Nickel, Philip Roberts, Walter Sherman.

BOTTOM ROW: William Burton, Clifford Loudon, William Hohreiter, Milliard Howland, Orlin Hitchcock.

Those who were members of the above team but who were absent at the taking of the picture are: John Davidson, Lloyd Johnson, Addison Smith and Randolph Lewis.

BASEBALL

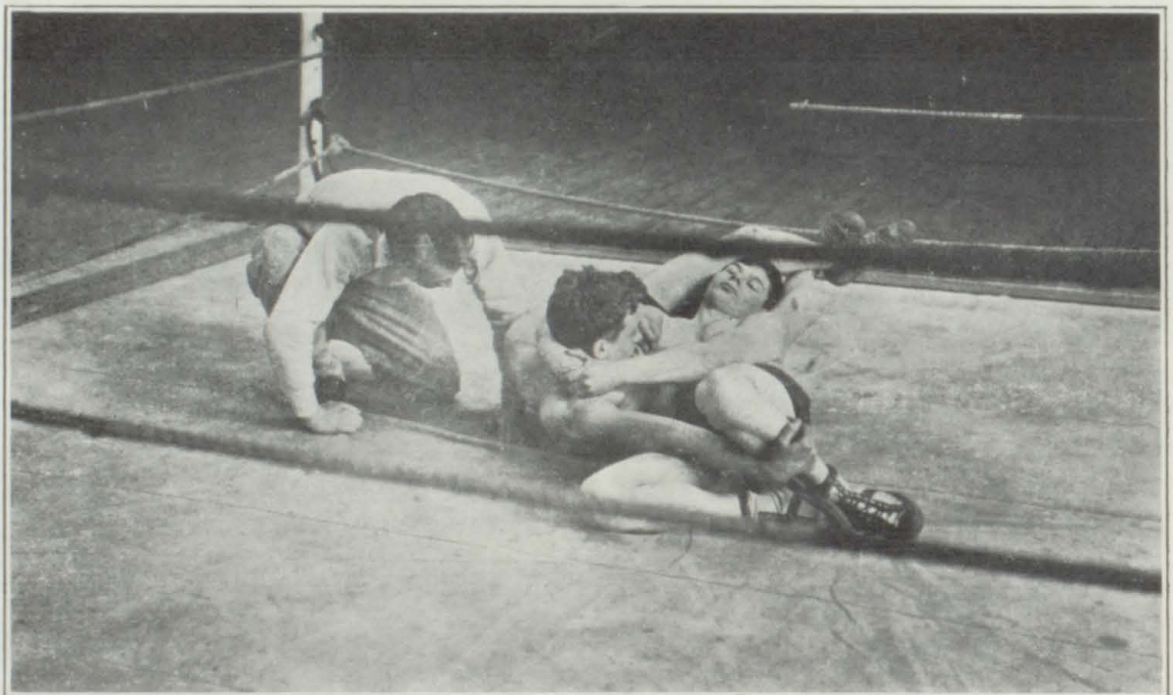
1929

With John Loudon as manager and "Prof" Casey as coach, this team went far. Many new players were in the line up but proved themselves worthy of B. H. S. Warriors. This nine won five out of nine games. Their best game was the last of the season when they defeated Milford, a high school that had competed with such teams as Schenectady H. S.

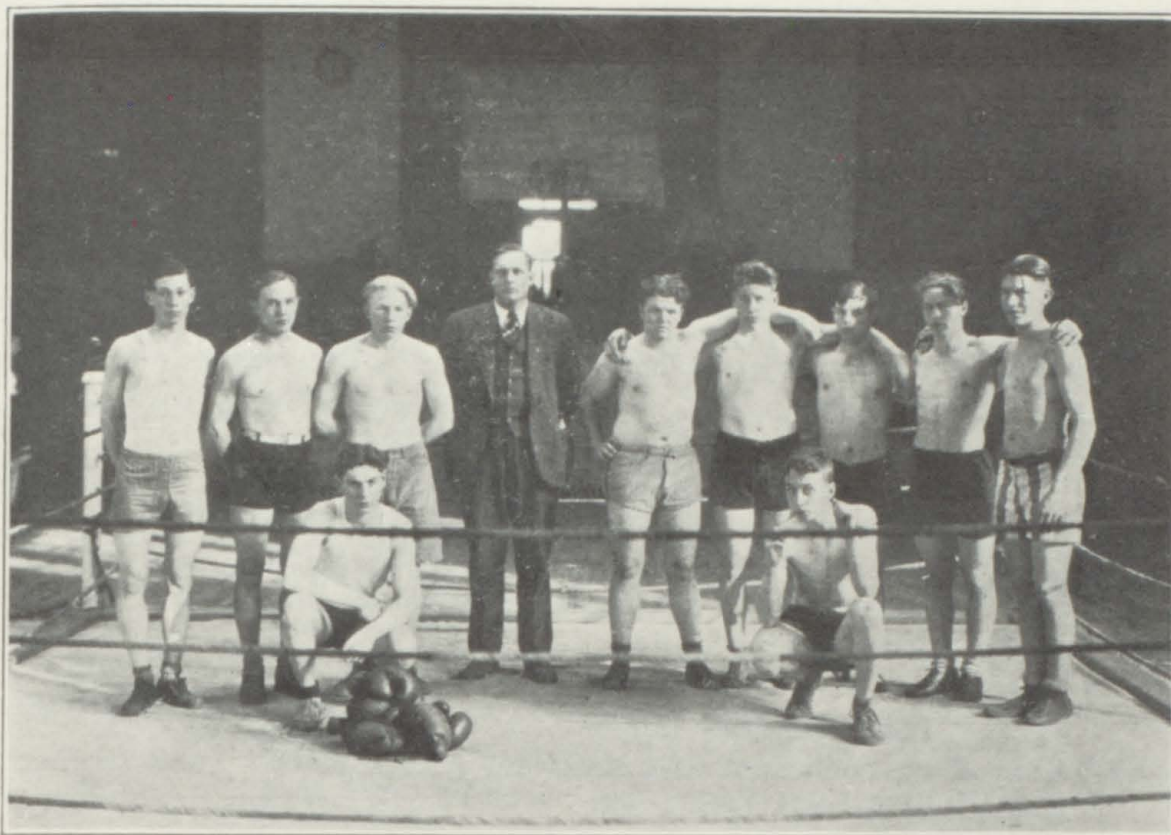
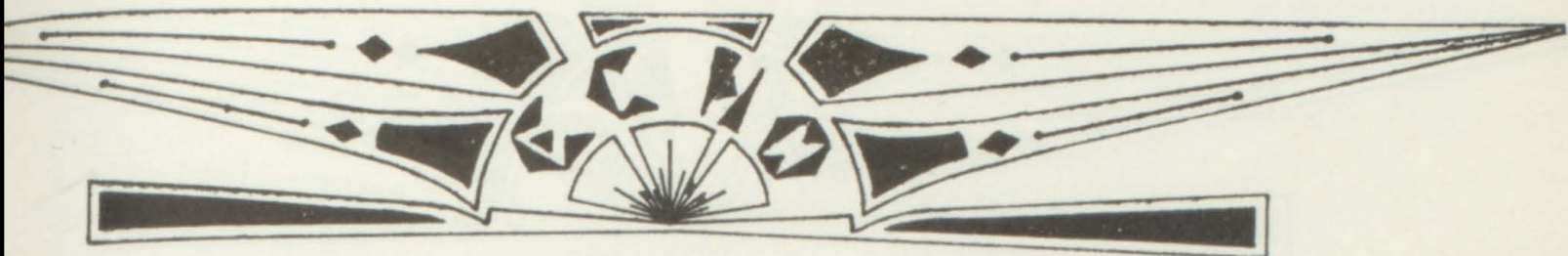
The outlook for this year is good, with "Prof" Ilse as coach and a bunch of fellows ready to go.



Chick Loudon Von Snitchler
Hank Cheesbro (Referee)
CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT
Loudon wins



H. Cheesbro W. Burton Don Loudon
CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT
Burton wins



BOXING

C. Mott M. Snitchler C. Collins
C. Loudon

Coach
Ilse

H. Campbell

WRESTLING

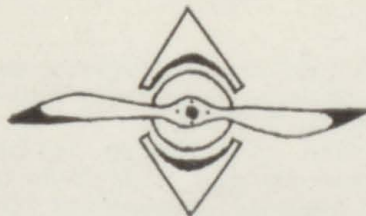
D. Loudon A. Wakeman

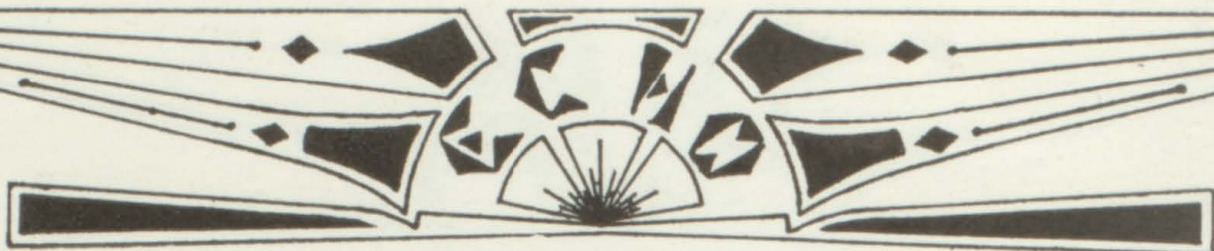
R. Elander C. Myers

W. Burton

BOXING AND WRESTLING

Recent sports developed at Bainbridge High this year are boxing and wrestling. Every two weeks a contest is held in B. H. S. gym where the top notchers Wild Bill Burton, Chick Loudon perform in wrestling and boxing. Matches are held under the Auspices of the Bainbridge young farmers association.





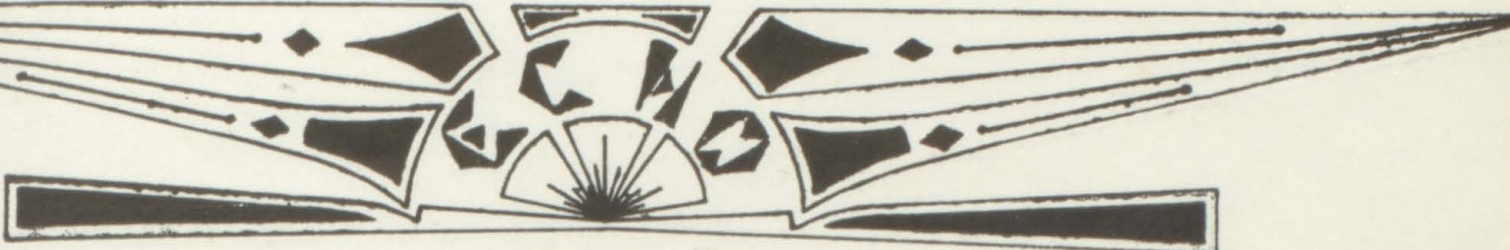
ALMA MATER



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.

Chorus:

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



FRAMEWORK

My, what planning and racking of brains for something interesting was going on among those busy Seniors to decide which classes they had better invite to the alumni party, (which, by the way, didn't actually take place). At last they hit upon a marvelous idea, and here's an account of what they did.

On that night, balloons—red, green, pink, purple, yellow—floated airily around the room. Ladies in colors vying with those of the balloons, danced lightly with their partners to the tune of the gay, invigorating buoyant music. All newcomers, and there were plenty of them, were greeted with enthusiasm. In the crowd we singled out:

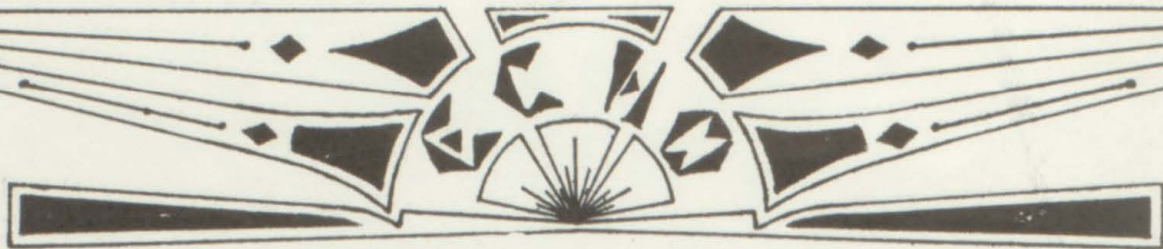
Class of 1915:	Indra Bryant	St. Louis, Mo.	
	Gladys Cushman	Springfield, Mass.	
	Helen Stewart	Bainbridge, N. Y.	
	Ernest Quackenbush	?	
	George Aylesworth	Syracuse, N. Y.	
Class of 1920:	Shirley Stewart	Bainbridge, N. Y.	
	Theodora Corbin Stull	Grand Rapids, Mich.	
	Adelaide Corbin Willetts	New York, N. Y.	
	Margaret Cushman	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	
	Susan Ramsdell Fresch	Liberty, N. Y.	
Class of 1925:	Clara Thomas Cornell	Bainbridge, N. Y.	
	Rolland Andrews	Bainbridge, N. Y.	
	Helen Cuyle	New Jersey	
	Helen Clark	Johnson City, N. Y.	
	Viola Friendenstine	Delhi, N. Y.	
	Jasper Hand	Laurens, N. Y.	
	Harry Harmon	Hamilton College	
	Edith Moore Van Tassel	Sidney, N. Y.	
	Emma Perry Laidlaw	Rochester, N. Y.	
	Irene Robbins Hoyt	Bainbridge, N. Y.	
	Elizabeth Taber	New York, N. Y.	
	Elizabeth Finch	Sterlington, N. Y.	
	Colville Windsor	Oneonta, N. Y.	
	Class of 1929:	Elizabeth Collar	Geneva, N. Y.
		Virginia Hirt	Geneva, N. Y.
Lloyd Johnson		Hamilton, N. Y.	
Ruth LeCaro		Albany, N. Y.	
Dolores Lloyd		Keuka College	
Carol Nichols		Albany, N. Y.	
Arlene Petley		Bainbridge, N. Y.	
Addison Smith		Hamilton College	
Harriet Van Buren	Canajoharie, N. Y.		
Ellen Weeks	Fort Edward and Bainbridge, N. Y.		

During refreshment hour everyone was talking at once, but out of the tumult were gathered several interesting experiences which the graduates have been through since leaving their Alma Mater. In the midst of things the president of the class of 1930 arose, and, after the hall had quieted down sufficiently, announced that all the alumni were invited to go for an airplane ride, starting immediately from the airport.

Amid hilarious shouts and bewildering disorder, the alumni rushed to the field, clambered into the giant planes, and with joyous shouts were lifted from the ground.

This reunion (imaginary) we hope has proved to be one of the most successful ever attempted. We know, at least, that each of us carried home a bit of the happiness received at that meeting.

JENNIE FIGGER and LOUISE LEWIS.



ACES



- 1915 ---- Miss Indra Bryant took off from our Bainbridge airport and landed, a little later, in St. Louis, Missouri, where she is studying further in aviation.
- 1920 ---- Adelaide Collins took off for a non-stop flight around the world. Being lured by a foreign airport, she stopped, but we forgive her since she wrote the words of our Alma Mater.
- 1925 ---- Helen Cuyle studied ground work at our airport. At the end of her course she won her silver wings and became a licensed pilot, enabling her to gain her entrance to Cornell.
- 1929 ---- Elizabeth Collar } Twin Airmen.
Virginia Hirt }
- Lloyd Johnson ---- Flew to Colgate to become a lawyer.
- Ruth LeCaro ---- Gave us, as freshmen, our first ride and party, a Hallo-
we'en Party at her homestead.
- Addison Smith --- Cured us of "air-sickness" after our trip to the Le-
Caro homestead. He gained his knowledge at Noyes'
Drug Store.
- Dolores Lloyd ---- Studied her ground lessons well before her "take-off,"
hence her renown, now.
- Carol Nichols ---- Accompanied her colleague, Miss Le Caro, to Albany, on
a non-stop flight.
- Arlene Petley ---- A "Happy-Go-Lucky" Pilot.
- Harriet Van Buren }
Ellen Weeks } Stunt Flyers.



As the four years of high school fade away,
As the sunlight wanes at the close of day,
Though we feel its loss as we feel a sorrow,
We must think and ever plan for the to-morrow.

As is bathed the world in sunlight at the dawn,
So opens opportunity to us, as to the fawn,
Which having wandered from his protecting mother's side,
Explores alone, dark glades and sunlight aisles wide.

So we on leaving school do go our many ways,
And make our fortunes, and perhaps on far off bays
We meet again, and with a memory keen
We recall with gladness every scene.

So let us go and may we do our best,
And returning to the fold be blest:
And not forget, as we respond where duty calls,
The happy memories within our "Alma Mater's" walls.

ORLIN HITCHCOCK, '30



WINGS

• • •

ENGLISH IV

• • •

A WISH

I want to be a Senior,
Big and bold and brave,
Now I'm afraid of teachers,
But then I'll giggle while they rave.

LENORE FLUMMER, '30

• • •

ALONE

Along the narrow path which ran through the small canyon in the great Northwest, a man, a trapper by his garb, was slowly picking his way among the huge boulders which impeded his progress. He would stop every few feet, and let his pack fall to the ground with a weary gesture. Then as if some pleasant thought came to him, he would look eagerly ahead through the gathering gloom of evening, pick up his burden and continue. A few rocks rolling down the steep cliff at his left alone had broken the silence of the night. A few steps farther and the trapper stopped, catching his breath. Yes, he distinctly heard a dim roar. It grew louder and louder as the seconds passed. The man ran forward stumbling blindly. Only fifty feet away he could distinguish the opening of the canyon. Could he make it? Ten feet from his goal the avalanche of dirt and rock hit him, knocking him down, rolling him over, crushing him, burying him.

A half mile away on the other side of the opening a light shone cheerily through from the window of a small cabin. Against the pane a small face was eagerly pressed waiting the arrival of somebody. For hours the lad had waited for the moment when he should see the bent figure of a man toiling along over the frozen ground by the edge of the woods, for then he would run out, slip the pack from the old man's shoulders and help him to a chair by the fireplace. For the last two weeks the boy had sought permission to go out to the traps with his father and help bring in the furs, but always the father had asked him to wait one more day until the danger of landslides was over.

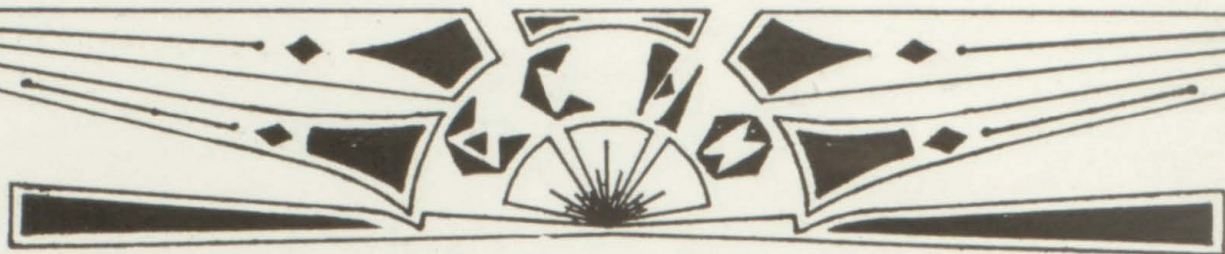
At last the impatient boy could stand the suspense no longer and catching up his coat and flashlight, he hurriedly left the cabin. Straight for the canyon he headed for he knew that the path his father always followed came through there. But he could not find the entrance. Desperately he searched before he realized that it had been closed. Then the awful truth dawned upon him. He was alone in the great Northwest, and his father was buried in the canyon.

MARY COLLAR, '30

• • •

Stars shone on black water
Like diamonds shining on jet;
But the stars in heaven were twinkling
While those in the water were set.

MARY COLLAR, '30



HOW TO SPEND A PERFECT DAY

This subject is a wide subject indeed and many perfect days may be had by various accomplishments, deeds, and even by doing nothing. As this is the day and age of aviation, let us turn to the clouds for our perfect day.

It is three o'clock in the morning at the Texas Border Patrol airport. (This port is Uncle Sam's smuggler spying field. Somehow the smugglers had been getting through lately). So, I climbed into my little scouting plane with its two hundred and thirty horsepower motor, all set for some scouting work along the desert part of the border.

The field is shrouded with a fog-like mist which envelopes it as if soft filmy satin were hung from the moon to the earth. My motor is primed and as if roaring and away I go, out over the desert with the first light of day. If only I can have the honor of getting the smugglers. But wait! What's that? Sure enough, some horsemen with *twenty* people on foot.

Thus my high powered glasses tell me that I've found the guilty ones. But can I hold them? Circling to two thousand feet and radioing my position and predicament to the port as I dive, I pull up to watch developments. The persons on the ground, looking like ants to the naked eye, scurry back and forth. Diving to five hundred feet, I herd them with my machine gun into a compact group. Now I bank endlessly around them waiting for the planes.

A plane's drone comes to my ears and looking, I see a red plane dashing and swooping towards me. Puzzled, as ours are blue and gray, I wait for the stranger. I don't have long, however, as the newcomer without a sign, fires a burst of shots, one catching me in the shoulder and some of the others damaging the plane. Sick and faint from pain I fight to keep my wits and finally land my plane on some sandy waste land. Then everything turns black.

I come to in a small room with friends, superior officers, men in white and hosts of others, it seems, all around me. I'm on a nice white bed.

"Congratulations, "Dick," my chief is saying. "We got the whole gang. Your next stop is Washington. The President has a medal of honor for you."

Closing my eyes I fall asleep at the end of a perfect day.

KARL NICKEL, '30

SIGNS OF SPRING

When March winds have ceased to blow,
And the sap begins to flow,
When the bluebirds' song is heard,
And the snow has disappeared,
Then it's Spring.

When the wild flowers first are seen
As o'er their ethereal beauty we often lean,
When from the grass blue violets peep,
Awakened from a winter's sleep,
Then it's Spring.

When the buds begin to swell,
And the frogs o'er the hylas would excell,
When every woodland sweetly rings
Filled with the songs of lying things,
Then it's Spring.

DOROTHY SAWYER, '31



AUTUMN

The gypsy dancer in yellow and gold
 Is here with her merry band.
 She'll paint the leaves of our maple trees,
 And dance all over our land.

MARY COLLAR, '30

• • •

THE COWARD

He was known among his friends as Percival, if friends you could call them. He did not mingle with the boys at the bar; he never offered or accepted a drink. He was never known to be seen with a woman, or to attend a dance. When the boys were back of the lines for ten days relief he was never seen at the ballground or among any group of fellows who seemed to be enjoying what might be their last ten days together. No one ever spoke with him, so little was known of his life history. It was quite evident that he had not joined the army but had been drafted in and had been forced to do something he didn't want to do, which probably had been the first time in his young life any such thing had happened. Poor Percy! As Corporal O'Rillie expressed himself, "Breaking that fellow in is just like fitting a round plug into a square hole, — he just don't fit."

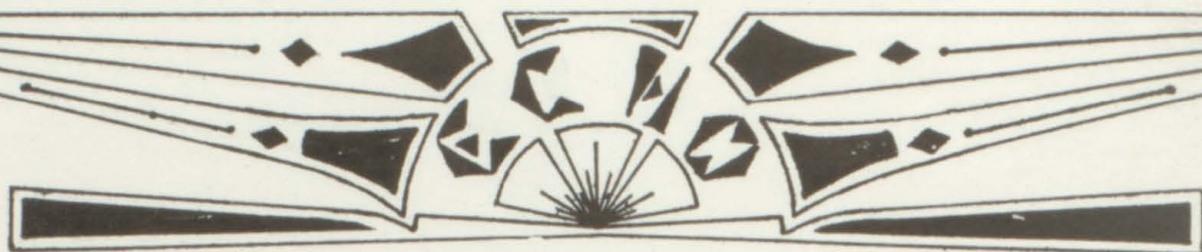
It was a cold, bleak November day; the mercury had been hovering around twenty or thirty degrees above and there was just enough crust on the ground to make it hard digging. If one took off his coat he could not work fast enough to keep warm; if he left it on it was too warm to work. It was indeed a very peculiar day. We had been ordered out at six-thirty that morning and put to work on the road. Some of the fellows were grumbling about the rest they were getting; they thought it was much better back in the trenches. I had to admit myself that I could see no good in fixing that old road; I was willing to wager that no vehicle would pass over it inside the next twenty years, but "Orders is Orders."

As I stopped work for a few minutes to roll a cigarette, not for the pleasure of a smoke but to relieve my back of the weight of the shovel, I noticed the corporal bawling out a young chap who evidently didn't know how to hold his shovel. He was of medium height, slight, his hair, what appeared beneath his hat, was brown; his gentle young face was worn and haggard, and the bone-rimmed spectacles which he wore were well down on the end of his nose. He certainly did not belong in the uniform which he wore.

That night at dusk when we were returning to camp, I happened to fall in step with him. We talked of the weather and of the work, and he said to me, "You know, Mister, that was the first real day's work that I have ever done." He showed me his hands and they were red and swollen with white blisters in the palm. I felt sorry for Percy.

It was now nearly the end of November and the mornings were very cold. As there were no stoves in the bunk house the men were forced to assemble together in one room, where they could sit and read, play cards, box and wrestle — anything to pass the time. Their ten days were nearly up, and there were rumors spread abroad that we were to move up within the next forty-eight hours. It wasn't a shock to them as they expected it; in fact some of the fellows received the news with cheer. The bore-some life of the barracks was getting on their nerves.

As I entered the assembly room my eyes fell upon our friend. He was over near the stove writing letters, yes, even more than letters they were volumes, they seemed so to me anyway, it is difficult for me to write even a page. I can never think of anything to say. I went over to the stove to warm my hands. He looked up and never before had I seen such a look in a man's face as I saw in the face of Percy.



He looked as I imagine a person would look who is about to be executed. His face was drawn into a pitiful shape, haggard and worn. There was the anxious look of fear in his eyes but he did not stop writing. I did not ask to whom he was writing, but probably to his mother back in the states telling her of all the dangers and hardships he was about to go through, of his fear that he would never come back and that this would be his last letter. I'll admit that that is what we all think before we go back to the trenches, but we take great care not to write home about it.

I had been asleep about an hour when suddenly I was awakened by the mad rush of feet, the overturning of chairs, and the wild yelling of men. When I came to, I discovered that we had just been ordered to "fall in." The men were not anxious for drill, they were not anxious to go out into the cold air and stand, but their nerves were so keyed up that when they were ordered out they just had to give vent to their feelings in some manner. Then we were told to prepare to move up; our ten days of vacation were over. The men did not take the news with a cheer, they did not act as if they were provoked, nor did one of them grumble. Their faces showed signs of relief as if a great burden had been lifted off their chests. They would now prepare for the worst.

We are now in the trenches; our ten days vacation are over and we will again be under fire. One cannot imagine the strain on one's nerves: the sudden bursting of shells and that one central thought that somewhere out there on the field we must meet our "Waterloo." The boys are all lined up now, ready for the signal, perhaps the signal for their death. The steady bombardment that had been sending a rain of shell over no-man's-land had stopped now. A death like silence reigned over the field. Occasionally one could hear the low mumble of voices. Suddenly I heard a sound I couldn't believe existed among the boys; it was a low sob, a trembling sob. I looked on my right and there was Percy, cowering up against the trench, his gun, barrel down, was sticking upright in the mud. The poor boy was trembling like a leaf. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a shrill whistle, the men all up and over the top, all but Percy. I never saw him again alive, but I have heard his story many times and it is always the same. When roll call was given he was listed among the missing; but they found Percy not among the missing, but lying exhausted in a shell-hole far back of the lines. He had deserted. I heard O'Rillie say "I knew the fellow could run, but he climbed over the wrong side of the trench." The rules of the army are strict and Percy was no better than the rest. He was to be shot at sunrise. But it's strange how some things happen. Percy never faced the firing squad. On the eve of his execution the town in which he was held prisoner was severely bombarded and part of the prison wall was blown away. Percy made his escape. The guard didn't see him go for he lay dead with a chunk of lead in his heart. They found Percy the next day, his hand still on the trigger, shot through the forehead. He lay over the barrel of a Lewis machine gun; twenty feet in front of him lay the bodies of twenty Prussians. And as O'Rillie said, "A death-like silence reigned over the place."


Private Percival J. Scripps was buried with military honors. To this day may be read the inscription over his grave: "Here lies the body of Percival J. Scripps who died in action, September 12, 1917."

PHILIP ROBERTS, '30

THE BELL

Again and again the old bell rang
To warn those who ventured near;
Yet there was one, in the midst of that crowd,
One who could not hear.

The ice had gone out that morning
And weakened the old stone bridge,
So the men of the village had put up the bell
To keep them all on the ridge.



But the one who could not hear it
Was bound for Cape Town Bay;
His son was dying of wounds there
And the old man could not stay.

So, in spite of the bell and its ringing,
Intent on his boy at the Bay,
He placed his foot on the old stone bridge,
And the old stone bridge gave way.

Near the spot where the bell kept ringing,
And the old stone bridge gave way.
There's a monument to the old man
Who was on his way to the Bay.

MARY COLLAR, '30



SUNRISE

Just over the hill at the right was climbing a huge ball of fire. The soft clouds floating along in the pale blue sky were lighted here and there with amber and flame. The whole east was on fire. The valley was still in the shadow of the hill opposite, and a farmhouse just below the rays of the sun stood out white against the dark green foliage of the hill. Stretching out to the left were fields of clover, one of ripening grain, another of new-mown hay. A ray from the sun, flashing down the hill shone on a corner of the grain field and made it gleam like gold. The whole scene seemed to present a picture of red and gold.

MARY COLLAR, '30



TO MY VALENTINE

Do you like little Cupids
That so often hearts entwine?
If so, you're just the one for me.
Come be my Valentine.

My Valentine is, oh so funny
For she loves me and not my money!

I may not know you very well,
I'd like to know you fine,
I'm kinda bashful; just the same
I want you for my Valentine.

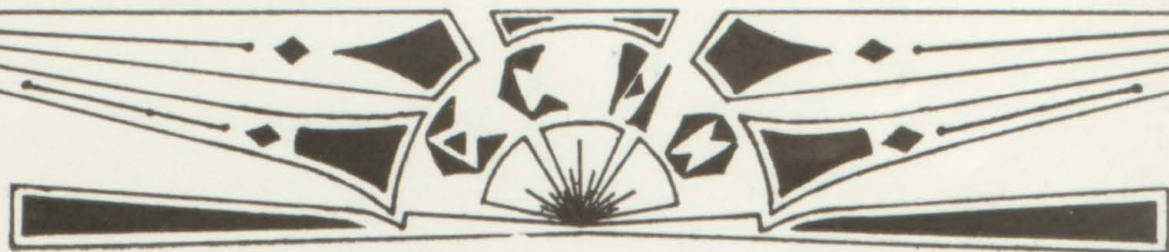
LENORE FLUMMER, '30



“WHILE THE COCK, WITH LIVELY DIN, STOUTLY STRUTS HIS DAMES BEFORE.”

In this vain world of to-day, many are the roosters strutting before the hens. In every branch of life, we meet braggarts and pompous asses demanding that the world give them the credit they thing is due them.

We all detest the so-called successful man who lectures us on how to live, how to save and to be bossed in general by men like himself. Yet, wouldn't we all like to hold our heads as he does and talk as pompously?



Men and women both suffer from a superiority complex. But it seems to me that men suffer the most. From boyhood up, it is the desire of every lad to show the girls and grown-ups that he can jump the farthest, swim the fastest and be the biggest daredevil.

After all is not modesty the winning virtue? Is not humility a desirable asset? In our dealing with our fellowmen let us not take the strutting chanticleer for a model but the amiable doves.

KARL NICKEL, '30



AN ODE TO OUR ENGLISH CLASS ON BEING A SENIOR

"I want to be a Senior",
The envious Freshman said,
"When I become a Senior,
It will not turn my head."

As a Sophomore his thoughts still ran,
"To be a Senior would be grand."
And as a Junior it was still,
"A Senior I must be, and will."

But when he reached that lordly plane,
And all his Senoir worries came
This lordly Senior was heard to say,
"Enjoy your pleasures while you may."

ORLIN HITCHCOCK, '30



ENGLISH III



Once there was an English Class,
I hear of great renown;
It took its fine origin
In noted Bainbridge town.
Now this class was very noisy
And often full of glee,
But all of us loved the teacher
As well as well could be;
When she stepped into the room
And said, "I want it quiet, class."
We quieted down I tell you,
Because we would not sass.
Now in this class a club was formed
With Helen at the head,
With Wilfred ranking second,
Chosen by vote they said;
Other officers were chosen too,
But these — they matter not,
For the offices they fulfill
Are just the common lot.
Now this the end of my story,
This is the end of everything,
For this is the end of the school year.

WILFRED LYON, '31

BECALMED AT DUSK

Angry winds tossed and swirled the brown leaves about the feet of the tall weatherbeaten oaks, from which they had recently fallen. Their branches creaked and groaned as the wind mercilessly swayed them at its will. Little breezes grown to furious winds whistled through the pines. Raindrops tumbled over each other in the hurry to reach the ground. Having arrived there they rushed in miniature torrents down the hillside and road. Bright, jagged streaks of lightning shot through the sky and pierced the horizon. Great claps of thunder followed the flashes.

In the little white cottage on Redmond Hill, Irene Hansen stood at the window anxiously watching the road and trembling slightly as each dart of lightning flashed across the sky. After a terrible crack which brought the rain down in sheets for a moment, came a temporary lull in the storm. The clouds parted in the West disclosing a red-gold bar which softened into mauve and gray as it streaked across the heavens. The pines ceased their harsh whispering, and the old oaks stood grave and still in reverence of the glory of the sunset.

Irene sighed happily to herself for she saw Dick's little Ford chugging courageously up the hill. As he came nearer he waved his hand to her cheerily. She could breathe freely now—she had been so afraid he would not be able to make the culvert road safely in such a storm.

HELEN SAWYER, '31

BRAVE BOY

"Yah didn't!" Surprise not unmixed with admiration showed on Skinny McLaughlin's face as he stared incredulously at Bill Murtaugh.

"I did so," pridefully assured the heroic Bill.

Skinny continued to stare open-mouthed until he saw Hecky Birdsall sauntering down the street.

"Hi, there, Hecky, did ya hear what Bill did to-day?" he shouted.

Hecky came up to the two and asked in a leisurely manner just what Bill had done that was so smart.

"Why he talked back to Prof Darling. Ain't he got some nerve?" explained the worshipper, glancing again at the worshipped.

"He did! Oh! Think of that! How'd ya ever git the courage to do that?" Bill had added another admirer to his list.

Soon a group of boys surrounded the hero of the day. Red Fiske, captain of the Lightning Nine Baseball Team, hastened up, heard the story, and then offered:

"Say, Bill. I've been kinda thinkin' that perhaps you'd like to join us. We need another good player. How about it?"

Bill stared and a rapt look appeared in his eyes. Just what he had always wanted. But, well, no use showing how much he'd always wanted to be on the team. Nonchalantly he replied:

"Why, I guess so, Red. I don't have to pay dues, do I?"

Red hastened to reassure him, "No, not you. Most of them have to, but we'll make you sort of an honorary member, so's you can get in free. We practice tomorrow night, don't forget."

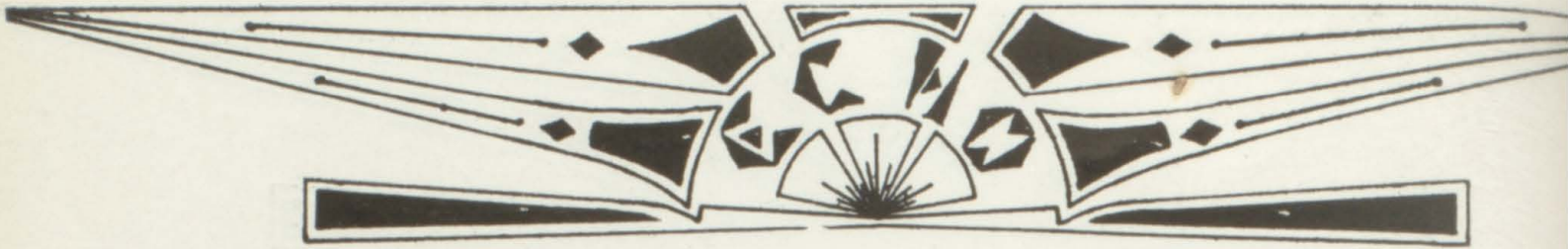
"Well, I'll see what else I want to do then," importantly replied young Bill.

"Hey, Bill, here's that knife I said you could have." This from Wiggy Page, who had just before school that noon refused to part with it even for a top, fishline (not quite rotten), and an old steering wheel. Bill looked surprised but took the proffered gift silently.

"Well, boys, guess I'll be goin'. See ya later. Goin' to have ice cream for supper," Bill explained as he strode away loaded with treasures long desired but hitherto unobtainable.

Whistling happily Bill sauntered into the yard of his house. Just outside the door he paused. The principal was inside with his Dad. Jiminy, now he'd get it.

And get it he did.



That night after he had crawled painfully to bed, he reviewed the events of the day. Never again! Golly, but Dad had used that stick hard enough. Suddenly he grinned. "Not such a bad day after all," he thought. "Let's see, I'm a member, an honorary member mind ya, of the Lightning Nine; I've got that dandy top of Chuck's, an' the knife, an' that bicycle without any wheels that I've been trying to get from John for just ages, an' that steel rod of Kip's (only one joint, but usable) an' Sam's baseball and bat, an' forty-two cents an' —." Bill began to snore happily.

EDNA SHOFKOM, '31

THE SALT SHAKER

On a dark night in December, 1929, high adventure still lingers in the streets of London. In the shadow of a tall warehouse a darker shadow slipped furtively along. It entered through a barely opened door and was soon followed by two more dark shadows.

Inside the shadows scurried like great rats over boxes and bales. Finally an open trap showed a yellow square on the ceiling. The three shadows descended a ladder and became three men, who immediately seated themselves around a small table and began to talk in carefully guarded whispers.

Two were obviously gangsters of the underworld, while the third, as shown by his blue uniform, was a steward on a large liner.

The latter addressed the taller gangster. "Have you got the sparklers?"

"Sure, but how are you going to take them over this trip, they'll soon get on to this loaded shoe stuff?"

"Well, I'll put them in my dictionary if necessary. That's the way the snow came over this trip."

The second gangster, a small slim man, asked: "Quite a load isn't it?"

"Yea, but it pays big now since my boss was bumped off —"

"Bumped off? How? Both gangsters unconsciously raised their voices, but quickly lowered them again. "We ain't heard nothing yet."

"Sure, bumped off last spring in a hotel, some woman in it as usual. You read about the Rothstein case? I've only got to pay one racket instead of two now."

"Who sends the snow over now?"

"The same as before. You guys ready to change?"

A small chamois skin bag was passed from the short gangster to the steward who, after pouring out a glittering cascade of unset stones, counted them, and putting them back in the bag, handed over a small package of white powder which the gangsters handled very carefully.

As the steward rose to go he said, "If I get any word I'll give you the chance to skip."

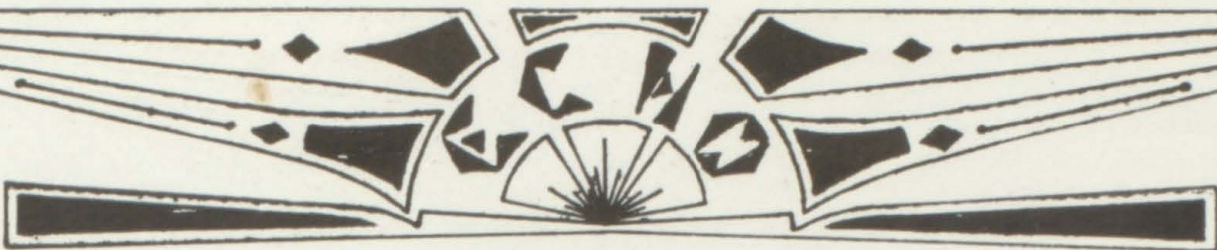
When he regained the street, he walked quickly to the wharf where he boarded an American liner.

After he left, the gangsters swung back a cupboard and disappeared in the black passage thus revealed. After travelling for several minutes they climbed a flight of stairs and entered a room by a cleverly concealed panel. Walking across the room the smaller man turned the dials on a large radio set. Suddenly a voice cut the still air: "All right, are you connected?" The man tapped a wireless key beside him and waited eagerly.

The voice from the loud speaker continued: "O. K. Hand over the goods as per schedule. One of you fellows go to Holland for more sparklers and the other go to Rome. If you hear anything bad from the states cut as soon as you can, and look out for the fly cops." The voice stopped and the radio was turned off.

"I'll take the dope around and you start for Italy," said the short man.

He put the package in his pocket and left the house. He walked slowly along the crowded street. When he reached the streets where the windows were filled with Christmas things he stopped to look at them, always with his hands in his coat pocket. He began to notice that a man always stopped a few stores above or below him. Edging into the crowd he soon disappeared. Thinking that he was free from espionage, he walked faster and did not stop at store windows. Thus he did not notice that the



man was still following him, with his hand also in his coat pocket. The gangster entered a restaurant and seating himself at a table began reading a newspaper, which he propped up in front of him as he ate. His trailer stopped on the curb and tapped his cane several times. Almost immediately several men appeared who followed him into the restaurant. Seating themselves they ordered a meal and ate very leisurely.

The gangster who had not appeared to notice them was very busy with his own dinner behind his newspaper. In reality he was taking the top off the salt shaker. He poured the salt into the sugar bowl and the contents of the package into the salt shaker. Then he replaced the top of the salt shaker.

After the crowd in the restaurant had dwindled to the gangster and his trailers, these men rose and walked over to the other's table.

"All right, come over to the station a moment," said the leader as he drew a gun.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Waiter, save my table, I'll be back in ten minutes."

The detectives and their captives walked out. One remained a few minutes to pick up the newspaper and look under the table.

At the police station the gangster handed over his gun, was searched and nothing being found on him, was set free. He then returned to the restaurant. When he arrived at his table again he ordered another cup of coffee which he drank slowly, smiling faintly to himself. Putting the salt shaker in his pocket, he paid his check, tipped the waiter and went out humming a popular song.

CHARLES FAIRBANKS, '31

A WINTER SHRINE

Striding along on snow shoes beneath trees whose every branch and twig was laden with fairy-like visitors from yesterday's pearl-gray sky, was a tall, square-shouldered man. He glided over the snow with rapid ease and with an expression that showed his keen enjoyment in life. Having come upon a slender brook which wound like a silver ribbon through the snow, he discarded his snow shoes and proceeded to jump buoyantly and joyously from rock to rock. With a merry laugh he threw back his head as the sun suddenly shone forth in full splendour touching everything with a brilliant, dazzling loveliness. Soon he came to a little glen on whose banks young silvered birches and tiny bushes grew in profusion. Snowflakes clung to everything. Stray sunbeams played upon crystal waters frozen in the act of leaping over mossy rocks. As the man entered this veritable fairyland, he removed his hat and stood rapturously drinking in its beauty. Surely here was an artist in a shrine so ethereal that even he could scarcely appreciate it.

HELEN SAWYER, '31

PEGASUS

What is this craze which has afflicted the American people? Is it some subtle property of the spruce wood, that what ever it goes into, whether airplane or skiis, inspires in the owner the desire to fly? Can it be that the ghost of Pegasus, that mythical winged horse caught with a golden bridle, could have returned to our sphere and browsed on the tips of the spruce trees imparting to their fibres a love of the clear space above the sordid earth? What other whispering advice could make airplanes sore to unbelievable heights and skiis float majestically over snow-covered slopes and mountain ridges?

CHARLES FAIRBANKS, '31

ESSAYS

Essays are disgusting. Formal essays are, naturally, more so than informal ones. What do we poor mortals care what Carlyle or some other introspective, egotistical essayist thinks or thinks he thinks?

The only essays which I begin to tolerate are those oral ones delivered by Yours Truly; and those are poisonous, both to me and to the ones at whom they are hurled.



Essays are the most useless, odious, abominable, bothersome, venomous, unendurable, detestable nothings ever invented, and I say down with them.

P. S. I've changed my mind slightly. Essays on essays are very relieving and enjoyable.

EDNA SHOFKOM, '31

• • •
ENGLISH II

• • •
FAITH

As the sun crept slowly over the Alsatian hills, an old man crept slowly from his bed into the chill of the morning air. Hurrying to the opposite end of the little cabin he proceeded to kindle a fire in the old stone fireplace which occupied the better part of his rude shelter. After completing his task, he walked slowly back to his bed and sat down. So far his movements had been almost mechanical, but as he sat down the tenseness of his muscles relaxed and he drew a quick, gasping sigh.

A little beam of sunlight suddenly found its way through the cracks of the logs and played for a moment on the jet-black curls of a sleeping youth. As suddenly as it had come it began to fade away and as it did so, the old man slowly raised his head. But the eyes never reached the window, for they, also, found and shone upon the curls of the sleeping lad. A warm glow had sprung quickly into the old man's eyes, but like the sun it had soon faded and was gone, and in its stead there settled a vacant lifeless gaze.

The old man's mind was not on his surroundings. It wandered back to the time seventy years ago, when he had sat on this same bed by his dying mother, and he thought of the words which were ever in his mind, and which he had so often handed on.

"Life is but a game of give and take
The cards are laid before us by Someone
Mightier than ourselves.
Life itself may seem mostly giving;
It is a trial to prove our trust in Him,
If we play the game fairly, in the end we shall be repaid."

With these words a peaceful, contented smile had lighted her face. How well he remembered that face, so careworn, yet beautiful and peaceful and with the warm fire shining in her eyes which kindled a flame of friendship and love in any one with whom she came in contact. These were the broken fragments of memory which he had collected, for in his fancies he only remembered the things which were beautiful and lovely about her. Most clearly he came back to him the words: "Life is but a game of give and take — It is a trial to prove our trust in Him. If we play the game fairly we will be repaid." Yes, life to him had been a game of give, taking only a few pleasures between the sorrows. His mind ran on to a time twenty years after his mother's death, when he was a black-haired curly-headed youth. How happy he had been to lead his little bride up the path edged with flowers. How well he remembered the pleasing odors of honeysuckles mingled with that of the wild flowers. Again life was a game of give and take. He had taken her, but alas the third year after the marriage, as the birds again began to sing and wild flowers were again peeping from their winter's sleep, he had lost her. He had again given to Someone mightier than he. He had only his reveries, and a black-haired boy to remind him of his happy past. The boy grew and as time went on the wound was healed, leaving only the scar of memory which ceased to pain. They were inseparable, he and his son. He had been both a mother and a father to him, loving, sympathizing, and caring for him. Life was again becoming enjoyable, the birds again were becoming audible to his deafened ears. Nature again became beautiful and the scented meadows filled his nostrils with their sweetness. All too soon his son married and left him. Things seemed dull and lonesome and life took on a dreary aspect. He existed, rather than lived. Suddenly, news came that his son was dead, leaving a wife and son. Soon after the wife died

leaving the boy, who was then hardly more than a baby. How well he remembered that toilsome journey to the little town of Mallon to get the child, who inherited his grandmother's kind countenance and his father's complexion. As time went on the love between the two grew. Once more life brightened.

Over the hills the faint clear notes of the bugle brought the old man back to the present, as he sat there staring at the face of his grandson. A painful, pitiful expression spread over the old man's face as the boy opened his eyes with a smile which showed two rows of even white teeth. His beaming, happy features reminded the grandfather of his mother and of his own son.

Now again life was give, always give, it seemed to him. Now he was to give the last of his world, the only one near and dear to him, giving everything: the love of three generations bound into one human soul and body. A stifled sigh came. All the old wounds were reopened, all the scars of a lifetime were seared deeper.

The fire in the fireplace crackled. He arose slowly, and put the little black kettle over. The youth dressed hurriedly, very much aware of the coolness of the morning air, chattering as usual, quite unconscious of the tongs tearing at his grandfather's heart-strings. The War, to his young soul was adventure, curiosity, joy, mixed with anxiety. He knew, or thought nothing of the dread of it all. As usual, youth was carefree and careless. Only now, as he sat across the table from his grandfather did he realize that his companion was sad.

"Grand-pere, vous etes triste, n'est-ce pas?" The old man could not speak, only in his eyes could be seen the pain which he was suffering. Dreamily and unconsciously, he muttered:

"Life is but a game of give and take;
The cards are laid before you by Someone
Mightier than ourselves.
Life is mostly give —
If you play fairly you will be repaid."
It is a trial to prove our trust in Him,
Your country calls you. Farewell, and God bless you."

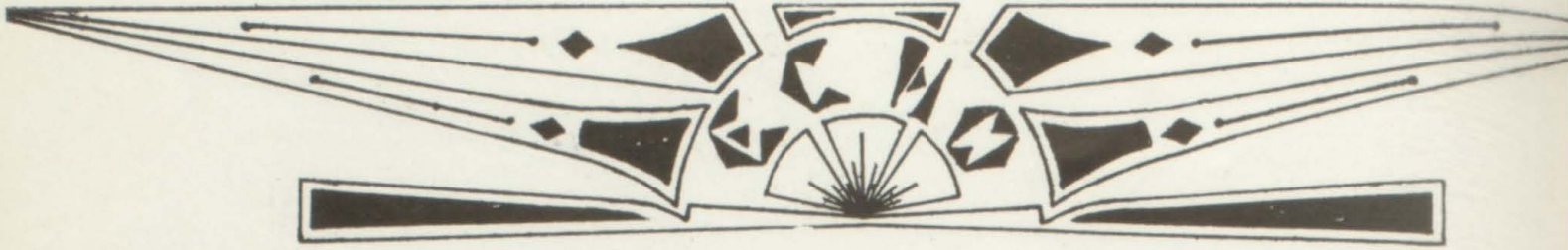
Time went slowly on, days were long; always he was waiting, always waiting. He went about his tasks mechanically. As the bugle sounded over the vale at sunrise, he would crawl from his squeaky bed and kneel at the side of the little cot and offer a prayer. Sometimes, tears would fill his blue eyes. Day after day he kindled his fire, ate, washed his cooking utensils and took the old black book from the shelf. Now and then a letter came and always as he read them, he could see those laughing, black eyes, that teasing mouth. Then he would place his treasure in the old black Bible. Later as the Angelus tolled, he would solemnly bend his head and pray for his boy. Always praying, loving, and thinking of his grandson at war.

Finally the letter came. "George Delsart is among the missing, believed dead." He took it calmly. Again he had given. Life was a gamble, for seventy years he had gone on trusting, playing fair and praying, only to give everything in the end. Was it fair? Was this his pay? Hadn't he played fair? Was life a game of give and take? Or just give? Faintly over hill and vale drifted the chiming of the Angelus. Automatically he lowered his head. "Oh, Lord, forgive me," and it was sincerely uttered. Weakly he sank into a chair, his eyes sought the cot as they grew dim. There lay the black-haired child as he was fifteen years ago, sleeping peacefully. At his side sat his father. In the arm-chair near the fire sat the old man's mother exactly as he had remembered her. Were they real? He tried to move, but his body was heavy. The fire crackled in the fireplace. The cabin door opened slowly and a strong young voice broke the silence. "Life is but a game of give and take." Immediately the other forms faded. He made one last effort and into it he put all his strength. He touched him, he was real, not just a creation of his imagination as the others were, no, for he spoke again. The old man's breath was coming quicker and harder.

"Life is but a game of give and take.
Life — may seem mostly giving —
— but you will be repaid."

With a contented smile he fell backward as over the hills responded the bugle.

ATHALIE BALDWIN, '32



AN ADVENTUROUS DAY

Of course we all have had adventurous days so I am going to tell you about one of my rainy day adventures.

One day when it was raining hard I didn't know what to do. I told my mother I was going over to the old house in the open meadow across from our house. I put on my raincoat, rubbers, and hat and started out. Oh, how it was raining. I thought I would get wet even if I did have a raincoat on. It wasn't long before I reached the house. When I stepped upon the porch it cracked and I fell thrown to the ground. Luckily it didn't hurt me. I finally succeeded in getting into the house. The room I entered appeared to be the sitting room. It had a few pictures hanging on the walls, two or three chairs, a stove, and an old couch. The ceiling was covered with cobwebs. To the right of the sitting room was a bedroom and on the left was the kitchen. I decided I would go into the bedroom and look around a bit. There were two high chairs, an old bed, a bureau, and a big chest in one corner. I looked in all the drawers of the bureau, but I didn't find anything of value, only an old sailor coat which I put on for it was rather cold in the old house. Next I ventured over to the corner where the big chest was. I pulled on the lock but it didn't seem to want to come open. I went out into the kitchen where I found a hammer. After I had hit the lock two times the cover flew open with a bang. There before my eyes was a chest of gold and silver coins of all kinds and shapes. On top of the coins lay a big long telescope made of brass. I was astonished. I didn't know what to do. Taking off my coat I put all the coins in it and wrapped them up. Taking the brass telescope in one hand and the coat full of coins in the other, I started home calling it a very happy and adventurous day even if it had rained.

MAURICE MCGINNIS, '32

OLD FAITHFUL

Up in the frozen Northland a long tedious winter was giving way to the short but beautiful summer, and the time when the mallard ducks would return. Yet, Ben Peters, the game warden of South Lake, had not as yet seen any signs of them, and it was the eighteenth of April. They usually arrived by the last of March at least. There had been a hard winter at South Lake and perhaps the Mallards had been delayed. All the same "Pete," as he was called, was worried about them, especially about one flock which had come up to South Lake regularly every year since Pete had become game warden. This flock had a leader who, because of his old age and his reliability in coming to South Lake each year, had come to be known as "Old Faithful" in the vicinity.

Pete was an honest, hard working man who in his years in Toronto had saved enough money to buy a monoplane and had soon become game warden at South Lake.

He visited Toronto each year in his monoplane, but he had always waited for "Old Faithful" to arrive, thus making certain of easier going and fewer snowclouds, as the ducks would not come up river until spring and fair weather.

Pete had taken his monoplane from its shed, placed it out on its runway and tuned it up. It seemed more beautiful to him this spring than ever before. He delighted in warming it up and in listening to its drone. It seemed to throb with power and once he could hardy resist the temptation to pull the joystick and let it rise gracefully into the blue sky; but he must wait for "Old Faithful".

But one day he got up earlier than usual in the morning and donned his flying clothes and goggles, for he had made a resolution during the night to find "Old Faithful." It was a beautiful morning, the sky was as blue and clear as the crystal waters of South Lake from which the ice was all gone by now.

Bringing his plane from its shed and putting it in position on its runway, he warmed it up, jumped in and throttled it for a moment and then threw back the joystick. The plane bumped across the runway, picking up speed and then rose beautifully and majestically into the air. After he had risen to an altitude of two thousand feet, he turned her nose westward and followed the river's course until he came to the sea; for he knew the route "Old Faithful" would take when he came.

As he followed the coastline he could often see specks which he knew were albatross, or smaller white specks out at sea which were gulls, but he had not seen any ducks as yet.

About noon, however, a dense fog overtook him and, fearing that "Old Faithful" might slip by in the fog, he flew quite low. Once as he banked to miss a huge rock that seemed to have flung itself in his way, he thought he heard a faint quack above the drone of his motor. At this sound, he drove his ship downward, and saw a flock of ducks resting on the rocks. He looked about and soon found a suitable place to land. Then he went back to the flock. They had always allowed him to come within a short distance and throw grain to them at South Lake, but now when he approached them, they all flew up and headed up the shore. One did not rise or make any attempt to do so. Upon approaching this one, he found it was "Old Faithful," who had been shot through the heart. Beside him lay a pile of grain and around him were many tracks leading the same way as if the band had been performing a weird ceremonial dance around their dead leader, and who knows but that perhaps they had been, at least no one at South Lake could convince Ben Peters that they had not.

FRED KIRKLAND, '32

ENGLISH I

When this class was reading Homer's "Odyssey," Miss Williams offered a prize for the best modern "Odyssey". The one printed below is the winning story.

THE MODERN ODYSSEY

Odysseus lived on a high mountain named Campbell's Hump. He had a tiny deluxe apartment and lived very comfortably there. A servant and a dog were his only companions. Odysseus himself was one inch tall, weighed one ounce, had gray hair and heart trouble.

Odysseus had often wanted to visit the peaceful village of Bainbridge but his heart troubled him so he couldn't walk that far. When the Heinz factory began to manufacture the car that is run by the human voice, he immediately bought one.

This car was the fifty-eighth variety of Heinz products.

While his servant was bringing the car to the apartment, Odysseus had been looking out of the window. He happened to glance down and there at his feet was a dice with the five side turned up. He picked it up, put it in his pocket, and promptly forgot it. The servant came and announced the car. Odysseus got his coat and hat and went into the hall. In the hall he rang for the elevator. It arrived and he was rushed downward. Between the second and third floors the elevator suddenly stopped. It was automatically controlled so no one was in it except Odysseus. He waited for about five minutes before making any noise. Then he began shouting. His shouts were heard by the telephone operator who told the janitor. The only way they had of getting it out was to go to the second floor, poke the elevator with a pole which usually sent it down to the first floor. It acted the opposite way with Odysseus. The janitor poked it so hard it went sailing upward. It crashed through the roof of the building and Odysseus flew out of the door. The elevator dropped to the ground but Odysseus kept going up. He flew so high that he became entangled in the propeller of a passing airplane. He hung tight expecting to be thrown off at any minute, until the airplane landed at the Bainbridge Airfield. There he got off the propeller and started to walk.

He walked until he came to Noyes' Drug Store. The door was open so he walked in and climbed up on the counter. Here he was attracted by a pleasant odor, which seemed to be coming from a deep cavern. Taking his life in his hands he plunged into the cavern and landed in a cold wet slush which proved to be ice cream. He was becoming hopelessly mired in the bottomless bog of the icy confection when suddenly he realized he was being lifted upward with a mass of the cold slime, in which he had become embedded. He began kicking but attracted no attention as he was made in-



visible by the magic dice he carried. He was put in a dish and a boy began eating him. When he got into the boy's mouth he became entangled with gum, so was not swallowed.

When the boy finished he got up and took a long walk which ended at the High School building. Odysseus thought he would surely be crushed to death but the magic dice saved him. The boy got his books and went into a class still chewing. When the teacher saw him she called out in a loud voice, "Fred, put your gum in the basket." Fred was very reluctant to throw the gum away but finally out came Odysseus and the gum. He fell on some paper and being very tired he soon fell asleep.

The next thing he knew he was being rudely shaken out of the basket. He saw a man and judged he was the janitor. The janitor then took the papers out of the school house and put them in a fire. The gum around him melted, and Odysseus thought he would be burned up but the dice saved him again. He got out of the fire and tried to find his way home. He had lost all sense of direction and went down the wrong street. When he got halfway down the street he came upon a large red, brick building. Suddenly a terrible odor (Casein) began to suffocate him. Dazed, he fell in a gutter, seeing nothing, hearing nothing and knowing nothing. Odysseus must have stayed in this position for an hour when the magic dice began to work. His head cleared, but he was too weak to move. Suddenly it started to rain and water gathered in the gutter ready to flow into the river. The water began to move and the force of the water carried Odysseus along. At the point where the stream joined the river, Odysseus struck out for the shore but the current was too strong. Once in the river, pieces of ice hit him and ducked him until he was nearly drowned. The dice again began to work. They helped him struggle to the opposite shore. Here he rested before he began the long climb to his apartment.

When he had changed his clothes and shaken his fist at the river he told his friends of his wonderful adventures.

BETTY SUPPLEE, '33

WHAT CENTRAL THINKS OF THE HUMAN RACE

I, Central, have often amused myself by trying to imagine the different people who call me during the day. I will give you a few examples to show how the voice describes a person.

"Number eighty-nine, please." A sharp, stern voice comes over the wire. A business man is telephoning the president of his company about some important matter. He is tall, and slim, with white hair. His face is thin with the hard, stern and rather worried look that is so often seen on business men.

"Number eighteen, and hurry please," comes the laughing voice of a college girl. She tells a friend of a week-end trip from which she has just returned. They say good-by and rush off to do some important thing left 'til the last minute to do.

"Number twenty-six," the sharp clear accents of a Scotchman who is as careful of his words as of his money. He is asking the President of his Golf Club to return to him a second-hand golf bag which he left on the links.

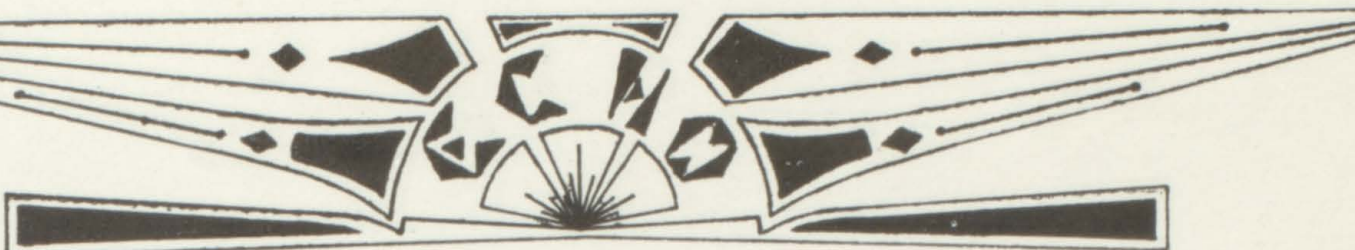
"If it isn't too much trouble, I would like number one hundred and ninety-nine, please," a weak, scared voice is heard. It is the voice of a little old, white-haired lady who is using the telephone for perhaps the first time.

"Number sixty-six, please," a harsh voice comes over next. A criminal is 'phoning his partner. He is ragged and dirty; his features are cruel and evil.

"Number fifty-one, please and for goodness sake don't take all day." The gushing voice of one of the poorer class of society women is heard at the other end of the wire. She is dressed cheaply and loudly. Her face wears a very coarse expression.

I hope I may meet all these people sometime and see if they look the way I think they do from the sound of their voices.

HELEN FAIRBANKS, '33



ON GETTING UP IN THE MORNING

Some people are very fond of getting up in the morning but others, the sensible people, like to lie in bed. Every one in my family except me likes to get up in the morning and they are so fond of my company that they do their best to have me arise with them.

My little brother sleeps until six o'clock and then with a bound he is out of bed. He squeaks the boards and makes a few other noises just to let me know he is awake. After his shoes are on he goes tramp, tramp down the stairs. I settle down for a nice quiet doze when the whistle blows. My mother gets up then. She, so thoughtfully, puts my window down, and announces that it is time to get up. After she has made her exit I pull the quilts over my head and go back to sleep. Just then my older brother comes banging upstairs. As I distinctly hear the squeak, squeak of the boards I decide that when I become rich I will have rubber-floors. Now his tasks are finished and he makes his way down stairs. As he lands very decidedly on each step, it sounds like an army. On each landing he jumps with an extra loud bang, there are two, and at last he reaches the bottom. I think they must be able to hear him in Europe.

Next my mother warbles up the stairs, "Mar-i-on, Mar-i-on."

Now all is peace and quiet. I am asleep. Suddenly I feel a tug at the bed-clothes. I open my eyes to find my little brother announcing the fact that "Mother says that you are to get up." I fire pillows at him and he makes his exit. Someone turns the radio on and one of those saxophones which has been put to-gether wrong begins to make a noise like a fire siren. Now I am awake and with a great deal of effort I manage to get out of bed. On my arrival down stairs I discover that the breakfast has been put away and I wish that I hadn't gotten up.

MARION PECKHAM, '34

A CHRISTMAS TALE

Marie Geraldts stood up, yawned, and went to the spacious fireplace where a roaring fire had been burning. She placed a small log in the midst of the red hot coals. Just one week 'till Christmas! How she would have to work to finish Mother's apron, Dad's tiecase, and Susie's handkerchieves. Oh, well, Teacher had said that there would be four days of vacation before Christmas Day. She put up the materials as Susie would come from play practice in fifteen minutes.

There sounded a timid knock on the door. Marie opened it and there, standing shivering, was a little girl. She had big brown eyes, lovely dark hair, but what a pitiful thin little face.

"Come in," said Marie kindly.

The little girl smiled as she felt the warmth of the fire. "Is this Mrs. Brown's house?" she asked. "I brought back her basket. She sent Grandmother some fruit in it."

"No," said Marie, rubbing the slender hands to make them warm. "She lives on the next block. When you are warm you may borrow my school coat, and then I'll take you over."

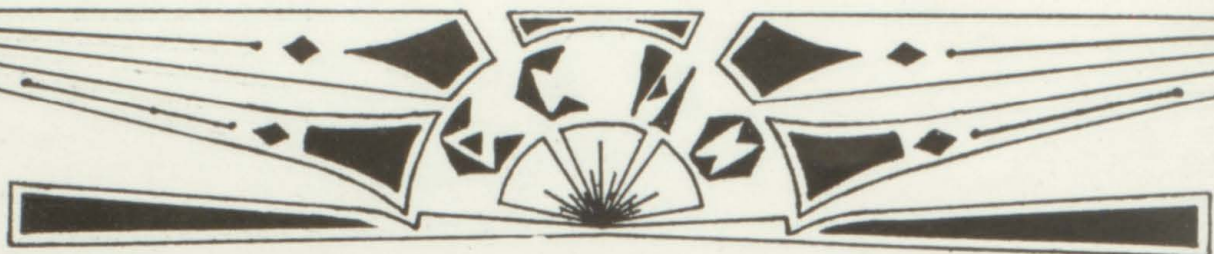
"You are very kind." Then as an after thought, "What's your name? Mine's Elizabeth Reems."

"My name is Marie Geraldts. Are you warm now? Then come on. We'll go."

After slipping the warm cloak over Elizabeth's slim shoulders, Marie pulled on her coat, and hand in hand they went to Mrs. Brown's. When the basket had been returned Marie said, "If you will go home with me, I am sure that Father will be there and he will drive you home."

"Mother," said Marie when relating the afternoon's events, "she told me that she and her grandmother will have no Christmas this year. Couldn't we have them over? You see she has no parents but lives with her grandmother."

"Yes, dear, that would be lovely. You and Susie could make them some extra gifts, couldn't you?"



"Oh, yes, Mother, and couldn't I have some materials so she could make some handkerchiefs for her grandmother? We could make them together. Wouldn't that be fun though!"

"That's an excellent idea," broke in Father. "And now off to bed, girls. Next Monday I'll drive over and get them. You two girls may have until Wednesday to make gifts. Promptly at eight o'clock they will be distributed."

On Monday morning what to their surprise, Mr. Gerald's appeared, ready to take them to his home.

"But,---but," inquired Elizabeth, "how can we?"

"Come, now, no buts" responded Mr. Gerald's. I was ordered to take you to Lexington Avenue post haste."

Accordingly after fifteen minutes of picking up around the shabby but neat apartment, the trio progressed to Lexington Avenue.

The gifts were completed in time for the tree and that Christmas everyone in the house had a very jolly time indeed.

And if you'll promise not to tell, I'll tell you a secret that the very jolly, be-whiskered man who told me this story told me. Sh----- lean close now----- The Reems are living with the Gerald's. Isn't that a lovely Christmas secret?

VELMA KENTFIELD, '34



SECOND GRADE NEWS

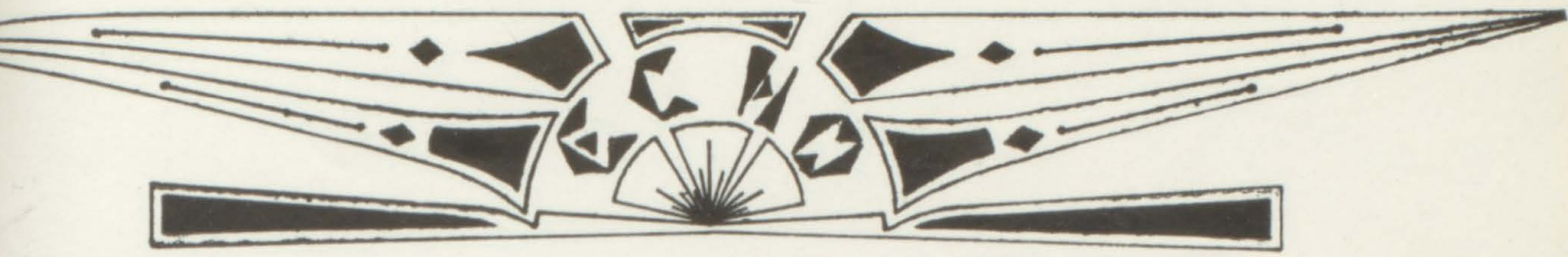
- March 24. Billy Butler's uncle George has a new car. He brought Billy to school this morning.
Raymond Oakley has some new tan shoes.
Philomena has a toothache.
Barbara's sister has a sore throat.
- March 25. We have heard that June is going to have an Easter Party.
Group 1 is broadcasting on station XMA every morning at eleven o'clock.
Tune in.
Louis Harrington had company yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. Finch from Binghamton.
- March 26. We had a fourth grade boy call on us Monday morning and he wanted to know how much 3 x 10 or 10 x 3 were. Carl was very pleased to tell him.
- March 27. Robert Parsons has spring fever, he can't get a passing mark in Arithmetic.
Barbara's cousin Harry named their new baby "Barbara."
We have a new sand table which the Seventh Grade gave us.
- March 28. Philomena saw two robins to-day. The teacher saw a woodchuck.
Fred Kirkland has the chickenpox.
Lita sat up a while to-day, but she stil has a fever.
Group II broadcasting for the first time to-day, Junior Monroe announcing for the station. Raymond Oakley had a fine voice on the radio. He may pass into Group I soon.
Frank Knapp's father has a birthday to-day.



COLUMBUS

Columbus was a little boy who wanted to be a sailor, but his father wanted him to be a wool-comber. He said he *would* be a sailor. The people were afraid to go far from shore because they thought the world was flat. Columbus begged for sailors to go with him. At last he found some. Some people gave him boats whose names were "Nina", "Pinta", and "Santa Maria".

GEORGE MUNK, Grade III.



THE KITE

A kite flew up in the sky;
 He said, "No one can sigh,
 When I'm so happy up here in the sky;
 A little boy new me, he was happy and gay.
 He said to be cross never did pay."

WILMA ANDREWS, Grade IV

MARCH

Call the Robin, call the Sparrow,
 Call the birds, and let us follow;
 Wake the flowers, wake the trees,
 Let's make merry, you and me.

MARION DAVIS, Grade IV

MARCH

The sun comes out,
 The snow does melt;
 The birds they sing,
 And bring signs of spring.

FRANKIE DELELLO, Grade IV

A MERRY BIRD

Oh, a merry bird is the jay,
 He'll sing all day for you and me.
 His coat is the color of the sky,
 And he always has a merry twinkle in his eye.

GERTRUDE HAWKINS, Grade IV

• • •

NOT SO BRAVE AFTER ALL

One day my father and I went out hunting. All the way to the woods I boasted about how brave I was, but my father said nothing. Finally we reached the woods. We went along quietly until my father saw a rabbit and shot at it. When the gun popped I jumped off the ground. Then my father asked me where his brave boy was.

ALTON HOLLENBECK, Grade V

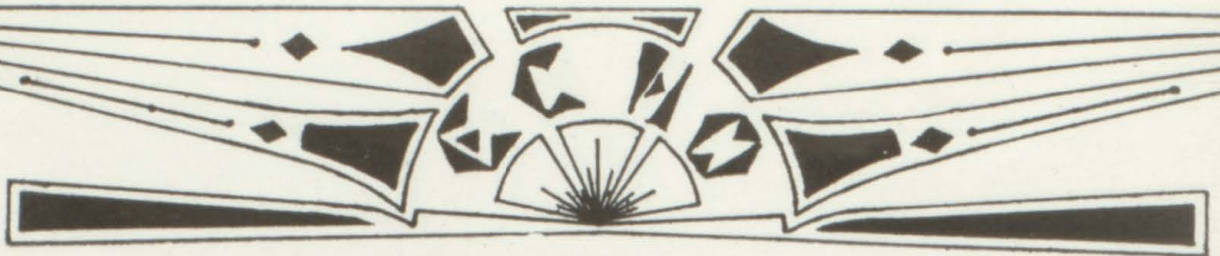
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SONG OF THE FLOWERS

"Awake! little daffodil from your bed,
 Spring is here," the robin said;
 "Awake, lift up your little head,
 For you surely are not dead."

"Awake! awake! little tulip bright,
 Awake, for you have been asleep all night;
 "Awake," the saucy blue jay cried,
 "For you are very much alive."

JESAMINE DAVIS, Grade VI



A NEAR TRAGEDY

A loud scream sounded through the stillness of the night. At once my dogs stopped and dragged flat upon snow, and I stood waiting the repetition of the sound. I was a member of the Canadian Police, travelling in the wilds of Saskatchewan to a post which was fifty miles to the North. My provisions were packed on the dog sledge which bumped into the last dog in the line. He growled instantly and was answered by a scream. I told my lead dog, Whitey, to stay where he was and took my rifle and started ahead. All at once I heard the scream again. It sounded horribly like the scream of a person. It seemed almost above me. I looked up, and in a tree about twenty-five feet ahead of me, I saw crouched on a great limb something which resembled a great bunch or knot on the limb. I knew instantly that it was the emitter of the awful scream. All at once that bunch flew through the air straight at my head. I pulled up my rifle and shot. The great animal died in mid-air, but the force of its leap carried it on. I tried to dodge but it struck me and knocked me to the ground. I hit the ground with an awful thump. I looked around and saw my bed above me, as I lay on the floor.

JOSEPH THROOP, Grade VII

VESUVIUS

In Europe there is of great renown
A curious mountain of Naples town.
They come from far, they come from near
To see this mountain in the eastern sphere.
The curious mountain with its flaming tongue
Has buried many towns among
The lowlands far below, and so—
Some say it's magic—
It went on this way for many a day
To think of its terrible deeds.
I call it tragic,—
But as it's stopped now, I don't know how
This little tale will be ended.

DONNA HITCHCOCK, Grade VII

A FLOWER GARDEN IN SUMMER

It was beside an old-fashioned farm-house. The garden was fenced only where the flowers wanted to climb. There were red, yellow, white and pink roses, some peonies and sweet peas, and a few daffodils. Among these grew many other flowers whose names were difficult to pronounce. Just the same they were lovely in fragrance and color. In the morning, when the garden was wet with dew, the flowers would sparkle in the sunlight. This made them look more beautiful. After the sun had shone long enough to absorb the dew, the flowers looked as fresh and new as possible after their "dew bath."

As this garden was next to our house, we received full benefit of its beauty. The bees would hum over the garden while they gathered honey from the flowers. The birds would fly over the garden, their colors contrasting well with those of the flowers. If one stood still and watched when the sun was setting, they would think it a picture with the pinkish sky as the background and the many colored flowers in the foreground. There were paths between the many flower beds leading here and there. Of all, I liked the pink roses best on their snow-white trellises. There was not a sick person in the neighborhood who was not well supplied with flower for the mistress of this picturesque garden was a little, kind, white-haired old lady, beloved by everyone who knew her.

MARIAN PHILLIPS, Grade VIII

JOY-STICKS

The trouble with magazines is that you're apt to pick up pretty hefty words from the ads. Anyhow, "Peck's" small brother was looking through the window, at a certain odorous time of year, when he saw "Peck" bringing home a nice, bushy-tailed, black and white "pussy." Running to his mother, he gasped, "Mother, Rolland's just caught a halitosis!"



This matter of going to Europe for a vacation is really theological. How do we know? Well, Prof. Casey's son finished his devotions one night in June with these words, "Goodby, God. We're going to Europe tomorrow."



There was a hold-up in Chicago, and Helen B. was grazed by a stray bullet. Thinking she was dying she dedicated a farewell note. "Rush this to Lloyd," she whispered "My own true love, my last thoughts were of you." Carbon copies to "Chick," Bruce, and Herbert."



We all know that "Fat" Campbell is Scotch. He sent back his soup because several letters were missing.



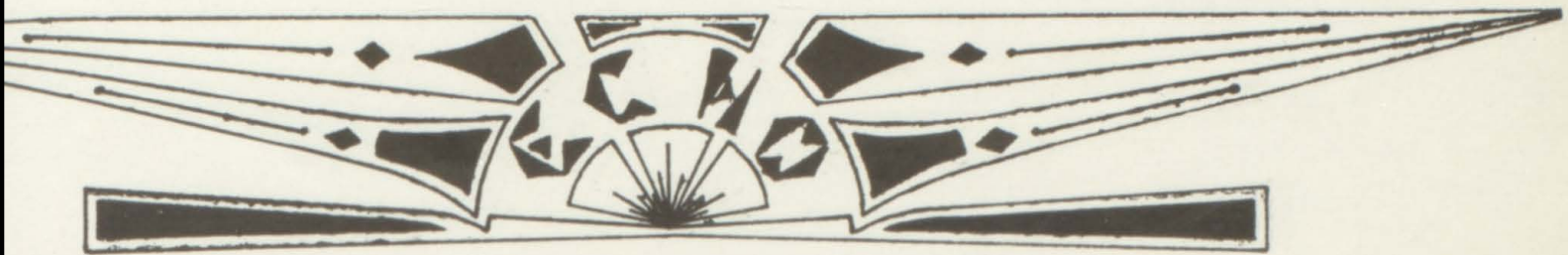
"JUST LIKE A WOMAN"

"My dear, I simply haven't an *idea* what she's mad at *me* for. Not the vaguest *notion*. We were just playing bridge over at Clarice's and not talking about a *thing* - - our husbands or something. Anyway, she said she believed in being kind to *her* husband. She said, 'I always kiss my husband at least three or four times a day.' And I said, 'My dear, I know a dozen girls who do the same.' And then she froze up and positively *slew* me with a look. And she hasn't spoken to me since!"

"Look Here Capt."
Ye com'es to see a game.
"Don't let Sidney a amateur
Gang beat, Ya!"



Stanley Darlin to Frances B. in a crowded seat: Am I squeezing you?
Austin: You better not! I'll attend to that.



A SPECIALTY

"Poetry in Plumbing"

Louise Lewis

Resolved: That there is poetry in plumbing.

First: I *think* there is poetry in plumbing.

Example: Oh, the plumber, who comes once in awhile,
Carries a kit, a grouch, and a file.

Second: There *is* profanity in plumbing.

Example: Hand me that # % & " % ' @ & ? wrench!!!

Third: Profanity is blank verse.

Example: Blankety!!! Blank!! Blank!

Fourth: There *is* blank verse in poetry.

Example: Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my
hand? _etc----

Fifth: Therefore, heretofore proven, I *know* there is poetry in plumbing.

Example: Oh, the plumber man said a naughty word
When he hitted his thumb one day.

---etc---



Clarence H.: Where do you live, Ruth?

Ruth D.: Down by the river, big boy. Drop in some day.

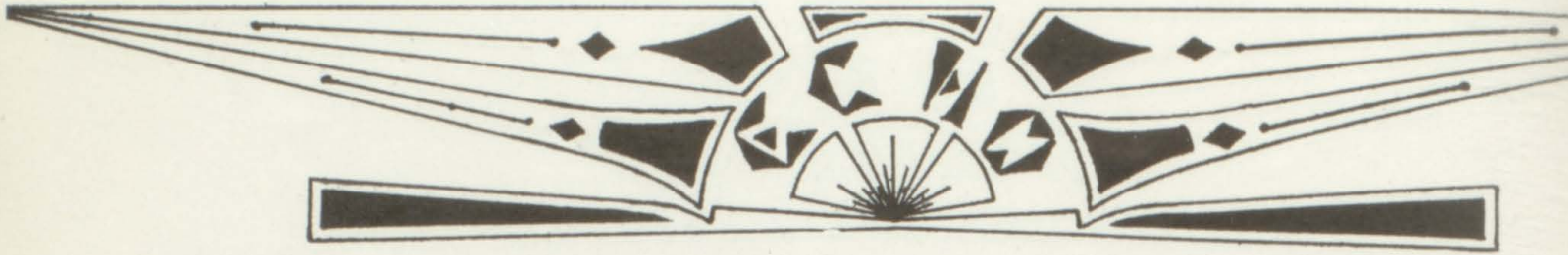


AT LAST

Though it did not become a gentleman, he tore a gaping hole in her side with one mighty pull of his great hand. This availing him nothing, he tore open her other side. Still she sat there placidly and without a murmur. By this time he was thoroughly aroused and gave her a savage kick in the back. This last sent her flying to a far corner of the room where she collided with the wall with a resounding crack. Having been weakened by the previous ill treatment, she burst open letting her contents roll out on the floor.

Fear not, dear readers, it was only a man trying to open a package.

WILFRED LYON, '31



OVER HEARD IN A SECOND HAND STORE

1. 'Morning, Rilly.
2. 'Morn'n, A'Nery.
3. How are you this morning, Rilly?
4. Fine. How's all your folks?
5. So as to be 'round.
6. Yah, yah, that's fine.
7. What can I do yer for this mornin'?
8. Well, A'nery, I would like to secure fer myself a pair of serviceable trousers.
9. \$.25, \$.50, or \$1.00?
10. Well, what's the difference?
11. Well, between the \$.25 and the \$.50 there's \$.25 difference, and between the \$.50 and \$1.00 there is \$.50 difference.
12. Yah, yah. Well, show me what ye got.
13. Right this way, Rilly.
14. Alright.
15. Well, Rilly, there is a fine pair of serviceable trousers fer ye, if ye only was a'working more. The price on these is \$.50.
16. Yeh, them's in pretty good shape, but here's a button off here.
17. Where?
18. Right here.
19. Oh, yeah. Well, I'll be darned, but I guarantee ye we can have these fixed.
20. Well, them ain't the best quality, anyhow. Let me see them dolla. trousers.
21. I tell ye what I'll do, Rilly, I'll sell ye these for \$.40.
22. No, no. Them trousers 'ave been worn too much. Most ready t' give out anyway.
23. Say, Rilly, I've got something to show ye. 'Member that dark coat ye wore to school the other day with them last trousers you got here?
24. Yeah.
25. Well, I've got a pair of trousers here that will just match that coat.
26. Well, I doubt it. I've scoured the town over to find a pair of trousers to match that coat, and I ain't seen the like yet.
27. Well, here they be. Seein's believing, you know.
28. Well, well, that ain't a bad match, How much be they?
29. Well, them will cost you a dollar. Ye see all the buttons are on good and tight and all seams double stitched. Why should they be? They are Dutchess trousers, \$.10 a button, \$1.00 a rip.
30. Yeah.
31. And they ain't transparent in the seat yet or baggy at the knees.
32. Let's see. They got double seat and double knees.
33. No. Yes. No. But they're in darn good shape, just the same.
34. Yeah. How be they on length? Have they got buttons for suspenders?
35. Say, I thought about that and had them shortened fer you so as you could wear them with a pair of spats we got here.
36. Thanks. But I ain't figer'en on wearing spats this winter as I got a fine pair of new red socks my dad give me.
37. Well, then, we can just turn down the cuffs and ye won't even show it if ye got a hole in yer socks.
38. Well, I guess I better see what my paw says anyway. So-long, A'nery.
39. So-long. Well, I'll be darned!!!

Do we like Fords? and how! When tourists drive through Columbus on their way to Kansas City the following conversations are typical.

Cadillac drives up; chauffeur says, "How far is it to Kansas City?"

"One hundred forty miles," is the reply.

"Give me twenty gallons of gas and four quarts of oil."

Buick: "How far to Kansas City?"

"One hundred forty miles."

"Give me ten gallons of gas and two quarts of oil."

Ford: How far is it to Kansas City?"

"One hundred forty miles."

"Give me two quarts of water, a can of three in one oil, and hold this son-of-a-gun 'till I get in."



Glad: How do you like your new job, Figs?

Florenz: I like it. I have everything to work with---cremated cellar, cemetery plumbing, elastic lights, and a hoosit.

Glad: What in tarnation is a "hoosit?"

Florenz: Well, the bell rings. You take down a thing and put your ear to it and say, "Hello." Someone at the other end says, "Hello," and you say, "Hoosit?"

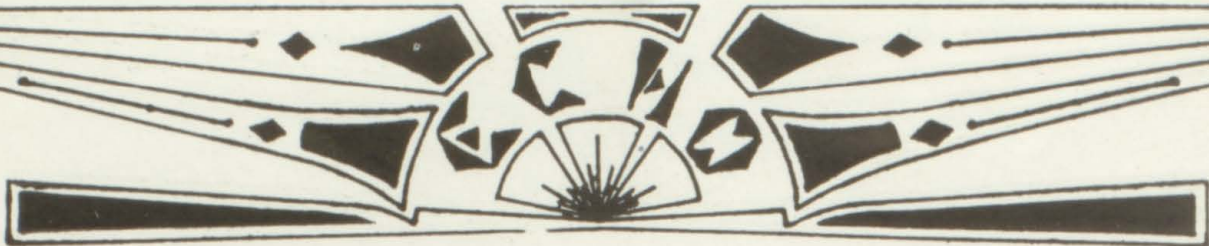
OVER MY HEAD

One balmy spring afternoon in the middle of May, I was walking down the main street of Summerville, Tennessee. The birds were chirping and twittering in their various languages, and the trees, what few trees were able to force a growth between the towering apartment buildings, were in full bloom. I was happy as a lark for I had just finished my music lesson and my music teacher had given me a large piece of apple pie. She was awful nice that way.

As I approached the downtown district, the traffic became more dense and the number of people multiplied. With my music tucked under my left arm and my right busily feeding the pie, I was left utterly unprotected. I did not see the sign across the walk, "Danger, Heads Up!" but walked right under the ladder. Suddenly I heard someone yell, "Look up, over your head." I looked and there, not one story up, was crashing down a grand piano. It was moving day in apartment 1296.

News Item: The funeral of Joseph James was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James on Walnut Street. The remains were laid at rest in the family burying ground in Happy Hollow Cemetery in Summerville.

PHILIP ROBERTS, '30.



Miss Smith in Physical Geography; What is a swamp?
Virgil (unconsciously, as usual): A place to get your feet wet.



When Miss Johnson was a little girl she was severely reprimanded for saying "Devil."

The following Sunday her mother asked, "What was the lesson about today?"

"Why, Mother," said Miss Johnson, "it was about our Lord being tempted by----, by----, by----, the gentleman that keeps Hell."



THE ESCAPE

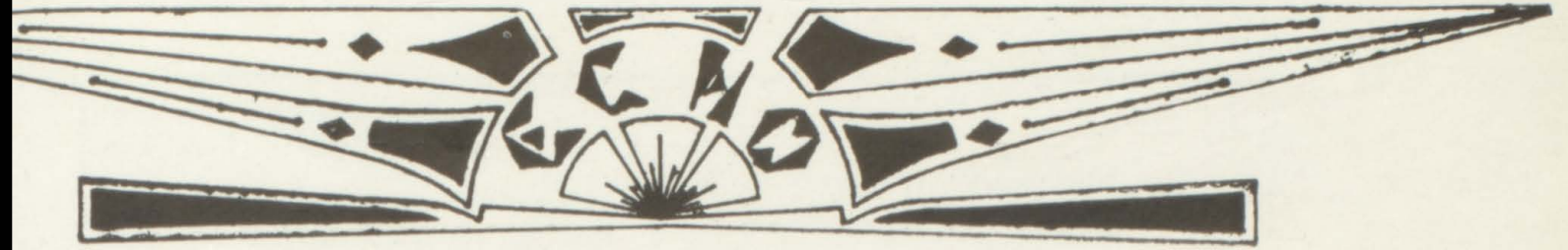
Once upon a time, there were three little boys and three little girls, not very good and not very bad. They had, in some way, provoked the wrath of the gods, and, although they had good intentions, the gods decided that they should get into trouble.

These three little boys and three little girls started in a wee, tiny little fordlet, on a wee, tiny, little journey, one wee, tiny, dark night. This wee, tiny, little fordlet had a little blowout on the way to the destination, which was a playlet. These three little boys and three little girls were consequently too late to meet their friends and go to the playlet.

What were they to do? Go home so soon after such a journey? Indeed not! So these little people sought other kinds of amusements. They found it and enjoyed it very much even to seeing a circus with a little flealet and a little doglet in the Wee Blew Innlet. But the gods had made the time fly very rapidly, and when these three little boys and three little girls came to, it was very, very late. They immediately started for their homelets, some distance away, very, very much scared to meet the wrath of their papas and mamas.

They were so miserable, that the gods finally relented, and brought about the escape. They kept the friends of the three little boys and the three little girls out later than they were themselves, and also greatly lessened the wrath of the papas and mamas. In this way, through the goodness of the gods, the three little boys and the three little girls were rescued and are able to be at large.





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