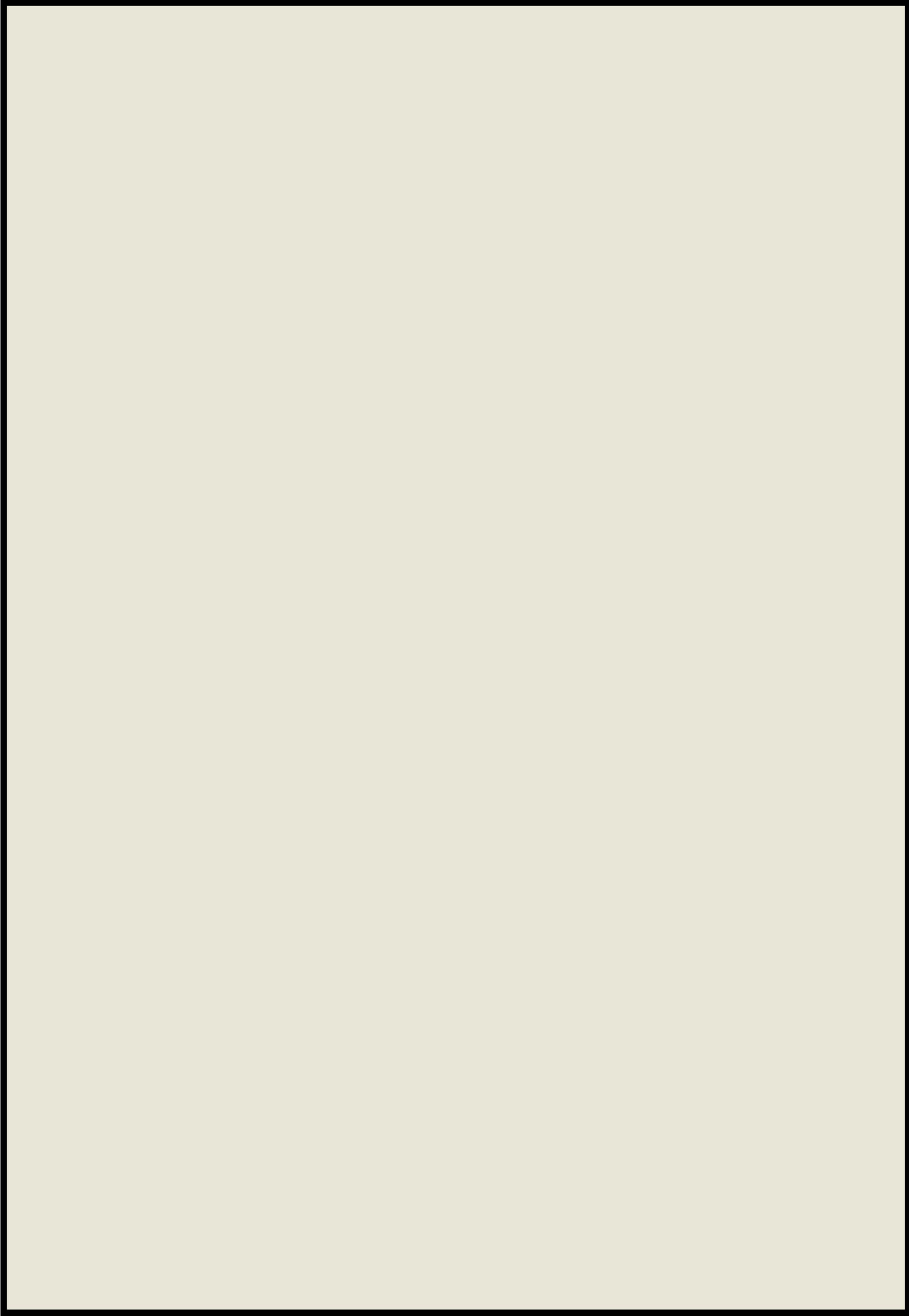






1931





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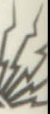
FOREWORD

The sky was overcast and from the west emerged huge black clouds accompanied by high winds. The Echo braving the terrors of the Susquehanna's waters kept bravely to her course bearing as she did rare works of literature, expressive of the joys and sorrows of the occupants of the craft. Suddenly the heavens opened and a great deluge of rain descended upon land and water. So great was the fall that all demarkation of water and land was blotted out and the sturdy craft was borne onward with the great rush of water. One after another, its occupants fell prey to the elements and were washed over board until only one remained alive, the Editor-in-chief. And she found herself wedged in the top of a mighty elm.

As quickly as the storm descended it abated and the sun appeared and the waters subsided. From her lofty perch the lone survivor gazed upon the Echo stranded on the roof of Bainbridge High School, her torn and bedraggled sides shedding pearls in the dazzling sunlight, her form enveloped in a rainbow of beautiful hues and colors.

F. J. CASEY

• • •



THE ARK

This modern ark which had set sail,
Just about four years ago,
Has arrived at it's destination
And out in the world we go.
We had our trials and troubles,—
But we had many pleasures too:
And it is with the sincerest sorrow
That we now must depart from you.
Our pilot has been Mr. Casey,
And ever o'er stormy seas
He has guided us safely to harbor
Just as nicely as ever you please.
So, though we leave you with sorrow,
We know we have the right start
To step into life's rugged pathway
And distinguish ourselves in some art.

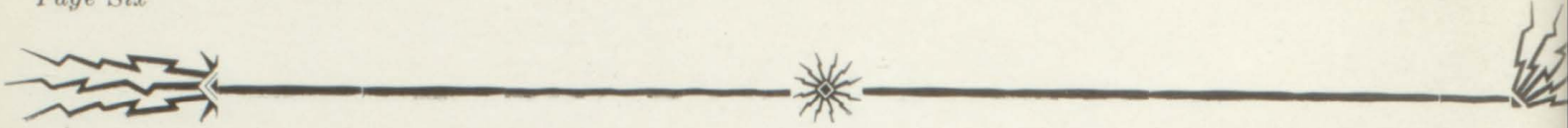
WILFRED LYON '31



To our loyal friend and advisor

Cecelia M. Bliss

We dedicate this Echo of 1931



GENERAL MANAGERS

MR. JULIEN SCOTT, President

DR. ROY A. JOHNSON

MR. NELSON E. WILCOX

MRS. CHARLES D. DIX

DR. GEORGE C. SUPPLEE



BUILDERS OF THE ARK

General Contractor ----- Editor-in-Chief
Helen Sawyer

Assistant Contractor ----- Associate Editor
Wilfred Lyon

Formen ----- Society Editors
Edna Shofkom
Elwyn Hitchcock

Animal Trainers ----- Athletic Editors
Alice Taylor
Clifford Loudon

Draftsman ----- Literary Editor
Ruth Figger

Surveyors ----- Alumni Editors
Margaret Springsteen
Carlton Loomis

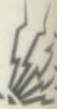
Cook ----- Joke Editor
Robert Houck

Architects ----- Art Editors
Gladys Hawkins
Lawrence Eggleston

Capitalist ----- Circulation Manager
Charles Fairbanks

First Stock Holder ----- Business Manager
Bruce Partridge

Second Stock Holder ----- Assistant Business Manager
Kenneth Vandenburg



NOAH AND HIS CHILDREN

NOAH

F. J. Casey, A. B. ----- Hamilton College
Principal, Geometry

HIS CHILDREN

Cecelia M. Bliss, A. B. ----- University of Vermont
Latin and German

Frances C. Johnson, A. B. ----- State College
Mathematics

Mabel W. Smith, A. B. ----- State College
Science

Margaret A. Stansfield, A. B. ----- Cornell
Latin and French

Eloise A. Williams, A. B. ----- Elmira College
English and History

Mildred Petley, A. B. ----- Syracuse University
English and Library

Stella Smith, B. S. ----- Cornell
Homemaking

Ruth A. Dolan ----- Crane Institute of Music, Potsdam
Music

George H. Isle, B. S. ----- Minnesota
Industrial Arts and Agriculture

Mrs. Florence Bliss ----- Oneonta Normal
Junior High School

Margaret Blust, A. B. ----- State College
Junior High School

Janice Pratt ----- Oneonta Normal
Sixth Grade

Alice Strong ----- Oneonta Normal
Fifth Grade

Agnes Brady ----- Oneonta Normal
Fourth Grade

Mrs. Mildred Hyatt ----- Oneonta Normal
Third Grade

Mrs. Ethel Quackenbush ----- Oneonta Normal
Second Grade

Anna C. Naylor ----- Oneonta Normal
First Grade

NOAH'S FAMILY NEWS

This is the saga of old man Noah and his many, many children.

He called them back to him one day September last
 And said, "Our play is over; The days of fun are past."
 But as he welcomed back each one
 He noticed on one hand
 There gleamed where thre was naught before—
 A slender golden band.
 Ah, this was time for joyousness
 Nothing there to sigh at
 Just that Miss Reeves had become
 Our new Mrs. Hyatt.
 Secretly the children gathered,
 Each in her private clan
 And after many whisperings, decided on this plan.
 That for an evenings frolic, in very casual way
 They would gather in Sidney corner of the ark—
 And there would dine and play.
 Then upon a signal pre-arranged
 As if in a tho't aside
 Miss Bliss arose and in poetic fashion
 A gift presented to the bride.
 Perhaps 'twas just for novelty—
 Or the sweet echo of romance
 For next thing on the children's program
 Was a faculty-boy friend dance,
 But here there was division, some couldn't come at all
 They didn't know of gentlemen on whom they could call.
 Girls are ever prone to deck,
 Themselves with jeweled things
 So two of Noah's winsome lasses
 Selected diamond rings.
 The family learned in subtle way
 That one was soon to leave the ark
 And in a craft of different style,
 On other seas embark—
 Every bride that leaves her home,
 Needs must have a dower
 So some sisters planned and gave
 A gay variety shower.
 Father Noah looked around,
 A daughter new to find
 For arks need harmony to keep
 The animals sweet and kind.
 The children had a party planned,
 The board of managers to feté—
 Miss Dolan arrived just in time
 In the program to participate.
 She sang about a big brown bear,
 A story fearful to relate
 And Mr. Isle, for comedy, read his version of Shakespeare—
 The bard of Avon bro't up-to-date.
 Then Mrs. Noah and a daughter,
 A party gave for all their kin
 And from all the corners of the Ark,
 Her children gathered in.
 For mothers have that subtle way
 Of making joyous times
 But to tell how happy the children were,
 I can't think of a word that rhymes,
 And what will happen from now to when the ark is bro't to shore.
 An Echo will never tell you—it comes after, not before.

M. WATKINS SMITH



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
With affections unbounded, ever surrounded,
Guarded by each Bainbridge son.





SENIORS



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

CHARLES FAIRBANKS	-----	<i>President</i>
RUTH FIGGER	-----	<i>Vice President</i>
HELEN SAWYER	-----	<i>Secretary</i>
WILFRED LYON	-----	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS CECELIA BLISS	-----	<i>Advisor</i>





PAUL BOYD

*Always dressed up slick and neat
From his head down to his feet.*

Transferred from Union-Endicott High School.
Gymnasium Exhibition 1. Track 1, 4. Member
of Debating Team 5. Operetta 5.



RETA DAVIS

*Whenever there's a thing to be done
She's always helping till the goal is won.*

Glee Club 4. English IV. Banquet Committee.



CHARLES FAIRBANKS

*Heap big Injun stuff he makes his rule,
He's the medicine man of the school.*

Prize speaking 2, 3. Senior Play 2, 4. Operetta 3,
4. Football 3, 4. Class Pres., 4. Circulating
Manager Echo 4. Assistant Business Manager
Echo 4.



RUTH FIGGER

*Always calm and self possessed-
The things she does are never messed.*

Glee Club 1. Operetta 2, 4. Vice-Pres. of Class 4.
Pres. of Class 2. Advertising Manager of Senior
Play 4. Advertising Manager of Operetta 4.



GLENN HERRICK

*Glenn's very meek, but high in the air
We often ask "How's the weather up
there?"*

English Play 1. Civics Play 2.



LOUISE LEWIS

*Lewis left us in the middle of the term
She's studying to be a teacher brave and
firm.*

Honor List. Glee Club 3. Christmas Party Committee 3. Alumni Editor Echo 4. Hallowe'en Party Committee 4, 5.



CARLTON LOOMIS

*In the orchestra he plays the drums
In school-life he takes whatever comes.*

Vice-Pres. Class 2. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Pres. Orchestra 3. Glee Club 3. Baseball 4. Sec'y and Treas. Agriculture Class 3. Basketball Manager 4. Junior Dance Committee 3. Hallowe'en Party Committee 3, 4. Junior Skit 3. Editor School News 3. Operetta 2, 4. Alumni Editor of Echo 4.



DON LOUDON

*Always around with a bright remark
I tell you he's a great addition to the ark.*

Operetta 2, 3, 4. Senior Play 3. Football 2, 3, 4. Track 3, 4. Vice-President of Agriculture Class 4. Glee Club 3. Wrestling Team 3. Manager of Baseball 4.



WILFRED LYON

*Always around with a cheery smile,
And making remarks surely worth-while.*

Class Secretary 1. Class Treasurer 2. Class President 3. Class Treas. 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play 2, 4. Football Manager 4. Basketball 4. Hallowe'en Committee 1. Associate Editor of Echo 4. Cheer Leader 4. Assistant Manager Football 3. Football 4. French Club 3. Vice-Pres. of English II Club. Sophomore Skit 2. Prize Speaking 2, 3. Track 4. Operetta 1, 2, 4.



BRUCE PARTRIDGE

*Likes to plague and bother the teachers,
When there's something on, he's not in the
bleachers.*

Class President 1. Class Treasurer 3. Football 3, 4. Assistant Manager Basketball 3, 4. Orchestra 2, 3. Business Manager "Echo" 4.



DORIS SHERMAN

*She's another that has not much to say,
But smilingly takes troubles that come her
way.*

Vice-Pres. of Home Economics Club 4. Glee Club
2.



EDNA SHOFKOM

*Edna Shofkom is always bright
But her mighty words are not so light.*

Chairman of Hallowe'en Committee 4. Social
Editor of Echo 4. Senior Play 4.



NAOMI SNITCHLER

*Naomi is vivacious and full of glee,
She became a senior before she ought to be.*

Class Treasurer 2. Glee Club 2. Track Meet 2.
Basketball 3. Hallowe'en Party Committee 3.
Operetta 3. Glee Club 2. Prize Speaking 2, 3.



MARGARET SPRINGSTEEN

*Margaret can sing, and dance, and play,
She's full of music every day.*

Glee Club 3, 4. Orchestra 4. Operetta 1, 2, 4.
Cheer Leader 2, 4. President of Glee Club 4.
Secretary of Glee Club 3. President of English
III Club 3. Sophomore Skit 2. Christmas Party
Committee 3. Hallowe'en Party Committee 4.



HELEN SAWYER

*Very studious and very wise,
Nothing escapes her watchful eyes.*

President of Class 2. Sophomore Skit 2. Presi-
dent English Club 2. Glee Club 3, 4. Hallow-
e'en Party Committee 4. Christmas Party
Committee 3. Secretary of French Club 3.
Secretary Senior Class 4. Senior Play 4.



DOROTHY SAWYER

*She studies a lot and is very quiet,
We only wish some more would try it.*

Glee Club 4, 5. Sophomore Skit 3. Stage Manager of English III Play.



ELWYN HITCHCOCK

*Elwyn is our quiet one,
But always likes to be in the fun.*

Class Play 1. Football 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Society Editor of Echo 4.



KENNETH VANDENBURGH

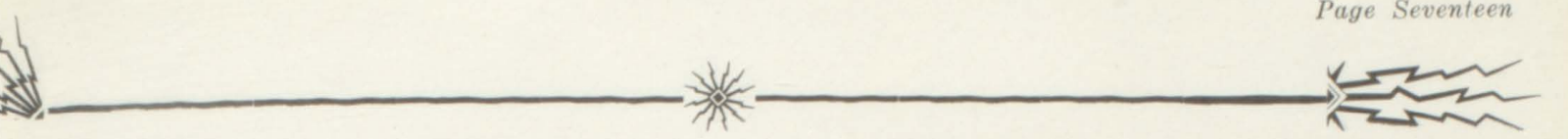
*Kenneth Vandenburg is sure to be around,
When anything's going on in this town.*

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Operetta 1, 2, 4. Junior Play 2. Assistant Basketball Manager 4. Assistant Baseball Manager 4. Assistant Business Manager of Echo 4.



SENIORS

The mighty seniors like lions bold
Dominate the school life, new and old
The freshmen lambkins so meek and mild
Over the sophomores often run wild;
Now what is it these sophomores do?
Why, they snap and snarl like we used to.
Now of course there's the Juniors who are tigers brave,
Who always do not quite behave
Just as they should, but never fear
They will be senior lions in another year.



• • •

SENIORS

The Lions started off the year with a howl by treating the inferior lambs to a corn roast. They succeeded in impressing their supremacy and superiority on these timid mammals which was, in reality, the reason for which the feed was given.

The next successful attempt at entertaining (for a price) was in the form of a Hallowe'en party in the Ark. Again our preeminence was impressed upon the lesser animals.

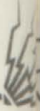
"The Arrival of Kitty" the annual Senior play was proclaimed from prow to stern as a definite success, as was the operetta which they later sponsored for the enjoyment of the Ark's inhabitants.

In March the Lions again felt a pecuniary lack (lions do occasionally, you know) so a benefit movie was arranged.

Although our life in the Ark has been arduous, we feel that it has been more than profitable, not only intellectually but also morally and socially. We have gained a broader and fuller sense of values. We have discovered the import and necessity of unselfish cooperation; we have learned that nothing which has not required strenuous effort is worthwhile and lastly we have learned to appreciate our Alma Mater.

Realizing all these in our preparation of the Echo we have striven to create a memorial to the influences which have made our high school days both happy and advantageous.

• • •



SENIOR PLAY

After seemingly months of practicing under the able direction of Miss Bliss, assisted by Miss Williams and John Loudon, the senior play, "The Arrival of Kitty" was presented to a large appreciative audience. Despite the nervousness and trepedation of the cast, the play was rather of a success.

The role of Kitty Binders as actress, was very aptly dramatized by Helen Bluler, while Paul Carman as Bobbie Baxter, was exceptionally good, as usual.

Jane, as played by Athalie Baldwin with whom Bobbie Baxter was in love was depicted faithfully as was the part of Aunt Jane, a spinster with a longing for marital life, as played by Helen Sawyer.

Charles Fairbanks, with true accuracy characterized Aunt Jane's dual brother-in-law, William Winkler.

Wit interspersed with humor was added by Robert Houck who took the part of the inimitable Sam, the porter. His character was in marked contrast to that of Ting, manager of the Halycon House whose natural dignity combined with acquired dignity made this role exceptionally well executed. Ting, the manager was played by Wilfred Lyon.

Benjamin More, the somewhat boastful but diffident city dude was very ably portrayed by Jesse Nichols and furnished the audience with sparkling fun throughout the performance.

Edna Shofkom, the French maid with a light and incurably flirtatious character, did a splendid bit of acting.

CAST

WILLIAM WINKLER	-----	Charles Fairbanks
AUNT JANE, <i>his sister</i>	-----	Helen Sawyer
JANE, <i>his niece</i>	-----	Athalie Baldwin
BOBBIE BAXTER	-----	Paul Carman
BENJAMIN MORE	-----	Jessie Nichols
TING, <i>a bell boy</i>	-----	Wilfred Lyon
SAM, <i>a colored porter</i>	-----	Robert Houck
KITTY, <i>an actress</i>	-----	Helen Bluler
SUZETTE, <i>Aunt Jane's Maid</i>	-----	Edna Shofkom



EDITORIALS



SCHOOL DAYS

What a wealth of meaning there is in just those two words when we stop to realize all that is back of them. Perhaps we are not too young to reminisce a little. At the mention of "school days" comes a flock of memories, struggles to master difficult subjects, school parties, friendships with the teachers, embarrassing and extremely uncomfortable moments peculiar to the madness of youth. From the moment we entered school, rather frightened but nevertheless, eager for our new adventure, to this year when we await graduation and the time to seek our places in the world, we have been developing and broadening because of the experiences we have had in school. Responding to the influences of school life we have grown as naturally and unconsciously as flowers opening to the caress of warm sunbeams. In each case there is a central, magnetic force. In the latter it is the sun, gentle breezes, and the freshening, enlivening rain; in the former it has been our professors and teachers, who have drawn us out of ourselves and prepared us to contribute our share to the world's work and beauty. It is they who have guided and inspired us in the realm of great literature, in the field of historical and modern political and economic questions, in the intricacies of mathematical problems, in the labyrinth of science, in the difficulties and exasperations of foreign languages. To them we owe our broader vision, our deeper appreciation of fine arts, and our keener interest in world-wide questions. The culminating event of all this preparation is the production of the "Echo". We hope that this palpable reminder of "the good old school days" will serve to deepen the significance of that phrase. We hope, too, it has caught that intangible something which transforms it from an inanimate object to something alive, that thrills with its spirit of our school days.

HELEN SAWYER, Editor-in-Chief

SPORTSMANSHIP

Sportsmanship is the most essential goal on the football field, basketball court, diamond or track. The rules of good sportsmanship should be studied and practiced. The team that shows the best sportsmanship never loses. Sports are played for amusement and health. Athletic games are played between schools to form friendship and closer relations. In these games you fight loyally to uphold the honor of your school. If you are victorious in score you should also gain the victory of sportsmanship which counts the most. The best kind of game the spectator likes to watch is a clean one, where both teams play loyally but also show sportsmanship. Sportsmanship has been tested and it has been found that the clean team of good sports has better players and is usually more victorious than an unsportsmanlike team.

ELWYN HITCHCOCK, Society Editor

DRIFTERS

We think of a drifter as something which has no mechanical power to get it anywhere and which has no definite goal to aim toward. It is exactly what we mean when applied to man.

Let's not be drifters without an incentive or goal; life's great sea is already too full of these; let's obtain the power to drive us toward the goal of our life's ambition from the engine of determination.

We seniors of the class of 1931, have besides the engine of determination, a full supply of incentive fuel furnished us by good old B. H. S.

WILFRED LYON, Associate Editor



FROM THE ARK LOOKOUT

B-A-I-N-B-R-I-D-G-E, Bainbridge
Hobble-gobble, Razzle-dazzle,
Sis Boom Bah!
Bainbridge High School,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Team! Team! Team!

Booma Sicca Boom!
Booma Sicca Boom!
Booma Sicca, Ricca Sicca!
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Wha-Who-Wah,
Sis Boom Bah,
Bainbridge High School,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Tin Can, Ash Can,
Who can?
We can!
Bainbridge!

Strawberry Shortcake
Huckle Berry Pie,
V-i-c-t-o-r-y
That's the way to spell it,
Here's the way to yell it—
Bainbridge!

Come on Blue! Come on White!
Come on Bainbridge, let's fight!

Now these above are Bainbridge cheers,
As all of you can tell;
And on every Friday morning
You ought to hear us yell.
Cheer leaders take their place on high,
And instill in us the pep,
To carry us on to victory,
And keep old Bainbridge's rep.





JUNIORS



TIGERS

At last the baby Pigmies have grown into full fledged tigers and we feel indeed our importance in Noah's Ark. But not until we have reached the lofty heights of monarchdom shall we be contented. With our added size also ambition has developed within us. At the happy Yuletide we sold Christmas wreaths and cones which yielded a surprising and useful profit. Then we put on the New Year's Dance and what a lot of work that called for, but each of those conscientious tigers and tigresses, who ventured from their cozy homes on that frosty, biting morning, showed such untiring enthusiasm that the party went off with a bang. Other than that we have not had any other class entertainments, but we still have before us three glorious months of sunshine and of pleasure.

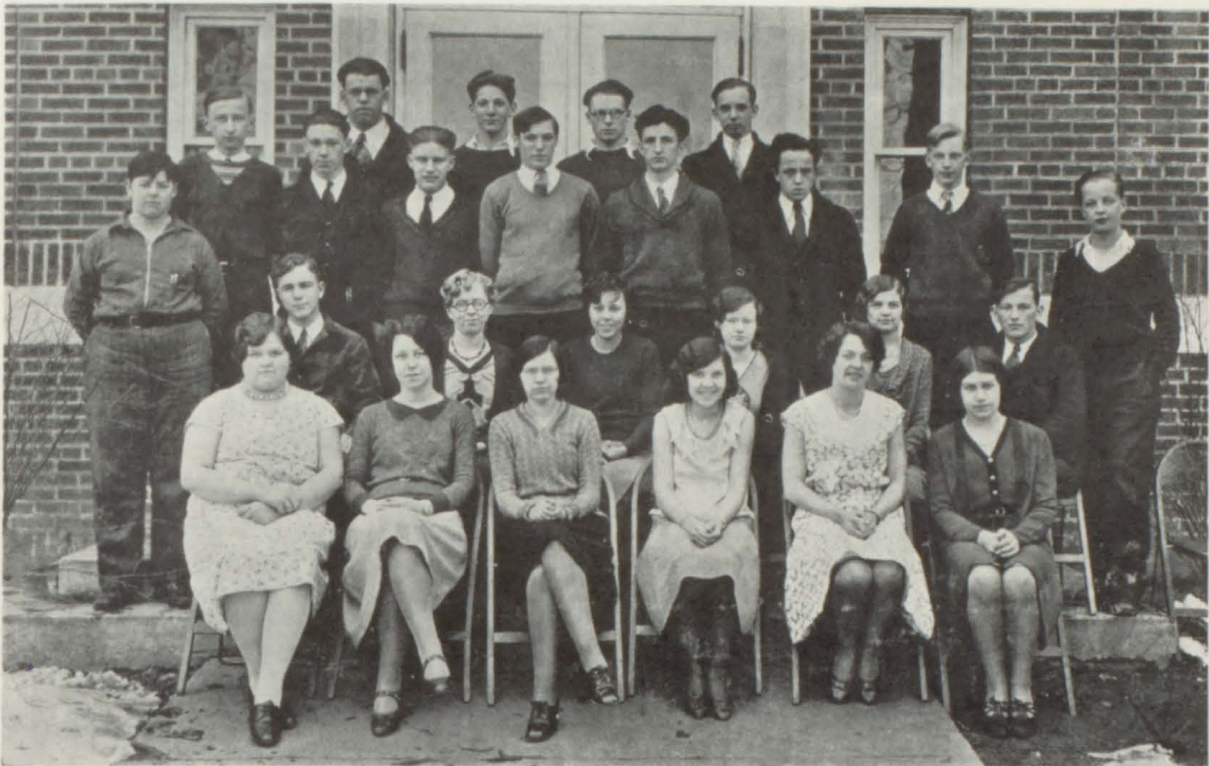
ATHALIE BALDWIN '32



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

CLINTON WILCOX	-----	<i>President</i>
JEAN WESTCOTT	-----	<i>Vice President</i>
ATHALIE BALDWIN	-----	<i>Sec.-Treas.</i>
MISS MARGARET STANSFIELD	-----	<i>Advisor</i>





FIRST ROW (left to right): Lillian Payne, Julia Riley, Dorothy Bly, Verna Banner, Josephine Mesic, Agnete Brandt.

SECOND ROW (left to right): Maurice Mc Ginnis, Howard Williams, Miss Stansfield (advisor), Athalie Baldwin, Jean Westcott, Sarah Lord, Kenneth Houghtaling, Fred Kirkland.

THIRD ROW (left to right): Clinton Wilcox, Clifford Mott, Frank Doolittle, Clarence Hoyt, Melancton Hoyt, Renwick Walling, Ove Munk.

FOURTH ROW (left to right): Lloyd Hubbard, Ralph Axtell, Roger Franks, William Ward.



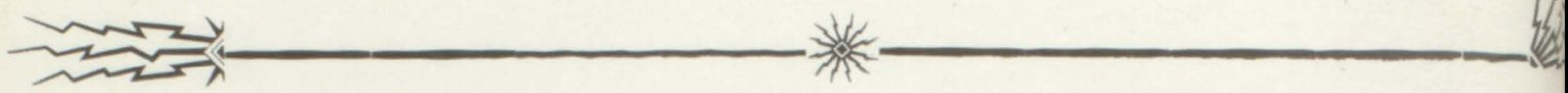
THE ARK LIBRARY

GEORGE HAGER	-----	" <i>The Last of the Duanes</i> "
MELANCTON HOYT	-----	" <i>When Knighthood Was in Flower</i> " (Rose)
FRANK DOOLITTLE	-----	" <i>Peck's Bad Boy</i> "
CLINTON WILCOX	-----	" <i>Popular Mechanic</i> "
JEAN WESTCOTT	-----	" <i>Romance Stories</i> "
RENWICK WALLING	-----	" <i>Nevada</i> "
ATHALIE BALDWIN	-----	" <i>The Harvester</i> "
VERNA BANNER	-----	" <i>Tempest and Sunshine</i> "
FRED KIRKLAND	}	----- "The Three Musketeers"
KENNETH HOUGHTALING		
CLARENCE HOYT		
LILLIAN PAYNE	-----	" <i>The House of Seven Gables</i> "
OVE MUNK	-----	" <i>The Frantic Young Man</i> "





SOPHOMORES



TURTLES

Turtles may be slow
 They are, so people say
 But we'll snap into it yet.
 We get "snappier" every day.

In our Freshman year we crawled slowly across the perilous highway of exams, but did we get seriously hit?—No: we "snapped" right into it and came slowly but surely to the other side.

Then came Sophomore days, older, wiser turtles now. Again the road stretched out before us, but before we started on it we held a reunion of all the turtles. At which time we had all kinds of delicacies except "turtle soup", this, in tribute to our kind, we prohibited. Again we have crossed that highway, and are still ambling along gaining speed as we go, so that we can enter our junior year with a great big "SNAP".

DICK COVEY '33



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

RICHARD COVEY	-----	<i>President</i>
KATHLEEN FRANKS	-----	<i>Vice President</i>
LUCRETIA BROWN	-----	<i>Sec.-Treas.</i>
MISS ELOISE A. WILLIAMS	-----	<i>Advisor</i>



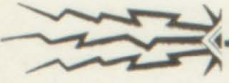


FRONT ROW (left to right): Phyllis Palmer, Thelma Newman, Margaret Payne, Charlotte Taylor Edna Sejerson, Ruth Snitchler, Genevra Foster.

SECOND ROW (left to right): Lucretia Brown, Kathleen Franks, Betty Supplee, Helen Fairbanks, Thelma Hall.

THIRD ROW (left to right): Alton Fletcher, Miss Williams, Edward Mulwane, Carl Hovey, Kenneth Davis.

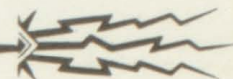
FOURTH ROW (left to right): Arthur Fairchild, Maurice Covey, Charlie Myers, Carlton Wilcox, Ernest Newman.



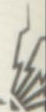
THE ARK THEATRE

GENEVRA and DICK	-----	<i>Min and Bill</i>
LUCRETIA	-----	<i>Just Imagine</i>
CARL HOVEY	-----	<i>Inspiration</i>
JESSIE NICHOLS	-----	<i>Redemption</i>
BETTY SUPPLEE	-----	<i>Are You There? ? ? ?</i>
CARLTON WILCOX	-----	<i>Tom Sawyer</i>
KATHLEEN FRANKS	-----	<i>Madame Satan</i>
CLIF MOTT	}	----- <i>Our Gang (what a comedy)</i>
LEON PERRY		
HOWARD WILLIAMS		
MAURICE COVEY	-----	<i>Cimarron</i>
HELEN FAIRBANKS	-----	<i>What Price Glory</i>
EDWARD MULWANE	-----	<i>All Quiet on the Western Front</i>
ERNEST NEWMAN	}	----- <i>The Spoilers</i>
CHARLIE MYERS		
CHARLOTTE TAYLOR	-----	<i>Love in the Rough</i>





FRESHMEN



LAMBS

It was on September second that the Lambs boarded the ark with Lucy Delello, our leader and Miss Johnson as shepherd. The Lions decided to welcome us with a corn roast, therefore, we gathered at Noyes' corner one fine evening in October. We were conveyed by cars from there to Juliand's Grove. After participating in roast corn and marshmallows we returned to our fold deciding that the Lions were not so bad after all.

October brought Hallowe'en and we concluded that we would have a Hallo'ween party. At about 7:30 on the twenty-eighth we gathered at the gymnasium to play games and enjoy other entertainment. We brought our party to a conclusion by serving cider. By some mistake the doughnuts had been left at the store but they were served in Miss Johnson's room the next day.

As every one had such an enjoyable time we determined to have a Christmas party. We met in Miss Johnson's room after school on the nineteenth of December. The main attraction was the presents on the Christmas tree. After refreshments were served we wended our way home with pleasant thoughts of the Christmas holidays.

All too soon vacation ended and we resumed our tasks to be almost swallowed by a big wave—Regents. We managed to recover and even gained some new members though two of our members, Marian and Charlotte Phillips fell overboard. We expect smooth sailing from now until we land.

MARION PECKHAM '34



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

LUCY DELELLO	-----	<i>President</i>
STANLEY LE SURE	-----	<i>Vice President</i>
CAROLINE COCHRAN	-----	<i>Secretary</i>
JUNIOR ROIDER	-----	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS FRANCES JOHNSON	-----	<i>Advisor</i>





FRONT ROW (left to right): Gordon Burton, Dorothy Taft, Gladys Covey, Susan Bennett, Harriet Brown, Bertha Shaffer, Mildred Cling, Lenore Andrews

SECOND ROW (left to right): Catherine Hamlin, Lucy Delello, Ruth Hamlin, Mary Ellen Price, Betty Lord, Dorothy Stanton, Joyce Showalter, Mariam Peckham, Jack Tuckey, Joseph Troop, Stanley Le Sure.

THIRD ROW (left to right): Catherine Houck, Arlene Fletcher, Donna Hitchcock, Velma Kentfield, Harriet Sipple, Carolyn Cochran, Marian Henderson, Gertrude MacPherson, Jack Palmer, Junior Roider, Bruce Hill, Frederick Tilford, Kenneth Elander.

FOURTH ROW (left to right): Newton Hovey, Velma Hall, Mina Seeley, Clara Parsons, Anita Sejerson.

LAST ROW (left to right): Grace Hager, Ellen Nymann, Rose Roberts, Miss Johnson, Keith Rodman, Alvin Hayes, Lawrence Eggleston, Joseph Ireland.



THE ARK FLOWER BOX

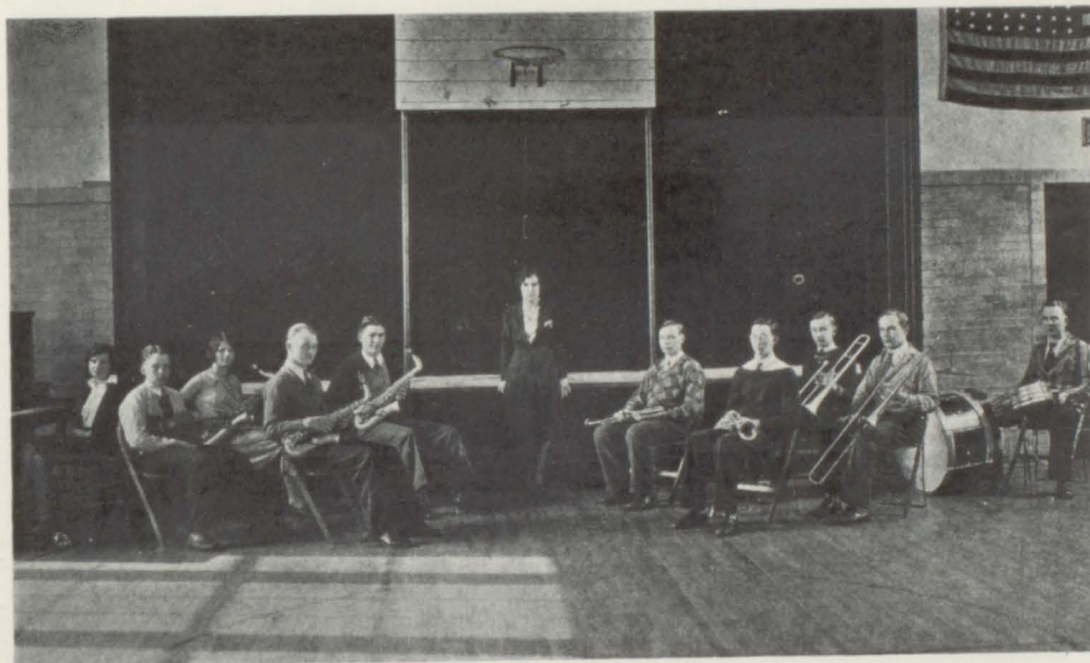
ALVIN HAYES	-----	rose (y)
FREDERICK TILFORD	-----	high-a-cynth
KATHERINE HAMLIN	-----	snap dragon
HILDA SMITH	-----	lady slipper
LUCY DELELLO	-----	black eyed Susan
WILLIAM VAN VALKENBURGH	-----	green cucumber
CAROLYN COCHRAN	-----	bleeding heart
KENNETH WILCOX	-----	Dutchman's breeches
ROSE ROBERTS	-----	bachelor's buttons
RUTH HAMLIN	-----	forget-me-not (how could we)
VELMA KENTFIELD	-----	golden rod
VELMA LORD	-----	stick tight
HARRIET BROWN	-----	cow slip
STANLEY LE SUER	-----	wandering jew
HARRIET SIPPLE	-----	morning glory
DONNA HITCHCOCK	-----	sun flower
JACK PALMER	-----	sassy-fras
BETTY LORD	-----	ever green
BRUCE HILL	-----	wall-nut
JUNIOR ROIDER	-----	weeping willow
GORDON BURTON	-----	pansy
NEWTON HOVEY	-----	century plant
DOROTHY TAFT	-----	slippery elm
DORTHY STANTON	-----	pumpkin



CABIN



• • •
THE CRICKETS



(Right to Left): Jean Westcott, Gordon Burton, Margaret Springsteen, Harold Roberts, Alden Wakeman, Miss Dolan (director), Kenneth Van Denburgh, Karl Hovey, Maurice Snitchler, Clinton Wilcox, Carlton Loomis.

The first half of the year our Big Cricket, Miss O'Kelly was contented but a big "He" cricket came riding out of the north and spirited her away from Bainbridge. We then

rode the stormy seas alone until Miss Dolan heard of our plight and came to the rescue. New music was purchased and under her wing we whittled out some good music.

During the past year we have played for the Women's Club, Senior Play, Christmas Entertainment and several performances in chapel.

JEAN WESTCOTT '32

● ● ●
THE FROGS



FIRST ROW (left to right): Dorothy Stanton, Betty Lord, Susan Bennett, Dorothy Taft, Margaret Payne, Mina Seeley, Katherine Houck.

SE COND ROW: Karl Hovey, Jean Westcott, Lillian Payne, Marion Peckham, Donna Hitchcock, Betty Supplee, Miss Dolan (director), Junior Roider.

THIRD ROW: Newton Hovey, Athalie Baldwin, Katherine Hamlin, Lucretia Brown, Margaret Springsteen, Reta Davis, Bruce Hill.

FOURTH ROW: Carlton Wilcox, Clinton Wilcox.

If you would only imagine that frogs have very musical voices you would have our Glee Club spotted. We organized the first of the year and elected Frog Margaret Springsteen as president, Frog Lucretia Brown as vice-president and Frog Dorothy Sawyer as secretary. As head froggie leader we had Miss Helen O'Kelly. We croaked in chapel several times and amused the less musical members of the ark with our noise. At the Senior Play we made an attempt to croak "The Sleepy Hollow Tune" and the "Gypsy Trail". Around Christmas time we had a frog convocation and managed to croak out a Christmas concert. Shortly after midyear we changed our head froggie leader to Miss Ruth Dolan. She is endeavoring to keep our croaks in pitch.

BETTY SUPPLEE '33

● ● ●
HOME MAKING

The darning needles having started Home Making 1 and 2 with cooking, we deemed it appropriate to try out our culinary art at a picnic. Accordingly, we planned our picnic and chose Miss Smith, chauffeur. Gaily we set out for the "Rocks", below

Afton. Having arrived at our destination, we carried our baskets down to the creek and immediately began sampling the "Angels on Horseback", root beer, and marshmallows. After the food had miraculously disappeared we, being slightly curious, made an exploring tour of the surrounding country. One girl became so curious to know the depth of the creek that she slipped in, clothes and all. However, clothes dry quickly and soon she was looking normal again.

A surprise party in honor of Miss Smith's birthday appeared next on our calendar of good times. We invited the 5 and 6 girls and had a wonderful time, and refreshments. We also served lunch to Miss Smith and some guests during the half year.

The second half was less eventful but nevertheless equally enjoyable. During this time we took sewing, helped to make the costumes for the operetta "Barcelona", made pajamas and staged a pajama review.

The Homemaking five and six girls studied interior decorating the first half of the school year. They wove baskets, painted glassware and planned furnishings for the Colwell-Kirby house. They prepared and served a banquet for the English IV Class and also prepared and served a dinner for the M. E. Council.

LENORE ANDREWS '34



AGRICULTURE IN B. H. S.



FIRST ROW (left to right): Stanley Le Suer, Frederick Birdsall, Gordon Burton, Kenneth Elander, Leon Perry, Elton Fletcher, Newton Hovey.

SECOND ROW: Carlton Meade, Maurice Mc Ginnis, Karl Hovey, Ralph Axtell, Carlton Wilcox, Don Loudon, William Hohreiter, Kenneth Davis, Mr. Ilse.

THIRD ROW: Kenneth Van Denburgh, Frank Doolittle, Lynn Hubbard, Glenn Herrick, Lloyd Hubbard, Marshall Moore, Joseph Ireland, Maurice Snitchler, Lawrence Eggleston.

FOURTH ROW: Arthur Fairchild, Robert Houck, Roger Franks, Harold Roberts, Carlton Loomis.

The Agriculture department in the High School has nearly doubled its enrollment this year with 38 students interested in farming or allied occupations. What a change from last year. "AG" is now two years old and full grown—ready and able to help solve the agricultural problems of the community.

Again this year our Ag representative Elton Fletcher won the Silver Farm Crops Medal at Morrisville, putting Bainbridge again in first place above 55 other contestants in New York State. Last year the medal was won by Alden Wakeman.

Our classes in agriculture have been doing more judging and having demonstrations this year.

On November 7th the Fall Rally of the Delaware-Susquehanna region was held at Bainbridge. President Robert Houck had charge of the meeting in cooperation with "Chief" Ilse. Two hundred young farmers were present from the following towns: Afton, Endicott, Franklin, Greene, Guilford, Milford, Owego, and Walton.

Stress is now being laid on the big Spring Rally which will be held probably some time in May at which 300 Ag students of southern New York will assemble at B. H. S.

Rather than take a tour or trip the Agricultural Class constructed and paid for \$125.00 worth of material in putting up a much needed classroom and equipping it, thereby setting perhaps a precedent in providing their own facilities for instruction without expense to the school district.



THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

On the seventeenth of December, the Glee Club gave their annual Christmas Concert. It was well attended and both modern and old Christmas carols were given. The following is the program as was given that night.

Orchestra:

Glee Club:

1. O Thou Glorious Day Victorious
2. Oh Come, Oh Come, Emmanuel

Solo:

Margaret Springsteen

Glee Club:

1. A Child This Day is Born
2. Good King Wenceslas

Xylophone Solo:

Howard Williams

Quartette:

1. Joy to the World
L. Brown H. Sawyer
M. Springsteen D. Sawyer

Glee Club:

1. The Holly and The Ivy
2. What Soul Inspiring Music

Trombone Solo:

Morris Snitchler

Glee Club:

1. Little Jacques
2. Come Antony, Come Peter

Quartette: The Star

M. Springsteen K. Hamlin
D. Sawyer H. Sawyer

Glee Club:

1. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing!
2. It Came Upon a Midnight Clear
3. Silent Night, Holy Night
4. Adeste Fidelis

SILAS MARNER

During our course in the study of English II, we were required to read the book entitled "Silas Marner" by George Eliot. Of course, we viewed a book with such an uninteresting title with horror. But after reading the novel, and discussing it at length, we found that the majority of the class rather liked it. Upon further discussion someone suggested that it be dramatized. Then followed four agonizing days in which the English II members painfully and laboriously converted the narrative into drama. Finally the play of "Silas Marner" was completed. The next thing in order of events was its production.

The stage and costume managers, Helen Fairbanks and Betty Supplee, assisted by Phyllis Palmer and Thelma Newman certainly did their share of the work. Marian Peckham arranged for the musical entertainment given between acts. Lucretia Brown and Ruth Snitchler comprised the make-up committee.

Finally on the eve of February tenth, the play was successfully presented under the direction of Miss Petley by the following cast:

PROLOGUE

MINISTER	Howard Williams
WILLIAM DANE	Ernest Newman
SILAS MARNER	Charlie Myers
SARAH	Clara Parsons
CHURCH MEMBERS	Members of class

ACTS I, II, III

SILAS MARNER	Carlton Wilcox
DUNSTAN CASS	Jesse Nichols
GODFREY CASS	Richard Covey
SQUIRE CASS	Kenneth Davis
NANCY LAMMETER	Genevra Foster
PRISCILLA LAMMETER	Velma Lord
MR. LAMMETER	Morris Snitchler
DR. KIMBLE	Frederick Birdsall
EPPIE	Velma Kentfield
DOLLY WINTHROP	Kathaleen Franks
AARON WINTHROP	Maurice Covey

After this intensive study of "Silas Marner" each member of the class is sure he could successfully pass the most difficult comprehensive examination ever given him on the book. Try us out.

VELMA KENTFIELD '33

VELMA LORD '33




ENGLISH IV BANQUET

The English IV class of Bainbridge High School held a banquet at the Homemaking House on December 17, 1930. It was held to represent the meeting of two English Literary Clubs with the life of Ralph Waldo Emerson the great essayist, as the topic for the speeches. Our charming little English teacher, Miss Petley, was hostess of the banquet.

Mr. Clifford Loudon was president of the Literary Club of Bainbridge and he started the banquet with a hearty inspiring speech of welcome. Miss Reta Davis was president of the visiting Literary Club and she gave the response as guests of the Bainbridge Literary Club.

The program was continued by Miss Mildred Hodge who introduced each speaker. The following pupils were speakers, each person having some phase of Emerson's life to portray:

Historical Background	Naomi Snitchler
Emerson's Ancestors	Charles Fairbanks
Concord Hymn	Ruth Figger
Emerson as a Boy	Margaret Springsteen
Emerson's Attitudes	Elwyn Hitchcock
Emerson's Manhood	Wilfred Lyon
Emerson's Later Life	Agnete Brandt
Introduction of the famous English Critic	Robert Houck



Miss Helen Sawyer represented the famous English critic and was the guest of honor. The speech on "The Style and Work of Emerson" which we are including in our Echo was given by the critic on this occasion.

After the speeches the banquet dinner consisting of apple cocktail as the first course was served. Then came the main course with veal loaf, french fried potatoes, peas, rolls and perfection salad. The last course was a delicious dessert of junket with cherry sauce and coffee. This delicious banquet dinner was served under the supervision of Miss Stella Smith, our Homemaking Teacher, with the help of a few of the Homemaking girls.

The banquet was a big success and everyone seemed to enjoy the change from the usual routine for the day.

AGNETE BRANDT '32



GIRL SCOUTS

The second year of scouting for the girls of Troop number 1 of Bainbridge is past. In spite of successive epidemic of Scarlet Fever and Mumps, we feel that a great deal has been accomplished not only in service to the community, but also in various scout projects, and last but not least in recreation.

Last May in preparation for Memorial Day the scouts assisted the Daughters of the Union Veterans in planting geraniums on the graves of the war veterans of the nation. At Thanksgiving time baskets of good things were sent to the needy. During the Christmas season carols were sung before the homes of the shut-ins. Sunshine baskets and scrap-books were prepared to help pass away time for those in quarantine.

In May there will be a ceremony at which some of the officials of the council are planning to be present. At this time there will be presented to the members, the badges they have earned during the preceding year. For instruction in the work necessary for obtaining these merit badges classes under competent leaders have been organized in photography, first aid, child nurse, home nurse, nature study and cooking.

In August came the climax of the scout year for some of the girls, for then fifteen of the members attended camp Amahami. Besides the jolly good time enjoyed by all, they learned much from the craft instruction and nature hikes.

The year has not been composed entirely of work for the scouts have had many opportunities for recreation. Several of the patrols have gone on overnight camping trips and picnic hikes to Danforth's cottage. In January a very enjoyable party was given for two of the members who were leaving. Each Monday night at our meeting, one patrol furnishes a program for the entertainment of the rest.

Altogether the past year has been one of pleasure and profit for the Girl Scouts of Bainbridge.

HELEN FAIRBANKS '33



THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS

Joyous shouts—acrobatic expression of glee—dilapidated school books thrown recklessly onto shelves—playtime clothes hastily piled into suitcases, cakes and cookies energetically baked—gay laughter and cries amid the riotous honking of horns and the Oeeca Camp Fire Girls were off for the wide open spaces.

Most of us girls arrived at Arnold's Lake around noon (hush: don't mention the "Sawyer Bus"). Gaily we took possession of the cottage christened "Chapin's Three Oaks". That week passed in carefree leisure and wholesome fun, was one of the happiest we have ever known. Every day spent in rowing, swimming, hiking, resting and eating (so necessary and vital an occupation should not be omitted) was a beautiful dream. With a happy sigh we broke camp July 2, and returned to our homes—our thoughts ever hovering about that never-to-be-forgotten week.

Since one of the C. F. ideals is to serve, we gave several baskets to shut-ins at Thanksgiving time.

In order to replenish our exchequer we sold brownies and fudge at basketball games. Also we attempted to provide amusement for the public (incidentally increasing our

The operetta Barcelona was presented by the pupils of the High School on February 17th, and 18th, under the direction of John Loudon assisted by Ruth Dolan as music director, and by Cecelia Bliss.

wealth) by giving a dance. Our financial aspiration was not entirely attained.

Since the organization is interested in its future as well as the present, we realized that we would not always be active C. F. Girls. As a result we have formed a fine group of Bluebirds with two of our members as guardians.

The Camp Fire Benefit Movie scheduled for May we hope will be a successful one so that we may continue our philanthropic work and personal pleasure.

DOROTHY SAWYER '31

BOY SCOUTS

Troop 52 of Bainbridge was reorganized under Ernest Hoyt as scoutmaster and Robert Houck as his assistant on November 31, 1930. Cameron Collins and Charles Fairbanks are Senior Patrol Leaders. There are twenty-seven scouts and two cubs organized in three patrols. Many inter-patrol and troop activities are planned to take place during the coming year.

Last fall the scouts constructed a log cabin on the bank of Banner Creek with the aid of the American Legion. The troop demonstrated the Chemistry Merit Badge at the Binghamton Armory at the Merit Badge Show, February 13th, and 14th.

CHARLES FAIRBANKS '31

BARCELONA

This operetta was replete with charming lyrics, bright choruses, amusing dialogue and tuneful music.

The elaborate costumes designed by Stella Smith, the characteristic music and spirited dancing directed by Ruth Dolan and the appropriate scenery designed by John Loudon added to a very colorful and spectacular production. Mr. and Mrs. "Ted" Hamlin co-operated by willingly giving their talent and time and by securing the services of additional outside orchestra members.

The staging of this operetta was above the average for amateur productions. The cast was composed of many stars and much credit is due to each.


CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARGARITA	Helen Bluler
LIEUT. HAROLD WRIGHT	Wilfred Lyon
MERCEDES	Athalie Baldwin
MISS AYRES	Margaret Springsteen
PATRICK MALONE (Pat.)	Donald Loudon
DeLaVEGA (Nobleman)	Alden Wakeman
PEDRO	Carlton Wilcox
EMILIO	Austin Hayes
SEÑOR DeMONTERO	Paul Boyd
CAPTAIN COLTON	Clifford Loudon
DON JUAN	Renwick Walling
DON JOSE	Charles Fairbanks
DONA MARCELA	Gladys Hawkins
DONA ANITA	Lucretia Brown

Choruses of Spaniards and Marines

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

After two uneventful months in the Ark, the Lions decided that something should be done to break the monotony, so they held a conference with the results that a



Hallowe'en Party was planned. Being nothing if not unselfish, they voted it a public affair and invited all the inhabitants of the Ark to share their fun.

Realizing that a Hallowe'en Party just wouldn't be a Hallowe'en Party without a Hall of Horrors, a committee was appointed to dig up the thrilliest and ghostliest ideas and put them into action. Another committee was given the honor of arranging for a dance which was to take place later in the evening.

The big night arrived, and with it literally streams of bored, pleasure-seeking animals. These were thoroughly terrified by being dragged through the errie hall, stuffed with pumpkin pie and cider next, then robbed of their loose change at the grab-bag, painted grotesquely by our beauticians, and further discomfited by being made to dance first to slow,—rhythmic music, and then whirled bewilderingly around the desk to the accompaniment of fast, blaring peace-disturburers fox-trot rhythms.

Promptly at twelve o'clock the Lions faithfully following the injunctions of Noah, shooed the lesser animals from the deck, sighed dramatically, and made a grand dive for the money box, secretly avowing that the affair had been a grand and glorious success.



WITH APOLOGIES TO MISS BLISS

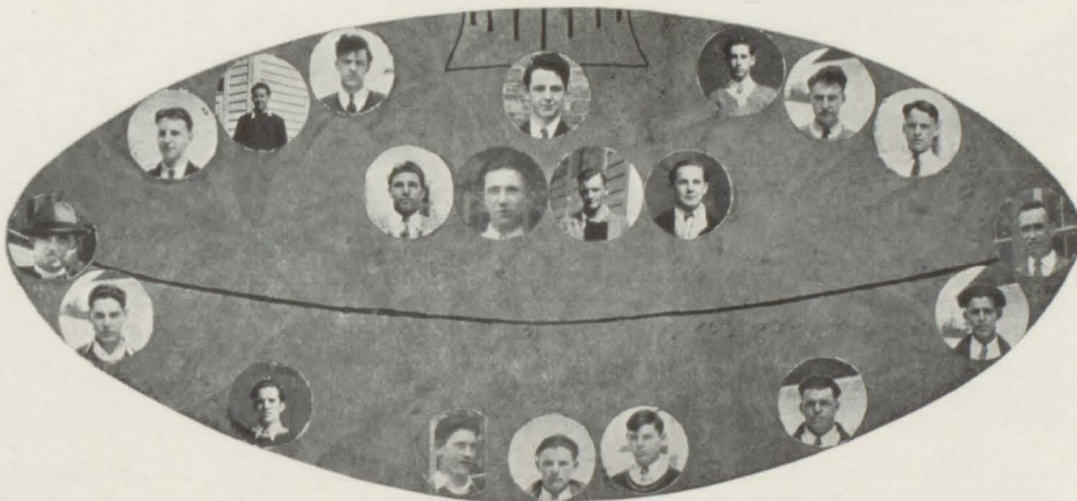
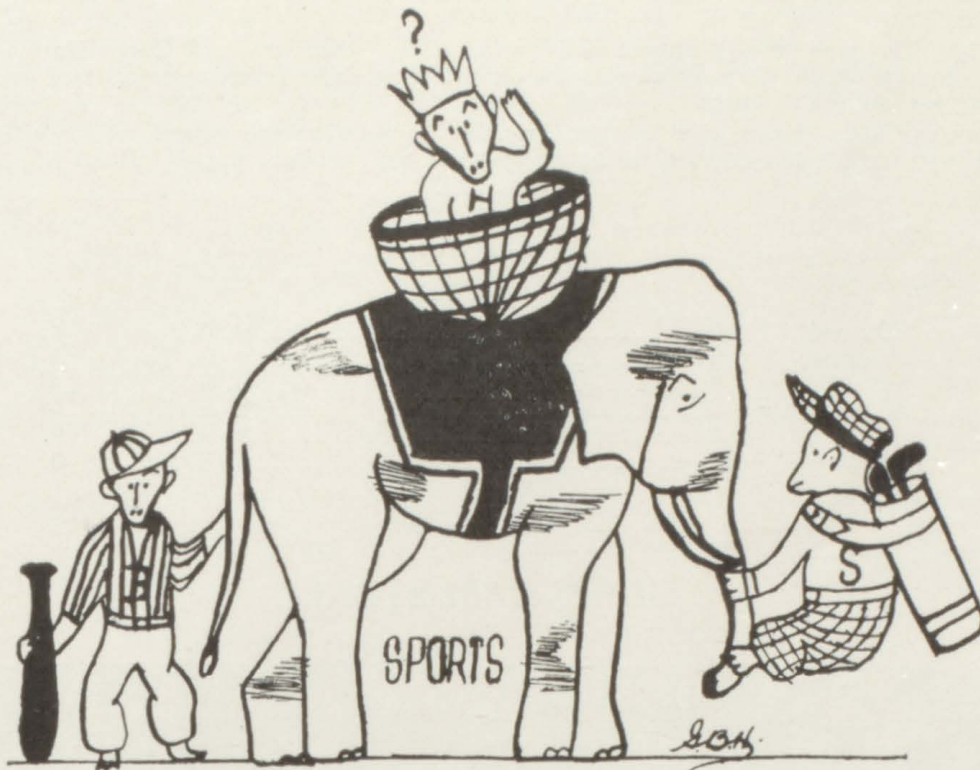
Puer ex Jersey
Iens ad school;
Vidit in meadow
Infestum mule.

Ille approaches
O magnus sorow!
Puer it skyward.
Fumus ad morrow.

Moral

Qui vidit a thing
Non ei well-known,
Est bene for him
Relinqui id alone.

SPORTS



LAST ROW (left to right): Elwyn Hitchcock, Russell Elander, Charles Fairbanks, Wilfred Lyon (manager), George Hager, William Burton, Gordon Burton.

SECOND ROW (left to right): William Hohrieter (captain), Bruce Partridge, Merritt Parsons, Morris Snitchler.

FIRST ROW (left to right): Mr. Tite (line coach), Clifford Loudon, Carlton Wilcox, Alden Wakeman, Richard Covey, Donald Loudon, Lloyd Hubbard, Walter Sherman, Prof. Casey (back field coach).



BATTLING GORILLAS

There's no use trying to tell us that we're a squad capable of a championship team—because although our "Huskies" pulled hard for a winning team, we came out about third.

Rev. Tite was greatly appreciated by the boys. Oh Yes—and Harry Harmon too, but we hope to put them through those excruciating drills which they inflicted upon us. How my ankle still hurts.

As our little eleven went to war through this valley, many camps were visited and although our squaws cheered we never won but boy: we sure put up "Heap Big Stuff".

LOOK:
LOOK:
LOOK:

Oxford	0	-----	B. H. S.	0
Sidney	6	-----	B. H. S.	0
Franklin	0	-----	B. H. S.	0
Susquehanna	6	-----	B. H. S.	0
Hancock	6	-----	B. H. S.	2
Deposit	18	-----	B. H. S.	0



GIRL'S BASKETBALL



LAST ROW (left to right): Marcella Lowry, Miss Johnson (coach), Athalie Baldwin, Lucretia Brown.

FRONT ROW: Naomi Snitchler, Kathleen Franks, Gladys Hawkins (captain), Geneva Foster, Alice Taylor.

Beginning the season with a remarkable streak of two consecutive "wins" our girls have an excellent record.

They won both games with Mt. Upton and were thus inspired to work hard when playing with Unadilla. Fate was against them when opposed by Franklin and Sidney

as they lost both games. The Afton game proved to be the most exciting of the season, and falling on Friday, the 13th, ended in victory for the home team. The girls showed the best form of the season in overcoming and withstanding the fast attacks of the opponents.

The season is over and one of the more superstitious players believes victory was so often theirs because of a rabbit's foot, ever present in her possession.

The excellent coaching and untiring efforts of Miss Johnson brought the girls through a very successful season. The team will miss the steady will and ready guidance of their efficient coach.

PLAYERS

THE TEAM:

GLADYS HAWKINS (<i>Captain</i>)	<i>Center</i>
ALICE TAYLOR	<i>Left Forward</i>
NAOMI SNITCHLER	<i>Right Forward</i>
MARCELLA LOWRY	<i>Right Forward</i>
LUCRETIA BROWN	<i>Right Guard</i>
ATHALIE BALDWIN	<i>Center Guard</i>
GENEVRA FOSTER	<i>Left Guard</i>

THE SUBS:

KATHLEEN FRANKS	<i>Right Forward</i>
BERTHA SHAFFER	<i>Left Guard</i>
CHARLOTTE TAYLOR	<i>Right Forward</i>
RUTH SNITCHLER	<i>Left Forward</i>

GIRL'S BASKETBALL TEAM

Gladys Hawkins who is tall and fair
 Is always making baskets when she is there.
 Alice Taylor though very short
 Sure can cover up the court.
 Naomi Snitchler shoots baskets too,
 And not very often do they fail to go thru.
 Marcella Lowry though kinda' rough
 Certainly can play basketball—Shore enough!
 Lucretia Brown plays a guarding game,
 Her forwards usually end up pretty lame.
 Athalie Baldwin can any day
 Guard the centers that come her way.
 Genevra Foster plays guard too
 She never stops till the game is through.
 Kathleen Franks though new this year,
 Great things of her we expect to hear.

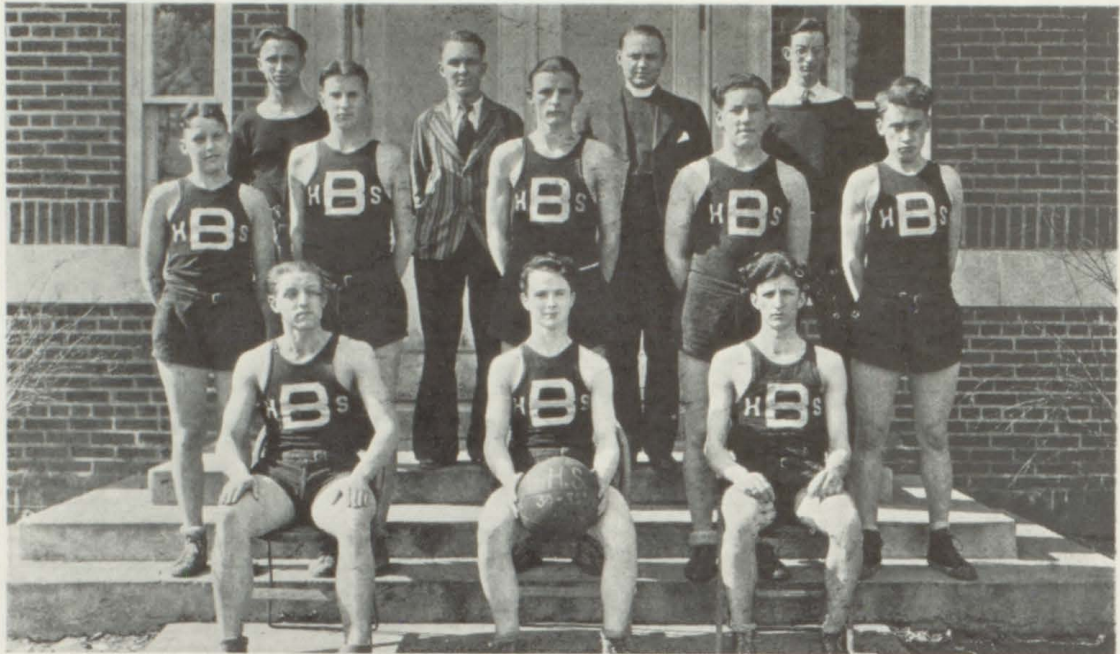


ODE TO SCHOOL DAYS

When the bell is ringing,
 Round our campus green and fair,
 All the drowsy sons of Bainbridge,
 To their slates then repair;
 Soon the professor has bound them,
 With his spell of magic power,
 And he holds them thus enchanted,
 Till the late ending hour.

LAWRENCE EGGLESTON '34

BOYS' BASKETBALL



LAST ROW (left to right): Kenneth Freidenstine, Carlton Loomis (manager), Mr. Tite (coach), Kenneth Vandenburg (ass't manager).
 SECOND ROW: Gordon Burton, Elwyn Hitchcock, Richard Covey, Russell Elander, William Burton.
 FRONT ROW: Austin Hayes, Wilfred Lyon (captain), Melancton Hoyt.

Bainbridge has experienced an unusual and interesting basketball season during the past year. It is unique because of the marked fluctuations in our fortunes, winning from Afton, the strongest team in the League, yet losing bitterly contested games to two teams below our rank.

The season closes with a record of 10 games played and only three lost, thus tying us for second place in the League.

Through Reverend Tite's indefatigable efforts a team, which proved to be a strong contender for the championship was molded from a somewhat new group of players.

Although they failed to acquire the coveted goal we boast of their cooperation on the floor, their sportsmanship, rapidity, and technique and skill.

Their knowledge and aptitude for the game is owed to the vigorous and efficacious coaching of Reverend Tite whose interest and patience with the boys was outstanding.

PLAYERS

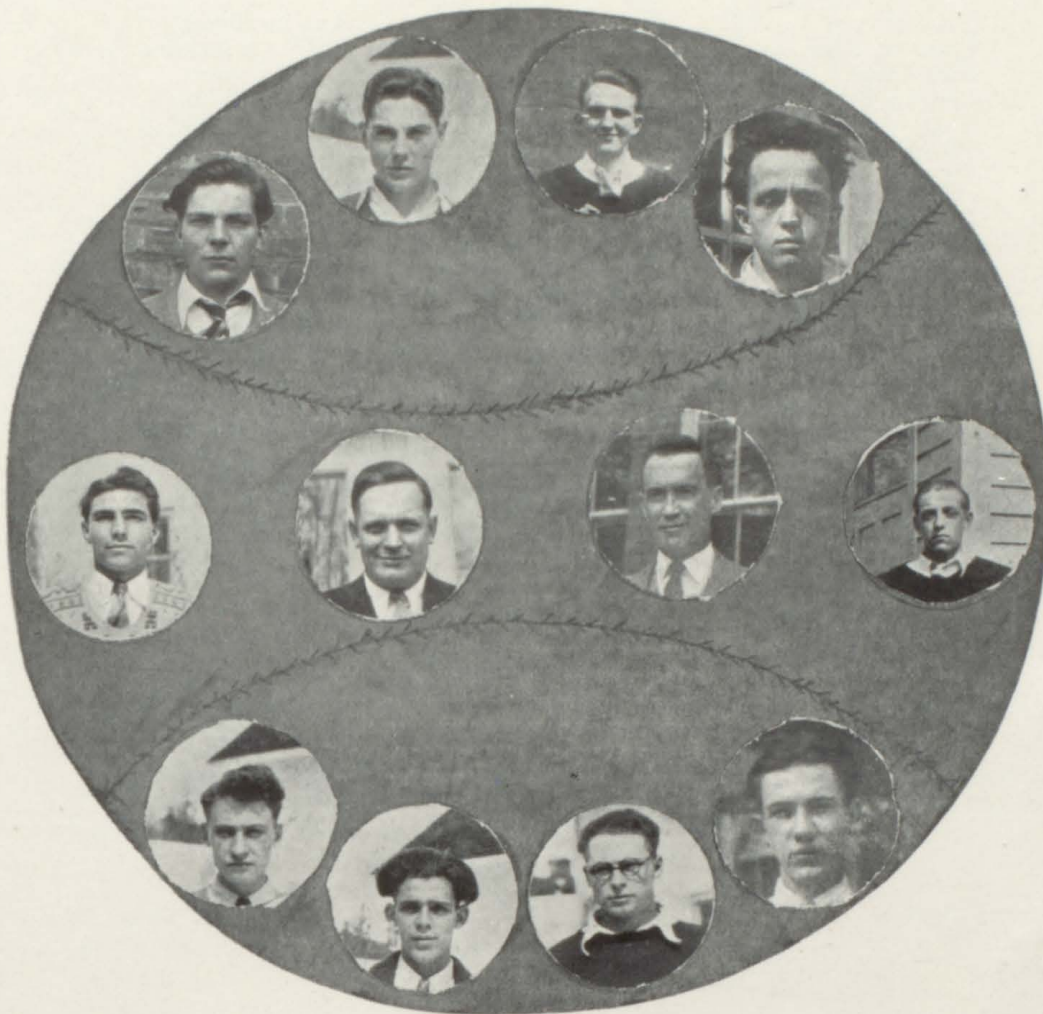
TEAM:

"DICK" COVEY	Center
MELANCTON HOYT	Right Forward
AUSTIN HAYES	Left Forward
WILLIAM BURTON	Right Guard
"BILL" LYON	Left Guard

SUBS:

RUSSELL ELANDER	Guard
ELWYN HITCHCOCK	Center
KENNETH FREIDINSTEIN	Guard
GORDON BURTON	Forward

BASEBALL



LAST ROW (left to right): Kenneth Hoyt, Clifford Loudon, Paul Carman, Renwick Walling.

SECOND ROW: William Hohrieter, Chief Isles (coach), Prof Casey (coach), Austin Hayes.

FIRST ROW: William Burton, Walter Sherman, Roger Franks, Bruce Partridge.

ORDINARY MONKEYS

In the "Good old days" B. H. S. had one of the most successful baseball teams along this valley but in recent years our team has been digressing until now it's only a spring style, "to play it".

This is one way in which we are able to express ourselves as good losers, although we feel differently and hope to put out a much better team this coming season and put back a little of that "zip-zip stuff" in our ball, as Coach Isle had always told the boys they needed.

There were quite a few boys present at the Spring "Try-out"—but finally "Chief", alias Coach Isle, had only a few "old recruits" left and a number of "Green Horns".

As the season progressed, no outstanding player seemed to come forth, although at times Hohrieter, Hayes, Loudon, and Covey would peep forward, as much as to say "Here Am I".

At the end of the season the boys had lost six games and won three—not so good, but then, not so bad.



This year the boys have developed some real arms and can swing some regular "Old Hay Makers". So watch them.

The cast for the play—"Baseball Monkey Shines" in order of their appearance:—

Pitcher -----	Austin Hayes
Catcher -----	"Bill" Hohrieter
First Base -----	"Dick" Covey
Second Base -----	"Chick" Loudon
Short -----	"Gibby" Howland
Third Base -----	"Ken" Hoyt
Right Field -----	"Phil" Roberts
Center Field -----	Karl Nickel
Left Field -----	Orlin Hitchcock



TRACK

Although much has not been done yet, many of the boys who do not play baseball are considering deeply a track team. We feel that we have a bunch of good runners and jumpers and others who are well fitted to participate in other field events. Never having an organized track team, we do not know just how this one is coming out; but Mr. Casey has promised to rid the track aspirants of their defects and try to build up a formidable team.



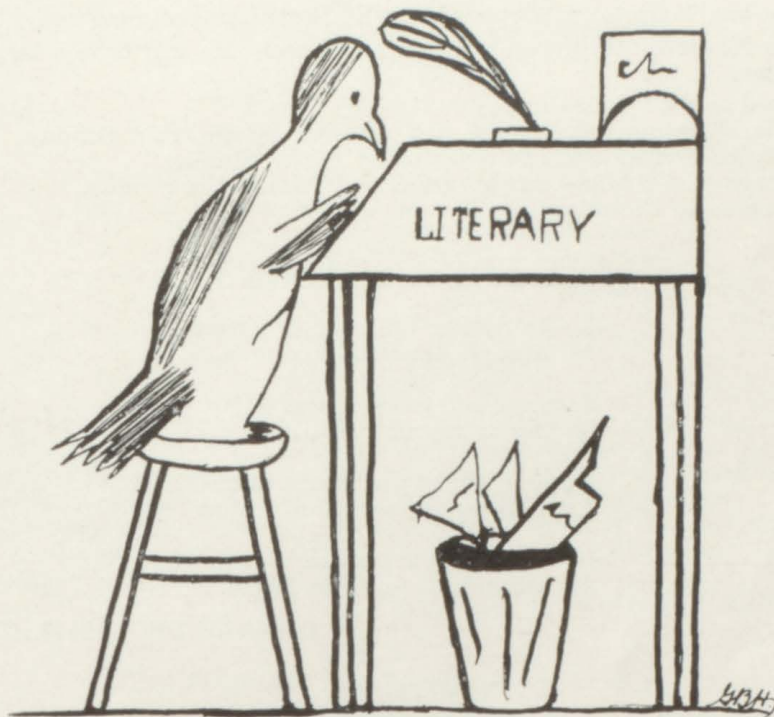
FOOTBALL

There is a game called football,
 And that's the game for me,
 And Bainbridge can play it,
 As you will shortly see.
 She goes to all the schools about,
 And with them wipes the ground,
 For its fifty six to nothing, boys,
 When Bainbridge is around.

She has a gallant rush line,
 That wears the Blue and White,
 Each man the ball can carry through,
 The play is always right.
 They take it through the middle,
 And then they touch it down,
 For its fifty six to nothing, boys,
 When Bainbridge is around.

We sing the campus, green and fair,
 We sing the 'leven and nine,
 Whon battle for the old school there,
 And guard the base and line.
 No cause for fear when they appear,
 And the school flag floats above,
 While we cheer the school we love.
 When the game begins 'tis Bainbridge wins,

LAWRENCE EGGLESTON '34



CONTRIBUTIONS BY OUR PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

The older members of the Ark feel fortunate in being able to show you a sample of the work done by the tiny members. The three following stories are original and were told by children in the first grade:

"EASTER RABBIT"

Once a rabbit wanted to be an Easter Rabbit. The Fairy said, "Go to town and buy some Easter eggs", Then he found himself an Easter Rabbit.

By MARION WESTCOTT, Age 6

"MY BABY BROTHER"

My Brother, he smiles and laughs and sometimes he laughs out loud. He does not cry very much. He likes to have some one hold him.

By ELAINE BARRE, Age 6

"MY KITTEN"

I had a little Kitten. His name was Tony. One day I found him dead in his basket.

By CARMALINE DELELLO, Age 6

SECOND GRADE NEWSPAPER

- Mar. 9. Louise had a birthday over the week-end. She came to school today with a new sweater and pencil-box. Everyone reports that they are seeing deer up the river. It is a beautiful sight. We played the peddler game today. Jack sold snap-dragons. They had a hard time guessing them. Esther brought us some pretty yellow ones from her father's green house in the afternoon.
- Mar. 10. Jr. Sejerson had an earache yesterday.
 Charlie Mott has a new blue sweater.
 Walter passed into Group 1 this morning. He has worked hard.
 Everyone banked today but one boy.
 June's father and brother saw four robins up by the factory.
 They were eating casein.

- Mar. 11. Harry and Robert Smith are on the Eastern Star program tonight.
- Mar. 11. James Noyes is moving up-stairs in his house. He will have a large room of his own.
- Mar. 12. Wilford saw a rabbit Sunday.
Charlie's brother-in-law's dog got run over by the train Sunday.
The twins mother went to Troy today to see Stanley.
Esther received a letter from a friend in Santa Cruz today.
Her name is Victoria.

THE FOUR SEASONS

In the Spring the grass is green
All around me birds are seen.

Summer brings the roses red
Smiling in my flower bed.

Autumn turns the leaves to yellow
And the apples soft and mellow.

In the Winter trees are brown
All around me snow is found.

DONALD PECKHAM, Grade III

MY DOG

I have a dog as skinny as a rail;
He has fleas all over his tail,
And every time his tail goes flop,
The fleas on bottom all hop on top.

DONALD PRATT, Grade IV

MY TOPSY

I have a little dolly,
As black, as black can be.
She makes me feel so jolly,
When she is with me.

MARY Mac HOVEY, Grade IV

THE WINDMILL

Everyday and night I swing my arms and pump water. Sometimes when the farmers harvest grain they feed it to me and grind it into flour. The cattle drink around me and eat the tender grass. In the winter when the water freezes the people go skating and the men cut ice around me, and that is the life of the Windmill.

LLOYD SIPPLE, Grade IV

A LONESOME TIME

What do you think happened. I was walking along in the forest, it was dreary, dark, and damp. The Owls were screeching. Oh how lonesome it seemed.

All at once I heard a noise, oh, how harsh and shrill it sounded. First it would sound a gr-r-r- and then a scream, it didn't sound so nice to me.

All at once I saw something shining, oh how it scared me. It gleamed and gave a jump then it screamed, and then the Owls would screech, oh, how it scared me. Then it ran right after me before I had time to think or blink which way to go.

GERTRUDE HAWKINS, Grade 5

A LESSON IN POLITENESS

Good morning, Mr. Pelican:
 I hope you're very well
 He raised his foot, and solemnly
 Shook hand with little Bill
 And said, "My dear, you should not hide
 Your apple out of sight,
 T'would be much more polite, I'm sure
 To offer me a bite."

MARION DIBBLE, Grade VI

THE COMBAT

A little lad lay on a bank overlooking a wide valley one afternoon in mid summer. Suddenly Bill, the little boy, spied two forms struggling in the distance. As he eagerly watched the objects came nearer. An explosion and a blood-curdling scream reached his listening ears. When the smoke cleared the larger figure, a huge grizzly bear, lay quivering on the ground. Frightened but curious, the boy climbed from his perch, and ran to the victorious hunter. There he learned of the terrible fight between man and beast.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL, Grade 8

The flowers all start budding and the sap
 is in the trees.
 The merry brook is flooding and there's
 springtime in the breeze.
 The dainty pink arbutus trails its sweetly
 Smelling vines,
 And the sweet south-wind is making
 a murmur through the pines.
 It's time to say adieu now to the snow
 so white and bright
 And we'll bid a fond farewell now to
 the icicles dancing light.
 For it's time to get the hoe and it's
 time to plant the ground
 King Winter's reign is o'er,
 sweet springtime's all around.

MARY ELLEN PRICE '34

THIS YOUNGER GENERATION

As a member of this club and as a person who has seen sixty odd summers, I take this opportunity to express my feelings toward the younger generation. Such a harum-scarum lot of young people I never did see. Their extravagance, their restlessness, their utter lack of modesty, and above all, their lack of respect.

For example, take my granddaughter Bernice. She calls herself Bernice with the accent on the last syllable, though at her christening she was just plain Bernice. Well, Bernice, or Ber'nice as she insists I call her, runs around all hours of the night, and she is only a girl of sixteen. If she'd just sit down and stitch on a few quilt blocks as I used to she'd be a sight better off—she'd be doing something useful, too.

What do you think she calls her mother? Ellen: Ellen indeed: This younger generation has absolutely no more respect for anything than a porcupine. Why the other night she came dancing in and said: "Oh, Ellen, Tommy has asked me to go to the senior dance tonight. I forgot to tell you last week. I want you to press out my blue chiffon and polish my blue shoes. Did you wash out those stockings I asked you to? You didn't? Then I'll have to go and buy some more." Just as if she didn't have half dozen pairs that would done just as well.

When she came back downstairs she said, "Thanks ever so much for offering to help me out and pressmy dress, Mumsy Ellen. Don't forget to tell Jack (That's her father) to see that my car is all right, because Tommy's car is at the garage and I told him

he could drive mine. And oh, Ellen, I just broke my pearls. I want them strung so I can wear them tonight. Thanks heaps," and blowing a kiss to her mother she rushed out of the door.

I remonstrated with her when she got back and told her just what I thought of a girl of sixteen who made a slave of her mother. She just laughed, rumped up my hair and said, "Now, Granny Jane, you know Ellen can do it much better than I. Beside, I have to run up to my room right away and order some vanishing cream from Paris.

That child never got in 'till two o'clock. They had stayed at the dance until twelve and then rode around the country. To top the thing off they had to go in the drug store. She called that a good time. Why I should have been worn out if I had done that in my young days. The best times I ever had were at quilting parties and huckling bees. When I tell Bernice this she looks astonished and says, "How quaint. How did you ever stand it working all the time."

I can wager that I had a better time when I was young than Bernice does. She just tires herself out running after pleasure. When I was a girl, people were considered extravagant if they bought a stick of peppermint candy, but Bernice has pounds of chocolates sent her by Tom, Harry, Joe and a score of others.

I really don't see how such a generation developed. If this is any example of what's coming, I wonder what the world will soon be like. All of these citizens will run wilder and wilder. I can only hope that the world will not develop into a lunatic asylum.

VELMA KENTFIELD '34

AIRPLANES

With wings of cloth and wood and steel,
Oh, Birds on high,
That man has made to fly.
To you, with reverence deep, I kneel,
And hope to sometime gain the sky.

JOSEPH THROOP '34

THE MONTHS

January brings the regents,
Makes our brains and knowledge grow.

February brings the birthdays,
Of the ones we're glad we know.

March-in, right towards spring today,
Times a ticklin' right away.

April showers bring May flowers,
Makes the woods and meadows green.

May brings Decoration Day,
With the bugles blowing gay.

June brings happy agitations,
Weddings, parties, graduation.

August brings hot days and evenings cool,
Good for health as a general rule.

Crisp September brings the fruit,
Makes the children shout and hoot.

Brown October brings the pheasants,
Then to gather nuts, is pleasant.

Now November brings the blast,
Watch the turkey, it's roasting fast.

December's here and I hope you'll say,
The year's been pleasant every way.

HARRIET SUPPLEE '34

A FAILURE

Oh, why should I sit and ponder;
O'er a poem I must write,
When of play, I am much fonder
On a day that is so bright.

A poet I can never be,
For when of verse I try to think,
My thoughts all from me flee,
And 'neath the ocean sink.

I'd like to write of trees and flowers,
Of sunshine and of rain,
Of roses hanging in their bowers,
But oh, for me 'tis vain.

So way I'll put my pad and pen,
And ne'er again will try
What may be done by other men,
But not by this small fry.

MARION HENDERSON '34

A HOUSE

I'm going to build a house,
Build it by the sea,
Build it large and strong,
Just for my dog and me.

GERALD HINE '34

DEATH

Before a blazing fire sits a white haired old man. In his mouth is a corn-cob pipe which has seen years of service. He is sitting in a brown leather chair which has also seen years of service. This man is slumped down in his chair and his eyes are fixed upon a certain glowing log in the fireplace. Standing beside this old man is a young man, tall, straight and handsome. Tears are running down this young man's face and dropping on the white face below him. From his lips come moaning sounds and between the moans come the broken words "Dead, dead, gone forever. How can I bear it."

BETTY SUPPLEE '33

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE MUMPS

Mumps are, without a doubt the biggest educational factor of this period. They not only increase the size of the jaws but also cause painful aches in that same region. It is widely known that a person can think much better when his jaws ache. This was proved in Aristotle's theory of 1998. The swelling of the jaws does not permit food of the sour kind to be absorbed thus the body is devoid of a great deal of food. This lack of food leads to better and clearer thinking and writing. This theory was proved by Lindgergh Jr., in 1492. Now, that I have proved mumps to be of a minus value, I sincerely hope all of you will get them. Thanking you for your inattentive attention, I remain.

BETTY SUPPLEE '33

HOBBIES

Doubtless there is much to be said in favor of hobbies but before those who disagree with me put forth the benefits and pleasures derived from this pursuit, I wish to present the housewife's view of the matter.

There is scarcely a member of my family who has not at one time or another had his or her favorite hobby. One of my earliest recollections is of moths and butterflies in various ways and stages of stretching and drying, of the small wooden boxes highly scented with an insect preserving powder made for holding the moths. (This powder

smelled much worse than the strongest moth balls ever invented and perfumed the entire house.) I can well remember the honor with which I occasionally found a moth or caterpillar, which had hatched out and had gone adventuring in my room. If during a walk through the garden, I accidentally stepped on a Lady Beetle, I was forced to listen to a lecture on the millions of flies that the beetle might have killed, if I had not ruthlessly destroyed it.

But gradually this passed away, and a new, and more terrible hobby took its place. My brothers became consumed by an intense admiration for everything pertaining to the Indian. Every spare minute was spent in collecting "Relics." Soon great heaps of these precious fragments began to appear not only in their own rooms but also on the piano, the kitchen cabinet and similar places. No amount of persuasion, argument or threats prevailed, they remained where they were. Of course, they did not interfere with the dusting. If by some misfortune, one of these pieces should be broken, woe betide the person who did the act. The most galling part of this hobby was that anybody with any sense at all, could easily see that the objects so carefully guarded as arrow heads, spear-points and pottery were only pieces of broken flint.

If any of you are considering adopting a hobby, pause and remember that this hobby may not be well received by the rest of the family.

HELEN FAIRBANKS '33

FAD IN FASHION

There is an age-old slave-holder before which the world bows and to whose decrees it humbly acquiesces—namely Fashion. It is the unquestioned tyrant that from time to time has regulated the nature of our wearing apparel. To our mind it played a freakish trick upon the people of old when it decreed that they ornament themselves with hoops and other superfluous articles of dress. Gradually style drew away from such abundance of material in one dress to an extreme opposite. Today Fashion creates clothing that suggest the past while it talks of feminine daintiness and grace as portrayed in the new dress.

The problem of following the decrees of our rather agreeable master is one which keeps our purses thin. It is generally agreed that it provides a subject for women to talk about when gathered at their afternoon teas and bridge parties. But when every paper one picks up contains the fashions of the season, when many store windows are filled with charming wearing apparel, when coming sales are heralded by striking statements in all the "Dailies" is it any wonder that we often talk of clothes.

No doubt we will go on meekly obeying the command of Fashion—but why not? There have been worse tyrants.

HELEN SAWYER '31

OUR CLOTHES

Clothes certainly are not the least of woman's worries. Ever since the beginning when Adam and Eve introduced the custom by donning their aprons of fig leaves, the human race has been harassed by the clothing problem.

And although clothing was first used merely as a covering, the purpose now seems to be to outshine one's fellow creatures with gorgeous creations of bewildering styles and designs, as well as the first incentive. Now days no committee meeting, no bridge party, no business meeting (women's) is complete without a discussion of the present day styles, Mable's new evening gown, Laura's new sealskin coat, Bessei's dancing ensemble, etc. In fact, it may seem that the discussion of plans for the charity bazaar or means of raising library funds is but an extenuation to assemble that the latest fashions might be discussed, critized and exclaimed upon, and the adage "Clothes make the man" (and more truthfully, the woman) has come to be accepted without exception.

EDNA SHOFKOM '31

MOONLIGHT

On the dry smooth shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon.

When I read these words I see a wide meadow, fringed with tall, slim, Lombardy poplars. At one side is a clear river in which the moon casts its reflection in a rippling pathway of silver light.



It is such a night that Diana, the moon goddess, might disport herself with nymphs and satyrs under the tall trees and beside the murmuring water. High above the moon shines a silvery, radiant light upon them.

As the moon slowly sails through the starry heavens, now partly hidden by shaggy clouds, now riding in solitary beauty it gives an appearance of mellow old age to everything its rays touch. Things which looked new and glaring in day light are now harmonious parts of a perfect scene. Even the moon itself looks old and battered, but it is still cheerfully smiling. Under the moonlight realities become merely dreams of yesterday and the dreams of today become almost realities.

CHARLES FAIRBANKS '31

WEAVERS OF GOSSAMERS

Today I met a dreamer. Ever since I left him, the thought has recurred again and again of the blessedness of dreams and dreamers. To the ultra-practical mind a thing so airy and fleeting as a dream is of no consequence. Many people can see the value of a dream when it takes the form of a vision that leads men on to do great things. In such a case the concrete has grown out of the abstract and can, therefore, be appreciated. In some people we find the ability to dream and to execute admirably combined. All are not so gifted. But the man who merely dreams possesses a talent which is often undervalued. He who can live in thought, see beauty where others can not, find unique pleasure where only toil existed, can transform his life.

The dreamer is an artist of thoughts. Because he is, some cannot attain his level—or do not want to, for to them he is below their standard. He may leave no monument of his life for the world to see, but that small group of fellowmen with whom he has come in contact are the richer for the gossamers he has spun.

I can hear shouts of disapproval and derision, but I heartily say again—"Long live the dreamer."

HELEN SAWYER '31

THE BARGAIN HUNTER

Anna Ferret, or, to be exact, Anna Beatrice Lily Longbridge Ferret was a vertiable B. H.—Bargain Hunter. Her husband, a meek, undersized, and thoroughly cowed shrimp of a man, must needs listen to his wife's wild verbal declarations concerning her days snopping from the time they get up at 6:45 A. M. until his departure for the 7:28 train, and to the memory of those plans throughout the office day. Nightly he hurried home to learn of Mrs. Ferret's successes, grievances, and exhilarations.

Immediately after the dishes were dried, Mrs. Ferret would hurriedly don her coat and hat, grab her bag, and rush from the house to catch the 7:45 for the city, regretting meanwhile that she couldn't start earlier—say on the 7:06 for when she reached the city and Wilkinson's, she found other B. H's there before her, much to her obvious sorrow and disgust.

It is a queer fact that all B. H's are buxom, hawk-eyed, possessive and aggressive ladies of a fierce mien. Their pride and their ambition is to grab something which someone else very evidently desires, whether or not they need or want the article. It isn't the article itself, but the grim satisfaction and victory which counts, although each bullies herself and her husband into believing that the said purchase is just what they had been wanting for years.

Thus the B. H's rush frantically about all day, to return to their respective Mr. Ferret's at night too tired to do anything but sit down (rather ungracefully) in the easiest chair and recount vividly the day's victories, and would Charles please fry the chops and set the table, etc. etc. Charles, would be glad to, sweet.

EDNA SHOFKOM '31

WORK AND STYLE OF EMERSON

Emerson is a bright star in the intellectual firmament. Radiantly pure, far away, always lingering upon the crest of a mountain peak, and always peering upon the world in search of a man who may meet his requirements. To him ideas were more real than objects. He was always in search of new truths and his ideal person. He pounced upon all novel ideas and he greeted every stranger with a searching glance. It was this continual searching for the idealistic that placed him above the common man. He lived with them, was friendly with them, and yet was far above them in thought.

One misses the element of deep sympathy with human nature in his writings. Dwelling in a domain of lofty thoughts he seized abstract ideas and fashioned and condensed them into rich, pregnant, concrete sentences. An element which continually appears in his writings is the unexpected—"The congruous leaping from the incongruous, the high coming down, the low springing up, likeness, relation suddenly coming into view where before was only difference or antagonism". As one of these "verbal bombshells" burst we jumped mentally with startled surprise.

It is to the youth of the world that Emerson appeals particularly. Perhaps it is the sense of searching for a star which is so salient in all his earlier writings, that draws them to his essays. They fill the sails of their ships with an enthusiastic breeze, and inoculate them with lively energy and an intrinsic desire to climb upward. As he grows older his essays lose some of their earlier freshness and vigor. He has become more hardened. Therefore as we turn to Emerson when we are older and more critical we fail to find the equivalent to the enjoyment of our youth. But the same force and mastery are there, even strengthened a little perhaps. None can deny that this idealistic, who was so attracted by wit, beauty and the transcendental, portrayed his gleamings from the astral region in concrete, lucid statements. For this reason and others stated Emerson's writings will hold an imperishable interest for mankind.

(As given by HELEN SAWYER at the English IV Banquet)

THE HOUSE DETECTIVE

OR

STICK AROUND-YOU'LL GET AN EYEFUL

Having no business of my own to attend to, I always made it a practice to shove my nose into the affairs of others. To you who lead a well rounded life—this, may sound ridiculous but for me, well I am a victim of that dreaded disease known as hoodlumism.

Here's the story—It was autumn but that didn't mean a thing to me or the story. I was too lazy to go home so I had my supper in a restaurant charging the amount to my wealthy parents (that's a lie). Suddenly an urge to study overtook me—if I only had my Latin or Algebra text how I would eat it up. I hotfoots it over to the High School just in time to get corralled with a flock of Sidney High School students who were suffering with the same disease. Their thirst for further information led them to the auditorium of my dear Alma Mater B. H. S. Well, somebody in authority elected me corporal or something. I was supposed to hate 'em but I knew the guys and liked 'em. I owed some of them money, well the whole outfit of us was going to make a friendly call so I took it but we landed in a Judges office to be arraigned for charges of disorderly conduct, entering a building without a key, or knowing what we wanted after we got inside of the building.

I tried to tell the Judge that I was a Square Guy—but what can a fellow do with just an honest face and no kale to slip to His Honor. The mess got pretty smeary—I got off with a warning. The gang is going up to Afton to pull something on the school there. I haven't been invited. The fellows call me the squealer now. Darn it, I'd like to know when they attack Afton. I like to be the Man of the Hour to deserve the name SQUEALER. I got the name, might as well have the gain.

(Rumor tells us that WILLIAM HOHREITER was the Detective.)

PREAMBLE

FROM THE CONSTITUTION

of the

CIVICS CLASS

of

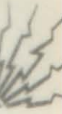
B. H. S.

We the pupils of the Civics class, in order to form a more perfect class, establish courtesy, understand the rules and laws, prevent interruptions, promote interest, and secure the blessings of knowledge to ourselves and classmates, do ordain and establish this constitution for the class of B. H. S.

SLUMBER SCENE

I arose and went to school one day
My plan book in my hand
My thot's were of the work ahead
Would we accomplish what I planned?
My pupils filed in quietly
As if for order they really cared,
And when I sought to question them
Every question was prepared.
No one burst in noisily
When I tried to teach.
They knew that interrupting classes
Of etiquette was a breach.
No one tapped a pencil,
Or even answered back.
And in all the classes of that day
There wasn't one wise crack.
Study halls were busy,
Everywhere was still.
Don. didn't sit with Helen,
Nor Lucretia talk to "Bill"
Four o'clock meant home for all,
No forty minutes had they to spend,
And they didn't act too gleeful
That the school day had to end.
I turned to Mr. Casey,
To say how lovely it did seem,
Then the alarm clock jangled loudly
And I awakened from my dream.

(With compliments of the faculty)



A PARTY



THE DUDE



UP!



JUNK LOAD



GANGWAY



UP & DOWN



AT EASE



UP & DOWN



ZOJIT-OJIZ



ZO-ZOITZ



OOP-OOP-A-DOOP

SEIZ-OR



PLAY

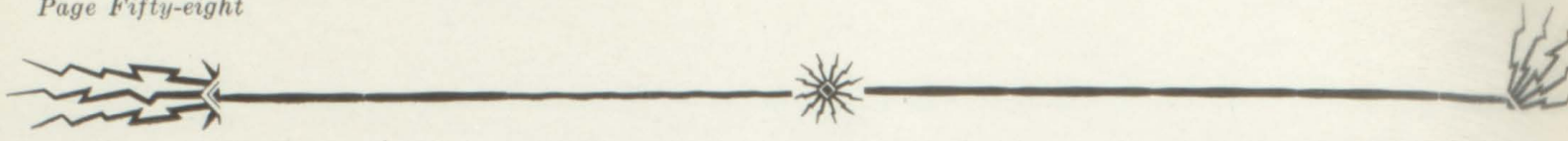
SAND



PILE



THE LADY WINS



ALUMNI

Alums are the background of the school
 That make it's honor and fame,
 That establish it in it's rightful place
 And give it it's proud old name.
 Now Bainbridge High School has had some "grads"
 Of whom it is very proud,
 For they have done some things in life
 To distinguish them from the rest;
 Now when these grads have done these things,
 To distinguish them from the rest;
 We can proudly hold up our heads and say:
 "They came from B. H. S."

WILFRED LYON '31



THE OWLS OF '30

PAUL CARMAN	<i>At Home</i>	Bainbridge, N. Y.
HENRY CHEESBORO	<i>Associated with Victory Chain Store</i>	Bainbridge, N. Y.
MARY COLLAR	<i>William Smith College</i>	Geneva, N. Y.
CAMERON COLLINS	<i>At Home</i>	Bainbridge, N. Y.
LENORE FLUMMER	<i>At Home</i>	Coventryville, N. Y.
ORLIN HITCHCOCK	<i>Employed in Bainbridge</i>	Bainbridge, N. Y.
KARL NICKEL	<i>Employed by Amer. Plastic Corp.</i>	Bainbridge, N. Y.
RUTH HAGER	<i>Employed at Bainbridge Hospital</i>	Bainbridge, N. Y.
EDNA STRONG	<i>At Home</i>	Otego, N. Y.
KENNETH HOYT	<i>Working at Oneonta until accident; Now at Home</i>	Bainbridge, N. Y.
MARY FAIRBANKS	<i>Swarthmore University</i>	Philadelphia, Pa.
JENNIE FIGGER	<i>At Home</i>	Bainbridge, N. Y.
LOUISE WHITMAN	<i>Oneonta Normal</i>	Oneonta, N. Y.
FLORENCE KEELER	<i>In Training at Binghamton City Hospital</i>	Binghamton, N. Y.
MILLIARD HOWLAND	<i>Syracuse University</i>	Syracuse, N. Y.
PHILIP ROBERTS	<i>Mechanic in Rochester</i>	Rochester, N. Y.
ROLLAND PECKHAM	<i>Employed by N. E. Truman</i>	Bainbridge, N. Y.
MILDRED WILCOX	<i>At Home</i>	Bainbridge, N. Y.





There is a young man named Lyon,
 He went to Pryne Hill just a sighin'
 For his love he did see,
 Sittin' on Dutch's knee,
 And he came back down a-flyin'.

Miss Williams: (in history) Have you done any outside reading this month?
 "Fuzzy": No, it has been too cold.

Sweet little ribbon
 Don't you cry,
 You may be a bathing suit
 Bye and bye.

FILLING UP

I went into a restaurant to get something to eat,
 For I was hollow from my head to my feet,
 I called for two doughnuts and I licked off the grease,
 And I handed the waiter a five cent piece:
 He looked at the nickel, and he looked at me,
 And he says, "There's a hole in your nickel can't you see."
 I says, says I "That is very true,
 There's also a hole in the doughnuts too."

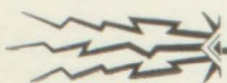
Miss Smith: "Copy from the board the parts of the brain."
 Joe. S.: "Do I have to? I have them in my head."

"VERY IMPORTANT"

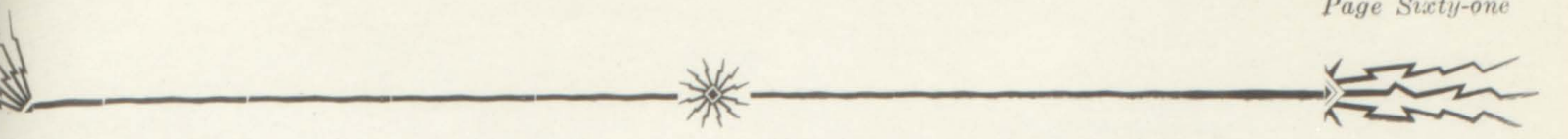
One day in class, "Prof" named Meek,
 Said we should think before we speak.
 When important, we must to fifty count,
 But if very important, one hundred the amount.
 Next day, "prof", was standing near the stove,
 When he noticed our lips begin to rove.
 Suddenly, "ninety-eight, ninety-nine, and one-hundred," we cried,
 "Your coat's on fire. We're terrified."

Jean: "Daddy, Daddy, he kissed me.
 Father: "Well, what do you want me to do about it?"
 Jean: "Make him do it again."

Cameron: "There isn't anything as thrilling as to talk to the one you like best."
 Charles F.: "I always wondered why you talked to yourself so much."



A SKEPTIC



Inasmuch as the publication of this annual would have been impossible without the co-operation of the advertisers, it is the desire of the "Echo" staff that the students and others interested in the School patronize, whenever possible, the establishments whose advertisements appear herein.

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all kinds.

Mr. Ilse: There is a shiney side to everything, boys.

Leon P.: Yes, even to last year's overcoat.

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SIDNEY,
N. Y.

Kenn. F.: Would you like to travel in Texas?"

Glen: No, I have a car of my own"

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Lunches, Soft Drinks, Candy. We
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