





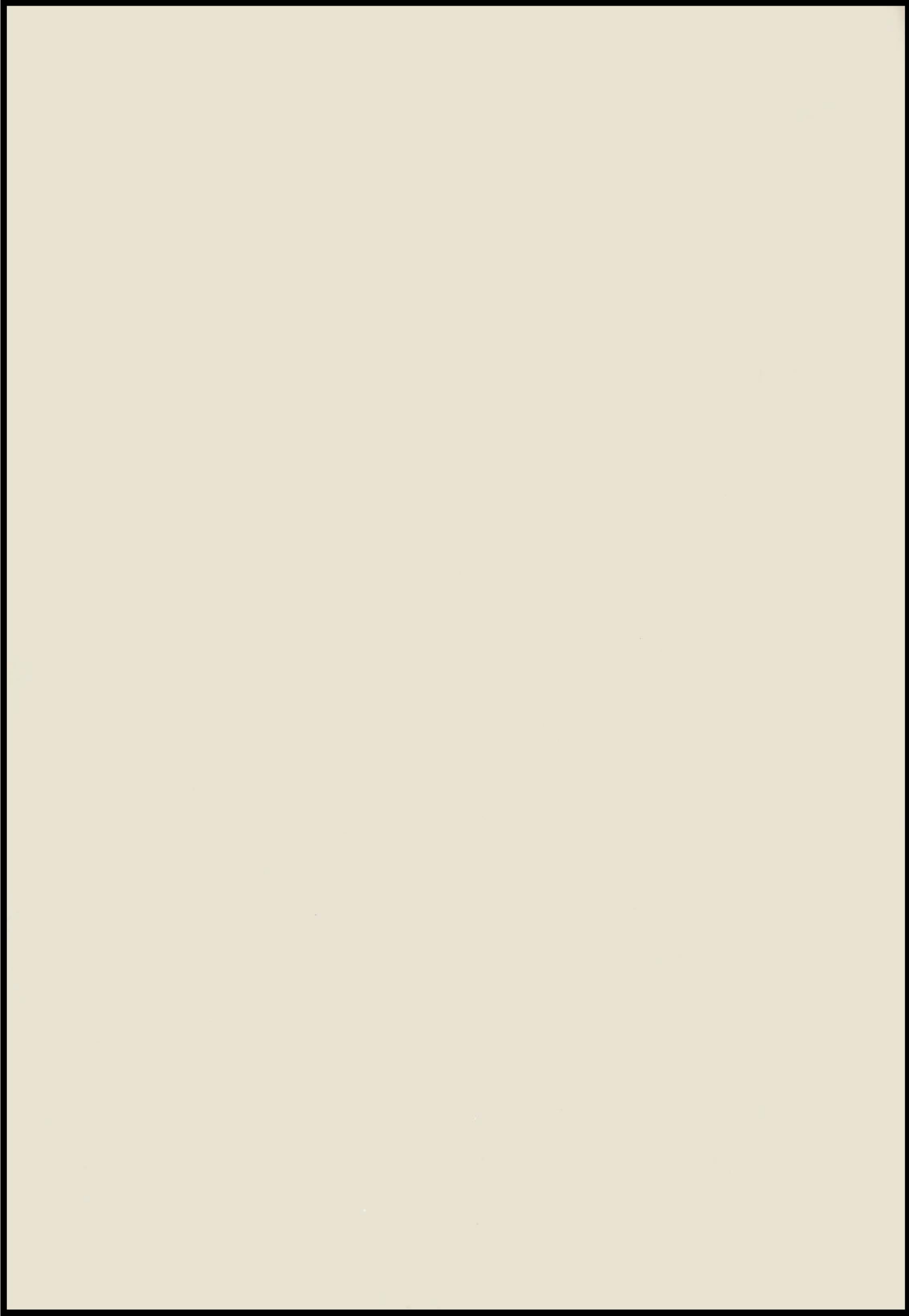


FOREWORD

GREETINGS and salutations from the B. C. H. S. network. This is the Bainbridge Central High School Broadcasting System with offices located in the Bainbridge Central High School Building at the corner of Juliand and Walnut Streets.

Once a year at this time it is our pleasure to present a complete account of what goes on behind the walls of our Alma Mater. This year we are bringing to you a group of programs of high school days and memories. Tune in and experience once again the varied emotions of those happy days. May our radio, "The Echo", keep town and school closely linked just as the invention, radio, has kept cities and nations in close communication and understanding.

Your announcer is Harold Roberts '32





DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
OUR CLASSMATE



Fred D. Kirkland

He Who Meets Life with a Smile Most Truly Lives



Federal Radio Commission

JULIAN SCOTT, President

EDSON BURDICK

JAY HAGER

NELSON WILCOX

WARD LOOMIS



Announcers

Pat Kelly ----- Supervisor of Announcers

Harold Roberts

John Holbrook ----- Assistant Announcer

Julia Riley

Montrose J. Moses ----- Literary Announcer

Athalie Baldwin

Ted Jewett ----- Announcer of Radio Review

Jean Westcott

Graham McNamee { ----- Sports Announcers

Ted Husing }

Josephine Mesic

Clifford Loudon

Ambrose J. Weems ----- Announcer of Cuckoo Hour

Fred Kirkland

Jean Paul King { ----- Announcers of School Memories

Alois Havrilla }

George Hager

Sarah Lord

James F. Cornell ----- Announcer of Illustrations

Melancton Hoyt

James Wallington } ----- Announcers of Stocks and Finance

Charles McCaffrey }

Calvin Keech }

Robert Houck

Harold Roberts

Kenneth Van Denburgh

Ralph C. Baker ----- Publicity Announcer

Ralph Axtell

Bob Bedette ----- Television Announcer

Robert Houck

Ye Old Chatterer ----- Novelty Announcer

Rodimeer Silverstein



Instructors in School of Broadcasting

Frances J. Casey, A. B.		Hamilton College
	Principal, Geometry	
Cecelia M. Bliss, A. B.		University of Vermont
	Latin and German	
Orris L. Coe, B. S.		Syracuse University
	Industrial Arts and Agriculture	
Dorothy C. Crowe, A. B.		Cornell University
	Mathematics	
Stella S. Hadlock, B. S.		Cornell University
	Domestic Science	
Ruth A. Dolan		Crane Institute of Music
	Music	
Mildred N. Petley, A. B.		Syracuse University
	English and Library	
Mabel W. Smith, B. S.		Albany State College
	Science	
Margaret A. Stansfield, A. B.		Cornell University
	Latin and French	
Eloise A. Williams, A. B.		Elmira College
	English and History	
Frederick T. Cousins		Cortland Normal
	Coach and Physical Director	
Florence P. Bliss		Oneonta Normal
	Junior High School	
Margaret Blust, A. B.		Albany State College
	Junior High School	
Alice M. Strong		Oneonta Normal
	Junior High School	
Janice Pratt		Oneonta Normal
	Sixth Grade	
Lula Jones		Oneonta Normal
	Fifth Grade	
Agnes M. Brady		Oneonta Normal
	Fourth Grade	
Mildred B. Reeves		Oneonta Normal
	Third Grade	
Ethel M. Quackenbush		Oneonta Normal
	Second Grade	
Anna C. Naylor		Oneonta Normal
	First Grade	



Instructors



Third Row: Janice Pratt, Anna Naylor, Florence Bliss, Alice Strong, Ruth Dolan.
Second Row: Orris Coe, Lulu Jones, Ethel Quackenbush, Agnes Brady, Margaret Blust, Margaret Stansfield, Mabel Smith, Frederick Cousins.
First Row: Cecelia Bliss, Dorothy Crowe, Eloise Williams, Francis Casey, Mildred Petley, Mildred Hyatt, Stella Hadlock.



Through the Faculty Spectacles

This is a presentation of the B. C. H. S. network. We are bringing you the school year as seen through the Faculty Spectacles.

In September four new teachers were added to our number. Mr. Cousins came as a long-needed coach and physical director, Mr. Coe in place of George (Chief) Isles, Miss Crowe in place of Miss Johnson, and Mrs. Jones as the fifth grade teacher in place of Miss Strong who was transferred to Junior High. The old standbys held a beef-steak roast for them in the Home Making House. The menfolk of the faculty did the roasting and the "girls" of the faculty the serving.

Time takes us now to mid-winter where we find our faculty in the midst of a fast basketball game. The Misses Dolan, Bliss, Blust, Pratt, Brady, and Smith plus Mrs. Hadlock, under the able management of Miss Williams, tie the Freshmen. Overconfidence and they go down in defeat before the varsity.

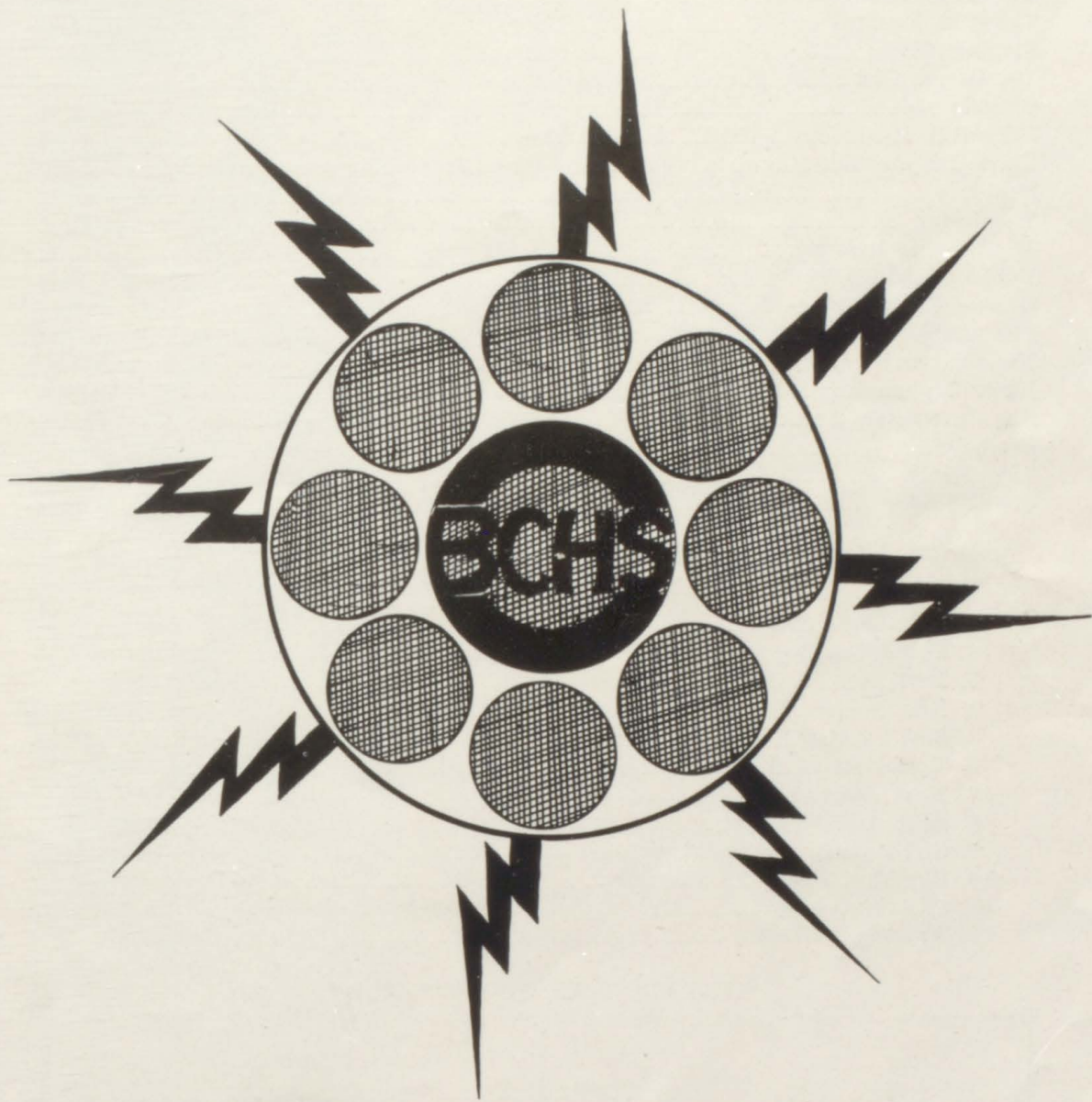
Miss Smith became over-anxious and did not wait till the old year passed away and the new year leaped in. Even Miss Stansfield became engaged. All the rest of our good teachers are braving leap year well, perhaps by choice or perhaps by circumstance. I speak of good teachers because a student does not realize what way a teacher moulds a student's life.

And now let us meet the faculty through their characteristic theme songs:

Faculty Song Hits

Naylor	"Just Friends"
Quackenbush	"Down On The Farm"
Hyatt	"Millie"
Brady	"Too Late"
Jones	"I Love Life"
Pratt	"Come Easy, Go Easy Love"
Blust	"Ah, Sweet Mystery Of Life"
Bliss	"This is the Mrs."
Strong	"All Of Me"
Smith	"I'm Making Faces At The Man In The Moon"
Bliss (Miss)	"There's Danger In Your Eyes"
Crowe	"My Black Birds Are Blue Birds Now"
Stansfield	"I'm So In Love"
Petley	"Sweet And Lovely"
Williams	"Now's The Time To Fall In Love"
Coe	"Love Came Into My Heart"
Hadlock	"If I Were Single Again"
Dolan	"Kissable Baby"
Cousins	"Reaching For The Moon"
Casey	"Can't We Talk It Over"

HAROLD ROBERTS, '32





Radio Personalities

Old Man Sunshine	Robert Houck
The Old Maestro	Harold Roberts
Singing Clown	Clifford Loudon
The Dream Girl	Jean Westcott
Cheerio	Kenneth Houghtaling
Jolly Bill	William Ward
Clara, Lu, and Em	Agnete Brandt, Josephine Mesic, Dorothy Bly
Sunbirds	Sarah Lord, Verna Banner
The Jester	Melancton Hoyt
The Singing Romeo	Rodimeer Silverstein
Rubinoff and his Violin	Howard Rose
Quaker Early Birds	Russell Elander, William Burton
The Globe Trotter	Kenneth Van Denburgh
Mountaineers	Ove Munk, George Hager, Kenneth Freidenstein
Little Orphan Annie	Eva Talcott
The Captivators	Athalie Baldwin, Alice Taylor
Cowboys	Ralph Axtell, Roger Franks
The Oracle	Julia Riley
Street Singer	Clinton Wilcox

Senior Dozen

1. Best Liked Girl	Athalie Baldwin
2. Best Liked Boy	Harold Roberts
3. Best Dressed Girl	Verna Banner
4. Best Dressed Boy	Clifford Loudon
5. Best Looking Girl	Athalie Baldwin
6. Best Looking Boy	Howard Rose
7. Most Athletic Girl	Alice Taylor
8. Most Athletic Boy	Clifford Loudon
9. Girl Most Likely To Succeed	Julia Riley
10. Boy Most Likely To Succeed	Wilfred Lyon
11. Class Humorists	Melancton Hoyt and Robert Houck
12. Walking Dictionary	Rodimeer Silverstein

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Bainbridge, N. Y.



RALPH E. AXTELL

*To have a boy like Ralph we're proud;
He's never boistrous or very loud
But, when we need a manager for work,
We call on him and know he will not shirk.*

Circulation Manager Echo 4. Business Manager Senior Play 4. Baseball 3, 4.



ATHALIE J. BALDWIN

*Charming, pretty and full of pep,
Always ready to keep in step;
With helpful ideas she's ever quick,
Glad to be around whenever with Chick.*

President of Class 2, 4. Secretary-Treasurer 3. Senior Play 3, 4. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Cercle Francais 2, 4. Literary Editor Echo 4. Basketball 3, 4. Cheer Leader 4. Operetta 3. President Glee Club 4. Prize Speaking 2, 3.



VERNA L. BANNER

*Up to Sidney Verna goes,
For what reason no one knows,
In her charming big brown eyes
Love, mischief, and virtue lies.*

Basketball Manager 4. Glee Club 3, 4.



DOROTHY J. BLY

*One of the midgets within our class
Is our Dottie, a shy little lass,
She's lucky to have a cute little car
And in this Austin may oft travel far.*

Homemaking Club 4. Class Basketball 4.



AGNETE BRANDT

*In school Agnete is a quiet little maid.
She causes no trouble or books to be mislaid,
But a birdie has told us she's a different girl
When she's out at night in a social whirl.*

Vice-President of Class 2. Basketball 4.



WILLIAM R. BURTON

*Here's a boy who plays basketball
And likes to wander through the hall.
For pancake suppers and simiar things
Bill's always there with the advice he brings.*

Football 2, 4, 5. Basketball 3, 4, 5. Operetta 4.
Glee Club 5.



ROGER S. FRANKS

*Roger Franks is one of our Aggie boys
Much interested in farming—no, not in toys.
In all our class meetings he has attle to say,
But in work is ready to help any day.*

Football 3, 4. Basketball 4. Baseball 3, 4. Presi-
dent of Young Farmers' Association 4.



KENNETH M. FRIEDENSTINE

*And now three cheers for Kenneth
Friedenstine.
His name is as famous as Professor Einstein.
With manners of ease and dark brown eyes,
We'll wager he'll cause many heart-rending
sighs.*

Orchestra 2. Basketball 2.



GEORGE W. HAGER

*He does his lessons and might be good
If others did the things they should,
But while there's mischief it seems his fate
The other chap to imitate.*

Alumni Editor Echo 4. Ass't Business Manager
Senior Play 4. Secretary-Treasurer Class 4. Foot-
ball 3, 4. Glee Club 1. Cercle Francais 2, 4.



ROBERT T. HOUCK

*Here's to our Bob;
He sure knows his stuff.
He leads in math
By pulling a bluff.*

Senior Play 3, 4. Joke Editor Echo 3. President
Agriculture Class 3. Photograph Editor Echo 4.
Manager 2, 3. Football 4. Vice-President Class 4.



KENNETH H. HOUGHTALING

*Kenneth has always a ready smile
Cheerful, friendly all the while,
He's one of those boys who always seem glad;
Just try to think of Kenneth as really mad.*

Cercle Francais 4.



SARAH L. LORD

*The wardrobe mistress for our Senior Class.
She's quiet, demure, but not always shy.
It really makes a difference who sits near by.*

Wardrobe Mistress Senior Play 4. Alumni Editor Echo 4. Class Basketball 4. Homemaking Club 4.



CLIFFORD R. LOUDON

*We envy him his easy grace,
The charming manner without guile,
The way he rules in every place
With the sceptre of his smile.*

Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 4. Captain of Football 4. Captain of Baseball 3. Captain of Basketball. Operetta 2, 3. Senior Play 2, 4. Athletic Editor Echo 3, 4. Boxing and Wrestling 2, 3. Prize Speaking 2, 3. Vice-President of Class 2. Track 3, 4. Vice-President Glee Club 4.



JOSEPHINE L. MESIC

*Behold before you a dependable young lass
A girl from out of town is Josephine
Who seldom without Ren in tow is seen.
She's quiet in school, likes basketball,
But finds too strenuous work is something
of a pall*

Athletic Editor Echo 4. Basketball 4. Glee Club 4.



OVE T. MUNK

*Looking for a friend, you say?
Seek Ove Munk this very day,
He's loyal and quiet, faithful and true,
Count on him always to see a thing through.*

Cercle Francais 2, 4. Vice-President Cercle Francais 4.



LILLIAN I. PAYNE

*Like to see her smiling face,
Glad to have her every place.
She's a worker, good one, too,
Ready to help our class get through.*

Class Basketball 4. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Cercle
Francais 2, 4. Secrétary Class 1.



JULIA A. RILEY

*Julia has a heart of gold.
In manners she is never bold;
Her worthy praise can ne'er be writ:
For school and work she's always fit.*

Treasurer Class 2. Operetta 3. Senior Play 4.
President Cercle Francais 4. Assistant Editor
Echo 4.



F. HAROLD ROBERTS

*A saxophone each night he plays
And comes to classes in a daze,
For he is one who too much spends
And burns his candle at both ends.*

Editor Echo 4. Orchestra 2, 3, 4. Class Basket-
ball 4.



W. HOWARD ROSE

*Here is a boy who often in school does dream
Of far away things and of his girl it would
seem.*

*Howard's a real violinist; so we're very proud
That he came this year to be one of our
crowd.*

President Orchestra 4. Specialty Editor Echo 4.



J. RODIMEER SILVERSTEIN

*Rodimeer uses great big words;
His favorite hobby is stuffing birds.
He's excellent in German, French also,
But sometimes talks too much we know.*

Specialty Editor Echo 4. Glee Club 4. Orches-
tra 4. Cercle Francais 4. Senior Play 4.



EVA I. TALCOTT

*Although our Eva is very small
She's always there when on her we call
To help our class some mcney to earn.
Duty before pleasure—in this she is stern.*

Glee Club 3, 4. Cercle Francais 2. Homemaking Club 3, 4. Class Basketball 4.



ALICE D. TAYLOR

*In Alice we have a fine girl athlete,
Ready and eager in sports to compete.
Coxie agrees that she's just right
And seldom lets her get out of his sight.*

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Echo Staff 3. Cercle Francais 2.



KENNETH A. VAN DENBURGH

*A friend in need is a friend indeed.
Of Goofy we know 'tis true.
Perhaps in driving he takes little heed
But he's all ready his part to do.*

Business Manager Echo 4. Business Manager of Basketball 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Operetta 1, 2.



WILLIAM E. WARD

*Bill is quite a lady's man
Follows them round whene're he can;
Any excuse will serve him at all—
Whenever a fair lady's within his call.*

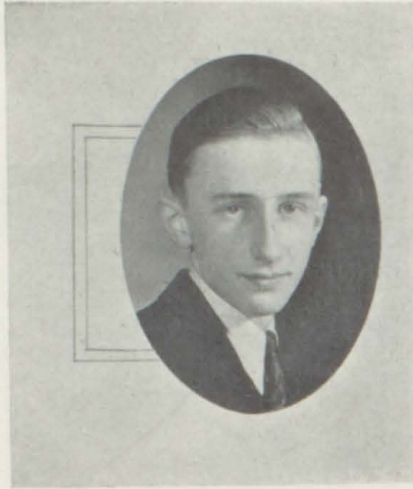
Class Basketball 4.



C. JEAN WESTCOTT

*The muse of music smiled on Jean
And made of her our music queen.
What can she do? Play and sing
And make our hall with laughter ring.*

Senior Play 4. Operetta 2, 3. Secretary Cercle Francais 2, 4. Orchestra 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Secretary and Treasurer Glee Club 3, 4. Society Editor Echo 4. Vice-President Class 1, 2, 3.



CLINTON S. WILCOX

*In Clinton we have a musical young man
Who likes to play his trombone and sing
when he can.*

*In classes he seldom makes much of a sound
But in church what a wonder! One knows
he's around.*

Orchestra 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. President
Class 3.

Station N T I

Hello, folks. This is the hour of the graduating class of 1932 and a presentation of station N. T. I. of the B. C. H. S. network. Julia Riley at the microphone, people. Draw your chairs closer, then nibble a piece of Senior candy, and settle down. Are you all listening in?

Because this is the fourth year of the classes broadcasting, let us summarize their activities on this anniversary program. They started out the most timid of all broadcasters. With much excitement they planned parties, good times galore, but alas, the gods were against them. The hot dog roast was warded off by floods from the heavens and it was necessary to have it in the main broadcasting studio with the "mike" turned off.

In their second year they set out to have many airplane rides. A party was planned with sweet cider and doughnuts as main attractions, but when they were ready to eat after an evening of games they found that some of the upper classmen had been more hungry than they for they had (Oh! that dreadful word) stolen the refreshments. The next on the program was another hot dog roast. But again the aerial forecasts were unfavorable. They held it in the main studio and ate "dogs" without butter or mustard.

As Juniors they were more successful. At Christmas wreaths were sold, adding much to the funds for broadcasting. The Junior Prom was held on January 2nd with a good crowd and a good time. During the balmy days of late spring they went to Bracket Lake for a picnic. It was the most successful undertaking they had tried. The Juniors began to gain courage to enter the crowning year of their high school career.

At the beginning of our senior year we selected the following officials:

Chief Announcer	-----	Athalie Baldwin
Ass't Announcer	-----	Robert Houck
Station Operator	-----	George Hager
Station Advisors	-----	{ Miss Margaret Stansfield
		{ Miss Mildred Petley



We started doing big things and soon put on a Hallowe'en Dance. Harold Roberts with his "Blue Blazers" Orchestra blazed the trail for a few more dollars to spend on the big project. "Here Comes Patricia", the biggest hit of Broadway, was broadcast from our local studios on December 4th. If you think it made a sensation on Broadway you should see what it did in Bainbridge. A capacity audience enjoyed the selections by the High School Orchestra and the unusual talent of the cast of new actors. The cast was as follows:

Elsie Crowder—a pretty young neighbor	Jean Westcott
Mrs. Carrol—a pleasant, motherly widow	Betty Supplee
Mrs. Smith-Porter—the town aristocrat	Velma Kentfield
Angelina Knoop—another neighbor	Julia Riley
Minnie Knoop—Angelina's cousin	Athalie Baldwin
Patricia Grayson—daughter of the governor	Athalie Baldwin
Jimmy Clark—a newcomer in Fern Lawn	Clifford Loudon
Elbert Hastings—Patricia's cousin	Ernest Newman
Adam Wade—Jimmy's boss	Rodimeer Silverstein
Tim Hopper—the town's bad example	Melancton Hoyt
Bud Flannigan—young Irishman	Robert Houck

To make money to go to Washington we had a bake sale and now we are selling candy. Of course we have big ideas for the "Echo" which is going to be better than ever this year. Just send \$.50 to this station and we will mail you a copy of our year book.

Station N. T. I. signing off. Your announcer has been Julia Riley.

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Station A A P A

Ladies and gentlemen of the Echo audience, this is station A. A. P. A. broadcasting over the network of B. C. H. S. You are listening to the Junior Class broadcasting from Room 11 in the studios of Bainbridge High School.

Alumni, students and friends, imagine that you see lying before you an immense book. On the cover are the initials A. A. P. A., and beneath the inscription: "Ad astra per aspera" or "To the stars through difficulties."

"What is this?" you murmur.

On glancing over the introductory pages you discover that you have chanced upon a history of the Junior Class. On the first page you read of the opening meeting in early fall at which time they chose officers for the following year as follows:

Chief Announcer -----	Charlie Myers
Assistant Announcer -----	Thelma Newman
Operator -----	Betty Supplee
Station Advisor -----	Miss Williams

Farther on you learn how the Junior Class held a Hallowe'en circus at the Homemaking House last fall with Miss Williams and Miss Bliss as guest acrobats. We really should have had a few more elephants present as there were plenty of peanuts for all.

They sold Christmas wreaths to relieve the financial strain.

On New Year's night a Christmas dance was held in honor of the Seniors at the large pavilion, entertained by Harold Roberts and his Blue Blazer orchestra in person. The dance was a big success.

This chapter, in which the ink is still wet, describes their most important undertaking, that of publishing a school paper. The "Loud Speaker" as it comes out the last of every month endeavors to reflect the school life of Bainbridge.

Then the last page, blank as you see it, but if you should tune in on this station one year from now, you will learn how the Juniors have finished their history. Remember the station—A. A. P. A.

Your program announcer has been Helen Fairbanks.



BACK ROW

Melancton Hoyt, Carlton Wilcox, Richard Covey, Arthur Fairchild, Earnest Newman.

THIRD ROW

Juanita Green Carl Hovey, Frederick Birdsall, Thelma Hall, Helen Fairbanks, Phyllis Palmer, Earl Stillman, Elton Fletcher.

SECOND ROW

Howard Williams, Ruth Snitchler, Madeline Baird, Margaret Payne, Charlotte Taylor, Edna Sejersen, Mary Haggerty, Lucretia Brown, Genevra Foster, Kathleen Franks.

FIRST ROW

Kenneth Davis, Edward Mulwane, Betty Supplee, Charlie Myers, Thelma Newman
Eloise Williams, advisor; Maurice McGinnis Jesse Nichols.



Junior Forecast

NAME	NICKNAME	OCCUPATION	FUTURE
Baird, Madeline	"Maddy"	Haying	Messenger
Birdsall, Frederick	"Birdie"	Ag	Tailor
Brown, Lucretia	"Lu"	Making up	Coach
Covey, Richard	"Dick"	Fostering Basketball	Linguist
Davis, Kenneth	"Bull"	Camping	I Don't Know
Fairbanks, Helen	"Helen"	Imitating Betty	Society Belle
Fairchild, Arthur	"Art"	Missing School	Fanny
Fletcher, Elton	"Fletch"	Asking Questions	Investigator
Foster, Genevra	"GeeGe"	Dickering	Advisor For The Love Lorn
Franks, Kathleen	"Franksie"	Being Earnest	Blank
Green, Juanita	"Nita"	Running	Olympics
Haggerty, Mary	"Mary"	Blushing	A Country Lassie
Hall, Thelma	"Thelma"	Pumping Gas	Garage Business
Hovey, Carl	"Porky"	Peddling Handbills	Opera Singer
Hoyt, Melancton	"Melly"	Picking "Roses"	Stunting
McGinnis, Maurice	"Ginny"	Keeping Quiet	Selling Autos
Mulwane, Edward	"Ed"	Teasing Betty	Clowning
Myers, Charlie	"Chasy"	Hunting A New Man	Studying "Birds" Habitations
Newman, Earnest	"Ernie"	Being Frank	Milking Cows
Newman, Thelma	"Tiny"	Studying The Mires	Charlie
Nichols, Jesse	"Jes"	Talking Of The Farm Bureau	Farmer
Palmer, Phyllis	"Philippe"	Mining (Cole)	Old Maid
Payne, Margaret	"Maggie"	Studying	French Foreign Minister
Sejersen, Edna	"Eddie"	Being Boy Crazy	Edward
Snitchler, Ruth	"Snitch"	Arranging Hair	Hairdresser
Stillman, Earl	"Earl"	Doing Advanced Algebra	Romeo's Juliet
Supplee, Elizabeth	"Betty"	Looking For "Silver"	Aiming For The Stars
Taylor, Charlotte	"Shrimp"	Teasing	Tailor
Wilcox, Carlton	"Coxy"	Eating	Tennis Champion
Williams, Howard	"Drasoh"	Feasting On "Olives"	

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Station V A F

Hello Everybody :

This is station V. A. F. (Verus ad finem), Sophomore division of the B. C. H. S. network, broadcasting on a frequency of forty weeks per year, five days per week and six hours per day. As a representative of the station, I am giving an account of what we have done thus far.

Our first achievement was the organization of our division. Donna Hitchcock was elected Chief Announcer; Stanley LeSuer, Assistant Announcer; Ellen Nymann, Operator; Miss Bliss, Station Advisor. Then we proceeded to have a celebration. We took one of our network's busses and went to North Afton to a hot-dog roast. We ate hot-dogs there to our hearts content and stomachs too. Next we challenged the Seniors to a debate which we won.

We signed off for Christmas vacation and had nine days to recuperate, reopening on January fourth. Just before mid-years Cousin Freddie wished to organize girls' and boys' basketball teams, the players of which could not be on the varsity team. Nevertheless excellent playing was done and good class spirit shown.

Although our class has been rather quiet and not over active this year we are storing up our energy for future years and programs so watch for further announcements of our programs from this studio.

Station V. A. F. signing off. Your announcers have been Catherine Houck and Betty Lord.

Some Unique Sophomore Stones

Wesley Silverstein	Touchstone
Junior Roider	Headstone
Velma Kentfield	Firestone
Alvin Hayes	Bloodstone
Harriet Sipple	Rhinestone
Arlene Fletcher	Milestone
Lenore Andrews	
Bertha Shaffer	Curbstones
Marian Henderson	
Jack Tuckey	Grindstone
Ruth Hamlin	Tombstone
Dorothy Taft	Gaulstone
Joyce Showalter	Blarneystone
Gerald Cooley	Cobblestone
Donna Hitchcock	Soapstone
Gerald Hine	Peachstone
Grace Hager	Clingstone
Clara Parsons	Whetstone
	Sandstone



Back Row: Lawrence Eggleston, Jack Tuckey, Gordon Burton, Alvin Hayes, Newton Hovey, Merritt Parsons, Marshall Moore.
 Fourth Row: Wesley Silverstein, Arlene Fletcher, Velma Hall Marian Boyce, Edith Collington, Marian Henderson, Lenore Andrews, Mina Seeley, Catherine Houck, Velma Kentfield, Hilda Smith, Velma Lord, Grace Hager
 Third Row: Joseph Throop, Gertrude MacPherson, Hazel Engel, Beth Jacobs, Dorothy Taft, Harriet Sipple, Velma Banner, Betty Lord, Clara Parsons, Marian Peckham, Dorothy Stanton, Ruth Hamlin, Lana Olmsted.
 Second Row: Bertha Shaffer, Gladys Covey, Ellen Nymann, Stanley LeSure, Donna Hitchcock, Miss Bliss (advisor), Rose Roberts, Mary Ellen Price.
 First Row: William Van Valkenburgh, Bernard Lovejoy, Jack Palmer, Junior Roider, Gerald Hine, Gerald Cooley.

More Unique Sophomore Stones

Dorothy Stanton	-----	Cornerstone
Lawrence Eggleston	-----	Flagstone
Hazel Engel	-----	Steppingstone
Ellen Nymann	-----	Hearthstone
Marshall Moore	-----	Moonstone
Marian Peckham	-----	(Old) Maidstone
John (Jack) Palmer	-----	Johnstone
Catherine Houck	-----	Corkstone
Beth Jacobs	-----	Pumicestone
Velma Lord	-----	Limestone
Rose Roberts	-----	Heartstone
Hilda Smith	-----	Brimstone
Gordon Burton	-----	Pavingstone
Newton Hovey	-----	Hobblestone
Stanley Le Suer	-----	Rollingstone
Joe Snitchler	-----	Buildingstone



Station L O V

Ladies and Gentlemen of the radio audience:

This is station L O V (Labor omnia vincit) broadcasting from the freshmen room of B. C. H. S. network and bringing to you the history of the freshmen class.

In September, nineteen thirty-one, many frightened freshmen from the country as well as from town entered the Bainbridge High School. Under the amused glances of upper classmen, we felt particularly green. The first week was a nightmare. Schedules, classes, bells, the process of changing rooms and seats at least two or three times a day thoroughly wore us out. We had expected high school to be one glorious dream, but when we were initiated into the mysteries of Latin, Algebra, History A, Science, etc., we were disillusioned.

After a few weeks we organized a freshmen club and the following officials were chosen:

Chief Announcer	Sam Taylor
Assistant Announcer	Jimmy Clark
Station Operators	John Spring and Viola Sherman
Station Advisor	Mr. Cousins

We had a hot dog roast at Danforth's cottage which was interrupted by some playful Seniors who stole the hot dogs much to our chagrin.

Our next big event was basketball. Because we were inexperienced, we knew nothing of the game or any other school sports, but were eager to learn. Some days later we organized a basketball team and played our first game. We won and were defeated only by the Varsity.

We have started at the bottom of the ladder of success and are working towards the top.

Station L O V signing off from the B. C. H. S. network. Your program announcer has been Viola Sherman.

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BRUCE PARTRIDGE
PAUL CARMAN



BACK ROW

Edward Smith, Robert Crawford, Ronald Mathews, Mr. Cousins—advisor, Raymond Minor, Paul Doolittle.

FOURTH ROW

Ruth Weeks, Marcella Lowry, Olive Corbin, Naomi Gifford, Beatrice Green, Ruth Sherman, Gladys Preston, Jane Crawford, Zilphia Sherman, Wilma Gustafson, Louisa Bennett, Irma Smith.

THIRD ROW

Susan Bennett, Marian Lewis, Roberta Burton, Marian Webb, Mae Collngton Lena Delello, Marietta Silvey, Elva Warner, Helen Frasier, Leta Sherman, Ruth Taylor.

SECOND ROW

Doris Stead, Pearl Clark, Jimmy Clark, Sam Taylor, Viola Sherman, Max Stevens, Pearl Smith, Jean Dawson

FIRST ROW

Paul Fairbanks, Murray Wilcox, Alton Palmer, Douglas Baldwin, John Spring, Claude Terry, Clifford Baldwin, Allen Silverstein.



Freshman Glimpses

Frederick Tilford
 Robert Herrick
 Clifford Baldwin
 Jimmie Clark
 Douglas Baldwin
 Sammy Taylor
 Marion Lewis
 Ruth Weeks
 John Spring
 Ruth Taylor
 Paul Doolittle
 Edward Smith
 Allen Silverstein
 Esther Franks
 Florence Franks
 Irma Smith
 Roberta Burton
 Ruth Sherman
 Marcella Lowry
 Leta Sherman
 Pearl Smith
 Allen Palmer
 Lena Delello
 Viola Sherman
 Marietta Silvey
 Jack Tuckey
 Paul Fairbanks
 Jean Dawson
 Arpatia Smith
 Marian Webb
 Elva Warner
 Beatrice Green
 Mae Collington
 Zilphia Sherman
 Gladys Preston
 Marian Boyce
 Olive Corbin
 Doris Stead
 Max Stevens

lanky
 long
 slow
 changeable
 slow and easy
 gets in everywhere
 loving
 giggling
 agile
 slow but clever
 soldier like
 intelligent
 retiring
 industrious
 home-loving
 talkative
 timid
 penurious
 slow
 busy
 perfect
 meek
 inquisitive
 charming
 dreamy
 languishing
 still
 dazed
 elusive
 sly
 quiet
 nice
 sly

giraffe
 dinosaur
 snail
 chameleon
 sloth
 weasel
 love birds
 hyena
 squirrel
 porcupine
 tiger
 raccoon
 prairie dog
 beavers
 cat
 parrot
 rabbit
 pearl oyster
 turtle
 bee
 deer
 lamb
 dog
 gazelle
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 butterfly
 doormouse
 sheep
 humming bird
 rabbit
 mouse
 kids
 fox

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Radio Philosophy

Yes or No?

It began with the first newspaper, continued on every corner when the gasoline "Buggy" made its appearance and now it invades our home through the mystery of radio. It's no use to leave home for the evening because the movies have also adopted the idea.

Advertising through the radio, however, is the greatest menace because the radio chains and hookups "Blah-Blah" from coast to coast that Mr. Nobrush and that amazing new discovery of his, revolutionizes the whole world so much that Adam could have shaved and eaten apples at the same time with one hand tied behind his back. Also, if you are shy, silent, sinful, have oily, shiny or chapped skin, if you are bald or have superfluous hair, all you have to do is tune in on any program and within a week you will be three shades whiter or else you will float because you are 99 44/100 perfect.

A friend of mine whose radiator had frozen decided to stay home one night. After turning on the radio, the first thing he heard was, "Have you tried Eveready Prestone to keep your radiator from freezing? This anti-freeze solution is used by Mr. So and So who writes his praise of it from Panama."

Is it not bad enough that Crosby, Columbo, and Vallee should captivate the fairer sex without their telling us what's wrong with us so that we can get them back again? Such is the irony of radio and of life.

HAROLD ROBERTS, Editor-in-Chief.

What Is Home?

When we hear the strains of "Home Sweet Home" how many of us realize the feeling back of the words? How many of us know how different are the qualities of a real home than those of the majority of the homes we know? Can we say "home" with a sense of the real meaning of that blessed word?

Many of us are entirely ignorant of what the qualities of a home are and are quite content to be able to go and come as we please. If it were truly a home we should be anxious to go to it and stay rather than to go to the movies or other public places.

A home is more than a house in which the family assembles for meals and at night. There should be an expression of love, reverence, with personal qualities which each member must express individually.

No matter how poor nor how rich, a family may have a home with the co-operation of all. Because of this, why can there not be more homes in the world which are true to their name?



We see the glaring headlines of the newspaper report of a youth who has gone away from home. We ask ourselves, "Was it a home which he left?" Doubtless, if it had been he would not have left it, for in a home there can be no misunderstanding.

There is the story written by E. E. Hale, "The Man Without a Country". Do we often write of "the man without a home"? If we did I believe that at least the juvenile courts and probably many others might be done away with. There would be far more justice and less criminality.

JULIA RILEY,

Associate Editor of Echo.

SIMILES

Hotter than Roy Robinson's suspenders
Harder than Fred Tilford's Adams apple
As stubborn as Mr. Coe's sawhorse
As slim as Eddie Cantor's chances for the presidency
Snappier than Velma Banner's tap-dancing
Older than Mellie's corncob pipe
As one-sided as Miss Bliss' Cicero class
As ornamented as Nickel's cornet-case
With the zip and zest of Miss Dolan's baton
Flatter than the Glee Club
Crookeder than Rastus hair

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RADIO REVIEW

Ladies and Gentlemen: We are now bringing you the Radio Review, a varied program of school society. We hope you will enjoy it.

Your Society Announcer,

C. JEAN WESTCOTT, '32.

Morning Devotions - - Chapel

This is the Assembly Period broadcasting every Monday and Friday morning from the Auditorium of Bainbridge Central High School! We will begin this morning's devotions with "America the Beautiful", which will be followed by the Lord's Prayer. We will now sing "Auld Lang Syne".

If there are no announcements to be made we will have a duet. The boys will sing "Keep the Home Fires Burning" while the girls sing "There's a Long Long Trail A'Winding".

As a closing song, our Alma Mater will be sung:

"Resting proudly in Susquehanna's vale,
Alma Mater stands,
Sheds her ray 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."

This has been a presentation of Bainbridge Central High School, and was sponsored by the Board of Trustees.

The prayer was led by Principal F. J. Casey. Music was supplied by the students and faculty of the High School led by Miss Ruth Dolan. The pianist was Miss Jean Westcott.

Your announcers are

MARIAN PECKHAM and VELMA KENTFIELD



Studio Ensemble - - Orchestra and Glee Club

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are now taking you to the Auditorium of the Bainbridge High School, where a concert by our high school artists is about to commence.

The curtain is now rising and silence grasps the audience. Our conductor, Miss Ruth Dolan, is taking her place and the concert is beginning. A rousing march, is in progress. Next the Glee Club is heard singing "The Heavens Resound" by Beethoven. The orchestra follows in the lighter vein with "Dance of the Goblins" by Engleman.

One of our distinguished players, Harold Roberts, favors us with a solo—"Valse Marilyn".

In keeping up with this freak winter which we are having, the Glee Club next sings "Crowning the Seasons", in which you may choose your favorite season.

Our ensemble now combines their talent in "Roses of Picardy". Following this our orchestra comes to the front with "Rakoczy March", a vigorous piece typical of the Russians in its minor and heavy harmonies.

Our second soloist of the evening, Howard Rose, gives us his impression of "Andantino".

Our orchestra, not to be outdone by the current music of today, turns to "Good Night, Sweetheart" which has become universally popular. An old favorite, "The Blue Danube" is the Glee Club's concluding selection and with this we end tonight's program.

If you have enjoyed this program, don't forget to tune in for the Graduation Exercises the last week in June. At this time, a new and novel feature will be presented when the orchestra will play a march written by the Harmony Class. Of course, you don't want to miss it! We thank you.

JEAN WESTCOTT '32

THIS PROGRAM SPONSORED BY

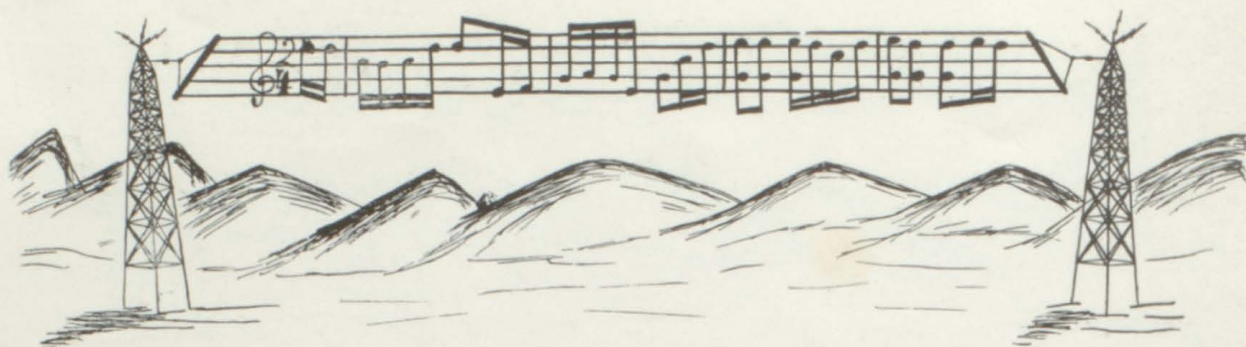
<p>HOVEY-SWEET CO. STERLING GAS RANGES CONTRACTS TAKEN ON ELECTRIC WORK PAPERING, PAINTING ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS FAIRBANKS MORSE LIGHTING PAINTS and PUMPS LIGHTING FIXTURES DUCO—DUPONT PAINT WALL PAPER</p>	<p>IN MEMORIAM DR. L. L. PERRY</p> <hr/> <p>TWIN RIVERS INN Gustafson & Ideman GAS, OIL AND REFRESHMENTS On Route 7 Bainbridge, N. Y.</p>
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(Left to Right): Howard Rose, Miss Dolan, (Conductor), Jean Westcott, Alden Wakeman, Harold Roberts, Gerald Cooley, Carl Hovey, Clinton Wilcox, Rodimeer Silverstein, Kenneth Van Denburgh, Howard Williams, Bernard Lovejoy.



Back Row: Clinton Wilcox, Clifford Loudon, Austin Hayes. Fourth Row: Rodimeer Silverstein, Jean Dawson, Mina Seeley, Marcella Lowry, Velma Hall, Betty Supplee, Juanita Green, Velma Lord, Ruth Weeks, Velma Kentfield, Doris Stead, Louesa Bnnett, Betty Lord, Naomi Snitchler, Catherine Houck, Josephine Mesic, Russell Elander, Third Row: Alton Palmer Gordon Burton, Charlotte Taylor, Olive Corbin, Marian Lewis, Clara Parsons, Donna Hitchcock, Rose Roberts, Susan Bennett, Agnete Brandt, Lillian Payne, Second Row: Carl Hovey, Verna Banner, Dorothy Stanton, Marian Peckham, Mae Collington, Pearl Smith, Lena Delello, Margaret Payne, Eva Talcott, Jane Crawford, Roberta Burton, Mary Ellen Price, Dorothy Taft, First Row: Wesley Silverstein, Joseph Throop, Miss Dolan (Conductor), Jean Westcott (Accompanist), Athalie Baldwin, Jesse Nichols, Newton Hovey.



Sisters of the Skillet - - Homemaking Class

This is the B. C. H. S. network presenting the Sisters of the Skillet.

Attention everyone! If you want to keep up with modern domestic science consult the girls of the B. C. H. S. Home Making Department Class. One and Two girls made very neat pajamas, while Three and Four girls showed their skill in the dress-making art. The girls of Seven and Eight have been doing Interior Decorating on a small scale.

Projects have been carried on among the classes and some very clever party decorations were designed.

Since Thanksgiving, the pupils of the High School have been served with hot lunches planned and prepared by the Home Making girls. If anyone desires culinary advice, please apply to B. C. H. S. Sisters of the Skillet. We thank you.

MADELINE BAIRD '33

Cercle Francais - - French Club

On turning the page in our social activities, we must not forget our language groups.

The French Club has made great progress this year. In organizing, we elected Julia Riley as President, Ove Munk as Vice-President and Jean Westcott as Secretary and Treasurer.

Our first meeting was held in the Home-Making House. At this meeting Mlle. Stansfield showed us many interesting pictures of Montreal and of other places in Canada. She also showed us several French coins which were of great interest to all.

We were requested to bring extra pennies with us, as each person was fined one cent for each English word spoken, since this was strictly a French meeting. The treasurer reported an addition to the club treasury.

We have learned to play French games at our meetings and at the Christmas meeting, Christmas stories were read in French, and French carols were sung.

Another meeting is being planned and the French one pupils whose averages are up, are planning to join us. We hope to make our meetings an even greater success.

LILLIAN I. PAYNE '32

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National Farm and Home Hour - - The "Ag" Class



Back Row: Carlton Wilcox, Alden Wakeman, Robert Houck, Lloyd Hubbard, Alvin Hayes, Leonard Cone.

Second Row: Maurice Mc Ginnis, Joseph Snitchler, Paul Doolittle, Carl Hovey, Merritt Parsons, Frederick Birdsall, Frank Doolittle, Bruce Hill.

First Row: William Van Valkenburgh, Howard Williams, Elton Fletcher, Mr. Coe, Roger Franks, Kenneth Freidenstein, Allen Harman.

Hark,—what is that noise—why nothing but the strains of the "Stars and Stripes Forever", which introduces the Farm and Home Hour. Our program today is under the direction of the Young Farmers' Association of B. H. S. The president of this worthy organization will now speak to you. This organization was first established in New York State August 1926. It was first introduced for the purpose of giving the young boys, who are growing up to take the place of their fathers, an opportunity to learn better ways of farming while in High School for so many boys do not go any farther than High School. Three years ago B. H. S. added Agriculture to its course of study. At the beginning of the school year of 1931, the Young Farmers Association reorganized with Mr. Coe as teacher and advisor. The officials elected were as follows:—President, Roger Franks, Secretary; Elton Fletcher. This band of Future Farmers holds a meeting each year at some school. The organization is divided into sections, with several schools in a section. This year the meeting was held at Afton. Each school usually presents some form of amusement or skit. Of course we attempted to present one. After these were presented, came the lunch hour. Of course we all participated in this. Then a few remarks were given by some of the leaders and also some good advice with regards to our work. In our department we are doing our best to get the most out of this course, that we may apply it in our farm work, and make a success of farming. Otherwise we would not receive this training. We band together, forming an organization and working out better ways in which to obtain the best results. So come along boys and join us in the work. We'll try and give you a good time along with our course of study. Don't forget to listen in to our Farm and Home Hour program, for I am sure you will enjoy it as well as benefit by it. Thank you.

ROGER FRANKS '32



International Youth Conference - - Wo-He-Lo

This is our Camp Fire program broadcasting from our rustic studio on the moonlight shores of Lake Goodyear. On a balmy fall night the daughters of Oececa met at Jean Westcott's home and chose our officers. Athalie Baldwin for president, Jean Westcott for vice-president, Genevra Foster as our trustworthy secretary and treasurer, and Miss Cecelia Bliss, our faithful guardian.

When the spooky weather of Hallowe'en rolled 'round, we decided to stage a pajama party, and so on the Wednesday before Hallowe'en we journeyed beneath a sky speckled with tiny giggling stars and a lazy good-natured moon to Grace Hager's. And what a good time.

But all our meetings we do not spend for pleasure, for the girls according to the ideals of Camp Fire, appreciate and are able to create beauty as is proven by the lovely head-bands and the Camp-Fire flag of which we are all proud.

We feel that this year we have held high the ideals and beauty, which have been handed down to us from our older sisters, and to the old book we have added new pages which we hand on to be cherished as we have cherished.

With every year new sisters are added who too are seeking beauty, giving service, pursuing knowledge, glorifying work and being happy, along with all our other aspirations so trustingly and confidently we hand the torch to our successors who will carry on the traditions of Oececa.

ATHALIE BALDWIN '32

International Youth Conference - - Girl Scouts

The Pine Tree Troop of Girl Scouts is now enjoying its third year of broadcasting during the International Youth Conference. Last fall we celebrated our anniversary by going on a hike. Several girls went ahead of the main body and laid a trail which the others had to follow. The groups united to eat supper and to tell stories around the camp fire, then, breaking the spell, we walked home after dark. When Christmas Eve rolled around we sang Christmas carols to the ill and crippled of the town. During regents week, the girls who are working for their first class badge walked up to the Boy Scout Cabin. Here we measured distances, played games and ate supper before we traced our steps home.

As the Girl Scout organization takes in girls of nearly all ages, there are naturally groups of girls working for different things. Under the leadership of Mrs. Lewis Kirkland about twelve girls won their Needle woman's badge. At present about twelve girls are working for first class badges, twelve for second class and several for tenderfoot.

At the marriage and departure of Mrs. Louis Dunkel, our Captain, Mrs. Bradford Tite and Miss Zaida Hanford nobly rose to our assistance. The Girl Scouts of Bainbridge wish to thank them for the time and encouragement which they have given to the Girl Scout Movement in Bainbridge.

BETTY SUPPLEE '33

International Youth Conference Boy Scouts

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

This program of International Youth Conference is sponsored by the Boy Scouts of America, which is a non-sectarian, non-political, non-commissioned movement. It has been chartered by Congress as leisure time educational program for boys. Back of these boys are many men to serve as friends to them.

Their ranks are divided into six parts: Tenderfoot, Second Class, First Class, Star, Life and Eagle—the highest rank that can be obtained.



We have a well-organized troop of three patrols, headed by a local council, scoutmaster and assistant.

Local council is headed by E. L. Hoyt, Chairman, G. E. Howland, H. J. Wood R. W. Kirby, Dr. J. M. Flannery. Scoutmaster, Bradford Tite. Assistant Scoutmaster, Robert Houck.

PATROLS

Rattle Snake:

Edward Mulwane, P. L.
 Kenneth Davis
 Junior Roider
 Claud Terry
 Bruce Hill

Panther:

Paul Fairbanks
 Jack Tuckey
 Douglas Baldwin
 Sterling Hodge

Flying Eagle:

Jack Palmer
 Bastine Caracciolo
 Joe Delello
 Emil Strasnicsak
 Kenneth Elander
 John Spring
 Jerry Hines
 Joe Throop

BOB HOUCK '32

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MGR.



AMBITION

FOOTBALL



CAPTAIN



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CAUGHT



ACTION



EDITOR



HOT-CHA



MAESTRO



ADVISORS



WASHINGTON PLAY



BB. MGRS.



OUR ALMA MATER



PILOTS



END ARTS



ALL-STARS



Just Imagine

"Prof" in knickers.
 "Chick" with his lesson done.
 "Fuzzy" studying.
 Jean without the necessary cosmetics.
 Mss William's boy-friend.
 Rodimeer with his mouth "fermé."
 Julia fooling.
 Miss Petley cross.
 The lucky fiancé of Mlle. Stansfield.
 "Ge Gee" going home alone.
 The Basketball players "at large" after 11:00 Thursday nights.
 Clinton Wilcox smoking a cigar.
 "Rastus" without that far away look.
 Sarah without her hair combed.
 "Goofy's" curly locks.
 "Rusty" minding his own affairs.
 "Bill" Ward getting caught.
 "Iggy" Banner unhappy .
 "Bunny" on time.
 "Jimmy" Clark's themes.
 "Ren" not scolding "Jodie."
 Rose without "Melly."
 "Bill" Burton not disagreeing.

Who's Who

Editor of Echo	"Fuzzy" Roberts
President of Senior Class	"Bunnie" Baldwin
President of Junior Class	Charlie Myers
President of Sophomore Class	Donna Hitchcock
President of Freshman Class	"Sammy" Taylor
President of Glee Club	"Bunnie" Baldwin
President of Orchestra	"Rubinoff" Rose
President of Cercle Francais	"Chick" Loudon
President of Young Farmers	"Rog" Franks
Captain of Football	"Chick" Loudon
Manager of Football	"Bob" Houck
Manager of Boys' Basketball	"Goofy" VanDenburgh
Manager of Girls' Basketball	"Peaches" Banner

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WHIT'S SMOKE SHOP

H. C. NEWELL
 Fire Insurance Agency
 Bainbridge, N. Y.

PAGE

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Boys' Basketball



Well folks, here we are on the old schedule of Basketball again! It doesn't seem possible that only two weeks ago I was telling you about that old crack up game of football up at Sidney and now tonight the boys look just as bright and eager to win as they did then. Well, there goes the whistle !!! The ball is thrown up for the first time of the season to give our cagers a chance to show their stuff—Screech!! there goes the whistle—a foul on Melly, and he made the basket.

I think you can see how exciting our games were by the above description written by Chick Loudon taken from school items earlier in the season. To write a description of each game would be too lengthy for this article, so I will give you a few points of interest concerning each game.

Bainbridge vs Unadilla at Unadilla—28 to 12

“Better stay in Thursday night boys.”

Bainbridge vs Sidney at Sidney — 26 to 17

“To play basketball requires practice.”

Afton vs Bainbridge at Bainbridge — 17 to 21

“You can't dance six nights a week.”

Franklin vs Bainbridge at Bainbridge — 28 to 23

“We knew it was in them all of the time.”

“We also got a lucky break this night. Prof let us dance until 11:30.”

Unadilla vs Bainbridge at Bainbridge — 17 to 21

“The second team was turned loose.”



Sidney vs Bainbridge at Bainbridge — 25 to 15

“It doesn't pay to train on sodas.”

Bainbridge vs Afton at Afton — 22 to 30

“Sickness lowers the morale of a team.”

Bainbridge vs Franklin at Franklin — 33 to 26

“A snappy come-back.”

All in all, the season has been fair. We hope for better luck next year. Your announcer has been Chick Loudon. So long, everybody.

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of

“THE LOUD SPEAKER”

THE WARNKEN STUDIO

thanks the Senior Class for its patronage, and wishes every member happiness and success

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FEED COAL — FARM MACHINERY



Girls' Basketball



Ruth Taylor, Kathleen Franks, Alice Taylor, Genevra Foster, Naomi Snitchler, Josephine Mesic, Lucretia Brown, Bertha Shaffer, Athalie Baldwin, Verna Banner, (Manager), Mr. Cousins (coach).

Hello Folks. You're just in time to hear the Afton vs. Bainbridge game broadcasted over the B. C. H. S. network. While the teams are warming up I'll try to give you the line-up on the Bainbridge team. Hooray!! here they come out onto the floor and the good looking girl shooting a basket is Bunny Baldwin. Bunny is the center forward on the team and is right there every minute. Alice Taylor, the right forward, and Jodie Mesic the left forward are rearing to go. Oh yes, and the three happy lasses practicing passwork are Lucretia Brown, Kathleen Franks, and Genevra Foster, true blue guards. And folks' there's a good bunch of plucky substitutes warming tthe bench such as Marcella Lowry, Louesa Bennett, Bertha Shaffer, Gladys Covey, Iggy Banner, Ruth Snitchler, Ruth Taylor, Viola Sherman, Lenore Andrews, Bobby Burton and Edna Sejer-son.

Well here we go, the referee is interviewing the two captains and now we are ready to start. The regular Bainbridge team is on the floor. The Afton team are a husky bunch; come on Bainbridge do your stuff. Here goes, the ball is thrown up and Bunny gets the tipoff, Alice runs up, grabs the ball, dribbles and passes to Jodie, bad pass Alice. Afton has the ball, throws to the end of the court and !!! Afton girl gets it, dribbles and there goes a basket. Check up Bainbridge. Center ball, Afton gets tipoff, Afton has the ball and throws it away. Jodie gets the ball, dribbles and attempts to shoot a basket but shooting directly beneath a basket is no cinch. Jump ball Alice gets the ball and "hooray" shoots a basket. Center ball, Bunny gets the tip off to Brownie, runs down beneath the basket, Brownie gives her a swell pass and !! Bunny puts the ball in. Whistle, one quarter has been played already.

The score is now 6 to 2 in favor of Bainbridge. Keep it up girls. Center ball, Afton gets ball, passes (Afton is right there on her pass work) Afton shoots!! and there goes another two points for Afton. Whistle, a half.



The girls are taking their positions and we are ready to begin again. There has been a substitution, Bertha Shaffer in place of Viola Sherman and Marcella Lowry in place of Bunny Baldwin. Center ball, Afton gets the tip off, passes to left forward, she dribbles, shoots !!!! gets a basket. They are gaining on you Bainbridge. Center ball, Bainbridge gets the ball, a bad pass and !! Afton has the ball. Afton forward shoots a long shot, misses.

Well folks during the quarter I'll tell you that Bainbridge has been rather unlucky and was defeated in the games with Unadilla, Sidney at Sidney, Milford at Milford, Susquehanna at Susquehanna, Franklin at Franklin, Franklin at Bainbridge, Afton at Bainbridge. They won the games with Walton, Sidney at Bainbridge and tied with Afton.

Coach Cousins has worked diligently and patiently with the girls trying to get them in good training. The girls hope to have Cousins next year.

Here we go again, there has been a substitution. Viola Sherman has gone in, in place of Jodie Mesic. All right Afton gets the tip off, throws a pass to the left forward, she shoots and !!! misses, Bainbridge gets the ball, a pass is thrown to Viola, she doesn't get it, ball is outside, whistle!! Afton takes the ball out and throws a bad pass. Jump ball and Bainbridge gets the ball, throws to Viola, she passes to Alice and she shoots a basket. Now Bainbridge has the ball, it's passed to Bertha and she tips it in. Whistle—a quarter.

The score is 6 to 8 now in favor of Bainbridge. The Afton girls look as though they were going to conquer the world. Come on Bainbridge, hold them down.

Well they are off again, Afton gets the ball and passes to left forward, Oh! Oh! there goes another basket for Afton. Tie score again. Center ball, Alice gets it, dribbles and shoots, misses but Mike gets it and tips it in. Oh boy coming up. Center Afton gets the ball, she dribbles, passes. Jump ball, Afton gets it and shoots a basket. Still a tie score. Keep your chin up Bainbridge. Center ball, Mike has the ball passes to Bert, cuts through and gets a basket. Things are just a whizzing now. Center, Afton gets the ball, a foul on Afton's left forward. Alice shoots the foul and !!! makes it. Center ball Afton gets the ball throws a pass to the right forward and she tips it in. Only one more minute to play. Center ball Bainbridge has the ball, (they are working for another basket) Alice is using her pivot and no seems to be free to pass it to there's a foul on Bainbridge. Afton shoots !!!! it goes in. Whistle. A tie score and a game.

Well folks this is the last game of the season. The team has been quite successful and they have worked hard. We'll have to say good bye to them now hoping to be with them again next season. Good bye folks. This is Jodie Mesic announcing.

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BAINBRIDGE, N. Y.



Baseball



Hello folks. Can you imagine us on this typical May afternoon with our aggressive blue and white battlers lined up against the hard hitting team of Sidney. Boy! what a game, here it is the ninth inning and the score all knotted up 9 to 9.

Guess the score proved that the game was interesting enough as were the rest of the games throughout the season. The schedule for the remainder of the school year is as follows:—

Franklin vs. Bainbridge 7 to 11
 Unadilla vs. Bainbridge 7 to 3
 Afton vs. Bainbridge 2 to 0
 Sidney vs. Bainbridge 5 to 2
 Franklin vs. Bainbridge 6 to 7
 Unadilla vs. Bainbridge 5 to 7

LINE—UP

Catcher
 Pitcher
 First base
 Second base
 Short stop
 Third base
 Left field
 Center field
 Left field

Merritt Parsons
 Austin Hayes
 Dick Covey
 Chick Loudon
 Charlie Myers—Jesse Nichols
 Carlton Wilcox—Walt Sherman
 Bill Burton
 Roger Franks—Ren Walling
 Carlton Loomis—Ralph Axtell

This is Chick Loudon closing the sport light flashes for this year.

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

William R. Burton
 Clifford R. Loudon

Richard L. Covey
 Carlton S. Wilcox



Five All-Star Players in Fotball.

Carlton Wilcox
Clifford Loudon

William Burton

Russell Elander
George Hager

Four All-Star Players in Basketball.

Alice Taylor
Richard Covey

Girls
Boys

Lucretia Brown
Carlton Wilcox

Three All-Star Players in Baseball.

Austin Hayes

William Burton

Richard Covey

We might mention that in the past year, a new activity has been created in the schools, throughout this valley. Bainbridge ranks high among the schools interested in Track. The prospects for the spring track meet look bright for B. H. S.

Record High Temperatures from September to January:

Beth Jacobs 93
Marion Peckham 93
Clara Parsons 91

Helen Fairbanks 90

Marion Henderson 92.5
Doris Stead 91.5
Velma Kentfield 90

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School Memories

This is the program entitled "School Memories". We are attempting to bring to you as complete a list as possible of the graduates of B. H. S. If we make mistakes or omissions, we shall be glad to be corrected. Your announcers are George Hager and Sarah Lord.

1878

John Grant—Deceased
Mary Ackerly—Deceased

1879

James Sill—Deceased
Anna Juliand Dickinson—Bainbridge, New York
Lena Freiot Copley—Albany, New York

1880

Libbie Yale Grant—Utica, New York
Phoebe Yale Rockwell—Deceased

1881

No Class

1882

Fred Graves—Deceased
Rev. A. A. Bennett—Deceased
Janette Campbell Copley—Unadilla, New York
Anna Heidly Sands—Miami, Texas
Mary Gilbert Lyon—Deceased

1883

Joseph Banks—Clifton Springs, New York
Julian Scott—Bainbridge, New York
Orin Sands—Deceased
Fletcher Hovey—Deceased
Ralph Corbin—Bennettsville, New York

1884

Hobert Banks—Portland, Oregon
Frank Gilbert—Albany, New York
Ernest Bennett—Bainbridge, New York
Frank Drew—Deceased
Cora Payne Wilcox—Milford, New York
Cornelia Stockwell Williams—Deceased

1885

Leland Landers—Richmond Hills, New York
Carrie Scott Taylor—Portland, Oregon
Arabel Guil Tillman—Deceased

1886

No Class

1887

Edward Hancock—Bainbridge, New York
Edward Pearsall—Bainbridge, New York
Amelia Cannon Ackerman—?
Lizzie Corbin Lewis—Bennettsville, New York

1888

Sarah Banks Copley—Bainbridge, New York
Georgia Roberts Campbell—Deceased
Eloise Newton Clark—Lake Placid, New York



1889

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

1890

Louise Mandville Curtis—Bradley Beach, New Jersey
 Helen Priest Barber—Flushing, Long Island
 Mary Longworthy Drowne—Canaan

1891

John Kirby—Deceased
 Agnes Haynes—Bainbridge, New York
 Emma Graves Newell—Bainbridge, New York

1892

Julian Corbin—Bainbridge, New York
 Ida Beatty Gilbert—South Orange, New Jersey
 Eudora Kirby—New York City, New York

1893

Sebert Hollenbeck—Bainbridge, New York
 Lilla Hollenbeck Weller—Oneonta, New York
 Josephine Priest Whitman—Morris, New York
 Philena Fletcher Homer—Pleasant Grove, Utah

1894

James Austin—Savannah, Georgia
 Archibald Gilbert—New York City, New York
 Maurice Gilbert—South Orange, New Jersey
 Harry Mosher—New Berlin, New York
 Maude Mosher—Bainbridge, New York
 Nellie Newton—Deceased
 Grace Perry—Flushing, Long Island

1895

Julia Ashley—Warren, Ohio
 Albert Wilcox—Bainbridge, New York
 Fred Ashley—Warren, Ohio
 Flora Winston Mergatt—Syracuse, New York

1896

Clara Thomas Hirt—Bainbridge, New York
 Clarence Kirby—Bainbridge, New York

1897

No Class

1898

Leon Rhodes—Binghamton, New York
 Ralph Curtis—Keeseville, New York
 Samuel Banks—Hood River, Oregon
 John Banks—Rochester, New York
 Earl Bennett—Rockville Center, Long Island
 Will Fletcher—Washington, D. C.
 Bessie Hovey Stannard—Binghamton, New York
 Cora Sackett Wheeler—Mt. Upton, New York
 Kate Priest Demaree—Schenectady, New York
 Carrie Dingman—Bainbridge, New York

1899

Arthur Barber—Washington, D. C.
 Charles Graves—Providence, Rhode Island
 Hanford Perry—Deceased



Martin Harmon—Bainbridge, New York
 Jay Hager—Bainbridge, New York
 Mary Roberts Hovey—New Hartford, Connecticut
 Velma Hill Banks—Rochester, New York
 Dell Tinkham Newton—Sidney, New York

1900

Arthur Vanderhule—Deceased
 Lloyd Northrup—New York City, New York
 William Northrup—Bainbridge, New York
 Blanch Haddow—New York City, New York
 Blanch Hynds Conner—Lenox, Massachusetts
 Blanch Lyon—Mamaroneck, New York
 Mabel Perry—Flushing, Long Island
 Irene Ireland Wilcox—Milford, New York
 May Parsons Cairns—Scranton, Pennsylvania
 May Pinny Tupper—Johnson City, New York
 Alice Bennett—Deceased
 Clara Humphery Bennett—Bainbridge, New York
 Vera Payne Rockwell—Danbury, Connecticut
 Jesse S. Wicks—Watertown, New York

1901

Harry VanCott—Schenectady, New York
 Alton Lyon—Deceased
 Ralph Sweet—Deceased
 Coraline Sands Westcott—Deceased
 Florence Ensworth—Bainbridge, New York
 Mabel Corbin VanCott—Deceased
 Olive Freiot Hellmeek—Jamaica, Long Island
 Mattie Sacket Isbury—Clark Summit, Pennsylvania
 Mabel Jones—Schenectady, New York
 Grace Peckham Dunckel—Fort Plain, New York
 Georgia Keller—Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania

1902

Vernon Hovey—Schenectady, New York
 Jesse Hicks—Miami, Oklahoma
 Perry Teachout—Bainbridge, New York
 Louis Kniskern—New York City, New York
 August Jacobson—New York City, New York
 Vera Monroe Wales—Baltimore, Maryland
 Bertha Davis Rhodes—Binghamton, New York

1903

Howard Whitman—Fairport, New York
 Lena Toby Hovey—Bainbridge, New York

1904

Earl Westcott—Bainbridge, New York
 Ralph Loomis—Sidney, New York
 Irving Tillman—Norwich, New York
 Rex Randall—Adams, New York
 Jessie Gibson Howland—Bainbridge, New York
 Hallie Cartledge Howland—Bainbridge, New York
 Mary Sweet Herrick—Bainbridge, New York
 Rena Lyon Hollenbeck—Bainbridge, New York

1905

Sidney Bennett—Bainbridge, New York
 Olive Briggs—Madison, New Jersey
 Ivah Kniskern James—Prescott, Arizona
 Hattie Dingman—Deceased



1906

Frank Crook—Deceased
Clay Wilcox—New York City, New York
Mabel Smith—Deceased
Mattie Ellis—Bainbridge, New York
Nina Bennett Montgomery—Bainbridge, New York

1907

Will Strong—Onoey, Virginia
Leon Loomis—New York City, New York
Harold Rogers—West Edmonston, New York

1908

Lewis White—Deceased
Estella Shafer—Deceased
Olive Kirby—Deceased
Margaret Grube Hastings—Elmira, New York
Mabel Truman—Bainbridge, New York

1909

F. Earl Whitman—Youngstown, Ohio
Floyd Anderson—Binghamton, New York
Minnie Foster Snyder—Bainbridge, New York

1910

Pearl Decker Banner—Deceased
Monroe Evans—New York City, New York
Irving Horton—Binghamton, New York
Addie Hill—Deceased

1911

Erford Banner—Deceased
Mae Andrews Lester—East Genoa, New York
Tom Roop—Grantwood, New Jersey
Bessie Smith Kales—Oneonta, New York

1912

Edith Dingman Andrews—Bainbridge, New York
Margaret Johnson—Washington, D. C.
Gladys Meade Klehsattle—East Orange, New York
Leon Stewart—Bainbridge, New York

1913

Howard Barthoff—Sidney, New York
Luke Hovey—Maine, New York
Margaret Kirby—Bainbridge, New York
Alberta Mattice Collins—Boston, Massachusetts
Grace Lord Monahan—Bainbridge, New York
Grace Quackenbush Green—Starkville, Mississippi
Rena Stewart Cudsworth—Virgil, New York

1914

Dorothy Dickinson—Bainbridge, New York
Donald Copley—Norwich, New York
Thomas Collins Jr.—Boston, Massachusetts

1915

Indra Bryant—Belevue, New York
Gladys Cushman Hoffman—Springfield, Massachusetts
Helen Stewart—Bainbridge, New York
Shirley Stewart—Bainbridge, New York
George Aylsworth—Syracuse New York



1916

Irene Strong—Bainbridge, New York
Ruth Garlock—Deceased
Aldyth Nichols Jensen, South America
Eric Nickols—Binghamton, New York
Elizabeth White Wand—Johnson City, New York

1917

Clyde Hitchcock—Bainbridge, New York
Lawrence Dingman—Schenectady, New York
Ethel Manzer McLove—New York City, New York
Emmeline Corbin Hughston—Long Island City, New York

1918

Mildred Nutter Rowe—Bainbridge, New York
Edger Banner—New York City, New York
Mildred French Corbin—Bennettsville, New York
Kathryn Humphrey Jackson—New York City, New York
Charlah Ireland—Bainbridge, New York
Florence Price Bliss—Bainbridge, New York
Verna Rosecrantes Cornell—Bainbridge, New York

1919

Walter Barnes—New York City, New York
Louella Barton—Bainbridge, New York
Mildred Cowell Lord—Bainbridge, New York
Leroy Copley—Norwich, New York
Philina Dedrick Copley—Oneonta, New York
Catherine Payne Bouck—Stamford, New York

1920

Theodora Corbin Stull—Hartford, Connecticut
Adelaide Collins Willets—Bronxville, New York
Margaret Cushman—Poughkeepsie, New York
Susan Ramsdell Freisch—Liberty, New York
Clara Thomas Cornell—Bainbridge, New York

1921

Chauncy Norton—Bainbridge, New York
Helen Searles—Kingston, Rhode Island

1922

Arminta Andrews Haynes—Bainbridge, New York
Jean Davidson—Poughkeepsie, New York
Robert Nutter—Binghamton, New York
Ruth Nutter Norton—Bainbridge, New York
Stanley Price—Bainbridge, New York
Ruth White—Sidney, New York

1923

Frances Cooper Hunt—Afton, New York
Owena Crumb—Buffalo, New York
Elliot Danforth—New York City, New York
Freida Freidell Powers—Binghamton, New York
Joseph Gunther—Binghamton, New York
Merie Gunther Michel—Bennettsville, New York
Burritt Haddow—Mount Kisco, New York
Ruth Hollenbeck—Cooperstown, New York
Frances Kentfield—Sterlington, New York
Thelma Taylor—Bainbridge, New York
Vivian Walker—Deceased
Dorothea White Farrell—Narrowsburg, New York

1924

Ethel Cook Hamilton—Otego, New York
Mary Hollenbeck—Binghamton, New York
Adah Loomis—Oxford, New York



Willis Miller—Binghamton, New York
 Claire Montgomery Moat—New York City, New York
 Mildred Petley—Bainbridge, New York
 Roswell Whitman—Chicago, Illinois
 Ruth Troop Tucker—Dalton, Massachusetts
 Lydia Collins—Binghamton, New York

1925

Rolland Andrews—Bainbridge, New York
 Helen Clark Averell—Binghamton, New York
 Helen Cuyle—Rochester, New York
 Viola Freidenstine Smith—Gaulds, New York
 Jasper Hand—New York City, New York
 Harry Harmon—Bainbridge, New York
 Edith Moore Page—Sidney, New York
 Emma Perry Laidlow—Bainbridge, New York
 Irene Robbins Hoyt—Bainbridge, New York
 Elizabeth Taber—New York City, New York
 Elizabeth Finch—Sterlington, New York
 Coville Windsor—Oneonta, New York

1926

Geraldine Dunn—??????
 Dorothy Hassert—Endicott, New York
 Norma Fiske Packer—Oneonta, New York
 Myrtle Kentfield—Sidney, New York
 Marion Nichols Ham—Schenectady, New York
 Doris Wilcox Nephew—Potterville, New York
 Stella Smith Hadlock—Bainbridge, New York
 Mary Nutter Park—Binghamton, New York

1927

Mildred Cheesbro—Bainbridge, New York
 Ralph Corbin, Jr.—Bainbridge, New York
 Gertrude Eggleston Wakeman—Bainbridge, New York
 Louise Donohe—Bainbridge, New York
 Charles Hager—Bainbridge, New York
 Dorothy Harman June—Trenton, New Jersey
 Earl Hallenbeck—Hamilton College
 Helen Lenheim—Chicago, Illinois
 Florence Philips—Oneonta, New York
 Florence Seeley—Bainbridge, New York
 Charles Taylor—Bainbridge, New York
 Blanche Throop—Cortland, New York
 Margaret Wilcox—Syracuse University

1928

Warren Whipple—Syracuse University
 Marshall Andrews—Bainbridge, New York
 Mae Houghtaling—Sidney, New York
 Mary Hager—Bainbridge, New York
 Myra Seymour—Binghamton, New York
 Donna Wilcox—Cornell University
 Betty Stevens—Bainbridge, New York
 Kathryn Kentsfield—Albany State College
 Coralyn Whitney—Oneonta, New York
 Doris Andrews Sawyer—Bainbridge, New York
 Otilie Nickel—Deceased
 Wilma Gardinier—Bainbridge, New York
 Alfred Hohreiter—Bainbridge, New York
 Irene Kirkland—Bainbridge, New York
 Margarite Montgomery—Bainbridge, New York
 Charlotte Petley Garrison—Bainbridge, New York
 Louise Petley—Bainbridge, New York



1929

Elizabeth Collar—William Smith College, Geneva
 Virginia Hirt—William Smith College, Geneva
 Lloyd Johnson—Buffalo, New York
 Ruth Le Caro—Albany State College
 Dolores Lloyd—Keuka College
 Carol Nichols—Albany State College
 Arlene Petley—Oneonta Normal
 Addison Smith—Hamilton College
 Harriet Van Buren—Canajoharie, New York
 Ellen Weeks—Hartwick College

1930

Paul Carman—Bainbridge, New York
 Henry Cheesbro Jr—Bainbridge, New York
 Mary Collar—William Smith College, Geneva
 Cameron Collins—Rochester Mechanical Institute, Rochester
 Lenore Flummer—Coventryville, New York
 Orlin Hitchcock—Bainbridge, New York
 Karl Nickel—Bainbridge, New York
 Ruth Hager—Presbyterian Hospital, New York
 Edna Strong Emerson—Otego, New York
 Kenneth Hoyt—Bainbridge, New York
 Mary Fairbanks—Swarthmore College, Philadelphia
 Jennie Figger—Bainbridge, New York
 Louise Whitman—Oneonta Normal
 Alden Wakeman—Bainbridge High School
 Florence Keeler—Binghamton, New York
 Millard Howland—Syracuse University
 Philip Roberts—Edison Technical School, Rochester, New York
 Mildred Wilcox—Fredonia Normal

1931

Paul Boyd—Lowell Business School
 Reta Davis—Bainbridge, New York
 Charles Fairbanks—Swarthmore College, Philadelphia, Penn.
 Glenn Herrick—Bainbridge, New York
 Ruth Figger Tiffany—Bainbridge, New York
 Louise Lewis—Oneonta Normal
 Carlton Loomis—Bainbridge, New York
 Wilfred Lyon—Bainbridge High School
 Bruce Partridge—Bainbridge, New York
 Doris Sherman—Oneonta Normal
 Edna Shofkom—Oneonta Normal
 Margaret Springstein—Bainbridge, New York
 Helen Sawyer—Hartwick
 Dorothy Sawyer—Oneonta Normal
 Elwyn Hitchcock—Bainbridge High School
 Helen Bluler—Oneonta Normal

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DID RIPLEY EVER HEAR OF IT?

- Lloyd Hubbard in a tuxedo?
- L. Payne on roller-skates?
- Jean Westcott with a lollypop?
- Clinton Wilcox on stilts?
- H. Roberts with long, golden curls?
- M. Hoyt with a prepared History lesson?
- Karl Nickel with a shave?
- J. Riley pushing Bill Burton's mail-cart?
- Ove Munk with a Van Dyke beard and a Dutch pipe?
- Ren Walling with a pink hair-ribbon?
- Eva Talcott in Bob Houck's bathing suit?
- Bunny Baldwins endorsement on a chewing gum billboard?

SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS OF HOYT'S POETRY

(Bo₁log₇Na₂Xr₃Qr₄tZa)

Humor	-----	06	%
Wisdom	-----	01/9	%
Elbo Grease	-----	02/5	%
Applesauce	-----	2000	%
Bologna	-----	3000	%
Humbug	-----	8000	%

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Spotlights in Drama and Literature

This is Athalie Baldwin broadcasting over the B. C. H. S. network. In our program we have endeavored to show you some examples of the excellent work, which our students are doing in Literature under the excellent supervision of our worthy faculty. And we leave our Alma Mater with the sincere satisfaction that the reputation of B. H. S. will always soar.

An Old Mirror

From the farthest corner, in the old dresser, Aunt Sarah took a box, not a very large one, but with very interesting contents, for from this old carton she took a mirror. She touched it tenderly and reverently for this old mirror had reflected the faces of two centuries from its surface. It was very tiny and one edge was chipped. This little mirror of plain glass without a frame had for decoration far up in the corner a hand painted rose. For a long time the mirror had lain untouched but guarded carefully.

"Oh, may I hold it?" asked the animated Mary Ann.

"Yes, but be very careful, child."

"Certainly there must be some story, some memories connected with this, can't you tell us, Aunt Sarah?" asked the little girl shyly yet anxiously.

Aunt Sarah smiled then seated herself in the old rocker, removing her spectacles, she began.

"At first your great-great-grandfather sent it to his wife, Mary Ann, from far away England. After many years she gave it to your great-grandmother Ellen when she was a little girl. After the death of both her mother and father, grandmother fell in love with a dashing young doctor a little older than herself and he loved her dearly. This young man's one ambition was to go to California and so after a quiet but pretty wedding in a very old New England chapel, the young bride and bridegroom set out. Young Ellen sent a letter to her cousin Patty which explains the uses of this mirror. Mother did have the original but it was destroyed. However she had copied it. I will read it to you."

Covered Wagon

January 7, '76

Dear Cousin Patty,

I am so glad I remembered the mirror. It has done no end of good. No one else has one and so they all use mine. One morning when a great number of our party were sick and the doctor wanted me to cheer them up, I got out my mirror and made funny faces in it. And oh, I must tell you. One day we heard a terrible noise outside, and what do you suppose we saw? A band of Indians were coming pellmell over the hill. The chief came out and said some thing about war, but the doctor showed him my mirror and that foolish Indian stayed all day laughing and making faces in the mirror. He called it "little pool of water". Give my love to all.

Lovingly

ELLEN

"So this is the story of the tiny mirror, and someday, dear child you shall own it and cherish it and hand it on." With this she placed it carefully in its place.

DONNA HITCHCOCK '32



In many ways a high school education is of great value to a person.

Let us take first the business and everyday viewpoint. The use and practice of mathematics involve problems in business arithmetic. By constant practice in these principles, accuracy and efficiency are obtained. In English we learn the art of writing good business letters, which of course, is very necessary to any individual, whether anticipating a business career or not. Practice in the use of good English proves essential in business, everyday conversation and intercourse.

For our second viewpoint let us glimpse into the social, literary and musical world. Modern and old plays, essays, novels and orations are each in turn studied in high school. All through life we are reading and we need this brief bit of cultivation to guide us in our future choice of literature. Speeches have to be made, essays and editorials are the network of our newspapers and form a large part of our good magazines. So we see that the material which we so grudgingly study is not in vain, but in truth, potential helpmates, which we need most directly at some dark corner in life, when we least expect it. The study of music history, harmony and current music is essential to those intending to follow the even vibrations as their career. Talent noticed in high school is thus developed farther than if left stagnant until a later time.

In order to enter college a high school education is required. As preparation for advanced study secondary work is the background. High school teaches one to be more self dependent, which is a necessity in college or even life itself. It is necessary that one depend on one's self in certain crises of life rather than someone else. The contact with other individuals which high school is bound to bring, teaches one the need of cooperating. For things cannot be accomplished without union. For example, one member on a basket-ball team cannot do it all. It is necessary for them to work together and think the same.

Thus we see that a high school education is a necessity in the everyday business and social world and also college entrance.

C. JEAN WESTCOTT '32

Deceitful Winter

No odds how mild the winter is, how modestly the blizzards bliz, we long and yearn for spring, we want to see the flowers in bloom, to see the grass enjoy a boom, and hear the blue jays sing. Sometimes you'll see a winter try to emulate the warm July or spring the curves of June, but it is winter, after all, the vines hang dead upon the wall, we hear no catbird's tune. The skies may be all blue and fair, and warm as milk the genial air, but no one's fooled. I'm not, the boughs are naked on the trees; where are the blossoms and the bees, the things that hit the spot?

Old winter smiles like blooming May, pretending that he's had his day, and that he's shot his bolt; but still we fear and don't believe; we think he's something up his sleeve, we dread another jolt. Untjl the land is full of wrens, and lambs and calves and setting hens, our fears shall never cease; and we are longing for the day when winter's really gone away, and spring has brought us peace.

RALPH AXTELL '32

A Picture

I think if I were an artist I would choose no common ordinary object to paint rather an unusual and striking "something". In one of the chapters of the "House of Seven Gables", there is a reference to a window so called "arched", from which Clifford was often seen blowing feathery soap bubbles.

Can you not visualize the arched window with Clifford sitting near, his bright young face alight with the freshness and innocence of childhood, with his shining eyes following a straying, rainbow-hued soap bubble. Faintly lace curtains shade the window creating a secretive and celestial atmosphere about the curly headed child. Probably this little Clifford whiled away many happy hours watching the sea of humanity surging below him.



Just in front of the "House of Seven Gables" stood a gigantic tree, better known as the Pincheon Elm. No artist would probably ever think of painting that sturdy old tree, but it was so extraordinarily fine I think it would make an enchanting sketch. Its vast age, of more than a hundred years was plainly evidenced by the tree's huge sinuous gnarled arms, which stretched out in a protecting manner over all. It cast its shadow on both sides of the street and towered above the tops of the famous seven gables, sweeping the whole roof with its lacy green foliage, overhanging the street and standing erectly above every other one, like a monarch of its kind, a sort of example of a beautiful existence in the pure and invigorating elements of nature.

JEAN WESTCOTT, '32

A Plea for a Rainy Day

My! What would I give for more rainy days; days when one can sit by a warm fireplace, snuggled in a cozy, luxurious chair and hear the rain pattering on the roof and see it trickling down the window panes, while rather sad examples of humanity hustle and bustle about to get out of the rain?

Rainy days are such that one seeks an exciting novel, curls up in a chair and becomes dead to the outer elements of all kinds; living a life of your hero along with him. How nice it is to catch up on all your back sleep, or enjoy some "munchy" fudge or peanuts while loafing.

Rainy days are good for school because one doesn't have the beckoning trees to tease him, nor the singing brooks to call him, and if he does the urge is not overpowering.

If we could order more rainy days, libraries would prosper, there would be more books read and more dues paid, etc., etc. Then there's the old saying "April showers bring May flowers".

Perhaps when "Eddie" Cantor, becomes president there will be more rainy days, who can tell?

FRED D. KIRKLAND.

The Night Before Christmas

"Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
'Round yon virgin Mother and child.
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace."

Caron Mitchell moved uneasily in his seat. It was warm in the large cathedral, too warm. He had been thinking of the work which he had still to do that night, but the old hymn had somehow interrupted his train of thought. It had penetrated through his cold outer self and refused to leave. He prided himself on being immune from all sentiment, and yet this old familiar hymn was recalling memories which he had thought were buried too deep ever to be uncovered.

The first time he remembered hearing the hymn was when he was five years old. It was Christmas Eve, twenty-five years ago. His aunt with whom he lived sang while she moved about the kitchen clearing away the kitchen dishes. So sweetly and softly did she sing her favorite carol that the little boy stopped to listen. Even now he could see the snowy cloth on the little table, the red geranium in the window and the little elephant clock on the shelf, which was his pride and joy to wind each night. He saw his aunt as she turned to him and said, "Caron, that is the most beautiful carol ever written. Many times when I have been unhappy and thinking desperate thoughts I have remembered its' quiet joy, and the thought of the lovely little Christ-Child in His mother's arm has brought me peace. Learn it, Caron, and never forget it."

He was too young a child to understand fully what she said, but something in her face convinced him that he should know it. Of late years he had forgotten. He wondered what his dead aunt would think of him now.



Caron shook himself impatiently. What was the use of going over all that? He was rich where he had been poor, was that not enough for any man? He rose and left the church. As he went down the steps the words of the hymn followed him.

“Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories gleam from heaven afar,
Heavenly host sing alleluia,
Christ the Savior is born.”

Why had he gone to church anyway? He hadn't entered one for five years. Just because it was Christmas Eve and other people were hurrying to the service was no reason why he should have entered. But he had and now—could it be his conscience? He had boasted that he had none—something hurt his peace of mind.

Why in thunder had that girl soloist in the choir looked so much like Mary? Mary with the golden hair and dancing eyes; Mary who had sung, “Silent night, Holy night” for his aunt before she died; Mary, whom he had loved, yes—and still loved. Her parting words had been, “Cary, if you ever change your mind about this work of yours, decide to live a respectable life, you may call y-700.”

That was on Christmas Eve, six years ago. Ah, but he was glad he hadn't allowed a woman's squeamishness to dictate to him. Now he was rich, richer than he would have been had he followed the path of virtue.

Caron walked along, thinking of the past and damning these thoughts which intruded when he wished to live in the present. He and “Mike”, his business partner, were going to put over a big deal to-night. Mary wouldn't think that “Mike” was a desirable companion but he was square with his friends.

“Mike” opened the door when he rang. He ushered his guest into a room facing the street. The two men seated themselves at a table without a word and “Mike” drew a map of the city from his pocket.

“It's eleven o'clock now,” he said. “At twelve we will leave here, cut across the park to State street, and——”. He went on outlining the night's work, work which could be done only under the cover of darkness. But Caron was not listening. A group of carolers were in the street outside singing:

“Silent night, Holy night,
Son of God loves pure light,
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth.”

The singers passed on down the street but the carol still rang in Caron's ear. Suddenly he stood up.

“‘Mike’, you'll have to carry out this job and every other job alone. I'm through.”

“Mitchell do you know what you're saying? Stop acting like a lunatic and sit down. What in the world struck you, anyway?”

“Some common sense, ‘Mike’ I mean what I say, I'm through.”

“But you can't let me down at this late hour,” “Mike” objected. “Don't you realize to-night will be the biggest haul of the season?”

“I know, but nothing can change my mind. I'm leaving now,” and Caron shrugged into his coat.

Outside he took a deep breath of fresh air. It had begun to snow and Caron's heart was light as the snowflakes. Arriving at his bachelor's hall he rang the bell and his valet let him in.

“Always remember this,” Caron told the man, as he gave him his coat “You cannot get away from the past, it's people or happenings, no matter how hard you try. It remains with you always, and, thank God, I have a happy youth to think of and a happy future coming.”

So saying he crossed the room to the telephone.

“Central, please give me Y-700.”

VELMA KENTFIELD '33



Sounds in School

Arriving at school at an unbelievably early hour of 8:39, I heard the worst sounding buzzard that flew over a dead carcass. Hurrying through the halls I spied Mr. Petley, the janitor, running the vacuum cleaner over the floor as if he were trying to catch a mouse, (Personally I couldn't see his object, but it didn't matter). Arriving up stairs in good running condition I had the misfortune to drop my pencil, and bending over to pick it up I heard something rip; horror stricken, I started down the hall at full speed, aiming inaccurately at the basement door, and hit the mark a little leeward with a bang. Immediately I began my inspection, and while going over everything carefully, I walked Dick, with his handkerchief hanging in two strips from his pocket. After being assured that everything was in running order, I conducted myself into the junior room as an up and coming young man should, walked over the back of a seat near the window, and sat down. Suddenly something hit the window with considerable force, causing quite a bit of distraction, but being in the middle of January, and thinking it only a June bug, I let the matter drop, and, being a good little boy, I devoted my heart and soul and brains to the study of Latin till one of those funny bugs took me along side the ear and nearly knocked me goofy.

At last I found myself in the first period English class, when suddenly there was a scream from the back of the room. About that time we saw the teacher standing on all fours in her revolving chair. Now since there's a cause and effect to everything we do, we began looking anxiously around for the cause, the effect being so in evidence. To our amazement, a small, white creature was causing all the trouble, and my heart went out to the tiny piece of protoplasm for he wasn't used to so much excitement and attention and it was telling on him. He looked tired and worn. Finally a very brave boy took pity either on the rat or the teacher and—just then we heard the ever familiar pencil knock on the door-casing and this thing all had to be explained to The Honorable Mr. Casey. Oh dear such is life.

CHARLES MYERS '33

Parents

Parents—how we adore them and love them, yes how we chafe under their absolute rule! This middle-aged class of parents have the most changeable of changeable minds. They reprimand you for this and for that; then, they turn about and compliment you for the same things. First they say that you are a greasy grind and urge you to go places and do things, then they "crab" at you "for going every night of the week until you don't know what home looks like".

Asking for new clothes is an ordeal to be dreaded and for which all your energy should be saved. Timidly you announce that you should like a new dress. Your father then tells the old, old story of how hard he had to work when he was your age, he had hardly a rag to cover his back. Then your mother tells how she's worn the same coat for fifteen years. By this time you become a little drowsy and wonder if she's trying to set an endurance record. You say nothing more and the subject is dropped until next time.

Then there's this matter of bridge parties. I don't object to taking care of the family when they're out but I do object to eating left-overs while they enjoy roast chicken. My theory about left-overs is that as long as the whole family created them the whole family should eat them.

It has been my desire since childhood to run away from home. I look upon a person who has had this delightful experience with awed wonder and amazement. He is the man I might have been had not my squeamish emotions overcome me whenever I opened the front door.

Yet, parents must be of some value or else why are there such things? It may be that I'm in a prejudiced mood while writing this, and already my conscience is beginning to prick, so I guess I'll say, "Here's to parents, may they live, rule prosper."

ELIZABETH SUPPLEE '33



The Entertaining Saxophone

Extraction from the Stump town "Review".

Another very interesting feature on the program was the saxophone solo rendered by James Smith, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart".

Entertaining? To me there is nothing entertaining in listening to a flushed and nervous young man warble up and down scales to end with a heart rending shriek, which editors are accustomed to describe as the grand finale. But perhaps my lack of appreciation is due to the fact that my younger brother at one time imagined that he had a musical trend.

This talent displayed itself in his desire for efficiency in the art of saxophone playing. The first piece he mastered was "taps". For several months we dined, slept, arose, went to bed, bathed, played, studied and worked to the accompaniment of "taps". With this accomplishment he became more certain of his genius and concluded that he should take regular lessons. Only now can I realize the agony the family endured when I attempted to master the piano. Meal time being the only part of the day when the younger son condescends to give the family the pleasure of his company, he chose that time for practicing. Being intensely patriotic he simply must learn the national anthem. Now we are entertained by the strains of "My Country 'Tis Of Thee".

All that can be done is to hope that we still have effective eardrums when the aspiring young genius makes his "Debut".

HELEN FAIRBANKS '33

Chh-eer-up

I met a robin the other day
 As I passed along the way.
 "What's the matter with you," he said.
 "Is there a pain within your head?
 What matter if the day be cold?
 I'll cheer you with my song so bold."
 And so to me his song he sang,
 And as it's merry echoes rang
 I thought how wonderful t'would be
 If I could cheer folks as he had me.

CATHERINE HOUCK '33

The Shoe Leather Express

It was in a narrow street, dingy, dirty, unfrequented by the aristocracy of the town that I noticed the little shop of the shoe-maker. Over the door there was a sign, the letters of which I could scarcely discern, due to the grime and smoke of the city which had settled on it.

The little shop was small and old, in perfect harmony with it's surroundings. In the windows were many pairs of shoes, all old and showing signs of hard usage. My eyes first fell on a pair of baby shoes. The gurgles and cooes of delight with which the baby first greeted these shoes, when they were new and shiny, can easily be imagined. His first steps before the proud but breathless family, were taken in them. From then on we can see him toddling around, easily learning about the grand new world which had been opened to him.

The next pair of shoes which greeted my eyes were those belonging to some young urchin. Well scuffed in the toes, what tales those worn out soles could tell, if only given the power of speech. They would tell of the ball games in the vacant lot, of the pirate days by the water-front, games of marbles on the curb, the teasing of the jovial policeman on the corner, and of the hundred and one other mischievous happenings that so completely filled their carefree days.

One pair of large heavy boots, I recognized instantly as belonging to the father of the family. Before daybreak, I can see him dress, and after a hasty breakfast, set out for the factory. After dark he returns weary and careworn to his little family. As day after day as he goes thus, his shoes must travel many weary miles.



There were many other shoes in the shop window, each telling some story of joy, sorrow, and work. Just as I was leaving the store, a little girl entered, and I saw the proprietor reach down for the pair of baby boots.

HELEN FAIRBANKS '33

The Italian Grocery

As I stepped across the threshold of a little out-of-the-way Italian Grocery in lower New York, the things I had heard about this store came sailing through my mind. 'Canned bird's nest soup', 'Pickled snails', 'Garlic'. All of them had foreign, out-of-the-way sound. That was exactly what I wanted.

Once inside the store I began my curious inspection. From the ceiling hung strings of odorous garlic and little strengthly onions. On the shelves lined with cheap brilliant pink paper were jars of food, all with dashing foreign labels. Pink pickled pig's feet winked at me from behind a box of solemn potato chips. Round red apples looked pityingly at me from their bright green boxes. The strings of garlic looked disdainfully down at me from the ceiling; they seemed to know that I was out of my own element.

As I had opened the door a bell had tinkled, and now a big, greasy, dirty Italian appeared.

"Whata I do for you?"

How could I ever explain that I was there merely for material for my new story. I gazed pityingly around the store, but all was foreign and I could utter not a word.

"Whata I do for you?" He demanded a little impatiently.

It was then that I first became aware of the numerous scents which penetrated the place. Decayed vegetable matter, fresh fish, fried garlic, all hit me in the most sensitive part of my stomach. I threw a quarter down on the counter, grabbed three apples, and dashed for the door. Thankfully I drank in the clean, fresh air in one large gulp. Enough of those kinds of places. At least until my curiosity was aroused again. But I had learned all I wanted to know about Italian Grocery stores. Next time what will it be?

ELIZABETH SUPPLEE' 33

Sand

Sand, sand, mountains, hills, valleys of sand. Everywhere we look over this broad expanse we see only devastated lands. It is hot, the sand is in our shoes, in our mouths, down our necks. Our throats are parched and slowly we are succumbing to the terrible, breathless heat of the merciless desert and the tormenting torture of our burning throats. And over our dried flesh and bleached bones will spread the shifting dunes, making our graves, with no marker, no trace. And still the pitiless desert will stretch out as far as the eye can see, with it's oceans, gulfs of scorching sands, unmoved or undaunted by the horrible tragedy.

RUSSELL ELANDER '33

Strength

'Twas on the field of France
The battle was waging high
The 19th Scots were charging
When we heard a fearful cry.

We turned and saw our captain fall
A clutching at his breast,
We quickly stopped to help him,
And he said "Go on and do your best".



We left him there upon the field,
And charged to finish up our task,
A thinking of our captain whose life
Might have been saved, had he but merely asked.

So, folks, when the selfish urge you sense,
Stop, take a breath, use some time to think
Of that young captain, who from death did not wish to shrink.

GERALD HINE Jr. '34

Regular Fellers

Ben Sheldon and his brother Bob were walking down the road toward Gunshot, a little town about twenty miles from the border of Colorado and Nevada, hidden cosily in the foothills of those wild and mighty "Rockies".

The boys were meandering carelessly along in the slowly dying afternoon light while Bob whistled noisily. They were both of the noble order of Boy Scouts, Ben, a second class and Bob a tenderfoot. Their father was a rough, honest, fairly-well-to-do cattleman, who had grown up with this free, wild land of deep canyons and roaming desperadoes. This crude, good-natured man had many friends, and two bitter enemies, one, a desert rat, "Hank" Lewis, whom he had punished according to the code of justice, for rustling, the most despicable crime of all, and he had barely escaped with his life; the other was Fred Mason, a rich cattleman.

The boys happened to be walking this afternoon because they had been through the forest to stalk wild life for their scout work.

Suddenly Bob stopped abruptly; he had heard a noise at the side of the road. Upon a nudge from his brother he began to study the surrounding country. Suddenly there was a slight swishing and a noose settled over both boys from behind. Before they could move the rope tightened and two men advanced from the sage-brush bordering each side of the road. Quickly one tied the boys' hands, while the other disappeared into the gully at the left, returning with three horses. They threw the boys roughly on one horse, mounted their own and without another word started off across a brief plain, leading the horse which carried the boys.

These kidnapers headed directly toward an old shack on a nearby hill. This old hut had been built by a prospector but had been left unoccupied for years. Being especially careful to hide their tracks the two men took the youngsters to the old dwelling, if it could be termed as such, and without speaking went in and locked the door behind them.

The boys, knowing that it was useless to resist them had gone quietly. When they were safely inside the shack they were untied and informed that they would be held for ransom. One of them, an old, wizened creature, remarked in a rasping voice, "I'm jes a'goin ta git even with old man Sheldon an' make him pay 'right proper'." Without further ado the two villains walked out, with only a tiny click to tell the boys that they were prisoners.

After their eyes had become accustomed to the light, Ben and Bob began to explore their new surroundings, seeking a place to get out, but there was none. The shack had one window, a chair, a table, a stone fireplace and an old mirror. Beside the wall was a dirty bunk.

Presently Ben exclaimed, "I have it, the scouts will be looking for us soon if we don't come to scout meeting to-night and we'll just signal the town tomorrow when the sun shines in the window."

"But how," said Bob, bitterly, "how can we make our signals reach the town?"

"By using the mirror, you sap," replied Ben. "We'll shine the mirror right into the town, they can't help but see it," added the enthusiastic brother.

The next morning as soon as the sun crept over the eastern mountain tops and began smiling down on the sleeping little town, still tucked in the feathery hills with coverlets of snow-white silky mist, the two crept from the uncomfortable bunk where they had lain shivering all night and began signaling. They watched their signals



anxiously at first, later persistently yet despondently. Suddenly they received an answer flash from the town. Then they began signaling in the Morse Code by holding a handkerchief before the mirror then drawing it away.

In a few hours the boys saw a posse ride over the top of the hill and draw up before the shack. At last they could eat and sleep and see "Dad" and "Mom" again. How good it would feel. But before leaving the boys went back into the hut and gathered up the old piece of mirror. For after all it was their presence of mind and the old mirror which had saved them.

JOSEPH THROOP '34

Friends

What's better than a friend to you?
A friend who's always kind and true.
Through trouble, thin or wide or thick
A faithful friend will always stick.

If you've a friend be to him true,
He will someday aid you too
Real friendship far surpasses gold
Is a proverb that has of't been told.

So stick to friends. They'll stick by you
Through all your troubles they'll pull you thru.

GERALD HINE Jr. '34

How About It?

A farmer walking down the street
A motor agent chanced to meet.

"How do you do my farmer man?
Why don't you ride in your old tin can?"

"I busted it up against a tree,
That's why I'm going on foot you see."

"Then let me sell you a car right now"
"But I need my money to buy a cow".

"But what an idiot? I'll be bound
You'd look if you rode a cow through town."

"I'd look still funnier, Mr. Starr,
If I foolishly tried to milk a car."

BETTY LORD '34

Grandmother's Trunk

Several years ago, when I was only a little girl, my grandmother whom I loved dearly, passed on.

Several weeks later my parents, my two brothers and I, started out to go back up into the country, which had been our beloved grandmother's home. After traveling about six miles on an old muddy road, we espied the house. Ah, we knew what was in store for us now. We were going to clean the attic.

As soon as the car came to a stop we jumped out excitedly. Soon we had on old aprons, and found dust cloths and then we were ascending the stairs, gloomy and damp from being unoccupied. My brother Russell soon learned that his flashlight was much needed.

We immediately fell to work, my mother cleaning some old pictures and dishes, I, kid-fashion, clambered over some boxes to a desolated corner. Feeling around I suddenly found a little cedar trunk.

"Oh, Mother," I exclaimed, "Here's the cutest little trunk I've ever seen, and immediately I fell to work pulling it out. Within I found old towels and various pieces of linen handiwork. Then I came to the bottom where there was a little, worn, old-



fashioned pocket-book. Immediately I opened it. There, on a little piece of worn yellow paper was written, in flourishing handwriting this note "this purse and the change inside belonged to your great-great-grandmother, Malinda Stead, who died January 3, 1811", I could scarcely believe my eyes. The old coins were very valuable.

Happily we all returned home, thinking of the treasure the day had unfolded, and dreaming of that dear old grandmother who had lived so long ago.

DORIS STEAD '34

Work

There is so much of studying
On this unchartered earth,
It seems each ones a prisoner
Within a school from birth.

There is such need for constant work,
Such need for doing good,
That we could wish that books would go
Where good things never would.

DORIS STEAD '34

A Puppy Dog

I wish I had a puppy dog
A puppy small and fine
A puppy who would guard the door
A puppy who was mine.

A puppy who would bark with joy
Whene'er the meat man came
A puppy who would love a boy
And always be the same.

A puppy who, at night would lie
Beside my bed so sweet
A puppy who would, by-and-bye
Awake me from my sleep.

JUNIOR ROIDER '34

My Visit To Plymouth

On a wintry day in 1620 our forefathers came ashore at Plymouth. They were greeted by a stern and rock-bound coast surrounded with ice and snow. Only about half of them withstood that first treacherous winter, but in spite of their hardships a permanent settlement was formed.

What of the Plymouth of to-day? This summer I had the opportunity of visiting this historical city. It no longer consists of a few straggly homes of logs and mud, with winding little footpaths and old dirt roads, but has grown to be an important city and New England seaport, with green parks and long, wide boulevards.

I most enjoyed the visit to Pilgrim Hall. Here we found interesting relics, nearly all of which have some association with the early history of the colony, and vividly suggested to me the romance, and the bitter hardships of pioneer days. Among the interesting things were the good old sword of our brave Miles Stanhdis, the worn old Bible of the pious Gov. Bradford. The Mayflower Compact and the tiny bonnet of the little girl baby, Perigrine White, along with her cradle, held their respective positions of importance. These made history more real to me.

After we turned reluctantly away from the portals of old Pilgrim Hall, we turned our footsteps toward the coast. The first to catch our wandering eyes was Plymouth Rock, looking out over the picturesque bay, the stepping stone of New England, and it indeed impressed me that way with it's stone canopy of protection.



The day was ideal. As we looked out over the shimmering, quiet bay, with its shiny surface dented with tiny, picturesque fishing skiffs, their white sails filling in the wind, it was almost impossible to imagine the difficulties our pilgrim forefathers had. We could not picture this blue docile harbor as a ruthless, wild and angry death trap. As the day wore on we realized that we would have to wave good-bye to our little ships with their beckoning sails and turn our faces back. So finally we turned our backs to the harbor and climbed the many steps to the top of the hill nearby. I began to be able to realize how uncomfortable it would have been to be a pilgrim when the cold wind blew from the ocean, and this hill was covered with snow and ice. I began to thank my lucky stars that I was living in the very modern year of 1931. The first white settlers were buried on his very hill. Now there stands a monument erected to those who died that first bitter winter, along with the statue of the friendly Indian, Massasoit.

As I stood there gazing on those little graves I could not help contrasting my first visit to Plymouth to the first visit of ones at whose resting place I now stood. They faced a new land, a wilderness which no white man had yet penetrated, while I faced a modern beautiful city, with paved streets, electric lights and every other kind of convenience. Through their perseverance and unbelievable suffering and hardships had we gained all this. Oh, that they could know. And as the sun sank slowly over the hill I sent up a tiny prayer that they might see, and turning slowly away I brushed a stubborn tear.

MARION HENDERSON '34

A Little Girl's Wish

I

I want a little baby boy
Whose hair will curl up tight
Whose eyes are blue and full of joy.
Who'll sleep all through the night.

II

I'd also like two little girls
With my young son to play.
Two little girls with teeth like pearls
Who will not fret all day.

III

And if I had these treasures grand
I would not ask for more
Except a cottage small with sand
Piles just outside the door.

IV

And there my darling tots would play
For hours and hours on end
They'd play there in the sand each day
Till rain made them stay in.

V

If they did stay inside the house
We'd have a merry time
With dolls and dishes, cat, toy-mouse
And Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes.

VI

But as I have none of these things
I've mentioned here to-day
I'll drop my paper and my pen
And run outdoors to play.

VII

My dollies, two, I'll have to take
In place of my boy and girls
And we will go and make mud-cakes
And in the swing we'll whirl.

LENORE ANDREWS '34



Before and After

John Brown, a very well-to-do merchant, owned a country estate in Westfield where each year he went, accompanied by his family, including his wife, the twins, John and Paul, and Mary and Alice, their two beloved pet rabbits.

This year on schedule the contented Mr. Brown set forth to enjoy his vacation, but it proved to be a troubled one, for Alice and Mary were far from well behaved. One day they hopped their way into the private office of John Brown Esq. and calmly nibbled away at some delectable papers, their pink eyes sparkling mischievously and their long white floppy ears wiggling merrily, but those delicious papers turned out to be some very important documents, and besides they had wrecked the room considerably. But that was nothing in these young rabbits' lives and the importance of those papers had made them much more savory, and the room was fun to see when viewed through the tiny, sparkling eyes of these darling animals. This was, in truth, only one of the many cute tricks which Mary and Alice had played and was not to be taken seriously. The act, however had made Mr. Brown very angry, and he ordered the two animals to be killed and eaten that night for dinner. It didn't help that Mrs. Brown (and the whole household, as a matter of fact) sobbed that it was his own fault if he left those old papers on the desk, when he knew the two darlings might hop in any time.

Mr. Brown, however, was unyielding, and according to the sentence they were put to death. Later the cook came in sobbing, the hot salty tears streaming down her cheeks, and gulpingly asked where she might hang the two little bodies, but Mrs. Brown, completely overcome with grief, was unable to answer.

When dinner time finally came, Mrs. Brown, who always served asked her husband which he preferred, the leg of Alice or the breast of little Mary, but here, unable to say more, she left the room, the twins following close behind their mother, leaving Mr. Brown with his feast of Alice and Mary. Mr. Brown finally arose with a slight grimace, leaving Alice and Mary untouched. The next day two new rabbits were bought along with a fire-proof tin filing cabinet for Mr. Brown's private office and Mary and Alice were laid to rest with all the state of any funeral.

ELLEN NYMANN '34

My Studies

First comes home-making three and four.
 And I am glad it is o'er,
 Then comes science which I dread
 Until I get it through my head.
 Then I go to English two,
 Which is the hardest thing to do,
 Then my Algebra next I have,
 History A is just as bad.
 And now we learn to cook and sew
 Which they never did some years ago.

GERTRUDE Mac PHERSON '34

The Honor of The Playing Field

Many of the greatest lessons that life teaches are learned on baseball, foot-ball or tennis fields. We should play a game for its own sake, never spoiling the spirit of all true games or lowering the dignity of manhood by playing it for profit. If the game itself is not interesting we should leave it alone. Above all we should not break the rule of Fair Play by playing for a baser motive than the pure love of the game.

"Play the game for the fame, and for nothing but the game." The playing field is, in truth, a grand part of our high school life. We must consider the game and not ourselves. The game, in which the participants are seeking their own glory, is lost. Chivalry is the surrender of self obedience to the law that holds the team together. We should be staunch, loyal and true; our comrades must be able to rely on us. Especially we should be good losers and leave the haggling, grudging and quarreling to meaner souls. We must not strain the rules of the game. We should be more willing to lose a thousand games rather than win one on which hangs the shadow of unfair-



ness. We must be loyal to our team and to our school. We shall be loyal to our town and to our country; the very beginning of patriotism begins in our games. They will give you strength, manliness and courage. Play them well, and win!

For when the Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He writes not what you won or lost,
But how you played the game.

GRETCHEN HARTMAN, Eighth Grade.

Trials of Life

If times are hard and you are blue,
Just think of others, worrying too;
Because your trials are many,
Don't think that the rest of us haven't any.
Though to us it seems one sided,
Life is pretty well divided.
If we could peek into every heart,
We'd find that everyone plays a part,
And those who travel fortune's road
Oftimes carry the biggest load.

SAMUEL D. ZUCCARELLI,
BASTINE CARACCOLO
Eighth Grade

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COMPLIMENTS OF
"BLUE BLAZERS"

MARK THE GRAVE
F. H. TURK
BAINBRIDGE, N. Y.





The Movie Review

"This Modern Age" -----	Verna Banner
"Delicious" -----	Velma Banner
"Daddy-Long-Legs" -----	"Freddy" Cousins
"The Music Master" -----	Howard Rose
"Gold Diggers" -----	Velma Kentfield, Marion Lewis
"Strangers May Kiss" -----	Jean Westcott
"Free Soul" -----	"Bill" Ward
"The Vanishing Americans" -----	"Bill" Ward, "Chick" Loudon, "Rastus" Rose, "Fuzzy" Roberts, "Bob" Houck.
"The Divorcee" -----	"Lu" Brown
"Let Us Be Gay" -----	George Hager
"Ben Hur" -----	Lloyd Hubbard
"Cracked Nuts" -----	Austin Hayes, "Rusty" Elander
"Reducin' "	Rose Roberts
"Rango" -----	"Ed" Mulwane
"The Man Who Came Back" -----	"Bill" Lyon
"Reckless Lives" -----	"Chick" and "Bunnie"
"The Reckless Age" -----	"Roy" Robinson, "Mike" Moore, Roland Bluler, Max Stevens
"Sunny" -----	"Joe" Troop, "Jimmie" Clark
"Sooky" -----	Bernard Lovejoy
"Local Boy Makes Good" -----	Clinton Wilcox
"Connecticut Yankee" -----	Ralph Axtell
"Cure For the Blues" -----	"Bob" Houck
"Smiling Lieutenant" -----	"Dutch" Wakeman
"Son of India" -----	"Ren" Walling
"Sunny Side Up" -----	"Ken" Houghtaling
"Tailor Made Man" -----	"Chick" Loudon
"East Lynne" -----	Grace Hager
"Strictly Confidential" -----	Julia Riley
"The Champ" -----	"Dick" Covey
"It's A Wise Child" -----	Marian Peckham
"The Life of the Party" -----	"Melly" Hoyt
"Stepping Out" -----	Ove Munk
"Laugh And Grow Rich" -----	"Ken" Freidenstein
"The Racketeer" -----	Rodimeer Silverstein
"Devotion" -----	Carl Hovey
"Over the Hill" -----	Frank Doolittle
"The Easiest Way" -----	Wesley Silverstein
"Born to Love" -----	Sarah Lord
"Other People's Business" -----	"Kat" Franks
"A Woman Commands" -----	Miss Crowe
"I Like Your Nerve" -----	Miss Smith
"Smart Woman" -----	"Dot" Bly
"Sleeping Beauty" -----	"Fuzzy" Roberts



The Cuckoo Hour

This is station KUKU and Professor Ambrose J. Weems, announcer, of the Cuckoo program. Ready! Aim! Fire! The Cuckoo is dead! Long live the Cuckoo.

Hello, folks, this is Ambrose J. Weems, the voice of the diaphragm, announcing and articulating a few minutes of jokes and fun, the Cuckoo Hour, which broadcasts on a frequency of once a year.

And now we present—

Miss Smith: "Say, you can't smoke on the school grounds."

"Goofy": "Who's smoking?"

Miss Smith: "Well, you have a cigarette in your mouth."

"Goofy": "Yes, and I have my pants on, but I'm not panting."

Ralph Axtell: "In the daytime we breathe oxygen, in the night we breath"—

"Coxy": "Nitrogen".

Judge: "You're charged with shooting squirrels out of season."

"Bob" Houck: "Your honor, I did it in self-defense."

"Prof": "Dick", were you at chapel this morning?"

"Dick": "Do my clothes look as if they had been slept in?"

This is station KUKU in the B. C. H. S. network.

"Chick": "My hat needs blocking."

"Bunnie": "There's a block in it now."

"Sammy" Taylor: "Do you sing?"

"Doug" Baldwin: "Just to kill time."

"Sammy": "Well, you sure have a fine weapon."

Cousins (as usual): "You look sweet enough to eat."

'Lu": "I do eat. Where shall we go?"

Miss Bliss: (in the restaurant): "Do you serve fish?"

"Peck": "Sure, we serve anyone. Sit down".

Mr. Casey: "Smoking hey?"

"Coxy": "No, Camels."

Miss Williams: "Tomorrow we take the life of Theodore Roosevelt. Please come prepared."

Mr. Cousins (dismissing gym class early): "Please pass out quietly so as not to awaken the other classes."

"Bob" Houck to Rodimeer: "Say, is that your own face or are you breaking it in for a friend?"

This is Ambrose J. Weems, talking through his hat.

Kenneth D.—"Mother, did you ever hear a rabbit bark?"

Mrs. Davis—"Rabbits don't bark."

Ken.—"That's funny, this book says that rabbits eat cabbage and bark."

Miss M. Smith (in lab. cleaning up something on the floor)—"What is this the example of?"

Edward M.—"Carelessness!"



Velma K. in English III test—"Is that question right?"

Miss Petley—"Yes."

Velma—"Then there must be something that I don't know."

Mother—"I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. I'll bring the milk in after this."

Mildred—"It won't do any good, mama, 'cause he promised not to kiss anybody but me."

Miss Williams (in American History class, trying to bring out the cause for frozen assets)—"After the World War people built and built, and then what did they have?"

Brilliant Student—"Buildings."

The school paper is a good invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

—Opinator

Miss Petley—"What did Juliet say when she met Romeo on the balcony?"

English II pupil—"Couldn't you get seats in the orchestra?"

Bob Houck—"Sakes alive, I didn't believe any woman could be so fat!"

Chick Loudon—"What are you reading now?"

Bob—"It says here that an English woman lost two thousand pounds."

Frosh—"Some fellows are shooting crap upstairs."

Bert—"What do you think I am, a game warden?"

Doctor—"Put out your tongue—More than that—all of it."

Melancton—"I can't, its fastened at the other end."

Stage director—"Now run up the curtain."

New stage hand—"I'm not a squirrel."

George Hager—"Do you think that married men live longer?"

Business man—"No, it only seems longer."

Mr. Westcott—"It says in this paper that cosmetics attract germs."

Jean—"Now dad, is it nice to talk about my friends like that?"

Seen in a Virginia paper—"C. B. Scates had the misfortune to get a foot badly washed the other day."

Miss Smith—"Why are the days longer in summer?"

Bright pupil—"The heat expands them."

Bright boy—"Why is Hoover like Santa Claus?"

Other B. B.—"I don't know."

Bright boy—"Why, both of them have whiskers, except Hoover."

—American Boy

"A pretty good firm is Watch & Wait,
Still another is Attit, Early & Late,
Another is Doo & Daret,
But the best of all is Grin & Barret."

—Open Road



Frosh—"How does a bird eat apples?"

Senior—"By the peck, of course."

Customer at Soda Fountain—"Do you serve nuts on sundaes?"

Bob Houck—"We serve anybody, Sundays or week-days. What'll yours be?"

And so as we say au revoir, I want to recall those famous words, "You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people some of the time."

This is Ambrose J. Weems, the big cheese himself, thinking only of you and of B. C. H. S.

Q—I have three pet goldfish which are a great source of comfort to me. Mike, the littlest one, gets sunburned when I keep him in a light room, and when I put him in a dark room, he gets lonesome and homesick. Please help me out as I am in great distress.—Frank Doolittle.

A—Have you ever tried using Ungentine on "Mike's" sunburn? Maybe if you fasten a parosol to the fish bowl you could keep him in a light room with safety. Mr. Casey also suggests a thermostat attachment on the fish' tail which by means of a few simple levers and pulleys, would enable him to keep cool. In case none of these suggestions work well, Julia Riley says she gets considerable consolation from her pet guinea-pig "Joe".

YE OLD CHATTERER SAYS:—

—Miss Smith has found her ideal man. When interviewed by an Echo reporter, it was discovered that she has found him, and has him under lock and key. As yet, we have been unable to ascertain his name, but he is certainly an interesting specimen. It is suggested that the reason Miss Smith's choice fell upon this particular character is that he is undoubtedly the only man she ever knew who would not talk back. Another says that there is no danger of this man's staying out late nights, which is very true. Probably a very little of their income would need to be spent for his clothing, leaving that much more for hers. Many husbands find fault with their wives reducing diets; this man will never have anything to say around the class-line, for he, himself, has lost weight 'till Miss Smith carries him around the classroom with one hand. You've probably guessed it—Miss Smith's beau is too good to be human! She keeps her skeleton-boy friend in her stockroom away from the jealous and covetious eyes of the other girls.

—Which reminds me of what Eva Talcot said about Geometry being the only nail in the board of education—and Bob Houck says its more like a railroad spike.

—When the Democratic leader said he had never ridden a donkey, he was told to get onto himself!

D'JA EVER SEE THE LIKE OF IT?

Lloyd Hubbard's red socks?
 Naomi Snitchler's snicker?
 Mellie Hoyt's "True Love"?
 Verna Banner's raincoat?
 R. Elander's Physics book?
 The way Mr. Cousins looks down on everybody?
 George Hager's editorials?
 Miss Stansfield's new ring?
 Miss Crowe's souvenir drawer?
 Fuzzy's way with women?
 D. Bly's Austin Bantum?
 Bob Houck's red wig?
 Clinton Wilcox's spats?



Adrift in Washington and New York

On Friday afternoon at three o'clock on the 25th day of March, a cheerful group of Seniors and their advisors who were to act as chaperones assembled at the railway station. The first leg of the journey reached from Bainbridge to Albany. Here the group entered into a crowded Pullman and its many mysteries. After an uneventful night in which nobody slept, we arrived at Washington, D. C. After registering at our hotel we next ate breakfast and then came the tour which took us through the main buildings of the government and the historical parts of Washington.

Easter Sunday found the group at the Washington Cathedral in the morning and Arlington National Cemetery in the afternoon. May we quote a Gold Star Mother? "Wars are fought by boys, suffered by mothers, and paid for by posterity. What manner of man can it be who encourages such suffering" to better his earthly self and commit his own soul to hell for his greed?

Monday's high spots were the egg rolling contest and Marine Band Concert on the White House lawn. Towards the close of the program the First Lady of the Land made her appearance and waved greetings to the egg rollers.

On Tuesday afternoon the doors of the Senate visiting gallery opened and in walked the Bainbridge group. Later in the afternoon we ascended from the Catacombs beneath the Franciscan Monastery to an airplane flight over the city.

Wednesday, we gradually lowered ourselves from the Corcoran Art Gallery to the Zoological Park.

Thursday morning found us bound for New York with a stop-over in Philadelphia where, in a drizzly rain, we visited historic sites and mansions of the city. After a breathless chase we arrived at the station in time to catch the train for New York. After dinner the students, still under the guidance of one chaperone, saw, "The Cat and the Fiddle".

On Friday morn the Battery Park, Aquarium, Statue of Liberty, and Trinity Church claimed our attention. After lunch we boarded the "Majestic" and were awed by the splendor of the ship. Of course, we didn't get a handshake off "Andy" Mellon, but we could get close enough to give him the "once-over". Next, to Roxy's, dinner and the broadcasting studios of W. E. A. F.

Saturday was just another day of sightseeing and the afternoon brought the military parade up Fifth Avenue. At 12:00 Saturday night we were at the top of the Empire State Building. Here we can realize the smallness of man and his works.

Sunday we attended the Riverside Church and heard the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick. After lunch the Metropolitan Museum, then dinner, and back to the hotel Mc Alpin.

Monday morning everybody packed and took leave of New York wishing it was the day of arrival instead of leaving. Monday night the travel-stained group rolled in to Bainbridge, their necks still lame and dirty from gazing at "them thar" tall buildings, dodging manholes and jumping away from swinging doors.

HAROLD ROBERTS '32



In Conclusion

Ladies and Gentlemen. This concludes our yearly broadcast. If you have been listening you have been entertained by a group of programs from our studios located in the Bainbridge Central High School. These programs have been sponsored by merchants who were broadminded enough to overlook low financial difficulties and cooperate with the Senior Class in their annual production of the Echo. The Seniors as a class wish to thank these merchants and whenever possible request that you give them your patronage.

Stations L O V, V A F, A A P A, and N T I of the B. C. H. S. Broadcasting System operate on frequencies of 40 weeks a year by authority of the Federal Radio Commission. We are now signing off until this same time next year.

Whenever the Echo is on your Alma Mater program, please cash in and receive your copy.

From the Board of Regents comes this late news bulletin reporting stormy weather with rising temperature for the student, with cyclones in June. The correct time should be 8:30 but it probably isn't. B. C. H. S. repeats "Goodbye" and "Hello".

Your announcer is Harold Roberts.



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THE CASEIN MANUFACTURING CO.

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NATIONAL MILK SUGAR COMPANY

THE DRY MILK COMPANY

Compliments of

AMERICAN PLASTICS CORPORATION

Thrift

Nature's Own Scheme

It is part of Nature's plan for her creatures to save. Witness the dog bury the bone in order that he may not have to go hungry and to a worse fate! Watch the squirrel hide away acorns for the winter! Notice how the bees work industriously, storing away honey!

Nature instilled the habit of thrift into these lesser creatures. We call it instinct.

But Nature endowed us with intelligence, hoping we would realize the need for thrift instead of being driven to it by instinct.

Are you choosing to do the thing nature requires the lower creatures to do? If not you should begin saving now!

The First National Bank

Bainbridge, New York