



THE ECHO  
1933



## Foreword



AFTER due consultation with the stars, the Senior Class of 1933 has decided that the psychological moment to again publish the "Echo" has arrived.

It is our desire that this Annual may serve as a connecting link between the townspeople and the students; a record, if you will, of their progress from year to year in the various fields of education which send them forth, better men and women, prepared to hold their own place in life's great battles.

THE EDITOR



# THE ECHO—1933



## Board of Education

EDSON BURDICK  
JULIAN SCOTT, PRESIDENT  
NELSON WILCOX  
JAY HAGER  
WARD LOOMIS



**THE ECHO—1933**



We Dedicate the Echo of 1933  
to Our Classmate



JESSE N. NICHOLS



# THE ECHO—1933



## Class Poem

Four years ago we came as Freshmen  
To this school to work and play,  
Together we have struggled onward,  
Now each must go his chosen way.

Some will spend years more in college,  
Others will at home remain;  
Each one always climbing upward  
To that goal for which we aim.

We've done the things our classmates did  
In the years that have gone by;  
May the students coming after us  
Succeed in all they try.

We are grateful to our teachers  
For their guidance, wise and true,  
Which prepares us for the future,  
Their advice we ne'er will rue.

Although we're widely scattered,  
Though our paths may never meet,  
Memories link our hearts together  
Of that school on Juliand Street.

Phyllis H. Palmer  
Class Poet, '33



# THE ECHO—1933



## Echo Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF .....	Phyllis H. Palmer
ASSOCIATE EDITOR .....	Barbara Russell
LITERARY EDITOR .....	Velma Banner
SOCIETY EDITOR .....	Genevra Foster
ALUMNI EDITOR .....	Thelma Newman
SPORTS EDITORS .....	} Lucretia Brown } Carlton Wilcox
JOKE EDITOR .....	Frederick Birdsall
ART EDITOR .....	Melancton Hoyt
BUSINESS MANAGER .....	Helen Fairbanks
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER .....	Elizabeth Supplee



# THE ECHO—1933



## Our Faculty

Francis J. Casey, A. B. .... Hamilton College  
Principal, Geometry

Dorothy Adams ..... Plattsburg Normal  
Commercial

Beatrice Bailey ..... Fredonia Normal  
Art

Orris L. Coe, B. S. .... Syracuse University  
Industrial Arts, Agriculture

Dorothy C. Crowe ..... Cornell University  
Mathematics

Frederick T. Cousins ..... Cortland Normal  
Coach, Physical Education

Ruth A. Dolan ..... Crane Institute of Music  
Music

Stella S. Hadlock, B. S. .... Cornell University  
Domestic Science

Florence B. Harris, A. B. .... Cornell University  
Latin, German

Alice Merrick, A. M. .... Cornell University  
Latin, French

Mildred N. Petley, A. B. .... Syracuse University  
English

Mabel W. Smith, B. S. .... Albany State College  
Science

Eloise A. Williams, A. B. .... Elmira College  
History





# THE ECHO—1933



## FACULTY



### FIRST ROW

Left to Right: Miss Petley, Miss Crowe, Mrs. Hadlock, Miss Bailey, Mrs. Hyatt, Miss Williams

### SECOND ROW

Miss Brady, Miss Pagett, Miss Merrick, Miss Adams, Miss Blust, Mrs. Jones, Miss Strong

### THIRD ROW

Miss Dolan, Miss Finch, Miss Smith, Miss Naylor, Mrs. Bliss, Miss Pratt, Miss Harris

### FOURTH ROW

Prof. Casey, Coach Cousins, Mr. Coe



# THE ECHO—1933



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	
Mary E. Finch .....	Oneonta Normal
Second Grade	
Anna C. Naylor .....	Oneonta Normal
First Grade	
Myrtle Pagett .....	
Nurse	
Margaret Wilcox .....	Syracuse University
Librarian	



**THE ECHO—1933**





# THE ECHO—1933



## SENIOR CLASS

PRESIDENT .....	Genevra Foster
SECRETARY .....	Lucretia Brown
TREASURER .....	Kathleen Franks
ADVISOR .....	Miss Williams

Bright and portentous were the constellations of September, 1929, the birth month of our illustrious class. As with all born under the sign of Virgo, we were modest and retiring and thus gained little reward for all our pathetically earnest efforts at being Freshmen.

With our birthright came thrift and self-denial so we spent a year as patient Sophomores, flaunting no bright banners, but building firm foundations for later years.

As Juniors we started to gather and enjoy the profits of two carefully invested years. We entered the ranks of the literati and gave to Bainbridge High the first school newspaper, "The Loudspeaker." At All Hallow's Eve we allowed ourselves a gay frolic and then climaxed the social season with the most brilliant affair of the year, the Junior Prom.

Then we entered fearlessly into the grave responsibility of being Seniors. We were the arbiter of everything, the goal of all below us, and the cloak of our importance rested not lightly on our shoulders. Crisp October returned with its ghosts and goblins, gaunt black cats, and bright yellow pumpkins. And with October comes the party lure—we must ride broomsticks, too. As older brothers should do, we entertained the other classes with all the festivity and pomp that cornstalks can lend to any party. Bainbridge town will not forget, and may we be pardoned if we boast proudly of the finest Senior play the town hall has ever known. We chose a light domestic comedy and generously allowed Dad and common sense to triumph. Because we knew the energy needed for the strenuous journey through high school, as an act of altruism, we sold wholesome, toothsome candy to all who had five cents. Soon we will say good-bye to Bainbridge High. In our farewell there will be tears and a steadfast promise to ever honor the principles she has taught us.

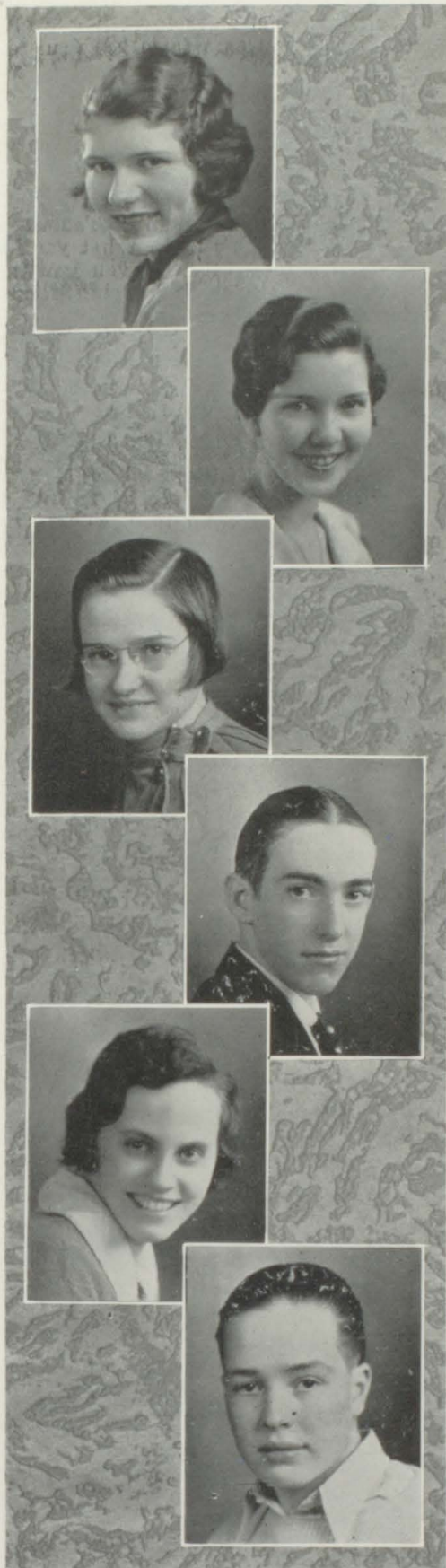
## PING PONG

The merry game of Ping Pong  
Has now become the game  
To help the boys and girls here  
To win athletic fame.

From eight 'til nine and after school  
Is heard through all the halls  
The merry clicking, clacking sound  
That's made by the little ball.

Our Faculty, yes, even Prof,  
Is now among the fans.  
They like the game as well as we  
And play it when they can.

JOSEPH THROOP, '34



**MADLINE BAIRD "MADDIE"**

Born under the sign of Capricorn, you are fitted for big things. You are fond of excitement and entertaining. Your tact and pleasing manner should lead to a position of social importance. You should refrain from either matrimonial or business dealings during the month of December.

Class Basketball 3, 4. Treasurer of Home Economics Club 3. Dramatic 4. Athletic Association 4. Hallowe'en Circus 4.

**VELMA BANNER "IGGY"**

One born on this day has many delightful traits. Among them are: politeness, a sweet disposition and a desire to please. Your charm appeals strongly to all and your friends are numerous. You have great dramatic ability which is fully appreciated by your classmates.

Senior Play 3. Dramatic Club 3. Hallowe'en Circus 3. Glee Club 2, 3. Vice-president English III Club. Literary Editor "Echo" 3.

**VERNA BANNER "PEACHES"**

The sign of Cancer denotes a calm and easy going disposition. You take your work in a matter-of-fact way, but this does not lessen your delight in a gay life. Do not combine business and pleasure to get the best results. Your future domestic life promises to be happy.

Glee Club 3, 4, 5. Basketball Manager 4, 5. Hallowe'en Circus 5. Athletic Association 5.

**FREDERICK BIRDSALL "FRED"**

An outstanding sense of humour characterizes those born under your particular sign of the Zodiac. You are very reliable and carry out all instructions without question. Tennis, more than any other sport, satisfies your athletic tendencies. You may look forward to a brilliant future on a modern, model farm.

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Silas Marner Play 2. Hallowe'en Circus 4. Class Basketball 3. Joke Editor "Echo" 4.

**LUCRETIA BROWN "LU"**

The sign of Leo endows you with success in both athletic and social activities. Your pleasing personality brings you within a large circle of friends, but be careful of those eyes! A career in science, probably nursing, promises fame and fortune, providing a sharp tongue doesn't burst the bubble.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 4. Secretary-Treasurer 3, 4. Secretary 4. President English 1, 2. Operetta 2. Track 3, 4. Exchange Editor "Loudspeaker" 3. Athletic Editor "Echo" 4. Senior Play 4. Class Basketball 3, 4. Vice-president Glee Club 2. President Home Economics Club 2. Hallowe'en Circus 4.

**KENNETH DAVIS "KEN"**

The sign, Leo, under which you were born predicts a career as an executive. Although a born "boss" you are not overbearing. Your changeable temperament does not prevent you from having a large number of friends. Swimming and football are your principal sports. Bright colors appeal to your imagination, but "Brown" is also a favorite.

Football 4. Swimming Meet 4. Silas Marner Play 2. Class Basketball 3, 4. Class Baseball 3. Printing Manager "Loudspeaker" 3. F. F. A. 1, 2.



**FRANK DOOLITTLE "DOO"**

Being of a very quiet nature, only your intimate friends appreciate your true self. The stars foretell a brilliant future for you as a farmer. Your ideas are modern and you put them to good advantage. You are very handy where machines are concerned and derive much pleasure from operating your own car.

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

**RUSSELL ELANDER "RUSTY"**

If born under the sign of Taurus, you are of a roving nature. What you have at hand is not sufficient, you must seek satisfaction elsewhere. Being fond of travel, you will probably cover much territory before you settle down. Your one passion is for girls and it is rumored that you have one in every town. You are likewise an ardent sportsman.

Football 3, 4, 5, 6. Basketball 3, 4, 5, 6. Boxing and wrestling 3. Glee Club 5, 6.

**HELEN FAIRBANKS "HELEN"**

If born under the sign of Taurus, you are of a conflicting nature. Your friends are few and carefully chosen. You give freely of your time and talents whenever called upon. Your courtesy and studious nature single you out among your fellows. Dependability is your foremost trait.

Business Manager "Echo" 4. Associate Editor "Loudspeaker" 3. Dramatic Club 4. Cercle Francais 4. Senior Play 4. Junior Prom Committee 3.

**ELTON FLETCHER "ELTON"**

Studious and serious, you, over whom the sign of Capricorn watches, have all the attributes of a well-to-do business man. However, your life will not become too prosaic because of a slight tendency to dream and build "air castles." You are well liked by your associates. The life of a farmer will always appeal strongly to you, and you will probably submit to it in later life.

F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Basketball 3.

**GENEVRA FOSTER "GEE GE"**

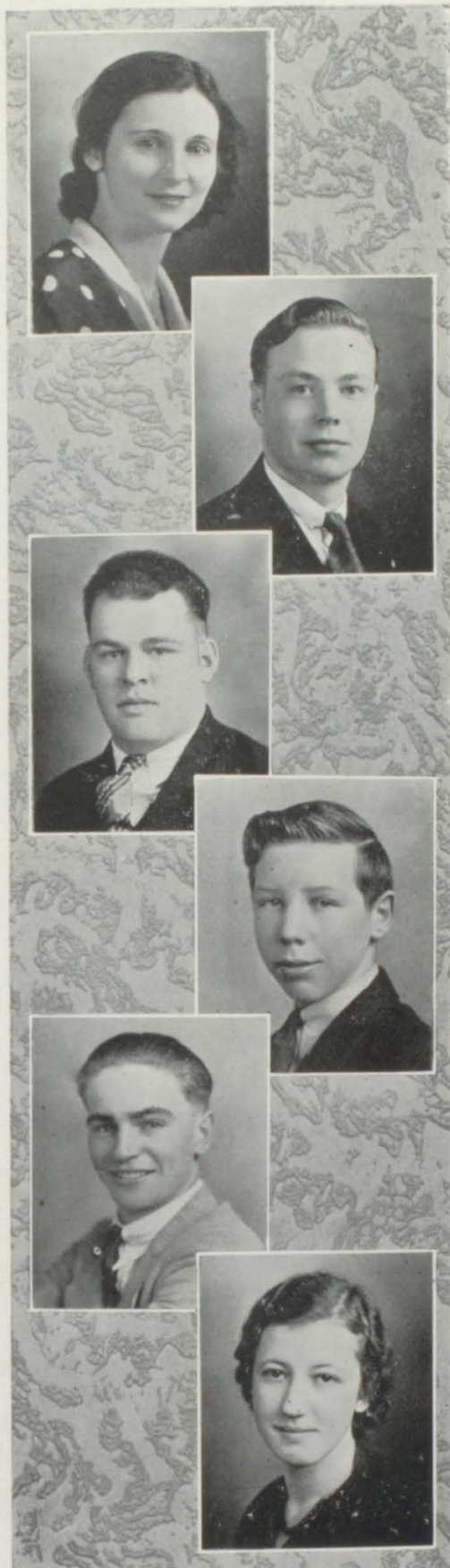
You were born under the sign of Libra, indicating balance, impartial judgment and initiative. You are self-reliant and a capable leader. A beguiling personality has won you a fine circle of friends; however, it is probable that in spite of predictions of power and fame, you will find great happiness as a farmer's wife.

President 1, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3. Cercle Francais 4. Dramatic Club 4. Senior Play 4. Society Editor "Echo" 4. Secretary Athletic Association 4. Silas Marner Play 2. Athletic Editor "Loudspeaker" 3. Operetta 2. Class Basketball 3. Hallowe'en Circus 4.

**KATHLEEN FRANKS "KAT"**

Those born under the sign of Aquarius have the splendid quality of clear thinking. You have good executive ability and are always in the center of things. It would be well for you to refrain from all business associations between 12 o'clock noon and 1:15.

Vice-president 2. Treasurer Home Economics Club 2. Operetta 2. Silas Marner Play 2. Basketball 2, 3. Junior Prom Committee 3. Hallowe'en Circus 4. Treasurer 4. Vice-president Dramatic Club 4.



**MARY HAGGERTY** "MARY"

After due consultation with the stars which guard your actions, your future destiny has been decided. You are a "homemaker" in the true sense of the word, being equally adept in culinary and needle woman tactics. Quick in wit and action, your companionship is greatly appreciated by your many acquaintances. With these varied qualities, you will undoubtedly be most successful as a nurse.

Glee Club 4. Home Economics Club 3, 4.

**CARL HOVEY** "PORKY"

Pleasant, willing and an excellent workman are the qualities most outstanding in people born under your star, Aquarius. You also have a great affection and appreciation for music. Although capable in electrical work, you feel that success in poultry-raising would be more to your liking. You are fond of sports, especially basket-ball.

Orchestra 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. President F. F. A. 4. Manager Boys' Basketball 4. President Orchestra 4. Operetta 2.

**LLOYD HUBBARD** "HUB"

A typical cultivator of the soil, proclaims your horoscope. An expert in the science of modern farming whose opinion will always be of value to your associates. You are quiet, sensitive, with a keen mind, especially for mathematics. Just follow the course you've chosen, Lloyd, and success is yours.

Football 2, 3, 4, 5. F. F. A. 3, 4, 5. Treasurer F. F. A. 5.

**EDWARD MULWANE** "EDDIE"

If you are born on this day, March 6, you are what one terms a "good sport." Although teasing is your chief source of amusement, you are open in all of your dealings. You likewise have an obliging nature and good business ability. Athletics, especially basket ball and tennis, claim a large percentage of your time.

Business Manager Senior Play 4. Basketball 4. Class Basketball 3, 4. Hallow'e'en Circus 4. Junior Prom Committee 3.

**CHARLES MYERS** "CHARLIE"

A conscientious and religious nature, characterizes your date of birth under the sign of Capricorn. Although serious-minded, this does not detract from your pleasing personality and general ability to have a good time. At present a devotee of nature, you may often be found communing with the "Birds."

President 3. Class Basketball 3. Senior Play 4. Silas Marner Play 2. Boxing and Wrestling 1. Baseball 3. Circulating Manager of "Loudspeaker."

**THELMA NEWMAN** "THELMA"

Born under the sign of Taurus, you are dependable, cheerful, studious, and a good worker. Your natural instinct for beauty will lead you far in the field of interior decorating. You have strong likes and dislikes, which is apparent in your choice of friends. Success in a social career is predicted.

Alumni Editor "Lcho" 4. Grade Editor "Loudspeaker" 3. Dramatic Club 4. President Cercle Francais 4. Cercle Francais 3, 4. Property Director Senior Play 4. Junior Prom Committee 3.



PHYLLIS PALMER

"PHIL"

Persons born under the sign of Taurus possess a steadfast personality. You are inventive and original with a bent toward study in all lines. Capability to accomplish the task set before you makes you especially necessary in cooperative undertakings. Leave important decisions until Friday and their success is inevitable.

Editor "Echo" 4. Literary Editor "Loudspeaker" 3. Stage Director Senior Play 4. Secretary-Treasurer Dramatic Club 4. Hallowe'en Circus 4. Junior Prom Committee 3.

LILLIAN PAYNE

"LILLIAN"

You born on this day are hard and willing workers. Your guiding star will lead you through four years of college and finally to the position of teacher. You possess a helpful, understanding nature and this helps to smooth out the troubles of each day. You seem to be an exceptionally easy mark for all disease "germs" passing through the school.

Secretary-Treasurer 1. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Class Basketball 4. Cercle Francais 2, 4.

MARGARET PAYNE

"MARGIE"

The star which watches over you if born on this day is Capricorn. It signifies an exceptional ability as a saleswoman. You will acquire knowledge with ease and your standings in school will be satisfactory. You are ambitious for further education which will train you for either a nurse or a teacher.

Vice-president 1. Silas Marner Play 2. Glee Club 2, 3. Cercle Francais 3. Dramatic Club 4. Class Basketball 3.

BARBARA RUSSELL

"BOB"

Swiftmess is one of the chief attributes of those born under your particular sign of the Zodiac. Although clever in many ways, this is apparent only to your friends. Possessing a quick wit you will prove a good entertainer and always have a crowd around you. Your star prophesies a successful career in a business office, but you have ability in other fields of study.

Transferred from Binghamton. Basketball 2. Tennis 3. Domestic Economy 2, 3. Girl Reserves 3. Literary Junior Club 3. Festival Chorus 1, 2. Dramatic Club 4. Assistant Editor "Echo" 4.

EDNA SEJERSEN

"EDNA"

Born under the sign of Cancer, you are persistent in accomplishing what you believe to be your duty. You dislike arguments and avoid quarreling. Being of a studious nature, you are inclined to be quiet, but still water runs deep and merrily. Avoid business associations between the hours of 12:00 and 1:15.

Basketball 3, 4. Track 1, 3, 4. Junior Prom Committee 3. Hallowe'en Circus 4.

EARL STILLMAN

"EARL"

All those born under your sign will be slow and cautious in action. It is very easy for you to do your lessons, but you do not always feel inclined to do them. Your star predicts a future free from care in which you play the part of the stylish gentleman. A gay night life will always be to your liking.

Transferred from Syracuse. Football 4.





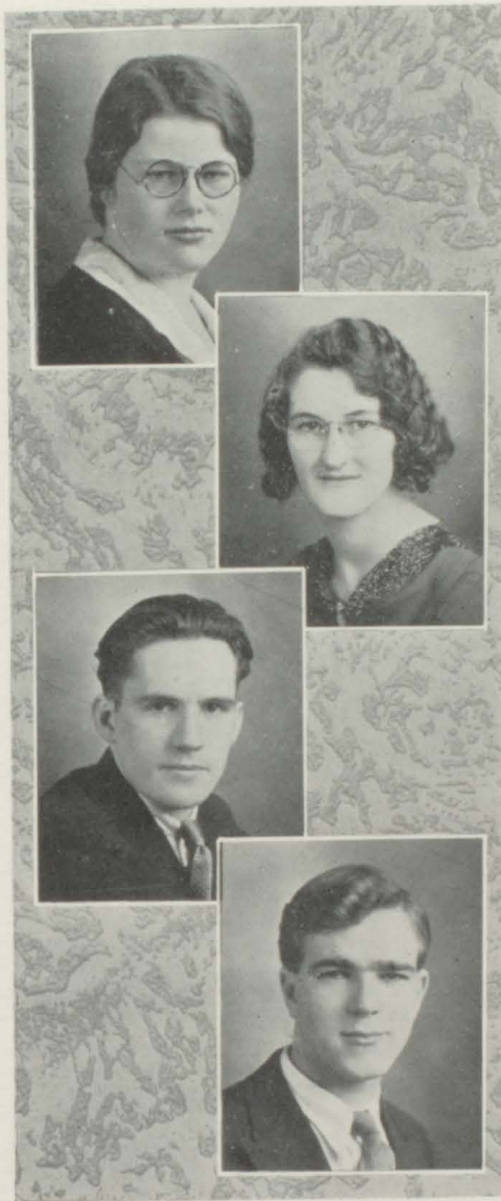
# THE ECHO—1933



## ELIZABETH SUPPLEE "BETTY"

Your birthday, under the sign of Aries, signifies a dominant nature. Of an uncertain temperament, you have many danger periods, from 1 to 1:15 and from 4 to 4:30 being the most. You are willing and capable and every sign points to success, which will probably be more in a social line than domestic.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Prize Speaking 2, 3. Senior Play 3, 4. Secretary-Treasurer 3. Assistant Business Manager Echo 4. Junior Prom Committee 3. Editor "Loudspeaker" 3. Librarian Glee Club 4.



## CHARLOTTE TAYLOR "SHRIMP"

A business career is predicted for you, Charlotte, in which you will be the most important factor. In spite of such responsibilities, however, you will always be the same fun-loving person. You will probably continue to make your friends beautiful with your various systems of Beauty Producers.

Glee Club 3, 4. Operetta 2. Hallowe'en Circus 4. Basketball 1. Track 1, 2.

## CARLTON WILCOX "COXIE"

You are born under the sign, Scorpio, indicating energy and a satisfied nature. A sharp sense of humor and a love of entertainment doesn't make you too practical or enterprising. Honesty and a fighting spirit will lead you to success in all future actions. It is probable that you will make your start in life as an apprentice to a "taylor."

Basketball 2, 3, 4. Football 2, 3, 4. F. F. A. 2, 3. Glee Club 2. Silas Marner Play 2. Senior Play 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Athletic Editor Echo 4. Operetta 2. Hallowe'en Circus 4. Track 3.

## HOWARD WILLIAMS "HOWARD"

The prophecy for the future of those born on June 6 is very promising. You are above all a musician, adept at playing many instruments. Your friends are many, due in part, to your pleasing manner. Tennis attracts you, most of all sports, although you enjoy others as well. A readiness to help others is the principal cause of your popularity.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. F. F. A. 4. Senior Play 4. Hallowe'en Circus 5. Silas Marner Play 2. Glee Club 1. Secretary-Treasurer Orchestra 5.



# THE ECHO—1933



## JUNIOR CLASS

PRESIDENT ..... Junior Roider  
 VICE-PRESIDENT ..... Rose Roberts  
 SECRETARY-TREASURER ..... Clara Parsons  
 ADVISOR ..... Miss Petley

The Junior Class for the year 1932-33 devoted most of their time to following out old Junior customs. We first held a hot-dog roast at North Afton about the middle of October. Some of the boys went in swimming but didn't stay in long for a very good reason; the water was much too cold.

Next we started our Junior newspaper, "The Censor," which through the cooperation of the student body and the untiring efforts of the staff has met with great success. Joyce Showalter was appointed editor.

Then Christmas came and for two weeks ahead the Juniors took orders for and delivered holly wreaths and pine cones.

On New Year's Eve the Junior Prom was held, for which we all worked hard and our efforts were not in vain, for a large crowd attended.

And now we stand ready to assume the responsibilities of Seniors and to make our last year a memorable year in Bainbridge High School.

Junior Roider, '34

## THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

- Madeline Baird without Rolland Bluler.
- Sammy Taylor sticking to one girl.
- Dick Covey missing two baskets.
- Gretchen Hartmann wearing size 2½ shoes.
- Mr. Casey without a tie.
- Jane Crawford without that grin.
- John Godfrey studying in Study Hall.
- Winifred Finch not writing notes.
- "Iggy" Banner without a far-away look.
- Miss Williams saying "Last call for the buses" in Prof's absence.
- Betty Supplee at school on time at noon.
- Kathleen Franks wide awake in Intermediate Algebra class.
- Velma Kentfield playing baseball.
- Claude Terry in the role of a gentleman.



# THE ECHO—1933



## JUNIORS



### FIRST ROW

Left to Right: Joyce Showalter, Dorothy Taft, Beth Jacobs, Miss Petley (advisor), Marion Peckham, Gertrude MacPherson, Dorothy Stanton

### SECOND ROW

Mary Ellen Price, Harriet Sipple, Ellen Nymann, Jane Crawford, Donna Hitchcock, Betty Lord, Clara Parsons, Catherine Houck, Lenore Andrews, Gladys Covey, Marian Henderson

### THIRD ROW

Gerald Hines, Mina Seeley, Velma Hall, Velma Lord, Arlene Fletcher, Grace Hager, Velma Kentfield, Bernard Lovejoy

### FOURTH ROW

Lawrence Eggleston, Gerald Cooley, Jack Palmer, Newton Hovey, Joseph Throop, Jack Tuckey, Gordon Burton, Kenneth Elander, Junior Roider, Alvin Hayes



# THE ECHO—1933



## SOPHOMORE CLASS

PRESIDENT .....Doris Stead  
 VICE-PRESIDENT .....Marian Lewis  
 SECRETARY-TREASURER .....Olive Corbin  
 ADVISOR ..... Miss Bailey

The "Sophs" of 1933 seem to have survived from their Freshman year fairly well. Anyway, they started with full sway by electing the officers stated above. It seems as if the boys were slightly omitted.

At the beginning of the year we decided that we wanted a hot-dog roast. So after supplying ourselves with plenty of food, we ascended the great Camel's Hump. And my! Oh my! did we eat. To tell the truth not even the mustard bottle was left.

Later on we decided that as our fuel was getting rather low we must obtain some of that substance. So all our great minds began to work. Well, of course our advisor, Miss Bailey, made the first good suggestion. A poverty party would surely fit the occasion. So preparations immediately began. On March 17, the great event took place. Success was sure to follow and it did. Our necessity for fuel was gone. Now with high aspirations, each "Soph" eagerly looks forward to being a Junior, an upperclassman.

Doris Stead, '35

## PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

'Way 'long back in September, 1932, the French fans were asking each other, "Are we going to have a French Club this year?" Miss Merrick soon answered this question affirmatively. One night after school the French II and French III students held a business meeting, at which Thelma Newman was chosen president; Velma Banner, vice-president, and Marion Henderson, secretary-treasurer. In January new members were added from the French I classes and new officers were chosen: Marion Henderson, president; Betty Lord, vice-president, and Velma Kentfield, secretary and treasurer.

"Le Cercle Français" is held the last Tuesday evening of each month in the Home Making house. Everyone talks a great deal until the meeting is called to order. Then only a few hardy souls speak aloud because they must converse in French. However, as the year wears on more become courageous and venture to express themselves. Miss Merrick, too, is unusually helpful when words fail.

These meetings are not only very amusing but they also are helpful in broadening the vocabulary. Each month new games, selected by the program chairman appointed at the last meeting are played in French. The final event, which is agreeable to all, and especially to those less linguistically inclined, is the serving of refreshments.

After everything is replaced, missing wraps are located, and all the "Bonnes Nuits" have been said, the Frenchies start homeward, talking unrestrainedly in English about the good time they have had.

Velma Kentfield



# THE ECHO—1933



## SOPHOMORES



### FIRST ROW

Left to Right: Pearl Smith, Marietta Silvey, Lena Delello, Miss Bailey (advisor), Roberta Burton, Mae Collington, Ruth Taylor

### SECOND ROW

Viola Sherman, Wilma Gustafson, Irma Smith, Zilphia Sherman, Doris Stead, Marian Webb, Susan Bennett, Louisa Bennett

### THIRD ROW

Jean Dawson, Marcella Lowry, Ruth Weeks, Marion Boyce, Ruth Sherman, Arpatia Smith, Olive Corbin

### FOURTH ROW

Claude Terry, Alton Palmer, Kenneth Wilcox, James Clark, Ronald Mathews, Sam Taylor, Douglas Baldwin, Frederick Tilford



# THE ECHO—1933



## FRESHMEN

President .....	Donald Price
Vice-President .....	Thena Teed
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Gretchen Hartmann
Faculty Advisor .....	Miss Dolan

Being the youngest member of Bainbridge High School, our class has not yet had an opportunity to really show what it can do. Like all the classes we have felt that this year we must try to be as economical as possible and so have not had many social activities.

We did, however, take advantage of Mother Nature's gift of snow, and with the Sophomores, went on a sleigh ride to Sidney, where we saw "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Perhaps it might be a bit more correct to say that some of us went on the sleigh ride, and others of us walked.

Freshman year is rapidly drawing to a close, but we are happy in knowing that for us there are still three happy years in B. C. H. S.

## CAN YOU IMAGINE

- Fred Birdsall without his hair parted in the middle?
- "June" Roider without his "B" sweater?
- Dot Taft not flirting?
- Miss Petley being six feet tall?
- "Chick" Fredericks not talking to a girl?
- Kathleen Franks not shouting "check up" at a basket ball game?
- Charlie Myers not going to church?
- Ruth Hamlin not talking?
- Jerry Hine not writing on somebody's book?
- Genevra Foster without a boy friend?
- B. C. H. S. without the Seniors?
- Howard Williams without his smile?
- Doris Stead without her lessons done?
- John Bloomer laughing uproariously?
- Edith Foster gentle and demure?
- Helen Fairbanks misbehaving?
- Earl Stillman in a hurry?
- John Godfrey without gum?
- Miss Smith losing her temper?
- Betty Supplee without a snappy answer?
- Marietta Silvey starting a riot?
- Jack Palmer without a variety (girls)?
- Elton Fletcher flirting with the girls?
- Edward Mulwane with his mouth shut?
- Jack Tuckey with his lessons done?
- Gerald Cooley without a stutter?
- "Coach" standing up on roller skates?
- The Banner girls at school every day for a week?
- Max Stevens at school on time?



# THE ECHO—1933



## FRESHMEN



### FIRST ROW

Left to Right: Mary Johnson, Florence Franks, Esther Franks, Miss Dolan (advisor),  
Ruth Andrews, Blanche Montgomery, Mary Delello

### SECOND ROW

Minnie Breed, Betty Birdsall, June Olmsted, Florence Sherman, Edith Fester, Gretchen  
Hartmann, Thena Teed, Evelyn Herrick, Jessamine Davis, Georgianna  
Hovey, Mary Smith, Luella Shaver

### THIRD ROW

Roland Bluler, Stanley Norton, James Ryan, Donald Babcock, Louise Stilson, Ellen  
Hendrickson, Agnes Russell, Allen Harmon, Leroy Baldwin,  
Joe Delello, Everett Herrick

### FOURTH ROW

Edward Luckenbach, Ralph Talcott, Edward Peckham, Stewart Friedel, Harold Thornton,  
Richard Doolittle, Jack Schaffer, Clifford Baldwin, Roger Dix

### FIFTH ROW

Paul Sherman, Joseph Doolittle, John Godfrey, Donald Price, Gerald Weeks, Winsor  
Casey, Bastine Caracciolo



# THE ECHO—1933



## THE SOPHOMORE POVERTY PARTY

On March 17, everyone was invited to a Poverty party sponsored by the Sophomores of B. C. H. S. The auditorium was decorated as an old cellar with cobwebs on the windows and door. It was lighted by lanterns set on card tables which were along the side of the gymnasium.

There were dancing, card-playing and a few jig-saw puzzles for those who craved that sort of amusement. Velma Banner, Gladys Covey and Lenore Andrews performed a clever clog-dance. Harmonicas, played by Joe Throop and Dick Covey, likewise added to the enjoyment of the evening.

The guests found adequate refreshment at an imitation bar constructed from a long board laid across two barrels.

On the stroke of eleven, the guests regretfully sought their wraps and the evening's entertainment was brought to a close.

## ALLOW US TO INTRODUCE AS MISS B. C. H. S. ONE WHO IS AS

Peppy as Marian Peckham  
Courteous as Olive Corbin  
Athletic as Lucretia Brown  
Smiling as Ellen Nymann  
With as good complexion as Rose Roberts  
With as pretty hair as June Olmsted  
Brilliant as Marion Henderson  
Clever as Betty Lord  
Popular as Alice Taylor  
Well-dressed as Marion Lewis  
Efficient as Kathleen Franks  
Humorous as Ruth Hamlin

## MAY WE PRESENT THE HERO OF B. C. H. S. HE IS AS

Athletic as Dick Covey  
Good-looking as Chick Fredericks  
Studious as Donald Babcock  
Courteous as Jimmy Ryan  
Popular as Carlton Wilcox  
Humorous as Melancton Hoyt  
Well-dressed as John Bloomer  
Capable as Joe Throop  
Jovial as Maurice McGinnis  
Manly as Allan Kelly  
Clever as Jack Palmer  
Good sport as Edward Mulwane

Senior: "Do you know any Juniors?"

Frosh: "Why, of course, I do."

Senior: "Do you know more than half of them?"

Frosh: "I know more than all of them."







# THE ECHO—1933



## FOOTBALL

At the beginning of the fall term all thoughts turned towards the gridiron. Losing a few regulars by last year's graduation, Coach Cousins had the problem of building a new eleven. He worked diligently and gave us some fine plays with which the boys worked faithfully.

### BAINBRIDGE VS. NORWICH

They pushed us all over the field the first half to gain a 6 point lead. The Bainbridge boys came back and as there remained about two minutes to play the score stood 6-0, favor of Norwich. Bainbridge pulled the "shoestring" play, C. Wilcox being the receiver, and this put Bainbridge on Norwich's ten yard line. Robinson on a single reverse took the ball over for a touchdown. Robinson also kicked the try for the point as the game ended, Bainbridge 7—Norwich 6.

### BAINBRIDGE VS. HANCOCK

This was the day when Bainbridge was asleep. Unable to gain through our line, Hancock waited until she caught Bainbridge napping and then pulled the "shoestring" play, which was good for a touchdown. Again in the second half she repeated this play and again caught Bainbridge to win by the score of 13-0.

### BAINBRIDGE VS. FRANKLIN

The first league game the day dawned clear and bright. The game was played at Franklin and a goodly crowd attended. But the heavier and more experienced team of Franklin overwhelmed us by the score of 18-0. Their defense seemed unbreakable.

### BAINBRIDGE VS. SIDNEY

It was a wet sloppy day when Sidney came to Bainbridge. This was a very close and exciting game, both teams being about evenly matched and always out to play their best against each other. In the second quarter Sidney threw a successful pass for a touchdown. Sidney led at the half 6-0. Bainbridge kicked to Sidney, and Miller from there galloped down the field for another touchdown, making the score 13-0. Bainbridge came back in the third quarter and scored from the 40 yard line, Hines scoring the touchdown. Robinson missed the try for the extra point. When the game ended Bainbridge was again in scoring position on Sidney's 20 yard line, but the whistle blew. The final score—Sidney 13, Bainbridge 6.

### BAINBRIDGE VS. UNADILLA

At Unadilla the Bainbridge team showed some football ability. The first half ended with neither team scoring, but in the second half Burton, right tackle for Bainbridge, intercepted a pass which had been partially knocked down, and carried the ball to the ten yard line and Kenneth Wilcox put it over on the next play. And again after Unadilla had lost the ball, Wilcox carried it over for a touchdown, this time from the 40 yard line. The game ended: Bainbridge 13, Unadilla 0.



# THE ECHO—1933



## FOOTBALL



### FIRST ROW

Left to Right: James Clark, Joseph Throop, Kenneth Davis, Carlton Wilcox, Earl Stillman,  
Joe Delello, Alfred Meade

### SECOND ROW

Junior Roider (manager), Gerald Hines, Roy Robinson, Russell Elander, Raymond Miner,  
Kenneth Wilcox, Sammy Taylor, Mr. Cousins



# THE ECHO—1933



## BAINBRIDGE VS. SUSQUEHANNA

Bainbridge journeyed to Susquehanna and was defeated by the score of 8-0. They made their touchdown on an intercepted pass by the quarterback.

## ALL STAR FOOTBALL

The All Stars of Susquehanna were coached by Coach Nealy, of Franklin, the coach of the winning team. The game was played the day before Thanksgiving at Bainbridge. The Sidney and Bainbridge Stars constituted one team and Franklin and Unadilla, the other. Neither valley scored in the first half, but in the third quarter on a double reverse pass the Bainbridge-Sidney team scored a touchdown and also made the try for the extra point. The other valley scored on a pass and made their try for the extra point, making the score 7-7. Then C. Wilcox, of Bainbridge blocked a punt, and took the ball to Chenango's two yard line, where Miller, of Sidney, carried the ball over for a touchdown. Susquehanna missed the try for the extra point, making the score 13-7. In the last quarter Franklin-Unadilla blocked a punt and scored a touchdown. They missed their try for point and the score stood 19-7. Near the end of the game the Chenango team carried the ball across for the final touchdown. The game ended: Susquehanna 19, Chenango 13.

The All Stars representing Bainbridge were:

Russell Elander .....	Left Guard and Fullback
Kenneth Wilcox .....	Left Halfback
Carlton Wilcox .....	Left Tackle
George Hager .....	Right End
Paul Fairbanks .....	Center

## B. H. S.

B ainbridge is our Alma Mater  
 A lways strong and true.  
 I n the battle fighting onward;  
 N igh the white and blue.  
 B right the sun shines o'er the campus  
 R evealing fields so clear,  
 I n the battle "Strike for Victory"  
 D own the lines they cheer.  
 G ladly aim for ours the goal line  
 E ver higher, aim!

H igher in the hearts of scholars  
 I s the path to fame.  
 G rasp the knowledge and also truth;  
 H ere lies the start of all.

S ingled out in years to follow  
 C hildhood to recall.  
 H igh school days were times of joy,  
 O r sometimes sadness, too.  
 O nward we have climbed the pathway  
 L ong cheered our high school true.

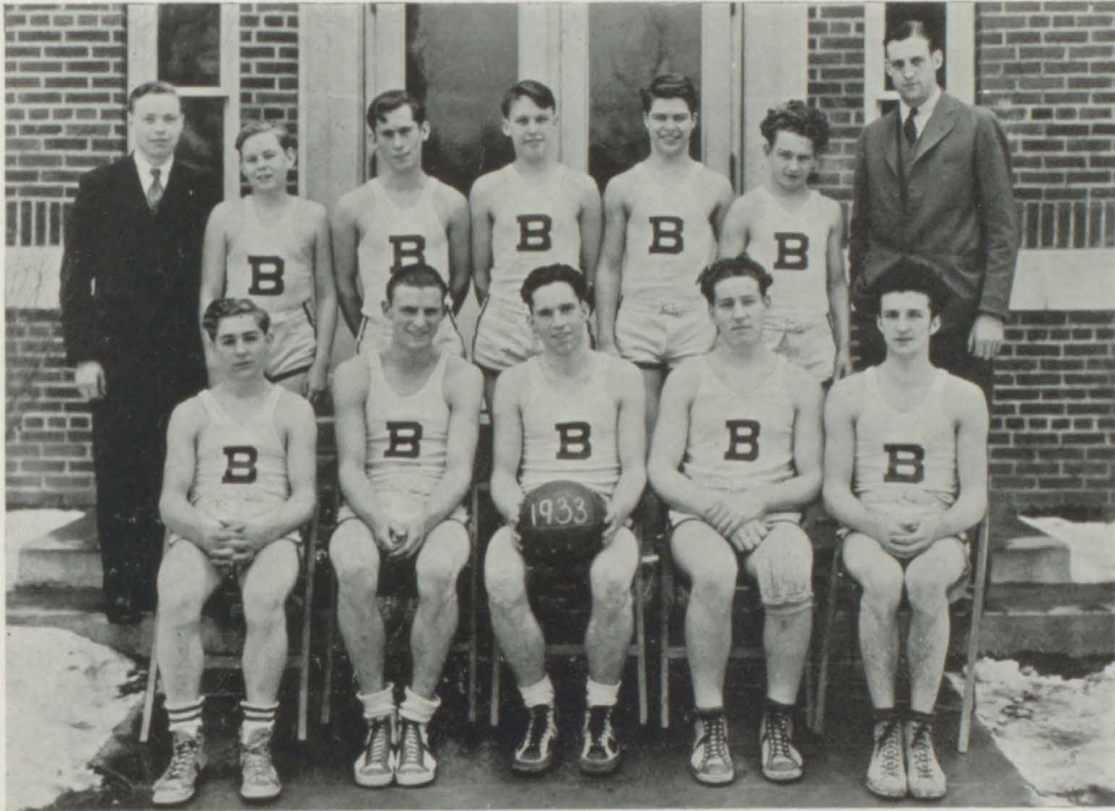
JEAN M. DAWSON



# THE ECHO—1933



## BOYS' BASKETBALL



### FIRST ROW

Left to Right: Sammy Taylor, Carlton Wilcox, Russell Elander, Melancton Hoyt

### SECOND ROW

Carl Hovey (manager), Junior Roider, Kenneth Wilcox, Gordon Burton, Joseph Throop,  
Gerald Hines, Mr. Cousins



# THE ECHO—1933



## BOYS' BASKETBALL

The whistle blows; the '33 season begins with a bang, with all the boys out to do or die for their "dear old Alma Mater." Taylor and Wilcox are at the forward berths, Covey at center, "Melly" and "Rusty" holding down the guard positions. It's a home game, Bainbridge vs. Unadilla, and when the final whistle blows the score stands 47-12 in favor of Bainbridge. In the return game which was played at Unadilla, our boys repeated their former victory by defeating Unadilla on their home court by the score of 26-15.

On January 13, the Bainbridge quintet journeyed to Franklin, where due to the outstanding game played by Sammy Taylor we were able to hold the Franklin quintet to a score of 30-37. Gaining a lead of 18 points in the first quarter, the Bainbridge five were unable to overcome the advantage that Franklin had obtained. When Franklin came to Bainbridge, however, we were able to reverse the decision and overwhelmed them by a score of 37-15. This was the night when five men worked as one and a victory was the result.

Three was lucky number for Bainbridge on January 20 and again on February 24, for on both occasions we met and defeated our old rival Sidney by the scores of 28-31 at Bainbridge, and 26-29 at Sidney. These were two of the closest and hardest fought games of the season. Both teams were evenly matched and none knew the outcome until the whistle blew. Mr. Casey's dream of twelve long years has at last been fulfilled.

The Bainbridge five battled against the league winners from Deposit in two of the most exciting games of the year. No one knew what the outcome would be until the final whistle blew. In both games the Bainbridge quintet were nosed out in the last few minutes of play. At Deposit on March 1, the Bainbridge team was leading throughout the game, but Deposit staged a last minute rally and won by the score of 26-30. Covey was high scorer with 13 points.

When the basketball team motored to Afton on February 3, they were a bit over-confident and thoughts were that they had the game in the bag. Passing the ball in the first half, Bainbridge led at the half 13-6. Afton came back in the second half and staged a rally and won by the score of 19-26. Sutton, of Afton, was high scorer with 13 points. At Bainbridge March 10, the tide turned and found the Bainbridge team in perfect condition, resolved to even the score. The score at the end of the half was tied 12-12. In the second half both teams made four field goals and the score was again tied 20-20. In the three-minute over-time period, Bainbridge started with a bang, Covey making a beautiful push shot from the corner. Then after some wonderful pass-work, Hines, of Bainbridge, scored from beneath the basket. Sutton, of Afton, was fouled and made the point. The game ended, Bainbridge 24 and Afton 21. Covey was high scorer with 11 points.

Bainbridge feels that it has had a very successful season this year for which much of the credit may be given to Coach Cousins plus the hard work of the team.

## ALL STAR GAME

On Friday night, March 24, the "All Star" basketball teams clashed in Oxford's new gym, Bainbridge being represented by Hoyt and Covey. The stars from the Susquehanna League were ably coached by Coach Fox, of Deposit. The game was very fast and exciting, and many of the clever plays brought cheers



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from over a thousand throats voicing their approval. The final score was Susquehanna 51, Chenango 38. Bainbridge had reason to be proud of her "stars" during the game, for Covey took the individual scoring honors of the evening, making 15 of the 51 points, and Hoyt played his usual good game of guard.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

PRESIDENT .....Harold Roberts  
TREASURER .. . . . .Alice Taylor  
SECRETARY ..... Genevra Foster

The Athletic Association was started last September in the interest of the high school football, basketball and baseball teams and to aid in the development of school spirit, under the direction of Mr. Cousins and Miss Merrick.

Alice Taylor and Joseph Throop were chosen as leaders of two sides to see which could get the most members. To date, there are fifty-seven members of the Athletic Association.

Every club must have money in order to carry out all its obligations. For this reason the Association staged a dance on December 17, 1932. The auditorium was cleverly decorated and to all appearances the evening was a huge success.

## SENIOR PLAY

### THE CAST

MRS. GRACE MORRISON .....Betty Supplee  
JUNIOR MORRISON .....Joseph Throop  
PATRICIA MORRISON .....Velma Banner  
LAURA MORRISON .....Lucretia Brown  
FRED MORRISON .....Howard Williams  
TOMMY CALER .....Melancton Hoyt  
LENORE APPLEBY ..... Genevra Foster  
CONRAD TYLER .....Carlton Wilcox  
JETHRO APPLEBY .....Charlie Myers  
BEATRICE TYLER .....Helen Fairbanks

It had to be "Heart Trouble" to produce such a hero. Discerning yet proud; very, very much in love yet wise enough to teach her a lesson was Tommy Caler.

Laura Morrison and her mother climb the long shaky ladder of social ambition despite the valiant efforts of Mr. Morrison to shake them down to solid earth. Even when Tommy forsakes her for Patricia, the despised younger sister, Laura laughs scornfully. Patricia, at the country club with Tommy, was a social disgrace but only that.

But Junior Morrison and Lenore Appleby cause the hurricane. Mrs. Tyler, the wife of the desirable Mr. Tyler, was brought to the Morrison home. The ladder crashed with a storm of indignant reproaches and tears.

And they all lived happily ever after, Laura as Mrs. Caler, we are sure. Even we saw the beginning of the happy ending, for the curtain stuck for a long, brief moment.

We are still sorry for Patricia for—well, we could have loved Tommy, too.



# THE ECHO—1933



## GIRLS' BASKETBALL



### FIRST ROW

Left to Right: Edna Sejersen, Viola Sherman, Alice Taylor (captain), Lucretia Brown, Ellen Nymann

### SECOND ROW

Harriet Sipple, Gladys Covey, Wilma Gustafson, Ruth Taylor, Marian Peckham

### THIRD ROW

Gretchen Hartmann, Marcella Lowry, Thena Teed, Mr. Cousins





# THE ECHO—1933



## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Rah! Rah! Rah! Basketball practice had begun. We lost a few regulars by graduation but the number at practice promised a good team for '33. In the two pre-league games we won from Otego 20-4, but lost to Morris 10-7.

On January 6, league games started with Unadilla on our own court. From the minute the whistle blew B. C. H. S. girls were playing their hardest and best. "Mike"—center, Alice and Viola playing forwards, were right on hand with their good passes and shots; Brown, Sipple and Smith were playing a hard defensive game. The final whistle brought a winning score of 16-30 for Bainbridge. We played a return game with Unadilla on their court February 10. With few substitutions we won again, 13-17.

On January 13, we played Franklin on their court with slight hope for victory, for the "grippe-bug" had invaded Bainbridge and had taken its toll of our players. The game ended with a score of 27-18 in favor of Franklin. When we again played Franklin February 17, we were quite hopeful, being ahead at the half. But due to the clever aims and shots of the Franklin right forward we had to give up to defeat 17-15.

We had as our guest the Sidney team January 20, when we again suffered a defeat by the score of 22-15. In the return game on Sidney's court February 24, the Bainbridge team again failed to click and were defeated 11-18.

On our own court January 27, we were victorious over the Deposit team by the score of 21-18. "Mike" was high scorer with 11 points, and Alice next with 8 points. Fate was not so kind to us on March 3, when we journeyed to Deposit only to lose 12-16.

We all have our "off days," and the Bainbridge girls had theirs on February 3 with Afton on their court. We were defeated by 25-7. A snappy comeback was the game with Afton on our court March 10. We were victorious by a score of 14-13, "Mike" making the foul shot that won us the game.

Much credit can be given Mr. Cousins for his patient and successful training of the girls and to the hard work and cooperation of the girls.

## ALL STAR GAME

It isn't often that a crowd of basketball enthusiasts have the opportunity of witnessing a game of "All Stars," but such an opportunity was given at Oxford on Friday evening, March 24, to culminate the basketball season of 1932-33. B. C. H. S. representatives were Alice Taylor, forward, and Lucretia Brown, guard.



# THE ECHO—1933



## ORCHESTRA



### FIRST ROW

Left to Right: Betty Lord, Charles Levee, Marion Peckham, Velma Loid, Dorothy Stanton

### SECOND ROW

Clara Wilcox, Carl Hovey, Gerald Cooley, Miss Dolan, Howard Williams, Bernard Lovejoy, Gretchen Hartmann, Donald Babcock

### THE ORCHESTRA

President .....	Carl Hovey
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Howard Williams
Librarian .....	Marion Peckham

“Good things come in small packages” was what we thought last fall as players and instruments began to assemble for orchestra practice, for the graduation of the class of '32 took a large toll of our orchestra. Now we are deciding that equally good things come in large packages as our organization has been steadily increasing in the number of its players.

We have been busy throughout the year practicing, first for the Christmas Concert, which we gave in conjunction with the Glee Club, and after Christmas, on music which we shall play at the May Festival in Norwich and at Commencement.

We feel that our orchestra is really a very up and coming organization, and with the number of experienced members whom we will have, our next year should be a big success.



# THE ECHO—1933



## GLEE CLUB



### FIRST ROW

Left to Right: Joyce Showalter, Dorothy Stanton, Betty Supplee, Miss Dolan, Mary Delello, Dorothy Taft, Mary Johnson

### SECOND ROW

Susan Bennett, Marion Peckham, Charlotte Taylor, Pearl Smith, Edith Collington, Mae Collington, Roberta Burton, Lena Delello, Luella Shaver, Georgianna Hovey, Edith Foster, Harriet Sipple

### THIRD ROW

Jane Crawford, Florence Sherman, Mary Haggerty, Wilma Gustafson, Marion Webb, Ruth Weeks, Catherine Houck, Olive Corbin, Lucretia Brown, Marceia Lowry, Donna Hitchcock, Mina Seeley

### FOURTH ROW

Joseph Throop, Gretchen Hartmann, Doris Stead, Velma Kentfield, Clara Parsons, Marion Boyce, Velma Lord, Grace Hager, Jean Dawson, Betty Lord, Louisa Bennett, Newton Hovey

### FIFTH ROW

Carl Hovey, Junior Roider, Russell Elander, Gerald Cooley, Kenneth Elander, Gordon Burton, Donald Babcock



# THE ECHO—1933



## GLEE CLUB

President .....Verna Banner  
 Secretary-Treasurer .....Marion Peckham  
 Librarian .....Betty Supplee

"There's music in the air," and as it creeps up the stairs and through the halls, we know that each and every one must wish that he might sing in our Glee Club, and receive the musical training which Miss Dolan is so well fitted to give.

During the fall months we took advantage of every minute which we had to practice "Out of the Dusk to You," "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "Largo" and some of the Christmas carols, in preparation for our annual Christmas Concert which we gave on December 18th.

This recital was only just over, when we were asked to help in the presentation of the oratorio, "The Crucifixion," which was given in the Methodist Church on Sunday, April 23. We really felt quite honored to receive such an invitation.

Now, as our year is drawing to a close, we will soon be planning for our annual "tour" to Norwich to take part in the concert which is given each year in the Norwich High School by the glee clubs and orchestras of the several schools in the Susquenango League.

1932-'33 has been a "noteworthy" year for Bainbridge High School Glee Club.

Marion Peckham

## GLEE CLUB ROLL CALL

### SOPRANO

Pearl Smith  
 Dorothy Taft  
 Mary Delello  
 Roberta Burton  
 Susan Bennett  
 Ruth Hamlin  
 Verna Banner  
 Velma Banner  
 Georgianna Hovey  
 Dorothy Stanton  
 Harriet Sipple  
 Donna Hitchcock  
 Betty Supplee  
 Ruth Weeks  
 Marian Lewis  
 Florence Sherman  
 Jane Crawford  
 Luella Shaver  
 Edith Collington  
 Lena Dellelo  
 Grace Hager  
 Marion Boyce  
 Mina Seely  
 Louisa Bennett  
 Clara Parsons  
 Velma Kentfield  
 Catherine Houck  
 Doris Stead

Wilma Gustafson  
 Mary Haggerty

### ALTO

Mary Johnson  
 Mae Collington  
 Charlotte Taylor  
 Marian Peckham  
 Joyce Showalter  
 Clara Wilcox  
 Edith Foster  
 Olive Corbin  
 Jean Dawson  
 Betty Lord  
 Gretchen Hartmann  
 Lucretia Brown  
 Marion Webb  
 Velma Lord

### TENOR

Donald Babcock  
 Carl Hovey  
 Joseph Throop  
 Junior Roider  
 Gerald Cooley

### BASS

Newton Hovey  
 Kermit Nichols  
 Russell Elander  
 Kenneth Elander



# THE ECHO—1933



## HALLOWE'N PARTY

It's an "old Bainbridge custom!" What? Why the annual Senior Hallowe'en party, of course, and this year it was bigger and better than ever.

We stood about in awe, holding our breaths, and wondering how they could do it, as we watched the prize acrobats form their pyramids, turn somersaults, and do hand-springs. But this was only the beginning of wonders, for lo and behold, before our very eyes Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb, Jr., were united in marriage, and as all good stories end, "lived happily ever after." No circus is complete, however, without a few clowns to add color and humor to the acts and so these entertainers were provided for the enjoyment of the guests. Those curious to know what the future had in store for them had only to consult a dark eyed gypsy girl, who by reading palms or by cards could tell them all they wished to know.

Then the lights were dimmed, the orchestra tuned up, and in a setting of cornstalks and pumpkins; on with the dance.

## OH! FOR A HOMEMAKER!

What is B. C. H. S. offering this year in the form of a "Homemaker?" Just proceed, folks, and you will find out for yourselves.

Here are girls studying the fine art of interior decorating; for doesn't attractiveness and charm of the household add to its pleasant atmosphere? But man cannot live on charm alone and so these homemakers spend many hours pouring over recipe books in search of tempting dainties to whet the appetites; crisp salads, nourishing hot dishes, dainty desserts.

Again we pause as we look upon an intricate looking chart of figures. What can it be? Why, yes, of course, the good old family budget which is declared to be the one and only ideal system of managing the household expenses; and we know for our Homemaking seven girls have tried it and it worked.

And now, friends, behold a new class which has been introduced into Bainbridge just this year. Yes, so there are some boys over there. They are part of the class, and as good at planning and furnishing a house as are many girls. Do they cook? Of course, and we understand that they especially shine in candymaking. We wonder why.

Before we leave our homemakers, however, we must not fail to mention how many cold days have been made pleasanter by the hot cup of cocoa, or some other hot dish which they have made it possible for those of us who stay at noon to enjoy. So as we leave let's give a rousing cheer for our cooks.

Homemakers! Homemakers!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

## TEMPTATION

I heard the voice of Spring this morning  
Caroling to me,  
Tho snow was on the sidewalk  
And not a leaf upon a tree.  
It beckoned and beguiled me:  
'Twas but one way to answer that,  
So I smiled my prettiest  
And went in and bought the hat.

ANON YMOUS



## THE ECHO—1933



### GREETINGS TO THE CLASS OF 1933

Lest auld acquaintance be forgot, the classes of former years have been asked to send a greeting to the class of 1933. They have complied with our request as follows:

Thelma Newman

Greetings to the Alumni of B. C. H. S.

Bainbridge High School stands for Contribution—contribution to human knowledge—and its influence can hardly be over-estimated. To be a graduate of Bainbridge High School implies contact for several years with teachers whose example and influence are inspirations throughout life. To you, to whom has come the privilege of being alumni, I offer my heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

Cora Payne Wilcox, 1884

To the Class of 1933

It is quite incredible that I should actually have graduated in 1888—why I do not feel that old at all! In those days we were not called a High School, but Bainbridge Union Free School and Academy. The Board of Education (Mr. Martin Priest was its President then and for many years before and later) used to send a wonderful carriage around after the girl graduates. I wish I could remember what they called it, but it had a high seat in front for the driver and was very elegant! We felt that for the time being we were moving in the HIGHEST SOCIETY. You young ladies of the High School are without doubt much more efficient than we were in those days but you cannot mull over rosier dreams or higher ambitions than we did, I am sure. I envy you the next fifty years and all the changes you will see—I'd like to be young enough to have a part.

Eloise Newton Clark, 1888

Greetings to the Class of 1933

When our class motto was chosen, probably no thought was given regarding its application to every serious undertaking. However, each year as we look with pride at the fine young men and women graduating from our school, and consider how much of this achievement is due to the many hours of work and study on the part of pupils, teachers and Board of Education, surely we know that "The End Crowns the Work."

Emma G. Newell, 1891

Dear Class of 1933:

Two members of the class of 1895 are still residing in Bainbridge, Nathan Truman and myself. Mr. Truman went farther than any others in



# THE ECHO—1933



the class in the way of education. I began my life on Juliand Street, within a few rods of the school and I have always lived within the confines of the school district.

Albert Wilcox, 1895

To the Class of 1933

The future is only the past again entered through another gate way. So you will find the world is much like an edifice of which you build the foundation, every stone you lay will be part of something which you can call yours, when it is completed.

Remember always, that you must keep a faithful vigil during a storm. There must be no slackening. So we, the class of 1896, wish you joy and success and health in your new found world.

Put on your golden wishing caps and magic yourselves away from the world of the present, into the future, which we trust holds much of success for you all.

Motto of the class of 1896—"One Life Live It Well."

Clara Thomas Hirt, 1896

Class of 1933

It is pleasing to be sought out and remembered after thirty-five years of absence from one's High School Alma Mater. Many changes have taken place during that time, the automobile, the radio, the flying machine and many other inventions have been produced and perfected in that period, all of which have added to our comfort, business efficiency and pleasure. It is gratifying to an old alumnus to learn that the educational aims and the school system of Bainbridge too have improved and progressed. The establishment of the "Echo," with other school extra curricula activities speaks well of your school. You are also to be congratulated on the establishment of the Central School System. The members of my class have located in widely separated sections of our country; wherever they may be I am certain they join me in this brief word of greeting.

Earl J. Bennett, 1898

Dear Class of 1933

In these days of gloom, it gives me a feeling of joy to think that I am asked to present greetings from the class of '99. Although it has been many years since I left home to take up life's burdens, I have kept in touch with Bainbridge affairs, and many of my warmest personal friends still reside there. To them and to the faculty and students of the Bainbridge High School I present greetings.

C. Arthur Barber, 1899



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Alumni of B. C. H. S.

Greetings from 1902—that is a long time ago. The years spent in Bainbridge High School seemed important at the time—thirty-one years later they seem just as important, for they possibly contributed more of real importance than any other years in our lives. They were years of happiness and youthful friendships, never duplicated in later years.

Vernon F. Hovey, 1902

Greetings to B. C. H. S.

Still cherishing memories dear after stepping "Out of School Life into Life's School," it is gratifying to see progress in school activities and expansion in its new branches of education.

With continued interest and best wishes toward the mental and spiritual development of each successive graduating class,

Lenna T. Hovey, 1903

Greetings to B. C. H. S.

There are two living members of the class of '08. We were very proud in those days of our great number, for five was the largest class graduated between 1904 and 1913.

When I look at the long class rolls now, it reminds me that there are other changes just as great in the school. If it were possible for the other members of the class to visit B. C. H. S., they would find nothing to remind them of our school days. Yet to me it is the same dear old B. H. S., in spite of the many great changes and improvements, for I have had friends in every class graduated since I left school.

My classmate Margaret Grube Hastings joins me in wishing success not only to the class of 1933, but to the future of B. C. H. S.

Mabel Truman, 1908

Just a line of greeting  
From the class of 1909,  
To our dear successors  
Who are following in our wake.  
May you be successful  
In whatever you undertake,  
May the sun shine brighter  
And your pathway be more clear.  
As you go where duty calls you,  
Now, and in the coming years  
May God's blessing be around you  
And his presence seem more near.  
In your trials and tribulations,  
And whatever you may fear,  
When you near the journey's ending  
May you backward look with joy,  
To the days in Bainbridge High School,  
When you were happy girls and boys.

Minnie F. Snyder, 1909





## THE ECHO—1933



Dear Echo

Looking back over the past twenty-one years since our small class of four graduated, I see many changes for the advancement of the rural pupils of today.

Now they are carried in school buses from their homes to the centralized school, where they may have the privilege of training in music, physical culture, domestic science, manual arts, agriculture and "4-H Club" work, together with their other studies.

Here is to the country boy and girl. May they ever be wide awake to make the most of their advantages. With best wishes for happiness and success to the class of 1933.

Edith D. Andrews, 1912

To the Class of 1933

Although the class of 1914 was one of the very small classes, its members have the same feeling of pride and loyalty which the present larger classes must enjoy. Bainbridge High School has increased greatly in size and influence, to the pride and satisfaction of those who have been numbered among its classes. Nineteen-fourteen extends its hearty congratulations to all, from kindergarten to Board, who have been responsible for this excellent growth and progress.

Donald M. Copley, 1914

Class of 1933

If it were possible to re-assemble the class of 1916 I am sure that we would all agree that high school years were precious years, and although time has scattered us we have a common background and happy memories of our high school days. May we, the class of 1916, wish you the best of luck and "happy landings."

Margaret A. Copley, 1916

Alumni of B. C. H. S.

The class of 1917 was a unique specimen as graduating classes go. The class was unique in that no graduating exercises were observed. There was no class day, no formal graduation, and no eloquence of clergy.

Our country was at war. The entire membership of the class enrolled in the Farm Cadet Movement. Our country was in need of aid and we were proud to do our bit. By self sacrifice the class of 1917 was deprived of the thrill and excitement of graduation.

To you, Class of 1933, we bequeath our lost inheritance that you may be doubly armed for the fray that will again "See America Through."

Emeline Corbin Hughston, 1917



## THE ECHO—1933



Greetings to the Class of 1933

When the curtain falls after graduation, you are one of us, you will share in common thoughts and memories of happy high school days. To me the new school is just a building, but it holds for you, as the old school did for me, the joys of carefree youth.

With each passing year old B. H. S. improves, and from this better school you can and will go forth to bigger and better things than any class before.

Stanley Price, 1922

Class of 1933

The "Echo" is as the name implies, a good reflector of the school, past and present. It is very interesting and often-times amusing to re-read the "Echo" of former years, especially of our school years. It is also a joy and inspiration to read the new "Echo" each year.

Congratulations to the class of 1933 and good luck as you enter into a new work. It has been said:

"What we call luck  
Is simply pluck,  
And doing things over and over;  
Courage and will,  
Perseverance and skill,  
Are the four leaves of Luck's Clover!"

It is this luck that I would wish for you.

Irene R. Hoyt, 1925

Class of 1933

It doesn't seem long since I, too, was deeply concerned with the publishing of the B. H. S. "Echo."

To those who are entering college, I would like to say that four years is not a long time. And I should like to remind those who will have to work their way, either partially or wholly, of the old axiom, "The more you put into a thing the more you get out of it."

You are extremely fortunate to be leaving high school rather than college at this time, and I should like to inspire you to gain as much as you can in the four precious years that await you.

Warren Whipple, 1928

To the Echo of 1933

It doesn't seem possible that four years have flown so quickly by and that just four years ago I was thinking of graduation and then of college. As I have been thinking about life in general, it is made up of a great many



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doors, isn't it? Now the Seniors who are graduating this year are going to find that college is a new door to push open. There is one thing that always strikes me and it is this—figuratively speaking, each one gets a great deal farther in life if he or she first flings wide open his "door of cooperation." That is my message to the class of '33, as you go out into life fling open your "door of cooperation!"

Dolores Lloyd, 1929

### Class of 1933

Many changes and additions have been made to B. H. S. since we, the class of 1930, graduated. Little did we visualize that three years hence there would be a B. C. H. S.

Now we are scattered each in our chosen way, some of us many miles from that familiar spot.

However, we the class of 1930, reunite to send our greeting of best wishes for a prosperous future to our beloved "Alma Mater."

Ruth Hager, 1930

### Dear Class of 1933 of B. C. H. S.

D. & H. yard cop (to stranger who is prowling around railroad tracks): Hey, buddy, what are you looking for?

Stranger: I'm looking for the president of this road!

Cop: Well, you won't find him around here.

Stranger: No, maybe not, but I'm on his track.

This story illustrates what I wish to say in way of greeting to you of the class of '33. B. C. H. S. has shown you the path or track to take when you are graduated into life and if you follow it your life will be a success and you will be able to forge on to greater heights.

Best wishes to you all.

Wilfred Lyon, 1931

### Members of the Class of 1933

It is time for the publishing of another "Echo." I am only one among many who hope that this will be the best one yet.

I extend my greetings and best wishes to every member of the graduating class, adding a word in memory of the one who has passed on into that place of peace from which there is no graduation.

Here's to the success of the "Echo" for 1933 and for the years to come.

Julia Riley, 1932



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## SUCCESS

What is success? Any dictionary defines it as the prosperous termination of any enterprise, and perhaps that is as concise a definition as any. But let us consider it in its relation to life, which is defined as the period between birth and death.

When we look into the heavens at night, practically the first thing we see is The Milky Way. It is a long line of stars stretching straight across the sky. That is the Pathway of Life. The beginning is birth; the terminal—death. Near the far end of this, for most of us, is a bright twinkling star which bears the banner "Success." The small intervening stars are the obstacles or milestones, which must be passed before Success is attained.

The small child, when he says his first word, takes his first step or perhaps fastens an hitherto unmanageable button for the first time has overcome an obstacle and has started his hesitant journey toward that distant star.

Some of us, it is true, falter by the wayside and never gain the goal, set for us in our infancy by our parents. Those are the ones for whom the obstacles proved too great, who could not make the grade.

Again one of us makes the journey easily. Fortune is kind to those who show proficiency in their chosen vocations. Is it not sometimes possible for those fortunate beings to stretch out a helping hand to the stragglers? It certainly does no harm and it might be all that was necessary to put some poor fellow on his feet again.

And now, Juniors and Under Classmen, here is my message to you.

You are only a short distance along that Pathway of Life. But you have overcome the basic obstacles, perhaps larger, perhaps smaller ones are ahead—do not falter. Remember that each step upward brings you nearer to "Success;" that in your endeavors you have followed the ancient maxim, chosen by the Senior Class as its motto—"To the Stars Through Difficulties."

Phyllis H. Palmer  
Editor-in-Chief

We went to Cupid's retreat;  
We wandered in the sand,  
The moon was coming up;  
I held her little—shawl.  
I held her little shawl,  
How fast time flies.  
The band played "After the Ball."  
I gazed into her —lunch basket.  
I gazed into her lunch basket,  
I wished to have a taste,  
There sat my little charmer,  
My arm around her—umbrella.  
My arm around her umbrella.  
This cunning little miss,  
Her eyes were full of mischief  
And I slowly stole a—sandwich.  
There is no moral in this song,  
But one that all can see;  
Be sure when you tell this tale,  
You do as well as me.



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## HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR

"—keep your seat and there you are." And to those who have had a guiding star during the past four years or more, this will bring to their minds dozens of times when it was most difficult to "keep your seat" and still go jolting and racing madly along the road to your star. But these same Seniors would say to those coming after them, "Have an aim in life, something to guide you, or, if you will, a star to hitch to." To those who have had this aim, something definite before them, something dependable, permanent, to reach to, they are the ones who have been preparing themselves as they went along; they have been laying up a store of things they know they'll need on the way. They have persevered, they have worked, they have been "keeping their seats" and now that that goal is ahead, now that graduation is so near, it looms bigger than they have ever seen it before. It seems bigger than they have really imagined it was. Like the mariners stars' they steered their course by it and as long as a man keeps hope at the prow he keeps afloat.

Hitch your wagon to a star, Freshmen; steer your course by it, Sophomores; reach high, Juniors, and when you're Seniors you will have reached it.

But don't pick out just any star. Make your aim that one which will take you farthest in the direction you wish to go. Make it that goal which you **want** to reach and not the one which looks the nearest.

And when you have graduated, Seniors, lo and behold, you see only a short distance away a larger, more brilliant star, which on our map of astronomy is called "Higher Education" or "College." It beckons, twinkles; it has drawn the wagons of others along the road to fame. Why not you? Obstacles? Yes, countless ones. But if you really want to reach that aim, if that's your star, don't sit contentedly with your wagon gathering dust, put off for greater worlds and when you get there you'll look back and see to your astonishment that the other star has grown dim and the reason it dazzled you so at first was that the big star beyond it was reflecting on it, and already others were crowding on to hitch their wagons there.

Barbara Russell, Associate Editor

## ALMA MATER

"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."



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## “WHY WE SHOULD BE MORE INTERESTED IN MUSIC”

There are so many people who think the study of music is an absolute waste of time, unless they are particularly interested in it. But let us stop and consider what an erroneous viewpoint this is, for everyone should have some knowledge of music. How many times have you listened to an orchestra over your radio or even in your high school auditorium? Do we understand the pieces that are being played? Perhaps it is “Largo” by Handel, or “Barcarole” by Offenbach, but if we were a bit more familiar with artists and musical terms such as “Largo,” meaning slow and expansive, we would enjoy listening to more educational music.

Let us think of the instrumental side of this art. What are the different instruments and their uses in a symphony orchestra? For example, the oboe or bassoon, what is the sound effect of each? After knowing the relationship between the different instruments and their tonal effects, it is really interesting to try to distinguish among those being played.

Does not music arouse emotions of gladness, unhappiness or love? It speaks in a language of its own. This language is made up of rhythm, melody and harmony arranged into forms of beauty. Would not the “Scarf Dance” by Chaminade almost give you a vision of a dancing figure, while “Ase’s Death” by Grieg would give you an all together different picture or thought. During Shumann’s early married life, he wrote many songs of romance, and his tones were grouped so well that they seem to sing to you.

Music is educational. We must become more conscious of the factors which help to make good music. Familiarity with musicians of today aids in interpreting modern musical selections. Nearly everything is more interesting after becoming acquainted with it.

Does not music deal with our everyday life? It is a rhythmic story of our customs or habits. For example, the “Volga Boatmen’s Song,” which relates a tale of futile toil and weary slavery. One of our own songs, “My Old Kentucky Home,” brings to us the carefree philosophy of the negro with its intermingling of happiness and sorrow. Folk songs are from the richness of human experience; they are music “of the people, by the people and for the people.”

Let us give more time to music appreciation. Emerson wrote, “there can be no excess to love; none to knowledge; none to beauty.” Is not music all of these?

Maxe Stevens

## THE PLAYER

It was nearing midnight, but still the slender boy seated at the organ played on. He loved the great church lighted only here and there by lights which he had put on as he had entered. Most of all he loved the instrument from which he was drawing beautiful melodies. Since his mother had died he had come here at night more and more often to play and to remember her. She seemed nearer to him than at any other time, and how he did miss her!

Once as he played he glanced over his shoulder, half expecting to see his mother kneeling in their old pew. After that he looked only at the beautiful stained glass window above the organ. The solitary figure of Christ with out-stretched hands never failed to please him. He had often imagined that the figure would sometime come to life and speak to him.

Suddenly the boy struck a note which appealed to the lonesomeness of his heart and he continued to hold it. Then his body tensed. The Christ seemed to be quivering,



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endeavoring to cast aside His glass bonds. The lips especially seemed to move and he thought they were trying to say, "Your mother loves you and watches over you, My son," as he had so often imagined they would. The window then rattled violently and fell in fragments about him.

The little player sprang to his feet, scarcely noticing the broken glass. In his heart was only joy; his mother still loved him although she could not tell him so herself.

Velma Kentfield

## THE MEMORIAL

It was a smug, self-satisfied little town, proud of the fact that the greater share of its population was made up of prosperous business men and summer residents. No smoky factories dirtied the buildings or disturbed the peaceful serenity that hovered over the village with its discordant noon whistle.

The power that directed and controlled the energies of the town was Mrs. Kingsly. Her husband was a director in the bank, on the school board, and mayor, while she headed every committee and organization. Through her efforts the town was goaded into buying Liberty Bonds and raising money for the relief of the starving Belgians.

The town had sent eight of her sons to France and all but two returned, Robert Kingsly and Samuel Goldsmith, the son of a Jewish peddler. No one knew or cared who they were or where they came from. All they knew was that the father and son lived alone in a little house on the outskirts of the town, and kept to themselves as much as possible.

Now the town was putting in a window to the memory of Robert Kingsly. A famous artist from New York was directing the work. As yet no one had seen the window, for the artist had consented to take the job only under the stipulation that he be allowed a free hand as to the design, and that the work be kept covered until it was finished.

At length it was completed and the hour for the dedication service was set. At 4 o'clock the entire population assembled in the church. After a short address on patriotism, the dark curtain that hid the window was drawn aside. The rays of the setting sun streamed in, filling the church with the rich glowing colors of the stained glass—crimson, blue, violet, green and gold. With a common impulse all eyes turned toward the window. There they saw a simple portrayal of Christ and the beggar, with the inscription, "And now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is Charity," and below the two names, Samuel Goldsmith and Robert Kingsly.

Several years later the artist was telling the story to his friend.

"You see, John, I knew them both; was in the same division. Kingsly was an arrogant, boasting fellow, but a poor sport, continually complaining of the work, the food or something. But Sam was entirely different, cheerful, liked by everyone, never complaining, always the first to volunteer for dangerous duty.

"Then one night, we were going up to the front. It was raining and pitch black all around. Somehow we lost our way. The captain was killed and Sam had to take his place. He was wounded, but he struggled on. After what seemed like hours, we found ourselves. That night Sam died.

"And then when they offered me that job, I felt I couldn't refuse. You see, Sam had told me something of the town. They were terribly disappointed in the window, and didn't understand what I wanted to say, but perhaps some day they will."

Helen Fairbanks, '33



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## THE QUALITY OF BEING CURIOUS

"Curiosity killed a cat." How true that saying is! Curiosity arouses one and excites the imagination and inventive spirit within one. If there is some person one does not know he may imagine that that person is anyone from the King of England to the leader of a criminal gang, and it is curiosity that makes one try to find out who he is.

What great things would have been lost to the world if people hadn't been seized by this quality of being curious! It prompted the great scientific experiments and inventions. If Isaac Newton had not been curious about things of nature, the world would have lost his theory of gravitation. Explorations were brought about because men have been curious. Columbus wouldn't have discovered America if he hadn't been curious to know whether the earth was round.

Everyone is possessed with some of this inquisitive nature, although in different forms. One may be desirous to learn gossip to repeat, and another desirous to obtain knowledge to better mankind. It is a great factor in making a man what he is. A mother may tire of having her child follow her around asking a thousand questions, which she may or may not be able to answer. She may well remember, however, that that same curiosity may make that child great some day.

It is curiosity that makes one want to learn, and the more one knows, the more one wants to know. This desire to see or know something new or strange never ends. It is always with one, and to it one owes much.

Marion Henderson

## A HOWLING SUCCESS

"A howling success" can be interpreted in many ways. It is used to express a very successful party, or a successful joke. Many times I have heard the expression used when one has very successfully entertained by singing, playing, reading, or by giving a skit or even a play. If at a program or play the people come in overwhelming numbers and the program itself goes off well, you hear the expression, "It was a howling success," used.

There is another meaning given to the expression which is entirely different from those mentioned above. You are asleep. Suddenly something wakes you up. You listen, your heart in your mouth. Then you hear an unearthly yell, so terrible that it makes your blood run cold and your hair stand on end. Petrified, you lie listening. Again the unearthly cry. This time it is not so terrible, and you recognize the noise as coming from your neighbor's cat. Angrily you march out of bed, open wide the window, and make all sorts of peculiar noises. But the cats misunderstand. They think you are trying to out-do them, and another cry is raised. Your temper is now past control, and you pick up the first thing your hand alights upon and throw it as hard as you can at the figures below. It misses the cats. By this time, other neighbors have been aroused, and they, too, are cursing and throwing things at the cats. The latter at last realize that they are not wanted around the neighborhood, and run away. You shut the window and get into bed again, anticipating a good rest. No sooner are you in bed, however, when the cries are raised again. They are farther away this time, but near enough to make your blood boil. To the cats, the night is a "howling success," but to you it is—well, maybe we'd better not say.

Betty Lord





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## DEPRESSION

"Depression," what in the world does it mean?  
It's hard to determine the cause, it seems.  
To some it means sorrow, suffering and shame,  
To others it means not the least bit of pain.

One man says what we need is more money,  
In order to lead a life more sunny.  
Another one says it's courage we need,  
To ride the waves of selfishness and greed.

"It makes you feel sorry for people," I've said,  
"Who're walking the streets and begging for bread;"  
But what can we do? We also are poor  
And cannot afford to do any more.

But one day a poor fellow came to my door,  
And asked, "May I have a slice of bread or more?"  
I almost said "No, I have none on the shelf,"  
But I changed my mind, and said to myself—

"Suppose I was in this poor man's shoes,  
Hungry, cold, and everyone quick to refuse,  
I would have thought as probably did he:  
'He surely is selfish, or he would share with me'."

So I took this poor fellow into my home,  
And gave him some food, nothing high-toned.  
As he began to eat a bit of bread,  
"Thank you, I'll never forget," he said.

So when a poor man comes begging for bread,  
Don't turn him down, but help him instead,  
And he will thank you for your kind aid  
And you'll help the depression to be allayed.

HOWARD WILLIAMS, '33

## MEASLES

The measles visited us this year,  
And did they come to stay!  
You should have seen the empty seats  
That stayed for days that way!

And then they'd fill back up again,  
And someone else would leave  
To spend a short vacation,  
And over measles grieve.

Because of this, and gladly too,  
They let us all go free;  
A little rest, a day or two,  
To gain recovery.

And now that we are back again,  
The measles nearly checked,  
We have a lot of work to do  
To make up what we've lacked.

JOSEPH THROOP, '34



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### SI J'ÉTAIS LE DIRECTEUR DE NOTRE ÉCOLE

Quand je deviendrai le directeur, j'accomplirai beaucoup de choses pour l'école. Peut-être je ferai faire un bain de natation. J'achèterai des avions pour mener les élèves chez eux, qui demeurent à la campagne, au lieu de ces vieux autobus. Chaque fois qu'ils traversent une grande bosse nous sommes mêlés comme des pièces de la "jig saw puzzle" qui n'est pas encore ensemble.

Je mettrai un téléphone dans toutes les salles pour que les professeurs causent ensemble pendant les classes. Aussi je n'arrêterai pas l'entretien ou la tête-à-tête parmi les élèves. Toutes les choses seront comme un rêve pour tout le monde. Ils pourront mâcher toujours de la gomme ou des bonbons.

Nous aurons des vacances très souvent et chaque jour l'école sera fermée de bonne heure. Il n'y aura pas de devoirs et il ne faudra pas que les élèves soient à temps aux classes.

Les sodas seront fournis sans argent. Tout le monde pourra courir à travers la pelouse. Comme ce sera bon!! Les notes pourront être écrites. Au lieu de ces bancs durs, je pourvoirai des coussins de velours. Tout la communauté serait vite débarrassé de moi, n'est-ce pas? Bien entendu, je louerai Mademoiselle Merick, pour mon secrétaire personnel, car elle a toujours de belles idées pour des compositions.

Doris Stead, '35

### ABOUT A FISH

The man walked on slowly, dropping a fly now and then on a likely looking pool or ripple. It was one of those countless little brooks, high in the hills, most of which are piscatorially blessed with nothing larger than darting shiners or an occasional chub. The angler knew this, but he knew, too, that sometimes one came to a dark mouthed little pocket of water, and, if he were fortunate, drew from it a trout, to which the offerings of the popular and more accessible streams were not to be compared.

As he ascended the stream, its banks grew steeper and gradually changed to sheer, bare rock walls. Here and there a determined but handicapped evergreen clung to a crevice, and the wild roses grew like a pastel border at the base of the rocks.

Coming finally around a bend he was confronted by a sight that made him gasp and stare in silent appreciation of its beauty.

Ahead the walls came almost together, then widened again for a short distance to end abruptly at the sides of a booming, splashing waterfall; making a vertical tunnel perhaps a hundred feet deep.

In the bottom of this was a rock-bound pool, twenty feet across, which spilled over a narrow lip of stone to drop foaming into a larger hole below.

The fisherman examined all this cautiously and decided that, regardless of risk, he must reach the upper pool.

By wading in the chill water of the lower pool to his shirt pockets and clinging desperately to minute cracks in the cliff, he was able to stand finally on the narrow edge of the basin into which the waterfall made its sparkling descent.

Crouching there, he caught his wind and examined the surface of the water for a hatch.

Suddenly, in the exact center of the pool there was a golden flash, a surge of green water and a trout came clear his whole length in a myriad of sparkling drops, a brook



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trout, of such size that the onlooker shivered with nervous excitement as he made out the hatch.

Finding a suitable imitation in his book, he fastened it to his leader and began to lengthen line over the pool, lightly, awkwardly, because of his crowded position against the foot of the rock, yet with as little movement as possible because of his proximity to the hole.

The fly settled lightly on the edge of foam cast out by the falls and danced away. Nothing happened.

A brace of casts across the foot of the pool brought no results.

The angler retrieved his fly and doctored it carefully. Then lengthening line again he set it down neatly, precisely, in a slow eddy at the far side.

It rode a fraction of a minute there and as he leaned to bring it back and try again, there was a flash, a ripple, and his lure was gone.

He thrilled to the rush and sag of weight no lesser size could muster.

They battled together there under the waterfall for a dozen minutes; the fish trying for his life to make the black hole, disappearing in back of the falls; the man playing him away from it desperately, cursing his bravado in choosing a barbless hook for such a fish, and the laziness that made him leave his landing net at camp.

At length the fish tired, flashed on his side a time or two, and then came slowly to the strain of the rod, to slide finally into the trembling hand of the fisherman.

The thrill of thrills! For a fisherman there is no other like it.

John Bloomer, '34

## THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

After consulting our astrologer, who declared that upon the night of December 18th the stars would be most favorable to a successful musical entertainment, Miss Dolan proceeded, in her usual capable way, to train her Glee Club and orchestra for the annual Christmas Concert.

All were excitedly anticipating the pleasure which this event brings to Bainbridge each year, for never before have so many attended the concert to show their appreciation of the fine work which is being done by both our Glee Club and Orchestra. It was indeed a program worthy of the highest praise, for from the moment that the orchestra struck into the beautiful music of "Perfect Day" to the last strain of "Largo," sung by the Glee Club, accompanied by the orchestra, the audience sat listening attentively to the music.

We feel that B. C. H. S. may feel justly proud of this annual affair, and coming as it does each year at the Christmas tide, that it is indeed giving a much appreciated gift to our community.

## "LITTLE JACK"

Grandfather's large clock struck five as Little Jack glanced up at it. There was still an hour to play in, but his new electric train, his complete set of tin soldiers, his trucks and automobiles had no attraction for him—for he was all alone and had no goal. His mother, so his Daddy said, had gone to heaven and since then everyone had been so sad and Daddy had never found time to come in and play with him as he used to.

Suddenly Little Jack was inspired. He would go and seek his mother in heaven and bring her back so they all could be happy again. Quietly and with much difficulty he secured his wraps and sneaked secretly out of the front door.



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Outside it was already dark and the snow had begun to fall heavily. But in spite of these ill omens of the weather, Little Jack proceeded with a firm purpose. The snow kept falling heavier and heavier, but neither that nor fatigue could stop him. At length he met a tramp and since he was very tired and had walked for a long, long time, Little Jack accepted his hand, although he had a harsh voice and an evil appearance. As to the tramp's question, where he was going he answered, "I am seeking my mother in heaven, where is your mother?" The tramp laughing hoarsely thought that probably his mother was in heaven, too. "Why, then we can go to heaven together and find them." Little Jack invited. Soon the tramp had to carry him, for he was so tired.

This tramp perhaps was one of the worst type. As he found that the burden of Little Jack greatly hindered him in making progress, for the road was almost inaccessible now, and the snow was falling heavier and heavier, his first thought was to leave the boy behind and see to saving himself, for he was afraid he had lost his way. But suddenly he remembered the proverb, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," and he recalled his poor but happy home, before his mother died, and his smaller brother. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Suppose this had been his brother, would he have wanted a stranger to leave him behind? No, and so he proceeded with Little Jack in his arms. He walked on and on, but finally completely blinded by the snow, and fatigued, he sank with Little Jack unconsciously into the snow.

Jack's father became very much alarmed when he discovered that his little son was nowhere to be found. He sent for the police immediately and a search was at work at once.

By the next day they found the two, who had come upon the wrong way. The tramp was dead, but Little Jack was sleeping soundly in his arms.

Ellen Nymann, '34

## REVENGE

Jo Anne was simply furious. That was all there was to it. Furious! She'd show those girls! The cats! As if she wanted to join their old club! She didn't care if they didn't ask her to join—or, at least—she didn't care much.

The locker room was divided by a thin partition. Jo Anne had taken her books down to put away and overheard Lois Holland, president of the most desirable B. G. Club, talking to the vice-president, Helen Cummings.

"Honestly, Lo," Helen was saying, "I don't see how Mae could have thought of submitting her name for membership. We don't want any stuffy old thing like that in our club."

"I know it," Lois replied, "but what are we going to do? I'm quite sure she thinks we're going to ask her, and mother thinks we ought to, too. You know mother when she begins to be righteous."

"Yes. She made us ask Betty, didn't she? Remember how mad we all were? But I'm glad we did, now. Betty's a dandy sport."

"She certainly is. But to come back, how are we going to get out of this mess? Did you ever in your life see anyone's hair that flew around so? And those shoes that she had on today!"

As the two began to giggle Jo Anne put her hand up to her unruly short curls and looked at the little stub-toed oxfords that were her favorites. There was absolutely no doubt in her mind, it was she about whom they were talking. Well, she didn't care if she was the one. Was it her fault if her hair refused to stay put, no matter how long



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or how short it was? The shoes—of course, they were rather disreputable looking—she'd only worn them today because it was the anniversary of the day they were purchased. She thought of telling them what she thought of them, but decided against it. She quietly left the building instead.

All the way home she went over the conversation. Helen had said that it was Mae who had done the submitting. That would be Mae Burnside, of course, the only girl of the B. G.'s who had been very friendly to her. This made Jo Anne all the more positive that she was the subject under discussion. How was she going to get even with them?

During the whole evening Jo Anne pondered. What would make the B. G.'s most envious of her? At last she found it! Mae had once said that several times Marion Coffman had been asked to join the B. G. and each time had refused. Marion was the prettiest and most sought-after girl in the school. If Jo Anne could just get her for a friend, everything would be rosy.

The next thing to do was to gain Marion's friendship. She was two years older than Jo Anne. Then, too, Jo Anne had only moved to town three weeks before and she found that it was very difficult to crash in on a high school crowd. However, luck was with the little schemer.

For the following two weeks all the members of the B. G. were cordially snubbed by Jo Anne, who was constantly in the company of Marion. The two got on together beautifully. They seemed to have endless things to confide to each other and laugh about. But whenever a B. G. made any of the formerly coveted advances to Jo Anne, she looked at them in the cold disdain that only a girl in the early teens can assume.

Jo Anne finally considered that the day of reckoning had come. On Tuesday, just two weeks after she had played the eavesdropper, Lois and Helen came to tell her that they wanted to talk to her. As soon as they had found a place all to themselves, Lois began.

"We've tried and tried all week to get a chance to ask you something. Do you want to join the B. G.?"

Here was her chance. Jo Anne replied, "No, thanks."

"Oh, why not?" Helen asked disappointedly.

"After what I heard you two say about me, I really don't care to."

"What we said about you!" Lois exclaimed. "What in the world have we said that wasn't nice?"

"Oh," sarcastically, "it was nothing at all. Just something that you said down in the locker room about my hair flying all over and my awful looking shoes."

Helen and Lois looked at each other

"Why, you must have heard us talking about Miss Arens, the new assistant librarian. Mae wanted her to be our leader, and she has so few friends that Lois' mother thought we ought to ask her to be. But she's going to help with the Craft's Club, so she couldn't be in ours anyway. She's nicer now than we thought she was, though."

"Won't you please join the B. G.? We planned on asking you when you first came, but you see it's a rule of the club that a candidate has to go on trial for a month first."

"If you really want me to, I'd love to join," said Jo Anne, "but Marion and I have made an agreement not to be in any club unless we start it ourselves."

"Say, Jo, how did you get to be so friendly with Marion?" asked Lois.

"Oh, one day her puppy ran in front of a car and I dashed across the road and saved it. It really wasn't much, but it did make Marion my friend," Jo Anne said, her eyes shining.



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"Well, I think it was great of you. Now, if you could get Marion to break that bargain and join the club with you, we'd be forever your slaves. Do you suppose you can?"

Jo Anne, all rancor forgotten, said with enthusiasm, "I certainly can."

Velma Kentfield, '34

### ARTISTS AT WORK

We are all artists painting on the canvas of life. Our thoughts and actions are the brushes, our soul the palette and our brain the easel. There are patches of dark and sombre colors which represent our uncharitable and evil thoughts and actions. These are the mean words, the frowns, the grudges, the hate and the jealousy which cast their shadow over all the picture and make the whole unpleasant to look upon. But there are also bright patches of color, flaming reds, oranges, yellows. These are the actions and words which we gladly look back upon. These are the forgivenesses asked, the good deeds done, the smiles given and the blames taken. These give the beauty to the picture and make the finished product more acceptable to the memories of others.

Thus it is with our lives. We all must paint a picture. The beauty of the finished product is our own concern. We who are young have just begun our task and have a long time yet to make it beautiful, but you who are older have made your strokes and as first painted so they must remain forever, unless—ah, but that is the secret. If you have a genuine desire to make your last strokes on the canvas beautiful, so beautiful that they will liven the whole, it can be done, but not without a struggle. You are in the habit of using dark colors, so now the force of habit must be broken down and good deeds in the form of bright colors must flame up and add luster to the whole. For is it not harder for one old and evil to do good than it is for the white haired grandmother who has devoted her entire life to the service of others? Surely her canvas of life is a riot of beauty and color and will it not live long in the picture gallery of the memory of those who have known her and have felt her influence?

But what about you, Youth? Will you have your picture beautiful? That is for you to decide. Here are the brushes, before you the canvas, in your hand the palette, make your picture as you will.

Betty Supplee, March 24, 1933

### TWO LONESOME

He was a lonesome little pup. He was not a pretty pup, in fact, he might almost have been called homely at a glance, but when his wistful eyes looked trustingly at you, you forgot that he wasn't a beautiful Pekinese. He wasn't even a clean pup, for how can any dog keep clean after splashing all day through one mud puddle after the other. He was a tired little pup. All day he had been walking except once when he had been chased by a big dog which had taken a big bite out of his left ear. And last but not least, he was a hungry pup. As he walked along the rain-soaked street he stopped occasionally, pointed his right ear straight vertically, cast a searching glance about him, sniffed at an old shoe or glove and started on again. A wave of nostalgia swept the little pup, not for his old home, for he had never had any except in some alley, but for what might be if he could only find the right kind. Once again he stopped, cocked his right ear and looked speculatively at a little white house. A light was shining through a low window.



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The little pup, inspired with a new hope, trotted up the little path and pressed his nose against the glass of the window.

He was a lonesome little boy. Of course, he did live with his Aunt Patricia, but—well, he was lonesome, nevertheless. He was also a sick little boy and he now lay between two immaculate white sheets in a bed big enough to hold at least two other boys. He had lain there for two weeks, his pale face pressed against the big pillow and despite the efficient care of his Aunt Patty, who loved him with all her heart, and of the big doctor who was becoming quite worried, he seemed to become no better.

At a slight noise at the window he turned his glance toward that direction and an almost paradoxical look of happiness lighted up his face as his glance met that of the little pup. Billy, for that was the little boy's name, sat up and began talking softly. "Hello," he called to the little pup, who answered him with a slow whine.

"Billy, who are you talking to?" asked his Aunt Patty, appearing in the door, then—"Billy! Lie down immediately."

"Aunt Patty, I want him, please, Aunt Patty," cried Billy, pointing toward the window to elucidate his statement.

"O, no, Billy. He's too dirty. We couldn't have him in here."

"Couldn't have what?" called a sonorous voice.

"I want him, Doc, can't I have him?"

"Yes," said the doctor slowly as he comprehended the situation, then looking directly at Aunt Patty, "Yes, I think you can, Billy-boy."

"But—" began Aunt Patty.

"And," continued the Doc, "we'll have a basin of water and soap brought in here and wash him up."

On the outside of the window the pup didn't know what was taking place, but he did know that it looked terribly warm and cozy on the inside. Soon two hands lifted him and before he knew what was happening, he was placed in a dish of soapy water. The soap got terribly in his eyes and he couldn't see the two eyes of the little boy which were on him. "What in the world are these people doing to me?" flashed through the pup's mind, for he didn't know what a bath was. Then he was lifted out of the water and rubbed with a towel. A dish of food was brought him which he gobbled up most impolitely. As he finished this he became aware of the little boy. With one leap he was on the bed, walking across the white covers and two arms surrounded him.

"I'm going to call you 'Rags'," whispered Billy in the torn left ear. Rags carefully turned around, then snuggled down against him. Two arms hugged him tight and a curly head cuddled itself in the fur as two pairs of eyes closed contentedly.

Marion Peckam, '34



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## WHEN GRANDMA WAS YOUNG

"The things have changed since I was born,"  
Said grandma to her son one morn.  
"The way we used to stop a fire  
Would make the folks these days perspire."

"A man would shout, and men would come  
With pails and pails, all on a run,  
The girls would gasp, the boys would jump,  
The men would hurry for a pump.

"Each one was glad the fire was out,  
And all would leave it with a shout,  
And to their homes they quickly went  
To talk 'bout fires 'till day was spent.

"But now-a-days the siren blows,  
And people sit and chat and doze,  
Or take the phone to find out where,  
Although they don't and ne'er would care.

"So take me back to good old days,  
Where shouts and fire excitement raise,  
Where people do not sit and doze  
Whene'er a fire siren blows."

Dorothy Stanton, '34

## ODE TO A STUDY HALL DESK

Proud are your ancient carvings,  
Story of deeds once bold.  
Never was here a timid's trace,  
Only of brave are told.

Some are deep and steady lines  
In scorn of being caught,  
While others waver, as tho the eye  
Watched for her who taught.

Secret, but for us who know,  
Your tales shall ever be,  
For tho the glance finds only lines  
It's the fingers that we see.





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## DESIRE TO SEE "THINGS"

The whistle blew! The train pulled out of the little village of Rocky Creek. Mary, seated near the back of the coach, cast a last glance at the towering church spires, and tumbled-down houses of the town where she had passed all the eight years of her life. Never before had she ridden on the train nor been more than five miles from her home. She had recently been seized by a desire to see "things."

The conductor looked wonderingly at Mary as he took her ticket, and then walked on down the aisle. The hours passed swiftly for Mary, who didn't mind traveling alone. She eagerly watched the people and things about her or looked at the scenery which flew by the window.

A little before dark the conductor called out in a clear, resounding voice, "Hampton." Mary jumped up and hurried down the aisle with her little black satchel in one hand and her purse in the other. She exclaimed, "Is this Hampton?"

"Yes, this is where you get off, my little miss," answered the big man. "Is someone meeting you at the station?"

This was the first she had thought of the fact that she would have to find her way to her aunt's home alone in this city, where she had never been before. Not knowing in which direction to go she stopped a man and showed him an address, "189 E. Spruce Street." He kindly pointed out the way to her.

After several minutes she arrived at house, number 189. She rang the bell. No response. She punched it again in childish fashion, but to no avail. "I will wait here in this hammock 'till auntie comes," she declared to herself. Mary was tired, and stretching out on the hammock felt refreshing to her.

Two hours later Mary found herself in a clean white bed with a strange woman sitting nearby. "You aren't my mother, nor my aunt. Who are you?" she cried.

"I am a lady who found you asleep in my hammock when I came home about 8 o'clock this evening. What is your name, my dear little girl?"

"I am Mary Brown, and I came here to see my aunt."

"You must have come to the wrong house. What is your aunt's name?"

"Mrs. George White."

"Oh, I know her. She lives down at 189 East Spruce Street. This is Spruce Street."

The kind lady quickly went to the telephone and called up Mrs. White. She was informed that Mrs. White had a niece, Mary Brown, but didn't expect her to come to the city. She would come up to the house.

By the time that Mrs. White arrived, Mary was fast asleep again. She looked at the quietly sleeping child, and asserted, "Yes, it is my little niece, but how did she get here?"

In the morning Mary awoke early. Almost immediately the two ladies appeared. In a few moments Mary had told the whole story. How she had had a desire to see the world, how she had been saving her pennies for this purpose and how when she had two dollars saved she bought the ticket for Hampton, telling no one of her plans. She added that the man from whom she had asked the direction must not have seen the "E."

Her aunt immediately phoned her profoundly worried parents who had been searching vainly for her.

The next few days saw Mrs. White and Mary visiting all the points of interest in the city. When Mary returned to her home, accompanied by her aunt, she was a happy girl for her desire to see "things" had been fulfilled. She told her aunt, however, that next time she would write her to let her know she was coming, so she could meet her at the train.

Marion Henderson, '34



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## CLASS PROPHECY

It was a warm sultry night; the moon was a silver disk on a blue velvet background with occasional fleecy clouds forming wierd shadows. What a night for slumming in India! For foreign tourists there were untold adventures beckoning. As we started out, our minds were undetermined, but soon the exotic incense and mysterious air of a soothsayer drew our steps within. Much to our surprise and, I'll admit foreboding, this strange creature seemed to be expecting us. We tiptoed silently and safely into a little dim room with an oriental lamp. Silver stars, half moons, and other astrological signs reflected the light of this lamp. There was a table covered with black velvet which was the resting place of a crystal ball.

Our oracle of wisdom motioned us to seats around the table, with strict injunctions to keep our eyes and minds on this crystal. It slowly began to cloud up, swirling more and more rapidly; then objects began to appear and converge in the center. Two shapely ankles, then the ample proportions of our own Kate Smith appeared, but much to our amazement the face of Margaret Payne took shape on this! We could almost hear her silver voice; she finished her song; then left the stage, only to be followed by her sister, Lillian. She held a book bearing the title, "Latest News on Diet," and eagerly propounded its contents to Margaret. Ah me! Such is sisterly love. Now something new caught our attention. A little figure swathed in silks and eagerly trailed by pathetic looking maidens swept in. Could this be our Edna Sejersen? Say it isn't so! But it was, and she was given eager, greedy attention as she gave "Advice to the Lovelorn." By now we were prepared for almost anything, but our senses were given a bad shock as Kathleen Franks came in as a Follies Girl. You should have seen her!

Then, with a change of scene, the crystal ball showed Phyllis Palmer entering with a portfolio and a business like air. She seated herself at a large desk marked "Executive," and commenced giving rapid dictation to, of all people, Barbara Russell. Can you imagine our high-spirited "Bob" as a meek private secretary?

The swirling crystal next disclosed to our mystified eyes a large sign-board in front of an office building. It read "2nd floor up—business offices of C. Taylor and E. Mulwane, Inc." Whoever would think that fun loving "Shrimp" would settle down and be a business woman, with Edward as a partner.

The scene of the crystal changed. Our curiosity for the fates of the rest of the senior class was rapidly growing, for there was no doubt in our minds now, but that the anticipation of the soothsayer had been to reveal all this. Ho! the blazing lights of a night club dance hall whetted our curiosity even more. What! Do our eyes deceive us? Can that be Elton Fletcher over there with that bevy of girls? It is! To think of Elton as a gigolo! Ah! Here comes the bell of the ball, our own Madeline Baird with her usual train of admirers casting languishing glances at her. We've heard that there has been a serious epidemic of heart disease since Maddy grew up.



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Well now, who should come over to welcome Maddy, but Thelma Newman. Envious glances are cast at her for, we are informed, she is our leading young society matron. My word, did you notice that lorgnette? Who are those in the corner over there? No, it can't be—why, yes, it is, too! Harold Roberts impersonating Bing Crosby, and trying to gain publicity. We were told he was a yes-man on the side-line, but didn't think he'd stoop to this. Hold on, there, what's all the shooting about! Kenneth Davis, I thought you were told not to do an Al Capone—you might hit something. Well, I guess Kenneth's craving for excitement will continue throughout his life.

The crystal clouds whirl madly; the scene is shifting! A calendar shows it to be 1950, with all its new inventions. A sign is presented with the heading: "Howard Williams for President, on the Republican Ticket." What would be next?

Our own home town was rapidly forming and our eagerness knew no bounds, as a new high school building stood in the place of the old. Wait, here comes a gym class. That isn't Mr. Cousins heading them, is it? Why it's Frank Doolittle. And a likely looking coach he is, too.

We did not know what to expect as these revelations vanished. A sign-board was thrown before our eyes. Could that picture be—you guessed it—Carl Hovey, advertising Kolynos Dental Cream. Next to this we saw in large letters: "At the Capitol Theatre, on Broadway—George Hager and Genevra Foster in 'Last Nite' now playing at popular prices." Will wonders never cease? Suddenly, another sign threw Earl Stillman in front of our unbelieving eyes. He was Prince Albert, pipe-smoking and dashing!

An unpainted house with a tumbled-down porch around which a group of ragged children were playing, displayed the sign: "Boarders Wanted. Enquire Within. Misses Verna and Velma Banner." To think they'd come to that! A seedy figure came walking down the street, raising its head to look for skyscrapers, and hesitated in front of this sign. He looked as if he had seen better days, but still the big city lured him. He decided to enter the boarding house and proceeded to gain admission by knocking at the door. Miss Verna opened the door a crack and peered fearfully out. "Why, Fred Birdsall, do come right in. How's the Missus?" We were denied hearing more of the conversation, but that was enough.

A great clanging drove all other thoughts from our minds as the crystal whirled and whirled. An ambulance seemed to be careening down the street with Lloyd Hubbard at the wheel. Dr. Wilcox was on the inside taking care of a patient. One never did know what Coxie would do next. The ambulance drove to a hospital. The patient was put in charge of two uniformed nurses. Their faces looked familiar, but we did have a hard time recognizing Lucretia Brown and Betty Supplee under all the starched linen. Before we saw what became of the poor patient, a dancing figure pirouetted into our vision. He finished his dance and when he took his bow, who should we recognize but Russell Elander. We might have guessed it, though.



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Then a little village street grew before our eyes. A white house stood out away from the others. A large sign informed us that "Dressmaking" was practiced inside by Ruth Snitchler and Mary Haggerty at 40c. an hour. You furnished the material. Oh well, Ruth and Mary always were clever at such things.

The crystal was moving more and more slowly and we were preparing to recover from our recent breath-taking discoveries when suddenly, we noticed another scene. It was the main room of a sheik's palace. There were dancing girls before the sheik's throne, but that did not interest us. For we noticed a regal looking figure standing aloof. Upon closer inspection we discovered Helen Fairbanks, Queen of the Harem.

At this, we gave up, and walked home as in a trance. The soothsayer extracted a promise of our returning, but we felt that never again would be soon enough.

Velma Banner

### ONE NIGHT A YEAR

Alone in a grave-yard at night! An ancient grave-yard in Ireland with some of its tombstones dating back to the sixteenth century. A night with a misty moon casting strange, weird, dancing shadows and fantastic shapes! A wind which sighed and moaned. A cold frosty air; dead rustling leaves; strange hands and shapes which seemed to reach out for me and then recede. Shivering with terror I must remain or confess myself a coward and be exposed to the jeers and the scorn of my friends who had dared me to remain in a grave-yard, alone, on the witches' and the spirits' night of nights—Hallowe'en. Glancing fearfully around, I huddled myself under a huge strangely-shaped tree and closed my eyes. I must have fallen asleep, but suddenly I awoke. The village clock was striking the crucial hour—midnight had come. As the last tremor of the bell died away into silence, I saw a tombstone move. Horrified, I watched, scarcely believing my eyes. Yet slowly, making a black blot in the moonlight which seemed to grow brighter and brighter, the oldest of the very old tombstones, dating back, 'twas said, to the sixteenth century, slowly was raised up by some invisible force. When it was fully opened, it sank back again with a hollow, eerie thud. As yet I could see nothing, but suddenly before my very eyes, an old woman stood, with a peaked hat and a broomstick in her hand; a rusty black dress; hair hanging down and about her face; long, cruel hands; a long, hooked nose—a terrible old woman, an old hag—a witch! She began to dance on the ground and soon arose into the air on her broomstick, making no noise at all. After disappearing a moment, she returned with a great, horrible company of cats and witches. The cats set up a terrible howling, the hags built a fire and procured a great black kettle in which a magic potion was brewed. Fascinated, I watched these actions. Finally the whole assembly became quiet and the witch whom I had seen arise from her grave, took a stand on her old, decaying tombstone and addressed the company as follows:



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"O ye hags, ye outcasts, ye who have been done to death by mere human mortals, hear ye what I tell ye. Once ye yerselves were mortals, honest, righteous and minding yer own affairs. Then suspicious mortals, jealous mortals, mortals who feared ye for some yet unaccountable reason, had ye charged with witchcraft—one who had cured a seemingly incurable sickness—another who befriended a dirty, strange, ragged man—yet another absent-ly talked to herself and so was believed in league with the Devil—and many more. Then we were mortals, **now** we are witches! For we were burned or drowned and passed into a life which dedicates one day a year on which we may assemble. O ye listeners! Those mediaeval people were ignorant, and we, innocent people, suffered for that ignorance. They believed things impossible and entirely the products of their imagination. Ye see their fancies here tonight, however, werewolves, dwarfs, giants, ogres, trolls, fairies, magicians and witches! Some believe in us today. That is good, for when we died for what people believed us to be, their belief made us what we are tonight. We, my fellow compatriots, the witches, the magicians, the cats! So, O ye feline creatures, howl! Heap the fire, O ye hags! Dance, ye witches, and too soon we shall vanish for another year! Make merry while ye may!"

With such an exhortation, the assembly broke into a wild revel. By the flaring light of the bonfire which was now tended by one old, stooped hag, the witches danced and flew on their broomsticks, the cats howled and shrieked unearthly noises. The din steadily grew worse. I shut my eyes and attempted to keep out some of the noise. Finally there came one long, loud, wailing, fearsome howl from the cats, one long, loud, wailing, fearsome cry from the witches. I looked up again, startled. I saw the black figures stop whirling around for a second, then a huge puff of smoke hiding everything, then presto! Dawn was appearing, heralding the first day of November; but of witches, cats, broomsticks, fires and steaming cauldrons, there was no vestige, nor was there sign of any of the other creations of mediaeval fancies.

Velma Lord, '34

### COURTESY WEEK

The faculty decided that the pupils should be more courteous and so they put their heads together and "Courtesy Week" arrived from their discussions.

Courtesy posters, made by the art classes, were posted in the class rooms. Teachers talked about it, pupils thought about it, and even the wind outside seemed to say, "Be more courteous; it pays."

Then at last Monday came. As each pupil entered his room he said a pleasant "Good morning" to his teacher. All during the day the pupils were vieing with each other to see who could be the most courteous toward the teachers and his fellowmen.

It seemed as if a magic spell had been cast by an unknown fate over the whole school. There was no whispering in study halls and everyone was



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intent on his studies. In classes if a person wished to say something he raised his hand and waited until the teacher gave him the permission. While classes were passing from one room to another during various intervals of the day no sounds were heard, although Mr. Casey stood at one end of the hall to quiet a disturbance if perchance it should arise.

The young men were careful to remove their hats before entering the building and not to put them on in the class rooms. They were most eager to recover a dropped book from the floor or to do little errands for the teachers.

At the end of the week, the faculty, acting as judges chose the most courteous as follows:

High School—Alice Taylor and Velma Banner were tied, James Ryan.  
Junior High—Lorene Sipple, Victor Weed.  
Grades—Elinor Hitchcock, Douglas Neidlinger.

### JOE'S MISTAKE

The day was hot and sultry. Not a person on Main Street in the little town of Boonville had a bit of ambition. Old Joe Barnes who sat smoking his pipe in front of his drug store, was respected by his fellow citizens of Boonville because of his ability as a detective. He also was a strong prohibitionist and not one suspicious thing passed his steel blue eyes.

Joe looked up the street and saw a shiny grey sports car come speeding toward him, and come to an abrupt stop in front of the store. In a flash Joe stood up straight and opened his eyes wide.

"Some of these city slickers that drink hooch, no doubt," mumbled he aloud. "Well, I'll keep my eye on them."

A sleek looking young man stepped out of the car and up to the counter.

"Ten New York Times, please."

The young man paid for the papers and in a second he was speeding down the street.

Now a few months ago a man had bought papers and it was found that he had been using them to wrap up bottles of whisky that he was sending to the city.

"Ah, just as I thought," said Joe, "another one of these bootleggers. Good thing I got his car number. I'll just step around and tell Sheriff Jones and we'll have the 'slicker' in the county jail inside of two hours."

Around the corner he went to Sheriff Jones. A small posse was collected together and they were off. Two miles down the road they found the shiny car parked in front of the old Riley Mansion House. The Sheriff with Joe and the posse close at his heels mounted the steps and sounded a sharp knock on the door. It was opened by a petite French maid.

"I want to search this house," gruffly said the Sheriff.

"Yes, we gotta search this house," rudely put in Joe.

"Yes, sir, one moment, sir," replied the maid as she left the door.

In a minute she was back with the consent of her employer to let them search the house.

"But you won't find anything, sir," she put in.

When they came to the study Joe shouted out, "There he is, that's him, Sheriff."

The young driver of the car came forward with, "Ah, what can I do for you?"

The sheriff briskly answered with, "Young man, you are under arrest."



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"But, my dear sir, what have I done?"

"What have you done? Why, you're a bootlegger and you've sold hooch, that's what you've done," shouted Joe.

"What makes you think that?" from the young man.

"You bought papers to wrap your liquor in," again shouted Joe, who was beginning to get red in the face.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho," laughed the young man. "So that's what you think. Do you want to know what I bought those papers for? Well, just come here and I'll show you."

Going over to a desk, he picked up ten copies of the New York Times with a small article out of each. In another smaller pile he picked up ten small articles. One he inserted in the cut-out in the paper. It fitted perfectly.

"Now read that article," said the young man.

Joe took the paper and read:

"Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Barton, Sunday, March 20, a son. He has been named George Henry, Jr."

"There," said the young man, "now I hope you're satisfied. My wife and I are economizing and didn't want to send out birth announcements, so we are sending these newspaper clippings to our friends. If you need further convincing I will take you upstairs to see the baby."

Before the last sentence was finished, Joe had sneaked from the house. The Sheriff, the posse and young Mr. Barton joined in for a merry ha-ha for Joe.

M. Seeley

### ONE FOR EACH

Nearly every home in the United States has a radio. It is needless to mention the multitude of benefits people receive from this modern invention.

Let us consider how differently people use the radio in their respective homes. Some use it systematically. They find certain programs to which they desire to listen. They listen to these attentively and then turn off the radio. Others go at it in a haphazard way. They turn it on, stumble on a program they like, listen awhile, and then turn to another station. Some are so frugal that although they have a radio in their home, seldom is it heard. Others keep the radio on from morning to night, hear this program after that, until one wonders if there is ever any peace in the house. Some prefer to listen only to music. Others much prefer an address or play. Some prefer the so-called jazz and popular music. Others prefer classic music and operas.

The fine thing about a radio is that it brings all types of programs to suit all types of individuals. Certainly everyone is welcome to his own preference. The one difficulty comes, however, when these different preferences occur within one hour. Suppose "Dad" wants to listen to a political speech, Brother "Jim" to sport news, Sister Helen to a dance orchestra and little Mary to a bed-time story. There will be a constant turning of the dial and shouts of "I don't like that," or "Leave it on that," or "No, I prefer the other."

Mother will, moreover, end the dispute, saying, "Let's turn the radio off."

Big sister will then proceed upstairs, scolding in her falsetto, "When I have a home of my own, I'm going to have a radio for each person."

Marion E. Henderson



# THE ECHO—1933



## B. C. H. S. "STARS"

Gemini (The Twins) .....	} Lenore Andrews Gladys Covey
Corvus (The Crow) .....	
Taurus (The Bull) .....	Miss Crowe
Aries (The Ram) .....	Alvin Hayes
The Great Bear .....	"Rusty" Elander
The Little Bear .....	Betty Supplee
Capricornus (The Goat) .....	Helen Fairbanks
Auriga (The Charioteer) .....	Claude Terry
Lyra (The Harp) .....	"Mellie" Hoyt
Regulus (The Ruler) .....	Marion Peckham
Algol (The Demon Eye) .....	"Prof" Casey
Hercules .....	"Coach" Cousins
Cassiopeia (The Lady in the Chair) .....	Lloyd Hubbard
The Virgin .....	Miss Williams
	Thena Teed
	Marion Henderson
	Velma Lord
	Donna Hitchcock
The Seven Sisters .....	} Dorothy Stanton Betty Lord Ellen Nymann Marion Peckham
Jupiter (The Prince) .....	Joe Throop
Pisces (The Fish) .....	Kenneth Davis
Lepus (The Hare) .....	Winsor Casey
Andromeda (The Chained Lady) .....	Genevra Foster
The Shooting Star .....	Dick Covey

## SENIORS

You sure can tell a Senior  
 By his proud ways and such,  
 Yes, you can tell them anywhere  
 But you can't tell them much  
 For they are learned students,  
 And obtain a lot of knowledge,  
 And most of our Seniors  
 Are qualified for college.

The Seniors here in Bainbridge  
 Are the best that you can find,  
 You will never find another group  
 So helpful and so kind.  
 They are a cooperative bunch  
 In anything they do,  
 We wish that there were many  
 Instead of just a few.

Yes, you can tell a Senior  
 For he moves about with ease,  
 And is always on the lookout  
 For a Freshman he may tease.  
 But we are satisfied with them  
 And wish they'd always be  
 Boys and girls of B. H. S.  
 With their Senior dignity.

R. E. HAMLIN





# THE ECHO—1933



## PHYSICS SAVES A LIFE

Dan Water's best enemy had captured him and tied him to the rails of the New Union Pacific Railroad.

After the villain and his gang had departed Dan lay there across the rails, trying to think of a plan to get free. A train was due that afternoon, and if he did not get loose he would be killed as it came around the bend.

He had lain there some time when he began to hear a low buzzing. It grew louder and he ascertained that it was the noise of an approaching train. "It must be quite near to make a noise that loud," he thought, and began to work as hard as he could to get free. The sound grew louder in his ears. He wondered why it had not hit him yet. Well, at least he would die fighting, so he strained with all his might on the ropes. He strained for about three minutes in a frenzy of excitement, expecting every second to be hit by the oncoming engine.

At length the rope broke and he was free. As he jumped on his feet the noise of the train diminished and he heard its far-off whistle. Still wondering why it had not hit him, he hastened down the track and around the curve. There to his bewilderment, he saw the train approaching nearly a half-mile away.

Suddenly he put his ear to one of the rails and listened. "So that explains it," he exclaimed, straightening up, "the sound carried so well through those metal rails that I heard that train when it was miles down the line."

And you can bet your sweet life that that villain's mustache just curled right up and fell off the next time he met our hero!

Joseph Throop, '34

## CALL TO WORSHIP

I awakened one spring morning,  
The sun was shining bright,  
The air was clear and fragrant  
And the dew was there from night.

I paused then at the window  
And breathed the fragrant air,  
And heard out in the pine tree  
The song birds singing there.

Across the misty hill top  
The church bells tolled the time  
To hasten to the service  
And hear the words sublime.

Then from the distance, hearken!  
A chorus sang aloud;  
Pealed out the praise of Worship,  
Their heads in reverence bowed.

Ye who believe make haste then,  
To hear Him from above;  
He tells of truth and worship,  
And best of all His love.

JEAN DAWSON, '35



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## F. F. A.

The Bainbridge Chapter of the Future Farmers of America held their first meeting of the season, September 28, 1932, in the High School Auditorium. We elected the officers for the coming year 1932-33 as follows: President — Carl Hovey; Treasurer — Lloyd Hubbard; Secretary — Frank Doolittle.

It was decided to hold a meeting the last Wednesday night of each month throughout the year. The business meeting having been adjourned, we were entertained by Howard Williams and his xylophone. Refreshments were served and all had a good time.

The speakers whom we have had in subsequent meetings are: Mr. Sipple, "Eddie" Wade and Mr. Swartz, who discussed respectively "Feeds and Feeding of Poultry," "Breeding Improvement of the Dairy Cattle" and "Marketing Situation of Eggs."

At each meeting Mr. Coe has read us selections from the works of noted poets and other boys of our organization have given talks. Once a short farm skit was presented by Frederick Birdsall and Paul Doolittle. Joe Throop has played several times on his harmonica and Donald Babcock, Mr. Coe and Carl Hovey have entertained us with an instrumental trio. We have played basket ball, volley ball and ping pong in our various meetings, after which refreshments were served.

At the last meeting held in February we enjoyed slides on the Dairy industry, which proved very instructive.

A Father and Son Banquet was held in the Methodist Church Parlors on April 7, with O. K. Getman, chief of the Agricultural Educational Bureau, as principal speaker. Songs were sung, among them "Hail the F. F. A." Other short talks, readings and a humorous skit were given.

Mr. Coe and several other boys have carved the F. F. A. emblem from wood and painted it. We will use this at future meetings and in the class room as a symbol of the organization.

Judging teams were sent to the State Fair, Morrisville and Cornell, the members of which gained much practical knowledge of agriculture.

As a result of our varied activities, we feel that the F. F. A. has spent a very profitable year.

Carl Hovey, '33

## THE COWARD

"Coward! Coward!" shouted Joel White's sister as she pointed her finger at her red-faced brother. Her three companions took up the taunt and poor Joel, muttering angrily to himself, turned around and walked away. The girl's taunts followed him. "Coward! Coward!"

"She doesn't know anything, anyway! Wish I never had any old sister. They aren't any good. Humph! Coward! I'm not a coward. I'll show her, I'll show her," he muttered all the way down the street. He sullenly entered his home and slammed the door. Climbing the stairs he entered his room and sat down on the bed. With his chin in his hands, malicious



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thoughts raced through his mind. If only there was some way in which he could "show her."

"Just because I don't do what she wants me to, she calls me a coward," he thought bitterly, "and in front of all those girls, too. But I'll show her."

For the rest of the day strained relations remained between the brother and sister. Everywhere Joel met his sister, the smirk on her lips suggested the word, "Coward."

Then Judy began to practice her music lesson. A few trills, and then a crash, a few more trills, and another crash. Good heavens! Did she think she could play? he disgustedly asked himself as he stalked out of the house, slamming the door behind him. Where could he go? "I don't want to meet any of those girls. They'd prob'ly start calling me a coward again. Guess I'll go down to the river," he thought.

He met none of the taunting girls, and became quite cheerful when he reached the river. There had been a great deal of rain and the current was very strong. As he stood looking moodily from the bridge, he heard a faint call for help. It seemed to come from the other side of the bridge. Running over, he saw a head disappear under the water. Hastily preparing for the swim, he plunged in. It seemed as if he would never come to the top, but at last he did, shaking and sputtering. Could he swim fast enough to overtake the person whom the current was swiftly carrying downstream before he drowned? He looked up and saw that the person, a girl, was only a few feet away. She was Judy's best friend, one of those girls who had called him a coward. Now he could show her! Summoning all his strength, he reached the girl's side just as she started to sink again. The girl clutched him so that he thought both of them must sink. Then a thought flashed through his mind. What had his father said he must do in a case like this? Strike her. He lifted his hand and a blow, not too hard, descended upon the girl's head. Now for the swim back. They had, fortunately, not reached the place where the river widened yet, so the journey back was not so hard. Just as he reached the shore, the girl recovered from the blow. She mumbled her thanks and regretfully said she was sorry for having called him a coward. She then fell into an exhausted sleep.

### SAVED

"And what is the charge against this man?" thundered the voice of the judge, who, during the daytime, guided the plow through the fields. All was quiet in the dimly lighted barn, which was now being used as the courtroom. It was a little village and not very often did the inhabitants need a courtroom.

"Murdering the priest while he was at prayers in the chapel." The layman trembled under the searching glances of his former "friends."

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your honor," came the words quietly.

Now began the long court proceedings. The organist of the little chapel arose to give his testimony. It had been only a short time before the vesper service. The organist had been playing while the old priest knelt in prayer. Suddenly, as the bass notes of the pedal came out resoundedly there had been a shot. There was a shattering of glass and the organist, turning about, found the priest lying dead upon the floor.

There had been only one person who had been using a gun that afternoon. It was only natural for the people to believe that he had fired the shot which had killed the priest, for that was what had happened, the priest had been killed, so everyone believed. There had been no doubt in the minds of the simple country people. But the layman,



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although he had been hunting in the woods near the chapel, was sure he had not fired in the direction of the church.

As the trial neared the end, there was a stir in the audience and the village schoolmaster carefully picked his way over the feet of the gathered people.

"Your honor," began the man quietly, "may I tell my story and make a few remarks?"

"Well, I guess 'twill be all right," said the judge.

"The priest was never shot. He died of a heart attack or stroke or something else, but he was never killed by a bullet. Dr. Brown and I searched the body and we didn't find a single place where a bullet even grazed him. Another thing, the window was completely shattered. If a bullet had gone through the window it would only have made a small hole. You remember that the organist was playing at the time. The chapel is old and when the organist struck a certain note on the organ it caused the window to vibrate a little, just enough to shatter the glass from its shaky supports. Probably the crash of the glass was just enough to start the heart beating too fast and it was too much for such a weak heart and the priest died immediately."

There was a marked change in the audience as the schoolmaster sat down. Although much of his words had gone over their heads, yet his voice had a true ring of sincerity in it.

Of course, there was still some doubt in their minds, but when the people really learned that the bullet hadn't touched the priest they were willing to forget and a doomed man was saved.

Marion Peckham, '34

### "TERRACE GARDENS AND FIRE-PLACES"

"Carolyn is going to be terribly disappointed," sighed Mrs. Conkling, as she stood by her husband, watching from behind the window the advent of new neighbors in the near, too near cottage. "I promised her in our last letter that now that the contract is a sure thing you would buy the next door lot and tear down the cottage on it. She always declared it was only a shack and should be replaced by a formal terrace garden. You know how she likes terrace gardens."

"These people beat me to it. I can't see why they would buy such a place. It needs new plumbing and a new foundation. I'm sorry to disappoint Carolyn, especially since summer is nearly here and she will soon be home from college," Mr. Conkling said regretfully.

The next door lot in question and the Conkling lot was really one piece of ground. Some one had been foolish enough to build two houses on it. The vine-covered roof of the long empty cottage almost touched the Conkling home. Carolyn Conkling, ambitious and forceful, had urged her father to buy the lot and tear down the ramshackle house. Then she wanted to have another wing built on their own house and a terrace garden made on the hillside.

However, the neighbors stayed and greatly improved the property. Peter Conkling was unable to buy the place. Summer came and with it came Carolyn, a modern, pretty girl, home from college.

She stormed and fretted and secretly made faces at the new neighbors, that is, until she saw Harlan Lawson, the young man next door who was also home from college.

At first Carolyn paid little attention to young Lawson. She couldn't forgive his family for upsetting all her plans. Harlan resented the coldness of his charming, young neighbor and decided to find out what was the matter. He made himself as agreeable as possible, even helping her awkwardly in the small garden patch of the Conkling's.



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Carolyn taught him to be useful, as well as ornamental. She found a dozen things for him to do and found herself actually looking forward to the mornings with him in the garden. His boyishness pleased her and her ambition, cleverness and charm made him her servant.

It was while they were spending so much time together, working in the garden, sporting and talking, that Lawson found out Carolyn's hobby, terrace gardens. From this point it didn't take him long to discover how his parents had upset all her plans. He was terribly sorry and told her that he liked terrace gardens himself, although fireplaces were even more important and took first place with him.

In the evenings they loitered by the oak tree that marked the line dividing his domain from hers and talked and talked. Summer passed altogether too quickly, until Harlan and Carolyn found they must return to their colleges. Harlan felt that the time had come when he must have an understanding with Carolyn. It was easier than he expected. They were having one of their evening conversations and they found themselves planning an ideal home.

"It would have a terrace garden, of course, wouldn't it, Harlan?"

"Sure thing, infant, with a fountain, fishpond, stone benches, dials and everything," agreed Harlan.

"We'd have a fireplace, too!" Carolyn sweetly conceded.

After that it was easy. You couldn't talk about such things and not arrive at some understanding. Carolyn fully decided that with Harlan's help, and Harlan's help only, she could make a beautiful terrace garden and Harlan knew that his fireplace could have no better adornment than Carolyn.

Clara Parsons, '34

### DIDO'S DIARY

June 18

I write these words at midnight. Unable to sleep and terrified by fearful dreams I left my couch and now seek to comfort my troubled mind under the gleaming stars. Below, my city lies buried in sleep, the deep stillness broken only by the occasional howl of a dog and the muffled tread of the watchman. Oh, that I, too, might find rest in peaceful slumber! Why do the gods decree that I should love this noble stranger, whom fate has sent to my shores? Why could I not have been permitted to rule my kingdom undisturbed, and to remain true to the dead Sychaeus? Who is this warrior who tells such strange and marvelous tales of battles, wars and adventures on the sea? In truth, at times, I think he must be the son of some goddess.

August 12

Yesterday a royal hunting party took place. Early in the morning, just as Aurora drove her dashing steeds up from the black ocean, we set forth—a goodly array. Scarcely had we sighted an herd of deer, when a storm arose, forcing Aeneas and me to take refuge in a cave. The heavens roared and the all powerful father hurled his thunderbolts.

September 23

Again I write late at night. Nameless fears haunt me by night. I think there is some plot a-foot, but I know not what. There has been an unusual commotion along the wharves. The Trojans are busily repairing their vessels and collecting supplies.



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But when I inquire the reason for this excitement they reply that there is nothing the matter.

September 26

Unhappy woman! Why can I not die? Must I submit to this humiliation from that worthless one? Neither tears nor curses move him. I have appealed to his professed love for me, to his sense of honor for his promise, and even to his pity. But the cruel man remains steadfast in his purpose to depart from my realm. Nor will he wait until the winter gales have spent their fury, but he is determined to push on at once. He states that it is not of his own will, but by the decree of the gods that he set out to Italy, there to establish a new kingdom. The preparations have been completed and soon he will sail.

October 1

It is decreed. No longer do I delay, but today I ordered my sister, Anna, to build a funeral pyre, and on it place all the souvenirs of that wicked man. On the pretext of a religious rite, I will slay myself. Already my dear sister, unaware of my intentions, has carried out my orders, and through the open window, I see the lofty mass of wood on which I shall die. I will not remain here to be pitied and mocked at by those suitors whom I have scorned. Nor will I, despised, follow Aeneas. But I will die as I have lived, triumphant.

October 2

Today they sail, today I die. As he sails the last sight he sees, shall be my burning pyre, and the last words he hears, my curses. Go! Establish your empire! Despise Dido! But not for long. You shall die before your time, and lie unburied on a desert, until your bones are bleached. Some avenger will come from my people who will conquer your descendants, lay your proud city in ruins, and once more raise the name of Dido to honor and glory.

Helen Fairbanks, '33

## GIRL SCOUTS

The Girl Scouts, a National organization for girls between the ages of ten and eighteen, does much to train girls to be good mothers and wives in the future.

The Bainbridge Troop has attempted to carry out during its four years' existence, the Promise, Slogan and Motto which each girl must learn before passing the Tenderfoot test.

Each year new members are added, who work rapidly upward toward that cherished rank—Golden Eaglet. There are many girls who are practically ready for the First Class test. All badges have been attained through the assistance of a leader. We are greatly indebted to the Community Committee, composed of women interested in the Girl Scout movement, for their backing in all our undertakings. They have procured leaders for us and have eagerly watched our progress.

At our first meeting this year, Mrs. Louis Duncel, captain, checked up on the badges we still required before becoming First Class Scouts. Then,



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with the help of the Committee, she enlisted the services of Mrs. Louis Fairbanks, Mrs. Amos Tuckey, Mrs. Ben Dodge, Mrs. Lewis Kirkland and Miss Zaida Hanford to help us in Nature Work, Home Nursing, First Aid, Needlecraft and Handicraft, respectively. Several of these courses have been completed and others are being considered.

At present a Brownie Pack is being organized. This will consist of girls between the ages of seven and ten, who will learn the fundamentals of Girl Scouting and combine with this the jolly imaginative games and pleasures characteristic of that childhood fancy, the Brownie.

Marion Peckam

## CAMPFIRE GIRLS

Name	Indian Name	Rank
KATHLEEN FRANKS.....	Matsu .....	Torchbearer
ESTHER FRANKS.....	Ahahahui .....	Woodgatherer
FLORENCE FRANKS.....	Debiuewin .....	Woodgatherer
GENEVA FOSTER.....	Yukpa .....	Torchbearer
LUCRETIA BROWN.....	Wichaka .....	Torchbearer
ROSE ROBERTS.....	Enabandong .....	Firemaker
CHARLOTTE TALOR.....	Ahsonyong .....	Torchbearer
RUTH TAYLOR.....	Wawakiyi .....	Woodgatherer
BETTY BIRDSALL.....	.....	Woodgatherer
RUTH HAMLIN.....	.....	Woodgatherer
SARAH LORD.....	Gahisteshi .....	Woodgatherer
BARBARA RUSSELL.....	Handita .....	Firemaker
HARRIET SIPPLE.....	Kiniks .....	Firemaker
GRACE HAGER.....	Cholena .....	Firemaker
ELLEN NYMANN.....	.....	Woodgatherer
VERNA BANNER.....	Nisimaha .....	Torchbearer
VELMA BANNER.....	Chee Chi Watah .....	Woodgatherer
GERTRUDE McPHERSON..	Ulstasti .....	Woodgatherer

PRESIDENT .....	Genevra Foster
VICE-PRESIDENT .....	Rose Roberts
SECRETARY .....	Harriet Sipple
TREASURER .....	Grace Hager
GUARDIAN .....	Miss Bailey

The Oeeca Campfire Girls have done a great many interesting things this year, and feel that our activities have helped much in the fulfillment of the Campfire Law, which is: Seek Beauty—Give Service—Pursue Knowledge—Be Trustworthy—Hold on to Health—Glorify Work—And Be Happy.

The first Ceremonial was held early in the fall at the Boy Scout Cabin. Our intentions were to hike to the cabin, but Mother Nature did not cooperate. The rain poured down in torrents, so we were obliged to resort to bus, truck, and other handy vehicles for transportation. We finally reached our destination, and those of us who were dripping wet from our open air ride on the truck were soon



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warmed, dried and cheered by the crackling fire which the earliest arrivals had thoughtfully built in the huge fireplace. Our ceremonial was very interesting and during it several new members were added to our group to take the place of those who had left us through graduation the previous year.

The next important event on our calendar was the Hallowe'en Party. Dressed as ghosts, we all floated into Roger's truck and, with much unghostly-like singing and laughing, were transported to Frank's farm. The garage, which we had chosen for our rendezvous, was attractively decorated with corn stalks and pumpkins. Games, dancing and other activities appropriate to the occasion were enjoyed, after which we piled into our trusty truck and were whisked off home.

As guests of the Boy Scouts, we went on a skating party to Sidney. Although many of us have not yet learned to skate, we all enjoyed ourselves immensely.

When the weather was wintry we had our meetings where we could take advantage of the snowy hills. And what sport it was to coast down the hill at Sarah Lord's through the snappy air.

Then came our April Fool party at the Taylor residence. We invited the Boy Scouts and other boy friends of the group, increasing our number to about forty. The Taylor hospitality was tried and found not wanting, for we went early, played hard, did full justice to the delicious home-made ice cream and cake, and left late. What a wonderful time we had!

At Thanksgiving and Christmas time we gave baskets of fruit, nuts, candy and toys to several deserving families, and very much enjoyed the pleasure our efforts gave the recipients.

To raise money for this, and for our camping trip to Goodyear Lake this spring, we sold Christmas cards, made and sold candy at the basketball games, and are planning to give a play, "Short Thirty-Six," at the town hall in May.

We have all enjoyed working together and have been well pleased with the good sportsmanship and cooperation of our new members. The Seniors this year will greatly regret leaving the Campfire group, but will always try to abide by the Campfire Code.

Kathleen Franks





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## BOY SCOUT ACTIVITIES

Troop 52 of Bainbridge has had many interesting experiences this year. Last summer the troop spent a week in camp, and several of the scouts also went to Camp Spaulding, the Council Camp. At both of these places the Bainbridge Scouts took an active part in the ceremonies, games and other activities of the camp. All through the fall, the troop met weekly for the regular meeting, at which several projects were taken up and completed. For a while the meetings were held at the Scout Cabin, which is just outside of Bainbridge, but after the cold weather set in, we adjourned to the crypt of St. Peter's Church, which had been fitted out by the men interested in the boys' activities.

All through the last part of February and early March the scouts were preparing for the annual merit badge exposition, which was held March 17-18. They took as their project Cement Work. This is a relatively hard merit badge and required considerable skill to complete its requirements.

It has been the aim of every scout to influence at least one boy to join the scouts, and through this simple but effective plan the troop has increased from 18 to 30. Each meeting is characterized by almost perfect attendance. The Scoutmaster and Assistant Scoutmaster have both been very kind and have devoted as much time as they possibly could to help and instruct the boys.

There is keen rivalry between the patrols, which is due to the point system installed when the present Scoutmaster, the Rev. B. H. Tite, took his position. But this rivalry is always friendly and if needs be the whole is willing to work together for each other's benefit. At the monthly Court of Honor at least two Bainbridge scouts have nearly always represented the troop. This has led to one Eagle Scout, Paul Fairbanks, and several other scouts are progressing rapidly on the upward path. To be an Eagle Scout is the dream of every scout, and for the most part it always remains a dream. But several scouts have determined that they shall be possessors of the coveted title before many moons, and it looks as if this was no idle boast.

Visitors are always welcomed at the meetings of the troop, though it is seldom that the parents of the boys come to see their sons' handiwork. Ten of the scouts are going on a trip this summer. These are the ten highest in points and general conduct during the year. Last year we went to the Camp of the Incarnation at Ivoryton, Conn., and the members of the party will vouch for the enjoyment to be obtained by such a trip. This year we hope to visit some of the well-known state parks in New York, such as Letchworth and Watkins Glen, and perhaps the Onondaga Reservation, as well.

Troop activities will remain dormant during the summer in regard to meetings, but will be resumed in the fall.

Jack Palmer, '34



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## JOKES

Betty Birdsall: "What beautiful flowers! Why, isn't there still a little dew on them?"  
Charlie Myers, (blushing furiously): "Yes, but I'll pay it before long."

John Bloomer: "Why is Miss Williams' study hall like a Ford car?"  
Howard Williams: "Because it has a crank in front and nuts behind."

Miss Williams: "In what battle did General Wolfe, when hearing the victory cry, say, 'I die happy'?"  
Gerald Cooley: "I think it was his last one."

Miss Dolan (to Pete Tilford in music class): "What is the National air of Italy?"  
Pete: "Garlic."

Pat: "Did you hear about John? He got drowned in bed."  
Mike: "You don't say! How was that?"  
Pat: "There was a hole in the mattress and he fell into the spring."

Earl Stillman (to his mother): "Mother, are there any liars in Heaven?"  
Mrs. Stillman: "Certainly not, Earl, how could you think of such a thing?"  
Earl: "Well, Mother, all I got to say is that it must be awful lonesome there with just God and George Washington."

Ruth Weeks: "What can a girl do that will make a horse go, a dog come, and a boy stay?"  
Gretchen Hartmann: "I don't know."  
Ruth: "I do. Make a noise like a kiss."

Voice from dark parlor: "Oh, how cold your nose is."  
Little Lloyd Sipple: "Gee, Pop, I bet Rover's in the parlor again."

Miss Dolan: "Do you believe dark-haired men marry first?"  
Mr. Cousins: "No, it's only light-headed ones."

Miss Williams: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"  
Jerry Hines: "At the bottom."

Ernest Newman: "What! You a housewife? I bet you don't even know what a needle is for."  
Edna Sejersen: "I do, too. It's for a Victrola."

Ove Munk: "What did you do yesterday afternoon?"  
Rusty Elander: "Took part in a guessing contest."  
Ove Munk: "I thought you took an examination in math."  
Rusty Elander: "I did."

Howard Williams: "Is calfskin good material for slippers?"  
Frederick Birdsall: "Banana skins are better."



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Miss Smith: "Name some other animals that have horns."

Charles Hauschild (in General Science class): "Automobiles."

Mr. Roberts: "Where were you last night, Harold?"

Harold: "Oh, just riding around with some of the boys."

Mr. Roberts: "Well, you'd better return this lipstick that one of the 'boys' left in the ear."

Pat: "I call your daughter Sunmaid."

Mike: "For what raisin?"

Pat: "She's the first girl my Sunkist."

At 3 o'clock in the morning a man called up a garage. "Hello," he said, "is this the garage? I just turned turtle."

Garage Man: "What you want is a zoo, not a garage."

Roland Bluler: "Dearest, I love you. And it comes from my heart and not from my head."

"Maddie" Baird: "I believe you. Nothing ever comes from your head."

Nine Lives Endangered on West Main Street. Prof. Casey's cat got out and ran in front of a passing auto, but was rescued by Prof. before any harm befell it.

Great Event: While dining at The National Restaurant, Miss Merrick found an oyster in her oyster stew. But as far as is known she did not find a horse in the horse-radish, nor a cottage in the cottage cheese.

Ken: "What pretty hair Miss Smith has."

McGinnis: "Yes, but it's false."

Kenn: "What makes you think so?"

McGinnis: "I heard her tell Miss Williams that she inherited her red hair from her mother."

John Spring: "I'm half inclined to kiss you."

Doris Stead: "Oh, I thought at first you were merely round shouldered."

Sam: "Why do some men consider their wives angels?"

Doug: "Probably because they are always harping on something."

Miss Petley: "What word is the opposite of happiness?"

Mary: "Misery."

Miss Petley: "What is the opposite of woe?"

Winsor Casey (brightly): "Giddap."

Miss Harris (taking attendance): "Who's in the vacant seat back there?"

Winsor Casey: "Don Price."

Coach: "Stand erect, feet over head, heels forward; swing feet up and touch ceiling over right ear."



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Prof. Casey (to Fuzzy): "I see you're early of late. You used to be behind before, but now you're first at last."

Jim: "I see Gretchen has gone out for athletics."

Marion: "No, not for athletics, merely for athletes."

Prof. Casey (after Joe finishes reciting a proposition with his hands in his pockets): "You wouldn't make a good lawyer, Joe."

Joe Throop: "Why not?"

Prof. Casey: "You always have your hands in your own pockets."

"It's 10 P. M.," said Charlotte,  
But useless did it prove,  
For George did not understand  
That P. M. meant "Please Move."

Viola Sherman walked into the store to buy some walnuts, but was not immediately waited upon. At last she grew impatient. "Who waits on the nuts?" she called out.

Employer: "I'd engage you for this place at once only I must have a married man."

Coxy: "Keep the place open until tomorrow, sir, and I will be around to take it."

Jack: "What's the difference between capital and labor?"

Marion: "Well, if you loaned me a quarter, that would be capital; if you tried to get it back again, that would be labor."

Sarah L.: "Would a long stocking hold all you'd want for a birthday present?"

Alice T.: "No, but a pair of socks would."

Mr. Coe: "Why what's the matter with you? You look as if you'd been through a stone crusher."

Bruce Hill: Yes, I have been; I've just come from Miss Harris' room, Latin I."

Ken Wilcox: "Dearest, would you accept a pet monkey?"

Kathleen Franks: "I'd have to ask father; this is so sudden."

Clara Parsons: "That's a hot looking hat you're wearing."

Marian Peckham: "Why not? I got it at a fire sale."

Dick Covey: "What's the difference between an apple and a pretty girl?"

George Hager: "Got me."

Dick Covey: "One you squeeze to get cider, the other you get 'sider to squeeze."

Dolly Palmer: "I'm looking for a girl who is my direct opposite."

Skinney Fairbanks: "That ought to be easy; there are a lot of intelligent girls around school."

Mr. Casey: "You must come over and have dinner with me tonight."

Mr. Coe: "Sorry, old man, but I'm going to see 'Macbeth.'"

Mr. Casey: "Oh, that's all right. Bring him around, too."



## THE ECHO—1933



Sarah Lord: "I wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

Kat Franks: "Of course, you wouldn't; you couldn't."

Sarah Lord: "And why couldn't I?"

Kat Franks: "Because I'm going to."

Fuzzy: "Yesterday I was watching a girl climb up a flight of stairs when suddenly she turned around and soaked me on the peninsula."

Pete Tilford: "Peninsula? What's that?"

Fuzzy: "A long neck stretching out to sea."

Lucretia: "I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man on earth."

Rusty: "You bet you wouldn't. You'd be killed in the rush."

George: "They say they aren't going to make moving pictures at Hollywood any longer."

Genevra: "Why not?"

George: "They're long enough now."

Carlton Wilcox (over the telephone): "Ah, is this the fire department? Oh, yes; well, will you tell me the location of the nearest fire alarm box, my house is on fire."

Charlie Myers: "What kind of fruit grows on telephone poles?"

George Hager: "Electric currents."

Roberta Burton: "I thought friars did not marry."

Miss Williams: "They didn't."

Roberta: "But it says here that St. Francis was married to Lady Poverty."

Jane Crawford: "I just turned my ankle over."

Claude Terry: "Shall I turn it back for you?"

### WHO'LL SAVE THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN?

Melancton: "If I were captain of the sinking vessel I would stay on the dock until my ship disappeared beneath the waves."

Teacher: "Who wrote the Ancient Mariner?"

Pupil: "Homer."

Teacher: "What?"

Pupils: "Well, he was ancient, wasn't he?"

Claude Terry: "Do you play football?"

Ray Robinson: "Yes: I use the pulley system."

Claude Terry: "Pulley system—what do you mean?"

Roy Robinson: "Why—block and tackle."

Teacher: "I cannot understand why you never hear the assignment."

Ed. Mulwane: "But, teacher, don't you know that sound doesn't travel through a vacuum?"



# THE ECHO—1933



Joyce: "Have you any jokes for the "Censor?"

Miss Harris: "Why not use one of your own translations?"

A: "I rather like that girl. Is she fussy?"

B: "Fussy—why she even wants her dates wrapped in cellophane."

"All began gathering and packing fruit with a lot of extra men."  
To many lemons in that box, we should say.

Miss Smith: "What is the relation of air pressure to weather?"

Melancton: "Brother and sister."

Joe Throop: "How did you become so sunburned?"

Mellie: "Oh, I've been working in the woods."

Joe: "Woods—what kind of trees were there."

Mellie: "Oh, Scotch Pine—they won't even give any shade."

Gordon Burton: "Kenneth Davis is interested in the manufacture of cellophane, isn't he?"

Paul Fairbanks: "Yes—he's found something he can see through at last."

The following was found on an examination paper in General Science: "To make an electro-magnet, you use a soft iron rod and a coil of insulated wire."

Paul Fairbanks: "Why would you expect blondes to weigh less than brunettes?"

Junior Roider: "Because they have a lighter complexion."

Miss Smith (in Chemistry): "Cast iron cannot be forged."

Ken Davis: "Why don't they make checks of it, then?"

Farmer: "See here, young man, what are you doing up in that tree?"

Jack Palmer: "One of your apples fell down and I'm trying to put it back."

Earl Stillman: "That fellow Wilcox ought to be in a museum."

Ken Davis: "Why?"

Earl Stillman: "I noticed last night he had two heads on his shoulder."

Fred Birdsall: "What's wrong with this car, it squeaks dreadfully?"

Charlie Myers: "Can't be helped; there's pig iron in the axles."

Russell Elander: "Say, can you tell me if this is the right road to Albany?"

Farmer: "I dunno."

Elander: "Where will I land if I follow it?"

Farmer: "I dunno as I know."

Elander (pointing behind him): "Well, is that the way to New York City?"

Farmer: "I dunno, stranger."

Elander (irritably): "You don't know much, do you?"

Farmer (cheerfully): "I reckon not—but I ain't lost."



# THE ECHO—1933



## WANT ADS

WANTED—The Right Girl.

—Joe Throop.

WANTED—A few inches added to my height.

—Marian Peckham

WANTED—More words, the dictionary is not large enough.

—Lu Brown

WANTED—Two stepladders.

—Charlotte Taylor

—Evelyn Herrick

WANTED—A girl to take riding in my new car.

—Lloyd Hubbard

WANTED—Someone to carry my books between classes.

—Homer Dutcher

WANTED—A ring to fit my finger.

—George Hager

WANTED—A German Dictionary in Miss Harris' Study Hall.

—The Students

WANTED—Less noise.

—Miss Crowe

WANTED—An automatic Lab-announcer.

—Miss Smith

WANTED—A place to keep my books.

—William Burton

WANTED—Lunch served, twenty-minute period.

—Harold Roberts

WANTED—A new giggle.

—Genevra Foster

WANTED—A definite understanding between Maddy and Roland.

—Their Friends

WANTED—A bulldog to scare my rivals away from Ellen Nymann.

—Paul Fairbanks

WANTED—A complete gym outfit.

—Barbara Russell

WANTED—Real study halls.

—Everybody

WANTED—A pair of stockings which won't run.

—Miss Dolan



# THE ECHO—1933



## WANTED—A Teacher

With Miss Petley's Disposition  
As Cute as Miss Williams  
As Pretty as Miss Adams  
As Stylish as Miss Merrick  
As Humorous as Miss Harris  
As Charming as Miss Dolan  
As Courteous as Miss Smith  
As Witty as Miss Crowe  
As Artistic as Miss Bailey  
As Clever as Mrs. Hadlock  
As Handy as Mr. Coe  
As Athletic as Mr. Cousins  
With Mr. Casey's ability to put things across.

## WANTED—A second-hand safety razor.

—Paul Doolittle

Photographer: "Do you want a large or a small picture?"

Ed. Mulwane: "A small one."

Photographer: "Then close your mouth."

"Some day I'll be rich," said the dog as he picked up the scent.

Ken: "Why do old maids wear cotton gloves?"

Earl: "Probably because they have no kids."

This was found on a card Evelyn sent to Dick on Christmas:

"This greeting I send thee from the depths of my heart,  
My love goeth with thee wherever thou art."

Mrs. Birdsall: "Don't eat any more tonight, Frederick. Don't you know you can't sleep on a full stomach?"

Frederick: "I won't, Mother. I'll lie on my back."

Paul Fairbanks: "There goes a whole trainload of tobacco."

Jack Palmer: "Oh, that's one of those chew-chew trains."

Doug. Baldwin: "After the dance last night I told my girl what I thought of her."

Sam Taylor: "What did she say?"

Doug. Baldwin: "I love you, too."

Prosecuting Attorney (to opponent): "You're the biggest boob in the city."

Judge (rapping for order): "You forget I am here, gentlemen."

Miss Brady (on way home from Bainbridge): "Is this a fast train, Conductor?"

Conductor: "Yes, Ma'am."

Miss Brady: "Get out and see what it is fast to."





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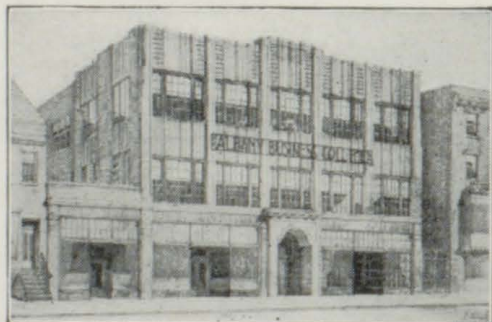
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