

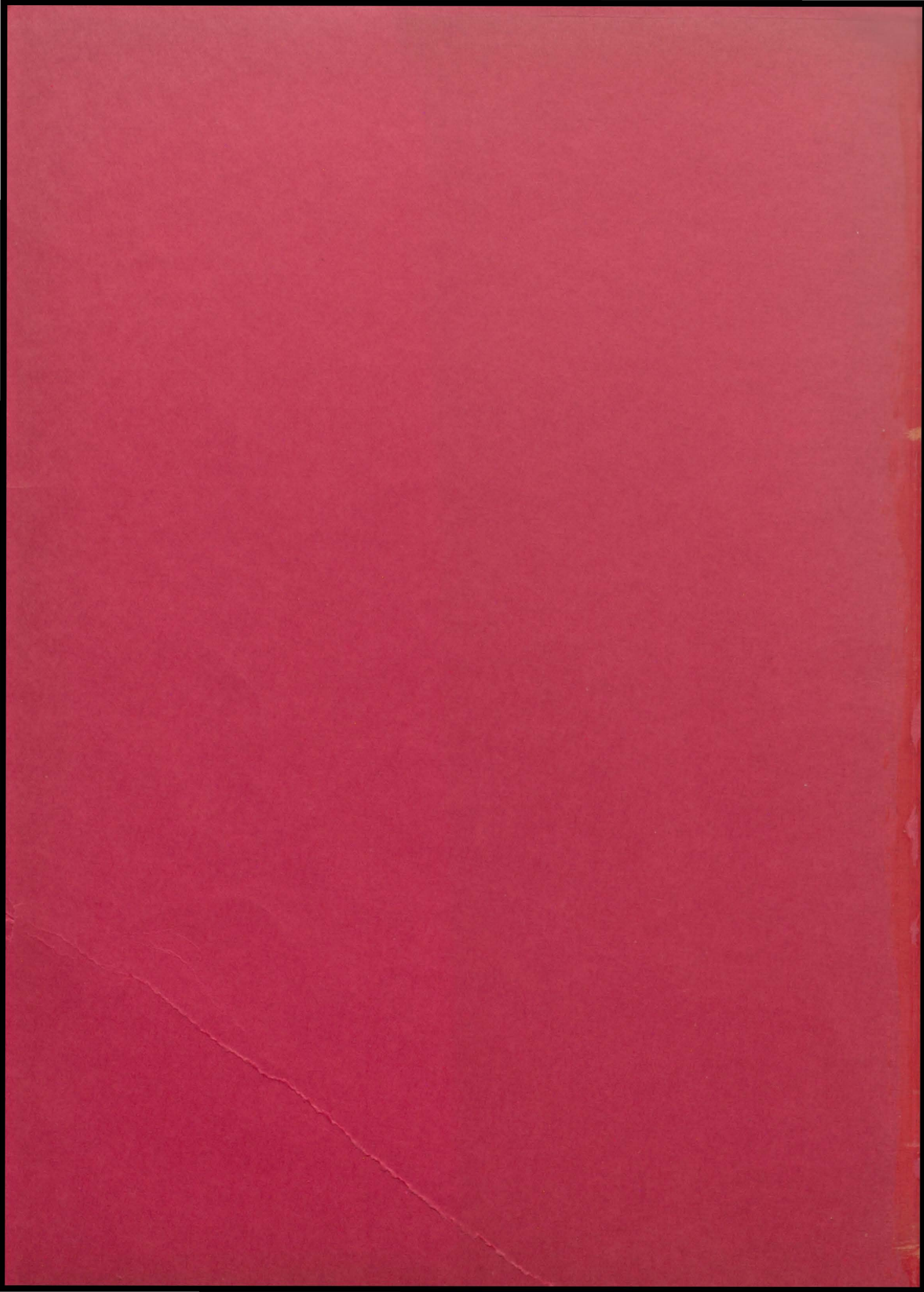
1
b
134

==

Echo

|||

|||



FOREWORD



Life is the sum total of experiences. Out of experiences develops character. This edition of the school annual brings to you some of the members of the Class of 1934. As such it cannot fail to be a valuable asset in the formation of the character of the future citizens of our community.

F. J. CASEY.

IN APPRECIATION



We of the "Echo" and all who have made this publication possible wish to thank Miss Bailey and the Art Staff who made the plates for this edition. This has never been done before by the Art Department and much credit is due them.

1934 ————— ECHO ————— 1934

To the one who has proved
Our loyal friend and willing advisor,



FRANCIS J. CASEY

We dedicate this Echo of 1934

STOCKHOLDERS



Edson Burdick—President

Earl Westcott Ward Loomis

Jay Hager Nelson Wilcox

GENERAL MANAGERS
of
THE BOOK SHOP

Editor-in-Chief	Velma Lord
Assistant Editor	Eileen Ford
Literary Editors	{ Donna Hitchcock Marian Peckham
Society Editors	{ Grace Hager Catherine Houck
Alumni Editors	{ Harriet Sipple Betty Lord
Sports Editors	{ Junior Roider Bernard Lovejoy
Joke Editors	{ Gerald Hine Clara Parsons
Art Editors	{ Melancton Hoyt Viola Sherman Arlene Fletcher Lana Olmsted
Business Manager	Joseph Throop
Assistant Manager	Joyce Showalter
Circulation Managers	{ Marion Henderson Jack Palmer

THE FACULTY

If the number of events cause volume of sound, the saga of the faculty is a low, soft whisper this year. It may have been the sub-zero temperatures, the appalling drifts of snow, or just inertia; but whatever the cause, the assemblies were few.

It could not have been inertia, for that first party was positively contagious. It was a perfect blending of gay camaraderie and mad hilarity that only Miss Wilcox could devise. We were all eager to try the recipe; we would be merry this year. But somehow repetitions of this success were rather slow in appearing. The entire school faculty divided for a dinner at the hotel and restaurant. Most of the group were at the hotel.

Miss Williams and Miss Dolan were joint hostesses to the women of the faculty at a masquerade to celebrate All Hallow's Eve. It was a gathering which told of those secret desires which lie submerged in our prosaic selves. Cruel-faced, swarthy pirates, with broad scimitars hung in their sashes; jolly jesters with balloon-like contours; dark-eyed gypsies; a Puritan damsel; brave sailor lads; and even "Auld Nick" himself held joyous revelry on that bewitching night. From dignified school teachers to such a motley group was a complete metamorphosis. 'Tis to be accounted for only by the enchantments which are abroad at that season.

The next was a bit more decorous. We were entertained by Miss Petley and Miss Finch for the benefit bridge tournament of the Women's Club. From this, winners went to match their skills with the successful players of the other groups.

December brought a Christmas party, and as parties go, this was new and different. After battling about the elusive ping-pong ball and consuming enormous striped candy canes at the home of Miss Ford, we found that the party disappeared. We followed and found it beside a glittering Christmas tree at the home of Miss Donna Wilcox. Then Santa came, a rotund, generous chap, who emptied his sack for us, and we heard a lovely Christmas story which left us not unmoved.

After the holidays, Miss Petley, who holds first place as faculty hostess, devised a unique affair based on the socialized recitation, I suspect. Each guest contributed to the entertainment; and musical numbers were on the program.

Some of us found that an old time winter is not entirely a disadvantage. Long shall we remember the breathless thrill of the toboggan ride, the keen joy that was ours as we defied the curves and sting of flying snow. Also we skated. Many were quite proficient — others — well, the ice always held despite the downward force.

Now comes a long pause in our narrative; perhaps, 'tis the lazy lull of springtime. Even though birds and soft breezes scorn us, the annual "spring fever" arrives before the vernal equinox. Though this is a short story, we hope to make it part of a serial.

FACULTY



FIRST ROW

Miss Margarete Wilcox, Miss Alice Strong, Miss Marian Ford, Miss Beatrice Bailey, Miss Helen Rubin, Miss Mildred Petley, Miss Eloise Williams

SECOND ROW

Miss Lucille Gifford, Miss Margaret Blust, Miss Ruth Dolan, Mr. Francis J. Casey, Miss Margaret Sheehan, Miss Dorothy Adams, Mrs. Lula Jones, Mrs. Mildred Hyatt

THIRD ROW

Miss Janice Pratt, Miss Mabel W. Smith, Miss Agnes Brady, Miss Elizabeth Finch
Miss Myrtle Pagett

FOURTH ROW

Mr. James Evans, Mrs. Florence Bliss, Miss Anna Naylor, Mr. Oris Coe

ADVISORY COUNCIL

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| Francis J. Casey, A. B., Hamilton; | M. A., Columbia |
| Principal, Geometry | |
| Dorothy Adams | Plattsburg Normal |
| Commercial | |
| Beatrice Bailey | Fredonia Normal |
| Art | |
| Orris L. Coe, B. S. | Syracuse University |
| Industrial Art, Agriculture | |
| Margaret Sheehan, B. S. | Syracuse University |
| Mathematics | |
| James Evans, B. A. | Colgate University |
| Coach, Mathematics | |
| Ruth A. Dolan | Crane Institute of Music |
| Music | |
| Marian Ford, B. S. | Cornell University |
| Homemaking | |
| Lucille Gifford, A. B. | Syracuse University |
| Latin | |
| Helen Rubin, A. B. | Syracuse University |
| French, German | |
| Mildred Petley, A. B. | Syracuse University |
| English | |
| Mabel W. Smith, B. S. | Albany State College |
| Science | |
| Eloise A. Williams, A. B. | Elmira College |
| History | |
| 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. Hyatt | Oneonta Normal |
| Third Grade | |
| Mary E. Finch | Oneonta Normal |
| Second Grade | |
| Anna C. Naylor | Oneonta Normal |
| First Grade | |
| Myrtle Pagett, R. N. | Buffalo |
| Nurse | |
| Margaret Wilcox, A. B., Elmira College; | B. S. in L. S., Syracuse University |
| Librarian | |





GORDON BURTON "Sir Know-it-all"

Gordon Burton, the man of the world,
Is always willing to give his word.
Athletic Club 3. Orchestra 1, 2. Glee Club
1, 2. F. F. A. 1. Home Economics 3. Prize
Speaking 2. Track 3. Basketball 1, 2, 3.
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Class
Baseball 3. Class Basketball 1, 2, 3. Class
Volleyball 3. Boxing and Wrestling 1.



VELMA K. COLLINS "Lady Brilliance"

Here's one who got the marks,
All thro' her high school years,
And when she spoke, all did hark
To listen and to hear.
Silas Marner Play 1. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Dra-
matic Club Play 3. Sec. and Treas. French
Club 3. Senior Play 2. Literary Editor "Cen-
sor" 3. Class Basketball 1, 2. George Wash-
ington play 2. Junior Prom Committee 3.



GERALD COOLEY "Sir Upstart"

"Jerry" is a witty guy,
Who never lets a quip go by.
Because of a ready smile,
We like him all the while.
Tennis 2, 3. Glee Club 3, 4. Orchestra 1,
2, 3, 4. Class Baseball 2, 3. Class Volley ball
3. Dramatic Club 4.



GLADYS DICKERSON "Lady Dependable"

Tho' new th's year
We're awfully glad
She's with us—
A good one to be had.
Transferred from Scranton, Pa.; Glee Club
4. Dramatic Club 4. Costumes, Dramatic
Play 4.



KENNETH ELANDER "Sir Industrious"

This is a happy-go-lucky, busy person,
We like him and we're going to miss him.
Dramatic Club 3, 4. Athletic Club 2, 3. F.
F. A. 1. Glee Club 3, 4. Press Club 4. Class
Basketball 2, 3. Class Volleyball 2, 3. Box-
ing and wrestling 2. Stage Mgr. Dramatic
Play 3, 4. "Censor" 3. Home Economics 3, 4.



HAZEL ENGEL "Lady Goodnature"

Hazel is a merry girl
And ready with good cheer.
She's short and plump and jolly
And we're glad to have her here.
French Club 2. Class Basketball 3. Class
Volley ball 3.



ARLENE FLETCHER "Lady Virtuous"
 Dark eyes full of fun—
 Keeps her friends all on the run.
 Always finding things to do,
 You can never find her blue.
 Track 2, 3. "Echo" 4. Class Basketball 3.
 Class Volley ball 3.



EILEEN FORD "Lady Just-on-time"
 From Oneonta came fair Eileen
 Who sometimes seems so very quiet;
 But other times—ah, she's a riot.
 Transferred from Oneonta High School:
 Dramatic Club 4. Glee Club 4. Ass't Editor
 "Echo" 4.



GRACE HAGER "Lady Cynical"
 Greet's you with a smile;
 Mischievous and likeable,
 She makes things worth while.
 Glee Club 3, 4. Class Basketball 3. Grade
 News Editor of "Censor" 3. French Club 2.
 Senior Candy Committee 4. Class Volleyball
 3. Society Editor "Echo" 4.



VELMA HALL "Lady Constancy"
 Never flushed, never flurried,
 Always quiet, and unworried.
 Glee Club 1, 2. Home Economics 2, 3, 4.



RUTH HAMLIN "Lady Chatter"
 Laughing, chattering, on her way,
 Sometimes sad, and sometimes gay,
 And glances at her book each day.
 Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Basketball 1, 2.
 Home Economics 3. Prize Speaking 3. Dramatic
 Club 4.



ALVIN HAYES "Sir Cupid"
 If he were given half a chance,
 He'd lead us all a merry dance.
 Baseball 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3. Football 4.
 Track 3. Class Basketball 1, 2, 3. Class Base-
 ball 3. Class Volley ball 3. F. F. A. 2, 3, 4.
 Ag. Judging team 2, 3, 4. Athletic Club 2, 3.



MARIAN HENDERSON "Lady Erudite"

Marian is a studious girl
And studies most of the time;
As her marks are very high,
Everything with her is fine.
Sec. of Class 4. Dramatic Club 3, 4. French Club 3, 4. President of French Club 3. Junior Prom Committee 3. Circulation Mgr. "Echo" 4. Press Club 4. "Censor" 3.



BRUCE HILL "Sir Reliable"

Bruce is a man of good understanding,
And really not so very hard at handling.
Glee Club 1. F. F. A. 1, 2. Tennis Club 2, 3.



GERALD HINE "Sir Ready-wit"

The idiosyncrasies of this boy's mind,
Make an equal to his type hard to find.
He's never alone, for he has a pal,
And together they think of mischief all.
Basketball 2, 3. Football 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Tennis team 3. Class Basketball 2, 3. Class Baseball 2, 3. Class Volley ball 3. Dramatic Club 4. Press Club 4. French Club 3, 4. Athletic Club 3. Circulation Mgr. "Censor" 3. Joke Editor "Echo" 4. Junior Prom Committee 3. Tennis Club 2, 3.



DONNA HITCHCOCK "Lady Good-sport"

She's clever, friendly, a good athlete,
And everyone knows she's not hard to meet.
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Class President 2. Tennis Club 2. French Club 2, 3. Athletic Club 2, 3. Class Volley ball 3. President Dramatic Club 3. Joke Editor "Censor" 3. Treas. of Athletic Ass'n 4. Senior Play 4. Junior Prom Committee 3. Literary Editor "Echo" 4. Press Club 4. Basketball 3.



CATHERINE HOUCK "Lady Helpfulness"

Working hard and laughing much,
She mixes the two
With just the right touch.
Dramatic Club 3. French Club 2, 3. Bus. Mgr. Dramatic Play 3. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Society Editor "Censor" 3. Society Editor "Echo" 4.



NEWTON HOVEY "Sir Optimism"

"Newt", the eternal follower of fun,
Has changed a lot since the year has begun.
Dramatic Club 3, 4. Press Club 4. French Club 3. Athletic Club 2, 3. F. F. A. 1. Orchestra 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Ass't Mgr. Football 4. Class Basketball 2, 3. Class Volley ball 2, 3. Class Baseball 2, 3. Operetta 1. Dramatic Play 4. Stage Manager Dramatic Play 3. Tennis Club 1, 2, 3. Junior Prom Committee 3. "Censor" 3. Prize Speaking 3.



MELANCTON HOYT "Sir Jester"
 The actor, the clown,
 The man about town,
 He's witty, ambitious,
 But not very studious.
 Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 3. Senior Play 4, 5, 6. Dramatic Play 5, 6. "Echo" 4, 5, 6. President Dramatic Club 6. Baseball 3. Class Basketball 4, 5. Class Baseball 5.



BETH JACOBS "Lady Shyness"
 Bethie is a quiet one
 With her lessons always done.
 Never late, just on time;
 We say, "How great, how fine!"
 Home Economics 2, 3.



BETTY LORD "Lady Absent-minded"
 Betty is a quiet maiden of wisdom,
 Who likes jolly folk, and is always with them.
 Treas. of Class 4. French Club 3, 4. Vice-president French Club 3. Sec. French Club 4. Dramatic Club 4. Orchestra 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Volley ball 3. Junior Prom Committee 3. Ass't Alumni Editor "Echo" 4. Athletic Club 2.



VELMA LORD "Lady Sedate"
 Sedate, sophisticated, but none the less,
 She loves her fun with all the rest.
 Orchestra 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Dramatic Club 3, 4. Vice-president Dramatic Club 4. Silas Marner Play 1. Class Basketball 2, 3. Mgr. Class Volley ball 3. Society Editor of "Censor" 3. Editor-in-chief of "Echo" 4. Junior Prom Committee 3. Athletic Club 2, 3.



BERNARD LOVEJOY "Sir Short-stop"
 Bernard is our baseball man
 Who numbers many as his fans.
 Is he good? I'll say he's good,
 And always right on hand.
 Orchestra 1, 2, 3. Baseball 3, 4. Class Volley ball 1, 3. Class Basketball 1, 2, 3. Class Baseball 1, 2, 3. Ass't Sports Editor "Echo" 4. Bus. Mgr. "Censor" 3. Athletic Club 1. Glee Club 1.



MAURICE MCGINNIS "Sir Happy-go-lucky"
 Maurice is a good-natured fellow,
 Who, when work is to be done,
 Would not be called exactly mellow.
 Orchestra 2, 4. F. F. A. 2, 3. Athletic Club 2, 3. Class Baseball 2, 3. Class Basketball 3. Tennis Club 1, 2, 3.



ELLEN NYMANN "Lady Dimples"
 Very sweet and rather small,
 A charming smile, and that's not all,
 Secretary of class 2. Basketball 3. French
 Club 4.



LANA OLMSTEAD "Lady Pensive"
 Very quiet, very shy;
 Her industry
 Quite makes us sigh.
 "Censor" 3. Class Volley ball 3. Senior
 Candy Committee 4.



JOHN PALMER "Sir Debonair"
 Liking work less than he ought,
 Life for him no trials has brought.
 Football 3, 4. Class Basketball 2, 3. Class
 Baseball 2, 3. Class Volley ball 2, 3. "Cen-
 sor" 3. Circulation Mgr. "Echo" 4. Athletic
 Ass'n 2, 3. Dramatic Club 3, 4. Dramatic
 Club Play 4. Senior Play 4.



CLARA PARSONS "Lady Wit"
 Her sunny smile scatters joy around;
 Where fun is, she's always to be found.
 Sec. and Treas. 3. President French Club 4.
 Secretary Dramatic Club 4. Class Basket-
 ball 2, 3. Silas Marner Play 1. Dramatic
 Club Play 3. Senior Play 4. Junior Prom
 Committee 3. Joke Editor "Echo" 4. Glee
 Club 2, 3, 4. Senior Candy Committee 4.



MARIAN PECKHAM "Lady Efficiency"
 "Peck" is the illustrious maiden
 Who full of music is laden:
 Very studious and also popular
 Here's a girl who will go far.
 President of Class 4. Dramatic Club 3, 4.
 French Club 3, 4. Orchestra 2, 3, 4. Glee
 Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Tennis 2. Librarian of Or-
 chestra 3. Sec. and Treas. Glee Club 3.
 Basketball 3. Class Basketball 2, 3. Class
 Volley ball 3. Student Coach Dramatic Play
 3. Junior Prom Committee 3. Lit. Editor
 "Echo" 4. News Editor "Censor" 3.



ROSE ROBERTS "Lady Bright-eyes"
 Always merry, always gay,
 Every day's a holiday—
 But sometimes busy as a bee:
 A very active girl is she.
 Vice-president of Class 3. Glee Club 2.
 Home Economics 3. Class Basketball 3.



WALTER ROIDER "Sir Talkative"
 He's manager of many teams,
 And quite studious he seems.
 Talking is his chief delight,
 He's best at that when in a fight.
 Class Treasurer 1. Class President 3. Press Club 4. Athletic Club 2, 3. Glee Club 1, 3, 4. Tennis Club 2, 3. Basketball 3. Baseball 3, 4. Mgr. of Football 3, 4. Class Basketball 3. Volley ball 3. Senior Play 4. Operetta 1. Junior Prom Committee 3. Sports Editor "Echo" 4. Sports Editor "Censor" 3.



MINA SEELEY "Lady Domestic"
 Mina is the quiet type,
 Who does her work with all her might.
 Home Economics Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3. Silas Marner Play 1.



JOYCE SHOWALTER "Lady Loquacious"
 Full of pep and witty remarks
 Fond of fun and ready for larks.
 Great as a teacher of little folk.
 And in public-speaking she's no joke.
 Dramatic Club 3, 4. French Club 3, 4. Athletic Club 3. Glee Club 3, 4. Senior Play 4. Junior Prom Committee 3. Ass't Mgr. "Echo" 4. Editor of "Censor" 3. Prize Speaking (local) 1. Inter League 2, 3. Press Club 4.



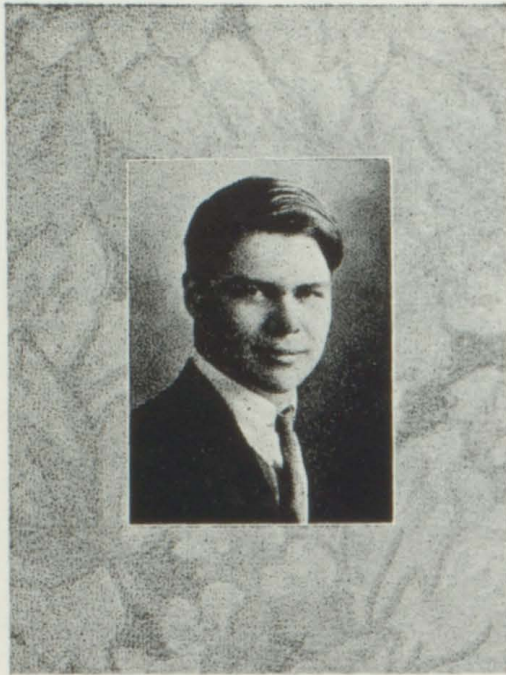
HARRIET SIPPLE "Lady Daintiness"
 Harriet is a pretty girl
 Full of pep and glee.
 In a dramatic club play,
 Oh, she's the one to see.
 Dramatic Club 4. French Club 2. Glee Club 3, 4. Basketball 3. Class Basketball 3. Class Volley ball 3. Dramatic Play 4. Alumni Editor "Echo" 4. Prize Speaking 3. Senior Candy Committee 4.



DOROTHY STANTON "Lady Low-voice"
 Goodnatured, but stubborn at times;
 Liking, and liked by, all kinds.
 Generous and happy-go-lucky is she.
 May her nature light-hearted ever be.
 French Club 3. Dramatic Club 3, 4. Athletic Club 2, 3. Orchestra 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Tennis Club 2. Junior Prom Committee 3. "Censor" 3.



DOROTHY TAFT "Lady Vivacity"
 Our Dorothy is a clever girl,
 Who may go far with her little curl.
 Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Dramatic Club 3, 4. Home Economics 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Basketball 2, 3. Dramatic Club Play 3.



JOSEPH THROOP

"Sir Big-shot"

"Joe" is a very busy man,
Where work is, he's always on hand.
A good scholar, and athlete as well,
His abilities are not so hard to tell.
Orchestra 2. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. French
Club 3, 4. Class Basketball 3. Senior
Play 3, 4. Washington Play 2. Mgr. Base-
ball 2. Baseball 3, 4. Football 3, 4. Basket-
ball 2, 3. Athletic Club 2, 3. Junior Prom
Committee 3. Bus. Mgr. "Echo" 4. Ass't
Editor "Censor" 3.

SENIORS

The Seniors of B. C. H. S. are approaching the time when they must bid goodby to their beloved school, and each must follow separately a new road that he may at last reach his allotted place in the world.

Early in the school year the Seniors organized their class. Marian Peckham was chosen president; Joseph Throop, vice-president; Betty Lord, treasurer; and Marion Henderson, secretary. Miss Williams and Miss Petley were chosen as the faculty advisors of the class.

Mingled with their school work, and class duties, the Seniors sought amusement. A hike climaxing in a hot-dog roast on the top of Camel's Hump was planned. After being postponed because of unfavorable weather, one autumn evening the group gathered around a blazing fire and ate hot-dogs, doughnuts, and rolls, with plenty of mustard, and entertained each other by telling stories, jokes, and singing.

The Seniors were delighted when they received an invitation to attend a birthday party in honor of Bernard Lovejoy, for they well remembered the wonderful time they had had as Juniors at the Lovejoy home. This occasion proved equally delightful. A school bus conveyed the group to Harpursville. The party was a complete surprise to "Bud." The chief amusement of the evening was found in playing Bunco, a game which gained so in popularity from that time that it soon became the chief amusement of the classes and study-halls of B. C. H. S. Dainty refreshments were served by Mrs. Lovejoy. After listening to "Bud" and "Jerry" play and sing together, the guests departed, returning to Bainbridge just before midnight on a beautiful October evening.

Because of the lack of a "gym," the Seniors were unable to give the annual Hallowe'en Party-Dance, so they welcomed with joy the invitation

of their classmate, Jane Crawford, to hold a party at her home in West Bainbridge. The spacious rooms of the Crawford home, beautifully decorated with orange and black, made a splendid place for the party. Here again the Seniors enjoyed themselves to their fullest capacity.

The class, under the able leadership of their president, Marian Peckham, decided to do what must be done punctually and satisfactorily. To earn money, which seems always to be a serious problem of the Senior Class, candy was sold for several months to fellow-scholars and the workmen.

Early in the year the class chose the "Echo" staff and much time thereafter was devoted to the planning of this book.

Twelve seniors, accompanied by two juniors and their faculty advisers, Miss Williams and Miss Petley, made plans to visit Washington, Philadelphia, and New York during Easter vacation.

After the Senior play, "Whittlin'," was selected and the cast of characters chosen, much laborious work was spent in making it a success. It was decided to give the play the first part of May.

The goal of all Seniors, Graduation, stood before them constantly, and, eagerly, yet with a feeling of regret at leaving the pleasant memories of B. C. H. S., they looked forward to this occasion and to the future which then will commence to be disclosed to them as time marches on.

MARION HENDERSON

THE KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF THE ROUND TABLE

Sir Lancelot	Jack Palmer
Lady Elaine	Eileen Ford
Sir Galahad	Joseph Throop
Sir Gawaine	Alvin Hayes
Queen Guinevere	Grace Hager
King Arthur	Newton Hovey
Merlin	Kenneth Elander
Sir Tristram	Gerald Cooley
Sir Modred	Gordon Burton
Queen Morgan-le-Fay	Donna Hitchcock
Sir Bors	Bernard Lovejoy
Sir Kay	Lawrence Eggleston
Sir Lucan	Melancton Hoyt
Percival's sister	Marian Peckham
Sir Percival	Junior Roider

THE SCHOOL ALPHABET

A is for Algebra,
"June" Roider's Waterloo.

B is for baseball,
The sport of the Spring.

C is for the cooking,
Which the homemakers BURN.

D are the desks,
Which are cruelly inscribed.

E is for Evans,
Instructor of sports.

F are the Freshmen,
The pests of the school.

G is for grammar,
Miss Petley's delight.

H is for Homework,
The bane of us all.

I is for initiative,
Which most of us lack.

J is for judgment,
Which "Prof" oft proclaims.

K is for Knowledge,
Which we wish to attain.

L is for lessons,
Which are never complete.

M is for Music,
The solace of spirits.

N is for nuisance,
Claude Terry's first name.

O is for owls,
Whose wisdom we envy.

P is for progress,
Which is made by our work.

Q is for Questions,
Which Freshmen WILL ask.

R is for research,
Carried on in the "lab."

S is for study-halls,
Of which we need more.

T is for time,
Which is wasted in volumes.

U is for unity,
The aim of our teams.

V is for victory,
The goal of our teams.

W is for wit;
Very few have it.

X is for eXams,
For which we all cram.

Y is for youth,
The ward of the school.

Z is for zenith,
Which the Seniors have reached.



Juniors

Much Ado About Nothing

THE JUNIOR CLASS

President	Doris Stead
Vice-President	Marian Lewis
Secretary-Treasurer	Jean Dawson
Advisor	Miss Bailey

The Junior Class of 1933-1934 has been striving to make this year's activities the most successful. Soon after school resumed its usual routine, a meeting was held and the class officers were elected. Then the duties of the Junior Class began.

While there was fair weather, we decided it would be pleasant to have a steak roast. One sunny afternoon in early autumn, we started hiking on our way toward the highest peak of the famous Camel's Hump. The climb had increased our appetites, strange to say, and seated around an open fire, we partook of a very delicious supper. To complete our evening's enjoyment we played games, told stories and also sang songs. This roast was greatly enjoyed by all the Juniors present.

The Junior paper was our next responsibility. The staff was elected and a name chosen. Thus "The Vagabond Gossip" began its climb up the ladder to success.

The Juniors are hoping their next year will be still more profitable and that they are prepared to take their place as the Seniors of B. C. H. S., to carry on the traditions of other years.

JEAN DAWSON

JUNIORS



FIRST ROW

William Van Valkenburg, Susan Bennett, Sammy Taylor, Viola Sherman, John Spring
Marcella Lowry, Claude Terry

SECOND ROW

Olive Corbin, Irma Smith, Doris Stead, Miss Bailey (Adviser), Jean Dawson, Marion Lewis
Roberta Burton

THIRD ROW

Alton Palmer, Gladys Covey, Lenore Andrews, Gertrude McPherson, Ruth Taylor, Ruth
Weeks, Louisa Bennett, Ruth Sherman, Naomi Gifford, Murray Wilcox

FOURTH ROW

Lena Delello, Elva Warner, Mae Collington, Wilma Gustafson, Marion Webb, Edith
Collington, Douglas Baldwin, Paul Fairbanks

FIFTH ROW

Kenneth Wilcox, Whitney Titus, Ronald Matthews, Robert Herrick, Raymond Miner
Frederick Tilford, Paul Doolittle

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

- "He wears his faith but as a fashion of the hat; it ever changes with the next block."
John Spring.
- "I would my horse had the speed of your tongue and so good a continuer."
Claude Terry.
- "It is not so, nor 'twas not so, and God forbid it to be so."
Doris Stead.
- "He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb
the feats of a lion."
"Sam" Taylor.
- "So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing."
Mae Collington.
- "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."
Irma Smith.
- "By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady."
Ruth Taylor.
- "Bait the hook well; this fish will bite."
Ronald Matthews.
- "He hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart
thinks his tongue speaks."
"Doug" Baldwin.
- "Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches."
"Pete" Tilford.
- "Why, what's the matter, that you have such a February face so full of frost, of
storm, and cloudiness?"
Alton Palmer.
- "I wonder that you will still be talking; nobody marks you."
Lena Delello.
- "I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me."
Marian Lewis.
- "Is she not a modest young lady?"
Ruth Sherman.
- "Can the world buy such a jewel?"
Viola Sherman.
- "In mine eyes she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on."
Marian Webb.
- "A very forward March-chick!"
Lenore Andrews.
- "He is of a very melancholy disposition."
Whitney Titus.
- "I know you by the wagging of your head."
"Sue" Bennett.
- "Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide
itself?"
Ruth Weeks.
- "I was born to speak all mirth and no matter."
Wilma Gustafson.
- "And she is exceeding wise."
Olive Corbin.
- "She's an excellent sweet lady."
Jean Dawson.
- "He doth indeed show some speaks that are like wit."
"Ken" Wilcox.



Sophomore

Alice in Wonderland

SOPHOMORES

At the beginning of the year the Sophomores held their first meeting. After much noise and argumentation, the following officers were elected:

President	Jack Eldred
Vice-President	Betty Birdsall
Secretary	Bernice Gifford
Treasurer	Winsor Casey
Advisors	Miss Gifford
	Mr. Evans

We had a hot-dog roast on Camel's Hump a few weeks after school began. Everyone had a good time, except Miss Gifford, who was not feeling so good. Some of us wondered if she were just pretending so that she might get a ride home in the yellow roadster. Everyone had neglected to bring flashlights or any other forms of lighting and the hill had to be descended in the dark.

Shortly before Christmas we had a party at the Guild Hall. Although few attended, a good time was had by them in playing games and especially in eating.

We decided we needed some money to keep our treasurer busy, so we held a bake sale at Dix's Market and made quite a sum. Somewhat encouraged, we thought we would sell Christmas seals. However, since few were interested, this plan turned out to be a failure.

Perhaps we have been a little slow and haven't accomplished much, but we hope to improve and continue to have more good times in the future.

BERNICE GIFFORD

SOPHOMORES



FIRST ROW

Edward Peckham, Robert Dowd, Paul Sherman, Gerald Weeks, Richard Doolittle, Bastine Caracillo, Stuart Friedel, Everett Herrick

SECOND ROW

Joe Delello, Miss Gifford(Advisor), Betty Birdsall, Jack Eldred, Bernice Gifford
Mr. Evans(Advisor), Esther Franks

THIRD ROW

Ruth Andrews, Jessamine Davis, Mary Johnson, June Olmstead, Winifred Finch, Blanche Montgomery, Georgianna Hovey, Louise Stillson, Florence Hendrickson, Mary Delello

FOURTH ROW

Edward Luckenbach, Alma Warner, Mary Smith, Evelyn Herrick, Gretchen Hartmann
James Ryan, Allen Harmon, Martin Bachouska, Jack Schaffer, Roger Dix

FIFTH ROW

Clara Wilcox, Edith Foster, Lavonne Beers, Florence Franks, Agnes Russell, LeRoy Baldwin, Charles Boyce, Ralph Talcott

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

"Well, I've often seen a cat without a grin, but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life." How about	"Jerry" Weeks
"Oh, dear, I nearly forget that I've got to grow up!"	Evelyn Herrick
"A large caterpillar quietly smoking a long hookah."	"Ed" Luckenbach
"Keep your temper."	Roger Dix
"I don't know."	Mary Smith
"I should like to be a little larger."	Mary Johnson
"Really, I don't think."	Edith Foster
"Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round."	Jimmy Ryan
"Wake up, Dormouse!"	Stewart Friedel
"Consider, my dear, she is only a child."	June Olmsted
"Don't be impertinent."	Jack Shaffer
"She felt very curious to know what it was all about."	Jessamine Davis
"I don't much care where I get so long as I get somewhere."	Allan Harmon
"Mind what you're doing!"	Georgiana Hovey
"What a clear way you have of putting things."	Gretchen Hartmann
"I make you a present of everything I've said as yet."	Agnes Russel
"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall be too late!"	Clara Wilcox
"I'm never sure what I'm going to be, from one minute to another."	Mary Delello

SOME CHARACTERS

The Queen of Hearts	Betty Birdsall
The King of Hearts	Jack Eldred
The Knave of Hearts	Richard Doolittle
The White Rabbit	Blanche Montgomery
The March Hare	Winsor Casey
The Mad Hatter	Paul Sherman
The Mock-Turtle	Ralph Talcott
The Duchess	Bernice Gifford
The Dodo	"Don" Babcock
The Mouse	Florence Sherman



Freshmen

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

At the beginning of the year the Freshman Class, with the usual amount of noise, decided upon their advisor—Miss Sheehan. Next the officers were chosen as follows:

President	Llewellyn Hubbard
Vice-President	Ralph Hager
Secretary	Andrew Whitney
Treasurer	Joyce Husted

Then everyone wanted a party, and decided to have it at the Guild Hall. Games were played and later refreshments were served. Those who attended the party announced that they certainly had had a pleasant evening.

Although the Freshmen Class has not accomplished much as yet, in the following years they expect to do "bigger and better things."

JOYCE HUSTED

FRESHMEN



FIRST ROW

Bruce Weeks, Miss Sheehan(Advisor), Andrew Whitney, Joyce Husted, Llewellyn Hubbard
Ralph Hager, Letha Sisson, James Taft

SECOND ROW

Ruth Doolittle, Lorene Sipple, Alton Hollenbeck, Beatrice Bullis, Mayfred Dildine
Ralph Riley, Dorothy Webb, Marguerite Hine

THIRD ROW

Robert Smith, Emilou Howland, Homer Dutcher, Marion Norton, Peter Martin, Viola Taft
Donald Sweet, Minnie Breed, Vernon Livingston

FOURTH ROW

Victor Gunther, Stanley Hutchinson, Eugene Houck, Marion Dibble, Henry Supplee, Jr.
Roselyn Lovelace, Stanley Norton, Francis Sherwood

MOTHER GOOSE

"A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar."	Eugene Houck
"Practice drives me mad."	Ralph Hager
"He learned to play when he was young"	James Taft
"A man of words and not of deeds Is like a garden full of weeds."	Bruce Weeks
"Elsie Marley is grown so fine, She won't get up . . . till eight or nine."	Viola Taft
"The parrot is a prate-apace, Yet knows not what he says."	Peter Martin
"My face is my fortune."	Emilou Howland
"Buff neither laughs nor smiles" (but he grins)	Vernon Livingston
"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray We're two bonny lassies."	Lorene Sipple, Marguerite Hine
"When he meets a pretty girl, He takes her by the hand."	Donald Sweet
"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn."	Alton Hollenbeck
"For he could sweetly sing."	Kermit Nichols
"He is a gallant bird."	Robert Smith
"Curly Locks, Curly Locks."	Joyce Husted
"Little maid, pretty maid."	Beatrice Bullis
"Mistress Mary, quite contrary."	Dorothy Webb
"Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy."	Llewellyn Hubbard
"Up the street and down the street."	Stanley Norton
"N for Sir Nobody, ever in fault."	Victor Gunther
"The late Madame Fry Wore heels an ell high."	Marian Norton
"From cares I'm free, and my heart is light."	Marian Dibble
Little Bo-Peep	Mayfred Dildine
Little Miss 'Muffet	Emma Lynch
Humpty Dumpty	Homer Dutcher
"Turn 'em out, knaves all three!"	Ralph Riley, Francis Sherwood, Stanley Hutchinson





CLASS ADVISORS



SENIOR PLAY



CLASS OFFICERS



WIT CLUB



? CLUB



1934 REVISION



WHOA!



FOOT HILLS



THINKIN'?

SPORTS

This year at Bainbridge High School has been rather poor for sports. We had a good football team, but decided that we couldn't have a basketball team, due to the incompleteness of our new gymnasium. So during the winter our sports were limited to ping-pong, skating and tobogganing.

FOOTBALL

The Bainbridge eleven was a team to be proud of this year. They defeated Hancock and Franklin and were only defeated by the Norwich J. V.'s and Deposit. We were the only team to score on Deposit throughout their whole season. We also held Sidney to a scoreless tie.

At Hancock, the boys outplayed Hancock throughout the game, but as this was their first game under the Warner double wing back system, they were a little handicapped. However, Sam Taylor intercepted Hancock lateral and raced eighty yards to a touchdown.

We next had a practise game with Oxford, but the less said about that game the better. Oxford had many substitutes, more than Bainbridge, and "Little Giants," dead on their feet, but still scrapping as if for their lives, put up a great scrap.

We hit the Norwich Junior Varsity next. After outplaying them the entire game, "Rusty" Elander, captain and star fullback, reinjured his trick knee, and was forced from the game. Besides that, our two regular halfbacks were also out of the game, Hubbard with a bad ankle, and Wilcox out of town. So Norwich pushed over a touchdown and though we fought hard, we weren't able to catch them.

Franklin came next. We took them easily, 6-0. After gaining a touchdown early in the first quarter, we were content to let Franklin do the work. Franklin was over the fifty yard line into our territory only once during the entire game.

Deposit came to our town full of the idea that they were going to take "that little Bainbridge team by a big score." And did we show them. For three quarters the spectators saw a battle of a good little fellow against a big fellow. Deposit must have outweighed our team by about twenty pounds to the man. But did that make any difference to the "Little Giants"? They set to work and pushed over a touchdown, the first of the season Deposit had had against them. Then two bad breaks occurred and Deposit had a touchdown for themselves. An intercepted pass gave Deposit another touchdown, but from then on until the last quarter there was no more scoring. Then our "Little Giants," dead on their feet, but still scrapping as if for their lives, were pushed farther and farther back. Joe Throop, star guard, making such a fierce tackle, knocked himself out and had to leave the game. Elander came out from being in such an exhausted state. The line was on their knees fighting as hard as possible, all vowing to themselves "they won't go through my position." What was a bloody nose in that game? Bainbridge knew they had a fight on their hands when they went out against Deposit. But that didn't stop them. Even in defeat they left the field leaving no doubt in the minds of the spectators as to what they were made of, and Deposit left with a lot of respect for the Bainbridge "Little Giants."

The next game for our boys was with Sidney. Bainbridge has never beaten Sidney, but we had high hopes of doing it this year. However, after another hard scrap the final score was 0-0. Both teams were evenly matched and fought it out most of the time between the 40 yard lines. At the begin-

ning of the game, Sidney had it over us. However, the final periods saw Bainbridge threatening Sidney's goal line several times.

The Bainbridge eleven was capably lead on the field by "Rusty" Elander. At fullback, Elander was the spear-head of the game. He handled the ball in almost every play. He blocked, passed and plunged. In the Warner System the fullback has an important assignment. Rusty certainly filled that assignment well.

At quarterback we had Gerald Hine. Quoting from an interested spectator, "Jerry plays a nice conservative game at quarterback. He picks his plays nicely, and does a good job at blocking. For a little fellow he certainly has a lot of scrap." We think that covers Gerald Hine perfectly. This is Jerry's second year at quarterback and he has done a good job each year.

At the halfback positions we find Kenneth Wilcox and Llewellyn Hubbard. Hubbard was our kicking and running star. To see his 40 yard punts go soaring down the field held a great thrill. Wilcox was a slippery little fellow, good at running ends and off tackle. "Ken" has lots of speed and sometimes shows his heels to even his interference.

Starting at one end of the line we find "Sam" Taylor, another little fellow who played a scrappy game all the time. He turned in end runs as well as a college end and was a wizard at snaring passes.

Next in line was Joe Throop, a guard. Joe was in there most of the time, always fighting, and never thinking of himself. Joe led the interference to many plays, and was responsible for many yards gained.

Paul Fairbanks was our center. He played a good defensive game throughout the year. Being in the center of the line, Paul had a lot of plays directed at him. But no one really gained many yards against him.

On the other side of the line we find Carlton Wilcox. Carlton was always in the middle of every scrimmage. Many was the time when he followed plays around the ends to bring the runner down for no gain.

Joe Delello played next to Wilcox. Joe was in there all the time, encouraging his team-mates to "hold that line." He threw himself into the center of things, regardless of himself. His only thought was to stop that runner.

"Ed" Mulwane played at tackle. He was another boy who was always encouraging his team-mates. Not many opponents went through "Ed." He had many rivals for his position, but he won the coveted place on the first team by his fighting spirit.

The other end position was divided by Jack Palmer and Gordon Burton. So close were they matched that a coin was tossed to see which one would start the game. They were both good at going down the field after punts, at breaking interference and turning in end runs.

To the boys who relieved these first string, go the heartiest thanks of the Varsity. The "subs" worked hard, always working for their team and never for themselves. Among these fellows were Alvin Hayes, Jim Ryan, Raymond Miner, Allan Harmon, Kenneth Davis, Jack Schaffer and Murray Wilcox.

The Bainbridge High School football team wishes to thank the people of Bainbridge and the students of the High School for their loyal support.

FOOTBALL



FIRST ROW

*Sam Taylor, *Jack Palmer, *Kenneth Wilcox, *Russell Elander(Captain), *Jerry Hine
*Paul Fairbanks, *Joe Delello

SECOND ROW

*Gordon Burton, Jimmy Ryan, Allen Harmon, *Joe Throop, Murray Wilcox, Jack Shaffer

THIRD ROW

Coach James Evans, *Llewellyn Hubbard, *Alvin Hayes, *Ken Davis(Co-Captain)
*Raymond Minor, *Junior Roider(Manager)

ABSENTEES

*Edward Mulwane, *Carlton Wilcox

* Signifies Letter Men

B. C. H. S. BASEBALL TEAM OF '33 AND '34

Last year in the month of March the call for baseball candidates was issued. Quite a few answered the call, but most of them were "rookies."

Last year's team members were as follows: Alvin Hayes, our only pitcher, who did neither exceptionally well nor bad under the circumstances; Carlton Wilcox, catcher; Junior Roider held down the initial sack; Gerald Hine, second base, and Bernard Lovejoy at short stop. Gordon Burton covered the hot corner. Our fielders consisted of Sam Taylor in left field; "Doc" Miner in center, and Kenneth Wilcox in right.

Substitutes who participated in some of the games were James Ryan, Gerald Cooley, Joe Throop, Joe Delello, Paul Sherman and "Don" Price.

We did our best with these regulars and subs, but our best was not good enough. This year we expect a much better result for our prospects seem better. We have lost Carlton Wilcox by graduation but Martin Bacuska, a new find, has a good chance of being this year's catcher. Alvin Hayes is back as a pitcher with Llewellyn Hubbard also trying out. Wilson Rahl, another new recruit, looks like pitching material. He is a "southpaw." It has been rumored that Donald Sweet, another "southpaw," is thinking of trying out for pitcher.

There is keen rivalry between several of the players this year. New men and last year's players are all out to be on the first team. We expect a great fight for every position. With all these new players and with our new coach, Mr. Evans, we expect to "go places and do things" this year.

All you loyal school supporters come out and give us your backing for it helps a great deal. It will give us something to inspire us on. We, the members of the team, will be greatly pleased if you give us your support.

1933 BASEBALL TEAM

*Carlton Wilcox
*Alvin Hayes
*Junior Roider
*Gerald Hine
*Bernard Lovejoy
*Gordon Burton
*Sam Taylor
*Raymond Miner
*Kenneth Wilcox
*Joseph Throop

Catcher
Pitcher
First Base
Second Base
Short-stop
Third Base
Left Field
Center Field
Right Field
Right Field

SUBSTITUTES

Paul Sherman
Donald Price
*Jack Tuckey

Gerald Cooley
Joseph Delello
Frederick Tilford

ALL STAR GAMES

Carrying out the custom of previous years, the All-Star Football game between the Chenango and Susquehanna Valley Leagues was held this year at New Berlin. Bainbridge was represented by the entire back field, Hine, Elander, Hubbard and Wilcox, and two men from the line, Throop, a guard, and Taylor, an end.

The game was rather disastrous for the Susquehanna Valley, for we lost the game by a big score.

Last year the baseball All Star game and the track meet between the two leagues was held at Franklin. Our representatives in the track meet were Marcella Lowry, who, as in previous years, won the girls' basketball throw, and baseball throw, and Alice Taylor and Verna Banner, who both entered the archery contest.

In the baseball game, B. C. H. S. was represented by Bernard Lovejoy, Carlton Wilcox and Alvin Hayes. Every one of these boys played a good game, Lovejoy making an unassisted double play for the final out of the game.

PING-PONG

Since basketball could not be played this year, the students of B. C. H. S. turned their attention to ping-pong. After a few weeks of preliminary play it was decided to start a tournament among the boys. This idea was carried out. We had an elimination tournament and the victor was Gerald Hine in singles, and Hine and Junior Roider in doubles. Hine, the singles champion, worked his way through a hard field of very good players, among them Lawrence Eggleston, Jack Palmer and Douglas Baldwin. In the finals he met Junior Roider, defeating him three games out of four. Then these two finalists worked their way through eight other teams, to take the doubles championship from Eggleston and Baldwin.

The girls of the school are also interested in ping-pong and as a result we have several very good feminine players.

As Spring approached ping-pong gradually died down, but it has certainly helped during the Winter.

TRIBUTE TO COACH EVANS

The athletes of B. C. H. S. wish to show their appreciation to the Physical Instructor, Mr. Evans, for his patience and good advice while working with them this year. We give our heartiest thanks to him and wish him much success in the future.

Coach Evans came here in the Fall and faced the job of making a football team learn a new system. Evans, who was a member of the famous undefeated, untied and unscored on Colgate Red Raiders, learned his football under Andy Kerr, who taught the famous Warner double wing back system, which consists of intricate plays such as double and triple laterals, double and triple reverses and so on. To teach this to a team who had never seen it before was a hard job. But Coach Evans took off his coat and set to work. The results of his work are plainly shown. Evans also played varsity baseball at Colgate. He played first base in his first three years and in his final year started pitching, but hurt his arm in the first game and had to retire from the game for the rest of the season.

And so, again we extend to him our heartiest thanks for all he has done for us.

"THE MUSICIAN"

We feel extremely proud of our Orchestra this year. It consists of twenty members. Although it has been difficult to find a place for practice, we have stuck together, using the downstairs hall as our meeting place. Each Wednesday night, directly after school, you will see a group of boys and girls gathering, eager for practice to begin.

We have had no chance as yet to show what we can do, but graduation time we hope will show how good we really are. We plan to go to the Spring Festival at Norwich at which time we will participate in playing the following pieces with combined orchestra:

"Golden Jubilee March" by Sousa
"Lights Out" by Earl E. McCoy
"Poet and Peasant Overture" by Von Suppe
"Melody of Peace" by Martin

This year Miss Dolan has endeavored to interest pupils in taking instrumental lessons, which has undoubtedly proved successful. These students will in time be prepared for orchestra and band elsewhere. This year we have had several symphony orchestra instruments added to the orchestra which gives greater balance as regards tone color and tonal combination.

DORIS STEAD

ORCHESTRA



FIRST ROW

Bruce Holman, Marian Peckham, Graydon Cass, Victor Gunther

SECOND ROW

Charles Levee, Velma Lord, Dorothy Stanton, Betty Lord, Donald Babcock, Clara Wilcox
Miss Ruth Dolan(Director)

THIRD ROW

Doris Stead, Alton Hollenbeck, Olive Corbin, Llewellyn Hubbard, Donald McPherson

FOURTH ROW

Maurice McGinnis, Homer Hotaling, Newton Hovey, Stanley Hutchinson

"MUSICAL AMERICA"

I'm sure that old B. C. H. S. will never forget its 20 minute periods, especially those on which the Glee Club met in the fourth grade room, for all the building fairly resounded with music. This year we have not had the privilege of using an auditorium, so Miss Brady kindly consented to allow us to use the fourth grade room where there is a piano. I know that each member of the Glee Club, the entire school, and this community have a reason to feel extremely proud of its Glee Club. It is the largest ever had, consisting of about fifty-seven members.

Near the beginning of the year officers were elected as follows:

President	Velma Banner
Librarian	Gretchen Hartmann
Secretary and Treasurer	Doris Stead

Of course, we would not omit our kind and most patient director, Miss Dolan. I'm sure no one has forgotten that marvelous oratorio, "Crucifixion," by Steiner, which the community chorus, including the Glee Club, gave last year. This January we again prepared for a still harder task for this Spring, the oratorio, "Elijah," by Mendelssohn, which is regarded as the second best oratorio in the world, will be presented with the chorus of Bainbridge and Unadilla combined, including the High School Glee Club. Aside from entertainment for the community, members of the Glee Club and chorus have received unestimated value and appreciation that only the work of such a great master can give.

Along with the Glee Club work on the oratorio we have practiced the music for the Spring Music Festival at Norwich, which includes all the combined Glee Clubs of the schools of Chenango County. The following are the pieces which were used at the Festival:

MIXED CHORUS

- "Awake! Awake!" by C. W. Cadman
- "Echoes from de Cotton Fields" by Moore-Seamans
- "The Royal Minuet" (Minuet in G) by Beethoven
- "Hills of Home" by Oscar J. Fox

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

- "Rosemary" by Vaughn De Leath
- "Home on the Range" by Oscar J. Fox

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

- "The Green Cathedral" by Carl Hahn
- "A Song of You" by C. W. Cadman

Miss Dolan was asked to conduct "Hills of Home" by the Mixed Glee Club. Each year in the first part of May our Glee Club and Orchestra have gone to Norwich to take part in this Festival. It is similar to the festivals held in larger cities such as New York and Chicago. The assembled chorus totals around 400 or 500 persons. Just to see that immense stage filled with boys and girls prepared to sing their very best is enough to take your very breath away and inspire anyone with the love for music.

Miss Dolan, this year, has organized a Boys' Glee Club which she hopes will arouse an interest for enlarging it during the coming year.

DORIS STEAD

GLEE CLUB



FIRST ROW

Newton Hovey, Donald Babcock, Walter Roider, Jr., Gerald Cooley, John Spring, Joseph Throop, Allen Kelly, Eugene Houck

SECOND ROW

Marion Lewis, Ruth Weeks, Dorothy Taft, Gretchen Hartmann, Doris Stead, Donna Hitchcock, Marian Peckham, Lorene Sipple

THIRD ROW

Roberta Burton, Dorothy Stanton, Dorothy Webb, Marguerite Hine, Miss Dolan (Director)
Ruth Taylor, Susan Bennett, Marion Norton, Clara Wilcox, Joyce Showalter

FOURTH ROW

Gladys Dickerson, Mina Seeley, Wilma Gustafson, Georgianna Hovey, Lena Delello, Elva Warner, Clara Parsons, Olive Corbin, Emilou Howland

FIFTH ROW

Edith Foster, Charlotte Taylor, Jean Dawson, Betty Lord, June Olmstead, Joyce Husted
Harriet Sipple, Velma Lord, Marion Dibble

SIXTH ROW

Eileen Ford, Ruth Hamlin, Marcella Lowry

WHITTLIN'

Dr. Adam Good, "Doc Yak," the village doctor	Melancton Hoyt
Ruth Wilson, her mother's daughter	Clara Parsons
Mrs. Josiah Wilson, her mother	Donna Hitchcock
Dave Petterman, the village crab	Jack Palmer
Anabelle Dee, a giggling girl	Joyce Showalter
Jimmy Edwards, "Dopie," who has possibilities	Joseph Throop
Gip, an old friend of Jimmy	Gerald Hine
Johnny Dee, a boy of the village	Junior Roider

The setting of "Whittlin'," is the living room of the Wilson home. Mrs. Wilson is a mother who takes it upon herself to look out for the motherless of the village. She mothers Jimmy, a dope fiend, because he makes her think of her boy who went to war and never returned. With the aid of "Doc Yak," the village doctor, they break him of this habit and he proves to have a really fascinating personality. Ruth, Mrs. Wilson's daughter, fits into this simple story of plain people very nicely with her quiet, demure ways, and it is she who pleases Jimmy so much. Dave, the village crab, and Annabelle Dee, a giggling girl, with the aid of "Whittlin' Doc," succeed in making this simple play very humorous and entertaining.

Besides the cast, these students had a part in making the play a success:

Business Managers	Newton Hovey, Grace Hager
Stage Managers	Kenneth Elander, Eileen Ford
Property	Gladys Dickerson, Lawrence Eggleston, Marian Henderson
Costume	Ruth Hamlin, Rose Roberts, Mina Seeley
Music	Ellen Nymann, Dorothy Stanton
Advertising	Harriet Sipple, Gerald Cooley

DRAMATIC CLUB

President	Melancton Hoyt
Vice-President	Velma Lord
Secretary	Clara Parsons
Treasurer	Gerald Cooley

The Dramatic Club play chosen to be entered in the League Contest this year was "The Trysting Place," a one-act comedy, by Booth Tarkington.

The cast included:

Mrs. Curtis, a widow of perhaps twenty-five	Harriet Sipple
Laneclot Briggs, a boy of perhaps nineteen	Jack Palmer
Mrs. Briggs, his mother, of forty-five or fifty	Doris Stead
Jessie, Lancelot's sister, a pretty girl of twenty	Emilou Howland
Rupert Smith, a young man of about twenty-five	Stanley LeSuer
Mr. Ingoldsby, a man of fifty-five or sixty	Melancton Hoyt
The Mysterious Voice, male and adult	

The play takes place in the lobby of a large country hotel. The lobby is the trysting place of Mrs. Curtis and Lancelot, Jessie and Rupert, and Mrs. Briggs and Mr. Ingoldsby. Many humorous and some embarrassing situations arise when the characters encounter each other at this place. Rupert is Jessie's fiance; against his mother's wishes, Lancelot is in love with Mrs. Curtis; and Mr. Ingoldsby, recalling his broken love affair with Mrs. Briggs, tries to renew old times. The Mysterious Voice, whom we suspected all the time was Newton Hovey, further entangles these situations.

This play won first place in the Susquehanna League contest, which was held at Franklin, and the reward certainly was merited, for the acting, the costumes and stage-settings were excellent. Much credit is due Mr. Casey, Miss Williams and Miss Petley, who coached the play. However, at Oxford, in the Susquenango League contest, Sherburne won.

CLARA PARSONS

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

President	Clara Parsons
Treasurer	Joseph Throop
Secretary	Betty Lord
Chairman of Entertainment Committee	Jean Dawson
Chairman of Rrefreshment Committee	Jessamine Davis

"Le Cercle Francais" did not organize until the second term this year, but now we have begun in earnest. We are hoping to buy French song-books, and are even considering presenting a French play sometime in the future.

We hold our meetings on Tuesday, every two weeks, in the Homemaking House. At our first meeting we sang French songs, accompanied by Marian Peckham, and were entertained by vocal selections sung by Mrs. Ansbacher, and by an interesting talk, illustrated by pictures, given by Miss Rubin concerning her trip abroad. This entertainment and also the fact that we were not required to speak French, made the evening very enjoyable, but the lack of refreshments caused much lament.

At our next seance, held February 13, a one-act play read in French was presented by members of the club, followed by games and singing, and last, but certainly not least, refreshments, which perhaps accounted for the large number present. We are all anticipating our next meeting with some anxiety, for Miss Rubin has announced that henceforth we must speak French. This, I am afraid, will prove to be a case of "when words fail yuh."

BETTY LORD

SCOUTING

Scouting is a universal boy's movement. It is recognized in every country in which it is represented, as a character and citizenship building organization for boys.

Scouting is represented in every country of the world. In 1910 Mr. W. I. Boyce, a newspaper man, introduced Scouting in America and in 1916 Scouting was chartered by Congress.

"The purpose of the Boy Scouts of America is to inflame the civic temper, to develop the virile virtues in a nation that means to live at peace with all World."

The Scouting game is also to try and utilize the boy's leisure time under competent and sympathetic leadership, to popularize a large number of outdoor games and occupations of various sorts in which each boy can give a full share, and to provide the incentive that will attract and hold the boys by means of a compact with an organized body. It is the purpose to supplement all existing educational advantages and not to replace any of them.

Scouting is divided into three branches: the Cubs, the Boy Scouts, and the Sea Scouts. Cubs, boys nine years old, are trained in elementary scouting. Then at the age of twelve, they start out on a hard, five-year program. First a Scout is a Tenderfoot, then Second Class, next First Class and then he continues on to become an Eagle which is the goal of every Scout, as this is the highest award in Scouting.

In order to become a Sea Scout a boy has to be a First Class Scout and fifteen years old. Having these three branches, Scouting can thus include boys from nine to twenty-one.

Bainbridge boasts of its splendid troop. It has twenty-one registered boys with three Eagle Scouts. The troop is as follows:

Rev. B. H. Tite, Scout Master
 Robert Houck, Assistant Scout Master
 Paul Fairbanks, Eagle, Senior Leader
 Jack Palmer, Eagle, Senior Leader
 Junior Roider, Eagle, Senior Leader
 Grayden Cass, First Class
 Frank Lewis, First Class
 James Ryan, First Class
 Russell Stead, First Class
 "Teddy" Searles, First Class
 Winsor Casey, First Class
 Sterlin Hodge, Second Class
 Alton Hollenbeck, Second Class

Stanley Hutchinson, Second Class
 Stanley Lord, Second Class
 Dick Lewis, Second Class
 Dick Parsons, Second Class
 Henry Supplee, Second Class
 George James, Second Class
 Carl Hutchinson, Tenderfoot
 James Taft, Tenderfoot
 Donald Sweet, Tenderfoot
 Eugene Houck, Tenderfoot
 Donald McPherson, Tenderfoot
 Bruce Holman, Tenderfoot

ROBERT HOUCK

WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF---

Miss Ford's classes served 20-minute period lunches free!
Miss Smith's "lab" was blown up by future scientists.
Claude Terry were drowned in Miss Bailey's drawing ink.
There were no arguments in Miss Williams' history classes.
All English students spoke "Correct English."
Miss Sheehan had her idea of an ideal "math" class.
Noiseless typewriters were invented for Miss Adams' classes.
Miss Dolan did not direct the yearly Oratorio.
Miss Gifford's Virgil class were to meet Virgil's Ghost.
All Miss Rubin's pupils had a "perfect" French accent.
Coach Evans taught the Freshmen girls baseball instead of algebra.
Mr. Coe's car broke down so that it could not be fixed.

SENIOR HALLOWE'EN PARTY

It has been the custom, for many years in Bainbridge High School, to have a senior Hallowe'en party. But when the subject of a Hallowe'en party for the class of '34 came up, the prospect was rather dubious; for the gymnasium at that time was far from usable.

After a great deal of discussion and argumentation, for we hated to give up the idea, we decided to accept the kind invitation of our classmate, Jane Crawford, to come to her home for a class gathering.

Thus, on the eve of October 29, 1933, a bus full of Seniors journeyed to the Crawford homestead. Upon arriving we found the spacious house gayly decorated and lighted. Games began at once, and the evening swiftly passed.

After a very refreshing lunch of cider and doughnuts, it seemed that we must return to dear old Bainbridge with only pleasant memories to remind us of that page of Senior History now turned over.

GRACE L. HAGER

CAMP FIRE GIRLS

President	Rose Roberts
Vice-President	Kathleen Franks
Secretary	Grace Hager
Treasurer	Harriet Sipple

The opening of school in the Fall means, to Camp Fire Girls, the re-organization of Camp Fire and its activities. At our first meeting we elected our officers and voted on our new members, after which we enjoyed a happy reunion after a Summer of vacation.

Three weeks from that time found the Camp Fire Girls at the Boy Scout cabin eating a steak supper over an open fire. At this time Emilou Howland, Lorene Sipple, Edith Foster, Eileen Ford and Doris Stead joined our circle.

On October the 19th and 20th of 1933 the Camp Fire Girls held a benefit movie at the Smalley's Theatre in Sidney. Between shows "Iggy" Banner and some of the girls put on a clever dance which proved very successful. The proceeds of this movie are to go towards our camping trip next Summer.

At Christmas it is the desire of the girls to do something for the less fortunate ones of our community. This year, under the careful supervision of our guardian, Miss Bailey, we prepared three baskets containing food and gifts and extended these with our sincere Christmas greetings to some of these families.

This year, due to excess expenses, we have organized a sunshine committee consisting of four members who are to see that any member who is absent or ill is remembered by her Camp Fire Sisters with some kind gift or act. At every meeting each member brings a penny and this fund goes to pay the expenses of the Sunshine Committee. We have found this little plan very successful and appreciated by the girls.

We, the senior members of the Camp Fire Girls, have enjoyed being Camp Fire Girls and working with them. We hope that we will always remember and abide by the Camp Fire Law which is:

Seek Beauty, Give Service, Pursue Knowledge, Be Trustworthy, Hold on to Health, Glorify Work, and Be Happy.

GRACE L. HAGER

HISTORY SECTION

History is the basis of all knowledge. We have profited much from the experiences of former classes of B. C. H. S., and thank them for helping us in making our year-book in which a few members of past graduating classes are representing their classmates in greeting the new "Echo" of 1934.

HARRIET SIPPLE, Alumni Editor
BETTY LORD, Assistant

We, the Class of 1934 in this Alumnae Section of our Echo, pay tribute to the late Mrs. Harvey Ireland.

Mrs. Ireland was for many years Editor of the Bainbridge Republican and during this time and since, Mrs. Ireland collected and kept on file the names and most recent addresses of all the graduates of Bainbridge High School.

To her we owe much for the many choice bits that have appeared in our former Echoes.

In the days when the class of 1891 attended high school in Bainbridge, there were five grade teachers, and a principal and preceptress who taught all high school subjects. The high school periods were but thirty minutes long, and neither of the two teachers had a free period during the six hour day. Regents' examinations were held three times a year, in November, March, and June, and the minimum passing mark was 75%. Prize speaking was held in June, but the declamations were taken from speeches made in Congress that school year. The state of New York did not then pay tuition of high school pupils living in a school district which maintained no high school, so non-resident pupils knew the cost of a year in school. The old building was on the present school site but much smaller. The heating system consisted of large coal stoves, and the ventilating system was provided by raised and lowered windows. During the year the able principal, Mr. Fred J. Turnbull, of Colgate, accepted a position in Oil City, Pa., which he held during the remainder of his life. His successor became ill; and finally the school commissioner of the district bestowed the diplomas on the small group of graduates.

The alumni of long ago rejoice in the enlarged and improved curriculum of today, in the large staff of trained instructors, in the improved facilities for work and play, and in the greater opportunities which are the heritage of the Class of 1934.

AGNES C. HAYES, '91

To the Class of 1934

Looking back over the span of forty-two years since our little class of three graduated from B. H. S. we naturally think of the changes and improvements which this time has brought forth.

You may be interested to know some of the obstacles which a rural student had to overcome at that time. We had to pay a tuition fee before entering. There were no automobiles or improved roads, so we were obliged to drive or ride a horse or walk.

I lived on one of the Corbin farms, about four miles out, near Bennettsville. Between the school and where I lived there was much quicksand, and every Spring when the frost was coming out, the roads would be nearly impassable for four or five weeks. Many a day it was doubtful whether the horse could go through or not. Then in the winters the snow would get deep and often drift so that it was hard, and sometimes impossible, to get through. There were no snow fences then, and the roads were not ploughed out as they are now, and riding in an open sleigh and driving a horse four miles in the winter time with face and hands nearly frozen, is quite different from the way you are cared for to-day with nice warm school buses carrying you quickly and comfortably to and from school.

We are very glad indeed for all the improvements in transportation and in other ways which you are enjoying to-day.

I am sure the other members of my class join me in sending you greetings and best wishes for your future happiness and success in life.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

JULIAN CORBIN, '92

At this time it is a great pleasure to bring a message of congratulation from the by-gone century. As you of this year's class are leaving the Alma Mater of pleasant memories, we give you our best wishes. We trust, that facing the opportunities and duties of a new era, each member of '34 will work out a most useful and happy life.

NATHAN TRUMAN—For the Class of '95

Greetings to the Class of 1934 of Bainbridge High School

It gives me great pleasure, as a member of the Class of 1901, to extend to you individually and collectively my best wishes for your future careers, and to remind you of the fact that no matter where the years may take you, if you have made the most of what your Alma Mater, B. H. S., has offered you, you will never regret having completed your course there.

With best wishes for your happiness and success, I am

Sincerely yours,

HARRISON H. VAN COTT, '01

"Time slips through our fingers like sand," and although it seems only half as long, thirty years have passed since the class of which I was one, was graduated from dear old B. H. S. There were eight of us—four boys and four girls. That was a large class for those days.

Time brings changes, too. Our entire faculty consisted of only seven teachers, no one of whom I do not remember pleasantly. Our building had only eight school rooms, four for the grades, four for the high school. How well I remember each one of them. The study hall where all high school scholars had their seats—the boys on one side, the girls on the other. Our beloved principal, Prof. Crumb, and his assistant presided at their desks from a raised platform in front of the room, the better, probably, to observe any misdemeanors of their charges; the science room where unearthly odors filled the air when curiosity prompted someone to open queer bottles; the library with its tall book-cases, but few books; and its oilcloth-covered tables at which we spent many a busy (?) hour when permitted to study outside the study hall; and the big sunny recitation room where most of the classes

were heard, and the seats were so conveniently arranged as to allow a pin in the toe of some impish boy's shoe to make concentration on his work impossible for the lad in front of him.

It was in the order of things that the graduating class should have a group picture taken, which meant a trip to the nearest photographer. We kept to that order by driving two teams of horses hitched to "surreys," canopy-topped, if I remember correctly, to Sidney. The girls wore traveling dresses and carried gayer frocks to be donned for the picture. There was dinner at the hotel, and then came the real business of the day—sitting for the picture.

All this seems amusing to you now, but in the dim future, shall I say thirty years hence, to that class will the present order of things be just as amusing, and you will look back on your school days from that now seemingly far distant day, as among the happiest of all.

As I recall various classes I find that many have broken the ranks, but ours is still unbroken, and in behalf of them and myself, I extend to the Class of 1934 all good wishes for the attainment of the goals that you have set, with just enough obstacles to make the effort worth while.

MARY SWEET HERRICK, Class 1904 B. C. H. S.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever.

This bit of verse was printed on the cover of the first "Echo," which was published during my Senior year in high school. Since then it has been a pleasure and privilege to receive a copy of each new edition for they are, in fact, the echoes of the school itself which has been growing year by year. And now as a still further addition is being made in the school building, I am reminded of another poem, which is for each of us:

Build Thee more stately mansions, Oh my soul,
As the swift seasons roll.
Leave thy low vaulted past
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
'Til thou at length art free,
Leaving thin outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea.

SHIRLEY STEWART, '15

Class of 1934

May each and every one of you profit by what you have learned in B. C. H. S., and go on seeking higher levels of success, happiness and education which will enrich your lives throughout the coming years.

CARRIE HITCHCOCK, '24

Dear Class of 1934

It is indeed a real privilege to be allowed to send a greeting to you of the Bainbridge Central School as the tenth anniversary of my own graduation from old B. H. S. approaches.

The last ten years have shown many changes in Bainbridge High School. Twice the actual physical building has changed form, and many new guides through the scholastic mazes have come and gone. Two very important things about B. H. S., however, have not changed. The spirit of Bainbridge High School is as alive, as vital and as influential as ever, and the very good

friend of you all, Mr. Casey, is there to set your feet safely on the road of life so much of which is still before you. Happy indeed is Bainbridge Central School in having such a splendid school and able leader for so many years.

In all sincerity I wish happiness and success to you and to your voice, "The Echo." May life hold only good things for all of you.

Sincerely yours

LYDIA E. COLLINS, '24

Nine years ago we, the Class of '25, were also laboriously working on the publication of our "Echo." That year the universe enacted an unusual phenomenon—a total eclipse of the sun. We took advantage of this and tried to carry out the idea of an eclipse in the writing of our paper.

Twelve persons participated in this work. During the few years that have elapsed these people have traveled many different roads. We find them doing several different types of work.

Helen Clark Averell	Teacher, married
Helen Cuyle	I. B. M., Endicott
Elizabeth Finch	Teacher
Viola Freidenstine Smith	Married
Jasper Hand	International Business Machines
Pauline Loudon Piret	Nurse, married
Edith Moore VanTassel	Married
Emma Perry Laidlaw	Married
Irene Robbins Hoyt	Married
Elizabeth Tabor	Dietician
Coville Windor	Manager of the Oneonta branch of the Buche & Company, Stock and Brokerage
Herman Peaslee	Circulation manager of the Oneonta Star

As was the custom, we spent our Easter vacation in Washington, New York and a few hours in Philadelphia. Much time was spent on the senior play, "Professor Pep," and the Christmas Ball at the Town Hall was enjoyed by many.

With best wishes and success for your future from the Class of 1925.

ELIZABETH FINCH, '25

Dear Seniors

As a member of the Class of 1928, I congratulate you upon the completion of your four-year voyage at B. C. H. S. Memories of those years will follow you through life. Probably one of the memories of the past year can best be expressed by the words of Rosetti:

"A diamond or a coal?
A coal, sir, if you please,
One comes to care about the coal
At times when waters freeze."

I wish you success in your new ventures, for having been through the mill myself, I know how hard the past ones have been.

The Echo is a mighty book,
A right good thickness through,
And whom do you think does all the work?
—They say the Seniors do.

I know the Echo will be the best it's ever been.

Sincerely,

DONNA WILCOX, '28

To the Class of '34

I am glad that there is another "Echo" on the way. A new copy of the Echo is always a joy and it repays all the work and effort put on it. It provides a lasting pleasure, for what is more enjoyable than to reread your old copy of the Echo? It brings back all the pleasures of high school days. The Echo is as its name implies: a fine mirror of our school, reflecting the past and present. And now for a little advice: "What we accomplish is what we do—what we do is the larger part of what we are—"

Best wishes for the future of the Class of '34.

VIRGINIA HIRT, '29

Dear Class of '34

We are looking forward to a bigger and better "Echo." We always expect you have improved by our experiences.

I hope that each of you may go on to some higher education. Whether you go or not, put the best you have into your work wherever it is. Remember that at this time "the best" are chosen. There are too many of those who are "Good enough."

The Class of '30 wishes you great success and joy.

Sincerely,

LOUISE WHITMAN, '30

Class of 1934

Graduation! What a score of happy memories that word brings to us who have spent four, long-to-be remembered years in Bainbridge High School. It seems such a short time ago that we, too, were forming our ideas and ideals which since then we have put into practice time and again. We, of the Class of 1931, extend the heartiest of greetings and wish you the best of good luck in the ensuing years.

M. LOUISE LEWIS, '31

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

"The Triflers"	James Taft, Eugene Houck, Stanley Hutchinson
"The Talking Woman"	Agnes Russel
"The Cheerful Cherub"	Junior Roider
"The Eternal Feminine"	Harriet Sipple
"A Tramp Abroad"	Stanley Norton
"Innocents Abroad"	Lorene Sipple, Emilou Howland
"Beau Brummel"	John Bloomer
"Sense and Sensibility"	Marian Henderson
"Clever Betsy"	Betty Lord
"Chinese Parrot"	Jessamine Davis
"Sentimental Tommy"	Jack Palmer
"Ne'er-do-well"	Edward Luckenbach
"People Like That"	Lenore A and Gladys C.
"The Brass-Bounder"	"Bud" Supplee
"The Music Master"	Marian Peckham
"The Magic Flute"	Olive Corbin
"A Knight Among Ladies"	John Spring
"Partners"	Rose Roberts, "Melly" Hoyt
"Comrades"	Velma Lord, Ellen Nymann
"The Trouble-Maker"	Paul Sherman
"The Three Musketeers"	Joe Throop, "Jerry" Hine, Junior Roider
"Amateur Gentleman"	Ralph Talcott
"American Beauty"	June Olmsted
"Visioning"	Donna Hitchcock
"Little Sir Galahad"	Jack Eldred
"Smiles"	Clara Parsons
"He Comes Up Smiling"	Jimmy Ryan
"The Fighter"	Victor Gunther
"The Iron Woman"	Kathleen Franks
"The Man Who Forgot"	Bruce Hill
"The Laughingest Lady"	"Dot" Taft
"Prince of Sinners"	"Jerry" Weeks
"Heart's Haven"	Alan Kelly
"The Eternal Masculine"	Robert Smith
"Lass O'Laughter"	Dorothy Stanton
"Old Reliable"	Catherine Houck
"Good Comrade"	"Ken" Elander
"Without Mercy"	Miss Williams
"The Younger Sister"	Viola Taft
"Freckles"	Doris Stead
"Crimson Roses"	Alvin Hayes
"An Old-Fashioned Girl"	Lana Olmsted
"The Bobbsey Twins"	Gretchen Hartmann, John Spring
"Care and Handling of Dogs"	Winsor Casey
"The Blue-Eyed Kid"	Grace Hager
"The Great Mouthpiece"	Newton Hovey
"The Bluffer"	Gordon Burton
"The Court of Inquiry"	The Office
"The Happy Warrior"	"Ed" Peckham
"Beau Ideal"	"Doug" Baldwin
"The Road of Ambition (Railroad)"	Jack Tuckey

BOOKS

"Of all the inanimate objects,
Of all men's creations,
Books are the nearest to us,
For they contain our very thought,
Our ambitions, our indignations, our illusions,
Our fidelity to truth,
And our persistent leaning towards error."

Joseph Conrad

Books, dear reader, have an important place in your life and mine. We read them to forget and to enjoy ourselves; to escape from our hum-drum existence and to seek relief in other worlds of action and other realms of thought. They fire our imagination, stimulate our mental processes and very often urge us to accomplish something worth while.

When reading, as Ruskin says, "Very ready are we to say of a book, 'How good this is—that's exactly what I think!' But the real feeling is, 'How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall some day.' But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get **his** meaning, not to find yours."

It is well-known that Lincoln studied the Bible assiduously, that Alexander the Great always carried a copy of the "Iliad" with him and that lines from a Shakespearian play furnished the inspiration for Schubert's famous piece, "Hark, Hark, the Lark." These men, great in very different fields, were profoundly influenced by the literature they read, re-read and loved.

One of the aims of an education is to teach the student to appreciate and to love good books. Count your education lost if you are unable to recognize a good book, or a good thought.

A book can be your best friend, one who can aid you, counsel you, and console and relieve you throughout your life. Books are a refining, a cultural influence without which civilization could not be attained, let alone maintained.

THE EDITOR

VERUS AD FINEM

Truth to the end! That is a fine motto for any one person, or any group of people, especially young people, to follow. To be true is to be loyal, and loyalty is either the making or the breaking of a person. If you are true to the things which your inner voice tells you are right, you are bound to come out on the top rung of the ladder of life.

In this world we have to fashion the structure of our lives on firm foundations, the same as the builders of a huge building have to do. We have to be true to ourselves just as they have to be true to their contract, for if we are not, the dream castles of our lives are bound to tumble to the ground sooner or later.

I believe that there are many ordinary things which are true to us which we do not notice. Our homes, our pets, our school, and even our books are always true friends to us. If we could step out of this whirlpool of rush and tear that goes on around us for but a minute and think of all the things and people that we could be true to, we would be astonished at the number. Our lives are but a loan, so there again we must be true to the destiny which the fates have ordained for us.

You see, you cannot get away from being true, so as the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table went out to be true to their vows, so are we going out into life to help make our generation a finer, truer one than has been ever before. We will be loyal to our parents, our instructors, and classmates forever, starting now to form the habit of being "TRUE TO THE END."

EILEEN FORD

TRUE STORIES

(But their veracity is not guaranteed.)

Perhaps you have noticed a most flamboyant fact—John Spring's propensity for girls. A group of Home-making girls were discussing this when a great argument arose—which one did he prefer? Being unable to settle this momentous question to their satisfaction, they evolved this plan:

'Twas mid-winter: Plenty of ice and plenty of snow. A group—Johnnie and a bevy of girls—were skating on ice (thin ice). A cracking sound—a scream. John looked around to see Marian Lewis disappearing under the ice. Noble John prepared for the rescue when another scream caused him to turn in time to see Doris Stead pass from view with wildly waving arms. Perplexed, he unconsciously darted towards her when, from behind, came another startled yell. This time it was Dorothy Taft, who called upon him to rescue her from a watery grave. No sooner had this event occurred when distressed shouts from Gretchen Hartmann engrossed his attention. All four girls frantically begged poor Johnnie to come to her rescue. Finally, unable to decide which one he preferred to save, in despair, seeing a crack in a piece of thin ice, he skated to it and—crack—down he went and joined the four girls in screaming for help.

Once upon a time the "Three Musketeers," Jerry, Junior and Joe, were inspecting the new school building. They had ascended to the very top and were admiring the structure and anticipating future joys when—here the tale begins—Junior dropped an exceedingly copious handkerchief. Joe immediately stepped on it to prevent it from being carried away by a sudden gust of wind. Simultaneously, Jerry and Junior had the same thought. The great gust of wind, notwithstanding this heavy load (remember, there is Junior), swept the huge fluttering handkerchief off into the wide open spaces with the "Three Musketeers" on top.

"Gee, a magic carpet," spakes Junior.

"Yeah," replies Joe, "but what I want to know is, how're we going to get back to school in time for English class?"

"What, worrying about that? I call it a lucky break!"—this, of course, from Jerry.

Well, reader, they sailed on and on under a cloudless blue sky and got their fill of fresh air. (Perhaps you've noticed it.) Sad to say, this was not very satisfying when lunch-time came around, and matters became steadily worse as time and the handkerchief sailed on. Once in a while the snappy strains of a jazz orchestra, news concerning B. C. H. S. and the world reached their ears and lightened their weary way. Junior, apparently, has not yet been affected by the stars and the moon, but Jerry and Joe, as you have undoubtedly observed, are certainly "moon-struck" and have obtained, to say the least, rather romantic characters. And that, my readers, is the story of the "Three Musketeers." They are still way up in the clouds, but perhaps some day they will "come down to earth."

LITERATURE

THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE

LITERATURE IN GENERAL: Sources of interest in literature are: that it is the best means of finding how men interpreted the world about them in any given historical period; the satisfaction which it gives to the love that all men have for a good story well-told; the fact that it is our most important source for a wide knowledge of the beliefs and ideals which influence the world; the beauty it brings, which would otherwise be inaccessible to the average man; and the satisfaction of a craftsman's love of good work.

Everyone is a judge of books to a certain extent; but most people judge them without definite reason. The standards for judging books are the "classics" and the correctness of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

To study literature requires the ability to get the author's full meaning from the printed page. One must know the meaning of words and terms to understand. He must hear the sound of what he is reading, although he may be reading silently.

PROSE FICTION: Prose fiction is interesting primarily because we love a story. Some fiction is interesting because it gives an escape from reality. The reader is carried into a world where the outstanding characteristics of the subjects are perhaps emphasized, or the actions of the characters may be ruled in their action by chance. Other fiction is interesting because of its faithful portrayal of life. The reader thinks how often things like those in the book have happened to him or his acquaintances.

The short story is a highly condensed novel. All material not absolutely necessary to the plot must be omitted.

Stories are usually told in the third person, making the story clearer. The first person is used somewhat, but the second person is very seldom used, and then usually in children's books.

Authors use different methods to begin a story. Some begin immediately with brisk narrative, others give an account of antecedent action at first. Some authors relate the antecedent action as the story is told. This is a good means of keeping up suspense and mystery.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL: The novel had its true beginning in the latter half of the eighteenth century. This beginning had been preceded by various stories leading up to the novel. "Arcadia," by Sir Philip Sidney, in the Elizabethan age, has been called the first English novel. However, it was more of an introduction to it than the novel itself. Other books lead up to the novel. Among these were "Gulliver's Travels," by Swift, and "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe.

The first real English novel was written as a model for letter writing. It was "Pamela," by Samuel Richardson. Its characters were entirely fictitious. It was followed by other books written in the same manner. The greatest novelist of this beginning period was Henry Fielding, whose masterpiece is "Tom Jones." Other authors were Tobias Smollet who wrote "Humphrey Clinker;" Laurence Sterne, with his "Tristram Shandy," and others; Horace Walpole, whose "Castle of Ostrants," was a precedent to Scott's romances; and Goldsmith, whose "Vicar of Wakefield" is one of the best novels of this period.

In the age of Burns, Frances Burney continued the style in which Richard-

son had written her "Eveline" and "Cecilia." "The Mysteries of Udolpho" by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, represents the great number of stories of mystery and terror which was written at this time. William Lodwin made an antecedent to Dickens' style in his "Cabel Williams," in which he taught social and political reform.

The outstanding authors of the period following this were Sir Walter Scott and Jane Austin. Scott's novels were medieval romances. Jane Austin's works were not exciting, but gave faithful portrayals of everyday life.

This period was followed by the period of the highest attainment in the English novel. It was used to picture the life and manners of that period and of other times, to criticize the period and urge various reforms. This last idea was Charles Dickens' main characteristic. He was one of the most popular novelists of his day. Another popular writer was William Thackeray. His "Henry Esmond" is regarded by many as the greatest English novel. He was a realist, portraying life faithfully and accurately.

George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans) was also among the outstanding novelists of this period. Authors of lesser importance are Bulwer Lytton, Charlotte Bronte, Charles Kingsley and Mrs. Elizabeth Gaskell.

The later Victorian period shows a distinct change. The authors all show a reaction against the confidence characterizing the earlier part. They are strongly individualistic in their reaction and attitude.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "Treasure Island," the greatest adventure story in English literature, in this period. George Meredith wrote "The Egoist" and others. Thomas Hardy, the greatest figure in recent literature, wrote "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Hardy is a master of plot. His chief characteristic is faithful portrayal of life. He has a somewhat fatalistic attitude towards it. Samuel Butler, a critic of the times, wrote "Erehwon" and "The Way of All Flesh." Gissing, an uncompromising realist, wrote "New Grub Street," his masterpiece. His work is on poverty and hardship.

The most outstanding contemporary novelists are John Galsworthy, Joseph Conrad, Wells and Arnold Bennett. Galsworthy wrote concerning the upper middle class in England. He is the greatest contemporary novelist. "The Forsythe Saga" is his most famous production. Joseph Conrad's novels usually have the sea as a background. His masterpiece is "Nostromo." One of his outstanding characteristics is the ability to write rich, poetic descriptions. Wells has written a great many books and articles. His novels deal with many different phases of the new social order. Bennett's novels are not exciting or stimulating, but they portray life with a careful fidelity. His best known books are "Old Wives' Tales" and "Clayhanger."

There are many contemporary authors who are of lesser importance, among whom are Hugh Walpole whose character description is especially good in "The Cathedral," Maurice Hewlitt who wrote "Richard Yea and Nay," John Masefield and many others.

JOSEPH THROOP, '34

JUST CARS

Perhaps it is because of an inherited interest in cars that, when asked to write an essay, my mind turns in that direction. I like to sit by my window and watch the automobiles pass by. Some are conservative models of 1929 or 1930, still well-groomed and in excellent condition. Some are newer models showing rough usage and little care. Other cars that go by are the newest "classy" models of 1934 with the latest stream lines and powerful motors.

I often wonder where so many cars can be going. Some of them, I know, have no destination other than "somewhere." Some drivers are in a great hurry to go to work (or possibly, to play), for they want money and luxury. Others travel at a moderate rate of speed, having a destination, but taking time to help the man by the side of the road.

As I watch these cars go by, I think of life's road and I compare each person to a car. Some of us think of nothing but the latest fashion and the greatest amount of money. Others are strong and steady, perhaps a little old-fashioned, but they "get there, just the same." Some of us are more modern models, but we have speeded on the road that the world calls fun, and we are compensated by a harvest of bent fenders and engine rattles.

All this can apply to the adults of today, but what about the youth of today; the youth with power and beauty and principle. They, only, can be compared to the new streamline motors; compared to the cars with powerful engines, the cars which men have been working for years to build. So is the youth of today. Given the experience of our forefathers, the will-power and minds which they gave us as our heritage, the opportunity for education and advancement, and we have in us the most powerful engines ever seen in human cars. With our eyes open, and our hands grasping with steadfast faith those unsurpassed Christian principles which our fathers gave us, we can drive on, always with a destination, and while ever nearing our goal we shall yet have the power to halt and help the man who has a flat tire.

JOYCE SHOWALTER, '34

THE COMFORTING SNOW

The snow is softly falling
So quietly it comes down—
It covers the earth like a blanket,
Burying deep the ground.

And just as it stills the earth,
Like the hush of a great bell's toll,
So the snow is oil to our troubles
And heals the wounds of the soul.

The snow is all enclosing—
Gives beauty of deepest tone,
And shelters us from our neighbor
When we win the battle alone.

When the snow is softly falling
It beckons us out in the storm;
As it flurries and swirls about us
New hope within us is born.

DONNA HITCHCOCK, '34

PALS

It was Spring! The birds, having returned from their Winter in the south, were singing and chirping in the surrounding fields. The green foliage of grass and leaves was displayed everywhere. The early morning sun was shining brightly and in such an environment, everyone should be happy.

Nevertheless, Tippy was far from happy. Tippy was the dearest little doggy ever, no particular make, just dog, but he had feelings just like any other dog. Two days ago he had run away from the circus where he did tricks for the children. At first he had liked it there. He only worked afternoons and he was always given plenty to eat, but as time went on he was compelled to work nights as well as days and often without any supper. Now, even a dog can't live on applause and publicity, and although he was the best trick dog in the circus, he had decided to run away and find some real friends.

Consequently, we find Tippy trudging along the paved highway with an empty tummy and a heavy heart. He had always thought there were people everywhere who would like a little, black, curly-haired dog to do tricks and eat up the scraps, but Tippy had been greatly disappointed in us humans, for, whenever he had tried to make friends, all the expressions of gratitude he had received was the hard toe of a shoe, or a gruff command to "Get out of here."

The last place he had stopped, a little girl had amorously greeted him and he had really begun to change his opinion of the outside world, when a high, shrill voice said, "Marian, drop that dirty puppy and come along; Heaven only knows whose he is and how many fleas he has." So Tippy began again his search for a kind-hearted creature in this hypocritical world.

At that same moment a few miles down that very road, a little boy was searching vainly for his lost pup. But "Tubby" (as his mother had called him when he was only a little fellow), was not going in the same direction as Tippy. Instead, he was swiftly traveling toward him. Tubby, too, was unhappy on this glorious morning for he had lost his dog, his only true pal. Tubby's mother and daddy had been dead almost as long as he could remember, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown had cared for him since that time. Although they were very good to him, Tubby had enjoyed the comradeship of his dog still more. They had been intimate pals, always together and looking out for each other until one day when he had disappeared.

Mr. Brown had said he had probably been run over or stolen on the highway, but Tubby hated to think of such cruel things happening to his doggy. Therefore, he continued his search, and, as he saw a tiny, dark figure trotting along down the road toward him, he ran faster—for it might be his dog. Meanwhile, Tippy, seeing someone running toward him became frightened at first, but after seeing the smile on Tubby's face, he continued on his way.

Tubby picked up Tippy and held him tight in his arms while Tippy, in return, licked his face. It wasn't the puppy Tubby had lost but he looked a great deal like him and he seemed so glad to see him, Tubby just couldn't resist him.

He said softly in Tippy's ear, "You go home with me and be my doggy and we'll go on being 'Pals.'"

GRACE HAGER, '34

IN A CEMETERY IN AUTUMN

White and bleached like the bones they guard
The tombstones stand at each grave's head,
And even the trees are darkly clad
As if in reverence for the dead.

They dare not wear the reds and golds
That symbolize the time of fall;
Their leaves can only turn to brown
Where death's dark lips have breathed on all.

Hush, how the dry leaves rustle now—
Like the souls that are brushing past—
Content to leave their earthly forms,
Poor, weak bodies at rest at last.

Oh, let us leave this eery place
Lest we disturb some phantom's sleep;
The wind will croon a lullaby
To the dead when shadows creep.

JANE CRAWFORD, '35

GOOD OLE RAISIN BREAD

When there's darkness in the kitchen
And I'm softly tucked in bed,
Then I can't resist the calling
Of a piece of raisin bread.

Mom bakes pies and cakes and cookies;
But you'll often hear it said,
There's nothing half so good to noses
As the smell of raisin bread.

She'll make salads, puddin's, cup cakes;
But we kids all shout instead,
(Though we all like cakes and puddin's),
"Please, Mom, make good old raisin bread."

JOYCE SHOWALTER, '34

THE HERO, A COLLIE DOG

Twilight brought stillness upon the whole earth. Snowflakes were falling upon the surrounding hills and vales, covering the ground with a deep, white blanket of snow. Inside a little cottage in the valley, a cheery fire was burning in the fireplace. The flames danced and made weird shadows on the wall. An old collie dog was sleeping on the hearth. A young maiden was curled up comfortably in a chair by the window.

Suddenly a knock was heard at the door. The girl arose and went to see who was there. When she opened the door, she was surprised, but pleased, to see her friend.

"Hello, Sylvia," said the newcomer, a small, blue-eyed maiden about eighteen years old.

"Oh, Barbara, I'm so glad you have come! Do tell me the news." The two sat down by the fire. Barbara took a letter from her purse and showed it to Sylvia.

"Brother Jack is coming home and is bringing his chum, Richard Beebe, with him to spend Christmas. He wants me to plan an exciting time for them. This chum has had a hard time this year. His uncle, who is putting him through school, has disappeared. He went on a hunting trip this Fall and never returned. They cannot find any trace of him. Richard has been very blue, so he really deserves to have a cheery vacation. Will you help me?"

"Oh, Babs, we'll have to plan a good time for us all. There are only five days until Christmas. Let's start and make our plans now."

The girls spent the evening talking over their ideas. The next few days were busy ones for them. They spent the mornings shopping and then put their hands to work and their minds to complete their plans.

The two boys arrived on Christmas Eve. They donned their hiking clothes and started on their journey to find a Christmas tree. Joined by the girls, they started the climb. The dog, Rover, went ahead of them and he seemed to enjoy the climb as much as they did. After they had gone about two miles they found the right tree.

Just then Sylvia heard Rover barking in the distance. He seemed to be very excited. Jack called and soon Rover came back to them.

"He has discovered something or he wouldn't be so excited," said Richard. "Let's follow him and see what is there." They urged him on and followed close behind him. He barked excitedly and led them a fast chase. It seemed hours before they came to the edge of the woods.

"Oh, Jack! Do you see the cabin ahead of us? Look! Rover has stopped by the door."

Richard ran ahead of the others to the cabin. He called but there was no response. Then the four of them began pounding on the door. Still no answer. When they opened the door, Rover rushed into the cabin. There was no light in the dingy room and it was hard to find the way. The dog went over by a cot in the corner and four curious hikers followed.

There lay a man motionless. It seemed that he was nearly dead.

Richard bent over him. "He isn't dead, but he will be if we don't get a doctor soon. It's too dark to see how bad off he really is now. The cold has made him unconscious."

"I'll go for help, Dick," said Jack. He ran most of the way. Rover made a path for Jack and thus helped him. It was about an hour before aid reached the cabin. Then there was anxious waiting for the results.

The doctor ordered him to be taken to a hospital. It was nothing so very dangerous. The stranger was suffering from cold and hunger. He would be unconscious for a few hours. When they had brought him safely

to the hospital, the four young people were allowed to see their strange friend.

When Richard saw him he gave a gasp and cried, "Why, that's my Uncle George, I know it is! It's he! He's found! Rover is a hero!"

Everyone was overcome by this surprise. The doctor told them he would probably be all right in a few days. They need not worry. So the four weary hikers retired.

Christmas day dawned clear and bright. There was great happiness for everyone. Richard was so glad to be with his uncle once more and his friends were happy to bring him such joy. Rover, too, enjoyed a merry Christmas with a special dinner as his reward. After the Christmas feast, the young folks went for a sleigh ride.

The following days were full of pleasant surprises, but no others could surpass their adventure on Christmas Eve.

JEAN DAWSON, '35

MY JEWELS

My supply of gems is vast and great,
More dear than kings possess,
With all their pomp and royal state,
And feasts, and nobleness.

They glisten in the sunshine bright
In gowns of light, arrayed;
They sparkle 'neath the moon's pale light,
Without a golden braid.

They are the whitest ever seen;
And now you surely know
That what I really, truly mean
Is pretty, pure-white snow.

DOROTHY STANTON, '34

JUST SUPPOSIN'

"Stan" LeSuer's jacket had an A between the S and the T.
Mayfred Dildine couldn't flirt.
Agnes Russel couldn't giggle.
Alvin Hayes had a black mustache.
Grace Hager and Velma Lord wore pig-tails and pinafores.
"Dottie" Stanton walked as fast as she talked.
Coach, Miss Williams and Miss Smith formed a triumverate.
Maurice McGinnis were tickled skinny.
"Melly" were forbidden to say "WHOA!"

A HERO AFTER ALL

Her name was S. S. Jacquy Simmons Garrick. It was her father's whim.

"If it's right to go namin' a ship after a gal," Captain Job argued, "what ails namin' a gal after a fine ship?"

She signed her name Simmons Garrick. Natives at Little Cat referred to her as "Job's Gal." The summer colony called her S. S. Jack, to which she had no objection in the least.

S. S. Jack put on her overcoat and strolled out on the windy porch. A car with the hotel manager and employees was pulling away from the drive. She walked toward the bridge. Cars were speeding inland on the county road, the beam of their headlights rising and falling with each lift or drop of the grade. It was the night of the season's basketball game at Hemlock. S. S. Jack had been asked to go, but had refused as it was her night to be on duty.

The wind howled louder as she walked along the road nearing the bridge. Something stopped her—a reddish flash of light shone across the black water. The wind bit her eyes and she had to wipe them. The flash was repeated. It took no longer for her to know what it meant. Running toward her father's quarters, she yelled, "Fire! Fire!"

In another minute Captain Job appeared, running toward the boathouse with a lantern.

"Terrible wind, Jack, I'll need help." Many times had she heard her father say these words and she understood perfectly. In sixty seconds the two were in the White Boat, draped with their usual raincoats.

The engine beat a quick tattoo at the second twist of the lever, sputtered and started.

"Probably the North Island coast-guard crew," yelled Captain Job, but his efforts were in vain for the wind broke the words.

The propeller churned in the water as the boat lifted and plunged on the waves. S. S. Jack was tugging with her father at the bow, trying to keep the boat from being swung out of its course. They wiped spray from their eyes and started ahead, making out two figures on the burning boat. There were two men.

Ten yards—five—and they reached the burning deck.

"Jump quick!" shouted Captain Job and as the two did so, S. S. Jack steered with the wind, keeping away from the burning boat. The water line was rising and checking the engine. It missed repeatedly. Suddenly the boat rammed into gravel. It swung about ready to take the shock of the next roller, tilted, rocked crazily, and the four were in the water. Luckily they were near enough to the shore to walk. Captain Job and S. S. Jack together carried one of the rescued while the other limped to the shore.

By the time they reached the land, a crowd had gathered and an ambulance was ready to take the rescued.

Thus two more strangers were saved from the wild waters of Lake Michigan. Already the list reached eleven during a fortnight and always S. S. Jack was there to help.

The following afternoon S. S. Jack went to the hospital to see those whom she had helped save the previous night. She hadn't observed the two rescued on the preceding night, but now as she carefully seated herself beside them, she perceived that one was a man of about sixty-five years, the other a boy of twenty.

"You're quite a girl, aren't you?" the former stated.

"Why?" she asked, looking up astonished.

"You acted as if you were accustomed to such accidents. When we were thrown out last night, you didn't seem to mind it a bit."

"Oh, I'm used to that. That was nothing but a shower-bath," said S. S. Jack.

Then the conversation was directed to the younger of the two, to whom S. S. Jack asked, "How's your leg? I heard the doctor say it was burned to the bone."

"Yes, I guess it is. It's a lucky thing you reached us when you did or I'd have been burned up, I guess. Dad said that he is planning to rent a room here for the Summer until I get all healed up. By the way, what were you doing out there? I've never heard of a girl being allowed to go out on such a night," the boy continued.

"Oh, I'm different. You see, I've got a special permit. I've always lived by the lake

and always been interested in rescuing people and when I was twenty-three I passed my test and received my badge. Now I'm a life-guard. My father has been here ever since I can remember and I easily learned his work," added S. S. Jack.

"What is your father's name? I have no doubt heard of him."

"Probably you have," Jack replied, "folks call him Captain Job, and I'm his daughter. My name is S. S. Jacquey Simmons Garrick."

"What?" asked the boy as if he were very doubtful, "what did you say?"

Jacquey laughed. "I know, everybody tells me that, so I'll explain it to you. My father named me after a ship. The first S stands for Silver and the second S for Shining (it was supposed to be Star, but my father decided Shining was better) and then Jacquey, that's my own name, you know—and Simmons is the man's name who owned the ship, while Garrick is my father's name."

The boy smiled. "I don't see how I can remember that."

"Oh, you don't have to—just say S. S. Jack, that stands for Jacquey."

The next day S. S. Jack called again and she continued these calls. In this way the summer drew to an end. Benny Adams, the young man, slowly regained his health.

One day in the dusty month of September, just after Benny and Jack had been swimming, the following conversation took place:

"Last night was pretty bad, wasn't it? Just as bad as the night when you rescued us, and you rescued a whole boatload all yourself. Bet your dad was proud," said Benny.

"Oh, I don't know. Don't you see it was my duty. That's what I'm here for, to risk my life for others. Why don't you try it some day? I think the salt brine would do you good, Benny. It wouldn't hurt you a bit to get soaked."

"Oh, I guess not! None of that stuff for me. You couldn't get me on another boat," boasted Benny.

Just then Mr. Adams came down to talk with them.

"I've been wondering, Benny, why you don't go out some time and save some people on these rough nights. I've decided that you're not built for an artist anyway, and I've been talking with Captain Job. He says he can use you."

"No, never! I'll do most anything else but help on a boat. I'm going to stay sensible and stay away from the water."

As it happened, Captain Job, Benny and Jack were talking together one evening in late September, when an S. O. S. came from up north about two miles. It was storming and the waves were raging.

In only a few minutes S. S. Jack and her father were on the White Boat. Benny couldn't wait any longer. He wanted to go and he did. Several times he wished he hadn't and swore he never would again, but there was nothing for him to do but hang on after he once was on the boat.

The White Boat had its usual trouble getting to the helpless ship—but there was something different which happened after the crew was safe on the White Boat.

The lantern was lost and the wind was against them. S. S. Jack was helping her father as usual and there was another helper besides those rescued. That was Benny.

The boat rocked with the waves for what seemed two hours, when suddenly it grounded. Benny was the first to see that the boat was safe and the last leaving to save himself.

The boat being drawn on the shore and fastened, the group proceeded to find out where they were. They had to walk nearly a mile through the biting wind before they came to a house. They found that they were twelve miles from Little Cat and it would be necessary to wait until the storm let up before they could return.

Later that night Benny telephoned to his father, who knew nothing of his son's trip.

"Hello. Is this Mr. Adams? This is Benny. Yes, Benny. I'm up at Fallsburg now and I can't come back until tomorrow. Our boat landed in the wrong place. And listen, Dad, I've got some news. I've decided it is worth something to be saved from a watery grave and I've decided it's my duty to learn how—What? You don't believe it's me? Of course, it is. NO! I haven't gone crazy, I've just gone sensible. What? Who am I with? Why, with Jack. NO, not him, S. S. Jacquey Simmons Garrick. Yes, of course."

HAZEL ENGEL, '34

SOME MYSTERIES

Joyce Showalter's Latin translations.
 How Stanley LeSuer's car goes.
 Alvin Hayes and Marian Henderson.
 Ralph Hager's Algebra.
 The exact number of Ellen's boy friends.
 Why "Ken" Wilcox doesn't shave more often.
 Why, "In Spring a young man's fancy" turns to skipping school!
 "Jerry" Hine's wit.
 How "Rusty" ever graduated.

THE MUSICAL BOOK SHOP

"Adorable"	"Dot" Taft
"All American Girl"	Marian Peckham
"Buy a Kiss"	Gretchen Hartmann
"Don't Blame Me"	Jack Tuckey
"Doin' the Uptown Lowdown"	Stanley LeSuer
"Four Letter Varsity Man"	"Joe" Throop
"Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love"	"Ken" Elander
"Goofus"	Alvin Hayes
"I Wake Up Smiling"	Ruth Hamlin
"If I Had Somebody to Love"	"Jerry" Hine
"I'm No Angel"	Hazel Engel
"Lazy Bones"	"Ed" Luckenbach
"Learn to Croon"	"Jerry" Cooley
"Love Is the Sweetest Thing"	Jimmy Ryan
"My Moonlight Madonna"	Harriet Sipple
"Nothing Less Than Beautiful"	June Olmsted
"Puttin' Head Jones"	"Ed" Peckham
"Sittin' on a Log Pettin' My Dog"	Alton Palmer
"To Be or Not to Be in Love"	Alan Kelly
"Vas Vilst du Haben"	Junior Roider
"You're Gonna Lose Your Gal"	John Spring
"You've Got Everything"	Marian Lewis
"Dark Eyes"	Olive Corbin
"Smilin' Through"	Doris Stead
"You're Devastating"	Grace Hager
"Resignation"	Lana Olmsted
"Fit As a Fiddle"	Melancton Hoyt
"I Can't Remember"	Bruce Hill
"You're Telling Me"	Betty Lord

Two strange appearing individuals are furtively hiding in a thicket on a dark, sweltering summer night. If, in the darkness, it were given us the pleasure of examining the apparitions closer—how surprised we would be. Both are short, one of them inclining toward a pleasing (?) plumpness. Both have blue eyes, disguised by black masks, and brown hair covered by dirty caps. They wear long, enveloping overalls which (because of their extreme longitude) turn up almost to their knees, concealing all femininity. They appear grimly determined. Soon, rumbling in the distance, sounds the approach of a train. It becomes louder with the customary groans denoting a stop. Stepping aboard, brisk and efficient, the taller and plumper, no other than Dorothy Stanton, with gun in hand ready for action, commands a railroad official, cowering under her compelling gaze, to open all the mail sacks from Pennsylvania. Trembling, he does so while the shorter, no other than Joyce Showalter, carefully scrutinizes every letter. Disappointed in her search, she turns to her companion, shouting wildly—so great is her grief that there is no letter from a certain young gentleman residing in Pennsylvania. Both wringing their hands and weeping, they jump from the train into the darkness—completely out of their minds—completely insane. They have never recovered.

THE PRINTING PRESS

The Printing Press is one of the greatest inventions man has ever acquired.

It is operated by a very few men, but it requires hundreds to gather material from the far corners of the universe and to put into words the stories of peace and of conflicts. These sensational compositions quell the multitudes to unique and unparalleled opinions.

The Printing Press holds the pulse of nations, bringing to them good or hostile feelings, according to the rumors in the air that are grasped by the reporters and, together with their opinions and imaginings, make up the article.

It inspires brave men to do brave deeds. Do you agree to this statement or do you think this is merely given as a reward to the brave? The valiant never think, when they do a courageous deed, that they will be honored by great articles broadcast by the printing press. They perform them as their task and duty.

The material most commonly used in all publications is that which caters to the majority of the people. This is the reason for the great amount of sensation and scandal in print, not because the press desires it, but because it is demanded by their patrons.

The Printing Press, although it may be changed and improved in innumerable ways, will never die until all things have returned to dust.

HARRIET SIPPLE, '34

SONNET

At night the frenzied crowds of city men
Gaze from the streets to glimpse a golden star;
High on the roof such seekers never are.
And there no rest is ever found, for when
Dusk comes and myriad lanterns of the night
Gleam dully through the city's smoky breath,
The penthouse dwellers dance themselves to death;
And dawn already casts her golden light
Upon the men who fear a moment's rest
Lest they their loneliness should realize.
The light does not love these children of the world
Who waste their lives upon a selfish quest,
Whose eyes will never shine with glad surprise
To see her banner in the dusk unfurled.

JANE CRAWFORD, '34

TENNIS

"Ready? Serve!" No sport today presents as thrilling a challenge to individual youth as the breathless, fast, and physically exacting game of tennis. Each fellow who takes up a racket has the opportunity, through perseverance, rigid training, and the proper development of strokes, to qualify as a member of America's Davis Cup Team and represent his country against the greatest tennis players in the world.

Only witness the sensational rise to top ranking of nineteen-year-old Ellsworth Vines, the California wonder, who seems bound to succeed the peerless William T. Tilden II, America's long enthroned Tennis King. In a sport which requires uncanny control of the ball as well as one's nerves, almost unlimited physical endurance and the highest quality of sportsmanship, young Vines' ascendancy is emblematic of what is happening all over the country as young America responds to the red-blooded call for players to win back the Davis Cup, now held by the brilliant French Musketeers—Henri Cochet, Rene LaCoste and Jean Borotra.

Tennis is now beginning to take its place among the major sports of our American colleges and universities.

LAWRENCE EGGLESTON, '34

SAVED

For miles around was a vast body of water, no land was in sight, and the small launch was a mere speck surrounded by its huge environment. The crew was in despair. Their water supply had been exhausted, and they were many miles from land.

A small group of worried-looking passengers were looking westward in hope of spying land. All were choking for a drink, for they had been without water since the early morning of the previous day and now the shadows of night were falling.

About an hour before, those who had lost all hope of being saved had gone below to await the horrible death which was fast approaching. Those who still had a little faith had stayed above. Now they were giving up and slowly and sadly descending the ladder to join their friends.

The last one looked back before he disappeared. He was an old man who had a great history behind him. He had been a general in the Civil War and had fought bravely for the Union. Now he was to die a terrible death as a reward for his brave deeds. With one more pitiful glance upon the world he loved, he, too, disappeared. Everyone had given up hope.

Now there was a silence, a terrible silence; one of the sailors shuddered and slipped into oblivion. A loyal companion laid him on a blanket.

Below the deck there was silence. Several passengers had also fainted. The few who were still conscious sat in a daze. Their cracked lips and swollen tongues presented a horrible spectacle to look upon. Among this group was the old man. He knew death was nigh unless a miracle was enacted. There was only One whom he knew could do this. His lips moved in silent prayer and as he finished, a yell came from the deck above. He staggered up the stair with those who were able, following.

As he reached the deck a white sail appeared, as if by magic, over the horizon and the half choked crew gave a cheer. His prayer had been answered.

MURRAY WILCOX, '35

UNSPOKEN WORDS

If everyone were to tell those "unspoken words" that he has stored up, the world would be a much brighter place in which to live. The motto of some people seems to be: "Let the world know what you don't like and keep to yourself that which pleases you." Others do not criticize but neither do they express their admiration for their friends. What a world of difference it would make if some of those "unspoken words" had been uttered.

Perhaps we admired Mr. Jones, but we never told him so and Mr. Jones became discouraged and finally we heard that he had to go to a sanitarium. Another time we told a friend that we thought that Susan Brown had improved a great deal, but that bit of a compliment never reached the right person. If it had, what a difference it might have made. Instead of being discouraged and lonely, she might have been happy and radiant in thinking that someone had realized her efforts.

When we pause to think that someone might have been started on a noble ambition; that some soul might have been spared an aching heart, if only we had said that which we felt, it makes us wonder why we do not give such priceless gifts to our friends. Truly it is the "unspoken words" that could change the world.

DONNA HITCHCOCK, '34

ANDY SEES HIS PRESIDENT

Andrew DeWitt was trying to concentrate on his homework. But every once in a while the thought of the approaching Washington trip forced itself into his thoughts. It was hard to study, anyway, on a night like this, with the wind blowing a gale outside and the breakers thundering on the beach down below. This would be an awful night for sailors. But he couldn't help that. He did wish, however, that he could help himself to see the President with his Senior Class. It did not seem fair that now he could not take the trip, after he had worked so hard to get through school, studying until midnight nearly every night, and helping in nearly all their activities. His dad, however, had not had a job for two years now, except occasionally a bit of patch work about town. Andy's money from his paper route had all gone to meet expenses. They had been compelled to move into this little old fisherman's cottage to lower the cost of living.

Ruefully he dropped his pencil and walked slowly to the window. He thrust his hands into his pockets and gazed moodily out into the murky blackness. How the rain pounded and the surf roared! He would hate to be out in that weather. He pitied the sailors on that ship just off the bay there. Their light did not look very cheerful through the storm.

Say! That ship was awfully close to the reef. Didn't they know where they were? Must be they could not see it through the storm. In a second they would be on it and in this wind they would be pounded to pieces in a short time. They could not lower the life boats in that surf either. Gosh, suppose it were a wreck—right before his eyes—what an experience! What would they do at the boat club? Had they noticed the ship's danger? His imagination was going at full speed. Here was adventure. He wished his dad were here, but he was staying with his sick friend, Case.

He ran for his hat and coat. He would join the crowd at the dock and watch the rescue. Out he ran and raced with all his strength over the slippery ground towards the Boat Club dock.

As he rounded the corner of the Club House his look of expectation changed to one of surprise and then fright. It was deserted! No one had seen the ship. Frantically he beat on the Club House door. No one answered. It was all dark. He ran to the adjacent warehouse, but that, too, was locked. No one stayed there after midnight. They were all home in bed. Andy searched for the ship's light.

It was on the reef now, pounding. It would not last long. Someone had to help those men, and quickly, too.

He ran to the boathouse door and turned the knob. Locked! Well, he hadn't played football for nothing, he decided. He threw himself against it, felt it give. Again he hit it and in flew a panel. Quickly he crawled through and switched on the lights. There was the club's power launch, floating gracefully. He could run it. Maybe he could reach the ship with it. It was the only chance. He swung open the boathouse doors and jumped into the boat. With the first try its powerful motor broke into a steady throb. He threw over the lever and it gracefully backed into the open. He turned it and swiftly shot across the smooth, protected waters of the bay, headed for the open sea.

He reached it and the sturdy little boat plunged through the great, green swells and foamy whitecaps. How sweetly that motor ran, pulling with all its power towards the bobbing light of the ship. He wished it were a calm summer cruise instead of in these pounding seas.

Slowly and laboriously, he approached the sinking vessel and carefully drew alongside. He had to approach on the windward side; the reef was on the other. He thought he was surely going to crash, but the sailors had seen him coming and eased the smash with long oars. Then they jumped into the launch, twelve men of them. Andy was glad it was a large boat. There would have been no time for a second trip.

He relinquished the wheel to a large powerful man and pointed the way into the bay. Under the guidance of the sailor the launch crept towards the land, now riding the crests, now in the troughs. With such a heavy load it

threatened several times to capsize, but his skill kept them afloat and brought them to the calm waters of the bay. He slid it easily to rest in the boathouse and the men clambered wearily to the boathouse floor. Andy turned to close the doors when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked up into a face lighted by a kindly smile. Andy's jaw dropped. It was the President!

JOSEPH THROOP, '34

THE HARDEST STORM

With a vivid flash of lightning the storm broke. Down from the hills came the rain, beating on window panes and soaking everyone that was out in it. The housewives hustled the clothes in from the lines. The farmer hurried the chickens into the henhouse. Everyone was hurrying around, shutting windows and getting everything into a dry place. It rained and rained, flooding the streets with streams of water. After it was over men went around repairing awnings, roofs and windows, which had been blown to pieces. The river had risen eight inches when it was measured. The weather man thought it the hardest storm of the season.

MARION HILL, Grade Eight

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT---

Joyce Husted was ever shy.
Clara Wilcox ever arrived at school on time.
Junior Roider is even a Half-Wit.
Mary Delello is ever seen without cosmetics.
John Spring has nineteen pairs of suspenders.
"Dot" Taft has found her Ideal.
Lana Olmsted ever quarreled.
"Ed" Luckenbach has had his lessons done on time.
Paul Sherman ever worries.
Marian Henderson has missed a question.
"Jerry" has been seen without "June."

PATRIOTISM

Patriotism is the love of home. There is one little corner of the earth that you love above all others. It is where your home is. Therefore, when we call our country our Homeland, it is something more than a name. We love it as we love no other land. It is a second mother to us all, and as you love your mother, so you must love your land.

We owe it to our country to keep it strong. For a thousand years men and women have lived and died, have worked and grown weary, have spent themselves and waited, often in vain—to see the fruits of their labors, that our country should be the land it is for you and me, and shall we, reaping the harvest of freedom, of happiness, of all the treasures of knowledge and wealth, be willing to reap and not to sow?

Patriotism is the desire to make one's country the best in the world. It is certainly not to believe blindly in one's country, whether right or wrong. One will hear that worst of all phrases again and again as he goes through life: There are more shallow people than one can count who think themselves fine patriots because they stand up in market places, or shout in parks, or write in papers, those unpatriotic words—"My country, right or wrong." They are the enemies, and not the friends, of their country, who say that!

The great patriots of the country and of the world—who are they? Their lives make up the common story of our land, and it is the lives of unnumbered common people, and not a few heroic figures in the center of the stage, that make a nation. Out of the ranks of the people come the shining figures.

We must not be led away by the false patriotism that takes a narrow view, and thinks there are no other countries than our own. We must love mankind, and nothing is more false than to talk as if patriotism expected us to exclude all other countries from our interests. All the world matters to us, for all the world is bound to us, and we are bound to the world.

GRETCHEN HARTMANN, '36

A RESCUE

A lone pedestrian paced the deserted New York streets during the early morning hours. It was a dull, foggy night, and admirably suited to the mood of the lone man. He was young Richard Cromwell, and was walking, not from necessity, for he had four private cars to suit his demands, but from choice. Several times he stopped while crossing a bridge, and started to cast himself over the rail, but evidently thought better of it and resumed his weary pacing.

At about 4 a. m., he made his way to his apartment and silently entered. As the light revealed his face, we had our first view of him. He was a young, evidently well-provided-for gentleman, for his clothes, though dishevelled, were fashionable and of a good grade. "Dick" Cromwell, as he was known to his intimate acquaintances, was vice-president of Consolidated Airways Company, and had a yearly income of twenty thousand dollars.

The story continues thus:

Consolidated Airways was undoubtedly, unquestionably "on the rocks." Unless capital was immediately forthcoming, Dick was not only out of a job, but also out of a charming young wife; for what self-respecting young vice-president could expect a moderately rich young lady to marry him if said young vice-president were himself penniless. Dick Cromwell was certain that he, at least, could not, so he had been trying all day to gain the capital required to keep the company out of bankruptcy. His efforts, however, went unrewarded. Dick was utterly discouraged, and he finally went to bed and fell into a fitful sleep, in which he dreamed of bread lines and tenement houses.

The next morning Dick entered the office and was immediately summoned to the private office of the senior partner. There he was told that he was to go to Europe to seek a loan. Dick readily agreed, though it meant an absence of at least six weeks, during which time almost any change might take place in his social status. The next week, Dick embarked for Europe aboard the vessel "Equinox." The third day out the ship ran into a dense fog, and the fog horn was in constant usage. Frequently the sound of other horns was heard, and the "Equinox" slowly progressed at her lowest speed. One of the fog horns from a passing vessel was heard getting louder and louder, and then suddenly, mysteriously was silent. The captain and crew were plainly baffled, for according to nautical rules, the fog horn should be blown at regular intervals when a ship is in dense fog.

Suddenly from far off came a hail. All was confusion. Orders were bawled by the officers and the rushing of feet was to be heard as the men scrambled to obey. But before the course could be altered, the bow of a huge liner clove into the right beam of the ship, shearing it in twain as a knife cuts cheese.

There was hardly time to lower away three boats from their davits before the boat sunk. Dick and another strange man of about fifty years of age were catapulted over the side as the boat rolled, and found themselves in the icy black waters. His companion was unable to swim, and Dick, exerting all his strength, was barely able to drag him to a floating spar and fasten a death grip on it, at the same time seizing his companion's coat in his teeth.

It was thus that the two were picked up, hours later, and taken aboard the liner, where two physicians worked over them until they were fully recovered.

The next day Dick was out on the deck of the liner, the fog having cleared, watching the water, which had nearly caused his extermination, roll by. A steward approached and handed him a note, in which was stated that his companion of the night before wished an interview with him. Dick, hav-

ing an abundance of time on his hands, was nothing loathe, and followed the steward to a well-appointed, luxurious stateroom. There he discovered that his impromptu rescue had gained him great respect and gratification from a personage no less great than M. Cervessant, a universally known French financier. He and Dick became fast friends on the rest of the journey, and becoming interested in the welfare of Dick and his company, M. Cervessant had little difficulty in influencing Dick to allow him to furnish the money required to set the company on its feet.

Now Dick is happily married, president of the company, and still the close friend and confidant of M. Cervessant. He has a brilliant future ahead of him and is well on his way toward world recognition as a connoisseur of anything connected with airways management, which all goes to show that dead points in the watery waste of ocean have some use other than that of burdening the poor physics student's brain.

JACK PALMER, '34

SUMMER OR WINTER

I never could quite decide
Which I like best—
Summer or Winter;
It is quite a quest.

In the merry Summer
One can climb the apple trees.
In the jolly Winter
One can fly along on skis.
So, I think, I like each one
And like them both the same,
When Summer's come and Winter's gone
I like any season, no matter what its name.

JANET DELELLO, Grade Six

A PERFECTLY GOOD HAT

I always enjoy watching young puppies play.

Once we had two little puppies. One day while I was watching them, they started to play. They started in rather easily, but ended differently. One of them ran away from the other a little distance, where, on the floor, he found my father's hat. They jumped up and down, playing around the hat. Then one of them got inside. The other wanted to follow, but got boxed away, so he did the next best thing. He crouched on the floor and began to chew. There was soon a hole through the hat. It grew larger and larger. The other puppy, seeing it, began to chew also. It wasn't long before they were both chewing in earnest. They thought it was the best of fun, but they ruined a good hat. They were having the most fun when my father came and put a stop to it. After that they were never let in the house again for recess.

VERNON PALMER, Grade Seven

BALLYHOO

Gretchen Hartmann: "I wish you to know that I don't stand on trifles."

Marian Lewis(glancing at her feet): "No, dear, I see you don't."

Jack Palmer: "Do you play golf?"

Doris Stead: "Dear me, no. I don't believe I should even know how to hold the caddie."

Fussy Old Man: "You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug store. Have you any diploma?"

Gordon Burton: "Why—er—no, sir, but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."

Paul Fairbanks: "I've just been having a tussle with the dentist."

Douglas Baldwin: "Which beat?"

Paul Fairbanks: "It ended in a draw."

Melancton (looking at his Senior pictures): "I've made a great scientific discovery, folks; you can't fool the camera."

Gladys Dickerson: "What are you working at?"

Ruth Hamlin: "Intervals."

Jerry Hine: "We're intellectual opposites."

Junior Roider: "Be explicit."

Jerry Hine: "I'm intellectual and you're the opposite."

Lawrence Eggleston: "I wonder who invented work anyway."

Jack Tuckey: "You should worry, you'll never infringe on his patent."

Miss Rubin (in French class): "Have you any questions on the lesson today?"

Douglas B.: "Yes, where is it?"

Book Agent: "This book will do half your studies for you."

Velma Lord: "I'll take two."

Joe Throop: "I hear that they are going to produce 'Rip Van Winkle' on the screen."

Donna Hitchcock: "Mercy, who's going to sleep 20 years?"

Miss Petley: "Is John Burroughs' grave at Roxbury?"

Alan Kelly: "It was up on a hill when I was there."

Mr. Dollar (arriving at a dinner party with family): "Please announce 'Mr. and Mrs. Dollar and family'."

New Butler (in a loud voice): "Three bucks!"

James Taft: "You say he's a holdup man and still his business is legitimate?"

Bruce Weeks: "Oh, sure. He's a button manufacturer."

Marian Henderson: "Hello, what is the matter?"

Betty Lord: "I swallowed a dime. Do you see any change in me?"

Miss Smith: "Name some pests found in the home such as ants—"

Winsor Casey: "Aunts, uncles, sisters, brothers, and mothers-in-law."

Jerry Weeks: "I came near selling my boots yesterday."

Stanley H.: "You did! Well, it's lucky you didn't sell them. How did you come near doing it?"

Jerry Weeks: "I had them half-soled."

Doctor (forgetting patient's name, but not willing to admit it): "How do you spell your name, with an 'i' or an 'e'?"

Bruce H.: "Why, doctor, my name is Hill!"

Miss Smith (in Physics class): "Archimedes ran from his bath shouting 'Eureka!' meaning 'I've found it!'"

Stanley LeSuer: "Why, I thought that was his wife."

Book Agent: "Mr. Sweet, you ought to buy an encyclopedia, now that your son is going to High School."

Mr. Sweet: "No, sir, let him walk, the same as I did when I was a boy."

Rose R.: "Melly told me a wonderful story last night."

Irma S.: "Did he tell it well?"

Rose R.: "Well, he held his audience."

Joke Editor: "Why don't you laugh at our jokes?"

Donald Sweet: "Because I have been taught to respect the old and infirm."

Joyce S.: "I suppose you've gone through Algebra."

Junior R.: "Oh, yes! But I went through it at night and couldn't see the place."

Miss Petley: "Who was Homer?"

Eugene Houck: "The guy Babe Ruth made famous."

Miss Smith: "Name three articles containing starch."

Claude Terry: "Two cuffs and a collar."

Marian Peckham: "When I graduate I am going to make one hundred dollars per."

Harriet Sipple: "Per what?"

Marian: "Perhaps."

Figgs: "Did you ever see a roomful of teachers perfectly silent?"

Biggs: "Yes, once; someone had asked which of those present was the eldest."

Miss Gifford: "Agnes, why are you laughing?"

Agnes: "Laugh and the world laughs with you!"

Miss Gifford: "Yes, but you stay after school alone!"

Jean: "Do you call that a tent that you have stretched between those two buildings?"

Olive: "Oh, no; that's just a house to house canvas!"

She: "My father's feet are bothering him so much he can't use them."

He: "What time shall I come up?"

Arlene: "What did Papa say?"

He (after an interview with her father): "I-I don't exactly know, as I was feeling a bit nervous. I'm not quite sure whether he said, 'Take her, my boy,' or 'Take care, my boy'."

Miss Smith: "Give me the formula for water."

Newton: "Yes, ma'am, HIJKLMNO."

Miss Smith: "Whatever are you driving at? Do you think you are in Kindergarten?"

Newton: "Well, you said yesterday it was H²O."

Aby: "You're a fine tailor, Cohen! Why, the first time I wore this coat of yours, it split down the back."

Cohen: "Well, doesn't that go to show you how well our buttons are sewn on?"

"Look here," said Winsor, showing Paul Sherman a ticket. "I wonder if that lecturer chap's trying to be funny."

"Funny?" said Paul. "In what way?"

"Well, look! His lecture is on 'Fools,' and on this ticket he's just given he says 'Admit One'."

"Sam" Taylor: "I'm forgetting girls."

"Doug" Baldwin: "So am I; I'm for getting a couple of them as soon as possible."

"My wife explored my pockets last night!"

"What did she find?"

"Same as any other explorer—enough for a lecture."

Jack Tuckey: "Say, have you forgotten my chops?"

Waiter: "No, sir; I remember your face distinctly."

Sweet Young Thing: "Will you be a stag at our formal next week?"

Freshman: "Sure, I love masquerades!"

"Did I leave an umbrella here yesterday?"

"What kind of an umbrella?"

"Oh, any kind, I'm not fussy!"

Miss Williams: "What's your idea of civilization?"

Melancton Hoyt: "It's a good idea. Somebody ought to start it."

"If you were my husband, I would give you poison."

"My dear lady, if I were your husband, I would take poison."

Dorothy Stanton (listening to Marian's violin solo): "That must be a very difficult passage!"

Catherine Houck: "Difficult, you call it? I wish it were impossible."

Miss Smith: "What product do we get from coal?"

Irma Smith: "Ashes!"

Dr. Johnson: "Yes, to insure painless extraction, you'll have to take gas, and that's fifty cents extra."

Jack Palmer: "Oh, I guess the old way'll be best; never mind the gas."

Dr. Johnson: "You're a brave fellow!"

Jack: "Oh, it isn't me that's got the tooth; it's my sister."

"Johnny, the essay you intend handing to the teacher this morning is the poorest in a long time."

"Aw, don't be disappointed, ma. Dad had had a hard day at the office yesterday."

"It's tough to be goofy. There's only been one girl who ever really cared for me."

"Who was she?"

"The nurse I had when I was sick."

Model: "I suppose patience is important to an artist like you?"

Artist: "Yes, if my creditors didn't have it, I don't know how I'd get along."

Miss Williams: "Who was President during Madison's administration?"

Ruth Hamlin: "Monroe."

"Bud" Lovejoy: "Boy, did she give you a dirty look!"

Maurice M.: "Who?"

"Bud" Lovejoy: "Mother Nature."

Miss Williams: "What were the first colonies the United States acquired?"

Murray Wilcox: "The thirteen colonies."

"Doug" B.: "Doesn't this dance make you wish for another?"

"Dot" T.: "Yeah, but he isn't coming tonight!"

He: "Would you marry a stupid man if he had money?"

She: "How much have you?"

John Spring: "My girl is a good sport."

"Ken" Elander: "Mine isn't so good looking either."

"Al" Kelly: "Where have I seen your face before?"

Grace Hager: "Same place you see it now!"

Miss Petley: "Give me a sentence with archaic in it."

Eileen Ford: "We can't have **our cake** and eat it."

Mother: "Clara, how is it that you have lower marks in January than in December?"

Clara P.: "Oh, everything is marked down after the holidays!"

Stanley LeSuer: "Do we have any choice in this test, Miss Smith?"

Miss Smith: "Yes, of taking it or receiving zero."

Teacher: "Give three nouns for a loud noise."

"Ken" Wilcox: "Blast, explosion and a Freshman meeting."

"Jerry" Hine: "I've got the highest average of—"

Ellen Nymann: "The two lowest in the class!"

Miss Dolan: "What is classical music?"

Donna H.: "Music written according to rules and things."

Miss Dolan: "Things?"

Donna: "Well, rules and more rules!"

James Ryan: "Tell me something soft and sweet."

"Dot" Taft: "Custard pie."

Dorothy Webb: "I've done this problem ten times."

Professor Evans: "Good work!"

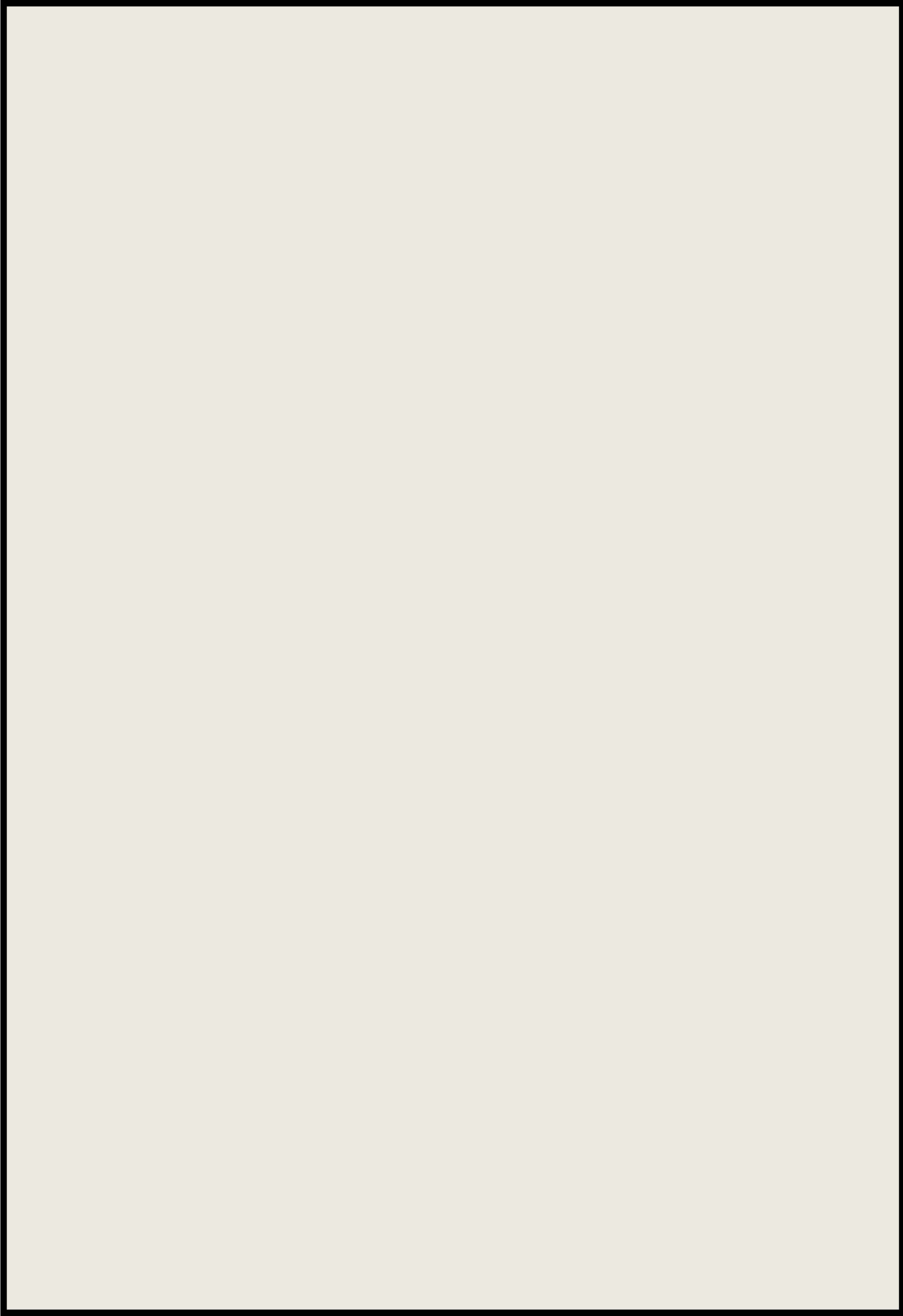
Dorothy: "And here's the ten answers!"

Joe Throop: "All extremely bright women are conceited, anyway."

Joyce Showalter: "Oh, I don't know; I'm not."

Soph: "Why don't you put on your slicker?"

Frosh: "I can't. I've got a book in one hand and it won't go through the sleeve."



Our deep appreciation and many thanks are extended to the sponsors of these advertisements. Inasmuch as the "Echo" would be impossible without their aid, we ask our readers to give their patronage and support to those whose names appear on the following pages.

Whitaker & Son

The best place in Central New York to buy a good used car

Buick and Chevrolet

Sales and Service
Sidney, New York

COMPLIMENTS OF

Dr. E. H. Hill

COMPLIMENTS OF

**The Casein Manufacturing Company
of America, Inc.**

The National Milk Sugar Company

The Dry Milk Company

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE AMERICAN PLASTICS CORPORATION

You Are Capable
OF
Carrying Out
A PLAN



Then go out and do the things
you want yourself to do.

PUT THE POWER OF PURPOSE
BEHIND YOUR PLANS.

Success will follow you after you
have opened the way.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
BAINBRIDGE, N. Y.

Frank Lewis & Sons,
Inc.
Bainbridge, N. Y. Afton, N. Y.
General Contractors
Manufacturers of
CEMENT PRODUCTS

COMPLIMENTS OF
The National Restaurant

COMPLIMENTS OF

**Mrs. Crane's Beauty
Shop**

COMPLIMENTS OF

H. S. Benz

H. C. Newell

Fire Insurance Agency

Bainbridge, New York

J. S. Walker

Footwear Furnishings

Sidney, New York

COMPLIMENTS OF

Dr. Ben L. Dodge

**Hovey Feed and Coal
Corporation**

Feeds, Grain, Seeds, Salt
D. & H. Cone-Cleaned Coal

**Harold's Athletic
Equipment Co., Inc.**

Athletic Goods of an Exclusive
Character

A special discount of 20% on all
catalogued athletic goods given to
Bainbridge High School students.

Baseball, Golf and Tennis Supplies

105 Columbia St. Utica, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Whit's Smoke Shop

COMPLIMENTS OF
**Smalley's Sidney
Theater**
Presenting
TALKING PICTURES
Western Electric Equipment

Monroe Lumber Co.

Retail Lumber Millwork
Building Supplies

Phone 232

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE BAINBRIDGE NEWS

THE DEPOSIT COURIER CO., Inc.

Printers and Publishers

Bainbridge, New York

Deposit, New York

COMPLIMENTS OF
Dr. J. H. Fleming
Sidney, New York

COMPLIMENTS OF
H. D. Owens

COMPLIMENTS OF
**George F. Demeree
& Son, Inc.**
CHEVROLET
Bainbridge, New York

The D. L. & W. Blue Coal
Complete John Deere Farm
Equipment

Chas. H. Eldred & Co.
Feed, Coal, Farm Machinery

The Vogue Shop

Sidney, New York

Dresses	Hosiery
Coats	Lingerie
Millinery	Gloves

Everything for Milady

Clayton M. Sweet

Wall-paper, Dupont Paints,
Enamels

Electrical Appliances
and Radios

Bainbridge, New York

F. C. Yale & Son

McCormick Deering Tractors and
Farm Equipment

James Way Barn Equipment

Maytag Washers

Bainbridge, New York

Fred A. Elliott

OPTOMETRIST

Sidney, New York

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Miyako Grill

Chinese-American Restaurant

Samuel Doi

Sidney, New York

George W. Cook

Sheet Metal and Repair Shop

Welding, Plumbing, Heating
Repairs, Etc.

28 South Main Street

Bainbridge, New York

Judge Us by Our Values

Not by Our Claims

DEGROAT'S
DEPARTMENT
STORE

Bainbridge, New York

QUALITY DRY CLEANING

Sponging and Pressing, 50c.

All Garments Dry Cleaned, \$1.00

Repairs and Alterations

**Spring's Dry Cleaning
Shop**

COMPLIMENTS OF

**Bainbridge Coop. G. L. F.
Service, Inc.**

W. A. Van Denburgh

Repairing, Accessories, Gas, Oils
FIRESTONE TIRES

Phone 272-J
Bainbridge, New York

COMPLIMENTS OF

**The Bainbridge Garage,
Inc.**

Garage and Machine Work

R. J. Cullen

ARTIFICIAL ICE

Delivery Service

Phone 84-F-4

UNIVERSITY AND SHORTER COURSES
ARE SUPPLEMENTED BY
SPORTS AND SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Write now for "Career Counsel"
or call at the New College Hall

ALBANY BUSINESS COLLEGE

Prentice Carnell, Jr., Director of Admissions
Albany, New York

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Flower Basket

COMPLIMENTS OF

Kent Brothers Store

Sidney, New York

TEXAS GASOLINE
and
TEXAS KEROSENE

Loomis's Garage

Phone 250 or 28

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Arrowhead Store

G. E. Howland

COMPLIMENTS OF

Roehlk's

COMPLIMENTS OF

Dr. Johnson

COMPLIMENTS OF

J. Hirt & Co.

Bainbridge, New York

N. E. Truman

PHARMACIST

Photo Supplies, Developing and
Printing

Bainbridge, New York

E. J. Partridge, Jr.

H. H. Bluler

Bainbridge, New York

Hardware, Stoves, Furnaces, Tile,
Cement, Paints, Oils and Radios

Phone 216-M

COMPLIMENTS OF

Pratts' Garage

HUDSON and TERRAPLANE

Sales and Service

BARBER SHOP and LAUNDRY

Foster Crosby
AND
Henry Brookins

COMPLIMENTS OF

Chas. D. Dix Market
Bainbridge, New York

COMPLIMENTS OF

A. L. Palmer
DRY GOODS

COMPLIMENTS OF

Dr. Robert Fairchild

C. W. Ireland Co., Inc.

Hardware, Plumbing
Building Supplies
Electrical Appliances

COMPLIMENTS OF

Colwell Bros.
Bainbridge, New York

Hall's Garage

Gould Batteries
General Repairing
Mansfield Tires
Tydol and Veedol Oils
Coil Condenser, Generator Tester
Electrical Parts

L. W. Getter

SHOES AND DRY GOODS

1934

ECHO

1934

COMPLIMENTS OF

Cobb's Restaurant

COMPLIMENTS OF

Salvey Papallo

COMPLIMENTS OF

Dr. Edw. Danforth

Bert Jeffers

Fancy and Staple Groceries

Phone 274-J West Main Street

Bainbridge, New York

