



Foreword

To live a rich and full life requires adequate opportunity for expression of the feelings and emotions of an individual. In many respects no better perception of the possibilities of a human being can be gained than through the passages penned by him. Likewise school life, if it is to be motivating and vibrant requires just such opportunities. In brief and terse form the 1935 Echo, through picture, essay, poem and story becomes a medium for the expression of those motives, sometimes clear, often subtle, but always significant, actuating the boys and girls of Bainbridge Central School. May that school life have in abundance those qualities necessary for a full development of the innate powers of the students of this institution.

F. J. Casey, Principal



To MISS WILLIAMS

in appreciation for her willing counsel and for the inspiration of her personality, we dedicate this Echo.

Board of Directors

Mr. Jay Hager, President

Mr. Nelson Wilcox

Mr. Earl Wescott

Mr. Ward Loomis

Dr. William Myers

Grounds Committee

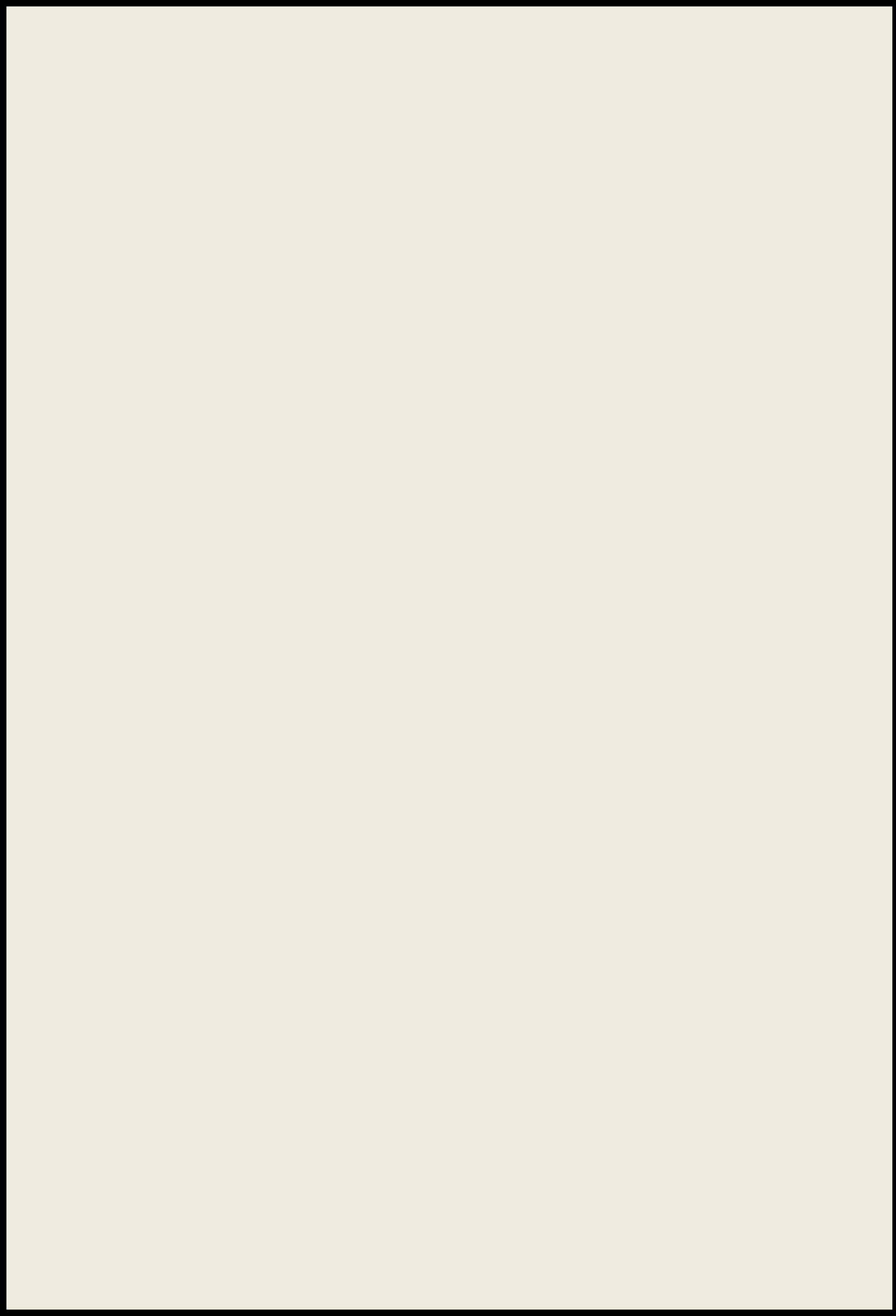
Editor-in-Chief	-	-	-	-	-	-	Doris Stead
Assistant Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jean Dawson
Literary Editors	-	-	-	-	Ruth Weeks, Ruth Taylor		
Society Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marion Lewis
Alumni Editors	-	-	-	Susan Bennett, Roberta Burton			
Sports Editors	-	-	-	-	Gladys Covey, Paul Fairbanks		
Joke Editors	-	-	-	-	John Spring, Jack Tuckey		
Art Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	Viola Sherman
Business Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	Gordon Burton
Assistant Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	Olive Corbin
Circulation Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	Robert Herrick

we



finish

to begin



The Senior Class of 1935 invites you to its own World's Fair. We hope that you will thoroughly enjoy traveling through its varied spots of interest.

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	John Spring
Vice-president	-	-	-	-	-	-	Paul Fairbanks
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	Doris Stead
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	Olive Corbin

May we express our appreciation and thanks to those who have aided the staff in producing this Echo.

Hall of Administration

Francis J. Casey, A. B., Hamilton	- -	M. A., Columbia
	Principal, Geometry	
Dorothy Adams	- - Commercial	Plattsburg Normal
Beatrice Bailey	- - Art	Fredonia Normal
Orris L. Coe, B. S.	- - Industrial Art, Agriculture	Syracuse University
Margaret Sheehan, B. S.	- - Mathematics	Syracuse University
James Evans, B. A.	- - Coach, Mathematics	Colgate University
Eleanor Sheehan, B. M.	- - Music	Syracuse University
Marian Ford, B. S.	- - Homemaking	Cornell University
Lucille Gifford, A. B.	- - Latin	Syracuse University
Alma H. Chidester, A. B., Syracuse	- - French	M. A., Stanford
Mildred Petley, A. B.	- - English	Syracuse University
Mabel W. Smith, B. S.	- - New York State College for Teachers	
	Science	
Eloise A. Williams, A. B.	- - New York State College for Teachers	
	History	
Florence P. Bliss	- - Junior High School	Oneonta Normal
Margaret Blust, A. B.	- - New York State College for Teachers	
	Junior High School	
Alice M. Strong	- - Junior High School	Oneonta Normal
Janice Pratt	- - Sixth Grade	Oneonta Normal
Lulu Jones	- - Fifth Grade	Oneonta Normal
Louise Whitman	- - Fourth Grade	Oneonta Normal
Carol L. Nichols, B. S. in L. S., N. Y. S. C. T.,	- - Third Grade	Oneonta Normal
Mary E. Finch	- - Second Grade	Oneonta Normal
Anna C. Naylor	- - First Grade	Oneonta Normal
Ruth Clinton, R. N.	- - Nurse	Utica
Margaret Wilcox, A. B., Elmira College; B. S. in L. S., Syracuse	- - Librarian	University
Dorothy C. Howland, B. S.	- - Trenton State Teachers' College	Cortland Normal
	Physical Education	

The Faculty



FIRST ROW: Mr. James Evans, Miss Alma Chidester, Miss Margaret Blust, Mr. Francis J. Casey, Miss Mabel Smith, Miss Lucille Gifford, Mr. Orris Coe.

SECOND ROW: Mrs. Ruth Clinton, Miss Ann Naylor, Miss Dorothy Adams, Miss Janice Pratt, Mrs. Florence Bliss, Miss Marion Ford, Miss Eleanor Sheehan, Miss Carol Nichols, Miss Beatrice Bailey.

THIRD ROW: Miss Louise Whitman, Mrs. Lulu Jones, Miss Margaret Sheehan, Miss Elizabeth Finch, Miss Alice Strong, Miss Margaret Wilcox, Miss Mildred Petley, Miss Eloise Williams.

The Faculty

I called upon the Muses
To send me inspiration
But they did not seem to choose
To grant my supplication.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" so heeding this warning the teachers of B. C. H. S. have found some time for play; and though our parties have not been numerous, they have made up in quality what they have lacked in quantity.

Miss Smith and Miss Adams early in the fall very appropriately started the year off with an early party for we were invited to breakfast, after which we played bridge. Miss Blust must have been very wide awake for she won first prize, and we won't tell who received the booby because probably it was the fault of the cards anyway.

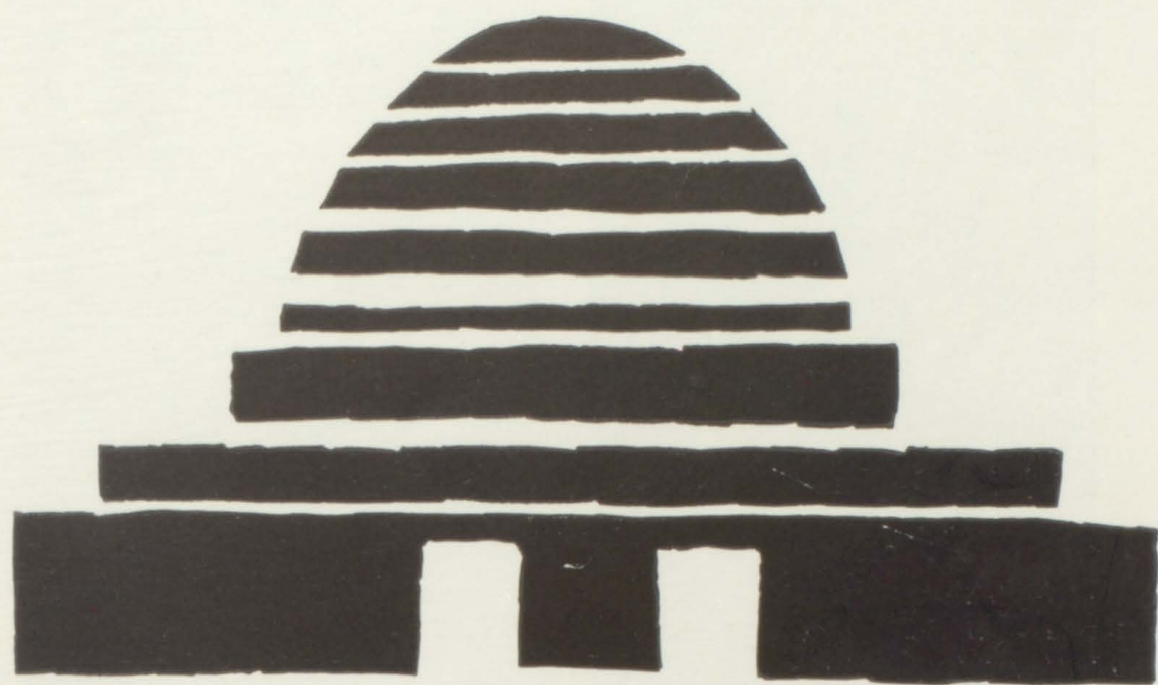
November is such a dull and somber month that Mrs. Bliss and Miss Ford decided to brighten up the occasion by having a Russian party the atmosphere of which was resplendent with red and gold, and at which we feasted on caviar and drank tea in true Russian fashion.

There "T'was the night before Christmas", and this time it was Miss Pratt and Miss Chidester who gave the celebration. There was a Christmas tree, and a present for every teacher who had been good all the year; and lo! every one received a gift.

January brought exams which meant that there was little time for entertaining by the faculty, but one day early in February, each teacher received an invitation asking her to a buffet-bridge which Miss Blust and Miss Bailey were giving on Valentine's Day. Such a grand affair it was and to give to the occasion the true old fashioned Valentine spirit little Dora Hitchcock presented each of us with an old fashioned corsage.

Since April is the month of showers to Miss Naylor and Mrs Jones it seemed fitting and proper to let kitchen utensils pour down upon Miss Strong who will not be on our faculty next year, but will be needing pots and pans we understand!

Now what the future has in store
I really couldn't guess,
But if our "invite" comes along
We'll probably answer "Yes"!



Planetarium

Stars Seniors

Planets Juniors

Asteroids Sophomores

Cosmic Dust Freshmen



SUSAN BENNETT

"Sue"

Susan is a happy girl
Who likes to stay at home
But when there's fun and laughter
Here she is bound to roam.

Echo Staff, Alumni 4; Senior Play, Properties 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Prize Speaking 2; Interclass Basketball 3; History Club 4; Press Club 2; Vagabond Gossip, Assistant Typist 3; Athletic Association 2, 3; Hallowe'en Party Committee 4.

GORDON BURTON

This man of business visits us
For part of the day, or less
And by his efforts "Echo" spells
Financially—Success.

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, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Baseball 3; Class Volleyball 3; Boxing and Wrestling 1; Business Manager of Echo 4; Senior Play 4; Hallowe'en Party Committee 4.

ROBERTA BURTON

"Bobbie"

Bobbie's voice is sweet and clear
In singing, high she rates
She's found it joy, from year to year
To argue in debates.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 4; Oratorio 2, 3; Press Club 3, 4; Vagabond Gossip, Grade News Editor 3; Hallowe'en Party, Booth Committee 4; Alumni Editor, Echo Staff 4; Senior Play 4; Property Mistress Dramatic Club Play 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 4; History Club 4; Prize Speaking 3; Athletic Association 1, 2; Sophomore Poverty Party, Refreshment Committee 2; Volley Ball 1, 2.

EDITH COLLINGTON

You never find her making noise
She's quiet, calm, and shy
But we are glad to have her here
With us in Bainbridge High.

Glee Club; Interclass Basketball 2; History Club 4; "Vagabond Gossip" 3.

OLIVE CORBIN

"Corbie"

She caught her look—so pert and gay
From a robin friend so cute
And she rivals the carol; they sing in May
With the trills she plays on her flute.

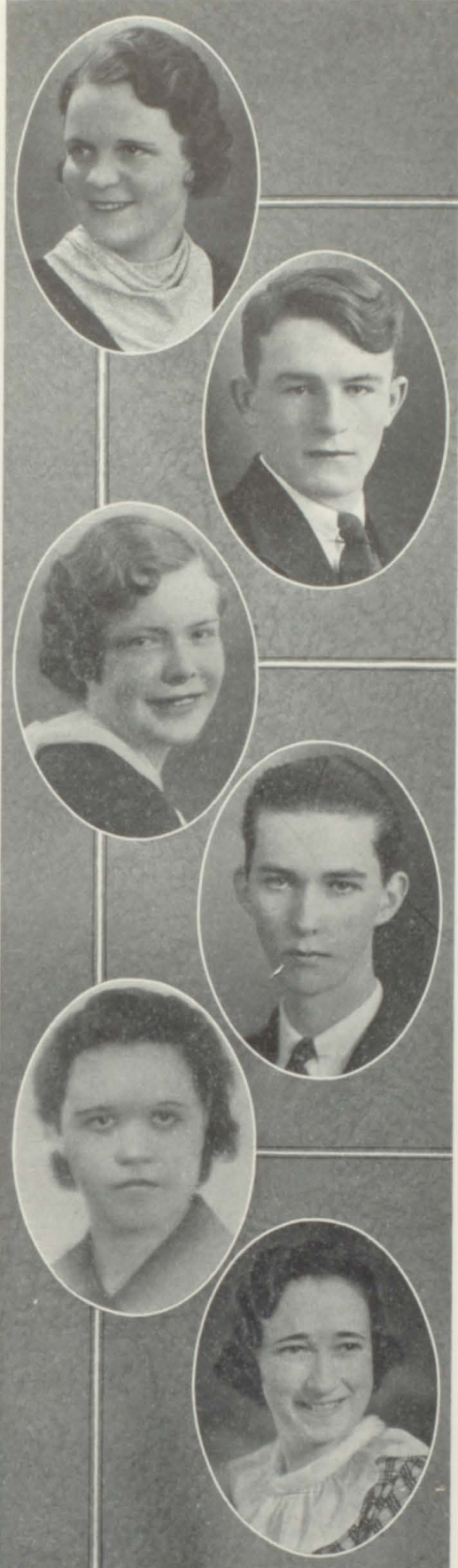
Echo Staff, Assistant Business Manager; Senior Play, Business Manager; Secretary and Treasurer 2; Treasurer 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Oratorio 2, 3; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 4; Orchestra 3, 4; News Editor, Vagabond Gossip 3; Entertainment Committee Hallowe'en Party; Interclass Volley Ball 1, 2; Committee of Poverty Party 2; History C Debate 3; League Contest Play 4.

GLADYS COVEY

"Glad"

The whistle has blown—the ball's in the air
There'll be no fumbling if Gladys is there.
Before her opponents know what to do,
The ball's in the basket—Bainbridge scores two.

Sports Editor of Echo 4; Advertising Committee of Senior Play 4; Basketball 1, 2, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 1, 2; Dramatic Club 1, 2; Inter Class Basketball 1, 2, 4; President of History C Club 4; Press Club 3, 4; Athletic Association 2, 3; Entertainment Committee of Hallowe'en Party 4; Glee Club 1; Inter Class Volley Ball 1, 2; History C Debate 4; Entertainment Committee of Poverty Party 2; Art Contest 2nd and 3rd prizes 3.



JEAN DAWSON "Jeanie"
 She is the poet of our class,
 This attractive, ambitious lass.
 In pensive mood, she sits and dreams
 Of what to write?—poetic themes.
 Associate Editor of Echo 4; Senior Play 4;
 Treas. of Class 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4;
 Interclass Basketball 4; History Club 4;
 Editor-in-chief, Vagabond Gossip 3;
 Dramatic Club Play 4; Class Volley Ball
 1, 2; Senior Hallowe'en Committee 4.

PAUL FAIRBANKS "Skinny"
 Dancing is his chief delight
 And Latin is his joy.
 If he'd get his lessons right,
 He'd be a happy boy.
 Echo Staff, Sports Editor 4; Senior Play,
 Officer 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Vice-President
 Class 4; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 4;
 Swimming 2.

WILMA GUSTAFSON "Willie"
 She always lends a willing hand
 When there is work to do,
 She's cheerful, witty, full of pep
 And rarely ever blue.
 Basketball 2; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; French
 Club, Treasurer 4; Oratorio 2, 3, 4; Inter-
 class Basketball 1, 2, 4; History Club 4;
 Press Club 4; Hallowe'en Party in charge
 of ducking for apples 4.

ROBERT HERRICK "Bob"
 You'll know him by his checkered vest
 But notice not too much lest
 He grow embarrassed 'neath your eye
 For growing tall made him shy.
 Echo Staff, Circulation Manager 4; Base-
 ball 4; Glee Club 4; "Ag" Club 1, 2, 3, 4;
 Hallowe'en party 4; History Club 4.

MARION LEWIS "Lewis"
 If ever you want something done;
 Call on Marion, she's the one
 Who is up-to-date on every style,
 And greets her friends with a cheery smile.
 Echo Staff, Society Editor 4; Senior Play 4;
 Basketball 4; Vice-President of Class 2, 3;
 Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Oratorio 2, 3; Inter-
 class Basketball 1, 2, 4; Press Club,
 Assistant Editor 4; Vagabond Gossip,
 Business Manager 3; Hallowe'en Party,
 Refreshment Committee 4; Interclass Volley
 Ball 1, 2; History Club 4.

VIOLA SHERMAN "Vi"
 A Pretty picture that I see
 A pretty picture is to me
 And nothing more.
 But when Viola speaks of art
 She brings to it a world apart
 From common men.
 Where line and form and color stand
 'Neath Harmony's restricting hand
 A symphony.
 Echo Art Editor 3, 4; Treasurer of Class 1;
 Senior Play Advertising Committee 3, 4;
 Candy Committee 4; Basketball 1, 2, 4;
 Interclass Volley ball 1, 2; History Club
 Secretary and Treasurer 4; Press Club 3, 4;
 Vagabond Gossip, Art Editor, Typist 3;
 Hallowe'en Party, Entertainment Committee
 4; Art Contest, 1st Prize 2; Art Contest,
 3rd Prize 3; Track 2, 3, 4; Contest Play,
 Advertising Committee 3, 4; Senior Ball,
 Advertising Committee 3, 4.



JOHN SPRING "Johnny"
 We're glad he's not like other boys
 Who hurry about with empty noise.
 For we should lose in the clash of it
 The fine full flavor of his wit.
 Senior President 4; Secretary of class 1;
 Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 2, 3;
 Track 2, 3; Oratorio 3, 4; Hallowe'en
 Party Committee 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3,
 4; Boys Quartette 3, 4.

DORIS STEAD "Steady"
 Her smiling eyes and shining hair
 Will label Doris anywhere.
 And tho she speak or play or sing
 Gay, lilting music she will bring.
 Editor-in-chief of "Echo 4; Senior Play 4;
 Class President 2, 3; Class Secretary 4;
 Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 2, 3, 4;
 Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 4; Oratorio 2, 3;
 History Club; Vice-president of History
 Club 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Dramatic Club
 Play 3, 4; Senior Hallowe'en Party Com-
 mittee 4; "Vagabond Gossip" 3; Home
 Economics 3; Interclass Volley Ball 1, 2;
 Sophomore Poverty Party 2; League Contest
 Play 3, 4.

RUTH TAYLOR "Dimples"
 This daintiness can scarcely be
 Coupled with such efficiency.
 An asset she makes being small
 In playing games of basketball.
 Echo Staff, Literary Editor 4; Senior Play,
 Costume Manager 4; Basketball 1, 2, 4;
 Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 3; Editor-in-
 chief Press Club; Interclass Basketball
 1, 2, 4; History Club Secretary 4; Press
 Club 4; Vagabond Gossip, Personal Column
 3.

WHITNEY TITUS "Whit"
 Whitney came to us last year
 In studies, he is bright
 And if you ask us what we think
 We'll say that he's all right.
 Interclass Basketball 4; History Club 4.

JACK TUCKEY Jack
 Collecting stamps is his delight
 Teasing is his joy
 We're glad that he is in our class
 This keen athletic boy.
 Treasurer of Tennis Club 3, 4; Baseball
 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Senior Play, Stage
 Manager 4; Echo Staff, Joke Editor 4;
 Interclass Basketball 2, 4; Interclass Base-
 ball, Soft ball 2, 3, 4; Senior Hallowe'en
 Party, Committee 4.

RUTH WEEKS "Rudy"
 She was made from a long-ago pattern
 Redolent of lavender and lace
 And we know what we lost with yester-
 day's charm
 By the shy, gentle smile on her face.
 Echo Staff, Literary Editor 4; Senior Play,
 Costume Manager 4; Basketball Manager 4;
 Track 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Oratorio 2;
 1; Athletic Association, Vice-President 4;
 Vagabond Gossip, Personal Column 3.
 Club 4; Press Club 4; Athletic Association
 Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 4; English Club,
 President 1; Vice-President 2; History

The Senior Class

We, the Seniors of nineteen thirty-five, regret that we must leave you. As we depart from our Alma Mater, we hate to think that our good work will have to perish. So we are going to pass on to you that which we have dutifully accomplished during the past four years.

In the fall of nineteen thirty-one we entered the door of B. C. H. S. to register as Freshmen. We then had the ladder of success before us. The first few weeks were a nightmare; but if we were to do our duty we had to begin then or never. To start the climb upward we organized a Freshmen Club consisting of three officers: Sam Taylor, Viola Sherman, Jimmy Clark, and our advisor, Mr. Cousins. A hot-dog roast at Danforth's cottage was the next step. At this particular time we learned that the playful Seniors liked hot-dogs—for they stole our frankfurters—much to our dismay. Basket ball was our biggest event of the year. We were inexperienced but we showed our ability as learners. We came out ahead of our upperclassmates' team, being defeated only by the Varsity.

We did survive that first year and in September nineteen thirty-two we returned as Sophomores. It wasn't quite so bad. At least we had the fun of watching the new Freshmen stumble in. We started up the same path by electing officers for the class. We chose, this year, Miss Bailey for our advisor. Later we decided that a hot-dog roast was just the thing. So off to Camel's Hump we went, carrying, O! My! the biggest appetites and plenty of food. We gave a poverty party March 17 to raise more funds for the class. It turned out a success. We then had a bake-sale with all its old-fashioned goodies to end our Sophomore year.

We came back in the fall of thirty-three as Juniors. We felt the burden but truthfully we can say we did not weaken for we knew the goal was not far away. Soon after school resumed its usual routine, a meeting was held and the class officers were elected. Miss Bailey remained as our Junior advisor. One sunny afternoon in early autumn we started for the highest peak of Camel's Hump on a steak roast. Games, story telling and singing songs filled the evening completely for all of us. Our next responsibility was the Junior Paper. A staff was elected and the name, "The Vagabond Gossip", was chosen for our paper. We can truthfully say it was a great success. We made a small profit over all the expenses, which is more than any class had done before. We were many disappointed Juniors when we couldn't have a Junior Prom. To end our Junior year successfully we held a bake sale to raise more funds for our Senior year.

At last we returned as Seniors and were assigned the Senior room under the supervision of Miss Williams. We called a meeting and chose our officers: John Spring, President; Paul Fairbanks, Vice-President; Doris Stead, Secretary, and Olive Corbin, Treasurer. We came up

against many obstacles before we ultimately found our advisors, Miss Ford and Miss Smith. We then turned our views toward our duty of giving a Senior play. "Winning Schemers" was the play selected. On November 27th came the big event and what a turn out! This gave us more courage for our struggle to the still-distant goal. We sold three orders of candy to our school mates which presumably sweetened them up a bit. By this piece of luck we obtained more money to put with our bank account.

A Hallowe'en party and dance were given next. It turned out to be quite a success. The "Echo", the eventful work of the Seniors, came into view. On October 4th the Echo-staff was selected and the work went into process.

Our history as the Senior class of thirty-five is ended. We bid farewell to Bainbridge Central High School with regret and many precious memories. In spite of the regret, however, we look forward with great anticipation to what the future will bring. May we bring honor to our Alma Mater in the future, making our lives even more worthwhile than they have been in the past, for that is the essence of our motto, "We finish to begin."

Our Constellation

Douglas Baldwin	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lew Ayres
Susan Bennett	-	-	-	-	-	-	Margaret Sullavan
Gordon Burton	-	-	-	-	-	-	James Cagney
Roberta Burton	-	-	-	-	-	-	Louise Dressler
Edith Collington	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marion Nixon
Olive Corbin	-	-	-	-	-	-	Karen Morley
Gladys Covey	-	-	-	-	-	-	Katherine Hepburn
Jean Dawson	-	-	-	-	-	-	Anna Sten
Paul Fairbanks	-	-	-	-	-	-	Johnny Weissmuller
Wilma Gustafson	-	-	-	-	-	-	Greta Garbo
Robert Herrick	-	-	-	-	-	-	Gary Cooper
Marion Lewis	-	-	-	-	-	-	Claudette Colbert
Kenneth Robinson	-	-	-	-	-	-	Slim Summerville
Viola Sherman	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jeanette MacDonald
John Spring	-	-	-	-	-	-	Leslie Howard
Doris Stead	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ginger Rogers
Ruth Taylor	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bette Davis
Whitney Titus	-	-	-	-	-	-	George Raft
Jack Tuckey	-	-	-	-	-	-	Joe Penner
Ruth Weeks	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Harding

Junior Class

The Juniors, entrusting their class to the piloting of the following officers:—

Jack Eldred	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
James Ryan	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Betty Birdsall	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Winsor Casey	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

with Miss Gifford and Mr. Evans as advisors, are industriously and co-operatively steering their course to make 1935 a successful year.

To the casual observer it may seem there is not too much evidence of pep and vim, but there is a reason for this. The Juniors, ever obliging and respectful of superiority, are calmly hiding their light, their abilities and talents, "under a bushel" in order that the revered Seniors may indisputably excel.

Among the activities of the class are the publication of the "Junior Megaphone". The number of its sales, and the paper itself speak the worthiness of the class. The St. Patrick's box social, with its receipts of fun as well as of money, again bespeak success. But the crowning event of the year on which the Juniors concentrated their efforts—the Junior Prom, is the shining example of success. The strains of Mc-Neeley's orchestra, the unusual crowd, and the fun enjoyed by all attest this.

Our Own Planets

- Neptune—James Ryan—"He rules the waves."
 Saturn—Sam Taylor—"God of Agriculture."
 Jupiter—Jack Eldred—"Ruler of Gods and Men."
 Venus—June Olmsted—"A Golden Apple, We Give to You."
 Uranus—Joe Delello—"Muse of Astronomy."
 Earth—Carol Fowler—"Mother Earth."
 Pluto—Robert Bowerman—"God of Underworld."
 Mars—Jack Shaffer—"God of War."
 Mercury—Winsor Casey—"Messenger of the Gods."

Junior Class



FIRST ROW: Paul Sherman, Stuart Friedel, Edward Peckham, Gerald Weeks, Sam Taylor, James Glover, Bastine Caracciolo.

SECOND ROW: Allen Harman, Margery Weston, Winsor Casey, James Ryan, Miss Gifford, Mr. Evans, Jack Eldred, Betty Birdsall, Claude Terry, Jessamine Davis.

THIRD ROW: Blanche Montgomery, Clara Wilcox, Agnes Russell, Mary Johnson, Mary Delello, Elva Warner, Florence Sherman, Louise Stilson, Carol Fowler, Gretchen Hartmann, Edith Foster.

FOURTH ROW: Ruth Andrews, Evelyn Herrick, Bernice Gifford, Georgianna Hovey, La Vonne Beers, Robert Bowerman, Florence Franks, Mary Smith, Alma Warner, Winifred Finch, June Olmsted.

FIFTH ROW: Archibald Hubbard, Robert Doud, Everett Herrick, Donald Babcock, Charles Boyce, Ivan Downing, Joseph Delello, Martin Bacuiska, Jack Schaffer, Murray Wilcox.

THINGS WE MUST NOT FORGET

Joe Delello's first appearance in knickers
 Archer's daily flutterings
 Robert Herrick's checkered vest and spats
 The mournful blasts of Dick Bowerman's tuba
 Miss Gifford's cake frosting sweater
 The finest Senior Play ever given
 Mr. Casey's "Last call for the buses"
 Mrs. Hoyt's ready smile
 Mrs. Hutchinson's cafeteria cooking
 Mr. Clark's willing services
 Roland Mathew's nod of agreement
 The finest harmony ever produced—Our Boys' Quartet



WINTER'S PASSING

You put away your sled and skis,
 Your skates and winter clothes;
 And stop the wintry existence
 Of handkerchief to nose.

You snuffle in the sweet spring air;
 The cold you do not fear
 And say from deep down in your throat
 "I'b so glad sprig is here."

"It's getting warmer now each day,"
 You're saying to yourself,
 "Take down the sulphur and molasses
 From the highest shelf."

Good old August comes at last,
 Mosquitoes round you swarm.
 You sweat, and say with plaintive voice,
 "I wish't were not so warm."
 Dick Bowerman

Sophomore Class

On September 4th, 1934, thirty-eight members of the class of 1937 returned to Bainbridge High. No longer were we humble Freshmen but proud Sophomores, ready to take our place among the classes. Nor has it been an inconspicuous one.

After entrusting the leadership of our class to:

Beatrice Bullis	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Marion Norton	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Malita Christiansen	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Llewellyn Hubbard	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Miss Sheehan	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Advisor

we began building the framework for a most successful year of Sophomore activity.

There was the party in October when we enjoyed an evening of fun in the school gym. There was the Bake Sale in February when we enjoyed financial success for our carefully organized efforts.

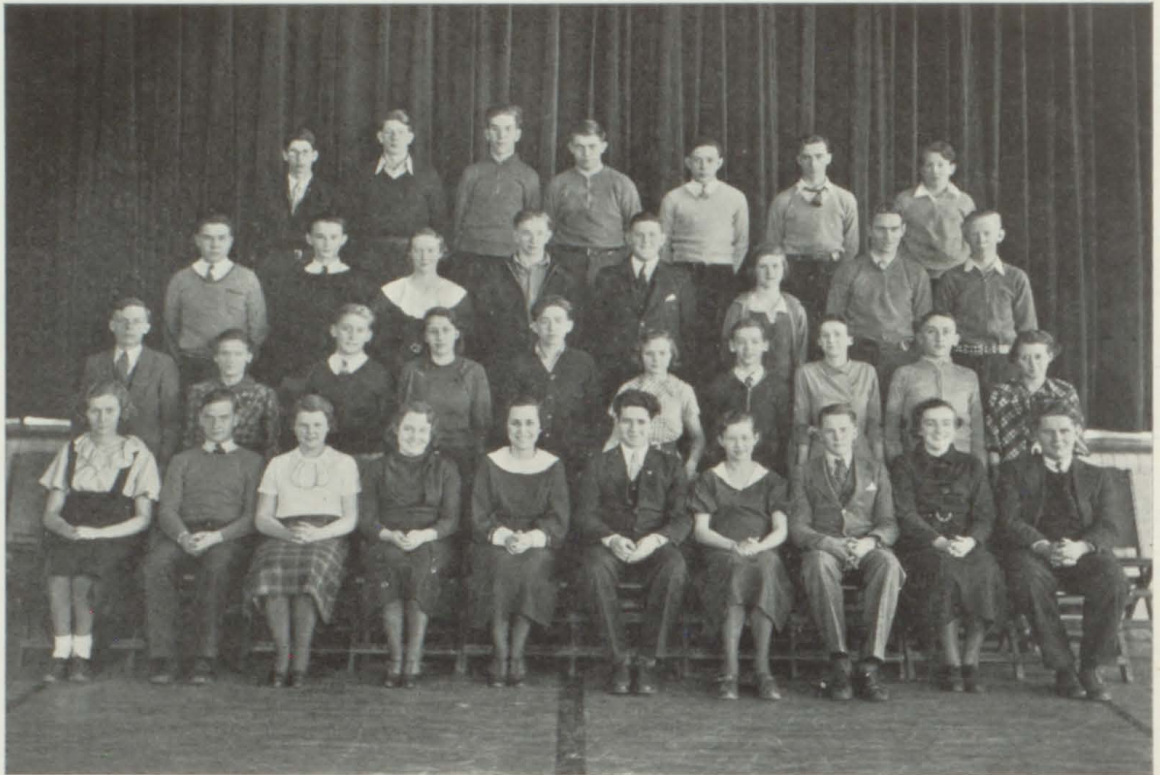
Now, as we bring our Sophomore year to a close, we are anticipating a Junior year filled with fun and achievement.



Radio Asteroids

Buck Rogers	---- the hero	----- Llewellyn Hubbard
Wilma	---- the heroine	----- Emilou Howland
Killer Kane	---- the villain	----- "Bud" Supplee
Ardala	---- the villainess	----- Joyce Husted
Dr. Huer	---- the scientist	----- James Taft
Dr. Smith	---- a fiend for peculiar notions	----- Donald Sweet
The Depth Man	---- with a deep, cavernous voice	----- Edwin Hopkins
Cocomalt	---- she radiates health	----- Malita Christiansen

Sophomore Class



FIRST ROW: Marian Dibble, Donald Sweet, Maleta Christiansen, Beatrice Bullis, Miss Sheehan, Llewellyn Hubbard, Marion Norton, Gerald Weeks, Joyce Husted, Gene Houck.

SECOND ROW: Edwin Hopkins, Mayfred Dildine, Robert Craver, Letha Sisson, Ralph Riley, Marguerite Hines, James Taft, Viola Taft, Cutler Baldwin, Lorene Sipple.

THIRD ROW: Robert Smith, Homer Dutcher, Emilou Howland, Francis Sherwood, Henry Supplee, Ruth Doolittle, Gordon Holcomb, Roger Dix.

FOURTH ROW: Vernon Livingston, Kermit Nichols, Archer Wintemute, Stanley Hutchinson, Alton Hollenbeck, Ralph Hager, Andrew Whitney.

"WHO'S WHO IN BAINBRIDGE HIGH"

President of Freshman Class	- - - -	Frank Lewis
President of Sophomore Class	- - - -	Beatrice Bullis
President of Junior Class	- - - -	Jack Eldred
President of Senior Class	- - - -	John Spring
Editor-in-Chief of Junior Paper	- - - -	Jessamine Davis
Manager of Boys' Basketball Team	- - - -	"Bud" Supplee
Manager of Boys' Baseball Team	- - - -	Joe Delello
Manager of Girls' Basketball Team	- - - -	Ruth Weeks
Editor of "Echo"	- - - -	Doris Stead
President of "Cercle Francais"	- - - -	Gretchen Hartmann
President of F. F. A.	- - - -	Archibald Hubbard
Managers of Football Team	- - Eugene Houck, Newton Hovey	
President of Press Club	- - - -	Ruth Taylor
Presidents of History Clubs	- - - Joe Delello, Gladys Covey	
School Boy Patrol	- - - -	Junior High Boys



THE SWEETHEART OF B. H. S.

Who is the girl we all adore
 And boys date every day?
 Who is the girl from shore to shore
 Is perfect (so they say)?

She blushes when you meet her
 And turns her head away.
 And when a question you do ask;
 She knows not what to say.

Her eyes are bright as star light,
 Her teeth are white as snow.
 You hear about her beauty
 Wherever you may go.

She's the pet of Bainbridge High School
 Yes, and more than that
 Her name, you'll smile to hear it
 Is Ethel, the white rat.

Jean Dawson

Freshman Class

At the beginning of this school term, the Freshmen Class met and elected the following officers: President, Frank Lewis; Vice-president, Dick Parsons; Secretary, Betty Branham; Treasurer, Barbara Campbell; and Advisor, Miss Petley.

At a later date, there was another meeting which established the dues of each member at fifty cents for the year. Although very little money has been collected, it shall be presently.

The Freshmen had a party at the school house with some very tasty refreshments and exciting games. Those who were able to attend were said to have had a fine time.

The meetings which the class has had have been somewhat noisy, but this shows that they are true Freshmen living up to their name. No doubt by the time they have passed through a few more years of high-school they will be a bit more docile. At least it usually works out that way.

Although little has been accomplished this year, big things are in line for future years for they have the true Bainbridge spirit at heart.



Cosmic Dust

Cosmic Dust, ye Freshmen,
What does it reveal?
Travel in the stratosphere
And find some answers real.

C is for cheerfulness, Betty Branham's style
O is for optimism, in Pearl Taylor's smile
S is for shyness, Marion Davis seems to be
M means Loretta, it stands for modesty
I is for innocence, Myron Carl's pose
C acts of courtesy, Bruce Holman surely knows

D is for diction, Stanley Lord in this shines
U unusual is Graydon in many lines
S is for stunning, Marion Hill, we say
T taciturn is Howard, just so every day.

Freshman Class



FIRST ROW: frank del. llo, gerald tiffany, arlin wilson, russell stead, raymond fiorina, ernest cobb, stanley lord, charles levee, stanley smith.

SECOND ROW: myron carl, loretta getter, donald macpherson, elizabeth branham, richard parsons, Miss Petley (Advisor), frank lewis, barbara campbell, carl hutchinson, marian jeffers, francis barry.

THIRD ROW: helen jeffers, adrian donahe, marian davis, homer houghtaling, jeanne hamlin, bruce holman, gertrude hawkins, george james, pearl taylor, jerome mertz, beatrice finch.

FOURTH ROW: victor foster, esther warner, frederic neidlinger, alene peckham, howard alcott, marian hill, graydon cass, doris van why, clifford wilson, argarette hollenbeck.

FIFTH ROW: teddy searles, lena sherman, carlton deforrest, ethel carnell, richard lewis, mary hubers, wendelin mertz, mary puerile, ernest fletcher.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mr. Evans with a soprano voice?
 Mr. Casey inviting you to make more noise?
 Jimmy Ryan talking sensibly?
 Douglas Baldwin coming to school five days a week?
 The typing room cozy and warm?
 Murray Wilcox leading cheers?
 Robert Herrick wearing Scotch kilts?
 June Olmsted shrieking about in the halls?
 Miss Adams playing marbles on the front walk?
 Miss Wilcox with an untidy library?
 Gordon Burton asking advice?
 John Spring playing fullback on the football team?
 Junior Roider admitting he is wrong?
 Marion Lewis dressed in rags?
 Joe Delello with golden curls?
 Miss Petley with straight black hair?
 Miss Williams down to her last dress?
 Mrs. Clinton raising white rats?
 Miss Sheehan serving tea to the loiterers in the halls?



WINTER SPORTS

There was a little boy riding down hill,
 His first name was Bill.
 "I like it," said Bill
 As he rode down hill.

A cat came along
 And a dog came along
 And they heard the wind sing a song.

"O-o-oh" it sang.
 You'd think a doorbell rang.
 The snowflakes are no longer high
 So I'll have to say good-bye.

Billy Vawter, Grade III

Junior High



FIRST ROW: carl sejersen, clifford smith, michael restino, donald peckham, socrates nellis, robert crawford, adrian bush, bryce wilcox, bert lord, donald tiffany, lyall fletcher, francis gunther, junior monroe, lloyd sipple, lloyd tuckey.

SECOND ROW: barbara barnard, jane andrews, wanda fleming, marie proutey, mary mac hovey, anne vawter, Mrs. Bliss, Miss Strong, Miss Blust, june westcott, harriett holman, janet delello, zita armstrong, frances restino, evelyn livingston, eileen finch.

THIRD ROW: barbara seymour, eleanor hitchcock, genevieve beers, betty andrews, maggie caracciolo, margaret mertz, lila kiefer, christina merring, lucille babcock, geraldine getter, dorothy teachout, margaret taft, bernice cook, grace johnson, alta deforest, hazel canfield.

FOURTH ROW: john a. parsons, robert lord, bobbie parsons, howard foster, jimmy monahan, billy butler, kenneth meade, millard fleming, paul murwin, douglas neidlinger, james sprague, guy leonard, clinton canfield, donald cobb.

FIFTH ROW: john bergen, roland warner, lester baldwin, lawrence murray, robert hall, robert downing, carl hendrickson, lawrence butts, raymond smith, george munk, herbert dutcher, vernon palmer, earl neidlinger.

The Incubator Babies

The Junior High School plan in Bainbridge was made complete this year. The seventh, eighth and ninth grades (High school freshmen) are included. Our reorganization conforms to the state plan for Junior High School curricula.

Mrs. Bliss, Miss Strong, and Miss Blust are the regular Junior High teachers, though many ninth year classes are taught by members of the Senior High School faculty.

We haven't a history to write, we are so new we scarcely know that we are here. We spend our time in learning and growing, and soon you may read our record in deeds done and the strides we have made.



WHY WE ARE GRADUATING

Gladys Covey—So I won't have to play that Afton High again.

Douglas Baldwin—To gain new worlds to conquer.

Doris Stead—So I won't have to play for an unappreciative audience in chapel.

John Spring—High School isn't exciting enough.

Olive Corbin—So I may become a more efficient ornithologist.

Viola Sherman—Eventually why not now?

Marion Lewis—So I can chew gum in peace.

Kenneth Robinson—So I won't have to skip school.

Wilma Gustafson—Why not? Every one else is.

Robert Herrick—Because Wilma is.

Jean Dawson—So I can seek higher knowledge.

Ruth Weeks—So I can spend more time in Afton.

Whitney Titus—So I won't have to come back next year.

Ruth Taylor—To light the world with my blond hair.

Paul Fairbanks—Because I'm tired of arguing with the teachers.

Edith Collington—So I can concentrate without being disturbed.

Roberta Burton—Bigger and better arguments.

Susan Bennett—So I will have more time at home.

Jack Tuckey—So I can look at magazines and postcards in peace.



activities

VAS

Orchestra

On every Friday afternoon, if you are in the vicinity of the High School, you may hear a symphony of sounds coming forth from the auditorium for that is where the High School Orchestra holds its practices. The orchestra has added many new ones to its membership this year, necessitating more time to accustom themselves to playing together. It has as yet had no opportunity for performing publicly.

However, the members have been practicing on the compositions for the Spring Music Festival at Norwich, which they plan to attend. The numbers which the combined orchestra will play are:

Selection from Tannhauser

Our Director ----- F. E. Bigelow

Marion Peckham

• • •

The Band

The personnel of the Band—

Solo Cornets	- - - -	Kermit Nichols, Donald Babcock
1st Cornets	- - - -	Donald McPherson, Llewellyn Hubbard
2nd & 3rd Cornets	- - - -	Gerald Tiffany, Clara Wilcox
Flute & Piccolo	- - - -	Olive Corbin
E Saxophone	- - - -	Edwin Hopkins
E Alto Horn	- - - -	Donald Sweet
1st & 2nd Trombones	- - - -	Homer Hotaling, Stanley Hutchinson
Baritone	- - - -	Alton Hollenbeck
E Bass	- - - -	Ralph Hager
Drums	- - - -	Henry Supplee

A new feature of the curriculum of B. C. H. S. is the High School Band. Under the leadership of Ralph D. Corbin we have shown marked improvement since our rehearsals started in September. We are very proud of our organization, the first of its kind in Bainbridge High.

We made our first public appearance in assembly recently and were enthusiastically received by the student body. We are now preparing for the Spring Festival at Norwich. There we will join the musicians of many other schools in a combined concert. The selections chosen are "El Capitan", a march by Sousa and "S. I. B. A.", a march by R. B. Hall and in spite of the fact that these are a little more difficult than those we have been playing we are confident that we shall have mastered them by May 10, the date of the concert.

Next year those now in training will be ready to join the regular Band. This should make the Band much more complete and an organization that may truly be of credit to the school.

Olive Corbin, '35

1935



ECHO



1935

Orchestra



Miss Sheehan, Donald Babcock, Archibald Hubbard, Doris Stead, Blanche Montgomery, Clara Wilcox, Donald Sweet, Donald MacPherson, Olive Corbin, Edwin Hopkins, Stanley Hutchinson, Marian Peckham, Homer Houghtaling, Bruce Holman, Graydon Cass, Alton Hollenbeck, Charles Levee, Henry Supplee.

Glee Club

A large number of students enrolled in the Glee Club, this year, and under Miss Sheehan's guidance, we have sung at several occasions. This year, the Glee Club has been able to practice in the Music Room and in the auditorium, a privilege which is greatly appreciated, especially by those in the Glee Club of last year, and have had a better opportunity for performing in assembly and in other programs.

Many of the members joined the community chorus this year and took part in the presentation of "The Prodigal Son," an oratorio by Henry B. Vincent. The chorus was composed of members from Bainbridge, Unadilla and Sidney and was conducted by Lawrence Bacon of Unadilla. However, Miss Sheehan was an associate director, conducting the chorus at Bainbridge.

At present the Glee Club is engaged in practicing numbers for the Spring Music Festival at Norwich, a festival which includes all of the combined Glee Clubs of the schools of Chenango County. The numbers which are to be presented are:

March from Athalia	-	-	-	-	F. Mendelssohn
O Singing Land	-	-	-	-	J. Sibelius
Still as the Night	-	-	-	-	Carl Bohn

Miss Sheehan also organized a boy's quartet comprised of John Spring, Junior Roider, Donald Sweet and Kermit Nichols. The quartet has become very popular and has been asked to sing at many occasions, town and church as well as at school.

The Glee Club is now looking forward to next year when they hope to become better than ever.

Marian Peckham

MUSICAL REVUE

No, No, A Thousand Times No	-	-	-	-	Jean Dawson
Stay As Sweet As You Are	-	-	-	-	Doris Stead
Let's Have Breakfast In Bed	-	-	-	-	Eileen Ford
A Needle In A Haystack	-	-	-	-	Mr. Casey
When My Prince Charming Comes Along	-	-	-	-	Ruth Taylor
Continental	-	-	-	-	Donald Sweet
An Earful of Music	-	-	-	-	James Ryan
Somebody Stole My Gal	-	-	-	-	Ralph Hager
It's My Night to Howl	-	-	-	-	John Spring
Debutante Waltz	-	-	-	-	Deb Club
Take A Number from One to Ten	-	-	-	-	Gretchen Hartmann
Okay Toots	-	-	-	-	Clara Parsons
Love Thy Neighbors	-	-	-	-	Cast of League Contest Play
Lookie, Lookie, Lookie! Here Comes Cookie!	-	-	-	-	Winsor Casey
Anytime is Kissing Time	-	-	-	-	Bastine Caracciolo
I Never Had A Chance	-	-	-	-	Jack Tuckey
You're The Top	-	-	-	-	Marion Lewis
Good Green Acres of Home	-	-	-	-	Susan Bennett
Singing A Happy Song	-	-	-	-	Dick Bowerman
I Woke Up Too Soon	-	-	-	-	Joe Delello
Out In The Cold Again	-	-	-	-	Post Grads
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny	-	-	-	-	Alice Hambek
Man On The Flying Trapeze	-	-	-	-	Paul Fairbanks
Cowboy's Heaven	-	-	-	-	Bernard Lovejoy
Little White Gardenia	-	-	-	-	Olive Corbin
Si Petite	-	-	-	-	Miss Williams

Glee Club



FIRST ROW: Mayfred Dildine, Marian Dibble, Mae Collington, Wilma Gustafson, Betty Branham, Marian Hill, Miss Sheehan, Joyce Husted, Mary Johnson, Louise Stilson, Carol Fowler.

SECOND ROW: Mary Delello, Clara Wilcox, Velma Hall, Georgiana Hovey, Betty Birdsall, Florence Sherman, Lorene Sipple, Emilou Howland, Loretta Getter, Marguerite Hine, Jeanne Hamlin, Letha Sisson, Maleta Christiansen, Beatrice Bullis, Marian Norton.

THIRD ROW: Edith Foster, Ruth Weeks, Gretchen Hartmann, Marian Lewis, Roberta Burton, Olive Corbin, Ivan Downing, Doris Stead, Jean Dawson, Esther Warner, Elva Warner, Helen Jeffers, Lena Sherman, Arlene Peckham.

FOURTH ROW: Winsor Casey, Bastine Caracciolo, James Taft, Edwin Hopkins, Archibald Hubbard, Donald Babcock, Kermit Nichols, Stanley Hutchinson, Joseph Delello, Eugene Houck, Donald Sweet, John Spring, Murray Wilcox, Jack Eldred.

The Lagoon Theatre

SENIOR PLAY

"Winning Schemers"

CAST

Georgia Warner Page	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Doris Stead
Philip Page	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Stanley LeSuer
Hannah	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bobby Burton
Jane Chillings	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jean Dawson
Harry Page	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Gordon Burton
Louise Caldwell	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marian Lewis
Cunning Carl	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Alton Palmer
The Officer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Paul Fairbanks

Produced by the Senior Class

The story is that of Georgia Warner Page a bride of three months, artistically portrayed by Doris Stead, and her youthful husband Philip Page, who is made truly real by Stanley LeSuer. They find themselves under the necessity of doing some scheming because an aunt of the bride, Jane Chillings, who hates men and is financing Georgia's "art course," is coming on a visit, not knowing of course that her niece is married. The aunt was personified tellingly by Jean Dawson. The situation is greatly complicated by the fact that Philip's Uncle Harry Page, (done to a hair grayed turn by Gordon Burton) is also coming for a visit, not aware that his nephew, whom he supports and who also is an "art student", is married. Harry hates the women. To avoid detection of their conjugal status the youthful pair agree that Philip will dress as a girl and impersonate a fictitious companion of Georgia, Phyllis, during the aunt's visit, while Georgia shall become a man, George, friend of Philip, during the Uncle's visit.

The situation develops rapidly and with many amusing incidents being speeded on toward the goal of laughter by the antics of the colored maid, Hannah. As it turns out, the aunt and uncle unexpectedly meet at the apartment of the Pages and the latter learn that Uncle Harry and Aunt Jane are former sweethearts whose romance of many years previous was blasted by the uncertainties of the Post Office. A reconciliation results and Georgia and Philip find their romantic cloud still tenable as references to fifty-thousand checks fall from the lips of "Uncle and Aunty".

The story is enlivened by the antics of Cunning Carl (Alton Palmer), an escaped lunatic, and Louise Caldwell, friend of Georgia, and a resident of the "apartment below", suspected by Uncle Harry of being guilty of an attempt to inveigle Philip into marriage or something. Louise was represented by Marion Lewis. Paul Fairbanks looked the part of an important arm of the law, searching for the escaped lunatic.

DRAMATIC CLUB CONTEST PLAY

"Neighbors"

By Zona Gale

CAST

Grandma	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Doris Stead
Mis' Diantha Abel	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Gretchen Hartmann
Mis' Elmira Moran	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Eileen Ford
Mis' Trot	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jean Dawson
Mis' Ellsworth	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Olive Corbin
Peter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Stanley Hutchinson
Ezra	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Henry Supplee

On March 9, 1935, our cast of "Neighbors" journeyed nervously over to Deposit where we were to present our play. The best of luck was with us. We won the honors for that night, much to our delight.

On March 15, we again presented the play in the Bainbridge High School with the winners of the other league which were Sherburne and Greene.

Each of our cast did their part well but luck and good fortune could not come

to us both times and so the honors were given to Greene who had the superior production.

Much credit should be given to Miss Williams, Miss Petley, Mr. Casey and all the others who cooperated with us in our endeavors, including the property and costume managers and those who so willingly lent us costumes and other necessary utilities which helped to make our production a success.

—Gretchen Hartmann

The French Village

President	- - - - -	Gretchen Hartmann
Treasurer	- - - - -	Wilma Gustafson
Secretary	- - - - -	Betty Birdsall
Chairman of Entertainment Committee	- -	Charlotte Taylor
Chairman of Refreshment Committee	- - -	Marian Peckham

Le Cercle Francais this year has been very successful, although we have missed many of the French students who should have attended our meetings.

Miss Chidester has helped us in pronouncing the difficult French words and broadening our vocabularies. She has told us many new songs and games. Although none of us gave much cooperation in our singing, we managed to secure a small amount of harmony among some of our faithful members.

Refreshments seemed to be the "high spot", of the evening's routine. Two of our best surprises were the nights we had "Welsh Rabbit" and "Beef Steak".

Each member was asked to pay ten cents a month for dues but we find Wilma is still around collecting money as the Frenchies seem to have forgotten that duty.

Every single person contributed to our "Cercle" in some way, either by singing, telling stories, reading, or making the evening merry with some of their "wise cracks".

We all found words lacking sometimes when we wished to speak, as we all were supposed to talk in French, so we found ourselves not saying much to each other, which caused a very peaceful and quiet group at times.

Our meetings usually lasted until nine-thirty and then our tongues let loose on the way home and we found ourselves again speaking "good old English".

The year has been an eventful one and next year we hope to improve and organize our club more fully by adding several more members to our list.

Gretchen Hartmann '36

The Press Box

OFFICERS

Advisor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Petley
Editor-in-chief	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ruth Taylor
Assistant Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marion Lewis
Cub Reporters: Loretta Getter, Graydon Cass, Ruth Weeks, Gladys Covey, Wilma Gustafson, Mae Collington, Robert Herrick, Barbara Campbell, Mary Delello, Jack Tuckey and Lawrence Eggleston.								

The Press Club was organized the latter part of September, under the direction of Miss Petley. With officers elected and assignments given, the club was started.

Every week the important happenings about school and the grade news are written up by members of the club. After being checked by the advisor it is sent to the news office of the Bainbridge News, where it is printed weekly, under the name, "Blue and White."



Agricultural Exhibit

The Young Farmer's Association of New York is part of a national organization including all states in the Union. The purpose of the organization is to promote vocational agriculture in High Schools of the United States of America, to create and mature a love of country life, to promote thrift by membership through establishment of savings bank accounts, and investments in agricultural enterprises. The Future Farmer's Creed states, "I believe in the future of farming with not of words but of deeds—achievements won by the present generations of farmers; in the promise of better days through better ways, even as the better things we now enjoy come to us from the struggle of former years.

The officers of the Bainbridge group are: President, Archibald Hubbard; Vice-President, Allen Harmon; Secretary, Edward Peckham; Treasurer, Gerald Weeks. Meetings are held the last Monday of each month at the school house. A chairman is elected each meeting. A Father and Son banquet is held each year and some prominent agricultural leader speaks to us. We intend to hold our Father and Son banquet for this year in May with Dr. A. K. Getman, Chief of Agricultural Education Department of New York State as speaker.

General Exhibits

"CURRENT HISTORIANS"

The History C classes decided they wanted to organize a club in which to carry on their Friday programs. On November 9 the two classes held their first meetings for the purpose of electing officers.

The officers for the morning class are: Gladys Covey, President; Dorothy Stanton, Vice-President; Viola Sherman, Secretary and Treasurer; and James Ryan, News Reporter.

The officers for the afternoon class are: Joe Delello, President; Doris Stead, Vice-President; Ruth Taylor, Secretary and Treasurer; and Jean Dawson, News Reporter. Miss Williams is the advisor for both classes.

Each week a chairman has been appointed by the president to take charge of the following meeting. These meetings of the club have been devoted to the discussion of current problems in the United States and in the world at large. Among the various subjects which have been discussed at our meetings is the question of public relief, disarmament, the entrance of the United States into the World Court, the re-organization of the N. R. A. and many other questions which have been prominent in the head lines of our papers and magazines during the past year.

We have found these club meetings very interesting and are looking forward to the banquet to be held in June.

Ruth Taylor '35



THE REVELERS

Hallowe'en brought around another great event for the mighty Seniors, "The Senior Hallowe'en Party".

From seven to nine the party was held. The High School certainly was a spookey place those two hours, with the different booths, admissions being five and ten cents. While some enjoyed ducking for apples, others were delighted with the tasty refreshments of pumpkin pie, cider, and doughnuts.

At nine o'clock everyone was ushered to the gym where they enjoyed themselves dancing to the strains of Joe Golden's orchestra. The gym was a spot of beauty trimmed in corn stalks, pumpkins, and the dimmed lights.

This proved to be a very successful party for the Seniors.

Marion Lewis



VAS



LEFTOUT CENTER



WE HAVE OUR UP'S AND DOWNS™



OUR ADVISOR'S



OUR COACH "GREAT STUFF™"



SECTIONAL PLAY CAST



WE LIVE A DOGS' LIFE



1937 OLYMPICS



THREE LETTER MEN



PHYSICAL ED. TEACHER



A WORD FROM THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.



BAND



BUSINESS MANAGER

FOOTBALL '34

Football practice started the very first day of school and coach "Jim" Evans began at once to prepare our boys for some good hard work.

The season opened Oct. 1st when the local boys journeyed to Windsor. Due to the tactful playing of the first team, the entire second team had a chance to "show their stuff." The boys came home that evening with a victory of 26 to 7.

Our next game was on our own soil, the Juliand Athletic Field, with Hancock on October 6th. Once again the local team won for the glory of it's school, the victory. The score at the final was 12 to 6 in our favor.

On October 13th the varsity journeyed to Franklin to show those Franklin boys just what they could do. And how they did show them! The players on both teams held the opposing fellows down a good share of the time. The final score was 0 to 0. A tie.

One of our closest neighbors visited us on October 20. This dear friend was Afton. Much as we'd have liked to have been polite, we had to disappoint them by a score of 20 to 0 in favor of dear B. C. H. S.

Oxford came to Bainbridge on the 27th of October and, although the local team played their hardest, they were forced to meet their first defeat with a score of 14 to 0 in favor of the visiting team.

The last game of the football season was with our old rival, Sidney High, on November 3rd. A fast and furious game was observed by the many spectators. The first string players played as hard as they knew how—but to no avail—the Sidney players were just one jump ahead of us, and at the end of the game the score was 0 to 14—the honors going to Sidney. It was a hard fought game and our players certainly deserve a lot of praise for their good showing.

This year our first line-up consisted of Downing, a fast and furious player who filled the position of full-back, "Sammy" Taylor, our short but efficient "left end", Hubbard, who always gave his best for the team in his position of "left half-back", next, we have "Jerry" Hine, "Ken" Wilcox and "Bob" Bowerman, men of strength and speed, who filled the position of "quarter-back", "right half-back" and "left guard", respectively. Gordon Burton, another good player, made a formidable "right end". With Hayes playing "right tackle" and Miner at "left tackle" the worry of those two positions was well out of the way. Fairbanks at "center" and "Joe Delello at "right guard" completed our first line-up.

Now for the "subs", who certainly are due their share of respect and glory, because, undoubtedly, next year they, joined with newcomers and some of this year's "regulars", will make up the team of '35.

"Don" Sweet was a new-comer this year at the game, but what a showing he made! With a little practice he'll be just as good as they make 'em! Another good player is "Buck" Caracciolo, and even though he is small, he has that which it takes to make a good football player. Then we have as a next year's prospect "Jim" Ryan, who is intent upon reaching his goal—a Football Hero!—and from the evidence he's going to reach it soon. "Bud" Supplee "showed his stuff" this year and promises to bring the laurels for next years team. We regret that "Bud" Lovejoy is not coming back next year, but he did his part in being a swell substitute.

The football team of '34 made a good showing and gives promise of another glorious gridiron chapter next year.

"Glad" Covey, '35

Football '34



FIRST ROW: Sam Taylor, Donald Sweet, Bernard Lovejoy, Gordon Burton, Gerald Hine, Bastine Caracciolo.

SECOND ROW: Ralph Hager, Robert Smith, Henry Supplee, James Ryan, Alvin Hayes, Paul Fairbanks, Stanley, Hutchinson.

THIRD ROW: Mr. James Evans, Coach, Eugene Houck, Manager, Kenneth Craver, Mr. Francis Casey, Paul Sherman, Howard Alcott, Edward Peckham, Joseph Delello.

BASEBALL '34

As in all springs past, the ardent players waited impatiently for those last bits of ice to disappear, to clear the practice diamond—the middle of Juliand St. Almost before the macadam was fully cleared, there were three or more games in progress—our own rookies warming up for real baseball.

Then came the official spring opening—school out at 3:15 on Fridays. Coach Evans collected his forces—a mixed crowd, last years veterans—“Bud” Lovejoy, Sam Taylor, and Junior Roider—those who tried and just failed 1933’s varsity, and the new-comers—struggling with that heavy, clumsy bat.

From this group were picked thirteen or fourteen men of merit, and with them “Coach” worked hard and long transforming them from possibilities into a real team.

You know their record. Seven out of eleven games were victories for Bainbridge. Our team played ball! There weren’t many batters who could hit those curves of our own Dizzy Dean—Llewellyn Hubbard, and ’twas a fast man who reached the base before Bucky or Martin had caught that ball and hurled it through the air to our own man on first.

If Bainbridge played Bainbridge, those balls would have kept their nice white coats, for few were the times they fell. Swift balls—low balls—high curves—met the same fate; our base men caught them all. Fly catching never had a better season—seldom did a fumble happen.

Nothing could stop this team—save June. So reluctantly they put away gloves and ball—’till spring comes ’round again.

GAMES

Bainbridge 6	-----	Franklin 5	Bainbridge 13	-----	Sidney 2
Bainbridge 0	-----	Deposit 12	Bainbridge 1	-----	Afton 2
Bainbridge 12	-----	Sidney 5	Bainbridge 7	-----	Otego 1
Bainbridge 4	-----	Afton 5	Bainbridge 9	---	Mt. Upton 7
Bainbridge 7	-----	Franklin 8	Bainbridge 13	-----	Otego 1
Bainbridge 2	-----	Deposit 1			

Baseball '34



FIRST ROW: Bastine Caracciolo, Donald Sweet, Llewellyn Hubbard, Bernard Lovejoy, Gerald Hine, Junior Roider, Gordon Burton.

SECOND ROW: Mr. James Evans, Coach, Ralph Hager, James Ryan, Martin Baciuska, Mr. Francis Casey, Alvin Hayes, Jack Tuckey, Sam Taylor, Joe Delello, Manager.

Alvin Hayes	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	Pitchers
"Hub" Hubbard								
Wilson Rahl								
"Mart" Baciuski	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	Catchers
"Buck" Caracciolo								
"June" Roider		-	-	-	-	-	-	First Base
"Jerry" Hine	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	Second Base
"Jim" Ryan								
"Bud" Lovejoy	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	Short Stop
Ralph Hager								
Gordon Burton	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	Third Base
Jack Tuckey								
"Don" Sweet	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	Fielders
"Doc" Miner								
Jack Palmer								
Sam Taylor								

GIRLS' BASKETBALL '34—'35

After a year's vacation due to the fact that we had no gymnasium we were "rarin' to go" when basketball practice started. Coach "Jim" Evans had a new system of switching players from one position to another—and it proved to be a good one, too. With Hartmann usually at center, Taylor, Covey and Sherman, alternating as forwards, Smith, C. Taylor and Foster as guards, the girls played real basketball.

In the middle of the year a few changes were made: Miss Dorothy Chandler took Mr. Evans place as girls' basketball coach, Charlotte Taylor left school and Mr. Evans made the startling discovery that Ruth Taylor was an excellent guard as well as a fast forward!

But we must not forget the other girls because without their help the varsity team could have done little. Some of our valuable substitutes were:— Guards—Marion Lewis, Marion Hill, Pearl Taylor, Florence Franks, Mary Johnson, Marion Norton. Forwards—Gertrude Hawkins, Emilou Howland, Marion Dibble. With these players doing their best work, dear old B. C. H. S. should have a fast and furious team for '36.

Gladys Covey



ALL-STAR BASKET BALL GAME

The Chenango and Susquehanna Leagues met at the Oxford High School gymnasium, March twenty-second, to play the all-star games.

The girls' game came first. The representatives from Bainbridge Central High were Ruth Taylor and Viola Sherman. The Susquehanna girls were coached by Mr. Fox, athletic instructor from Deposit. Due to the good training and steady playing our girls put up a hard struggle but were defeated by a score of twenty to twenty-five.

After the girls preliminary game came the boy's contest. The Bainbridge players on the team were: Gordon Burton, Junior Roider and Gerald Hines; all three of these boys played a good game and deserve a good deal of credit and honor toward winning for our League. Junior Roider made a basket in the last few minutes to play, to give us a four point lead which we kept until the end of the game. The final score was Susquehanna, thirty-eight; Chenango, thirty-four.

Gladys Covey

Girls' Basketball '34-'35



FIRST ROW: Pearl Taylor, Gretchen Hartmann, Viola Sherman, Gladys Covey, Ruth Taylor, Marion Lewis, Charlotte Taylor.
SECOND ROW: Mr. James Evans, Coach, Edith Foster, Gertrude Hawkins, Marion Hill, Mr. Francis Casey, Emilou Howland, Mary Smith, Ruth Weeks, Manager.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

As the Football season came to an end, one would hear arguments about the coming basketball team. Most everybody believed that the team would be in bad shape because of not having a team last year. But as soon as practice was called, we could see that Bainbridge was to have a good team and could possibly take the Championship.

The call for practice brought many players. There were several veterans from two years before who were fast and experienced; also with these came several others, some Juniors and Sophomores, who had prospects of making good players. For the weeks that followed, Coach Evans drilled the boys. The first few games came out remarkably well for Bainbridge because we always came out on the big end of the score. Although our team scored more points than the other teams, we were weak on defense. Coach Evans overcame this weakness by changing the players around until he got the best possible combination. The boys went to work and played real basketball. The Deposit game here and the Afton game there were by far the best games of the season. Bainbridge lost only four games in the entire season. These were Sidney twice, 18-43, 14-33, Afton, 16-23, and Deposit, 25-32. Although Bainbridge has never received a championship in recent years, we have shared this honor this year with Afton and Deposit.

The players composing this championship team were:

Forwards *Burton, *Hine, Taylor, Sweet, Caracciolo, and Casey.

Guards: *Roider, *Hubbard, and Delello.

Centers: *Bowerman, Tuckey, and Downing.

Manager: "Bud Supplee

Bainbridge 35	----	Windsor 14	Bainbridge 16	-----	Afton 23
Bainbridge 23	----	Windsor 10	Bainbridge 28	----	Franklin 18
Bainbridge 35	----	Franklin 22	Bainbridge 25	-----	Deposit 24
Bainbridge 25	-----	Deposit 32	Bainbridge 20	----	Hancock 18
Bainbridge 35	----	Guilford 21	Bainbridge 14	-----	Sidney 33
Bainbridge 18	-----	Sidney 43	Bainbridge 42	----	Unadilla 8
Bainbridge 35	----	Unadilla 19	Bainbridge 28	-----	Afton 25
Bainbridge 30	----	Guilford 16	Bainbridge 28	-----	Greene 15
		Bainbridge 17	-----	Greene 28	

Boys' Basketball



FIRST ROW: Bastine Caracciolo, Sam Taylor, Junior Roider, Gordon Burton, Gerald Hine, Donald Sweet, Winsor Casey.

SECOND ROW: Mr. James Evans, (Coach), Joe Delello, Jack Tuckey, Mr. Francis Casey, Ivan Downing, Llewellyn Hubbard, Henry Supplee, Manager.

1935



ECHO



1935

Athletic Board



FIRST ROW: Richard Parsons, Barbara Campbell, Joyce Husted, Gretchen Hartmann, Ruth Weeks, James Taft.

SECOND ROW: Mary Johnson, James Glover, Mr. James Evans, Edith Foster, Lawrence Eggleston, Pearl Taylor, Homer Houghtaling.

All American Youth Exhibit

GIRL SCOUTS

On my honor I will try to do my duty to God and my country, to help other people at all times, to obey the Girl Scout laws.

This pledge given at the opening of each Scout meeting manifests the ideal set forth by the individual Girl Scout.

The history of Scouting shows that Girl Scouts were a direct outgrowth of the Boy Scout movement. An English woman heard the program Sir Robert Baden-Powell had prepared for the Boy Scouts and urged him to prepare a similar program for girls who were clamoring to become Scouts like their brothers. The girl's organization became known as Girl Guides. Mrs. Juliette Low, an American woman, while visiting in England saw and realized the opportunities offered to the English girls. On her return to America she founded the Girl Guides in this country and later changed the name to Girl Scouts.

The present Bainbridge Troop was reorganized in June 1934. Its former name Pine Tree was changed to Sacajawea. The girls regarded Sacajawea or the young Indian "Bird Woman" as a fitting example of one who set forth the Scout principles of out-of-door wisdom and self reliance.

A few of the Bainbridge Girl Scouts spent ten days during the past summer at a Girl Scout Camp. While there they learned much about Scouting. This year they are striving to earn enough money so that each Girl Scout will be able to attend camp without financial help from home. We hope to make this year a successful Girl Scout year.

The Troop Committee consists of:—

Miss Charlah Ireland Mrs. Francis Casey Miss Evelyn Demeree

The Patrols:—

Harriet Holman—Patrol Leader
Barbara Campbell
Mary Hovey
Dorcas Hendrickson
Loretta Getter
June Westcott
Marian Davis
Joyce Husted—Patrol Leader
Grace Johnson
Marian Hill
Viola Taft

Marian Dibble
Margaret Hine
Mary Johnson
Anne Vawter—Patrol Leader
Jeanne Hamlin
Mayfred Dildine
Lucille Babcock
Margaret Taft
Gertrude Hawkins
Geraldine Getter
Mary Payne

A BOY INTEREST PROGRAM

The Scout program is a boy-centered program. It has had very good success through twenty-five years of experience with more than ten million boys. It is still in process. It is not a finished product. As experience leads the way, new and better features will be added to the program. It must fit the boy as the burr fits the chestnut, because they grew together.

Scouts in the United States this year are celebrating their twenty-fifth birthday by a jamboree in Washington, D. C., this summer. It is the privilege of each troop to send one representative, which Bainbridge is planning to do.

Bainbridge Troop 52 of Susquehanna Council has the largest troop ever in the history of Scouting in Bainbridge with a registration of 36 Scouts, with five Eagle Scouts as leaders and a splendid troop committee that are *doing things*.

TROOP COMMITTEE

Rev. B. H. Tite	Rev. M. DeForest Lowen
Mr. R. W. Kirby	Mr. Chas. Peckham
Mr. Milliard Howland, Eagle Scout	
Robert Houck, Scoutmaster, Eagle Scout	
Paul Fairbanks, Asst. Scoutmaster, Eagle Scout	
Jack Palmer, S. P. L., Eagle Scout	
Junior Roider, J. P. L., Eagle Scout	

OWL PATROL

Jim Ryan
Sterling Hodge
Stanley Hutchinson
Graydon Cass
Frank Lewis
Henry Supplee
James Taft
Don Roberts

P. L.

SILVER FOX PATROL

George James
Carl Hutchinson
Billy Butler
Rosco Beers
Junior Clark
Guy Leonard
Alton Hollenback
Andrew Parsons

P. L.

FLYING EAGLE PATROL

Russell Stead
Dick Lewis
Stanley Lord
Bruce Holman
Donald Peckham
Dick Parsons
Winsor Casey
Donald Pratt
Junior Monroe
Frank Delello

P. L.

FLAMING ARROW PATROL

Teddy Searles
Lloyd Tuckey
Earl Neidlinger
Fred Neidlinger
Lawrence Darlin
Clarence Darlin
Jack Goad
Pat Ryan

P. L.



CAMP FIRE

The Camp Fire Girls again have carried on their traditions. For many years there has been a strong Camp Fire Girl group here in Bainbridge, which has attempted to help the community in every possible way.

This last summer a number of the girls went to camp on Arnold's Lake. It was a great disappointment that not all of us could go, but those who went certainly enjoyed the camp life to the fullest extent.

When school began in September, our group came together again to start the round of weekly meetings held throughout the school year. This year we were left with few old members to strengthen our organization, but the determination that Camp Fire should not die and the loyalty of the group has kept us going.

We now have a fine group of new members coming in, which under the guidance of our leader, Miss Zaida Hanford, we are sure are going to add much to our Camp Fire, and the older members are steadily gaining higher ranks and honors.

Very few of us will be leaving this June, so that almost the entire present Camp Fire will be here next year to keep up our ideals and follow the law of the fire toward attaining the highest goals which life has to offer us.

Historical Exhibit

"She has had a wondrous history but her glories have scarce begun."

The glory of Bainbridge High is in the success of her sons. May we present these short sketches of those who have been to her honor that you may read her history in their accomplishments and glimpse her future by the character of the men she trains.



HARRISON VANCOTT

Harrison VanCott was born in Bainbridge September 23, 1884. At the age of seven he entered Bainbridge grade school. His school life was rather uneventful; during his senior year he was president of his class. He graduated in 1901 and was valedictorian.

He entered Oneonta Normal in 1901 and was graduated in February 1904. In the fall of 1904 he entered Columbia University Teachers College being graduated in 1906 with degree of Bachelor of Science.

From there he proceeded to Schenectady High School as the teacher of science and mathematics and later became principal holding this position for eight years. Leaving here he went to the State Department of Education in Albany becoming the Supervisor of Junior High Schools.

He received his Master of Science degree at Columbia in 1919 and his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from New York University in 1934.

IRVING M. IVES

Irving M. Ives was born in Bainbridge, January 24, 1896. When five years old he entered Bainbridge grade school. As a young boy he developed a hobby for tennis and later won the tennis championship cup at college. At the age of fourteen he won first prize in a high school prize speaking contest.

He entered Oneonta High School as a Junior, where he was honored by being elected president of his class, in both Junior and Senior year. He won a Prize Speaking Contest in Oneonta and later a Columbia Prize Speaking Contest for the State. He also won the general high school scholarship.

Mr. Ives entered Hamilton college in 1914 where he won the oratorical prize in his course for speaking.

At the end of his Sophomore year he left college to enter the Harvard Officer's Training camp where he left with the title of Second Lieutenant of the Federal Army.

Returning to college for a short time during his Junior year he became president of his class, Editor-in-chief of the Hamilton College Bulletin and a member of the Court of Honor.

Leaving college once more he went to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for an intensive military training. In April 1918 he sailed for France and in June was made first Lieutenant and received citation by a French General for his brilliant work.

Mr. Ives later placed his regiment in position for the Battle of St. Mihiel, the first All-American defensive and soon after was made regimental liaison officer. He was at the front in the battle of the Argonne. After the armistice was signed he was retained "overseas" until August 1919.

He returned to college and was graduated in 1920 with a Phi Beta Kappa key.

After leaving college he was with the Guaranty Trust Company in New York City for two and one-half years.

In 1920 he married Miss Elizabeth Skinner of Albany and Bainbridge. In 1923 they moved to Norwich, where Mr. Ives became engaged in the Banking Investment Business.

In 1930 he was elected into the Assembly of the State Legislature at Albany and has been reelected for the sixth successive term during which time he has been the author of several important bills, one of which is the Ives' Oath Law for Teachers.

He is now minority leader of his party.

DUNCAN M. COPLEY

Duncan M. Copley was born November 2, 1896 in Bainbridge. He entered school at the age of four at Davenport, New York, where he finished the first five grades of schooling. In 1905 he returned to Bainbridge to continue his studies in Bainbridge High School and was graduated in the class of 1914. He was very fond of baseball and tennis during the last years of his high school life.

Mr. Copley entered Colgate University in 1914. During college he was chosen champion for the high jump on the Varsity Track team. He was a member of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity and at graduation received a Phi Delta Theta key. He also belonged to the Chemical Society at college.

He entered the army in the spring of 1917 where he was a member of the Second New York Ambulance Company, Binghamton National Guard. In August 1917 he was induced into the National Army. He spent the winter of 1917-18 in Camp Wadsworth and in the spring of 1918 he moved to Camp Stuart. Going "overseas" in 1918, he took part in the battles of St. Mihiel, Chateau Thierry, and Argonne, serving as a sergeant.

In the spring of 1919 he was discharged from the army and re-entered Colgate University to be graduated that year.

On June 13, 1919 he went to Norwich where he became chief analyst in the Norwich Pharmaceutical Company. He still holds this position and resides in Norwich.

LEROY COPLEY

Leroy Copley was born July 13, 1901 in Davenport, New York. He entered Bainbridge High School at the age of five. All through his school life he was very fond of sports especially football and baseball, and was captain of the football team. He graduated in the class of 1919 with the honor of Valedictorian. He returned and took a post-graduate course for one year.

Mr. Copley entered Colgate in 1920 only to leave and enter Massachusetts Institution of Technology from which he graduated in 1926. He was an honor student and also received a letter in athletics.

After his graduation he became designer of machinery for the Kelly Springfield Tire Company, and later safety engineer in the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company. He is a member of the American Engineers; and is now plant engineer in the Norwich Pharmaceutical Company.

ELIOT DANFORTH

Eliot Danforth was born January 31, 1906. He entered school at Bainbridge in 1912. From a young boy he was interested in horses. During his high school years he edited his paper, "The Fiddlestick." He graduated from high school in the class of 1922.

Doctor Danforth entered Colgate in 1922 where he received his B. S. Degree. After being graduated in the year 1925 he entered the Columbia University Medical College from which he was graduated in 1929. At Colgate he was a member of the Sigma Chi Fraternity and at Columbia belonged to the Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

During his course at Medical College he substituted as house surgeon in the Roosevelt Hospital in New York City, and was for several months a member of the house staff at the Seaside Hospital for Children on Staten Island.

In 1930 he was appointed house surgeon of the Bellevue Hospital and remained there until 1933 when he left to begin his practice of medicine in Sidney, New York.

While at the Seaside Hospital he became acquainted with Miss Helen Roberts, whom he married in November, 1932, in the Church of the Transfiguration, New York City. He is a member of St. Peter's church.



Literaturie

VAS

Literary Exhibit



“We Finish to Begin”

“We finish to begin.” The Senior Class of '35 sets out to seek a higher goal. We have obtained the knowledge in our high school course to succeed in our aspiration—to graduate. It is finished. But, ahead lies a higher, more eminent purpose—one which we must strive to gain. And, in doing so, endeavor to make the most of it.

Ahead are pitfalls—we must avoid them. Others will try to persuade us in choosing our position in life, but we must not be guided by their likes and dislikes. There are many obstacles which may hinder us in our progress. Through these numerous difficulties we must remain steadfast in our way and attain that which we desire.

Graduating, we go out into the world to take our place among the vast throng of people who make up the civilization of today. Unless some higher education can be provided, we are faced with a realization that we are at the crossroads of life. What is our incentive? The will to do. Daniel A. Poling in a recent address to the youth of America stated what seems to me a fitting motto for graduates. “The man who can is the man who will.”

Seniors of '35, go forth into the world with courage, and be confident in your ability to overcome your hardships. Let the words of the great speaker of youth be your guiding star—“The man who can is the man who will.”

Jean M. Dawson, '35

Peace or War?

Peace or war? — That's the pending question which must be decided. Make your decision now; but be sure you are thoroughly satisfied with your final resolution; for the peace and the very existence of humanity depends upon your determination.

To be sure, war is like infantile paralysis in that though it starts with a flash of hectic fever, its more dreadful aspect is its long drawn out aftermath. Even now one is able to catch the agonies of innumerable homes where, as the direct issue of the world's disorganization in the Great War, the days are hard and the nights are terrible. "Crimine ab uno disce omnis."

There is no difference between militarists and peace lovers on one matter: we all believe in national defense. We differ deeply however, as to the means of achieving it. The idea that in this closely inter-related world of mutual economic interests national defense can be achieved by such activities as only war—a dirty, loathsome, servile murder-job can generate, seems to some of us sheer insanity. When we fight each other, we destroy ourselves "face ferroque". War has seen guiltless men blown to pieces, while the rulers who were responsible for their fate went free, and it has seen victors and vanquished floundering helpless together in the morass of war and post-war finances. We are spending this year among the great nations five million dollars on armaments to do to each other the sort of thing that flesh versus iron, concrete, flame and wire represent. And we call that national defense? It is of course both national and international ruination.

If war started tomorrow would you of 1914 be as enthusiastic in going again? You know you wouldn't be, you couldn't be. It isn't the danger, it isn't that war is lacking in adventure, but because you now know that it isn't glorious. There is one power alone which can prevent a government from declaring war in an actual crisis, and that is the knowledge that popular support, as expressed in men, money, and war service, will not be forth-coming.

May we again experience the tragedies of war, a true relic of barbarism, with R. W. Stewart in his gripping poem,



"Remember Again"

Rain in the blackness. Stabs of flame in
the blackness.
Whines and groans in the blackness.
Remember?
Remember again.

Rockets at dawn. Shells, come and gone.
Mists in the dawn. Cheers in the dawn.
Remember?
Remember again.

Stillness at noon. Curses in the stillness
of noon.
Writhing bodies at noon. Still bodies at
noon.
Remember?
Remember again.

Flashing shovels at twilight. Prayers at
twilight.
Dry-eyed men at twilight. Soul-twisted
men at twilight.
Remember?
Remember again.

Time will pass. Crises will rise.
Remember?
Remember again.

Doris Stead
Editor-in-Chief

“Class Poem, '35”

Our High School days are over
 “We finished to begin,”
 In life, we make another start
 A higher goal to win.

The victory isn't everything
 We gain sometimes to lose;
 The real task is to choose a way
 And know the way to choose.

Professor Casey's guiding hand,
 In victory and defeat,
 Has aided us, in every way,
 Our purpose to complete.

To our teachers, kind and dear,
 Much gratitude is due;
 Knowledge we have learned from them
 What others tried, found true.

Within our hearts are memories
 Of sorrow and of joy;
 These memories will linger on
 With every girl and boy.

We bid “Farewell” with saddened hearts
 “Farewell to Bainbridge High”
 We won't forget these happy years
 As time goes marching by.

And years from now, we will recall
 When victories we win,
 It was in dear old Bainbridge High
 We finished to begin.

—Jean M. Dawson
 Class Poet, '35

“Our Feathered Friends”

Who has not paused in his work to listen to the merry song of the house wren, the beautiful strain of the American goldfinch, or to stop dazzled by a flash of crimson as the scarlet tanager flies by? Surely there is no better herald of spring than the cheery bob-o-link, singing his endless song of “Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink, spink, spink,” or the oriole sitting on the top-most branch of a tree uttering his full, rich round, though somewhat metallic whistle.

One of the first of our feathered friends to return to us is the robin. Judging the robin according to his average conduct he is a noisy fellow! But there is a host of good cheer in his music which a poet has very adequately put into verse:

“In the sunshine and the rain
 I hear the robin in the lane
 Singing ‘cheerily
 Cheer up, cheer up;
 Cheerily, cheerily, cheer up.”

Along with the robin comes the bluebird. It is a question which one we are likely to meet first but when we see a spot of blue amid the bare brown branches of an old apple tree we are sure that the bluebird has won in the race northward.

Soon after these birds come in the Spring, the cedar waxwings make their appearance. Their quiet unobtrusiveness, their silence, their

"OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS" (Continued)

gentle manners and refined appearance always make them particularly attractive to me. Although this bird wears a very dull coat, his crest and bright yellow which tips his tail make him very distinctive from other birds. One summer recently a wandering flock of six cedar waxwings stopped in the doorway of my home. I watched these birds with great curiosity. During their stay I gathered a collection of yarns of assorted colors, took them out of doors and hung them on a tennis net. The next day I saw one of the waxwings flying away from the net with a long piece of red yarn trailing out behind him. When dusk fell I had replenished the supply of yarn four times and the waxwings' nest was a riot of color.

How gladly I welcome the returning orioles! The oriole usually announces his arrival by a clear whistle or warble from some nearby tree. When I hear this song I place here and there in the yard, yarns of many colors. The yarn does not hang long before an orange and black bird comes winging its way down and begins tugging at a long piece of yellow, red or green yarn. It takes the orioles at least two days of constant work to complete their nest. They hang the nest in a Y-shaped branch near the top of the tree. They weave the yarns and grasses in and out, in and out, until they have a gay basket-shaped nest which would frighten away any enemy that should attempt to molest their young.

Like the cedar-waxwing and the Baltimore oriole, the kingbird will take material furnished by humans to build their nests. However, they prefer strips of white cloth to the colored yarns. They do not seem to know how to use these materials in the actual construction but they will take any quantity of it and drape it over the limb on which they have placed their home.

Anyone who has a garden knows the thrill of seeing the little ruby-throated hummingbird dart in and out of flowers. These little birds have always been interesting to me. Perhaps because there are usually one or two in our garden. I have never been fortunate enough to find its tiny lichen covered nest, although I am always watchful for them.

One of our early spring arrivals is the purple finch. This beautiful bird with its glorious song is particularly interesting to every ornithologist. Despite its name the male is deep rosy red and the female is streaked brownish gray. In the spring small flocks of these musicians remain near my home until nesting season. Then they all leave except one pair who remain with us until fall. My bird family would not be complete without these beautiful songsters.

How pleased I was when I got my first glimpse of a catbird. One pleasant morning, when I was sitting on the porch of my aunt's summer home, I heard a merry burst of song from the spirea bush at the end of

"OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS" (Continued)

the porch. There in plain view sat a catbird evidently perfectly aware of my presence and singing for my sole benefit. My former impression of the catbird had been that he was not much of a songster but I found that I was sorely mistaken. For in that one brief concert I heard him imitate the four note call of the oriole and several other strains apparently not his own. He built his nest in the spirea bush that summer and each spring he returns to the same place.

The most friendly of our summer birds is the house wren. This little bird likes to nest very near the house in an old tin can, a bird house, or even in the pocket of a coat carelessly left out of doors for a short time. One year I hung a bird house on a low limb of a maple tree very close to the house. I waited three days for the arrival of a pair of wrens. However, on the fourth day my impatient vigil was rewarded by the merry warble of "Jenny Wren" sitting on the perch of my house. All that day I watched these two little stubby-tailed birds gather material for their nest. Sometimes it would seem that due to the smallness of the hole their efforts to get a comparatively large stick in the house would be futile but their labor was finally rewarded and the stick was slipped in. The goal of the wrens seemed to be to get the house as full as possible of sticks. By dusk the nest was evidently finished for the birds had ceased their work and seemed to be resting. "Jenny Wren" sat on the perch of the house while "Johnny" sat on the roof, his little throat vibrating with the joyousness of his song. All during the summer these little songsters kept us aware of their presence by their beautiful melodies.

In winter, also, our life is brightened by the presence of a few of our feathered friends. My favorite of these winter birds is the little black-capped chickadee. Few of our wild birds are so sociable, fearless and responsive as the chickadees. They are so friendly that they will allow me to stand very near to the feeding station when they eat and if I take any suet out to them they will all come flocking around on the limbs over my head and some of the more adventurous ones will even begin to eat before I leave. Hang a doughnut out on a string and in a very short time you will have one of these tiny birds perched on the lower side of the hole of the doughnut eating on the upper side.

"Thrice Welcome, darling of the Spring!

Even yet thou art to me

No bird, but an invisible thing

A voice, a mystery."

In the early morn, the world is birdland; the evening air is filled with their twitterings and sleepy calls but betwixt these hours is a time of silence, a space unfilled by beating wings. Our life would not be complete without these gay children of Mother Nature.

Olive Corbin, '35

Public Enemy No. One

In my opinion a punster is the lowest conceivable form of mortal. He is a menace to society, an insect, an assassin. By twisting the English language into all manner of brutal formations, he literally murders it, and laughs at his own folly.

A punster must out of necessity be of a garrulous nature with an infantile turn of mind. He must be child-like or feeble-minded because all who indulge in this puerile pastime to any great extent, will, if his mind is mature, soon awaken to the realization that his manufacture of homonyms is a disgusting, child-like way of demonstrating the agility of his wits.

A person affected by the type of insanity which leads him to believe that his ludicrous application of expressions is wholly entertaining to his usually, unwilling audience, makes a monstrous error. His listeners are not enjoying his asinine remarks, on the contrary they are usually bored. Puns and the solitary burst of mirth which makes its exit from the mouth of the punster upon the heels of the pun itself, have a morbid effect on all who are within earshot.

The fact that he believes himself the life of the party influences him to attempt to steal the lime light. Consequently at a party his voice is heard above all others. His relentless verbal, word twisting attack on the mother dialect makes him, instead of the life of the party, the cause, perhaps, of its subsequent failure.

Perhaps dear reader, you are as I am, tempted, upon sighting a punster running around loose to caress him with a brick or like object. Restrain yourself, oh brother of misery! Why not join me in the attempt to have Congress act in behalf of the sanity of children and the prevention of suicidal attempts by parents who find their children punning? Let us have an international law enacted which punishes a punster with being beheaded or forced to listen to puns as putrid as his own until he shall die from the nauseating effects they would be sure to produce.

Ivan Downing, '36

Scholarship

It was nearly time for the home-making class to be dismissed. The teacher quietly informed the girls that it was time to pick up their sewing and make necessary improvements in the room. Ruth, giving a sly look at Jane's afternoon frock decided that she would have to take into consideration Jane's pattern. It was real clever Ruth had to admit. Ever since Miss Baker had announced in school about the sewing contest, Ruth and Jane had been bitter rivals. Ruth sighed as she laid her dress on the table. She had chosen pretty material and the pattern was very becoming but Jane's was just a little better. There were just two days before the contest closed. As Ruth walked home that afternoon she planned to get rid of Jane's dress. Many thoughts circled her brain but she didn't feel just right. Her inner-mind was arguing with her. She told herself that Jane didn't need the scholarship to Cornell, for that was the first prize, as much as she did. Jane's father was a retired business man and had plenty of money, whereas Ruth's father was out of work and had been for almost two years. Her mother wasn't well so Ruth had to go without things that other girls were enjoying. As Ruth turned the corner she was confronted by Jane. "Oh-hello," she said.

Jane smiled, a sort of 'put on' smile. "Hello, Ruth."

Ruth felt guilty. She did not know why but she did.

That night as she again worked on her dress, she decided that Jane should lose hers. That would be easy. Jane would look and look but never find it. She could put it in the furnace at home and it would never be seen again.

The next day was a busy one. All the girls who had entered the contest were busily working on their dresses. Luckily before the girls went home that night Ruth overheard some plans of Jane's. Another girl in the class was giving a party that night and Jane was going. So Jane decided to leave her dress at school. All was finished on it but the final pressing. How nice it looked! Jane certainly would get the prize. That evening when

the rest had gone Ruth walked over to the homemaking room and looked for the dress. There it was! Without a moments hesitation she snatched the dress, stuffed it in the bag and quickly ran home.

When she reached home, however, she did not burn the dress for it seemed too pretty. She put it in her room in a box and left it there. As she prepared supper she wished that she had never done it.

Then she thought of the party. Jane was having a good time, always did have, and probably always would have. She shouldn't have left it around. Jane would think she lost it. As Ruth picked up her dress she wondered how she would feel if someone took her dress that she had so patiently worked on. She tried to forget it but the last thought kept running through her mind. At last the dress was finished. Ruth pressed it and thought it real pretty. That night Ruth did not sleep very well. And no wonder!

The next day there was great excitement among the girls and not long before everyone knew about it. Everywhere Ruth went she would hear people whisper, "Did you hear about Jane?"

It was afternoon; the afternoon which was to bring to a close the contest. The girls were running here and there with dresses. They were to be hung upon the platform where the judges could see them. After Ruth had placed hers she went in search of Jane. But Jane was nowhere to be found! A few minutes before the judges arrived Jane was found sitting with her head buried in her arms on a desk in a vacant study-hall. As Ruth drew nearer she could see that Jane was crying. With a start Ruth quickly ran toward Jane. "Oh, Jane! Hurry and come with me! I took your dress but I'm going to get it for you. You see, I didn't want you to get the scholarship because you didn't need it as I did; but I can't! I thought your father could put you through school. I didn't think until after I had taken it how bad you would feel about losing it. So hurry and we will have time to get it."

Jane was too stunned for a minute to reply. When she regained control of her-

SCHOLARSHIP (Continued)

self she jumped up and clasped Ruth's hand and together they ran out of school and "cross-lots" to Ruth's home. They bounded up the stairs, into Ruth's room and in no time Jane was clasping her precious dress.

It was not long before they were back at school again. Quietly, they sneaked into the auditorium. Luckily it was empty. Jane hurriedly hung her dress on a hanger and, stepping back surveyed the whole line. "Ruth," she said, "you have taught me, as well as yourself, a lesson. I knew when I entered this contest that I could not go to college unless I won this; so I made up my mind to work hard. All this time I was pretending I had as much as I used to have. I did not tell anyone how Daddy lost nearly all of his money. I will forgive you for taking my dress because I think you have punished yourself. We won't tell anyone, either. This will be our secret. Come now, we must get out of here before anyone comes. I'll go and tell Miss Baker that I found my dress."

Together, the girls ran out to find Miss Baker. Miss Baker had some news for them. "There will be a second prize, also, you know girls. Cornell has offered another two year scholarship while the first prize is a four year scholarship." The girls looked at each other, then at their teacher. "How soon will the judging take place?" Ruth asked.

"I think the judges are here now, Ruth," replied Miss Baker. "Let's go see."

Just as they were leaving the room, their Professor walked up with three elderly looking people. The girls, knowing these were the judges, quietly left.

Later, a special bell called the people to the auditorium. There was noise and confusion in every corridor. When Ruth and Jane entered the auditorium, they saw just two dresses on the platform. Of course, these belonged to them. The talking ceased as one of the judges stepped forward. "It gives me great pleasure to be here to act as a judge in this contest. You girls that entered did remarkably well, and I wish to congratulate you. Now will Jane Turner please come forward?" After Jane was up there she continued, "Jane, I wish to award the first prize of this contest to you." Applause filled the air. "Also, Ruth Ann Hall, will you please come up here?" Ruth, her happy face flushed, quickly came forward. "Ruth, I wish to present to you the second prize." After the room had again become quiet, she continued, "These two girls came very close. They both deserve first prize but as there is only one—one of you must have second. After we judges again looked the dresses over we made this decision. And so girls, I'm sure Cornell will be glad to welcome you both."

Betty Branham, '38

Assurance

When comes the fall and trees are
shedding,
Crimson leaves welcome the news
For they shall have the snow for
bedding
Warm despite the frozen dews.

We then awake one early morn
To find that leaves are missing,
And in their place just thin bare trees
Against the sky which they are kissing.

Then spring returns and snow has
passed.
Bright sun shines the clouds away.
From tight bound buds burst the leaves
To prove that winter cannot stay.

Donald MacPherson, '38

Inventions

If we could imagine a man born tomorrow finding the world a blank, with not a human being or a book to tell him yea or nay; and if we could imagine this man peering into the skies, digging into the earth, descending into the seas, flying into the air, measuring the stars and photographing the moon, bending intently over the earth, touching a field as with a magic wand and raising up flowers and fruit, snatching power from space and water to do the work his own hand could not do, taming animals to bear his burdens, making machines to increase a million fold his power of speech, sight and hearing, filling the air with music and the earth with color, speaking a word in America to be heard in Europe, making light to shine through stone, and inventing eyes to see his own heart beating—if we could imagine such a man, doing this and millions of times more than this—should we not think him almighty? Yet man has done that, and more than that. All that and more he has to his credit in his long journey through centuries.

Not more than a few hundred years have passed since discoverers and inventors worked by stealth, hiding their knowledge from the world as if it were a crime. Copernicus, who proved that the earth moves around the sun, dared not publish his discovery until the day he lay dying. Giordano Bruno, who expanded the teaching of Copernicus, was burned at the stake in the streets of Rome. Many others were ruined by ridicule and persecution also some imprisoned and exiled because most people thought their inventions were silly and unbelievable.

What many changes men have lived to see! Contrast the introduction of gas and steamships and railways with the invention of the airplane.

How often do we think William the Conqueror never read a book, Queen Elizabeth never wore a watch, that Shakespeare never read a newspaper, that Cromwell never saw a photograph, that George Washington wrote his dispatches by candle-light, that Napoleon never sent a telegram or traveled in a train, that Abraham Lincoln never used a telephone?

Let us imagine a man, weary from his day's work at the factory, sits home by his fireside, all of a sudden a bell rings; he takes up the telephone receiver and listens: it is a voice of a friend two-hundred miles away. A knock comes at the door: a boy hands in a wireless message from a friend a thousand miles out at sea. He goes back to the fireside and reads about the Hauptmann Case. Tiring of this he touches a switch of the radio, and lo and behold, he hears the crooning of Bing Crosby.

So, through the power of invention, the genius of the Past was fighting on the battlefields for human liberty; so the Past came to the aid of the Future in that great cause for which our heroes fought and fell. Invention carries on man's power from age to age; it may be said that it is making man immortal. Man, by his inventions, is making it impossible for the best that is in him to perish from the earth.

Man, today, has a million times the power he had a thousand years ago—power won from Nature—snatched from wind and river and sun. He is taking hold of the invisible powers of the world. He is harnessing the natural forces to do the work his own hands cannot do. He sends his messages through the air; he hitches his engines to the rivers; he floods the dark world with light drawn from beyond the ether.

INVENTIONS (Continued)

Man can photograph a thing he cannot see; he can magnify sight and speech, and can store up sound. He can run like a deer, can fly like a bird, can swim like a fish; but he can do more, for he can travel faster than a bird, by a power that he can stop with his finger, and he can cross the earth without losing touch of home. The time will come—indeed, the time is now close at hand—when man will lengthen life, but while that day waits he magnifies the work that he may do in his allotted span.

Some of the prehistoric inventions are fire, with the arts of heating, lighting and cooking; tools, the axe, knife, plow and such weapons as the bow, sword and lance; pottery; wheeled carts, and boats to row and to sail.

In some regions the following inventions had been made before the dawn of history: the smelting, working, and hardening of

metals, irrigation through dams and canals: water wheels, glass, bricks, writing, with the making of paper etc.

Since the time of feudalism some of the great inventions are the telescope, pendulum clock, microscope, steam engine, spinning machinery, power loom, gas lighting, vaccination, steam boat, railway, locomotive, reaping machine, photograph, telegraph, sewing machine, telephone, gas engine. Other inventions that struck out new lines were the automobiles, the submarine, airplane and wireless telegraph.

The list is endless and is ever growing, and at the root of practically all of these inventions lie the great advances in abstract science in recent times, made by great scientists who sought only to increase the world's stock of knowledge, without thought of practical application or hope of gain.

Gretchen Hartmann, '36

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The Haunted House

Summer brings those lazy days when the warm stillness beckons rest—even to sleep. I had been lying in the hammock all afternoon reading a book. I became tired of this, however, and decided to take a walk in the woods near by. After wandering for some time, I turned sharply and came into a little path. It led to a tumbled down old house by a small lake. I had never heard of this house being nearby, so I thought I must have tramped many miles. Walking up to the house, I discovered soft footprints in the earth. When I went in the door, I thought I saw a pale figure dash across the other end of the dark hall and disappear through an arched doorway. I stepped back—frightened, but then regained courage. I would explore despite every one.

I entered the next room. Before the dusty fireplace was a table laden with

food—queer food—like that of which I had read in old books. From the fireplace seemed to come heat, but only dark ashes of a long dead fire lay there. My heart pounded a bit, but I was brave and peered about once more. But only dusty furniture and dim portraits could be seen. Perhaps through that door—. Suddenly a loud creak ran through the house. From where came the cold breeze that touched my cheek? I darted out the door and down the path. It was growing dark out and the trees cast weird shadows. Someone was following—I could hear the rapid breathing right in back of me. I strained my muscles for one more spurt of strength and stumbled headlong on the ground.

I opened my eyes to see only the hammock swinging above me. So this terrible experience which I had just had was only a dream.

Lucille Babcock, Grade VIII

The Mud Road

There were three couples who went out
in a car.
Not such a dumb bunch, not the dumbest
by far.

'Twas all very quiet, conversation had
died

When one of them said, "Take that road
to the side".

The driver turned off very calm in his
mind,

For little did he know the trouble he'd
find.

It went very well for a few hundred
feet;

When the road and the frame decided
to meet.

Down dropped the car with a heartrending
thud,

And with anguish, all cried, "We're stuck
in the mud."

The boys all got out and waded around
Doing their best, to find solid ground.

The girls got together and advice flew,
of course,
And the gist of it was, "Go get a horse."

At an up-to-date farm no equine was
found,

But the man for a price would drive them
to town.

They pooled all their money, a magnifi-
cent sum

The farmer, he said, "Wal, I'll dew it
by gum."

They were teased, and were twitted to
add to the load

And the moral to this is, "Stay on the
right road."

Dick Bowerman

The Hand of Fate

Ben Keeler looking back upon the incident of the day before, wondered why he had done what he had. Surely he had no reason to. Why had he saved the life of his brother-in-law whom he hated?

His thoughts went back over the life of his sister. He remembered how pretty and young she was before she married Henry Stone. She had been so gay and happy, so full of life. And now she was like a different person. Her life seemed to have been crushed in its bloom.

Anne had fallen madly in love with Henry at first sight and married him soon after she met him. Ben thought she should have waited longer. Perhaps if she had known him better she would not have cared to marry him.

Ben remembered well the hurt and surprised look that came over her face when he told her that her husband's business was dishonest. What did she care now how much money he brought home when rightly it was not his?

Later Anne told him that Henry was hoarding most of his money, spending only what was necessary. She said she was glad because somehow she hated that money now. But Ben was not pleased; he didn't like to think of his sister's going without things.

They struggled along for a year and Ben often wondered why she didn't leave him. For he knew that he was on occasions quite cruel and he never treated her very decently. Anne tried to keep everything to herself and not confide in him but he learned many things.

Then little Patricia was born. She was a darling child and everyone loved her. That is everyone except her father. Whether it was the added expense or something else, Anne never knew. Anyway he seemed to resent her presence and treated her the way he felt.

It seemed to Ben inevitable that matters must come to a climax sometime. He didn't think Anne could endure it forever. When one day Anne came into his apartment and told him she was leaving Henry, he was not very much surprised. He was glad, terribly glad, that it was over at last. But by the look on her face he knew something awful had happened. In her arms was little Patricia. But instead of a laughing, gurgling baby there was only a cold lifeless bundle. He listened with horror while Anne in a broken voice told him about it. Patty had been taken sick during the day and towards night grew steadily worse. But Henry refused

to send for a doctor. She begged and pleaded with him but he would not relent. When he saw that she was getting frantic, he demolished the telephone and would not let her leave the house. After that all she could do was care for Patty the best way she could but she knew there was no hope. She told him that as she saw Patty's little life slipping away, she knew she was on the verge of insanity. During the night the baby died and a part of Anne died with it. While she was telling her story the desire came to Ben to seek revenge, revenge for the cruel deeds this man had done, for the life for which he was responsible and for the life which he had broken. He looked at his sister with her haggard white face, her wild eyes, her poor shrunken body and he felt it was only his duty to avenge her.

Only a week later the opportunity came to him without his seeking it. He had just started out in the country for a walk and as he was crossing the river bridge he heard cries and looking below saw a man thrashing in the water. He immediately ran to the water's edge and then he recognized this drowning man as his brother-in-law. His first thought was how on earth he got there; his second, "Shall I have my revenge or save him?" But it seemed to him that he was not deciding for himself. A power greater than his own seemed to make him plunge into the water and rescue Henry Stone. Even after it was all over and he had time to think about it he could not tell whether he had done right or not.

A few weeks later when he was doing his best to forget about it a messenger boy came with a telegram. Henry Stone was dying in a hospital and was calling for Ben Keeler. When he reached the hospital Henry's life was swiftly fading away. He grasped Ben's hand and in a frail voice begged him to ask Ann to forgive him because he didn't have the courage to ask her himself and asked him to help him pray for his soul. And when he died there was a look of peace on his face.

After it was all over Ben went to the window to think. Once more the same question came to him, why was he guided to save this man's life when he hated him with all his heart? And as he thought the answer came to him. Surely that Henry might have a chance to save his soul and die in peace.

June Olmsted, '36

Nitrogen

Nitrogen is the most restless and powerful of any the elements. Its compounds are never inert, although nitrogen itself is not active. Nitrogen has the ability to benefit man and harm him. In perfume it is divine, but in some compounds, the vileness produced is intolerable. It is found in dyes which make a garment full of rich beauty and charm, or it is used in medicine to relieve man's suffering; it is a constituent of certain poisons, and a part of high explosives. It is a necessary food of man and it may truly be said that "Ohne Stickstoff kein Leben."

Nitrogen was first recognized as a distinct substance by Rutherford of the University of Edinburgh in 1772, who demonstrated that when a small animal breathes air in an enclosed space for a while and the carbon dioxide which is produced is removed by absorption, there still remains a gas incapable of supporting respiration. However, it was Lavoisier who first demonstrated its individuality and existence and he named it "azote" which means "without life." But, Chaptal called it "nitrogen," due to its presence in nitre.

Nitrogen, free, occurs only in the atmosphere, and is of little use alone. Nitrogen compounds are found in organic matter, very closely connected with protein, and invaluable to the existence of man. Because of its valuableness to the growth of plants the United States has established a Fixed-Nitrogen Research Laboratory in the Department of Agriculture, which is engaged in making experiments to find the best and cheapest means of producing nitrates. Calcium cyanamide is used largely as a fertilizer.

Nitrogen has five oxides, of which nitrous oxide, known as laughing gas, is a valuable anesthetic and is used to produce insensibility during short operations. Of the others, nitrogen trioxide is used as disinfectant and nitrogen peroxide as a

catalytic agent in the chamber process of manufacturing sulphuric acid.

Probably the best known nitrogen compound is ammonia and its salts. Ammonia might be considered one of nature's "pets" as having a romantic history. For, long, long ago when the earth was young, nature began storing up ammonia in protoplasm and today that same ammonia is produced by the destructive distillation of soft coal. Every time there is an electric storm, ammonia is formed, until the secret has been disclosed to man who now through artificial electricity produces it at will. Due to its being easily liquified, ammonia is invaluable as a refrigerant and manufacturing artificial ice. Of the salts, sal ammoniac (ammonium chloride) is used in dry cells, ammonium sulfate as a fertilizer, ammonium nitrate in explosives and ammonium bicarbonate in smelling salts.

The acid of nitrogen, better known as aqua fortis, is a powerful and active acid and has many uses, some of them being; in the laboratory, in analytical and synthetic work; manufacturing explosives, dyes, and nitrates.

Of the nitrates there are; silver nitrate, used in photography, in medicine for diphtheria, croup and, laryngitis; lead nitrate, iron nitrate and aluminum nitrate, in dyeing and calico printing; barium nitrate and strontium nitrate, in fireworks; and the cellulose nitrates, in cellophane and celluloid. Nitroglycerin is used in shooting oil wells, blasting under water, manufacturing dynamite, blasting gelatin and medically, to reduce arterial tension. Spirit of nitrous ether is another medical product. Other uses of nitrogen products include coating leather, making laquers, films, varnishes and waterproofing fabrics.

The list seems to continue ad infinitum, and in closing, the author asks for "hats off to nitrogen," one of the "aces of the elements."

Marian Peckham, '34

The Coffee Cake

Mother had gone to a bridge party that afternoon and Mary and Jane were left all alone. They felt rather proud of themselves for mother had said, "You be good children and take care of the house. There is food on the table which you can have for lunch. I'm sorry that there isn't any dessert but when I return home, I'll make you a cake."

After mother had gone Mary said, "Let's make a cake because mother said she would make one when she came home. We'll bake it and surprise her! Then she won't have to make any!"

So they started making the cake. Jane found a cook book and found a cake which she thought would be nice. It was coffee cake for she loved anything with coffee in it. They obtained their flour, eggs, coffee, sugar, milk, and everything they needed for it. While mixing the cake of course a

little fell on themselves and on the floor, but finally it reached the oven. When finished, it was puffed up and a golden brown although it did smell very rich!

Mother came home and was surprised to see such a nice cake. At dinner each took a large helping. Mother tasted hers and looked puzzled. Mary and Jane tried it and then they looked at each other.

"Why girls!" exclaimed mother, "You must have put whole coffee in this cake!"

"Yes, mother, we did. Wasn't that alright?"

"You should have made a real cup of coffee such as you drink, not a cup of dry coffee!" she replied.

"Too many cooks," quoted father.

"No, no, there weren't enough. We needed mother."

Margaret Taft, Grade VIII

The Bag of Gold

There was once a man who was always wishing for more money. The man dreamed one night that a giant had come to his bed with a bag of gold so big that the giant could hardly carry it. This giant made him get out of bed at once and go out and spend all the gold in the bag before morning.

Now, this man did not want to spend stolen money, so he told the giant. But the giant made him get up and take the money down the road.

Now there was a small hole in the bag

and about every other step a piece of gold fell out. When the man got to town, the gold was gone. So he went back home and went to bed.

A fairy went by and saw the money shining in the road. She was a good fairy and every time she came to a piece of gold she took her wand and turned the gold into a daisy.

The next morning when the man went to town, his path was marked by bright-eyed daisies, and he was glad, because he knew that daisies never tell.

Jean Bennett, Grade VI

Fay and the Fairies

No one saw the fairies but Fay. She sat on a bench in the park. From this place she could see the fairies dancing on the top of a tall chimney not very far away. The first fairy which appeared wore a green cap and a very red coat. He danced first on one foot and then the other, and sometimes his feet seemed not to touch the chimney at all.

Fay sat watching them a long time, finally she rose.

"I want to see them up close," she said. After she had walked over to the house, she found herself climbing the chimney. But where had the fairies gone? Perhaps she could find their footprints.

She found their footprints easily and followed them. All at once she found herself in fairyland. There were fairies everywhere.

"What are you doing here?" one fairy asked her.

"I followed some footprints here," answered Fay.

"You are not supposed to be here," the fairy told her and gave her a shove.

Fay awoke suddenly. "Where have the fairies gone now?" she asked, looking around. But there were none to be seen, then she realized it was a dream.

Esther Hollenbeck, Grade VI

Winter

Winter is cold. We have a lot of fun.
We can ski, skate and slide down hill on
our sleds. We make snow men. Santa
comes to every house every Christmas.
You can find a lot of rabbit tracks too.

Darwin Taft, Grade II

Those Juniors!

A certain Junior, so I find,
Has taken it into his mind
To write about (alas! alas!)
The great and mighty Senior Class.

But he should look before he leaps
Or he may disappear for keeps.
BEWARE! ye Juniors, yes, BEWARE!
Tormenting Seniors isn't fair.

Even though it shows your wit,
We don't have to stand for it.
You write and rhyme about us all.
Remember you'll be us next fall.

Oh! what a time there'll be for all,
When you're the Seniors here next fall.
What a class it's going to be.
Come back in '36 and see -----

Jack Eldred, with his ruling hand,
James Ryan, with his famous band,
Sam Taylor, singing "You, Alone",
And Joseph with his saxophone.

Bob Bowerman, with all his jokes,
And Gretchen saying, "Folks is Folks."
June Olmsted always smiling sweet
And Betty's manners hard to beat.

Winsor with his cunning smile
And Bastine dreaming all the while.
Jesamine as Santa Claus.
Ah! Hearken! Hear the loud applause ---

Forward came "Three Little Pigs",
Bob, Joe and Bastine—dancing jigs.
(They'll all end up in High School Jail,
And I'll bet the girls won't go their bail).

Look! all the girls from fairyland
Have come to join "Jim" Ryan's band.
Suddenly, with music low,
Joe is singing "Sole Mio".

Ah! Hearken! did you hear that crash?
You've finished reading all this trash.
You see, it really doesn't pay.
The Seniors still have lots to say.

Jean M. Dawson



VAS

The Midway

"Glad" Covey: "Have you any tooth paste?"

Ruth Taylor: "No. Is one of your teeth loose?"

Miss Smith (in Chemistry Class): "Tomorrow take arsenic and finish the chapter."

Miss Chidester (on seeing Miss Ford with her arm around Miss Smith's neck): "What's this? Miss Ford choking Miss Smith?"

Miss Ford: "Well, it should be Miss Smith choking the Ford."

Robert Bowerman (In French Class): "Why is the gender of boat masculine?"

Dick Bowerman: "Well, there are mail boats, aren't there?"

His formulas he did not know
And now his mouth is sore
What Winsor thought was H_2O
Was H_2SO_4 .

Marion Davis: "They say that there is no such thing as perpetual motion."

Barbara Campbell: "Huh! I guess they never saw Ernest Cobb chewing gum!"

Gretchen Hartmann: "Can you tell me how bees dispose of their honey?"

Ralph Hager: "Certainly. They cell it."

Mr. Evans: "Didn't you claim when you sold me this car that you would replace anything that was broken or missing?"

Mr. Demeree: "Yes sir, what is it?"

Mr. Evans: "Well, I want four front teeth and a collar bone."

Bruce Hill: "My girl calls me maple syrup now."

Jr. Roider: "What else could she call a refined sap?"

Miss Petley: "Why did you use that expression 'pale as a doorknob' in your last theme?"

Jim Ryan: "Well, you see, door-knobs are indoors so much."

Miss Adams: "What is a clearing house?"

Jack Palmer: "A place where they have clearance sales."

Miss Sheehan: "Now if I subtract 25 from 37, what's the difference?"

Doug: "Yeah, that's what I say. Who cares?"

Miss Chidester: "Give a definition of Home."

Graydon Cass: "Home is where a part of the family waits until the others are through with the car."

Mr. Coe: "Please send the roses immediately to my house. I will call tomorrow to pay the bill."

Allan Harmon: "Yes, sir. Shall I put in a bunch of forget-me-nots?"

Miss Petley: "Are you sure that story is original?"

Joe Delello: "Certainly it is!"

Miss Petley: "My word! I didn't think that I would ever live to see the day when I would meet Booth Tarkington."

Don: "I have a picture of you in my mind all the time."

Gretchen: "How small you make me feel."

Bob B.: "How does that clock go that you won at the fair?"

Jim: "Fine. It does an hour in fifty minutes."

Miss Smith: "Potassium nitrate is used in preserving meats such as corn beef; it gives it a nice red color."

Jack Tuckey: "That corned beef we had yesterday wasn't red!"

Jim Ryan: "It was anemic."

Winsor Casey: "Father, why do they whitewash the inside of chicken houses?"

Mr. Casey: "Why, Winsor, it's to keep the chickens from picking the grain out of the wood."

Mother: "You naughty boy! You've been fighting."

Billy Vawter: "No'm."

Mother: "How did your clothes get torn and your face scratched?"

Billy: "I was tryin' to keep a bad boy from hurtin' a good little boy."

Mother: "That was noble. Who was the little boy?"

Billy: "Me."

Marion Lewis was praising the sturdiness of her new wrist watch before a group of friends recently. She remarked that her wrist watch was so good that after she dropped it into the fish bowl in the living room she fished it out and it was as good as new.

"That's nothing," Eileen piped up, "I dropped my watch into the Susquehanna River a year ago and it's still running."

"The same watch?" asked Marion.

"No, the Susquehanna River," replied Eileen.

Jr. Roider: "Father, why do people go to Paris for divorces?"

Mr. Roider: "I don't know son, but what put that in your mind?"

Junior: "Well, we have an American Separator Company right here in Bainbridge."

Imagine the plight of the school nurse who received a letter from a pupil's mother, asking what could be done about Johnny's nose? "It gets so red, and runs so much," the mother added, "that we expect that he has science trouble."

Jack Palmer: "I heard about a man who lives on onions alone."

Viola Sherman: "Anyone who lives on onions ought to live alone."

Ruth Weeks: "We've gone into truck farming."

Ruth Taylor: "You can't fool me. You don't raise trucks, they come from a factory."

"Do you keep fountain pens?" Gordon Burton inquired.

"No," she snapped; "we sell them."

"Anyway," he said, as he strolled toward the door, "you'll keep the one you were going to sell to me. Good morning!"

Ronald Mathews: "How do you spell financially?"

Doug Baldwin: "F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two r's in embarrassed."

Miss Smith: We use a round bottom flask in this exp. because there is a partial vacuum inside and the force of the air pressure outside may be great enough to break another flask.

A curved surface can withstand greater forces than if one side of the object were flat. That is why you have a round skull—

Robert Doud: Oh—you mean we have a vacuum inside—

Miss Smith: How do you spell Amelia Earhart's name?

Miss Chidester: I don't know; she isn't in any of my classes.

Miss Blust: Who discovered the Atlantic? Howard Foster: Balboa.

Miss Blust: Why no—he discovered the Pacific.

Howard Foster: Well—it is just one company, isn't it?

Miss Smith: The composition of the air is not uniform. Excess quantities of a gas may be produced in some localities and thus change percentages. Where could this occur?

Winsor: Washington D. C.

Miss Smith: But what industries have we there?

Winsor: How about congress?

Mr. Terry: "Did you say, Claude, that you were the only boy in the class who could answer the teacher's question?"

Well, that's fine. What was the question?

Claude: "Who broke the class room window?"

Miss Smith: Name a chemical change.

Myron Carl: A woman putting on powder.

Miss Smith: Why do you call that chemical?

Myron: The identity is destroyed, isn't it?

Bruce Hill: "I didn't see you in church yesterday."

Roger Dix: "I know you didn't, I was taking up the collection."

Miss Blust: What would a ship traveling from Rio De Janeiro to New York, be likely to carry?

Donald Peckham: A suitcase.

Miss Williams: "How did the Indian transport his goods?"

Myron: "Well, he had his pony, his canoe, his back, and his wife!"

Winsor: I can't see the sense of studying Latin.

Bastine: Neither can I—You'll never use it unless you go traveling in a Latin country.

Miss Williams: "What were you thinking about when you said furniture?"

John Spring: "Furniture, of course."

Miss Ford: "Name three dishes which contain white sauce."

Mary Smith: "1. Frying pan. 2. Double-boiler. 3. Spoon."

Claude Terry: "You are the sixth girl I have asked for a date, without avail."

Doris Stead (kindly): "Well, maybe if you wear one when making your seventh, you'll have better luck."

Miss Gifford: "You had better be thinking of your status quo."

Winsor: "What does that mean?"

Miss Gifford: "That, young man, is Latin for the mess you're in."

Mr. Casey: "Do you realize what you did?"

Winsor: "No, but I'll admit it was wrong, what was it?"

Paul F.: "Would you like to go to the school play?"

Marian Lewis: "I'd love to."

Paul: "Well, be sure to buy your ticket from me."

Miss Williams: (Talking about exemptions in income tax) Any man with ten or twelve children would never have to pay an income tax.

Joe Delello: I'd rather pay the income tax.

Miss Smith: The angle between the normal and incident ray is called the angle of incidence. What do you call the angle between the normal and reflected ray?

Bruce Hill: Coincidence.

Donald Sweet: "You should see the altar in our church."

Gretchen Hartmann: "Lead me to it!"

Mr. Casey: "What are you doing with your feet on the desk?"

Jim: "Economy, sir. I've lost my eraser, and I'm using my rubber heels."

Bernard Lovejoy: Coach, I have plans for building up a new industry. The thing to do is to put all the men on one island and all the women on another. Everybody would be busy in almost no time.

Mr. Evans: What would they be doing?
Bernard: Building boats.

Sam Taylor thinks it would be interesting to be a truck driver—they run into so many different kinds of people.

"Why," asked the housewife, "are you late with the milk this morning?"

"Because replied Joe Delello, "the law allows us to have not more than 5,000 bacteria in a quart and it takes a long time to count them; they're so small."

Miss Smith: "It has recently been found that the human body contains sulphur."

Olive Corbin: "Sulphur! And how much is there in a girl's body?"

Miss Smith: Oh, the amount varies.

Olive: Oh! Is that why some of us make better matches than others?

Gretchen H.: "How would you classify a telephone girl? Is hers a business or a profession?"

Marion L.: "Neither. It's a calling."

Miss Ford: What is veal?

Edith Foster: The part of cow you eat before it grows up.

Gerald Weeks: Allen Harmon went upon South Hill after that panther which has been prowling around.

Harry Herrick: Any luck?

Gerald: Yeah! The panther didn't show up.

Miss Strong: What is an angleworm?

Lloyd Sipple: A caterpillar which has joined a nudist colony.

Miss Williams (In History C): You have much work to review. How long have you been absent?

Sam Taylor: Every since the Civil War.

Miss Williams: What important event happened to Louis the fourteenth toward the end of his life?

Kenneth Robinson: He died.

Dick Bowerman: My brother was in California at the time of the earthquake.

Bruce Hill: Was he scared?

Dick: No—the earth trembled more than he did.

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