





## FOREWORD



**T**HE Class of 1936 herewith present to you the annual year book of Bainbridge Central School. It depicts both the humorous and serious aspects of school, and covers adequately the life of the present Senior Class. Live with them that happy period of their lives; renew your youth and rejoice that through our boys and girls the traditions of the past are cherished, amplified, and beautified.

FRANCIS J. CASEY.

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**DEDICATION**

*to*

*Miss Lucile Gifford*



**A** FAITHFUL advisor, for whose sincere friendship, earnest advice, and unfailing support we are unanimously grateful, this "Echo" is respectfully dedicated.

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## THE FACULTY PLAY

THE faculty of B. C. H. S. are on the air, and will present for your approval a short drama depicting their social activities during the past year. The first scene in our sketch is laid at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Casey where we were most graciously entertained at tea.

The curtain falls for a short time, and when it rises we find ourselves eating gingerbread, heaped high with snowbanks of whipped cream, for Mrs. Bliss and Miss Pratt have invited us to a dessert bridge party.

Then 'tis Christmas and our play takes us to Mrs. Jones' home where Mrs. Jones and Miss Naylor had a real Christmas party, presents and all. This scene comes to a close with the strains of the old Christmas carols lingering in our ears.

And next on our stage appears the winter set; we are invited in this act from time to time to the homemaking house to have tea after our day's labor is ended; and a cup of tea never tastes so good as it does at four o'clock.

The poet says, "If winter comes, spring is sure to follow" and with the early spring sunshine comes the fresh maple syrup which makes such delicious soft sugar; so the next act of our play takes place at the Hager farm where Miss Hager treated us to jack wax and warm sugar.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, of the radio audience our play is ended. For some of us it will be the last appearance on the B. C. H. S. hour, but those of us who are remaining, together with the new members who will join our cast next year, hope to be given another opportunity to appear before you.

We thank you.

Skeptical Miss—"Can this coat be worn out in the rain without hurting it?"  
Fur Salesman—"Lady, did you ever see a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

Mr. Casey—"Robert Burns wrote, 'To a Field Mouse.'"  
Ralph Hager—"Did he get an answer?"

Professor (to unruly freshman)—"Tell me, sir, what has become of your ethics?"  
Freshman—"Oh, sir, I traded it in long ago for a Hudson."



FACULTY



FIRST ROW

Mr. Jensen, Miss Pratt, Mrs. Bliss, Mr. Casey, Miss Naylor, Miss Benjamin, Mr. Coe

SECOND ROW

Miss Petley, Miss Adams, Miss Sheehan, Mrs. Cheesbro, Miss Gifford, Miss Finch, Miss Williams, Miss Whitman

THIRD ROW

Mrs. Jones, Miss Donahoe, Miss Burdick, Miss Chidister, Miss Smith, Miss Nichols, Miss Hager, Miss Ford

**EDITORIAL**

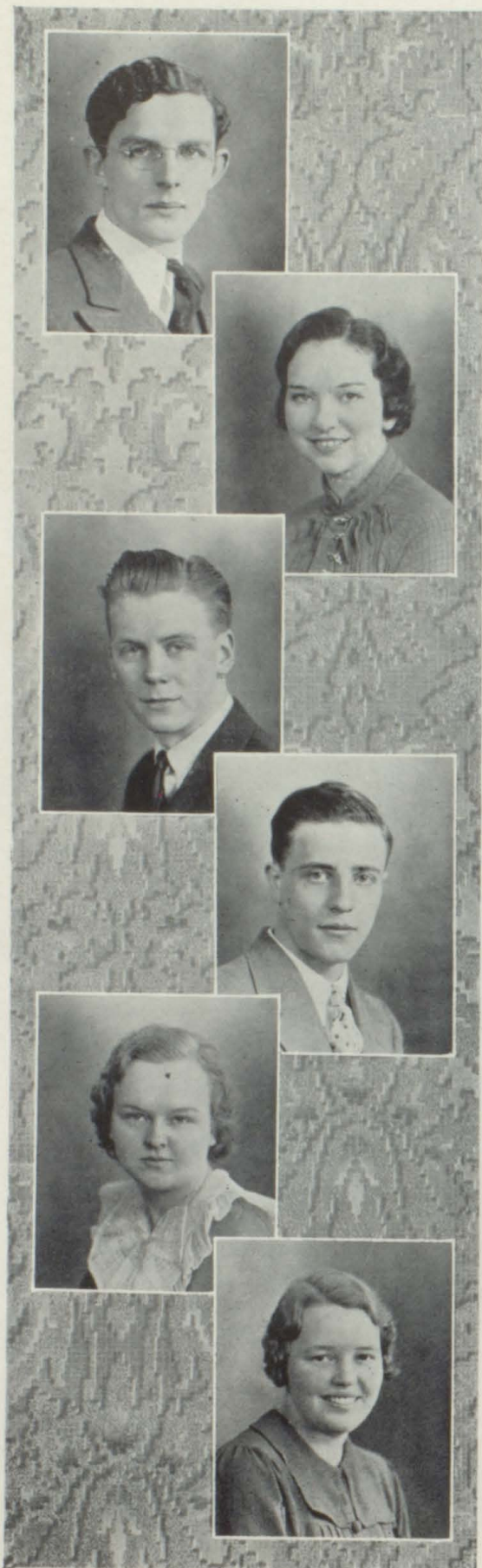
**W**ITH this issue, "The Echo" has accomplished its labor for this year. We feel, too, that it has arrived nearer to the goal set for it at the beginning. Too much praise cannot be given our teachers who act as announcers and to Mr. Casey who well portrays the director of our broadcasting station, B. C. H. S. Lessons are our script, and punishment—our gong!

Although we were often discouraged, we were successful with the help of our fellow classmates and advisors. We have had fun and the year 1935-36 has been a momentous one for us. Calamity has stalked among us but here is the "Echo." We have tried hard to make it good.

We hope, now, to "hitch our wagon to a star," and in the future we shall look back upon the happiest days of our lives, schooldays in our great amateur broadcasting station, B. C. H. S.

The Editor





### DONALD BABCOCK

Ye Olde Maestro! In person! Who could look more like the ideal musician than our Don? And most certainly he is a musician as he is very active in orchestra, band, and glee club. We admire you for your ability in the line of music and your many friends unite in wishing you a notable career.

### BETTY BIRDSALL

Here is Betty! A girl exemplifying dignity, and we say with Shakespeare, "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman!" Not "out" for athletics, much of her distinguished service is shown in her tactfulness and good taste in arranging decorations for our dances and parties. With her unusual characteristics, we know Betty will travel the road of good fortune and success.

### ROBERT BOWERMAN

Who's the tall, blond, good looking chap? Why, its no one but our center. Bob has been with us only two years but we find him to be a fine, clean sportsman-like pal to all who know him, a "tip-top" drummer, and a good friend. He also showed great ability as an actor, when he played the part of the ideal "poet" husband in the Senior Play. We know the future will hold nothing but success for our Bob. Our toast to you—"Happiness"!

### BASTINE CARACCILO

Whose picture is this? What! don't you know Bucky, the future shoemaker? He is our smallest, but yet he possesses many worthwhile traits and ambitions. He has also distinguished himself as an athlete, for his steady, reliable playing on the gridiron and his swiftness on the basketball floor. Good hearted and good natured; that's Bucky. To him our most sincere good wishes follow wherever he may go.

### MAE COLLINGTON

One would scarcely know this timid little lass were around, but we are proud to have her in E. C. H. S. nevertheless. We know her interests lie elsewhere and wish lots of good fortune to come her way in the future. "May your life be happy and free" are the wishes of the Senior Class of 1936.

### JESSAMINE DAVIS

Here is our ideal business-like young lady, always willing to lend a helping hand. Her eyes give away the keynote of her personality—fun and a disposition to work "on the square" in everything and with everybody. Her reputation as a "typer" is widespread. Jessamine is still undecided about which career she will choose after graduation. Perhaps she will become a teacher or—well perhaps.

## JOSEPH DELELLO

We wonder what the Class of 1936 would have done without "Joe." His business ability and keen judgment have proven valuable in all our class affairs, which were all successful largely due to his untiring efforts. He is always faithful to B. C. H. S. whenever anything has to be done. A good student, a faithful worker, and above all a real fellow, we wish him the best of success in whatever he undertakes in life.

## JACK ELDRED

Here he is, folks, our Sophomore and Junior president, who proved to be very capable. We can always find Jack up to some trick and we find that he is quite popular with some of the fair sex. Good natured, unfailing respect for B. C. H. S., and a wit, the keenness of which has won much friendship for him, are but a few of his qualities we will never forget.

## EDITH FOSTER

This, friends, is none other than our all star basketball guard. Truly "Edie" is to be congratulated on her fine work on the team. If "Edie" is intrusted with an important piece of work, she is conscientious and bears the responsibility well, coming through triumphantly in an efficient manner. Her interests, at present, are at Swarthmore but don't forget your Class of 1936, "Edie," and remember the old gang wishes you plenty of good luck.

## CAROL FOWLER

Carol comes to us from Harpursville and to that little town we extend our thanks for such a friendly student. Always ready for fun and a friendly smile for everyone, that is Carol. We don't think she likes school very well, but we know her future is assured if she keeps up her present attitude toward life.

## FLORENCE FRANKS

Our girl's basketball manager is Florence. Always ready to do her bit when someone is in need. Florence has curly hair and a re-appearing smile which lights up this cruel, dark-world. She never truckles for bigness, but out of the sideshows of our passing fancies chooses those things which best fit her capabilities. As you leave us to go out into life, Florence, we know that you will bring honor to your Alma Mater and to your class.

## BERNICE GIFFORD

Bernice Gifford—what does that call to mind? A very pretty and well dressed young lady who always greets you with a cheerful "hello." Charming? Wholly so. Athletic? We don't know, she never tried it. Capable? We know just how capable! Yes, "Bernice" is all of this and more. Best wishes for the future and we hope it will be a prosperous one.





#### JAMES GLOVER

Jimmy needs no introduction. In the years he has been with us he has made many friends. His smile and cheerful "hi," no matter what has happened, is a quality we all admire in him. He is gifted with a pleasing personality which would be hard to equal, and we hope he will travel the road to happiness, no matter how great the odds against him.

#### GRETCHEN HARTMANN

And who is this happy young lady? Why, it's Gretchen, our star dramatist. Gretchen is always ready to do her part in whatever comes along. She can act, sing, dance and is active in sports as her games in B. C. H. S. have shown us. She is never unhappy, but is cheerful and very popular. Happiness to you, Gretchen, we know you will succeed!

#### GEORGIANNA HOVEY

Here's dear old "aunt Sarah" herself. Throughout her four years with us we have found "Georgie" always ready for fun. Keen humor is one of her characteristics and many a high school "crack" has found its origin with her. Yet, those of us that know her best, are assured that distance can never sever the ties made by this loyal friend and honored classmate.

#### BLANCHE MONTGOMERY

The salutatorian of the Class is our most capable Blanche. Although always seen and not heard, we like to be around this Senior who hates History, we know, but nevertheless is a very worthy pupil. As assistant editor of the "Echo," Blanche has helped us out a lot. The best of luck to you, you have been an asset to our school and class.

#### JUNE OLMSTEAD

Folks, we want you all to step right up and meet one of our best little artists. June is her name, and she possesses one of life's choicest virtues—that of being seen and not heard. The "eyes" have it every time! When you are looking for loyalty and purity you will find it genuinely exemplified by "June." Bainbridge High School is proud to send such a sweet girl into the world to accomplish in the finest possible way each task which comes before her.

#### EDWARD PECKHAM

And here we have another high honor student in History. It seems our Class is full of such able characters. Although he is not an athlete, Ed has left his mark in other activities. If one didn't know him, he would believe he was a "quiet chap." However, many of the wisecracks and bright sayings can be traced to the mind of "he who looks serious." Well, Eddie, we wish you success in your future endeavors, and the wishes of the Class of 1936 have never been known to go astray.

## AGNES RUSSELL

"Smile and the world smiles with you." Agnes certainly makes this real to us. We find her always good natured and sincere in every undertaking. We wouldn't know what to do if we saw her without her "pal." Agnes, we wish you all the good fortune in the world, and may your diligent efforts lead you to the top of whatever profession you undertake.

## JAMES RYAN

Toot! Toot! Here comes Jim with his sax. Rhythmn is his business. Jim does not require any lengthy eulogy because his merits are known to all of us. Although as a bluffer, he gets out of studying, we know his record will be a brilliant one. Here's luck to you, "Jim," and may you be a second Rudy Vallee or Guy Lombardo. By the way, we know your smile will get you a long way.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR

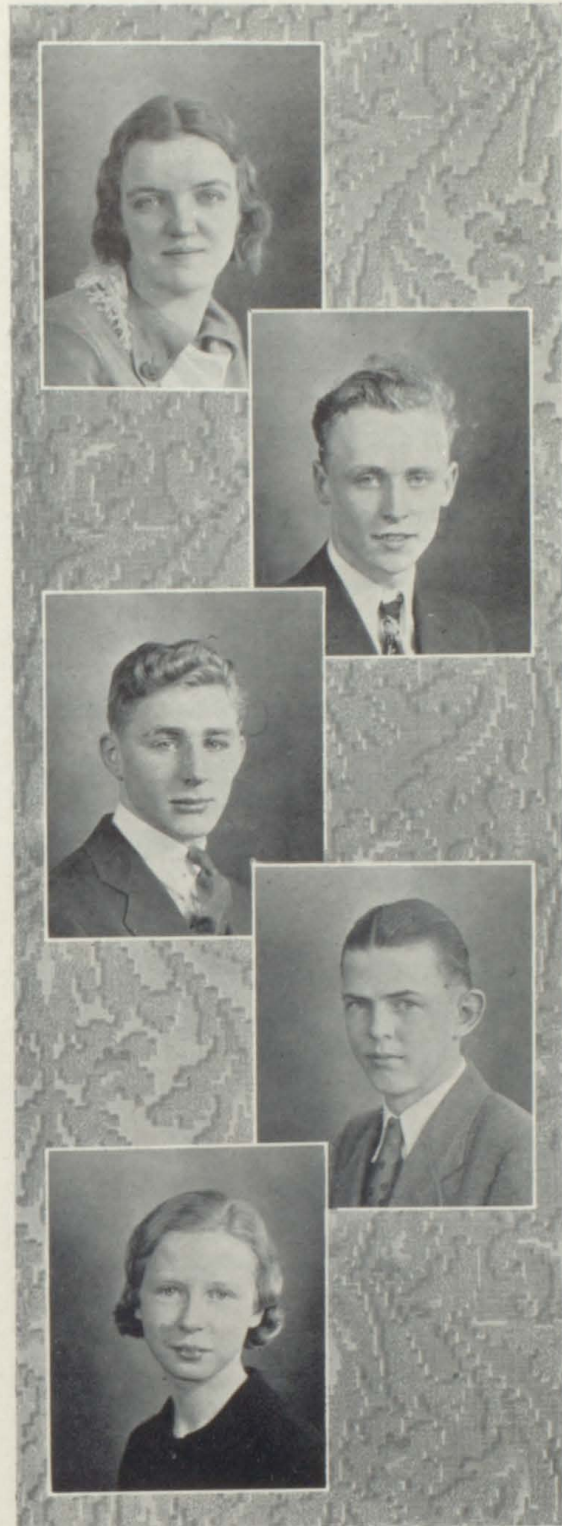
Bainbridge High School's pride and joy here gazes upon you! Ladies and gentlemen, kindly note the heart fluttering countenance for therein lies the explanation of Sam's ability to capture the hearts of many of our fair sex! Sammy won marked distinction not only on the field of hearts but on the equally perilous basketball, football, and baseball field; also in track we find him outstanding. Rather quiet in bearing and possessed of a pleasing personality, he has made a host of friends here and with him go the best wishes of all of us in his future activities.

## GERALD WEEKS

Vim, vigor and vitality—all three maintained and exercised in fullest measure signify a person with outstanding characteristics, not only to carry through a task with strength and energy, but to do so with such animated zest that the utmost enjoyment is found therein. A jovial and loyal companion, with a pleasant greeting for everyone—that's "Jerry." We know that his future success is assured if he continues to smile his way through.

## CLARA WILCOX

When we can't find Clara, we always look for Agnes for we know that is who she will be with. Although very quiet and reserved, her keen sense of humor has afforded many moments of pleasure and fun to many of us. We congratulate and honor her for being our valedictorian. You leave us, Clara, with our sincere wishes for a happy and prosperous future.



## SENIOR PARTY

**S**TATION B. C. H. S. This is your old scoup collector, Bernice Gifford, bringing to you the important news events in the life of the famous Class of 1936.

Due to a long period of inactivity, the Seniors decided they wanted to have a party. Consequently, on the evening of March 17, they had a St. Patrick's banquet and dance.

The faculty were the guests for the banquet and the high school was invited to the dance. The banquet took place in the cafeteria where the tables were attractively decorated in green and white. Because of the excellent food (contributed by the Seniors) and the spirit of the occasion, the dinner was a success, despite the fact that the lights went out and it was necessary to resort to candle power for a short time.

At seven-thirty everyone went to the auditorium where they danced to the strains of Jim Ryan's "Crusaders" until 10:30. In as much as this is leap year, during part of the evening the girls were privileged to do the requesting for the dances—a privilege of which they did not take very great advantage.

Although many of the guests were unable to get home because of the flood, the party was one of the highlights of the season.

## SENIORS' LIBRARY OF AMATEURS

EDITH FOSTER	"The Royal Road to Romance"
CLARA WILCOX	"Our Mutual Friend"
AGNES RUSSELL	"The Melancholy Tale of 'Me'"
CAROL FOWLER	"Janice Meredith"
GRETCHEN HARTMANN	"The Worn Doorstep"
BETTY BIRDSALL	"Great Expectations"
JUNE OLNSTEAD	"Girl of '76"
LA VONNE BEERS	"Forever Free"
JESSAMINE DAVIS	"You Make Your Own Luck"
FLORENCE FRANKS	"Ramona"
GEORGIANA HOVEY	"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
BERNICE GIFFORD	"Midsummer Night's Dream"
MAE COLLINGTON	"Lorna Doone"
BLANCHE MONTGOMERY	"The Way to Glory"
JIMMY RYAN	"Seventeen"
SAM TAYLOR	"The Knave of Hearts"
JOE DELALLO	"The Chief of the Herd"
ALLAN HARMAN	"Once a Grand Duke"
BUCKY CARACCILO	"Some Strange Corners of Our Country"
JIMMY GLOVER	"Westward Ho!"
GERALD WEEKS	"When Knighthood Was in Flower"
JACK ELDRED	"Master Skylark"
MURRAY WILCOX	"The Log of a Cowboy"
RONALD MATTHEWS	"The Story of a Bad Boy"
STUART FRIEDEL	"The Lone Rider"
EDWARD PECKHAM	"Seats of the Mighty"
DONALD BABCOCK	"Wings of Song"
BOB DOWD	"The Captain of the Gate"
BOB BOWERMAN	"Romantic Rebel"



## SENIOR PLAY

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"Let's Pretend"  
•

## CAST

Helene Marshall .....	GRETCHEN HARTMANN
Rodney Marshall .....	ROBERT BOWERMAN
Sarah Phillips .....	GEORGIANA HOVEY
Findly Woodward .....	WINSOR CASEY
Sidney Marsh .....	BERNICE GIFFORD
Odette .....	BETTY BIRDSALL
John .....	DONALD BABCOCK
Maria .....	JESSAMINE DAVIS
Eliot Wentworth .....	JAMES RYAN

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The story is that of a young married couple who have left college to get married. Rodney Marshall, the husband, is a poet and barely makes enough for them to live on. Helene, his wife, lightens their burden by pretending they have luxuries, a butler, cook and maid.

Findley Woodward, a friend, helps Rodney to sell his poetry. Through Findley the Marshalls become acquainted with Eliot Wentworth, a confirmed bachelor, confirmed because he has been "jilted." Feeling sorry for them, he hires a butler, cook and maid and instructs them to use the names: John, Maria, and Odette, which are the names of Helene's imaginary servants. He also has luxurious furniture moved in at night.

The young couple lay the blame for such extravagance on each other and as a result, Helene goes home with her Aunt Sarah, who has no sympathy for Rodney. When Eliot finds that it has broken up their home, he has the furniture taken away while Rodney and Findley are sleeping.

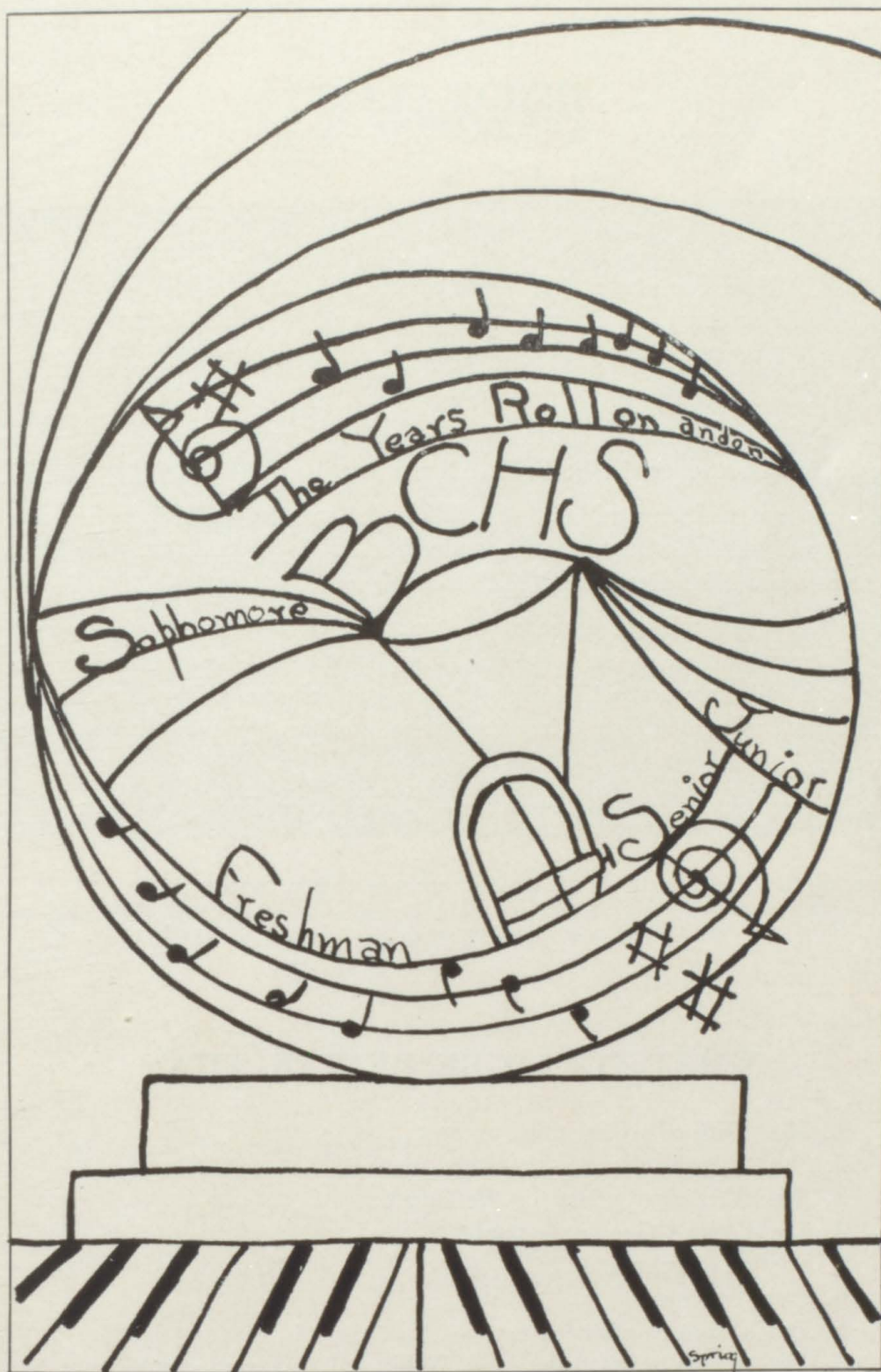
Sidney Marsh, a neighbor who has always laughed at Helene, wishes to learn how to pretend since her husband has lost his position. Rodney discourages her as it has made Helene leave him.

Helene returns and Eliot confesses. During the excitement Eliot meets Aunt Sarah and finds that she is the person who made him a woman-hater. They make up, and Rodney and Helene decide that all they wanted was the fun of pretending, not the reality.

## SONG HITS MADE FAMOUS

*By B. C. H. S. Amateurs*

It Never Dawned On Me .....	JAMES TAFT
Truckin' .....	JIM RYAN
I'm On A See Saw .....	EDITH FOSTER
Whose Honey Are You .....	JUNE OLMSTEAD
When I Grow Up .....	MARION HILL
There's Gonna Be the Devil to Pay .....	EUGENE HOUCK
Everything's Been Done Before .....	BOB BOWERMAN
In the Mood For Love .....	ED HOPKINS
Lulu's Back In Town .....	COACH JENSEN
Old Man Rhythm .....	WINSOR CASEY
Life is a Song .....	JAMES GLOVER
My Heart Is An Open Book .....	LLEWELYN HUBBARD
That's What You Think .....	DON SWEET
I'm In Love All Over Again .....	BUCK
I'm Livin' in A Great Big Way .....	BUD
I'm Painting the Town Red .....	RUSSELL STEAD
His Majesty, the Baby .....	DONALD PATCHIN
Reckless .....	DORCUS HENDRIKSON
Love on a Dime .....	WINSOR and HARRIET
Without a Word of Warning .....	ARCHER WINTERMUTE
Takes Two to Make a Bargain .....	DICK and PEARL
Our Little Girl .....	MARY MAC HOVEY
I Wish I Were Aladdin .....	EMILOU
Plain Old Me .....	RALPH HAGER
I Feel Like A Feather in the Breeze .....	BUD SUPPLEE
What A Little Moonlight Can Do .....	RONALD MATTHEWS
When You're in Love .....	BETTY BIRDSALL
Wild Irish Rose .....	MISS SHEEHAN
Red Heads On Parade .....	{ MISS DONAHOE and MISS SMITH
The Ghost of Dinah .....	MARY PUERLE
Page Miss Glory .....	MARION NORTON
You're A Vision to Behold .....	MISS GIFFORD
Curly Top .....	MISS CHEDISTER
Every Night At Eight .....	MISS ADAMS
I Found a Dream .....	MISS WILLIAMS
Just We Two .....	MISS BURDICK
Take It Easy .....	EDITH FOSTER
There's Nothing Like a College Education .....	MISS BENJAMIN
Let's Be Frivolous .....	JOE DELELLO
Accent On Youth .....	LLOYD SIPPLE



**JUNIOR CLASS**

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President ..... DONALD SWEET  
Vice President ..... JOYCE HUSTED  
Secretary ..... MALETA CHRISTIANSEN  
Treasurer ..... HENRY SUPPLEE

The third act of the play entitled "Our Junior Year" is about to be presented by the Junior Class over the B. C. H. S. network.

This act was written by Maleta Christiansen, financed by Henry Supplee and directed by Donald Sweet with the assistance of Joyce Husted. Our dramatic instructors were Miss Petley and Miss Ford.

Here follows a brief resume of the act. Our first interest was to publish a Junior Paper which we named "School Doze." Then in November we held a box social in the auditorium at which we all had a good time. And we must not forget the hike the Juniors had on "Camel's Hump" where the evening was spent by eating and, later, singing.

The climax comes in the last scene—"The Junior Prom" which was a big success.

Our allotted time is up so we must conclude this program.

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**WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN**

1. Miss Gifford's Christmas present.
2. Our "Crusaders."
3. Miss Williams' plans for the future.
4. Mr. Casey's Geometry pupils.
5. Bastine's nicknames.
6. Our "coaches."
7. Don's variety of sweaters.
8. The romances of "Pearl and Dick" and "Harriet and Winnie."
9. Our new buses.

### JUNIOR CLASS



#### FIRST ROW

Lorene Sipple, Eugene Houck, Maleta Christiansen, Joyce Husted, Donald Sweet, Henry Supplee, Miss Ford, Miss Petley, Everette Herrick

#### SECOND ROW

Viola Taft, Marion Norton, Evelyn Herrick, Emilou Howland, Marion Dibble, Marguerite Hine, Beatrice Bullis, Mayfred Dildine, Esther Franks

#### THIRD ROW

Andrew Whitney, Alton Hollenbeck, Kermit Nichols, Stanley Hutchinson, Ralph Riley, Ralph Hager, Joe Rosenstein, Vernon Livingston, James Taft

#### FOURTH ROW

Edwin Hopkins, Homer Dutcher, Lloyd Holbert, Gordon Holcomb, Roger Dix, Robert Smith, Kenneth Craver, Llewellyn Hubbard, Bruce Weeks

## THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

President .....	BRUCE HOLMAN
Vice President .....	PEARL TAYLOR
Secretary .....	BARBARA CAMPBELL
Treasurer .....	VICTOR FOSTER

The sophomores of this year are much changed from the freshmen of last. The group is much improved in way of organization and order during meetings, and the members have taken a new interest in class affairs.

Bruce Holman was elected president and with Pearl Taylor as vice president, has done much toward the betterment of the class. Victor Foster, the treasurer, has handled the monetary affairs of the class with efficiency and accuracy, and Barbara Campbell has performed the secretarial duties ably.

During the year the class held two parties both of which were well attended. One was a hot dog roast at Camel's Hump followed by a scavenger hunt. The contestants returned from the hunt at so nearly the same time that the judges had a very difficult task in deciding the winner. The other was a box social followed by a dance. Although the social was short of boxes, the party was very successful.

The sophomores have banished all debts incurred during the year and have built up a substantial balance in the treasury.

We are confident that they will prove even better as juniors next year and will meet their new responsibilities with capability.

## WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN—Cont.

10. Bud Supplee's acting.
11. Eugene Houck's wisecracks.
12. Dick Bowerman's work of art.
13. Senior Play of 1936.
14. Mr. Clark's willingness.
15. Mrs. Hoyt's cheerful smile.
16. Ralph Hager's "Hens Teeth."
17. Ruth Taylor's dimples.
18. Gradon Cass's ability in math.
19. Mr. Jenson's curly hair.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS



## FIRST ROW

George James, Loretta Getter, Mr. Jensen, Pearl Taylor, Bruce Holman, Barbara Campbell,  
Victor Foster, Gertrude Hawkins, Carlton DeForest

## SECOND ROW

Raymond Fiorina, Ethel Carnell, Helen Jeffers, Mary Hubers, Marion Jeffers, Agarette  
Hollenbeck, Russell Stead, Marie Sheldon, Mary Puerile, Beatrice Finch,  
Marion Davis, Lena Sherman, Gerald Tiffany

## THIRD ROW

Charles Levee, Alice Oliver, Myron Carl, Frank Delello, Betty Branham, Adrian Donahoe,  
Carl Hutchinson, Marion Hill, Homer Houghtaling, Sterling  
Hodge, Alene Peckham, Frank Lewis

## FOURTH ROW

Ernest Meade, Richard Parsons, Teddy Searles, Frederick Neidlinger, Richard Lewis,  
Donald MacPherson, Loren Whitcomb, Graydon Cass,  
Stanley Smith, Stanley Lord

FRESHMEN



President .....HARRIET HOLMAN  
Vice President .....ANNE VAWTER  
Secretary .....LLOYD SIPPLE  
Treasurer .....VERNON PALMER



THE CLASS OF 1939 IS ON THE AIR!

At our first meeting we chose Miss Benjamin and Miss Donahoe as advisors to our class of thirty members.

One night in September we hiked to Robert's Pond for a picnic. We all had such a fine time that we decided to have a party later in the year. This occurred a few nights before Hallowe'en. We played games, had some card tricks and, of course, a lunch.

Although our treasury may be low in capital, our spirit is high. Just keep your eye on the Class of 1939!



## FRESHMAN CLASS



## FIRST ROW

Virginia Barthwick, John Andrew Parsons, Miss Benjamin, Vernon Palmer, Harriet Holman,  
Anna Vawter, Lloyd Sipple, Geraldine Getter, Wendelin Mertz

## SECOND ROW

Donald Patchin, Beatrice Hendrickson, Margaret Mertz, Grace Johnson, Alta DeForest,  
Dorothy Teachout, Lila Kiefer, Mary Mac Hovey, Ruth Harris,  
Dorcas Hendrickson, Margaret Taft, John Olmsted

## THIRD ROW

John Burgin, Bernice Cook, Earl Neidlinger, Beatrice Sisson, George Munk, Evelyn  
Livingston, Lester Baldwin, Helen Peckham, Lloyd Tuckey,  
Lucille Babcock, Howard Stilson

## ACTUALLY HEARD ON THE RADIO

Announcer—"The loser will push a peanut around Lincoln Square with his nose on his hands and knees."

News Reporter—"The father received slight burns in tearing the child's clothing which had become ignited from her body."

News Reporter—"She found the wagon and her husband frozen to death."

News Commentator—"General Custer's soldiers stood with him end to end during the attack."

James Wallington—"My wife is suffering from the whim whams, Eddie."

Eddie Cantor—"The whim whams? Don't you mean the jim jams?"

James—"No, Eddie, the whim whams."

Eddie—"Oh! I get it. You mean if you don't suit her whims she just whams you."

Announcer—"They were rushing a crane to Hopewell, Virginia, to rescue the persons drowned."

Announcer—"If your car is too old to drive safely, it's better to ride the streetcar and be sure you get where you started."

Announcer—"Buy a box of — Breakfast Food and eat the contents twice a day for results."

Announcer—"Dr. Hoffman had planned to go to Africa where he would see his wife and daughter for the first time."

Announcer—"As many of you know, the horse is man's best friend; you no doubt will be interested in hearing what he has to say."

Robert L. Ripley—"She is the fastest talker in all the world. If you don't believe it, listen to her recite 'The House That Jack Built' in twenty minutes."

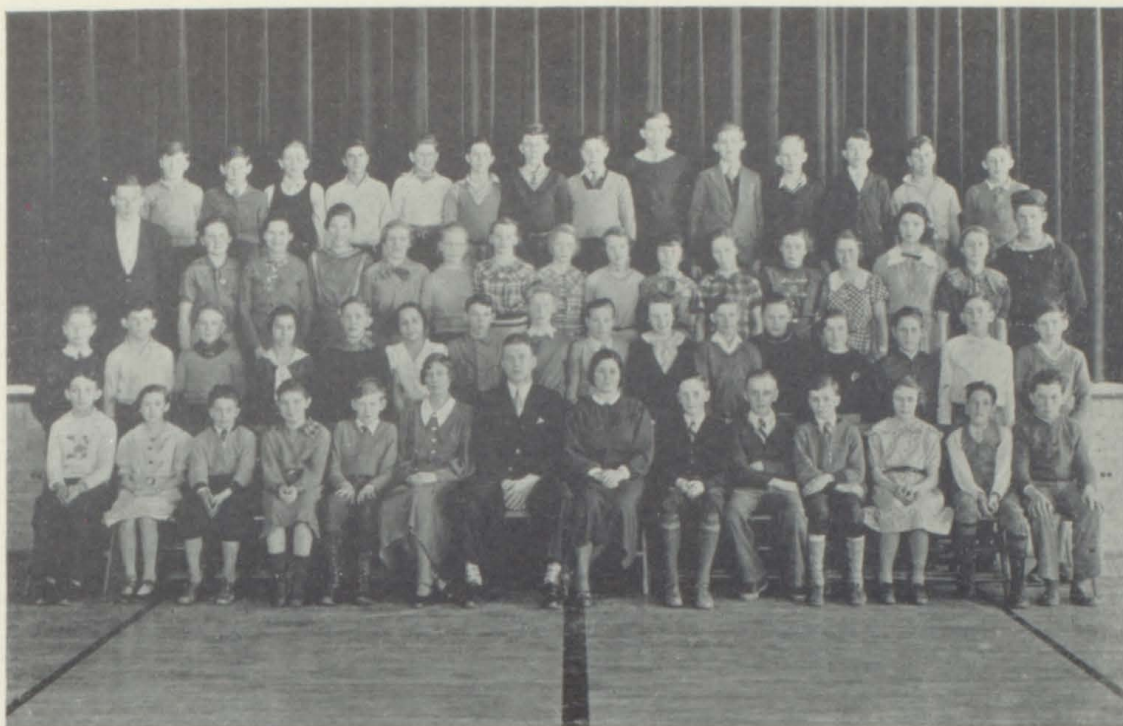
Announcer—"The East Side Exclusive Cleaners and Dyers will clean your children's garments up to ten years of age for thirty-five cents."

Announcer—"If you're going to drive anywhere tonight, don't forget your radiator."

Announcer (on British program)—"What comfort it is to sleep beneath blankets made from your own wool."

Announcer—"His death was not discovered until after his funeral."

## JUNIOR HIGH



### FIRST ROW

Edward Searles, Evelyn LeSuer, Edward Fiorina, Phyllis Holbert, Robert Lord, Mrs. Bliss,  
Mr. Jensen, Mrs. Cheesbro, Junior Monroe, Harry Crane, James Fiorina,  
Jane Andrews, Socrates Nellis, Robert Crawford

### SECOND ROW

Donald Peckham, Lloyd Fletcher, Jimmie Noyes, Verla Baldwin, Douglas Gardner, Janet  
Delello, Ralph Ireland, Bobbie Gordon, Kenneth Whitney, Barbara Cobbins,  
Clifford Smith, Carl Sejersen, Ruth Birdsall, Donald Tiffany,  
Frederick Mertz, Guy Leonard

### THIRD ROW

Laurence Butts, Elnore Hitchcock, Barbara Seymour, Erma Garlow, Louise Martens, Louise  
Hall, Florence Fuller, Mae Prouty, Esther Hollenbeck, Phyllis Finch, Jean Bennett,  
Betty Andrews, Marie Prouty, Marion Beatty, Amy Palmer, Robert Hall

### FOURTH ROW

Charles Mott, Clifford Palmetier, Paul Ahrens, Kenneth Meade, Douglas Neidlinger, Donald  
Cobb, Gordon Brayman, Robert Parsons, Howard Foster, Roscoe Beers,  
Jimmie Monahan, Carlton Kinch, Dickie Hine, Billy Butler



## THE INCUBATOR BABIES

We, the Junior High of B. C. H. S., take great pride in calling ourselves ladies and gentlemen. We have been very successful in our activities for 1935-36. There have been chosen by Miss Benjamin a Junior High glee club and cheer leaders. We held our Second Annual Prize Speaking Contest this year. We wish to express gratitude to our teachers and hope to make studious pupils for the rest of our school years.

GENEVIEVE BEERS

## GLEE CLUB

**O**UR amateurs in music have taken some time to prepare for their debut. In September, the officers were elected: President, Gretchen Hartman; Secretary and Treasurer, Jean Dawson; Librarian, Bastine Caracciolo; and vocal instructor, Miss Benjamin.

How pleasant have been the hours we have sung to the tune of familiar melodies. The Glee Club has been working diligently to prepare for the two Music Festivals. In April, we were thrilled by the first Music Festival in Sidney High School. In May, the Glee Club journeyed to Norwich High School for the annual Music Festival, in which a large number of surrounding schools participated.

The Girls' Chorus sang "Around the Gypsy Fire," and "Good Night, Beloved." The Boys' Chorus sang "Keep in the Middle of the Road," and "Old Man Noah."

The mixed chorus sang "Bridal Chorus" from "The Rose Maiden," "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming," and "Sylvia."

As the concluding number the mixed chorus accompanied by the orchestra gave the "Intermezza" from L'Arlesienne Suite by Bizet.

There was also a concert in June. And we eagerly looked forward to that, for then we had the opportunity to summarize our accomplishments.



## B. C. H. S. BAND BROADCASTING

**W**E now turn our attention to the large auditorium where the baton of Ralph Corbin, Jr., is ready to begin another successful program.

Each member of the B. C. H. S. band has been taught to play his, or her instrument and is very appreciative of the teacher and director, Mr. Corbin.

The band has taken part in many programs this year including the Sidney and Norwich Festivals.

As we take our seats in the studio balcony we see the members of the band coming on the stage to take their positions. The sections follow. The solo trumpet: Kermit Nichols, Donald Babcock; first trumpet: Donald MacPherson, Gerald Tiffany; second and third trumpet: Geraldine Getter, Alice Oliver, Robert Lord, Clifford Palmetier; the alto horn: Russell Stead, Donald Sweet, Roscoe Beers, Bert Lord; the clarinet: Donald Patchin; the baritone: Alton Hollenbeck; the flute: Betty Branham; the trombone: Lloyd Sipple, Stanley Hutchinson, Homer Houghtaling; the bass: Ralph Hager, Richard Bowerman; the xylophone: James Monahan; the drums: Henry Supplee; and the saxophone section: Joseph Delello, Jack Palmer, Edwin Hopkins, Sterling Hodge, Winsor Casey, George Sands.

## GLEE CLUB



## FIRST ROW

Carol Fowler, Eugene Houck, Geraldine Getter, Donald Sweet, Jean Dawson, Gretchen Hartmann, Bastine Caracciolo, Miss Benjamin, Edwin Hopkins, Marion Dibble, Betty Birdsall

## SECOND ROW

Lloyd Sipple, Marguerite Hine, Eileen Finch, Mayfred Dildine, Lorene Sipple, Dorcas Hendrickson, Malita Christiansen, Mary Mac Hovey, Alta DeForest, Lucille Babcock, Grace Johnson, Margaret Taft, Dorothy Teachout, Donald Patchin

## THIRD ROW

Georgiana Hovey, Florence Sherman, Ruth Weeks, Emilou Howland, Harriet Holman, Viola Taft, Marion Norton, Loretta Getter, Anna Vawter, Joyce Husted, Betty Branham, Marian Hill, Edith Foster, Clara Wilcox

## FOURTH ROW

John Andrew Parsons, Russell Stead, James Taft, Winsor Casey, Kermit Nichols, Stanley Hutchinson, Donald Babcock, Bruce Holman, Jack Eldred, John Spring, Charles Levee

## DRAMATIC CONTEST



**F**OR two years Bainbridge had won the sectional dramatic contest only to be bettered in the finals, but this year the stern determination of all the amateur actors in high school together with the hard work of the directors won reward. Bainbridge was able to tie with Sherburne for first place in the final contest.

At the beginning of the term it was decided that a tense drama was needed to display the talent of our actors. The committee chose "Drums of Death," a stirring story of conflicting opinions on a jungle island off the coast of Africa.

Henry Supplee, in the role of Colonel Sutherland, portrayed the part of a determined governor with all the feeling of a staunch upholder of "his Majesty's law." Winsor Casey as his son, Hugh, took the hearts of the audience with him as he went into the jungle to sacrifice his life to save his sick mother from death. There never was a more noble doctor than Donald Sweet in the role of Doctor Graves who fought with mind and medicine to make the Colonel see the way to save Mrs. Sutherland. Gretchen Hartmann as Suna, the native servant, showed all the feeling of love and anguish of which a native girl is capable.

The sound effects which were supplied by Roger Dix added greatly to the effect of the play, and we can feel proud of our directors, who did such good work with the cast.

Bainbridge knows now that she can do things with a little hard work and determination and is out to take all the honors in the next dramatic contest.

## ORCHESTRA



## SITTING

Graydon Cass, Charles Levee, Donald Babcock, Edwin Hopkins, Joe Delello, Richard Bowerman, Kermit Nichols, Gerald Tiffany, Donald MacPherson

## STANDING

Blanche Montgomery, Geraldine Getter, Carlton DeForest, Miss Benjamin, Henry Supplee, Alton Hollenbeck, Stanley Hutchinson, Donald Sweet, Roscoe Beers, Clifford Palmetier



## ORCHESTRA

**W**E sincerely hope you have enjoyed these concerts and regret that this is the last of the series of 1936. During this intermission let us review, briefly, the history of this program, which has come to you as "Miss Ruth Benjamin and her amateurs."

This orchestra started at the Bainbridge High School in the early part of the school year, 1935-36. The conductor, Miss Benjamin, arranged for a rehearsal each week. The membership increased and the orchestra was able to play for the School's assembly program. Thereafter, time was spent practicing for the Norwich and Sidney Music Festivals which the orchestra attended. The orchestra has rapidly progressed and has reached the high attainment—a series of radio "Echo" programs.

We are sorry to leave you but are certain that you may expect to hear even a bigger and better series, under the direction of Miss Benjamin, in 1936-37.

Your Announcer is

DONALD BABCOCK.

(Page 29)

### PRESS CLUB

**D**URING the past year the Press Club has endeavored to make the "Blue and White" more interesting and to widen its scope. The aim was, in our small way, an attempt at real journalism. New features were instituted both in the club procedure and in the column in the "Bainbridge News." A weekly meeting during the twenty minute period on Monday was one of these. During this time news was brought in, write-ups prepared, and material revised if necessary. To the "Blue and White" was added the "Krazy Korridor Kat Kolumn." This is a collection of brief bits of news or comments on school happenings. Also the club has sponsored a contest, in which all B. C. H. S. pupils competed. The best one in a chosen class each week was the winner. The purpose of the contest was to give recognition to those little noticed students who excelled in daily routine class work.

We have striven to become "news conscious." Whether it was bad roads, high water, unusual class projects, or even one of those very interesting personal occurrences, it meant a story and we procured it. Our reporters have tried to be everywhere, to write up everything, as real newspaper work demands. Perhaps there are some who thought we succeeded too well.

The 1935-36 members are: Editor, Betty Branham; Assistant Editor, Graydon Cass; Reporters, Barbara Campbell, Gertrude Hawkins, Evelyn Livingston, Jessamine Davis, Lloyd Tuckey, Lloyd Sipple, Earl Neidlinger, Donald Patchin. The advisor for this term has been Miss Smith whose watchful eye and keen ear for news has resulted in a decided improvement in quantity and quality of news.

### FRENCH CLUB

President .....	DONALD SWEET
Vice President .....	BARBARA CAMPBELL
Secretary-Treasurer .....	JOHN SPRING
Chairman of Refreshment Committee	BETTY BRANHAM

When it came time to organize Le Cercle Francais there did not seem to be enough interested, so the French I classes were invited to join.

Le Cercle Francais holds its meeting every other week. The meeting is opened by singing, then comes the program, games follow and last, but not least, come refreshments.

Each member was asked to pay five cents at each meeting to cover the cost of the refreshments.

At Christmas time Le Cercle Francais entertained the faculty at a Christmas party. After the faculty had departed, the "Frenchies" enjoyed a Christmas tree on which was a funny gift for each one present.

In March Le Cercle Francais enjoyed a St. Patrick supper in the High School Cafeteria. This year Le Cercle Francais has helped to broaden our vocabularies and we think our club is well worth while. Meetings used to adjourn about nine thirty, but since "Monopoly" has become so popular, Monopoly parties follow Le Cercle Francais.



## HISTORY CLUB



### FIRST ROW

Betty Birdsall, Florence Franks, Georgiana Hovey, Blanche Montgomery, Bastine Caracciolo,  
Jessamine Davis, Miss Williams, Mae Collington, Gretchen Hartmann

### SECOND ROW

Beatrice Bullis, Marie Sheldon, Mary Smith, La Vonne Beers, Clara Wilcox, Agnes Russell,  
Marion Dibble, Edith Foster, Jean Dawson, Carol Fowler, Maleta Christiansen

### THIRD ROW

Viola Taft, Marion Norton, Edwin Hopkins, Paul Sherman, Murray Wilcox, Edward  
Peckham, Jack Eldred, Alton Hollenbeck, James Taft, Winsor Casey,  
Winifred Finch, June Olmsted

### FOURTH ROW

Joe Rosenstein, Allan Harman, Gordon Holcomb, Stanley Hutchinson, Ronald Mathews,  
Archer Wintemute, Stuart Friedel, Eugene Houck, Andrew Whitney,  
Ralph Hager, Llewellyn Hubbard, Sam Taylor



## HISTORY CLUB

The American History and Modern European History classes formed a club at the beginning of the year.

Meetings are held every Friday during the regular class periods. During the meeting, the classes discuss articles of current interest and have special reports. Members of the class take turns in acting as chairman and in leading the discussion.

**BLUE AND WHITE WINS SECOND PLACE.***on Football's Amateur Hour*

**T**HE broadcast takes place in a huge audition studio with plenty of noise, people, and excitement. A big green field, striped with white, is the studio carpet and the sky, clear or cloudy, is the roof. The spirit of all amateurs is in the air, the fight and play for the love of the game prevails and the broadcast is on.

Of course, you are all acquainted with the contestants and all your votes undoubtedly go to the Blue and White who, though sometimes not the best on the field, never get the gong.

A squad of twenty-five came out to strive and strain for positions and Coach Jensen picked up a lot of loose ends to knit together a compact, strong team.

The team consisted of Jim (Sax) Ryan, quarterback, wild Jimmie, brainy but not brawny, always urging the gang on. He was hurt in the first game, and out of it for the rest of the season.

Buck (Pasquall) Caracciolo, the diminutive general, hopped in to do an admirable job of quarterbacking. He had a knack of getting the boys to scrap when the going was tough.

Sam Taylor, the best backer-upper in the league, played at full back without benefit of the well known beef. His was the responsibility to stop them, and he stopped them hard. He always kept on plugging; ask his nose.

Llewellyn (Hub) Hubbard, the triple threat man at left half, could discourage a team by his punting alone. He picked his way and passed like a bullet. Hub was a hard man to run around when he played defensive.

Don (Snakehips) Sweet, the right half, twisted his way out of many tangles of opposing arms; a south-paw who could always fool the enemy with a few tosses.

So much for the back field. The four horses, fast and smooth! The line of a team never seems to shine like the backfield but they are there; they have to be.

Ralph (Haig) Hager, left end, held up that end to break up the tricky plays, and was good to pass to.

Joe (the old postausule play) Delello was the right tackle, who was on the receiving end of quite a few plays and had his own play, a lateral, which worked well, too.

Ken Craver, left tackle, who never gave up, received the brunt of the attack and carried it off well.

Allan (Gussie) Harmon was the interference-leading left guard, getting through the line with plenty of scrap.

Bob (Rowdy) Doud, the right guard, was, as you might guess, rough and tough at the right moment, never gentle, but a clean player.

Bob (Bow) Bowerman played right end, displaying swiftness in getting down under the punts of Hubbard, to stop every man coming his way.

Bud (Suppy) Supplee, the staunch and sturdy center, was easier to go around than through, so the fellows that tried to go around him became discouraged when they were stopped. Suppy had a nice pass and he hit the spot.

Coach W. C. Jensen, formerly of Syracuse Hall of Fame, was the power behind the machine. The team was fairly light and very green, but with a double wing back for deception, single wing for power, and punt formation for strategy,

### FOOTBALL



#### FIRST ROW

Henry Supplee, Llewellyn Hubbard, Joe Delello, Robert Bowerman, Stanley Hutchinson, Everette Herrick, Joe Rosenstein

#### SECOND ROW

Robert Craver, Ralph Hager, Kenneth Craver, Paul Sherman, Allan Harman, Coach Jensen

#### THIRD ROW

Frank Delello (*Manager*), Richard Parsons, Sam Taylor, George James, James Ryan, Donald Sweet, Bastine Caracciolo

the boys really had the advantage over the rest of the teams around who could not boast of such an expert coaching staff. Coach was a regular fellow and got along well with the gang.

Much respect and admiration is to be had for the fellows who are sometimes called the "scrubs," but in their case, they played nearly as much as the varsity and just lacked experience and weight. These include: Dick Parsons, Vic Foster, Bruce Weeks, Paul Sherman, Joe Rosenstein and Everette Herrick.

With the exception of two or three, it looks as though this same team would be the torch bearers next year. More power to them!

## BASEBALL '35

**W**ITH the coming of Spring we noticed both young and old boys making use of baseball gloves, and the road in front of the school was very busy.

Coach Evans' boys were ready to start baseball as soon as the ball ground was in shape for practice. Although they lacked fair weather for practice, the boys had a very successful season. These boys of good old B. C. H. S., with the students backing them, played their best and lost only two games.

Bainbridge lost the championship when they bowed to Afton by the score 2-1. Bainbridge also lost the game with Deposit.

There were several high lights during the year. When Bainbridge played Franklin she had two men out; it was the last inning, and Franklin was leading with the score 12-10. Up walked Roider and things began to happen. There were six two-base hits in a row and they were followed by a couple of singles. At the end of the game, the score was 16-12, in favor of Bainbridge. Thus the boys of B. C. H. S. returned home and added another victory to their list which at that time boasted no defeats.

Another high light in the season's activities was the "slugfest" with Walton at Walton. Bainbridge again came home victorious, the score being 14-13.



## ARCHERY TOURNAMENT OF 1935

**T**HIS broadcast is coming from the studios of the Senior Class to give you an account of the Archery Tournament which was held last fall at Unadilla.

There were twelve schools, from the Susquenango League, which competed. Bainbridge High School was represented by Edith Foster and Emilou Howland; Claude Terry and George James. The schools which competed from this Valley were: Afton, Bainbridge, Deposit, Franklin, Sidney and Unadilla. The Chenango Valley was represented by Greene, Oxford, Sherburne, Earlville and South New Berlin.

Due to the relative inexperience of Bainbridge her team was not so successful but she is hoping to have a better archery tournament in the future.

## BASEBALL



## SEATED LEFT TO RIGHT

Bastine Caracciolo, Donald Sweet, Llewellyn Hubbard, Bernard Lovejoy, Jerry Hines,  
Junior Roider, Gordon Burton

## STANDING LEFT TO RIGHT

Mr. James Evans (Coach), Ralph Hager, James Ryan, Martin Bacuiska, Mr. F. J. Casey,  
Alvin Hayes, Jack Tuckey, Sam Taylor, Joseph Delello (Manager)

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

THE studio changes to a large room with glaring lights and a restless crowd, waiting for the entrants to go on the air. After a short wait the contestants come out on the floor in their chic uniforms. The visiting team always seems to look out of place in its strange colored suits, but acts perfectly at home. After some practice the whistle blows and the game is under way.

Gret Hartmann was one of our sure-shot forwards, always in the play and after the ball.

Gertrude Hawkins was another forward who always played good ball. Pearl and Ruth Taylor were our famous sister team who played and scored fast basketball. Edith Foster was the worker of the team and was never licked.

Marion Dibble improved immensely during the season and was hard to stop during the last half. Joyce and Smitty were the two guards who stopped nearly every shot that was attempted and never seemed to lose faith in their team's ability to win. Georgiana Hovey, Marion Davis, Helen Jeffers and Marion Norton, although new to the game, showed promise of being the best, and when they did get in the game, they never gave up no matter how great the defeat.

Our two managers, Florence Franks and Marion Jeffers, deserved much credit and many thanks from the team because of their willingness to lend a helping hand when the girls were in need.

The girls in Blue and White lost games and won also, but they won a reputation for being great sports. The opposition was always stiff and they came through with some thrilling victories.

Miss Burdick proved herself an able coach and it looks as if she will have a champ team next year. All the girls were back of their leader every minute, and she will never have a small turnout for any sport she coaches.

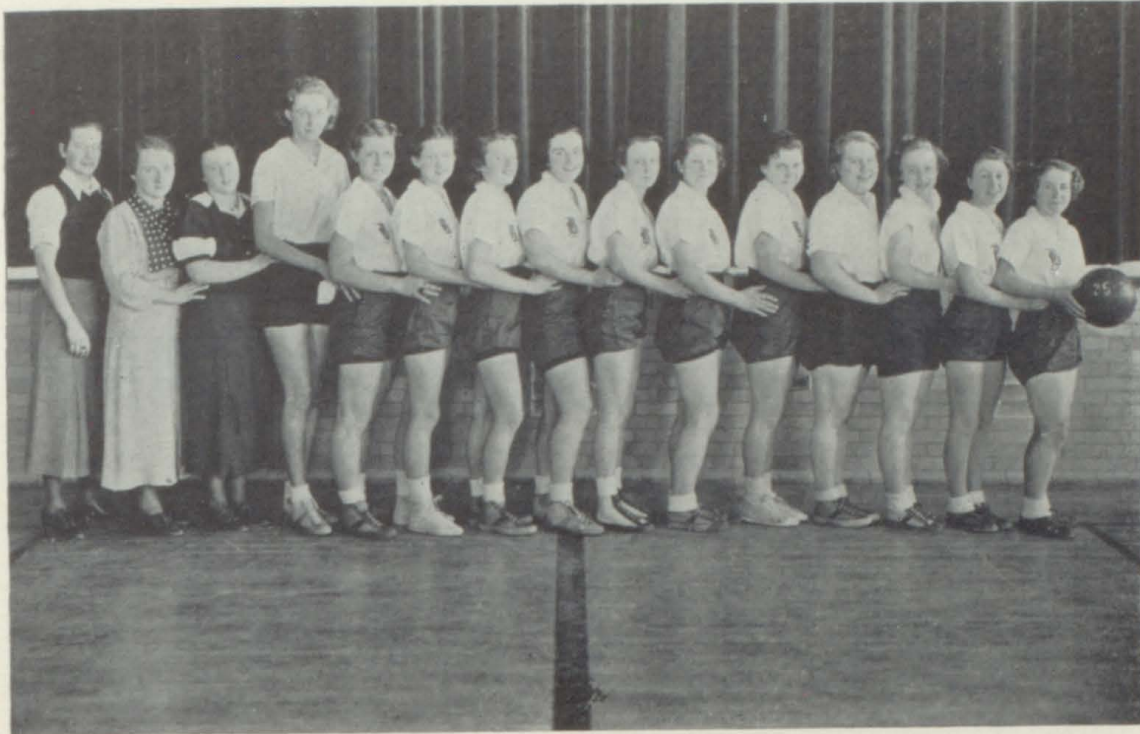
## AMATEURS WHO MADE GOOD

*Portrayed by*

*B. C. H. S. Artists*

Voice of Experience .....	BOB BOWERMAN
Jim Healy, News Commentator .....	ALLAN HARMON
The Honeymooners .....	WINSOR and HARRIET
Buck Rogers .....	RALPH HAGER
Eddie Duchin .....	JAMES TAFT

GIRLS' BASKETBALL



LEFT TO RIGHT

Miss Burdick, Managers Florence Franks and Marion Jeffers, Marion Dibble, Gretchen Hartmann, Marion Norton, Edith Foster, Joyce Husted, Gertrude Hawkins, Ruth Taylor, Mary Smith, Georgiana Hovey, Helen Jeffers, Marion Davis, Pearl Taylor



AMATEURS WHO MADE GOOD

Eddie Cantor .....	RONALD MATTHEWS
"Fats" Waller .....	BUD SUPPLEE
	} BUD SUPPLEE
Amos and Andy .....	} EUGENE HOUCK
Lily Pons .....	JEAN DAWSON
Bradley Kincaid .....	MURRAY WILCOX
Don Mario .....	JACK PALMER

## BOYS' BASKETBALL

AS the "Foot-ball" season ends the Senior Class would now like you to visit our Radio Station and see what the basketball team of 1936 brought forth. The boys started the season by playing the Alumni team, which did not prove successful, but furnished a good practice game.

Before the league games started we played Greene, Oxford and Franklin. The game with Greene was one of the most exciting games of the season. The boys were first at one end of the court and then at the other making first one basket and then another. Bainbridge defeated Greene with a score of 30-25. The next game was played at Franklin which proved to be another very exciting one. At the half, Bainbridge was on the losing side and then she crept up on Franklin, defeating her with a score of 33-27. The next game did not result so favorably; Bainbridge being defeated with a score of 22-16.

After the out of town games came the home games with Greene, Franklin and Oxford. The boys once more defeated Franklin with the score, 25-20. Playing Oxford on the home court seemed to be a little better, for the Basket-teers set the score at 29-12, in Bainbridge's favor. The return game with Greene proved to be quite successful, a victory of 32 to 28.

Next began the league games which were not as successful as the others. Bainbridge could not seem to defeat Sidney and Afton, but had no difficulty in defeating Deposit. At Deposit we were awarded the victory, 30-16, and when Deposit played here the game was won by the margin of a single basket, making the final outcome, 22 to 20.

At the close of the games came the All Star Game at Sidney with Sam Taylor and Bob Bowerman representing Bainbridge High. Consequently we think that despite the fact that this is Leap Year, the boys had quite a successful season.

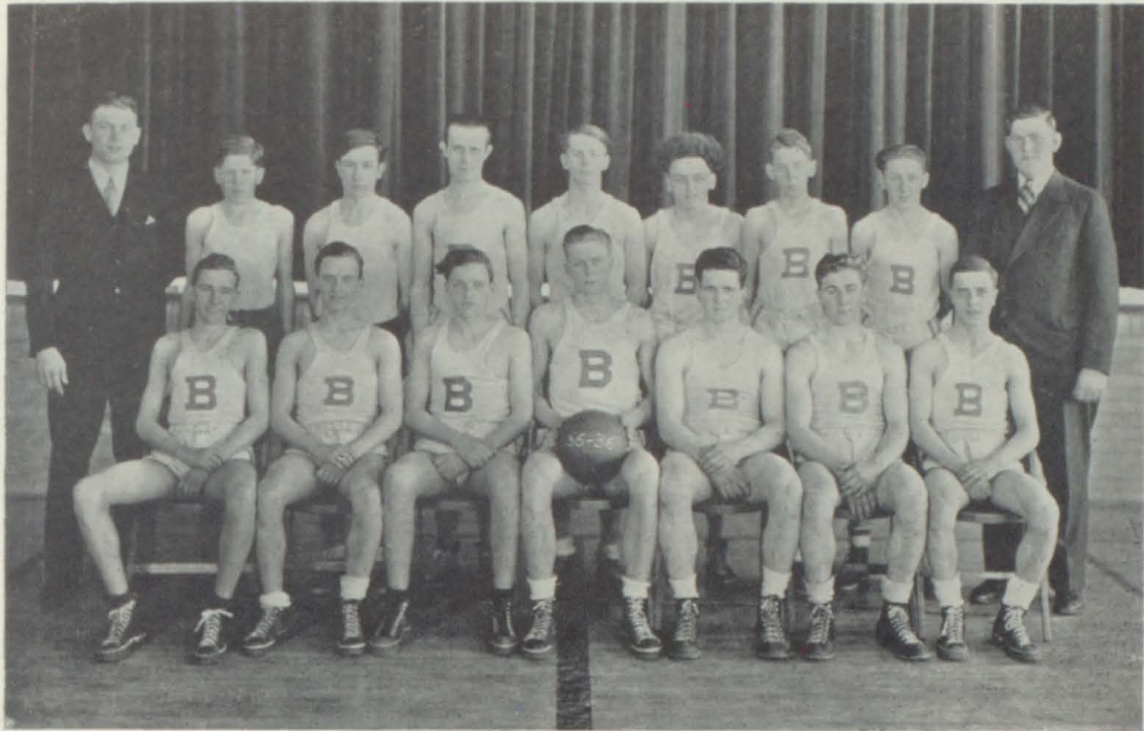


## AMATEURS WHO MADE GOOD

Lady Esther .....	BETTY BIRDSALL
Rubinoff .....	GRAYDON CASS
Little Jackie Heller .....	BASTINE CARACCILO
Uncle Ezra .....	EDDIE HOPKINS
Nelson Eddy .....	JOHN SPRING
Glen Gray .....	JIMMY RYAN



**BOYS' BASKETBALL**



FRONT ROW

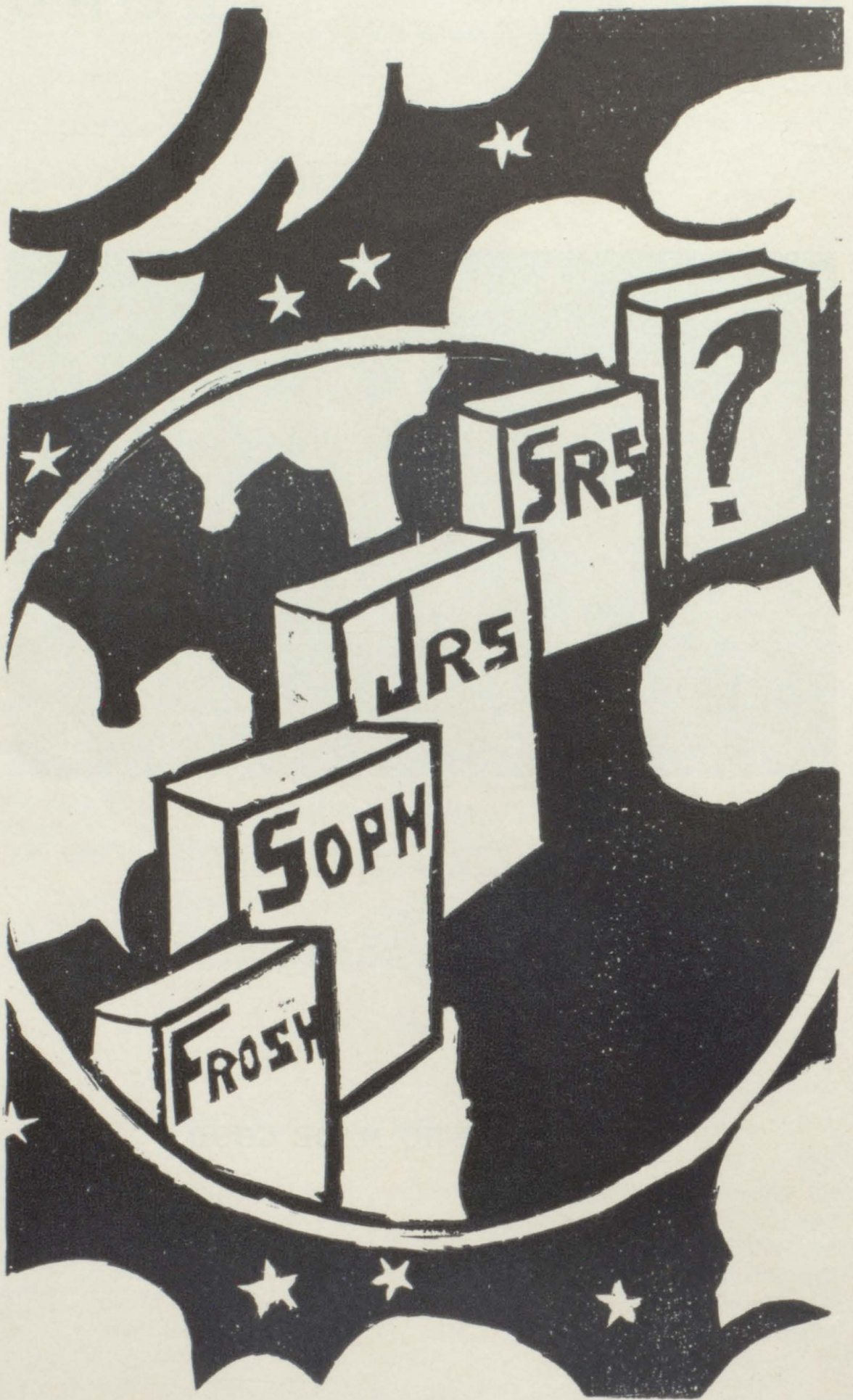
Winsor Casey, Donald Sweet, Paul Sherman, Robert Bowerman, Llewellyn Hubbard, Sam Taylor, Bastine Caracciolo

TOP ROW

Mr. Walter Jensen (*Coach*), Russell Stead, Victor Foster, James Glover, Bruce Weeks, Vernon Palmer, Frank Lewis, Richard Parsons, Henry Supplee (*Manager*)

**AMATEURS WHO MADE GOOD**

Ed Wynn .....	ARCHER WINTERMUTE
Cheerio .....	JIM GLOVER
Ma Perkins .....	GEORGIANA HOVEY
The Singing Lady .....	BETTY BRANHAM
Ted Husing .....	DONALD SWEET
Orphan Annie .....	EILEEN FINCH



## STARS OF FORMER YEARS

Bainbridge, N. Y.,  
March 16, 1936.

DEAR EDITORS:

In reply to your letter asking for a resume of my life, I gladly reply that it is like a scrambled egg. And did you ever think how happy a scramble that might be—and again how unhappy? In order to have a good scramble, one must take chances and trust in her luck. I have done that, too; and right now I like my work so well that I would not change places with any Alumnae member of the B. H. S.

Since you are more interested in my scramble of life than in my personal likes and ideas, I shall proceed. In June, 1927, Mr. Casey summoned Blanche Throop, a senior to his office in the then new building, and calmly told her that she had been awarded the honor of the appointment of Valedictorian of her class. Her reaction? She said, "Mr. Casey, there must be a mistake somewhere, I do not believe it." But he insisted and I had to perform the honor of writing the Valedictory speech and delivering it. Now do not take me wrong, although I appreciated that honor, I had not been working with that aim in view—I had only done the best I could. Not a bad beginning for a scramble?

At the beginning of school that coming fall, I found myself in Utica School of Commerce, where I did my best for eight months. Finishing my course four months early, I accepted a position as stenographer and hotel clerk at a summer hotel in the Adirondacks and started work in May. At the close of that season a position was awaiting me as bookkeeper in Hamilton. For some reason or other, during the following year while working there in Hamilton, I became dissatisfied with my meagre education and set out to gain more. That fall I was a Freshman at State Teachers College in Albany. Still, though in college, I was unhappy and dissatisfied, and hence did not return the next fall. I entered the Nursing field instead. Now nearly five years have passed and I admit—I like nursing and am happy at it. My three years in training in the Cortland Hospital were interesting years and well worthwhile, but not all a bed of roses (as only graduates know). After six months study in Bellevue hospital, in N. Y. C., to complete my training, I was graduated on a Friday and the next day at 7:00 A. M. I fulfilled my duties as Charge Nurse in the Nursery, where I worked a year caring for those babies and teaching the student nurses how to care for them. Then I accepted a position in Niagara Falls, at the Memorial Hospital, resigned in Cortland and moved. I was working in Niagara at the time my father was in an accident and summoned me to his bed-side.

And here is where I would like to confess to this scramble of mine—that not until my father's life depended on my care and ability (as the nurse on duty) until the reports to the Doctor depended on my observation of my patient, did I realize what life means, and what it means to value the best friends I had on earth—mother and dad. Wherever we are, whatever we do, we must live for and with others, for their happiness as well as our own. Perhaps I was a spoiled child

—I was never without money, never refused anything I desired, and had had the best start in life that people of my family status could give. If I do not stop here, you will surmise that this scramble of mine is a bit sentimental.

Well, after my father was able to be about, I was offered a position in Dr. Edward Danforth's office, where I am working at the present writing, after thirteen months now, and I like my work.

You can judge for yourself how good a scramble of life mine may be, dear Editors, and please remember that my motto for life is "Do as You Would Like to be Done By."

Very truly yours,

BLANCHE THROOP, R. N., 1927

DEAR ALUMNI EDITORS:

It was pleasing to learn that the "Echo" is still being published. The name brings back many past memories and I am sure it makes the Alumni feel more a part of Bainbridge High School.

While I was in high school I decided that I would like to be a foreign language teacher. With this still in mind I graduated from Bainbridge High School in 1928. That fall I entered Albany State College, and in June, 1932, I had attained my desire to be a language teacher.

Even though one has a college degree, there is still the problem of getting a position. One day when I was a senior in college, a hoped-for telephone call came. It was a request for an interview at Chaumont. I set out for the north and finally reached the town which was entirely strange to me. I went home with a contract. This is the fourth year that I have taught French and Latin at Chaumont High School.

I congratulate you upon the selection of the theme "The Amateur Hour" for the "Echo." I hope you may have abundant success in its publication and I am sure you will.

Very sincerely yours,

KATHRYN KENTFIELD HAAS, '28

DEAR CLASS OF '36:

The amateur Spirit of '29 greets the amateur Echo of '36. Fear not for we neither lecture nor advise: a seven year old ghost is far too young to know all the experiences one encounters in the nooks and crannies, pitfalls and dangers of success and failure.

Neither can this youthful Spirit speak singularly, but sends its best wishes and congratulations from the many who are starting down the road to success: housewives, school teachers, stenographers and bookkeepers, musician, dentist and librarian.

May the Spirit of '36 join the one of '29 as it joyfully and successfully

trudges along through Life, and may its motto be that of Archie and Mehitable—Tourjour Gai.

In the best of spirits, we remain,

Faithful to B. H. S.

THE CLASS OF '29

RUTH LE CARO, Speaker.

GREETINGS to my Classmates, and all those listening to the Amateur Hour.

In the fall of '31 I entered Hartwick College—the two years which followed were tremendously interesting, expansive years, if a bit difficult due to ill health. At the end of the second year the exchequer was quite depleted and my physical condition such that a few years at home seemed necessary.

I cannot be sorry for the interruption to my life program as originally planned—High School, College, then teaching. The enforced change necessitated an adjustment. That adjustment has brought to me invaluable experience. It occasioned a spiritual check-up—and I was shocked at my dwarf stature; it resulted in a reevaluation of many things; it has been a period of adventuring in newly discovered (for me) realms of thought and feeling. After two years at home again I understand and appreciate my family as never before. But the thing that shall endure and mark these as precious years long after my new perceptions and understanding have been absorbed into my “empirical equipment” are the friendships which have made gloriously rich and happy my days.

At present I am, and have been for a year, working at the American Plastics. That, too, has its values.

My hobby of at least a year's standing is Interior Decorating. Teaching still possesses its former fascination for me. And His Majesty's Service is an increasing urge in my life.

Best wishes for success and happiness to all those participating in the “Amateur Hour.”

Yours, with interest,

HELEN M. SAWYER, '31

DEAR ECHO OF '36:

I must confess that I feel much more Amateurish than when I graduated from good old B. C. H. S. The three intervening years have been happily and, I hope, profitably spent at Oberlin College. Campus life is full of a number of things; but I have tried, in the words of our motto, to combine “Learning and Labor” and to become neither a dreary grind burning the midnight oil, nor a scatter-brained Co-ed.

As a history major, I hope some day to—but there goes the gong!

HELEN FAIRBANKS, '33

TO THE CLASS OF 1936:

Greetings! Can it be four years since I was anticipating graduation from B. C. H. S.! But those four years have held much for me—new friends, new fields opened before me, new attitudes to be developed—and my most sincere wish for every member of this class is that, four years hence, you too may have the experiences of college life to look back upon. They may not all be pleasant memories—some will be memories of pessimism when you were certain that nothing could come of the effort you were putting forth, others of optimism when you felt that every breath was bringing you closer to your goal.

It is worthwhile. Every  $x - y$  solved, every new construction in another language mastered, every new literary masterpiece analyzed gives a feeling of accomplishment and, when done well, of satisfaction.

In closing I will say, if opportunity comes, seize it and you will be grateful to those who brought it to you as I am to those who brought it to me.

Heartiest congratulations,

JULIA A. RILEY, 1932

DEAR CLASS OF '36:

With a great deal of joy, I look forward to a new publication of the "Echo," and I know this issue will be as fine as ever.

When I graduated from B. C. H. S. in 1934, I felt on top of the world, so to speak. I had finished happily and successfully the first episode of my life. Now would be a beginning of something new, a commencement. What would it bring forth?

When I left Bainbridge, the "old home town" with all its dear associations, to enter Cornell University, I surely was not an amateur. I was a mere beginner! To be away from home, to study diligently and still get low grades, to be one of six thousand students, were new experiences.

In a short time, however, I made new friends, found fun in college life, and felt at home in Ithaca. Moreover, the longer I am here, the better I like it. This is my second year in the Arts College at Cornell, way in the business world. An amateur—yes—but I hope an amateur that makes good.

I am sure that the class of 1934 joins me in wishing you the best of success and happiness. The course from amateur to professional is often long and hard, but it is worth your effort.

Best wishes,

MARION E. HENDERSON, '34

DEAR HIGH SCHOOL PALS:

How strange it sounds to be called an Alumnae! So often I've heard it said, "College is bound to make her sophisticated and 'stuck-up.' Just you wait 'till she comes home. She won't even notice common folks."

I do wish people would get rid of that queer notion. Really it is just the reverse. College life makes one realize just how little he really does know. It gives one an added impetus to strive onward and upward, even "to the stars through difficulties."

Beloved Bainbridge has always been home to me, and will continue to be in the future, even though I may be far away. The memories of dear old B. C. H. S. will linger long in all our minds.

Many people have asked why I chose Cornell as a school of high education. There are several reasons. Upon inquiry, I found that Cornell has a very high standard both in learning and in morals. I suppose it sounds childish, but the thought of being near home was a great inducement. How often I laughed at the idea of becoming homesick! However, even though there are always so many things to see and do, one cannot help but feel a longing for home once in a while.

The purpose of College, I have discovered, is not merely mental, but social, physical, and spiritual advancement as well. Each year the students sponsor a series of musical concerts. This year Hiefertz, the great German violinist, Josef Iturbi, the world famous pianist, and Lucrezia Bori, that most eminent vocalist, appeared. Just a short time ago the great Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, with Rodzinski as its director, gave a concert. During the past few months the Cornell United Religious Workers have succeeded in obtaining several most learned and prominent speakers. What an opportunity to be able to hear Norman Thomas, Dr. Henry Ward, Rabbi Wise, and Kagawa! As in High School, we have intermural competition in Basketball, Baseball, Hockey and various other sports

And now I want to express my deep love and pride for dear Bainbridge High. You, the class of '36 and your successors, may well be congratulated on your success in athletics, scholarship, and the various other social and scholastic activities. Through your cooperation and sportsmanship you well deserve the honors you have attained. The "Echo" in itself signifies well-earned praise. May you, Graduates of '36, go forth with a sense of accomplishment and an urge to go forward in the name of your dear old Alma Mater.

Sincerely yours,

DORIS STEAD, '35



Advisors



The Tops



Rah! Rah!



A Friend in Deed



Three Letter Men



Coach



Post Grads



All Aboard



Vacation



Play Contest



Big Boss



All Served



### MEDITATIONS ON A BIRTHDAY

I USED to look eagerly forward to birthdays. There was always the lighted cake, lots of good things to eat and gifts that thrilled my childish heart. That was all birthdays meant to me—they were simply happy days, more special than the rest. I scarcely even realized when one had rolled around that I was a year older.

But now that I have had so many they are beginning to have more significance. I even dread them a little, they seem to come so often now, when before I could hardly wait. For it seems with each one, a little of my youth is slipping away and I would like to stay young forever. Youth is so gay and carefree, so full of life, that I want to cling to it and keep it with me.

Thus, my thoughts on a birthday are not such happy ones. It is not only on that day that I think of life as a short and fleeting thing, but it seems that a birthday always brings it more clearly to my mind. I cannot help but think that another precious year of my life has gone by and I have accomplished so little. I think of all the time I waste when I do not know how many minutes I may have to spend on earth.

I think of those whom time has so aged that they are no longer able to enjoy life. The ability they once had to do things is gone and they can only sit quietly by and watch life go on around them. I wonder, sometimes, if they pine for their youth again or if they are glad to have lived their young and carefree days and are now content to wait patiently until they shall be called to a new life.

So as I see age creeping upon others, I would like to stop the hands of time, for I do not want the years to weaken me, leaving me but a burden upon someone else. I would rather have my life be ended in its bloom than go lingering on and on till it should lose all its flavor.

Birthdays, to me, are milestones on the pathway of life—gentle reminders that time is not standing still, and though we may flee past many as we go, somewhere, perhaps just 'round the bend, there will be a last one!

JUNE OLMSTEAD.

### MY MOTHER

With silver'd hair and lines of care,  
 She lies there fast asleep.  
 So let us look upon her face,  
 Where love and beauty meet.

Ah, 'tis the finest of them all;  
 So full of God's great love.  
 It lighted as she heard the call  
 Of Angels, far above.

Unkind words—why *did* I speak them?  
 Why, *why* did I forget,  
 That life, like day, dost have an end,  
 And on both the sun has set?

"O God, please bless my weary soul,  
 As here, I kneel before her.  
 Forgive those words, preserve my soul,  
 That I may see—"My Mother!"

—DONALD BABCOCK

### SPRINGTIME

Winter is past and gone,  
 And upon green banks of lawn  
 Flowers, in their springtime dress  
 Begin to show from their grassy nest.  
 The sun's heat and April's rain  
 Bring the springtime back again.

—EMILY A. NICHOLS  
*Grade 5*

### MY POEM

It seemed a crime  
 During Easter time  
 To write a rhyme.  
 It's fun to make one though  
 When back to school we go.

First take a word  
 Which might be "bird"  
 For now they're heard.  
 And make the end, the rhymes bring  
 The story of birds in spring.

—BARBARA CAMPBELL

## RETRIBUTION

DEEP in the mountains of the Blackfoot range, where golden crags reach upward, graspingly, as though they would acquire the majesty of the snow capped peaks which surmount them, stood an old cabin. It was weather beaten with the seasons gone by, environed by abrupt swells and slopes and the mystic shadows of surrounding canons, and situated in a small clearing which boasted a creek.

The inhabitant of the cabin was an ancient and grizzled veteran of the hills who had fared most of the days of his life in that hardy land where dwellers were few and far between and where only the foolish "checkaco" would venture. His life had been made up of succeeding seasons of hot summers and terrifically cold winters, during which snow bound days he lived on the results of proceeding labor that had filled his cabin with provisions.

When days were good, he would prepare and attend a long trapline, and the profits he made until severe weather set in, were overly equal to preparing him with canned goods for the coming season.

Forty miles from his abode in the hills was the little town of Rexford, situated in the the northwest corner of Montana and about ten miles from the Canadian border. Rexford was a village where shady characters rubbed elbows with the less shady in the summer and winter, although the population was noticeably smaller in the latter season.

The town was made up of a combination of gambling dens, merchandise counters, and a shabby hotel with an accommodating livery stable. A single street was evidently sufficient for that was all that was in evidence.

When the story begins, early fall of 1919 was slowly enveloping the territory of the northwest, ushering in severly cold nights, when the dweller needed an immense supply of blankets to keep from being frostbitten. Still, the days were warm enough for the urchins of the town to go barefoot and shirtless, as the sun's rays very easily penetrated the high atmosphere of the ranges. But as the red disc disappeared below the ridges, the temperature dropped as though struck by a sledge hammer.

Such was the occasion when two strangers entered town, mounted on shaggy range horses, borrowed from the livery of Tacoma, a railroad town over to the east. The temperature was rapidly descending and the turned-up collars were barely sufficient as anyone could have perceived when the strangers lost no time in seeking the hotel.

Upon caring for their horses they sought a room from the clerk, registered, and developed an acute desire for rest, which was also apparent by their abrupt ascent to their lodging. As they disappeared, the clerk noted with awakening interest that one of the names on the register was Gerald O'Neil, commonly known as Slim; the other name he noticed drowsily, was Ellery Benton.

Up in the room assigned to them, the travel-worn couple, unaccustomed to travel by horses, disengaged themselves from their clothes, and with no ado proceeded to catch up on some much needed rest.

But O'Neil did not go to sleep. Instead, he lay there thinking of his past experiences accompanied by the basic snores of his friend. His thoughts returned to the time when he had left his father in the hills, and although very young had enlisted in the Canadian volunteer forces. While in the conflict, he had met and made an everlasting friend in young Benton. They had stuck together through thick and thin and the nerve and bravery in saving each other on several occasions, had imbedded in them an affection which they had vowed would not die.

After the War, they were eventually discharged from the service with an honorable record and had returned to America. They had drifted about awhile, and then the urge to be back to his native haunts, had led Slim to return home. Young Benton, who was an orphan since childhood, having no other place to go came with him. — All this filled his mind, and as he lay there he wondered what his father would say when he saw him. It would seem good to be back in the old shack with his Dad who had been both mother and father to him. His mother was but a dim recollection.

Suddenly he remembered Amy Moran. Funny he hadn't thought of her before; but the chaos of war had filled his mind to capacity and her lack of response had led him to think she had forgotten him. His war-hardened soul longed for friendship that he might more easily forget the four years he had spent abroad. No one knew, and no one could be told what it was like to go through a war like that. He had seen death in all its forms so terrible, and he felt resentment that she had not offered him some consolation.—He wondered at young Benton's ability to go to sleep so easily. Nothing seemed to bother him; still the ride from Tacoma had been hard—at last he drifted off in to troubled slumber.

In the morning they arose refreshed and anxious to take to the hills. Upon descending to the dining room, as it might be called, they were greeted by several whom the clerk had notified. The hearty welcome, handshakes, and questions occupied much of Slim's time while Ellery was ordering a lavish meal of ham and eggs, pancakes, coffee and what not for two. While they were eating, they learned much of what had happened while Slim had been away. Among other things they found out that Harry Ormsby, boyhood rival of Slim's had not enlisted and that he had been occupying much of the time of Amy Moran, who was teaching school in the little schoolhouse between Rexford and her father's ranch, to the west.

Before they left town, they were greeted by old Rex Oliver, the sheriff, whose hearty hand shake verified his statement that he was "durn glad to see him back safe and sound." Upon request, they learned that Slim's dad had been in town about two weeks before, for provisions. Slim stated that they were headed for there and that if they expected to get there before night, they had better be moving. Bidding farewell to his old friend, they started out.

All day they traveled and just before sunset they reached their destination. His father was not there but Slim said that he would probably be back soon, thinking he was out on the trapline. But as time wore on and he did not return, Slim became worried.

"Bent," he said, "I'm going to look for dad; he ought to have been in long ago."

"I agree with you," said Benton concernedly, "No one would stay out on a night like this unless he had to."

They found him about a mile from the cabin, shot through the back and nearly dead. When he saw Slim his face lit up and he smiled weakly. "Hello, son."

"Dad," said Slim, grief stricken, "Who did it?"

"Young Ormsby—I caught him rustling cattle a while ago—been after me ever since—got me in the back. It's too bad, Slim, but I guess I'm done for." And he died in Slim's arms while Ellery looked on helplessly.

Grimly Slim looked up into the face of his friend. "Bent, there's one skunk in this world that will never live the week out."

They reached town about noon the next day. Slim was wearing his father's ancient forty-fives which had been laid away many years, gathering a dust that shadowed their blazing history of the days when men had lived by their guns. Benton had conjured him to leave them behind, and employ the sheriff, but in his grief inflamed state of mind, Slim was utterly unreasonable.

They found their quarry in one of the saloons, leaning against the bar. At the instant he turned to see who the strangers were, he barely escaped death from one of Slim's insane weapons, whose unerring aim was disturbed by Ellery's up-flung hand. Before he could fire again, Benton had knocked him senseless with a hard fist beside the temple. As he fell, he was caught by his "pard," who looked at him sorrowfully.

By this time the town's peacemaker had arrived to find explanation for the gunshot. "What's going on here," he thundered.

"Sheriff Oliver," began Benton, "Slim's father was murdered last night. He was shot in the back and Slim came to town bent on—"

"Who done it?" interrupted the sheriff.

"Harry Ormsby."

"Where is he?"

"Why, right there," said Benton looking toward the bar." But Ormsby was not there.

"Quick, he's slipped out the back door."

By this time the clattering hoofs of the departing horseman were plainly heard. A posse of citizens bent on justice was quickly formed, and as they thundred out of town, Slim gathered in his surroundings and returned from his coma. The blow had evidently restored him to his senses and he looked at Benton who stood supporting him. "Thanks, pard."

"They'll get him," ejaculated Ellery, "A whole bloodthirsty gang of them took out after him, and if they don't string him up before they get back it will be a wonder."

Quickly they set out on their horses to overtake the posse. The trail led westward toward the schoolhouse. Before long they came in sight of it. At the same time they saw the posse, grouped together about a hundred yards from that building. As they drew nearer, they saw the men were conversing together as though trying to figure out something. One of their members instantly spied them and called out. It developed that Ormsby's horse had broken its leg in a gopher's hole and he had fortified himself in the schoolhouse. The dead body of the horse gave evidence that one of the possemen had delt it a merciful bullet.

Meanwhile, Ormsby had sent a grim note out by a frightened schoolboy. They showed it to Slim and as he read it his face turned white. It stated that he wanted an unarmed man to come riding on a horse for him and if there was any evidence of foul play he would kill the school teacher.

Quickly O'Neil shucked his guns and handed them to Benton. They all read the mission in his eyes, and they all appreciated that they would avenge him if Ormsby decided to take his life. Silently they watched him advance. Ormsby appeared on the steps in front of the building; he was holding the girl in front of him. At sight of her, Slim was conscious of grave misgivings.

"Slim! Slim!" she cried her face turning white.

"Yes, it is your dear Slim whom you have long thought dead. I was hoping they would send you, O'Neil—I have hated you ever since we went to school together—my jig is up; I know they will get me sooner or later—but they wouldn't have if it hadn't been for you. It is too bad you couldn't have died in the war instead of living to die like a rat. Ormsby laughed fiercely with a fanatical look of one who knows his end is near. He commanded the girl to climb upon the horse which O'Neil had ridden. Slowly, he climbed up after her, always being careful to keep her between him and the posse. Again he spoke to Slim—"It might interest you to know that those letters which you wrote to Amy, never reached her—I saw to that. And in turn I saw to it that her letters never reached you." Again his insolent laugh was heard.

Slowly he raised his gun which he held in his hand, and the insane gleam in his eyes clearly bespoke his wicked intentions. The girl was struggling vainly to interrupt his aim, for his arms were like bands of steel incited in to inhuman strength by fear and determination. His finger tightened on the trigger—a shot crashed out. But it was not from Ormsby's weapon.

So engrossed had he been in tantalizing his victim, as a cat plays with a mouse before killing it, that he had not noticed Ellery Benton's flitting form as he raced through the brush to gain access to the back of the schoolhouse. As a result of his lack of attention, he fell, mortally wounded, from Benton's gun—the bullet had passed through his brain.

Later, in the evening, at the Moran ranch, Slim and Amy were not seen by Ellery Benton who, turned his head and closed his ears to the soft murmurs, and tried ineffectively to ponder the more solid side of life, finding that their long and bitter counter-accusations of neglect were groundless, the tool of the now harmless scoundrel who had so muddled their lives, looked up toward the moonlight range.

"Poor Dad," said Slim, "he loved those mountains, but I'm sure he will be happy with us to carry on!"

MURRAY WILCOX.

## THE GHOST

THE old church had been abandoned for years, but according to local legend, it was still inhabited, by the supernatural. Every evening, about dusk, for perhaps two hours, there would come from the church a ghostly moaning, gradually raising in pitch to a high, wailing banshee cry.

The gaunt, gray, weathered structure stood aloof from other buildings on one of the highest spots on Cape Cod, lonely windswept, and ever watching the seas.

This was the picture presented to Jack Haynes, musician, amateur physicist, and adventurer, then on a walking tour through New England.

The church had need to watch the seas, tradition claimed. Many years ago an aged fisherman dwelt near the church. He was very, old, so old that his only occupation was to sit in the sun and play his creaking fiddle. Folks said that he caught the melodies of winds and waves. He loved the church, and spent much of his time wandering through its hallowed aisles. The church oft sheltered him, on nights when the gale seemed too much for his frail cottage. He would even talk to the building, and asserted that it answered.

One night a storm came up suddenly; the old man grasped his precious fiddle and started for the church. He never reached the sanctuary. A huge wave hurled its foaming crest about him and dragged his body into the sea.

Some said that he returns on the high winds and plays his own dirge, but others insisted that 'tis the church calling for its old companion.

The building had been erected around 1712 by a wealthy resident of the village. The interior was about fifty feet wide and perhaps seventy feet long with high ceilings and furnished with hard, high backed enclosed pews and a high pulpit. In the bell tower was an old bronze bell, cast in England in 1700. This was hung originally by a chain from a beam across the top of the tower, the sexton ringing it by striking it with a wooden mallet.

One evening Haynes was walking on the beach, pausing now and then to gaze out on the ruffled waters. He shivered in the wind; the night was preparing for a storm. Abruptly he stopped, startled by an eerie cry, half moan, half twang. The old church was crying out to the sea to return its dead.

Immediately he decided to discover what the "ghost" was. He procured a flashlight and some extra batteries and then returned to the edifice. The gate to the churchyard stood open. He entered slowly, picking his way over the fallen tombstones and cautiously circled the church. The moaning increased in volume. Was that something white which moved inside the church? For a moment he could not move. Then, hesitantly, fearfully, he approached the battered oaken door. He swung it wide—oh why did it creak and squawk on its old rusty hinges and make him leap back in terror? He stepped inside and played the broad beam of the flashlight over the auditorium. What was that, a rat's pattering feet, or a light body against the wall?

"Guess it's alright," he muttered. Nevertheless he glanced all around, sending the light into every part of the church before proceeding farther. Seeing nothing unusual, he turned toward a small door in the rear of the room. The dust

laden door set up an unearthly, agonizing screech as it turned on its hinges. Directly behind was a flight of stairs, narrow crooked steps leading upward.

"I wonder where these are bound," he mused as he started to climb.

Why, this is the way to the bell-tower, of course," he said in answer to his own question. At the sound of his own voice in the stillness, he started, perspiration breaking out on his forehead.

"I'll wager if I leave here alive, my hair will be white. At the first landing he looked up and at the very top of the stairs were two large, round spots of fire, glowing balefully. His trembling hands lifted the flashlight, and he saw sitting on a window sill, a large owl. At this intrusion the ill-omend creature of the night flew away. What a relief! Still wary, Haynes walked on up the stairs, which squeaked loud protest at the heavy tread of a mortal's foot.

The bell tower at last! As Haynes stepped through the entrance into the tiny room he noticed that the bell was no longer suspended. The chain which supported it originally had broken; a piece hung idly from the rafter. A strong wire had replaced this in holding the bell. But, since the church was abandoned, the beam had so decayed that it sagged in the middle, allowing the bell to rest on the floor but still keeping the wire fairly tight.

In a few minutes he had solved the problem. The sun, shining on the wire during the day, heated it causing it to be slack. However, when the sun went down, the air became cooler, and vibrating the wire produced a sound which, because of the slackness of the wire, was low in pitch. This was the moaning. As the wire continued to contract, the pitch grew higher because of the increased tension of the wind. This was the thin wailing sound.

As he watched, the wind fingers strayed over the wire again. He shuddered. Even when he knew the cause, it was a wierd sound. Was that a step behind him? No! No! He had laid that ghost; There was no mystery, but he left the church quickly.

RALPH RILEY.

## THE BEAUTIFUL POPPIES

Once there were some beautiful poppies and their one wish was to make some one happy. These poppies lived in a lonely meadow where people seldom went. One day a man came past and seeing the poppies, he thought they would be nice to take home and give to his sick wife. So he took them home, put them in a pretty vase and gave them to her. It made her very happy and so the poppies got their wish.

DORIS BENDER, Grade Six.



## LAUGHTER

A laugh is just like sunshine,  
It freshens all the day,  
It tips the peak of life with light  
And drives the clouds away;  
The soul grows glad that hears it,  
And feels its courage strong,  
A laugh is just like sunshine  
For cheering folks along!

A laugh is just like music  
It lingers in the heart,  
And where its melody is heard  
The ills of life depart;  
And happy thoughts come crowding  
Its joyful notes to greet,  
A laugh is just like music  
For making living sweet!

—BETTY BIRDSALL

## A WISH

I wish I had lived in the long ago  
Before fairy tale people were locked in books,  
I should like to have met them, everyone,  
And played with them in meadows and brooks.

I would tiptoe up to the Sleeping Beauty  
And be ever so quiet as I watched her there.  
Then I'd skip away with Goldilocks  
And help her escape the grizzly bear.

I'd go to the tower with the Little Lamé Prince  
On his magic cloak we would ride,  
Out in the sunshine, thru skies of blue  
With his little gray Godmother by our side.

I wish I could climb the beanstalk,  
I'd capture the wonderful hen.  
I should like to have killed the giant  
Taken the harp and run down again.

I'd make Cinderella my very best friend  
I should help her from morning 'til night,  
She would have frocks and frills of every kind  
And go to balls whenever she liked.

Now and then I'd go for a walk in the woods  
Hanzel and Gretchel's house to find,  
It is made of such wonderful things  
They say—sweets of every kind.

I'd keep one eye out for the wicked witch  
Who fattened dear Hanzel for food.  
If I saw her, I'd try to be very polite  
And never, no! never! be rude.

I wish while walking thru the woods,  
I could see in the dimness just ahead,  
The yawning mouth of a murky cave,  
And the forty thieves of which I've read.

I would listen for the magic words  
Learn to say them and carefully spell  
When the bold bad men had gone away  
I'd find Ali Baba and thereupon tell

About the wonderful treasure hidden therein,  
How from a poor man he might depart,  
How he might have wealth and even fame.  
Yea! have all the desires of his faithful heart.

I'd look for Red Riding Hood passing by  
On her way to her grandmother's house,  
Perhaps I could walk for a little ways  
If I could keep as quiet as a mouse.

I think the wolf would perhaps think twice  
'Fore he'd try to fool two with his game,  
I'm sure I could tell his bad old voice  
He wouldn't fool me just the same!

Oh! I wish I could take my best loved book  
And cast over it a magic spell  
So that all of my wonderful friends inside  
Would come rushing out pell-mell.

Then I'd take another of my books,  
Use the same grand magical spell,  
And all of my friends from all of my books  
Would learn to know each other well.

Oh! I wish that my wish could come true  
But just supposing some day when I'm dozing  
My book friends decided to play  
That Goldilocks with Red Riding Hood just decided to stay.

And I should forget the magical word  
That would restore them to their places,  
I should be so ashamed of this wish I'd made  
That I'd want it to go, leaving behind no traces.

So I guess it is best for me, my friends,  
To keep fairy folk locked in the pages  
And not wish for them to be here with us now  
But just pretend thru out the long ages.

—FLORENCE SHERMAN

### THE WINNER

The day was a stick that hit him hard,  
The night was a thorn that pricked him,  
And the little devils who fly about  
To pester a fellow and tucker him out  
Were very sure they'd licked him.

But the harder he got it the more he smiled,  
This human sort of a sinner  
And he squared his shoulders and starched his will  
And merrily tackled his tasks  
Until at last he proved—a winner!

—GRETCHEN HARTMANN

## FAITH

**P**ESSIMISM is despair; the pessimist is without hope, seeing gloom in everything, and believing the worst. We should guard ourselves against this always, for nothing is more certain than that the world moves on toward good.

The world has always laughed at the dreamers who make things come true. In every age there are those who dream and those who laugh, and when the age has passed away another age comes on; and always it is true that when the world looks back it puts up statues to those who dreamed and laughs at those who laughed.

Let them laugh! Let us be numbered with those who believe!

Let us be careful before we say that dreams will not come true. Shakespeare did not believe in telegraphs but he did not laugh at the thought of them for he believed that there are "more things in heaven and in earth than this world has dreamed of" and it is always so. "War is just the beginning," says the pessimist; but he forgets that war has always been and that peace has not yet begun.

Nobody believed in Robert Fulton or in those mad dreams of inventors that were changing the face of the earth. Not even science has always had faith in itself. Nobody believed in flying. The man who made flying possible was laughed at and jeered at until he gave up his work, a broken man.

Wherever we look, whatever we think of; the pessimist is there. The truth is that the world is too wonderful to believe. There are many things beyond our understanding. Let them laugh who will, but as for us, let us believe and have Faith. War has its night, but Peace will have its day, and man, who has come from the depths and conquered all his foes, will march to victories greater yet, and make this world the very Gate of Heaven.

GRETCHEN HARTMANN.

## FATHER TIME

Oh Father Time,  
Be kind to me,  
I beg of thee, I beg of thee,  
I see thy hands go spinning by,  
And never stopping, I know not why.

Oh Father Time,  
Tick slow, tick slow,  
For with each tick someone must go,  
Thou'rt ticking lives away each day  
And there is none their hands can stay.

Oh Father Time,  
Be kind to me,  
And hear my plea, oh hear my plea,  
Ere the fatal hour shall come for me,  
Teach me life as it should be.

—JUNE OLMSTEAD

## DANIEL WEBSTER'S "FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION"

How changed was all except the heavens and earth.  
 How horrible the scenes on battlefields!  
 Yet those who lived to see the nation's birth  
 Saw glory there to which the soldier yields.

Proud battleships that anchor in the bays  
 With rugged hulls, sails white, immense,  
 That gleam so brightly in the setting rays,  
 E'er ready for their place in strong defense.

Grieve not that you have met the common fate  
 You lived to know your work was nobly done.  
 An ethereal light that guides the Ship of State  
 With peace and liberty; this battle won.

Rejoice ye victors! In your fondest dreams  
 That have come true; may happiness increase  
 And God's rich blessings guide this nation now,  
 In paths of brotherhood, true faith and peace.

—JEAN M. DAWSON

## DREAMS

T'was moonlight in the garden  
 The stars were as bright as could be,  
 When all at once I saw one fall,  
 And here is my wish as it fell in the sea.

I wished for wings to carry me far,  
 Away on a cloud to live—  
 With never a person to see again  
 That I had to forget and forgive.

—LORENE SIPPLE

## DAY DREAMS

I love to lie and watch the clouds  
 Drift aimlessly across the sky,  
 To me they seem like fairy crowds  
 In magic lands of days gone by.

One time I dreamt that one came down  
 And wanted me to take a ride  
 Away up high to a tiny town,  
 Nestled 'neath trees by an ocean side.

I hopped aboard her little boat  
 Which took me up thru space, to see,  
 On landing, by a tiny moat,  
 A group of fairies waiting me.

We danced and frolicked 'til the dawn  
 To fairy music, sweet and gay—  
 I woke up soon; my dream was gone!  
 I had floated back to earth to stay.

—EMILOU HOWLAND

## ON WINGS OF SONG

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?  
 For you ne'er think who made them, and who taught  
 The dialect they speak, where melodies  
 Alone are the interpreters of thought.

—Longfellow

**O**UR birds are housed in nature's nooks and crannies, so cleverly hidden that one must have the keenest eye to point them out. Some haunt the terminal twigs of trees and shrubbery. Others build in beds of moss, or hillside caves, or crevices in rocks. They choose their homes after much searching, and build their lodgings with care. Yes, hidden among the foliage of trees and shrubbery is an immense army of feathered friends. They serve mother nature without hire and during longer working hours than any trade-union would permit.

Thrushes, wrens, tanagers, thrashers, orioles, catbirds, robins, bluebirds and many others keep up a lively insect hunt throughout a long sojourn among us. Hidden in the grasses at the foot of trees, among the undergrowth of woodland borders, buried in the ground are an army of insect enemies who are destructive to our plants and crops. But our feathered army is ready to rush to their attack and soon devours the harmful pest.

Then, we must not neglect to mention our weed destroyers who work diligently in the struggle against the choking weeds that strangle and kill plant life. The sparrows and the goldfinch are glad enough to follow after their cousin, the English sparrow, and devour many dandelion seeds. The little yellow and black goldfinch prefers to eat the composite weeds and is often called the thistlebird. These little weeders serve us without any thanks. Indeed, we owe them gratitude for their faithful services to mankind.

Let us listen to the melodies of our songsters by going on a pleasant hike along the riverbanks, in the woods and through the fields.

A blue flash goes by on wing and we pause to listen to the softly whistled song of the bluebird. We do not wonder that he has become the symbol of happiness. The angelic disposition and heavenly color describe this little friend perfectly. His musical voice expresses the amiability and gentleness of his personality and it is truly "farewell to summer" when he starts for the southland.

The robin redbreast cheerily spouts forth his happy message in song. His strong, clear voice awakens us in the early morn, but it is tenderly subdued in twilight hours. Alert and free, he goes on his way, a helper of mother nature.

From the depths of the undergrowth, we are delighted by the song of the catbird who is one of the neatest, trimmest figures in birddom.

No noisy welcome warns us that the cedar wax-wings are present for they are gentle and refined and sometimes sit motionless for hours after a feast. Their song is a lisping call, much like a hushed, whispered whistle. How they differ from the roving flocks of boisterous, screaming blue jays.

And turning homeward, we meet along the roadside our veritable neighbors, the song sparrows. Scarcely an hour passes when we do not hear the delicious, ecstatic song of the self-confident song sparrow.

Shelley wrote of the lark—

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass  
Rain-awakened flowers  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh  
Thy music doth surpass.

The nightingale and the lark hold the most celebrated place in poetry. Yet, other birds are gifted with spirited songs and beautiful plumage which give equal pleasure to innumerable listeners. Our songsters, whether they have a melodious song or a discordant cry, have a permanent place in nature.

JEAN M. DAWSON.

### MY TENNESSEE

Oh, the mocking birds are singing, 'round my little cabin home  
It is springtime once again in Tennessee;  
I am going back tomorrow and I'll never roam again  
From that place in all the world that is dear to me.

In the world, there's not another place just like my Tennessee  
With her mountains all adorned with great pine trees;  
With her fields stretching far as keenest eye can see.  
Waving white as billous of the restless seas.

I don't want your noisy cities, with their crowds and deafing din,  
Nor yet your Western plains that stretch so far,  
All I long for is that cabin, with its roof of rusting tin,  
So I'm going to that place where grow the pines.

—RALPH RILEY

### LATIN, DEAR LATIN

Alone I sit in deepest mood  
With midnight oil a'burning,  
Working in my solitude  
My Latin lesson learning.

Till Caesar gets across the brook  
I cannot go to bed;  
Must sit up here and read this book  
Until my eyes get red.

I'm always followed by this curse;  
How can I ever get away?  
'Twill follow till I leave this earth;  
'Twill haunt me till that very day.

And so each night I contemplate,  
And I work, and try, and fret;  
It's use I surely would debate,  
But my Latin I must get.

—GRAYDON CASS

## THE LITTLE MINISTER

WHEN Mr. Dean came to our community we knew nothing of his past. He took up the quiet life of a farmer and was considered a respectful citizen.

His wife seemed to be a very retiring person and a stay-at-home body so they did not take part much in our small town social affairs. They had four young boys; all of them seemed nice mannered and apparently well brought up.

Instead of attending the only church in our little village they attended a small one in the country, nearby, where we sometimes went ourselves. One Sunday the regular minister was sick and Mr. Dean offered to preach in his place. We were astonished as we watched the queer looking little man, whom we thought to be only a funny old farmer, walk to the pulpit and preach with feeling and beautiful expression, an excellent sermon. Surely he must have been a minister before, I thought, for he could not preach like that on the spur of the moment.

When he had finished he looked, somehow, like a different man. He held himself erect, and his eyes were shining with happiness. I knew then that it was a profession he loved and I could not help but wonder why he was only a farmer.

Everyone crowded around him, shaking his hand and complimenting him. He thanked them modestly and then said, if they had enjoyed his sermon, he would be very glad to have them all come to his home some evening for a prayer meeting.

The next Wednesday evening, mostly out of curiosity, we went. We were all eager to know more about this little man who had surprised us so much, and he seemed to read our minds for that night he revealed to us his past. He told of how he had once been nothing but a shiftless old drunkard until he found God and then he became a minister. But lately he had found it difficult to get a position; there were too many more educated than he. He had struggled along, hating to give up preaching, but finally he did, hoping that it was only temporarily. Then they had moved to this state, settled on this little farm and were trying to make a living as best they could. He said it was wonderful to be preaching again. He knew it was the only profession he could ever be successful in, and the only one he could ever enjoy because he loved it.

After he had told us his little story we felt as if we knew him better. We could understand and sympathize with him now.

He continued to hold prayer meetings at different homes, so now and then I saw him. And it seem to me that each time he looked a little happier, as if he were blooming under his new work.

Weeks later we learned that he would like to preach in the little country church, if ever there was a vacancy there; he didn't want to crowd the regular minister out. But rumors were beginning to fly about the private life of the regular preacher and there were many who already wanted Mr. Dean. By getting within the good graces of a special few, however, the usual minister, in spite of his character, held his position. No one raised a hand to prevent it, even though they knew there was a good man eager to take his place.

Mr. Dean tried not to show how much this disappointment meant to him, but it was easy to see that he was becoming discouraged. He said he was still willing to hold prayer meetings for all those who wanted to come. But after awhile the people lost interest in them, and a few months later I heard he stopped having them.

I heard no more about the little minister for a while, and I thought little about him; whenever I did, it was to regret that such talent as his should be wasted.

Then, one morning after church, a little group of men were talking about a drunk somewhere causing trouble. I paid little attention until I caught the name Dean. I was actually stunned. Could it be the little minister who had preached so sincerely of faith and temperance? I didn't know whether to feel sorry for him or regard him with disdain. Surely he had been in earnest and yet—I listened to the buzzing gossip around me for a moment and I couldn't believe it was about the unassuming little Mr. Dean.

Then suddenly the realization of it all swept over me; he had wanted that position as nothing else in the world. He needed the inspiration of the work he loved to make him what he really could be—a good man. But no one had understood him. They thought he could fight his own battle, and at the critical time when he needed their support they had failed him and given it to a worthless man.

And now at last he had given up his struggles and resorted to a low means of satisfaction.

Sick with disappointment, I pressed through the crowd of people he had wanted for his friends. All about me I heard them talking about him. The women showed their feeling by little expressions of disgust.

One of them said, "If he were an ordinary man it wouldn't be so bad, but to think he used to be a minister!"

As I listened to them, I, too, was filled with disgust, but it was not for the little minister; it was for the group of people who could not realize that they had played a part in making him what he was.

JUNE OLMSTEAD.

## POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN

Popeye was a little English boy 10 years old. He set sail in a boat bound for America. He arrived on Sunday and was looking at a funny-paper. He looked up and saw a man with a gun in his hand. He jumped into the funny-paper and couldn't get out again.

ROBERT HITCHCOCK, Grade Six.



## POMPEII TODAY

**Y**EARS came and went and changed the world. The old gods died, and the new religion of Christ grew strong. The temples fell in ruins and new churches were built in their places. Among all of these changes, Pompeii was almost forgotten. But after a while, people began to be more interested in ancient Italy. People began to dig for beautiful vases and statues. They read the story of it in an old Roman book—a whole city suddenly buried, just as her people had left her. Men have found the following things there, as they were digging.

The roofs were all gone and all the partitions inside the houses showed. That is why it all looked so crowded and confused. Jewels and beautiful statues were found. There is the thick stone wall that goes all about the town. On its wide top the soldiers used to stand to fight in ancient days. Now the stones are fallen; its towers are broken; and its gates are open. Out of its eight gates stretched the paved streets. In some places there are high mounds of dirt outside the city wall. They are made by the ashes that have been dug out by the excavators and piled high there. If you climb one of them you will be able to look over the city. You will find it a little place—less than a mile long and half a mile wide inside its ragged wall.

You will see no grassy lawns nor vacant lots nor play grounds nor parks with pleasant trees. You will be confused because you see thousands of broken walls standing up, but no roofs. They are gone—crushed by the piling ashes long ago. As you will go in at one of the gates, you will climb a steep, narrow street. This street was used in olden times by the fishermen and sailors when they came in from the river or sea. This is the street where people poured out to the sea on that terrible day of the eruption.

As you pass on, you will see a ruined temple of Apollo with standing columns and lonely altar and steps that lead to a room that is gone. A little farther on you will come to the forum. This used to be the busiest place in all Pompeii. Around the sides a few beautiful columns are yet standing with carved marble at the top connecting them. But others lie broken, and most of them are entirely gone. This is all that is left of the porches where men used to walk and talk of business, war and politics, and to gossip.

The temple of Jupiter, the Roman god, whom men used to come to pray before, a statue in a dim room, is at one end of the forum. It has wide stone steps leading up to a row of broken columns in front of a fallen wall. This statue was a beautiful marble structure with long curling hair and beard, and calm face.

Behind the roofless porches of the forum are other ruined buildings. These are where the officers of the city did business, and where the citizens met to vote. Tailors also spread out their cloth and sold robes and cloaks there. The forum with its market, shops, and offices, temples and statues was the very heart of the city. Many streets led into it.

Money has been given to the excavators by kings. Emperors and princes and queens have visited the excavations. Artists have made pictures of the ruins, and

scholars have written books about them. But it is a great task to uncover a whole city that is buried ten or twelve feet deep. The excavation is not yet finished. Pompeii lies on a slope at the foot of Vesuvius. Behind, stands the tall, graceful volcano with its ever floating feather of steam and smoke. In front lies a little plain, and beyond it a long ridge of steep mountains. Off at the side shines the dark blue sea with island peaks rising out of it. On hillsides and plain are green vineyards and dark forests dotted with white farmhouses.

After seeing the tombs and houses and shops we leave that little city. I think, feeling that the people of ancient times were much like us, that men and mountains have done wonderful things in this old world, and that it is good to know how people of other times lived and worked and died.

EVELYN LIVINGSTON.

### TIME TO EAT

Bacon frying in the pan  
Sweet potatoes boiling,  
Never have to worry about  
An appetite a-spoiling.

Coffee cooking in the pot,  
Mighty fine aroma,  
Mammy never had to have  
A cooking school diploma.

Biscuits now are turning brown,  
Applesauce is stewing;  
Getting all ready to eat,  
That's what I am doing.

—HOMER DUTCHER

### THE ROMANS' CURSE

I think that I shall never look  
Upon an open Latin book  
Without the sense of fear and dread  
That makes a fellow hide his head.

The Romans stood this curse for years,  
While other people sweat in fears  
That Latin profs their plight might see  
And leap upon them in great glee.

Although the Romans died at last,  
We can't forget about their past—  
And still we suffer night and day  
For what I think is not fair play!

I've studied it just so and so;  
So now I have to cram and cram  
To try to pass  
That June Exam.

—ALTON HOLLENBECK

### GEOMETRY

I hate to do geometry—  
It's such an awful mess;  
The proofs, they never seem to prove,  
It's all my fault, I guess.

And if you have your troubles, too,  
Just keep right on a-going  
To work the problems through and through,  
For that will be your showing.

And when the problems all work out,  
And everything has proved,  
It's then that you can yell and shout  
With all your woes removed.

—BRUCE HOLMAN

### POPEYE

"Spinach, spinach," did I hear?  
Must be Popeye's very near.  
Here he comes right now I see,  
Just coming in from off the sea.

He is not small, he is not big,  
He has real hair and not a wig;  
His chin sticks out from all around,  
And from his mouth there comes a sound:

"Ahoy! Ahoy! ye merry men,  
Here is old Popeye back again;  
I bring to you a message fair  
That there is spinach over there!"

Popeye, the envy of each man,  
Lit his cob pipe and then began;  
He told them of the roaring foam,  
And landing on a shore unknown.

—MARION DAVIS

### MORNING

The sun was shining brightly,  
The sky was clear and blue,  
The birds were spryly chirping  
Sweet songs to me and you.

The flowers opened their eyes  
And quickly looked about  
To see the big sun laughing  
Because he drove them out.

Way up in the big blue sky,  
The bright sun seemed to say:  
"You lazy little flowers,  
You going to sleep all day?"

Then they rubbed their little eyes,  
And to the sun they said:  
"Why, of course not! can't you see,  
We're almost out of bed?"

—MARIAN NORTON

## THE MIGRATION

“WELL, here I am, safe and sound after over thousands of miles of flight,” said the Black and White Warbler to a newly acquired South American friend.

“You don’t look so fine. Your clothes are shabby and ruffled. Look, see how neat mine are,” said the South American bird.

“Yours would be, too, if you had to travel the way I did. The weather down here makes you so lazy that you don’t feel like going long distances,” said the Black and White Warbler.

“Do you know,” he said “that the warblers are placed as the second largest family of birds in the United States and that there are fifty species of this family?”

“How would you like to hear about my journey?” said he.

“This year I stayed up in the Adirondack Mountains near Lake Chateaugay. It is so nice because you have all the lovely trees to hop around on and it is so cool on the hot days. You meet many new birds.

Late in the fall I started South. In New York State there are so many interesting sights. It is a very nice state. In New York City I hurt my wing. I don’t know how it happened because I was unconscious. Some nice man picked me up and took me home with him. After a while I was strong enough to start South again.

From New York I went to Pennsylvania. Here I went past the coal mines at Pittsburgh and around to some of the other places of interest. My route was not very straight but I had started a little earlier so that I would be able to enjoy myself.

Next was Maryland. At Annapolis is located the United States Naval Academy. Then I went to Washington, D. C., the capital of the United States. I couldn’t begin to tell you all the interesting sites. Through a window I saw Congress in for a short session. What fun! One congressman was up in front talking and waving his hands about frantically, while the other congressmen were catching some of their sleep. I can’t blame them, I almost fell asleep myself.

I thought it would be interesting to go over Chesapeake Bay and see the oysters and the breeding grounds.

I would like to have gone over to Kentucky and have seen all their fine horses but that was too much out of the way.

In Virginia there are many historical places. One where General Lee surrendered to Grant. At Jamestown there are many ruins of the old churches of the first English colonists. The medicinal mineral waters there are much visited for their curative effects.

The Carolinas are the starting place for winter resorts. They have beautiful oak trees with hanging moss on them. I think that is a very attractive sight.

Next came Georgia, still farther south. Here one sees a lot of peanut fields and by the fields men with toasters, toasting the peanuts fresh from the fields. I saw Chickamauga, where the bloodiest battle of the Civil War was fought.

In the Carolinas and Georgia there is a scene I don't think any one would care to see too much. You go for miles and miles and all you see are Negro huts. They look like bad chicken houses. A little hole is down at the bottom, large enough to crawl in. Most any kind of animal will be found living with them in these one-room huts. These people work in the cotton fields all day long. That is a site worth seeing, the cotton growing.

I didn't go to Florida, instead I went to Alabama. I went to Birmingham which is a very interesting place. It is the largest city of the state. It is one of the country's greatest iron and steel centers. Montgomery, the capital, is a flourishing industrial center. At Blacon Springs are found the noted alkaline mineral wells.

Next on the map came the Mississippi valley. I went to Natchez, one of the oldest towns in the Mississippi valley. I saw the State University which is located at Oxford.

From there I went into the state of Louisiana. I went straight to New Orleans, the largest city in the state, and one of the principal seaports of the country. French town is the most marked feature of the place, with its varied attractions of ancient mold. Here may be seen the Cathedral of St. Louis, the second oldest built on American soil, and the Cabildo, in which the formal transfer of Louisiana to the United States was made. The city is the annual scene of the festival of Mardi Gras.

After visiting New Orleans I flew across the Mississippi River and went through the rest of Louisiana.

Next I came to Texas. I went to Galveston, the vast wall of the sea, the greatest cotton port in the country, and an object of much interest. Then I went to Fort Worth, noted for its mineral wells. The waters from these wells around Fort Worth are widely shipped. Down at San Marcos is located an interesting United States fish hatchery. At Shumlasis is one of the highest cantilever bridges in the world. Texas is full of famous oil regions, among which are many important cities. Yslete is an old Spanish settlement dating back to 1862. Historic interest attaches to the city of San Antonio, which contains the old Mission of Alamo, the scene of the famous fight between the Texans and the Mexicans in which Davy Crockett participated and was killed with all his comrades. San Antonio with its famous sulphur springs and fine climate, is also widely known as a winter pleasure and health resort, frequented by thousands annually.

I think Mexico is a lovely country. So many places to go that it is impossible to visit them all. Rather I didn't. Mexico City is the largest and finest city in Latin America and the capital of the Republic of Mexico. It is one of the most

ancient cities of the continent and has been successively the capital of the Aztecs, of the Spanish viceroyalty of New Spain, and of the Republic of Mexico. From its three centuries of Spanish domination Mexico still preserves many characteristics of the great cities of Spain and from a certain oriental suggestion in its appearance, far surpasses them in novelty and interest.

Spreading widely over the plain overtopped by domes and pinnacles and hemmed around by majestic mountains, few cities of the world are more charming and impressive than Mexico City. Most of the houses have terraced rooms and inner courts, are solidly built of sandstone or lava, and one to two stories high. The cathedral is one of the largest and the most sumptuous churches in America. Mexico is said to be one of the finest built cities on the American continent.

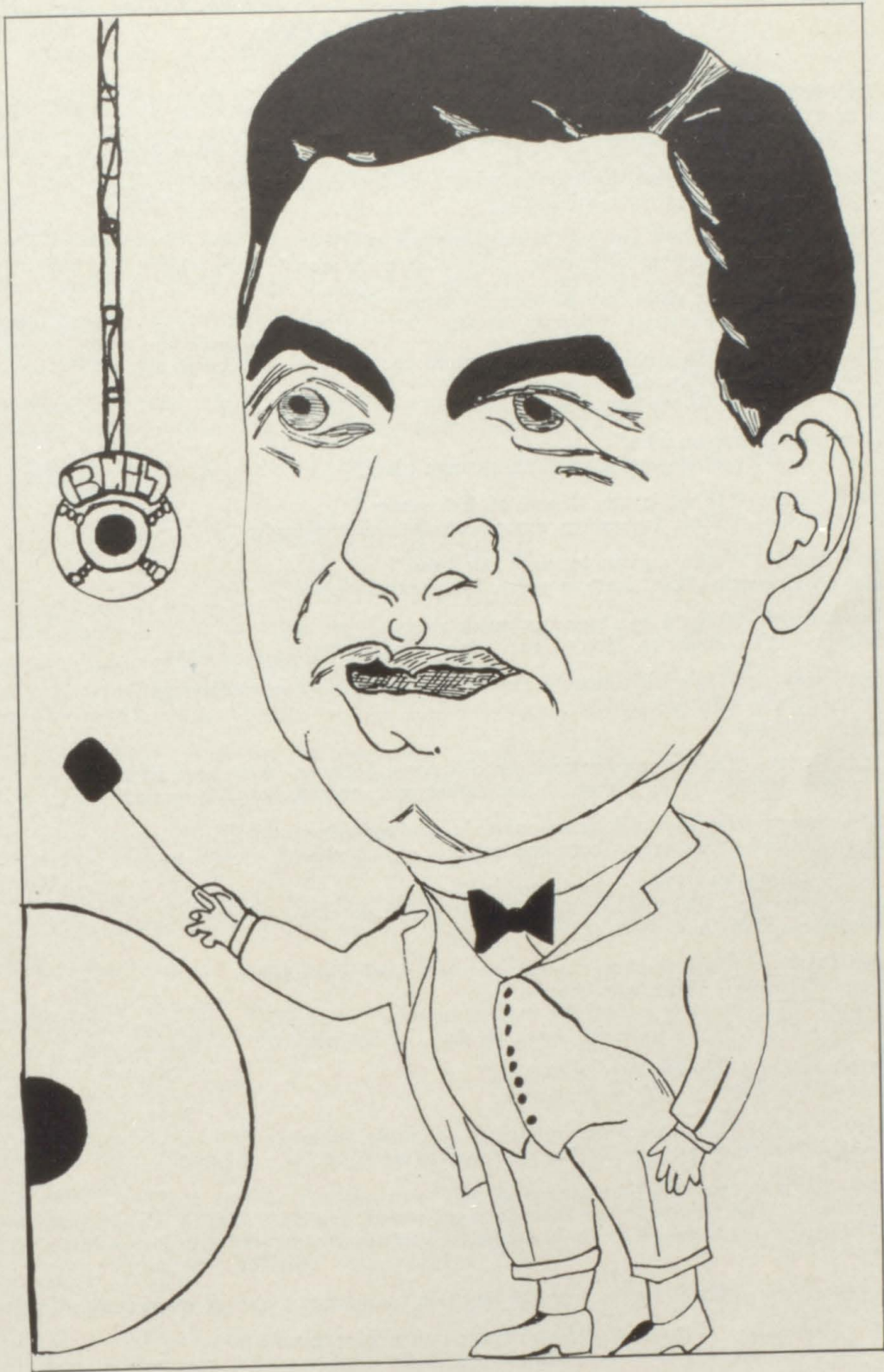
Next came Central America. I went through Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama. I saw the Panama Canal which is very large and nice. I traveled with a foreign boat through the canal.

At last my destination, South America. From Panama I went into Columbia, South America and down to Brazil. I stayed along the Amazon for three days watching all the new kinds of wild life to which I was unaccustomed. I saw rubber being gathered and made. But you should know how that is done so I will not tell you.

I hope my story hasn't been too boring for you."

"Tsee, tsee."

BARBARA CAMPBELL.



## THE MAJOR'S GONG

Mrs. Birdsall—"For goodness sake, Betty, wash those dishes. It's twice as easy to do a thing as to sit and think about it."

Betty—"Very well, mother, you do the dishes and I'll sit and think about it."

Jean Dawson—"Do you think for a minute I'd let him kiss me?"

Emilou—"Oh no, not for a minute."

Miss Gifford—"Which end of the car do I get off?"

Conductor—"Makes no difference, lady, both ends stop."

"Do you think his voice will fill that big theatre?"

"No—empty it! !"

Lloyd Tuckey—"Is a chicken big enough to eat when it is three weeks old?"

Lloyd Sipple—"Why, of course not."

Lloyd Tuckey—"Well, how does it live?"

Donald—"I have an idea."

Gretchen—"Treat it gently. It's in a strange place."

Sam Taylor—"What is the Board of Education?"

Mr. Taylor—"When I went to school it was a pine shingle."

Bob Doud—"I take aspirin to clear my head."

Donald Babcock—"Oh, I see, a sort of a vacuum cleaner."

Joe Delello—"Why, I get twice as much sleep as you do."

Winsor—"You ought to. You've got twice as many classes as I have."

Jim Glover—"When I graduate I expect to make a hundred dollars per."

Jack Eldred—"Per what?"

Jim—"Perhaps."

Miss Petley—"Do you understand the difference between liking and loving?"

Frankie Delello—"Yes, Ma'am. I like father and mother, but I love pie."

Miss Petley—"Have you done any outside reading this month?"

Joyce Husted—"No, it has been too cold."

Gretchen—"Daddy, Daddy, he kissed me."

Mr. Hartmann—"Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

Gretchen—"Make him do it again."

Bud Supplee—"Say, you can't smoke on the school grounds."

Eugene Houck—"Who's smoking?"

Bud—"Well, you have a cigarette in your mouth."

Eugene—"Yes, and I have my pants on, but I'm not panting."

Ralph Hager—"My hat needs blocking."

Llewelyn—"There's a block in it now."

Lloyd Sipple—"What does the buffalo on the nickel stand for?"

Donald Patchin—"Because he has no room to sit down."

She—"Why do you say that he is a bird?"

Another—"Well, he is chicken-hearted, pigeon-toed, has the habits of a night owl, wears a swallow-tailed coat and collars with wings; he is always acting like a goose, and as a whole is a perfect jay."

A brand new definition of a hug: "A hug is a round-about way of expressing affection."

Mr. Sherwood—"Son, what did you learn in school today?"

Francis—"I learned that the geometry problem that you did for me last night was wrong."

"Say, Henry, can you tell me how to get to the station?"

"Sure, boss; just walk up and hit dat officah on de nose."

Miss Sheehan—"Everything I tell that student goes in one ear and out the other."

Miss Smith—"You're wrong. Sound can't cross vacuum."



"Her teeth are like stars."

"Why?"

"They come out every night."

A physician was giving a talk on physiology. He remarked it had been recently discovered that the human body contained sulphur.

"Sulphur!" exclaimed a girl. "How much sulphur is there in a girl's body?"

"You see, the amount varies according to the girl," answered the doctor.

"Yes!" returned the girl. "And is that why some of us make better matches than others?"

Mrs. Cheesbro—"I want my husband, please, at once."

Operator—"Number, please."

Mrs. Cheesbro—"How many do you think I've got, you impudent thing?"

Eddie Hopkins—"If I throw a white stone into the Red Sea, what will it become?"

Lorene Sipple—"I dunno, what?"

Eddie—"Wet."

Barbara Campbell—"How do you ever get your hair up so lovely?"

Loretta Getter—"Oh, I just ruff it, and fluff it and stuff it."

"What would you call a young man who pretended to know everything?"

"A Senior."

Ralph Hager—"I want the 'Life of Julius Caesar.'"

Ralph Riley—"Sorry, but Brutus was ahead of you."

Mr. Casey—"Let me see, it was just this time last year you had the day off to attend your grandmother's funeral?"

Allan Harman—"Yes, sir—she very nearly got buried alive that time."

"Hello!" called Jessamine Davis over the phone, "Is this the Humane Society?"

"Yes," replied the official in charge.

"Well—there's a book agent sitting out here in a tree teasing my dog."

Uncle and niece stood watching the young people dance about them.

"I'll bet you never saw any dancing like that, back in the nineties, eh, uncle?"

"Once—but the place was raided."

A Negro parson held forth as follows:

"Brudders and sistahs, I want to warn you against de heinous crime of stealin' watermelons."

At this point an old Negro rose up, snapped his fingers, and sat down again.

"Wharfo, brudder, does yo' rise up an' snap yo' fingers when I speak of watermelon stealin'?"

"You jes' reminds me, parson, where I left mah knife," was the reply.

Judge: "You stole no chickens?"

Ronald Matthews: "No, sir."

Judge: "No geese?"

Ronald: "No, sir."

Judge: "Any Turkey?"

Ronald: "No, sir."

Judge: "Case dismissed."

Ronald: "Boy, I was sure scared you'd say ducks."

"Bernice," said her father, sternly, one Sunday morning, "did I see that young man kiss you last night?"

Bernice was on guard at once. "I don't know whether you did or not," she replied.

"You are evading my question," snapped father.

"Did he kiss you?"

"Well!" she shot back, "You don't really think he came to see our goldfish, do you?"

Friend: "Why have you given the general such a peculiar pose?"

Sculptor: "You see, it was started as an equestrian statue, and then the committee found they couldn't afford the horse."

Miss Williams: "Can you tell me the difference between a stoic and a cynic?"

Mayfred Dildine: "A stoic is a boid that brings the babies and a cynic is the place where you wash the dishes."

Donald Sweet: "The girl I go with has a twin sister."

"Jim" Ryan: "Gee! How do you tell them apart?"

Donald: "I don't. It's up to the other one to look out for herself."

Judge: So you tried to drive by the officer after he blew his whistle?"

Motorist: "Your Honor, I'm deaf."

Judge: "That may be, but you'll get your hearing in the morning."

IT'S A GIFT—"What did your son learn at college?"

Steben—"Well, for one thing he learned to ask for money in such a way that it seems like an honor to give it to him."

JUST SUPPOSIN'—"What are you thinking about, John?"

John: "I was just wondering if Dad would see to the milking while we're on our honeymoon, supposin' you were to say yes if I were to ask you."

Parson: "Before I had a car I never knew profanity was so prevalent."

Police: "Do you hear so much of it on the road?"

Parson: "Nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully."

Jailer (to prisoner awaiting execution): "You have an hour of grace."

Prisoner: O. K. Bring her in."

Junior: "My dad must have got into all sorts of mischief when he was a boy."

Friend: "What makes you think so?"

Junior: "He knows exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to find out what I've been doing."

"Listen big boy! You're not holding me for ransom, are you?"

Valiant knight: "Not me! Let Sir Ransom dig up his own women."

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TRY A ROADSCRAPER—Customer—"A fortnight ago you sold me a plaster to get rid of my rheumatism."

Pharmacist—"Yes, want another?"

Customer—"No, I want something to get rid of the plaster."

Teacher—"Now, Bobby, can you tell me what a canary can do that I can't."

Bobby—"Yes, Miss Smith, a canary can take a bath in a saucer."

STEP BACKWARDS—Mrs. 'awkins—" 'ow jer like me in my new 'at, Mrs. Iggins?"

Mrs. Iggins—"Oh, it looks lovely, deary, but it do make your face look shabby."

POISONED BARB—Bill—"That girl insulted me."

Will—"No!"

Bill—"Yes—she asked me if I danced."

Will—"What's insulting about that?"

Bill—"I was dancing with her at the time!"

Ella—"Where does she get her goods looks?"

Billa—"From her dad."

Ella—"Why, I've seen him; he's not so handsome."

Billa—"No, he's a druggist."

Joe was an enthusiastic dancer, but awkward. Emilou was light as dandelion down.

"My, but you're a graceful dancer," Joe explained as they fox-trotted. "I wish I were in your shoes!"

"Nice of you," she said demurely, "but would you mind not trying to get in them until after this dance."

"What happened, George? she inquired, as her husband got out the car to investigate.

"Puncture," he replied briefly.

"You should have watched out for it," was her helpful remark.

"The guidebook warned us there was a fork in the road about this point."

Uncle Charlie (handing his nephew a \$1 bill)—"Now be careful with that money, Jimmie. Remember the old saying, 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"

Jimmie—"Yes, Uncle Charlie, but I want to thank you for parting with it just the same."

"Why are you so late this morning, Jack?"

"I saw a sign."

What has that to do—"

"Please, ma'am, the sign said, 'School Ahead—Go Slow.'"

Grade 1 was having a lesson on birds. After some discussion the fact was established that birds eat fruit. One little girl, however, was unconvinced.

"But teacher," she asked, raising her hand, "how can the birds open the cans."

A very thin man met a very fat one in the hotel corridor.  
 "From the look of you," said the latter, "there might have been a famine."  
 "Yes," was the reply, "and from the looks of you, you might have caused it."

Dumb Dora—"I don't see how football players ever get clean!"  
 Ditto—"Silly, what do you suppose the scrub teams are for?"

Miss Smith—"How many bones have you in your body?"  
 Bob Bowerman—"Nine hundred."  
 Miss Smith—"That's a good many more than I have."  
 Bob—"Yes, but I had sardines for lunch."

Young Jimmy was pushing his baby sister's perambulator down the street. "Hey, Jimmy," cried another urchin from across the street, "do you get paid for that?"  
 "No," replied Jimmy disgustedly. "This is a free wheeling job."

Sally—"Those roosters kept me awake this morning with their crowing."  
 Brother Harold—"Don't blame the roosters. When you get up early, you crow about it for a week."

Ronald Matthews—"This meat is so tough I can hardly chew it. Hasn't a man any choice here?"  
 Waiter—"Sure! You can take it or leave it."

Winsor Casey—"Where are all the nice girls this morning?"  
 Harriet Holman—"Out with the handsome men."

Two men at a "talkie" were sitting just in front of two women, whose continuous chatter they stood as long as they could. One of them turned around said, "Pardon me, madam, but my friend and I can't hear."

Whereupon came the unexpected reply—"You're not supposed to. This is a private conversation."

Miss Petley—"The sentence: My father had money, is in the past tense. Now, Mary, what tense would you be using if you said, 'My father has money?'"  
 Mary—"Pretense."

Barber—"It's raining very hard outside. Why not stay a while and have a shampoo?"  
 Jimmy Giover—"No, thanks. I'll just keep my hat off walking home."

"Your father is a shoemaker, and you haven't any shoes!" scoffed Peter.  
 "Well, your father is a dentist, and your baby hasn't any teeth," retorted Ted.

Mr. Dollar (arriving at dinner party with family)—"Please announce Mr. and Mrs. Dollar and daughter."  
 New Butler (announcing in loud voice)—"Three bucks."

"Have you swept under the mat, Mary?"  
 "Yes, mum; everything."

Bucky—"You should see the new altar in our church."  
 Gretchen—"Lead me to it."

Bud—"Dick used to call his house over there 'The Nutshell.' Wonder why he changed the name?"  
 Andrew—"He got tired having funny people calling to ask if the kernel was in."

Miss Williams—"Correct the sentence, 'Before any damage could be done the fire was put out by the volunteer fire brigade.'"  
 Bruce Holman—"The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the volunteer fire brigade."

She—"Dearest, I've made a cake that's a positive poem."  
 He—"And I suppose I'll have to be the waste basket."

Bobby from the south was visiting his New York cousin, and saw his first snow.  
 "Isn't it great?" inquired his host.  
 "Oh, I don't know," replied the visitor, "it's really nothing but popped rain."

First Waitress—"So I asked if his grapefruit was juicy."  
 Second Waitress—"What did he say?"  
 First Waitress—"He just looked at me, but I read the answer in his eye."

Fred—"Who was that peach I saw you out with last night?"

Ted—"She wasn't a peach—She was a grapefruit!"

Fred—"Why grapefruit?"

Ted—"I squeezed her and she hit me in the eye."

Bystander—"Now you are all right, Buddy. How did you come to fall in the lake?"

Buddy—"I didn't come to fall in—I came to fish."

Doc—"There goes the only woman I ever loved."

Nurse—"Why don't you marry her?"

Doc—"I can't afford to; she is my best patient."

Kit—"Did you see the lovely engagement ring Harry gave me last evening?"

Kat—"Yes, its pretty isn't it? I was so sorry it was too large for me!"

Gretchen—"Oh, I think you're much better looking than your father."

Bucky—"I ought to be. I'm a later model."

Bob Bowerman—"The skirt she wore last night was a vision."

Jack Palmer—"The one she's wearing today is a division."

Betty Branham—"Our second baseman would make an excellent swimmer."

Marion Hill—"Why so?"

Betty—"He strikes out so boldly."

Robert Craver—"I hear Paul Sherman is in the lumber business."

Harold Thorton—"Yes, on rather a small scale."

Robert—"How's that?"

Harold—"He's peddling toothpicks."

1st Boy—"I don't think Auntie will stay, she didn't bring her trunk."

2nd Boy—"Huh, look how long the baby has stayed, and he didn't bring anything"

Adam awoke and missed a rib. "Anyway," he cried, "I'm luckier than Sampson will be without his hair."

Mother—"And did you see the cow milked?"

Son—"Yes, it's got spring faucets that you can't leave running."

Voice (over telephone)—"Are you the game warden?"

Game Warden—"Yes, ma'am."

Voice—"Well, I am so thankful I have the right person at last! Would you mind suggesting some games suitable for a children's party?"

Mummy, the pants you made me are tighter than my skin," said the little one.

"Nonsense, my boy. Don't say silly things like that."

"But they are. I can bend in my skin and I can't in my pants," he replied.

"Would you mind walking the other w'y and not passing the 'orse?" said a London cabman with exaggerated politeness to the fat lady who had just paid a minimum fare.

"Why?" she inquired.

"Because, if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll 'ave a fit."

Savages (to small boy)—"I guess we'll cook and eat you next."

Small boy (to savages)—"I don't think I'd taste very good. Mother says I'm spoiled."

Small boy—"Father, what's a committee?"

Father—"A committee is a body that keeps minutes and wastes hours!"

Miss Gifford—"What are the three words you use most?"

Georgiana—"I don't know."

Miss Gifford—"Correct."

Mother—"Why don't you sit down and take it easy?"

Gene H.—"I've got to keep stirring. I swallowed a mixing spoon!"

Alton H. had taken a spill on the sidewalk. Just then Bud came along and said, "The wicked standeth in a slippery place."

"So I see," replied Alton, "but I can't!"

Joe Delello was starting for Sidney one night, but was stopped by his father who thought it his duty to lecture his son on the opposite sex. "Now remember," he said, finishing his lecture, "beauty is only skin deep."

"That's good enough for me," replied Joe, "I'm no cannibal!"

Gretchen—"Don't you love driving on such a night as this?"  
 Bastine—"Yeah, but I thought I'd wait till we had gone a little farther in the country!"

Miss Petley—Sammy, can you spell 'avoid'?"  
 Sammy T.—"Sure, what's de void?"

First—"They say Blanche is up to her chin in music."  
 Second—"How's that?"  
 First—"She plays the violin in the High School Orchestra!"

In anger, Bastine burst into the corner drug store carrying a bottle of hair tonic, which he had purchased the day before.  
 "I want my money back," he exclaimed, "the directions say it's for adults and I've never had 'em!"

Betty B.—"Don't you think that riding horseback gives one a headache?"  
 Ronald M.—"Oh, no, quite the reverse!"

Prof. Casey—"When you become angry count to 100, and then you won't feel like fighting."  
 Bud—"If I did that, they would think I was scared!"

Emilou had just heard of curing hams.  
 "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "how funny it must be to see a lot of hams sitting around getting better!"

Doctor—"You have acute tonsilitis."  
 Bernice G.—"Yes, so many people have admired it!"

Miss Petley—"Why does Carlyle state that Burns' poetry is graceful?"  
 Everett H.—"I don't know unless it's because it has such good form."

The cliff dwellers weren't the only bluffers, by heck! Ask Bob Bowerman and Jim Ryan.

●

There was a man from Clime  
 And he didn't have a dime.  
 He robbed a shop,  
 Was caught by a cop,  
 And now is serving his time.

●

I had an old friend name Dutch,  
 Who never could work the clutch.  
 One day as he started,  
 His car leaped and darted,  
 And now he is using a crutch.

●

I murder Cicero each day  
 But he is very kind  
 The crime haunts not my conscience, nay  
 It's done all in my mind.

●

There are three boys who go to school,  
 That do their best to break the rules.  
 They all raise rim around the halls  
 Until some teacher comes and calls:  
 "To your home rooms, boys, and out of the halls!"

### STATION 1936 SIGNING OFF

And now at the close of the broadcast I wish to give a final review—the “grand finale”—of our production. For the three years that I have been honored to act as an advisor to the cast of the players of 1936, our accomplishments have been varied, but always we as amateurs have aimed to accomplish ever greater things.

The activities of our Sophomore year served especially to unite us closely into a congenial, working group. The chief productions of our Junior year, the “Junior Megaphone” and the Junior Prom, proved us amateurs of most promising ability. And our supreme accomplishments—“Let’s Pretend,” our “faculty” party, our Hallowe’en party, our “Radio Amateurs,” our Senior Ball, and our graduation activities, all point more and more to our goal—amateurs who will become “professionals.”

As previously throughout our years together, we shall continue throughout our lives to “hitch our wagon to a star.”

LUCILE G. GIFFORD.

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