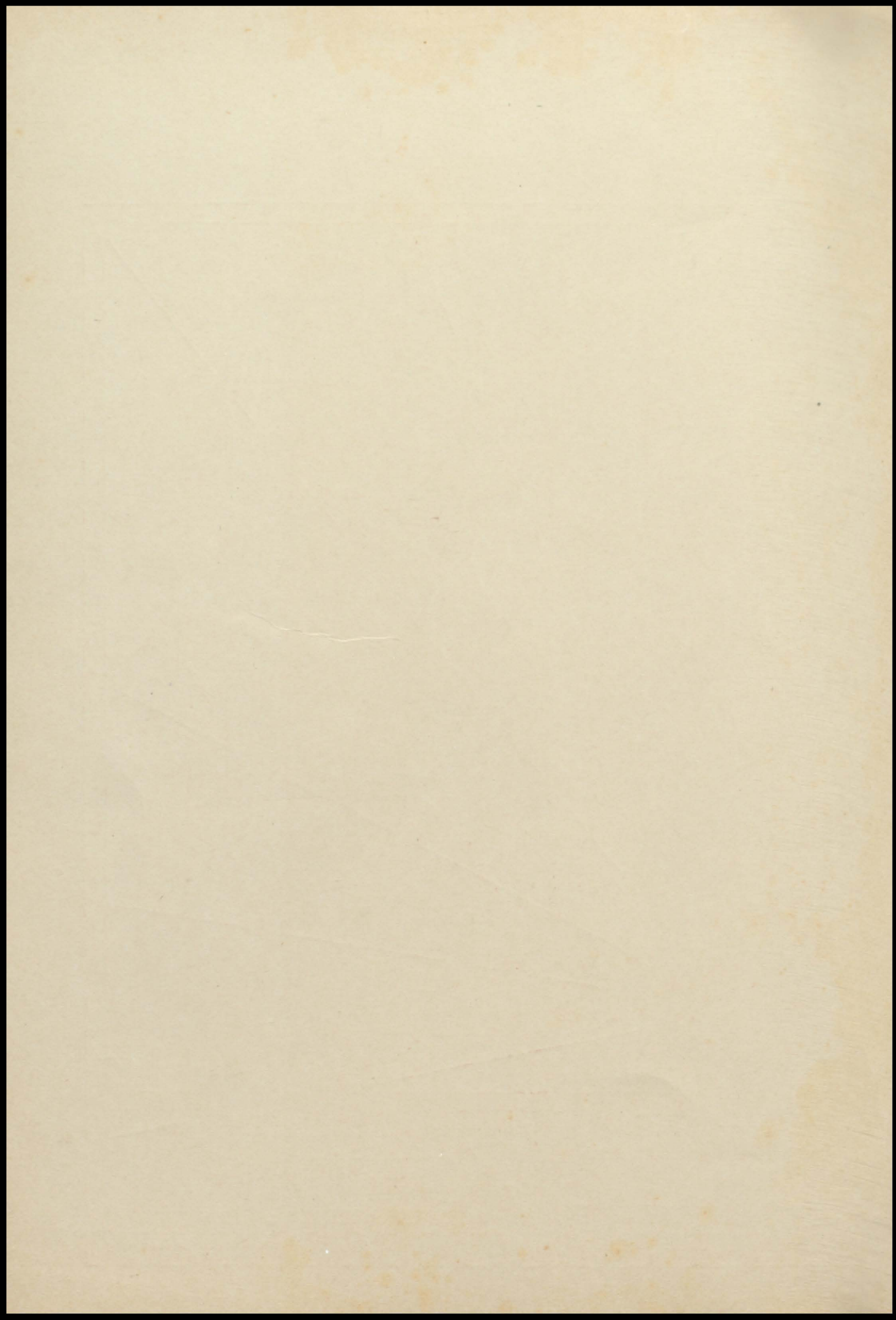


ECHO

1937



TRAILER TRAVEL



THE ECHO

TRAILER TRAVEL ISSUE

June 1937



Published once a year by

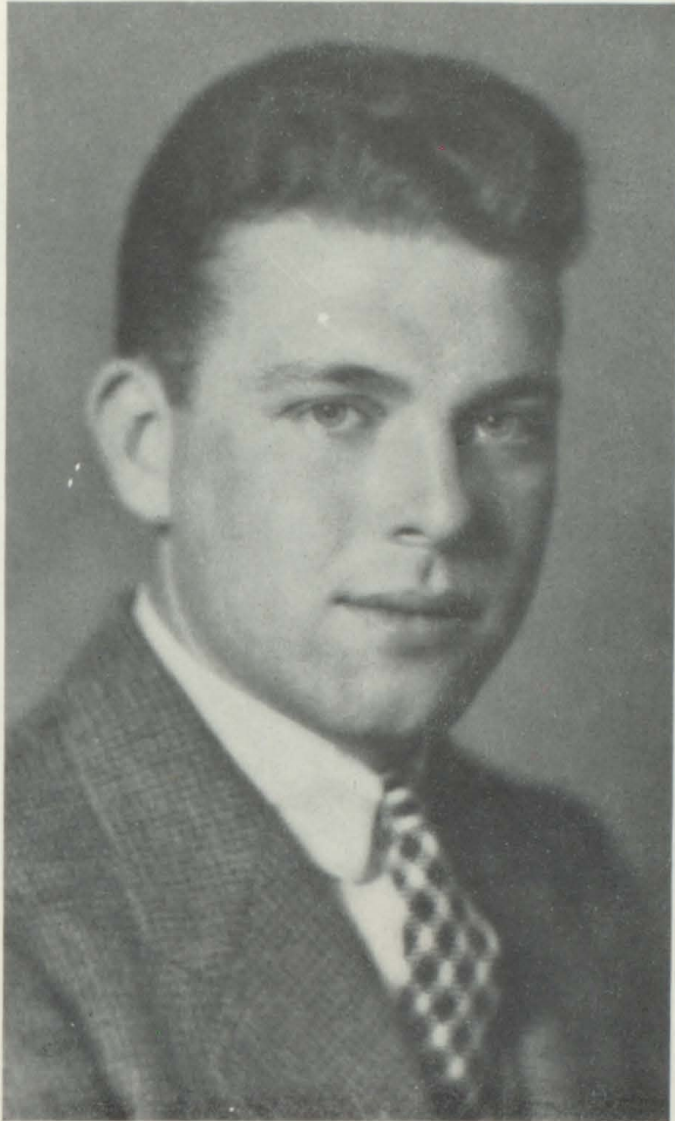
THE SENIOR CLASS
of Bainbridge Central High School
Bainbridge, N. Y.

Under the Supervision of the Senior Advisers

FOREWORD



The Class of 1937 hope that you may enjoy this, the Echo of Bainbridge Central High School. Our four eventful years are recorded in the pages of this volume. May this Echo be a fitting expression of the friendships and accomplishments of these years. May it also recognize the guidance and aid of our faculty, of our families, and of the good people of Bainbridge.



DEDICATION

to

MR. WALTER C. JENSEN

The Class of 1937 takes great pleasure in dedicating this Echo to our highly respected "Coach."

BOARD OF EDUCATION



MR. JAY HAGER *President*

MR. NELSON WILCOX

DR. WILLIAM MYLRS

MR. WARD LOOMIS

DR. RAYMOND BENDER

DR. R. A. JOHNSON *Clerk*

MR. R. W. KIRBY *Treasure.*



FACULTY

- 1st Row—Frances Kentfield, Mabel Smith, Ralph Corbin, Jr., Francis J. Casey, E. William Baker, Jr., Orris Coe, Janice Pratt, Dorothy Patterson.
2nd Row—Margaret Wilcox, Carolyn Casson, Dorothy Adams, Anna Naylor, Mary Banks, Ruth Benjamin, Carol Nichols, Ruth Hager, Walter Jensen.
3rd Row—Frederick Stutz, Lulu Jones, Dolores Lloyd, Louise Whitman, Louise Zinns, Mary Burdick, Elizabeth Finch, Mildred Evans, Mildred Petley.

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

FRANCIS J. CASEY	Principal	A. B., Hamilton College M. A., Columbia University
ANNA C. NAYLOR	First Grade	Oneonta Normal
MARY E. FINCH	Second Grade	Oneonta Normal
CAROL L. NICHOLS	Third Grade	B. S. in L. S., Albany State College Oneonta Normal
LOUISE H. WHITMAN	Fourth Grade	Oneonta Normal
LULU M. JONES	Fifth Grade	Oneonta Normal
JANICE PRATT	Sixth Grade	Oneonta Normal
DOLORES M. LLOYD	Grade Teacher	A. B., Keuka College
E. WILLIAM BAKER, JR.	Junior High	A. B., Albany State College
FRANCES E. KENTFIELD	Junior High	A. B., Albany State College M. A., Columbia University
DOROTHY ADAMS	Commercial	Plattsburg Normal
MARY L. BANKS	French & Civics	A. B., University of Rochester University of Paris
RUTH L. BENJAMIN	Music	B. M., Syracuse University
MARY S. BURDICK	Physical Education	B. S., Syracuse University
CAROLYN CASSON	Latin	A. B., Elmira College
ORRIS L. COE	Industrial Arts, Agriculture	B. S., Syracuse University
RALPH D. CORBIN	Music	B. S., Major in Music, Ithaca College
MILDRED E. EVANS	Mathematics	A. B., Cornell University
RUTH HAGER	Nurse	R. N., Presbyterian Hospital
WALTER C. JENSEN	Commercial, J. H. Science, Coach	B. S., Syracuse University
DOROTHY PATTERSON	Home Economics	B. S., Cornell University
MILDRED N. PETLEY	English	A. B., Syracuse University M. A., Columbia University
MABEL W. SMITH	Science	B. S., Albany State College
FREDERICK H. STUTZ	History	A. B., Cornell University M. A., Cornell University
MARGARET C. WILCOX	Librarian	A. B., Elmira College B. S. in L. S., Syracuse University
LOUISE M. ZINNS	Art	B. of F. A., Syracuse University

THE FACULTY

The Faculty social whirl for 1936 and 1937 began with a picnic. Early in the fall, veterans of teaching entertained new comers to Bainbridge with a tasty repast by a very pleasant stream. Mr. Coe and Mr. Jensen broiled over one hundred hamburgers and a large portion of onions. Others supervised the boiling of a large pot full of Mrs. Jones' excellent corn. This picnic enabled everyone to get acquainted.

Each month throughout the year, members of the Faculty have been entertained at 'teas'. The doors of the Home-Making House have been thrown wide for these gala events. Committees have provided such refreshment as can be enjoyed from partaking of the butterscotch sundae, the fudge cake, and the green-bread sandwich. Gentlemen committee members promise something delicious along the lines of strawberry shortcake for the June affair. These afternoon meetings have enabled men and women of the Faculty to share experiences and friendships.

Miss Finch and Miss Hager entertained the entire Faculty at a Christmas Party, at the home of Miss Finch. Guests enjoyed games of Michigan, bridge, Monopoly, and jacks. Each person drew a surprise Christmas present. Among the gifts were soap ducks, small banks, mechanical cats, etc. Excellent refreshments concluded the activities of the evening.

Miss Naylor and Mrs. Jones served as hostesses for an enjoyable evening in Miss Naylor's First Grade Room. Those present, acting under directions from the hostesses, participated in various relays and in some games of skill and knowledge. A shower basket was presented to Miss Nichols. The evening was climaxed with home made ice cream and cake. Mr. Baker and Mr. Corbin enjoyed a pleasant half-hour in removing the furniture to the place from whence it had been brought.

All in all, the Faculty lay claim to the title of, "The 400 of Bainbridge Central School."

TRAILER CREW

Now to introduce you to the SENIOR CREW, who, with their TRAILER, have made this trip possible.

Head Driver

JOYCE HUSTED

Assistant Driver

MAYFRED DILDINE

Head Mechanic

EUGENE HOUCK

Assistant Mechanic

ROGER DIX

Stewards

MALETA CHRISTIANSEN

STANLEY HUTCHINSON

ENTERTAINERS

Sports Commentators

MARION NORTON

WINSOR CASEY

Alumni Commentators

RUTH DOOLITTLE

BEATRICE BULLIS

Circulation Manager

ALTON HOLLENBECK

Art Directors

VIOLA TAFT

EMILOU HOWLAND

Society Commentator

JAMES TAFT

1937 ECHO 1937

SENIORS



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LA VONNE BEERS

History Club 3; Senior Play 4; Free Reading Club 4; Literary Editor of the Echo.

LaVonne has done much for our class. She has contributed to many committees and has taken part in all of our class activities. We wish you a long life of happiness, LaVonne. May you always remember us.



CHARLES BOYCE

Baseball 1, 2, 4; Soccer 1; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3; President of F. F. A.

Harpursville has given us the privilege of meeting Charles. As a good student he has helped the class on the road to success. May luck follow you, Charles.



WINSOR CASEY

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Orchestra 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 4; Tennis 3; Dramatic Contest; Sports Editor of the Echo; Treasurer of the Senior Class.

A smile is always welcome among friends. Winsor's smile is certainly one of his greatest aids. We hope, Winsor, that you may smile your way through life.



MALETA CHRISTIANSEN

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Secretary of Sophomore Class; Secretary of Junior Class; Joke Editor of the Echo.

Maleta has been with us only three years, but in that time she has helped us willingly and cheerfully. Always be as sunny as you are, Maleta.



ROBERT CRAVER

Football 3, 4; Baseball 4; Interclass Basketball 2, 4.

Robert is our blonde Senior. He insists on blushing at any little thing that may be said to him. Is he as bashful as he seems? All kidding aside, Bob, may life treat you kindly.

MAYFRED DILDINE

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Free Reading Club 4; Assistant Editor of the Echo; Senior Play 4; Tennis 3; Secretary of Dramatic Club; Commercial Contest 4.

Little, but full of pep, she has gone far in bringing our class through four years of life. We hope, Mayfred, that you may always be in the midst of life.

ROGER DIX

Dramatic Club Plays 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Dramatic Contests 2, 3, 4; Assistant Business Manager of the Echo.

To Roger we are deeply indebted for the success of many of our class projects. You are always willing to help, Roger. The world needs people like yourself.

RUTH DOOLITTLE

Basketball 3; French Club 4; Free Reading Club 4; Press Club 4.

To you, Ruth, the quiet maiden of our class, our fondest hopes and best wishes. You will "do much".

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STUART FRIEDEL

Football 1; Track 3.

Step right up, folks, and meet Stuart, the star of accounting. We wish you a happy future in this field of work.



ALLEN HARMAN

Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball Manager 4; Dramatic Club 4; Agriculture 1, 2, 3, 4.

Rattle, rattle! Here comes Gus and his Ford. He has furnished the class with a taxi, and has been of service in many ways. We are hopeful about your future, Al.



EVERETT HERRICK

Football 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Press Club 3; Free Reading Club 4; Agriculture 1, 2, 3, 4.

Though Everett has silent ways, he has brought much satisfaction to the class. His football career is notable. Good luck, Everett!



MARGUERITE HINE

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; History Club 3; Latin Club 4; Basketball 2; Dramatic Club 4.

"Micky" is a busy little girl. She is in and out almost before you realize she is there. She is always helpful. Happiness to you.



FLOYD HOLBERT

President of F. F. A. 4; Vice-President of F. F. A. 3; Treasurer of F. F. A. 2.

This gentleman is fully accomplished along the lines of agriculture and of industrial arts. Keep up the good work, Floyd!



GORDON HOLCOMB

If your close attention to all of those textbooks is rewarded, Gordon, we can predict for you a bright future.



ALTON HOLLENBECK

Glee Club 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; History Club 3; Tennis 4; Circulation Manager of the Echo.

Do you want music? Just ask Alton. He is also full of fun. You have helped our class to be successful. Please carry some of it with you.

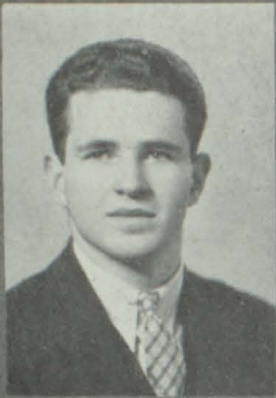


EMILOU HOWLAND

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2; Dramatic Contest 1; Senior Play 4; Press Club 1, 2, 4; Basketball 3; Archery 2, 3, 4; Echo Staff.

We are proud of Emilou, our Valedictorian. Her goal is toward homemaking or designing of clothes. We hope that you will reach this goal, and that you will continue to do, in college, the fine work you have accomplished in high school.





LLEWELLYN HUBBARD

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; History Club 3; Free Reading Club 4; President of Freshman Class; Treasurer of Sophomore Class.

Our best wishes to you, Llewellyn, in the field of athletics. May you score a home run in the game of life! As a friend of ours, we hope you make many others.



JOYCE HUSTED

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 4; Senior Play 4; Basketball 3, 4; Tennis 3; Commercial Contest 3; Vice-President of Freshman Class; Vice-President of Junior Class; President of Dramatic Club 4; Track; Editor-in-Chief of the Echo.

Our Echo editor has been a class leader for four years. With you, Joyce, go our heartiest best wishes. Think of us. And achieve your goal for the future.



MARION NORTON

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 4; Basketball 3, 4; History Club 3; Press Club 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 3, 4; Commercial Contest 3, 4; Vice-President of Sophomore Class; Secretary of the Senior Class; Sports Editor of the Echo.

She is a well liked and capable member of our class. We find her about to begin a business career. Push hard, Marion, make your business life as successful as you have made your school activities.



HOWARD OSBORN

Commercial 2, 3; Track 1.

Here he is folks, the star pupil of the book-keeping classes. Whatever field of work you choose, Howard, may you prosper.



RALPH RILEY

Glee Club 2; Press Club 1; French Club 3; History Club 4; Latin Club 4; Senior Play 4.

Ralph is a studious chap, and has won many academic honors for himself in these past four years. Here's to your future! And make use of that dramatic talent.



FLORENCE SHERMAN

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 4; History Club 3; Free Reading Club 4.

We are glad to have Florence among the members of our graduating class. She has always helped us. We want life to help her.



PAUL SHERMAN

Football 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; History Club 3; Baseball 3, 4; Free Reading Club 4.

You have been a willing friend, Paul. A good sportsman will always succeed. That fact will insure the success of your future.



LORENE SIPPLE

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Contest Play 2; Dramatic Club 4; French Club 2, 3, 4; Press Club 4; Vice-President of Senior Class.

Small; but what a lot of thinking she must do! Lorene is our salutatorian. For four years she has gathered honors into her fold. We desire for you a happy time in the coming years.





HENRY SUPPLEE

Band 1, 2, 3; Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball Manager 2, 3; Prize Speaking 2; Contest Play 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Treasurer of Junior Class; Treasurer of Senior Class; Orchestra 2, 3; French Club 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 4; Press Club 1; Baseball Manager 4.

Bud is the dramatic star of the class. His wit and humor have enlivened many classes and made many friends. We hope, Henry, that you will always accept life with the same good nature.



DONALD SWEET

Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; President of French Club 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Contest; Senior Play 4; President of Junior Class, President of Senior Class.

Don has won the reputation of being congenial, and of real leadership. He has extended a helping hand to all of his classmates. We hope, Don, that you rise to the top of the musical profession.



JAMES TAFT

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 4; Dramatic Club 4; French Club 3, 4; Echo Staff; History Club 3.

Flash! We want you to meet James, the composer and musician of our class. The world, Jim, will welcome your playing.



VIOLA TAFT

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; French Club 3; Senior Play 4; Sketch Club 4; History Club 3; Art Editor of the Echo.

Shhh! Do you hear anything? Why, it is Viola. She is quiet, but very helpful. May your talent be rewarded.



RALPH TALCOTT

Ah! A business man in the making. This classmate of ours has a personality and an ability that will surely be recognized in coming years. Bon voyage, Ralph.



HAROLD THORNTON

Glee Club 1; Baseball Manager 3; Farm Mechanic 3; Secretary and Treasurer of F. F. A. 1, 2.

The eyes have it, and they are always twinkling with fun. Harold has won many friends in the past, and will make many more in the future.



ANDREW WHITNEY

Here we have a student of first rank. To you, Andy, we offer best wishes. And for you, we see prospects of further attainment.



MURRAY WILCOX

Glee Club 2, 3; Football 2; Athletic Association 3; History Club 3; Free Reading Club 4.

Do you know the bookworm of the class? He is very studious and intellectual. And what a short story writer! Keep up your good work, Murray.



EDITORIAL

We, the members of the Class of 1937, are proud to invite you on this, our last trip through Bainbridge Central High School. As we retrace our route past many activities, you will probably recall some events which will live long in your memory.

We owe our ability to graduate to the guidance of the faculty members, who have provided the steering wheel for our successful trip.

If we ran out of gasoline during our students travels, Mr. Casey always gave us the helpful push of a kind word or suggestion.

We hope that you, the members of this community, who have helped us when our engine of learning has temporarily broken down, will enjoy our last piece of high school work.

THE EDITOR

SENIOR CLASS

We have been on the route of education for four years. In spite of detours and punctures, we feel that our class path has been straight and true.

As Freshman our class was unorganized. We met at the beginning of the year to select an adviser and to elect officers. Miss Sheehan gave us some very able assistance throughout the year. We held a class party in the Guild Hall, and a good time was enjoyed by all.

As Sophomores, we began to consider ourselves as more grown-up and business like. We again chose Miss Sheehan as our class adviser. Our activities as Sophomores included a dance, a box-social, and a bake sale.

The next year found us sitting in the Junior room. We knew that now we must get down to business. Under the direction of Miss Ford and Miss Petley, we elected class officers, and chose the staff for our Junior paper. We called the latter the "School Daze." We held a box-social, and danced to the music of Jim Ryan and his Crusaders. The Junior Prom was our greatest accomplishment. This was held on May 1st, in the school Auditorium. A large crowd was present.

The fall of 1936 was soon in coming. We were Seniors at last! We immediately met, and chose Miss Zinns and Mr. Stutz as our advisers. Needing money, we set to work. In October we staged a Senior Halloween Party and Dance. The Echo staff worked throughout the year to make this publication a success. In April the Senior Play, "Tiger House," was presented before a capacity audience. The cast and the production staff did an excellent job. Plans are now formed for our final activities at Bainbridge High School, the Senior Ball, and the Commencement events. In June we will leave Bainbridge Central High School. But, as we go ahead in life, and remember our school days, we will always think longingly of our Alma Mater.

SENIOR PLAY

«TIGER HOUSE»

Cast

ERMA LOWRIE	<i>Emilou Howland</i>
MAC	<i>Stanley Hutchinson</i>
ARTHUR HALE	<i>Donald Sweet</i>
AUNT SOPHIA	<i>Joyce Husted</i>
OSWALD	<i>Henry Supplee</i>
PEGGY VAN NESS	<i>Mayfred Dildine</i>
YAMI	<i>Ralph Riley</i>
THE MYSTERY WOMAN	<i>Viola Taft</i>
MRS. MURDOCK	<i>La Vonne Beers</i>
THOMPSON	<i>Eugene Houck</i>

And a capable coaching and production staff.

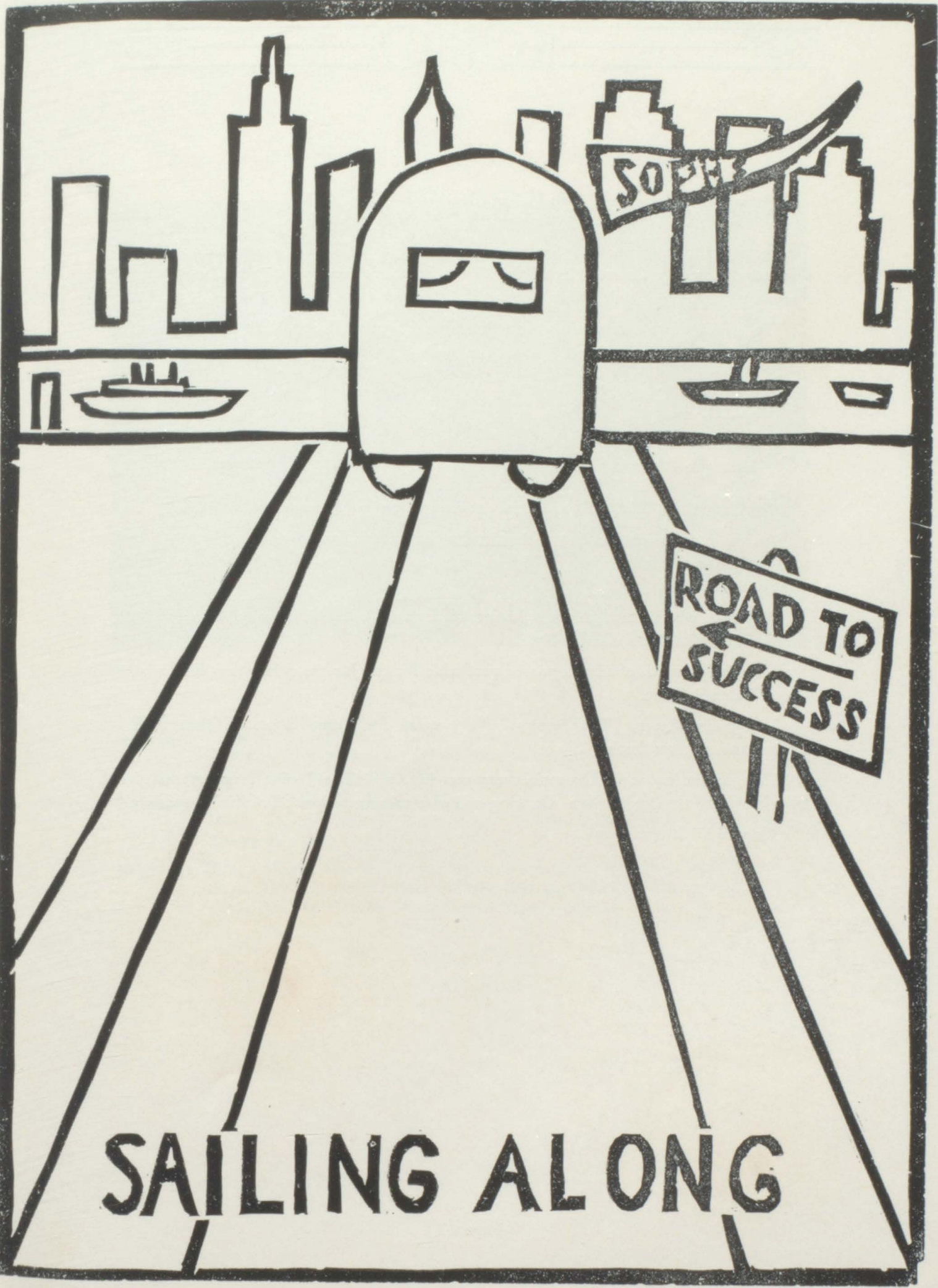
Erma Lowrie has been left a large estate by her Aunt Sylvia. The aunt, who was mysteriously murdered, had stolen a jeweled collar from a Tiger. This creature is roaming about the estate, trying to regain the stolen article.

Erma writes to Mac, her detective sweetheart, asking him to come to the house. He appears, in disguise. The Mystery Woman does her best to warn Erma and Mac of their danger.

Aunt Sophia, Erma's companion, is forever losing her false teeth. Oswald, a cousin, is excited over his collection of rare bugs. Peggy Van Ness, a New York ribbon-counter clerk, pays a visit, but the excitement proves to be too much for her. Yami is the Hindu house boy, and is very anxious that Erma find the collar.

The Mystery Woman is the wife of Arthur Hale. She tries throughout the play to tell the others that he is a dangerous thief. Tiger claws, secret halls, and an opening fireplace provide the means for Arthur's dishonest work. Various visitors to the house pop in and out of these places.

The events move to a fast finish. Arthur proves to be the real thief. Thompson, a rough character, is his helper. Erma, who has been really aided by her housekeeper, Mrs. Murdock, and by her sweetheart, gets the jewels. The Tiger, Arthur, receives his just reward. Everyone is happy!



SAILING ALONG

JUNIOR CLASS

Again we start on our long but never to be forgotten Trailer journey through the classes of Bainbridge Central High School. The finest spot we can stop at, for enjoyable company, will be the Junior room. Let us do it!

The Junior Class opened the year with the election of officers. Those honored with offices were the following:

GRAYDON CASS	<i>President</i>
VICTOR FOSTER	<i>Vice-President</i>
RUSSELL STEAD	<i>Secretary</i>
RICHARD PARSONS	<i>Treasurer</i>

Miss Casson and Miss Petley advised the class throughout the year.

Juniors must be active, for their time as students is indeed short. We began our activity in October with a party. Held in the Auditorium, everyone enjoyed entertainment and laughs.

December was ushered in by a Junior Christmas Dance. A large group danced to the music of Jim Ryan and his band.

The windy month of March proved profitable for the Juniors, when they held a bake sale at Ireland's Store.

The Junior Paper, "The Sweep-Up," appeared for a few issues. It then died a natural and painless death.

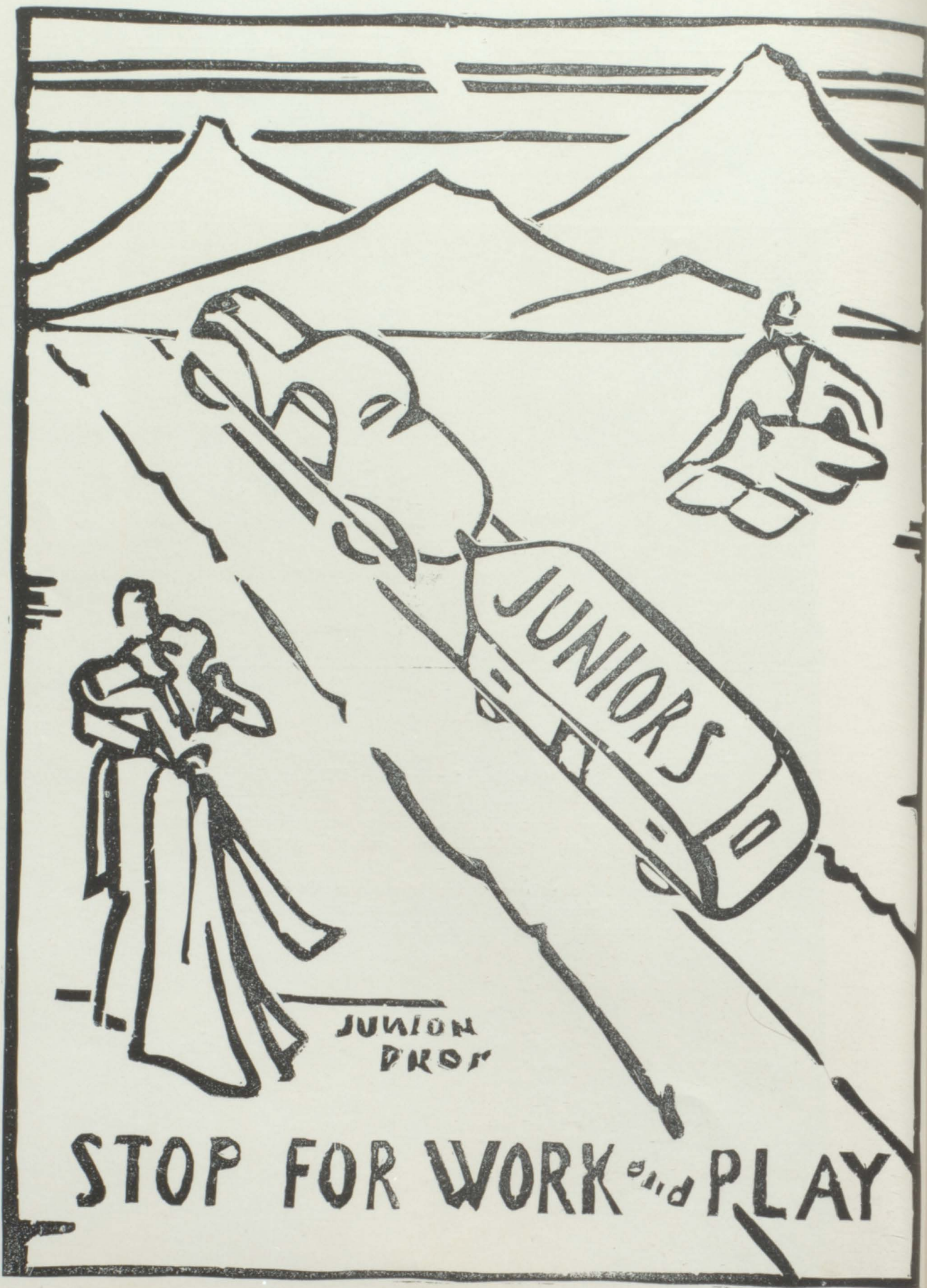
The greatest event of the social year was in April. The Junior Prom attracted a large crowd to the Auditorium. Dancing and entertainment were offered in abundance.

We will be Seniors soon!



JUNIORS

- 1st Row—Evalena Moore, Loretta Getter, Russell Stead, Victor Foster, Miss Casson, Graydon Cass, Miss Petley, Dick Parsons, Gerald Tiffany, Gertrude Hawkins, Betty Branham, Marion Hill.
- 2nd Row—Carlton DeForest, Bruce Holman, George James, Frank Delello, Frank Lewis, Myron Carl, Fred Neidlinger, Homer Houghtaling, Stanley Lord, Adrian Donahe.
- 3rd Row—Ernest Meade, Charles Levee, Helen Jeffers, Alene Peckham, Marion Jeffers, Argarette Hollenbeck, Mary Hubers, Barbara Campbell, Marion Davis, Pearl Taylor, Jeanne Hamlin, Mary Puerile, Marie Sheldon.



JUNION
PROP

STOP FOR WORK ^{and} PLAY



SOPHOMORES

- 1st Row—Helen Peckham, Geraldine Getter, Mary Hovey, Lucille Babcock, Miss Evans, Vernon Palmer, Miss Benjamin, Wilburna Holbert, Margaret Taft, Anne Vawter, Harriet Holman.
- 2nd Row—Jack Baldwin, George Munk, Paul Risedorph, Donald Pratt, Andrew Parsons, Theodore Searles, Richard Lewis, Carl Hutchinson, Earl Neidlinger, Lloyd Sipple, Sterling Hodge.
- 3rd Row—Norma Mayes, Dorothy Teachout, Grace Johnson, Maggie Caracciolo, Beatrice Sisson, Bernice Cook, Evelyn Livingstone, Alta DeForest, Raymond Fiorina, Lloyd Tuckey, Bert Lord.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

As our Trailer lurches forward we find ourselves in front of the Sophomore room. Where could we find a better place for a little visit? We come to a stop.

At the beginning of the year the Sophomores organized and elected officers. Their choices for class leaders were as follows:

VERNON PALMER	<i>President</i>
LUCILLE BABCOCK	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY HOVEY	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARET TAFT	<i>Treasurer</i>

Our advisers for the year have been Miss Evans and Miss Benjamin. We starttd with a determination to have an active class life, and feel that we have done fairly well.

Our most successful social event was a "poverty party," which took place in the Auditorium, about the time of Thanksgiving. Everyone enjoyed poverty at this affair.

We look forward to a fine Junior Year.

FROSH



STOP OVER
FOR PLAY



FRESHMAN CLASS

Our Trailer, grating its gears a little, starts out on a four-year trip. We "stall" the engine in front of the Freshman rooms.

The Freshmen turned over their first meeting to the business of electing officers. Their choice was as follows:

WILLIAM BUTLER	<i>President</i>
JOHN BURGIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH LEWIS	<i>Treasurer</i>
HOWARD FOSTER	<i>Secretary</i>

Miss Burdick and Mr. Jensen were selected as class advisers for the year. They have been of real help.

The next proper thing for any class to do was to have a party. Halloween was the time of ours. We met in the Auditorium, played Halloween games, and enjoyed the customary cider and "eats."

"Have Fun Before You Are a Senior" seems to be the motto of our class. Proving this, we had a Scavenger Hunt. Janet Delello and Robert Parsons were the winners.

We might mention that next year we will have more in the line of real work to show. We hope! But this Freshman year has been a very enjoyable one for all of us.



FRESHMEN

- 1st Row—Socrates Nellis, Margaret Mertz, Marie Prouty, Mildred Kingsley, Jane Andrews, Miss Burdick, Mr. Jensen, Elizabeth Andrews, Janet Delello, Elnore Hitchcock, Zita Armstrong, Bryce Wilcox.
- 2nd Row—James Monahan, Robert Parsons, Lawrence Butts, Barbara Seymour, Elizabeth Lewis, Phyllis Holbert, John Burgin, Junior Monroe, Ivor Bosket, William Butler, Douglas Neidlinger, Clifford Smith, Howard Foster.
- 3rd Row—Clifford Hartwell, Robert Crawford, Guy Leonard, William Grow, James Fiorina, Donald Peckham, Francis Gunther, Lyall Fletcher, Donald Tiffany, Adrian Bush, Carl Sejerson, Donald Cobb.

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Sponsors, MISS KENTFIELD, MR. BAKER

Playdays were the feature events of the Junior High School activities for this year. Greene entertained Bainbridge at one such Playday. Among the various activities were six basketball games.

Two Playdays were held with Deposit, one in that community, and one in Bainbridge. Our basketball teams were highly successful on both occasions. Many other types of sports were enjoyed during the days. Dancing and refreshments added to the pleasure of the members.

Intramural Basketball kept the Junior High School busy some of the time. The teams carried the high-sounding names of Manhattan, Pitt, Columbia, and Dartmouth. The Reds and the Blues competed in an Intramural Track Meet. The 50 yard dash, the 200 yard relay, the baseball throw, the broad jump, and the high jump were among the events.

Our Glee Club has well represented the Seventh and Eighth Grades throughout the year. At Christmas, the voices of many of us were blended in the public performance of an Operetta.

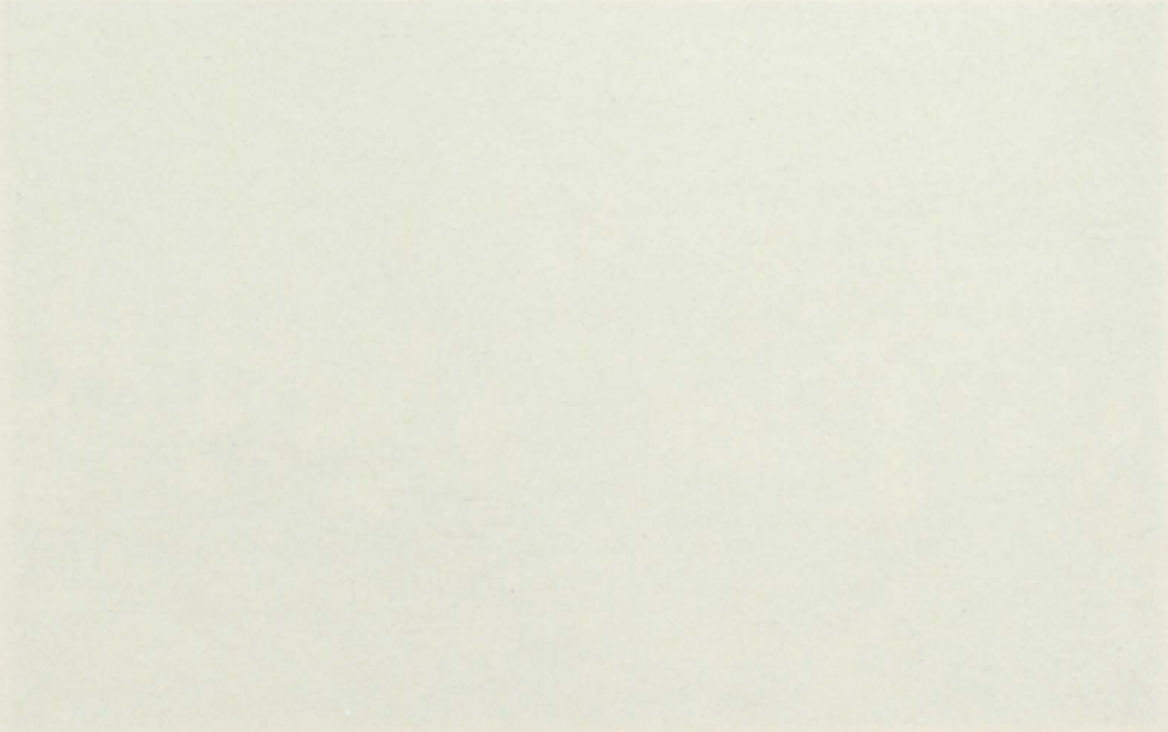
Our English groups presented a play, *The Puritan School House*. We can give a very good imitation of a group of scholars. During the last period of the day, many members of the Junior High School have carried on work with their hobbies. Stamps, airplanes, gliders, etc., are among these.



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

- 1st Row—Edward Searles, Clifford Sherman, Russell Collins, Junior Sejersen, Douglas Palmer, James Noyes, Robert Smith, Donald Johnson, Edward Fiorina, Robert Hitchcock, Laurence Getter, Robert Rosenstein, Jack Hawkins, Robert Gardner, Kenneth Kingsley, Leon Mott.
- 2nd Row—Irene Canfield, Esther Hollenbeck, Doris Sherman, Evelyn LeSuer, Marian Cudworth, Elaine Risedorph, Margaret Shaver, Mae Prouty, Miss Kentfield, Mr. Baker, Inez Wickham, Shirley Bradish, Anna Sites, Leona Snow, Wanda Hine, Geraldine Sherman, Ona Sisson, Ethel Meade, Carmalina Delello.
- 3rd Row—Daisy Sites, Isobel Reynolds, Gertrude Mertz, Veronica Mertz, Luise Martens, Elaine Barre, Doris Bender, Bernice Richey, Guyva Bradish, Betty Talcott, Mary Lou Branham, Margaret Supplee, Ethelyn Smith, Jeanne Lewis, Dorothea Hoose, Louella Weeks, Juanita James, Juanita Baker, Phyllis Finch, Edna Angle, Verla Baldwin.
- 4th Row—Milton Scott, Kenneth Whitney, Clifford Palmatier, Frederick Sherman, Alvin Sherman, Frederick Mertz, Ralph Ireland, Richard Hine, Paul Ahrens, Harry Crane, Roscoe Beers, Gordon Branham, Robert Hall, Robert Gordon, William Owen, Walter Parsons, Danforth Knight, Earl Clark, Newton Bliss.
- 5th Row—Sara Oliver, Betty Grow, Barbara Robbins, Ruth Birdsall, Genevieve Beers, Jean Bennett, Louise Hall, Lillian Moore, Erma Garlow, Marion Beatty, Amy Palmer.

1937 ————— ECHO ————— 1937



ACTIVITIES



GLEE CLUB

- 1st Row—Margaret Taft, Loretta Getter, Marion Hill, Jeanne Hamlin, Bruce Holman, Miss Benjamin, Donald Sweet, Evalena Moore, Anne Vawter, Marion Dibble, Lucille Babcock, Norma Mayes, Mary Hovey.
- 2nd Row—Alta DeForest, Harriet Holman, Elnore Hitchcock, Geraldine Getter, Viola Taft, Emilou Howland, Joyce Husted, Gretchen Hartmann, Ruth Weeks, Maleta Christiansen, Florence Sherman, Lorene Sipple, Elizabeth Branham.
- 3rd Row—Guy Leonard, James Taft, Eugene Houck, Russell Stead, Andrew Parsons, Alton Hollenbeck, Stanley Hutchinson, John Burgin, Lloyd Sipple, Winsor Casey, Gerald Tiffany, Junior Monroe, Donald Peckham.

THE GLEE CLUB

A good Glee Club has always been the pride of Bainbridge Central High School. This year's club is no exception. Due to the faithful labors of Miss Benjamin, the organization has been "bigger and better" than ever before.

The goal of this Glee Club, as always, has been to master the music for the Sidney and Norwich Festivals. Individual tryouts limited our club to those who could sing. The Festival music was learned, and was well presented.

The members of the Glee Club hope that next year's organization will be an even better one than was this.

THE ORCHESTRA

Under the able direction of Miss Benjamin, the orchestra has studied and mastered a number of new selections. The vocabulary of the organization has been greatly widened.

The Orchestra participated in the second annual Music Festival of the Susquenango League, held at Sidney on April 23rd. Our instrumental music was also blended with that of other schools in the seventh annual May Music Festival, at Norwich on May 14th.

Those who played this year follow:

Violins—Charles Levee, Carlton DeForest, Graydon Cass. Cornets—Gerald Tiffany, Geraldine Getter. Trombones—Homer Houghtaling, Stanley Hutchinson, Lloyd Sipple. Saxophones—George Sands, Winsor Casey. Alto horns—Roscoe Beers, Donald Sweet. Baritone horn—Alton Hollenbeck. Tuba—Richard Bowerman. Piano—James Taft.



ORCHESTRA

1st Row—Graydon Cass, Carlton DeForest, Charles Levee, Gerald Tiffany, Geraldine Getter, Lloyd Sipple, Homer Houghtaling.

2nd Row—George Sands, Winsor Casey, Miss Benjamin, Roscoe Beers, Donald Sweet, Alton Hollenbeck.

3rd Row—James Taft.

THE BAND

Our Band this year is composed of about forty members, each of whom is trained by Mr. Corbin to give music in the best possible way.

The feature of our local season has been the formation marching and playing which the Band displayed at the basketball games. The organization has also entertained the grade and high school assemblies on a number of occasions.

Our Band participated in the Festivals at Sidney and at Norwich. Under the coaching of Mr. Corbin, the Band is certain to become even better in the future.

FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA

The Bainbridge Chapter of the F. F. A. reorganized this year, under the leadership of Mr. Coe. We selected the following officers for the year:

- FLOYD HOLBERT *President*
- KENNETH CRAVER *Vice-President*
- CARLTON DEFOREST *Secretary and Reporter*
- ROBERT CRAVER *Treasurer*

Our Green Hands were initiated at the October meeting. We attended the Fall Rally at Afton, and participated in the judging contests. Lawrence Butts, Vernon Livingston, and Victor Holbert placed well in the cattle judging. Robert Craver, Harold Thornton, and Kenneth Craver took the honors for Bainbridge in the poultry judging.

Members of our F. F. A. chapter attended Farm and Home Week at Cornell, in February, and took part in the state-wide judging contests. The Spring Rally was held at Bainbridge. Our F. F. A. basketball team defeated Oxford to win the county championship.

The annual Father and Son Banquet was enjoyed in May. Mr. Casey, our guest speaker, talked on the subject of "Boys I Have Known." Another activity of the club has been the sale of garden seeds. It has been a successful season for the F. F. A.



BAND

- 1st Row—Robert Hitchcock, Guy Leonard, Donald Peckham, Mary Lou Branham, Elizabeth Branham.
- 2nd Row—James Ryan, Winsor Casey, William Butler, Russell Stead, Bert Lord, Roscoe Beers, Donald Sweet, Sterling Hodge, Anne Vawter, Barbara Campbell, Joseph Delello.
- 3rd Row—Bruce Holman, Frank Delello, Robert Parsons, Francis Gunther, Gerald Tiffany, Geraldine Getter, George James, Llewellyn Hubbard, Clifford Palmatier, Adrian Bush, George Sands, Milton Scott, Alton Hollenbeck, Myron Carl, Lloyd Sipple, Stanley Hutchinson, Homer Houghtaling.
- 4th Row—Mr. Corbin, James Monahan, Ralph Hager, Robert Bowerman, Robert Smith, Douglas Gardner, James Noyes.

THE ART CLUB

The Art Club is one of our infant organizations. Though new this year, it boasts of a fine membership of students who are willing to work hard to make it a success.

Miss Zinns, our adviser, has enabled us to find so many fields of expression that everyone has had an opportunity to be a creative artist.

The pupils have had a chance of making masks, posters, soap carvings and various other projects.

Each Wednesday, during the last period of the day, the members meet to make sketches of living models. These models are selected from the student group, many of whom are posed in costume.

Feeling the urge of "spring fever," the artists forsook their palettes and brushes and went to Robert's Pond on a hot dog roast.

A successful year begets enthusiasm for the next season. Confident that 1937 will see more and more interesting phases of art; the Art Club invites you to join with them.

COMMERCIAL CONTEST

Bainbridge was allowed to enter four of the events in this year's League Commercial Contest. The results were as follows.

HOWARD OSBORN	3rd. Place in Bookkeeping 2.
MARION NORTON	3rd. Place in Shorthand 2.
BEATRICE SISSON	4th. Place in Shorthand 1.



ART CLUB

1st Row—Bernice Cook, Grace Johnson, Alta DeForest, Elnore Hitchcock, Miss Zinns, Betty Lewis, Margaret Mertz, Luella Weeks, Shirley Bradish.

2nd Row—Ethelyn Smith, Gertrude Hawkins, Viola Taft, Stanley Hutchinson, Francis Sherwood, Roger Dix, John Burgin, William Grow, Beatrice Hendrickson, Janet Delello.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

At the beginning of the year, about twenty-four students showed their interest in the stage by joining the Dramatic Club. They chose the following officers:

JOYCE HUSTED	<i>President</i>
ROGER DIX	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAYFRED DILDINE	<i>Secretary</i>
DONALD SWEET	<i>Treasurer</i>

Tryouts for the Sectional Dramatic Contest occupied the attention of the Dramatic Club for the first part of the year. Henry Supplee, Stanley Hutchinson, and Donald Sweet were selected to represent the school.

The club was divided into several groups, each one to study some particular phase of dramatics. As this article is written, the entire Dramatic Club is engaged in the production of a Spring Play. We are certain it will be a success.

The members of the organization thank Miss Petley and Miss Evans for their capable leadership.



DRAMATIC CLUB

- 1st Row—Mayfred Dildine, Donald Sweet, Miss Petley, Joyce Husted, Miss Evans, Roger Dix, Gertrude Hawkins, Marion Hill.
- 2nd Row—Evalena Moore, Marion Dibble, Graydon Cass, Stanley Hutchinson, Henry Supplee, Eugene Houck, Lloyd Tuckey, Loretta Getter, Wilburna Holbert.
- 3rd Row—Elizabeth Lewis, Mary Puerile, Elnore Hitchcock, Beatrice Sisson, Lucille Babcock, Viola Taft, Gretchen Hartmann, Dorothy Teachout, Lorene Sipple.

«SKY FODDER»

The production, "Sky Fodder," was a good enough one to bring the first place award to Bainbridge in the League Dramatic Contest for this year. The competing plays were staged in the school auditorium at Unadilla, March 8, 1937.

First place awards for Bainbridge were largely due to the splendid performances of the three members of the cast, Donald Sweet, Henry Supplee, and Stanley Hutchinson. Much credit for the successful showing is also due to the coaches, and to the production staff.

An aviation pilot and his two passengers crash in the swamps of Louisiana. The horrors of their days of waiting are vividly portrayed by the cast. Hunger, insanity, unrewarded hope; all these emotions are combined in the gripping scenes of the act.

Most of the action takes place in a small clearing. Rodgers (Henry Supplee), the pilot of the plane, tries throughout the play to ascertain from Drew (Stanley Hutchinson), a passenger, a certain piece of secret knowledge. Neal (Donald Sweet), another passenger, is quite insane. He recovers his sanity when he believes that he has been bitten by a snake. Drew finally tells Rodgers where to find the plane. Rodgers goes into the jungle. Suddenly he is heard to scream! Drew then explains to Neal that Rodgers has found the plane—with *their* three bodies in it. *They* have been dead for three days!

Many actors will tread the boards of local stages before another play is produced with the thrills and the horrors of "Sky Fodder." It was and is a first rate performance.



"SKY FODDER"

Stanley Hutchinson, Henry Supplee, Donald Sweet.

THE PRESS CLUB

Press Club has done more than ever this year to make itself a truly good journalistic society. The "Blue and White" column in the Bainbridge News was written and edited with greater success than ever before. Better coverage of the local school happenings, reported with a generally better literary style, characterized the column. It has received many favorable comments by readers both in and around Bainbridge and in distant places where school happenings would not otherwise be heard.

Last March the Junior Class consented to discontinue publication of its paper that the Press Club might henceforth issue the mimeographed publication in B. C. H. S. The name, "Cross-Section," was chosen for the new paper. Bruce Holman, then editor of the Junior Paper, was asked to perform the editorial duties on this publication. Although Press Club was almost wholly lacking in experience on papers of this type, the two issues which were published during the remainder of the year compared well with other school papers. Another year should find the "Cross-Section" an established publication, truly representative of the Bainbridge High School standard.

The new merit system of selecting the Press Club staff worked very well this year, and it should aid in producing a staff next year which will do things with the "Blue and White" and "Cross-Section." Under this system all those who are interested in Press Club are given a three weeks' trial, during which time they write regulation assignments. From the results of these assignments, a staff of the correct size, and composed of the best writers, is selected.

The following have served in Press Club during the past year: President, Stanley Lord; secretary and treasurer, Dorothy Teachout; faculty adviser, Miss Smith.

CROSS-SECTION

Editor-in-chief Bruce Holman
 Literary editor Jeanne Hamlin
 Sports editor Emilou Howland
 Art editor Gertrude Hawkins
 Special feature and
 society editor Dorothy Teachout
 Humor editors Evelyn Livingston
 and Blanche Cheeseman
 Business manager Anna Vawter
 Circulation manager, Richard Bowerman
 Circulation staff Billy Butler
 Frank Delello
 James Monahan
 Donald Tiffany
 Chief typist Jessamine Davis
 Typing staff Marian Davis
 Marion Dibble
 Ruth Weeks
 Printer Allen Harman
 Composer James Ryan

BLUE AND WHITE

Editor-in-chief Graydon Cass
 Assistant editor Gertrude Hawkins
 Reporters Betty Andrews
 Myron Carl
 Janet Delello
 Howard Foster
 Elnore Hitchcock
 Emilou Howland
 Betty Lewis
 Evelyn Livingston
 Stanley Lord
 Junior Monroe
 Marion Norton
 Donald Peckham
 Donald Pratt
 Lorene Sipple
 Dorothy Teachout
 Blue and White reporters also wrote for
 the Cross-Section.

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ATHLETICS

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Bainbridge girls tried very hard to make this a successful basketball season. Although they were not often in the winning column they played well and with real sportsmanship. Miss Burdick and the members of the squad have enjoyed the basketball season.

January 5. *Alumni*. Every member played in this opening game. The veterans defeated the high school squad.

January 8. *Greene*. The Blue and White squad, still a little rough in the finer points of playing, lost this encounter.

January 15. *South New Berlin*. Playing on their home court, the girls won their first victory. The final score was 13 for Bainbridge and 9 for the opponents.

January 22. *Greene*. A second win. The teams waged a well played struggle, which was won by the Blue and White, by a score of 17 to 12.

January 29. *Franklin*. The visiting team proved to be too good, and though our girls put up a good fight, they were defeated, 15 to 5.

February 5. *Deposit*. This was the first League game. In this close engagement, not decided until the final whistle, Deposit nosed out Bainbridge, 20 to 18.

February 12. *Afton*. Though the shooting of the Blue and White girls had improved, Afton won the victory. The final score—Bainbridge 13, Afton 23.

February 19. *Sidney*. We defeated our old rivals. Basket shooting was excellent in this game. Bainbridge took 15 points, Sidney 12.

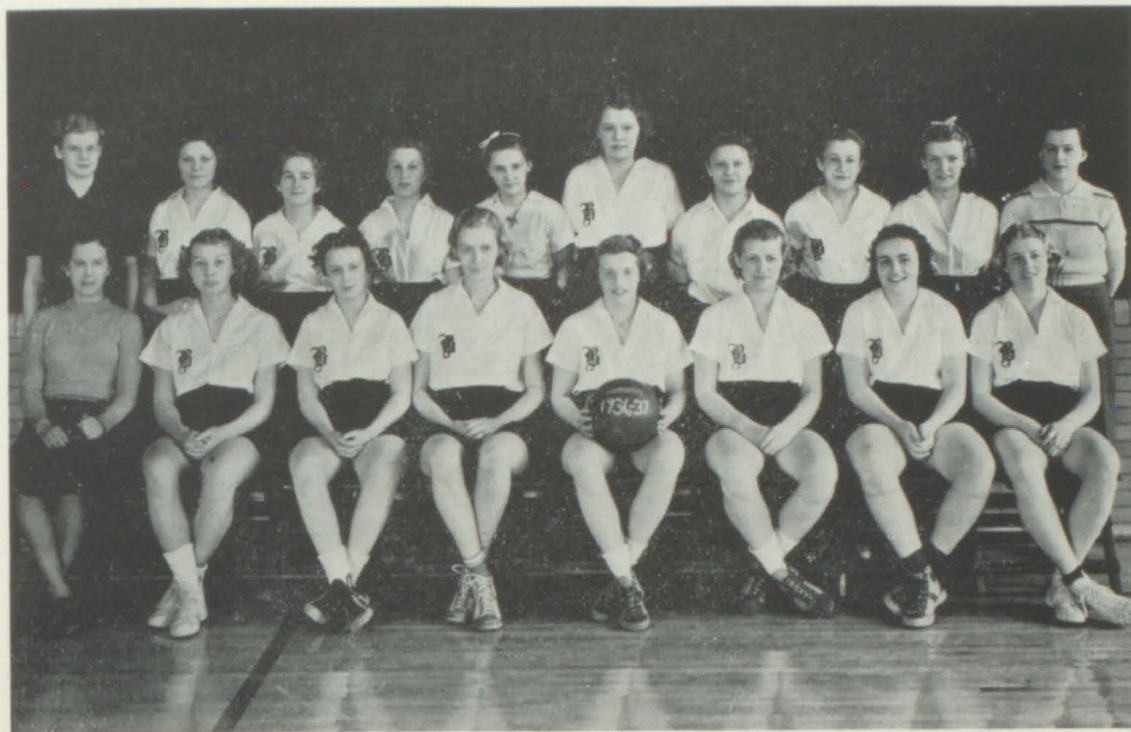
February 26. *Afton*. The Blue and White luck and skill failed in this encounter. Afton won, 16 to 7.

March 4. *Deposit*. This was another close game. Deposit managed to win by a slim margin.

March 11. *Sidney*. The last game of the season. This game was won by Sidney. It was marked by clean playing and enthusiasm.

All Star Game. In this game, at Oxford, Marion Dibble and Gretchen Hartmann represented Bainbridge. The team from our valley lost this game.

Now, at the close of another basketball season, we wish to congratulate Miss Burdick for her splendid leadership. May another year bring as much joy, and more success.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

1st Row—Miss Burdick, Marion Hill, Gertrude Hawkins, Marion Dibble, Edith Foster, Gretchen Hartmann, Joyce Husted, Elizabeth Branham.

2nd Row—Jeanne Hamlin, Harriet Holman, Pearl Taylor, Marion Davis, Grace Johnson, Anne Vawter, Alta DeForest, Elizabeth Andrews, Margaret Taft, Marion Jeffers.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Bainbridge Central High School has had a very successful year of basketball. The team lacked height, but made up for this in speed. Under the direction of Coach Jensen, and by virtue of some excellent team-work, Bainbridge won a tie for first place honors.

January 5. *Alumni*. The 1937 squad encountered its first foe, and dealt well with them. They took the former stars over by a score of 35 to 15. The coach tried many different combinations in this game.

January 8. *Greene*. The boys hadn't hit their stride yet. They met their initial defeat, at the hands of the Greene outfit. Handicapped by an unfamiliar gymnasium, the Bainbridge squad put up a hard struggle, but lost by the narrow margin of 21 to 19.

January 15. *South New Berlin*. This was revenge enough for a previous defeat. Good passing work and keen basket shooting, on the part of our squad, kept the score board turning constantly. Bainbridge won, with a score of 47 to 10 for the losers.

January 22. *Greene*. The Blue and White remained in the winning column to take one of the roughest and hardest played contests of the year. Though in tight spots throughout the evening, they won, by a score of 19-18.

January 26. *South New Berlin*. Bainbridge decided that the opponents' gymnasium suited them, and won another victory.

January 29. *Franklin*. The Blue and White didn't fare well against the lads from the neighboring county. The height of the opposing team was superior to ours, but the boys kept plugging at the score, and it became a tie, 21 to 21.

February 5. *Deposit*. This was the first League game. Unable to find the basket in the small Deposit gymnasium, the local squad dragged throughout the first half, then played an excellent second half, but lost by a score of 33 to 22.

February 12. *Afton*. Our boys retained a good deal of fight for this game. They hit the hoop for 41 points, while holding the opponents to 24.

February 19. *Sidney*. The Blue and White team seemed to realize the importance of winning games for a League victory. They won this contest, 27 to 19.

February 26. *Afton*. With the use of some accurate foul shooting, Bainbridge scored 21 points to Afton's 17. This was one step nearer the League goal.

March 4. *Deposit*. "Revenge is sweet." And it was so for Bainbridge. The squad defeated Deposit in a good game. The final score was, Bainbridge 33, Deposit 15.

March 11. *Sidney*. For some of our cagers, this was the last game for the Alma Mater. Perhaps this thought inspired them to victory. The final score stood, Bainbridge 31, Sidney 21.

All Star Game. Llewellyn Hubbard and Bastine Caracciolo represented Bainbridge in the All Star game at Oxford. The team from our valley captured this year's contest.

Another year of basketball has passed by. Every member of the squad has a real appreciation for Mr. Jensen's coaching and companionship.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

1st Row—Donald Peckham, Lloyd Tuckey.

2nd Row—Russell Stead, Paul Sherman, Winsor Casey, Llewellyn Hubbard, Bastine Caracciolo, Donald Sweet.

3rd Row—Mr. Jensen, Richard Parsons, Victor Foster, Frank Lewis, Howard Foster, Richard Lewis, George James, Allan Harman.

FOOTBALL

The football season started with a boom! On September 26th the Bainbridge team motored to Afton, accompanied by a large group of students. They returned home with a 31 to 0 victory over Afton. With more practice, the score might have been even larger.

October 3rd. The Blue and White squad made League history! For ten long years Bainbridge had waited for a victory over Sidney on the 'gridiron'. This day witnessed such an event with a score of 36 to 0, at the local field.

October 17. Oxford came to Bainbridge—and bad weather came with them. A hard fought and clean game took place, but Bainbridge met its initial defeat. The final score was, Oxford 13—Bainbridge 0.

All teams have their unlucky days. October 24th was such a one for the Blue and White, when Hancock, on their home field, made a last minute touchdown, which tied the score at 6 to 6.

Being anxious to return home for Halloween celebrations, the Bainbridge team built up a score of 24 points to Sherburne's none, on October 30th, and hurried away.

November 7. The home town sod inspired the boys! They defeated Greene by a score of 14 to 7 in one of the most exciting games of the year. Trick plays and thrills, by both sides, held the largest crowd of the season in suspense.

The noisy ride to Franklin on the 14th of November must have upset the Blue and White squad a little. In a game that became the turning point of the season, Franklin won by a score of 14 to 13. The victorious squad became, thus, champions of the League.

November 21. The annual All-Star game was held at Greene. Afton defeated Sidney by a score of 7 to 6. Deposit came out ahead of Sherburne, 6-0. Bainbridge did its part by winning from Greene, by a score of 6 to 0. Franklin and Oxford played a scoreless period. Susquehanna Valley members came home with an 18 to 7 victory.

Now, as the school year closes, another page of football history will fade away. But we will not forget that every player did his part to make the season of 1936 a successful one for Bainbridge. May we offer to Coach Jensen and to his entire squad, the credit due them for their real achievements during the 1936 football season. "For it's not whether you win or lose but how you play the game."



FOOTBALL

1st Row—Henry Supplee, Llewellyn Hubbard, Ralph Hager, Robert Dowd, Mr. Jensen, Samuel Taylor, Edward Peckham, Bastine Caracciolo, Donald Sweet.

2nd Row—Homer Houghtaling, Earl Neidlinger, Stanley Smith, Wendell Simonson, Kenneth Craver, Stewart Friedel, Everette Herrick, Paul Sherman, Robert Craver, Bruce Holman.

3rd Row—Robert Parsons, Ernest Meade, Russell Stead, Sterling Hodge, Howard Foster, Victor Foster, Richard Parsons, Allen Harman.

BASEBALL, 1936-37

The results of the 1936 baseball season were as follows:

April 28.	Bainbridge 1.	Greene 0.
May 1.	Bainbridge 7.	Franklin 6.
May 5.	Franklin 8.	Bainbridge 5.
May 8.	Afton 6.	Bainbridge 4.
May 12.	Bainbridge 8.	Deposit 5.
May 15.	Sidney 8.	Bainbridge 2.
May 19.	Bainbridge 10.	Deposit 8.
May 22.	Afton 2.	Bainbridge 1.
May 26.	Bainbridge 8.	Sidney 3.
May 29.	Oxford 5.	Bainbridge 3.
June 6.	All Star Game—won by Chenango Valley.	

The 1937 season has been, to date, a successful one for Bainbridge. Starting with a sizable squad, Coach Jensen has produced some first rate material. We regret that we can only give you an account of the first seven games of the season.

Greene. Handicapped by a short season of practice, the Blue and White squad dropped a good game to the Chenango Valley boys, by a score of 6 to 3.

Harpursville. The home ground seemed to invite a good game of ball playing. Bainbridge came out on the long end of a 14 to 11 score.

Deposit. In this, the first League game, our local outfit came home with a coasting victory, 10 to 5. The game was played at Deposit.

Afton. Bainbridge played hosts to Afton—and trimmed them, 7 runs to 5. The local batsmen collected 10 hits. Houghtaling registered 16 strike outs.

Sidney. A bad afternoon. Sidney almost dazed our team, and went home with a 10 to 4 victory. Loose fielding marked Bainbridge playing.

Afton. In spite of a tight ball game, Bainbridge lost out by one point. Two hits were collected by each team. The final score stood, Afton 1—Bainbridge 0.

Deposit. Hubbard pitched a no hit game to give the Blue and White a 4 to 0 victory over the visitors.



BASEBALL

1st Row—Henry Supplee, Richard Parsons.

2nd Row—Ralph Hager, Kenneth Craver, Samuel Taylor, Paul Sherman, Bastine Caracciolo, Donald Sweet, Llewellyn Hubbard, Victor Holbert.

3rd Row—Russell Stead, Victor Foster, Homer Houghtaling, Winsor Casey, James Ryan, Sterling Hodge, Bruce Holman, Frank Delello, Howard Foster, Harold Thornton, Mr. Jensen.

ARCHERY

The annual League Archery tournament was held at Oxford. Contestants from B. C. H. S. were Frank DeLello and George James, for the boys, and Emilou Howland and Jessamine Davis, for the girls.

The boys shot from distances of 30, 40 and 50 yards; the girls from 20, 30, and 40 yards. Emilou Howland came in fifth in the individual scores and Jessamine Davis sixth. In the final results, Sherburne School won first place, Earlville second, Oxford third, Deposit fourth, and Bainbridge fifth. Other schools competing in the tournament were Unadilla, South New Berlin, and Greene.

Dick: "I'll bet there's one dance you won't sit out."

Pearl: "Which is that?"

Dick: "The St. Vitus Dance."

Gene: "Let's turn out the lights and pretend we're in heaven."

Marion: "But, honey; I'm no angel."

Gene: "I know dear, that's why I turned out the lights!"

Ralph: "I would like to dance like this forever."

Lorene: "Don't you ever want to improve?"

TRAILER REUNION

Class of 1937:

Time marches on! Because of limited seating facilities at Bainbridge High School, the exercises of June, 1889, were held in Prince Hall. The class consisted of five women, three of whom are still living.

With the stage bordered by ferns and daisies, with their hair 'done up' and their dresses 'let down', these young ladies discussed and settled the problems of the day.

But the interest in romance, the forming of lasting friendships, the loyalty to ideals, the desire to be of service to others, and the determination to constantly add to their education—realizing that the latter is a continuous life process;—these unchanging values are always the same, whether it be 1889 or 1937. Gangway for the young men and women of 1937!

EDITH WEST BENNETT, 1889

Dear Students and Graduates of Bainbridge High School:

Let me first of all voice an affectionate salutation to my classmates of the Class of 1898, who chose for our motto the adventurous words, "Ex portu in mare." I hope that none of the 'old grads' have lost the enthusiasm and spirit of high adventure with which we fared forth from the portals of our beloved school.

A glance in retrospect over the thirty-nine years since our class graduation brings the rather humbling realization that most of us knew more 'book larnin' than now. As an illustration, most practicing lawyers would have considerable difficulty in passing the Bar Examinations which law students now must wrestle with; and yet the students succeed in passing without more apparent difficulty than in former days.

But if we forget some of the things we learned from books, there is a compensation of experience which comes with the passing years, though it is surprising how the lessons of a lifetime of experience can be summed up in a few words.

Someone has said that happiness must be earned. What a brief sentence! Yet, for most of us, the realization of this truth comes, if at all, only with the accumulated experiences of years. No one can confer abiding happiness upon us. We must achieve and earn it. Never yet has anyone acquired something for nothing; for everything we receive, something, in some way, must be given or yielded, or sacrificed.

But, if happiness must be earned, it is an inspiring thought that it can be earned through faithful effort and accomplishment. Joy is in the doing and satisfaction in the achievement.

"So near is grandeur to our dust;
So near is God to man;
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The Youth replies, "I can."

LEON C. RHODES, 1898

1937—ECHO—1937

Dear Echo:

If friends are one of the most comforting factors of our lives, as we are told, then surely our schools have done well in supplying them.

What memories and what friendships crowded into my mind, when the Echo editors asked for a word from the Class of 1929. I am very sure that my classmates will join me in hoping that the Echo will be as much fun for you as it was for us. And may you have as many memories of your high school days!

Most sincerely,

CAROL NICHOLS, 1929

Greetings To You, Senior Class:

These are things I wish you;
Loves and friendships you'll not rue;
Happiness from all you do;
Good luck in all things you try;
Money, plentiful as stars in sky;
And last of all, the joy to know
That this *budding genius* will never grow
To be a full fledged poet.

Laughingly,

RUTH LE CARO, 1929

1937 ECHO 1937

THE TRAILER LIBRARY

THE STORM

by DICK BOWERMAN

The heat of day had come again
To press down and down, until the rain
Would come again to cool the face
Of the earth, and human race.

The clouds are black, way over there,
And full of rain to cool the air
Of all the dirt and dust,
And sink deep down in the earth's hard crust.

Then from far, far off, the thunder
Rolls and grumbles, as if in wonder
At the heat and stillness of the day,
Then crashes forth as if to say;

"I am king, I hate such heat.
I'll take the rain, and beat, and beat
It back. I'll have my say."
Then slowly grumbles and dies away.

The first little, pattering drops of rain
Are small and light, they seem in vain,
But soon the larger rain drops fall,
In heavy sheets they cover all.

Once again the world is bright,
But not for long, as shades of night
Are drifting, drifting, drifting down
To cover all in a quiet dark gown.

But ere the king of night doth reign,
A host of birds is heard again,
Twittering, chirping, until the notes
Are changed to sleepy chortles in their throats.

And now the day, once more at rest,
Is cool and sweet, and has been blest
With rain, to turn the night scenes back
From dusty brown to shiny black.

FOOTBALL

by RUSSELL COLLINS

Football comes but once a year,
It is the finest sport of all,
So give three lusty cheers
Until another fall.

PETERSBURG

by MURRAY WILCOX

For weeks the rank and file in both armies had sympathized with the impatience of their great leaders.

Grant was hungry to open the spring campaign, when, he believed Petersburg must fall—and hasten the end of the war. Lee had agreed with Mr. Davis that the city was no longer tenable and that, once spring offered dry roads, the army must make its escape. Thus March brought a tang of expectancy even to the humblest.

Filmore, second lieutenant in McKenzie's cavalry, seemed oblivious of the presence of his two companions, as he leaned against his horse and stared at the grim, defiant redoubts, now hardly discernible in the thickening night. The nine months' siege was responsible for much of the character and age in his boyish face, as well as for the intensity of his mental preoccupation. His friends addressed him, but he paid no heed. His frowning gaze was turned toward the leaden horizon, as if through the gathering gloom he could perceive Richmond a score of miles away, crouching in fear of capture and prepared to capitulate once Petersburg had fallen.

Then with softer yearning eyes he followed the skyline farther north where he knew his noble wife was waiting, hoping and praying for his return.

It was a year and three months ago that he had been called. How well he could remember that day he had left; the tearful eyes of his wife following him until he turned and waved a last farewell. Then he had gone to Camp Perine, at Trenton, to train and learn the ways of the soldier; that he might kill and be killed with a stately art. Ah yes, it was cruel; this civil war that seemed to know no end. Already one of his brothers had crossed the Border; had given up his young life that the negroes might be freed. It was wrong to think of it in that way he knew; but it seemed to him that the death that rode so rampant had made it not worth while.

Several times Filmore had come close to death, but each time he had been saved. It was at Cold Harbor, nearly a year ago that he had won his stripes. It was there that the bullets had neatly plucked his hat from his head; and it was there that his horse had been shot from under him as they charged the enemy for the fourth time.

Then as they had approached Petersburg, fighting as they went; tearing up railroads and leaving untold numbers behind, he had begun to hate war. His hate had grown day by day ever since. All through that hot summer campaign of 1864 as they strove to overthrow Petersburg, the soldiers had suffered unjustly. They had been driven, day after day, night after night, with parched throats and burning tongues until they could fight like men no longer. They had been used as though they were machines until their energy was gone. They were merely skeletons of men; morbid sufferers of a terrible war.

As the drive had waned, faltered and failed, the generals were moved to passion as they saw the poor men lie upon their bellies and lap up the muddy water from the ditches. They saw the wounded writhe and heard them groan and they had felt guilty. Guilty for something they could not help. Guilty for the most wicked practice the world has ever followed. Guilty for a practice that the world will continue to follow.

The cold damp wind blowing in from the Appomattox stirred him from his reveries. Tomorrow they were to move upon Petersburg. Tomorrow there would be death to remind him of the past; the past which even the roar of the guns could not obliterate.

He hoped that he would get by; that his friends would get by. That they would live to return home. That was all the recompense they could ask for.

They returned to camp in a slow drizzle of rain. Nothing was said for each was plunged deep into his own thoughts.

They tried to get a little sleep; for tomorrow they would be tried to their utmost and they would need all the strength they had. They were restless on this eve of desperate endeavor; but they were not alone. The whole army was tense; the men could be heard moving about, talking in an undertone; silently gazing into the night. Many of them for the last time.

At four o'clock in the morning, Wright and Park assaulted the outer works of Petersburg and were successful. Lieutenant Filmore waited as thousands of others were waiting for the news that the rebels had evacuated the city. His men were like tigers at the leash, eager to throw their sabers between Appomattox and Richmond.

Then the word came! The charge was made. The rebels once overtaken turned like wolves at bay and fought like madmen. They took cover behind trees, stone-walls, and anything that offered; there seemed to be more of them than ever before. Men and horses dropped, like leaves before a strong wind. Chaos reigned as the men went crazy in their efforts to kill.

Filmore led the men into the heart of the fight; but the cavalry was useless. No sooner were the rebels dislodged than they took up another position. Their aim was deadly; they were driven back only by superior numbers. But their repeated fusilades wrought terrible destruction in the Union lines.

His horse, being killed, Filmore was left on foot. He turned to see if he could find another horse which was riderless. Something struck him that sent a million stars whirling through his head. Then he dropped into oblivion.

The battle continued to rage over him. As he lay supine in the morning sun, he was dreaming. Dreaming that he was alone. Then his dreams became delirious; he was no longer alone; he was surrounded by a thousand devils all trying to drink his blood.

When he came to he was in his tent. A man was bandaging his head. A question arose to his lips. Then he heard the far off sound of the guns. It sounded funny intermixed with his throbbing brain.

His next thought was for his two friends. He was about to ask for them when it occurred to him that the man would not know. Instead he asked for a glass of water.

The man left the tent and Filmore attempted to sit up. His head ached fiercely and he was dizzy. He felt the need of fresh air, so he groped his way out of the tent.

A hot midday sun was beating down from a cloudless sky. All about him the wounded were being attended by physicians. He wondered why he had been carried to his tent while the others lay in the sun.

He asked an orderly, whom he knew, about his friends. But the orderly shook his head. Either they were dead or they were still fighting.

He longed for someone to talk to; someone to quiet his nerves and take his mind off his aching heart. But everyone was busy.

Back of the camp was a hill and the trees looked very inviting. He slowly started to climb it. Half way up he stopped to catch his breath. He must have lost a lot of blood.

Looking out across the river he could see the battle. That is he could see a maze of smoke that told him where it was raging the fiercest. Very little could be seen of the men however. Perhaps he was not up far enough. He continued on up the hill until he reached the top.

Ah yes, he could see better now. Far off they were; perhaps four miles. There were Butler's men way off to the right. But where was the cavalry? Nothing could be seen of it. Perhaps it had been wiped out. Then he saw something move deep in the center. There it was. He fancied he could see the mighty Sheridan at the head of it. He couldn't be sure. If only he had a pair of field glasses he might tell.

Something stirred behind him and he turned around. His eyes dilated with terror at what he saw.

A grim, bearded giant stood before him with a rifle trained at his breast. Behind him stood several others. Filmore did not have to look twice to realize that he was in the hands of those skulking vultures of the South; those maniacs who killed for the pleasure of it—the guerillas. . . .

Slowly the lengthening spring day drew to a close. The sun setting on the horizon, drew long patterns with the shadows cast by the trees. Their gnarled limbs reached out graspingly as though in derisive warning of some impending disaster.

Upon a deserted road, a group of men were riding. In their midst, a man with a bandaged and drooping head rode; wrapped in a gloom that was noticeably not appreciated by his fellow horsemen. They were not sad; perhaps ugly, but not sad. For what had they to be sad about? Truly the South would lose the war; but what cared they? They had a prisoner to vent their bitterness upon.

Already a flask had been circulated among them; and as it passed from hand to hand they grew more hilarious. They took more notice of their prisoner. They began to ply him with questions; and as his silence continued their resentment toward him rose.

Suddenly the burly leader drew to a halt; the rest of them followed suit. Shoving his leering face into that of the prisoner, he exclaimed:

"So you won't talk, eh? You think you're too good to talk to a rebel, eh? Well, we'll see about that."

Turning about, he cried: "Has any of you men got a rope?"

"Sure," came the drunken reply.

After they had crudely fastened the rope about his neck, and drew it tight over a limb above, the leader again shoved his cruel face into that of the pale prisoner.

"Now are you going to talk?" he drawled.

Slowly a look of dread appeared on the face of the wounded man. "You men can't do this; do you realize what you're doing? I'm no spy; you can't hang me."

"Can't we?" said the leader.

Slowly and with a hollow laugh, his hand rose and fell upon the hip of the prisoner's horse. The horse gave a start and trotted out from under his rider. The deed was done; and the men watched as the figure struggled and writhed grotesquely until the breath ceased to come to his tortured lungs. As if he were not yet dead, they discharged their muskets at his slowly swinging body. Then they rode away, leaving his body to drift back and forth before the wind; a grim monument of their terrible deed.

WOODS

RALPH RILEY

How I love to roam the wood
 When Summer's drawing nigh,
 No other days are half as good
 As those of clear, blue sky.

Chipmunk, tipping on his toe,
 Seems to see clear through you,
 Woodchuck, poking up his nose,
 Like an old friend, knew you.

Jays a-screaming in the trees,
 Red squirrels pert as ever,
 Do you think I'd hurt these friends
 If I could help it? Never.

When I've become a gray, old man
 Of four score years and more,
 I'll think of rambling in the woods
 When I was half a score.

AUTUMN LEAVES

by DAISY SITES

The leaves are falling swiftly down,
 Slowly, softly to the ground,
 Some go fast, some go slow,
 Depending how the wind doth blow,
 All of them leaving the mother tree,
 Never again green leaves to be.

SHIPS

DOROTHY TEACHOUT

The ships sail out of the bay below,
 Sail out to a land, far away,
 And I sit, and watch, and wait to see
 If they'll ever bring him back to me.

But years have passed since he went away,
 Sailing out of that same, still bay,
 And he is gone—gone far away
 With a ship, all white and gray.

But some day soon, I too, shall go
 Out to meet him, far away,
 On another ship that will
 Sail out of that same bay.

And when I meet him on that fine day,
 In a land of beauty and peace,
 All the years that have passed since he left,
 Will softly, slowly fade away.

SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU SHIVER

MARY L. BRANHAM

It was a lovely summer day. My sister, my brother, and I were having a picnic in the woods. We were just wondering what we would do if it rained, when down fell a drop on my nose. We gathered up our things and ran for home, for we could see that it would be a bad storm.

"Say," cried my brother, "where is the path?"

"Oh my goodness! We have lost it," I cried.

Well now, you can just imagine what a mixup we were in! We just kept on walking, and finally came to an old hut. We entered. It smelled very damp and dirty in there. We could see nothing because of the darkness outside. My brother made out a crude chair, a table, a cabinet, and a cot.

"Well ladies," said my brother, "just take off your wraps and make yourselves at home."

We hadn't been there long when we heard a loud noise, like a heavy foot being placed on the floor. This sound came from the other side of that door which we thought we had come in. Now we noticed two doors, though only one could be seen from the outside. We found no hiding places, so we had to wait and see what happened. We didn't wait long! Soon the door opened, and in came a man who must have been seven feet tall. He was *tall*, I am telling you!

"Pray tell, what are you doing in my house? Get out before I break your necks," boomed the giant.

We were frightened! The tall stranger picked each of us up and threw us out of the hut. Soon we found the path and headed for home. That is the last time we will ever enter a strange hut in the woods. And I hope it is the last time we ever get thrown around by a seven foot giant!

DANIEL BOONE

JEAN BENNETT

Daniel Boone loved the forest, so he lived in it nearly all of his life. When he was fourteen, he and his mother and father moved to the mountains. Later he married and built a very crude house, away from everyone. Soon, game began to get scarce. A hunter told Boone of the great lands west of the mountains. He and some of his friends built a cabin on the other side. Later, Boone and one of his friends went hunting. They were captured by the Indians, and kept prisoners, but finally escaped. When they returned to the cabin, they could not find their friends. These friends never again appeared. At a later time, Boone and some other people made a settlement in this place. These things are what we know of Daniel Boone's first exploring trip.

AT A GAME

DOROTHY TEACHOUT

An Editorial

The game was going badly for the school that this boy was attending. The contest was now nearly over, and the opponents were hopelessly outdistancing the home team. But this boy kept cheering as lustily as though his school was far in front. As I watched him, I couldn't help but admire his spirit. How many people would continue to encourage a losing side?

The boy may have been an incurable optimist. He may have wanted to call attention to himself. Whatever the motive, the action was laudable. Such action might well be copied by the people who cheer wildly when their team is winning but sit glumly when the tide turns. They never consider that a losing group is the one which needs backing—that this is the place to show their loyalty. They even refuse to applaud for a good play, but must have a touchdown—a home run—a basket—before they will break the stillness.

To want a winning team is perfectly natural. But, when next you attend a game, try to remember that each player is doing his or her best. "If that best is even good—cheer it!"

MICROBE HUNTERS

by PAUL DE KRUIF

A Book Review

by GRAYDON CASS

In *Microbe Hunters*, the layman in the field of science finds a valuable book. The reader watches the panorama of microbe detection as it unfolds, bringing new life and happiness to humanity. In this book Mr. de Kruif gives us a vivid insight into the lives and characters of these first men of science. They appear as human, rather than as a sect which commands awe from a distance.

In conversational English, and with clever direct quotations, the author places before the reader the figures of Pasteur, Koch, and the others. How could Ehrlich make such discoveries by just dabbling? Why did Pasteur let his success go to his head? Why are there not more men as thorough as was Koch?

There are, among the exploits of the microbe hunters, many unscientific methods. The reader wonders how the amazing discoveries were made, but the question is answered when it is discovered that bits of luck overtook the greater number of these searchers.

Microbe Hunters is easy reading for anyone interested in the human background of the great achievements in this field of science. It is written with a pleasing style, and makes the usually "cut and dried" science so exciting that the reader feels almost inspired to try his hand at this game of detecting microbes.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

JIM NOYES

The Statue of Liberty is fifty years old, today. There was a celebration at Bedloe's Island, when the Statue was put up, and the President of the United States was there. The funds to build the Statue were given by France and by the United States. France needed four years to raise her share of the money. The Statue was built in 1896 by a sculptor, named Bartholdi. It has a torch in one hand and the Declaration of Independence in the other.

THE WATCHMAN'S TASK

by JEANNE LEWIS

A mist hung low and heavy upon the sleeping town,
The hour was well past midnight, and no one was around
Except for the village watchman, who tramps the streets at night.

His cloak hung loose about him, and swinging with his stride
Was a black stick, to challenge those who rob, or steal, or prowl
The wicked London streets at night.

The lamp posts, dimly lighted, gave out a ghostly ray
Under the sweeping maples, to light the watchman's way.
The crunching of his leather boots sounded his approach.

"One o'clock and all's well."

His great, clear voice broke the silence, a dismal silence of the night.
At two and three, he called again, his mind alert, for dawn was near.
At five o'clock a wind came up, a lonely wind from beyond the pier.
It moaned, and raged, and rose with the sun.

But the watchman had gone,
For his task was done.

CRIPPLED

ERNEST COBB

I used to run, and jump, and play,
Just as you boys do.
But now that my leg has been taken away,
There's hardly a thing to do.

My father and mother have gone up above
And left little me behind.
The war has destroyed the two I loved,
And left me, one eye nearly blind.

If everyone thought as I do now
Of war and its terrible end,
We'd live in peace, not in strife,
And no friendship would we have to mend.

A SNOWY DAY AT HOME

by GERTRUDE MERTZ

The snow was falling fast out of the deep gray sky,
And the hours seemed to pass as the snowflakes piled up high.
It was late in the afternoon when we could go out to play,
And there, upon a large snowdrift, a little chipmunk lay.
We picked him up and brought him in, and found him frozen stiff,
We placed him in a little box, and called him 'snowflakes' gift.'

«THE LUCK OF THE IRISH»

by JANET DELELLO

"Here! Here! hustle along now. Do ya think I've got all day. Next! Next!" These were the words bawled out by the brawny police inspector of the Brumpton East Side Force. "Next! Next!"

"Yes sirrrr! Yes sirrrr! cried the next man in line, a young Irishman, just out of his teens.

"Stand up! Do you think you're a circus acrobat with those bent knees? I don't see why they let infants on the force anyhow," grumbled the man confronting his men. "All right!"

"May I go now?" asked the newcomer, whose name was Patrick Ryan, commonly called Pat. He was only twenty-one and this was his first day on a real police force. "May I go now?" he repeated. The surprised inspector forgot to be rough in his speech this time.

"Waal I'll be jiggered," he drawled, "Waal I'll be jiggered!" Dismissing Ryan with a word, he returned to his task. Uncertain as to what to do, Pat followed the form of a man in front of him, to the sergeant's desk, where he obtained his badge and the number of the street he was to patrol. Pat also learned that work didn't start until next day, for him.

As he walked out of the station, he met a group of policemen who greeted him with shouts.

"Well! Well! here's an Irishman all decked out in his first long pants!" shouted one man.

"A mere baby—and on the force!" yelled another.

"If his hair was any redder, he'd burn up!" cried a third.

Poor, embarrassed Pat blushed crimson clear up to his hair, but he managed to retort somewhat saucily, "Surrre an' you'll see what I can do if the Luck O' The Irish still holds!" (Long ago when Pat was just a little boy, his father had told him, that, no matter what happened, the Irish luck would make everything all right. He believed in this saying and that was what prompted him to say what he did to his tormentors.) But this was his undoing, for the men started to guffaw and, whenever they saw him again, would ask if his luck was still holding, with much rolling of r's and laughing. Pat had still to show them what he could do.—

Of all the men in the station, Pat had one true friend. Old Mike Murphy was Irish like himself. Mike was a retired policeman, too old for patrol service. He now hobbled about every morning, building fires. He wasn't forced to work, but nothing could keep him away from the police station where he had served for over forty years. Mike suffered with rheumatism, but bravely kept on. He spoke the first kind words to Pat, that the latter had heard in the police station. Others had been courteous but none had been as kind as Mike. After the first day, Mike was devoted to Pat, and Pat was devoted to Mike.

"Keep yorrre chin up lad, you'll show 'em," (meaning Pat's tormentors) Mike would say. Pat vowed that he would not only keep his chin up but he would also "show 'em," if only for the sake of Mike!

It was the Saturday of Pat's third week on the force. He gloomily reviewed the past three weeks, as he was eating breakfast. They were uneventful weeks except for the taunts of the men. However, that morning, Pat had a feeling that something would happen that day.

"Ma," he said, addressing his mother, "I've a feelin' somethin' big will happen today!"

"Surrre an' I hope you're right by brrrave son. Hivin knows what will become of ye, if those police apes pester ye much longer. The nixt toime it happens I'll go to the sarrrgint meself!" Ma bristled indignantly.

"Therrre, therrre, Ma, calm yourself, it won't be long before these men will be bowin' down to me, you'll see," consoled Pat.

This somewhat subdued his ruffled mother, who started working with great gusto, for Mrs. Ryan was known for the spic and span condition of her house. She took great pride in her son, for he was all she had left in the world. Her husband had died in Ireland, so she had spent her savings to come to America. Pat was a great help to her, and, as he had already started training as a policeman, he found a position with the afore mentioned police force.

He kept his mother comfortable in a little house in the quieter part of the city. Here Mrs. Ryan lived happily, worried only when her adored son was bothered. She, too, was a great admirer of Mike Murphy and often had him over for supper.

As Pat started to don his coat, his mother handed him a covered dish saying, "When you get to the station give this puddin' to Mike Murphy." (Poor Mike was flat in bed with his rheumatism and unable to move.)

"The pore creature," sighed Mrs. Ryan, "surrre an' he'll be gone soon."

"Not Mike," replied her son, "why he'll be up in no time. When he hears the boys downstairs, (Mike slept on the top floor of the four-story police station), nothing can keep him in bed. Well, good-bye Ma. I'll be seein' you."

On his way to work, Pat, hearing a shout behind him, turned and saw Brad Reynolds, the inspector, running after him. Reluctantly the younger man swung into step with his tormentor. Breaking the silence, Reynolds burst out with, "Well young 'un how's tricks?" (He always called him "young 'un" and Pat resented it.) Seeing that his prey did not answer, Brad remarked craftily, "Well, I've always heard these Irishmen's bark is worse than their bite. When are ya goin' to show us what ya can do?"

"Well I haven't noticed you doin' anything so wonderful!" retorted Pat, quickly, and walked on for the rest of the way in silence.

Arriving at the station, Pat dashed up the stairs to his friend's room. Mike's pale face lighted up when he saw the young man.

"Hello son," he whispered, "I've been waiting for you. I knew you wouldn't forget old Mike Murphy."

"Of course not," replied Pat, "and neither did Ma! Look what she sent for your dinner! Chocolate puddin', with cream!" He displayed his gift much like a small boy with a new toy. Pat then launched into a tale of what the boys were doing and of the happenings down town. Finally, he looked at his watch, and jumped up. He whistled, "Whew! I'll be late! See you to-night Mike!" and thus speaking disappeared down the stairs.

That day passed as uneventfully as all days had. Pat stood watching the little children playing across the street. He began to wonder if something exciting was going to happen after all. Already the little folks in the playground were going home to supper. He too, would be going home shortly.

Then all at once it happened. The clang of the fire bell rent the air! A fire engine tore into sight around the corner! Cars screeched to a halt to let the machine by. Crowds poured into the streets. As one man dashed by, he yelled, "The East Police Station is on fire! Pretty bad too!"

For a split second Pat stood stupified, then, as the horrible realization swept over him, he started on a run up the street. He neared his destination and the smell of smoke seared his nostrils, serving to increase his speed. As he came within sight of the building, his worst fears were realized. It was hopeless. Smoke was billowing out of the windows. The odor of burning wood could be smelled for blocks. Above the clang of bells, the noises of water, and the cries of terror, could be heard the sound of the flames, as if they were telling the world that the building was doomed. A small group of firemen, huddled together, played a stream of water on the raging inferno.

"Mike! Is Mike Murphy out here?" These words burst from the lips of Pat Ryan as he dashed up. The crowd gasped.

"Mike. Why—why we forgot all about him," stammered the officer.

"Forgot him!" shouted Pat. "After he served you for over forty years, you forgot him? If he dies, you will have killed him."

These words were spoken with a sob, as Pat thought of Mike, helpless in the burning building. Pat turned, and dashed toward the station. Tearing himself from restraining hands, he entered the inferno. Fighting his way up the stairs, with his head wrapped in his handkerchief, he entered Mike's room.

Murphy lay on the floor, unconscious. Picking up the old man, Pat carried him to the window. Below, a life net was spread. With a prayer of thankfulness, Pat heaved the still form down to the net. Wasting precious minutes, he watched the old man fall to safety. Then he prepared to jump himself. Suddenly the roof crashed in. Pat was trapped in a shower of embers.

The policeman fought his way up through dark oblivion. His head whirled. He couldn't think. But he managed to observe that he was covered with bandages.

"Well son," a voice spoke, "how are you feeling?" It was Doctor Watson.

"Hello Doc." Pat smiled weakly. "What happened? I think there was a fire—and Mike. Is he—is he—alive?"

"Take it easy." Doc smiled. "You are very ill. Mike's as alive as ever. That rescue you made, Pat, was the finest act of bravery this city has ever seen. Congratulations!"

"Thanks Doc. Only I'm more pleased to hear of Mike's safety."

"Rest easy now. If you want anything, ring this bell." Doctor Watson left the room. Pat was left alone with his thoughts.

Two months elapsed. In the town hall, a happy gathering promised an important evening.

"Patrick Ryan, I bestow upon you the Rooseveltian Medal of Bravery," announced the Mayor of Brumpton.

Amidst the cheers of the crowd, Pat stood happily. His mother was at one side. Mike Murphy was at the other.

"Hurrah for Pat Ryan," shouted Mike, "THE LUCK OF THE IRISH STILL HOLDS."

THE AROUSING CUSTOMER

by BRYCE WILCOX

One day I was compelled to remain and tend my father's store during his absence. I was sitting in the back room thinking of all the interesting things I could have been doing.

The day was a hot one. The sun was beating down from a cloudless sky. Within the store it was cool and comfortable. I should have been satisfied and glad to be inside. I would have, I guess, if I hadn't been a boy and anxious to be with my companions. As it was, I was not content. I was thinking of the rest of the fellows who were, no doubt, having a good time down at the swimming hole. I thought that it was just my luck to have to stay inside on a day when all the other boys were having fun. I swung angrily at a fly with the newspaper I'd been reading. There had been so few customers that morning, I didn't see any use in bothering with the old store. I would have been willing to stay and tend the store if it had been raining. There was nothing I could do about it; thus I picked up the newspaper and started to read it again.

Just then I heard the door slam; therefore I got to my feet and lazily went out to wait on the customer.

The person who stood before the counter was a stranger to me. There was something about him that aroused me immediately. It seemed to me that I had seen him somewhere before, but I couldn't imagine where. He was a stranger, I knew, for if he had lived anywhere within the county, I would have recognized him.

He was a nondescript looking fellow. There was about a two weeks growth of whiskers on his face. His clothes were hardly presentable in the best of society.

There was something about him, however, that made me feel that I should not class him among those whom his ragged appearance designated him to be one of. Perhaps, it was the cheerful look with which he greeted me or maybe it was some indescribable characteristic which made him stand out. At last, I smiled and asked him what he wanted.

"Is your father in?" he inquired.

"No," I told him.

It seemed to me that he heaved a sigh that might have been one of relief. He smiled at me again. I could see that although his whiskers made him look old, he was quite young. There was a devil-may-care look in his eyes that pleased me. I felt that I would like to know him. I thought, as I went around filling out his order, that I would like to know more about him.

"Pretty hot out, isn't it?" I asked.

He seemed not to hear this. I went on, "You look as though you've traveled quite a distance."

His face was hard and expressionless. I thought he wasn't going to answer me. My hands fumbled with the package I was tying.

"Son, I haven't got much time." He snapped, shortly.

I looked up at him and, seeing a twinkle in his eyes, I blurted out, "Mister, are you a tramp?"

The twinkle died out of his eyes and something which reminded me of a piece of steel replaced it. I wished for all the world that I hadn't said what I did.

"Yes, son, I reckon I am." His voice was tight.

I felt like a fool! I had always been like that, saying the wrong thing at the wrong time.

I finished figuring out the bill.

"How much, son?" He asked.

"Two-fifty," I answered without looking up.

A twenty dollar bill struck the counter in front of my eyes.

"Keep the change for yourself," he said.

I raised my head with a jerk! I was too surprised to speak. The hard look had vanished from his eyes.

He gathered up his packages slowly and walked out. I blustered my thanks at him. He turned, at the door, and smiled to me again. I smiled back weakly.

He was gone then and I stumbled back to the rear of the store. I held the twenty dollar bill in my hand and looked at it. He had said, "Keep the change for yourself." I ran out to the cash register and changed it. In the back room again, I stuffed the money in my pocket and tried to read the paper. Slowly my eyes focused themselves and I found that I was staring at a picture on the front page. It was he! Under it were the words, "Wanted For Burglary."

BEES

by MARION DAVIS

I think that we shall never see
A creature lovely as a bee.
That is the reason, I love spring,
To hear the busy creatures sing.

The bee will work, and work, and strive
To get the honey in the hive.
Now one should let the poor things live,
For if they do, they're bound to give.

Busy bees, of them, we sing.
But we do not like their sting.
But if we tend to our affairs,
I'm pretty sure they'll tend to their's.

LATIN

by RUSSELL STEAD

Latin can be lots of fun
For those who like it best,
But when you back away and shun,
You cannot pass a test.

Just think of dear old Caesar
Who studied more than you,
And never more thought of leisure,
Because he was so true.

Perhaps you do not realize
What good he is for you,
But when you stop to think of it,
It pays to know him, too.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

By MARIE SHELDON

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was born in Hyde Park, New York. His father, James Roosevelt, was a railroad executive. His mother was a member of a New England ship-owning family.

Franklin is a fifth cousin of Theodore Roosevelt, the twenty-sixth president of the United States. He married Theodore's niece, Eleanor Roosevelt.

Franklin was educated in his early years by tutors from the United States, Germany, and France. He later attended Groton School, Harvard University, and Columbia University Law School. He won no scholastic honors but distinguished himself by his ability to make friends. He was a tall, energetic young man with a pleasing personality.

He was admitted to the bar, in 1907. His law practice started in New York.

Roosevelt was a New York Senator for two years. He served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, under Daniels.

It was in the summer of 1921 that he was stricken with infantile paralysis, which left both of his legs paralyzed. He experienced three years of slow improvement. Then he found that he was helped by exercising in the waters at Warm Springs, Georgia. He later bought the place and developed it as an institute for infantile paralysis.

Roosevelt returned to politics in 1924. He was governor of New York for two terms. In 1932, he was elected President of the United States. He was reelected to that office in 1936.

GRAND CANYON

MARION BEATTY

Here we are at the hotel at Grand Canyon National Park. We will go in and freshen up a bit, and then come out and enjoy the scenery.

We arrive at the top of a huge rock and look down. It is sunset. Our guide points out different things of interest and explains about the size and shape of the canyon. We are surprised to find that the towering peaks, which we believed to be but a mile or so off, are really many miles away. We can see so far, the guide explained, because the air is so clear.

The rocks and boulders below us are brilliantly colored with tints of red, blue, orange, and other shades. Tomorrow, we shall rent some burros and go down Angel Trail to the Colorado River. There we will be at the bottom of the canyon. The path down is beautiful but dangerous. There are other places of interest we shall wish to visit before we return East. These are like Yellowstone Geyser in Wyoming, etc.

BE HAPPY

by MARJORIE PRINDLE

When everything that happens just makes you feel so blue,
 Do you know some good solution that will make you happy, too?
 If you do, I pray you, tell me,
 For I'm blue as I can be,

And there's nothing to be happy for, at least that I can see.
 When my lonesome spell is over, I'll back to normal come,
 I'll be all smiles and laughter,
 And merrily will I hum.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURE

By MARY PUERILE

Two old cronies liked to get together once every week, usually on a Saturday night, and swap stories.

They had both fought together in the World War and there was nothing they liked better than to tell about their adventures. These were very seldom true, or else they were greatly exaggerated. It seemed as if each one tried to tell a bigger lie than the other.

One of these men was named Grant and the other was named Ulysses. This Saturday was to be a special occasion for Grant, as it was his birthday. All the young people in town had decided to have a party for him, and later he could tell one of his "whoppers."

Saturday night finally came around and the two friendly rivals arrived together, arguing as usual over some trivial matter.

When they came to their usual meeting place, they were surprised to see a crowd of people. They ran up demanding to know what the trouble was. When Grant found out it was a party for him, he was so surprised that for once in his life he had nothing to say.

Ulysses poked him in the ribs and said, "Well, you dern fool, say something. The one time in your life when you *should* say something, you keep still. But of course if you're bashful—"

"What! Why you—," burst out Grant. "I swear, if this wasn't my birthday, I'd knock you into the middle of next week."

Then he smiled genially on the crowd of young people.

"I don't know how to thank you folks. Reminds me of the time when—"

"Oh, shut up!" interrupted Ulysses. "Can't you see they're all a waitin' fer you to cut the cake. You remind me of a man I used to know. Why every time—"

"Say, who's party is this? Your's or mine?" asked Grant.

"If you don't know enough to listen to a good story when you hear one—Come on, let's eat."

The party was going on merrily when suddenly a terrible scream was heard. Everyone jumped up and ran to the door. They stood there awhile and, not hearing anything more, were about to go back when they heard another scream, more piercing than before. Grant and Ulysses jumped up. The rest of the party were too surprised to move. The two friends grabbed their coats and ran out, putting their coats on, as it was quite cold.

"It came from over this way," said Grant.

"Why, that's where the haunted house is!" gasped Ulysses. "We hadn't better go, Grant. I don't want to get mixed up in any supernatural things."

"Don't be a fool," replied Grant. "No spook could ever scream like that. Let's go see what it is."

They crept slowly along, Ulysses jumping at every little noise. At last they arrived at the haunted house. Ulysses pushed Grant ahead but Grant had no intention of entering first. While they stood there each waiting for the other to open the door, it opened by itself. Very—slowly—.

The two men looked at each other. "You go first," whispered Grant.

"No, no," hastily answered Ulysses. "You go first."

"Maybe we'd better go in together," said Grant.

"Yea, I think so too."

As they entered, they heard another scream and then a most unearthly laugh. They clung tightly to each other, too frightened to move another step. Their hair was even standing on end.

They finally got up courage enough to walk to the foot of the stairs.

Just then they heard the door slam and what sounded like a key being turned in the lock. Then they felt a cold wind on the back of their necks. Grant gasped and ran up the stairs, three at a time with Ulysses right behind him. They reached the top and found themselves at one end of a long corridor with rooms on both sides.

They saw a light in one room and crept up softly to see what was in it. Just as they reached the door, they heard that same unearthly laugh behind them. They looked around but could see no one. Then they heard footsteps coming.

They pushed open the door when they had seen the light, and ran in, locking it after them. What a shock they got when they turned around!

They saw a big statue in the form of a lion and on the lion's paws, tied and gagged, was a young woman. They ran to her and let her loose. She started to speak but fainted before she had a chance.

Then they heard someone trying to open the door.

"We've got to get out of here," said Grant.

"Yeah, but how?" replied Ulysses. "There's just one door and someone is at that door."

They were interrupted then by a loud pounding on the door. Someone was trying to break it in. By this time, the girl had come to.

"Quick, let's get behind this statue," said Ulysses.

They hid themselves behind the lion and no sooner had they got settled than the door burst open. They could not see anything from where they were but they could hear someone walking around.

Everything was alright until Grant had to sneeze. He twisted his face into all contortions but all to no avail.

"Ker Choo!"

Now they didn't know what to do! They could hear the other person in the room coming towards them.

In his anxiety, Ulysses grasped a piece of iron sticking out of the statue. He pulled it hard and the next thing they knew, they were hurling through space! Luckily, no one was hurt except for a little jarring. It was quite dark so Grant lit a match to see where they were.

They found themselves in what looked like a hall with no end to it.

"However are we going to get out of here?" asked the girl.

"I only wish I knew," sighed Grant.

As they stood there, they were startled by hearing a low moan and again that unearthly laugh.

"Wa—What was that?" whispered Grant.

"It m—must be imagination playing tricks on us," replied the frightened Ulysses.

"It can't be," said the girl. "Not if we all heard the same thing."

"Come on," whispered Grant, "I'm not afraid. Let's go see what it was. You go first, Ule."

"I'm not afraid, either," said Ulysses, "but you are stronger than I am; maybe you'd better go first and I'll stay behind the girl and kinda protect her."

Before either of them had a chance to remonstrate, they heard that laugh again. This time it was much nearer. They turned and ran blindly in the opposite direction as fast as they could.

As they ran, the girl stumbled and fell. As they stopped to pick her up, they heard a noise ahead of them and someone running behind them, getting mightly close, too.

They stood there, too terrified to move. Suddenly they felt their arms grabbed from behind. It was too dark to see what it was or who it was. The next thing they knew, they found themselves in a room, on the floor, bound hand and foot.

Then they heard voices in the next room, and they listened closely to hear what was going on.

"What shall we do with them?" asked one voice.

"Do? Why there's nothing to do but get rid of them the same way we did the others. We can't let them go now. They know too much."

Grant and Ulysses didn't listen to any more. That was enough.

"Grant," whispered Ulysses, "I've got a knife in my pocket. See if you can get it out and maybe we can get loose."

An hour later they were free. The next thing was to get out and hurry home.

"If the door is open, we can go quietly until we are far enough away, where those men, whoever they are, can't hear us and then run like the very devil was after us." This came from Ulysses.

By a lucky chance they found the door unlocked and after a few minutes of creeping, they began running as fast as they could.

After about fifteen minutes of running and walking, they saw a light ahead of them. They made a dash for it and just as they got out they heard again the laugh that they had come to dread so.

They went home as soon as they could, with that laugh still ringing in their ears.

Before a day had gone by, everyone in town knew what had happened.

"Gee, weren't you scared?" asked one little boy.

"Scared! Us? Why my boy, if it hadn't been for that there young woman, we'd have put up a swell fight and been out of there long ago."

How surprised they would have been if they had known that the whole thing was a trick by the boys in town. If they had also known that the girl was only there to make it more real, they would have been more surprised than ever, and—by the way—embarrassed.

SILHOUETTES

by EDITH FOSTER

Often a person wonders what a silhouette is. Now I am going to tell you.

A silhouette is a drawing of any object in outline, which is filled in with solid color. It appears as though it were a shadow cast by reason of a strong light. Usually limited in meaning to outlines of the human head, the word may refer as well to any solid, flat surface representation; any shadow picture may be so called.

In recent American usage, the term is applied to an outline of the feminine figure, especially the fashionable figure of the day.

The silhouette was named for Etienne De Silhouette, a French minister of finance, who was so rigidly economical that he often withheld funds from worthy objects. His name came to be applied to anything imperfect or incomplete, and eventually to the kind of picture described above, which has no detail and lacks the lines to make it a complete representation.

WINTER ACCIDENTS

ESTHER HOLLENBECK

One cold, winter day, as Jim was walking down the street, he came upon a friend who was shoveling the sidewalk.

"Hey, Dick," he called, "I'm goin' skating this afternoon. Wanta go along?"

"Sure," Dick answered, "but," and his face fell, "I've promised to help my brother."

"Can't he come too? The more the merrier. Say Jack," he called to Dick's brother, "will you come skatin' with Dick and me this afternoon?"

The three boys agreed to go together. They arrived at the pond about three in the afternoon. Several others were already there.

"Come on and play snap the whip," called their friends. Soon, a fast game of whip-snapping was going on.

As the whip went around once, Jack fell on the ice, and started rolling. He was laughing so hard that he kept right on rolling. Suddenly the others heard a crash! Jack had fallen through a thin spot.

Jack's friends fished him out, hurried him home, and warmed him up. He suffered no bad results from his bath in cold water. But he was frightened!

"I'll be more careful next time," Jack told his friends.

ROSES

by EDITH MEADE

Roses with so sweet a face,
Pink and red, in loveliest grace,
Hanging on the bush, so fair,
Here and there and everywhere.

All around, so sweet and small,
And, as one by one they fall,
Alice picked one up, and said,
"Hasn't that the loveliest head?"

S. O. S.

by RALPH IRELAND

It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a star was in sight,
The frightened crew were restless
As the storm grew fierce that night.

Black clouds hung low and heavy,
White tongues of lightning flashed,
Grim thunder rolled in the heavens,
While foam-capped breakers clashed.

The great ship tossed and battled,
Weary sailors at posts stood fast,
'Till morning dawned with sunlight,
And they landed, safe at last.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

by MARY HUBERS

Poems are so hard to write,
They keep me up till late at night.
After everyone has gone to bed
I sit alone to use my head.

For quite a time, a silence reigns,
Then there comes such a change,
Father snores and mother groans
With such terrible, chilling tones.

Phantoms look at me, shriek and stare,
But I know it is only a squeaking chair.
Then I go to bed with chills of fright
To sleep a peaceful night.

MISTER OWL

BARBARA HITCHCOCK

All the animals come to me;
I am Mister Owl, you see.
I live way up in a hollow tree,
Where all the animals can see me.
Mrs. Mouse and her children three
Come to my house to have tea.
I saw a squirrel in a tree, and he
Said, "Ha, ha, ha! You can't see me."
"I can see you. I see the end of your shoe. Ha, ha, ha."

1937 ECHO 1937

TRAILER BLOWOUTS

JOKES

OHHHHHHHHHHH!!! A Flat tire. Sorry folks but a trip would not seem right without the usual BLOWOUT, so here it is!

Dick: "What fruit grows on telephone poles?"

Murray: "Electric currents."

After a long talk on the subject of peace, good will, and disarmament, Mr. Stutz asked the class whether or not they objected to war.

"I do," said Fred Collington.

"Good. Tell us why."

"Because war makes history, and I hate history."

Miss Petley: "Now, I'm talking to Emilou, and I want this room quiet. That means you Ralph Hager."

Ralph: (thinking about an algebra problem) "Well, I don't see how you figure that."

Paul S.: "My picture was in the hometown paper last week."

Andrew W.: "How much reward did they offer?"

Miss Patterson: "These biscuits have a stale taste."

Sam T.: "Oh, that's because I used an old recipe."

Winsor: "Define the word saxophone."

Jim R.: "A saxophone is an ill wind that nobody blows good."

About the only thing that can lay down on the job and get results is a hen!

The barber used his electric clipper in cutting Betty's hair.

"I guess my neck wasn't clean," she told her mother on coming home, "cause that man used his vacuum cleaner on it."

Bucky: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Joe: "I'd shine them."

"Now Johnnie you must not be selfish, you should let your brother have the sled half of the time."

"Yes, mother," replied the lad, "I do. I have it going down the hill and he has it coming up."

Miss Smith: "What is a comet?"

Bud: "A star with a tail."

Miss Smith: "Very good, name one."

Bud: "Mickey Mouse!"

Lloyd S.: "Dad, give me a nickel?"

Dad: "Why, son, you're too old to beg for nickels."

Lloyd: "Guess you're right, Dad, make it a dime."

Miss Smith: "As we walk out of doors on a cold winter morning and look about us, what do we see on every hand?"

Allan H.: "Gloves."

Miss Smith was taking her class of young people into the mysteries of astronomy. "Now," she said, "some people believe there are fifty million people on the moon." She paused as a titter of laughter reached her ears. "Myron," she snapped at one of the boys, "what are you laughing at?"

"I was just thinking what a squeeze it must be up there when there's a quarter moon!"

"The sun never sets on the British Empire," said the English woman proudly.

"How unfortunate!" remarked Dorothy. "At home we have such lovely sunsets."

Barbara: "Between you and me, what do you think of Billy's girl?"

Lloyd: "Between you and me, not so much; but alone—oh Boy!"

Emilou: "I suppose that fellow told you your lips were like twin cherries."

Mayfred: "No, that's old stuff. He said they were like an old suit—they ought to be pressed."

Sally: "What are you going to do with your bathing suit this winter?"

Polly: "Use it for a book mark."

Barbara: "There's a rainbow 'round my shoulder and—"

Dick L.: "Don't be dumb—it's only my arm."

Marion H.: "Do you know of anything smaller than my feet?"

Joyce: "Yes, your shoes!"

Marion N.: "I would like to see an evening dress that would fit me."

Pearl T.: "So would I."

Lorene: "Did you tell him outright that you loved him?"

Mayfred: "Of course not. He had to squeeze it out of me."

Ken: "Can you define a cheer leader?"

Bud: "Sure. He's the guy that's always ready to lay down YOUR life for his team."

Mary: "The President of the University is going to stop all petting."

Bob: "Well, I hope he does; he's getting too old for such things."

Jean: "Apologize to me instantly for that kiss."

Bruce: "Gee, was it as bad as all that?"

Bud: "Did you know that Columbus was crooked?"

Stan: "Aw, he wasn't either."

Bud: "Sure he was. He double-crossed the ocean."

Joyce: "I want a dress to put on around the house."

Clerk: "How large is your house, madam?"

Frank: "Why do people look over a stone wall?"

Dick: "I don't know. Why do they?"

Frank: "Because they can't see through it."

Andy P.: "What would I have to give you for just one little kiss?"

Anne V.: "Chloroform."

Miss Patterson (pointing to a haystack): "What kind of a henhouse is that?"

Farmer: "That ain't no henhouse, that's hay."

Miss Patterson: "Say! You can't fool me! Hay doesn't grow in a lump like that."

Emilou: "My this dance floor is slippery!"

Joe: "That's not the floor. I just had my shoes shined."

Salesman: "I would like to sell you this encyclopedia."

Stanley L.: "Bunk, I know more than any encyclopedia."

Salesman: "I know. But I thought you would have fun going through it and picking out the mistakes."

The ladies of the Helping Hand Society enjoyed a swap social on Friday evening. Everybody brought something she didn't need. Many of the ladies were accompanied by their husbands.—Michigan Rural.

Have you heard about the baseball player who sat down every time the umpire called a strike?

Cop: "I had a hard case last week."

Francis: "What was it?"

Cop: "Well a man was shot. The knife was found by his side. Who do you think poisoned him?"

Francis: "Who?"

Cop: "Nobody. He hanged himself."

Mother: "Daughter, how many times do you imagine Winsor has kissed you?"

Harriet: "So far, mother, I haven't had to imagine at all."

James: "You should place your hand over your mouth when you yawn."

Ralph: "What! And get bitten?"

Bud: "That's a silent car you've got, Gus."

Gus: "You're right; you can't even hear the piston ring."

Mary: "Dear, did you ever read the story of Jason and the Golden Fleas?"

Howard: "Yes love, I simply itch for such stories."

Pat: "Does your girl know much about football?"

Ted: "No, she thinks gridiron is what you make flapjacks on!"

Dr. Supplee: "Haven't you any ideals?"

Bud: "You should see them, Dad. They are peaches!"

Joyce: "What makes your feet so wet?"

Mayfred: "I've been wearing pumps."

Pearl: "Doctor, don't you think I look terribly pale?"

Dr.: "Yes, I do."

Pearl: "What would you advise me to do?"

Dr.: "Wipe some of the powder off your face!"

Buckey: "I'll write to you."

Gretchen: "Every day?"

Buckey: "Yes. And—er—ahem—what on earth did you say your name was?"



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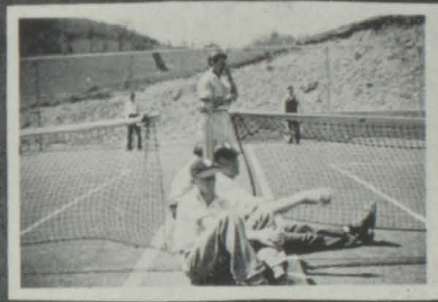
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8

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6. Three Letter Men, Howard Foster is missing.
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