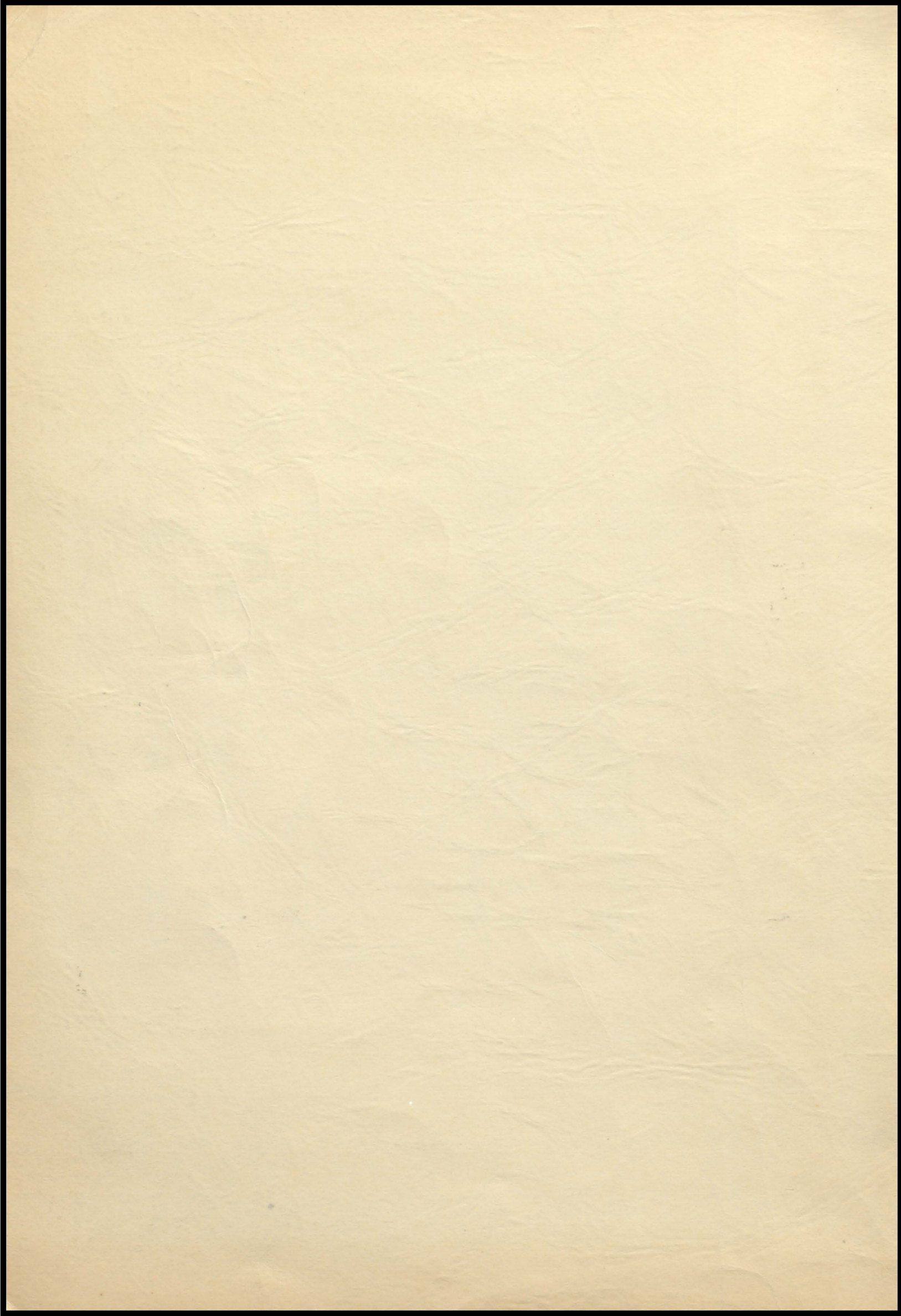
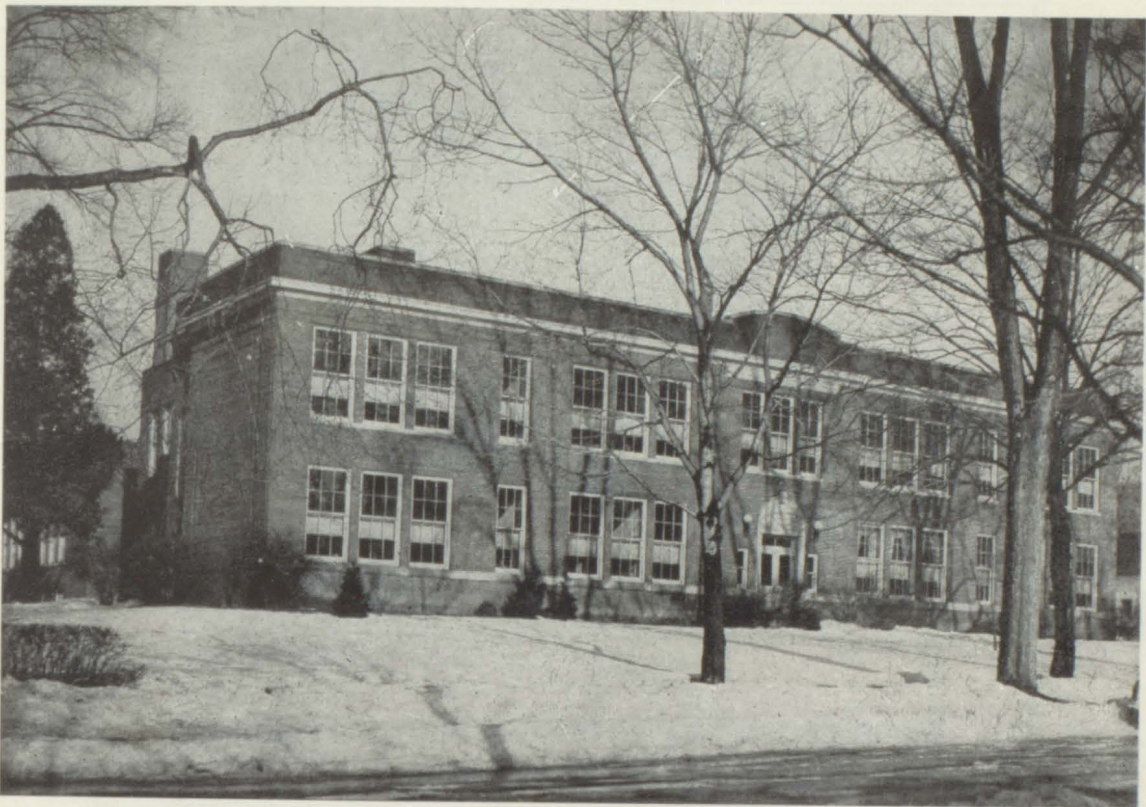


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ЕСНО



PRESENTING
THE ECHO
OF 1940

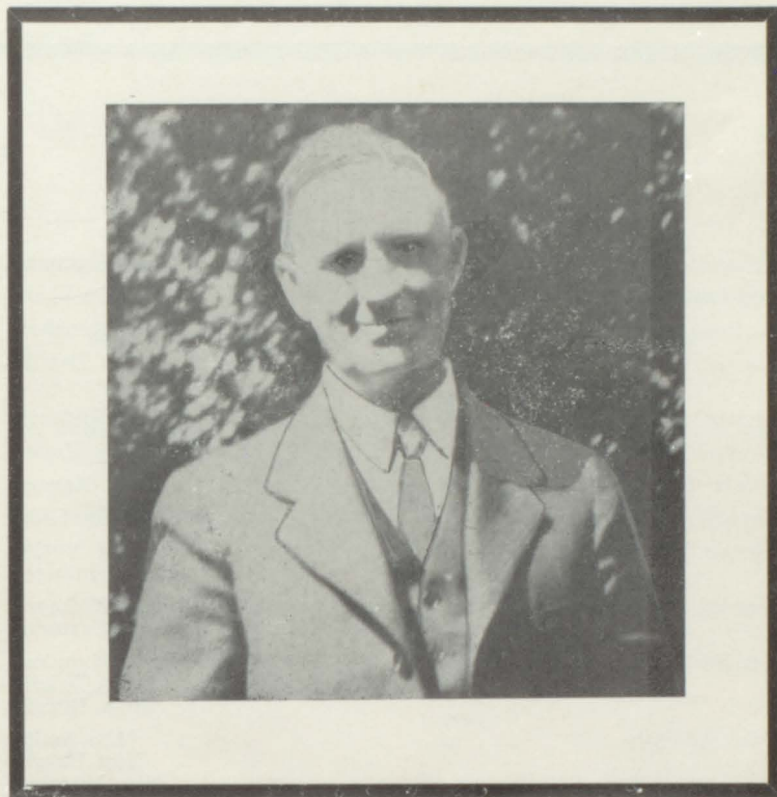


PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
OF
BAINBRIDGE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

FOREWORD

To do your very best even though you fail to turn out an excellent piece of work, has infinite value. While the editors do not claim that the "ECHO of 1940" is the best "ECHO" ever edited by the pupils of Bainbridge Central School, they do know that it has, at its publication, contributed something dynamic and inspiring to the life of each and every boy and girl connected with its construction.

F. J. Casey, Principal



DEDICATED TO
THE MEMORY OF
MR. ALTON CLARK

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MARGARET C. WILCOX	- - - - -	A. B., Elmira College B. S. in L. S., Syracuse University
	Librarian	

E C H O

WHAT WE LIKE ABOUT THE FACULTY

MISS NAYLOR—The individual, motherly attention she gives each wee one.

MISS FINCH—Her cheerful personality.

MISS PALMER—Her quiet efficiency.

MISS MAC LEAY—Her effervescent nature.

MISS WHITMAN—Her genial manner.

MISS WINKLER—Her big sister attitude to her charges.

MISS LEWIS—Her enthusiasm.

MRS. JONES—Her calm but effective way of doing things.

MISS LLOYD—"And her voice brings back to me, all the loveliness of spring."

MR. CASEY—

The twig is so easily bended
I have banished the rule and the rod:
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God:
My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule:
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

—Charles Dickinson

MRS. BLISS—Everything.

MISS ELBERSON—Her adeptness in producing plays.

MISS HAGER—Her poise.

MRS. HOUCK—Her sportsmanship.

MISS BENJAMIN—Her willingness to play with us.

MISS FLYNN—Her Parisian flavor.

MR. COE—His quiet sense of humor.

MR. BEST—His insistence in putting the individual boy ahead of the mere game.

MR. BAKER—His talented fingers.

MR. CORBIN—His even disposition.

MISS PETLEY—Her femininity.

MISS EVANS—Her petite winsomeness.

MISS LUNDGREN—Her pep.

MISS FESSENDEN—Her ready smile.

MISS WILCOX—The meticulous care she gives her books.

MISS NITSCHKE—The way she has cooperated with our artistic needs.

MISS HAIGHT—Her graciousness.

MISS ADAMS—Her well modulated voice.

MISS PRATT—Her laughing eyes.

MISS SMITH—Her rare ability to see something good in each one of us and to make us note the same about our companions.

THE FACULTY

The social events of the faculty have not been many. The opening of their little social season was the annual September picnic. The big features of the affair were the softball game and the firelight sing. The former was more uproarious, but the latter more harmonious. It seems that not even the team members worked together in the game.

Next came a dinner party for Mr. and Mrs. Houck at which the faculty presented them with a gift. As formality needs the proper amount of informality to balance it, after the dinner the group romped thru square dances and games. A spelling bee, somewhat embarrassing in places, followed. We understand that many stumbled over hyphens—'tis the little obstacles that trip the great.

A planned sleighride was canceled for lack of snow.

Two birthdays in March were the signals for more celebrations, or it may have been that the events simply coincided. At least a birthday cake for Miss Finch and Miss Whitman appeared at the March party.

Dame Rumor has it that a picnic is about to occur, and every faculty social season ends with a strawberry festival—or dandelion sandwich snack—sponsored by Mr. Casey and other faculty chefs.

ECHO



FACULTY

FRONT ROW:

Miss Palmer, Miss Winkler, Miss Haight, Miss Finch, Mr. Casey, Miss Smith,
Miss Adams, Miss Petley, Miss Evans.

SECOND ROW:

Mr. Corbin, Mr. Baker, Miss Lundgren, Miss Benjamin, Mrs. Bliss, Miss
Lewis, Miss Naylor, Miss Nitschke, Mr. Coe, Mr. Best.

THIRD ROW:

Miss Pratt, Miss Hager, Mrs. Houck, Miss Flynn, Miss MacLeay, Miss Lloyd,
Mrs. Jones, Miss Whitman, Miss Elberson, Miss Wilcox.

SENIORS

BETTIE ANDREWS

Bettie is good in chemistry
And Bettie can roller skate
Bettie is Editor of "Blue and White"
And Bettie can keep a date
But when Bettie finishes school, we're told
She'll leave behind this life
To take the tasks that come her way
When she's a loving wife.

ACTIVITIES:—Archery 1-3, Track 2,
Basketball 1-2, Press Club 1-2-3-4, Glee
Club 1-3-4, One Act Play 4, Senior Play,
Echo Staff, Editor of "Blue and White"
4, Editor of "Cross Section" 3.

JANE ANDREWS

In the years that she has been with us
We've never heard the slightest fuss
From Jane.
In spite of her shyness and quiet air
We never forgot that she was there
Calm Jane.
And when we have gone our separate ways
We'll recall with thoughts of high school
days,
Our Jane.

ZITA ARMSTRONG

Ever since the day that Zita
First discovered how to crawl.
She's caught the queerest ailments
Measles, mumps, she's had them all.
But later the times, in changing
Carried all her ills along
Today there's nothing the matter with her
That name taught her to be strong.

ACTIVITIES:—Press Club 3, Art Club 4,
Archery 2-3, Latin Club 4, Glee Club 1-2,
Library Club 3-4, Echo Staff 4, Senior
Play 4, Mgr. Girls Basketball 1.

IVOR BOSKET

Now here's a boy of talent
Who can act or blow a horn
He has played a gallant Englishman
Never makes a note forlorn—
These may seem queer combinations
But before there are many kicks
No matter how zealous Bosket is
He never gets them mixed.

ACTIVITIES:—Band 2-3-4, Glee Club 3-4,
Football Mgr. 2, Baseball 3, Senior Play
4, Contest Play 4, Echo Staff 4.

JOHN BURGIN

Mrs. Burgin's little boy John
Was heard to sadly moan,
The others have gone to hear Dorsey play
But I have to stay home alone.

ACTIVITIES:—Vice President Freshman,
Baseball 2-3-4, Basketball 2-3-4, Football
3-4, Track 2-3-4, Echo Staff 4, Glee Club
1-2-3-4, Art Club 1-2-3-4, Band 2, Foot-
ball Mgr. 2, Tennis 4.

ADRIAN BUSH

We hope his fires of ambition
Will never grow cold and dead
Especially the fiery fires
That glow atop his head.

ACTIVITIES:—Band 1-2-3-4, F. F. A. 1-2-3-4.

BILLY BUTLER

Billy is our president
So we're careful of what's to be said
But we know Bill's the kind
Who really won't mind.
His laugh would awaken the dead.

ACTIVITIES:—Band 1-2-3-4, Glee Club 4, Art Club 4, Baseball 2-4, Football 2-3-4, Echo Staff, Basketball 2-3-4, Pres. Freshman Class, Vice President Jr. Class, Pres. Senior Class, Orchestra 2, All Star Basketball 4, All Star Football 2-4.

DONALD COBB

Donald is a quiet lad
Who never says a lot
But whenever Gertrude appears
He's Johnny-on-the-spot!

ACTIVITIES:—Vice President F. F. A. 4.

DONALD COMFORT

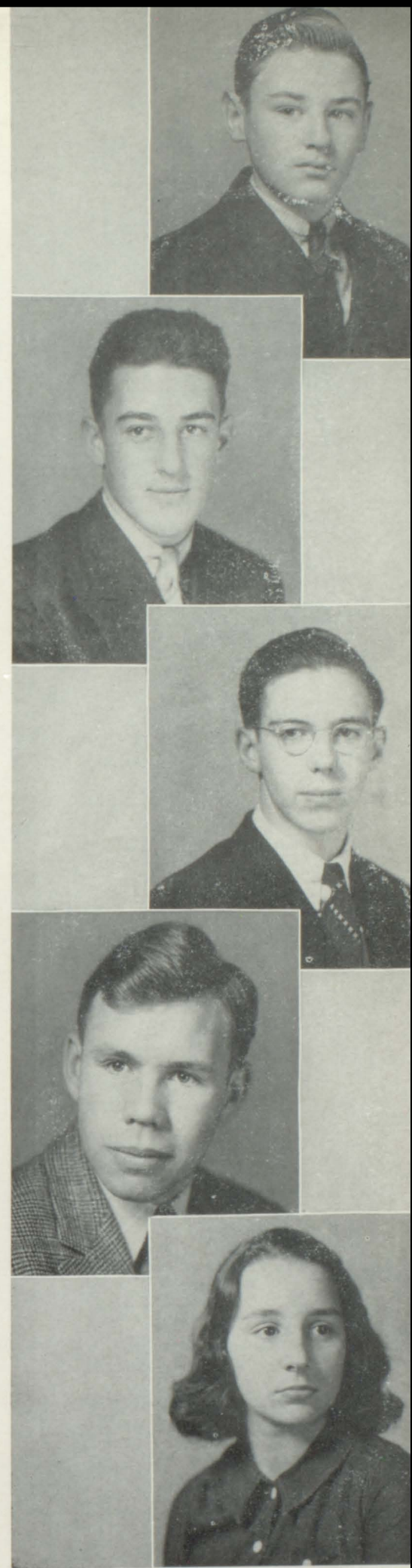
Donald came to us from Sidney
With manners mild and meek
But it seems that he is always bothered
By something that's all Greek.

ACTIVITIES:—Art Club 4, Latin Club 4, Football Mgr. Baseball Manager 4.

JANET DELELLO

Janet never spares us
If we don't do the things we should
But she never scares us
Though her acting's very good.
Some told her we suspect
That eyes so dark should flash the while
We agree and add this bit
They look as lovely in a smile.

ACTIVITIES:—Archery Club 1-2, Press Club 1-2-3-4, Art Club 1-4, Latin Club 4, Glee Club 1, Prize Speaking 3-4, One-act Play 4, Senior Play 4, Class Secretary 4, Editor Blue and White 2-3, Echo Staff, Basketball 1.



SENIORS

CHARLES FENNER

A hurricane passed over town
And everyone looked up and down
That's Fenner!
A tidal wave struck hard one day
And swept most everything away
'Twas Fenner!
Shrieks and growns that wake the dead
Were heard—the people shrugged and said
Just Fenner!
And so now when anything arises
The people no longer suffer surprises
Fenner Again!!!

ACTIVITIES:—Art Club 4, Glee Club 4,
Baseball Manager 4, Echo Staff.

JAMES FIORINA

We wonder if Jimmy'll ever learn
The answer anywhere
To—"Why do you always open your mouth
When I gently pull your hair?"

ACTIVITIES:—Basketball 2-3-4, Baseball
4, Tennis 4, F. F. A. 2-3, Track 3, Art
Club 4.

HENRY GARDNER

Through football, baseball, basketball,
Henry did gaily prance
But gentle—oh, my goodness
You should see our Hank square dance.

ACTIVITIES:—Basketball 2-3-4, Baseball
3-4, Football 2-3-4.

GERALD GIFFORD

Gerald, while he's been with us
At conversing seems to balk,
But any boy with a face like his
Has no need for talk.

ELNORE HITCHCOCK

Through the four years of high school
That we have managed to trudge-it
What would we have done without Elnore
To balance our small budget.

ACTIVITIES:—Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Press
Club 1-2-3-4, Tennis 2-3, Basketball 2,
Archery 1-2-3-4, One Act Play 2, Senior
Play, Echo Staff, Class Treasurer 3-4,
Prize Speaking 2.

PHYLISS HOLBERT

The dimples in her cheeks are cute
 Her eyes are smiling ever
 We hope that when she teaches kids,
 She will forget us never.

ACTIVITIES:—Press Club 4, Senior Play,
 Library Club 3-4.

VICTOR HOLBERT

'Vic' has a sense of humor
 That's mighty hard to beat
 And his classroom posture is wonderful
 He only shows his feet.

ACTIVITIES:—Football 1-2, Basketball
 2-3, F. F. A. 1-2-3-4, President F. F. A.
 3, Baseball 1-2.

MARY HOVEY

A merry giggle and a patter of feet
 Our Mary has passed by
 You'll know her by her cheerfulness
 And the twinkle in her eye.

ACTIVITIES:—Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Band
 3-4, Echo Staff, Archery 2, Art Club 3-4,
 French Club 2, Athletic Association 4,
 Sophomore Class Secretary, Basketball 2,
 Senior Play.

MILDRED KINGSLEY

'Mike' is known by her shy grin
 That forces us to smile
 Her friendly nature, winning ways
 Are really worth the while.

GUY LEONARD

If you've enjoyed our little book
 And liked it a little bit
 We'll be proud to present to you
 The earnest 'guy' that did it!

ACTIVITIES:—Glee Club 1-3-4, Band 1-
 2-3-4, Art Club 4, Football 4, Editor of
 Echo, Class Secretary 3, Basketball Mgr.
 2, All Star Band 3-4.



SENIORS

MARGARET MERTZ

From work our 'Mag' has never shied
She does it every day
We take for example the dialect
She learned for the Senior Play.

ACTIVITIES:—Senior Play 4.

JAMES MONAHAN

This tall and blond good-looking boy
Was never one to spoon
But now we all are wondering
Who burst his safe cocoon.

ACTIVITIES:—Band 1-2-3-4, Basketball 2-4, Basketball Mgr. 3, Press Club 1, Art Club 2, Tennis 3, Glee Club 4, Orchestra 3, Movie Operator 2-3-4, Echo Art Editor and Business Mgr. 4, All-Star J. V. Basketball 4, All Star Band 4, Stage Mgr. for Contest Plays 4.

JUNIOR MONROE

We call him 'Sis' just to annoy
For speaks for itself does his fame
There's nothing soft about this boy
His list of achievements are long as his name.

ACTIVITIES:—Senior Play 4, One-Act Play 4, Basketball Mgr. 2, Press Club 1-2-3-4, Band 3-4, Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Echo Staff 4.

HAROLD MULWANE

To tell the truth we're envious
Of your 'Economics' standinsg
Your marks nearly always hit the top
While ours aren't finished landing.

DOUGLAS NEIDLINGER

He is Snow White's handsome dream prince
He is Cinderella's beau—
He makes the girls start primping
So they will look just so.
But their efforts are sadly wasted
I am here to say—
For Doug's romance is carried on
With his old Chevrolet.

ACTIVITIES:—Football 2-3-4, Basketball 3-4, Baseball 2, Echo Staff 4, Art Club 4, Glee Club 4, Band 3-4, One-Act Play 4.

SOCRATES NELLIS

One there was a little boy
 Who never went at all—
 Either out to dances or
 Games of volley-ball.
 But when the report cards came around—
 Results were plain to see—
 For *he* had many an A and B
 While we had C and E .

ACTIVITIES:—Art Club 4, Commercial
 Contest 3.

JOHN ANDREW PARSONS

Andy had a little car
 It was so nice and new
 And he took it for a drive one day
 When he'd nothing else to do.
 Andy *had* had a little car
 At least as I've heard talk—
 For now when he has time to spare—
 He takes a little walk.

ACTIVITIES:—Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Band
 1-2-3-4, Press Club 1-2-3-4, Art Club 3-4,
 Football 3-4, Basketball 1, Treasurer
 Press Club 4.

ROBERT PARSONS

He's the perfect football hero
 Never ever rates a zero—
 Because of many different reasons.
 He has hair that stays in curls
 Just to gather all the girls
 But for love—ah, Bobby changes with
 seasons.

ACTIVITIES:—Football 2-3-4, Baseball 2-
 4, Basketball 2-4, Band 1-2-3-4, All Star
 Football 2-3-4, Glee Club 4, Archery 3,
 Art Club 4, Manager of Football 1, Mgr.
 Baseball 1.

DONALD PECKHAM

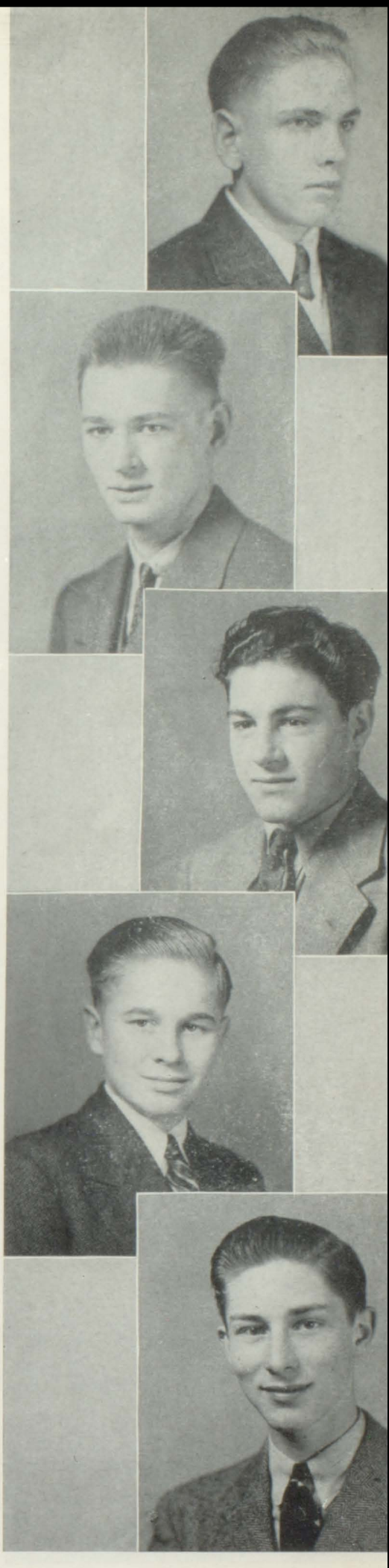
He never grew so very tall
 But the reason's very plain
 What mere men use for bone and brawn
 He used to make a brain.

ACTIVITIES:—Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Band
 1-2-3-4, Orchestra 1-2, Basketball 2-3-4,
 Baseball 3, Press Club 1-2-3-4, Senior
 Play, Class Secretary 2, Football Mgr. 2,
 Prize Speaking 4, Ass't Editor Echo 4.

DONALD PRATT

Donald is fond of flying—
 He makes planes go in the air—
 But often when he chases them
 He finds that they aren't there!

ACTIVITIES:—Archery Club 1-2, Press
 Club 1-2-3-4, Senior Play 4, Art Club 3-
 4, Latin Club 3.



SENIORS

TED SEARLES

Ted is fond of climbing hills
But not in the wide open spaces
Ted prefers the hills that lead
To fair and rosy faces.

ACTIVITIES:—Baseball 2-3, Archery 2-3,
Art Club 3, Movie Operator 2-3-4.

CARL SEJERSEN

Silence is golden and silver is speech
Is a lesson Carl had no need to learn
Unwanted chatter he never lets slip
But with his words, high marks he earns.

ACTIVITIES:—Football 2-3, F. F. A. 3.

BARBARA SEYMOUR

Barb is our sentimentalist
Who thinks of days long done
It's nice to know somebody
Remembers everyone.

ACTIVITIES:—Art Club 4, Glee Club 1,
Echo Staff 4, Basketball 1.

CLIFFORD SMITH

It's hard to tell what "Smitty"
Really likes the best
But we have a sneaking feeling
That the girls lead all the rest.

ACTIVITIES:—Echo Staff 4, Art Club 2-4,
Baseball Manager 2-4, Press Club 3-4.

DONALD TIFFANY

To hear Don tell of escapades
And things he's seen and done—
Makes us real sure that in his time
He's had a lot of fun.

ACTIVITIES:—Football 2-3-4, Basketball
4, Art Club 2.

BRYCE WILCOX

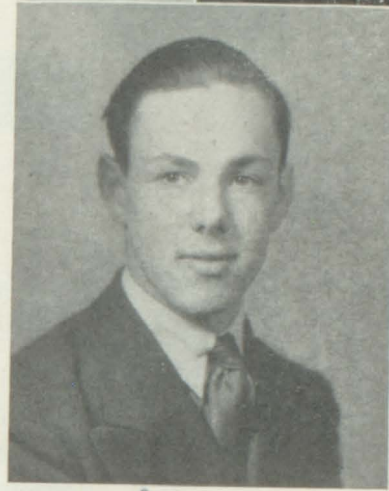
"Buck" is known for stories
That drip of the gory west
For telling tales packed up with 'zip'
He leads the very best!

ACTIVITIES:—Football 2-3-4, Basketball
4, Baseball 4.

ROSS WILLES

He hasn't been with us very long
And he has such a quiet way
We should like to know him better
Less than a year is too short a stay.

ACTIVITIES:—Glee Club 4, Band 4, F. F.
A. 4.



SENIOR CLASS ACTIVITIES

This class has seen four eventful years in high school, but of course we are of the opinion that this last year has been the one we shall remember for its excitement.

At the beginning of the term, we elected Howard Foster to serve us as class president for the third time. (There is no precedent in B. C. H. S. that forbids third terms.) Billy Butler was chosen vice-president; Janet Delello, secretary; and Elnore Hitchcock, treasurer. However, in the middle of the school year, Howard left school, and Billy became president, leaving his vacated place to Bob Parsons.

With officers elected, we started to work in earnest; our chief money making schemes being bake sales and a very profitable Magician Show. The first highlight of the year was the Hallowe'en Party and Dance. About seventy-five couples made merry to Gino Calistri's music after the grade children, having finished the candied apples and cider, and themselves finished by the "Chamber of Horrors", had gone home.

The Senior Play will not soon be forgotten. It was judged by many as the best play that a high school class has ever presented. "The Enchanted April", although not a success from the monetary standpoint, revealed talent that the senior members had kept hidden for a long time. Miss Elberson, our director, is the creditor of our class' permanent appreciation.

After the semi-annual flurry of Regents, we looked forward to the Senior Trip; it being the common opinion that New York would be honored by our visit in place of the customary Washington. Which place would benefit us most, is the unanswered question; it being also the common opinion that the six-day tour was not for strictly educational purposes. A campaign for trip funds was highly successful and twenty-five happy persons embarked. The group included Miss Smith, Miss Benjamin, Mrs. Casey and a few assorted Juniors. What they did and how they did it will be found elsewhere in this chronicle.

After Easter vacation we had to accustom ourselves to the annual pre-Graduation rush. On top of the Echo rush and the details of Graduation to which we had to attend, came the quickening pace of social events: dances, parties, etc. Still ahead of us is graduation, and it is not necessary to say that this climax will have its share of sorrow as well as gladness for us.

CLASSES



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1940

SENIOR TRIP

The accounts of the senior trip are as many as there were people in the party, for the unrecalled nonessentials of one narrator are the never to be forgotten highlights of another.

From 2:30 A. M. Easter morning in Bainbridge until 9:00 P. M. on the following Friday, the moments were crowded with fun, new experiences and very little rest. Rest was really the big problem. To do all the things we planned and not be caught by Morpheus was impossible. To succumb a little longer to his charms and not to be ruthlessly snatched away in the very early morning—we couldn't do that either.

The itinerary included church on Sunday morning, vesper services in the afternoon and the "Crucifixion" which was sung at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in the evening.

Monday the real planned trip began.

This included all the real tourist places, a Radio City tour, a visit to the Zoo and Aquarium, trip through Manhattan, guided tours through The New York Times Printing Plant and Macy's, theater performance at Radio City Music Hall, a ferry ride, inspection of Custom House, Faunces Tavern, the Cloisters, Planetarium, Museums, and La Guardia Airport.

That is the formal record but it lacks so much. Those many vibrant incidents, both the ridiculous and the beautiful, made the trip really noteworthy. The girls would add a bit about the attractive blond guide at Radio Center, and the hotel employees were very nice. Some remember best the good roller skating rinks, the broadcast orchestras, the wild rush to board the subway before the door closed—that moving sign on the Times building which tells the recent news—Charles Fenner distributing largess when on the bus trip—escalators—the hotel stenographer that Charles didn't bring home with him—the Easter pageant at Radio City Music Hall—the glimpse of the Queen Elizabeth—the huge weather map in The Customs building, good food at Horn and Hardarts—Robert Gordon's ocarinas—the window in the Cathedral of St. John The Divine—Fifth Avenue residences—the queer penquins at the aquarium—the anteaer of the zoo (We could not tell whether he was moving ahead or in reverse, for both ends looked alike)—the many, many pictures taken and the good shots we didn't take—our private car on the Erie—the little visitors from home—the mountain climb to reach the Cloisters and the hallowed beauty of the place that repaid us so well—the last taxi ride to the station, laden with baggage but *not a single towel*—the discovery of Kay Kyser on the train—then home to good old Bainbridge—here we could sleep undisturbed.



Junior Class

1940

JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior Christmas Dance was such a talked of and gala affair that all other activities have faded into oblivion, and only this they remember.

Members of the class, with the help of several Freshmen worked vigorously all of the afternoon to make the gymnasium into a magic and enchanted land. The effect was that of a woodland in midwinter.

Stars shone brightly on the dancers and real Christmas angels hovered above them. Snow covered trees and arbors added to this holiday scene. The effect went beyond decorations and became real atmosphere. The patrons and patronesses of this most successful dance were Professor and Mrs. Casey, Miss Fessenden, Miss Evans, and Mr. Baker.

The Junior Prom, held on May 17, had the Astoria Club orchestra. We need not write lengthily of this. To say Junior Prom is enough and the dances of the class of '41 always provided that extra touch; you keep the memory of them forever.

ECHO



JUNIOR CLASS

FRONT ROW:

Miss Evans, Barbara Robbins, Ruth Birdsall, Betty Grow, Amy Palmer, James Noyes, Harry Crane, Mr. Baker.

SECOND ROW:

Evelyn LeSuer, Dorothy Moyer, Esther Hollenbeck, Juanita Baker, Eleanor Thomas, Marion Beatty, Isobel Reynolds, Veronica Mertz.

THIRD ROW:

Edward Searles, Robert Smith, Robert Gordon, Ralph Ireland, Douglas Gardner, Edward Fiorina.

TREASURED POSSESSIONS

Burgin's and Butler's	Hat
Barbara Seymour's	Smile
Andy's	"House"
Janet Delello's	"Walter Winchell"
Pat Ryan's	Half-clarinnet
David Lewis'	Brassiola
Bettie Andrews'	Diamond
Miss Fessenden's	Bracelets
Mr. Casey's	Garden
Miss Haight's	Nephew
Miss Smith's	Master Key
Soc Nellis'	Baseball Scores
Carl Sejerzen's	Intermediate
Donald Cobb's	Ford
Vic Holbert's	F. F. A. Ring
Maggie Mertz's	"Ken"
Hank Gardner's	Dishwasher
Janice Palmer's	Curls
Dot Branham's	Hitching post
Dan Knight's	Shoes
Bryce Showalter's	Glasses
Miss Finch's	Elephants
Jimmy Riley's	"Book"
Lyll Fletcher's	Lincoln
Don Tiffany's	Chrysler
Bryce Wilcox's	Girl Friends
Cliff Smith's	Comb
Ivor Bosket's	Trombone
Adrian Bush's	Dog
Zita Armstrong's	Nieces
Mary Hovey's	White Mittens
Doug Neidlinger's	Truck
Don Pratt's	Airplanes
Don Comfort's	Greek
James Monahan's	Spinning Wheel Lamp
Bob Parsons'	Bandages (Misplaced)
Ruth Birdsall's	"Buck"-skin Moccasins
Eleanor Thomas'	Susquehanna
James Fiorina's	Wave
James Noyes'	Ice Skates
John Burgin's	Watch
Ross Willis'	Father's Car
Charlie Fenner's	Saxophone
Donald Peckham's	"Stories"
Junior Monroe's	Lawn Mower
Miss Lundgren's	Alarm Clock
Beatrice Dean's	Collar Pins



Sophomore Class

SOPHOMORE CLASS

As one of the junior classes of B. C. H. S., we count this year one of activity. We were especially active in financial ventures. On November 2, we started by selling candy at the Recreation Club play. This was followed by a benefit movie, "The Spirit of Culver", at the Town Hall Theater. At this time we also sold candy in the theater lobby.

A bake sale at Ireland's Store was our next project.

The snowstorms which stopped the school busses simply aided us. We acquired a sleigh and horses from Neidlinger's and had an old fashioned sleigh ride on February 15. This was the banner party of the year. The group was in the snowdrifts more often than in the sleigh, and many had their faces washed forcibly.

A card party and dance was held in the gymnasium February 24. This was again purely social and as such was a success.

Miss Petley and Miss Lundgren have served as advisers of the class of '42 this year.

The class officers are:

President	- - - - -	Beatrice Dean
Vice President	- - - - -	Jean Bacon
Secretary	- - - - -	Lawrence Getter
Treasurer	- - - - -	Earl Clark

ECHO



SOPHOMORE CLASS

FRONT ROW:

Leon Mott, Lawrence Getter, Alvin Sherman, Miss Petley, Earl Clark Jr.,
Nelson Brouillette, Beatrice Dean, Jean Bacon, Miss Lundgren, Juanita James,
Guyva Bradish, Doris Bender.

SECOND ROW:

Shirley Bradish, Daisy Sites, Louella Weeks, Mary Lou Branham, Anna Sites,
Ethelyn Smith, Marion Cudworth, Margaret Supplee, Ona Sisson, Elaine Barre,
Leona Snow, Ethel Meade, Carmelina Delello.

THIRD ROW:

Teddy Haynes, Robert Hitchcock, Ben Cornell, Jack Hawkins, Francis DeLong,
Danforth Knight, Walter Parsons, Newton Bliss, Kenneth Whitney, Andrew
Sejersen Jr., Kenneth Kingsley, Milton Scott.

WHAT SENIORS NEVER HOPE TO BE

Donald Peckham	- - - - -	W. P. A. Worker
John Burgin	- - - - -	Life insurance agent
Howard Foster	- - - - -	An orator
Ivor Bosket, Bill Butler and Junior Monroe	- - - - -	Milkmen
Barbara Seymour	- - - - -	A waitress
Guy Leonard	- - - - -	Editor of N. Y. Times
Zita Armstrong	- - - - -	An uncle
Janet Delello	- - - - -	A yes man
Bob Parsons	- - - - -	Santa Claus
Andy Parsons	- - - - -	A bachelor
Doug Neidlinger	- - - - -	A farmer
Phyllis Holbert	- - - - -	A glamour girl
Bill Grow	- - - - -	Hotel dishwasher
Hank Gardner	- - - - -	Dancer in Russian Ballet
Vic Holbert	- - - - -	Playboy
Clifford Smith	- - - - -	A news typist
Bettie Andrews	- - - - -	An old maid
Mildred Kingsley	- - - - -	Matron in orphan asylum
Carl Sejersen	- - - - -	A school teacher
Don Tiffany	- - - - -	A chemist
Elnore Hitchcock	- - - - -	U. S. Treasurer
James Monahan	- - - - -	Grocer
Socrates Nellis	- - - - -	Heavy weight boxer
Gerald Gifford	- - - - -	A vagabond
Charles Fenner	- - - - -	President
Ross Willis	- - - - -	Pedestrian
Junior Monroe	- - - - -	Chicken farmer
Donald Comfort	- - - - -	On a radio spelling bee
Mary MacHovey	- - - - -	Fat lady in circus
Adrian Bush	- - - - -	Ticket salesman
James Fiorina	- - - - -	A hermit
Jane Andrews	- - - - -	Train announcer



Freshman Class

FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshmen organized as a class early in the year by choosing most competent officers to guide their destiny. Though the competition was keen, the final election returns showed Graydon Loomis as president, Stewart Cudworth as vice-president, Mary Butler as treasurer and Janice Palmer as secretary.

Within a short time the Seniors were talking about a trip and its financial problems. We decided to start a savings account immediately to assure financial independence in our old age as a class. Everyone was enthusiastic about dues as a source of income. Enthusiasm wanes a bit, however, around the first of the month when dimes for the class treasury appear somewhat scarce. With considerable encouragement from Mary the class made a good record in the payment of dues.

To find ways to earn money is not an easy task since our enterprises must not conflict with those of the older classes whose needs are more immediate. We inaugurated the sale of hot dogs and candy at the football games this year, and with Bryce Showalter in charge this proved to be a most successful venture. By selling candy throughout the year we gradually added small amounts to the treasury so that in the March financial report of the Bainbridge High School Association we were congratulated as the most industrious of the junior classes in increasing class funds.

High points of the year were our class parties. In November we had our first social gathering at which games shared honors with dancing to Pat Ryan's piano music. Our second party was scheduled for December, but there were so many other school events that it was postponed until the new year. New conflicts in schedule appeared and the party did not occur until the first Saturday in April. Novelty dances were featured throughout the evening with Fay Smith and Joan Hill as winners of a dance new to us, "Posing". Our advisers, Miss Adams and Miss Fessenden, said that they had never seen a Freshman class in which everyone knew how to dance so well. At our third party on May 17 we danced to the music of the outstanding orchestras of today—by use of the victrola. After the strain of Regents' week, we plan to celebrate with a gala class picnic. The class of '43 will complete the year's activities on commencement night when we carry the daisy chain, our contribution to the graduation program.

ECHO



FRESHMAN CLASS

FRONT ROW:

Dorothy Branham, Myrtle Silvey, Norma Peckham, Stuart Cudworth, Graydon Loomis, Janice Palmer, Mary Butler, Janice Weeks, Margaret Shaver.

SECOND ROW:

Miss Fessenden, Phyllis Ireland, Marian Hendricks, Emily Nichols, Alice Monahan, Joan Hill, Meta Foster, Marion Risedorph, Marian Levee, Jane Stringham, Louise Gifford, Inez Wickham, Dorothy Peck, Miss Adams.

THIRD ROW:

Lucius Snitchler, Donald Newman, Otto Neidlinger Jr., Frank Silvey, Clifford Sherman, George Sands, Glenn Butts, George Moran, Jack Mann, Orville Smith.

FOURTH ROW:

Bob Lee, Leo Terry, Fayette Smith, James Riley, David Lewis, Ward Bradish, David Blakeley, Robert Christy, Pat Ryan, Bryce Showalter.

WE COULD HAVE MORE OF THESE

Money in the class treasuries.
Concerts from the band—(like “The Three Bears”)
Boys like Hank Gardner.
Junior Monroe’s well-groomed manner.
Scholars like the Cudworths.
Pat Ryan’s courtesy.
Faces like Junior Neidlinger’s.
The charming simplicity of Alice Monahan’s clothes.
Brothers like Doug and Earl.
“ECHOS” like this.
Donald Peckham’s punctuality.
Spontaneous wit like Charlie Fenner’s.
The ambition of the Freshman Class.
Elaine Barre’s intellect.
The Senior’s musical talent.
The home-like atmosphere of Miss Finch’s grade room.
Dance periods at noon.
Movies with sound in assembly.
Cheer-leaders like Jean and Mary Lou.
Singing concerts from the quartet.
Staff meetings that resulted in this.
Children like Edith Cullen.
Physiques like Bob Parson’s.
Giggles like Billy’s.
Salesmen like Billy Grow.
Artists like Burgin and Monahan.
At last, but of course not least, DAYS IN B. C. H. S.



Junior High School

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

The Junior High Group has quite excelled in athletics this year and promises some fine material when they reach Senior High School age. Junior High football and baseball teams were organized and the Intramural Basketball Championship was won by the Eighth Grade. The girls were members of a Basketball League formed by the Deposit, Afton, Sidney, and Bainbridge Schools. In the winter the girls were guests at a Play Day at Afton, and several eighth grade girls were in the Physical Education Demonstration in the spring.

The Outdoor Club was under the tutelage of Miss Lloyd this year and has been renamed "Lloyd's Lassies" with Doris Michael as president, Helen Perry as vice-president, Betty Hitchcock as secretary, and Virginia Moyer as treasurer. It is the intention of the group to have outdoor projects similiar to those of Girl Scouts. The first hike and picnic was held Saturday, April 13.

The Patrol Group, escorts for the primary children on their way home in the morning and afternoon, is picked on a scholastic basis from the Junior High boys.

Annually the home rooms have Christmas parties of cookies and cocoa on the morning before vacation. The seventh grade had a Valentine's party this year, and each June an all day picnic and outing climaxes the year.

The annual award of dictionaries by the Women's Club to the boy and girl of Junior High with the best standing was given at Junior High Commencement last year to Betty Hitchcock and Billy Vawter of the seventh grade and to both Norma Peckham and Emily Nichols, as there was a tie for the girls, and to Graydon Loomis of the eighth. Stewart Cudworth, a winner the previous year, was ineligible although his average remained the highest.

ECHO



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

FRONT ROW:

Bill Branham, Norman Weeks, Robert Greek, Junior Delello, Kenneth Smith, Richard Robinson, Robert Fletcher, William Vawter, Millard Dean, Everette Rowe, Harry Kingsley, Donald Stead.

SECOND ROW:

Alma Olmstead, Barbara Bame, Mable Dauley, Judith Hellerud, Marian Harrington, Catherine Mertz, Miss Elberson, Miss Lloyd, Golda Pratt, Eyre Hibbard, Betty Hitchcock, Doris Michael, Thelma Moore.

THIRD ROW:

Elaine Herron, Lena Mulwane, Betty Mott, Mary Shapley, Marion Johnson, Dorothy Woods, Ruth Jones, Lela Lord, Alice Drake, Irene Woods, Mildred Dean, Evelyn Hines, Shirley Stafford, Virginia Moyer, May Howland.

FOURTH ROW:

Roger Smith, Morse Walker, Loren Mann, Michael Flyzik, David Monroe, Milton Simonds, Henry Soules, R. D. Mott, Charles Mott, Donald Aylesworth, Bill Moran, Winnie Michael, Esther Bradish, Marjorie Hendrickson.

FIFTH ROW:

Helen Cudworth, Ronald Bender, Darwin Taft, George Mertz, Ardo Thomas, Max Francisco, Horace Hyatt, Douglas Smith, Harold Parsons, Alfred Compton, Harry Foulds, Renwick Parsons, Bruce Gorton, Bertrand LeSuer, Helen Perry.

THIS LOCAL INSECT WORLD

Glow Worm	- - - - -	Janet Delello
Butterfly	- - - - -	Pearl Palmer
Ant	- - - - -	Zita Armstrong
Bee	- - - - -	Mary Hovey
Bed-bug	- - - - -	Bob Parsons
Praying Mantis	- - - - -	Earl Neidlinger
Termite	- - - - -	John Andrew Parsons
Tumble-bug	- - - - -	Ted Searles
17-year locust	- - - - -	Bryce Wilcox
June Bugs	- - - - -	Seniors—they hope
Grasshopper	- - - - -	Leo Terry
Cut-up Worm	- - - - -	Kenneth Kingsley
Katydid	- - - - -	Janice Palmer
Potato Bug	- - - - -	Barbara Seymour
Lady Bug	- - - - -	Marian Cudworth
Lightning Bugs	- - - - -	Stage Electricians

"NEW YORK TIMES"

Charlie Fenner, gazing out the window at pneumatic hammer operation: "My! These New York dentists are awful!"

Bob Gordon—"I don't like these darn revolving doors, you're liable to be caught."

Elevator Boy in Hotel—"If you guys come on here again, I'll charge fare."

Guy Leonard at automat—"Why are you waiting?"

Donald Tiffany—"I've put in a dime and I'm waiting for my change."

Bob Gordon (After hotel search)—"We've been robbed. They've hooked everything we stole."

Bob Gordon (Looking at manikins in stores) "What are they?"

Charles Fenner—"That's why Pa left home."

Bystander to Junior Monroe who had taken Don Peckham's hat—"You big bully, give the little boy his hat!"

Uncle Jim (on Fred Allen's program)—To Miss Benjamin and Miss Smith—"So you two are the chaplains of this group."

ACTIVITIES



1940

BAND

Ralph Corbin, Director

Public appearances for the band were many this year. The 150th anniversary of Bainbridge Memorial Day Services, Health Program presented by the Women's Club, the Finnish Relief Fund Basketball Game, and several school assemblies provided the occasions, and we supplied the music. We also participated in the All-Star band which played at the All-Star Football Game.

The annual Spring Music Festival was held at Sidney, April 19. To this our group contributed "Fortuna Overture", "Field Tactics", "Military Band", and "Will You Remember". At this time, Guy Leonard, Louella Weeks, Lloyd Sipple, and Gerald Tiffany played in the All-Star band.

We must not fail to mention the "piece" of the year, "Goldilocks and the Three Bears". With Donald Peckham as narrator and the big bass drum rumbling out the exploits of Papa Bear while the shrill flutes piped about Baby Bear, our band scored 100 in audience appeal.

ECHO



BAND

FRONT ROW:

Bryce Showalter, Lela Lord, Mary Hovey, Louella Weeks, Alice Monahan, Mr. Corbin, Marion Levec, Emily Nichols, Mary Lou Branham, Janice Palmer, Mary Butler.

SECOND ROW:

Douglas Gardner, John A. Parsons, George Sands, Robert Gordon, Junior Monroe, Ivor Bosket, James Monahan, Douglas Neidlinger, Ross Willes, Lloyd Sipple, Ralph Ireland, Adrian Bush.

THIRD ROW:

William Vawter, Donald Stead, William Butler, James Noyes, Robert Smith, Kenneth Kingsley, Robert Hitchcock, Lawrence Getter, Guy Leonard, Donald Peckham, David Lewis.

1940

GLEE CLUB

On March 19 the Band and Glee Club combined to give our first concert. This was the time we really "showed off" our musical prowess. We played to a huge assembly and the applause told us of our success. In a program so well done it is difficult to pick out highlights. However, Handel's Hallelujah Chorus and the Holy City deserve special mention. Donald Peckham and Billy Butler sang the solo parts in the latter.

The Glee Club has been divided this year into the chorus and the smaller Glee Club. The boys' and girls' glee clubs have also had separate work.

Our first extra curricular work was the singing of Christmas carols on Thursday night preceding Christmas. The weather almost prevented this annual sing, but Christmas spirit proved too much to be destroyed by snow and rain.

The spring festival at Sidney on April 19 was next. We were especially fortunate at this by having our octette chosen for one of the solo parts. Norwich festival followed on May 10. Here we joined with other schools in the girls' chorus, boys' chorus and mixed group.

The quartette and octette have been rather busy this year, and if school work and other duties permitted, they could have been busier. The quartette, made up of Ruth Bacon, Harriet Holman, Margaret Taft, and Jean Bacon sang at the Senior Play, the night of the three one-act plays, at the League contest plays, and at a dinner of the Chamber of Commerce. The octette, including the girls' quartet and Earl Neidlinger, Billy Butler, Ivor Bosket, and Donald Peckham, sang the night of the League Contest Plays as well as contributing a special part at the Spring Festival at Sidney.

There are whispers in the air of another concert in June. We are confident enough of our group to dare write now that to our world of music was added one more performance of real merit.

ECHO



GLEE CLUB

FRONT ROW:

Ethel Meade, Mary Hovey, Janice Palmer, Elaine Barre, Leona Snow, Miss Benjamin, Emily Nichols, Mary Butler, Beatrice Dean, Carmalina Delello, Ona Sisson.

SECOND ROW:

Mary Lou Branham, Bettie Andrews, Dorothe Branham, Doris Bender, Ruth Birdsall, Ethelyn Smith, Betty Grow, Jean Bacon, Esther Hollenbeck, Norma Peckham, Alice Monahan, Louella Weeks.

THIRD ROW:

Patrick Ryan, David Lewis, Shirley Bradish, Marion Cudworth, Joan Hill, Elnore Hitchcock, Eleanor Thomas, Ruth Bacon, Anna Sites, Juanita James, Lawrence Getter, Bill Butler, Donald Peckham.

FOURTH ROW:

Guy Leonard, John A. Parsons, Ross Willes, Ivor Bosket, Junior Monroe, Earl Neidlinger, James Monahan, Douglas Neidlinger, John Burgin, Lloyd Sipple, Stuart Cudworth, Charles Fenner, Robert Hitchcock, Otto Neidlinger Jr.

PRESS CLUB

Blue and White ranks first in Press Club's work this year. This has maintained its high standard of writing and has given us most of the school news.

In Cross Section our best results were in the art department. For originality of ideas and skill in execution this section could not be excelled. However, the magazine has been handicapped by lack of cooperation. There were two changes in its editorship, before we obtained one who was both willing and competent.

Socially Press Club has also lagged, although this is such a minor part of the activities of our journalism group that it is scarcely noticed. During the first semester we had two parties, one of which was a treasure hunt and the other a Hallowe'en party which was highlighted by some very amusing pantomime sketches.

The officers of the Press Club were:

President	- - - - -	Elnore Hitchcock
Secretary	- - - - -	Barbara Robbins
Treasurer	- - - - -	John Andrew Parsons

The staff members were:

Editor of Blue and White	- - - - -	Bettie Andrews
Editor of Cross Section	- - - - -	Emily Nichols
Art Editors	- - - - -	Alice Monahan Dorothy Branham

Miss Smith and Miss Fessenden have acted as advisers.

COMMERCIAL CONTEST

Our commerce students wear the laurels! On April 30 we journeyed to Afton and tied for first place in the Commercial Contest. Eight schools, Afton, Bainbridge, Deposit, Greene, Cxford, Hancock, Sidney and Sherburne competed.

Harriet Holman took first place in Shorthand I and second place in Typing.

Elaine Barre came in highest in Bookkeeping I.

The entire Bainbridge team was:

Harriet Holman	}	- - - - -	Typing
Elnore Hitchcock			
Harriet Holman	}	- - - - -	Shorthand
Margaret Taft			
Elaine Barre	}	- - - - -	Bookkeeping I
Bryce Wilcox			
Clifford Smith	}	- - - - -	Business Arithmetic
Clarence Dean			

ECHO



PRESS CLUB

FRONT ROW:

Donald Pratt, Miss Fessenden, Emily Nichols, Elnore Hitchcock, Bettie Andrews, Miss Smith, Graydon Loomis.

SECOND ROW:

Janet Delello, Alice Monahan, Barbara Robbins, Eleanor Thomas, Marion Cudworth, Anna Sites, Phyliss Holbert, Leona Snow, Edwin Haynes.

THIRD ROW:

Newton Bliss, Junior Monroe, Leon Mott, John A. Parsons, Esther Hollenbeck, Daisy Sites, Dorothie Branham, Norma Peckham, Donald Peckham, Bryce Showalter.

1940

ART CLUB

Under Miss Nitschke's direction an Art Club was started last fall. Since then we have carried out many constructive activities and at the same time have enjoyed ourselves.

Our first party was in Sidney on November 15. Roller skating and doughnuts both contributed to the good time.

The main project of the year was a Hobby Show which was held on April 26. Members with hobbies had been encouraged to develop them and those without any to acquire some. The results made quite an array. Elephants, stamps, old coins and even knitted garments attracted visitors to our gay exhibit.

Douglas Neidlinger as President and Mary M. Hovey as Secretary worked throughout the year to make our affairs successful.

LIBRARY CLUB

Members of this club "take turns" attending to various details in the library under Miss Wilcox' instruction. Some of their activities are: filing, shelving the books, desk work, arranging bulletin boards, and writing Library News for the school paper.

During the last half of our school year, the girls made a complete card catalog. This makes the spring inventory easier and more rapidly computed. Another completed task is the newly prepared code book. The code book contains a description of the duties of the librarian and her assistants, thus enabling each worker to know exactly what to do and how to do it.

Various departments, especially the grades, have been taught much about the library and its material by the Library Club group. Many more classes have been influenced by library instruction this year than ever before.

Some of our former students have returned to B. C. H. S. in order to obtain more information and instruction concerning library work and literature.

The Library Club members aid the librarian and also the grade children, and better themselves by obtaining helpful material for a successful position in a library.

ECHO



ART CLUB

FRONT ROW:

Norma Peckham, Dorothy Branham, Mary Hovey, Douglas Neidlinger, Miss Nitschke, Marian Levee, Alice Monahan, Mary Lou Branham.

SECOND ROW:

Donald Pratt, Mary Butler, Beatrice Dean, Ruth Birdsall, Betty Grow, Ethelyn Smith, Jean Bacon, Juanita James, Guy Leonard, Pat Ryan.

THIRD ROW:

Robert Hitchcock, Socrates Nellis, Kenneth Kingsley, Lawrence Getter, John Burgin, John Parsons, Charles Fenner, Donald Comfort, Billy Butler.

FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA

The Future Farmers of America is the national organization of farm boys and girls studying vocational agriculture in the public schools throughout the United States. The purposes of this organization are: to develop competent and aggressive rural and agricultural leadership, to strengthen the confidence of the farm boy or girl in himself and his work, to stimulate interest in the intelligent choice of farming occupations, to create and nurture a love of country life, to improve the rural home and its surroundings, to encourage thrift among students, and to promote and improve scholarship.

For the year of 1939-1940 the following were elected as officers of the Bainbridge Chapter:

President	- - - - -	Ralph Ireland
Vice President	- - - - -	Donald Cobb
Secretary and News Reporter	- - - - -	Newton Bliss
Treasurer	- - - - -	Robert Hitchcock

Mr. Coe is adviser to the club. There are about seventeen members in the club this year.

Monthly meetings, on the last Wednesday in each month, are held in the Agriculture Room of the High School. A social hour with entertainment and refreshments follows the meetings.

In October, the annual Fall Rally was held at Guilford Central High School which the Bainbridge Chapter attended. The most popular events were the poultry and cattle judging contests. Other contests held were the foot races, tug of war, and potato race.

Bainbridge F. F. A. members attended the 33rd Farm Home Week at Cornell in February. Edward Searles placed sixth in shop skill department, and Ralph Ireland received 316 points out of a possible 500 in the dairy judging department. Other competing members were: Bob Hitchcock—Milk Judging; and Newton Bliss—Poultry Judging.

The F. F. A. basketball team played a few games this year with rival F. F. A. teams in which the spirit of the game was more commendable to Bainbridge than the score.

ECHO



FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA

FRONT ROW:

Ralph Ireland, Newton Bliss, Mr. Coe, Donald Cobb, Robert Hitchcock.

SECOND ROW:

Leon Mott, Adrian Bush, Janice Palmer, Myrtle Silvey, Orville Smith, Otto Neidlinger Jr.

THIRD ROW:

Ben Cornell, Frank Silvey, Ross Willes, Clarence Dean, Edward Searles, Cecil Francisco.

LATIN CLUB

SENATUS POPULUSQUE ROMANUS

For the first time in several years, a Latin Club has been organized in B. C. H. S. under the supervision of Miss Beatrice Fessenden. Although we were a bit late in getting under way, there was still enough time left in the school year to enable us to make a thorough study of Roman customs. At the first meeting which was held in early April, officers were elected by the surprisingly large number of Latin students who attended. Robert Smith and Jean Bacon agreed to act as "Consuls" and Bobby Lee was chosen "Scriba". No treasurer was elected as there was no need for anyone to handle funds which we didn't expect to obtain or want. The objective of the club was to secure enough knowledge of the manners of the Roman people to stage an authentic banquet of that period. As we have yet to have it, we can not tell you the outcome, but be assured that it will be well worth the time we spent in preparation. The students are to dress in Roman garb and will represent famous citizens of ancient Rome.

The motto rather exceeds custom in length but it is very beautiful, being taken from an essay on old age by Marcus Tullius Cicero. In Latin it is "Breve enim tempus aetatis, satis longum est ad bene honesteque vivendum." The translation reads, "Life is short, but it is long enough to live well and honorably."

Marion Beatty, Amy Palmer, and Robert Gordon took charge of our first formal program, and Marian Cudworth, Janet Delello, and Bob Lee presented for approval the constitution which they had framed. Keep an eye on our Latin Club; SPQR will soon be well known in the school.

LEAGUE CONTEST PLAY

"THE ECHO"

For the fourth time, Bainbridge has won first place in the initial League Contest of one-act plays in this valley. Our play, "THE ECHO", was directed by Miss Elbersen.

The cast consisted of:

Mary, the frail wife	- - - - -	Janet Delello
Lillian, her daughter	- - - - -	Bettie Andrews
Henry, the stern father	- - - - -	Ivor Basket
David, the son	- - - - -	Junior Monroe

The important action of the play was actually but in the mind of the father. His discipline too stern and his manner too harsh, he had driven his son to suicide. In their last quarrel, there had been a misunderstanding over missing money, and the father was still convinced that his son was guilty. On this night, the anniversary of the tragedy, they find proof that he was innocent. The scene of the day returns to the father, in his tortured imaginings the boy stands before him, talking, pleading, then rushing out to die. All his attempts to divert his thoughts, to justify his actions, to gain peace, are pushed aside by the words "my fault" which he hears repeated over and over—pounding on his brain. The play closes on a man unrelieved, on the verge of insanity, and his frantic wife trying to soothe him.

It was a different play and our actors showed talent in interpreting their parts. Credit must also be given to our new stage electricians for the excellent lighting effects.

ATHLETICS



1940

FOOTBALL

We didn't quite reach all-American standing in football this year. The answer may lie in that we seem to consider the pigskin sport only as a means of filling up that empty space before basketball.

We did play good football and came through with no major injuries. Though there were days of chagrin when victory wasn't ours, now through longer and better perspective, we view the record and find it good.

September 30 Deposit 14 Bainbridge 6

Bainbridge gets off to a poor start in the first half of initial game. Second half rally comes too late. Bainbridge's greatest gains come from Neidlinger's passes.

October 7 Hancock 12 Bainbridge 0

Bainbridge battles Hancock to a standstill for three quarters. The final period sees Hancock scoring twice against a tired B. C. H. S. eleven.

October 14 Greene 12 Bainbridge 6

Greene tallies twice in first half while Butler dashes 60 yards midway in the third quarter for Bainbridge's only score.

October 21 Oxford 26 Bainbridge 0

Oxford scores three times in second period using straight line plays—several long runs net Oxford 165 of their 297 yards from scrimmage.

October 28 Bainbridge 13 Sidney 0

Bainbridge completely outplays Sidney making 13 first downs to Sidney's 3, and 226 yards from scrimmage compared with Sidney's 41.

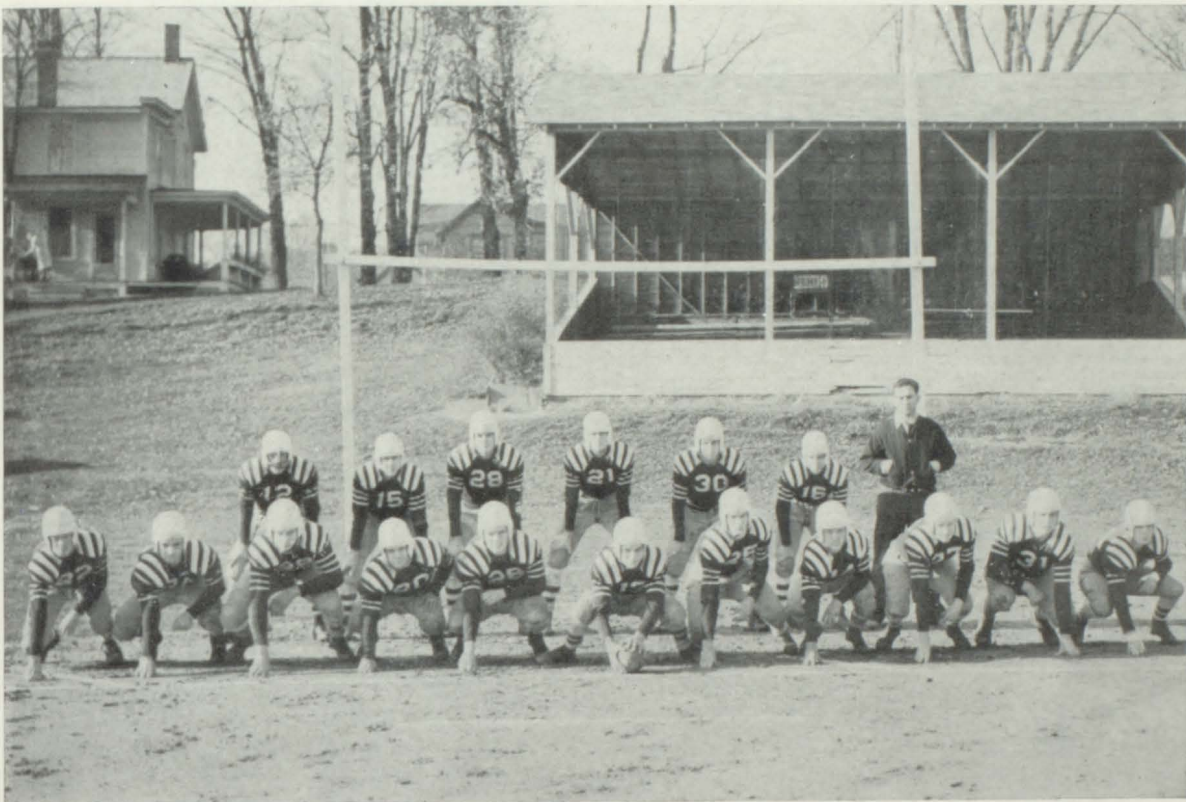
November 4 Afton 7 Bainbridge 6

Although Bainbridge surpasses Afton throughout the game they lose by one point—Rydderich's 95 yard return of a Bainbridge punt and the conversion proved fatal.

November 11 All-Star Game Chenango 7 Susquehanna 6

Although the boys from the valley scored early in the first period, they failed to convert. This was just the break Chenango needed for when they scored and added the extra point in the following period, it spelled defeat for their opponents.

ECHO



FOOTBALL

FRONT ROW:

Robert Smith, Lloyd Sipple, Earl Neidlinger, Richard Hine, George James,
Bill Grow, Andrew Parsons, Jack Goad, Walter Parsons, Henry Gardner,
Bryce Wilcox.

SECOND ROW:

Bill Butler, Donald Tiffany, Douglas Neidlinger, John Burgin, Robert Parsons,
Guy Leonard, Mr. Best.

BASKETBALL

Bainbridge High's 1939-40 Basketball season proved very successful although many of their opponents had the edge on them in height and weight. Handicapped by injuries the Blue and White team did very well for themselves winning 10 of their 15 contests.

Dec. 5 Norwich—Bainbridge. This first contest caught them unawares and the game turned into a defeat for B. C. H. S., 24 to 30.

Dec. 8. Sherburne—Bainbridge bounced back from their first defeat and routed Sherburne's giant squad, 35 to 26.

Dec. 15 Sherburne—Bainbridge again bowed. This time to Sherburne in the roughest game of the year. The score was 25 to 41.

Dec. 19 Delhi—Bainbridge began to hit its stride and the boys from the other valley met defeat, 37 to 32.

Jan. 5 Sidney—This game caught Bainbridge napping and the score brought to us the realization that Sidney had won, 27 to 21.

Jan. 12 Hancock—A close one in which B. C. H. S. come back into the winning column again. Both teams seemed to have a hard time finding the basket however. The score, Bainbridge 21, Hancock 17.

Jan. 19 Afton—The traditional rivalry showed in this game and although Afton wasn't given much of a chance by the prophets, it took some fast work by the Bainbridge lads to give them the victory, 46 to 38.

Jan. 26 Franklin—Bainbridge really ran wild in this contest, handing Franklin a 58 to 17 defeat.

Feb. 2 Deposit—An unbeaten Deposit team couldn't be downed on their own court, but Bainbridge gave their opponent something to think about every minute of the game. Score, 27 to 29.

Feb. 9 Sidney—Revenge was sweet and Bainbridge again took up their place in the winning column after the defeat at the hands of Deposit. Score: Bainbridge 34, Sidney 26.

Feb. 23 Afton—After a poor first half Bainbridge came back to wind up well out in front by a score of 41 to 24.

Feb. 26 Hancock—Bainbridge didn't waste any time in piling up a good lead which they held easily throughout the game. The score: 40 to 25.

Mar. 1 Franklin—Another breath taking game in which the local boys easily rolled up a score of 38 to 21.

Mar. 8 Deposit—The biggest game of the season and the one which gave Bainbridge a crack at a first place tie. The boys couldn't quite do it however, and Deposit again took the honors, 36 to 33.

Mar. 9 Delhi—The letdown from the preceding night somewhat disheartened the B. C. H. S. squad and they lost to Delhi, 39 to 31.

Mar. 15 All Star—The Susquehanna team routed their opponents from the other valley 60 to 44. We closed victorious.

RECORD OF THE 1940 BASKET SEASON

GAME	VARSITY		JR. VARSITY	
	Bain.	Opp.	Bain.	Opp.
Norwich	24	30	20	29
Sherburne	35	26	31	29
Sherburne	25	41	21	40
Delhi	37	32	25	19
Sidney	21	27	31	21
Hancock	21	17	20	35
Afton	46	38	24	10
Franklin	58	17	25	15
Deposit	27	29	5	20
Sidney	34	26	19	10
Afton	41	24	13	10
Hancock	40	25	19	14
Franklin	38	21	24	14
Deposit	33	36	15	17
Delhi	31	39	23	22

ECHO



BASKETBALL

FRONT ROW:

Robert Lee, Fayette Smith, James Riley, David Blakeley, *Managers.*

SECOND ROW:

Bill Butler, Harry Crane, John Burgin, Douglas Neidlinger, Henry Gardner, Earl Neidlinger, Lloyd Sipple, Robert Smith, James Fiorina.

THIRD ROW:

Edward Fiorina, Dick Hine, Robert Hitchcock, Donald Patchen, Billy Grow, Danny Knight, James Monahan, George Sands, Andrew Sejersen Jr., Donald Tiffany, Donald Peckham, Mr. Best.

BASEBALL

The Blue and White nine of *last* year played in hard luck throughout the season. The loss of many of their veterans seemed to put the jinx on this squad and they ended the season with only two victories to their credit.

However, Bainbridge rooters are hoping for a much better '40 season.

BATTING AVERAGES

PLAYER	A. B.	H	B. AV.	F. AV.
Hutchinson	7	3	.429	1.000
Foster	27	11	.407	.941
Sipple	34	13	.382	.831
Gardner	25	9	.360	.926
Burgin	34	12	.353	.853
Neidlinger, F.	6	2	.333	1.000
Parsons, D.	28	9	.321	.944
Noyes	22	5	.227	.727
Hine	9	2	.222	.462
Fiorina, R.	22	4	.182	.778
Bosket	6	1	.167	.500
Peckham	24	4	.167	.641
Neidlinger, E.	8	1	.125	1.000
Searles	15	1	.067	.944
Smith	2	0	.000	.333
Parsons, W.	1	0	.000	.000
Grow	0	0	.000	.000
Crane	1	0	.000	1.000
DeLong, D.	2	0	.000	.000
DeLong, E.	1	0	.000	.000

TENNIS

In the sectional tennis matches at Franklin last year, Bainbridge took second place. James Fiorina and Jim Monahan won the boys' doubles very decisively, but the singles contestants, Elnore Hitchcock, John Burgin and Andy Parsons couldn't quite weather the final round.

At the Sherburne finals Fiorina and Monahan were again victorious.

ARCHERY

The archery contest held at New Berlin last year proved to be quite successful for B. C. H. S. In the girls match, Elnore Hitchcock finished in a tie for first place. Zita Armstrong and Elnore earned 473 of the total 895 points gained by Bainbridge.

The boys, Harry Crane and Carl Sejersen, coming in at second and fifth places respectively, gave our group the other 422 points. As a school, we finished in second place.

TRACK

Last year's track squad earned no laurels. Enthusiasm for this sport is lacking in B. C. H. S. Very few of our athletes ever wish to compete. Our only placements were: John Burgin who shared second place with Afton in the high jump, and Vernon Palmer who took second place in the shot put event.

ECHO



1939 BASEBALL

FRONT ROW:

Adrian Donahe, Carl Hutchinson, Ted Searles, Mr. Best, Raymond Fiorina,
Dick Parsons, Ted Haynes.

SECOND ROW:

Richard Hine, Bill Grow, Ivor Bosket, Harry Crane, Robert Smith, Donald
Peckham.

THIRD ROW:

James Noyes, John Burgin, Earl Neidlinger, Henry Gardner, Lloyd Sipple.

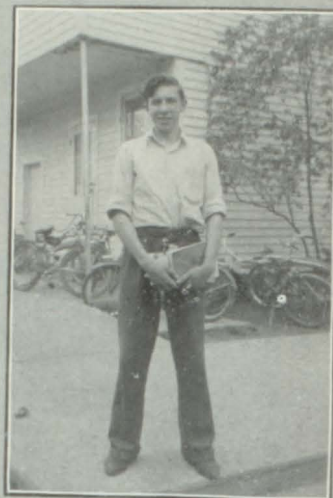
SCHOOL



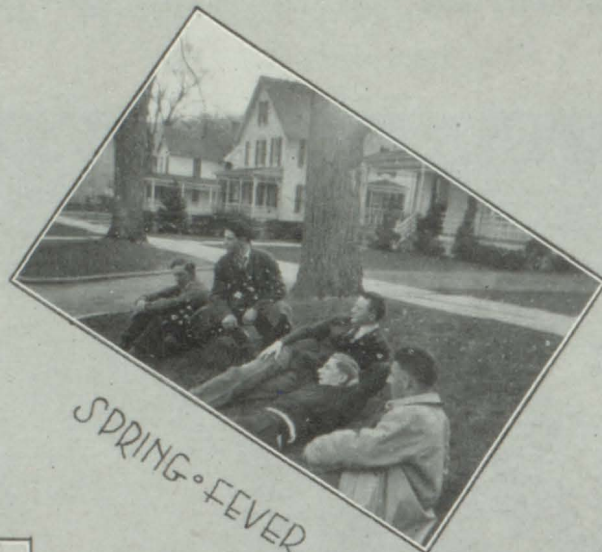
TRANSPORTATION



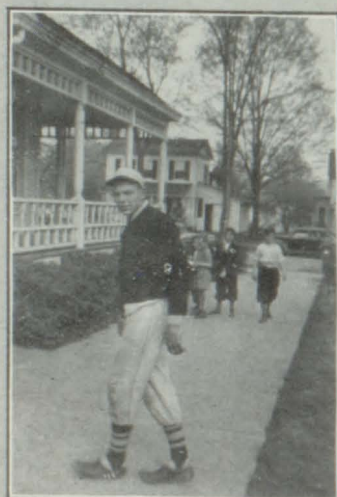
FLAT TIRE!



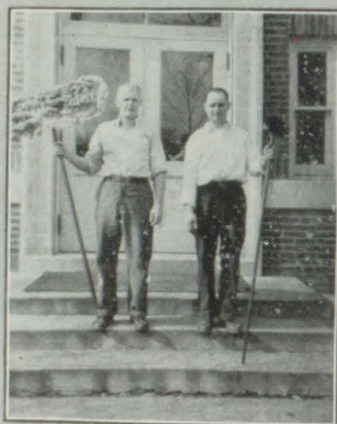
EDITOR °°



SPRING ° FEVER



SOUTHPAW



AT YOUR SERVICE



PRES. OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION °



FLOOD



WHAT'S IT ?



CHEERLEADERS

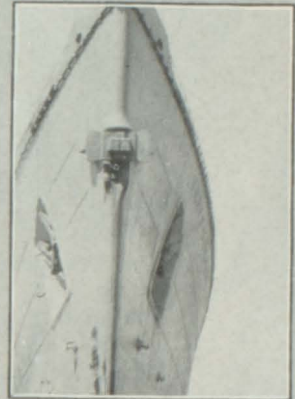
SNAPS



YOU'D NEVER THINK IT!



TRUCKIN' ON DOWN



THE 'QUEEN' ELIZABETH



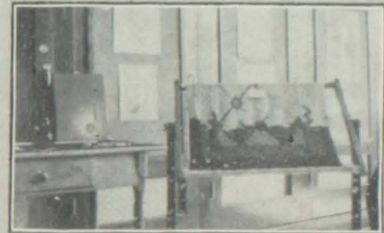
WHERE'S YOUR MAKE-UP SLIP?



IN THE BIG TOWN



ARTISTS



HOBBY SHOW



FACULTY BABIES



THE 'GIRLS'



SCHOOL FAIR



HUNGRY?



• OUR PRESIDENTS •

"WE HEAR THEM SAY"

Miss Naylor	- - - - -	"Now little people"
Mr. Baker	- - - - -	"Now—"
Miss Fessenden	- - - - -	"Do you see?"
Miss Wilcox	- - - - -	"Now, now, no more talking"
Donald Peckham	- - - - -	"Let's get out of this rut"
Danny Knight	- - - - -	"What was I doing"
Andy Parsons	- - - - -	"I'll just go over to the house"
Billy Butler	- - - - -	"Let me finish"
Miss Benjamin	- - - - -	"Well that's a fine how've you been!"
Miss Hager	- - - - -	"Where's your make-up slip?"
Mr. Best	- - - - -	"For Christmas' sake!"
Eleanor Thomas	- - - - -	"I can't get it through my head"
Elnore Hitchcock	- - - - -	"Where's my pen?"
Richard Hine	- - - - -	"Call me Dead-Eye"
Zita Armstrong	- - - - -	"Don't call me Zeke!"
Janet Delello	- - - - -	"Do tell!"
Francis DeLong	- - - - -	"Good-morning!"
Mr. Casey	- - - - -	"Here, here!"
David Blakely	- - - - -	"Aw, shucks!"
Pat Ryan	- - - - -	"Very artistic, very artistic."
James Monahan	- - - - -	"Hi, my short friend."
Donald Comfort	- - - - -	"It's all Greek to me."
Mr. Flyzik	- - - - -	"You bet!"
Miss Elbersen	- - - - -	"Get— <i>not</i> 'git'."
Miss Smith	- - - - -	"Go to your rooms."
Doug Neidlinger	- - - - -	"So I ain't neat."
John Burgin	- - - - -	"Tear it down, oh, tear it down!"
Llyal Fletcher	- - - - -	"I object!"

LITERATURE



THE ERASER'S LAMENT

The clock had long ago registered four o'clock but still the student sat at his desk, trying to summon enough energy to make his way home. Sleepily he stared around the quiet room and into the still more quiet hall. Downstairs in the almost deserted building came faint protesting sounds from the janitor's brush as it made its nightly cleaning tour.

Suddenly the student sat up and stared with amazed eyes at the blackboard that ran on all sides of the room. Had he heard someone speak? Yes, he must have, for again came a wee voice from the front of the room. Then the student thought he must be dreaming, for out of the eraser rack hopped a fat gray eraser, with frazzled edges and a very dirty complexion.

"It's all very well for you to sit there exhausted, but what do you think of me?", it grumbled.

"Are you talking to me?", gasped the astonished student.

"To whom do you think I'm talking", demanded the eraser. "Of course I'm talking to you and I hope you will be kind enough to listen, and quietly!"

"O--of course," stammered the student. "I'll listen, but this is sort of unexpected."

"Well that may be," grudgingly admitted the eraser, "but let me tell you that I've just about reached my felt's end. I've stood it as long as I can and now I'm simply going to pour out all my woes to you. And you had better pay strict attention and sympathize with me. What I want is sympathy and a lot of it."

Without waiting for the student, who had now collapsed into his seat, incredulous and mystified, the eraser launched into his miserable narrative. "Well, when I first arrived at this school, unhappy day, I was one fine fellow, and don't look surprised. Can I help it if I was reduced to my present sad state by the treatment I've received since that fatal day? (Several tears). At first I was happy. My station of duty was in the kindergarten room, and let me tell you those little tykes treated me well, really well. Not old enough to write, they had no use for me and were content to let me alone. My first months were spent in leisure. I was seldom called on to do any work, and when I was, it was no hard task to absorb the few simple figures and drawings that the teacher, bless her, was accustomed to place on the blackboard. In the midst of these pleasant surroundings, I spent some time, content and at peace with the world. It was my custom to sleep through the warm afternoons, and as I was in the midst of one of these delightful snoozes, I was rudely awakened one day by a strange teacher I had seen pass the door a few times. She was pinching me between a distainful forefinger and thumb. Ah me! Had I known of her purpose and been aware of her approach, I would at once have cast myself in the waste basket or even behind the piano. As it was, however, I was trapped and mercilessly too. To continue my sad saga— The intruder into my paradise was rattling off a stream of words that would have put emerging bullets from a gun to shame. I caught a few of the words she was throwing at my mistress, the kindergarten teacher, who was apparently catching most of them. She had probably had previous experience in the art of catching words. I, however, had not, but this is what I did manage to make out. '—you know how it is—those boys—awful—horrid—bad—terrible—erasers gone—whereabouts unknown—principal—mothers—no bringing up—you know how it is—just need one—I have one—this will do—yes—no—yes, I guess so, return

E C H O

THE ERASER'S LAMENT (Continued)

soon—keep it?—Oh, thank you—will get more—storeroom—can't find janitor now—awful—terrible—boys—bad—throw them—step on them—wasteful—goodbye! This final word having been emitted with a bang, she flew out of the room and, ah-woe; carrying me with her. Down the corridor, around the bend, and into a room which I never hope to see again! Girls, little girls are gentle things. In the kindergarten, they usually had yellow curls with big blue eyes and little frilly dresses, nicely ironed. The little boys were nice, too. These wee children had occasionally picked me up wonderingly and then put me back, carefully. The most they ever did was to rub me against their small noses and scream with delight when I made them sneeze. (Chalk dust, you know.) Well, the boys and girls in the room I had just entered must have been small once. I might have had doubts but the law of nature says that they *were* small once. But when those boys and girls left behind the small clothes of childhood, they discarded also, all the gentle, innocent ways of childhood. The room was full of fourth graders, (it said so on the door) maybe ten boys and a similar number of girls. Anyone who didn't know the exact statistics would swear there were at least fifty of each. There was a rush for seats as we entered and twenty sweet smiling faces shone with light and all that was holy. Twenty pairs of small hands were folded on twenty small desks, and twenty small pairs of feet were vigorously kicking each other under the mentioned desks. In all fairness I must say, prejudiced as I am, that those twenty students were well-mannered and perfectly disciplined by the capable teacher, but the best of teachers have some difficulty in checking twenty lively boys and girls at recess time and during lulls in study periods. I was thumped into a rack along the blackboard which differed little from the home-ah-me! I had just left. I will skip through the arithmetic, spelling, geography and history lessons, all of which had one thing in common. They were all held at the blackboard—that is, the students in turn came to the blackboard and drew maps and diagrams and circles and wrote endless sentences—most of which were wrong and had to be rewritten. As for me, I soon made up double, nay triple, every one of these twenty students at least six times around and each of those forty hands had a different squeeze and barbaric squeezes too. Whenever a question's answer was unbeknown to them (as most of them were), they would, in their mental anguish, so pinch and pummel me, that it was all I could do to keep from telling them the answers. During the oral reading class, I had a brief and well-earned rest. I was let remain idle for a half hour, and, since sleep was impossible due to my aching ribbings, I amused myself by studying the various pupils and comparing them to my kindergarten friends. Little golden-haired Virginia of the latter group could easily be 5 years hence, that girl in the last seat. Same eyes and nose and skin. I did hope, however, that Virginia would never snap her chewing gum so audibly and would refrain from the un-lady like habit of amusing herself by pressing the point of her fountain pen into the resisting back of the boy in front of her. And small Robbie, would he someday be like the boy in the overalls who was quietly catching flies and intently pulling off their wings and mutilating them in various other ways? And Harry, dear little Harry who so loved to draw box houses with tooth pick fences around them, would he ever shame his artistic talents by turning them to caricatures of his teacher? I shall spend the few days left to me deciding which can be the most barbaric—a fourth grade student or a high school "student".

As suddenly as it had began the eraser ceased speaking. The student rubbed his eyes and went home wondering if he had fallen asleep.

—Janet Delello

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

Not a creature was stirring, not even a cutthroat,
When a cry was heard, "Fill up the moat!"
The people of Rome arose from bed,
And the name of Porsena filled them with dread.
They trembled and quaked with the greatest of fear
And hid their loved ones and all that was dear.
All but one soldier with fright were shaken
And he was a man that could not be taken.
His name was Horatius, the One-Eye,
Who crossed his path was sure to die.
He put on his harness and took up his sword
With a look on his face that showed he was bored.
He walked down the street to the end of the bridge
And took his stand on a little ridge.
He waited there for the sun to rise
That he might give Porsena a surprise.
He quaffed some wine with the greatest calm
And rattled the dice that he held in his palm.
The sun arose with a brilliant glare
While our hero sharpened his sword as much as he dare.
The "Etruscan Terror" said to his lieutenant:
Have the guard of honor hoist our glorious pennant.
Now get you gone to the bridge
And take that fat head off the ridge.
Bring him alive—if he should be dead,
I'll use your hearts to stuff my bed.
I need him greatly; bring him to my den!
I'll use his thigh bone for a fountain pen
And out of his great thick skull
I'll make me a model ship hull!
The lieutenants heard this terrible speech
That made their bronzed skins bleach.
They left the chief's den
And gathered their men.
They went down to the bridge
To carry Horatius off that ridge.
Now two fat burgers of Rome
Decided to defend their home.
They hid under that bridge with its famous ridge
And whittled on poles that would surely support
Hundreds of the "Terror's" cohorts.
Now the Etruscans marched to the bridge,
And Horatius took a firm stand on the ridge.
He dressed his massive shield
And vowed through his beard that at sunset
The Etruscan hides would be peeled.
They came with a roar
That would scare even Thor.

E C H O

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE (Continued)

Horatius' sword cut through the horde
Just like an axe through a board.
There on that bridge many Etruscans died
For they had crossed the One-Eyed.
Under the bridge the men whittled away
Until they made the top of it sway.
They whittled so hard they lost their fat
And now they were leaner than old Jack Sprat.
The Etruscans felt that awful sway
And retreated screaming, "Gangway".
Horatius dived into the drink
Just as a dart his thigh did pink.
He began to sink, but towards shore he bore
While the Tiber's waters chilled him to the core.
As he neared the bank
Again he sank,
But willing hands pulled him out
Just as he for help began to shout.
They gave him a banquet, a thing he did hate
For across the river he had a date.
So he put on his pack
And followed the track.
The river he did cross
Just to meet his future boss.
Soon the citizens gave him public land
And he married just as he had planned.
Porsena could not block his trail
Nor could the Tiber o'er him prevail.
Horatius was a fighter, but, woe is me,
When he was married, he was "fini".

—Nelson Brouillette

NATURE NOTES

A cherry tree is a maiden
Who stands in prayerful way
Her finger tips stretched high
To make with rosy pinkness
Soft stains on a soft blue sky.

Autumn splashes colors 'round
In loud and blatant hues,
But Spring's more subtle
Like ancient Greek—her lesson learned
That color's soft retreating step
Should echo contour's lovely grace
And not by harsh and shrieking note,
The beauty of the whole efface.

THE REPRIEVE

Sorrowfully Ma walked to and fro in her kitchen. Tears of bitterness crept from beneath her eyelids. The word "Tomorrow" kept ringing in her ears. What could she do to save the life of her death sentenced son?

It wasn't possible—at least not possible for a member of Ma's little group. No child of hers would kill another. It just couldn't be true—but it was, for Gordon had told her so. Gordon, Mrs. Burns' oldest son, was in prison because he *murdered* a man! As Ma plodded back and forth she "saw" her boy behind bars waiting, waiting to be hanged. Mentally she went over the whole terrible event:

It was Thursday evening, June 17th. Ma Burns sat in her ancient wooden chair knitting. The other children were playing on the floor building a castle of blocks. Upstairs Mrs. Burns heard her eldest son preparing to visit Lorrie. Lorrie and Gordon were engaged and soon to be married.

Rushing downstairs Gordon called, "I'll be back early tonight, Ma, don't worry."

"But where are you going, Son?"

"To the square dance," came the answer.

"Alright dear, have a good time."

"Thanks Mom," Gordon whispered as he kissed Mrs. Burns, "Goodnight."

"Goodnight", but the eldest son was already in his car.

After the children were snugly in their beds, Ma began undressing. Why did she feel nervous? Was something about to happen? Oh well her nerves *had* been bothering her lately. She heard the sound of police cars in the distance—something caused her to hurry down stairs and to unlock the door. Her son rushed into the house.

"Lock the door, hurry Ma," he said hysterically.

She mutely obeyed him. Calmly now Ma questioned, "What's happened, son? You can tell me. Nobody's here but you and me."

"They'll be after me in a minute, Ma, but I had to come and tell you first. I've—I've killed Jim Atkins,—but it wasn't my fault. He played up to Lorrie and I hit him. There was a doctor there. He—He said that Jim was dead. What shall I do, Ma?"

"When the police come, just go away with them, Son. I'll get you a lawyer and will try to save you. But, Gordon, if it was the right thing to do, He'll take care of you. I hear the cars coming now—don't be frightened, dear boy, I'll be standing by."

E C H O

THE REPRIEVE (Continued)

And then they had taken him away. Several trials were held, each getting deeper and harder until—until the jury had come and said, "Gordon Burns has been found guilty of first degree manslaughter." And turning to Ma's eldest son, the man had continued, "On June 18th. at 7 A. M. you shall be hanged by the neck until dead." Ma could hear that ugly voice yet. Two appeals had not been accepted, while the third hadn't even been answered. But Ma was forgetting Lorrie's loving help, she, too, had tried to free her lover. And now, now it was the night before Gordon's death and his mother could do nothing more to aid him. All night Mrs. Burns trod the floor; exhausted tho' she was, she could not sleep. Ma knew that Lorrie was at her home weeping for Gordon,—hoping that a miracle might happen.

At six o'clock in the morning Ma Burns could stand it no longer. She decided to call Lorrie and the two of them might together pass the time until the death of son and lover. Ma decided to clean, yes, she would clean and she'd work hard, too. Perhaps she wouldn't notice when her clock said seven, and Lorrie, she, too, might not notice.

Mrs. Burns called Lorrie's home. The girl was already on her way over, and even as Ma put down the receiver Lorrie walked in.

They sadly greeted each other, dreading the thoughts which were in their minds.

"Mrs. Burns", Lorrie cried, "isn't there anything we can do? I've thought about it all night. He is dying for me, and I can't help him!"

"I know, dear, it's hard for both of us, but we must be brave", answered Gordon's Mother. She continued, "I have work for us to do—it will help to keep our minds off the—the clock. Perhaps He will save our boy. There is still time."

"Mrs. Burns, may we pray together?"

"Of course, Lorrie," came the answer.

The two solemnly knelt in that humble kitchen and prayed, tearfully for Gordon. And there they remained until they heard the bell ring. Ma hurried fearfully to the door. It was a telegram. She snatched the yellow envelope. Was it good news? She dared not open it. With trembling hands Ma slit the envelope and took out the paper. Her eyes opened in astonishment, her face became soft and she smiled thru her tears for on that scrap of paper were these words, "Your son, Gordon, is hereby pardoned. Officials have been notified." It was signed by the Governor.

"Lorrie, look Lorrie!" shouted Mrs. Burns.

Lorrie rushed into the hall and heard the news with tears of gladness. Together the women knelt and offered their slight thanks for the miracle of life.

- Betty Andrews

IN THE SPRING

Couples were strolling down lover's lane,
Hand in hand as lovers do,
But the pair I noticed at second glance,
Were a very strange looking two.

The first was tall and lean and spare
With a long dark cloak and a hat on his hair
In his basket were a variety of mended hearts
And cookies for the children and maple tarts.

In quite sharp contrast, the other fellow
Was a short, plump lad with hair of yellow.
Dressed only in a wide red band
He carried bows and arrows in his hand.

Love birds sang as they walked along.
And in the distance notes did sound.
As if wedding bells played a tune
Of "Here Comes The Bride"
On a day in June.

Surely you guessed who they are by now?
Not the New Year and Father Time.
But Cupid and St. Valentine.

—Marian Cudworth

THE DAY

It was morning and the milkman went his way
While the sun arose anew to announce another day
To the people, yet in bed.

Then the streets were filled with workers on their way to earn their life
(Like soldiers bugle-marching to a battlefield of strife)
For their families must be fed.

Rapidly the wheels of progress rolled on without a pause
Hastening to make a nation worthy of a noble cause
And the men by fate and charity were led.

It was high noon and the whistles signaled time to stop and rest
And the business world grew lighter as the toilers paused to jest
And the honest man munched his hard earned bread.

It was afternoon and all had resumed their daily tasks
While the great men's thoughts moved behind faces, still as masks
And secrets were pondered in each ambitious head.

For conquests are made by thinkers who labor hard and long
Who seek to promote goodness and eliminate wrong
And to reinforce a nation against a demon dread.

It was twilight and the sun set, fading like a music strain
That resounds no longer loudly; but wafts across the plain
And the echoes of the day that has softly fled.

Then the flowers folded tightly and the robins filled each nest
And the sleepy little children knelt and prayed and they were blest
And the moon grew like a picture—deep and dark and black and red.

It was evening and the stars shone, lighting up the universe
All in delicate formation; never needing to rehearse
And the shadows flitted forth from the forests dark and dead.

—Janet Delello

E C H O

THE TALKING DUNGEON

He was cruel and wicked. Such a king the world had never known. His prisoners whom he treated miserably and mercilessly hated his very existence. He kept his prisoners in one large dungeon. This was to encourage talk.

One day these prisoners had been beaten so badly that they had been left lying on the floor without their heavy chains. One by one they became conscious and began to mumble to each other. They did not dare talk aloud lest the guard hear them. They were talking of their hatred for this man and that if they ever were free, of the horrible revenge they would inflict on him. All this they later found out was learned by the king. How could he have heard? They had talked in mere whispers so the sound wouldn't carry. One day one was being led out to face the wicked king. As the guard locked the prison gate behind him, the prisoner heard a distant sentence, "Will he return alive?" He knew this was one of the other prisoners speaking but it was strange how he could have heard him. As it happened, he did return alive and unharmed for once. He told what he had heard at the dungeon gate to one of his friends who explained the phenomenon to him. The curved roof of the prison had bent the sound waves to that particular spot. But unfortunately, the guard also heard and fearful lest this secret be divulged to others, the men were shot at once. The wicked king then went to gloat over his dead prisoners lying on the floor. He laughed so shrilly and loudly that the ceiling and walls caved in burying him alive. So, was the justified end of a cruel king.

—Janice Palmer

STAR MYTH, MODERN VERSION

One day many thousand years ago a young boy named Plutas was asked by his sister if he had ever seen stars through a coat sleeve. He replied, "No, I never have." Upon this reply his sister took Plutas outdoors and made him look through the sleeve of his coat. When water was poured down the sleeve, Plutas became very angry. In fact, he became so angry that he caught most of the water in his hands and hurled it upwards into space. As the water went upward it collected much dust and soon froze. It has stayed in the heavens ever since. This, becoming one of our distant planets, was named Pluto, after Plutas.

—Graydon Loomis

SPRING

Today, the sun may shine
 Tomorrow, the snow may fall.
 Today, a robin may sing
 Tomorrow, there may not be a sign of Spring at all.

Pearl Palmer, Sixth Grade



GONG OF THE TEMPLE OF THE NORTH

"I tell you, Conrad, such a thing is impossible!" squeaked the great Dr. Heckle under his eyeglasses. "You mustn't believe these -er- fool stories of the natives. There is no such thing as the "Gong", as you call it. No sound has ever been known that could cause such a vibration, so that it would shake everything to pieces, although it might be possible. Go back to your home, explore, oh—do anything you like but don't come to me with your tales."

Young Conrad left the room, discouraged. He had tried to get help from the scientist. It was true he had no proof. Suddenly he decided to find out for himself if there were such a thing as the "Temple of the North".

He obtained a sled and huskies and set out through the frozen arctic wastes. After traveling for some time, he reached a valley surrounded by high mountains. His companion, an Eskimo, tried to dissuade him because of the danger, especially for the seventh son of a seventh son, as he was. For such a one, legend had it, to venture near this valley meant sure death, even disappearance from the face of the earth.

Conrad was disdainful. He knew that he was nearing the Temple of the North. He must discover the mysterious sound whose deep note would ruin all. This he imagined was some sort of gong. The two traveled on a little farther. Suddenly the Eskimo started to run. Conrad called after him. Instantly the echos around nearly deafened his ears. "Kyah, Kyah", the mountains reverberated. Conrad rushed frantically onward. He noticed a strange stillness about the air; the pass became narrower and narrower. Then came the sound. It was a sound such as he had never heard before. It rang and echoed. The earth seemed to tremble. Maybe he was just nervous. He had listened too much to the natives. It was silly for a scientist to notice a superstition even if handed down for hundreds of years. Then he heard it again, this time clearly. It was so deep that it was almost inaudible. The echos rang forth, and all about him began to vibrate. He began to tremble and all went black before him. The mountains split and the great glacier crashed into the valley. Huge rocks were tossed about as pebbles and the mountain range became as dust. The Gong of The Temple of The North had rung it's warning. Dr. Heckle lost a valuable young scientist in the supposed—"earthquake".

—Emily Nichols

E C H O

FIRST GRADE

Since first graders at Holiday time cannot write stories, I might tell you about our grade and room.

We now have forty-two children, twenty-one boys and twenty-one girls. Of these, twenty-five are bus pupils who bring their lunches. The first bus arrives at 8:00 A. M. and five first graders come on this early bus.

Thirty-six of our children have started bank accounts and to date \$42.53 has been banked. It is interesting to note that since September, 1926 first graders have banked a total of \$1706.13.

We like to add something each year to our large, well-lighted room. Last year we had a nice steel cabinet for our many reading books and a long shelf for our plants. This year we have hung, at each of our six windows, brightly colored curtains.

—Anna C. Naylor

Editor's Note: This article was written in December, and naturally figures are changed.

SECOND GRADE

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Claudine Eldred

Once there was a little Christmas tree. This tree was a little bit afraid he was not going to be cut for a Christmas tree. But a very strange thing happened. Santa Claus came and took it for a Christmas tree for some poor children and the little tree was very happy.

CHRISTMAS

Thomas Bruckner

I know a man by the name of Santa Claus. He comes every Christmas Day. I like him very much and I bet you do too. December always has a date with Christmas and Santa Claus.

"PAL"

Philip Demeree

My dog's name is Pal. His fur is black and white. He is a bird dog. He hunts pheasants and partridges. He is a good dog.

MY CAT TOMMY

Lois Hoyt

My cat can sing. He is gray and black. He caught a mouse yesterday morning. He comes up to bed and wakes me up. He likes to get under the stove. He gets up in a tree.

MY CANARY BIRD

Gary Holman

He sings almost all the time. His name is Pet. He flies all over. He likes to fight. He eats bird seed. He likes lettuce. He sings when the water is running. He likes to hear the radio.

FOURTH GRADE

OUR THOUGHT

Francis Cawley

The snow is falling thick and fast
Oh, how the cars slip past, slip past
And as our sleds go fast, go fast
We know that Christmas comes at last!

IN WINTER

Norma Hyatt

The wind has blown the leaves away
And I cannot go out to play
The winter's here—the sun is gone
So I must put my warm togs on.

ON THE FARM

Wilford Baker

In the kitchen low and wide,
The women work side by side
Soon the cake and pies will be baking
And then the stuffing will be making.

WINTER

Elizabeth Hohreiter

When the winter comes with all its snow
We have a lot of fun.
We go outdoors and ride down hill
Until the day is done.
Our nose gets red and hands get cold
But still we jump and run.
We want to have what fun we can
Before the winter's gone.

ME AND THE WEATHER

Betty Palmetier

Do you know summer is ended and autumn has begun?
Winter is coming quickly.
It now is on the sun.
Jack Frost is also coming
He now is on the run
To bite our toes and fingers
And that isn't any fun.
So to keep out the shivers when it blizzards with snow
I build up my system
And what do you know?
With milk in my cereal, in my thermos for lunch,
I stand in good health—
The best of the bunch.

ECHO

FOURTH GRADE

NIGHT WATCH

By
Shirley Fay Davidson

When I go to bed
I love to watch the moon and stars,
The big, old moon called Father Moon,
The little stars called Baby Stars,
And I hear the people passing by.
But best of all I like to watch
The big, old moon, the little stars.

FIFTH GRADE

THANKSGIVING

By
Ethel Hitchcock

Apples shining, grapes galore.
Nice to leave at someone's door.
All a pretty red and green
They're a sight to please a queen.
Nuts and candy, puddings, plums.
Help to make Thanksgiving fun.
We give thanks for them all, too.
As each one of you should do.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

By
Alma Olmstead

Born at midnight in a stable, in a town so far away,
The little Saviour, Blessed Jesus, lay asleep upon the hay.
All the shepherds on the hillsides, all the wise men in the dale,
Saw His star of holy wonder, by it, other stars seemed pale.
Then the wise men brought their camels, then the shepherds left their sheep,
Went into the holy city, where the Baby lay asleep.
The good wise men gave their riches, the good shepherds gave their praise,
While the angels sang of gladness
In the light of sacred rays.

A HUNTER'S DREAM

By
Everett Rowe

When the snow is on the ground
Then the hunter takes his hound
Off for the day
With sport on the way.
They go by a bridge,
Pass over a ridge
Then to the woods, so deep
It is still, not a peep.
Ah! a fox on the run!
Up goes the gun!
Hurrah! he has shot it!
The hound, he has got it!
Then back over the stream
The end of a dream

ECHOES OF OTHER YEARS

It is most certainly true that each Senior Class has its own particular incidents and memories which it treasures through the ensuing years. I feel most honored to be chosen as interpreter of the class of 1924 and hope that to this outline I am requested to present my classmates will add the embroidery of their own happy memories until the whole thing becomes a joyous picture of that last school year we shared together.

Until Easter our trip to Washington and New York eclipsed even our graduation exercises. All our energies were bent toward raising the necessary funds. The class bank balance was divided by the number of its members hundreds of times. Legitimate and "wildcat" schemes of adding to it engrossed us night and day. "Senior meeting, Senior meeting" became our cry and any two Seniors wherever they met became the nucleus of a meeting. The most profitable as well as most exciting of these methods of money raising was of course the "Senior Play." That epic of the boards will never be forgotten by those who participated, from the last minute frantic study of our lines to the questionable support contributed by the "stage hands" who interrupted our big scenes with showers of buckshot paperwads and pillows from snug hideouts in the scenery and cat-walks.

Washington and New York, however, were worth all the energy we had expended to get there. No matter how sore our feet were at night, we rose ready for a fresh onslaught on the museums each morning. Our viewing of the "Cat and Canary" was a perilous thing. It practically made old women of our chaperons and caused the more timid members of the class always to proceed in a body after dark rather than risk their lives singly.

About graduation itself, I remember what poor cooperation we received from the weather. We were very proud of our class for it was the largest in many years and we wanted our exercises to be especially impressive, but the elements insisted in trying to interfere. To begin with, it was an exceptionally late spring and the little daisies had advanced only to the bud stage. They had to be picked practically blossom by blossom for the daisy chain, and you can well imagine what that did to the patience and backs of the class of 1924.

On graduation night itself, I doubt if many groups of graduation speakers have had to deliver their orations with quite the vigorous Jovian accompaniment that we endured. How well I recall that we manfully strove to make even the back row hear as clap after clap of thunder echoed and reechoed along "Susquehanna's vale". I for one sincerely hoped that the unhappy expressions on the faces of the audience was due to the atmospheric conditions rather than our efforts.

One of our chief distinctions I have saved till last. We were the first class to have the privilege of completing our four years of high school under Mr. Casey's wise guidance. Many classes have had this same fine chance, but we were the first.

Fortunately in your letter you gave me the information that this must be told briefly. Otherwise I might easily flood you with my reminiscences for whatever the class of 1924 might have been it was certainly *not* lacking in originality.

—Lydia Collins Andrews

E C H O

ECHOES OF OTHER YEARS

When one is asked to reminisce of his high school years, he is most liable to remember those things which concern himself most deeply and let more general and interesting things slip into a shadow of forgetfulness. I fear that is true of me as I think back over that most carefree time of my life.

It was in the spring of 1938 that the Senior president went out to play softball but lost the ball and gained a bump that was too much for him. The Seniors lost their president, the vice president lost ten pounds worrying, and the advisers gained some premature gray hair, but everything ended up in nice shape with a profit in the treasury.

The movie machine which appeared in my time was always a fascinating thing, and I would still like to show some more movies. Incidents of drama and feverish close shaves are easily remembered and the movie machine gave us some of these for it usually chose, of all times, ten minutes before assembly program to go haywire. We would fume around the projection booth checking connections, changing exciter lamps, adjusting photo cell voltage, and looking at motor governors in a sometimes successful and sometimes vain attempt to give the show on time.

As a self-styled lighting expert I remember many happy hours in backing up the fine casts that won Bainbridge honors in the dramatic contests with "Drums of Death" and "Sky Fodder". The memory of my last dramatic contest is not so pleasant for kidnapped from my switchboard in favor of a character part I was much out of place as everyone agreed when in the contest we scored so far down the list that no one dared mention the number of our position.

One of the most amusing incidents I remember was backstage before a patriotic assembly program. Gretchen Hartmann was dressed as the statue of liberty and Bud Supplee, wrapped in many yards of cloth, was to represent the obelisk in a dialogue. All seemed in readiness. The auditorium lights went out, but as the curtain began to part the statue of liberty looked over at the obelisk and in horrified tones said, "Hisst, Bud, your necktie shows!"

—Graydon Cass



Twelve years have slipped away since the class of '28 embarked on life's ship, each member of the crew taking up the task which was in store for him.

During these twelve years, many changes have taken place in B. H. S. and the class of '28 has been widely scattered but fond memories linger on.

It was during our high school days that the old school building was torn down, as a result, part of our learning took place in the "Old Silk Mill", but we had the honor of being graduated from the "New Building". This building has been greatly enlarged and improved.

This year, the class of 1940 will be graduated under the same faithful and successful guidance as did the class of '28. May good luck and prosperity be in store for each and every member and may the "Echo" live on with the greatest of success.

Wilma G. Loomis '28

ECHO STATISTICS

NAME	APPEARANCE	LIKES BEST	BEST SUITED FOR
Guy Leonard	shirt-sleeves	that car	business man
Charles Fenner	every-where	action	philosopher
Junior Monroe	sleek	toasted buns	gigolo
Donald Peckham	rotund	talking	a success
Andy Parsons	nonchalant	New Jersey	husband
Bob Parsons	pugnacious	football	understudy to Benny Goodman
John Burgin	head in clouds	dance music	Arthur Murray's job
Douglas Neidlinger	attractive	Radio-hop	movie idol
Henry Gardner	stupendous	eating candy	bouncer
Billy Butler	pre-occupied	baseball	big league player
Carl Sejersen	perplexed	family car (when he gets it)	mechanical engineer
Bryce Wilcox	neat	movies	cinema operator
James Fiorina	pocket edition	girls	bell hop
Donald Cobb	taking notes in Social English	roller-skating	secretary
Gerald Gifford	tall, dark and hand- some	solitude	movies
Donald Pratt	disinterested	airplanes	salesman
Victor Holbert	bartender	the 'shop'	farmer
Ivor Bosket	startled	acting in school plays	Sunday School teacher
Billy Grow	Bull Dog	Norma Peckham	circus barker
Soc Nellis	slight	baseball scores	professor in a girls' college
Lyall Fletcher	sleepy	debates	millionaire
Don Comfort	happy	wrestling	professional wrestler
Zita Armstrong	quiet	babies	nurse
Jane Andrews	shy	gum	somebody's wife
Bettie Andrews	business like	roller skating	Sonja Henie on roller skates
Janet Delello	vibrant	arguing (next to Winchell)	journalist (under- study to W. W.)
Mary Hovey	petite	good time	librarian
Mildred Kingsley	homie	homemaking	housewife
Elnore Hitchcock	stately	brownies	nurse
Phyllis Holbert	little girl	children	kindergarten teacher
Barbara Seymour	jolly	popcorn	typist
James Monahan	dude	to act superior	D. A.

HUMOR



HUMOR
1940

HUMOR

Dad—"How many times must I tell you it isn't good manners to dip your bread into the gravy?"

Don Peckham—"Maybe it isn't good manners but is sure is good taste."

Bill Grow—"Is this the woodenware department?"

Sales Lady—"Yes."

Bill—"Then this must be where I get lipsticks for my sisters."

John Burgin—"Bob is growing a mustache on the installment plan."

Bill Butler—"How come?"

John—"A little down per week."

Don Pratt—"Am I handling this plane pretty well?"

Instructor—"Yeah, keep it up."

Don Comfort—"I heard of a recipe for cold cream that includes nitric acid and glycerine."

Don Peckham—"Wow!!! What if you're slapped in the face after using it?"

Policeman—"You've been speeding!"

Driver—"The brakes won't work, so I wanted to get home before I had an accident."

"Jimmie", said the teacher, "What is your greatest ambition?"

Jimmie considered thoughtfully. "I think," he said, "it is to wash mother's face."

Father—"Tommy, I am not at all pleased at the report your teacher sent me in regard to your conduct."

Tommy—"I knew you wouldn't be, and I told her so, but she went right on and made it out that way. Just like a woman ain't it?"

Miss Evans—"Danny, why are you late for school today?"

Danny Knight—"I didn't have time enough to get ready."

Miss Evans—"That's funny; I always have plenty of time."

Danny—"I know teacher, but I always wash."

Teacher—"Who can tell me when the 'Dark Ages' were?"

Don Peckham—"That must have been the time when they had so many knights."

Heard on Senior Trip.

He—"Since I met you I haven't been able to eat or drink."

She—"Why not?"

He—"I can't. I'm broke."

John B.—"Don't you know how to stand at attention?"

Bill G.—"I am Sir; It's my uniform that's at ease."

Mr. Coe—"Well, David, what did you learn at school today?"

David—"I learned to say 'Yes sir', and 'No sir', and 'Yes ma'am', and 'No ma'am.'"

Mr. Coe—"You did?"

David—"Yeah."

ECHO

HUMOR

Miss Petley—"What is a pronoun?"

John Burgin—"A pronoun is a noun that has turned pro."

Miss Haight—"Now class, who is the Speaker of the House?"

Dan Knight—"In our house, the ma."

Miss Benjamin—"Does your husband consider you a necessity or a luxury?"

Mrs. Houck—"It depends, my dear, on whether I am cooking his dinner or asking for a new dress."

Barbara—"I wonder why they call it free verse?"

Janet—"That's simple. Did you ever try to sell any?"

Johnny was learning the alphabet. "A", said his mother.

"A", said Johnny.

"B", said Johnny.

And the letters came and went while Johnny grew more and more bored as each new one made its appearance.

"This is G", said his ma.

Johnny was suddenly interested.

"G?" he questioned excitedly. "Is it G, mama?"

"Well, where's whiz?"

Mrs. A.—"Is your husband stingy?"

Mrs. B.—"I'll say he is. Every time he takes a penny out of his pocket the Indian blinks at the light."

Betty Grow—"I made this cake all by myself."

Bill Butler—"Splendid, but who helped you lift it out of the oven?"

Reporter—"What shall I say about the two peroxide blondes who made such a fuss at the game?"

Editor—"Why, just say the bleachers went wild."

David Blakely—"I heard that Byrd is planting a garden."

Leo Terry—"Why, what can he plant?"

David B.—"Iceberg lettuce, of course."

We expect Hitler's next blitzkrieg to be against Antarctica on the grounds that the Emperor Penguins are descendants of Emperor Wilhelm, therefore belong to the Reich.

Father—"No, Johnny, I don't know the latin for 'people'."

Johnny—"Populi."

Mother—"How dare you accuse your father of lying, young man?"

Doug Neidlinger in crowd at World's Fair with Jean Bacon.

"I say, dear, don't you think I should carry the lunch basket? We're liable to become separated in this crowd."

Bill Butler just come from his very first day at school.

"Well Billy, what did they teach you?" asked Mrs. Butler.

"Not much", replied Bill, "I've got to go again."

1940

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HUMOR

Miss Flynn—"Why do you call hash an enthusiastic food?"

Bob Parsons—"Because we put all that we had into it."

Miss Flynn—"What is oleomargarine?"

Guy Leonrad—"Butter Scotch."

James Monahan—"Would you call him an optimist?"

Don Comfort—"I should say so—why he'd enjoy the view when treed by a bull."

Miss Haight—"What is a carpet bagger?"

Charles Fenner—"An Olson rug salesman."

Donald Pratt—"What is a race course?"

Miss Smith—"A class which studies eugenics."

Miss Smith—"What is a red corpuscle?"

James Fiorina—"A noncommissioned general in the Russian army."

A general science student tells us that the U. S. is in the hoarse latitudes—Can that be because of so many political speeches?"

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HUMOR

Bill Grow—"Say, are those two friends?"

Bob Parsons—"Nope, they're women."

Miss Haight—"What are current events, Henry?"

Hank Gardner—"Anything shocking."

Mary Butler—"Got much money in your bank, Dot?"

Dot Branham—"Gee, no! The depositors have fallen off something fierce since sister got engaged."

Mary—"It's beginning to rain. You'd better stay to dinner."

Howard—"Oh, thanks very much, but it isn't that bad."

Bryce Showalter—"Did you hear about the fellow who invented a device for looking through walls?"

Teddy Haynes—"No, what did he call it?"

Bryce—"A window."

Neighbor—"Jimmy, is this your ball?"

Jim Noyes—"Any windows broken or anything?"

Neighbor—"No."

Jim—"Yes, it's mine."

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HUMOR

Mr. Corbin—"I was reading in the paper about finding a collar button in a cow's stomach."

Mr. Coe—"Nonsense, how could a cow get into a bedroom and crawl under the dresser?"

Mrs. Hovey—"I smell something burning, Mary. Did you turn off the iron?"

Mary—"Yes, I turned the switch once and then turned it again to make sure."

Miss Smith—"Who gave us the law of heredity?"

General Science Pupil—"The Government."

Dan Knight—"Did you pass your Geometry Exam?"

Jean Bacon—"Well, it was like this—"

Dan—"Shake, neither did I."

Mary had a little slam
For everyone, and so
The leaves of her engagement book
Were always white as snow.

Two mosquitos once lit on the features
Of two fair and peroxidized creatures
When asked by what right
They replied, "We're not tigh
We're just seeing the game from the bleachers."

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WILLARD Batteries	TEXACO Gas & Oil				
GOODYEAR Tires & Tubes	CHEVROLET Cars & Trucks				

HUMOR

Miss Nitschke:—Name two primary colors.

Don Lewis:—Stop and go.

Mr. Casey:—Do you know what a dream is?

Sonny Harrington:—Yes, I do. It is moving pictures while you are asleep.

Miss Finch:—Which would you rather have, three bags with two apples in each bag or two bags with three apples in each bag?

Paul Harding:—Three bags with two apples in each bag.

Miss Finch:—Why?

Paul:—Because there'd be one more bag to bust.

Teacher:—Why are some of the students like processed coffee?

Student:—98% of the active ingredients are removed from the bean.

Charles Fenner:—Why am I like Napoleon and Frederick the Great?

Donald Peckham:—I don't know.

Charles Fenner:—Because I went down in history.

Miss Smith:—What are sun spots?

Bryce S.:—Freckles.

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The Bainbridge News

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GARAGE

And

MACHINE WORK

HUMOR

Junior Sejersen:—I hear that Noah wasn't much of a fisherman.

Milton Scott:—How could he be with only two worms.

Jean Bacon:—(To Doug while dancing) You remind me of one of Walt Whitman's poems.

Doug:—Which one?

Jean:—Oh, any one, the feet are mixed up in all of them.

While in New York, Carl Sejersen almost missed the ferry. He arrived just in time to jump aboard as the boat was leaving. His jump landed him flat on the deck and unable to move for a few moments. When he recovered, he looked back toward shore and gasped:

"Gosh, I never thought I could jump that far!"

Bob Parsons' father was reprimanding him for his flirtatious conduct.

Dad:—Just imagine being engaged to three girls at once. Explain yourself.

Bob:—I don't know unless Cupid shot me with a machine gun.

Betty Grow:—And what if I refuse you, Bill, will you commit suicide?

Bill Butler:—That has been my usual custom.

Charlie Fenner to Uncle Charlie:—Say, Uncle, I just saw a man who makes horses.

Uncle:—Are you sure?

Charlie:—Yep, he was nearly finished. When I came by, he was nailing on the back feet.

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FOR FLAVOR



FOR HEALTH

HUMOR

"Renwick" asked Miss Lloyd "how many days are there in a year?"

"Three hundred sixty five and a fourth" replied Renwick without hesitation.

"How can there be a fourth of a day?" asked the teacher.

"Why", replied Ren, "that is the fourth of July."

Don Peckham:—How did you like my argument?

Miss Smith:—It was sound, very sound, in fact there was nothing but sound to it.

Robert Gordon:—Have you ever noticed that all the successful men are bald?

Harry Crane:—Naturally, they come out on top.

