

Each year we watch another class leave our halls and go forth into the world of living and doing. Each year, we as teachers, feel the pangs of parting as poignantly as before, for each of these groups of young people has its own place in our thoughts and has made its own mark. So it shall remain as long as schools continue to graduate the Senior Class and as long as teachers and students work together in the intimacy and fellowship that we have enjoyed.

It has been a precious privilege; of enjoying the closest kind of friendship and fellowship with this class of '32; for I well remember a day five years ago, when a new teacher and an equally new class met for the first time in the Winslow school. In my treasure box I have a picture of that group taken that year. To me, as I compare it with the later pictures, it is a whole book of psychology. For in a very concrete way I see the growth and development of these young people, physically, mentally and socially.

We as teachers of this class have tried to encourage and foster in these young people a love and admiration for those ideals of citizenship and social living that we feel are most necessary for true success, and we have tried to achieve what we feel you would want them to be. We have felt your co-operation and your helpfulness many times and for this we are grateful. For only as we, teachers and parents, reach a mutual understanding of ideals and aims, can we hope to achieve.

Dear Class Of '32

You cannot know how pleasant you have made my fellowship with you by your ready co-operation and your good-nature and sportsmanship in doing what you did not want to do, and by your friendship and confidences. Years from now when I am an old, old, lady, I shall draw out my pictures from my treasure box and live again the happy years with the class of '32

In saying good-bye, may I leave with you this thought. The class motto, which we chose these few years ago is still a fitting watchword for each and everyone of us.

"Let us be known by our deeds for,
We live in deeds not years,
In actions not the figures on the dial."

CLASS SONG

We're the class of '32
And a happy, snappy crew
In everything we do
We've always pep, pep, pep
Hurrah for '32
We'll e're be true to the blue and gold
And let it be told
In our hearts we will hold
A lasting love for you
Our Bainbridge High.

Article IV

As individual men and women we do bequeath the following:

I, Martin Abrahamson, do leave my ability as being the High School Caruso to Junior Shepard and my blond curly hair to Ingvald Ness.

I, Gene Anderson do bequeath upon Doyle Ki brough, myself respect and rating in the Booster Club.

I, Richard Arms, leave my reputation on the Senior Sneak to Rupert Broom, You can surprise them too, Scotty.

I, Evelyn Bergman, leave my literary complex to Carl McLean and my 28 lbs. to Barbara Musselman.

I, Thor Erickson, leave my hope to leave some of my excess weight to Victor Ellingson, and my ability as a discus thrower to Brice B.

I, Sally Ellingson, leave my cosmetic kit to Mary Mikkola, just don't be caught in the rain.

I, Marjory Emmons, leave my Garbo form and attitude to Signe Tunis.

I, Florence Ellefsen, leave my reputation as a dancing teacher to Cecil Foss.

I, Mary Fukuyama, will my place as salutatorion of my class to Ralph Halverson.

I, Betty Gilmore, leave to Lucy Antoncich to leading role in the Senior play, the ending could have been worse, Lucy.

I, Dorothy, leave my absent marks in the office.

I, Frank Hansen, leave--leave, you lucky Johanson boy.

I Oliver Hanson, leave my position as Big Shot of Bainbridge High to Filmore Falk. Just be bashful.

I, Kathleen Henderson, leave to the library, my book on "How to Enunciate Clearly" by David Morley.

I, Esther Jensen, leave to Ellen Christensen my sophisticated disposition. Remember my dynamic personality.

I, Jenny Knutson leave my place as treasurer of the Girls Club to Mildred Ekern, it's a good means of making money, if you every collect any.

I, Maurine Lundgren leave to any deserving girl my Junior friend, he's an awfully good means of transportation.

I, Arthur Mikkola leaves my silence to Andy Johnson.

I, Arthur Monsaas leaves my artisant of spilling paint to any good chemist, maybe Reeba Young.

I, Olive Meyers leave my helpfulness to Ed Loverich.

I, Isami Nakao bestow unto Oscar Thorson my position as third basemen on the team.

I, Jack Rhode leave my drag with Miss Howard) to Sverre Lund. I, Halid Seedin leave Mr. Tarzan (Jack Henshaw) with a fond hope that he will become a Frankenstein, but remember your rheumatism.

I, Umiko Sasaki leave to Birgit Gunnerson my ability to model dresses.

I, Bod Sorenson bestow unto Ed Swanson my knack of winning the county hurdling championship.

I, Billy Weld leave my theory to Einstein or to Mr. Ringstad, hoping that one of them will be able to prove them, I couldn't.

I, Ethel Wyatt leave my seat at the basketball games to Flo Bea Hoodenpyle, I'm sorry I won't be able to share the blame for the loss of the game with you.

I, Dick Yeo leave my manly laugh and appetite to Gordon Dick.

I, Jack Henshaw not to be leaving but am thankful that I went on the Senior Sneak this year instead of next, I'm sorry to see you leave Mrs. Tarzan.

I, Barbara Morrill leave my blush to Jim Quitsland. It's a sure sign of innocence.

I, Robert Haugan leave my record at high jumping to Mervin Søvertsen, you must have your mind on you hight and your eyes open.

I, Marion Brown leaves my military statue to Jim Dare.

I, Ruth Ericksen leaves my hight to Barbara Arnold, in hope she may be the center on a basketball team.

I, Doris McLean leaves all she can't get in her purse, to anyone who finds it.

Signed by
The members of the Senior Class.

HISTORY

Every group of peoples must have its history,
And of the class of '32 there is no mystery.
We are famous we do confess
Our feats are many as you will guess.
We had our origin in old Winslow Hi
In the eighth grade were we but we did not cry.
We had debating team worth recognition
And in track and baseball we held many a position.
But here we cannot tarry long
For to tell all would surely be wrong.
When to the new school we gallantly came
Not even room eleven could down our fame.
So on May 25 nineteen hundred twenty eight
We were graduated to our High School fate.

We shivered beneath the Senior glances
And in a daze we emerged from classes.
Where x plus y and b plus c were equal to things unknown
And Latin about it was heard about many a groan.
We also studied English and Science
But we attacked these with all our appliance.
Moreover this Freshman class of '32
Soon became known thru out the school.
Doris McLean lead this class
And we were famous now en masse.

Let us quickly pass to our sophomore year
Where we continued our record clear.
Seven Sophs made the grade of the Torch Society
We lead the school with great propriety.
Jack Rhode was elected captain
When we were organized things began to happen.
Two of our members won honors in declamation
While others were in the athletic station.
The Sophomore party was a success
Our achievements well done, as you will guess.

Returning to Bainbridge for our third year,
We found old friends and made new ones so dear.
For now as Juniors, dignified and fine
We took our place in the very front line.
For our leader, Arthur Monsaas, see,
And we won the Banner of the A. S. B.
Football claimed many of our men
While in activities and scholarship we won again.
Moonlight and Roses our Junior dance
Was judged the best from the very first glance.
Arthur Monsaas headed the committee
That planned this dance so very pretty.
The all school play was a success,
Due to so much of the Junior genius.
We finished our year in a blaze of glory.
So we end the Junior story.

Then came that day in September
The day of days we all remember
At last we were Seniors brave and true
Ready for Bainbridge our deeds to do.
The same old friends and some faces new
Were found in the class of '32
Alice Seedin was made the chief
She has guided the class without any grief.
We began by winning the Leadership banner
Which we retained in a loyal manner
Athletics and clubs and dramatics too
Tell under the capable Senior rule.
The senior ball was a lovely thing,
Of its beauty and finance we oft will sing
Later came the most important event of all
The senior play "Quality Street" as you recall
Now at last the time has come
When we say farewell to all this fun.
We have enjoyed our years together
They hold memories we'll recall forever
So as this History ends we say goodbye
To friends and teachers at Bainbridge High.

CLASS PROPHECY

- Martin Abfahamson: Seen and incidently hears, in China, with a monkey for a pal. Atleast, he didn't get Rudy Vallees grapefruit.
- Richard Armes: Mr. Armes is an Australian vote-counter. We always knew he would be a good politician.
- Gene Anderson and what was originally known as Maurine Lundgren are slinging sodas at the Parakeet. Instructor Anderson conducts semi-weekly classes in the graceful art of gedunking. Maurine has succeeded in curing her erring bill-payer from his supposedly incurable malady of poker.
- Marion Brown: WE find him at work in his penthouse ~~xxx~~ studio located on the cooks shack at Moran School. Professor Brown has just completed his thesis upon the subtleties of feminism.
- Evelyn Bergman: This diminutive lass is making much progress as the "Miracle Woman" of Seabold. She is doing Settlement work in correcting local color.
- Florence Ellefsen: This spritely miss is completing her tour of first avenue movie places. Her speciality is the intricacies of the Musurka and while dancing she also renders the different strains of the Alpine Milk Maid.
- Solway Ellingsen: Our versatile Sally is taking up mining. You, know, Gold Digging!
- Marjory Emmons: As a clerk in the Big Ben Clock Shop, Marjory is Becoming very alert. It pays to wait on time!
- Thor Ericksen: In spite of his frailness, Thor, is an international stæpplæjack painter. Let us hope he has a happy landing.
- Ruth Ericksen: Surprises! A gangster's Moll is she! Don't get excited, she's just in the movies.
- Mary Fukuyama: The school's artist! She has forsaken her painting brush and is now taking Adrienne's place.
- Betty Gilmore: Alian, Polly of the Circus of Barnum and Bailey's firm. Be sure to look before you leap, Betty.
- Dorothy Grow: This young lady is having her ups and downs. Dot is elevator girl in the Chrysler Building.
- Robert Haugen: He is proverbial handy-man of Toe Jam Hill. Another Jack-of-all trades.
- Frank Hansen: He's another one that started with a penny! And now--The 15th President of the International Dollar Store of Winslow.
- Oliver Hansen: Speaking of crust! This young man has "it". Oliver is the head of dietician at the Olympic Hotel.
- Kathleen Hendersen: Kate is a waitress in the Whistling Pig Cafe. No matter how thin the slice, it's still bologne.
- Esther Jensen: As a follower of the Sherlock Holmes ranks, she has shown intrepid daring in rounding up a bunch of desperadoes recently. They always did ganttheigman! the bottom of things.
- Jenny Knutsen: A renown deep see river! She always did want to get at the bottom of things.
- Loris McLean: This eccentric young woman is a world wide archaeologist. She has just found another rare papogossis. Oh, sweat mystery of life at last I've found you!
- Arthur Monsaas: When recently interviewed in his hammock on board the U.S.S. Idaho, he made the following statement: "Yes, I got Married before I left port so I could have the satisfaction of stepping out on my wife.
- Arthur Mikkola: He has been seen in the Alps, and the report is that he has secured a position as a Swiss Bell Ringer. Ovaltine is a sure cure of insomnia, Art!
- Olive Myers: To the surprise of many, Olive has settled down on Ivy Crest and is devoting her time in raising Bermuda onions and 3 Swedish Turnips. She knows her vegetables!
- Barbara Morrill: Barbara is dishing out calamies at the Seattle General. Her motto has always been an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. But what has that got to do with the price of beef.
- Isami Nakao: Bills! Bills! This young man is up and coming. A loquacious tongue is a handy asset for a Bill collector.
- Jack Rohde: Jack is a forger--a blacksmith's assistant, we understand.
- Alice Seedin: This temperamental young lady is touring Russia, and is trying to find a safe location for a night club. Red has always been her favorite color.

CLASS PROPHECY**(cont)

Umeko Sasak# : As the queen of Japan's beaches , Umeko has fulfilled all expectations. Oh, that perfect thirty-six.
Robert Sorensen: Crrrrrrraaaaaaassssssshhhhhhh! Oh that's just Bobby breaking another record. He is one of the most daring air-devils the world has knowd.
William Weld: Willy has always been considerate of his public and so he took up his fast work upon the speedway. There He comes, and there he goes! With Aviation Gasoline!
Ethel Wyatt: As the soprano in the Metropolitan Laundry, she is reaching her heights.
Richard Yeo: He is working in the salt mines in Siberia. The Rolling Bay residents sent him there because they thought he was too fresh!!!

CLASS WILL

We the graduating class in the year of our Lord 1932, do hereby proclaim this our last testament and volition. Read and published by our own free mind and will.

ARTICLE I

Section 1

To Miss Marshall we leave our greatest appreciation for all the work she has done for each and all of us.

Sec2-To Mr. Towne we leave the following Senior Class to contemplate over.

Section 111

To Mr. Williamson we wish to leave the profuse gratitude for his unfaltering guidance in making our careers successes.

ARTICLE II

Section 1

To the Juniors we leave our outstanding rank in athletics and our prestige as mighty Seniors, but we're hoping you'll pull through as did the Mighty "32".

Section 11

To the Sophomores we leave the positions of Juniors, who knows all and knows he knows all.

Section 111

To the Freshman we leave the inspiration that there is such a thing as growing up and being sensible.