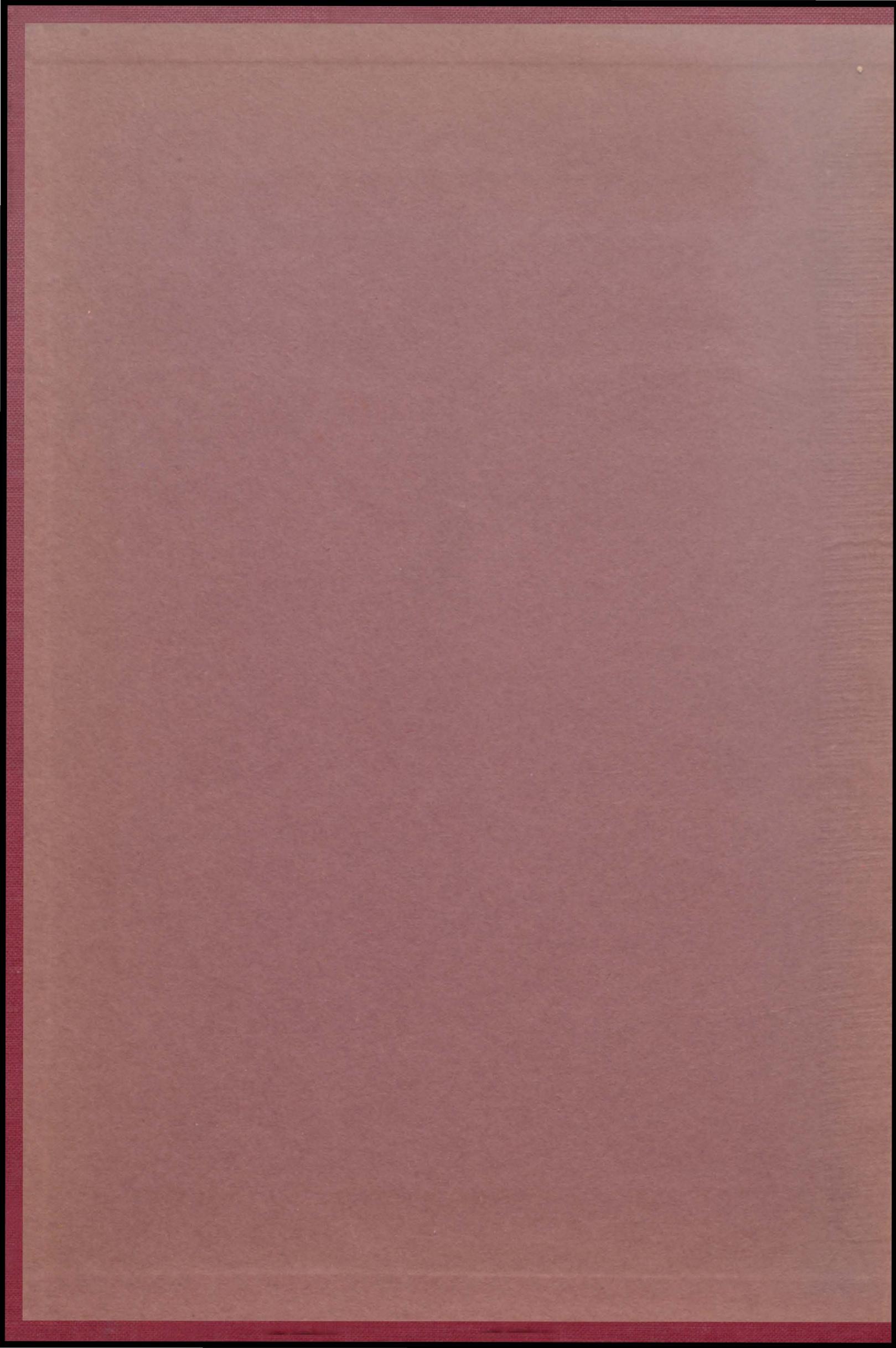
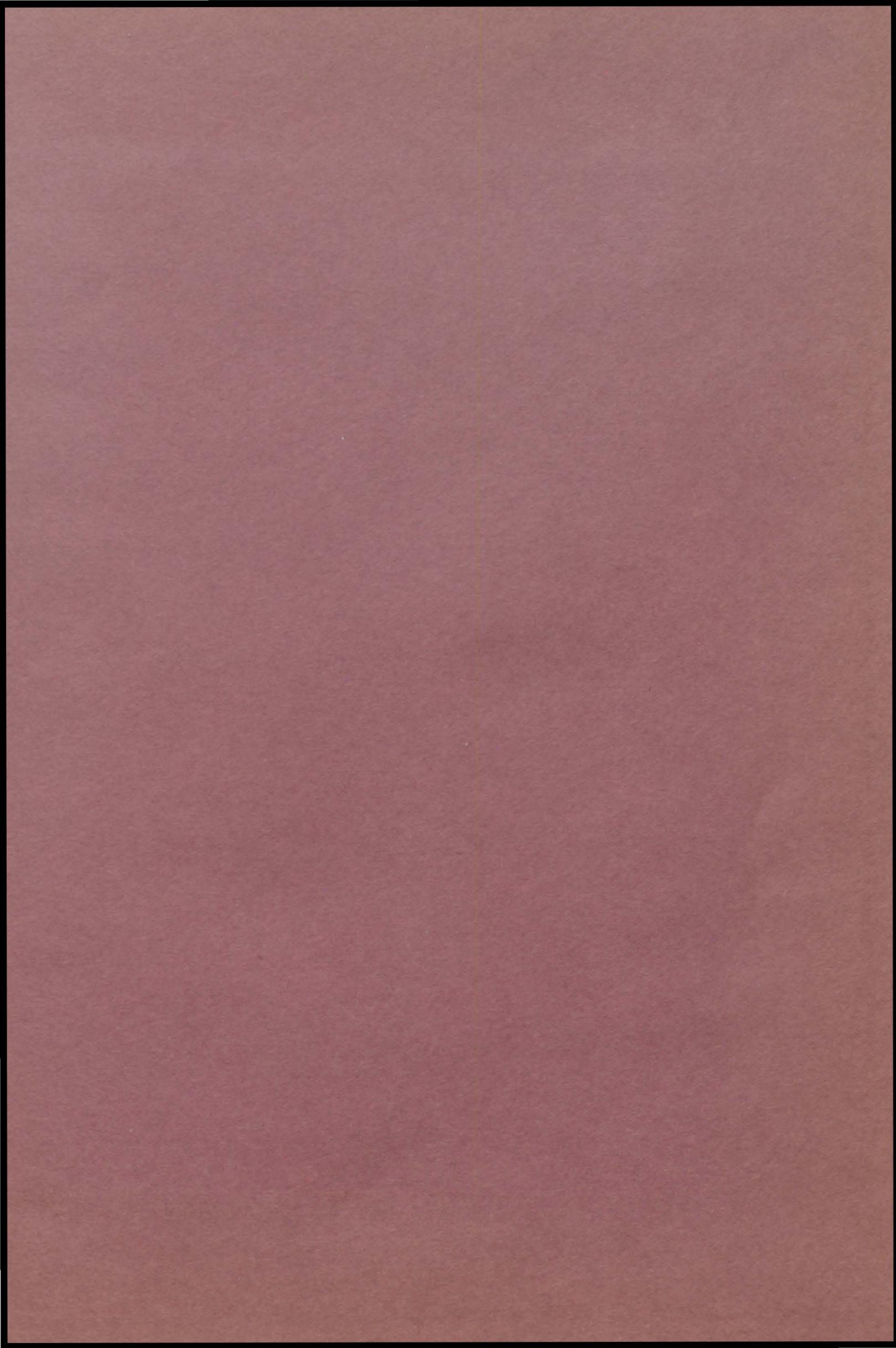


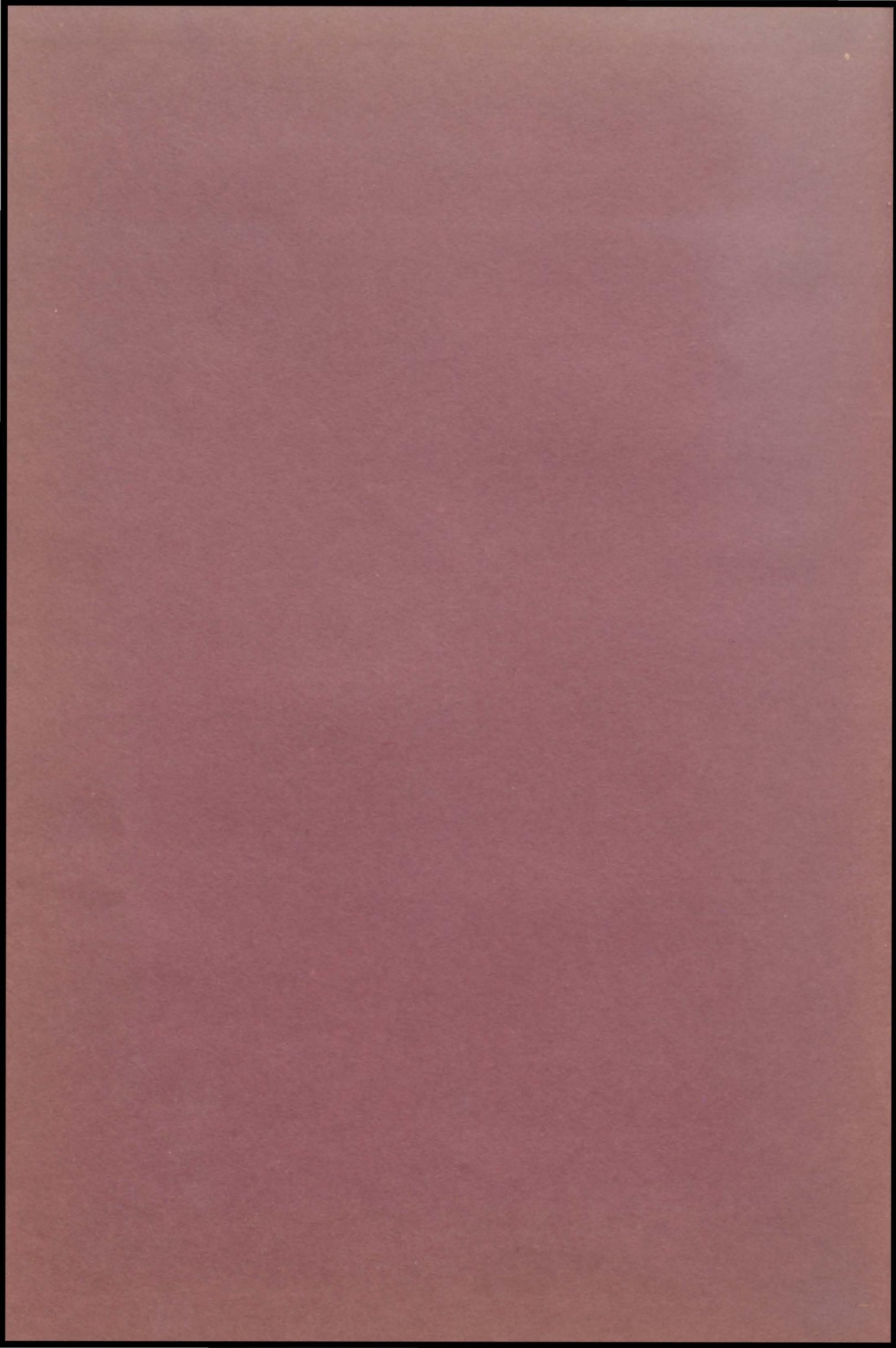
Maroon  
and White



Class of '27







The  
MAROON AND  
WHITE

Annual Publication of the Bay Shore High School

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Edited by Representatives of the  
Senior Class

JUNE 1927



BAY SHORE HIGH SCHOOL  
Bay Shore, New York

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## PREFACE

The staff of The Maroon and White have tried to record both an interesting and accurate account of the year's activities and events.

They most sincerely hope that this volume will please everyone as a chronicle of the graduation class and as a summary of events that have taken place in 1926-1927.

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*DEDICATION*

To

MISS SCHLEICH

In appreciation of her painstaking effort in  
behalf of our class, we dedicate this book.

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*The Staff of the Maroon and White*

# Seniors 1927

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## Editorial

### THE PLUGGER

Day after day he toils away!  
So steadily he plugs,  
That all the yaps and highbrow saps  
Decide that he is bugs!

We hear them cry "Why this here guy  
He don't know when to stop!  
He must have static in his attic!  
He's surely full of hop!"

The years roll by! The wise birds sigh!  
The plugger, still on deck,  
Still plugs away—on better pay!  
He's now their boss, by heck!

'Tis ever thus! The pesky cuss  
Who stirs without a stop;  
Doth every day, in every way,  
Move nearer to the top!

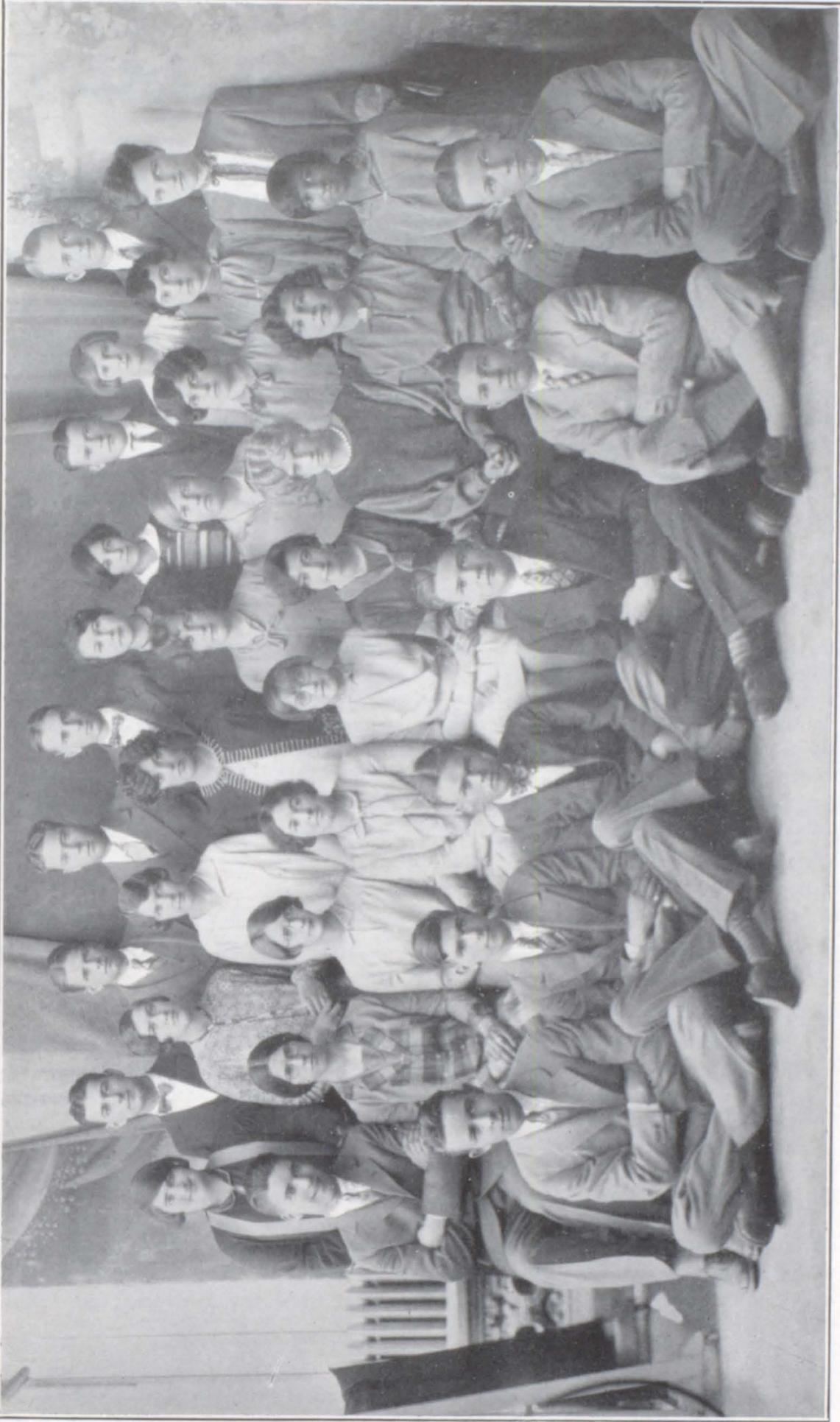
GREENSBORO DAILY RECORD.

This poem holds within its lines the secret of success. We, the class of 1927, must succeed, not one of our number must fail; so let us consider seriously the future.

Brains are necessary. It was the human brain which advanced us from our wild, ignorant cave living to our present advanced state of civilization. Behind every new found luxury, behind wealth in all forms created or adopted by man, lies the cause—brains. But brains alone cannot win the struggle. A great amount of will-power, doggedness or tenacity is essential to the person who aims for the top AND REACHES IT.

Therefore since we all wish to win the battle with life, we must develop a large capacity to stick. Of every job on which a senior of '27 works, he must become the master and then, only then, will his classmates be satisfied.

We, seniors, are not lacking in brains, but perhaps we are not all pluggers. So let us remember this poem, let us all be pluggers and let us all REACH THE TOP.



*The Senior Class of 1927*

## *Log of Four Years Trip of the Good Ship '27*

Sept. '23 - June '24

The Good Ship '27 left the port of the eighth grade early in September, 1923, on a record breaking voyage. For two years the crew and passengers were ably commanded by the reliable Captain Floyd Hurlbut. At the end of that time, Captain Hurlbut became Admiral of the fleet and Captain George Gatje assumed immediate command.

The unaccustomed rolling of the ship the first year made many of the passengers so seasick that they were unable to digest easily the wholesome but unpalatable Algebra. Many, however, soon recovered and assimilated 65 per cent or more of this mental nourishment, while a few were so badly gone that they were forced to suffer on another year. Other foods for thought left the unseasonable sailors in a critical position.

The later part of June '24 saw the ship launch at port Summerville, where everyone was given the two months' leave, including the hardworking, weary crew. The passengers scattered hither and thither, for they danced with glee to be on land again, where there was no chance of mal de mer or drowning.

Sept. '24 - June '25

But alas, the voyage must carry on, and once again the ship sailed out for its second year's tour, in different waters. Passengers, who had not started with the ship in '23, were picked up at this port. Some that had survived the gruelling Regents in Algebra, were driven dizzy in the dreadful typhoon called Geometry. It sure was a pitiful sight to see them spinning round and round with their clattering rulers and compasses. For some, the struggle was all in vain. Many, too, were swept overboard by the swells of Science and almost dashed to pieces on the rocky islands. Lifesaver Teachout threw a 65 to as many as he could; others were marooned here till the following January, when Regents rescued them and brought them to safety at the next port.

June '25

Off for the second leave! Gosh, but it seemed short after the long, laborious cruise. But the passengers had, as usual, a longer leave than the crew, who must go back early to shine up the boat for the next voyage.

Sept. '25 - June '26

We found our ship sailing for the third time. This, we were told, would be most hazardous of all. We must weather the tremendously heavy Regents in English three years and it would be the time for a great many to take foreign language Regents, if they had not already passed them on the second tour. The cyclone of English and Physics swept down upon the ship with deadly force, enough to drown us in the depths of the deep blue sea. Ah! If we had only known what we were to face at the end, we probably would have steered clear of Physics and Languages. Next the iceberg Intermediate Algebra, pure, clear(?), and cold, loomed up on our horizon. Fortunately, it failed to sink the ship, although some caught pneumonia with their temperatures as low as 65. One of our lifesavers was Typewriting, for which we offer votive thanks to the Powers that be at Albany.

June '26

The third and last leave was granted and received more joyously than all others. Instructions to plan carefully were given to those who yet survived or

hoped to survive. Vocational guidance and college catalogues were pointed out to such as planned to sail those deeper seas of learning.

#### Sept. '26 - June '27

On Sept. 26 the final voyage of life in the high school ship was begun. While only a few were found indulging in the surekiller Trigonometry, none but the Business English class escaped those English Poetry Exams. Oh! Breath! Where were you? Gasping and exhausted as they were, many passengers recovered the natural rhythm of their hearts at marks above 80. The passengers together with the Admiral and Captain took memorable shore leave for a week at Washington, a holiday financed by many business and social activities during 3½ years on board, notably by a play called "Clarence". Proceeding on our course, we dared the gravest danger, a dive to the lowest depth of science and lo! we escaped the man-eating shark called Chemistry.

#### June '27

Having thus weathered every storm and danger, the ship at last pulled into final harbor to let us re-embark upon the Ship of Life. Outward bound for the different parts of the Business World, Technical School, and College Training, no longer will these passengers of 1927 remain one party. A safe Bon Voyage to each and all upon the sea of life

By— "HAPPY" WINSLOW,  
BOB KRON.

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### SENIOR ACTIVITIES

The activities for raising money for the noted Washington trip of the class of '27 were many and varied, for the class was an unusually large one. As soon as the class of '26 had collected enough money for their trip, the ambitious members of the then junior class commenced.

Diligently the girls sold candy every noon and afternoon, until we had put away almost fifty dollars.

Beside selling candy, we collected quite a good deal of money in miscellaneous ways. We ran a popularity contest in the High School, received the profit of one run by the Junior High, held a cake sale, a moving picture in the school gym, and received some of the profit from a Football and an Alumni Basketball game. Our largest undertaking that year was a Junior Prom. June, 1926, found the class with about two hundred dollars of our fund.

We opened the new school year with a bang. Oct. 29 saw a very successful Senior Dance.

The senior play, "Clarence," produced Dec. 6, was the financial climax of our labors. This met with great success, largely because of the excellent coaching of Miss Schleich and Mr. Romaine, and because of the talents of the cast. Ask them!

After being set back a little by "Corporal Kate", a moving picture which we ran in the Regent theater, we tried a card party, March 10, in the High school gym. This was the end of the drive, as we had then cleared all we needed.

At length we started on the long, anticipated trip. Ask those twenty-eight members of the class whether we didn't enjoy every second of it, especially the Romeo and Juliet effect across the court-yard of the Driscoll Hotel.

On our return, every one settled down to work in order to achieve certification. In addition, we put forth our best efforts on this year book, an unusual class day, and a very good Senior Prom.

Any doubts as to our final concentration could have been dispelled by a glance into Study Hall. You might have seen Sumner, industrially studying Virgil, if Reba wasn't around, or "Monk" gazing absently out of the window, his mind far away in Huntington; but as for the rest of the class, we studied hard when we found it absolutely necessary—as an end to our school labors.

## "Clarence"

"Clarence", a four act comedy of modern family life, by Booth Tarkington, given by the class of '27, was the first senior play to be staged in Glynne's new Bay Shore theater.

The members of the cast were well chosen by the Misses Franchi, Ingalls and Schleich. Great credit is due Miss Schleich for her excellent coaching. Miss Schleich and the cast were especially fortunate in having the assistance of Mr. George Romaine of Brightwaters, a professional actor in the Broadway success, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes".

Mr. Wheeler, otherwise known as "Monk" Lynn, portrayed to perfection the tired business man and irate father of two very boisterous children, Bobby and Cora, extremely well played by Sumner Barton and Reba Udall.

The first thing Bobby did after being expelled from a prominent prep. school, was to make himself liable to breach of promise by kissing the Irish maid ("Pat" Hildreth). This affair broke off the engagement between Della and the model butler, Dinwiddle ("Trip" Patch or "Beautiful Jo", in his uniform).

Meanwhile, Cora had been slipping out, without permission, to dance at the Country Club with a neighbor and grass widower, Hubert Stem, ably acted by "Dave" Greenberg, who was really endeavoring in this way to see something of Miss Pinney, Cora's governess, played with sweet dignity by Ethel Hendrickson.

So one morning (Act 1), Miss Pinney had to bring Cora to her father's office for discipline, followed closely by Bobby and later by Mrs. Wheeler. Mrs. Martyn, the efficient secretary or Winifred Hurlbut, had a hard job keeping young Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. Wheeler's excitable second wife, well portrayed by Vera Ackerson, from discovering her husband alone with Miss Pinney.

Into the midst of all this trouble, walked Clarence, a returned soldier, looking for a job. Clarence in civilian clothes is Fred Bromberg. Immediately Bobby and Cora confided all their troubles to him, because he'd been in the army. Since he knew so much about the family affairs, Mr. Wheeler hired him to do private secretarial work at his home. No one knew anything about Clarence, as they had not heard his last name distinctly.

The women, young and old, all fell in love with Clarence; the men, with Miss Pinney. The climax of it all was their discovery that Clarence was Mr. C. Smith, a zoologist in "Who's Who", together with the announcement of his and Miss Pinney's engagement.

Credit is also due to the property managers, Helen Winslow, William Wesselhoft, and Albert Fink, and to Mrs. Winegar, the Misses Purdy, Franchi, Mary Winegar, Mr. Meyer, and to the many others who helped make the play such a great success that it will be remembered for many years.

The proceeds of the play and the program went toward the famous annual Washington trip.

ELOISE HILDRETH, '27.

Note: Eloise Hildreth was, of course, too modest to mention not only that she played her character part exceedingly well, but also that she offered to wear a red wig and be made up ugly, a bit of good sportsmanship wholly unnecessary but not unappreciated by one of the coaches. The latter wishes to express also her appreciation of the cast for their cooperation and of all those who competed in the try-outs for their splendid class spirit.

H. F. S.



*The Cast of "Clarence"*

## Senior Class Washington Trip

Twenty-eight seniors of the Bay Shore High School left on the 7:56 train from Bay Shore on Monday morning, April 11, for our well-deserved (that's our opinion) Washington trip.

Arriving at Penn. Station an hour ahead of our special, we had time in which to amuse ourselves and fellow travelers (?). We left Penn. at 10:30. An excellent meal was served on the train; and as the first call for luncheon was at 11:00, no one was seriously injured in the rush. At about 4:00 we had, amid the smoke-stacks, our first view of Washington and the Capitol.

Upon our arrival we were taken to the Driscoll Hotel, where seniors of Port Jefferson, Center Moriches, and Huntington stayed with us. Another stampede took place when dinner was announced at 6:00. Things looked more cheerful when the waiter promised us clean plates for the next day. 8:00 P.M. found the seniors admiring the beauties of the Congressional Library.

Tuesday morning was spent in visiting the Capitol. Guides showed us the rotunda, the Supreme Court, the Senate, the hall of statuary, and the remarkable sculpture and fresco work. After meeting Mr. Bacon, we piled into buses, which took us to the Lincoln Memorial and other places of interest in the historical and residential sections of Washington.

At 12:30 we met at the station of the Washington and Virginia Electric Railroad Company, where chartered cars and licensed guides took us to the impressive Arlington National Cemetery. From Arlington, we visited Christ Church in Alexandria, where Washington worshipped. Leaving Alexandria, we went on to Mount Vernon to explore the buildings and admire the historic scenery. On the famous lawn, we had group pictures taken. Having found nothing portable, we started back to Washington by boat.

Wednesday morning, conducted by Mr. Hurlbut, we visited the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. We then went to the Washington Monument and were thankful to find the elevator in order. Because of the weather, Wednesday afternoon was spent in shopping, letter-writing, or seeing shows. Seats were reserved at Keith & Proctor's that evening, where the vaudeville was exceptionally good.

On Thursday morning, we visited the U. S. Treasury Building and the State War and Navy Building. In the afternoon, those who wished to do so visited Annapolis, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Monastery and the Soldiers' Home.

Visiting the Smithsonian Institute and the New National Museum took most of Friday morning. Those who found time went to the Botanical Gardens, Fish Commission, American Red Cross Building, and Continental Hall.

The early part of the afternoon was spent in purchasing souvenirs. The train for Philadelphia left at 4:00 P. M. from the Union Station. We arrived at the Bellevue-Stratford about 8:15. From 1:00 to 8:00 is a long time to do without "eats", so that it didn't take long to find restaurants. As our funds were rather low, the Bellevue-Stratford was a little too expensive.

At 8:00 Saturday morning, we left the hotel in buses for a sight-seeing tour, including Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell, Franklin's Grave, the Betsy Ross House, and the Old Christ Church. Everyone met at Wanamaker's Crystal Dining Room for luncheon at 11:00.

Leaving Broad Street Station at 2:00 P. M., we arrived in New York at 4:00

(Continued on page 25)



*The Seniors at Mount Vernon on the Washington Trip*

# Senior Prophecy

## THE NEW WORLD

It was a beautiful late afternoon at sea. The sky was clear as crystal, and the sun had just gone down behind the ship. Having dressed early for dinner, I sat in the bow, watching the reflected pearly glow in the east. The other voyagers had gone below deck to dress or to dance and the soft strains of music were wafted up the companionway to me as I reclined in a steamer chair on board, with my eyes resting dreamily upon the sky ahead.

Suddenly I beheld the strangest sight—my first mirage. I no longer heard the jazz from below deck, but in its place, from the piano an awe-inspiring strain from Beethoven, either Reba or Alma, I thought. The vision, like the music, grew clearer, more prophetic.

Within the mirage clearly appeared a dusty country road with a solitary house seeming to snuggle down in the rolling plains which surrounded it. An auto, or a flivver to be more exact, came bumping along at a break-neck speed, and stopped abruptly in front of the little house. First the door of the car opened, a pair of long legs stretched out to the ground, then there appeared a long arm holding a little black satchel with M. D. printed on its side in large gilt letters. This extraordinary person pulled his head out from under the hood and stood up. What a giant was this country doctor! As he ambled toward the house, I recognized that gait—Fred Bromberg's!

Then with the wild clanging of a bell, a city street appeared before my eyes. As the ambulance passed, I caught a flash of red hair—none other than Davie Greenberg—carefully????—guiding the car over the bumps. Up a driveway he raced and brought the ambulance to a halt in front of a hospital. The back doors of the car were thrown open and a white covered stretcher was taken out and brought into the hospital. There stood Dick Housel enveloped in a white doctor's gown and with an attractive assistant—Catherine Waddell—standing at his side ready to receive the patient, who, they said, I actually heard them, was the hero George Coombs, who had been severely but not fatally burned while fighting a forest fire up in the lumber section.

Now Carnegie Hall became discernible. Upon the stage a very blonde girl was holding a throng of people spell-bound by her music. As she bowed her way off the stage, I recognized Marjorie Doxsee—a famous concert player. When the curtain went up again, another girl tripped out onto the stage and began singing, "She was just a Sailor's Sweetheart." That voice was surely Hannah Merkin's. As she sang on, like a second Jeritza, the scene faded and was gone.

I shut my eyes; then looked again. The mirage was still there but the scene had changed. I saw this time the kindergarten room of a select private school. Many well-cared-for children were dancing gaily in a large circle playing "drop the handkerchief" with a young attractive teacher, whose face I saw only in profile. When she turned, I recognized her as Ethel Hendrickson. Sitting at a piano in the corner of the room, was another pretty teacher. She looked up to smile at Ethel, and I was not greatly surprised to see Eloise (better known as Pat) Hildreth. The school room vanished from sight.

When I looked again, I saw the interior of a fashionable beauty parlor in the great Metropolis. Many patrons were hurrying in and out. I noticed two young women talking together over a desk. They both looked up and I recognized Mary Selva and Margaret Hubbard—who were partners in the business. Just then a smartly attired girl entered and Margaret, going up to her, exclaimed, "Hello.

Eleanor, just in time for your appointment." And this was Eleanor Bernhardt, now a very successful private secretary.

In a flash I was outside in the vicinity of 42nd street. Night had fallen and electric signs were flashing on-out-on-out. One sign, that of a huge green parrot, in front of a tiny tea shop bearing the same name, outshone all the rest. Suddenly I saw the interior of the shop crowded and with waitresses neatly dressed in green and orange hurrying to and fro between the tables. As I hurriedly scanned the faces, I found, to my surprise, three not strange, but familiar faces, those of Vera Ackerson, Fred Wettlaufer and Alma Rhodes, my old classmates. Again I was able to hear the conversation; this time Vera telling her guests how successful she had been in establishing "The Green Parrot Tea Shoppes" throughout New York, Washington and Philadelphia. Fred mentioned his partnership with his father in the Silk Manufacturing Business, for whom, Alma, employed as an exclusive model, like Irene Castle, displayed his silk materials in the form of gowns to buyers.

In the next change of scene, I witnessed two young people strolling arm in arm, down a street of that same city. They are busily conversing, the fair-headed man bending down toward his dark-eyed companion. Thus they wended their way until they reached a small, smart shoppe, the name of which, in modest lettering attracted my attention, "Hackett and Winslow," Interior Decorators. The young pair entered and sure enough they were greeted with great enthusiasm by Happy and Winnie, our old classmates. The following words reached my ears, "Why Mr. and Mrs. Barton! What a surprise!"—Sumner and Reba, of course. How could I have failed to recognize at once that devoted senior couple?

The next change revealed the Yankee Stadium where a game was being played between the famed Yanks and Giants. A husky, blond, curly haired youth was batting. The umpire called two strikes, consecutively, and then the batter hit the ball! Crack! He started to run. First base, second base, third base and home! The crowd shouted furiously. A few phrases reached me: "Our Fuzzy is the Babe's only rival." "Hooray for Fink, Fuzzy Fink!" Another baseball player ran up and grasped Fuzzy's hand in warm congratulation. Fuzzy replied, "Oh, you would have done the same, Joe!" I looked closely at the other youth and recognized Joe Patch who shouted in reply, "Look who is here to see us, Fuzzy." And there stood William Wesselhoft, now the proud coach of a successful baseball nine from Islip High School, whom he had brought down to witness the big game.

Another new scene displayed to my gaze the inner office of a Teachers' Employment Agency. Two young ladies were bending over the work on their desks. The door opened and both glanced up from their work, Mabel Harper and Mildred Meyer still side by side as in their senior days. The woman who had opened the door advanced. It was Ellen Watts, applying for a position as a Latin instructor. Mildred and Mabel, looking through their records, found a vacancy at Miss Hurlbut's Private School for Girls—yes—Winifred—they told Ellen was now the President of an exclusive girls' school on the Hudson. This suited Ellen perfectly and she left to do some shopping after making a dinner engagement with the girls. Next, a tall young man entered, giving his name as Mr. Reeves. "First name, please?" asked Mabel. "Ellsworth," was the astounding reply. "Ellsworth Reeves," cried Mildred, "surely not another of our class is here?" But yes, another one certainly was there, our old Ellsworth, applying for a position as a Physics instructor, the subject for which he became famous during his senior year.

The next scene in the metropolis was the auditorium of the Hippodrome. The

curtain rose, revealing a tall young man dressed in the garb of a Spanish toreador. A tiny, dark complexioned young lady then tripped out, a true Spanish Senorita. How divinely she danced, fairly flying through the air. Turning my attention to the names at the side of the stage, I read, "Albanese and Ballas." A harmonica and the name Ballas—where had I encountered such an odd combination before? I pondered, and soon remembered that Washington bound train way back in 1927, with Joe Ballas entertaining the Long Island students with his harmonica. Sure enough—as he took off his hat at the end of his act—I saw it was Joe—and who could his dancing partner be but Marie Albanese, who had danced so well at all of our school entertainments?"

Again the scene shifted and I beheld a busy institution of learning. Many happy students were scattered over the broad campus. Looking at an inscription over the portal of the most imposing building, I read the words Tuskegee, so I was not at all surprised to see a bright and pleasant faced young woman, Evelyn Burrell, come down the steps where she was stopped and eagerly questioned by two young girls. As Chief Adviser to the women students, I concluded that Evelyn had endeared herself to them.

When this faded, I thought my mirage was gone; but no, surely that vast expanse of choppy waters was the English Channel. The head of a swimmer was bobbing up and down, but pushing forward with the strong, steady strokes and a hydroplane was hovering above the swimmer's head. Who could such a swimmer be but Gladys Pedersen? As she approached the Dover coast, the pilot pulled off his goggles to peer over the side. I saw that it was Bobbie Kron. Suddenly all was blank.

I now found myself looking down a broad boulevard in Paris. On both sides round tables with a large umbrella over each one were set out on the wide sidewalks. Among the many couples sitting around the tables, my gaze became fixed on a very dark young man in a light summer suit and panama hat. He was accompanied by a tall, sophisticated appearing young woman. As he sat there chatting with his charming vis-a-vis, I recognized him to be Ralph Lynn, another champion swimmer of our class.

Slowly the mirage faded away forever. I sat there dazed; but at last I arose and went below, resolving to keep these revelations to myself until our class day.

ETHEL HENDRICKSON,  
MABEL HARPER, Prophets.



## *Last Will and Testament*

We, the Senior Class of the Bay Shore High School of Bay Shore, in the County of Suffolk, State of New York, being at last in sane mind, do give and bequeath our most cherished possessions, resting in the hope that they will be gratefully accepted.

1. To the faculty, we leave the sobs, heartaches and sorrows caused by our assimilation of their knowledge to be delivered to the many classes who (we hope) will follow us.
2. To the student body, any fond memories that they may have of our illustrious sojourn among them.
3. To next year's Seniors, the privilege of occupying the back seats of the auditorium in Assembly on Wednesdays — A privilege not enjoyed by this year's Seniors.
4. To the Senior President of next year's class, the faculty of getting down to business in Senior Meetings that is Sumner Barton's.
5. To the cast of next year's Senior play, we bequeath the histrionic ability displayed by the cast of "Clarence."
6. "Joe Ballas' harmonica ability to (we can think of no one who deserves to be inflicted with so great a punishment).
7. "Rizzy" Reeves' schoolgirl complexion, to Henry Meade.
8. "Whiskers" Bromberg's inability to manipulate the world famed "Gillette", to "Eddie Flynn."
9. "Monk" Lynn's "Hours of Dreaming" out of the study hall window, to Mrs. Winegar.
10. Gladys Pedersen's ability to take time on basketball shots, to Marguerite Seff.
11. Vera Ackerson's natural (?) rosy cheeks, to Mr. Chester.
12. "Red" Greenberg's snappy jokes, to "Hook" Kirkup.
13. Marie Albanese's new hair comb, to Loraine Ketcham.
14. Eleonore Bernhardt's overwhelming brilliancy, to all the poor dumb ones.
15. Caveman Coomb's knowledge of his "onions," to Lloyd Moreland.
16. Majorie Doxsee's genius at the piano, to Anita Del Mar.
17. "Fuzzy" Fink's curly locks, to Kats Boyle.
18. Mabel Harper's reserved genteel quietness and senior dignity, to Isabel Howell.
19. Ethel Hendrickson's good influence, to Barri<sup>e</sup> Ferguson.
20. "Pat" Hildreth's brilliancy in Chemistry, to whoever can use this heavy store of knowledge.
21. "Dick Housel's" facts about girls—"their likes and dislikes," to Sammy Widdifield.
22. Margaret Hubbard's ability for finding seats for Glynne's patrons, to Catharine Dixon.
23. Winifred Hurlbut's glorious long tresses, to Mary Winegar.
24. Hannah Merkin's beautiful handwriting, to Bernard Guttinger.

25. "Trip" Patch's shyness with the opposite sex, to Norman Arbour.  
Remarks: He needs it.
26. Alma Rhodes' dirth of clothes, to Mary Clark.
27. Mary Selva's knack of learning dates and facts in history, to be divided among the Junior Class.
28. Reba Udall's and Sumner Barton's fresh air policy, to Barrie Ferguson.
29. Catherine Waddell's perfect attendance record, to her sister, Marge.
30. Willie Wesselhoft's ability to attract Port Jefferson girls, to Dick Hegarty.
31. Evelyn Burrill's ability to be "seen and not heard", to Marguerite Mitchell.
32. Ellen Watts' thinness, to Natalie Maizel.
33. Happy Winslow's perfectly marcelled hair, to Evelyn Whilden.
34. Mildred Meyer's nineties in English IV, to the dumbest ones in next year's class.
35. Winnie Hackett's loyal return to Alma Mater, to any future wandering sons and daughters.
36. Bobby Kron's blushes, to Dorothy Ritchie.
37. Fred Wettlaufer's collegiate attitude, to Arthur Merkin.

Lastly we hereby appoint Floyd Hurlbut executor of this, our Last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals, on this, the eighteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-seven.

#### THE SENIOR CLASS

We whose names are hereunto subscribed do certify that this eighteenth day of June in this year of our Lord Ninteen Hundred and Twenty-seven, the above named testators, subscribed their names to this document in the presence of each of us and requested us at the same time in our presence and hearing to sign our appellations hereto as witness to this article's execution thereof, which we hereby do in the presence of the testators and of each other, on the day of the date of said instrument and hereunto do we set our signatures.

WINIFRED HACKETT Attorneys and  
WILLIAM WESSELHOFT Counselors at Law

Albanese, Marie	Hubbard, Margaret
Ackerson, Vera	Hurlbut, Winifred
Ballas, Joseph	Kron, Robert
Barton, Sumner	Lynn, Ralph
Bernhardt, Eleonore	Meyer, Mildred
Bromberg, Fred	Merkin, Hannah
Burrill, Evelyn	Patch, Joseph
Hackett, Winifred	Pedersen, Gladys
Coombs, George	Reeve, Ellsworth
Doxsee, Majorie	Rhodes, Alma
Fink, Albert	Selva, Mary
Greenberg, David	Udall, Reba
Harper, Mabel	Waddell, Catherine
Hendrickson, Ethel	Watts, Ellen
Hildreth, Eloise	Wesselhoft, William
Housel, Richard	Winslow, Helen
	Wettlaufer, Fred

## The Funeral Oration

After four long years on a stormy sea, the voyage of the "Good Ship Twenty-Seven" is at an end—four years of such hardships as are known only to sea-faring people. Four times we engaged in deadly conflict with the pirates, sinking four of their ships and slaying thirty-three of these blood-thirsty villians. No longer will these "water thieves", as Shylock called them, steal our time, our sleep, our peace of mind. Each of us having met in single fight his worst enemy and overcome him, we preserved their bodies in wood alcohol until this, their burial day. Let each member of the class approach bearing his victim; Eloise Hildreth with the Spanish Idioms; Alma Rhodes with Detention Hall Sheets; Reba Udall with English Grammar; Vera Ackerson with Excuse Blanks; Mildred Meyer with Chemistry; Margaret Hubbard with Physical Training Outfit; Mary Selva with Caesar; Mabel Harper with Macaulay's Hypochondriac Johnson; Catherine Waddell with Latin Prose; Helen Winslow with French Verbs; Ethel Hendrickson with Speaking in Assembly; Winifred Hurlbut with History A; Gladys Pedersen with Library Dues; Ellen Watts with Carlyle's Burns; Marie Albanese with Regents Exams; Eleanor Bernhardt with Bus Schedules; Evelyn Burrill with Physics; Hannah Merkin with Geometry; Winifred Hackett with Library Tests; Marjorie Doxsee with History C; Ellsworth Reeve with English Scansion and Figures of Speech; Joseph Patch with Latin 1; Fred Bromberg with The Oration of Archias; David Greenberg with Poetry by Burns; Ralph Lynn with Writing Up Laboratory Reports; Richard Housel with English IV; Robert Kron with Logarithms and antilogarithms; George Coombs with Intermediate Algebra; Albert Fink with Business English; Sumner Barton with Virgil; William Wesselhoft with Webster's Bunker Hill Oration; Fred Wettlaufer with French III; Joseph Ballas with English III.

All chant; Let these pirate souls:  
"Go to the happy land, the land beyond the sea,  
Where the Freshmen all pass Latin one,  
And the Sophomores get their Geometry,  
And the Juniors all pass Chemistry,  
And the Seniors lead a life, lead a life  
Lead a life of ease.  
What! The Seniors lead a life of ease?  
Yes, the Seniors lead a life of ease."  
Ah—bliss.

Now we commit these bodies to the deep and to the sharks of the Junior Class.

ELLEN WATTS,      Deaconess  
JOSEPH BALLAS,      Chaplain



## *Ivy Oration*

We plant this ivy as a symbol of memory, of loyalty, and of strength. May it flourish here and beautify these walls, within which we have spent so many happy days, though we ourselves shall be scattered far and wide, some never to return.

May its leaves, like our memories, grow and spread to dance gaily in the breeze, to shed a spirit of rest and coolness and to reflect the light of heaven from their shining faces.

Our loyalty to Bay Shore High School shall, like its roots, grow ever deeper, stronger, steadfast and unswerving.

Its roots shall for their growth derive their strength from Mother Earth as we have derived ours from this, our Alma Mater, such strength as she will give in turn to numberless succeeding classes.

Therefore, to each future class, we leave its task of planting ivy, until these lifeless walls shall be covered by a verdant mantle of breathing, stirring life.

Author—MILDRED MEYER

Orator—RALPH LYNN

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## *Class Poem*

Hail and Farewell

The four short years have passed us by,  
And now at last we find  
That new careers before us lie;  
And high school days, behind.

Long will our hearts recall the joy  
Of the friendships fostered here;  
To us shall every girl and boy  
Remain in memory dear.

Other classes will take our place  
In everything it seems,  
And strange to us be many a face  
Upon the Bay Shore teams.

The faculty, we'll not forget,  
They gladly did assist  
In every task that we have met,  
And taught us to persist.

The way ahead is misty still;  
Our paths, yet to be made;  
But come what will, of good or ill,  
We'll follow undismayed.

MARGARET D. HUBBARD

## *Motto*

Finimus Coepturi

## *Colors*

Purple and Gold

## *Class Flower*

Yellow tea rose

---

### FAREWELL SONG

(Tune—"What Does It Matter.")

1.

School days and lessons are over for us;  
Futures and fortunes now loom serious;  
Gone are those happy, anxious days of yore,  
But we'll never forget dear Bay Shore.

2.

Teachers and students gave us much pleasure.  
Memories of them we ever will treasure.  
Even more than we have e'er done before,  
We'll cherish the name of dear Bay Shore.

Chorus:

Now we are leaving,  
After four short years  
To our new careers  
Now we are leaving.  
Now we are leaving.  
With our battles won  
And new lives begun,  
Now we are leaving.  
Through the years will never die  
Our love for old Bay Shore High.  
Now we are leaving.  
Studies now are done;  
Success, to be won  
Now we are leaving.

MARGARET HUBBARD, '27

## Hall of Fame

Sumner Barton .....	Most Popular .....	Helen Winslow
Robert Kron .....	" Attractive .....	Eloise Hildreth
Sumner Barton .....	" Influential .....	Vera Ackerson
Joseph Patch .....	" Sincere .....	Mabel Harper
Richard Housel .....	" Intelligent .....	Margaret Hubbard
Robert Kron .....	" Original .....	Winifred Hackett
Fred Bromberg .....	" Ambitious .....	Ellen Watts
Ralph Lynn .....	" Capable .....	Winifred Hurlbut
Joseph Patch .....	" Studious .....	Ellen Watts
Ralph Lynn .....	" Enthusiastic .....	Reba Udall
Fred Bromberg .....	" Frank .....	Vera Ackerson
Joseph Ballas .....	" Noisy .....	Gladys Pedersen
Albert Fink .....	" Quiet .....	Mabel Harper
Joseph Ballas .....	" Witty .....	Winifred Hackett
Richard Housel .....	Best Dresser .....	Helen Winslow
Fred Bromberg .....	" Athlete .....	Gladys Pedersen
William Wesselhoft .....	" Dancer .....	Alma Rhodes
David Greenberg .....	" All-Round .....	Eloise Hildreth
Ellsworth Reeve .....	Man and Woman Haters .....	Hannah Merkin

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### CONSENSUS OF OPINION

The Seniors who have done the most for B. S. H. S.—S. Barton and R. Lynn.

Most popular sport—Basket-ball.

" " teachers—Miss Franchi and Miss Schleich.

" " subject—(There is none.)

Worst subject—Chemistry.

Most popular affairs of the year—

Washington Trip and Patchogue Game.

Most popular entertainments of the year—

Senior Play and Junior Operetta.

# *Alma Mater*

(1927's serious bequest to B. S. H. S. Tune—Maryland)

## I.

We ever will honor our High,  
Dear old Bay Shore, dear old High,  
We'll shout her praises to the sky  
Dear old Bay Shore, dear old High.  
Upon the field, the court, the track,  
May she the vict'ry never lack;  
Or if defeated, strong come back,  
Dear old Bay Shore, dear old High.

## II.

(Repeat first four lines.)  
In plays and operas, we will shine,  
On trips to Washington sublime,  
In Proms and exhibitions fine,  
Dear old Bay Shore, dear old High.

## III.

(Repeat first four lines.)  
Within the class room, we will train  
To triumph in life's stress and strain.  
Our Alma Mater'll crown our gain,  
Dear old Bay Shore, dear old High.

1927

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## SENIOR CLASS WASHINGTON TRIP

(Continued from page 14)

Leaving Broad Street Station at 2:00 P. M., we arrived in New York at 4:00 P. M. Most of us reached our respective homes about 6:00, sleepy but satisfied with our long promised trip, so shortly ended.

The party from Bay Shore consisted of: Marie Albanese, Joseph Ballas, Sumner Barton, Eleonore Bernhardt, Frederick Bromberg, George Coombs, Albert Fink, David Greenberg, Winifred Hackett, Mabel Harper, Ethel Hendrickson, Eloise Hildreth, Richard Housel, Margaret Hubbard, Winifred Hurlbut, Robert Kron, Ralph Lynn, Hannah Merkin, Mildred Meyer, Joseph Patch, Gladys Peder- sen, Ellsworth Reeve, Alma Rhodes, Mary Selva, Reba Udall, Ellen Watts, William Wesselhoft, Helen Winslow, Mrs. Floyd Hurlbut, Emily Hurlbut, Mr. Floyd Hurlbut, Mr. George Gatje.

ALMA RHODES, '27.

## Class '27

### ACKERSON, VERA

Vera's high marks  
Have set the pace;  
The way she works  
Is like a race.



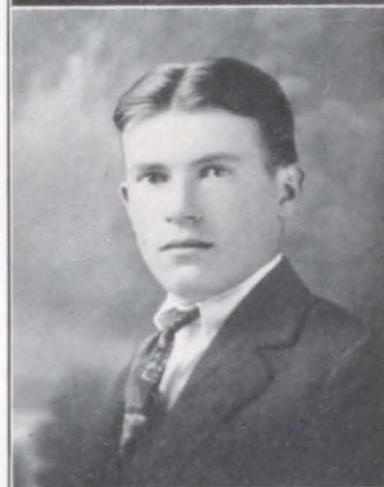
### ALBANESE, MARIE

Marie is thin  
And rather short;  
But she is such  
A dandy sport.



### BALLAS, JOSEPH

Joseph was the Irishman  
In 28's operetta.  
He made a good one for the part;  
Bah Jove, there was no bettah.



### BARTON, SUMNER

Sumner Shailer Barton,  
President of our class,  
There's no boy in High School  
That he cannot surpass.



## Class '27



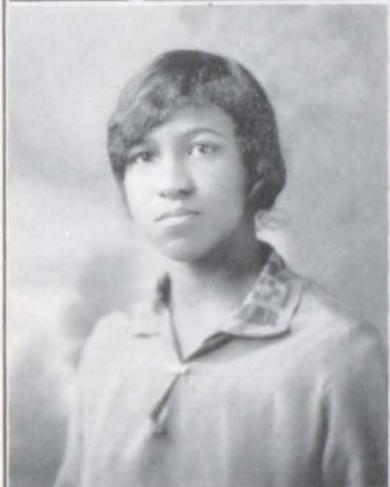
**BERNHARDT, ELEONORE**

Eleonore is quiet.  
She isn't a "wild dame."  
But that doesn't matter;  
She's with us just the same.



**BROMBERG, FRED**

Freddy, the towering player,  
You all must know he wins  
Bases and baskets on the teams,  
In saxing up at Glynne's.



**BURRILL, EVELYN**

Evelyn doesn't say much.  
She's quiet, that's true.  
But there are some who need this;  
And not just a few.



**COOMBS, GEORGE**

"Cavy" is the pitcher  
On this year's baseball nine.  
The kind of ball he whirls  
Is surely mighty fine.

## Class '27



DOXSEE, MARJORIE

When Marjorie plays piano,  
She puts us all in tune.  
If you turn on your radio,  
You may hear from her soon.



FINK, ALBERT

"Fuzzy" is a bulwark  
On court and field and track;  
But he dearly wishes  
His curls would grow out slack.



GREENBERG, DAVID

"Davy" is known by  
His flaming red hair.  
In all athletics,  
You'll find "Red Grange" there.



HACKETT, WINIFRED

Winnie rides the iron horse  
Every single day  
To Bay Shore from Brooklyn town,  
And the other way.

## Class '27



HARPER, MABEL

Dainty, demure Mabel  
Does everything "just so."  
There's no better student  
Or better sport, we know.



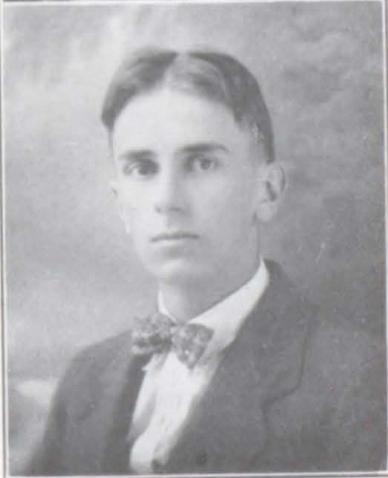
HENDRICKSON, ETHEL

Ethel was leading lady  
In the senior play.  
In kindergarten she'll be  
Just as sweet some day.



HILDRETH, ELOISE

Eloise must be Irish  
It surely would seem,  
With the names Pat and "Dilla"  
And pretty colleen.



HOUSEL, RICHARD

Dick Housel can do it,  
If he'll try.  
He may be a wonder  
Bye and bye.

## Class '27



HUBBARD, MARGARET

Margaret likes books and dogs and cars.  
Her studies she'll ne'er shirk;  
But we all know she likes better  
Something that rhymes with work.



HURLBUT, WINIFRED

Winifred excels in all she does,  
In music, sports and studies.  
In higher Math. like a star she shines  
And with her Girl Scout "buddies."



KRON, ROBERT

Bobbie Kron has led the cheering;  
He was there at every game.  
He missed the train for Washington,  
But he got there just the same.



LYNN, RALPH

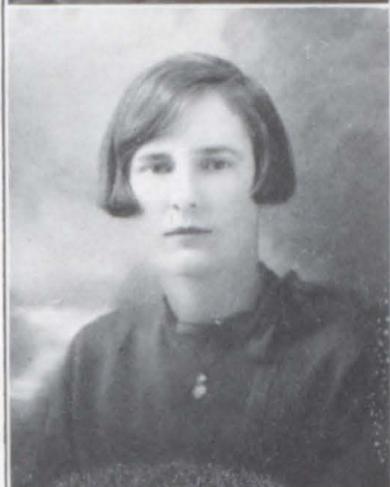
"Monk" is the editor  
Of this year book.  
To see how he does things,  
Just take a look.

## Class '27



MERKIN, HANNAH

Hannah would rather talk  
Or some novel read  
Than get to business  
Or her teachers heed.



MEYER, MILDRED

Mildred is another one  
Who plays the piano.  
She and Marjorie took turns  
At every movie show.



PATCH, JOSEPH

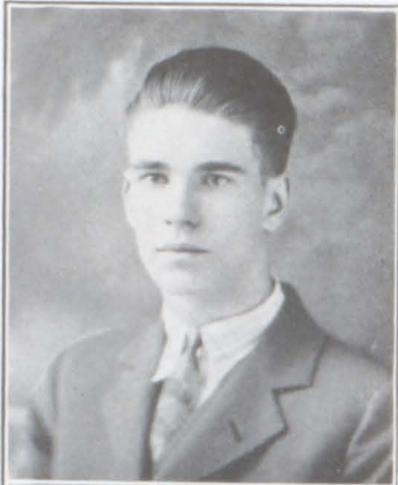
He trips the light fantastic  
On home runs like a bird.  
When our foes have their innings.  
He puts them out at third.



PEDERSEN, GLADYS

"Pete" was the plucky captain  
Of the BB winning five;  
She can run and play baseball,  
And jump and swim and dive.

## Class '27



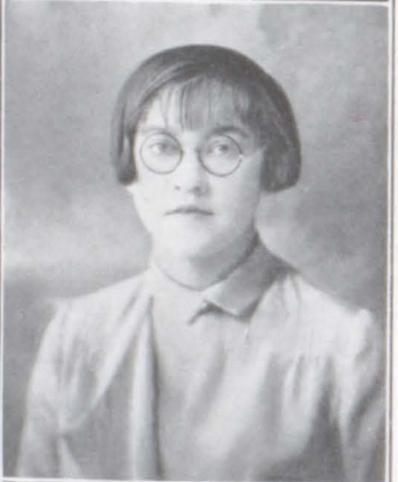
REEVE, ELLSWORTH

Ellsworth won a ninety five  
In Physics Regents test.  
Of the large class he was in  
That was the very best.



RHODES, ALMA

Alma loves the rhythm  
Of music, song and dance.  
In playing basketball,  
She dares to take a chance.



SELVA, MARY

Mary'd rather read.  
Than witness great feats.  
What she prefers is  
A poem by Keats.



UDALL, REBA

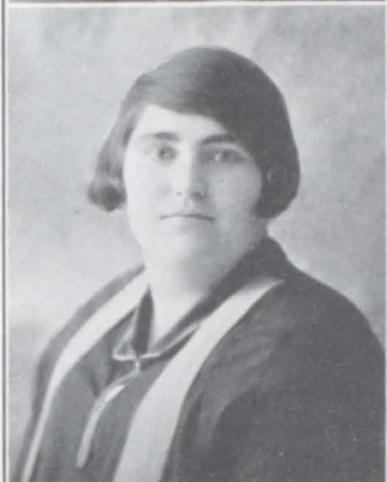
Reba loves fun and flivvers;  
A jolly good pal is she.  
Her music room oft quivers  
With the sounds of harmony.

## Class '27



WADDELL, CATHERINE

Catherine's been with us so seldom;  
We couldn't learn to know her.  
Our admiration of her, then,  
We had no chance to show her.



WATTS, ELLEN

Ellen, Ellen, will you be tellin'  
How do your beautiful Latin roots grow?  
Figures of speech, flowers of rhetoric,  
Dactylic hexameters in a row.



WESSELHOFT, WILLIAM

"Wess' was little Willie,  
In the Junior's show;  
A sweeter Mamma's boy  
Nature couldn't grow.



WINSLOW, HELEN

"Happy" won the girls' first prize  
For her essay on Lincoln;  
It took much time to do that  
And also good, hard thinkin'.



## Class '27

WETTLAUFER, FRED

The way some people stare,  
You'd think he was a freak.  
But they have to do it;  
You know he's such a shiek.

WINIFRED HURLBUT

GLADYS PEDERSEN

Rhymsters

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## Junior Activities

The class of 1928 has made the best start on record in the school toward their trip by raising over three hundred dollars. They began, customarily, with the sale of candy. Next, on April 6, they held in the auditorium, an operetta, "Rings in the Sawdust," which brought in about two hundred and ninety dollars. This performance was a great success. The members of the cast were well chosen and a great deal of credit is due Mrs. Winegar for her coaching and painstaking effort in "putting it over the top." The proceeds of the operetta will go a long way toward seeing the class to Washington.

The cast of the operetta was indeed very well chosen and the play was very interesting. Alonzo Squeezum, town banker, (Carl Wesselhoft, in serious mood and aging make-up), held a mortgage on a circus which Toby Dunn, the owner, (Stanley Benjamin, winning hero and tender soloist) was unable to pay, although an estimable young man and engaged to Sally Squeezum, the banker's daughter, (Nellie De Vries, sweet soprano). This engagement so enraged the banker that he threatened to foreclose the mortgage unless Sally should give up Toby. This she refused to do in spite of the threat of disinheritance by her father.

Marybelle Jaybird, a widow, (dramatic Loraine Ketcham) set her cap for the banker, much to the disgust of her old maid sister, Eliza Slimmer (Isabel Howell, talented comedienne and soloist). Inky Snow, colored, and Dinky Moore, Irish (played respectively by Ray Jarvis and Joseph Ballas, both excellent comedian soloists). These helpers about the circus planned with Sally and Toby to abduct the banker and send him to the widow Jaybird's house before he could foreclose the mortgage. Complications, however, arose and upset their plans.

The banker, finding that the mortgage had been stolen from his home, suspected Sally and later Inky Snow. At last, little Willie Jaybird, (William Wesselhoft, juvenile star) turned up with the mortgage and all ended happily, the widow finally capturing her quarry.

Besides the principals, there were about sixty other students in the chorus. The whole operetta was a production of rare excellence.

Finally, not content with the operetta, we held a motion picture with a fair degree of success. The continued sale of candy should swell our savings to the four hundred dollar mark.



Cast of "Rings in the Sand"

## *Juniors, 1926-27*

Amzalak, Susanna	Jamison Theodore
Arbour, Norman	Kenward, Stanley
Benjamin, Stanley	Ketcham, Loraine
Bersohn, Dorothy	Kirkup, Milford
Boyle, Catherine	Lenahan, Edmund
Bull, Earl	Magnuson, Marjorie
Burrill, Margaret	Maizel, Natalie
Curley, Doris	Meade, Henry
Del Mar, Anita	Meade, Robert
Dixon, Catherine	Merkin, Arthur
Ferguson, Barrie	Mitchell, Marguerite
Freedman, Henrietta	Moreland, Lloyd
Gerek, Helen	Petty, Kenneth
Ghosio, Frank	Ritchie, Dorothy
Greenberg, Evelyn	Seff, Marguerite
Guttinger, Bernhard	Stocks, Robert
Harper, Anna	Tecklenburg, May
Hegarty, Richard	Whilden, Evelyn
Helbig, Frank	Widdifield, Samuel
	Winegar, Mary

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## *Sophomores, 1926-27*

Brown, Laytha	Petty, Vernon
Burrill, George	Prygocki, John
Clark, Mary	Rhodes, Edith
Flynn, Edward	Ritchie, Helen
Flynn, John	Sherry, Stanley
Gates, Joseph	Snedecor, Leola
Hagedorn, Ralph	Skrabek, Josephine
Haverty, James	Strauss, Vivian
Helbig, Christine	Strehlau, Max
Hirsch, Sigmund	Strong, John
Hoffman, Israel	Terry, Raymond
Howell, Isabel	Vojik, Anna
Hutton, Viola	Waddell, Marjorie
Jarvis, Ray	Watts, Frederick
Loughlin, Frank	Wesselhoft, Carl
MacMahon, Jane	Wiley, Jane
Palla, Anna	Wojcik, Stefan
	Zetkin, Sylvia

## *Freshman, 1926-27*

Bahan, Chester	Killian, Charles
Bedell, Edward	Kirkup, Hazel
Bela, Grover	Ladman, Lillian
Bembnowski, Staisie	Leyrer, Burtis
Berka, Jerry	Lighte, Marjorie
Bisso, Frank	Linehan, Cornelius
Bland, Martin	Lycke, Edith
Blasius, Evelyn	Maas, Louis
Bleistein, Marguerite	MacAdam, Alfred
Boyle, Joseph	Massie, Arthur
Brown, Alice	Meyer, Charles
Brown, Allie	Mowbray, Harry
Brown, Hazel	Osterhautd, Pearl
Burch, Edward	Pelton, Ruth
Burke, Mary	Piehler, Robert
Burrill, Arline	Pullis, Elizabeth
Byrne, May	Reybert, Alice
Cantor, Isadore	Richards, Russell
Cozens, Beatrice	Robinson, Dorothy
Cozens, Frank	Rogers, Susan
Cummings, Mae	Rosemond, Clair
DeMott, Dorothy	Schienze, Grace
Devlin, James	Seff, Theresa
Donnelly, Dorothy	Smith, Edgar
Dykstra, Margaret	Smith, Mamie
Emerick, Gertrude	Spivak, Ethel
Estler, Louis	Squires, Muriel
Fagan, Norbert	Staneck, Mary
Fanning, Robert	Stocks, John
Fortunato, Vincent	Strong, Emory
Freund, Theodore	Waring, Muriel
Gardner, Rita	Veryzer, Christine
Ghosio, Philip	Wight, Royce
Guttinger, Walter	Wiley, Wilmot
Harbo, George	Yezek, Charles
Hubbard, Lillian	Youngs, Bernice



# Athletics

## BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Boys' Basketball Team, although it won no championships, had one of the most successful seasons in the history of the school, winning fourteen games and losing only five. It accomplished something worth while by defeating Patchogue on the latter's own court, a feat which had not been accomplished for a period of four or five years. The boys dropped one contest to Northport but the defeat which ruined Bay Shore's hopes for the title, was the Patchogue game at Bay Shore, which our boys lost by a score of 24-21, an extra period having to be played. Bay Shore got the "tough breaks", but we know that every player did his best and, after all, that is all we can ask. Coach Chester deserves great credit for the wonderful combination he produced; and with three veterans back next year, he will doubtless present an equally good, if not a better, team.

The team was made up as follows: Fred Bromberg, captain and center; Albert Fink, right guard; Edward Flynn, who was voted the most valuable player on the team, left guard; David Greenberg, left forward; Frank Ghosio, right forward; Philip Ghosio, forward; William Wesselhoft, forward. Lloyd Moreland was manager.

Following is a record of the season's games:

			B. S.	Opp.
November	19	Jamaica at Bay Shore .....	27	25
December	4	Erasmus Hall at Bay Shore .....	28	27
December	10	Sayville at Sayville .....	57	18
December	18	Johnstown at Bay Shore .....	24	20
December	22	Islip at Bay Shore .....	32	17
December	30	Jamaica at Bay Shore .....	17	24
January	3	Alumni at Bay Shore .....	28	9
January	7	Northport at Bay Shore .....	23	14
January	14	Huntington at Bay Shore .....	36	27
January	15	Johnstown at Johnstown .....	33	37
January	21	Patchogue at Patchogue .....	21	20
January	28	Northport at Northport .....	17	19
January	29	Stony Brook at Bay Shore .....	21	17
February	2	Islip at Islip .....	31	13
February	4	Stony Brook at Stony Brook .....	21	9
February	11	Sayville at Bay Shore .....	27	8
February	18	Huntington at Huntington .....	22	15
February	25	Patchogue at Bay Shore .....	21	24
March	25	Lawrence at Patchogue .....	17	31
			—	—
		Total points .....	503	374



*Basketball Team '26-'27*

## Baseball

As this publication had to go to press before the baseball season was half over, we could not include the complete accomplishments and record of our ball tossers. Up to the time that this book was printed, however, they had been doing exceptionally well and were on their way to the Suffolk County Title. At the start of the season, they won five straight games before dropping one contest to Patchogue on the latter's diamond. Northport forfeited a game to our boys when they failed to appear at the scheduled time for their game at Bay Shore.

The greatest achievement for the team in the early part of the season was that Albert Fink pitched a no-hit, no-run game against Lindenhurst High on the local diamond. Fink performed wonderfully on that day and was given fine support by his teammates at all times. The team was composed as follows: Captain Edward Flynn, catcher; Albert Fink, pitcher and second baseman; George Coombs, pitcher; Fred Bromberg, first baseman; John Flynn, second baseman; Lloyd Moreland, shortstop; Philip Ghosio, shortstop; Joseph Patch, third baseman; Frank Bisso, shortstop and second baseman; Frank Ghosio, left fielder; David Greenberg, center fielder; Ralph Lynn, right fielder; Stanley Sherry, out fielder; Edmund Lenehan, catcher; Edward Bedell, outfielder; William Wesselhoft, outfielder. Lloyd Moreland was manager, and Edmund Lenehan and Russell Richards, assistant managers.

Following is a schedule of the games played during the early part of the season:

	B.S.	Opp.
April 26 Islip at Islip .....	13	0
April 29 Sayville at Bay Shore .....	5	2
May 3 Amityville at Bay Shore .....	12	6
May 6 Huntington at Bay Shore .....	15	3
May 10 Lindenhurst at Bay Shore .....	6	0
May 16 Patchogue at Patchogue .....	4	5
May 18 Northport at Bay Shore (forfeit) .....	9	0
	—	—
Total runs .....	64	16





*Baseball Team, Champions of Section A, Suffolk County, for Year of 1927*

## Track

As this publication went to press before the big Suffolk County Meet at Riverhead, we could not include the greater or at least more important achievements of our track team. Up until that time, however, our pounders of the cinder path had been practicing most diligently and faithfully and were showing all signs of accomplishing worth while performances at Riverhead. On Saturday, May 14, they took part in a Western Suffolk Meet held at Huntington and made a fine showing, despite the fact that Amityville beat them by one point. Our boys, with only two experienced runners, Fink and Greenberg, impressed the fans very much and showed that Bay Shore High School was to be feared in still another line of sport endeavor. Albert Fink, David Greenberg and Paul Cronin were the luminaries for Bay Shore at this meet although the entire team performed creditably. The other members were William Wesselhoft, Norman Arbour and John Strong.

Fink was the individual star of the day. He won his heat and the finals in both the 100 yard dash and the 220 yard dash, and in the medley relay, ran the fastest 440 ever recorded on the Huntington track. Greenberg ran a wonderful half mile and won out by more than twenty yards. Cronin, appearing in his first race, copped the Junior 100 yard dash.

In only the second year of its existence at this institution of learning, track has come to the fore to become one of the big sports of the school. May it continue to flourish in the years to come. Special credit should be given to Mr. Stanley Brown, of the Boy Scout Journal staff, for his interest and untiring efforts in coaching the boys for all their track events. Without him we could have done little.

A. Fink won a silver medal and certificate denoting high athletic achievement in New York State track meet held at Farmingdale.





*Track Team 1927*

## Girls' Athletics

The Bay Shore High School Girls' Basketball Team experienced a very successful season in the capture of the Suffolk County Title. Although the boys have won many championships, this was the first time in the history of the school that the girls had won even their own divisional title. The team had a very able and competent coach in Miss Bowman, who developed a winning combination out of a squad of "green" material and only three veterans of last year. This year's championship team had no so-called "stars"; it consisted of five hard working girls in the game fighting every minute. They have started Bay Shore on the road to success in girls' basketball and future teams of our High School may well take the 26-27 team as a model to follow on to victory.

The following individual scores and other statistics will be of interest:

Marguerite Seff, right forward, leads the team in scoring with 142 field goals and 27 fouls for a total of 311.

Gladys Pedersen, Captain and left forward, follows with 108 field goals and 79 fouls for a total of 295 points.

Viola Hutton, center, has 88 points to her credit and Alma Rhodes is credited with 78. The rest of the points are scattered among Marie Albanese, Evelyn Greenberg and Christine Helbig.

The guard positions were well taken care of by Eloise Hildreth and Winifred Hurlbut. The substitutes for the guard positions were Helen Gerek and Catherine Dixon. Although the guards had no opportunities to score, they were mainly responsible for preventing the other teams from scoring.

In appreciation of the team's hard work throughout the year, the townspeople presented them with silver bracelets. Besides this, the team received sweaters and letters from the school and basketball pins from the Dutch Detectives.

Of the 21 games played, Bay Shore was victorious in 15. Following is a record of their entire schedule:

		B. S.	Opp.
Nov. 26	Alumni (home)	22	15
Dec. 1	East Islip (home)	56	16
Dec. 4	Islip Alumni (home)	35	34
Dec. 10	Sayville (away)	28	26
Dec. 18	Riverhead (home)	24	31
Dec. 22	Islip (home)	66	17
Jan. 11	Farmingdale Agg. (home)	58	27
Jan. 14	Huntington (home)	30	33
Jan. 21	Patchogue (away)	26	27
Feb. 2	Islip (away)	47	19
Feb. 5	Riverhead (away)	22	40
Feb. 8	Babylon (home)	58	8
Feb. 11	Sayville (home)	28	21
Feb. 15	Farmingdale Agg. (away)	49	21
Feb. 18	Huntington (away)	35	15
Feb. 22	Baldwin (away)	33	35
Feb. 25	Patchogue (home)	43	15
Mar. 3	Huntington (*)	32	14
Mar. 9	Port Jefferson (*)	40	27
Mar. 11	Riverhead (*)	55	31
Mar. 26	Baldwin (*)	28	33

(\*)—Championship games. Port Jefferson and Riverhead played at Smithtown and Baldwin played at Rockville Center.



Girls' Basketball Team '26-'27—Suffolk County Champions

## Winners of the B. S.

Winner of the cup awarded to the most valuable player of the boys' basketball team—Edward Flynn.

Winner of the cup awarded to the most valuable player of the girls' basketball team—Gladys M. Pedersen.

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### BOYS' BASKETBALL

Fred Bromberg	David Greenberg
Albert Fink	William Wesselhoft
Edward Flynn	Philip Goshio
Frank Goshio	Lloyd Moreland

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### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

(Suffolk County Champions)

Gladys Pedersen	Eloise Hildreth	Marguerite Seff
Alma Rhodes	Viola Hutton	Helen Gerek
Winifred Hurlbut		Christine Helbig
	Isabel Howell	

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### BASEBALL

Edward Flynn	Philip Goshio
Albert Fink	Philip J. Patch
George Coombs	Frank Goshio
Fred Bromberg	David Greenberg
Frank Bisso	Ralph Lynn
	Lloyd Moreland

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### TRACK

Albert Fink		
	David Greenberg	
		Paul Cronin
	William Wesselhoft	

# *Dutch Detective Activities*

1926-1927

The Dutch Detectives have been very active this year, as in previous years.

Last fall the following seven new members were admitted into the organization: Dorothy and Helen Ritchie, Edith Rhodes, Mary Clarke, Gladys Pedersen, Anita DelMar and Mabel Harper. The next day, the pupils of the high school were astonished to see these girls come unwillingly to school all painted up like Indians on the warpath and dressed in bungalow aprons and hair ribbons.

At the first meeting after initiation, Eloise Hildreth was elected President; Winifred Hackett, Vice President; Anita DelMar, Treasurer; and Mabel Harper, Secretary. In the middle of the year, the Treasurer, Anita DelMar, resigned her position and Mary Clarke was elected to take her place. Miss Ingalls was asked to be Faculty Adviser, which position she very graciously accepted.

The proceeds of a cake sale, held at Terry and Gibson's Real Estate office, were put in the treasury for future activities.

Two large, well-filled Christmas baskets were given to local poor families. Mrs. J. F. Howell donated two fine chickens for the baskets.

The big event of the year was the annual "D. D. Hop" which took place on March 12, in the local High School auditorium. The hall was becomingly decorated in pink, yellow and lavender. Billie Downs and Viola Hutton won the lucky number dance. The music was furnished by Eddie Wood's South Shore Orchestra. This dance was decidedly a social and financial success.

After the basket-ball season had closed, gold basket-ball pins were presented to the nine members of the girls' team in appreciation of the fine work they had done in obtaining the Suffolk County Championship. Pins for the members initiated last fall and also for the Faculty Adviser have been purchased.

We hope that the good work of the Dutch Detectives will be carried on faithfully by its future members.

MABEL C. HARPER



## Physical Training Exhibition

The Physical Training Exhibition, which was held in the High School Gymnasium on Wednesday afternoon and evening, May 18, 1927, was a great success. Much credit is due to Miss Bowman, who spent a great deal of time, energy and patience to make this one of the best exhibitions ever held in our auditorium. Miss Brewster is to be complimented upon the beauty and appropriateness of the costumes and many thanks are also to be rendered to the teachers of both schools who helped the performance to go off like clock work.

Mrs. Wingar's singing was, as usual, a delight to the audience. The group work was excellent, and unusual talent was shown in the special dance numbers, on the following program:

Marching .....	7A and 7B Girls
Free Arm Exercises .....	5A and 5B Boys
Children's Polka .....	3A Grades
Toe Dance, "Pale Moon" .....	Marjorie Lighte Mrs. Winegar, leader
Clapping Drill .....	4A and 4B Boys
Dance, "Irish Lilt" .....	5A and 5B Girls
Jockey Dance .....	Olive Bull Emily Liska Dorothy Costello Catherinè Keeton
Drill .....	Senior High School Girls
Toe Dance .....	Lucia Reddington
Singing Game, "Briar Rose Bud" .....	3A Grades
Skip Rope Dance .....	6B Girls
Games .....	5A, 5B, 6A, 6B Grades
Dance, "Sleepy Time" .....	4A and 4B Girls
Spanish Dance .....	Marie Albanese
Jumping Jack Dance .....	Junior High School Girls
Minuet .....	5A and 5B Girls
Free Arm Exercises .....	6A Girls
Tap Dance .....	Dorothy Costello Catherine Keeton
Flag Drill .....	6A and 6B Boys
Dutch Dance .....	Sylvia Downs Alice Blair
Wand Drill .....	Junior High School Girls
Toe Dance, "Indian Love Call" .....	Marjorie Lighte Mrs. Winegar
May Pole Dance .....	6A and 6B Girls

## Exchanges

THE LAWRENCIAN ..... Lawrence High School, Lawrence, L. I.

Your athletic write-ups are very good. Perhaps fewer jokes would improve your magazine.

THE STUDENT ..... Freeport High School, Freeport, L. I.

Your magazine is most interesting. Having a language department is an excellent idea.

THE RECORD ..... Patchogue High School, Patchogue, L. I.

Your literary and joke departments are very cleverly written up.

THE BLACK AND RED ..... Rogers High School, Rhode Island

Your magazine is very entertaining.

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## Man

Once upon a time I thought I understood men, but, alas! I have discovered: If you flatter man, it brightens him and if you do not, he is bored to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired after awhile; and if you don't, he gets offended in the beginning. If you agree with him in everything, you cease to charm him; and if you don't, he says you are unreasonable. If you don't believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool.

If you are cute and boyish, he longs for a soul-mate. If you are brilliant and take you out; and if you wear a little brown toque and a tailored suit, he takes you out and gazes all evening at some other women in gay colors. If you are jealous of him, he can't endure you; and if you are not, he can't understand you. If you join in his gaities and approve of his smoking, drinking and carousing, he vows you are leading him to the devil; and if you don't, he calls you a wet blanket. If you are affectionate, he soon tires of your kisses and seeks consolation in some other woman's. If you are sweet, old-fashioned, a clinging vine, he doubts; if you are modern, advanced and independent, he doubts if you have a heart or scruples.

If you are cute and boyish, he longs for a soul-mate. If you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate. If you are temperamental and poetical, he longs for a helpmate. And all the time, though he is falling in love with you for what you are, he is trying to remodel you into what you are not, never were, and never will be.

Don't ask how these things were discovered, but—well isn't it the truth?

Men! men! AH-h-h-h-h MEN!

PLATTSBURG NORMAL  
YEAR BOOK 1926

## *Krazy Kraks From History*

The German forces, led at that time by General Lee of Buenos Ayres, Greece, became annoying to other countries such as Africa. The Egyptians, ruled in 1930 by Paul Whitman, also became involved with the Phillipines in Russia, a small thriving town of the Rockies. John D. Rockefeller, the humble president of Argentine, realized this terrific condition and sent Raphael, a Brazilian nut, over to Iceland to settle the dispute by hook or crook. There ensued a great battle in Teapot Dome, the top of the Appalachian Plains in Vermont. The Indians were routed by the Austrians with the aid of the Persians at Westphalia. This battle at Quebec brought grief to the peasants of Chicago, Arabia. At this time Hamurabi, the Czecho-Slovakian, invented the nut-cracker, causing a great many deaths in Egypt. This battle was terminated by the Treaty of Paris, signed in 1985 by Mussolini at Ellis Island, an inland town of Babylonia.

To the surprise of Abraham, John Cabot did not capture Constantinople, a town in Sweden, but he insisted upon going on a crusade with Brutus through the Cape of Good Hope. Why Caesar did not do this, nobody knows. Brutus became entangled in barbed wire and was electrocuted in the bootleg town of Florence, Germany, at moonshine. Daniel Boone, the Greek, set out to sink aeroplanes but found there were no bones in ice cream. This turmoil raged on for seconds at a time. Hong Kong became so contaminated with shells, that King Philip of Carthage was forced to sign the Monroe Doctrine, thus prohibiting opium smoking in Australia, a village on the outskirts of Syracuse, Scandinavia.

The Persian forces met the Babylonians face to face. The Peruvian warriors from Skidmore won this battle with a decided downfall. The reason why the Austrians lost this battle was not known until 1957. Many people wanted the Treaty of Verdun to terminate the discovery, but to the surprise of Lafayette, a Spartan, Noah did not pulverize Shanghai.

The Articles of Confederation, fathered by Henry Ford of Jerusalem, Philadelphia, were introduced to be signed. At this obscure frolic in New York, Arabia, John Barrymore, the Jugo-Slavian, cried, "Give me Liberty or Black-bottom." Ching Chang Chow, the American Rabbi, claimed the battle unfair to the child-labor law, so that it was dropped. A great uprising resulted in the Senatorial Parliament. The Proclamation was signed by President Pharaoh, the Czar of Cuba, at the time of the War of Quebec in Italy. Thus, the struggle for light wines and beers ceased in Peking, Bulgaria, in 1997.

HISTORICAL CRITIC, '27.

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Sumner at senior meeting: Order, please.  
Sleepy Student: Egg sandwich.

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Fuzzy: That boil on your neck must be annoying, Freddie.  
Freddie: Oh, no, it's next to nothing.

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Ethel: That's an un-constitutional pipe you are smoking.  
Barrie: How come?  
Ethel: Because it is always lit.

# An Invitation to the Senior Prom

A One-Act Play in Four Scenes

Seniors in the order of their appearance:

Betty: Most representative Senior girl.

Olive: Who wants the "earth and everything that's on it."

Elsie: The wistful, studious one.

Dick: The most representative Senior boy.

Jack: Heir to a million.

Archie: The unsocial bookworm.

## SCENE I

(The Year Book Staff Room—Betty and Olive at work—3:00 P. M.)

Betty: "But, Olive, this is our school year book! It will be here after us—you mustn't put that sort of thing in it."

Olive: "Oh, Betty, this is so boring—you won't let me submit anything that I had planned on. Those individual rhymes were at least truthful! Jack always has his nose up in the air—why not let him know about it?"

Betty: "But you must be fair, dear—the boys will think a lot more of you if you will be just a bit tactful."

Olive: "Do you really think so, Betty? You see I want Dick to ask me to the prom, and he's such a bug for good-sportsmanship, and all that stuff."

Betty: "Why, why—he's already—" (checking herself suddenly) "I'm going to take my prophecy home to work on in order to answer the phone for mother—the maid's out. When Elsie comes, will you please take her copy and bring it around this evening with yours? Oh, about the prophecy—what do you intend to do when you you graduate from High School?"

Olive: "To marry someone, I expect. I don't know who it shall be as yet

Olive: "To marry someone, I expect. I don't know who it shall be, as yet, but he must have oodles of money."

Betty: "As soon as you graduate! Not for me! Well, so long till this evening." (Exit Betty)

(Olive works impatiently for a while—Enter Elsie.)

Olive: "Why, hello Elsie, my dear. Betty asked me to take your copy to her this evening along with mine. But-er—I wondered if you'd put a few finishing touches on my class history and then take it to Betty with your work this evening. You have so much higher marks than I—and-er—you see I'm very busy."

Elsie: "All right, Olive, I'll do that for you—I'd like to see Betty anyway. I do think she's splendid. My, how fortunate she is to have personality, brains, popularity, and an attractive appearance! This morning I heard Dick asking her to the Prom—I should think she'd have jumped at the bid but she told him she'd let him know later. Still, I expect she'll accept when he calls her, as he said he would, this evening. You don't mind if I finish this at home, do you? I must run along and help mother get supper."

Olive: "No, good-bye, — so sweet of you to do it for me. (Exit Elsie.) (Soliloquizing) She never told me he'd asked her—the cat! I'll get even with her! I'll dash right down to the ball grounds and tell Dick that she won't be able to go with him. Then he won't call her and—perhaps—if I'm very diplomatic about it—he'll invite me."

(Curtain)

SCENE II

(At the Grand Stand of the Baseball Ground 3:30 P. M.—  
Dick and Olive in conversation)

Dick: "A little chap told me you wanted to see me, Olive. What's up?"

Olive: "Well, Dick, it's about Betty—I thought it only fair to let you know immediately so that you could ask someone else—she won't be able to go to the Prom with you!"

Dick: "What? Are you sure?"

Olive: "I just came from Betty to tell you; she told me in confidence, so don't give me away."

Dick: "Oh, but I say, that's rather a tough break to give a fellow—why can't or won't she go with me?"

Olive: "I don't think I ought to tell you."

Dick: "See here, Olive—please sympathize with a chap and tell me why—it's only right that I should know."

Olive: "Well, if you insist, Dick. It's because—because—well, you know she wasn't sure when you asked her whether Jack was going to ask her or not. By the way, have you seen his new Gardner roadster? So today when Jack called up to ask her—she accepted."

Dick: "So that's it, is it? What a mean trick to play on a fellow—so she would turn me down for a new roadster. Well, I'll show her—I'll—I'll,—say, Olive, would you go with me?"

Olive: "Why, Dick, I didn't tell you for anything like that—I don't think I could—"

Dick: "Oh, I say, Olive, of course I didn't dream that you did—you were a peach of a sport to tell me. Honestly (stammering) I didn't know yesterday which I'd ask—you or Betty, and I met Betty in the hall at school first; so I asked her."

Olive: "Well, if you are really so anxious, Dick—but I'd hate to have Betty know before the Prom—she would misunderstand us both—so you won't mention it, will you?"

Dick: "I should say not, not after her treatment of me. See you Saturday night."

Olive: "Good luck in the game. I'll go up higher and sit with the girls."  
(Exit Olive)

(Enter Jack): "Hello, there, Dick, how's our young athlete coming along?"

"Dick: "Great, Jack. I hear you have a new car."

Jack: "Yeah, lot of good it's done me—all the girls I asked are dated up for the Prom, including Betty, who says she's going with you—you lucky dog."

Dick (in surprise): "She does?—She is? When did she say that?"

Jack: "Why, just now; I met her just as she'd left Olive to go home with that old Year Book copy. She turned me down for this game."

Dick: "Well, then, you go up there and tell Olive—well, you say I sent you to ask her to the Prom with you and to say that I'm going to take Betty. I happen to know Olive's free."

Jack: "Thanks. Beat 'em, old kid!" (Exit Jack)

Dick (soliloquy): "Well, I'll be darned—is Betty going with me or isn't she? Everyone seems to know but me. I'd better 'phone her tonight myself."

(Curtain)

### SCENE III

(Betty's Library, 7:30 P. M. Betty stopping her writing to glance occasionally at two evening dresses displayed on the davenport.)

(Elsie enters)

Betty: "Why, Elsie, I didn't expect to have the pleasure of seeing you to-night. How are you?"

Elsie: "Just fine, thank you, Betty. Olive asked me to finish her work and bring it to you with mine. (Gazing fondly at the dresses) My, how pretty they are! Which one shall you wear?"

Betty: "I shall wear the green one, Elsie. I'm glad you like them both—I must explain how they happen to be here. Aunt Marion heard from Mother that the dress I had ordered might not be ready in time. To avoid any possible chance of my being disappointed, Auntie sent me that sweet yellow one, and now she'll be so disappointed herself because it won't be—why, Elsie, would you wear it? It would be so becoming on you with your brown eyes and hair."

Elsie: "That's very generous of you, Betty—but I haven't anyone to go with—and—er—I hardly ever dance."

Betty: "But we need someone else to serve on the refreshment committee—wouldn't you do that? And about a partner, I'm sure Dick can get Archie to take you. You two would get along splendidly—you're both such good students. You know he doesn't dance, either."

Elsie: "Why, why, I'd be delighted, Betty! But how can I ever repay you for the splendid things you do for me?"

Betty: "Oh, it's only a trifle—just think how you've helped me with this Year Book material!"

Elsie: "Well, I'll run along then, Betty. I shall take excellent care of the dress and return it Sunday morning. Thank you again ever so much. 'Bye."

Betty: "Good-bye." (Exit Elsie—'phone rings.)

Betty: "Hello—yes, hello, Dick. Why, yes, of course I'm going with you—what made you seem so worried about it? Nothing? Well, that's good. Oh, I'm so glad you won today. Yes, nine o'clock would be best. 'Bye—oh, wait a moment, Dick. Do you suppose you could persuade Archie to take Elsie to the Prom? I happen to know she has a stunning new gown. You might tell him she admires his 'high-hat' line. Do you really think you can—thank you so much—I'll tell Elsie. Good-bye."

(Enter Olive)

Betty: "Elsie brought your material. I asked Dick a moment ago when he 'phoned to persuade Archie to take her to the Prom—I should so love to see her have a good time. She's such a sweet, wistful thing."

Olive: "Did Dick say anything about me, Olive? (Betty shakes her head, no.) Well, he may; so I might as well confess. I was peeved at you this afternoon for not telling me Dick had asked you to the Prom and letting me rave on about making an impression on him; so I told him you wouldn't accept. Then he asked me—but Jack 'spilled the beans' this afternoon. Perhaps I needn't have told you, but your consideration of Elsie made me ashamed of myself. Since you and Dick are going with Jack and me—I hope you'll forgive me? We'll have a great time, I know."

Betty: "Oh, Olive, how could you! Perhaps I should have told you. But, of course, Jack has odles of money—and Dick has his way to make in the world. But he'll do it! I believe in his success."

Olive: "Well, Jack's million in security is worth two in futurity."

(Curtain)

#### SCENE IV

(A secluded corner at the Prom—Elsie and Archie in conversation)

Archie: "These modern dances are so suggestive. Such intimacy in the younger set is atrocious! This jazz—I can't compliment it by calling it music—interferes with our erudite conversation. Let's seek a more retired spot where I can continue telling you about my ambition to write a commentary of Cicero's orations." (Exit Elsie and Archie—Enter Betty and Dick.)

Betty: "How wonderful everything has been this evening, Dick. Before we dance our final waltz, I can't help regretting a tiny bit that our High School days are over."

Dick: "You are right, Betty. It does make you feel a bit serious."

Betty: "And Dick, I ought to tell you. Olive came to me early this evening and told me all about the misunderstanding about my accepting your invitation. Olive merely made a mistake. I am partly to blame for not having accepted at once—but girls don't like to seem too eager."

Dick: "Some don't, like you. I am proud that you came with me, dear, though I have no car as yet. When I finish college and make good in my profession, I'll come for you in my Cadillac roadster. Will you be waiting for me, Betty?"

Betty: "Yes, Dick."

(Curtain)

VERA ACKERSON.

## JOKES

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Ellsworth Reeve in Washington: "Hey Dick! When are we gonna' see all this red tape? Huh?"

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Sumner: I say, what makes this sloop jump so?

Monk: Oh, the poor thing is on a tack.

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Ethel: How could you live without me?

Barrie: Much cheaper.

---

Ralph: This match won't light.

Fred or Wett: It did a minute ago.

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Mr. Hurlbut: Hey, what's all the noise out there?

Mr. Chester: Oh, I just dropped a perpendicular.

## Class Directory

Name of Senior	Answers to	Specialty	Ambition	Known as
Ackerson, Vera L.	Cuzzy	Frat dances	To attend a co-ed college	Most peaceful
Albanese, Marie A.	Marie	Dancing	To grow	Biggest eater
Ballas, Joseph J.	Joe	His Brogue	To be an Opera singer	Entertainer of Study Hall
Barton, Sumner S.	Deacon	Maple Ave.	To get a car	Most uninfluential
Bromberg, Fred R.	Freddie	Big feet	To grow a beard	Shortest
Burrill, Evelyn L.	Evelyn	Reading	To be a teacher	Little big sister
Coombs, George M.	Cavy	Married women	To restrain his blushing	Cyranode Bergerac
Doxsee, Marjorie F.	Marj	Ed Flynn	Jazz	Least talented
Fink, Albert E.	Fuzzy	Permanent wave	To be an athlete	Pinch-hitter
Greenberg, David H.	Davy	Blondes	To live in Huntington	Woman hater
Hackett, Winifred B.	Winnie	Commuting	To see Wally	Dressmaker
Harper, Mabel C.	Mebs	French	Noise	Meekest
Hendrickson, Ethel M.	Essie	Son	Chalk-pusher	Best athlete
Hildreth, Eloise H.	Pat	Billy	To swim the channel	Old-fashioned
Housel, Richard	Dick	Women	Dance	Woman Specialist
Hubbard, Margaret D.	Hub	Clason Academy.	To have straight hair	Man hater
Hurlbut, Winifred L.	Win	Pigtails	Bobbed hair	Most ignorant
Kron, Robert G.	Bob	Wise-ones	To grow up	Tallest
Lynn, Ralph C.	Monk	"His line"	Bigamy	Most sentimental
Merkin, Hannah	Hannah	Boats	To be a sailor's wife	Laconic
Meyer, Mildred E.	Mud	English	Orchestra leader	Noisiest
Patch, Philip J.	Trip	Women	To be a lawyer	Nerviest
Pedersen, Gladys	Pete	Daintiness	To swim	Worst athlete
Reeve, Ellsworth H.	Rizzy	Sweaters	To step out	School-boy complexion
Rhodes, Alma A.	Al	Red-heads	To drive a car	Most popular
Selva, Mary E.	Mary	Tactfulness	To get a ride	Beau Brummel
Udall, Reba F.	Re	Flivvers	To get fresh air	Most quiet
Waddell, Catherine	Catherine	Coming to school	To graduate	Chauffeur
Watts, Ellen S.	Ellen	Latin	To be a teacher	Dumbest
Wesselhoft, William	West	Apples	To be a truck-driver	"Little Willie"
Wettlaufer, Fred W.	Fritz	School teachers	To have "IT"	Biggest bluffer
Winslow, Helen E.	Happy	Cadets	To drive a Ford	Shortest

## Faculty Facts

Mr. Floyd Hurlbut, A. B., Princeton, Pd. M., New York University, Superintendent, having proved his efficiency by many years of service, will return to us next year.

Mr. George H. Gatje, Ch. E., Rensselaer, M. A., Teachers' College, Columbia, Principal of Bay Shore High School, we are happy to state, will be with us again next year.

Miss Helena F. Schleich, A. B., Cornell, 1911, our English teacher, has decided to leave this dear Alma Mater next year. Miss Schleich will attend the Graduate School of Library Science, Columbia. That we have profited by her instruction is proved by this year book.

Miss Julie Franchi, A. B., Smith College, 1921, teacher of French, History, and English, will return to Bay Shore next year. The consummation of this semester will mark the end of Miss Franchi's most successful three years here.

Miss A. Lorette Thompson, A. B., A. M., Middlebury, 1920, excellent teacher of Latin and Spanish, will instruct Bay Shore pupils next year.

Miss Edna Schenkel, Plattsburg Normal, 1923, teacher of Commercial Subjects, is returning next year to carry on the good work.

Miss Ruth Larson, Plattsburg Normal, 1926, teacher of Shorthand and Typewriting, is returning next year to add to her successful first year of teaching.

Miss Esther Purdy, A. B., Hunter College, 1924, teacher of Elementary Design and Representation, will not return to Bay Shore next year, for she intends to enter into the bonds of matrimony. At this time next year, her name will be Mrs. Royal F. Potter, address, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. We wish her lasting happiness.

Miss Dorothy Colston, A. B., Adelphi, A. M., Syracuse, 1924, teacher of History, will not return to Bay Shore High School. Her plans for the future are as yet undecided. We shall be very sorry to lose her.

Miss Bernice G. Brewster, B. S., Syracuse University, 1923, teacher of Sewing and Cooking, will not return to us next year. We shall have to look far to find a teacher who will make so many costumes for us and supply us with such delicious luncheons next year.

Miss Madeline Ingalls, Watertown Training School, teacher of English, will return to Bay Shore High School next year, we are very glad to record.

Mrs. Beulah H. Winegar, Ithaca Conservatory of Music, 1918, teacher of Theory and Music, is leaving Bay Shore High School to start housekeeping. Our great loss is Perry's gain.

Miss Doris Bowman, Sargent School of Physical Education, 1918 athletic instructor, will be with us next year to lead our girls' team to championship.

Miss Martha Wright, Geneseo Normal School, 1923, our efficient librarian, will return next year.

Miss Jessie Cochrane, Jamaica Normal School, and special mathematics course at Columbia, will faithfully continue her good work here.

Mr. Bert E. Teachout, Columbia, teacher of Sciences, will not return here next year. His future plans are not yet made. We shall miss our jovial instructor.

Mr. Raymond V. Chester, B. S., St. Lawrence, 1925, our coach and teacher of Mathematics, is returning to us next year. Hooray for you, Coach Chester!

Mr. Carl W. Meyer, Mechanics Institute of Rochester, 1924, our successful teacher of Civics, Mechanical Drawing, and Shop Work, will return to Bay Shore High School next year.

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Jake: Why does your old man always smoke cigar butts?  
Rizzy: People don't throw away whole cigars.

---

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# JOKES

By Bob Kron

While in Washington, we stayed in a hotel with all modern conveniences, hot and cold gas, two kinds of water, clean and dirty in every room. The following were some of the rules and notices posted in our room:

Board—50c a foot—meals extra.

Washing allowed in rooms.

If you find no bell in your room, (w)ring the towel.

Guests on retiring, please remove shoes.

Guests must not take the bricks out of the mattresses.

Do not speak to the dumb waiters.

If there is no water in the room, turn back the mattress and find the spring.

Please write your name on the wall so that we shall know you were here.

In case of fire, open the window and see the fire escape.

If you want light, lift the pillow; they are light enough.

Guests wishing to go driving will be supplied with hammer and nails.

---

"My friends," said "Trip," the aspirant for a public office, addressing his first audience and in his own town, "I call you friends; I will not call you ladies and gentlemen; I know you too well for that."

---

Joe Ballas thought the following should be included in his essay on "Trapping":

"Cats are animals of which there are many kinds. Cats that are made for little boys to maul and tease are called Maultese cats. Some cats are known by their purr—these are Purrsian cats. Cats with bad tempers are known as Angorrei cats and cats with deep feelings are called Feline cats."

---

Winnie: Aw, come on, have another banana?

Helen: Don't tempt me, I feel myself slipping now.

---

Sign on the bumper of a motor truck: "Yes, it had to be you."

---

Bright Student: What is the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?

Mr. Teachout: I don't know.

Bright Student: Ammonia comes in bottles and pneumonia comes in chests.

---

It:—Why can't flies see in the winter?

Itess:—They leave their specs behind in the summer.

---

Hannah: Mammals have four feet.

Mr. Teachout: What are your other two?

---

Mrs. Jarvis: Dave, give me a definition of a chair.

Dave: A chair is a seat with a back for one person with four legs.

---

Notice to Freshmen: In case of fire do not run. Green material never burns.

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—and—

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W. J. BLAIR

---

Freddy Bromberg in a Basketball Game: "No, Chester, I didn't lose my teeth; I have them here in my pocket."

---

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*Chevrolet Sales and Service*

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Alma: I want a strong man! A silent man! A man of grit!  
Dick: Yeh, you want a deaf and dumb ash man.

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Two Scotchmen were found crying, crying because they had spent their youth together.

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Trip: Hear about George? Went out too far in the ocean and drowned.  
Bob: It surfs him right.

"Cacy" went to the circus one day  
Resolved to get in without any pay:  
He crawled under the tent,  
No one knew where he went,  
For the elephants thought he was hay.

Huddle system: Three couples in Norman Arbour's flivver.

"One baby is born in New York every three minutes," says a newspaper.  
That must be awfully tiresome for the baby.

---

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Coombs: "I'd like to be a soda jerker."

Bob: "Yeh, why?"

Coombs: "They lead such stirring lives."

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Fuzzy says: "My friend is so narrow-minded he can look through a keyhole with both eyes simultaneously."

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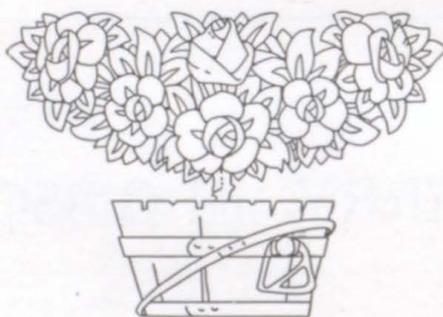
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"Never the twains shall meet," sighed 'Little Willy' as the brakeman threw the switch.

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