

Compliments of

Parents' - Teachers' Association

of Bay Shore, L. I., N. Y.

We invite all the parents and friends of our school to join our organization.

Our purpose is to bring about close co-operation between the parents and the teachers of the school for the welfare of the children. Good, upright character in young people will, "Eventually, if not now," bring about a good, upright community.

Our meetings, beginning in September, will be the third Wednesday of each month during the school term.

Our officers are as follows:-

President	Maude M. Jarvis
1st Vice President	Sarah I. Roody
2nd Vice President	Ethel Benton
Secretary	Beulah Harkness
Corresponding Sec'y	Mrs. Geo. Guttinger
Treasurer	Mrs. Floyd Hurlbut

Dedication

We hereby dedicate this first year book of Bay

Shore High School to

Miss Sarah J. Roody

in appreciation of the splendid work she has done
for our school in connection with **THE MAROON
AND WHITE**. We hope that our future issues
will be directed by such a capable and understand-
ing faculty advisor as Miss Roody has been.

FOREWORD

This is the first year book that has ever been attempted by Bay Shore High School, so please be tolerant. If some sections please you more than others, read them until they cease to do so; if some sections displease you, correct their faults or skip over them. We know it is not a pleasure for anyone to read of old Bay Shore's going down to defeat; we know you get no "kick" out of reading that some school affair has failed, but it is seldom that you have to do so.

The editorial staff has struggled long and hard over this issue, but the result, while gratifying, is, we realize, far from perfect. However, take into consideration the newness of the idea (to us), our inexperience, our unworldliness, and if after all that, you are not satisfied with our effort, you are far, far too critical.

—The Editors.

Ethel Collins '25.

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EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE "MAROON AND WHITE"

EDITORIAL STAFFS

SEPTEMBER, 1923-JANUARY, 1924.

Editor-in-Chief	Edward Thomas
Assistant Editor	Mae Brown
Sports Editors	Sterling Smith, Betty Stewart
Social Editor	Florette Krause
Exchange Editor	Frederick Goldsmith
Class Notes Editor	Elizabeth Patterson
Joke Editors	Warner Rhodes, Ethel Collins
Alumni Reporter	Edgar White
Business Manager	Herman Mayer
Advertising Managers	Ross Hosken, Grayson Lynn, Bernice Doxsee, Elizabeth Patterson
Faculty Advisor	Miss Roody

JANUARY-JUNE, 1924.

Editor-in-Chief	Mae Brown, '25
Literary Editor	Florette Krause, '25
Sports Editors	Betty Stewart, '25; Walter Lipp, '26
Head Reporter	Bernice Doxsee, '25
Joke Editor	Warner Rhodes, '25
Exchange Editor	Elizabeth Patterson, '25
Alumni Reporter	Mae Hall, '27
Business Manager	Herman Mayer, '25
Advertising Managers	John Hill, '25; Lee Aleock, '25
Faculty Advisor	Miss Sarah I. Roody



Mae Brown
Editor-in-Chief
1924

Edward Thomas
Editor-in-Chief
1923

Miss Sarah Roody
Faculty Advisor
1923-24

Florette Krause
Literary Editor
1924

Herman Mayer
Business Manager
1923-24

OFFICERS OF SENIOR CLASS 1924

President	Everett Winslow
Vice President	Theresa Watts
Secretary	Grace Guttinger
Treasurer	Walter Smith
Executive	Max Jeffrey

CLASS HISTORY

The majority of the graduates of 1924 entered high school in 1920. Some of our members liked high school so well that they stayed more than 4 years. Others were satisfied with a 3-year course. Our class is well represented in local and school activities since we have in our midst several famous basket ball players, members of the Y. W. C. A., the Girl Scouts, the Dramatic Club, and the Beta Sigma. Not only this but four of our classmates have taken part in the annual public speaking contests.

We first appeared as a senior class when the class officers were elected. We first gained prominence as a class by the presentation of our play, "The New Co-Ed." It was largely due to the efforts of our coach, Miss Roody, that the affair was so successful. Most of you saw the play, but you should have been behind the scenes with the seniors. Confusion reigned supreme. Costumes floated back and forth, and George Washington Watts marched around with a fire axe in search of unsuspecting chickens. After the play the cast was entertained at the home of Phillip Finkelstein. A few weeks later the class was again entertained at the home of Miss Roody.

Then arrived the time for our departure for Washington. The trip was very long and tiresome, but at last the end of our journey was reached. As we had previously acquainted the officials of Washington with news of our intended arrival, the red velvet carpet was thrown out, the brass band was taken out of moth balls, and our old friend, Cal Coolidge, welcomed us at the station.

Shortly afterwards we found ourselves seated in the dining room of the George Washington Inn. Did you ask if we had stable manners? Ed Thomas, after making an attack on the olives, yelled, "Hey, Emma, what do you do with the pits?" The arrival of the first course settled the question. They were doomed to a soupy grave. That night we visited the Congressional Library. Then we girls were sent to bed, and the boys, accompanied by Mr. Hurlbut, took in a burlesque. It was rumored that Will Crist was so shocked that he was forced to hold his hands up to his eyes and look through his fingers. As time passed he lost some of his maidenly modesty, and went so far as to purchase a package of cigarettes and to "roll the bones."

The next day we visited Arlington, Alexandria, and Mount Vernon. At Arlington we hired a bus for a drive through the cemetery. Our guide had a pleasing southern drawl, but he dropped it when Theresa accidentally on purpose passed him a Canadian dime. He didn't know where it came from, but she had to confess later.

During our stay in Washington we visited the Capitol, the Lincoln Memorial, the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, the Smithsonian Institute, the New National Museum, the Medical Museum, the Red Cross Building, the Pan-American Building, and the Corcoran Art Gallery. At the top of the Washington Monument we were enjoying the view when Miss Colfax attracted our attention by mistaking some nearby base ball diamonds for masonic emblems.

Thursday noon we assembled at the White House to pay our respects to the president. Since it rained on Friday, some of us ate lunch at the hotel. Evelyn Maizel seemed worried about the price of her repast. Upon inquiring, the waiter told her that it was twenty-five cents. She had to order something more to save the day. Ed had his lunch in the drug store across the street. Hearing a woman express her views against the Episcopal Church, he gallantly hushed her.

That afternoon found us on the train for Philadelphia. Since Toad found no amusement, he announced that he would take up a collection for the blind and destitute Eskimaux. This broke the ice between Toad and the ladies.

In Philadelphia we stayed at the Bellevue-Stratford, and ate at an automat across the street. Saturday evening the return of the class set the tongues a-wagging.

Fearing the arrival of the Regents the class returned to school and settled down to work. The results of its efforts are shown by the presence of the class of 1924.

Theresa Watts, Margaret Hand.



SENIOR CLASS 1924 BAY SHORE HIGH SCHOOL

BAY SHORE HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR CLASS 1924

Daisy Mitchell.

When our "Daisy" first entered the B. S. H. S. it was thought she would specialize in English, but lately her hobby has been Chemistry. She is the founder of the "Mitchell Chemical Co." Daisy is pleasant and charming. It is said that she paid M. Parette \$100 to bob her hair.

Edward Thomas.

Member of the varsity baseball team '22, '23; member of the varsity basketball team '23, '24; member of the track team '21; president of the Athletic Association '24; part time Editor-in-Chief of the "Maroon and White."

Edward Thomas, known to most of us as "Dummy", has often disproved the nick name so ungraciously bestowed upon him, for when it comes to thinking of ways of dodging work and especially school work, Ed has more thinking ability than the rest of the student body combined. His high school career has been an eventful one.

In athletic activities Ed has taken a leading part and has helped the school greatly in obtaining the position which Bay Shore now holds along these lines.

He intends to enter Albany Law School in the fall in the hope of becoming Bay Shore's future leading lawyer. We are sure he will be a success and we wish him the best of luck in his future undertakings.

Margaret Keen Hand—Girl Scout.

Yes, our "Peggy" is always laughing at nothing—always smiling. We know

that such a perpetual smile is a bad sign. She also has a fondness for sitting up all night occasionally.

Grace Helen Guttinger—Dramatic Club.

Grace is our brilliant student. She is also talented in the use of "powder" and in the art of modern jazz. She sings, plays the piano and speaks French in such a way that no Frenchman can understand her.

Theresa Watts.

Theresa is our "conservative" student. She is a likable girl, noted for honesty, for she actually returns borrowed lead pencils. She is very studious and is always concentrating on the "Topics of the Day." Theresa keeps as far as possible from the men.

Elizabeth Isabel Calder.

Betty's motto is,—"The more I see of men, the more I like dogs" but actions speak louder than words. We wonder whether she told "Babe" that.

Max Alexis Jeffrey.

Member of the Beta Sigma, Captain of the First Basket Ball team for two years, fielder on Base Ball team, Athletic Executive of Senior class, Executive of the A. A.

He surpasses them all
At basket ball
And leaves in the rear
A brilliant career,
For he can't be beat
By any athlete.

John Everett Winslow.

Beta Sigma, Basket Ball Team, President of the Senior Class.

He is studious; he's snappy,
A great basket ball player is "Happy."

He studies, but he's not a grind,
For he has an intellectual mind.
And now as you all know,
We hate to see him go,
For what is B. S. H. S.
Without Ev Winslow?

Sterling "F." Smith

From among our midst it comes to light
That Toad Smith leaves in June.
We shall miss old Toad in future years,
For he leaves us all too soon.

What shall we do for a cigarette
When Toad's face doesn't appear?
That old saying, "Have you got a
butt?"

It is music to his ear.
Now these few things are told as a joke
Not to hurt Toad's feelings at all,
But if you knew Toad as we do
You would be positive of them all.

Walter Wesley Smith.

When comes the Judgment day
And we go up above to stay,
Flying around with big white wings,
We'll see the boy of whom the poet
sings;

Who never played hookey from school
Or ever even broke the Golden Rule;
And folks, this isn't a mere myth,—
It is namely Walter Wesley Smith.

Gertrude Margaret Loughlin.

Still water runs deep. When Gert's
silent we always know she's thinking of

some new joke to play on somebody. We
pity the victim. Gert's hobbies are
Greek, fellows, apples and boxing.

Evelyn Maizel—Dramatic Club.

All good things come in small pack-
ages. Evelyn's only faults, as far as we
know, are a fondness for giggling, Ra-
mon Navarro, and Rudy Valentino. We
hope she'll outgrow them.

Anna C. Lycke.

Some ask, "Is it Lycke or Like?"
Well, write it in library form, for you
will always Like Anna.

Philip Finkelstein.

Philip's the boy who's full of fun;
Of his virtues—that's just one.
When there's a party, dance or ball,
He's the one who surprises us all.

William Crist.

Tall, dark, distinguished, abused by
the boys, beloved by the girls, one of
the most popular members of the Senior
Class, and a good student of Spanish
and physics. That's Brute.

Hildegarde Waddell.

We don't know much about Hilde-
garde, but her personality is very ap-
pealing. She is very gay and has a
smile for everyone. If a beauty contest
were held we are sure she would capture
one of the prizes. We do know that she
likes Ford Sedans and "Doug",—don't
you, Hildegarde?

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

We, the Class of '24, in individual and distinct parts, being about to pass out of this sphere of learning, in full possession of a crammed mind, well-trained memory and almost superhuman understanding, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills or promises by us at any time heretofore made, or mayhap, carelessly spoken, one to the other, as the thoughtless wish of an idle hour.

And first we do direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, our superintendent and his all-wise and ever-competent faculty, who have been our guardians for so long, only asking, as the last injunction of the dying, that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp that our worth, our merits, our attainments, and our positions as Seniors must certainly have deserved.

As to such estate as it has pleased the Fates and our own strong hands and brains to win for us, we do dispose of the same as follows:

ITEM:

We give and bequeath to the dear faculty, who have been our instructors in all the wisdom of the ages, a sweet and unbroken succession of restful nights and peaceful dreams. No longer need they lie awake through the long watches of the night, meditating upon the conduct of this and that Senior. It has been a hard strain on them, for Seniors are said to be at all times and under all conditions difficult to manage. But they have done their duty, and verily, now shall they have their well-earned reward.

ITEM:

We give and bequeath to our beloved Superintendent, Floyd Hurlbut, our sincere affection, our deepest reverence, our heartiest gratitude, and the whole unlimited wealth of our eternal memory. In an attempt at partial payment for all he has done for us during our long years at Bay Shore High School, we make over to him, here and now, a heavy mortgage on our future in the Great Unknown beyond.

ITEM:

The subjoined list will be recognized as entailed estates, to which we do declare the Class of '25 the real and rightful successors:

1st. The Senior seats in the back of the Study Hall. Let every member show his gratitude for this gift by being promptly in his seat each morning.

2d. Senior Dignity which is always handed over to the new made lords of the High School world. We are afraid that this will be a strain on the nerves and muscles of the gay and debonair Juniors, but we hope they will rise to the occasion, as they sometimes can.

ITEM:

We give to the Freshman Class the following advice, accepting which will

lead them to glory; copy '24, learn to work if not to win; development comes sooner through being failures than successes. It isn't fun, but still, look at '24 and be encouraged.

ITEM:

The following may seem but trifling bequests, but we hope they may be accepted, not as worthless things lavishly thrown away because we can no longer keep them, but as valuable assets to those who may receive them, and a continual reminder of the generosity of heart displayed in our free and full bestowal:

1st. To our English teacher and coach of the class play, Miss Roody, the profound admiration and ever enduring friendship of the Class, in individual as well as collective manifestation.

2d. To Mrs. Jarvis, freedom from those "talkative Seniors" in the 4th period Study.

3rd. To the Basket Ball Team of next year, the ability of Max Jeffrey, Edward Thomas and Everett Winslow.

4th. To any one that needs it, Theresa Watts' knowledge of Chemistry. Apply early and avoid the rush.

5th. To next year's manager, Sterlin gSmith's wonderful team management.

6th. To Mildred Terwilliger, Evelyn Maizel's superfluous weight.

7th. To Eugene Benjamin, Gertrude Loughlin's extra height.

8th. To Madeline Rossuck, Will Crist's dignity.

9th. To Miss Kniskern, Margaret Hand's ability to giggle at the wrong time.

10th. To next year's class comedian, Philip Finkelstein's prowess as a "gentleman of peace and color."

11th. To any one who will use it, Daisy Mitchell's studiousness.

12th. To Alma Rhodes, Anna Lycke's quietness.

13th. To any meek little girl, Elizabeth Calder's haughtiness.

14th. To future Base Ball Nines, Walter Smith's place on the team.

15th. To every one who needs it, Hildagarde Waddell's beauty. (Steady there! Don't shove!)

Beside these enforced gifts we leave, not of necessity but of our own free will, our blessing and a pledge of friendship from henceforth.

All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever and wheresoever, of what nature, kind and quality soever it may be, and not herein before disposed of (after paying our debts and funeral expenses), we give and bequeath to our beloved Superintendent, for his use and benefit absolutely, and to be disposed of for the good of the coming classes as he may see fit.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint the said Superintendent sole executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, We, the class of '24, the testators, have to this our will set our hand and seal this twenty-third of June, Anno Domini, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

G. H. Guttinger.

CLASS PROPHECY

Before we cross the River Styx or climb up into the milky way in answer to the grim reaper, Death, we shall, in the course of our earthly existence, taste the bitter fruits of the greatest curse of mankind--inactivity. No words can describe the suffering that the great pest, boredom, can inflict on the human race.

Having passed through this period myself I am in favor of anything that will furnish a little excitement. So on the first day of May, 1924, as I sat in a large arm-chair idly reflecting on the courage of a weather man who could predict nice weather with the sky over east and the clouds spewing down on a patient mankind that great beverage of natures, water; I began to crave action. I cast my eyes about for something to do and they landed on a fishpole in the corner of my room. I reflected that as atmosphere is supposed to have much to do with fish I might go fishing.

So, clad in oilskins and rubber boots, I departed for the neighboring village of Islip where, according to all accounts, the largest fish are to be caught.

I had walked about half way to my destination when a large automobile of an unfamiliar make drew up to the curb beside me and a sweet young thing with bobbed hair asked me if I wanted a lift. Needless to say I got in and then, before I had a chance to call for help, I was seized by powerful arms and then something hit me on the head.

When I regained my sense I found that I was bound hand and foot.

Suddenly the door opened and in walked the young lady.

"Well", she said, I see you are with us again."

"Yes", I replied, but tell me what is the big idea?"

Then she started off on a long story of a man who had invented a drink that would make the person who drank it see into the future. The girl told me I could see the future of anything that I wanted, so I requested to be allowed to see the members of the Bay Shore High School Senior Class in the year 1929.

The girl vanished through the door and a little old man entered.

My son", he said, "you are about to drink of the great Floro beverage, a wonderful drink, distilled from Woola berries, the bark of an oak tree, Shumack leaves, and Stacomb."

Without further ceremony he raised a cup to my lips and the strange mixture trickled down my throat. I then lapsed into slumber.

I dreamed that I was on a South Sea island. Dusky natives rent the air with piercing yells as a husky warrior drove a product of A. G. Spaulding clear across the horizon. Baseball in this place, it seemed impossible, but dreams are funny things. A young miss in a straw skirt came up to me and by signs gave me to understand that I was to follow her. I was led into a large house at the side of the clearing and to a room that looked like an office. I walked into the room and looked around. A lady, with her back turned, was very busy pounding a typewriter with one finger and did not look up as I entered. I looked around the room, on the wall hung a diploma in a frame. I took a look at it. It was issued at Bay Shore High School, 1924.

Before I had a chance to see who it belonged to a voice asked in a business-like tone what I wanted. I wheeled around. The lady was Daisy Mitchell. She was doing missionary work on this island and selling Victrolas to help the starving tribes of Africa.

The scene shifted I found myself gazing at a huge poster advertising a circus. Having nothing else to do I decided to go to this circus. I looked around and by inquiring from a passerby I found that I was in New Orleans. I took a street car to the circus grounds and started to look around. I had not been there long when I heard someone start to tell of a side show that had the seven wonders of the world stopped. That boy sure had some voice. He was heard from one end of the lot to the other. I stepped up and took a good look at him somehow he seemed familiar. Then I recognized him. It was Walter Smith, my old classmate, bally-hooing for a circus side show.

After greeting Walter and making myself known I took a train for Chicago. I arrived in Chicago and as I was about to enter a restaurant and ask for a handout, a man rushed by me and into the restaurant. Some six cops were after him, they grabbed me although I protested I was taken to jail.

I rested in jail over night and in the morning I was taken to court. My case came up and the judge assigned a young lawyer, just out of school, to defend me. I took one look at the fellow and fainted, it was Ed Thomas.

I explained my story to Ed and, as he was a friend of the judge I was freed. Then I collected the ten dollars that Ed borrowed from me during our school days and departed. Funny thing about dreams you can almost swear that they are the real thing.

I next found myself walking along a deserted road. I had not walked far when I saw a racing car drawn up to the side of the road. The hood was up and a figure was bent over the engine. I asked him if I could help him, he looked me over and told me that maybe I could.

After I helped him to fill the gas tank he asked me if I wanted a lift. I agreed, and he said that he would take me to San Francisco with him. When we stopped he gave me a pass to the big auto classic that he was going to drive in which was to take place the next day.

I was approached by a young man who asked if I was Sterling Smith. I told him that I was the same and he asked me to follow him. We went to a lawyer's office and I was told that an uncle of mine had died and left me two million dollars. After I had recovered from the shock I borrowed enough from the lawyers to see me through until I received the bulk of the estate. I then went to a hotel and spent the rest of the day and all night in bed trying to figure out how it had all happened.

The next day I went to the auto race and it was a great one. My friend who had brought me to the city won. I rushed down on the track to congratulate him. He removed the goggles and I saw Everett Winslow. Over a dinner fit for a king he told me his experience since he had quit school and how he was well on his way to fame as the greatest dare-devil auto racer of the century.

Again the scene shifted and I found myself walking up the path to a large house. I stumbled and fell, everything went black. I awoke to find a lady sitting beside me who informed me that she was my wife. She was excellently endowed with a physique that commanded respect and informed me that I was no longer the master of my own destiny but that she had taken full charge of me and my affairs.

Strange as it may seem I found that I was still in possession of my inheritance. Our first episode in my wife's method of seeing life as a finished product, and also a fine attempt to break me at the first turn, was to buy a new wardrobe. So with me in tow she started out. We were in New York and so we went to a fashionable dressmaker on Fifth Avenue and after seeing some two or three hundred models which, by the way, were all rejected by my husky better half, my attention was diverted by the appearance of a young lady with snappy lines and a good paint job who had not appeared on the scene before. She was clad in an evening gown that was a wonder.

"Isn't that a nice model?" asked the dressmaker.

"Pretty neat", said I, and feeling a sharp kick in the back of my leg added, "the gown is fine."

I took a good look at the girl in the gown and then I recognized Elizabeth Calder. I could not speak to her as the wife was too near so I stood by while she spent my money.

After leaving the dressmakers' I suggested something to eat so we went to a little tea room that our taxi driver recommended. The tea room was a neat, clean looking place. We sat down and in the course of our luncheon one of the trim waitresses spilt a cup of tea down my back. I yelled for help and the manager at the same time. The waitress was very sorry that the accident had happened and I was inclined to let the incident pass but the wife insisted that we report her to the manager. The manager, a neat looking little lady, came and I seemed to see something familiar about her. She laid her hand on the table and I saw a ring with Bay Shore High School on it. I took another look; it was Evelyn Maizel.

After greeting Evelyn and introducing her to my wife we finished our lunch and decided to go to a show.

The show that we picked out was called "Stepping Out", a musical comedy. My wife very kindly provided me with smoked glasses before we entered the theatre. She seemed to think that this show would hurt my eyesight.

The first act of the show was very good; that is, what I saw of it when the wife was not looking. Between the acts I was allowed to shed the eye protectors; a dance specialty was on. The girl in the act danced over to our box two or three times and then threw a rose in my lap. I picked it up and looked at it and then at my wife. She seemed to be in a fine mood for murder and I seemed to be the object of her designs. I decided that a smoke would quiet my nerves and left for the smoking room. Then a brilliant idea struck me; I would interview that dancer. The first thing that I did was bribe one of the ushers to take me back stage. There I waited for the dance to end. They finished

their act amid a burst of applause and after making their bows came tripping hand in hand toward me. The usher told her that I would like to speak with her and she came over to me.

"Well", she said, "what do you want?"

Then she looked at my vest on which reposed my class pin. Surprise was written all over her face.

"Well, if it isn't Toad Smith!" she exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon, but you have me at a disadvantage", said I. "Who are you?"

"Why, I am your old class mate, Peggy Hand, and over there is my partner, Will Crist."

The scene shifted, I did not find out how Peggy and Will came to be in the musical comedy but I sure was glad to get rid of that wife. I am going to steer clear of large ladies.

When next things became clear I found myself in a Spanish city, somewhere in Spain. It seems that I did not like Spain so I decided to sail for home. I went to the office of the American consul and there I found a young clerk sputtering Spanish at a group of what looked to me to be motion picture bull fighters. When he had finished with them he asked me what I wanted. There seemed to be something familiar about his voice but I could not place him. Then I took a closer look. Who do you think it was here in this Spanish city jabbering Spanish like a native? It was Max Jeffrey. I told him who I was and I soon got my passport.

The ship sailed the next day so that night Max and I went out to look the city over and decided to go to a show. He knew of a theatre where they were showing American vaudeville so we went there to start the evening off. Some of the leading acts of the American show houses were playing there. The first act was a troupe of acrobats that did not appeal to us very much. Then a nice looking young lady came out on the stage to give a song and dance act. Max said something about the singer looking familiar but I could not recognize her.

"Why, that is Anna Lycke", he exclaimed.

Sure enough it was Anna and just as she looked towards us the scene blurred.

Next I found myself in the thriving city of Patchogue. A young lady was standing in front of me and we were talking. It seems that I was to accompany her to a beauty parlor where her sister was having her hair curled. We went and as we walked in the door I saw two very busy young ladies. I looked around, on the wall hung a sign, "Guttenger and Loughlin—Faces Remade While You Wait." I wondered if they could be Grace and Gertrude and was about to ask them when I stirred in my sleep and the beauty parlor vanished.

I woke up and found the girl sitting beside me and she asked me how I felt. I mumbled something about being all right and slipped off into slumber again.

The first thing that I saw in this second episode of my dream was a vision of a school room. A class in chemistry was in progress. The teacher was plastering the board full of formulas and seemed to know her business. I did not recognize her and I wondered why such a place had come into my dream and then the teacher started to tell her class how when she studied chemistry in Bay Shore High they taught a very different course. Things were getting interesting. I waited until the class was over and then asked the teacher who she was as I had attended Bay Shore High for a long time and had struggled with chemistry there. To my great surprise she told me that she was Hildegard Waddell.

The next thing that came to my sight was a picture of myself standing in front of a large brick building. In front of the building was a well kept lawn with many shade trees. Under the trees many old ladies were sitting and standing about; some were reading, others were knitting or sewing and some seemed to be dreaming,—Maybe of their youth that had fled. This place seemed to be an old ladies' home or an old maids' home,—I do not know which. I decided to walk around the place and look it over. I walked half-way up the driveway when I beheld a business-like looking individual running toward me. I stopped to see what he could want, as I was not sure of my ground. He started to jabber a lot of talk about not being allowed to wander around the grounds of the home, when he stopped short and said:

"Say, haven't we met somewhere before?"

"I am Sterling Smith", I told him, "but I can't say that I recognize you."

He burst out laughing and told me to come into his office, as he had something to show me. I followed him and we went in and sat down. He pointed to a picture on the wall; it was an enlargement of the picture of the Bay Shore High School class of 1924. I asked him who he was and what the picture had to do with him and you can imagine my surprise when he told that he was Philip Finklestein. He also told me that he was manager of this home for old ladies.

The next scene that came before my eyes was one of myself seated in a large armchair dressed in evening clothes. The telephone rang; I answered it; it was an invitation to a theatre party and Miss Mary Sherman, the young poetess, whose works had been attracting so much attention, would be there. I called a taxi and soon was among the guests. They were all centered around the young lady, so I joined them. I was introduced to her, by the hostess, and I wondered if I hadn't met her before. When I got a chance to ask her she admitted that I had and that she was my old classmate of Bay Shore, Theresa Watts. Theresa and I spent a pleasant evening at the theatre talking over school days.

Then I woke up and sat up in the bed where I had lain during my dream. The girl was beside the bed and we started to talk. I was just about to make a date with her when I heard my mother's voice say:

"Young man, if you want any dinner you had better get up out of that chair. You have been asleep all afternoon."

Sterling Smith.

-The 1924 Washington Trip.

At last arrived that day to which we had so long looked forward, that never-to-be-forgotten April 14. The Senior Class assembled at the station and contrary to expectations were all there in time to depart on the 8:01 train. The first lap of our journey to Washington began with a walk through the coaches of the train in search of a special car, which we never found. We were half way to Babylon before we obtained seats.

In New York we had a long wait, for we were to take the 10:50, but finally the time was up and along with a great crowd of other students we were guided into a car marked "Amityville and Bay Shore." After hats, coats, and suit-cases were stowed away we settled down to enjoy ourselves but oh, what joy! After awhile minutes seemed like hours. I was conscious of nothing but dirt, heat, and then more dirt, but all things end sometime, and so did the trip.

We took a bus to the hotel. I was greatly impressed with my first sight of the city. The weather was very warm, all the trees and flowers were in blossom, and the bright colors made a beautiful contrast to the buildings, a great many of which are white.

After a thorough scrubbing (we needed it) we descended to the dining room of the George Washington Inn. Shortly after dinner we visited the Congressional Library. Then we were sent to bed and the boys, accompanied by Mr. Hurlbut, "took in" a burlesque.

The next day we planned to visit Mount Vernon and come home on the ferry. In my estimation the trip to Mount Vernon was one of the most enjoyable parts of our whole trip.

On the same day we visited Arlington cemetery and drove through the grounds in a bus. The fare was thirty cents and I thought it would be a good chance to get rid of a Canadian dime that I had. I put it between the others and passed it over. Just when I thought I was safe, the conductor said, "Some of you must be from the North. I find a Canadian dime here." He never discovered who gave it to him but I told the others later.

It would fill a book to tell of all the buildings that we visited. It is only possible for me to tell what they were. We went through the Capitol, which was just at the head of the Avenue on which we were staying. The Lincoln Memorial, containing a statue of Lincoln that weighs one hundred fifty tons without the base, was very interesting. In the Bureau of Printing and Engraving we saw more money than ever before in our lives. It was thrown around in stacks like newspapers. We visited also the Smithsonian Institute, the New National Museum, the Medical Museum, the Red Cross Building, the Pan American Building, and the Corcoran Art Gallery. One day we made a trip up the Washington monument. This structure is approximately 550 feet high and has over 900 steps. We obtained an exceptionally fine view of the city from the top. Atmospheric pressure caused Willie to have a nose bleed. Miss Colfax mistook some nearby baseball diamonds for masonic emblems. Otherwise all was well.

On Wednesday we found time to assemble at the White House and give

it the "once over." Mrs. Coolidge was delighted to see us, likewise the president. He consulted us on many matters and benefited by our wisdom. Don't think the postponement of Japanese exclusion was Calvin's idea. It wasn't. It was Grace Guttinger's.

On Thursday we went to the Capitol. There we were fortunate to hear Senate in session, at that time arguing about immigration. The Supreme Court was also in session and we "listened in" on some matter of a franchise.

Friday, our last day, it rained. Maybe Washington was sorry to see us go. At two o'clock we left for Philadelphia.

It was still raining when we arrived there. In this city we stayed at the Bellvue Stratford, one of the most pretentious hotels in the place, and dined in the automat across the street. "Some style." Saturday we made a hasty survey of Philadelphia. In spite of the limited time we saw most of the spots of interest. These included Independence Hall, Congress Hall, Betsy Ross' house, Liberty bell, and Franklin's grave.

In the afternoon we started on our way home. The usual occupations on board the train were resumed, card playing, reading of magazines, talking, and trying to sleep. A sign was pinned on Ed's back reading, "Dummy Thomas is my name, I hope to live and die the same," and he was in veigled into walking through the aisle with it on.

After about two hours we caught a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty from the train. We knew then that we must be near New York. From the train we took the ferry to New York and then caught the train for Bay Shore. Thus ended the Washington trip of the class of '24.

Theresa Watts '24.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

One of the most interesting trips which we took while in Washington was the one to the White House, the home of our President. The Executive Mansion is a beautiful white stone building, surrounded by marvelous parks and the president's grounds. It is situated on Pennsylvania Avenue but the front of the building overlooks the Potomac.

Upon arriving at the White House our party wandered through the grounds in front of the building and then went into the mansion itself. We were first shown the East Room, famous throughout the whole United States. It is an immense, beautiful room used as the state reception room. Next we went through the Blue, Green and Red Rooms. As these are the only rooms open to the public, we then went to the East Wing of the White House. Here the whole Long Island party gathered in a line and filed through the President's office. President Coolidge, himself, was sitting at his desk, writing, and didn't seem conscious of us, while we were enjoying an opportunity which most of us will never have again—that of seeing the President of the United States face to face.

I think we all regretted leaving the White House. It is really a most beau-

tiful place, but the inadequacy of it as the President's residence has been recognized. It is not large enough to be the executive building and suggestions have been made for a new building in the residential district of Washington, but it will probably be many years before a change is made.

Grace Guttinger '24.

Mount Vernon.

As we bowled along the pleasant Virginia countryside in a big, lumbering trolley, I sank into a pleasant lethargy. We were actually on our way to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington.

After a pleasant ride of about fifteen miles, we arrived at the estate. We payed toll, went through a wide, white gate, and found ourselves on a plantation typical of all wealthy colonial people of the South.

Wide paths through well-kept grounds lead to the mansion. This stands on the crest of a high bank, from which a beautiful lawn of six acres stretches down to the edge of the Potomac River, one of the four most historic streams in our history. The mansion is built of wood, painted white to represent stone. Like all colonial houses, it has a large veranda and great pillars in front.

The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, which takes care of the old place, has restored all the furniture and pictures, and has reconstructed a scene almost exactly like that in which Washington lived.

It inspires one with awe to enter the doorway that George Washington entered, to tread on the same floor that he did, to gaze upon the room where he breathed his last, to see the other rooms that once echoed with his voice.

For an hour we "explored" the big place and saw many relics of Washington, of his wife, and of the rest of the family. There were clothing, jewelry, household articles, the swords of Washington, the key to the Bastille prison that was given him by Lafayette, and other things that are too numerous to mention.

Then we started on a tour of the grounds. There were many out-buildings, such as a carpenter's house, an ice-house, and other similar important accessories to a colonial mansion. We wandered through Martha Washington's gardens with their hedgerows and blooming flowers, and then found ourselves before the tomb where the remains of Washington and his wife repose.

A feeling of awe, deeper than that I experienced when I first entered the mansion itself, came over me. I think it was the same with the other tourists there, judging by the expression on their faces. The vault in the rear of the tomb contains the remains of forty members of the Washington and Custis families, and is inaccessible, as the key was thrown into the Potomac River.

After the visit to the tomb came two glorious hours of wandering over the estate, through tiny bridle paths where Washington once rode, between rows of tall, stately trees, and up and down slopes and old stone steps leading to the river.

At sunset our boat came in, and we sailed away up the Potomac just as the cannon at a nearby fort boomed and the flag went down. Thus ended the afternoon we spent at "the shrine of each patriot's devotion",—Mount Vernon.

Evelyn Maizel '24.

MY FIRST SIGHT OF THE SENATE IN SESSION.

As soon as we had been shown to our rooms in the George Washington Inn and had washed thoroughly I felt as if the only disagreeable part of the Washington trip, that of the long train ride, was over, and the best part was about to begin. There were about two hours left before dinner, so one of my room-mates and I decided to take a walk.

Our steps naturally led toward the Capitol and in a short time we were admiring the grandeur of this marvelous building. We had passed from one end of the building to the other and were about to return when we heard the deep voice of a man, which sounded as if it were issuing from a door a short distance ahead.

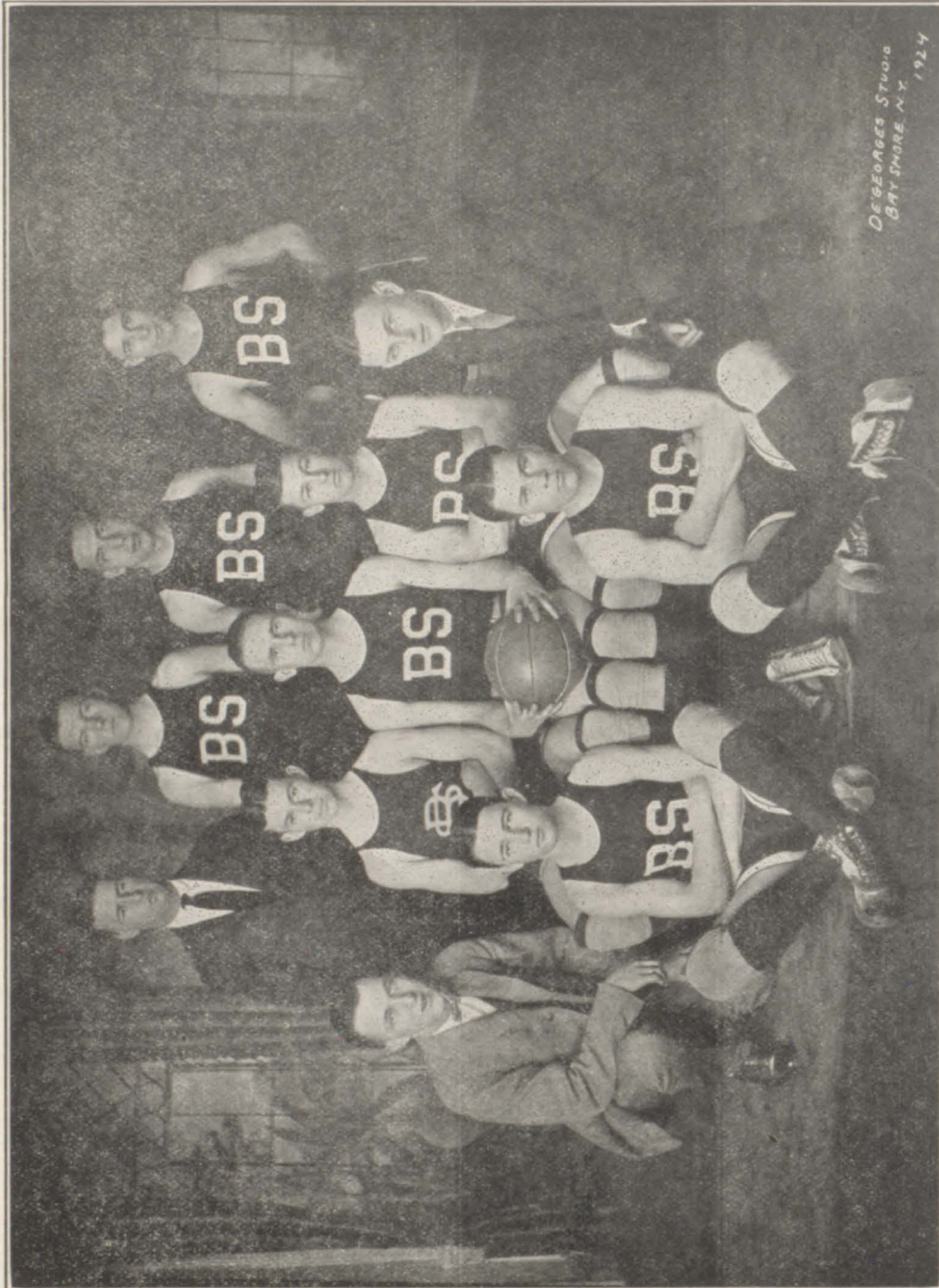
We inquired of the doorkeeper who was sitting just outside if we could go in. I would not have blamed the man if he had given us a short answer for our ignorance but on the contrary he politely explained to us that the Senate was in session in that room and if we wished to see them we might be able to obtain admittance to the visitors' gallery and as soon as I was seated my eyes anxiously swept the senate assembled below in my first view of a United States senate.

I can not say I was greatly impressed, for there were only about thirty senators present and only a part of these seemed interested in what was going on. Nevertheless, I saw the manner in which the senators work and the senate functions. Shortly after we entered, the meeting was adjourned and I did not have a chance to visit the Senate again until two days later. This time I found it very interesting.

On my second visit the two per cent immigration bill was passed, together with the Japanese expulsion bill. Many heated arguments took place and many fine speeches were delivered, but above all the thing which seemed the most amusing and extraordinary to me was the speed with which the clerk called the roll. I can not understand yet how any one could pronounce the names of those ninety-six senators as rapidly as he did.

I am very glad I was present in the senate on that day, for the bill which was passed may have a great effect upon our future relationship with Japan. I can look forward with a great deal of interest to the result to which it may eventually lead.

Everett Winslow '24.



B. S. H. S. VARSITY BASKET BALL TEAM 1923-24

BASKETBALL 1923-24.

Although this season we lost the Suffolk County League Championship, held for five years, the Bay Shore Basketball Team has won victories that are well worth gaining. Under Coach H. A. Carroll, the team has played clean, fair games, and was victorious in sixteen out of twenty games played.

The captain of the team was Max Jeffrey, left forward, who held his office with fine spirit and leadership. He excelled in his long shots and dribbling. Richard Pokorney, right forward, made some fine passes, while Bert Otto, right guard, made a record number of points that few, if any, guards of Bay Shore's team ever equalled. Edward Thomas played center and Everett Winslow played left guard, excepting the Patchogue game, in which he played center. Both did creditable work.

Every member of the team received a red sweater for his school spirit and playing. Every one sincerely hopes that next season will see us again with the championship of the Suffolk County League.

Basket-Ball Schedule 1923-24.

			Bay Shore	Opponents
November	9	St. Augustine's at Bay Shore	39	18
November	16	Erasmus Hall at Bay Shore	30	9
November	23	Bushwick at Bay Shore	39	12
November	30	Manual Training at Bay Shore	34	26
December	7	Curtis High School at Bay Shore	49	25
December	14	* Sayville at Bay Shore	33	18
December	21	Burlington at Bay Shore	62	18
December	24	Jamaica at Bay Shore	48	26
December	27	Schenectady at Bay Shore	43	33
"	31	Bay Shore Alumni at Bay Shore	21	29
January	4	Trinity at Bay Shore	39	4
January	11	* Huntington at Huntington	68	5
January	18	Riverhead at Bay Shore	48	15
January	25	* Patchogue at Bay Shore	9	19
February	1	* Sayville at Sayville	29	21
February	7	Lansingburg at Lansingburg	16	18
February	9	Schenectady at Schenectady	25	20
February	15	* Huntington at Bay Shore	31	4
February	22	Jamaica at Bay Shore	31	26
February	29	* Patchogue at Patchogue	9	13

* The Sayville, Huntington and Patchogue Games were Suffolk County League Games.

Sumner Barton '27.



Bay Shore High School Base Ball Team.

For the past three years Bay Shore has had one of the best high school base ball teams on Long Island. During this period they have won thirty-one games and lost but three.

Bay Shore has played the best teams on Long Island and the only teams to defeat them were Freeport, Huntington, and Smithtown. Huntington and Smithtown have been beaten on previous occasions but a game with Freeport at Bay Shore had to be cancelled on account of rain.

The local high school team has this year defeated teams representing Islip, Sayville, Amityville, Smithtown, Huntington, and Patchogue. This year the teams of Patchogue and Freeport were added to Bay Shore's schedule. Through some difficulty in making out a schedule South Side of Rockville Center, which was beaten last year, could not be scheduled this season.

Coach Carroll had five of last year's team out of which he built another winning aggregation. These men were Jeffrey, Pokorny, Rhodes, Lenehan, and Fink. The new men on the team are Patch, Mayer, Lipp, Duryea, and Smith. This team has kept up Bay Shore's record much more successfully than was expected.

The schedule for this year was one of the hardest Bay Shore has played. Two games were played with Islip, Sayville, Huntington, Freeport, Patchogue, and Smithtown. All except two of these games resulted in victories for Bay Shore.

Because the high school diamond was in such poor shape all home games were played on the town diamond.

The schedule for this year is as follows:

	Score	B. S.	Opponents
Amityville at Amityville	11		2
Freeport at Freeport	8		10
Huntington at Huntington	6		7
Smithtown at Bay Shore	Rain		
Sayville at Bay Shore	11		1
Smithtown at Smithtown	9		5
Islip at Islip	14		6
Patchogue at Bay Shore	8		1
Huntington at Bay Shore	8		4
Amityville at Bay Shore	12		11



B. S. H. S. SECOND BASKET BALL TEAM 1923-24



The Girls' Basketball Team.

The Girls' Basketball Team certainly worked hard this winter. This year was the first time in several years that the girls have been victorious.

The team last November consisted of Ethel Collins, center; Virginia Morenus and Elizabeth Patterson, forwards; and Frances Longnecker and Bernice Doxsee, guards. Alma Rhodes, Rosemae Wells and Bessie Longnecker were substitutes. Later Vera Wilson took the position of forward in place of Elizabeth Patterson, and Alice Kirkup and Gladys Peterson took the places of Alma Rhodes and Rosemae Wells. Ethel Collins was elected Captain and Betty Stewart was elected manager.

The following games were played:

			Opponents	Bay Shore
Nov	20	Lindenhurst at Bay Shore	28	15
December	7	East Islip at East Islip	13	18
"	19	Islip at Bay Shore	8	12
January	11	Huntington at Huntington	37	17
"	27	Babylon at Bay Shore	26	28
February	1	Sayville at Sayville	10	19
"	8	Babylon at Bay Shore	29	12
"	15	Huntington at Bay Shore	15	10
"	28	Amityville at Amityville	22	24
March	5	Amityville at Bay Shore	18	20

Ethel Collins and Virginia Morenus were the chief scorers during the season but the remainder of the team should receive a great deal of credit for their splendid work.

Through Miss Dimon's and Mr. Carroll's help the team was able to obtain a number of victories.

C. Tecklenburg.

The Dutch Detectives.

During the past four years there has been an organization of girls called the Dutch Detectives. This started in 1920 when two girls put a notice on the Study Hall board that there would be a Dutch Detective meeting at three-thirty. Immediately every one wanted to know why and wherefore of the D.D's. This meeting proved a huge success and in the year following the club was firmly organized.

This organization has now flourished until the present active as well as successful year. The Club was first entertained by the Beta Sigma, the well known boys' club. This party proved a success and the D.D's. found that the Beta Sigma could run a party as well as a basket-ball game. At this party it was found that "Dummy" Thomas had wonderful dancing ability. "Chip" White also entertained with the famous "Kid's Last Fight" and other interesting poems.

Then the D.D's. entertained the Beta Sigma on the second of January. This party also proved a success. A lucky number dance was won by "Ev" Winslow and "Chubby" Longnecker. This party was chaperoned by Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Frieman, who found many interesting things to be done to pass the time.

The next thing was a very successful Popularity Contest. This contest ran for one week and was open to all the pupils of the seventh and eighth grades as well as to the High School. Near the end it became very interesting and every one contributed freely. During this contest splendid school spirit was shown. The final results were in favor of Pauline Butler and Arthur Le Prell. The contest was also a success financially to the extent of thirty dollars.

On the seventh of April the club gave a dance in the High School Auditorium. Cake and punch were served through the evening and a lucky number dance and prize waltz were conducted. The prize waltz was won by Lillian Wulff and Billy Mack, the lucky number dance by "Chubby" Longnecker and "Tommy" O'Neill. The dance also was financially a success, netting about forty dollars.

The next event in which the D.D's. took part was an affair in which the whole town was interested, the banquet.

When the Dutch Detectives were first organized there were a president and other officers but later the club went on without any officers. This plan proved a good one until this year when some one had to take the responsibility of keeping all the money. The only way to clear this up was to elect officers, the results being:

President, Frances Longnecker; Secretary, Betty Stewart; Treasurer, Helen Winslow.

At present the club has ten members, four of whom were initiated this last year. The new members are: Adeline Otway, Elizabeth Patterson, Helen Winslow, and Cora Schwitter. The Detectives are now contemplating pins of their own, which promise to be very attractive.

C. S. '26.

THE BAY SHORE HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB.

Shortly after school began last September, frequent rumors were circulated to the effect that a dramatic club was to be organized in the near future. About a week later a meeting was called, and the fifteen students who attended that first meeting were considered the club's charter members. This number was too small to carry on the program the club had decided upon, so its doors were opened to all the students of high school age who wished to join. Twenty-seven entered. When the next meeting was called, all the students who were not charter members were initiated. At a future meeting the officers for the year were decided upon; Miss Roody was elected president, Josephine Degnan vice-president, Sarah Shapiro secretary, and Francis Terry treasurer.

At a meeting about the fifteenth of October, the club definitely planned the work they wished to do—to act short plays. It was decided by the club to devote one meeting a month to these plays alone, omitting the social part of the meeting. After a few rehearsals the club decided that if it wished to give those plays before school closed in June, it would be necessary to devote all the time at the meetings to rehearsals. Then the attendance of the club began to diminish; only about half of the members attended these meetings. Mr. Hurlbut spoke to the club about what was expected of it by the other students in the school. Still this did not increase the attendance very much. Why let this happen? Get back of the club and help it carry out its proposed program! Think of all the time Miss Roody has spent trying to organize the club. Let us all try to make this organization more of a success next year.

Dorothy T. Hurlbut Class of 1926.

The High School Pupils' Contribution to The Community Fete.

At the community Fete given April 29th to May 2nd the High School pupils did their part. Those who did not take part in any of the activities did their "bit" by appearing in full force to enjoy the dancing or purchase articles that pleased their fancy.

Of the numerous attractions at the Fete one of the important ones in which many pupils took part was the poster contest. Several splendid posters to "Boost Bay Shore" were made. Eight consecutive prizes were won by the following pupils: Eunice Velsor, Rosemae Wells, Ross Hosken, Grayson Lynn, Herman Mayer, Charles Hagedorn, Ralph Hagedorn, and Dorothy Ruppe.

The Junior cooking contest was a big success. Many took part and it was rather hard for the judges to choose the prize winner from a batch of nice brown cakes, biscuits, or bread, when they looked so good. The winners were finally chosen and the lucky ones were Gladys Pederson, Madeline French, and Laytha Brown.

In this way the students demonstrated their school spirit and contributed greatly to the success of the annual Community Fete. They worked hard and indirectly carried out the slogan, "The Community—That's you."

Henrietta Bain '27.

The New Co-Ed.

We can truthfully say the "New Co-Ed", given by the Senior Class of '24, was one of the best amateur comedy farces we have ever witnessed. The members of the cast were exceedingly well chosen and much credit is due to Miss Roody for her excellent coaching. Miss Dimon and Miss Tracy also gave some very valuable suggestions.

It might be well to give a short review of the plot. Letty Willis, a bright, pretty orphan girl, raised by her grand parents, simple country people of limited means, enters a coeducational college attended by her friend, Madge Stevens.

Letty is shy, but Madge, a lively, snappy girl, declares herself Letty's champion. That she needs one becomes evident when Estelle Doolittle, a rich, haughty, spoiled beauty, exerts herself to bring discredit upon the new-comer.

The cause of her enmity is the sudden and decided preference for Letty manifested by Dick Bradley, the popular athlete of the college, who has previously bestowed his attentions upon Estelle.

When a valuable ring belonging to Dick disappears, Estelle contrives to throw suspicion upon Letty, who feeling herself under a cloud, turns a rather cold shoulder to Dick. He, however, remains her champion, and in the end, aided by his happy-go-lucky pal, Punch Doolittle, (the brother of Estelle) clears her of suspicion. Estelle is compelled to admit that she took the ring to bring discredit upon Letty. The play ends happily with the repentance of Estelle and the announcement of Dick's engagement to the new Co-Ed.

Grace Guttinger and "Toad" Smith portrayed the parts of the heroine and hero wonderfully and Evelyn Maizel played her role as every "champion" should. "Buddy" Lipp was a "scream" and contributed much gaiety to the play.

Philip Finklestein, as George Washington Watts, added his touch of humor. Well, we didn't know Elizabeth Calder could be so haughty. Theresa Watts made a "love of a land lady," and Anna Lyke, Pauline Butler and Margaret Hand, three college chums, certainly promoted the success of the play by their good performance. "Happy" Winslow showed his executive ability, after being well trained in conducting meetings as president of the class.

Between the acts the Glee Club and Miss Dimon and Miss Harkness entertained with music. Needless to say, this made the program even more pleasant.

George Lenehan, property manager, Herman Mayer, stage manager, and Walter Smith and Ross Hosken, publicity managers, deserve much credit for their untiring efforts in performing their duties. The posters drawn by Edward Thomas were very attractive, and were good advertisements.

The proceeds of the comedy enabled the Seniors to take the annual trip to Washington, which is reviewed in another section. The "New-Co-Ed" was very successful, and ought to be a goal for other Senior activities in the future.

Literary Editor.

DID YOU GO TO

A dance, in the way of a novelty, held in the "gym." on April 25th? Apron and necktie dances seem to have gone out with the Virginia Reel and Waltz, but the English III class thought and thought (oh! yes, it is possible) and finally decided to give the dance. One purpose of the affair was to promote social spirit, and to have a good time; but the outstanding purpose was to make money for the much coveted year book. We were quite surprised and happy to find that we cleared nearly fifty dollars.

The music was furnished by Bedell's orchestra and there were very few who could resist its sway. The feature of the evening was a lucky number dance. Aprons and ties were sold, these being made by the members of the Junior class, for which service much credit is due; and those people wearing corresponding aprons and ties were partners for the dance. Therefore there were many surprises, both pleasant and otherwise. The prize winners were Miss Adelene Otway, and Mr. "Jimmie" Joustra. There were also many Nantuckets, and judging by the animation shown by the participants, they seemed to create wonderful entertainment. Refreshments were served, or rather "everyone helped himself," and lollipops were sold. Please, dear critics, don't think the dance was unchaperoned. Far from it! We had two, and two fair ones at that, Miss Roody and Miss Heuer.

The "Maroon and White" staff wish to thank the students present, because there seemed to be great co-operation. It is due to them that it was a success, and we sincerely hope all our future efforts will meet with such promising results.

The Basket Ball Banquet.

From the middle of March until the seventh of April, Bay Shore was the scene of unusual excitement. The reason for this was that the Boys' Basket Ball Team was to be given its third annual banquet.

Mrs. E. Longenecker and Mr. S. Cummings collected the money. The Dutch Detectives purchased the necessary decorations for the tables and solicited the food for the dinner. Ten other girls from the High School collected the cakes and the things for the punch.

On the afternoon of April seventh five of the Dutch Detectives were excused from school. Mrs. Drake took charge of preparing the dinner while the girls set the table and helped decorate. The dinner was served at seven o'clock. Each girl had three boys to serve. After the dinner the boys drew favors out of a large pie on the table. When the tables were cleared off the girls had their dinner, which some of the boys were kind enough to serve.

Finally everyone went up stairs and danced. At about ten-thirty the team led a grand march, the towns-people falling in line after them. When the march was over, Mr. Hurlbut presented Mr. Carroll fifty dollars in gold which the towns-people had given him.

The orchestra played "Home Sweet Home" at twelve-thirty. This meant that the pleasant evening must come to an end. Although the workers were all very tired they felt that it had been worth while, as the boys all said they had had a good time.

Betty Stewart '25.

The Dancing Exhibition.

On the second of April, Miss Dimon's dancing class gave a pretty exhibition, showing the results of their excellent training since September.

Miss Marion Jamison was asked to make up little interludes, which were in the form of a continued fairy story, to be given between the dance numbers. On the program there were about nine group dances, solos, and duets. They were:

"The Storm Dance"	Group
"In Early Spring"	Melino Hagedorn
	Ethel Johnson
"La Ballerina"	Florence Hill
"Minuet"	Maymie Smith
	Marie Albanese
"Solo"	Melino Hagedorn
"Swedish Ring Dance"	
"Ace of Diamonds"	Group
"Farandole"	
"Irish Lilt"	Marie Albanese
	Melino Hagedorn

Two performances were given, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. Admission was charged at both, the proceeds going to pay for the much needed dumbbells for the gymnasium.

Every one who saw the exhibition enjoyed it and owes his thanks and appreciation to Miss Dimon for her patience and help and to her dancing class for their hard work.

Marion Jamison '26.

On Thursday, April 24, 1924, a hum of excitement spread over the High School at the announcement of a general assembly in the auditorium instead of the usual morning exercises. The commotion and mystery did not subside but grew greater as a number of cardboard boxes were seen on the auditorium piano.

After the usual morning exercises Mr. Hurlbut came to the front of the stage. At last the mystery was to be revealed.

In the short speech which Mr. Hurlbut made he complimented the Girls' and Boys' Basket Ball Teams for the work they had done and thanked the coaches, Miss Dimon and Mr. Carroll, for their share. Amid the applause of the assembled audience the girls of the basket ball team, Ethel Collins, Bernice Doxsee, Virginia Morenus, Vera Wilson, Frances Longenecker and manager

Betty Stewart were presented with white sweaters with maroon school letters. The substitutes, Gladys Pedersen and Alice Kirkup, received silver Eversharp pencils and Miss Dimon a gold fountain pen.

The Boys' team, including Max Jeffrey, Bert Otto, Richard Pokorney, George Lenehan, Everett Winslow, Thomas O'Neil and Edward Thomas received scarlet sweaters. Sterling Smith, the manager, also received a sweater. Mr. Carroll was not forgotten but had been given fifty dollars in gold at the Basket Ball Banquet.

All agreed that both the Girls' and Boys' Teams had played well and deserved credit for their work.

Charlotte K. Wettlaufer.

It Was During Her Summer Vacation.

The girl stood in the garden alone, her face upturned to the moon. It was August but the moon looked cold and far away. From time to time fleecy white clouds or pearl grey ones moved swiftly across its pale face. While almost in the centre of the heavens, and seemingly in pursuit of the fair queen of the sky, rode a slow dark mass of clouds. The wind was rising, and the whole universe seemed surcharged with electricity. It was just such a night as makes old blood run young, and young blood hot.

The girl was keenly sensitive to this mood of the elements. The jazz victrola, dancing couples and laughter all sank into the background. She was a-tingle with the mystery, the urge, the romance of the night.

Even as she watched, the bank of clouds caught and overwhelmed the moon, thus plunging the world into the deepest shadow.

From the path which led to and past her retreat, she heard footsteps approaching. A cigar tip glowed and then was flung impatiently away. The girl hardly breathed—was he, too, following the urge of the night? Was the same kindred soul seeking her out in the darkness?

And then indeed her heart seemed to suffocate her, for he stopped, turned from the path, and put out an exploring hand for the sundial against which she leaned. Her head reeled, fate had sent him to her. His hand touched her, she swayed toward him, and was caught in two strong arms. She lay quiet a moment listening to the strong beating of his heart, and then slowly she raised her lips to his.

The black clouds parted in a jagged streak of lightning which revealed all with a cruel distinctness.

The man's arms fell, the girl seemed transfixed with horror. "Brother!" she screamed.

—Boll Weevil.

(Exchange from *The Bunch Bowl*).

"Miss Bob White"

Few people in Bay Shore thought that the students of the high school could produce an operetta, and the successful performance of "Miss Bob White" under the direction of Miss Harkness on May 29 came as a surprise to the townspeople. It was one of the most unusual and finished public performances ever given by the students of B. S. H. S.

The story concerns two young millionaires who were forced by the loss of an election bet to become tramps, and who found romance and adventure at the home of a Quaker farmer. The tale ends with the happy union of all lovers.

The various characterizations of the parts in the performance were capably handled by Hazel Bunce, Virginia Morenus, Mary Mooney, Henrietta Clark, Mae Brown, Grayson Lynn, Earles Grainger, Ross Hosken, Eugene Benjamin, Herman Mayer, Harold Greenberg, Warner Rhodes, and Fred Wulff.

The choruses of fox-hunters, milk-maids, and colonial dames consisted of:

Chorus

FOX HUNTERS—James Sweezy, Fred Wulff, James FitzPatrick, Fred Goldsmith, Kenneth Low, Ray Ketcham, Durell Ruppel, Sterling Smith.

QUAKER MAIDS—Bernice Doxsee, Edith Fanning, Evelyn Hosken, Marion Jamison, Bessie Haitow, Madeline Rossuck, Sarah Shapiro, Vera Wilson, Mae Brown, Adeline Otway, Alma Rhodes.

COLONIAL DAMES—Henrietta Bain, Isobel Howell, Alma Fisher, Gladys Hutton, Helen Mack, Theresa Watts, Lenora Watts, Henrietta Clark, Mary Mooney, Rosalie Hashagen who displayed great ability and were unusually well supported by Francis Rossuck, pianist; Arnold Elliott, violinist; and Bert Gladd, drummer.

Great credit is due Miss Harkness for the capability she disclosed in the production of the operetta. Always noted for her active interest in school affairs, she excelled all her former efforts in this performance.

Junior Class Notes.

As everyone knows, the present Junior Class, an unusually large one, will soon be most dignified Seniors. Of course everyone also knows the all-around excellence of this class, but modesty forbids our mentioning its superiority over every other class that has been or ever will be.

One of our most active members, Grace Michnoff, has moved to our neighboring rival, Babylon, but we hope she will continue with us through our Senior year.

It is the traditional duty of every Junior Class President to accept the Class Book at Commencement. We had great difficulty in appointing some-one for the occasion. An attempt was made a short time ago to hold an election but as the majority of our brilliant members were attending an after-school meeting of the Latin II Class, it was adjourned until further notice. Florette Krause was finally elected.

Dorothy Bull '25.

Sophomore Class Notes.

Some of us like the Sophomore class so well that we are going to stay in it next year, too.

We received the shock of our lives when Gladys and Venus Hendrickson, Dorothy Hurlbut and Rosemae Wells bobbed their hair recently.

The Sophomore Class was well represented in the latest success the Operetta, "Miss Bob White."

Katherine Lyek and Sarah Shapiro are forging ahead in leaps and bounds, as they intend to graduate next June.

When we realize that we have just completed one-half of our high school education we wonder whether or not the next half will be just as much fun as the first.

It certainly does get a Latin teacher's "goat" to see a student making use of a "pony", although it is seldom that anyone gets caught riding through Ceasar's Gallic Wars in that fashion.

Marion P. Jamison '26.

ALUMNI NEWS

The Editorial Staff of the Maroon and White decided that a year book for Bay Shore High School would be far from complete without a word or two of our Alumni. Below is a report of what some of the most recent are doing.

Francis Alcock is attending Renssalaer Polytechnic Institute.

Edith Guttinger is at the Manhattanville Day Nursery doing social service work.

Edmund Hubbard is working in Jacksonville, Florida.

Leonard Paprocki and Austin Mueller are attending school in New York.

Audrey Reybert is a stenographer in the office of the Long Island Lighting Co.

Russell Smith is working for the Telephone Company.

Bessie Lenehan is a stenographer in Terry and Gibson's Real Estate Office.

Doris Doxsee is working in Brooklyn.

Annetta Ruppel and Lucy Neurohr are attending Oneonta Normal School
Cecelia Urban is attending College in Massachusetts.

Harry Thurber and Harry Hendrickson are working in town.

Lillian Tuthill, or rather Mrs. Vernon Hutton, is keeping house in Bay Shore.

Marie Thomasson is now living in Sag Harbor. She has accepted a position as stenographer there.

Minerva and Marion Smith are working in Robbins' Law Office.

Helen V. Schwitter is working in New York.

Winifred Mac Dowell is taking a post-graduate course in New Jersey.

Esther Haynes is attending college in Ohio.

Claude Fitz Patrick attends St. John's Prep. (when he isn't on a vacation).

Thomas O'Neill is attending St. Francis Prep.

Helen M. Johnson is at her home in Blue Point.

Rosaline Greenberg is attending New York State College at Albany.

Mae Hall.

At the close of my five years of teaching in Bay Shore, I wish to express my appreciation for the friendship and respect that I have enjoyed from the majority of the pupils of the school. My one aim has been to be always ready and willing to help the pupils in every way that I could and to lead them to higher ideals of living. As a rule this has been appreciated by the pupils. For this reason I am very sorry that I am compelled to leave the school at this time and find work in another field. I appreciate the efforts which have been made to start a school paper and hope that pride and self respect may prompt the laggards to work harder so that the paper may still be a success in the future.

Harriet L. Marriott.

When I think of the *MAROON AND WHITE*, I feel like Mrs. Ruggles as she stood before her row of little Ruggleses on Christmas morning and admired their charms and talents. Like that hard working lady, "if I do say so as shouldn't", I am proud of what the school has done in publishing this paper, and especially in producing a creditable and entertaining year book. The editors and all others who have helped deserve unlimited credit for their accomplishment.

The term "editors", of course, includes, as well as the present staff, the original editorial board that launched the project, headed by Edward Thomas. It includes also The English III class, who planned the organization and were the most faithful contributors.

Special mention should be made of the cover design, made by Grayson Lynn, and of the artist's work on the background of the individual pictures, sketched by Miss Harkness. Another excellent cover design was submitted by Marion Jamison. The staff regrets that it could not use both cuts.

I have enjoyed my duties as faculty advisor, and am looking forward to a still more pleasant year in 1924-25.

S. I. Roody.

BAY SHORE HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

Mr. Floyd Hurlbut.

Our Superintendent has been with us since 1918, and we hope that he will continue to like us well enough to stay. Mr. Hurlbut was graduated from Princeton in 1903, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts cum Laude, and obtained his Pd. M. at New York University in 1916. He has also been a student at Teachers College of Columbia University. Before coming to Bay Shore, Mr. Hurlbut taught at Orinskany, N. Y., West Winfield, N. Y., and Islip, N. Y.

Had it not been for Mr. Hurlbut's encouragement and advice, THE MAROON AND WHITE could not have survived the vicissitudes of its infancy. The staff is sincerely grateful for his co-operation.

Miss Flora Tissot.

Instructor in history and French.

Miss Tissot began her teaching in the Bay Shore High School in the fall of the year 1922. She is a graduate of Mount Holyoke College.

Miss Tissot taught at East Setauket, Long Island, before coming to Bay Shore. She has many friends in Bay Shore due to her kind way and we are very happy in looking forward to welcoming our history and French teacher back once more in the fall.

Miss Beulah C. Harkness.

Supervisor of Music and Drawing in the Bay Shore Schools.

Miss Harkness comes to us from Wellsboro, Pa. She is a graduate of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music and of the Mansfield State Normal and has taught music and drawing in Islip and Port Jefferson.

Under her able direction Bay Shore High School gave its first operetta, "Miss Bob White", a most successful production.

Miss Harkness' smile will always be among our pleasant memories of B. S. H. S.

Miss Sarah I. Roody.

Head of the English Dept.

Miss Roody came to Bay Shore in September, 1923, from Corning, New York. Miss Roody is a graduate of New York State College. Before coming to Bay Shore she taught in Amityville.

Miss Roody organized the Dramatic Club, and it was through her that the annual Senior play was a great success. The Maroon and White Staff chose Miss Roody to be their faculty advisor and take this opportunity to thank her for her long hours of untiring work, which has brought about the success of our high school paper.

Next fall when school opens we shall be very glad to extend our greetings to our English teacher, Miss Roody.

Mr. Harold A. Carroll.

Mathematics.

Mr. Carroll came to Bay Shore in September, 1921. He is a graduate of

St. Lawrence College of the year of 1921. Great credit is due Mr. Carroll for his excellent work in coaching the basket-ball and base-ball teams of the high school. It was under his supervision that Bay Shore won the championship of Long Island in 1921-22. He has turned out teams to be proud of.

Mr. Carroll is a great pal with the boys of the school as well as with the people of the town and we are all very glad to know that he will be with us again next September.

Miss Grayce Bremigen.

Librarian.

Miss Bremigen comes from Pennsylvania. She first came to Bay Shore in September, 1923. She is a graduate of the Preparatory Department of Houghton Seminary and the Teacher-Librarian course at Geneseo Normal School.

She taught at Canaseraga, New York, before coming to the Bay Shore High School. Miss Bremigen is very popular with the students of the Grammar and of the High School. Her cheery smile always welcomes the students in the library and we shall miss Miss Bremigen a great deal when she leaves our high school.

Miss Ruth I. Kniskern.

Commercial Subjects.

Miss Kniskern came to Bay Shore in 1922. Deposit, New York, is her home town. Miss Kniskern was graduated from Oneonta State Normal School and from the Plattsburgh State Normal. She taught Commercial subjects in Deposit and in Riverhead before coming to Bay Shore.

Miss Kniskern is well liked by the students of the high school, and also by the people of the town, as she is an active worker in church and social affairs.

Mrs. Marriott.

Languages.

Mrs. Marriott came to Bay Shore in 1919; however her name was Miss Leach in those days. She was graduated from the University of Syracuse, where she obtained her A.B. degree. Mrs. Marriott taught in Islip, New Berlin, N. Y., and Ballston Spa, New York, before coming to the Bay Shore School.

Mrs. Marriott is very popular with the students of the school and when you see her you usually see a group of students around her. We regret that Mrs. Marriott will be among the missing next term but we extend our best wishes in her new undertakings.

Mr. Bert Teachout.

Instructor of Sciences.

Mr. Teachout first came to Bay Shore in 1921. Mr. Teachout teaches biology, chemistry, and physics. Last term he also taught civics.

Through his kind ways Mr. Teachout has won his way into the hearts of the students in the high school and a hearty welcome will be extended to him in September.

Miss Lola R. Dimon.

Physical Training Instructor.

Miss Dimon, whose home is in Massachusetts, came to Bay Shore in 1923. She is a graduate of the New Haven Normal School. Miss Dimon instructed classes in physical training at Lenox, Massachusetts, before coming down on the Island.

All the students are fond of Miss Dimon and this may be partly due to her sportsmanship as well as her charming personality. Although Miss Dimon is not coming back to Bay Shore next term she will always be remembered for putting out a victorious Girls' Basketball Team and our best wishes are extended to her for success in her new position next fall.

Miss Margaret M. Tracy.

Commercial Subjects.

Miss Tracy comes from up in New York State. In 1921 she began teaching commercial subjects in the high school. She was graduated from Plattsburgh Normal School. Before entering the B. S. H. S. she taught at Piermont, New York.

We have all learned to have high esteem for Miss Tracy and shall be very glad to welcome her back to the high school in September.

Mr. Lee Spencer.

Shop Work.

Mr. Spencer, whose home is up state, came to Bay Shore in 1922. That was the first year that shop work was taught in the school. Under Mr. Spencer's instructions the boys of the high school as well as the grammar school have been taught to make many useful things. Mr. Spencer is well liked among the students and we hope to welcome him to the school again in September.

Ethel R. Pearse, Instructor of Domestic Science.

Mrs. Pearse came to Bay Shore as substitute and special coach for grades 1 to 8 inclusive. But for the past two years she has taught cooking and sewing in the 7th and 8th grades and also the high school and conducted school lunch sessions.

Mrs. Pearse was graduated from Oneonta State Normal and took Post Graduate work at Columbia University for two summer sessions. The pupils under the direction of Mrs. Pearse have learned to make many useful things. Domestic Science has been taught in this school for only the last three years and a splendid result has been obtained.

We are looking forward to welcoming Mrs. Pearse back once more to the Bay Shore High School in September.

A SMILE OR TWO

Mary Mooney is going to have the following epitaph on her tombstone:

"I'm here and Mae Brown is coming."

A freshman tells us:

That he and
His girl
Were out riding
And nearly were
Lost
Trying to follow the
Signs to a town
Named Detour.

A Shining Exception

"The slow thinkers live longest," says a prominent psychologist. Not if they cross the street.—Detroit Free Press.

Right

Customer—It's tough to pay 50 cents a pound for meat.

Butcher—Yes, but it's tougher when you pay 25 cents.

Poor Fish

Wife—How many fish was it you caught Saturday, George?

Husband—Six, darling—all beauties.

Wife—I thought so. That fish market has made a mistake again. They've charged us for eight.—Good Hardware.

Home, James

(Unlucky motorist)—having killed the lady's puppy): Madam, I will replace the animal.

Lady: Sir, you flatter yourself.

An Optimist

A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning, struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street. A passerby rushed to his assistance, and, after helping him to arise, inquired if he was injured. The little German gazed at his place of business, which was now burning briskly and said: "No, I aindt hurt. But I got out shust in time. Eh?"—Boston Congregationalist.

Powell walking along the river bank met a stranger.

"Yes sir, just below that ripple yesterday I caught 24 beautiful bass."

"What did you do with them?"

"Kept them."

"Well, I'm the game warden."

"Well, I'm the biggest liar in Monroe County."

Kearns—"What are you laughing at?"

Engle—"I just came from the Dean's office."

Kearns—"That's nothing to laugh about."

Engle—"Oh yes it is,—he wasn't there."

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf
And watched with expressions pained,
The milkmaid's stunts
And both said at once,

"Our relations are going to be strained."

—Medical Quip.

A SMILE OR TWO

Ma—"Is the clock running, Willie?"

Willie—"No, ma; it's just standing still and waggin' its tail."

A stranger returning from abroad met a little boy with a small baby,

"Ah! a new face, I see!"

No it isn't sir, replied the boy, "it's just been washed that's all."

Doctor—"Oh, your cough is much better today."

Patient—"Yes; I practised it all night."

The Vicar—"So you like the country. Are your hens good layers?"

Mabel, (fresh from town)—"Topping they haven't laid a bad egg yet."

"Are you sure we have taken the best road?"

"Somebody has. Dreadful thing they left in its place, isn't it?"

It was Robert's first day at school. When all the children were seated he raised his hand and said: "I can spell eat and can count up to seven and write my own name so you won't have to bother to teach me much."

"Well, Willie, what are you grumbling about now?"

"I wasn't grumbling. I was just practicing."—Life.

A burglar, passing thru a cemetery, chanced to notice the inscription on one of the tombstones. It read:

"As I am now
So will you be;
Prepare your soul
To follow me."

With a little wit of his own, and more time than that, he chiselled underneath:

"Never will I consent,
Till I know the road you
went."

Why, of Course

"With all due deference, my boy, I really think our English custom, at the telephone is better than saying 'Hello!' as you do."

"What do you say in England?"

"We say: 'Are you there?' Then, of course, if you are not there, there is no use in going on with the conversation."
—The Continent-Chicago.

Miss Roody—"Earles, name a collective noun."

Sonny—"A vacuum-cleaner."

I saw a rooster the other day that flew on a boat and crew.

The Dyin' Dietician.

Now I don't like fish,
 Nor I don't like beef,
 And I never let pork get by my teeth.
 Soup I detest, beans are a pest,
 And applesauce starts trouble in the
 region of my vest.
 There is nothing the matter with my
 stomach or me,
 But somehow or other me and eggs don't
 agree
 I can't seem to swallow the bone of the
 ham,
 And I sure dislike the broth of the clam,
 Now don't give me pie
 And I sure hate bread:
 Whenever I eat cookies I start getting
 red.
 I never eat lobster,
 Never tried brains,
 Cold sweet potatoes always give me
 pains.
 My idea of something bad
 Is the roe from out the shad,
 And days when I'm lookin' peekid'
 You know its oysters I just had,
 Now they tells about the sting of a lash,
 I know something worse—corn beef hash

And of all the awful things that a man
 has got to eat
 I kinder reckon cabbage is rather hard
 to beat,
 Now these poets always rave 'bout dog-
 gies in the pot;
 They don't appeal to me no how,
 Specially when they're hot,
 Steaks and chops—they might be good,
 But I can't eat 'em and never could.
 Crullers, them that's big and round,
 Is sure to make me hit the ground.
 There is a lot of other things I force
 myself to miss
 And if you want to know, my friends
 The reason is just this—
 All these hospitals are filled with terrible
 foolish guys
 Who ate a little too often—
 And then they ate not wise.
 Now I don't wanta get anything I am
 unable to cure
 So I eat a little less of food
 But what I eat is pure.
 But do you know I'm dyin'
 Dyin' on my feet?
 The reason is for that, folks
 I don't get enough to eat.

Cora Schwitter.

Teacher—Give me a sentence, Willie, with the word eclipse in it.
 Willie—The barber 'urts when 'e elips.

Bright pupil—Why is the Latin word for night masculine and the word
 for day feminine?

Mrs. Marriott—I don't know. How many more times must I tell you
 that I didn't invent the Latin language?

Bright pupil—Is it because every dog has his day and every cat her night?

Why does a crocus?
 Just 'cause. (caws)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

In preparing this, the first year book B. S. H. S. has ever had, we owe much appreciation and gratitude to our contributors. These come under three divisions; namely, the advertisers (without whom this book would be absolutely impossible), the purchasers, who have shown such great interest in our school affairs and activities, and those who have written for us, collected news and solicited the ads. We also here extend our appreciation of Miss Roody's untiring efforts and helpful advice, which have helped greatly in making this book a success.

Ross Hosken '25.

In addition to the above-mentioned people, we are indebted (for financial assistance) to the following sources:—

To Miss Harkness and the chorus singing classes, who donated the proceeds of the operetta to the treasury of the Maroon and White.

To Miss Dimon and those taking part in the gymnasium exhibit, the returns from which were also given to the fund.

To the Athletic Association, who paid the expenses involved in publishing the pictures of the various teams.

To the Senior Class, who paid for the group picture of the class.

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