

To

MR. HAROLD A. CARROLL

In recognition of what he has done for

BAY SHORE HIGH SCHOOL

this, the second year book of

The Maroon and White,

is gratefully dedicated

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WE THANK YOU

As former editor of the MAROON and WHITE, and on behalf of the former staff of that publication, may I take this opportunity to thank all those whose help has enabled us to turn over to the new staff, a satisfactory paper.

Miss Roody's work as faculty advisor was most appreciated. She willingly devoted her time to anything which required her advice. And she always proved willing to do the best she could for us. We therefore express our gratitude in this humble way.

Those who helped us get subscriptions, advertisements, and the like, we also thank thru these columns.

Miss Harkness and Miss Gibson were very kind to have posters made for us at various times.

We must not forget to thank Miss Kirtland for donating part of the proceeds of the gymnasium exhibit to help defray the expense of this book. Without her generous assistance we could not have published it.

In fact, any one who helped in any way at all, even by buying a copy of the paper, will please accept our sincere thanks.

In conclusion, I should like to state, that this is the Second Annual Year Book of the MAROON AND WHITE and of Bay Shore High School. May it grow bigger and better with every year's publication.

M. P. B.

TO OUR SENIORS

As this is the last year of school for many of the pupils, we take this space to wish them the best of success in their future life and work. Many, no doubt, will pass from this neighborhood to others, but let us hope they will never forget their high school days at Bay Shore. And may this book be a reminder of that last eventful and happy year to all our 1925 graduates.

Vera M. Wilson.

MAROON AND WHITE STAFF, 1924

Editor-in-Chief	<i>Mae Brown</i>
Literary Editor	<i>Florette Krause</i>
Editors of Athletics	<i>Betty Stewart, Walter Lipp</i>
Head Reporter	<i>Bernice Doxsee</i>
Joke Editor	<i>Warner Rhodes</i>
Business Manager	<i>Sumner Barton</i>
Advertising Manager	<i>John Hill</i>
Staff Artist	<i>Grayson Lynn</i>
Secretary	<i>Grace Michnoff</i>

MAROON AND WHITE STAFF, 1925

Editor-in-Chief	<i>Vera Wilson</i>
Literary Editor	<i>Charlotte Wettlaufer</i>
Editors of Athletics	<i>Lloyd Moreland, Mary Melton</i>
Head Reporter	<i>Winifred Hackett</i>
Joke Editor	<i>Samuel Widdifield</i>
Exchange Editor	<i>Elva Reynolds</i>
Business Manager	<i>Sumner Barton</i>
Advertising Managers	<i>William Downs, Abraham Gartenberg</i>
Subscription Agent	<i>Hannah Merkin</i>
Secretary	<i>Marie Albanese</i>
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	<i>Miss Sarah I. Roody</i>



MAROON AND WHITE STAFF - 1924

Anderson



MAROON AND WHITE STAFF - 1925

Anderson

FACULTY PAGE

Mr. Floyd Hurlbut

Our Superintendent has been in Bay Shore High School since 1918 and will be with us again next year. Mr. Hurlbut graduated from Princeton, where he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts cum Laude, and at New York University, where he received his Pd. M. in 1916. Mr. Hurlbut has also been a student of Teachers' College of Columbia. Before he came to our school he was Principal at Oriskany, West Winfield and Islip, New York.

Miss Julie Franchi

Instructor in History and French

Miss Franchi, from Great Notch, New Jersey, is a graduate of Smith College, where she received her A. B. degree. Before coming to Bay Shore she taught at Florida, N. Y. Miss Franchi will return in the fall.

Miss Helen C. Wood

Instructor in Latin and Spanish

Miss Wood came to Bay Shore from Mineola, where she taught Latin. She is a graduate of Elmira College, at Elmira, New York. Miss Wood will return in September.

Miss Martha Wright

Librarian

Miss Wright is a graduate of Geneseo Normal and came to Bay Shore from Franklin, N. J. A new course in library work has been started in Bay Shore High School by Miss Wright. She will return next term to carry on her work.

Miss Sarah I. Roody

Head of the English Department

In 1923 Miss Roody came to Bay Shore from Amityville. Miss Roody is from Corning, N. Y., and is a graduate of New York State College with the degree of A. B. cum Laude. Miss Roody has also studied at New York University.

Through Miss Roody's work and help the Senior play was a great success and our paper has reached its present standard. For her untiring work the staff of the Maroon and White wish to extend their heartiest thanks and their regrets that she will not return next year.

Mr. H. A. Carroll

Mathematics

Mr. Carroll graduated from St. Lawrence University in 1921 and came to Bay Shore in September, 1921. Mr. Carroll is to be complimented on the fine basketball and baseball teams that he has produced during his years at Bay Shore. Mr. Carroll will not return in September.

Miss Margaret M. Tracy

Commercial Subjects

Miss Tracy came to Bay Shore after teaching in Piermont, N. Y. She was graduated from Plattsburg State Normal School and has studied at New York University. Miss Tracy is leaving Bay Shore this June.

Miss Beulah C. Harkness

Music and Drawing Instructor

Before coming to Bay Shore Miss Harkness taught at Islip and Port Jefferson. She is a graduate of Ithaca Conservatory of Music and of the Mansfield State Normal School and has been a student at Teachers' College, of Columbia University. Miss Harkness will return in September.

Mr. Lee Spencer

Shop Work and Civics

Mr. Spencer came here in 1922 and has taught Civics as well as shop work. He is a graduate of Colgate and of Oswego State Normal School. Mr. Spencer taught in Albany, Syracuse and Elmira before coming to Bay Shore.

Miss Eunice Kirtland

Physical Training Instructor

Miss Kirtland, from Orange, N. J., is a graduate of Savage School. She taught in Lynbrook and in Bainbridge, N. Y., before coming to Bay Shore last September. Great credit is due to Miss Kirtland for producing a good girls' basketball team. Miss Kirtland will return in the fall.

Mr. Bertram E. Teachout

Science Instructor

Mr. Teachout has been teaching in Bay Shore since 1921. He came from Hampton Bays, where he taught science classics also. Mr. Teachout will be with us again in September.

Miss Elizabeth Pangburn

Instructor of Domestic Science

Miss Pangburn is from Schenectady, N. Y., and is a graduate of St. Lawrence University. Miss Pangburn taught last year at Troy Conference Academy and came here last September. She will be here again next fall.

Miss Ruth I. Kniskern

Commercial Subjects

Miss Kniskern came to Bay Shore High School from Riverhead. She also taught commercial subjects in Deposit, N. Y. Miss Kniskern was graduated from Oneonta State Normal and Plattsburg State Normal School. Miss Kniskern will not return next term.



THE EVENTS OF THE YEAR

As our former issues have dealt adequately with most occurrences of importance in the school, we are not publishing detailed items of news in this department. Our year book, however, would not be complete without some mention of the happenings, great and small, that have gone to make up the school year, so we offer here a simple review of our own current events.

SENIOR ACTIVITIES

The class of '25, being unusually large, had to work hard this year to earn sufficient funds to defray the expenses of the Washington trip. In addition to the customary sale of candy, the benefit moving picture performances and the production of "The Charm School" the Seniors gave a card party, a dinner, and a recital, all of which events not only added greatly to the class funds, but helped to foster school spirit and sociability among the students.

"THE CHARM SCHOOL"

Many people will long remember the Senior play of 1925 as one of the best amateur productions ever seen in Bay Shore. The leading parts were unusually well filled and there was not a weak spot in the supporting cast or a dull moment in the entire performance.

THE MAROON AND WHITE DANCES

The staff of the Maroon and White contributed its share to the social life of Bay Shore High School this year by starting the season with its Opening Dance and celebrating the Christmastide with its famous Novelty Dance of December 20—not to mention the Second Annual Apron and Tie Dance of May 15, the last social event of the school year. Though the proceeds of these functions failed to fill the coffers of the organization, they were successful in promoting goodfellowship and friendliness among the students of Bay Shore High, a task which has always been one of the chief factors in the policy of the Maroon and White.

THE POPULARITY CONTEST

The Popularity Contest held by the Seniors in February of this year was a great success. The Seniors made a profit of about fifty dollars, surpassing all their hopes, as votes were only one cent each. Bessie Longenecker and Mr. Carroll were the winners. As prizes Mr. Carroll received a handsome wallet and Bessie Longenecker a perfume atomizer.

THE BEAUTY CONTEST

Prettiest!—Bernice Doxsee.

Most Handsome!—Frank McCaffrey.

That is the school's opinion, according to the contest conducted by the MAROON AND WHITE from May 18 to 27. The votes were cast only by subscribers to the Year Book. Frank McCaffrey won by 10 votes with a score of 175 and Bernice Doxsee won by 45 votes with a score of 150.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST

In the Subscription Contest held in connection with the Beauty Contest, THE MAROON AND WHITE offered a prize to the person obtaining the largest number of subscriptions and a banner to the room producing the greatest number of subscribers in proportion to the registration. Loraine Ketcham obtained the greatest number of subscriptions and Miss Cochrane's Room the largest number of subscribers.

THE PHYSICAL TRAINING EXHIBITION

The annual exhibition given by the physical training classes of the Bay Shore Grammar and High Schools was held in the auditorium on May eighth. Any student who wished to attend the afternoon performance was able to do so without altering his financial standing; however, the admission in the evening was twenty-five cents. Those who participated had an unusually large audience to please and I am sure, judging from the applause, that they succeeded.

We all extend our hearty thanks to Miss Kirtland, the director, to whom we owe our success, for her untiring efforts in drilling the pupils, and for her generosity in donating part of the proceeds to the annual. The door receipts served not only to defray the expenses of the exhibition, but to greatly increase the bank account of the Maroon and White.

Vera L. Ackerson '27.

At a recent meeting of the future Senior Class the following officers were elected:

President	John Hill
Vice-President	Bessie Longenecker
Secretary	Rosemae Wells
Treasurer	Mae Brown

The class of '26, an unusually large one, consists of the following members:

Bergman, Paul	Longenecker, Bessie
Brown, Mae	Melton, Mary
Downs, William	Milliken, Edward
Fisher, Alma	Mooney, Mary
Fitzpatrick, James	O'Neill, Thomas
Hendrickson, Gladys	Porkorney, Richard
Hendrickson, Venus	Race, Clarence
Hill, John	Rossuck, Frances
Hosken, Evelyn	Seff, William
Howell, Frances	Tecklenburg, Clementine
Hurlbut, Dorothy	Velsor, Eunice
Hurlbut, Winifred	Wells, Rosemae
Jamison, Marion	Wilson, Vera
Jarvis, James	Barton, Sumner
Kirkup, Alice	Howell, Carleton
Kovas, Joseph	

With thirty members, the class has every prospect of a brilliant year.

We wish them every possible success.

M. P. B.

WINNERS OF THE BEAUTY CONTEST



BERNICE DOXSEE



FRANK McCAFFREY

OPERETTA

An Operetta, "The Quest of the Pink Parasol," was presented in the High School Gymnasium on June the fifth, by the Primary Grades.

The scene was laid in a Poppy Garden, and dealt with the events which followed the exchange in places of a Poppy and a little girl. Each found that discontent with their place in life brought their only unhappiness. When they had learned their lesson the Fairy Queen changed them all into fairies and took them to Fairy Land with her.

The costumes of crepe paper were most effective. The poppies all wore huge poppy hats, eighteen inches in diameter. The audience received a surprise when the Queen waved her wand over the flower bed of dead poppies, and forty-five little fairies sprang to life.

In spite of the excessive heat the children played their parts very well. One hundred fifty dollars was realized, one hundred of which was clear.



AN ALPHABET OF SENIORS

A

Lee Alcock

"A" is for Alcock,
Little and neat.
Once a girl said,
"Oh, isn't he sweet!"

B

Eugene Benjamin

Eugene is splendid,
Takes difficult parts.
His eternal good nature
Has quite won our hearts.

Alfrieda Brown

Alfrieda's next.
She's full of fun,
And she certainly can
Do the Charleston!

Dorothy Bull

Dorothy's a girl
Who is way above par;
With "80's" and "90's"
She's some star.

Pauline Butler

Polly comes now,
A sweet little miss;
In popularity contests
She often heads the list.

C

Ethel Collins

Collins—the athlete!
In swimming and ball
She's at the head—
She outshines them all.

D

Bernice Dorsee

Take "Ben",
She gets them all;
Says she's a man-hater,
But we notice they fall.

G

Esther Gartenberg

Esther's sweetness
Wins our love.
Such a disposition
Must come from above!

Harold Greenberg

Classy sweaters,
Bell-bottomed pants!
He says, "I can't play basketball,
But I sure can dance!"

H

Bessie Haitow

Bessie's going to leave us;
She's going to venture forth.
They say she has a dandy beau
Up in the frozen North.

K

Geneva Kolczynski

"Still water runs deep."
With Geneva we've found that's
true.
Geneva's just the kind of girl
That appeals to me and you.

Florette Krause

Efficiency personified!
And though she does work hard,
Florette has yet some time to think
Of Philadelphia—and Gerard.

L

George Lenehan

When it comes to chemistry,
"Lenny" is right there,
For when brains were given out
He surely got his share.



THE SENIOR CLASS OF BAY SHORE HIGH SCHOOL, 1925

Alfred Le Prell

Now, what shall I write about Al-
fred?
Well, he's pleasant, and merry, and
gay;
And whatever the years may bring
him,
We hope he will stay that way.

Arthur Le Prell

Another Le Prell to write about!
I'm sure the pleasure is mine.
He never has to stay after school,
'Cause he's always here on time.

Walter Lipp

It's hard to tell what Buddy is
thinking,
For he smiles and frowns at the
very same time;
But it's safe to guess he is planning
some mischief
When he looks so innocent and
sublime.

Frances Longenecker

Miss Longenecker is next.
This rhyme is not so neat
For I've thought and thought and
thought in vain
For something that rhymes with
"Pete."

Katherine Lycke

Kitty may be little,
But she knows an awful lot.
If you tell her that she's young,
She'll say, "Well, I guess I'm not!"

Grayson Lynn

Bandy comes next,
And must not be slighted,
With his thundering polysyllabics
To awe the more benighted.

M

Grace Michnoff

Now comes Grace
With her chatter and smiles.
Like "Sport that wrinkled care
derides,"
Our sad hours she beguiles.

O

Adelene Otway

Adelene, the red-head!
She claims it isn't true,
But it really looks that way to me.
How does it look to you?

R

Warner Rhodes

"Shep", the Seniors' first choice,
Is well liked by his class,
And on the floor in basketball
You ought to see his pass.

Madeline Rossuck

"Miss Rossuck, a front seat,
please."
Now watch her start to wiggle.
Of course you know what's comin'
next—
Madeline's famous giggle.

S

Roberta Schaeffer

Roberta came from another school.
She drives a little flivver,
And often she drives in such a way
That we all have to shiver.

Sarah Shapiro

Sarah Shapiro has the stage.
Miss Curtis, that's your cue!
Whenever it comes to acting,
We take off our hats to you.

Betty Stewart

Our Betty is a manager,
Who brings order out of strife.
Indeed, he'll be well managed
Whom she manages for life.

—
T

Francis Terry

Here's to the twin that we like
to call Tim.
They say that all secrets time surely tells.
Of Sally he talked on the stage,
but we know
Of a five-letter word that rhymes
with bells!

M. P. B. and S. I. R.

—
SENIOR CLASS SONG
—

Tune: "When You and I Were Seventeen"

—
We'll oft' recall
Those happy days
We spent in Bay Shore High,
And though our paths
Be smiles or tears,
We'll say with a happy sigh:

CHORUS:

Those joyful years at Bay Shore High
Have faded fast away,
And with a sigh we say goodbye
To days of work and play.
Sweet memories will linger on
As through the world we roam,
Our whole life through
We'll e'er be true
Dear Bay Shore High to you.

Sarah Shapiro and Esther Gartenberg

WASHINGTON MONUMENT

From the earliest days of our country's existence through the dawn of modern times there has never lived a man whose memory was more dearly cherished and more highly revered than that of George Washington, justly deserving of the appellation, "father of his country." He was a man of fearless courage, yet of remarkable modesty, who, because of his great capacity for leadership, was soon elevated to a position of eminence, as the first leader of the struggling Americans. His task of uniting into a firm central government the aggregation of small states, each zealously guarding its own independence, was no insignificant one, yet he attacked it with his customary vigor of will and relentlessness of courage. It is only with a spirit of profound respect that we may recall with what forethought and deliberation he handled the difficult problems of a most trying administration, and finally brought that administration to a successful close. The sentiment of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, Washington's friend and companion, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," are indeed the sentiments of every true American.

Is it then necessary to ponder over whether such a man is deserving of a monument? It might better be considered whether such a monument is a fitting tribute to the greatness of the man. It is, indeed, true that a monument is unnecessary to recall to the mind the undying love which Washington bore toward this, his country. It is necessary to express in some manner, inadequate though it may be, the deep feeling of appreciation which every American bears toward the immortal Washington. And so a monument has been raised to him, in a feeble attempt to discharge a debt of gratitude.

The location of the nation's tribute is superb and doubly fitting for its purpose because of the fact that the great president designated it himself. The monument presents a striking picture when viewed from a distance. Flower-bordered lawns, rising and falling with the lay of the land, surround the huge obelisk, which rises majestically skyward.

A more detailed description of the monument itself is, perhaps, necessary to foster a realization of its true beauty. The edifice is built entirely of white marble, which was imported especially for it. The base of the shaft measures 55 square feet and the lower walls are 15 feet in diameter. At an elevation of 500 feet, 50 feet from the top, the pyramid cap begins. The capstone, completing the shaft, was set on December 6, 1884. The cap is offset by a piece of aluminum, placed there because of its brightness. The structure has justly been declared the finest piece of masonry in the world.

A staircase of 900 steps winds its course to the top, and is used mainly for descent, to afford greater leisure for the inspection of memorial blocks inserted in numerous places. An elevator of unusual construction is employed to carry to the summit the numerous visitors who daily make the pilgrimage to Washington's shrine. It requires seven minutes to ascend, during which time the passengers have ample time to examine the inscriptions and carvings.

The view from the summit through eight small windows gives one an excellent opportunity to begin an intelligent survey of the city, as a whole. The beautiful countryside within a radius of from fifteen to twenty miles lies unrolled before the eyes of the spectator. From one outlook can be seen the clear sparkling waters of the Potomac, bordered by delightful sloping banks. Now and then a ferry boat looms into view, wending its way leisurely down the stream. Far in the distance, dimly outlined, Washington's palatial residence, Mount Vernon, can be discerned. The outlook upon the Potomac is, by far, the most picturesque.

From a northern outlook the most compact part of the city can be seen. Directly at the foot of the monument the artificial municipal pools for public bathing are located. Occupying the center of the scene are the spacious White House grounds. Near the executive mansion stands the State, Navy and War Building. The Corcoran Art Gallery, the Red Cross National Headquarters, the Pan-American Building, as well as numerous other important edifices, can all be viewed from the northern outlook.

Westward the rolling landscape of Virginia provides an excellent view. In the foreground are the Lincoln Memorial and the Naval Observatory. In the distance lie the hilly streets of Georgetown, below the wooded surroundings of Woodley, noted as the summer home of the late McKinley. On the left bank of the Potomac is the Arlington Mansion, located in the midst of the National Cemetery's aggregation of trees.

It is a peculiarly interesting fact that the monument raised to the memory of the first president of the United States should overlook that very city which he helped to found and which now bears his name.

What a vastly different place is the Washington of today from the Washington of our first president's time! Now its tall, beautiful buildings coupled with the prosperous air which the whole city wears, clearly strike an attitude of success. Formerly the wooded swamp with its few rude structures presented an air of hopefulness for success. Washington's most ardent dreams for the prosperity of the city could hardly have anticipated the manner in which they have been fulfilled.

In conclusion I must necessarily state that the monument which the people of the United States of America have raised to their heroic president, George Washington, shows that they are not lacking in their high esteem for him. Human agency, it is true, cannot perpetuate his memory, but the edifice raised to him cannot fail to cultivate in the generations yet to come the same spirit of gratitude and awe that their forefathers bore toward the hero of revolutionary days and so, though generation after generation may pass in rapid succession, the name of Washington will be perpetuated indefinitely through the agency of the monument erected to him by his loving countrymen.

Adelene Otway, '25.



THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

It is indeed a difficult task for me to express my infinite reverence toward that great president of the United States, the immortal Abraham Lincoln. Every American youth, even if he has never pondered over the drama of history and its important players, senses a certain respect and worship for this mighty executive. Since I have been studying more deeply into American history, I now realize the man's tremendous ability, his remarkable understanding of the weighty problems he solved, his chastity of character, marked by no stain.

Perhaps Lincoln's works alone caused the admiration of so many millions of people; but the man's personality, itself, was sufficient to arouse this feeling. His austere simplicity and lack of pomp constitute his distinction.

On a recent tour to the capitol of the United States, I had the opportunity of seeing Lincoln's memorial, a most impressive monument. As I ascended the innumerable marble steps, I realized that the structure is a most fitting tribute to Abraham Lincoln. Its beauty lies in its magnificent simplicity and purity, which seems to resemble the man himself. I shall endeavor to describe this superb monument with the hope that my reader may feel a desire to witness this spectacle.

Located on an eminence, overlooking the Washington monument and the Capitol, this huge edifice is very impressive and exquisite in effect. Henry Bacon, the architectural designer of the monument, wrote, "I believe that this memorial of Abraham Lincoln should be composed of four features—a statue of the man, a memorial of his Gettysburg Speech, a memorial of his Second Inaugural Address, and a symbol of the Union of the United States, which he stated it was his paramount object to save—and which he did save."

One of the features mentioned by Bacon is the colonnade of thirty-six columns, surrounding the temple, which is symbolical of each of the states existing in Lincoln's period. On the wall above the colonnade are carved the names of the forty-eight states of this nation, showing that Lincoln's great work of union has existed and will exist permanently. The colonnade is one hundred eighty-eight feet long and one hundred eighteen feet wide. The fluted columns are seven feet four inches in diameter at the base, and forty-four feet high, the largest of their kind in the world. The capstones are the largest single pieces of marble ever quarried. These facts greatly interested me.

As I entered the central hall the colossal figure of Lincoln, seated in a curule chair, met my gaze. The sculptor has accomplished a great work, a living Lincoln. The features are so perfect that as I stood awed before his serene lineaments, I could almost perceive a motion of his lips and eyes. There are power, confidence and strength skillfully portrayed in this statue. In my opinion Bacon's greatest object was achieved.

On each side of the central hall, one may see a row of impressive Ionic fluted columns fifty feet in height. In the South Hall is inscribed the Gettysburg Address in gilded letters on a white background, golden words from a pure mind. The symbolical paintings on the wall, by Jules Guerir, are gorgeously colored and well arranged. The central group

represents Freedom and Liberty being bestowed on slaves by the Angel of Truth. In a group on the left is a figure of Justice, sword in hand, with the scroll of the Law resting on her lap. Surrounding her are the sibylls, the interpreters of the law, and the guardians of the law, bearing the torches of intelligence. The right hand group symbolizes Immortality. Surrounding the central figure, the recipient of the laurel crown, are Faith, Hope and Charity.

In the North Hall, engraved in the stone wall, is the Second Inaugural Address. On the upper wall are paintings, representing Unity, Charity and Fraternity. The central figure, Unity, is symbolized by the Angel of Truth joining the hands of the North and the South. The Arts which flourish in the peaceful reign of Purity, are grouped about her. Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Philosophy, Literature, and Science are all represented. In the group on the left, Fraternity embraces the Father, Mother and Child, the Family. Charity is typified, giving the water of life to the blind and maimed, and caring for the orphans.

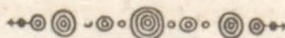
The reader may feel that the description is completed; but the surroundings of the memorial are too beautiful to overlook. Open area surrounds the commanding temple. The landscape artist has exercised his greatest taste and skill in this work. There is a placid lagoon lying between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington monument, reflecting on its gleaming surface the forms of both these impressive tributes to two of our presidents. The view at night is particularly magnificent, as the play of lights on the smooth surface possesses indefinable beauty and mystery.

The city of Washington offers a sight-seer divers places of interest which often greatly appall the on-looker. The Capitol is an exquisite structure with its most admirable architecture and paintings. It gives the appearance of luxury but not of gaudy display. There are innumerable buildings of such beauty, but none so inspired and affected me as that memorial to Lincoln. Perhaps this awe was caused by the realization of the character of the man whose memory this monument was to recall.

Lincoln, that perfect symbol of Americanism, who by freeing the slaves, made possible a really democratic United States. Due to his wisdom and precaution, we have today a North and a South, united, free and harmonious! What heroic soldier has endured suffering with as much fortitude as he? His great works will live on forever in the guise of democracy, equality and liberty. Every true American worships our pioneer president, who carried our country through the crisis of civil strife. Perhaps no other president ever received so much rebuke and severe criticism as Lincoln during his administration. His inner soul rebelled against this drastic step of war, but the wisdom and foresight of this action were revealed, when the war came to a close with North and South united, and every man endowed with the rights God had bestowed upon him!

When we gaze at the Lincoln Memorial, all these thoughts of our great martyr president are aroused, and it is with sorrow we turn our steps away from that most glorious tribute to Abraham Lincoln.

Florette Krause, '25.



CLASS HISTORY

Four years ago an exceptionally large body of students started out upon their high school career. The majority of those pupils are here present as the members of this graduating class of 1925. In addition, there are also in the class a few who entered high school only three years ago. That, of course, speaks for itself.

During the first year we as Freshmen worked diligently. We found algebra rather difficult and doubtless Mr. Carroll found it rather difficult to teach us. It would be unpardonable not to mention our "craze" for Latin. Most of us had the good intention of studying that subject for four years. However, only two survived.

As Sophomores we did nothing of great account, except—as is customary—to look upon Freshmen as being far beneath us.

The third year brought us forth into the limelight. We were given an opportunity to exhibit our literary abilities, for it was during that year that our school paper, the "Maroon and White", was originated. We were the chief contributors and soon became prominent. The crowning glory was achieved when the famous Apron and Tie Dance of 1924 was given under our auspices. Probably the girls will never forget how they struggled to make those aprons presentable, and how happy they were when the dance proved to be a success.

And so our third eventful year drew to a close.

It is impossible to describe the feeling one experiences when he enters upon his Senior year. A divine loftiness steals over one, and, behold, he is a Senior! Our class was unusually large, and one might say unique, for we had two sets of officers. The first members holding class titles were Warner ("Shep") Rhodes, President; Bernice Doxsee, Vice-President; Lee Alcock, Treasurer; Dorothy Bull, Secretary. Painful circumstances, well known to all, caused a radical change. Walter Lipp was elected President; Florette Krause, Vice President; Ethel Collins, Treasurer, and, last but not least, the sole survivor, Dorothy Bull, Secretary.

Our divers entertainments, including numerous "movie" benefits, the supper, and the card party, were all successful. We believe our "Charm School" will never be forgotten—that masterpiece worthy of being presented by Theatre Guilds on the "Great White Way." We spurned several such offers in order to accommodate the populace of Bay Shore and, in consequence, gave our play at the famous Carleton. I know you are wondering why we held these affairs. The secret shall be kept no longer. 'Twas for Ye Olde Washington Voyage "en train." A detailed description of this memorable trip ought to be given.

All twenty-five of the class of '25 with five others—Mr. Hurlbut, three teachers, and Freddie Goldsmith, a former member of the class, assembled at the depot Monday morning, April the sixth. We arrived at Pennsylvania station safely after having traversed the dangerous wilds of Chinatown.

At 10:50 we boarded the train for the Capitol, and then the fun began. First, cross-word puzzles flew fast and wicked card games were indulged in; everyone got acquainted with everyone else by the aid of "ukes" and other harmless weapons.

Tired, dirty, and otherwise useless, we entered Washington, and how happy everyone was! We climbed into buses mountain high, and remained packed like sardines until George Washington Inn came to meet us—the dear thing! It was exceedingly noisy after our arrival, but we were greeted cordially—and otherwise.

Our first night was spent at the Congressional Library, at theatres, and in our rooms. The adventures of that night? Ask “Hot Towel” Haitow for details. At five, or anyway somewhere around that time, strains of harmony (?) reached our ears. Ethel Collins and “Hot” Ros-suck were using their vocal cords to great advantage. All things considered, we spent a very peaceful evening and morning.

After we had viewed almost every public building in town, including the Medical Museum, we were exceeding glad we had worked so hard for the trip. The President, too, was very happy to see us, having clasped our hands fully one-eighth of a second.

There are details too innumerable to relate. If anyone wishes to obtain information about Kitty Lycke's red-headed man, ask Kitty; Shaughai Low—ask “Ot” and “Ben”, “Greenie” and Terry; Burlesque—Freddie Goldsmith; taxis in general—“Jazz”; Texas Honey—Grace; Divine Gods and matchless pearls—Sarah; Medical Museum—“Shep” and “Buddy”; Painted Post H. S.—“stude” Esther G.; Mount Vernon restaurant—the whole class. Don't miss the great laugh at their expense. If you're hungry while in Washington and near there, stay hungry!

Our stay at Philadelphia was rather uneventful—of course not entirely. We enjoyed the sight-seeing and we must admit the Bellevue-Stratford was a great place. In fact, Saturday morning found a few still lingering while the rest had left to see the city. Independence Hall, Betsy Ross' home, Pennsylvania University, Gerard College, and Fairmont Park were a few of the places of interest we visited.

After we returned to Bay Shore, everyone settled down to work for certification. The first list of certified Seniors was rather short. Others were added the first week of June, and once more our class was presentable. We received our invitations for graduation and began to await this glorious day of the twenty-second.

And now our days in Bay Shore High School are ended—what future fame we win will undoubtedly go down in the annals of history!

Geneva Kolczynski, Florette Krause.



CLASS PROPHECY

As I look back on it now, it seems that the day dawned inauspiciously enough. There was a hint of suppressed mystery in the air, but that was easily accounted for by the coming storm. The wind was blowing quite hard when I awoke and continued to blow harder and harder as the day progressed, until, about three o'clock, it was blowing a gale. I was not afraid. The ship should stand more than a little gale. However, it did not. It began to list to port and my courage sank even more rapidly than the ship. Before the life-boats could be launched, the good ship foundered and her crew and passengers were struggling in the green, swirling waters.

It is customary when one is drowning to think over all the misdeeds of one's life. However, having led a singularly clean and faultless life, I thought not of my sins of the past, but of the actions in the future of my friends, in the Class of 1925.

The first scene that rolled before my eyes was laid in the prosperous town of Speonk, L. I. I saw a huge barber shop, with seventeen barbers, and feeling the need of a trim, I went in. There was an office connected with the shop. On the glass door was written, "Lynn and Kolczynski, Barbers, Real Estate, Notary Public." For the time my shingle was forgotten. My friends Grayson and Geneva owned this luxurious place! They were very prosperous and doing remarkably well in this new line of business. I wished them all manner of luck, got a free haircut, and went out.

What was this great desert wherein I found myself? Camels everywhere! Sheiks on foot and horseback! And in the midst of these sheiks were two American girls. I rushed toward them, delighted at seeing someone of my own nationality. My joy was boundless when I came nearer to them. Adelene and Ben had "got religion" and were converting the sheiks and near-sheiks to the faith. Adelene played a small, portable organ, while Ben allowed her melodious voice to wander up and down the scale. It was touching. Those sheiks must have accumulated a lot of religion for they stood bravely by and listened to a wheezy organ with six keys missing, without harming either Ben or Ot.

I was tempted to join the girls in their noble work, but before I could make known my desire, I was taken from there and dropped down in a large green field, where children were playing to their heart's content. A small, dignified lady approached me and asked if I wanted to adopt a child. I had had no thoughts of adopting anything, as I wished to preserve my single state. The matron urged me, but I refused. Suddenly, I saw a smile around her lips. The small, dignified lady was Kitty Lycke, and she was matron of this large orphan asylum.

Just as I was questioning Kitty about her work, something snapped in my brain, and I was off again, this time waking up to find myself entering a Chop Suey house in lower Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. I took a seat at a table in the corner and watched the busy waiters carrying huge platters of savory food to the expectant customers. One of the proprietors walked up to me and apologized for the delay, offering to take my order. I looked up and recognized Harold Greenberg—who, I must admit, had showed a slight partiality to Chinese food in days gone by.

Harold said he had a surprise for me and left the dining room. He came back in a few minutes bringing with him Frances Longenecker, his partner in the Chop Suey business. We talked for a time and then sat quietly to watch the entertainers.

First on the bill was Essie, a professional in the art of the Charleston. Her feet flew over the floor to the snappy tune of "Old Zip Coon." Amidst the plaudits of the audience, she walked to our table, to talk, I naturally supposed, with her employers. But no! I was the attraction. Who, children, do you suppose it was? It was Esther Gartenberg—earning an honest living by developing her natural talent for dancing.

Then it seemed that I went to the races one day with the captain of the ship on which I was drowning. He told me that many notable racing drivers were to participate in the race that afternoon, among them one known as "Speed" Prelly. When the race was over everyone went to congratulate the winner. Of course, I never expected to know him, but hating to miss anything, I rushed up with the crowd. It was Arthur Le Prell, the daredevil of our school days. We recognized each other at the same time and spent several hours talking over old times.

In my fancy I was then transported to a ranch out in Utah. As I walked through the gate, after the Ford had broken down, I saw a young woman busily working around a large ranch-house. She ran toward me waving and calling, "Oh! Ethel! Oh! Ethel! I'm so glad to see you!" Upon closer examination, I found this comely young lady to be none other than my old friend Dot Bull, who was happily married to the coming governor of Utah, George Lenehan. Dot, George and I talked about our friends for a while and I was surprised to learn that their cattle foreman was Alfred Le Prell, who had always had a fondness for animals in his youth. Later he came in and seemed to be the same old Alfred; in fact, as I look back at it now, I think, without a doubt, he was the same old Alfred.

In some unknown way I was taken from this ranch and dropped down in the midst of a thriving city. The name of this up and growing little city was New York. As I walked down one of its streets, Canal Street by name, I saw Sarah Shapiro showing rare form in diving from the second story of a large clothing establishment into the dark green waters of Canal Street, for the amusement of various of the canal boat captains, who showed their appreciation by throwing bouquets of roses and geraniums to her.

A parade seemed to be going on. Large numbers of cadets passed me, keeping step to the martial music. It must be Annapolis! After the parade had passed me, I walked aimlessly down a cement walk toward a large brick house, set a little apart from the other buildings. As I passed the house, a small, delicate woman turned in the doorway and spoke to someone inside, "We'll have salad for dinner, dear." I recognized the voice. I called to her from the walk and she strolled toward the delicatessen with me. I found that it was, as I had thought. Pauline was married to the Commander of Annapolis—Buddy Lipp. Buddy joined us when we passed the Naval Observatory and really looked stunning in his uniform.

It was the year of the Olympics, and having nothing better to do I attended them. The swimming events took place on the second day. As I had been on my way to participate in them when my boat had sunk, what was more natural than that I go to see how they were faring without me?

The half mile swim was closely contested—the victor being spurred on by cries from the crowd of “Come on—Hot!” She came and finished the race well in the lead—incidentally, I might say, clipping two seconds off the record. Hot Rossuck, whom I had taught the art of swimming, was hailed the aquatic marvel of the day and age. She was overjoyed to see me and told me to attend the next day’s track events, where I would receive many surprises.

The first event on the track program was the 220 yard low hurdles for women. Away sped the contestants at the crack of the pistol. The field dropped back after the fourth hurdle, allowing one blond and one very dark girl to set the pace. In perfect rythm they took each hurdle, and broke the tape at exactly the same moment. As they walked past me laughing and talking, I recognized Florette and Grace. We talked even more noisily than we used to in study hall.

Because of that queerness in my brain I was again forced to leave before I was ready. I was transported from the sunny shores of California to the icy mountains of Alaska. My first thought was to procure a fur coat and something to eat. A low hut with the sign, “Groceries” appeared to be my haven of salvation and I made tracks for it. The proprietress, upon getting a good look at me, offered me anything in the store, free of charge. It was Bessie Haitow, who kept a store in summer in order to earn money for her college education.

After hardly a word to Bessie I was again unceremoniously taken from pleasant surroundings and waked up to find myself in a city I had never seen before. I was in the midst of a large crowd which appeared to be going some place—I knew not where. I followed them, or rather, was forced along with them, through great iron gates and up into a grandstand. Upon inquiring of the person next to me, I found that I was in the city of Poughkeepsie, attending the municipal tennis tournament.

Everybody believed that the defending champion would be dethroned and all were on hand to cheer on to victory “Crash” Terry, so called because of the force of his backhand strokes. Crash won easily. It was, as you have suspected, Francis, the tennis champ of Poughkeepsie in the play “The Charm School.”

I was beginning to get water-logged, having lain in the water so long. New hope came to me as I heard the raucous whistle of a tug boat. Perhaps aid was at hand! A life preserver hit me on the head, and I grasped it. Strong hands lifted me into the boat and I fell fainting into the arms of the captain of the tug boat—Roberta Schaeffer. I was revived and taken to shore. Several weeks at home completely cured me, and I suffered no ill effects from my experience.

Ethel Collins.

CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of 1925 of Bay Shore High School, village of Bay Shore, town of Islip, state of New York, being of sound mind and superhuman understanding, and with unfailing memory, do hereby declare this our last will and testament.

First of all, we wish that our reputation as the most exceptionally brilliant class of all those graduated from Bay Shore High School be eternally remembered. Therefore, in order that our originality may never be questioned, we now instruct our President to have installed, in our name, an elevator, which will quickly convey students that have overslept to the third floor. To relieve the congestion, we desire that Freshmen be made to walk up.

We give and bequeath the following items, which we hope will be gratefully accepted:

1. To our highly respected faculty and principal, our deepest reverence and our sincerest gratitude, especially when we think of the many tiresome days they have spent preparing us for this, the greatest day of our lives.

2. To the Junior Class our Senior dignity, which must be upheld with all seriousness and gravity.

3. If we leave any erasers, pencils, or gum, the Juniors may use them. They may impart, in some mysterious way, some of our knowledge.

4. To them also that supreme joy, which can come only to a Senior, the reading of Carlyle's "Essay on Burns." We sincerely hope they will appreciate the favor and cherish it as evidence of our good will.

5. To the aforesaid Junior Class, we grant our seats in the back of the study hall. The extreme right hand seat, the most secluded from Mr. Spencer's eye, we leave to Jimmy Jarvis, and the one in front of him to Marion Jamison.

6. Besides these precious gifts, we grant to our successors our places in the hearts and affections of our teachers. We are sure they will find as warm a welcome as we did, and they should cherish this great gift.

7. With all our love and respect, Florette Krause's brilliant fireman's blouse to Vera Wilson.

8. Sarah Shapiro's soulful eyes to Hannah Merkin to use when she goes out with her sheik.

9. The one person in the Senior Class whose faculty for seeing the funny side of everything, even of French tragedies, is incomprehensible to Miss Franchi, Grace Michnoff, leaves her happy disposition and tuneful giggles to Clementine Tecklenberg.

10. Among other priceless treasures we leave Florette Krause's excellent Latin IV. pony, with all references and exact translations, to Rosemae Wells, and advise her to pass it around freely to all who are having trouble with Latin.

11. Our class is particularly fortunate in having two songbirds. The first night we were in Washington, after celebrating our arrival until 5 a. m. we were ready to sleep. Just to be contrary, Madeline Rossuck and Ethel Collins decided that a little jazz would fit the occasion. Therefore we bequeath their voices to the Junior Class for their delegation in Washington.

12. Arthur Le Prell's beautiful curly hair, we now grant to William Schaeffer to add to Bill's manly beauty.

13. Bernice Doxsee's beauty to the one who gets there first. Ben doesn't think she'll need it in the future.

14. Polly Butler's extra height to Leonora Watts.

15. Esther Gartenberg's blushes to Alma Rhodes.

16. George Lenehan's ability to win cups for basketball prowess to Paul Bergman.

17. Walter Lipp's freckles to H. Meade.

18. Harold Greenberg's knowledge of Washington to James Jarvis.

19. Alfrieda Brown's ability to peel potatoes to the Junior Class. (They will need it if they give a supper.)

20. Frances Longenecker's extra weight to Ellen Watts.

21. Roberta Schaeffer's mandolin to Reba Udall.

22. Frances Terry's knowledge of Spanish swear words to William Downs.

23. Ethel Collins' knowledge of shorthand to Elva Reynolds.

24. Adeline Otway's red hair to David Greenberg.

25. Grayson Lynn's manners to anyone who needs them.

26. Betty Stewart's efficient managements of the basketball team to Helen Winslow.

27. Alfred Le Prell's knowledge of chemistry to Josephine Degnan.

28. Warner Rhodes' Senior dignity to John Hill.

29. Lee Alcock's spectacles to Sumner Barton.

30. Geneva Kolczynski's University of Michigan football star to Hannah Merkin.

31. Eugene Benjamin's oratorical ability to Fred Bromberg.

The rest and residue of our property not already disposed of, we give to our principal to be used by him for the benefit of coming classes in whatever way his mature judgment shall decide.

We hereby appoint our principal sole executor of this, our last will and testament, and stipulate that his bond shall not exceed \$10,000.

In witness thereof, we, the class of 1925, the testators having made this our will, set our hand and seal this twenty-second day of June, Anno Domini, nineteen hundred and twenty-five.

Dorothy Bull

Katherine Lycke

Witnesses:

Ethel Collins
Pauline Butler
Bernice Doxsee
Esther Gartenberg
Harold Greenberg
Bessie Haitow
Geneva Kolczynski

Florette Krause
George Lenehan
Alfred Le Prell
Arthur Le Prell
William Lipp
Frances Longenecker
Grayson Lynn

Grace Michnoff
Adelene Otway
Madeline Rossuck
Roberta Schaeffer
Sarah Shapiro
Francis Terry

WHY AN EDUCATION?

Every boy and girl in this country should have a high school education. It is the duty of the parents as citizens of the United States to see that the children in their homes attend school. When a child has grown to maturity he can obtain a position more easily by having secured a good education. Children should not be permitted to stay home from school unless it is absolutely necessary. If they do not care for school and wish to leave while in the sixth, seventh or eighth grades, parents should not permit them to do so. Try to make them understand that the short time they must remain in school, in order to at least graduate from grammar school, is comparatively small when considered together with the years to come, and the reward is great. A person, in order to secure even a fair education, should go through grammar school and high school, and if he has the means to attend college in order to perfect his education it is just that much better.

A school is the place where children become acquainted with different individuals, ideas, subject, etc. They should study to learn and master a subject not merely to satisfy a teacher's idea of a good recitation. We have both free high schools and free grammar schools for the children to attend. Why not make use of them? Most parents pay taxes to maintain the school which their children attend; yet some of the children do not think of this, but waste the valuable time during recitations and refuse to properly prepare their homework. Why do they do this? It is because children have not seen the school in the right relationship with their country and their home. They do not consider that it is their work now and that later on they will become efficient in doing something worth while for these institutions that they should love and reverence.

Susan Rogers, 7A.

"I wish something could be done to stop your snoring," said Jim to his brother Jack; "it is most annoying."

"Don't worry about that," replied Jack cheerfully; "It doesn't worry me at all."

Bill—"What makes your feet so wet?"

John—"I've been wearing pumps."

Teacher—"In what battle did General Wolfe, when hearing of victory, cry, 'I die happy'?"

Johnny—"I think it was his last battle."

Sister—"Bob, will you get my watch? It is upstairs."

Brother—"Aw, wait awhile, it will run down."

Sister—"No it won't, my dear, ours is a winding staircase."

A HERO

On an October day—a sunny day, except for the yellow leaves that quivered on rapidly baring branches, very like spring—Lewis Green from the window of his home watched an automobile drive out of sight carrying his mother away to Jersey. He disliked very much seeing anyone depart from any place without him. The curious quiet that had fallen upon the house after the bustle of departure added to his loneliness. With a very lonely feeling he wandered up to his bedroom and sat gazing out of the window at practically nothing.

Suddenly his eye was held by a small child with light brown curls and bright shining blue eyes. She was gayly skipping up the pavement to the cottage next door. After she disappeared, he was in a trance thinking about her. Arising and leaving the house he joined some boys playing ball in a lot nearby. He did not play very well that day, in fact, he was not at all interested in the game. His thoughts were wandering with the new girl whom he had seen but a few minutes ago.

He came wearily home again and sat dreaming on the step with his pet dog sitting nearby. Suddenly a door was opened and the handsome girl came out to play with a gray kitten. Lewis was alert again. He began to edge his way closer to the fence so as to begin an acquaintance. She took no notice of him as she sat playing with the kitten that seemed as if the world was made for play. His dog made a friendly movement toward him. Suddenly he spied the kitten. With a bark and a dash he was after it; but the wise little kitten had safely climbed a nearby tree. If he were to go after the dog, this would surely be a good way to make an acquaintance; but before he had time to carry out his plan she had caught the kitten gently from the low branch of the tree and gone into the house as if he had never been standing there. This put him in a great distress but he thought he would gain her admiration some way.

He quietly departed to his room feeling more deserted than ever. Being tired of doing nothing, he got a book and tried to read but it was of no use for his thoughts wandered back to the new girl. He then started off to rake and clean up in the front of his home so if by chance she came out he would see her and perhaps make her acquaintance. After he had toiled laboriously for a short time she came out to go for a walk. As she would not pass him, she started to go across the street. She had no sooner started to go across when a large, red touring car came swiftly onward. She was so frightened that she could not move. This was his supreme moment in life. He would save her and thus gain admiration. After all the car was so near that he might even lose his life for her. Lewis bravely dashed after the girl, grabbed her in his arms and carried her safely to the other side of the street, where the girl fainted from fright. He gently lifted her in his arms and carried her to her home where she might be comforted and obtain rest from her recent perilous experience.

A medal was awarded him for his bravery and to his greatest delight she pinned it on his coat. At last he had made her acquaintance. They are now the most intimate friends on the avenue.

Louise Penny.

MR. CARROLL TO LEAVE BAY SHORE

When Mr. Carroll leaves this June, Bay Shore High School will lose an excellent basketball and baseball coach as well as a fine teacher of mathematics and a true friend.

Mr. Carroll came here in the fall of 1920. During the first two years that he coached the basketball team it won the Long Island Championship. During the last two years, through no fault of Mr. Carroll's, we have not been so successful, but the team has won the majority of its games.

Mr. Carroll received his degree from St. Lawrence University, where he won fame as an athlete himself.

Bay Shore High School owes a great deal to Mr. Carroll and we wish him plenty of luck for the future.

BASKETBALL, 1924-25

The Bay Shore High School basketball team finished the season with nine victories and seven defeats.

Richard Pokorny was captain and left forward, Warner Rhodes was right guard and Fred Bromberg played center. George Lenehan, right forward, was high scorer for the season. Albert Fink was left guard and sometimes played center. Herman Mayer played right guard at the beginning of the season. The substitutes were Thomas O'Neill, John Sabiston, Carleton Howell and Joseph Patch. Walter Lipp was manager.

The two silver cups presented by the Bay Shore Journal for the most valuable players were won by Richard Pokorny and George Lenehan.

THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The girls of the Bay Shore Basketball Team were rewarded for their hard and earnest work during the basketball season of 1925 on Wednesday, May 18, by Mr. Hurlbut, Superintendent of Schools. The five regulars, three substitutes and the manager were presented with certificates which entitle them to wear the school letters, B. S. This is a high honor, as only students who have played loyally during the year and have received certificates may wear the maroon letters.

The players awarded certificates were Frances Longenecker, Ethel Collins, Vera Wilson, Gladys Pederson and Alice Kirkup. The substitutes were Bessie Longenecker, Winifred Hurlbut and Helen Winslow. Betty B. Stewart, the manager, was also thus honored.

This team has made Bay Shore second in the League. During the season ten games were played, of which four were victories.

M. M.



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Anderson



GIRL'S BASKET BALL TEAM

Anderson

Basketball Schedule, 1924-25

Date			Bay Shore	Opponents
November	21	Islip at Bay Shore	25	14
November	28	Erasmus at Bay Shore	23	15
December	5	Mattituck at Bay Shore	39	20
December	12	Huntington at Bay Shore	28	10
December	19	Manual at Bay Shore	14	27
December	24	Alumni at Bay Shore	21	9
December	27	Schenectady at Bay Shore	23	17
January	2	St. Francis at Bay Shore	23	19
January	9	Bushwick at Bay Shore	10	12
January	16	Patchogue at Patchogue	11	16
January	24	Schenectady at Schenectady	12	33
January	29	Sayville at Sayville	18	31
February	4	Huntington at Huntington	24	12
February	20	Patchogue at Bay Shore	19	23
February	27	Sayville at Bay Shore	21	17
March	21	Islip at Islip	22	26
Totals			333	301

THE PONY

Once upon a night so dreary, as I pondered sad and weary
 Over famous Virgil with its mystic hidden lore,
 As I turned its pages stony, lo! I saw a Latin pony
 Lying in a musty corner of my bottom bureau drawer.
 Just a lonely Latin pony, lying in my bureau drawer;
 Only that, and nothing more.

It was then that I reflected, why should I be dejected
 With a pony lying plainly in my bottom bureau drawer.
 And I said, "Now don't be sad, for it isn't very bad
 To use the little pony lying in your bottom bureau drawer.
 Your Prof. will never know about the pony in your drawer;
 If he did, he would be sore."

With the pony I translated, and my anger then abated,
 As I used the little booklet hidden in my bureau drawer.
 Now there wasn't any action, but I had the satisfaction
 Of knowing what the morrow had for me in store.
 At least a modest ninety was sure for me in store;
 Maybe less, and maybe more.

Shades of Juno! I was foiled, for in spite of all I'd toiled
 With my little Latin pony hidden in my bottom bureau drawer,
 All hopes were then assaulted and my teacher, much exalted,
 Said, "You used a Latin pony to translate that mystic lore,
 Just an inoffensive pony hidden in your bureau drawer;
 Take zero, nothing more!"

Ex. from *The Lit.*

EXCHANGES

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges:

"The Record"—Patchogue, Long Island.

"The Chat"—Far Rockaway, Long Island.

"The High School Patriot"—Hempstead, Long Island.

"The Mirror"—Huntington, Long Island.

"Oak Leaves"—Westbury, Long Island.

Comments

"The Record": Your cover is excellent. You're up to date with your cross word puzzles 'neverything. Your poet's column is splendid.

He—"Have you seen the new altar in our church?"

She—"Lead me to it!"—*Ex.*

"The Chat": The Inquiring Reporter idea is good. Your paper is very well arranged.

Co—What did Longfellow mean when he wrote "Tell me not in mournful numbers"?

Ed—He was riding in a taxi.—*Ex.*

"The High School Patriot": Winning the U. S. Championship was worthy of an extra issue. It is well arranged and extremely interesting.

"The Mirror": A well set up paper. Why not have more class notes? "Next Time Harry" contains a grain of truth. The sports are written up splendidly.

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have some trouble with Agina Pectoris, don't you?"

"You're right in a way, Doctor," said the young man sheepishly, "only that isn't her name."—*Ex.*

"Oak Leaves": The article "Americanization" is excellent. Publishing letters from the former graduates is very good. Your book is one of our best exchanges. I think more jokes would improve the joke section.

Customer—"Good morning. Have you Dickens' 'Cricket on the Hearth'?"

Shopman—"No, Madam, but I can show you a very good table tennis set."—*Ex.*

SUCH A LIFE

Last Sunday morning about six o'clock on a bright cloudy evening one day in the middle of the week, I had a most delightful accident. I was learning by my mother's timid request to become acquainted with the gentle arts of domestication. The case under observation was mainly, one can of corn, one can-opener (very old, bent and feeble) and one girl.

Having read the synopsis, new readers begin here.

Before starting I wound up the cat and put out the clock. This is a habit that I had formed in my infancy, and I grimly gritted my finger nails and determined to maintain it all through the existence of my weary life. After doing it for thirty-four years I was not to be deprived of the anticipation by such a mere thing as a can of Heinz's Golden Rooster Corn.

Having thus performed my painful and always dreaded duty, I preceeded to go to bed. Oh, no, pardon me, gentle reader, I fear I am skipping a few items of my daily dozen.

There was something to be done and done quickly. It was already eight o'clock and I remembered that my father always cried for his breakfast at six o'clock, every evening, rain or shine.

I certainly would have to hurry and hurry I did, as you will readily agree with me.

First, I walked around the block to quiet my nerves and prepare myself for the strenuous task before me, that of opening by request a can of corn. Second, I dressed myself in my one and only scarlet evening gown, for the crime that I was about to commit was of a serious nature and everything must be guarded with the greatest secrecy. Having thus disguised myself, I proceeded into the storming night.

Even to this day I congratulate myself on the way in which I lit the match with the gas. I turned the H₂O on and heard a slight explosion, and my experience as an established chef with three A. D.'s and one F.O.O.L. after it whispered to me that it was time to put the kettle on. My sister likes her tea strong.

Having done this, I again proceeded in my occupation. I stripped the corn of can of its label as delicately as I could. I'm sure the ears of corn appreciated my tactful manner. But, horrors! I was to be again interrupted in my homework. I discovered that I had to find a wedge so that I could place the corn between it and thus open it. Of course, I'm a genius when it comes to ideas like that. I tried to recall where I had seen one and remembered that my father always kept it locked up in the piano. I hurried in to get it and found that it was not there. The piano, I mean. I asked mother where it was and she told me that one of the neighbors had borrowed it for the afternoon, as the dog had died the week before and they were celebratin' it that morning. I had to content myself with placing the corn between two peanuts and thus proceeded. Such a life, with neighbors living near you, yuh?

This task, occupying my whole morning, left me with 33¼ minutes to complete the work assigned to me. I smiled slyly to myself; well, I guess I'd show them a thing or two.

I took the can opener with my left hand and opened the corn with my right. I had no more than done this when I felt a severe pain in my left ankle. You understand, of course, that in opening the corn I had severed one of my appendixes. I screamed a faint cry and my mother immediately took her time and rushed to the scene. She found that I had fainted and I told her to get me a glass of sarsaparilla. I always drink gingerale when I feel faint. She brought me some orange juice and I drank it feebly and thanked her hastily.

She and I both agreed that the can of corn was the cause of the disaster and she threw it out of the window and it killed the cow and sent a man to the hospital for three months.

I was quite satisfied with the events of the day and I decided after all that the best thing I could do was to stick to my own profession of hod carrier. So I went to bed with the slogan firmly imprinted in my mind: "Such a Life."

Good-night.

Note: I suppose you expect me to apologize for taking up your valuable time, but knowing my nature and disposition, you took the whole responsibility upon your own consequence, so you must suffer, not I.

M. P. B.

A CHAPTER OF WORLD HISTORY AS REVIEWED IN 1925

Long ago, in the time of Augustus, when radios were first used, Theodore Roosevelt explored South America and discovered the Sahara Desert.

The discovery of the Sahara was a joy to the pilgrims who were living in Honolulu with their maids and their American Police dogs. They did not long stay after this news reached them. They boarded a ship and sailed up the Mississippi River and finally landed on the banks of the Nile. Here they built houses and George Washington was made their ruler, with Frederick the Great as his assistant. This was a thriving and prosperous colony.

One day a colonist, Captain John Smith by name, discovered some oil. Oil wells were dug and the colonists named the place "TEA POT DOME."

Soon after this an English ship sailed into port with a cargo of liquor, which was against the Eighteenth Amendment. The colonists wanted the liquor and some of them dressed as Revenue Officers and went aboard the ship. They did not throw the cargo overboard but seized it as they were within the three mile limit.

After George Washington died King Philip and Napoleon signed the Declaration on Independence and at this meeting Cromwell cried: "Give me liberty or give me death." The Declaration of Independence being passed by Congress and the House of Parliament, Pershing made his Norman Conquest in Italy, while William the Conqueror was on a crusade to the Holy Land, and succeeded in destroying Carthage.

After the crusade was over the American Revolution began in Russia and a great many Egyptians were killed. When Magellan discovered Greenland he was given the Croix de Guerre and made Commander in Chief of the Persian Army by Caesar. This caused the War of Roses, which was fought in the West Indies. Caesar was killed by Shakespeare in this fight in an aeroplane battle.

Richard the Lion Hearted was then appointed Secretary of State by Thomas Jefferson and the League of Nations was the cause of the World War. Cornwallis was defeated by Louis the Fourteenth in the Battle of Verdun and the Treaty of Westphalia was signed. This treaty gave women the right to vote.

Mary, Queen of Scots, and Cleopatra went to California and found the Ziegfeld Follies very entertaining and full of wisdom. This was the reason why Daniel Boone went South and discovered the North Pole. Abraham Lincoln then went to Japan with his friend Michael Angelo but did not enjoy his visit because of the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in Spain.

Henry Ford climbed the Rocky Mountains and discovered the Hudson River. For this his statue was carved and placed in Sing Sing, a health resort in New Mexico.

The relations between Arabia and Greece became unfriendly and the war of 1812 broke out. This war ended by the assassination of Benedict Arnold.

Jesse James then went into the bootlegging business but was shot and killed by a Revenue Officer so he went to Rome to regain his health.

Aladdin at this time invented the kerosene lamp. This led to the discovery of the Suez Canal in France by George Rogers Clark.

The flood then came and everyone was drowned but Noah, so we are the descendants of Noah.

S. Widdifield.

It was a busy day in the butcher's shop. The butcher yelled to the boy who helped him, "Hurry up, John, and cut off Mrs. Murphy's leg, weigh Mr. Jones ribs, and slice Mrs. Johnson's tongue!"

Jim—"That violinist is a good woodsman."

John—"How come?"

Jim—"He saws chord after chord."

"Don't go in bathing after a big dinner."

"Why not?"

"Because you won't find it there."

Mrs. Greenberg—"Harold, what are you doing in the pantry?"

Harold—"Oh, just putting a few things away."

Little Boy—"Mamma, what makes daddy's head so bald?"

Mother—"Because he thinks so much, dear."

Little Boy—"Then why have you so much hair, mamma?"

Visitor—"Well, Chester, did the doctor know what you had."
Chester—"Yes, I think he did. He charged me ten dollars and I had eleven."

Mike—"I lost my dog, Ike. What am I going to do?"
Ike—"Why don't you advertise for him?"
Mike—"My dog can't read advertisements."

"To get the point of this joke you must sit down," said the boy as he placed a tack on the chair.

Willie was under orders not to go in swimming and mother meant to see that he obeyed. One day she became suspicious. "Willie, your hair is wet," she said. "Have you been in swimming?"
"Yes, mother, I went in to save Charley Jones."
"My darling, did you jump in after him?"
"No, mother, I jumped in first so as to be there when he fell in."

You will soon see—

Edward Milliken as Jake Schaeffer.
John Hill as The Wild Bull of the Campus.
Eugene Benjamin as John McCormack.
Milford Kirkup as the French teacher.
William Downs as The Sheik of Araby.
Thomas O'Neill as Eddie Cantor.
James Fitz as Mike McTigue.
Mr. Carroll as Walter Hagen.

By Roy Ketcham.

Corporal—"I hear that the drill sergeant called you a blockhead."
Private—"Well, he didn't make it that strong."
Corporal—"What did he actually say?"
Private—"Put on your hat; here comes a woodpecker."

Willie—"Maw, the dentist you sent me to that was advertised as painless, wasn't."
Mother—"He wasn't?"
Willie—"No, I bit his finger and he yelled just like any other dentist."

Professor—"What is a common conductor of electricity?"
Student—"Er—why—er."
Professor—"What is a measurement of electricity?"
Student—"The what, sir?"
Professor—"Both answers correct. Sit down."

"When will water stop running down hill?"
"When it gets to the bottom."

Boy—"Ma, how old is that lamp?"
Ma—"About three months."
Boy—"I guess I'll turn it down. It's too young to smoke."

A man rushed into a restaurant and said, "I want two good eggs and I want them bad."

Mike—"Is that the same car you had last spring?"
Bill—"Same car, except the engine, the body and three new wheels."

Miss Tracy to Miss Roody—"Two minds with but a single thought."
Miss Wright—"Too bad you couldn't have a thought apiece."

"What makes your cat so small?"
"I brought him up on condensed milk."

"Why is a man who rents a house likely to have many cousins?"
"Because he has ten-ants."

Mr. Carroll (in geometry class)—"Now watch the board while I run through it once more."

"What are you doing there?" cried the farmer as he saw a hen in the coal-bin.
"Oh, I thought it was a good time to lay in coal," said the hen.

Curious (to disappointed fisherman)—"What are you catching?"
Fisherman—"Next bus coming."

Smart Man—"Say, Sonny, what would you wish for if you had one wish?"
Boy—"I'd wish a wish that every time I wished a wish I could have the wish I wished."

Teacher—"Johnny use 'antagonize' in a sentence."
Johnny—"This afternoon I guess I'll go out 'antagonize' walk."

Teacher—"Tom use 'defense' in a sentence."
Tom—"I walked across the lot and climbed 'defense'."

"I made a terrible mistake this morning. I gave my husband Lux instead of Corn Flakes."

"Was he angry?"

"He must have been because when I left he was foaming at the mouth."

First Boy—"Did you see the new clerk at the sporting store?"

Second Boy—"Yes, I want there to buy a pup tent and he tried to sell me a dog house."

Customer—"I want a couple of pillow cases."

Clerk—"What size?"

Customer—"I don't know, but I wear a size 7 hat."

Bill—"When you go home tonight don't walk across the brook on that log."

John—"Why not?"

Bill—"Because I took it away."

Curious Visitor—"I suppose you sailors are careful when at sea?"

Sailor—"No, not at all. In fact we try to be as 'wreckless' as possible."

Teacher—"Who invented the arc-light?"

Jimmy—"Noah."

Teacher—"What makes you think so?"

Jimmy—"Well, when Noah got out of the ark it made the ark-light."

Judge (to victim)—"What's your name?"

Victim—"Sparks."

Judge—"What are you charged with?"

Victim—"Battery."

Judge (to police officer)—"Put him in a dry cell."

Jack—"When is an actor not an actor?"

Smack—"Nine times out of ten."

Thomas—"Wanny see sumpin' swell?"

James—"What is it?"

Thomas—"Watch me blow up this balloon."

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