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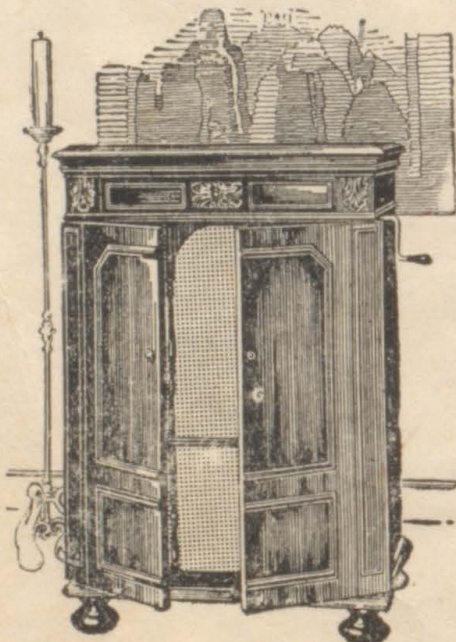
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TO

Miss Ellen T. Greeley

As a token of lasting gratitude
and with the wish that it may convey
to her our appreciation of her
efforts for the inauguration and
continuance of our school paper,
we respectfully dedicate

THE FIRST YEAR BOOK
of
THE BROADCASTER

TO OUR SENIORS

As another year comes to a close at dear old Bay Shore High, more than a score of our fellow students leave us to enter upon a new life. Oh! How we envy them! They have struggled through four long years of work—and play. They have attained the knowledge, the training, the honor of graduating for which they have worked so hard. We, the juniors, have our hardest and yet our greatest year before us.

Seniors, you have conquered. You are setting forth to conquer still greater fields. May you always succeed. On bidding you a fond farewell, we give you, with our heartiest good wishes for the future, this token of the past, Your Year Book.

Sumner Barton.

::

JUNIOR ACTIVITIES

This year's junior class has made a running start toward earning the money for their Washington trip by already raising over \$175. They began, as usual, with the sale of candy. Next, on May 1st, they held a dance in the auditorium which, to their satisfaction, netted them about \$90. Finally, not content with a dance, they gave a motion picture show on Monday, May 24, between the acts of which were features unique in the history of class entertainments.

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THE CAST OF BOOTH TARKINGTON'S "CLARENCE" The Senior Play of 1927

In addition to raising over \$175 of their Washington fund, the hustlers of 1927 have selected Booth Tarkington's "Clarence" for their senior play, competed in tryouts for the parts, and are preparing to learn their lines during the summer vacation.

Following the production of this comedy in the early fall, they hope to present a group of one-act plays to give others in the class a chance to tread the boards and display their dramatic ability, and to fill the treasury of their flourishing class.

A committee composed of the Misses Franchi, Ingalls, and Schleich awarded the parts as follows:

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| Clarence, man of mystery..... | Fred Bromberg |
| Cora Wheeler, sentimental 16..... | Reba Udall |
| Bobby Wheeler, typical 17..... | Sumner Barton |
| Violet Pinney, attractive governess to Cora..... | Ethel Hendrickson |
| Mr. Wheeler, tired business man..... | Ralph Lynn |
| Mrs. Wheeler, jealous second wife..... | Vera Ackerson |
| Mrs. Martyn, private secretary..... | Mabel Harper |
| Mr. Hubert Stem, gay grass windower..... | David Greenberg |
| Della, too attractive Irish maid..... | Alma Rhodes |
| Dinwiddie, staid butler..... | Joseph Patch |

The History of the Class of '26

The willing help of our faculty advisers, the Misses Greeley and Schleich is most appreciated. They freely devoted their time to anything requiring their advice and assistance.

Our subscribers and those who helped in obtaining subscriptions and advertisements, we wish to thank on this occasion.

We are also very grateful to the Curtis Publishing Company for the financial opportunity offered us and to Mr. Gatje, our principal, for calling the attention of Mr. Allen, their representative, to our need.

Finally, we wish to thank everyone who has in any way contributed to the production of this paper, and this year book.

The nucleus of the present senior class entered high school in September, 1922. As this group was a part of the first class of freshmen to make the new building their place of business and recreation, one can easily understand the complacent feeling of condescension that is noticeable when a senior of '26 hears mention of any previous senior class. We are the first inhabitants.

During the following four years, other members of the class were added, until at present we number twenty-eight. As freshmen we were, we are sure, less verdant than the average variety. As sophmores, we soared like the lark, for on May 29, 1924, Mary Mooney, Mae Brown, Marion Jamison, Evelyn Hosken, Vera Wilson, Henrietta Bain, Alma Fisher, and others, lifted their bird-like voices to the very roof of the internationally known Carleton Opera House, in the operetta "Miss Bob White."

In December 1924, class elections were held. Of the junior class, John Hill was elected President; Alice Kirkup, Vice-President; Mae Brown, Secretary and Treasurer. In the sophomore class, Bessie Longenecker was elected President; Virginia Steel, Vice-President; and William Downs, Secretary and Treasurer.

Those of the latter class, being extremely conscientious in their studies, joined us as seniors a year later. At the senior elections, John Hill was again chosen President; Bessie Longenecker, Vice-President; Rosemae Wells, Secretary; and Mae Brown, Treasurer. With the usual restlessness of the weaker (?) sex, Mae Brown and Rosemae Wells, each envying the other her office, exchanged, with the President's permission. Let old political parties expect a change when women are elected!

After our predecessors returned from Washington, in the spring of '25 (as the first inhabitants say) we were allowed to claim the candy selling as our privilege. Returning the next September, we continued these sales, securing great profit from the sweet-toothed students.

On January 13, 1926, at the Carlton Opera House, the masterpiece of the ages, "The Return of Hi Jinks", staged by an all star cast, stirred the enthusiastic applause of an overflowing house. The proceeds of this production along with those of cake sales, motion picture entertainments,

Continued on Page 5

This is station Alpha Bett, broadcasting a group of rhymes about the famous 1926 Senior class of Bay Shore High School. Announcer — Mae Brown.

Henrietta Bain

"B" is for Bain,
A demure little miss;
A book and "the man"
Is the height of her bliss.

Paul Bergman

If he's chubby and fair
With a cute impish stare
And a "what do I care?"
That's—Bow Wow.

William Downs

Valentino's only rival
Barring none is—Billy Downs.
He's the cause of many heartache
Up and down Long Island towns

Alma Fisher

Quiet and happy,
Tall and neat,
She's the type of girl,
We all call "sweet".

James Fitzpatrick

Jimmie has some cute freckles,
All right in a row;
And everywhere that Jimmie goes,
Those gosh darn freckles go.

Venus and Gladys Hendrickson

This is written collectively
Of the twins we like so well;
Which is which?—I'm asking you,
For I can never tell.

John Hill

John Junior Obidiah Hill,
Since his green days as "frosh",
Has been our choice—and will be
still
"By gosh, right now, by gosh!"

Carleton Howell

Our hats off to Carleton Howell,
A boy who's ever true;
He's pledged himself to Uncle Sam
And the old red, white and blue.

Evelyn Hosken

Down the street, quite petite,
I saw her off afar;
Evelyn racing madly
In a motorcycle car.

Dorothy Hurlbut

Dot is keen on scouting
And library work;
But we've heard her shouting
She would Physics shirk.

Marian Jamison

Here's to the girl
With the light curly hair,
The pretty deep dimples,
And wide baby stare.

James Jarvis

In days to come, we'll gasp and see
Our Jimmie racing dizzily
Up in the sky, so very high,
For Jimmie's bound to learn to fly.

Alice Kirkup

Alice seems so quiet,
Always at her best;
But, then, we know—she must
look so,
For she gets a lot of "rest."

Joseph Kovas

School days, school days,
Days may come and go;
But we will all remember
That "bashful, bashful, Joe."

Bessie Longenecker

Bessie's bright smiles and laughter
Are the things we all are after;
Her personality so bright
Is like a lode star in the night.

Mary Melton

How many hearts will Mary Melt?
"A ton," in our esteem,
For many have already felt
She surely is the cream.

Edward Milliken

Dances, baseball, track,
These things are all quite sundry,
Compared to a great big juicy
steak
For Eddie when he's hungry.

Mary Mooney

Mollie with her laughter
Shedding bits of joy;
But when it comes to romance,
She surely can be coy.

Thomas O'Neili

"Get that guy", is his cry,
This boy who's always happy.
His quick wit never shy
Is clever, new and snappy.

Frances Penney

Our Frances is retired, tame,
And modest as a bunny;
And although "Penney" is her
name,
She's worth a mint of money.

Clarence Race

Clarence Race—has set the pace
Of bathtubs on the street.
To see him leaping here and there
It surely is a treat.

William Seff

Billy Seff, the only boy,
In business English four
Cried. "Oh you girlyes, I'm not coy,
I'm glad that there aren't more."

Clementine Tecklenburg

"Dear, patient nurse,
My Clementine."
Some wounded one
Will say, "Be mine."

Eunice Velsor

Eunice is so studious
That she quite looks the part
Of a sweet and quiet student
Who's going to study art.

Rosemae Wells

Young Rosemae fair, the May day
queen,
Her pages Paul and Billy
Will in Love's light no more be seen
And Bay Shore High'll seem chilly.

Vera Wilson

Flaming red hair,
Pretty blue eyes,
The maiden fair
You will surmise.

THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '26

Continued from Page 3

the senior dance, the senior card party, and the senior supper, financed our Washington trip.

For full particulars of the latter, see the complete account of the trip by our budding journalist, Evelyn Hosken, or ask any other member of the class. Any one desiring special information on "When and Where to Hide" apply to "Billy" Downs.

Easter holidays and Washington behind us, we settled down under the extra weight of work piled on by all the teachers in their usual rabid review for Regents, not to mention senior essays.

Finally with that last trying time now over, our arduous and delightful years at Bay Shore High School are ended—and our future fame, yet to be established.

Henrietta Bain,
Rose Mae Wells,

Historians.

SENIOR ACTIVITIES

Since the class of 1926 has been unusually large, the activities in raising money for the annual senior Washington trip, have been many and varied. Last year, as soon as school opened after the Easter holidays, the present senior girls began their work selling candy. A motion picture benefit followed and June 1925 saw the class with a little more than fifty dollars of their fund.

In September the good work began again. When the candy sales were resumed, one brilliant senior, when asked how much candy cost, said, "Everything's five cents," and looked very much upset when our jovial science teacher started to take all the candy and give the senior five cents.

Then came the senior dance on October 17, and the motion picture, "The Night before Christmas," on December 10. It was not until the day before the motion picture that the Senior Class realized what practice for oratory it offered, and Evelyn Hosken, Venus Hendrickson and Dorothy Hurlbut had an opportunity to exert their speaking ability by talking up the picture in the Grammar School.

The Senior Play, "The Return of Hi Jinks" was the financial and artistic climax and met with a success deserved by the coach, Miss Greeley, and her talented cast. It was especially amusing to many of the members of the class to have an opportunity to compare the action of Marian and Carleton on the stage with their action off stage. Ask the Seniors, they know!

After the shower which the class gave on January 21 to their departing English teacher, Miss Greeley, the Seniors realized what a talented young man, named Paul, they had in their midst. Never before did they know that Paul could play the mandolin, but he proved his ability that night. Or did he disprove it?

A card party and a cake sale followed. The drive went over the top on March 18, in a supper held in the high school auditorium. The female members of the class thought that this affair would prove what experts the boys of the class were in dish washing, but, alas, all their fond hopes were spoiled when the mothers insisted upon doing them. I wonder why.

The profits from these various activities swelled the class pocket-book so that all twenty-eight members of the class left on April 5, for the trip to which they had looked forward for four long years, and which they, especially Billy, Molly, and several outside of the Bay Shore party, will remember always.

Upon their return to school after the vacation, the seniors began earnestly to study for the Regents Examinations. You might have seen Billy studying Physics in study hall, when Eloise wasn't around, the Hendrickson twins diligently studying American History, when Richard Housel kept out of their way, and all the rest of the senior class studying hard—when they couldn't find anything else to do.

—Dorothy T. Hurlbut.

CLASS SONG

TUNE OF "ALWAYS"

With apologies to Irving Berlin

This school life is past,
And we're through at last,
We feel so gay;
After four long years,
Made of smiles and tears,
Comes this glad day.
Now that these school days are past,
Now that we leave you at last:

CHORUS:—

We'll remember you, always,
Dear old Bay Shore High, always
As the years pass by, you will hear us cry
Hurrah for Bay Shore High, always, always.
We'll think of the fun, always
And the work we've done, always
Not for just to-night, not for just this month,
Not for just this year, but always.

Though we part to-night
With the past delight
Of Bay Shore High,
Later down the years
From our broader spheres
We'll send a sigh.
Then when we've become old grads
No longer lassies and lads:
—Dorothy T. Hurlbut and Euncie D. Velsor.

THE OPERETTA

On Friday, May 21, an operetta called "What's the Matter with Sally?" was given in the high school auditorium, by the children of the lower grade, under the direction of Miss Harkness.

Preceding the operetta itself the 7th and 8th grades competed in a class musical contest. The judges, Mr. Warriner, Dr. Morris, and Rev. Mr. Cooke, acclaimed the 7A class the winner. A cup was awarded to the class as a whole and to each member was awarded a certificate.

The operetta which followed was a great success. Joyce Hackett played the part of the rich little girl, Sally, very well indeed, and as Miss Celia Jeffries, Yolanda Panziere was exceptionally good. Everyone liked the orphans, especially Peter. Each member of the entire cast is to be congratulated on his excellent rendition of his part and much credit is due Miss Harkness, our musical director, for the entire production.

Class Prophecy

SHINING glass crystals, horoscopes, laughing gas, potion of deadly poison, have been tried in desperation by frenzied prophets, either self-appointed or class elected. The most unique means, although not the most dignified, perhaps, befell me when at Mt. Vernon—the home of the “Father of his Country”, I so awkwardly fell up the steps. The sudden slap in the face from the slab of white marble, lulled me into a state of unconsciousness and vision, that I am, sure mortal man has never witnessed, were disclosed to me.

I heard some one in the distance saying, “Step up, hop up, run up, but come on ovah heah. This is wheer Light Horse Harry Lee shot the female stranger because her husband killed himself because he was married four times. Not only delicious, but wholesome and nutritious. Ovah hear, folks. If any one joined my party they haven’t paid the fifteen cents which they owe they will kindly hand ovah your quartah!”

The voice sounded quite familiar and looking up, I saw Tommie O’Neill leading a party of sight seeers through our beautiful capitol. When I beckoned to him he said, “Just a minute, lady, and I’ll come and get your fifteen cents.” I tried to tell him who I was, but he ignored me completely with, “I can’t be botheerd, hand ovah your quartah” and went on with his tour. A girl accompanied him around the floor with a banjo, a jews-harp, and graceful (?) spring dances. I got a second look at her and recognized Bessie Logenecker. Humph, I thought, that’s a plain case of “Till death do us part.”

To cover the slight of my old class mate, I ran in confusion down the steps and out among the garden beds where I saw a young girl standing guarding over a profusion of flowers. As I timidly approached her, she turned to me with, “Whoopee, Mae Brown, what are you doing here?”

After I had recovered from the shock of seeing Henrietta Bain playing nursemaid to a bed of tulips, I asked her, “How come?”

Leading me to a marble seat she started to tell me that she was helping her husband care for the flowers. Before she got much further a whistle blew and a gruff voice shouted, “Mrs. Peckman, get away from that woman and back to work.”

She left me sorrowfully. What a martyr, thought I,—but then, she had the flowers.

I next found myself in New York in a very pretty tea room. Waiters in cadets’ uniforms were serving. A voice in back of me said “How-do.” I turned and found myself facing—Gladys or Venus—I don’t know which.

“Why, Twinnie”,—I always said that when I wasn’t sure which one it was—“What are you doing here?”

She sat down and told me that she and Carleton were married. “What—Carleton! Then that Romance of the Washington trip really did culminate?”

"Yes, and I still have to tell Carleton to hurry up."

Just at that moment the hero himself came in, beaming and handsome in a cadet's uniform.

"Don't mistake me for one of the waiters, Mae", he said when he saw me, "This tea shoppe is just a fool idea of Venus' and she thinks it is quite original to have the waiters all dressed in cadets' uniforms, just to remind her of me while I'm at West Point. Don't you love that, she has to be reminded that I'm still living?"

The other twin came in then—just think, they couldn't be separated, not even by matrimony,—with a tall distinguished looking gentleman. She said, "Surely you remember Monk Lynn, we're married, now." The truth was I didn't recognize him, he had gotten so good-looking, but I said that I did just to be sociable. They all urged me to stay, but the mysterious power was calling me I knew not whither.

I started out, walked about three blocks and finally boarded a street car. Some one said, "Step lively, please." I stepped! I fell right into the conductor's arms; and when I turned around, I was face to face with Jimmie Fitzpatrick. We were awfully glad to see each other and he insisted that I should not pay my fare. I protested; whereupon he said, "Oh, that's all right, we Irishers must stick together." Suddenly, I decided to get off; and when I did so, I was in Setauket. It seems I had heard of it before, but I didn't remember where.

I walked down one of the three streets until I came to a theatre. There I saw a bill board with a picture of a very lovely girl on it and underneath the words, "Madame Jimmie", now playing in "The Return of High Jinks." Why, that was our high school play. I looked at the picture of the girl and recognized it as Marian Jamison, a former schoolmate of mine. I purchased a ticket for the evening performance. Then, I went into a drug store to get a soda and noticed that at one of the tables a young girl and man were eating oyster stew, sweet potatoes and ice-cream. I looked at her, she looked at me, and we spoke simultaneously. It was Marian! She took me over, introduced me to her husband, Jimmie, and told me that she was playing at the Universal Theatre.

For no reason at all Marian, Jimmie and the oysters faded from sight (I never did find out what Jimmie it was) and I found myself in an antique shop. A girl with flaming hair and pretty blue eyes was trying to persuade me to purchase a mirror that George Washington had used just before he cut down the famous cherry tree. I protested with, "No, No, I must have something more historic than that." She replied, "Well, I have a beautiful relic of the 1926 Senior class of Bay Shore High School."

"What," I cried, "let me see it".

She showed me a beautiful piece of marble—cracked in the middle—but beautiful nevertheless.

"Well, Vera," I said, when I saw it, "Is it really you?"

She laughed and told me that she and Alice were running an antique shop and were doing very well. Just then Alice came in and we talked over old times. We went over the story of the broken marble but it was so touching that I cannot repeat it.

Just about that time I must have received another slap for I found myself in a luxuriously furnished harem. Slave girls were doing the Charleston to the strains of jazz furnished by a remarkable orchestra. I

noticed the girl who was leading the harmony kings and there was something very familiar about her. As I approached she swung around, leaped into the air and sat down on the platform. After I had recovered from her spectacular antics, I spoke to her and asked her if I hadn't met her some place before. Sure, enough, I had! It was Dorothy Hurlbut! She had gotten jazzmania and had organized the orchestra, that I had just heard. I was anxious to know what sultan's domain I was in and I asked her to explain. She smiled, said she wanted to keep it as a surprise and gave me a card which enabled me to pass unmolested all through the palace.

Taking advantage of the card, I found myself in another apartment of the harem. A shrill voice pierced the air.

"Billy Downs, if you don't have that new slave girl shot, I'll spear her myself."

"Billy Downs? Not the daring Valentino of my high school days? I came closer and sure enough it was he. A sheikess was sitting next to him. The same who had uttered the commanding words. When she saw me, she gave a cry of victory and said, "Thank heavens, now you are here and I can send these others away; I know that Billy won't look at you."

"Why Rosemae Wells," for it was she, "how unkind you are;" I refuse to stay here another minute, show me the way out immediately."

She sneered and said, "Oh, don't bother to find your way out, I'll have you thrown out."

Suddenly a great form towered over me and I looked up to see Paul Bergman about to cover me and pull me out.

"Why, Paul, how—how—does this happen. Is that really Rosemae and has she gone crazy? Does Billy own this harem and why are you here?"

He said, "Ssh, I'll tell you all about it when we get outside." We finally reached the gardens and Paul disclosed the whole story. He and Billy had each tried for the fair Rosemae's hand and Billy had won on the strength of his reputation as a Valentino. Billy had insisted and Rosemae consented. Poor Paul, ever ready to be near the girl of his heart, had accepted a position as major domo. With tears in my eyes, I bade Paul goodbye and told him to cheer up.

I started down the road and soon night began to fall. I heard excited voices around me. Someone shouted, "Get that guy?" Everyone was running and of course I ran too. When I put on the brakes, I was among a crowd of people. An old dilapidated flivver supported two men on its running board, and over them stood a much enraged dirty mechanic.

"Yas, sir, these are the ones. I saw them, trying to drain gas out of my gas tank. 'Bout three o'clock this morning it was. They'd push the car a little way and then they'd come to a gas tank, stop and drain it. Wal, when they came to mine, I was after them. They gave me a merry chase, but I got them. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

The man's story brought back recollections to me and in a haze I saw Eddie Milliken and Pep Kovas, draining gas tanks on the Merrick Road. I sneaked up, looked at the nervous gas-drainers and I knew then, that it was not a haze, but the two of them in reality. I appealed to the

mechanic to let them go and after much spattering and sputtering he finally did so.

We decided to celebrate on the strength of our victory and Eddie said, "Come on, and I'll buy you an ice-cream soda, but take one without ice-cream, because I have only ten cents. We went into a store and seated ourselves at the counter. A blonde young man waited on us and we noticed that he stared and stared. Eddie finally said, "Hey, I'll bet you know us, do you?" The man answered, "I'll say I do, Milliken, Brown and Kovas, right? Jimmie Jarvis speaking. How do you like the works?"

Just then we heard a voice in the back say, "Jimmie, dinner is ready."

"That sounds just like Eunice Velsor", I said.

"That's funny—it is Eunice—but not Velsor, it's Jarvis now."

We got a free dinner—yes, she invited us, four floats apiece and a hearty handclasp when we left.

The four floats must have gone to my head, for I was left all alone. On a street corner I heard music and tambourines, some one was playing hop scotch and singing, "Oh, I'm just wild about Animal Crackers, Animal Crackers". A crowd had collected around a soap box upon which stood a girl. She was telling them how much the Salvation Army needed their help, since food was so scarce and high that they had been compelled to leave the hole out of the crullers. She took off her hat and passed it around. As soon as she did, I recognized her and who do you suppose it was?

Clementine Tecklenburg, yes sir—doing Salvation Army work. She asked me to spend the night with her, but I told her that I was on my way to Commack and couldn't possibly do so.

On my way down the street, I was suddenly thrown to my feet. I looked up and saw a young woman racing wildly down the road on a motorcycle. Says I to myself, says I—well, now young lady, you ought to be pulled in for that and with that I picked myself up only to be knocked down again by another motorcycle with a young man driving it. I rushed over to the hall and thought it best that I stay there until this flying battalion of motorcycles had ceased their field day exercises. Sure enough they started to come back. The girl was in the lead, but the man was gaining on her slowly.

"Hurry, hurry," I cried, "or he'll win." But—he didn't. With a yell of satisfaction the girl swung gracefully from the seat and came over to shake hands with me.

"I thought I recognized you when I went by before," she said. I looked twice and yes, it was Evelyn Hosken. Quiet Evelyn Hosken running around the country on a motorcycle. She hastened to explain that the man by her side was her husband and that they had a motorcycle race every night, the winner to receive a pair of tissue paper ear muffs for the winter. The score stood 4 to 5 in Evelyn's favor. She invited me to hop on and go with the, but—well, you know what I said. As a rule I never faint, but the heat must have affected me, for I came to with some one saying, "She'll be all right in a minute; just throw another bucket of that ice-water over her." I looked up and saw John Hill standing over me, by his side, a nurse. All right, don't get us and dramatically say where am I?

You are in my office, and by gosh, now by gosh, what do you think of that, the first patient I've had in six weeks and it has to be some one I know, now I can't charge you for it. "Oh, that's all right, I was only fooling, I have a good practice here and I'm doing very nicely." I looked at the nurse and said, "Yeah, whose your girl friend?" Alma, Alma Fisher, you remember her, don't you? Well, she's the head nurse of my hospital." "How lovely," I said, "But really I can't stay; I have an appointment." John offered to have his chauffeur take me wherever I wanted to go, but I had no place to go. I decided to walk there.

I reached the sidewalk and heard some one shouting blantly. "Come on my sight seeing tour, all places of interest visited." I was astonished to see such a small person making such a noise. I came nearer and when she removed the huge megaphone from her lips I saw Frances Penney. I was deaf from her shrieks and dumb with astonishment at the change in her; so on I hurried in a daze.

I was in a very pretty suburban town where the houses were most pretentious. I asked some one, "Who owns that place and they told me to go and find out, so I did." Some one was playing a piano. I opened the front door and walked in; when the girl at the window saw me she said, "Sit down until I finish." When she had finished the hard bars of "Down by the Vinegar Woiks," she swung around on the stool, came over and said, "Hello Mae, how are you?" "To whom am I indebted for this honor, please?" I asked. "Well, you're as dumb as ever, aren't you. You mean to tell me that you don't remember me—Mary Alice Melton?"

"Why, Mary, forgive me; how stupid of me. What are you doing here?"

"Well, I'm married to Billy Seff; he's a big butter and cheese man from Bohack's now. Stay here awhile; he'll be home soon. Sure enough, Billy came in—the same Billy. A little stouter, but Billy—nevertheless. I accepted their invitation to remain for dinner; and just as we were ready to sit down, the door bell rang. In answer the butler came in and said, "Sorry, mam, there's a man outside in the green bath tub and he says he knows you.

Mary said, "Show him in—and in walked—who? Clarence Race—right. He was trying to interest the Seffs in buying one of the tubs and persuaded them to go outside to see how remarkable it was. "You see, when you get tired of using it as a tub, you can have wheels put under it and use it as an automobile." Billy thought they were pretty good, so he bought one.

Take it from me, you future Seniors and others, if you go to Washington don't fall up the steps of Mt. Vernon. Besides visions, I had a torn stocking, two bumps, one bruise and four bangs.

—Mae Brown.



Funeral Pyre Oration

WE, the highly respected and most sincerely dignified members of the senior class of 1926, do consider it a duty and a pleasure to consign to those destroying flames our threadbare mental furnishings. For four long years they have stood the wear and tear of high school usage, but now, at last, our minds are redecorated with the brilliant stuff of graduation.

Having applied ourselves endlessly and industriously to our studies for this period of time, we experience great pain at having to say a final farewell to those dear rags and tatters of our education. Many, many times have we already started to cast them off; but, owing to some error on the part of those correcting the Regents' papers, we have had the privilege of donning them again.

Now, at least, the time has come to console ourselves with fond memories of by-gone days, when we needlessly burned the midnight electric juice in our thirsty quest for knowledge. Never again will we push and shove in our eagerness to be the first to enter those halls of learning in the morning. Never again will it be our privilege to caress these dear, old battered volumes.

The honor of gathering these remains for the funeral pyre has fallen, as a matter of course, to those who loved them the best, those in whose memories they will live the longest.

Oh William, bring forth thy beloved Physics book, cherished volume with its unsolved mysteries. Dear text, many a heart aches with longing as it bids you farewell. How long you have been our dearest comrade, ever faithful, always at hand when we felt the need of deeper thought.

Molly, you and your Geometry book must part. Through trials and tribulations have you been true confidants. Through tests and examinations have you steadfastly refused to divulge one another's secrets. But the hour has come.

After much discussion we have decided to let you, Twins, have the honor of sacrificing these dear, much-nibbled pen-holders. O pens, you, too, must needs become ashes to ashes, rust to rust. How patiently have you endured all the agony inflicted upon you in the tests and Regents; now things of the past. You have performed your duty nobly and deserve your final dissolution.

Rosemae, bring forth our cherished American History, first in War, next in pieces, last in the hearts of '26.

She who loves Physical Training most, she who would fain spend another four years in Bay Shore High School, merely that she might devote two periods a week to Gym, step forward. There, the black stockings that all of the girls so loved to wear. Six dozen pairs of them, to rip and run to their reward.

This ream of paper brings fond memories to our hearts, of long spring afternoons we so gladly spent in Detention Hall. Would we go to play base-ball? No! Did we appreciate the honor bestowed upon

Continued on Page 32

BAY SHORE DEBATING SOCIETY

Early in November of this year, Mr. Robinson, the principal of Islip, and organizer of several debating societies on Long Island, gave a talk to the junior and senior boys of Bay Shore High School in an effort to interest them in starting such a group.

After a week of deliberation on the part of all the boys interested, Mr. Gatje called another meeting at which time the constitution and by laws were drawn up and accepted. At this time also the first group of officers was elected: John Hill as president; Carleton Howell, vice president; Sumner Barton, secretary; and Joseph Patch, treasurer. Under this official board we carried out a very successful program. Debates were held every week. There was a steady increase in membership during the first term.

At the end of that ten weeks, we held another election according to our constitution. Carleton Howell was elected president; Sumner Barton, vice president; Ralph Lynn, secretary; and Paul Bergman, treasurer.

In the second ten weeks we progressed very rapidly in the art of debating. During this period we planned for a public debate; but before this debate took place, we changed officers. Sumner Barton was elected president; Ralph Lynn, vice president; Joseph Patch, secretary; and Albert Fink, treasurer.

Our public debate was held in the auditorium on April 13, and was a great success. The topic chosen by the debaters, Resolved: That the United States Senate followed the best policy in accepting the World Court, was interesting and well taken by both sides. The negative side won after a well delivered discussion. After the debating program, Joseph Patch spoke on America as a World Power, and two Babylon High School boys competed in the National Oratorical contest trials. This last feature was an added attraction and greatly appreciated by the Debating Society of Bay Shore.

This was practically the end of a very successful season. Although there remains much to be learned in the theory and art of debating, we feel that we have at least overcome a certain first bashfulness, and obtained considerable knowledge of what is expected of a public speaker.

The members of the debating society wish to thank Mr. Gatje, for giving up his time every meeting night. It was through his helpful criticisms that our progress was as rapid as it was. To Mr. Gatje and Mr. Chester, who showed much interest in our club, we all wish to express our sincere appreciation.

CARLETON B. HOWELL



DUTCH DETECTIVE ACTIVITIES

1925—1926

The Dutch Detectives have proved during this past school year that they are far from being Dutch Defectives as they are sometimes called.

The members of the High School were somewhat surprised last fall to see a number of girls who looked more like Indians than high school girls, creep into the chapel. Of course, the Dutch Detectives had admitted some more reformed bobbed-haired bandits!

Nine new members were admitted to the club. These were Ethel Hendrickson, Gladys and Venus Hendrickson, Eloise Hildreth, Isabel Howell, Evelyn Hoskin, Winifred Hackett, Mary Winegar and Leonora Watts.

At the first meeting after the initiation, Helen Winslow was elected president; Bessie Longenecker, vice president; Isabel Howell, treasurer; and Mary Melton, secretary. The members then resolved that the club should be something more than a gathering for a good time. Miss Ebell was asked to be Faculty Adviser, a position which she graciously accepted. The girls then proceeded to draw up a constitution. It may be well to mention here that among the provisions in the constitution was an article which stated that all members must show school spirit in both work and play.

The cake sale which was given by the club in Terry and Gibson's Real Estate Office early in the year was a success. The proceeds were put in the treasury for further use.

The next money-making event which was given by the Dutch Detectives was their annual dance. The hall was decorated as never before. The pennants which have been won by the school for basket ball were hung in prominent places as well as the Dutch Detective Banner. The stage was covered with ferns and the auditorium was artistically decorated in green and gold. This dance proved to be one of the most successful social and financial affairs of the season. A prize waltz and a lucky number dance were two of the features of the evening. The prize waltz was won by an out-of-town couple. "Red" Schaeffer and Dorothy Bull were the winners of the lucky number dance. (We wonder if red hair has anything to do with it).

At a party given recently, by the Dutch Detectives at the home of the Hendrickson twins, the members of both basket ball teams were presented with tokens in honor of their good work done during the season. The boys were presented with gold basket balls and the girls with maroon and white letters. Miss Kirtland and Mr. Chester, the two coaches, were presented with small pins in recognition of their hard work to make the teams what they were.

The girls have now purchased pins for themselves and their faculty adviser. These pins are small black and white squares with a white "D" on a black surface and a black "D" on a white surface.

We hope that the future members of the club will carry on the good work so far advanced.

MARY MELTON

SENIOR CLASS WASHINGTON TRIP

The senior class of the Bay Shore High School, which numbers twenty-eight, left on the 7:54 train from Bay Shore on Monday morning, April 5, for the hard-earned annual trip to Washington, D. C. Before leaving on the 10:30 A. M. train from Pennsylvania Station, the local students were shown around Chinatown by Mr. Hurlbut, superintendent of the Bay Shore schools.

A fine meal was served on the train at noon and the remainder of the journey to Washington was spent in sleeping, reading or walking through the cars and standing on the observation platform at the rear of the train. At about four o'clock the happy seniors received their first view of the Nation's Capital and were far from disappointed with it. Everyone piled into the busse which were waiting in front of the beautiful Union Station to take them to their hotels.

The Bay Shore boys and girls occupied rooms in the George Washington Inn, which was built in 1798 and rebuilt in 1915. There was a grand rush for the dining room at seven o'clock, when the hungry seniors of the local school, along with those of Amityville and Port Jefferson, had their **first** meal of roast beef and tomato soup in Washington.

All were thrilled by the sights they beheld on leaving the inn in the evening—the capital at night. Spotlights are thrown on the dome of the Capitol, lighting it up so that one can see it from all parts of the city. It is a most impressive sight! The first evening was spent in admiring the beautiful architecture of the Congressional Library and the paintings and inscriptions adorning the walls. It is in this building that one may see the original Declaration of Independence and the Constitution.

Early on Tuesday morning the "crowd" piled into buses and were taken on a sightseeing tour to most of the points of interest, including Ford's Theatre, where Lincoln was shot, and the house across the street, in which he died. The buses stopped in front of Lincoln Memorial and gave our boys and girls enough time to see this wonderful structure and the immense statue of Lincoln, sculptured by Daniel Chester French.

The Long Island group was then taken to the office buildings of the Representatives, where everyone was given passes by Congressman Robert L. Bacon, admitting them to certain private rooms in the White House and Capitol. The Bay Shore Seniors were lucky in having an unusually good guide to show them about the Capitol and point out the beauties of the rotunda, the Supreme Court, the Senate, the hall of statuary and the remarkable sculpture and fresco work throughout. In spite of the disagreeable weather, the afternoon was spent to good advantage, for the local students visited the National Museum, Smithsonian Institute and some of the other interesting buildings nearby.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Hurlbut took the seniors to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and to the Washington Monument. At the latter place the elevator was not in running order; and, rather than miss

the view from the top, most of the group took the climb of 900 steps. Lunch was served in the restaurant of the National Museum, after which the Bay Shore crowd took a special trolley to Arlington, where the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the Memorial Amphitheatre were seen.

The group was taken through Alexandria and shown many interesting buildings, including Christ Church, where they saw the Washington family pew and the spot on which General Lee was confirmed when a small boy. The return trip by steamer from beautiful Mount Vernon, Washington's home, was enjoyed immensely by everyone. Many of the students from the Long Island schools occupied reserved seats at B. F. Keith's Theatre on Wednesday evening where the fourteen-act vaudeville was excellent.

On Thursday morning our students caught a glimpse of the President and Mrs. Coolidge as they were leaving the White House. They were sadly disappointed at not being allowed to shake hands with the President, as the classes for the past few years have done, but the physicians had advised President Coolidge against this practice. All were glad, however, to get even this glimpse of him.

Until Friday at four o'clock the students spent the rest of the time as they liked. Some saw the House and the Senate in session; others climbed to the dome of the Capitol; while still others sought souvenir stores or places of entertainment.

At four o'clock the tourists bade good-bye to their hotel and Washington and left for Philadelphia, where they arrived about six o'clock. The Bellevue-Stratford in this city was a wonderful surprise to nearly all the young people—far beyond their expectations. The next morning sight-seeing buses were waiting to take the boys and girls to the places of interest around Philadelphia. Independence Hall, Curtis Publishing Company's plant, Franklin's grave, Betsy Ross' home, Congress Hall and other places. An excellent meal was served in Wanamaker's crystal dining room at noon and those who went there early heard the largest organ in the world broadcasting from station WOO.

The tired but happy Bay Shore Seniors reached home at six o'clock, after a trip which will never be forgotten, and they all declare that no class ever did have, or ever will have, so much fun as the Class of '26 on the annual trip to Washington, D. C.

Those who made up the party from Bay Shore were: Henrietta Bain, Paul Bergman, Mae Brown, William Downs, Alma Fisher, James Fitzpatrick, Gladys and Venus Hendrickson, John Hill, Evelyn Hosken, Carleton Howell, Dorothy Hurlbut, Marion Jamison, James Jarvis, Alice Kirkup, Joseph Kovas, Bessie Longenecker, Mary Melton, Edward Miliken, Mary Mooney, Thomas O'Neill, Frances Penney, Clarence Race, William Seff, Clementine Tecklenburg, Eunice Velsor, Rosemae Wells, Vera Wilson, Miss Wright, Miss Hinman, Mr. George Gatje and Mr. Floyd Hurlbut.

Evelyn Hosken

The Return of Hi Jinks

"The Return of Hi Jinks," a four act comedy given by the senior class of '26, was one of the best plays ever produced in Bay Shore. The members of the cast were well chosen and much credit is due to Miss Greeley for her excellent coaching.

Hiram Jinks, a junior in Hoosic College, and Thomas Hodge, a senior in the same institution, were bitter rivals. The opportunity of acting in a moving picture with Mariam Mayflower was offered to Jinks and he accepted despite the hatred his father Obadiah Jinks had for moving pictures. Then followed a love affair which became more complicated when it was learned that Miss Mayflower was engaged to a broker and Jinks to Evangeline Slater, a girl from his home town, Wurtsboro. In order to stir up a scandal in Hi Jink's home town, Hodge had published in the Wurtsboro Gazette an article extolling the bravery of Hiram Jinks in a recent fire at the Girls' Seminary and hinting at a romance between Jinks and one of the girls he had rescued.

When Jinks returned home for the Christmas holiday, he was hailed as a hero and made an honorary member of the fire department. He was also welcomed home by the Literary Research Club.

Not satisfied with having started a stew of trouble for Jinks, Hodge had to spend his holidays in Wurtsboro to watch the mess boil over. Here avenging fate took a hand in the persistent attentions paid Hodge by Bedelia Norris, a Wurtsboro girl who had made his acquaintance at the Hoosic Junior Prom.

The article in the Gazette created such a sensation that it resulted in the breaking of the engagement between Miss Slater and Hi Jinks.

Marion Jamison and Carleton Howell portrayed the parts of heroine and hero wonderfully well. The members of the Literary Research Club who deserve much credit were played by Mae Brown, Henrietta Bain, Evelyn Hosken, and Eunice Velsor. We didn't know that Mae Brown could be such a flapper but we were soon convinced that she was a good one for the part of Bedelia Norris.

Mary Mooney, who took the part of Mrs. Bumpsy, a janitress, was a "riot".

William Downs, James Jarvis, and Edward Milliken displayed much ability in acting.

Rosemae Wells, John Hill and Paul Bergman also contributed greatly to the success of the play.

Between the acts Miss Harkness, Thomas O'Neill, John Sabiston and Earles Grainger entertained with musical selections.

Mary Melton and Bessie Longenecker, property manager, William Seff, stage manager, and Thomas O'Neill, publicity manager, deserve much credit for their untiring efforts in the performance of their duties.

The proceeds of the comedy more than those of any other single activity enabled the seniors to take the annual Washington trip. "The Return of Hi Jinks" was also such a dramatic success that it may well serve as a precedent for future seniors.

ALICE KIRKUP, '26



BAY SHORE HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR CLASS OF 1926

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team of 1925—26 had a fairly successful season, winning the majority of its games and gaining a reputation for the fighting spirit, which the girls displayed all through the season. They were rewarded (in chapel) on Wednesday, May 26, when Mr. Gatje presented them with certificates entitling them to wear the school letters in recognition of their clean and honorable playing during the season.

The team was capably coached by Miss Kirtland and managed by Mary Melton. Alice Kirkup was captain and held down one of the guard positions in a very creditable manner. Bessie Longenecker also showed her effectiveness on the defensive in playing the other guard position. The two forwards were Gladys Pederson and Vera Wilson, while the center berth was filled very nicely by Ethel Collins and Dorothy Coombs. The substitutes were Marguerite Seff and Winifred Hurlbut. Gladys Pederson was high scorer with 78 field goals and 23 fouls for a total of 179 points. Ethel Collins came next with 83 points.

The second team, composed of Marguerite Seff, Marie Albanese, Clementine Tecklenberg, Frances Penney, Isabel Howell, Mabel Harper and Evelyn Greenberg, won three and lost none, a record which the boys' second team cannot boast of.

Following is a record of the games of the girls' first team:

| Date | | B. | S. | OPP. |
|---------|--------------------------------|-----|----|------|
| Nov. 13 | Islip at Islip | 62 | | 27 |
| Nov. 20 | Babylon at Bay Shore | 25 | | 28 |
| Dec. 11 | Sayville at Bay Shore | 20 | | 11 |
| Jan. 9 | Baldwin at Bay Shore | 32 | | 24 |
| Jan. 15 | Huntington at Huntington | 21 | | 22 |
| Jan. 22 | Patchogue at Bay Shore | 34 | | 30 |
| Jan. 29 | Baldwin at Baldwin | 24 | | 44 |
| Feb. 3 | Islip at Bay Shore | 23 | | 12 |
| Feb. 11 | Sayville at Sayville | 31 | | 26 |
| Feb. 19 | Huntington at Bay Shore | 22 | | 22 |
| Feb. 26 | Patchogue at Patchogue | 29 | | *36 |
| Mar. 5 | Patchogue at Islip | 28 | | 27 |
| Totals | | 351 | | 309 |

* This game was protested by Bay Shore and played over the following week at Islip, Bay Shore winning out by one point.

OUR APPRECIATION

The staff of the Broadcaster, take this opportunity to thank all those whose assistance has enabled us to "carry on" through a year of greatest difficulties.



BAY SHORE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL'S BASKETBALL TEAM '25-'26

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The boys' basketball quintet scored a triumph in winning the championship of the Western Division of Suffolk County and losing only to Southampton for the county title. From a squad of green candidates, Coach Chester made a formidable team and to him is due much credit for Bay Shore's successful season on the court. Out of twenty-one games, the team won thirteen and lost eight, five of the defeats being exhibition games.

The players may be summed up as follows:

Albert Fink, captain and guard—A fast player with a good eye and an uncanny ability for making long shots. "Fuzzy" led the team in scoring with 95 points to his credit.

David Greenberg, forward—A fast man and the best foul-shooter on the team. "Red" should develop into an even better player next season.

Frank Ghosio, forward—A great "floor" man with a fair eye for making baskets. "Gyg" has three more years in which to develop and all indications point to his success.

Fred Bromberg, center—A very suitable man for the pivot position, not so good a shot as some of the others, but usually dependable to "get the jump".

Edward Flynn, guard—Only a freshman and yet one of the steadyest players. A great defensive man who can also shoot. He is at his best while playing back guard.

Carleton Howell, guard—A very fast guard who can break up many of the opposition's plays. A good "floor man" with a fair eye for making baskets.

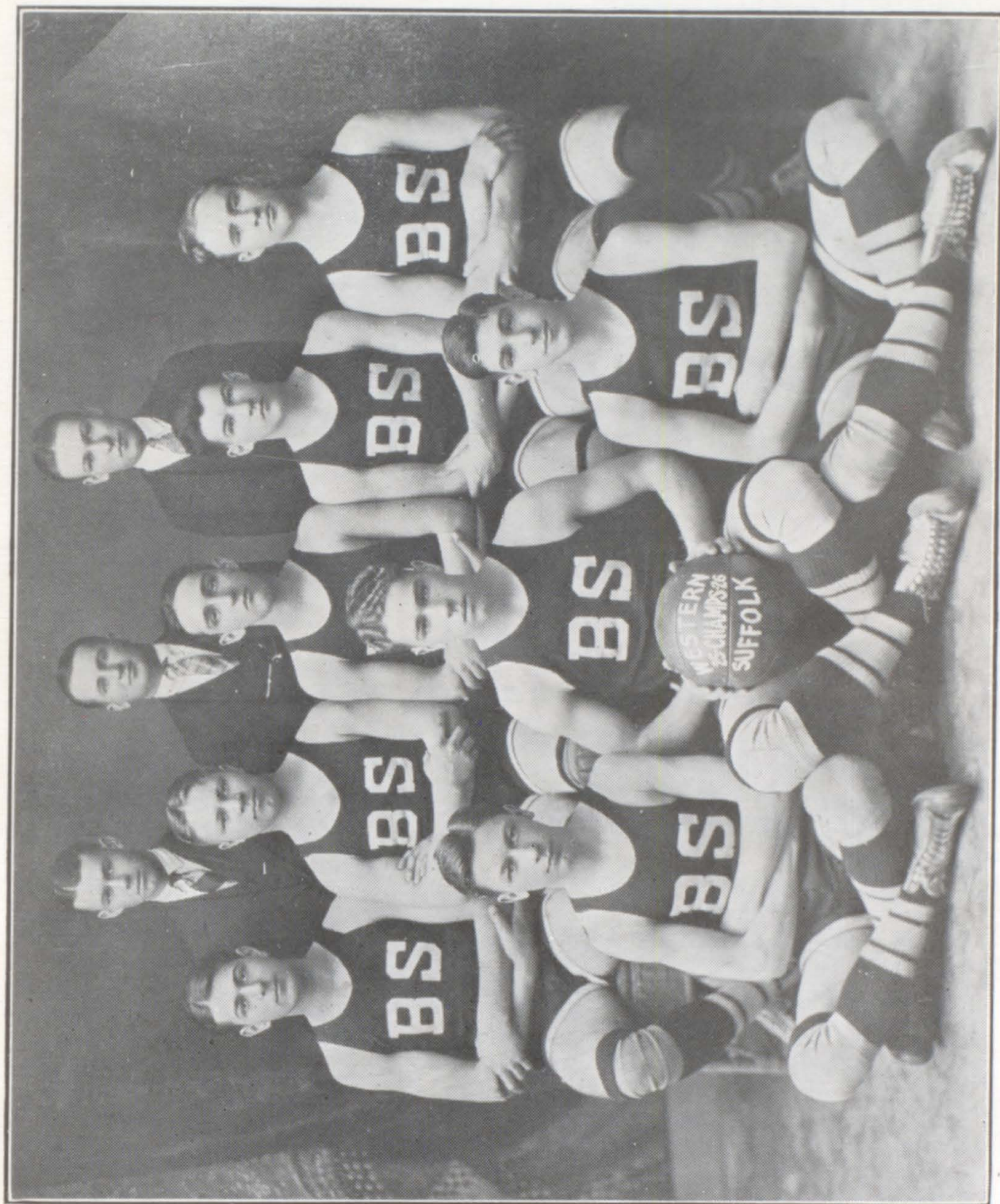
Clarence Race, forward—A fast man who did not get into enough games to show his real worth.

Joseph Patch, forward—A player who can shoot and who knows the game. "Trip" did not start playing till the season was half over and could not get into his best stride.

Paul Bergman, guard—"Too good for the seconds, not good enough for the firsts". That was the case of Paul. A fairly good defensive man but only moderately successful as a shooter.

FOLLOWING IS A SCHEDULE OF THE GAMES

| Date | | B. S. | OPP. |
|---------|---|-------|------|
| Nov. 13 | Islip at Islip | 19 | 10 |
| Nov. 20 | Babylon at Bay Shore | 20 | 16 |
| Nov. 27 | Jamaica at Bay Shore | 10 | 33 |
| Dec. 4 | St. Francis College Freshmen at Bay Shore | 46 | 16 |
| Dec. 11 | Sayville at Bay Shore | 25 | 17 |
| Dec. 18 | Manual at Bay Shore | 15 | 30 |
| Dec. 22 | Johnstown at Bay Shore | 21 | 34 |
| Dec. 29 | Islip at Bay Shore | 20 | 14 |
| Dec. 31 | Alumni at Bay Shore | 21 | 23 |
| Jan. 8 | Northport at Northport | 25 | 23 |
| Jan. 15 | Huntington at Huntington | 25 | 15 |



WESTERN DIVISION BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS '25-'26

| | | | |
|---------|--------------------------------------|-----|------|
| Jan. 22 | Patchogue at Bay Shore | 15 | 14 |
| Jan. 29 | Northport at Bay Shore | 2 | f 0 |
| Feb. 5 | Hempstead at Bay Shore | 27 | 10 |
| Feb. 11 | Sayville at Sayville | 14 | 19 |
| Feb. 12 | Johnstown at Johnstown | 15 | 26 |
| Feb. 13 | Mechanicville at Mechanicville | 22 | 21 |
| Feb. 19 | Huntington at Bay Shore | 39 | 26 |
| Feb. 26 | Patchogue at Patchogue | 24 | 33 |
| Mar. 5 | Islip at Patchogue | 14 | c 13 |
| Mar. 13 | Southampton at Patchogue | 17 | c 19 |
| Total | | 436 | 412 |

f Forfit.

c Championship Games.

The boys' second team had a very disastrous season, winning only one game out of nine. The players were; Frank Helbig, Robert Nelson and Lloyd Moreland, forwards; William Schaeffer and Ralph Lynn, centers; Paul Bergman, John Flynn, and William Downs, guards.

OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1927, THE FOLLOWING WERE ELECTED OFFICERS:

| | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| President | Sumner Barton |
| Vice President | Vera Ackerson |
| Secretary | Winifred Hurlbut |
| Treasurer | Fred Bromberg |

The class of '27, an unusually large one, consists of the following members: .

| | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|---------------------|
| Ackerson, Vera | Harper, Mabel | Patch, Joseph |
| Ballas, Joseph | Hendrickson, Ethel | Pederson, Gladys |
| Barton, Sumner | Hildreth, Eloise | Reeve, Elsworth |
| Bernhardt, Eleonore | Housel, Richard | Rhodes, Alma |
| Bromberg, Fred | Hubbard, Margaret | Ruppel, Durell |
| Coombs, George | Hurlbut, Winifred | Selva, Mary |
| Doxsee, Marjorie | Ketcham, Roy | Udall, Reba |
| Dykstra, William | Kron, Robert | Waddell, Catherine |
| Fink, Albert | Lynn, Ralph | Watts, Ellen |
| Greenberg, David | Meyer, Mildred | Wesselhoft, William |



OUR TRACK TEAM "READY FOR ACTION" AT RIVERHEAD



"RACY", "FUZZY", AND "TOMMY" ON THE "220 MARK"

TRACK

Although it was freely predicted by athletic coaches that Bay Shore's track team would not place in any of the running events on the program of the Suffolk County Track and Field Championships, which were held under the auspices of the S. C. I. L. at the Fair Grounds, Riverhead, on Saturday, May 22, because of the speedy competition that would be furnished by Riverhead, Southampton, Patchogue, Sayville, Huntington, East Hampton, West Hampton, Stony Brook, Sag Harbor, Greenport, and Hampton Bays, which teams had been in training for more than a month previous to the meet, the local team upset all of the dope and placed in several events, and qualified for the finals in one other event.

In the trial heats for the 100-yard dash, Carleton Howell and Tommy O'Neill were both set back a yard for "jumping the gun" by Official Starter Dorland, and as a result failed to place. Albert Fink qualified for the finals in this event and later in the day won fourth place in the finals.

Fink sprung the surprise of the meet by winning his heat in the 220-yard dash, after being left at the mark, in the fast time of 24 seconds flat. He placed third in the finals of the 220.

Clarence Race put up a fine exhibition in the 440-yard run, winning third place in the fast time of 52 3-5 seconds. Race was accidentally spiked after leaving the mark and as a result was caught in a "pocket" on the turn, but that did not discourage him, for as soon as the "straight-away" was reached, he sprinted from sixth place into third and held it to the tape.

Carleton Howell qualified for the high jump with a leap of 5 feet, 4 inches and only lost out in the finals after a game fight.

Greenberg ran a gruelling half-mile, passing four other competitors and losing fourth place by inches.

Bay Shore also surprised other schools in the medley relay when they finished in fourth place. Greenberg ran the 440, Race the 220, O'Neill the 100, and Fink the half mile. Fink ran a fast half-mile and demonstrated his ability to change his pace from sprinting to steady running. "Fuzzy" had pitched nine innings of baseball the day before, too! Considering the fact that the locals had only eight days training and no competition in dual meets, the later being necessary to win in a meet of this kind, Bay Shore High School should feel proud of these boys for their game efforts to put the home school on the athletic map.

IVY ORATION

The senior class of 1926 is about to venture forth from these familiar halls into the realms of the unknown, perhaps never to return.

In the planting of this little vine, we wish to give fitting expression to that ever-green memory of our Alma Mater, which we shall carry with us on our journey.

May this little plant of ivy, the symbol of deathless ambition, so appropriate to a building of this character, climb and flourish into a beautiful spreading vine as we have grown from timid blundering freshmen to seniors braver and more confident yet wise enough to listen to life's further teaching.

May future senior classes learn of us to leave on graduation some fitting tribute of fresh beauty to be a source of joy and inspiration to succeeding classes, for as sang young Keats:

"Beauty is truth; truth, beauty:
That's all we know on earth,
And all we need to know."

Mary Melton.



BAY SHORE HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL CHAMPIONS 1926

Last Will and Testament

Wr the Senior Class of the Bay Shore High School of Bay Shore, in the County of Suffolk, State of New York, being of crammed mind and forgetful memory, do make and publish this our Last Will and Testament, in the manner following that is to say:

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

1. To the Faculty, the sad trials and tribulations of graduating as many more groups of Seniors as they shall live to teach.
2. To them also, the back seats of the study hall, to do with as they see fit, in a rightful manner, thus making it necessary for them to act as usurpers of rights of others, as was the case this year.
4. To the School, any memories that it may have of our sojourn ranging in years from three to seven.
5. To Sumner Barton the arduous position of President of a Senior Class heretofore held by John Hill.
6. To the Cast of "Clarence", the historic ability of the cast of "The Return of Hi Jinks".
7. Bessie Longenecker's beaming personality, to Reba Udall.
8. Vera Wilson's henna dye, to Dorothy Ritchie.
9. Paul Bergman's bass voice, to Lloyd Moreland.
10. Mary Melton's ability to drive a Dodge, to Mr. Chester.
11. Miss Mayflower's predilection for the name "Jimmi" to whosoever suffers a similar malady, Miss Mayflower is known in private life as Marion Jamison.
12. "Hossy" Hosken's musical and journalistic talent, to "Winnie" Hurlbut.
13. Rosemae We'll's tact in finding easy occupations at Senior suppers, to the laziest girl in the Junior Class.
14. Dot Hurlbut's knack of knocking Physics and Math cold, to Roy Ketcham.
15. "Clemmy" Tecklenburg's numerous beaux, to Hannah Merkin.
16. "Captain" Kirkup's athletic prowess, to "Katinka" Boyle.
17. Mae Brown's flaire for the Charleston, to "Fuzzy" Fink.
18. "Henny" Bain's mouselike meekness, to Alma Rhodes.
19. "Jimmie" Jarvis' dirth of love affairs, to "Caveman" Coombs.
20. To any Physics' student who wishes to know, we will allow Edward Milliken to explain that a nail may be charged both negatively and positively on one end at the same time.
21. Venus Hendrickson's system of "rushing" men, to Leonora Watts.
22. "Pep" Kovas' placidity, to the Wesselhoft Brothers.

23. Frances Penney's silence, to Isabel Howell.
24. "Mollie" Moonie's Irish smile, to "Trip" Patch.
25. Eunice Velsor's art of writing poetry, to "Monk" Lynn.
26. Thomas O'Neill's efficiency in arriving anywhere at any time later than that specified, to Red Grange Greenberg.
27. "Toughy" Hendrickson's "Tom-boy" capers, to "Mary" Bledsoe.
28. Alma Fisher's natural capabilities to "dwarf" men, to Mabel Harper.
29. William Seff's ability to "shiek" Amityville "wimmin" to Roy Ketcham.
30. Carleton Howell's agility in using a razor, to "Whiskers" Bromberg.
31. "Jimmie" Fitzpatrick's natural inclination toward the Classics, especially Latin, to William Schaffer.
32. Clarence Race's pharmaceutical knowledge of Chemistry to Ethel Hendrickson.
33. William Downs' affection for a "Certain party" of the Junior Class and also his morning exercise to show that affection, to Albert Fink.

Lastly we hereby appoint Mr. Floyd Hurlbut executor of this, our Last Will and Testament; hereby revoking all former Wills by us made.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto subscribed our names this day of June 24, 1926, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Six.

THE SENIOR CLASS

WE, whose names are hereto subscribed, Do Certify that on the day of June 24, 1926, the testators above named, subscribed their name to this instrument in the presence of each of us, and at the same time, in our presence and hearing, declared the same to sign their Last Will and Testament, and requested, each of us to sign our names thereto as witness to the execution thereof, which we hereby do in the persence of the testators and of each other, on the day of the date of the said Will, and write opposite our names.

Gladys Hendrickson
 Venus Hendrickson
 John Hill
 Alma Fisher
 Carleton Howell
 Evelyn Hosken
 Dorothy Hurlbut
 Marion Jamison
 James Jarvis
 Alice Kirkup
 Joseph Kovas
 Bessie Longenecker

Mary Melton
 Edward Milliken
 Mary Mooney
 Thomas O'Neill
 Frances Penney
 Clarence Race
 William Seff
 Clementine Tecklenburg
 Eunice Velsor
 Rosemae Wells
 Vera Wilson
 James Fitzpatrick



STAFF OF 1925



STAFF OF 1926

The Broadcaster

At the first meeting of the staff of the school paper, then called the "Maroon and White," many new ideas were put before us. We had to choose a new faculty adviser as our former one, Miss Roody, had left us. It was also suggested that we change the form of the paper from a quarterly magazine to a fortnightly pamphlet. A change of printers was further more suggested as was a change in name. We had only ten or twelve dollars behind us and a grim outlook before.

Miss Greeley, our new English teacher, was unanimously chosen as our faculty adviser. Following the suggestion of Mr. Hurlbut, Miss Greeley and many of the students, we changed the form of the magazine to that of a newspaper to be issued fortnightly, and to be printed by the Bay Shore Journal. After a good deal of discussion, we changed the name from the "Maroon and White" to the "Broadcaster" as appropriate for an up-to-date organ.

Without any difficulty we had issued about four editions by Christmas, when our financial standing took a sudden drop. For two months we were idle. Very unexpectedly the Curtis Publishing Company offered us a chance to fill our purse in a very fair and simple manner. In this subscription contest, the school obtained the names of over 300 subscribers with a net gain of \$125.00, to the "Broadcaster." With this as a foundation we were able to issue two more editions and this first annual Year Book of the "Broadcaster."

Having already compiled copy for one interview, one editorial and one continued story, we hope to start the following year with the resolution to issue our paper on time as well as to keep the organization out of debt in the future.

Sumner Barton.

THE PHYSICAL TRAINING EXHIBITION

::

The physical training exhibition given by Miss Eunice Kirtland on April 29th, in the high school gymnasium was a success, financially and socially.

Among the most notable presentations were: A Clown Dance, given by the grade girls and a few high school girls, of which the costumes were perhaps best appreciated; a Wand and Dumb-Bell Drill given by the high school girls; a few folk dances by the grammar school girls and boys; and a solo dance by Marie Albanese.

Miss Kirtland is to be complimented on the exceedingly well-planned program and on the patience which she must have had with the participants in preparation for and presentation of this exhibition.

EVELYN GREENBERG, '28

The Seniors Choice

| | | |
|------------------|-----------------|--------------------|
| Best Athletes | Carleton Howell | Alice Kirkup |
| Wittiest | Thomas O'Neill | Mary Mooney |
| Best Sports | William Downs | Mae Brown |
| Best Dancers | John Hill | Bessie Longenecker |
| Most Versatile | Carleton Howell | Bessie Longenecker |
| Biggest Bluffers | Edward Milliken | Mary Mooney |
| Most Bashful | Joseph Kovas | Dorothy Hurlbut |
| Best Hearted | Paul Bergman | Frances Penney |
| Laziest | Edward Milliken | Rosemae Wells |
| Hungriest | Edward Milliken | Mae Brown |
| Optomists | John Hill | Mae Brown |
| Pessimists | William Seff | Henrietta Bain |
| Most Impish | Thomas O'Neill | "The Twins" |
| Most Brilliant | Paul Bergman | Bessie Longenecker |



FUNERAL PYRE ORATION

Continued from Page 7

us when we were invited to stay for the eighth period? No! Next year, and in all future years we must be left out, oh sorrow of sorrows.

Gladly would we add to these sacred remains the mimeograph, known to each and every one of us as the source of hundreds of tests in every conceivable subject. Inconsistency, however, dictates, oh shades of Emerson, that we must needs live up to our high standard of generosity in all things. Therefore, our beloved mimeograph, along with this dear old High School, shall be herewith left to the future generations that they may receive the fruits of its bounty and be grateful.

And now let every head be bowed in grief as we commit these cast-offs to their final oxidation. May their solid forms be thus transformed to the ashes of memory and the light and energy of a glorious graduation.

MARION JAMISON, Author.

THOMAS O'NEILL, Orator



Captain to Private: "Got that ditch dug yet?"

Private: "No!"

Captain: "No what?"

Private: "No shovel."

"You take the cake," said one burglar to another as they were leaving the bakery.

I never gave a "ham" the razz;
I never even hissed one,
But when I threw a rotten egg,
You bet I never missed one.

"I just came from Jack's funeral."

"Is he dead?"

"Well, if he isn't, they certainly played a dirty trick on him."

Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow there may be a law against it.

"Waiter, are you sure this ham was cured?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, it's had a relapse."

Head of Psych. Dept. (to elevator boy): "Third floor, please."

The car continues calmly on its way to the fourth.

Head of P. D. (to passengers): "No reaction."

Gimmee: "Got any matches?"

Jimmie: "Yeah, got matches to burn."

A green freshman named Black got blue when he red his sweetie's letter.

"That's me all over," said the workman as he dropped the dynamite.

"Remember, kiddo, when you blow up a safe, always divide up right with the lads; money got dishonestly never made nobody happy."

Jokes

Jill: "Dick's a regular old war horse."

Bill: "What do you mean? Always in a fight?"

Jill: "No, he charges everything."

The boy stood on the burning deck,
He said he wouldn't leave;
For if that deck burned from under him,
He had another up his sleeve.

Professor: "You're not afraid of insects, are you, my little miss?"

Co-ed: "No, indeed! I feel perfectly safe with you."

Student: "There seems to be some dirt in my watch."

Jeweler: "That must be the 'sands of time.'"

Astronomy Prof.: "Just let my derby represent the moon."

Infamous Frosh: "But, Professor, is the moon inhabited?"

He who hesitates—marries another girl.

A wart is your best friend—always on hand.

Wiser: "A baker is a foolish fellow."

Bud-weiser: "How so?"

Wiser: "Because he sells what he kneads."

Willie (at zoo): "Gee, ma, that monkey looks like papa."

Mother (heatedly): "Why, Willie, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Willie: "Aw, gee whiz, he can't understand what I said!"

Prof. Teachout: "Your pneumatic contrivance has ceased to function."

Mr. Chester: "Er what?"

Prof: "The cylindrical apparatus which supports your vehicle is no longer inflated."

Chester: "But——."

Prof: "The elastic fabric surrounding the circular frame whose successive revolutions bear you onward in space has not retained its pristine roundness."

Chester: "Would you kindly——."

"Spook" Helbig: "Hey, Mr. Chester, you got a flat tire!"

Sheik Downs was out in his sporty speedster the other day and sighting a nifty flapper offered a ride.

"Are you bound north?" she asked.

"Oh, sure, I'm going right up that way," said he.

"Well, you can give my regards to the Eskimos," was the sweet reply.

| Name of Senior | Known As | Specialty | Ambition To | Admired For |
|-------------------------|--------------|--------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Bain, Henrietta | "Hennie" | Getting C. P's | Be a Violinist | Seriousness |
| 2. Bergman, Paul | "Bow-Wow" | Shaving | Weigh 125 | Good Nature |
| 3. Downs, William | "Sheik" | Rushin' Girls | Be a Movie Director | Dumbness |
| 4. Fischer, Alma | "Alma" | M. D's | Be a Nurse | Disposition |
| 5. Fitzpatrick, James | "Fitz" | Automobiles | Be a Conductor | Irishness |
| 6. Hendrickson, Gladys | "Gorilla" | Rushin' Men | Live in Amityville | Impishness |
| 7. Hendrickson, Venus | "Speedy" | " " | " " " | " " |
| 8. Hill, John | "Ginny" | Class Management | Ride a Bicycle | Hick Abilities |
| 9. Hosken, Evelyn | "Hossy" | Harley-Davidsons | Win a Race | Curly Hair |
| 10. Howell, Carleton | "Kelly" | Women | Troy—with Helen | Versatility |
| 11. Hurlbut, Dorothy | "Dudo" | "Up State" | Be a Physics Prof. | Scout Leadership |
| 12. Jamison, Marion | "Jamey" | "Jimmies" | Own a Drug Store | Curls |
| 13. Jarvis, James | "Jimmie" | Lucky Strikes | ? | "Ask His Mother" |
| 14. Kirkup, Alice | "Al" | Rest | Collect Antiques | Herself |
| 15. Kovas, Joseph | "Joe" | Red Cheeks | Be a Matinee Idol | Bashfulness |
| 16. Longenecker, Bessie | Bessie | Book-keeping | Play a Jew Harp | Personality |
| 17. Melton, Mary | "Mary Alice" | " " | Be "The Ice Maiden" | Sweetness |
| 18. Millken, Edward | "Eddie" | Food | Own a Restaurant | Ability to Consume Food |
| 19. Mooney, Mary | "Molly" | Talking | Drive a Car | Smiles |
| 20. O'Neill, Thomas | "Pete" | Anything | Be the Song & Dance Man | Everything |
| 21. Penny, Frances | "Fran" | Quietness | A Circus Ballhoo | Big Heartedness |
| 22. Race, Clarence | "Racey" | "Cradle Snatching" | Motor Salesman | Car |
| 23. Seff, William | "Billy" | Business English | Manager of "Stenos" | Braveness |
| 24. Tecklenberg, C. | "Clem" | Tambourines | Nurse | Disposition |
| 25. Velsor, Eunice | Eunice | Drawing | Artist | Jokes |
| 26. Wells, Rosemae | Rosemae | Ask Her | Reformer | Sarcasm (?) |
| 27. Wilson, Vera | Vera | Red Hair | "Savage" Dumbells | Flaming Youth |

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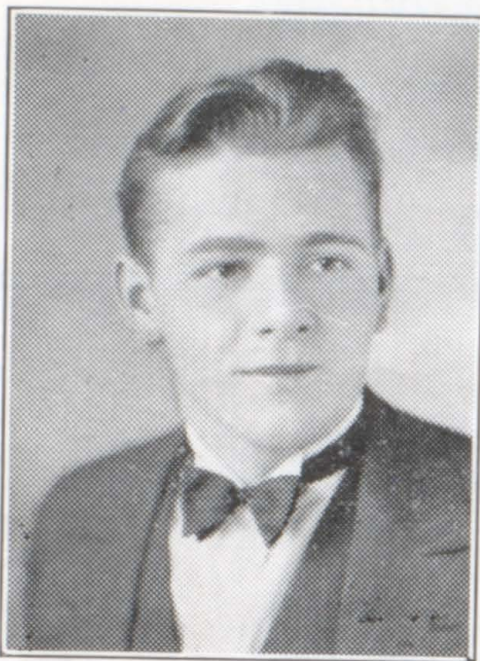
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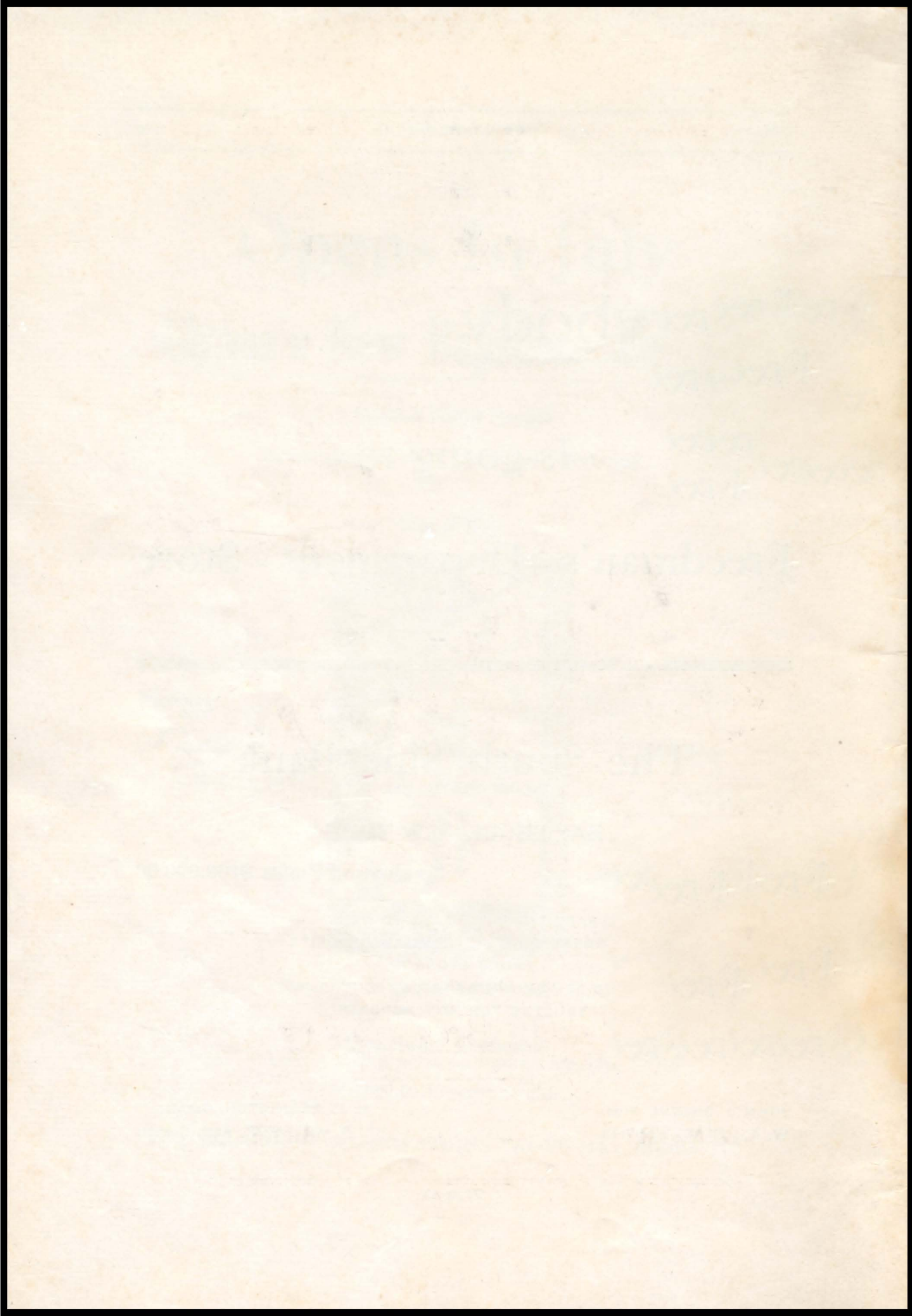
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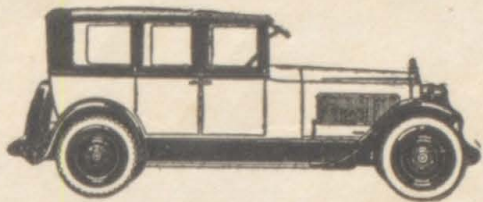
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