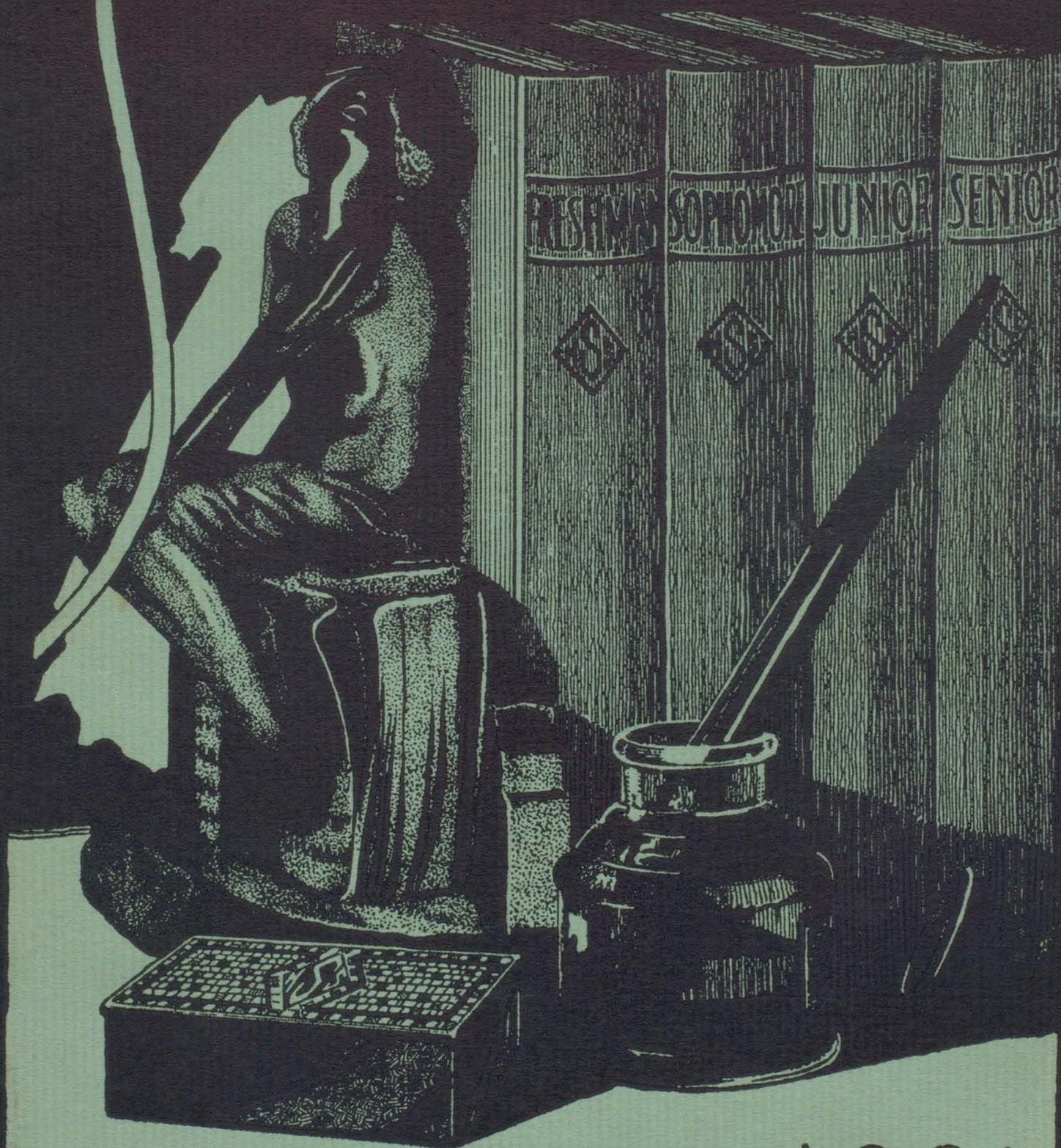
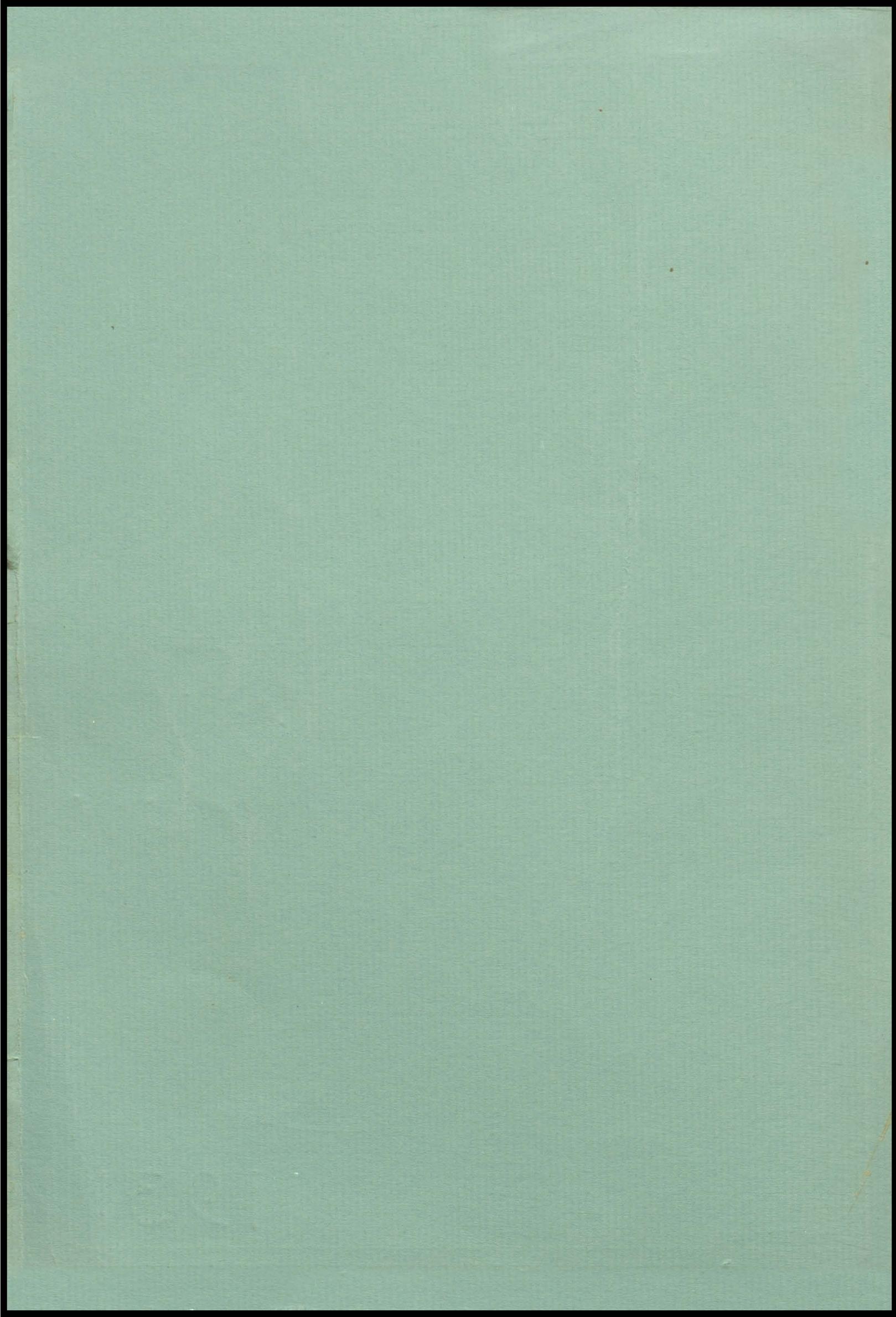
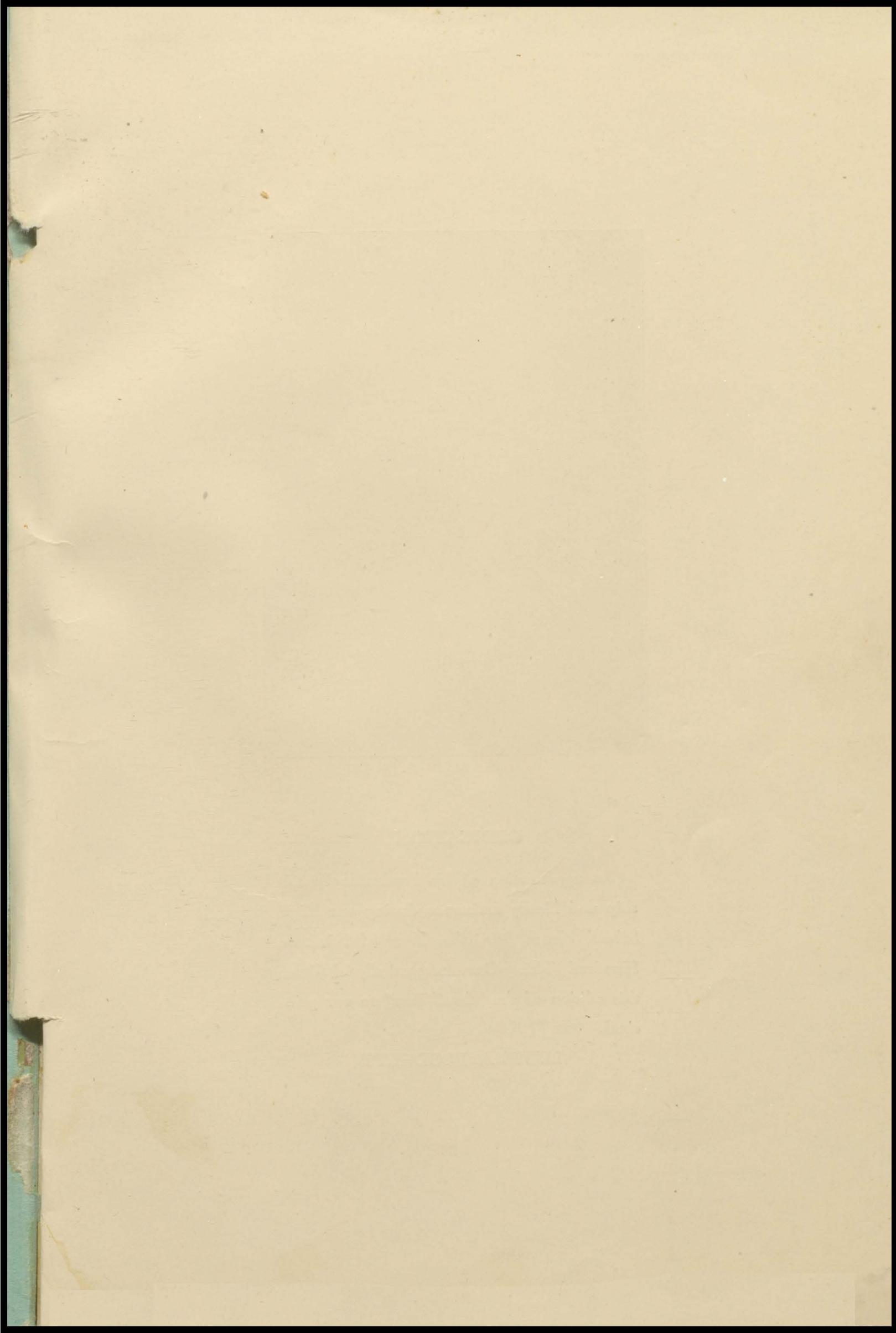


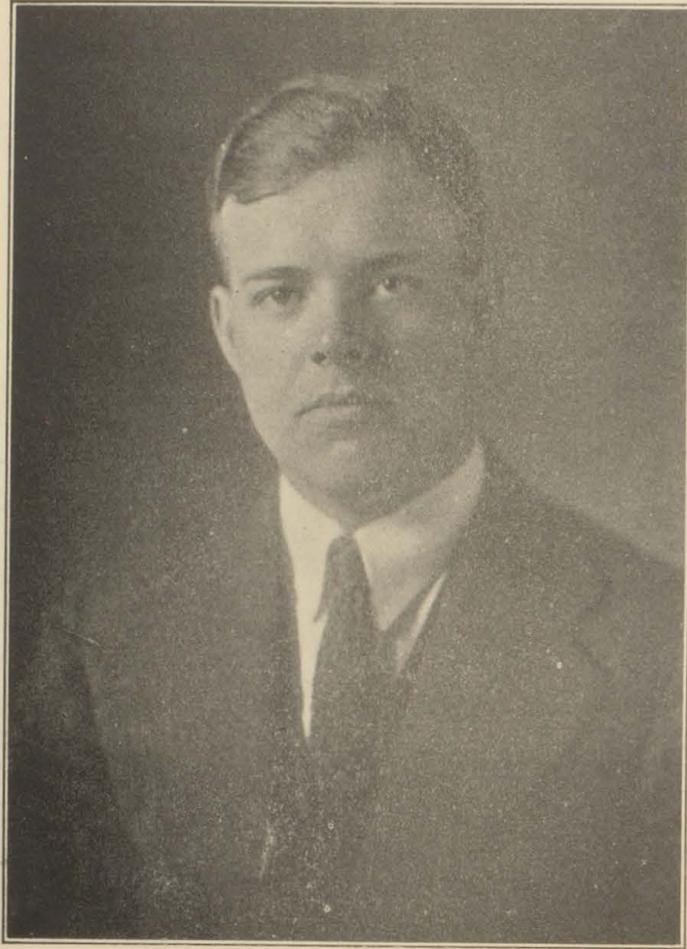
THE nuff box



1931







DEDICATION

In appreciation of his invaluable friendship and kindly assistance during our High School course, We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Thirty-One, respectfully dedicate this edition of the "Snuff Box" to our principal,

LEWIS A. BLODGETT

THE SNUFF BOX

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SOUTHOLD, N. Y.

Vol. 8

JUNE, 1931

The Staff

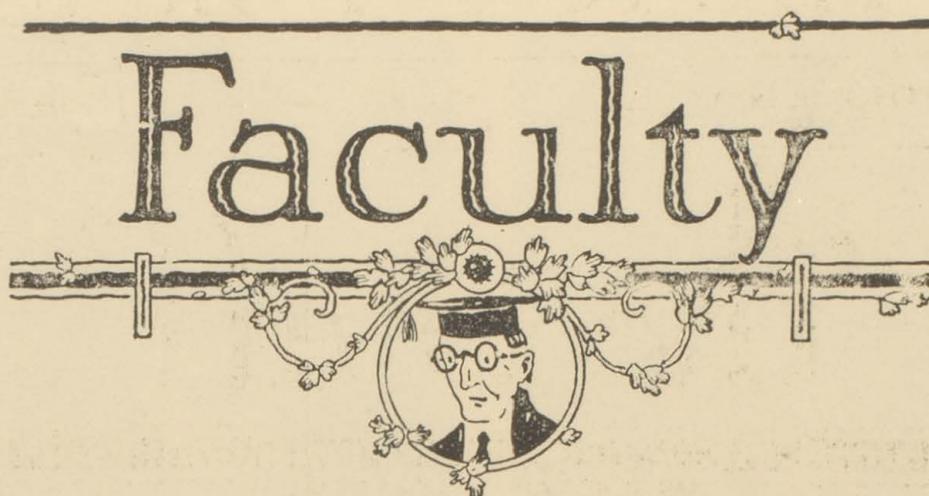


EDITORIAL

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| Editor-in-Chief | Leonie Stacy '31 |
| Associate Editors | { R. Lorraine Kollmer '32 Hayden Allen '32 |
| Business Manager | Jerome Grattan '31 |
| Assistant Business Managers | { Rensselaer Terry '32 Warren Sterling '32 Lloyd Dickerson '33 |
| Literary Editor | Thomas Burns '31 |
| Athletic Editors | { Muriel Young '31 Laurence Carroll '31 |
| Joke Editor | Beverly Gordon '33 |
| Exchange Editor | Nora McCaffery '31 |
| Alumni Editor | Robert Gagen '30 |
| Faculty Adviser | Kathleen Malone |

Class Editors

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| Senior Class | Alyce Clark |
| Junior Class | Lois Billard |
| Sophomore Class | Anne Thompson |
| Freshman Class | Elizabeth Allen |



| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Principal | LEWIS A. BLODGETT, A. B. |
| French and English | KATHLEEN V. MALONE, A. B. |
| Science | ALFRED E. DART, B. S. |
| History and Mathematics | KATHLEEN M. WHALEN, B. S. |
| Latin and English | ESTHER M. BENEDICT, A. B. |
| Eighth Grade | EDNA F. MILLER, B. S. |
| Seventh Grade | ANNE ESTOCK |
| Sixth Grade | RUTH T. SYMONDS, Ph. B. |
| Fifth Grade | CHARLOTTE T. LINDSAY |
| Fourth Grade | MARJORIE R. SKIFF |
| Third Grade | MARIE H. TUTHILL |
| Second Grade | RUTH YORK |
| First Grade | HEDVIG PEDERSEN |
| Music | LOUISE C. METZ, A. B. |
| School Nurse | ASTA E. PEDERSEN |

BOARD OF EDUCATION

| | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|---------------|
| Frederick K. Terry | President | |
| William L. Williams | Clerk | |
| George H. Dickerson | J. Leo Thompson | Thomas C. Fox |
| Albert W. Albertson | William A. Wells | |

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THELMA RUTH BURNS

"To those who know thee not,
No words can paint!
And those who know thee,
Know all words are faint."

Literary Editor of "Snuff Box" '31;
"In Old Vienna" '31; Glee Club, '31.

Although your stay with us has been comparatively short, Thelma, your genial disposition and ready cooperativeness have won for you a place which, though lightly termed, may be deemed enviable. Your literary and artistic abilities are unquestionable, and as for scholastic standing, we find you "hard to beat." Our very best wishes for your success as a nurse!



GEORGE WARNER CLARK

"As prone to mischief as able
to perform it."

George, you seem to be inevitably and inseparably associated with wit and mischief. Yet in spite of your apparent inattentiveness to all things serious, you have maintained a very creditable scholastic standing. We shall certainly miss your personality in classes next year, especially in French class, where your many humorous phonetic versions were ever prevalent.

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ALICE VICTORIA CLARK
"Al"

"Wisdom sits alone topmost in heaven."

Literary Editor "Snuff Box" '29, '30; Senior Editor "Snuff Box" '31; Glee Club, '29, '30, '31; "In Old Vienna" '31. Salutatorian.

Al, being a devoted sister, there can be no doubt but that much of your wit may be traced to the association of a clever brother. He has led us to believe much, but we do know that your superior scholastic record can be attributed to nothing other than your own perseverance and industry. Our best wishes for a well deserved success.



LAURENCE SULLIVAN
CARROLL
"Larry"

"Wit and wisdom are born with man."

"In Old Vienna" '31; High School Orchestra, '28, '29; Associate Editor "Snuff Box" '30; Athletic Editor "Snuff Box" '31; Baseball, '30; Baseball Scorer, '30, '31.

Larry, we are at a loss to ascertain why you should permit your abilities to be eclipsed by your ready sarcasm. Beneath your armor of irony, however, we have discovered your many redeeming qualities and capabilities. Why not place these in the foreground, for we are sure that with your natural attainments supported by persevering industry, success will be immediate.

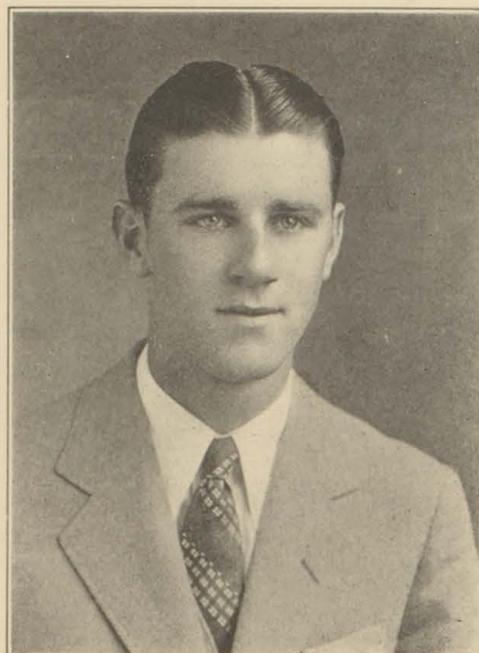
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HELEN KRUKOWSKI

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Helen, what is your secret formula for a charming disposition? Your personality surely is magnetic, especially because of your good nature. If you continue to be as capable in your scholastic endeavors, we predict a positive success for you in your future vocation.



JEROME FRANCIS GRATTAN

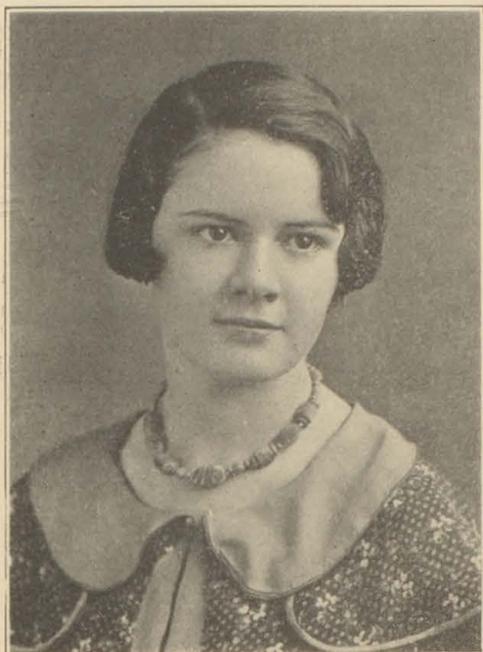
"Giz"

"None but himself can be his parallel!"

Class President, '28, '29, '30, '31; Secretary Athletic Association, '31; Baseball, '28, '29, '30, '31; Basketball, '29, '30, '31; Track, '28, '29, '31; Band, '31; "The Patsy" '30; "In Old Vienna" '31; Assistant Manager "Snuff Box" '29, '30; Business Manager "Snuff Box" '31; Captain Baseball, '31.

You have proved a capable and successful class pilot, Jerome, and that in itself is a distinction. Your invaluable versatility has been recognized and appreciated, both in sports and in dramatics. Our best wishes for well assured success!

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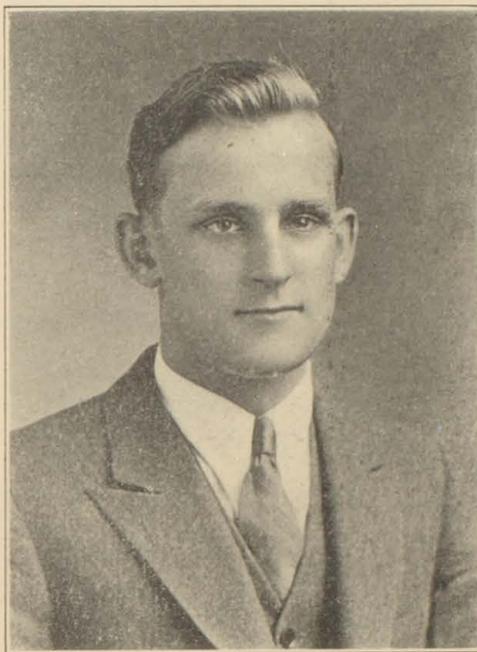


NORA MARGARET
McCAFFERY

"Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage."

Secretary of Class, '28, '29; Class Editor of "Snuff Box" '29; Exchange Editor of Snuff Box" '31.

Nora, we have marveled at your miniature stature, which, however, seems no hindrance to your marvelous scholastic attainments. You possess all the attributes that accompany titian hair, except perhaps, that cool reserve which has so often silenced us, but which, undoubtedly, will be most effective for the necessary professional dignity of a teacher.



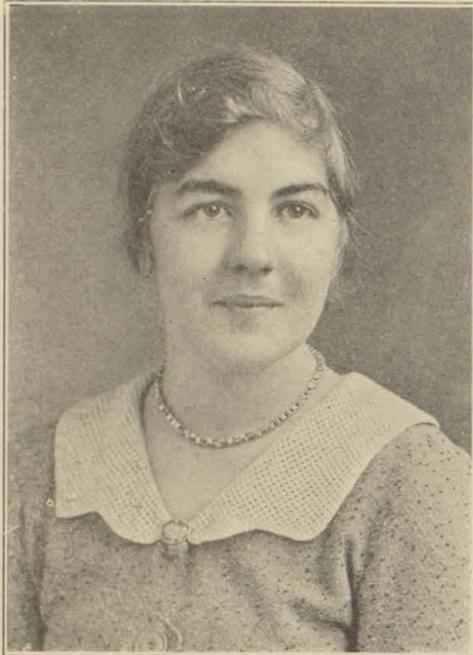
WESLEY EDWARD ORŁOWSKI
"Wes"

"A true friend is forever a friend."

Baseball, '28, '29, '30, '31; Basketball, '29, '30, '31; Manager of Basketball Team, '31; Tennis, '31; Track, '30; Captain of Track Team, '31; Manager of Track Team, '30; "In Old Vienna" '31; Finance Committee, '30.

Jovial, dependable, industrious, and ever friendly, are all applicable to you, "Wes." There can be no doubt but that your winning disposition will be as conducive to success in the future as it has been during high school.

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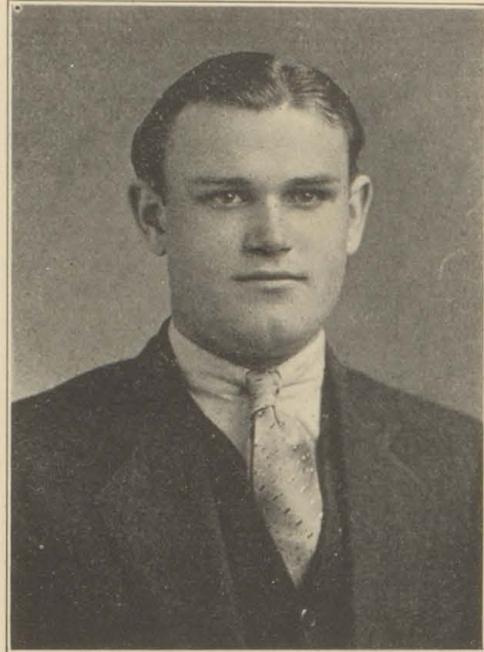


LEONIE WILLIAMS STACY
"Lee"

"Great things thru greatest
hazards are achieved,
And then they shine."

Orchestra, '29, '30, '31; Treasurer, '30, '31; Winner of New York Times Research Prize, '31; Literary Editor of "Snuff Box" '28, '29; Associate Editor of "Snuff Box" '30; Editor of "Snuff Box," '31; Valedictorian; Glee Club, '28, '29, '31.

Your attainments and accomplishments, Lee, seem to be unlimited. In your own characteristically quiet and retiring way, you have done much for the support of all Senior activities. Perseverance has been your plume and grateful respect your recompense. May your life be as beautiful as your music!



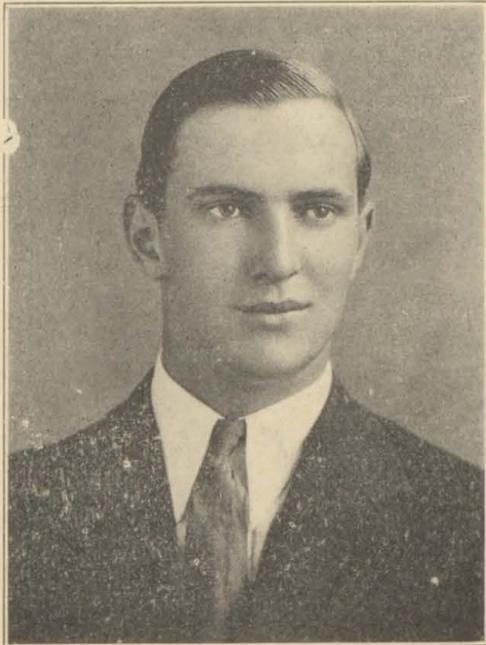
FRANCIS ASBURY STRASSER
"Sonny"

"Vain would I climb, but that
I fear to fall."

Class Treasurer, '28, '29; "The Patsy" '30; "In Old Vienna" '31; Tennis, '31; Orchestra, '28, '29, '30, '31.

You have a certain sureness of manner and innate independence which characterize your outlook upon life. Your Icarian inclinations should lead you to soar far above most of us—in aviation—at any rate, but we trust that you will favor us with a few condescensions—in the Wright way. Happy Landing!

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EMORY ROBERT TUTHILL
"Tut"

"Happy am I—from care I'm free,
Why aren't all contented like me."

Baseball, '30, '31; Basketball, '30, '31;
Assistant Manager, '30; Track, '30, '31;
"In Old Vienna" '31; Finance Commit-
tee Athletic Association, '31.

Your marvelous versatility has truly proven a great help in your all-around athletic achievements. There are few who could take your place. But tell us, "Tut," do you honestly think that you could have done so well without the Sophomore girls to inspire you? Seriously, though, we hope you will do well in future enterprises.



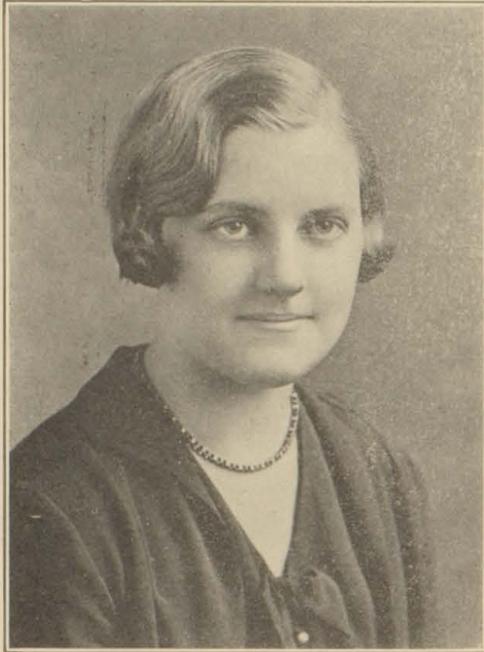
MIRIAM CASE WHITNEY
"Midge"

"Blessed with that charm—the
certainty to please."

Glee Club, '28, '29, '31; Joke Editor
"Snuff Box" '29; Vice President Class,
'30, '31; "In Old Vienna" '31.

Since you are perfect in poise and contented in self-contained flawless-ness you have succeeded in winning the admiration of all. Excellent grades, amiable disposition, and good looks are your fortunate possessions. For dependability and usefulness your superior would be hard to find.

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MURIEL A. YOUNG
"Mibbs"

"They that govern the most,
make the least noise."

Basketball, '28, '29, '30, '31; Track, '28, '29; Glee Club, '28, '29, '31; Vice President Class, '28, '29; Class Editor "Snuff Box" '30; Secretary Class, '30, '31; President Athletic Association, '31; Girls' Athletic Editor "Snuff Box" '31; Manager Girls' Basketball Team, '31; "In Old Vienna" '31; Vice President Athletic Association, '30.

Even though you may lack in stature, you are not wanting in generosity or capability. One of your most charming possessions is a consistently good nature. Efficient, amiable, and at all times cooperative, you have succeeded in winning the much coveted admiration of both faculty and students.



GENEVIEVE ZENESKI

"A good book is the best of friends,
The same today and forever."

It may have been your unfathomably deep blue eyes or it may have been your happy disposition that has won for you, Jessie, a host of friends. We marvel at your ability to keep up with your class work, especially when your entire attention seems to be at all times focused upon the romantic element found in fiction or letters from a Trojan.

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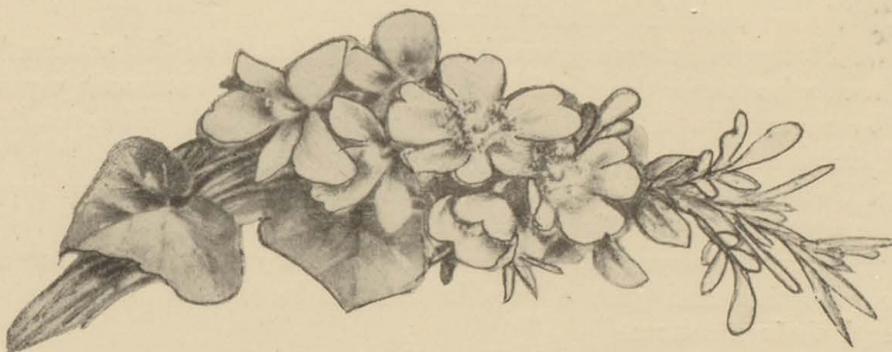


ANNA ELIZABETH ZAVESKI

"Ann"

"In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all."

Anna, you may be called a girl with a mind of your own. Sometimes reserved, sometimes bubbling over with enthusiasm, you have driven us to believe that you play two different roles in life. But as you have worked hard, you deserve hearty commendation for your gratifying results.



EDITORIAL

PARENT—TEACHER ASSOCIATION

This has been a splendid year for our Parent-Teacher Association. One of our friends said that the cooperation between our teachers and our mothers this year has been unusually fine and sincere. We, who have the welfare of our children, our teachers, and our parents at heart, feel that this has been a most worth while year for us all. It has been said that "If our best of today is not better than our best of yesterday, it is not our best." We have put our best into the work this year, all of us. We set ourselves an almost overwhelming task at the close of last year, but we feel that we have come somewhere near reaching our goal.

Our first appearance this year was our Welcome Party for our teachers in September. It was a wonderful party this year. We were the guests of Mrs. Redden in her beautiful home on Indian Neck. As a hostess, Mrs. Redden leaves nothing to be desired. She keeps open house for the teachers and grade mothers always.

For our October meeting we had a "Visit School Day." Each of the grades exhibited work, and mothers were invited to visit each room and were given an opportunity to join the Parent-Teacher Association. Then there was a program by grade children and a "get acquainted social" in the auditorium, at which time the new teachers were introduced and all of our teachers were welcomed.

Our November meeting was held during American Education Week, and those who were there still speak of the most interesting program given by several pupils and teachers concerning worth-while reading for school children.

In December we had a Card and Domino Party, the proceeds of which went to the New York State Teachers' Welfare Fund.

Dr. Daisy Robinson, from the State Board of Health, came to our January meeting and gave a very instructive lecture on Hygiene to our girls and their mothers.

Our Primary Party was held in February. The program was very well given by the children of the first four grades.

In March the Intermediate Party was held, the program being given by the children of the last four grades.

In April the High School Party consisted of a very much enjoyed sketch given by High School students, after which the parents present

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held a very interesting discussion of problems vital to youth and to their mothers and fathers.

At each of these meetings a prize was given to the grade having the highest percentage of mothers represented.

Our banquet in May is always counted on by three groups of people—mothers, daughters and teachers. It is always inspiring, but this year it seemed to be an unusually glorious occasion. More than ever we have cherished an ideal this year, and in striving to reach it, we have learned the fine art of cooperation.

Our usual Springtime Operetta, given by the grade children, and for the benefit of our Parent-Teacher Association, was presented in May. A very large audience showed its great appreciation of the efforts of the children, under the very efficient guidance of our musical directress, Miss Louise Metz. It was a never-to-be-forgotten affair.

We are very proud of our achievements this year. We are deeply grateful to our teachers who have helped so willingly and so capably in so many ways. We are sincerely appreciative of the interest of the mothers in making our organization one of mutual benefit to three great groups—our parents, our teachers, and our children. We must go forward; there is much to do. It is a challenge to all of us who realize what real cooperation means. There is no task too overwhelming if consecrated parents and conscientious teachers work together in building the characters of our citizens of the future.

If you have a child in school, you should be vitally interested in the Parent-Teacher Association. We need you. Accept the challenge; come and join us next year. It is a wonderful privilege. Come, help us to make next year one never to be forgotten in inspiration to parents and teachers and children.

Someone has said: "Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully."

Let us love doing a great work in the Parent-Teacher Association. For "It's faith in something and enthusiasm for it that makes our lives worth while."

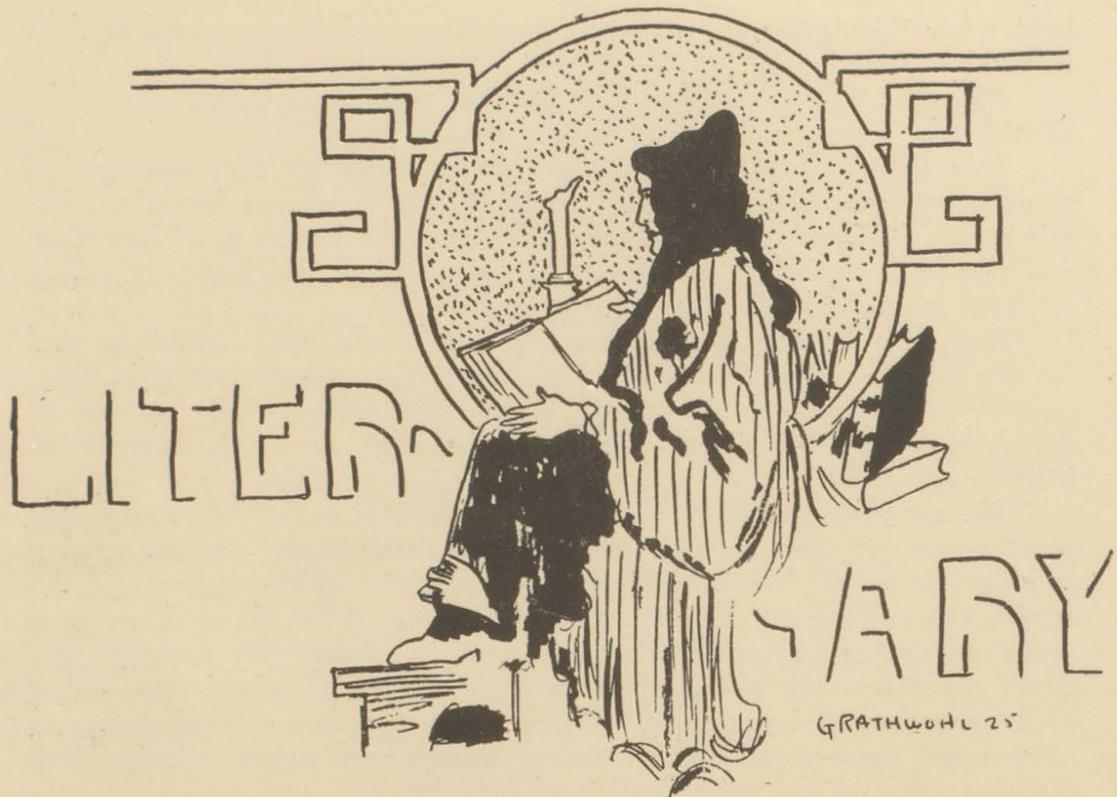
MARIAN F. OVERTON

Miss Whalen—"If the President, Vice President and all the members of the Cabinet were killed in a train accident, who would take charge?"

Mary Furey—"The undertaker."

Miss Whalen—"Nothing could daunt the spirit of those patriotic Americans who staged the famous Boston Tea Party in the midst of winter, with temperatures far below freezing."

George Worth—"That's probably when iced tea was invented."



As their contribution toward better citizenship, a group of newspapers, including The New York Times, sponsor and finance annually the National Oratorical Contest on the Constitution. Contestants are at liberty to choose their own topics on any phase of the Constitution. A preliminary Research Prize of ten dollars is offered for the best written oration. The prize was awarded to Leonie Stacy for her essay entitled, "The Constitution—To Form a More Perfect Union," which we are publishing herewith.

THE CONSTITUTION: "TO FORM A MORE PERFECT UNION"

It was the farseeing Benjamin Franklin who, in 1754, when advocating his plan of union for better intercolonial relations, said, "United we stand, divided we fall." This simple phrase sounds the very keynote of the new intellectual and moral change that characterizes American history during the second half of the eighteenth century. The colonists were, at that time, no longer adverse, but on the contrary, quite willing to consider their relations to each other.

However, this noble theory of unity among the colonies was first prompted by a common dread—a terrorizing fear of the French and

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Indians who made savage attacks upon the little seaboard dependencies. But when France's colonial empire in North America fell, dragging in its wake the diminution of the red man's power, the desire for union abated.

The colonies were combined in 1765, nevertheless, to protest against the oppressive stamp tax, and such strength had their opposition that Parliament was forced to abandon that way of gaining revenue.

Again in 1772, Massachusetts, under the leadership of Samuel Adams, made an important step toward concerted action. All towns in this colony had appointed committees of correspondence for the express purpose of apprising each other of chief events, foreign and local. At the instigation of Virginia, this system was extended to all the colonies, and was helpful in feeding the flame of liberty and also effective in diffusing the doctrine of resistance.

During the months which followed, the agitation grew to such immense proportions that when the English monarch, George III, scorned the colonists' "Olive Branch" petition and hired Hessian troops to coerce them, the bond of loyalty, which, up to this time, had been deemed indestructible, was torn asunder. In a fever of excitement, and heedless of the grave consequences which might arise, a movement was made in Congress to declare independency of England. Thomas Jefferson penned the document which still arouses admiration and enthusiasm for its eloquence and democratic principles.

This declaration did not induce all the colonists to lay down their allegiance to England and fight for liberty. The question has often, and rightly, been asked, "During the Revolution were the States one nation or thirteen?" Indeed no colonist thought the Declaration of Independence binding, but regarded it simply as a joint resolution in order, to use the phrase Franklin coined, that they might all "hang together." Consequently, the first great peril to the colonies lay, not in England's overwhelming numbers, but in American disunion. One-third of the population was of the Tory element, and what was worse, a good many people sold their produce to the British army for a handsome sum while Washington's brave men were suffering from starvation, and lack of sufficient clothing. Still others, prompted by selfish and wicked motives, refused to contribute their share of the taxes for the support of the Continental Army unless the war was threatening their own colony. Lack of organization in the army exposed the common soldier to cruel privations, for he was improperly clothed and armed. Is there small wonder, then, that recruits were not forthcoming and that desertions frequently occurred? The only signs of union during the very distressing years were the First and Second Continental Congresses which assembled at Philadelphia in 1774 and 1775, respectively. The Second Continental Congress acted in the capacity of a governmental body until a new one was formed.

A national government was inaugurated in 1781 under John Dickinson's articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union. Each colony,

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which had now taken the form of a state, had some expectation of a union due to the knowledge that a common bond must unite them or they'd perish, but they made the grave mistake of fashioning their powers superior to those of the federal government.

(1). However, the famous historian Bancroft said of this system, "a better one could not then have been accepted; but, with all its faults, it contained the elements for the evolution of a more perfect union."

(2). Profiting by another mistake in the old system, in which a selected body of men wielded all powers, three separate departments of government were created: legislative, executive, and judicial. This wise procedure prevents the encroachment of one department upon another—a situation which could easily lead to monarchy.

What a total failure this first experiment proved to be! What luckless years were the next seven! Their expanse might well be termed the "Critical Period," for they spelled a crisis in American history. Great Britain and Spain held American rights to count for nothing but contempt, while there was the dire threat of domestic anarchy. Commercial, boundary and tariff disputes between the States almost caused serious wars, the currency declined alarmingly in value, and the country was needlessly slow in recovering from its fight for liberty—all because the central government was unmistakably weak. Washington made note of this in 1786, "I predict the worst consequences from a half starved, limping government, tottering at every step." Finally, through the medium of Shay's Rebellion, the Annapolis Convention, and the sudden increase of lawlessness, men realized that something drastic must be done.

The body of men that assembled in Philadelphia, in response to the call that had been issued, represented the ablest statesmen of the land, who had, in addition to their noble patriotism and pure motives, a broad and helpful political experience. The task before them was great and arduous because upon their achievements rested the ruin or prosperity of America. Under the guidance of such brilliant men as Madison, Hamilton, Franklin and Washington the convention successfully brought to an illustrious conclusion the two-fold problem of creating a strong central government and of determining the relations of this government to individual citizens as well as to States. The latter sentiment was first discussed in a pamphlet written by Pelatiah Webster in 1783 and gradually took form in the debates of the convention. This idea of national unity among the population did not pass, however, without being severely attacked by representatives of state sovereignty. A strong central government was fashioned by correcting the mistakes and weaknesses of which the articles had made an ostentatious display.

Under the articles there was no guiding executive or national judiciary, while the Constitution provides for a President with sufficient authority, and a Supreme Court. This furthers union by creating a chief for America and by preventing prolonged quarrels, for the Supreme Court's decision is final.

Two reasons for the failure of the government in 1786 were the

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lack of funds, for it was government by supplication, and the restricting of the ratification of an amendment to the approval of all States. These shortcomings were remedied under the Constitution by allotting to Congress the powers of laying and collecting taxes, and having an amendment proposed by two-thirds of the State Legislatures and ratified by three-fourths of them. This provision implies futurity of the government by giving it power to support its operation and by opposing hasty changes in its form.

No more commercial animosities which tend to disrupt amenities are to be harbored, for Congress now has control over interstate commerce.

We might say that the Constitution is founded upon compromise, figuratively speaking, between liberty and union. Never before, in the history of the ages, had men balanced these two essentials so finely. The world gazes with admiration upon a document so near perfection in this respect, a thing which man had for so many centuries tried in vain to bring about. Greece, in her furious outcry for liberty, had not visualized the great strength that union procures, so her vast empire decayed and died, leaving her only memories of those once glorious days, when she was queen of the ancient world, to console her. Rome realized the need of union, but made the mistake of strangling the child Liberty, and for this sin she suffered consequences. It was decreed that our Revolutionary fathers should be left to join these two opposing forces in perpetual wedlock, so that we could profit by the benefits of both. Webster showed he understood the value of combining these two qualities when, in later years, he cried with a majestic ring in his voice: "Liberty and Union; now and forever, one and inseparable!"

When the Constitutional Convention adjourned the Seventeenth of September, a great work had been accomplished. A document had been framed which sought to make an experiment of a new idea—an idea which has been mentioned previously—that of a perpetual union between the people of the United States instead of a federal league between States. How successful this sentiment has proven! It has trained the people to dwell in harmony under a strong central government, has taught them the merits derived from legality and order. This wise plan has also helped to strengthen conservative instincts and to ascertain the excellence of stableness and permanence in political adjustments.

The Constitution is an instrument of popular will, and if its chief object was "to form a more perfect union," every interpretation of its powers ought to have a continuous regard for this aim. Lincoln had this in mind when he refused to consider the seceded States as having withdrawn from the Union. To prove his point he argued that endless duration was the basic law of all governments, and therefore the Union of the States was imperishable.

With a strong central government a way had been found to touch all the people of the United States, to unite them, to give them something which would arouse national pride and veneration. All Americans formerly bound by the common ties of language, customs, laws and fear of the French and Indians, were at last permanently allied by a supreme

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law of the land. The illustrious politician, Salmon P. Chase, has left us a heritage—a little phrase which summarizes the whole ideal purpose of our wonderful national document—"The Constitution in all its provisions looks to an indestructible Union composed of indestructible States."

"United we stand, divided we fall." The framers of the Constitution put to a test Franklin's wise motto, and it has become immortal!

LEONIE STACY, '31

A LITTLE LESSON IN HISTORY

If one were to ask the members of the various history classes in the Southold High School for data on the old stone mill at Newport; or, the fort at St. Augustine; or, the age of Faneuil Hall compared with that of Independence Hall, one could expect a reasonably correct answer. Rhode Island, Florida, Boston and Philadelphia are distant enough to receive our respectful attention.

If the same group of students were asked to point out the oldest frame structure built by the English colonists there would be some wild guessing and it would be extremely hard to settle definitely on the various claims. Yet daily the students in our High School pass what remains of the oldest frame building of English construction in these United States.

No tablet marks its walls and there is nothing about the simple building to indicate its rare distinction. Once it was a kitchen and today it serves as a carpenter shop. It has been altered almost beyond recognition. But if those who saw the extraordinary faithful replica Mr. Charles Kramer made of the early Horton house were to compare this altered building with the Kramer model, they would be able to find the outlines of the original building.

Most of our students have a fair idea of the battles of the Revolution, but, suppose one were to ask them to name three houses in Southold that underwent bombardment during the War for Independence, what percentage would pass this test? We know about Bunker Hill; we are fully informed on the Battle of Saratoga; we know where the rude bridge that arched the flood stood. Concord and Lexington are familiar subjects. Yet, who among us know that the Boisseau house, which stood near the Sound; the Vail homestead near the Bay, and the home of James Horton, first settler of Bay View, received this distinction at the hands of George the Fourth's armed forces. Hidden in obscure places the records of these attacks exist. In truth we do not know much about the history of our own town.

The next time you go to school give a minute from your baseball and look at the carpenter shop on Oak Lawn Avenue. You will see the name of R. S. Sturges over the door. The northerly half is all that remains of the old Horton house. This house was torn down in 1884 and the kitchen moved to this site. Beyond a peradventure, as the historical novelists would say, this is the oldest frame building in America of English construction.

—N. D., '33.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

The omniscient Sherlock Holmes, with his quaint air of condescension and his oft-repeated "Elementary, my dear Watson," is destined to live forever in the hearts of both young and old. One visualizes him as a man of flesh and blood, a man who has truly lived, a man who, after filling his pipe, taking his magnifying-glass from his pocket, and examining a speck of dust, has actually been able to name the murderer. It is perplexing to realize that this super-sleuth was merely the brain-child of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, but the fact only accentuates the genius of the author, for, in portraying his hero, he knew precisely how far to enter the realms of the fantastic without becoming absurd.

Few people are aware that Doyle, besides being a great writer, was an excellent physician and a prominent crusader for spiritualism. His medical kit was seldom in use, however, but his mind was always busy trying to lift the veil of psychic phenomena. When he sensed that Death was tightening her clammy arms around him, he smilingly awaited his departure "into the mists he sought to pierce," viewing such things with an equanimity that was largely due to his vast amount of research work.

Having descended from Scotch-Irish lineage, Arthur Conan Doyle was born in Edinburgh, on May 22, 1859. During his early years, neighboring schools solved the problem of his education—neighboring schools and brutal schoolmasters who believed firmly in the old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

At sixteen, the youth was sent to Germany, after the fashion of the time. There, his Catholic beliefs were utterly destroyed, and to quote his own words, "Both from my reading and from my studies I found the foundations, not only of Roman Catholicism but of the whole Christian faith, as presented to me in Nineteenth Century theology, were so weak that my mind could not build upon them." This probably accounts for the agnostic Holmes.

Returning from Germany, Doyle entered Edinburgh University as a medical student. When he received his degree at twenty-one, wanderlust seized him, and as ship's surgeon he voyaged to the west coast of Africa before settling down to a meager practice in Portsmouth, England. Then, in 1885, Fate bade him marry Louise Hawkins, of Minsterworth, and Financial Pressure decreed that he renounce the doctor's profession for that of author, since he was having such a terrific struggle trying to make both ends meet.

His literary ventures were successful from the very beginning. He and his wife were now living in the heart of London, and it was in that locality the illustrious Sherlock was given his residence—a small Georgian house on Baker Street with a colorless brick front, tiny windows, and iron hand-rails at the door. One can easily imagine the famous detective in such an atmosphere, peering from behind the curtains at a cab driven by a suspicious character, or, perhaps, deciphering a difficult code.

The following years (from 1887 to 1891) were filled with remarkable

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literary achievement for Doyle. "A Study in Scarlet," "Micah Clarke," "The Sign of Four," and "The White Company," were all greeted by his publisher with great enthusiasm. A trip to Switzerland proved an intermission for a short while, but as soon as the newly-discovered author reached England again he wrote "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Stark Munro Letters," "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," and many other interesting novels, besides some excellent plays and poems. "The Great Boer War," a volume that appeared in 1900, caused him to be made a knight of the realm, and so popular did the book become that it was translated into twelve languages and 100,000 copies were distributed by the British Government.

In 1906, Sir Arthur's wife died. She had previously been ill for a long time, but her husband suffered a severe shock and in desperation, sought solace in spiritualism.

The next year, he married again, his second wife being Jean Leckie, daughter of James Blythe Leckie of Glebe House, Blackheath. He had now dropped fiction entirely, writing only about the world of souls, and when his son was killed in the Great War, his belief in the supernatural became doubly strong.

A big man physically, the amiable Sir Arthur had the appearance of a typical Englishman—especially when he was attired for golf in rough tweed knickers and cap. His two particular recreations were cycling and walking, while he dabbled slightly in politics as a side line, but without much success. In his college days he gained quite a reputation as a cricket player, and up to the time of his death, on July 7, 1930, he was regarded as an unfailing authority on billiards.

Conan Doyle's accomplishments were many and varied, and his contributions, literary or otherwise, were at all times truly acceptable. He will permanently dwell in our memories as one of the noblest men who have ever lived.

A. V. C. '31.

DIAMOND CHIPS

It was the day of the faculty baseball game. Mr. Blodgett glanced at the clock. Two-thirty. He fretted an instant and then throwing caution to the zephyrs stalked off to find Mr. Vail.

"Mr. Vail, do you think it will be all right to let school out at three o'clock so we can begin that ball game?"

"Why, I don't know. I guess it will be all right. Has anyone been tardy this week? Sure. Go ahead!"

The faculty gathered at the diamond. A. Pedersen (Petey) and Aitch Pedersen, captains of opposing sides, had their men picked (and how). Judge Hawkins, famous for his decisions, was to umpire. Brownie included, there were but eight on a team. Southold's right arm of the law, Fred Booth, appeared with two baying blood-hounds in leash.

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"I'll take Mr. Booth for my side. It's my choose," cried Petey.

"Tarnation, ye wont either," said the sleuth, displaying a silver star. "I'll take ye fer parkin' by a hydrant."

"But we're having a ball game. You can't arrest me. Besides, I want you on my side."

"Wal, then, I'll play. I'll not press the charge."

Judge Hawkins gave the constable a dirty look, for he had figured on the fine. (He was appeased later, however, by a Dart-Blodgett plan by which he reaped huge profits in the writing utensil industry.)

"Look here," said the rival Pedersen, "he can't play. He must be connected with the school."

"Humph, I guess I'm truant officer. I play."

"Then I choose the janitor, Mr. Vail," said Aitch Pedersen.

"Play ball," thundered the judge, hammering the pitcher's rubber with a gavel.

Hummer Prince, bat boy, dusted off the clubs and arranged them neatly in a row while Miss York warmed up in the pitcher's box.

The pitcher delivered the ball. It curved both ways and then dropped. Miss Metz, at bat, ducked, got her club in the way and tapped the ball for a single. Booth bunted and was thrown out by Blodgett at first. Metz reached second. Paddy Locker, who was coaching from third, instructed her to steal third. Metz was tagged with the ball in the attempt.

"Two out!" said the judge.

"Only one can be out at a time!" retorted Kitty Kute Malone. "And they can only stay five minutes."

"Very well, sentence suspended," decided Judge Hawkins, as he thumbed the rule book. "Return aforesaid player to third."

Miss Metz, however had vanished with the stolen base. Sherlock Booth unleashed his bloodhounds and soon located her in the auditorium where she was teaching some seniors to sing sour notes for an operetta called "Pickles."

The game continued as Little Orphan Annie Estock's bat found the ball and drove it to center field. Miss Miller (called Dusty, for short) caught the ball in a fur muff which she was wearing.

Little Annie crossed home plate.

"She's out!" said Harry Vail, as he rode in from right field on a power mower.

"Safe!" called Hawkins, having turned a few pages in the book. "Rule states that a muffed ball entitles runner to a base. Run counts!"

Skiff relieved York as pitcher and proved to have an odd assortment of curves and good control. She struck out "Lefty" Grover Whalen easily, retiring the side.

Mrs. Symonds (Cy), twirler for the opposition, threw a few to Petey and the batter was called up.

Crack! Tuthill met the first ball squarely, rounded first, second, and finally limped to third, complaining that she had a charley horse.

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Paddy Locker recovered the ball and held the runner at third.

Aitch signalled for a squeeze play to Brownie, who was demonstrating the best manner of dusting off home plate with a toothbrush.

"I'm going to watch this play," remarked Benny Benedict to a bystander. "I never did quite understand it."

The play was successful, but Benny seemed somewhat disappointed.

The score was now 1-1. Cy appeared slightly nervous.

"Take your wind-up," called Petey, as she held up her mitt for a target.

Mrs. Symonds threw an alarm clock at Petey. "Take it yourself. I'm tired of carrying it."

Aitch Pedersen, jumping down from the deck, gave the umpire a sweet smile and was given a walk by him. Cy was enraged at this procedure and vowed revenge. She drew an ancient hen's egg from her pocket and made a perfect pitch.

"Fowl!" cried the judge, right for once, as he scented an odor of sulphur.

Both sides made home runs, leaving the score 10-10.

The remainder of the game will be played as soon as the diamond is in condition. Eau de Cologne is sprayed daily on the field, and the game will be resumed ere long.

CLASS MOTTO

Factum Fieri Factorum Bene Est

This Latin phrase, which we have chosen for our motto, may be interpreted, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

An act which, in our eyes, would seem, when consummated, to benefit humanity or compass a constructive measure, ought to be performed with utmost care and prudence, so that the full benefit of the accomplishment may be realized. If the desire is hard to win one may be certain it is worthwhile, for the price of precious things is high and the work we must do to attain them is trying. The deed, when accomplished, will surely prove worthy of commendation if we've performed it well and our valiance in the struggle will yield its glorious results. Worthy undertakings help to create self-reliance and courage besides teaching us to appreciate the good and beautiful.

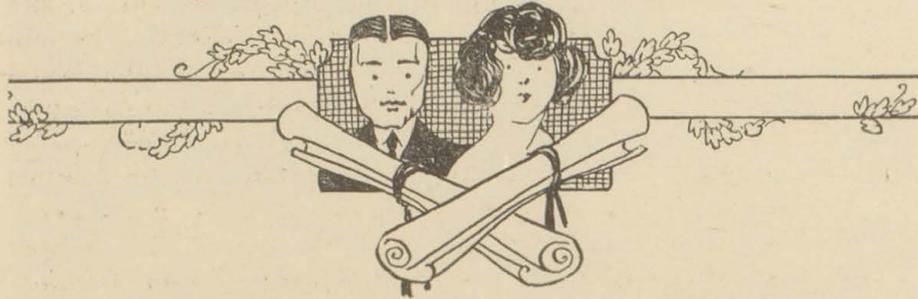
The Seniors, in their course through High School, have ardently tried to enact worthwhile deeds and later in life, when we have some act to do this motto will sing in our hearts, urging us to bring it to a triumphant conclusion:

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

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Senior



DIARY OF THE WASHINGTON TRIP

Washington! That glorious, sparkling city so far away was like to some lustrous star, whose radiance and brilliance defied our imagination and thrilled us with divine pleasure. What a red letter day the seventh of April would be for the Class of '31, for on that date our dream, for the fulfillment of which we had waited four long years, was to come true!

April 7—But alas! on this date, the heavens did not seem elated, for instead of their being sunshiny and blue they were windy and storm-tossed, sending mammoth tear-drops to visit nearby station platforms, where members of the Senior Class were eagerly awaiting the cheery whistle of the early morning steam puffer.

At the metropolis of Philadelphia, we all hopped gaily off the train—I say "gaily," for wouldn't you, if you'd been riding for five hours steady and had had nothing to look at but cards, suitcases and flying landscapes? Our dinner at the Majestic Hotel was consumed with relish and filled with supreme silence, for, strange enough, it seemed that we all had lost the art of talking and eating simultaneously—still dreaming of Washington, I suppose. In the afternoon we were taken on a sightseeing tour, in which very interesting historic places met our view, including Christ Church and the place where our national flag was born—in the story above the quaintest little store you ever saw. The triumph of our tour was the visit to Independence Hall, where we left our trade-marks—now don't get excited, we didn't do an infamous act by writing our names in its guest book, did we? It was truly glorious to lay reverent hands upon the bell which rang out the message that America was henceforth to be a free country, and to walk into the chamber whose floors had proudly borne the steps of Hamilton, Washington and Franklin!

Our first glimpse of Washington was at night, through windows splashed with raindrops, but that did not daunt us a trifle, for we had plenty of sunshine inside the bus between Larry Carroll and George

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Clark. After dinner at our hotel, the Lee House, we all trouped joyfully to the theatre to witness "Mr. Lemon from Orange." Bedtime was about — o'clock this night, and sleep simply could not be courted!

April 8—The sun agreed to cheerily come out of his sulks on this day and shower Washington with his brilliant sunbeams. Indeed I believe most of us witnessed his rising, for all seemed so wide awake and had so many escapades to tell of at eight o'clock breakfast. At nine we embarked on a sightseeing tour about Washington, in the course of which we were whisked to the top of the five hundred and fifty-five foot Washington Monument, from which we had a marvelous view of the surrounding country. Those who climbed the stairs to the summit certainly deserve a medal for fortitude, endurance and sweet temper. Our visit to the Capitol was no less exciting. We viewed the Senate and House chambers with appreciative glances, recalling some famous bills that were passed in each. You see, Miss Whalen, your History Class is quite remarkable! The climax of our visit on this delightful morning was the extreme pleasure we felt when President and Mrs. Hoover appeared on their veranda to greet us. The White House is a lovely mansion, surrounded by green lawns and beautiful trees, while cheery birds and a sparkling fountain help to complete a very pretty picture. After seeing a few more gorgeous edifices we returned to our hotel, for though we can feast our eyes on beauty, our appetites can not be so satisfied, you know.

At two we were taken to Arlington Cemetery, a place that has been made still more beautiful by the simple and stately lines of its Grecian Amphitheatre, and which possesses a soul inspiring monument, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The landscape of the latter was being changed, so we didn't receive its full benefit, but we brought our imaginations into play and found, to our great disgust, that we could only draw a picture of where we would be if those working men chanced to blast at that moment. On the way home, three very dareful people rode through the heavens in a winged traveler of the sky and saw Washington from the air.

In the evening we paid a visit to the memorable Library of Congress. Those great marble stairways and the effective lighting made one feel bound to the illustrious spot, while the material it contained wrapped one in wonder. We ended our day by visiting one of Washington's picture houses, where some of us took a siesta.

April 9—We were now able to find our way back to the Lee House if we went for a walk, so we felt we knew Washington quite well, for our hotel was on the trickiest corner!

This morning we visited the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where we saw money and stamps being made (this certainly opened any sleepy eyes), the very interesting Smithsonian Institution, and the Pan-American Union Building. This edifice was so refreshing and cool, and its parrots so entertaining, that we could have stayed there all the morning—but for the remembrance of the Lincoln Memorial. This was all

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we had imagined, all we had dreamed—its beauty and peacefulness defies description, while French's statue of the Great Emancipator made one stand in wonderment and awe. We awoke from our reverie, however, when we were called to have our pictures taken. These cameramen! Their words are the most electric to startle one from his meditation, "Come! Please hurry! You're going to have your pictures taken!"

In the afternoon we took a trip to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington. It so thrills one to walk over the same threshold a great man did, to ponder over and to touch his belongings with reverent hands, or see the bed on which he breathed his last. Washington's tomb was truly in keeping with this feeling—it being so calm, simple and peaceful.

The evening we had to ourselves; some enjoyed a movie, while three nymphs went to dip themselves in a blue, sun-flecked pool, surrounded by waving willows bending gracefully—oh dear! what place is there for dreaming in a hotel swimming pool, where your goldfish turn into spouting, spluttering whales, the sunbeams turn out to be electric light rays, and the calm and peaceful atmosphere is continually intercepted by cries of: "Now, watch this one!" "Stop pushing me!" "Can you float?"

April 10—We visited a very beautiful monastery on this day. Its paintings and gardens were perfectly divine. On the way home we had a surprise in store for us. We were to be allowed to visit Admiral Byrd's the "City of New York!" This was so much fun! To visit the ship that had conquered the Antarctic! It was truly a remarkable and stirring adventure—indeed so magnetic was it that two members nearly missed their bus! Our trip to Annapolis was very satisfying. We visited many halls and saw the Marines in drill.

This night we had a dance at the Lee House—a very charming affair. We all must have had splendid dreams to experience, for our day had been truly delightful.

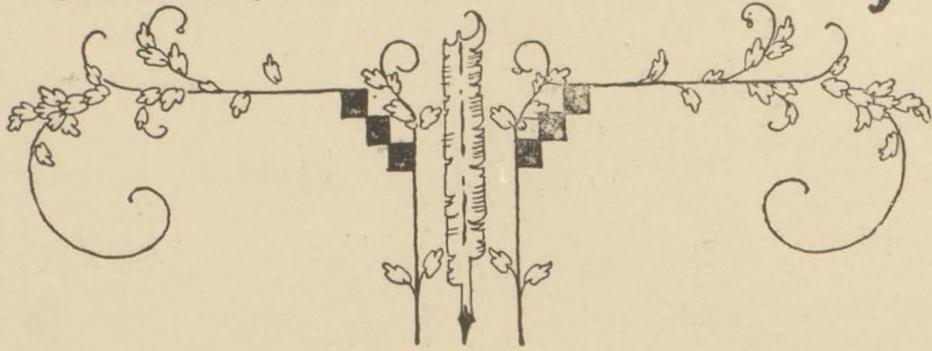
April 11—Goodbye to Washington! We were at her station, catching once again a glimpse of her skyline, the beauty of her huge fountain and busy streets—reluctant to depart from it all. However, soon we were rushing along full speed toward home—but first had to come that appetizing meal on the diner, which all looked forward to with anticipation. What a glorious meal it was! We wouldn't have minded traveling to the Pacific Coast at all! Toward eventide we came to the really familiar part of this Island—Riverhead, Mattituck, Cutchogue, and finally Southold. From amidst the din of automobile horns, which sounded like a convention of klaxons, the smiling faces of our parents and friends rose to greet us. What a joyful welcome!

The success of the trip was entirely due to the efforts of Miss Malone and Mr. Blodgett, to whom we express our heartfelt thanks and appreciation.

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Class History



Way, way back in our good old childhood days—that is to say, four years ago—some twenty-odd (be sure you connect odd firmly with the word preceding it) Freshmen entered the portals of Southold High and diffidently stumbled up the stairs and around the corner. We were as unsophisticated as Mary's little lamb, or to put it more forcefully, as green as grass. But according to Webster, through the medium of the huge dictionary in Study (?) Hall, "green" is defined as "the characteristic color of growing plants"—and who are we to doubt Mr. Webster?

As growing plants, then, with tiny shoots just beginning to appear, we greeted this new world, but nobody seemed to realize how timid and delicate we were—except ourselves. At the end of each day, after Miss Malone's clear, soprano voice had ordered, "Girls, pick up the papers from the floor," it was always one of us Freshies who was obliged to tote the waste-paper basket up and down the aisles. The Seniors squelched us, the Juniors ordered us around, and even the Sophomores were bossy and superior. But we held our peace, hard as it was to do so, by slyly softening the Seniors with sycophancy, jovially joshing the Juniors with jargon, and simultaneously stuffing the Sophomores with sodas.

By the end of the term, we had taken two important steps in our high school career. First, we were all proudly sporting nifty pins, and secondly, at class meetings Jerome Grattan presided as President—Muriel Young being Vice-President, Nora McCaffery, Secretary, and Francis Strasser, Treasurer.

The summer quickly flew by, as summers have the annoying habit of doing, but September found a fine bunch of sun-tanned Sophomores rarin' to go. I mustn't forget, however, that we still were young plants, growing stronger day by day. True, some of us had wilted and dropped out, but for the most part we were flourishing heartily, according to the law of the Survival of the Fittest. We had grown older and slightly—very slightly—wiser, and now we basked in the sun of the Seniors' favor (for they were patiently awaiting a picnic). We feared only the Juniors,

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and merely tolerated the Freshmen, because we looked forward, not backward, and upward, not downward.

Plunging into the social whirlpool, we soon became well known at Westhampton Beach, Kenney's Beach, South Harbor, Nassau Point, and at Jerome's house, and we frequently attended the movies at both Greenport and Riverhead. Once bashful, we had long since become blatant and boisterous, for we were young and not burdened with care and trouble as we are now.

In June, we gave the Seniors their eagerly longed for picnic at the Sound. 'Twas a fine day for an outdoor party, but 'twas a bad day for hot-dogs, because, after sizzling by the dozen over smoldering fires on the beach, they were dressed in generous coats of mustard, snuggled into soft, fresh rolls, popped into hungry mouths, and washed down with oceans of soda. Pickles, olives, and marshmallows were in abundance, and by the time we had finished eating, our bathing suits were dry, so we merrily set out for home.

Everyone always loves picnics! The members of the Class of '31 have always loved them, they still always love them, and they will always love them. I wouldn't for the world think of hinting, but speaking so much of picnics, when are you going to give us ours, Sophomores? It's June now.

Our third term! The plants that had once been timid and shy, now stood tall and straight on their sturdy stems and surveyed the world with interest rather than with awe. Every little breeze did not sway them hither and thither as had previously been the situation, but not to digress too much. At the first class meeting of our Junior year, we decided it was about time that the officers who had served us so well ever since we were Freshmen, should be relieved of their cumbersome duties. However, when a vote was taken and the results tabulated, we found that the burden of the presidency was still to remain upon Jerome Grattan's capable shoulders, but that Miriam Whitney was to be Vice-President, Murial Young, Secretary, and Leonie Stacy, Treasurer. This choice proved an excellent one, and the same leaders were consequently retained for our last year also.

We Juniors then committed a social error—parties and picnics were practically forgotten! But really, there was no place for such trivial things, as most of our time was spent in studying and in helping the Seniors earn money for their glorious adventure—the Washington trip. When that was over, we started thinking about our own excursion, soon to come, and having put a few of our plans into action, quite a tidy sum reposed before long in the class coffers. Our chief occupation was selling candy, and I hope our customers forgave us if, perhaps, we were slow in making change, for when we were not admiring our rings, which had been purchased in November, we were dreaming of the wonderful term that lay before us.

At last we were Seniors! The world was at our feet, our heads were in the clouds, and our noses were tilted to a forty-five degree angle that

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befitted our exalted status. But we came down to earth long enough to wage a magazine subscription campaign which proved extremely profitable. Later, a food sale and a supper made the bank-roll grow much larger, and by divers ways and means, including an operetta, "In Old Vienna," our Wasshington trip became a reality. We wish to thank Miss Malone, Mr. Blodgett, and the many friends who have helped us in our efforts, and may the Juniors, who were exceptionally cooperative, be as successful as we were, in all the ventures of a fine Senior year.

Having returned from Washington, our next step was to select maroon and ivory for our class colors, and the chrysanthemum for our flower. Triumphant over George Clark's insistent suggestion of "E pluribus unum. Use no hooks," our motto became "Factum fieri facturum bene est," which means: Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. We hope that we shall faithfully live up to this precept always.

And now, Southold High, we are going to leave you. Our debt of gratitude is great. We cannot hope to repay you for all that you have done for us—except, perhaps, verbally. At a time when our minds were prepared for education, you gave us excellent teachers; at a period when our character was ripe for molding, you helped us make it noble and upright; at an exigency when we were easily influenced, you presented inspiring examples. You have trained us in athletics, and through our entire high school career, members of our class, retaliating, have served you well in track, baseball and basketball. Thanks to you, fifteen growing plants are now blooming forth in full glory.

A. V. C. '31.

S. H. S. CALENDAR

- September 23—Renny Terry didn't ask innumerable questions.
September 27—Bob Moore had only one flat tire on his way to school.
October 15—Carol Gomez stayed in all her classes.
November 12—Jennie came to school on time.
November 25—Hayden didn't visit the nurse all day.
December 3—George Akscin didn't say "what."
December 12—Rysko caught on to a joke before anyone else.
April 22—Bob Hand came to school without "Sis."
May 11—Anne Thompson came to school with a pencil.
May 14—Boy Scouts appear in reviewing stand as an underslung pony makes a vain attempt to transport Pauline Albertson down Main Street.
May 21—Tragic note sounded in operetta at death of the feline attraction.
June 22—Edgar Smith struck a right note during orchestra practice.

Class Will

We, the Class of 1931, of the Southold High School, being at the point of departing for regions unknown, do hereby declare this our Last Will and Testament.

We hereby give and bequeath:

- I To the Junior Class—More dignity, as Seniors.
- II To the Sophomore Class—A History Book, minus all dates.
- III To the Freshman Class—A private party.
- IV To Mr. Blodgett—A dependable motor for his Willys-Knight.
- V To Miss Malone—An alarm clock with siren attachment.
- VI To Miss Whalen—Another brilliant History C class.
- VII To Miss Benedict—A megaphone to use in study hall.
- VIII To Mr. Dart—A butterfly net.
- IX To Roberta Kollmer—Permission to use an Essex.
- X To Pauline Albertson—A fresh supply of chewing gum.
- XI To Mary Furey—A blush extinguisher.
- XII To George Akscin—A new dance number.
- XIII To Hayden Allen—Another class like Latin IV.
- XIV To William Davids—A new supply of excuse blanks.
- XV To George De Long—A back seat in Study Hall.
- XVI To Adolph Rysko—An illustrated joke book.
- XVII To Warren Sterling—A mute for the saxophone.
- XVIII To Renny Terry—Jerome Grattan's place in the operetta.
- XIX To Emma Tuthill—Another brother like George to bring her to school.
- XX To Howard Terry—A reducing machine.
- XXI To Billy Williams—A supply of sheet music for next year's dancing class.
- XXII To Lois Billard—Another giggling playmate for the second period in the afternoon.
- XXIII To Carol Gomez—A Maxim silencer.

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- XXIV To Agnes Horton—A Dodge to get her to school on time.
XXV To Louise Orłowski—A skeleton key.
XXVI To Helen Osborne—A box of "Buttons"
XXVII To Frances Simon—A loud speaker.
XXVIII To Madeline Tyler—A Latin pony.
XXIX To Agnes Zebroski—Someone to tease.
XXX To Evelyn Malmborg—A book of poetry.
XXXI To George Worth—Another Senior girl on whom to lavish his attentions.
XXXII To Howard Wyche—Primo Carnera's shoes.
XXXIII To Eugene Gagen—A little height.
XXXIV To Robert Moore—A partnership in Howell's coal business.
XXXV To Bob Hand—Some more Sophomore girls.
XXXVI To Irma Wells—Babe Ruth's place on the Yankee team.
XXXVII To Ann Thompson—A kitten.

We hereby distribute our personal property as follows:

- I To Bob Moore—My keen-edged razor—Jerome Grattan.
II To Carol Gomez—My seat behind George Worth—Thelma Burns.
III To Renny Terry—My French ability—George Clark.
IV To Bob Hand—My list of girl friends—Francis Strasser.
V To Lois Billard—My ready wit—Alyce Clark.

We nominate and appoint as our Executor and Executrix of this, our Last Will and Testament, Robert Hand and Elizabeth Baker.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seal, at Southold, New York, in the year of Our Lord, One thousand nine hundred and thirty-one, in the presence of Robert Hand and Elizabeth Baker, whom we have asked to become attested witnesses hereto.

(Signed) THE SENIOR CLASS.

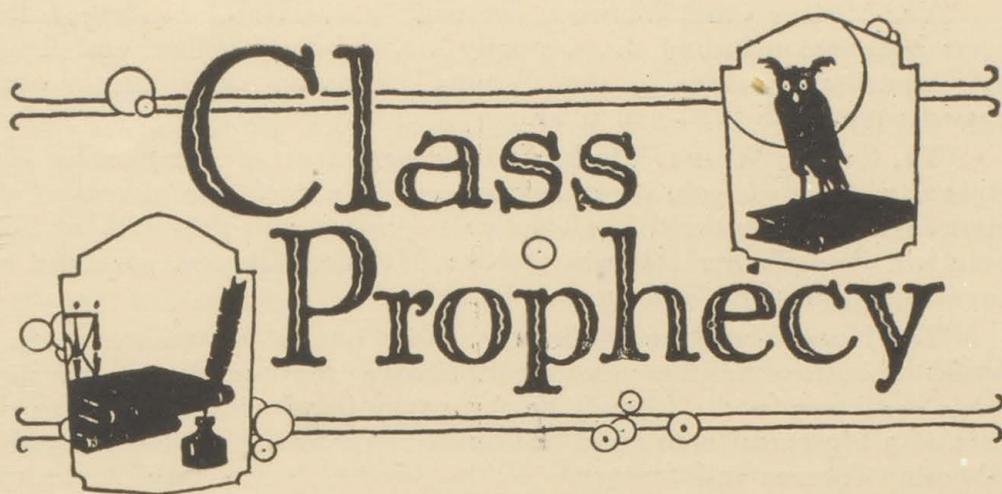
IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hand and seal.

ROBERT HAND.
ELIZABETH BAKER.

ADIEU

Adieu to morning rushes,
And swallows of breakfast too,
Then beating the bell by a minute,
For school work and the blues;
To teachers' ceaseless drillings,
To schoolmates' friendly cheers,
To joys and sorrows multiplied—
Adieu! a sigh and a tear.

L. S. '31.



The title "Class Prophecy" is written in a large, stylized, blackletter font. The word "Class" is on the top line and "Prophecy" is on the bottom line. The text is framed by a decorative border consisting of horizontal lines with small circles and vertical lines with loops. To the left of the word "Prophecy" is an illustration of a desk with a lamp and a book. To the right of the word "Class" is an illustration of an owl perched on a book.

The Horoscopia—Land of No-Where

The lightning flashed, the thunder crashed, and the waves against our boat crashed, while the fifteen brave and heroic Senior seamen in a flimsy craft shivered in terror. Suddenly Commodore Jerome piped out in his shrill tiny voice, "Help, the ship is sinking! Oh, what will become of Padooka?"

Just then a brilliant flash of lightning leaped from an ominous, low-hanging thunder-cloud; and, rather than seek a watery grave, we all snatched in desperation at the jagged arrow. Before you could say "Czechoslovakia," we were whisked across the sky and were landed with a plunge in Horoscopia.

Jupiter, pitch-fork in hand, was there in all his glory, surrounded by his star-gowned plannettes. Larry, fast worker that he is, had already flirted with one of them—and why not? Her name was Charlotte. Of course, Francis knew them all by this time, and he had succeeded in persuading them to request old Jupe to draw back the misty veil of the future for us. This deity, who sees all and knows all (he'd make a great detective), perused a 1950 "Traveler" for a while and read aloud in a thundering voice these dire prophecies:

"Ye, Emory Robert Tuthill, born under the sign of the planet Quicksilver, shall like John Samson, the hypochondriac, become a lexicographer, and, inheriting one of the traits of your patron Quicksilver, thy definitions shalt be very elusive.

"Ye, Muriel Young, are now worth thy weight in Sterling silver. Thou shalt become worth thy weight in gold. Thy silver plated voice shalt drive vast audiences to drink—to thy health. Thou shalt warble in many Opera Houses, and in 1950 thou shalt return to Southold to sing a concert for the benefit of the Senior class. Verily it need hardly be mentioned that Sterling, thy spouse, shalt always accompany thee on his saxophone.

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"Ye, Miriam Case Whitney, art truly a case! Thou shalt follow divers pursuits, including the womanly art of housekeeping, and finally shalt contribute articles to the "Vogue" magazine on what the well-dressed woman of 1950 will wear.

"Ye, George Warner Clark, shall become a great writer. Thy masterpiece, which shalt gain great acclaim, will be a book reminiscent of thy smart sayings in Southold High School. A peep into this work of literature will disclose the following: Miss Malone: 'George, give the antonym of polygamy.' George: 'A bachelor.'

"Ye, Nora Margaret McCaffery, after having experimented in a physics laboratory for five years, shall discover the ingredients of a marvelous breakfast food. It shalt be thy proxy in winning the way to the heart of a big cereal man from the South. Ye two shall dwell together in hominy forever and forever.

"Ye, Alice Victoria Clark, shall journey far and wide to further the cause of thy chosen profession. At length, thou shalt turn to France, and shalt found a school in gay Patee. Gaining renown as a teacher in that language, thou shalt be admitted to the French Academy.

"Ye, John Lawrence Sullivan Carroll, shall become Lord President of Ireland. On thy arrival in that country thou shalt be greeted by the Comus 'Charlotta'. Shamrocks shall be brought to thee from all over the land, because of thy remarkable ability to classify them. Thou shalt also be a great authority on the various shades of green, particularly in regard to neck-ties.

"Ye, Leonie Williams Stacy, shall pursue the study of music to the peak. Thou shalt become widely-known for many melodies. Royalty will seek thee because of thy canaries, specially trained to sing with thine accompaniment.

"Ye, Thelma Ruth Burns, shall follow a worthwhile profession—that of 'tending the sick. Thou shalt become a second Florence Nightingale. Thy sweet face and gentle ministrings shall cause the hospital to be filled to capacity all the year 'round.

"Ye, Francis Asbury Strasser, born under the planet Venice, shall be the world's greatest lover—of airplanes. With this bird of the sky thou shalt gain great fame by flying to thy patron, Venice.

"Ye, Elizabeth Helen Krukowski, born under the planet Pluto, shall become a great philosopher, like the placid Plato. Thou shalt sing of the birds and the bees, the flowers and the trees, being quite poetical withal.

"Ye, Genevieve Zeneski, shall invent a new alarm clock which shall ring until the owner rises. Thou shalt increase its sale by demonstrating, thyself, its effectiveness.

"Ye, Jerome Francis Grattan, born under the planet Satan, shall become an all-around athletic star, but shall excel in checkers. Owing to thy crafty plays, thy opponents shall be consumed by flaming rage. Thy patron, Satan, shall have good cause to be proud of thee!

"Ye, Edward Wesley Orlowski, shall become a lecturer of notes,

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having for thy subject, 'How to See Europe on Two Dollars a Day.' Thou shalt not visit Europe, however, until thy fifty-sixth year, and during thy three months' stay, thou shalt spend one thousand dollars, thus proving thy point to no avail.

"Ye, Anna Elizabeth Zaveski, shall become an interpreter of Virgil. Radio shall bring him literally flying through the air into every home. In addition, thy literary biographical masterpiece, 'Joseph and His Brethren', will supplant the Gideon Bible in all famous hostelryes."

Having uttered these magnanimous words, the aged Jupe folded up the 1950 "Traveler", tossed it up into the air, and showed his remarkable marksmanship by spearing it, as it came down, with his hay-tosser. He was quite pleased with his skill and, fearing he would next experiment on us, we prayed that another streak of lightning would bear us expeditiously away. Sure enough, our former companion, a friendly streak of lightning, again felt compassion for us and broke through the clouds to our aid. So long, Horos Copia! The next thing we knew we were in a ghostly vacant house near the Sound, and as one can well imagine, it took us no time at all to arrive home. The following day we heard a strange story—a queer flash of lightning was seen to penetrate a haunted house and leave it unharmed.

JOURNEY'S END

We've scaled the ladder of school years,
And in trawling 'round that bend
We contemplate as time draws near,
That we've reached a journey's end.
These twelve bright years have flown so fast
That time seems to have been awing,
What bright pleasures have filled our past!
What charming mem'ries they bring!
The members of this Senior Class
Will travel to different spheres,
Each to his own selected task,
Embarking on new careers.
Before we part we give to all
A word of cheer—draw nigh!
You will not find a better school
Than our own dear Southold High!

ADVICE TO THE JUNIORS

We, the Seniors of 1931, about to take our reluctant farewell of both faculty and underclassmen, do deign to render some sage advice to our successors so that guided by our counsel you may aspire to the heights that we have so miraculously attained. It must not be expected, however, that you could possibly entertain any erroneous notions of excelling the records of the present Senior class. We trust that you will give these recommendations much consideration, as they are the product of superior understanding.

Pauline, you won't reduce by chewing gum. And as for horseback riding, we fear the drastic penalty of the S. P. C. A. Also kindly remember that Greenport isn't the only place on the map.

Renny, we are convinced that you could do much better work if you would only keep your mind on your studies and allow the Sophomore class to work out its own salvation. You know perfectly well what we mean.

Hayden, we are quite aware that your position in Latin IV is a singular one. Even though you find it difficult, try to keep your mind on the subject and not the subjects of the class. It will prove much more profitable.

Roberta, we realize what an arduous task it must be to keep the Junior class awake and in a conscious condition, but don't try the same tactics on Eugene. Let him get a little sleep once in awhile.

Howard, life is not one continuous racket. Really there are more important things than noise. Investigate, if by any chance you doubt our veracity.

Emma, we appreciate your noble efforts. Keep up the good work and success will be yours.

Louise, you have become quite a racketeer (please do not misunderstand), but do not let your net activities interfere with basketball.

Carol, do not let French slip continually through your hands. Must we give you a leash for the French text? Then too, restrain your temper in study hall. The teacher is right once in awhile.

We should like to see more of you, Willma, so occasionally honor us by your presence at school.

We are fully aware, Adolph, that you will miss our valuable assistance, but try to bear up. Be somewhat consoled when we tell you that the jokes we've told you will provoke your laughter during the coming year if you concentrate enough.

Lois, much as we hate to admit it, we have no accusations in your case. We suggest, however, that you continue to set a good example for the underclassmen.

Mary, we suggest more attention to your work and a little less day dreaming.

Bill, assert yourself more forcibly, and by that we mean to voice

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your own opinions. Do not merely be the Lepidus of the Junior Triumvirate.

Warren, we know that Muriel's graduation will be most disturbing, but during the coming year make study your heart balm. It will be exceedingly effective and beneficial.

Madeline, we marvel at your persistence. Keep up the good work.

Agnes (Zebroski and Horton), being of an unassertive nature, you leave little room for criticism. We suggest that you voice your thoughts especially before your classmates.

Your deportment, Frances, figuratively speaking, has been an unbroken line of A's. Our suggestion is that you make a sacrifice in your Senior year and talk occasionally.

George (Akscin), your progress in the gentle art of Terpsichore has been little short of marvelous. We advise, however, that you focus more of your attention on curricular activities.

Helen, be not simply good, be good for something. Try and realize that this is a living world by exhibiting a few animate characteristics.

Evelyn, your Anthologies of Verse are proof enough of your poetic abilities. As a steady diet, however, it is not to be recommended.

And this, dear Juniors, marks the end of our sage advice. We have spoken, and such grave words coming from such authoritative sources must not be taken lightly. You see, we are, to a certain extent, responsible for your success, for you have observed and learned much from the good example set by us. Our parting wish, then, is that your attainments may approximate our more illustrious ones. We do not hesitate to imply that said approximation may be reached only by strict adherence to the aforementioned suggestions.

George—"Alice, where are my glasses?"

Alice—"On your nose."

George—"Don't be so indefinite."

Wesley—"What does this sentence mean: 'Mr. Smith was mesmerized'?"

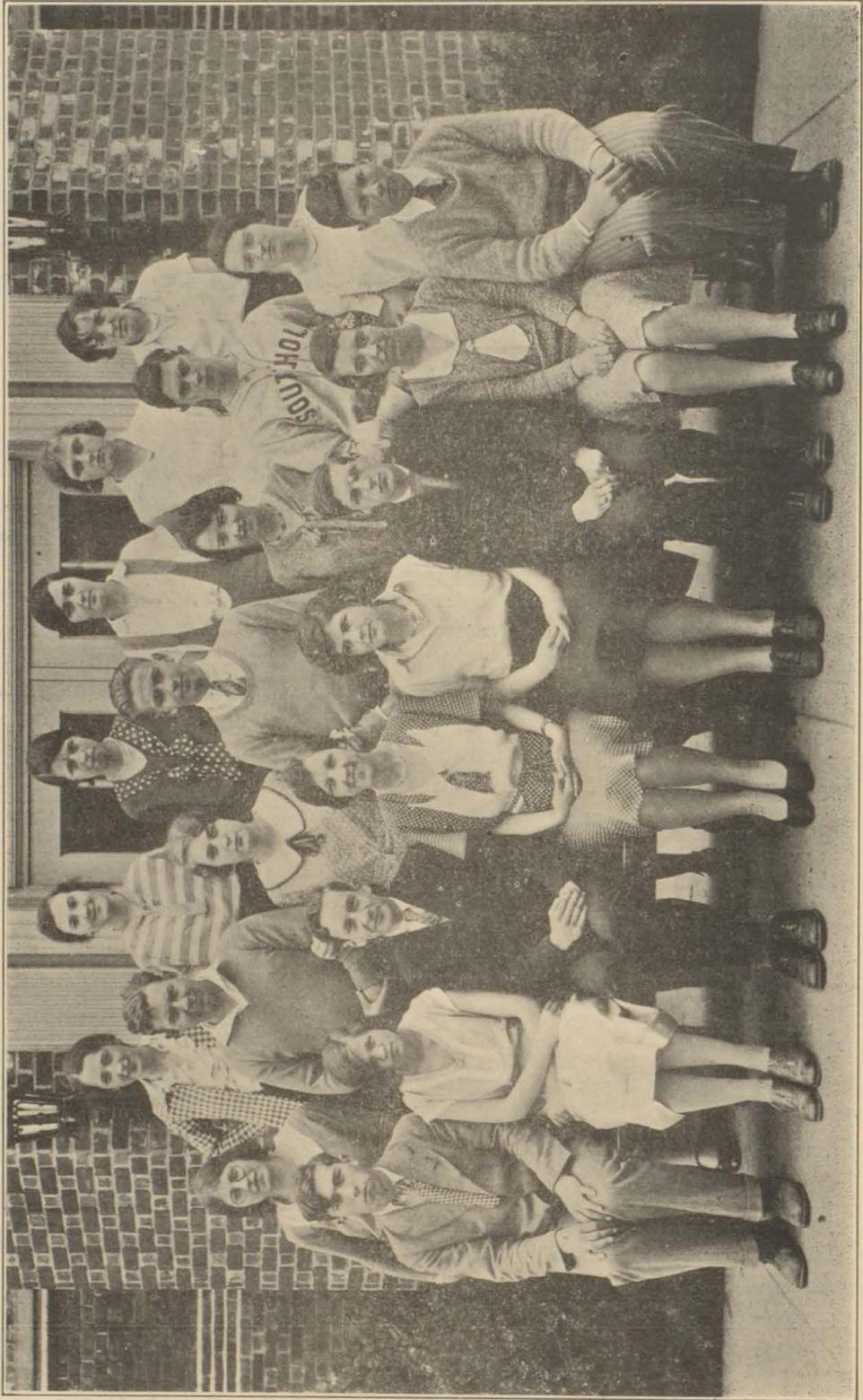
George—"He was drunk."

Mr. Dart—"Larry, what is the difference between harmony and discord?"

Larry—"Ten years of practice."

Miss Whalen—"What is the importance of the date 1648?"

Lloyd—"Barnabas Horton built his first house in Southold."



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR CLASS

Junior



All classes run the same curricular and social gamut, and ours is no exception. As far as a history is concerned there is little to elaborate upon, for the affairs of all underclassmen are totally eclipsed by the all important Senior functions.

Nevertheless in September, 1928, approximately thirty eager and enthusiastic individuals were heralded into the mighty kingdom of higher education—known as high school. Being of a somewhat timid nature, and realizing that we were only as microscopic organisms in comparison with the high and mighty upperclassmen, we suffered without murmur all the customary condescensions. When we had accumulated what we considered to be a sizeable amount of self-confidence, an attempt at organization was made. The following were the officers elected: President, Billy Williams; Vice President, Rensselaer Terry; Secretary, Roberta Kollmer, and Treasurer, Pauline Albertson.

Next came the all-important task of selecting the class insignias, otherwise known as class pins, which in due time was successfully accomplished.

September, 1929, saw the ranks somewhat diminished—but in numbers only. In October, it was decided to give a Hallowe'en party—a function which might have been wholly successful had it not been rudely raided by envious Seniors, who, evidently prompted by the primitive urge for food, dispensed hastily of the refreshments. Thoroughly undaunted, however, we gave another party—this time in a private home—and thanks to all concerned a good time was enjoyed. Later, we made elaborate plans for the really big event of the year—the Sophomore picnic. It is not our purpose to assume a braggadocian air, but we must admit that our food and entertainment rivalled any of the previous ones.

We had begun to realize the true importance of our position, for as Juniors we were actually taken into the confidence of the high and mighty Seniors. In all probability this unusual display of attention was due to the fact that our assistance was needed and, fully cognizant that kindness

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would be most effective, they adopted conciliatory measures.

Then too, we must be accorded some recognition for what may be termed a startling social innovation—the organization of a dancing class—which proved to be a huge success socially and financially.

Probably the crowning social event of the year was the Junior Prom which was given on April Seventeenth. This function, however, needs no elaboration, for its many features are generally known. We are more than pleased to say, though, that the financial returns have given us a substantial start for our Washington fund.

We must not neglect to mention too, that the dramatic talent of the Junior Class was well represented in the operetta "In Old Vienna," and its athletic ability in the track meet. One may be certain that we are looking forward to a great and glorious Senior year—a year to be filled with wonderful events and endearing memories.

REPLY TO THE SENIORS

After scanning what seemed to you as helpless advice, we feel that your inferior suggestions must of necessity give way to the sage words of those more qualified in the ways of wisdom. It is with this in mind therefore, that we deem it highly necessary that we impart to you some evidences of our superior sagacity.

Jerome, don't you realize that the personality of "Go-Getter-Jones" ended May twenty-sixth? Why do you insist upon annoying us with your absurd attempts at nonchalance? Perhaps if you assumed the dignity required of the President of the Senior class, you would deserve some notice.

Miriam, we don't know much about you, as you are very secretive about yourself, but the arrival of a Chevrolet every Tuesday and Thursday leads us to believe that your intentions are domestic. Must we travel to Center Moriches to find out what your plans are for the coming year?

Wes, why don't you cast aside your pretended innocence and admit that you are the High School Romeo, for we know that your blushes are just a blind?

Muriel, we know that you are everything a High School Senior should be, and that your aim in life is to be "Sterling." The only advice we can give is that you be sure and get "Warran"ted Sterling so it won't tarnish in future years.

Thelma, we know that talking with Worthwhile people often benefits one, but there is a limit to everything. Study periods should be spent profitably—not pleurably.

Leonie—"She is all fault who hath no fault at all." So, Lee, don't lead us to believe that you are as studious and sublime as you appear to be. You dazzle us with your brilliance.

Larry, just because you are called upon to teach classes once in a

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while, do not deem it necessary to use such irony on us whom you consider much lower in intelligence than yourself. Don't you realize that sharp tongues never won a fair lady?

Jennie, why don't you change your motto from "Better late than never" to "Better never late"? Can't you realize that the "early bird catches the worm" and that "early to bed, early to rise, makes a girl healthy, wealthy and wise"?

Anna, we know that you are extraordinarily quiet in school, but is it merely that you are reserving your loquaciousness for evening performances? We marvel at your reputation of being a bridesmaid, and confidentially, Anna, do you take much stock in Fords?

George, although your clowning is typical of the present Senior class, you would be appreciated more by your teachers and classmates if you made studying rather than joking the goal of your efforts.

Helen, is Commercial Arithmetic so horribly difficult, or does the solution of your calculations rest with a certain individual whose proximity in study hall becomes contagious? Aren't you aware that his deportment depends on you?

Nora, why hold yourself so aloof? It has taken us three years to penetrate your chilled demeanor, and even now our acquaintance does not border on familiarity. You do possess amiable qualities which should be exhibited more frequently.

Alyce, how quiet (?) you are in school! Although your class work is favorable, you could accomplish more in Study Hall if you would recall that "children, and old men's whiskers, should be seen and not heard"!

Emory, procrastination is the thief of time, so when you feel a giggle coming on, laugh up your sleeve and concentrate on your work. For "he who waits to do a great deal at once, never does anything."

Francis, we are more than pleased that you are following our silent suggestion of "taking the air." Our only admonition, however, is to remember that what goes up must come down. We know that you will make a dashing "air male."

Thus, dear Seniors, have we reached the termination of our tiresome task. We have given this advice, but we cannot vouch for your subsequent actions. Whether you accept our sage counsel or leave it, matters not—to us at any rate, for you are the ultimate beneficiaries of our prudent and judicious benefactions.

SOPHOMORES, JUNIORS AND SENIORS

(With apologies to Eugene Field's Wynken, Blinken and Nod")

The Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors one night
Sailed off with a homework crew,
Sailed on a river of homework bright,
Into a sea of do.

"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
Someone asked the three.

We have come to fish for the knowledge fish,
That lives in the beautiful sea;
Very wise and smart we would be,

Said the Sophomores,
Juniors,
and Seniors.

The inquirer laughed and sang a song,
For he had traveled that sea of do;
And the dreams that sped them all day long,
Had once disturbed his studying too;
Our little books were the knowledge fish,
That lived in the beautiful sea,
And we can learn whatever we wish,
If we very wise would be!
So spoke the books to the fishermen three,

Sophomores,
Juniors,
and Seniors.

All year long their nets they threw,
To learn in the books they read,
Until to them vacation flew,
And school was over the teacher said;
T'was all a different year it seemed,
As if it could not be;
But some had only dreamed and dreamed,
And from all work did flee;
But I shall name you the workmen three:

Sophomores,
Juniors,
and Seniors.

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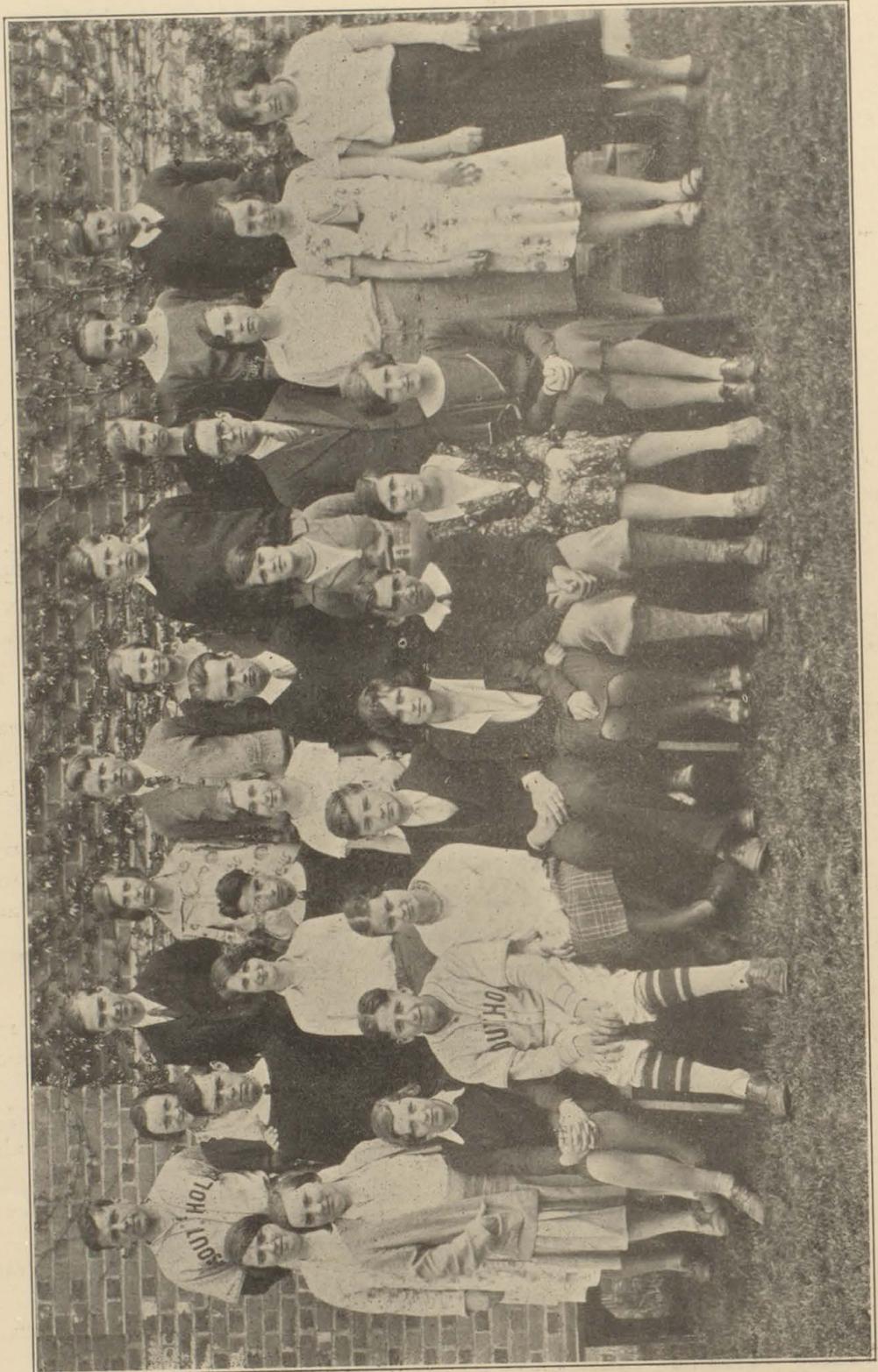
Sophomores and Juniors are second and third year high,
And Seniors are almost through,
And the dreams they dreamed as they sailed the sky,
Are of what they will some day do!
So study hard as you go along,
On Geometry and Latin too,
And then some day you will sing a song,
As you sail on that sea of do,
And you will smile a happy smile when you are through,

Sophomores,
Juniors,
then Seniors.
—E. M. M. '32.

SOME HIGH IDEALS OF THE NOBLE INHABITANTS OF S. H. S.

Seniors—Somewhere to go.
Juniors—To have another Junior Prom.
Sophomores—More dancing classes.
Freshmen—To be mischievous.
Roberta Kollmer's—Another operetta.
Billy Williams'—A new piano.
George Clark's—Someone to laugh at his jokes.
Jerome Grattan's—To be nonchalant.
Francis Strasser's—To be a trombone player.
Miss Whalen's—More attention in her History classes.
Miss Benedict's—Fewer gum chewers.
Miss Malone's—More brilliant French students.
Mr. Dart's—Absolute quiet.
Mr. Blodgett's—More propositions learned by his Geometry students.
Emory Tuthill's—Some Sophomore girls to tease.
Renny Terry's—To have someone with whom to argue.
Wesley Orłowski's—Female appreciation.
Sam Wyche's—To win more prizes.
Alberta Dickerson's—To grow taller.
Bill Kollmer's—To dance.
Larry Carroll's—More classes to teach.
Howard Terry—To have a daily "siesta."

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SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore



Many and varied were the expectations of that group, who, having relinquished the meaningless title of Freshmen, seemed to assume for the first time the first approximation of anything bordering on importance. Our regrets were few but our anticipations were great. Now, however, as we look back we realize that comparatively little has been accomplished.

It was decided at the beginning of the year to retain the officers of our Freshman year. Our first class meeting was not held until recently, when preparations were made for the annual Sophomore picnic.

Although our class activities have been few, our contributions to school activities have been many. Several of the members were represented in the operetta as well as in chorus work. In athletics also, we have taken an active part, as our members were on both of the basketball squads with still others on track and baseball teams.

Now at the close of our Sophomore year, we take great consolation in the fact that the outlook for next year appears to be most promising. We trust that our anticipations and accomplishments will be one and the same.

QUEER QUERIES

A visitor was in the Girls' Assembly Room one morning at 8:55 and was asking Miss Malone many questions as he looked about the room. Among the queries were:

"Why are there so many empty seats in the back of the room?"

"The Cutchogue girls sit there when they arrive, which is usually about 9:30."

"Who is that girl in the front seat talking to those others who seem to be so interested?"

"Why, that's Dorothy Lucey giving an account of her date last night."

"Who is the girl that is sitting in the back of the room with such a dreamy expression?"

"I presume you mean Pauline Albertson, who's probably dreaming of a green roadster."

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"Why is that girl over there blushing so hard?"

"Do you mean Constance Terry? She has just heard a knock at the door and she thinks that it's John Ott."

"Who are the two girls having the argument?"

"They are Beverly Gordon and Sis Baker arguing over their boy friends."

"Who is the girl in the front who seems to be having a joke all to herself?"

"That's Ruth Christiansen, who probably is just getting the point of a joke told to her yesterday."

"What is causing all the commotion out in the hall?"

"That's Mildred Berry hurrying up the stairs to get into the room before the last bell rings."

S. H. S. BOOK SHELF

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| The Big Parade | Fire Drill |
| Daddy Long Legs | Howard Wyche |
| Wild Animals I Have Known | The Freshman Class |
| The Music Master | Edgar Smith |
| Romeo and Juliet | Warren and Muriel |
| When Knights Were Bold | Junior Prom |
| The Wonder Workers | S. H. S. Teachers |
| All Quiet On the Western Front | Study Hall |
| Alibi | George Worth |
| Who's Who | S. H. S. Register |
| Microbe Hunters | Biology Class |
| Runaway Days | Dot Lucey and Mildred Berry |
| How to Listen to Music | English IV Class |
| Our Singing Strength | Girls' Glee Club |
| Story of American Painting | Dot Lucey |
| Winged Horse | Francis Strasser |
| Tremendous Trifles | The Freshmen |
| Anatomy of Poetry | Evelyn Malmborg |
| Tenting Tonight | Alice Howard |
| Westward Hoboes | Warren and Bob Moore |
| Cow Country | Alyce Clark |
| Gentle Art of Tramping | Jennie |
| Your Washington and Mine | The Seniors |
| Show Off | Edwin Lucey |
| Enemy of the People | Shirley Beebe |
| As a Man Thinks | Renny Terry |
| Lady of the Lake | Ruth Christiansen |
| Drum Taps | Buttons |
| Myself and I | Bob Hand |
| Famous Cavalry Leaders | Pauline Albertson |
| Life of a Tiger | George De Long |
| Comedy of Errors | French I Class |

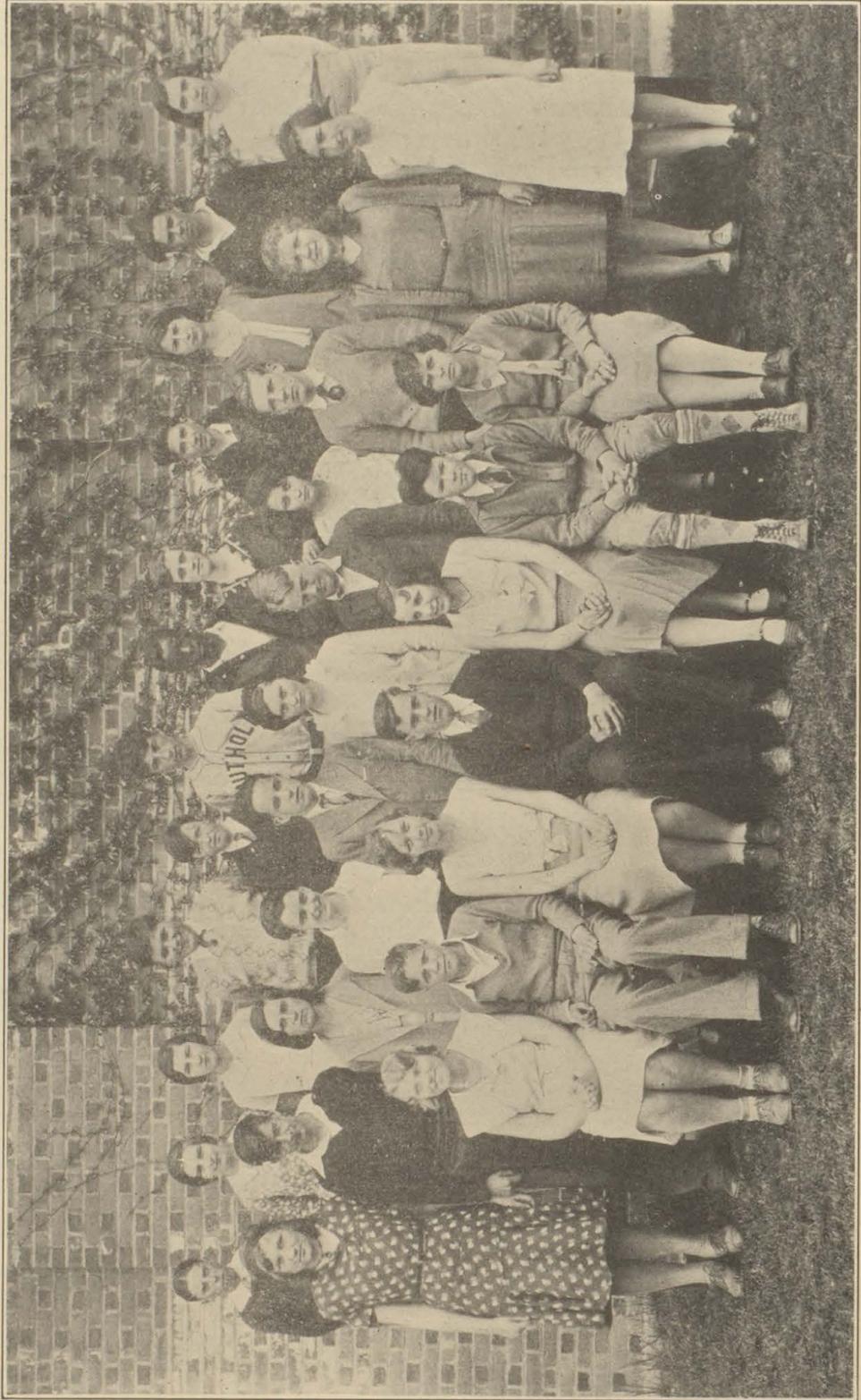
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ROLLICKING RADIO REVELS

- Tastyeast Jesters (Pep, Vim and Vigor)—John Berry, Francis Strasser, Winston David.
Crime Club—Walter MacNish, Gerald Fleet.
Chuckles—Emory Tuthill.
The Cuckoos—Bertha and Stella.
The Slumber Hour—Last Period.
The Lady Next Door—What about it, Larry?
Jack Frost's Melody Moments—O ye band members and your Friday!
Bertie Sees the World—Tell us about it, Bertha.
Raising Junior—Any Senior's solemn duty.
Story Behind the Song—Why doth Beverly always sing "Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone"?
The Globe Trotter—Dot Lucey.
Campbell's Orchestra—Every Tuesday and Thursday under the direction of Miss A. Pederson. Admission 3c.
Tower Health Exercises—Consult "Goldie."
Musical Novelettes—S. H. S. Orchestra.
Melody Musketeers—George De Long and Francis Strasser.
Book Review—Why Seniors leave school.
Home Period—The unsolved mystery of S. H. S.
Little Orphan Annie—Shirley Beebe.
Dodge Twins—Bill Smith and Bob Hand.
Something for Everyone—Daily assignments.

PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES

- Loretta to Sylvia—Why don't you go on a diet?
Peanut Gagen to Arthur McCaffery—Why don't you stand up?
Dot Lucey to Alice Howard—Why don't you give your lipstick a rest?
Renny Terry to George Askcin—Why be so inquisitive?
Mary Kaelin to Katherine McCaffery—Why not assume a more serious attitude?
Buttons to Strasser—Cut the comedy!
George Worth to Rack Bennett—Why don't you get a (good) car?
Bob Moore to Hayden—Don't dance all over the girl's feet!
Bob Hand to George De Long—Why not study for a change?
Roberta to Miriam—Stay home once in awhile—give the boy friend a rest!
Giz to Bob Moore—What's the matter? Have you broken your razor?
Stella to Bertha—Give your giggle a rest!
Leonie to Alyce Clark—Why do you study so hard?
Howard Wyche to Adolph—Lift me up so I can see over the crowd.
Jennie to Roberta—Why don't you get here on time once in awhile?



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMEN

The Freshman Class of 1931 has ended its first term with gratifying results. We have borne with courageous indifference the uppishness which was so generously bestowed upon us by the so-called upperclassmen. Early in the year we elected the following officers: Edna Dickerson, John Grattan, Elizabeth Jennings and Arthur McCaffery.

Our social activities, though somewhat limited, were highly successful. Two parties were given, the first a class party and the second a Latin party. As for athletics, of six girls who reported for practice, three, Martha Doroski, Pauline Howell and Elizabeth Allen made the team. We are proud of George Ostroski, our representative on the ball team.

At the close of our Freshman year we want to extend a hearty wish for success to the Graduating Class of 1931, and our closing words are: "Wait until 1934."

THE FRESHMAN ALPHABET

- A is for Arty, who isn't so tall.
- B is for Betty, who's liked by us all.
- C is for Catherine, who's always in "Dutch."
- D is for Dickie, she's there just as much.
- E is for Eddie, the clown of the class.
- F is for Faye, a cute little lass.
- G is for Grattan, we have quite a few.
- H is for Helen, who to us is new.
- I is for It. We've a goodly supply.
- J is for Jennings, who's always so spry.
- K is for Kathryn, who's known for her grin.
- L is for Laura, who's really quite slim.
- M is for Max, who scorns the daily grind.
- N is for nothing, our capacity of mind.
- O is for "Oose"—our baseball star.
- P is for Pean—our ace at the bar (piano).
- Q is for quickly—our minds work that way.
- R is for rest—unknown in our day!
- S is for Sara, a sedate, quiet maid.
- T is for talking, our weakness 'tis said.
- U is for union. We stand or we fall.
- V is a hard one, it won't fit in at all.
- W is for William, who in class, holds his own.
- X we use in Algebra. It means any unknown.
- Y is for yesterday, it's lost to us now.
- Z is for zoology—we like it! And how!!

Junior H. S.

The Annual State Fair Spelling Bee is to be held again on Tuesday and Wednesday of State Fair Week at Syracuse. The contest will be conducted by Dr. Frank P. Graves, Commissioner of Education. The four winners of the contest will receive prizes in gold, the first prize winner will also receive a cup.

The first preliminary contest was held at Greenport High School on May 22. Lewis Davison, winner of a Southold contest, represented the school at Greenport. Perhaps Lewis or his "manager" was suffering from spring fever, for Lewis almost delayed his trip an extra day. Nevertheless, a race was finally made to Greenport and the contestant arrived on time. He won second place in Southold Town. Lewis competed again at Riverhead High School on June 6. The results are not yet known, but should he win, he will represent Suffolk County at the State Fair.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL ESSAY CONTEST

The entire Seventh and Eighth Grades again took part in the annual D. A. R. Essay Contest. The subject this year was "The Declaration of Independence." The essay written by Kenneth Tuthill was chosen to represent Southold School.

BASKETBALL

The boys' basketball this year was under the direction of "Goldie." The boys practised regularly twice each week. Although they won but few games, some valuable material was developed for the High School team in the coming seasons.

The girls' basketball team was coached by Miss Asta Pedersen. A number of interclass games were played and the team performed with credit to themselves and to their coach.

J. H. S. DANCING CLASS

The members of the Seventh and Eighth Grades, following the lead of the High School, have organized a dancing class. The meetings are held one afternoon each two weeks. Although the organization is small, the members hope to keep it thriving.

EIGHTH GRADE GRADUATION

The Class has made careful plans for its graduation—the second one to be held in this school—to take place on the evening of June 12th. The program for the event is as follows:

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Class Song | |
| Invocation | |
| Salutatory | Carol Cosden |
| Class History | Kenneth Tuthill |
| Essay | Selected |
| Selection | Junior High Chorus |
| Class Will | Laura Davis and Ralph Hawkins |
| Essay | Selected |
| Advice to Seventh Grade | John Ott |
| Reply to Eighth Grade | Clement Thompson |
| | Junior High Chorus |
| Essay | Selected |
| Valedictory | Lewis Davison |
| Presentation of Diplomas | Principal L. A. Blodgett |
| Class Song | |

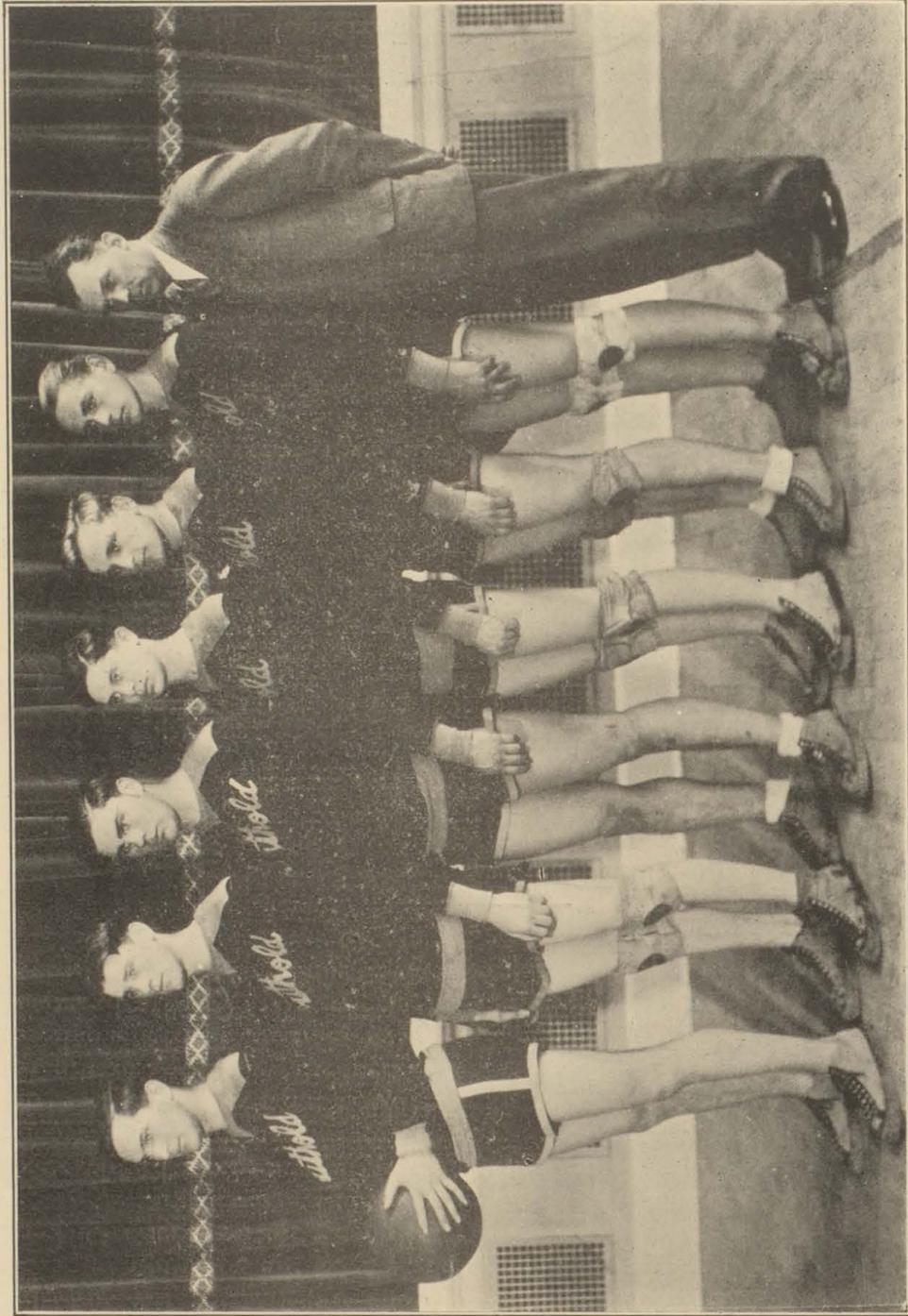
GRADE EIGHT CLASS OFFICERS

The Class Officers elected by Grade Eight were:

President, John Ott
Secretary, Inez Myers
Treasurer, John Lucey

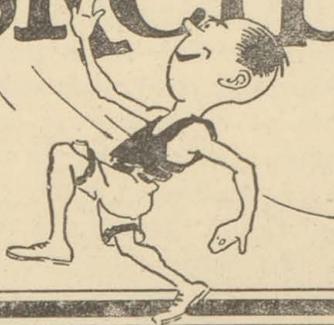
The Class also made the following selections:

Class Motto, Nil desperandum
Class Flower, Carnation
Class Colors, Scarlet and Gray



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

Basketball



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Faced at the beginning of the season with the problem of developing almost an entirely new basketball team to represent Southold High School, it seemed as if Coach Goldsmith had an almost insuperable task. Kane, Hobson, Thompson and Gagen of the Championship 1929-30 team were missing from the ranks, leaving only Orłowski and Grattan who had had any considerable varsity experience. However, in his own inimitable way, Goldie turned out another team of as high calibre as its predecessors, a team which captured the premier honors in its division to give Southold its fifth successive championship.

At the beginning of the year there was not a man on the squad who had had any experience in the guard positions. In spite of this, however, the defense was so well developed that we can safely say that in this phase of the game, the 1930-31 aggregation ranked with the best. This, along with well coordinated team work, featured most of the games.

Built around Orłowski and Grattan at center and forward respectively, the team progressed rapidly and after but a few contests the newcomers were performing with all the ease and confidence of veterans. DeLong and Rysko, who filled the guard positions throughout most of the season, recognized none as their superiors, while Allen and Emory Tuthill, alternating at the other forward position, are deserving of commendation. Credit too, should be given to Dickerson, Zebroski, Moore, Gagen and Sterling, the second stream of players, who kept the regulars hustling all year to hold their positions.

The first game, played at Bridgehampton, resulted in a victory for Southold by a score of 26-19. Although Bridgehampton had the lead early in the game, Southold rallied in the second half to outscore their opponents 17-7 and thus win the game. Allen and Orłowski were the chief scorers in this contest, but each player contributed his bit. In the next game, Southold met and defeated the team from Northport, again

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rallying in the fourth quarter to overcome Northport's lead. Although Shelter Island held Southold to the close score of 23-20 in the next game, the result of the contest was never in doubt, and Southold's superiority was more marked than the score would indicate. Orłowski at center was high scorer, and the general all around play of Rysko and Grattan was of high order. Lucas, of Shelter Island, scored over half the total number of points secured by his team.

The next game saw Southold struggling valiantly against a superior and more experienced team of Southampton, a team which was undefeated in its section throughout the season. In the next game, Mattituck proved to be an easy victory, and were taken over by a score of 35-8. Southold held Mattituck scoreless throughout the second half.

No games were played during the Christmas recess, and after a three weeks' layoff, Southold lost its first league game to Eastport on the latter's court by a score of 18-16. The failure of the offense to function properly and their inability to score from the foul line were responsible for Southold's defeat. Brown, of Eastport, was the star of the contest.

Hampton Bays and Centre Moriches were easily vanquished by one-sided scores. Bridgehampton proved to be a stubborn opponent, but was defeated by a score of 26-22. The strong Greenport team was next beaten by a score of 22-7. The defensive work of DeLong and Rysko is deserving of mention. The next game, also, was featured by the tightness of Southold's defense, and Easthampton was overcome 15-9.

After an easy win over Shelter Island, Southold met defeat at the hands of Sag Harbor. The lead alternated throughout the game and was tied on several different occasions, but several sensational shots by Sag Harbor near the close made it possible for them to nose out Southold.

After another easy victory over Mattituck, Southold obtained revenge on Eastport for the defeat received at their hands earlier in the season. Eastport proved to be a stubborn opponent, however, but Southold managed to win by a margin of but two field goals.

After a loss to the strong Bay Shore team, there followed two easy victories over Hampton Bays and Centre Moriches, games in which Grattan and Orłowski did most of the scoring and in which the defensive play of Southold was of fine order.

In a return game, Greenport but up a much better fight than in the first game, but Southold encountered no great difficulty in winning 31-20. Probably the most exciting game of the year occurred when we met Pierson High of Sag Harbor on our own court. The game was fast and full of thrills, both teams playing clean, hard basketball. Pierson led by three points at the end of the first half. The second half started with a rush and Southold closed the gap separating the two teams. From this point on, the teams were practically tied throughout the remainder of the game. A sensational shot from two-thirds the length of the court by Gangi of Sag Harbor just as the final whistle blew brought the game to an end with Sag Harbor leading 23-22.

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The final game saw Southold meeting East Islip at Eastport in the play-off to determine the Class B championship of Suffolk County. Southold was in a decided slump and East Islip won by an overwhelming score. It is doubtful, however, whether or not Southold would have given East Islip a very close contest had they been at their best. East Islip had one of the best teams that Southold had encountered for a long time, and on the night of the play-off they were at their best. We have no alibis to offer and can only say, "To the victors belong the spoils."

We are thoroughly satisfied with the record of the team, which speaks for itself. We were important contenders for the County title, but more than that, we are proud of our record for clean sportsmanship and the feeling of friendly rivalry which characterized our games.

Too much credit cannot be given to Coach Goldsmith, who brought his charges to such a high level. It was accomplished only by endless hard work and tireless effort.

The season's record follows:

| | | Southold | Opponents |
|------|--------------------------------------|----------|-----------|
| Nov. | 28 At Bridgehampton | 26 | 19 |
| Dec. | 5 Northport at Southold | 19 | 50 |
| " | 12 At Shelter Island | 23 | 20 |
| " | 13 Southampton at Southold | 11 | 31 |
| " | 18 Mattituck at Southold | 35 | 8 |
| Jan. | 9 At Eastport | 16 | 18 |
| " | 13 Hampton Bays at Southold | 39 | 16 |
| " | 16 Centre Moriches at Southold | 28 | 12 |
| " | 23 Bridgehampton at Southold | 26 | 22 |
| " | 27 Greenport at Southold | 22 | 7 |
| " | 31 At Easthampton | 15 | 9 |
| Feb. | 6 Shelter Island at Southold | 33 | 16 |
| " | 7 At Sag Harbor | 17 | 21 |
| " | 11 At Mattituck | 36 | 11 |
| " | 13 Eastport at Southold | 28 | 24 |
| " | 17 Bay Shore at Southold | 12 | 32 |
| " | 20 At Hampton Bays | 32 | 14 |
| " | 27 At Centre Moriches | 27 | 15 |
| Mar. | 3 Greenport at Southold | 31 | 20 |
| " | 6 Sag Harbor at Southold | 22 | 23 |
| " | 13 East Islip at Eastport | 9 | 44 |

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Although but three of the regulars of the 1929-30 Basketball team were available for the team, a large number of inexperienced candidates reported for the first practice. Under the able coaching of Miss Benedict rapid progress was made and the prospects seemed good for a very successful season. Injuries and accidents, however, took their toll and before the end of the season, three of the regulars were unable to play.

At the beginning of the season, Muriel Young was elected manager of the team. She performed her duties in a very creditable manner and deserves much commendation for her efficiency. No captain was elected but Miss Benedict appointed one for each game. This policy proved to be highly successful and it was popular with the girls themselves.

As a nucleus for the team, we had Louise Orlowski, Anne Thompson and Elizabeth Baker, who had played most of the time during the preceding season. Muriel Young and Mary Furey had had some varsity experience. Martha Doroski and Elizabeth Allen, both Freshmen, neither of whom had ever played basketball before, learned the game rapidly under Miss Benedict's tutelage and won places for themselves on the team. Constance Terry, a Sophomore, who had not had much previous experience, proved a capable guard before the season was over. Beverly Gordon, while she took part in only a few games, was rapidly developing into a first-class forward before injuries sustained in an accident incapacitated her for the rest of the season. Pauline Howell and Laura Kramer also played in several games, and the experience thus obtained should stand them in good stead for the future.

The first game was a league contest with Bridgehampton on their home court, in which our team was victorious by a score of 27-25. Both teams were evenly matched and the lead alternated frequently throughout the game, neither team being able to secure a substantial lead over the other. A scoring rally by Southold in the closing minutes of play and the excellent defensive work of the guards, Orlowski, Thompson and Furey, made it possible for Southold to win their first game.

Although it lost to the strong Northport team by a margin of one point, Southold played one of its best games of the entire season when it met Northport at Southold on December 5, and was barely nosed out by them by a score of 27-26. Elizabeth Baker was high scorer of the evening, securing 24 out of her team's 26 points.

Games won by a one point margin continued to be in order when we met Shelter Island the next week and were victorious over them by a score of 21-20. At the end of the first half, Shelter Island was leading by one point, but Southold managed to gain the lead during the second half and was never again headed, although the score was tied several times. The work of the guards, especially Orlowski and Thompson, was particularly good.

The next game was with Southampton, and Southampton won readily by a score of 23-12. Bishop of Southampton was the outstanding

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player, scoring 19 of her team's 23 points.

Mattituck, the next week gave us a very hard battle, and the two teams played on even terms throughout three-quarters of the contest, but apparently tired at the end of the game and allowed Southold to score almost at will, the final score being 47-31.

During Christmas vacation, two of our players were injured, and were lost to the team for some time. This forced us to revamp the team, and combined with lack of practice, the team slumped badly, losing four games in a row to Eastport, Hampton Bays, Centre Moriches and Bridgehampton.

The tide turned again, however, when we played Greenport on January 27 and fairly overwhelmed them with an avalanche of baskets, the final score being 45-14. Baker and Furey led in the scoring, the guarding of Thompson and Orlowski and the passwork of Doroski and Terry deserve mention.

After this game, however, misfortune again caught up with us, and Allen was lost to the team for the rest of the season. We proved to be easy victims for Easthampton, and lost to them by a score of 40-17.

The next week, we triumphed over Shelter Island for the second time by a score of 28-23.

The next two games were lost to Pierson and Mattituck respectively. The Mattituck team showed great improvement over the first game, and easily defeated us.

In the return game against Eastport we nearly turned the tables against them, and played on even terms with them throughout most of the game only to lose in the last few minutes by the close score of 20-16. The work of our guards, Thompson, Terry and Orlowski was excellent, while Hicks was the star for Eastport.

While we lost the next game to the strong Bay Shore team by a score of 29-22, our work showed a great amount of improvement. The next two games, too, were lost to Hampton Bays and Centre Moriches. These were followed by an easy victory over Greenport, in which Furey led in the scoring column.

While we lost the last game of the season to Pierson High of Sag Harbor, we considered it almost a moral victory, for we held them to a score of 34-24. Pierson High won the championship of the Eastern Division of Suffolk County, and was defeated but once during the entire season.

Even though we did not figure very prominently in the win column, we feel that the Basketball season was a great success. We maintained our good reputation for clean playing, and a large number of girls from the Freshman and Sophomore classes obtained experience on the team, a fact which augurs well for the future. Our sincere thanks are given to Miss Benedict, who gave her time to us so unstintedly.



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM

BASEBALL

Baseball, which has always been one of the most popular sports at Southold High School, this year attracted an unusually large number of aspirants for the team. The championship aggregation of 1930 had been scattered far and wide and an almost entirely new team had to be formed. Our star pitchers of last year, Kane and Shipuleski, were no longer with us. George Tuthill, who used to spear the high ones at first base, was not available. Hobson, with his redoubtable bat, had left school, and the dependable outfield, Thompson, Kane and Orłowski, were also missing. These losses left but three veterans, Worth, Emory Tuthill and Grattan.

When Goldie issued his first call for candidates a motley group of baseball enthusiasts appeared on the field, and he was faced with the task of finding a new man for almost every position. The fact that we have a strong team and are ranked as leading contenders for another division championship bespeaks the success which has crowned Goldie's efforts. He has our thanks and appreciation.

The foremost task seemed to be that of finding a pitcher. After a series of tryouts, Wyche, who has won fame by his prowess on the track, was selected as the first string hurler. Rysko and Gagen, newcomers, were placed at first and second respectively, positions which they have filled with a great deal of credit. Ostroski, Zebroski, Dickerson and De Long have developed into capable fly chasers. These men along with Worth, the veteran catcher, and Grattan and Tuthill at their old positions of third and short stop respectively, composed the team.

The first game was a practice contest with the strong Riverhead team which was originally scheduled for seven innings, but which developed into an eight-inning game before Riverhead put over a winning run, making the score 5-4. Southold got almost twice as many hits as their opponents, but with men on bases, Danowski, the Riverhead pitcher, tightened up and prevented scoring.

Southold started strong when they scored two runs on two hits in the first inning, Riverhead retaliated with a run in the second and tied the score when they added one more tally in the fifth. Two runs by Riverhead in the sixth inning were matched by a like number scored by Southold in the seventh, thereby creating a tie. A two-base hit, followed by a single scored the winning run for Riverhead in the eighth inning. Grattan and Worth each produced three hits for Southold.

The second game also proved disastrous for Southold, when they lost to Mattituck by a score of 6-3. Several misplays by Southold which were converted into runs by Mattituck, proved our undoing.

Southold came into its own, however, when it vanquished Greenport on the latter's field by a score of 8-4. A shower of base hits off the Southold bats greeted the Greenport pitcher, and Southold scored four runs in the first inning. Greenport threatened occasionally, but Wyche put on extra speed in the pinches to keep Southold in the lead.

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We won a close game from Eastport the next week by a score of 4-2. Both pitchers performed well and but few hits were allowed by either. Southold bunched three hits and a base on balls to put over four runs in the second inning, which proved to be enough to win the game. Rysko led Southold's attack with two long triples, while Gagen and Worth performed excellently in the field.

A weird contest with Shelter Island was next on the program, and it resulted in an easy win for Southold by a score of 14-10. De Long and Tuthill pitched for Southold. The Southold batsmen took advantage of this opportunity to increase their batting averages, Grattan leading in this respect with four hits out of five times at bat. Ostroski and Tuthill each garnered three safe hits.

The next game at Center Moriches was almost too one-sided to be interesting, and Southold was victorious by a score of 17-4. Tuthill, pitching for Southold, struck out eleven batsmen in the seven innings and allowed but three hits. Every man on the Southold line-up hit safely at least once.

The next game was a crucial one for Southold, as we needed a victory over Mattituck to stay in the running for the championship. Instead of a pitcher's duel which we had anticipated, the game developed into a free hitting contest, and Southold easily won by a score of 13-8. Mattituck used three pitchers in an effort to stem the tide, but all were greeted with the same onslaught, fourteen safe hits being registered by Southold. Tuthill with four hits, and Allen and Wyche with three each, captured batting honors. Worth, Grattan and Allen each scored a triple. Manning, lead-off man for Mattituck, starred at bat for his team.

Wyche pitched his best game of the season to date when he shut out Center Moriches with one hit in a seven-inning game on May 26. Southold played almost errorless ball, and by taking advantage of the misplays by Center Moriches and by opportune hits scored seven runs. In six of the seven innings Wyche turned back the opposing batsmen in 1-2-3 order.

As the "Snuff Box" goes to press, Southold is leading its league, and even if it should lose its remaining game, it would still be tied for the lead.

A summary of the games follows:

| | | Southold | Opponents |
|-------|----|-----------------------------------|-----------|
| April | 20 | Riverhead at Southold | 4 5 |
| May | 1 | Southold at Mattituck | 3 6 |
| " | 5 | Southold at Greenport | 8 4 |
| " | 12 | Eastport at Southold | 4 2 |
| " | 15 | Southold at Shelter Island | 14 10 |
| " | 19 | Southold at Center Moriches | 17 4 |
| " | 22 | Mattituck at Southold | 13 8 |
| " | 26 | Center Moriches at Southold | 7 0 |

TRACK

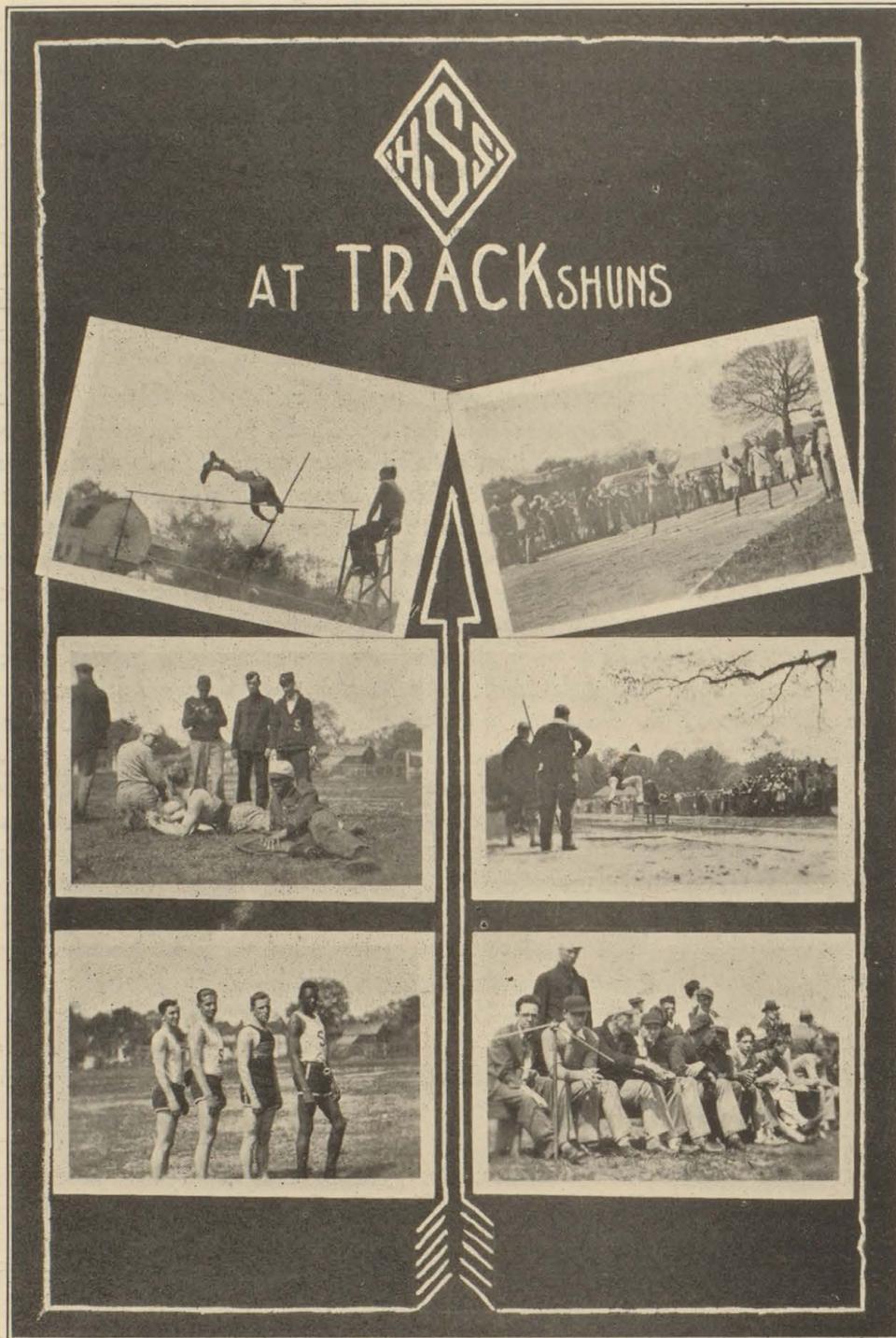
Although track was an infant sport at Southold last year (nevertheless a vigorous child), it struggled out of its swaddling clothes this spring and clearly demonstrated that it had come of age. That this year's team was to be stronger than that of last year was evident at the beginning of the season, because of the large number that reported for practice and because they showed up well in tryouts. Encouraged by the larger interest, the Athletic Association purchased the team a quantity of new track equipment. Organization was effected early in the spring. The officers were: Manager, Warren Sterling; Assistant Manager, Joe Gadomski; Captain, Wesley Orlowski.

The team was beaten twice in triangular meets by Class A schools, not without a struggle, however, for the Southold men were almost treading upon the heels of their competitors in every case. It was at the annual track meet at Patchogue for the Suffolk County title, however, that the team showed its real merit. Southold failed to win the championship by a narrow margin, but came out with second honors, the meet being won by a strong team from Westhampton Beach. Nevertheless, Southold's crack relay team ran with a machine-like perfection which carried the baton over the finish line to a new record four and nine-tenths faster than the old one. This splendid bit of team-work was sufficient to give them a fine chance in the relay race at Farmingdale on May 30 for the Long Island Championship.

The first track meet was an interclass competition held at Southold to settle a long disputed question as to which class was best in the school. The Seniors scampered off to victory with a two-man team consisting of Wesley Orlowski and Emory Tuthill. This team accounted for a score of 45 points. The Juniors were slightly behind with 39½ points, DeLong and Rysko starring. The Sophomores were third with 18 points, and as everything was as it should be, the Freshies had 6½ points.

At Riverhead on April 25, Southold suffered defeat by the Riverhead track team which later won the Class A title. Greenport was also ahead by a margin of six points. Southold accounted for a total of 31¾ points, however. Howard Wyche ran the century in 10.7 seconds to place first. He also was in second place in the 220-yard dash. Emory Tuthill placed in the dashes and hurdles, and Julius Zebroski was just behind Lucas, star miler for Riverhead. Adolph Rysko accounted for points in shot put, discus throw and high jump. Wesley Orlowski was second in the 440-yard dash, and he pushed Nelson of Riverhead, who was first, all the way. The relay team (Wyche, Orlowski, Rysko and Tuthill) began their victorious season by displaying their heels to Riverhead and Greenport for the entire 880 yards, to cross the finish in the fast time of 1:40.

On Wednesday, April 29, the track team competed at Islip against



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Islip and Sewanhaka High Schools. Sewanhaka led the field with a score of $50\frac{1}{4}$, Islip 42 and Southold $33\frac{3}{4}$. Both Islip and Sewanhaka are Class A schools, yet the team from Peconic Bay locality made competition interesting. Wyche scored in the 100 and 220-yard dashes. Orłowski ran a dead heat in the 440-yard dash with Paul of Islip; time 1:01.3. Zebroski was second in the mile; Rysko tied for first place in the high jump by clearing the bar at 5 ft. 5 in., captured first honors in hurdles and came out third in the shot put. Tuthill was second in the hurdles and secured third place ribbon for the pole vault; Le Long was third in hurdles and also third in the discus event. The relay team again ran in great style, to be first; time 1:40.7.

The climax of the track season was reached at Patchogue on May 16, however, when Southold was second with 42 points for the Class B title against Westhampton with 55. Southold nosed out Centre Moriches who had 39 points. The relay team, which had not known defeat this spring, again annexed first place and the county record as well, by running the 880 yards in 1:38.7, thereby lowering the record set by Islip in 1929. Howard Wyche, lead-off man for Southold, was out of his marks with the flash of the gun, and taking the pole, fell into a stride which gave Southold a twenty-yard lead which was never reduced. Orłowski received the baton from Wyche and sprinted off to pass to Rysko who, in turn, did his lap in good time to carry the stick to Tuthill, running in anchor position. Tuthill sped over the remaining 220 yards to clinch first position and a record that was faster than the time in which the Class A schools ran the relay.

Other first class performances by Southold track men at Patchogue were made by Wyche, who ran the 100 yards in 10.5 seconds; Orłowski, who placed second against Dayton of Westhampton, who set a new record in the 440, and by Zebroski, who placed second in the mile against the record holder, Callaghan.

The summaries follow:

220-Yard Dash—Won by Wyche, Southold; Gillis, West Hampton, second; Dayton, West Hampton, third; Havens, West Hampton, fourth. Time—0:24.7.

220-Yard Low Hurdles Dash—Won by Rogers, West Hampton; Rysko, Southold, second; E. Tuthill, Southold, third; Frowein, Centre Moriches, fourth. Time—0:29.

Junior 60-Yard Dash—Won by Thompson, Southold; Robbins, West Hampton, second; Gradowski, Southold, third; Lewis, Centre Moriches, fourth. Time—0:08.3.

Junior 100-Yard Dash—Won by Conklin, West Hampton; Wilcox, Centre Moriches, second; Bandrowski, West Hampton, third; Shipuleski, Southold, fourth. Time—0:11.6.

Senior 100-Yard Dash—Won by Wyche, Southold; Gillis, West Hampton, second; E. Tuthill, Southold, third; Barszczski, Bridgehampton, fourth. Time—0:10.5.

One Mile Run—Won by Callaghan, Centre Moriches; Zebroski,

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Southold, second; Marshall, Centre Moriches, third; Hodgson, West Hampton, fourth. Time—5:02.5.

440-Yard Run—Won by Dayton, West Hampton; Orłowski, Southold, second; Goldberg, Centre Moriches, third; Duns, West Hampton, fourth. Time—0:56.2. (New meet record; old record, 0:56.5, made by G. Van Wart, Islip, in 1930.)

Pole Vault—Losee, West Hampton, and Glendenning, West Hampton, tied for first; Carter, Centre Moriches, and Frowein, Centre Moriches, tied for third. Height—9 ft.

Discus Throw—Won by Barnish, West Hampton; Worth, South Huntington, second; English, Centre Moriches, third; Kosach, Centre Moriches, fourth. Distance—96 ft. 11½ in.

Broad Jump—Won by Havens, Centre Moriches; Worth, Sag Harbor, second; Marshall, Bridgehampton, third; Grattan, Southold, fourth. Distance—18 ft. ½ in.

High Jump—Won by Brugel, East Islip; Havens, Centre Moriches, second; Robbins, West Hampton, third; no fourth. Height—5 ft. 2 in.

12-Pound Shot Put—Won by Barnish, West Hampton; Rysko, Southold, second; Duns, West Hampton, third; Chartuck, Centre Moriches, fourth. Distance—40 ft. 9 in.

880-Yard Run—Won by Callaghan, Centre Moriches; Hyland, Centre Moriches, second; Zebroski, Southold, third; Wright, West Hampton, fourth. Time—2:14.4.

880-Yard Relay—Won by Southold (Wyche, Orłowski, Rysko, E. Tuthill); Centre Moriches, second; West Hampton, third; Bridgehampton, fourth. Time—1:38.7. (New meet record; old record, 1:43.6, made by Islip in 1929.)

Point Score

| | | | |
|-----------------------|----|---------------------|---|
| West Hampton | 55 | Bridgehampton | 6 |
| Southold | 42 | Sag Harbor | 6 |
| Centre Moriches | 39 | East Islip | 5 |

Track at Southold faces bright prospects for next year, because the school is to have a quarter-mile cinder track and more track equipment. Although the team will lose three invaluable men, namely, Orłowski, Tuthill and Grattan, nevertheless, Rysko, Zebroski, De Long and several others with track ability will serve as a nucleus to build a team around next season. In addition, there are a number of junior runners in the seventh and eighth grades who can display a mean heel to their competitors upon occasion. All in all, the team should have a better distribution of strength, but it will probably be many a season before Southold will find a relay team to equal the Wyche-Orłowski-Rysko-Tuthill quartet.

TENNIS

Two well-equipped clay tennis courts are to be constructed this summer on the athletic field at Southold High School. These, together with the new baseball diamond and cinder track, fulfill a long-felt need. Tennis, in particular, is a sport at which almost anyone can play, and therefore the addition of the courts to our athletic facilities is an innovation which will give great satisfaction and benefit to our entire student body. Even without suitable courts, several of our students have been active in tennis, however, and one Saturday recently they played a number of match games at Southampton High School against skilled racquetmen. Although our players were defeated, the results were not entirely disheartening, inasmuch as any interest shown by our students now foretells a reasonable success next year for the sport when we shall have ample facilities for the game.

In spite of the fact that a summary of the score shows the defeats to be rather bad, the Southold players were hard players. Louise Orłowski, especially, was a more difficult player to win from than the score indicates. The summaries are as follows:

Boys' Doubles—Won by Southampton, 6-1, 6-0, 6-1. F. Strasser and W. Orłowski represented Southold.

Boys' Singles—Won by Southampton, 6-1. H. Allen represented Southold.

Girls' Singles—Won by Southampton, 6-0, 6-0. L. Orłowski represented Southold.

Music Department Notes

The annual Christmas entertainment was held December 18, 1930. "Up the Chimney," a play by Sigmund B. Alexander, was presented. The cast included members from all eight grades, with the Junior High Girls singing the carols. The fairies chorus danced and sang in Santa Land delightfully, and the primary children had a merry time in the pillow fight. Alice Poliwoda, Marguerite Stacy and Arthur Dickerson, who were taken up the chimney by the Fireplace Fairy, Letitia Grattan, met Santa, Daniel Overton, with the ease of experienced actors. They were undaunted by the fierce policeman "Bingo," Constant Weygant, and his dog "Bingo," Jay Redden, and returned to their own fireplace happy for their adventure and for having given the audience a very pleasant evening.

At this same time the High School orchestra made its first appearance of the year, furnishing music between the acts. Their performance was creditable, and subsequent entertainments have shown increased musicianship. That the High School orchestra is an established or-

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ganization was proved by the capable manner in which they accompanied the musical numbers of the High School operetta, "In Old Vienna." The overture was especially well done.

To promote more interest and to augment the orchestra, the School Board purchased a baritone horn, a bass, a mellophone and trombone. Warren Sterling, Edgar Smith, George De Long and Henry Jacobi are hard at work at these instruments and are making good progress. The entire group will be heard at the commencement program, and one is certain that their performance will be commendable.

This year has seen the reorganization of the band under the direction of Mr. Antonio Mazzeo, who has so successfully developed a number of bands in this section of Long Island. There are fourteen boys in the band now, all of whom will be in school next year. We are looking forward to what they will accomplish next school term.

The Spring Program, given by the grades of the Southold High School on May 21, benefit of the Parent Teachers Association, was novel and interesting. The curtain parted and revealed a long wooden box, in which were tucked twelve little dolls from Japan. They were dressed in colorful kimonos characteristic of their native land, and of course they each carried a dainty fan. How well these little dolls talked, sang and danced! One, Thelma Adams, actually played a violin solo. We were pleased with their visit to our land and sincerely hope that each one found a lovely mistress to appreciate and take care of her.

From here we were taken to the drawing room of Rose McClaud's home, the scene of the first act of that tuneful operetta, "The Wild Rose," by Rhys-Herbert. No wonder Rose, Lydia Dickerson, wanted to escape the rush and confusion of her city home with its constant invasions by reporters, dressmakers, charity workers, and countless friends. But we were glad she took her twelve maids with her to the country estate. Their songs and gay company would certainly have been missed. They were also very necessary in caring for all the roses and arbors, which they did very efficiently. Only Mrs. Fussey, the housekeeper, played by Ruth Jennings, did not think that they did their duty. There was one other that Mrs. Fussey kept her eye on, only this time it was a flirtatious eye. But who could blame her for casting pleased glances at Carol Cosden, who looked so well dressed as Bobbie, an admirer of Rose, who had followed her to the country home? Bobbie escaped, however, when the famous playwright, Lady Grey, offered Rose and him parts in her new play. This very important meeting was brought about by Rose's runaway kitten, and all ended happily.

We were somewhat worried after the matinee to learn that this member of the cast had lost all nine lives during its brief career. The problem of an understudy proved unbelievably great, and we were still looking for one a few minutes before the evening performance. George Worth

THE SNUFF BOX

combined track ability and desperation in pursuing one Tabby which seemingly had no dramatic aspirations, and successfully defied coercion. He was not to be defeated, however, and returned later with a more amiable Maltese securely under his arm. There then rose a chance of professional jealousy, as "Gizzard" had also answered the S. O. S. with a black and white pussy. All proved reasonable, and at the end of the evening both actors and audience went home satisfied.

PICKLES

Pickles. No, not just one of the Heinz 57 varieties, but Southold High School's first attempt at a musical comedy. A production that demanded the best in effort and abilities from its cast, and got it. One that boasted of all 57 varieties of entertainment in one. Slow, melodious waltzes, excellently sung by Roberta Kollmer and Francis Strasser; catchy syncopated rhythms led by Irma Wells, the lovely gypsy maid, and the breezy advertising expert, Jerome Grattan; melancholy songs of gypsy life so well done by George De Long; chorus songs that nearly rivaled the solos and duets in popularity and general quality of rendition; a band of gypsy dancing girls who added much to the zest of the show. And the witty dialogue! From the obvious puns, we cannot forget the awful one J. J. Jones retorted to the remark that "Pest is as pest does," "As we say in Hungary, we always do our pest"; subtle humor that brought applause and laughter from the audience.

Each member of the cast deserves a special paragraph, and since we cannot give it to them, we will just print the names of the participants with a hope that you are not one of the very unfortunate ones who did not see "Pickles."

Cast of Characters

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Hans Maier—Proprietor of Wurtzelpraetor Inn | William Kollmer |
| Louisa—A Waitress | Elizabeth Jennings |
| Captain Kinski—Chief of Detective Bureau, Vienna . . . | Laurence Carroll |
| Bumski { Kinski's faithful sleuths } | Wesley Orlovski |
| Rumski { } | Arthur McCaffery |
| J. Jennison Jones—An advertising expert | Jerome Grattan |
| Jigo—A Hungarian Gypsy | George De Long |
| Arthur Crefont—A young American artist | Francis Strasser |
| June Pennington—An American heiress | Roberta Kollmer |
| Jonas H. Pennington—Proprietor "Peter Piper Pickles" . | Warren Sterling |
| Lady Vivian Delancy—A charming English widow . . . | Anne Thompson |
| Ilona—Gypsy Girl | Irma Wells |
| Tourists, Viennese Maidens, Waiters, Gypsies | |

THE SNUFF BOX

OUR BASEBALL TEAM

On the diamond in Spring, Southold ne'er fails,
To put out a team that's harder than nails;
The squad is composed of nine fellows hopped up,
With the idea of trying to bring home the cup.
The boys all work hard, now that Goldie is coach,
To make up a team that none can approach;
Our pitcher's a dark knight, his first name is Sam,
As our greatest star hurler, he sure is a wham.
The batters oft swing without touching the ball,
The contortions they go through bring laughter to all;
If perchance one should foul, it doubles the mirth,
For 'tis sure to be hooked by our catcher, George Worth.
The infield itself is well worthy of praise,
For they catch every grounder wherever it lays;
With Gizzard at third base, and Tuthill at short,
There pass few balls that aren't cleanly caught.
While Gagen at second, and Rysko at first,
By opposing batsmen have often been cursed;
For many a batter who has hit with much might,
Has seen the ball trapped, and been put out like a light.
The fly-balls certainly find their way barred,
By De Long, Oose or Allen, who form the rear guard;
Or by Julius or Dickie, who must not be snubbed,
For their work has been swell at the times they have subbed.
With all going well—you'll go far e'er you find,
A team that is likely to keep such stars behind.

—L. S. C. '31.

Art M.—“What's that guy throwing those books in the river for?”
E. Gagen—“He must be trying to increase the volume.”

Bob—“Tell him all you know, it won't take you long.”
Warren—“If I should tell him all that we both know, it wouldn't
take any longer.”

Miss Pederson (speaking on phone)—“You say that Bill Smith has a
cold and will not be able to attend school today? Who is this speaking?”
Voice (hoarsely)—“My father.”

Miss Malone—“Name a work of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jerome.”
Jerome—“Acrobat on the Breakfast Table.”

ALUMNI

In looking over the list of graduates of Southold High School during the past few years, we find that their careers have varied widely. Destiny seems to have scattered them far and wide. We are sure, however, that no matter how distant they travel or how successful their careers may be, they will always be proud to look back upon their High School career at Southold. The education received there and the enjoyment accompanying it will always remain with them.

Proud, too, may Southold High be of her alumni. They have been for the most part a very successful lot and have remained loyal to the training received during their school days.

The best proof of this is perhaps a review of some of the activities engaged in by members of some of our recent classes.

In the class of '27 we find that many chose to continue their education at higher institutions and are now well on the road to success.

Marguerite Ehrhardt and Kathryn Hilliard are now working as nurses after having trained at the Brooklyn Hospital. Harriet Dickerson chose the same vocation and received her training at the M. E. Hospital of New York, where she is now employed.

Helen Koke and Kathryn McCaffery found teaching their calling, and both have completed several years of that work.

Helen Sterling attended the State Agricultural College at Farmingdale, and is now employed by her father as landscape architect. Marcella Ackscin is working in New York City after having taken the secretarial course at Packer Institute.

Of those who entered college we find that Adelaide Sterling is completing her final year at Elmira College, and that Ruth Grathwohl has ended her Junior year at Dickinson.

Three members of the class obtained positions immediately after leaving Southold High School. Bernice Simons worked in the Bank of Southold, and she is now taking a business course in New York City. Joseph Bond is now working in the local branch of the Thomas Roulston Stores. James Cogan is employed in a New York City bank.

A large number of the members of the 1928 class are attending various colleges. Three of these are intending to follow the teaching profession. Doris Williams is taking a course at Albany Teachers' College, and Lillian Stelzer and Alice Bloomfield will graduate from Arnold College and Sargent School respectively, this June. Winifred Billard graduates this spring from New Paltz Normal, and we understand that she will teach next year in a school on the western end of Long Island.

THE SNUFF BOX

Marion Carey, after graduating from training class, taught for a year and is now attending a business school in Brooklyn.

Louise Overton is completing her third year at the Leslie School in Cambridge. Lyle Meredith, a Junior at Union, has won for himself scholastic and athletic distinction. He was recently elected to membership in the National Honorary Fraternity in Engineering, and he also finds time to play on the Varsity Baseball team on which he is the star pitcher. Irwin Beebe is completing a course at Pratt Institute.

Two of the members of this same class are at home. Corey Albertson is a valued employe at the local branch of "The Boat Shop," while Elmer Ruland devotes his time to the art of growing bigger and better potatoes.

Class of 1929. Stanley Krukowski, after a year at Hamilton, transferred to Cornell University, where he is taking a course in Veterinary Medicine. Frances Gordon is at Maryland State College, where she has won several athletic honors. Arthur Fanning, after attending St. Lawrence University for a year, left to accept a position in Mattituck.

Adelaide Ackscin and Therese Bauer are at home. Helen Dickerson is a valued member of the staff of the Bank of Southold. Alice Downs took a business course at Southold Academy and she is now a bookkeeper with Vail Brothers. Irene McKeon is taking a nurse's training course at the Mary Immaculate Hospital in Jamaica. Mary Heckman is a Freshman at Wilson College in Chambersburg, Pa., and reports from there indicate that she is making a good record for herself.

Julia McCaffery, after taking a course at Brown's Business School, is now employed in Greenport. Milton Folts has a position in Cutchogue and we understand that he is contemplating taking a professional course in the near future.

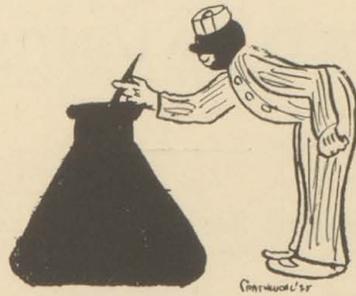
We find that the Class of 1930 is still for the most part allied in small groups. Kathleen Meredith, Marie Doherty and Eileen Mahoney are all taking a nursing course at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City, and Leone Simon is also studying to be a nurse at the Mary Immaculate Hospital.

Jean Wells is at the Wheelock School in Boston. Frank Kane and Horace Symonds are roommates at Cornell University, where Frank is taking a course in Forestry and Horace is studying Civil Engineering. Myra Fleet is completing her first year at Elmira College. Adelle Paine is taking a commercial course at Greenport.

Robert Gagen is now a hustling worker for the Long Island Lighting Company. Francis Thompson is claiming he is working with the Moeller Tree Expert Company. Walter Williams has been employed for some time in the electrical trade.

THE SNUFF BOX

AUTOGRAPHS



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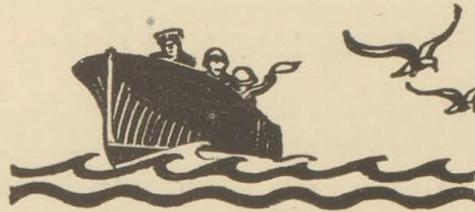
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COMPLIMENTS OF

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Telephone 190

SOUTHOLD

LONG ISLAND

WELL COMMENCE!

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WE AGREE WITH THAT SAYING TOO—

THE PRESENT IS THE PROPER TIME TO THINK
ABOUT A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD—AND A CEL-
LAR UNDER YOUR FEET.

“STAND PAT” WE SAY—BE SURE YOU ARE
STANDING ON TERRA FIRMA—BUT YOU MAY
HAPPEN TO BE A SON, OR A DAUGHTER OF A
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YOU WILL CERTAINLY BE LEFT TO PADDLE
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WHY NOT VISIT AND SEE FOR YOUR-
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TAGES—JUST AROUND THE CORNER

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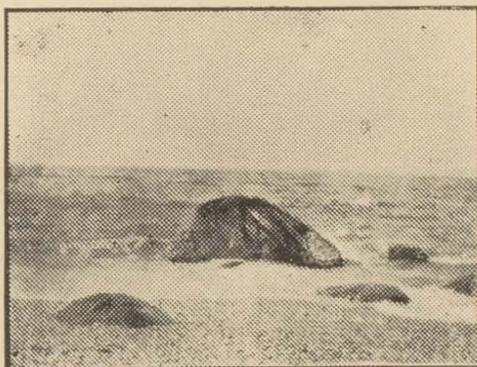
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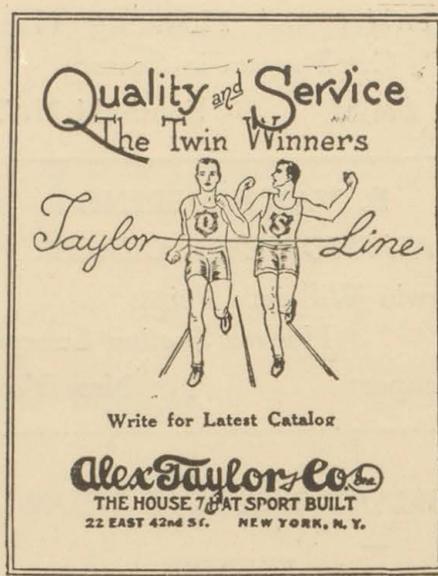
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