

The
SMUFF
BOX

Southold
High
School

1934



Traveler Print
Southold, N.Y.
1934



DEDICATION

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Thirty-Four,
respectfully dedicate this issue of the SNUFF BOX to

FREDERICK K. TERRY

as a token of our gratitude for his services to the pupils
of this district, and we heartily endorse the spirit of the
Resolution passed by the Board of Education, which
appears on the following page.

Resolution

WHEREAS, Because of the increasing pressure of other duties, FREDERICK K. TERRY has tendered his resignation as a member of the Board of Education of Union Free School District Number Five of the Town of Southold; and

WHEREAS, In the twenty-two years of his service on this Board, the last thirteen of which have been in the capacity of president, he has given unstintingly of his time, his energy, his faculty for leadership, and his executive ability; and

WHEREAS, During this period of his association with the Board, he has consistently labored for high standards in educational facilities, striving always to harmonize his ideals for the school with his sense of responsibility to the people of his community; and

WHEREAS, Under his stewardship there has been a marked unanimity of purpose among the members of the Board of Education which have been reflected in the development of a school which is at once a source of pride to the community and a monument to his labors; now

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED: That we, the Members of the Board of Education of Union Free School District Number Five of the Town of Southold, accept the resignation of FREDERICK K. TERRY with sincere appreciation for his services and with deep regret for the loss of that leadership and association; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Board of Education; that a copy be presented to FREDERICK K. TERRY; and that a copy be published in The Long Island Traveler.

WILLIAM A. WELLS

GEORGE H. DICKERSON

WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS

ALBERT W. ALBERTSON

J. LEO THOMPSON

EDWARD L. DONAHUE

Members of the Board of Education.

L. A. BLODGETT, Principal

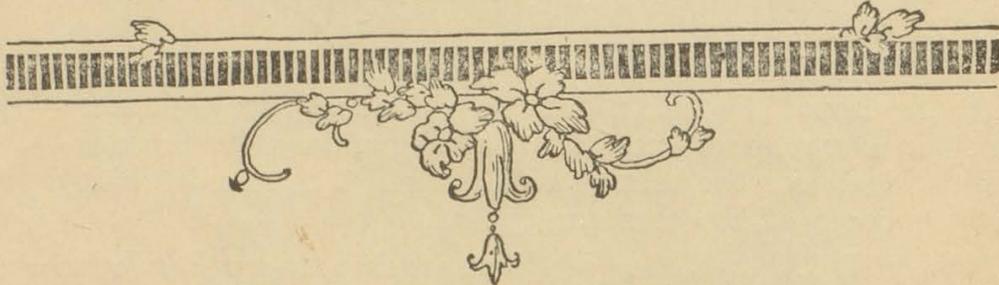
THE SNUFF BOX

SOUTHOLD, N. Y.

Volume 11

JUNE 1934

The Staff



EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief

Elizabeth Allen, '34

Associate Editors

Edna Dickerson, '34 Elizabeth Jennings, '34

Business Manager

Lewis Davison, '35

Assistant Business Managers

Robert Moore, '34 Arthur McCaffery, '34 Edwin Lucey, '35

Literary Editor

William Grattan, '34

Athletic Editors

Edna Dickerson, '34 Ralph Hawkins, '35

Joke Editors

Mary Moffat, '34 Kathryn McCaffery, '35

Alumni Editors

Helen Dickerson, '29 Anne Thompson, '33

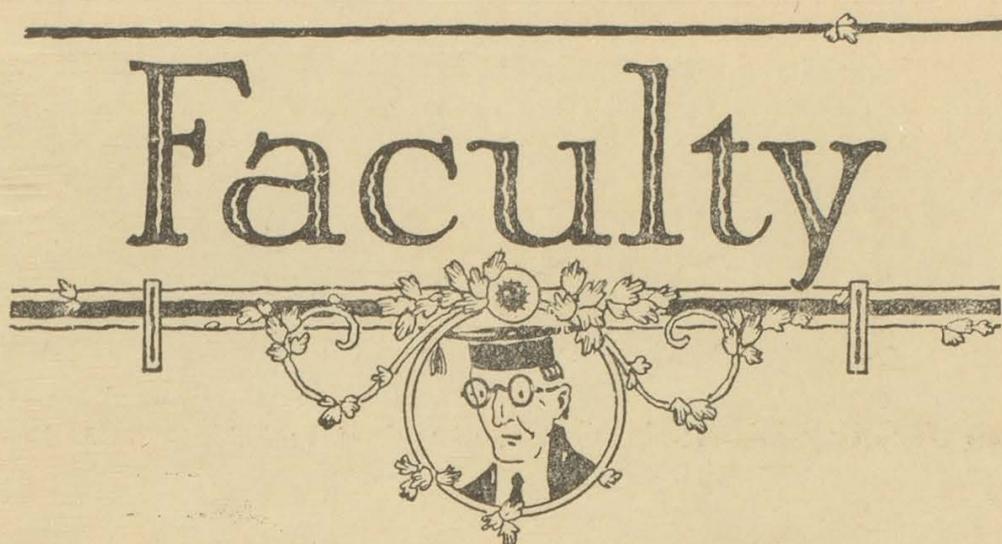
Faculty Adviser

Kathleen Malone

Class Editors

Senior Class	Pauline Howell
Junior Class	Margaret Murtagh
Sophomore Class	Mary Grigonis
Freshman Class	Dorothy Redden

THE SNUFF BOX



Principal	Lewis A. Blodgett, A. B.
French and English	Kathleen V. Malone, A. B.
Science	Alfred E. Dart, M. A.
Civics and Mathematics	Harold E. Goldsmith, 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 F. Lindsay
Fourth Grade	Marjorie R. Skiff
Third Grade	Marie H. Tuthill
Second Grade	Ruth York
First Grade	Dorothy M. Roberts
Music	Louise C. Metz, A. B.
School Nurse	Asta E. Pedersen
Director of Band and Orchestra	Claude Lounsberry

BOARD OF EDUCATION

William A. Wells

William L. Williams
George H. Dickerson
Albert W. Albertson

J. Leo Thompson
Edward L. Donahue
Carlyle Cochran

THE SNUFF BOX

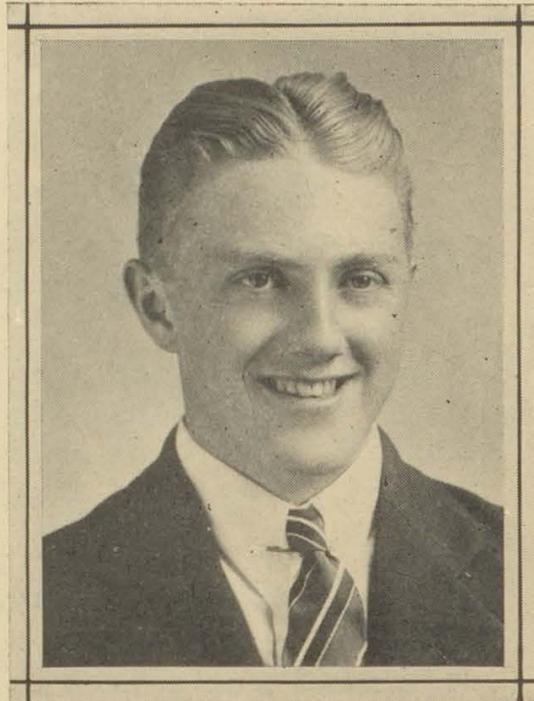


ELIZABETH LEE ALLEN
"Betty"

"To those who know thee not, no words
can paint;
And those who know thee, know all
words are faint."

Class Vice-President '33; Girls'
Basketball '31, '32, '33, '34; Cap-
tain Girls' Basketball '31; Fi-
nance Committee A. A. '31;
Latin Club '34; Girls' Glee Club
'31, '32, '33, '34; Orchestra '32,
'33; Band '32, '33, '34; Band
Vice-President '33, '34; "In Old
Vienna" '31; "Oh, Doctor" '34;
Class Editor of Snuff Box '31,
'32; Girls' Athletic Editor of
Snuff Box '33; Associate Editor
of Snuff Box '33; Editor-in-
Chief of Snuff Box '34.

"BETTY," you've made a place for
yourself in S. H. S. that will be im-
possible to fill. We're going to miss your
"brilliance" and your good nature. You
have certainly been a grand booster in
all school affairs; we and the athletic
teams will feel your absence, and regret
the loss of your able assistance. Our
best wishes, Betty, for your assured
success.



MAXIMILIAN M. ABERHAM

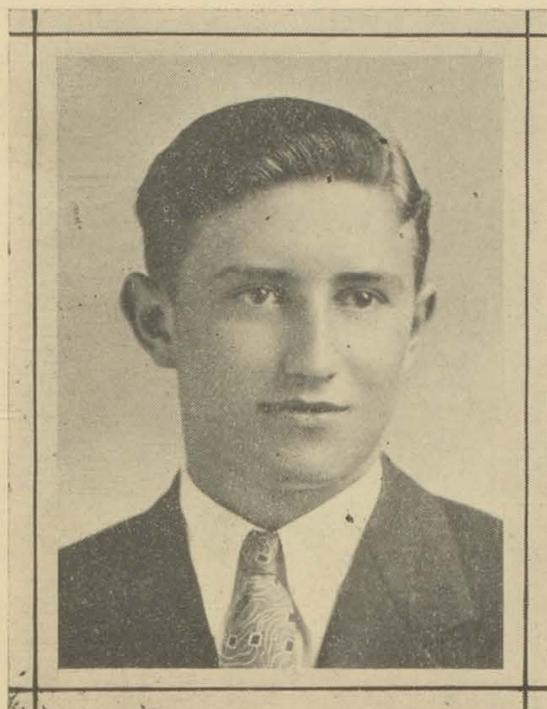
"Maxie"

"The force of his own merits makes
his way."

"Oh, Doctor" '34; Track, '32.

"MAXIE," don't always be the last one
to laugh—even though you yearn to
exhibit your unique accomplishment.
Is the Washington Trip responsible for
the great change we have noticed in
you? Seriously, we have no present-
ments concerning your future, for your
abilities cannot be denied.

THE SNUFF BOX



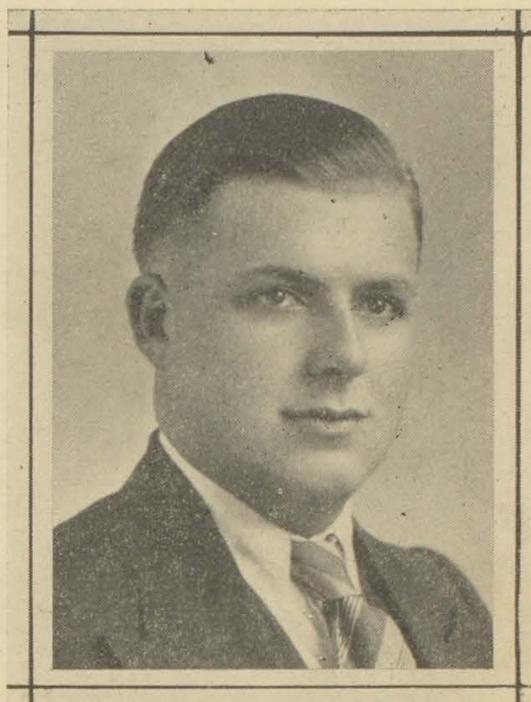
DAN CHARNEWS

"Chatter"

"The blush is beautiful, but is sometimes inconvenient."

Baseball '32, '33, '34; Basketball '33, '34; Track Manager '33; Assistant Manager of Baseball '32.

"DAN," your shallow supply of excuses and your naive blush are your only failings. In athletic accomplishments you have succeeded very well, and your absence will be sorely missed next year. Don't keep your light under a bushel, Dan, and you'll get there, we know!



WINSTON FORD DAVIDS

"Fat"

"He is a music maker."

"Oh, Doctor" '34; H. R. A.

Police Commissioner '34.

"FAT," your imitations of the "Street Singer" will long be remembered in S. H. S., as will your contagious laughter. It is said that great men are fond of detective stories, so we feel that you are well on the path to achieving greatness.

THE SNUFF BOX



JOHN DE ALBERTIS, JR.

"Johnny"

"In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, a hand to execute."

Basketball '33, '34; Track '33, '34.

"JOHNNY," you seem to have possessed a special faculty for evading work and yet succeeding in spite of everything. You have proved invaluable on the track and basketball teams and have supplied life to so many classes with your individual wit. Good luck, Johnny.



EDNA MAE DICKERSON

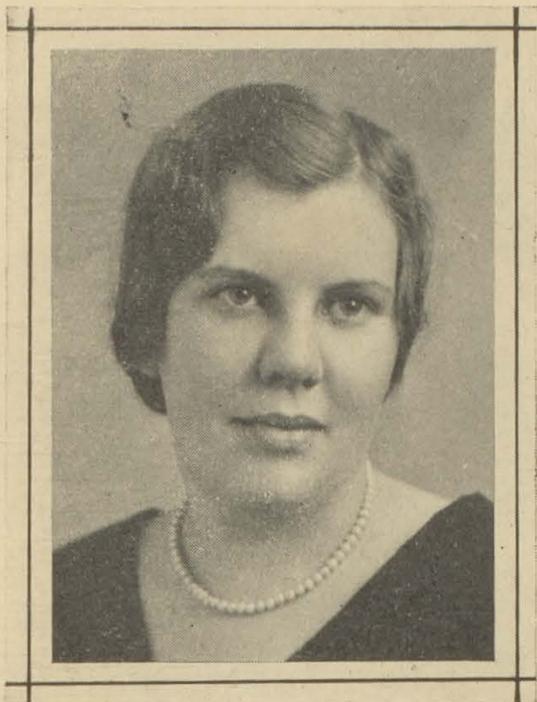
"Eddie"

"Whate'er she did was done with so much ease,
In her alone 'twas natural to please."

President of Class '31, '32, '33;
Girls' Glee Club '31, '32, '33, '34;
"In Old Vienna," '31; "Oh, Doctor" '34; Finance Committee A. A. '33; Drum Major of Band '33, '34; Manager Girls' Basketball Team '34; Girls' Athletic Editor Snuff Box '34; Associate Editor Snuff Box '33, '34.

"JACK," although you seldom assert yourself (do you dislike it as much as you pretend?) you have proved your worth in no uncertain fashion, and consequently have aided the class. Your dramatic ability is to be admired, and your many good qualities point the way to future success.

THE SNUFF BOX

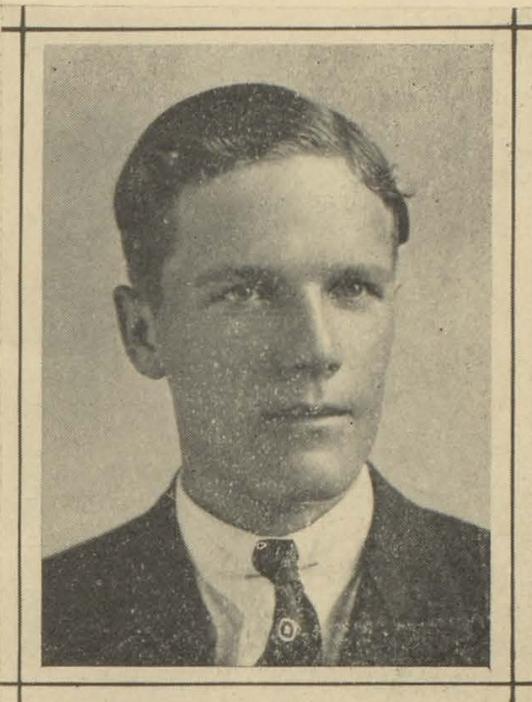


SHIRLEY ARLIEN FISHER

"Tubby"

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise."

SHIRLEY, we shudder to think what future classes will be without your guidance. Who will take your place as general chaperon in Washington? Seriously, "Tubby," we admire you for your reliability and good nature. We feel sure you will go a long way in this world.



GERALD FLEET

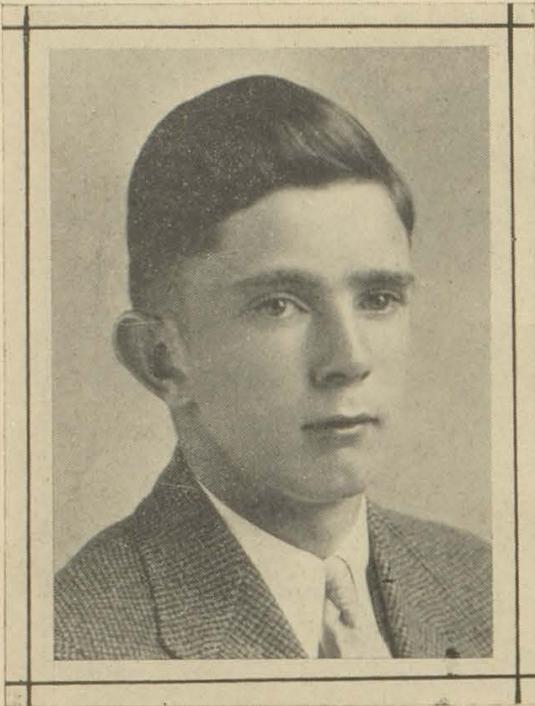
"Goldie"

"Some that smile have in their hearts,
I fear, millions of mischief."

School Sanitation Commissioner '34; Baseball '34; Finance Committee A. A. '34.

"GERALD," must you act so belligerent and cynical at times? We regret your lack of enthusiasm, and your scornful attitude to many of our carefully laid plans. We have discovered your better nature, however, and your determination and scholarship can mean only one thing—Success. Good luck, Gerald!

THE SNUFF BOX



EUGENE GAGEN
"Peanut"

"Let the world slide."

Baseball '34.

"PEANUT," despite your deficiency in height, you have managed to hold your own during your high school years. You have proved to us what a "little man" can accomplish. If not illustrious in school, you have made an admirable showing on the baseball diamond. May you have infinite success in likewise persuading others of the values you possess.



HETTIE FAYE GOLDSMITH
"Faye"

"A friend is gold, if true."

Girls' Glee Club '31, '32

"FAYE," you have spent a somewhat tranquil four years at S. H. S., but perhaps you realized the necessity for silence in the makings of an efficient nurse. We are sure if you serve others with the same sweet willingness you have your school and schoolmates, you will attain the best in life.

THE SNUFF BOX



KATHLEEN RITA GRATTAN

"Gracie"

"But break my heart, if I must hold
my tongue."

Girls' Glee Club '31, '32.

"GRACIE" . . . verily, you belong to the number of those who can live by wit alone. How will next year's classes exist without your distinctive observations interspersed with spicy comments? In all sincerity, however, we are sure you'll make your mark in the world, for your good characteristics predominate.



WILLIAM JOSEPH GRATTAN

"Bill"

"The love of books is a love which requires neither justification, apology, nor defense."

Vice-President, Class '34; Vice-President of Latin Club '34; Literary Editor of Snuff Box '34; "In Old Vienna" '31; Valedictorian.

Alas, "Bill," who is going to write our poetry this coming year? Your ability to pen verse and your outstanding scholastic record have left us awestruck. Although your efforts have been confined primarily to studious activities, we have marked your ever ready willingness to co-operate in all class undertakings. It is inevitable that these two prominent characteristics will pave the way toward your ultimate triumph.

THE SNUFF BOX



RICHARD HORTON
"Dick"

"Men of few words are the best men."

"DICK," you have been a "Mystery Man," but from observation we must say that we respect your perseverance.

It seems that your usual silence in school, however, has failed to convince us that you are "quiet as a mouse," for there have been occasions when your very loquacity has astounded us. Good luck, "Dick," in all your undertakings.



PAULINE GOLDSMITH HOWELL
"Pean"

"It is better to be small and shine,
Than to be large and cast a shadow."

Secretary of Class '33, '34; Secretary of A. A. '34; Basketball '31, '32, '33, '34; Orchestra '32, '33; "In Old Vienna" '31; "Oh, Doctor!" '34; Joke Editor Snuff Box '33; Snapshot Editor Snuff Box '32; Class Editor Snuff Box '34; Salutatorian.

"PEAN," you've been an indispensable factor in both class and school activities. Who will play the piano for operettas and for our impromptu dances? Although you are a little girl, Pean, you seem to be able to create a stir wherever you go. Keep up your good work, and we'll see you at the top.

THE SNUFF BOX



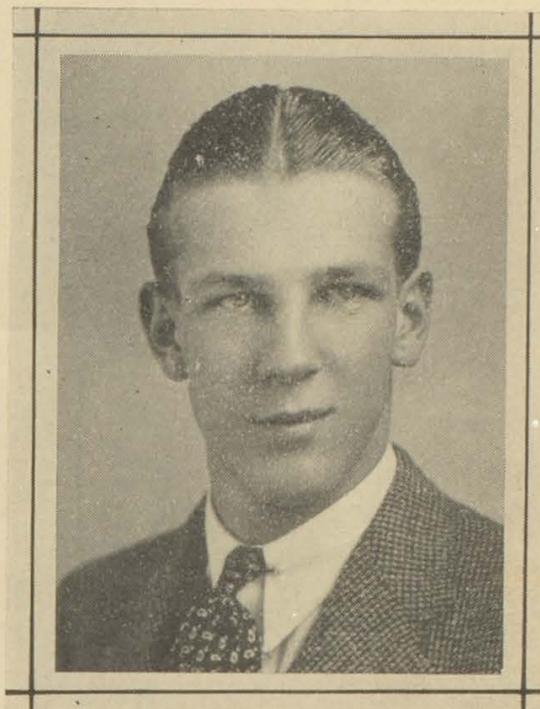
ELIZABETH BOISSEAU JENNINGS
"Betty"

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

Class Secretary '31, '32; "In Old

Vienna" '31; "Oh, Doctor" '34;
Latin Club '33, '34; Girls' Glee
Club '31, '32, '33, '34; Class Edi-
tor of Snuff Box '33; Associate
Editor of Snuff Box '34.

"BETTY," study hall will seem a dif-
ferent place without your familiar
laughter accompanied by that inhuman
snort. What will we do for transporta-
tion next year, and who will keep us
informed on the latest developments in
Entomology? You'll surely be a suc-
cess at Cornell, Bet, but we advise that
you don't spend too much time on
Biology.



WILLIAM HENRY KOLLMER
"Bill"

"On with the dance,

Let Joy be unconfined——"

Basketball '32, '33, '34; Track
'33; Assistant Business Manager
Snuff Box '32; President, Home
Room Association '34; "In Old
Vienna" '31; "Oh, Doctor!" '34.

"BILL," your athletic abilities belie
the role you attempt to portray—that of
the weary sophisticate. Why does
"peace" seem to be the dominant of
your life? We sincerely admire your
unfailing interest in school affairs, as
well as your helpful attitude in regard
to the class plans. Good luck always,

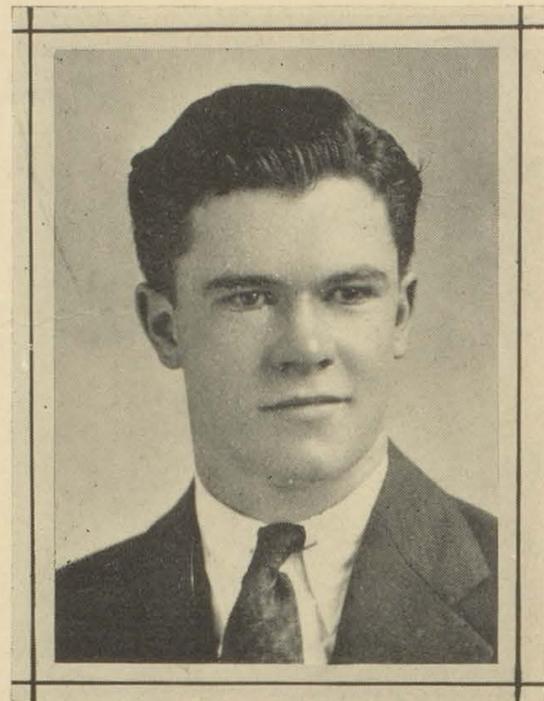
THE SNUFF BOX



LAURA MARIE KRAMER
"Kramer"

"Nature made her as she should;
Not too bad; not too good."
Girls' Basketball '31, '32, '33, '34;
Orchestra '32, '33, '34; Band '32,
'33, '34; Secretary and Treas-
urer of Band '33, '34; "Oh, Doc-
tor" '34.

Although you have oft-times shocked us with your lack of dignity befitting a Senior, we confess that we envy the athletic record which you leave behind you. Most certainly it is going to be a difficult task to replace you on the girls' basketball line-up of defense. Our only suggestion is that you substitute something more substantial than "Hey" in your salutations before entering St. Lawrence. All good wishes for your future, though, Laura.



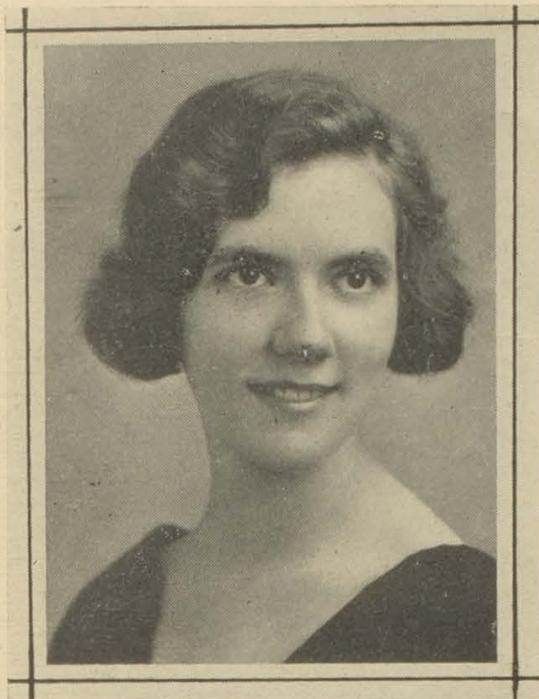
JOHN ARTHUR McCAFFERY
"Arty"

"I'm proud of all the Irish blood that's
in me;
And devil a bit that man can say
ag'in me."

"In Old Vienna" '31; Class
Treasurer '31, '32; Baseball '32,
'33, '34; Captain of Baseball '34;
Member of A. A. Finance Com-
mittee '33; Assistant Business
Manager of Snuff Box '33, '34;
Class President '34; "Oh, Doc-
tor" '34; Track '34; Vice-Presi-
dent of H. R. A. '34.

"ARTY," your excellence has come to light in your athletic accomplishments. Not only your efficiency as an infielder, but also as a batter is going to make your absence more keenly felt on the baseball nine. While your heart interests have more or less strayed from Southold High, the class has progressed smoothly under your firm and able guidance during the past year. May Dame Fortune favor you in advancing years.

THE SNUFF BOX



MARY ELIZABETH MOFFAT

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Orchestra '31, '32, '33, '34; Basketball '33, '34; Joke Editor of Snuff Box '34; Girls' Glee Club '31, '32.

MARY, must you constantly act coy? Assimilate a small amount of dignity, please, to add to your good nature, which is certain to be missed next year. Your perseverance, interest, and good nature foretell speedy and inevitable success. You deserve it, Mary!



ROBERT NELSON MOORE, JR.

"Moore"

"None but himself can be his parallel"

Band '30, '31, '32, '33; Orchestra, '31, '32; President of Band '32; Basketball '30, '31, '32, '33; Baseball '32; "Oh, Doctor" '33; Snuff Box Board of Finance '34.

"MOORE," you have prolonged your stay at Southold High School and have, during these years, proved invaluable to the teachers as errand boy, announcer, and what have you. Naturally, you are going to be missed most sincerely. 'Tis a pity that there were not more opportunities for debate at Southold, for on those occasions you would have risen to great heights as a debater. You have been a loyal classmate, "Bob," and we wish you unlimited success at N. Y. U. next year.

THE SNUFF BOX



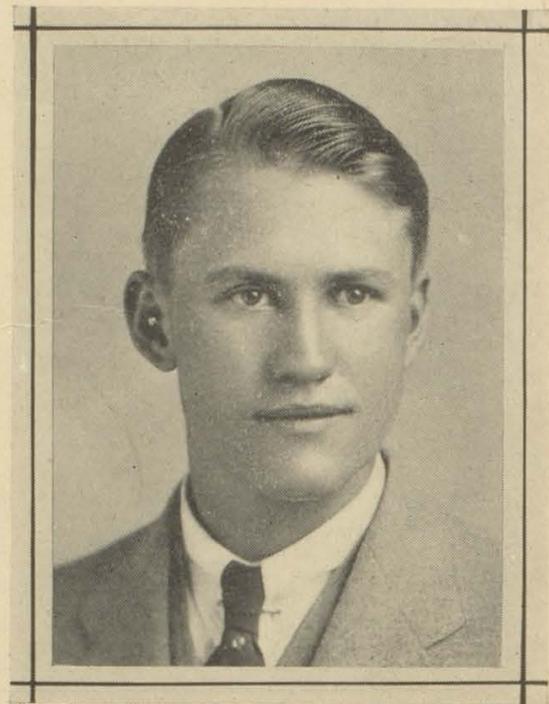
GEORGE OSTROSKI

"Oose"

"He is given to sports."

Baseball '31, '32, '33, '34; Basketball '32, '33, '34; Track, '32, '33, '34; "Oh, Doctor" '34; Vice-President of A. A. '33; President of A. A. '34; Representative of A. A. '34.

"OOSE," why not find a substitute for the often-used "I dunno"? Your versatility in sports has accomplished much. (How can you be replaced!) Not content with this, you have managed to keep up with your studies too. Add to these your manifold good qualities, and immediate success is the only outcome.



JOSEPH ALBERT SHIPULESKI

"Shippie"

"Always ready, always there,
Always willing to do his share."

Class Treasurer '34

Orchestra '30, '31, '32

"JOE," won't you leave us your formula for that irresistible charm that holds the girls spellbound in History C class? Despite your charm for the opposite sex, your business ability has always come to the surface during all class drives. Keep up your splendid diligence, Ship, and you're sure to attain the top of the ladder.

THE SNUFF BOX



SARA JEANETTE SIMON
"Sally"

"She nothing common did nor mean"
Latin Club '34; Basketball '32,

'33, '34; Girls' Glee Club '31, '32.

"SALLY" (we dare not call you "Sary"!)" although you have been a diminutive part of the class of '34, your assistance and cooperation have been great. The girls' basketball sextet will miss your defensive strength and good sportsmanship no end this coming season. Continue through life with the same spirit you have through your school years, Sara, and you're sure to meet with success.

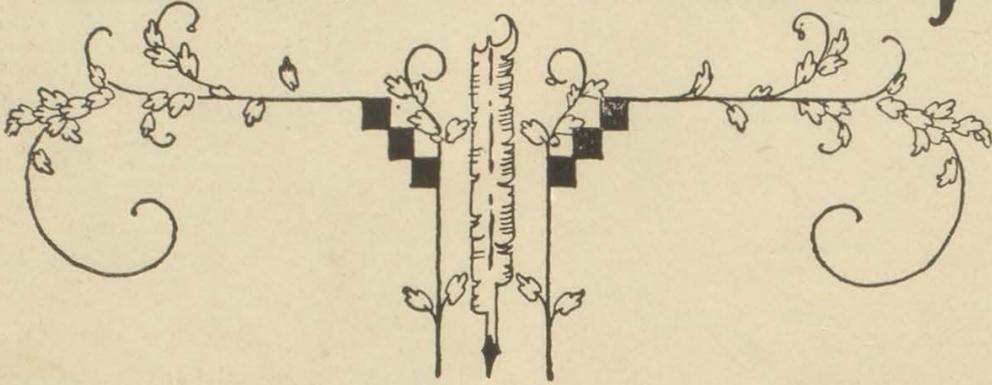


HELEN MARY STEPNOSKI
"Ellen"

Girls' Glee Club '31, '32

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind." It is unquestionable that you have earned your claim as a Senior of the class of '34, Helen. Your gentle reproach, "now honestly," is going to be missed next year and we hope that you will impart some of your much needed dignity to us, when you go. We assure you that this important characteristic will be more than helpful in securing success for you in the coming years.

Class History



Turn back the year clock of the class of '34 four school terms and one may glimpse the trembling figures of about thirty freshmen. Fear, however, proved only momentary, for it was but a few weeks ere we were committing the customary freshman pranks, errors, and disturbances. Our time wasn't entirely devoted to laughter and mischief, though, because before the completion of our school year we had elected the following officers to perform our few business duties: Edna Dickerson, John Grattan, Elizabeth Jennings, and Arthur McCaffery, who were president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer respectively. For diversion from our arduous studies we held two successful parties, one of which was under the auspices of the Latin 1 class; a few of our number secured positions on the school's athletic teams, and all of us bought class pins.

Our "wise fool" year was uneventful with the exception of a few parties and the girls' management of a picnic for Senior, Junior and Sophomore girls. The coaches welcomed our athletes again and the class prospered so well the first year beneath the guidance of their officers that these same students were re-elected.

Naturally, when in 1933 we become upper classmen, excitement and enthusiasm heightened. Having acquired the dignity and solemnity befitting Juniors, we began the year properly with the election of the following officers: President, Edna Dickerson; vice-president, Elizabeth Allen; treasurer, John Grattan, and secretary, Pauline Howell. Necessity forced us to increase our business activities because of the future Washington trip. A concert given under Mr. Lounsberry's direction offered us a creditable sum as a starter. In late April we relieved the Seniors of their candy selling, launched one food sale, and early in June sponsored a Junior Prom. We purchased handsome class rings, late in the year, and likewise, as

THE SNUFF BOX

in previous years, retained our athletic interests.

Far too rapidly our fourth year approached and even though we thrilled to the honor of being Seniors, we were ever conscious of the quickly passing weeks, which were nearing us to graduation and departure. The magazine campaign kept us extremely busy in the early days of our seniorhood, and we achieved ultimate success to the extent of defeating the records of all foregoing classes. Our hopes were high, as our fund increased gradually, as a result of food sales, candy sales, the presentation of "Oh, Doctor!", a delightful operetta, and finally the Senior Supper, which proved to be a triumph not only in a way of finances, but also nourishment. We were not too occupied with our labors to slight our social activities, however, for during the year we held two parties, both of which were enjoyed at the residence of "Bob" Moore. Athletically we continued to be supreme, outpointing the underclassmen in the annual Interclass Track Meet, and having the eminent sportsmen of all teams, Seniors.

The Washington trip swept upon us and we most assuredly found it as wonderful as it had been described. We want to thank Mr. Blodgett and Miss Malone, no end, for their persistent patience and co-operation in this outstanding undertaking of all four years.

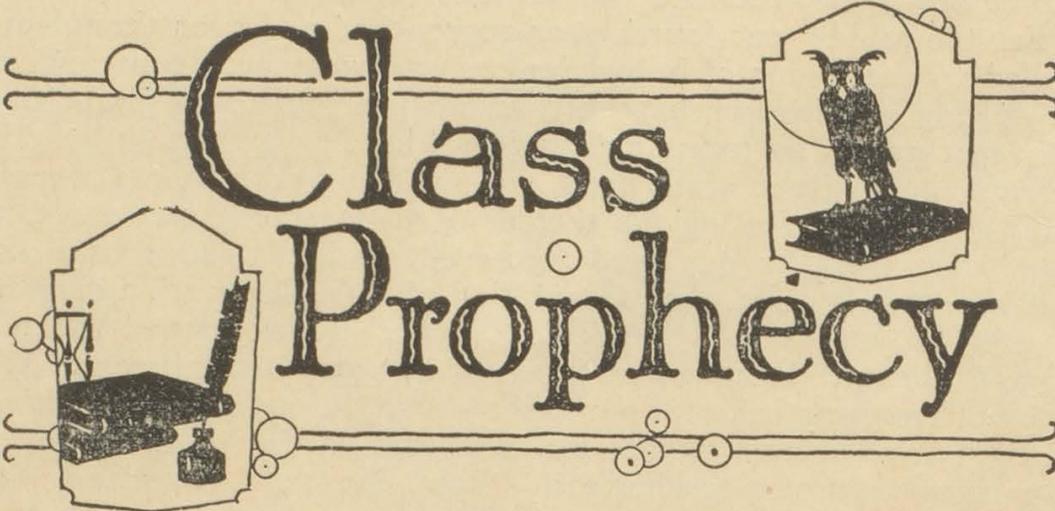
The time for departure has come, with it, joy and sorrow. Memories of our happy high school years busy our thoughts, as we regretfully prepare for our final night, Graduation. In going, we extend our sincere thanks and expressions of gratitude to our teachers, who have always so willingly given us assistance, to our schoolmates, and the townspeople who have never failed to support all our projects, and given us the encouragement to persevere. We realize how much we owe all, teachers, classmates, parents, and although we know how futile are our attempts to offer sufficient thanksgiving, we want you to know that we appreciate from the depths of our hearts the efforts which you have made to aid us throughout these years. High School has offered us unforgettable experiences; it has extended a fine training of mind and character and has supported various types of recreation to satisfy our growing energy. We shall leave, yes, but many moons will shine before we forget our high school experiences and the values gained there.

Gene Gagen: "It is my ambition to be a judge some day."

Artie: "You're fortunate. Your experience on the bench ought to be very useful then."

Bob M.: "I spent the last hour in the library with the person I love best in the world."

Donald: "Don't you ever tire of being alone?"



The title "Class Prophecy" is written in a large, stylized, serif font. The word "Class" is on the top line and "Prophecy" is on the bottom line. To the left of the word "Prophecy" is an illustration of an open snuff box with a small bottle inside. To the right of the word "Prophecy" is an illustration of an owl perched on a book. The entire title is framed by decorative horizontal lines with circular motifs.

! NOTICE !

The Steamship "Fate," chartered for the members of the class of nineteen hundred and thirty-four of the Southold High School, is docked at the Life Pier of the Prophecy Steamship Company on Age Street. All travelers must be aboard by midnight on June twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and forty-four.

Ooooooo! Oooooooo! The mournful, but mindful, call of the S. S. Fate pierces the air, as the time for departure draws near, and the brief span of hours in which to bid friends and relatives farewell terminates. The mighty ship with its gleaming sides lies awaiting the ever-quickenning moment, when it shall be set free to begin its initial voyage. It is glorious! It is marvelous! It is wonderful that this should be the ship to bear members of that eminent class of thirty-four to all parts of the world. Ten years ago these passengers graduated from Southold High School and now are graced with added dignity and poise, as for a decade they have toiled to prepare themselves for success and contentment.

Two figures stand side by side at the rail. They are, apparently, unconscious of the presence of any other human beings and remain motionless gazing at the gently lapping water below them. Upon inquiry Edna Dickerson, who thinks they look decidedly familiar, learns that they are the famous terpsichorean team, Kollmer and Howell, whose unusual interpretations of the rumba and tango are world known.

"Pean!" she screams wildly, wholly unmindful of her position. "Pean, is it really you—and Bill? Don't you remember me, Edna Dickerson?"

With the usual feminine sound effects the girls greet each other and the trio (Bill returns to the picture after a brief trip to oblivion) walk slowly along deck. Conversation never lags for a moment

THE SNUFF BOX

(how can it with the Dickerson-Howell reunion?) and through it, the notable team discovers that "Dickie" abandoned her part on the "Jack Armstrong Program" several months ago, when she was offered this opportunity to travel on a genuine steamer. "Dickie" in turn learns that these two have danced their way into the hearts of thousands and, incidentally, have had excessive "heart trouble" getting out. "Le Monsieur" of the party, who up to this time has found it necessary merely to listen, sights two score of American Girl Scouts, which immediately encourages him to the point of speech and aids in the recognition of an arresting figure, seemingly at their head. Inspired, he speaks: "It's Shirley! Shirley Fisher! Imagine meeting here after ten years!"

No sooner had the words left his lips than his roving eyes dwell on a couple advancing toward them. This pair prove to be the comedy team of chatter—George Gurns and Acie Grallen, alias the Joseph Shipuleski and Kathleen Grattan of former high school days. They, too, had been drawn mysteriously by the lure of this mighty monarch of the seas and had jumped at the chance to make this voyage.

While this gay group are busily engaged in discussing old times and escapades, a young gentleman is making his way madly up the gangplank. Sure enough it's Gerald Fleet and with all his haste it is plain to observe that he is carefully watching the progress of his baggage. It was a little more than ten years ago that he almost made a trip to the nation's capital, Washington, D. C., without his bag. He sees his former acquaintances and after the happy greetings, the news, and the reasons why and wherefore, they find out that he has been sent on this trip in appreciation of his excellent improvements and advancements in the Ford motor. "Have you seen Mary Moffat yet? She's on this vessel somewheres. She won the national award for her mathematical genius, you know. Yeah, and she's determined to know just how long this trip is going to require. Too, I believe she is going to look in her information book and find out the area of the S. S. Fate."

"Speak of the devil and he's sure to appear," for along comes Mary and by her side another young woman dressed in the garb of a trained nurse. "Why, that's Faye Goldsmith!" exclaimed Edna. "Certainly Mary doesn't appear ill. Probably all she needs is one of my original diet plans."

"Good afternoon, everyone. Charming day, isn't it? Ah, but I do wish that I could remember how to extract square root. My cause is futile on this voyage unless some recollection of this art occurs. I have been under such a severe mental strain for the past few weeks, trying to think of the formula for the area of a square that I had to employ the services of a trained nurse. Surely you remember Faye Goldsmith?" Mary is both assured and comforted.

This discourse ends and the ship rides out to sea. In the early

THE SNUFF BOX

evening the lilting strains of "Throw Out The Lifeline," played by Robert Nelson Moore, Jr., and his saxophone octette soothe the excited travelers and demand the services of "Kroonin' Kramer," the beautiful little girl with the deep voice. Her rendition of the immortal "Sailing" is superb.

* * *

As the voyagers sail by Hawaii, "Fleet" manages, with the aid of some binoculars, to spy that good old music maker, Winston Davids, entertaining some native maidens, probably with his artful interpretation of the "Wreck of the Old Ninety-Seven."

* * *

Japan offers thrilling adventure in an exciting baseball game between Gagen's All Stars and Inazo's Home Run Kings. Strangely enough the Gagen of Gagen's All Stars is none other than Eugene Gagen of Southold High and "dust my buttons" if that isn't "Oose "Catch-'em-all" Ostroski behind the plate, receiving the speedy pitches of "Dizzy-Daffy Horton" (nee Richard Horton). The excitement heightens, for Dame Rumor says that Greta Garbage is attending the game. Sure, there she is! But she does resemble Elizabeth Jennings more than a little. Why it is Betty! What's she cheering——? "Ay tank I go home now."

* * *

Within a few weeks India welcomes the adventurers with an elephant parade. No wonder, it's "Johnny" Albertis and his trained elephant outfit, advertising his show. "They're big for elephants," Acie Grallen remarks, "aren't they?"

* * *

Eight bells summon the merry tourists aboard ship, and before you can say "Socrates" they are in Greece. "Here, my good man, can you point out the way to the 'Zeus Inn'?"

"My fellow countrymen (you really are you know) the way lies before you. It is firm, it is straight, and it is short. In case you wish to converse with me again, I am W. Grattan. Have you forgotten so soon? I have been here several years attempting to acquire a commodious atmosphere in which to write my masterpiece, 'The Greeks Had a Word For It.' Is not my toga becoming? Daniel Charnews, who is in Rome—perhaps you'll see him—appears even more comely in his."

* * *

Roman life has indeed benefited Daniel Charnews, who is employing his time in this ancient city in the revising of "Cicero's Orations" for the benefit of all high school students. George Gurns wonders why the inhabitants don't remove their sleeping garments during the day time.

"Now, honestly," if that doesn't sound like Helen Stegnoski! Evidently she's trying to sell one of her famous beauty creams to that young lady in the brown suit, who certainly looks like Sara

THE SNUFF BOX

Simon. It is. "Hi, Sary? What brings you to France?" calls Commander Fisher. Alas, Sara is speechless with amazement(?), but she manages to make it understood that she's halting there before she tries another fifteen hundred miles of her walkathon around the globe. "Oh, but are you positive it's safe to travel alone?" further inquires the perturbed Shirley.

* * *

Home again! The New York skyline comes in view and the efficient Captain of the S. S. Fate comes forward to question the group concerning the success of the voyage. Imagine the astonishment when the Captain turns out to be Arthur McCaffery and his mate the ever-grinning Max Aberham, who opportunely asks, "Vas you dere, classmates?"

Nothing like having everything completed correctly, so "Betty and Her Bandsters" meet the assembly at the pier. Even though the band is superfluous with drums of all sizes, every once in a while a few bars of the "Stars and Stripes Forever" break triumphantly through their beat. After her training at Southold for drumming, Elizabeth Allen made use of her valuable experience and astounded the honorable Mr. Franko Goldman with her ability to drop her drumsticks.

To the tune of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," the weary voyagers disappear, intermingling with crowds of the city.

CLASS POEM

Once again through the portals
Of friendly old Southold High,
Departs another Senior Class,
With unfurled banners to the sky.

With thanks our grateful hearts are filled
For every friend most dear,
And for our pleasant memories
Which will outlive many a year.

We say, departing sorrowfully,
With the act closed forevermore,
"Farewell to you, Southold High,
From the class of thirty-four."

W. G., '34.

THE WASHINGTON TRIP

On Tuesday, April tenth, beneath a smiling sun, the largest class ever to represent the Southold High School boarded the early morning train en route for our national capital. To heighten the excitement of this joyous and momentous occasion, one of the members of the class failed to make his appearance at the station. It was not long, however, before he joined us and erased anxiety from our chaperons' minds, at least for the time being.

The most familiar lap of the journey was completed when we entered Penn Station, where we spent a few idle moments. Philadelphia greeted a somewhat tired, hungry, but nevertheless eager group a few hours later. We lunched at the Steuben Tavern and thence were put in buses and driven through the most interesting section of this historical city. On our sightseeing tour we gained glimpses of the Betsy Ross Home, Christ's Church, Franklin's Statue and Fairmount Park; we visited the well-known Independence Hall where we were able to see for ourselves the famous old Liberty Bell, and the Horticultural Building where many tropical and American plants are on display. In the mid-afternoon we resumed our trip through a country which offered no startling or outstanding natural or artificial features.

After about three hours of this riding, we arrived at the prize of the journey. Washington! We caught mere glimpses of it, as we were hustled into waiting buses to be taken to our hotel, the Lee House; but, even in those brief glimpses, we could catch the splendor of this great city. Following a most enjoyable dinner at our new home, we made our way to one of the show houses for the evening's entertainment. It was with little effort that we "turned in" upon our return to the hotel a few hours later.

We were awake and ready to start out again Wednesday, on what seemed to be a glorious day, and some even took an early morning promenade. The sun withdrew, however, as we began our morning tour which brought us first to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where we received an opportunity to vision the printing of stamps and currency. Next we were taken to the Capitol where we spent a very interesting half hour observing the most important spots in the building, including the Senate Chamber and the Supreme Court Room.

The Pan American Building offered educational as well as amusing entertainment, the latter by two parrots known as "Amos and Andy". From here we went to the White House and were permitted to see the rooms open to the public. As it was not almost lunch time, we wended our way back to the hotel to obtain a few moments' rest and appease our appetites.

We spent a profitable afternoon at the Smithsonian Institute,

THE SNUFF BOX

regarding the countless unusual objects in the numerous collections there. Its interest was so great that many returned to this building later on in the trip. Too, we were granted a visit to the Washington Monument, which would have offered us a splendid view of the surroundings, had it been a pleasant day. In addition to these attractions, we spent some time in the National Museum and in becoming acquainted with the many beautiful Embassies throughout the city.

That evening before seeking any means of amusement, we busied ourselves at the Congressional Library, noting the many interesting documents exhibited there. Most noteworthy of these was the original copy of the Constitution.

Thursday morning the rain had ceased, but had left the sky cloudy. The drive to and through the Arlington Cemetery was beautiful in spite of this cheerless weather. We visited the Lee mansion and then observed the new memorial at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the beauty of which lies in its simplicity and the sight of which demanded our immediate respect. Our next destination was Mount Vernon, the former home of George Washington, and we found it as lovely as it had been pictured. Here we had our picture taken before leaving for the hotel. On our return we viewed, but did not enter, the Lincoln Memorial.

In the afternoon a few of the group toured out to the Washington Cathedral, which has not yet been completed, and enjoyed a trip through the entire building. It was most impressive, but no more so than the Franciscan Monastery which we visited shortly afterwards. The buildings with their peaceful atmospheres were complete changes from all which we had previously entered.

Those who made the visits at the places of religious interest on Thursday afternoon had Friday morning free. The time was utilized shopping, sightseeing, or resting. In the afternoon we rode to the Naval Academy at Annapolis where we went aboard a training ship and visited several of the Academy buildings, including the chapel and the gymnasium. Fortunately we arrived in time to see the drill exercises. This was our final observation tour of the trip and the hours sped by far too quickly.

To conclude this unique trip, we spent our last evening enjoying a dance held at the Lee House. How rapidly this night drew to a close!

The departing day dawned somewhat gloomily and about ten thirty we again boarded the buses which were to bring us closer to the homeward bound train. Our journey home was rather a quiet one, but as fatigued as we were, we heartily enjoyed the delicious dinner eaten on the train. After a brief halt at the Penn Station, we continued our way into better known territory, and it was but a short time before we were home again, exhausted and famished. Neither of these sensations could erase the happy mem-

THE SNUFF BOX

ories we carried in our hearts of this memorable trip.

After two months this event has joined a score of other eminent occurrences, now merely pleasant remembrances of times past. We can now realize how much we owe Mr. Blodgett and Miss Malone for their cooperation enabling us to make this Washington trip, which probably many of us will never make again. Although it may seem like a dream, we shall always cherish its meories.

E. L. A. '34

BALLAD OF A SCHOOL DESK

My shining face is badly scarred
By knives of uncouth boys;
My glossy surface oft' is marred
With childish, foolish toys.

With papers old my sides are crammed
As from the room they hurry.
Among the books within me jammed
The hungry mice do scurry.

Along my edges, neat and trim,
Dry wads of gum still linger,
Placed there in sudden whim
By many a hasty finger.

And thus I spend my weary days,
Waiting for vacation,
Still hoping in some ways
They'll change the situation.

E. B. J. ('34).

Class Will

WE . . . the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-Four, Southold High School, Southold, New York, have come, have seen, and have conquered. While are still conscious of our every action, it is our desire to prepare, in the presence of suitable witnesses and for public inspection, this Last Will and Testament. According to the rule of this educational institution, we shall, with our accustomed efficiency, bestow all our bequests on those unfortunate under-classmen who will henceforth be without our admirable leadership.

We hereby do bequeath as we deem satisfactory:

- I. To the Junior Class—An antidote for “rigor mortis”.
- II. To the Sophomore Class—Courage to carry on.
- III. To the Freshman Class—Greater “Heights”.
- IV. To Mr. Blodgett—A non-hooky-playing Senior Class.
- V. To Miss Malone—An English IV Class who believe “silence is golden.”
- VI. To Miss Whalen—A soundproof room for the History C Class.
- VII. To Miss Benedict—A more appreciative Cicero Class.
- VIII. To Mr. Dart—A set of guaranteed experiments.
- IX. To Mr. Goldsmith—Additional time for class lectures.
- X. To Miss Miller—A rotary snow plow.
- XI. To Margaret Purcell—An amplifier.
- XII. To Lewis Davison—A few successful “pick-ups.”
- XIII. To Helen Exter—A portable “make-up” salon.
- XIV. To Thomas Murtagh—Better understanding from the teachers.
- XV. To Bertha Mannweiler—A horn of her own to toot.
- XVI. To Thelma DeJesus—One case which will hold all her musical instruments.

THE SNUFF BOX

- XVII. To Margaret Murtagh—A giggle muffler.
XVIII. To Inez Meyers—More partners for her walkathons.
XIX. To Bernice Myers—Exclusive privileges as Miss Malone's "handy man."
XX. To Donald Meredith—A supply of Bob Sayre's modesty.
XXI. To Ralph Hawkins—A bigger and better market basket.
XXII. To Frank Stankewicz—A special translation of "nudus, a, um."
XXIII. To John Conrad—A blush exterminator.
XXIV. To Katherine McCaffery—A beast of burden to help her bear the 1935 Senior responsibilities.
XXV. To Edward Tomaszewski—A few attentive listeners.
XXVI. To Clyde Bailey—A "Regula" -r girl.
XXVII. To Walter MacNish—Some "Mo-ffat."
XXVIII. To Edwin Lucey—Mightier areas in which to take his promenades.
XXIX. To John Grattan—Nights to spend at home.
XXX. To Mae Ennis—A balm for "Burns".
XXXI. To Woodrow Jacobs—Another "Hill" to conquer in 1935.
XXXII. To Kenneth Tuthill—A loud speaker.
XXXIV. To Charles Grigonis—Consultation with a specialist to discover a tonic for his run-down condition.
XXXIV. To Russell Lindsay—Security against "catchy" situations.
XXXV. To Anna Pontino—A course in this season's coiffures.
XXXVI. To Sophie Slivonick—A special course in duck salesmanship.
XXXVII. To Lucy Stepnoski—An inclosed rumble seat.
XXXVIII. Mary Moffat leaves her quantities of "Male" to Margaret Purcell.
XXXIX. Shirley Fisher leaves here executive ability to Bernice Myers.
XL. Gerald Fleet leaves his "pull" with the teachers to Edward Hemblo.
XLI. Helen Stepnoski leaves her Washington experiences to Carol Wells.
XLII. Joseph Shipuleski leaves his "debating ability" to Thomas Murtagh.
XLIII. Elizabeth Jennings leaves her position as Senior chauffeur to Mae Ennis.
XLIV. William Kollmer leaves his "peace" to Edwin Lucey.

Thus, after conforming to all laws and qualifications, we nominate and appoint as Executor and Executrix of this, Our Last Will and Testament, Joseph Gradowski and Stella Kos.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names and

THE SNUFF BOX

affixed our seal at Southold, New York, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four, in the presence of Jean Morrell and Alfred Peavey, whom we have asked to become attested witnesses hereto.

(Signed) THE SENIOR CLASS.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal.

JEAN MORRELL,
ALFRED PEAVEY.

ADVICE TO THE JUNIORS

We, the Seniors of 1934, after reaching the top rung of the ladder of success by diligent labor, wish to bestow this profound and beneficial advice upon the class which will attempt in their inadequate way to take our place, so that they may acquire a little of our unchallenged excellence.

Inez, as a Senior, you should learn to pay less attention to the other sex. The teachers in study hall would surely appreciate not having to confiscate so many notes. We also advise you to moderate that melodious (?) giggle.

Bertha, if you applied the same amount of inquisitiveness to your lessons as you do to others' affairs, we feel that you would stand a better chance of rating "As" on your report. Also you'd better not go **slopping** any more.

Kenneth, so far your actions and scholastic standing have been above reproach. But, for heavens' sake, stop giving us an imitation of a clam—even they open their mouths once in a while. If you keep this in mind we are sure that you'll be an ideal Senior.

Ralph, if you scale the heights scholastically as you do in pole vaulting, we can foresee a brilliant future for you. We realize that you are the mainstay of the Junior class and hope that you will meet with more co-operation next year.

Charles! Snap out of it, Charlie, you have the ability, so why not give a demonstration of it? Contrary to popular belief, we think that you are a lamb in wolf's clothing. Really, Charlie, you don't scare us in the least.

Frank, don't let your athletic success go to your head. We believe that you are an able candidate in taking the place of Dan as the "Senior blusher."

Thelma, your ability to play upon so many musical instruments amazes us. We have observed your comely dignity and wish you the best of success for the coming year.

THE SNUFF BOX

Anna, much of the time which you spend on the road could be used profitably for improving your school records. Give your class a taste of your quality!

Sophie, you take the medal for keeping your affairs to yourself for we have been unable to find anything discreditable about you. However, you might take a more active part in school projects.

Lucy, we suggest that you follow Helen's example and acquire some of the dignity which befits a Senior. We compliment you upon your athletic abilities and hope that you will keep up the good work.

Margaret Murtagh, life may be just a bowl of cherries but that is no reason for laughing continually. As a Senior you will find that there are many rough spots, so prepare yourself now.

Bernice, we have noticed your adherence to the Scout ideal of being helpful, but please remember that there is such a thing as overdoing it, and the teachers are invincible to such attentions.

Donald, such childish, immature actions are entirely unsuited to that worthy position of a Senior. Instead of pestering Bob all the time, it would be to your advantage if you applied a little of the wasted effort to schoolwork.

Margaret Purcell, in order to become a successful Senior, you must learn to assert yourself. "Silence is golden," but everybody is off the gold standard now, so why be different?

Lewis, we appreciate your powers of argumentation, but don't you think it's possible that the teachers are right once in a while? We also suggest that you give the local girls a break instead of traveling so far.

Helen, we admire your perseverance, for it is a quality that will stand you in good stead as a Senior. Keep up the good work, Helen, as you are sure to succeed.

Thomas, you seem to be a man of mystery for we can discover nothing about you, even though we know that you have some defects. May we suggest, however, that you abolish your habit of asking "What?" after something has been said? Lend your ears to the public voice once in a while.

John Conrad, we hope that sometimes we may catch you unawares with a smile on your face. After all, this world isn't such a grim proposition and it helps matters to smile.

Russell, you seem to be taking a detour to becoming a Senior, but we know that if you try hard enough, you will eventually reach your goal. Look before you sit, however!

Clyde, please remember that there are other places on the map besides Riverhead. It is always an improvement upon your health if you keep "regula"-r hours.

Ed, your chivalry overwhelms us. You have all the earmarks of

THE SNUFF BOX

becoming a perfect ladies' man but a bit of learning added to this would make a splendid combination.

Kathryn, you're bearing up splendidly under the weight of your new responsibilities, but we do suggest that you acquire a little more dignity as a Senior.

Mae, if you wish to be worthy of the title "Senior" you should give less of your time and efforts attending to your "burns". Stay away from the fire or your wings may be singed.

Jack Grattan, your being the answer to the maiden's prayer won't keep up your scholastic standing, but if you would honor us with your presence more often, it might help. Perhaps you believe that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" and think that we'll like you more if you do not attend school regularly.

Edwin Lucey, you have so many faults that we hardly know where to begin. You seem to have adopted the circus motto, "The show must go on." If you adopted a new one, such as "Labor omnia vincit," you would be more of a success.

Walter, regular attendance would be an asset in becoming a Senior. We have noticed that these absences always occur on the days when the teachers are giving tests. Also, we feel that if you bought a few books, and really studied them, you might progress somewhere.

We hope that you will adhere to the excellent advice which we have just imparted, for only by following it will you be able to shine with brilliance. Remember, you are doing it for dear old Southold High, so wake up and "get wise" to yourselves. Follow our transcendent example and co-operate with your officers.

OUR APOLOGY TO JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
Along the road an unscraped tree,
With bark intact and painted white,
That no car ever hit at night;
For every tree that's near the road
Has caused some auto to be towed.
Sideswiping trees is done a lot
By drivers who are not so hot.
God gave them eyes so they could see —
Yet, any fool can hit a tree.

THE BRONTËS

FOLLOWERS of literature have always wondered how two persons, deemed introverts by all the world, such as Charlotte and Emily, the most distinguished of that distinguished Brontë family, ever managed to write the glowing, vivid, touching, dramatic, lifelike novels they did. It seems too much to ask—that is, too much of these frail, sickly bodies—that they tell us of life without experiencing those things real living offers and absorbing some of its strength.

The year 1820 saw the Reverend Patrick Brontë, his wife Maria and their six small children leaving Thorton for Haworth. Tales, fascinating in their notoriety, have been told concerning the father—energetic ancestors, revelling in their eccentricity, imaginative, tendencies to turbulence and excess are made accountable for his wild display of temper, sudden fits of morbidness, his selfishness and his egotism. Of Maria, the wife, we are but little enlightened. She died, horribly, of cancer, some eighteen months after the arrival at Haworth. It was during this time that the six little Brontës, isolated and huddled into a small and unsanitary room, contracted tuberculosis, of which two, Elizabeth and Maria, eventually died. So the tragedy we are so apt to call their destiny began.

Their childhood seems reasonably happy in other respects. They were taught by a spinster aunt the art of sewing and other Victorian virtues. Their father made himself responsible for their education, and at the age of six years, each little Brontë had its own view of the political situation. After they found they were not obliged to play the part as parsonage children, they apparently had gorgeous times playing on the Moors; and for years that crowd wrote and enacted their own plays. It was from the impressions received in those seven years that their immortality was made.

At sixteen years of age, Charlotte became a pupil at the school of Miss Margaret Wooler in Roe Head, Dewsbury. She left in the following year to assist in the education of her younger sisters, bringing with her much additional proficiency in drawing, French and composition; she took with her also Mary Taylor and Ellen Nussey, to whom her correspondence reveals to us no little part of her life story. Her next three years at Haworth were varied by occasional visits to one or the other of these friends. Around 1835, she returned to Miss Wooler as governess, her sister Emily accompanying her only to be replaced by Anne. Later she was filled by the ambition to secure greater independence by maintaining a school of her own. In preparation the Aunt advanced some money, and with Emily, she became in 1842, a pupil at the Pensionnat Héger, Brussels. Here both girls worked hard and won the good will and admiration of the principal teacher, M. Héger. But the two were hastily called back to England before the year had

THE SNUFF BOX

expired by the announcement of the critical illness of their Aunt. Miss Branwell died that October. However, she bequeathed sufficient money to her nieces to enable them to reconsider their plan of life. So instead of a school at Bridlington, which had been talked of, they could remain with their father, utilize their Aunt's room as a classroom and take pupils. But Charlotte was not yet satisfied with what the few months on Belgian soil had done for her and she determined to accept M. Héger's offer that she return to Brussels as a governess. Hence the year 1843 was passed by her at the Pensionnat Héger in that capacity, and in this period she undoubtedly widened her intellectual sphere by reading many books in French literature loaned to her. But life, it seems, took on a very sombre shade in the lonely environment in which she found herself and, at one time, she became so depressed that she took refuge in the confessional, precisely as did her heroine Lucy Snowe in "Villette". In 1844, she returned to Haworth and the three sisters immediately began to discuss the possibilities of converting the vicarage into a school. Prospectuses were issued, but no pupils were forthcoming.

Matters were complicated by the fact that the only brother, Patrick Branwell, had, about this time, become a confirmed drunkard. In early years, he, himself, had written both prose and verse. A foolish story was invented long afterwards attributing to him some share in his sisters' novels, particularly Emily's "Wuthering Heights". But Charlotte distinctly tells us that her brother never knew his sisters had published a line. He was too much under the effects of drink, too besotted and muddled in that last year or two of life, to have any share in their intellectual enthusiasms.

The literary life had, however, opened bravely for the three girls during those years. In 1846, a volume of verse appeared—"Poems—by Cuvrer, Ellis and Acton Bell" was on the title page. These names distinguished the identity of Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brontë. The venture cost about fifty pounds in all, but only two copies were sold. The failure of the poems did not deter the authors from further effort. They each had a novel to dispose of. Charlotte's was called "The Master"; Emily's "Wuthering Heights"; and Anne's "Agnes Gray". Later, Charlotte wrote "Jane Eyre", which was loudly acclaimed.

Then, in September, 1848, Branwell died. Less than three months later, Emily followed. In May, 1849, Anne took ill and she died. Thus in exactly eight months, Charlotte Brontë lost all three companions of her youth and was left to sustain her father, fast becoming blind, in the now desolate home at Haworth.

Charlotte, in 1854, married Arthur Bell Nichols, who had long been a pertinacious suitor for her hand. The ceremony was performed in the Haworth church, Miss Wooler and Miss Nussey acting as witnesses. The wedded pair spent their honeymoon in

THE SNUFF BOX

Ireland, returning to Haworth where they made their home with Mr. Brontë, Mr. Nichols having pledged himself to continue in the position as curate to his father-in-law. After less than a year of married life, however, Charlotte Nicholls died of an illness incidental to childbirth. She was buried in the Haworth church by the side of her mother, Branwell, and her sisters. The father followed in 1861, and then her husband returned to Ireland, dying in 1916.

The bare recital of the Brontë story can give no idea of its undying interest, its exceeding pathos. Their life as told by Mrs. Haskell is as interesting as any novel. Their achievement will stand on its own merit. Anne Brontë's two novels, though constantly reprinted, survive principally through the exceeding vitality of the Brontë tradition. As a hymn writer, she has a place in most religious communities. Emily is great alike as a novelist and as a poet. Her "Old Stoic" and "Last Lines" are probably the finest pieces of poetry any woman has given to English literature. As a poet or maker of verse, Charlotte is undistinguished, but there are passages of pure poetry of great magnificence in her four novels.

C. G. '34.

ANTITHESIS

Through waving grass so soft and green,
 Checked by the golden sun of regions far-away,
 And overshadowed by fleecy clouds of pearly gray,
He, poor wretch, walked. Nature's mysteries went unseen
By his self-dimmed eyes, cynic, uncaring and mean.
 The iridescent iris, and lavish flowers gay,
 Sprinkled by the tender hand of bounteous May,
Aroused in his fettered mind no sacred flame and keen,
 Whose lips cried, "There is no God!" But high
 O'er crowded city streets, one petunia red
 Blossomed in a room of other beauty bare.
 No clouds, no sun, no green grass here—just a sigh—
 Followed by a joyous murmur from one who, seeing,
 said:
 "Thank God," and happily breathed a prayer.

W. G., '34.

THE SNUFF BOX

A MOLAR EXPEDITION

TIMIDLY I rang the door-bell.

"Come in!" said a round-faced, white-coated individual, who so briskly piloted me through the waiting-room and into a too-isolated office that I had no chance to obey the impulse I had had, of ringing — and running.

"Sit there!" said my jailer, pointing to a far-from-comfortable-looking chair, first cousin in all appearance to a barber's chair.

Reluctantly I climbed in — after a look from the Doctor which seemed to say, "Don't tax my patience, young lady!"

As my head lurched into the saddle-like rest which fitted too well the bump acquired from a former fall from a trapeze, a sigh escaped me. For the first time, the dentist, who had been busy washing his hands, looked directly at me, and I noticed in his eyes a short-lived twinkle. "First offense?" he interrogated. And miserably I gulped out an unintelligible something which must have been enlightening, however indistinct.

Soon I felt alone and glanced hopefully around, only to see bearing down upon me, this time a most serious and purposeful-looking warrior armed with a shining implement the size of a crochet hook, which terminated, however, in a tilted, pancake-like piece about the size of a penny.

Through the screen in the window came the sound of a bird perched on a sprig of lilac bush, and impudently cocking his head on each upward swing of the branch, as if to get the best view possible. "Saucy chit," thought I, as I opened my mouth to receive the aforesaid instrument on its tour of inspection. There followed, in a circuit of moves and stops, an occasional cold touch which finally settled in one place, far back in the left-hand lower part of my mouth.

"Ahh!" came an exultant and long-drawn-out sound from my smug companion. "Hmm," he continued, and then, cheerfully, "A nice one—large and deep—but the only one!"

Having been freed from the pancake-like inquisitor, I took the opportunity to open up conversation. "Will it hurt?" I asked simply, but very politely.

"Hurt?" asked the Doctor, equally inane, and quite absentmindedly. "Er-r-r, hurt?" he repeated, staring at me, but eventually with a glimmer of returning consciousness. "Oh—er—yes, a little," he then vouchsafed, "but you won't mind it—much." Which, though not quieting my tempestuous feelings, had to satisfy my waiting curiosity.

Soon I was lost amid javelin-pointed pokes and pricks with the salt taste of blood now and then replacing the everflowing saliva. Where did all the "spit" come from, thought I vulgarly, as I recalled the lack of it a short time ago, when contesting with a friend, as

THE SNUFF BOX

we hung over a bridge and aimed at fast-moving objects in the water below.

And then my hands clenched, and the lack or abundance of that of which the salivary glands are composed was no longer a feature of my thoughts. There came a grinding noise comparable to such sounds as issue forth at the grinding of knives, or at the rub of sandpaper on metal—a noise which fluctuated—now firmly a roar, now gently, but still (to me) a roar!

Just as I was trying to find a bit of solace by grasping the chair arms rather than puncture my palms with the sharp edge of my too-long nails, my torturer cries above the horrible buzzzzzz, "Open your mouth WIDER!"

"Ohhhh!" shouted I inwardly to myself, of course. "How can I—I am dripping now—I'll be a regular cataract," but nevertheless, wide went my mouth until my ears cracked and I was sure my jawbone was fractured.

"Fine," encouraged my foe—and then, "Hang on!" he said, and "ZoouooP" went the drill, "ZoouooooooP," and a pause, while my eyes sought the lilac bush, which certainly must be harboring an army of birds all singing in discord—or so it seemed to me, as my tongue tried to soothe the tooth whose nerve had given such an abrupt stress signal.

"Once more," smiled my captor and with the pained expression of a martyr, again my mouth opened—very slowly.

"Buzzzzzz" came the now familiar-but-none-the-less foreboding whizz of the machine, followed by one last sudden "ZoouooP". My lips puckered as from eating pin-cherries. A long period of just plain buzzzzzzing began to restore my confidence so that I had a momentary thought—what must I look like, all this time, yawning mouth stretched all out of proportion, cheeks askew—but before I could side-track my mind further, a new procedure secured all my attention and kept me wondering what new gymnastics I should have to perform.

For the newest antic seemed to be that of maintaining the balance of two cotton-batting rolls fitted next to my rear gums, and at the same time keeping my mouth open with a crooked tube-like apparatus hooked into my mouth in front and exerting a spasmodic sucking function.

"Ye Gods!!" raved I frantically (and luckily always to myself), "how am I ever going to get my next breath? At least I shall die heroically!"

And the last agony for me was an alien thumb-finger massaging process (not my thumb, thank heaven—I had to remain passive!) which rolled back and forth like a ship gone gaga in a storm; then a final pat and the removal of all the barbaric paraphernalia which coincided nicely with a choking cough from the patient followed by an overflow of more saliva from the ever-functioning action of the

THE SNUFF BOX

again salivary glands.

My exit was as speedily brought about as my entrance. Unwillingly smiling-faced, I found myself on the other side of the door, automatically and amazingly walking down the porch steps, while the Doctor's farewell words echoed in my ears—and finally recognition and affirmation, thought I am essentially a most modest creature:

“A good sport you were, my dear!”

E. M. B.

ON GETTING A HAIRCUT

One of the necessary evils of our modern life is the haircut. The barbershop existed in the days of the ancient Romans, but for the long era of Romanticism men cheerfully disregarded the honorable shearer of hair, the barber. Now, we still torture ourselves.

Indeed, so deeply has the haircut entrenched itself into contemporary life that fanciful poets are regarded as unique because of their long, flowing locks. In fact, the longer and fluffier the hair, the better the poet. Alas, many a mass of beauty, rivaling even Bacchus' curly locks, has been unsuspectingly shorn from the cranium of one who dared not defy convention.

This regrettable action was undoubtedly accomplished in the ordinary way. Upon entering (somewhat furtively, because of the elongated condition of his tonsorial embellishments) the barbershop, he gazes rather speculatively, and with boyish yearning, at the red and white stick (it is the immemorial custom to thus designate the torture chamber with this appetizing candy tidbit). When he has taken a seat, he seeks to destroy his premonitions by the perusal of a magazine. Unhappily, he is disappointed, for the reading material he has trustingly selected is six months old—and usually is a trifle more ancient.

After he has maintained his tattered spirits for some time in this state of boredom, his turn finally arrives. Gingerly he ascends the monstrous, overgrown chair, and apprehensively he seats himself. He is momentarily diverted by the gay, colorful array of the numerous bottles before him, as well as by the ludicrous contortions in the mirror. He becomes blissfully unaware of the melange about to commence, until he is rudely jerked back to consciousness. The comb has shown an amazing disposition to cling to his hair and actually to engage in combat with it. And thus, aided by brush, comb and shears, the depredation continues.

It is at this point that the customer invariably feels sleepy. This apparently inconsistent feeling is brought on by the aimless chatter of the performer of this once despised deed. Nothing is too trivial to gain his undivided attention. Annoyed, perhaps, because of the

THE SNUFF BOX

inattentiveness of his subject, the barber cleverly pinches and pulls him into wakefulness (probably this is a "trick of the trade").

After his restful reverie has been so impolitely shattered, the customer resigns himself to the hateful process. There he sits, his prized hair falling swiftly on all sides, like mighty Jupiter on Olympus, surrounded by his thunderbolts. Not until the cold, liberally sprinkled tonic (reminiscent of mint sauce) meanders down his neck does he dare hope for the best. The culmination of his folly has finally arrived, and he gazes strickenly at the unfamiliar, mirrored reflection.

After his hair has been firmly plastered down (and presenting a strange appearance of his former self), he slowly, much relieved, slides from the formidable, leather-covered chair. Feeling rather bare and strange, he stands transformed; fearfully and hastily he clamps on his hat (hoping to enclose the glue-factory smell), and thankfully he departs—happily unaware of the next time.

W. J. G., '34.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR ABCs?

"Department marks are A, B, C, and D." Thus reads the conclusive statement on the back of each and every report card. A simple statement it is, and yet one charged with ominous portent. Battles have been waged over it—and the vanquished have retired to nurse their wounds.

Let us consider the As, Bs, Cs, and Ds, or rather the people receiving these marks. To be original and unconventional, we shall begin with the Ds. Now, "D," as Mr. Blodgett or Miss Malone will tell you, is unsatisfactory, abominable, and entirely unbecoming a high school student. Yes, occasionally one finds a student with a record of "Ds." These atrocious marks, alas, signify wasted effort and symbolize for the recipient a debt which cannot be effaced—a debt of wasted time, misused energy, and stark disloyalty. Indeed, the mark of "D" means failure.

After a quarter of the year has been spent in revelry and misbehavior, the guilty one spends several restless nights before report cards are handed out. The fatal day adds to his uneasiness, and he receives his report with fearful fingers. The day of reckoning has arrived! With hesitant steps he treads his way home. With heart burdened by the knowledge of the fast-approaching lecture, he is miserably apprehensive (I suppose the Freshman has visions of a paternal shellacking). Thinking it over, well might he murmur: "Lest we forget!"

Our department system, I believe, is not defective. The student

THE SNUFF BOX

is allowed a certain measure of freedom—unlike in grammar school, where folded hands and absolute silence are the rules. And, by the way, where is the parallel of this ludicrous, pompous system? In what profession, in what walk of life do similar conditions prevail? In high school, however, individual initiative makes the motto of the "A" student, "Semper Fidelis," brighter and resonant with increased meaning. His honor is brought to the fore—the faulty "monitor" system is not used by the industrious high school teachers, and consequently, the mark of "A" is one to which he can refer with just pride. After all, no motto can supercede "Semper Fidelis."

Unlike the "A" scholar, who has no forebodings of domestic disaster, the "C" student is in the same class with the "Ds." He, too, has his dire apprehension of grim trouble, with his parents and of gloomy hours after school. (The crack of bat meeting ball, the dip of the flying bird, and the restless trees never seem more attractive than during these slowly dragging minutes after school.) The "B" student is only slightly better off than he, the "C" student. We must not be too harsh with "B," however, and say that he is an imitator of "A," but lacking in substantial qualities. No, we shall commend his cleverness.

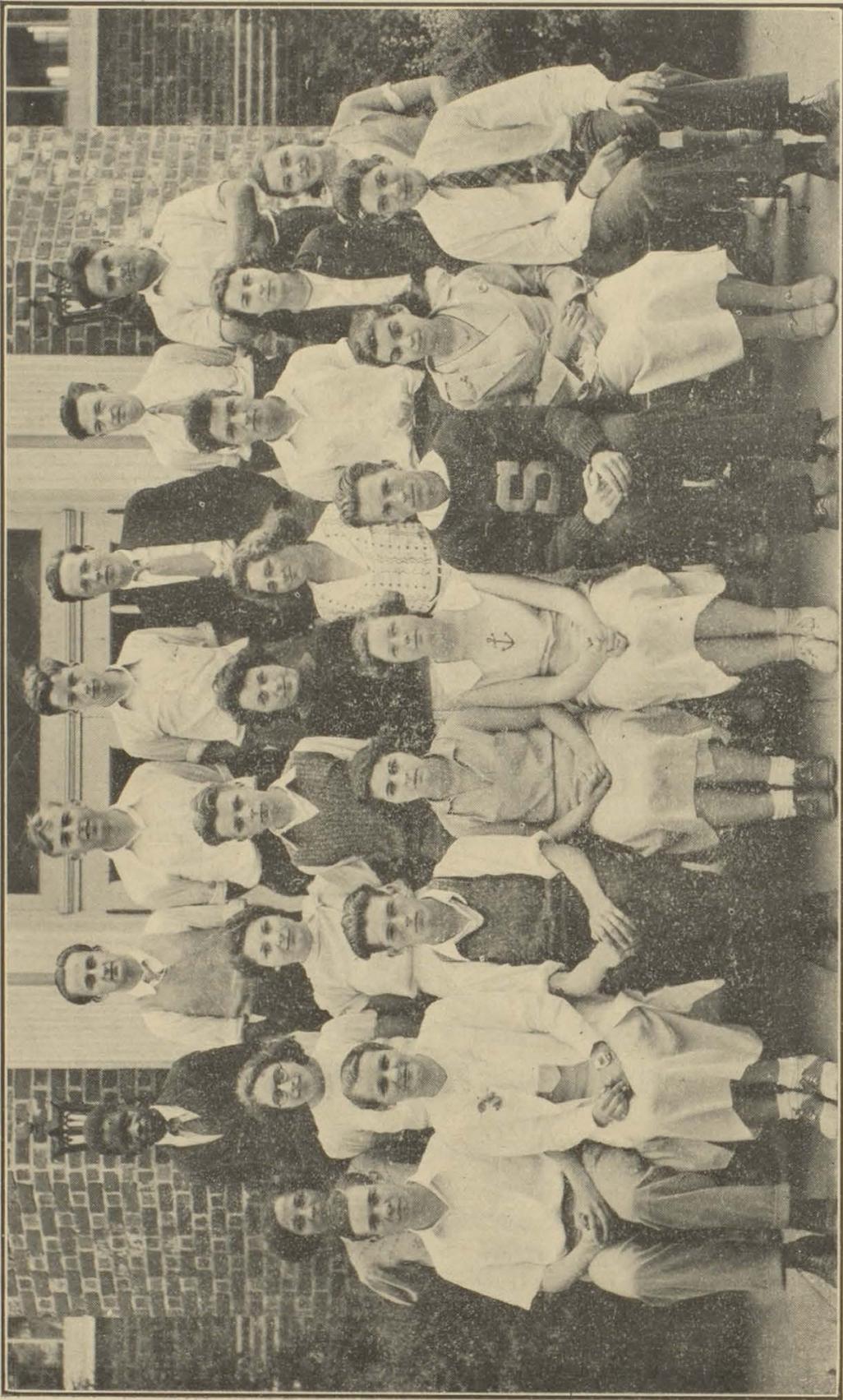
Finally, we must add that "D" sees the ruinous truth too late—always! "B" and "C," the indifferent ones, see the truth in unattended "movies" and other punishments connected with parental ire. The "A" student needs no praise, but let there be emblazoned in bold letters above his name the comprehensive "Semper Fidelis."

W. G., '34.

THE MELODY OF VERSE

"Piccolo Pete" waited "One Alone"
For his "Honey" on a glorious "Night in one."
The "Beat of His Heart" whispered "Sweet Sue,"
Who so soon had forgotten she'd said, I'll be "True."
Pete uttered a sigh at the big "Pale Moon";
He should have known he should "Learn To Croon"!
"Laugh, Clown, Laugh," but Sue will be "Mine,"
For with "Time On My Hands" I'll "Rise and Shine."
'Twas "Just a Year Ago Tonight"
Sue and Pete were "Just Friends," but to his delight
That "Sophisticated Lady" is with him again
And says, "Ill Be Faithful." This time to remain.

E. L. A., '34.



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR CLASS

THE SNUFF BOX

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

Three long years ago, as an unusually large group of frightened Freshmen, we entered Southold High. Since then, we have progressed to our Junior Year, while earnestly striving to maintain the high ideals of our predecessors.

In view of this ardent desire, we selected competent class officers for our Junior year:

President	Lewis Davison
Vice-President	Kathryn McCaffery
Secretary	Margaret Murtagh
Treasurer	John Conrad

In social activities, we have been the victims of procrastination, but we hope to remedy this lack of social functions next year.

Our contributions to sports, however, have been numerous: Lucy Stepnoski, Bertha Mannweiler, John Conrad, Frank Stankewicz, Charlie Grigonis and Thomas Murtagh have accomplished fine results.

Kenneth Tuthill, Frank Stankewicz, and Bertha Mannweiler have represented the class in music and have added much to our prestige.

Thus, we gaze expectantly forward to an exceptional senior year, filled with exciting events and long-lived memories. Make way for the Class of '35!

REPLY TO THE SENIORS

Esteemed Seniors:

For three long years we have been submitted to all the humiliations which your minds have been able to conceive. During this time we have held our peace and have not uttered a word in defense or reproach, as we were aware of the fact that we were only underclassmen, and were to be seen and not heard. We have waited for what seemed an eternity for the time which has finally arrived, to offer a few retaliations in return for your so-called advice.

Joe Ship, from our observance at various times, we doubt that the teachers have really appreciated your replies of "It says so in the book."

"Peanut," was there one day in all your career at S. H. S. when you weren't into some mischievous affair?

Mary, why did you never try a different route on your return to school at noon? We actually believe you enjoy a male following.

"Arty," we're rather surprised at the admiration the rest of the boys in the class have had for you since the Washington Trip.

Shirley, were those loud conversations with Bernice between

THE SNUFF BOX

periods necessary for the good of Study Hall? Concerning lessons — Promptness is one of the essentials of a good “scout”.

“Oose,” it has been remarkable how many times others have been required to answer for your crimes. We envy your seemingly innocent expression.

“Dan,” we believe that your blushes and pointless comebacks to the teachers’ accusations were entirely unnecessary.

“Johnny,” do you think your behavior rated the back seat you held in various classes?

Pauline, we are somewhat at a loss to account for a sudden drastic drop in your school marks. Is it because of a certain “Sweet William”?

“Bill K.,” your role of “Beau Brummel” in S. H. S. has not been appreciated to any great extent by the teachers. However, we give you our blessing (?) of “Pax vobiscum.”

Kathleen, why not give some outsider a break and let someone besides your brothers escort you on your dates?

Bill A., although you have been a very studious person all through high school, there is other knowledge to be gained in life aside from that in books.

“Bunny,” where will the boys of high school go for information and guidance when you leave?

“Bob,” your valuable (?) advice will be greatly missed by all the boys, and the music room will be decidedly without a janitor.

“Betty J.,” it is our opinion that such things as last minute romps before school are not included among the necessary activities of a dignified Senior.

“Fat,” who ever gave you the idea that you are musically inclined?

“Dick,” when we first noticed your quietness, we really admired it, but now we recognize it as just the calm before the storm.

Max, your boisterous (generally tardy) sense of humor has, at times, been quite annoying, to say the least. Another thing—a Senior really should have enough common sense to recognize a fake love letter.

Faye, don’t tell us that during the long study periods when you just gazed at a book, you were really studying.

Edna, allow us to mention that although we admired the photographic evidence of your artistic efforts in the portrayal “Venus Arising From the Sea,” nevertheless you might be a bit more discreet.

And you, Laura, tell us, are you so completely absorbed in your studies or is it a question of interest in marks via interest in teachers?

“Goldie,” we have our doubts about your ability to beat Bill Kollmer’s “time”. Perhaps you waited too late in your high school career to realize some of your “Prince Charming” dreams.

Sara, it is true that conservation of speech is to admired—but why reduce it to a minute quantity?

THE SNUFF BOX

Betty A., somehow, Betty, your admirable qualities so eclipse what might be termed your shortcomings that we are at a loss for criticism. We might suggest, however, a modification of your customary aloofness.

Helen, we understand, from very good authority, that the Washington Trip was more than gratifying. "Now, honestly, Helen, are there no suitable local substitutions for your capital interests?"

Reluctantly, we bring our enjoyable task to a close. There are innumerable imperfections and revelations we have neglected to mention — largely through fear of censorship, but we feel that the aforementioned criticisms, if rightly taken, with due consideration, should bring favorable results.

S. H. S. SONG HITS

"WONDER BAR" - - - -	Paradise Sweets at noon
"ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FENCE" -	Dan Charnews
"IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOWN" - -	P.-T. A. Banquet
"SOMETHING HAD TO HAPPEN" - - -	Fleet's car
"NOBODY'S SWEETHEART" - - - -	Shirley Fisher
"I'LL BE FAITHFUL" - - - - -	Bob Moore
"DON'T LET YOUR LOVE GO WRONG" -	Inez Meyers
"MY SILENT (?) LOVE" - - - - -	Edwin Lucey
"SAILING, SAILING" - - - - -	Ruth Overton
"WAITING AT THE GATE FOR FLOSSIE" -	Max Lesch
"WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS?" -	Faye Goldsmith
"I JUST COULDN'T TAKE IT" - - - -	Al Peavey
"WAGON WHEELS" - - - - -	Mr. Dart's car
"I'M LAUGHING" - - - - -	Margaret Murtagh
"WHO'S GONNA TAKE ME HOME" - -	Bill Peavey
"BETTER THINK TWICE" - - - - -	Geometry Class
"THIS LITTLE PIGGIE WENT TO MARKET"	Ralph Hawkins
"JUST KEEP ON DOING WHAT YOU'RE DOING"	Baseball Team.
"ONE MINUTE TO ONE" - - - - -	Kathleen Grattan
"SWING THAT THING" - - - - -	Baseball Bat
"THE LAST ROUND-UP" - - - - -	Graduation
"SWEET AND SIMPLE" - - - - -	Freshmen
"WE'RE ALL PALS TOGETHER" - -	Symmetry Club
"UP AND DOING" - - - - -	Sophomore Class

THE SNUFF BOX

EASTWARD HO!

Between the hours of eight and nine
When the road is busy with cars,
Comes a bus of blue and yellow
That pauses to gather young scholars.

I hear from the boys about me
The clatter of wagging tongues,
The sound of one begging mercy
And male voices (c)ruining songs.

From my place I see in the corner
Giggling so soon in the morn,
Rosie and Sophie, two freshmen
Whose locks are briefly shorn.

A question, a question, an answer!
And I know Miss Kos is aboard.
She is plotting and planning by questions
To learn where some knowledge is stored.

A sudden lurch 'most upsets us
(A sudden stop was made).
By the bus's narrow doorway
Enters a gay young blade.

He climbs midst the crowded masses
O'er several protruding feet.
"How big was the fish you caught last night?"
He asks the mischievous Fleet.

They torment the Olkewicz brothers,
Their arms about them entwine
Till they hear their painful outcry
Which is their warning sign.

Do you think, oh, sassy ladies,
Because you have not grown tall
Such an old timer as a Senior,
Is not the king of you all?

Mr. Wolfe has us fast in his vehicle
And will not let us depart
Until we have reached the high school,
The love of each pupil's heart.

And there we shall stay six hours,
Yes, and one half more,
Till the teachers finally dismiss us
And we leave at twenty of four.

E. L. A., '34.

THE SNUFF BOX

NATURE LESSON

Royal-hued lilacs of purple,
Who once gladly knew,
In the calm, sweet morning air,
Aurora's diamond dew.

I think you sorrowfully droop
From this silvery vase so still,
Because never more will you feel
May's breezes, and the morning's thrill.

A noble lesson, though, you bring:
Forsaking selfish Joy's caress,
Should we not do as you,
And to sad hearts bring happiness?

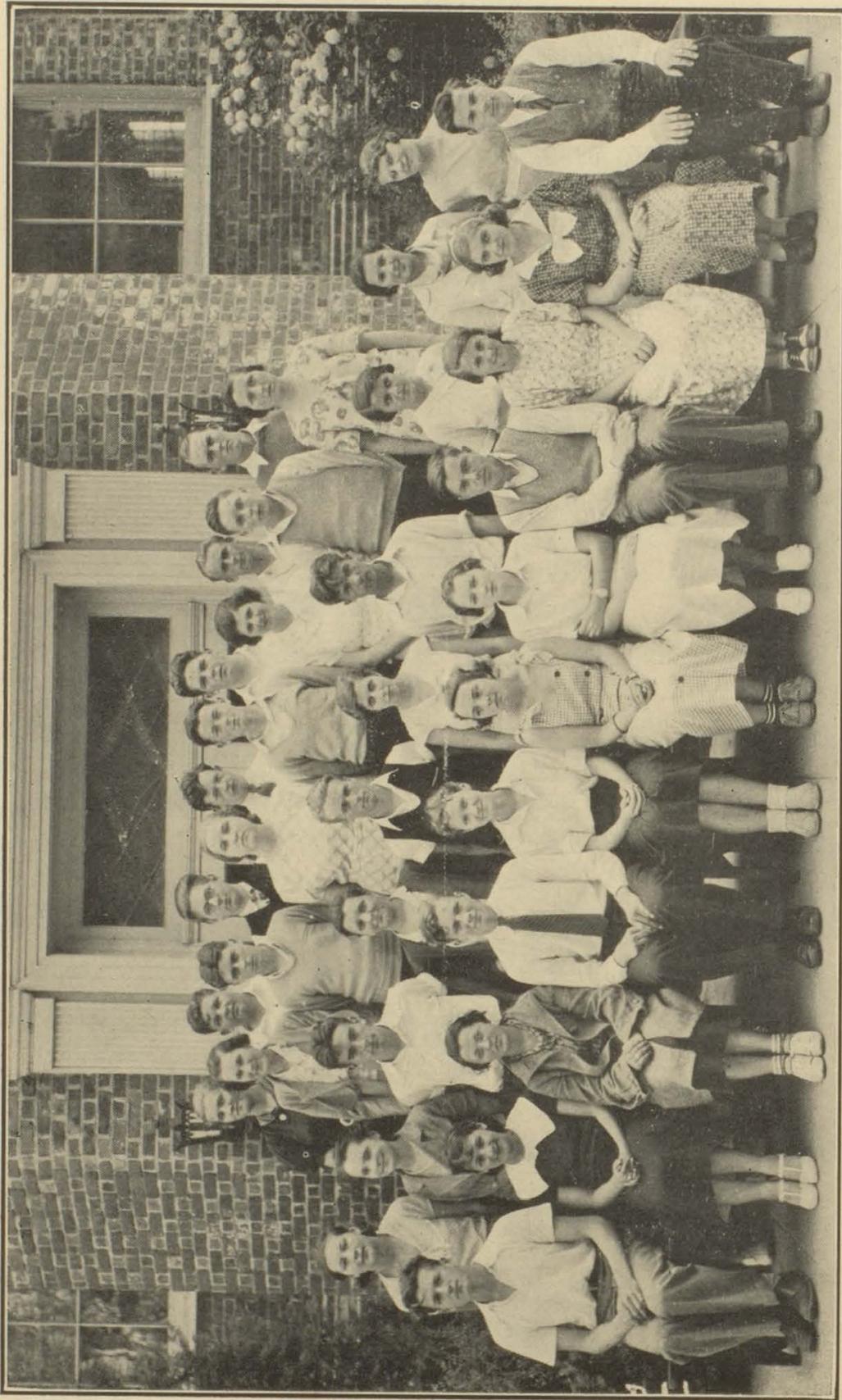
W. G., '34.

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS

- MR. BLODGETT . . . "I venture to say."
MISS WHALEN . . . "I want this talking stopped!"
MISS BENEDICT . . . "You see what I mean?"
MISS PEDERSEN . . . "What's the matter?"
MISS MALONE . . . "Kindly do your own work!"
KATHLEEN GRATTAN . . . "Wait a minute —"
LAURA KRAMER . . . "What?"
REBECCA VAIL . . . "Really?"
EMMA ROTHMAN . . . "I know it!"
RUTH OVERTON . . . "Oh, yeah?"
JEAN MORRELL . . . "I'm cold!"
AL. PEAVEY . . . "I dunno!"
BILL PEAVEY . . . "Who, me?"
BOB SAYRE . . . "Shut up!"
HELEN STEP NOSKI . . . "Now, honestly!"
BETTY JENNINGS . . . "Are you gonna miss me?"
SHIRLEY FISHER . . . "Er— a— er— a—"
GEORGE OSTROSKI . . . "I d'nknow!"
JOHNNIE ALBERTIS . . . "Well, you see, it's this way."

Miss Whalen: "John, for what was Louis XIV chiefly responsible?"

John G.: "Louis XV, ma'am."



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE NOTES

President	Rebecca Vail
Vice-President	Gordon Barning
Secretary	Caroline Terry
Treasurer	Ruth Jennings

September found pupils, happy to have passed their Freshmen subjects, entering their second year of high school. They settled down immediately to such schoolwork as athletics, band practice, and numerous other activities.

Waldemar Tomaszewski, Norman King, William Peavey, Henry Gadomski, Clem Thompson and Arthur Simon were members of the track team and, although they didn't capture any first prizes, they helped the team as a whole by gaining a few points here and there.

Baseball and basketball had but few candidates from the Sophomore Class. Among those who played on either team were Henry Gadomski, Waldemar Tomaszewski, and Ruth Jennings.

Gordon Barning is the assistant manager of baseball and is trying to rise to the position of manager.

The class seems to be musically inclined. Those of our class who are in either the band or the orchestra are: Ruth Overton, Ruth Jennings, Joseph Komskis, and John Ekster.

Because of the stormy weather this winter, a class party was not held. There is still time left, however, and some sort of a social affair may yet be arranged.

The Sophomores, seeing that the close of school is drawing near, regret that the year has passed so swiftly, but look forward to their Junior year, determined that it will be a year long remembered by all.

WANT ADS

WANTED: More study periods	Russell Lindsay
“ An alarm clock	The Junior Class
“ A French pony	Gordon Barning
“ Instruction from Emily Post	Emma Rothman
“ An answer book	Stella Kos
“ A remedy for “noddi”-ness	Rose Waraneski
“ “Peace”	Bill Kollmer
“ Prevention against “rus”-tiness	Betty Allen
“ Some simplified jokes	Max Aberham
“ Something to do	Norman Case
“ Ambition	W. W. Jacobs
“ An unmolested promenade	Mary Moffat
“ A good “ali”-bi	Jean Morrell
“ A reliable “bill” collector	Pauline Howell

THE SNUFF BOX

STORM

The air is watchfully silent.
Suddenly,
Branches angrily toss,
Hurling twigs and broken leaves,
While the storm increases
Furiously,
In rising crescendo,
Deafening the senses.
Blue yields
To black darkness;
The heavens weirdly flash.
Rolling thunder —
And the aroused, descending rain.
Trees lash out
Like angry foes in deadly combat.
Then —
A rift of clouds,
Brightness, peace.
The sun shines on a refreshed world,
A verdant earth.

W. G., '34.

ANTICS

The study hall was crowded,
There was no "lab" that day,
And soon began the uproar
In the same old usual way.

A piece of chalk went flying,
And skimmed by someone's ear.
So at once a guard was stationed
To see just who was near.

And then, to everyone's surprise,
The ink began to flow,
And fell on several sweaters,
Which proved an awful blow.

All at once it was quiet;
Footsteps were heard in the hall.
Then, in walked the teacher —
Innocent of it all.

THE SNUFF BOX

MATRIMONY

Would that I had Miltonian style!
Then, word on vivid word I'd pile,
And write sublimely in epic form
How Matrimony our faculty did storm.

"Two can live as cheaply as one,"
Thus I ponder: "How's it done?"
Is this the fact that recently seized
Miss Pedersen, and Mr. Dart also pleased?

For Miss Pedersen first left Southold High.
Called by dream castles in the sky;
And hastening, not to be outdone,
Mr. Dart finally his fair lady won.

L'ENVOI:

This pensive poet can only add
In simple generalization:
"We wish you both the best of luck;
But beware of altercation!"

L'INCONNU.

Gracie (at concert): "What's that book the conductor keeps looking at?"

Jack: "That's the score of the overture."

Gracie: "Oh, really? Who's winning?"

The History lesson on contributions of various colonies to democracy —

Miss Whalen: "What is a contribution of Plymouth?"

Dose: "Floating power."

Goldie: "Who's the Speaker of the House?"

Chester O.: "Mother."



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMAN CLASS

THE SNUFF BOX

FRESHMAN NOTES

A duly impressed group of frightened Freshmen made their debut into high school last September. Later in the year, when most of the awe at their new position had departed, a meeting was held at which a good choice was shown in the election of class officers. It became necessary to elect a new treasurer when our former choice left school. Our present officers are:

President	Martin Joost
Vice-President	Marie Kral
Secretary	John Eckster
Treasurer	Dorothy Redden

The Freshman have many outstanding students; among them are: Elizabeth Wells, Ella Tuthill, Martin Joost, Alicia Vail and Marie Kral.

In the artistic line, Dorothy Redden, Alicia Vail and Elizabeth Terry excel — as their textbooks illustrate. Lillian Cybulski proved her ability by winning the annual Poppy Poster Contest.

Constant Weygand is noted for his trusty violin; Berkley Bailey for his slender figure, and Joe Gradowski for his many feminine admirers.

“GOT TO STEP ON IT, FRESHMEN”

One little step won't take you anywhere,
You've got to keep on walking
Or it may be a sad retreating.

One little word won't say anything,
You've got to keep on talking,
To answer a biology question every morning.

One little thought won't make you think;
You've got to keep on thinking
To recite Latin, or stay 'til evening.

Half-minute oral topics won't do for minute topics;
You've got to keep on speaking
To place your name in the ranking.

G. J., '37.

THE SNUFF BOX

FRESHMEN ALPHABET

- A** is for Ambrose, who is tiny, 'tis true.
B is for Berkely — he could make two of you!
C is for Connie, whose fiddle is trusty.
D is for Dot, her books don't get dusty!
E is for Elizabeth, who draws just the same.
F is for Freshmen, who, of course, have their fame.
G is for Grace, whose hair's in a curl.
H is for Hilda, a good little girl.
I is for idioms, which Miss Benedict gives us.
J is for Joey, over whom the girls make a fuss.
K is for Kos, and the teachers all like her.
L is for Lillian, who sure isn't a piker!
M is for Martin, whose marks are so high.
O is for Oliver, whose taller than many.
P is for pessimism — we haven't any.
Q is for quickness, something to make us get wigglier.
R is for Rose — every day she gets gigglier!
S is for Sophie, who seldom gets "mad".
T is for Terry, a garrulous lad.
U is for unknown (which most of us know).
V is for Vail, who in class is not slow.
W is for Wells — her standing is high.
X is too hard so we'll let it go by.
Y is for yes, and yessir and yes'm, too.
Z is for Zanieski, and so — toodle-oo!
-

Goldie: "Where is Washington?"

Stella K.: "He's dead."

Goldie: "I mean the Capital of the United States."

Stella: "Oh, they lent it all to Europe."

Miss Miller: "Recite the number of days in each month, Stella."

Stella: "Thirty days hath September, all the rest I can't remember. There's a calendar on the wall, so why did you bother me at all?"

Mr. Dart: "What is the spine?"

Bill M.: "The spine is a long, limber bone. Your head sets on one end of it, and you set on the other."

PARENT-TEACHER NOTES

The record of the events in the Parent-Teacher Association of this past year does not seem to measure up to those of other years; but we feel that we have accomplished some worth while things.

Among our meetings was one very enjoyable party at the home of Mrs. Winfield Bedell. After the usual business meeting, the guests were taken into a land of fairy goblins and Hallowe'en witches, where a bountiful repast was served and appropriate games were played.

Two of our meetings were devoted to health programs. At one of these, Miss Pedersen, our school nurse, told of her program for the year; and the other was an evening meeting addressed by Dr. Daisy Robinson, from the Department of Health.

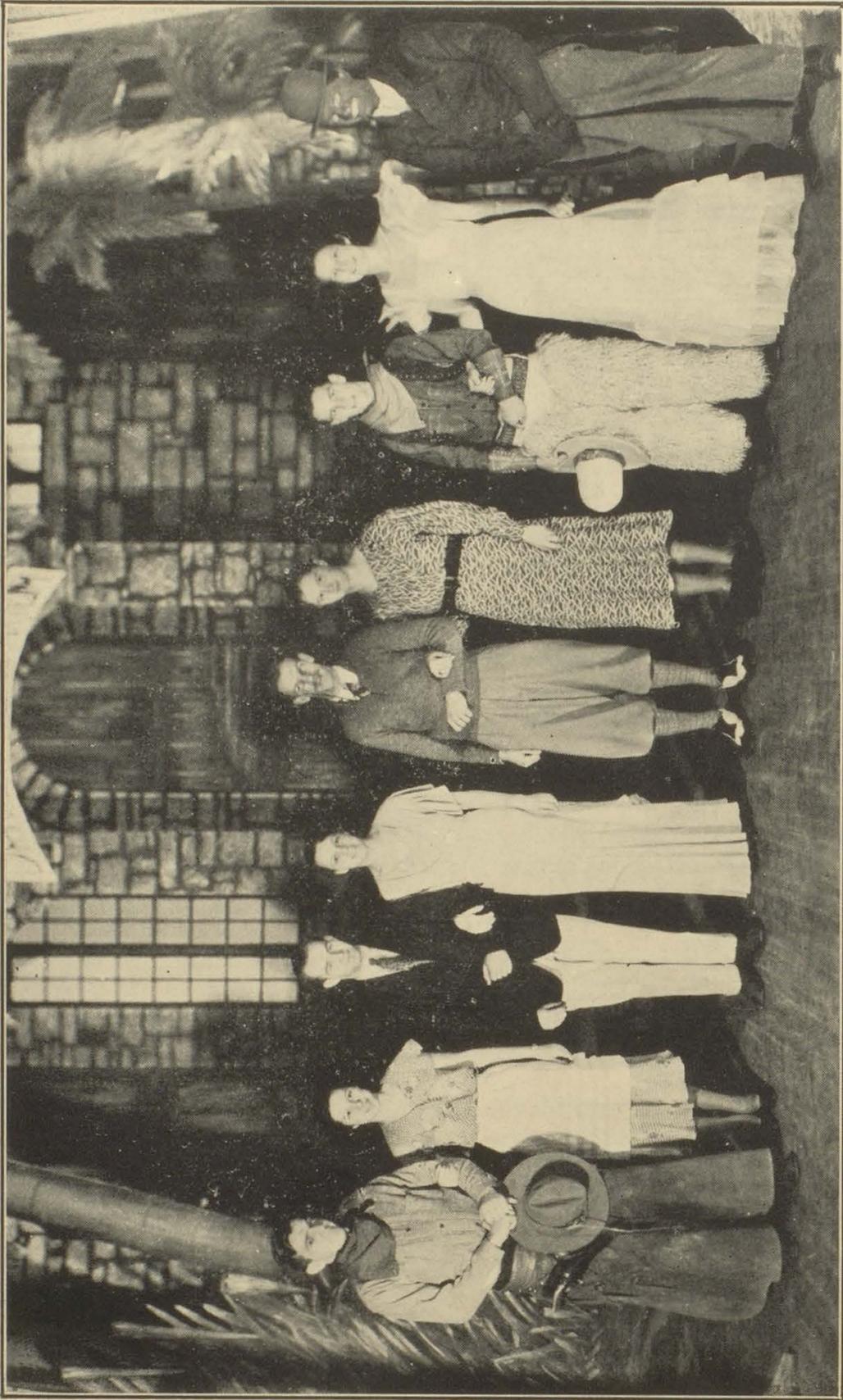
Our three annual gala events were: a very successful card party in March, our Spring Operetta in May, and our Mother-Daughter-Teacher Banquet, which closes the year. Each year the Operetta is better than the year before, and the Parent-Teacher Association is indebted to the teachers for their capable, willing work in making it a success. The banquet, each year, surpasses all previous ones. We could not ever do without it. It is an eager expectation through the year and a sweet memory always.

We are looking forward to our opening next Fall, in the hope that new members will join us and help carry on a splendid fellowship of appreciation of a great work to do and a will to do it.

"I know not where our parents caught their vision to be free;
I only know they paid with pain, the price of liberty.
I know not if uncharted trails were faced without despair;
I only know that dauntless hope can lead us anywhere.
I know not whether children still behold their parents' dream;
I only know that sky-bred souls still trail where visions gleam."

Marian F. Overton.

THE SNUFF BOX



PRINCIPALS OF CAST OF "OH, DOCTOR"

Music Notes

The second annual band concert, May 15, will be remembered longer than any other event of the year. The bands, under Mr. Lounsberry's direction, met at Islip and enjoyed the unique experience of having Dr. Edwin Franko Goldman as guest conductor. The first part of the program consisted of selections by each of the bands. Southold gave a creditable performance of "The Soldiers' Chorus" from Faust, by Gounod. With the co-operation of the school boards, Mr. Lounsberry selected an honorary band, and presented each member with a gold medal in recognition of his or her outstanding work. We were proud to have six "Honorians" from our school. The massed ensemble, with Mr. Goldman conducting his very famous marches, was a thrilling climax to the concert. Mr. Goldman delighted the audience with a talk about his work and interest in school music. Mr. Lounsberry is deserving of both congratulations and thanks for making possible this occasion.

The musical comedy, "Oh, Doctor," by Clark, was presented on December 19 as a benefit for the Senior Class. Every member of the cast may be proud of his part in contributing to a very successful show. Honors were shared equally by the following participants:

Doctor Drinkwater	William Kollmer (Proprietor of Drinkwater Sanitarium)
Bessie . . . Maid at Sanitarium . . .	Emma Rothman
Honor . . . Pretending to be Glory Drinkwater,	Irma Wells
Mrs. Weakly and Mrs. Crossly . Patients in Sanitarium	Laura Kramer, Elizabeth Jennings
Madam Chere . . . Her Mother	Elizabeth Allen
Glory . . . Dr. Drinkwater's granddaughter,	Edna Dickerson
Doctor Slaughter, Doctor at Sanitarium .	Ambrose Terp
Pancho . . . Mexican Cowboy	Winston Davids
Philip . . . Young Ranch Owner	John Grattan
Doctor Cuttem	Doctor at Sanitarium Edward Tomaszewski
Jim . . . From Philip's Ranch	Lloyd Dickerson

THE SNUFF BOX

Old Timer . . . From Philip's Ranch . . .	Julius Zebroski
Doctor Coffin . . . Doctor at Sanitarium . . .	Wm. Peavey
Bob . . . Glory's fiancé	Robert Moore
Cynthia . . . His Cousin	Ruth Jennings
Rainbow . . . Colored Servant at Sanitarium . . .	Max Lesch
Manuel . . . Mexican Rustler	George Ostroski

The choruses of nurses, cowboys and patients were too large to list, but they did their part unusually well. Special mention should be made of the lower grade children who gave the beautiful ballet, and of the chorus of dancing girls.

It is the custom, each year, to give a benefit for the Parent-Teachers' Association. "Penny Buns and Roses," a musical fantasy by Wilson, given May 10, proved very entertaining. The entire cast was chosen from the first five grades, with the exception of the Baker. Peter Ostroski, from Grade Six, gave a very good performance of this part, as did the three other leading characters: Thelma Adams, as the Old Lady; Josephine Jernick as the Old Man, and Sally Gomez as the Gay Gallant. The choruses of old and young men, old and young ladies, bakers, and Pierrots and Pierrettes offered opportunity for a large number of the younger children to have their first stage experience. One may anticipate some very fine and unusual work from these youngsters by the time they reach High School.

The High School Orchestra was heard on this program for the first time this year in Southold. On November 24 the orchestra took part in a concert at Huntington, but was not heard by many from Southold. The members of the orchestra have worked faithfully and are playing very worthwhile music, and doing it well. They will be heard again at the Senior Commencement.

The School Exhibit and Entertainment was held June 5. A varied program of short plays, musical skits, dances and instrumental and vocal numbers was presented. The following summary from the local paper leaves a feeling of satisfaction in the year's work:

"In former years the Exhibit has been warmly praised, and this year's entire program was generally conceded to be superior to any that Southold has yet seen. From the musical numbers with which the High School Band opened the program, through the skits and the plays, and on to the scientific demonstrations, the program was one which reflected great credit upon the several teachers for their energetic and unselfish efforts, and upon the ability and the enthusiasm of the pupils who took part.

The skits and the musical numbers by the grade pupils were worthy of mention. The scientific demonstrations were excellent, both in regard to the subjects presented and in regard to the graceful manner in which the pupils who were charged with the work performed their tasks."



Miss Esther Benedict

To Miss Benedict, for her unselfish interest in her classroom work, as well as for her enthusiasm in sponsoring and directing various other student activities, the pupils of the Southold High School express their sincere appreciation.



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL LATIN CLUB

THE SNUFF BOX

LATIN CLUB NOTES

The Latin Club, composed of Latin students of Southold High School, was organized last Fall under the leadership of Miss Benedict. After the preliminary affairs were completed, a constitution was drawn up and Club officers were elected:

Consul Prima (president)	Irma Wells
Consul Alter (vice-president)	William Grattan
Scriba Princeps (secretary)	Ruth Jennings
Quaestor (treasurer)	William Peavey

Three publicity scribes and a Lictor were also appointed at this time: Elizabeth Jennings, Elizabeth Allen, William Grattan, and Clement Thompson, respectively.

The Latin Club has held several meetings during the course of the year. These gatherings are patterned after the Roman Senate's assemblies, and have proved not only entertaining but also constructive. At one of these meetings, club pins of a scroll design, inscribed with the letters "S. P. Q. R.," were decided upon.

The Latin Club plans to culminate its series of meetings with a Roman banquet, which will be held in the school auditorium in the early part of June. This affair will have many varied and interesting features. There will be slaves to wait on the guests, who will recline. Decorations will be in purple and yellow, the club colors. After each course, some form of entertainment will take place, such as a novel chariot race, a boxing match, songs, dances, and recitations. A Roman wedding will put the finishing touch to the grand finale of the club's first year of activity.

Although the course of any new undertaking is fraught with numerous difficulties, the Latin Club has succeeded in definitely establishing itself. The departing seniors leave both to the club and to Miss Benedict, the Faculty Adviser, their sincere wishes for further success.

The following pupils are members of the Latin Club:

Elizabeth Jennings	Anna Pontino	Elizabeth Terry
Elizabeth Allen	William Peavey	Ella Tuthill
Mary Aukskalnis	Sara Simon	Alicia Vail
Henry Gadomski	Emma Rothman	Rebecca Vail
William Grattan	Bernice Myers	Madeline Akscin
Woodrow Jocabs	Waldemar Tomazewski	Mary Grigonis
Ruth Jennings	Terry Overton	Dorothy Redden
Martin Joost	Margaret Murtagh	Irma Wells
Carolyn Terry	Marie Kral	Clement Thompson
	Arthur Simon	

Girls' Athletic Notes

The girls' basketball team got under way early in November when a large number of recruits reported to Coach Benedict. Since only Betty Allen and Laura Kramer remained from last year's regulars, the team was composed almost entirely of new material. The smoothly working team which developed consisted of Lucy Stepnoski, Betty Allen, and Sophie Alec as the offensive line, while Albina Ambroski, Sara Simon, and Laura Kramer capably assisted on the defense.

Early in the season Betty Allen was made captain and Edna Dickerson the manager.

The season was ushered in on December 1, when Southold had the honor of being Greenport's first guests on their splendid new court. The team was handicapped by the absence of Betty Allen, and seemed to lack confidence. Greenport was victorious 27—7.

On December 8 Southold journeyed to Bridgehampton to play the opening game of Section 5. Bridgehampton showed its superiority from the first and emerged with a lead of 50—32.

Mattituck was our first guest on December 15. They were defeated by a score of 43—18 through the splendid offensive playing of Allen and Stepnoski and the notable guarding of Kramer.

An interesting contest took place on January 5 when the high school played the Alumnae. The grads proved too much for the school team and won by a score of 34—18.

Disaster accompanied the girls to the first league game of the new year on January 12. They returned home with a defeat of 33—0 at the hands of the strong Hampton Bays team.

The following night, Northport paid us a visit. This was a non-league game and proved to be a most interesting match. Northport won by the small margin of 26—23. Allen and Mannweiler captured scoring honors for the evening.

January 19 brought a game with Shelter Island on their court. In spite of Allen's exceptional playing, Shelter Island was victorious with a score of 28—19.

A close game took place when Eastport visited Southold on January 26. The half found the score 16—16. Allen's game was at its best, but after Southold's defense was smashed by the removal of two strong guards, Eastport gained and held the lead until the final whistle, when the score stood 36—26.

The return match with Bridgehampton on February 2 was anybody's game until the finish. Kramer's guarding proved equal to the agility of the shooting wizard, Juliano, and the teams were so evenly matched that the final score was 30—30.

On February 9 Southold again defeated Mattituck with a score

THE SNUFF BOX

of 26—15. Coach Benedict gave several recruits a chance to prove their worth in the second half of the game and they showed themselves capable of handling the situation.

Eastport was again victorious on March 21, when Southold met them on their home court. Mannweiler turned in high score for the game. The final whistle found the score 28—19 in Eastport's favor.

The game with Greenport on March 3 looked like Southold's victory from the start. The offensive was always on the alert, but when they lost the support of two guards, they were unable to hold the lead. The result was 33—29 with Greenport on the larger end.

The Hampton Bays game, which was postponed from February 16, was played on March 9. It proved a defeat of 41—25 for Southold, but Mannweiler played very effectively on the offense.

An event long anticipated by the team took place on March 10 when we had as our guests the Sag Harbor teams. Southold was the victor with a score of 24—18. Scoring honors were taken by Allen and Mannweiler.

Another delayed contest was played on March 24 with Shelter Island. This game was called off on February 23 because of severe weather conditions. The team worked smoothly and the guards deserve special credit for the manner in which they handled Shelter Island's strong offensive line. This was without a doubt the most interesting game of the season.

As the account shows, Southold was not very successful in the past season, having won four and tied one game out of fifteen. Of ten league games we took three, tied one, and dropped six.

As we look back upon the season, we regret not having more victories, but we appreciate fully the values of the sport. Coach Benedict deserves a lot of credit for producing such a genial team. We sincerely hope that future years will bring the same spirit of fellowship and sportsmanship among the teams that makes basketball such a popular and worthwhile sport.

Girls earning letters in basketball are:

LETTER AWARDS

ELIZABETH ALLEN, Captain	LAURA KRAMER
EDNA DICKERSON, Manager	MARY MOFFAT
SOPHIE ALEC	BERTHA MANNWEILER
ALBINA AMBROSKI	SARA SIMON
HELEN EKSTER	LUCY STEP NOSKI

Basketball



The 1933-1934 Basketball season was indeed a most unusual one for Southold High. One upset followed another and to the casual observer it would appear to be a dismal failure.

While the results were none too flattering, nevertheless, those who followed the boys throughout the season knew that the opposition was much stronger than ever before and that there were many redeeming features during the season's play which were indeed encouraging.

Never has Coach Goldsmith had so many candidates answer the first call. There was great interest among those who reported, but very few of them had ever played basketball before and most of them failed to make the grade.

Fortunately we had most of last year's team to fall back on, but circumstances prevented three of these veterans from taking part in our first few games. As a result we got off to a very poor start, losing the first three games.

Later on in the season, when we had our full strength on the court, we were successful in beating the leading teams in the league at least once. It seemed that we were always at our best when playing against the stronger teams. In these games the boys displayed championship form. And strangely enough, we were always at our worst when playing against weaker teams—a condition which can only be disastrous.

This, together with the facts that we had lost our first three games and were to compete in a league having four strong teams instead of only one or two as in past years, proved to be too much of a handicap, and the best we could do was to win four and lose six games in league competition.

Since, through graduation and the fact that some of the boys are leaving school to enter other fields of endeavor, we are to lose

THE SNUFF BOX

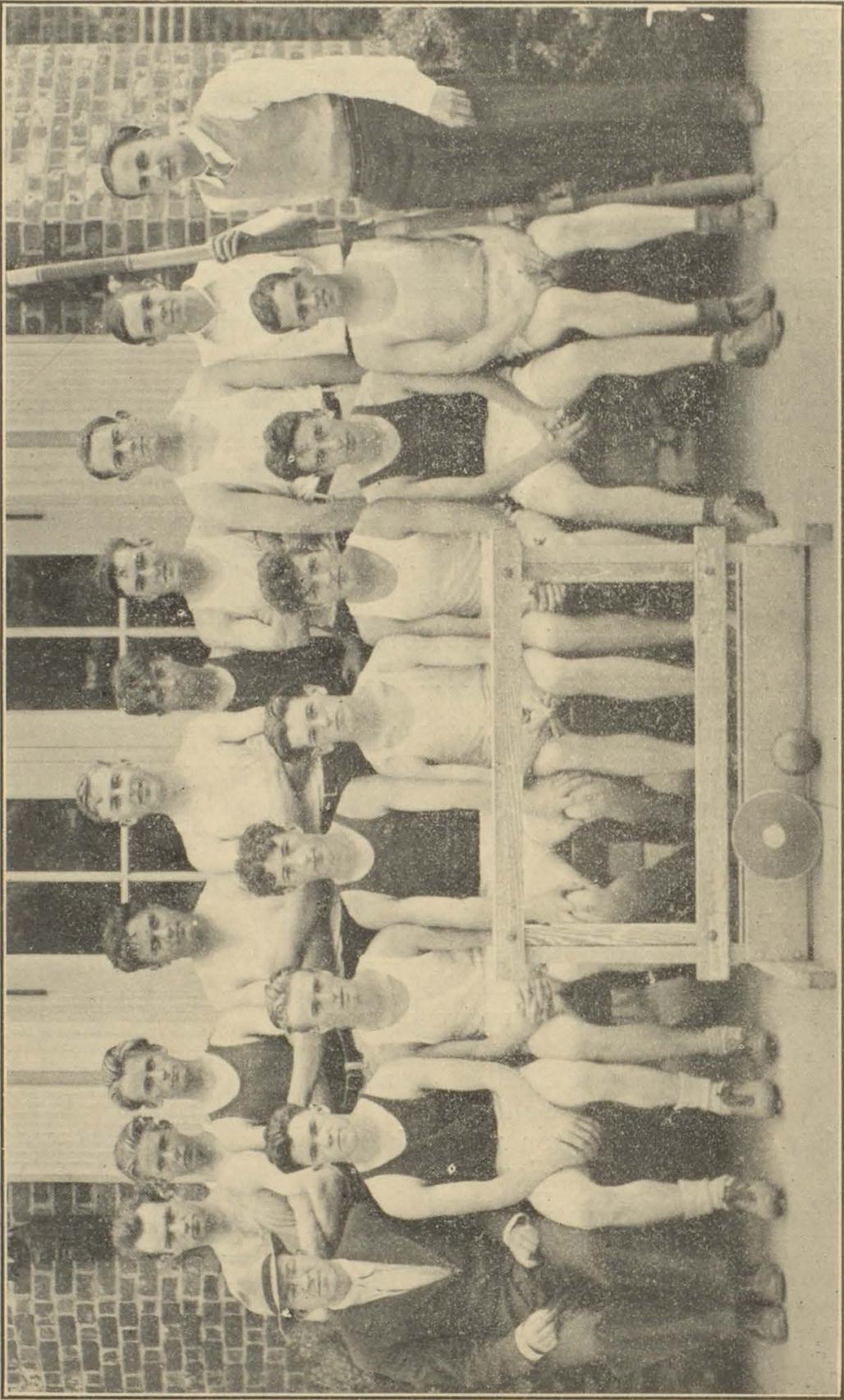
Zebroski and Charnews, our two capable forwards; Dickerson, a center and guard; Kollmer, a center, Terp, a center; Ostroski, a guard; and Moore, a guard, "Goldie" has promised that hard and strenuous basketball practice will begin early next Fall in an effort to develop some new material. He has Murtagh, a guard; Tomaszewski, a forward; and Petty, a center, around which to build a team. It will take time and plenty of hard, earnest work, but the boys are anxiously waiting to get started again and we feel sure that Southold High will be able to give a good account of herself next year when the referee's whistle starts the season of 1934-1935.

Following is a list of those who won their Basketball letter during the past season, and the scores:

Lloyd Dickerson forward and center
 Julius Zebroski forward
 Dan Charnews forward and guard
 Waldemar Tomaszewski forward
 William Kollmer center
 John Terp center
 George Ostroski guard
 Thomas Murtagh guard
 Robert Moore guard
 John Albertis guard

			S.H.S.	OPP.
*Dec.	1	Southold at Greenport	10	25
	8	Southold at Bridgehampton	5	16
	15	Mattituck at Southold	18	19
Jan.	12	Southold at Hampton Bays	12	10
*	13	Northport at Southold	27	36
	19	Southold at Shelter Island	18	22
	26	Eastport at Southold	17	19
Feb.	2	Bridgehampton at Southold	22	19
	9	Mattituck at Southold	15	10
Mar.	2	Southold at Eastport	23	16
*	3	Greenport at Southold	10	14
	9	Hampton Bays at Southold	12	18
*	10	Sag Harbor at Southold	17	35
	23	Shelter Island at Southold	14	22
Totals			220	281

*-Non-League Game.



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' TRACK TEAM

TRACK NOTES

The Southold track team did not participate in as many track meets as usual this year, partly due to the lateness of the track season and partly due to a lesser interest by the potential trackmen of the school. However, the few that came out for the sport and trained hard rendered a good account of themselves in all competitions.

The early season meets, with Islip and La Salle, found the Southold team suffering from lack of training and the scores were very much against the Red and Gray; but later, in the County Championship, Southold came in strong against Islip.

The third meet of the season, a quadrangular meet at Greenport, with Greenport, Riverhead, Westhampton and Southold running, found our team in much better shape but still outclassed by these larger schools. A week later, Southold participated in a dual meet with Greenport on the new Greenport track and lost by a margin of only seven points. At this meet Jack Grattan and Waldy Tomaszewski began to show their real form as distance runners, while Arty McCaffery excelled as a sprinter. Frank Stankewicz, Charley Grigonis and Henny Gadomski slung the discus out for all the points available. Ostroski contented himself with two first places as a broad and high jumper, as well as securing points in discus, shot, and the "440".

At the County Championship, the Red and Gray team made up in fighting spirit what it lacked in numbers, and although there was a large field of contestants, and the competition keen, the boys got in for 18¾ points, which were secured as follows:

		Points
220-Yard Dash	} McCaffery, 3rd	2
		} Albertis, 4th
440-Yard Run	Ostroski, 3rd	
Mile Run	} Grattan, 2nd (Grattan's Time — 4:57)	3
		} Tomaszewski, 3rd
Discus	Stankewicz, 1st (Distance — 103 ft. 6½ in.)	
Broad Jump	Ostroski, 3rd	2
Pole Vault	Hawkins, tie for 3rd	¾
Relay	A. McCaffery, A. Peavey, G. Ostroski, J. Albertis.	

THE SNUFF BOX

The following received their letters for participation in track:

Edward Tomaszewski, Manager

	Total Points
John Albertis	9 $\frac{1}{4}$
George Ostroski	44 $\frac{1}{4}$
W. Tomaszewski	19
R. Hawkins	9 $\frac{3}{4}$
J. Grattan	18
A. McCaffery	16
A. Peavey	2 $\frac{3}{4}$
F. Stankewicz	19

Others who made points in the various meets are:

R. Moore	1	C. Grigonis	2
E. Gagen	1	H. Gadomski	1
W. Peavey	1	A. Simon	1
L. Davison		1	

BASEBALL

Having lost Wyche, Dickerson, Zebroski and Shipulseki from last year's team, Coach Goldsmith faced the difficult task of finding new material to fill the places of these who had either graduated or left school.

The outlook for the 1934 season was anything but bright. There were a few veterans around which "Goldie" had to build a team. Conrad was back at first; Artie McCaffery, elected Captain at the beginning of the season, was sure of the second base job; Charnews, who was one of our most dependable hitters, would be back to fill an outfield position. These were the only ones from last year who were sure of their jobs. Ostroski had to be taken from the outfield and put behind the bat to fill the gap left vacant by Lloyd Dickerson. This left a big hole to fill in center field, as "Oose" was our most capable fly chaser.

Due to a lack of practice and the condition of our field, we were unable to get in any early spring work-outs and, as a result, we lost our first two games. The first was played at Bridgehampton on a very cold, windy day. Southold lost 4-3. The second, played at Southold, was against Eastport and, though the boys were leading most of the way, poor defensive work allowed Eastport to win 8-7.

By this time the fellows thought it was high time to get busy and do some of the things they knew they could do. The weather was warming up by now and "Champ" McCaffery, who had been doing the pitching for us, was fast rounding into form. A little pep talk by our coach soon convinced the boys that there was yet

THE SNUFF BOX

a good chance for them to win.

The next game saw a very different team on the field. With a strong determination to win, our boys easily beat Mattituck in the third game. The score, which was Southold 8, Mattituck 2, clearly showed that we had literally "snapped out" of our lowly position.

The fourth game, at Hampton Bays, proved that a fighting spirit was the best asset a team could have. In a gale of wind and a miniature sandstorm we came away from Hampton Bays on the long end of a 3—2 score. This game went eight innings.

From a baseball standpoint our fifth game at Eastport was by far the best exhibition so far. In this contest the boys had almost a perfect game to their credit. Only one hit stood between McCaffery and a no-hit game, while his mates had their bats busy and piled up a score of five runs for him. Both teams played good baseball but "Champ's" pitching proved too much for Eastport's batters and we came away with one more game, 5—0.

Mattituck was our next opponent and because we were easily the victor in our first engagement, the boys may have been a bit too confident in this, the second encounter. Instead of having an easy time of it, Mattituck proved to be a stubborn foe. It took eight innings for Southold to beat them 3—2.

The game originally scheduled with Hampton Bays at Southold was called off earlier in the season because of injuries to three of the Hampton Bays boys and was played here on Tuesday, June 12. In the first three innings Southold was real busy collecting eight runs from the deliveries of two Hampton Bays pitchers, while McCaffery held the visitors safely. The remainder of the game was spent largely by our boys hurrying the game in order to get in four and one-half innings before it rained. We just managed to retire the last hitter in their half of the fifth when the downpour came. The final score was, Southold 8, Hampton Bays 3.

Our record to date is five games won and two lost. Considering our handicap of losing the first two, this speaks volumes for the team. As we go to press, one game remains to be played. Bridgehampton comes to Southold on Friday, June 15. Unless the boys go to pieces completely they should win without a great deal of difficulty. Should Southold win and Mattituck beat Eastport, Southold will end the season in first place, thereby winning another Section 5 championship. Should Eastport beat Mattituck and Southold win, we will end the schedule deadlocked with Eastport — each winning 5 and losing 2 games. In such an event a play-off game will have to be played sometime during Regents week on a neutral diamond.

While it is dangerous to predict any pennants at this stage, the boys are confident of winning against Bridgehampton and, should a play-off be necessary, they are equally confident of beating Eastport.

THE SNUFF BOX

Even if they should fail, the record made by the team should make any true Southold rooster justly proud.

Much of the success of the team goes to our pitcher, Bernard "Champ" McCaffery, who has performed like a veteran in his first year on the mound. To date he has an average of something like twelve strike-outs per game. This is an especially notable feat, since our games go only seven innings instead of the regulation nine. Great things are in store for Berard and S. H. S. if he continues to pitch for us for the remainder of his high school days.

Although each man on the team deserves much credit, it must be said that the veterans from last year's team have proved to be the backbone of the team, both offensively and defensively.

Without doubt Captain "Artie" McCaffery is the stellar defense man on the team. Many games have been saved by his skillful fielding and timely and accurate throwing. He is leading the team in hitting as well. The boys surely made no mistake when they elected him Captain.

Ostroski was by far the best outfielder in the league last year and this year "Goldie" put him behind the bat. He has proved that he is also the best catcher in the league. Little more could be said for the all around ability of any man.

Charnews, last year's heavy hitter, had the misfortune of cutting his hand so badly after the first game that he was unable to play until the last two games of the season. Tom Murtagh, who has shouldered the responsibility of guarding center field most of the season, has the happy faculty of hitting when hits mean runs. No less than two games have been won on Tom's hitting.

Conrad's play at first base improves with each game and it was his heavy and timely hitting which kept us in the running earlier in the season.

To give each man the space here which is due him would be impossible. Each of the following new men who have either served the team as regulars or subs, have given the very best that was in them for the good of the team; Eugene Gagen and Dick Horton, who alternated at third base, Tomaszewski at short, Gadomski, Kaelin, Kroleski and Fleet all have proved their worth. It is this year's subs who become next year's stars. We can look for some good baseball from these men in the future. Southold can be counted on to give a good account of herself next year when the umpire calls "Play ball!"

To pass without giving much praise to Ralph Hawkins for his untiring efforts to please both the boys and the coach, would be a grave injustice. Never has the school had a more efficient and willing manager. It is hoped that the assistants in the future will

THE SNUFF BOX

follow his example.

Following is the line-up used in most of the games:

A. McCaffery	2b
B. McCaffery	p
J. Conrad	1b
G. Ostroski	c
T. Murtagh	cf
D. Charnews	cf
H. Gadomski	lf
J. Krosleski	rf
E. Gagen	3b
R. Horton	3b
W. Tomaszewski	ss
W. Kaelin	outfielder
G. Fleet	outfielder

Those who have either already earned their baseball "S" for the season of 1934, or will most likely qualify, are:

Arthur McCaffery, Captain
George Ostroski
Dan Charnews
John Conrad
Bernard McCaffery
Thomas Murtagh
Henry Gadomski
Waldemar Tomaszewski
Eugene Gagen
Richard Horton
Joseph Kroleski
Gerald Fleet
Walter Kaelin
Ralph Hawkins, Manager

Miss Miller: "Give me an explanation of three punctuation marks."

Terry O.: "A comma is the brake that slows down the speed; an exclamation point is an accident, and a period is a bumper."

Mr. Dart: "Name a poisonous substance."

Winston: "Aviation."

Mr. Dart: "Explain yourself."

Winston: "One drop will kill."

THE SNUFF BOX

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The present class officers elected by Grade Eight are as follows:

President	Jean MacLeod
Vice-President	Robert Jernick
Secretary	Gerard Purcell
Treasurer	Norman Bergen

For the fifth annual Eighth Grade Commencement exercises on June 22 the following program was made up:

Selection by the High School Band

Class Song

Invocation

Salutatory Robert Jernick

Essay

Class Prophecy Douglas Conklin

Essay

Music

Essay

Class Will Alice Nierodzik

Essay

Music

Advice to Seventh Grade Norman Bergen

Reply to Eighth Grade Everett Vail

Valedictory Clarence Jones

Presentation of Diplomas

Class Song

Selection by the High School Band

Spelling Contest

After a rather long-drawn-out struggle among some of the members of Grades Seven and Eight, Clarence Jones was declared winner of our spelling contest. He represented Southold High School at Greenport on Tuesday, May 22, where two contestants were selected to go to Riverhead. Clarence won second place, but as two others tied for first he was necessarily eliminated.

Poster Contest

The prize offered by the American Legion Auxiliary to the grades for the best Memorial Day Poster was won by Gerard Purcell.

THE SNUFF BOX

ALUMNI NOTES

* * * * *

Name	1927	Activities
MARGUERITE EHRHARDT	Living at home.	A graduate of Brooklyn Hospital, now doing private duty.
KATHERINE HILLIARD	Now Mrs. John P. Ruebsamen.	On the Staff of Brooklyn Hospital.
KATHERINE McCAFFERY	School teacher,	home at present.
HARRIET DICKERSON	On the M. E. Hospital Staff,	in Brooklyn.
RITA DICKERSON	Mrs. George Ballance,	living at Alexandria, Va.
RUTH GRATHWOHL	Teaching school.	
HELEN STERLING	Employed in the First National Bank of Cutchogue.	
ADELAIDE STERLING	A librarian in one of the departments of the Brooklyn Library.	
MARCELLA AKSCIN	Graduate of Packer Business School, now working in the office of the London Insurance Co. in New York.	
BERNICE SIMONS	Employed as stenographer by a paper box manufacturing company in New York.	
JOE BOND	Living at home.	
JAMES COGAN	Working in the Providence Branch of Commercial Credit.	
VIRGINIA MALMBORG	Married and living in New York.	

1928

Name	Activities
MARION CAREY	Mrs. George Worth, living in Patchogue.
LILLIAN STELZER	Graduate of Arnold College, now has a position in Washington, D. C.
WINIFRED BILLARD	Teaching in Seaford School, L. I.
ALICE BLOOMFIELD	Graduate of Boston U. Now has a position with an Insurance Company in Boston.
IRWIN BEEBE	Graduate of Pratt Institute.

THE SNUFF BOX

Name	Activities
LYLE MEREDITH	Graduate of Union College, book-keeper for Long Island Produce Co., Southold.
DORIS WILLIAMS	At home, working for Clyde Bailey as bookkeeper.
LOUISE OVERTON	Attending University of New Hampshire.
COREY ALBERTSON	Employed by Vail Brothers Garage, Peconic.
ELMER RULAND	Farming with his father at Mattituck.

Name	1929 Activities
ADELAIDE AKSCIN	Employed by her sister in Hempstead, L. I.
FRANCES GORDON	Graduate of Maryland College for Women. Now living at home.
ALICE DOWNS	Now Mrs. Alfred E. Dart. 'Nuff said?
ARTHUR FANNING	Employed in the Mattituck Post Office.
MILTON FOLTS	In the undertaking business with Wm. Beebe's Sons, Cutchogue.
IRENE McKEON	Graduate Nurse of Mary Immaculate Hospital.
THERESE BAUER	At home in Peconic.
STANLEY KRUKOWSKI	Still after his Veterinary's degree at Cornell.
JULIA McCAFFERY	Bookkeeper at Sweet's Shipyard, Greenport
MARY HECKMAN	Mrs. Preston Tuthill, living at Cutchogue.
HELEN DICKERSON	Clerk in Bank of Southold.

Name	1930 Activities
KATHLEEN MEREDITH	Graduate Nurse at Lenox Hill Hospital, now on the Staff of the Cornell Medical Center.

THE SNUFF BOX

Name	Activities
EILEEN MAHONEY	Graduate Nurse of Lenox Hill Hospital. Now living at home, doing private duty.
MARIE DOHERTY	Graduate of Lenox Hill Hospital. Now Mrs. Andrew Cassidy.
LEONE SIMON	Graduate Nurse of Mary Immaculate Hospital. Now on the Staff in that hospital.
JEAN WELLS	Teaching in Brantwood Hall, Bronxville.
FRANK KANE	Farming in Cutchogue.
HORACE SYMONDS	Graduate of Cornell University.
MYRA FLEET	Graduate of Elmira College.
ADELE PAYNE	At home.
BOB GAGEN	Employed by Henry P. Tuthill, Mattituck.
FRANCIS THOMPSON	Employed by Moeller Tree Surgeons.
WALTER WILLIAMS	Working at Nassau Point.

Name	1931 Activities
THELMA BURNS	Graduate nurse, Mary Immaculate Hospital, Jamaica.
GEORGE CLARK	A Junior at St. Lawrence University.
ALICE CLARK	Student at Albany State Teachers College.
LAWRENCE CARROLL	Junior at Cornell University.
HELEN KRUKOWSKI	Employed in Brooklyn.
JEROME GRATTAN	A Junior at Holy Cross.
NORA McCAFFERY	Employed by L. I. Lighting Co., after attending Southold Academy.
WESLEY ORLOWSKI	Holds a position in N. Y.
LEONIE STACY	Continuing her course in music at Juilliard School, N. Y.
FRANCIS STRASSER	Clerking in Roulston's store, Southold.
EMORY TUTHILL	A Sophomore at Springfield College.

THE SNUFF BOX

Name	Activities
MURIEL YOUNG	Student at Elmira College.
GENEVIEVE ZANIESKI	At home.
MIRIAM WHITNEY	At home.
ANNA ZAVESKI	Married and living in Jamesport.

1932

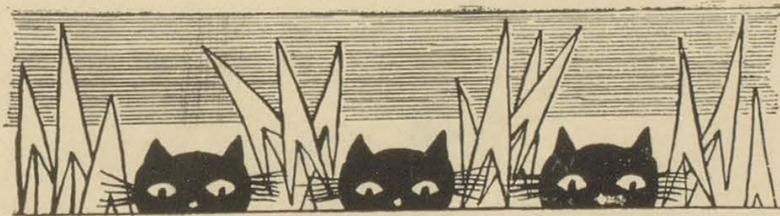
Name	Activities
GEORGE AKSCIN	Working on farm at home.
PAULINE ALBERTSON	At home.
HAYDEN ALLEN } LOIS BILLARD }	Studying Business Courses at Rider College.
MARY FUREY	A student at New Paltz Normal School.
ROBERTA KOLLMER	Employed in dental office in Mattituck, after studying at Columbia University.
ADOLPH RYSKO	Working in local A. & P. Store.
FRANCES SIMON } AGNES ZEBROSKI }	Students at South Shore Secretarial School, Patchogue.
RENSSELAER TERRY	A Sophomore at St. Lawrence.
MADELINE TYLER	Employed by Metropolitan Tobacco Co., Patchogue.
WILLIAM WILLIAMS	Attended Packard School. Now at Southold Academy.
HELEN OSBORNE	Training for nursing at a hospital in Bridgeport, Conn.

1933

Name	Activities
JULIA CZAJA } WILLMA DAVIDS }	Acting as "Ladies of Leisure" at home.
LLOYD DICKERSON	Employed at Boat Shop, after extending his work in High School.
NELSON DICKINSON	Attending Columbia University.
JOSEPH GADOMSKI	A student at Drake's Business School in New York.
BEVERLY GORDON } AGNES HORTON } BERTHA ZANIESKI }	Taking business courses in the Southold Academy.
ALICE GRATTAN	A Freshman at the College of New Rochelle.

THE SNUFF BOX

Name	Activities
DOROTHY HOWELL	Studying music at Oberlin University.
TERRY JENNINGS)	First year students at St. Lawrence University.
CONSTANCE TERRY)	
MARY KAELIN	Training for the nursing profession at St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn.
JEAN McDERMOTT	Now Mrs. Arthur Bennett.
LOUISE ORLOWSKI	Employed in Brooklyn.
FILLMORE PEAVEY	A Freshman at Harvard.
FLORENCE PUGSLEY	A student at South Shore Secretarial School.
EDGAR SMITH	A student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
LORETTA STELZER	Studying Dentistry at Georgetown University.
SOPHIE STEP NOSKI	Working in Mattituck.
ANNE THOMPSON	At home, after holding a position in Riverhead.
IRMA WELLS	Continuing her studies at Southold High School.



THE SNUFF BOX

FINALE

Our time has come,
Our cause is won,
And we are glad
Our task is done.

For many a day
We ceased to play
To leave this book
'Ere going away.

We did our bit
To cover with wit
Your bold, bad past,
We couldn't omit.

Please grant our quest —
We meant the best,
Forgive our crime,
Forget the rest.

'Tis you we thank
For deed and prank
That gave us news
From every rank.

We say adieu,
With hope in view
The future bring
Success to you.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



THE SNUFF BOX

Autographs

THE SNUFF BOX

“HOME OF SAVINGS” since 1858



SOUTHOLD SAVINGS BANK

SOUTHOLD, N. Y.

When Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention the “Snuff Box”

Nibble, Gol Darn Yer, Nibble!



. . . We say so, too, Folks!

We certainly are anxious waiting for you to pick out a 6-room cozy cottage, completely furnished, in which you can enjoy the 12 months, as all our Bungalows have Steam Heat.

Drop us a line right now, before it is too late.

— WHY NOT PLAY HOOKY WITH US —

Address **Kutie Kute Bungalows**

The Newlyweds' Paradise

FOUNDERS' ESTATES SOUTHOLD, L. I., N. Y.

THE SNUFF BOX

Compliments of

**LONG ISLAND
PRODUCE AND FERTILIZER
COMPANY, Inc.**

Riverhead

Southold

Mattituck

Aquebogue

Calverton

When Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

THE SNUFF BOX

Go to Southold High School
and to Gagen & Carroll . . as
they treat you square the year
'round!

CHOICE BUILDING LOTS
NEAR HORTON'S POINT.

W. J. Grattan Southold

CHOICE EVERGREENS

HARRY VAIL

Southold N. Y.

Compliments of

MULFORD'S

Greenport Radio Headquarters

WILLIAM MENGEWEIT

Plumbing and Heating

Southold New York

Compliments of

SOUTHOLD BAKERY

Greenport, L. I.

Southold, L. I.

JAMES M. GRATTAN

Produce - Fertilizer

Tel. 57 Southold, N. Y.

C. P. TUTHILL

Plumbing - Heating

OIL BURNERS

Du Pont Paints

Cutchogue N. Y.

Compliments of

CHARLES T. BECKTOLD

Southold New York

M. S. HAND

Fancy Groceries - Fruits - Vege-

tables - Confectionery - Ice Cream

Drugs - Stationery - Newspapers

Cigars - Tobacco - Cigarettes

Tel. Peconic 10 Cutchogue

Real Estate Insurance

ASK "SLATS"

LEROY S. REEVE

Tel. 181 Mattituck, N. Y.

R. NELSON MOORE

Sales and Service

CADILLAC - LA SALLE

General Repairing

Cutchogue N. Y.

Peconic 79

When Patronizing Our Advertisers, Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

THE SNUFF BOX

THOS. ROULSTON, Inc.

Compliments of
MARTIN W. McCAFFERY
Manager

Compliments of
L. G. BALFOUR CO.
Attleborough, Mass.

GO TO JAEGER'S
BATHING SUIT
HEADQUARTERS
Greenport, L. I.

JOHN H. LEHR
Perennials
Vegetables and Flowering Plants
Cut Flowers in Season
Tel. 386 Southold, N. Y.

Correct Equipment



for all Athletic Sports
Write for Catalog

Alex Taylor & Co. ^{INC}
22 E. 42nd St. New York City

SOUTHOLD BEAUTY SHOP
and
BARBER SHOP
Lewis Myers

Dr. S. B. FISCHER
VETERINARIAN
Diseases of Large and Small
Animals Treated
Horton's Lane Southold, N. Y.
Tel. Southold 338

Represented by Abe Brown
Greenport, N. Y.

PAUL L. DIEFENBACHER
D. D. S.
Southold New York

Compliments of
ROTHMAN'S DEPT. STORE
"Nationally Known Merchandise"
D. A. Rothman, Prop.
Tel. 170 Southold, N. Y.

F. M. GAGEN
BLACKSMITH and GENERAL
JOBGING
Southold Long Island

When Patronizing Our Advertisers, Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

THE SNUFF BOX

THE SAGE BRICK MANUFACTURING CO.

Greenport, New York

BRICK SHIPPED

By Vessel to any point on the Coast

By Rail to Any Station on Long Island

By Truck to any Village on East End

GOLDSMITH & TUTHILL

Pittsburgh Paint Products

LUMBER - BUILDING MATERIAL - COAL

Masons' Supplies of All Kinds

NEW SUFFOLK

Phone Peconic 24

SOUTHOLD

Phone 67

GRAHAM

CHRYSLER

PLYMOUTH

F. H. SAYRE

Tel. 237

Southold, L. I.

When Patronizing Our Advertisers, Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

THE SNUFF BOX

Socony Products
THE CASH CORNER SERVICE STATION
Ralph H. Case, Prop.

SMILE AWAY THE MILES WITH SOCONY

GOODYEAR TIRES

Tel. Peconic 285

Cutchogue, N. Y.

Compliments of

A FRIEND

THE MATTITUCK NATIONAL BANK
AND TRUST COMPANY

Mattituck, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1905

R. P. VAIL

Tel. Southold 254

C. E. VAIL

VAIL BROTHERS

Peconic, L. I.

PACKARD

NASH

REO

When Patronizing Our Advertisers, Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

THE SNUFF BOX

**Suffolk County Mutual Insurance Co.
The Home Company**

Represented in Southold by J. E. BLOOMFIELD

In Peconic by F. F. OVERTON

Don't be satisfied with mere Photographs

Get Quality in your Portraits

Our years of Photographic experience enable us to make

BETTER PHOTOGRAPHS

that cost no more

E. L. JOHNSON

Photographer

Patchogue Theatre Building

Tel. Patchogue 64

PARADISE SWEETS

HOME-MADE ICE CREAM AND CANDY

In Purity and Quality We Excel

GREENPORT

NEW YORK

SOUTHOLD

When Patronizing Our Advertisers, Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

THE SNUFF BOX

Compliments of
RALPH W. STERLING
SEEDSMAN
Cutchogue New York

S. W. PETTY
Horseshoeing - Blacksmithing
Hardware, Power and Hand Lawn
Mowers
Southold New York

W. H. HOWELL
COAL
Kopper's Seaboard Koke
Hardware - Paints - Varnish
Peconic, N. Y.
Store—155-M Phones House—271-R

THE McMANN AGENCY
Real Estate Insurance
First Natl. Bank Building
Telephone 380
Greenport N. Y.

ELMER K. QUARTY
Purol Pep Gasoline, Kerosene
Tiolene Oil
Phone 200
Southold Long Island

GEO. H. DICKERSON
ALL KINDS OF TEAM WORK
LAWN MAKING
Tel 6-M Southold, N. Y.

Compliments of
THOMAS A. STACY
Southold, N. Y.

MRS. VERA LUPTON, Teacher of
Piano, announces that her Summer
Classes will start immediately after
July 4th. . . . For information, call
M A T T I T U C K 1 2 4

Compliments of

A FRIEND

PACE INSTITUTE

A School of Business Technology

Courses of intensive character, preparing
for various occupations in business, are
given at Pace Institute in daytime and in
evening classes. These courses include
among others the following:

Accountancy and Business
Administration
Summary (C.P.A.) Accountancy
Secretarial Practice
Shorthand Reporting
Shorthand Speed Classes
Advertising and Marketing
Selling and Marketing
Credit Science

Bulletins, interesting vocational book-
lets, and class dates are available upon
request. Inquire of the Registrar by per-
sonal call, by letter, or by telephone,
Barclay 7-8200. Visitors are welcome.

PACE INSTITUTE 225 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

When Patronizing Our Advertisers, Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

THE SNUFF BOX

WM. H. TERRY AND SON
INSURANCE

Tel. 152

Southold, N. Y.

J. E. WEIR, Inc.



WE
TELEGRAPH FLOWERS

FLOWERS
FOR EVERY OCCASION

Member Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association

Phone Jamesport 313

MAIN ROAD

JAMESPORT

SUFFOLK COUNTY TILE AND MANTLE CO.

Southold, N. Y.

PHONE 98 SOUTHOLD

P. O. BOX 226

Branch Phone 1098 Riverhead

When Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

THE SNUFF BOX

B. VAN POPERING
 AUTHORIZED DEALER
 Sherwin Williams' Paints
 Hoover Suction Sweeper
 Greenport New York

LIPMAN BROS.
 DEPARTMENT STORE
 Clothing, Dry Goods and Shoes
 Tel. 97 Greenport

WILLIAM KRAL
 TAILOR
 Men's Furnishings
 Southhold New York

Compliments of
J. E. DICKINSON
 REAL ESTATE
 Tel. 44 Southhold, N. Y.

WILLIAM H. DRUM, D. D. S.
 Mattituck, N. Y.

We Put New Life In Old Shoes
ANTHONY DI STEFANO
 Prop.
 SHOE REPAIRING
 and SHINING
 Main St. Bohack Bldg. Southhold

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED
 for all
 Newspapers and Magazines
H. M. HAWKINS
 Southhold New York

BUCCI'S BARBER SHOP
 LADIES' and CHILDREN'S
 HAIRCUTTING
 a SPECIALTY
 Tel. 234 Southhold, N. Y.

MORRELL & HORTON
 CENTRAL GARAGE
 Automobile Repairing
 and Accessories
 Marine Work - Radio
 Tel. Peconic 14 Cutchogue, N. Y.

MULLEN'S GARAGE
 Repairing and Battery Charging
 DE SOTO and PLYMOUTH
 SALES and SERVICE
 Tel. 164 Southhold, N. Y.

ANDREWS' HAT SHOP
 Southhold Long Island

MARIE DU VAL
 BEAUTY SHOPPE
 All Branches of Beauty Culture
 Permanent Waving a Specialty
 Southhold New York

When Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

THE SNUFF BOX

Go Where the Crowd Goes

PHIL WECKESSER

ICE CREAM CIGARS TOBACCO

Daily and Sunday Papers

Gas Station

Telephone 116

SOUTHOLD, N. Y.

CUTCHOQUE DRUG STORE

W. H. KOLLMER, Pharmacist

Tel. Peconic 96

CUTCHOQUE, N. Y.

THE BOAT SHOP

ALVAH B. GOLDSMITH

RUNABOUTS CRUISERS SMALL BOATS

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTORS

ACCESSORIES REPAIRS STORAGE

FOUNDERS' LANDING

SOUTHOLD, N. Y.

Telephone 295

COMPLIMENTS OF

“Worthwhile”

PECONIC-ON-THE-SOUND

When Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention the “Snuff Box”

THE SNUFF BOX

COMPLIMENTS OF
CHARLES F. KRAMER
Druggist

SOUTHOLD, N. Y.

HENRY A. GOLDSMITH

Contractor and Builder

ELECTRIC FLOOR SURFACING

Tel. 230

Southold, N. Y.

WILLIAM M. BEEBE'S SONS

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

GRANITE MEMORIALS

Tel. Peconic 53

CUTCHOGUE, N. Y.

HARDWARE AND FARM SUPPLIES

PETERSON & VAN DUZER

SOUTHOLD

When Patronizing Our Advertisers, Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

THE SNUFF BOX

Compliments of

EASTERN
SERVICE STATION
Joseph P. Terp
SOUTHOLD

LINNAEUS ALLEN
Commercial Photographer
By Appointment

Cutchogue N. Y.

Compliments of

THOMAS ROULSTON
Cutchogue

William Mullens, Mgr.

Phone Peconic 159

ENGINEERING SCIENCE
POLYTECHNIC
INSTITUTE OF BROOKLYN

Courses leading to
Degrees In

Chemical, Civil, Electrical,
Mechanical Engineering;
Chemistry and

LIBERAL - SCIENCE
for students who desire a general ed-
ucation in Science or wish to prepare
for

Industrial Administration,
Scientific Research, or
Teaching in Science.

Also Graduate Courses . . .
Leading to Masters Degrees
in Engineering, Physics and
Chemistry and to Doctor of
Philosophy in Chemistry.

For Day Catalogue, Evening Bulletin,
Graduate Bulletin, or Information—

Address: — THE DEAN

99 LIVINGSTON STREET
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tel. Triangle 5-6920
RESERVATIONS FOR SEPTEMBER
ADMISSION MAY BE MADE NOW.



KINDLY
PATRONIZE
OUR
FRIENDS,
THE ADVERTISERS,
WHOSE
SUPPORT
MAKES
THE
PUBLICATION
OF
THE SNUFF BOX
POSSIBLE.



When Patronizing Our Advertisers, Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

THE SNUFF BOX

IF YOU WANT QUALITY GOODS

DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR

Call 59 Southold

A. W. ALBERTSON

GROCER

ROYAL SCARLET STORE

AFTER GRADUATION

WHY NOT make recreation your vocation; enjoy your work and give pleasure to others; be healthy and happy and teach others to be the same? Such is the life and work of a teacher of physical education.

SAVAGE SCHOOL FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Established 1890

A Teacher Training School which prepares men and women to become teachers, directors, and supervisors of health and physical education in schools, colleges, playgrounds, clubs, private institutions, and industrial organizations.

The curriculum of the three year course includes practical instruction in all forms of athletics, gymnastics, games, dancing, swimming, dramatics, and the like; also the essential courses in education, psychology, anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and others, thoroughly covering the theory and practice of health and physical education.

CATALOGUE UPON REQUEST

Employment Bureau for Students and Graduates

Register now for Class entering September 17, 1934

SAVAGE SCHOOL

308 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City

A Drug Store Since 1849

G. H. CORWIN DRUG STORE

PHARMACIST

GREENPORT, N. Y.

When Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

THE SNUFF BOX

COMPLIMENTS OF

KOKE BROTHERS' GARAGE

SOUTHOLD

NEW YORK

Compliments of

BANK OF SOUTHOLD

SOUTHOLD

NEW YORK

TERRY & HILL

ATTORNEYS and COUNSELORS AT LAW

SOUTHOLD, L. I.

When Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention the "Snuff Box"

