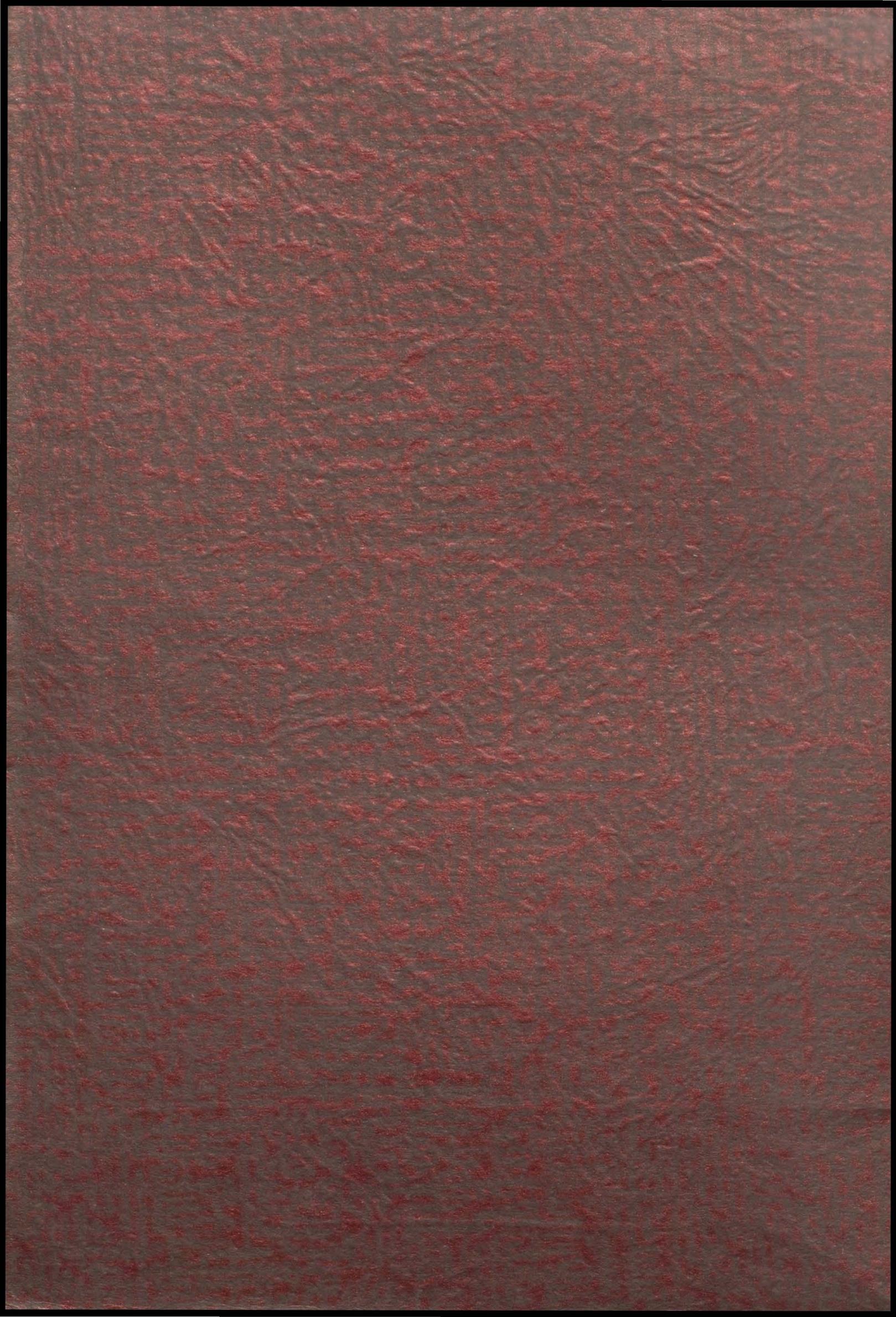


The
Smuff
Box

Southold
High
School

1935

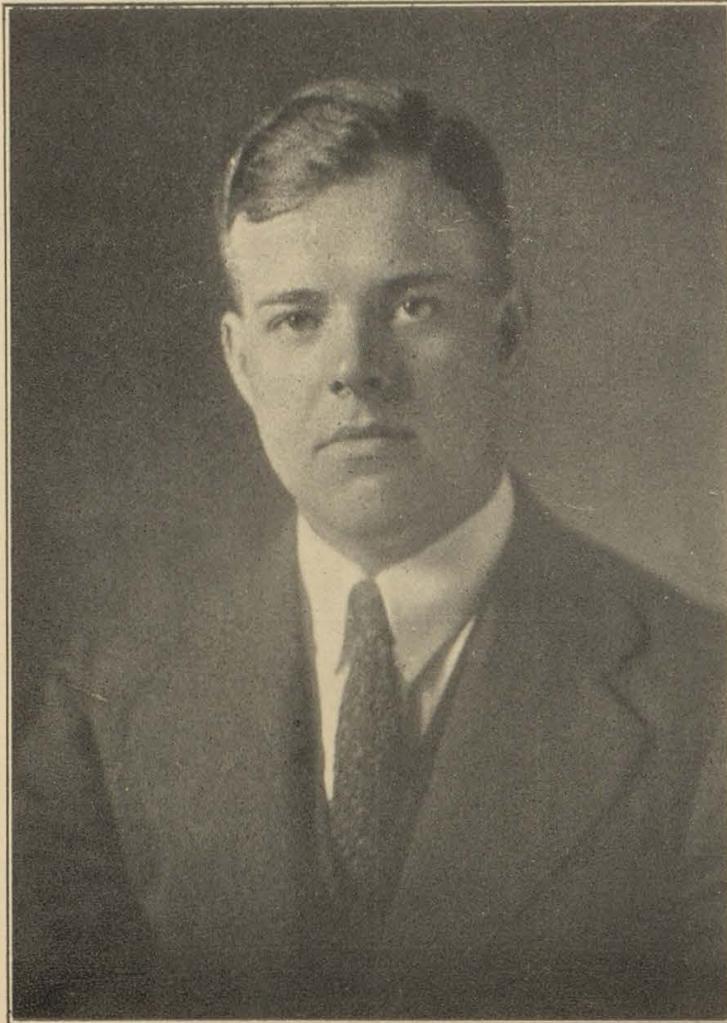




Traveler Print, Southold, N. Y.

1935

DEDICATION



PRINCIPAL LEWIS A. BLODGETT

To Lewis A. Blodgett, for his wise counsel and his helpful interest through these school years,

We, the Class of 1935, respectfully dedicate this issue of the SNUFF BOX.

Memorabilia

In Loving Memory of

ASTA ELLENBORG PEDERSEN

A capable school nurse, a devoted teacher,
and a helpful friend whose kindly charm
constitutes one of our choicest memories.

In Memory of

HARRY RUSSELL VAIL

For years a faithful and efficient worker
in our school, devoted to our welfare, a
true friend to every boy and girl.

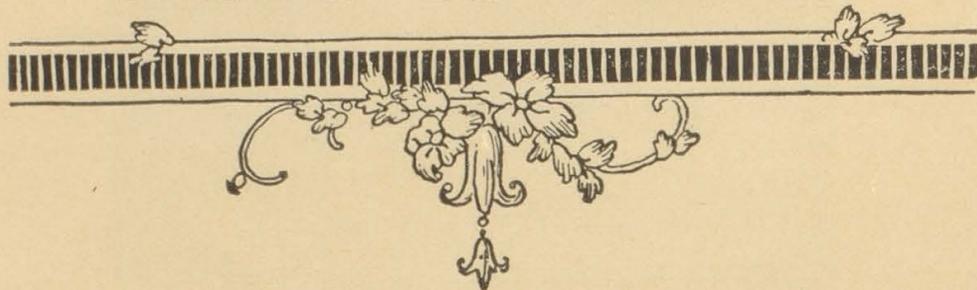
THE SNUFF BOX

SOUTHOLD, N. Y.

Volume 12

JUNE, 1935

The Staff



EDITORIAL BOARD

Elizabeth Allen, '34

Margaret Murtagh, '35

Rebecca Vail, '36

Emma Rothman, '36

Business Manager

Edwin Lucey, '35

Assistant Business Managers

Lester Albertson, '36

Gordon Barning, '36

Terry Overton, '37

Athletic Editors

Edward Tomaszewski, '35

Ruth Jennings, '36

Snapshot Editor

Kathryn McCaffery, '35

Joke Editor

Jean Morrell, '36

Alumni Editors

Frances Gordon, '29

Elizabeth Allen, '34

Music Notes

Ruth Overton, '36

Latin Club Notes

Mary Grigonis, '36

P. T. A. Notes

Mrs. Joseph Carroll

Class Editors

Senior Class

Ralph Hawkins

Junior Class

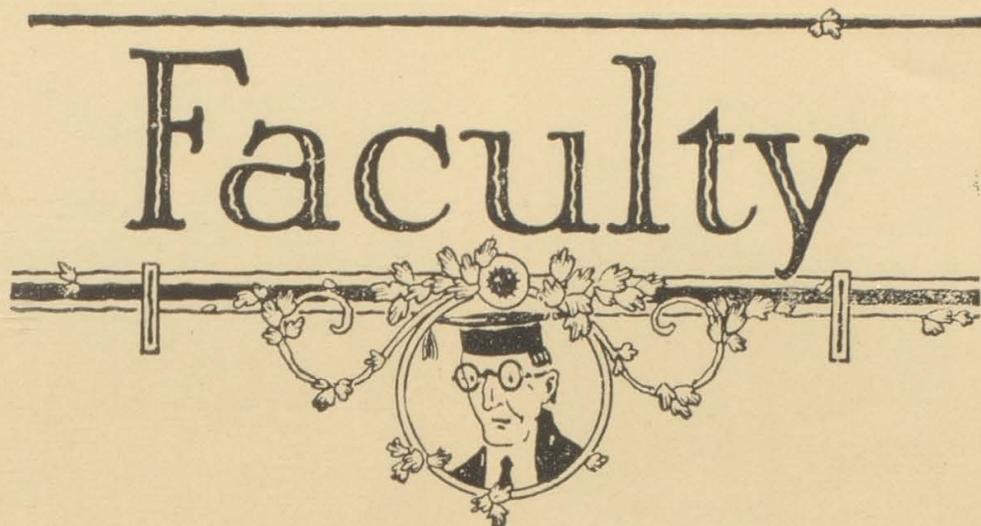
Rebecca Vail

Sophomore Class

Alicia Vail

Freshman Class

Bernice Lenowitz



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	Charlotte Sampson, B. S.
Art	Gladys Lunn, B. F. A.
School Nurse	Edith M. Vail, R. N.
Director of Band and Orchestra	Claude Lounsberry

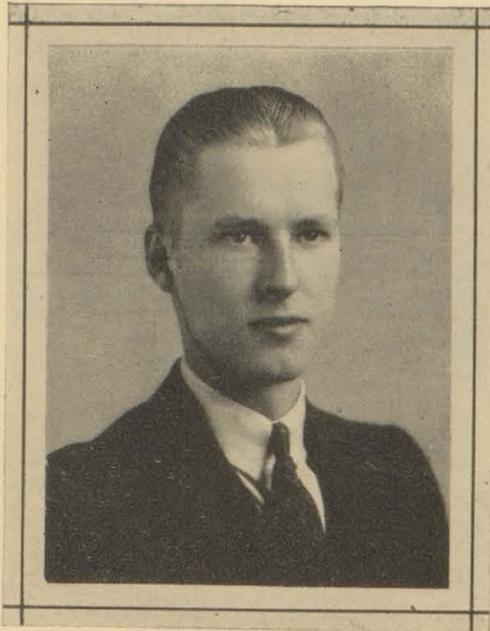
BOARD OF EDUCATION

William A. Wells

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

J. Leo Thompson
Edward L. Donahue
Carlyle Cochran

THE SNUFF BOX



CLYDE BAILEY

"June"

"What a funny little angel he would make!"

Assistant Manager Basketball '32, '33.
Manager of Basketball '33, '34.
Vice President of Class '35.

While your subtle humor has both annoyed and perturbed us at times, we must admit we admire your happy-go-lucky attitude. (Is this a result of southern influence?) All fooling aside, Clyde, we're going to miss those bi-weekly arguments you were always ready to supply in French class. Here's to you, Clyde!



THELMA DE JESUS

"Ted"

"Genteel in personage, conduct and equipage."

Orchestra '32, '33, '34.
Girls' Basketball '34, '35.
Latin Club '35.
Glee Club '35.

We, the more boisterous members of good old S. H. S., unanimously agree you are the Senior with the reticence and dignity which we are certain many of us could well profit by. Your capability as a musician and the gracious manner in which you do your part, whatever it may be, will prove valuable factors in accomplishing your purpose successfully. Good luck always, "Ted."

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HELEN THERESA EKSTER

"Billie"

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

Basketball '33, '34, '35.
Glee Club '35.
"Digging Up the Dirt" '35.

Beneath your reserve and dignity, Helen, we have seen traces of wit which appear so unexpectedly. You have gone through your studies in a quiet and sincere manner, and with the same characteristic still a strong one, we are sure you will meet with success. Your dramatic and athletic ability have made you an asset to your class. Good luck in whatever you do!



MARY ELLEN ENNIS

"Mae"

"I have a heart with room for every
joy."

Latin Club '34.
Girls' Glee Club '35.

With your departure, Mae, the future basketball teams can be assured of their complete share of cheering. We have marked the unusual amount of teasing it has been your lot to bear, and the apparent ease with which you meet it. This will help you many times, as you come against the difficulties which are bound to greet you, as you strive toward a higher goal. You have our best wishes, Mae!

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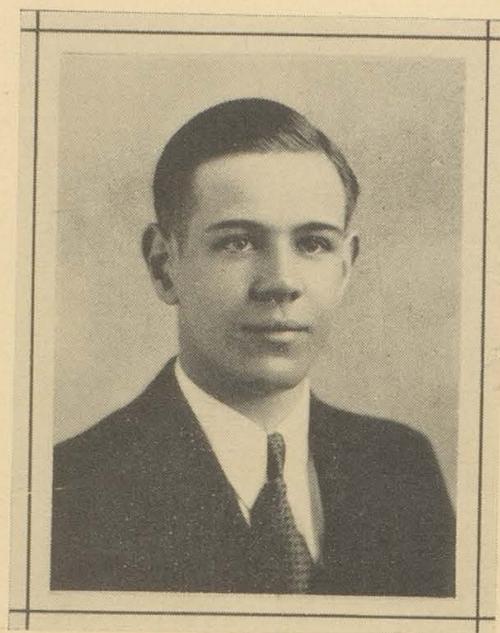
CHARLES J. GRIGONIS

"Charlie"

"With strength and patience all his
grievous loads are borne,
And from the world's rose-bed he only
asks a thorn."

Track '33, '34, '35.
Assistant Track Manager '33.
Latin Club '34.
Secretary of A. A. '35.

During your stay at S. H. S., "Charlie," you have been a benefit to your class and school, both scholastically and athletically. Even though you are inclined "to be seen and not heard," your efforts as a student and a sportsman have made it impossible for us to overlook you. Best of luck, "Charlie"!



RALPH STOUT HAWKINS

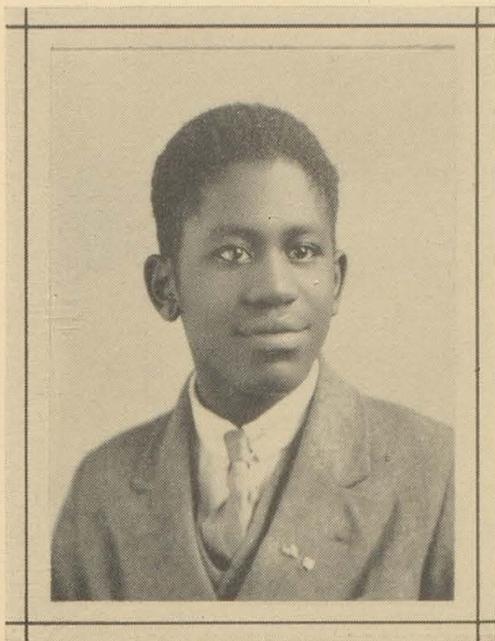
"Hawky"

"Quick to grasp and eager to learn."

Track '32, '34, '35.
Assistant Baseball Manager '33.
Baseball Manager '34, '35.
Secretary of Class '35.
"Digging Up the Dirt" '35.
Senior Editor of "Snuff Box" '35.
Valedictorian.

To those of us who know you, "Hawky," you are quiet-spoken, well-appearing, and what we call a "reg'lar fella." You are an enviable example to the under-class boys, Ralph, and they would do well to acquire some of your poise and aloofness—not to disregard your studious energy. With your persistence and perseverance we are confident you will reach the top rung of the ladder of success.

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WOODROW WILSON JACOBS

"Woody"

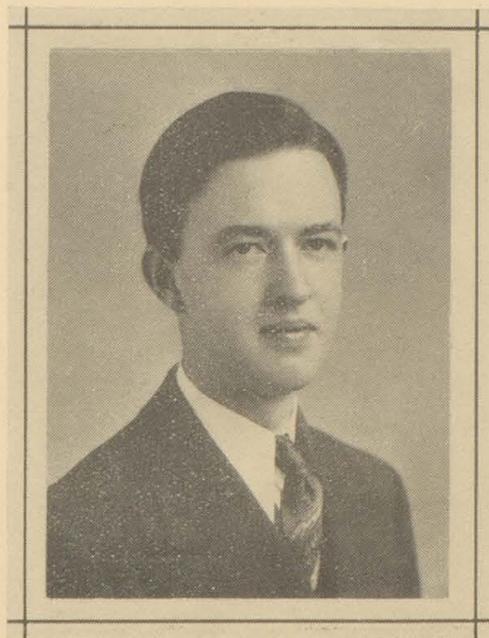
"A still small voice."

Latin Club '34, '35.

Assistant Baseball Manager '34.

Boys' Glee Club '35.

We know that you have been made the target for an enormous amount of teasing and kidding and yet your good nature has always prevailed. You hold the proud distinction of being the youngest member of the class and we hope that in the future, age will not be such a great handicap. We know you will succeed.



EDWIN FRANCIS LUCEY

"Eddie"

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

Assistant Manager of Track '34.

Asst. Business Mgr. "Snuff Box" '34.

Manager of Track Team '35.

Business Manager "Snuff Box" '35.

"Digging Up the Dirt" '35.

Boys' Glee Club '35.

Wherever there was a disturbance, we found you, "Eddie." You are not only fond of kidding, but also can "take it." Your optimism and constant supply of mirth and good fun many days lessened to the nth degree the monotony of school routine. All the teachers are going to miss the brilliant (?) wisecracks you continually contribute in your classes, "Eddie." Evidently you're not content with being simply a jester all the time, for your ability as a salesman and an actor have convinced us that there is a more serious side to your nature. Taking you all in all, you are a great person, willing to lend a hand in any venture.

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KATHRYN IRENE McCAFFERY

"Katsie"

"She bore the burden and heat of the day."

Girls' Basketball '33, '34, '35.
Vice President of Class '34.
Joke Editor of "Snuff Box" '34.
President of Class '35.
Snapshot Editor '35.

"Katsie," without question you have worked hard to bring your class through to victory. At all times you have proved yourself an efficient and congenial worker in your class activities. It seems that girls like you, Kathryn, are never permitted to have any rest from labor. Your number of "pen pals" amazes us! What is that correspondence knack you possess? Success to you in your career as a dental nurse, you deserve it!



DONALD R. MEREDITH

"Meredith"

"Thou hath both wit and fun and fire."

"Don," we have always found you ready with witty and clever sayings. We hope, however, that they will not prove troublesome. There is one question we would like to have settled before you leave us: Why can't you leave Bob alone? Joking aside, we are sure all your good qualities will mould into a genius not yet realized.

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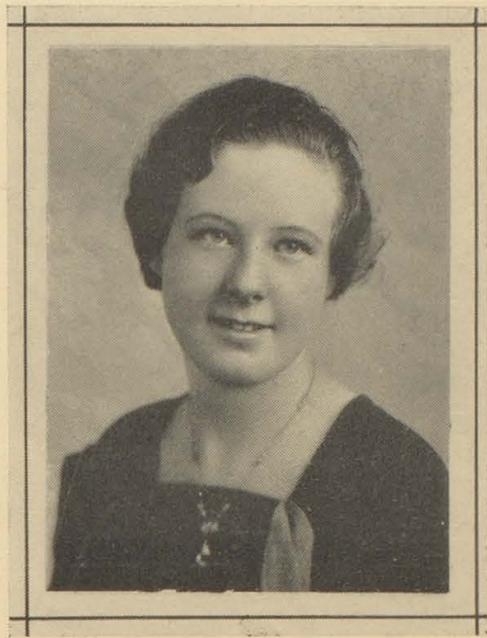
THOMAS MURTAGH

"Tom"

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."

Treasurer of Class '33.
Basketball '33, '34, '35.
Captain of Basketball '35.
Baseball '33, '34, '35.
Track '35.
Finance Committee of A. A. '34.
President of A. A. '35.
Boys' Glee Club '35.
Vice President of H. R. A. '35.

Without doubt you were one of the most popular boys in high school. Your ability as an athlete has made you a valuable member to your class and to your school. Wouldn't it be wise, however, and less embarrassing to all concerned, if you would desist from making known audibly those many thoughts which come to you on the spur of the moment? May your future years be successful ones, "Tom."



MARGARET CATHERINE
MURTAGH

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Secretary of Class '34.
Vice President of A. A. '34.
Class Editor of "Snuff Box" '34.
Latin Club '34 '35.
Finance Committee of A. A. '35.
Executive Board of "Snuff Box" '35.
Treasurer of Class of '35.

"Peggy," you have been one of the most cheerful and happy-go-lucky upper-classmen. Your ready smile and good humor make your going an even more serious loss, but we do advise that you devote part of your vacation days to improving the tone of your giggle. We are convinced you will find the giggle very unsuitable to a business girl. Our wishes are for your becoming an A number 1 stenographer.

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BERNICE LOUISE MYERS

"Bernie"

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

Latin Club '34.

"Bernie," your behavior in school has been somewhat varied, with intervals of boisterousness. You have worked hard at school work and have been ever ready to lend a helping hand. We hope these efforts will receive their just reward in later years.



ANNA MARIE PONTINO

"Pete"

"Great floods have flown from simple sources."

Latin Club '34.

Anna, even though your main interest has been in the opposite sex, you have kept up with your studies and have successfully made the grade. Who will set the styles in coiffures now that you are leaving us? Seriously, Anna, you deserve the best of luck in whatever you may choose to do in later life. Here's to you!

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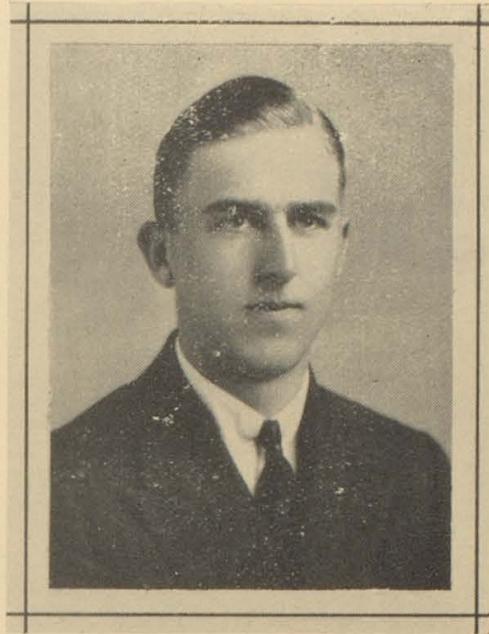


SOPHIE THERESA SLIVONICK

"Connie"

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."
Latin Club '34.
Glee Club '35.

Sophie, you present a quiet, reserved, and somewhat bashful appearance to those who do not know you, but we have noticed that you possess a contagious giggle which makes itself heard every now and then. We are sure that if you continue through life in the same sincere and friendly manner that you have shown in school, success will be yours.



FRANK J. STANKEWICZ

"The birds fly, so why can't I?"

Band '32, '33, '34, '35.
Orchestra '32, '33, '34, '35.
Assistant Baseball Manager '33.
Latin Club '34.
Track '33, '34, '35.

Frank, we're certainly going to miss your track ability, for you have made a name for yourself as a discus-thrower. Remember, though, that the darkest cloud has a silver lining and life isn't such a gloomy proposition as you seem to think. Perhaps in later years you will soar way above us, in aviation at least, but be sure to treat all those whom you meet in the "Wright" way. Happy Landing!

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LUCY ELIZABETH STEPNOSKI

"Lou"

"Ready for every bit of fun,
Always the same to evreyone."

Basketball '33, '34, '35.
Basketball Captain '35.
Latin Club '34.
"Digging Up the Dirt" '35.

"Lou," we scarcely know where to begin when we consider your versatility! We have seen you display your powers socially, scholastically, and athletically. We're going to miss you on the basketball team, and especially we are going to miss you as a friend. A continued practice of your customary pleasantness to one and all, will reap abundant harvests for you. Success to you, Lou!



EDWARD CHARLES TOMASZEWSKI

"Eddie"

"He worries not, neither does he care,
For today is today and tomorrow is
yet to come."

Assistant Manager Basketball '33, '34.
Assistant Manager Track '33.
Manager of Track '34.
"Oh, Doctor" '34.
H. R. A. Comm. Bulletin Board '34.
Manager of Basketball '35.
Boys' Glee Club '35.
Finance Committee '35.
Boys' Athletic Editor '35.
H. R. A. Comm. of Sanitation '35.
"Digging Up the Dirt" '35.

Your absence will be much regretted among the basketball boys who have "come out" so well under your skilled and willing managership. Although your scholastic career has not been astounding, we are sure that you will succeed in any future "undertaking" you think fit for your ability. Here's for the best of luck!

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KENNETH LEWIS TUTHILL

"Tut"

"Men of few words are the best men."

Band '32, '33, '34, '35.
Orchestra '32, '33, '34, '35.
Treasurer of Band '35.
Salutatorian

Although we have found you rather quiet we have, however, noticed and admired your ability. After delivering the right answers to all questions in math and science classes, we are wondering who will or can take your place in these fields. Success and recognition of all your merits are our true hopes.

Class History

In this a last backward glance, before we make our departure, we Seniors find that in reality these have been four short years, although it seems an age since we were marked merely "another Freshman Class" by our worthy superiors. With the customary Freshman enthusiasm we elected John Ott, Carol Cosden, Inez Myers and Lewis Davison to serve as our class officers. It is interesting to note that all of these class members have left our midst to pursue varied paths, educational and otherwise.

As Sophomores we broadened our choice of interests and were represented on baseball, basketball, and track teams. Musically we "tooted our own horns" in the band and orchestra. Before the end of the year we were beginning to demonstrate more talent than just "another class."

Our entrance into our Junior year was accompanied by the realization that it was now time for us to do more serious thinking and acquire some dignity, that we might be rightfully called, upper-classmen. We fulfilled these requirements by a continued practice of our former good work and by carrying on where the Seniors of '34 ceased their financial projects. We held a food sale in the latter part of the school year and did our part each day with our candy business. While these did not conspicuously swell our funds for our Washington trip, we felt that we were at last on our way to making our last year a successful one.

Our Senior year has been, in many respects, a successful one. We elected and were faithfully served by our class officers, Kathryn McCaffery, Clyde Bailey, Ralph Hawkins, and Margaret Murtagh. The social side of our activities was neglected, however, as we worked diligently to secure sufficient funds to make our trip to the nation's capital, Washington, possible. Two suppers, two food sales, two magazine campaigns, and finally the dramatic production, "Digging Up the Dirt," netted us the required pecuniary matter.

With the thought of these several projects comes also the knowledge of how impossible they would have been had it not been for the townspeople, our classmates, and our teachers. How we wish we might express in full our deep gratitude and appreciation to all those who made this wonderful adventure possible, especially to Miss Malone and Mr. Blodgett, who co-operated with us so willingly and advised us so wisely on so many occasions.

Now with our final reward, Graduation, so near at hand, we turn again to the future. Some of us will enter institutions of higher education; others will find work here at home, but wherever we may turn, into whatever field we may go, we are sure that these four happy years at S. H. S. will prove to have been beneficial ones.

Class Prophecy

From the very beginning we were a class, distinctive for our individuality. Consequently, instead of selecting an advanced institution of learning, in which to train ourselves for the world of work, we planned this unique cruise. With our interesting class, of such varied personalities, we could not help but have an amusing, as well as exciting voyage.

On the bright, clear morning of the appointed day, the Class of 1935 boarded the good ship "Lollypop" to lift anchor and set sail for no place in particular, to stay for no definite length of time, and to learn as much about nothing as we possibly could.

Before we had gone half-way to no place in particular, the trouble makers who had been with us all our high school years, Ralph Hawkins, and Kenneth Tuthill, had started the word around that it was high time we were getting somewhere. Ralph, with his deftness with "Trig" formulas, managed to captivate the Captain and usurp his position. Kenneth hypnotized the other members of the crew and travellers with his trumpet solos. With everything now under their control we were bound to be nothing short of shipwrecked!

No sooner thought than done, for with a decided turn of affairs the good ship went down and cast its sailors far and wide upon a raging sea. Just how it happened no one will ever know, but Kenneth had managed to save his trumpet and finding it too difficult to compete with any noises whatsoever, the turbulent waters became as a sheet of glass.

Many hours later a shivering and bedraggled group gathered on the shore of what must have been "Pitcairn's Island". Looking over the faces, however, proved that a few of the original number were lacking. Upon investigation it was found that Anna decided she would go down and have a look at "Davy Jones" and his famous "locker".

While we were trying to locate the others, they appeared further up the shore, apparently having been on a sight-seeing tour. Ralph's face was radiant because he had discovered that 1 over 1 still equalled 1! Donald looked rather delighted, too, because there was not a Gretchen in sight!

Ah, one would never recognize the island now. It was rapidly becoming the show-place of no nation in particular. The survivors had quickly begun to erect some sort of shelter, to search for some sort of edibles, and to set up some sort of order. As a bit of observation would reveal, Kathryn had her dental office under a cocoanut tree; Charlie, by much difficulty, had reached considerable altitude above Kathryn's office and proved an able assistant in furnishing

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an improvised anaesthesia known as "cocoanut drops". "Eddie" and "Tom" had built an open air eating stand, announced by the sign, "Come Eat Them While They're Hot"! Frank, of course, was so air-minded that he had to take himself off to the highest part of the island, where he spent his time studying the nature of the island in its relation to aviation; Kenneth still had his trumpet and knew by the time he returned to some country or other, he would have mastered the intricacies of "A Maiden's Prayer". Clyde and Eddie T. established a "port for missing maidens". Bernice had spent most of her time drawing up the plans for a Girl Scout Camp and showing her fellow companions that you can build a fire with wood, paper, and matches if you have them. In case of any disorder, Ralph had set up a rude law office, where Donald was employed as office boy. In his spare time, the ambitious office boy began the story of his life and experiences under the appropriate title of "Heaven's My Destination". Lucy ate very little, said very little, and did very little, for several days, but when we asked her to explain this unusual behavior, she muttered something about lunch-hour, "Chevrolets," and walking. It was plain to see she was far from us spiritually and nothing but a Chevrolet could bring her back! Mae seemed to thrive on the island life better than any of the rest of us and we all noticed that she no longer was bothered by any of her usual dizzy spells. Because Helen, Thelma, and Margaret had expected to become teachers some time or other they really spent their time for some advantageous purpose, such as, counting the rocks along the shore, keeping charts of the progress of the rest of the inhabitants, and watching the tide come in and go out. Sophie had made her mark even way down her no place in particular, for she was employed in the law office and incidentally, Ralph found she could dictate a splendid business letter (or otherwise) and Donald found she knew more places on that island to send errand boys than any person he believed existed.

Now all this time you probably have been wondering what had happened to our youngest member, Woodrow Jacobs. YOU see, all his life Woody knew he had the soul of a poet and consequently we saw very little of him, for he was too busy sitting still meditating to take notice of the great work going on about him.

After we had been on the island for no particular time, we were, one day, suddenly startled by a gleam of gold on the tranquil blue water. Thinking it to be some sort of strange fish, we drew closer, and what do you think! A clear voice, in honeyed tones, said, "Hi, boys! This is a great life; so why doncha come down some time!!!" It was our own Anna, and this knowledge so completely overwhelmed us that we lost all consciousness and were left completely at the mercy of our deep sea divinity and her lesser deities.

The Washington Trip

After years of anticipation and weeks of preparation, the cherished Washington trip assumed proportions of actuality on April 30, when nineteen anxious Seniors boarded the train at their respective stations. After the preliminary count was taken, the group attempted to be calm in appearance although inwardly experiencing the thrill and excitement so natural to the situation. Within a comparatively brief time the students of three other schools, Riverhead, East Islip and Smithtown, were added to our group.

While speeding past strange landscapes, card games and gossip divided our attention. At noon we arrived in the City of Brotherly Love, where our ever increasing appetites were temporarily appeased. Later, led by a capable guide, we visited the historic Christ Church, Independence Hall and Fairmount Park.

In mid-afternoon we found ourselves again on the train ready to make the last and what seemed to be the longest stretch of our journey.

At last we reached Washington! Quickly we boarded the waiting buses in which we were taken to the Lee House. Nightfall transformed the city into a spectacle of lights and its beauty made us anxious for the dawning of a new day, when we were to begin our sightseeing tours.

Wednesday, May 1. After too few hours of sleep, we were crowded into our buses to be driven to the Washington Monument. Once there, most of us, scorning the elevator, began the ascent by foot. We were justly rewarded by a splendid view of the entire city. Then we visited the Capitol, Pan-American Union and the Bureau of Printing and Engraving.

In the afternoon we went to Mount Vernon, where we were impressed by the beauty of Washington's former home and the simplicity of his final resting place. On our return trip to Washington we visited Arlington National Cemetery, the Lincoln Memorial and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

That evening we went to the Congressional Library, where we saw the original copy of the Declaration of Independence and many other interesting documents.

Thursday, May 2. Many of us visited the Franciscan Monastery, where we were impressed by the beautiful altars. From there we went to the Washington Cathedral, which has not yet been completed.

In the afternoon we went to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where we visited the chapel, gymnasium and a training ship. It was our misfortune, however, not to be able to witness the daily drilling practice.

Friday, May 3. At about nine o'clock our faithful guides were waiting for us to climb into our buses to make the trip to the White House. Here we were admitted to several rooms usually closed to

THE SNUFF BOX

the public. Our next stop was at the Smithsonian Institute.

The afternoon was ours to use as we desired, shopping, sight-seeing or resting.

This was our last night here in this great city, and we were royally honored by a dance given for us at the Lee House. The evening flew by swiftly, and exhausted as we were, it was with reluctance we ceased our celebrating.

Saturday, May 4. The day started somewhat gloomily, appropriately so, for this was the day we were to begin our journey homeward. Enroute to the train several of the Embassies and the Zoo were pointed out to us. A few minutes later we were aboard our train ready to depart for home. We shall always cherish the memories of our Washington trip, and shall never be able to thank Mr. Blodgett and Miss Malone enough for their co-operation in making the trip a success.

M. M., '35.

A BACKWARD GLANCE

"I have to go to school!" The cry voiced by the majority of students who are yet held by the bonds of elementary educational institutions. It is not a cry emitted in the "Hello, everybody" intonation of Kate Smith, as she brings the moon over the mountain, but is more apt to be patterned after the "Is everybody happy" wail of the maestro, Ted Lewis. In any of its classifications, however, it is the rebellion of youth against confinement in the four walls of a school room and fulfillment of the requirements of daily assignments.

Four years at high school mean hard work, but after all it is just a step harder than the work you accomplished while in grammar school. It means, too, an opportunity to labor with new subjects, to make new friends, and to have a variety of teachers. You can play basketball in the gym, you can pull grasshoppers apart in the laboratory, you can relieve your lungs of superfluous wind in the high school band, you can make trouble in general for the teachers, or you can just go to school. So, you see, after four years in a good high school, you should have acquired an education capable of offering you a position on a slightly higher plane.

It will be many moons before I forget my first day at high school. In the first place I was coming from a three room school, where I had had the same teacher for three years. In the second place I was overwhelmed by the magnitude of the Study Hall, and the multitude of girls who were present there on that first day. Finally a Junior girl, apparently touched by my helpless expression, walked up to where I stood in the doorway, took my hand and led

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me to her desk. It wasn't long before I was assigned a desk and I began my career as a high school student.

All my troubles weren't over, though, for it wasn't very many minutes before an electrical buzzer sounded forth with a discordant wrangling, setting every nerve a-tingle. Without being able to become calm after this recent outburst, I found myself adrift in a mass of very talkative humanity, attempting to find out where I was supposed to be going.

These bewilderments were soon erased, as I had fervently hoped they would be. I could associate teachers with subjects, and it took little more than a week to make me one of the "insignificant freshmen," as we were so unjustly termed. And thus, the routine began. One which was later varied a bit by basketball, dancing classes, and a few class parties. The months flew by, and when the closing of the school year had arrived, each teacher, each new friend, and each new experience had become a vital part in my life.

Three years more with these same teachers, these same friends, and these same subjects, more advanced each year, brought moments of supreme joy and moments when I wondered how I had ever become involved in such a system of education. Each year offered something in the way of growth and advancement, whether in the class room or on the athletic field. It would be an untruth to say that one of those years went by which hadn't offered an opportunity for betterment in some manner. There may come the time when you will find something which can offer more, but you will never find anything which can take the place of the experiences of a high school education.

The forlorn cry "I have to go to school" will be common and customary, perhaps forever, but believe me when I say it is better to be commencing a high school career, than to be concluding one. Despite the newly gained freedom (unless you are going to continue your studies at a college institution), there will come that moment when you will long for the hum of high school activities, and the harness of school routine. They are years of hard work, but oh, they're such fun! Never have I heard a high school graduate or a person who has had a taste of high school say that he was glad those years were over. They're great and if college is half as grand, it will be marvelous!

By all means take some time to be alone,
Salute thyself! Know what thy soul dost wear.
Dare to look into the chest—for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou findest there!

Class Will

We, the class of 1935, while admitting our trend of thought is somewhat odd in many instances, are convinced that generally we are considered sane, and without question, perfect specimens of good health.

While in this condition, we desire to compose this, Our Last Will and Testament, whereby we may bequeath to the less fortunate under-classmen the advice and aids of which they are so in need, and which will insure their ultimate success as Seniors. We make it, therefore, our responsibility ere we pass through the portals of S. H. S., to hereby bestow and bequeath:

- I. To the Junior Class: A generous supply of "Senior" dignity.
- II. To the Sophomore Class: More power to them!
- III. To the Freshman Class: A little "veni, vidi, vinci" spirit.
- IV. To Mr. Blodgett: Success with his next Intermediate Algebra Class.
- V. To Miss Malone: A male addition to her French 3 Class.
- VI. To Miss Whalen: An instruction book on "Driving a Chevrolet".
- VII. To Miss Lunn: A petite statue of "The Thinker".
- VIII. To Miss Benedict: A radio audition for her "Argo-nuts".
- IX. To Miss Miller: Additional English 1 classes.
- X. To Mr. Dart: An automatic fish-feeder.
- XI. To Mr. Goldsmith: A new "Magic Carpet".
- XII. To Madlyn Akscin: A gold medal for her "clem"-ency.
- XIII. To Lester Albertson: A few fires to extinguish.
- XIV. To William Peavey: More "Mor-(al)-ell" support.
- XV. To Mary Smolenski: A just reward for her scholastic achievements.
- XVI. To John Conrad: More "Breezie" days.
- XVII. To Emma Rothman: "Irving's" Sketch Book.
- XVIII. To Alfred Peavey: A new "line" — for his fish.
- XIV. To Rebecca Vail: Success in her 1936 responsibilities.
- XX. To John Papurca: A new tool chest.
- XXI. To Bertha Mannweiler: Another trip to Shelter Island.
- XXII. To Ruth Jennings: A deodorized feline for playful pranks.
- XXIII. To Gordon Barning and Harry Waite: A car of their own.
- XXIV. To Jean Morrell: "Will" power.
- XXV. To Mary Grigonis: A set of form letters to aid her in her secretarial duties.
- XXVI. To Anna and Mary Aukscalnis: A vacation free from study.

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XXVII. To Walter Kaelin: Privileges to visit the "Dina"-h more often.

XXVIII. To Joe Komskis: A supply of "Sta-comb".

XXIX. To Ruth Overton: A new "Ship" to pilot.

XXX. To Margaret Purcell: A noiseless watch.

XXXI. To Marion Kander: A simplified edition of Plane Geometry.

XXXII. To Waldemar Tomaszewski: A package of invisible hairpins.

XXXIII. To Clem Thompson: New methods of getting "Mad".

XXXIV. To Edward Hemblo: A course in elocution.

XXXV. To Anna Kalachuk: A supply of textbooks.

XXXVI. To Oliver Petty: A full length mirror.

XXXVII. To Berkeley Bailey: More papers to peddle.

XXXVIII. To Walter MacNish: A lifetime supply of "Spin-ach".

XXXIX. To Lydia Dickerson: A par-"Don" for all her past iniquities.

XL. To Robert Sayre: More courses in Mechanical Drawing.

XLI. To Pauline Truskoloski: A breathing spell.

XLII. Kathryn McCaffery leaves her place of honor as a "Senior Shrimp" to Pauline.

XLIII. Helen Ekster leaves her supply of gum to Jean Morrell.

XLIV. Sophie Slivonick leaves her record number of recitations in English to Marian Kander.

XLV. Edwin Lucey leaves his formula for popularity to John Terp.

XLVI. Thomas Murtagh leaves his "pull" with the faculty to Bob Sayre.

XLVII. Lucy Stepnoski leaves her midday excursions to Marie Bosler.

XLVIII. Edward Tomaszewski leaves his Washington experiences to Clem Thompson.

XLIX. Frank Stankewicz leaves his "aeronautic spirits" to Arthur Simon.

We nominate and appoint as our Executor and Executrix of this Our Last Will and Testament, Edward Lenceski and Josephine Orłowski.

In witness whereof, we have thereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seal, at Southold, New York, in the year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-five, in the presence of Edward Lenceski and Josephine Orłowski.

(Signed) THE SENIOR CLASS.

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

Edward Lenceski,
Josephine Orłowski.

ADVICE TO THE JUNIORS

We, the Seniors, having attained our goal for which we have been judiciously studying for four long years, wish to confer this profound and sagacious advice on those generally termed Juniors in order that they may, in a far lesser degree, achieve our undisputed perfection:

Emma, you aren't the only one who knows anything. By the way, other people are always the only ones who are conceited.

Gordon, if you spent your time in studying instead of carrying on these library romances, you might be more sure of graduating.

Becky, show some of your executive ability; we know you have it. Don't let your class walk over you!

Let, even though you are quite massive, you don't have to be the whole show. How about a new car next year?

Lydia, fewer flirtations and more studying is the only tonic for your case. If you would burn more "midnight oil" instead of saving it for "the lamps of China," we are sure that you would be a successful Senior.

Polly, when in class, speak more and when out of school speak less. Also remember that boys aren't everything.

Joe K., we advise you to pick someone nearer home. Imagine all the money you are wasting to send money to France.

Margaret, you've been so quiet that we haven't noticed many of your faults, but we would like to remind you that there are five days of school each week.

Eddie, speak up. You aren't fooling us—we know you can talk. Oh, we almost forgot—don't always be "hope"less.

Mary and Anna A., remember the old proverb, "All work and no play—," and give your textbooks a rest.

Bob, keep in mind that a piano doesn't make the whole orchestra and that Aquebogue isn't the only place on the map. Studying is also prescribed for a Senior.

Carol, there is a certain amount of work to be done in order to obtain the necessary fifteen units, so a little less "time out" would assist you in living up to the perfect ideals of a Senior.

Waldemar, really, Waldy, your athletic ability astounds us. However, we advise you to set a few scholastic records, too.

Jean, you seem to think chewing gum is a "buil"ding up exercise. Before you enter the dignified portals of the Senior Class, please modify your giggle.

Mary S., how we envy your persistence! If you keep up your good work, you are sure to succeed.

Bill, please change your humorous ways, because they are becoming very tiresome. Remember the "Morrell", "Variety is the spice of life."

Al, what's the matter? Are you afraid that something may

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happen to Bill unless you are there to protect him?

Ruth J., we advise you to turn your car north instead of west after dismissal in the afternoon.

"Mac," spinach is supposed to be very good for the constitution, but too much of one thing is as bad as none at all.

Mary A., how about giving the boys a break instead of your school books?

Walter K., spend more time in getting your scholastic average above your batting average, instead of vice versa.

Ruth O., you have shown us how well you navigate your "ship". Suppose next year you show us how to sail through the year with flying colors.

Bertha, it's too bad you have only two thumbs because you can have them in only two pies at once. Surprise everyone next year and stick both of them in your studies.

John C., "breezes" are very refreshing, but watch out for whirlwinds. We suggest that you give the local girls a break instead of traveling so far.

Clem, chauffeuring is a good job but don't do all your practising in a "Graham."

Madlyn, between bringing people to school and keeping people's minds off school, there ought to be a happy medium.

Thus, dear Juniors, it behooves you to follow this well-meaning and friendly advice if you wish to shine as brilliantly as your illustrious predecessors.

LITTLE ANTARTICA

Admiral Byrd and Peary, too, traveled far, I'm told,
Each to find a spot on earth that was very, very cold.
Never was I an explorer, nor journeys did I take,
But I have found a local spot that should receive the cake.
'Tis the music room of Southold High that I am speaking of;
Antartica compared with it is as hot as Mae West's love.
When other rooms are nice and warm, with heat enough to spare,
We pupils in the music room shake in the icy air.
Every plan of warmth's been tried, but nothing helps at all;
There'll be one consolation, though, for in the early fall
September comes, a stifling month, whether we like it or not;
Then we'll delight in the cool music room, one place that isn't hot!

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MICHAEL FARADAY

Someone once asked Sir Humphrey Davy what his greatest discovery was, and he answered, "Michael Faraday."

Today our whole life is influenced by the early discoveries of this man. When we press a button to flood a room with light or turn a switch to start a motor or tune our radio sets, we are making use of some of the discoveries of Michael Faraday, who was the greatest scientific investigator of the nineteenth century.

To this man more than any other we owe the transformation of electricity from a plaything of the laboratory to a useful servant. He was born in Newington, England, on September 22, 1791. His parents were of the poorer class in England. His father was a blacksmith and his brother was a gasfitter. Michael was an active, laughing boy who when he was but thirteen was apprenticed to a man named Riebau. In Riebau's shop he learned bookbinding. Faraday soon made a firm friend out of old Riebau, who allowed him to spend time in reading as well as binding the books in the shop. It was from these books that young Michael gained his early education. The books which interested him most were works of science. He specialized in the study of chemistry and electricity. Faraday saved his money and bought himself simple apparatus and with it conducted many chemical experiments. He did not tire of this sort of thing, but with every book and every experiment he became more enthusiastic. During his spare time he read nearly all the books of science in Riebau's shop.

Sir Humphrey Davy at this time was giving lectures at the Royal Institution. Young Michael expressed the wish that he should like to hear Davy. He mentioned it to one of Riebau's customers. Fortune favored Faraday in that the customer gave him four tickets to the lectures. Michael went to these lectures and listened attentively. He found that his knowledge of science enabled him to understand Davy's discussions. Faraday made notes on these lectures and later elaborated them, thus showing that he had understood Davy.

The same audacity which prompted Michael to speak of the lectures to Riebau's customer soon moved him again. This time it was an attempt to get away from bookbinding, a trade which was fast becoming distasteful to him. He wrote to Sir Humphrey Davy, enclosing his elaborated lectures and asking for work. Fortune again favored Faraday in that Davy asked him to come to the Royal Institution for an interview. He obtained a position as laboratory assistant in the Royal Institution.

At this time Sir Humphrey was working on a safety lamp for miners. Faraday understood the principle upon which the lamp was to work well enough so that he was able to make many a brilliant suggestion.

About six months after Michael's arrival at the Royal Institution Sir Humphrey Davy decided to tour Europe. The object of

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this trip was to catch up on the scientific discoveries of other countries. Faraday was to go along as valet and general handy man. Although he was a servant on this trip he had the opportunity to talk with many of the famous scientists. During their long stay in Switzerland he talked a great deal with Gaspard de la Rive, professor of pharmaceutical chemistry at the Academy of Geneva. This was quite a rise for a mere bookbinder in little over half a year.

Not until he was thirty did Michael think of marriage. In his early years he worked hard in the laboratory, lectured to the City Philosophical Society, and wrote for the Quarterly Journal of Science. All these tended to establish him firmly in the field of science. Faraday was religious and went regularly with his mother to a little Sandemanian Church. Here it was that he met Sarah Barnard, who was to become Mrs. Faraday. She was a wise, clear-eyed, kindly daughter of a silversmith. They were married on June 12, 1821.

Soon after his marriage Faraday made some important scientific discoveries. Wollaston was primarily a chemist, but in some way he had gotten the idea that a wire carrying an electric current, if brought near the pole of a magnet should revolve on its own axis. Wollaston tried this experiment in Davy's laboratory but failed.

Possibly Faraday saw Wollaston's unsuccessful experiment, for in September, 1821 he made the electric wire rotate on its axis. The value of this experiment and discovery cannot be overestimated, for it was the forerunner of the present day electric motor.

Wollaston tried to claim the credit for this discovery, but Davy and others agreed that the discovery was Faraday's. Soon after this Michael offended Davy. He conducted an experiment in an attempt to liquify chlorin, using a suggestion of Davy's. The experiment was a success, and he prepared a paper on it for the Royal Society. He included in it that Sir Humphry made the suggestion, but Davy was very jealous of this former bookbinder and his two discoveries.

Not long after this Faraday was proposed for membership in the Royal Society. He was opposed by Wollaston and Davy, but nevertheless gained membership.

Faraday had risen to the position of director of the laboratory in the Royal Institution and was more than ever determined to devote his entire time to science. He gave up all outside business except his work as an expert on lighthouses. His next great discovery was in the field of chemistry. He separated benzine from condensed oil-gas. Many a big business has been built up around this discovery, but Faraday did not attempt to make any money from it. He also spent much time in perfecting the art of making glass for optical instruments.

In 1820, a year before Michael's marriage, Sir Humphrey Davy had magnetized a bit of soft iron by wrapping a wire around it and passing an electric current through the wire. In 1822 Faraday wrote in his notebook, as one of his objects, the words, "convert magnetism into electricity." Nine years later we find him still struggling with this knotty problem. He conducted many experiments with

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coils of wire and magnets, but without success. It was not his way to give up, and finally he discovered the secret; motion was needed either in the coil or magnet. Though he was forty years old, he danced around his laboratory like a boy. He built a larger machine than the one used in the experiments, and was able to make a spark jump a small gap. These discoveries were the forerunner of the modern dynamo and electric light. Faraday also set about standardizing measurements of electric power.

Years of hard work in the laboratory, lectures in the afternoons and evenings was a hard grind for Michael. He had always been troubled with a bad memory, and this intense thinking made him worse. He realized this loss of memory and hated to talk because he could not work; he wanted to talk of his work. He found it necessary to seek a variety of mental relaxations. He traveled and visited all sorts of places for amusement. He spent much time in the zoological gardens watching the animals. Many universities bestowed degrees upon him at this time, and because of his poor health he refused the presidency of the Royal Institution.

All his successes and honors did not change him. He merely grew older mentally and physically. On June 20, 1862 he gave his last lecture. He lived for five more years, fading in mind and body. On August 25, 1867 he passed into a sleep from which he did not awaken.

Michael Faraday had finished his work. He made possible this wonderful age of electricity in which we now live.

R. H., '35.

BLACK IVORY

There I was, thousands of miles from home, somewhere off the dark, dark coast of Africa, and aboard what I had come to learn was a slave ship.

I was born in Massachusetts in 18—, of a good New England family. I had early expressed a desire to go to sea, which was against my father's wishes. However, being set in my ways, as was my father, who had been in the Navy in his younger years, I stole away one night and shipped on a vessel as a cabin boy. My father came aboard hunting for me, suspecting that I would try to ship, but I bribed the second mate, who had charge of the vessel at that time, to deny having seen me and thus I escaped.

I soon discovered that the vessel was a slaver, but it was too late then, to turn back. I determined, however, to betray her to the authorities, if I ever had the chance, even though it meant my own capture.

When we reached the coast of Africa, the captain went ashore and immediately started bargaining with a native chief, who had been expecting us, for his prisoners from the interior. We stayed on the coast for two weeks, loading hundreds of negroes who did

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not know the hell that was in store for them, black ivory! They were put in tiers without room to move, let alone sit up. Three or four of the poor devils tried to escape but were whipped to death to make an example of them before the others.

After these two weeks, the vessel set sail, and we headed back to America. Once every two days or so, the slaves were brought up on deck and made to dance to limber up their cramped legs. The ones who disobeyed were whipped cruelly with a cat-o'-nine-tails weighted with lead. After three weeks, sickness broke out among the blacks, and about five bodies a day were cast overboard.

About this time our water supply ran short and so the blacks got none. Many died of thirst and suffocation. The stench became so terrible that it couldn't be borne. Because of this, all the hatches were closed, which made it even worse for the blacks.

Two more weeks went by, and things became much worse. By then, we were nearing America, and great care had to be taken. Two days after this, we spoke a sail on the horizon. Immediately, we put on more canvas because we did not wish to be spoken. In spite of this she gained steadily and was abreast of us by the middle of the afternoon. I was very happy to see that she was a man-o'-war, for the sake of the blacks in the hold, even though it meant jail and maybe death for me if we were captured. However, to my dismay, she did not make us heave to for search, but kept on.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, I leapt into the ratlines and, drawing two handkerchiefs from my pocket, signalled desperately in the code my father had taught me in my youth. Suddenly, a pistol spoke beside me, and I felt a searing pain in my side. Then I felt myself falling, falling deep into a dark, fathomless pit, and knew no more.

When I awoke, I found myself in a comfortable bunk in a small stateroom. A man was bending over me and had evidently just finished dressing my side. He informed me that, thanks to me, the slaver had been captured and was on its way back to Africa under a prize crew.

"Then I'm not a prisoner?" I spoke wonderingly.

"Why, youngster," he said to me, "the credit of capturing the slaver goes to you!"

I drifted off to sleep happily, knowing that I had accomplished my task.

VERSE

A little bit of thoughtfulness,
As you have all heard told,
Makes a mind of truthfulness
And a heart of gold.

B. L. L.

THE SNUFF BOX

THE CRIPPLED AND DEAD

Mud! Everything in France was mud; or so it seemed to me, who had been plodding along with my regiment, which was nearing the front, all day. It does grow rather tiresome to lift from five to ten pounds of mud with each step you take, and to have to get off the road every once in a while for every brass hat's aide on his motorcycle. In the distance we could hear the deep boom of cannon.

At last, about five o'clock, we stopped in a small shell-torn wood for a rest and something to eat. One of the men built a small fire to warm himself. About fifteen minutes later a "frog" officer came running around a bend in the road and yelled something at us in French. Immediately orders were give, and we were soon out of the woods. None too soon, either, for just then a bombardment of the woods started. They must have seen our fire. Luckily for the man who had built this fire, nothing was done about it.

At midnight we reached the trenches, and then came the bugs—cooties, to be exact. They soon had us well populated. Boy, did they itch! Thank goodness, we soon got used to them. About this time I struck up a friendship with a man in our platoon, and we became buddies. We shared everything.

Then one awful day, we were ordered over the top—a charge! Over we went, climbed and cut through the barbed wire entanglements and broke into a run. Men were falling all around me when suddenly my buddy, who was beside me, fell. I dropped down beside him to see if he were badly hurt. He opened his eyes and spoke to me. He could not speak very plainly as he had been hit in the left lung, and blood was filling his mouth; but he got these words out, slowly: "Listen, Bud, I'm slipping fast. Tell my folks my last thought was for them, and—and so long, mon frere." Then he gasped and died, there beside me. I lifted his body and took him sadly back to the long rows of dead and dying and returned to seek my regiment.

Failing in this, I slept in a shell hole, and we charged again in the morning. This time it was even worse. More and more men fell. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my left leg, and then I knew no more.

When I came to, I was lying in a long row of wounded. I tried to move my leg, and then the horrible realization that I had no leg dawned upon me. To think that I must be a cripple all the rest of my life! I was later sent back to the States. That is what the war meant to me; losing my leg and my best friend.

War isn't romantic, youngster. The man becomes a machine sent out to destroy other machines and be destroyed by machines. What chance has a mere man in a modern war? It's for young people like you that we try to prevent war. You'll be the machines that are crippled and killed, in the next war.

THE SNUFF BOX

ON CHEWING GUM

Do you chew gum? Surely you must have participated in this old American custom at some time or other. For just as the English have their tea, and the Chinese their rice, we Americans have our chewing gum.

There are various brands of chewing gum, and each of us probably has his favorite. Some like licorice-flavored gum, while others prefer tiny pieces of a certain pink colored gum, said to be very beneficial to our teeth. But the favorite of most school children, especially in the grades, is the gum that comes in huge wads selling at a penny a piece. This gum cannot only be chewed for hours, but can also be wound around the tongue and blown into, thus producing beautiful bubbles of all shapes and sizes.

How to chew gum? It's very easy. Just take a look at any cow chewing her cud, for the process of chewing gum works on the same principle. Some people are not satisfied with merely following Madame Cow's leisurely example, but set their jaws at a maximum speed of one hundred revolutions per minute.

Where to chew gum? I don't pretend to be an Emily Post, for if I did, this essay would have no business to be even thought of. So I'll tell you where people do chew gum, whether it's right or not.

School seems to be the ideal place for chewing gum, for the simple reason that gum chewing is forbidden there. What can be more enjoyable than just to get a stick of gum in one's mouth and then to be told to throw it in the basket? The only time that gum chewing is necessary in school is at a basketball game. This is a time when chewing gum is a blessing to both the players and the spectators.

The only place that gum chewers are actually bothersome is at a moving picture theatre. You will certainly agree with me if you have had a gum chewer sitting behind you. At the climax of the picture, a scene calling for magnificent acting, etc., your gum chewing friend (?) is sure to crack his gum and chew all the harder and louder, until you either lose control of your temper or walk out.

You will find gum chewers in every walk of life chewing away in their own particular style. What would our great humorist, Will Rogers, do without his inevitable chewing gum? As for your favorite shopgirl in the "five and ten," she would not seem the same girl minus her chewing gum.

Taking everything into consideration chewing gum has its good points as well as its bad. According to the manufacturers of chewing gum, beauty authorities, doctors and dentists praise the chewing gum habit. So buy a pack of your favorite gum and chew your way to health and beauty . . . in private!

R. V., '36.

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A TRIP THROUGH THE JUNGLE

Peter Hunter watched the sunrise at the edge of a lake surrounded by a dense jungle. He had twenty miles of jungle to traverse before he would reach his destination, the rajah's palace. He had been traveling in an elephant train to visit a certain rajah for a tiger hunt, when several of the natives were laid up with a deadly fever. This delayed the train, and soon others were taken sick. The remaining natives fled lest they catch the fever, also. Peter, at first, was determined to remain and try to care for those who were too sick to move; but as the rajah's home was not far away, he decided to try to go for help.

He had had a good night's rest and was almost ready to set out. He first took a large canteen and a supply of food; then, having secured a plentiful supply of cartridges for his rifle and revolver, he started to follow the dim trail. Not far ahead he heard the shrill scream of a peacock. He traveled a little way and then he saw the peacock and a small python in mortal combat. The snake would spring at the peacock, but the latter would dodge, and then as the former was coiling for another spring, the peafowl's head would quickly dart out and peck sharply the top of the reptile's skull with its powerful beak. A few more times and the snake's skull would be pierced, but with Peter's approach, they both retreated into the dense foliage.

Peter was now getting tired, but he had not far to go. The trail, however, was becoming rougher, and he stopped under a large tree to take a drink from his canteen. Suddenly he heard a swishing sound, and a heavy body bore him to the ground. He knew at once that it was a huge python, that could and would crush him to a pulp if he did not act quickly. He felt for his revolver, and while the snake was tightening around him, he got the weapon in position for use. He fired, but missed because he was hindered by the snake's body. Again he pulled the trigger, and this time with the loud "Boom!" he felt the snake loosen and fall to the ground.

He now rested, badly shaken; then he hurried along the trail and finally reached his destination. After the rajah had heard his story, he asked, "Were you not frightened to death?"

"As long as I have my trusty Colt," Peter replied, "I am ready for anything."

Woody—"Oh, to live in the house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man."

Terp—"I'd rather run a garage near the holes on the side of the road, and be a repair man."

THE SNUFF BOX

"DIGGING UP THE DIRT"

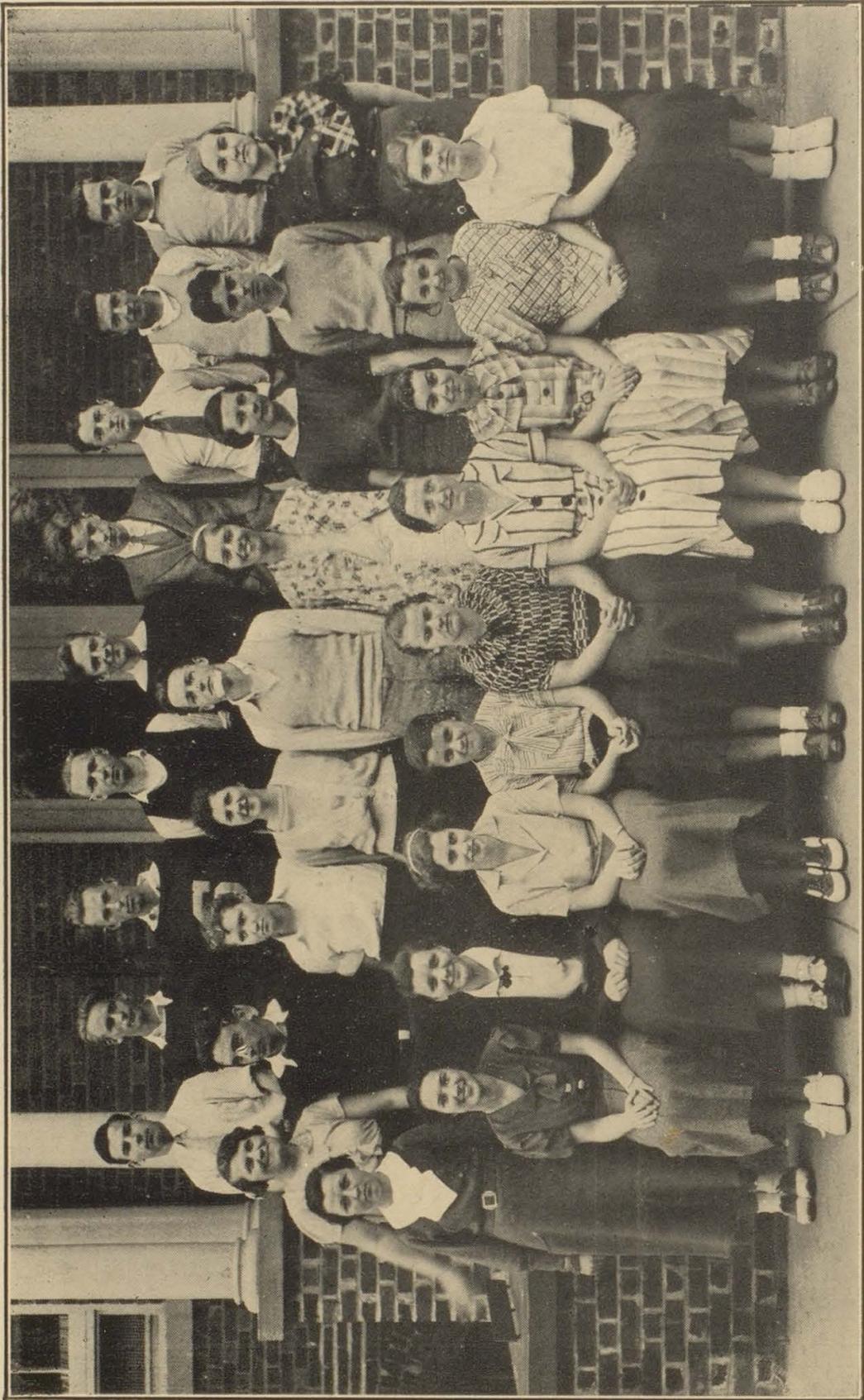
For several successive years, the Senior Class has presented annually some form of entertainment, either musical or dramatic. In the two years previous to this, an operetta had been first choice, but this year a three-act comedy, "Digging Up the Dirt," was the Senior presentation.

After many unavoidable delays, rehearsals began in earnest early in March. Because of the great demand for the auditorium, early rehearsals were somewhat limited, but in time the cast was allotted the "lion's share" of the auditorium privileges with gratifying results.

Under the capable and conscientious direction of Mr. Harold Goldsmith, "Digging Up the Dirt" was presented in the high school auditorium on April 25th. The performance was a success from every angle. The Seniors were able to put on a performance of which they may be justly proud, and also to complete the much-needed fund requirements for the Washington trip. The character portrayals were ably and realistically handled, and the witty dialogue, arising from the ridiculously funny situations kept the audience continually amused.

Students who composed the cast were as follows:

Kenneth Andrews, a student at Anvar College	William Peavey
William Loomis, a friend of Ken	Edwin Lucey
Professor Roger Halleck, an archæologist from Anvar College		Ralph Hawkins
Sheriff Carson	Lester Albertson
Jose Andrada, a bad hombre	John Papurka
Aunt Miriam Eggles, a holy terror	Helen Ekster
Betty Sherman, her niece	Ruth Overton
Nan } friends of Betty	{ Emma Rothman
Jane }		{ Ruth Jennings
Allan, Betty's brother	Edward Tomaszewski
Phyllis, Allan's fiancée	Lucy Stepnoski
Extra Boys from the "dude ranch"	{ Alfred Peavey
		{ Oliver Petty
		{ Arthur McCaffery



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR CLASS

Class History

Early in November the Junior Class held its first meeting and elected the following officers:

President	Rebecca Vail
Vice President	Ruth Jennings
Secretary	Mary Grigonis
Treasurer	Clem Thompson



Our first money-making project for the Washington trip was a magazine sales campaign. After this we successfully sold maps of Long Island. Jean Morrell and William Peavey proved to be our star map salesmen.

This year we edited a school newspaper, "The Echo," which not only gave us more funds, but also gave us good writing experience. We hope to continue our editorial effort next year.

Our treasury has been further substantiated by the sale of candy and by a percentage of the proceeds from the Senior play.

In the future we plan to hold a food sale, and are eagerly looking forward to a Junior prom.

It is true that our number has decreased somewhat from the fifty-five Freshmen of '33. Two of our members, Betty Joost and Caroline Terry, are attending Abbott and Dean Academies, respectively.

Nevertheless, our class is still large enough to make itself known and heard far and wide, so clear the way for the Seniors of '36.

REPLY TO THE SENIORS

Worthy Seniors:

O, Seniors, for three years we have stood by and watched you lord it over your under-classmen with uncurbed unscrupulousness; we have sadly observed how you followed the example set by your predecessors. All our knocks, abuses, domination, etc., we have borne with little or no resistance, knowing full well what would be the result of opposition. But at last, as is often the case, the day of reckoning has come—the day when we can retaliate to your advice, and voice what has for so long been on our minds.

“Tommy, why not find a substitute for that monotonous interrogation “What?” We don’t think the teachers appreciate your vocal efforts, either. Better modify your conceit, Tommy; we see no reason for your inflated egotism.

Clyde, when are you going to learn that it requires effort to produce results? If you want success, you’ll have to work to obtain it. By the way, Clyde, your frequent visits to Cutchogue seemed rather unnecessary.

“Eddie” L., we certainly do not appreciate your wise-cracks. We like humor (when it really is such), but a little bit goes a long way.

“Eddie” T., do you really believe the ladies like you as much as you like them? Really, Eddie, we think they can get along without you. Remember, actions speak louder than words; we don’t need your frequent egotistical outbursts to remind us of your worth(?).

Margaret, where’s that traditional dignity which is supposed to be found in Seniors? Better be careful of those “petty” ideas and not “twerp” about them.

Kathryn, you have been a great help to your class, there’s no doubt about that; but be careful not to over-estimate your ability. Too much unasked-for advice becomes obnoxious.

Frank, why grumble all the time? There is a little sunshine in the world. But you don’t have to fly in the air to find it.

“Charlie,” although your corpulence may be a physical hindrance, we must admit that in your case brawn is somewhat secondary to brain. But why hide your lights under a bushel? We see enough of you; let’s hear more from you.

Anna, O, where do you get those prominent waves and dazzling hues? Why not give the local boys a break once in a while, or must you have long-distance boy friends? We still crave an explanation for your popularity in Washington.

Lucy, did you ever consider that if you stuck to the school grounds during noon hour instead of riding around the countryside, your presence might be appreciated? And do you think that your babyish ways are admired? When one attains the lofty position of

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a senior, one should discard the attributes of infancy.

Mae, you really ought to modulate that boisterous laugh of yours. You should practise speaking more quietly, too, Mae. After all, we aren't all interested in hearing about your male admirers.

Helen, if you paid as much attention to your studies as you do your mirror, you might improve your scholastic standing. That is ultimately more important than your looks, don't you think?

Ralph, high principles are a virtue, without doubt, but don't try to be too far above everyone else. We admire the earnestness with which you have pursued your studies. However, remember "All work and no play——."

Kenneth, you are almost above reproach. But why not occasionally show a few traits that prove you are human like the rest of us?

Donald, WHEN are you going to grow up? We realize you're one of the younger members of your class, but certainly you are no longer an infant, as your actions would indicate. You've been a senior for a whole year now, and not once have we noticed a display of proper dignity. Incidentally, Donald, we think you ought to be informed that the ladies won't bite.

Sophie, when you whisper those inaudible answers in class, is it because you are afraid of being heard, or that you don't know the answer? Don't be afraid to assert yourself, Sophie. (From what we observe outside of school, assertion may soon be in order).

Thelma, why do you insist on flaring up when you are contradicted? Did it never occur to you that someone else can be right? Everyone is entitled to his own opinion, you know. You seem to have acquired the dignity fitting to seniors, but why not show a spark of enthusiasm sometimes?

Bernice, you have discarded much of your characteristic restlessness, but there still remains an irrepressible chortle which needs much toning down. After all, patients in hospitals will not appreciate being startled by your boisterous mirth.

Woodrow, to graduate at your age is an accomplishment. But we don't know how you managed it after all the assignments you have dodged. We like a sunny disposition, "Woody," but your perpetual grin becomes rather hard to gaze upon after a while.

As we come to the end of our agreeable task, we are almost appalled at the immensity of what we have written. We sincerely trust, however, that individually and collectively, you in your undeserved might and glory, will realize the truth and sincerity of our words and profit by the advice of those who have had considerable opportunity to scan your many imperfections.

Found on Stella's registration card:

Question—"Give your parents' names."

Answer—"Mamma and Papa."

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REVIEW OF REVIEWS

"Gold Diggers of 1935"	Senior Class
"One New York (K)Night"	Edwin Lucey
"Dancing Lady"	Helen Ekster
"Our Little Girl"	Polly Truskoloski
"Private Worlds"	Margaret Murtagh and John Terp
"Reckless"	Lucy Stepnoski
"Naughty Marietta"	Anna Pontino
"The Informer"	"Goldie"
"Children's Hour"	English I Class
"Bright Eyes"	Kathryn McCaffery
"Fly Away Home"	Frank Stankewicz
"Captain Hates the Sea"	Ruth Overton
"Becky Sharp"	Rebecca Vail
"Red Hot Tires"	Arthur McCaffery
"Curly Top"	Alfred Peavey
"The Thin Man"	Berkley Bailey
"Chained"	Symmetry Club
"The Whole Town's Talking"	Ruth J. and Walter
"Night Life of the Gods"	Latin Club
"Awake and Sing"	Glee Club
"Petticoat Fever"	Oliver Petty
"My Heart Is Calling"	Donald Meredith
"Goin' To Town"	Clyde Bailey



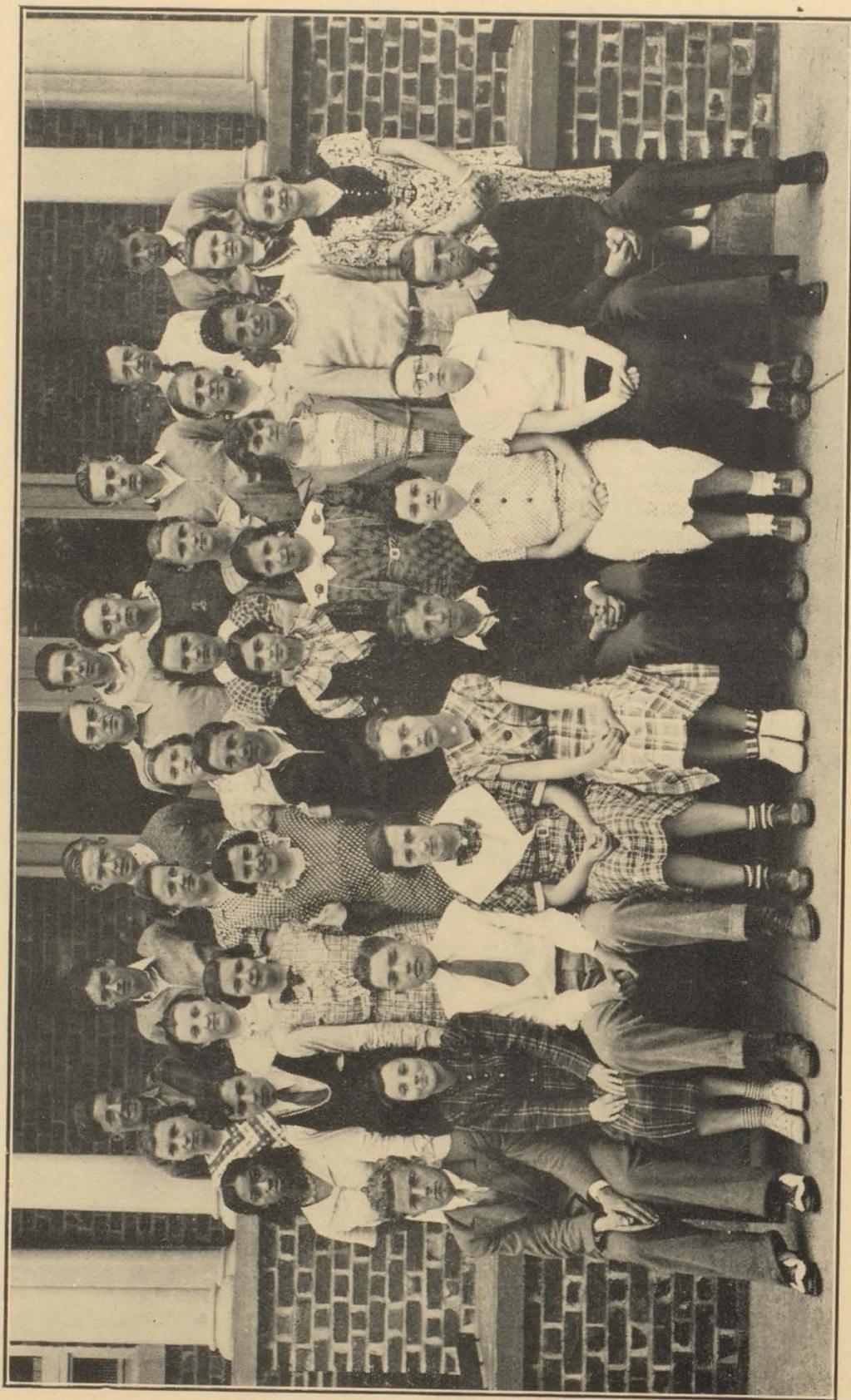
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SIX OF ONE AND —

- Sez Mae to Sayre—"Can you cast a shadow?"
Sez Berk to Ekster—"You heavyweight!"
Sez Arty to Clyde—"At it again!"
Sez Anna A. to Mary A.—"Why not give me a break?"
Sez John T. to Frank S.—"You're too grouchy."
Sez Anna P. to Hilda—"Those tresses!"
Sez Jean Morrell to Sophie S.—"Why not speak up once in a while?"
Sez Bertha to Ruth O.—"Get off the air."
Sez Polly to Hope—"Give your chin a rest."
Sez Stella to Ambrose—"Why so interrogative?"
Sez Let to Eddie Lucey—"You ought to send your car to a museum."
Sez Kathryn Mc. to Becky—"Ain't we got fun!"
Sez Eddie Len. to Irene R.—"You're some pygmy."
Sez Donald to Terry O.—"Grow up!"
Sez Ruth J. to Mr. Wolfe—"I'm a commuter too."
Sez Alicia to Elizabeth W.—"On your mark(s)."
Sez Joe K. to Henry K.—"You make my hair stand on end!"
Sez Anna P. to Margaret P.—"Mum's the word."
Sez Stephanie K. to Annetta—"Laugh that off."
Sez Marie B. to Elsie—"Variety is the spice of life."
Sez Betty B. to Bea—"Ain't school grand!"
Sez James H. to George B.—"Quit whittling!"

S. H. S. SONG HITS

- "About a Quarter to Nine"—Arrival of the buses.
"Soon"—Summer vacation.
"I Won't Dance"—Tom Murtagh.
"June In January"—Emma Rothman.
"How High Can a Little Bird Fly"—Frank S.
"Love In Bloom"—Spinach and Mac.
"Love Thy Neighbor"—Margaret Murtagh.
"Be Still, My Heart"—Bertha Mannweiler.
"Okay Toots"—Edwin Lucey.
"Anything Goes"—Art Class.
"Do I Got to Go to School, Ma?"—Arty McCaffery.
"I Never Had a Chance"—Basketball Team.
"Haunting Me"—Anna P.'s waves.
"Just Once Too Often"—Geometry exams.
"For All We Know"—Trig. Classes.
"Earful of Music"—S. H. S. Band.
"Jimmy Had a Nickel"—Jean MacLeod.
"Limehouse Blues"—Miss Sampson.



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL SOPHOMORE CLASS



Class History

September found a fairly large group of Sophomores, who, having passed the requirements of Freshmen, were eagerly anticipating their second year of high school. Later a meeting was held and the following officers were elected for the coming year:

President	Alicia Vail
Vice President	Stella Kos
Secretary	John Olkewicz
Treasurer	Martin Joost

Although schoolwork took up a good part of our time, we did not forget other school activities. A good many from our number are members of the Glee Club and Latin Club.

In athletics the Sophomores are also represented. Those who are members of either the track or baseball teams are: Joe Gradowski, Henry Stankewicz and Terry Overton, while those out for basketball are Sophie Alec and Terry Overton.

Elizabeth Terry, Lillian Cybulski, Sophie Stepnoski, Constant Weygand and Joe Gradowski are our band and orchestra members.

In the annual contest, sponsored by Fidac, the Sophomores were represented by Martin Joost and Terry Overton, whose composition took the first prize.

Thus as our second year in high school comes to a close, we look forward with renewed interest to our Junior year, and hope to make it a year to be remembered by all.

Libby—"I need a new hat."

Tommy—"But you go without a hat."

Libby—"Yes, but I must have a hat to go without."

Al—"What is your brother taking up in school, this year?"

Clyde—"Space; nothing but space!"

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JOKES

"Imagine," said the young fellow with the instrument, "I promised my family I never would be a saxophone player."

"Well," said the frank band leader, "you've kept your promise."

Mae—"I've just come from the beauty parlor."

Donald—"You didn't get waited on, did you?"

Miss Malone—"You musn't ask so many questions, Stella. Don't you know that curiosity once killed a cat?"

Stella—"What did the cat want to know?"

Mr. Dart—"Frank S., how much would \$500 at two per cent amount to at the end of a year?"

(No answer.)

Mr. Dart—"Don't you know that?"

Frank—"Yes, but I'm not interested in two per cent."

A Freshman who had done unusually well in English 1 was going to enter the English 2 class. Upon meeting Miss Miller, whom she loved dearly, her first words were: "Gee, but I wish you knew enough to teach me next year!"

Senior—"So you're lost, little man? Why didn't you hang onto your mother's skirt?"

Eddie Lencieski—"Couldn't reach it."

An auto came puffing laboriously along the main highway through Peconic. Finally the driver became discouraged, when the boughs of the overhanging trees threatened to stop his car even if he were able to pull through the slippery sea of mud. He saw a native and said to him: "You don't have many automobiles come this way, do you?"

Bob Sayre—"Certainly, we do. What about it?"

"How many cars have come past lately?" demanded the tourist.

Sayre—"Well, there was one through here last year, and one the year before, and now you're here."

Tom—"There's a new vegetable song out."

Mac—"Let's hear it quick."

Tom—"In a Little Spinach Town."

Mr. Dart—"What great law is Newton credited with discovering?"

Donald—"The bigger they are, the harder they fall."

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Nice, huh?

Swinging

Lucy

Stella

Yes, I Said Ben

Proud of it!

Walter

Champ

Johnny

Like it?

How'm I Doing?

Al

High, Wide, Handsome

It's Mine, So What?

Just Think!

Clyde

Know Me?

Three a Crowd?

Polly

Helen

Thelma

Baby Face

Champ

Cute?

Just Plain Joe

SNAPS

THE SNUFF BOX



As Freshmen we were free from care,
We loafed and played all day;
To study was a thing quite rare,
We thought it didn't pay.

We thought 'twas time to celebrate
The program we had made,
For did we not just graduate
From every lower grade.

With classes down to five or so
Instead of eight or nine,
We thought we'd let the hard work go
Until some other time.

We'd loaf and fool and shirk,
But seldom do a thing;
We did not think of all the work
All this work would bring.

The first few weeks were just a lark,
And proved that we were right;
The teachers' talk was like a bark
Without a single bite.

And so we coasted on our way
With all increasing speed.
We never missed a chance to play;
Advice we did not heed.

We laughed at Seniors homeward bound
And laden with their books;
Louder did that laughter sound
When they gave us those "looks."

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The teachers warned us, others too,
And sometimes Ma and Pa;
For that's what old folks always do,
But we got by thus far.

Our plan was working out real well,
Exams could be no bore;
We'd pass them, and the old folks tell
That they were wrong once more.

The others worked both day and night
Preparing for the test,
But we would show them who was right
And pass with all the rest.

If by chance exams were tough
With questions on the text,
We could always throw a bluff
And loaf until the next.

Some may say we'll take a fall,
And some might make a fuss;
But High School isn't hard at all,
And all that's not for us.

We started on the second year,
With hopes that weren't so high;
The first day made us shake with fear,
And here's the reason why.

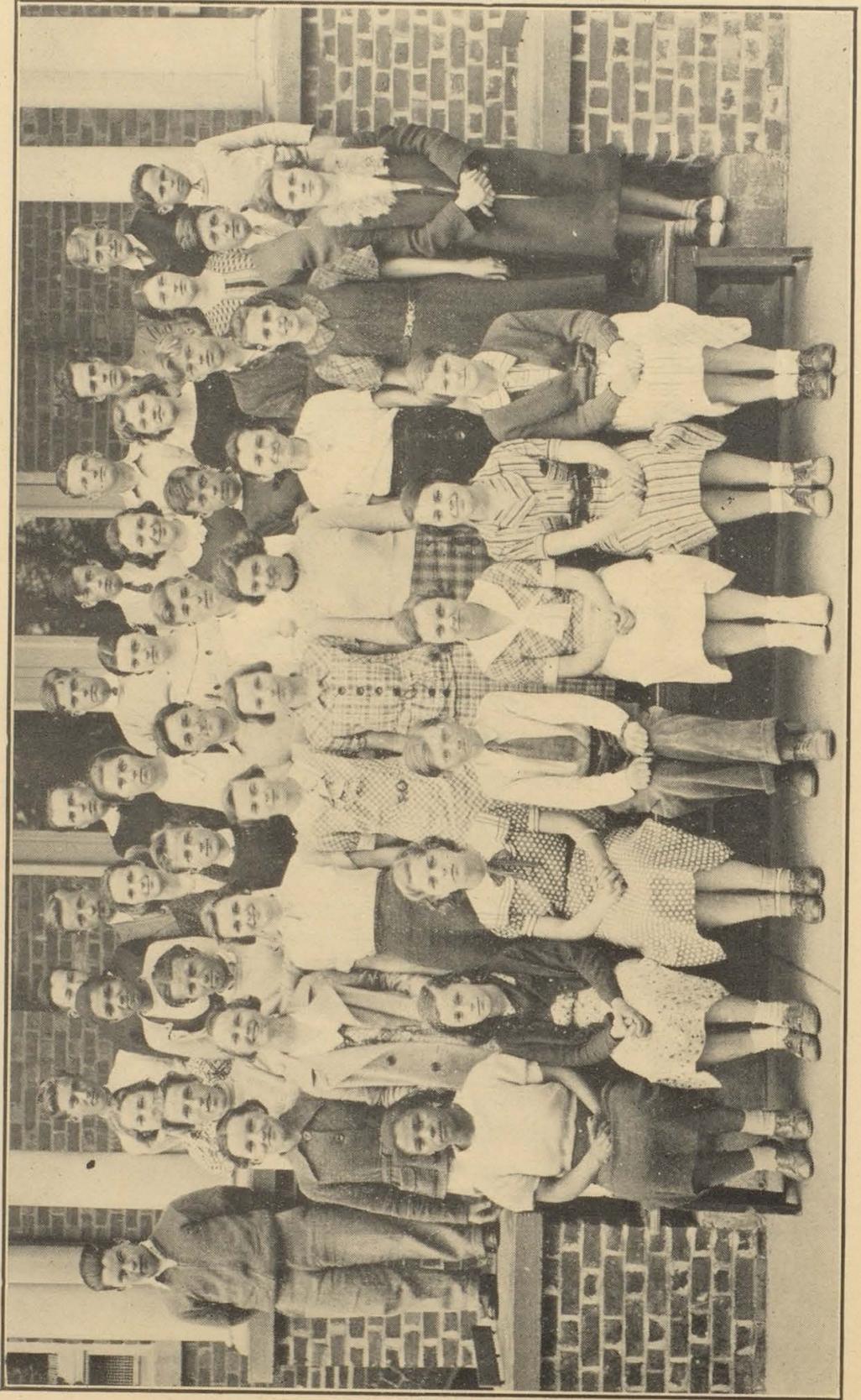
The marks upon our cards were red,
When handed out in June;
We'd bragged aloud, but found instead
That we had crowed too soon.

When Ma and Pa the record scanned,
They looked at us real hard;
Pa said he thought we'd cut our hand,
And wiped it on the card.

Our Latin mark was very low,
And Algebra was worse;
Biology was so and so,
And English made us curse.

True Sophomores we'd hoped to be
And start anew, but then
With all the work we'd flunked you see
We're Freshmen once again.

And now my friends please lend an ear,
Just what does this denote?
That some day we'll be out of here,
But just in time to vote.



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMAN CLASS

CLASS HISTORY

The class of 1938 experienced considerable difficulties when attempts at organization were made. The first election was hastily dismissed because the vote for president far exceeded the number of persons present. Later, however, all was set to rights and the next attempt proved more satisfactory. The officers elected were:

President	Bernice Lenowitz
Vice President	Clarence Jones
Secretary	Hope Meredith
Treasurer	Robert Jernick

The social activities of the class have been somewhat limited, but it has been well represented in the various school departments of recreation. Henry Cain has not only distinguished himself as an athlete for his school, but also has become a valuable member of the Freshman class. He has participated successfully as a "regular" in every branch of athletics.

Douglas Conklin, E. Conrad, H. Doroski, L. Orlowski and J. Zeneski were members of the basketball, baseball and track teams, respectively.

Jean MacLeod, Helen Stacy, Douglas Conklin, Alice Shipuleski and Margaret Tuthill gave their services musically to the band, while Bernice Lenowitz, Kathryn Kaelin, Hope Meredith and the above mentioned assisted in the orchestra.

Not content to be heard vocally in their classes, Mary Zubina, Jean MacLeod and Ambrose Terp sang with the Glee Club.

Before the close of the school term the Freshman pins were ordered, to each class member's delight.

ENGLISH BONERS

James Russell Lowell waited for his father to come home in a tree.

Clara Barton escaped from dying several times which would be the cause of stray bullets.

Lowell's mother came of old Scotch stock. He later turned to the bar.

BRIGHT REMARKS

Mr. Dart—"What do you eat when you eat an apple?"

Jean—"Er—worms and er—seeds."

Goldie—"What is the result when you multiply 1-3 y times 1-10 z?"

John—"I don't know, but it isn't big enough to worry about."

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ALPHABET

- A is for Alice, for whom study's a hard task,
B is for Bernice, the freshies' bright lass,
C is for Clarence, whose marks will ne'er fall,
D is for Douglas, who plays basketball,
E is for Eddie, who isn't so tall,
F is for Freshies, we're proud of 'em all,
G is for Goodale, who went on a diet,
H is for Hope, who never is quiet,
I is for Irene, who never makes noise,
J is for Jean, who fools with the boys,
K is for Kathryn, who always has poise,
L is for Louis, who goes in for good marks,
M is for Marie, who goes in for golf larks,
N is for Norman, who thinks he's a man,
O is for Orłowski, our basketball fan,
P is for Pugsley, who is only half grown,
Q is for questions, which hardly ever are known,
R is for rules, which are our worst task,
S is for Sanford, who sure will last,
T is for Tommy, who is afraid of the boys,
U is for Us, who never make noise,
V is for valor, which is not lacking,
W is for work, in which we always need backing,
X as in algebra, equals the unknown,
Y is for young ones, for which we are known,
Z is for Zaneski, last but not least.

H. M.

CLASS JOKE

Miss Benedict (In Latin I Class)—“Who knows another way to translate ‘the words of his father’?”

John Horton—“The words of his old man.”

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THE PARENT TEACHER ASSOCIATION

Once more it is time for us to check over the activities of our organization for the year.

First of all, for the benefit of those not familiar with the work of our association, it may be well to state its main objective. The aim of our association has been to establish a closer relation between the home and school so that parents and teachers may co-operate intelligently in the training of the child. By such united efforts it is our hope to secure for every child the best advantages in an all-around education.

If we have helped in any way to achieve this end we feel our efforts have been of some avail.

Our first meeting of the year was a "Welcome Party" for the teachers in September. It was held at the home of Mrs. Redden, who very kindly entertains us each year. The attendance was especially good and grade mothers for each teacher were assigned at this time.

The October meeting was given over to organization. Committees for the year were appointed and the work of the year discussed. The program at our November meeting was in charge of Mrs. Wm. Wells, who gave a very instructive as well as interesting talk on the subject "Books in the Home". We are indeed indebted to Mrs. Wells for her splendid program.

The December meeting brought us Miss Muriel Thomas from the Public Health Association. Miss Thomas spoke on "Safeguarding the Health of the 'Teen Age.'" This was an especially helpful program for mothers.

During the month of January, we expected to have Dr. Robinson to speak to the girls and their mothers. Unfortunately the date fell during Regents week, so had to be postponed. Mr. Blodgett spoke at our February meeting. He explained very fully the question "State Aid to the Schools". Because this is a subject not wholly understood by everyone, we felt glad of the opportunity to have it presented.

Our annual card party took place during March. We are sincerely grateful to all who supported it, especially the merchants in town, who so kindly donated the prizes. At our April meeting we enjoyed a talk by Miss Bush, who spoke on "The Care of the Skin".

The closing event of the year, our "Mother, Daughter, Teacher" Banquet was held in May and as usual proved to be a very pleasant event. It was, we feel, a fitting finale to our year's activities.

ELSIE V. CARROLL.

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LATIN CLUB NOTES

The Latin Club, which was organized last year under the leadership of Miss Benedict, held its first regular meeting in the early fall. Several permanent revisions of the by-laws were made, and the following Club officers were elected:

Consul Prima (President) Emma Rothman
Consul Alter (Vice President) Rebecca Vail
Scriba Princeps (Secretary) Ruth Jennings
Quaestor (Treasurer) Elizabeth Wells

The lictor and three publicity scribes which were also appointed are respectively: Clement Thompson, Mary Grigonis, Alicia Vail and Jean Morrell. Carolyn Wells, chairman of all food committees, has proved a fine cenatrix.

Most of the Latin Club meetings this year have been held in the auditorium of the school. This has been very opportune, as the members have been easily able to follow out the old-time Roman Senate custom of sitting in a semi-circle. The meetings have been run according to a regular routine, and Roman ideas have been carried out as far as possible. A Club knock, whistle, grip and password have been adopted.

An interesting feature of the Club program has been the two initiation assemblies. On both occasions the new members were put through several stunts while blindfolded. They next took solemn oaths and signed in the Latin Club Enrollment Book. Following this there were various interesting relays and other games held in the auditorium.

At Christmas time the Latin Club gathered together early in the morning of the last day of school previous to vacation. Carols, both in English and in Latin, were sung at the boarding places of all the faculty as a fitting way to usher in the holiday spirit. Then the members adjourned to "Paradise Sweets," where breakfast was served. Songs and cheers enlivened the good time, and for once there were no tardies at school.

One of the most looked-forward-to events of the year was the New York City trip which was to take place on Saturday, May 11. The trip was to be made by bus, and the money was to come from the Club treasury, which boasts of sufficient funds. The morning was to be spent in visiting the Service Bureau which is connected with New York University. Here are exhibits of all kinds pertaining to Roman life; also, stereopticon slides were to be shown which portray further scenes and customs of the ancient Latins.

The afternoon was to be given up to a bit of lighter entertainment in the form of Radio City. Unfortunately, no bus could be procured which is permitted to carry students into the city limits, and objections were raised to the use of private cars by way of transportation. The Club, as a whole, is greatly disappointed. The members have co-operated so well and have done such fine work at the meetings during the year that the outing would have been de-

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served. The Club has hopes of securing such a trip at some time in the future if they can make it possible in any way.

The Latin Club plans to bring its activities to a glorious finale with a Roman banquet similar to that held last June. The Latin I members were the slaves who acted as the waiters and waitresses; couches for reclining at the meal were manufactured, and finger bowls were passed around after each course. The main feature of the banquet was that all had a good time, which was made possible only by each one entering whole-heartedly into the many preparations that such an activity always demands.

Now that the New York City trip is out of the question, the Latin Club has yet to decide what is to be done with the money in the treasury. Since a motion was carried not long ago, to purchase pictures for the Latin room as the accumulation of funds permits, it is thought that the money may perhaps be spent in some advantageous way.

Now that the school year has come to a close, the Latin Club wishes to express its sincere appreciation to Miss Benedict for the unceasing and untiring effort which she has placed into the activities of the Club, and for the time she has given to making it a success.

The following pupils are members of the Latin Club:

Emma Rothman	Helen McCaffery
Rebecca Vail	Kathryn Kaelin
Margaret Murtagh	Jean MacLeod
Madlyn Akscin	Hope Meredith
Thelma De Jesus	Lillian Cybulski
Woodrow Jacobs	Alice Shipuleski
William Peavey	Margaret Lennehan
Anna Aukskalnis	Helen Stacy
Mary Aukskalnis	Stella Kos
Mary Grigonis	Robert Jernick
Alicia Vail	Clarence Jones
Jean Morrell	Bruno Zanieski
Ruth Jennings	Carolyn Wells
Clam Thompson	Louis Sanford
Elizabeth Wells	John Adamzevich
Elizabeth Terry	Norman Bergen
Marie Kral	Terry Overton
Ella Tuthill	Sara Simon
Bertha Mannweiler	Harry Waite



MUSIC NOTES

BAND

At the beginning of the school year, the S. H. S. Band held its annual election meeting, at which time the following officers were elected:

President	Ruth Overton
Vice President	Jean MacLeod
Secretary and Treasurer	Kenneth Tuthill

On December 18, Southold and Mattituck bands combined to give a concert in the Mattituck Library Hall.

The band made very effective appearances this season at the basketball games. The first demonstration was December 7, when the Bridgehampton teams played here. The band was also used at the Hampton Bays and Shelter Island games on January 11 and January 18 respectively. At the Eastport game, on March 1, the band showed its progress and fine leadership by performing some difficult feats.

The event looked forward to by the members of the band throughout the year was the annual Goldman Concert, held at Smithtown May 22. Five bands participated under the leadership of Dr. Goldman and Mr. Lounsberry.

Members of the band are as follows:

Lester Albertson	Joe Ostroski
Kathryn Berry	Oliver Petty
Douglas Conklin	Alice Poliwoda
Lillian Cybulski	Stanley Rutkowski
John Ekster	Alice Shipuleski
Joe Gradowski	Helen Stacy
Emmett Hobson	Frank Stankewicz
Ruth Jennings	Sophie Stepnoski
Joe Komskis	Ambrose Terp
Stanley Kral	Elizabeth Terry
Margaret Leicht	Donald Tuthill
Jean MacLeod	Kenneth Tuthill
Bertha Mannweiler	Everett Vail
Fred Mannweiler	Herbert Wells
Harold Myers	Constant Weygand

Ruth Overton

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ORCHESTRA

The S. H. S. Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Lounsberry, took part in the annual orchestra festival, held at Huntington on November 23. A feature of this affair is the grouping of the orchestras from the five schools in which Mr. Lounsberry teaches. This festival has become an annual affair, and its popularity is growing rapidly from year to year.

At both the Thanksgiving and Arbor Day assemb'ies the orchestra was called upon to furnish music.

The next public appearance, however, was not until April 25, when the orchestra furnished music before, after and between acts of the Senior play, "Digging Up the Dirt." The orchestra's fine work before the show, between the acts, and at the close, came in for much praise from the audience.

The last two public appearances were during the annual school exhibit and at Commencement.

The members of the orchestra are:

Thelma Adams	Emmett Hobson
Helen Akscin	Ruth Jennings
Kathryn Berry	Kathryn Kaelin
Douglas Conklin	Joe Komskis
Lillian Cybulski	Stanley Kral
Marian Dickerson	Bernice Lenowitz
Joyce Dickinson	Jean MacLeod
John Ekster	Fred Mannweiler
Flora Fischer	Helen Stacy
Hope Meredith	Sophie Stepnoski
Ruth Overton	Ambrose Terp
Joe Ostroski	Elizabeth Terry
Oliver Petty	Kenneth Tuthill
Alice Poliwoda	Everett Vail
Alice Shipuleski	Herbert Wells
Marian Smith	Constant Weygand
Hilda Rothman	Irene Quarty

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GLEE CLUB

In November two Glee Clubs were organized, one a Junior High Chorus, and the other a mixed Senior High Chorus. Their first performance was at the Christmas entertainment.

On May 17 a group selected from each of the clubs went to Southampton to participate in the annual Glee Club Festival. Our club rendered "The Volga Boatman's Song" for its selection, and also sang with the combined choruses. There were eight schools entered in this festival, and it proved to be both a helpful and delightful performance to all those who took part.

The selected Glee Club is composed of the following:

Helen Akscin	Betty Hagerman
Lester Albertson	Margaret Leicht
Laura Bednoski	Edwin Lucey
Lorraine Bick	Bertha Mannweiler
Norma De Milt	Jean Morrell
Margaret Des Rosiers	Ambrose Terp
Tom Murtagh	John Terp
Ruth Overton	Edward Tomaszewski
William Peavey	Pauline Truskaloski
Alice Poliwoda	Rose Waraneski
Bertha Poliwoda	Carolyn Wells
Emma Rothman	Mary Zubina
Lydia Dickerson	Julia Zukas

Mae Ennis



THE SNUFF BOX



SNAPS

BASKETBALL

1934—1935

Since the Southold High School basketball team has not enjoyed the phenomenal success during the last two seasons which it had enjoyed in years past, there may be some local fans who think that there has been a let down in our effort to turn out winning teams. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact much more attention has been given to the sport in recent years than during the seasons in which we won championships. We need no alibis for our team, we are proud of them.

The two main reasons for the present condition of affairs are really quite logical when we take the time to analyze them.

In the first place, Section 5 of the County Basketball League has been getting stronger and stronger each year. Competition has steadily become keener, until in 1934-35 the winners of our section and the runners-up won about every game played—even against teams in the Class A division. Many went so far as to claim that the winner of this year's championship was the best high school basketball team on Long Island. So much for our competition.

In the second place, those who have followed high school teams know that success seems to go in cycles. One school will seem to have a combination of players who, because of their ability, will be near the top for a few years, after which time there seems to be a let down and a period when exceptional material is lacking. Perhaps this is a good thing. It works out well in most any other kind of sport as well as in the activities of life after our school days. Southold High may be said to be suffering from an "athletic depression." At the present time there is a shortage of basketball material with ability to win championships. Southold is, perhaps, at her lowest point in this so-called athletic cycle. One interesting thing to all of us is that the teams who were strongest in our league last year will soon lose most of their good men, and as the new men from the Freshman and Sophomore classes who reported to Coach Goldsmith last Winter show signs of great promise, we are confident that before many more seasons pass Southold will once again come in for her share of the championships.

In spite of our comparative poor showing, there are many gratifying results. In defeat, as in victory, Southold High School upheld her reputation of long standing for clean play and good sportsmanship. No team has ever played a cleaner game of basketball, no team has ever worked harder, no team has ever deserved the loyal support of local fans more, than the team of 1934-35.

It is gratifying to us also that in spite of our few victories, we drew a larger attendance for the year than in many years past. We appreciate the cooperation and the interest shown by the local fans.

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Their reward was not in seeing the local team win but in seeing a team work hard, play cleanly and conduct themselves as gentlemen, and judging from the attendance we believe Southold fans fully appreciate the importance of these factors, and in the final analysis recognize them as being the real purpose behind all high school athletics.

The line-up for most of the games consisted of Tomaszewski and Murtagh (Capt.), forwards; Terp, center; Cain, Papurka, Smolenski and Conklin, alternating as guards. At the beginning of the season A. McCaffery and Petty added materially to the strength of the team.

For his conscientious work and gentlemanly conduct, Murtagh was rightfully rewarded with the Captaincy. His remarkable defensive work under the basket was a high light in nearly every game. Tom graduates in June.

Waldemar Tomaszewski, another two-year man, played his usual hard-fought game. Although fast and an accurate passer as a rule, Wally's strong point is defense. Next year may find him a much improved scorer as well.

Terp was the center for most of the season, and did a remarkably good job considering that he usually had to play against about the best man the opponents had. John improved a lot in the last year, and we regret that we will not have his services another year.

Oliver Petty, who was in several games, gave promise of being a lot of help to the team. Ol" has two more years, and great things are expected of him before he graduates.

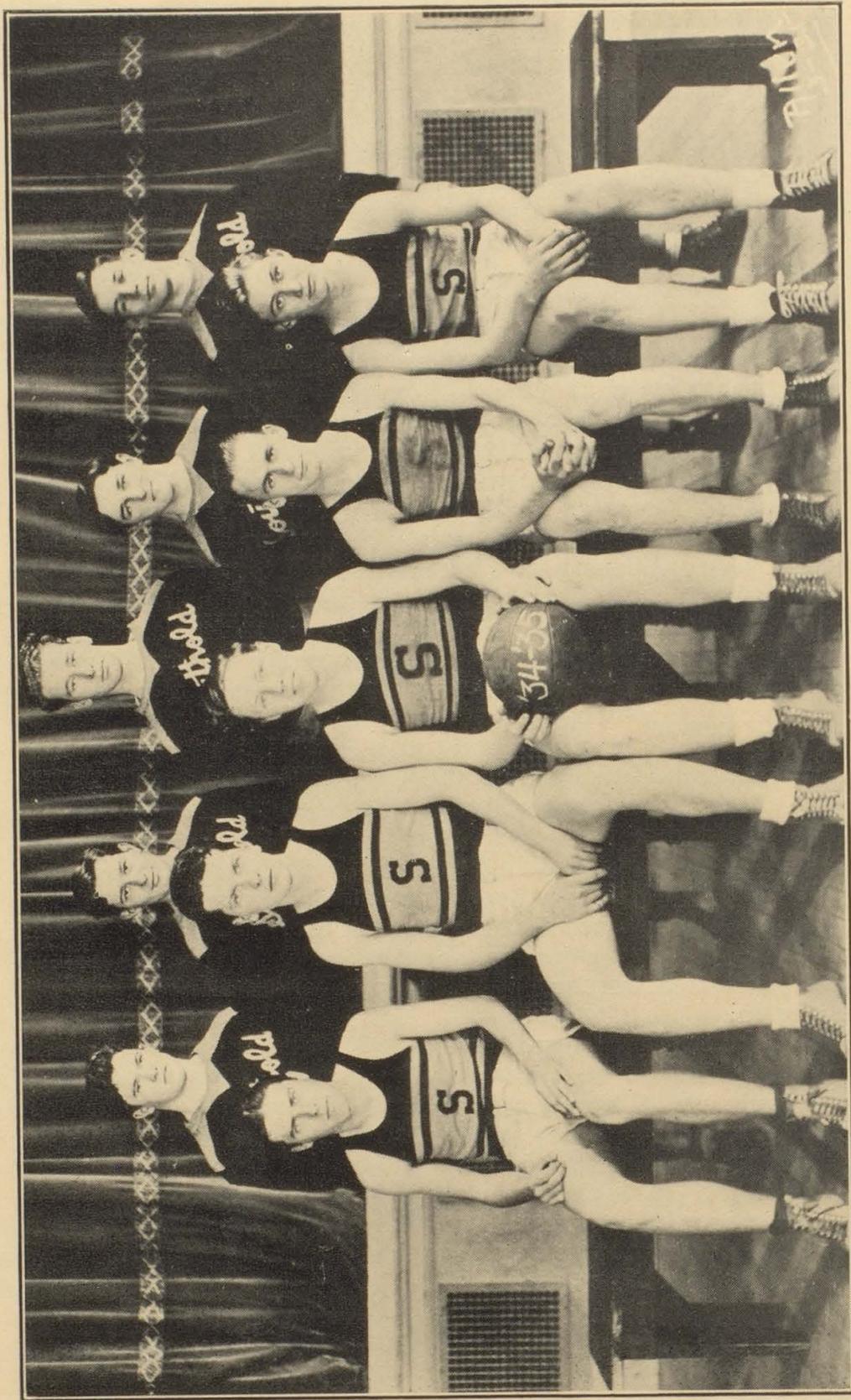
Papuaka and Smolenski were rewarded for several years of hard work and rough service on the "scrubs" by making their letter this year. Although each usually found himself handicapped by size, they always gave a good account of themselves against very formidable opponents. Both will be available another year.

Cain and Conklin, the two Freshman members of the team, showed that given some more experience they will surely give the opponents something to worry about. Great things are predicted for these two men, as they both are good shots and have what it takes to win.

A. McCaffery, a post graduate, playing his first game of varsity basketball, proved to be a very valuable man. What he lacked in size he made up in speed and accurate shooting. Circumstances prevented his playing after January, and the loss to the team was both disastrous and demoralizing.

Bernard McCaffery, who played for the first time, showed a lack of experience, but at the same time proved that he had more natural ability than any man on the squad. He has another year in school, and it is expected that he will be the high scorer next year.

Edward Tomaszewski, manager, and his able assistant, John Ekster, who catered to the wishes of the squad and their coach, deserve much credit for a difficult job well done. Courtesy and efficiency was their by-word, and managerial aspirants can well afford



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

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to follow their example. All hands, including the school, join in congratulating these boys on their good work.

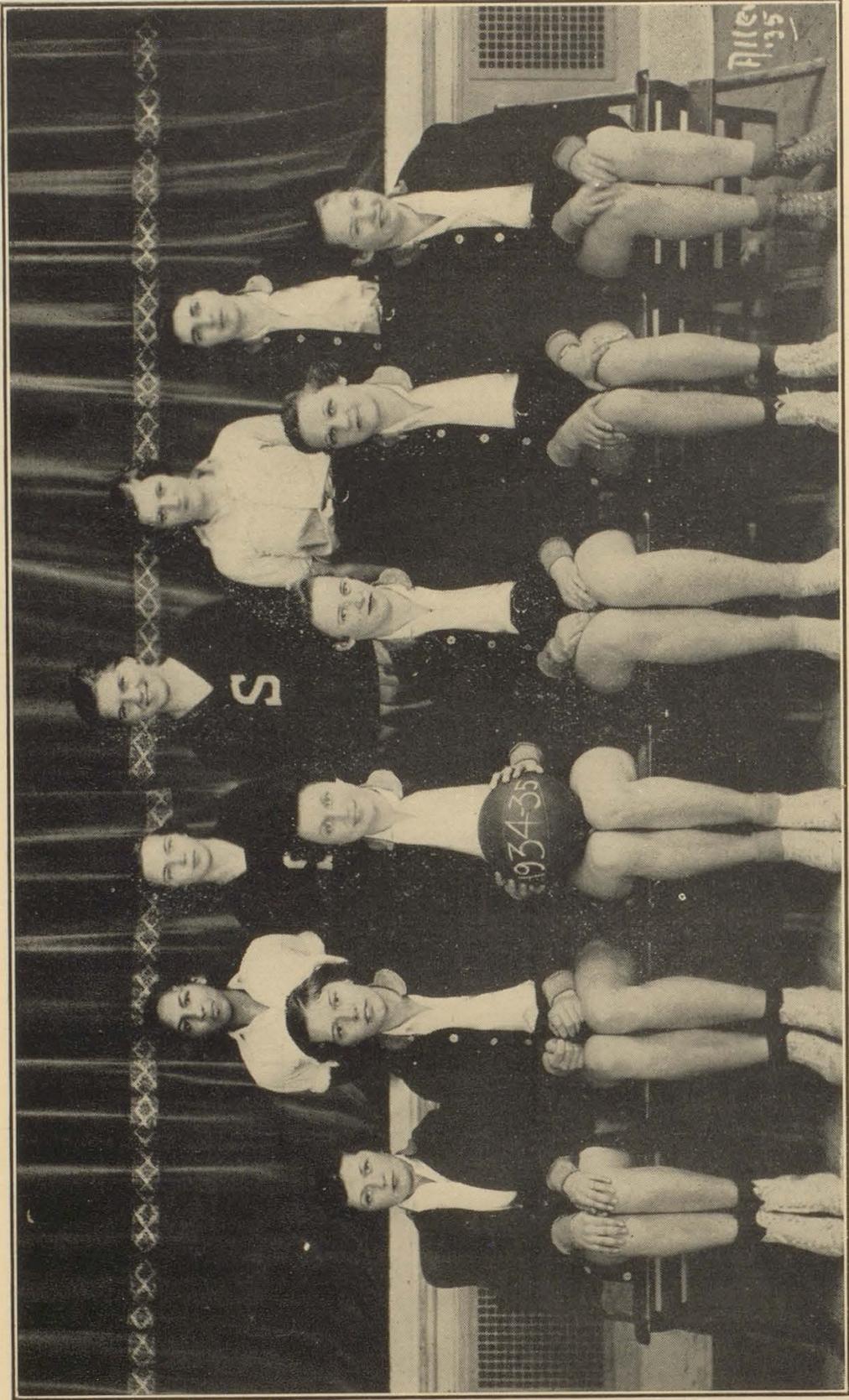
Space will not permit a detailed account of the work of each of the members of the second team. These boys worked hard. Many of the squad walked great distances night after night in all kinds of weather to attend practice and help build a team.

E. Conrad, A. Doroski, T. Overton, L. Albertson and several others may well be proud of the part they played, and without doubt many of these boys will be the stars of the Varsity in the near future.

On the whole, the future looks bright for "Goldie." He has the greatest number of prospects among the Freshman and Sophomore classes that he has had in six years. This, together with the fact that the opposition cannot remain as strong as it has been, is indeed encouraging.

Following is a summary of games played:

		S.H.S.	Opp.
Dec.			
7	Southold vs. Bridgehampton at Southold	11	36
14	" " Mattituck at Southold	20	30
18	" " Greenport at Greenport	6	28
Jan.			
4	" " Greenport at Southold	14	23
11	" " Hampton Bays at Southold	12	15
12	" " Sag Harbor at Sag Harbor	35	25
18	" " Shelter Island at Southold	27	20
Feb.			
1	" " Bridgehampton at Bridgehampton	16	40
8	" " Mattituck at Southold	21	31
15	" " Hampton Bays at Hampton Bays	15	35
21	" " Shelter Island at Shelter Island	24	27
Mar.			
1	" " Eastport at Southold	20	15
8	" " Eastport at Eastport	21	20



SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Girls' Basketball

Girls' basketball practice started early in November. The players as usual were anxious to start playing, and Miss Lunn, the new coach, was anxious to find out something about the material with which she had to work.

Lucy Stepnoski, Bertha Mannweiler, Pauline Truskalowski, Helen Ekster and Ruth Jennings were some who had had previous experience and around whom Miss Lunn was to build her team.

The following line-up took the floor for the opening game, and with occasional changes made up the team for the most of the season: Bertha Mannweiler, center; Sophie Alec and Pauline Truskalowski, forwards; Mary Elac, Helen Ekster and Lucy Stepnoski, guards.

Soon after the start of the season, Lucy Stepnoski was shifted to a forward position and proved to be one of the team's best offensive players, as well as an able guard. She was elected Captain, and Sara Simon was made manager.

The reserve players, each of whom was seen in several games, were as follows: Ruth Jennings, Margaret Tuthill, Margaret Lenahan and Thelma De Jesus. In several games De Jesus proved to be a valuable scorer for our team, while each of the others gave a good account of themselves wherever they were called upon to help. Next year should find these players leading the regulars.

Miss Lunn worked hard with the group. The first few practices were not too encouraging. The girls for the most part were smaller than in years past and it was difficult to get together a combination of able defensive players and at the same time put into the line-up sufficient offensive strength. Coach Lunn deserves much credit for her work and the record for the season of six games won against six lost, doesn't begin to tell the story of the effectiveness with which our girls played.

The first game, played on our court, was against the strong Bridgehampton team on December 7. We were defeated 52—18.

Mattituck came to Southold on the 14th and this game proved to be more successful for our girls who won the game easily by a score of 33—12.

Greenport, a Class A team, was our next opponent in a non-league game. The final count showed Southold on top by a score of 24—14. Mannweiler, who was always a consistent scorer, accounted for 20 points.

Hampton Bays defeated us on January 11 by a score of 27—15. On January 12 we traveled to Sag Harbor and once again encountered some Class A opposition and, as against Greenport, our girls came through with a well-earned victory. The score was 26—24.

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The score was close throughout and the game was very exciting. Mannweiler again captured the scoring honors.

Our next game resulted in a victory for our girls. Shelter Island was the opposition and they were sent home on the short end of a 27—12 score. The guards were responsible for most of the good work in this game.

The return game against Bridgehampton proved to be much the same kind as the first one against them. Having an experienced team of big, fast girls, our smaller girls found themselves outclassed. The score: Bridgehampton 43, Southold 23, does not do justice to the good fight our girls put up.

Mattituck again proved an easy foe on February 8. Although the visitors presented a much stronger team than in the opening engagement, our girls continued where they left off in the previous game and came out on top of a 38—21 score. We lost the second game against Hampton Bays on February 15 by a score of 35—15.

February 21 we played at Shelter Island. From the opening whistle, it was Southold's game, 43—24. Sophie Alec and Lucy Stepnoski divided the scoring honors. In this game the second team held their own during the last quarter.

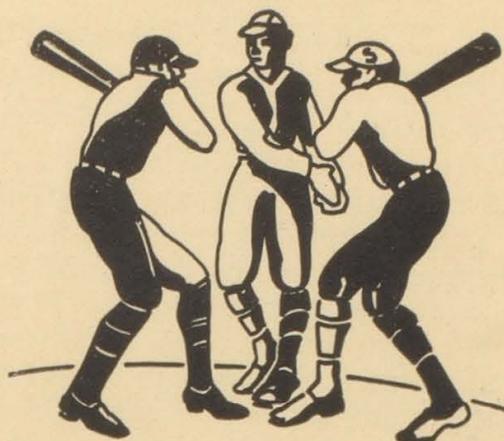
Eastport, who had always been in our league until this season, was our opponent in the two games which followed. They had, as usual, an exceptionally large and strong team, and had little difficulty in taking the first game 27—15. The following week, we played them again in Eastport and our girls showed themselves to be much harder to defeat than the week before. Our girls never played better, and although the final score was 32—27 against us, it really was considered a moral victory.

Although the team enjoyed a more successful season than they did the year before, they are determined to work hard next year to do still better.

Those who earned their "S" are:

Lucy Stepnoski, captain	Mary Elac
Sara Simon, manager	Helen Ekster
Bertha Mannweiler	Margaret Lenahan
Sophie Alec	Ruth Jennings
Pauline Truskalowski	

THE SNUFF BOX



BASEBALL

(Taken from the Mascot's diary)

April 1

Coach Go'dsmith has already called for baseball candidates, and he has about twenty men on the list of available material. So far, little is known of the ability of many of these men. "Goldie" has been busy on the Senior play, and has had little time for baseball. Besides, the weather has been too cold and bad for practice.

Bernard McCaffery, Tom Murtagh, Wally Tomaszewski and John Conrad are left from last year's team, and they can be counted on to fill their old positions. However, we must find two new outfielders, a third baseman, a second baseman and a catcher, since those places were left vacant by the last year Senior class. Prospects for a championship team do not look so bright.

April 10

Only five more days before our first game with Riverhead. Of course this isn't a league game, but we all want to win it. The weather remains too bad for practice and the diamond hasn't settled sufficiently to be played on. Looks as if we will face Riverhead without having had any practice. Riverhead has already played a game.

April 15

We just got back from Riverhead, and we are all just about frozen. This hard cold wind made it more suitable for hockey than baseball. However, we played the game.

They beat us, 1—0, but what a game! "Champ" McCaffery and his Riverhead pitcher had a red hot battle for high honors. Neither pitcher allowed a hit. This must be a new all-time record. They scored their run as a result of two errors and a fielder's choice. "Champ," however, struck out twelve of the opponents, and had the better control.

Considering the fact that we had had no practice, while Riverhead had already played one game, the boys are not at all disheart-

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ened over the defeat. "Goldie" says if the weather man allows us to practice, we can improve. Our next game is in Southampton on the 22nd.

April 22

A very ragged first inning beat us today. Arriving in Southampton about four p. m., found no time for any pre-game practice. The boys actually jumped out of the cars and into the game. Two hits by Southampton and four errors by our boys gave our opponents three runs in the first inning. Although we did improve and held them to one more run, the final score was: Southampton 4, Southold 3. Our freshman catcher, Henry Cain, hit a long home run to help our cause, but the other boys could do but little with the opposing pitcher.

May 3

Mattituck was to be our next stop, but it's raining and our game has been postponed until May 13. We are all happy over this postponement. It gives us a chance to get in some much-needed practice before starting the regular league season.

May 10

Bridgehampton was supposed to come here to-day. Rain once again has prevented a game. "Goldie" says the boys are rounding into shape and they are all anxious to see for themselves how they are going to stack up against the other league teams. We have held several practices, however, and the lineup which Coach Goldsmith had picked for to-day's game was as follows: Bernard McCaffery and Cain, battery; Stankewicz, Murtagh and Kaelin, outfielders; J. Conrad, E. Conrad, W. Tomaszewski and Papurka for first base, second base, short stop and third base, respectively. Not knowing how the new men are to stand up under fire, several subs are to be kept ready for service.

May 13

Ray! we won the first game to-day against Mattituck. This was the game postponed from May 3. Mattituck was supposed to be strong this year, having practically the same team as last year. "Champ's" day to-day. He fanned 17 men altogether, in the seven innings. And "believe it or not" 13 of those were in succession. Guess that's another record. Looks as if "Champ" was to have his best year. Oh yes! the score was Southold 4, Mattituck 2. Southold gathered 5 hits while "Champ" gave Mattituck only 2.

May 14

Announcement from the coach that there is going to be plenty of hitting practice before the next game, which is Friday at Hampton Bays. He feels as if the boys are not yet hitting well enough.

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May 17

Played Hampton Bays to-day. What should have been an easy game turned out to be a tough one. The extra practice sessions of the past week improved the team's hitting considerably. The boys hit safely 10 times, while "Champ" held the opponents to 8 safeties. We led going into the last half of the seventh, but some shaggy playing and a couple of hits gave Hampton Bays the runs necessary to tie the score. This must have made the gang sore, because in their half of the eighth, they got busy and scored three runs. This gave us a lead of 8-5, which we held.

May 24

We entertained Mattituck on the local lot this afternoon. They proved to be a more stubborn foe than they were the first game. "Champ" wasn't up to his usual form, but the boys made use of some timely hitting to score 5 runs, while Mattituck could not bunch their 4 hits. Final score: Southold 5, Mattituck 3.

May 28

Strenuous practice is the order for this week in preparation for what the scribes claim the probable champions of our section. "Goldie" is determined to win this game and show the pre-season dopesters that they should know better than to leave Southold out of it.

May 31

Our long trip to Bridgehampton this afternoon was not in vain. Even without the services of our star first baseman, John Conrad, we won 3 to 1. "Champ" pitched well and the boys made good use of their 5 hits, while Bridgehampton could do little against McCaffery.

June 3

Everyone feels confident, now that we have beaten all the teams at least once. Mattituck has lost three games, Bridgehampton has lost two games, and Hampton Bays has lost three. We have only two more to play and can tie if we lose both. The gang says there's not a chance of that. "Goldie" has them all pepped up and determined to go through the league season without a defeat. Am I pulling for them? And how!

June 4

The game with Bridgehampton here was called off again on account of rain. But there's more practice on the schedule for the remainder of the week until Friday, when Hampton Bays comes over. The coach just will not let the boys let down.

June 7

To-day's game against Hampton Bays showed more than any other the result of the hard work. Southold 14, Hampton Bays 1,

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tells the whole story. Did our boys "tee-off" on those other pitchers and did "Champ" mow down the Hampton Bays sluggers? And here's more news—Mattituck beat Bridgehampton to-day. Our victory cinched the championship for us any way, but the loss to Bridgehampton makes our victory all the more outstanding. Who are these sport writers that picked Bridgehampton to win the flag with Mattituck a close second? Can you imagine anything so funny?

Really, there's no need to play our remaining game against Bridgehampton, for if we lose we are still two games ahead of the nearest competitor. Do we want to play them? Yes, indeed! We want to play out the schedule without a set back—and we'll do it, too. They come over here next Monday. Watch the boys bear down on them.

June 10

This Bridgehampton game seems to be a jinx. It is raining again to-day, making the fourth time a postponement was necessary. It will be played tomorrow. Since we already have clinched the championship—this game will decide only one thing—Do we or do we not lose a league game this year?

June 11

We played the final game with Bridgehampton to-day and what a battle! We won 2—1. It was almost entirely a McCaffery victory as "Champ" held the visitors to one hit, and struck out 14 men. Bernie deserved a shut-out, but very sloppy fielding behind him gave Bridgehampton their one unearned run and kept him in trouble most of the game. In the pinches he was great, and it was a grand climax to a most wonderful and perfect season. Southold won 6 and lost 0, for a record of 1000—the only high school on the Island which has not lost a league game.

So we can say that it's all over, and a team which was noted only fair came through with one of the finest records in high school baseball history. Those fellows are "game" to the core. They worked hard, everyone of them. Not a glaring star among them, with the possible exception of McCaffery, who, even so, could have done little without the timely hitting and defense of the rest of the team.

Those who received letters are:

B. McCaffery
J. Conrad
T. Murtagh
W. Kaelin
W. Tomaszewski
B. Smolenski
J. Papurka

E. Conrad
H. Stankewicz
H. Cain
A. Doroski
J. Gradowski
G. Barning, Asst. Mgr.
R. Hawkins, Mgr.

TRACK NOTES

The track team had a moderately successful season this year. Managed by Edwin Lucey, and captained by Frank Stankewicz, the team arranged a number of meets and organized a large squad. Although a comparison of scores with other schools may at first not appear to favor Southold, a second glance shows that in nearly every case the competition was either with a Class A or B school, and not with those of the C group. When the team competed in its own class, it made a very creditable showing, winning once, and placing second in the County Championship contests.

The team began with a small nucleus of veterans, namely: Frank Stankewicz, discus thrower; Waldemar Tomaszewski, miler; Alfred Peavey, half-miler; Ralph Hawkins, pole vaulter; Clement Thompson, sprinter. A considerable number of new men joined the team, many of them from the Freshman class. Most of them were excellent material and contributed to the success of the team and will undoubtedly improve by next year and become first rate performers.

Those who won track letters are as follows:

Name	Points for Season
Frank Stankewicz	25
Henry Cain	14 1-2
Joe Gradowski	2 1-2
Alfred Peavey	12 1-2
Oliver Petty	8
Charles Grigonis	5
Ernest Conrad	1
Henry Koraleski	7
Waldemar Tomaszewski	21
Benjamin Smolenski	2 1-2
Clement Thompson	17 1-2
Robert Sayre	4 1-5
Ralph Hawkins	3 5-6
Walter Kaelin	6

Besides those who earned the Southold "S" are the following who deserve mention because of their efforts and who show remarkable promise: Chester Sachak, miler; and Lewis Orłowski, broad jumper.

In the Annual Interclass Track Meet, held at Southold, the sophomores won after a bitter struggle with the freshmen. Southold was on the losing end of the contests with Greenport, Riverhead, Islip, and Southampton, but defeated Mattituck easily, Mattituck being a team in its own class.

Here follows the account of the County Meet as published in The Long Island Traveler:

"Southold High School's red and gray clad trackmen were un-

THE SNUFF BOX

able, due to a weakness in field events, to capture the championship banner for Class C in the annual Suffolk County Public Schools' Athletic Association track and field games, held last Saturday at Riverhead. Bridgehampton appeared with a well-balanced team and Southold in second place by a margin of fifteen points.

"The Southold mile medley relay team added a cup to the school's collection of trophies by taking first in this event. Henry Koraleski, running the 440 leg of this event, passed the baton to Al Peavey slightly ahead of the competing teams. Al Peavey in turn carried it over a fast 220-yard stretch to Ben Smolenski, who scorched the cinders down his 220 yards to pass the stick to John Zaneski, waiting to carry it for the remaining 880 yards. John, unlike his competitors, realized that he had a half-mile to go and he settled down to a steady stride. The other runners in this stretch, however, apparently considered the race should continue at the same speed shown by the 220-yard runners and so left the Southold boy in the rear. But the speed began to tell on the runners and soon John's measured stride, now a bit lengthened, began to bring him up. At last with a hundred yards of the event remaining, John passed his faltering opponents and then unlimbering a magnificent sprint went over the finish line fully fifty feet in the lead.

"Frank Stankewicz, Southold's captain, clasped the discus in his hand and found, when he unwound, that he had hurled it practically out of sight, so far as the rest of the entrants were concerned. His heave measured 100 feet, 11 inches.

"Al Peavey romped over the 880-yard course for first place in the time of 2:15. Bob Sayre placed third.

"Clem Thompson was second in the 100-yard dash and third in the 220-yard dash. John Zaneski placed fourth in the 220. Henry Cain and Ben Smolenski were second and fourth, respectively, in a fast 440. Waldy Tomaszewski ran a mile in 4:55, but could only place second. In the hurdles, Walter Kaelin captured third place.

"Ralph Hawkins, who has consistently placed in pole vaulting for the past four years, took second place. Ernest Conrad was fourth. Al Peavey leaped 5 feet, 3 inches to tie for third place in the high jump. Oliver Petty captured second with the 12-pound shot by a heave of 37 feet. Southold's 880-yard relay team ran third with record-breaking competition.

"The scores of the teams follow:

Bridgehampton	57½
Southold	42½
Setauket	21½
Hampton Bays	14
East Islip	5½

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Grade 8 held a Christmas party in their room on the afternoon of December 19. Delicious cakes and punch were served and a general good time was enjoyed.

The Eighth Grade has made the following selections for the class:

Class Motto—Not at the Top but Climbing.

Class Flower—Red Rose.

Class Colors—Red and White.

Following is their Commencement program given on Friday, June 21, at 8:30, in the High School auditorium:

Selections	S. H. S. Band
Invocation	
Salutatory	Daniel Overton
Essay	
Class Prophecy	Charles Colombo, John Courtenay
Essay	
Piano Solo	Helen Akscin
Essay	
Class Will	Margery Dickinson, Monica Grigonis
Essay	
Selection	J. H. S. Girls
Advice to the 7th Grade	Everett Vail
Reply to the 8th Grade	Arthur Dickerson
Valedictory	Laura Stankewicz
Presentation of Diplomas	Prin. L. A. Blodgett
Selections	S. H. S. Band

BONERS

A famous man who opposed Lincoln in debate was Fairbanks Douglas.

Clara Barton escaped from dying several times which would be the cause of stray bullets.

He died a very sick man.

The girl was tied to the mast which stuck in the frozen ice in the sea. The girl was "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

James Russell Lowell waited for his father to come home in a tree.

Lowell's mother came of old Scotch stock. He later turned to the bar.

Proposed class motto—"Grit Wins and Polishes."

Everett's addition—"and Scratches!"

Alumni Notes

Name	1929	Activities
ADELAIDE AKSCIN		Employed by her sister in Hempstead, L. I.
THERESE BAUER		At home in Peconic.
ALICE DOWNS		Mrs. Alfred E. Dart. Living in Southold.
HELEN DICKERSON		Clerk in Bank of Southold. Now Mrs. Earl Linton.
ARTHUR FANNING		Employed in the Mattituck Post Office.
MILTON FOLTS		In the undertaking business with Wm. Beebe's Sons, Cutchogue.
FRANCES GORDON		Graduate of Maryland College. Now living at home.
MARY HECKMAN		Mrs. Preston Tuthill, living at Cutchogue.
STANLEY KRUKOWSKI		Expecting to get his Veterinary's degree at Cornell this year.
JULIA McCAFFERY		Bookkeeper at Sweet's Shipyard, in Greenport.
IRENE McKEON		Graduate nurse of Mary Immaculate Hospital. Working in New York.

1930

KATHLEEN MEREDITH		Now at home. Soon to become Mrs. Willis Henderson.
MARIE DOHERTY		Mrs. Andrew Cassidy.
LEONE SIMON		A member of the Staff of the Mary Immaculate Hospital.
JEAN WELLS		Teaching at St. Johninan, L. I.
FRANK KANE		Farming in Cutchogue.
HORACE SYMONDS		Graduate of Cornell University. Now at home.
MYRA FLEET		Teaching at Roscoe, N. Y.
ADELE PAYNE		Employed as a representative of the California Perfume Co.
BOB GAGEN		Employed at the Long Island Produce & Fertilizer Co. in Southold.
EILEEN MAHONEY		Graduate Nurse of Lenox Hill Hospital. Now living at home, doing private duty.

THE SNUFF BOX

Name	1931	Activities
THELMA BURNS		One of the Staff of the Mary Immaculate Hospital at Jamaica.
GEORGE CLARK		A Senior at St. Lawrence University.
ALICE CLARK		A Senior at Albany State Teachers' College.
LAWRENCE CARROLL		A Senior at Cornell University.
HELEN KRUKOWSKI		Employed in New Jersey.
JEROME GRATTAN		A Senior at Holy Cross. "Giz" by his outstanding scholastic record, has won a Fellowship Award which will give him an opportunity to return. It carries with it the sum of \$600.
NORA McCAFFERY		At home.
WESLEY ORLOWSKI		"Farmer" is living up to his old nickname. He now is employed as a Supervisor of Gardens at Newtown High School.
LEONIE STACY		Continuing her course in music at the Juilliard School, New York.
FRANCIS STRASSER		A clerk in Roulston's store at Southold.
EMORY TUTHILL		Completing his Junior year at Springfield College.
MURIEL YOUNG		Completing her Senior year at Elmira College.
GENEVIEVE ZANIESKI		Employed in the city.
MIRIAM WHITNEY		Business student at Southold Academy.
ANNA ZAVESKI		Married and living in Jamesport.

1932

GEORGE AKSCIN	A student at Nassau Collegiate Center.
PAULINE ALBERTSON	At home.
HAYDEN ALLEN	Completing his Senior year at Rider College.
LOIS BILLARD	Employed at the Southold Savings Bank.
MARY FUREY	A Senior at New Paltz Normal School.
ADOLPH RYSKO	Clerking in the A. & P. store in Cutchogue.

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Name	Activities
FRANCES SIMON	At home.
AGNES ZEBROSKI	Also at home.
RENSSELAER TERRY	A Junior at St. Lawrence University.
MADELINE TYLER	Employed by Metropolitan Tobacco Co., Patchogue.
WILLIAM WILLIAMS	At home.
HELEN OSBORNE	Training for nursing at a hospital in Bridgeport, Conn.
<hr/>	
1933	
JULIA CZAJA	Working in the city.
WILLMA DAVIDS	At home.
LLOYD DICKERSON	Employed at Boat Shop.
NELSON DICKINSON	Attending Columbia University.
JOSEPH GADOMSKI	A student at Drake's Business School in New York.
BEVERLY GORDON	At home after completing the business course at the Southold Academy.
BERTHA ZANIESKI	
AGNES HORTON	Continuing her business training at the Academy.
ALICE GRATTAN	A Sophomore at the College of New Rochelle.
DOROTHY HOWELL	Studying music at Oberlin University.
TERRY JENNINGS	Second year students at St. Lawrence University.
CONSTANCE TERRY	
MARY KAELIN	Training for the nursing profession at St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn.
JEAN McDERMOTT	Mrs. Arthur Bennett.
LOUISE ORLOWSKI	Keeping the home fires burning at Cutchogue.
FILLMORE PEAVEY	A Sophomore at Harvard.
FLORENCE PUGSLEY	Employed at Meyer's Store in Riverhead.
EDGAR SMITH	A student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
LORETTA STELZER	Employed at the Dental Office in Mattituck.
SOPHIE STEP NOSKI	Attending the Southold Academy.
ANNE THOMPSON	Working for the Long Island Produce Company at Southold.
IRMA WELLS	A Freshman at Cortland Normal.

THE SNUFF BOX

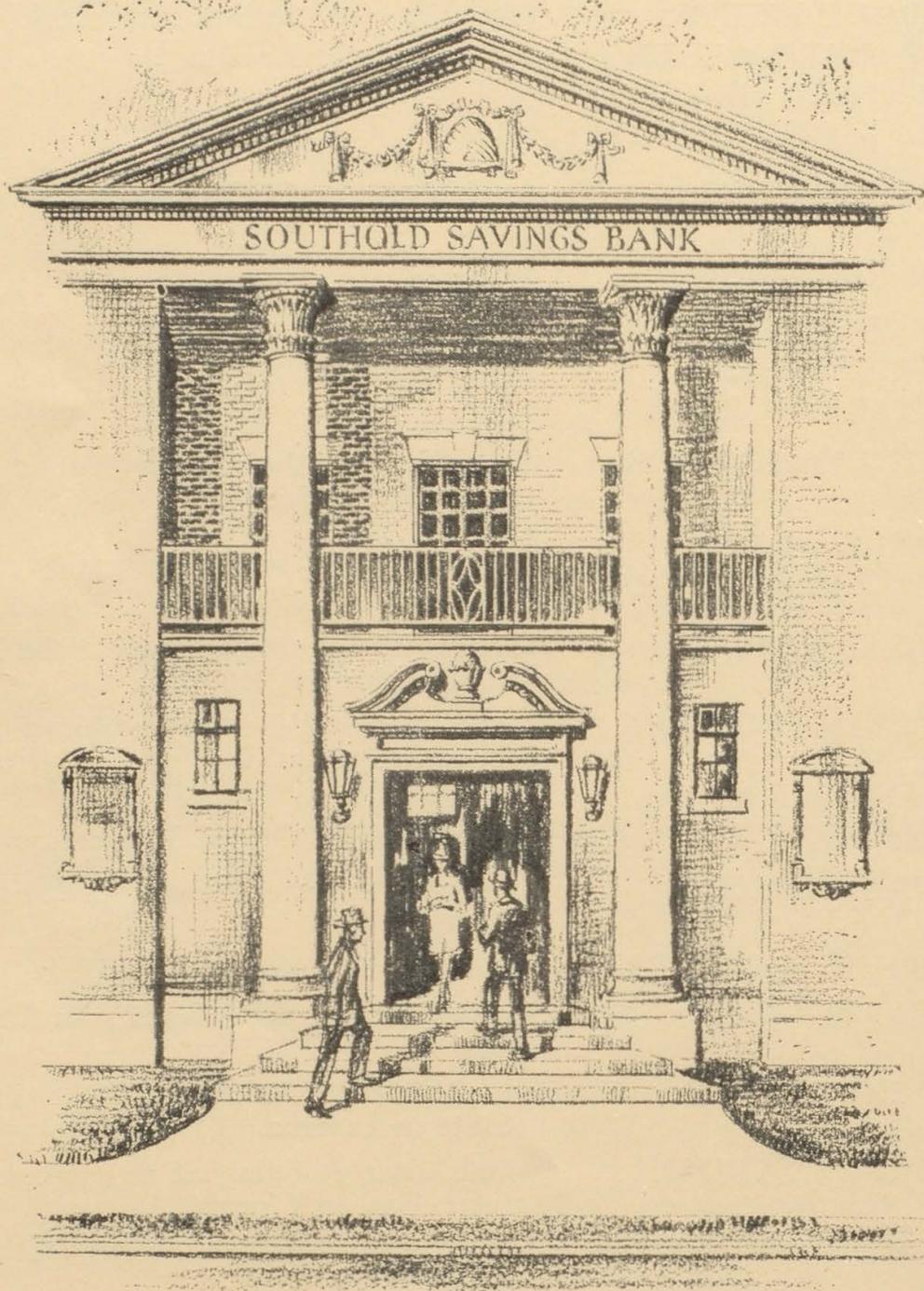
1934

PAULINE HOWELL	
EDNA DICKERSON	
SHIRLEY FISHER	Preparing for the business world at the Southold Academy.
ELIZABETH ALLEN	
KATHLEEN GRATTAN	
HELEN STEP NOSKI	
MAX ABERHAM	A member of a CCC Camp in California.
DAN CHARNEWS	At home.
WINSTON DAVIDS	
EUGENE GAGEN	At home.
RICHARD HORTON	
JOHN DE ALBERTIS	Attending an advanced institution of learning at Chicago.
GERALD FLEET	
WILLIAM KOLLMER	Freshmen at Alabama University.
FAYE GOLDSMITH	Training to become a nurse at the M. E. Hospital in Brooklyn.
WILLIAM GRATTAN	"Bill" is still at the head of his class. Completing his first year at Holy Cross.
ELIZABETH JENNINGS	A Freshman at Cornell University.
LAURA KRAMER	A student at the Nassau Collegiate Center.
ARTHUR McCAFFERY	Continuing his studies at S. H. S.
MARY MOFFAT	A Freshman at Ohio Wesleyan University.
ROBERT MOORE	Completing his initial year at Tri-State in Indiana.
GEORGE OSTROSKI	Home, after studying at an engineering school in Chicago.
JOSEPH SHIPULESKI	A first year student at Rider College in Trenton.
SARA SIMON	Continuing her studies at S. H. S.



THE SNUFF BOX

“HOME OF SAVINGS” since 1858

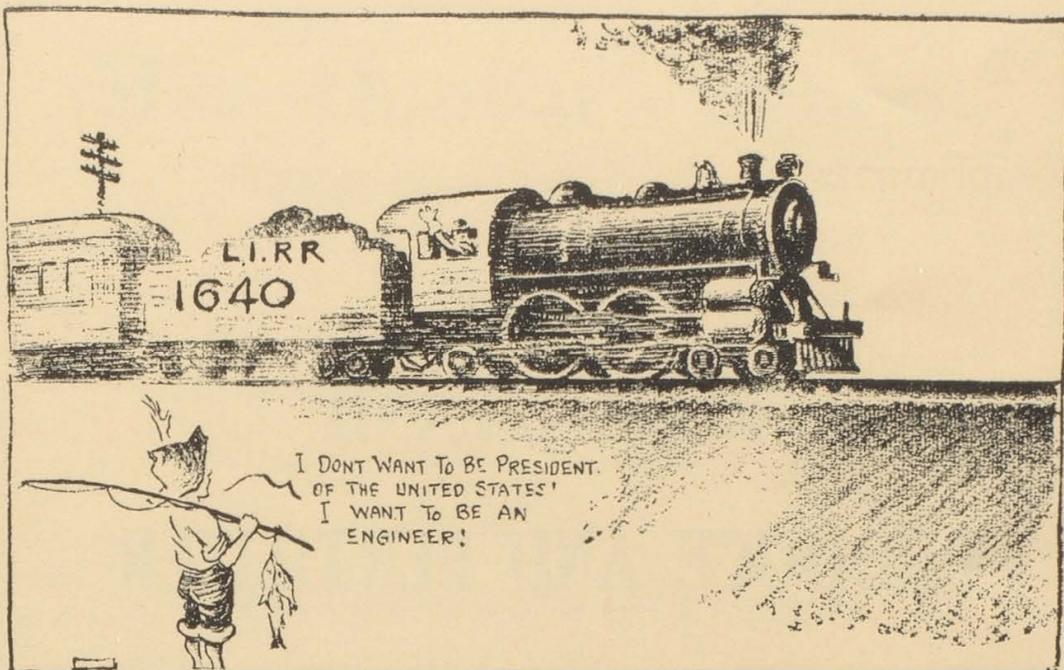


SOUTHOLD SAVINGS BANK

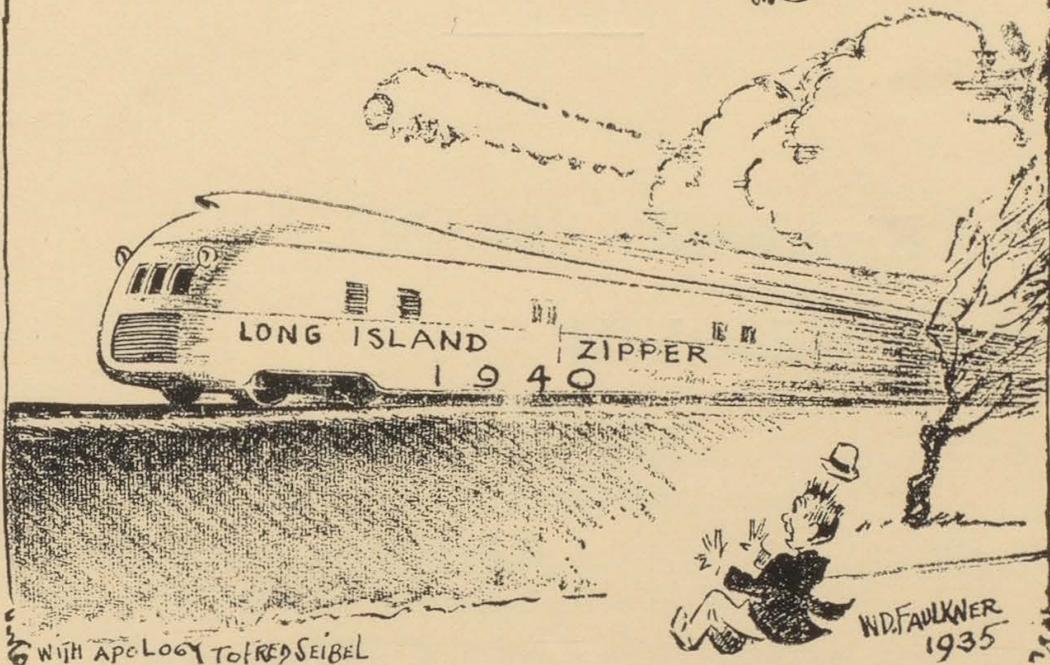
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Opposite Riverhead Theatre

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WILLOW HILL GARAGE
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Wave \$10.00
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Lawn Mowers Reconditioned
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Commencement Announcements,
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Stationer to the Senior Class of
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Quality and Service
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Call 59 Southold

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X-RAY FITTING
TENNENBERG'S
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A
FRIEND

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