

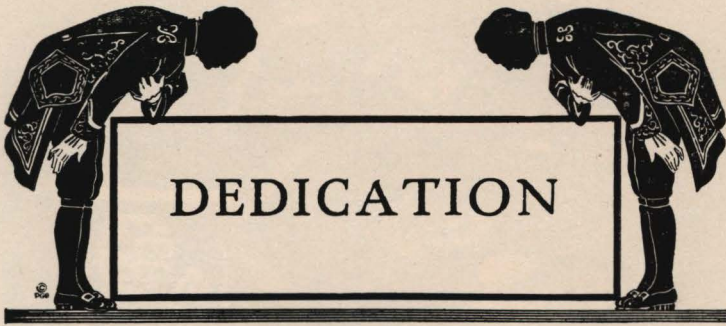
MHS

SEARCHLIGHT

1923

2015.1.39





TO OUR TEACHERS

Robert A. Hughes, Julia B. Sullivan, Adrienne C. Covert,
Margaret B. Jenkins and Ruth C. Tuthill

who have promoted all that is womanly and manly
in our school lives, we dedicate

THE SEARCHLIGHT



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication
Searchlight
Enter Pep
Our Standard
Salutatory Address
Washington Trip
Class Song
The Eternal Negative
Class Poem
Athletics—
Baseball
Basketball
Class History
Americanism
The Average Man
Class Prophecy
Our Motto
A Daring Escapade
Snickers
The Senior Scrap Book
Y. W. Conference
The Seniors
From the Senior Duffle Bag
Reply to School Superintendent
Junior Class
Sophomore Class
Freshman Class
Valedictory
Clubs—
Hiking Club
Tennis Club
Philatelic Association
Speakwell Club
Haymakers
Battle of Ballots
Poems
Close Ups and Long Shots
Alumni



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OUR STANDARD

What is a High School? Perhaps of mortar and brick, wood and stone? Has it life? Has it a soul? No, don't laugh, I mean what I say. Can a school have a soul? It can, and many have. Some do not, but their students are fast realizing the value of one and are working hard to gain it.

What is a school's soul? It is a school's spirit. It is a grim determination, a steadfast resolution of all her students to do their part for her in studies and in athletics. It means perfect cooperation among teachers and the scholars; it means "fair play" and sportsmanship in athletics. It means good scholastic standings; it means hard work and plenty of it. But it pays. A school with a "spirit" compared with one without is like a mannikin compared with a man. It can be gained and school life will be happier and more enjoyable with it.

School spirit will brighten gloomy halls and dusky school rooms with its glow. It will shine from the faces of the students, a promise of loyalty and love. It will arouse the interest of outsiders in the school. It will gain a school a reputation as a real, live-wire institution.

We, of Mattituck High, have that spirit. This magazine is one sign of it. Another is its good standings in studies. Another is our school's reputation in athletics. Let's keep up that spirit and all resolve: "We will do nothing to injure the school spirit of Mattituck High and do everything we can to add to and uphold it.

THE SEARCHLIGHT

We, the class of 1923 have named our magazine, "The Searchlight." A searchlight illuminates, searches out, throws light upon the subject.

In our case the subject is our school, Mattituck High School; its subjects, activities, accomplishments and incidents of humor. In this magazine, "The Searchlight," we have endeavored to put things clearly before the public, and especially our parents, that they may have a better understanding of the meaning of High School as it applies to their children socially, intellectually and morally.

ENTER PEP

Who doesn't know her? We mean the pep that belongs to M. H. S. Friends—she's the finest and best, the truest and most genuine, that's what she is and you do mighty well to know her. Those of us who can claim her as ours are most fortunate indeed.

Why of course everyone hears of pep every day—at any gathering whatever, at games and in school. But ever so many misuse that name by attributing it to a lot of noise and show. Our pep is made of finer "stuff" than the common chatter and applause, so in a few words we'll introduce her. Make way! Gang way! Here she comes! PEP, as we know her at M. H. S.

No, we won't boast or brag and say that we alone, in this modern age, have acquired her, as a result of our own efforts. Indeed not! Surely we must admit that she has lived and lived. She always was a vital part of the universe and always will be. No progress could be without her, no harmony or contentment, either. But listen folks, she's a product of evolution and we possess her, at her very best stage. Who now will say we aren't just the luckiest ever? Let's see her then.

Don't forget it's capital P-E-P. Rather small but with such meaning. She is composed of the very best kinds of ingredients. P—includes poise, bodily and mental. In appearance she is fine, wholesome and steady. She can think well for herself and can form her own opinions and express them most clearly—always willing to hear the "other fellow's" opinion and respect it, too. Very gladly she helps everyone when she can and gratefully receives help. E—is efficiency—the power to do things well. To do one's best is her policy. And the final letter P—is for power, a leader in everything, whether small or big. She can shoulder it with utmost responsibility.

Pep is such a busy person at M. H. S.. As soon as anyone enters our school she seizes them forcefully and with a tight grasp and in some rather mysterious way, becomes part of every one of us. Other (or outsiders) wonder what is this strong but powerful quality that we possess—always present—always manifest.

But we shall never tell!

Ancient History—

Teacher: Why don't you wash your face before you come to school? I can see what you had for your breakfast this morning.

Dirty Pupil: What was it?

Teacher: Eggs.

Dirty Pupil: Wrong. That was yesterday.



FACULTY

SALUTATORY ADDRESS

Dear friends, my classmates have conferred upon me the great honor of speaking the words that shall bid you welcome here tonight. I am very grateful to them for this mark of favor, but still, as I look around upon your faces, so much more clearly marked with the lines of wisdom and greater experience than ours may be for many years yet to come, I cannot but feel that the words of welcome should come from you. To be sure, you have demonstrated your interest in us by coming to listen indulgently to all that we may have to say during this one little hour of our lives, yet it is we who are passing out into your midst, we who are joining you in the largest school of progress outside these doors, we who are entering into your pursuits and your pleasures and becoming one with you in the social and business centers that make up active life. So much of our success, there will depend, too, upon the way in which you will receive us, and the spirit in which you respond to our enthusiasm. Is it not we, then, who should ask for the glad hand of welcome?

Is it not we who are the outsiders, seeking for admission to your association and favor? Is it not we, who, though we have now the privilege and pleasure of entertaining you for an hour at this turn of the road, must yet step forth and demand our show in all that has been yours for so long?

The garden of the world is a paradise of miracles and wonders that only those who have their inner sight wide open to the infinite mysteries of life may ever recognize. In every tiny seed is the eternal glory of creation; in every blossom, the promise of the greater possibility of which the fruit is the perfect fulfillment. For example I choose our class flower, the poppy. Someone has written: "A poppy seed, it lies in the hand, a grain of dust, motionless, unlovely, dead. Yet think what it holds. The cool grey-green of upward springing stalks and leaves, the compound color, studded with its hundreds of protecting hairs; and within, the exquisite shining silk of gorgeous petals—sunset-rose,—faint, misty white, bold, magnificent scarlet, all this in an atom of dust."

Tonight, we, as a class, are just pushing out from the tiny seed to grow upward into the perfect expression of maturer life. All these years we have been sheltered in the tiny sphere of the seedling, protected by the shell from the rougher elements of the soil and air, and played upon by every nourishing force that was necessary for our enfoldment. From infancy up we have been guarded and protected by fathers, mothers and teachers, our lives have been mapped out for us by the older, wiser minds; nothing has been neglected which should serve to make us wiser and better when our time should come to step out into the world and do our share to help our community, state and country. And now our hour has come, the hour when we must have the protection so generously given us and endeavor to prove our appre-

ciation by being really worth while citizens, neighbors and friends. Tonight, we must leave this old life behind us, and step forth as individuals, and we hope that our individual work will prove the fine quality of the training we have received from family and school.

It has been a safe, snug, happy season of growth to us,—this four years of our High School germination—wherein we have grown side by side and have felt ourselves very close of kin. It is a thought of no little sadness that from this hour of our outward sprouting we will grow widely apart in all our thoughts, feelings and desires, as each becomes transplanted to his own natural habitat, and takes root in the soil to which his own tastes and possibilities most essential assign him. It is there alone that each of us may produce his own perfect fruit. Here we have learned many lessons of life in God's universal garden—lessons that only a practical growing experience can prove. This then, is the hour of our transplanting, when we must test in other soils the theories we have gathered, and it is to this, the great moment of our first pushing forth into the full sunshine and air of life's infinite expression, that we are timidly shooting out these sprouts to give you greeting.

Then, while we do truly thank you most humbly for coming, and trust that you may have every cause to long remember with a thrill of pleasure, the associations of this hour, yet we feel that we must also ask your forbearance and sympathy and crave from each of you as we step forth into your midst, the warm handshake and cordial smile that will assure us of your joy in bidding us welcome.

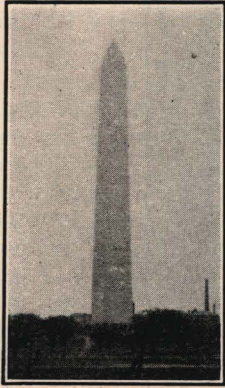
The United States of Prohibition

National Flower—Dandelion.
National Fruit—Raisin.
National Joke—18th Amendment.
National Industry—Home Brewing.
National Sport—Hootch Hunting.
National Pet—Cellar Hound.
National Holiday—Volstead Day.
National Anthem—The Old Oaken Bucket.

Try This on Your Piano

For when shes sad she sits all day,
And when she's glad she sighs all day,
She sighs and sits, and sits and sighs,
And sighs and sighs and sits.

THE WASHINGTON EXCURSION

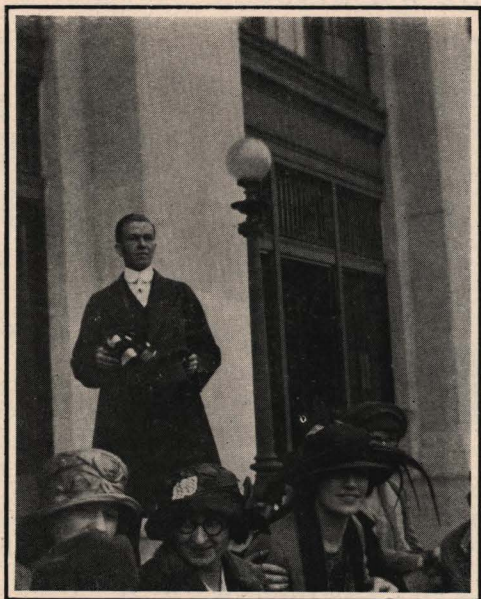


Monday, April 2—We left New York on the 10:10 Express for Washington. Arrived in Washington at 3:20. Nothing exciting happened except that we went without our dinner which was supposed to have been served on the train. Upon the arrival of the train at Union Station we were transferred by taxis to the Franklin Square Hotel. Dinner was served at six P. M. At eight o'clock we took the trolley to the Congressional Library.

Tuesday, April 3—We visited the Museum of Natural History where we saw a little of everything—motors, boats, guns, mining, relics of all wars, lace, jewelry, medals, tableware and fancy old-time clothes. Then we visited the National Museum where we saw how things grow and live. We returned, and on our way, saw the National Post Office, presided over by the Postmaster General. This is sometimes called “the dead letter office.” On our way back, we also saw statues of Pulaski, Franklin, Lafayette, and the monument dedicated to Sherman’s march to the sea. Saw the National Theatre, Treasury Department, Department of Justice, home of Uncle Joe Cannon, Washington Hotel and the New Willard Hotel, the finest in the city.

Had lunch and then prepared to set out for Mt. Vernon. Walked and walked to a trolley station where three trolleys were waiting for us to take us to Arlington. Saw the Arlington Amphitheater. It’s capacity is 30,000 persons. Every nation was represented at the funeral of the unknown soldier whose grave we saw. President Harding was the principle speaker at the funeral and was heard in London, Paris, and all other important cities by means of the radio. We also visited Alexandria and Mt. Vernon.

Wednesday, April 4—Wednesday morning we started from Franklin Square to the House of Representatives where we were given passes to the Capitol. We were met in the Capitol by a nice old man who led us around and showed us this wonderful building. First he took us to the central room where the dome is made on an inverted copper bowl 180 feet from the floor. The paintings around the wall illustrated the different ages in American history. Next he showed us the center of the Capitol and the center of the universe. All the girls stepped on the piece of marble designating the spot, but the boys only laughed, and after we had gone out they ran up quickly and stepped on it.



OUR LEADER, MR. HIGBIE

Then our guide led us to the well of the Capitol and as we approached it, the air was cooler, and there seemed to be water in it, but when we looked into it there was only an empty space. Walking through the halls, we passed the Senate clock which was still keeping time and had been for 120 years. Entering the President's room, we saw a chandelier which cost \$25,000, and the endless corridor which was formed by two large mirrors in each side of the room. Next, we sat in the House of Representatives and also in the Senate Chamber. Our guide pointed out to us the bronze staircase which cannot be duplicated because the mold has been destroyed. We passed the Gold Room and were shown two vases which cost \$5,000 a piece and were donated by France to America. From here we walked up the longest corridor in the world, 250 yards long. Our guide pointed out to us the statues of the three leading suffragettes. The Capitol is made of brown marble and the interior paintings are being done over by a New York artist named Whipple. As we passed out of the Capitol, we noticed the bronze doors which weigh ten tons each and cost \$28,500. For the remainder of the morning some of us went shopping, had lunch at Franklin Square, and in the afternoon we went to the new Navy Building which has 47 acres of floor space and where we met Teddy Roosevelt. From there we walked over to the monument, and Eunice, Lib, Anna, Stanley, Dick, Ada.

Dorothy and Alice "walked" up the Washington Monument, the rest being too lazy to try it. The monument is 555 feet high and 990 steps and it was some jaunt! We came down in the elevator. In the evening we went to Keith's vaudeville show.

Thursday, April 5—At 8:30 we left the hotel in sight-seeing busses and went on a tour of the city. The principal public buildings and homes of prominent people, the many foreign embassies and places of historic interest were pointed out by a lecturer. We stopped at the Lincoln Memorial to Abraham Lincoln in Potomac Park. It is in the form of a great temple and is composed of four features, a statue of Lincoln, a memorial of his speech at Gettysburg, a memorial of his second inaugural address and a symbol of the Union of the United States. The most important feature is the statue of Lincoln, which is placed in the center of the memorial. The painting over the Gettysburg address represents emancipation of a race, the subordinate groups representing Civilization and Progress; the one over the inaugural address represents Reunion, and progress in the arts and sciences. The exterior colonade forms a symbol of the Union, each column representing a state—36 in all—for each state existing at the time of Lincoln's death. On the walls appearing above the colonade and supported at intervals by eagles, are 48 memorial festoons, one for each state existing at the present time. Then we met Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes. A guide pointed out the pictures of some of the most important Secretaries, such as John Hay, in this room.

Friday, April 6—At 8:30 our party went to the Botanical Garden. Here the government has under cultivation specimens of the rarest and most beautiful plants from all over the world. Forcing houses and a huge conservatory contain as fine a display as one may see in any part of the globe. From there we went to the Corcoran Gallery of Art. This is a magnificent structure of Georgia marble. It contains a large collection of paintings, sculptures and bronzes, works of the most eminent artists in the world. From here we walked to the new building of the Pan-American Union. It is a capitol within a capitol, for it is the headquarters of all the American Republics and was erected by these twenty-one governments on a pro-rata basis, assisted by Andrew Carnegie. Its architecture is Latin-American and it is famed for the beauty of its patio or inside court yard, one of the most beautiful of its kind. It is beautifully ornamented by statuary and fine paintings. At 4 o'clock busses took the party from the hotel to the train for Philadelphia. Supper could be purchased on the train. Reached Philadelphia at 8 o'clock. Busses took the party to the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford.

Saturday, April 7—Saturday morning at 8:30 all who wished to go on the sight-seeing tour met in the lobby of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. Busses were waiting to take the party on a

complete tour of the city of "brotherly love" which is the 9th largest city in the world and has a population of 2,000,000 people. Our guide first pointed out to us City Hall. In front of City Hall stands the statue of William Penn. Next we visited Fair Mount Park, the second largest one in the world. It covers approximately 3,000 acres and is composed of the old Colonial estates of Robert Mottis, Benedict Arnold and William Penn's daughter. There are a number of statues in the park. Our tour ended at Independence Hall which we found very interesting. From there we went to the Curtis Publishing Co. For noon luncheon we met at Wannamaker's Department Store. We started from Bellevue-Stratford Hotel at 4 P. M. for Home Sweet Home. Needless to say we all had a grand time and would go back tomorrow if we had the chance.



ON THE CAPITOL STEPS

CLASS SONG

'Tis June, the month of roses,
Of golden, sunny hours,
Of liquid bird-notes calling
The month of sun and flowers;
And Nature's myriad voices
From field and stream repeat
The song our hearts are singing,
Commencement Day to greet.

Chorus—

Lift then your voices clear and strong!
Hope gilds the future's way;
Love lights the past we've known so long,
Hail to Commencement Day!

Right joyfully we hail thee,
O long expected day!
Yet there's a thrill of sadness
That will not pass away,
For autumn's golden weather
No more for us will tell
The hour of glad returning
To scenes we've loved so well.

No more the good old friendships,
No more the well known ways;
For us new paths must open,
New duties fill our days,
But time can never alter
Devotion tried and true,
And Mem'ry will make sweeter
The joys that here we knew.

So classmates, stand together,
As heartily we raise
One loyal song at parting
In Alma Mater's praise;
May Fortune smile upon her,
May men her name enthrone,
And we forever cherish
Her honor as our own.

Bill: (in Biology class) I don't believe in those tests, Miss Jenkins..

Miss Jenkins: Why not, William?

Bill: Because I tried every way to ring that bell on the bell-jar in one of those tests, and it wouldn't work.



GIRL SCOUTS OF MATTITUCK

THE ETERNAL NEGATIVE

It was not surprising that one of the boys involuntarily whistled, several stifled interjections, and the rest gaped rudely, when Grace Stranham appeared for the purpose of presenting her transfer from a Western school. To say that she was more beautiful than the average would be stating the fact, mildly indeed. Nervously, she pushed back a truant lock of her raven black hair and searchingly her deep blue eyes looked around her.

"May I show you the way to the office?" asked a young man hesitatingly.

"No thank you. I know where it is," was the low sweet-toned reply.

"Who'll take her to the Pavilion Opening? Oh, boy!" exclaimed an enthusiastic Junior after she had disappeared.

"Me!" shot back Tom Barton, who had the reputation of being the freshest fellow in the school.

"I'll have something to say about that," said Henry Pemberton, handsomest and most popular of them all.

"You fellows make me tired!" added Ned Thomas. "You know very well that somebody else expects to go with you. I feel that it is my opportunity."

"We all feel that way, Ned," corrected Chick Daley.

"Yes, yes," came from the others in a chorus—from all but Neal Liggett. His handsome features wore a sarcastic expression and the disdainful smile around his lips told that, he too, had determined that Miss Stranham would accompany him at the greatest event of the season. Well, might he feel so. Conceited, rich, influential, indulged to the limit, favored by all, he always had his own way in everything.

Days passed. The boys found it hard to meet the new girl but by using all manner of tricks and taking advantage of every opportunity they were successful. As might have been expected Tom Barton was the first to get acquainted and the first to ask her to go to the Opening. He never told what her answer was, but his slamming method of approaching a girl must have received a sharp jolt, for he was glum a whole day afterward—something remarkable about Tom.

Henry Pemberton had a careless way about him that many liked, but evidently it did not please Miss Stranham, for he too, was turned down. Ned Thomas and Chick Daley and most of the others had the same experience.

"Ever she says nay," laughed Chick. "I wonder how Liggett will come out. Sis says that he hasn't asked Molly at all and we all know that he has been thinking that she is about right. Sue is sore with both of them; says that Miss Grace is waiting for Neal, and so on. I wonder is she is right?"

"Perhaps," mused Pemberton mournfully. "But it has raised

the deuce. The rest of the girls are jealous of her and know that we have asked her first. They are all saying, "No," now. Regular epidemic of negation."

"We'll have to patch it up somehow. Can't go alone, you know." "Perhaps it will work out alright," was the rueful answer.

As the Opening drew near, the girls relented a little by saying that they would give the boys a final answer the day previous. However, no young lady had favored her usual escort, and although it was tacitly thought they would go, not one had given a definite affirmative answer.

Meanwhile, Miss Stranoham continued her refusals—several of the boys had been turned down, not once, but twice, even thrice. At the same time, Liggett held back. He waited in order to gratify his conceited vanity by as great a triumph as possible.

During this interval, the boys had a good joke on Barton. One morning, unknown to Miss Stranoham, he snapped her picture as she came up the school walk. After the film was developed all the pictures were good except that one on which there was nothing.

"The eternal feminine always wins out," joked Daley.

"The eternal negative," growled Tom. From that hour she was spoken of by that name. Some of them had previously dubbed her, "Miss No," and "Ne Pas Grace," but, "The Eternal Negative" suited their fancy better.

At last something happened that more than repaid them for their disappointments and made them, one and all, hilarious. When Liggett approached Miss Stranoham and assumed an air of right and positive assurance that she would go with him, he received the worst rebuff any of them had experienced.

Before their exultation had had time to ebb, the grand night was at hand, and with it the crowning surprise. How or why it came, nobody except the girl in question ever knew. A few hours previous Grace had seen Jack Deering on the street with his mother. The kindness and consideration he showed his parent did not escape the girl's notice. When he lifted his hat and coldly answered her recognition and then immediately gave his undivided attention to the frail old lady entering the car, Grace Stranoham had a different feeling toward Jack Deering. Somehow, as such things always happen, they saw each other again. Then it was that the conversation drifted toward the principle topic of the hour.

"Are you going to the new Pavilion Temple to-night?" she asked.

"It's like this," he replied. "I seldom go to entertainments and—and—the other fellows all have girls, so it makes it deucedly awkward going alone."

"Why, Jack, you haven't asked me," said the girl who at last was willing to forget the eternal negative.

By "NULLO."

CLASS POEM

Dear M. H. S. as we leave your halls
To enter the walls where duty calls,
We pause to look back for a moment or two—
O'er the wonderful days we have spent with you.
To all who have boosted up Mattituck School—
To the teachers who taught us the Golden Rule
We wish great success and ease in life,
While we struggle on thru the battle and strife.
We've wasted a great lot of valuable time
To do which, we did not think then, was a crime.
That is all that we have to regret—
Many lessons there learned we will never forget.
As into this great, wide world of care,
We enter, the struggle of others to share;
Looking back with pride and many a sigh,
Rendering all love and honor to Mattituck High.

A DARING ESCAPE

Cubby Fischer, our most daring and wildest adventuress, tells of the following harrowing incident which she experienced on a very cold day last September.

It seems that she was up in an observation balloon watching the races at the Riverhead fair. The balloon broke its moorings and blew away at a terrific rate. Soon it began to descend and fearing a crash, she threw over her ballast, which happened to be pails of water. Immediately the balloon rose to an enormous height and fearing that the altitude would freeze her fingers, she wanted to get down.

When she looked over the side she saw that the water, when thrown over, had formed a huge icicle, reaching from the balloon to the ground. Our daring heroine climbed out of the basket and slid down the icicle safely to the ground. Oh yes—she was indisposed for several days as the result of deep burns on her hands from sliding down the icicle.

Our Language—

“Did you call Edith up this morning?”

“Yes, but she wasn't down.”

“But why didn't you call her down?”

“Because she wasn't up.”

“Then call her up now and call her down for not being down when you called her up.”



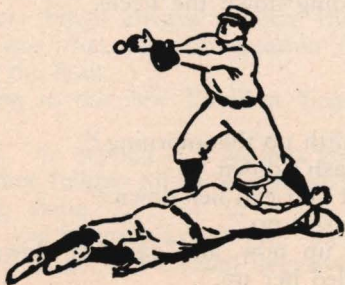
BASEBALL

Manager Roy Reeve's ball tossers made it two out of three from both Greenport and Southold. It has been difficult at times to get a team together. This has resulted in new faces on the diamond nearly every game. The general line-up has been:

Bassford, c; Cantelmi, ss. and p; "Doug" Tuthill, 1b; "Stan" Cox 2b; Gagen 3b and p; Ruland 1f; Gordon Cox and George Tyler, cf; Tandy, 2b and rf; Cooper substitute outfielder. "Slats" coached our team, and his many suggestions and interest are greatly appreciated.

We also wish to thank the public and Mr. Riley for the movie benefit "Quincy Adams Sawyer." The fifty dollars raised by this method went a long way toward making the sport a success.

The grammar school played some interesting games with Sound Avenue, Oregon, Jamesport, Southold and Greenport. The best game was a ten inning affair with Greenport. The visitors won five to four. However, Cybulski pitched an excellent game for us.



BASKETBALL

The M. H. S. Boy's Basket Ball Team won great laurels for its school this year, coming out ahead in many difficult games. The season started without much "pep" or glory but quite suddenly new stars come to the post and Mattituck had reason to be proud of its team. The team lived up to the saying "A poor beginning makes a good ending"—for each game seemed better than the last and the season ended in a burst of glory for everyone concerned.

The Mattituck line-up was as follows: H. Cantelmi, T. Gagen, "Doug" Tuthill, Bob Lindsay, Gordon Cox, Stanley Cox, and Wm. Tandy.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The M. H. S. girls did not make such a good showing this past season as in 1921-22. The girls were seldom able to have their entire team together which helped to keep the team weakened. The team has met with exceptionally good representatives from other high schools and has had a number of exciting contests. Every game has been backed by a cheering squad made up of students from all grades in the school. This helps to encourage and renew the spirit of the teams. The general line-up was:—

"Jo" Cooper—Right Forward

"Lib" Tuthill—Left Forward

"Prunes" Robinson—Center

"Porky" Kaelin—Right Guard.

"Cubby" Fischer—Left Guard.

"Milly" McNulty and "Coxie" were the regular subs for the year but many changes were made so that very few held the same positions throughout the season.

Elizabeth Tuthill and Eunice Robinson, who have starred in nearly every game since the girls' basket ball started in M. H. S., are departing this year which marks the end of the original team of 1919-'20. Here's wishing luck to the future team.

The scores were as follows:

Southold 2, Mattituck 7; at Mattituck.

Southold 17, Mattituck 12; at Southold.

Southold 2, Mattituck 4, at Mattituck.

Westhampton Beach 17, Mattituck 10; at Mattituck.

Westhampton Beach 17, Mattituck 8; at Westhampton Beach.

Greenport Town 3, Mattituck 15; at Greenport.

Greenport Town 10, Mattituck 16; at Mattituck.

Greenport High 5, Mattituck 1; at Greenport.

Greenport High 14, Mattituck 1; at Mattituck.

Easthampton 6, Mattituck 5; at Mattituck.

Easthampton 14, Mattituck 4; at Amagansett.

OTHER ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

We are now a member of the N. Y. State High School Athletic Association.

Mr. P. R. Tuthill of the Board of Education made an excellent address one morning after which he presented the basketball players with their monograms: Lillian Cox, "Jo" Cooper, Mildred McNulty, William Tandy and "Timmie" Gagen received letters this year.

As we go to press arrangements are being made for more baseball games and tennis matches.

"Now You Tell One."—

Roy: Did you know the American women are the most patriotic in the world?

Dick: No, why?

Roy: They symbolize their national anthem, "Oh say can you see."



OUTDOOR GIRLS



HIKING CLUB

CLASS HISTORY

It is with a feeling of great responsibility that we endeavor to write the history of the Class of 1923. To do justice to the brilliant record of this class is a great undertaking.

It seems but yesterday that we began our High School days, entering M. H. S. in 1919. We remained as Freshmen for one year and withstood with a good will the pranks and taunts of the other classes.

As Sophomores, of course, we felt our importance, and, smarting under the humiliation to which we had been subjected the year before, we joined with our sister classes in doing justice to the new Freshmen. We passed this stage, reflecting no dishonor on our predecessors, but bearing our honors thick upon us, as we entered a still higher stage known as the Junior Class.

Many of our original number had disappeared, only a few remaining to win the honors that were yet before us. This decrease in our number did not discourage us, but we went forward, led on by an insatiable desire to accomplish greater things. Our class was reduced to eleven in number, just one half of the number that began the Freshman year together. Nevertheless, we, eleven strong, took advantage of the opportunity to finish our High School career, even in spite of the crowded conditions. Perhaps if all students realized the value of a High School education they would finish the complete course and thus in time Mattituck would have its new High School.

At last the time came when we were to become Seniors. Having reached that goal, we do not look back upon the rounds of the ladder and scorn the base degrees by which we ascended. We can but look upon our lower classmates with a feeling of infinite compassion and sympathy. There is nothing like being a Senior; all the honors of the Sophomore and Junior fade into insignificance when compared with the triumphs of the dignified Seniors.

As we look back over the past four years, we find that our paths have not been without thorns; we have had our pains, our sorrows, our troubles, and our moments of despair. Yet, never faltering, never slackening, we fought on, feeling that our low aim, not failure is crime.

That our aim was high is shown by the determination with which we have labored; whether we have failed is left for you to judge.

The time has come, our future is calling, we must step out into the world and win success, so that our High School may

well be proud of her graduates. But, alas! filled with hope and joy, nevertheless our joy is mingled with sorrow as our High School career is ended. Our graduation has come and tomorrow we shall enter upon the duties of life in reality, for a voice is calling us, beckoning us away, and answering this call, may we go forth realizing the great responsibility resting upon us!

AMERICANISM AND THE TRUE AMERICAN

To be an American: What does this mean to us? We say that we are Americans, but, how many of us really know what it means to be an American?

We live in a land called America. We know that. We enjoy certain privileges and in turn we have a certain responsibility. For many years we have lived on, enjoying the rights of citizenship in this country of ours, without much thought, without much sense of responsibility. We should have gone on indefinitely in the dormant state had we not been plunged into a Great War, one of whose far-reaching results have been to wake us up to a realization of our duties and responsibilities as an American, to make us weigh ourselves and our neighbors in the balance and to find with horror and surprise how many of us are wanting in some respect. The standard of the true American is high. We all want to measure up to it; we owe it to ourselves, our friends, our parents, our community, and above all, to our Nation. Again I ask, what does it mean to be an American?

To be an American means that we are of a new and distinct nationality. It means that we should develop a distinctive culture and civilization different from any other nation in the world. And the work of such a civilization will depend largely upon our determination to keep it our own. I do not mean that we should be unwilling to accept anything from other nations which could be useful in forming this civilization which we are to advance; but that these aids should be developed to our particular need and we should never be merely content to copy.

We must set a new and different standard—and ideal of Americanism. Every American has a standard to live up to himself and to judge his fellow citizens by. He realizes that he has many problems to solve. Let us glance briefly into one or two of these, such as the social problem, the problem of immigration and hyphenated Americanism.

Turning to the social side of the situation, a true American does not discriminate against any man because of his creed or his social position in life, or his occupation. A true American takes a man for what he is, and by that I mean—his moral worth, his standard of citizenship and his value to his country. No true

American puts a man high on the ladder of achievement simply because he has amassed a fortune so large that he is no longer able to see beyond the limits of its gold. Such a man cannot be a true citizen of any country because he has lost sight of the real things which belong to a good citizen.

I do not mean to say that all men of wealth have lost sight of the path that leads to good citizenship because this is far from true. A wealthy man who is willing to use some of the vast income for betterment of those less fortunate than himself may, for the advancement of progress become indispensable to his country.

In this vast country of ours, we have many types of people; and when we realize the number of people that have been rushing to this country in the past few years, in order to better their conditions of living, how could it be otherwise? These people are not Americans when they arrive, and some, I am grieved to say, prove by their conduct that they have no desire to be. And I say that we have no room for men who are willing to accept privileges offered by this wonderful land and in return take upon themselves no share of the responsibilities of citizenship. I say that the man who comes to this country and reaps the benefits of our Government, and of our progress, owes us a large measure of devotion and loyalty. I do not demand that he forget the land of his birth, but I do demand that he show loyalty and honor to the land of his adoption.

As Theodore Roosevelt has said, "There is no room in this country for hyphenated Americanism." When I refer to hyphenated Americans I do not refer to naturalized Americans. Some of the very best Americans in this land, as history points out, have been Americans born abroad. But a hyphenated American is not an American at all. This is just as true of the man who puts native before the hyphen as the man who puts German, Irish, English, or French before the hyphen. Americanism is a matter of the spirit and of the soul. Our allegiance must be purely to the United States. We must unsparingly condemn any man who holds any other allegiance. But if he is heartily and singly loyal to this Republic, then no matter where he was born, he is just as good an American as anyone else.

The one absolutely certain way of bringing this nation to ruin, of preventing all possibility of its continuing to be a nation at all, would be to permit it to become a tangle of squabbling nationalities, and an intricate knot of German Americans, Irish Americans, English Americans, Scandinavian Americans, or Italian Americans, each preserving his separate nationality, each at heart feeling more sympathy with Europeans of that nationality than with the citizens of the American Republic.

The men who do not become whole-hearted Americans, pledging themselves to support our Government under the Con-

stitution of the United States are hyphenated Americans and there ought to be no room for them in this country. The man who calls himself an American and yet shows by his actions that he is primarily the citizen of a foreign land, plays a thoroughly mischievous part, in the life of our body politic. He has no place here; and the sooner he returns to the land to which he feels his real heart allegiance, the better it will be for every good American. There is no such thing as a hyphenated American who is a good American. The only man who is a true American is the man who is an American and nothing else.

Therefore, if we would be good standard Americans, we must adhere to the high standard of Americanism and fulfill four elemental rules. First: A complete realization of our obligations to the Government which gives the glorious privileges set forth in its Constitution; Second: An increase in interest in our social standards and social loyalty; Third: A citizenship which acknowledges no flag except the flag of the United States and which emphatically repudiates all duality of national loyalty; Fourth: a removal of industrial and social unrest, aiming to secure every man his rights and to make every man understand that unless he in good faith performs his duties he is entitled to no right for Rights and Privileges go hand in hand with duty.

If we, as Americans, fulfill in some small measure these four great tasks which form in large part our standard of Americanism, we may lay claim to that most splendid title in all the world, that of "*A True American.*"

"THE AVERAGE MAN"

"He is neither pauper nor prince, nor serf nor moneyed-king, nor saint, nor sinner, nor any such thing. For every fault he has a virtue, for every failure an abiding faith in better things. and my hat is off to the honest-to-goodness average man!" Thus spoke Jimmy Norwood the hero of the play given by M. H. S., November 24, 1922. In brief, this was the theme of the popular Parker production that filled Library Hall the date mentioned.

There were five acts and three different scenes. The play started in the living room of Grandfather Slayton's home, down on the farm. From there it shifted to a modern business office in Chicago and then back again to the old homestead.

The players were pleased with the many remarks of commendation. Especially gratifying was it to know that the whole cast was well-balanced and to each one an equal share of the credit was given. Thirteen of our young people took part. Josephine Bergen made a model farmer's wife and mother. "Drew" Kirkup and Viola Hallock brought forth many a ripple

of laughter by their humorous roles, as did "Lib" Tuthill, the up-to-the-minute secretary. "Stan" Cox was an ideal war hero and Madelyn Sonntag vied with him as the heroine. "Bill" Tandy acted as a typical city physician and "Tip" Gildersleeve made an excellent farm manager. Luther Cox handled the old man's part with pleasing ability. The rest of the group comprised one of the prettiest family scenes presented on the local stage for some time. Roy Reeve, Mae Reeve, Dorothy Brown and "Cubby" Fischer were highly praised for their acting of the rich Norwood family.

Besides being a success from a thespian standpoint, the event was not a failure socially or financially. About five hundred people were present, the majority of whom remained for the merry making and dancing that followed. The entertainment netted forty-six cents over two hundred dollars. All these results speak better than words for the work of our English teacher, Miss Covert, who directed the young people.



CAST OF "THE AVERAGE MAN"

Miss Covert: (on reviewing an English composition) I think I saw a Mr. without a dot after it, somewhere in here.

Arnold: It's not always Dot's.

Miss Marvin: (in History class) How did Robert Peary know when he reached the North Pole?

Winifred M.: Because he saw Santa Claus.



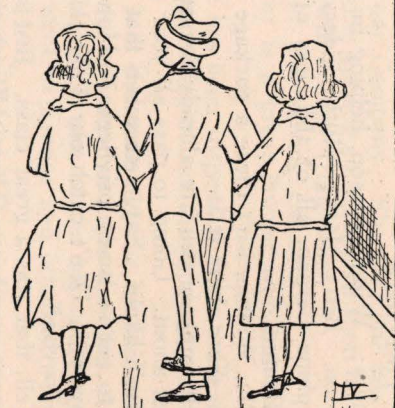
FIVE BOYS ARE CHOSEN TO PICK OUT THE PRETTIEST GIRL ABOVE IS THE RESULT



SOME CAKE!!
(MISS JENKINS BIRTHDAY)



HAY MAKERS
SELLING TAGS



CUBBY AND DOROTHY LOST IN
WASHINGTON



ROY ON WAY TO CLASS



11:30

est

CLASS PROPHECY

Time: After school, the last week before Regents in June.

Date: 1930.

Place: Post Office.

Characters: Winnie Mason, helping in the post office—Eunice Robinson. Betty Marks—Ruth Gildersleeve. Bonnie Holland—Josephine Bergen, all of the class of 1930.

Enter Bonnie.

B—Hello, Winnie, isn't there a package there for me?

Winnie—Sure, here it is.

B—Well, suppose you are already for graduation?

W—Just about. Going to pass all your Regents?

B—It isn't likely. Say, remember that class of 1923, how they used to get so many privileges? How did they get away with it, anyway? Don't catch our 1930 class getting any such privileges, do you?

W—Well, that was a great class. Just see what has become of its different members. There's Elizabeth Tuthill, the happy wife of Gordon Cox, owner of a prosperous moving picture house in Babylon.

B—Yes, and look at Mae Reeve, a renowned pianist on a concert tour to all large cities on the globe. When I heard from her last she was in Paris and had just lost her contract because she played on a "TinnY" piano.

W—Yes, and I also read that her brother, Roy, is now a dignified senator and has made himself famous for trying to do away with speed laws.

B—I should think he would want to for you know we saw him sliding around a corner on two wheels when we were in Washington. Didn't we have a great time then?

W—I should say as much. Say, is Ada Bergen still a respectable school mistress?

B—I should say not, you are way behind the times. She suddenly developed startling abilities in tripping the light fantastic and is now a celebrated vaudeville queen.

W—Another one, I read a card today from "Dick" Bassford to his loving wife, Esther. You remember her, don't you?

B—Yeah.

W—He was shipping home some new improvements for his prosperous laundry at Manor Hill.

B—And there's Dick's sister-in-law, Ruth Gildersleeve, a graduate nurse, as faithful as the day is long. Last week one of her patients was seriously ill and died because nurse Ruth had gone off to a dance. You see, they were having "Ladie's Night" in Mattituck, so you really can't blame her.

Enter Betty Marks.

Betty—Hello, girls. Gossiping?

B & W—Yes, don't you want to join us?

By—Sure, what's it all about?

B—Oh, just hashing over that wonderful class of '23. Do you know anything about "Dot" Brown?

By—Sure, I had a letter from her the other day; she's singing for the Chicago Uproar Company. She says she has a packed house every night and is coming to Mattituck soon on a tour. I bet Floyd and Cecil will occupy front seats.

W—Say, is Arthur still raising chickens?

B—Oh, no, Arthur is a great lawyer who has been widely sought after.

By—Yeah, but he has been suspended from court indefinitely for absent-mindedly appearing before the judge in a striking blue Jersey.

W—I wonder if it is the same old one he used to wear.

By—And there's the only teacher from the class, Anna Lutz, and she's teaching French in one of the big colleges.

B—Oh, yes, she went to France and obtained a fine accent, but she began in M. H. S.

W—Here's a magazine with "Jo" Bergen's name on the cover.

By—Oh, let's see what she has written about.

W—It says it is her best article and the title is, "The Need of a High School Education."

B—Well girls, I've got to be going—Coming my way, Betty?

By—Sure.

By and B—'Bye, Winnie.

W—So long. (Exit)

By—Say, there's one of that class we haven't mentioned yet and that's Eunice Robinson.

B—Oh yes. I heard that invitations are out for her wedding.

By—Who is she going to marry?

B—Oh, some peachy looking fellow from California, whom she met when she was touring the United States.

Some new information about literature—

The most cheerful author—Samuel Smiles.

The noisiest author—Howells.

The tallest author—Longfellow.

The most flowery author—Hawthorne.

The most amusing author—Thomas Tickell.

The holiest author—Pope.

The happiest author—Gay.

The most fiery author—Burns.

The most talkative author—Chatterton.

The most distressed author—Akenside.

OUR MOTTO

T is for Tuthill, who is so fair,
H is for Heaven, we're all going there (?)
E is for Eunice who rides so fast,

E is for English, soon a thing of the past,
N is for News, enough we can find,
D is for Dorothy who is never left behind.

C is for our Colors, Red and White,
R is for Richard, we'll say he's allright,
O is for night Owls, many have we,
W is for home Work, of which we'll soon be free,
N is for Noise that the Freshies make,
S is for Seniors who keep all awake,

T is for Trouble that Arthur likes so well,
H is for History in which Jo excels.
E is for Energy, that helps Mae along,

W is for Will power, Ada's is so strong,
O is for Orator, Roy's our best,
R is for Ruth, who with brains is blessed,
K is for Knowledge received in M. H. S.

A. G. L.

SNICKERS

(Sign in Washington) A cup of coffee and a roll downstairs for \$.15.

We had so much soup for dinner at the Franklin Square Hotel that finally Alice remarked, "I've eaten so much soup that every time I swallow a piece of bread I can hear it splash."

Coming from Congressional Library we stood waiting for a 14th Street trolley. All the trolleys that came along were Takoma's. Finally Dick said, "I don't want a Takoma (take home a) trolley."

The boys had a pleasant surprise one morning in Washington, while staying at the Franklin Square Hotel, when they received a telephone call from the manager (as they thought) telling them there was entirely too much noise in their room. Imagine their surprise when the girls across the hall told them that they had done the telephoning.

FROM THE SENIOR SCRAP BOOK

Page 11—section 42—Topic, "Behavior."

The Juniors must set an example for the rest of the students but whatever you do, don't think you have required enough of this. That would never do!

Page 13—Subject, "Dignity."

Of course we realize that when we leave, the dignity and the entire pep of the school goes with us, but we leave it to you to substitute in our places as best you can.

Page 23—section 92—"President's Page."

Kim, now that you have become a Senior you will find it necessary to abandon those frivolous actions.

On the last page will be found a section entitled, "Who's Who." Josephine Cooper will find that "Bobbed Hair" does not become a Senior.

Viola will discover that it is not necessary to buy hairnets unless you have something to fence in. Why wear them then? Bill W. will see a new recipe for cocoa. It's a good one and we advise you to read it.

Edith read the topic on, "Advice to Flirts." Join in the activities of the class and if you go to Washington please don't try to flirt.

Alois will find that it is always best to watch the speedometer when driving a car.

Dot. Hand must read the page on, "Coue." Try his method and say, "Day by day in every way my cheeks are getting paler and paler."

Page 113—Footnote. Arnold will see that he simply must stop ending his sentences in X's.

THE Y. W. CONFERENCE

Of course we have to be in everything! Mattituck High! Well, I guess! You bet we are there every time with our "old pep" and backing.

And didn't we start with "full blast" though, when we went to the Suffolk County Y. W. Conference held November 3 and 4, at Southampton? We hope to do the honors next year. And we will for we sincerely mean to. Though small in number, we appear in the foreground every time.

We always can rely on our school to back us in every undertaking. Ruth Gildersleeve and Alice Fischer were elected as delegates from the High School, and the Girl Scouts sent "Jo" Cooper and Mabel Butterworth. A good selection, indeed. The delegates were not only to represent our school, but were to

bring back something of what they got from the Conference. They did it nobly well, we think.

It was a long-drawn-out affair, but was real quick and to the point. Such enthusiasm and pep, such fun from the very beginning to the end. Good feeling and fellowship, of course, reigned supreme.

Probably the part of the Conference remembered best is the Banquet. We wonder why? Well, you should have been there. Every school in Suffolk County had at least two delegates—and each school was in costume to represent some country. That you know, signified Y. W. “for all.” A very hearty feast was immensely enjoyed. As might be expected at such a gathering, there was plenty of singing, cheering, etc. Of the entire delegation, four were requested to give toasts. Glad to say “Cubby” was among the chosen and she performed the task cleverly.

Saturday morning we heard from the different schools. A delegate from each school had to give a few minutes talk on, “What her school is proud of.” Well, it took Ruth to do that. Now, we may be small, but oh my! Well, they did “sit up” and take notice.

Some splendid speakers added considerably to the success of the Conference. We met some fine people and made a host of friends but we did wish that every girl from our school could have been there. But let’s cheer up—there are many more Conferences to come.

CONFUSION

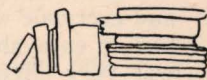
I was sitting in the kitchen and saw the “kitchen sink.” Then I asked, “Why did the salt shaker?” He solemnly replied, “Because he saw the apron holder.” Then the stove got hot and the potatoes were boiling over in confusion. Just then I saw a “house fly” after the water which was still running, after which I saw a “cow slip” under the house. I became so excited and I started just in time to see the “door-step.” As I turned to walk up the street, I saw the “stone walk.”

Mr. Hughes was going to make a speech in the Easthampton High School. On the way his train came to a halt and was compelled to return to Riverhead because part of the tracks had been destroyed as a result of a bad storm. He sent the following telegram to Easthampton:

“Wash out on the line. Will be detained.”

R. A. Hughes

In return he received the following:
“Come ahead, we’ll loan you a shirt.”



THE SENIORS

Mae Reeve *President*
 Elizabeth Tuthill *Vice President, Poet*
 Anna Lutz *Secretary-Treasurer, Historian*
 Josephine Bergen Ruth Gildersleeve Ada Bergen
 Richard Bassford
 Arthur Penny *Valedictorian*
 Dorothy Brown *Salutatorian*
 Eunice Robinson *Prophet*
 Roy Reeve *Essayist*

Class Motto:—*Finis cpus coronat.*
 Class Flower:—*Belgian Poppy.*
 Class Colors:—*Red and White.*



1922—*Important Dates*—1923

October 5, Cake sale held in the Chapel—netted \$15.00.
 October 11, Invitation Dance.

The Senior Class Dance, which was held in Library Hall, was

indeed a success, especially socially. The affair was well attended and everyone who was present, as far as we know, claims to have had an enjoyable evening. The lighting and trimming of the hall was very effective. The stage, by its trimming represented a small forest of pines and cedars. The moon behind the trees threw its rays on the dance floor, which had been waxed especially for the occasion. The chaperones' nook was pretty with its comfortable chairs, and the table with its lighted lamps and vase of fresh flowers was delightful. The Seniors' cozy corner was fitted up with a wicker suite of furniture. The third corner was furnished with mahogany. Bright flowers in artistic vases adorned all the radiators, tables, and the piano. The Seniors' banner of red and white looked its best near the footlights. The Juniors', Sophomores' and Freshmens' banners were also put up in honor of the occasion.

October 8-30—Sold lemonade at \$.02 a cup.

October 15-March 30—Sold cocoa and candy. Receipts—\$75.00.

October 30—Hollowe'en Party in the gymnasium. Receipts \$22.00.

It was appropriately trimmed for the occasion in orange and black. Each corner was filled with cornstalks and pumpkins, while from the ceiling large branches of autumn leaves hung low. The party was made merry by games, dancing, and the fortune telling of the witch. Good eats capped the climax.

November 24—School play, "The Average Man," given by members of the High School.

January 11, dinner served cafeteria style in the main corridor of the school. Menu consisted of meat loaf, creamed potatoes, pickles, gelatine 'a la fruit, pie, rolls and cocoa.

March 2, Cake Sale at Goodwin's meat market. Netted \$12.00.

March 17, St. Patrick's Party in the gymnasium. Everything therein was green. The main feature was the excellent exhibition of jigging by Cyril McCaffery. St. Patrick's green and red costume added much to the attractiveness of the room.

April 2-7, Washington Excursion.

May 12th, Flower Sale—carnations, geraniums, and many varieties of hot-house and wild flowers were sold. This was especially appropriate on account of Mother's Day the following Sunday. Profits \$12.00.

Jun 4, The Scouts gave a party in honor of the three Seniors, Ruth Gildersleeve, Josephine Bergen and Mae Reeve. Each Senior received appropriate gifts and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Speaking of a fruit. —

Sometimes a fellow makes a date with a peach he believes will turn out to be the apple of his eye, but eventually she proves a lemon that no sensible chap would care a fig for.

FROM THE SENIOR DUFFLE BAG

As we Seniors are about to pack our "Duffle Bag" and leave M. H. S., we are bothered about finding room for all of our belongings, so we have decided to leave certain things to you.

FIRST: We leave a barrel of success and a bag of good wishes to our esteemed principal, Mr. Hughes.

ITEM: To the Juniors we leave a crate of dignity, good behavior and our set of dilapidated books (due to intense study).

ITEM: To the Sophs, a large bottle of "Barker's Giggling Cure."

ITEM: To the Freshies, our motto plate entitled, "A Little Less Jazz."

ITEM: To the Board of Education, a book, "Much Less Trouble."

To Kathryn, an alarm clock.

To Alois, a life insurance policy in case he rides with Arthur.

To Viola, a large box of "Cody's" powder.

To Dorothy, the Tennis Championship.

To Edith, a good set of brakes for her car in case of speeding.

To Bill, a frankfurter roaster.

To Arnold, a large bag of salt.

You will find a copy of our old will in James Rambo's office in which we have bequeathed to you a large number of odds and ends.

PRESIDENT'S REPLY

Friends, Classmates, Mr. Matthews:—I, the President of the Class of 1923, of the Mattituck High School, having been honored by my class by being chosen to be their president, do take this occasion to say unto you in their behalf, these last few words.

Much has been said tonight of our past life at school, and I feel that there is nothing more to be added to the words that have been spoken; much has likewise been prophesied for the future, and of that too, I do not think I have much more to say. There only remain the last few words, which are hardest of all to frame. They mean so much and yet express so little when put into speech.

When we first entered this high school, we were somewhat immature, and we had been accustomed to think of ourselves as children, or at most, very young boys and girls. So much has been done for us since we came, and so much have we been taught to do for ourselves, that we are leaving this school tonight, feeling ourselves finished men and women, ready to take our places among the citizens of the larger world. So much have we

grown up in these four years; and all this development have we to be thankful for to those who had our instruction in hand.

Then it is indeed well that we reflect with great gratitude upon the benefits that we have derived from our work here, and upon the pains that have been taken with our training by each and everyone who has been appointed to do the task. Be sure, dear teachers, that we feel more deeply than we are able to express. And you, too, dear parents and friends, must feel the same assurance, that we realize the large part that you have played in making this a possibility, and that we are none the less grateful because our words seem so pitifully few and weak.

Classmates, in conferring this honor upon me, you made me your debtor, and I have tried to make adequate return for the favor by saying to these friends tonight all that I felt sure you would each desire to have said. I felt as I took my place tonight, something of the inspiration of words like those of Lord Nelson, "Nineteen twenty-three today expects every member to do his duty!" and I realized how much you would expect of me—your president.

Tonight, to all appearances, we have reached the end. We have come to the jumping-off place,—to the leap in the dark. But even as we reach it we glimpse a vision of the future and see that it is the end, but the first end, rather than the last; the Commencement of a more real and complete life. Therefore, Classmates, why are we sad? Why are we not glad and grateful for the larger opportunities for activity thus thrown open to us for the first time? And even when we speak of separation we only voice a weak sentiment that we accept because we have heard so many others give it expression, not stopping to analyse, and to see that it really has nothing of truth to support it. We are not to be separated. No, never, in any real sense of the word! We will always be banded together in the ties of kindred thought, purpose and spirit that are the only reunion—we may be sure that:—

"Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares."

And we feel ourselves still working together for one common purpose in the full assurance of "the tie that binds" all the congenial spirits together in the service of the common good. Our association will be sweeter than ever, our feeling of mutual sympathy and understanding more vital and complete. Feeling this in all its fullness, Classmates, I cannot with any sincerity bid you "Good-bye," but simply call to each and every one of you a cherry and triumphant "Good-night!"

Soph: How near were you to the right answer to the third question?

Freshie: Two seats away.



JUNIOR NOTES

Motto: Vires aquirit eundo. (It gains strength as it goes.)

Colors: Green and White.

Flower: Daisy.

Drink: Plain water.

Officers—

President: Kathryn Morrell.

Vice President: Josephine Cooper.

Secretary and Treasurer: Alois Lutz.

Message to the Seniors

We, the Junior Class of 1923, have decided not to follow the examples set by the dignified Seniors. They think they know it all, but comparing them to the Juniors, they don't know a thing.

When they come to realize that they don't know so much, here is some advice they can follow:

To Mae—Keep on with your piano lessons and maybe some day you will be able to pay for the Mattituck movies.

To Elizabeth—We are perfectly willing that you go to the movies here, but what puzzles us is, "What is the attraction up in the booth?"

To Jo—One day you told two Juniors that you could feel a black and blue spot on your head. Develop your sense of touch and some day you will be a teacher in the school for the blind.

To Eunice—Of course, it is none of our business what you do when you finish school, but please don't get married. (YET.)

To Ada—When you are at New Paltz taking your drawing lesson, don't draw too many pictures of the New Paltz boys.

To Anna—When you teach school don't treat the pupils as rough as you do your kid sister.

To Roy—When you are attending Temple send us a picture of yourself being the first to enter a lecture room.

To Dot—You want to be a teacher, don't you? Well then, do not write so many letters to that "Sheik" down in Georgetown University or———

To Dick—We think you would profit if you left the Mohaw-

kin Laundry and entered the firm of "Gildersleeve Sisters."

To Ruth—Drink at least two glasses of milk a day, and soon you will be big enough to train for a nurse.

To Arthur—At Military School, do not wear your uniform with as much dignity as you do your school clothes.

And now, we all wish you the best o' luck.



SOPHOMORE NOTES

Class Colors: Green and silver.

Motto: Climb though the rocks be rugged.

Flower: Lily of the Valley.

President.....Floyd Ruland.

Vice President.....Annamae Cox.

Alice Bergen

Ward Cox

Evelyn Cameron

Henry Cantelmi

Lillian Cox

Corwin Grathwohl

Russel Case

Janice Fanning

Dwight Reeve

Alice Fischer

Cecil Young

Anna Kaelin

Clarice King

Florence Klein

Mildred McNulty

Charis Tuthill

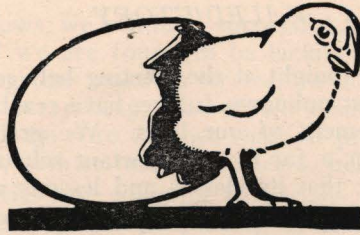
Our Sophomore class is slowly diminishing, many are leaving and seeking positions outside. Last year we numbered twenty-eight, this year only eighteen are survived. We hope these eighteen may stick out the four years and pull together.

Corwin talking to Floyd: Are you going to plant squash in your garden?

Floyd: No. My garden's so small the squash wouldn't have room to lie down in it.

Corwin: What are you planting?

Floyd: Asparagus, because I've standing room only.



FRESHMEN

Motto—We begin at the bottom and work up.

William Tandy, *President.*

Mabel Butterworth, *Vice-President.*

Malcolm Tuthill, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Arthur Woodward

Jerome Cox

Bernard Corrigan

Louise Raynor

Earle Wickham

Marion Gildersleeve

Elizabeth Duryea

Mary Dunn

Eunice Tyler

Rachael Wells

Harry Fleischman

Rosemary Kaelin

Henry Wickham

Thomas Gagen

POPULAR APHORISMS AT M. H. S.

Hot diggity dog!

That's quite cutish.

She's the berries!

Giddap Napoleon, we're headed for the alfalfa!

Raspberries!

My word!

Let's be different.

Gim mee, Gim mee, Gim mee!

That's the cat's meow!

Hot Tamale!

He's a dumb-bell.

You tell her, I stutter!

Alligator's footsteps.

Hey, Harry, set 'em up again, fix 'em spinickety!

Hey Slim!

Oh deah!

There are only a few days before Regents!

How did the Giants make out?

Miss Covert giving out spelling words gave the word "mucilage."

Russel Case—Won't "glue" do? It's a lot easier.

VALEDICTORY

We, who stand tonight at the meeting between a happy past and a promising but unknown future, have reached not the end, but the Commencement of our lives. We graduate from one school only to enter a far more important school, the school of life. We recognize that its classes and lessons will not be easy and that there will be numberless obstacles to overcome. Whether we fail or succeed in that school, whether we shall receive passing marks or marks too low, depends greatly upon the associations and habits formed during our High School days. We have worked hard; we have done our best; we have succeeded though, thus far, our successes have been small. The meaning of one word, a lesson far more useful than any chapter of Cicero or any proposition in geometry, has been taught and explained to us. That word, so simple in form and character, is service. It means that one should value the welfare of his fellowmen over his own personal ambitions and desires. It means that each individual should serve, should aid mankind in some way. It stands for a Dante, not for a Napoleon, for a Lincoln, not for an Alexander. We feel that word will guide and influence our lives through all the long years before us. We feel that in some way, no matter how small our share may be, our lives will be of some use to the world, and we hope that the world will be a little better for our existence.

A factory changes raw materials into something finished and useful, as a chair or an automobile. Care must be taken in the manufacture of an article, lest it should come forth an imperfect product. Good material must be used, skilled workmen and a capable foreman are also necessary. The lathe and other machines used in the manufacturing must be in perfect running order. Our High School in a way, is a factory. It turns out something far more valuable than chairs, or automobiles; it turns out human souls and human destinies. It turns out good American citizens, men and women true to their country and its ideals. It fashions from the children of today, the men and women of tomorrow. It trains boys and girls to take their part and share in the world's burdens. We pride ourselves on the fact that we have a fine factory, skilled workmen, and a capable foreman, and we hope, as fine raw material as there is in America. We should be good serviceable products, then, since skill, care and time have so liberally been spent on us. How does an automobile show its worth? By its service over bumpy, rough roads, under trying conditions. How shall we show our worth? By our service over the bumpy roads of life, strewn with seemingly immovable obstacles. If a car is of poor structure it soon comes to the scrap-heap. If it shows qualities of endurance, it gives long years of sterling service to its owner. So, if we are worthy and

useful to our fellows, we will have successful happy lives. If we are unworthy, if we are found to be lacking in those essential qualities which together make up service, we shall soon be thrown upon the human scrap-heap, that of worn-out souls and jaded ambitions. But I am sure that we shall all prove worthy. Certainly, we should, with so many agencies to help us.

Fifteen centuries ago, when the barbarians were over-running the Roman Empire and it seemed as if civilization would be crushed, there lived two famous men differing greatly in character and worth. One of these men was Simeon Stylitis, the other St. Benedict. In those days of turbulence and immorality, when there were so many temptations, so many of Satan's guiles to lead the pure soul into wickedness, that many men thought themselves remarkable if they merely resisted evil. In other words they were on the defensive, not the offensive, in the ever-lasting battle with the forces of Darkness. Simeon, the monk, was one of these men. On the other hand there was an ardent but much smaller group of men who believed in spreading the Gospel and the Truth. That is, they took the offensive against evil and were not content with merely resisting it. St. Benedict was the leader of this group.

Simeon, to avoid contact with the taint of earthly life and thus keep his soul pure, went apart from his fellowmen and did not communicate by speech with anyone for thirty years. Simeon, in a way, was selfish, he was afraid to oppose the forces of evil and risk his soul to save the souls of others. On the other hand, St. Benedict established Monasteries, converted the heathen barbarians, and brought many souls to Christ. He fought bravely against evil, risked his soul and was victorious. Simeon was like the third servant in the parable of the talents. He took his talent and hid it in the ground. His fellow servants bartered and traded with their money and increased it several times. They were like St. Benedict who took his soul and won other souls by risking his own. But Simeon hid his talent in solitude and perhaps received the same reward as the "slothful" servant. But what lesson should the contrast in the lives of these two great men teach us, fellow classmates, as we are about to step into the arena of life? It should teach us this: We must not stand apart upon the dignity of our own selfish conceit, but we must, as St. Benedict did, use our ability, our talents for the welfare and the advancement of mankind.

Dear Teachers: During four long years you have used your skill and wisdom to convert the raw material entrusted to your capable hands, into something useful and worthy, something American, and above all, something serviceable. We recognize how much you have done in your attempt to forge us into true, sincere American citizens. How you will have succeeded, of course, only the future can determine. But we thank you now,

for all that you have done for us, for long hours indeed, when there seemed little hope of return, and we trust that the years ahead may demonstrate to you that you were successful in your great task, that of turning out Americans.

We also owe thanks to our principal, who has constantly helped and cheered us on through periods when lessons seemed dry, and classes unbearable, and disappointments were many and crushing. We thank you Mr. Principal, for all that you have done and hope that you will recognize among the successful men and women of tomorrow, your pupils of today.

But to you, our parents and friends, we owe the greatest thanks of all. You have taught and encouraged us, not only through four years but all the past years of our lives. You expect great things of us, and we trust, too, that your expectations will not be disappointed.

Classmates, let us resolve that they shall not be disappointed. May the memory of our school life always be a bright imperishable flame and the constant desire to be of *service*, ever animate our hearts and minds towards greater and better ambitions. Let us remember Simeon and St. Benedict and profit by the lesson they taught. Let loyalty to our God, to our country and to our comrades be the controlling spirit of our future life. Let us serve to the best of our ability the true ideals and endeavors of life. Then in the future, we shall be able to look back over the course of our lives and feel that we justly merit that highest reward ever bestowed—the eonium: “Well done, thou good and faithful servant.”

Not Really—

Dot: Is he very bashful?

Ruth: When we went around the corners, he told me to hold on tight or I'd fall out.

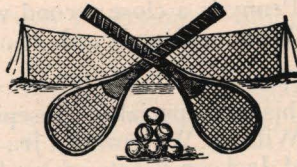
Father: What is your favorite hymn, daughter?

Lib: The one you chased over the wall last night.

We're Freshies as you have seen,
In number we're just seventeen,
To you our spirit we do show,
And to beat us, you will have to go!

Mr. Hughes in Commercial Geography class: What is the richest country in the world?

Timmie: (the witty student) Ireland, it's capital is always Dublin.



TENNIS AT M. H. S.

The High School Tennis Club is a very up-to-date organization and is skillfully managed.

The club was organized on March 22, 1923. At the first meeting officers were elected as follows:

William Woodward—President.

Dorothy Hand—Vice President.

Arthur Penny—Secretary and Treasurer.

The members at the present time are: Miss Covert, Mr. Hughes, Kathryn Morrell, Richard Bassford, Florence Klein, Arnold Jackson, Mildred McNulty, Dwight Reeve, Viola Hallock, Ward Cox, Charis Tuthill, Bernard Corrigan, Alice Fischer, Henry Cantelmi, and Henry Wickham.

At first the organization was handicapped for lack of funds. As a starter, a dinner was given at the school which netted \$9.00. Soon a cake sale was held at Mr. Goodwin's meat market which added \$14.00 to the treasury. Each member then paid an assessment of \$.50.

As the club grew it was decided that two courts instead of one would be necessary. By the increasing efforts of its members the club now has two fairly good courts. Tapes are used instead of lime which adds greatly to the comfort of the game.

MATTITUCK H. S. STAMP CLUB

Arthur Penny, *President*

Josephine Cooper, *Vice-President*

Arnold Jackson, *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

William Woodward, Jr. Dorothy Young

Arthur Woodward Cecil Young

Ward Cox Arthur Fanning

Harry Bader Joseph Sonntag

Dwight Reeve

JUNIOR MEMBERS

Russel Tyler

Laurence Reeve

Harold Reeve

Honorary Member, Mr. Hughes

Arnold Jackson has the most stamps with a collection of

about 2000. Arthur Penny is a close second with 1800. Dwight Reeve has 1500, and William Woodward, Jr., has 1200.

Each member has his own specialty. Joseph Sonntag is proud of his "Revenues." William Woodward, Jr., beats 'em all with his "Swedish," Arnold Jackson boasts of his "pre-canceled" and "Central Austrian," Arthur Penny leads in old "U. S."

Some people have the false idea that stamp collecting is a waste of time, of energy, and of money. This is not true. Every stamp bought represents just as good an investment as a U. S. Steel bond, or stock of the Edison Co. Stamps bought thirty years ago for a dime are worth as high as twenty dollars today. An example of this is the 5 cent U. S. issue bought thirty years ago for ten cents; now a good copy is worth twenty dollars. This represents an interest rate of several hundred per cent. Thus the collection of stamps is a real good investment, but philately it is an investment not only of money, but also of brains and good health. It arouses interest in geography, economics and commercial studies. It educates one just as much as any good book. It gives the mind a recreation which is valuable not only for recreation but also for mental discipline. It exerts a good influence over millions of America's Youth. Its value is attested to by many great men in all walks of life from kings to retired manufacturers.



EIGHTH GRADE SPEAKWELL CLUB

English
Pledge:

"We pledge allegiance to our flag,
And to the language for which it stands—
The English language
Which we pledge ourselves
To speak and write correctly
A little better each day."

Slogan—"Remember the Camel's Nose."

Purposes—To learn to speak good, clear, forcible English.
To appreciate English Literature.
To refrain from using slang or incorrect grammar.

Rules—Each member has to know and live up to our pledge.

To take part in weekly programmes willingly.
To do all in his power to check use of slang.

Members—Dorothy Young, Lois Gildersleeve, Marguerite Reeve, Bertha Bader, Winifred McCarthy, Adele Hamilton, Ruth Jackson, Alice Woodhull, Francis Muttit, Edna McNulty, Elsie Ambrust, Joseph Sonntag, Dorothy LeValley.

HISTORY

We, the Speakwell Club of the Mattituck High School, will now endeavor to relate, without boring you too much, our history during the school year of 1922-23.

We were all well pleased when this club was organized by our teacher, Miss Marvin, on September 21, 1922. After we had elected our name and pledge, we looked for a suitable slogan, as we felt that to be sort of a club, we would need one. We decided upon, "Remember the Camel's Nose," because the story of the Camel's Nose showed us so clearly the evil of slang or any bad habit when once a person allows even the "nose" to enter his life.

Here is the story of "The Camel's Nose:"

"Once in a shop a workman wrought,
With languid hand and listless thought,
When, through the open window space,
Behold! a camel thrust his face.

"My nose is cold," he meekly cried,
"Oh, let me warm it by thy side."
Since no denying word was said
In came the nose, in came the head.

As sure as sermon follows text
The long and scraggy neck came next,
And then, as falls the threatening storm
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast! the owner gazed around
And on the rude invader frowned,
Yet more astonished, heard him say,
"If thou art trouble, go away, for in this place I choose to stay."

We proposed that we meet every Tuesday from 9:45 to 10:20 in our class room. At these weekly meetings we elect officers for the next meeting, a chairman who conducts the meeting and secretary who takes the minutes of the different events. Then we give our little programme which might consist of any of the following: recitations, current events, declamations, safety first celebrations, acting as salesmen and trying to sell our wares, patriotic and Christmas plays and exercises.

At one of our meetings to celebrate Fire Prevention Day, we

had a mock trial, to judge who was most guilty of causing the fire. The criminals were the members of the club, representing our most common causes of fire through the carelessness of the people. These were: matches, gasoline, cigarettes, and oil lamps. We had a judge, two defending and prosecuting lawyers. The court decided that cigarettes were most guilty and the judge sentenced the guilty one to ten years of hard labor.

We first came before the public eye, when in October, we gave a Democracy programme in Assembly. This met with so much success that we had courage to keep up our good work. At Thanksgiving time we gave a suitable programme. To add to the Christmas celebration we dramatized three acts of "Dicken's" Christmas Carol. We enjoyed giving it and somehow we feel that we appreciate the story more since we have seen our fellow members in "Scrooge."

Our next public affair was the dramatization of an act from the play, "The Man Who Bore the Burden." This displayed so vividly the trials and troubles that beset Washington during the crisis of our country, that we feel that we understand more fully the greatness of Washington. This we repeated, by request, at patriotic exercises held at Cutchogue in honor of Valley Forge. We felt pleased and proud when two of our members were especially honored, Marguerite Reeve received a medal for best Eighth Grade essay and Bertha Bader honorable mention.

The cast of the play was as follows:

Time—1778, on New Year's Day.

Place—Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, 20 miles from Philadelphia. General Washington's Headquarters in camp of the Continental army.

Characters:

Lois Gildersleeve	Col. Hamilton
Ruth Jackson	Brigadier Gen. Wayne.
Alice Woodhull.....	Brigadier Gen. Poor
Dorothy Young	Major Gen. Lafayette
Edna McNulty	John Craig, a spy
Joseph Sonntag	General Washington
Marguerite Reeve	General Varnum
Bertha Bader.....	General McIntosh
Dorothy LeValley	General Charles Lee
Elsie Armbrust	First Orderly
Frances Muttit	Second Orderly
Adele Hamilton	Mrs. Hugh Ferguson

We have also been requested to repeat the play before the Daughters of the Revolution, during the summer vacation.

History:

We gave a humorous programme one day. Here are some of our best jokes:

Mother: (leaving Egyptian room in museum) What did you think of it, dear?

Dorothy: Well, it was alright but I don't see why there were so many mummies and no daddies.

One night Dorothy Young said to Dorothy LeValley: How will we get up in time to catch the train to-morrow? Says Dorothy L.—I'll tell you what, if you get up first you put a mark on the bedpost with this piece of chalk, and if I get up first, I'll rub it out.

There was a little boy who never liked to answer questions. He met a man who asked him what his father died of. The boy said that his father was in a restaurant eating horse-meat when someone said, "Whoa" and the meat stopped right in his throat and choked him to death.

What young lady should you avoid?
Miss Trust. (mistrust).

We intend to dramatize "The Man Without a Country" next, and hope our success will continue with us. We feel this Speakwell Club has been a success, for all it's members at each meeting did their part and had their fun, too especially in getting permission to "have the floor." We certainly trust, you who read our history, will enjoy yourselves fully as much as we have during this year.

Some Sophomores go to class to sleep while the Juniors go to talk. But the Seniors go because there isn't any other place to go.

I. O. U. (I know you do)

When am I going to get that five you owe me?
Oh, one of these days.
You have said that for a month.
It is quite safe with me.
Yes, it is!
Safer than a bank.
Why so?
You can get money out of a bank but you can't get any out of me!

Tut: Eunice, will you have a candy?
Eunice: No thanks, I have a mouthful already.
Tut: For goodness sake, where did you find such a big one?



HAYMAKERS

Arthur Johnson, *Chief Harvester.*
 Lucille Harrington, *Assistant Harvester*
 Walter Morton, *Keeper of Records.*

OTHER MEMBERS:

Angeline Duryea	Elmer Ruland
Anna Bakowski	Esther Penny
Arthur Cooper	Everett Perrine
Arthur Fanning	Frances Jones
Elizabeth Ruthinoski	Gladys Bergen
Helen Lutz	Harry Bader
Mary Edleman	Mary DePetris
Pauline Kaelin.	

Honorary Member, Mr. Hughes.

Motto: "Make hay while the sun shines."

Emblem: Sun Flower (It always holds up its head and turns an open face toward the light).

Purpose: "Do all the good you can in all the ways you can."

Achievements:

Raised \$90.10 for the Soldiers' Memorial Monument. When it is built we shall feel we have our reward, because we helped to build it.

Took part in the Memorial Day parade and did our bit to make it a success.

Produced a play entitled, "The Dangerous Microbe." Our object in this is, "First in Health, and first in happiness."

We are to have charge of the first assembly next school year.

Yell:

Hey, boys! Ho girls!
 Hi, lad! Hay, lass!
 Haymakers!

THE BATTLE OF BALLOTS

Said the skinny feller to the little fat man, "You can prove it by figures." "Not so," replied the little round chuckle head. "This High School election, for instance, is just for fun, and if the vote has sometimes gone wrong, it is allright. So grin and bear it; it will add to the jest. Listen, Bean-pole, here is the result, first, second and third choice:

<i>Office</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
Professional Cackler	Viola H.	Bill W.	Janice F.
Little Innocent Face	Arnold J.	Mae R.	Henry W.
Noted Debator	Arthur P.	Roy R.	Dick B.
Nuttiest Flapper	Clarice K.	Louise R.	Kathryn M.
Sky Scraper	Arthur P.	Dorothy B.	Charis T.
Loudest Girl	Clarice K.	Lib. T.	Dot. Brown
Loudest Boy	Roy R.	Bill T.	Floyd R.
Best Artist	Frank K.	Corwin G.	Dick B.
Best Cartoonist	Corwin G.	Cyril M.	Frank K.
Champion Hopper	Lib. T.	Arthur P.	Dick B.
Dapper Dan	Arnold J.	Floyd R.	Cyril M.
Belle	Mae R.	Lib. T.	Ada B.
Movie Fan	Arnold J.	Lib. T.	Malcolm T.
Best Natured	Jo. B.	Floyd R.	Cyril M.
Model Teacher	Miss Jenkins	Miss Covert	Miss Sullivan
Best One-hand Chauffeur	Arthur P.	Alois Lutz	Roy R.
Champion Highbrow	Bill T.	Kathryn M.	Dick B.
Best All-around Athlete	Thomas G.	Henry C.	
Best All-around Athlete	Lib. T.	Eunice R.	
Most Brilliant	Rachael W.	Arthur P.	Jo B.
Most Romantic Poet	Arthur P.	Dot Brown	Lib. D.
Hard Boiled Egg	Alois Lutz	Ada B.	Bill Tandy
Cuckoo	Everybody	Arthur P.	Clarice K.
Swear King	Roy Reeve	Bill Tandy	Harry F.
It	Bill Tandy	Florence K.	Charis T.
Bluff	Louise R.	Roy Reeve	Jerome C.
Most Notorious Cocoa			
Tank	Cyril M.	Arthur P.	Billy Drum
Sugar Plum	Kathryn M.	Mae Reeve	Viola H.
Uproar Singer	Dot Brown	Roy Reeve	Louise R.
Biggest Raspberry	Henry C.	Dick B.	Roy Reeve
Miss Prim	Edith H.	Dot H.	Lib. D.
Best User of Electric			
Curlers	Miss Jenkins	Louise R.	Eunice R.
Wild Cat	Louise R.	Clarice K.	Arthur P.
Star Gazer	Evelyn C.	Eunice R.	Ward Cox
Amateur Squirrel or			
Tree Climber	Arthur P.		

GET ON, OR GET OUT

There's many a man can do your job,
As good or better than you;
There's many a man to take your place,
And be glad of the offer, too.

If you want your job, get on with your job,
If not, it is up to you,
To quit now, and so make room
For a man more keen than you.

Get on with your job, or get out of your job!
Which are you going to do?
We can't waste time on slackers now,
So choose—it is up to you.

It's up to you to make of your job
The best success you can,
If you can't do that it is up to you
To give up to those who can.

For there's many a man to fit your job,
And be proud to have it, too,
If you want your job, get on with your job,
It is the sporting thing to do.

CLOSE-UPS AND LONG SHOTS

Perhaps some jokes are old
And should be on the shelf,
But if you know some better ones
Send in a few yourself.

Pat: If you went down the street and saw the Statue of Liberty walking around, what would you say?

Mike: Oh Boy! soused again.

What noise annoys an oyster?
A noisy noise annoys an oyster.

A young man had visited a young woman, and after his departure the mother of the girl said, "Ruth, did that fellow kiss you?" Ruth answered, "What do you think, mother, that he drove sixty miles to hear me sing?"

Arthur: I saw the doctor today. He says there is something the matter with my head.

Ada: You don't mean to say you paid a doctor to tell you that?

Kathryn was translating in French. Finally, Miss Sullivan interrupted her and said, Now Kathryn, if someone were holding your hand you wouldn't say, "I disengaged my hand, would you?" And Kathryn replied, "No, I'd leave it there."

Spencer: Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?

Eunice: But Spencer, how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?

Mr. Hughes: (severely) What will your father say about your low average?

Roy: When Dad sees that I'm down to zero, he'll warm me up, I guess.

Mr. Hughes (in Physics class): "Explain a Davey Safety lamp, Ruth."

Ruth: "A Davey safety lamp resembles a thermos bottle."

Bill W.: "Say, Mae, will you please stop your yawning?"

Mae: Why?

Bill: Because its cold enough in here already.

Miss Covert (To class): Your heads ought to be buried in your books.

Cecil: My book isn't deep enough.

Lib: Oh, I wish I had an old "Reporter."

Arnold: Wouldn't you rather have a young one?

Mistaken for an Actress

Kathryn appeared in French class one day without knowing her lesson. The other members of the class were having a test. Miss Sullivan told Kathryn she would give her a "make-up" some other day.

Mr. Hughes (to class): This period, remember, you must be careful of your lips because I'm in here.

Miss Covert: Not one of you will be given any liberties today.

Floyd: Give me liberty or give me death.

Miss Covert (sharply): Who said that?

Floyd: Patrick Henry.

One stormy day, Eunice had difficulty in finding her rubbers. Finally she exclaimed, "Say, if you find the wrong rubber which is the right one, it is mine."

Lib. T.: Wait a while and maybe it will be left.

One of our terrible tempered students in a fit of anger, broke the back of Ceasar, tore the appendix out of Cicero, and pulled the Tale of Two Cities.

Tut: I just got a big compliment.

Eunice: It must have been big to fit you.

Jo. Co.: What have you in the shape of automobile tires?

Clerk: Funeral wreaths, life preservers, doughnuts and sleeve elastics.

Patrick Henry was a brave man. He lived with his wife thirteen years, then he said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

Tried Anyway—

Bill: Miss Jenkins, may I speak to Thomas?

Miss Jenkins: How many times have I told you today that you couldn't speak to anyone?

Bill: Well, you told me once, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," so I thought I'd try it.

Miss Sullivan: (in Latin class) "What case do you put that word in?"

Charis Tuthill: "Suitcase."

Arthur Johnson to Miss Marvin: Which is the correct for the superlative degree, stuckest up, stuck upist, or up stuckest?

A SHAKESPEAREAN ROMANCE

1. Who were the lovers?
Romeo and Juliet.
2. What was her courtship like?
A Midsummer Night's Dream.
3. What was her answer to his proposal?
As You Like It.
4. At what time of the month were they married?
The Twelfth Night.
5. Of whom did he buy the ring?
The Merchant of Venice.
6. Who were the ushers at the wedding?
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
7. Who were the best man and maid of honor?
Anthony and Cleopatra.
8. Who gave the reception?
Merry Wives of Windsor.
9. In what kind of a place did they live after the marriage?
Hamlet.
10. What was her disposition like?
Tempest.
11. What was his chief occupation after marriage?
Taming of the Shrew.
12. What was the nature of their first quarrel?
Much Ado About Nothing.

13. What did their acquaintance say of their courtship and marriage?
Love's Labour Lost.
14. What would you say their marriage life resembled?
Comedy of Errors.
15. After their later reconciliation, what did their friends say?
All's Well That Ends Well.

POEMS

The "Seniors" stood on the railroad track,
 The train was going fast,
 The train went off the railroad track,
 For the "Seniors" to go pass.
 Old Father Hubbard went to the cubbard,
 To tickle his palate, that's all,
 In twenty-eight hours, a prayer and some flowers,
 Alas:—'Twas wood alcohol.
 The gas went to meter,
 The egg went to beater,
 The nutmeg went to grater,
 But alas! the radi-ator!
 Little words of wisdom,
 Little words of bluff,
 Makes the teacher tell us
 "I've heard about enough."

AND SHE WAS

They strolled in the twilight together, ..
 The Heavens were blossomed with stars,
 She paused for a moment in silence,
 As he lowered for her the bars,
 She cast her soft eyes upon him,
 But he spoke no loving vow,
 For he was a rustic laddie,
 And she was only a——Jersey cow.

MARY'S LITTLE COLD

Mary had a little cold,
 It started in her head,
 And everywhere that Mary went
 That cold was sure to spread.

Freshman: My! it is getting warm in here.
 Senior: Someone hum a little air.



Facts About Your Neighbors

OUR ALUMNI

President..... Anita McNulty
Vice President.....Gerald Beebe
Corresponding Secretary.....Alice Silkworth
Recording Secretary.....Jeanette Cooper
TreasurerClara Bond

William Wickham, '22, gave the Salutatory. He is attending Blair Academy, Blairstown, N. J.

Helen McNulty, '22, is a member of the Freshman class at Mt. St. Vincent-On-the-Hudson.

Jeanette Cooper, '22, gave the class poem. She is at present attending Cedar Crest College, Allentown, Pa.

Esther Gildersleeve, '22, is attending Southold Academy.

Elsie Brocker, '22, gave the Valedictory. She is now teaching at Wainscott, L. I.

Gordon Cox, '22, is in the employ of the Riley Bros. at their new theatre in Babylon, L. I.

Florence Tuthill, '22, expects to enter M. E. Hospital.

Douglas Tuthill, '22, is at present employed in the Atlantic and Pacific store at Mattituck, L. I.

Anna Nolan, '22, gave the class history. She has a position in the Surrogate's Court in Riverhead, N. Y.

Eugene Lindsay, '22, is now working on his father's farm on Bergen Avenue.

Alma Fanning, '22, has a position in the Surrogate's Court in Riverhead, N. Y.

David Bader, Jr., is working for Cedric Wickham.

Stanley Cox, '22, Temple University, Philadelphia, this September.

Charlotte Wickham, '22, is attending the Southold Academy.

Preston Tuthill, '22, is at present taking a Commercial Course in the Riverhead High School.

George Duryee, '21, is now attending Pratt's Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Kathleen Dunn, '21, is a member of the graduating class at Geneseo Normal School this year.

Vera Ruland, '21, gave the Salutatory, is at present residing at her home in Mattituck. She is teaching music.

Reba Hallock, '21, intends to enter Pratt's Institute this September.

Blair Young, '21, is now working his father's farm in Laurel. Norma Beebe, '21, gave the Valedictory. She is now attending Sargent's School, Mass.

Clara Bond, '21, is a clerk in the Post-Office at Mattituck. Mrs. Henry Case, formerly Miss Alice Wolfe, '21, is at present residing at Cutchogue.

James Dunn, '20, gave the Valedictory. He is now employed by Hallock & Luce, Jamesport.

Vivian Seymour, '20, is teaching in Central Islip.

Alice Silkworth, '20, has a position in the Mattituck Printing Office.

Mrs. Carl Vail, formerly Miss Inez Robinson, '20, gave the Salutatory. She is now residing at Peconic.

Anita McNulty, '20, is attending Mt. St. Vincent College.

Lyndon Tuthill, '20, is attending Dartmouth College.

Alice Case, '20, is a member of the graduating class at the M. E. Hospital, Brooklyn.

Gertrude Cooper, '20, is employed in the County Treasurer's office, Riverhead, N. Y.

Mrs. William Mason, formerly Miss Flora Binns, '19, gave the Salutatory. She resides in New Suffolk.

Hope Duryea, '19, is a trained nurse at the Methodist Episcopal Hospital, Brooklyn.

Millicent Tuthill, '19, gave the Valedictory. She is now teaching in Southampton.

Hazel G. Tuthill, '19, is a telephone operator in Brooklyn.

Sidney Tuthill, '18, is assisting his father in his business at Mattituck.

Hazel B. Tuthill, '18, is a member of the faculty at Franklin Square, Long Island.

Adelaide Satterly, '18, is a member of the graduating class of Connecticut College.

Harold Beebe, '18, has a position in the General Electric Co. at Schenectady. He graduated at Union College in the class of 1922.

Mrs. Cedric Luce, formerly Miss Clara Duryea, '18, resides in Sound Avenue, Long Island.

Frank Gagen, '18, is employed at the Country Club.

Elizabeth Cooper, '17, is the chief dietitian in the St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Gerald Beebe, '17, is farming in Cutchogue.

Doris Reeve, '17, is employed in the Mattituck Bank.
Andrew Kirkup, '17, is farming in Mattituck.
Gladys Horton, '17, is teaching in Cutchogue.
Robert Wasson, '17, is a mechanical engineer at Kalamazoo,
Michigan.
Katherine Gallagher, '16, is teaching in East Rockaway.
George Garvey, '16, is practicing law in New York.
Katherine Gibbons, '16, resides in Medford, Mass.
Lida Rafford, '16, is training for a nurse in the M. E. Hospital
in Brooklyn.
Kathryn Fleet, '15, resides in Cutchogue.
Mrs. Ralph Tuthill, formerly Miss Laura Fanning, '15, resides
in Cutchogue.
Gerard Terry, '15, has a position as an electrical engineer
in Connecticut.
Mrs. Byron Howard, formerly Miss Vivian Robinson, '15,
resides in Oregon.
Jesse Hawkins, '15, has a position as an electrician in Mat-
tituck.
Mrs. Elwood Reeve, formerly Miss Evelyn Kirkup, '15, re-
sides in Mattituck.
Leslie Smith, '14, has a position in Ohio.

Miss Sullivan: What right have you to swear before me in
class?

Bill: Oh, excuse me! How did I know that you wanted to
swear first?

A school magazine is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

Mildred: Did you hear about those negroes who went to a
funeral with pails?

Kim: No. What for?

Mildred: They went black buryin' (black berrying).
(Let us all laugh—ha, ha!)

Annamae: What would you think of anyone who went out
for a horseback ride on a rainy night two o'clock in the morning?

Alice Bergen: I'd think he was crazy. Why, who did it?

Annamae: Paul Revere.

Jo Bergen: Why don't you get up earlier? You know the
early bird catches the worm.

Kim: Yes, but look what happened to the worm for getting
up early.

A RISQUE RAKE

'Twas on a summer hay-ride
As we strolled about the land
That I softly called "sweetheart"
And held her little——raincoat.
As I held her little raincoat
We were going quite a pace,
I nestled close beside her
And moved closer to her——umbrella.
Closer to her umbrella
As she murmured little sighs
The mellow moonlight bathed us
As I peered into her——basket.
As I peered into her basket
The merry little miss,
Laughed in chaste confusion
As I boldly stole a——sandwich.

Mr. Hughes: (in Physics class) What is force?

Alois: (the smart stude) Breakfast food.

Electric light plants are said to grow from bulbs.

"I'd like to get something sharp," said the joke editor.

"Try sitting on a tack," was the advice.

Judge: I must charge you for murder.

Prisoner: Allright, how much do you want?

Ralph Cox: Would you like to have a pet monkey?

Ruth: Oh, this is so sudden!

Worthless—

Roy: (who has a headache) Will you give me something for my head?

Druggist: No! wouldn't take it as a gift.

Tut: What are you thinking of?

Gordon: The same thing you are.

Tut: I won't let you and if you try I'll slap your face.

Dot H: What must we do before our sins can be forgiven, Jo?

Jo: Sin.

Mr. Hughes: Anna, please give me a definition of physics.

Anna Lutz: A whole lot of stüff that I don't know anything about.

Miss Jenkins: Will you please answer the door, Harry?

Harry: I didn't hear it say anything.

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Keeps the whole assembly in perfect alignment, and enables each
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Frank C. Barker, President

Florence F. Morton, Clerk

Elmer D. Ruland, Treasurer

Philip R. Tuthill and Henry J. Reeve

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