

THE PINNACLE



The
PINNACLE
-1931-

THE PINNACLE

Foreword

Our aim has been in this, Guilford's first "year book," a production which will express something of the spirit for which our school is striving; an offering which you, our readers, will enjoy. In this spirit, we offer "The Pinnacle."

THE PINNACLE



In appreciation of his unswerving sympathy and co-operation, this book is respectfully dedicated to Alvah Spring, principal of Guilford Central School.

THE PINNACLE

Faculty



Bretch, Plumb, Harrison, Tripp, Holmes
Matteson, Nichols, Spring, Mazza

THE PINNACLE

Staff



Hutchinson, Marble, Ryan, Nichols, Pfeil, Hoffman, Place
Shapley, Keach, McPherson, Schlafer, Mellon, Crispel

Epicureanism

From the vernacular of today one might be led to suppose that the original and true meaning which the ancient Greek philosopher, Epicurus attached to his doctrine Epicureanism had become practically obsolete. However, this is but another instance in which the original acceptance has become perverted and its definition lost by the majority of people. Too often we fail to discriminate with words containing a certain subtlety behind their more obvious thought.

Epicurus has been regarded most unjustly and erroneously as teaching a doctrine of refined voluptuousness. He contended in his philosophy that the desire for pleasure; physical, mental or spiritual, determines all human actions. Pleasure can be easily misconstrued to mean indulgence but the words which are synonymous with it are felicity, happiness, contentment and peace of mind. It is a recognized fact that self-gratification and contentment cannot dwell in the same soul, yet some may speak of a pleasure-seeking person with derision.

Surely to seek happiness and contentment is almost a law of nature by itself though often disguised, but it has only been Epicurus and his followers who have perceived the underlying aim of all our endeavors. In religion we find spiritual pleasure; in books, plays and paintings, we seek mental enjoyment; in sports, dancing and all forms of exercise we strive for physical excellence and well-being. Music is probably the most universal delight of the world. Its melodies are plucked from the crudest instruments to charm the ears of even the most barbarous tribes. Could we refined and cultured deny its allure?

So in seeking the fine things of life we are wooing "Pleasure." Would you prefer to court "Severity," and finally grow so accustomed to her bigoted, drab, philosophies, her gloomy prognostications as to wed a dull and cheerless life? Is despair to be sought and contentment shunned?

Is a happy mind to be regarded sensual? I believe not. Merely because the tenets of Hedonism are similar on the surface to those of Epicurus is not an excuse for confusing the two. Even Aristippus, however irrational his doctrines were, did not completely lose sight of the necessity, even in seeking pleasure of considering the future in his teachings of Hedonism. Nevertheless, Epicurus laid much more stress upon considering the painful consequences of pleasures of the "moment" and emphasized the idea of choosing "productive" pleasures in their stead. "Pleasure" is the word which leads us astray in our conclusions as to the ethical qualities of his philosophies. But if one would balance pleasure and pain the result would be prudence.

Nor has the wisdom and logic of the true doctrine of Epicureanism lacked eminent followers. Among the Romans we find Horace, Atticus and Pliny the younger advocating and practicing the belief of Epicurus. The beautiful poem of Lucretius is probably the finest literary achievement in Epicureanism. Coming down to more modern times France has had many famous men professing his principles. Among them are Moliere, Saint-Evremond, Comte de Gramont, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, Rousseau, Fontenelle and Voltaire.

But to sum it up, the true Epicurean is one who enjoys in a reasonable way pleasure which life has to offer and can tender to the world from his own peace of mind and richness of outlook a philosophy of nobler, happier living. Their companionship should be sought and their ideals cultivated for though they live in the present, they do not lose sight of the future and thus their pleasures of today are tempered by the justice they reckon for tomorrow.

It has been wisely said that there are many who live in the past and many who live in the future but 'tis only the man who lives in the present who gets the most from life, yet it is folly to consider only the present and allow the past and future to have no bearing upon our actions

and refuse to recognize the inevitable consequences. This the Epicurean realizes and profits by.

Patricia McPherson '31.

We Thank You—

We, the staff on the Pinnacle, hereby endeavor to express our thanks and gratitude we feel towards those who have contributed in different ways to make our year book, the first in Guilford, a success.

To Mr. Spring, our principal, who suggested that we undertake the work and co-operated with us.

To Miss Nichols for her untiring labor and enthusiasm.

To Mrs. Marsh for her constructive work in advertising.

To our advertisers; to our photographer, Mr. Odenkirchen; to our engravers, The Rogers Engraving Co.; and to our printer, Mr. Lynn Earl, for the valuable aid each gave.

To our typists, Robert Evans, Lucile Ryan, Carmel Crispel, Paul Ryan, Florence Place and Esther Phillips for their work in typing our material.

And to the contributors for doing their best.

The Staff of The Pinnacle.

Football

Huge oval centered with green grass,
 Rows of gray seats that upward
 climb,
 Girls who huddle in varicolored mass,
 Skies that stretch as endless as
 time.
 Band, a blaze of orange glory,
 Cheerleaders with nonchalant
 stride,
 The team, heroes of our story,
 Swelling with might and manly
 pride.
 Whistles, referees, yells, and groans,
 Tangled heap and thrilling run,
 Suspense, prayers, and broken bones,
 Touch-down and roar of big gun
 Popcorn, peanuts, and ice cream pie,
 Hot dogs, cold feet and shoulders
 lame,
 Maybe stomach ache by and by,
 Football's such a glorious game.

THE PINNACLE



CLASSES



THE PINNACLE



HENRY SHAPLEY

"A blythe heart makes a
blooming visage."



DOROTHY FAGAN

"And she has grown so dear,
so dear."



LUCILE RYAN

She is not too tall
And she's not too thin;
She's just the girl for us
That's Lucile



PATRICIA McPHERSON

"She was divinely tall and
divinely fair."

Class Prophecy—1931

It was the witching hour of midnight, and the wind was biting shrewdly. Owing to a peculiar concatenation of circumstances, into the details of which I need not here enter, I was returning, unescorted, from an amateur concert, which, like all amateur affairs, had dragged its program more than an hour beyond the conventional closing time. I had alighted on a street corner to make the usual transfer from one car to another, and, of course, as another usual matter, there was no car in sight.

As I stepped upon the sidewalk, the wind came rushing down with the swiftness possessed only by the east wind, and seemed to tell my unprotected ears and cheeks a short, swift, story of icebergs on polar seas. A dark and open doorway loomed ahead of me, and toward this I steered as unerringly as a needle to the pole. Once inside the doorway, I was safe from the biting wind, and I leaned cosily against the plastered wall hardly caring whether my car came or not, so long as I was "comfy" in this safe retreat.

Suddenly I felt a glow enveloping my head, and opening my eyes, which I had closed in my momentary joy at finding a refuge from the wind, I saw that a soft, faint light illuminated the dark recess. I turned my head, and to my great astonishment and discomfort, though not fear, I saw a man standing behind me.

"Don't be alarmed," he exclaimed in courteous, well-modulated accents. "I was only trying my Prophoscope, and I perceive that you have something weighing heavily on your mind."

Before I could answer, I heard a faint click, the warm glow left my head and the soft light was withdrawn.

"Ah," I said in reply, "you have, indeed, discerned something of my troubles. When I tell you that I am the Prophetess of my class, whose graduating exercises come now within a few weeks, can you wonder that

my mind was disturbed?"

"Ah," went on the cultured voice, "then let me help you. Do you suppose that you could secure a proto of each member of the class, also the date of each birthday, during tomorrow forenoon?"

"Oh, I'm sure I can," was my prompt reply.

"Then let me come to your home tomorrow afternoon."

"Oh," I said, my tones trembling in spite of myself, "surely that will be too much trouble, for you see, I am only a student with a restricted income and have no way of paying you for your time and trouble."

"Oh," the voice went on, "do not mention pay, I am not approaching this matter from a commercial angle. I simply want to test my new invention, the Prophoscope. If I find that it should succeed in depicting the futures of the members of your class, then my fortune and fame are assured. Think how wonderful a successful machine of this kind must be, doing away entirely with all fortune telling, either by card shuffling, clairvoyance, or crystal gazing and charlatans of all kinds."

"True, true!" I exclaimed, fumbling in my pocket for my card which having found, I handed him. "I shall look for you tomorrow at 2 o'clock." "And now," I added, putting my head out the door, "there comes the car with the green light, and that is the one I must take."

The whole of the following morning was consumed in collecting photographs of my classmates, and in learning the date of each birthday, a long and arduous proceeding involving many calls and much telephoning. I began my task at eight o'clock in the morning and at exactly one o'clock, I returned to my home armed with all the necessary data. At two o'clock, my inventor showed up smiling and at once set to work. His procedure was without deviation throughout. At first, he figured on the date given with each photograph, then, he fastened his Prophoscope to the photo, placed his eyes at the peepholes in the machine, and reeled off rapidly the

events there visible to him. These visions, as he repeated them, I took down in shorthand, and now give to you in their transcribed form.

Miss McPherson who is conceded by everyone, to be excellent judge of applied art, will invent a new cosmetic, warranted to remove all blemishes from the face in fifteen minutes, giving it a clear and radiant hue and a glow of youthful health most charming to the eye.

After establishing depots for the sale of her wonderful beautifier in every city of the United States, she will visit the old world, be presented at court, and will soon amass a great fortune, for it's well known that all a woman hath she will give for her complexion.

Miss Fagan, who has been known throughout the school as a natural and skillful mixer of ribbons, straw and flowers will open, on the day following her graduation, a millinery shop under the trade name of the "Three Dollar Hat Shop, No Two Alike." Her shop will soon take its place as a "headliner."

Mr. Shapley, who has long been interested in the hydraulic portion of physics, will emigrate immediately after graduation to the "dry lands" of Idaho. Here he will try out his newly patented invention for bringing water out of the ground without either digging, drilling or driving pipe. The invention will prove a great success, and, as the method will be a very cheap one, involving a minimum outlay of both money and physical exertion, wells will be sunk all over the "drylands." As a natural result, the wide areas of sage brush will take on the aspect of the proverbial rose garden.

Where will I be? Oh, I will still be dreaming of the great amount of wealth I am going to amass, so that I may travel.

As this was the last of the collection, when the inventor pulled the photo out, he closed the Prophoscope with a click and rose from his chair.

"The revelations are all in," he said, with a smile, and in a few minutes he had bowed himself out, and I have not seen him since. As to

the truth of these revelations, Time, the great revealer, can alone answer that wonder.

Last Will and Testament of Class of 1931

We, the Class of 1931, of the High School of Guilford, County of Chesham and State of New York, having come to the end of a peaceful and undisturbed life, do hereby give, bequeath and devise all our worldly goods and possessions with all the appurtenances and hereditaments thereunto belonging.

First—Our well-known ability to see mountains where there are only mole-hills, to see live lions in the way when there are really stone images, we give and bequeath to the members of the community at large, whose favorite subject of conversation is "What I would do if I were a member of the Board of Education."

Second—To the two Juniors, we give and bequeath the back seats.

Third—To those leaving English 3 and entering English 4, we give and bequeath the pleasure and enjoyment derived from reading Burke's "Conciliation."

Fourth—To the faculty, we give and bequeath our educated intelligence that they may use it with profit upon our successors. The supreme art of the teacher is to awaken a spark of intelligence where it does not exist.

Hereunto, have we set our seal, knowing that all the provisions herein proclaimed are as unalterable and indissoluble as the famous laws of the Medes and the Persians.

(Signed) The Senior Class of 1931.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of May, 1931.

Lucille Ryan, Notary Public.

Fate

It was a wild but glorious day. Autumn reigned and the woods had taken on all their splendor. The sky was a generous riot of color, as I threaded my way through the beauti-

fully hued wilderness. The woods had a charm I could not resist. I passed by a lovely wild rose bush in hope of seeing some deer. Suddenly, on stepping out from behind the rose bush, I heard a low rumble or thumping and stamping to the west of me. On going closer, I beheld a scene that I never will forget. For, in a space about the size of a boxing ring or larger, the ground had been torn up by terrific stamping. The prints of small hoofs were shown by dark scored leaves had been strewn here and there in little piles. In the center of all this, stood two wild bucks engaged in a contest of strength and endurance for something more precious than life. But why, we ask ourselves, why are they fighting?

A little to one side stood a third deer. She had cleverly set a trap and the bucks had helplessly fallen into it. By this trick, she had decided the way to settle her fortune. She stood silently, with slender neck gracefully arched, waiting—waiting, as if on judgment day. At the present moment, her fate was trembling in the balance. The bucks had their antlers in a deadlock. Both deer were equally built. It was a primitive and realistic contest. For here, in front of me, unaware of my presence, the two were locked in battle over the third person that makes the eternal triangle of life. Fate played a big part in her life. They fought long and tirelessly.

Just about dusk, however, one yielded a little and naturally the other quickly took advantage and made himself victor. Which one had succeeded? The young one with the sprightly step, of course. He had unlocked "fate's" arms. It is only natural that the young should succeed the old "gents" of the forest. And so this glorious battle came to an end. The victor quickly and quietly led the lovely doe away, and by the look on her face it seemed as if she had been made happy by the decision.

Lillian Mellon '33.

Poetry

The Moon.

The man in the moon
Has soft silver shoon,
In which he creeps down the sky,
To peep in the windows and wink his eye.

Old Foster.

There was an old man named Foster
Who had a young wife and lost her.
Had he been a young dancer,
With charms fit to entrance her,
Foster would never have lost her.

Somebody's Problem.

I've thought and thought and
thought in vain,
Trying to solve this riddle again and
again:
Why are we here and for what do
we come?
Where are we going and why do
we go?
Are we but a microscopic bit in a
realm?
Or does it really matter which row
we hoe?

Success

What is success you ask of me, your
friend?
Success is what you most desire and
win.
A restless world in active search re-
ports
Success in varied shape and divers
guise.
To give a person joy will be success.
If charity to you is life's great end,
To give to people small and people
great.
If knowledge is to you your highest
aim,
Spend all your time in search of
knowledge true.
If your desire in life is outdoor
sports,
Prepare the way by keeping your
good health.
No matter what your great search is
or was,
If you accomplish all you most desire,
Success in life will be to you.

Dorothy Fagan, 1931.

Junior and Sophomore Classes



Juniors—Crispel, Pfeil

Sophomores—Place, Manwaring, Mellon, Randall, Lorimer, Keach, Schlafer

Exclusive Juniors

The Junior Class of Guilford High School holds a unique position in the ranks of the school. We have the enviable record of being the only class in which all the members have taken an active and vital part in school activities.

We have representatives in the Glee Club and in the embryo orchestra. One-half of our members attended and took part in the concert given by the combined Glee Clubs at Norwich, May 8th.

Our members have appeared in various entertainments. They have taken important parts in plays and have rendered special musical selections in several public entertainments. Of course we do not wish to boast for as Thomas Grey declared in his Churchyard "Elgy," "The boasts of heraldry lead but to the grave." However, as an undisputed fact we might say that there is no phase of Guilford school life in which we have not enjoyed an honorable record. After all, "Is it really any sin, just to boast a little bit?" Our friend poet Gray may have changed his mind, anyway, by this time.

Yes, we have representatives in the Year Book. In fact the whole class is represented in it, having contributed to it.

Then, also, the members of our class are able to speak from two to three languages, rather fluently. They can even predict weather conditions. Of course, that may not have anything to do with the weather, nevertheless, it portrays our intrinsic abilities.

Well, you may believe it or not, but it is my honest prophecy, without apology, that this class will be long remembered because of its magnanimity, potency and hilarious magnificence. Why in respect to the English language, and also the knowledge of Webster's dictionary,—these are very minute items of the class vocabulary.

But why, oh why, should it be necessary for me to say more, except that without any reservations, whatsoever, this class believes in "Quali-

ty" and not "Quantity." That, "we have maintained," is what has been the secret and sacred key to this fountain of exclusiveness. Our case is not as it was in Wordsworth's when he speaks in these words, "We are seven." To make a long story precise and concise,—*"We are just two."*

Regarding this, John Winthrop was right when he declared: "The best part is always the least, and of that part, the wiser part is always the lesser." How little did this great mind realize that he was making a true prophecy concerning "our class." However, he may have realized it and was perfectly conscious of it.

We don't mean to be too chesty but should we trespass just a little over the fence and into the grounds of forbidden Imperialism, let us find comfort and balm in the logical sentiment of a poem, entitled, "Class Room Bubbles," selected from a volume of poetry, entitled, "Diamonds in the Rough," with special permission from the author. The words of which are a fitting conclusion for our thought:

"Some come here to spend their time,
While others come to sit and whine,
About the discipline and grind;
But we've come here to search and find

Bright gems of truth of different kinds,—
And get promoted, from time to time.

Some come here who never mind,
The 'Golden Rule' in being kind;
While others fritter away their time
By throwing notes, and sometimes—
dine;

But we've come here to paint a 'sign'
Of 'Footprints on the sands of time.'

Some come here to get the switch,
Or in the closet, dark as pitch,
While others wallow in the ditch,
Or get expelled—it matters not
which;

But we've come her, our minds to enrich,—
Striving to fill an honorable niche."

E. Carmel Crispel '32.

Sophomore Notes

In September we of the Sophomore class felt quite advanced in station to think that we were no longer the "Babies" of the high school. With this feeling in mind, we set about to make our Sophomore year a mighty success—one that would be marked down in the annals of the school. Also we felt that we were entitled to a position of some dignity and importance since our class is the largest we've had in a number of years, and I must say that I think we have "left our footprints in the sands of time." If you don't believe it just listen to the accounts of what we have done.

Sophomore Candy Rabbles

During the months of September and October some of the most interesting social events (if you could call them that) for the Freshmen and Sophomores were their "candy rabbles." Every Friday after school was out, either the Sophomores or the Freshmen would line up in the schoolyard. Securely protected in the midst of the "holding team" was a bag of sawdust and suckers.

When Mr. Spring gave the signal, the opposing team would come out of the school building, and then the fun began. The trick of the thing was to see if the attacking side could capture and protect the bag of loot. The fight would be fast and furious for ten minutes. You can picture the squirming, tugging, twisting howling, hilarious mass on the ground. You can picture, too, many a mother's distraught face when her son arrived home with his clothes in the proverbial state of the beggar's "rags and tags."

The side that had the bag when Mr. Spring gave the final signal had won. Each boy on the victorious team went away with a hard earned sucker in his mouth. Of course we won't disclose the number of times we Sophomores were victorious.

On November 20, the English 3 class gave an interesting play taken from "The Idylls of the Kings." It was called "Justice in King Arthur's

(Continued on page 20)

Freshman Class



Hunt, Miller, Weidman, Anthony, McPherson, Marble
Ryan, Phillips, Fagan, Bond, Weidman, Evans, Schlafer

Freshman's Progress

Once upon a time on a hill overlooking a small village called Guilford, lived a man and his four sons. The man, Guilford High, desired that his sons, Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman, attain knowledge. Knowledge was at the top of the mountain, School.

Senior, the eldest, was allowed to try first to climb the mountain, School. Being large and strong, he easily climbed the foothills which were called the Grades. He then proceeded to climb the mountain, High School and had nearly reached the top when he came to the high cliff, Final Exams. Here he stumbled and fell.

Junior, being next in age, was then permitted to try. He also easily ascended the Grades and started confidently up High School. He had gone more than half way up when he came to the Gulf of Laziness. Instead of going around, he tried to go through it, but was unable to go up the farther side.

Next came Sophomore's turn. Though not nearly as large as his elder brothers, he reached the top of the grades and started up High School. He encountered many difficulties but kept on until he came to the raging mountain stream, Despair. Here, while trying to cross on some slippery stones called Determination, he missed his footing and plunged into the stream.

At last, little Freshman had to start out. He set out in high spirits, in spite of the fate which he knew had overtaken his older brothers. He had resolved to profit from their mistakes and surely attain Knowledge at the end of his long and difficult time through First Year up the slopes of High School. He knew that his path which led through First Year was beset by the same perils which had overtaken his brothers on their different routes up to the same final goal, Knowledge. Howbeit, one bright September morning, he was given his father's blessing and a small bundle containing crusts of Perseverance to sustain him along

the way, and set out happily along the steep path. Being very small, it was not so easy for him to climb the Grades. Many times he fell, but he would always get up and go on. When he succeeded in climbing the Grades he rested at Vacation Stop and was really ready for the great attempt at High School. Still keeping in his mind the ideas gained from his brothers' misadventures, when he came to the River of Despair which came sweeping over First Year track, he went along the bank until he found the bridge, Hard Study, and there he crossed safely. Proceeding slowly but surely, he next encountered the Gulf of Laziness yawning dizzily at his feet. Instead of trying to go through, he went around. Though it took him a long time, he finally came to the last obstacle, the cliff, Final Exams. Slowly he made his way up the cliff, aided by a good staff of Work. There at the end of his path loomed in shining radiance his goal, Knowledge. He had climbed the long hard path of First Year up the mountain of High School successfully.

Paul Ryan '34.

The Perfect Crime

Two men sat facing each other over a small table with a bottle between them. The older of the two men picked up the bottle and took a long drink.

"Good stuff," he remarked.

"It ought to be, replied the other man, "I paid enough for it."

A long silence followed. Presently one said, "What you in for?"

"Bumped off a 'dick,'" replied the other man.

"Let's hear it."

"Well, it was like this. I was working in New York doing quite a little business. I knew where there was a good fence and took my stuff there.

"I was living pretty high and I met a fellow by the name of John Dunn, nice fellow, and we got to be good friends; I let him in on my racket and we did a few jobs to-

gether. One day I met an old friend of mine and we talked awhile. I began to tell him about this fellow, Dunn. When I got through, he said, "Say, that guy ain't no crook. I know him, he's one of the best guys on the force."

"Well, I didn't know what to do. Why that fellow had enough on me to send me up for forty years. But by the time I reached home I had it all figured out. I called up a couple of friends, invited them over to play poker in three-quarters of an hour, and then went to Dunn's rooms which were in the same house as mine.

"When I went into the room, he had on evening clothes, for he was going out. I greeted him and he went into his bedroom to get something. When he came out, I pulled my 'rod' and shot him. It didn't make any noise because I had a silencer on it. I then burned all papers in his drawers and pockets, which referred to me. Finally, after opening the window of his bathroom, I went to my apartment just above his.

"It was only a matter of minutes before my friends came. After the usual formalities, we started to play poker. We had played a very short time, when I made an excuse to go into my bedroom. While I was in there, I lighted one of those big firecrackers you sometimes see (children have on the Fourth of July like I had a couple left from my little nephew's summer visit) and threw it into Dunn's window which was just a little below me. I had hardly got back into the room with my friends, when we heard a loud report. We all ran down to Dunn's room. There was an odor of powder in the room, and on the floor lay Dunn with his gun in his hand where I had put it with an empty shell, on my former visit. I sneaked into the bathroom and got the firecracker, too. Well, it was a perfect crime. Let's hear your story."

Suddenly there was a clanking sound, and the men looked at each other. The younger one trembled

Our Grades



Haynes, Randall, Wedge, Marble, Conklin, Randall, Coe, Hunt, Wahlberg, Schlafer,
Hargrave, Shelton, Plumb, Connelly, Hall, Curtis, Crispel, Hoffman, Randall, Pfeil,
Richards, Eastwood, Schlafer.

THE PINNACLE

and said in a hoarse whisper, "Do you think it will hurt much?"

"Naw," replied the other man, "just for a minute and it will be over."

Roland McPherson '34.

Eighth Grade

The Class Prophecy

I am sitting before the glowing fire this cool April evening in 1911. As I look back, it is hard to realize that it has been ten years since I was graduated from Guilford grammar school.

As I sit by the fire and hear the logs crackling and see the pictures the flames make, my thoughts travel to the other members of my class, who have separated and gone their ways with the passing of the years.

As for myself, it might be well to mention that I have been graduated from Northwestern University and am teaching in Sidney High School.

Last summer (1940) I took a tour of the United States and, while on this trip, saw many of my former classmates.

In Los Angeles, I saw John Shelton working in a large newspaper syndicate building as a newspaperist. I was not surprised for we had always suspected John's inclinations in the old days.

Going on to Santa Barbara, I saw Leslie Wedge who is now a great poet. He was taking a vacation at the time. I must say that I was astonished to see him there.

As I approached the border line between California and Nevada, I spent the night at a hotel and was surprised to find that Francis Eastwood was the proprietor and that he had married Ida Hall.

After I left Nevada, I met no more of my classmates until I reached Chicago. There I saw a concert advertised, and, going to this, I found that Gertrude Curtis and Geraldine Crispel were the violinists on the program.

On my way from Chicago to Buffalo, I went by boat, and met Corwin Marble who was the captain of the boat. Dorothy Pfiel was also a pas-

senger on this vessel. She informed me that she was living and teaching in Winnepeg, Canada.

When I reached Buffalo, I found Kenneth Hargrave, who was also a sailor. He said that he liked the work and that he was on a boat that worked from Buffalo to New York City, by way of the Erie canal.

I went on to Rochester and while there I met Sheldon Haynes and Arthur Hunt who were working with the Eastman Kodak Company. They seemed to be thriving and enjoying their work.

As I went on from there, the train was detained in a small town by a slight accident and I had a chance to look around. What was my surprise to find Chauncey Conklin as the proprietor of the leading hotel. And yes, as I had entered this village, my attention had been caught by two well kept farms. I was informed that the owners were Orison and Carl Randall.

I had the opportunity to stop at another small village some time later. There was a very good looking school there and I was informed by the post-mistresses who were none other than Dorothy Kingsley and Edith Glenn, that Eleanor Richards and Inez Randall were two of the teachers there. Quite a Guilford community, wasn't it?

Then, as I put a telephone call through to New York, I was surprised to find still another Guilfordite there. Kathryn Connelly was the telephone operator.

As I went down the Hudson toward New York, I saw two fine farms and was later informed that they belonged to Richard and Pershing Schlafer, who had combined forces to produce these splendid results.

When I reached New York, I stopped at an air port and was very surprised to find Gunnar Wahlberg in charge.

One of the high points in my stay in New York was a visit to a broadcasting station. There I found that Bob Coe, who was a very celebrated tenor, was singing over the radio

and was being seen by television, which has been perfected, in every American home.

I still sat musing over my trip and all my old classmates when all of a sudden, pop! The log in the fireplace had burned down and fallen, and I woke up to find the book which I had been reading, on the floor, open to the place where I had left it.

Margaret Hoffman, Grade Eight.

The Knights of Old.

There were two stages in the training of a young noble for knighthood. At the age of seven, he was sent from his own home to the castle of his father's noble friend, to become a page. Here, for seven or eight years, he waited on the lord and lady of the castle, serving them at the table and running errands.

After fourteen or fifteen, the page became a squire to the lord. Then he took care of the lord's horse and the cleaning of his shining armor. He also went with the lord to hunt. After five or six years of such service, at the age of twenty or twenty-one, the squire's education was completed. He was ready to become a knight.

In order to become a knight he had to bathe, fast and confess his sins to the priest. Then he spent a night in the chapel in prayer. The next morning came church services in which he was instructed in the duties of a knight. The noble knelt before the lord and then took the vows to be a brave and gentle knight. The ladies of the castle next put his new armor on him, gave him his sword and his golden spurs. Finally, the lord struck him lightly three times on the shoulder with the sword, saying, "In the name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, I make you a knight." Having once attained this rank, the knight was expected to do many brave deeds.

Inez Randall, Grade 8.

The Castles of Old

Most castles of the Middle Ages were in western Europe, England or France. They were situated near a body of water, on a high hill sur-

THE PINNACLE



Hutchinson, Glover, Burlison, Utter, Anthony, R. Marble, C. Marble, Houck, Prentiss, Washburn, Beckwith, Phillips, Curtis, Bennett, Crispel, Scull, Husted, R. Winsor, N. Winsor, Eastwood.



Bennett, Burlison, Aldrich, Gridley
 Boyko, Washburn, Houck, Marsh, Washburn, Schlafer, Anthony, Beckwith, Burlison,
 Phillips, Bishop, Ives, Shelton
 Place, Marble, Hoffman, Carney, Marble, Keach, Dressler, Bretch, Doyle, Monroe,
 Hyatt, Beckwith, Hatton, Westcott, Weidman, Haynes

THE PINNACLE

rounded by fertile plains.

At first, they were mere wooden block houses surrounded by palisades and ditches, but they grew into enormous structures of massive stone, whose ruins still dot the landscape of Europe. The walls were of stone and often so thick that a man would have to creep three times his length in order to crawl out a window. Usually, the only way to enter a castle was across a moat, a large ditch of water, on a narrow draw-bridge. This method was particularly useful in time of war.

There was always an inner keep, which was an especially strong tower, for the secure residence of the lord's family in time of war. From the outer walls, the occupants of the castle could hurl down massive rock and boiling pitch on the enemy.

Within the castle itself, were long, narrow halls winding endlessly in and out, and large magnificent rooms.

Castles were more magnificent and splendid than our comfortable homes, but they did not have the light and air that seem so necessary to us. We also have many more luxuries than they. So, on the whole, I think our homes are to be preferred.

Geraldine Crispel, Grade 8.

Seventh Grade

"The Voyage of the Seventh Grade."

The captain and the crew of the good ship "Progress," set sail on September 2, 1930, with an overcrowded ship from Miss Bretch's room. We sailed along calmly although under a slight handicap due to our overcrowded conditions. After a short voyage, we received orders from Admiral Spring to transfer our crew to the ship "Success" with ample space for all. This time we disembarked under the command of Miss Snow. We changed our course to one of the upstairs rooms. The conditions were suitable to all when our captain fell ill. Again our command was changed—this time under the guidance of Mrs. Spring. We had a release at Christmas to spend a few days at home. When we reported to duty,

orders were received from Admiral Spring to give examinations to determine our ability as seamen. We all proved our standing as an able crew.

Our amusements on board consisted mostly of basketball. One of our members starred on the team. There were also other games and hobbies which helped to break the monotony of the trip.

We were forced again to change captains. Under the control of Miss Matteson we concluded the prosperous voyage of the seventh grade.

Jack Hutchinson.

Elderly Lady Captures Burglar.

About midnight last night, Mrs. Brown, who is seventy-five years old, captured a burglar. There had been rumors about town yesterday that some suspicious characters were roaming about this section of the country. Mrs. Brown was not scared for fear the burglars would come to her house, but her neighbors thought she was. Some of them asked her if she would like to spend the night with them, but she told them that if that burglar came she would fix him.

She bought a lot of fly paper and spread it about on the floor. Then she got her carving knife, rolling pin and broom. She sat in the darkest corner of the living room. About half past eleven, she saw a dark clothed figure come on the porch. The neighbors' fears that burglars would prey on the house of a lone old woman were coming true, she thought, but she would show them. The figure fumbled at the lock and opened it with a skeleton key. He had taken his shoes off so that he wouldn't awaken Mrs. Brown. In his stocking feet, he started to cross the room and walked into the fly paper. The paper stuck to his feet. Mrs. Brown had managed to walk across the room between the rows of paper and to get behind the door without the burglar's seeing her. Now, as the men fell, she slammed the door to, and went to where the man had fallen. She had her rolling pin in her hand. When she got near, the man

pointed his gun at her and told her to stick her hands up. She had both hands on one handle of the rolling pin. She lifted it up above her head and then brought it down on the man's head. She hit him three times. Then Mrs. Brown called the police.

The police arrived at her home just as the man was coming to. He was handcuffed and marched off to prison in his stocking feet with the fly paper on them and three big lumps on his head where Mrs. Brown had hit him.

Louise Scull, Grade 7.

My Dollar Watch.

On hand is short
The other is long.
When it ticks,
It sounds like a song.

Fools.

Down the street goes Don,
With a roll of bills in hand,
He has his silk shirt on;
They say he's going to lover's land.
There goes Frank,
With a tin car.
If he starts out,
He won't go far.

Spring.

It will be time for swimming,
Boys and girls, men and women.
Then the motor boats come,
And we all like to hear them hum.
Fred Beckwith, Grade 7.

The Discovery of a Cave.

We were walking in the woods the other day when we stopped under some trees to cook our lunch. There were two boys and two girls. Their names were Mary, Jane, Philip and John. When the girls were cooking the lunch the boys went back in the woods a little ways. All of a sudden we heard them yelling and saw them running. When we asked them what was the matter, they said, "We saw a cave and heard something howl. We were too scared to go in and see what it was, so we just ran. We have been there before but we have

THE PINNACLE



Bump, Bennett, Oralls, Johnson, Palmer, Glenn, Doyle, Mrs. Tripp, VanKleeck, Bump
Dungey, Bloom, McLagan, Bond, Monroe, Curtis, Miller, Phillips, Burlison, Bump,
Coolidge, Boyko, Prestidge, Foote, Hoffman



Eastwood, Anthony, Randall, Johnson, Smith, Crispel, Holmes, Bump, Winsor, Wahl-
berg, Place, Orals, Gridley, Dungey, Wade, Miller, Curtis, Monroe, Clark

THE PINNACLE

never seen it." Then we all went back to where they saw the cave. When we got there we went in and it was full of owls. After a while we got some other children and got the owls out of there. Then we cleaned it out and used it for a playhouse. We have had a lot of fun there.

Mary Hoffman, Grade 5.

The Rescue.

"How can he ever be saved?" yelled the people. A huge office building was burning. Everyone had thought there were no people in the building, but as they looked there appeared in the top story window, a man waving his arms and wildly shouting. The extension ladder was too short to be of any use. A large strong net was stretched across the street about twenty feet from the ground. Two firemen dashed into the building to save the man. To the waiting people it seemed a year when at last the firemen appeared at that high window. The man had disappeared. Then the firemen signaled. The ones below stood ready. The firemen stood on the window sill and signaled again. Flames could be seen behind them. Then, with something between them, they leaped into the air. Through the air they came and landed exactly in the middle of the net. The shouts were deafening. But the firemen were hardly recognized for their clothes were burned black, as well as their faces. They looked like monkeys. The man was seriously burned. As he was carried across the street, the building crashed in. The crowd slowly departed, but they will remember that day for many years.

Jane Marsh, Grade 6.

Our Grades

My Doll.

I like my doll. She is nine days old today. I take her with me every place I go. I wheel my doll carriage out doors. My doll can't say Ma-Ma. She has a blue cape. Her name is Betty.

Emily Bump, Grade 2.

My Easter Vacation.

I went to Oxford to see a dentist. He filled one tooth for me. It did not hurt. I will try to keep my teeth clean now.

Grace McLagan, Grade 2.

January.

I am January. I make good skating for the children. From my hair hangs icicles.

Donald Winsor, Grade 3.

A Riddle.

I am red. I grow in your garden. You eat me sometimes. I am green when I am not ripe. What am I?

Marguerite Wade, Grade 2.

Our 4-H Sewing Club.

In our club we are making a dress with a big collar and kimono sleeves. We have already made an apron. We are going to have a style show later, after we get our dresses done. Last Saturday the girls met at my house and we got a lot more done than we would have if we hadn't met. Our local leader was there. We started at 10:30 o'clock in the morning and stayed until 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Juanita Johnson, Grade 4.

The Contest.

In school we had a contest. This contest was between the Third grade and the Fourth Grade. Every time anyone did not have his lessons he had his name on the board. This went on for quite a few weeks. Pretty soon the Third Grade came ahead. On day when it wasn't very cold Miss Holmes, our teacher, took the Third Grade down town. When she came back they had an ice cream cone. She bought them some pictures of the Dutch children. Ever since then the people have had many names on the board.

Elsie Curtis, Grade 4.

Elsie—May I sit with Duane to study the poem?

Duane—No, I don't want her to sit with me.

Elsie—I didn't mean Duane. I meant Juanita.

Grade 4.

Department of Music

The aim of the department of music is that every school pupil shall be taught to sing and develop in some degree an appreciation of music. Music can mean a growth of personality in the individual and a promotion of happiness in the family circle. It will take a few years to bring the department of music to its proper standard. This should culminate in community advancement.

Besides expressing all proper appreciation of the musical work of the higher grades and the high school, parents have a peculiar obligation towards the smaller children. There is scarcely a child who cannot be taught to sing by training in the first four grades. A child should never hear it said that he cannot sing. All criticism should be constructive. For example: "Try to sing it this way," is much better than to say "You sang that wrong." Parents should encourage children in singing by asking them to sing songs learned in school and complimenting them when the singing is well done.

Mrs. C. Plumb.

The Corsair.

His eagle eye exultant, gleamed with joy,
For on the ocean's crest of jade and blue,
A timid gull in fearsome flight, fast flew.
A peaceful trader's bark in hopeless race—
A helpless victim to corsair's crew.

Son—"Dad, will you help me with this problem? I can't do it.

Dad—"No, son, it wouldn't be right."

Son—"I know it wouldn't, but you can try at least."

(Continued from page 12)

Hall." Each member of the class had his part to play and was allowed to invite one visitor. The play went over with a "bang." Needless to say this was another accomplishment of the Sophomores.

Florence Place '33.



THE
LITTLE RED
SCHOOLHOUSE

The Trestle School

Roll Call at the Trestle School.

Wilma Schlafer—Aim: Perfection.
Charles Hatton—Our big brother.
Jeanette Schlafer—Little Miss Prim.
Marjorie Schlafer, Evelyn Schlafer—
Harmony Sisters
Henry Blincoe—Old Faithful.
Lulu Gibson—A ray of sunshine.
Robert Phelps—Says little,—hears
much.
Barbara Schlafer—A cure for the
blues.
Paul Blincoe—Our little clown.
Autumn Follett—A Helping Hand.

High Spots of Our School Year.

1. Hallowe'en party and program in the evening at the school to which all the people of the district were invited.
2. Thanksgiving dinner at the school for the school children. Freezing ice cream for it was a pleasure enjoyed by the children.
3. Christmas tree and program in the evening. A visit from St. Nicholas was very welcome. We found him as jolly as he has been for years. Ask Jeannette and Barbara Schlafer about his reindeer. They saw them.
4. A Valentine party in the afternoon at which time our postman delivered valentines to all.
5. A Lincoln and Washington program.
6. An Easter party in the afternoon to which the mothers were invited. The children enjoyed hunting eggs, the egg-rolling contest and other appropriate games.
7. We are looking forward to a field trip on Arbor day, a delightful

time May day and a school picnic at the close of the school year.

A Narrow Escape.

Once my father and I were camping. One day I was in swimming. I tried to swim but I fell down and pretty near drowned. My father caught me. I never went swimming again.

Marjorie Schlafer, Grade 3.

Easter Fun.

I had a good time on Easter. I found lots of eggs in my basket. I had a bunny rabbit too. It tasted good. We rolled eggs and had a good time rolling them.

Jeannette Schlafer, Grade 3.

My Kite.

As I was flying kites one day,
A gust of wind took mine away,
Away above the sky so blue,
Flew my kite away so true.

Wilma Schlafer, Grade 4.

Rain.

Pit, pat, hear the rain
On the window pane;
Little puddles it will make
Keeping me awake.

In the morning I will wade,
In the puddles it has made;
My sailboats I will sail,
Make believe I am carrying mail.

Charles Hatton, Grade 4.

On Examination in Nature Study.

Question: Where are most of the birds during the winter?
Inez: Up in the air.

My Bunny.

I had a little bunny,
He was very funny,
For he didn't like honey,
And he didn't care for money.

Wilma Schlafer, Grade 4.

Ives' Settlement School

Commencement.

You are starting on new journeys,
With new joys and struggles, too;
You are leaving many old friends,
Who are loyal through and through.

And when twilight's shades come stealing,
At close of some troubled day;

Then let the bells of remembrance,
Ring cheerfully o'er your way.

Go forth as an army valiant,
In your hopeful days of youth;
And put on a mighty armor,
Of honor and love and truth.
Anna Runyon Heffron, Teacher

The Discontented Boy.

Tom was a discontented boy. He had always lived on a farm, and he wanted to go and see New York City. One night his father and mother were at a meeting. He was left at home. He thought he would like to run away. So then he went to the house and packed some of his clothes and some of his mother's food. Then he started out and walked and walked. It was a very dark night. Just then it began to rain. Tom didn't want to get wet. He saw an old shed which was almost full of straw so he climbed on the straw where he

THE PINNACLE

slept all night. His father and mother were looking all over for Tom but they couldn't find him.

The next day Tom started on his way. He arrived at a little village. There he was over taken by his father. His father asked him why he ran away. Tom answered that he wanted to see the country. His father took him home. Then Tom always lived happily.

Selwyn G. Ives, Grade 5.

Winsor Corners School Our Red Letter Days.

During the school year, we have had several days which we enjoyed very much.

The first was the school fair. The sun was shining brightly when we got on the bus and journeyed to Guilford. The bus driver took the high school people up to G. H. S. and then took us down to the fair. There we were allowed to do what we wanted to. We looked at the exhibits, among which were ducks, chickens, and vegetables. Some of these had been taken by the pupils of our school. After we had looked at the exhibits, they had some running races. Three of the girls from our school entered. One of us won second prize and two of us got third. At noon we came together and had a picnic lunch. In the afternoon, we went to see the movies. After the movies, Mr. Case read the names of the children who received prizes. About four o'clock, the bus came, and we rode home feeling that we had had a very delightful day.

Next came Christmas. We spent much of our time for several weeks before Christmas getting ready for it. We made a number of posters and pictures. One sunny forenoon we went after the tree and some branches. We used some paper streamers, the evergreen branches and the things we had made for decorations. All of this time we were practicing for the entertainment but it was rather hard as some of our pupils came down with the mumps. For the program we had recitations, plays and some stories. Then two

pupils passed out the presents. We all received many gifts. After that we had popcorn balls and candy. Everyone enjoyed it very much. Our next red letter day was Valentine. We began making valentines a long time before Valentine's day. We also made posters and pictures. On Friday, February 13, we had a party. We played games and had contests. After that we had refreshments. Last of all came the Valentine box. Two girls passed out the Valentines. We all received many, and everyone went home happy that last day.

We have two more days which we expect to enjoy. We are planning to clean up around the school house and then go to the woods on Arbor day. On the last day we will probably have a picnic. When that day is over, we will go home ready for our vacation.

Helen Bush,
Syrena Ireland,
Doris Weidman.

The second grade had been studying about the Pilgrims. The teacher had stressed the point that they came over on the Mayflower. The next day in review she said, "What was the name of the ship in which the Pilgrims came over?"

"The Rosy," answered Virgil promptly.

Again it was a second grade class. This time reading was the subject. At the beginning of the lesson the teacher had asked several questions concerning the story read the previous day. At last Virgil said to her, "Well, I guess you have forgotten most of that story, haven't you?"

North Guilford School Geographical Puzzles.

Cut off the head of a city in Kentucky and leave a stronghold (Frankfort).

Cut off the head of a city in Massachusetts and you will leave 2,000 pounds (Boston).

Cut off the head of a river in New

York and you will leave a boy (Hudson).

Cut off the head of another city in Massachusetts and you will leave a structure on which to cross water (Cambridge).

Cut off the head of a city in Rhode Island and you will leave a landing place for ships (Newport).

Cut off the head of a lake in New England and you will leave a level tract of land (Champlain).

Cut off the head of a city in Maryland and you will leave more. (Baltimore).

Cut off the head of one of the central states and you will leave something wicked (Wisconsin).

Merle Utter, Grade 5, age 9.

Geographical Puzzles of Other Countries.

Cut off the head of a city in Canada and you will leave a small pointed piece of wood (Winnipeg).

Cut off the head of a country on the Baltic sea and you will leave a German coin (Denmark).

Cut off the head of the most beautiful city in Europe and you will leave a copuia (Paris).

Cut off the head of an island off South America and you will leave your father (Trinidad).

Cut off the head of a city in England and you will leave a small wheel to put under heavy furniture (Lancaster).

Cut off the head of a continent and you will leave a twisted cord (Europe).

Cut off the head of a seaport of England and you will leave a very small pond of water (Liverpool).

Cut off the head of a large city in India and you will leave a small gulf (Bombay).

Cut off the head of a mountain peak in Switzerland and you will leave a German wife (Jungfrau).

Cut off the head of an important country in Asia and you will leave a shallow tin vessel (Japan).

Cut off the head of a large island near Africa and you will leave a vehicle than can run very fast (Madagascar).

THE PINNACLE

We hope you are going to enjoy these geographical puzzles as much as we liked to make them. We agree with our teacher, Mrs. Utter, that they help us to remember places in Geography in a way that is fun.

Lela Utter, Grade 5, age 9.

The Puckerville School Roll Call.

Teacher, Ruth C. Comings.

Pupils—Kermit Shapley, age 15, Grade 7; Fenton Shapley, age 10, Grade 6; Robert Kingsley, age 12, Grade 6; Ernest Kingsley, age 15, Grade 6; Mildred Kingsley, age 10, grade 4; Kenneth Kingsley, age 7, Grade 2; Geraldine Manwarren, age 7, Grade 2; Alvin Manwarren, age 5, Grade 1.

Our school is a very typical country school—small in room and number of pupils, but great in importance. I think that the smaller and more insignificant the community, the greater is the importance of the school. In town there are many social centers, but in rural communities the school is the only one.

So, we have tried to make our school not only a place to learn, but also a place in which to enjoy ourselves.

In October, we had a regular Halloween party and raised money for all sorts of our material. At Christmas we had a community tree and entertainment. St. Patrick's day found the children all in green, and Easter was a day of bunnies and an egg hunt.

We entertained a small field mouse all winter and now he or rather she has built her nest and the children are waiting patiently for the little ones.

Our ball team has its diamond in the neighboring pasture and you will find them there every clear day.

Our 4-H club is only five in number but all loyal members and coming fine.

We, as a school, can't put Puckerville on the map. It's too small. But we will do our best to make it a better place to live in.

The Teacher.

Sailor (struggling in water)—
"Help! I can't swim! Drop me a line."

Captain (from deck)—"Yes, and you write me sometime, too."

Dumb—"I've got a cold in the head."

Bright—"Well, that's something."

Rufus—"I'll give you ten dollars to do my worrying for me."

Goofus—"You're on. Where's the ten?"

Rufus—"That's your first worry."

"I hear the country has started a campaign against Malaria."

"What have the Malarians done now?"

Soph—"What's an iceberg?"

Fresh—"Oh, it's sort of a permanent wave."

Young Lady—"Who was that big strapping man I saw you with last night?"

Little Boy—"Aw—you peeked in our woodshed."

Hank—"We hadn't been hunting long when my rifle cracked. There lay a big bear at my feet."

Frank (politely)—"Had it been dead long?"

"Sir," said the poet, "I shall find another channel for my verses in the future."

"That's right," said the ever courteous editor, "The English channel would be a splendid place for them."

And then there's the poor fellow who got a shoe shine and then remembered that he had his roommate's shoes on.

Convicted—"If a man smashed a clock, could he be convicted of killing time?"

Judge—"Not if the clock struck first."

"Not everybody can do this," said the magician, as he turned his auto into a lamp post.

"Don't be afraid of the ham, Mr. Williams," said the landlady hospitably.

"No fear," said the boarder with confidence. "I've been faced with pieces three times this size."

Dentist—"Which tooth do you want extracted?"

Pullman Porter—"Lowah seven, suh."

He—"She sang that song in a haunting manner."

She—"Do you think so?"

He—"Yes, there was just the ghost of a resemblance to the original air."

"Things are coming my way at last!" said the ham actor as he dodged two rotten tomatoes and a cabbage.

Freshman—"I woke up last night with a terrible sensation that my new watch was gone. The impression was so strong that I got up and looked."

Sophomore—"Well, was it gone?"

Freshman—"No, but it was going."

"I've had a terrible premonition of approaching death."

"No, really?"

"Yes, I bought one of those lifetime fountain pens, and it's broken."

He—"There goes Necessity Jones."

She—"Oh, you mean the law student? But, why the 'necessity?'"

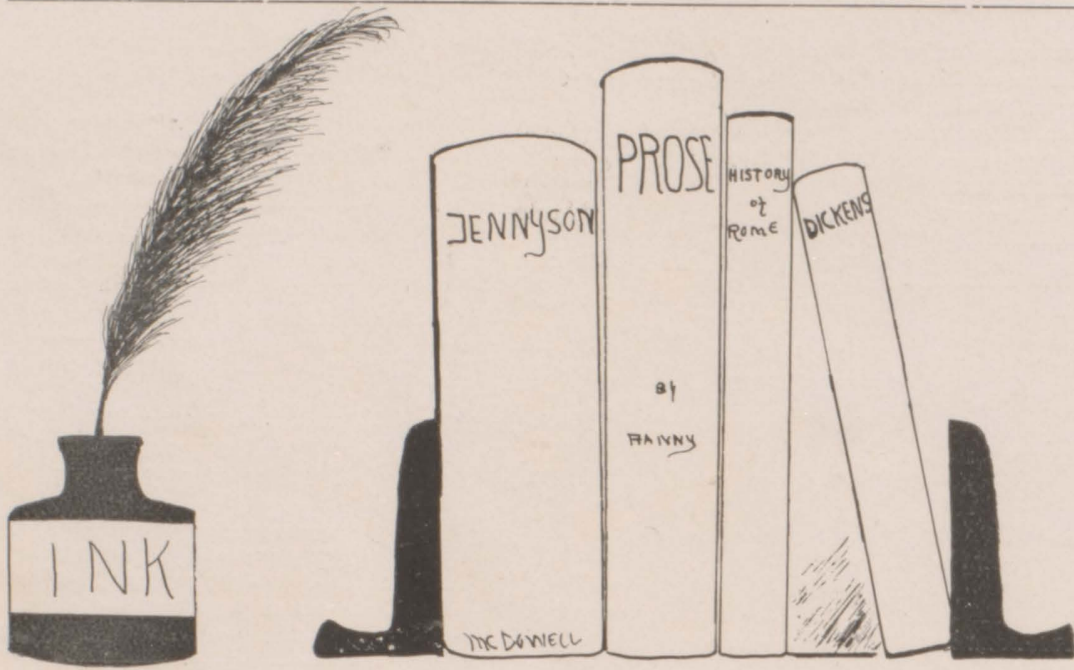
He—"Well, you know the old adage, 'Necessity knows no law.'"

When the donkey saw the zebra, he began to switch his tail: "Well, I never," was his comment, "There's a mule that's been in jail."

"Yes," said the timid passenger to the airplane pilot, "I understand I'm to sit still and not be afraid and all that; but tell me, if something happens and we fall, what do I do?"

"Oh, that's easy," said the pilot. "Just grab anything that we're passing and hang on."

THE PINNACLE



THE PINNACLE

The Visit

"Snap out of it, will you, Bob?" came from the very impatient young man seated on a window sill.

"Be with you in half a day," was the cheerful reply.

This brought a groan from the first speaker who was one of two young men seated in a small but vividly furnished room. Its walls were decorated with the usual banners of different colleges and the ever present pictures of good looking girls.

The two young men's names were Bob and Al. Bob was well built, about twenty years old, and in his first year at Westover college. He was a very easy going, happy-go-lucky fellow with a sense of humor. Al was built similarly to Bob, but there the resemblance ended. While Bob was the easy going sort, Al was more serious minded. This was also his first year at Westover.

"For gosh sake, Bob, put your suspenders on one button and quit trying to sew the other one on. Nobody will notice it with your coat on."

"Alright Al, I guess you're right. I sew buttons on pants just about as well as I could fight Jack Dempsy."

"Here, let me help you put your coat on, Bob. We have about twenty minutes to get to the 'frat' dance."

There came a knock at the door. Al and Bob, wondering who could be there, exchanged glances.

"Come in," said Al.

"Telegram for Robert Grey, sir."

"I guess that's me," said Bob. "I wonder what's up now?" Bob ripped open the envelope and read the contents. "Oh my, read this, Al."

The contents were as follows:

October 2, 1931.

Although I haven't seen you since you were a child, I wish you would come up here for a weekend. Come October 5 and stay over the week.

Your loving aunt,

Mrs. Howard Curtis.

"Well, that's nice," said Al, "you're going aren't you?"

"Oh, what a mess I'm in," groaned

Bob. "How can I go? Ted Scott has invited me up to his camp and I've already accepted. Gee, I don't know what to do."

Bob slumped down in his big chair, with no thought of the "frat" dance. For once, his usual smile had left his face. He seemed to be pondering very deeply over his problem.

"Hey, Al, lissen," said Bob, "I have a plan. Why don't you go up and visit my aunt in my place? She hasn't seen me since I was a baby."

"But I'm not her nephew."

"That doesn't make any difference, just pretend that you are me and everything will be O. K. Come on, Al, do a favor for your old bosom pal."

"O. K., Bob, I'll try anything once. But say, wise me up a little on your family history, will you? And say, we almost forgot the "frat" dance. We still have time to get there. Let's go, Bob." Donning their topcoats, they departed for the dance.

Three days later the train drew to a stop in front of the station at Brewster. Al felt a peculiar feeling in the pit of his stomach. This is going to be some strain on the mental powers he mused. She will probably want to know all about Bob's parents and I can't even remember their names. She will think I am daffy when she finds out that I don't even know my parents' names. Oh well, I can only die once. He had scarcely got off the train when an elderly lady spoke to him.

"Are you Robert Grey?"

"Yes, and you are my aunt, I take it."

"Well, well, you are certainly a big boy. Imagine it, the last time I saw you, you were just creeping around on the floor. Now you are a great big boy. My, how the years have passed."

"You are looking very fine, Aunt, and it certainly is a pleasure to be here," replied Al.

"I have the car waiting over here for us. We must hurry home. Your uncle is waiting to see you." They got into the car and soon were in the maze of traffic heading for home.

"How is Fay? I heard about her illness. Let's see now, what was it she had? Pneumonia, wasn't it?"

"Yes, that's what she had. She is much better now though," said Al, wondering who in thunder Fay was. Probably Bob's sister, he concluded.

Anxious to change the subject, he inquired about the make of the car in which they were riding.

"Why, Robert, don't you know the kind of car that your father sells?"

"Oh, sure," replied Al, "he sells the Packard."

"Why yes, that's right."

What a guess that was thought Al. That ought to go down in history.

Suddenly the chauffeur applied the brakes and they drew to a stop in front of the house.

"Here we are, Robert, hurry, we musn't keep uncle waiting. James, take the car around to the garage, please."

"Yes, Mrs. Curtis."

"What a nice house you have, Aunt, and so many lights."

"Yes, your Uncle Howard likes the light so he won't be lonely when I am out."

They walked through the hall and into the living room. In one of the chairs sat a bald headed man reading a newspaper. His slipped feet were placed on a stool, and his glasses sat just at the peak of his nose.

"Howard dear, this is Robert who has come to stay with us over the weekend."

"How do you do, young man. You don't look like your father."

"I must have changed, Un-uncle Howard," replied Al with his heart beating a tattoo on his chest. "I guess I resemble my mother instead of my father."

"Come now, Robert, you must be tired after your long ride on the train. I will take you to your room."

She led the way up a series of stairs into one of the spare bedrooms. There were several pictures of men and women on the walls, and on the desk that stood in the corner of the room, was the picture of a middle-aged lady.

THE PINNACLE

Al ventured, "Who is that?" pointing to the lady in the picture.

"Why, that is my sister, your mother, Robert."

"Oh, yes, to be sure, I was just trying to catch you," lamely replied Al.

After his aunt had left, Al quickly undressed and sank into the great big four-poster bed, with a long sigh. What a day! And before he knew it, he was dreaming of old Westover and Bob.

"Robert, Robert," it was his aunt calling up the stairs. "Please get up now. We have breakfast in just half an hour."

"Alright Aunty, I shall be right down," yawned Al. This world would be perfect if they would only let you sleep longer. Oh, well, might just as well pile out. He dressed quickly and went into the bathroom to wash his hands and face and comb his hair. Hurrying downstairs, he found breakfast just being served.

"Sit down here, Robert, I have a very wonderful surprise for you," said his aunt.

Al didn't care so much for the surprise. He was hungry, and he was certainly going to make some dent in that breakfast table.

Mr. Curtis sat down, grunted a good morning, picked up the paper and proceeded to read the news.

"Now Robert, I will tell you about the surprise I have for you. Last night, just after you went to bed, I received a telegram saying that your father was going to an automobile show and was driving through here and would stop for dinner."

"My father," almost yelled Al.

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Curtis, aren't you glad?"

"Yes, oh sure," gulped Al. "When did you say he was coming?"

"To-day, this noon. Your father will be surprised to see you here, won't he?"

"I'll say he will. He'll probably keel over when he sees his son here, he'll be so surprised." What luck he was having. First his break about Fay, then about the car, then the picture and now his "father" was coming. Oh, boy! What a mess!

His aunt's speaking brought him out of his meditation. "Robert, dear, you haven't touched a thing yet. Aren't you hungry?"

"No, Aunty, I hardly eat anything for breakfast anyway. And your surprise about my father's coming has sort of left me breathless."

"Well, you'd better finish your breakfast anyway, because I have a lot of interesting things to show you about the house."

"Alright Aunty, I guess I will."

He gulped down his breakfast. All the while he was thinking what a surprise it was going to be for his "father" when he arrived. In fact, he was thinking so deeply about it that he broke his egg into the cream pitcher instead of the egg cup.

After breakfast, Al tagged all over the house after his aunt. She showed him all of her ancestors from prehistoric times down, at least, thought Al from the looks of them. Even the pictures and the antique furniture could not hold his interest. He felt miserable, he looked miserable, in fact he was miserable and would soon be more miserable. A glance at the clock told him this. Gosh, I must think of some way of explaining to Mr. Grey before he gets here. I know, I can take the car and go to the depot to meet him. No, I can't either, he's coming in his car. Unmindful of where he was walking, he fell over his uncle's footstool.

"Why, Robert, what is the matter? Don't you feel well?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I guess I was so interested in that picture that I didn't watch where I was going. I'm all right though. It didn't hurt me a bit."

"Robert, dear, here is the family album. You can look it over while I go out to the kitchen for just a moment. You will excuse me, won't you? I shall be right back."

"Certainly, Aunty, take your time."

While his aunt was in the kitchen, Al started to look through the album. I can get one good laugh today thought Al.

When his aunt came back, they resumed their wandering through

the house. There was one thing that interested Al, and that was a large picture of a baseball team on which his uncle had been water boy. His aunt was very fond of the picture. Because of her limited knowledge of baseball, she thought that the water boy held a very high position.

In the library, Al found a book to his liking and settled down to read for a while. Maybe I can get my mind off—

Peep, peep.

Looking out of the window, Al saw a large Packard car standing in front of the house. He dropped his book and rushed to the door. If he could get there first, he could explain to Mr. Grey. He just knew Mr. Grey would be a sport and not let on. But his luck did not hold, for his aunt reached the door first.

"George, dear, I have a surprise for you. Your son Robert is here."

"My son here! That is a surprise, where is he, I haven't seen him since last September when he went away to college."

Al, knowing that the game was up, came meekly forth.

"Robert dear, here is your father."

"Hello Bob, how are you—why, why, I say, is this a joke?"

"Hello father, I am glad to see you." He went up to Mr. Grey and grabbed him by the hand and began to shake it. He looked Mr. Grey in the eye and winked at him. But his heart was in his mouth. Mr. Grey looked dumbfounded. But Mr. Grey was a born gambler, and, although he knew that Al was not his son, he didn't see anything wrong with the chap in front of him. He looked like an honest, upright boy. Whatever the game was, he decided he would try his hand in it. So he greeted Al like his own son and shook hands with him.

Just then the butler announced that lunch was served and they all went into the dining room. All through the dinner, Mr. Grey asked Al questions and seemed genuinely delighted to get Al all mixed up. It was a trying affair for the latter.

Then after lunch, they sat around and talked until about three o'clock.

Al remembered then that his train was due very soon. When he told his aunt this, Mr. Grey, seeing his chance, suggested that Al ride with him as he was going right through Westover. Al O. K.'d this as it would also give him an opportunity to explain everything. So, putting on their coats they went to the door.

"Good-bye Aunt, this has been a very pleasant visit. You must come up to Westover this June for the Commencement exercises."

"Yes, Robert, I shall be very glad to come up."

Mr. Grey and Al's "aunt" kissed each other good-bye.

When they were ten miles outside the city, Mr. Grey stopped the car.

"Now, young man, what in thunder were you posing as my son for back there?"

When Al started to tell his story, Mr. Grey started to grin. When Al had finished, Mr. Grey was roaring with laughter and tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Young man," he gasped through his spasms of mirth, "you certainly have a lot of nerve."

He slapped Al on the back and with another burst of laughter in which Al joined, he started the car and soon they were purring along the road to Westover.

Douglas Anthony '34.

The moralizer moralizing said—"Don't you know that there's a sun shining behind every cloud?"

The demoralizer remoralizing replied, "Yes, and there's land beneath every sea but that doesn't help you when you fall overboard."

Seen and heard in the halls of Guilford—(John Coe struggling vigorously with a muscle-developing apparatus)—"I'll make a man of myself if it kills me."

Lillian Mellon—"We'd better order the flowers now."

"Do you know how to tell the horsepower of a car?"

"No."

"Lift the hood and count the plugs."

Just Imagine

Just imagine that you were I and I were somebody else. How idiotic, you say. Well, one might think or do something much worse in even less trifling matters of life that surround us. While your mind is up and away playing "imagine," you cannot be accused of being absent-minded. But, how often we are accused of this very thing. Why and where, then, do the poets and great writers get all their so called "inspirations" if not when their minds wander across something imaginary?

I wonder if it would be easy for me to fill your place at the breakfast table some morning? Yes, I am sure it would be just loads of fun to watch your rich family with their queer looking "specs" they hold up to their noses as they peer at me. But no, I should be you, so they wouldn't know. Just think how grand it would be to have a maid to get you ready to retire at night. All the more fun it would be to wrinkle up my nose and think of you washing the supper dishes at my home. I am not really making fun of you, "dearest pretense," and my thoughts really bother me as I think how bad it would be to spoil those lily white hands of yours.

What was that noise over there? My stars, I thought I simply must be in a soft bed, and here I am out under this pretty apple tree. And that noise, it must mean that my fairy airship has arrived. Is it not pretty? You don't see it? You just turn your dark brown eyes up to that huge, fleecy, gold-tinted cloud in the blue sky. Do you think I could ever be like it? Nothing to do but float around. No worries, no cares. Isn't it fun to be carefree? No hustle or rush to or from school. But I must stop before I fall, for if I should fall, it would take more than the hospitals and doctors of the earth to patch me up.

However, if you would like to imagine and daydream, come to me and we shall be away together on our fiery steeds of imagination. My advice is not to be so tight-fisted

with your imagination. Let it take you on trips you would never get otherwise!

Helen Schlafer '33.

The French Quarter.

Un Matin au Printemps.

Le monde commence a seveiller
Les oiseaux commencent a chanter,
Le caille sort du nid; les animaux
Se levent on s'ebroulant et ils
Commencent a brouter la verdure.
Puis, le jeune fermier vient
Chercher les vaches dans la pature.
Ecoutez-le donc qui appelle en sif-
flant,
Que tout le monde est heureux!

Un Soir au Printemps.

La calme brise qui souffle,
Le soleil qui se couche;
Les cris des petits enfants
Qui retournent de l'ecole;
Le joyeux appel du fermier,
En rentrant chez lui
Du champs ou il a laboure.
Tout cela marque un monde en paix.

Dorothy Fagan '31

French III.

L'Appel

Florence Place

Ronald Miller

Dorothy Randall

Helen Schlafer

Carmel Crispel

Lillian Mellon

Miss Mazza

Douglas S Anthony

Nous sommes la classe de francais,
1931.

Le Hibou, Sage Oiseau.

Le hibou, sage aiseau,
Se perchait sur un bouleau.
Plus il voyait,
Moins il parlait;
Moins il parlait,
Plus il entendait.
Si vous voulons etre sage
Suivons son usage.

Tim—"I understand that Bill has broken his engagement with Jane."

Jim—"Did her father object to Bill's shortcomings?"

Tim—"No, he objected to his late goings."

Chronicles of Aunt Emmagene

Perrywinkle, Vermont,
May 10, 1931

Dear Nancy:

I have jest got the dishes done. Mary and me jest had supper so it's later than common. But I thought I would sit down and answer your letter.

Dear me! I don't know whatever will become of me. Mary's rheumatiz is botherin' again and she can't hardly move. It surely keeps me on a jump with the chickens to take care of an' all.

How are you and the children? Now, if I was you, I certainly would not let that girl Rosie go gallivanting around the country the way she does. You know it 'tain't proper—every Tom, Dick and Harry that comes along. I know you'll say she ain't young but once. Maybe that's true, maybe that's true, but when I was a girl, I was more modest. You didn't see me go roamin' off to some dance and jiggle and strut 'til daylight. Now, when Mary and me entertained a young man, we entertained him right in the parlor with our mother right close by knitting. Yes, I know they don't knlt nowadays, all they do is gad. But there was a time when girls were girls. The only good thing that has taken place durin' the last forty years is the 18th Amendment and that's not enforced.

Well, I have been trying to house-clean, but with Mary bumbed up I ain't been able to do much.

Say, you know that old inn there of George Perkins? Well, yesterday when I was out washin' the winders, I seen a couple of men get out and George Perkins was with them. They seemed to be quite fluttered up about something and went up and snooped all over the place. Now, I don't know anything for certain but I got my suspicions about that. They looked pretty crooked to me. You ain't very apt to see men all dolled up in some new fangled duds, carryin' a cane and ail, come gallivantin' around Perrywinkle. And the

car they had! I wisht you could have seen it, 'twasn't like any of them Fords they got around here. Had a horn that went, well it sounded about like this, "boop, boop a doop." Whatever 'tis 'tain't for the good of the community.

Well, I guess I will have to stop for this time an' go help Mary to bed. It is getting late, after 9.

Now, you take care of Rosie and don't let her gad so much.

Love to you all,

Aunt Emmagene.

Perrywinkle, Vermont,
May 23, 1931.

Dear Nancy:

Well, I got the cleaning done after a fashion. Jest about took all the spunk out of me though. Mary's some better. She's gettin' so she can get around better.

Last Sunday Mary and me went to meetin, I suppose I should say Sunday church service or somethin' but meetin's good enough for me. Well, as I said, we went to meetin' last Sunday. Mary and me each got us a new hat apiece. Mine is black with some delicate lookin' lace and ribbons and little purple pansies round the crown. Paid \$1.98 for it. Couldn't get it any cheaper. Times is bad. Why, when I was a girl things weren't higher than a cat's back.

Well, that woman that waited on us tried to sell me one of those new fangled things with a nose veil. Now if I want a veil I want a good substantial long one, not one of those high flutin' things that the young girls strump around with.

Preacher Perkins preached a pretty good sermon for him. But he's gettin' so he approves of everything 'tain't proper. I don't know what this so called modern generation is comin' to.

How's all your folks?

Say, do you remember me tellin' you in that last letter of mine about that there George Perkins place? Well, those men that was a snoopin' around, up and bought the place. Now let me ask you is anybody going to buy that and make a livin' jest off of keeping boarders? Why, tha's

the reason George Perkins closed it up, jest for the simple reason he couldn't make both ends meet and support six children. Besides, those men have had a man they call an "interior decoration" up from New York City monkeyin' around. Now, what on earth an interior decoration is, is more than I know. But, everybody is so scientific nowadays 'tain't to be wondered at. Anyway they got a lot of furniture come the other day I see. Everything that anybody would want to run a house with I should say.

They got a nigger man to drive the car, I can't think of the word that they call them. Now you mark my words, 'tain't for no good of Perrywinkle. But then, I'll not say any more for I never was a gossip woman.

You should of seen too, the new clothes that that Mrs. Smith-Brusfud got. Her clothes have to keep up with that "parted-in-the-middle" name of hers I suppose. There is one thing I am thankful for and that's the good old name of Brown.

I hope this finds you well, you and all the children. And, for goodness sakes, don't take any sass from that man of yours. If you'd listened to me, you'd have stayed single anyway.

Love to you all,

Aunt Emmagene.

Perrywinkle, Vermont,
June 9, 1931.

Dear Nancy,

I got your letter the other day sayin' that Junior is goin' to college. Now, if I was you I certainly wouldn't let that boy go to college. I say it's the ruination of a boy. Gifford Parsons here in Perrywinkle sent his son to college and the ungrateful little whelp turned around and got himself put in jail and caused his father no end of money and worry. Do you know what he did? Well, he got to speedin' in some of those high powered cars and the policeman got 'em and sent the whole bunch to jail for a night and also made Mr. Parsons pay a considerable bit of money. I think it was five dollars if I remember right. Now,

THE PINNACLE

don't you tell this to anyone, but people say they had been drinking some beer or whiskey or some filthy thing. 'Tain't no use of having no 18th Amendment. If you take my advice, you'll keep Mister Junior from any good for nothing college. Course it's nice to have a lot of learnin' but he can get enough of that right in an ordinary district school.

It's somethin' frightful, the state that Perrywinkle's in. It is gettin' so 'tain't even respectable. Well, they call that old George Perkins place the "Cat's Meow." Now, if that ain't some name for a respectable boardin' house then I miss my guess. The "Cat's Meow" the idea! I don't know what this world's comin' to. If they wanted some high class name, why didn't they call it "The Dog's Bark," or the "Hen's Squawk," or the "Bull's Beller." It'd be jest as sensible as the "Cat's Meow," and a lot more appropriate.

I ain't no gossip, but I wouldn't be afraid to bet they got some crooked idea up their sleeves. 'Tain't no way profitable that they can make a go of it jest by the customers they got in Perrywinkle. Why Perrywinkle ain't even got a bank or nothin' to put in one, let alone support a swell show place like the "Cat's Meow."

Now, don't you let this out, but the other night I had to get up about twelve thirty and get Mary some medicine. She had a bad spell. I happened to look out the winder and what do you think I saw? Well, I'll tell you. The "Cat's Meow" was all lit up and there was about six cars out in front! Now, what in the world is the idea of having a boardin' house all lit up at 12:30 a. m.? Course, I ain't no gossip woman and 'tain't for me to say, but I smell a nigger in the woodpile. I'm jest goin' to make a habit of gettin' up in the middle of the night and see what's goin' on. What ever 'tis, 'tain't for the good of Perrywinkle. Hereafter I'm goin' to lock my doors at half past six. Not that I think that I would be molested, but a woman ain't safe nowadays.

Mary says to tell you she will

write. Now take good care of yourself and don't let that boy go to college.

Love to you all,
Aunt Emmagene.

Perrywinkle, Vermont,
June 29, 1931

Dear Nancy,

Dear me, I have been slow about writin' to you, but it has been so hot and Mary has been worse if anything. I believe I will have a nervous breakdown with the goings on in Perrywinkle, Mary, and the hot weather.

Last Sunday I went to meetin'. Mary didn't go because she didn't feel well enough. Well, who do you think was to meetin'? No other than Mr. Travers Husted as he calls himself. As for me, I don't believe that that elaborate name is his own. I think, between you and me, it's artificial, jest like the rest of him. He had his lady friend with him, that's what it appeared to me anyway. I got a good look at her purpose. She had a lot of paint dabbed all over her face and her hair frizzled around her head. When she went by, you could smell the perfume for rods. Don't know where she got it, ten cent counter likely. You know that Travers Husted is the owner of the "Cat's Meow." This girl is from New York. I don't know what she does but she does live in New York so "Ma" Parker says. Jest about every night when I get up I see a car after car at the "Cat's Meow," or the "Dog's Bark" jest whatever you want to call it. You wait and see if something don't happen.

How are all your folks? I see you said in your last letter that Junior went to college or is going, I forget which. Well, don't say I didn't warn you.

Oh, I forgot to tell you, there's a new fellow come to board at the "Cat's Meow." I will say this much, he is pretty good looking. I went down to Pete O'Connor's store to get some thread the other day and I passed him. He took off his hat and bowed jest as polite and nice. I'm goin' to wear my black Sunday-go-

meetin' hat next time I go down. I don't know what he's here for, but he wants to take some advice from me and leave the "Cat's Meow" alone. I guess this is about all for this time, but I'll be writing all the news, if there is any, later.

Love,
Aunt Emmagene.

Perrywinkle, Vermont,
July 8, 1931.

Dear Nancy,

I told you that "Cat's Meow" wasn't for the good of the town of Perrywinkle. It's a long story but I will tell you about it in due time.

Did you say in your last letter that Rosie was going to be married? My land, that girl can't be twenty years old yet. Who is the man she is going to marry? Some good for nothing, irresponsible scamp, I suppose. Well, it's none of my business. She's made her bed and she can lie in it for all I care. But the idea of a girl like her gettin' married and settlin' down to humerin' a man and raisin' children. But, 'tain't no affair of mine, so I wish her luck and Lord knows, she'll need it. Has Junior got into any scrape yet? If he hasn't, it's a miracle.

As I was sayin' about the "Cat's Meow" and that good lookin' man I told you about that spoke to me. He was a man called a "defective," I think somethin' like that, and he was sent by the gov. or the president, I forget which, to inspect the "Cat's Meow." And the best thing about it, Mr. Travers Husted, as he calls himself, didn't know as he was a "defective" or whatever you call them, and he had him for a friend. There he was there purpose to find out about the "Cat's Meow." I should say ha, ha.

What do you think these people were doin'? Well, they were breakin' the 18th Amendment. That's what they were doin'. It seems this good lookin' man had some state police come and raid the place and they found a lot of booze. That accounts for all them trips in the night. I knew it wasn't for the good of Perrywinkle. They took all the furniture

and tore down the still, besides dumping the booze in the sewer. But it wouldn't surprise me if them police sampled it, between you and me. "Mr. Travers Husted" has got ten years in jail. I always said the 18th Amendment was a good thing.

I will tell you more about it next week for Mary and me is comin' down to spend a week or so. Have the east room fixed up for me and be sure to have Rosie's future husband come so I can judge him.

Expect us on the noon train a week from Saturday.

Love to you all,
Aunt Emmagene.
Dorothy Keach '33.

Just So

Green grass, green trees,
And that irresistible tease,
To follow a whisper of something
That promises everything
Yet gives nothing but an appetite—
It must be Spring.

It seems to me it's love
That you are thinking of.
Surely you must know, my dears,
That it's hardly worth the tears,
Which are shed for it.

In our lives, it's just a part,
In the spring, it's just our heart.
Though it's such a silly thing, my
dears,
Still your fears; love will live for
countless years,
If it didn't, perhaps we'd miss it.
Patricia McPherson '31.

Captain—"All hands on deck! The
ship is leaking."
Voice from fo-c's'le—"Aw, put a
pan under it and go to bed."

Miss Mazza—"Are you in favor of
women's taking part in public af-
fairs?"

Mr. Harrison—"It's all right if
you really want the affairs public."

Mrs. Plumb in seventh grade music
class—"Reaburn, what is a string
quartet?"

Raeburn—"Four Itallians eating
spaghetti."



THIS ISN'T
MY CUP OF TEA
—SOCIETY—

Society Notes.

Shortly after school began we organized a "Language Club" with Lillian Mellon as its president. This was something new in our school experience. The club includes all those in first, second and third year French and those in second and third year Latin. It was organized mainly for the purpose of encouraging social activities in the school and, as such, has been successful. Several social times and parties have been held during the year.

In October, we had a Halloween party at the school. The annex was transformed into a gala place by decorations of orange and black. Everyone came disguised. Halloween games were played and music and refreshments were added to the rest of the fun of the evening.

In January, the club thought of having a sleigh ride. After going a distance of about a mile, it was decided, however, that it was too cold. So the frozen members turned around and upon Mr. and Mrs. Spring's invitation went to their house and had a good time for the rest of the evening.

The club also had several other parties—one at the home of Dorothy Fagan and the other at the home of Helen Schlafer in celebration of St. Patrick's day. Games, music, dancing and refreshments were enjoyed by those who attended.

These are not the only events we have had to revive school interest. Now and then to get away from the regular routine of school work, we have had special programs and as-

semblies. Among these were the Thanksgiving and the Washington and Lincoln's birthday programs. The whole school took part in these.

The month of December was given over mainly to practicing for the Christmas entertainment to be held at the opera house. An added incentive to our work was that our parents and townspeople were invited. It was very successful and was undertaken with great enthusiasm, especially on the part of the little tots. The stage was beautifully decorated with evergreens. Each district had a special part in the program. Their excellent work was enjoyed by the audience. Our school delivered a series of short episodes, interwoven and unified by musical numbers. The various episodes were given by the grades, and the Glee Club rendered special singing. Members of the French classes and Latin classes entertained with the group of French and Latin songs.

In April, two of our Fourth Year English students, Karl Pfel and Henry Shapley, gave a one-act play called, "Moonshine." The scene was laid in the southern mountains and concerned a moonshiner and a revenue officer. Karl played the part of the moonshiner and Henry played the part of the revenue officer. Following this, we were entertained with songs by the Glee Club and French class, and closed with the national anthem.

We all enjoyed these refreshing intervals between regular class work, now and then.

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Ralph Marble	Right Forward	Assistant Men
Richard Marble	Left Forward	Paul Ryan Robert Evans
Douglas Anthony	Center	Leon Hunt Milton Ireland
Vincent Weidman	Right Guard	Raeburn Winsor
Ronald Miller	Left Guard	Mascot

Schedule

Nov. 24	Guilford 16	—vs.—	Mount Upton	35
Nov. 28	Guilford 12	—vs.—	Mount Upton	13
Dec. 5	Guilford 20	—vs.—	Cincinnati	39
Feb. 6	Guilford 4	—vs.—	Cincinnati	20
Dec. 12	Guilford 19	—vs.—	Town Team	10
Jan 1	Guilford 13	—vs.—	Town Team	47
Jan 9	Guilford 11	—vs.—	Chenango Forks	25
March 6	Guilford 12	—vs.—	Chenango Forks	24
January 16	Guilford 11	—vs.—	South Oselic	13
February 20	Guilford 16	—vs.—	South Oselic	32
January 23	Guilford 12	—vs.—	Smyrna	20
March 13	Guilford 12	—vs.—	Smyrna	24
January 30	Guilford 28	—vs.—	McDonough	6
February 27	Guilford 30	—vs.—	McDonough	10
Guilford	16	—vs.—	Guilford Town Team	56
Guilford	19	—vs.—	Sidney Reds	18
Guilford	14	—vs.—	Sidney Reds	15
Guilford	16	—vs.—	Sidney Rookies	25
Guilford	39	—vs.—	Sidney Rookies	20
Guilford	25	—vs.—	Norwich Y. M. C. A.	15
Guilford	14	—vs.—	Norwich Y. M. C. A.	6
Guilford	19	—vs.—	Norwich Y. M. C. A.	36

Two games scheduled with Otego cancelled by Otego.

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Eleanor Richards Right Forward Lillian Mellon Right Guard
 Dorothy Pfeil Left Forward Helen Schlafer Left Guard
 Patricia McPherson Center Doris Marble Assistant
 Dorothy Keach Center Thelma Anthony Mascot

Schedule

Nov. 24	Guilford	3—vs.—	Mount Upton	9
Nov. 28	Guilford	6—vs.—	Mount Upton	10
Dec. 5	Guilford	3—vs.—	Cincinnatus	41
Feb. 6	Guilford	5—vs.—	Cincinnatus	10
Dec. 12	Guilford	3—vs.—	Town Team	7
Jan. 1	Guilford	0—vs.—	Town Team	20
March 10	Guilford	12—vs.—	Town Team	5
Jan. 9	Guilford	3—vs.—	Chenango Forks	29
March 6	Guilford	3—vs.—	Chenango Forks	9
Jan. 16	Guilford	9—vs.—	S. Otselic	24
Feb. 20	Guilford	2—vs.—	S. Otselic	40
Jan. 23	Guilford	6—vs.—	Smyrna	16
March 13	Guilford	6—vs.—	Smyrna	27
Feb. 27	Guilford	2—vs.—	McDonough	0
Feb. 14	Guilford	14—vs.—	McDonough	2

Two games scheduled with Otego cancelled by Otego.

THE PINNACLE

Sports

The little word "sports" holds a great many meanings which are very interesting to review.

Every day people take time from their work for exercise. This is usually accomplished in sports—tennis, horseback riding, baseball, basketball. All kinds of sports which strengthen the body and awaken the drowsy, lazy muscles are enjoyed by everyone. In the country these pastimes are not enjoyed so much for their physical exercise or training, as much as for the pleasures received from them. This is because country work claims more vigorous effort. However, sports are one thing that is needed even in a country school.

Sports should keep the enthusiasm of going to school.

But, this is not all the significance that sports hold for us. What is the true nature of sports in themselves? This is the question very often asked and answers are given which prove very unsatisfactory, but with a little consideration we find out that sports teach us how to co-operate with fellow-players, leaders and people of the world. You do not only learn how to co-operate but learn in turn how to lead to the best of your ability.

Finally, you learn to enjoy a sport for the sport itself and not for that which you gain from it.

Basketball

Basketball is the greatest sport of the season in Guilford and therefore it is natural to give it first place in the sports column. All share the fun and triumph of winning and the disappointment of losing. Perhaps, because both boys and girls take their part in the excitement of the game our interest is kept at the highest pitch.

On Nov. 10th basketball practice began in earnest. Everybody appeared well pleased with the number that turned out for both the girls' and boys' teams. The boys began with a large group and managed to keep this group much better than the girls. The girls began with about

the largest group ever heard of in Guilford High. These slowly but surely faded until the usual six players were left, with two of our smaller girls for great help in practice and an assistance in the games.

Miss Mazza, our foreign language teacher stepped forward to coach the girls. Perhaps when we get a good court and all the necessary things that go with it, coaching and playing will both be easier.

Mr. Spring, our principal, and Mr. Harrison, the Ag. teacher, coached the boys. The results of practice showed up and deserves our backing. What else is there for me to say?

Are you as interested in the way we get to and from these out-of-town games as we are? The new busses which carry us back and forth, to and from the schoolhouse on the hill also carry us other places. Sometimes there are enough children to fill the large bus.

If you were joining us on one of these trips I am sure you would have to have pretty steady nerves because songs, yells and much chatter are carried on. Now don't you wish you were young again?

Would you like me to tell you a little joke? O. K. Here goes. While making the home trip after one of the basket ball games the lights on one side of the bus were turned out for some reason or other. Dot P.—Oh, Byron, let the others go out to—please.

Bob E. (in a blustering tone):—"If they go out I'll be right there on your neck." (How were we to know which one he was talking to?)

Guilford High Guilford High,
We are backing you,
See that basket on the wall,
Put the ball right through.

Guilford High, Guilford High,
We're going to win tonight,
We'll stand right here and give a cheer,

For you—maroon and white.

Track

There is one sport in which Guilford High joins. This is track. Perhaps you have seen the boys in

training for this sport. No, I don't think you have seen the girls because they do not believe very strictly in over-exercising to take off excess weight.

For two years now old G. H. S. has been represented in the track meet held at Troy. Some of the boys who went the first year have left school so I will introduce you to those who went last year and who keep telling of the great time they had, although they didn't bring home great honors.

Robert Evans Ronald Miller
Orison Randall Douglas Anthony
Irving Beckwith Donald Anthony

Fred Beckwith
Maroon and White
Maroon and White

You're the colors for which we fight.

Sis boom bah
Sis boom bah

Guilford High School,
Rah, Rah, Rah!

Baseball

Next in the line of sports comes baseball. This is taken up with great vigor as soon as spring peeps her head around the corner. Even the girls try to play toss and catch. In the year 1930 the boys played about five games, being defeated in only one. They are getting in shape for a good season this year also and we wish them good luck.

Here are the ones who take their positions in the field when the game is about to start.

Vincent Weidman Catcher
Robert Evans 1st base
Richard Marble 3rd base
Leon Hunt right field
Ralph Marble pitcher
Ronald Miller 2nd base
Jack Hutchinson shortstop
Milton Ireland left field
Douglas Anthony center field

We all noticed that the bus always carried three inseparable passengers, Mr. Harrison, and as he said, his two little daughters, Dot P. and Eleanor., who often found a bar of candy in his pocket.



JOKES

Humor

Did You Know That—

1. What a man's wife doesn't know won't hurt him.
2. No wonder a hen gets discouraged she never finds anything where she lays them.
3. The height of nonchalance was tipping back in the electric chair.
4. Many a love nest is furnished with a little down.
5. So many neighbors treat their radios like pajamas—they leave them on all night.
6. Many times the most difficult word in the English language to pronounce is "No."
7. After college comes stocks and blondes.
8. A man gets his automobile and mustache by the same plan—a little down each week.
9. When a college boy fixes up an old Ford—he may not be able to get much out of it but what he gets on it is plenty.
10. It's a blooming shame that so few people pick a wall flower.
11. They call 'em green houses and paint 'em white.
12. Money kept in hosiery draws more interest.
13. Ponce De Leon should have looked in the Corner Drug Store for that Fountain of Youth."
14. The trouble with a surgeon is, he puts so few things back where he finds them.
15. If women but knew, they'd still ask questions.
16. The man with money to burn can always find a match.

17. If January doesn't make February March, April May.

Modern Version of Moving pictures.

- "Outward Bound" — Graduating Class.
- "Scandal Sheet"—The Year Book.
- "Just a Wee Bit of Scotch"—Roland McPherson.
- "Girls Demand Excitement"—Dorothy Keach.
- "Captain Thunder"—Mr. Spring.
- "Half Shot at Sunrise"—Douglas Anthony.
- "The Royal Family of Broadway"—Mr. and Mrs. Spring.
- "Our Dancing Daughters"—Dorothy Pfeil and Eleanor Richards.
- "Reducing"—Dorothy Randall and Edith Glenn.
- "The Bad One"—Bob Coe.
- "Sea Legs"—Douglas Anthony.
- "Hell's Angels"—Pupils.
- "Dorway to Hell"—Entrance to G. H. S.
- "The Coo Coos"—Johnnie Coe and Baldy Utter."
- "The Man Who Came Back"—Ralph Marble.
- "Men Without Law"—The Agricultural Class.
- "Journey's End"—Graduation.
- "The Big House"—School Building.
- "Caught Short"—Ronnie Miller.
- "Dance, Fools, Dance"—The Faculty.
- "Let Us Be Gay"—The Language Club.
- "The Vagabond Lover"—Chauncey Conklin.
- "The Cockeyed World"—The Physical Geography Class.

"The Rogue Song"—The Glee club.

"Romance"—Ida Hall and Francis Eastwood.

"Feet First"—Roland McPherson.

"Good Intentions"—Girls' Basketball Team.

Dot. R.—"Lil, have you your history?"

Lil—"Why sure, don't I always have it?"

Dot—"Yes, I guess so. In your book."

Lucile—"Doug, why do you wear spats?"

Doug—"In memory of my first wife."

Miss Holmes—"Johnnie, can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

Johnnie—"I heard Papa say the other day that they smelt it."

Father to a visitor—"This is a sunset my daughter painted, she studied painting abroad you know."

Visitor—"That explains it, I never saw a sunset like that in this country."

Henry in History C (making considerable noise)—Miss Matteson—"Henry, please keep quiet."

Henry continued whispering as before—Miss Matteson—"Well, Henry, I always did hear that an empty keg makes more noise than a full one and now I am sure of it."

Miss Nichols—"Whom do we associate with Homer?"

Douglas—"Babe Ruth."

THE PINNACLE

Eleanor (Very excited at B. B. game): "Shoot Pete!"

Paul—"Why shoot the poor fellow? What has he done?"

Mrs.—"What was that noise when you came in last night?"

Mr.—"That was night falling."

Mrs.—"Oh, excuse me. I thought that was day breaking."

Modern Versions of Modern Songs.
"Moaning Low"—9:16 Regents morning.

"Have a Little Faith in Me"—Pupil's reply to prof.

"Lady Luck"—65%.

"So Sympathetic"—The Teachers?

"Turn on the Heat"—Some winter morning.

"A Cottage for Sale"—School building.

"Perhaps"—Graduation.

"Sleepy Valley"—Last period in the afternoon.

After an epidemic of mischief the exasperated teacher grated: "Johnnie, sit down in front."

"I can't teacher," said Johnnie, "but I can sit down in back."

The school is surely a very lovely place,

And we wish it no hard luck,

But just for fun and a very small sum,

We'd cart it away in a truck.

Worried Motorist—"What in the world could have caused that flat?"

Unworried Motorist—"Dunno, must have been that fork in the road."

Tourist—"What's that beast?"

Native—"That's a razor back hawg, suh."

Tourist—"What's he rubbing himself on the tree for?"

Native—"Jest stropping hisself, suh, jest stropping hisself."

Fan—"Astounding, the money Babe Ruth makes."

Tan—"Not so astounding. I've heard mother say that a good batter makes good dough."

Mr. Spring—"Carmel, can you tell me what a volcano is?"

Carmel—"A high mountain that keeps on interrupting."

First Friend—"Why, I thought you were going away on a vacation."

Second Friend—"Oh, they gave me a fine instead."

Jinx—"Hear about the big fight last night?"

Binx—"No, what about it?"

Jinx—"Our kitten licked his paw."

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer passed through the barnyard.

Dick—"How do you like my new hat?"

Nick—"Fine, but doesn't it fatigue your cartilaginous tissues?"

Dick—"Doesn't it what?"

Nick—"Doesn't your ears get tired?"

Tim—"That aviator flying so high is a coward. He is surrounded by fear."

Slim—"You're crazy, what kind of fear could surround him?"

Tim—"Atmosphere, old man, atmosphere."

The man who was telling the story paused, took a deep breath and leaned forward impressively: "The evening wore on—" he began.

"Excuse me," interrupted the would-be wit, "but can you tell me what the evening wore on this occasion?"

"Ugh, there's a worm in this apple."

"Here, take a drink and wash it down."

"Wash it down, nothing. Let the beggar walk."

A private was standing in the company street, outside his tent shaving: "Do you always shave outside?" asked the sergeant.

"Of course," answered the private. "What do you think, I am fur-lined?"

Man—"Here's a candy bar. You two boys flip on it."

Boy—"Give it to him, I'm no acrobat."

Diner—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter—"Sure, we serve anyone; sit down."

Jack—"What's worse than raining cats and dogs?"

Jim—"Halling street cars."

Late to bed and early to rise,
Keeps your roommate from wearing your ties.

Watson (in America)—"How do you know there's been a picnic here?"

Holmes—"I see by the papers."

Alice—"Why do they have knots in the ocean instead of miles?"

Skipper—"Well, you see they couldn't have the ocean tide, if there were no knots."

The teacher of a physiology class was lecturing on the scalp: "What is dandruff?" he asked.

"Chips off the old block," replied the student.

Father—"What's the matter, dear?"

Daughter—"Freddie and I have parted forever."

Father—I suppose that means that he won't be around for a couple of nights."

Mrs. Black—"Oh, I wonder if my husband will love me when my hair has turned to gray?"

Mrs. Brown—"Why not? He's loved you through three shades already."

F.—"My friend is a haberdasher for a railroad."

G.—"What does he do?"

F.—"Takes care of ties."

Mr. Harrison—"Robert, name a liquid that doesn't freeze."

Robert—"Hot water."

THE PINNACLE

Chauncey—"Miss Nichols, can I be punished for something I didn't do?"

Miss Nichols—"Certainly not."

Chauncey—"I haven't my English done."

Johnnie Coe—"I'm well pleased with myself."

Miss Mazza—"You are satisfied with very little."

Karl—"Have you seen Bill's new R. F. D. car?"

Henry—"R. F. D. car?"

Karl—"Yes, raised from the dumps."

Teacher—"Ralph, tell what you can about the Mongolian race."

Ralph—"I wasn't there. I went to the football game."

Mr. Spring—"It's the law of gravity that keeps us on the earth."

Patricia—"How did we stick on before that law was passed?"

Book Agent—"You ought to buy an encyclopedia now that your son is going to school."

Prof—"Not on your life. Let him walk as I did."

Miss Nichols—"Change the beginning of that speech from 'Be men' to 'Be Gentlemen.'"

Dot Keach—"Ye gods, more work."

Maude—"Looking in Jewelry window)—"How would you like to have your pick?"

Irene—"I should rather have my shovel."

Clerk—"Did you get rid of the moths with the moth balls I gave you?"

Customer—"No, I tried for two hours, but I couldn't hit one."

During General Science Roland and Paul began industriously filing away at their desks.

Mr. Harrison (indignantly)—"Say, what are you boys doing?"

Roland—"Filing ourselves out of jail."

Robert Evans had been voyaging around the Lab. in about all directions when Mr. Harrison spoke up in protest:

"Robert, you're worse than a wandering Jew."

Robert (in a very pugnacious tone) "Did you call me a Jew?"

Mr. Harrison—"No, I said you were worse than a Jew."

Robert—"Oh, that's all right then."

Dot Keach—"Where do you get all your pull?"

Johnnie—"In the dentist chair, of course."

Maggie H.—"Oh, Johnnie, I've been stung by a bee."

Johnnie—"Quick, put some ammonia on it."

Maggie—"I can't. It's gone."

Miss Nichols—"When did English begin?"

Corwin (looking at the clock)—"9:05."

In a little town up north it happened that there were two families by the same name. One family was a merchant, the other a Baptist minister. The minister and his wife were getting well along in years and the minister died leaving his wife all alone in the world.

The merchant journeyed to the south, also leaving his wife alone. True to his word, for he had promised to telegraph her when he arrived, he sent a telegram. Due to some mistake it was delivered to the widow. Here is what she found upon opening it: "Arrived, heat terrific."

We Nominate to our Hall of Fame

Dancers—Mr. Harrison, Dorothy Pfeil.

Gossips—Karl Pfeil, Esther Phillips.

Most Popular—"Hank" Shapley, Dorothy Fagan.

Best Looking—"Ronnie" Miller, Dorothy Keach.

Languid—"Derrick" Anthony, Ger-

trude Curtis.

Industrious—Paul Ryan, Carmel Crispel.

Musical—"Don" Schlafer, Miss Matteson.

Quietest—Leon Hunt, Lucile Ryan.

Athletic—"Vin" Weidman, Helen Schlafer.

Sarcastic—Ralph Marbie, Maude Lorimer.

Wittiest—"Bob" Evans, "Pat" McPherson.

Youthful—"Si" Marble, Ida Hall.

Jolliest—"Happy" Haynes, Irene Manwaring.

High Hat—Leslie Wedge, "Shorty" Richards.

Can You Imagine

Patricia McPherson—On stilts.

Florence Place—Not discussing "Red" with someone.

Chauncey Conklin—Doing anything.

The Language Club—Agreeing.

Dorothy Keach—Satisfied with anything.

Henry Shapley—Without a grin.

Lillian Mellon—With bobbed hair.

Elizabeth—Flirting.

Douglas Anthony—In a great hurry.

Dorothy Fagan—Not helping someone in Caesar.

Helen Schlafer—Without a book under her arm.

Carmel Crispel—Getting a low mark.

Our School—With a gymnasium.

The Library—As a class room, office, club room, and clothes press all in one.

Lillian and Eleanor—Eating Spaghetti.

"Harry"—Without Eleanor and "Dot."

Robert Coe—Getting along without candy.

Robert Evans—Not talking.

Minister—"Let me hear how far you can count, Charles."

Charles—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king."

Following is a List of Approved High School Subjects Which Will Be Offered Next Year at Guilford Central School

English 1, 2, 3, 4.

Latin 1, 2, 3.

French 1, 2, 3.

History B, C.

Civics, Economic Citizenship.

El. Business Training.

Algebra, Plane Geometry, Int. Algebra.

Agriculture 11, Harmony 1, Glee Club, Orchestra

General Science, Physical Geog.

In order that the parents may be better prepared to advise in the selection of subjects, below is given a summary of courses any of which will earn a State Diploma.

Course No. 1—High School Diploma in Academic Subjects With Major in Hist.

First Year	Second Year	Third Year	Fourth Year
English 1	English 11	English III	English IV.
Civics and Elective	History A	History B	History C
General Science	Elective	Physical Geog.	Elective
Algebra	Plane Geometry	Elective	Elective

Course No. 2—High School Diploma in Academic Subjects With Major in Math.

English	History A	Phy. Geog. or Physics	History C
General Science	History A or B	Ina. Alg. and Solid Geom.	Elective
Algebra	Plane Geometry	(or Trig.)	Elective
Civics and Elective	Elective	Elective	

Course No. 3—High School Diploma in Academic Subjects, Major in Science.

English I	English II	English III	English IV
General Science	Elective	Physical Geog.	Physics
Algebra	Elective	Plane Geom.	Elective
Civics and Elective	History A or B	Elective	History C

Course No. 4—High School Diploma in Academic Subjects, Major in Latin.

English I	English II	English III	English IV
Latin I	Latin II	Latin III	Elective
Civics and Elective	History A or B	Elective	Elective
General Science	Elective	*Phy. Geog. or Physics	History C

Course No. 5—High School Diploma in Academic Subjects, Major in French.

Substitute French for Latin in Course No. 4.

Course No. 6—High School Classical Diploma

English I	English II	English III	English IV
Latin I	Latin II	Latin III	Latin III
Civics and Elective	French I	French II	French III
General Science	History A	*Phy. Geog. or Physics	History C

Course No. 7—High School Diploma in Music.

English 1	English II	English III	English IV
Civics and Elective	History A or B	Elective	History C
General Science	Elective	Phy. Geog. or Physics	Elective
Rudiments of Music	Harmony 1	Harmony II	History of Music
	Glee Club	Glee Club	Applied Music
		Applied Music	

Course No. 8—High School Diploma in Agriculture.

English I	English II	English III	English IV
Ag. I	Ag. II	Ag. III	Ag. IV
Civics and Elective	History A or B	Phy. Geog. or Physics	History C.
General Science	Elective		

*Two years of math may be taken in place of second science.

Course No. 9—College Entrance Diploma.

Attention should be called to the fact that, although any of the foregoing courses of study will earn a regents Diploma, not all are equivalent to college entrance requirements.

Those pupils who will not go to college may choose for their electives in the above courses those subjects which will best prepare them for the work they intend to follow.

Pupils who have any thought of going to college should plan their courses to meet the standard college requirements. Although there is a slight variation in the subjects required by the various colleges the majority have the following requirements:

English	3 units	Math	2½ units
Languages	3 or 4 units	Civics	½ unit
Science	2 units	History	2 units

Any student who completes one of the foregoing approved courses, including in it Plane Geometry, Int. Algebra, English 4 years, and Latin or French 3 years, all with an average of not less than 75% and within a definite time limit, will be awarded a college Entrance Diploma.

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